

DICK TRACY

By

Jim Cash and Jack Epps, Jr.

Third Draft Screenplay

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Executive Producers:
Art Linson, Floyd Mutrux
Producer: Joel Silver
Director: Walter Hill

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No. **000042**

FADE IN:

1-2 EXT. MIDDTOWN CHICAGO - NIGHT

1-2

Looking down through a window on the third floor of City Hall, we see a scene of chaos in the street below. Cops struggle to control crowds of people--sirens wail from additional police cars that arrive, and searchlights flood the area from both ends of the block.

CAMERA DRAWS BACK into the room as a man steps forward and smashes the window with a jolting CRASH! This is RUSS "SHAKEY" SAWYER, wearing the black and white stripes of an escaped convict. His nickname is obvious--he shakes constantly. Shakey drags MAYOR FRANK SPARMA, a fat politician, to the window as a shield, then holds a revolver to the Mayor's head as he screams down into the street.

SHAKEY

Quit stalling down there, or I'll blow the Mayor's head off! You know what I want! Tracy! Get me Tracy!

3 EXT. STREET

3

The cops have taken cover behind their patrol cars. CHIEF JIM BRANDON, tough and Irish, arrives on the scene and hurries to the officers in command: Detectives PAT PATTON and SAM CATCHEM. Patton is a straight laced, by-the-book cop; Catchem is sleepy-eyed and rumpled but always ready for action.

BRANDON

What's the situation, Pat?

PAT

It's Shakey Sawyer--escaped con. He came up the back stairway, shot a couple of people, broke into the Mayor's office.

SAM

He sent word down that he wants Tracy. If Tracy goes in, the Mayor gets to come out.

Brandon grabs a bullhorn and directs his voice to the window.

BRANDON

Shakey, this is the Chief of Police speaking. Put down your weapon and release the Mayor! The building is surrounded! You haven't got a chance!

SHAKEY

(shouting)

Get Tracy! You've got ten minutes to get him here!

Brandon lowers the bullhorn with a frown.

(CONTINUED)

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3 CONTINUED:

3

BRANDON

Get your best man up on the roof of the bank. See if he can get one good shot at him.

Pat hurries away. Brandon looks at Sam.

BRANDON

All right, Sam. Where's Tracy?

TRANSITION.

4 INT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

4

A FAT SOPRANO wearing steel breastplates and a Norse horn helmet splits a high C and almost shakes paint off the walls. The audience is the top cream of Chicago's high society, dressed in tuxedos and evening gowns. Among them, we find the radiant TESS TRUEHEART and a very uncomfortable police detective named DICK TRACY.

Tess is a spirited, fun-loving woman, athletic and energetic, and a lot more at home at the opera than Tracy is. She is, in fact, completely natural in any situation. Enjoying his discomfort, Tess squeezes Tracy's hand and gives him a warm smile. He manages, somehow, to return the gesture.

TESS

Enjoying yourself, Tracy?

TRACY

Great. Love it. Gee, must be almost over, isn't it?

TESS

Two more acts.

TRACY

Good...good.

Tracy steals a glance at his pocket watch then looks forlornly at the fat soprano once again.

TRANSITION.

5-9 EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

5-9

Pat, Sam and Chief Brandon crouch behind the patrol car and watch the SHARPSHOOTER get into position on the roof of the bank. Shakey's voice is threatening as he shouts at them.

SHAKEY

You've got five minutes! I'm not bluffin'! If I don't see Tracy, the Mayor dies!

(CONTINUED)

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5-9 CONTINUED:

5-9

On the roof of the bank, the sharpshooter climbs out on the ledge for a better angle. He lines Shakey up in his sights, but Shakey suddenly sees him. The rifle CRACKS off a shot just an instant too late--Shakey has fired first. The sharpshooter spins slowly and falls fast. The crowd gasps as the sharpshooter plunges to the street.

BRANDON

Okay, Pat, we don't have any choice...
Get Tracy.

Pat raises his wrist-radio, and his voice is filled with nervous excitement.

PAT

Calling Dick Tracy! Calling Dick Tracy!

TRANSITION.

10 INT. OPERA HOUSE

10

The fat soprano is playing a quiet, sensitive death scene. Above this, the audience suddenly hears Pat's sharp, nasal voice: "Calling Dick Tracy..." A bit embarrassed, Tracy bends down toward the floor and whispers into the wrist-radio.

TRACY

This is Tracy, Pat.

PAT

(loud and excited)

All hell's broken loose at City Hall!
Shakey Sawyer's escaped prison, and he's
holding the Mayor hostage! He says he'll
trade the Mayor for you!

TRACY

All right, Pat, hang on--I'm on my way.

Straightening up, Tracy finds that half the audience is rivetted on the wrist-radio drama and is ignoring the opera. Tracy mumbles an apology to Tess then hurries up the aisle toward the exit. Tess glances at the blue-blooded woman beside her.

TESS

He probably hired somebody to kidnap the
Mayor just so he could get out of here.

TRANSITION.

11 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

11

The Mayor looks terrified as Shakey holds the gun to his temple and shouts to the street.

(CONTINUED)

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11 CONTINUED:

11

SHAKEY

Two minutes! That's all you've got!
You hear me? Do you hear me!

BRANDON

(on the bullhorn)

We hear you! Tracy's on his way!
He'll be here!

Shakey's eyes are glazed with revenge.

TRANSITION.

12 INT. TRACY'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

12

Tracy speeds recklessly through the streets with his siren wailing. Streaking through a red light, he swerves sharply to avoid a truck. His car teeters up onto two wheels then back down again. Tracy races into the night.

TRANSITION.

13 EXT. CITY HALL STREET - NIGHT

13

Police separate the crowd as Tracy's car pulls into the area. Silhouetted against the City Hall window, Tracy sees Shakey holding the gun to the Mayor's head. Quickly sizing up the situation, he grabs the bullhorn.

TRACY

All right, Shakey, I'm here. What do you want?

SHAKEY

I want you to come up here, Tracy! I got somethin' for ya.

Tracy puts down the bullhorn. Brandon looks worried.

BRANDON

It's no good, Tracy. I can't let you go in there alone.

TRACY

I'll take care of him, Chief. He's just a lowlife.

(to Sam)

Give me a match, Sam.

Sam fishes a wooden match from his pocket and gives it to Tracy.

TRACY

Pat, I'm gonna need your help...

Tracy puts his arm around Pat's shoulder and walks toward the building. Shakey watches Tracy from the window.

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13 CONTINUED:

13

SHAKEY

You gave me seven years of hell, Tracy!
Seven rotten years thinking about this
moment!

14 INT. CITY HALL LOBBY - NIGHT

14

Tracy enters the lobby, while Pat hurries back to Chief Brandon. Quickly searching through the drawers of the reception desk, Tracy finds a thick rubber band. Through the glass doors, we see the spotlights in the street begin to go out. Tracy crosses the lobby and steps into the elevator.

15 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

15

Shakey's eyes are crazed as he stands in a corner holding a gun on the Mayor. Suddenly, he hears a knock on the door. Like a nervous cat, Shakey moves to the door, and his lip curls with a smile of anticipation.

SHAKEY

It's open, Tracy. Come on in.

Slowly the door swings open, and Tracy stands alone in the doorway. His eyes are clear and calm.

TRACY

Okay, Shakey, we've had enough of this
stuff--let the Mayor go.

With his eyes locked on Tracy, Shakey motions with his gun for the Mayor to leave the room. The Mayor scrambles away gratefully as Tracy steps inside.

SHAKEY

Okay, Tracy, now it's me and you.
First, close the door. Lock it.

Tracy closes and locks the door. Turning back, he sees Shakey raise the revolver and point it right at his face.

SHAKEY

This is a dream come true...

In one motion, Tracy dives to the floor and shouts into his wrist-radio.

TRACY

Now!

The lights go out instantly, and we see two red explosions from Shakey's gun.

16 EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

16

Pat Patton has just cut the power lines that lead into the building. All the windows of the building are black.

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17 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

17

Dim shafts of light come through the window, but the room is almost completely dark. Tracy crouches on the floor behind the desk, while Shakey hides in a corner and strains to find Tracy in the darkness. Shakey hears the click as Tracy cocks his revolver.

SHAKEY

I'll wait here 'til daylight if I have to. The minute I see you, you're dead.

In the dark, Tracy takes the wooden match and rubber band from his pocket. CAMERA MOVES TIGHT on his hands as he hooks the rubber band on the barrel of his revolver, stretches it back and inserts the wooden match like an arrow.

SHAKEY

(nervously)

What are you up to, Tracy? Come on, say somethin'!

Tracy releases the rubber band, and the match flies across the room. Hitting the wall, the match ignites with a sudden flash of fire. Shakey whirls and fires at the flash--a fatal mistake--Tracy's gunshot leaves a perfect red circle in Shakey's forehead as the convict staggers against the window, crashes through the glass, and falls heavily to the street far below.

Tracy speaks into his wrist radio.

TRACY

Okay, send everybody home, Chief. The party's over...

TRANSITION.

18 INT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

18

A BARITONE bleats with melancholy as Tracy re-enters the opera house. People in the audience watch him as he sits down next to Tess.

TESS

Everything all right, Tracy?

TRACY

Sure. Just a little trouble downtown...

He settles comfortably into his seat.

TRACY

Must be just about over, isn't it?

Tess gives him a smile and squeezes his hand warmly.

TRANSITION.

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19 EXT. BLANK BRICK WALL - NIGHT 19

Machine gun fire. A blaze of bullets rips into a red brick wall, spelling the name: "D-I-C-K T-R-A-C-Y". CREDITS ROLL. The MUSIC is Bix Beiderbecke: free-wheeling 1930's jazz.

TRANSITION.

20 SPINNING NEWSPAPERS - MONTAGE 20

The front page of the Chicago Tribune spins towards the CAMERA then stops. The Headline reads: "TRACY TESTIFIES BEFORE CRIME COMMISSION" The sub-headline reads: "OFFERS EXPERT TESTIMONY TO CAPITOL LAWMAKERS". A large photo shows Tracy in a cluttered hearing room talking to a panel of Senators...

TRANSITION.

21 EXT. RAILROAD STATION PLATFORM - DAY 21

A flock of REPORTERS hurry along a platform to meet an incoming train. Among the passengers we find Dick Tracy, who is quickly surrounded by the reporters. They fire questions and keep up with his brisk pace as he walks along the platform.

FIRST REPORTER

Welcome back, Tracy. How was Washington?

TRACY

Well, boys, you know how it is there: confused, as always, cluttered with paper work. Ineffective.

SECOND REPORTER

We've got a quote here from Senator Dils-worth. He wants to make you permanent head of a national crime commission.

TRACY

I saw that. Big pay, no results, no thanks.

THIRD REPORTER

How about running for office yourself, Dick?

TRACY

I'm a cop, Charlie. I wouldn't want to take a demotion.

FIRST REPORTER

Did anything good come out of the hearings?

TRACY

Yeah, I saw the cherry blossoms. For five days I watched the cherries blossom while the Senators, professors, and a lot of experts tried to define criminology.

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Many laughs from the reporters.

THIRD REPORTER

You define it, Dick.

TRACY

It's simple, boys. You stalk 'em, squash 'em, and convict 'em.

SECOND REPORTER

Why don't you write a book about it, Tracy?

TRACY

Why don't you shave off that silly moustache, Bert? You're startin' to look like some shyster lawyer.

Tracy moves through the reporters with a wave and a smile as the flashbulbs pop...He spots Tess standing across the way, smiling at him. Tracy gives her a warm embrace and a big kiss. She's a little embarrassed in front of the reporters--one of them raises his camera and snaps a picture.

TESS

You want that on the front page of the Tribune?

TRACY

No thanks...

(to photographer)

Hey, I want that negative, McNally... McNally!

The photographer drifts away with the other reporters, and all of them are having a good time.

Tess smiles, and Tracy slips his arm around her as they walk along the platform.

TESS

You're turning into a stuffed shirt, Tracy. You ought to be happy someone would see you without a gun in your hand or handcuffed to some criminal. What are you so worried about?

TRACY

I don't know, maybe I was around those Washington politicians too much.

TESS

You know how you can make it up to me?

TRACY

Sure, how about dinner tonight?

(CONTINUED)

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21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

TESS

I thought you'd never ask.

They move down the concourse...

22 INT. DEPOT - DAY

22

The usual crowd of TRAVELERS and COMMUTERS, meeting, departing, hurrying along. Among them we find a ragamuffin--a street urchin called THE KID. The Kid is eleven years old, a street smart survivor with patched up clothes and a thick clump of straw-like hair.

Bumping through the crowd, the Kid spots a magazine and candy counter. THE VENDER waits on a CUSTOMER and doesn't notice the small hand that suddenly reaches up to the counter and snatches away a couple of Hershey bars.

Walking through the crowd with his mouth bulging with chocolate, the Kid suddenly spots a lady's purse sitting unattended on a bench. His eyes look quickly in all directions as he moves casually to the bench. One more look around, then the Kid quickly snatches the purse.

WOMAN

Hey, my purse!

He gets about two steps away before a MAN suddenly grabs him by the arm. The Kid drops the purse to the marble floor, and junk from inside spills all over.

MAN

Wait a minute, you're not going anywhere, you little thief.

The man has underestimated this tough little guy. The Kid kicks him right in the knee cap, and the man releases the Kid as he grabs painfully for his knee. The Kid is running, bumping through the crowd, moving with tremendous agility and quickness as people pursue him. Suddenly, he runs right into the arms of a startled Dick Tracy.

TRACY

Whoa. What's the hurry, little guy?
Late for a train?

KID

Lemme go, ya big ape!

The Kid stares at Tracy for moment, then his hand flashes out like lightning and he snatches Tracy's watch-chain. He's running again, with Tracy's pocket watch dangling in his hand. Stunned, Tracy sees several people rush up.

WOMAN

He tried to steal my purse.

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22 CONTINUED:

22

TRACY

Hang on here for a second, Tess.

Tracy takes off in pursuit of the Kid, while Tess quiets the people.

TESS

Don't worry. Tracy will get him.

She watches with resignation as Tracy dashes for the door.

23-40 EXT. TRAIN DEPOT - DAY

23-40

The Kid flies out of the depot, and glances back to see Tracy in pursuit. Dashing up the street, the Kid hears the footsteps of Tracy's long strides as the cop closes the gap between them. Flashing past a fruit stand, the Kid slaps out at the fruit--dozens of apples and oranges bounce to the pavement, slowing Tracy's chase. The FRUITSTAND VENDER shrieks some angry Italian at the Kid. The Kid is running for his life as he hears the footsteps again. Flying to the back of the alley, he comes to a wooden fence. The Kid has obviously been here before--pulling away a loose board, he squeezes through the fence just an instant before Tracy's big hand reaches for him. The hand has managed to reach through the fence and grab the Kid's shirt.

TRACY

Just relax, kid. I'm not going to arrest you--I just want to talk to you.

The Kid bites Tracy's hand; the hand opens, and the Kid is on the run again. Tracy rubs his hand, but there's a challenge in his eye as he scrambles over the fence to the alley on the other side.

Running into the railroad yard, the Kid climbs the iron ladder to the top of a boxcar then runs along the top, jumping from boxcar to boxcar. Tracy reaches the top of the boxcar and pursues.

The cop chases the Kid over the tops of the boxcars to the end of the train. The Kid scrambles down the side of the caboose, then leaps into an open boxcar and hides. Winded and scared, the Kid peers out to see Tracy on top of the caboose, searching through the train yard. Everything is perfectly still. Tracy's voice is quiet, but firm.

TRACY

Look, kid--you're not in trouble. The watch isn't important. Eight ninety-five at Woolworths.

Finally, the detective gives up, turns and walks away. The Kid draws a breath of relief, then heads in the opposite direction.

TRANSITION.

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41 EXT. HOOVERVILLE - DAY

41

A shanty town of one room shacks made out of loose boards and tar paper. The Kid approaches one of the shacks and goes inside.

42 INT. SHACK

42

A dingy room with soapboxes and crates for furniture, lit by a single kerosene lamp. STEVE THE TRAMP is an ignorant brute, muscular and scarred. His stubbled face is greasy from the last of the fried chicken he eats.

STEVE

Where you been? What took you so long?

KID

Hey, where'd you get the chicken? You didn't save me none?

Steve tosses a bone at the Kid.

STEVE

What'd ya get? Let's see the loot.

The Kid looks resentfully at the bone and throws it away. He places Tracy's watch on the soapbox in front of Steve.

STEVE

What else?

KID

That's all. Some big guy chased me...

Steve examines the cheap pocket watch.

STEVE

Ah, this penny-ante stuff ain't gettin' us nowhere. Maybe we can slip you into somebody's house. Get some real jewelry-- diamonds and stuff.

KID

I ain't breakin' into nobody's house.

STEVE

You'll do what I tell ya.

A hard backhand from Steve knocks the Kid into a rough tumble across the floor. Suddenly, a shadow stands in the doorway.

TRACY

Why don't you try that on me, tough guy?
I'm a little more your size.

Tracy steps into the light. Steve is startled, and he reaches back to grip a board for a weapon.

(CONTINUED)

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STEVE

Who the hell are you, mister?

TRACY

Dick Tracy. I'm a cop.

Tracy takes a step towards Steve, who holds the board like a baseball bat as he rises. Protruding from the end of the board is a carefully placed nail that makes this a very dangerous weapon. Steve takes a vicious swing at Tracy, slashing his jacket with the nail as Tracy jumps away. Steve's lip curls into a sneer.

STEVE

No gun? You should never go out without your gun, copper. Things can get rough out here.

Another vicious swing, but Tracy steps away again. He circles Steve cautiously, looking for an opening. Steve swings the board again, missing Tracy. Tracy unloads a thunderous roundhouse that knocks Steve backward, right through the flimsy wall of the shack. The roof caves in as Tracy comes out of the wreckage, followed by the Kid.

43 EXT. SHACK

43

Rising with menace, Steve squares off against Tracy. But the detective begins to circle, moving gracefully like a boxer, flicking out sudden, stinging jabs in Steve's face. The Kid watches with wide-eyed wonder--he's never seen Steve meet his match before.

Ducking a roundhouse, Tracy fires three more quick jabs and flattens Steve's nose.

Steve lunges for Tracy, but catches a dozen punches that drive him to his knees.

TRACY

If you're gonna be a tough guy, maybe you ought'a learn how to fight...

Steve gets up and throws another roundhouse; Tracy ducks it and lands a haymaker which knocks Steve flat on his back, out cold. The Kid is wide-eyed as Tracy looks over at him...

TRACY

Okay, kid, let's start at the top-- what's your name?

The Kid contemplates running but decides against it. Cornered, his eyes flash with defiance.

KID

I don't talk to cops.

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43 CONTINUED:

43

TRACY

This guy your old man?

KID

Ah, go soak your head...

Tracy looks at the kid disgustedly...

TRACY

A tough kid with all the answers.

Tracy moves back to the now semi-conscious Steve. The Kid watches as Tracy puts the cuffs on the fallen man.

TRACY

One thing you don't have to worry about, kid. This guy won't hit you anymore. He's goin' to jail.

KID

What about me, copper? What're you gonna do to me?

TRACY

I dunno. Looks to me like you're nothin' but a little street rat on his way to growin' up to be just like him.

He gestures down to the groggy Steve then pulls him to his feet.

TRACY

Come on, buddy, we got a cell waitin' for you.

Tracy moves off with Steve, the Kid following behind...

TRANSITION.

44 INT. SERVICE GARAGE - NIGHT

44

FIVE MEN play stud poker in a quiet South Side garage. Many delivery trucks of various types are parked in careful rows, and a radio in the background plays MUSIC.

DEALER

A pair of eights...possible straight...
possible nothing...Queens bet a quarter.

Two players drop out, and three stay in. Irritated, the dealer turns to the player next to him.

