

FINAL

PART I
JUKE GIRL

2-1

RETURN TO
STENOGRAPHIC DEPT.
WARNER BROS. BLDG. 1000 17TH ST. N.W. WASH. D.C.

OCT 3, 1941

"JUKE GIRL"

10/3/41

PART I

FINAL

PLEASE RETURN THIS SCRIPT TO PRODUCTION MANAGER
WHEN PICTURE IS COMPLETED

FORM 236

"J U K E G I R L"

Original Screen Play

by

A. I. Bezzerides & Kenneth Gamet

Producers

Jerry Wald
Jack Saper

Director

Curtis Bernhardt

CAST OF CHARACTERS

- DANNY FRAZIER A hot-headed, sharp-witted, lash-tongued young migrant. Danny likes to earn his money quickly - and work in the shade.
- STEVE TALBOT In contrast with Danny, his pal, Steve is lean, easy-going, good-natured. Though he is caught up in the lost and aimless flux with Danny, one dream motivates him -- to own an acre of rich, living land.
- LOLA MEARS A "jook" girl with "jook blood" in her veins. Rootless, wandering, living on the breath of a moment, Lola faces life with a cynicism born of the road.
- SWEETER A fourteen-year-old girl... born with a mature knowledge of a girl of twenty.
- VIOLET ("MURPH") MURPHY Lola's pal. A seasoned jooker, slightly older than Lola. What Murph lacks in looks she makes up in enthusiasm, love of life, and rough wit.
- NICK GARCOS A middle-aged Greek farmer, wholesome as the rich soil he tills and as warm as the sun which stirs his plants.
- HENRY MADDEN A Glade packer and shipper. He is sly, hard, smart, but a streak of yellow makes him shunt his dirty work to Cully.
- CULLY Madden's husky, brutish foreman. He is crude and ruthless, with a raucous sense of humor.
- MISTER JUST The quiet taciturn law of the Gladelands. His seemingly amiable front conceals an alert, tiger-like nature.

(CONTINUED)

CAST OF CHARACTERS (Cont.)

YIPPEE Label-pasting Alabama cracker
with the South in his voice,
the twinkle of living in his
eyes and the dream of making
a killing at a skin game in
his heart.

"MUCKEYE" JOHN Proprietor of the "MUCKEYE
JOOK". He looks on the life
which streams through his
doors, drinks at his bar and
jooks on his floors with an
eccentric, distant, amused
eye.

PALEY A paunchy, rough-hewn whole-
saler in the Atlanta produce
market.

IKE HARPER A guitar player - long and
lanky.

JO-MO A colored peddler of good-
luck charms.

Gas station proprietor; colored gas
station attendant; farmers; crop
pickers; packing house employees;
farm women; migrant workers; jook
girls; truck drivers; roughnecks;
produce dealers; policeman; detec-
tives; police matron; deputies,
Negroes; et cetera.

Changes
"JUKE GIRL"

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1.

FADE IN

1. LONG SHOT HIGHWAY ROLLING HILL NIGHT

A car comes drumming up the hill and, as it bangs by, we see two men walking along the road, STEVE TALBOT and DANNY FRAZIER. One of them raises his hand for a ride, but the other is walking slowly, as if in pain. Danny is holding Steve's arm solicitously. A truck comes slowly up the hill, the engine pounding. We hear the SOUND of double clutching, the shifting into low, the engine racing up high. The boys run along after it as it slows down.

2. SHOT INT. CAB TRUCK DRIVER (PROCESS)

The truck driver sits alone in the cab. He is tough, tight from long driving. He watches in the rear view mirror, and sees the boys running to hop a ride. His face is intent with anger.

3. CLOSE SHOT REAR OF TRUCK

as Danny helps Steve, who is running painfully.

4. INT. REAR OF TRUCK DANNY AND STEVE

Danny drags Steve back and lets him lie down on his side.

DANNY:

How yuh feelin'?

Steve shakes his head, doubled over in pain.

STEVE:

-- Sick.

DANNY:

(stands up)

Sick, bunk! -- Just hungry, that's all. Goin' without eats'd kick anybody's gizzard.

STEVE:

(quietly - almost moaning)

Why ain't yours kicking?

DANNY:

(hard, but kidding)

'Cause I'm tough, that's why.

(looks under tarpaulin, covering load)

Wonder what this guy's haulin'?

(CONTINUED)

STEVE:

(sitting up - arm crossed
over his middle)

I shoulda stuck back there in Kansas.

DANNY:

What for? To talk a bank into givin'
back a no-good farm? Forget it!

STEVE:

(not listening -
still thinking)

I keep thinkin' a-my old man, buried in
a field that don't b'long to him.

DANNY:

(tartly)

Your old man's dead and gone -- he don't
care. Get that farm junk outa your system!

(then more gently)

You're better off, hittin' the road.

(finding something under
the tarpaulin)

Haulin' fruit! Get something to eat,
soon's I bust open this box!

As Danny's arm pulls against something under the tarp,
the truck reaches the top of the hill and slows to a stop.
As it slows, Danny listens, looks ahead, then bends to
Steve, who is doubled over again.

DANNY:

Hide under, he's stoppin'!

STEVE:

(occupied with his pain)

Let 'im stop.

5. ANOTHER SHOT TRUCK ON ROADSIDE

The cab door opens and the driver gets down and steps
to the back quickly.

DRIVER:

(tough)

Come on, get off!

As the driver yanks Steve over, Danny hops down and
grabs his arm.

DANNY:

Wait a minute, take it easy. The
guy's sick.

(as the driver relaxes)

Been walkin' all night. I'll get
off, but let him ride.

DRIVER:

(concerned)

What's the matter, bud?

(CONTINUED)

5 (Cont.)

Steve sits up and slides off the truck easily, as if it hurt him.

DANNY:

He's hungry - bein' hungry hits some folks hard.

DRIVER:

(shaking his head)

Sure wish I could give you a lift, fellas, but this ain't my rig - I'm only drivin'. Inspector'd catch me.

DANNY:

It's okay, no hard feelin's... Say, what'd happen if you was to lose some o' them oranges you're haulin'?

DRIVER:

(laughing)

Nothing - long as I don't see yuh.

As the driver speaks, Danny is climbing off the truck and reaching for the fruit under the tarp.

DRIVER:

(continuing; to Steve)

So long, bud. Hope you feel better.

STEVE:

(gasps)

Yeah.

DANNY:

(loudly)

Thanks.

The driver as he heads for the cab tips a finger to Danny who has hopped off.

6 thru 18. TWO SHOT DANNY AND STEVE TRUCK IN B.G.

The heavily loaded rig slowly pulls away, leaving the two on the road watching it.

STEVE:

(quietly)

Good guy.

DANNY:

Yeah.

(as he peels an orange)

Get some of this into yuh. Make yuh feel good.

(looks off)

Let's walk the tracks awhile. Maybe we can hop a freight.

A car drums by and bangs off into the darkness. Danny holds Steve's arm as they cross the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

19. CLOSE SHOT A SIGN

The sign, with an arrow, reads:

HIGHWAY 25

5 MILES TO CAT-TAIL, FLORIDA

Southern Farming Paradise

OVER THIS are the SOUNDS of heavy traffic and the CAMERA SWINGS OVER TO REVEAL the highway which is crowded with the shabby, dusty, rattle-trap itinerant traffic of migratory workers on their way to begin the seasonal work on the farms. The travel-beaten cars are loaded to capacity with mattresses, pots and pans, kids, men, women and dogs, all heading in the direction of the arrow on the sign.

As the boys go down the shoulder of the road, they see a little girl, SKEETER AMSON, fourteen years old but with a sprightly mature look about her, a twinkle of knowing in her eyes, a lively bounce to her whole being. She stands holding a big gallon can, waiting for the boys to catch up with her. As Steve and Danny come near -

SKEETER:

Hillo, muh name's Skeeter. What's yorun?

(walks along)

STEVE:

He's Danny. I'm Steve.

SKEETER:

Ran outen gas back a spell, had tuh dog it in. Where yuh goin'? Cat-Tail, a-bet. Seems like the whole world's Cat-Tailin'. We'd a ben there by now, efen the tank hadn't gone dry.

Danny and Steve walk along with the girl, letting her talk, looking at each other. Steve amused, but Danny a little irritated.

DANNY:

(interrupting)

Where you headin'?

SKEETER:

No wheres in partickler, jus' walkin' along. Gonna git some gas.

DANNY:

(butting in)

Got any money?

(CONTINUED)

SKEETER:

Nope, but I'll git her.
(pointing a thumb
up to the sky)

Sure a sight, how a cloud kin pretty
up a sky, hain't it? Jus' like a
ribbon ina gal's haar. Clouds by them-
selves ain't nothin', and the sky by
itself's jus' a stretch a blue, but
together, uhm-uhm.

The girl has talked them up to a gas station and now, on
the driveway leading to the pumps, she waits for them to
come in, running, hanging onto the gasoline can.

D. H. H.

(as the girl in)

You sure c'n find th' station, I
ain't you?

SKEETER:

Kah! Maw says I ain't got much tuh
say, but I kin sure spread it out
thin, so's it'll go a long ways. Like
tuh talk, for instance. Well, here we are,
comin' in for a drink or somethin'.

Now they have come into the station, with its battered,
weatherbeaten pumps and oil house and barnlike garage.
A used parts lot of sorts is spread out in the back-
ground. The approaches are littered with crudely letter-
ed signs which proclaim: FREE AIR AND WATER -- OIL TEN
CENTS A GALLON -- TNT GAS BIG TON A BUCK -- PEPPA GAS
11-99/100 PER GALLON -- "YOU RECK 'EM - WE FIX 'EM" --
KEENO'S SUDDEN SERVICE.

An old sedan, laden with a family of workers, is at the
gas pump, just done being serviced. The station propri-
etor has his hand out for the money and the old man at
the wheel tinkles out pennies. KEENO, the station
proprietor, looks extremely disgusted.

KEENO:

(excitedly)

Don't you pickers ever buy more'n
a pint?

OLD MAN IN CAR:

(riding over Keeno's mumble)

Sheeks, frien', don' need more'n 'at
tuh git tuh Cat-Tail.

KEENO:

Nah, course they don't, jus' buy it in
dribblas, is all. Aimin' tuh run me
broke.

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.1)

The car lurches out and Keeno stands looking at it, as do Steve and Danny and Skeeter. Keeno suddenly sees the trio.

KEENO:

(seeing the car
- sarcastically)

I suppose you ran outa gas and wanta buy a cupful?

DANNY:

(disowning Skeeter)

She's on her own: we're tankin' up.

(reaches for water hose
and starts to douse his
head)

KEENO:

(mumbling)

Drown yourself.

STEVE:

That water sounds mighty cool.

KEENO:

Maybe yuh want a towel and a bar of soap?

STEVE:

(as he starts to
use the air hose)

This air fresh?

KEENO:

Nah - it's stale.

Danny drinks from the hose as Steve stands watching the road jammed with traffic.

STEVE:

Cat-Tail must be some sized town.

KEENO:

Population three hunnered, three months outa the year, thirty thousand the other nine.

(puts his fists on his waist)

This here's pore folks paradise, work in the crops, make a lotta money and spind it on everything but gas.

(shakes his fist at the high-
way and the passing traffic)

Must be five thousand cars pass here, and I don't even get a wink!

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.2)

STEVE:

(looking ahead down the road)
Cat-Tail, start waggin'; here we come!

DANNY:

Take it easy, Guy. We get good jobs
or we don't work.

KEENO:

Gas, sis?

SIDETER:

(to Keeno)

Think yuh and eat the better of yuh can -
(Touches bottom)
- up tuh home?
(Touches top)

A horn is HEARD offscene. LOLA MURPHY'S VOICE IS HEARD
offscene.

LOLA'S VOICE:

(OVER scene)

Hi, mister! How about some service?

KEENO:

Take care of them first. I don't mind.

20. MED. SHOT GASOLINE STATION LOLA AND MURPHY'S CAR

It is a broken-down, open-topped roadster, with steam hissing in a cloud from its radiator cap. It comes to a clattering stop before the pump. LOLA WEARS is at the wheel, attractive, world-wise and hard in the same way that Danny is hard. VIOLET MURPHY, better known as "Murph", is the roughneck type, fun-loving, wise-cracking and tough when the occasion demands it. The car is crowded. Keeno comes into SHOT.

LOLA:

Water, mister, please.

KEENO:

(with sarcasm)

No gas?

LOLA:

(shaking her head)

No gas.

(CONTINUED)

20 (Cont.)

KEENO:

(as he goes angrily to the
water hose, taking it away
from Steve)

Maybe you'd like some free air, too.

LOLA:

(deliberately)

Just water.

Keeno goes to the front of the car and proceeds to remove the radiator cap, first protecting his fingers with a cloth. The steam puffs out as if a miniature tempest were taking place under the cloth, but Keeno works along until everyone is brought up with apprehension at the imminent explosion. However, he skillfully nurses the cap and finally removes it with only a minor puff of steam.

21. CLOSE SHOT MURPHY AND LOLA

MURPHY:

(observing the steam
cloud with disgust)

Twenty-eight truckers from this broken-
down coffee-pot! That Jaro Johnny in
New Orleans sure created this.

LOLA:

It's better than wrestlin' truck
drivers with free-wheeling tanks.

22. WIDER ANGLE

as Danny, picking up a cloth, walks up to the side of the
car.

DANNY:

(picking up a cloth
and butting in)

Shall I tell 'em about our special,
boss? Today is 'ladies' day. Every
five gallons of gas, we give a free
body polish.

MURPHY:

If we could buy five gallons, we'd
open up a station of our own.

DANNY:

In that case, I'll just touch up
your bumpers.

(CONTINUED)

22 (Cont.)

STEVE:

Say, what's the chance of a lift to
Cat-Tail for me'n my bud here?

LOLA:

Hit the road, tramps.

DANNY:

Tramps nothin' - we're gypsies.

MURPH:

Well, we don't want our fortunes road.

Lola shifts and the car moves out. The boys are about to leave too, but Keeno has come up to Skeeter and jerked the tank from her hand.

KEENO:

(jerkling it)

Gimme that can.

SKEETER:

Mister Keeno, yuh got the nicest station, with the signs'n all. I'd like some o' that strawberry gas, the kind that's got the gal's name on her. How come they call a gas Ethyl? Oughta give hit a man's name, hit pushes a car so far....

(looks at Steve)

Steve'd be a right pretty name for powerful gasoline like that.

Meanwhile Keeno has been filling up the can and listening to Skeeter; agreeing, disagreeing, giving her now angry, now mock-smiling looks, mumbling endlessly to himself. But now he has filled the can and brings it to her.

KEENO:

(business-like)

Twelve cents - (it it up!

SKEETER:

(taking can)

'Magine that. Fills the whole can for jus' twelve cents, and hit'll carry eight folks, countin' Paw'n Maw, all the way tuh Cat-Tail. Shore is a blisterin' sun and the road's boilin' hot. Well....

(walking off quickly

- over her shoulder)

- put her down somewheres whar you won't fergit, 'cause we aim tuh pay yuh, shore as shootin' come end a the season.

(CONTINUED)

22 (Cont.1)

Keeno nods to her disgustedly, his lips grimmed, as he watches Skeeter go, seeming hypnotized by her flow of words. Suddenly he comes out of it and shakes his head violently and roars.

KEENO:

Gimme twelve cents!

Skeeter stops and looks at Steve and Danny.

SKEETER:

(resignedly)

Okay, but it's sure a sin for them folks tuh walk.

Steve shakes his head, grinning, as he reaches into his pocket.

STEVE:

(flipping a dime)

Here's a dime.

Keeno catches the dime, sees it is only a dime and that no more money is forthcoming, and he throws it down.

KEENO:

(shrilly)

I want twelve cents.

STEVE:

You got a dime, eh? In the two cents yourself.

KEENO:

(after a moment - griving in his nudgingly)

Okay.

Suddenly he realizes he has thrown the dime into the dust. He dives after it as Danny and Steve and Skeeter walk to the highway.

SKEETER:

Thanks fer the loan, Steve -- I'd give yuh a lift, s'ien the car wasn't so crowded.

STEVE:

Forget it.

DANNY:

You'd a been stuck if it wasn't for him.

SKEETER:

(smiling)

No, I wouldn't. What'd yuh think I was waiting fer, ef it wasn't for somebody like him tuh come along. 'Bye, see yuh in town.

Skeeter goes off down the highway. The boys head in the opposite direction along the dusty shoulder of the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

23. MED. SHOT ROADSIDE SIGN

The sign reads:

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING
CAT-TAIL, FLORIDA

SALAD BOWL OF AMERICA

- - - - -

Largest Vegetable Shipping Point

In the World

CAMERA PANS OVER to PICK UP Danny and Steve as they walk into town. Traffic rumbles past them.

24. EXT. MAIN STREET CAT-TAIL DAY

as Danny and Steve walk along the street looking about.

The buildings are ramshackle and jerry-built, as if people do not mean to live here for long. There is a store, several flop houses, and a great number of jooks, which even at this hour are crowded and jammed with the din of voices and the shrill, bass-thumpings of jook boxes. And though it is daylight, the neon signs have not been turned off.

Men, women and children jam the sidewalks and the street is crowded with cars of workers, trucks of farmers. A great reefer, with the name MADDEN PRODUCE on the side, rolls recklessly down the street. CAMERA MOVES IN on another truck, with a loudspeaker mounted on the cab, cruising slowly. A man at the back.

MAN:

(over speaker)

Henley Farm -- bean pickers - Hop on!

Workers crowd around, interested.

VOICE FROM CROWD:

How much you payin'?

MAN:

Twenty cents.

Just then another truck, cruising in the opposite direction, comes by and the man on the back, who has heard the labor bargaining, competes vocally.

SECOND MAN:

(over speaker)

We're payin' two bits!

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont.)

Workers laugh and move in a flux between the labor trucks on the street.

STEVE:

(heading for a truck)

C'mon! - We got us a coupla jobs.

DANNY:

Slow down! Two bits ain't my idea a-dough!

STEVE:

It's eats money.

DANNY:

Eats money! All you get outa jerkin' beans is sunstroke.

Steve looks at him disgustedly. As the boys walk along, a voice calls to them, off scene.

JO-MO'S VOICE:

Hi dere, boys.

25. CLOSE SHOT JO-MO

JO-MO, seller of charms is a thick-lipped, shutter-eyed negro with a drowsy voice and a lazy body. He stands grinning, holding out a stick to which is mounted a string of leather-thonged pouches of varying sizes. A small, roughly-lettered sign proclaims GOOD LUCK JO-MOES.

JO-MO:

Buy a jo-mo?

26. MED. CLOSE SHOT TRUCKING JO-MO AND THE BOYS

Jo-Mo goes along with the boys, walking backward, facing them, trying to wheedle them into buying his charms.

DANNY:

What're you peddlin'?

JO-MO:

Mean tuh tell me, you don' know what a jo-mo is?

(shakes his head
sadly)

Uhm-uhm, that's bad.

(takes one down and
holds it out; speak-
ing as if to children)

A jo-mo is a concentrate a rabbit's

(CONTINUED)

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26 (Cont.)

JO-MO: (Cont.)
foot. It'd take a millyum rabbits
tuh dish out all de luck one jo-mo
make. Yass, suh; and you suah is
gonna need plenty of rabbit foots,
you hang 'roun' dis town.

Steve laughs and Danny shakes his head, amused.

STEVE:
One a them things get him -
(nods to Danny)
- a good job?

JO-MO:
Cain't git no job 'thought you has
a jo-mo.

DANNY:
(to Steve)
You shoul'da had that one back on the
farm.

JO-MO:
(concerned)
You a farmer?
(points off)
Them folks farmers, too.

27. FULL SHOT PACKING HOUSE

Beyond where the boys and Jo-Mo are standing is a packing house, on the front of which is mounted a sign which reads: MADDEN - PACKER AND SHIPPER. There is a tremendous boiling of activity in the yard where big refrigerator trucks, with the name MADDEN boldly lettered on their sides, stand in rows. Huge field trucks with their trailers high-loaded with freshly picked lettuce, roll into the packing house, then roll out, empty. And farm trucks, smaller than Madden's, driven by farmers, are parked in a curving line on the driveway that leads up to the dock. These trucks are loaded with produce, and one by one, as their turn comes, the trucks roar to life, come up to the dock, and as they are unloading, the engines idle again, the farmers slouched in their seats, waiting.

JO-MO'S VOICE:
An' they's the Jo-Mo needin'est folks
they is.

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28. MED. SHOT JO-MO AND BOYS

STEVE:

That patch of tomatoes we come
through this morning didn't need
no luck.

JO-MO:

Ah cha'ms all de lan' 'round
heah. We grows termaters so
calousal, one termater makes
one car-load... Buy a Jo-Mo?

Danny is still looking off toward the packing house.

DANNY:

Them tomatoes can't come any
bigger'n the guy that runs that
joint.

(indicating packing
house)

(CONTINUED)

JO-MO:

Ah, yass -- Madden, he a big man, too.
 Packs mos' ever'thing grows 'round
 here. Used ter be other folks --
 (points off)

29. LONG SHOT (FROM BOYS' ANGLE)

Beyond Madden's sheds are other packing sheds and
 houses, all boarded up, abandoned, the doors locked. A
 weathered sign reads: GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

JO-MO'S VOICE:

(continuing over scene)

-- But he run 'em all out.

30. MED. CLOSE SHOT BOYS ON STREET

DANNY:

What's he pay?

JO-MO:

Git anywheres up to six bits an hour,
 if you gits a job, if you has one of
 my jo-mos! Gittin' a job at Madden's
 is the nextist thing they is to passin'
 a miracle.

Suddenly a commotion is heard off scene. From all dir-
 ections men start running, yelling "Fight! Fight!"

