

Armored Car Robbery (aka Code 3)

1950



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RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.

FINAL SCRIPT

DECEMBER 20, 1949

1621

CODE 3

Screen Play

by

Earl Felton

*Changes
1-6-50*

113

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Screen Play

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FADE IN

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - DAY - (STOCK)

- 1 FULL SHOT - PAN DOWN from the tower for as comprehensive a view as possible of building, parkway and background of civic center.

DISSOLVE

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY - (STOCK)

- 2 FULL SHOT - front of building.

DISSOLVE

INSERT CLOSE SHOT on DOOR with lettering:

"COMMUNICATIONS - RADIO"

As the CAMERA MOVES TOWARD door,

DISSOLVE

INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

- 3 CLOSE SHOT - radio and communications room - telephone switchboard. Several operators taking calls. CAMERA BEGINS MOVING as operator scribbles message, puts it on conveyer belt. CAMERA FOLLOWS message to radio control board where the dispatcher gives the girl transmitter the message.

GIRL TRANSMITTER (1)

(into mike)

Units 27 and 28...Units 27 and
28 in 45 District...investigate
a 561...

- 4 CLOSE SHOT - man operator at panel switchboard. He plugs in lines.

MAN OPERATOR (2)

(plugging
in cord)

All stations -- we have a 561
in 45 District -- all stations...

DISSOLVE

INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

- 5 CLOSE SHOT - homicide bureau - glass door lettered:
"DETECTIVE BUREAU-HOMICIDE." CAMERA PANS OVER to PICK
UP Cordell seated at his desk. Phillips at another
desk eating his lunch. Over shot we hear phone
JANGLING.
- 6 MED. SHOT - Cordell picks up receiver, flips it in air,
catches it. Phillips goes over to water cooler,
pouring himself a drink.

CORDELL (3)

(into phone)

Cordell - Homicide.

(pause)

Wrigley Field? 561? Check.

He hangs up, turns as Phillips looks up from water
cooler, sipping water.

PHILLIPS (4)

Don't tell me somebody held up
the ball park?

CORDELL (5)

(nods)

Robbery and shooting.

He starts out. Phillips crumples cup.

PHILLIPS (6)

They don't even let you digest
your lunch.

As they exit -

DISSOLVE

EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - DAY

7 PANNING SHOT DOWN from tower showing clock. (Time 2:30.)

8 CLOSE SHOT - on clock and tower of ball park; time 2:30 in the afternoon. On the clock is the inscription:

"WRIGLEY FIELD"

CAMERA PANS DOWN to show the facade of the building, the entrance - MOVING PAST cashier's cage and parkway. There is a hot dog wagon in evidence and a number of kids loitering around, eating ice cream cones and listening to the portable radio blaring from the wagon. This is the usual activity around a ball park while the game is in progress.

9 CLOSER SHOT - at hot dog wagon. A tall, good looking determined man is standing here, a bottle of pop in his hand. He wears smartly tailored summer clothes and could pass for a wealthy sports fancier. This is Dave Purvus. The attendant is serving the kids.

RADIO ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (7)

(on portable)

Angels now have a man on third with one out. Next batter is Bob Williams. Hudson toes the rubber. He pitches. Williams swings. It's a long one out to left field...Baker's going back. It's over his head, hits the wall. Williams is rounding first, going for second. Baker gets the ball, whips it into the second baseman. It's going to be close. There goes Williams. He slides. He's in there, safe.

The ROAR of the crowd is heard. And then, blending faintly with it, we hear the DIN of sirens. Purvus cocks his head ever so slightly, sets the pop bottle down.

10 FULL SHOT - toward curb. The SIREN noise is louder now and the attendant and kids become aware of it, looking off as two radio cars swing into the curb opposite the entrance. The kids and several pedestrians hurry toward cops, who start for cashier's cage, as the police alight from cars.

11 CLOSE SHOT - Purvus. He slips a stop watch from pocket and, keeping it palmed, glances down.

INSERT STOP WATCH: The sweep hand is turning freely, recording three minutes, fifty seconds, as Purvus presses the pin.

12 NEW ANGLE - toward curb. Purvus pockets watch just as Cordell's car pulls up, Cordell and Phillips getting out. One of the cops is just returning from cashier's cage.

CORDELL (8)
(to officer)
What happened, Evans?

EVANS (9)
Nothing, Lieutenant. Just a false alarm.

CORDELL (10)
How do you like that? Another one.

PHILLIPS (11)
Some crank's certainly having fun with the tax payers' money.

13 CLOSE SHOT - Purvus. He watches with interest, then walks over to a parked taxi.

PURVUS (12)
(to driver)
Bijou Theatre on Main Street!

Purvus gets in taxi. It drives off.

DISSOLVE

INT. BIJOU THEATRE - DAY

14 CLOSE SHOT - in orchestra pit on drummer as he lets go with a loud FANFARE, strikes the cymbal, and the orchestra cuts loose with savage rhythm. TILTING THE CAMERA UP it comes to REST on the annunciator card at the side of the stage. A spotlight glares on the words:

YVONNE LEDOUX IN SUNSET STRIP

(CONTINUED)

14 (CONTINUED)

In the wings is Yvonne, herself, a high-velocity sex machine. On cue, she comes charging out and the theatre explodes with appreciative CATCALLS, WHISTLES and APPLAUSE.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK and ROVES ACROSS the audience and UP to a box near the front where Benny McBride is sitting in lonesome splendor, hunched forward, eyes gleaming, and utterly captivated by Miss LeDoux's contortions. He does everything but lick his lips. Benny isn't a bad looking guy, handsome in a rough way, and rather naive in matters other than simple, straightforward crime.

15 NEW ANGLE TOWARD stage PAST Benny in box. Yvonne now occupies center stage, temptingly she lets her robe fall to the floor. The audience HOWLS delightedly and Benny smiles. As Yvonne discards another garment, the CAMERA PANS to rear of booth. The curtains part and Dave Purvus enters, crossing to sit down next to Benny.

16 MED. SHOT in box. Purvus and Benny, as the latter turns

BENNY (13)

(startled)

Oh, hello, Dave!

PURVUS (14)

(watching Yvonne)

I figured I'd find you here.
You told me you were all washed
up with that dame.

BENNY (15)

(ruefully)

It's the other way around.

PURVUS (16)

What are you hanging around for
then?

BENNY (17)

Look, Dave, I know she's strictly
high rent and I'm broke -- but I
can't forget her that easy.

PURVUS (18)

You've really got it bad, haven't
you?

(CONTINUED)

16 (CONTINUED)

BENNY (19)

Well, I loved her enough to
marry her -- and I still do.
Blame me?

PURVUS (20)

(shrugs)

I suppose some guys would go
for her.

BENNY (21)

(sourly)

Some guy did. Behind my back.
I don't know who the creep is
but I'd sure like to lay my
hands on him.

PURVUS (22)

You'd better lay your hands on
some dough first. It'd solve
some of your problems, anyhow.

BENNY (23)

It'd solve all of 'em - if
she'd give me another whirl.

PURVUS (24)

C'mon - I want to talk to you.

Benny rises, takes a last glance at the stage.

BENNY (25)

(admiringly)

She comes high, but she's worth
it. All I need is dough....

Benny sighs and follows Purvus from the box.

DISSOLVE

INT. COCKTAIL BAR - DAY

17

This is a crowded, intimate place close to the theatre,
patronized by showgirls, their boyfriends and a mixture
of slightly seedy "Main Street" characters. The
atmosphere is informal, but not chummy, and we get the
impression that the patrons mind their own business.
The decor is low-key with a minimum of lights. An
ornate bar occupies the rear of the room. In front of
this are tables and booths, and near the door is either
a juke box or piano player. Opposite this are two

(CONTINUED)

17 (CONTINUED)

telephone booths, and at the extreme rear of the room, another phone booth at the entrance to the rest room. Seated at a booth, facing each other, are Purvus and Benny, finishing their drinks.

PURVUS (26)

I've double-checked every move.
We should be ready in a few days.

BENNY (27)

It can't be too soon for me.

PURVUS (28)

Now what about those guys you were going to line up?

BENNY (29)

I've got 'em -- two of the best.

Purvus lights a cigarette, toying with the paper book of matches.

PURVUS (30)

How much did you tell 'em?

BENNY (31)

Nothing - just that it's big.

PURVUS (32)

Good. Have them at your place tomorrow night - 10 o'clock.

BENNY (33)

Okay - I'll try to set it up.
If anything comes up, I'll call you.

PURVUS (34)

I have a new number.

BENNY (35)

You moving again?

PURVUS (36)

Yeah - tonight. Valley Motor Court. Sunset 7-2-1-3-1. I'm registered under the name of Martin Bell.

Benny picks up match book - takes out pencil and starts to write the number on the inside cover of match book. Purvus stops him.

(CONTINUED)

17 (CONTINUED)

PURVUS (36A)

Don't write that down!

BENNY (36B)

I don't want to forget it.
You move so often.

PURVUS (36C)

I don't like things written
down. Memorize it. Sunset
7-2-1-3-1.

BENNY (36D)

Okay - okay.

PURVUS (36E)

That's better.

Purvus gets up, Benny following suit as CAMERA PULLS
BACK to show Yvonne hurrying past in company of two
other chorus girls.

BENNY (37)

(spotting her)

Yvonne!

He reaches out, grabs her hand, and she turns
unwillingly as the other girls hurry toward bar.

BENNY (cont'd)

Wait a minute, Dave.

(to Yvonne)

I want you to meet a pal of
mine, baby. Dave Purvus.

YVONNE (38)

(coldly)

Hello.

PURVUS (39)

How are you?

BENNY (40)

(proudly)

The wife.

YVONNE (41)

(quickly,
to Benny)I've got to get right back,
Benny.

(to Purvus)

Don't rush on my account.

PURVUS (42)

I was just leaving.

(to Benny)

See you later.

(CONTINUED)

17 (CONTINUED)

As Purvus exits, Benny pulls Yvonne down in booth.

BENNY (43)
Please, baby. I want to talk
to you.

YVONNE (44)
I told you it's no use, Benny.
Talk's no good.

She pulls out her compact.

BENNY (45)
No?
(holds her
hand eagerly)
Well, what would you say if I
hit the jackpot?

Yvonne pulls her hand away, begins rouging lips.

YVONNE (46)
I wouldn't know what to say.
It'd be such a shock.

BENNY (47)
(rushing on)
Well, I'm onto something big
this time. You've just got to
be a little patient. I tell
you --

YVONNE (48)
(icily)
See what I mean? Talk, talk,
talk. For Pete's sake, Benny.
Why don't you stop bothering me?

BENNY (49)
You seem to forget we're still
married.

YVONNE (50)
As if I could forget....!

She pulls her coat around herself and exits off, Benny
staring after her hungrily. Slowly then he sits down,
pulls out a cigaret - lights it. Suddenly he notices
the half-written number on the match book. Takes out
pencil - looks off to make sure Purvus has left -
decides to complete the phone number.

INSERT

INSIDE OF MATCH BOOK.
Benny's hand writing -
"SU 7-2-1-3-1
Bell"

FADE OUT

INT. L.A. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

18 Homicide Bureau. Cordell is standing in front of a large wall map of Greater Los Angeles, inserting pins at various locations, as the door opens and Phillips enters, crossing to desk, where he pulls out a drawer, placing some papers inside.

PHILLIPS (51)
(glancing at Cordell)
Don't tell me you're still
tracing those false alarms?

CORDELL (52)
(preoccupied)
Come here, junior.
(as Phillips
joins him
at map)
Item one: Remember that call
we got from this drug store -
corner Sixth and Main?
(indicates map)
Know what's across the street?

PHILLIPS (53)
(innocently)
Another drug store?

CORDELL (54)
A bank.
(points to
2nd pin)
Item two: A call from Maple
and Tenth. We drew a blank
on that, too, but next door
is a home loan office -- which,
in case you don't know, is where
they keep a lot of cash.

PHILLIPS (55)
I see your point. Cash and carry.

CORDELL (56)
Item three: More calls from
phones close to money spots --
super markets, theatres, and the
railroad station. It just could
be that somebody's planning to
get some of this money -- the
wrong way.

(CONTINUED)

18 (CONTINUED)

PHILLIPS (57)

Why the calls then? To see how fast we'd get there?

CORDELL (58)

Sure, it's the old false alarm gag.

PHILLIPS (59)

What's the Robbery Detail think of it?

CORDELL (60)

They seem to agree with me. They're checking it, too.

PHILLIPS (61)

(grins)

Well, you've done your duty. C'mon, we've set an extra place for dinner.

CORDELL (62)

Sure Marsha won't mind?

PHILLIPS (63)

It was her idea.

As they move out -

DISSOLVE

INT. BENNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

19

Living room, as Benny comes in from kitchen, carrying tray, whiskey and glasses. Purvus is in the living room. Over shot we hear the door BUZZER. Benny sets tray down, crossing to door, which he opens. Standing outside are Ace Foster and Al Mapes, a couple of humorless-looking gorillas.

BENNY (64)

Come in.

(ushering men
inside-to Purvis)

Meet the boys ---

Al Mapes and Ace Foster.

MAPES (65)

(nods)

Glad t'meetcha.

(CONTINUED)

19 (CONTINUED)

FOSTER (66)

Hi!

PURVUS (67)

Grab yourselves a seat and let's
get acquainted.

He indicates drinks, and the group moves to table,
Mapes and Foster sitting down as Benny uncorks bottle.
Purvus bolts door, turning to join group at table.

BENNY (68)

How'll you take it - straight
or with soda?

FOSTER (69)

(eyeing drink)
I like it straight.

MAPES (70)

(watching Purvus)
I guess we'd all like it
straight.

Purvus chuckles and takes a tumbler from Benny; he
remains standing, toying with the glass.

BENNY (71)

He doesn't mean the whiskey.
I've been pretty stingy with
the talk.

PURVUS (72)

Okay - the stake we're going
for's around half a million
bucks, cash, but it's a one shot
deal -- all or nothing in three
minutes after the strike.

He pauses, letting this sink in.

MAPES (73)

Never mind the build-up. Benny
gave us that. You planning to
grab this dough out of a bank?

PURVUS (74)

(smiles)
You might call it that -- only
this bank has wheels under it --
and very few guards.

(CONTINUED)

19 (CONTINUED)

MAPES (75)

(dubiously)

Sounds like an armored truck
job. But I could be wrong.

PURVUS (76)

(waiting for
reaction)

You happen to be right.

MAPES (77)

Well, it don't sound good to
me. I don't like the odds.

FOSTER (78)

(shaking head)

You can count me out too. I'm
not ready for a fast sixty-buck
funeral.

BENNY (79)

You're dead wrong, Ace. A guy
got away with it back in Chicago -
about three years ago.

MAPES (80)

Yeah, I remember that - but that
was Chicago and that was a Dave
Purvus job.

PURVUS (81)

Let me ask you something.
Suppose it was Dave Purvus
figuring this strike. Would it
sound better?

MAPES (82)

Okay, so it would sound better
with a guy who knew the ropes --
so what?