DEALER

I told ya to quit breathin' that clam
sauce on me.

(CONTINUED)

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44 CONTINUED:

44

PLAYER

Shut up and deal.

The dealer starts another round.

DEALER

Uh-oh. Aces and eights. Dead man's hand...

There's a sudden squeal of tires outside. The players look up from the card game just as a black sedan blasts through the service entrance.

The players scatter in five different directions, but they don't get very far. The car screeches to a stop and we see the vicious gangster face of FLATTOP, a professional assassin, as he leans out the window.

Flattop opens fire with the machine gun in his arms. Bullets through the room, shattering glass, splintering furniture, breaking chunks of plaster off the walls. A telephone explodes, legs are sawed off a card table, a tool box is torn to pieces. The garage is blasted to smithereens and so are the five card players, who lie still and lifeless on the floor.

The black sedan swings into a lazy turn and drives out through the broken door of a service entrance. An eerie quiet settles through the garage as the black sedan drives away.

45 INT. BLACK SEDAN

45

Three men in the car, all wearing the fashionable styles of gangland... The two men in the front (MUMBLES and ITCHY) seem grim and serious, but in the back seat, Flattop has a crooked smile as he caresses his tommy gun. *

TRANSITION.

46-52 INT. CLUB LAVENDER - NIGHT

46-52

A plush nightclub decorated in perfect taste: crystal chandeliers, velvet tablecloths, and exotic hanging plants.

On the bandstand, we see a torch singer sitting on the piano-- she is the dazzling BREATHLESS MAHONEY, sparkling with jewels in a blue spotlight as she sings "Embraceable You". At all times Breathless Mahoney is a woman under control--an accomplished gold digger, a bored survivor, a soft and beautiful cobra.

BREATHLESS

(singing)

"Embrace me, my sweet embraceable you.
Embrace me, my irreplaceable you..."

(CONTINUED)

The piano player is a thin black man named 88 KEYS. A cigarette dangles constantly from his lip.

LIPS MANLIS sits at a table in a dark corner and sips expensive champagne as he watches Breathless. He is a dapper walrus, moustache and all--a fat dandy in a white tuxedo with a rose in the lapel. Two dangerous looking BODYGUARDS lurk in the shadows nearby.

FRANKIE SPENCE, a small man with nervous eyes, approaches Lips and leans down to speak quietly in his ear.

SPENCE

Bad news, boss.

LIPS

Shh! Not during the song.

SPENCE

Somebody just hit the garage. Killed everybody. The boys are nervous--three hits this week, and nobody knows who's behind it.

Lips frowns at Frankie Spence, and Spence reluctantly withdraws. Lips watches Breathless once again.

Finishing her song, Breathless acknowledges the applause and smiles at 88 Keys.

BREATHLESS

You've never played better.

88 KEYS

It's only because you inspire me. When are you going to dump the fat man and go out on your own? You're too good for this place.

BREATHLESS

So are you.

88 KEYS

I've got my ambition--I'm just waiting for the right opportunity. But you--you're ready for the big time now.

BREATHLESS

I tried that once, and all I got was hungry.

Breathless smiles again, touches 88's shoulder, then joins Lips at his table. She does it like a duty, not a choice.

LIPS

Magnificent, my dear--as always.

(CONTINUED)

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BREATHLESS

(dryly)

I hate that song. It reminds me of you.

Lips is amused: she doesn't like him, but he owns her anyway. A bowl of oysters is served, and Lips digs in...

BREATHLESS

Mind if I leave? You make me sick when you eat.

LIPS

You didn't use to think so.

BREATHLESS

You didn't use to be the size of a dirigible.

LIPS

My dear, in case you haven't heard, there's a gang war going on, and the streets are dangerous. Maybe you should remember that you're much safer here with me...

Lips slides another oyster down his throat.

LIPS

Treachery everywhere. Ambitious men, out to destroy my kingdom.

BREATHLESS

I couldn't care less.

LIPS

Your devotion is touching...

Lips tips her a champagne toast and drinks. Suddenly there's a flurry of confused movement and screams across the room. Wood splits in the front door as axes break through from the outside.

CUSTOMER

Raid! It's the cops!

88 Keys plays some SILENT MOVIE CHASE MUSIC on the piano as the cops appear. Neither Lips nor Breathless seem concerned about the raid. The bodyguards draw their guns and flank Lips. They watch as COPS BREAK IN and customers rush for the exits. Lips motions the bodyguards away, and Breathless glances with boredom as the three cops approach the table.

FIRST COP

Let's go, Manlis. Tracy wants to see you.

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46-52 CONTINUED: (3)

46-52

LIPS

Why would he want to see a decent
citizen like me?

FIRST COP

Maybe he wants to grease your moustache.
Come on, let's go.

Lips is amused. He smiles and finishes his wine.

TRANSITION.

53 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

53

A police car speeds through the night and turns into a river-
front street.

54 INT. POLICE CAR

54

Lips Manlis sits in the back seat, between two cops. Breathless
rides in the front beside the driver, unconcerned as she files
her nails. Lips suddenly looks a bit disturbed.

LIPS

Hey--where we going? This isn't the
way to headquarters...

(a dreadful realization)

You're not the cops...

The cop at the wheel takes a sudden, sharp turn.

55 EXT. STREET

55

The police car streaks through the wide entrance of a warehouse.
and the overhead door closes behind it.

56 INT. WAREHOUSE

56

The police car screeches to a halt in a cluttered warehouse
filled with large crates.

Half a dozen dark figures step into the open and surround the car.
Lips, Breathless, and the three cops get out of the car. With
nervous, quick eyes, Lips slams a sudden elbow into the stomach
of one of the cops, then breaks into a waddling sprint.

Tripped by one of the dark figures, Lips sprawls into an awkward
belly flop and skids across the floor. He looks up with a
crushed lapel rose and a grease stained tuxedo. Six inches
from his nose, he sees a pair of flashy wing tipped shoes.

AL "BIG BOY" CAPRICE smiles down at Lips. Big Boy wears a
white panama hat, and a cheap clash of colors in his suit. He
has a habit of cracking walnuts, chewing them thoughtfully and
stuffing the shells into his pockets.

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BIG BOY

Ahh, look what you done to your pretty tuxedo.

Big Boy helps Lips up off the floor and brushes off his lapels.

LIPS

Big Boy--but we're pals.

BIG BOY

No pals in this business, Lips. You taught me that.

LIPS

Wait a minute, I'm the one that got you started in the rackets. I took you under my wing.

BIG BOY

And I'm gonna miss you, Lips--right here, in my heart.

A cement truck suddenly rolls forward, with a huge cement mixer churning. Lips' eyes flash with fear.

LIPS

Not that way, Big Boy. Not like that.

BIG BOY

Sorry. I gotta be sure.

The third "cop" tapes Lips' mouth shut. For the first time, we get a good look at his face--he is Flattop, the machine gunner who cut down the men in the garage.

Big Boy cracks another walnut and nods to the "cops". They drag Lips across the floor, tie his hands, and lift him into a large wooden crate.

Big Boy moves close to Breathless and sizes her up.

BIG BOY

So, what do I do with you?

BREATHLESS

I got a choice?

BIG BOY

A woman with your looks has always got a choice.

Breathless looks Big Boy over, then walks over to Lips, who sits helplessly bound in the crate. She kisses his cheek gently.

(CONTINUED)

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BREATHLESS

Sorry, Lips, but I guess it's bye-bye, baby.

Big Boy crosses to Lips, tips the mixer, and thick cement pours heavily into the wooden crate. Lips' eyes almost bulge out of his head but he is helpless. Breathless takes out a mirror and adjusts her make-up.

Suddenly, a door opens and a NIGHT WATCHMAN walks in. He is startled to find the ritual murder in progress.

WATCHMAN

Hey, what the hell!?

Turning quickly to leave, he takes two steps before Flattop cuts him down with a machine gun.

Big Boy gives the nod and a wooden cover is slapped over the crate. Suddenly a trap door beneath Lips drops twenty feet to the dark river below. Big Boy watches as he hits the surface of the river with a loud splash.

BIG BOY

Put the word out--Lips' territory is my territory now. Everybody who worked for him works for me. Everything he owned, I own. Anybody gives you any trouble, zip their suits.

Noticing a splatter of cement on his shoe, Big Boy turns to MUMBLES MALLOY, one of the phony cops.

BIG BOY

Wipe it off, Mumbles.

MUMBLES

Yurboz.

Mumbles kneels and wipes the shoe with his handkerchief. Big Boy takes the jacket from Breathless' shoulders.

BIG BOY

With me, you wear mink, or you wear nothin'.

She gives him her best smile.

BREATHLESS

I look good either way.

Arm in arm they head for the door.

TRANSITION.

000042

A fancy place with ritzy clientele in the heart of the city. Most of the attention of the customers is focused on Tracy, Tess, and especially the ragamuffin Kid at the corner table.

The Kid is eating like there is no tomorrow, stuffing himself like a pig. His table manners are non-existent as he crams food into his mouth with both hands, slurps soup, eats greasy meat with his fingers and wipes his hands on the tablecloth. Tess looks at the Kid, he's pounding the food down like there's no tomorrow.

TESS

My god, this kid is starving. And where did he get those clothes?

KID

That flour sack you're wearing ain't so hot either, sister.

TRACY

At least, she paid for that flour sack, Kid.

TESS

(to Tracy)

Dick! This dress is not a flour sack.

TRACY

Sorry, that's not the point I was making. I was trying to tell the Kid...

KID

Only a sucker pays for anything.

TRACY

Steve taught you that?

KID

Steve taught me everything.

TRACY

It shows. You got a name?

KID

Kid. That's what everybody calls me.

TRACY

Where are you from?

KID

Up the track somewhere. We've been everywhere. Steve never liked stopping in one place.

TESS

Is Steve your father?

(CONTINUED)

000042

CONTINUED:

KID

I ain't got no father. I ain't even got Steve now.

The Kid drinks the water in the fingerbowl.

TESS

You mean you have nobody...

KID

That's right lady. I got nobody.

Tracy glances at Tess--he doesn't like the direction in which the conversation is turning.

TESS

I hate to be the realist here, but you've got a problem, Mr. Detective. What are you going to do with this little eating machine. You can't just put him back on the street and say, go get 'em tiger.

TRACY

What are you talking about?

TESS

I'll tell you what I'm talking about, Tracy. There's a Depression going on out there and he's hungry.

TRACY

Now, wait a minute...

The Kid has been listening to all this with interest. He senses a meal ticket.

KID

Yeah, what are ya gonna do with me?

TRACY

(to Tess)

He can sleep on my couch tonight, but tomorrow morning we call the welfare office.

TESS

You mean the orphanage?!

KID

You ain't sticking me in one of them orphanages. I've been there, and I ain't going back.

TRACY

It's the only thing to do. I'm a cop--I can't take care of a kid, for Pete's sake.

(CONTINUED)

KID

I ain't no trouble. Just give me three square meals a day and you'll never even see me.

TESS

You're in a pickle, Mr. Tracy.

TRACY

Now, cut it out. Both of you. You're not going to railroad me into something...

Tracy looks unsettled. A WAITER arrives, glancing distastefully at the Kid, and begins to clear the table.

TRACY

They've got nice foster homes for kids like this. They feed them and give them clothes...

TESS

And nothing. They feed them and give them clothes. They don't give them hugs and kisses and warmth.

KID

You can forget the hugs and kisses. A couple of lamb chops and potatoes, that's all I need. And some ice cream too.

(to Waiter)

You got any ice cream?

The Waiter looks at Tracy.

TRACY

Go ahead. Bring him some ice cream...

The Waiter observes the Kid distastefully again.

WAITER

Shall I bring a washcloth, too?

Tracy finds this to be unnecessarily insulting.

TRACY

Yeah--then stick it in your ear. Haven't you ever seen a hungry kid before.

The Waiter moves away. Tess smiles proudly at Tracy and touches his hand.

TESS

You're terrific, Tracy.

TRACY

I haven't changed my mind about the Kid.

(CONTINUED)

000042

57 CONTINUED: (3)

57

Suddenly, Pat's voice calls over Tracy's wrist-radio.

PAT'S VOICE

Calling Dick Tracy! Calling Dick Tracy!

The Kid's eyes bulge with wonder at the wrist-radio.

TRACY

Come in, Pat.

PAT'S VOICE

Homicide. Clark's Garage on Third Avenue. Looks like we've got about six bodies here.

TRACY

On my way.

KID

Wow--How do I get me one of those?

TRACY

Easy. Become a cop.

Rising quickly, he drops some money onto the table.

TRACY

I'll send a squad car by to take you home.

TESS

What about the Kid?

TRACY

Watch him or something. I don't know. Got to go.

Tracy rushes to the door and leaves. Tess notices the Kid's hands creeping for the money that Tracy left on the table. Her eyes lock into his.

TESS

Touch that money and I'll break your arm.

The Kid's hand retreats. He looks at her defiantly.

KID

I don't like dames. Got it?

TESS

I ain't no dame. Got it?

The Kid gives her a look of suspicious respect.

TRANSITION.

000042

58 EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

58

A curious crowd swarms the street outside the garage where Flattop machine-gunned the poker players. Uniformed Cops control the crowd by roping off the area.

A SIREN WAILS as Tracy's police car pulls up to the scene. People gape as Tracy steps out of the car and strides toward the garage with command and prestige. There is drama in Tracy's appearance--the trenchcoat, the hat, and long strides--this is the top cop in town, and he's on the job--a law enforcement machine, a remote celebrity, a star.

59 INT. GARAGE

59

Chief Brandon looks shell-shocked as he watches Morgue Attendants cover the bodies with sheets, while Detectives chalk the outlines on the floor and Crime Photographers flash pictures. Other Cops measure and photograph skid marks of tires, and Lab Technicians dust for prints and other evidence. We get a feeling of real organization here--Tracy's detectives have been well-trained and are disciplined.

Tracy moves through the flurry of all this activity and finds Pat Patton.

TRACY

Citizens or scum?

PAT

Scum.

TRACY

Anybody we know?

PAT

It's a rogue's gallery here. The Blake Brothers, Nails Bodeen, Suitcase Simpson, Lucky Francisco, Little Augie...

TRACY

Lips Manlis' top guns. Looks like someone is trying to take over his territory.

BRANDON

Six bodies--it's a massacre. We've got the makings of a gang war, Dick. What're we going to do?

TRACY

As long as they're shooting each other, maybe we should give them some more bullets.

BRANDON

Very funny, but it's open warfare--we're sitting on a powder keg here.

(CONTINUED)

000042

TRACY

Yeah, and you're standing on the evidence, Chief. Come on, move off the skid marks...

Brandon quickly steps off some tire skid marks on the concrete...

TRACY

Casey, photograph these tire tracks. I want to know the make of the tire and the depth of the tread. Find out if they were factory tires. If so, the year, make, and model of the car they were put on.

Tracy moves like a rocket into the flurry of activity and issues rapid-fire orders to officers and technicians. Brandon tags along, but he is clearly out of his league.

TRACY

Get those primers run through ballistics, Tom--fast. They look like .45 ACP for a Thompson. Check them for prints first. We might just get lucky... Carter, I want photographs of this scene top to bottom--and don't get artistic--wide angle shots of the physical locale, close-ups on the evidence.

BRANDON

The newspapers will have a field day with this, Tracy. We've got to get control of this situation fast...

TRACY

(ignoring Brandon)

Sweep the neighborhood, Pat--house to house for witnesses--somebody must have seen something. I want some extra men put on this case--we'll work around the clock if we have to.

The response to Tracy's energy is an even greater flurry of activity. Tracy's wrist-radio suddenly comes alive with Sam Catchem's voice.

SAM'S VOICE

Calling Dick Tracy. Calling Dick Tracy.

TRACY

What is it, Sam?

SAM'S VOICE

We got another homicide. A warehouse over on River Street.

(CONTINUED)

000042

59 CONTINUED: (2)

59

TRACY

On my way.

(to Pat)

Must be a full moon tonight.

TRANSITION.

60-62 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

60-62

A quieter murder scene, with only Sam Catchem and TWO UNIFORMED COPS standing over the body of the night watchman as Tracy and Brandon arrive.

SAM

Remember Milo Pettinga?

TRACY

Yeah--he was a good cop. Retired about six years ago.

SAM

A nice old guy on a pension. Checked out the warehouses part-time to pick up a few bucks.

Tracy examines Sam's notes.

BRANDON

We're wasting time here, Tracy.

TRACY

You never know, Chief.

BRANDON

Sam could take care of this. We should be back at the garage.

TRACY

(to Sam)

Sixteen bullets in the body?

SAM

Rough count. Maybe more. Who'd shoot an old man with a tommy gun?

TRACY

The mob. Wonder what he saw...

Tracy glances to the rafters, then looks around the floor. Kneeling down, he touches a dry spot of cement and rubs it between his fingers. The wood on the floor underneath the cement spot is wet. He looks around for more cement spots.

(CONTINUED)

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60-62 CONTINUED:

60-62

SAM

We found some cracked walnut shells, and one of the boys found a police badge on the floor. It's a phony.

BRANDON

Those six bodies on the other side of town aren't phony. That's where the heat is, Tracy.

TRACY

There's a puzzle here, Chief. How can you walk away from a puzzle?

Picking up a shell primer, he compares it with the one he found in the garage.

TRACY

Same mark where the firing pin hit.
Same gun.

Tracy follows the cement spots to several large scratches in the floor. Studying the grain pattern on the floor boards, he finds the outline of the trap door. Lifting the trap door with the blade of his pocket knife, he looks down to the river below.

TRACY

Get a diver out here, Sam. There's something down there.

Brandon is stunned as he looks down through the murky waters and sees the vague outline of a packing crate. Meanwhile, Tracy spots something on the floor, bends down, and picks up a blue sapphire earring. He looks it over and puts it into his pocket.

TRACY

Looks like a big night for the boys in gangland. I'm willing to bet that's Lips Manlis down there.

BRANDON

Lips Manlis! Who's got the guts to knock off the biggest hood in town?

Tracy examines the broken walnut shells.

TRACY

Ever heard of Al "Big Boy" Caprice? He was Manlis' top gun for awhile. Caprice has got a nervous habit--always cracking walnuts.

SAM

I thought Manlis sent him off to the coast to set up operations there.

(CONTINUED)

000042

60-62 CONTINUED:

60-62

TRACY

Looks like he's back in town and plans to stay.

BRANDON

We've got to pick him up and put an end to this.

TRACY

We can't go into court with just a handful of walnuts... I got a better idea, Chief. Let's pick up his henchmen, sweat 'em for a while and see if we can make 'em sing.

TRANSITION.

63 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

63

With sirens wailing, the paddy wagon pulls up to Police Headquarters. Pat, Sam, and other detectives roughly escort Flat-top, Mumbles, and JAKE "ITCHY" ROSSI (who continually scratches himself) into the building. We recognize them as Big Boy's top gunmen, the phony cops from the night before.

64 INT. TRACY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

64

A large glass-walled cubicle within the squad-room. Beyond a dozen scuffed up desks and lots of 1930's atmosphere: oak railings, cathedral windows, creaky furniture, and bulging filing cabinets. The clock on the wall reads 2:00 A.M.

Tracy's office is in one corner, with windows that look into the squad room. His rolltop desk is cluttered with files and unfinished reports, a microscope, a fingerprint kit, and several books on law and crime.

There are personal items too: a framed photo of Tess, various "Cop of the Year" awards haphazardly arranged, a bullet-riddled hat tagged "June 2, 1927--Lefty O'Brian's Mob", and an autographed photo of Red Grange in a Chicago Bears uniform: "To My Pal Tracy..."

Tracy stands at a hot plate, cooking chili in the can it came in. Pat and Sam push Itchy, Flattop and Mumbles into the room.

SAM

They came in like lambs, Tracy. I remember when punks were tough.

