

EVERYBODY WINS

A Screenplay

by

Arthur Miller

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ROLL CREDITS

1 EXT: BRIDGETON AND TITLES - DAY

A car, several years old and never washed, is crossing a bridge linking countryside and a vista of a small New England town.

TOM O'TOOLE is driving. The sound of LIGHT OPERA MUSIC is heard from the cassette-radio.

We are introduced to Bridgeton -- at least to its surface aspects -- through the window of a moving car. It is a New England industrial city of perhaps 40,000. While the white Colonial church may speak of order and goodness, and some of the surrounding Victorian houses seem untouched by our century there is an air of decay and uncertain development overall -- the modern mall gives way to abandoned mills along the river, with smashed windows and storage areas covered with tall weeds. The neat schoolyard and KIDS playing; the fire house with gleaming machines within or being polished out front are quickly overwhelmed by rickety slum areas and unemployed LOUNGERS on the streets.

WE MOVE into a nondescript, working class neighborhood and COME TO A STOP before a house. Tom O'Toole leaves the car and compares the house number with one he has jotted on a slip of paper, rings the bell, waits, looking up and down the quiet street. He is in his forties, dressed in a small-town way, in a knee-length reversible and porkpie hat.

He rings again, looking up at the windows; looks at his watch, shakes his head in anger at himself as well as the human race for this waste of his time, starts back to his car in a beginning temper ...

ANGELA, heels rapping, comes running up the street to him, already waving. She is chronologically over the hill, perhaps, but only chronologically. A low-cut dress, make-up too heavy for the morning, high heels, and an incongruous attache case in one hand and a fresh newspaper in the other. She is breathless.

ANGELA

You're right on time! Hi!

She holds out her hand, he shakes it, somewhat thrown-off.

ANGELA (contd)

You're even handsomer than on TV,
aren't you. -- Sorry, but I had
to run around and pick up my

(MORE)

1 CONTD

ANGELA (contd)
New York Times ... they only get
three a day in this whole town!
(starts toward her
front door)
Can we stop upstairs for a minute
before we go to the penitentiary?

TOM
(recovering from this
barrage)
Look, I think you must not have
understood, Mrs. Crispini -- I
only agreed to talk about the
case with you today ...

ANGELA
Oh my God ... ! But I already
told Felix you're coming! What
happened? I sent you the
transcript ...

TOM
I told you when you called, I
don't know if I'm up for a whole
new case.

She mounts the stairs as she talks, gesturing for him
to follow -- as he is obliged to do.

2 INT: ANGELA'S HOUSE - STAIRS - DAY

ANGELA
But I've got other stuff you never
imagined ... Listen, I got to show
you something ... I didn't sleep
all night just thinkin' about him
meetin' you today ... 'cause he
gets so discouraged, you know?

TOM
Well, I'm sorry if you misunderstood.

ANGELA
(at the apartment door)
Two minutes! Just to show you what
I think of you ... and not just
lately!

3 INT: ANGELA'S APARTMENT - DAY

They enter the room -- a mess, an amazing profusion of
bras, underwear, skirts, blouses, shoes -- she has

3 CONTD

probably tried on her whole stock and dropped it on the run before meeting him.

ANGELA

I can't begin to tell you how thrilled -- I mean just for you to even be considering the case ...

TOM

Well, I'm willing to listen.

She is just slipping a cassette into her VCR.

ANGELA

You probably won't even remember this ... it's the Baby Schmidlap case. You remember the day you got the reversal?

TV SCREEN: COURTHOUSE STEPS - TOM - PROSECUTOR CALLAGHAN

On screen, a TV NEWS INTERVIEWER has a mike up to Tom's face; Tom is glancing with highly pleasurable irony toward STATE'S PROSECUTOR CHARLEY CALLAGHAN, who is standing there trying not to explode.

CALLAGHAN is a rather pompous preppy type, but tough and intelligent and nattily dressed; about forty, nicely barbered, and not without humor.

ANGELA

(with a little punch
to Tom's shoulder,
indicating himself
on screen)

I mean if that isn't telegenic!

INTERVIEWER (ON SCREEN)

How do you feel about this victory,
Mr. O'Toole?

TOM (ON SCREEN)

Frankly, superb; but of course,
getting reversals of a prosecutor's
case is not all that unusual --
I mean in this particular jurisdiction.

INTERVIEWER (ON SCREEN)

And you, Mr. Callaghan?

3 CONTD

ANGELA
(indicating Callaghan
on screen)
You gotta admit he really carries
a jacket.

CALLAGHAN (ON SCREEN)
I intend to try the defendant
again and you can be sure he will
be convicted again, and of course
the public will pay the costs
again. I regret very much that
we have come to where so-called
private investigators can shoot
down the verdicts of faithful,
hard-working juries and make a
travesty of our whole system of
justice!

Angela shuts off the machine.

TOM
(immensely excited
-- flattered)
What'd you tape that for?

ANGELA
Can I tell you in the car?
Felix is really expecting us!

He opens his mouth to resist again, but the will to do
so has weakened before her insistence and the simple
fact that she has opened the door and is standing
there winsomely -- and wittily -- asking ...

ANGELA (contd)
Please?

4 INT: TOM'S CAR - TOM - ANGELA - DAY

ANGELA
Can I call you Tom?

TOM
Sure!

ANGELA
Then you can stop calling me
Mrs. Crispini.

He drives through town, heading for the Interstate.

4 CONTD

She takes out a cigarette, holds it for a moment, then returns it to the pack.

ANGELA (contd)
Anyway, I'm really a Finn.
(slight pause)
Which is not the same as a Swede.
'Cause you might hear people
calling me "the Swede."
(slight pause)
Not that I was ever in Finland.

Tom simply nods and grunts, glancing at her in fascination and puzzlement.

ANGELA (contd)
I just can't believe I'm actually
sitting next to you! I mean,
to me, seeing you on TV fighting
for people like that ...
(turning to him,
confessionally)
... I might as well say it --
to me, if there is such a thing
as hope for the world, a man like
you is it.

TOM
(embarrassed laugh)
Wish I could say the same --
Incidentally, what's your connection
with this case?

ANGELA
In a few words?

She is thoughtful for a moment, rapt, eagerly tense, trying to formulate a complicated thought ... then gives up ...

ANGELA (contd)
We'll have to sit down ... I mean
it's very complicated ...

She draws a cigarette out and holds it, puts it between her lips, then returns it to the pack.

TOM
Don't you ever light them?

ANGELA
I'm bustin' my nuts trying to
quit. So I go through the motions.
(MORE)

ANGELA (contd)
Everything in the world is
suggestion, you know -- I mean
everything is like one step
away from a dream.

TOM
(mystified, yet
drawn on)
It sure feels like it sometimes.

ANGELA
Like I had this doctor telling
me I had a cancer.

TOM
You're kiddin'.

ANGELA
But I don't.

TOM
(impressed)
How do you know?

ANGELA
Because. From the day I made up
my mind, the pains stopped.

TOM
No kiddin'!

ANGELA
But of course I completely gave
up alcohol. And sex.

TOM
No kiddin'!!

ANGELA
You don't think it's possible?

TOM
Listen, the way you look I'd
have to doubt it, but ... I know
it's possible.

ANGELA
(eyes him with
surprise)
Can I ask what you mean by that?

4 CONTD

 TOM
What I said.

 ANGELA
But why sex?

 TOM
 (blushing, but some-
 thing about her
 liberates his feelings)
I don't know ... the usual, I
guess -- sooner or later Mother
Nature starts to slow you down.

 ANGELA
Really. At your age. And how
do you feel without it? 'Cause
it's purified me completely,
I never felt ... you know ...
this clean.

 TOM
Well, that's good. I have sort
of mixed feelings about it myself.

He ducks to look up at a GATE GUARD, who recognizes him
and waves him through.

5 INT: VISITORS' ROOM - PENITENTIARY

Tom and Angela are seating themselves in two adjoining
chairs that face a long table, dividing the room. The
GUARD gives her a lusty glance and a super-appreciative
gesture to Tom, who seems a bit embarrassed by it, but
proud, too, of his implicit distinction. Guard leaves.

 ANGELA
 (intimately)
It's so important you came --
his appeal comes up on Thursday.
We're claiming his lawyer was
incompetent, see.

 TOM
That's not very good grounds.

 ANGELA
 (searching in her
 attache case)
I know -- so if we lose the appeal,
it's very important Felix should
feel something else is being done,
y'see?

5 CONTD

She searches in her attache case.

ANGELA (contd)

Let me show you what he looked
like when they arrested him.
You're not going to believe this.

TOM

Y'know, I still don't dig your
connection -- did you say you
knew Felix before the murder ... ?

ANGELA

Oh no, I never knew him till the
trial. But Victor had been my
doctor.

TOM

Victor ... oh, you mean the man
who was killed.

ANGELA

Doctor Daniels. Didn't I mention
that? He'd been a very wonderful
friend to me. So I started
attending the trial.

TOM

Oh! Well, now I understand.

ANGELA

It got me so upset I couldn't
sleep. I mean, to listen to that
Callaghan going on day after day
... and without evidence!

TOM

I may as well tell you; Charlie
Callaghan is the one big reason
I even returned your call. You
know, he's tried to get my
investigator's license revoked,
damn near put me out of business.

She realizes she has a newspaper clipping in her hand.

ANGELA

Oh ... here's Felix. When they
arrested him. Look at that boy.

Tom takes the clipping.

5 CONTD

CLOSE UP - PHOTO OF FELIX

He is a conventional, twenty-four-year-old student with flowing hair -- but not down to his shoulders -- and open shirt and zipper jacket.

Guard enters first, followed by FELIX. Tom and Angela stand. Felix now has a head of straggly, tangled hair, a long beard and haunted, frightened eyes, and stands a bit bent. He seems a scared recluse living under a rock. Guard leaves. Angela approaches Felix delicately, unsure whether he even recognizes her.

ANGELA

Hello, dear ... It's Angela.
You remember.

FELIX

... You came back?

ANGELA

I always come back, dear! I
brought Mr. O'Toole, Tom O'Toole.
Remember? -- On TV?

Felix stares at Tom, undecided.

TOM

Whyn't we sit down, Mr. Daniels?

As they do -- Angela nurses Felix into a chair.

ANGELA

You don't look like you're eating,
Felix.

FELIX

(to Angela)

Terrible class of people in here
... and it's all cooked in anti-
septic ...

ANGELA

But you have to eat, dear ...

6 INT: VISITORS' ROOM - LATER

Tom, looking into the transcript, now looks up and clears his throat, trying to get their attention.

TOM

(taking charge)

I understand you live in Boston --
(MORE)

6 CONTD

TOM (contd)
how'd you come to be all the
way down in Bridgeton the night
your uncle was killed?

FELIX
For the thousandth time -- I
wanted to talk to him about
helping to get me into Harvard
Medical School. My grades were
good but not great, and I needed
a little help, and he knew all
of them on the Board.

TOM
But why that night in particular?
-- a Sunday and all?

FELIX
(against a threatening
upsurge of anger
against himself)
Because my ex-girlfriend, Martha,
lives in Bridgeton and she agreed
to have dinner on Saturday night
-- is that some kind of crime?

TOM
But there's no mention of your
date in the transcript ...

FELIX
(crying out)
Because my lawyer was such a big
shot intellectual idiot who
couldn't be bothered to call
her in! That man destroyed me!
Lunchtime he's reading poetry
instead of thinking! And for
that he charged twenty-five
thousand dollars!

ANGELA
Ssh! Everything's going to change
now, dear.

TOM
(lets him subside)
Felix, can you tell me ... what's
the first notification you had
of your uncle being murdered?

FELIX

I read it in the paper -- he's cut up like a chicken in his living room. I nearly fainted!

TOM

And what next?

FELIX

... Two days later a couple of Boston detectives come into my office -- "Can we look at your comb?" "My comb? Sure." I take it out of my pocket. They leave, and next day, I am under arrest. I have to tell you, Mr. O'Toole, this woman has been wonderful, but I am not in this world anymore -- I am walking around, but I'm dead.

He weeps softly. Angela gives Tom a "you-see-how-innocent-he-is" look, but Tom resists sentiment.

TOM

I'll be quick. Felix, please. I'd like you to listen -- Felix?

ANGELA

Felix, listen to him, dear, he's wonderful.

TOM

In your uncle's house that night, can you remember? -- did you comb your hair?

FELIX

I've been over that a thousand times ... I'm talking to him about my career ... how do I come to start combing my hair?

TOM

How about in the bathroom?

FELIX

But they found the broken tooth of my comb in the living room --
(ironically)
and right next to the body, for God's sake!

6 CONTD

TOM

Not according to their first
report. Only days later, on a
second search ...

FELIX

You mean it was moved there?

TOM

(shrugs)
Possible.

ANGELA

(points at Tom;
to Felix)
What'd I tell you!

7 INT: PENITENTIARY CORRIDOR - TOM - ANGELA - GUARD

The guard is leading them out. A remarkably intense
look is on her face; she seems elevated, and at the same
time somehow sensually charged up.

ANGELA

My God! Your face ... you
suddenly looked like the sun
shooting out lights ...

TOM

(bewildered, but
flattered)
What?

The guard looking on doubtfully, she takes Tom's arm.

ANGELA

Oh Tom ... you've got to take
this case, you were born for
this!

TOM

(warily, yet drawn
in by her strange
intensity)
Let me think about it ... I
don't know. But I'll look in
on the hearing, take it from
there ...

8 INT: COURTROOM - JUDGE - CALLAGHAN - DEFENSE ATTORNEY -
BELLANCA - ANGELA - TOM

It is all from Tom's POV: he is seated at the back of the courtroom, observing as DEFENSE ATTORNEY is concluding his appeal to the Bench, while PROSECUTOR CALLAGHAN waits his turn. CHIEF OF DETECTIVES BELLANCA looks on from Callaghan's side.

Angela sits in another part of the room, attache case on her lap, pad and pencil at the ready.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

It comes down, your honor, to the the perfectly obvious fact that the defendant Felix Daniels did not have competent counsel, and we appeal to the court for a new trial.

JUDGE

Mr. Callaghan?

CALLAGHAN

Your honor, defendant's counsel was very successful in numerous other cases; he is a well known attorney with a reputable law firm. Daniels was convicted of a bloody and brutal murder; there is not the slightest doubt about his guilt ...

Angela violently shakes her head, "No!"

CALLAGHAN (contd)

... the evidence is damning and complete. This appeal has absolutely no basis in fact; the State asks that is be denied.

Tom observes that Callaghan has shot a glance toward Angela, but its meaning is not clear to him -- does he know her or is it simply that he suddenly noticed a strange woman in the empty courtroom?

JUDGE

Defendant's appeal for a new trial is denied.

9 INT: COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - TOM - CALLAGHAN - ANGELA

Tom and Angela are about to turn a corner in the corridor when they nearly run into Callaghan, who engraves a wide

9 CONTD

grin onto his face. He seems not to have noticed Angela at all ... he keeps moving.

CALLAGHAN

O'Toole! -- what brings you here!
-- I haven't seen any cameras.

TOM

(with a wry grin
holds up a finger)

Wait!

They both are angrily intense and affect to laugh -- Callaghan throws an unreadably blind glance at Angela as he turns and walks away.

10 EXT: COURTHOUSE - CAR PARK - DAY

Tom is helping Angela into his car. A limo draws into a space: JUDGE HARRY MARKS emerges, just in time to get a glimpse of Angela disappearing into Tom's car.

TOM

Judge ... ! I was just going
to call you!

MARKS

(ribbing him
about Angela)
Not bad! What's that?

TOM

Terrific woman -- I don't know
whether I believe it but she's
got a fantastic story ... This
Felix Daniels who was sent away
for slicing up his uncle? She
claims she's got proof he didn't
do it.

MARKS

(not very interested)
Sure, sure. Just don't forget,
kid -- most of the people in
jail belong there.
(as he moves away)
Give me a ring ... Come over and
play some pool.

11 EXT: ANGELA'S BLOCK - DAY

Her street. Wooden three-story "rents" -- not a slum, but working class definitely. Tom's car pulls up before her house.

12 INT: TOM'S CAR - SAME TIME

She is opening her door; she lingers.

ANGELA

I'm scared. -- When Felix hears
the appeal's been turned down ...
I don't know what he'll do --
Incidentally, he's not poor, you
know, his parents could easily
give you like a thousand down.

TOM

I'm sorry, kid, but I still don't
get your connection -- what's
this all about?

ANGELA

Come up, will you?

With a mixture of seductiveness and some unexplained fear
she grips his arm, and smiling wittily ...