Purvus and Benny exchange looks.

BENNY (83)

Don't you get it, you clucks?
Dave Purvus is figuring this job!

MAPES (83A)

(reacting)

You mean ---

PURVUS (84)

How about the odds now, Mapes?

(CONTINUED)

19 (CONTINUED)

MAPES (85)

(grudgingly)
They're better. Go ahead.

Purvus glances at Foster.

FOSTER (86)

Let's hear the rest of it.

Purvus lights a cigarette, resting foot on chair.

PURVUS (87)

First you'd better know I'm
taking half of everything we
get. The rest of you go on
equal shares. That clear?

The men look at each other and nod.

MAPES (88)

Check. Where do we go from
there?

PURVUS (89)

I can show you better than I
can tell you.
(starts for
bedroom)
In here.

The others rise, following Purvus and Benny into
bedroom.

20

Bedroom - as Purvus enters, clicking on light. The
group follows, Purvus crossing to window. He reaches
up to lower shade.

PURVUS (90)

This is the layout.

The men come closer as CAMERA TRUCKS TOWARD window.
Purvus draws the shade down and, sketched on it in
bold lines, we see a very complete diagram of Wrigley
Field, the streets leading into it, traffic signals,
parked cars, distances from curb to cashier's window,
and two large cross marks.

PURVUS (cont'd)

Wrigley Field - where we make
the strike.

(CONTINUED)

20 (CONTINUED)

FOSTER (91)

Plenty neat.

MAPES (92)

(puzzled)

Why Wrigley Field, Purvus?
There's not that much dough
there.

PURVUS (93)

A good question.

(smiles)

The dough we pick up at the
ball park's not important.
What we're shooting for is the
load in the truck -- the cash
receipts from bank transfers,
markets and theatres. The park
happens to be the last stop on
the run - and the easiest place for us
to operate. Take my word for it.
I've checked 'em all.

MAPES (94)

Sounds good. Go on.

PURVUS (95)

We've got three minutes to pull
the job. Somebody's going to
spot us and call the cops. I
timed that today. The point is
it takes 'em about four minutes
to reach the ball park, which
leaves us just three to button
the deal - not a second more.

MAPES (96)

What if we aren't finished -
and there's still dough in the
truck?

PURVUS (97)

We leave it. And I don't want
anybody to get sticky-fingered
when the time's up. That clear?

FOSTER (98)

(nods)

When d'you figure on pulling it,
Purvus?

(CONTINUED)

20 (CONTINUED)

PURVUS (99)

Next Tuesday. We've got a lot of work to do first - and you boys're going to have details coming out of your ears. No loose ends.

(begins tracing
finger along
shade)

Now the armored car will be coming down here.....

DISSOLVE

EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - DAY

- 21 At Intersection. The armored car approaching along Avalon, making the turn into Forty-first Street. CAMERA PANS IT TO a stop in front of Wrigley Field stadium.
- 22 SHOT at armored car, as two guards alight and exit toward cashier's cage. CAMERA HOLDS them until they pass two men in painter's uniforms, who get up from ground where they've been resting, pick up their lunch boxes. We recognize Benny and Purvus, the latter looking off. He nods.
- 23 SHOT at street. Foster is seated in a rickety broken-down jalopy. He receives the signal, starts the engine and drives it in direction of armored car. The motor is BACK FIRING loudly, sputtering as it limps along.
- 24 CLOSE SHOT - Benny and Purvus. They react to this maneuver, exiting toward armored car.
- 25 SHOT - the getaway car parked across from stadium, Mapes at the wheel. He is watching tensely for his signal.
- 26 FULL SHOT. The jalopy with a last convulsive shudder stalls directly behind the armored car. Foster gets out and lifts hood. As he does so, Purvus and Benny appear in scene, casually watching him as he tinkers with engine.

INT. CASHIER'S CAGE - DAY

- 27 The first guard is signing a receipt as the second guard lifts money sack, the cashier unlocking door. Guards exit.

EXT. RIGLEY FIELD - DAY

- 28 Foster is still tinkering with the engine. The two guards appear, the first one unlocking truck door.
- 29 CLOSEUP - Foster. He looks across at Purvus.
- 30 CLOSE SHOT - Purvus. He takes the stop watch from his pocket, palming it in his hand.
- 31 CLOSEUP - Purvus. He nods to Foster o.s.
- 32 CLOSE SHOT - Foster. He reaches inside hood of jalopy, pulls lever. There is a loud WHISTLING BLAST.
- 33 FULL SHOT. From the front of the jalopy two jets shoot out; blinding white smoke billows from concealed pipes, obscuring the truck, the driver and the guards. Instantly, Benny and Purvus don gas masks from the lunch boxes they carry and plunge into the smoke.
- 34 MED. SHOT at jalopy. Foster grabs a gas mask from front seat of jalopy and disappears into the smoke.
- 35 ANOTHER ANGLE through a white haze of swirling smoke; Benny and Purvus wade in, using their gun butts as clubs, slugging the guards, who are stumbling around, coughing.
- 36 SHOT - street across from stadium. The getaway car lurches ahead, making a quick U-turn and stops alongside armored truck, Mapes leaping out as he adjusts gas mask.
- 37 SHOT at armored car. Benny, stepping over figures of guards, enters rear of car and hurls the first money sack out to Purvus. Foster tosses other bags to Mapes. Mapes dumps the sacks into the getaway car, turns to catch the next one.

INT. CASHIER'S CAGE - DAY

38 The cashier is frantically phoning.

CASHIER (100)

(into phone)

Police Department? I want to
report a holdup -- Wrigley
Field!

DISSOLVE

INT. L.A. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

39 Radio and Communications Room. SHOT at switchboard.
The operator jams half a dozen plugs into place, opening
keys rapidly.

MAN OPERATOR (101)

All Divisions -- a 561!

40 SHOT at radio control board. The girl transmitter is
speaking into microphone.

GIRL TRANSMITTER (102)

Units 27, 28, proceed Forty-
five District -- a 561!

DISSOLVE

INT. CORDELL'S POLICE CAR (PROCESS) - DAY

41 Phillips jams on brakes as the transmitter's voice comes
over radio. Cordell leans forward.

GIRL TRANSMITTER'S VOICE (103)

(on radio)

...Units 27 and 28 investigate
immediately a 561 in Forty-five
District.

CORDELL (104)

The ball park again! You know
what they say about lightning.

(jams car in
reverse)

But I could be wrong.

(CONTINUED)

50 FULL SHOT - at police car. Cordell, doubling back, gets in car, starts engine.

51 FULL SHOT - as the getaway car bounds away. In a moment the police car follows, picking up speed. The two cars race off.

INT. MOVING GETAWAY CAR - DAY - (PROCESS)

52 Purvus, looking back through rear window, suddenly knocks glass out with barrel of gun, takes aim and FIRES.

INT. CORDELL'S POLICE CAR - DAY - (PROCESS)

53 The windshield shatters, Cordell ducking to one side. He edges back behind wheel, continuing chase.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY - (STOCK)

54 A RUN-THROUGH of getaway car.

55 A RUN-THROUGH of police car.

EXT. STREET NEAR FENCE - DAY - (STOCK)

56 The getaway car goes by fast, followed closely by the police car. When latter is in f.g., a large truck shoots out of side street in the path of the police car, causing Cordell to swerve car sharply to avoid a collision.

INT. CORDELL'S POLICE CAR - DAY - (PROCESS)

57 Cordell snaps wheel over.

EXT. STREET NEAR FENCE - DAY - (STOCK)

58 The police car veers away from truck, jumps the sidewalk and crashes into a fence.

EXT. STREET NEAR FENCE - DAY

59 CLOSE SHOT - Cordell leaps out of car, FIRING off in direction of fleeing getaway car.

EXT. STREET NEAR FENCE - DAY - (STOCK)

60 LONG SHOT - FROM Cordell's ANGLE. The getaway car vanishes around corner.

EXT. STREET NEAR FENCE - DAY

61 CLOSE SHOT - Cordell. He strides over to police car, reaches inside and grabs up radio microphone.

CORDELL (107)

(into mike)

Special unit twelve - Cordell -

Code 3 officer needs help.

Wrigley Field - a 211 major.

Notify all units be on the lookout

for black forty-six sedan, license

California, first three numbers

five, Jason, eight. Heading East

41st Street at Central. Instruct

all units these men wanted for

armed robbery and set up immediate

roadblocks on all main arteries

from city.

He replaces mike, exiting from car.

DISSOLVE

INT. L.A. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

62 Radio and Communications Room. SHOOTING ALONG broadcasting panel. The operator is putting out the radio call.

GIRL OPERATOR (108)

All units Code 3 - officer needs

help - a 211. Pick up a black

forty-six sedan, license California -

first three digits five, Jason,

eight - occupants wanted armed

robbery. Car last seen heading

East on 41st Street, District

Forty-Five....

63 SUPERIMPOSE - TELETYPE MACHINE, as the following message spells out:

ATTENTION ALL STATIONS -- CODE THREE

OFFICER SHOT IN HOLDUP. BE ON LOOKOUT

FOR BLACK FORTY-SIX SEDAN LICENSE FIVE,

J EIGHT OTHER DIGITS MISSING - OCCUPANTS

ARMED AND DANGEROUS. USE CAUTION.

64 SUPERIMPOSE - MONTAGE - DAY

- A. Police car racing past. (STOCK)
- B. Motorcycle officers being notified on street.
- C. Police cars and motorcycle squads setting up roadblocks.

DISSOLVE

65 EXT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY - (STOCK)

DISSOLVE

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

66 SHOT - corridor near information desk. The elevator doors open and Lieutenant Cordell enters with a group. He crosses to information desk, behind which a nurse is seated. Two white-coated doctors are in consultation at the end of the desk, checking a chart.

CORDELL (109)

I'd like to see Lieutenant Phillips - if it's alright to go in.

NURSE (110)

Are you a member of the family?

CORDELL (111)

I'm from police headquarters. Lieutenant Cordell. He's a friend of mine.

The nurse rises.

NURSE (112)

Just a moment, Lieutenant.

She leaves her post, steps over to the two doctors. Cordell glances around at the activity in the corridor, as the nurse and one of the doctors whisper together. Then the doctor lays down the chart and approaches Cordell, as the nurse returns to desk.

DOCTOR (113)

(to Cordell)

I'm Doctor Leslie.

(glances at nurse,
then takes Cordell's
arm, pulling him to
one side)

(CONTINUED)

66 (CONTINUED)

Something in his manner alarms Cordell.

CORDELL (114)
Go ahead - tell me.

DOCTOR (115)
(quietly)
We couldn't save him,
Lieutenant. I'm sorry.

Cordell stares at the doctor a moment; then controlling his voice manages to ask.

CORDELL (116)
Was anybody with him?

DOCTOR (117)
(nods)
His wife.
(indicating
waiting room)
She's in there.

Cordell hesitates, then walks slowly toward waiting room.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

67 SHOT. This is a small room. Seated on a couch to one side is Mrs. Phillips, an attractive young woman. Her handbag is open on the end table, and she holds a crumpled handkerchief. As Cordell enters she looks up without surprise. He comes over to her. For a moment nothing is said.

CORDELL (118)
(tonelessly)
Tough break, Marsha.

There is a pause.

MRS. PHILLIPS (119)
For you, too.

CORDELL (120)
Yeah.

He takes a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, turning it over in his hand. Then he looks at her, holding pack out. She shakes her head. He puts them back in his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

67 (CONTINUED)

MRS. PHILLIPS (121)
I know how you feel, Jim. You
were his partner for years.

CORDELL (122)
Yeah, you get kind of used to
a guy.

MRS. PHILLIPS (123)
(nods)
I know.

She looks at him and is aware of his grief. Slowly he
turns, facing her.

CORDELL (124)
(hardly trusting
himself to
speak)
Marsha, I just want to say --
well, anything you need, you
know where I am.

He gets up.

MRS. PHILLIPS (125)
(gratefully)
Thanks, Jim.

Cordell starts off, hesitates, then thinks better of
continuing the conversation and, without looking back,
exits.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

68 SHOT - at corridor outside waiting room, as Cordell comes
out. He puts his hat on and stands there, fishing out
the pack of cigarettes. He places one in his mouth and
is about to light it when he hears a muffled SOB from
the waiting room. A look of sudden anger comes into his
face. Furiously, he hurls the unlighted cigarette to
the floor and strides off.

69 SHOT - at corridor near information desk, as Cordell
starts for elevator. At this moment Danny Ryan, a
young police detective, detaches himself from desk
where he has been talking to Doctor Leslie and heads
Cordell off.

70 BEGIN TRUCKING SHOT.

RYAN (126)

(falling in
step with
Cordell)

Hello, Lieutenant. I heard the
bad news. How's Mrs. Phillips
taking it?

CORDELL (127)

(barely glancing
at him)

She'll be alright. What do
you want, Ryan?

RYAN (128)

We found the getaway car. They
ditched it under the Slauson
Avenue bridge -- down by the
river bed.

They stop in front of the elevators. Cordell, taking
out his handkerchief, blows his nose.

CORDELL (129)

Good.

RYAN (130)

I'd better tell you the rest
of it, Lieutenant. I've been
assigned to work on the case
with you.

The elevator stops, door opening.

CORDELL (131)

(starting into
elevator)

So you're replacing Phillips?
That's just dandy.

As Danny enters elevator and the door closes -

DISSOLVE

EXT. TUNNEL AND RAMP - DAY

71 Cordell's car approaches, entering tunnel. An officer,
guarding entrance, waves them on.

72 NEW ANGLE - CAMERA PANS WITH detective squad car as it

(CONTINUED)

72 (CONTINUED)

slows, turning into ramp where more officers are grouped around the abandoned getaway car. Cordell stops the car and alights with Ryan, crossing to scene. Laboratory technicians under Tisdelle are taking flash pictures, making molds of tire tracks. Tisdelle turns, holding painter's uniform.

CORDELL (132)

What'd they leave us besides the getaway car?

TISDELLE (133)

Quite a bit - gas masks, painters' coveralls. Looks like they changed clothes down here.

CORDELL (134)

What about fingerprints?

TISDELLE (135)

Some smudgy ones - that nobody can read.

(shows him
painter's
uniform)

But, whoever was wearing this got plugged. Note the hole.

CORDELL (136)

I see it. I put it there.

RYAN (137)

(peering
into car)

Have a look, Lieutenant.

(as Cordell looks
in, rubs finger
inside car)

Somebody lost a lot of blood.

CORDELL (138)

(examining smudge
on finger)

Not enough to suit me.

TISDELLE (139)

He rested against that pillar.

CAMERA PANS GROUP TO cement pillar. Cordell bends down, examining ground.

(CONTINUED)

72 (CONTINUED)

CORDELL (140)

Bloodied up alright.

(straightens)

Somebody lifted him. Two sets of prints.

He looks off.

TISDELLE (141)

The footprints end over there, Lieutenant -- where they had another car stashed.

CORDELL (142)

Have you got a run-down on the second car?