TRACY

Yeah, must be the Depression. They've lost all their starch.

(CONTINUED)

000042

FLATTOP

You can't get away with this, copper.
We got rights.

ITCHY

Yeah. We get to make one phone call--
that's the law.

Tracy picks up his telephone, rips it out of the wall, and
tosses it to Itchy. Itchy holds the dead phone.

ITCHY

Hey, what is this? I can't use this
thing...

TRACY

Make a note, Pat. They waived their
right to a phone call. Now, take 'em
down the hall and sweat 'em.

Tracy turns back to his chili, but Flattop steps close and
grabs the front of his shirt.

FLATTOP

Maybe you better look before you leap,
copper. We break people like you into
little pieces every day.

Tracy simply dumps hot chili from the spoon onto Flattop's
hand. Flattop recoils in pain, releasing Tracy's shirt. He
takes a swing at Tracy, but misses. Tracy buckles him with
a thunderous hook to the stomach and Pat and Sam grab Flattop's
arms. All of it has happened in the blink of an eye.

FLATTOP

You can't hide in here forever. I'll find
you in the street.

TRACY

Take the bad man away, Pat. He scares
me.

Pat and Sam push the three men out of the room.

TRANSITION.

65 INT. POLICE LAB - NIGHT

65

Several Lab Technicians are at work in the large Police Lab. We
find Tracy and Pat among them. Tracy studies fragments of walnut
shell and pieces of cement beneath a microscope while Pat studies
photos of the warehouse.

TRACY

Well, there's nothing here. Not even the
smudge of a print.

(CONTINUED) 000042

65 CONTINUED:

65

Sam suddenly appears at the door, looking worn out.

SAM

They're yelling for their clothes.

TRACY

They can have them when the boys finish examining them.

SAM

They don't look so tough in their underwear, I'll tell ya that. But this guy Flattop is made of iron. Can't get a word out of him.

TRACY

Which one is the softest?

SAM

Mumbles Malloy--I got him worried.

TRACY

Let's worry him some more.

Tracy follows Sam toward the interrogation area.

66 INT. INTERROGATION AREA

66

Tracy and Sam move past two interrogation areas--dark rooms with bright lights that shine on Itchy and Flattop while they are grilled by Detectives. In the third room, Tracy finds Mumbles baking under hot lights in his underwear.

Mumbles is tired, nervous, and slick with sweat as Tracy and Sam move close to him. He sees only their black silhouettes as Sam lights a cigarette.

SAM

Cigarette, Mumbles?

Mumbles mumbles something incoherently. He rarely speaks clearly, and sometimes can barely be heard.

MUMBLES

Ili asigrete.

TRACY

What'd he say?

SAM

He said he'd like a cigarette...

Sam blows smoke in Mumbles' face. The dialogue becomes rapid-fire.

(CONTINUED)

000042

TRACY

You were there when Lips was murdered.

SAM

You're going to the chair.

TRACY

Ever thought about that first jolt?

SAM

You don't die right away.

TRACY

So they hit you again.

SAM

It's gruesome.

TRACY

Horrible.

SAM

There's no way out.

TRACY

Unless you talk.

MUMBLES

Ader.

TRACY

What'd he say?

MUMBLES

Ader.

SAM

Water. He wants a glass of water.

TRACY

I can never understand what this guy says. Get some water, Sam.

Sam leaves to get some water.

TRACY

We know "Big Boy" Caprice was behind it. He's the one we want--not you.

MUMBLES

Otalkin'...

TRACY

Tell us what happened. I'll get you two years probation, tops. Big Boy gets the chair. Come on, Mumbles, talk.

(CONTINUED) 000042

66 CONTINUED: (2)

66

Mumbles suddenly becomes comprehensible.

MUMBLES

These lights! I'm burning up!

TRACY

What'd you say? More lights?

Tracy snaps on another light.

TRACY

They're magic lights. When they hear the truth, they go out.

MUMBLES

I don't know nothin'! Nothin'!

Sam returns with a large glass of water. Mumbles eyes it gratefully.

SAM

I put some ice in it.

TRACY

Thanks, Sam.

While Mumbles watches, Tracy drinks the water--every drop of it. Mumbles sobs.

MUMBLES

What're you doin' to me? You ain't human...

He lurches for the lights, but Tracy slams him back down into the chair.

TRACY

What you did to the night watchman--that wasn't human. Now talk!

MUMBLES

I can't take it no more!

TRACY

Talk to me, Mumbles. C'mon. Talk.

Pat enters the room and gives Tracy a typed report. Tracy reads it quickly.

TRACY

Fresh from the lab. They found residue of cement in your clothes. A rose petal in your cuff. Looks like you killed Lips Manlis. You're gonna take the rap. Book him on suspicion of murder, Sam.

(CONTINUED)

000042

MUMBLES

I didn't do it! You know I didn't do it!

TRACY

Who did it? Say the name. Talk.

MUMBLES

Big Boy--he killed Manlis! But I'll never testify, Tracy. Never!

Tracy relaxes. He turns out the hot lights.

TRACY

We don't want you to testify. We just want to get you on our side.

Pushing aside a screen, Tracy reveals a microphone and a wire recorder. He rewinds the wire a short way. We hear:

MUMBLES' VOICE

"I didn't do it! You know I didn't do it!"

TRACY'S VOICE

"Who did it? Say the name. Talk."

MUMBLES' VOICE

"Big Boy. He killed Manlis."

Tracy stops the machine dead in its tracks at that point.

TRACY

You think Big Boy might be interested in a copy of this?

MUMBLES

Don't do it, Tracy. Please...

TRACY

You're working for me now, Mumbles. You're gonna get some information for me.

Mumbles looks thoroughly whipped as Tracy and Sam leave the room.

Tracy and Sam head towards Tracy's office.

SAM

What's our next move?

TRACY

I want Big Boy to know I'm after him. I want him to know he's my target. We're going to pick him up tomorrow and give him something to think about.

(CONTINUED)

000042

67 CONTINUED:

67

SAM

We've got nothing to hold him on except some walnuts and a sweated statement by one of his henchmen that'll never stand up in court.

TRACY

I don't care. I wanna see what he looks like in the can. A couple of nights in jail won't hurt him any.

TRANSITION.

68 INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

68

A bit weary, Tracy climbs the stairs to his apartment. It's the kind of building where an honest cop would live--cracks in the hallway plaster and the smell of boiled cabbage in the air.

69 INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

69

A clean, simple, three room apartment with second-hand furniture. As Tracy enters, he is surprised to see Tess asleep in a chair. Glancing into the bedroom, Tracy sees the Kid sound asleep in Tracy's bed.

Something in the scene touches Tracy. He just seems to drink in every detail of it for a moment. Then he moves quietly across the room, kneels down beside Tess, and touches her hair gently. She wakes up with a sleepy smile.

TRACY

You've never looked so beautiful.

He lifts her into his arms and kisses warmly.

TRANSITION.

70 EXT. CLUB LAVENDER - DAY

70

The sign on the door reads:

"UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT"
"CLOSED FOR REMODELING"

71 INT. CLUB LAVENDER - DAY

71

Everything is changing at the Club Lavender. Carpenters and Decorators are completely remodeling the place. The quiet class of Lips Manlis is changing to the brassy glitter of Big Boy Caprice.

Over in one corner, Breathless rehearses a new song with 88 Keys at the piano. Meanwhile, Big Boy stands in the center of the remodeling activity, directing the works.

(CONTINUED)

000042

BIG BOY

I want lots of bright lights on the stage. Colored lights. And fix it so confetti and balloons come down everywhere.

As he moves around, Big Boy is followed by CHARLIE "NUMBERS" NORTON, a quiet calculating accountant with eyes that seem to see and remember everything. Numbers carries a ledger sheet and continually make notes.

NUMBERS

You're going way overboard here, Big Boy. We can get the same effect with half the expense.

BIG BOY

That's the trouble with you, Numbers-- you think small. Juggle your books any way you want to, but this is gonna be a first class joint.

Over in the corner, Breathless hits a sour note, and she and 88 Keys break up laughing. Big Boy scowls, but keeps talking as he moves towards the piano.

BIG BOY

People come here, they're gonna get a party every night. They'll know who's the king of this town.

As if to emphasize his point, Big Boy suddenly slams the piano keys cover down onto 88 Keys' hand. 88 howls with pain as he massages his hand, and Breathless is shocked.

BIG BOY

When I'm talkin', I don't want anybody laughin'. When I'm talkin', everybody should be payin' attention.

Gripping Breathless' arm, Big Boy leads her back to the remodeling area. She glares at him defiantly.

BREATHLESS

That was a stupid thing to do. He's the best piano man in town...

BIG BOY

Shut up. Next time, I'll turn his fingers into pretzels if I feel like it. And, remember this, sweet pea, bein' my girl doesn't mean you get the right to lip off. I just might do the same thing to your hands.

(CONTINUED)

00004

Suddenly the front door opens. Tracy moves Itchy, Mumbles and Flattop into the room. Big Boy's eyes harden as he sees Tracy, Pat and Sam.

TRACY

Here's your garbage.

Tracy shoves the hoods toward Big Boy. Big Boy cracks a walnut with his hand and walks toward Tracy. Breathless observes the confrontation with interest.

BIG BOY

This is a private club, copper. You got a membership card?

TRACY

This is your place now?

BIG BOY

I bought it from Lips Manlis yesterday. He said he was leaving town or somethin'.

TRACY

We fished him out of the river last night.

BIG BOY

Aw, that's a shame. He was a real inspiration to me.

They are eyeball to eyeball for a moment, then Tracy appraises the merchandise as he looks Breathless over.

TRACY

(to Breathless)

I see you came with the territory.

BREATHLESS

I sing, too. Come around some night and listen.

TRACY

No grief for Manlis? I thought you two were real close.

BREATHLESS

I'm in mourning. I'm wearing black underwear.

Stalling, Big Boy cracks another walnut with a warning look at Breathless. The tone of her voice has been a little too friendly to suit him. Taking walnut shells out of his pocket, Tracy turns back to Big Boy.

TRACY

We found these on the scene.

(CONTINUED)

000042

71 CONTINUED: (3)

71

BIG BOY

A lot of people eat walnuts. They're good for the liver.

TRACY

Yeah, but, I guess they're bad for the brains. You're too messy, Big Boy--you make mistakes. You're under arrest for the murder of Lips Manlis.

BIG BOY

You can't get away with that, Tracy. You got no evidence.

TRACY

Take him, boys.

Pat and Sam slap handcuffs on Big Boy and push him toward the door. Big Boy shouts back over his shoulder.

BIG BOY

Get my lawyer! Tell 'im what these bums are doin'!

Tracy takes one last glance around, and his eyes lock on Breathless for just a moment. She smiles provocatively. Then Tracy is gone. 88 Keys approaches Breathless from behind.

88 KEYS

That Tracy's got a lot of guts, comin' in here.

BREATHLESS

Yeah, nice shoulders, too.

There's a light of interest in her eyes.

72-78 EXT. CLUB LAVENDER - DAY

72-78

Paddy wagon and police cars out front. Tracy moves with Big Boy to the back of the paddy wagon's double doors.

BIG BOY

You made me look bad in front of my people. I won't forget that, Tracy.

TRACY

You can think about it while you're up the river.

BIG BOY

You think you own this town? You can't do this to me.

(CONTINUED)

72-78 CONTINUED:

72-7.

TRACY

I am doing this to you.

Shoves Big Boy inside.
The paddy wagon roars off.

TRANSITION.

79-83 OMIT

79-83

84 EXT. BLACKSTONE HOTEL - NIGHT

84

A virgin white Packard pulls to the curb. Breathless Mahoney steps out. Wrapped in white mink, and sparkling with jewels, she goes into the hotel alone.

85 INT. BREATHLESS'S ROOM - NIGHT

85

Unlocking the door, Breathless enters a luxurious suite: thick white carpets, a grand piano, and a unique crystal bar stocked with booze.

As she turns on the light, Breathless is startled to see Tracy sitting in a comfortable chair. They watch each other like fascinated cobras, each with a small smile of amusement.

BREATHLESS

A midnight visitor. How exciting.

TRACY

I'm surprised you're alone.

BREATHLESS

Boys don't like me much. I'm just a
homely girl who couldn't get a date for
the dance.

(CONTINUED)

Dropping her white mink casually to the chair, Breathless slides behind the bar and pours two drinks. She dims the lights and puts on some quiet MUSIC as Tracy approaches the bar.

BREATHLESS

Cheers, copper.

Tracy accepts the drink, and Breathless clinks his glass with hers. Her eyes are both amused and excited as she sips the drink and watches Tracy sip his.

BREATHLESS

This stuff's illegal, you know. You just broke the law.

TRACY

It's all in the line of duty. I'm collecting evidence.

Breathless laughs with a warm, throaty sound, and Tracy finishes his drink. His tone changes--it's serious business now.

TRACY

You were there, weren't you?

BREATHLESS

Where?

TRACY

In the warehouse, when Manlis was killed.

BREATHLESS

Of course not. I was somewhere far away.

Tracy drops the blue sapphire earring he found in the warehouse into Breathless's drink. It floats to the bottom of the clear liquid.

TRACY

You lost this at the warehouse. I found the mate in your jewelry box.

Breathless misses a beat, only for a moment.

TRACY

Relax. If I was going to arrest you, you never would have made it into the hotel.

She watches him with curious intrigue.

BREATHLESS

What are you up to, honey?

TRACY

I want to know what happened in the warehouse.

(CONTINUED)

000042

She looks at him coyly, back in control again.

BREATHLESS

It's all so vague. I must have been in a state of shock. There were all these frightening men, but I can't remember any of their names or faces.

TRACY

Do you happen to remember who's side you were on? Big Boy or Manlis?

BREATHLESS

I was on the same side I'm always on... Mine.

TRACY

You know, I could take you in and sweat it out of you under the lights.

Breathless smiles.

BREATHLESS

I sweat a lot better in the dark.

TRACY

You've got beauty, brains, style. What are you doing with scum like Big Boy?

BREATHLESS

Why don't you make him go away? I like it when boys fight over me.

Their eyes lock together--the wills of two strong people. The attraction is strong--the pull is magnetic, and they both feel it.

BREATHLESS

I know how you feel. You don't know if you want to hit me, or kiss me. I get a lot of that.

TRACY

I'm going to get Big Boy--you know that. If you wise up somewhere along the way and decide to help me, give me a call.

BREATHLESS

You knew I wouldn't tell you anything. Maybe you should ask yourself why you really came here, Mister Detective...

Breathless has hit a truth, and Tracy knows it. He leaves abruptly. Breathless smiles like a spider who has spun the perfect web.

TRANSITION.

000042

86 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

86

Accompanied by Flattop and several lawyers, Big Boy steps out of City Hall and is greeted by the same swarm of reporters that met Tracy at the train. He smiles, waves, tips his Panama hat to photographers as he moves toward his limousine.

BIG BOY

Just another case of police brutality, boys. It's lucky I don't bruise easy.

FIRST REPORTER

What about those killings in the garage? Were you involved?

BIG BOY

I wasn't near the place. I was taking a dance lesson.

SECOND REPORTER

There's a rumor you killed Lips Manlis.

Flattop gives the reporter a menacing scowl, but Big Boy motions him back.

BIG BOY

Lips was a pal of mine. The coppers are trying to set me up as a patsy for his murder. I'm merely a decent citizen who runs a small social club.

87 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

87

Looking through the window of the Mayor's office, Tracy tightens his jaw. He watches Big Boy step into the limo, then turns to Chief Brandon, Mayor Sparma and District Attorney JOHN FLETCHER. Fletcher is a handsome, well-tailored man with greying temples.

TRACY

We've got a nice system going, D.A. I put the scum in the can --you put them back on the street.

FLETCHER

You broke every rule in the book, Tracy. You're lucky I don't throw you in the can.

TRACY

You're welcome to try.

SPARMA

(the peacemaker)

Gentlemen, there's no need to get emotional.

(CONTINUED)

000042

FLETCHER

Caprice is a private citizen. Our maverick police detective kidnaps him, takes him on a dangerous raid of a brewery then throws him in jail.

TRACY

Your private citizen has had at least seven people murdered in the past two days. I thought that deserved a few minutes in jail.

SPARMA

Tracy's got a point there, John. It's important for these criminals to see that our police are willing to arrest them.

FLETCHER

Yes, and we've got a book for these things--methods and procedures. What if a stray bullet had killed him?

TRACY

I would have apologized to him.

FLETCHER

That's great. I'm fed up with your hot-headed Irish ways of doing things.

BRANDON

Listen, Fletcher, you can't talk to Tracy like that. This is the best cop this town has ever seen. And if you make any more cracks about the Irish, I'll be pinning your ears back behind your head and tying your tongue into a knot.

SPARMA

Please, gentlemen. Our objective is to get Caprice legally behind bars. I expect all of you to do your jobs in the proper way and get him there. This whole thing has been a regrettable mistake and--

TRACY

No mistake.

SPARMA

An error in judgement, and--

TRACY

No error in judgement.

(CONTINUED)

000012

87 CONTINUED: (2)

87

SPARMA

A difference of opinion between the
two of you. We are a team, gentlemen.
We must work together, agreed?

Neither Tracy nor Fletcher says a word as they glare at each
other. Sparma smiles.

SPARMA

Good--agreed. Now, let's all get back
to work.

TRANSITION.

88 INT. CITY HALL CORRIDOR - DAY

88

Tracy and Brandon leave the office together and head for the
elevator.

TRACY

Thanks for backing me, Chief.

BRANDON

Yeah, that Fletcher gets under my skin
sometimes.

TRACY

I don't trust him...

BRANDON

Don't say that, Tracy--he's got a fine
record. Ninety-seven percent con-
victions on all his cases.

TRACY

He nails the little fish but never goes
after the sharks.

Brandon nods and they move on.

TRANSITION.

89 INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

89

Standing in his underwear, the Kid casts a suspicious eye at
the CLERK who measures his waist. The Kid looks defiantly at
Tracy and Tess.

KID

I don't want new clothes. Mine ain't
even broken in yet.

TESS

They smell very broken in.

(CONTINUED)

000042

KID

Get her off me, Tracy. Next she'll be dousing me with poifume.

TRACY

She has a will of her own in these matters.

CLERK

If the young gentleman would step back to our dressing room, he could try on the suit.

KID

I don't need a suit. I don't go to weddings, funerals or church.

TESS

You'll need this suit for school.

KID

(jolted)

School!

The Clerk ushers the Kid toward one of the dressing rooms.

TESS

Do you remember when you got your first suit?

TRACY

Yeah. I'm still wearing it.

Tess's smile seems a bit melancholy.

TESS

You haven't called the Welfare Office about him yet.

TRACY

I've got to, but I just haven't been able to do it. It seems so impersonal. The Kid has had a tough enough life already.

The Clerk suddenly rushes up to Tracy and Tess. He carries the suit. The Kid has tied it in knots.

CLERK

He went out the back door. Look what he did to the suit!

Tess stays behind to deal with the Clerk while Tracy heads for the back door.

90

EXT. STREET - DAY

90

Rushing out of the store, Tracy looks up the street. Through the crowds, he sees the Kid walking along in his underwear and tee-shirt. People gape, snicker and point. Tracy rushes up the street and catches the Kid.

TRACY

Where you going?

KID

I ain't wearing that monkey suit.
Tell the dame to stuff it.

TRACY

You tell the dame to stuff it. Stand up to both of us and tell us you don't want to wear that monkey suit.

KID

I am.

TRACY

No, you're not. You're running away again. Every time things get tough, you take a powder. You gonna do that all your life? Sometimes you gotta face things you don't like. You gotta stand up to them and take what comes 'cause it's what you believe in.

KID

Listen, I ain't wearing that monkey suit.

TRACY

Then go tell her. Walk back there, stick your chin out and tell her you're not gonna wear that monkey suit.