ANGELA (contd)

I get so little chance to talk
to anyone who isn't stepping on
his own fingers ... I mean,
Christ, you look like a man!

TOM

(laughs, flattered)
Hey, gimme a break, will ya?

ANGELA

Please!

TOM

(serious now)
What's your idea? Why would
they want to frame Felix?

ANGELA

They're watching.

TOM

(juices flow)
Who's watching?

ANGELA

On the corner. Cops.

He turns to look up the street, then down the other
direction.

12 CONTD

 ANGELA (contd)
 They just pulled out.

Her fear is so palpable that as she gets out of the car he gets out, too, and they head to her door.

 TOM
 You sure? I didn't see anybody.

With hand shaking, she works her-key nervously in the lock. He helps insert the key with a steady hand.

13 INT: ANGELA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The living room is practically bare with no personality of the owner. Everything is neat as if the room is never used.

 ANGELA
 Lock the door, will ya?

Tom does -- three locks and a safety chain.

Angela calls from the bedroom.

 ANGELA (contd)
 Come on in.

14 INT: BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Tom enters the bedroom; this time he has a moment to examine it. It is a crowded, intensely lived-in, cave-like room. He observes Angela neatening up, scooping up the debris of underwear, bras, stockings, skirts, blouses, shoes that are scattered everywhere.

 ANGELA
 Be with you in a second ...
 would you like some vitamins?

 TOM
 Use your phone?

 ANGELA
 Sure!

She swings the door of the bathroom open and goes in, closing it behind her. He picks up the phone beside her bed and dials.

14 CONTD

TOM

Me, Connie. I'll be leavin' in a couple of minutes. No-no, I'm stayin' out of it. -- I don't know, I suppose the guy could've done it, but I have to admit there is a slightly putrid smell about it -- Well, Charley Callaghan was the prosecutor, need I say more?
(suddenly upset)

-- Don't worry, I'm not gettin' into it.

He hangs up, a rush of mixed feelings unsettling him. He is sitting in the satin boudoir-type armchair. Looks about the room -- the rumpled bed, covered with a satin throw, worn carpet, Grand Rapids Baroque plastic-tufted headboard ... and finally he spots a surprising shelf of books, walks over to inspect the titles. And under it, a drape which is peartly open, revealing, once he gently moves it completely aside, an oak double-drawer filing cabinet. A heavy padlock has been affixed to the drawers. He lets the drape fall closed again.

Angela enters.

ANGELA

Well! This is better!

She is in a very nearly transparent negligee, which forces him instinctively to glance down and away.

TOM

(with nearly a snigger
of laughter)
Boy, that's quite a little outfit there.

ANGELA

(stretching onto
the bed)
Like some herb tea?

TOM

No, I'm fine. Now listen ...

As much to ward off her incitation as anything else, he sits on the edge of the chair, looking very business-like.

ANGELA

(openly stretching
the moment)
Are you working on a case?

14 CONTD

TOM

(disparagingly)

Now and then I work for insurance companies, pick up some easy bread.

ANGELA

That must be very interesting.

TOM

Molto boring. I run checks on new executives. This one's gonna be made Vice-President of a ball-bearin' company and they want to know if he's gay.

ANGELA

Jeeze, they still doin' that?

TOM

Well, you can't have a homosexual Vice-President of a ball-bearin' company.

(shifts, about to rise)

ANGELA

There's a lot bigger case here than meets the eye, Tom.

TOM

(already loath to
lose contact;
equivocally)

Maybe you better not tell me.

ANGELA

I guess so, if you're staying out of it ... You're breaking my heart, y'know.

TOM

It's got that old familiar stink, but tell you the truth, I don't see myself locking horns with the system again.

ANGELA

The man who does this case is going to need a pair of brass balls.

TOM

(flattered)

I know, kid, but the time comes when you realize the public has

(MORE)

14 CONTD

TOM (contd)

to love corruption or you wouldn't
have crooked judges fallin' out
of the trees every ten minutes,
and they wouldn't be electing
unscrupulous meatheads like
Charley Callaghan to run the
criminal justice system ...

ANGELA

You're a thrill just to listen
to. I mean you talk about some-
thing else besides money and
pussy.

TOM

Yeah, well, let me maul it over
some more, I'll let you know ...
(stands, holds out
his hand)
Take care, and it was terrific
meetin' you ...

ANGELA

I know the murderer.

TOM

(it stops him cold,
but he tries to remain
cool and skeptically
apart)
Yeah?

The issue is her credibility and she stares him right
in the eye.

TOM (contd)

That raises a number of questions,
doesn't it.

ANGELA

Oh, the cops know who it is. In
fact, they had him and let him go.

TOM

Would you be ready to talk about
this?

ANGELA

I'm ready; but there's still a
couple of things I need to prove;
(MORE)

14 CONTD

ANGELA (contd)

that's why I need you. Felix is
the tip of the iceberg, this case
goes to the top of the criminal
justice system.

(pats her mattress
as she stretches
out on the bed)

God, I'm exhausted ... could you
sit just a minute before you go?

He sits beside her on the bed.

ANGELA (contd)

You mind if I touch your hand?

TOM

Don't try to crank me up, kid,
you'll only get tired.

ANGELA

I talk better when I'm touching
... I read in the paper -- you
got priests in the family.

TOM

A brother. But it never rubbed
off.

ANGELA

I'm more into it since my cancer
scare -- I have a friend, Father
Mancini at Saint Jude's?

TOM

Don't know him.

Her sensuality toward him is becoming unabashed, and he
sees it plainly and is aroused.

ANGELA

When I told him my feelings about
you -- the kind of fighter you
are -- he said, "God places certain
people on the earth to fight for
truth and justice." He thinks
you're one. And I'm another.
You mind if I kiss you?

Before he can react she is drawing him down and kissing
him ... rather chastely, temptingly.

14 CONTD

ANGELA (contd)

You could wrap up the case in
a month -- I know what to look
for and where to look.

Her hand moves down his body; he is exploding with surprise.

ANGELA (contd)

Hey! -- what's this about Mother
Nature lettin' you down!

He is on her before his brain can begin to catch up.

15 INT: TOM'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

He is brushing his hair, looking into the mirror. He
stares at himself -- admiringly -- as though just discover-
ing a new attractiveness.

He goes into the kitchen where he has a hamburger heating
up in a micro-oven. Flops it onto a plate, takes a ketchup
bottle and shakes it over the burger; it is empty. He goes
into the dining room.

16 INT: TOM'S DINING ROOM AND OFFICE - CONNIE - NIGHT

The conventional, ranch house dining room has a small
dining table in center; but to one side or in an alcove
is an office desk, steel files, typewriter and phone
and a couple of office chairs and a swivel chair.

CONNIE, Tom's sister, is correcting exam papers at the
dining room table. She smokes as she scans the sheets.
Behind her on a mantelpiece is an eight by ten photo of
Tom and Catherine, his late wife. Nearby another photo
of their parents, the father is in a policeman's uniform.
And a young man, a brother, in clerical garb.

CONNIE is in her mid-forties, a nervous smoker of brittle
humor but intelligent and determined to carry on no
matter what.

Tom appears from the adjoining kitchen with a hamburger
on a plate and an empty ketchup bottle.

TOM

Out of ketchup, Connie.

CONNIE

This is your day for the shopping
-- you told me to pressure you so
I'm pressuring you.

16 CONTD

TOM
(snaps fingers,
recalling)
Right! -- well keep it up.
(cranes to read
one of the papers,
points at a word)
What's this word supposed to be?

CONNIE
"Apparently."

TOM
"A-p-o-r-o-n-d-l-y?"
(turns the sheet
to see better)
And you're giving him a B?

CONNIE
He's captain of the swimming team.

TOM
(a big nod)
Boy, that's real creative spelling.

CONNIE
I don't dare flunk him, there'd
be a riot ... I can't remember
anymore, was everything always
so corrupt?

TOM
You're too pure, Connie, forget
it and enjoy yourself.

PHONE RINGS.

TOM (contd)
Ya? Oh hi!

ANGELA (VO)
(through phone)
Could you come over right away?

TOM
Now? It's almost midnight, I'm
almost in bed and I'm an hour
away.

ANGELA (VO)
I'm missing you very bad ... you
were wonderful.

16 CONTD

TOM

Well I'm glad you feel that way
about it.

ANGELA (VO)

Are you with somebody?

TOM

My sister -- Listen, I'll call
you first thing in the morning,
maybe I can get over there
after lunch.

ANGELA (VO)

Okay. Goodnight. And try, will
you?

TOM

I will. Goodnight.

He hangs up; he is flushed. He starts on his hamburger.

CONNIE

(tentatively, noting
his tension)

Could I say something? Unless
you'd rather I didn't ...

TOM

What.

CONNIE

This Crispini woman ... she sounds
absolutely ditzy to me ...

TOM

I would prefer librarians but
they rarely know where the bodies
are buried.

CONNIE

But you don't even know who she
is, what her connection is to the
case ... Isn't there something
strange about that?

TOM

(uncomfortably)

I've got a gut feeling, that's
all -- there's a quagmire under
this thing a mile deep.

16 CONTD

CONNIE

Honestly, Tom -- sometimes you seem like a puppy going down the street, anything goes past your nose and you go following it ...

TOM

I'm not committed, Connie -- but she says she knows the murderer. How do I walk away from that?

CONNIE

But then why doesn't she just come out and tell you who it is?

TOM

(defensively because she's making sense)
The woman's very scared. It's understandable.

CONNIE

(nervously laughs trying to affect amusement)
She really got you doing, didn't she ... !

TOM

(blushing)
What do you mean, got me going!

CONNIE

Sssh! Please, I'm sorry, it's none of my business ...

TOM

Oh, come on, Connie, don't take it that way ...

He gives her a comradely embrace.

CONNIE

(relieved; to change the uncomfortable subject)
Listen ... the school got a block of tickets for Rigoletto in Boston next week, should I get
(MORE)

16 CONTD

CONNIE (contd)
a couple? We could drive up
and have a lobster and ...

TOM
Hey, I'd love that! But let me
let you know tomorrow, all
right ... ?

CONNIE
(sighs, grinning)
Okay ... no Rigoletto.

17 EXT: OUTSKIRTS OF BRIDGETON - CEMETERY - DAY

Tom's car is proceeding slowly on a disused, narrow side-
road which skirts a cemetery. He stops.

TOM'S POV

A fire is burning among the gravestones. A man (JERRY)
appears to be working around the flames.

Tom draws a small pair of field binoculars from the
glove compartment of the car. Looking through, he sees
an elaborate, shining motorbike standing nearby. After
a moment, the man tending the fire seems, dimly SEEN
through the smoke, to kneel down in prayer before a
gravestone.

18 EXT: OUTSKIRTS OF BRIDGETON - AMY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tom gets out of the car, notices a dirt driveway
leading to a gloomy, small house, surrounded by trees
and wild brush. He starts walking down this driveway.
A SHOT. He halts. A SECOND SHOT. He steps behind a
tree and looks ...

TOM'S POV

In front of the house, a stringy young woman (AMY),
wearing jeans and a bandanna and a man's coat is just
lowering a shotgun, which is pointed OC, not at Tom.

19 EXT: AMY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Tom steps from behind the tree ...

TOM
Excuse me ...

19 CONTD

Amy screams in shock, drops the gun, paralyzed. He approaches her. She is drug-pale.

TOM (contd)

Sorry about that.

AMY

There's a woodchuck. He's always ... like comin' around.

TOM

No kiddin'. I guess you must be Amy, right?

AMY

Why? Who ... ?

TOM

I'm Mr. O'Toole. Friend of Angela? Remember Angela? She talked to you this morning on the phone. Said I was coming.

Amy simply waits expectantly ...

TOM (contd)

Could we go in and sit down for a minute? I'm not the police, I'm a private investigator. I'm looking into the Doctor Daniels murder, you remember that -- Doctor Victor Daniels?

She turns and walks up to the house, he following; she is escaping as unnoticeably as she can.

TOM (contd)

(walking behind her)

Angela thought maybe you and I could talk about a few ...

The sound of a MOTORBIKE makes him turn. The biker (later identified as Jerry) rides past the house. He holds his arms into the air in exaltation. As the bike recedes, WE SEE the name "JERRY" picked out on his jacket in studs.

Tom decides to follow Amy into her house.

20 INT: AMY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Tom opens a screen door. A frightened chicken flies right out past his head.

20 CONTD

Amy's living room is a mess: broken couch, a half dozen chickens strolling around, a general air of drug-ridden decay. On one of the walls, a poster featuring the famous image from Vietnam days of the monk's sacrifice by fire. A crude picture of St. Sebastian is propped on a decaying mantelpiece.

Amy stands, staring at nothing.

Tom reaches down into a clay pot and pulls out ... an egg!

Amy glances at it.

AMY

That's an egg.

TOM

(at least this is
some progress -- he
congratulates her)

Right!

AMY

Jerry doesn't live here anymore.

TOM

(gently replacing
the egg)

Which Jerry is that?

AMY

Who killed that Doctor Daniels ...

Straight-faced, he lets a beat pass.

TOM

I wonder if you could help me
out, Amy. See I'm comin' in a
little late and there's some things
I'm not clear on ... Like to sit
down?

He draws a chair closer for her and she sits, looking at him with some surprise at his kindness.

TOM (contd)

You know, don't you, that there's
a man in prison for killing
Doctor Daniels.

AMY

Oh no, he didn't do it, Jerry did
it.

20 CONTD

TOM

Gee whiz, that's what Angela's been tellin' me. Incidentally, I guess you and her are old friends, huh?

AMY

Angela? ... Yeah, from Bimini.

TOM

Bimini ... You mean down the Caribbean?

Amy's expression changes -- she seems to relate momentarily.

AMY

I told all this to the cops, though ... And then Jerry went down.

TOM

Jerry went where, dear?

AMY

To the cops. He was all covered with blood.

TOM

And what did the cops do?

AMY

They sent him right back here to go to sleep.

TOM

He told the cops he'd killed Doctor Daniels?

AMY

He was going crazy about it, so I said you better get it off your mind -- 'cause he's so religious; he's raised Catholic, you know.

TOM

No kiddin', so was I. You wouldn't know where I could find Jerry, would you?

AMY

He might be in the cemetery, but he's not dead.

20 CONTD

TOM
What's he doing in the cemetery
if he's not dead, dear?

Sleep threatens to overcome Amy ... she goes to the couch.

TOM (contd)
Amy?

AMY
Well, praying there to Major
McCall.

TOM
(it's more and
more weird)
Praying to Major McCall?

AMY
Or else in his church ...

TOM
Which church is that, then?

AMY
(waves sleepily
in some undefined
direction)
Jerry's ... in the mill ... you
know ...
(she breathes deeply,
falls fast asleep)

21 EXT: CEMETERY - DUSK

CAMERA HOLDS on the plinth of a monument. The monument
itself has been removed. Tom's hand touches broken
cement which once joined the two. Smoke from the dying
fire nearby makes him cough.

Tom inspects the scene. He reads the inscription.

CLOSE UP - MONUMENT INSCRIPTION

MAJOR JEROME SETH MCCALL
POET AND SOLDIER
HIS LIFE FOR THE NATION
1825-1862

Among the now dying embers, TOM can make out the
remnants of what look like the bones of an animal in a
little pile. The grass around is blackened. Tom stands
and walks towards his car.

22 EXT: CAR - TOM - DUSK

He's on a road above the river when he sees:

23 EXT: ABANDONED MILL - DUSK
TOM'S POV

A large New England mill, long since abandoned by the river.

Through his binoculars, far away and indistinct, he sees an immense courtyard, a shambles with a profusion of broken machinery, motorbikes, tractors.

Jerry appears to be shouting instructions to two mechanics (soon to be identified as SONNY and MONTANA), urging them to get out. They obey his commands, mount motorbikes and roar away. Tom gets back into his car and, driving towards the mill, is passed by the roaring bikers.

24 EXT: THE MILL - CLOSER - EVENING

Tom leaves his car. The mill appears deserted. After a moment, the roar of another motorbike, and Jerry emerges through a large broken space in the mill's side and roars past him, almost knocking him down. Tom is now alone and moves into the mill.

25 INT: ABANDONED MILL - TOM - DUSK

A large space -- the light from the windows is sepulchral; as his eyes adjust, Tom sees an object standing against a wall.

The statue of a Civil War Major, sword in scabbard, proudly moustached, one foot forward -- the conventional Civil War monument. It has been placed on a rough base, a wooden box. A few candles stand before it.

He moves about and sees a rumpled cot, a kerosene stove with a pot on it, a few cans of beans.