TISDELLE (143)

Tread quite worn. Front and rear wheels 116 inches apart.
(checks paper)

Measuring the indentations on the ground, I'd say the weight was around 3000 pounds - That's a small car.

Tisdelle's voice trails OVER the next SHOT.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HIGHWAY SOUTH LOS ANGELES - DAY

73 A Ford sedan, moving at a fast clip, passes a truck and continues south. Oil wells in b.g. and the flat monotonous terrain of the area below Imperial Boulevard.

INT. MOVING FORD SEDAN - DAY - (PROCESS)

74 CLOSE SHOT - in car. Mapes is driving, Foster beside him. Purvus and Benny are in rear seat. They are now dressed as shipyard workers. Benny's head is drooping forward, lips tight, eyes closed. Purvus pulls him up in seat.

FOSTER (144)

(looking back)

We gotta do something about him.
He's conkin' out.

PURVUS (145)

(to Benny)

How is it now?

Benny, gritting teeth, shakes his head.

75 GROUP SHOT.

BENNY (146)

(gasping)

Gotta get patched up, Dave -
can't we stop someplace?

PURVUS (147)

We'll stop when we get to the
shack - in about ten minutes.

MAPES (148)

(looking ahead,
reacts)

Hey - what's that? Up ahead
there?

Purvus peers through windshield.

PURVUS (149)

Roadblock! Slow down!

EXT. HIGHWAY AT ROADBLOCK - DAY

76 A line of cars strung out behind a police roadblock.
Two police cars parked on the road shoulder. Officers
peering into cars, waving them on.

77 SHOOTING TOWARD roadblock in distance, as the Ford sedan
pulls to the side and stops. The truck whisks by them.

EXT. HIGHWAY AT ROADBLOCK - DAY - (PROCESS)

78 CLOSE SHOT - Ford sedan. Mapes leans out window, looking
behind. He shoves car in reverse.

PURVUS (150)

Keep going!

MAPES (151)

And get nailed? Not me! We're
turning around!

He yanks the wheel, jams the car into first.

EXT. HIGHWAY AT ROADBLOCK - DAY

79 ANOTHER ANGLE. The Ford sedan turns out into traffic,
which veers away to miss it, and at this moment Duff, a

(CONTINUED)

79 (CONTINUED)

motorcycle officer, ROARS up, pulling to a stop
alongside.

EXT. HIGHWAY AT ROADBLOCK - DAY - (PROCESS)

80 MLD. SHOT - group.

DUFF (152)

(steadying
cycle)

What's the idea? You can't turn
here!

MAPES (153)

(uneasily)

I didn't want to get caught in
the traffic up there. We're
late for our shift and --

DUFF (154)

(waving them
on)

Get back in line and keep
moving!

EXT. HIGHWAY AT ROADBLOCK - DAY

81 Mapes nods, steering car down highway toward roadblock.
The motorcycle cop THUNDERS past.

INT. MOVING FORD SEDAN - DAY - (PROCESS)

82 Mapes, Foster, Purvus and Benny. The latter is slumping
over again. Purvus pulling him up in seat.

PURVUS (155)

(to Mapes)

Nice going, you knucklehead!
Drive!

MAPES (156)

(panic-stricken)

We'll never get through! They'll
spot Benny for sure!

Purvus is swabbing Benny's face, with a handkerchief.

(CONTINUED)

82 (CONTINUED)

PURVUS (157)

Benny -- snap out of it!

(slaps his face)

C'mon, we're in a jam! Can
you hear me?

Benny opens his eyes, staring ahead groggily.

BENNY (158)

(feebly)

It's no use, Dave.

PURVUS (159-160)

(slaps him
again)Pull yourself together! We've
got to bluff this out! Now,
all of you start bluffing --
this is it!

He stops the car.

EXT. HIGHWAY AT ROADBLOCK - DAY

83

A line of cars, waiting to be checked and the Ford
sedan at the end - moving forward a car length as
officers wave the truck ahead. Two officers walk down
the line, peering in the cars, talking to the
occupants.

EXT. HIGHWAY AT ROADBLOCK - DAY - (PROCESS)

84

ANGLE SHOT over Mapes, Purvus and Benny waiting
tensely. Through the windshield we see the officers
stop at the car directly ahead and speak to the driver.
Benny begins to topple over. Foster sees this.

FOSTER (161)

(alarmed)

Hey -- he's folding!

Purvus yanks Benny upright. The cops are signalling
the Ford sedan forward. Mapes lets out the clutch.

PURVUS (162)

Benny! You've got to hang on!

(CONTINUED)

84 (CONTINUED)

BENNY (163)

(grits teeth)

Okay - okay.

EXT. HIGHWAY AT ROADBLOCK - DAY

85 MED. SHOT - as the Ford sedan moves up a length, stopping
In the b.g. motorcycle officers sit astride their
machines, and more cops are in evidence, holding rifles.
On the opposite side of the street, officers are
inspecting Northbound traffic.

EXT. HIGHWAY AT ROADBLOCK - DAY - (PROCESS)

86 MED. SHOT - The cops, Chandler and Rhodes, move forward,
taking up positions on both sides of the Ford sedan.

PURVUS (164)

What's the matter?

RHODES (165)

(at Ford sedan
on right side)

Where you heading?

He opens door looking in the space behind.

PURVUS (166)

Terminal shipyard.

CHANDLER (167)

(on left side
of Ford sedan)

Your trunk open?

MAPES (168)

(frozen)

I don't know. It's --

(he fumbles
key out of
ignition)

Here's the keys.

His hand shakes. Chandler gives him a sharp look, then
takes the keys, exiting to the rear of car. The first
cop, Rhodes, opens door on right side, looking into
space behind seat. Foster hunches over. By sheer
determination Benny is managing to keep his eyes open,
but his mouth is set in a grim line and there is
perspiration on his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

86 (CONTINUED)

FOSTER (169)

Anything wrong?

Rhodes ignores him.

PURVUS (170)

(keeping firm
grip on
Benny's arm)What's this all about, officer?
What're you looking for?

87 CLOSE SHOT at floor level of Ford sedan. The cop's trousers is pressed against the door jamb and, as he pulls back we notice blood shining wetly on the fabric below his knee, and along the edge of the floor mat, a dark stream, seeping across the floor with the slant of the car on the road.

88 SHOT. Chandler SLAMS the trunk closed, coming around to give Mapes the keys as Rhodes straightens, shutting door on right side. More cars are lining up behind Ford sedan.

CHANDLER (171)

(gives Mapes
keys)

Alright, move along.

Mapes gratefully gets the keys in the ignition, pressing starter.

EXT. HIGHWAY AT ROADBLOCK - DAY

89 MED. SHOT - The car jerks forward as he grinds the first gear, CAMERA PANNING as it gathers speed, clearing roadblock.

EXT. HIGHWAY AT ROADBLOCK - DAY - (PROCESS)

90 SHOT. At roadblock. The two cops start for next car, passing a parked motorcycle, with Duff standing near it, the radio turned on. One of the cops, Rhodes, mopping his forehead, turns as the announcer's voice is heard.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (172)

(on radio)

Attention all units. New bulletin
(cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

90 (CONTINUED)

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (cont'd)
on armored car bandits. Description
of car being used now as follows:
small sedan, standard make, license
not available -- All units, attention,
etc.....

DUFF (173)
(glancing at
other's leg)
What's that on your leg?

RHODES (174-175)
Must've come off that car we
just checked..
(reacts)
Say it's blood!
(examining
smudge on
finger)
How d'you like that?
(yelling off)
Hey, Chandler -- that black sedan
is the one we want! Heading south!

Chandler and Rhodes leap on their cycles, gunning
engins.. Several other cops are running into scene.

EXT. HIGHWAY AT ROADBLOCK - DAY

91 Duff turns, dashing for police car, jumps in as the
two motorcycle officers ROAR off on their cycles,
streaking away down highway. The police car is
already wheeling in pursuit, siren WHINING.

EXT. HIGHWAY - ANOTHER LOCATION - DAY

92 TRAVELLING SHOT on Ford sedan. The car is moving at
a fast clip.

EXT. HIGHWAY - AT ROUGH ROAD - DAY

93 MED. SHOT - The Ford sedan comes down highway toward
camera. Then suddenly it veers off the highway,
bumping down a rough road, gathering speed again, CAMERA
FOLLOWING, finally disappearing over a slope, moving in
a southwesterly direction. CAMERA PANS BACK down highway.

(CONTINUED)

93 (CONTINUED)

In the distance, coming fast, are the two motorcycle cops, followed by Police car. They zoom into camera and continue on the highway - south.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. POLICE STATION WILMINGTON - NIGHT

INSERT SHOT TOWARD building with lettering on glass transom over door reading:

"HARBOR DISTRICT - LOS ANGELES
POLICE DEPARTMENT"

DISSOLVE

INT. HARBOR POLICE STATION - NIGHT

94 RADIO ROOM - An officer sits at a transmitter near rear, Ryan is standing near him, and in the f.g. Cordell stands, bending over a table, intent on a map of the harbor district. He helps himself to a cup of coffee, drinking it down in one gulp. Ryan crosses to Cordell, glancing from empty cup to Cordell's tired, drawn face.

RYAN (176)

Hey, Lieutenant, that's your sixth cup. That stuff'll be coming out your ears.

CORDELL (177)

(gruffly)

I know when I've had enough. You just put another pot on the fire - this is cold.

Ryan hesitates, shrugs and exits. Cordell glances at map again.

95 CLOSE SHOT at door. A man enters. This is Bronson, a representative of the insurance company. CAMERA PANS him to Cordell.

(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED)

BRONSON (178)

(unsure of
himself)

Excuse me, Lieutenant. My
name's Bronson.

CORDELL (179)

(uncordially)

Yes?

BRONSON (180)

I represent Pacific States
Insurance Company. I looked for
you at Headquarters. They told
me I could find you down here...

CORDELL (181)

What's on your mind?

BRONSON (182)

You see, my firm has the policy on
the L.A. Armored Car Company and
we stand to take a big loss...

CORDELL (183)

(interrupting)

And you're worried about your
money... Is that it?

BRONSON (184)

That's it exactly. If they
collect their insurance, it
will be the biggest claim my
company has ever had to pay.

CORDELL (185)

You know -- that's quite a
coincidence. A friend of mine --
a police officer -- he had insurance
too. His widow is going to collect
it.

BRONSON (186)

I heard about that. I'm sorry.
But, as I was saying, my company
stands to lose over four hundred
thousand dollars so, you see,
we're more than anxious to
cooperate. Isn't there something
we can do?

(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED)

CORDELL (187)

Come to think of it - there is something you can do.

BRONSON (188)

Really? What is it?

CORDELL (189)

Get out of our hair - let us work! We're doing everything we can. If anything develops, we'll let you know...

Ryan enters, bearing a cup of coffee. Bronson hesitates. Ryan pours Cordell a fresh cup.

BRONSON (190)

Well, if there's anything we can do...

CORDELL (191)

(cutting him short)

Good night, Mr. Bronson.

BRONSON (192)

(abashed)

Good night, Lieutenant. Sorry I brought it up.

CORDELL (193)

That makes two of us.

Bronson exits. Ryan looks to Cordell for an explanation.

RYAN (194)

What's his trouble?

CORDELL (195)

Money. What's yours?

RYAN (196)

(grins)

Lack of it.

Cordell crosses to map - points to it.

CORDELL (197)

They're bottled up inside that circle. There's no other way out.



(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED)

RYAN (198)

Unless the car sprouted wings.
I'm positive of one thing --
they couldn't have gotten past
us at Long Beach or Pedro.

CORDELL (199)

(sipping coffee)

Or north - or east.

(tensely)

Well, the next move's up to
them.

CAMERA MOVES FORWARD to center on map - an area near
the Cerritos Channel of the Los Angeles Harbor District.

DISSOLVE

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

96 MED. CLOSE SHOT - SHOOTING UNDERNEATH pilings. Motor
boat drifts in. Mapes turns off the motor, ties boat,
starts up the ladder. CAMERA FOLLOWS Mapes up the
ladder. When he gets to top of pier, he exits toward
shack.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SHACK AND LUMBER YARD - NIGHT

97 MED. SHOT on Mapes as he comes around an abandoned
waterfront warehouse. CAMERA PANNING him to deserted
shack hidden in back of the warehouse.

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

98 Main room. This is a board and batten watchman's shack
with very little furnishings around the place. It is
more or less deserted. The only source of light at
the moment comes from a lantern in the back room. As
Mapes comes in he meets Foster who is looking into the
back room.

MAPES (200)

How's Benny?

(CONTINUED)

98 (CONTINUED)

FOSTER (201)

Not so good. Purvus is with him now.

Mapes turns and goes into back room, followed by Foster.

99

MED. CLOSE SHOT in back room. Propped up on a metal cot is Benny, perspiration shining on his face, his lips set in a grim line of pain. Standing over him is Purvus, smoking a cigarette. Mapes and Foster come in. Mapes looks down at Benny.

MAPES (202)

He's worse. The guy needs a doc, Purvus.

PURVUS (203)

I don't care if he needs a hospital. All he's getting is first aid -- Let's get out of here.

He turns to go, but Benny struggles up on the couch, Mapes holding him.

BENNY (204)

(in agony)

Listen, Dave - I can't go with you like this! I've gotta have a doc!

PURVUS (205)

I told you that was out - forget it. We'll get you patched up later.

(to Mapes)

Give him a slug of whiskey. We're wasting time.

He picks up the gasoline lantern, exiting into main room with Foster. Mapes takes a whiskey bottle off table, tries to force it to Benny's lips. The room goes dark, illuminated only by the o.s. light of the lantern coming through open door.

BENNY (206)

(slobbering
whiskey)

Al, talk to him - make him get me a doc!

(CONTINUED)

99 (CONTINUED)

MAPES (207)

(leaving
bottle in
Benny's hand)

I'll be back. Take it easy.

Mapes exits, pulling the door halfway closed. Benny buries his head in the pillow, groaning, as a sudden spasm of pain seizes him.

100

Main room - Purvus and Foster at table where the lantern reveals stacks of currency, which Purvus is stuffing into a small suitcase. Foster is ripping open money bags, Mapes entering from bedroom.

MAPES (208)

I don't think he's gonna pull through, Purvus.

PURVUS (209)

That's his tough luck. He knew the chance he was taking. And we've stalled long enough. We'd've been halfway to Mexico and out of trouble if it hadn't been for him.

MAPES (210)

It'll kill Benny -- all night on that boat.

PURVUS (211)

(angrily)

Listen - quit holding a wake for that guy. If he kicks off we'll bury him at sea -- and you can do your moaning then.

Suddenly, Benny comes in from the back room, holding a pistol, clutching the wall with his other hand. His shirt is soaked with blood and there is a wild look in his eyes.

BENNY (212)

(hoarsely)

Don't move - any of you!
(staggers over
to table,
supporting
himself on it)

I'm gonna get me a doc! You're not gonna stop me, Dave - so hand over my share of the dough!