The Kid glares at Tracy for a moment then heads defiantly back to the store.

TRANSITION.

91-
100

OMIT

91-
100

New scene to be written.

*

101- EXT. TRACY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT
106

101-
106

Tess's car pulls up to Tracy's apartment building and parks.
Inside we see Tracy and Tess, with the Kid asleep between them.
Tess smiles warmly at Tracy.

TESS

It was a nice day. We didn't get
interrupted once by that awful wrist-
radio of yours.

TRACY

Yeah, it must be broken...

TESS

Or it could be that Dick Tracy is a
great detective who has everything
under control in this town.

Tess leans over and kisses Tracy.

TESS

Well--not a perfect day, but a very
nice one.

TRACY

What would make it perfect?

TESS

A girl likes to know that the guy she's
going out with has good intentions..

TRACY

How do I prove my intentions?

TESS

You're a big time detective, Tracy. You
figure it out.

(CONTINUED)

101- CONTINUED:
106

101-
106

Tracy gathers the sleeping Kid in his arms and gets out of the car. Tess blows him a kiss and drives away... *

TRANSITION.

107 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

107

A white Packard pulls into the police station parking lot and parks next to Tracy's car which rests in the space marked "RESERVED FOR D. TRACY." There are only a few cars in the lot at this hour--the great detective is working very late.

The door of the Packard opens and out steps the long, silky leg of Breathless Mahoney. Breathless has her working clothes on: a clinging, revealing evening dress, spectacular jewelry, perfect makeup and a white mink stole. She looks up to the dimly lit window of Tracy's office.

108 INT. TRACY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

108

The squad room is dark and only the goose-necked lamp shines in Tracy's office. Tracy is working hard at his desk.

(CONTINUED)

He senses her presence before he sees her. Tracy turns the lamp toward the doorway and it's like a spotlight on the beautiful Breathless Mahoney as she enters the room. Her left hand drags the white mink casually along the floor and her right hand holds a bottle of champagne and two glasses. She smiles seductively.

BREATHLESS

What does a girl have to do to get to know you better, Tracy?

TRACY

Get arrested--that's one way.

Breathless fills the glasses with champagne.

BREATHLESS

What does a girl have to do to get arrested?

TRACY

Wearing that dress is a step in the right direction.

Sitting on the corner of the desk, the slit in Breathless' dress opens to her thigh. Tracy has a hard time keeping his eyes off it. She offers one of the glasses to Tracy, but he makes no move to take it. He watches her with a mixture of interest, amusement, curiosity and temptation. Breathless picks up a photo of Tess and looks it over--it shows Tess on a horse jumping a fence.

BREATHLESS

Pretty. Not much flair, but pretty.

TRACY

Lot of flair. She just doesn't advertise it.

BREATHLESS

It pays to advertise. I'd like to fix her makeup, change her hair.

TRACY

She probably would like to get her hands on your hair, too.

Smiling at the joke, Breathless sets the picture on the desk, face down, leans close to Tracy and purrs.

BREATHLESS

Are you going to make a move, or do I have to do everything?

(CONTINUED)

000042

TRACY

You've got me at a disadvantage. I'm on duty.

BREATHLESS

What's your day off?

TRACY

Sunday. Today is Saturday.

BREATHLESS

It's a big world. It must be Sunday somewhere.

Tracy is not made of wood--her eyes, her voice, her body language are having a strong effect on him: Tracy the cop is controlling Tracy the man.

BREATHLESS

It's so hot in here. How can you stand it?

Dipping her fingers into the cold champagne, Breathless moistens her throat. Then her hand reaches across the desk and brushes Tracy's hair off his forehead.

BREATHLESS

How long can you hold out, Tracy? It's going to happen sooner or later, you know. I'm sort of a cop myself--I always get my man.

TRACY

I've seen what happens to them after that.

BREATHLESS

Still resisting. I wonder if you know what that does to me.

Rising from the edge of the desk, Breathless drifts toward the door.

TRACY

Hey, Breathless...

She looks back over her shoulder.

TRACY

Was this purely social, or did you have a reason to drop in?

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (3)

108

BREATHLESS

I thought you'd never ask... I just wanted to tell you to keep an eye on Johnny Ramm's warehouse on Bay Street tomorrow night. Something big is going to happen.

TRACY

Like what?

BREATHLESS

Something bigger than you've ever seen. Take my word for it.

Tracy studies her carefully as she is framed in the doorway.

TRACY

I guess you got a reason for telling me this...

BREATHLESS

Sure--you just might win. You might send Big Boy to prison, and I might need a friend. A smart girl covers all the possibilities.

She glances again at Tess's photo face down on the desk.

BREATHLESS

If Blondie falls off her horse, give me a call.

With a warm and beautiful smile, Breathless drifts away, dragging her mink behind her. Tracy emits a small whistle as though control has been really difficult this time. He sets Tess's photo upright again.

TRACY

It wasn't easy, kid. I've got to get you one of those dresses.

TRANSITION.

109 EXT. BAY STREET - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

109

The alley and empty parking lot behind Johnny Ramm's warehouse. Everything is dark and still. A wino sits in the alley with his back against the wall, drinking from a bottle in a paper bag. Headlights spray across him as a long, shiny limousine pulls into the almost empty lot and glides up to the large building.

110- INT. RENTED ROOM ACROSS FROM WAREHOUSE - NIGHT
112

110-
112

Across the parking lot, we find Dick Tracy and Pat Patton in a small rented room with the lights out. Pat takes photographs with a camera mounted on a tripod, and Tracy watches the limo through binoculars.

PAT

We're finally getting some action.

Several bodyguards step out of the car. Their collars are up and their hat brims cover their eyes as they scan the area. Then, SPUD SPALDONI steps out of the car. He is a slickly dressed man with a moustache and greasy hair. Tracy and Pat are startled.

PAT

Are my eyes playing tricks?

TRACY

Spaldoni, the numbers king. What the hell is he doing here?

Tracy glances at a second limo that pulls up.

113- EXT. WAREHOUSE ALLEY - NIGHT
114

113-
114

The wino in the alley is bathed in light again for a moment. He is Sam Catchem, and his bottle in the paper bag is a concealed camera. He watches men get out of the second limo, snaps photos as they head for the back door of the Club Lavender, and speaks quietly but excitedly into his wrist-radio.

SAM

Tracy, I don't believe it. That's Ribs Mocca of Murder, Inc.?

115- INT. RENTED ROOM ACROSS FROM WAREHOUSE - NIGHT
118

115-
118

Tracy looks very disturbed.

TRACY

These guys hate each other. What the hell is going on?

PAT

Here comes another one.

One after another, limousines begin to arrive, BODYGUARDS step out, and gangland chieftains move into the rundown warehouse. Tracy's eyes are excited--he paces nervously, like a cat in a window watching birds.

TRACY

Every top hood in town.

(CONTINUED)

000042

115- CONTINUED:
118

115-
118

PAT

They've been gunning for each other
for years.

TRACY

Pruneface, Ribs Mocca, Johnny Ramm. All
the rats in one sewer at the same time.

PAT

Shall I call the wagons?

TRACY

You make my mouth water. No, we've got
nothing on them. Our fearless D.A. has
taken the locks off the cells.

Tracy is tense, fidgety and frustrated as he directs his
binoculars to the window of the second story. As the light
goes on, Tracy can see that the room is filled with gangland
elite...

119 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

119

Big Boy's limo pulls up. Big Boy, Breathless and Flattop get
out and head into the warehouse.

120 INT. WAREHOUSE - SECOND STORY ROOM - NIGHT

120

A large room with a long, shiny conference table. The lords
of gangland sit at the table. They are: PRUNEFACE, JOHNNY
RAMM, TEXIE GARCIA, the hard-bitten queen of prostitution,
RIBS MOCCA, SPUD SPALDONI, and several others. Their body-
guards line the walls of the room. There is suspicion in
every eye.

The room is completely silent, except for the loud, rhythmic
ticking of a clock in the room. Eyes shift. The slightest
movement by anyone is watched carefully by everyone.

Spaldoni, a beautifully tailored man, begins to clip his
fingernails. The sound of the clippers snapping together
seems very loud in the quiet room, and Ribs Mocca, a short,
burly man, looks sharply at Spaldoni.

MOCCA

You gotta do that?

Spaldoni looks at him coldly and continues to clip his nails.
Pruneface reaches into his jacket--almost a fatal mistake.
Every hood in the room opens his coat and touches his
holster. Pruneface withdraws his hand, holding a pack of
cigarettes. He strikes a match and lights a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

000042

120 CONTINUED:

120

PRUNEFACE

What's the matter, fellas--nervous?

Slowly, the hands leave the holsters. There's bad blood everywhere in the room, and a sudden wave of scowling silence passes over the fuming chieftains as Big Boy, Breathless, and Flattop enter...

BIG BOY

Look at this. And everybody said we couldn't get together.

121 INT. RENTED ROOM ACROSS FROM WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

121

Tracy has the binoculars on Big Boy as he moves to the head of the table. He studies the scene intensely, then slams the binoculars down with frustration.

TRACY

Keep taking pictures.

PAT

Hey, where you going?

Grabbing his trenchcoat, Tracy bolts out of the room.

122 INT. WAREHOUSE - SECOND STORY ROOM - NIGHT

122

Big Boy cracks a walnut and looks down the long table at gangland's chieftains.

BIG BOY

I remember all you guys from when I was nothin'. Pruneface, you tossed a fire bomb in my car one night, and gave me this...

Big Boy yanks his collar open, revealing a large red scar on his neck.

BIG BOY

But I forgive ya.

Pruneface toys with his neck.

BIG BOY

Mocca, you put three slugs into me, but I lived. I forgive you too. And all the rest of you guys, I owe you all somethin'. But I forgive all of you because I'm a very magnanimous guy.

Big Boy cracks a walnut in his hands.

(CONTINUED)

000042

122 CONTINUED:

122

BIG BOY

I killed Lips, sure. He needed killing.
He got lazy and fat. The future had
passed him by. A big man who can not see
the future is a liability to everyone
concerned.

PRUNEFACE

(skeptically)

What are ya? Some kind of gypsy? Don't
give us this 'you see the future'
stuff...

BIG BOY

I do, Pruneface. And the future is me.

123- EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - NIGHT
125

123-
125

Tracy and Sam run quietly over the rooftop of the warehouse.
At the edge of the roof, Tracy takes off his trenchcoat and
gives it to Sam.

SAM

It's suicide.

TRACY

I've got to find out what's going on.

Tracy grabs one end of the trenchcoat, and Sam holds the
other. Stepping over the edge of the roof, Tracy dangles in
mid-air, holding the trenchcoat as Sam lowers him down the
side of the building toward a ledge--Tracy draws in a
breath, releases the trenchcoat, and drops to the ledge. He
barely maintains his balance, almost falls to the alley three
stories below, but manages to hold on.

Creeping along the narrow ledge, Tracy moves up to the open
window of the room. He sees the bulky shoulders of bodyguards,
stays back against the wall as he hears Big Boy's voice.

126 INT. WAREHOUSE - SECOND STORY ROOM

126

Big Boy has everyone's complete attention.

BIG BOY

We've got a problem of organization.
We're all split up into little groups,
and every couple years we go to war
against each other. That's bad business.

There is a general agreement around the table.

BIG BOY

While we are divided, the cops keep us
under control. But use your imaginations
for a minute--what would they be able to
do if we were united?

(CONTINUED) 000042

Eyes shift. Glances are exchanged. There's just a trace of interest around the room.

BIG BOY

We form a big company, see? Each of us here at the table represents the board of directors--just like they do it at General Motors. I'm the Chairman of the Board.

SPALDONI

Why you?

BIG BOY

Because I have the most guns, and therefore I have the most votes. Together we can own this town--own the cops and the politicians and the courts.

PRUNEFACE

You ain't said how.

BIG BOY

I have a vision--a big boss must always have vision. First, we're gettin' out of the booze business.

A moment of stunned silence is followed by howls of protest.

BIG BOY

Prohibition's almost over. Take my word for it. The handwritin' is on the wall.

The faces watching Big Boy look concerned. Big Boy smiles.

BIG BOY

What we've got in this town is over five thousand small stores and businesses--people who work real hard. I think they should be workin' real hard for us.

A dawning awareness sweeps through the room.

BIG BOY

With our muscle, we will be their silent partner. Every time some citizen buys a pound of hamburger, we get a nickel. Every time some guy gets a haircut, we get a dime. We will dress like bankers and join the Rotary Club.

PRUNEFACE

And with all this income...

BIG BOY

We buy judges and politicians and cops. We buy control.

000042

127- EXT. LEDGE - NIGHT
132

127-
132

Outside window, Tracy's jaw tightens. The idea of an organized gangland is a frightening prospect. Suddenly, he hears a loud voice.

VOICE

Hey--what are you doing there?

Looking down, Tracy sees a uniformed COP in the alley, pointing his night stick up at Tracy.

COP

Come on, Mac. You're goin' to jail.

Tracy glances in the window. Flattop is moving toward the window to investigate the disturbance. Trapped, Tracy looks like a goner.

Suddenly, Pat runs out of the building from across the alley and hurries up to the Cop.

PAT

(whispering)

It's a stake-out. That's Tracy up there.

Flattop looks down through the window and sees the Cop drag Pat away by the collar.

COP

No drunks on my beat. You're goin' to the can.

Tracy is flat against the wall, three feet from Flattop. Satisfied, Flattop returns to his position behind Big Boy. Tracy crouches close to the window to listen again.

133 INT. WAREHOUSE - SECOND STORY ROOM

133

There's a growing excitement from the chieftains.

TEXIE

There's one thing wrong with your big plan--what about Tracy?

BIG BOY

Leave him to me. I'll buy him. If I can't buy him, I'll kill him. Like Lips, the future has passed Tracy by.

That seems to clinch Big Boy's proposal. There are smiles all around the table.

BIG BOY

Who's with me on this?

(CONTINUED)

00001

133 CONTINUED:

There's a long pause. Suddenly, Pruneface holds out his hand, thumb up. After a moment, Mocca does the same. Every gangland leader extends his hand, thumb up. The last man is Spaldoni--his thumb is down.

SPALDONI

Include me out.

BIG BOY

It only works if we're all in.

SPALDONI

Then it don't work. I don't trust any of you--especially, you, Big Boy. In case you forgot, Lips Manlis was a friend of mine. I'll take my own chances alone.

Rising, Spaldoni and his bodyguards head for the door but find it blocked by Flattop. There is a moment of tension.

BIG BOY

Let him go. Maybe he'll have a change of heart later.

Flattop steps aside; Spaldoni leaves.

134-
139 EXT. LEDGE/ROOF - NIGHT134-
139

Tracy has moved back to Sam. He jumps for the trenchcoat, grabs it, and Sam pulls him up to the roof.

SAM

You hear anything?

TRACY

Big Boy's got big plans. Since I can't stand on some ledge every night, we're going to need an electronics expert, Sam.

SAM

Bug Bailey?

TRACY

Yeah. Call New York--see if they'll loan him to us. Chief Daniels owes me a favor.

Glancing to the parking lot, Tracy watches Spaldoni and his men get into their limousine. There's a brief pause--then, suddenly, the limousine blows to pieces with a fiery explosion that leaves nothing but a cloud of smoke and a couple of flat tires. Tracy and Sam are stunned.

000042

142- CONTINUED:
150

142-
150

TRACY
Tastes good. Peppermint.

KID
You think I'll fall for that?

Tracy sprinkles some toothpowder onto the Kid's palm.
Reluctantly, the Kid touches it with the tip of his tongue.

KID
You wash your mouth like that often?

TRACY
Keeps my teeth clean.

KID
For a tough guy, you do a lot of pansy things.

There is a sudden flash of lightning and a crack of thunder. Tracy glances at the window, then looks back to find the Kid has disappeared. Looking in the bedroom, he sees the Kid hiding under the bed. Tracy pretends he doesn't see him and brushes his teeth some more.

TRACY
The Yankees are in town next week. How would you like to meet Babe Ruth?

After a moment, the Kid appears in the doorway.

KID
No foolin'?

TRACY
Brush your teeth and I'll take you to meet Babe Ruth.

KID
I'll think it over.

There is a knock on the door, and Tracy goes to answer it. The Kid rubs toothpowder onto his teeth with his finger, then makes a sour face.

KID
Peppermint, my Aunt Fanny...

In the living room, Tracy opens the door and finds PHOEBE SKAFF, a middle-aged woman with granny glasses, grey hair in a bun and dark severe clothes.

SKAFF
Mr. Tracy?

(CONTINUED)

000042

142- CONTINUED: (2)
150

142
150

TRACY

Yes...

SKAFF

I'm sorry to bother you so early, but I did try to reach you at your office all day yesterday.

During that, Phoebe Skaff has stepped into the room.

SKAFF

I'm Miss Skaff from the Welfare Department. It has come to my attention that you have an orphan living with you.

In the bathroom, the Kid strains to listen to the conversation.

TRACY

Well...yes. But I think I have the situation under control...I mean, everything's fine...

SKAFF

I don't think you understand, Mr. Tracy. You can't just pick up a child off the streets and take him home like a stray dog.

A tough survivor, the Kid quickly takes on the look of a cornered animal. Slipping into the bedroom, he quickly begins to change into his old clothes. Back in the living room, Tracy is losing his patience.

SKAFF

This child must be processed through proper channels. Then we'll attempt to find a foster home for him.

TRACY

The kid's got a home right now--that's all that counts.

In his bedroom, the Kid is dressed. He stuffs his autographed baseball into his pocket, and quietly raises the bedroom window to the fire escape. He takes one last glance around the room, and is obviously going to miss it.

On the dresser, the Kid sees Tracy's wallet. His survival instincts take over as he steals the money from the wallet and stuffs it into his pocket. Starting out the window, he is greeted by another crack of thunder. He ducks back for a moment, then steps out to the fire escape as the rain begins to fall.

In the living room, Tracy opens the door for Miss Skaff.

(CONTINUED)

000042

142- CONTINUED: (3)
150

142-
150

SKAFF

Don't force me to get a court order, Mr. Tracy. I don't enjoy being unpleasant, but I can be tough if I have to.

TRACY

You're not getting this kid, lady. Understand?

Tracy closes the door in her face and heads for the bedroom. There, he finds the window open, the pajamas on the floor, his wallet empty, and the Kid gone.

TRACY

Damn...

TRANSITION.

151 EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

151

Tracy cruises the city streets in the rain. He drives slowly, looking for the Kid. The rain falls steadily on the empty, glistening streets.

152 EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

152

In another part of town, the Kid stands beneath a sidewalk awning and looks through the front window of an Italian restaurant. The people inside all look happy. They eat, laugh and listen to the MUSIC of a concertina player. The Kid looks very small, vulnerable and lonely.

TRANSITION.

153- EXT. HOOVERVILLE - DAY
154

153-
154

Tracy has returned to Hooverville, where he first found the Kid. Rain pours off the brim of his hat as he searches the shadows and looks in an empty boxcar. No luck.

TRANSITION.

155 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

155

At the back of an alley, the Kid sits inside a large, open-faced crate. Rain pours hard on the roof of the crate, and the Kid shivers from the cold. Soaked to the skin, he looks miserable and sad.

KID

The only guy that was ever nice to me...
the only real pal I ever had... and I
stole his money.

Reaching into his pocket, the Kid pulls out Tracy's money. He stays sad for another moment, then his eyes look determined.

(CONTINUED)

1100012

155 CONTINUED:

155

KID

But I ain't that kind of rat. I
ain't runnin' away this time.

Stepping into the rain, the Kid heads home.

TRANSITION.

156- EXT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT
160156-
160

The rain has ended as Tracy's car pulls up in front of his apartment building. Tracy sits there in the car for a few long moments, depressed and exhausted.

Climbing out of the car, he heads toward the steps of the building. Suddenly, Itchy steps out of the shadows holding a gun.