Now he sees a live lamb in a makeshift pen.

He walks to a wide loading door on the water-side of the building, looks out on a boat-landing ramp or pier.

He turns now to return to the door through which he entered, and practically walks into Angela.

TOM

Jesus! -- Boy, you scared me!
Whatcha doin' here?

25 CONTD

She stares at him, strangely, without immediately answering. Her eyes seem to see inward, rather than out. Trying to make contact, he grins ...

TOM (contd)
You back smoking again?

She gives him a mystified look, as though not knowing what he is referring to. She stands differently than before -- with a certain elegance, almost aloof, her vocal tone deeper in the throat and cultivated, although the grammar is not quite perfect.

ANGELA
Why didn't you tell me you were coming here?

TOM
(mystified, searching
her odd look)
Well, Amy said Jerry might be here ...

ANGELA
"What Amy said," is hardly consequential.

TOM
(absolutely baffled)
Hey, look, I'm only ...

ANGELA
(with haughty command)
We're going to have to discuss this if you intend to continue.

Tom decides to let this pass for the moment, and points to the Major's statue and the penned lamb.

TOM
What's this about, do you know?

Angela glances down at the sacrifice; there is some loaded quality to her simple reply.

ANGELA
It's his religion.

TOM
Jerry?

25 CONTD

She looks up at the Civil War soldier's statue, and it seems to touch her with some reverential feeling ... which she instantly dispels.

ANGELA

(factually)

He believes the Major is God
and that he's His son.

As she says this Tom detects the barest suggestion that she may share this belief, and is even feeling out his reaction.

TOM

Well, he's got a right, I guess.
-- Is this a one-man religion
or ... ?

ANGELA

Oh, there's a group -- our father's
house has many mansions, you know.

He doesn't reply, trying to fathom her, for she has a different tonality than earlier, and a certain command.

ANGELA (contd)

I want you to tell me before you
decide to take off after somebody.
You could get hurt, you understand?

TOM

Look, if I'm doing the investi-
gation, I make those decisions,
not you, Angela.

ANGELA

(in grotesque imitation)

Angela!

She turns on her heels and walks. Tom grabs her arm to restrain her exit.

TOM

Hey, hold it now, hold it ...

ANGELA

(flaring up incredibly
fast)

Don't you understand anything?

She stares him out for a moment then exits the other side of the mill where her car is parked. Tom follows her.

25 CONTD

After a moment, he speaks in a friendly but decisive tone.

TOM

You want to tell me what's going
on down here?

She ignores this.

TOM (contd)

Or should I go home and stay there?

ANGELA

I must say, your insensitivity
comes as rather a surprise.

Angela is getting to the car.

TOM

What's all this elocution crap
all of a sudden?

ANGELA

I'm speaking English. I'm terribly
sorry if you find that confusing.

TOM

Confusing! -- to coin a phrase,
right now I couldn't count to
twenty-one without taking off
my clothes -- what the hell is
happening!

She gets into her car and drives off. Dumbstruck, he
stares after her.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

26 INT: TOM'S HOUSE - TOM - CONNIE - DAY

Connie is reading. Tom sits at his desk. He is on the
phone, finishing a conversation with some routine client.
He is reassuring him, without much interest, that things
are under control. He hangs up. He sips a cup of coffee.

TOM

Incidentally, I've just about
decided to cut out of that Daniels
case.

26 CONTD

CONNIE

Boy, that's good news. I thought she sounded off the wall from day one.

TOM

Well, some of her information has checked out, but ... she's just too complicated. It's like chasing feathers in a tornado. I'm telling her this morning.

(pause)

I feel better already.

27 EXT: BRIDGE INTO BRIDGETON - TOM'S CAR - DAY

Tom's car crossing the bridge. Tom, restless, listens to his OPERA TAPES.

28 INT: COFFEE SHOP - TOM - DAY

The transcript of the trial is on the table. Tom looks up in thought, peering at nothing.

At a table nearby, a WOMAN crosses her legs; he stares at those legs, then looks down.

He thumbs through the transcript file until he reaches the envelope which contains photographic evidence from the trial. He stops at the photograph of Doctor Daniels' savagely hacked up body lying in the morgue.

Tom looks up. A PAIR OF TEENAGERS hold hands at another table and look lovingly at each other.

Tom stands, pays his check, and walks into the street.

29 EXT: DANIELS' HOUSE - TOM - WATCHMAN - NIGHT

A million-dollar home in an expensive bourgeois area. With a small flashlight Tom illuminates a small sign beside the entrance of the driveway and WE READ "DANIELS." He goes up the driveway to the house and observes ...

Discreet but sturdy grills on the windows, and nearby a high cyclone fence around a presently uninhabited dog kennel, with two large doghouses inside it.

He walks up to the front door. An ALARM BELL sounds off and he steps back as the area is flooded with light. A WATCHMAN comes around the building hitching his arms under his suspenders and flashing his light at Tom.

29 CONTD

He starts to demand the reason for this stranger's presence ...

WATCHMAN

Hey, you're on private prop ...
For Christ's sake -- O'Toole!

TOM

Bundy! -- what're you doin' here?
I thought you were down in Florida.

WATCHMAN

Hell, I can't stay away from
New England, I nearly went nuts
down there waitin' for a snowstorm.
What're you up to here?

TOM

I'm on this Daniels case -- the
doctor who got murdered here?
What about this alarm -- they
have it here when he was killed?

WATCHMAN

Must've been -- it was here when
they put me on.

TOM

(thumbing down the
front door)
Take a look inside?

WATCHMAN

(taking out his keys
as they move to the
door, and enter the
living room)
Sure. Not much left anymore ...
kids broke in a couple of nights
and took souvenirs, damn near
burned the place down one night.

30 INT: DANIELS HOUSE - TOM - WATCHMAN - NIGHT

Watchman's flashlight and Tom's, which he takes from his own pocket, illuminate the living room. It is wrecked, smashed furniture everywhere, couch with slashed cushions, a bannister torn off a stairway, drapes pulled off the windows, bloodstains on the walls.

TOM

Christ, somebody got real mad,
didn't he. What the hell is this ... ?

30 CONTD

His flashlight has lit up graffiti on the wall -- a circle crudely painted around a stain with an arrow pointing at it and "Doc's brains."

WATCHMAN

Damn kids. See this?

He flashes his light up higher, lighting up another graffiti, "Attaway, Jerry!" And another ... "Jerry is God" ...

WATCHMAN (OS)

For a while there they all thought this Jerry done it -- he's one of the local spooks, y'know -- till they found out it was the nephew. Great times to be livin' in, right?

Tom is focused intently on "Jerry is God" and now CAMERA MOVES to a CLOSE SHOT of his face as he tears himself away from the graffiti.

TOM

Huh? -- Yeah, great! Thanks, Bundy.

31 EXT: MAIN STREET - TOM - NIGHT

Main Street is utterly deserted. Tom is out walking, waiting for time to pass until he hears from Judge Marks, and he is intense and both happy and frustrated as he strolls, a restless man.

He finds himself before a movie house, starts to take out his wallet, but changes his mind, and continues walking.

He stops before a boutique window which shows forms in negligees, bras, upturned legs in panty hose. It is a corner window. Looking through it, he sees a lone figure on the other side of the street -- a woman wearing sunglasses. She is like a chimera at first. For a moment he only senses her identity instinctually, but she pauses before a shop window and the light on her shows she is Angela.

She is across the street; some instinct restrains him from going to her immediately, and he watches her instead as she moves along waywardly, clearly with no destination -- only an unhappy loneliness seems to hold her. He follows her at a distance.

31 CONTD

A big car pulls up beside her and the DRIVER -- unheard by Tom -- propositions her.

She stands there, not trying to escape; it isn't sure but she might be considering his deal. The driver opens his door and gets out.

Tom's face shows his near-anger, jealousy.

But now she turns from the man and walks away. The man is furious, yells after her ...

DRIVER

All right -- a hundred!

When she goesn't turn back ...

DRIVER (contd)

Ah go f....

He gets back in his car and drives off.

Now she moves on down the street -- again waywardly, glancing at shop windows or halting to look up at the sky. Tom sees her take out a cigarette, light it, and inhale. Is she expecting to meet someone or is she simply lost?

He makes the decision and walks to overtake her, and a few yards behind her, calls ...

TOM

Ange ... hey!

She doesn't turn around. Now he is a few feet behind her ...

TOM (contd)

Angela?

Now she turns.

ANGELA

(immensely happy to
see him)

Hello! Where you been, why haven't
you rung me?

TOM

I don't know, I figured you'd had
it with me ...

31 CONTD

He sees the look of amnesiac confusion descending on her face.

TOM (contd)

You know ... over Jerry's place ...
 (smiles, trying to
 lighten things)
 when you laid me out with all
 those adjectives and participles.

ANGELA

... Oh God. Did I do a number or
 something?

She breaks off, the blood draining out of her face, and he grips her arm, mystified.

Her finger is burned by the end of her cigarette and she shows shock at finding it between her fingers and flings it to the sidewalk and looks at it as it lands as though it were some alien thing.

ANGELA (contd)

Get me home, will you?

Alarmed, he helps her to walk, but as they start off a car slows before them; Bellanca is seated beside the DETECTIVE-DRIVER, and simply looks at her and the car moves away.

Tom sees her turn away from Bellanca's look -- and with what seems not only fear but something like shame. They move off, his arm supporting hers.

32 INT: TOM'S CAR - ANGELA'S STREET - TOM - ANGELA - NIGHT

She is deeply upset staring ahead. Tom's car is drawing up before her house. There has clearly been a break in the talk; an impasse of some kind.

TOM

You're not listening to me, kid.
 All I'm saying is that I'm not
 really gettin' the story from
 you, which I respect because it's
 your business, but I gotta face
 it, I can't work in the dark. So
 I'm really thinking of pullin' out
 of this ... I mean ...

He breaks off as she turns to him, her look incredulous, deeply shocked and lost. And his decision begins to weaken as he realizes her need.

32 CONTD

ANGELA

Okay, Tom.

(gives his arm a pat)

I know when I lose. But I'm not
giving up on Felix.She removes her glasses as she looks for the door latch.
He sees a bruise.

TOM

What happened to your eye?

ANGELA

(with a wave of
disgust ...)

Oh, it doesn't matter ...

She starts to unlatch the door.

TOM

(takes her hand;
his look has become
desperate)See, my problem is I don't think
I want to lose you.

ANGELA

(a sad but witty
grin and toss of
her head)

Then don't.

TOM

(delaying the end ...)

Honey, if you would only open up
with me! 'Cause I'd really,
really love to put the fear of
God in that college boy prosecutor
and shake him out of the tree ...

ANGELA

(an electric reaction
-- excited but also
tinged with alarm)

Callaghan?

TOM

... Just to see what drops out
with him, you know?

ANGELA

Do I love brass balls!

32 CONTD

She grasps his face and plants a deep kiss on his mouth.

TOM
I love you, Angela.
(quickly grips
his head)
Now what the hell'd I say that
for!

ANGELA
(moved)
Oh, you're dear! Can you come
upstairs?

TOM
Yes, ma'am!

She starts out of the car but he holds her back.

TOM (contd)
What's with the eye?

She hesitates. He sees this. Then she decides to let
him know:

ANGELA
A guy came up behind me and threw
me against a car.

TOM
What!! Why?

Their eyes meet.

ANGELA
A cop, I think. Out of uniform.

His face hardens in fury.

TOM
Because you been talking to me?

She shrugs apprehensively -- meaning, "probably."

33 INT: COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - TOM - NEXT DAY

He is striding along, comes to a door with "STATE'S
ATTORNEY" on a plaque attached to it; pushes it open
and goes in -- there is a deadly purpose in his look.

34 INT: CALLAGHAN'S OFFICE - TOM - BELLANCA - CALLAGHAN -
NEXT DAY

Bellanca, Chief of Detectives, is seated at a table with Callaghan and Tom. Bellanca is seething, openly contemptuous of not only Tom but his boss as well ...

TOM
(to Callaghan)

I came to inform you that I have been retained on the Felix Daniels case to find new evidence for a retrial. I am asking for cooperation from the relevant personnel -- I am not on a vendetta; I pounded a Chicago beat for a lotta years.

BELLANCA
Till they threw him out, I heard.

TOM
I made up my mind at breakfast that I'm not gonna get mad all day ...

BELLANCA
Oh, give us a break, O'Toole -- who gives a shit if you get mad?

TOM
You never know, Chief.

BELLANCA
I mean, Charley, you can't be seriously asking us to listen to this crap! I know the woman he's been talking to -- Angela Crispini, and she's as crazy as a worn-out whore can get!

TOM
(still to Callaghan)
There is no question in my mind that Felix Daniels is innocent and I want him out of jail.

BELLANCA
You finished?

TOM
Bellanca, you got the wrong man and the smart thing would be to face it now.

34 CONTD

BELLANCA

(furious, he stands;
to Callaghan)

The woman who is feedin' him this
garbage has been a hooker for
twenty years!

(counts on his fingers)

The Ramada Inn, The Hilton, Looie's
48 Club, Ritchy's Truck Stop --
you name it she's hooked there,
and he's taking her word against
ours!

(to Tom)

Felix Daniels killed his uncle
Doctor Victor Daniels. Period.

Bellanca shoulders his way to the door and goes out.
Tom seems slightly shaken, but is still furious.

CALLAGHAN

(barely concealing
his gladdened heart)

Okay ... this department will
not obstruct any legitimate
investigation of the Daniels
case.

TOM

I will want to look at evidence.

CALLAGHAN

If we've got it you can see it.

TOM

Right.

(he stands, goes
to the door)

CALLAGHAN

O'Toole?

Tom turns.

CALLAGHAN (contd)

You will never get Daniels -- A.
B: this is the biggest mistake of
your life. See you around.

Tom, filled with anger and uncertainty, leaves fast.

35 EXT: JUDGE MARKS MANSION - SKEET SHOOTING - MARKS - TOM - DAY

SHOTGUN BLASTS shatter skeet discs. BACKING, WE FIND the shoot is Judge Harry Marks. A former criminal lawyer of reknown, he is now in his mid-sixties and in retirement has turned rosey and wise. He chews an unlighted cigar and exudes success and contentment; a lot of vanity here but also sentiment, when affordable.

Behind him his great house is surrounded by lawns. Tom is standing to one side admiring his accuracy -- He is carrying the transcript in a box under one arm. Marks offers him the gun.

MARKS

Try one?

TOM

Why embarrass myself?
(hefting the box
under his arm)
I've got the transcript of that
Daniels case, if you can find
a minute.

MARKS

Leave it with me. What's that
woman got to do with it? --
the one I saw you with? She
the wife or something?

Marks takes a shot.

TOM

No, she's ah ...
(laughs with some
embarrassment)
Tell you the God's honest truth
I'm still not sure what her
connection is, but the case
stinks, it really does, Judge.
Charley Callaghan's turning into
a public menace.

MARKS

No-no, he's just a second-rate
mind in a position of power --
the commonest story since the
world began. What's her name?

TOM

Angela Crispini. She's really
a piece of work.

35 CONTD

MARKS

She looked unusual ...

(laughs)

You son of a gun!

Another skeet shatters.

36 INT: ANGELA'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Tom is just entering the room. She is sitting up in bed in a negligee, deeply absorbed in a book she simply can't tear herself away from.

ANGELA

Be right with you. I know a wonderful pasta joint, you like ziti?

TOM

Couple of things we got to discuss, Angela, before we go out -- I really have to.

Angela finally looks up at him.

ANGELA

God, you're a great looking man. Have you read this? It's Joan Crawford's biography by her daughter.

TOM

(with a grin)

I'm not too big on trash.

ANGELA

Well some trash is interesting but I think it's uncalled for ... I mean, her own daughter. My father raped me, but I'm not writing books about him.

This throws him.

TOM

Really raped you?

ANGELA

For years. By the same token, though, with people like him it wasn't, you know, all that unusual
(MORE)

36 CONTD

ANGELA (contd)
with a daughter. But it sure
did me in.

Tom stares at her for a moment. Then remembers his point.

TOM
Look, kid, this is important,
we've got to get into some details
about ...

ANGELA
It's not important a woman was
raped?

TOM
(openly impatient)
Now listen, Angela, it's out in
the open now that I'm on the case
... I don't want to make a fool
of myself, okay? -- I have to
know what your involvement is.

He notes an inexplicable sort of tension coming over her,
an internalized quality walled off from him.

ANGELA
(strained, highly
anxious)
I told you. Victor Daniels was
my doctor ...

