

*CROSS FIRE*CRADLE OF FEAR

Screen Play

by

John Paxton

Based on the Novel, "The Brick Foxhole"
by Richard Brooks

FIRST DRAFT CONTINUITYFEBRUARY 12, 1947

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FADE IN

- 1 ESTABLISHING SHOT - Washington, D. C., at night, perhaps with the Lincoln Memorial in the b.g., a soldier and a girl strolling across the f.g. The feeling is lonely and barren.

NARRATOR

This story began a long time ago... It isn't over yet, either... It began in the time of Genghis Khan, in the time of Moses, in the time of Jesus Christ, in the time of Attila the Hun -- and in time before that...

This part of it happened in Washington, D. C., in 1946...

DISSOLVE

- 2 SERIES OF SHOTS. Streetlamps. Each shot is closer, until the tempo is staccato.

INT. SAMUELS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

- 3 MED. CLOSE - table lamp. There is the brief SOUND of a fierce struggle, o.s., then someone crashes backwards into the lamp, sending it to the floor. It goes out, leaving the scene in darkness. The struggle continues for a moment. Then suddenly, silence, except for the SOUND of a man breathing heavily.
- 4 MED. CLOSE - LOW ANGLE. His hands fumble with the lamp. Without lifting it from the floor, he manages to turn it on. Then -- as he apparently looks off, -- his hands freeze in mid-air. He rises quickly, out of the shot, so that all we get to see of him are his G.I. shoes and G. I. trousers.

(CONTINUED)

The CAMERA PANS as he lurches across the room to another soldier collapsed across a chair. He pulls him to his feet and starts out with him, supporting him, careening, stumbling. They crash into a chair.

- 5 ANOTHER ANGLE. As we hear them continue on, out the door, the CAMERA PANS BACK AND MOVES IN. A man in civilian clothes is sprawled awkwardly across the floor, in the light of the lamp. He is either senseless or dead.

DISSOLVE

INT. SAMUELS' APT. - NIGHT

- 6 CLOSE SHOT. Of the body, from the same angle as above; it is now being examined by a police surgeon.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the surgeon's assistants and two detectives.

- 7 MED. CLOSE. Featuring one of the detectives - Captain Finlay. He is sitting on his heels, holding a G.I. cap in his hands, peering soberly at the body as it is examined. He is casual and tired. He straightens up, changing his position, disclosing a young woman sitting on a sofa in the b.g. He turns toward her.

- 8 MED. SHOT. She is dark, attractive, finely featured. Still stunned, she sits there limply as Finlay drifts in, sits near her, the cap on his knee. He begins quietly:

FINLAY

Was Samuels drunk when you left him in this bar?

There is a pause, as if she hadn't heard the question. Then she answers.

GIRL

No.

FINLAY

He'd been drinking?

GIRL

Yes, but he was all right.

FINLAY

When you came back to the bar -- what was he arguing with the soldier about?

(CONTINUED)

GIRL

They were just talking.

Finlay frowns, toys with the kit.

FINLAY

What was the soldier? What rank?

GIRL

I didn't notice. I left then.

FINLAY

You were going to meet Samuels here for dinner?

She shakes her head, tightly.

GIRL

It was the bar in my hotel. I was going up to my room to change. He said he would pick me up back there.

FINLAY

Oh?

GIRL

When he didn't, I got worried. I called here, but there wasn't any answer. I came over, as soon as I could find a cab. . . Then I called you ---

(rising suddenly;
tensely)

Do I have to stay here?

FINLAY

No. I'll get somebody to drive you home.

She glances at him quickly, grateful, sinks onto the arm of the sofa and waits as he turns back to the group around the body.

9 GROUP. Finlay comes back. The surgeon is finished.

SURGEON

(matter of factly)

He probably hit the table on the way down. It's hard to tell. He'd already taken a bad beating before he fell.

Finlay considers, turns to the other detective.

(CONTINUED)

FINLAY

Take Miss Lewis home---

(stopping him)

Check in the bar at her hotel while you're there. They won't know anything, but check anyway. There were three soldiers together. She left Samuels talking to one of them. And make a report for the Army---

(handing him the cap)

Get the Provost's office working on this and see if they can trace it by the initials.

The detective starts off.

10 MED. SHOT. The detective circles Miss Lewis, preceding her to the door. He opens it---on a big, burly sergeant, his hand in midair as he had reached for the doorknob. His eyes are a little bloodshot, his face is coarse and loose, but his uniform is neat and his hair is slicked down. The two men look at each other, the sergeant startled and confused.

DETECTIVE

What do you want, soldier?

He hesitates uncertainly; he can't see Miss Lewis or the rest of the room from where he's standing.

SERGEANT

I'm sorry. I must have the wrong place.

11 ANOTHER ANGLE - as Finlay moves up into the scene, just as the sergeant is about to turn away.

FINLAY

What place are you looking for?

The sergeant smiles ingratiatingly, confused.

SERGEANT

I thought it was this apartment. I was looking for a buddy of mine---

(pausing)

You're cops?

Finlay nods.

SERGEANT (cont'd)

What happened?

FINLAY

Tell us about your buddy.

(CONTINUED)

SERGEANT

Yes, sir. Well, we was here.
He left before we did---he
wasn't feeling good. But he
was coming back. We---

FINLAY

Who's we?

SERGEANT

Me and another buddy of mine.

FINLAY

Who'd you come here with?

SERGEANT

(sweating)
With these two buddies of mine
and this fellow.

FINLAY

What fellow?

SERGEANT

This fellow we met in a bar.

12 ANOTHER ANGIE. Finlay looks at Miss Lewis, reaches out
with his foot and kicks back the door, exposing her to
the Sergeant's view.

FINLAY

Was this young lady with him?

The sergeant looks at her, stares.

FINLAY (cont'd)

Was she with him?

SERGEANT

(slowly)
Yes, sir.

FINLAY

(to Miss Lewis)
Is this the soldier who was with
him when you left?

MISS LEWIS

(shaking
her head)
No. It was another one.

SERGEANT

What happened?

Finlay steps aside, disclosing Samuels' body on the
floor, and nods.

(CONTINUED)

FINLAY

Somobody killed this fellow you
met in the bar.

The Sergeant stares, drifts over slowly to look at the
body, the CAMERA PANNING. Finlay watches him.

13 MED. SHOT - as the Sergeant looks, Finlay coming up
beside him.

FINLAY

Same fellow?

The Sergeant nods slowly. Finlay studies the insignia
on his shirt.

FINLAY (cont'd)

What's your name, Sergeant?

SERGEANT

Montgomery, sir. Sergeant
Montgomery.

FINLAY

What's your buddy's name---the
one who didn't feel so good?
The one who was coming back?

The Sergeant looks up.

MONTGOMERY

Look, sir, I didn't know
anything like this had happened.
My buddies couldn't have had
anything to do with anything
like this---

FINLAY

What's your buddy's name?

MONTY

Mitchell. Corporal Mitchell.

FINLAY

First name?

MONTY

Mitch, we call him - oh, Arthur,
I think.

Finlay motions for the detective, who brings over the cap
Finlay looks at it, extends it for Monty to see.

FINLAY

Then his initials would be A.M.?

Monty looks up from the cap.

MONTY

(reluctantly)
He must've left it, but---

(CONTINUED)

FINLAY
What's his outfit?

MONTY
Same as mine.

FINLAY
What's yours?

MONTY
Tenth Quartermasters Corps.

FINLAY
Where you stationed?

MONTY
We're billeted at the Stewart
Hotel.

For a moment Finlay ponders, says nothing. Then he
glances at the surgeon and his two assistants, nods to
the body.

FINLAY
Okay, clean it up.

They nod, pick up a stretcher and bring it into position.

FINLAY (cont'd)
Let's go, Sergeant.

MONTY
Yes, sir.

As they start out, following the detective and Miss
Lewis,

DISSOLVE

EXT. STEWART HOTEL - NIGHT

14 ESTABLISHING SHOT.

WIPE

INT. KEELEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

15 MED. SHOT - a group of soldiers playing poker. They
are various ages and ranks. Keeley, a rugged sergeant
of about thirty, looks at his watch, his mind on
something else.

KEELEY
I'm closing up at twelve.

SOLDIER
Since when?

(CONTINUED)

KEELEY
Since tonight. Tonight we close
early.

2ND SOLDIER
Why tonight?

KEELEY
Mitchell's coming back---

SOLDIER
So what? So deal him in.

KEELEY
(shaking
his head)
We're going crawling..

2ND SOLDIER
What are you? His father or
something?

There is a knock on the door.

KEELEY
(yelling; annoyed)
Come in!

One of the others glances up toward the door and reacts.
Keeley follows his look, turns.

16 MED. SHOT - to the M.P.'s standing just inside the door.
They look around, saunter on in.

M.P.
Everybody here belong on this
floor?

There are ad libs of "yeh."

M.P.
(consulting a
slip of paper)
Whose room's this?

KEELEY
Mitchell and Keeley.

M.P.
Who's Mitchell?

KEELEY
He's not here.

M.P.
Where is he?

KEELEY
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

M.P.
When's he coming back?

KEELEY
I don't know.

M.P.
Who's Keeley?

KEELEY
That's me.

The M.P. gestures for Keeley's identification. He hands it over. The M.P. looks at it, hands it back.

M.P.
(nodding)
The cops want to talk to you.

Keeley reacts, alert.

KEELEY
What about?

M.P.
About Mitchell.

KEELEY
What about Mitchell?

M.P.
About Mitchell killing a guy.

Keeley reacts carefully. The poker players look at each other. The M.P. nods for Keeley to come on. He slides his tie into place, takes his coat from the back of a chair, puts it on and exits with them.

17 MED. SHOT. Nobody at the table says anything for a minute.

SOLDIER
Okay. Deal.

The dealer comes to, starts dealing.

DISSOLVE

INT. FINLAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

18 MED. SHOT - as the door is opened by a cop, who ushers Keeley into the huge, echoing, barn-like room. The high ceiling is out of sight somewhere in the gloom. The old windows are high and barred. The cop nods toward Finlay's desk.

REVERSE ANGLE. The desk is an island in the unfurnished expanse. There is a drop-light hanging too far above it. Finlay is sitting there, staring gloomily at the litter of pencils, matches and scraps of paper on his blotter. Several other men, including the other detective we saw at Samuels' apartment, are scattered about. Keeley comes up, his heels banging loudly on the bare floor, squints into the shadows at them.

20 MED. SHOT. Finlay doesn't look up.

FINLAY

(softly)

Sorry to break up your Saturday night game, Sergeant.

KEELEY

Where's Mitchell? Who's he supposed to have killed?

FINLAY

Sit down, Sergeant, and we'll talk about it.

Keeley scrapes a rickety chair into position and sits down on it. Then Finlay looks up and blinks at him.

FINLAY (cont'd)

When did you see him last?

KEELEY

This afternoon. Two o'clock.

FINLAY

Where was he going?

KEELEY

(shrugging)

Crawling.

Finlay doesn't understand.

FINLAY

Where?

KEELEY

Nowhere. Soldiers don't have anywhere to go unless you tell them where to go. When they're off duty, they go crawling. Or they go crazy.

Finlay peers at him, speculating.

FINLAY

What did you do before you got in the army?

KEELEY

What's that got to do with it?

(CONTINUED)

FINLAY

It might help me understand
your answers.

KEELEY

I worked on newspapers.

FINLAY

Oh. What sort of a job are you
doing now?

KEELEY

Ink job. Purple ink. Instead of
the Purple Heart, we get purple
ink.

FINLAY

Mitchell, too?

KEELEY

Signs. He's an artist. He used
to do nudes. He's branched out
now. He does signs. "KEEP THIS
WASHROOM CLEAN." If you think
he killed anybody, you're crazy.

FINLAY

Why?

KEELEY

He's not the type.

FINLAY

Everybody's the type.

KEELEY

He couldn't kill anybody.

FINLAY

Could you?

KEELEY

I have.

FINLAY

Where?

KEELEY

Where you get medals for it.

FINLAY

I see. This Mitchell boy
couldn't do that, either?

KEELEY

No.

ANOTHER ANGLE. Finlay ponders a moment.

FINLAY

Tell me about this afternoon,
when Mitchell left.

KEELEY

There isn't anything to tell.
He left.

FINLAY

What did you talk to Mrs.
Mitchell about?

Keeley reacts sharply, caught off balance, opens his
mouth, closes it again. Finlay pokes in the papers on
his desk with a pen, spears a hotel charge slip.

FINLAY (cont'd)

According to the hotel, you
called Chicago at two-thirty, and
talked to Mrs. Mitchell. His
mother?

KEELEY

His wife.

FINLAY

Well?

KEELEY

It was personal. It wouldn't
interest you.

Finlay gets up, comes around, and sits on the desk near
Keeley.

FINLAY

Nothing interests me any more.
It used to, but not any more.
I've been at this too long.
It's a job. I go about it the
only way I know how. I collect
as many facts as possible. Most
of them are useless. What did
you call Mrs. Mitchell about?

Keeley takes a breath, and begins.

KEELEY

She called me, first. Last
week. She was worried about
him. He hadn't written --

FINLAY

Why?

KEELEY

I don't know.

FINLAY

Then guess.

(CONTINUED)

KEELEY

He's homesick -- he's wife-sick. Maybe she said something in one of her letters that made him suspicious about her love life. I don't know. Anyway, he's got snakes. He's been nuts -- but not nuts enough to kill anybody.

FINLAY

How was he this afternoon?

Keeley hesitates.

KEELEY

He was trying to act like a soldier. I think he went out to look for a girl -- what's your name, anyway?

FINLAY

Finlay.

KEELEY

Look, Finlay, some soldiers can get away with that sort of thing. I can. I haven't seen my wife in four years. When I do, maybe we'll pick right up again. Maybe we won't. I don't know. But I don't worry about it now. Mitchell's not like that. He's not tough. He needs his wife. I called her this afternoon and I told her what I thought. I told her she ought to hop a plane and come cheer him up.

Finlay looks quizzical. Keeley digs in his pocket for a crumpled telegram and hands it to him.

KEELEY (cont'd)

She's on her way. She'll be here tonight.

Finlay takes a deep breath, returns the telegram, turns and strolls back to his chair.

KEELEY (cont'd)

I still don't know what this is all about. Why did you pick me up?

FINLAY

You're Mitchell's closest friend, aren't you?

KEELEY

I don't advertise it.

(CONTINUED)

FINLAY

Mitchell's other friend told us
about you --

Keeley looks puzzled. Finlay speaks to the other
detective.

FINLAY (cont'd)

Let's have Montgomery back.

Keeley reacts, worried, watches the detective start out.

KEELEY

Where does Montgomery come in?

FINLAY

He was with Mitchell and a boy
named Floyd Bowers this afternoon
in a bar. They met a Mr. Samuels
there, and went up to his apartment
for a drink. Mitchell left last.
We were looking at Samuels' body
when Montgomery came back, looking
for him --

KEELEY

You're taking Monty's word for
all this? That Mitchell went to
this apartment --

FINLAY

Not entirely.

