

FINAL

10/21/35  
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**IMPORTANT!**  
RETURN TO  
WARNER BROS. PICTURES, INC.  
STORY DEPT.

~~PART I~~

~~PRISON FARM~~

Road Gang

2-4

RETURN TO  
STENOGRAPHIC DEPT.

NATIONAL STUDIOS, BURBANK

"PRISON FARM"

10/9/35

PART I

FINAL

PLEASE RETURN THIS SCRIPT TO PRODUCTION MANAGER  
WHEN PICTURE IS COMPLETED

FORM 24

*Received from Stenographic Dept.*

1 SCRIPT

102

10/9/35

Title "PRISON FARM"

PART I

Signed \_\_\_\_\_

FINAL

(-)

"PRISON FARM"

Original Story

by

Abem Finkel and Maj. Harold Buckley

---

Screen Play

by

Dalton Trumbo

---

10/8/35.

changes  
"PRISON FARM"

**IMPORTANT!**

RETURN TO  
16/11/30  
WARNER BROS. PICTURES, Inc.  
STORY DEPT.

FADE IN

1. CLOSE SHOT ROOMING HOUSE DOOR INTERIOR NIGHT

Over the sound track, from the room into which the door leads, comes the sound of a male voice inharmoniously singing a cowboy lament to a banjo accompaniment.

Into the scene walks a Western Union Boy. He knocks on the door. Music within the room ceases abruptly.

CUT TO:

1A. INT. JIM AND BOB'S ROOM

JIM:

Sh! The landlady!  
(ingratiatingly)  
Yes, Mrs. O'Malley. We expect to have everything straightened out by tomorrow. As a matter of fact, I'm waiting for an important message from Chicago right now. You see it's a rich uncle and he hasn't been feeling at all well... Oh, I'm going to do handsomely by you, Mrs. O'Malley, because you're the sweetest --

MESSENGER: OFF SCENE

(raising his voice to  
be heard above the  
frenzied explanation)

Telegram for James Larabie!

There ensues another brief silence while those within the room consider the remark. Then, very cautiously, the door begins to open. Into its 12-inch aperture comes the incredulous face of Jim (Donald Woods).

CUT TO:

1b. HALLWAY

JIM:

(lifting eyebrows)

Me?

(CONTINUED)

1b. (Cont.)

2.  
10/14/35

MESSENGER:  
I wouldn't know, mister. This  
is for James Larrable.

JIM:  
(reaching for telegram)  
That's me. Give.

MESSENGER:  
(withholding telegram)  
Sign.

Jim takes the pad, signs his name. The messenger turns the telegram over to him, Jim fumbles in his pockets for a tip while the messenger waits expectantly.

JIM:  
Change a ten?

MESSENGER:  
(calling the bluff)  
Sure,

The messenger plunges a hand into his trouser pocket. Jim, momentarily taken aback, continues to fumble.

JIM:  
Well, then...you're practically  
a rich man.

He reaches out, grabs the lifeless paw of the scornful messenger, and pumps it enthusiastically.

JIM:  
(as he closes door)  
Thanks a lot.

The messenger makes a face at the closed door. He turns and starts to move out of the scene.

2. MED. SHOT INT. ROOM SHOWING DOOR JIM AND BOB

Bob Gordon (Acuff) is gazing rather stupidly at Jim. The banjo in his arms is forgotten as he watches Jim's quivering fingers tear open the Western Union envelope. He finally takes the message out, unfolds it, and reads. He lets out a wild whoop of joy and begins dancing around the room.

BOB:  
(sardonically)  
That rich uncle must be feeling  
a lot worse.

(CONTINUED)

JIM:  
(still dancing)  
From now on my rich uncle is the  
Chicago Sun! It's a job, boy!  
And what a job!

BOB:  
(mopping his brow)  
And what a relief! Y'know I was  
gettin' to think maybe we'd have  
to marry Mrs. O'Malley to get shet  
of this place. Gimmie the dope.

JIM:  
They're using that stuff I sent  
them on Metcalfe -- and they're  
wiring transportation money to  
come north!

As he delivers this speech, Jim hands the telegram to  
Bob, while Jim fumbles with a necktie and grabs for his  
coat. Bob, with knitted brows, peruses the telegram.

BOB:  
That means we can pay Mrs. O'Malley  
and the hash house.

JIM:  
And buy that new tire for jallope!

BOB:  
Say, that won't leave much to  
get to Chicago on!

JIM:  
(wildly enthusiastic)  
Chicago! What a town! We'll  
start tonight! Listen -- when I  
get back in my own territory, I'll  
show you a thing or two.

Jim is at the door, coat and tie on.

BOB:  
All I wanta see is them stockyards.

JIM:  
(holding his nose)  
See? I get you ...  
(and starts for the door)

BOB:  
Say, where you goin' in such a  
scamper?.

Jim opens the door, answering as he is half-way through  
it. (CONTINUED)

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JIM:

To tell Barbara... in your  
jallope.

Jim makes a good-natured "Don't give me that stuff" gesture and slams the door.

3. CLOSE SHOT BOB

as he makes a wry face, shakes his head and turns once more to his banjo.

DISSOLVE TO:

4. MED. CLOSE SHOT EXT. WINSTON HOME  
SHOOTING TOWARD FRONT DOOR

Jim alights from the car walks rapidly into the scene, jabs the doorbell and waits restlessly. The door opens to reveal the colored Winston maid. She flashes Jim a smile which indicates to us that he is not an infrequent visitor. The negress doesn't wait for Jim to state his business.

MAID:

How 'de do, Mistah La'abie.  
Miss Barbara's in de gahden.

Jim is in motion by the time the sentence is completed.

JIM:

(over his shoulder)  
Thanks, Lucinda.

Jim, disdainful of the porch steps, moves rapidly toward the end of the porch, the CAMERA PANNING with him. Then he vaults easily over the balustrade, lands in the shrubbery beyond, and runs out of the scene.

5. CLOSE MOVING SHOT JIM IN THE GARDEN

Showing that the garden is a wild, luxuriant growth rather than the formal and more precise variety. He comes to stop and gazes off scene.

6. MED. SHOT FROM JIM'S ANGLE AN OPENING IN THE GARDEN

showing Barbara, high-lighted by the late afternoon sun, sitting in an old-fashioned two-seated garden swing, reading.

JIM'S VOICE:

(off scene)

(CONTINUED)

Boo!

6 (Cont.)

Barbara looks up and off-scene in Jim's direction.  
Her face lights up with a welcoming smile.

BARBARA:

Well -- good afternoon,  
Mr. Larrabee.

Jim moves into the scene, walking toward Barbara and  
the swing.

JIM:

A good afternoon to you,  
Miss Winston.  
(with mock concern)  
I trust I didn't frighten you.

He moves to the swing, climbs in it and faces her  
from the opposite seat. For the rest of the scene  
the slow, hypnotic creaking of the swing as they rock  
can be used as a pleasant overtone to their conversation.

BARBARA:

(banteringly)  
Sorry, dear -- you didn't. But if  
you're thoroughly sold on Mid-  
Victorian womanhood, I might  
pretend to be frightened.

JIM:

Fine! Then if I told you some-  
thing very exciting, you could  
probably swoon for me, couldn't  
you?

BARBARA:

That's going a bit far, Mr. Larra-  
bie; but I might.  
(she leans forward)  
Try me!

JIM:

(playing it up)  
Very well, brace yourself. I  
have the honor to reveal that  
your favorite fiancee is no longer  
among the unemployed!

Barbara heaves a quivering sigh and falls backward  
against the swing seat. For the briefest instant,  
Jim is taken in. He moves rapidly from his seat to hers.

JIM:

(as he moves)  
Hey, there!

Barbara's eyes flicker open mockingly.

(CONTINUED)

6 (Cont. 1)

BARBARA:  
(faintly)  
Where am I?

JIM:  
Huh?

BARBARA:  
I promised to swoon, didn't I?

They both laugh gayly. Jim sits down beside her, lifting her head from the seat of the swing where it fell when she swooned and takes her in his arms, so that she is in a position half-leaning against him, half lying in his lap. He kisses her. Barbara holds the kiss for a moment, then breaks away.

BARBARA:  
Now, come on, what's the big news -  
Tell me about it!

JIM:  
Dee-lighted! I'm leaving  
tonight to take a job doing  
special work for the Chicago Sun.

BARBARA:  
Chicago!

JIM:  
(eagerly)  
Yep! The whole thing's based  
on that little tin dictator  
you've got down here --

BARBARA:  
(quickly)  
You don't mean Mr. Metcalfe?

JIM:  
None other. You may think he's  
just a politician, but I've got  
enough on that guy to smear him  
across every front page in the  
country. The Sun Syndicate'll  
do the work, too!

Barbara gazes at Jim with misgivings.

BARBARA:  
But Jim -- Mr. Metcalfe's one  
of Dad's very best friends.

(CONTINUED)

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6 (Cont. 2)

JIM:

(soberly)

I know. But your step-father's been taken in. Metcalfe's nothing but a crook, Barbara -- and with all the political power he's getting, a darned dangerous crook.

Barbara gazes off scene in the direction of the front porch.

BARBARA:

(softly)

Speak of the devil...

Jim's eyes follow hers.

7. MED. SHOT THROUGH FOLIAGE OF GARDEN TOWARD CAR JUST STOPPING IN DRIVE

J. W. Metcalfe climbs out of the machine and starts puffing for the house.

CUT TO:

8. CLOSE SHOT JIM AND BARBARA IN SWING

BARBARA:

(slowly)

Jim ... I hope your information about Mr. Metcalfe is accurate. Because if it isn't...

JIM:

(laughingly)

Whoa, there! Good newspapermen are always accurate. You mean you don't think I'll be a good one?

BARBARA:

No, dear, of course not! Only I'm wondering about Dad --

Jim takes her in his arms playfully.

JIM:

You quit worrying about that part of it. When your Dad reads the Chicago Sun ... he'll be off Metcalfe for life.

(CONTINUED)

8.  
10/14/35

8 (Cont.)

They kiss. At the break, Barbara heaves a little sigh, and returns to the bantering mood which characterized the opening of the sequence.

8A. INT. LIBRARY ESTABLISHING WINSTON

Metcalfe comes into scene. Winston is seated at the library desk as Metcalfe bursts in, slams the paper down on the desk.

METCALFE:

Look at this, Winston - some of your prospective son-in-law's work.

Winston picks up the paper and over his shoulder we read:

8B. INSERT NEWSPAPER

It is the POLITICAL page of the CHICAGO SUN. - Prominently in the left-hand corner is a three column headline:

DICTATOR METCALFE'S POLITICAL  
EMPIRE FOUNDED ON CORRUPTION

First Chapter in Biography  
Of Country's Number  
One Demagogue

by

James Larrabee

8C. INT. LIBRARY WINSTON AND METCALFE

Winston puts the paper down.

WINSTON:

That's bad, that's bad.

METCALFE:

We got to put the brakes on that fellow and quick. Much more of this sort of thing and the people of this country will start to think -- and if they start to think -- I start to sink -- and you go with me.

8a.  
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8D. CLOSE SHOT JIM AND BARBARA IN SWING

BARBARA:

You know -- I think I'm going to miss you... Tell me ... how long does it take a good newspaperman to save enough for a two room flat and railroad fare to Chicago for his favorite fiancee?

JIM:

(with fake frown and much consideration)

Well -- with hard work and honest application... and luck... maybe six months. Maybe eight. Who knows?

He shrugs his shoulders. Barbara sits bolt upright.

BARBARA:

Too long!

For reply Jim laughs, pulls her back in his arms, kisses her again.

JIM:

All right, then -- three weeks. But not if I waste time around here.

(he releases her, stands up and extends a hand to pull her to her feet)

I've got to pack, get the money from the telegraph office, pay off Joe's Eating House, the landlady, the repair man, who holds a mortgage on jallope's soul -- all in an hour. Come on, honey, Action!

He pulls her to her feet. They step out of the swing, and arm-in-arm, start for the house. As they leave, their final words drift back to us. She stops suddenly and grasps his arm.

BARBARA:

Before you go, I wish you'd tell Dad what you're going to do.

JIM:

Of course, if you want me to. Come on honey, none but the brave deserve the fair.

They go toward the side entrance.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 9. FULL SHOT INT. WINSTON HALLWAY BARBARA AND JIM

as they enter it. There are two doorways -- to the right entering the living room; to the left entering Winston's study.

JIM:

We'll make it in two days if we're lucky.

WINSTON'S VOICE:

(off scene - from study)

That you, Jim?

Barbara and Jim have reached the study entrance. They pause in it.

## 10. FULL SHOT INT. WINSTON STUDY WINSTON AND METCALFE

seated at desk on which is outspread newspaper. Bob and Barbara stand in the entrance way.

JIM:

(jokingly)

Hello, Mr. Winston. You don't mean to tell me your daughter entertains other men!

Winston chuckles.

WINSTON:

Not a chance, young man. By the way, I'd like to see you for a moment.

Barbara and Jim start into the study.

WINSTON:

Alone, if I may. You don't mind, do you, Barbara?

BARBARA:

Of course not.

(she smiles brightly to Jim)

See you later.

JIM:

Right.

Barbara exits. Jim advances toward Winston and Metcalfe, the CAMERA PANNING with him to a:

## 11. MED. CLOSE SHOT. WINSTON, METCALFE AND JIM

Winston is seated behind the desk, Metcalfe at one end. Jim is standing.

WINSTON:  
Sit down, Jim. You know Mr. Metcalfe.

JIM:  
(nodding)  
We've met.

Metcalfe nods. Jim sits down.

WINSTON:  
(cordially)  
Since you're going to be a member of my family one of these days, I'm naturally interested in your welfare. Mr. Metcalfe here has a proposition I thought you might like to hear.

Jim turns inquiringly to Metcalfe.

JIM:  
(raised eyebrows)  
Is that so?

METCALFE:  
(nodding)  
It is. I think you can help me. When you're in my line of business, you find a constant demand for fresh blood ... new ideas ... pep ... enthusiasm ...

JIM:  
(skeptically)  
Yes, I can understand.

METCALFE:  
I was saying that very thing to George here, and he told me you were interested in journalism. That so?

JIM:  
(doubtfully)  
Why yes ... it is.

METCALFE:  
What line do you particularly like?

JIM:  
(fencing)  
Politics mainly.

(CONTINUED)

11 (Cont.)

METCALFE:

(jabbing a forefinger  
at Jim)

Fine! You know the movement I'm organizing down here. It'll sweep the country, once it's started. Big chance for a young fella. Now get this! Beginning tomorrow, you take over all of my campaign publicity.

There is a moment's pause to establish Jim's confusion. Then, the problem apparently straight in his mind, he shoots a keen look toward Metcalfe.

JIM:

There must be a reason for such a flattering offer, Mr. Metcalfe...

METCALFE:

There is! I'm a man who recognizes ability when I see it. That's how I've built my whole organization.

JIM:

(suddenly hard)

You know what I mean, Mr. Metcalfe. There's a reason quite aside from my ability.

Metcalfe and Winston exchange looks, perceiving they have a man on hand who likes to come to the point. Metcalfe squints his eyes appraisingly at Jim.

METCALFE:

(with sudden decision)

You're right, Larrabee. Here's the reason.

He shoves a newspaper across the desk. Jim looks at it curiously.

12. INSERT NEWSPAPER:

It is the POLITICAL page of the CHICAGO SUN. Prominently in the left-hand corner is a three column headline:

DICTATOR METCALFE'S POLITICAL  
EMPIRE FOUNDED ON CORRUPTION

First Chapter in Biography  
Of Country's Number  
One Demagogue

by  
James Larrabee

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.)

Jim looks up quizzically.

JIM:

I see ... didn't take long for this to get here, did it?

METCALFE:

My Chicago representative air-mailed it... Well, the cards are on the table.

(steely)

And it seems to be your lead.

JIM:

(quietly)

In that event, I'll play the ace.

METCALFE:

Meaning?

JIM:

No.

METCALFE:

(meaningly)

I'm not an easy man to cross, Larrabee.

WINSTON:

(like a schoolmaster)

Now, Jim -- I'm sure you haven't given this matter any thought.

JIM:

(evenly)

This is between Metcalfe and me, Mr. Winston. I have no intention of mentioning you in my stuff.

WINSTON:

(stiffly)

I'm not thinking of myself. I have Barbara to consider. I won't have her tied up to a professional scandal-monger.

JIM:

(rising - obviously to repress his fury)

There's nothing more to be said, gentlemen. I may sell out when I'm so old I can't make a living any other way.

(a significant look to Metcalfe)

But for the present, I've at least got to keep clean enough to live with

(CONTINUED)

14.  
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14. CLOSE SHOT WINSTON AND METCALFE

Sputtering with rage as their eyes follow Jim and Barbara's departure.

METCALFE:

(ominously)

I'll probably see you again,  
Larrabee -- soon!

Barbara and Jim have left.

WINSTON:

You had something in mind when  
you said that, J.W.

METCALFE:

(dryly)

Kind of -- It's just possible  
that he won't get to Chicago.

DISSOLVE TO:

15. MED. CLOSE SHOT JIM'S CAR AT CURB IN FRONT OF  
WINSTON HOUSE

Jim and Barbara are just reaching it. Jim opens the  
door, stands with one foot on the running board.

JIM:

(seriously)

-- and I realize what a spot this  
puts you in, Barbara. But I  
wouldn't be half the fellow you  
think I am if I turned yellow and  
backed up, would I?

BARBARA:

(simply)

No, Jim.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.1)

myself --

(to Mr. Winston  
-- and Barbara.

JIM: (Cont.)

**IMPORTANT!**  
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BARBARA'S VOICE:

(off scene) (Lightly)

Do I hear my name being bandied  
about?

13. MED. SHOT TOWARD STUDY DOOR BARBARA ENTERS

The CAMERA PANS with her until Winston, Metcalfe and Jim are in the scene. Winston rises from his chair and faces her.

WINSTON:

You do! Your precious Larrabie has turned out to be nothing but a political racketeer. I'll have to ask you never to see him again!

Barbara looks in bewilderment from Winston to Jim and from Jim to Metcalfe.

BARBARA:

(a nervous little laugh)

Why, Dad -- you're talking like someone out of East Lynn!

WINSTON:

(quietly)

I don't intend to be ridiculed, Barbara. I know what I'm doing and as long as --

Jim steps forward.

JIM:

Mr. Winston, I'm sorry to see you make such a spectacle of yourself. My mind is made up. Barbara's mind is made up. There's nothing further to discuss.

(putting an arm around Barbara and starting with her for the door, the CAMERA PANNING with them)

Come on, dear. You'll see me to the door, won't you?

Barbara looks just once from Winston to Metcalfe as they go.

15.  
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15 (Cont.)  
Jim nods.

JIM:

I guess we all come to a point  
sometime or other when we've got  
to have faith and believe --  
without proof of any kind --  
just to believe. Right?

BARBARA:

Right.

JIM:

You seem to have your step-father  
on one side -- and me on the other.  
It won't be easy to stand in the  
middle.

She pauses just for an instant, then her hands steal  
up over his shoulders.

BARBARA:

No .. it won't be easy, but I'll  
never stop believing. Goodbye,  
Jim.

They kiss.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

16. CLOSE SHOT ROADSIDE SIGN NIGHT

As the headlights of the car flash on it we see that it reads:

BOONE CITY  
The Biggest Little Town in the World  
Three Miles

17. MED. SHOT THE JALLOPE

as it flashes by the sign.