Her breathing is deeper, flooding with some anxiety, she
is clenching and unclenching her hands.

TOM
And Felix? -- you really never
knew him before the trial?

ANGELA
(angrily offended)
I don't understand, you mean I
can't be upset by an innocent
man bein' put away?

TOM
Sure you can, but ... listen,
Angela, I am layin' my whole
reputation on the line here, the
least you can do is level with
me ... !

36 CONTD

He breaks off, aware now of her transformation ...

She stands, voice like gravel, her whole aspect is transforming into a crude streetwalker.

ANGELA

Camán, will ya, why don't you
just come out with it ... !

Tom looks up at her, startled. Angela is strangely freed, one hip thrown out, arms akimbo, mouth distorted into a tough sneer.

ANGELA (contd)

What you really mean is where
does a fuckin' whore come off
trying to ...

TOM

Now wait, I did not call you a ...

He catches himself.

ANGELA

Go on, you're full of shit --
you know I've been a hooker.

TOM

Angela, I --

ANGELA

Screw this "Angela!"

Cupping her breasts to thrust them forward, Angela mimics him.

ANGELA (contd)

Grab onto this you jerk-off choir
boy ... come on, get your fingers
out of your yum-yum and try some
of this!

TOM

(holding his head)
Holy God.

ANGELA

Go on, you don't kid me ...

She turns, trying to force his hand onto her buttocks.

36 CONTD

ANGELA (contd)

Grab hold, your fucking milk-face,
you think you're better than
anybody else?

TOM

Angela, Jesus ... !

A struggle; he forces her onto the bed. She screams and tries to fight him off, loses her wind, and gasping, as he stands up. Watching him ... pushing his hand off.

She is clearly transported to another time and place, and he is a total stranger to her.

ANGELA

Well, if you can't get it up
get goin'. I've got a line of
guys into the street tonight.
Tip the hat-check girl -- if you
can part with a dollar.

Angela has gradually lost an inner pressure and seems about to fall off to sleep. Tom goes and bends over her, moved and mystified. Draws a blanket over her.

TOM

I'll drop by later ... sleep now.
I'll lock up.

She closes her eyes, sleeps. He takes a key out of her purse and stands looking around the room. He goes and picks up a photo of Angela on a boat in Bimini, accompanied by an unknown man, her momentary owner ... (is this Callaghan?). Perhaps another photo on the wall with another man, this one on a snowy Vermont hotel porch. Finally he stares at the Virgin Mary on the wall over her bed.

With a final perplexed if sympathetic glance at her, he lets himself out.

37 EXT: AMY'S HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

Tom is approaching the house, which shows no light in the windows. He gets onto the porch and calls through the screen door.

TOM

Amy? You home?

37 CONTD

He comes back down the porch steps to return to his parked car when he sees a dim light inside the rusting wreck of a car, looks in and discovers Amy; she is sitting on the back seat, dressed in jeans and a man's overlarge jacket, has a couple of illustrated magazines on her lap and is reading under a kerosene lamp. At the same time she strokes a hen nesting on her lap.

TOM

Hya, Amy?

AMY

(as though his appearance
were perfectly ordinary)
Oh, hi.

TOM

Whatcha readin'?

AMY

About crocheting.

TOM

No kiddin'! You do crocheting?

AMY

(warmed by his interest)
Maybe I'd take it up. 'Cause people
would buy them.

TOM

Say, I'll bet! -- Y'know, I'd love
to be introduced to your friend,
Jerry -- got any idea where he'd
be?

AMY

He died once, you know. In Alabama
someplace on his bike.

TOM

No! -- How'd that happen?

AMY

But he came back again. He might
be over to the shop. I'm hungry.

TOM

Isn't that funny? I was just about
to ask you if you and Jerry would
like to join me for a pizza.

37 CONTD

AMY

Sure!

She drops the magazine, shoos the hen off her lap. They make their way toward his car.

38 EXT: THE MILL-SHOP-TEMPLE COMPLEX - TOM - AMY - MONTANA - SONNY - JERRY - EVENING

Amy is leading Tom into the old mill. Inside, they find Montana and Sonny, two big men who are busy building benches for the congregation; some are already in place before the tabernacle containing the statue of Major McCall and the great cross.

Amy goes over to Montana, a clumsy beef of a fellow with a curled, wide-brimmed black western hat and an enormous moustache.

AMY

Hi, Montana, Jerry around?

MONTANA

(to Sonny)

Jerry around?

Sonny is also big, but bald and sensitive, tending to shift weight from one foot to another when he stutters.

SONNY

(gesturing to a point
outside)

I th ... think he's ggg-grinding
his valves. I'll ... t ... t ...
t ...

He gives up trying to talk at all and gestures for Amy and Tom to follow. They follow him out through another entrance to the mill and find themselves in a tractor and machine shop alongside the river. They are led through partially assembled new tractors and old ones up on jacks under repair. And finally come on Jerry, who is working on a motorcycle engine. Like the other two men he has a forest simplicity in his gaze which makes his emotions hard to discover.

Tom notes a ten-inch hunting knife sticking up out of his boot-top. Jerry is a long time addict who is presently clear-eyed and on a health kick that he hopes will bring him closer to the mystery of creation and his own deep guilt.

38 CONTD

SONNY

(with a certain deference
if not fear, as to a
revered leader he is
loath to interrupt)

Jer'? S ... Somebody ...

He gestures toward Tom. Jerry does not immediately turn from his work, and Amy goes up to him.

AMY

He asked if he could buy us a
pizza.

Jerry now looks impatiently at Amy -- a pitiful wreck of a girl toward whom he feels a certain tender pity. Then looks at Tom, who approaches.

At the same time Amy is delighted to discover a mother cat and kittens under a machine and sprawls on her belly to talk to them and touch them.

TOM

Hya ... I'm Tom O'Toole, friend
of Angela Crispini?

JERRY

(impatiently, to Amy)
Will you stop bothering those poor
animals?

He turns back to Tom. Amy goes on playing with the animals, cradling two kittens in her arms as the mother cat looks on worriedly.

TOM

Glad a meet you, Jerry ... Tell
ya, I happen to be in the cemetery
the other day and seen those burned
bones you got layin' there --
Angela says it's a ... like a
sacrifice, is that it? I'm very
interested in that kind of ...

SONNY

You the c ... cops?

JERRY

No, he's famous; I seen you once
on the TV.

38 CONTD

TOM

Right. I'm tryin' to help Angela,
kind of, you know?

The mother cat has dislodged a truck driveshaft which was leaning against the wall behind Jerry. This six-foot tube of heavy steel begins toppling onto him. Tom, with an automatic reaction, violently pushes Jerry out of its way as it bounces on the cement floor with a resonating CLANG.

In the excitement Amy dropped the kittens, one of which is now being carried off by the mother cat.

For a moment, Amy, Sonny and Jerry stare at the cat hurrying away as though there were some meaning in its action. And Jerry now turns to Tom with a visionary look, as though he had felt a communication.

TOM (contd)

Sorry to push you, but ...

JERRY

(a knowing little
grin, excited)

You felt that comin', didn't you.

Jerry turns and walks out into the field and halts, looking up at the sky.

Sonny and Montana remain behind in the shop staring off at unpredictable Jerry with some expectancy.

AMY

(calling to Jerry a
bit more desperately)

He wants to buy a pizza! Okay?

Tom goes out into the field to Jerry. His instinct is not to speak yet, but to physically communicate with him and hopefully to draw him out that way.

Jerry sits now on a piece of machinery in the field; the long knife in his boot is prominent.

JERRY

Trouble with Angela is she can't
communicate.

Amy ENTERS THE SHOT, sits on the grass with one of the kittens.

JERRY (contd)

She can't unload.

38 CONTD

TOM
(as naively as
he is able)
You think that's what she wants
to do?

JERRY
It's what everybody wants to do
-- tell it, get rid of it, put
it behind you. The Major could
help but she won't let him.

Sonny and Montana MOVE INTO THE SHOT, their arrival creates
the feeling of a seance as they intently listen.

AMY
He was almost a priest.

TOM
(alerted)
Say that's right; you're Catholic,
aren't you?

JERRY
I wasn't normal enough for the
priesthood -- kept tryin' to get
out of over the wall to find
girls. But I saw Jesus once.
But he never come back. But
the Major's there, man, he's
there. But Angela's got nobody.
So she keeps goin' off that way.

AMY
Can't we eat?

TOM
Goin' off how, Jerry?

JERRY
-- Changin' herself into this
one and that one. You've seen
her do that, haven't you? But
that's nothin' but psychic
possession, that's never going
to get her clear.

TOM
Clear of what, Jerry? I'm really
trying to help her, see -- what
do you think is grabbing her?

38 CONTD

JERRY
(stares at Tom's eyes
a long moment)
You been to seminary, haven't you.

TOM
Funny you ask that -- No. But
I've got a brother in the church.

JERRY
I knew it.
(shakes his head in
wonder -- a glimmer
of warmth now)
Can always tell.

His perceptiveness shown, he gets up, walks a couple of yards; Tom follows, but when Sonny and Montana start to follow, Jerry turns to them sharply but as much plea as command ...

JERRY (contd)
I'm talkin' to this man!

They halt obediently. Jerry turns his back on them, sits on one heel and slips the knife out of his boot. Tom kneebends to be on his level.

JERRY (contd)
Major give me this. People don't
believe it, but he did. Read that?

TOM
(reads inscription
on knife)
"Grand Army of the Republic."
Huh! And he give you this?

JERRY
It was his battle knife from the
Civil War. One night I come and
it was layin' there right at his
feet on top of his grave, shining
in the moonlight. You believe it?

TOM
Why not?

Amy MOVES INTO THE SHOT. Jerry never takes his fascinated eyes from Tom.

38 CONTD

AMY

Don't I ever get to eat today!
I'm hungry!

TOM

How about a pizza? Let's go to
Giorgio's, it's my treat.

JERRY

(his eyes betray a
suppressed excitement
which he tries to
hold down)

Meet you there.

He walks off, Amy trailing behind.

39 INT: DINER - TOM - AMY - JERRY - NIGHT

Amy is gorging the last of a large pizza.

JERRY

(gently stroking her
hand, straightening
her hair)

She backfired once and never been
the same. I've got myself pretty
straightened out, see, but I'm
... I'm still kind of loaded up
a lot of the time ...

TOM

I'm reading you, Jerry ...

JERRY

I know. I knew it soon as you
looked at me. But it's ...
(sighs, shaking
his head)
so hard.

TOM

(lets a moment pass)
But that shows you're not an
animal, don't it, Jerry? -- I
mean there's lots that wouldn't
be bothered at all, right?

This stab leaves Jerry staring ahead. After a moment ...

JERRY

I can't hardly breathe sometimes.

39 CONTD

AMY

... There's somebody else involved,
that's why, see.

Tom's eyes flare at this ...

JERRY

(he raps his knuckles
on the top of her head
as on a door)

Hey, you got anything in there?
What you got in there!!

Tom sees how upset and confused Jerry is as he stands,
lifting Amy to her feet with a strangely tender touch.
Tom hurriedly writes on a napkin, his excitement difficult
to hold down. He stuffs the napkin into Jerry's shirt
pocket.

TOM

That's my home and office number
... day or night, you hear?
I'll be by again in a day or
two, okay?

Jerry looks up at him, conflicted. Tom tucks a bill under
the ketchup bottle.

TOM (contd)

Guess I don't have to tell you,
Jerry -- there's no power in the
world strong enough to break a
man's grip on his own throat.

Jerry looks at him with recognition, fear and hope
struggling in his gaze.

TOM (contd)

But you know who can, don't you.

Jerry doesn't reply.

TOM (contd)

See ya.

40 INT: ANGELA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tom is undoing the locks of the living room door when she
calls from the bedroom.

ANGELA (OS)

Tom?! ... Is that you!

41 INT: BEDROOM - SAME TIME

She lies down on the bed. Tom sits on the edge and covers her.

Angela in shame lowers her eyes contritely and speaks in a whisper. Her secret is out.

TOM

Looks like you slept.

ANGELA

I suddenly felt safe. I'm sorry, Tom, I should have levelled with you, but I wasn't sure you'd understand.

He waits. Taking a breath ...

ANGELA (contd)

I'm a ... I mean I have like schizo tendencies, Tom. I ... like break up.

TOM

Are you under psychiatric care?

ANGELA

I used to be. But I haven't had episodes in about three years. But it doesn't mean I don't tell you the truth, you understand?

TOM

It's just that the way you suddenly come at me just before. And in Jerry's place.

ANGELA

(a clear flowering of anxious uncertainty)
Jerry's place? -- What did I say in Jerry's place?

TOM

That I must never go tracking anybody without your permission ...

ANGELA

Who was I talking about?

Tom is amazed that she doesn't remember.

41 CONTD

TOM

This Jerry who everybody says
killed Victor Daniels.

ANGELA

(trying to penetrate
the fog, alarmed)
Jerry? -- Oh right -- that's
because I don't want you to ever
be alone with him, he can get
crazy, you know ...

TOM

I just been with Jerry.

ANGELA

(sitting up)
What do you mean, been with him?

TOM

Talking to him.

He stops right there, intending her to see that he has
done just that and is awaiting her next move.

Angela lies back on the pillow, in conflict as she looks
up at him.

TOM (contd)

You want to go to sleep or you
want to talk?

She can't decide what to say to him -- the bridge of trust
in him has now to be crossed, or not.

TOM (contd)

I'm goin' up against the whole
power structure on this one and
I hate to do that blind on one
side ... Am I wrong? -- I have
the feeling you want to tell me
something.

There is a submerged warning in that last sentence --
his notice that he is not totally tied to her control.
Angela is visibly filling with emotion as she looks at
him; now she lifts his hand and kisses it reverently,
sets it back and chastely removes her hand from it. He
smiles, moved by the torture he senses in her. Now,
after a clear hesitation, he takes her hand and kisses
it. Tears burst into her eyes.

41 CONTD

ANGELA

Tom?

TOM

(he has crossed
one bridge now)

Yes.

ANGELA

I used to be with Victor.

TOM

Victor Daniels? I thought he
was such a pillar.

Angela is staring straight up with this.

ANGELA

He saved me. He paid all my
doctor's bills. I will always
owe Victor.

That was said like a vow, solemnly.

TOM

(deeply stirred)

He sounds great. Must've been
some shock then, huh.

ANGELA

Butchered. And the killer prac-
tically advertising himself and
they go and put Felix away ...
I can't stand it! ... Listen, I
want to talk to you for days, but
I have to feel we're friends ...

TOM

I have to say it -- I've never
known anybody it was so hard to
get a fix on.

ANGELA

(feeling slightly
released, smiling)

Well, I've got a lot of sides,
but that makes it more interesting,
doesn't it?

As though unable to hold back any longer, she suddenly
comes up off her pillow and, grasping his face, kisses
him on the mouth with a strangely determined desperation.

41 CONTD

ANGELA (contd)
Oh, Tom, I need you ... !

TOM
Honey, please ...

She unzips his sports shirt ...

TOM (contd)
(laughing now as
the whirlpool
takes him down)
Hey ... hey! Wait! Hey!

She lowers her open mouth onto his stomach and he laughs.
She is mounting him like a rock in a torrent, triumphantly
smiling down at him.

TOM (contd)
Oh, God, I'm flyin'!

ANGELA
(laughing in victory)
Fly, baby, fly!

42 EXT: RIVERBANK - TOM - DAY

Tom is sitting amid some trees and brush beside the river,
raising binoculars to his eyes toward ...

LONG SHOT - TOM'S POV

Across the river, Jerry, Montana and one or two others
are visible before the abandoned factory, doing carpentry
on sawhorses, sitting around in the sun, working on a
motorcycle ...

A big truck stands in the yard with two planks propped
against the back. Sonny and Montana, under Jerry's
supervision, are sliding a big object down the planks.
Amy is watching. They manage to slide it onto level
ground. It is a small upright organ (harmonium?).

Jerry motions for Amy to try it out and, while Montana
pumps away, Amy starts playing ... After a while, and with
the MUSIC heard only faintly, Jerry performs some kind of
a jig while the fellows clap.

Tom can't help smiling in puzzlement.

A police car drives into the yard. Bellanca's side-kick
gets out. He strolls over. There is no suggestion that
the cop is there for anything but an afternoon's chat.

42 CONTD

Lowering the binoculars, Tom peers across at the scene as though trying to figure how to penetrate these creatures moving around there.

43 INT: JUDGE MARKS' STUDY - MARKS - TOM

Marks sits before a desk on which are photos of himself with Ed Sullivan, Eisenhower, Stevenson, Reagan, etc.