He pushes Mitchell's cap across the desk for Keeley
to see.

FINLAY (cont'd)

We found this in his apartment -
down behind the sofa. It's Mitchell's
isn't it?

KEELEY

(looking up)

Where's Bowers?

Finlay shrugs. Keeley turns at the SOUND of the
detective returning with Monty.

22

ANOTHER ANGLE. Monty comes quickly to Keeley with the
sympathetic urgency of someone comforting a bereaved
relative.

MONTY

Keeley, you hear all this they're
trying to pin on Mitch?

KEELEY

(coolly)

Part of it.

(CONTINUED)

MONTY

This is serious. They're crucifying the kid. You know Mitch -- he won't have a chance --

FINLAY

What do you mean by that?

MONTY

Nothing. Nothing. I just mean that Mitchell's not the kind of guy who knows the scoop on things like this. He's an artist -- he's sensitive --

FINLAY

And you know all about things like this?

Monty smiles deprecatingly.

MONTY

Well, sure, as I told you, I been a cop myself. In St. Louis. Four years in a nigger precinct on the East side --

FINLAY

(straight)

What kind of a precinct?

MONTY

A coop. A jungle. You know, I know the score.

FINLAY

(nodding)

Then you understand my problem -- and why I need your help.

MONTY

(forcefully)

I'm not helping anybody stick my pal in trouble --

Keeley frowns, very worried.

23

ANOTHER ANGLE. Finlay continues persistently, coolly, ignoring Monty's outburst.

FINLAY

I'm not asking you to. I'm just asking for facts. How did this all get started in the bar -- with Samuels?

(CONTINUED)

MONTY

(sullenly)

Like always---you know, a bunch of people in a bar having drinks---then something happens and the first thing you know you're talking to somebody---

FINLAY

What happened?

MONTY

Leroy knocked a drink all over this---what did you say her name was---this Miss Lewis---

FINLAY

(interested)

You didn't tell me about Leroy---

MONTY

(disdainfully)

Aw, he's a dumb Cracker. Some friend of Floyd's. He come in with Floyd, but he didn't stay long.

FINLAY

Go on.

MONTY

Well, we was just drinking. Like I said. I was worried about Mitch. . .

DISSOLVE

INT. BAR - NIGHT

24

MED. CLOSE - featuring Monty in the group packed into a corner at one end of an elliptical bar---a fairly swank place. (Note: in the following scene, Monty appears as he sees himself - more attractive, more pleasant than he actually is.) Mitchell is on one side of Monty, his back to the camera. The whole group is beginning to get high. Monty glances at Mitchell.

MONTY

What's eating you up, Mitch?

25

MED. CLOSE - featuring Mitchell. He is thirty-two or so, intense, intelligent. His uniform isn't quite convincing. He is in a deep, resentful funk, complicated by alcohol.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

(odgily)
Nothing's eating me up.

He tosses off the remainder of his beer, signals to the bartender, who is just putting down a tray of drinks near Floyd.

26 MED. SHOT. Floyd, on the opposite side of Monty, is restless. He has a rasping Southern drawl.

FLOYD

Come on, man, let's go.
Nothing's going to happen here---

MONTY

Sit still. The idea is to sit still. You don't get to meet people going in and out of one bar after another---

A waiter has come between Floyd and Leroy to get the tray of drinks put down by the bartender. Leroy, slight and mild-mannered; backs up to give the waiter room. There is a crash of glassware behind him, and a female yelp.

27 ANOTHER ANGLE. Leroy has knocked over Miss Lewis's drink. It is streaming down the front of her dress. She has leaped backwards off her stool, holding her hands in the air. Samuels, on the other side of her, whips out a handkerchief and starts drying her off. Leroy just stands there, mortified, helpless.

LEROY

(in a soft Southern
drawl)

I'm sorry. . . I. . .

SAMUELS

That's all right. It was an
accident---

Monty, the man of action, has grabbed a towel from the waiter, pushing past Leroy.

MONTY

(to Leroy)

You silly hillbilly, why don't
you watch what you're doing?

Leroy flashes him an angry look. Monty starts to wipe off Miss Lewis. She takes the towel from him.

(CONTINUED)

MONTY
(all gallantry)
You'll have to forgive Leroy,
here. Leroy's from Tennessee.
He's not used to this now-
fangled drinking out of glasses---
grew up drinking out of jugs.

Monty laughs, claps Leroy on the shoulder. Leroy ducks
under Monty's arm and starts quickly out.

LEROY
See you later, Floyd.

FLOYD
Hey, Leroy!

MONTY
Well, now, look there. I hurt
Leroy's feelings.

Miss Lewis is dabbing at herself, but it isn't doing
much good. She turns to Samuels.

MISS LEWIS
Right back, Sammy.

He nods. She turns toward the hotel entrance. Monty
follows her with his eyes, continues garrulously:

MONTY
Well, that's the way it is,
Sammy. That's what we get when
we get an army full of lousy
civilians. I'm regular army, see?
I been through this whole thing---
and I never seen anything like
these guys---

28 MED. SHOT - SHOOTING PAST Mitchell, in the f.g., staring
into his beer. Samuels' attention wanders; looking for
an escape, he glances toward Mitchell. Monty catches
the look.

MONTY
Some of them are okay, get that.
Mitchell here is okay. He's one
of my boys. He's very talented---
But most of them got no manners.

Getting drunker, he faces the bar.

29 MED. CLOSE - Monty, Floyd and Samuels.

MONTY
And the stealing. You never
seen so much stealing as we got---

(CONTINUED)

Monty picks up his glass; Samuels uses the opportunity to slip quietly away. Monty goes on, facing the bar, not realizing he has left.

MONTY (cont'd)

Only the other day one of the men complains to me he had swiped a wristwatch his mother sent him. His mother sent it to him! Half of these guys, I think, got no mothers. They got no respect for the service. You can always tell a man by how he don't have respect for the service. He don't respect the service; he don't respect his mother. Half of them don't think of nothing, now that it's over, but of getting themselves out. They don't realize a man can save a thousand bucks a year out of a sergeant's pay--- Now take me --

FLOYD

Man, what I couldn't do with a thousand bucks!

MONTY

(looking up)

What would you do with a thousand bucks---

He breaks off, staring across the bar.

30 MONTY'S ANGLE - ACROSS the bar, to Mitchell and Samuels sitting together, talking.

FLOYD'S VOICE

Man, with a thousand bucks, I'd go over the hill to Mexico---

31 TWC) SHOT - Monty and Floyd. Monty glances briefly toward Mitchell.

FLOYD

What I'd do, would fish, and live on the beach, and eat, and just live on the beach. I'd steal me an air-cooled machine gun and shoot anybody tried to bring me back. . . .

The CAMERA MOVES IN ON Monty's face, Floyd's voice fading out and Monty's fading in.

(CONTINUED)

MONTY'S VOICE

Floyd and me talked some more.
I don't know how long. I was
worried about Mitch. I didn't
like the looks of this Samuels. . .

QUICK DISSOLVE

- 32 CLOSE SHOT - the CAMERA PULLING BACK from Monty as he looks across the bar again, reacts.

MONTY'S VOICE

The next time I looked, they
was gone.

- 33 Monty's ANGIE - ACROSS the bar. Mitchell and Samuels are gone. Miss Lewis is just coming back across the room.

The CAMERA PANS WITH her as she crosses, heads for the exit to the hotel lobby.

- 34 MED. SHOT. Monty takes Floyd's arm, pulls him off the stool.

MONTY

Come on, Floyd.

Dutifully, Floyd follows him, wobbling a little, as they start out.

EXT. BAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

- 35 MED. SHOT as Floyd and Monty come out, start up the street.

MONTY'S VOICE

We caught sight of them up the street. The apartment was just around the corner. We saw them go inside. Then, because we was worried about Mitch, we decided we'd better follow and see what's going on.

DISSOLVE

INT. HALLWAY - SAMUELS' APT. - NIGHT

- 36 MED. SHOT as Samuels, glass in hand, opens the door on Monty and Floyd, looks at them uncertainly, aggressively. Mitchell is not in sight inside. A phonograph is playing modern classical music.

INT. SAMUELS' APT. - NIGHT

37 REVERSE. Monty grins, sways.

MONTY

Hiyah, Sammy. We come to the party---

He steps in, followed by Floyd. Samuels turns, worried.

SAMUELS

There's no party, Sergeant. We just---

MONTY

(clapping him
on the shoulder;
heartily)

You thought you could skip out
on us, didn't you---

He breaks off, looking around. Samuels follows his look.

38 MED. SHOT. Mitchell is in the f.g. leaning on a grand piano, supporting his head in one hand. Samuels has already started to him, ahead of Monty,

SAMUELS

(coming up)

Do you feel ill?

MITCHELL

I'm all right.

SAMUELS

Maybe you'd better get some air.

Mitchell straightens up, steadies himself, starts for the door, stops, looking fuzzily at Monty.

MONTY

Mitch---

MITCHELL

I'll be right back.

He starts on.

SAMUELS

Don't you want me to come with you?

MITCHELL

I'll be right back.

He continues on, unsteadily, and out the door.

39 MED. SHOT. There is an awkward moment after he is gone.

MONTY

Quite a place you got here,
Sammy.

SAMUELS

(not warmly)

I have to get ready to go out
in a few minutes, but if I can
make you a drink---

FLOYD

Don't mind if I do---

Samuels looks.

40 MED. SHOT. Floyd has already found the drinks and has
poured himself one. He grins. He's getting very drunk.

FLOYD

To you, Sammy.

MONTY

We better have a look after
Mitch, Floyd. Come on.

He takes Floyd's arm, urging him out. Floyd pours down
the drink.

MONTY

Thanks just the same, Sammy.

As they start out,

MONTY'S VOICE

That's the last we seen of Sammy.
And the last we seen of Mitch---

DISSOLVE

EXT. SAMUELS' APT. - NIGHT

41 MED. SHOT as Monty and Floyd stumble out onto the front
steps, pause, looking around.

MONTY'S VOICE

He wasn't outside. I couldn't
figure where he'd got to---

DISSOLVE

INT. FINLAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

42 MED. SHOT - featuring Monty as he finishes telling his
story.

(CONTINUED)

MONTY

Floyd was getting pretty stinko.
I started back to the Stewart
with him, then I got worried, so
I put him in a cab and went back
to look some more for Mitch.

43 ANOTHER ANGLE. Keeley is looking at Monty as if he
were staring into a fog. Finlay lets go a big sigh.

FINLAY

And you ran right into me --

MONTY

You ought to know.

FINLAY

And you came up to Samuels'
apartment even though you saw
the police cars?

MONTY

(hesitating)

How'd I know they had anything
to do with Samuels?

(suddenly shouting)

You're just a bunch of hick cops
down here, anyway. You'll never
pin anything on Mitch, not in a
hundred years.

(then quieting
down just as
suddenly)

I'm sorry. I'm just worried sick
about Mitch --

(confidentially)

And look, Captain, one Mick to
another, ain't this a pretty big
stink about nothing --

Finlay's reaction is slight and cool.

FINLAY

About nothing?

Monty smiles intimately, coyly.

MONTY

Sure. Samuels. After all --

FINLAY

What do you mean?

MONTY

(grimacing;
hesitantly)

Look, Captain--one of them guys
more or less---

FINLAY
One of what. guys?

MONTY.
(hedging)
You know, after all --

FINLAY
(straight)
You mean he was a Jew?

MONTY
Sure.

Finlay's reaction is faint and bland.

FINLAY
How do you know?

MONTY
You could see. Well fixed.
Swell apartment. Hot dame. You
could see he'd scrounged around
keeping himself in civvies. You
could see that. You could smell
it. You know what I mean?

Finlay nods.

FINLAY
I know what you mean.
(rising)
Well, I guess I know where to
find you.

MONTY
Sure. I got nowhere to go. I'll
be at the Stewart. Coming Keeley?

FINLAY
I want to ask Sergeant Keeley
one or two more questions.

Monty looks uncertain, then turns and shuffles out.

44 ANOTHER ANGLE. When he is gone, Finlay glances at
Keeley, who is deep in thought.

FINLAY
(thinking out loud)
Mitchell was in a strange mood
tonight. You admit that. And he
was doing some heavy drinking. He
apparently left Samuels apartment--
intending to come back.... We arrive;
and find Samuels beaten to death --
and we find Mitchell's cap behind
the sofa. I say Mitchell did come
back -- that some sort of an argument
developed --

(CONTINUED)

KEELEY

I say nuts.

FINLAY

(blandly)

Why? Don't you think Mitchell
would kill Samuels that way?

KEELEY

(sharply)

I don't think Mitchell would kill
anybody any way.

FINLAY

You still don't know where he is?

KEELEY

No. I didn't know when I came in
here. And I haven't suddenly
gotten any brighter.

(changing pace)

You don't believe he did it
yourself.

FINLAY

He could have. He was there.

KEELEY

So were Monty and Floyd.

FINLAY

But they left. And Mitchell
said he was coming back.

KEELEY

According to Monty.

FINLAY

According to Monty.

KEELEY

Monty's a liar. What makes you
believe his story?

FINLAY

I don't. It just happens to be
the only story I've got.

KEELEY

Then why do you let him go?

FINLAY

Did I let him go?

Keeley calculates shrewdly.

KEELEY

You don't really think he'll lead
you to Floyd Bowers, do you?

(CONTINUED)

Finlay just looks thoughtful.

KEELEY (cont'd)
Is that all for me?

FINLAY
Yes.

Keeley rises, takes a few steps, stops and turns back.

KEELEY
Monty may be dumb enough to lead you to Floyd. I hope he is. But I won't bring you Mitchell, so you can forget that.

FINLAY
It would be the smartest thing you could do. He'd be better off in our hands.

KEELEY
What makes your hands so tender?

FINLAY
There's always the chance Mitchell didn't do it. In which case, he might know who did. And in which case, the man who did might be looking for Mitchell now himself -- to make him some sort of a proposition.

Keeley is stopped. He looks at Finlay evenly.

KEELEY
(quietly)
I guess you know where to find me.

Finlay nods, with a faint smile. Keeley turns and leaves quickly, his heels banging on the bare floor again.

DISSOLVE

INT. KEELEY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

45 MED. SHOT. The poker game is still going, in a desultory way, as Keeley bursts in the door and hurries to the table the game stopping suddenly and hanging suspended.

KEELEY
Mitchell hasn't been here?

They shake their heads.

(CONTINUED)

SOLDIER

(impatiently)

What happened? Who'd he kill?

KEELEY

Everything happened. He didn't kill anybody. He's in trouble up to his ears. But so far nobody knows where he is.

Someone else tries to interrupt; Keeley over-rides him.