ITCHY

Where ya goin', Tracy?

Behind Tracy, the Kid suddenly steps around the corner on his way home. He stops dead in his tracks as he sees Flattop hammer Tracy over the head with a blackjack, and the big detective goes down. Flattop smiles--it felt good.

The Kid is stunned as he sees the two thugs drag Tracy quickly to their car and throw him inside. Dashing down the steps, the Kid runs toward the car as it starts to pull away. He splashes through puddles and almost trips a couple of times before he reaches the back of the car. Lunging, the Kid grabs the bumper and pulls himself onto the car as it begins to pick up speed.

Curled up inside the spare tire on the back of the car, the Kid holds on tightly as the car roars into the night. His eyes are wild and frightened, but he grips the tire with all his strength.

TRANSITION.

161 INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING BASEMENT - NIGHT

161

Flattop shoves Tracy down the last couple of steps, and he comes face to face with a smiling Big Boy.

BIG BOY

Glad you could come. Always a pleasure
to see ya.

Tracy glances around at the messy basement.

TRACY

Nice office. Impressive.

(CONTINUED)

BIG BOY

I've been thinkin' things over. You and me got off to a bad start. I thought maybe there was somethin' I could do to make friends with ya.

TRACY

You could try suicide.

BIG BOY

I know your reputation, Tracy--you're tough and you're smart. That's why I don't want no trouble with ya. So, I ask myself: what can I do for this man? If a valuable man was on my payroll, I'd make it worth his while.

TRACY

No speaka English.

BIG BOY

Listen to me--use your head. You'll never get a chance like this.

Taking a large wad of bills from his pocket, Big Boy starts peeling off money and stacking it on a table beside Tracy.

BIG BOY

You tell me when to stop.

Through the window, we see the Kid watching, looking a bit disillusioned. The money adds up to a large pile.

TRACY

Stop. That'll do.

Big Boy puts his roll of money away and smiles. Tracy picks up the stack of money from the table and takes a long look at it.

TRACY

This is a lot of dough.

Big Boy smiles confidently, but Tracy suddenly slaps him viciously across the face with money.

TRACY

But it's not enough--and it never will be.

Tracy throws the money right in Big Boy's face, and in the same motion slams an elbow into the pit of Flattop's stomach. He levels Itchy with a whip-like left hook, but then is grabbed from behind by Big Boy and Flattop. Itchy scrambles across the room to get a thick rope, and the three men tie Tracy to the chair. Throughout all this, the Kid has beamed a smile until Tracy is finally subdued.

161 CONTINUED: (2)

161

Flattop holds his gun at Tracy's temple, and Big Boy's lip curls into an ugly sneer as he backhands Tracy across the mouth.

BIG BOY

You just signed your own death warrant, Tracy. Nobody will ever find your body-- nobody will ever know what happened to you.

Quickly, Flattop and Itchy tie Tracy to a chair with a thick rope, while Big Boy crosses to an old boiler furnace.

BIG BOY

Feel a little hot? Well, it's gonna get hotter. This furnace's been heatin' up all day.

Itchy shoves more coals into the furnace. Big Boy turns the heat gauge all the way to the top then viciously smashes the safety valve with the barrel of his gun.

BIG BOY

No more safety valve. This thing will never take the pressure. Ten minutes from now this place will be toothpicks.

The boiler furnace begins to fire up as Big Boy and the others head for the stairs.

BIG BOY

So long, sucker.

Alone now, Tracy struggles with the rope.

162- EXT./INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING
167

162-
167

Big Boy and the others get into their car and drive away. The Kid hides behind a corner until they are gone, then hurries back to the basement window. Looking in, he sees the furnace begin to shake just a bit from the pressure. With all his strength, the Kid jimmies the rusty window open and slips through and drops to the basement floor.

The boiler furnace is rattling and shaking wildly now, as steam fills the room. Tracy struggles with the rope, and sweat covers his face from the intense heat of the boiler as the Kid rushes up to him.

TRACY

Kid--get the hell out of here!

(CONTINUED)

000042

162- CONTINUED:
167

162-
167

KID

Nothing doing! You ain't dyin' with me
owing you money.

The Kid tries to untie the rope, but the knot is too tight.

KID

These knots! I can't get 'em loose.

TRACY

It's gonna blow--get out while you can!

The Kid stops and steps away from Tracy and looks at the shaking furnace. There's fear in his eyes, but he's thinking fast. Reaching into his pocket, he pulls out the autographed baseball then turns back to the basement window. He throws the baseball through the window, spraying the floor with glass.

Quickly, the Kid picks up a sharp sliver of glass, then returns to Tracy and begins to saw through the rope. The boiler is shaking wildly now, and the steam is thick and hot. Suddenly, the rope snaps, and Tracy quickly shrugs the rope away. He scoops up the Kid with one arm and dashes up the stairs two at a time.

Upstairs, Tracy dashes to the door, unlocks it, and takes half a step outside. That's when it happens: BOOM! A red flash of smoke and fire, a tremendous explosion.

Tracy is on the ground, twenty yards away from the burning shell of the old building. Stunned, his face is dark, and his eyebrows singed, his clothes torn. Slowly, he struggles to his feet and looks around.

TRACY

Kid...

The Kid lies stone still on the smoking pavement a few yards away.

TRANSITION.

168 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

168

Dick Tracy, Tess Trueheart and Chief Brandon walk up a corridor. They are met by a DOCTOR, who leads them toward the Children's Ward.

TRACY

How is he, Doc?

DOCTOR

He's fine--just a mild concussion. He'll have to stay with us a couple of days for observation.

(CONTINUED)

000042

168 CONTINUED:

168

BRANDON

I told you he was tough.

TRACY

He shouldn't have to be tough,
for Pete's sake--he's a kid.

169 INT. THE KID'S ROOM

169

The Doctor leads Tracy and Brandon in the Kid's room, where a BIG NURSE stands over the bed with a hypodermic needle in hand. The Kid's head is wrapped in a bandage like a turban, and he stands on the bed, backed up into the corner.

KID

Get away from me with dat thing--I'm
warnin' ya.

BIG NURSE

I'm a nurse--I'm not going to hurt you.

KID

(seeing Tracy)

Plug her, Tracy! Put one between her
eyes!

The Big Nurse turns toward the Doctor as he approaches the bed.

DOCTOR

The young man has visitors. We can do
that later.

Tracy sits down on the edge of the bed, and the Kid sits beside him, keeping a wary eye on the Nurse as she disassembles the needle.

TRACY

How ya feelin', champ?

KID

These nurses are moider, Tracy. They're
always pokin' ya, and stickin' ya, and
shovin' stuff down your throat.

TRACY

(a glance at Brandon)

Police Chiefs are a lot like that, too.

BRANDON

I'll disregard that remark, because I've
got some official business to take care
of here.

Brandon unrolls a paper scroll and reads it.

(CONTINUED)

000042

BRANDON

For heroic action in the face of grave danger, the Kid--whose name will be filled in later--is awarded this Certificate of Valor and is officially appointed to the permanent position of Honorary Detective.

The Kid is really very touched by the honor, especially when Tess pins a badge onto his hospital gown and shakes his hand.

TESS

The best looking officer on the force.

TRACY

Congratulations, pal.

The Kid is a bit choked up and speechless.

BRANDON

We still don't have a name to put on the certificate here.

KID

A name? It's Dick Tracy, Junior, see. That's what it is from now on.

Tracy breaks into a big smile and offers a handshake to the Kid.

TRACY

Put 'er there... Junior.

TRANSITION.

170 INT. CITY HALL CORRIDOR - DAY

170

Tracy and District Attorney Fletcher walk briskly down a marble corridor of City Hall. Tracy is hot under the collar; Fletcher is coldly detached.

TRACY

Are you telling me that if I pull Caprice in, you won't prosecute?

FLETCHER

That's exactly what I'm telling you.

TRACY

I've got him cold on kidnapping, attempted murder, assault and half a dozen other things.

FLETCHER

Seventy-five people say Caprice spent the entire evening at a banquet.

(CONTINUED)

000042

TRACY

Then, I'm a liar.

FLETCHER

Of course, you're not a liar. But you'd look like a liar in court. The word of you and that little gutter rat against witness after witness. I won't waste my time and the city's money. It's that simple.

Tracy stops the D.A. with one hand and glares at him.

TRACY

Tell me something. Are you just gutless-- or are you on the take?

Fletcher pushes Tracy's hand away.

FLETCHER

I could have your badge for that, Tracy.

TRACY

I wanna hear you deny it. The Kid was almost killed. I was almost killed. You're tying my hands, and giving Caprice a license to kill me.

FLETCHER

There are thirty-one detectives on the police force. Why is it you're the only one who causes problems? Either play ball or get off the force. I'll run you off if I have to.

Fletcher heads for a courtroom door.

TRACY

Fletcher.

Fletcher stops and looks back at Tracy. Tracy has him right in his sight.

TRACY

The footsteps you hear behind you will be mine. When you make your mistake, I'll be there.

There is a slight flicker of worry in Fletcher's eyes as he goes into court.

TRANSITION.

000042

Turning away, Big Boy returns to his limousine and gets into the back seat.

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172 INT. LIMOUSINE

172

Breathless Mahoney has her head back against the seat with her eyes closed.

BREATHLESS

Trouble in paradise?

BIG BOY

Imagine that guy tryin' to get out of this. I've got big plans for Mr. Fletcher--he's gonna be the next mayor of this town whether he likes it or not.

(to Flattop)

Step on it, Flattop. The main event starts in twenty minutes.

BREATHLESS

Al, I told you, I've got a headache. I'm in no mood to watch two gorillas beating each other tonight.

BIG BOY

All right, all right. Flattop, drop me at the fight then take her home.

Flattop guns the big car out of the cemetery, leaving a worried Fletcher behind.

TRANSITION.

173- INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT
175

173-
175

Alone in his apartment, Tracy studies the mug shots and criminal records of the gangland chieftains who attended Big Boy's meeting. It's a hot, sticky night--the windows are open, the door is open, and Tracy's collar is unbuttoned as he sits in the cool air of a fan.

Tracy's cat (a large, mangy, breedless animal) sits drowsily on the window ledge. Something catches the cat's attention--he looks at the door, then bounces out to the fire escape. A moment later, a shadow falls across Tracy's desk. Concentrating on the criminal records, he doesn't even look up.

TRACY

How was the ice cream? Bring me any?

No answer. Glancing up, Tracy sees the provocative Breathless Mahoney, smiling with amusement.

BREATHLESS

I'll run out and get some. What flavor?

TRACY

I was expecting someone else.

(CONTINUED)

000042

173- CONTINUED:
175

173-
175

BREATHLESS

You could've done worse--you got me.

Tracy leans back in his chair and gives Breathless a good look. As always, she looks spectacular.

TRACY

You've brought me some more information?

BREATHLESS

Is that all I mean to you--a source of information?

TRACY

Look, I want Big Boy. It's important.

BREATHLESS

Sorry, Tracy. Nothing new tonight.

As she talks, Breathless examines the apartment, touching a lamp shade, the arm of a chair, an old beat-up radio.

BREATHLESS

A man with your brains and determination living in a place like this. It's hardly fair.

TRACY

It's only temporary. I expect to win the Irish Sweepstakes this year.

Breathless laughs with that warm, throaty sound again.

BREATHLESS

That's what I like about you, Tracy--you're never surprised, never behind in the game. You're so much like me.

Slowly, seductively, Breathless crosses the room toward Tracy.

BREATHLESS

That's the attraction--the magnetism. We're exactly alike. I know you feel it too, but you do nothing about it. Why?

TRACY

Because the things that draw me to you also drive me away.

Breathless delivers an incredible kiss of fire. Then she draws back, smiles confidently...

BREATHLESS

Think about that for awhile.

(CONTINUED)

000042

173- CONTINUED: (2)
175

173-
175

TRACY

I'm sure I will. But it won't change a thing.

BREATHLESS

We'll see.

Tracy wipes off the lipstick just in time--Tess and Junior suddenly appear in the doorway, eating ice cream cones. Tess looks surprised to see Breathless. Breathless looks extremely pleased that Tess has arrived at just this moment. They exchange competitive glances, sizing each other up. Junior's eyes bug out a bit.

JUNIOR

Now, ~~that's~~ a dame, Tracy.

TESS

Pipe down, you little traitor.

BREATHLESS

What a cute little boy.

For once, Junior is speechless. Breathless looks Tess over again.

BREATHLESS

I expected more from the competition though.

TRACY

Ah, Tess, this is--

TESS

I know who she is. Big Boy's girl, Madame de Cyanide.

BREATHLESS

Wipe your chin, dear. There's a little envy dribbling down it.

TESS

It would be fun to continue this, but you must be in an awful hurry--there's so many streets left to walk tonight.

As Breathless walks to the door, she pats Junior on the head.

BREATHLESS

We'll continue our discussion another time, Tracy.

The two women trade one last glare, then Breathless drifts out of the room. Junior gawks around the corner at Breathless, but Tess jerks him back into the room. Tracy's smile is a little bit helpless.

(CONTINUED)

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173- CONTINUED: (3)
175

173-
175

TRACY

She had some information on Big Boy for me. Very important stuff.

TESS

I bet she does marvelous undercover work.

TRACY

It's all part of being a cop, Tess.

Tess sticks a dripping ice cream cone in Tracy's hand.

TESS

Cool down with this, flatfoot.

At the window, Junior gawks down at Breathless as she swings into her car.

JUNIOR

(to himself)

I've got a lot to look forward to...

TRANSITION.

176 EXT. WAREHOUSE - INDUSTRIAL AREA - DAY

176

A taxi pulls to the curb in front of a warehouse, deposits 88 Keys, and drives away. Checking the address, 88 moves into the warehouse.

177 INT. WAREHOUSE

177

The dim warehouse is almost completely empty, and 88 looks confused. His incessant gum chewing stops and he looks around carefully. Suddenly, a light goes on--a floodlight that illuminates one corner. 88 sees a chair and table in the lighted area.

88 KEYS

Wild...

Mystified, 88 crosses to the lighted area, inspects the chair and table briefly, then sits down. In the center of the desk sits a small leather suitcase. There's also an intercom speaker on the table.

88 KEYS

Your move, man...

Another light goes on--a backlight that outlines a figure in a trenchcoat and hat. The figure holds a microphone, and his voice comes through the speaker, in a distorted, hoarse whisper. We call this character THE BLANK.

THE BLANK

Open the suitcase.

(CONTINUED) 000042

173- CONTINUED: (3)
175

173-
175

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THE BLANK

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(CONTINUED)

000042

177 CONTINUED: (2)

177

88 thinks it over for just a moment.

88 KEYS

I'm in. But now that I'm working for you, when do I get to see your face?

THE BLANK

Now.

The Blank steps into the angle of light. 88 looks startled. He sees it for only a moment--the figure is completely faceless, a lump of flesh beneath the hat. The light goes out--The Blank is gone. 88 looks mystified, and a little shaken.

TRANSITION.

178- EXT. BIG BOY'S BROWNSTONE - DAY
180

178-
180

A swank townhouse in a ritzy section of town. Breathless Mahoney lies on a fourth floor terrace, sunning herself, while Enrico Caruso MUSIC drifts out through the terrace window. Lying on her stomach, Breathless sees a taxi pull to the curb in the street below and 88 Keys get out.

BREATHLESS

(calling into main room)

Hey, guess who's here.

Flattop steps out onto the terrace and watches 88 approach the building. Flattop seems more interested in the view of Breathless, and she senses it as though she had eyes in the back of her head.

BREATHLESS

Get your eyes off me, creep.

Flattop frowns and goes back inside.

181 INT. BIG BOY'S BROWNSTONE

181

In the plush dining room, Big Boy sits alone at a formal table, consuming a dinner of lasagne, wine, big crusts of bread. His napkin is tucked under his chin.

FLATTOP

He's on his way up, Boss.

The door opens and 88 is escorted into the room by Itchy, Flattop, Numbers and another hood, NIFTY. Big Boy just goes on eating as 88 is lead to his table. Between bites, Big Boy fishes a note from his pocket and reads it out loud.

BIG BOY

"I can get rid of Tracy for you."
That's a big boast from a small-time piano man...

(CONTINUED)

000042

88 KEYS

I'm in another line of business now.

BIG BOY

Not interested. I don't do deals with boot blacks.

88 Keys tenses but ignores the insult... On the terrace, looking back over her shoulder, Breathless stares at Big Boy.

BREATHLESS

Do you always have to talk so stupid?

BIG BOY

I told you before, being my girl doesn't give you the right to lip off.

NUMBERS

She's right, Big Boy. Let's hear his deal. What's it gonna hurt?

BIG BOY

Okay, humor me. How do you operate, piano man?

88 KEYS

I can't tell you how we do it. I can only tell you that we guarantee the result.

BIG BOY

And what would this result cost me?

88 KEYS

A small piece of your business. Let's say--ten per cent.

Big Boy frowns like an ominous thundercloud then rises and paces the room...

BIG BOY

Who do you think you are? A nobody piano player comes to my house and tries to tell me what to do! I am Big Boy Caprice! I can snap my fingers and have you chopped into hamburger!

88 KEYS

Tracy has his sights set on you. It's only gonna get worse. You should take the deal now.

Contemptuously, Big Boy turns away from 88 Keys towards Flattop.

(CONTINUED)

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181 CONTINUED: (2)

181

BIG BOY

Flattop--get him out of my sight. I'm sick of his cheap talk.

Flattop takes a step forward, but 88 Keys tips his hat and smiles pleasantly.

88 KEYS

You know where to find me.

Turning, he leaves the room. Big Boy fumes as he watches him go.

BIG BOY

Nifty--follow that guy. He ain't got brains enough to pull a shakedown like this. See who he's hooked up with, then kill 'em both. Nobody squeezes me in my own town.

Nifty quickly leaves the room to follow 88 Keys.

TRANSITION.

182 INT. BIG BOY'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

182

Big Boy slips quickly into his tuxedo jacket and heads down the stairs toward the front entrance with Flattop and Itchy close behind.

BIG BOY

You got the car ready?

FLATTOP

I pulled it up front.

BIG BOY

We'll pick up Breathless then head for the Club.

Suddenly, the door buzzer sounds and the three men stop in their tracks. Big Boy nods and Flattop plants himself behind the door with his hand inside his jacket. Then, Itchy moves to the door and opens the slot.

ITCHY

It's okay--it's Nifty.

Big Boy continues down the stairs as Itchy opens the door. Nifty stands there as rigid as a board, his eyes wide open and his arms tied to his side. The three men gape as Nifty slowly begins to fall face first, dead as a doornail... He hits hard onto the floor.

000042

183- EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT
184

183-
184

Dashing outside, Flattop sees a car streak into the night. He raises his gun and gets off one shot, but the car speeds away and is gone. Big Boy stands there looking at him and the very dead Nifty...

TRANSITION.

185 INT. MIKE'S DINER - DAY

185
*

Sitting alone near the back of the joint is Mumbles Malloy. Suddenly, Dick Tracy and Sam Catchem sit down on either side of him.

TRACY

Okay, Mumbles, let's see the blueprints you brought me.

Mumbles takes a large envelope from inside his jacket and gives it to Tracy.

MUMBLES

Now, hand over the recording.

Tracy tears open the envelope.

TRACY

It's safe where it is.

MUMBLES

You think you own me for life? Every time Big Boy looks at me, I get the feeling he knows I been helping you.

TRACY

Relax. If he knew, you'd be dead.

MUMBLES

That really relaxes me. Thanks.

He stands up, starts to leave.

TRACY

Let me thank you, Mumbles. These are gonna tell me everything I need to know about the Club Lavender...

MUMBLES

Stay out of my life, Tracy. You don't play fair.

TRACY

I play fair, Mumbles. You just don't know the rules.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

185
★

Mumbles scowls and walks out.
Mike approaches.