MARKS

Incidentally ... I'm not supposed to be saying this yet but your friend Charley Callaghan looks like the Party's choice for the Senate this time.

TOM

The Senate! Harry -- you're killing me!

MARKS

Well, he's no worse a meathead than a lot of other shitheads. But this time he's not going down easy, he'll fight for his life on this case.

TOM

I reversed him twice and he'll go down a third time.

MARKS

Frankly, Tom, I am wondering if you ought to forget the whole thing.

TOM

You're not serious.

MARKS

This woman is your entire case and you still don't know why she is even involved.

TOM

I'm still trying to dig it out of her, but I will, I know I will.

MARKS

Listen to me, Tommy -- if she won't come clean you have got to take a walk. This is basic, kid.

43 CONTD

TOM

I know it ... !

MARKS

I get the feeling you're walking
on bubbles!

TOM

I'm ashamed of myself -- you're
right, I been letting my dingus
do my thinking.

MARKS

Beware of strong sex! It always
ends up the captain of the ship,
and this captain sounds crazy
to me!He stands; picks up the trial transcript and hands it to
Tom.

MARKS (contd)

Here's the transcript. I read it.

TOM

And?

MARKS

She's got a right to be upset --
(pointing at the
transcript)All they proved in court was that
Felix was in the doctor's house,
but not that he killed anybody.His fears gone, depression over, Tom is almost shouting
with revived indignation:

TOM

Then I am right! -- Callaghan did
it again!

MARKS

But you've got to nail that woman!
Evidence, not bubbles! -- where is
she coming from!

44 INT: ANGELA'S APARTMENT DOOR - TOM

The door is just being unlocked from within, and we hear ...

ANGELA (OS)

Right with you!

44 CONTD

Tom enters the room and talks toward the half-open bathroom door. He is full of determination now.

TOM

Look, Angela ... you have got to sit down with me and concentrate on some answers; I've got a list of questions as long as your leg, so how about we ... ?

She steps out of the bathroom in slacks, high heels, and a nifty blouse and bandanna.

ANGELA

Ta da! I want to go bowling.

TOM

(incredulously)

You what?

45 INT: BOWLING ALLEY - TOM - ANGELA - BOWLERS

Tom is just letting a ball go down the alley, but it drifts to one side and knocks down only a couple of pins. Angela picks up her ball and sights the pins. FOUR BOWLERS enter, getting seated in the adjoining alley -- they are middle-aged types who instantly recognize her.

BOWLER 1

Go get him, Swede!

She grins back with a laugh -- in her element here. Tom catches their familiarity and grins uncomfortably.

BOWLER 2

Down the middle, Angy!

ANGELA

Shut up, will ya? -- gimme a break, I'm trying to concentrate!

Bowler 4 comes over to her rather unsteadily offering her a beer he is just yanking open ... roaring ...

BOWLER 4

Concentrate on this, baby!

He manages to squirt her with the beer ...

ANGELA

(protesting but laughing
-- being the center like
this pleases her)

Vincent, for Christ's sake ... !

45 CONTD

BOWLER 4
(wiping her off and
feeling her pretty
far down on the ass)
Ohh ... I'm sorry, honey ...

She smashes his hand away -- still laughing ...

ANGELA
Get out of there, you ... !

Bowler 4 persists, laughing with her, and his hand goes back on her ass and she doesn't swipe it away this time; Tom begins to move in ...

TOM
Hey, fella, the woman asked you
not to go bothering her ...

Angela instantly blocks Tom ...

ANGELA
He doesn't mean anything ...
here, sit down ... Now watch me.

Tom allows her to seat him, but his face FILLS THE LENS -- a new awareness of her real life.

TOM
Okay ... let's see you bowl.

She bends for the play -- Tom looks to the bowlers and back to her. She bowls ... makes a strike.

The four bowlers roar their cheers and she faces them with arms triumphantly raised -- leaving Tom quite out of it.

CLOSE SHOT - TOM

An angry and hurt look is deepening on his face.

46 INT: TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He is sound asleep. Early morning sun is coming through the windows. Connie, dressed for school, peeks in, then enters and picks up his sox, examines the collar of his shirt and bundles it up, takes his underwear shorts ...

PHONE RINGS.

46 CONTD

It is right next to her and she quickly picks it up and speaks quietly. She walks out the doorway with the phone. He is slowly waking out of sleep and overhears, and on realizing what she is saying, gets out of bed.

CONNIE

(moving OS)

Hello ... Well, he's sound asleep.
But I can't if he's resting.
No! I won't! I'm sorry, you
can call later. Have some regard
for his health, for heaven's sake!

She hangs up angrily as Tom appears and takes the phone, lifts receiver, but it is dead.

TOM

What are you doing!

CONNIE

You were sleeping so deeply, I
didn't want to ...

TOM

(restraining worse)

Never do that, Connie ... you
wake me!

He returns to his bedroom with the phone.

47 INT: TOM'S KITCHEN - TOM - CONNIE - LATER - MORNING

Tom is pajamas and robe is sipping coffee and staring out at the morning sky. His face is filled with bewilderment. Connie enters, carrying briefcase, wearing a coat, ready to leave for school.

CONNIE

I have to tell you, Tom, you're
very different since you got on
this case.

TOM

Well I'm frustrated. Judge Marks
read the transcript and he tells
me that all they proved was that
sometime or another Felix was in
the doctor's house but not that
he killed anybody. That's Harry
Marks talking, and you know what
a brain he's got.

47 CONTD

CONNIE

And how do you know she's not
making it with him?

TOM

(astounded, feeling
transparent)

Now where do you come up with
an idea like that?

CONNIE

Why not? From the way it sounds,
it's her way of sayin' hello.

TOM

Look, she's not that bad ...

PHONE RINGS. Tom picks it up.

TOM (contd)

Yeah? -- Jerry! -- hya doin'?

(surprised)

Oh, I'd be happy to -- sure, I
can make it this morning.

Certainly. See you right away.

(to Connie, incredulous)

That's our boy ... Jerry ... wants
to talk to me right away. Connie
... Darlin! -- the ice is cracking
up!

He suddenly sweeps her into his arms and she laughs in
surprise.

48 EXT: LANDING RAMP OF THE "TEMPLE" - JERRY - TOM - AMY -
DAY

MUSIC of a harmonium is heard. Amy is seated on the
landing ramp near the river below, pumping away at an
old worn out harmonium, playing a hymn-sounding piece
with lots of wrong notes.

Nearby Jerry and Tom are sitting on a couple of boxes
or a capstain and a box right over the river. In the
BG, Montana and Sonny are carpentering ... glazing broken
windows, hanging electric bulbs on a long wire over the
Major's statue which CAN BE GLIMPSED within.

Jerry is in a mood. Tom watches, suppressing his joyful
hopes.

48 CONTD

TOM
(indicates the work
going on)
It's really something the way
you got these boys pitchin' in
like this. You're going to end
up with a beautiful church here.

JERRY
No, it's nowhere near what I
wanted but it's saving their
lives. -- They used to be all
strung out, you know.

TOM
No kiddin'.

JERRY
Oh ... blind and on the bottom.

TOM
You saved them.

JERRY
(a deep nod)
The Major and me.

Amy appears, and oblivious to them, sits down on the edge
of the platform over the water, and stares down at it
lifelessly.

JERRY (contd)
But I was too late for her ...
she's gone.

TOM
You wanted to talk to me, Jerry?

JERRY
(nods; a pause, a
struggle within)
I want to ... I want to help Angela.

TOM
Angela? Help how?

JERRY
Her brains are choking, she's very
bad, you know.

TOM
Oh don't I know!

48 CONTD

JERRY

She's got to unload. Her thoughts are poisoning her. But she won't ... you know ... trust me enough. But maybe if you sat down with us, just us three ...

TOM

Sure, be happy to. We could all kind of ... communicate, is that what you mean?

JERRY

(in his face is a need, a longing that lies behind this shorthand)

Yeah, just sort of ... you know, talked ...

Tom is quietly trying to read the anterior purpose here, and nods for an instant ...

TOM

(now, with solemnity)

Okay, sure, I think I understand -- I'll get right on it with her.

Tom gets up, starts to leave, pauses over Amy who has hardly stirred.

TOM (contd)

How's it goin', Amy?

She turns her placid, blank look up to him.

Tom pats her head.

TOM (contd)

See ya, honey.

He turns to bid Jerry farewell.

Jerry is looking at Amy with a touching pity and remorse. He turns away from Tom and stares at the river.

TOM (contd)

Get right back to you, Jer'.

With anticipatory excitement Tom strides off.

49 INT: ANGELA'S APARTMENT - ANGELA - TOM - NIGHT

She is seated at her mirror, finishing her make-up; hears him at the door, goes and unlocks it. He enters throwing his arms around her.

TOM

We're in! We did it! --
(drawing her to a chair)
Listen, it's incredible, I just
been talking to Jerry ...

ANGELA

I'm dying of hunger, tell me in
the restaurant.

She starts for her coat, he pulls her into a chair and
grabs her face in high excitement.

TOM

(laughs with joy)
Do you hear what I'm saying?
I tell you he's winding himself
up to unload to the Feds about
the murder!

Her body seems to stiffen, but he is so busy he doesn't
notice that she is letting her gaze wander, and her aspect
has become defensive.*

TOM (contd)

... Honey, if you came with me,
I think he'd crank it out ...
This is my instinct -- the guy
wants you to hold his hand, you
see? He practically said so.
He's on the verge, darlin', will
you come?

(indicates phone)

I'll call, okay? -- and tell him
we're coming.

But he sees that something is sinking in her. She gets up
and walks past him.

TOM (contd)

What's the matter?

ANGELA

You better be careful with Jerry,
he's crazy. How many times have
I told you that?

49 CONTD

He is amazed and bewildered by her negative attitude toward his great news -- what does it mean?

TOM

I don't dig this, honey -- the man is starting to talk, and you're standing there like it's some kind of bad news? -- What am I supposed to make of this?

Frustrated by her silence he strides to her and turns her to face him.

TOM (contd)

I am not about to walk away from this man! Now do I get the story or not?

She catches the threat behind his question. She moves from him in one last feeble hesitation ...

ANGELA

Jerry was a runner. He ran drugs for Victor.

TOM

Doctor Daniels was in drugs?

ANGELA

He was the main man between here and Boston.

TOM

... Boy, I'm really out of it -- that never crossed my mind. But why didn't they arrest Jerry with all that blood on him?

ANGELA

He knows all the connections, and he's crazy enough to start talking.

TOM

Connections to ... ?

ANGELA

Drugs and the police, the detective squad, Bellanca ... Jerry's a time-bomb on a motorcycle, they could never let him loose in a court!

49 CONTD

TOM

How come they didn't just waste him?

ANGELA

Maybe they will.

TOM

You mean if he keeps talking to me.

Angela nods, silent.

TOM (contd)

Why'd Jerry do it to Daniels, Angela?

ANGELA

(shaking her head
with some great
regret)

Oh, he'd built up this crazy idea -- he really believed it -- that Daniels had promised to build him a church for his new religion. And when he refused he went berserk. He'll do anything, you know.

TOM

And Callaghan was onto all this when he prosecuted Felix?

She barely nods, openly afraid.

TOM (contd)

He turned it all into a family fight between relatives.

She confirms with a glance.

TOM (contd)

Well ... it all suddenly makes sense. And I can see why you always seem so terrified -- You are, aren't you.

Her helplessness moves him. And recalling now, he turns and glances over to a framed photo on a table which stands with several others. Picks it up and looks at it.

CLOSE SHOT - ANGELA ON MOTOR BOAT

She is in a bikini -- a gangster type in sunglasses behind her -- posing spread out on an open deck.

49 CONTD

TOM (contd)
Is this Bimini?

She nods, her eyes full of calculations.

TOM (contd)
Amy says now and then she and
you would donkey the stuff up
from there.

ANGELA
I stopped two years ago. I just
couldn't stand the tension anymore.

She genuinely weeps for a ruined life. He holds her close.

TOM
The cops must know about that,
don't they?

She nods.

TOM (contd)
So how do you come to be beatin'
on them with this case now?

ANGELA
(indignant he should
even ask)
Because I know how innocent Felix
is and I can't bear it!

A surge of open disbelief bursts onto his face and he
is angry and makes no attempt to conceal it.

TOM
Darlin', I got work to do --
whenever you decide to talk
straight just send me a carrier
pigeon, and I'll be waitin' on
the roof wavin' my old underwear,
and I'll come right over. Take
care.

He strides angrily to the door.

ANGELA
I used to be with Charley Callaghan.

This seems total madness; besides, he is resolved not to
be taken in ...

49 CONTD

TOM

You were in the hammock with the
Prosecutor?

She barely nods; it is a confession with suffering attached
-- He is straightfaced, but doubt remains in his tone.

TOM (contd)

He'd come here?

ANGELA

He set up an apartment over at
Wyndham Place. He nearly left
his wife.

TOM

(is this possible or
complete insanity?)
No kiddin'.

ANGELA

The best two years of my life.
Until they made him rig the case
against Felix -- then I just
couldn't stand it anymore.

TOM

Why'd they make him do it?

ANGELA

A man as important as Doctor
Daniels chopped up like that ...
they had to nail it to somebody,
and Jerry was absolutely out --
Jerry could bomb the whole police
department plus both parties in
this town in the bargain. This
case goes to the top of the
mountain, Tom, the top.

She gets up, moves now with the verve and energy of one
released, acting out the story. Tom watches mesmerized,
trying to pierce the truth of this outrageous, yet
somehow circumstantially, convincing story.

ANGELA (contd)

We'd go out to Charley's place
on the beach and sit staring at
the fire ...

TOM

(struck, but with
amazed doubt)
Their mansion, you mean?

49 CONTD

ANGELA

... Tears were pouring down his cheeks, it was killing him. I pleaded with him, "You could end up President of the United States," I said, "You could be anything, but you cannot do this to an innocent man!"

A beat. A new color now -- she is flooding with a mixture of indignation and fear. Her breathing deepens. And now he tries to break into the center.

TOM

Kid, if we can get Jerry to unload in front of a lawyer, you've not only sprung that innocent man but nailed the police department and Mr. Callaghan ... and I have to say it, I think you owe this much to Felix.

She is suddenly totally out of relation to him -- she is moving about now, frantic and terrified and furious -- and her breathing comes harder quite suddenly ...

ANGELA

Don't be telling me who I owe! I've done more for Felix than you or anybody else!

TOM

Why won't you come with me to Jerry! -- answer me, goddam you!

ANGELA

(suddenly stiffening
in an image of the
highest female dignity
while heaving for breath)
I must say, you are terribly irritating to me!

TOM

Oh, Jesus, not that song and dance again!

But the remote inward stare tells how far into this new character she has fled.

ANGELA

What astounds me is how you get to think you're such a high-grade
(MORE)

49 CONTD

ANGELA (contd)
cultured individual and such a
great Catholic ...

TOM
In other words, this whole story
has been bullshit, so now you go
into your act!

ANGELA
... But all you really are is
gutteral!

TOM
(can't help it -- he
bursts out laughing)
You're not even using that word
right!

ANGELA
Your whole manner is gutteral
because your whole background
is gutteral!

TOM
(spreading out his arms)
Okay, Lady Bushwa, pull out the
nails, I want to come down and
I'm never getting up there again!

ANGELA
You can stop calling me stupid
names, you stupid bastard.

She plunks down on the bed, nearly exhausted. He is at
the door.

TOM
By this time I'd've thought you'd
know that high class respectable
ladies don't go around callin'
people stupid bastards.

ANGELA
Which I would be delighted to do
if these stupid bastards had the
mental competence to understand
any other kind of language, you
dumb shit!

TOM
Touche! And when you start wonderin'
why I'm not showin' up anymore
(MORE)

49 CONTD

TOM (contd)

it's because you convinced me
from this minute that you don't
know a goddamned thing about
this case, and you never laid
a hand on Charley Callaghan except
in your misbegotten dreams!
Goodbye, baby, and that includes
forever!

He goes out and slams the door.

50 EXT: STREET - TOM

He arrives at his car in front of her house, and stands
there on the verge of utter defeat. Then rallying, he
bangs a hand down on the car top and gets in with angry
determination and roars off.

51 INT: TOM'S CAR - LATER - NIGHT

He is in utter dejection as he sits waiting for a light
to change. A horn blows behind him and he comes-to
and proceeds to drive. Now he realizes he is passing
a certain apartment house, and on a sudden urge turns
into the elegant curved driveway and gets out.