KEELEY (cont'd)

This afternoon I made him promise to meet me back here at midnight --that's an hour ago--I was going to try and keep him sober for his wife in the morning. Now listen--the lobby is so full of cops and M.P.'s they're dancing with each other. Spread out. Try and find him, try and tag him before he gets here. Scare the pants off of him. Put him somewhere safe and then come tell me. I'll wait down in the coffee shop

Infected with his urgency, the men start getting up, into their coats, heading for the door.

46 ANOTHER ANGLE. Keeley stops them as they troupe for the door.

KEELEY

And if you see Monty, or Floyd, let me know.

SOLDIER

(reacting)

Where's Monty come in? What's he doing?

KEELEY

He's helping Mitch. Every time he opens his mouth, he hangs him a foot higher.

(stopping them;
annoyed)

One at a time. Don't go through the lobby like a stinking pack of buffalos.

The men break up. One of them slips out. Then, in a few seconds, another goes, then another. Keeley watches, nervously lights a cigarette, looks at his watch.

KEELEY (cont'd)

(half to himself)

Where do you suppose the stupid bird-brain is?

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

47 TRUCKING SHOT - the CAMERA AHEAD of Mitchell as he comes along the sidewalk. He is sober, but rumpled and tired. He comes slowly, pausing, his expression dazed and puzzled, then goes on out of the shot. The CAMERA HOLDS ON the entrance to a small bar, from which music issues. An M.P. comes out, moves into the f.g. until he is in CLOSEUP. His face is hard and lean, the face of a combat veteran. He pokes at something caught in his teeth, looks off toward Mitchell, with interest, moves in that direction.

48 MED. SHOT. Mitchell is sitting on the curb in the f.g. The M.P. wanders slowly up behind him.

M.P.

(quietly)

What's the matter, Corporal?

Mitchell twists his head to look up.

MITCHELL

I'm all right.

M.P.

Don't sit on the curb --

Mitchell starts to get up; simultaneously, the M.P. hooks a hand under his arm and helps him to his feet.

MITCHELL

I just sat down to rest a minute.

M.P.

Well, you better go rest somewhere else.

49 ANOTHER ANGLE. The M.P.'s companion comes out of the bar, looks over, starts for them. Just then a jeep with two more M.P.'s wheels around the corner, sees him, makes a quick stop. He starts toward the jeep.

50 MED. SHOT. Mitchell and the first M.P. in the f.g.; the second M.P. and the jeep in the b.g.

M.P.

Your papers all right?

Mitchell starts to reach for his shirt pocket.

M.P.

Okay. You don't want a little help?

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL
I'm all right, thanks.

M.P.
(starting him
down the street)
Watch yourself. And don't sit
on the curb no more. Get killed
that way.

The jeep starts off, barrels around the corner. The
M.P. turns back to join his companion.

51 MED. SHOT as they meet. The second M.P. has a slip of
paper in his hand.

SECOND M.P.
Pick up on a Corporal Mitchell
29645217.

M.P.
What for?

SECOND M.P.
I don't know, but it's double A.
He must of murdered somebody.

He folds the paper neatly, puts it in his shirt pocket.
They start back toward the bar. The first M.P. pauses,
glances off in the direction Mitchell was headed.

52 M.P.'S ANGLE. Mitchell is continuing on up the street.

53 TWO SHOT. The M.P. looks after him, satisfied, and then
the two of them re-enter the bar. As the door is opened
music blares out.

DISSOLVE

INT. BAR - NIGHT

54 MED. SHOT. A juke box is blaring. This is another bar.
Two other M.P.'s are checking identification papers,
one of them going along the bar, the other stationed at
the door.

55 ANOTHER ANGLE. One of the poker-playing soldiers sent
out by Keeley is also coming along the bar, quickly,
worried, looking for Mitchell. He goes on toward the door
the CAMERA PANNING. The M.P. there indicates his shirt
pocket with his stick. The soldier fumbles out his
papers, holds them out. The M.P. takes a quick look,
waves him out with his stick.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. STEWART HOTEL - NIGHT

56 MED. SHOT. An M.P. is lounging near the entrance. One of Keeley's scouts comes past, turns, comes back, fidgeting. The M.P. gives him a curious look. He keeps going, continues out of the scene. The CAMERA PANS, SHOOTING THROUGH the windows of the hotel coffee shop to Keeley sitting at the counter.

INT. HOTEL COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

57 MED. SHOT. Keeley is hunched over an empty cup at the counter, in a position where he can watch the sidewalk and also see through a glass door into the hotel lobby. He looks up.

58 Keeley's ANGLE - THROUGH glass door into lobby. Finlay's assistant ambles past. Then an M.P.

59 MED. SHOT. Keeley is tired. He frowns. In a moment a soldier slips onto the next stool---the same soldier who was stopped by the M.P. in the bar, call him Harry. Keeley senses Harry's presence, glances at him. Harry shakes his head.

KEELEY

Ask at the desk if there are any messages. Mitch's wife might have phoned me from the airport when I didn't show up.

Harry gets up and wanders out into the lobby.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

60 MED. SHOT - the CAMERA PANNING as Harry heads toward the desk, so that Finlay comes into the f.g., slouched down in a chair with his eyes closed. There is a soldier standing near him.

FINLAY

(not opening
his eyes)

You're sure you know Mitchell
when you see him?

SOLDIER

Sure.

He has his eyes glued on the entrance. We see Harry talking to the man at the desk, who shakes his head.

61 MED. SHOT - WITH Harry, as he leaves the desk, saunters aimlessly across the lobby. There are several M.P.'s scattered around. He pauses in Keeley's line of vision, carefully shakes his head. Then he continues on toward the entrance.

62 ANOTHER ANGLE ON Harry as he looks up and freezes.

63 Harry's ANGLE. He is face to face with Mitchell who has apparently just come in.

MITCHELL

Hi, Harry---
(puzzled)
What's the matter?

64 MED. SHOT. The soldier beside Finlay has spotted Mitchell. He touches Finlay's arm, nods.

FINLAY

(rising)
Which one?

65 ANOTHER ANGLE. A couple of M.P.'s, seeing Finlay rise, glance toward Mitchell and Harry, start closing in.

66 MED. SHOT - Harry and Mitchell. Harry is frozen to the spot.

HARRY

Beat it---

MITCHELL

What?

Harry glances around at the advancing M.P.'s, Finlay, the detectives, and the others closing in on them. He backs up, then suddenly wheels, charges straight at Mitchell, hits him with his shoulder---sending him crashing back off balance---and goes plunging for the door. All the M.P.'s in the place are after him immediately, ignoring Mitchell.

EXT. STEWART HOTEL - NIGHT

67 MED. SHOT as Harry comes tearing out, starts one way, reverses himself, runs another. An M.P. stationed near the door takes out after him across the street, followed by the pack emerging from the door.

INT. STEWART HOTEL - NIGHT

68 MED. SHOT. Mitchell has picked himself up and is now being pushed farther back into the crowd that emerged from the coffee shop as people elbow past him to see what is going on. Keeley fights his way to him, hauls him still farther back toward the door to the coffee shop. Mitchell looks at him, opens his mouth to protest.

KEELEY

(pushing him
roughly)

Shut up----

EXT. STEWART HOTEL - NIGHT

69 MED. SHOT - the M.P.'s hot on Harry's heels.

70 ANOTHER ANGLE - to the street entrance of the coffee shop, now deserted, as Keeley slips out with Mitchell and starts up the street through the crowd that is beginning to collect. Coming with the crowd is another of Keeley's men, call him Bill. Suddenly face to face with Keeley and Mitchell, he stares at Mitchell. Keeley nods for him to come with them.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

71 MED. SHOT. The M.P.'s have caught Harry -- two of them escorting him back toward the hotel. The soldier who was spotting for Finlay comes running to meet them, out of breath and worried. He scarcely bothers to look at Harry.

SOLDIER

(to M.P.'s)

That's the wrong one. You
let Mitchell get away---

The M.P.'s look at Harry.

M.P.

But he took off---

HARRY

(hotly)

You started after me. What do
you expect me to do---stand still
and get run over?

Finlay comes into the scene---well aware what has
happened---annoyed, puffing.

FINLAY

(to Harry)

Where's Keeley?

HARRY

Who's Keeley?

(CONTINUED)

Finlay frowns.

FINLAY

Let him go.

The M.P.'s release him.

EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT

72 MED. SHOT on all-night movie house, a grind, according to the sign. The CAMERA PANS FROM the sign to Bill standing on the sidewalk. He looks around, flips away a cigarette, and moves off.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

73 MED. SHOT. In the balcony, virtually deserted, except for a few drunks and assorted characters, most of them dozing. Keeley pushed past a couple of them with Mitchell to get into the corner.

74 ANOTHER ANGLE. The only illumination is the reflection from the projection booth above them. The MUSIC from the screen has a hollow sound in the empty house---and the sound isn't very good. It's an old travelogue, with not much narration. Mitchell sinks down into the seat next to the wall, stunned and miserable. He turns to Keeley, his voice low and strained.

MITCHELL

Keeley, I couldn't have killed him, I---

KEELEY

That's beside the point. Now, listen. We can't stay here forever. We've got to have a story for the cops. They've got Monty's, and it sounds pretty good, but not for you. I want you to tell me everything you did tonight. How drunk were you?

Mitchell looks uncertain.

MITCHELL

I don't know. Pretty drunk, I guess.

KEELEY

How long were you with this girl?

MITCHELL

I----I---maybe----Keeley, look I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

KEELEY

You know whether it was an hour,
or two hours, or three hours---

MITCHELL

(shaking his head)
I can't remember.
(leaning his head
in his hands)
My head hurts. I can't remember
anything very well.

Keeley looks at him, disgusted, starts to berate
him; then he controls his anger.

KEELEY

Okay. You ran into Monty and
Leroy and Floyd?

Mitchell nods his head.

KEELEY (cont'd)

And you went in a bar with them?

Mitchell nods again.

KEELEY (cont'd)

Okay, take it from the bar. Take
it slow, remember everything you
can.

There is a pause, Mitchell holding his head; then
he begins slowly, with difficulty, not looking up.

MITCHELL

Well, we were there quite awhile,
I think. I got restless. I
wanted to shove. Monty was shooting
off his mouth. I wasn't really
listening to him...

DISSOLVE

INT. BAR - NIGHT

75 MED. SHOT - Mitchell in the same position as when
Monty told the story. Monty's voice comes over,
inarticulately. Mitchell looks toward him.

76 ANOTHER ANGLE. Monty yammering at Samuels. (NOTE:
In this version, as told by Mitchell, Monty is
drunker than he pictured himself, angrier; Samuels
is more restrained and nicer looking than Monty
pictured him.)

(CONTINUED)

MONTY

Some of them are okay, get that. Mitchell here is okay. He's one of my boys. He's very talented. An artist. But the rest of them got no manners---you never seen such a bunch of kikes---

77 MED. CLOSE - Mitchell, rising from his stool and starting around behind Monty, whose voice continues as a rumble as Mitchell's voice fades in:

MITCHELL'S VOICE

I remember I was suddenly sick of him, and Floyd. I wanted Mary. I wanted to be somewhere else.

He drifts vaguely, a little unsteadily, around to the other side of the bar. He notices a girl, starts to sit by her, hesitates, goes on to a seat by himself.

78 MED. SHOT. He climbs onto the stool and sits there, staring gloomily at the surface of the bar. Samuels drifts up, his glass in his hand, climbs onto the adjoining stool. Mitchell glances at him once, stares at the bar. Samuels is far from drunk, but he's mellow and bemused. He studies Mitchell.

SAMUELS

(quietly; smiling)
It's a funny thing, isn't it?

MITCHELL

(dourly)
Very funny.

SAMUELS

I guess it's worse at night, isn't it?

Mitchell glances at him; this is some sort of weird drunk he has on his hands, the philosophical kind, the kind you humor.

MITCHELL

Sure. Lot worse.

Samuels continues, intently, seriously.

SAMUELS

You know what I think it is?

MITCHELL

No.

(CONTINUED)

SAMUELS

I think it's suddenly not having
a lot of enemies to hate anymore.
Four years now we've all been
focusing our minds on--on--

He searches around in his mind for the proper expression.
His eyes light on a dish of peanuts on the bar. He picks
one out carefully.

SAMUELS (cont'd)

On one little peanut. The win-the-war
peanut---

He places it on the bar, points to it. Mitchell
gradually watches him more interestedly.

SAMUELS (cont'd)

That was all. Get it over. Eat
that peanut---

He picks up the peanut, pops it into his mouth.

SAMUELS (cont'd)

Now---all at once---no peanut.
We start looking at each other
again. We don't know what we're
supposed to do. We don't know
what's supposed to happen. We're
used to hating and used to fighting.
But now we don't know who to hate,
or who to fight.

He pauses, smiling.

SAMUELS (cont'd)

So we feel lost.

(indicating the
crowded bar)

We start milling around like this---
you can feel the tension in the air.
A lot of fight and hate that doesn't
know where to go. A guy like you
may start hating himself. What sort
of an artist are you?

Mitchell looks at him seriously a moment. Then:

MITCHELL

I did a mural once in a post
office---for the WPA.

Samuels doesn't smile.

SAMUELS

How about a drink?

MITCHELL

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

As Samuels turns to wave down the bartender, Mitchell's voice fades in:

MITCHELL'S VOICE

I thought at first he was just plain screwy---then I suddenly changed my mind. He knew a lot about painting. We ended up on music. We were on music when his girl came back---

DISSOLVE

79 INT. BAR - NIGHT

MED. SHOT - THROUGH a frosted glass panel near the entrance; TOWARD Mitchell and Samuels at the bar, as Miss Lewis comes up. Samuels puts his arm around Mitchell's shoulder, saying something to Miss Lewis, who answers, nods, smiles, turns back and starts for the lobby entrance. Samuels pays the check, gets up and starts for the street entrance with Mitchell. During this, we hear Mitchell's voice:

MITCHELL'S VOICE

Suddenly, the most important thing in the world was for me to hear some records he had. It seemed important to me, too. His girl smiled and said all right, he could pick her up later. I guess we were both getting pretty high. . . .

When Samuels and Mitchell are in the f.g. on their way out,

DISSOLVE

INT. SAMUELS' APT. - NIGHT

80 MED. SHOT - from Mitchell's VIEWPOINT - of the piano, phonograph and bookcases. He has a drink and a book spread out before him. The phonograph is playing, the whole scene is distorted and unreal.

81 ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING PAST Mitchell as Samuels comes out of the kitchen with some ice. The bell rings, he goes to answer it.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL'S VOICE
Because I don't remember what we
talked about---or how long it was
before Monty and Floyd came.
Things began to spin about then. . .

82 MED. CLOSE. Mitchell leans on the piano, steadies himself.

83 Mitchell's ANGLE. The scene blurred. The SOUND of Monty's and Floyd's voices are also blurred. We don't hear exactly what they say, or what Samuels says. Then Samuels comes up closer, slightly less blurred, his voice more distinct.