18. MED. CLOSE SHOT (PROCESS) BOB &amp; JIM IN BOB'S ROADSTER NIGHT

They are seated side by side in an ancient roadster. Behind them a paved highway in the country unwinds as the CAMERA TRUCKS with them. Bob is driving.

BOB:

Three more miles to a sandwich.

JIM:

And about four cups of coffee if we're going to drive all night.

19. INSERT OF INSTRUMENT BOARD

The needle of the speedometer is jiggering around the sixty-hour mark.

20. MED. CLOSE SHOT ROADSTER (PROCESS)

The CAMERA still TRUCKING with roadster. Jim looks over at Bob, smiles slightly, then back to road.

21. LONG SHOT OF HIGHWAY OVER RADIATOR OF CAR FROM JIM'S ANGLE

The CAMERA TRUCKS with the car as it speeds along. The car approaches intersection with a group of buildings on the near right-hand corner. Bob sounds the horn but does not slow down at the crossing.

## 22. MED. SHOT MOTORCYCLE POLICEMAN

hidden out of sight close to the wall of a building - lying in wait. He sees Bob speeding by, quickly steps on his starter and gives chase. The CAMERA PANS with him as he swerves onto the highway.

## 23. LONG SHOT MOTORCYCLE POLICEMAN

In the f.g. the motorcycle is following the roadster at a terrific speed. Bob's car is seen ahead in the distance.

## 24. MED. CLOSE SHOT ROADSTER (PROCESS)

The CAMERA TRUCKS with it. Both boys are watching the road -- then we see Jim lift his eyes to the rear view mirror, whereupon he suddenly becomes alert.

JIM:

Look!

## 25. CLOSEUP REAR VIEW MIRROR

In it the reflection of the motorcycle and policeman are seen rapidly bearing down.

## 26. CLOSEUP BOB AND JIM IN ROADSTER (PROCESS)

They exchange significant looks.

## 27. INSERT DASHBOARD OF CAR

The speedometer needle drops quickly from sixty to forty miles an hour.

## 28. MED. SHOT ROADSTER AND MOTORCYCLE

The policeman has drawn alongside and has motioned them to the curb. The CAMERA TRUCKS with them as Bob's car slows down and stops. The policeman pulls just ahead and sets the motorcycle on its stand, then walks back to the roadster.

29. MED. CLOSE SHOT POLICEMAN, JIM AND BOB

Bob and Jim remain seated. The policeman flashes his light on the front license plates. Then he strolls up beside Bob in the driver's seat. The policeman plays his light over their faces. We see that he is the smilingly inexorable type of officer. His attitude throughout the conversation is one of elaborate, but not ill-meant, courtesy.

POLICEMAN:

Good evening, boys. In a hurry or something?

JIM:

(laughing uneasily)

As a matter of fact we are. You see, I just got word of a job in Chicago and --

30. CLOSEUP POLICEMAN

POLICEMAN:

Oh. A job in Chicago, eh? Maybe you left a little job behind you, too.

31. CLOSE SHOT JIM AND BOB

as they exchange puzzled glances.

JIM:

What are you driving at?

32. CLOSE SHOT BOB, JIM AND POLICEMAN

POLICEMAN:

(ignoring the question)

What's your name?

Jim leans across Bob to the policeman.

JIM:

James Larrabee.

POLICEMAN:

(to Bob)

And who are you?

BOB:

I was branded Bob Gordon.

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.).

POLICEMAN:  
Friend of Larrabee's?

JIM:  
One of the best!

The policeman nods meditatively.

POLICEMAN  
Um-hum. I'm afraid I'll have  
to hold you boys in Boone City  
for the night.

Bob and Jim react -- surprise, bewilderment.

JIM:  
Wait a minute! Why can't we pay  
you the fine and be on our way?

POLICEMAN:  
The charge I've got against you  
can't be squared with a fine.

JIM:  
(suddenly tense)  
Meaning what?

POLICEMAN:  
Meaning a complaint has been sworn  
out charging you with grand theft.

Jim and Bob are dumbfounded.

JIM:  
Grand theft!

BOB:  
Listen, pardner -- You're mixin' your  
brands this time.....

JIM:  
(grimly -- to Bob)  
Something around here begins to  
smell like W. W. Metcalfe....  
Let's go. I'll telephone to Chicago  
the minute we hit jail.

BOB:  
(reluctantly)  
Okay. Only I don't like this  
business of going to the can  
on somebody's hunch.  
(sourly to officer)  
Lead on, General.

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.1)

POLICEMAN:

(smiling)

I'll have to ask you to lead on. Straight ahead. I'll signal when to stop.

Bob angrily throws the car in gear and starts slowly. The policeman kicks his starter and they pull into the highway.

33. MED. SHOT STREET EXT. COUNTY JAIL NIGHT

The roadster draws up in front of the jail, the policeman on his motorcycle directly behind it. The policeman parks his machine, walks to the roadster and opens its door. Bob and Jim climb from the car and walk ahead of the policeman toward the jail entrance.

WIPE TO:

34. FULL SHOT INT. OFFICE OF COUNTY JAIL NIGHT

A dim light reveals a typical jail office -- roll top desk, a few books, a table, chairs, a litter of newspapers, and a cot. On the cot sleeps the jailer. As Bob, Jim and the policeman enter, the jailer rouses himself hastily from his sleep, rubs his eyes, and swings his feet to the floor. We see that he is a small man, old and somehow mellowed by his years of night work. He carries a ridiculously antiquated six-gun on his hip. As the policeman marches his charges toward the cot, the jailer rises.

JAILER:

(sleepily)

H'lo, Jake. What you doin' here breakin' up my sleep?

The jailer peers inquisitively at Bob and Jim.

POLICEMAN:

Couple of boys to be held for the night on a down-state tip-off.

James Larrabee and Bob --

(turns to Bob)

-- Gordon the name?

Bob nods. During the speech the policeman fumbles in his pocket, produces a legal document, and hands it to the jailer. The jailer peers at the papers.

(CONTINUED)

JIM:  
Can I use the phone?

JAILER:  
Take it easy, son.  
(turning to Bob and  
Jim)  
You boys don't look like crooks --  
now do they, Jake?

The boys say nothing. The policeman draws on his gloves,  
and starts for the door again.

POLICEMAN:  
I wouldn't know, Bill, I quit  
guessing a long time ago.  
(to Bob and Jim)  
My orders were to pick 'em up and  
I did. Notify Chief Benson that  
you got 'em -- and don't forget  
who brought 'em in -- good night,  
Pop.

The boys nod. The policeman goes.

JAILER:  
G'night, Jake.  
(to the boys -  
kindly)  
Sakes alive, you seem to be in a  
powerful lot of trouble for a  
couple of young fellers. Got any  
friends in this part of the  
country?

JIM:  
No. But we've got plenty of them  
in Chicago. I'd like to get a  
call through to my newspaper  
there right away.

JAILER:  
(nodding approvingly)  
All right, son, but I'll have to  
lock you up and make my report  
first -- them's regulations.

(CONTINUED)

34 (Cont.1)

JAILER:  
 (continuing)  
 Now c'me on, boys.

They go, passing through the door ahead of him. He follows them.

35. MED. SHOT INT. HALLWAY OF JAIL NIGHT

The jailer is still behind them. The CAMERA TRUCKS with them as they go down the hallway. There are barred doors on either side.

JAILER:  
 (as they go)  
 Straight ahead there, boys. 'F you don't mind, I'll put you in the tank tonight. Only one customer there, and plenty of beds. Tomorrow I'll fix you up some clean cells.

BOB:  
 (as they walk -- to Jim)  
 Don't look so low-down, boy. Think what a break we get -- clean cells!

They reach the tank cell at the end of the hall. Again the jailer fumbles with his keys.

JAILER:  
 (still rambling on)  
 You boys play checkers? Maybe we can have a game or two. Gets mighty lonesome these long nights.

JIM:  
 (soberly)  
 I can understand that.

The jailer at last has found his key. He inserts it in the lock. There is a loud click.

JAILER:  
 (peering into the tank)  
 Now where'n tarnation is that --

The sharp sound of a blow against a human skull fills the hallway. We do not see the actual blow -- only its result, as the jailer emits a slow groan and crumples. But before he strikes the floor a quick hand from inside the door has snatched his gun from its holster.

(CONTINUED)

35 (Cont.)

In the doorway looms a huge, unshaven gorilla of a man, the jailer's gun in his hand levelled on Jim and Bob. The latter stare speechlessly from the quiet form of the jailer to the enormous one of his assailant. They move slowly backward as the gorilla brandishes the gun at them. The gorilla kicks the body of the jailer to one side and advances on Bob and Jim.

GORILLA:  
Keep 'goin', boys, and don't make any breaks. We're on our way out.

JIM:  
(protesting as he and Bob move steadily backward through the hall)  
We're not going to get in any jam!  
If you want to go, beat it, but --

GORILLA:  
(snarling)  
Shut up! Mighta clinked that guy, and I don't want no witnesses. Now turn around and march!

Bob and Jim obey his instructions. The trio marches toward the office, the CAMERA TRUCKING with them.

WIPE TO:

36. MED. SHOT INT. JAIL OFFICE NIGHT

As the three pass through, the gorilla snatches a package of cigarettes from the table.

WIPE TO:

37. MED. SHOT EXT. COUNTY JAIL NIGHT

Bob and Jim come through the front door and onto the steps, the gorilla behind them. Their car is still parked in front of the jail where the policeman left it.

GORILLA:  
(in a hoarse whisper)  
Get for that car -- quick!

Bob and Jim, running low, scoot across the little open space of jail yard, and climb into the roadster. The gorilla, just behind them, jerks savagely at the rumble seat, opens it, and likewise clambers in. During this whole action he never once drops his gun from his two captives.

GORILLA:  
Now drive for the state border.  
And drive fast!  
(he jabs the gun into Jim's back viciously)  
Just one double cross -- an' you won't live here any more!

## 38. CLOSE SHOT BOB AND JIM IN THE ROADSTER

Their faces are white, horror-stricken, as Jim turns the ignition, steps on the starter. The motor hums. Jim releases the clutch and the car begins to move.

## 39. MED. SHOT THE ROADSTER

as it shoots out of the jail yard and onto the highway.

## 40. MED. SHOT MOTORCYCLE POLICEMAN ON HIGHWAY NIGHT

Jake, the policeman, has pulled up in a little roadside clump of trees and is standing astride his motorcycle, lighting a cigarette. As the light flares, he pauses, listening. Down the highway comes the deep roar of a motor. The roar approaches a crescendo as the roadster hurtles past.

POLICEMAN:

Well I'll be --!

He throws away his cigarette with an angry gesture, kicks his starter, and roars out into the highway.

## 41. MED. SHOT THE ROADSTER CAMERA TRUCKING WITH IT

Jim and Bob are leaning forward, Jim clinging to the steering wheel. The gorilla in the rumble seat is also hunched forward, his gun at Jim's back. Over the scene comes the distant scream of a siren. The gorilla whirls and looks behind.

## 42. CLOSE SHOT JIM AND BOB IN ROADSTER

They peer into the rear view mirror.

## 43. INSERT: REAR VIEW MIRROR

showing the rapidly approaching single light of a motorcycle.

## 44. CLOSE SHOT JIM AND BOB IN ROADSTER

JIM:

(guardedly to Bob)

Here comes our break.

(CONTINUED)

44 (Cont.)

BOB:

The first time in my life I was  
over really glad to see a cop!

The gorilla's head comes into the BACKGROUND of the  
scene. He is practically standing in the rumble seat.

GORILLA:

I'll take care of this guy.  
Give her all you got!

The gorilla's head sinks from the scene again. Jim  
and Bob exchange brief, desperate glances.

45. WIDE ANGLE A BEND IN THE HIGHWAY NIGHT

The roadster takes the bend on two wheels. It has  
scarcely made the manoeuvre when the motorcycle guns  
into the scene, taking the corner nearly flat.

46. MED. SHOT FROM GORILLA IN RUMBLE SEAT  
SHOWING MOTORCYCLE IN PURSUIT

The gorilla takes careful aim, steadying the gun on the  
hollow of his elbow. He fires.

47. MED. CLOSE SHOT POLICEMAN ON MOTOR CYCLE

The front wheel crumples. The machine slithers  
crazily to the side of the road. The gorilla has hit  
a tire. The policeman jumps from the wreckage, tend-  
erly pats his knee, and starts a painful gallop down  
the highway toward a --

48. MED. SHOT FARMHOUSE ON THE HIGHWAY NIGHT

The policeman lopes into the scene, clamors on the  
door.

DISSOLVE TO:

49. CLOSE SHOT INT. FARM HOUSE LIVING ROOM

The policeman is talking excitedly into a telephone.

(CONTINUED)

POLICEMAN:

(into phone)

Hello, Deltaville! ... Hello,  
Deltaville! ... Oh, that you, Cy?  
... Call out the boys. Three guys  
in a roadster coming your way  
shooting high, wide and handsome.  
Just broke outa the county jail...  
Yeah, that's right... Shoot first  
and talk later ... Right!

DISSOLVE TO:

50. MED. SHOT BARRICADE ACROSS THE HIGHWAY NIGHT

On either side of the barricade are armed men, quietly waiting in their cars for the arrival of the jail-breakers. As a roar comes faintly in the distance, one of them breaks the silence.

POSSE MEMBER:

(grimly)

Get ready, boys!

51. LONG SHOT LOOKING OVER JIM AND BOB'S SHOULDERS TOWARD HIGHWAY AHEAD

The roadster rounds a bend in the road. Jim and Bob see the barricade in the distance.

BOB:

Look!

The barricade is rapidly approaching them. The gorilla's head looms into the scene. His face is distorted with rage.

GORILLA:

Slow up one mile and you're a goner.

He plants the gun against the base of Jim's brain. They are practically at the barricade. And as the barricade leaps toward the CAMERA we take a:

52. MED. SHOT ACROSS HIGHWAY AT BARRICADE

The roadster, with a terrific impact, plows through the wooden barricade, veers dangerously, rights itself, and continues on at a necessarily diminishing speed. Simultaneously four cars slide out onto the highway in pursuit.

53. CLOSE SHOT LOOKING OVER GORILLA'S SHOULDER  
BACKWARD AT PURSUERS

The gorilla again takes aim, fires. A burst of gunfire from the first pursuing car is his answer. The gorilla's hands clutch at his throat. Then he sways slowly from the car and rolls onto the pavement. Bob, looking backward, sees the vacant rumble, the grotesque body rapidly fading into the darkness. He turns excitedly to Jim.

54. CLOSE SHOT JIM AND BOB

BOB:  
They got him, boy! Stop!

55. MED. SHOT THE ROADSTER

It slows down with a scream of brakes, lurches to a stop beside the highway. Bob and Jim automatically -- and wisely -- put up their hands. Into the scene roll the pursuing cars. The posse pours from the cars, and grimly surrounds the roadster.

POSSE LEADER:  
(snarling)  
Get outta there!

Bob and Jim clamber out, hands raised, and the men surround them. In a sudden flash of fear, Jim realizes their predicament.

JIM:  
This is all a mistake! We'll explain --

A grim-faced giant of a man steps up to him, leers into his face.

GIANT:  
Oh, you'll explain, will you, you dirty --!

He lets fly with a tremendous left that catches Jim full in the face. Jim reels, falls.

56. CLOSE SHOT JIM ON GROUND

All around him are the legs and feet of his captors. He looks up at the crowd, up at the CAMERA. His mouth and nose are bleeding. His eyes are frozen with horror.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

57. INSERT: NEWSPAPER BANNER HEADLINE

TWO KILLED, TWO CAPTURED IN JAIL BREAK

BOONE CITY AROUSED  
AT DEATH OF JAILER

Crushing the skull of Jailer W. B. Hefflin, three northern desperadoes engineered a break from the Boone City Jail at an early hour this morning and engaged in a running gunfight with police, which resulted in the death of one of their number and the capture of James Larrabee, suspected Chicago stick-up man, and his accomplice, Robert Gordon.

THE CAMERA  
PULLS BACK TO:58. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. METCALFE'S OFFICE MORNING  
METCALFE AT DESK

He has just finished reading the item in question. He chuckles and lifts a telephone receiver from its hook.

METCALFE:

(into phone)

Got George Winston yet?

OPERATOR'S VOICE:

(over phone)

I just made the connection,  
Mr. Metcalfe. Here he is.

WINSTON'S VOICE:

(breaking in over phone)

Hello, J. W. What's on your mind?

METCALFE:

(drawling contentedly)

Thought I'd see if you noticed  
anything unusual in the paper  
this morning.

WINSTON'S VOICE:

(over phone - slyly)

Yeah, I did. You didn't frame the  
break, too, did you?

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.)

METCALFE:

Too perfect for a frameup, George;  
and too good to be true. Your  
young friend Larrabee's in the  
soup for a long, long while.

59. MED. SHOT INT. WINSTON STUDY WINSTON AT PHONE

WINSTON:

I won't shed any tears if they  
send him up for life. I never  
did like --

Barbara enters the room. Winston glances hastily up,  
gulps, then continues into the phone in an entirely  
different vein.

WINSTON: (Cont'd.)

-- so -- ah -- it was very nice  
of you to call me, Mr. Smith.  
We can close the deal tomorrow.

Winston hangs the receiver on its hook and turns  
ingratiatingly to Barbara.

WINSTON:

Well, good morning, my dear.

Barbara is pale but extremely self-possessed.

BARBARA:

You needn't be so cheerful. I  
heard the news over the radio  
just a moment ago.

WINSTON:

(relieved)

That spares me the job of breaking  
it to you. Believe me, Barbara,  
when I say I'm sorry Jim turned  
out so badly --

BARBARA:

(with bitter scorn)

Don't lie to me. I heard what  
you said over the phone as I came  
in.

WINSTON:

(defensively)

Well, after all ... a murderer ...

He shrugs his shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont.)

BARBARA:

(with a gesture of revulsion)  
Oh, don't be so oily about it!  
I know what you're thinking.  
Jim isn't a murderer, and I'm  
going to prove it!

WINSTON:

That'll be a big order -- with  
two corpses as witnesses. Just  
what do you propose to do?

BARBARA:

I'm going to get Mr. Dudley to  
defend him!

WINSTON:

Now see here, Barbara -- I'll  
not have you making a public fool  
of yourself over a --

BARBARA:

(fiercely)  
I'll do exactly as I please --  
and with my money.

(a significant glance  
at him)

That is, what's left of it. I'm  
sick of your lies and your shams  
and your nasty little pretenses!  
If you had one decent instinct  
left, you'd help that boy out  
by putting in a word with Dudley  
yourself!

WINSTON:

(thoughtfully - slyly)  
Maybe you're right at that, Barbara.

DISSOLVE TO:

60. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. JIM'S CELL BOB LOOKING  
THROUGH BARS OF ADJOINING CELL DUDLEY IN JIM'S CELL  
DAY

The grizzled old lawyer is sitting on the prison cot talking to Jim and Bob. Obviously an argument has been in progress, for Dudley is speaking with that "For God's sake can't you understand" emphasis that indicates a previous difference of opinion.

DUDLEY:

I don't see how you can even hesitate over such a proposition. If you try to defend yourselves in a murder trial, your chances are ten to one for conviction. But -- if you let me arrange a plea of guilty on a simple little charge like jail-breaking, you'll draw nothing worse than a suspended sentence, or six months at the most.

JIM:

But I don't see how you can arrange a thing like that.

DUDLEY:

(paternally)

Son, I've practiced law down here for thirty years. I haven't spent those thirty years for nothing. I know every one who'll be connected with your case.

(attacking from  
another angle)

Now exactly what did Miss Winston tell you to do?