52 INT: APARTMENT HOUSE LOBBY - TOM - SUPER - LATER

It is a fairly posh lobby. Tom enters from the street
to face the uniformed LOBBY MAN.

TOM

Super around?

LOBBY MAN

That door there. But there's
no vacancies.

TOM

(taking bill out
of his wallet)

Say, maybe you could help me,
I'm trying to check something
for Aetna Insurance, you ever
see this woman?

He slips the bill to the man as he holds Angela's Polaroid
photo up to him.

52 CONTD

 LOBBY MAN
 (a puzzled look
 at the photo
 ... then)
Oh ... sure, that's Mrs. Crispini
-- Angela. Couple years ago,
Apartment 6C.

 TOM
Jeeze, thanks a whole lot.
Tell me -- she live there alone,
or what?

 LOBBY MAN
 (careful now)
Well ... you know ...

 TOM
 (producing the newspaper
 photo of Callaghan from
 a pocket)
This man ever come by?

 LOBBY MAN
 (studies photo;
 uncertain)
Well ...
 (decides)
No.
 (but on the other
 hand ...)
Wait a minute.
 (studies it again;
 shakes his head)
I really don't know. Maybe.
-- Lot of people coming in and
out of here ...

 TOM
 (nods, stashes
 both photos)
Thanks. Take care of yourself.

He hurries out to the street, elated -- Angela is legit!

53 EXT: CAR - STREET - TOM - DAY

His car is pulling up across the street from her house.

54 INT: CAR - TOM - DAY

He has a bouquet of flowers in his hand, trying to
get the nerve up to get out and approach her house.

54 CONTD

Suddenly he sees her emerging from her house onto the sidewalk. She is dressed rather demurely -- for church, actually -- but he doesn't know that yet. He gets out and crosses the street to her with the bouquet. She halts on seeing him, obviously preparing for conflict.

But his manner and look are self-reproachful and apologetic, and he offers the flowers and she accepts them with surprise and deep pleasure at this gesture of respect and victory floods her face.

ANGELA

I'm going to church. Want to take me?

He gives her his arm and they walk away.

55 EXT/INT: CHURCH - ANGELA - TOM - DAY

They enter the almost empty church. She is holding his hand with a near-childlike dependency. They come to a halt just inside the entrance and now he gives her hand an encouraging pat.

She leaves him and walks down the aisle toward the altar where FATHER MANCINI is ministering to one or two PARISHIONERS who are kneeling before him. But WE STAY with Tom as he finds a seat halfway back in the church. Now he looks ahead toward the altar.

TOM'S POV

TWO COMMUNICANTS are just leaving; Angela stands talking to Father Mancini; Tom sees his avid pleasure in talking to her, listening to her.

CLOSE UP - TOM

Some new amazement is dawning on him as he observes; there is a mixture of astonishment and disgust in his expression.

TOM'S POV

Angela now kneels before Mancini who gives her the wafer and his blessing.

The intense, silent exchange of intimate feeling between her and the fascinated young priest, as she opens her mouth with uplifted eyes locked on his gaze, are a shock to Tom.

55 CONTD

The ceremony completed, Mancini beckons Tom with a finger, whereupon he walks toward the robing room beside the altar.

Tom gets up and makes his way down the aisle. She has taken a seat facing the altar and Tom, as he passes her, gives her an uncomfortable look, but in return she smiles up at him with a new confidence, relaxed and loving, and touches his hand gratefully as he leaves her for the robing room.

56 INT: VESTRY ROOM - TOM - MANCINI - DAY

Throughout this scene Tom is intrigued by the idea that she has seduced this priest.

 MANCINI
 (putting away his
 vestments)
Angela's spoken about you so often,
I thought we should meet.

 TOM
She's talked about you, too,
Father -- I guess you know you're
her favorite fella in the whole
world right now.

 MANCINI
Not quite -- I think you are.

With a chuckle he sits on a window seat, thinking out his next words; he has a naive, sensuous face, rampant with idealism.

 MANCINI (contd)
She's terribly worried, you know,
that you may give up on this case.
I hope you're not, are you?

 TOM
Well, to be candid, Father, I
still don't understand where she's
comin' from; maybe you could help
me with that -- why is she in this
case, do you know?

 MANCINI
 (surprised)
But it's obvious -- she is a pro-
foundly idealistic woman! She's
tormented by the breakdown of the
criminal justice system ...

56 CONTD

TOM

Then why is it like pulling
teeth to get the simplest facts
out of her? She's driving me
crazy with this cat and mouse ...

MANCINI

Mr. O'Toole, please -- you are
her lifeline now. You are all
that connects her to life.

Tom is stopped, flattered but baffled by this.

MANCINI (contd)

I hope and pray you know that,
do you?

CAMERA EMPHASIZES his spiritual sensuality here --
perhaps stained glass rises behind him and he stands
in a halo of light and his transfixed eyes almost
convince Tom of the incredible fact behind his emotion ...

MANCINI (contd)

To be sure she is a woman who
has sinned; but somehow she
challenges us -- you must have
felt that challenge, haven't you?
-- the challenge to live life,
to care, to live up to our duty
to love humanity; for her, it is
not enough to think decently --
we must act decently, we must
perform deeds in the world ... !

During this speech, INTERCUT Tom's face, with his
despairing realization that Mancini is probably her
lover, and moreover, is saying what Tom himself has
been feeling.

57 INT: TOM'S CAR - TOM - ANGELA - LATER - NIGHT

Tom is just pulling up in front of Angela's house.

ANGELA

(starting to open
the car door)
Comin' up, aren't you?

TOM

(taking her hand)
Something important to tell you.

57 CONTD

He holds her hand cupped in his. His inner exhaustion is beginning to show, and his voice is determined and simple.

TOM (contd)

I got a call this morning from one of the guards at the penitentiary -- that friend of mine. About Felix. Tells me he doesn't talk at all anymore; that's a very bad sign.

ANGELA

(vaguely)

But I think I just wrote him again ...

TOM

They'll let me see him at four o'clock. But I have a gut feeling it'd be better if we talked alone.

ANGELA

(a flag of suspicion rises in her brain)

What's this now? It never stays good with you for more than two minutes, does it ... You trying to do the case alone?

TOM

It's better sometimes for a guy to talk to another guy alone.

ANGELA

(opening her door)

I wish you wouldn't talk to me like my head was full of gravel!

She gets out of the car.

TOM

(opening his door)

For God's sake!

She bends and yells at him across the seat.

ANGELA

I just happen to have gone to Mary Immaculate High which happens to be the top-rated school in this whole state!

57 CONTD

She swivels around and starts up to her house as he yanks his door latch and gets out ...

TOM

Damnit, don't take it that way!

58 EXT: STREET - SAME TIME

Tom has practically emerged into the side of a squad car, which has glided to a halt next to his, and he is looking into the face of Bellanca, in the passenger seat beside a COP DRIVER.

Bellanca wears a supercilious grin, glances similarly to Angela, then signals to the cop driver and rides off down the street. When Tom turns back to Angela ...

CLOSE UP - ANGELA

She is suppressing great, trembling fear, staring down the street at the departing detective.

Tom ENTERS SHOT. She looks up at him and swallows.

ANGELA

Bellanca. He was following us.

TOM

Now take it easy, he might just've happened to come by.

ANGELA

He's warning you to stay away from me, don't you understand? -- why don't you believe me!

TOM

I do! -- I'm just trying to keep it real, kid.

She pushes past him and goes up the stoop of her house.

CLOSER SHOT - TOM

Despite his reassuring her, he looks up the street and then the other direction, eyes alive with expectation.

59 INT: PRISONERS' VISITING ROOM - DAY

Felix is just being led in by the GUARD.

TOM

Andy? Give us a minute, will ya?

59 CONTD

Guard releases Felix and waits by the door. Felix stands on the other side of dividing counter, suspiciously glancing at Tom, and not without hostility.

TOM

Now look, Felix, I hope you're not gettin' too discouraged, 'cause I'm gaining on it every day now. You are definitely going to walk out of here, you understand?

No response.

TOM (contd)

You don't know me, Felix; I have my minuses, but I never let go. Understand me? Never. So I want you to start eating, you hear? And focus your thinking on ...

Felix turns zombie-like and walks to the door ... Tom feels humiliated, and angry too ...

TOM (contd)

I'll be back in a week or two, okay? I'm going to have news ...
Felix?

Felix moves through the door without turning back, the guard taking him from there. With a surge of peaking frustration and determination, Tom smashes his hat onto his head and storms out.

60 INT: TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He is asleep. His illuminated clock beside the bed reads 4:10 AM. PHONE RINGS. He wakens. SECOND RING is aborted as he lifts the phone and hears ...

CONNIE (VO)

(on phone)

You whore, stop trying to destroy this man!

TOM

Angela?

But line is dead.

TOM (contd)

Angela!

60 CONTD

Tom rushes into Connie's room. She is getting out of her bed.

TOM (contd)

You must never do that again!

CONNIE

I'm leaving, I can't stay here.
Not with whores ringing the
telephone at four o'clock in
the morning!

TOM

Now stop this, you hear me!

CONNIE

She's a whore, isn't she?
Isn't that what you said in
the beginning?

TOM

(defensively)
I know her better now, Connie
-- it's not that simple. You
mustn't ever do that again.

CONNIE

(deep spiritual alarm,
her hands clasped
before her)
What is happening to you!

TOM

I don't know what is happening
to me, Connie, all I can tell
you is that I am breaking this
case, whatever it takes ...

CONNIE

(her resistance
crumbling)
I don't know you anymore!

TOM

(with a certain
brutal edge)
Whatever it takes!
(taking her elbow,
moving her to
the bed)
Please, now ... go to sleep, huh?

60 CONTD

She obediently lies on the bed, and covers herself, looking at him as at a mystery.

TOM (contd)

We weren't taught for this world, Connie, and I don't dig it any better than you do. But I'm not going under; I don't think I am, anyway. Trust me. 'Cause I really do need you, sister. Okay?

She can barely nod her assent, moved by her love rather than her understanding.

61 INT: MCDONALD'S RESTAURANT - TOM - ANGELA - NIGHT

At three in the morning they are the only ones in the place except for a MAN mopping up nearby. She wears sunglasses.

TOM

Can I see it?

She hesitates for a moment, then lowers her glasses. She has a bruise on her upper lid.

TOM (contd)

You want to talk about it?

She goes back to eating.

TOM (contd)

Was it the cops?

ANGELA

(she gets set to speak; it isn't easy)

Callaghan.

TOM

Charley Callaghan beat you up?

He can't keep the skepticism out of his voice, and yet ...

TOM (contd)

Where? Why? Please, talk to me, will you?

ANGELA

He came to get his letters back.

61 CONTD

TOM
... What letters?

ANGELA
I'm scared to death, Tom.

TOM
(grips her hand)
You have letters from him?

She nods.

TOM (contd)
You mean like love letters?

ANGELA
(she nods)
And about the case. One of them.

TOM
Actually referring to it?

ANGELA
... Asking me not to let it get
between us. Because of what
he had to do.

TOM
Did you give them to him?

ANGELA
No.

TOM
My God, Angela -- if you got
something like that -- you know
it wraps it all up, don't you?

ANGELA
But it would destroy him.

TOM
Well? (Why not?)

ANGELA
I can't bear to do that to him.
I'm only telling you so you'll
see my problem.

TOM
What problem? Honey, he is the
Chief Law Enforcement Officer of
(MORE)

61 CONTD

TOM (contd)
this county and he knowingly
rigs a murder case? He's gotta
be destroyed.

ANGELA
(feeling her agony
is rejected)
How can I do that! He's the
love of my life!

Tom glances away to suppress an outburst.

62 EXT: PARKING LOT - TOM - ANGELA - NIGHT

The lot is empty but for Tom's car. They are walking to
it and get in. Traffic is going by on the adjacent
highway.

63 INT: CAR - TOM - ANGELA - NIGHT

TOM
A man who takes his fists to a
woman ought to be strung up by
his testicles.

ANGELA
He's just immature, he lost his
temper for a minute.

TOM
He come with cops?

ANGELA
No, alone. But I'm afraid he
might come back, 'cause he couldn't
break into the file ... I tell
you, I got pains in my chest like
I never had.

TOM
Could I ask why you don't give
them to him?

ANGELA
(with a shrug)
I don't know ... they're my letters.
I mean ... I probably'd never see
him again if I ...
(breaks off)

63 CONTD

TOM
(reaches for her
hand, holds it)
Listen, darlin' -- people die
of fear like this, you have
got to get clear of this bum,
he's treating you like shit!
Let me have a letter, darlin',
and we finish the case, and you
can start living like a human
being!

ANGELA
God, if you only knew -- that's
all I dream of!

She grasps his hand, kisses it with a grateful passion.

TOM
Then do it, darling! Come on,
give me the key, we go home,
and you're out of the cage and
flyin'!

He suddenly pulls her to him and kisses her on the mouth.
She opens her purse and takes out key and after one last
hesitation hands it to him. He kisses her again, with
more feeling and gratitude and hope.

He turns front and starts the car and drives quickly
onto the highway. The dam has broken and she responds
totally and begins to kiss him gratefully on the ear
and neck, and then her head moves down and OUT OF THE
FRAME and on his face is his mounting explosion.

64 EXT: CAR - ANGELA'S STREET

It comes to a halt before her house.

65 INT: CAR - ANGELA - TOM

He shuts off the engine and looks into her face and kisses
her again. She stares into his eyes, then gets out of
the car and he hugs her.

They mount the stoop, the inside stair, close and loving.

66 INT: ANGELA'S ROOM - TOM - ANGELA

The room has been wrecked. He is outraged as he looks
around. On the floor lies the four-drawer steel file
with its iron bar intact up its front, secured by the

66 CONTD

heavy padlock. It shows signs of having been attacked, its metal bent. With effort he rights the file.

She looks on with mounting terror. Watches as he reaches into his pocket, takes out the key ... and suddenly she is on him.

ANGELA

(nearly a scream)

No! -- give it to me!

She pulls at his hand ...

TOM

What the hell you doin' ... !

He throws her from his hand but she is back in an instant with the energy of terror.

ANGELA

You tricked me! Give it back to me, it's mine!

She bites his hand and in his pain reaction he sends her banging up against a wall, but again she is back at him, clawing at his hand, until with a hard slap at the side of her head he raps her down on the bed with his knee in her belly.

ANGELA (contd)

That's my property ... you're a goddam thief! I want my property! ... I'll go to the cops ... that you stole my property!

His eyes illuminate. He releases her, steps away.

TOM

You called me in to investigate just enough to get Felix out, is that it? -- but without touching anybody else! Is that the story? And now you're asking me to protect the bastard who put him in there?

He pushes both his arms back and forth in opposite directions. She is bending over rocking in frustration.

TOM (contd)

You been trying to go north and south and powder your nose all at the same time!

(MORE)

66 CONTD

TOM (contd)
 (laughing viciously)
 But it can't be done, baby --
 not with me!

She straightens up from her crouch and with a cry from her belly she slides to her knees on the floor.

ANGELA
 HELP ME!

He looks down at her abjectly pleading face turned up to him. He tosses the key to the floor in front of her.

TOM
 (resisting pity)
 Okay. You read me one sentence
 in a letter from Callaghan --
 and I'm your man. Otherwise,
 you been full of shit from day
 one and I am out of your life!

Her jaws clenched in her conflict, she struggles with herself. He stands there watching her, refusing to crumble before her need, struggling to keep from rushing in again to assuage her pain ... waiting for her, in effect, to break.

He walks out.

67 INT: DINER - TOM - PATRONS

Filling up with self-contempt and remorse and guilt, he stares at his cup. One or two NIGHTOWLS sit grinding the night away nearby. He goes to a wall phone, dials.

TOM
 Sorry to wake you, Connie, but
 ... Well, please, let me talk
 for a second, I want to apologize.
 For everything. It all turned
 out nothing, and I'm a damned
 fool. Try to forgive me, will
 you? ... Who? Jerry! When'd he
 call! Jesus!

Hangs up and rushes out.

68 EXT: ABANDONED MILL - RIVER - TOM - NIGHT

Tom pulls up in his car a distance from the mill, gets out and goes to a door which is standing ajar.

68 CONTD

TOM

Jerry? It's Tom O'Toole.

No response. He enters the place. In the enormous space he can hardly make out anything definite.

TOM (contd)

Jerry?

He moves to the river-side of the building, seeing a large loading door open to the river. He looks outside.

At the edge of a ramp Jerry is sitting on his motorcycle. Tom approaches him more cautiously now for he senses some sort of rapture incomprehensible to him.

TOM (contd)

Hya.

Jerry seems not to have heard.