SAMUELS
Do you feel ill?

MITCHELL
I'm all right.

SAMUELS
Maybe you'd better get some air.

MONTY
Mitch---

MITCHELL
I'll be right back. . . .

The CAMERA TRUCKS TOWARD the door ahead of him, Monty a blurred shape as he passes him. As he steadies himself, opens the door.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SAMUELS' APT. HOUSE - NIGHT

84 MED. SHOT - Mitchell's VIEWPOINT from the steps as the scene swims partially into focus.

MITCHELL'S VOICE
The air felt good. I must have
started to walk. I don't
remember. . .

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

85 SERIES OF SHOTS - vague impressions of a walk down the street. A building. A door. A sign.

86 MED. CLOSE - street sign.

MITCHELL'S VOICE

I remember a street sign. I
couldn't read it.

The CAMERA PANS FROM the sign TO a street scene,
distorted.

MITCHELL'S VOICE (cont'd)

The walk must have sobered me up
a lot. It must have been a long
walk. . . But I don't know what
the place looked like on the outside
or how I got in there, but I
remember looking up and seeing
this girl---this Ginny---sitting
at the table with me. . .

DISSOLVE.

INT. THE JOINT - NIGHT

87 MED. CLOSE - Ginny, coming into focus as she looks at
Mitchell across a table. The air is heavy with smoke.
A dance band is playing in the b.g. Ginny herself is
a mixture of innocence and sinful sophistication. She
smiles.

88 MED. CLOSE - Mitchell, looking at her vaguely. He is
still a little drunk.

MITCHELL

What did you say your name was?

89 TWO SHOT. The part Ginny is trying to play is flip,
worldly and cagey.

GINNY

Ginny because I'm from Virginia.
(looks around
professionally
bored)

This joint stinks. I sure get
tired of it here.

A waitress puts drinks in front of them, with change
and little tabs. Ginny pushes the change toward
Mitchell, separates the tabs.

MITCHELL

What do you work here for, then?

Ginny smirks, holds up the tabs before dropping them
in her bag.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

For laughs, dear.
(lifts her glass)
To nothing.

MITCHELL

Every night?

GINNY

Every night.

MITCHELL

Until when?

GINNY

Until we close.

MITCHELL

Then what?

GINNY

(skillfully glib)
Then I sleep. Me and myself in
my great big bed. We sleep.
I'm the world's greatest little
sleeper. I could have killed
my girl friend the other morning---

MITCHELL

You get that in quick, don't you?

She flashes him a hard look.

GINNY

Drink up and be nice.

MITCHELL

(seriously)
You know what I'd like to do?

GINNY

Let's keep it clean.

MITCHELL

I'd like to take you dancing.

She starts to rise.

GINNY

That's what that music's for---
I work here---

MITCHELL

(stopping her)
I mean really take you dancing.
The two of us going somewhere---
eating something---talking about
ourselves---

(CONTINUED)

She doesn't quite know how to handle this, so she tries a stagey laugh that doesn't quite come off.

MITCHELL (cont'd)

I'm serious.

GINNY

Sure. I know. I remind you of your sister.

MITCHELL

(shaking
his head)

You remind me of my wife.

She gives him a quick, worried look, partially regains her slick composure, rises.

GINNY

Be nice. Order us some more drinks. Then we'll dance.

MITCHELL

I've had enough to drink.

She gives him an annoyed look, rises abruptly, and leaves the table. Mitchell sits there, toys moodily with his change, suddenly downs his whole drink, rises, starts working his way unsteadily through the tables.

90 ANOTHER ANGLE. We see him asking directions from a waiter, then continuing on toward the back where the washrooms are.

91 MED. SHOT. In corridor to washrooms. He presses against the wall to let some other men past, rests there a moment, glances off, and reacts.

92 MED. SHOT - THROUGH a window to a small yard in the back. Once used for dining, it is now in an advanced state of decay---a few warped chairs and tables, a brick wall. Ginny is sitting on one of the tables, one knee up under her chin like a little girl, staring moodily and unhappily into space.

93 ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING PAST her as Mitchell comes out of a door in the b.g. and comes slowly toward her. She doesn't look up. The MUSIC from the band is softer heard out here. Mitchell comes to her, looks at her.

MITCHELL

What'd you leave for?

She shrugs and makes a wry face.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

You didn't want to drink. All you wanted to do was yap. I don't make any money on that.

MITCHELL

You're not getting so rich out here all by yourself.

She gets down from the table, turns away from him; he follows her, persisting.

MITCHELL (cont'd)

What's wrong with me, anyway?

GINNY

You're corny.

MITCHELL

What did I say? We were just talking---

GINNY

(a hard little laugh)

Is that what that was?

(mimicing him)

"You know what I'd like to do? I'd like to take you dancing. You remind me of my wife---"

(resentfully)

What's the idea of saying a thing like that?

MITCHELL

(seriously)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to insult you.

She smiles bitterly.

GINNY

I haven't really been dancing for almost two years.

MITCHELL

Why not?

She makes a face.

GINNY

Because I haven't.

MITCHELL

Why?

GINNY

(sharply)

Because I've been working for a living.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

What do you do when you're not
working for a living?

GINNY

I live.

There is a pause. Mitchell looks at her. She meets
his eyes.

MITCHELL

(gently)

How much would you charge to
dance with me now?

She looks at him warily.

MITCHELL (cont'd)

I mean here.

She hesitates a second; then she presents herself to be
danced with, a little self-consciously; he takes her in
his arms and they dance.

94 MED. SHOT. As they dance. She begins to relax a
little. They dance until the music finishes.

95 TWO SHOT. They stand there a second. Then Ginny slips
out of his arms and drifts over toward the table where
she has left her purse. Mitchell follows her.

MITCHELL

(looking up
at the sky)

It's nice out here.

GINNY

(simply)

It used to be a spaghetti restaurant.
They don't use the garden anymore.

Mitchell nods. They are both relaxed; neither speaks
for a moment.

GINNY

Would you like me to make you
some spaghetti?

96 TWO SHOT. He looks at her blankly.

MITCHELL

Sure...

She reaches into her handbag and brings out a key.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

I live at the Regal apartments, on Southern Street. You could wait for me. I won't be there for a couple of hours, but you could sleep or something.

She extends the key. He takes it and holds onto her hand, pulls her to him gently and kisses her.

97 ANOTHER ANGLE. As they part. The hardness is gone from her face, but otherwise she is unmoved -- just a fairly pretty girl, tired and unhappy.

GINNY

I'll try to get away early. But if you don't want to wait for me, lock the door and put the key in the mailbox.

Mitchell steps quickly back out of the shot. The CAMERA HOLDS ON her face, as we hear him go, and hear his voice.

MITCHELL'S VOICE

It was a crazy thing to do, I guess. But it made sense at the time. I had another drink someplace, then I went up to her apartment....

DISSOLVE

INT. GINNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

98 MED. SHOT - TOWARD an open window, across the darkened room, past the silhouette of an iron bedstead in the f.g. The window opens onto a narrow areaway and through it we hear a radio playing softly. Someone laughs. Then a phone rings. It rings several times. Mitchell -- just a shadowy hulk -- rears up into the shot from where he has been lying on the bed, jumps to his feet. We hear him blundering around the room trying to answer the phone.

99 MED. CLOSE on Mitchell near the window as he comes to, freezes, peers around the shadows, adjusting himself. He holds his head, listens to the phone ringing in the areaway. Finally, it stops. He looks around, puzzled by the room, moves off to examine it, the CAMERA PANNING.

100 ANOTHER ANGLE - on Mitchell as he turns on a small lamp, examines Ginny's things on her dresser.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL'S VOICE
I couldn't figure out at first
where I was. Then when I remembered
where I was, I couldn't remember
whether Ginny had been there or
not...

He moves off toward a door, starts pushing it open.

101 MED. SHOT. The small living room is dark, only a crack
of light from the bedroom door he has opened. Then he
is revealed with his hand still on the switch. He looks
around vaguely, starts on across the room. There is a
rap at the front door. He freezes, holds his breath.
Another knock. He considers a moment, decides to
answer it, starts that way.

102 MED. SHOT as he opens the door. There is a man
standing there. He is young -- thirty, or less.

103 TWO SHOT. He looks at Mitchell uncertainly. Mitchell
looks at him. Then Mitchell steps aside and he comes
on in.

MAN
Hasn't she come home yet?
Mitchell hesitates.

MITCHELL
I don't know. I don't think so.
The man gives him a curious look, takes out a crumpled
pack of cigarettes, moves to a chair.

104 ANOTHER ANGLE. He lights a cigarette.

MITCHELL
(uncertainly)
You mean Ginny, don't you?

MAN
Who do you mean?

MITCHELL
I guess I mean Ginny. Do you
belong here, or something?

MAN
Or something. How long have
you been waiting?

MITCHELL
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

The man's reaction is a nervous, uncomical twitch.

MITCHELL (cont'd)
I just woke up. I don't even
know what time it is. I --
(feels in
his pocket)
I've got a key here somewhere --
she gave me --

He finds the key.

MAN
I know. I saw you with her at
the joint.

MITCHELL
Oh... Who are you?

MAN
I'm a man who's waiting for her.
Is that all right?

MITCHELL
Sure.

The man gets up and goes to an alcove.

105 MED. SHOT. He pulls back a curtain. There is a gas
burner, a sink, and a shelf for groceries. He takes
down a coffee pot and coffee. Mitchell watches him.

MAN
Want some coffee?

MITCHELL
Sure.

Nothing is said while the man prepares the coffee,
lights the gas. Then he comes back, lights another
crumpled cigarette.

MAN
I'm her husband. I'm Ginny's
husband.

Mitchell looks at him, doesn't know what to say. The
man has simply delivered a piece of information, not
an ultimatum or a threat. He goes on, easily.

MAN (cont'd)
I was a soldier, but I conked
out.

He taps his heart, cocks his eye at Mitchell.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

You're wondering about this set-up, aren't you?

MITCHELL

I guess I am.

MAN

Well, ask her about it, then. She was a tramp when I married her. I didn't know it at first, but I knew it before we were married. That's one of the reasons I enlisted. To get away from her. But I couldn't wait to get out and come back to her. When I did, she didn't want me. Funny, isn't it? But I still want her. I still love her.

Mitchell doesn't know what to say. The man glances at coffee.

106 ANOTHER ANGLE. He gets up restlessly, turns the gas higher, comes back.

MAN

You know what I just told you? It's a lie.

MITCHELL

I see.

MAN

I'm not her husband. I met her the same as you did, at the joint. I can't stay away from her. I want to marry her. She won't have me.

MITCHELL

I see.

MAN

Do you believe that? Well, it's a lie, too. I don't love her and I don't want to marry her. She makes good money there. Got any money on you?

MITCHELL

No.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

(sadly)

She makes good money sometimes.

(suddenly)

Hey, do you think I could be a soldier? Maybe I could in the regular army and get a good rating and make some dough by the next war --

MITCHELL

Why not?

MAN

Why not? Because I don't want to. What would I want to be a soldier for? I'm too restless -- I don't know what I want to do --

(rising)

You going to wait for her?

MITCHELL

I don't know.

MAN

Well, wait for her if you want to. As soon as we have some coffee I'm going to take a nap. Got any cigarettes?

MITCHELL

No.

The man gets up, pokes in a drawer, wanders on into the bedroom. The coffee starts to boil over. Mitchell goes to it.

107 MED. SHOT. The coffee boiling over in the f.g. as Mitchell comes up, freezes suddenly, ignoring it.

MITCHELL'S VOICE

Suddenly I remembered what you said when I left you, Keeley. You said "meet me back here at the hotel at midnight." I said, "Why?" You said, "Meet me -- I like you, I want to show you the Washington monument and the cherry blossoms in the moonlight. Meet me or I'll murder you." Suddenly, the whole thing was nuts. I decided to get out of there --

He turns off the gas under the coffee and hurries from the room.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

108 MED. CLOSE on Mitchell as he finishes.

MITCHELL

I went straight to the hotel
and the next thing I knew you
were pushing me around --

109 MED. CLOSE. Keeley is frowning into space.

KEELEY

How long was it from the time
you left Samuels till the time
you met this Ginny?

110 TWO SHOT. Mitchell makes a tortured effort to think.

MITCHELL

I don't know. I think...

KEELEY

How long were you in her apart-
ment all together?

MITCHELL

Well...

KEELEY

(sharply cutting
him off)

You ought to be kept in a cage.

Mitchell looks at him, desperately.

MITCHELL

Keeley, what's happened? Is
everything suddenly crazy? I
don't mean just this -- I mean
everything -- or is it just me?

Keeley frowns a moment before he answers; then, for an
instant, we see a part of him he usually keeps under
wraps.

KEELEY

(softly)

No. It's not just you. The
snakes are loose. Anybody can
get them. I got them. But
they're friends of mine.

Mitchell leans back, almost relaxed and relieved.

MITCHELL

I think Samuels understood it.

(CONTINUED)

Keeley looks at him sharply.

KEELEY

That's a big help.

(abruptly)

Are you still in love with
your wife, or not?

Mitchell is startled by the question.

MITCHELL

I guess I am. . .

KEELEY

And she's still in love with
you?

MITCHELL

(puzzled and
uncertain)

That's a screwy thing to ask---

KEELEY

Maybe it is, but she's here
now---or she should be---

Mitchell stares at him.

KEELEY (cont'd)

And I've got to decide how much
of this to tell her.

MITCHELL

(staggered)

Mary - what is she---

Keeley continues quickly:

KEELEY

She doesn't know anything yet.
She was coming anyway---

MITCHELL

(miserably
confused)

Why---?

KEELEY

Because she wanted to see you.
That's why I wanted to keep you
sober tonight. I talked to her
this afternoon. Maybe she's
here now. She was supposed to
be on a plane. I don't know
where she is. Well, sit tight.
I'll go see if I can find her --

He starts to rise. Mitchell stops him.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

(desperately
unsure)

Keeley---I couldn't have killed
this guy, could I?

Keeley is about to answer when he looks off, reacts.

111 ANOTHER ANGLE. Bill, the soldier who came to the
theatre with them, is climbing over the drunks sleeping
in the seats. He has Leroy with him. He comes up and
crouches down behind them in the next row. Leroy looks
scared to death.

BILL

(tensely; out
of breath)

Leroy found Floyd---

KEELEY

Where?

BILL

In a room in a place down on
Maryland Street where he's
hiding out. He just phoned
Leroy, trying to raise some
dough for something. Leroy
says he sounds scared.

KEELEY

(to Leroy)

Have you got the address?

LEROY

(terrified)

I don't want to have nothing
to do with this. I shouldn't
have told anybody. Keeley, I
don't want to get in any
trouble---

KEELEY

You won't get in trouble. All
you have to do is tell us where
Floyd is, then you can go back
to the hotel and stay there---
and forget it---

(to Mitchell)

Don't move. Don't even move to
another seat. Do you want a
sandwich or anything?