BOB:

(through bars)

She said to let you handle the whole thing.

DUDLEY:

(with a gesture)

All right. You don't think she'd do anything that'd hurt you?

JIM:

(thoughtfully)

No.

(CONTINUED)

JIM:

She said to let Mr. Dudley here handle the whole thing, and to do what he says.

BOB:

It's a cinch she wouldn't steer you wrong.

JIM:

No.

(he turns back to Dudley)

All right, Mr. Dudley. We'll plead guilty to breaking jail -- but I'll spend the rest of my life clearing this business up.

DUDLEY:

That's the spirit. That's the spirit.

JIM:

Mr. Dudley, I wrote a wire to my paper in Chicago. They're sure to come through for me, and see that I get a square deal. I was afraid to trust it with anyone else. Will you send it for me?

DUDLEY:

Sure, boy, sure. I've got to get back to the city right away, and I'll send it from there. I am having lunch with the judge. Keep your chins up and don't worry.

He exits.

BOB:

I feel better already, Jim.

JIM:

I guess he knows what he is doing.

CUT TO:

32a.  
10/14/35

60a. CLOSE SHOT INT. JAIL CORRIDOR

We pick up Dudley as he emerges from the cells. He has Jim's telegram in his hands. As he reads it, we -

CUT TO:

60b. INSERT: TELEGRAM

EDITOR CHICAGO DAILY SUN  
CHICAGO, ILL

AM HELD IN COUNTY JAIL HERE THE  
RESULT OF DELIBERATE FRAME UP  
STOP I SUSPECT ENTIRE PLAN WAS  
ENGINEERED BY METCALFE THE  
SUBJECT OF MY RECENT ARTICLE  
STOP MAY NEED YOUR HELP

(Signed)  
James Larrabee

CUT TO:

60c. CLOSEUP DUDLEY'S HANDS

as he tears up telegram, and we -

FADE OUT.

32b.  
10/14/35

61. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT JUDGE'S BENCH DAY  
INT. COURT ROOM

The CAMERA faces the judge. We get a rear view of the head and shoulders of Jim and Bob as they look up to the bench. The judge is announcing his decision.

(CONTINUED)

# IMPORTANT!

RETURN TO

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STORY DEPT.

61 (Cont.)

JUDGE:

Careful consideration has been given to the fact that neither of the defendants is an habitual criminal.

62. TWO SHOT BARBARA AND DUDLEY AT DEFENSE TABLE

Barbara is leaning forward, listening tensely. Dudley is settled back in his seat, his arms folded.

JUDGE:

(his voice coming  
in over the scene)

But the court cannot overlook their admission of guilty complicity in a crime which jeopardized the lives of innocent men.

63. CLOSE SHOT WINSTON IN AUDIENCE

A faint smile plays at the corners of his lips, as the Judge's voice comes in over the scene.

JUDGE'S VOICE:

I am therefore tempering justice with leniency when I sentence you, James Larrable...

64. TWO SHOT JIM AND BOB

SHOOTING DOWN from the Judge's stand. With set faces they look up toward the Judge, who remains off scene.

JUDGE'S VOICE:

... and you, Robert Gordon, to terms of five years at hard labor in the State Penitentiary ... This court is adjourned.

Bob gasps. Jim shakes his head as if trying to clear

34.  
10/14/35

65. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. PRISONER'S BAR OF COURT ROOM

Barbara escapes the restraining arm of Dudley and runs into Jim's arms. He hugs her to him, patting her shoulder.

BARBARA:  
(a little hysterically)  
This is a mistake, Jim! It's a  
terrible mistake!

Jim stares off scene, his face hard, the light of sudden suspicion in his eyes.

JIM:  
I'm beginning to believe it's not  
as big a mistake as we think.

CUT TO:

65a. MED. CLOSE SHOT WINSTON

in a corner of the court room. Dudley comes into scene.

WINSTON:  
Well ... that takes care of our  
young friend for the next five  
years.

DUDLEY:  
Yes ... but you might just as well  
have made it life.

WINSTON:  
I know. But Metcalfe wanted it  
cleaned up fast -- with no  
publicity. How'd the judge feel  
about it?

DUDLEY:  
Say, you couldn't reach that judge  
with a ten foot pole. Of course --  
(he grins slyly)  
-- you don't have to when your  
clients up and plead guilty...

He exits.

CUT TO:

35.  
10/14/35

65b. MED. CLOSE SHOT JIM AND BARBARA

in an embrace. Dudley enters scene.

DUDLEY:

(earnestly)

Don't you worry for one minute,  
son. There's been a slip-up  
somewhere. I'll have you out in  
a week.

JIM:

(evenly, perhaps  
suspiciously)

I hope so, Mr. Dudley.

DUDLEY:

No doubt about it. I'm getting  
to work right now. Come on, Miss  
Winston. Come on, my dear.

Barbara turns and goes. Dudley's arm is around her.  
Her face is covered with her hands. Jim's face is  
immobile as she and Dudley move out of the scene.

CUT TO:

66. MED. SHOT INT. COURT ROOM THE PRISONER'S EXIT

Bob and Jim, under custody, are passing through the  
door. Jim is the last to leave. As he stands in the  
doorway, he turns suddenly for one last, agonized  
glance off scene in the direction in which Barbara  
and Dudley have vanished.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

68. LONG SHOT. DIRT ROAD IN COUNTRY DUSK

In the distance a truck, mounting a net-wire body, is coming toward the CAMERA, a cloud of dust rolling along behind it. It rolls down the road which stretches across the country side -- flat as far as the eye can see. As it draws near, we see two men in the driver's seat.

69. MOVING CLOSE SHOT. PROGRESS TWO MEN IN DRIVER'S SEAT

The driver is a young man -- his companion, Buck Draper, prison warden, detailed to the job of transporting prisoners between jails and prison farms. Buck is a hard-looking descendent of the pioneers, a man approaching middle-age, wearing high boots, a jacket of civilian suit and a broad-brimmed hat. Behind their heads is a small barred window looking into the interior of the body of the truck.

BUCK:

Drive faster, Joe. I wanta get me some supper. When you been on this job longer, you'll learn it don't hurt 'em none to get jostled around a little.

He twists around in his seat to look through the barred window.

70. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. PRISON TRUCK PROCESS

Five prisoners are chained by their necks to the side walls of the body of the truck. The chains are long enough to permit considerable movement; Jim, Bob, Tanglefoot, Jeff and one other comprise the group. The latter is dressed in white pants and shirt, the uniform of the prison farms -- the others in their civilian clothes. The five of them are in various postures and attitudes, and wearing a variety of expressions -- surliness, hopelessness and apathy.

71. CLOSE SHOT JIM, BOB AND A CONVICT PROCESS

Jim's nearest companion is the one in the costume of the prison camps -- a tough, vicious-looking man

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.)

with shaven head. They are sitting on the floor, backs to the side of the truck as it jolts along the highway.

72. LONG SHOT DOWN ROAD TOWARD APPROACHING TRUCK  
A GANG OF CONVICTS PLODDING DOWN THE ROAD TOWARD CAMP

The truck and convicts are, of course, both coming toward the CAMERA. Four guards, lazily mounted on horseback, herd the staggering line of prisoners as they plough through the dust, carrying their tools on their shoulders. The truck comes up behind them. They are shouted over to the side of the road, where they continue their weary progress, most of them too tired even to glance up at the truck.

73. FULL SHOT INT. TRUCK

as the new prisoners stare solemnly through the meshed wire at this plodding picture of their own future.

74. RUNNING INSERT THE MARCHING PRISONERS

One of them, glancing up at the truck as it forges ahead, glances with sneering eyes to a second.

FIRST CONVICT:

(sarcastically)

Another load of engineers.

SECOND CONVICT:

I hear there's a big-time Chicago boy in that bunch.

FIRST CONVICT:

(with a croaking laugh)

Outta the big-time into the big-house!

75. LONG SHOT FROM REAR OF TRUCK TOWARD LINE OF PRISONERS

showing them as they grow smaller from the perspective of those in the truck.

DISSOLVE TO:

38.  
10/18/35.

76. MED. SHOT PRISON YARD

The truck drives up to the headquarters building and stops. The prisoners in the yard cast curious but surreptitious glances at the truck. Buck Draper descends and the driver follows him, more slowly. Buck approaches the door to the office but the Warden opens the door and comes out to meet him before he has a chance to go in. Frank Parmenter, the Warden, is a burly man with a hard face and a heart of stone. To him a convict is a pariah dog and he treats him accordingly. Buck and the Warden shake hands.

WARDEN:  
How'ya, Buck? How's ever'thing?

BUCK:  
(drawling)  
Swell! I got two jail-breakers  
for you -- one of 'em from Chicago.

WARDEN:  
(ominously)  
Oh, yeah? I been waitin' for that  
pair!  
(he adds contemptuously)  
Break 'em out.

The two men walk around to the back of the truck. A couple of the guards appear in the b. g. and come over out of curiosity. Buck unlocks the rear door of the truck and enters to unfasten the neck chains of the prisoners within.

77. MED. SHOT EXT. PRISON YARD

As a gang of perhaps twenty prisoners march in, their day's work completed. Without an order they arrange themselves in a jagged line.

GUARD:  
Fall out!

The men move to a half-kitchen-tank which is used as a water trough. One seems unable to make it to the tank, for half way there, he sags abruptly to the ground, and sits on his haunches, staring stupidly at the feet that pass before his eyes. While the men are thus being released, we move into a:

78. CLOSE SHOT THE WATER TROUGH

showing four men washing simultaneously. The water is filthy and stagnant. One man blows like a whale into

(CONTINUED)

39.  
10/18/35.

78 (Cont.)

the water as he sloshes it over his face -- the same water the man next to him must use, second-hand, for his own ablutions.

79. FULL SHOT- INT. TRUCK

The prisoners are now on their feet, watching half-curiously, half-fearfully, their eyes blinking a little in the unaccustomed light.

WARDEN'S VOICE:

(off scene)

You got five in there. How come?

BUCK'S VOICE:

(off scene)

We caught the smart guy that took a powder yesterday.

WARDEN'S VOICE:

(off scene)

Back already, hey? Fix him up later.

80. MED. SHOT REAR END OF TRUCK

Buck climbs into the truck and starts to free the prisoners. Two prisoners descend to the ground -- the other two follow. Jeff hesitates a little and Buck gives him a little shove, pushing him onto the ground. He falls. He sits for a moment, rubbing his leg, his eyes full of hatred for Buck.

JEFF:

I've got a bum leg, Boss.

BUCK:

(facetiously to Jeff)

That so? Well, don't hurry, mister. You're just here to relax and rest up. Ain't that right, Warden?

WARDEN:

That's right, Buck. Only --

(he draws back his foot as if to kick)

-- we like 'em to relax on their feet! Stand up, you --!

(CONTINUED)

80 (Cont.)

Jeff slowly gets to his feet, limping a little. The Warden glares at him.

WARDEN:

And don't pull that game leg stuff around here -- least not's long's I've got a good one!

(he turns to the guards behind him)

Take 'em in the office.

The guards push the two prisoners ahead toward the door of the office. Jeff is limping slightly.

GUARDS:

(ad lib)

Come on!

Step on it!

The prisoners and the guards enter the doorway.

DISSOLVE TO:

81. FULL SHOT INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

The prisoners come in the door and shuffle about for a minute confused, at a loss to what is expected. Then one of the guards speaks up.

FIRST GUARD:

Take off your coats and shirts!

The prisoners begin to disrobe. A second guard goes to a door leading from the Warden's office. He knocks and opens the door.

82. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. SMALL ADJOINING OFFICE

The Doctor is sitting back in his chair with his feet on his desk, reading a newspaper. A whiskey bottle and half-filled glass are on his desk. The doctor looks up.

GUARD:

New prisoners here, Doc. Wanna give 'em the once over, now?

DOCTOR:

(lazily)

Okay. Might as well, now as ever.

He reaches for the glass, downs its contents and sighs heavily. Picking up a paper from his desk, he takes his stethoscope from a drawer and starts for the door.

## 83. MED. SHOT WARDEN'S OFFICE

The Doctor enters. The prisoners are now in a make-shift line -- stripped to the waist. Bob and Jeff are not particularly well-built -- Jim is a good specimen -- Tangle-eye looks like a wrestler with huge muscles bulging. The Doctor approaches the line of prisoners, his eyes quickly ranging up and down the line. (This shot of half-naked prisoners is little more than a flash.)

## 84. MED. CLOSE SHOT BOB, JIM, DOCTOR AND TWO GUARDS

The Doctor starts on the first, which is Jim. With his stethoscope he gives each about enough time to listen to three heart-beats. While he is doing this, the two guards take the opportunity to rib the prisoners.

FIRST GUARD:

Nice skins they got in Chicago, hey.

SECOND GUARD:

Yeah. Must come from all them skin games you hear about.

FIRST GUARD:

I reckon we can fix that up. You know -- color 'em up a bit.

Both guards smirk.

## 85. CLOSE SHOT JIM AND BOB

They stare straight ahead, paying no attention to their tormentors.

## 86. MED. LONG SHOT DOCTOR, PRISONERS, WARDEN AND GUARDS

The Doctor has finished his half-hearted examination. He turns to the Warden.

DOCTOR:

They sure look all right to me.  
(he shrugs his  
shoulders)

(CONTINUED)

42.  
10/18/35.

Changes  
"PRISON FARM"

86 (Cont.)

DOCTOR: (Cont.)

'Course they may have a little trouble at first. But they'll get used to it if you give 'em the proper encouragement.

The Warden nods. The Doctor sighs, and moves across the scene toward his office and his bottle. The Warden moves to a position directly in front of the four new prisoners. (Watch hairy chests, too much torso exposed in this scene.)

WARDEN:

(ingratiatingly)

Now boys, it wasn't me that sent you here, and it wasn't me's to blame for what you did to get here. We all got our jobs on the farm. Yours is to work, and mine is to see that you work. I make it a point t' understand my boys. You can come straight to me if you think you ain't gettin' the right sort of treatment. You're here to be made good citizens out of, and if you won't change voluntary into honest God-fearin' folks, why then I just natcherily gotta force ya to it. Some day you'll look on your stretch' here at the farm as the beginnin' of a new life. That's all, boys. The guard'll give you some clothes, 'n then you get your supper.

The Warden moves out of scene. Two guards throw a bundle of clothes to each man.

GUARD:

Right through that door.  
And git 'em on fast!

The prisoners move toward a door the guard has indicated. It is standing open.

42a.  
10/18/35.

86a. CLOSE SHOT INT. SMALL ROOM

The prisoners begin to undress.

DISSOLVE TO:

86b. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. SMALL ROOM

showing them buttoning the last pieces of their new prison uniforms. The guard stands in the doorway.

GUARD:

This way for mess!

They shuffle out of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

86c. LONG SHOT INT. MESS HALL

filled with weary convicts wolfing bad food. We see Bob, Jim, Jeff, Tanglefoot and the guard enter. Then we DOLLY UP TO:

86d. PAN SHOT FOUR NEWCOMERS AND GUARD INT. MESS HALL

as they move down a congested aisle toward the lower end of the mess hall. When they reach four vacant places, we stop on a:

86e. CLOSE SHOT INT. MESS HALL JIM, BOB, JEFF, TANGLEFOOT, GUARD, NEAREST CONVICTS

Jeff and Tanglefoot sit down immediately. Bob and Jim remain standing, looking down with obvious revulsion at the nearest convict and his food.

86f. CLOSE SHOT THE CONVICT

seated at the table, showing the foul mess on his plate that passes for supper. He looks up at the CAMERA (and Jim and Bob) - and leers defiantly as if obliged to defend the miserable meal.

87. CLOSE SHOT JIM, BOB, GUARD

as Jim and Bob gaze at the previous scene. The guard glares at them.

(CONTINUED)

43.  
10/18/35.

87 (Cont.)

GUARD:

Well, boys, we don't aim to  
serve it to you special.

BOB:

Thanks, general, but we ate  
just before we left.

The guard nods mockingly.

GUARD:

Oh, you did, hey? Well, I  
got me a hunch by tomorrow  
that grub in there'll taste  
like the best stuff you ever  
et.... Now git along. It's the  
bunks for you.

They move out of the scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

88. FULL SHOT INT. BUNK HOUSE FROM ANGLE OF DOOR

The place is simply a long, low shack, filled on either side with wooden slabs which pass for beds. The bedding is obviously filthy and inadequate. Small iron-grilled windows furnish the only light. At each end of the bunk house sits a guard with a shot-gun across his knees. A still form lies, face downward, on one of the bunks. Bob and Jim pass through the doorway, their guard just behind them. The CAMERA TRUCKS with them as they pass to a point midway in the room, next to where the silent figure lies. The guard designates two bunks.

GUARD:

There y'are, boys.

(he tests the softness  
of the bunks maliciously)

Nice 'n comfy. An' if there's any-  
thing you want, we got a chambermaid  
at each end just achin' t' be of  
some use.

He gestures significantly with his thumb to the two guards at either end. Bob and Jim sit down on their bunks. The guard walks over to the silent figure.

GUARD:

What's wrong here?

GUARD:

(at end of room)

Fakin' sunstroke.

89. CLOSE SHOT THE GUARD AND THE FIGURE

The guard turns the figure over on its back, revealing the pale, sunken face. With his thumb he pulls one eye-lid open. Apparently satisfied, he moves toward the door by which he entered.

90. MED. CLOSE SHOT BOB AND JIM AND FIGURE

The two boys stare with horror at their fellow convict, who has not made a move.

GUARD'S VOICE:

(off scene - to stationary  
guard)

He'll come through all right.

(CONTINUED)

90 (Cont.)

As Jim and Bob turn to each other with the faintly incredulous stare of men who find themselves unexpectedly in horrible surroundings and can't quite believe it, we

DISSOLVE TO:

91. FULL SHOT BUNK ROOM

Over the scene breaks a great confusion of babbling voices and stomping feet. The men throb into the room from the mess hall. They walk with deliberate, shuffling steps, each man toward his own bunk. No words are spoken. Each man flops on his bunk. They lay down in alternate positions, so that one man's feet are to the wall, the next man's head, and so on.

92. CLOSE SHOT BOB AND JIM

Their eyes travel from bunk to bunk.

93. CLOSE MOVING SHOT MEN IN BUNKS

The CAMERA moves around the room, picking out the various types and their varying stages of demoralization, including the still figure of the man who is 'faking sunstroke' and finally coming to rest on Pete, Jim's nearest neighbor. Pete gazes at them intently.

94. CLOSE SHOT BOB, JIM AND PETE

PETE:

(expressionlessly)

First stretch?

(CONTINUED)

46.  
10/18/35.

Changes  
"PRISON FARM"

94 (Cont.).

Yeah.

JIM:

Tough.

PETE:

The conversation is suddenly blotted out by the sound of guards' feet stomping through the middle of the bunk room. Pete, Jim, Bob all look in the direction of the sound.

95. MED. SHOT OPPOSITE BUNKS

The Warden and a guard are rousting a prisoner from his bunk. We recognize him as the escaped convict who came in on the truck with our characters, and about whom the Warden and Buck made references. While the guard jerks the man from his bunk and clamps manacles on him, the Warden watches. He carries a hat, and, for the effect it will have on the watching prisoners, he gives it a vicious trial snap. It cracks like a pistol shot.

CONVICT:

Oh, no, Boss! Don't do that!

GUARD:

Don't try to stall, you rat!  
You got it coming!

WARDEN:

(sardonically - to convict)  
You don't wanta miss our little  
farewell party.