100 (CONTINUED)

PURVUS (213)

(calmly)

You're making a bonehead play,
Benny. They'll pick you up
sure - and you'll get us all
in a jam.

BENNY (214)

(hysterically)

I'm in a jam now - I'm dyin'!
Hurry up!

Purvus shrugs, reaches for the suitcase on table.

PURVUS (215)

Okay, Benny - whatever you say.

101 CLOSER SHOT PAST Purvus as he reaches for his gun,
lying behind suitcase. We see his fingers close around
revolver.

PURVUS (216)

You'll get everything you're
entitled to, Benny.

He FIRES. Benny's face contorts with horrified
surprise. Purvus jumps back as Benny's legs buckle and
he collapses sideways, hitting the floor face down with
a CRASH. Foster and Mapes stare at the body in stunned
silence for a moment.

PURVUS (cont'd)

What're you staring at?

(sharply)

Pick him up! Give him a hand,
Ace.

FOSTER (217)

(hesitating)

What'll we do with him?

PURVUS (218)

Put him in the car.

(pockets gun)

We've got to get rid of that,
anyhow. It's hot - but so is he.

(grins,

crossing

to table)

No loose ends, boys.

(CONTINUED)

101 (CONTINUED)

MAPES (219)

You're gonna ditch the car with him in it?

PURVUS (220)

(acidly)

Maybe you'd rather bring him along for company.

(stuffing money
in suitcase)

C'mon, don't be all night about it.

Mapes and Foster begin dragging the body out. CAMERA MOVING CLOSER ON Purvus as he watches, satisfied. Closing suitcase, he starts into back room.

EXT. SHACK AND LUMBER YARD - NIGHT

102 AT PARKED FORD SEDAN - as Mapes and Foster lift Benny's body into the back seat. Foster climbs in front seat.

FOSTER (221)

(low whisper)

You'd better stay, Al. He's got all the dough.

MAPES (222)

(nods significantly)

Okay. Get back as fast as you can.

Foster nods, puts car in gear and drives off, Mapes reentering shack.

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

103 MAIN ROOM - Purvus is just coming out of back room, the whiskey bottle in his hand, as Mapes enters through front door.

PURVUS (223)

What's the idea? Thought you were going with Foster.

MAPES (224)

He can handle that deal alone. Besides, I could use a drink.

(CONTINUED)

103 (CONTINUED)

Purvus eyes him, shrugs, then sets whiskey bottle on table. Mapes uncorks bottle and takes a long pull. Purvus scoops the empty glasses into a cardboard box along with the ashtrays from the table. Mapes wipes his mouth on his sleeve, watching him a moment.

MAPES (cont'd)

What about Benny's cut, Purvus?

PURVUS (225)

(looks up; hard)

What about it?

MAPES (226)

Well, he's out now, so I figured we'd split it three ways.

PURVUS (227)

You figured wrong then.

MAPES (228)

(ugly)

I did? Can you give me a good reason?

PURVUS (229)

I can give you two good reasons. One is Benny's got a wife -- and I'm going to see that she gets his whole share.

MAPES (230)

(nastily)

Well, ain't that dandy -- big hearted Purvus playin' Santa Claus to his pal's widow. The burlesque queen.

PURVUS (230A)

You got a pretty big mouth, Mapes. I don't like your conversation.

MAPES (230B)

I hit a bull's eye, didn't I? She's a pretty slick number -- and I understand her heart didn't exactly belong to Benny. Maybe you owe her this dough, Purvus -- how about it?

PURVUS (231)

(hard)

I told you how it's going to be. So get used to the idea.

(CONTINUED)

103 (CONTINUED)

MAPES (232)

(mean and
smiling)You said there was another
reason.

PURVUS (233)

There is --

He strikes Mapes across the mouth. Mapes goes down.

103A CLOSE SHOT - Purvus.

PURVUS (234)

Want any more reason.

103B CLOSE SHOT - Mapes on the floor, glowering at Purvus
o.s. and rubbing his chin.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

104 The Ford sedan, driven by Foster, enters scene and
stops near the edge of wharf.105 CLOSER SHOT - at Ford sedan, as Foster, peering around,
rolls up all windows in the car. Then he GUNS the
motor and carefully puts the car in gear.106 LONGER SHOT - (STOCK) - as the Ford sedan advances
toward water, Foster suddenly leaping out. The car
continues ahead toward the edge of wharf.107 CLOSEUP - Foster. He skids to a stop and looks toward
water.108 LONG SHOT - (STOCK) - The Ford sedan goes over the
edge of wharf, strikes the water with a great splash
and begins to sink.

- 109 CLOSE SHOT - Foster. He looks at sinking car and starts off toward boat.
- 110 NEAR WAREHOUSE BUILDING. A police car pulls up, Duncan and another officer leaping out. They run to edge of wharf and look off.
- 111 LONG SHOT - (STOCK) - The Ford sedan is just disappearing beneath the surface of the water.
- 112 CLOSE SHOT - Police officer. The effect of this registers on him and he ducks back to police car with the other officer, CAMERA PANNING WITH them.

DISSOLVE

INT. HARBOR POLICE STATION - NIGHT

- 113 RADIO ROOM TOWARD Cordell and Ryan who are listening to reports coming over radio. The operator clicks a switch and we hear officer Duncan's voice coming over:

DUNCAN'S VOICE (235)

(on radio)

Car six to control -- car six
to control.

OPERATOR (236)

Go ahead, car six.

Cordell and Ryan come closer, interested.

DUNCAN'S VOICE (237)

(on radio)

We're down at berth twenty. A
car just went off the pier.

Cordell grabs up the mike.

CORDELL (238)

Can you describe the car?

DUNCAN'S VOICE (239)

(on radio)

A small black sedan.

CORDELL (240)

Stand by. We'll be down.

(CONTINUED)

113 (CONTINUED)

He hands mike back and, with Ryan, hurries from room.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT-(PROCESS)

114 CLOSE SHOT on tire marks where the car left the wharf. In the glare of headlights, Cordell, Duncan and several police officers of the Harbor Division are examining the evidence, Cordell holding a flashlight. They are comparing the tread marks with a photograph taken of the same tread marks in the ramp.

CORDELL (241)

(straightening)

Same tread marks.

(looks off)

That's our sedan, alright.

They're not taking any chances.

(to officer)

Get a salvage crew over here
and raise it.

(turns to

Duncan)

And block this area off.

RYAN'S VOICE (242)

(o.s.)

Hey - Lieutenant! Over here.

Cordell hurries out of scene.

EXT. ROAD - ENTRANCE TO DOCK - NIGHT

115 Ryan is holding a flashlight, another officer present, as Cordell enters scene.

RYAN (243)

(bending down)

May I see the picture?

CORDELL (244)

(hands him

photo)

Match?

Ryan compares photo with tire marks, Cordell squatting down to watch.

(CONTINUED)

115 (CONTINUED)

RYAN (245)

(nods)

For my dough, yes. What d'you think?

CORDELL (246)

(looks off)

They turned in here.

He straightens as a police car bumps into scene, stops.
Cordell crosses to car with Ryan, CAMERA PANNING.

CORDELL (cont'd)

Follow the tire marks. Not
too fast.

Ryan climbs in car, Cordell standing on running board
to operate the spotlight, which he focuses on the tire
tracks. The police car moves slowly forward.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SHACK AND LUMBER YARD - NIGHT

- 116 Mapes comes out, followed by Foster. Suddenly the
light goes out. Purvus, carrying the suitcase
containing the money comes through door. Mapes takes
the lead; they start off in the direction of pier and
speedboat, past some piles of lumber.
- 117 MED. CLOSE SHOT - of the three near a stack of lumber.
Mapes, in the lead, suddenly stops and cautions the
other two.
- 118 ANGLE AS SEEN BY Mapes. The police car stops, officers
getting out. Cordell and Ryan look around.
- 119 CLOSE SHOT - of Cordell and Ryan, following tire tracks.
This is played at such an ANGLE to make it uncertain
whether they will go into the lumber yard or not.
- 120 CLOSE SHOT - Purvus, Mapes and Foster at pile of lumber.
They start to creep along stealthily, to keep out of
sight of policemen, CAMERA PANNING them.

121 ANOTHER ANGLE on Purvus, Foster and Mapes. They come to an open gap in stacks of lumber, but can't cross to other stack without being seen by police.

122 CLOSE SHOT - Cordell and Ryan. They straighten up and flash their lights in the direction of shack and start heading in that direction.

123 CLOSE SHOT - Purvus, Foster and Mapes.

PURVUS (247)

We'll have to run for it, one at a time. Mapes, you get to the boat first. Foster, you'll go next.

(to Mapes)

Be ready! The minute you see me, start that motor. Get going!

Purvus draws his gun for protection. Mapes exits quietly so as not to be seen by the police. CAMERA PANS him behind a lumber pile.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

124 MED. SHOT on Mapes. He comes running toward the pier, starts down the ladder, glances back toward police to see if he has been noticed.

EXT. SHACK AND LUMBERYARD - NIGHT

125 MED. SHOT on Cordell and Ryan advancing closer to shack.

126 CLOSE SHOT - Purvus and Foster. Purvus nods to Foster who is somewhat scared. Foster leaves, CAMERA PANNING him. As he gets a little distance, in the darkness he stumbles over a board or some obstruction.

127 CLOSE SHOT - Cordell and Ryan. They react to NOISE of the fall, turn, draw guns and head in that direction.

128 CLOSE SHOT - Purvus. He ducks behind lumber - ready to use gun on advancing policemen.

129 MED. SHOT - Foster gets up from ground very frightened
- makes a dash for boat.

130 CLOSE SHOT - Cordell and Ryan. They spot Foster
running toward pier. Cordell takes a bead and fires.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

131 MED. SHOT - Foster. He is about to run toward ladder
leading down to the boat when he is hit by bullet
from Cordell's gun. He goes down.

132 CLOSE SHOT - Mapes in boat. He reacts to gun shot.
He quickly starts the motor.

EXT. SHACK AND LUMBER YARD - NIGHT

133 MED. SHOT - Cordell, Ryan and police as they run
toward pier.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

134 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Mapes. He hears policemen coming
toward him. He pulls motor boat away from pier.

135 LONG SHOT - Motor boat leaving pier (STOCK)

136 MED. SHOT - Cordell, followed by Ryan and couple of
policemen. They run in. Cordell fires toward motor
boat. As he realizes by now it is too far away, he
turns to Duncan.

CORDELL (248)

Notify Harbor Patrol.

As Duncan leaves, Cordell bends down to examine Foster.

EXT. SHACK AND LUMBER YARD - NIGHT

137 MED. CLOSE SHOT on Purvus. He realizes the spot he is
in since Mapes has left with the boat. He heads out
in the opposite direction, CAMERA PANNING him away
from police as he stealthily ducks behind a pile of
lumber.

138 MED. SHOT - Purvus - climbing between a couple of buildings, making his getaway from the police. As he comes toward CAMERA, he glances back to make sure he is safe. He then heads down toward the waterfront, CAMERA PANNING WITH him.

DISSOLVE

EXT. BIJOU THEATRE - NIGHT

139 Alley. Yvonne LeDoux comes out of the stage entrance, walking quickly to curb where a newsboy takes a late edition of a tabloid from a rack, hands it to her. The headlines on this paper and the others in the rack read as follows:

"GUN BATTLE!
ARMORED CAR BANDITS FLEE POLICE:
TWO DIE

In a furious gun battle at Los Angeles Harbor police came to grips with the armored car bandits who early today executed a bold half a million dollar robbery at Wrigley Field which cost the life of a police officer. With two of the desperados still at large, police launched a manhunt, etc."

NEWSBOY (249)
Just came in, Miss LeDoux - th'
midnight.

YVONNE (250)
(glancing at
headlines)
Thanks.

She moves off, reading paper, CAMERA PANNING her as she crosses street in direction of Cocktail Bar.

EXT. COCKTAIL BAR - NIGHT

140 Yvonne enters, folding the paper under her arm.

INT. COCKTAIL BAR - NIGHT

141 Yvonne comes in, opening purse, her eyes lifting for a moment. CAMERA PANS OVER where Purvus is seated at bar. The barest of nods are exchanged between them, Yvonne taking out a coin before she crosses to a line of telephone booths. She slips into the end booth, shutting door.

142 SHOOTING FROM inside telephone booth PAST Yvonne. From this ANGLE she can watch Purvus as he casually puts down drink and strolls toward the booths, entering one farther down line. Yvonne immediately inserts coin, dials.

143 CLOSE SHOT - Purvus in second telephone booth. In a moment the phone JANGLES in his booth and he lifts the receiver.

PURVUS (251)

(into phone)

Hello, baby.

YVONNE'S VOICE (252)

(thru phone)

Is everything all right, Dave?

PURVUS (253)

(into phone)

Yes - and no. You read the papers?

144 CLOSE SHOT - Yvonne in first telephone booth.

YVONNE (254)

(into phone)

Was it anybody I know?

PURVUS' VOICE (255)

(thru phone)

One of 'em was.

YVONNE (256)

(into phone)

I'm afraid to guess, Dave.

145 CLOSE SHOT - Purvus in second telephone booth.

PURVUS (257)
Your husband... How does it
feel to be a free woman?

There is a slight pause; then:

YVONNE'S VOICE (258)
(on phone)
Just the same. Where'll I
meet you, Dave?

PURVUS (259)
Same place.

146 CLOSE SHOT - Yvonne in telephone booth.

YVONNE (260)
I'll be there in an hour --
soon as I finish the last show.
Take care of yourself, honey.

She hangs up.

147 LONG SHOT of telephone booths. Purvus pushes the hook
down, still holding the receiver, as Yvonne emerges from
the other phone booth, passing him. Again she smiles
faintly at him and he nods back. Slowly, then, Purvus
hangs up.

DISSOLVE



EXT. VALLEY MOTEL - NIGHT

148 Yvonne's two-door sedanette comes up the driveway and turns in behind one of the bungalows. She shuts off engine, alights, and hurries up to the door and KNOCKS.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

149 Purvus, in the act of pouring a drink at the bureau, sets the bottle down and steps over to door. He glances through opening, then unlocks door, opening it. Yvonne comes in and he quickly closes the door.

PURVUS (261)

Good to see you, baby.

YVONNE (262)

Tell me what happened, honey.

PURVUS (263)

I guess we had a little more excitement than we bargained for.

YVONNE (264)

As long as you got back all right, that's all I care about.

PURVUS (265)

I brought something else back, too. What you might call a little souvenir.

He goes to closet - takes out suitcase and opens it, disclosing money.

PURVUS (cont'd)

Pretty, isn't it?

YVONNE (266)

Those are the most beautiful pictures I've ever seen in my life.

PURVUS (267)

Yeah - and an awful lot of 'em.

YVONNE (268)

You certainly made out well with your end of the deal.

(CONTINUED)

149 (CONTINUED)

PURVUS (269)

As a matter of fact, that was
the only end of the deal.

YVONNE (270)

Don't tell me there wasn't a split?