Mitchell shakes his head.

KEELEY (cont'd)

Look at the picture, then---and
don't move.

112 ANOTHER ANGLE, as he starts out with Bill and Leroy,
Leroy looking very apprehensive.

DISSOLVE

INT. CHEAP ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

113 MED. SHOT on the ramshackle stairway as Bill leads
Keeley up the second flight of steps. It is an old,
dirty house, dark and crumbling--the hallway
illuminated by a fifteen-watt bulb.

114 ANOTHER ANGLE as Bill comes up onto the landing ahead
of Keeley, pauses at a door.

BILL

(softly)

Floyd. . . It's Williams... I
heard you're in trouble.

There is no answer.

BILL (cont'd)

Floyd. . .

Bill looks at Keeley, who starts to try the door. As
he does, it swings open. The room is dark inside.
Floyd is not visible. Bill hesitates a second, steps
inside. Keeley steps in after him. The door closes.

115 MED. CLOSE. Monty is standing at the end of the
corridor in the shadows watching. His expression is
set and cunning. Only his eyes move.

INT. FLOYD'S ROOM - NIGHT

116 MED. SHOT as Floyd turns on a lamp, partially
illuminating the tiny, dirty room. Floyd is disheveled
and nervous. He looks at Bill, then his head snaps
toward Keeley, then he steps back, alarmed, on guard.

KEELEY

(soothingly)

What's the matter, Floyd? Leroy
says you're in a jam, and need
some dough.

Floyd is too terrified to answer. He just stares at
Keeley.

KEELEY (cont'd)

We don't like to see anybody in
our outfit in a jam.

Still no answer.

(CONTINUED)

KEELEY (cont'd)

How much dough do you need?

FLOYD

(desperately;
irrational)

I've got to get out of here.
I've got to go over the hill--
to Mexico---

Keeley chides him softly, as if speaking to a child.

KEELEY

That sounds serious. That's
desertion, Floyd.

Floyd's head jerks. He keeps looking past Keeley to
the door.

FLOYD

Give me a cigarette, will you?

Keeley gives him a cigarette. Floyd has difficulty
holding still for him to light it.

KEELEY

Did you hear about Mitchell?

Floyd tenses, drags on the cigarette. Keeley doesn't
wait for him to answer.

KEELEY (cont'd)

(evenly)

The cops think he killed this
man he met with you and Monty
in some bar. Did you hear
about it?

FLOYD

(nervously)

I heard about it---this hasn't
got anything to do with it. I
wasn't there---I left---me and
Monty left---the cops can't pin
anything on me and Monty---I got
in a jam with a girl---it just
caught up with me---I have to
get out of here---how much dough
can you let me have? Keeley, I
have to get out of here, quick---

KEELEY

You're losing your head, Floyd.
It can't be that serious---there
must be some way---

FLOYD

(irrationally)

Keeley, I have to get out of
here---

(CONTINUED)

KEELEY

Well, I haven't got enough money
on me to do you any good, but
I'll scrounge around and see
what I can dig up.

Floyd looks at him with desperate gratitude.

KEELEY (cont'd)

I'll be back before morning.

FLOYD

Hurry, Keeley ---

Keeley nods, starts out, stops.

KEELEY

Anybody else know you're here?

Floyd hesitates.

FLOYD

Just Leroy - and you - unless
you told somebody.

KEELEY

We didn't tell anybody. What
about Monty?

Floyd looks at him wide-eyed.

FLOYD

Monty?

KEELEY

You haven't seen him?

Floyd shakes his head.

KEELEY (cont'd)

He doesn't know you're here?

FLOYD

How would he know I'm here?

KEELEY

Okay.. Sit tight.

FLOYD

Give me another cigarette,
will you?

Keeley takes out a half pack and hands it to him.
Floyd clutches it with the desperation of a starving man
clutching a piece of meat. He follows Keeley and Bill
to the door, closes it after them and turns the key in
the flimsy, old-fashioned lock.

117 ANOTHER ANGLE. As he turns back into the room, crosses to the light, fumbles with the pack of cigarettes, nervously. He is so upset it takes him several seconds to get one out of the pack. Then he hunts through all his pockets for some matches, finally finds some. He drops the first match as he tries to light it. He lights a second one. Just as he lifts it to the cigarette, there is a SOUND at the door -- someone has put his whole weight against the door, trying to force it open. Floyd freezes in terror, drops the burning match, reaches down and turns out the light.

118 CLOSE SHOT. As the pressure against the door is repeated, it groans, and the lock gives way. The door opens, a torso comes into the shot.

119 MED. CLOSE. A shaft of light from the partly opened door falling across Floyd's terror-sticken face as he stares in that direction. Then the light leaves his face as the man in the doorway steps on in, closing the door behind him, starting toward Floyd---his head and shoulders coming into the shot.

FLOYD

Monty --- I ---

Monty comes on in toward him.

120 ANOTHER ANGLE. Monty has reached down to turn the light back on. His face is set -- cold and brutal.

MONTY

(without raising
his voice)

I told you not to go out anywhere,
Floyd.

Floyd is backing away from him in paralyzed terror.

FLOYD

Monty -- I ---

MONTY

You went out, Floyd. You went
out and got in touch with Keeley.
You shouldn't have done that,
Floyd ---

FLOYD

(stammering)

I --- I --- I --- didn't call Keeley
--- I just called Leroy. Leroy told
him --- Criminy, Monty, all I did
was try and get me some dough ---
you got plenty of dough, Monty, ---
you said you saved plenty -- give
me some dough ---

(CONTINUED)

Monty takes another step toward him. Floyd yammers on, desperately, hysterically, as he backs up.

FLOYD (cont'd)

Look, Monty, all I want to do is go away---I won't make you any trouble---

MONTY

I had it figured what we was going to do, Floyd---you went out and phoned---you spoiled everything---

FLOYD

I didn't spoil nothing. I told Keeley I hadn't seen you---I told Keeley I knew nothing about you---didn't you hear me say that?

121 ANOTHER ANGLE. Monty's eyes narrow. He keeps coming.

MONTY

You said that?

FLOYD

Honest, Monty---

MONTY

(smiling faintly)

That's good, Floyd--

Floyd continues to back up, his terror increasing.

FLOYD

Monty, I'll go to Mexico. I'll never come back---I didn't have nothing to do with it---I---I don't want to get mixed up in it---Criminy, Monty, you went crazy or something---He didn't do anything to you---you went crazy ---Criminy, Monty --- I had nothing against him --- I got nothing against any Jews, Monty, you ---

His next words are cut short with a gasp and a cry of pain as Monty hits him a terrific blow in the stomach. He grimaces, clutches himself.

122 ANOTHER ANGLE. Monty hits him again as he sinks --- coolly, brutally, following up.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

123 MED. SHOT. A cab pulls up. Keeley gets out and races up the steps.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

124 MED. SHOT - reception desk, as Keeley hurries up. The sergeant on duty has walked over to a cooler to get a drink of water. There is another cop sitting nearby. Keeley comes up to the desk impatiently, steps over to the sergeant.

KEELEY

I'd like to see Captain Finlay.
It's important --

The sergeant is methodical, unhurried. He finishes his drink of water leisurely, crumples the cup, throws it in a waste container, saunters back to the desk, Keeley following him. He takes a pad, reaches for a pencil, pauses.

SERGEANT

What's your name?

KEELEY

Peter Keeley. Sergeant Peter
Keeley.

The sergeant pauses, reacting, glances over to the other cop.

125 MED. SHOT. The other cop looks up from paring his nails, glances from Keeley to the sergeant, and back again.

126 ANOTHER ANGLE. Keeley looks around impatiently at this by-play. The other cop gets up and goes past him through a door. Keeley turns back to the sergeant.

SERGEANT

(quietly)
Have a seat, sergeant.

He begins writing something. Keeley looks behind himself, finds a chair, sits on the edge of it, gets up immediately, hunts for a cigarette, and lights it.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. POLICE DETENTION ROOM - NIGHT

127 MED. SHOT. Keeley alone in the room, small, bare, except for a couple of benches. The floor is dirty, littered with cigarettes. Keeley has long ago given up pacing and is just sitting on one of the benches, staring at the floor. He looks up at the SOUND of someone unlocking the door.

128 ANOTHER ANGLE. A deputy opens the door, steps in.

DEPUTY

Captain Finlay wants to see you now.

Keeley looks at him sourly.

KEELEY

You're sure he's not too busy? I wouldn't want to bother him.

The deputy makes no comment, waits for Keeley to precede him through the door.

INT. FINLAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

129 MED. SHOT. Finlay is sitting at his desk, much as in the earlier scene. A little apart, in the heavy shadow thrown by the overhead light, sits Mary Mitchell.

130 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Mary looks tired, drawn, and anxious. She glances at Finlay, then reacts to the SOUND of a door opening as Keeley is brought in.

131 ANOTHER ANGLE - toward Finlay. FROM this ANGLE Mary is obscured either by the glare or the shadow. Bill, the soldier who took Keeley to Floyd, is sitting in the f.g., with his back to the camera. Keeley comes into the shot, stops dead as he sees Bill, looks from him to Bill and back again.

132 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Bill looks at Keeley guiltily, unhappily, glances at Finlay, says nothing, obviously under orders.

133 MED. SHOT. Keeley, reacting cautiously, squints into the glare at Finlay.

KEELEY

What's happened?

FINLAY

You came to see me.

KEELEY

(irritably)

That was a couple of hours ago.
It looks like the picture's
changed a little ---

FINLAY

I guess it has.

Keeley looks at Bill, accusingly.

KEELEY

What about Floyd?

Bill just looks at him helplessly, glances at Finlay.

FINLAY

Floyd's dead, Sergeant. He was
killed about an hour ago.

134 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Keeley is stunned.

FINLAY

(to Bill)

Tell him how it happened, soldier.

135 ANOTHER ANGLE. Not waiting for him, Keeley turns
angrily on Bill.

KEELEY

I thought I told you to wait---!

BILL

(defensively; rising)

I waited! Look, Keeley, I'm sorry,
but I waited. Nobody came in.
Nobody went out. I still waited
outside. Then I went up, just to
see -- and ---

Keeley turns away, angry, frustrated.

BILL (cont'd)

And he was strung up. With his
necktie. I didn't know what else
to do --- I didn't know where you
were --- so I thought I'd better
call the police.

Keeley stands there a second, staring at Williams, then
he turns to Finlay, his voice deadly:

KEELEY

I came here -- two hours ago --
to tell you I'd talked to Floyd.
And you kept me waiting in the
stumble-bum room. What do you
expect?

FINLAY

If you'd come to me sooner -- as
soon as you found out where Floyd
was -- I could have talked to him
myself. And he'd still be alive.

Keeley has no answer for that; he turns away suddenly
and sits down.

136

MED. SHOT. Mary looks toward him, anxious to speak,
half-rises, but Finlay stops her by laying his hand
across her arm.

FINLAY

Don't you think you ought to
tell us where Mitchell is now,
Sergeant?

137

MED. SHOT. Toward Keeley. He reacts, glances at Bill,
realizing he has protected Mitchell.

KEELEY

Why?

FINLAY

I don't want anybody else killed,
if I can help it.

Keeley hesitates, thinking; Finlay goes on, quietly
persuasive and firm.

FINLAY (cont'd)

You might as well work with me
now. It's the only way, if you
really want to help Mitchell.
Because you're in custody---in
case you didn't know it. And so
is Williams. You're both going
to stay there---forever, if
necessary. I'll listen to anything
constructive either one of you have
to say, but I won't stand for any
more interference, I've made up my
mind to that---

Keeley suddenly explodes.

(CONTINUED)

KEELEY

You've got a mind like a dog-catcher! Okay! I'm in custody. Williams is in custody! Everybody is in custody! What's that going to prove -- except that you've got a big jail?

138 ANOTHER ANGLE. There is a pause. Finlay looks at him evenly.

KEELEY

(dropping
his voice)

If you want Mitchell so bad, you can go out and find him.

FINLAY

(rising)

All right. I was just hoping there was an easier way.

He nods to his assistant, who starts for Keeley. Then, suddenly, Keeley changes his mind, brushes the detective aside, and steps to Finlay.

KEELEY

I talked to Mitchell, a little while ago...

FINLAY

Where is he?

KEELEY

(deliberately)

I said I talked to Mitchell, captain. He couldn't have killed Samuels. He didn't go back to Samuels' apartment after he went out for some air. He went straight to a joint where he picked up a girl. He was in her apartment for the next couple of hours --

139 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Mary tenses. Finlay glances at her quickly, lays his hand on her arm again to restrain her.

140 ANOTHER ANGLE, featuring Mary, Keeley a blur in the glare of the light beyond. Finlay leans forward.

FINLAY

What does that prove?

(CONTINUED)

KEELEY

It proves he went to a joint
and picked up a girl. Would
a man who has just killed
somebody go out and go on the
make for some tramp?

Mary holds herself tightly. Finlay doesn't answer.

KEELEY

And it proves where he was for
two hours.

141 MED. SHOT - FROM Keeley's ANGLE.

FINLAY

Which two hours?

KEELEY

He doesn't remember -- but all
you have to do is ask the girl --

FINLAY

When did he tell you all this?

KEELEY

Just before I went to see Floyd.

FINLAY

Did he know where you were going?

KEELEY

Yes.

FINLAY

Then he could have killed Floyd
himself.

KEELEY

He didn't know the address.

FINLAY

He could have followed you.

There is a sudden SOUND as Mary rises abruptly,
knocking over her chair.

142 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Keeley freezes, staring in her
direction.

143 MED. SHOT. About to crack, Mary, having just risen,
puts her face in her hands, breaks away from her
position at Finlay's desk, takes several quick strides,
bringing her under the light. Keeley stares at her.

ANOTHER ANGLE. She turns toward him suddenly, looks at him with desperation. He steps to her quickly, puts his hand on her arm.

KEELEY

Mary -- I'm sorry --

She meets his eyes briefly, vaguely, then looks at the floor. Her voice is low.

MARY

Captain Finlay...if Keeley tells you where Mitch is, will you let him go, and will you promise to let me see Mitch first, by myself?

Finlay rises and comes around the desk.

FINLAY

(slowly)

I won't let Keeley go. No. But I'll let you talk to your husband alone -- as long as I get to wait outside wherever he is.

Mary looks up at Keeley, her eyes pleading for him to tell.

145 MED. SHOT featuring Keeley.

KEELEY

He's in the balcony of an all-night movie, the Regent, about four blocks from the hotel...

DISSOLVE

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

146 MED. SHOT - Mary, alone, climbing the stairway to the balcony.

147 MED. SHOT. Mitchell, in the f.g., is where Keeley left him. The balcony is almost empty. Mary appears at the top of the stairs above, in the b.g., looks around, starts down the aisle, the CAMERA FOLLOWING her, works her way up the row, climbing over a sprawled sleeping figure. Mitchell, staring at the screen, is unaware of her until she has almost reached him.