TOM (contd)

Jerry?

Jerry stirs enough to indicate he has heard.

TOM (contd)

My sister Connie says you called this afternoon, but I just got the message.

JERRY

You believe He walked on the water?

TOM

I don't know how to believe it, kid, but I guess there's no way not to -- for one of us, right?

Jerry looks out on the dark river flowing by.

JERRY

Funny ... You came just in time.

Tom alerts to this suicide implication, glancing at the river and back to him. Tom waits. In a moment, Jerry turns and walks into the mill, Tom behind him. Jerry takes a lighter and touches it to the ground; a circle of flame springs up around the statue of the Major. The sacrificial lamb stands in its pen.

68 CONTD

It is an improvised tabernacle, and three or four rows of planks on concrete blocks have been set up like pews facing it.

TOM

Man! -- it's beautiful! You got yourself a church! You got people coming yet?

He sits facing the Major and cross, despair all over him. Tom sits facing him, trying to read him.

JERRY

I am unclean.

TOM

Truthfully, kid ... I been kind of wondering about that myself.

Jerry looks at him.

TOM (contd)

You know the saying -- coke is high and smack is higher but there's no high on God's earth like a true confession. I respect the agony, kid.

Jerry stares ahead at Tom's meaning, seems to expand toward some beckoning liberation.

TOM (contd)

Been wanting to say this to you ... I've talked out the situation with an old friend of mine -- retired Federal judge, used to be one of the greats in criminal law, smart as a whip. If you'd see him and talk out an affidavit, Jer', sayin' how you tried to confess to the cops that night about the doctor, but they threw you out on the street ... he's sure the Feds would let you walk -- for helpin' them clean out city hall, y'know? Because the town's gotten evil, Jer', real horrendous ... you know that.

Jerry looks at him wide-eyed.

68 CONTD

JERRY

(staring, inspired ...)
Something else -- two Christmases
ago ... Victor had me carry
thirty-five thousand in cash to
the District Attorney.

TOM

A payoff?

JERRY

I gave it to Callaghan at the
beach.

TOM

You got a whole life ahead of
you, kid. You got something
important to say to people!
You're one man who made it!
You understand me? You made
it, Jerry! Now take what you
made.

Jerry slowly stands. Tom stands. Jerry turns to him
and opens his arms and they embrace ...

TOM (contd)

I'll stick with you, kid, I'll ...

JERRY

Angie ... know about this?

TOM

... Me coming here? No. Why?

Jerry shakes his head remorsefully, but he is excited by
his coming rebirth ... keeps holding onto Tom's hand.

JERRY

See, I kept trying to get Victor
to just talk to me about the new
building for my church, but he
wouldn't let me in, wouldn't
even open the goddamned door.
So ... she ... I ...
(breaks off)

TOM

I'm not readin' you, Jer' ...

JERRY

Well, he'd always open up for her.

68 CONTD

A stillness begins to flow over Tom's face.

 TOM
Angela ... was with you?

 JERRY
I wasn't expecting to do anything,
I swear!

 TOM
Right. -- So what'd you do, wait
in the bushes till he opened the
door ... or what?

Jerry nods.

 TOM (contd)
... She didn't go inside with
you, did she?

 JERRY
I think so, I don't remember,
I just lost my ... (mind ...)
He really pissed me off ...

 TOM
Why'd she go with you?

 JERRY
... I asked her.

 TOM
 (he can't bear
 anymore)
Okay, come on! I've got my car ...

 JERRY
No, I want my bike!
 (as he backs for the
 open loading door
 and his bike, a lofted
 look on his face ...)
Y'know? I'm already feeling good
about this ... I feel it ... !

 TOM
Oh, you're going to be a new man,
Jerry! Let's go.

Tom gets into his car, starts it, but Jerry mounts his
bike and goes still, not kicking the starter.

68 CONTD

TOM (contd)

What's the matter?

JERRY

I've got to tell Angela before
I do it.

TOM

Why?

Jerry turns to Tom who sees a tension of indecision rising
in his face.

JERRY

I just do -- I can't put her
into it without tellin' her.
I'm going to see her.He kicks his starter and is off at speed; Tom roars off
after him, his heart turning to liquid as he tries to face
her having been part of the murder.

69 EXT: ANGELA'S STAIRWAY - JERRY - TOM

Tom is following Jerry who is going two steps at a time
up the stairs.

RAW SALSA is rocketing out of her room through the door.

JERRY

Angela? It's Jerry, can I see
you?

No response. Jerry turns to Tom.

TOM

Angela? It's me, can we talk
a minute? Jerry's got something
to ask you!

No response.

JERRY

She's not going to talk to me.

Tom gestures that he's going around the building and up
another stairway, and runs down the stairs as Jerry calls
again --

JERRY (contd)

Angela? It's Jerry!

70 EXT: FIRE ESCAPE - TOM - NIGHT

He is peering into her window.

71 INT: ANGELA'S APARTMENT - ANGELA
TOM'S POV

She is almost crouched in a corner of the room, her legs drawn up protectively, her hands clapped over her ears and her eyes tightly shut.

72 EXT: FIRE ESCAPE - TOM - NIGHT

Tom hears a MOTORCYCLE STARTING AND TAKING OFF. Looking down into the street he sees Jerry roaring off.

73 MONTAGE - SERIES OF SHOTS

SHOWING Tom pursuing Jerry on his bike; Tom arrives at the mill in time to see Jerry running past Montana and Sonny, who are sitting around listening to MUSIC in the open air.

They start to greet him when he picks up a two-gallon gasoline can and pours it over his head, drenching himself. Tom, realizing what is happening, runs at top speed toward Jerry who is hurrying toward the circle of flame around the Major and the cross. Now Montana and Sonny start toward him, too. Tom, reaching Jerry a foot or two before he gets to the flame circle, tries to yank him away from it; Jerry pulls his knife out of his boot. A fight between him and Tom, with the other two men joining in to keep him from the flame ... but he breaks free of Tom and rushes to the flame and his body roars up in flames.

74 INT: TOM'S KITCHEN - TOM - CONNIE - DAY

He is in his overcoat and hat. Connie turns from the sink where she is doing the breakfast dishes.

TOM

I've got to finish it.

CONNIE

I know.

He starts out.

CONNIE (contd)

Just don't buy her nightmares.

TOM

There's still an innocent man in jail.

74 CONTD

 CONNIE
 (absolutely barren
 of comment)

 I know.

He leaves.

75 EXT: MARKS' ESTATE - MARKS - TOM - DAY

They are sitting down on a rough bench in a wooded area.

 TOM
 So it makes her an accessory to
 a homicide, correct?

 MARKS
 I'd say so, yes.

 TOM
 But if I could get her to sign
 a statement that she saw Jerry
 killing Doctor Daniels, that would
 be new evidence, right? And Felix
 could get a new trial.

 MARKS
 And supposing she did more than
 get Jerry into that house? What
 if she helped him kill the doctor?

 TOM
 Wow.

 MARKS
 I'm worried about you -- who knows
 what could pop out of the under-
 brush with a woman like this?

 TOM
 But Felix is innocent, Harry --
 how can I drop it?

 MARKS
 He should never have been convicted
 -- these goddam lawyers couldn't
 defend a nine-month-old baby
 against a charge of rape!

 TOM
 What do you think, is there a
 possible deal so she doesn't go
 to jail if she unloads?

75 CONTD

MARKS

You're really not going to give up on this.

TOM

I can't.

(embarrassed to insist)

Could I beg you to give her half an hour? -- just to see if there's some angle?

MARKS

... All right, thirty minutes, no more.

Tom leaps up. Marks remains seated on the bench.

TOM

Fantastic!

MARKS

Just remember, kid -- the human race ate the apple, and reversing this case is not going to hang it back on the tree!

76 INT: SEASIDE RESTAURANT - DUSK

It is a fish restaurant, quite middle-class, almost empty now, out of season. A view of the ocean from the table. Angela is digging into a lobster. Tom studies the drink in front of him.

TOM

Angela ...

She glances up at him, with a butter-smudged smile.

TOM (contd)

I was with Jerry just before he died.

(slight pause)

He told me what went down the night he did it to Daniels. You're an accessory to homicide.

ANGELA

I'd love a B & B.

He summons a WAITER.

76 CONTD

TOM
 (to waiter)
 B & B for the lady.

The waiter leaves. Another slight pause.

TOM (contd)
This was what you were trying
to cough up, wasn't it ... from
day one.

ANGELA
I'd love to go dancing, you want
to?

TOM
Did you ever confess it to that
priest? -- No, huh?

Her silence concedes this.

TOM (contd)
Listen -- I had a talk with Judge
Marks.

Tom waits as the waiter sets a B & B in front of Angela
and leaves.

TOM (contd)
He'd be willing to see you, Ange.

ANGELA
Why should I see him?

TOM
You're in a situation, kid. Your
eyewitness testimony places Jerry
at the scene a few minutes before
he was running all over the neigh-
borhood, covered with blood. It
just about clears Felix.

ANGELA
And what happens to me?

TOM
That's why I think you ought to
talk to the Judge.

ANGELA
I want to go somewhere.

76 CONTD

TOM

We are somewhere.

Angela moves to get up.

TOM (contd)

Please, Ange ... it's not going to go 'way.

ANGELA

(with a brand new realization)

Why isn't it?

She sees Tom's eyes -- filled with pity for her, but also a certain direction, and she hears the fearful absence of a reply from him; he reaches toward her with a calming hand.

77 EXT: BOARDWALK - SAME TIME

An all but deserted resort, with boarded-up rides and ice cream stands, a small Coney Island off-season. They are walking separately, not touching; she emotionally trying to escape, he persistently hanging on. They hear a DISTANT BARKING and halt, turned toward the sea.

ANGELA

Dogs out there? -- They sound hurt.

TOM

No, that's seals, I think. Calling to each other.

ANGELA

(softened, enviously)

Huh! And right in the middle of the ocean.

They sit on a bench, still not touching.

ANGELA (contd)

(a tense attempt at a grin)

You going to turn me in?

TOM

How could I turn you in even if I wanted to? My evidence died on a motorcycle.

77 CONTD

ANGELA
(impatiently now)
Well, what's the deal, Tom,
what's happening?

TOM
I think if you dictated a
deposition, stating that you
got Victor to open the door
for Jerry ...

ANGELA
... I'd be accessory to a murder.

TOM
Not necessarily -- if Jerry
forced you ... or tricked you,
it was under duress. -- But
this is why I want you to get
with the Judge.

ANGELA
And what do I do when the rest
of it starts coming up?

Tom goes silent, stalemated.

ANGELA (contd)
How does the great Doctor Daniels
come to've known bums like Jerry
and Montana? That has to go
straight to the drugs, and the
cops, and Angela's floatin' out
there, feeding those seals.

Tom concedes, lowers his eyes.

TOM
Why did you call me in on this
case, Angela?

ANGELA
... To spring Felix. I thought
maybe you could find some way ...
(breaks off)

TOM
... Without involving you.

She concedes in silence.

77 CONTD

TOM (contd)

You couldn't bear carrying this
anymore, is that it?

She barely nods, eyes lowered.

TOM (contd)

Funny -- I keep trying to figure
what it is that always pulls me
back to you. -- It's your conscience.
Which nobody is going to believe,
but here it is.

This statement of his respect for her pushes a sob into
Angela, but it may also be guilt for lying to him. She
suddenly strides away down the boardwalk, her conflict
intolerable. He hurries after her.

TOM (contd)

Honey! Wait! Angela! Listen
to me!

He catches up with her, and she is openly weeping.

ANGELA

Please don't turn me in!

Tom, wracked, folds her into his arms, but no reassurance
comes to his lips.

78 INT: A MOTEL ROOM - TOM - ANGELA - NIGHT

A "MOTEL" sign is blinking outside their window. They
sit facing each other on two beds. They are still in
their coats.

She is staring, avoiding his eyes. For a long moment
nothing is said.

ANGELA

The thing is ... if I ever got
on a witness stand, God knows
what I might start saying.

TOM

Like what, honey?

ANGELA

Well like ... I might have made
all that up about Charley.

(she looks directly at
him for the first time)

(MORE)

78 CONTD

ANGELA (contd)

... I mean I'm not absolutely sure.

The question rises in his face -- is she slyly using her illness to manipulate him? Or is she really trying to avoid a catastrophe for them both in a court?

TOM

No kidding.

ANGELA

I don't know. I'm almost sure of it, but suddenly every once in a while I ...

She breaks off, staring.

TOM

But you remember going to the doctor's house that night with Jerry.

ANGELA

(she stares, trying to visualize, then ...)
I'm not ... I'm not sure.

TOM

(a new hardening, a skepticism, but he downs it)
No kidding.

ANGELA

I couldn't get up on a stand an' face Charley. I mean God knows maybe all I ever did with him was shake hands. I don't know, maybe I dreamed it all.

Tom grabs her arm.

TOM

I got a few things talking to Jerry.

ANGELA

(the faintest hardening)
Jerry was brain-damaged. You know, he tried to kill himself ...

78 CONTD

TOM

Because he'd murdered Daniels.
 (gripping her shoulders,
 his frustration
 boiling up in him)
Hacked his head off, right?
 (shouting close
 at her)
Chopped it off? Nearly cut his
heart out of his chest?

She tries to draw away but he grips her.

TOM (contd)

Nobody dreamed that, kid.

She is trying to wrench free.

TOM (contd)

You saw it all, didn't you! Went
inside with him, didn't you? Is
that it? -- You saw him cut his
head off, is that what's driving
you crazy?

She violently disengages and this makes him sense there
is more that she knows, and he rushes to the door and
yanks her back into the room.

TOM (contd)

What'd you, help hold him down,
is that it? You held Daniels down
for him? Angela!!

A most pleasurable, wild grin grows on her face.

TOM (contd)

What're you laughing at?
 (shaking her violently)
Stop laughing at me!

ANGELA

You realize what you're saying
to me? You hear your own words?
 (suddenly screaming
 into his face)
I helped cut a man's head off?
Do you hear your mouth!

He is stunned by the sudden insanity of the idea, for her
indignation is very real.

78 CONTD

ANGELA (contd)

Maybe now you get the feeling --
do you? -- that everything is
possible, and impossible at the
same time, right? You feel it?
This is what I live with all the
time!

With an anguished laugh compounded of contempt and her
feeling of loss, she walks out of the room.

Its door opens onto a parking space where his car stands.
She walks past it.

Alone for a moment, Tom is at crisis: what to believe?
He rushes out of the room.

79 EXT: BOARDWALK - TOM - ANGELA - NIGHT

She is walking without purpose or destination: her terror
is that he may in the end turn her in. She hears him
hurrying up to her from behind, and turns in absolute
uncertainty to face him again.

TOM

Okay! Honey, listen: I under-
stand. You've got to talk to
the Judge, I know he'll come up
with an idea. Just give it a try,
what's to lose!

The pain of her uncertainty pierces him.

TOM (contd)

I love you, darlin'; I can't help
it, I always will.

He draws her to him. His unguarded confession moves
her ...

ANGELA

... If you let me see him alone ...

TOM

(slightest tinge of
suspicion over her
relief and joy)
Of course, absolutely!

He takes her hand to move her back to the car, but she
turns him back to her. In her face is a sweep of an

79 CONTD

almost worshipful feeling for him, and a hope of her own resurrection. It is also her instinctive means of control. She grasps his hand and leads him quickly to the sand ...

TOM (contd)
Wait! Listen ... !

She is pulling him down to the sand, unbuttoning his shirt, biting into his belly ... a desperation in her fierce, cat-like love-making.

80 INT: TOM'S CAR - LATER

Driving, sexual contentment on his face, he glances over to her and worry moves into his eyes.

SHOT WIDENS TO INCLUDE her; her anxiety is back, but even more tensely as they near the destination.

He pats her thigh reassuringly.

81 INT: JUDGE MARKS' HOUSE - LATER

Tom and Angela stand before the impressive door to Judge Marks' study. Angela pats her hair, worriedly.

ANGELA
How ... how do I look?

TOM
Marvelous. Beautiful.

The door opens. SHOOTING BETWEEN Tom's and Angela's heads, WE SEE the surprised excitement on the Judge's face as he sees Angela.

MARKS
Well! How do you do?

They enter his study.

TOM
I'll be back for her in ... what?
-- half an hour?

MARKS
That's all right, Tom, my driver'll take her home.

TOM
Great. And I don't have to say how thankful I am. 'Bye, Angela.

81 CONTD

She has been absorbing Marks' personality, and for an instant doesn't register Tom's farewell, then suddenly turns to him as to an afterthought.