PURVUS (271)

We didn't exactly have time to get
around to it. And ya know, I sort
of forgot to give my friend, Mapes,
a forwarding address.

YVONNE (272)

Who's Mapes - one of your partners?

PURVUS (273)

You might call him my one remaining
partner. I sure feel sorry for him.

YVONNE (274)

Yeah, I'll bet your little heart
is breaking.

Purvus hands her a drink.

PURVUS (275)

Here's to money.

YVONNE (276)

And time to spend it.

(she drinks)

Too bad Benny won't be around for
the big pay-off.

PURVUS (277)

Yeah, isn't it.

(looks thoughtful)

YVONNE (278)

What's the matter, honey? You
look worried.

PURVUS (278A)

We've got to watch our step from
now on. They've got nothing on me,
but you might draw a few flies --
the kind that wear badges.

YVONNE (278B)

You mean - they might check up on
me through Benny?

(CONTINUED)

149 (CONTINUED)

PURVUS (278C)

They probably will. Can't risk seeing you, baby - - until we leave town together. -- When do you finish at the theatre?

YVONNE (278D)

Two weeks. I have to give them notice.

PURVUS (278E)

Well, don't. Not till the last minute. I'll tell you when.

(rising)

I hate to say this, but you'd better start getting used to being lonesome.

YVONNE (278F)

Do I have to start tonight?

PURVUS (278G)

Yup. They might be making a check on you any time now and if they are, I want you to be good and lonesome.

YVONNE (278H)

(protesting as Purvus leads her toward door)

But, I don't like being lonesome.

PURVUS (278I)

(grabs her and whirls her close to him passionately)

Don't make it any tougher for me than it is. Beat it, will ya?

YVONNE (278J)

Whatever you say, Dave.

They embrace. After a long moment, they break.

YVONNE (cont'd)

Goodnight, honey.

She exits.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. L. A. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

150

File Room. Cordell enters as Ryan, turning away from a filing cabinet, crosses to meet him, carrying an envelope which he opens.

(CONTINUED)

150 (CONTINUED)

RYAN (279)

The criminal record of the late Benjamin McBride -- now cooling his heels in the County morgue.

(takes photo
out of
envelope)

Meet Benny.

Cordell glances at photo (a likeness of Benny) and sits on edge of table which is littered with papers, neatly arranged.

RYAN (cont'd)

(picks up
sheaf of
papers -
reads)

Age 35. Wanted Seattle grand theft auto. Wanted Portland robbery warehouse, two priors same city. Warrant issued San Diego assault with deadly weapon, suspect -- you want the rest of it? You'll be here all night.

CORDELL (280)

Spare me,
(tosses photo
on pile)

Dead but not forgotten.

Ryan takes a couple more photographs from envelope.

RYAN (281)

(showing him
photo)

You'll be interested in these, too.

CORDELL (282)

(looks at
photo)

Who's he?

INSERT

PHOTOGRAPH OF ACE FOSTER.

(CONTINUED)

150 (CONTINUED)

RYAN'S VOICE (283)

(o.s.)

William Ace Foster -- before he was air conditioned. You saw what he looked like afterwards, but there was enough left for identification.

BACK TO SCENE.

CORDELL (284)

That's two out of the running.

Ryan shows him a third photo.

RYAN (285)

This one's still running.

Cordell examines the photograph.

RYAN (cont'd)

Albert Mapes. Benny's side-kick. Foster's pal. They served time together, always worked as a team. He'd be worth questioning.

CORDELL (286)

(indifferently)

Okay - send out an all-points on him. Pick him up for questioning.

RYAN (287)

You don't seem very pleased. I thought my hunch on Mapes was pretty good.

CORDELL (288)

If you want to call an obvious conclusion a hunch - that's your business. But let me tell you something, Sonny -

(indicates
photo)

these are all petty hoodlums -- Benny, Foster, Mapes -- a job this big was over their heads. Somebody had to do their thinking for them. That somebody is the fourth man.

RYAN (289)

I guess you're right, but he's a complete blank.

(CONTINUED)

150 (CONTINUED)

CORDELL (290)

(nods, grimly)

He's liable to remain one, too.
Unless we get lucky.

(straightens)

We'll start with Benny.

(looks at
report)

Local boy, huh? Let's check
some of these addresses.....

DISSOLVE

INT. BENNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

151 Living room SHOOTING PAST landlady, Mrs. Page, who is
standing at open door watching Cordell who is examining
four discolored empty whiskey glasses on bookcase. The
table is littered with ashtrays full of cigarette butts.

CORDELL (291)

(picks up glass
with handkerchief)

Aged in the glass - Bourbon.

(sniffs glass,
turns)

These friends of his -- how many
would you say there were?

MRS. PAGE (292)

Couldn't say. In the past week
the place was full of 'em,
drinkin' and talkin' till all
hours.

RYAN'S VOICE (293)

(o.s.)

Lieutenant - can you come in here
a moment?

Cordell exits into bedroom, the landlady following
slowly.

152 SHOT - of bedroom as Cordell enters, followed by Mrs.
Page. Ryan, standing at the bureau, turns with a
photograph of Yvonne.

RYAN (294)

(showing him photo)

Looks like Benny was hitting
in the high cotton.

(CONTINUED)

152 (CONTINUED)

Cordell examines photo, reading the inscription.

CORDELL (295)

(reading)

'Your loving baby.'

(to landlady)

Ever see her around?

MRS. PAGE (296)

Nope - I never seen any women here.

CORDELL (297)

(looking
at photo)

Theatrical photo. Should be easy to trace.

RYAN (298)

(holding
out hand)

Gimme - that's my department.

Cordell grins at him.

CORDELL (299)

Okay, give it a run-down with the casting offices and booking agencies.

RYAN (300)

(pleased)

Guaranteed results.

He starts out.

CORDELL (301)

Wait a minute - Put in a call for the fingerprint crew. Get 'em down here right away.

RYAN (302)

(exiting)

Yes, sir, on my way.

Cordell looks around, his eyes lighting on the window. He notices that the shade is missing. The landlady is watching him.

(CONTINUED)

152 (CONTINUED)

CORDELL (303)

(crossing
over)

What happened to the shade?

MRS. PAGE (304)

That's funny - he never told
me it was busted.Cordell examines the broken brackets, then moves over to
bureau.

CORDELL (305)

He never told you a lot of
things, Mrs. Page.(looks up
at mirror)

I wish he had.

MRS. PAGE (306)

Well, I asked him a couple times
what he done for a living, but
he never told me. He was awful
private about his business.Cordell looks up and sees a matchbook cover stuck in the
corner of the mirror on bureau. CAMERA TRUCKS FORWARD
as he pulls it loose, glances at it.

INSERT

MATCHBOOK COVER - the same one on which
Benny had written "SU 72131 Bell"BACK TO SCENE. Cordell stares thoughtfully at the cover
a moment.

MRS. PAGE (cont'd)

(rambling on)

Sorry this place is so untidy,
Lieutenant. He wouldn't let me
in lately, or I'd have cleaned
it up.

CORDELL (307)

(jarred out
of his
thoughts)

Cleaned it? (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

152 (CONTINUED)

CORDELL (cont'd)

(laughs)

Mrs. Page, it's a good thing
you didn't.

152A MED. SHOT - Cordell crosses to telephone - looks at
number on matchbook cover - dials number - listens
a moment.

KELLY'S VOICE (307A)

(thru phone)

Valley Motor Court.

CORDELL (307B)

Valley Motor Court. Thanks
very much.

(hangs up)

Cordell stands there a moment looking at matchbook cover.

DISSOLVE

EXT. VALLEY MOTEL - DAY

153 CAMERA PANS AWAY from entrance (same view as on the
matchbook cover) and comes to REST on Bungalow #5,
just as Purvus comes out, closing door. He starts off,
then freezes as he sees -

154 SHOOTING PAST Purvus: The patrol car is just stopping
in front of the office, Cordell getting out, followed
by his driver, Cuyler. Purvus steps behind a parked
car and, as Cordell and Cuyler enter office, whirls and
makes a dive for the door of his bungalow.

155 CLOSER SHOT at door of #5, as Purvus quickly unlocks
it and goes in, SLAMMING door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

156 FULL SHOT of room as Purvus flings open the closet
door, lifts suitcase out, then strides to bureau,
pulling out drawers. He begins stuffing shirts and
personal effects into suitcase, sweeping articles off
top of bureau in frenzied haste.

EXT. VALLEY MOTEL - DAY

157 SHOOTING TOWARD office as Cordell and Cuyler come out with Tom Kelly, the owner. CAMERA PANS them TOWARD #5.

KELLY (308)

I think he's in -- Didn't see him go out, anyhow.

They turn up walk toward bungalow 5.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

158 Purvus, moving fast, shuts suitcase, then raises back window. There is a KNOCK at the door.

KELLY'S VOICE (309)

Mr. Bell.....!

(KNOCKS again)

Are you in, Mr. Bell? There's a gentleman to see you.

Purvus, dropping the suitcase out of window, climbs through.

CORDELL'S VOICE (310)

Open it up!

A key RATTLES in the lock, the door opens and Cordell and Cuyler enter ahead of Kelly.

CORDELL (311)

Is this guy just checking in or just checking out?

KELLY (312)

Neither. He's been here three days and he's paid up for a week.

In one glance Cordell spots the half-packed suitcase, the open window and the fluttering curtains. He leans out the window.

EXT. VALLEY MOTEL - DAY

159 SHOOTING ALONG wall of building. Purvus, running toward CAMERA, ducks into garage entrance, flattening himself out of sight just as Cordell leans out window in b.g. Purvus draws his revolver. Cordell climbs through window and drops to the ground. He starts toward garage, walking slowly, alert. Purvus edges farther back into garage behind a parked car.

INT. MOTEL GARAGES - DAY

160 SHOOTING FROM REAR PAST the car. Purvus drops down in back of car, levelling his gun across fender. FROM this ANGLE we see Cordell and Cuyler who has come out of the bungalow pause in front of entrance. The gun is aimed directly at Cordell's head, Purvus crouching in breathless silence. Cordell turns, staring at the dark interior of the garage. Purvus tightens his grip on the gun as the detective takes a step towards entrance. Cordell hesitates, as from the opposite direction, Kelly comes into scene.

CORDELL (313)

(still looking
in garage)

Did he have a car?

KELLY (314)

No - said he didn't drive.
Always used cabs.

EXT. VALLEY MOTEL - DAY

161 Side of building at garages. Cordell and Kelly are standing in front of the only garage with a car in it; the others, to right and left of it, are empty. Cordell strolls up the line, CAMERA PANNING as he peers in the adjoining garages, Kelly following.

162 SHOT - near end of bungalows as Cordell and Kelly go around corner to front. CAMERA PANS BACK and Purvus, seizing the opportunity, makes a dash from the garage, running quickly into vacant lot behind motel. He disappears behind a billboard.

163 SHOT - outside bungalow #5. Cordell and Kelly walk into scene.

CORDELL (315)

You say he checked in three
days ago?

KELLY (316)

I think so. I can look it up.

CORDELL (317)

Will you? I'd like to see the
register. You can get that while
I'm looking the room over.

Cordell enters bungalow as Kelly hurries toward office.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

164 Cordell enters, looks in closet, crosses to the disordered bed, lifts spread, knocks pillow aside. He then walks over to bureau, CAMERA PANNING him over. He peers in the open drawers, slams them back in place, turns, and as an afterthought decides to open the bottom drawer. Pulling it out he is about to push it back when something catches his eye. He reaches into extreme back of drawer and takes out a wad of laundry, rolled into a tight ball, the sleeves of a shirt laced together, forming a wrapper. Spreading it open on top of bureau we see, in addition to the shirt, some soiled socks and another shirt. Kelly enters, carrying the guest register.

KELLY (318)

This it - Martin Bell - checked in on the sixteenth?

Cordell takes register.

KELLY (cont'd)

What's he wanted for, Lieutenant?

CORDELL (319)

He may be connected with the armored car robbery -- we're not certain, but we're running down every lead. Funny thing. No labels on the clothes. No labels on the shirts.

(lifts laundry
out of suitcase)

We'd better check for laundry marks. Must be quite a ladies man. Lipstick smear on the collar.

(to Cuyler)

Call the Lab boys, Pete. I want this room gone over with a finetooth comb.

CUYLER (320-322)

Yes, sir.

DISSOLVE



INT. POLICE LABORATORY - DAY

165 TWO SHOT - Charles Marshall, the Lab technician, and Cordell are inspecting the laundry found in the motel.

MARSHALL (323)

The man who wore this stuff is about five feet, ten or eleven inches tall, blonde, curly hair, weighs around 175 pounds and wears a size nine C shoe. Pretty good dresser. Doesn't mind putting out for shirts and sox at any rate.

CORDELL (324)

What about that lipstick smear on the collar?

MARSHALL (325)

Well, from its grease content it looks like a theatrical brand. There are only a few makes. I'll try to identify the manufacturer.

The telephone on the technician's desk rings. Marshall picks it up.

MARSHALL (cont'd)

(into phone)

Marshall speaking....Yes, he's here.

(to Cordell)

For you, Lieutenant.

CORDELL (326)

(taking phone

- into phone)

This is Cordell speaking.

INT. THEATRICAL BOOKING AGENCY - DAY

166 Danny is leaning on a desk, holding a photo in his hand. Watching him from behind a desk is a weazened little man, the booker. Covering the walls are photographs of chorus cuties, dancers, etc. It is obviously a cheap agency. Ryan is talking on the telephone.

RYAN (327)

(into phone)

Pay dirt, Lieutenant. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

166 (CONTINUED)

RYAN (cont'd)

(picks up photo
of Yvonne)

The gal in question is Yvonne
LeDoux, a burlesque queen at
the Bijou Theatre - but that's
not all.

(triumphantly)

She is also the widow of Benny
McBride!

CORDELL'S VOICE (328)

(thru phone)

His wife, huh?

RYAN (329)

(into phone)

Yeah - and you should see her in
her working clothes.

(selects another
photo - a sexy

full-figured pose)

Imagine - a dish like this
married to a mug like Benny.

(disgusted)

The naked and the dead.

INT. POLICE LABORATORY - DAY

167 CLOSE SHOT - Cordell on phone.

CORDELL (330)

(into phone)

Very funny! Now, I want you
to get back down here and start
checking some laundry marks.
Marshall will give you all the
details.

INT. THEATRICAL BOOKING AGENCY - DAY

168 CLOSE SHOT - Ryan on phone.

RYAN (331)

(into phone)

Laundry marks?

(ogles picture
in his hand)

You sure you don't want me to
run down to the theatre and
question Miss LeDoux?

INT. POLICE LABORATORY - DAY

169 CLOSE SHOT - to include Marshall as Cordell continues on phone.

CORDELL (332)

(into phone)

Yeah, I'm sure! I'll handle that myself.

(hangs up -

to Marshall)

Okay, Marshall, I guess that's it.

(picks up shirt

with lipstick

smear)

So you think it's theatrical lipstick? You know, that's an interesting idea.