MIKE

Friend of yours.

TRACY

Just another public nuisance, Mike.
What's the special?

MIKE

Corn beef.

TRACY

Put the local hospitals on stand-by, Sam.

SAM

Right. I'll have stomach pumps ready.

MIKE

Har de har-har. You guys kill me.

TRANSITION. ○

186- EXT. MIDTOWN ROOF - DAY
188

*
186-
188

Tracy, Pat and Sam stand near the edge of a rooftop that overlooks the Club Lavender and the river. Tracy studies the unrolled blueprints of the Club.

TRACY

Three possible ways for us to get in...

PAT

How about the roof?

TRACY

Yeah. There's also a ventilating entrance off the alley.

SAM

What's the other one?

Tracy points to the blueprints.

TRACY

Down here in the corner of the basement. It looks like a tunnel... goes on down to the river.

PAT

Yeah. Via the public sewer system. We'd have to put a clothespin on Bug's nose.

Tracy looks down to the river, watches carefully as one of the bridges rises to allow a ship to pass through. He sees the guard in the bridge control house working the gears that raise the bridge.

SAM

So, what do you think?

(CONTINUED)

186- CONTINUED:
188

186-
188

Tracy studies the bridge a moment more then snaps his attention back to Sam and Pat.

TRACY

I guess it's the roof...

Gathering together the blueprints, the three men leave.

TRANSITION.

189- EXT. CLUB LAVENDER - NIGHT
190

189-
190

The Club Lavender shines with a million bright lights, and a banner across the front reads: "GRAND OPENING - TOP ENTERTAINMENT - FINE CUISINE." A large crowd is entering the club.

A GRAY-HAIRED WAITER enters the alley beside the club, opens a door to the busy, crowded kitchen, and slips in unnoticed.

191 INT. KITCHEN

191

A DOZEN BUSY WAITERS frantically hustle to fill their orders. Trays are crammed with food, and there is a sense of chaos as the gray-haired waiter grabs a tray and heads for the main room.

192 INT. MAIN ROOM

192

The entire atmosphere of the Club has changed from the quiet elegance of Lips Manlis to the wild revelry of Big Boy. A brassy band that plays loudly, and a CHORUS LINE of skimpily dressed floozies dances the Charleston to "Sweet Georgia Brown." Only Breathless Mahoney is unchanged: calculated ice, observing.

Big Boy sits in the center of it all, a ruling monarch. With him at his table are Breathless, Texie Garcia, Johnny Ramm and Ribs Mocca.

BIG BOY

What do you think? Is it class or not?

PRUNEFACE

I gotta hand it to ya, Big Boy. It's the best joint in town.

Everyone agrees except the noncommittal Breathless.

193 EXT. STREET

193

A police car pulls silently to the curb across the street from Club Lavender. Tracy speaks into his wrist-radio.

TRACY

Move in--take your positions.

Other police cars pull into the area and ring the Club.

990045

194 EXT. ROOFTOP

194

Sam and BUG BAILEY, dressed in black, dash across the rooftop. They quickly jimmy the lock on the roof door and slip inside.

195 INT. ATTIC

195

Flashlights in the dark attic. Bug Bailey begins to remove electronic equipment from the black satchel, and Sam speaks into his wrist-radio.

SAM

We're in. No trouble.

TRACY'S VOICE

You've got two minutes, Sam.

Bailey begins to drill a hole in the floor.

196- INT. MAIN ROOM
197196-
197

The lights go down as Breathless sings on the bandstand in a blue spotlight.

BREATHLESS

(singing)

"I'm through with love, I'll never
fall again. Said adieu to love,
Don't ever call again..."

Near the guarded stairway leading upstairs, the gray-haired waiter checks his watch.

198- INT. POLICE CAR
200198-
200

Tracy is looking at his watch and the second hand climbs to 12. He speaks into his wrist-radio.

TRACY

Hit 'em--now!

He watches uniformed cops pour out of the cars and head for the building.

201 EXT. CLUB LAVENDER

201

A Doorman sees the cops coming towards the building. He quickly presses a button.

202 INT. MAIN ROOM

202

A LOUD BELL RINGS, and everyone begins to panic. Breathless stops her song. Big Boy rises quickly at his table and speaks loudly to the room.

(CONTINUED)

000042

202 CONTINUED:

202

BIG BOY

No panic. Finish your drinks--everything's under control.

During that, the Bartender has slid a panel across the bar, concealing it. Bottles disappear quickly as police begin to pour into the room. During the confusion, the stairway is left unguarded, and the gray-haired waiter slips upstairs.

This is a major bust as two dozen cops enter the room from every direction. Tracy is the last to enter: the general in control. Every eye is on him as he crosses the room, seeing a few familiar faces along the way.

TRACY

Judge Harper. Nice to see you. How you doin', Congressman? I see you brought your daughter with you.

The Blonde with the Congressman is definitely not his daughter.

203 INT. UPSTAIRS CONFERENCE ROOM

203

The gray-haired waiter enters, turns on the lights and closes the door. He climbs onto the conference table and sees the holes that are being drilled.

204 INT. MAIN ROOM

204

The big detective moves to Big Boy's table, where he looks the chieftains over.

TRACY

The gang's all here. Looks like a class reunion from Alcatraz.

BIG BOY

This is a private party--invitation only.

TRACY

Here's my invitation--a search warrant.

Tracy tosses the warrant on the table. Still at the microphone, Breathless watches Tracy. He gives her a glance--simply enough, Tracy has a hard time keeping his eyes off her. A UNIFORMED COP approaches Tracy.

COP

No booze. Nothing.

Tracy looks at the panel that conceals the bar.

BIG BOY

You mean, you thought we served booze here?

(CONTINUED)

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204 CONTINUED:

204

PRUNEFACE

I wouldn't be caught dead in a place
with booze.

The chieftains are in a merry mood at Tracy's expense. At
the stairway, Tracy sees the gray-haired waiter slip back
into the room.

TRACY

I'll be back, Big Boy. Any night, any
hour. Next time you won't be able to
stash the stuff in time.

BIG BOY

Let us know when you're droppin' in.
We'll throw you a big party.

TRACY

The big party's reserved for you at the
state pen.

Tracy motions the police to leave.

TRACY

Let's get out of here.

He follows the police to the door. The chieftains laugh,
living it up. Breathless resumes her song again as she
watches Tracy leave, and the words seem to mean more to her
this time.

BREATHLESS

(singing)

"For I must have you or no one,
That's why I'm through with love..."

Everything is normal again, and the party resumes.

205 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

205

The police cars drive away as Tracy gets into his car and
speaks into his wrist-radio.

TRACY

We're out, Sam. You're on your own.

The gray-haired waiter runs up to the car and jumps in as Tracy
drives away. Peeling off his disguise, the waiter is Pat.

TRACY

How'd it go?

PAT

Clockwork.

(CONTINUED)

000042

205 CONTINUED:

205

TRACY

Let's hope it pays off. I don't like walking away from a speakeasy empty-handed.

TRANSITION.

206 EXT. CLUB LAVENDER - DAY

206

Everything is peaceful and quiet outside the Club Lavender the next morning. A few party streamers and hats speckle the sidewalk from the night before.

A car pulls to the curb, and three men get out: Flattop, Itchy and Mumbles. Each man carries a couple of black satchels into the Club Lavender.

207 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

207

Big Boy sips coffee and nurses a mild hangover as the three men enter the conference room. Opening one of the satchels, Flattop dumps bundles of money onto the long table. Just what the doctor ordered--Big Boy's hangover is gone.

As Numbers counts the money, CAMERA RISES to the ceiling, where we see a microphone concealed in the light fixture.

208 INT. ATTIC

208

Wearing the headset, Bug looks through one of the drilled spy holes in the floor. He slips on his wrist-radio.

BUG

Tracy, this is Bug. Looks like Saturday is collection day. Six satchels of money just arrived.

209 EXT. STREET - DAY

209

Dick Tracy sits in his car, parked on a nearby street. He makes a note of the information Bug has just passed along.

TRANSITION.

210 INT. TRACY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

210

A tense mood fills Tracy's office. Sam, Pat, Bug and a dozen others Detectives wear dark clothes like commando raiders. On the wall, Tracy has taped a pyramid of mug shots of all the top gangsters in town, with Big Boy on top, Pruneface and Ribs Mocca below that, and other layers of mobsters in their order of priority.

(CONTINUED)

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210 CONTINUED:

210

TRACY

We've been collecting information for three weeks now. We've learned that this is the structure of the new syndicate. We've gotta cut it to pieces before it gets established. We're gonna hit the mob again and again. Let's get out there and run some rats into the river.

There is a sense of anticipation and spirit as Tracy leads the squad out of the room.

TRANSITION.

211- MONTAGE SEQUENCE
226211-
226

BIX BEIDERBECKE JAZZ plays with energy. A swirl of imagery: police cars race into the night--the red fire of machine guns flashes in the street--nasty looking men in dark hats fall to the pavement.

A Ford coupe races through the night, pursued by Tracy. The Ford goes out of control and smashes into a brick wall.

Tracy, Pat, Sam and Bug hit Johnny Ramm's Blind Pig with the help of a dozen uniformed cops. They break through two doors, corralling all the customers and shooting it out with Ramm's goons. Tracy dukes it out with Ramm himself, knocking him over a blackjack table, sending chips and cards flying in all directions.

Ribs Mocca's speakeasy is the next to go. Tracy's squad hits the place like wild commandos, smashing kegs with axes, shattering glasses with machine gun fire. Ribs elects to shoot it out with Tracy. Ribs loses the election.

A cheap hotel. Tracy and his gang herd a line of prostitutes into a paddy wagon. Texie Garcia comes out fighting--she kicks a cop in the knee, slaps Pat across the face, and gouges Sam's eyes before she is finally dragged into the wagon. Amused, Tracy tips his hat to her. Texie lunges for Tracy, and the battle starts all over again.

A final swirl of imagery: axes smashing slot machines and beer kegs, shelves of whiskey torn from the walls, gunfights on dark streets, people being herded into paddy wagons.

Tracy has hit the underworld hard and fast.
END MONTAGE SEQUENCE.

TRANSITION.

227 INT. CLUB LAVENDER ATTIC - DAY

227

Bug Bailey eats a sandwich and sips coffee as he monitors the headset in the attic.

000042

228 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

228

Big Boy is being fitted for a new tuxedo as Pruneface enters.

PRUNEFACE

Tracy just hit Joey DeSanto.

Big Boy jerks away from the startled Tailor who quickly scurries out of the room.

BIG BOY

Tracy this, Tracy that! Everywhere I turn, it's Tracy, Tracy, Tracy! It's like he's readin' my mind.

229 INT. CLUB LAVENDER ATTIC

229

Bug Bailey winces as Big Boy erupts with anger. Taking off the headset, Bug sets it down and reaches behind him for some paper and a pencil--but in the process, he tips over the coffee cup and it spills on the floor. He doesn't notice the spill. Bug prepares to scribble notes as he puts the headset on again.

230- INT. CONFERENCE ROOM
233230-
233

Big Boy is a seething volcano.

BIG BOY

Texie Garcia's gone--Ribs Mocca and Johnny Ramm. Now DeSanto. Tracy's gettin' us all. What the hell is going on?

Pruneface jabs a forefinger into Big Boy's chest.

PRUNEFACE

You was gonna take care of him, remember? "Leave him to me," you said.

BIG BOY

How are they doing this? We got a rat in the organization--a canary. Somebody's gotta be tipping Tracy off.

PRUNEFACE

I ain't waiting for him to come after me. I'm gonna find a way to take care of him for good.

BIG BOY

It ain't that easy--he's a nine lives wonder. We've got to set him a trap he can't get out of...

Something, suddenly catches Big Boy's eye. He sees a small drop of liquid fall onto the conference table. Glancing suspiciously at the ceiling, he sees a liquid stain.

(CONTINUED)

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230- CONTINUED:
233

230-
233

A couple more drops fall, and Big Boy touches them with his finger. He tastes it and looks puzzled.

BIG BOY

Coffee?

Big Boy climbs up onto the table and looks in the light fixture. Seeing the microphone, he reaches for his gun.

TRANSITION.

234 EXT. DINER - NIGHT

234

A greasy spoon diner called "MIKE'S". Through the front window we see Dick Tracy at the counter finishing a meal.

235 INT. DINER

235

Tracy pushes an empty chili bowl toward MIKE behind the counter.

MIKE

Anything else, Tracy?

TRACY

Bromo.

Tracy presses his hand against his chest as Mike shakes up a Bromo.

TRACY

What do you put in that chili, Mike--
melted rubber?

MIKE

You don't like my food? Get married.

TRACY

I've been eating here five years. That's
about eighteen hundred meals and eighteen
hundred cases of heartburn. I'd like to
thank you, Mike...

MIKE

Sure, but you get that at no extra
charge.

TRACY

Yeah, but I've got no stomach left.

Just then, the small, frightened voice of Bug Bailey can be heard.

BUG'S VOICE

Calling Dick Tracy! Come in, Tracy!
Emergency!

(CONTINUED)

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235 CONTINUED:

235

Tracy speaks into his wrist-radio.

TRACY

What's wrong, Bug?

BUG'S VOICE

They found me out--I'm on the run!
Trapped in the boat house at Cullen Park!

TRACY

Hold on--on my way.

BUG'S VOICE

They're closing in!

Tracy bolts for the door.

TRANSITION.

236 INT. BIG BOY'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

236

As it speeds along a wet city street...CLOSE ON Bug Bailey as he lowers the wrist-radio and looks scared and resigned. Big Boy holds a gun to Bug's temple, and Pruneface, Breathless and the others look on.

BIG BOY

That was very good. Now, give me the radio.

With a vicious swing, Bug crashes the wrist-radio against the car door, smashing it to pieces. Big Boy viciously backhands Bug then snarls to Pruneface.

BIG BOY

Okay, you wanted Tracy? Here's your chance.

Striking a match, Pruneface smiles with grim anticipation.

PRUNEFACE

It'll be a pleasure.

TRANSITION.

237 INT. TRACY'S CAR - NIGHT

237

Tracy races through the streets with his siren wailing. He raises his wrist-radio and speaks into it urgently.

TRACY

Dick Tracy calling Pat Patton.

PAT'S VOICE

Patton.

(CONTINUED)

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237 CONTINUED:

237

TRACY

Bug's in trouble. Meet me at the boat-
house in Cullen Park.

PAT'S VOICE

Right.

Tracy's car speeds into the night.

TRANSITION.

238 OMIT

238

239- OMIT
245

239-

245

246 INT. TRACY'S CAR - CULLEN PARK - NIGHT

246

Siren off, Tracy cuts the motor and silently glides into Cullen
Park, stopping just under a low-hanging tree.

247 EXT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

247

Approaching the boat house carefully, Tracy takes out his revolver. The front door is ajar. Tracy pushes it, and it creaks open. He enters cautiously.

248- INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT
252248-
252

The boathouse is dark, lit only by moonlight and park lights that shine through the windows. Tensely, Tracy listens for sounds, then moves very carefully past stacked up rowboats and canoes.

Traced against a window at the far end of the boathouse, Tracy sees the silhouette of a man. Gripping his revolver, he moves silently toward that silhouette, closing in on it while keeping an alert eye for movement.

In the light from the window, we see that the man is Bug Bailey, hanging on a meathook. His eyes are open, but dead. Tracy sees a sudden flash of movement--the dark outline of Pruneface slashes Tracy's wrist with a metal rod. Coiling in pain, Tracy drops his gun to the floor and Pruneface kicks it away, toward Flattop smiling across the way. As the gun slides near Flattop, he gives it another kick, sends it spinning further off...

Bracing for an attack by Flattop, Tracy is stunned when Pruneface throws a bucket of clear liquid on him. Tracy's clothes are soaked, and the sharp odor is unmistakable.

TRACY

Gasoline...

SNAP...Pruneface ignites a match with his thumbnail. The faces of the two men glow in the light, and Pruneface is smiling.

PRUNEFACE

Just one spark--that's all it takes.
You'll light up like a Christmas tree.

Pruneface playfully tosses the match at Tracy. Tracy avoids it. Pruneface ignites the torch he holds in his left hand. It explodes into flames, causing eerie shadows to dance on the walls. Bug Bailey's body hangs like an evil spectre in the background.

PRUNEFACE

Ever see gasoline burn, Flatfoot?
A real pretty color.

Pruneface starts at Tracy with the torch. Tracy backs away. Pruneface teases Tracy with it, swinging playfully in wide arcs. CRACK--a sudden gunshot--Pruneface falls backward, dead.

Tracy and Flattop both whirl toward the direction of the shot--from their POV, CAMERA ZOOMS to the man in the dark cape and hat--the man with no face--The Blank. Another shot whistles past Flattop's ear, and he turns and runs away.

(CONTINUED)

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248- CONTINUED:
252

248-
252

Stunned, Tracy runs to the door, watches The Blank as he steps into a black sedan and drives off into the night. Tracy turns and sees Flattop disappear out a window, then turns and looks again at the black sedan speeding away. The man with no face is something even Dick Tracy can't quite explain...

TRANSITION.

253 INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

253

An exclusive barber shop in mid-town. There are six chairs, but the only customer is Big Boy--his bodyguards have seen to that. At a mirror, Breathless adjusts her make-up while Numbers looks blankly at Flattop.

Big Boy is being treated like a king: a shave and haircut, manicure and shoe-shine. He glares at Flattop, and his voice is quiet but dangerous.

BIG BOY

You're tellin' me that Pruneface was shot by a guy with no face.

FLATTOP

Yeah. Nothin'--no eyes, nothin'.

BIG BOY

A guy with no face at all.

FLATTOP

It's true. Why would I lie?

Big Boy rises menacingly, ripping the apron away. The Barber jumps back, the Manicurist spills her tray and the Shoeshine Man scurries away.

BIG BOY

Why? I'll tell you why. Because Tracy beat you--you and Pruneface. So now you make up this crazy story.

FLATTOP

It's true, Boss. Honest.

Big Boy looks disgusted. He glances at Breathless.

BIG BOY

You ever hear of a guy with no face?

BREATHLESS

Sure. And heard of the Easter Bunny too.

Big Boy wipes the shaving cream off his face with a towel. He glares at Flattop again.

BIG BOY

A man with no face.

(CONTINUED)

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NUMBERS

Maybe it was one of Tracy's men. He covered his face with something--maybe Tracy's trying some vigilante action.

BREATHLESS

Looks like you've got your hands full.

BIG BOY

It's worse than you think. Give her the numbers, Numbers.

NUMBERS

Speakeasies down fifty-two per cent. Gambling down sixty-one per cent. We're short on bribe money...

BIG BOY

All right, all right, that's enough. It's real simple. Either we get rid of Tracy real soon or I'm dead. And if I'm dead, so are all of you. Get it?

TRANSITION.

Dick Tracy has the eyes of a hawk--calmly, pensively, he surveys the boathouse area at Cullen Park.

The roped-off area is swarmed by detectives and lab technicians searching for clues. A POLICE ARTIST sits on a bench, sketching. Pat approaches Tracy.

PAT

There are at least forty sets of footprints in the area. Most of them are only partials.

TRACY

Yeah, well, get what you can...

PAT

Dozens of tire tracks. The boys are still combing the bushes for shells.

TRACY

Any witnesses?

PAT

Sam found a couple who were smooching on the other side of the lake. They heard the gunshots, but they didn't see this... guy you were talking about.

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED:

254

TRACY

Hey, Pat, you sound like you think I dreamed him up.

PAT

Aw, come on. If Tracy says there was a faceless man, I'll bet the mortgage there was. But what was he doin' here?

TRACY

There's a lot of questions. Did he follow me, or them? Why'd he save my life, to do me a favor? Not likely.