31. LONG SHOT PACKING HOUSE

As Danny and Steve head for the house, one of the farm-
 er's trucks comes to life with a roar and we see it
 pounding dangerously down the road from the loading
 dock. A husky, brutish man stands crouched on the dock.
 This is CULLY, Madden's foreman. He is shouting.

STEVE:

(as he runs)

Plenty doin', for a farmin' town.

DANNY:

(running)

Plenty doin' for a fightin' town, too.

JO-MO:

(dead pan)

Ah don' see nothin' tuh git 'cited
 'bout. Nobody's swishin' knives or
 boomin' guns.

CULLY:

(swinging an arm)

Hey, 'Greek - come back here!

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.)

The truck roars into the yard, but the traffic slows it down, as the driver, NICK GARCOS, dark, chunky, obviously a farmer, tries furiously to find a clear way.

32. MED. SHOT EXT. LOADING DOCK

Cully stands for a moment, then leaps down and the CAMERA PANS with him as he runs to the truck and jumps upon the running board.

CULLY:

Back up and start unloading.

NICK:

Yah! I unload box of tomatoes on your head!

Cully, infuriated, yanks open the door and jerks Nick out to the ground. Nick rises in a rage, as farmers and truck drivers crowd around, excited, anticipating the fight. Danny and Steve push through the mob.

33. EXT. PACKING HOUSE YARD THE FIGHT

Nick charges Cully, but the giant foreman strikes back, hard, with a clubbing blow. This is a cheerless fight, for half the onlookers are farmers and the rest are stunned at the ferocity with which the men go at each other. The crowd stands, breathless, watching.

34. MED. CLOSE SHOT ONLOOKERS

As the crushing blows of the fight COME OVER, Danny is seen, eating it up, enjoying it immensely. Beside him is standing a middle-aged, seemingly mild-tempered man, slouchily dressed, wearing a badge. He is MISTER JUST, the Cat-Tail sheriff. Mister Just is eyeing the fight drily, chewing a straw.

DANNY:

(kidding the fighters)

Hit 'im with your leg!

(to Just, not taking

his eye from the fight)

Who's the muscle?

MISTER JUST:

(casually looking at

Danny)

Foreman.

DANNY:

Dish out jobs?

(CONTINUED)

34 (Cont.)

MISTER JUST:
Dishes out trouble mostly.

Steve, not enjoying the scrap at all, is standing taut-faced and angry. Just walks out of the scene, toward the fight.

35. ANOTHER ANGLE EXT. YARD

Cully has Nick backed against the truck and is about to swing on him hard, but Mister Just steps in and quick as a snake, he whips Cully around and squirms him up by the shirt front, crowding his shoulders into his neck,

MISTER JUST:
'Nough a-that.

CULLY:
Them're our tomatoes.

NICK:
I grow 'em - they mine.

MISTER JUST:
Just a minute boys -- no use climbin'
each other -

Mister Just releases Cully. Nick stands against the truck, panting. To one side is Jo-Mo, with his stick of charms. Through the crowd pushes a stocky, important looking man, HENRY MADDEN, owner of the Madden Packing House. He is a peculiar person: he looks soft, and yet hard. His eyes seem kindly, but the bushy arc of his brows are saturnine. His mouth seems on the point of smiling, but his lips are thin. His body seems weak, yet in the stance of the legs, the cock of the head, the set of the arms there is the stamp of energy. Even his voice, which sounds gentle, somehow carries a vein of steely intent. CAMERA SWINGS with Madden as he pushes his way through the crowd.

MADDEN:
(coming in, smiling)
Morning, Nick. Hello, Mister Just.
Having a little trouble?

MISTER JUST:
Morning, Madden! No trouble! Just
Cully!

MADDEN:
(feigning surprise -
to Nick)
Sorry, Nick.

(CONTINUED)

35 (Cont.)

CULLY:

He was givin' me a lot of gab -
wouldn't unload.

MADDEN:

Shut up!

(smiles apologetically
to Nick)

Won't be any more trouble, Nick.
Turn around and we'll unload your
truck.

Madden acts as if the incident were closed, and is about
to turn away, in a bustling business-like manner.

NICK:

I don't unload notting for the
price you pay.

Madden stops, surprised.

NICK:

(triumphantly)

Tomatoes like mine bring four bucks
in Bay City.

MADDEN:

This is Cat-Tail and you and me've
got a contract for all the crops you
grow.

NICK:

Your contract is crooked like your
face.

STEVE:

That's talking him down, Mister.

At this strange voice, Madden and Cully look back, as
do the others.

MADDEN:

Who're you?

STEVE:

Farmer, just like him, and my old
man, before me, and his old man, too.

Danny enters the scene as Madden reacts to this speech.
Cully's anger is now centered on Steve.

(CONTINUED)

Changes
"JUKE GIRL"

10/22/41
21.

35 (Cont.1)

MADDEN:

You keep your nose out of this,
if you don't want trouble!

DANNY:

He don't mean nothin', Mister.
(undertone to Steve -
pulling his arm)
C'mon, Steve.

Danny leaves scene, taking Steve.

36. ANOTHER ANGLE GROUP

NICK:

Yah! You take our number wan crops
and call 'em hog-feed. Every time
we wink, you pull a cheat.
(he advances on Madden)

Madden steps back, not yielding, but trying to avoid
violence. Cully wants to step in, but the packer
restrains him with a gesture of his hand.

MADDEN:

Buy up your contract and go some
place else, if you don't like my
deal.

NICK:

Yah, if we rake money, we pay off
the loan, but we got to sell to you,
so we don't make money. Nice, heh?
Cat-Tail farmer work like horse, and
he can't even live like a horse.

(CONTINUED)

NICK: (Cont.)
(shaking his hand
to the farmers
standing about)
Ask them, ask anybody, they all
feel same like Nick.

Madden looks at Nick. He has relaxed, amused look in his eyes, as he turns to the farmers.

MADDEN:
That so, boys?

CAMERA PANS to the faces of the men.

MADDEN:
Tell him! Have I ever treated
you any way but right? Go on,
talk up; you're among friends!

No one answers. CAMERA STOPS on one of the farmers,
a thin, timid-looking man.

MADDEN:
Now about you, Ed?

ED:
(intimidated)
I got no kick.

NICK:
He's so broke, he got no shoes
to kick with.

CULLY:
No use talkin', Boss.

Cully once again steps in to take the truck, and Nick,
seeing him come, gets set.

NICK:
(fists doubled)
I got two number fourteen feests
say nobody gonna spit in Nick's
eye.

MISTER JUST:
(quietly - without
moving)
I said - enough.
(Cully stops,
looks back)
Okay, Nick.

(CONTINUED)

36 (Cont.1)

NICK:

(to Steve as he
cheerfully enters
truck)

Nick thank you from the bottom of
his heart.

(throws a kiss with
his ham-hand to Madden)

Goodbye, Mist' Madden.

Nick drives off.

MADDEN:

(cupping his hands
to his mouth, shouting)

Everybody who doesn't belong here,
beat it! The rest of you back to
work.

CULLY:

(pushing people)

Yeah - yeah - Come on - hop to it --
What is this - a side show?

MISTER JUST:

Okay, folks - fun's over for today.

Madden and Cully walk off, the packer cool, self-contain-
ed, the foreman surly, resentful to Steve for having
butted in. The crowd disperses.

37. TRUCKING SHOT

as Danny, Steve walk toward the street.

DANNY:

I'm supposed to be the hot-head in
this crowd! What's the idea buttin' in?

STEVE:

(coldly)

What'd I do?

DANNY:

Talked us out of a couple jobs is all.
We could've grabbed enough cash to
bounce outa this whistle-stop in style.

STEVE:

(drawling)

Bounce into jail, you mean. Last town
we was in, I hadda sit around thirty
days, waitin' for you to get out of the
jug, and it's been like that in every

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont.)

STEVE: (Cont.)
town - but no more, brother. I like
this place. I'd like to grab an
acre and plant my feet for a change.

DANNY:
(bitterly)
Listen, Steve - there're two kinds
of people in the world, the takes
and the tooks, and I'm gonna work
on the take side for a change.

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont.)

They come through the yard gate, through which trucks are passing into the street.

38. MED. SHOT GROUP AT FENCE

A wire fence surrounding Madden's packing house rears up behind the group. A labor truck passes by.

MAN ON LABOR TRUCK:

Red hot jobs -- come'n get 'em..
ride you right out.

DANNY:

There's your limit!
(jerks a thumb
to the truck)
Go on, eat dust, if that's what
you want.

Steve is irked at Danny's persistent nagging. He starts for the truck.

STEVE:

(walking off)
Suits me. Goin' in there -
(indicating the
packing house)
- wasn't my idea anyway.

Danny stops Steve.

DANNY:

Take it easy.
(determined)
You squat here. I'm goin' in
there and hit that foreman right
on the nose for a couple of jobs.

STEVE:

Don't worry -- I'll be here waitin'
to catch yuh - when they toss you
out.

DISSOLVE TO:

39. FULL SHOT INT. PACKING HOUSE (STOCK) DAY

This is a SHOT FROM STOCK, showing the view looking toward the conveyor belt section, where the field-pick lettuce comes in, is dumped into bins, to be trimmed by women trimmers. This SHOT shows practically the whole process from the unloading of lettuce to the packing.

(CONTINUED)

Changes
"JUKE GIRL"

10/30/41
25.

39 (Cont.)

After the SHOT has been established, with the terrific din of operation roaring over the track, Danny comes into the scene. He stands for a moment, looking interestedly about, then goes toward scene, watching the trimmers.

40. OMITTED.

41. TWO SHOT TRUCKING YIPPEE AND DANNY
42.
43. as they walk alongside the trimmers.

DANNY:

(pointing to line
of girls)

That's where I'd like to work --
right in the middle!

YIPPEE:

They'd keep you under'n a pants
full of bees.

(suddenly looking
off scene)

Be seein' 'em!

He goes off hurriedly as Cully enters.

CULLY:

(flabbiy)

What d'you want?

DANNY:

Just rolled into town, lookin' for
work. Got anything?

CULLY:

G'wan, beat it -- get outa here!

Cully pushes Danny toward the door off scene.

CULLY:

That long-tongued frienda yours
didn't do you no good.

DANNY:

Just because he stuck his neck
out, you don't have to chop mine.

CULLY:

It's chopped! Get goin'!

Cully shoves Danny and sends him stumbling out of
the scene.

10/30/41
26.-27.

44. MED. SHOT PACKING HOUSE DOOR

opening on loading platform. Danny comes stumbling through the door, catches himself against a stack of boxes on the platform and regains his balance. As he straightens up, looking back into the packing house with a look of intense anger, Yippee calls to him.

YIPPEE'S VOICE:
(loud whisper)

Hey!

Danny looks in the direction of the sound, and CAMERA PANS with him as he crosses to Yippee.

10/17/41
28.

45. TWO SHOT DANNY AND YIPPEE EXT. LOADING PLATFORM

Yippee is holding the empty hand truck.

YIPPEE:

(looking about)

Fired yuh, even before you got a
job, huh... Say, how about betting
on a sure thing?

(draws out a racing

form from back pocket)

I got a nag here ---

DANNY:

(interrupting)

I'm broke. I couldn't lay a nickel
on the sun to show tomorrow morning.

YIPPEE:

You don't need no money. Use your
brain, make a mind bet. If you win
a million, you feel good; if you
lose, you don't feel bad. I picked
me a filly yesterday over to Tropical
Park, 40 to 1, laid her right on the
schnozzola.

DANNY:

(interested)

How'd you make out?

YIPPEE:

(admitting it)

I lost my mind!

(pushes hand truck)

Say, how d'ya like our town, huh?

DANNY:

(disgustedly)

Some town.

YIPPEE:

Yeap, man says he'll do you a favor,
he'll do it --- course, he says he's
gonna kill you, he'll generally do
that, too. It's a mighty good town --
You now here?

Danny nods surlily as Yippee gets set to take off with
the truck.

YIPPEE:

I got a shack over 't Tent City.
Drop around.

(CONTINUED)

10/17/41
28a.

45 (Cont.)

Suddenly Yippee sees Cully watching him offscene and he begins to whistle shrilly and briskly "THE GAL I LEFT BEHIND ME", as he pushes his truck, trundling it into the packing house. Danny grins, then laughs quietly to himself as he looks after the departing Yippee, as Jo-Mo rushes up to him.

JO-MO:

I tole yuh, boss, you needs one
a-these.

(dangles charms)

Last man bought one a-my Jo-Mos,
mos' worked himself to death, he
got so many jobs.

DISSOLVE TO:

46. CLOSE SHOT A SIGN

29.
NIGHT

A rickety sign, homemade and the letters on it roughly scrawled, as if the maker had lumped his tongue in his cheek, reads:

TENT CITY
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
NEVER MEETS

CAMERA PANS OVER to SHOW a tangle of tents, shacks, tin-can bungalows, all gathered in a hodge-podge mess in the Glade jungle growth. CAMERA PICKS UP and FOLLOWS SKEETER. She is singing.

SKEETER:

(singing)

"Got me a blue bell,
Gonna clang it;
Gonna ding it,
Gonna dang it,
Gonna ring that
Happy blue bell...."

She continues singing as she comes up to Yippee's shack.

47. EXT. YIPPEE'S SHACK ANOTHER ANGLE

Yippee comes into the doorway, buttoning on a clean shirt, grinning down at the boys. The remains of a fire sends up a thin line of smoke. In the f.g. is a large box which has been used as a table. On it are the remainders of the evening's dinner: a loaf of bread, a coffee pot, empty bottles of beer.

YIPPEE:

Got 'er all fixed, fellers. You two sleep on the bed. Borrowed me a cot from the guy next door - jus' hope he don't find out.

STEVE:

Sure we ain't crowdin' yuh, Yippee?

YIPPEE:

'F yuh think this is crowdin' yuh should a-ben here the time I was beddin' six fellers and a pooch.

(scratches)

All left but the fleas.

(then Yippee sees

Skeeter)

Hi-yuh, kid, what d'ya know?

(CONTINUED)

47 (Cont.)

SKEETER:

I'm a new neighbor a yorun.
(as Steve and Danny
look up)
Hillo, Steve.

STEVE:

(rising)
Hi, Skeeter.
(to Yippee)
This here's a friend of ours, Yippee.
(back to Skeeter)
Your folks find a campin' place, yuh-
all settled?

SKEETER:

Gittin' roady for eats! Was kind a-
hopin' I cud borra a slice a bread,
of hit ain't askin' too much.

YIPPEE:

(skeptical)
For how many?

SKEETER:

For the folks. We cud divvy hit up
eight ways, so's we cud all git a
picco, jus' for the taste.

YIPPEE:

Eight ways! Why, a slice a-bread
couldn't quiet down one gizzard
full a growl, let alone a whole
fambly ---- Here!

Yippee grabs up a loaf from the table and tosses it
to Skeeter. Then he reaches into the house and tosses
some cans to her, shouting 'here' with each can. He
fills Skeeter's arms with food.

YIPPEE:

There y'are. Tell 'em to fill their
teeth on that!

SKEETER:

(touched)
Gosh, Yip, cud sure kiss ya!

YIPPEE:

Ain't that just like a woman, tuh
think a kiss cud pay for a armful
a-eats! Why, Honey, it'd take a shake
a kissin' and huggin' to make up for
all the chow I give yuh.

(CONTINUED)

10/17/41
30a.

47 (Cont.1)

SKEETER:

(laughing)

I'll put it on the books, Yippoo,
and catch yuh when I grow up.

Then, to Steve and Danny:

SKEETER:

Glad tuh see yuh both again.
(to Steve)

Sure is a black, skeery night, hain't it. How'd yuh like to walk me home?

STEVE:

(rising)

Sure.

49. MED. CLOSE SHOT YIPPEE'S SHACK

Skeeter holds Steve's arm, as if she had found a new boy friend. Steve is tall beside her. As they walk off:

DANNY:

Watch your step, Steve, she's a dangerous woman.

50. TRUCKING SHOT SKEETER AND STEVE

STEVE:

(holding out the loaf)

Up to your old tricks again?

SKEETER:

(chattering)

Figured the slice'd git me the loaf -- Gonna stay in Cat-Tail a while? Nope so, 'cause there ain't many a my kind a boys here in Tint City. I mean, a girl's gotta be partickler, and pick herself out a good feller, don't she?

STEVE:

Getting a good start, ain't yuh?

SKEETER:

Awful lot of fellers don't want to git married up.

STEVE:

How do you know?

SKEETER:

I asked 'em.

51. MED. CLOSE SHOT STEVE AND SKEETER AT PUMP

A pail of water is on the ground.

SKEETER:

I nearly forgot. Think carryin'
a pail a water'd stretch your arm
out too far?

STEVE:

Nah, easiest thing there is.
(picks up pail)

Lola comes into the scene, carrying two empty pails.
As she comes up -

SKEETER:

Carry it muhself, only a woman's
gotta be femmy-nine.
(sees Lola)

Come on, Steve.

But Steve is reluctant to leave, for he feels attracted to Lola, who greets him in a friendly way.

LOLA:

(hooking a pail
to the pump)

See you made it into town, all
right.

STEVE:

Yeah, we're beddin' with a fella
over yonder.

LOLA:

We're on the other side.

Danny briskly steps into the scene, nodding cockily to Lola.

DANNY:

Swell, we'll drop in.
(looks around
brightly)

What're we doin', choosin' sides?
(grins at Lola)

I'll pick you.

Skeeter looks back as Steve reluctantly leaves.

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.)

STEVE:
(nod of the finger)
So long....

SKEETER:
She'll pick you.

52. MED. SHOT DANNY AND LOLA AT PUMP

Danny pumps, looking evenly at Lola, who returns the gaze with a hard quiet look. The spurting water makes a metallic sound against the bottom of the pail.

LOLA:
Little Johnny-Jump-Up, aren't yuh?

DANNY:
That's me. No use sugarin' Steve.
He'd waste your time.

LOLA:
I suppose you 'll do me a lotta
good.

DANNY:
(picking up pails,
which are full now)
I won't treat you like a kid-sister.
Give Steve a chance and he'll start
talkin' about how things grow.
Which way do we go?

LOLA:
You wouldn't be wastin' my time?

DANNY:
I filled your buckets, and I'm
cerryin' 'em ain't I? Maybe I'll
even wash your dishes, if you'll
let me.

LOLA:
This is for a bath.

DANNY:
Okay, I'll scrub your back. I'm
an expert in that department.

(CONTINUED)

52 (Cont.)

As they walk, it is a quiet night, with the SOUND of the camp coming to them, timidly, the guitar still twanging out in the silence.

DANNY:

So we can steer straight, my name's Danny. What's yours?

LOLA:

(sarcastically)

Guess.

Danny looks off.

DANNY:

(continuing)

This the shack?

53. MED. SHOT DANNY AND LOLA SHACK

A light is burning in the shack, and inside a phonograph is playing NEW SAN ANTONIO ROSE.

LOLA:

(reaching for pails)

This is it. . . D'ya wanta go now, or stick around and heat up my water with that hot air you've been blowing?

DANNY:

(heading for the shack)

I'll nose in for a minute.

LOLA:

(as they go in)

Yuh got a cold nose, far's I'm concerned.

54. FULL SHOT INT. SHACK

Murph is sitting on a cot, pulling on a stocking. She looks up and sees Danny come in, then Lola.

MURPH:

(not pausing - resenting his intrusion)

Come right ahead, don't mind me.

(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont.)

MURPH: (Cont.)
 (then to Lola, as if
 Danny were not in the
 room)

Where'd you pick up the stray dog?

DANNY:
 I followed her home.
 (sits on a box -
 nods to Murph)
 I'll stick around, if she's leavin'.

Lola loops a hand around Danny's neck and pulls him up again, and he takes the opportunity to get an arm loosely about her. Lola does not repulse him.

DANNY:
 Like to dance?

He dances her slowly around, not moving much from one spot.

55. CLOSE SHOT LOLA AND DANNY

DANNY:
 I dance good, know a lotta
 trick steps.

LOLA:
 I work at Muckeye's Jook. Cost
 you money to dance with me.

Lola pushes Danny away.

56. FULL SHOT INT. SHACK

Murph comes to Lola's assistance and as they push
 Danny.

MURPH:
 Out, brother! We make our
 livin' holdin' hands, and no
free samples.

They push Danny out and close the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

"JUKE GIRL"
ADDED SCENES

1/23/42
35a.

55. INT. LOLA'S SHACK CLOSE SHOT LOLA AND DANNY
dancing.

DANNY:
Nah, but I can give yuh plenty
of experience. I dance good,
know a lot of trick steps.

55a. ANOTHER SHOT LOLA AND DANNY DANCING

DANNY:
(demonstrating)
Rhumba!
(demonstrating)
Tango!
(he tries to pull
her close)

LOLA:
You dance 'em all like the Bunny
Hug. I work at Muckeye's Juke.
Cost you money to dance with me.

DANNY:
Thanks for tellin' me.
(he stops but doesn't
release her)
My feet ain't movin' -- so it
ain't dancin' no more. It's love.

LOLA:
(pushes him away)
Let's just call it friendship...
(pushes him again)
A passing friendship --
(opens the door)
-- Friendship's more lasting than
love --
(shoves him thru door)
-- Don't you think?
(slams the door)

55b. CLOSE SHOT DOOR

The door pops open and Danny sticks his head in.

DANNY:
Yeah - but it ain't as entertaining!

In the b.g., out of CAMERA, Lola heaves a shoe at the
door, as Danny whips it shut again.

DISSOLVE TO:

57. EXT. MAIN STREET CAT-TAIL NIGHT

Cat-Tail is afire with neon lights. All along the street people are milling about, boiling around, bent on having a good time, and the night spots, the jooks, are beginning to claim their victims. Above the sidewalk stretch signs, marking in steady glow the fantastic names: LITTLE ZOMBIE; SHOOK SHACK; HORSIE'S HOT SPOT; THE GOON'S; JOOK ALLEY and MUCKEYE JOOK. From each place the jook boxes shriek.