Cordell puts the shirt back on the desk and starts for the door.

CORDELL (cont'd)

See you later.

MARSHALL (333)

Right.

DISSOLVE

INT. BIJOU THEATRE - STAGES AND WINGS - DAY

170 SHOOTING FROM WINGS. Yvonne LeDoux is just finishing her act to a FANFARE of music and applause. She skips off the stage grabbing a robe from a stagehand, and starts for dressing room door where Cordell is waiting.

CORDELL (334)

Miss LeDoux....

YVONNE (335)

(turns, hand
on door)

Yes?

CORDELL (336)

(flashing badge)

I'm from police headquarters.
I'd like a word with you.

YVONNE (337)

(shrugs)

Okay - but I'm in a hurry.

She opens door, preceding him into dressing room.

INT. YVONNE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

171 SHOT - Yvonne crosses quickly to a dressing table, removes her hair-band, and peering in mirror as Cordell enters behind her, closing door. She lights a cigarette.

YVONNE (338)

(without turning)

I guess you want to talk about Benny.

(rushing on)

I read about it in the papers. And that was the first I knew I was married to a crook. It was quite a shock.

CORDELL (339)

I can imagine. You never suspected it before?

YVONNE (340)

(outraged)

Are you kidding? He told me he owned horses.

(lays cigarette
on tray)

Excuse me if I get dressed.

(steps behind
screen)

Cordell sees her head bobbing around behind screen, smiles.

CORDELL (341)

See much of Benny lately, Miss LeDoux?

YVONNE (342)

(behind screen)

Not much. 'Course he'd drop by every so often, begging me to come back to him, but we haven't lived together in over a year.

CORDELL (343)

That was tough on Benny.

YVONNE (344)

Yeah, poor Benny. Always carrying a torch, and always broke. He actually expected me to move back with him into some fleabag apartment here. The guy had the cheesiest taste -- (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

171 (CONTINUED)

YVONNE (cont'd)

(she emerges,
buttoning dress)

-- except in women.

She smiles immodestly, smoothing the dress down.

CORDELL (345)

(surprised to see
her dressed)

Say, that was quick.

YVONNE (346)

In my racket you've got to be
quick.

(goes to dressing
table)

I can put 'em on as fast as I
can take 'em off.

She steps into a pair of pumps, daubs on lipstick,
takes a drag on cigarette, craftily watching Cordell in
mirror.

CORDELL (347)

Ever meet any of his friends?

YVONNE (348)

(indignantly)

I should say not! He wanted to
bring 'em around, but I put my
foot down on that -- such riff-
raff!

She puts the cigarette down in tray, fixing her hair.

CORDELL (349)

(rising)

You're positive? It's important
we know who was working with him,
Miss LeDoux - think hard.

YVONNE (350)

(turns slowly,
mad)

I told you, Lieutenant, I never
met his friends.

(takes last drag
on cigarette,
reaches for coat
on hanger)

I've got some places to go now -
if you're finished with me. Are
you?

(CONTINUED)

171 (CONTINUED)

Cordell comes over, helping her with coat.

CORDELL (351)

For the moment, yes.

(without her
noticing, he
palms her
cigarette butt
from tray)

Only don't leave town.

She turns on him, feigning surprise.

YVONNE (352)

I wasn't planning to - but why?
I've told you everything I know.

CORDELL (353)

You might remember something else.
(smiles)

The point is: We don't want you
going any place at the moment.

She shrugs, wrapping coat around herself, frowning;
then crosses, opening door.

YVONNE (354)

(coldly)

Goodbye, Lieutenant.

CORDELL (355)

(bows slightly)

You've been very cooperative,
Miss LeDoux.

YVONNE (356)

Thanks.

Cordell exits, Yvonne watching him for a moment. She
then goes out herself, closing door.

INT. BIJOU THEATRE - STAGE AND WINGS - DAY

172 SHOT BACKSTAGE - outside dressing room. Yvonne locks
the door, her eyes on Cordell who is walking toward stage
entrance. In a moment, she follows, CAMERA PANNING her
to door. She nods to the doorman and goes out.

EXT. BIJOU THEATRE - DAY

173 CLOSE SHOT ALLEY - at police car parked at curb. Cordell
is just climbing in. The car drives off.

174 CLOSE SHOT - Yvonne watching him. She turns quickly then, hurries along street.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

175 SHOT - At parking lot. Yvonne walks into lot, crossing toward her car, which is parked near the front in a double line of cars. CAMERA PANS her to a late model sedanette. As she opens the door to get in, Purvus steps out from behind the adjoining vehicle.

PURVUS (357)

Yvonne!

She whirls and he comes over fast.

YVONNE (358)

(startled)

Dave - what're you doing here?

PURVUS (359)

Looking for you.

(motions her
inside car)

Get in.

She slides into car.

INT. YVONNE'S PARKED CAR - DAY

176 As Purvus gets in next to her.

YVONNE (360)

There was a cop around to see me, Dave - just now.

PURVUS (361)

Yeah? What'd he want?

YVONNE (362)

He was just checking up on Benny, like you said. I didn't tell him anything.

PURVUS (363)

(nervously)

Well, something went hay-wire -- they were around to my place, too.

YVONNE (364)

(frightened)

How'd they find out?

(CONTINUED)

176 (CONTINUED)

PURVUS (365)

I don't know. But from here on in, we'd better keep in touch with each other. Use the phone at the bar. Understand?

YVONNE (366)

(nods)

Whatever you say, honey.

PURVUS (367)

Play it smart - no loose ends.

YVONNE (368)

(nods)

But where'll you be -- if something happens?

PURVUS (369)

On the move. I'll keep in touch.

Purvus pulls her face close to his, kisses her.

PURVUS (370)

Don't lose your nerve, baby.

She clings to him a moment; then he quickly opens door and exits off. Yvonne starts the car and, as it pulls out we -

DISSOLVE

INT. POLICE LABORATORY - NIGHT

177 CLOSE SHOT at microscope as the technician, Charles Marshall, straightens, removing a slide from the instrument, CAMERA PULLING BACK TO include Cordell and Ryan watching interestedly.

MARSHALL (371)

Theatrical lipstick -- matches pretty well, too.

CORDELL (372)

How well?

MARSHALL (373)

(smiles)

You going to pin me down?

(CONTINUED)

177 (CONTINUED)

CORDELL (374)

You bet I am.

The technician comes around table with slide, picking up the frayed cigarette butt.

MARSHALL (375)

Well, it's not conclusive, Lieutenant -- but I'd say the smear off this cigarette and the one we got from the man's shirt in the motel, came from the same lipstick.

CORDELL (376)

(takes slide
from Marshall)

How fresh would you say the smear on the shirt was?

MARSHALL (377)

Last day or so.

Ryan and Cordell exchange significant glances.

RYAN (378)

(to Cordell)

D'you think Benny's wife was playing post office with this guy -- this Bell character?

CORDELL (379-380)

(picks up hat)

It's worth looking into, anyhow. Let's pay her a visit.

(exiting; to
Marshall)

Thanks, Marshall.

As Cordell and Ryan exit -

DISSOLVE

EXT. BIJOU THEATRE - NIGHT

178. SHOT - at entrance as Cordell and Ryan approach, entering past box office, CAMERA PANNING them to ticket taker at door. Cordell flashes a badge. They go into theatre.

INT. BIJOU THEATRE - NIGHT

179. SHOT of auditorium. Yvonne is doing her act.

180 SHOT - rear of auditorium, as Cordell and Ryan come in, looking off at stage.

CORDELL (381)

There she is -- with bells on.

RYAN (382)

Mighty few bells. She's a fireball, alright.

CORDELL (383)

Yeah - and Benny got his fingers burned.

(glances
at watch)

She'll be on another five minutes -- why don't we kill time here?

Ryan gets it, grins.

RYAN (384)

Alright - you twisted my arm.

They start down aisle, looking for a seat.

EXT. BIJOU THEATRE - NIGHT

181 FULL SHOT - in entrance PAST box office. Al Mapes, his hat pulled low, strolls into scene, spots a full-figure pasteboard cut-out of Yvonne LeDoux at one side. Moving past the usual Skid Row characters who are lounging around, he walks over to the display, then approaches to buy a ticket.

MAPES (385)

(to cashier)

One - downstairs.

He lays down a bill as the cashier manipulates the automatic change-maker, glances around into theatre.

INT. BIJOU THEATRE - NIGHT

182 SHOT - auditorium - SHOOTING PAST Ryan and Cordell, their eyes on the stage. In a moment Mapes comes down the aisle behind an usherette, who leads him past the detectives to a row ahead, turning on her light. Mapes crowds in, moving over to a series of vacant seats.

183 CLOSE SHOT - Ryan and Cordell; the latter leans forward, grabs Ryan's arm.

CORDELL (386)

(a whisper)

Look who's coming! Isn't that Al Mapes?

Ryan looks off.

184 CLOSER SHOT - Mapes. He removes hat, sticks it under seat, turning. Then he sits down.

185 CLOSE TWO SHOT - Ryan and Cordell.

RYAN (387)

You're right.

CORDELL (388)

(rising)

Let's take him.

Cordell steps into aisle as Ryan moves down row in opposite direction.

186 ANOTHER ANGLE - PAST Mapes in seat. Cordell enters this row, stepping over people, approaching Mapes, who glances at him uneasily. Cordell, without giving him a glance, sits down next to him. At almost the same instant Ryan enters from camera and sits down on the other side of Mapes, who by this time is definitely alarmed. Cordell takes out a pack of cigarettes.

CORDELL (389)

(casually; to Mapes)

Got a match?

MAPES (390)

(fumbling)

Sure.

He produces a box of matches, Cordell accepting it, strikes one. In the glow of the match he turns, looking directly into Mapes' drawn, pale face.

CORDELL (391)

(blows out match)

Hello, Mapes.

Mapes tenses. There is a CLICK and Ryan slaps the handcuffs on his wrist.

(CONTINUED)

186 (CONTINUED)

RYAN (392)

That's all, Mapes - relax.

CORDELL (393)

Frisk him.

Ryan expertly removes a gun from inside Mapes' coat.

MAPES (394)

(frightened)

You're makin' a mistake, mister.

CORDELL (395)

(gets up)

We'll see. Come on and keep quiet.

Mapes is forced to rise and, flanked fore and aft, edges toward side exit with the detectives, CAMERA PANNING with them as Cordell holds aside the curtains and they go through fire door to alley -- with nobody in the theatre the wiser.

DISSOLVE

INT. L. A. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

187

CLOSE SHOT - homicide bureau - questioning room, on Mapes. His face is wet with perspiration, which he rubs away, CAMERA PULLING BACK to reveal Cordell sitting on edge of table, several police officers and a police stenographer taking notes.

CORDELL (396)

In this state the penalty for murder is death -- and when you kill a cop they cut a few corners and you get there fast.

MAPES (397)

How many times do I have to tell you I didn't kill anybody.

CORDELL (398)

This cop that got killed was knee-deep in friends. It just so happens I was one of his best -- and I made myself a promise that I'd go all out to put the murderer in the gas chamber ---

(CONTINUED)

187 (CONT INUED)

Suddenly the door opens and Ryan leads in one of the armored car guards, Witwer.

CORDELL (cont'd)
(to guard)
That face familiar?

The guard goes over, looking at Mapes.

WITWER (399)
He's the guy that drove th'
getaway car.

CORDELL (400)
You're sure?

WITWER (401)
Positive - th' others was
wearin' painters' outfits.

CORDELL (402)
Thanks.

Witwer exits. Cordell strolls over to Mapes.

CORDELL (cont'd)
That does it, Mapes - his
identification plus your
fingerprints in Benny's
apartment's all we need.
(hammering it)
You just took your first step
toward the gas chamber.

Mapes says nothing - fighting a growing fear.

MAPES (403)
(exploding
hysterically)
Stop sayin' that! If you want
to know if I was in on th'
hold-up -- okay, I was! You've
got me there, but I didn't kill
the cop!

CORDELL (404)
(fast)
Who did?

MAPES (405)
(wildly)
Dave Purvus -- he's the guy that
shot him!

(CONTINUED)

187 (CONTINUED)

CORDELL (406)

Purvus? Did he go by the name
of Bell?

MAPES (407)

(rushing on)

How do I know? He could've had
a million handles, but he was
Purvus to me -- and he's the guy
you want! And he got all the
dough, too -- every dime!

CORDELL (408)

Where is he?

MAPES (409)

(laughs, bitterly)

I wish I knew! D'you think I'd
have been hangin' around that
theatre if I did? I was lookin'
for his dame, th' burlesque
queen -- hopin' she could tell me!

CORDELL (410)

You mean Benny's wife, don't you?

MAPES (411)

Listen - she might've been Benny's
wife, but there was plenty between
her an' Purvus -- else why would
he give her Benny's share of the
dough?

CORDELL (412)

How d'you know he did?

MAPES (413)

I don't - but he said he was
going to -- and she was th'
only line I had on Purvus, so
I figured I'd introduce myself
an' pound it out of her where
he was. I earned that dough,
fair an' square!

CORDELL (414)

(smiles)

There's some question of that,
Mapes, but I see your point.

(turns, motioning
officer)

Take him out, boys.

(CONTINUED)

187 (CONTINUED)

MAPES (415)

(getting up)

That's the truth, believe me --
if I knew where he was I'd tell
you - an' be happy for th'
chance.

The officer takes Mapes out. Ryan crosses to Cordell.

RYAN (416)

Well - back to two slices.

(grins)

Anybody here know Purvus?

CORDELL (417)

(grimly)

The girl does -- that's for
sure now.

RYAN (418)

How about pulling her in?

CORDELL (419)

No good. She'd never crack -
not if it involved Purvus. We've
got to catch her off guard.

(opens intercom
switch)

JOHNSON'S VOICE (420)

(over intercom)

Yes, sir.

CORDELL (421)

Johnson - send a dictagraph crew
up here - ready to work.

(closes switch;

to Ryan)

And I want her tailed day and night.

DISSOLVE

188 MONTAGE

A. INT. BIJOU THEATRE - STAGE - NIGHT. Yvonne
on stage doing her act.

B. INT. BIJOU THEATRE - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT -
CLOSE SHOT in audience. A plain-clothes man
watching her.

(CONTINUED)

188 (CONTINUED)

- C. INT. YVONNE'S DRESSING ROOM. Officer installing a hidden microphone above the dressing table.
- D. INT. BIJOU PROP ROOM - Another crew is rigging up a wire recorder, officers connecting the apparatus to the dictagraph outlet.
- E. EXT. BIJOU THEATRE - STAGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT. Yvonne comes out, CAMERA PANNING her to show a plain-clothes man following her.
- F. EXT. STREET - DAY. CLOSE SHOT - Yvonne walking.
- G. EXT. STREET - DAY. CLOSE SHOT - Ryan tailing her.
- H. INT. COCKTAIL BAR - NIGHT. CLOSE SHOT - Yvonne at bar, drinking.
- I. INT. COCKTAIL BAR - NIGHT. CLOSE SHOT - Yvonne at phone, calling.
- J. INT. COCKTAIL BAR - NIGHT. CLOSE SHOT - Plain-clothes man watching.