148 MED. SHOT. As she reaches him, he stands up suddenly, overcome with emotion, and takes her in his arms.

TWO SHOT. They hold onto each other for a moment. Then they sink into the seats, still holding onto each other's hands. Their eyes meet. It is difficult for them to speak.

MITCHELL

When did you get here?

MARY.

About one o'clock. They were waiting for me at the airport --

MITCHELL

They --?

MARY

(simply)
The police.

MITCHELL

Did you see Keeley?

MARY

Yes.

MITCHELL

What did he say?

MARY

He told me what had happened.

MITCHELL

Where is he?

MARY

(still simply)
He's in jail. The other boy, Floyd, was killed --

Mitchell reacts; she continues.

MARY (cont'd)

The police are waiting for us downstairs. We've only a minute. Mitch --

MITCHELL

(interrupting)

No - Mary, listen. I've got to say this first. Whatever you think -- I don't care what Keeley told you -- nothing tonight has anything to do with you -- or the way I feel about you --

MARY

That doesn't matter now --

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

(insistently)

Yes, it does. You've got to understand. I've been sitting here -- I think I've got it straight -- I couldn't write to you because --

MARY

Mitch, please, we've only got --

MITCHELL

(determined
to finish)

Because, I was depressed and jittery. I was -- Samuels -- the man I'm supposed to have killed -- he understood it, too. I couldn't explain what he said -- he said it with peanuts -- -- but he said that a guy like me, now, with the war over, could start hating himself. Maybe that's what happened. Maybe I started hating myself because I was afraid of getting going again -- of trying to draw again -- of looking for a job -- of having you waiting all that time -- after having waited four years already...It began to be hard to think about you. I couldn't write.

(suddenly
dropping
his voice)

Does that make any sense?

She nods.

MARY

(calmly)

Mitch. I want to go see this girl. Ginny.

He looks at her, a little dazed by the transition, still with his emotion problem; a little startled that she already knows about Ginny.

MITCHELL

Why?

MARY

I want to see her. If you were in her apartment at the time this man was killed, everything will be all right.

(CONTINUED)

He looks at her, moved, grateful.

MITCHELL

Mary. Look --

MARY

(firm; unexcited)

I'll be all right. Captain Finlay is going with me. You remember the name of the apartments where she lives, don't you?

MITCHELL

(nodding)

The Regal Apartments.

MARY

(rising)

We'd better go. I told Captain Finlay I wouldn't be too long.

He stands to start out with her, suddenly pulls her into his arms, very moved.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

150 MED. SHOT. Finlay pacing slowly back and forth near the ticket booth. His assistant is standing nearby.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - FOYER - NIGHT

151 MED. SHOT. Mary and Mitch come down the stairs from the balcony, go through the solid glass doors. Finlay looks up and starts to meet them from one direction, his assistant coming from the other.

152 ANOTHER ANGLE. Through the glass doors. There is a brief silent scene as they meet. The detective takes Mitchell's arm and leads him toward one squad car at the curb. Finlay starts with Mary toward another.

DISSOLVE

INT. HALLWAY - GINNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

153 MED. SHOT. As Mary comes up the stairway, a bit ahead of Finlay. She stops, turns to him.

MARY

Captain Finlay. . . would you let me try first, by myself? She might tell me more than she would tell you.

(CONTINUED)

He considers a moment.

FINLAY

All right.

She starts on.

154 ANOTHER ANGLE. She comes to the door, hesitates, looks at Finlay. He steps to one side, out of sight. She KNOCKS. At first there is no reply; then the SOUND of someone shuffling around the room, then silence again.

GINNY'S VOICE

What is it?

Mary takes a deep breath.

MARY

Ginny. . .

When the door opens, Ginny appears in a bathrobe. She takes a quick look at Mary and her eyes grow hard with suspicion and fear.

MARY (cont'd)

I'm Mrs. Mitchell. . . .

155 TWO SHOT. Ginny looks at her caustically.

GINNY

Great. How's Mr. Mitchell?

MARY

My husband's - - -

GINNY

What do you want, anyway? It's late --

MARY

I'm sorry. I wanted to talk to a girl named Ginny. My husband's the soldier who was here tonight --

GINNY

Well, there are no soldiers here now. Just me -- I don't have anything to do with soldiers. Sorry --

She starts to shut the door. Mary makes a desperate move to detain her.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Please -- wait a minute -- please
let me talk to you. It's very
important. I know it's late. But
you've got to help me. Can't I come
in -- for just a minute? Please --

Ginny looks her up and down for a minute, steadily.

INT. GINNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

156

MED. SHOT. Ginny steps back, holds the door open, and
Mary comes in. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing the
table, set with two cups and saucers, two plates of
scrambled eggs. Ginny stops in the center of the room,
doesn't offer Mary a chair.

MARY

My husband's in trouble --

GINNY

Look, I don't know anything
about your husband. Honest,
why don't you go home? Maybe
he's waiting for you --

MARY

(shaking her
head)

He's in jail. They say he killed
a man. But he didn't --

Ginny makes a quick, nervous movement, turning toward
the table.

GINNY

Okay. Then there isn't any
problem. What do you want from
me, anyway -- a character
reference --?

She picks up a pack of cigarettes from the table,
Mary follows her.

MARY

(earnestly)

All I want you to do is to say
he was with you tonight --

GINNY

I was with a lot of men tonight.
I don't remember any of them --

MARY

You'd remember Mitch --

157

ANOTHER ANGLE. Ginny tosses her head tightly, sarcastically.

GINNY

Why? Does he have two heads or something?

MARY

You danced with him --

Ginny interrupts with a caustic laugh.

MARY (cont'd)

You danced with him out in back of where you work -- in a sort of a garden -- you gave him your key and you told him your address ---

Ginny gets another cigarette before she says anything. Mary watches her, waits.

GINNY

(slowly)

He told you he was up here with me tonight?

MARY

Yes. He --

GINNY

(abruptly)

Well, he lied to you. If he was here I didn't know about it. And I don't know where you got my name and address. I can't tell you anything else. You'd better go now --

She crosses quickly to throw open the door.

158

ANOTHER ANGLE. As she does, she stops, staring. Finlay is standing there. He saunters on in, past her, goes to an ashtray to knock out his pipe. She stands there belligerently.

GINNY

What do you want?

FINLAY

I want to talk to you. What's your name?

GINNY

Are you a cop or something?

(CONTINUED)

FINLAY
What's your name?

GINNY
I don't like cops.

FINLAY
Nobody likes cops. What's your name?

GINNY
Virginia Tremaine. Why?

FINLAY
(pleasantly)
What's your real name?

GINNY
(hesitating)
Esther.

FINLAY
Esther what, please?

GINNY
Esther Goslav.

FINLAY
Where are you from?

GINNY
From here.

FINLAY
Before you were from here --

GINNY
Pennsylvania. Wilkes-Barre.
So what?

FINLAY
What do you do?

GINNY
I work.

FINLAY
Where?

GINNY
The Red Dragon --
(exploding suddenly
without provocation)
And so what's wrong about working
there? Does that make me a
criminal or something? Does that
give you the right to bust into
my house and start asking a lot
of questions?

(CONTINUED)

FINLAY

(gently)
Is that where you met Mitchell
-- at the Red Dragon?

GINNY

(sulkily)
That's where I meet a lot of
people. I never heard of
Mitchell --

FINLAY

(eyeing the table)
You live here alone?

GINNY

Sure. Is there something wrong
in that?

159 ANOTHER ANGLE. Finlay ponders, fills his pipe, Mary
crosses to Ginny.

MARY

Ginny, the police won't hurt
you. He promised me. All we
want you to do is tell the truth.

FINLAY

Sit down, Virginia.

She hesitates, sits.

FINLAY (cont'd)

Now, about Mrs. Mitchell's
husband. He's in pretty deep,
Virginia. It looks like he killed
a man -- maybe two. Mrs. Mitchell
doesn't think he did, of course,
but that's only natural --

MARY

(to Ginny;
interrupting)

Please --- don't you see? I
know he was here --- he told me ---
but that doesn't matter anymore--
never mind me --- you've got to
think of him ---

Ginny laughs suddenly, forced and bitter, rising.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

Oh, brother, listen to that! --
(mimicking her cruelly)
"Never mind me --- you've got to
think of him."

(laughs again)

Now isn't that sweet! Isn't that
just too sweet! He wasn't here with
me --- but what if he was? What
would be wrong with that? What's
the matter with me being with her
precious husband? Does he break, or
something? And where was she?

(turning on Mary with
frustrated bitterness)

Okay, where were you when he needed
you? Maybe you were someplace having
beautiful thoughts? Well, I wasn't---
I was in a stinking gin-mill where
all he had to do to see me was walk
in and sit down at the table and buy
me a drink!

(subsiding)

And that's all I know about it. I
didn't ask him if he killed anybody.

There's a moment's calm. Finlay comes to her.

160 MED. SHOT. He looks at her calmly.

FINLAY

Virginia, listen. You're not
involved in this murder, so
nothing's going to happen to you.
That's the first point. Got it?

GINNY

You bet I got it.

FINLAY

Okay. Now. When --- I mean what
time -- this is all a question of
time --- what time was Mitchell with
you at the Red Dragon?

She shrugs sullenly.

FINLAY

We found the body of this man ---
this Samuels --- about ten. He
hadn't been dead long. Maybe a
half hour. So, if Mitchell was
with you from nine to ten, he's
all right. Was he? Tell me the
truth --

(CONTINUED)

Ginny hesitates, glances at Mary.

GINNY

No.

Mary reacts. Ginny continues quickly, fiercely.

GINNY (cont'd)

I gave him my key --- I don't know --- maybe eight-thirty -- I liked him --- I felt sorry for him --- I was sick of the stinking joint, I was going to ditch early --- only I couldn't --- I didn't get home till one --- maybe two. He wasn't here. He'd been here --- and gone --- he left the key --- but I don't know what time.

Finlay sighs, rises.

FINLAY

We're wasting our time, Mrs. Mitchell. This isn't going to help your husband.

161 MED. SHOT. The fight has gone out of Mary. She looks up wearily at Ginny.

MARY

Ginny, is that the truth?

GINNY

(shouting)

I said it's the truth! What do you want me to do, light up like a Christmas tree?

Finlay crosses to Mary, to take her arm, stops dead, looking toward the bedroom door. Mary follows his look.

162 MED. SHOT Toward the bedroom door, where the man is standing --- the man who was going to make Mitchell some coffee. There is a weak - self-conscious smile on his lips.

MAN

He was up here. The soldier you're talking about was up here. I talked to him.

Finlay walks toward him.

FINLAY

Thanks. Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

MAN

(smiling)

I'm a guy. What does it matter?
You want to know if a soldier was
up here. I say he was here ---

GINNY

(coming forward)

This is none of your business.
Get back in there and mind your
own business!

MAN

(mildly)

Any man you bring up here's my
business ---

GINNY

(hotly)

It's not your business to spy on
me --- to watch me like I
belonged to you --- because I
don't --- see! I hate you ---
I hate your guts!

Her tirade makes no impression on him. Mary, revived,
has come forward.

MARY

What time --- what time was
it?

The man addresses his answer to Finlay, not bothering
to look at Mary.

MAN

He was here when I came. I
asked him how long he'd been
waiting. He said he didn't
know. I should of thrown him
out. I started to make some
coffee, but he left.

FINLAY

What time did you get here?

MAN

Twelve-thirty. Ginny's usually
here by then.

163 MED. SHOT. Mary's hopes are dashed again. She wilts,
turns and starts out. Finlay starts to follow her.
The man follows Finlay obsequiously, as if anxious to
please him.

MAN

I'm glad to help if I can. I'll
be here if you need me ---

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

You will not! You'll get out!
Right now!

He makes no move to leave. Ginny suddenly turns and races into the bedroom, slamming the door. Finlay continues on toward the door with Mary, uninterested in what the man is saying.

MAN

She hates me all right. She sure hates me. I'm a D.D. Dishonorable Discharge, you know. I was in the army. I met her at the Drágon --- same as everybody else ---

Finlay nods vaguely.

164 MED. SHOT. From the head of the stairway toward the door. The Man is still jabbering as Finlay follows Mary out.

MAN

We made a lot of plans, but they fell through. I'll be around if you want me ---

Finlay closes the door on the sound of his voice. Mary starts despondently down the stairs. Following her, Finlay comes to the head of the stairs, in the f.g., pauses, staring wearily into space.

DISSOLVE.

INT. FINLAY'S OFFICE - DAWN

165 MED. CLOSE. Finlay, dog-tired, slumped against the window frame, staring out through the bars.

166 REVERSE, SHOOTING PAST Finlay to the city beyond, dirty and grey in the early morning light.

MITCHELL'S VOICE

Where's my wife? Why can't I talk to her?

FINLAY

(without turning)

Your wife's all right. I sent her to a hotel.

167 MED. SHOT. Mitchell is sitting in a chair a few feet away, limp and dejected. Finlay turns slowly toward him.

(CONTINUED)

FINLAY

You can't talk to her anymore
because you're being held on
a murder charge.

MITCHELL

(rising; abruptly;
unstrung)

I didn't murder anybody! Why
would I murder him? What motive
would I have?

Finlay looks at him, his voice quietly insinuating.

FINLAY

Maybe you didn't like him . . .
Maybe you hated him. . . Hate is
a good motive.

MITCHELL

(confused)

Why would I hate him? I hardly knew
him. . . I only talked to him for a
couple of hours. He seemed like a
nice guy---

FINLAY

(softly)

You know he was a Jew?

Mitchell looks at him blankly, perplexed.

MITCHELL

No. . .

FINLAY

You mean to say you didn't know he
was Jewish?

MITCHELL

No. I didn't think about it. . .
What would that have to do with it?

FINLAY

Some people don't like Jews.
Haven't you met people who didn't
like Jews?

MITCHELL

(very bewildered)

Yes. . . . But what's that got
to do with me?

Finlay looks at him, slumps wearily, sits there a
moment. We hear the door opening o.s. and someone
entering. In a moment the detective comes into the
shot, some papers in his hand.

DETECTIVE

I've got Montgomery for you.

(CONTINUED)

MED. SHOT. Mitchell straightens up, looks sharply at Finlay, who turns, massages his face a moment.

FINLAY

All right. I'll see him outside.
(indicating Mitchell)
I'm through here, but I want to
talk to Koeley again.

The detective nods, extends the papers to Finlay.

DETECTIVE

This is what you wanted from the
war department on Samuels. He
got a medical discharge last
summer.

Finlay takes the papers, nods. As the detective
starts for Mitchell, he starts for the door through
which the detective entered, the papers in his hand.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - DAWN

MED. SHOT. Monty, bleary and tired, is sitting lumpily
on one of the benches. A cop is standing quietly by
a door chewing gum. Monty rises, smiling uncertainly,
as Finlay shuffles in from another door, absorbed in
the papers he is reading.