Through the crowd toward Muckeye's, Yippee, Steve and Danny push their way. Jo-Mo tags along with them trying to dangle one of his charms.

58. MED. CLOSE MOVING SHOT EXT. SIDEWALK MUCKEYE'S JOOK

Yippee is talking to Jo-Mo as he steers the boys toward Muckeye's.

YIPPEE:

(slaps Jo-Mo's back)

Hi-ya, Jo-Mo, what d'ya know, boy,
still sellin' them charms?

JO-MO:

(joining the boys)

Yass suh, Jo-Mo, tuh give yuh dice
luck, gal luck, job luck, any kinda
luck folks needin'. Got 'em at bank-
rupt rates tonight. Wanna buy one ---?

YIPPEE:

Ahhh, I don't believe in them things...
Gimme one!

(as the transaction
is made)

Man, I hope this gives me luck in one
a-them skin games! Win me a killin'...
Cain't tell, this might be m'night to
howl. Ain't done it yet, but when I
do, I'm gonna git muhself a blonde an'
a cyar an' go back home an' see the
folks in Montana.

He leads the way into Muckeye's, shoving past a drunk who reels out the door. Danny throws Steve a look as they follow him.

DANNY:

(cynically)

That's what this mosquito farm does
to you.

They enter the jook.

59. FULL SHOT INT. MUCKEYE JOCK NIGHT

Danny, Steve and Yippee enter.

60. MED. SHOT INT. MUCKEYE JOCK YIPPEE, DANNY, STEVE

Muckeye, a burly individual in messed up trousers and high-heeled cowboy boots, comes charging up.

MUCKEYE:

(pounding Yippee's back)

Hi-ya, Yippee, what d'ya know!

YIPPEE:

(pounding back and

shouting louder)

How's yerself, you ole shank bone,
still goug'in' the bucks outa honest
folks?

MUCKEYE:

(shouting still louder

and pounding still harder)

Yeap, shore -- Ole Yip here, the
money he's lost playin' skin's paid
for muh joint -- but she's in my
name. Gonna git in a game a-skin
tonight, Yip?

YIPPEE:

(resignedly now)

Might's well, a-guess - got muh whole
pay check to spread around like leaves
fallin' off a tree. Want you to meet
a couple friends a-mine, Muck. Danny
and Steve.

MUCKEYE:

(shaking hands vigorously)

Glad to make your ack-quaintance, boys.
Sit down, spread your legs -- what's
new, Yippee, hear any doin's?

YIPPEE:

Say, glad yuh asked me.

(pounds Muckeye in a
surprise move)

Great doin's down Swamptown way. Guv'nor
give a woman a medal for havin' seventeen
kids.

STEVE:

Part a national defense, a-guess!

DANNY:

What'd they give her ole man?

(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont.)

YIPPEE:

Put him on relief!
(laughs uproariously)
What d'ya say to a round a beers,
fellas?

BOYS:

Sure....
Suits me....

YIPPEE:

Four beers, Tappy!

DANNY:

Nice joint you got here.

MUCKEYE:

Best jook in town. Got anything
from gambling --
(whispers)
- tuh gals! Couple a new ones come in
today. Cutest doves yuh ever seen.
Want me to git 'em to warm a seat?

Waiter comes in bearing a tray with bottles of beer on
it. Yippee grabs a bottle and shoves off the cap with
his thumb.

YIPPEE:

(rising - as he opens
bottle)

Not f'or me! A dame is a jinx with a
skirt wrapped around her. I'd ruther
git skunked in a skin game. See ya
later, fellas!

MUCKEYE:

Hey, Lola, Murph, come on over, be
sociable, got a couple customers.
(to Danny)
They'll coo yuh any song yuh wanta
hear.

Yippee has halted in his tracks as he looks off,
startled. Murph and Lola come in. Yippee's eyes are
on Murph. He touches her and she smiles at him.

MURPH:

Was that your sweet voice yoo-hoo'in'
us?

YIPPEE:

Well, preen my feathers and say cluck --
you sure look good to me, chick.

(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont. 1)

MURPH:

(agreeable - reaching
for him)

How about treadin' the light fantastic?

YIPPEE:

(protesting)

Ah, no -- I'm the quiet kind, likes to
sit in a corner and hold a hand aside
a cards. Come on, stand behind me in
a skin-game and bring me luck --

(as he leads her off;

winks to Danny)

Walkin' Jo-Mo!

Danny is grinning maliciously at Lola.

DANNY:

How was the bath?

LOLA:

The bath's for later, so I can go
to bed clean.

Muckeye's face takes on a pleased, surprised expression.

MUCKEYE:

Yuh know each other?

DANNY:

(stung)

Sure. I've seen her kind in every B
joint from L.A. to South Chicago.
Gets you to buy her a drink and clips
you two bits for a shot of tea -- and
for another two bits she'll call you
'honey'.

LOLA:

(flares)

brother, every time a string of box-
cars shakes itself, flares like you
come hopping out!

Danny bristles as Lola strikes home. Lola turns to
Muckeye.

LOLA:

(to Muckeye)

He's no customer - he's a freight tramp!

As Lola leaves, Danny, eyeing her departing figure,
makes two short socking motions of his fists together -
one, two.

(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont.2)

DANNY:
(getting up)
Boy - look't her slinging left hooks
at herself.

61. FOLLOW SHOT DANNY AND STEVE

STEVE:
Put a blinder on them eyes of yours.
We can't fool around with no dames.

DANNY:
(still looking)
Dames make you forget you're hungry!

They arrive at the skin table, where Yippee is standing nearby, with Murph watching. At the table, Madden and Cully are busy in the secret-silent processes of playing poker.

YIPPEE:
(as Danny and Steve
come alongside)
Would yuh like some loose change?

DANNY:
Nah ---

YIPPEE:
Skip it, I used to have a kid brother,
used to nickel and dime me to death,
I don't mind. Here's a fin, go on,
tear up the joint.
(forces the money
on Danny)
Pay me back later, save me from losin'
it.

Danny grins and looks off as Yippee laughs, nudging Murph.

YIPPEE:
Start pullin' down the luck, sister,
here we go!
(pulls out a chair
and sits in at the
skin game)

Steve is standing by as Danny goes off.

as Danny is about to shove a nickel in the jook box. IKE HARPER, a small man in the high-heeled boots, the tight jeans, the colored shirt of a beer joint cowboy, even to the broad-brimmed felt hat, is seen standing dejectedly beside the jook box, holding a star-spangled guitar by the neck.

IKE HARPER:

(complaining)

I kin gobble up nickels good as
that there grunt-box, play any-
thing from a hoedown to a fandango,
but I don't git no chance.

Danny pays no attention to him, but pushes in the nickel and the jook box blares again. Ike looks sadly at it as it bellows forth. CAMERA PANS with Danny as he goes to Lola, who is standing near the bar. He takes her by the arm and turns her around.

DANNY:

Hi --

(holding her)

Jook box is playin' a call to arms --
Do your duty.

LOLA:

(dancing in spite
of herself)

Far's you're concerned, I just broke
both my legs.

DANNY:

(showing her the
five dollar bill)

This oughta put 'em together again.

(Lola smiles at sight
of the money)

I ain't such a bad guy -- Lift my
coat and you'll find wings.

LOLA:

Watch out I don't clip 'em.

Danny grins as he turns her through the crowd. They dance past the table where Cully and the group are playing.

(CONTINUED)

62-63 (Cont.,)

CULLY:
You in, Yippee?

YIPPEE:
Yeah --
 (shoves in bet -
 then, looking off)
Hey, lookut 'em go!

As faces look off, Yippee picks up an ace, making a pair of aces in his hand. He smiles in satisfaction.

STEVE:
 (standing behind
 Yippee with Murph)
Sure gettin' his nickel's worth!

64. WIDER ANGLE OF GAMBLING TABLE INCLUDING DANCING

As the gamblers look, we see Danny and Lola dancing. Cully recognizes Danny and his face takes on an expression of malicious pleasure.

CULLY:
Well, tip my lid, if it ain't the
salad bowl kid.
 (to Lola)
Some jooker, huh, sister!

LOLA:
He's gonna throw his legs outa this
joint in a minute.

CULLY:
Come on, boy, cut the rug.
 (aside)
Strangler Lewis, no holds barred,
three falls to finish, I'm bottin'
on the dame.

YIPPEE:
Maybe he kin do better, Danny.

LOLA:
Sure, Danny, why don't you try him!

Lola laughs and Danny, burned, stops dancing and shoves Lola to Cully, setting her in his lap, almost knocking him over.

DANNY:
 (angrily)
Go on, spin her!

(CONTINUED)

64 (Cont.)

Cully, face darkening, rises and the crowd turns its attention to Danny and Cully, anticipating a fight. Steve butts in.

STEVE:

Take it easy, Danny.

Muckeye comes rushing into scene.

MUCKEYE:

Boys, boys, no fightin'!

65. CLOSE SHOT YIPPEE AT TABLE

He looks around, then quietly picks up another ace and slips it into his hand, then looks around, smugly satisfied. He has two aces now.

66. ANOTHER SHOT TABLE AND DANCING FLOOR

Danny and Cully are menacing each other, as Yippee shouts again, trying to make another opportunity to pick up another card.

YIPPEE:

Go on, Danny, show him that new step.

But Cully looks off, as he is about to tangle with Danny and sees something off scene in the entrance of the jook.

CULLY:

(suddenly; forgetting
Danny)

Poss!

(nods toward the entrance; Madden looks
off apprehensively)

MUCKEYE:

(as everyone looks off)
Careful boys, watch your manners,
you're botherin' the family trade.

He too, looks apprehensively toward the entrance.

67. INT. JOOK NEAR DOOR

Through the open door the truck of Nick Garco's has stopped outside and Nick is getting out. He looks around, then crosses to the door of the jook and stands on the threshold, looking about. Then he sees Madden off scene. He starts forward.

68. MED. SHOT AT TABLE MADDEN, CULLY AND YIPPEE

As Nick comes up, Madden is again smiling broadly.
CAMERA MOVES IN.

MADDEN:

(friendly)

Hello, Nick. Have a drink?

NICK:

(dejectedly)

I don't come to drink. I come to talk business. I think maybe you right. I got a load of tomatoes packed, all ready to go. I take a dollar and a quarter, like you say - you take my load...

CULLY:

(tauntingly)

What's a matter, Nick, they turn you down in Bay City?

Nick's expression shows that they have. Madden smiles; Cully laughs.

MADDEN:

(flipping a card)

You should a grabbed my offer this morning. Got a report Mexican tomatoes're coming in -- can't pay you more'n sixty cents now.

NICK:

(astounded)

Sixty cents!

Nick scowls angrily. A waiter comes up with a tray of three drinks.

MADDEN:

(picks up glass and holds it out good-naturedly)

Here, Nick, drink up. No hard feelings.

Nick's fury has climaxed by now and with a sharp blow, he knocks the glass out of Madden's hand. The drink splashes all over Madden's face.

NICK:

(raging)

That's how I drink up!

Madden's look of calm reserve leaves his face, as he rises to his feet, frantically kicking back his chair and wiping at his shirt front.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.)

MADDEN:

(heatedly)

Why, you....!

Nick grabs Madden by the coat front and pulls him close.

NICK:

(threateningly)

I know how you call Bay City, stop
them from buying my load!

Madden is panicky.

68a. MED. CLOSE SHOT TABLE CULLY AND YIPPEE

Cully scowls as he takes after Nick.

CULLY:

Leave go, Greek!

As Cully charges, Yippee with a furtive look about,
sticks out his leg and trips Cully. Again, in the en-
suing excitement, he goes through the deck and finds a
third ace. He is completely satisfied as he leans back,
lays his cards down and puts the jo-mo he had previous-
ly bought, upon the cards.

68b. ANOTHER SHOT MUCKEYE'S JOOK INTERIOR

Madden tries to shake off Nick as Cully scrambles up
from the floor and goes after Nick. Nick socks him
hard with a clumsy ox-like blow and sends the foreman
stumbling back on his heels, across the room, crashing
into the jook box, which has been playing all the time.
It stops playing abruptly, as Cully smashes into it,
wedging himself among the splinters and wreckage.

69. MED. CLOSE SHOT MUCKEYE AT BAR

Muckeye runs to one end of the bar and sees that his
jook box is irreparably wrecked. He tears his hair
as he screams:

MUCKEYE:

(furiously)

My jook! I just paid the last in-
stallment.

He runs to the other end of the bar, intent on getting
out to stop the fight.

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.)

MUCKEYE:

Hey, cut out the fightin' -- no
fightin' -- boys, please -- you'll
wreck the joint.

Several farmer-looking men have lined themselves,
shoulder to shoulder, at the exit of the bar and with
peculiar dead-pan expressions, they keep Muckeye from
coming out.

MUCKEYE:

(to one of the
jook girls)

Get Mister Just -- quick!

70. WIDER ANGLE

CAMERA PANS across faces of onlookers to Nick and Mad-
den. The faces are nearly all expressionless, conceal-
ing their enjoyment of Madden's predicament. Nick, fists
clenched, eyes blazing, bears down and Madden backs
away seeking escape. Someone stumbles, trying to get
out of his backstepping path.

MADDEN:

(trying to reason)

I had my rights, Nick -- load was
mine - no call to get mad.

Nick does not waver in his purpose. Madden comes to
the wall and moves along it.

MADDEN:

(in cowardly fear)

Don't, Nick -- I'll treat you right --
Next load you bring in -- fair price --
won't have no kick.

Madden, seeing Nick is unswayed, looks about for help.

71. CLOSE SHOT NICK AND MADDEN IN CORNER

Madden is now backed into a corner of the room, trapped.

MADDEN:

(warding off with
his hands)

Stop him, somebody -- Muckeye ...

(terrified)

Muckeye!

Nick hits Madden's head with the flat of his hand and
knocks it hard against the wall. Madden, cornered,
begins to fight, as if for his life.

72. MED. SHOT BAR MUCKEYE AND FARMERS

MUCKEYE:

What's the idea, boys, break up, let me outta here... Come on ...

FARMER:

Don't get excited Muckeye. We're doing you a favor keeping yuh outta trouble.

73. WIDER ANGLE

as Danny pushes his way through the crowd, coming alongside of Steve.

DANNY:

Watch me wade into a couple of soft jobs.

He shoves through the crowd.

74. WIDER ANGLE

As Nick reaches in to grab Madden, Danny steps into the scene and attacks Nick. He jerks the farmer around and hits him hard, knocking him back into the table. The gambling table crashes over, dumping cards and chips all over Yippee. As Danny picks Nick up -

75. CLOSE SHOT YIPPEE

In grief, as he tries to find his cards, but only succeeds in finding the Jo-lo which he throws across the room.

75a. CLOSE SHOT LOLA

Reacting to what Danny is doing.

75b. CLOSE SHOT STEVE

Reacting to Danny's actions.

75c. WIDER ANGLE FIGHT

As Danny clubs Nick brutally, propelling him toward the doorway, Steve comes in and tries to interfere.

(CONTINUED)

75c (Cont.)

STEVE:

Cut it out, leave him alone, this
is none a-your business!

By now, Danny has propelled Nick to the entrance of
the jook.

76. EXT. JOOK ENTRANCE

Danny finishes the fight with a shove that sends Nick
stumbling through the door and across the walk, where
he collapses to his knees. Men and women come crowd-
ing out. Danny turns back into the jook. Steve helps
Nick to his feet, but the Creek pushes his hands off
and stands up.

77. INT. JOOK MADDEN AND CULLY

Madden is straightening his clothes, still looking wor-
ried. Cully is trying to extricate himself from the
jook box.

LUCKEYE:

(yelling)

Acres of floor an' you gotta squat
in my jook. Who's gonna pay?

DANNY:

Ask the jerk in the -- box.

(to Madden)

How you feelin'?

MADDEN:

(beginning to regain
his composure)

Okay -- thanks.

DANNY:

(grins)

You can thank me by givin' me an'
my bud a job. How about it?

CULLY:

(staggering up)

His pal's the guy who was talkin'
you down this mornin'.

Madden looks intently at Danny.

DANNY:

I'll sit on his tongue. We'll work
hard, give you your money's worth.

MADDEN:

(after a pause)

Okay, you're in. But if he slips
once, you're out, both of you.

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont.)

Danny stands smiling at Cully.

CULLY:

(protesting)

Do I have to have this guy in my hair?

DANNY:

Listen, bottle-neck, I'm gonna get
so twisted in your hair, you're gonna
wish you never saw me!

(right on top of the world,

turns to Madden)

Thanks, Madden.

Danny looks around for Steve.

78. MED. SHOT AT DOOR

Lola stands just inside the door. She has overheard.
CAMERA PANS with her as she crosses to Danny, her eyes
blazing.

LOLA:

(bitingly)

Somebody ought to pin a medal on
you - with a club!

DANNY:

Ahh - go guzzle a beer.

LOLA:

You must have rocks inside of you -
climbing on that farmer's neck --!

(with bitter sarcasm)

- just to gravy yourself - with him!

(points to Madden)

Danny flares up and he involuntarily raises his hand to
slap her.

LOLA:

(continuing)

You touch me and you'll think a mess
of wildcats broke loose!

Muckeye comes running in.

MUCKEYE:

(despairingly -

practically crying)

No more fighting, folks -- please!

You wreck my jook organ - next thing
you'll wreck my joint. It's bad for
business.

(gesturing to Lola)

You, Lola - outside! -- cool off!

(shoves her)

(CONTINUED)

78 (Cont.)

Lola glares at Danny for a second, then goes out with Steve. Muckeye is shouting:

MUCKEYE:

(to Ike, standing beside
the smashed juke box)

You, Ike -- wind up that guitar a
yours, start playin'.

Ike's face is happy as if he were the one who had
wrecked the organ.

IKE:

(jubilantly - as he
springs atop the
juke box)

Hoedowns and all?

MUCKEYE:

(disgustedly)

Yeah, hoedowns and all ...

Ike sticks his hat between his feet.

IKE:

Down there's the slot, folks, drop in
your nickels and pick your numbers.

Like a conquering hero, he begins beating out a jangling
tune.

79. EXT. JOKE JOINT

As Lola walks slowly from the juke entrance, she sees
Steve standing by the street, watching the departure of
Nick's truck which is just now going off down the dark
road. CAMERA TRUCKS as Lola walks slowly by Steve, and
Steve turns, when he hears someone beside him.

LOLA:

(tiredly)

Hi, farmer ...

Steve acknowledges her greeting with a shake of his head.
Together, they begin to walk down the road in the direc-
tion Nick's truck has taken. They go slowly, not talk-
ing, as if too occupied with their thoughts.

DISSOLVE TO:

80. OUTSKIRTS OF CAT-TAIL STEVE AND LOLA A WHILE LATER
NIGHT

Steve and Lola have walked to the edge of town, and here
the night stretches out into vast frog-croaking, cricket-
chirping darkness. Lola has calmed down,

(CONTINUED)

STEVE:

(takes a deep breath)
Seems kinda good to be out where it's quiet.

LOLA:

Yeah...

(a night bird whistles)
... don't have to drop a nickel in him.

STEVE:

(after a moment)
Kinda live in a hurry, don't you?

LOLA:

(shrugs)

The people I know spend their money fast and die young. Getting jook blood, they call it.

STEVE:

(after a pause)

Yuh know, this country kinda knocks me over. Raise six crops in a season. Back home, we was lucky if we got one.

LOLA:

(curiously)

Where you from?

STEVE:

Kansas. Ever hear a the wheat fields a Kansas? Wheat in the Summer, if the drought or the floods don't get you, snow all Winter.

LOLA:

Guess we're sorta neighbors! Come from Nebraska myself. All I remember is I was burning to get out.

STEVE:

And you've been burnin' to get out of every place you've been.

(Lola nods)

That's how I've been feelin', since I left home.

LOLA:

(cynically)

Why don't you go back, if you're so homesick?

STEVE:

Home's just a place you think of after you beat it -- keep wishin' you could go back... cottonwood trees growin' over the house...

(CONTINUED)

Changes
"JUKE GIRL"

10/16/41
51.

30 (Cont.1)

LOLA:

(looks at him softly)
Willows over ours -- used to climb
'em, play Tarzan

STEVE:

River went past our place -- nights
you could hear it runnin' ...

LOLA:

Yeah --- swimmin'. Caught a boy
watchin' once --- got so mad, forgot
I had my clothes on a limb, started
chasin' 'im!

They laugh.

STEVE:

Fields stretch right out to the sky -
plantin' time yuh run a seeder over
the bare ground - and pretty soon,
win's ripplin' corn ...

LOLA:

(dreamily)

Stands 'way over your head - like
bein' in another world.

STEVE:

Makes you feel big! ...

LOLA:

Never made me feel anything like that!
(suddenly; bitterly)
I hated it! Dry wind - dust - day
after day a-seein' nothin' but the big
country reachin' out around you -
wonderin' what other folks were doin' --
itching to get away.....

Steve watches her, tries to understand her mood. Then,
as if to change the subject:

STEVE:

(looks around)

Say - we kinda walked outa town a
space.

Lola points to a shack.

LOLA:

(cynically)

Home!

STEVE:

For folks like us.

81. EXT. LOLA'S SHACK

Steve sees that they have come to a cluster of shacks in the jungle growth. The houses loom up in the shadows all around them. There is a remote light in a window. Far behind them, Cat-Tail makes a soft puff of light in the darkness. The wide, starry night fills the sky, and frogs are belly-chanting in the swamp.

STEVE:

Headin' on back to the jook?

LOLA:

Quittin' early tonight -- head kinda aches ...

STEVE:

Walk yuh to your shack.

Close together, they go on through Tent City, toward Lola's hut, the shapes of tents, cars, trees surrounding them in the darkness.