The Police Artist approaches Tracy with a peculiar look. He shows Tracy a rough sketch of The Blank.

ARTIST

Is this what you mean...?

TRACY

Yeah, that's it exactly...Hand out copies to every cop on the force.

The Artist shrugs and moves away, shaking his head.

PAT

If this don't beat all, I don't know what does...

TRACY

There's a new element in the game, and I don't know whose side he's on. But I'm sure we're gonna see him again.

TRANSITION.

255 INT. CLUB LAVENDER - DAY

255

Close on the piano. Someone is playing something bluesy. We see a newspaper on the piano, showing a photo of Tracy and Tess together, arriving at a charity ball. The caption reads: "WEDDING BELLS FOR DICK TRACY? TOP COP AND GIRLFRIEND ATTEND THE BALL FOR UNDER-PRIVILEGED KIDS." Camera pulls back to find Breathless at the piano, playing casually.

The Club is nearly empty, a few hours before opening. Janitors straighten tables, an occasional Musician wanders by. Breathless finishes her drink and is a little tipsy as she moves to the bar where the BARTENDER mixes her another drink.

BREATHLESS

Ever been in love, Charlie?

BARTENDER

Once or twice. I don't tell my wife about the second time.

(CONTINUED)

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255 CONTINUED:

255

BREATHLESS

It really stinks, doesn't it?

BARTENDER

No argument there.

BREATHLESS

People always fall for the wrong people.
You noticed?

BARTENDER

Yeah. It's nature's way of keeping the
population down.

Breathless smiles ironically, takes her drink and toasts the
Bartender.

BREATHLESS

Here's to love.

TRANSITION.

256 EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

256

An empty dock at the harbor. Dick Tracy leans against a post
and watches the millions of lights and the skyline. The
white Packard of Breathless Mahoney pulls into the area and
parks. Tracy watches Breathless get out of the car and walk
toward him.

She looks slightly different this time--her beauty is the
same, but the attitude of her eyes is less confident, more
vulnerable.

They're like two people, isolated and alone in the world.
Their voices in the night have a quiet, lonely quality.

BREATHLESS

You came alone. You must trust me. It
could have been a set-up.

TRACY

No, you let Big Boy use you for a lot of
things--but I don't think you'd let him
use you for that.

BREATHLESS

What do you think about me, Tracy? Go
ahead, level with me.

A pause.

TRACY

The truth is this is a new feeling for
me. You confuse me...Funny, I've never
been confused before in my life.

(CONTINUED)

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256 CONTINUED:

256

Breathless smiles...

BREATHLESS

Maybe there's a lot to be said for that kind of confusion. You don't always have to stay under control, you know. Just once, wouldn't you like to let go?

TRACY

You know I won't--and you came here to hear me say it. Look, this thing has gotten a little out of hand for both of us--and you need to end it as much as I do.

BREATHLESS

The pillar of morality.

TRACY

You overrate my righteousness.

BREATHLESS

Then why won't you let down with me?

TRACY

Because it would hurt someone else. Someone who doesn't deserve it. Someone I love very much.

BREATHLESS

What a disappointment. You really are just a good boy at heart.

TRACY

No, I'm just what everybody is at heart--but I have to be the boss over it.

Tracy looks at her with an iron finality in his eyes.

TRACY

This is the last time we're going to meet. I'm sorry, but if you come around again, I'll figure out a reason to put you in jail.

Turning, Tracy walks into the night. Breathless looks hurt, and she blinks as she hears Tracy's car door slam. It is as final a sound as she has ever heard.

TRANSITION.

257 EXT. STREET - DAY

257

Big Boy's limousine cruises down a mid-town street.

258 INT. LIMOUSINE

258

Big Boy sits between Numbers and 88 Keys in the back of the limousine.

BIG BOY

What's your deal, piano man?

88 KEYS

We take away all your problems. For ten per cent of your take, we guarantee to get rid of Tracy, once and for all.

BIG BOY

We tried that. It didn't work.

88 KEYS

You used force. Tracy's just as good as you at force. We use finesse...Look, if we don't deliver, you pay us nothing.

NUMBERS

What can we lose, Big Boy?

Big Boy glares at Numbers for interrupting the negotiations then looks back at 88.

BIG BOY

Okay, piano player. Prove you can do it. Get rid of Tracy--forever--and we got a deal.

88 Keys smiles. Numbers looks relieved.

TRANSITION.

259- OMIT
265

259
265
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266-
272

EXT. TRACY'S STREET - NIGHT

266-
272

At the corner, a half block from Tracy's apartment building, Tess and Junior hop off a streetcar. They're eating ice cream cones as they walk toward the building.

JUNIOR

You've been nice to me all day today.
Movies, ice cream. Did Tracy put you up
to it?

TESS

Maybe I did it because I like you.

JUNIOR

Tracy wants us to be friends--is that it?

TESS

He wants us to be family.

JUNIOR

We already are--him and me--family.

TESS

You can have a bigger family than that.

They walk along, and the wheels in Junior's mind start turning.

JUNIOR

So, what's in it for me?

(CONTINUED)

266- CONTINUED:
272

266-
272

TESS

We could have a lot of fun together.
Maybe we could all go camping sometime.

JUNIOR

Ladies don't go camping.

TESS

This lady does. And I not only know a
lot about baseball, I can play baseball,
too.

JUNIOR

Prove it.

Bending down, Tess picks up a stone. She looks around for a
suitable target then points at a garbage can thirty yards away.

TESS

See that garbage can?

She goes into a slow, elaborate double-pump wind-up, kicks
one leg high, and her arm comes around like whiplash. The
stone streaks through the air and BANGS off the garbage can.
Junior's eyes almost pop out of his head.

TESS

Now do you want to see my curve ball?

JUNIOR

Lady, you're the strangest dame I ever
seen.

They walk again. Hesitantly, Junior suddenly slips his hand
into Tess's. Surprised, she looks down at him and smiles.

Just as they approach the apartment building, there's a sudden
flash of movement. Two dark figures leap from the shadows--88
Keys and The Blank. 88 grabs Tess while The Blank covers her
face with a chloroformed cloth. Her body becomes limp as she
collapses into 88's arms. It has all happened quickly, in the
blink of an eye.

Junior attacks with a fury. He throws his small body into 88
Keys, punching, kicking, biting like a wildcat. Dropping Tess
to the sidewalk, 88 holds his knee in pain, and Junior attacks
again.

88 KEYS

Easy, little man. Easy.

88 grabs Junior while The Blank drags Tess toward the open
door of a parked car. Junior is swinging furiously from all
angles: fists, feet, elbows, knees, a bundle of perpetual
motion.

(CONTINUED)

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TRACY

Spill it.

PICKPOCKET

It's Louie the Actor from Cleveland. The boys in Kelly's Pool Hall said he hit town a few weeks ago. You know Louie and his costumes.

TRACY

The Actor's in Joliet. He's been there for a year and a half. I sent him there. Get him out of here, Pat.

Pat leads the Pickpocket toward the door. Three Cops rush in, leading a slim Blonde.

FIRST COP

We found her! She was at an all-night movie!

Tracy takes one look and just turns away. Brandon waves the Cops out of the room with the wrong girl. Turning to Sam, Tracy finds WHEEZER FISK, another stoolie.

TRACY

You owe me, Wheezer. Who is this Blank?

WHEEZER

Rumors, Tracy. That's all I hear.

TRACY

What rumors?

WHEEZER

He's a rogue cop--he's got a personal grudge against the mob.

TRACY

Who is it?

WHEEZER

The truth? They say it's you.

JUNIOR

Tracy was there when The Blank shot Pruneface. How can he be two guys at once?

PAT

Tracy--telephone. It's Mumbles Malloy. Says it's important--private.

Tracy grabs the phone from Pat just as more cops usher a wagonload of stoolies into the room.

TRACY

This is Tracy.

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274 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

274

Mumbles Malloy in a phone booth down by the river. He keeps a careful watch all around him at the shadows in the street.

MUMBLES

One eighty-five River Street. Ten minutes. Be there and I'll tell you where she is. Bring the tape. A trade.

Mumbles hangs up the phone, steps out of the booth, and hides in the shadows.

275 INT. TRACY'S OFFICE

275

Tracy pulls out the bottom drawer of his desk, rifles through it, grabs the recording and dashes for the door.

PAT

Where you goin'?

No answer. Tracy is gone.

TRANSITION.

276 EXT. RIVER STREET - NIGHT

276

With the lights out, Tracy creeps his car up to 185 River Street, a rundown tool and die shop. Getting out of the car, he moves cautiously up to the front door. Turning the knob, Tracy finds that the door is unlocked. Sensing a trap, he takes out his revolver as he enters.

277 INT. TOOL AND DIE SHOP

277

Tracy enters a small glass walled office and closes the door behind him. The office is dark and so is the plant area on the other side of the glass walls.

Suddenly, a light goes on--a single spotlight that shines directly onto the detective. He takes a step to the side--the light follows. Tracy tenses for action.

A spotlight in the plant area suddenly goes on, revealing The Blank. Tracy freezes. The Blank's voice comes filtered and distorted into the room.

THE BLANK

I've been waiting for you, Tracy.

Tracy's eyes flash with anger.

TRACY

Where is she--where's Tess?

THE BLANK

You'll never see her again. The rackets are gonna belong to me now--your big career is over.

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(P) (C) (A) (S) .

277 CONTINUED:

277

Reaching down, The Blank turns a valve, and there is a sudden hissing sound, like a release of steam. Invisible gas shoots into the room where Tracy is enclosed. The force of the gas blows papers around the room and ripples Tracy's clothes.

THE BLANK

It won't hurt--it won't even kill you.
Just relax and go to sleep.

Tracy chokes and coughs, then makes his way to the door. He finds it has been locked from the outside. Staggering across the room, Tracy grabs a chair, raises it over his head and attempts to smash it through the glass wall. The chair merely bounces off the shatterproof glass.

Falling to his knees, Tracy raises his revolver. He aims it directly at The Blank, struggles to focus, then squeezes the trigger twice. Small spider webs of cracks appear in the glass, but it doesn't break. Barely conscious now, Tracy's eyes suddenly roll up into his head and he collapses to the floor, flat on his face.

TRANSITION.

278 INT. SLEAZY HOTEL - NIGHT

278

A fleabag hotel in the center of the town. A bored NIGHT CLERK reads a dime mystery novel behind the front desk, and an OLD MAN sits in the lobby in rumpled clothes, stroking a cat in his lap.

Suddenly, the front door bursts open--we see a flash of Dick Tracy in hat and trenchcoat as he bursts through the lobby and strides up the steps two at a time.

CLERK

Hey--close the damn door.

The Clerk walks over to close the door. The old man continues to pet his cat.

279 INT. CORRIDOR

279

Still with his back to us, Tracy moves to Room 429 and unlocks the door. He goes in and closes the door behind him.

280- INT. ROOM 429
282280-
282

District Attorney Fletcher sits on the bed, impatiently smoking a cigarette. He looks up as Tracy enters. There is a sudden look of terror in his eyes as he sees a revolver in Tracy's gloved hand.

FLETCHER

No, wait... who are...

(CONTINUED)

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280- CONTINUED:
282

280-
282

Two SILENT SHOTS spit from the gun. Fletcher falls backward, then tumbles to the floor, stone dead. For the first time we see Tracy's face--but it isn't Tracy at all--it's The Blank.

Leaving the room quickly, he crosses the hall to the back stairway and opens the door. 88 Keys is there carrying Tracy over his shoulder, unconscious. He follows The Blank quickly into the room.

88 Keys lays Tracy down on the floor, face up. The Blank places the gun that killed Fletcher into Tracy's hand. Then he places an envelope into Fletcher's pocket, and stuffs bundles of money into Tracy's pocket.

88 Keys picks up the telephone and dials a number.

88 KEYS
(into phone)
Police? I'd like to report a murder.

TRANSITION.

283 SPINNING NEWSPAPERS

283

The headlines read: "DICK TRACY ARRESTED FOR MURDER OF D.A.-- EVIDENCE OF BLACKMAIL--NO BAIL SET."

284 INT. CLUB LAVENDER CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

284

Big Boy holds the newspaper in his hands, throws back his head and laughs. 88 Keys sits calmly off to one side, observing.

BIG BOY
That's beautiful. I want this front page framed--I want it hung on my wall. I gotta hand it to you, 88. You did it.

88 KEYS
Finesse.

BIG BOY
You should have killed him. You had the chance.

88 KEYS
But if Tracy were dead, you wouldn't have any reason to honor our deal. If you back out, we'll clear Tracy, and he'll be after you with a vengeance. Now let's get on with our cut of this week's take.

Big Boy frowns. He still doesn't like it, but he takes a bulging envelope from his inside pocket. 88 reaches for the envelope, but Big Boy holds onto it.

(CONTINUED)

000042

284 CONTINUED:

284

BIG BOY

Next week, I wanna meet the no-face guy
in person and give it to him myself.

88 KEYS

I'll see if it can be arranged.

BIG BOY

You do that, piano man.

Big Boy gives him the envelope and 88 leaves. Big Boy is
still frowning as he looks at his gang down the table.

BIG BOY

Of all the people they could've used,
they chose Fletcher to frame Tracy. I
had plans for him--I had this town in the
palm of my hand.

NUMBERS

That's why they chose him, Big Boy.
These people are smart.

BIG BOY

They ain't that smart, pencil-pusher.
I ain't gonna go on letting them take a
cut of my dough. When I meet this no-
face guy, I'm gonna turn the tables.
He's gonna end up working for me.

Big Boy smiles, then begins to laugh. The rest of the people
in the room join in his laughter.

BIG BOY

Things are looking up, boys--we're back
in business again.

TRANSITION.

285- OMIT
294

285-
294
*

295 INT. TRACY'S CELL - NIGHT

295

Tracy lies on his bunk in the dim light of his cell. He
stares at the ceiling, frustrated and worried about Tess.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, he hears a loud clang of the door down the hall and footsteps that move toward his cell. Glancing at the bars, he sees Chief Brandon and Junior.

TRACY

Hi, Chief--any leads on Tess?

BRANDON

Not a thing. The boys are looking everywhere, but it is as though she has vanished from the face of the earth.

Tracy looks depressed. A Guard opens the cell door and Brandon and Junior join Tracy inside.

TRACY

You shouldn't have brought the kid here, Chief.

BRANDON

He's got a mind of his own, Tracy. You know that.

JUNIOR

I missed ya. I wanted to see how you were doin'.

Junior sits beside Tracy on the bunk. Brandon looks weary.

BRANDON

I'm sorry to say it looks bad, Tracy. The evidence looks very bad.

TRACY

I walked right into it, Chief. I should've seen it coming.

BRANDON

Here's how it stands. Two witnesses in the lobby saw you dash into the hotel and run up the stairs toward Fletcher's room.

TRACY

They saw somebody--not me.

BRANDON

You were found in the room with a gun in your hand and Fletcher lying dead on the floor.

TRACY

They must have carried me up by the back stairs.

(CONTINUED)

000042

BRANDON

Everyone knows you and Fletcher never got along very well. You had motive and opportunity.

JUNIOR

Hey, wait a minute--you sound like you believe it.

BRANDON

I'm only saying what the jury would believe.

(to Tracy)

And then there's this...

From his pocket, Brandon takes an envelope and gives it to Tracy. Opening the envelope, Tracy finds a letter.

BRANDON

We found ten thousand dollars stuffed in your pockets.

JUNIOR

It was planted, right, Tracy?

TRACY

(reading the note)

"I have evidence that will destroy you. Bring ten thousand dollars to Room 429, Midway Hotel."

(to Brandon)

It's a fake. I never wrote this.

BRANDON

Our experts compared it with a sample of your handwriting, and found twenty-two common points.

JUNIOR

Who's side are you on, Chief? All this stuff don't mean nothin'. This is Tracy you're talkin' about.

BRANDON

You think I'm enjoyin' this?

Brandon rises and signals for the Guard.

TRACY

Get me out of here, Brandon. I've got to find Tess. Put me back on the streets. Give me twenty-four hours. I'll turn this town upside down.

(CONTINUED)

000042

BRANDON

You know I'd do anything I could for you, Tracy.

The Guard unlocks the cell.

BRANDON

I'll leave the two of you alone. They'll be comin' to transfer you to county jail tonight, Tracy. Judge Harper still refuses to set bail.

TRACY

Figures. Guess I caught him in too many speakeasies.

BRANDON

Take it easy, Tracy. It'll work out somehow. At least, I hope so.

Brandon leaves. Tracy and Junior look at each other.

TRACY

I'll tell you something, kid--life stinks on this side of the bars.

JUNIOR

They can't frame you like this, Tracy. We'll find a way to clear you.

Tracy begins to pace the cell restlessly.

TRACY

Well, kid, here I am, locked up like a common criminal.

JUNIOR

After all you did for this town, you end up here like this. Some gratitude.

Tracy looks at the Kid and he's suddenly nervous about Junior's cynicism. He sits down next to the sullen boy on the jail cot.

TRACY

I've gotta level with you, Junior--like the Chief says, things look bad. I might end up here a long time. That means you'll be on your own. You won't run away again, will you?

No response.

(CONTINUED)

000042

295 CONTINUED: (4)

295

TRACY

Promise me you'll stay away from
Hooverville, and I don't want you to go
back to Steve.

No response.

TRACY

Junior, listen...what's happened to me
is wrong, but that doesn't mean the
world's wrong. You've got to keep be-
lieving in the right things no matter
what happens to me...I'm a cop. I
defend the people in this world worth
defending. I believe in that. But, more
than anything else I believe in, I want
you to grow up to be straight and strong.
More than anything else in the world,
I just want you to be a good person.

Junior gives Tracy a long look.
Tears well in his eyes.

JUNIOR

I won't let you down, Tracy.

Junior throws his arms around Tracy's neck, and the two of
them hug each other tightly.

TRANSITION.

296- EXT. JAIL PARKING LOT - NIGHT
297

296-
297

Tracy is brought out in cuffs by two guards and is put into
the back seat of a squad car.
Tracy is surprised to see Sam and Pat in the front seat.
The two guards leave after Sam signs a form.

TRACY

What are you two doing here?

SAM

We drew the detail.

PAT

Truth is, we volunteered.

TRACY

Why, for Pete's sake?

SAM

Like the song, Tracy. For sentimental
reasons.

000043

299 CONTINUED:

299

She turns to the door as three men enter: Tracy, Pat and Sam. Her welcoming smile freezes on her face.

MADAM

Tracy--cops!

The MUSIC stops, and people turn with worry toward Tracy.

TRACY

Mumbles Malloy--where is he?

MADAM

Never heard of him.

TRACY

I don't have time to gab with you, Sally.
Tell me where he is or I'll run you all in.

The Madam gives it one quick thought then points to the stairs.

MADAM

Top of the stairs, Room 5.

Tracy, Sam and Pat dash up the stairs.

300 INT. ROOM 5

300

Tracy, Sam and Pat bust into Room 5, where they find a SLINKY HOOKER in a black negligee and Mumbles in his underwear. Mumbles looks stunned and the hooker looks frightened as she backs out of the room.

MUMBLES

Tracy--you're in jail.

Grabbing Mumbles by the undershirt, Tracy slams him against the wall.

TRACY

Where's Tess?

MUMBLES

I don't know.

TRACY

Talk, you cockroach. Where is she?

Tracy slams Mumbles viciously against the wall twice more. There is fear and panic in Mumbles' eyes.

MUMBLES

I don't know, Tracy--I swear I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

300 CONTINUED:

300

TRACY
(cold as ice)
Why did you set me up?

MUMBLES
He paid me to.

TRACY
Who paid you?

MUMBLES
A guy--I don't know.

TRACY
Who?

Tracy slams Mumbles again, and the man is shaking with fear.

MUMBLES
88 Keys--the piano man. He made a deal
with Big Boy to get you out of the way.
That's all I know.