96. CLOSE SHOT JIM, PETE AND BOB

as they stare out with fascinated eyes at the scene.

JIM:

(softly, with repressed  
anger - to Pete)  
What's the idea?

PETE:

(whispering)  
Blackfoot. He tried to make  
a getaway yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

47.  
10/18/35.

96 (Cont.)

JIM:  
What's Blackfoot?

PETE:  
(his eyes glazed with  
sudden hatred)  
The mines!

JIM:  
Is that -- pretty bad?

PETE:  
So bad they'd sooner of been  
shot than go there. You're all  
right when you die quick. But  
when you're in Blackfoot -- it  
takes a long time dying.

JIM:  
(with a little shudder)  
Worse'n this?

PETE:  
Oh ... this ain't so bad. You  
get twenty lashes every once  
in a while, and filthy grub, and  
a few nights on the barrel. If  
you try to escape, the dogs rip  
your sides open -- and if you  
stay, you go crazy in a year or  
two. But compared to Blackfoot --  
this place's -- okay!

As Pete completes the sentence, the sound track carries the first blow of the whipping which is being conducted in the prison yard immediately outside the bunk-house. With the blow comes a groan. Jim, Bob, Pete freeze to attention. The second blow falls. Pete looks at the two newcomers as if to say: "See how it is?" The blows and groans continue through all scenes up to #98.

96a. LONG SHOT INT. BUNK-HOUSE

as the occupants listen to the sound of the whipping. Some raise themselves on elbows, with faces like death-masks. Some bury their heads into filthy bed-clothes.

96b. CLOSE SHOT A BOY IN HIS BUNK

He flinches with each blow. He is counting to himself.

BOY:

(whisper)

... six ... seven ... eight....

96c. CLOSE SHOT JIM AND BOB

as they stare at each other through horror-filled eyes.

96d. CLOSE SHOT DEAD-PAN CONVICT

He is sitting bolt upright in his bunk. His mouth hangs open. His face is pasty in the dim light. His eyes are squinted. There is no reaction on his pain-marked face. He simply stares ... stares.

96e. CLOSE SHOT THE BOY IN HIS BUNK

He is sobbing. His whole body jerks with each blow. He still counts.

.... fifteen .... sixteen....

96f. LONG SHOT INT. BUNK-HOUSE

showing by body movements of the convicts the terrific psychological pressure they are under. Suddenly the blows and groans stop. Again by the abrupt relaxation of nerve-strained bodies we see the effect of the sudden ringing silence.

96g. CLOSE SHOT BOB, JIM AND PETE

Jim twists himself slowly from his bunk until he is peering out through the iron-barred window into the prison yard.

97. MED. SHOT THROUGH BARRED WINDOW TOWARD EXT. PRISON  
YARD NIGHT

showing the shadow of a man tied by his hands to a whipping post, his body limp. Walking away are two shadows, one with whip.

98. CLOSE SHOT JIM, BOB, PETE IN BUNKS

as Jim turns from the window with a little shudder, and sinks back to his bunk.

JIM:

(in hard voice)

I wish I could remember just one line of some of those speeches they used to give us in school when I was a kid. You know... about honor ... decency ... freedom ... justice ...

PETE:

(laughing mirthlessly)

You'll learn some new speeches here.

DISSOLVE TO:

99. MED. CLOSE SHOT BOB, JIM AND THE PRISONERS NEAREST  
THEM NIGHT

Darkness has fallen over the room. The only sound is that of men breathing deeply in exhausted sleep. The moon, through one of the barred windows, highlights the faces of Bob, Jim and Pete. All three are wide-eyed, awake. Suddenly there steals over the scene a distant sound of chorus music. At first, it is so faint that the characters scarcely notice it. They are in bed, now, head to foot in the bunks.

BOB:

(softly to Jim)

I guess we'd a done better to marry Mrs. O'Malley.

JIM:

(shifting restlessly on his cot)

Yeah ... I guess so.

The sound of chorus music rises. The song "Swanee River" or "Massa's In De Col' Col' Ground." The highlighted faces register attention.

(CONTINUED)

99 (Cont.)

JIM: (CONTINUED)

Funny ... darkies can always  
find something to sing about ...

As the music swells plaintively, we

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

100. CLOSEUP BELL

DAWN

ringing.

DISSOLVE TO:

101. LONG SHOT INT. BUNK HOUSE

The sound of the bell comes over the scene. Instantly the two guards leap to their feet. They ad lib shouts and abuses to the exhausted men, going from bunk to bunk, shaking the sleepers roughly. The startled prisoners awaken and leap to sitting position.

GUARD:

Git those rags on! And git 'em on quick.

102. CLOSEUP JIM

He awakens, opens his eyes, and makes a grimace as he gazes to the naked feet of Pete in the next bunk, scarcely twelve inches from his face.

103. CLOSE SHOT BOB, JIM AND PRISONERS NEAREST THEM

They scramble into their clothes.

DISSOLVE TO:

104. MED. SHOT INT. BUNK HOUSE

The prisoners are in the last stages of their hurried dressing.

GUARD:

Line up! Git a move on! Line up there!

The prisoners hasten to form a long line through the direct center of the long room.

GUARD:

Now hup!

As one prisoner lags, the admonition comes more forcibly, with the threatened jab of a gun-butt.

(CONTINUED)

51.  
10/18/35.

Changes  
"PRISON FARM"

104 (Cont.)

GUARD:

I said hub!

The line begins to move.

DISSOLVE TO:

105. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. ONE END OF MESS HALL

The line of prisoners is passing by, each man holding out a plate into which is dished an indefinable mess that passes for breakfast. The ad-libbed shouts of various guards hurry them on. Into the scene come Bob and Jim. They reach the food dispenser, extend their plates, receive their portions. They look at them questioningly.

BOB:

More codfish hash!

JIM:

(grimly)

Better eat it. It's a long time until noon.

They move off in the line.

BOB:

I'll try. But me and fish have a hard time getting along together.

He makes a wry face.

DISSOLVE TO:

106. CLOSE SHOT DOOR LEADING FROM MAIN PRISON BUILDING DAWN

The men are filing out. Two guards stand outside the door, closely scrutinizing each man as he comes through. As Jim and Bob emerge, one of the guards slaps each on the shoulder.

GUARD:

Quarry gang for you ... and you.

DISSOLVE TO:

107. LONG SHOT EXT. PRISON YARD GRAY DAWN

The thin line of prisoners emerges from the central building and begins to assemble for the morning's work. Guards are everywhere, some mounted on horses, others on foot. Through the thin morning air, shouts and commands echo menacingly.

FIRST GUARD:  
(like a top sergeant)  
Field gang -- here!

Approximately one-third of the men in line detract themselves from the main body like ants, and assemble in a separate group.

SECOND GUARD:  
Clean-up crew -- here!

Another third move into a separate group.

SAM DAWSON:  
(on horseback)  
Quarry gang -- this way!

The remaining body moves swiftly ahead of Sam.

108. MED. CLOSE SHOT QUARRY GANG AMONG THEM JIM, BOB AND PEK

The two newcomers warily watch their fellow prisoners, to avoid any possible mistake and its consequent punishment.

109. WIDER ANGLE SHOWING SAM DAWSON AND GUARDS

SAM:  
(to first guard)  
All set?

GUARD:  
Yep. All set!

SAM:  
Then what's holdin' us?  
(he turns in his saddle  
to glare at the prisoners)  
Come on -- ditch-diggers!

He starts away, his horse moving at a rapid walk. The prisoners turn and follow, breaking necessarily into a slow, shuffling run. As they pass the second mounted guard, he falls into place behind them.

110. MED. CLOSE SHOT BOB AND JIM

with grim faces, among the other prisoners. They are trotting along.

111. CLOSE SHOT DUSTY ROAD

The prisoners' lower legs and feet enclosed in heavy boots shuffle and scrape past the CAMERA.

112. MED. CLOSE SHOT JIM, BOB, PETE AND THE PRISONERS NEAREST THEM

Pete, not paying close attention to his fellows, is jogging about three feet outside the pack. Suddenly, with a thunder of hoofs, a mounted guard rushes into the scene, thrusting his left foot out menacingly.

113. CLOSEUP THE SHARP SPUR ON THE GUARD'S BOOT

It strikes out of the scene, so that we do not see its actual contact with its target. Off scene, comes Pete's agonized yelp.

114. CLOSE SHOT PETE FROM WAIST UP

showing him cringe involuntarily and glance down at his right arm, where the spur has ripped a gash from shoulder to elbow.

115. MED. CLOSE SHOT JIM, BOB, PETE, GUARD AND PRISONERS NEAREST THEM.

GUARD:

Don't try that runnin' wide stuff, Pete. Jest keep 'sociatin' with the riff-raff!

Pete ducks quickly into the pack again, his face white with hatred. Bob and Jim running nearest him, have watched the performance in grim silence.

BOB:

(grimly to Jim)

I think the punchers on this range kind of forget themselves once in a while.

Jim nods angrily.

116. LONG SHOT AWAY FROM THE CAMERA ENTIRE GROUP OF PRISONERS

They trot along slowly and doggedly out of the camp and down the dusty road.

DISSOLVE TO:

117. MED. LONG SHOT EXT. THE QUARRY

The prisoners, among them Bob, Jim and Pete, labor in the bottom, digging, or along the banks clearing the earth away. Occasionally, in the excavation work, huge stones are uncovered. To these, chains are attached and they are pulled out by men tugging and straining like mules. Sam Dawson and other guards sit on their horses in the background, overseeing the work and watching the men. Under the hot sun it is gruelling labor.

118. MED. CLOSE SHOT SEVERAL OF THE PRISONERS IN QUARRY

And among them are Jim and Bob and Pete. Bob is evidently in distress, staggering uncertainly. Jim is watching him anxiously. Bob leans for a moment on his pick.

PETE:

(warningly)

Keep goin', kid. Don't let a guard see you stallin'.

BOB:

If I could only have some water --  
My - my stomach don't feel so good.

An old convict standing nearby answers.

OLD CONVICT:

You think you're thirsty now --  
wait 'til it gets hot!

Bob looks at his hands -- they are blistered -- bleeding. He mops his face which is streaming with sweat.

119. CLOSE MOVING SHOT TO ESTABLISH HEAT

Sam Dawson, on his horse is wiping his face. CAMERA MOVES to the horse's flanks, glistening with sweat; on to a dog, lying in the shadow of the horse, panting heavily; then slowly back to Bob, trying to wet his lips with dry tongue.

120. MED. CLOSE SHOT SAM DAWSON AND OTHER GUARD

Sam sees Bob leaning on his pick. With a muffled ejaculation he spurs his horse and charges toward the CAMERA -- riding to the quarry calling out in a hoarse shout as he comes.

Hoy -- slug!

SAM:

121. MED. SHOT SAM, BOB, JIM AND OTHER CONVICTS

Sam wheels up alongside Bob and looks down angrily.

SAM:

How many times do I have to warn you about loafin'?

BOB:

(weakly, trying to explain)  
I'm not loafing. But I could sure do a lot better with a drink of water.

SAM:

(addressing the entire group)  
Well, now, ain't that accomodatin'? The gen'lman's perfectly willing t'work. Only first he'd like a little fruit punch.

(to Bob)

You'll get water as soon as y' do your lick -- and no sooner! Now get going!

122. CLOSE SHOT JIM

Working doggedly, he watches the scene, tense and angry.

123. MED. SHOT SAM, BOB, JIM AND THE GROUP

Bob dizzily starts his work again. Sam glares around at the crowd who have been watching him and they all fall at their tasks with redoubled speed.

124. CLOSE SHOT BOB AT WORK

Every blow with the pick is a brutal effort. We establish his exhaustion.

# IMPORTANT!

RETURN TO  
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125. MED. SHOT SAM, BOB, JIM AND OTHER CONVICTS

Bob is gasping but still on his feet. An old convict steals a look straight upward at the noon-day sun. He is standing on side of excavation so that his head and shoulders are above ground level.

OLD CONVICT:  
(encouragingly - to Bob)  
Stay with it, kid. Fifteen minutes out for grub -- in a couple of hours.

Bob lifts the pick and brings it down as we

DISSOLVE TO:

126. CLOSE SHOT A BOX RESTING ON THE TAIL END OF A WAGON  
CAMERA SHOOTING DOWN INTO BASKET

As a hand reaches into the scene, pulls back a filthy burlap cover, revealing beneath the cover an indistinguishable mess of black bread sandwiches and flies. As the cover is pulled back, into the scene reach the dirty, calloused (or blistered) hands of the convicts, each hand grasping a sandwich and withdrawing it. One hand tries to take two. The butt end of a revolver cracks down on it. The hand quivers limply as it is withdrawn -- holding no sandwich at all.

DISSOLVE TO:

127. MED. CLOSE SHOT THE PRISONERS SQUATTED ON THE  
GROUND GULPING THEIR FOOD

128. CLOSE SHOT BOB, JIM, PETE AND OLD CONVICT

Jim's facial expression plainly shows the quality of the food. Bob is stretched on the ground, stomach down. In his hand is an uneaten sandwich. Jim speaks lowly to him.

JIM:  
How do you feel, Bob?

BOB:  
(gasping)  
If I was a cow, I'd say I'd  
bloat on green alfalfa. Here, I  
guess it's codfish hash.

(CONTINUED)

57.  
10/18/35.

Changes  
"PRISON FARM"

128 (Cont.)

Old Convict is staring greedily at Bob's uneaten sandwich. Finally he makes overtures for it.

OLD CONVICT:  
Ain'tcha gonna eat that?

Bob, still prone, shakes his head, and a little shudder passes through his body.

BOB:  
No.

Old Convict reaches out with a claw-like hand, swoops the sandwich triumphantly into his lap, greedily starts eating. As his eyes stare maliciously off scene, we CUT TO:

129. MED. CLOSE SHOT THREE BLOOD HOUNDS

As they squat attentively on their haunches. As the scene opens, one of them snaps his huge jaws on a morsel that has been thrown to him.

130. WIDER ANGLE

to include Sam Dawson, sitting in the shade of a ledge, pawing around in his lunch basket for further pieces of food. He brings out a parcel, wrapped in ordinary wrapping paper. Opening it, he discovers it is pound cake. While half the wrapper is still on, he takes a bite of the pastry. Then he removes the paper entirely, crumples it negligently, and tosses it out of the scene.

131. CLOSE SHOT THE PAPER

as it rolls up to within a short distance of Jim's legs. Jim, looking cautiously at Sam off scene, extends his foot, and begins slowly and carefully to move the roll of paper toward him.

131a. CLOSE SHOT JIM, BOB AND PETE

Jim, with the utmost caution, has secured the paper. He tucks it into his shirt. Pete watches the operation enviously. Bob lies very near to them.

(CONTINUED)

PETE:  
(whisper)  
What's the idea, kid?

JIM:  
(tensely)  
I'm going to write this rotten  
camp up and spread it all over  
page one of a certain newspaper.  
If I can only figure a way now  
to get it out!

PETE:  
(whisper)  
That ain't so simple, youngster.  
I can get more paper for you.  
But shootin' it out --

He shakes his head dubiously. Bob moves and turns  
his strained face toward Jim and Pete.

BOB:  
(gasping)  
When I get -- used to this --  
I'll help, too. I'll -- help --

He turns his face again.

132. MED.CLOSE SHOT SAM AND DOGS

Sam breaks off chunks of the cake, tossing them to  
each waiting dog in turn, pausing occasionally to  
thrust a morsel into his own mouth. The cake gone, he  
leans back, yawns, pats his stomach appreciatively, and  
glances at his watch. He squints from the watch to the  
prisoners off scene, rises lazily and bawls his order.

(CONTINUED)

132. (Cont.)

SAM:  
Time's up! Move into it,  
you guys!

133. MED. SHOT THE PRISONERS

As they leap to their feet, grasp their various tools,  
and set furiously to work.

DISSOLVE TO:

134. MED. SHOT BOB, JIM AND PRISONERS LATE P. M.

They are now working with agonizingly slow movements.  
Bob is near to collapse. Pete pats his shoulder encour-  
agingly.

PETE:  
Just a little longer, kid.  
Hold everything.

135. CLOSE SHOT BOB

staggering, looking blankly around.

136. MED. SHOT THE SURROUNDINGS FROM BOB'S EYES

as everything blurs, whirls sickeningly.

137. MED. CLOSE SHOT BOB, JIM, PETE, NEAREST PRISONERS

as Bob topples in a faint. Jim bends over him.

PETE:  
(without losing a pick-swing)  
Don't touch him! Keep workin'...  
Keep workin'....

138. CLOSE SHOT SAM AND A GUARD

The guard gazes off scene toward the prisoners.

(CONTINUED)

138 (Cont.)

GUARD:

(to Sam)

Guess you didn't make a very powerful impression on that new boy. Takin' a little nap, ain't he?

Sam looks at Bob, and with muttered imprecation starts for the fallen man, the CAMERA PANNING to where Bob lies prone on the ground.

139. MED. CLOSE SHOT JIM, BOB AND SAM PRISONERS IN B. G.

Jim is still working over Bob.

SAM:

(snarling to Jim)

Get outta this!

Jim backs away.

JIM:

(to Sam)

Don't you see he's sick? He can't stand this --

Sam walks to Bob's prostrate form.

SAM:

Play possum with me, will you!

He lifts a foot as if to kick the prostrate figure, but does not get the blow in, because Jim rushes in, whips Sam around, strikes out with a hard right to his chin that brings the stunned foreman to his knees.

(NOTE: This is the only scene in which we plainly show a prisoner striking a guard).

Into the scene rides a guard, revolver drawn, to cover Sam, who slowly rises. Jim backs into a group of his fellow prisoners.

GUARD:

Hold it! I'll kill the first man that makes a move!

Sam is standing now. Bob stirs and tries to rise. Other guards move into the scene, guns drawn.

## 140. CLOSE SHOT JIM AND THE PRISONERS

Their hate-distorted faces stare out of the scene at Sam, giving the impression of a wolf pack held at bay only by the gun. Into the scene walks Sam Dawson. Protected now by the guns of the guards off scene in back of him, he presents a very brave spectacle. He grasps the throat of Jim's collar, and, twisting it, brings Jim's head to within six inches of his own.

SAM:

(through clenched teeth)  
So you're a fighter, eh?

JIM:

No. But I'm not going to see a sick man --

SAM:

(interrupting)  
Think you could teach me a thing or two about handlin' cons, eh?

JIM:

I could teach you something in a fair fight.

SAM:

(nodding attentively)  
Anything else you could teach me?

JIM:

Not that you'd understand.

SAM:

(with elaborate courtesy)  
You're all through, then?

JIM:

Yes.

Without warning of any kind, Sam strikes out, catching Jim on the side of the face and sends him sprawling to the ground. Jim raises himself on one elbow, staring up at the giant guard.

SAM:

(snarling)  
I'm gonna give you plenty of time to think up some more suggestions -- all night on the barrel.

DISSOLVE TO:

61.  
10/18/35.

Changes  
"PRISON FARM"

141. CLOSE SHOT SHOOTING INTO BUNK HOUSE FROM THE  
EXTERIOR THROUGH A BARRED WINDOW NIGHT

We see Bob's face peering out. His hands are clinched around the bars for support. He is staring straight into the CAMERA -- his mouth set in lines of sympathetic suffering, his eyes stagnant with pain.