82. MED. CLOSE SHOT SHACK DOOR

As they come up to the door, Lola opens it and turns around. Steve is below the step.

LOLA:

(upset)

Steve...?

Steve looks up, not answering, waiting for her to go on.

LOLA:

(choked)

Nothin' ...

She turns abruptly and goes into the shack. Steve looks after her a moment, puzzled, then goes after her.

83. INT. SHACK

Lola is standing in the dark, as Steve comes in and goes up to her.

LOLA:

(still in a mood)

... funny how you keep rememberin' things you hate, like you was dead and there's nothing else...

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont.) INT. LOLA'S SHACK

STEVE:

It is sorta crazy, I guess.

Lola, standing close to Steve, watches him as he smiles moodily.

STEVE:

Rememberin' makes everything seem nice.

Lola laughs as she goes to the lantern hanging from the rafter.

LOLA:

You're just a big kid -- goin' 'round settin' people to thinkin'.
(serious moment)

The thing to do is not to think.

Lola lights the match and applies the flare to the lantern wick, then pulls the glass chimney down into place. Then, as she turns away, she touches the back of her hand to her forehead.

STEVE:

Don't yuh feel good?

LOLA:

It's nothing -- just the sun, hit us this morning, driving in.

Lola looks at Steve, smiling warmly.

LOLA:

Burned my shoulder.

As she says this, Lola exposes her shoulder and touches it with her hand. Steve is close now and he touches it, too, but apparently in the wrong place, for Lola lays her hand on his and moves it over to her soft, rounded neck.

STEVE:

(quietly)

Burned bad. Hurt?

Lola nods. He looks at Lola, as if he were thinking, daring himself.

STEVE:

(dreamily)

When you meet someone you like, it's like you'd known 'em a long time.

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont.1)

1/23/42
53a.

LOLA:
Nobody's known me a long time.

STEVE:
(quietly)
I have.

Steve tries to kiss Lola and for a moment she seems on the verge of turning up her lips, then suddenly she averts her face.

LOLA:
(quietly)
Cut it out, Steve. Please!

STEVE:
What's the matter?

Lola turns away from Steve and goes to the window where she looks out moodily.

LOLA:
Nothing. I hate the sympathetic pass.

STEVE:
(going to her)
Didn't mean it that way.

83a. TWO SHOT STEVE AND LOLA

They stand close together as she looks broodingly out the window.

LOLA:
(thoughtfully)
But it's a pass all the same - sneaks up on the blind side of you.

STEVE:
You're a funny girl.

LOLA:
Suppose I am... Used to know a boy back in Nebraska - was full of dreams just like you. Used to make all kinds of promises and plans.

STEVE:
What's wrong with plans?

(CONTINUED)

83a (Cont.)

LOLA:

Nothing - if you're willing to
work 'em out. But you ain't.
First time the old mortgage man
cracks down, you'll fold up
like tissue paper.

STEVE:

Is that what happened to him?

LOLA:

(after a troubled
moment)

You better go, Steve.

Steve watches her and realizes that she compares him
with her old boy friend.

STEVE:

(hurt)

Okay -

Steve goes out.

83b. CLOSEUP LOLA

As Lola watches Steve go she knows she has hurt him
and regrets having expressed herself so bluntly. She
calls out.

LOLA:

Steve --

84. EXT. SHACK

As Steve starts to walk away from the shack, Lola comes to the door. Her voice is friendly again.

LOLA:
Steve.....

Steve stops; looks back.

LOLA:
(teasing)
Where you goin'?

STEVE:
Out to the Greek's... Must have a
lot of things chokin' him... Gonna
give him a chance tuh talk it out.

LOLA:
(coming out)
Can I come along?

STEVE:
(passively)
I don't mind.

LOLA:
(eagerly - opening
car door)
I'll drive you over!

STEVE:
(quietly)
Thanks.

DISSOLVE TO:

85. NICK'S FARM

MOONLIGHT NIGHT

The farm sleeps in moonstretches of silence, as Lola and Steve drive up the lane leading to the house. Someone is walking across the yard, swaying a lantern in his stride, casting grotesque, now bulky, now lean shadows in the lantern light. It is Nick. The farmer stands caught in the headlights as they swing around, his dark Greek face intent, wondering who could be coming at this hour. Steve steps down, but before Lola can get out, Nick is upon them.

(CONTINUED)

Changes
"JUKE GIRL"

10/9/41
55.

85 (Cont.)

NICK:
(charging Steve)
Get outa here!

Steve gets down.

STEVE:
Hold on, Mister....

Steve lifts Nick's lantern arm up and the light floods their faces. In the weird low-light, the two men recognize each other.

NICK:
(relaxing - Steve
frees his wrist)
What for you come?

STEVE:
Give you a target for cussin'. My old
man used to cuss the sky, come bad
year 'n bad crops. Done plenty myself.

NICK:
I swear in three language, but that
don't fix Madden. I got to do some-
thing, haul my tomatoes to Atlanta
market queek.

LOLA:
Help him, Steve!

Nick looks closely at Steve.

NICK:
What for you want to help Nick?

STEVE:
Guess I don't like to see a man
kicked around... Farmin's tough
enough as it is... My paw had a
place in Kansas, four hundred
acres -- we was dusted out.

The three head across the yard, toward the truck, the
lantern catching them in its dancing web of light.

STEVE:
Atlanta? Say, that's down the road
a piece, ain't it -- more'n six
hundred miles.
(as they come to truck)
This truck ain't good enough to make
that haul!

(CONTINUED)

85 (Cont.1)

Nick's old truck stands half-loaded at the shed. Steve takes the lantern and shines it on to the truck.

NICK:

I drive slow, I watch the road,
I slap my hands together and
pray we make it!

STEVE:

(shining the lantern
on a rear tire)
First bad stretch a-road you hit,
your tires'll blow.

LOLA:

Then where'll you be?

NICK:

Let 'em blow! I roll on my rims!

STEVE:

How far'll that get you? Talk sense!

Nick crouches beside the wheel, thumps his fist against the tire, which is nearly flat.

86. MED. CLOSE SHOT NICK, LOLA, STEVE BESIDE TRUCK

Nick rises, his face full of anger and despair, his fists clenched. A helpless look is on his face.

NICK:

(shaking his head slowly;
looking at his tomatoes)
I plow the ground and plant the seed.
I water the field and watch the sun.
When the bugs come, I spray -- and
when the plants get sick, I sleep
with them. Ten weeks I work and sweat --
plant my muscle in the ground to grow
a crop... and in one day my tomatoes
gonna rot in front my eyes.

LOLA:

(encouraging; quietly)
Steve'll think of somethin'.

NICK:

Yah! Maybe he shack a nomber one
miracle out his shirt, huh!

STEVE:

No miracle's gonna yank your truck up
by the tail and jerk it clear across
country to market.
(intensely)
That's why we got a coupla brains, Mister.

(CONTINUED)

86 (Cont.)

NICK:
My brain's full of zeros --
count me out.

STEVE:
(indicates boxes;
speculatively)
One-a-Madden's rigs'd turn the
trick.

LOLA:
(excited)
It'd handle the whole load!

NICK:
(sarcastically)
Sure! I make hokum-pokum, two
shakes of the fist and bingo, we
got a trock -- yah!

STEVE:
(to Nick, as he
grabs Lola's arm)
Got any farmers around here c'n
help yuh? We'll need about ten
guys to load fast!

NICK:
What you gonna do?

STEVE:
(heading off)
Don't you worry about what I'm gonna
do. Dig up them farmer friends of
yours and sit tight, till I got back.
(turns to Lola)
Come on, Lola.

Steve and Lola leave. As the car SOUNDS offscene, Nick
stands, puzzled, confused, trying to figure it out.

DISSOLVE TO:

87. PACKING HOUSE YARD

NIGHT

The yard is quiet. Madden's trucks lump up in shadows.
A windshield catches a gleam of light. The faint lilt
of juke-box music is HEARD. The yard is deserted; then
footsteps sound as the watchman, with his light, comes
to the trucks, flashing the light onto the trucks,
bringing into view Madden's name. He shines the light on

(CONTINUED)

87 (Cont.)

tires which are solid, new, enormous, in contrast to the puny tires on Nick's truck. The watchman goes through the trucks, to the fence, listening to the sounds of music, laughter and voices coming from across the way. The red on-off, neon glow of a sign flashes fire upon his face as he stands, half smiling, resting a moment on his rounds. A figure comes up in the darkness beyond the fence. It is Lola. The watchman looks up and sees her standing near the gate.

WATCHMAN:

What're you doin' out here? That's where you oughta be -- over there, jookin'!

LOLA:

I like it out here, where it's quiet...

(takes a deep breath)

-- get a breath of fresh air.

(to watchman - directly)

Packing house must be a wonderful place at night, deserted and still.

During this speech, the watchman has been looking Lola over, turning the searchlight over her, like a hand going over her body, her face.

WATCHMAN:

Yeah -- yeah, -- wanta come in?

I'll take you around on a tour

- personally.-- if you ain't afraid a-the dark.

(laughs as he

opens the gate)

The watchman douses his light, as Lola comes to the gate. They stand together, the wire fence between them as the gate swings open. Lola slips in. As he begins to lock it again, Lola holds his arm, trying to entice him away from the gate.

LOLA:

Don't worry, I'm used to the dark.

But the watchman locks the gate and CAMERA TRUCKS as they head toward the packing house. Lola turns her head slightly, looking back toward the gate and the light that catches in her eyes suggests her fear. Steps SOUND sharply as they go up the stairs into the packing house. After a time, her laughter rings out, throaty and brief, in the dark.

88. MED. SHOT YARD GATE

The steps have no sooner died out when another figure appears in the darkness, this time Steve. He tries the gate, but finds it locked. Instead of giving up, he looks about, listening for a moment to the music playing, then climbs quickly over the gate into the yard. He runs to the group of trucks in the shadows.

89. CLOSE SHOT TRUCK

Steve raises the hood of one of the trucks, bends into it, over the engine, fixes something with his hands; then lowers the hood. He gets into the cab, the starter grinds over and the engine starts, idling gently, the beat of its exhaust now slightly covering the SOUND of the music. Steve stands listening, then climbs into the cab. The truck slowly drifts toward the gate.

90. MED. SHOT GATE

Once before the gate, the engine roars and the powerful truck surges forward striking the gate. The binding chain springs tight, then snaps and the gate swings wide. The truck lumbers from the yard and roars free, down the road.

91. MED. SHOT PACKING HOUSE LOADING DOCK

The watchman comes running out to the platform, stands gaping at the gate swung open; then leaps to the ground. And as he sprints across the yard, Lola comes to the packing house doorway and leans against it, smiling quietly to herself.

92. LONG SHOT EXT. MUCKEYE JOCK

The watchman's feet slap the street as he runs to the Muckeye jock, and as he enters for a moment, the street is quiet, with the sound of the Harper's singing lifting into the silence. Voices rise in reaction to the watchman's news, jumbled, excited, meaningless voices as the CAMERA TRUCKS UP.

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60.

93. RED. SHOT MUCKEYE JOOK

People begin to crowd out of the jook to the street, and stand in a jibbering mob in the pool of light which pours from the doorway onto the ground. Madden, the watchman, Cully and Danny are standing in the middle of the street.

WATCHMAN:

(shouting)

Somebody broke in, swiped a truck!

CULLY:

(pushing the watchman)

Some watchman...!

MADDEN:

(in the middle of the street)

Must've been Nick. He's the only guy had a crop ready to roll... Hey, Frazier!

Danny comes up.

DANNY:

Yeah!

MADDEN:

Your first job is gettin' that truck back... and fix it so's the Greek won't worry no more about them tomatoes.

DANNY:

Sure. I don't like to see people worryin'.

They run across to the packing house yard as Jo-Mo walks into the scene and gazes after them. Yippee runs back from the packing house yard and hastily snatches one of Jo-Mo's charms.

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.)

YIPPEE:

Gimme one a them things -- gonna
be a lotta fightin'.....

As Yippee dashes off -

94. CLOSE SHOT JO-MO

JO-MO:

(shaking his head)

Sho's a funny world. Good folks
git all the bad luck -- bad folks
git all the good luck. I'm gonna
make me a new kind a Jo-Mo.

DISSOLVE TO:

95. EXT. NICK'S FARM

NIGHT

Men are busy loading a big truck which looms enormous in the darkness, but there are lights in the yard, catching the men in postures of vigorous, hasty work as they heave box after box in muscle-rippled smoothness, stacking them onto the open rig. The truck is half-loaded. The men talk in excited ad libs.

FARMERS:

Nick gets this load through, we'll
be pullin' loads....

'Bout time somebody showed Madden....

I'd like to see his face when this
truck comes back tomorra mornin'....

Man, I'm sure rootin'.....

The men laugh as they work on, trying to beat time.

96. MED. SHOT EXT. FARM YARD NICK

Steve is on the truck, stacking the boxes in neat rows with one of the farmers. Nick heaves a box up to the truck, and as Steve bends down to take it:

NICK:

How she look?

STEVE:

(hoisting the box)

'Nother half hour, we'll be ready to
roll.

(CONTINUED)

96 (Cont.)

NICK:

(lifting up another box)

Nick 'preciate what you do; he cut off
his little toe - the whole foots --

(indicates his hip joint)

-- up to here. Is no good farm - is
no good crops - is notting but trouble,
but Nick make you his partner, spleet
him up -- feefty-foefty, hah?

STEVE:

(laughing as he
picks up box)

Next time you're plantin', just let
me set in the first seed -- that'll
be plenty.

Nick laughs too. Suddenly a shrill whistle SOUNDS off in
the darkness near the road. Steve, on the truck, instant-
ly sticks his fingers into his mouth and gives a loud,
blasting answer. A man, one of the farmers, comes run-
ning into the yard.

EAM:

Somobody's comin'!

NICK:

Yah...!

(yells to men)

Ready, boys...!

Steve hops down.

97. ANOTHER ANGLE NICK'S YARD

As the men come rumping around, getting set for Madden's
men, Nick is still standing in the yard with Steve.

NICK:

(to Steve)

Maybe something happen - maybe we
don' sell the load, but jus' the same,
Nick don' never forget.

Nick thumps Steve on the back.

NICK:

(tough now)

Hokay...! We show them nomber wan
specialist for make trobble!

The men, excited, hot for the fight, gather round.

98. FULL SHOT EXT. HIGHWAY TRUCKS

A truck loaded with men roars past the CAMERA.

99. INT. TRUCK (PROCESS)

Yippee is riding with Danny.

YIPPEE:

What do I wanna fight Nick for. Got nothin' against him. Pretty good fella, if you ask me.

CULLY:

Who's askin' yuh?

YIPPEE:

I am! Don't see no sense in this fist slingin' we're always doin' for Madden. Seems to me like if a man's got a head on his neck, a tongue in his head and words on his tongue, he can talk himself out of most anything. This fightin' wears a man down ---

DANNY:

Shut up, will yuh!

CULLY:

Yud think he was workin' for Nick.

YIPPEE:

Okay -- okay, I was jus' talkin'!

Danny drives the truck in silence, the roar of the engine surrounding them, filling the cab.

100. FULL SHOT EXT. FARMYARD (SHOOTING TOWARD ROAD)

The roar of the truck is heard, and in a moment it pounds into the yard. Men pile out, led by Danny and Cully. They approach in a mob, toward the pile of boxes.

101. MED. SHOT EXT. FARMYARD

Nick and Steve have gathered their workers and stand in a solid phalanx blocking the tomatoes. Danny and Cully stop a few feet from them.

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont.)

DANNY:

That's the truck all right.

CULLY:

Work fast, don't yuh, Nick. Got her all loaded and ready to go.

Cully and Danny try to push their way to the truck, but Nick and Steve stall them.

NICK:

Nobody hurt the truck. We unload and drive him back..

CULLY:

Wouldn't wanna tire yuh out. We'll unload -- You oughta have your head examined, Nick.

STEVE:

He had nothin' to do with it.

DANNY:

Then you oughta have your head examined.

CULLY:

C'mon, boys, let's spread them tomatoes.

As Cully and Danny and the men push in.

NICK:

You don' touch that load!

CULLY:

Outa the way, Greek.

The fight begins.

DANNY:

(to Steve - as he
socks at him)

This oughta jolt some sense into you!

As Steve fights back, the fight gathers into a turmoil. Men are struggling everywhere, smashing, tearing. Some of Madden's men manage to climb onto the truck. They begin to heave boxes over, spilling tomatoes to the ground.

102. MED. SHOT YIPPEE ON FENCE

Yippee perches himself on the fence and begins to exhort the fighters, advising both sides, waving his arms, half rising in his excitement. .

(CONTINUED)

102 (Cont.)

YIPPEE:

Hey, farmer! ... Give 'im the ole
one-two - a right to the gut, a
left to the jaw, sock 'em, boy.
C'mon over here. Help Nick! Hoy,
Cully, they got Danny - give 'em
the rabbit punch!

(he cups his hands
to his mouth)

Yaaaaahoooooooo! Man, if this keeps
up, the fight'll last all night.

One of the struggling fighters stumbles back into
Yippee on the fence and Yippee trips over backward to
the ground.

YIPPEE:

(as he is threatened)

Careful there, boys.

(pats himself)

Guess I musta lost that Jo-Mo. Take
her easy...

(he rubs his jaw)

Fight's over!....

He hides beneath the truck.

103. MED. SHOT FIGHT CULLY AND NICK

Cully and Nick are fighting. Cully gets the Greek down
and as they struggle on the ground, we see the legs all
around, tramping in the gory mess of tomatoes mashed on
the ground. Cully grabs Nick and pushes his face into
the mess.

CULLY:

Go on, eat 'em!

He gives Nick a last shove, then gets up and runs off
to the back. Nick struggles up on his arm.

104. ANOTHER ANGLE OF FIGHT STEVE

Steve is fighting when he sees Cully grab up a piece of
packing paper, twist it and light it with a match. As
the torch takes flame, Steve turns from the fight; and
as he starts to run he finds that Danny, too, has ob-
served Cully with the torch, and is already after the
foreman, who is heading for one of Nick's sheds.

105. INT. NICK'S SHED

Cully has thrown the torch to the corner of the shed and the flames are flaring high when Danny charges in to stamp out the torch. Cully tries to stop him, but Danny shoves him off.

DANNY:

What're ya tryin' to pull off?

CULLY:

I'm gonna put the Greek outa business permanent.

DANNY:

All Madden wants is his truck back.

CULLY:

(savagely)

Who's runnin' this?

DANNY:

Me!

Danny shoves Cully to the door from the shed.

106. EXT. SHED

As Danny comes out, he sees Steve standing there, to one side, watching, surprised at Danny's action. Danny avoids his look and shouts off to the men.

DANNY:

Let's beat it, boys!

107. FULL SHOT EXT. FARMYARD

Madden's men rush into the trucks, climb aboard. Danny is in the f.g., looks off toward Steve as he swings onto the truck cab's running board.

108. MED. LONG SHOT STEVE AND NICK

Steve is helping Nick to his feet.

109. CLOSE SHOT DANNY IN TRUCK (PROCESS)

He settles down in the truck seat, his expression one of concern.

110. MED. SHOT YIPPEE

He hears the trucks, realizes they are leaving, then runs desperately after them, CAMERA PANNING.

YIPPEE:

Hey, wait for me!

In the b.g., he is seen to climb aboard the tail end of one of the trucks.

111. CLOSE SHOT EXT. FARMYARD STEVE AND NICK

They stand dazedly in the shambles Madden's men have made of the yard. The diminishing roar of the trucks is HEARD as they slide away into the darkness. Nick looks beaten, crestfallen, but as Steve stares, his face takes on a flushed look of seething anger... The farmers, who have been trying to help Nick, gather around, discouraged, sympathetic.

FARMERS:

(ad lib)

Too bad, Nick...

Next time...

There'll be another crop...

The farmers make attempts to clean up, but the devastation is too complete.

NICK:

(to Steve)

Steve, you listen to Nick, maybe you mix with wrong fellow. Farming's no good! I tell you, farming's no good.

Steve does not answer. He looks in seething anger in the direction Madden's men have gone. Suddenly, determined, he walks out of SHOT.

DISSOLVE TO:

112. CLOSE SHOT LOLA SINGING INT. MUCKEYE'S JOCK

Lola is leaning against the jock box, happily singing a hot accompaniment to a tune the jock box is playing, apparently feeling good because she has helped Steve get away with the truck. CAMERA PULLS BACK to SHOW the jock joint in its normal activity, with Lola's singing coming across. Suddenly, she stops singing as a bunch of Madden's men come tramping into the jock. Madden who was sitting in the back, rises, curious, intent.

(CONTINUED)

MADDEN:
How'd you make out, boys?

YIPPEE:
(slapping hands together)
Nick had tomatoes, until we got out
there, but now all he's got is chili
sauce!

Lola reacts to this.

AD LIBS:
Yeah ---
Wet up to my knees in catsup ---
Some fight ----
We want beer ---

CULLY:
Good night's work calls for a round
a drinks. What d'ya say, Madden?

MADDEN:
(magnanimously)
Good goin', boys. Yuh hear that,
Muckeye! Bust open a barrel, start
the beer to floodin'.

Madden holds up his glass in a toast to the men.

MADDEN:
Well, here's to kindness!
There is loud laughter as the men surge to the bar, all
except Danny, who is standing glumly to one side.

MADDEN:
What's stewing you, Danny?
(pounds him
affectionately)

CULLY:
(grinning)
He just kicked himself in the teeth,
is all!

Danny does not answer, only glares at him.

MADDEN:
Drink her down, boy - make you feel good.

LOLA:
(sarcastically)
It'll take more'n' a drink to wash down
what's choking him.

Danny glances at her sharply.

113. MED. SHOT INT. MUCKEYE JOOK

The attention of the crowd is on the excitement at the
bar, and Murph prompts Lola away, as Danny comes up
behind them. He twists Lola around.