MONTY

You wanted to see me, Captain.
I figured it must be important ---
I want to help all I can ---

FINLAY

(absently)
Sit down, Sergeant.

MONTY

Yes, sir.

He sits down on the bench again, so that he has to look
up at Finlay, who remains standing, moving, slowly,
restlessly about for several seconds before he speaks,
without taking his eyes from the papers.

FINLAY

Sergeant, how did you know
Samuels hadn't been in the
army?

MONTY

(dully)
What?

(CONTINUED)

FINLAY

When I talked to you earlier this evening, you were sure that Samuels had never been in uniform. How did you know that?

Monty smiles, puzzled by this trivial line of questioning.

MONTY

Well, like I said, you could tell. You could see. Those kind of guys got ways of keeping themselves from getting dirty.

Finlay stops his pacing and comes over to Monty. He looks at him, just looks at him --- evenly, quietly, thoughtfully.

170 ANOTHER ANGLE. Featuring Monty. This strange procedure begins to make him nervous. He shifts under the scrutiny.

MONTY

(pleasantly
as possible)

Why do you ask that, Captain?

171 TWO SHOT. Finlay just continues to study him for a moment or so longer.

FINLAY

I was just curious.

A pause.

MONTY

You know who killed him yet?

A pause.

FINLAY

Yes, I think I do.

Monty waits for Finlay to go on, but he doesn't. And Monty is afraid to ask anything more. Suddenly Finlay starts his wandering again, seeming to lose interest in Monty.

MONTY

(unable to stand
the suspense)

Is that all, Captain? Didn't you want to ask me something else?

FINLAY

No. That's all.

(CONTINUED)

MONTY

I can go now?

Finlay nods. Monty gets up uncertainly, starts out.

FINLAY

Oh, Sergeant ---

Monty stops.

FINLAY (cont'd)

(casually)

You haven't seen anything of this friend of yours---this Bowers boy, have you?

MONTY

No, sir. I haven't seen him yet.

FINLAY

(nodding)

Well, let me know when you do, will you?

MONTY

Yes, sir.

Finlay exits back into his office. Monty starts out uncertainly. The cop holds the door for him.

INT. FINLAY'S OFFICE - DAWN

172

MED. SHOT. Keeley is sitting in a chair near Finlay's desk when Finlay returns. He looks as if he had just been awakened, unshaven, dog-tired. He glances up sardonically at Finlay, says nothing. A church bell tolls somewhere in the distance. Finlay listens, sets his wrist watch.

FINLAY

Mrs. Finlay is just about leaving for early mass. . .

KEELEY

(venomously)

Now that I know that, can I go back to bed? Well, what's the matter? I thought you were going to have this all solved by now. I'm in a cage---I'm not doing anything---except breathing. You've got Mitchell---and you've got your little fairy tale all written. Drunk. Trouble at home. Can't tell a clear story. It's open and shut. What's holding you back?

FINLAY

(quietly)
Is that all?

KEELEY

That's all.

FINLAY

All right, then. Do you really
want to help me wind this up?

Keeley looks at him, surprised, a bit suspiciously.

KEELEY

I thought you didn't like me?

FINLAY

You talk too much sometimes---

KEELEY

Are you appealing to my better
side?

FINLAY

Yes.

KEELEY

You're making me some sort of
proposition?

FINLAY

Yes.

KEELEY

(warily)
I'd like to sleep on it.

FINLAY

You can sleep all day, when
we're finished.

Keeley ponders a moment, then makes his decision.

KEELEY

Okay, then.

173 ANOTHER ANGLE. Finlay goes to his chair, sits down, and
begins talking, slowly at first. His words have the
intense concentration of a tired man, a kind of forced
clarity.

FINLAY

I've done a lot of work here
tonight. Some of it you know
about -- some of it you don't.
Routine, most of it. The sort of
routine that usually breaks an
ordinary murder. By an ordinary
murder, I mean a murder with a
good clean motive, and clues...
Well, I know now that this isn't
that kind. And I know what kind
it is --

(CONTINUED)

Keeley has straightened up, listening with interest.

KEELEY

Which is?

FINLAY

One of the oldest and simplest kinds -- and one of the toughest kinds to pin down, with ordinary police methods. The trouble with it is it's too simple -- The motive is too general.

(pausing slightly)

Do you think a man could be killed just because he's a Jew,

Keeley reacts sharply, stares at him.

FINLAY (cont'd)

Well?

KEELEY

Why not? It's happened before --

Finlay leans forward intently; from now on, the exchange gets businesslike and crisp, their minds leaping ahead.

FINLAY

How well do you know Montgomery?

KEELEY

I've tried to like him, but he's not my type.

FINLAY

Does he have many close friends?

KEELEY

He had one. Bowers. I think he killed him.

FINLAY

So do I. What about the other Southern boy---Leroy?

KEELEY

I don't think so. He's in Monty's platoon. But they aren't sweethearts.

FINLAY

Just how do you think he feels about Monty?

KEELEY

You're getting ahead of me---

FINLAY

I was hoping he didn't like
Monty---

KEELEY

I think he's scared to death of
him.

Finlay leans back, reaches for his inter-office phone,
and buzzes

FINLAY

(into
'phone)

Keeley's on his way out... I
don't want to see anything in
the papers about the Floyd
Bowers killing. Not a word.
As far as we know, he's still
alive. We've never heard of
him.

He hangs up, rises, comes to Keeley.

FINLAY (cont'd)

I want you to get Leroy out of
the Stewart Hotel without being
seen, and bring him here. Can
you do it?

KEELEY

(excited)

I can try.

FINLAY

That's not good enough. Be back
in an hour if you can. I'll
talk to your C.O. and tell him
what's up---

Keeley heads for the door; Finlay reaches for the
'phone.

DISSOLVE

INT. FINLAY'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

174 MED. CLOSE. Leroy, sitting in a chair, perspiring,
miserable and upset.

LEROY

(babbling)

It isn't that I don't want to
help---it's just---I---I---
don't---

The ANGLE WIDENS as Leroy's eyes dart from side to side
taking in the group around him: Finlay, Keeley, and his
commanding officer, a Major. Keeley and Finlay are
drinking coffee out of paper cups.

(CONTINUED)

LEROY (cont'd)

I've never been around with
Monty and Floyd much---Monty
never wanted me around---He says
I'm stupid--I guess I am---

(to Finlay)

Sir, how do you know he really
killed him like you say?

FINLAY

(gently)

We don't. That's what we want
you to help us prove---

Leroy's eyes appeal to Keeley, accusingly.

LEROY

Keeley, I told you I didn't want
to get in any trouble---

KEELEY

You aren't going to get in
trouble. And don't worry about
Monty. Captain Finlay won't
let anything happen to you---

LEROY

(back to Finlay;
his expression
stricken)

Maybe you're right, sir---but I
can't think he'd do a thing like
that---without no reason---

FINLAY

There was a reason. You know
the way Monty feels. You've
heard the things he says.

LEROY

(hedging)

Well, yes, I---I---guess I heard
him say a couple of times about
Jewish people living off the fat
of the land while he was out there---
and you say that's all lies---and
I guess it is---I don't know---but---

KEELEY

But what---

LEROY

But, well, I figured they were
kidding when they said they was
going to come back and walk up to
the first one they see and punch
him---

(a desperate hope)

Look, maybe they roughed this guy
up a little, and that was all---

(CONTINUED)

FINLAY
(shaking his head)
I don't think so. You don't
think so, either.

More and more upset, Leroy appeals to the Major.

LEROY
Sir, I just don't feel right,
getting mixed up in anything---
don't you see what I mean, Major?

MAJOR
I see what you mean.

LEROY
Well, sir, ought I to do what
Captain Finlay says?

MAJOR
That's up to you.

LEROY
You don't think, sir, that Monty
and Floyd would kill anybody
like he says?

MAJOR
They might.

LEROY
I know they were drunk. . . but---

FINLAY
They were more than drunk---they
were blind drunk, with prejudice,
and ignorance---

LEROY
(smiling weakly;
confused)
I'm not very smart, myself---I
guess I'm all mixed up---I hate
to think of anything like that
happening to Floyd---after going
through Canal and everything---
and if anybody did anything to
him---I hate to see that guy get
away with anything---but, look,
I'm getting out soon---and I
might get in trouble---and it's
not any of my business, anyway.

175 ANOTHER ANGLE. There is a pause. Finlay comes to
Leroy and speaks to him gently.

(CONTINUED)

FINLAY

Well, it comes down to this, then Leroy. In the first place, you don't think this is any of your business---it's no skin off your back. And in the second place, you don't really believe it happened the way I think it did. . . Is that right?

Leroy squirms, trapped, uncertain.

LEROY

Well, I don't like to say that---

FINLAY

(deliberately)

Leroy. I'd like to tell you a story. Then you can go. How's that?

LEROY

All right. . .

176 MED. SHOT - Finlay pauses a second, then begins intimately, conversationally, turning away.

FINLAY

About a hundred years ago, Leroy, a lot of Irish people came to this country. Most all of them were Catholics. They had left Ireland because of a potato famine. Some of them stayed in New York...

He turns back toward the group, moving to Leroy, until finally he is in a large CLOSE UP.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO

EXT. STREET - BOOK STALL - DAY - 1850

177 MED. SHOT. A few people passing the bookstall. As Finlay continues, THE CAMERA PICKS UP one man: a man in working clothes, about fifty, sturdy, small and powerful.

FINLAY'S VOICE

Some of them went on to Philadelphia. Or Boston. Or somewhere else. . . One of them had been a farmer. . .

The man picks out a pamphlet at the bookstall, grins, pays for it, sticks it in his back pocket, and goes on.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

178 MED. CLOSE SHOT: The man working in a track gang, swinging a pick.

FINLAY'S VOICE

He worked when he could, and where he could. The new railroads needed men, and he worked there. He liked it. He worked hard. He started saving something for a farm. He liked America---

A whistle blows. He stops work, wipes his face, moves to the embankment, sits down beside his lunch pail, pulls out the pamphlet from his back pocket, lays it beside him.

INSERT Pamphlet: "THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA"

BACK TO SCENE. As he eats and picks up the pamphlet to read.

FINLAY'S VOICE (cont'd)

He liked the Constitution. It sounded good to him. It made sense. But he found out something about it one day --

There is a discordant note of MUSIC, counterpointing, and under it comes the SOUND of men arguing. The man looks off, thoughtful, worried.

FINLAY'S VOICE (cont'd)

He found out that it didn't always apply to an Irishman who was a Catholic. . . . He found out the Irish Catholics in America were really just --

179 MED. SHOT. A group of railroad workers having lunch on the embankment, one of them heatedly haranguing the others, mouthing the words Finlay speaks.

FINLAY'S VOICE

Just a bunch of filthy, dirty Micks!

QUICK DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

- 180 CLOSE SHOT. An angry orator continuing the vilification as Finlay speaks the words.

FINLAY'S VOICE

Dirty Papists! Scheming against
native Americans! Depriving us
of our jobs and infecting our
children with foreign idolatry!
Hanging our flag in their windows
but secretly worshipping their
Pope in their parlors! Smiling in
our faces, but plotting behind our
backs with their fat, licentious
priests!

There is loud cheering from o.s.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

- 181 MED. SHOT. An angry mob converges in front of a church. A priest comes out to talk to them, holds up his hand.
- 182 MED. SHOT. The man, passing by, looks off, reacting.
- 183 ANOTHER ANGLE. The mob attacks the priest. The man dives into the scene to help him. One of two other men comes to his aid, manage, in the midst of the furious fighting, to get the priest back inside the door.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

- 184 MED. SHOT. The man making his way home along a dark street. Suddenly he stops, alarmed, looks around. As he does, he is hit from behind. Several figures leap at him. The struggle is short and fierce. One of the men swings a club. The man goes down. His attackers suddenly disappear from the scene.
- 185 MED. CLOSE. The man lying on the ground, blood trickling from his mouth.

FINLAY'S VOICE

That's history. . .

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. FINLAY'S OFFICE - MORNING

186 MED. SHOT. Finlay, concluding. His expression is sober.

FINLAY

They don't teach it in schools,
but it's history just the same. . .

He pauses, gets up and moves to Leroy.

FINLAY (cont'd)

Thomas Finlay was killed in 1848
just because he was an Irishman
and a Catholic.

Keeley and the others look at Finlay sharply; Leroy
raises his head.

FINLAY (cont'd)

Maybe that's hard to believe,
too, Leroy, but it's true. And
last night, Joseph Samuels was
killed---just because he was a
Jew.

(a slight pause)

Do you see any difference, Leroy?
Any difference at all?

187 CLOSE SHOT. Leroy staring up at him, rapt. He averts
his eyes, unable to answer.

DISSOLVE

INT. LEROY'S ROOM - HOTEL STEWART - MORNING

188 CLOSE SHOT. Leroy, in somewhat the same attitude; the
CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see that he is sitting on the
edge of his bed in his undershirt, nervously toying
with his shaving kit. The door is standing open. There
is the SOUND of someone SHUFFLING down the corridor.
He looks up, immediately alert.

189 MED. SHOT. In the mirror of the dresser we see Monty
pass the door with his shaving equipment.

190 MED. SHOT. Leroy waits a moment, rises, and starts out.

INT. WASHROOM - MORNING

191 MED. SHOT. This is a large washroom that has been
converted for the soldiers' use. One other man is
shaving at the row of basins when Monty ambles in. His
face is haggard and puffy. In a moment Leroy comes in,
casually approaches the basin next to Monty and lays out
his razor and toothbrush. Monty glances at him dully.

(CONTINUED)

LEROY

(grinning)

Cops caught up with you yet, Monty? --

Monty glances at him dourly, grunts. Leroy goes on, bland and chatty, in his soft Southern drawl.

LEROY (cont'd)

I heard they got Keeloy and Mitchell and are holding them. Brother, am I glad I bowed out when I did. What a mess----

(teasing him)

You ought to lay off the stuff, Monty. You don't know your own strength when you've lifted a couple---

MONTY

Shut up.

LEROY

(grinning)

Okay. What's the matter, didn't you sleep good or something?

Monty doesn't answer. The other soldier finishes and starts out. Leroy watches him until he is gone. Then his manner becomes serious.

LEROY (cont'd)

Monty, no kidding, Floyd couldn't of done it, could he? Floyd wouldn't bump anybody off, would he?

Monty's reaction is slow and guarded; his only answer is a vague shrug.

LEROY (cont'd)

He sure acted funny when I saw him last night, though.

Monty reacts, covers the reaction by continuing to shave.

MONTY

When did you see him?

LEROY

I saw him after.

MONTY

After what?

LEROY

After all that happened---
(confidentially)

He wants to see you, Monty. He asked me to tell you he wanted to see you.