ANGELA

Oh! -- Bye.

He senses something like a dismissal, and goes to the door. There he turns for a last farewell.

TOM

Goodnight, Judge ... thanks again.

The Judge, his eyes locked on Angela, waves him off.

82 EXT: OUTSIDE MARKS' HOUSE - NIGHT

About to get into his car in the driveway, Tom looks back at the house and through a low leaded window sees ... Marks taking Angela's coat and throwing his head back with a laugh at some remark she has just made.

Tom chucks his head, proud of her, and rubbing his hands together with high anticipation, gets into his car and drives off.

83 INT: FLORIST'S SHOP - DAY
TOM'S HAND WRITING

He is writing on a card, and WE READ ...

Dear Angela: Now for the
easy part. Courage!!

Tom

BACKING, WE SEE him going out of the shop with a bouquet.

84 INT: ANGELA'S ENTRANCE HALLWAY - TOM - DAY

He sets the bouquet in the doorhandle, carefully fixing his card prominently among the buds. Then walks away from the door ...

85 EXT: ANGELA'S STREET - TOM - COPS - NIGHT

Tom is just exiting the house when he sees a squad car parked nearby. He notes that two of Bellanca's COPS are waiting.

Tom points a finger at cops and pulls the "trigger."

TOM

Be-bob-a-ree-ba!

85 CONTD.

Uncomprehending, cops glance worriedly at him as he gets into his car and drives off.

86 INT: TOM'S BEDROOM - TOM - CONNIE - NEXT DAY

He is deep in sleep in bed. She has just entered the house with her briefcase and some groceries. Passing the open doorway she is surprised he is still asleep.

Suddenly he sits up wide awake, sees her standing there.

TOM

My God, what time is it!

CONNIE

About half past four.

TOM

What!!

He jumps up searching in his jacket, which is draped on a chair, for his address book ...

CONNIE

You slept all day, the load must be off your back.

TOM

(dialing phone)

I gotta talk to the Judge and find out what happened!

CONNIE

I'll fix you something ...

She exits bedroom.

TOM

(on phone)

Judge Marks, please -- oh, hya, Jean, Tom O'Toole. Listen, I'm sorry, I was supposed to call him this morning but I got ... Tomorrow? Why, what's happening? Oh, okay, sure, I'll call in the morning. Thanks.

Connie enters with a glass of juice.

86 CONTD

TOM
Something's happening! He
wants me to call in the morning.
 (indicating phone)
That guy's Ted Williams on a
good day -- he'll murder these
bums!

87 INT: TOM IN SHOWER - LATER

OPERA MUSIC. He is singing along with a tape of Barber of Seville. Drying off, he comes out of bathroom and goes into the kitchen where Connie is making herself some breakfast. Dawn IS SEEN through a window.

TOM
Imagine, Connie -- she's told
Judge Marks the real story!
He'll blow these punks out of
the water! It's tremendous!

CONNIE
I'm happy for you, Tom ... it
is a great thing to have done.

TOM
You wait -- this whole police
department is going to the
cleaners and Callaghan with
them!
 (he turns her
 face to him)
Thanks for hanging in there
with me, Conn.

She is terribly moved, and lightly swats his hand away,
to return to her cooking.

88 INT: BARBERSHOP - TOM - BARBER

The BARBER puts down the shears and holds a mirror up
behind his head. Tom is ravished by self-admiration.

89 EXT: STREET - ANGELA'S HOUSE - TOM - DAY

He looks up at her window, then dashes up the stairs.

90 INT: ANGELA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - TOM

He arrives at her door. The flowers he left for her last
night are still in the door handle ... and beginning to
wilt.

91 INT: PHONEBOOTH - MCDONALD'S - TOM - EARLY EVENING

TOM

Jean? Tom again, can I speak
to the Judge?

JEAN (VO)

(in phone)

He asked me to tell you to meet
him at his house tomorrow about
five, is that all right?

TOM

Tomorrow. Well, okay. You have
any idea where Mrs. Crispini is?

JEAN (VO)

He doesn't want her seeing anyone
for a few days till he gets this
thing moving.

TOM

(excitedly)

No kiddin'! But where is she?

JEAN (VO)

That's all I know, Tom.

TOM

Right. I'll be there tomorrow,
then.

He comes out of phonebooth; this is the McDonald's where
he and Angela had their fateful conference. He recalls
this and walks to the door to leave.

92 EXT: MARKS' MANSION - TOM - HOUSEKEEPER - LATE DAY

Tom is at the front door which is being opened by a
HOUSEKEEPER. He enters as she acknowledges him.

93 INT: MARKS' MANSION - STAIRS - SAUNA COLD TUB - TOM - DAY

Tom is entering a hallway from the stairs, knocks on a
door which he then opens and is greeted by a cloud of
steam and Marks' voice ...

MARKS (OS)

Come on in!

Tom can just make out Marks' head ...

MARKS (contd)

Well, I've got your boy out on
bail.

93 CONTD

TOM
(electrified)
WHAT!!

MARKS
(nods)
I've decided to take on the case
myself.

TOM
My God -- Harry ... ! Where is
Felix?

Marks is moving from the steambath to a cold tub in which
he sinks.

MARKS
(with a faint
proud smile)
... He's on his way down now.
There's no question the State
held back exculpatory evidence.
It's a technicality but enough
to get him a new trial, and I'm
sure I can win.

TOM
My God, Harry! -- you are un-
believable! Then she told you
the story, huh? --

Now eager for the kill, he grins vengefully as he bends
in closer.

TOM (contd)
Isn't that something? ... About
the murder ... and Doctor Daniels
being into drugs with the detective
squad and Bellanca ... ?

Tom breaks off as he sees that Marks has not been reacting
as expected to his questions. Marks is emerging from the
tub and with the deepest gravity ...

MARKS
I've sprung Felix, Tom -- that'll
have to be the end of it.

TOM
(astounded, incredulous)
What do you mean, Judge?

93 CONTD

MARKS

(with something like
indignation now)
I have sprung Felix, and that
will be the end of the matter.

TOM

But didn't she tell you ... ?
Callaghan took payoffs from
Daniels, and Bellanca was in,
and half the detective squad,
and God knows what other ...

MARKS

(filling with force)
Now, Tom, you heard me ...

TOM

You haven't got the picture,
Harry! She could blow the roof
off the city!

MARKS

(with paternal --
or nocturnal --
decisiveness)

The woman has been through enough,
Tom! And I must tell you, I think
you've been damned rough on her!

TOM

(bewildered)
Me!!

MARKS

This is a sensitive human being,
a ... a deep human being! -- I
will not allow her to be tortured
any further by this case!

TOM

(seeing the incredible
sexual situation)
My God, Harry, you can't be tellin'
me that you ...

MARKS

(stands)
Felix is out, and that's it! She
can't cure the world!

93 CONTD

He goes into his bedroom, Tom following with an appalled look on his face. He gives Tom's arm a comradely punch.

MARKS (contd)

You've done great work on this, Tom! I want you to come to a party tonight ... it's an annual thing my wife has always done for the United Way ... lots of big people be there.

(walking him to the door)

Let's celebrate a little, what do you say? You deserve great credit for this case and I'll see you get it in the press.

Marks closes the door on him.

94 EXT: MARKS' LAWN - GUESTHOUSE - TOM - ANGELA - EARLY EVENING

Tom moves out of the house, and as he makes his way to his car he passes a guesthouse, from where he hears a TAPPING on a window and a muffled VOICE, and turning, sees Angela beckoning at a window. He goes to the door of the house which immediately opens and he enters. She is absolutely delighted to see him.

ANGELA

Tommy! Where you been!

TOM

Where I been!

He can't help an ironically warm laugh -- glad to see her again despite everything ...

TOM (contd)

Where you been?

ANGELA

(eagerly, as she towels herself)

-- Felix is out, can you believe it! I got the Judge to send a car to the prison and he'll be here for the party! Is it insane or isn't it!

(with high glee)

Can you imagine when Charley Callaghan sees him!

(MORE)

94 CONTD

ANGELA (contd)
(before he can reply)
... isn't this some place he's
got here?

She moves him to a couch and plants a kiss on his hand.

ANGELA (contd)
Tommy, I'm going to owe you to
my dying day ... Harry is such
a marvellous human being ... !

She gets up and drops her robe off, looking around on the
mess on the bed and floor for what clothes to put on.

ANGELA (contd)
I mean what a brain! You were
so right about him ...
(with no transition)
Look at you, my God -- I almost
forgot what a man you are!

She suddenly bends and kisses him, but he is cool, watching
her excitement with a slightly ironical air ... But at the
same time he is vastly curious about her.

ANGELA (contd)
. Isn't it fantastic, Tom? --
everybody wins!

TOM
... Almost, yeah..

ANGELA
Why! -- Felix is out. What more
do you want?

He draws her down beside him.

TOM
"This case goes to the top of
the mountain!" -- I thought I
heard you say that once upon a
time.

She turns away and he reaches over and makes her look at
him.

TOM (contd)
Well this is the top of the
mountain, kid; from here you
could bomb hell out of this
town with what you know!

94 CONTD

ANGELA

They'd murder me in a month!

TOM

... I don't guess it'll mean much now but being a drug case we could have got you Federal protection.

ANGELA

The Judge isn't going for that. He just wants Felix out.

TOM

We could have done it alone. We still could, matter of fact.

Suddenly, with no notice, he is in dead earnest as he forces her face around.

TOM (contd)

You're holding this town in the palm of your hand, kid. -- Or was anything like that ever in your mind for even a minute?

She tries to turn her head away, but he holds it.

TOM (contd)

In other words, Felix is out and the monkey's off your back and everything else stays exactly the same, and it doesn't bother you for one split second, does it. What a horse's ass, huh?
(he laughs)

ANGELA

No, Tom, don't say that ...

She begins rocking back and forth, stymied, scared. His resentment, despite himself, flows into his voice.

TOM

So what's next? -- you climb back in the hammock with Callaghan ... or any other gorilla who has something you might happen to want?

Springing up, she smashes him across the face and he instantly returns the blow -- a hard one that rocks her back and before he has time to think he has her by the

94 CONTD

throat with a fist raised to hit her ... And realizing what he is doing he lets her go ...

TOM (contd)

Christ, now you got me doing it!

In a cresting of self-contempt he starts for the door to escape, but she is on him, crushing her mouth against his ... He tries to draw away, but half of him is caught ...

ANGELA

I won't let you go like this!

She desperately pulls him to the floor. Their faces close together ... she is weeping.

ANGELA (contd)

They'd destroy me! How can you ask me to do that? Tom! -- I could live now!

The helpless sympathy in his face is an admission of her simple truth ... and the undoing of his revenge. She begins making love, but he is still not with it ...

ANGELA (contd)

... Tommy -- please! -- what else is there?

(kissing him again
and again)

We saved a man, be proud ... It's the one good thing I ever did.

(from her soul)

Love me!

He holds her face, unable to condemn her, and she suddenly bursts out ...

ANGELA (contd)

I'll always love you for this,
Tommy!

There is a kind of farewell in this ... a genuineness that frees the primal hunger he still has for her. He makes love to her.

95 EXT: MARKS' LAWN PARTY - ORCHESTRA - LATER - NIGHT

A SMALL ORCHESTRA playing "Some Enchanted Evening."

Some FIFTY GUESTS, many POLITICOS, having drinks and canapes, congratulating each other, shaking hands importantly.

95 CONTD

Among them Bellanca and some detectives, high police brass in uniform, Father Mancini, etc.

Marks is being the host.

96 INT: GUESTHOUSE - TOM - ANGELA - SAME TIME

The MUSIC is floating into the room where they are on the floor, she with her eyes shut.

He turns and looks at her and shakes his head. He begins to dress. She opens her eyes, looking at him with a soft loving smile.

TOM

Now what the hell'd we do that for? It's outrageous!

She bursts out laughing. And he starts to laugh despite himself.

TOM (contd)

Really, Angela ... you are a horrendous disappointment to me!

She laughs again, bigger and crazier, lovingly and triumphantly; and he breaks into a helpless smile as he ties his tie, suspended between laughter and suicide.

TOM (contd)

I'm serious!

Sound; a KNOCKING on her door.

She leaps up, scared, knowing ...

MARKS (OS)

Angela? You ready?

ANGELA

It's Harry! --
 (handling him
 his jacket)
Please!

MARKS (OS)

Angela! -- you there?

She rushes to the nearby bathroom, yelling ...

ANGELA

Coming, Harry ... !

96 CONTD

She turns on the shower.

 ANGELA (contd)
 I'm in the shower, be right there,
 dear!

She pulls Tom toward the rear door of the house.

 ANGELA (contd)
 I'm sorry, dear, but please,
 he'll be upset!

She pulls the back door open and is pressing him to go.
He grasps her face, kisses her lightly.

 TOM
 (grinning sadly)
 I wish I knew why I don't regret
 a minute of it.

 MARKS (OS)
 Why have you locked the door?

He is pounding his shoulder against the door from outside,
threatening to break it down.

 ANGELA
 Yes, Harry, I'm coming!

As she hurries across the room to the front door, she blows
Tom a quick kiss off her fingers. He lets himself out and
shuts the door behind him as she unlocks the front door
and lets Marks in.

 MARKS
 Is something wrong? What's
 happening?

 ANGELA
 (helping him
 into the room)
 Nothing! I was in the bathroom
 and didn't hear you. Sit, dear,
 I'll be two minutes! -- what a
 beautiful suit!

97 EXT: NEAR WINDOW - TOM - EVENING

Standing outside the window in the darkness, he has parted
his jacket and is tucking in his shirt, and watching her
through the window ...

98 INT: GUESTHOUSE ROOM - ANGELA - MARKS
TOM'S POV

ANGELA
(she is busy seating
the Judge)
Here, dear, put your feet up,
I'll be right out! Oh ... !

She spies magazines and brings them to him.

ANGELA (contd)
Would you like the new Time
magazine or U.S. News and World
Report?

He looks at a magazine cover.

ANGELA (contd)
... God, but I feel relaxed!
(she pretends to stretch
out her arms luxuriously)
I could take ten hot showers a day ...

MARKS
You certainly are something to look
at, and I mean something.

She laughs joyously, and he looks at a magazine cover.
Her outstretched hand nearest Tom makes a delicate wave
of farewell, and now Marks looks up at her adoringly from
his magazine ...

MARKS (contd)
Go on now, get dressed!

He looks back to his magazine, and as she turns toward
the bathroom she is facing Tom for an instant and gives
him a kind of lost smile and a shrug -- as though --
"I have to survive, forgive me, dear ... "

THIS SHOT OF HER IS FROZEN IN FRAME.

99 EXT: LAWN PARTY - TOM - EVENING
LONG SHOT

TOM is through the party toward the driveway and his car.
There are now something like SEVENTY-FIVE GUESTS standing
around, drinking, party in full swing ...

Tom spots Bellanca and a couple of his detectives, and a
HIGH POLICE OFFICIAL IN UNIFORM. And moves past them
unnoticed as they carry on their super-energized party
conversations.

99 CONTD

He sees Callaghan and HIS WIFE being congratulated by a bevy of politicians who obviously are cutting a path to this future Senator.

Now, at the furthest edge of the crowd, he spots Marks and Angela who are just entering the party from the direction of the guesthouse. Marks is shaking hands, she is laughing and enjoying herself immensely.

Tom turns away and leaves the party behind and moves toward a line of limos where his old car is parked.

He hears a voice calling ...

FELIX (OS)

Mr. O'Toole!

... and turns to see Felix hurrying up to him from the party.

TOM

Felix! -- lookin' great, how's it going!

Felix is barbered now, in a good suit, although the prison pallor is still on him. He emotionally embraces Tom.

MUSIC is replacing their dialogue -- Tom finally shakes his hand again and gets into his car and as he drives away Felix stands there waving to him.

WE STAY with Tom as he drives. Slowing at the end of the driveway to enter the road, he sees a van arriving with a sign on top showing a photo of Callaghan and "Callaghan for Senator" below it.

Tom sets his jaw and drives past it. He jams a tape button and overwhelms everything with Rigoletto (MUSIC), and seems to breathe easier and in cleaner air.

CAMERA ELEVATES, taking in the whole town dancing on the lawn, and Tom's old car driving away.

Tom driving, his beloved MUSIC almost making him smile, but the mystery of it all remains in his eyes.

As CREDITS ROLL, WE SEE -- from Tom's POV -- the immemorial life of the small city, the FIREMEN polishing their great machines in the firehouse, the WOMEN pushing their BABIES, the Main Street intersection and the traffic, the games in the schoolyards ...

END