- 141a. LONG SHOT THROUGH BARRED WINDOW INTO PRISON YARD

In the center of the yard is a barrel. Over it has been superimposed a rectangular scaffolding. Through the gloom, casting a long shadow across the prison yard from the moon behind, we see a figure, arms tied on either side to the scaffolding, standing on the barrel. As this is established, the first soft strains of music which will run through the entire sequence come over the sound track, so faintly that it is scarcely noticeable. The negroes, across the stockades, are harmonizing on "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

142. FLASH CLOSE SHOT JIM ON BARREL

Mainly to identify the figure we have seen in the previous shot. The music, still very soft, increases slightly in volume.

143. CLOSEUP JIM'S FEET

Because of the height at which his arms have been tied, he is obliged, unless he cares to risk the tremendous pressure on his arms, to stand on tiptoe. As we watch, the muscles of the feet unable to withstand the strain, suddenly relax. The heels touch the barrel. The music grows a little louder.

144. CLOSEUP JIM'S ARMS

The top of his head is barely in the scene. The arms are stretched taut from the relaxation of the feet. A little increase in the volume of music.

- 145-6. CLOSE SHOT SHADOW OF JIM, BARREL AND SCAFFOLDING

The moon being at Jim's back, the shadow naturally falls in front of him. We see only this shadow as

(CONTINUED)

62.  
10/18/35.

145-6 (Cont.)

Jim's body stiffens, rises once more to tiptoe. The music is swelling rapidly. With its plaintive rhythm, the shadow imperceptibly begins to sway.

DISSOLVE TO:

147. CLOSEUP JIM'S FACE

In his loneliness, his misery, his bitter anger, he throws his head backward to the sky, the moon from behind carving it into a strange, geometric design of pain. Half-sobbing, Jim joins in the song ... "Swing Low Sweet Chariot".... as the off-scene chorus rises to a sharp, intense crescendo of volume and passion.

148. MED. SHOT FROM BEHIND SCAFFOLD

showing Jim's silhouetted back, the scaffold and barrel, and their repetition in oblique shadows on the ground in front of Jim. The music is ebbing fast. Jim's body slowly relaxes. The music sobs away in the distance ... diminishes to the thinnest point of sound ... quivers into silence. With the last faint note, Jim's head drops down, resting on his chest. Every muscle in his body relaxes.

The sounds of crickets and frogs swell up, surprisingly loud in the intense silence which has replaced the music. For just an instant, they fill the sound track... then, as the light from behind Jim begins slowly to diminish, we CUT TO:

148a. CLOSE SHOT SHOOTING INTO BUNK-HOUSE BARRED WINDOW  
NIGHT

showing Bob's fingers slowly unclinch from the bars, and his head sink from sight.

148b. CLOSE SHOT INT. BUNK-HOUSE BOB AND PETE

Bob is sliding into his bunk from the window. He sits half-upright and, with trembling hand, wipes the sweat from his upper face. Pete is watching him with the quiet sympathy of the old-timer for the novice. They play the whole scene in whispers.

(CONTINUED)

148b. (Cont.)

PETE:  
(very softly)  
Steady there.

Bob's knuckles are white as they grab the covers convulsively.

BOB:  
(whisper)  
But they'll kill him;  
(a little pause)

PETE:  
(earnestly)  
Listen, kid; I'm a friend.  
Somebody's got it in for  
your pal. Now about that  
writin' for a newspaper --  
if they ever catch him, they  
will kill him.

BOB:  
(bitterly)  
If there was only something  
I could do --

PETE:  
(grumbling)  
There ain't nothin' you can do  
in this spot.

BOB:  
(thoughtfully)  
I can't write -- but if I got  
out, I could sure tell Jim's  
editor a story or two.  
(he is beginning to see  
a solution. He brightens  
a little)  
I'll do it! I'll try to make a  
break tomorrow!

PETE:  
Hold on, boy. You ain't got  
a chance.

BOB:  
I'll have more chance than he's  
got out there on the barrel.

PETE:  
(sincerely)  
But, kid, it just ain't possible.

BOB:  
I'll make it possible!

(CONTINUED)

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148b (Cont. 1)

PETE:  
(after a moment's thought)  
You dead serious about this?

BOB:  
(grimly)  
Dead serious.

PETE:  
Then don't commit suicide.  
Maybe I can help you. But  
your chances are ten to one  
to get shot any way you look  
at it.

BOB:  
I'll take 'em. But we mustn't  
tell Jim. What's the dope?

PETE:  
I heard from a guard that in  
about two weeks they're gonna  
do some steam dredgin' in the  
quarry .....

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

149. CLOSE SHOT OF A PAIR OF FEET

Over the sound track comes organ music which runs through this and successive scenes. The wheezing notes of the organ are accompanying a solo voice, singing the words of the hymn, as the

CAMERA PULLS  
BACK TO:

150. MED. SHOT INT. PRISON MESS HALL

It is being used as an improvised chapel for Bob's funeral services. We see a plain box coffin, with a pitiable offering of wild flowers, on a table in the central background, behind which the improvised rostrum supports the harmonium and the pulpit. The assembled convicts, looking a little cleaner than usual, are attending the services under the watchful eyes of Sam Dawson, the Warden and guards. The chaplain is standing behind his pulpit. He is a vigorous-appearing, kindly, he-man type.

151. CLOSE SHOT SOLOIST

A convict who has been selected for the occasion. He is singing the closing hymn of the service.

SOLOIST:

I've wandered far away from God,  
Now I'm coming home;  
The paths of sin too long I've trod,  
Lord, I'm coming home.

152. MED. SHOT: THE CONVICT CONGREGATION AS THEY TAKE UP  
THE CHORUS

CHORUS:

Coming home, coming home,  
Never more to roam;  
Open wide Thine arms of love,  
Lord, I'm coming home.

153. MOVING CLOSE SHOT ALONG THE ROWS OF CONVICT FACES

With here a sad one, a sensitive one, a brutal one, a maniacal one. Over the scene comes the soloist singing the second verse:

(CONTINUED)

152 (Cont.)

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SOLOIST:

(off scene)

My soul is sick, my heart is sore,  
 Now I'm coming home;  
 My strength renew, my hope restore;  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

153. PAN SHOT FROM WARDEEN &amp; SAM DAWSON TO JIM

As the chorus begins once more. The Warden and Sam are not singing. The CAMERA then PANS to Jim, who occupies a seat directly in front of Bob's casket. He stares straight at the coffin as his lips form the words of the off-scene convict chorus.

CHORUS:

Coming home, coming home,  
 Never more to roam;  
 Open wide Thine arms of love,  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

As the song quavers to a finish, Jim's hands clinch, and a wash of tears scums the bitterness of his eyes.

154. PAN SHOT FROM JIM TO THE COFFIN AND ON TO THE CHAPLAIN

At the start of the scene the Chaplain has begun the benediction.

CHAPLAIN:

Let us bow our heads in prayer.

O God, we consign to Thee all that is good and clean and honest in the boy who has preceded us in Death. We beseech Thee to enfold Thy loving arms about him, and to give him peace. For if Robert Gordon has sinned, O Father, so have we all.

(arms outspread in benediction)

Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon. Now the God of Peace be with you all. Amen.

154a. FULL SHOT TOWARD CONVICT CONGREGATION INCLUDING  
ROSTRUM

65.  
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The men mumble a general response.

OMNES:

Amen.

The Warden steps up to the rostrum.

WARDEN:

All right -- pass them prayer  
books to the center.

As the men begin to comply, the Warden takes a small  
sheet of paper from his pocket and continues:

WARDEN:

The following men go to the  
visitors room. Rest assemble  
in the yard ...

(reading from paper)

Jackson -- Bilhorn -- Mathows --  
Larrabee --

The men begin to file out of the room. The Warden  
leaves the rostrum. The organist and the chaplain  
depart as we move into a:

154b. CLOSE SHOT JIM

He rises, still staring at the coffin. The men in his  
row jostle past, leaving him alone. Almost fearfully  
he advances, the CAMERA PANNING with him, until he is  
beside the coffin. He plants each hand on the side  
of the coffin, and looks down at the face of his dead  
comrade. He is obviously struggling between the  
dramatics of the situation, and some deeply felt desire  
to speak a last word to one who, in a very definite  
sense, offered up his life as a sacrifice to friendship.

JIM:

(struggling with every  
word)

Well -- kid -- you didn't quite  
make it ---- did you?

GUARD'S VOICE:

(off scene)

Come on, there, Larrabee!

Jim seems to be struggling with an actual physical  
power that forces him to cling to the casket, as he  
turns, after two efforts, and moves out of the scene,  
his face toward the casket as we

DISSOLVE TO:

65a.  
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155. MED. SHOT INT. VISITORS' ROOM

It is a modium size room behind the Warden's office. A long table constructed of rough boards stands in the middle of the room. The visitors, mostly the wives and mothers of the convicts, are seated at one side of the table on long wooden benches. A file of prisoners, Jim among them, is being ushered in by Sam Dawson and another guard. At a command from Dawson, the men break ranks, find their own relatives, and seat themselves on another wooden bench opposite them.

156. MED. CLOSE SHOT TABLE

Jim continues toward the other end of the table, searching the faces of the visitors. Sam and the other guard take up their posts at either end of the table, carefully watching the men and their visitors as they begin animated conversations.

157. MED. CLOSE SHOT BARBARA STANDING BESIDE TABLE

She gazes anxiously off scene. Then her eyes light up.

(CONTINUED)

157 (Cont.)

BARBARA:

Jim --!

Jim comes into the scene, gazes at her soberly.

JIM:

Hello -- Barbara.

158. CLOSE SHOT BARBARA AND JIM AT TABLE STILL STANDING

Their conversation is carried on in an undertone.

JIM:

I thought you'd never come.

BARBARA:

You knew I would.

JIM:

Yes ... I suppose so.  
(noticing they are  
still standing)

Sit down.

They sit. He leans across, gazing at her hungrily.

JIM:

(impulsively)  
Gee -- you look swell!

BARBARA:

(a little teary-eyed)  
You --  
(her voice chokes at  
the lie she is about to  
tell -- but she smiles  
and continues)  
-- you look swell too!

JIM:

(bitterly)  
I know how I look. You've  
heard about -- Bob?

BARBARA:

(soberly)  
Yes.

JIM:

I've just been to -- what  
they call his funeral in  
there. I always thought I

(CONTINUED)

158 (Cont.)

JIM: (CONTINUED)  
was fairly civilized, Barbara.  
But I'm not.

(he is reaching a point  
of almost feverish intensity)  
Know why? Because I have an insane  
desire to kill -- to kill!

BARBARA:  
Jim! You mustn't talk like that!  
You mustn't even think it!

JIM:  
That's easy to say. Wait 'till  
you see your best friend shaking  
with twenty-thousand volts.

BARBARA:  
Oh, I wish you'd stop, my dear!  
You know how sorry I am. But it  
doesn't do any good. Let's --  
let's talk about something else.

There is a little pause. Then Jim's voice, sharply  
irritable, lashes out across the table, bitter with  
frustration and brooding.

JIM:  
All right -- let's do! Tell  
me about yourself! What are  
you doing? How does -- how does  
everything outside look? Give me  
the news -- anything!

BARBARA:  
(gravely)  
The only news I have -- isn't  
very good.

(CONTINUED)

JIM:  
(anxiously, a little  
sharply)  
What's that?

BARBARA:  
My former step-father has been  
appointed state prison director.

JIM:  
(a low whistle to  
conceal his reaction  
to this fresh  
disaster)  
Not -- so -- good.  
(a pause... then he  
remembers the other  
implication of her  
speech)  
Say ... what do you mean, your  
'former step-father'?

BARBARA:  
(quietly)  
Just that. I've left home, Jim.

JIM:  
But honey --

BARBARA:  
Soon as I learned that my step-  
father, Metcalfe, and Dudley had  
deliberately planned to put you  
here, and keep you here --

JIM:  
Dudley, too?

BARBARA:  
(nods)

JIM:  
That's why Chicago didn't answer  
my wire. Gee! I've caused you a  
lot of trouble, haven't I?

BARBARA:  
No. I'm glad you opened my eyes.  
I've been so helpless all my  
life -- I'm thrilled at the chance  
to do something. I'll never stop  
trying to get you out of here.

(CONTINUED)

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158 (Cont.1)

JIM:

(shaking his head  
grimly)

Brave little kid. There's only  
one way for me to get out of this  
mess -- the way I got in.

BARBARA:

(after a little pause  
- puzzled)

How's that?

JIM:

(decisively)

By writing for the Chicago Sun,  
(Barbara nods  
thoughtfully)

That's where you can help me.

BARBARA:

(breathlessly)

How?

JIM:

Smuggle a story out for me. See  
that it reaches the Sun. It --  
it's our only chance, Barbara.  
Will you do it?

BARBARA:

Of course I will.

Jim makes a furtive move under the table.

JIM:

Here... no, don't look! Just  
pretend you're talking to me ...  
there!

(he slips her a  
piece of paper)

Hide it!

159. CLOSEUP THE GUARD

From the corner of his eye he has watched the transfer  
of the tightly folded piece of paper. A slow,  
triumphant smile steals over his face.

160. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. VISITORS' ROOM BARBARA AND  
JIM AT TABLE

Both look relieved.

JIM:  
When that one's published --

GUARD'S VOICE:  
(off scene)  
All right. Time's up!

Jim rises from his seat.

JIM:  
Thanks a million, honey!

BARBARA:  
(encouragingly)  
Goodbye... Jim. And don't worry.

He nods and moves out of the scene. Barbara rises and turns in the opposite direction.

161. MED. CLOSE SHOT GUARD AT DOOR WITH VISITORS' FILING  
BY HIM

He examines them cursorily as they start to go through the door. When Barbara reaches him, he takes her arm respectfully.

GUARD:  
Sorry, Miss. You'll have to come with me to the Warden's office.

BARBARA:  
(trying to pull away)  
But I don't want to see the Warden.

GUARD:  
(clamping down tightly on her arm)  
Sorry. It's orders.

Barbara turns and looks despairingly to the other end of the room.

162. MED. SHOT THE PRISONERS' EXIT TWO GUARDS AND JIM.

They have him firmly pinioned.

(CONTINUED)

162 (Cont.)

FIRST GUARD:

Pulling a fast one, hey, Larrabie?

We get one glance at Jim's panic-stricken face as he stares toward Barbara.

163. CLOSE SHOT BARBARA AND GUARD

She is still looking appealingly toward Jim as the guard, obviously embarrassed by his task of man-handling the big-shot's daughter, eases her through the doorway.

WIPE TO:

164. MED. SHOT INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE  
WARDEN, BARBARA AND THE TWO GUARDS

The Warden is sitting on one corner of his desk, facing Barbara, who stands spunkily in front of him.

WARDEN:

This is a little embarrassing, Miss Winston, but rules are rules, and it's my job to enforce 'em. Unless you give me that piece of paper you got from Larrabie, I'll have to take it myself.

BARBARA:

(defiantly)

You have no right to interfere with my personal affairs!

WARDEN:

(with a shrug)

What you do with convicts is my affair.

With a movement that seems lazy but which really is incredibly swift, he snatches the purse from her. As she leaps forward to retrieve it, a guard restrains her. The Warden quickly withdraws the offending piece of paper. He snaps the purse shut and hands it to her with a little flourish. He walks over to his desk, opening the paper as he does so. We recognize it as the same piece that Sam Dawson tossed away from his lunch. For a moment the Warden gazes at it in perplexity. Then, still looking at the paper while he talks, he walks to the window for better light.

(CONTINUED)

164 (Cont.)

WARDEN:  
(peering at the paper)  
Well... your friend seems to  
be an inventor. He's scratched  
his little note with a pin.

Barbara moves apprehensively toward the window.

165. INSERT: THE PAPER

Common brown wrapping paper, filled with incredibly  
fine writing that has been scratched in with a pin-  
point. We HOLD this on the screen just long enough  
for the audience to read a line or two, as:

This is to let the outer  
world know that there are  
still places in civilized  
America where men can be  
framed into prison, where  
they can be beaten and  
brutalized and tortured as  
no man would mistreat his  
horse; where they ...

166. MED. CLOSE SHOT WARDEN AND BARBARA AT WINDOW

The Warden is squinting to read the difficult writing.  
His lips move, as he reads the note to himself.

WARDEN:  
... h-m-m-m.  
(he glances at Barbara)  
Reads purty.

He frowns thoughtfully and starts for his desk. The  
CAMERA PANS with him as he walks by Barbara and sits  
down in his swivel chair.

166a. MED. CLOSE SHOT WARDEN AT DESK

Barbara is standing near.

WARDEN:  
(he looks up at Barbara  
again)  
Well, Miss Winston, it's a right  
nice little essay. Sorry we can't  
give it back to you.

(CONTINUED)

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166a (Cont.)

Barbara walks to the desk and confronts him.

BARBARA:

You're afraid to read it to me!  
Afraid because what it says is  
true! I'm no fool! I've talked  
to men who've come out of this  
place! I know what you do! You  
torture them and beat them and  
brutalize them 'till they're  
half mad! I've seen it --  
I've seen it in their eyes!

The Warden leans back in his chair, looks up at two  
guards, extends both hands in a gesture of bewildered  
invitation.

WARDEN:

Ever see anything like that here,  
boys? Go on. Don't be afraid.  
Speak right up.

Both guards shake their heads solemnly.

FIRST GUARD:

(horrified)  
Certainly not!

WARDEN:

(turning to Barbara)  
Of course --  
(a shrug)  
-- we ain't exactly operatin'  
a sanitarium down here. We've  
gotta have discipline. If they  
run, why we've gotta shoot. If  
they violate rules, we have to  
punish 'em. But we understand  
someone like your friend Larrabie  
-- he's hot-headed, excitable,  
young ... but he'll get over that  
soon enough. Why, I'm expectin'  
that boy to be a model prisoner  
in another month, Miss Winston.

BARBARA:

(deliberately)  
If anything happens to him because  
of this, I'll expose you and your  
rotten prison if it takes the rest  
of my life!

WARDEN:

'N I'd be the last to blame you.  
But first you've gotta have proof,  
Miss Winston.

(CONTINUED)

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166a (Cont. 1)

WARDEN: (CONTINUED)

(he rises)

Now you run on home, and leave  
this whole thing in my hands.

Barbara hesitates, then turns and starts slowly for  
the door.

WARDEN:

And Miss Winston -- I wouldn't  
bother t' come down here any  
more. Not that you're unwelcome,  
you know. But I just don't like  
to have no private messenger  
systems operatin' outta my camp  
... G'bye.

Barbara starts to reply, then evidently realizes there  
is nothing she can say. PAN WITH HER as she crosses  
the room and slams the door behind her instead. The  
Warden picks up a telephone.

WARDEN:

(into phone)

Long Distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

167. CLOSE SHOT INT. WINSTON'S STUDY WINSTON AT DESK

The phone on the desk rings. Winston picks it up.

WINSTON:

(into phone)

Hello... Yes... Oh, hello,  
Warden...

(Winston starts, then  
stares grimly straight  
ahead)

The devil she did!

167a. CLOSE SHOT INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE WARDEN AT PHONE

WARDEN:

(into phone)

She sure did. Wanta hear  
Larrabee's little yarn?...  
Okay: "This is to let the  
outer world know that there  
are still places in civilized  
America where men can be framed  
into prison, where they can be

(CONTINUED)

167a (Cont.)

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WARDEN: (CONTINUED)

(into phone)

beaten and brutalized and tortured as no man would mistreat his horse; where they are goaded finally to escape, and then butchered like hogs in their tracks. And who is responsible for such savagery? What sort of men support and encourage the sadists who have the power of life and death over us? I'm going to name names and --"

167b. CLOSE SHOT INT. WINSTON'S STUDY WINSTON AT PHONE

WINSTON:

(into phone)

Don't read any more. Mail it to me. And listen, Warden --"

168. CLOSE SHOT INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE WARDEN ON PHONE

The Warden listens attentively to Winston on the other end of the wire.