EXT. PARKING LOT AND REAR OF COCKTAIL BAR - NIGHT

- 189 CLOSE SHOT - in front seat of Yvonne's car (a two-door sedanette), the registration certificate on steering post reads: "YVONNE LE DOUX, 2901 SO. BEVERLY GLEN BLVD., WESTWOOD, LOS ANGELES." A flashlight plays into scene, CAMERA PULLING BACK to reveal a police technician, Johnson, as he scrambles from under dashboard. He looks up to ceiling of car, where a square of fabric is hanging loose.
- 190 CLOSE on a microphone buried in ceiling. Johnson lifts the square of fabric back into place, hiding the mike, carefully tucking in the corners.
- 191 CLOSE SHOT - in parked coupe. Johnson turns on ignition switch, starts ENGINE, then places a single earphone to his ear.

(CONTINUED)

191 (CONTINUED)

JOHNSON (422)

(natural voice)

Testing - mobile unit twelve to relay car. Testing. Are you picking us up okay? Come in, please....

INT. CORDELL'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

192 Cordell seated next to officer driving through downtown traffic.

CORDELL (423)

(using mike)

You're coming in strong -- we're a block away on Flower Street, moving South. You got your microphone covered?

JOHNSON'S VOICE (424)

(over speaker)

I'm sewing the fabric over it. How do I sound now?

CORDELL (425)

Great. I'm coming back. Stand by.

He puts the mike down as we -

DISSOLVE

INT. BIJOU THEATRE - PROP ROOM - NIGHT

193 SHOT - Ryan and another officer are sprawled in chairs, smoking. The wire recorder is turned off, but the dictagraph speaker is CRACKLING monotonously. Cordell enters scene.

CORDELL (426)

I won't ask you what's new -- I can tell.

RYAN (427)

(wearily)

She comes in, hangs up her coat, puts on her makeup, takes off her clothes --

(CONTINUED)

193 (CONTINUED)

CORDELL (428)

(interrupts)

How d'you know that?

RYAN (429)

(grins)

She pulls a zipper -- it makes a noise. Anyhow, I know this dame's routine by heart. How's it with you?

Cordell sits down, pulls out pad.

CORDELL (430)

Same old thing.

(reading)

Cuyler reports that for three successive nights she's left here and gone in the cocktail lounge. First she sits down. Then she buys herself a drink -- but she never leaves before making a call from the phone booth, and the calls never run over a minute. After that she goes home and, like a good girl, tucks herself into bed. Most unsociable person I've ever seen.

RYAN (431)

What'll you bet she's in touch with Purvus all the time -- and laughing at us?

CORDELL (432)

(disgusted)

You read my mind.

He looks toward loud speaker as the SOUND of a door slamming is heard, followed by a variety of other SOUNDS.

RYAN (433)

(sits up)

She's back.

He flips key on recording machine, which starts recording.

(CONTINUED)

193 (CONTINUED)

RYAN (cont'd)

(SOUND of beads
rattling)

The beads are off - there goes
the head-band. That loud click
was her bracelet landing on the
table. She's reaching for her
dress now --

He breaks off as we hear someone KNOCKING on the door --
then a man's voice (Kimball, the theatre manager).

KIMBALL'S VOICE (434)

(o.s.)

Open up; Yvonne -- it's me,
Kimball.

SOUND of knocking again.

YVONNE'S VOICE (435)

(o.s.)

Can you wait a minute?

RYAN (436)

(to Cordell)

That's Kimball, the theatre
manager.

We hear the latch CLICK - then Kimball again.

KIMBALL'S VOICE (437)

(loudly; o.s.)

What's this I hear about you
quitting the show? Nobody told
me about it! What's the idea?

Ryan and Cordell look at each other, interested.

YVONNE'S VOICE (438)

(o.s.)

I'm quitting, that's all -- as
of tonight! Can't a girl quit
if she wants to?

INT. YVONNE'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

194 SHOT - Yvonne is zipping up her dress, glaring at
Kimball, a stocky, rugged guy in shirt sleeves.

(CONTINUED)

194 (CONTINUED)

KIMBALL (439)

Now take it easy, Yvonne -- you can't just up and quit me with no notice or anything. I'm in a spot.

YVONNE (440)

Sorry - my contract's up tonight.

Slips into coat.

KIMBALL (441)

All right - let's talk about a new deal. Starting now. You know me, Yvonne -- I'm reasonable.

Yvonne picks up a small suitcase or overnight bag.

YVONNE (442)

Are you?

(strides
to door)

Well, I'm not!

Kimball follows her through door.

INT. BIJOU THEATRE PROP ROOM - NIGHT

195 SHOT - Ryan, Cordell and officer grouped around speaker.

RYAN (443)

Flying the coop - that's great. She'll probably lead us right to Purvus.

CORDELL (444)

Maybe - maybe not. If she starts travelling cross-country or over the Border, it'd be pretty tough tailing her.

RYAN (445)

I never thought of that. What are we going to do? Let her walk out?

CORDELL (446)

Not exactly. Maybe we can force her hand.

(CONTINUED)

195 (CONTINUED)

RYAN (447)

How? We can't hammer it out of her.

CORDELL (448)

Mapes was going to, remember? He had the same problem. Find Purvus. He was going to make her tell. Isn't that what you'd do if you were in his spot?

RYAN (449)

I guess so. But, I'm not Mapes.

CORDELL (450)

But she doesn't know that.

RYAN (451)

You mean, you want me to make like I'm Mapes? Go under cover?

CORDELL (452)

Exactly. What do you think?

RYAN (453)

(excitedly)

I think you got something, Lieutenant! I'd sure like to try it.

CORDELL (454)

Go ahead. What can we lose?

RYAN (455)

(ruefully)

Not much - gulp - only me.

DISSOLVE

INT. COCKTAIL BAR - NIGHT

196

SHOOTING TOWARD booth where Yvonne is sitting, a drink in front of her. She glances nervously at her watch, takes a quick sip from the glass. Her suitcase is resting on floor. CAMERA PANS TO entrance as Ryan comes in. His hat is rumpled and he appears seedy, ill at ease in his overcoat which he fumbles with, unbuttoning it at the neck as he looks furtively around. Slowly, then he walks toward the bar, finding an empty space directly across from Yvonne in booth.

197 CLOSER SHOT - SHOOTING FROM rear. Ryan, without sitting down, gives his order to bartender.

RYAN (456)

Bourbon - over ice.

The bartender begins mixing it. Ryan turns, glancing at Yvonne. She looks up, staring blankly at him; then dismisses him and returns to her drink. The bartender sets his drink down. Ryan throws some coins on bar, picks up drink -- then saunters over to the booth.

198 CLOSER SHOT - in booth. Ryan sits down next to Yvonne. Surprised, she starts to get up, but he effectively blocks her escape.

YVONNE (457)

What's the idea?

RYAN (458)

(grabs her
wrist)

Take it easy - I'm a friend of
Dave Purvus.

She sits down rigid and tense.

YVONNE (459)

(staring
straight
ahead)

Let me alone! I don't care who
you are!

RYAN (460)

(holding
her down)

Ever hear of Al Mapes? He and
Purvus and your husband pulled
a little deal together.

YVONNE (461)

(tight-lipped)

Why tell me about it?

RYAN (462)

Because I need your help. I
want to get in touch with
Purvus. He owes me dough.

YVONNE (463)

(sarcastically)

I'm real sorry for you.

(CONTINUED)

198 (CONTINUED)

RYAN (464)

Yeah - and you were real sorry
when Benny kicked off, too --
weren't you? Nice little
inheritance, Fifty grand....

YVONNE (465)

(suspiciously)

What d'you mean?

RYAN (466)

(feigning
surprise)

Don't tell me Purvus didn't give
you Benny's share! He promised
to.

Yvonne, her confidence shaken, thinks this over.

RYAN (cont'd)

(following his
advantage)

You ought to watch that guy.
He's kind of forgetful where
money's concerned.

(watches her
narrowly)

Where is he?

YVONNE (467)

I don't know.

RYAN (468)

Then phone him - you've got his
number.

YVONNE (469)

(alarmed)

I haven't - I don't know anything
about him! I --

She breaks off suddenly. Something in her expression
causes Ryan to look off.

199

LONG SHOT - FROM his ANGLE TOWARD entrance. Dave
Purvus is just entering with another couple. - a young
man and his girl, who cross to a booth. Purvus turns
his back, inserting some coins in the cigarette
machine.

200 CLOSE TWO SHOT - Ryan and Yvonne, in the booth.
Ryan glances at her curiously.

RYAN (470)
What's the matter? Expecting
somebody?

YVONNE (471)
(tensely)
No. I was thinking --
(she opens purse,
reaches for a
nickel)
-- I guess I should call him
for you.

RYAN (472)
That's better -- but why the
sudden change?

Yvonne manages a smile.

YVONNE (473)
(cunningly)
Maybe I really am sorry for you.
What do you care -- do you want
me to call him or not?

RYAN (474)
Okay -- but no tricks. I'm
going to be standing just this
close.

He slides out of the booth, CAMERA PULLING BACK as
Purvus, glancing in mirror of cigarette machine, picks
up his cigarette pack and steps in the front telephone
booth -- Yvonne and Ryan walking toward the other
booth at the rear.

201 MED. SHOT - at telephone booth. Yvonne squeezes in,
Ryan jamming his foot in the door. She drops a coin
in the slot, begins dialing.

202 SHOT - Front telephone booth. SHOOTING PAST Purvus to
include bar in b.g. The telephone RINGS. Purvus,
glancing first toward Ryan, lets it RING AGAIN before
answering, then he takes the receiver off the hook.

PURVUS (475)
(calmly; into
phone)
Hello.

202 (CONTINUED)

YVONNE'S VOICE (476)

(over phone)

Dave? I'm glad I caught you home.

PURVUS (477)

(eyes on Ryan;

into phone)

What's wrong, baby?

203 SHOT - Rear phone booth, FAST Ryan INTO BOOTH where Yvonne is talking.

YVONNE (478)

(into phone)

There's a guy with me says you owe him money - Al Mapes. He wants to see you.

204 SHOT - Front phone booth. Purvus on phone.

PURVUS (479)

(eyes on Ryan;

into phone)

Look, baby - don't lose your head, but that's not Mapes. He's a cop.

YVONNE'S VOICE (480)

(over phone)

What'll I do?

PURVUS (481)

(into phone;

thinking fast)

Get him in the booth - tell him I want to talk to him - that it's okay. And then make a break for your car. Shake him!

YVONNE'S VOICE (482)

(over phone)

Whatever you say, honey.

PURVUS (483)

(into phone)

You'll have to go out the back way - and go fast! There're probably cops in front! Got it, baby? Start stalling....

He hangs up, getting out of booth.

- 205 SHOT - rear telephone booth - AN ANGLE to show Purvus leaving by front door and Yvonne still in booth, Ryan watching her.

YVONNE (484)

(to Ryan;
covers
mouthpiece)

He says it's okay - but he wants
to talk to you.

(into phone;
quickly)

Here he is, Dave.

She squirms out of booth, handing Ryan the receiver - and, as Ryan hesitates, she suddenly ducks and runs through curtains, leading into rest rooms. Ryan lunges after her, colliding with a waiter just emerging from the direction of the kitchen. A tray of sandwiches CLATTERS against the wall.

- 206 SHOT - Corridor outside rest rooms - TOWARD rear door. Yvonne is just slipping through door, SLAMMING it. A moment later Ryan dashes toward door, opening it. He runs outside.

EXT. PARKING LOT AND REAR OF COCKTAIL BAR - NIGHT

- 207 Backyard. Yvonne goes through a gate leading into the parking lot next to the theatre, Ryan after her.

- 208 SHOT - Yvonne runs toward her car, CAMERA PANNING WITH her. She jumps in, turns the key, starts the engine - and then Ryan is there, pulling open the right-hand door.

RYAN (485)

(reaching for key -
kills engine)

I said no tricks!

She throws open her door, trying to escape, but Ryan, leaning in from the other side, grabs her, pulls her back into seat. As he straightens, Purvus comes around from behind car and jams a gun in Ryan's back.

PURVUS (486)

(savagely)

Don't move, copper! (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

208 (CONTINUED)

PURVUS (cont'd)

(reaches in
Ryan's coat,
extracts gun)
Now get in - quick!

He prods Ryan into front seat, climbing in behind as
Yvonne takes the wheel, SLAMMING her door shut.

PURVUS (cont'd)

(to Yvonne)
No lights! Take the alley!
(as Yvonne starts
engine, he puts
gun behind
Ryan's ear)
Keep your hands on the
dashboard! Let's go, baby....!

The car moves off, turning toward rear of parking lot
and alley, CAMERA ANGLE WIDENING.

EXT. BIJOU THEATRE - NIGHT

209 SHOOTING ACROSS a parked police car on street in front
of theatre. Officer Cuyler is sitting behind wheel
listening to the police hook-up to Yvonne's car.
Cordell and another detective are standing on the
sidewalk looking in the direction of the Cocktail Bar,
keeping a lookout for Ryan and Yvonne.

CUYLER (487)

(leaning out
toward Cordell)
The girl's car just started.
I'm picking up engine noises.

Cordell and detective react - cross to car. Cordell
gets in the front seat next to Cuyler and the detective
gets into the back seat.

CORDELL (488)

They must have gone out the
back way.. Looks like this deal
is working.

RYAN'S VOICE (489)

(over speaker)
Mind telling me where we're
going, Purvus?

(CONTINUED)

209 (CONTINUED)

PURVUS' VOICE (490)

(over speaker)

It won't matter to you, copper'.
Get off this street, baby --
Turn right, the next block!

CORDELL (491)

That's Purvus with him.
Something's gone wrong.

Cordell takes microphone from bracket.

CORDELL (cont'd)

(into mike)

Car 22 - Cordell - notify all
units this area we are trying
to locate a blue, forty-eight,
sedanette -

(consults paper
in his hand)

-- license 1-X-1-8-5-3 -- this
car contains Officer Ryan and
Dave Purvus -- Yvonne LeDoux is
driving -- pick up this car.
Officer's life may be in danger --
approach with caution.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT - (STOCK)

210 FAST TRAVELLING SHOT with Yvonne's car as it takes
another corner, wobbles for a moment, then streaks
south through light traffic.

INT. YVONNE'S MOVING CAR - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

211 CLOSE SHOT - Yvonne, Ryan and Purvus.

PURVUS (492)

(grimly;
staring ahead)

Okay - stay in the center. I'll
tell you when to turn again.

YVONNE (493)

(nervously;
laughs)

Don't be a back-seat driver,
honey.

(CONTINUED)

211 (CONTINUED)

PURVUS (494)
(ignores this)
Left here, sharp!

YVONNE (495)
(twisting wheel)
What would I do without you?

PURVUS (496)
(chuckles; glances
at Ryan)
Not so hot - judging from the
company you keep. Nice try,
copper. You almost got away
with it.
(ominously)
Almost.
(looks up
through
windshield)
Beat that signal, baby - it's
going to change.