Sam jolts Mumbles' teeth by slamming him against the wall
once again.

SAM
88 Keys--where do we find him?

MUMBLES
How do I know?

SAM
Where?

MUMBLES
Grandview Arms--downtown. That's all I
know! That's all!

Sam glares for another moment, then releases Mumbles.

TRACY
Take a ride on a train. Don't be in
this town tomorrow.

Tracy, Sam and Pat leave the room. Mumbles is shaking all
over.

TRANSITION.

301 EXT. GRANDVIEW ARMS - NIGHT

301

A bright red neon sign runs up the side of the building, and
reads: "HOTEL." It's a second class joint, better than
some, but a few years past its prime.

000042

302 INT. CORRIDOR

302

88 Keys steps out of an elevator and walks past several doors to room 508. Inserting a key, he enters.

303-
306 INT. ROOM 508303-
306

Before he can even turn on the light, 88 is hit by three men in the dark. He screams as Tracy and Sam literally pick him up and carry him across the room to the open window. Tracy and Sam suddenly hang 88 upside down, outside the window. They each hold an ankle. 88 is paralyzed with fear as he hangs five stories above the street. The neon sign hisses and buzzes as it casts an eerie red light on the faces of the three men.

88 KEYS

Pull me up! You gotta pull me up!

TRACY

You let me take the fall for Fletcher.
Maybe I'll let you take the fall right now.

88 KEYS

No, no! Please!

TRACY

Quit thrashin' around--I'm losing my grip. Tell me what I want to know, or you're a stain on the sidewalk.

Tracy and Sam let 88 slip a little, and he gasps.

88 KEYS

Anything, Tracy! Name your price!

TRACY

Take me to Tess.

88 KEYS

Yes! Pull me up!

TRANSITION.

307 EXT. RIVERFRONT - NIGHT

307

A row of rundown apartment buildings by the river in the rough section of town. Pat pulls the police car to the curb.

88 KEYS

She's in the studio on the top floor.

Cuffing 88 Keys to the steering wheel, Tracy, Sam and Pat get out of the car. Tracy looks the building over quickly.

TRACY

Sam, you take the hallway inside the building. Pat and I are going up on the roof.

(CONTINUED)

5-11-62

307 CONTINUED:

307

Sam enters the building, and 88 watches Tracy and Pat climb the fire escape toward the roof. 88 jiggles the handcuffs a couple of times, but they are secure. Suddenly, he becomes aware of the presence of someone at the window--he turns and sees The Blank. 88 looks frightened as The Blank sticks a gun right in his face.

88 KEYS

I had to tell them! Tracy was gonna kill me!

Lowering the gun, The Blank moves quickly and hurries up the street to escape.

88 KEYS

Wait a minute--don't leave me! Wait!

The Blank disappears into the night.

308- EXT. ROOF - NIGHT
314308-
314

Tracy and Pat reach the roof and creep quietly to the skylight. Looking down, they are surprised to see Big Boy pacing the room, looking at his watch. In another part of the room, they see Tess tied to a chair. Fire comes into Tracy's eyes.

PAT

You got a plan?

With a tremendous crash of glass, Tracy answers Pat's question by leaping through the skylight. He plunges twenty feet to a paint-stained sofa down below, then bounces to the floor, and rolls over with his gun blazing. His bullets tear up the woodwork around Big Boy's head as he ducks into a hallway.

BIG BOY

I've been set up! I've been set up!

Big Boy blasts several shots at Tracy and dashes for the nearest escape--a large window that covers half of a wall. He dives through the window at the end of the hall... *

Tracy runs down the hall, looks out the broken window to see Big Boy's limo speed away... *

Quickly, Tracy unties Tess, removes the gag from her mouth and lifts her into his arms. She holds him tightly and shakes with emotion.

TRANSITION.

315 EXT. STREET

315

A police car streaks through the city street, sirens wailing.

316 INT. POLICE CAR

316

Pat drives, with 88 Keys and Sam beside him in the front seat. In the back seat, Tracy and Tess are locked in a kiss. Sam speaks urgently into the police radio.

SAM

Chief, we've got Tess and we're coming in. Big Boy was at the scene, and we can implicate him in the kidnapping.

Breaking from the kiss, Tracy reaches over the seat and snatches the microphone from Sam.

TRACY

Listen, Chief, I want every cop in town to head for the Club Lavender right now! Bring guns, heavy artillery, everything you've got! We've got enough on Big Boy to send him up the river for life--get everybody moving now!

Tracy flips the microphone back to Sam then turns to Tess.

TESS

I knew you'd find me, Tracy.

TRACY

I hope you know I never would have stopped looking...

Tracy takes her gently in his arms and kisses her.

BRANDON'S VOICE

We're on our way. Is Tess all right?

Sam glances over his shoulder to the back seat, where the embrace has become spectacular.

SAM

Tracy is taking personal charge of that...

TRANSITION.

317 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

317

There is a sense of furious activity: cops swarming everywhere, breaking out the guns, strapping on equipment. The atmosphere is that of an invasion force, preparing to attack. Brandon stands in the middle of it all, directing the activity.

BRANDON

Tear gas, lots of it--break out the shotguns and Thompsons. Radio every patrol car to head for the Lavender. Let's go--move it!

0000

318 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS

318

Cops rush for their cars. Unnoticed by everyone, Junior sneaks into the backseat of a patrol car. Brandon leads the pack as a long caravan of wailing police cars pull out of the parking lot and race through the streets of the city.

TRANSITION.

319- INT. CLUB LAVENDER CONFERENCE ROOM
323319-
323

Wind~~ed~~ and frazzled, Big Boy dashes into his conference room with Flattop close behind. Breathless, Numbers, and a dozen hoods sit at the long table, startled at Big Boy's entrance.

BIG BOY

It's all over--burn the records, get the money, break out the guns. Let's get out of here. The cops are on their way.

Fury begins. Big Boy quickly unlocks his safe and stuffs his pockets with money, while the hoods begin to arm themselves with machine guns and shotguns stored in an ammunition closet. Breathless watches the panic with her usual cool demeanor.

NUMBERS

Big Boy, what happened?

BIG BOY

Tracy's out of jail. No-Face double crossed me. He set me up.

Big Boy turns quickly to Breathless.

BIG BOY

Get out of sight, baby. I'll get out of this and send for you.

BREATHLESS

Don't bother. You're a sinking ship. Little Breathless will find another raft to cling to.

Rising, she kisses Big Boy's cheek, gently, exactly the way she kissed Lips Manlis earlier.

BREATHLESS

Bye-bye, baby.

With self-assurance she heads for the door. Big Boy gives a brief thought to blowing her head off, but just then, the first faint sounds of SIRENS filter into the room. Big Boy moves quickly to the window and looks down into the street. He sees the cop cars begin to arrive.

BIG BOY

Let's get movin', guys. They're dustin' off the hot seat for me!

(CONTINUED)

000042

324- CONTINUED:
335

324-
335

The war begins--thousands of machine gun bullets rip the night, tearing into police cars, smashing windows, breaking chunks of concrete off the curbs. The police return the fire, peppering the Club Lavender with bullets that leave the building pockmarked.

Lead flies in all directions from the red bursts of tommy guns and shotguns. Cops fall. Hoods fall. Big dramatic death dives as they slam backward into buildings, or fall from the windows of the Club Lavender. Screams. The continuous roar of gunfire fills the night. Dick Tracy's eyes glisten as fire flashes from the end of his tommy gun.

Junior watches from the police car. His eyes are wide with wonder and laced with excitement and fear. He watches Tracy launch a tear gas canister toward the building. The canister crashes through the window, and Tracy throws another.

336 INT. CLUB LAVENDER CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

336

Big Boy stumbles over a wounded hood, grabs a sizzling canister, and throws it back out the window. He blasts the street again. Gas is filling the room. Hoods are coughing, reeling, trying to return the gunfire. One more canister breaks through a window. Big Boy is gasping for air.

BIG BOY

We're makin' a break for it! Let's get out of here!

Leading the way, Big Boy stumbles through the gas-filled room and out the door to the corridor. The hoods all follow, choking and coughing.

337 EXT. STREET

337

Lead continues to fly from both sides as Tracy turns to Sam and Pat.

TRACY

Sam, take the north side of the building.
Pat, you take the rear. When I give the word, we're gonna charge the place.

Sam and Pat take off in opposite directions.

338 INT. CLUB LAVENDER MAIN ROOM

338

Rushing through the main room of the club, Big Boy leads his men to the entrance of the garage. Breathless has found shelter behind the bar in the main room, and she watches the attempted escape as she mixes a drink. She tips Big Boy and the hoods an amused little toast after they are gone.

BREATHLESS

Bon voyage, tough guys.

338

339- INT. GARAGE
341

339-
341

Four cars are lined up, filled with hoods, facing the garage door. The drivers rev their engines like bombers on an aircraft carrier. Gasoline fumes fill the garage, and Big Boy climbs into the back seat of the last car in the line. He's all alone except for Flattop.

BIG BOY

Now! Hit your horn!

Flattop hits the horn, and that's the signal to go. The cars streak in a single line toward the garage door. Just as Flattop hits the gas, Big Boy suddenly opens the back door and steps out of the car.

342- EXT. STREET
347

342-
347

The firing has decreased as Tracy watches the building. He takes a step out from behind the police car to look things over--and then BLAM! The garage doors fly off their hinges as the first car suddenly smashes through them. Machine gun fire blasts from every window of the car as it streaks into the street. Tracy dives for cover behind a bullet-riddled police car.

Crammed with hoods, the other three cars follow the first one out of the garage. A fierce battle begins--tommy guns spray the street from every window of the cars. A couple of hoods even hang on each running board, and they are quickly cut down by police fire.

Cops shoot from every angle. The first car slams into a police car, jumps the curb, smashes head-on into a lamppost. Another car slams over a fire hydrant, and water streaks high into the air. Headlights explode. Glass shatters and glistens in the street. Tires are blown out.

One by one, the escaping cars are torn to pieces by police fire. Hoods flee and are cut down. Flattop's car has smashed head-on into a paddy wagon, and he comes out of the smoking car blazing away...

FLATTOP

You'll never get me, coppers!

He cuts loose with his tommy gun, firing indiscriminately in all directions, a man obsessed, going down in glory. Tracy and the cops riddle him with bullets and he falls, tommy gun blasting at the pavement.

348 INT. CLUB LAVENDER MAIN ROOM

348

Big Boy runs back into the main room of the Club Lavender. As he hurries through the room, Breathless eyes him from behind the bar...

000042

349 INT. WINE CELLAR

349

Dashing down the steps, Big boy enters a cellar with rack after rack of wine bottles. He moves quickly to the far end of the room, then uses all his bulky strength to pull the last wine rack away from the wall. Ripping a small door open, Big Boy crawls into a tunnel that leads into the city's underground sewer system.

350- EXT. STREET
352350-
352

The street is still alive with gunfire as Tracy shouts into his wrist-radio.

TRACY

Charge the building! Everybody! Swarm
the place!

Junior watches excitedly from the back seat of the police car as Tracy leads the charge toward the building. Police rush the Club Lavender from every direction, smashing in through doors and window.

353- INT. CLUB LAVENDER
356353-
356

Bursting through the broken garage doors, Tracy leads the swarm of police into the smoky building. More shots are fired, but cornered, the hoods drop their weapons and surrender. Tracy's eyes are electric with excitement. Breathless Mahoney is nowhere to be seen.

TRACY

Get Big Boy! Alive or dead, but get him!

The police have fanned out all over the Club opening doors, searching quickly for Big Boy. Pat calls out from the top of the stairs.

PAT

He's not up here, Tracy.

Sam calls out from the kitchen.

SAM

He's not here. He's not anywhere.

Other voices call out from other areas of the Club: Big Boy is nowhere to be found. Confused, Tracy looks around the Club carefully. Then suddenly, it hits him...

Tracy dashes toward the door.

357 EXT. STREET

357

Tracy jumps into a police car, throws on the siren, and takes off with a long squeal of tires. The crowd parts quickly as Tracy races the car up the street.

000042

358 INT. SEWER

358

Slushing through knee-deep water, Big Boy is heavily winded, almost exhausted as he runs up the tunnel. He pauses for a moment and puts his hands on his knees to catch his breath. A few rats scurry along the wall, as Big Boy listens carefully for footsteps. Hearing none, he runs again, charging like a worn-out rhino up the tunnel.

359- INT. CAR
360359-
360

Deep intensity in Tracy's eyes as he faces to beat the clock. Something catches his attention in the rear view mirror, and with one hand, he reaches behind his seat and grabs Junior by the shirt.

TRACY

Junior! What the hell are you doing here?

JUNIOR

I'm with ya, Tracy. They ain't got a chance against us.

TRACY

Stay back, stay down, and stay out of sight!

JUNIOR

Tracy, look out!

Tracy weaves around a vegetable truck and flies into the open again.

361 EXT. CITY BRIDGE

361

One of the bridges is in the process of being raised as a ship sails out of the harbor. An OLD GUARD signals the ship that it has clearance as Tracy's car squeezes into the area. Leaping out of the car, Tracy dashes toward the guardhouse on the bridge.

362 INT. SEWER

362

Winded and exhausted, Big Boy slogs through the water in the sewer, and reaches a door.

363 INT. GEAR HOUSE

363

Opening the door, Big Boy enters a subterranean concrete room, and leans heavily back against a cement wall, gasping for breath. Huge ten foot gears turn slowly, groaning against a great weight. They CREAK with a loud, ominous sound. The room is dim and musty with grease and dirt everywhere.

364 INT. BRIDGE GUARDHOUSE

364

Bursting into the Old Guard's glassed-in control room, Tracy heads for the stairs.

OLD GUARD

Hey, you can't--

TRACY

Tracy--police.

Tracy flashes his badge as he runs down the steps to the gear house door. Reaching the door, he stops, checks his gun, and puts his hand on the knob. Turning the knob slowly, he opens the door a few inches and peers into the room.

365- INT. GEAR HOUSE - NIGHT

365-

368

368

Big Boy's eyes dart quickly toward the door as it starts to open. He grabs his gun and crouches behind the huge moving gears. Tracy enters the room slowly, and his eyes search every corner. Big Boy peers up over the moving gears. He raises his gun, aims it directly at Tracy, and slowly squeezes the trigger. The gun explodes and a shot pings off one of the huge gears.

Big Boy turns back to the tunnel, but Tracy whizzes a bullet past his ear that bites into the door, and Big Boy hits the floor and returns the fire.

The big wheels and gears are between them as the two men try to circle around to each other. They exchange shots between the wheels, and the bullets ricochet among the gears. Tracy's voice seems hollow in the room.

TRACY

It's all over, Big Boy. You're gonna cook for everything you've done. I'll pull the switch myself.

BIG BOY

This next bullet's got your name on it, Tracy.

Big Boy fires again and the shot rattles through the gears missing Tracy by an inch. Dropping to his knees, Tracy is out of sight as he crawls under one of the huge, menacing gears and comes up on the other side, behind Big Boy.

Startled, Big Boy whirls just as Tracy puts a heavy shoulder into Big Boy's soft belly and drives him to the floor. Both guns clatter across the cement floor and the two men wrestle under the wheels of the gears.

Big Boy's massive hands close around Tracy's throat, and the big detective strains to break their death grip.

(CONTINUED)

000042

365- CONTINUED:
368

365-
368

He hammers Big Boy across the jaw, then hammers him again, and then a third time. Big Boy's grip is broken as he falls away from the force of the third blow.

Tracy clutches his painful throat for a moment, and Big Boy heaves his body onto him, knocking Tracy close to the gears. It's strength against strength as Big Boy tries to muscle Tracy's head into the gear opening. Closer and closer, Tracy's head dangles over one of the openings. The huge gear starts down to crush Tracy's head, but the detective pounds both fists against Big Boy's ear and Big Boy flies backward in pain. Tracy jerks his head out of the opening just a moment before the powerful gear crushes down.

Big Boy scrambles out from under the wheel, and scurries for the gun. Tracy reaches out and tackles him, spilling the man to the floor, then hammers him with a flurry of lefts and rights.

Both men are exhausted as Tracy puts all his strength into one last roundhouse punch. Big Boy falls heavily to the floor, attempting to rise but collapses at Tracy's feet.

With weariness, Tracy pulls out a pair of handcuffs, but then he notices something out of the corner of his eye--The Blank stands in the doorway that leads into the sewer tunnel. His gun is pointed directly at Tracy as he steps farther into the room. Big Boy struggles to his feet and faces The Blank.

BIG BOY

Whoever you are--we can make a deal.

THE BLANK

No deal. I'm taking it all. With you two out of the way, I'll own this town.

TRACY

Go ahead. You can even shoot me first. But I don't think you can.

The Blank just stares at Tracy.

TRACY

I know who you are. And I don't think you can kill me.

The Blank raises the gun and points it at Tracy. His hand seems frozen on the trigger for a moment, then slowly he begins to squeeze it.

Suddenly, Junior flies into the shot, hitting The Blank with a cross body block from behind. The Blank pitches forward, face first, and his gun skids across the floor to Big Boy. Tracy dives for his own gun.

Big Boy blasts two shots into The Blank then fires at Tracy.

(CONTINUED)

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127.

365 - CONTINUED: (2)
368

365 -
368

CLASSIFIED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

000042

369 EXT. MIKE'S DINER - DAWN

369

We're back at Mike's greasy spoon diner, where we earlier saw Tracy eating chili. Looking through the front window of the diner we see Tracy, Tess and Junior at a table, talking excitedly.

370 INT. MIKE'S DINER - DAWN

370

Junior is very animated as he tells his story to Tess. Her eyes shine with happiness as she listens.

JUNIOR

... And so I'm crouched down watching, and
The Blank has Tracy and Big Boy covered.
So I say to myself, it's now or never.
And wham!

TRACY

Junior flew across the room and crashed
into The Blank.

JUNIOR

I hit The Blank with everything I had.
The next thing I knew, Tracy pumped a
slug into Big Boy and the rat went down.

TESS

You sound like a natural born detective.

JUNIOR

You bet. I'm gonna be the greatest
detective who ever lived.

TRACY

Then let's get you started off right.

From his pocket, Tracy takes a small box and gives it to Junior. Junior looks surprised, and then delighted as he opens the box and finds a small wrist-radio. His eyes get as big as silver dollars. Tracy glances at Tess, and they both smile as they watch Junior's excitement.

Mike approaches the table with several bowls of chili on a tray. He plops them down in front of Tracy, Tess and Junior, spilling a little chili over the edge of each bowl. Tracy and Tess take a spoonful of the chili.

TRACY

Doesn't taste as good as usual, Mike--
What'd ya do, wash the bowls?

TESS

Aw, don't listen to him, Mike. I think
it's just marvelous.

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MIKE

Except for the guy she goes out with,
this lady has real taste.

Mike leaves the table and returns to the counter. Junior is still examining his wrist-radio as Tracy turns to Tess again.

TRACY

I've been thinking, Tess--it must be
kind of hard on you, living alone.

TESS

No. I like living alone.

TRACY

But you must get pretty lonely sometimes.

TESS

No. I'm not the lonely type.

TRACY

Neither am I. We've got a lot of things
in common like that.

TESS

Yes, I suppose we do. What about it?

Junior suddenly looks at Tracy, aware that something peculiar is happening. Tess seems slightly confused. Tracy clears his throat uncomfortably and continues.

TRACY

Well, when two people have a lot in
common, they oughta do something about
it.

It suddenly dawns on Tess and Junior at the same moment what Tracy is leading up to. Even Mike is listening intently behind the counter.

JUNIOR

Uh-oh. I don't like the smell of this.

TRACY

Shut up, kid, or I'll send you back to
Hooverville.

MIKE

(tapping his chest)
Heartburn, Tracy--heartburn.

Tracy throws a warning glance at Mike, then turns back to Tess.

TESS

You were saying...?

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