WARDEN:

Right, Mr. Winston ... That's what I'll do... Yes ... Oh, that's quite all right. Thought you'd like to know ... Goodbye, Mr. Winston.

The Warden hangs up the receiver with a grim smile. He turns to one of the two waiting guards.

WARDEN:

Larrabee outside?

GUARD:

(jerk his thumb toward the door)

Yes, sir.

WARDEN:

Shoot him in.

The door opens and Jim enters, under custody of a guard. He moves across the small office and faces the Warden.

(CONTINUED)

WARDEN:

Larrabee, I been hearin' a rumor lately that you ain't exactly satisfied with our little roost home here.

JIM:

(shrugging his shoulders)  
I've lived in places I like better.

WARDEN:

(nodding)  
'S just what I thought. Well, I gotta little good news for you. I been talking to Mr. Winston. It's his opinion that this camp's no place for a nice boy like you. What do you think of that?

JIM:

If Winston's in on the deal, it's a bad one.

WARDEN:

That so?  
(he nods thoughtfully)  
That's where you're wrong. He's decided that our work here isn't at all fitten to your talents. Tomorrow you sort of graduate from here ... you know, join all the other smart boys at Blackfoot!

169. INSERT: WEATHER-BEATEN SIGN

"BLACKFOOT MINES, INC."

DISSOLVE TO:

170. LONG SHOT STOCK EXT. MINE

DISSOLVE TO:

171. MED. CLOSE SHOT TOP OF ELEVATOR SHAFT

Jim and two other newcomers, in Blackfoot garb, under custody of one guard -- as they march onto the elevator. The CAMERA starts to descend with the elevator.

DISSOLVE TO:

172. MED. CLOSE SHOT BOTTOM OF ELEVATOR SHAFT

As the elevator stops, new prisoners step out and take their first look at the mine.

FIRST PRISONER:

(looking around)

A swell dump -- if you ever  
get out of it.

173. LONG SHOT INT. MAIN TUNNEL  
FOLLOWING THE EYES OF THE NEW ARRIVALS

GUARD'S VOICE:

(off scene)

All right, boys... Move on.

174. MED. SHOT THE GROUP

as they start moving down the tunnel, the CAMERA TRUCKING with them. From a side tunnel comes a car heaped with coal, pushed by four struggling prisoners, a guard lolling behind them. We PAN AWAY from our characters to:

175. MOVING SHOT THE COAL CAR

showing the brutally inhuman labor necessary to bring it from the spur onto the main track. One of the human horses coughs horribly, monotonously. As it is pushed onto the main track, our three prisoners and the guard again enter the scene, passing it and marching steadily ahead.

175a. MED. CLOSE SHOT MULE STABLES

showing the haunches of the animals at east, for contrast with the previous scene of prisoners pushing the coal car.

176. DOLLY SHOT FROM VIEWPOINT OF MARCHING CHARACTERS

showing the various cubicles leading off the main tunnel. Other cars loaded with coal are being pushed onto the main track. From one side-tunnel come two convicts bearing between them the sagging figure of one of their fellows who has collapsed, followed by a guard.

DISSOLVE TO:

177. FULL SHOT INT. MINE CHAMBER

as Jim and the two convicts with the guard enter the chamber. A guard stands lazily in one corner beside the entrance watching the three men (in addition to the newcomers) who continue doggedly at their work. These are (1) an old convict; (2) a tall, gaunt, expressionless man in middle age; (3) a wizened, maniacal little fellow of uncertain years who, as the scene opens, is chuckling softly to himself.

FIRST GUARD:  
(to guard on duty)  
Three more greenhorns.

SECOND GUARD:  
They won't be long.

DISSOLVE TO:

178. MED. SHOT INT. MINE CHAMBER

Jim is now equipped with a pick and is hard at work. One of the newcomers is lying on his back, undercutting a ledge. The Expressionless man is loading a car similar to the ones we have seen.

179. CLOSE SHOT MINE CHAMBER THE CHUCKLER

He pauses in his work, faces the CAMERA and parts his lips in idiotic Harpo-Marx glee. The grimace is directed at Jim.

180. MED. SHOT JIM, OLD CONVICT AND CHUCKLER

Jim turns questioningly to Old Convict, who works beside him.

JIM:  
(semi-whisper)  
What's the matter with him?

Neither Jim or Old Convict pause in their regular pick-swinging as the dialogue continues in a stealthily undertone.

OLD CONVICT:  
Him? Bats. Been here eleven years on a life stretch. Blame him?

(CONTINUED)

180 (Cont.)

The Chuckler scrambles to a new position, begins swinging his pick frantically, his laughter continuing.

181. MED. CLOSE SHOT GUARD AT PASSAGEWAY

His face is baleful in the eerie light.

GUARD:

Shut up!

The chuckling ceases, as if a hand had stopped the throat from which it came. From the main tunnel, a police-type whistle blows. The guard in the scene puts one to his lips and likewise blows.

GUARD:

All right! Grab a hold!

182. MED. SHOT INT. MINE CHAMBER TOWARD THE PASSAGEWAY

The prisoners instantly cease swinging their picks. Jim and the two newcomers narrowly watching their fellow prisoners, follow them to the car. The men begin adjusting their shoulders to the car preparatory to pushing it -- all but the Expressionless one, who lingers in back of the car, pick in hand.

183. CLOSE SHOT EXPRESSIONLESS ONE

as a wild look of desperation passes over his face. He raises his pick high above his head and buries it in the ground. The Expressionless one looks down at the pick.

183a. CLOSEUP ON THE PICK

One half is buried in the earth. The other protrudes wickedly.

183b. CLOSEUP EXPRESSIONLESS ONE'S FACE

as he sees a means of escape in death. The face comes forward into the CAMERA as the Expressionless one begins to fall toward the pick.

184. FLASH CLOSE SHOT GUARD

78a.  
10/23/35.

as he catches sight of what the Expressionless one intends to do.

GUARD:

Stop -- you fool!

Off scene -- the sound of a blow -- a groan --

184a. PAN SHOT

The CAMERA, impersonating the Expressionless one, falls down on the protruding pick.

185. MED. CLOSE SHOT GROUP AROUND THE CAR

The Expressionless one is on the ground, quite still. The Guard rushes into the scene.

GUARD:

Throw him on top of the load!

DISSOLVE TO:

186. Omitted.

187. MED. CLOSE SHOT GROUP AROUND THE CAR

Jim, Old Convict and convicts lift the figure onto the rough bed of coal prescribed for him by the Guard. While the Guard moves up to inspect the victim, Jim and Old Convict withdraw a little.

188. CLOSE SHOT JIM AND OLD CONVICT

Old Convict is standing in back of Jim, who stares with horrid fascination off-scene at the car.

JIM:

(to himself)

So that's the way to get of here!

OLD CONVICT:

(through tight lips --  
into Jim's ear)

Either you finish your sentence, or  
you end up at Callahan & Murphy's.

Jim's head turns slowly until his hard eyes meet the  
insinuating ones of Old Convict. (CONTINUED)

NEW ENDING

79.  
10/25/35

"PRISON FARM"

188 (Cont.)

JIM:  
(prison-fashion -  
no lip movement)  
Callahan & Murphy's?

OLD CONVICT:  
The undertakers in town. They  
contract our grub, our clothes,  
our work -- an' our bodies when  
we kick off. Course there's one  
other way ... if anybody had the  
nerve.

Jim gives Old Convict a questioning glance.

OLD CONVICT:  
See you tonight. It'll take  
time --

JIM:  
Looks like we'll have plenty of  
that.

DISSOLVE TO:

189. MED. SHOT INT. GOVERNOR'S OUTER OFFICE DAY  
BARBARA, SHIELDS, MALE SECRETARY

Harry Shields (whom we later establish as editor of  
the Chicago Sun) has given the secretary his card.  
As the scene opens, the secretary has just read it.

SECRETARY:  
Oh, yes, Mr. Shields. Mr. Marsden  
received your wire. He asked me to  
tell him the moment you arrived.

SHIELDS:  
Thank you.

The clerk turns to his televox box.

SECRETARY:  
(into instrument)  
Mr. Harry Shields of the Chicago  
Sun and Miss Barbara Winston to  
see you....Yes, I will.  
(turns from instrument  
to visitors)  
Will you go right in?

(CONTINUED)

SHIELDS:

He's that strong, eh?

MARSDEN:

Stronger. He's packed the state with his own men. He's tied our hands on all important legislation. His ridiculous program has got two-thirds of the voters looking on him as a Messiah. You can't do much against a combination like that.

SHIELDS:

You can if you prove him a crook.

MARSDEN:

(leaning forward)

What do you mean?

SHIELDS:

About five months ago a young man named James Larrabee sent me the outline of a proposed Metcalfe biography. I published the first installment and wired him to come North and finish it. En route he was arrested and involved in a jail-break to which, on advice of counsel, he pleaded guilty. He and his companion were given five years. His telegrams to me were intercepted, and because of his confession of guilt, there was nothing I could do.

(Shields pauses for breath)

Miss Winston here is rather deeply interested in the young man herself. She has unearthed a piece of evidence that may put a different light on his case.

Shields reaches in his pocket and withdraws a piece of paper in the form of a check. He hands it to Marsden, who inspects it thoughtfully.

192. INSERT THE CHECK

A cancelled one from J. W. Metcalfe to Charles Dudley --  
'for legal service.'

193. CLOSE SHOT INT. MARSDEN'S OFFICE SHIELDS, BARBARA  
AND MARSDEN

MARSDEN:

And Dudley is --?

(CONTINUED)

189 (Cont.)

Shields and Barbara nod. The CAMERA PANS with them to a door marked, "Attorney General". They open it and enter.

190. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. MARSDEN'S OFFICE SHOOTING TOWARD DESK

as Marsden rises and walks toward his guests, who are just moving into the scene.

MARSDEN:  
How do you do, Miss Winston!

They shake hands.

BARBARA:  
Mr. Marsden, this is Mr. Shields.

MARSDEN:  
(as they shake hands)  
It's a pleasure, sir.  
(Shields ad-libs reply)  
Won't you sit down?

Shields and Barbara sit down conveniently close to desk, while Marsden resumes his seat behind it. During this action, we

DOLLY-UP TO:

191. CLOSE SHOT INT. MARSDEN'S OFFICE MARSDEN, SHIELDS AND BARBARA

Marsden leans back and eyes Shields with pleasant speculation.

MARSDEN:  
Well, Mr. Shields, I imagine it's no small matter that can tear you away from the Sun and bring you nose-diving into our part of the globe.

SHIELDS:  
You're right, Mr. Marsden. At the outset I want to ask you one frank question. Are you a Metcalfe man?

MARSDEN:  
(with a short laugh)  
I've been fighting him for three years.

(CONTINUED)

SHEILDS:

The lawyer who advised Larrabee to plead guilty. But that isn't all. In his outline, Larrabee made a lot of direct accusations. Dummy corporations owned by Metcalfe and selling to the state. Graft all down the line. This issue isn't confined to your own state, Mr. Marsden. It concerns us all. I firmly believe that if Metcalfe isn't stopped in the next three months -- he'll never be stopped. You know what that means.

MARSDEN:

I agree. But you must remember that there are only four anti-Metcalfe office-holders left in this state. I'm one of them. I'm willing to go to bat immediately -- but I need proof.

SHEILDS:

And I think I know how you can get it.

MARSDEN:

How?

SHEILDS:

In Blackfoot Prison. Supposing you asked Winston and Metcalfe to join us in an inspection to check up on reported brutalities there?

MARSDEN:

Brutality doesn't convict a man of graft. And by the time we arrived, all evidence of brutality would have vanished anyhow.

SHEILDS:

(insinuatingly)

Exactly. But we would be in the prison, Mr. Marsden -- and for a legitimate reason.

MARSDEN:

Yes, but --

SHEILDS:

(interrupting - talking very incisively)

For a reason which would never lead them to suspect that you held in your pocket a court order for the surrender of all prison records.

193 (Cont.1)

MARSDEN: (thoughtfully)  
I begin to see. Your brutality  
investigation is just a blind to  
get us to the records before they  
have a chance to destroy them.

SHIELDS:  
That's it, Mr. Marsden. Do you  
like the idea?

MARSDEN:  
Like it? It's perfect! I'll get  
Judge Bowman - he's one of the four  
survivors, you know -- to have a  
court order ready for me in the  
next hour. When do you want to go?

SHIELDS:  
It can't be too soon for us.

MARSDEN:  
Late this afternoon, then.  
(turns to televox  
and signals)  
Jerry.... get Mr. Metcalfe and  
Mr. Winston. I want them to show  
a party through Blackfoot in --  
(looks at wrist-watch)  
-- in two hours. And have a sedan  
ready for me in fifteen minutes.  
(he turns from instrument  
and smiles to Shields and  
Barbara)  
We don't move as slowly down here  
as you might think, Mr. Shields.

FADE OUT.

**IMPORTANT!**  
RETURN TO  
WARNER BROS. PICTURES, Inc.  
STORY DEPT.

FADE IN

194. INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE WARDEN WINSTON METCALFE  
SHIELDS BARBARA MARSDEN

WARDEN:

Why you won't find a more  
contented bunch of men in any  
state.

(glances at watch)

They'll be up in five minutes  
now. I want you to look 'em  
over carefully. Go through their  
bunkhouse. Eat their food. Find  
out just what sort of an institu-  
tion we're running, eh, Mr. Met-  
calfe?

METCALFE:

(with a shade of irritation)

How should I know? As a private  
citizen, I don't see why I was  
even included in this get-together.

SHIELDS:

(suave'y)

Because you're such a very important  
private citizen.

BARBARA:

I think we should be permitted to  
question the con-- the men, too.

WARDEN:

Certain, Miss Winston. Your father  
and I want you to talk to them.  
You'll learn the difference between  
truth and rumer. Why I've just  
installed a merit system here in  
Blackfoot that will revolutionize -

(the phone rings)

Pardon me a moment.

The Warden goes to the telephone.

WARDEN:

(into phone)

Hello.

195. CLOSE SHOT BULL DAWSON AT TELEPHONE IMMEDIATELY  
OUTSIDE EXT. MAIN SHAFT

(CONTINUED)

195 (Cont.)

BULL:

(into phone)

Listen, boss. I didn't wanta bust in while you had all them blue-noses in the office. They're rioting in the mine. That rat Larrabee started a fist fight! They've got the guards all tied up. The gun cages in the main shaft can't shoot for fear of hittin' one of our own boys. What do you want me to do?

196. MED. CLOSE SHOT -- INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE THE GROUP  
WARDEN AT PHONE

All of them are pretending to be occupied with their own thoughts, but all are really listening intently to the Warden's conversation. The Warden is uncomfortably aware of the fact, as evinced by the cautious glance he casts in their direction before replying to Bull's disastrous message.

WARDEN:

(into phone)

Why that -- that's fine! Give them all the help they need. Particularly on top of the shaft. Understand? I want guards there to give them a hand. And while you're at it, Bull, you'd better take care of the electricity. I'll be out to congratulate them later. Is that clear?

197. CLOSE SHOT BULL DAWSON AT PHONE

BULL:

(into phone)

Yeah. I get it.

Bull hangs up the phone, and walks to the shaft, the CAMERA PANNING with him, bringing into view several other guards.

BULL:

Douse the lights below! Plant four machine guns at the shaft, and wait for orders!

198. CLOSE SHOT INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE WARDEN AT PHONE

As the scene opens, he hangs up the receiver, rises and walks toward the others, the CAMERA PANNING with him to a:

198a. MED. SHOT INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE THE ENTIRE GROUP

WARDEN:

(smilingly)

It's the most surprising thing!

SHIELDS:

Yes?

WARDEN:

You know that merit system I was telling you about when the phone rang?

(listeners nod; Warden continues triumphantly)

Well, it's resulted in the biggest day's production of our entire history! It goes to show what intelligent management can accomplish. There's so much coal down there I've got to have guards stand by to help!

WINSTON:

(beaming on everyone)

Splendid! Now isn't that fine?

SHIELDS:

(murmuring)

Remarkable.

WARDEN:

(desperately trying to keep them interested)

I want you to look over the personal records I make out, so's I can give every case individual attention.

He brings out a file, withdraws a card as an example. They all watch him curiously.

WARDEN:

Now the man's past history goes down here, and his prison record here ...

199. LONG SHOT INT. MAIN TUNNEL

Just enough to show us that the revolting miners are in complete control. We see eight or ten guards lying on the ground, fettered, with groups of the excited prisoners boiling about them. Then the lights crash out. A babble of voices accompanies this sign that the Warden above-ground knows of the revolt. Then the miners' lamps begin to flicker eerily through the immense blackness of the darkened tunnel.

CRANE DOWN TO:

200. MED. CLOSE SHOT GROUP OF PRISONERS AROUND COAL CAR

In the very dim light, we see that Jim has just leaped onto the car.

GROUP OF PRISONERS:

(ad libbing)

Throw your lights on him!  
Give him some light!

A dozen miners' lamps focus on Jim, high-lighting his face weirdly. He begins to harrangue the massed prisoners.

JIM:

(shouting)

All right, men! Are we all together on this?

A mighty roar of approval comes in response.

JIM:

Okay! I'll phone the Warden right now. We'll get what we want, or we'll stay here 'till the mine tumbles in! Is that right?

A louder roar shatters the tunnel. Jim nods and jumps from the coal car.

201. CLOSE MOVING SHOT JIM

He nods as he moves toward the wall phone. The CAMERA TRUCKS with him. We see the pale, desperate faces of the prisoners, illuminated by their lamps, as they watch the man who is to speak for them.

202. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE THE GROUP

All are paying close attention to the Warden, who is still showing them the card file system of prisoners' case histories. He has just brought out a fresh card.

WARDEN:

Now here we have James Larrabee, Chicago. Arrested on suspicion of grand theft... convicted of a jail-break involving two deaths ... interference with a guard in the performance of his duties ... insubordination ... sent here for a serious infraction of prison rules --  
 (a significant glance to Barbara)

-- and that's the type of man we have to deal with. You can see for yourselves --

(phone rings)

Excuse me a moment.

He goes to the phone, the CAMERA PANNING with him to a:

203. CLOSE SHOT WARDEN AT PHONE

WARDEN:

Hello.

204. CLOSE SHOT INT. TUNNEL JIM AT WALL TELEPHONE

JIM:

This's Jim Larrabee. I'm talking for a mine full of crazy men who have all but two of your guards tied up and won't stop at anything! If you want any mine left, you'd better listen -- and listen close. We want the old rations back; new timber in the south workings; fire damp inspection twice a week and immunity for the whole crowd. If we don't get it, we'll stay down with your guards until the whole country knows what a hell-hole you're running. We want an answer -- and we want it now!

205. CLOSE SHOT WARDEN AT PHONE

WARDEN:

(with kindly concern)  
Well, well -- that's too bad.  
Are all your men equipped with  
gas masks?... They're not? In  
that event assemble them and  
clear the mine in two minutes.  
I'll hold you personally responsible.  
Two minutes -- you understand?

206. CLOSE SHOT INT. MAIN TUNNEL JIM AT PHONE

holding the receiver.

JIM:

You're talking like a fool,  
Grayson!

(receiver clicks at  
other end of wire)

Hello -- hello --!

Jim stares at the receiver for a moment, then hangs  
it on its hook and moves out of the scene.

207. MED. SHOT INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE THE GROUP

The Warden is still by the phone, which he has just  
hung up.