EXT. ANOTHER LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT - (STOCK)

212 YVONNE'S CAR whisks through an intersection as the
signal changes.

EXT. BIJOU THEATRE - NIGHT

213 SHOOTING INTO police car on street in front of theatre.
Cuyler still sitting in driver's seat - Cordell next to
him. Detective in back seat. Ryan's voice comes over
speaker.

RYAN'S VOICE (497)
(over speaker)
If you're in such a rush, what
d'you take Figueroa for?

PURVUS'S VOICE (498)
(over speaker)
Shut up - nobody asked you!

CORDELL (499)
(excitedly)
Figueroa! That was for our
benefit! Hit it hard!

Cuyler steps on the starter - starts the motor -
car drives out fast.

INT. YVONNE'S MOVING CAR - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

214 Purvus, Yvonne and Ryan.

PURVUS (500)

(to Yvonne)

Next corner -- follow that truck.

Yvonne turns the wheel.

RYAN (501)

What's on Jefferson, Purvus?
You don't live down this way,
do you?

Angrily, Purvus pushes the gun hard against Ryan's neck.

PURVUS (502)

No more cracks, copper!

INT. CORDELL'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

215 CORDELL in front seat with Cuyler who is driving.
Detective in back seat.

CORDELL (503)

(quickly)

Jefferson - East! The kid is
all right. I think he'll turn
out to be a pretty good cop
after all.

YVONNE'S VOICE (504)

(over speaker)

You think they're after us,
Dave?

PURVUS'S VOICE (505)

(over speaker)

I don't know -- but I don't
trust this guy - or this car.
So we're getting rid of 'em both.
Get off this street, baby -- and
don't talk.

INT. YVONNE'S MOVING CAR - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

215A CLOSE SHOT - Purvus, Ryan and Yvonne. Purvus is very suspicious of Ryan. He pantomimes to Yvonne for her to turn left. Yvonne gets the signal, but is somewhat perplexed. She follows orders and turns left. Ryan, noticing that the car is moving off the main street, furtively glances around for a street sign - doesn't see one, but has to give the signal anyway.

RYAN (505A)

Why are you turning into an alley?

Purvus suddenly cuffs Ryan one across his ear. He realizes now that Ryan has somehow been in communication with the police. Purvus pantomimes again to Yvonne to turn off. She follows instructions.

EXT. CITY LUMBER YARD - NIGHT

215B MED. FULL SHOT as car pulls off alley into lumber yard and comes to a stop.



INT. CORDELL'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

215C There is a distinct CLICK, then silence, as the dictagraph rig goes dead.

CORDELL (506)

(grimly)
That cuts us off. They've stopped.

(grabs up mike)
Car twenty-two - code three --
all units stand by -- !

EXT. CITY LUMBER YARD - NIGHT

216 SHOT behind warehouse. Yvonne's car is parked near a pile of junk and crates.

PURVUS'S VOICE (507)

Get out, sucker. You, too,
Yvonne.

Ryan alights, Purvus behind him. Yvonne runs around from other side of car.

YVONNE (508)

What's the matter?

PURVUS (508A)

We're going to ditch your car
and get a cab.

YVONNE (509)

Where're we going?

PURVUS (510)

Metropolitan Airport. I've got a
plane chartered.

(jabs Ryan in
back with gun)
Sorry you won't be going with
us, copper. Walk!

YVONNE (511-512)

(worried)
Honey - don't do it!

RYAN (513)

Listen, Purvus - you're over
your head now. This isn't
going to help.....!

(CONTINUED)

216 (CONTINUED)

PURVUS (514)

Shut up and walk.

Ryan hesitates, then breaks into a run. Purvus FIRES. Ryan spins against some crates. Purvus FIRES again. Ryan gets up, holding his shoulder. There are TWO more SHOTS and he staggers forward, falling flat a few feet from Yvonne, who is watching in horrified fascination.

217 REVERSE ANGLE - Purvus runs toward Ryan, but Yvonne seizes his arm.

YVONNE (515)

(shocked;
pleading)

Dave - stop it, please!

PURVUS (516)

No loose ends, baby.

He is about to tear loose from her when we hear the WAIL of a siren. Purvus and Yvonne flatten themselves against a lumber pile as a police car goes down the street. There is a moment of tense silence, broken by a frightened sob from Yvonne.

YVONNE (517)

C'mon, let's get out of here.

Purvus agrees - pushes her ahead of him. They run out toward main boulevard. CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO Ryan, lying on the ground a few yards away. He stirs, groans, tries to lift himself on one elbow, falls back. Slowly he turns his head, grimacing with pain. His breath comes in short gasps and again he attempts to move, this time managing to crawl forward in the direction of Yvonne's car.

218 CLOSER SHOT. Ryan, inching painfully along, has almost reached Yvonne's car. He is in great pain and propels himself with enormous effort, then slumps unconscious on the ground. Over shot we hear the WAIL of distant sirens.

DISSOLVE

EXT. METROPOLITAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

219 SHOT in front of hangar. A taxi pulls up, Yvonne and Purvus getting out. Purvus pays the driver. Taxi drives off.

PURVUS (518)

All States Flying Service --
hangar ten. Ask for Craig and
tell him to crank 'er up --
we're taking off.

YVONNE (519)

What about the money?

PURVUS (520)

It's in a locker. I'll get it
and meet you at the plane.

Yvonne nods, running into waiting room as Purvus heads for locker room.

EXT. CITY LUMBERYARD - NIGHT

220 CLOSE SHOT. Ryan recovers and crawls forward again, dragging himself into the front seat of Yvonne's car. He reaches over, turns on ignition switch, hangs onto wheel, begins speaking.

RYAN (521)

(weakly)

Ryan ... code three ... City
Lumber Yard.

He breaks off, passes out cold.

INT. CORDELL'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

221 Cordell, Cuyler driving, detective in back seat.

CORDELL (522)

(to Cuyler).

You heard him - get going.

Cuyler makes motion of putting car in high gear.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT - (STOCK)

222 FAST PANNING SHOT as the police car ROARS off.

DISSOLVE

EXT. CITY LUMBER YARD - NIGHT

223 MED. SHOT - SHOOTING ACROSS Yvonne's car. In the b.g. we see Cordell's police car turn corner - come dashing toward camera. Cordell leaps out, followed by Cuyler and detective, runs towards Yvonne's car.

224 CLOSER SHOT as Cordell reaches in and finds Ryan.

CORDELL (523)

Danny - Danny - it's me - Cordell.

Ryan opens his eyes - looks up - recognizes Cordell.

RYAN (524)

Hello, Lieutenant.

CORDELL (525)

Don't talk - the ambulance is on the way.

RYAN (526)

But I must....Purvus and girl...
Metropolitan Airport ... charter
plane ...

Ryan, after giving the information, passes out again in Cordell's arms. Cordell rises, looks towards detective.

CORDELL (527)

Stay with him.

Cordell runs to his car, CAMERA PANNING WITH him, followed by Cuyler. When both are in the car, they drive out fast.

DISSOLVE

INT. CORDELL'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

225 CLOSE SHOT - Cordell and Cuyler driving. Cordell reaches for microphone on radio.

(CONTINUED)

1/6/50
97

225 (CONTINUED)

CORDELL (528)

(into mike)

Car Twenty-two -- 221 major!
Contact Metropolitan Airport - hold
all private planes on ground.
Dave Purvus attempting escape.
Instruct tower operators to
notify us immediately if any such
plane tries to take off with this
man and a girl. Repeat call to
all units!

He replaces microphone.

DISSOLVE

EXT. METROPOLITAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

226 SHOT - near hangar. A twin-engined Beechcraft is
warming up. Yvonne and Craig, the pilot, are waiting
at open door to cabin as Purvus runs into scene,
carrying the money suitcase.

PURVUS (529)

(to pilot)

You cleared with customs?

CRAIG (530)

Yeah - but I didn't tell 'em it
was a passenger run. I could
lose my license over this.

PURVUS (531)

They'll never know we're aboard.
Besides, you're getting paid for
the risk. Let's get cracking!

He helps Yvonne into plane, the pilot following to
SLAM door. The engines ACCELERATE loudly. The plane
wobbles off toward the runway.

INT. AIRPORT CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

227 SHOT - An operator at the switchboard, peering through
glass windows overlooking field. He has telephone in
his hand.

OPERATOR (532)

Could be Craig - number twelve,
taking off. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

EF

227 (CONTINUED)

OPERATOR (cont'd)

(hangs up phone,
picks up mike)Tower to twelve on runway - are
you carrying passengers, a man
and woman? Verify.

INT. PRIVATE PLANE - NIGHT (PROCESS)

228

The pilot, Craig, speaks into microphone, glancing
back in cabin where Purvus is seated with Yvonne.

CRAIG (533)

(uneasily)

Yeah - guess I am. Something
wrong?

INT. AIRPORT CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT (PROCESS)

229

Operator at microphone.

OPERATOR (534)

(into mike)

They're wanted! Police instruct
us to hold your plane. Pull
into the East runway - stand
by for orders.

He turns from microphone and picks up telephone.

OPERATOR (cont'd)

(into phone)

Police headquarters....!

EXT. METROPOLITAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

230

The private plane taxis to a stop, motors idling.

INT. PRIVATE PLANE - NIGHT (PROCESS)

231

Purvus shoots a glance out window, then quickly rises,
going up aisle to pilot.

PURVUS (535)

You stopped - what're you
waiting for?

(CONTINUED)

231 (CONTINUED)

CRAIG (536)

(worried)

Orders from the tower.

Purvus pulls out his gun.

PURVUS (537)

(rams gun into

Craig's side)

You're taking orders from me!
Go on - get in the runway and
take off.

CRAIG (538)

(nervously)

There're wise to you, Mister.
I can't do it!

PURVUS (539)

(angrily)

You heard what I told you --
take off!

He presses the gun against Craig's head. Craig badly
frightened finally nods and advances the throttle.
The engines ROAR.

EXT. METROPOLITAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

232 FULL SHOT - Toward main runway, as the private plane
rolls across the cement.

INT. AIRPORT CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

233 The operator leaps to the window, microphone in hand.

OPERATOR (540)

(into mike)

Tower to twelve, Craig -- keep
that plane off the runway! You
are disregarding orders!

Lights begin flashing on control board. The operator,
glancing from board to windows, looks up.

OPERATOR (cont'd)

(tensely;

into mike)

Tower to twelve! Pull 'er up!
Another plane coming in on main
runway!

EXT. METROPOLITAN AIRPORT - NIGHT - (STOCK)

234 A large airliner letting flaps down, preparatory to landing. Its lights are flashing, and the landing light is beamed toward ground.

EXT. METROPOLITAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

235 SHOT - At private plane. It pulls abruptly to one side and stops.

INT. PRIVATE PLANE - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

236 Craig, Purvus and Yvonne.

CRAIG (541)

(to Purvus)

See for yourself! You want a head-on crash?

Purvus looks out window. Suddenly, Yvonne, looking out side window, calls to him.

YVONNE (542)

Dave - look! Police....!

Purvus whirls, glancing through another window.

EXT. METROPOLITAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

237 SHOT - FROM private plane. A police car, SIREN WHINING, is coming at a fast pace across the cement runway. Another car is approaching from the side.

INT. CORDELL'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

238 Cordell and Cuyler driving.

CORDELL (543)

(pulling gun)

Put me right alongside the door!

Cuyler nods.

INT. PRIVATE PLANE - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

239 Purvus lunges for the suitcase, grabs it, and dashes for the door, wrenching it open. Yvonne comes after him.

(CONTINUED)

239 (CONTINUED)

YVONNE (544)

Don't, honey - you can't make it!

Purvus, ignoring her, leaps through the door.

EXT. METROPOLITAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

240 SHOT - Near private plane, as Purvus runs toward runway just as the police car whirls to a stop, Cordell and Cuyler leaping out. The other car pulls up nearby, officers getting out to enter plane.

CORDELL (545)

Stay where you are, Purvus!

Purvus, turning, FIRES -- the bullet zinging against car. Cordell FIRES back, starts to run.

241 NEW ANGLE - of field, as Purvus sprints into scene, heading across the runway with the police at his heels. Over scene we hear the DRONE of the approaching plane. Several more officers are running in from the other side, and Purvus, hemmed in, sprints off down the runway, looking back from time to time over his shoulder.

242 CLOSE SHOT - At private plane. Yvonne is led out by police. She looks off and her expression freezes in horror.

243 SHOOTING DOWN runway. Purvus running away from camera and police who hurry into foreground, Cordell FIRING. Purvus turns, pulls a gun and FIRES back. At this moment the landing lights of the airliner flicker behind him and the craft looms into view, landing. Purvus straightens, turns and sees the plane.

CORDELL (546)

Look out!

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

244 Purvus, already running away from the plane is overtaken. We hear him SCREAM as the landing carriage bears down on him. The plane sweeps directly at him with a ROAR of motors and whirling propellers.

EXT. METROPOLITAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

245 CLOSEUP - Purvus - dead - face down - money all around him.

DISSOLVE

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

246 FULL SHOT - Corridor, as Cordell intercepts a nurse, hurrying past.

CORDELL (547)

Miss Paxton...

(she turns,
comes over)

How's he doing today?

MISS PAXTON (548)

(smiles)

You'll find him in there. On his own power, too. We put him in a wheelchair this morning.

She indicates the waiting room.

CORDELL (549)

(surprised)

Better and better.

MISS PAXTON (550)

He sure is, Lieutenant. He's getting more mileage out of that thing than I get on the bus.

She exits off, Cordell walking toward waiting room.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

247 MED. SHOT. Ryan is seated in a wheelchair, reading a paper. Cordell enters, Ryan looks up, grins. Cordell hands Ryan a detective magazine.

CORDELL (551)

You got quite a write-up in here, Danny -- how's it feel to be famous?

Ryan takes magazine, interested.

(CONTINUED)

247 (CONTINUED)

RYAN (552)

Let's see....

(looking in
magazine)

Where is it? Oh, here...

He peruses magazine, a look of bewilderment crossing
his face.

CORDELL (553)

(enjoying himself)

It's not often they pay a police
officer a tribute like that, my
boy -- and a rookie, at that!

RYAN (554)

(puzzled)

Hey - I can't find my name --
or yours, either.

INSERT

PAGE OF MAGAZINE

On one side is a full-length sexy picture
of Yvonne LeDoux. On the other, the
following glaring caption:

"CASE OF THE PASSION-CRAZED BURLESQUE QUEEN"

Under this are other poses of Yvonne,
but very little reading matter.

CORDELL'S VOICE (555)

Use your eyes. At the bottom
of the page...

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER on insert. In small type on a
separate line at the end of the brief article, we read
the following:

"This case solved by Lieutenant James
Cordell, L.A.P.D. He was assisted by
Officer Dan Ryan.

248

CLOSE TWO SHOT of Cordell and Ryan as they look at
each other.

FADE OUT

THE END