DANNY:
(quietly)
What's chokin' me!
Lola says nothing, is about to go on, and Danny is in-
sulted by her disregard for him.

(CONTINUED)

113 (Cont.)

DANNY:
 (still quietly - but
 more forcefully)
 I said, what's chokin' me!

LOLA:
 I don't need to tell you. Who'd
 you meet, when you went to fight
 Nick? What'd you do? How does it
 make you feel?

DANNY:
 What happens to Steve'n me is none
 of your business. If you're gettin'
 any ideas about him, get rid of 'em,
 see!

MURPH:
 They're her ideas, brother, and she
 likes 'em.

As the girls leave, Madden, imbued with his own self-importance, forces one of the glasses into Danny's hand and pats him on the back.

MADDEN:
 You sure set yourself in with me
 tonight, Danny.

Madden raises his glass around to the men, his eyes bright with the shine of having pulled a neat trick.

MADDEN:
 Boys!...

As he tilts the mug to his mouth, his eye catches someone offscene in the doorway, and he lowers his mug.

114. MED. SHOT DOORWAY STEVE

Steve seems to appear from nowhere. His clothes are half torn and his face is bleeding. CAMERA TRACKS with him as he stalks deliberately across the room.

MUCKEYE:
 (agitated)
 Here, none a-that... What am I
 runnin' here, a fightin' arena?...

Steve pushes past him and crosses to Madden. Madden is unable to move. A chilled silence grips the room.

STEVE:
 (bitingly)
 Here's one you missed!

(CONTINUED)

114 (Cont.)

With this, he plants the tomato full in Madden's face, driving it solidly home, squashing every last grain of it into the packer's face. Steve looks about the room, challenging Danny, the men, everyone in the room.

MADDEN:

(trembling with rage)

Don't let him get away!

Tension seizes the room as Cully and Muckeye move in toward Steve, who heads for the door. Mister Just appears in the doorway and Cully and Muckeye follow Steve's eye.

MADDEN:

(to Mister Just)

Okay, Sheriff. You arrest him, or we'll handle it.

Mister Just eases Steve quietly from Cully and Muckeye.

MISTER JUST:

Arrest him for what?

CULLY:

For swipin' that truck... Go on, toss him in the can. What're you waitin' for?

MISTER JUST:

Slow down, Mister....

(to Steve)

How about it, son, did yuh borra his truck?

STEVE:

(heatedly)

I swiped it all right. But what did they do? Tried to burn down a shed, ruined Nick's crop. Nothin' will grow them tomatoes back again 'cept seventy days of hard work. You arrest me, you gotta arrest them, too.

MADDEN:

He set an example of law breaking every farmer in Cat-Tail'll follow, if it goes unpunished. I demand his arrest.

MISTER JUST:

Jail's kinda small, but it looks like I'm gonna have tuh pry all a-you into 'er, if any arrestin's gonna be done.

(CONTINUED)

114 (Cont.1)

Mister Just looks around at Madden, Cully and Danny and the other men who have taken part in the fight.

MADDEN:

(furious)

If you and that Greek think you're gonna bootleg any loads out of Cat-Tail, you don't know me.

MISTER JUST:

Run along, son, and next time yuh wanta borra anything, yuh better ask Madden, polite-like, and maybe he'll give it to yuh, free.

STEVE:

Thanks, Mr. Just.

(nods thanks to Mr. Just)

Steve exits. Madden, smearing the tomato muck from his face, sees Jo-Mo with his charms dangling from the stick, watching him. In the b.g. the farmers are laughing. Madden gives Jo-Mo a seething look. Jo-Mo ducks his neck into his shoulders.

115. CLOSE SHOT JO-MO

Jo-Mo is big-eyed, frightened, as he feels Madden's wrath about to coil about him.

JO-MO:

(beating Madden to the punch)

Didn't say nothin', boss!

DISSOLVE TO:

116. EXT. MUCKEYE'S JOOK

Steve is about to get into the truck when Lola calls out behind him.

LOLA:

(quietly)

Steve... I'm sorry.

STEVE:

Madden's the guy you oughta be sorry for. I'm gonna help Nick -

(CONTINUED)

116 (Cont.)

LOLA:

You sure you want to help him? He's
nothin' to you.

STEVE:

He's a farmer. He's me, he's my old
man; and Danny's old man, too, if the
sap would only remember. I've got
to help him, nothin' else I can do.

LOLA:

(warmly)

I knew you'd say that, Farmer. Good
luck.

Steve looks at Lola, then hops into the truck, the engine
of which is still running. Lola watches him drive off.

DISSOLVE TO:

117. FULL SHOT EXT. YIPPEE'S SHACK

Skeeter is in the shack-yard as Steve comes up. Her face brightens.

SKEETER:

Hello, Steve! Been waitin' up afor yuh. Ole Pap got him a job pickin' beans. Wanta toll yuh. With him workin', we're shore on the happy road now. Give us some eats'n some clothes'n some walkin' shoes...even pay yuh the dime we owe yuh?

STEVE:

(not listening)

Hello, kid.

He touches Skeeter's head as he goes on to the shack. Skeeter's face sobers, and she follows him in.

118. FULL SHOT INT. YIPPEE'S SHACK

Steve quickly spreads out his blanket and Skeeter watches him helplessly.

SKEETER:

Yuh ain't goin' away?!

STEVE:

I'll be seein' yuh, kid. I'm not goin' far - just over to Nick's.

DANNY:

(coming into the shack)

He ain't goin' nowheres! -- Sore 'cause I socked you? You had it coming' for buttin' in where you don't belong.

STEVE:

(looking up)

Sockin' me's got nothin' to do with it.

DANNY:

(getting sore; pulls Steve up)

Listen, you cluck. Madden give us a couple jobs, we was gonna work to-morra mornin', everything was set. Then you hada go swipe a truck.

STEVE:

I'm workin' for Nick.

Steve begins to throw his belonging into the wrap.

(CONTINUED)

118 (Cont.)

DANNY:

Farmin's like hitchin' your plow to
a dead horse! Yuh work'n work an'
what've yuh got in the end but a
lotta dirt!

STEVE:

You said it! If I live dirt, sleep
dirt, eat dirt, it's good enough
for me.

Steve rolls his bundle, quickly and roughly, and tucks
it under his arm, ready to go. Danny is furious now.

DANNY:

These days you gotta be tough,
tougher'n the next guy or sink --
that bunk about the meek inheritin'
the earth ---

STEVE:

You stick your nose in, and that
dead horse you was talkin' about'll
come alive so fast you'll wonder
what kicked you!

Steve goes out and Danny follows him.

119. MED. CLOSE SHOT YIPPEE'S YARD

Skeeter has listened to the conversation and she is
touched to the point of crying. Steve touches her head.

STEVE:

I'll be seein' yuh, kid.

SKEETER:

(as if for Danny)

'Bye, Steve.

As Steve exits, Danny and Skeeter stand together, look-
ing after him. Danny clenches his fist in anger and
regret that his friend has left him.

DANNY:

(helplessly)

Sucker!

SKEETER:

Yuh like him don't yuh, mos' as much as
I do, a-guess. Shore funny - 'bout
likin' people, a-mean. Yuh don't know
why, and there's nothin' yuh kin do
'bout it ... Yuh jus' like 'em, that's
all.

As Skeeter watches, near to tears, Danny goes off.

FADE OUT.

120. LONG SHOT NICK'S FARM DAY

The long stretches of Nick's farm lie broiling under the hot tropical sun. In the distance a cloud of dust rises from a caterpillar tractor which is plowing an open field. Beside this field is another field, planted in snap beans. Small posts have been driven into the center of each vine and wire runs from post to post, marking the field in rows.

(NOTE TO PRODUCTION: If bean fields are not available, we can use any perishable crop, such as tomatoes.)

121. FULL SHOT CATERPILLAR TRACTOR STEVE

The powerful "cat" comes bobbing and ducking across the open field, moving swiftly and catlike upon the raw ground, its powerful motor roaring laboriously. On the steel seat is Steve, sitting slouched half around as he watches the gang plow, its multiple shares digging into the jet rich earth, tumbling it in a black-crested wake behind.

122. CLOSER MOVING SHOT STEVE ON TRACTOR

The "cat" is a metal giant, with the blue vapors of its engine exhausting from the vertical stand pipe. Steve, on the tractor, seems no less giant-like, maneuvering the tractor, precisely, tightening his body against the steering levers, wrestling the machine as if he were a part of it.

Steve is covered with Everglade dust - dust on his brows, his ears, caked on his neck and face and wetted into mud in the sweaty center of his back. From head to toe, Steve seems like an earth-gnome, a chunk of soil come to life, animated by the sun into warmth and breath. Only the rim of his mouth and the sockets of his eyes are clean, showing the tanned, clear skin.

Off across the field a car, a roadster, comes to a stop at the roadside.

123. MED. SHOT EXT. SNAP BEAN FIELD DANNY

The car stops and Danny steps down. The roadster is a snappy looking affair, with the name Madden imprinted on the door, indicative of time passed and prosperity gained. A tight little smile is on Danny's face as he looks across the field where the tractor is working. He heads through the growth of snap beans, stepping carefully with his shining shoes, his pleated pants,

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont.)

pushing aside the vine trailers which surround him, waving against the dazzling blue sky. The trailers seem alive, visibly growing beneath the sun. The light that comes down through the growth is soft and green. The ground underfoot is black and moist.

At the edge of the field, Danny pokes his arms into a bush and draws apart the trailers, exposing the tender myriad growth of beans dangling from stems.

124. CLOSEUP DANNY'S HANDS

as his fingers snap off a fistful of the long, curling beans. It is a heavy, rich crop, ripe for harvest.

125. MED. SHOT EXT. PLOWED FIELD DANNY

Offscene the roar of the tractor is HEARD, closer, as Danny looks off, smiling, in the same tight way, then steps through the plowed field, with his glossy shoes, the pants cuffs fouling in the wet, upturned ground.

126. MED. SHOT EXT. PLOWED FIELD DANNY AND STEVE

Steve has stopped the "cat" across the field, and is on the ground by the plow, cleaning off the lifted plowshares, freeing them of the gummy muck-land when he hears Danny come up.

DANNY'S VOICE:

(wary)

How they goin'?

Steve half turns, still crouched, as Danny comes into the scene. Steve straightens up, the steel bar gripped tight in his hand. Danny and Steve look at each other, one dusty, tired; the other clean, refreshed; behind them the powerful "cat" engine turning over with a steady reverberating rrum-rrum-rrum. Danny's face still has the squeezed little smile, but Steve is not smiling, his face poked with the canniness of wondering why Danny has come.

STEVE:

(coldly)

Okay.

DANNY:

Forty days of plantin', sweatin',
breakin' yuh back and what've you
got??

(CONTINUED)

DANNY:
(he nods to Steve's
earth-covered figure
contemptuously)
Beans!
(and on this word
he snaps the beans into
Steve's face)

STEVE:
You're doin' all right: lace pants,
drivin' a new car..
(motions to Danny's hands)
Even softened up them mitts of yours.
What'ya doin', sittin' on your callouses?

DANNY:
I'm doin' okay; got enough jack
to hit the rods again, beat it
out've here. Place is kinda gettin'
on my neck..What d'ya say?

STEVE:
(drily)
We're harvestin' the crop.

DANNY:
Madden's gonna have somethin' to
say about that.

Nick enters the scene. He is clouded and surly to
Danny. He instantly takes exception to what Danny says.

NICK:
Madden gonna say what?!

DANNY:
You try sellin' them beans, you'll
find out.
(to Steve)
Whyn't you stop plowin' in the wrong
field? You think plantin' and growin'
is all there is to farmin'? You gotta
ship to market and fenagle a deal that'll
bring a good price. That's part of
farmin', too.

NICK:
We pack, we ship, we sell, and
Madden or nobody gonna stop us.
You got outa here!

STEVE:
(to Danny, quietly)
You better beat it, Danny.

(CONTINUED)

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126 (Cont.1)

DANNY:

(to Steve)

One of these days you're gonna
get sick a-eatin' dirt.

Danny exits.

NICK:

(relaxing, regretfully)

I'm sorry, Steve, I'm afraid you
lose a friend.

STEVE:

We're still friends, but we've
sure got a funny way a-showin' it.

DISSOLVE TO:

127. LONG SHOT CAT-TAIL STREET

Men loaf in the doorway of jooks. Jo-Mo sees Nick's
truck come into town. Nick is standing on the plat-
form, Steve is driving.

NICK:

(shouting)

Hey, you hear pickers, now hear wan
jobs, grab 'em up!

Steve squawks the horn and workers stir from their cor-
ners.

WORKERS:

(ad-lib)

Get a load a who's givin' jobs...
Thought Madden broke his bottle for him...
Might be a change, workin' for the Creek...
C'mon, boys....

NICK:

Hi-yo, plenty work for everybody! ...
We got three hundred acre a snap bean,
ready to go, heeg pay....

The truck moves along to Luckeye's jook, where a labor
truck, with its loudspeaker mounted on a pole over the
cab, is parked.

128. INT. MADDEN'S OFFICE

Madden and Danny are standing in the office before the
window, looking out.

MADDEN:

What's a-matter with Cully? Why
don't he talk up?!

(CONTINUED)

128 (Cont.)

DANNY:

No use pestering those guys. Why
don't you let 'em pick their beans.
It's gonna be tough enough for 'em
as it is.

MADDEN:

The tougher, the better.
(leans into window;
anxiously)
He better talk up before that truck
gets over by Muckeye's!

129. EXT. MUCKEYE'S JOCK CLOSE SHOT CULLY'S TRUCK

Cully is seated in the truck's cab. He breathes into
the mike. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO

130- FULL SHOT STREET MUCKEYE'S JOCK TRUCKS

131-

132. Nick's truck parks near the jock.

NICK:

Nick is Santa Claus with black mustache.
Bring you some member one presents.
You want good jobs, with good pay, no?

ME:

(ad lib)

Yeah! ...
You said it, Greek...
What've yuh got tuh offer? ...

Nick raises his arms and opens his mouth to talk, when a
sudden blast comes from the loudspeaker over Cully's
truck.

CULLY'S VOICE:

Here y'are, boys, a broken-down
farmer, itchin' to do you a favor.
Tell 'em, Nick!

Pickers turn, startled, as the swell of music shatters
the quiet of the town.

CULLY'S VOICE:

... The opportunity of a lifetime,
plenty've hard work and no pay. C'mon,
Nick, give 'em a song and dance.

The music resumes, violent, jiggng, making comedy out
of Nick's appeal.

NICK:

They gonna make trobble.

(CONTINUED)

130-
131-
132 (Cont.)

STEVE:

(in cab)

Trouble's just startin'!

Steve turns swiftly, in a rage and climbs onto the truck. Lola, Murph and Skeeter are among those standing before Muckeye's place.

CULLY'S VOICE:

(over speaker)

In about a second you're gonna hear the sweetest voice this side a-heaven. Sing it out, brother Steve! ...

(Steve tries to talk)

What's that you say?

The pickers turn angry faces to Cully's truck.

WORKERS:

(all die)

Hoy, what's that, inea...

Let him have this say....

Go on back to bedden....

Sombody out the throat....

NICK:

(holding Steve by force)

Leasten, hows... this is Neek speak-
ing. Neek Carcer....

The horn laughs at Nick's face, rushes the sound from his voice, silences him.

133-

134.

CLOSE SHOT CULLY'S TRUCK

CULLY:

He ain't loud, but he's funny. Why don't you boil them beans?!

135-

136.

WIDER ANGLE CULLY'S TRUCK LOLA

Lola is standing by the truck cab when Cully sees her. Above them the music shouts. She has a bottle in her hand.

CULLY:

Hi ya, Babe!

This speech goes bellowing from the speaker. CAMERA MOVES UP CLOSER, taking in the interior of the truck, showing the amplifier.

(CONTINUED)

135-
136 (Cont.)

10/22/41
81-52-83.

LOLA:

Don't tell me that little thing
makes all that noise!

CULLY:

(into mike)

Yeap -- I talk into this whosis, and
she goes right on around through them
tubes and comes hootin' out 'va the
horn. Like this: YACOO!

Lola edges closer. She leaves the bottle into the
amplifier, breaking it.

CULLY:

(angrily)

Hey....!

The crowd parts and Lola slides into it.

136a. INT. MADDEN'S OFFICE MADDEN AND DANNY

Madden angrily turns away from the window. Danny
watches him amusedly.

MADDEN:

The dumb fool ---

(he leans into window)

Danny smiles quietly.

137. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF NUCKEY'S JOCK NICK'S TRUCK

As Lola approaches Nick's truck, she looks up.

LOLA:

Go ahead, Steve, I just cut him
down to size.

Steve begins talking to the men.

STEVE:

Like Nick was sayin', before the big
wind started blowin' up there, we got
three hundred acres a-snap beans ready
to go and we're lookin' for pickers,
a hundred of 'em.

NICK:

Sure, anybody want a job, line up!

Men are crowding up to Nick's truck.

(CONTINUED)

137 (Cont.)

STEVE:

Climb on, fellas, we start pickin'
right off!

CULLY:

(to the men)

Don't be a bunch of suckers! Make
'im show you the color of his cash.

MEN'S VOICES:

(yelling from crowd)

Where is it, Nick?

Show us!

We work for cash!

Etc.

Nick looks helplessly at Steve. Steve steps forward.

STEVE:

Maybe we ain't got the money now,
but we've got a crop --

NICK:

(pleads)

You help us and Madden cheat nobody
again.

CROWD:

(ad libbing)

Who cares about Madden! ...

Sure, we gotta eat! ...

Etc.

STEVE:

(desperately)

Listen ---!

138. MED. SHOT EXT. STREET

Lola looks at the men insolently.

LOLA:

(to the pickers)

Whatever gave you guys the idea
you had brains?!

MAN'S VOICE FROM CROWD:

What gives you the right to talk us
down, Jooky? We know who you are.

139. CLOSE SHOT LOLA

LOLA:

I'm a woman, like your wives, and
I know how they feel when you make
'em wash clothes in tin cans and
cook meals on bonfires.....

MAN'S VOICE:

We're honest folk, trying to work
decent.

LOLA:

How about tryin' to live decent! I
know how you run from state to state,
from crop to crop, raisin' your kids
like wildcats. I'd shoot the man who'd
make me live like that!

140. WIDER ANGLE STREET CROWD

Skeeter pushes her way through the crowd to Lola.

SKEETER:

You tell 'em, Lola. We been tellin'
'em all our lives!

A PICKER:

(swayed)

Yep, guess we all still got plow
callouses on our hands.

LOLA:

Then help lick out. He needs you,
like you needed someone when you
were farming.

PICKER:

Gal's right.

(nods vigorously,
mind made up)

By Jasper, I'll help him, sis!

The men look around, seeking conviction from each other.

PICKER:

Shore then, might's well be neigh-
borly. Ain't much else a man kin
be in this world.

2ND PICKER:

You said it. Count me in.

(CONTINUED)

140 (Cont.)

Steve and Nick feel a growing elation.

NICK:

By golly, she's nember wan miracles.

CULLY:

Yuh ain't gonna let a bunch a women
herd you around!

PICKER:

They're our women, Mister, we gotta
live with 'em.

Cully looks around at the men laughing and realizes it
is futile.

141. EXT. STREET TRUCK

As men pile on the truck, Steve hops down and comes to
Lola and Skeeter.

JO-MO:

(to Nick)

I was sho' worried there, Mista Nick,
had no squeezin' all my Jo-Mos,
'specially dis one.
(tosses charm)

NICK:

(catching and laughing)

Thanks, Jo-Mo!

(waving the charm)

Now we ready to punch Mister Trouble
right in the nose.

STEVE:

(turning to Lola)

Thanks, Lola.

LOLA:

Was nothin', Steve. Jus' did a
little talkin'.

STEVE:

Don't think I don't appreciate it.

NICK:

C'mon -- truck's loaded.

The pickers are crowded on the truck.

(CONTINUED)

141 (Cont.)

STEVE:
(as he goes)
'Bye, Lola.

LOLA:
So long.

Lola and Skeeter watch as Steve goes. The truck pulls out with the pickers crowding it, sitting on the side, their legs dangling.

142. TWO SHOT LOLA AND SKEETER

SKEETER:
There goes muh heart agin --
(sighs)
- but I don't mind losin' him,
long's it's to you!

Lola laughs, amused with the girl.

DISSOLVE TO:

143. INT. MUCKEYE'S JOOK DAY

Lola and Murph are at the bar. Madden enters, followed by Lanny. Harper stands near the juke box.

MUCKEYE:
(pushing in a nickel)
You stay away from this machine,
you juke-box buzzard.

IKE:
Ain't doin' nothin' -- jus' lookin' ...

MUCKEYE:
And prayin' so's it'll get wrecked
and you kin roost on top've her and
hit up a couple a happy-hoe-downs.
(thumbs to juke-
box proudly)
Why, this machine kin do anything a
man kin, only better.

IKE:
Don' know about that. The low-downdest,
onriest cuss alive can lick any machine
hollow when it comes tuh spillin' ear-
ticklin' nothin's into a woman's hair...

There is laughter.

MUCKEYE:
(starts machine playing; to Madden)
You wanta get in a game a-skin, Mister
Madden?

(CONTINUED)

143 (Cont.)

MADDEN:

(laughing)

I guess you'd call it skinning.
I wanta see her over there.

(nods to Lola)

MUCKEYE:

Lola? Why, sure thing, Mister
Madden ... Hey, Lola! Come on
over and park the body. Old man
Madden wants tuh see yuh.

Lola looks over, puzzled, then comes. Muckeye seats
Madden, Danny and Lola at a table.

MUCKEYE:

(rubbing together
his hands)

What'll yuh have? Beer, liquor,
anything yuh like.

MADDEN:

Bring us a flock of beers, I guess.
That all right with you?