WARDEN:

(to group -- by way  
of explanation)

They've opened a gas pocket below.  
I'd clear the mine and lose a day's  
production rather than see one  
prisoner harmed.

(he turns to the phone  
and dials)

I want to talk to Bull Hennessey....  
hello, Bull. How's it going?

208. CLOSE SHOT BULL AT PHONE EXT. MAIN SHAFT

BULL:

(into phone)

The noise below's quieted down..  
Are we gonna stand here all night  
and let 'em get away with it?

209. CLOSE SHOT WARDEN AT PHONE

WARDEN:  
(into phone)

Certainly not! I've just talked with the boys down there. I told them to clear the mine in two minutes, because I didn't want anybody overcome with gas. Is that perfectly clear?

210. CLOSE SHOT BULL AT PHONE

BULL:  
(into phone)

What you mean is that I'm to toss a few tear-bombs on 'em.

211. MED. SHOT INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE GROUP WARDEN AT PHONE

WARDEN:  
(into phone)

That's it exactly.  
(he turns from the phone and sighs weightily)  
Well, thank heaven that's taken care of. I tell you it's no small responsibility to have the welfare of a hundred men on your conscience.

MARSDEN:

Seems like it's taking quite a while for your charges to come up this evening, Mr. Grayson.

(CONTINUED).

211 (Cont.)

WARDEN:

It's the first day of the merit system. They've organized into two competing crews. Rivalry, you know. But I had no idea they'd want to carry the contest overtime.

SHIELDS:

Maybe we could go out now and watch them as they come to the surface.

WARDEN:

(hastily)

No, no! I'd rather not. I don't like the men to feel they're animals on parade. Besides, I want you to see them as they actually live. In the mess-hall and bunk-house. I've ordered dinner to be brought here for us. Very same food the prisoners eat themselves.

(a knock on the door)

That's probably it now. Afterwards we'll go through the whole place.

(calling to knocker)

Come in!

As two guards with trays of food enter, we CUT AWAY TO:

212. CLOSE SHOT EXT. MAIN SHAFT

NIGHT

Bull Hennessey and a cluster of other men are standing above the shaft. Hennessey has a bomb prepared. His assistants are holding others. Bull Hennessey hurls the missile into the shaft at as oblique an angle as possible.

213. CLOSE SHOT BASE OF SHAFT

The bomb crashes down, bounces against a side of the shaft, strikes another, and rolls well into the main passageway, perhaps fifteen feet further into the mine than the two cages, which hold the unconscious guard at right, the still-conscious but inactive one, at left. The bomb lies there sizzling and smoking. Suddenly the beam of a miner's lamp entraps it. A wild yell breaks loose.

## 214. MED. SHOT TOWARD BASE OF SHAFT

As a miner dashes in, grasps the bomb and hurls it back toward the shaft entrance. It lands almost directly in front of the guards' cages, where it explodes, engulfing the whole scene in gas. Left Guard yells hoarsely, and staggers from his cage. Three miners dash in, and snatch him into their midst. Right guard likewise is gassed out.

A little group of prisoners is watching the bomb and the stench caused by it, among them Jim and Old Convict. They notice that the gas does not come their way. Instead, the ventilators are sucking it directly up the shaft, returning it, so to speak, to its donors. Old Convict laughs cynically.

OLD CONVICT:

'S long as the ventilators run, we won't have to worry about them little contraptions. And when the ventilators stop, the whole mine goes boom, so who cares.

Jim grins rather strainedly, and watches the gas as it sweeps up the shaft.

## 215. MED. CLOSE SHOT TOP OF SHAFT

Bull Hennessey and his assistants are gasping from their sudden bath of tear gas. They retreat from the shaft which vomits it forth. Bull suddenly detaches himself from the group. The CAMERA PANS with him as he moves perhaps ten feet to the left of a shaft, where there is an outdoor telephone connection. Bull dials.

## 216. MED. SHOT INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE THE GROUP

They are eating dinner off the Warden's desk.

WARDEN:

Plain food, you see, but well-prepared and wholesome.

SHIELDS:

(sarcastically)  
And tiresome. I hope this isn't going to be entirely a tea-party, Mr. Grayson.

WARDEN:

(grimly)  
I don't think you'll be disappointed, Mr. Shields.

(CONTINUED)

216 (Cont.)

The phone rings. The Warden steps to it and answers.

WARDEN:  
Hello.

217. CLOSE SHOT EXT. MAIN SHAFT BULL AT PHONE

BULL:  
Hey -- the ventilators are  
throwin' the gas right back at us.

218. CLOSE SHOT WARDEN AT PHONE

WARDEN:  
(into phone)  
Reverse 'em! ... I don't  
even care! I said reverse them!

219. CLOSE SHOT BULL AT PHONE

BULL:  
(into phone)  
Okay.

He hangs the receiver up. The CAMERA PANS with him back to the main shaft.

220. MED. SHOT EXT. MAIN SHAFT BULL AND ASSISTANTS.

BULL:  
(to assistant)  
Reverse the ventilators!

ASSISTANT:  
But the bad air'll blow the  
whole mine up!

BULL:  
Who asked you for suggestions?  
Grayson says reverse the venti-  
lators.

ASSISTANT:  
But I think ---

BULL:  
Nobody asked you to think!  
(to assistant)  
Do as I say!

(CONTINUED)

220 (Cont.)

The assistant moves off scene, reluctantly. The rest retreat steadily before the increasing gas fumes from inside the main shaft.

221. CLOSEUP TWO ARMS

as they wrestle with the ventilator control wheel.

222. INSERT THE VENTILATORS

as they slow down, come to a complete stop, and begin turning in the opposite direction.

222 a. MED. SHOT EXT. MAIN SHAFT

as the puffs of gas seem suspended for a moment in mid-air. Then the upper half drifts skyward, while the lower half is sucked back again into the mine.

BULL:

Now we'll give 'em the works!

Bull returns to the shaft with assistants and the box of bombs, and begins mechanically to hurl one bomb after another.

223. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. MAIN TUNNEL SHOOTING TOWARD SHAFT

as the bombs, spitting and hissing, begin to rain down the shaft. When their explosions come, the vaporous influx, instead of being sucked up the shaft, now is blown directly down the main passageway.

224. LONG SHOT INT. MAIN TUNNEL

The light of the miners still flicker against the glistening black walls. The sounds of the place have quieted considerably, indicating that the convicts have the situation well in hand.

225. MED. SHOT INT. END OF MAIN TUNNEL JIM, OLD CONVICT and GROUP

They stare with horror at the gas billowing in at the head of the tunnel. A God-forsaken cry arises from the men nearest to the smoke.

(CONTINUED)

225 (Cont.)

CRY:  
The ventilators! They've  
reversed the ventilators!

226. CLOSE SHOT NINE GUARDS TRUSSED ON GROUND

They are bound hand and foot and gagged as well. Their eyes betray hopeless terror as they see the approaching cloud of gas. They squirm in helpless desperation. From their muffled mouths come queer little sounds of pleading, like animals in pain. The gas billows in over them.

227. MED. SHOT INT. MAIN TUNNEL

as a panic-stricken rush begins, the prisoners pouring into a passageway which offers temporary haven from the advancing fumes.

228. CLOSE SHOT AN INTERSECTING PASSAGEWAY

A mule, harness dragging, whinnying in wild terror, gallops into the scene and disappears in the darkness of the intersecting passageway.

229. CLOSE SHOT CHUCKLER AND ONE OF THE TRUSSED GUARDS

The Chuckler is coughing horribly, but he has at hand an opportunity that neither tear-gas nor guns could deprive him of. He ~~stands~~ stands over one of the fallen guards and begins slowly to laugh. He brushes a hand over the squirming guard's face, as if this trussed body were a being from some strange and totally unknown world. His chuckling and coughing increase. His lean fingers caress the throat of the fallen guard. The guard's set face freezes to a mask of insane fear.

230. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. MAIN TUNNEL

as the men flash by toward refuge. Jim is being swirled along in their midst. The gas has reached the group. Tears stream down sooty faces, leaving ghastly white stripes. Jim is fighting against the current.

JIM:  
We can't leave the guards!  
We can't leave 'em! Let me through!

(CONTINUED)

230 (Cont.)

He finally breaks through the fighting mob, and runs off scene.

231. MED. CLOSE SHOT THE TRUSSED GUARDS ON THE FLOOR  
CHUCKLER

The Chuckler is just preparing to throttle the life out of his victim when Jim rushes in, hurls him aside, and goes down the line of inert bodies, tearing the gas off. When he addresses them, his voice is cracked and broken from the gas.

JIM:

(savagely)

How does this make you like your swell warden? You're just like us now -- dogs -- rats -- gas-fodder and gun-fodder! Now listen, fellows. You can stay here, or you can come with us and fight. But I can't set you free and then have you double-cross us. Which'll it be?

A throaty, animal-like chorus rises from the guards.

Jim begins quickly to untie their fetters. The Chuckler who has been lurking in the BACKGROUND, returns now to assist, crying like a baby. One by one the guards stagger to their feet and vanish out of the scene in the direction of the general retreat. The last one free, Jim and the Chuckler likewise stagger through the gas and foul air toward the remoter chambers of the mine.

232. A SERIES OF SLOW DISSOLVES AND PAN SHOTS

showing the retreating convicts, like an army of ghosts, fading from one tunnel to the next before the deadly billows of gas that are being fanned by the reversed ventilator system through the entire mine.

DISSOLVE TO:

233. FULL SHOT INT. MINE CHAMBER PRISONERS AND GUARDS

They have retreated to the last chamber. The men are packed into the chamber like rats.

OLD CONVICT:

All right, boys. Blockade the opening! Shut that stinkin' stuff out!

(CONTINUED)

233 (Cont.)

The first wisps of smoke are entering the chamber as the men -- prisoners and guards alike -- throw themselves feverishly to the task of piling coal and rocks into the entrance way. They strike off their coats, shirts, pants -- anything to fill in the chinks.

DISSOLVE TO:

234. MED. SHOT INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE THE GROUP

They are just finishing their meal.

SHIELDS:

(sarcastically)

Well, Grayson, if that was prisoners' food, all I can say is that I wouldn't mind being a con myself. Now let us in on the secret. What're you stalling about?

WARDEN:

(innocently)

Stall?

WINSTON:

(agitatedly)

I'm sure the warden isn't --

MARSDEN:

(interrupting)

We came here to inspect the prison. Supposing we begin?

The door opens to admit a guard bearing a tray of coffee cups.

WARDEN:

Why, I don't understand! The men are in the washrooms by now. We'll have our coffee and then go straight to the mess hall. Of course, if you insist --

He makes a bewildered little shrug to Metcalfe and Winston.

SHIELDS:

(puzzled, but wanting the Warden to uncover his own hand)

Oh, all right. Let's have our coffee and get it over with.

As the guard begins serving the coffee, we CUT TO:

## 235. WIDE ANGLE INT. MINE CHAMBER THE ENTIRE GROUP OF PRISONERS

The barricade is not completed. The men are in the most wretched conceivable state. The room is filling with gas. All are squatted on the floor to get as much oxygen as possible. Some have fainted. The Chuckler is driving them slowly mad by his obscene giggling in the face of what seems certain death. The men are grumbling to themselves. Finally, a guard staggers to his feet in a delirium of fear.

GUARD:

(to Chuckler)

Shut up! Shut up!

(to group - shrieking)

I'm not going to die like a rat!

I want to die on my feet! --

On my feet!

Jim, who is standing, gazes around thoughtfully at the guard.

JIM:

The rest of you feel that way?

There is a moment of silence, a slowly increasing grumble, which suddenly bursts into a massed shout of agreement. Jim walks over to a guard.

JIM:

Give me the key to the explosives room.

GUARD:

(defiantly)

I'll see you in Hades first.

Jim clips the guard on the chin. He topples. Another guard volunteers Jim assistance in getting the keys. Jim dangles the keys slowly as he looks around at the entombed men.

## 236. PAN SHOT

moving from face to face and group to group as their tortured eyes peer out at the man who has at least proposed some solution to their dilemma. Again comes the low murmur of approval. The CAMERA COMES to rest on:

## 237. MED. CLOSE SHOT JIM, OLD CONVICT AND GROUP

JIM:

Okay, boys. Dip your clothes in that seepage and wrap them around your faces. Break down the barricades and scoot for the side tunnels. If you can hold out five minutes there, we'll blast these workings into Kingdom Come. It may kill us all -- and it may get air.

(he turns to Old Convict and the key guard)

Come on, let's get to work.

The men grab their shirts and coats where they have chinked them into the barricade, and begin soaking them in the faint trickle of seepage that comes through the west wall.

Another group attack the semi-barricade, destroying in a few seconds the work that required such heart-breaking effort. Through the aperture thus created the men drift rapidly, like ghosts into the gloom, seeking refuge from the forth-coming blast. Jim, Old Convict and the key guard set out for the explosives room.

238.

239. TWO DISSOLVES

showing them as they fight their way through the gas-filled air into tunnels distant from the chamber.

240.

MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE. GROUP AROUND TABLE

Some are drinking their coffee. Others have completed.

WARDEN:

Of course, we could get chicory, as a lot of prisons do, but we've found --

The office is shaken by a dull explosion. Coffee cups clatter. Barbara gives a short little scream. Her cup falls to the floor. All leap to their feet.

SHIELDS:

What's that!

WINSTON:

(almost sobbing)

What is it -- what is it --  
what is it?

(CONTINUED)

240 (Cont.)

WARDEN:  
(snarling)  
Keep quiet!

He dashes to the window.

240a. FULL SHOT AN INTERSECTING TUNNEL

We see eight or ten men huddled at its farthest extremity. As the scene opens, the walls of the tunnel sag inward so rapidly that the screams of the trapped men are abruptly stifled.

241. CLOSE SHOT INT. MINE A SMALL CHAMBER

Jim, Old Convict and the assisting guard have been thrown to the floor by the force of the explosion. Jim is still clutching the handle of the detonator which set off the blast in the large chamber we saw the men vacate in a previous scene. The three men shakily rise and start for the intersecting passageway.

242. EXT. MINE SHAFT BULL HENNESSEY AND ASSISTANTS

as the reverberations echo up the shaft to them?

ASSISTANT:  
She's gone!

BULL:  
That's not it -- they're blasting!

Bull runs off scene in the direction of the Warden's office.

243. MED. SHOT INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE GROUP

The group is still shocked into silence. Outside come the sound of footsteps running toward the office. Hearing them, the Warden whirls from the window and moves toward the door. Bull bursts through the door and meets him half-way.

BULL:  
(pouting and distressed)  
They're blastin', boss! Must  
be tryin' to break through into  
the old Two Star workings!

(CONTINUED)

24 3 (Cont.)

The Warden starts for the door with Bull. Marsden steps forward and grasps his arm.

MARSDEN:

What's this all about,  
Grayson?

WARDEN:

(whirling savagely)  
The men have been rioting down  
there for half an hour! And  
their leader is Jim Larrabee!  
Now they've blown the mine up!  
That's what comes of cheap  
politicians and their milk-sop  
investigations! Now shut up and  
let me go to work!

He dashes out of the door with Bull.

WINSTON:

(half-paralyzed)  
Oh, this is terrible! Terrible!

Metcalf starts for the door. He pauses for one scornful look at Winston.

METCALFE:

Get up and do something, you  
old woman! You're prison director!

Metcalf dashes out of the door, with Winston staggering after him. Barbara sits paralyzed. Marsden rises and goes agitatedly to a window. Shields makes for the telephone.

SHIELDS:

(into phone).  
Long Distance! Get me the  
Chicago Sun!

Barbara, like one in a trance, rises from her chair and totters over to the window. As she reaches it, Marsden turns for the door. He pauses upon seeing her.

MARSDEN:

You'd better stay here. I'm  
going outside and learn a  
little about prison life myself.

He goes.

## 244. CLOSE SHOT BARBARA AT WINDOW

Her face is a study in despair, as she realizes that Jim, in leading a riot at this point in the game, has hopelessly compromised himself. Off-scene comes the voice of Shields, still trying frantically to make connections with his paper.

SHIELDS' VOICE:

(off scene)

No, confound it, Chicago! The Chicago Sun! This is Harry Shields, and I want a clear line all night! Can't you hurry it?

BARBARA:

(staring out the window, choking back the tears and shaking her head hopelessly)

Jim ... Jim!

## 245. FULL SHOT INT. MINE DOWN INTERSECTING PASSAGEWAY

as Jim, Old Convict and the guard meet other survivors -- some wounded, some dashing ahead in a panic of fear. Our three characters join the steadily increasing trickle of men as they make for the chamber in which the blast was set off.

## 246. FULL SHOT INT. MINE CHAMBER

as Jim, Old Convict, the Guard and others stream into it. The place is filled with debris and wreckage, so that the men have to climb and bend low to avoid hitting the roof as they plough through the wreckage toward the rear of the chamber.

## 247. CLOSE SHOT JIM AT REAR OF CHAMBER

showing that the explosion has opened up a jagged fissure. Jim holds a piece of his tattered shirt in the air. It blows inward, showing that the fissure is bringing fresh air into them. Jim turns, cups his hands to lips, and gives a triumphant yell.

JIM:

We made it!

248. MED. CLOSE SHOT EXT MAIN SHAFT WARDEN BULL  
ASSISTANTS METCALFE WINSTON MARSDEN

Bull and three guards have gas masks hanging loosely around their necks. One of the three guards carries a chopper-type machine-gun.

WARDEN:

All right, Bull. Go on down  
and get 'em.

Bull and the three guards adjust their gas masks and step onto the elevator. The CAMERA FOLLOWS them down.

249. CLOSE SHOT BASE OF MINE SHAFT

as Bull and guards leap from elevator and start at a run through the gas-filled tunnel.

250. FULL SHOT FISSURE IN MINE CHAMBER

as the convicts begin to stagger through it. By pinpricks of light from the miners' lamps, we see that the blast has connected the workings of Blackfoot mine with those of the abandoned mine nearest it. The abandoned workings are badly caved in and filled with wreckage, over which the men struggle with superhuman difficulty, fired on by the thought of freedom which lies beyond. Jim is racing ahead of them.

251. MED. SHOT INT. MAIN TUNNEL

as Bull and the three guards race through it.

252. PAN SHOT INT. ABANDONED MINE TUNNEL

as the convicts flash by, scrambling like terriers in their desperate flight.

253. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. CHAMBER BULL AND GUARDS

as they arrive and discover both the wreckage and the flight of the prisoners. They drop their masks for a brief, excited conversation.

BULL:

Go on back and phone Grayson.  
(to others)

We'll get 'em from behind!

(CONTINUED)

253 (Cont.)

All readjust their masks. Harry turns and back-tracks. Bull and the remaining two forge on through the wrecks.

DISSOLVE TO:

254. CLOSE SHOT INT. ABANDONED TUNNEL

as the men struggle ahead for freedom.

255. MED. CLOSE SHOT FISSURE IN CHAMBER

as Bull and two remaining guards start into it.

256. CLOSE SHOT WALL TELEPHONE INT. MINE

as the third guard stumbles to it. (This is the same phone from which Jim called the Warden).

257. CLOSE SHOT PHONE NEAR TOP OF SHAFT WARDEN AT PHONE

The Warden is listening.

WARDEN:

(into phone)

We'll stop 'em. You stay down there and spot trouble!

He clips the receiver to the hook. The CAMERA PANS with him as he returns to the group at the top of the shaft.