(CONTINUED)

Monty turns and looks at him, slowly, suspiciously.

LEROY (cont'd)

Honest. I didn't know whether I ought to tell you or not. You don't want to get mixed up in anything anymore than you are. But he was acting crazy, Monty. He gave me a crazy thing to tell you -- he said to tell you, "The necktie wasn't any good." What did he mean by that, Monty?

Monty hesitates cagily. He looks at Leroy, smiling cynically.

MONTY

Where was this you saw Floyd, Leroy? How did you happen to see him?

LEROY

He called me, and asked me to come over to where he was --

MONTY

Where was he?

LEROY

In some old place down on Maryland Street -- on the second floor --

The cynical look on Monty's face is replaced by worry. Leroy starts searching in his pockets.

LEROY (cont'd)

I wrote down the address --

Unable to find the paper he wants, Leroy fumbles through all his pockets as he talks:

LEROY (cont'd)

I had it here someplace. . . He was really acting crazy. He said you would give him some money to go away. He said not to come today. He wouldn't be there. He said to come tonight, before ten o'clock, that he had to have the money before ten o'clock --

He finds the paper just as he concludes, hands it to Monty, who looks at it quickly, silently packs up his shaving things.

LEROY (cont'd)

(watching him)

Will you go see him, Monty?

Monty doesn't answer. He starts out with his kit, stops.

MONTY

I wouldn't say anything about this, Leroy. I wouldn't say anything about talking to Floyd.

He goes out.

192 MED. CLOSE. Leroy stands there a moment staring at the wash basin. Then he starts to lather his face. His hand is shaking.

DISSOLVE

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

193 MED. SHOT. Monty comes up to the newstand, buys several Sunday papers, pays for them, starts off.

WIPE

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

194 MED. SHOT. Monty ruffles through the last of the papers, throws it aside. Then he sits there a moment. He is getting nervous. He runs his hand across face, gets up suddenly and starts off.

WIPE

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

195 MED. SHOT. Finlay's assistant is at a desk as a cop shows Monty in. Monty sits down nervously, smiles.

MONTY

I'd like to talk to Captain Finlay.

DETECTIVE

He's not here, Sergeant.

Monty frowns, fidgets.

MONTY

Could I talk to Mitchell, or Keeley?

DETECTIVE

I'm afraid not. They're in custody. Anything I can do for you?

(CONTINUED)

Monty hesitates, ill at ease.

MONTY

My friend Floyd Bowers---You remember -- I started him back to the hotel---like I told Finlay. But I'm worried---he ain't showed up. I thought I ought to tell Finlay that.

DETECTIVE

I'll tell him.

Monty rises, starts out, hesitates.

MONTY

You haven't heard anything about Bowers, have you?

The detective shakes his head. Monty shuffles out.

DISSOLVE

INT. MONTY'S ROOM - EVENING

196 MED. CLOSE. Monty is lying on his back on his cot, staring at the ceiling. An alarm clock is ticking o.s.

197 ANOTHER ANGLE. The clock shows about 7:30. The CAMERA MOVES IN on it, the ticking growing louder. Suddenly Monty's arm lashes out and knocks the clock to the floor.

DISSOLVE

INT. HAMBURGER JOINT - NIGHT

198 MED. CLOSE. Monty is hunched over a cup of coffee. He is beginning to go to pieces. A clock ticking comes over. He looks up nervously.

SHOT ANGLED UP to a clock on the wall. It reads a little after eight o'clock. The CAMERA MOVES IN on it, the ticking growing louder.

199 MED. CLOSE. Monty. The ticking increases. He looks around wildly, gets up suddenly and starts out.

DISSOLVE OUT

INT. BAR - NIGHT

200 MED. CLOSE. Monty at the bar with a drink, partly drunk, increasingly nervous and uncertain. He runs his hand across his face, becomes aware of a clock ticking, looks up.

SHOT ANGLED UP to a clock on the wall. It reads about 9:45. The ticking grows louder. The CAMERA MOVES IN on it. Suddenly there is a crescendo of music. The ticking seems to stop. The CAMERA PULLS BACK QUICKLY. Monty is gone. The bartender looks after him, curiously, picks up the money he has left.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

201 FULL SHOT, the CAMERA PANNING DOWN a row of cheap rooming houses, HOLDING finally on one of the houses. The street is almost deserted. In a moment, Monty's figure comes into the f.g. as he starts slowly across the street toward the house.

202 ANOTHER ANGLE. Monty approaches the house, pauses as he nears the entrance, goes on past. He saunters on up the street, reverses himself, comes back, starts slowly up the steps.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

203 MED. SHOT. As Monty comes into the dimly-lighted entrance hallway. He pauses, listens, starts up the rickety old stairway.

204 MED. SHOT. As he reaches the second floor, continues on around. He hesitates slightly at the door to the room in which we saw him kill Floyd; but he passes it by, continuing on down the corridor to its end.

205 MED. SHOT. He looks around, chooses one of the doors at random, steps up and knocks on it. In a moment the door is opened slowly---by an elderly, dirty-looking man. He peers at Monty suspiciously.

MAN

What do you want?

206 TWO SHOT. Monty smiles ingratiatingly, speaks much louder than necessary.

MONTY

Is Floyd Bowers here?

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Is who?

MONTY

(apparently confused)

I guess I must have got the wrong
room--

The man starts to close the door. Monty stops him
quickly.

MONTY

This is the second floor, isn't
it?

The man nods, anxious to close the door.

MONTY (cont'd)

They didn't say which room it
was---that this friend of mine
was in--it must be one of these
rooms---his name is Floyd Bowers
---you don't know anything about
him?

MAN

A soldier?

Monty nods.

MAN (cont'd)

You should ask the superintendent,
on the first floor.

He closes the door firmly; Monty stands there a moment
uncertainly, then he looks up and reacts.

207 MED. SHOT. Down the corridor. An MP is leaning against
the wall near what was Floyd's room. He wasn't there
before, but he is there now. He is looking at Monty.

208 MED. CLOSE. Monty, puzzled, uncertain what to do for
a moment; then he starts back down the corridor.

209 MED. SHOT. He continues, walking casually, and is almost
past the MP when the MP speaks.

MP

What's your problem, Sergeant?

Monty stops, smiles.

MONTY

I---uh---I was looking for a pal
of mine. I thought he was here---
somebody said he was here. I wanted
to see him.

(CONTINUED)

MP

A soldier?

Monty nods.

MP (cont'd)

What's he doing here?

MONTY

I don't know. Somebody said he was here---he had a room on the second floor---

MP

What's his name?

Monty hesitates.

MONTY

Bowers. Floyd Bowers.

The MP gives him a curious look. Then he turns, opens the door to Floyd's room, and nods for Monty to enter.

210 MED. SHOT. Puzzled, worried, Monty complies.

INT. FLOYD'S ROOM - NIGHT

211 MED. SHOT. Finlay is sitting quietly in a chair, back to the CAMERA. Monty steps in, stops dead, staring at him. The MP follows him in, stands holding the door.

MP

(to Finlay)

The Sergeant here is looking for Floyd Bowers.

MONTY

What's wrong? Has something happened, Captain?

212 ANOTHER ANGLE. Finlay rises, slowly.

FINLAY

Bowers is dead, Sergeant.

MONTY

(incredulously)

Dead?

FINLAY

He was killed last night.

Monty looks believably stunned, his eyes roam the room.

(CONTINUED)

MONTY

You know who---

FINLAY

(anticipating him)

Not yet.

A pause, then Finlay continues matter-of-factly.

FINLAY (cont'd)

Tell me, how did you know he was here? When I talked to you this morning, you didn't know where he was.

MONTY

(quickly)

I didn't then, see. I didn't know then, where he was. A fellow back at the hotel he told me Floyd was here and Floyd was scared and wanted to see me about something. I just come, I didn't know which room---I was just now looking for the room.

(looking around, awed)

He was knocked off in this room?

Finlay nods.

MONTY

(shrewdly)

The same guy who knocked off Samuels---maybe-- ?

FINLAY

I'm sure of that.

MONTY

(piously)

I liked Floyd, Captain. I liked Floyd a lot. I naturally came to help him---this fellow said he needed dough for something.

FINLAY

Why didn't you come right away?

MONTY

(stammering a little)

Huh? - this---this fellow said Floyd said not to---not---not until tonight. I figured if Floyd said that he must have got a reason.

(CONTINUED)

FINLAY

I see. . . Well, Sergeant, it looks like somebody was stringing you along.

MONTY

Yeh. . .

FINLAY

What was this fellow's name---the one who told you Floyd wanted to see you?

Monty hesitates, smirks uncomfortably.

MONTY

Captain, I don't want to be a pigeon---this fellow---

FINLAY

What was his name?

MONTY

(meekly)

Leroy something---he was a friend of Floyd's. Maybe you remember me mentioning him?

Finlay nods, comes to Monty, his manner quietly paternal. Monty shifts, not knowing what is coming.

FINLAY

You should have come to me with this, Sergeant. I asked you to tell me if you heard anything of Floyd.

Monty thinks fast.

MONTY

I---I---did---I went to the station---I asked for you---I saw the other dick---he said you wasn't there.

FINLAY

What did you tell him?

MONTY

(working hard)

Well, I---I---Captain, I figured the best thing was to tell him Floyd hadn't showed up. I told him that---I told him I was worried about Floyd not showing up. I figured you would get in touch with me then---and I would tell you about Floyd wanting to talk to me.

(CONTINUED)

Finlay nods. Monty relaxes, thinking he is off the hook.

FINLAY

(thoughtfully)

I see --- You've never been to this house before?

Monty looks at him, wide-eyed.

MONTY

No. I never been here before. I never even been in this part of town --

(glances at the MP)

You see, I didn't know which room it was, even except on the second floor, like Leroy said -- so I was looking for the right door --

FINLAY

You seem to have a lot of trouble with doors. The first time I met you, you were looking for the right door --

Monty's grin is sickly and unsure.

FINLAY (cont'd)

(deliberately)

But you knew the address? You knew which house to come to?

MONTY

(smiles)

Sure. Leroy give the address.

FINLAY

Was it written down on a piece of paper?

MONTY

(worried)

Yeh --

FINLAY

Do you still have this piece of paper?

MONTY

(puzzled)

Yeh, sure. I think so.

FINLAY

Let me see it.

Monty hesitates, uncertain about all this, digs in his pants pocket and brings out a crumpled slip of paper. He unwads it and hands it to Finlay.

213

MED. SHOT. Finlay takes the paper, glances at it, runs it through his fingers, folds it. Monty watches him apprehensively.

FINLAY

(looking up)

I'll have to arrest you, Sergeant.

Monty looks at him, stunned and incredulous. Then he forces a sickly smile.

MONTY

Why would you arrest me, Captain?
What would you arrest me for?

FINLAY

(evenly)

For the murder of Samuels and
Bowers.

Monty's eyes dart around quickly, his face twitches.
The MP's hand goes slowly to his gun.

MONTY

(desperately)

Captain, you're kidding me. I
never even been here before --
why -- I --

FINLAY

(deliberately; indicating
the paper)

This is the address of the house
next door. I wrote it down myself.
You made a mistake, Sergeant --
you came to the right house, anyway.

He nods to the MP.

214

MED. SHOT. Monty's face falls apart. For an instant his eyes dart around wildly. Then with a sudden movement he throws out his arm -- pushing the door so that it cracks into the MP with terrific force, knocking him backwards. Then, almost simultaneously, he steps on Finlay's foot and jams a hand into his chest, knocking him sprawling across his chair. Before either of them have recovered, he has bounded backwards into the hallway, pulling the door shut after him.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE

215

MED. SHOT. As he bounds down the two flights of stairs.

INT. FLOYD'S ROOM - NIGHT

- 216 MED. SHOT. As Finlay and the MP scramble to their feet and hurry out, Finlay pushing the MP roughly aside, getting out his own gun.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

- 217 MED. SHOT. Finlay races for the window at the end of the hallway, knocking aside the old man in the other room who pops out of his door. He sticks his gun through the glass in the window.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

- 218 FULL SHOT, ANGLED DOWN from Finlay's point of view through the broken glass. Monty runs into the middle of the street. Finlay fires into the air. Monty whirls toward the sound, freezes. MP's and cops appear on the fringes of the shot, begin closing in on him. He runs one way stops, runs another. Several of them have Tommy guns.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

- 219 MED. CLOSE. As Finlay withdraws his gun, nods to the MP standing at his elbow. They start for the stairs.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

- 220 FULL SHOT. The cops and MP's closing in on Monty. He looks around.
- 221 MED. SHOT. A MP with a Tommy gun advancing on him, slowly chewing gum, expressionless.
- 222 ANOTHER ANGLE. There is one gap in the line. Monty makes a sudden dash for the gap, diving into an alley across the street. A second after he disappears into the alley there is a blast from the Tommy gun.
- 223 MED. CLOSE. The MP firing a second blast, still expressionless, still chewing gum. He lowers the gun and walks on.
- 224 LOW ANGLE up to the group of MP's and cops that have collected around Monty's crumpled body in the entrance to the alley. Finlay comes pushing through the crowd. His assistant comes to meet him.

CONTINUED

DETECTIVE

(off-hand)
That does it.

Finlay takes a very quick look, then turns to the two police internes who have come up.

FINLAY

Okay, clean it up.

He turns away, starts back through the crowd, and looks off, reacting.

225 MED. SHOT. To Leroy, standing by the building with Keeley, a bit apart from the gathering crowd, looking a little dazed. Finlay comes up to him, pauses, puts his gun away, and starts filling his pipe.

LEROY

(looking up at him)
You had to kill him? He's dead?

FINLAY

(softly)
He was dead for a long time. He just didn't know it.

Leroy is intense and troubled.

LEROY

I guess I did the right thing?

FINLAY

The rightest thing you ever did, soldier.

Leroy looks at him gratefully. He turns away. Leroy looks at Keeley.

LEROY

Tell Mitch I did it for him, and for Floyd, will you, Keeley?

KEELEY

Sure.

Keeley turns and follows Finlay toward a squad car that is rolling up at the curb.

226 FULL SHOT. Of the scene, the crowd still gathering, as the squad car with Finlay and Keeley pulls away from the curb and starts off down the street.

WIPE OUT

WIPE IN

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT (WASHINGTON, D.C. PROCESS)

227 TWO SHOT. Keeley and Finlay riding in the rear seat.
Neither says anything for a minute or so.

KEELEY

Where's Mitch's wife?

FINLAY

She's with him now.

A pause. Finlay slides down on his spine, his hands
in his pockets, smoking, completely relaxed.

FINLAY (cont'd)

Do you think they'll be able to
make a go of it now?

KEELEY

They'll be all right. It'll be
a little rugged for awhile. But
they'll be all right.

He glances out of the window, raises his hand in a
flip little salute.

228 FULL SHOT. From the moving car--- of the Lincoln
Memorial.

FADE OUT

END