(he smiles at Lola;

Lola nods)

You like your job?

LOLA:

(wary)

Can't complain.

MADDEN:

Well, that's too bad, 'cause I
was hoping you didn't like it.

Muckeye brings the drinks and deposits them.

MADDEN:

(hands Lola a mug
lifts his)

Drink good, 'cause it's a farewell
drink.

MUCKEYE:

(interested)

Who's goin' away?

MADDEN:

She is.

(nods to Lola)

You're firing her. Aren't you
sorry?

MUCKEYE:

(aggravated)

Fire Lola? She's my best girl.

(CONTINUED)

MADDEN:

Was, Muckeye, 'cause she's leaving you. Sad news, ain't it? Always makes me feel sad when I see nice folks get out of line.

LOLA:

You can't fire me! Muckeye's my boss.

MADDEN:

(laughing uproariously)
Listen to her, Muck. Says I can't fire her. Tell her.

(Muckeye fumbles, hesitates; forcing the issue)
Go on, tell her!

MUCKEYE:

(going to bat for Lola)
Don't seem fair to me, firin' her just because she spoke up. This here's a big world and everybody's gotta live. Give her 'nother chance.

DANNY:

That's all, sister. Hit the highway. Maybe we'll run into each other some day.

Madden nods to Lola as he and Danny rise. Muckeye is looking balefully at Danny, as is Lola. As Danny and Madden exit:

LOLA:

(to Danny)
If we do, I hope I'm in a truck.

DANNY:

That's just where you'll be.

MURPH:

(walking up to Lola)
Don't let that termite bite you.

MUCKEYE:

(apologetically; to Lola)
Sorry, kid... he'd close me up.

Lola exits.

144. EXT. MUCKEYE'S JOCK

DAY

Lola catches up with Danny and slaps his face with a smack so loud that it drags Muckeye to the doorway. Danny stands raging, one hand clasped to his stinging cheek.

LOLA:

Just pinnin' a medal on you for gettin' me fired!

(CONTINUED)

144 (Cont.)

DANNY:

If you'd kept your bustle inside
this jook I might've had a chance
to bring Steve around.

LOLA:

He's okay where he is.

DANNY:

Okay, for what? Spreadin' himself
all over Nick's place -- beatin'
his brains out with a plow? He's
just softening up the ground for
his own coffin!

LOLA:

(growing scorn)

Steve's got his roots set, but you --
you've got no place and nobody cares!

DANNY:

There's only one thing a nickel-
hungry dame like you ever thinks
of: a soft spot to land in for the
rest of her life.

(viciously)

Maybe Steve'n me ain't friends, may-
be we're scrappin', but you try
parkin' on his doorstep, and see
what you get.

LOLA:

(raging)

Brother, I'm not parkin' on no
doorstep. I'm goin' right in
and roost on his lap, and you try
stoppin' me!

Danny looks after Lola, his face still smarting from
the slap, as she leaves. People gathered in a crowd
before the jook are aghast at Lola's gall.

DISSOLVE TO:

145. EXT. TENT CITY

NIGHT

Nick's truck stops on the outskirts of Tent City and
Steve jumps out almost before the truck has stopped

(CONTINUED)

ADDED SCENES

148. INT. LOLA'S SHACK

NIGHT

Lola, packing, looks up as Steve comes rushing in.

STEVE:

(panicky)

Lola!!

Steve sees her.

STEVE:

(hastily)

I was afraid you'd be gone.
Murph told me about you being
fired.

(sore)

I'd like to bust Madden in the
face.

LOLA:

What're you so excited about?
I've lost jobs before -- better
ones than this.

STEVE:

You didn't lose it. It was me and
Nick. If you hadn't stuck your
neck out for us this wouldn't have
happened.

LOLA:

I know what I was doing.

STEVE:

(more quietly)

You don't think I'm going to let
you beat it out of town ...

(indicates bag)

-- like this.

LOLA:

(amused)

What do you want me to do? --
grab a plow and start farming?

STEVE:

Why not? You could be partners
with me and Nick.

LOLA:

(laughs)

You're crazy! Next thing you'll
want to marry me and pin a flower
in my hair.

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont.)

STEVE:
(deliberately)
Is that bad?

LOLA:
(looks at Steve
hopelessly)
You talk like sixteen. But I'm
thinking like sixty - and I
know better. Forget about me, Steve.

STEVE:
(becoming serious)
I don't want to forget about you.
I want you to stay here.

LOLA:
But you're wasting your time. You
still got Kansas in your hair.
Steve, everytime you see a piece
of land you want to settle down.
Somewhere there's a nice girl --
not a jook joint sister like me.

STEVE:
Why don't you stop treating me
like a kid brother. I've done
a little kicking around myself.

LOLA:
Sure. But it hasn't changed you,
Steve.

There is a pause as Steve gathers her implications;
then Lola suddenly closes the bag and begins lightly.

LOLA:
You know, I'm already sick of this
place ... sorta glad to be rolling
again.

(a little laugh)
That's the kind of girl I am.

STEVE:
Where're you goin'?

LOLA:
Oh, I don't know -- Bay City ...
Plenty of jooks there.

STEVE:
And after Bay City?

(CONTINUED)

LOLA:
There are a lot of places --
I'll keep moving.

STEVE:
How do you think I'll feel, lettin'
you go?

LOLA:
(with finality)
I can take care of myself ...

She sets the bag on the floor; then turns warm and affectionate to bid goodbye. Steve, reluctantly, takes her hand.

LOLA:
(quietly)
'Bye, Steve.

Touching her prompts Steve to take her in his arms with an impulsive tightness, as if he were trying desperately to keep something he might lose. There is a long kiss. Steve releases her, then starts to plead again.

STEVE:
Lola ...

LOLA:
That was goodbye.

Steve has a secretive smile on his face as he looks at Lola.

STEVE:
If it's okay I'd like to give
you a lift to Bay City.

LOLA:
Okay.

Steve picks up the bag and starts to go. Lola, a little troubled at Steve's sudden indifference:

LOLA:
(kissing him)
I like you, Steve, more'n you think.

STEVE:
(casually)
Sure.

They go out.

DISSOLVE TO:

151. INT. NICK'S HOUSE

NIGHT

Nick is sitting in a rocking chair in a setting that distinctly belongs to a man. The table has no cloth on it, the windows are without curtains, the floor has a sack for a rug. But it is home to Nick, and he is very much at home, with his stocking cap on his head, his flannel nightgown draped over his body, but hitched high enough so that his long woolen drawers are exposed. He has glasses perched upon his nose as he rocks busily back and forth, seriously squinting at the newspaper which he holds at an exact distance before him, in order to keep it in focus. He is humming some song, occasionally breaking out into words of the tune as he scans the paper.

He looks up as the SOUND of a car driving into the yard comes over. Voices are heard as steps SOUND on the porch. Nick tilts back his glasses and looks puzzled toward the door as it swings open. As Lola enters, Nick's face goes ashen with surprise.

NICK:

(bounding up)

Lola!

The Greek practically dances a jig to reach Lola as he bounces to reach Lola and catch her hands.

NICK:

By golly, Nick sure glad to see you.

STEVE:

Hadda do some talkin' tuh get her
to come, Nick.

Nick laughs and puts an arm around Lola. Lola is warmed and amused by this welcome. Her expression has changed somewhat as she reacts and she looks at Steve with a look of regret, and something more, perhaps of doubt as to her own mind.

NICK:

(eagerly)

You gonna stay here a long time.

Home need a woman -

(pinches Lola's

cheek; laughs)

- and woman need a home, eh?

Nick and Steve look at Lola.

LOLA:

(quietly)

Jook joint's my home.

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont.)

Her face expresses her inner doubts and restlessness. We get the feeling that she has not fallen for Steve's importunings and his tricking her into coming to Nick's farm will not work, that she will skip out at the first opportunity. Nick digs Steve in the ribs and roars with laughter.

NICK:

(bounding in enthusiasm)

Looka Steve, looka heem. He laugh,
he smile, he feel good.

Nick places an arm around Lola and Steve, hugging them both as if they were his own children, as if he is elated beyond words. He speaks with quiet emphasis, looking at Lola.

NICK:

By golly, a woman sure cheer up
a man plenty!

DISSOLVE TO:

152. MONTAGE (TO BE SHOT BY MONTAGE DEPARTMENT)

As the montage which follows develops, we see Lola mixed in all this activity, watching it, but not being touched by it, seeming depressed and unhappy because she must hurt Steve and leave him when she gets a chance.

(NOTE: As stated previously, this crop can be something other than beans, if beans are not available.)

1. FULL SHOT of beanfield with pickers swarming along the rows filling hampers.
2. CLOSER SHOT of pickers at work. Hands pull apart the vines, snatch away the beans and the vines are left, torn and mutilated, on the ground.
3. SHOT of hampers being loaded onto field trucks.
4. MOVING SHOT of Nick, as he goes along the rows, chuckling, good-naturedly punching the workers (types seen on the streets of Cat-Tail.)
5. Trucks moving to the temporary packing shed on Nick's farm, dust swirling about.
6. SPOTS of men lidding the hampers, cleaning out the muck and leaves, laying the beans in neatly.

(CONTINUED)

Added Scenes
"JUKE GIRL"

1/23/42
97.

152a. INT. LOLA'S ROOM NICK'S HOUSE

The CAMERA STARTS on the window, catching the farm exterior in the early morning hour, then slowly the CAMERA PANS ACROSS to the bed where Lola lies. We SEE that she is awake and thinking. Then SOUNDS from the outside and feet coming through the house.

STEVE'S VOICE:

Lola! -- Lola!

152b. ANOTHER ANGLE

The door opens, Steve sticks his head in.

STEVE:

You ready?

(then stops - abruptly)

Hey -- ain't you up yet?

He crosses excitedly toward the bed.

STEVE:

Come on, come on ... We got Timmony's trucks loaded right down to the axle -- gonna get an early start.

LOLA:

I'll be dressed in a minute.

STEVE:

(starting out)

I'll get some coffee.

LOLA:

All excited, aren't you?

Steve stops, turns.

STEVE:

You bet I'm excited. Why shouldn't I be? This is the day we've been waitin' for.

LOLA:

Sure. But take it easy, Steve. A load o' beans can't change the whole world.

STEVE:

It's gonna change our little world. Nick's and mine. And...
(quietly)

--- yours too.

LOLA:

You never give up, do you?

(CONTINUED)

152b (Cont.)

Steve crosses back to the bed and sits down.

STEVE:

Listen, Lola, I've been watching you ever since I brought you out here -- the way you step out on the front porch every morning, takin' a breath of fresh air -- the way you look when you're walkin' through the fields... yeah, and the way you were singing when you were helpin' us...

(looks her right in the eye)

I ain't a good talker, Lola, but I know you were planted into the wrong place back there in Cat-Tail. Right here is where you belong.

LOLA:

We went through all that.

STEVE:

Sure. But things are different now. We're ridin' in with beans, but we're coming back with orange blossoms... How about it, Lola?

Before she has a chance to answer, heavy steps are heard and Nick's voice rings out:

NICK'S VOICE:

Goumbardo -- Steve -- where you be, Steve?

152c. ANOTHER SHOT ROOM

Steve pulls away as the door opens and Nick enters. Nick's eyes are like bright buttons and he is bounding with animation.

NICK:

Ah, Steve, what a man, thees Steve! Work all night and still he got time to hug his girl... You know, when we sell the load in Atlanta, I think maybe I catch a girl, too -- beeg and fat -- fill up my arms plenty. Come on, Steve...

As Steve and Nick go out, Lola is alone in the room. She watches the closing door moodily.

DISSOLVE TO:

154 (Cont.)

He starts out, followed by the others who are still glaring at each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

155. EXT. ROAD APPROACHING NICK'S FARM DAY

Down the road toward Nick's farm speeds a truckload of Madden's men. In the truck's cab are Madden and Cully and Danny. CAMERA PANS with the truck as it sweeps into Nick's farmyard - and the yard is DISCLOSED as empty save for Lola who is leaning against the fence.

156. MED. SHOT MADDEN'S TRUCK AND LOLA

LOLA:

(casually)

Looking for somebody?

MADDEN:

Where's Nick?

LOLA:

Ey now he must be pullin' into Atlanta --

MADDEN:

(to Cully - angrily)

I thought you said they were loadin'.

CULLY:

(puzzled)

They was -- !

DANNY:

(looking off)

Hey, Madden -- the back road!

157. LONG SHOT DIRT ROAD

A cloud of dust moves along the road away from the CAMERA.

158. FULL SHOT YARD

MADDEN:

(sarcastically)

Atlanta!

(CONTINUED)

158 (Cont.)

CULLY:

I told you they was just loadin' --

The truck roars out of the yard in pursuit of the cloud of dust. Lola watches for a moment, then runs across the yard toward jungle growth which borders the farm.

159. EXT. JUNGLE GROWTH LOLA

As Lola approaches the jungle she shouts:

LOLA:

They're gone, Steve -- !

Out of the glade roar the great trucks - six of them - across the yard and toward the road, turning in the opposite direction from that taken by Hadden. The last truck is Nick's, with Steve driving. It pauses for a moment by Lola.

160. CLOSER SHOT NICK'S TRUCK

NICK:

(as he helps Lola
into the cab)

We out-smart him good! We gonna
celebrate big when we sell the load
in Atlanta. Hey, Lola?

The smaller truck follows the freighters toward the highway.

161. EXT. DIRT BACK ROAD MOVING SHOT HADDEN'S TRUCK

Hadden's truck plunges into the cloud of dust which swirls and chokes them as they endeavor to reach what they suppose are Nick's rigs.

162. CLOSE SHOT INT. CAB (PROCESS)

As Hadden and Cully fight the choking dust. For a moment nothing ahead is visible, then they break through into the clear.

163. FULL SHOT EXT. ROAD

as Hadden's truck emerges from the dust cloud. But there

(CONTINUED)

163 (Cont.)

are no trucks, no loads. The dust generator is only an old Ford pulling a hay rack, gouging the prongs into the powdery ground, raising it in huge, billowing clouds. Madden's crew stares in astonishment as Madden hails the Ford to stop. The old negro at the wheel looks at them in surprise.

MADDEN:

(shouts)

Where're Nick's trucks?

JO-MO:

(bewildered)

Ah don' know nothin' 'bout no trucks, suh. All Ah know is Mistah Steve give me six bits just to rake up dis ol' dust bowl --

(business like)

Maybe you all needs a Jo-Mo!

Madden reacts sheepishly as Danny laughs.

DISSOLVE TO:

164. CLOSE SHOT INT. MADDEN'S OFFICE CLERK DAY

A man stands in the doorway of Madden's office speaking.

CLERK:

Atlanta's on the wire, Mr. Madden.

CAMERA PANS quickly to Madden's desk as he reaches over and lifts the telephone receiver. Standing beside the desk are Cully and Danny.

MADDEN:

(into telephone)

Paley's Produce?....Gimme Paley....

Pete -- Madden speakin' ...

(businesslike)

Nick Garco's is headin' north with six loads of produce -- snap-beans. He ought to make Atlanta market by tomorrow morning....

After a pause, he grins.

DISSOLVE TO:

165. FULL SHOT EXT. STATE HIGHWAY NIGHT

Nick's fleet of trucks drums along the highway through the night. At the head is Nick's truck and the lights of a big reefers tail along behind them.

166. INT. NICK'S TRUCK STEVE, LOLA AND NICK

Nick is now driving and Lola sits sleepily between the two men. Ahead the road stretches in a long, winding ribbon. The dim outlines of the three figures are silhouetted against the windshield which frames the slowing, back-rushing road. Occasionally a night spot, its lights small and haven-like in the darkness, comes up, whips by and falls away. Then the road retires once more into humming, sleepy isolation. The white line in its center, blurring as it comes up, banging under and sweeping back, curves ahead, smoothly snake-like.

Lola stifles a yawn.

LOLA:

Watching that white line makes me dizzy.

NICK:

You go catch sleep.

LOLA:

(after a moment)

You know....that's me.

STEVE:

(becomes aware she
has said something)

Huh? What'd you say?

LOLA:

(half kidding)

That line -- running over hills and through fields...from city to city... just keeps going and going...it never stops. Like me...

NICK:

(snorts)

Hah! Some day that white line gonna take you into a garden, with a beeg house and a couple kids. Then she ston, you betchoo!

(CONTINUED)

166 (Cont.)

Lola's eyes are half-closed, but she is not asleep for in a moment she smiles and murmurs.

LOLA:

No such luck....

Nick chuckles, smiles over at Steve, but Steve too, has fallen asleep. Lola drifts off, her head lolling soft and childlike on Nick's shoulder. Nick pushes her over gently onto Steve's chest. He drops the boy's arm down over her and smiles to himself, as he sees the girl asleep, making herself comfortable against Steve.

167. FULL SHOT EXT. ROAD TRUCKS NIGHT

They roar on through the night, one, two, three, four, five, six, in spasms of earth-shaking thundering passage, their red and blue lights dwindling away down the dark highway. Then a sign takes form beside the road -- ATLANTA 58 MI.

DISSOLVE TO:

168. EXT. ATLANTA NIGHT

The trucks are seen crawling into the city which sleeps in the darkness. Even the night lights, eerie on factory windows, contribute to the city's somnolence. The trucks send echoes clattering from the buildings which canyon the way.

DISSOLVE TO:

169. CLOSEUP SIGNS ON A CORNER NIGHT

One sign reads TRUCK ROUTE, and another, PRODUCE TERMINAL. OVER THIS is heard the SOUND of the passing trucks and across the face of the signs are seen the successive flashes of headlights.

DISSOLVE TO:

170. EXT. MARKET TERMINAL TRUCKS NIGHT

As they move under the arched entrance into the market.

171. FULL SHOT EXT. PRODUCE TERMINAL

The trucks roll in, park in line.

172. EXT. PRODUCE TERMINAL AT STEVE'S TRUCK NIGHT

Lola sits up in the cab, looking about, the sudden cutting of the roaring engine having awakened her. Rick gets out.

LOLA:

(half awake)

Where are we?

STEVE:

(climbs out)

Atlanta Market. Just got em.

(holds her down)

NICK:

(shouting enthusiastically)

She's four-thirty, time to get up.

LOLA:

(shuddering at the early hour)

This is about the time I usually go to bed.

Behind her, Nick is ripping back the tarp, exposing the load.

NICK:

(enthusiastically)

Now the market -- this is when she works. We grow 'em -- they buy 'em -- and all them million people sleeping in the city, tomorrow they eat 'em!

STEVE:

They eat - if we sell.

Before them, the market, which was quiet only a few hours ago, with its doors pulled down, its streets empty, is now awakening to activity. Commission houses are open and piles of produce are mounted on the sidewalks. Trucks are unloading produce at the various houses. Piles of vegetables, sacks of onions, potatoes, hampers, boxes, bunches of commodities stuff the market, as if it were an overflowing horn of plenty. Already men in brown canvas aprons are busy at their work.

173. MED. SHOT REAR OF TRUCK NICK AND DRIVERS

MIKE, the big Timmony Express driver, leading the other drivers, comes up, as Nick hoists a hamper from the truck and sets it down.

MIKE:

Where do you want this stuff dumped, Nick?

NICK:

Leave it on the truck, boys. You go to coffeepot and catch Potkoks. I find place to unload.

MIKE:

(touch)

Yeah! Yeah, don't get any ideas, you're going to pay us off in Pot "kokks." Timmony said cash!

NICK:

Twenty minoots and I throw the cash in your face. Go on, get, boys, ham'n'-ekks on Neck.

The drivers saunter on in the b.c. toward the Terminal Cafe, which is jammed with rough, brutish men, who can be seen through the large front in various postures of drinking, eating, and making loud talk. Steve and Lola come up to Nick.

NICK:

(picking up hamper)

You want to see Nick make magic. Hokay. Two shakes of de tongue and, hokum-hokum, I change this crop to feestful of nember wan, United States lettuce.

He leads the way toward the sidewalk.

174. EXT. WALK FRONTING PRODUCE HOUSES

A bunch of produce buyers watch as Nick sets down the hamper.

NICK:

Don' fight over 'em, boys -- plenty for everybody.

Travitti, a big burly Italian, examines Nick's beans with interest.

(CONTINUED)

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105.

174 (Cont.)

TRAVITTI:

Looka poory good. Where you grow
beans like this?

NICK:

(proudly)
Cat-Tail, Florida.

TRAVITTI:

(registering)
You name Nick?

NICK:

That's me, Neek Garcos.
(swells)
You know Neek?

Two other dealers come up, at sight of the beautiful
crop, but at mention of the name one of them shakes his
head.

2ND DEALER:

Yeah, we heard about you. Your
stuff's consigned to Paley.

NICK:

(alarmed)
I don't sign nothin' to him.

3RD DEALER:

You got a contract with Madden, and
Paley's his man.

NICK:

(disgustedly)
Me and the ground we grow beans. They
belong to Madden! How yuh like that?
These beans belong to yours truly!

STEVE:

(steps up)
What's the matter with you guys,
can't you buy what you want?

TRAVITTI:

We buy trouble, if we buy your load.

2ND DEALER:

You better go see Paley, Nick.
(jorks his thumb
toward the cafe)

NICK:

(angrily)
You betchoo'd see Paley!

He picks up the hamper and starts across the street,
followed by Steve and Lola.

At the entrance Steve stops Lola.

STEVE:

Maybe you oughta go back to the truck. Might be trouble.

Lola nods and stands for a moment watching through the misted glass, as Nick and Steve pass into the smoke-filled cafe.

176. INT. TERMINAL CAFE

NIGHT

The room is tightly packed and fogged with tobacco smoke. There is a great din of shouting and ribald laughter and joking. Nick pushes through the crowd, heading for the back, but his hammer of beans. CAMERA MOVES WITH him. He and Steve find Paley sitting at a table. The dealer's head is tilted back, his eyes closed, a huge hairy fist clutching a beer mug, his sight obscured with the mug as he gulps down the drink. As he lowers the glass he sees Nick and bellows out a greeting. Nick puts down his amber.