258. MED. CLOSE SHOT EXT. OF MINE SHAFT WARDEN AND GROUP

WARDEN:

They've broken through, all right. Joe, take every guard we've got. Grab horses and go around the hill to head that gang off. I'll phone town and get you plenty of highway help. On your way!

Joe turns briskly and departs, several of the guards going with him. The Warden turns to Winston and Metcalfe.

(CONTINUED)

258 (Cont.)

WARDEN:

Come on. I wanta keep my  
eyes on those boys in the office.

Winston, Metcalfe and the Warden move toward the office.  
Marsden follows.

259. MED. SHOT INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE SHIELDS AT PHONE  
BARBARA AT WARDEN'S DESK

Barbara is rapidly going through the papers there.  
Shields' voice furnishes a monotonous accompaniment to  
the scene.

SHIELDS:

(into phone)

... while a committee including  
the state attorney general cooled  
its heels in the Warden's office.  
Driven to desperation by tear-gas  
and the Warden's refusal to hear  
their demands, the rioting prisoners --

The door bursts open to admit the Warden, Winston,  
Metcalfe and Marsden. Barbara jumps guiltily at the  
desk, caught with a hand full of papers. The Warden  
emits a savage snarl and advances on Shields, tearing  
the receiver from his ear and replacing it on the hook.

WARDEN:

This'll be enough of that,  
Mr. Shields. Phone's here  
for official business.

SHIELDS:

But I --

WARDEN:

Shut up!

(turns to Barbara)

Mr. Winston, will you take charge  
of your step-daughter? Seems she's  
let curiosity get the better of her.

As Winston starts for Barbara, who remains white-faced  
and defiant by the desk, Marsden steps forward.

MARSDEN:

I think you'd better leave her  
alone, Winston.

(to Warden)

Here's a court order for the  
surrender of all Blackfoot records  
to me.

(CONTINUED)

259 (Cont.)

Metcalf rushes up and snatches the paper. He starts to read it incredulously. He darts one look up at the Warden and shakes his head surreptitiously. A slow smile breaks over the Warden's face. Slowly he reaches for his revolver and holds it calculatingly in his right hand.

WARDEN:

So that's the way we're playing, eh? Well, I've got a little order to give myself -- and here --

(a pat on the gun)

-- is my court.

As they all react, we CUT TO:

260. LONG SHOT EXT.

NIGHT

Establishing that the dominant feature of the terrain is a hill or low mountain, along the base of which we faintly see a party of horsemen galloping rightward, circling the hill to reach the point where the abandoned tunnel comes out, and thereby head the escapist off. Faint yelps of hounds.

261. MED. CLOSE SHOT TWELVE HORSEMEN

as they gallop by, the dogs barking furiously.

262. CLOSE MOVING SHOT IMMEDIATELY INSIDE OPENING OF ABANDONED TUNNEL

Jim, Old Convict and the guard are making heavy passage, panting and struggling as they move through the wreckage to the hole which means air and freedom to them. The CAMERA PANS with them as they emerge, stopping on a:

263. MED. CLOSE SHOT EXT. SHOWING THE SMALL OPENING WITH JIM, OLD CONVICT AND GUARD IN FRONT OF IT

From inside the opening, come the sounds of the rest of the prisoners and guards as they struggle toward the night air.

JIM:

(breathlessly)

We've got to stop 'em!

(CONTINUED)

Can't do it. OLD CONVICT:

JIM:  
We've got to! The whole state'll  
be after 'em! They'll be shot down  
like rats! Can't you understand?

Old Convict's face is a study of indecision. Then, through squinted eyes, he flashes Jim a look of camaraderie.

OLD CONVICT:  
I kinda like the smell of this  
air ... but you're right!

JIM:  
(to guard)  
Are you with us?

The guard nods his head grimly. Suddenly a figure hurtles out of the narrow exit and rushes past them into the outer darkness.

JIM:  
(calling after it)  
Stop! Stop, you fool!

But the figure does not come back. Instead two more freedom-crazed convicts rush from the entrance. Jim socks one, sending him rolling. Old Convict and the guard pinion the other one.

JIM:  
Block the hole!

Jim, Old Convict and Guard move toward the hole. Another man rushes out and is felled. The exit is so narrow that Jim can spread-eagle himself across it, with the other two to back him up. He shouts into it, screaming at the prisoners and guards who are massing inside the abandoned tunnel.

JIM:  
You can't do it! You can't run!  
They'll shoot us down like dogs!

264. CLOSE PAN SHOT INT. ABANDONED TUNNEL

as Bull and his two henchmen clamber laboriously along.

265. MED. CLOSE SHOT JUST INSIDE THE OPENING

108.

showing the panting, blackened convicts and guards as they arrive and find the exit blocked by their leader. While the CAMERA plays over their sullen, frightened faces, Jim's voice comes off scene.

JIM'S VOICE:

(off scene)

Listen! Please listen just a minute. It won't do any good to make a break. We'll all be caught. If they bring us back by force, it'll be worse than over. Let's march back to the Warden and make him listen to us!

The CAMERA MOVES into a:

266. CLOSEUP ONE OF THE CONVICTS INT. TUNNEL

He expresses the feelings of his fellows when he shouts:

CONVICT:

What about these guards?

267. CLOSE SHOT TOWARD JIM IN OPENING

JIM:

The guards can come with us. We saved their lives -- they can help us save ours! They were double-crossed when Grayson gassed the place. He didn't even consider them!

268. REVERSE ANGLE. GROUP INSIDE TUNNEL. TWO GUARDS

They exchange doubtful looks.

FIRST GUARD:

(softly - to other)

What d' you think?

SECOND GUARD:

(after a pause)

He's right. We were double-crossed.

FIRST GUARD:

(shouting)

Okay, Larrabies! Let's go!

A roar arises from all within the tunnel.

269. CLOSE SHOT TOWARD JIM IN OPENING

JIM:

Line up out here!

He withdraws from the exit. The guards and convicts start to move out.

270. MED. CLOSE SHOT THE TWELVE HORSEMEN

showing that they are beginning to climb.

271. MED. SHOT EXT. OPENING ABANDONED TUNNEL

The last group of men are grimly filing out. Jim, Old Convict and the guard are helping organize them. He suddenly looks down the hill. He plucks the guard's arm and they move a little away from the assembling guards and convicts.

272. CLOSE SHOT JIM AND GUARD

Jim points down the hill.

JIM:

(softly)

Look at that!

273. LONG SHOT FOLLOWING JIM'S GESTURE DOWN THE HILL

By the faint light of the moon and stars the twelve horsemen can be seen making their way upward. They are at the extreme left of the abandoned tunnel exit.

274. CLOSE SHOT JIM AND GUARD

JIM:

Any way we can get around without meeting them?

GUARD:

Sure. Over the hill. I'll show you.

## 275. FULL SHOT THE ENTIRE GROUP LINED UP FOR MARCHING

Jim passes rapidly down the column, giving a slap on the back here, a friendly "Quiet, boys" there. He reaches the head of the line. The line quiets instantly as he addresses them in calm, deliberate tones.

JIM:

All right, boys. We're in a bad spot, but if we work fast and stick together, we may get out of it. We'll go over the hill and drop down on the mine from behind.

Without further command, Jim turns and with the guard and Old Convict, starts the march upward and to the right. The men begin to follow him.

276. CLOSE MOVING SHOT INT. ABANDONED TUNNEL  
BULL AND THE TWO GUARDS

They stop to listen.

1ST GUARD:

Funny! I'd of sworn I heard someone talking.

BULL:

Can't be far to the opening.  
C'me on!

They start forward once more.

## 277. FULL SHOT THE OPENING

as the last of the marchers disappear into the undergrowth upper right. Into the scene, from the lower left, rides Joe, the first of the twelve horsemen. Two or three others follow him.

JOE:

This's the place, all right!

Out of the entrance dash Bull and the two guards.

BULL:

(gesturing toward hill below)  
Down that way! They probably  
broke for the road!

Other horsemen arrive.

(CONTINUED)

277 (Cont.)

JOE:

Boys, spread out and beat  
the underbrush clear down to  
the road. Come on now -- let's  
get 'em!

He wheels and plunges off scene below. The others  
follow him, starting fan-wise for the hunt.

278. LONG SHOT COLUMN OF PRISONERS AND GUARDS MARCHING

They are climbing steadily.

279. CLOSEUP FEET OF MARCHING MEN

as they trudge wearily, grimly onward and upward,  
heedless of bruising stones, trampling over underbrush,  
pushing ahead steadily, rhythmically.

DISSOLVE TO:

280. MED. SHOT INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE GROUP

Barbara, Shields and Marsden are seated. The Warden  
is in a chair by the only door, fondling his gun  
menacingly. Winston and Metcalfe are busy gutting  
the Warden's desk. They are transferring whole files  
of letters and documents into a suitcase.

MARSDEN:

Of course you realize, Metcalfe,  
that this is contempt of court.

Metcalfe pauses in his work and glares at Marsden.

METCALFE:

Sure it is! I'm in contempt  
of anything that stands in my  
way. I'm the guy that runs  
this state! You and your judge'll  
realize that when I have you  
thrown out of office tomorrow.  
Court order -- huh!

He returns to work.

DISSOLVE TO:

281. CLOSEUP MARCHING FEET OF CONVICTS AND GUARDS

DISSOLVE TO:

282. CLOSE SHOT JIM, OLD CONVICT AND GUARD

Marching at the head of the column straight into the CAMERA.

283. CLOSE SHOT CHUCKLER MARCHING

For the first time since we entered the mine, his chuckling has ceased. He seems sane again. He marches with head high, eyes alight, shoulders thrown back.

284. CLOSE SHOT TWO CONVICTS AND A GUARD

The guard has evidently been injured in the dynamiting, for one leg dangles. But two convicts have come to his aid, and he is marching with one arm over each of their shoulders, hobbling on one leg.

DISSOLVE TO:

285. LONG SHOT EXT. HILLSIDE

as the resolute line of convicts and guards begins threading down the hill toward the mine headquarters.

DISSOLVE TO:

286. FULL SHOT FROM ABOVE BUILDINGS OF BLACKFOOT MINE IN MOONLIGHT

as a marching line of shadows slips into the scene, and begins rapidly, silently to filter toward the Warden's office.

287. MED. SHOT INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE GROUP

Positions of principals are approximately that of the preceding scene, except that Metcalfe and Winston have completed their packing of the evidence. Winston has the suitcase.

METCALFE:

Take my car, George. And you know what to do with this stuff.

(CONTINUED)

287 (Cont.)

WINSTON:

Sure -- I know.

Winston starts for the door.

288. CLOSE SHOT BARBARA

From her sitting position, she is looking out of the window with an expression of dazed surprise.

289. MED. SHOT SHOOTING FROM BARBARA THROUGH THE WINDOW

showing the grim-faced convicts and guards surrounding the building.

WINSTON'S VOICE:

(over scene)

You've lost, Barbara. Do you want to come with me?

PULL BACK FROM WINDOW SHOT TO:

290. FULL SHOT INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

Winston is at the door. Barbara looks at him scornfully.

BARBARA:

You won't be gone long enough to make it worth the trouble. Besides, we haven't lost.

Winston shrugs his shoulders, nods to the Warden, opens the door and leaves.

SHIELDS:

(calmly)

The story of this won't look very good when it comes out in the Sun, Metcalfe.

METCALFE:

(laconically)

It'll look a lot better than the evidence would have.

291. FULL SHOT FRONT OF WARDEN'S OFFICE NIGHT

Winston emerges with the suitcase. He casts one look around, then moves along the wooden porch of the building. He descends the steps. Suddenly a figure separates itself from the porch.

292. CLOSE SHOT WINSTON AND JIM

Jim grabs Winston.

JIM:

Where you going in such a rush,  
Mr. Winston?

Winston whirls.

WINSTON:

Larrabee! Take your hands  
off of me or I'll --

Winston wrenches himself free and starts to run. Jim spins with him and strikes out. Winston falls. Jim beckons off-scene. Two figures enter the scene... Old Convict and the guard.

JIM:

I'll need a little help getting  
him back in.

Old Convict and the guard none too gently lift Winston to his feet.

WINSTON:

(half sobbing)  
Jim, my boy! Jim --!

Jim takes the suitcase and all four start for the Warden's porch.

293. FULL SHOT INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE GROUP

The Warden is still by the door.

SHIELDS:

How soon do you plan to  
release us?

METCALFE:

As soon as they get all the  
cons rounded up.

(CONTINUED)

293 (Cont.)

SHIELDS:

I suppose you know, don't you,  
that I'll fight you in my  
papers all over the country?

METCALFE:

I expect so. How many newspapers  
do you own in my state, Mr. Shields?

SHIELDS:

Two -- in this state.

METCALFE:

Um-hum. You know what I'm going  
to do? I'm gonna slap a tax on  
all papers down here run by out-of-  
state owners. A heavy tax. I'll  
turn the money over to --  
(he pauses to think, then  
smiles triumphantly)  
-- to childrens' hospitals! The  
voters'll love it!

The door bursts open to admit Jim. The Warden whirls  
with his gun. Barbara screams. One shot is fired.  
Jim drops the suitcase, spins the Warden like a terrier,  
clips the gun from his hand, and knocks him to the  
floor. Barbara rushes up to him.

BARBARA:

Jim!

Jim is panting heavily, and, naturally, under tremendous  
strain. He looks at her almost without recognition.

JIM:

Hello, honey.

(he faces the rest of  
the room)

What's this?

Metcalfe, during this speech, has been edging toward the  
door and the suitcase. Old Convict and the guard enter,  
supporting the shaken Winston between them.

SHIELDS:

I'm Shields of the Chicago Sun.  
This is Mr. Marsden, the attorney  
general, and these others --

Jim has spotted Metcalfe. He whirls, grabs him by the  
necktie, and snatches him back.

(CONTINUED)

293 (Cont. 1)

JIM:

(grimly)

I know who the rest are. Now listen, Metcalfe, I've got all the convicts and ten of the guards outside. There's no escape. The guards are with me. It's a show-down!

He thrusts Winston into a chair and faces Metcalfe.

JIM:

I know who sells all the rotten grub to these prisoners! I know who contracts for every cheap blanket that goes into this place -- and I know who gets a cut on every ton of coal that goes out of it!

METCALFE:

(pasty-faced)

You'll have to prove that.

MARSDEN:

(going over to the suitcase)

That won't be much trouble.

He picks the suitcase up and carries it over to the table. Jim watches cautiously.

JIM:

What's in that?

MARSDEN:

That's the evidence we came for, son.

SHIELDS:

You got here just at the right moment.

Winston staggers over to Metcalfe.

WINSTON:

Oh J. W. --! This is terrible -- terrible!

Metcalfe's face is white with rage.

METCALFE:

(fairly chattering with anger)

Get away from me, you rabbit!  
You blundering idiot!

Winston shrinks back. Jim turns to Marsden.

(CONTINUED)

JIM:

(quietly to Marsden)  
The men are outside, Mr. Marsden. All the underground guards are there too. Those men out there gave up a chance at freedom to come back and fight for decent conditions down below. They may be murderers and thieves -- and some of them may not be -- but they're all human beings.

MARSDEN:

We'll go out and talk to them right now. I don't think there'll be any trouble getting some improvements around here. And by the way, I'm going to have a little surprise for you, too.

Barbara smiles up at Jim. Arm in arm they start for the door, Marsden with them. Shields rises and makes for the telephone. He takes the receiver down.

SHIELDS:

(into phone)

Shields talking. Is my Chicago wire still clear?

(he turns sardonically to the Warden)

Oh, I forgot, Mr. Grayson. You don't mind if I use this phone, do you?

Marsden pauses at the door and glances to the Warden.

MARSDEN:

Maybe he'd better come to this party, too. Help him up, boys.

Old Convict and the guard respond with alacrity, hoisting the shattered Warden to his feet. As they start to file out, Shields is still at the phone. He has been watching the proceedings with grim amusement. Suddenly, however, he turns back to the phone.

SHIELDS:

(into phone)

Hello, Fred? All set: The Blackfoot riot collapsed at ten-fifty-four tonight, carrying the whole Metcalfe machine with it.

The sound of cheers from the men outside comes over the sound track. Shields grins.

(CONTINUED)

293 (Cont. 3)

SHIELDS:

(into phone)

Hear that? Prison stared  
Dictator Metcalfe and his  
henchmen straight in the  
face as .....

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

294. MED. SHOT EXT. BLACKFOOT PRISON GATES DAY

Off scene comes the sound of an approaching car. Then Barbara drives into the scene in Bob's jallope. She comes to a halt in front of the gates, kills the motor and waits, looking eagerly through the gates in the direction of the prison yard. Two guards are at the gate.

295. MED. SHOT INT. BLACKFOOT PRISON YARD  
CONVICTS, GUARDS AND JIM

Jim is dressed in civvies and carries a suitcase. He is walking down the line of prisoners, bidding them goodbye. As he stops before Old Convict, we move into a:

296. CLOSE SHOT JIM AND OLD CONVICT BACKGROUND OF PRISONERS

Jim extends his hand.

JIM:

(attempted joviality)

Goodbye, you old --  $\Delta$ 

(he can't carry it through.

He simply grips Old Convict's hand)

Goodbye.

OLD CONVICT:

(grinning)

So long, Jim. Be seein' ya in a coupla years.

Jim nods. We PAN WITH HIM as he passes along the line, exchanging ad-libbed farewells and nods. We come to a stop on a:

297. CLOSE SHOT JIM AND GUARD WHO HAS HELPED LEAD THE MARCH

The guard is dressed in civilian clothes. They grip hands and smile at each other.

JIM:

Goodbye -- Warden!

GUARD:

So long -- Editor!

The newly made Warden slaps Jim on the shoulder as the latter moves out of the scene.

298. MED. SHOT FROM EXTERIOR THROUGH PRISON GATES  
BARBARA ON OUTSIDE JIM APPROACHING FROM INSIDE

Barbara climbs out of the car. The gates swing open.  
She rushes into Jim's arms. They clinch.

299. TWO SHOT JIM AND BARBARA

Jim looks off scene. An expression of surprise crosses  
his face. He looks down at Barbara again.

JIM:

Why -- you've brought the jallope!

Barbara looks up at him and nods. Both are suddenly  
very grave.

BARBARA:

Yes. I got it because -- I  
thought that Bob would -- would  
like to have us drive to Chicago  
in it.

They both move toward the car.

300. CLOSE SHOT CAR JIM AND BARBARA

Jim opens the door. Barbara enters. He puts his  
suitcase in, then walks around the car and enters  
the driver's seat.

301. CLOSE SHOT THROUGH WINDSHIELD AT BARBARA AND JIM  
SEATED IN CAR

Jim looks off in the direction of the prison gates.  
Barbara's face is turned toward him.

BARBARA:

(softly)

That part's all over, Jim.  
You've won your fight.

Jim's forehead puckers with a frown of concentration.  
He is wrestling for the correct words with which to  
express himself and the ideal for which fate has made  
him a symbol. He shakes his head slowly.

JIM:

No, I haven't, honey. Not yet.  
As long as there are men like  
Metcalfe -- there'll be fights.  
You put one in jail and a dozen

(CONTINUED)

301 (Cont.)

JIM: (CONTINUED)

others are ready to take his place...  
They want so much, these Matanifes.  
It's not just money -- it's power --  
power such as no man should ever  
have. That's why they're dangerous.  
That's why we've got to keep right  
on fighting.

He steps on the starter. The motor begins to hum. As  
the car starts to move ahead, Jim turns to Barbara  
impulsively.

JIM:

But it'll be good fun.

She nods, smiling, as we

FADE OUT.

THE END.

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