PALEY:

Hi, there, Nick -- where ya been? Sure glad to see you!

NICK:

(bluntly)

You surprised, huh? Maybe Madden don't call you and tell you, I'm coming?

PALEY:

(laughs)

What're you talkin' about? Sure, I'm glad to see you.

(rises, puts a friendly arm on Nick's shoulder)

How about a shot -- beer, whiskey, anything you like?

NICK:

Yah -- give me Mickey's-Finn!

(shakes off the arm)

All I want is sell my load. She look like you gonna buy it.

PALEY:

Be a pleasure to handle your stuff. Give you a good price, too. What've ya got?

(CONTINUED)

176 (Cont.)

Nick pulls the hamper around.

NICK:

(watching Paley)

Beans -- fancy pack -- first of the season. How much?

Paley's loud reassuring talk has attracted the attention of other men in the restaurant. Some of them crowd around, among them Mike, Timmony's surly driver. At the mention of "beans," Paley's expression changes. He looks at the hamper casually, running some of the beans through his fingers.

PALEY:

(shakes his head)

Beans, huh? That's too bad. Stuff's just not moving, Nick. Hate to see you get stuck with your load.

MIKE:

Loads, you mean. We's got six of our trucks tied up. Told us we could sell 'em in a hurry.

PALEY:

(shrugs)

Sure -- last week. This week's different. Tell you what, Nick, I'll take 'em on consignment and pay off the freight charge. Maybe I can sell 'em -- maybe I can't, but I'll take a chance for you --

STEVE:

Don't go for the consignment talk, Nick. They'll take your load and let 'em rot.

NICK:

(confidently)

Hah, Nick's no boobs.

(to Paley)

I want five bucks a hamper -- cash in the pants.

Paley laughs hard, contemptuously. Steve stands back, watching the play alertly. Mike steps to Nick.

MIKE:

(harshly)

Wise up, Greek! The pressure's on.

(CONTINUED)

176 (Cont.1)

MINE: (Cont.)
 (shouts to the
 other drivers)
 Okay, guys....dump the loads!

Steve acts quickly.

STEVE:
 (excitedly)
 Hold 'em, Nick --

NICK:
 (surprised)
 Huh?
 (then falling in)
 You betchoo I hold 'em!

Steve rushes out the door of the restaurant. Nick dumps the hamper of beans over Paley's head, then turns to the door and blocks the way, his thick arms braced across the jamb as the other men come charging up.

NICK:
 (loudly)
 Get back or I put my foots
 through the stomachs!

He sends one of the men sprawling back with a blow of his heel.

177. EXT. MARKET TERMINAL STEVE

He races to one of the big reefers, piles in and kicks over the motor. It is close to one end of the market entrance. In a moment he has swung it across the archway, blocking the traffic. He yanks out the key and runs for another truck. He gets it going, starts for the other end of the market.

178. INT. TERMINAL CAFE NICK AND LEO

Nick is fighting for dear life, slugging, jabbing, kicking, yelling at the men. Some one tries to hit him with a chair, but he catches it and slams it back in the man's face. Paley looks through the window, sees what Steve is up to.

PALEY:
 (shouts)
 Lookit that guy!

(CONTINUED)

178 (Cont.)

Nick takes a quick look,

NICK:

(gleefully)

Nobody gonna outbrain us.

179. EXT. OPPOSITE END OF MARKET

as Steve charges into the opening and blocks the way. Now, trucks can neither get in nor out. He yanks out the key and puts it in his pocket. Horns begin blasting, drivers shouting angrily. Steve runs.

180. SHOT OF LOLA

as she runs from Nick's truck toward Steve.

181. INT. TERMINAL CLERK'S OFFICE

With a rush Paley and the truckers swarm over Nick into the street.

182. EXT. MARKET STREET - STEVE'S TRUCK

A cop is scowling at Steve, who is thoughtfully studying the truck. Traffic is raising a clamor, demanding the way be cleared. Lola is near Steve, onto the scheme.

STEVE:

(seriously)

Like to oblige you, officer, but something's wrong. Air brakes locked -- just like that.

OFFICER:

Yeah? Well, call a tow car - clear the street.

STEVE:

Take some tow car to move that truck. Got nearly ten tons on her.

Paley comes running up to the truck, followed by the drivers and other men. His clothes are torn and his nose is flattened. The big, surly driver looks roughed

(CONTINUED)

182 (Cont.)

up, too. Behind them Nick comes up, no less bruised and battered, but swaggering and grinning happily.

PALEY:

(angrily)

Get that rig outta the way.
What're you tryin' to do, stall
business?

NICK:

(gloating)

Trying! -- he do it!

(knowingly, to

Steve)

Whassa matter, Steve -- she stuck?

STEVE:

Stuck tighter in the skid on a pause-
are. Gonna cost a lot of money to
get rollin' again, too -- and I'm
flat broke.

PALEY:

(to the cops)

Move 'em outta here!

OFFICER:

What do you think I am, a tractor?

VOICES FROM TRUCKS:

(sounding loud)

Day's breakin'! If you don't open up
we're gonna have to leave! We can't
sit around all morning! Customers'll
be comin' to our stores pretty soon!
Etc.

STEVE:

How about it, Paley?

PALEY:

(hesitates, then
blurts out)

Okay! I'll buy your stinkin'
beans. Three bucks a hamper!

NICK:

(to Steve)

You think three bucks unstick that
truck.

STEVE:

(having a good time)

Don't know -- seems like I keep
hearin' her say 'Five bucks and
I'll roll over'.

(CONTINUED)

182 (Cont.1)

The other men are beginning to enjoy what is going on.

COP:

Somebody get it settled or I'll
run in the lot o' yo!

PALEY:

(impatiently)

Four bucks!

NICK:

I be good feller, Paley -- four
and a half -- to you.

PALEY:

(licked - almost
toothbroken)

Okay, four and a half. My teeth
will close up my joint.

NICK:

Shake?

PALEY:

Isn't my word good enough?

NICK:

I like your word better.

They shake hands. Saeve grins at Bola and tosses the
truck keys over to the drivers. They immediately go
for their trucks and the roar of an engine is heard as
it comes to life. Now that Paley has lost, his face
changes, grinning, as he holds out his hand.

PALEY:

That shake cost me plenty.

(thumping Nick's
shoulder)

Okay, Greek, you took me this time,
but watch your step next load.

NICK:

Fancy tomatoes coming up, next load.
You watch out I don't catch you
double. My partner nember wan shark
shooter.

Paley laughs robustly as the CAMERA RISES, going higher
and higher until it INCLUDES the whole market in its
scope. Paley's voice rings out, as if to punctuate
the action:

(CONTINUED)

183. TWO SHOT LOLA AND STEVE TRUCK CAB

Lola is awake and Steve is sitting beside her, asleep. His head lolls against her shoulder. It is apparent that Lola would like to get down but Steve's contact prevents her. She tries to nudge him away, but he almost awakens. She waits a moment. Restless, Steve twists in sleep and does turn away and at this moment Lola half rises, pauses, waiting, then slowly gets down. The truck creaks and holds her but Steve does not waken. Then she goes softly to the side of the truck, to the tool box and carefully unlatches the cover and swings it down. Then she watches Steve, and after a moment, grasps the bag handle and draws it. As she does, a metal bar falls clanging to the pavement and the sudden sharp sound paralyzes Lola, seizes her, as she stands, frozen, waiting for Steve to waken but he only tosses and continues asleep.

184. ANOTHER ANGLE

Lola now takes the bag completely out and starts to walk away.

185. SHOT STEVE IN CAB

Steve sleeps. He turns, as if seeking Lola's shoulder to rest on, but does not find it and, still asleep, he talks in a low mumbling voice.

STEVE:

What time is it?

There is no answer and Steve, holding up his head and leaning back, his eyes still closed, calls out.

STEVE:

Lola!

Then he wakens completely and discovers Lola is gone and looks about puzzled, with a growing apprehension. He looks across and sees her going.

186. ANOTHER ANGLE TRUCK

as Steve piles down from the truck cab.

STEVE:

Lola!

(CONTINUED)

186 (Cont.)

CAMERA PANS with Steve as he runs to Lola, who has paused now on the sidewalk.

STEVE:

(coming up)

Hey - where you going?

LOLA:

I don't like sayin' goodbye.

Steve goes up to Lola and holds her arm.

STEVE:

(lookin' about)

(looking at market)

You're goin' home, ain't you?

Behind the sidewalk where the market, rings the song of a jock box. Lola looks at it.

LOLA:

Jock box, jock box - talkin' my head
like a bad dream. Jock box always
be talkin' to me, but you in
me, Steve. I'll be with you
to say, I'll be with you.

187.)

188.) OMITTED

189. MED. CLOSE SHOT AMONG THE CRATES

STEVE:

Must be a way a talkin' to you.
All I know is, all kinds a things
hitch on your comin' back.

Steve is miserable as Lola goes close to him and puts her arms around his head and holds him tightly.

LOLA:

Don't you think I want to go back?
But I'd only hurt you - that's
what I keep thinkin' --

(she lifts his face -

kisses him tenderly)

It isn't as if you've known me a
long time, I'm nothing so wonder-
ful you can't forget.

Steve stands up, and his face is tight and inexpressive as he looks at her. Then he leaves, Lola following him.

190. EXT. STREET ENTRANCE TO MARKET NICK

CAMERA TRUCKS WITH Nick as he enters the market. Nick is transformed. He has oiled his moustache, is wearing a loud suit and a new hat is slapped down on his head. Steve barely looks at him, but Lola, as she comes out from behind the crates, reacts.

LOLA:

What happened to you?

Nick senses the differences between Steve and Lola, but covers it.

NICK:

I go to Akropolis Cafe, make grik friends, drinks coffee, then I catch a shave, a haircut, buy new shoes, new clothes, slick 'em up from heads to feet, like prize bull, number wan. How you like, eh? I'm a dude dandy, no!

LOLA:

We smelled you four blocks away!

(sniffs)

Bay run!

NICK:

(sniffs, with great pleasure, expelling the sniff with a satisfied "ahhh")

You betchoo -- the whole bay!

They all laugh.

NICK:

Now we all go back to Cat-Tail, eh? I knock 'em dead in the eye when they see me.

STEVE:

(becoming serious)

Lola's not coming back.

NICK:

(looks at Lola -- amazed)

Sure, you coming; you only make sport, huh?

LOLA:

(shakes her head)

I've made up my mind, Nick.

(CONTINUED)

190 (Cont.)

Nick looks from Lola to Steve, then back to Lola again, trying to understand what has happened between the two. He reads something in Lola's face.

NICK:

You gas up the truck, Steve. I
fix 'em. I'm number wan Kewpie
wit'out the bow an' arrow.

Steve exits.

191. TWO SHOT NICK AND LOLA

Nick strips a package of gum and offers Lola a stick. Lola shakes her head and Nick peels one stick after another, popping them into his mouth as he stands thinking, hardly looking at Lola.

NICK:

(casually)

What'sa matter, Lola, you don't
like Steve?

Lola nods.

NICK:

(impatiently)

Just like woman - you throw two
and two and catch eight. You
like him, you stay away! The
trouble wit you, you listen too
much to that Danny.

LOLA:

(scornfully)

I've been listenin' to myself.
My feet'd start itchin' - then
where'd I'd be?

NICK:

Your feet itch to the top of your
head and you don't run away. Steve
take care of you. A happy cow
don't leave a good pasture.

LOLA:

(shakes her head)

Steve'll be better off when he
forgets me.

NICK:

Steve's like elephant wit two
trunks. He don't never forget --

(CONTINUED)

191 (Cont.)

NICK (Cont.)

and Nick don't forget too.

(understandingly)

He know how you feel. If you
don't got it here --

(puts the flat of
his hand against
his chest)

-- you don't got it.

(Lola smiles
gratefully)

But you're nokey, nember wan.
Some day you goin' to think about
Steve and the big farm and the
house with the weeds -- then maybe
you change your mind, huh?

Lola shakes her head, about to cry. The SOUND of
Nick's truck is heard.

191 (Cont.)

NICK:

(casually)

What'sa matter, Lola, you don't like Steve?

Lola nods.

NICK:

(impatiently)

Just like woman - you throw two and two and catch eight. You like him, you stay away! The trobble wit you, you listen too moch to that Danny.

LOLA:

(scornfully)

I've been listenin' to myself. My feet'd start itchin' - then where'd I'd be?

NICK:

Your feet itch to the top of your head and you don't run away. Steve take care of you. A happy cow don't leave a good pasture.

LOLA:

(shakes her head)

Steve'll be better off when he forgets me.

NICK:

Steve's like elephant wit two trunks. He don't never forget -- and Nick don't forget too.

(understandingly)

He know how you feel. If you don't got it here --

(puts the flat of his hand against his chest)

-- you don't got it.

(Lola smiles gratefully)

But you're hokay, nember wan. Some day you goin' to think about Steve and the big farm and the house with the koods -- then maybe you change your mind, hah?

Lola shakes her head, about to cry. The SOUND of Nick's truck is heard.

192. MED. SHOT MARKET

Nick's truck re-enters the market. As Nick and Lola go over to the truck, they pass one of the old women still busily picking at the refuse, but she is in a hurry now for already the market janitor has come with his hose to wash the pavement. The old woman yields to the water as the torrent floods the garbage before it. Lola and Nick pass the janitor, standing in high rubber boots, wielding the hose, directing the powerful stream in a thick jet into the market. He handles the hose awkwardly as if it were alive in his hands. Behind him stretches the pavement, wet and clean.

193. MED. SHOT TRUCK

Steve gets down and he corrects himself, hitching up his pants, he looks at Nick.

NICK:
I told you I was going to find it,
but it didn't come.

Steve reaches into the cab of the truck, the bag and puts it on the ground. His face is cold and angry, but there is something more to it, something that expresses itself in a hardness. He goes up to the truck. Nick shrugs and shakes his head once. He sticks his hand into his pocket and brings it out with his fist doubled.

NICK:
Well, Lola.....

LOLA:
(troubled about Steve)
Bye, Steve.

Steve does not answer. Lola is standing, watching Steve, impatient at the wheel, as Nick takes her hand in his and forces some money into it.

NICK:
Goodbye, hood -- take care yourself.

LOLA:
(trying to return
the money)
No, Nick ----

The truck is moving as Nick gets in.

NICK:
That's for train ticket to Cat-Mail.

(CONTINUED)

193 (Cont.)

The truck rolls from the market to the street. Lola stands for a moment in the market, which now stretches wet and clean behind her. Then she runs to the street, her shoes echoing. The truck is going.

194. INT. TRUCK CAB STEVE

Steve's face is now hard. Nick, worried, is watching him. In the rear view mirror Steve sees Lola standing on the sidewalk, her arm upraised in farewell. He reaches up and pulls the cord for a turn, the wooden arm, with its clumsy hand swings up as if answering her. Over this is HEARD the SOUND of the juke box in the beer joint.

195. CLOSEUP LOLA

as she waves. She is crying now.

196. REVERSE ANGLE LOMA

The truck rounds a corner. Lola lowers her hand. Before her, the beer sign flashes on and on and on-BEER, BEER, BEER-and the juke box screams.

FADE OUT.

PART II TO FOLLOW

Fuhrman

"JUKE GIRL"

10/9/41

PART II

FINAL

PLEASE RETURN THIS SCRIPT TO PRODUCTION MANAGER
WHEN PICTURE IS COMPLETED

FORM 238

FADE IN

197. CLOSE SHOT OF BIG PLATTER LOADED WITH BEER MUGS

As the platter is hoisted, we hear all the thundering noises coming from Muckeye's jook box, the shouting of voices, the drunken singing of some man. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK -

198. INT. MUCKEYE'S JOOK BAR

The jook joint is crowded. It is Muckeye who has hoisted the platter and he stands at the bar, holding the platter upon his shoulder.

MUCKEYE:

(in rabid excitement)

Comin' right up, Nick ---

(to bartenders)

Bust out 'nother barrel, Hank,
make her two --- tear off them
bottle tops, Chuck --- wash up
them glasses, don't bother to
wash 'em, start pourin' --- fill
'em up! I'm gonna have tuh git
myself a dozen more hands --- run
clear outa countin' fingers ---
(starts off with
the platter)

As Muckeye passes the jook box, he sees Ike Harper standing there, eyeing it glumly.

MUCKEYE:

(passing by - balefully)

Get away from that jook box!

199. INT. MUCKEYE'S JOOK NICK'S TABLE

As Muckeye comes up, Nick rises drunkenly from a table where is sitting Steve. Nick still wears his suit but the flash is gone now. The suit is wrinkled, as if it has been slept in. A button has popped off the vest and his white shirt front shows stretched tightly over his belly. His tie is askew, his hat is pushed to the back of his head, his mustache needs stroking badly. Jo-Mo is standing nearby, watching Nick peeling off money from a fat roll of bills, as Muckeye comes in with the beer.

MUCKEYE:

Here you are, Nick!

(CONTINUED)

NICK:

(tottering)

Havrybody have beeg time, beeg
dreenks -- Muckeye, dreensk for
havrybody.

MUCKEYE:

You said it. Grab 'em off, folks ---

Hands reach in and grab off the mugs until the platter
hangs empty in Muckeye's hand. Muckeye shakes his
head and thumps Jo-Mo heartily on the back.

MUCKEYE:

Go on, drink 'er down, boy ----
You're drinkin' luck to the best
guy this side a anywheres.

JO-MO:

I sho musta give him my a-speshul,
19-cylinder rabbit's footer. If
I knowed it worked so good, I'd
keeped it fo' me.

NICK:

(waving the Jo-Mo)

Thees Jo-Mo work nomber wan fancy
magic for all of us. I gonna hang
heem 'round Madden's neck. He gonna
need planty luck poory soon.

(shoving Muckeye)

Feel heem op, Muckeye ---

(to man)

-- Notting don' cost nobody notting.
Tonight we give Cat-Tail something
to talk about!

YIPPEE:

(beaming - to Nick)

Sure glad you made it. Nottin' I
like to see better'n a man havin'
luck.

NICK:

Work with us, you have luck, too,
Yippee, planty luck for everybody.

YIPPEE:

Nope, can't do it, Nick. Look at
me -- six foot one and a half inches
tall, weighin' two hundred twenty
pounds, strong as an ox, can tie
a horseshoe into knot, if I had a
mind to...

(shakes his head)

... and it all belongs to Madden.
I'm in hock to him, body 'n soul.

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont.1)

NICK:

(wagging a finger)

Maybe de body, Yippee, but not the
soul! Come, I treat you.

They go off, arm in arm.. Nick goes out of scene. Steve
rises as Murph comes over. She flops into a chair be-
side him and lifts her foot and rubs it.

200. INT. JOCK AT BAR

201.

As Nick comes up to the bar, we see Danny, leaning
against it, toss a coin to Muckeye in payment for a
drink. Nick rolls up, full of love for his fellow man,
and picks up the coin and tries to stuff it back into
Danny's pocket.

NICK:

Nobody buy drinks here tonight but
Nick!

(shouts)

Muckeye -- put him on my cuffs!

Danny gives Nick a look, but does not answer. Nick
hangs a hand on his shoulder.

NICK:

No hard feelings, eh! We all beeg
friends, no! You go tell Madden I
feel like brother to him.

DANNY:

(drily)

He don't feel like a brother to you.

NICK:

(pained)

That chip Nick's heart!

Danny glances off to Steve, who has come up a short
distance behind Nick, as the Grook drags out a chair
from a nearby table and clumsily climbs on it.

STEVE:

Come on, Nick, before you break
your neck --

NICK:

(pushing Steve off)

Don't worry you brain. Maybe the hand
shack, but the heart is staddy like rock.

Nick gets to his feet on the chair and shakily holds
his balance. He has drawn out the roll of money and
now he holds up the roll and shows it around.

(CONTINUED)

200.-201 (Cont.)

NICK:

(foxily)

Pipples, Nicolai Philibos Socrates
Garcos want to say something -- You
see thees money, yah!.... Poory soon
havrybody gonna be reech like thees.

(nearly falls as he

makes a gesture)

Sure, poory soon theengs change, we
all make more pay, live good. Farmer
grow the crop, Worker pick the crop,
families eat the crop, havrybody
happy, yah!

(chuckles at Danny)

All except Madden -- but I make heem
happy too, when I give him this Jo-Mo.

(tries to pull out the
Jo-Mo and nearly falls)

STEVE:

(laughing)

Get down, you're drunk.

NICK:

Ho-ho, look how he talks, I'm dronk,
heh!

(beams down on Steve)

My partner -- from now on is Nick
and Steve, like ham'n ekks!

Nick makes a wide swinging gesture to the crowd and loses
his balance. He topples from the chair into Steve's arms.

STEVE:

(kidding)

You two-legged beer bottle, start
walkin'!

Nick regains his feet, slaps Steve on the back.

NICK:

(staunchly)

No partner of mine talk to me like
that! -- Kees poppa -- !

(then with mock

paternal sternness)

Nick not going home -- !

Steve stoops, heaves Nick up like a bag of oats over his
shoulder and starts for the door.

NICK:

(protesting)

I don't go -- !

CAMERA TRUCKS WITH Steve on the way to the door.

(CONTINUED)

200-201 (Cont.1)

STEVE:
(as they pass the
skin-game table)
Gimme a hand, Yippee.

YIPPEE:
(makes a hurried exit)
Sure, Steve --

As Steve carries Nick out the door, Nick tips his hat
and winks at his friends.

202. EXT. STREET NICK, STEVE AND YIPPEE

as Steve carries Nick to the truck.

NICK:
(indignantly)
Fine way to treat your partner.

STEVE:
Kick open that door.

Yippee opens the door and Steve dumps Nick into the
front seat. He climbs over him to the wheel.

NICK:
(makes a move to get
out of the truck)
I go back -- I forget to say
goodnight.

STEVE:
(starts the truck)
Tell 'em in the morning.

The truck jorks away, bouncing Nick back in the seat.

DISSOLVE TO:

203. INT. NICK'S TRUCK NICK AND STEVE PROCESS

NICK:
(decisively)
Nick go make friends with Madden
before he go home!

He starts to climb out. Steve grabs him by the seat of
the pants and pulls him back into the cab just in time.

STEVE:
Hey -- stay put!

(CONTINUED)

203 (Cont.)

NICK:
(sorrowfully)
But Nick love everybody.

DISSOLVE TO:

204. EXT. YARD NICK'S FARM TRUCK

drives in. As Steve helps Nick out of the truck...

DISSOLVE TO:

205. INT. NICK'S DARKENED BEDROOM NIGHT
(SHOOTING THROUGH OPEN DOOR ACROSS LIVING ROOM)

Steve enters from outside, supporting Nick, and turns on the light. Nick is singing a crazy Greek song. Steve brings him across the living room and into the bedroom. He turns on the light and dumps Nick on the bed.

NICK:
(bubbling)
I kiss Madden on the cheek and shake
his hand till it drop off.

STEVE:
(shortly)
You can teach him Greek for all I
care, but you're doin' it tomorrow!
(goes to the door)
Go to bed!

He closes the door.

206. INT. LIVING ROOM STEVE

He locks Nick's door.

NICK'S VOICE:
(plaintively)
Steve...

STEVE:
Yeah?

NICK'S VOICE:
Goodnight, son!

Steve chuckles, shaking his head.

(CONTINUED)

206 (Cont.)

STEVE:

Goodnight.

He crosses to his room and goes in.

DISSOLVE TO:

207. INT. NICK'S ROOM NICK

He tiptoes to the door, listens, then tries the knob. The door is locked. Puzzled for the moment, he looks around, then CAMERA PANS with him as he goes to the open window. With a silent chuckle, he struggles out, head first.

208. EXT. NICK'S HOUSE AT WINDOW NICK

He falls in a heap to the ground. Then he gets up, peers mysteriously about; the CAMERA TRUCKS with him as he goes to the truck standing in the yard and gets in. He finally starts the motor.

209. CLOSE SHOT INT. STEVE'S ROOM STEVE

The SOUND of the truck motor COMES OVER, starting, then diminishing. Steve stirs slightly in his sleep, crosses an arm over his face, but does not awaken.

DISSOLVE TO:

210. INT. MADDEN'S OFFICE

Madden is locking ledgers in the big safe when the door slowly swings open and he looks around. Nick is in the door. The Greek comes stumbling into the room, with his arms extended. Madden glares at him, disregarding the hand.

MADDEN:

(curtly)

How'd you get in?

NICK:

(good-naturedly)

Jus' walk in! All night I be seeng-
ing alone. I think maybe you like
seeng wit me, hah!

MADDEN:

Get out!

(CONTINUED)

210 (Cont.)

NICK:

Neek come to be your good fren',
geev you prasent, shack your hand.

Nick totters affectionately to Madden, fawns over him, clumsily tries to shove the Jo-Mo into Madden's pocket. Madden furiously shoves Nick's fondling body away.

MADDEN:

(nervously)

What're you bothering me for? Can't
you see I'm busy? --- Go home, you drunk!

NICK:

(laughing)

The heart, she's always drunk!

(whispered confidence)

I tell you something. If those other
packers open up, that don't hurt you.
Jus' keep honest. We all make money.
I come shake hands, sign contract, do
business again. No hard feelings, hah?

Madden bristles, thinking Nick is mocking him. He grabs Nick and shoves him. Nick stumbles, goes sprawling through the door into the packing plant.

211. INT. PACKING PLANT NICK AND MADDEN (UNDERLIGHTED)

Nick gets up to his elbows, on the floor, and looks up, puzzled. Madden appears in the doorway.

NICK:

(foggily)

What's the matter -- you don' like
be friends?

MADDEN:

(coming in)

Friends! You pull my packing house
down over my ears, then come around
laughing. Nobody's gonna laugh at me!

Nick gets up. At last Madden's anger has soaked through his drink-numbed brain and he becomes angry too. Suddenly all his big-dog gropings for friendship turn to fury.

NICK:

Hokay, you don't be friends, we be
henemies.....

212. ANOTHER ANGLE NICK AND MADDEN

Nick stumbles threateningly toward Madden, his short thick arms stuck out awkwardly before him. He chops a stiff blow and knocks Madden back.

MADDEN:

Wait a minute, Nick. Just get out of here and leave me alone, that's all I'm askin'!

But Nick is on him, steadily, bearing down with his ponderous, mammoth anger. He grunts as he chops down another blow. Madden retreats, looking around frantically for some kind of escape, but finding none. His back reaching arm grasps something, and as his hand comes forward, it is seen to be holding a short crowbar from the nailer. Madden grips the bar tightly, as Nick bears down on him.

MADDEN:

(shouting back desperately)
Cully -- Cully!

NICK:

(laughs)
Don't run away, Madden. I don't hurt you bad -- joost li'l beet!

213. FULL SHOT INT. PACKING SHED NICK AND MADDEN

They are in the depths of the packing house now and can hardly be seen in the dim light streaming from the office door.

MADDEN:

Stay away from me, Nick! Don't touch me -- stay away -- !

An arm swings up, the bar flashing in the faint light, and crashes down. It crashes down again. Nick stumbles to the floor.

214. CLOSEUP MADDEN

Madden, breathing hard, stares down terrified at what he has done. He realizes he still holds the bar and drops it, then crouches to Nick, and holds him up.

MADDEN:

(frightened)
Nick!.....

He turns Nick's face; it hangs limp, bloody.

(CONTINUED)

214 (Cont.)

MADDEN:

(agonized)

Nick....

He hardly utters Nick's name this last time, conveying in his tone extreme regret and shock, as if Nick were to blame for not having withstood the blow, for having died.

215. ANOTHER SHOT INT. PACKING HOUSE MADDEN

Money has spilled from Nick's pocket. Madden scrabbles the bills up and pockets them. Then he grasps Nick by the shoulder and drags him toward the door to the loading dock, the Greek's limp body scraping along the rough floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

216. LONG SHOT CAT-TAIL STREET

Madden is getting into Nick's truck. The truck disappears down the street, and after a moment, the street is empty again, quiet, with only the lights from the various jooks flashing on and off, in some strange kind of synchronization, the music at this late hour tinkling into the night, music from eight boxes in eight jooks, blending softly in a hushed, discordant hodge-podge.

DISSOLVE TO:

217. FULL SHOT NICK'S YARD NIGHT

Here it is in the early hours of the morning. The sky stretches in long washed grey. Night has not lifted yet, nor has day come, but the halting in between moment hangs over the yard. Crickets chirp, swaying their irregular song, but otherwise the yard is deathly quiet. CAMERA TRUCKS TOWARD window in Nick's house and -

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

218. INT. STEVE'S ROOM NIGHT

CAMERA approaches Steve as the SOUND of the crickets' chirping comes across, FAINTER now, mixed with the SOUNDS of Steve's sleeping.

219. CLOSE SHOT STEVE

Steve is sleeping and we HEAR his breath come in moaning spasms, as he lies, seized in the exhaustion of deep sleep. As his subconscious melancholia of sleep is set, we suddenly HEAR the sudden, sharp-piercing cry of the bird we heard in the previous scene, only now the cry

(CONTINUED)

219 (Cont.)

comes only once, and it has a different quality to it, as if something had frightened it. Steve's breathing stops and he goes through the tangled emotional stresses of sudden waking; he sits up, trying to clear his mind, then sits listening. The remote, puzzling SOUNDS of an automobile engine COME into the room. Lights, one-two, headlights, cut across the window, through the room, casting weird shadows, then disappear.

STEVE:

Nick!

Steve rises from bed, quickly, almost frantically. He opens the door and goes into the hallway which flanks the stairwell of the house.

STEVE:

Nick!....

220. INT. NICK'S ROOM

Steve comes in. The bed is empty, the covers unruffled, though thrown back. The window is open, with the curtains billowing out. Steve crouches over the bed a second, then something prompts him to jerk his head around to the window. His expression indicates that he feels someone is standing there. He raises the curtain, as he pushes his face to the window.

221. CLOSE SHOT WINDOW

As Steve raises the window and looks through it, we see a figure standing outside the window, in the yard, looking in. Steve sees the figure suddenly, with a shock.

STEVE:

(in a rush)

Who's it?

MISTER JUST:

(his voice identifying him)

It's me, Steve. What're you doin' in Nick's room?

STEVE:

Lookin' for Nick. Heard a noise, though maybe he was goin'....
What's happened!

(CONTINUED)

221 (Cont.)

MISTER JUST:

(quietly)

Found Nick over in the swamp, his
head smashed in, murdered

STEVE:

Murdered! -- Who'd wanta kill Nick!

MISTER JUST:

That's what we're tryin' tuh find
out, Steve. Maybe you can help us.
Come along.

222. CLOSE SHOT STEVE

Steve is dumbfounded as the significance of this sinks
in.

DISSOLVE TO:

PART III TO FOLLOW

Fuhrman

"JUKE GIRL"

10/13/41

FINAL

PART III TO END

PLEASE RETURN THIS SCRIPT TO PRODUCTION MANAGER
WHEN PICTURE IS COMPLETED

FORM 216

223. INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE JAIL

Gathered in the office are jook girls, Muckeye, Yippee, Murph, Cully and a number of other people, including Madden. From the fretted, harassed faces, we can see that everyone is shocked at the news of Nick's death and that the questioning which Mister Just is conducting has been going on for some time. Mister Just dominates the room.

STEVE:

(emphatically)

Nick must've gone back to town.
He was burnin' to see Madden!

MISTER JUST:

How about that, Madden?

MADDEN:

(half smiling to
Mister Just and to
the people around
him)

You know me, Mister Just, if I'd
seen Nick, I'd a tole yuh, right
off.

(laughs briefly)

I ain't a sheriff, but I hope you
don't mind my making a little sug-
gestion. Nick did turn a good
deal, up North, made a lot of money.
Maybe somebody stuck him up.

MISTER JUST:

(to people)

Nick have much cash on him?

CROWD:

(ad lib)

He was payin' off --
Treatin' the bunch --
Givin' us a good time --
Etc...

MUCKEYE:

Yeah, he had a whale of a wad.
Skinnin' a hunnerd bucks off'n
it didn't seem to thin it down
none.

MISTER JUST:

(to Steve)

How much would you say there was,
Steve?

STEVE:

Maybe three thousand -- I don't
know -- never counted it.

(CONTINUED)

223 (Cont.)

MISTER JUST:

If there was three thousand dollars,
we didn't find it on his body.

DEPUTY:

Wasn't in the house neither.

The deputy looks at Steve, as he says this. Danny leaps up.

DANNY:

You tryin' to say Steve killed Nick!

Madden talks up. The packer is completely at ease, lying consummately, as he mocks sympathy for Steve.

MADDEN:

(with sinister help)

Seems to me you're followin' the wrong track, sheriff --- Steve's a quiet fellow - comes to town once a week; doesn't lead a high life, never chases women. He couldn't've been mixed up in this. He had no reason.

MISTER JUST:

Three thousand dollars worth of reason and a farm!

YIPPEE:

(desperately)

You call that a reason! Why, Steve ain't a killer - he wouldn't hurt a fly!

MISTER JUST:

(business-like)

Add it up yourself! We found Nick in the swamp - murdered. His money was gone and tire-tracks were in the mud. Later we found the truck that made those tracks in Nick's yard with blood on the seat. Now, if anybody can figger anything else, it'd sure enough please me!

YIPPEE:

(honestly puzzled)

There's a pig hidin' in a poke somewhere!

Mister Just looks over the group. They all look at each other. No one speaks.

MISTER JUST:

(slowly)

Wasn't you sorta smitten with that jook girl, Steve?

Steve looks up in surprise. Danny's eyes widen.

224. CLOSEUP MADDEN

He reacts to this with interest as if a sudden idea had come to him.

MADDEN:
(a little too casual)
That's an idea, Sheriff. Maybe she knows something --

225. INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE GROUP

SHERIFF:
(to Steve)
Where is she?

STEVE:
I don't know.

DANNY:
(resignedly)
She's in Atlanta!-----

Steve looks angrily at Danny.

MISTER JUST:
Where in Atlanta?

STEVE:
She didn't give me no address.

MISTER JUST:
(to Murph)
Where do you jook girls get your mail?

MURPH:
(flatly)
My secretary handles all my correspondence!

MUCKEYE:
All mine get theirs General Delivery.

Murph gives him a withering look. Mister Just nods in satisfaction.

STEVE:
(desperately)
Lola don't know nothin' about this.

MISTER JUST:
Maybe she don't - and maybe she does.
(rises, motions to his deputies)

(CONTINUED)

225 (Cont.)

MISTER JUST: (Cont.)

I'm kinda sorry to inconvenience
you, Steve, but... I gotta hold
you for Nick's murder...

The men move in to take Steve away.

As this part of the scene is being dialogued, the
CAMERA PANS to Madden, then APPROACHES to CLOSEUP
as he sits abstractedly, seeming untouched by all
that has gone on.

DISSOLVE TO:

226. INT. ATLANTA POST OFFICE

DAY

Lola enters from the outside and CAMERA PANS her to
the window marked "General Delivery". She waits a
moment until the shabby looking person in front of
her has moved away, then she steps to the window.

LOLA:

(hopefully)

Anything for Lola Mears?

CLERK:

(mumbling)

Mears... Mears...

He turns away, reaches into the rack and riffles
through the letters. Finally he selects a bulky
envelope.

CLERK:

Lola Mears -- that you?

Lola nods and the clerk tosses her the envelope.
Lola picks it up and looks at it eagerly, then is
puzzled as she sees the size of it.

227. INSERT ENVELOPE IN LOLA'S HANDS

It is addressed to Lola in crude printing, Atlanta,
Georgia, care of General Delivery.

228. CLOSE SHOT LOLA

Curiously, she tears open the envelope and takes
out a thick sheaf of bills. As she stares in amazement
a man's hand reaches in past her and takes the
money from her fingers. Lola whirls around and CAMERA
DRAWS QUICKLY BACK to DISCLOSE Mister Just and a city
detective. He looks at the money curiously, then at
Lola.

(CONTINUED)

228 (Cont.)

MISTER JUST:

(looking at the money -
softly)Was kinda hopin' you'd help clear
Steve...

(tougher)

Come along now!

(he holds her arm,
tightly)

LOLA:

(frightened, by
his manner)

Clear him of what...?

DETECTIVE:

Cut the faking...

The detective takes tight hold of Lola's arm, but Mister Just takes possession of Lola and handles her more gently. Lola is terrified, seeking some clue from Mister Just as to what has happened.

LOLA:

Where's Steve?

MISTER JUST:

Right where you put him, Jook girl!

DISSOLVE TO:

229. SHOT OF NEWSPAPER HEADLINE (PROCESS)

The front page of a newspaper comes swiftly rising from the background and it is unreadable until it settles into focus.

Headline reads:

JOOK GIRL AND SWEETHEART
TRAPPED IN SWAMP MURDER

Grook Farmer Clubbed To Death

In a story of greed and treachery,
a migrant worker and his jook girl
fiancée has been apprehended for
the murder of Nick Garcos, Cat-Tail
farmer..... etc.

CAMERA PULLS
BACK TO:

230. INT. CAT-TAIL JAIL STEVE'S CELL DANNY AND STEVE
DAY

Steve stands at the bars, looking tightly at Danny.

DANNY:

(bitterly)

Got your name plastered in every
headline in the country, didn't you?

Steve is silent and Danny gets closer to the cell,
looks around furtively, then half whispers to Steve.

DANNY:

Listen guy, they've got nothin'
on yuh. Just keep your yap shut,
don't talk; no matter what they
say, you don't know nothin'. If
you gotta talk, deny it!

STEVE:

Didn't do nothin', don't need
your help.

DANNY:

You don't have to put on an act
with me. I'm no cop, I'm not
tryin' to bang yuh!

STEVE:

You really don't think I killed
Nick!

Danny stands there, unable to voice his belief that
Steve did kill Nick.

DANNY:

Wasn't your fault -- she got you
all honked up. You ain't the first
guy blow his top over a dame.

STEVE:

(angrily)

Listen, you dumb bunny, you don't
think I'd kill Nick, he was my friend ---

DANNY:

Friends've been killed before!

STEVE:

(shouting through the
bars)

Hey, get this guy outa here!
(he turns his back to
Danny)

DANNY:

I'm only tryin' to help you!

STEVE:

Leave me alone, get outa here!

(CONTINUED)

230 (Cont.)

The deputy comes in and touches Danny's arm.

DEPUTY:

Okay, that's enough talkin-----

DANNY:

(as he turns away,
disgustedly)

I'll leave you alone!

231. INT. JAIL OUTER OFFICE

As Danny goes to the door and is about to go out, one of the deputies in the room looks toward the window through which comes SOUNDS of shouting from the street.

DEPUTY:

Must be bringin' in that Jeek girl.

The deputies go curiously toward the window as Danny reaches for the door to go out.

232. EXT. CAT-TAIL STREET

A car comes swooping up the street and the crowd is shouting behind it as it stops before the jail. Mister Just and Lola get down quickly and go up the steps toward the jail door. We see Danny standing on the upper steps, as Lola and Just go by. The sheriff opens the door and they disappear within the jail. The door closes.

233. INT. JAIL OUTER OFFICE

As two deputies go to take Lola by the arms, to lead her to the back room where she is to be kept, Lola angrily jerks her arms free from them.

LOLA:

(angrily)

Take your hands off me...

(to Mister Just)

What right do you have to drag me through town so people can stare and shout at me like I was a crook. I haven't done anything. I haven't hurt anybody. Where's Steve? What have you done to him....?

(CONTINUED)

233 (Cont.)

She sees the bars which block the entrance to the cell corridor and she goes to it.

LOLA:
(calling into the
cell room)
Steve...

Steve comes to the bars of his cell and looks diagonally across the corridor toward Lola.

LOLA:
I'm sorry, Steve... I meant to
come back...
(softly)
... but not like this.

Mister Just comes up to her and holds her arm.

MISTER JUST:
Cut the jawin', Jooly -- you're
parkin' over here!

He takes her off to the back room.

DISSOLVE TO:

234. INT. MADDEN'S OFFICE

Madden is sitting at his desk, his head turned, looking out the window. The SOUND of people crowding the street COMES ACROSS as Madden turns at the SOUND of the door opening. He quickly wipes off his nervous, troubled look and applies himself to the work on his desk, as Gully enters the office and closes the door.

GULLY:
(coming up to desk)
Saw 'em bringing in that jook girl.

MADDEN:
(busy on papers -
casually)
Yeah -- gonna take 'em over to the
county seat in the morning --

GULLY:
What's the matter with our tryin'
'em?

MADDEN:
(checking a column
of figures - speak-
ing quietly)
Cat-Tail's too tough for 'em --

(CONTINUED)

234 (Cont.)

MADDEN: (Cont.)

We might find 'em guilty, string
'em up.

CULLY:

They killed Nick in cold blood,
they oughta got strung!

Madden stops working and leans back in his chair, smiling at Cully, seeming at ease, but in his small motions, the nervous tapping of a pencil in his hand, the way his other hand tightens into a fist and relaxes again and again.

MADDEN:

We all feel the same, Cully, you and me and them folks outside. -- Sure hate to see Nick go. He was hot headed, thought I was cheatin' him, was always fightin' -- but we was friends -- gonna miss 'im.

CULLY:

Yeah, Nick was a good fop -- Tramps comin' here, killin' a man like that, thinkin' they can get away with it --

MADDEN:

(regretfully)

They'll go away with it, the way the law's run --

(nods to window)

Too bad they can't work a law of their own.

CULLY:

Folks out there, they oughta handle it!

Cully looks out the window, fired by the emotions that Madden's words have roused in him. Madden watches Cully intently.

MADDEN:

They would if somebody'd talk to 'em right.

As Madden speaks, he rises and stands behind Cully, watching through the window

DISSOLVE TO:

235. EXT. YIPPEE'S SHACK

Danny and Yippee have just finished eating and the plates are still on the outdoor table. Yippee is talking, but Danny is smoking a cigarette, not saying much.

YIPPEE:

They'll let 'em go --- huh?

Danny keeps smoking.

YIPPEE:

What're yuh thinkin', boy----
sure they'll let 'em go ---- got
nothin' tuh be scared of ---- huh?

(Yippee watches Danny)

What d'ya think, they done it -----

(faces Danny

with dishes in hand)

Whyn't yuh say something -----

Danny shakes his head and takes another drag on his cigarette. Suddenly Skeeter comes running into the scene, breathless, hardly able to talk.

SKEETER:

Danny ---

(grabbing frantically
at Danny)

--- Cully's goin' from jook to jook,
talkin' up folks, startin' a mob.
They're gonna break into the jail,
get Lola and Steve.

DANNY:

(shocked)

Gonna what!

YIPPEE:

(excitedly)

Lynch 'em! That's what she's tryin'
to tell yuh!

SKEETER:

Yuh gotta stop 'em, Danny, please,
yuh gotta....

Danny's face is set as he throws the bundle into the shack. He pokes Skeeter gently in the cheek with his fist.

DANNY:

(excitedly)

Take it easy, kid, nobody's lynchin'
nobody!

The three of them pile into Yippee's old car.

DISSOLVE TO:

236. CLOSE SHOT CULLY MUCKEYE'S JOOK NIGHT

Cully's face is shout-distorted as his voice rings out.

CULLY:

Why'd they do it! For money, that's
why! Greed and treachery, the papers
said! Them two plotted the whole thing --

As Cully talks, the CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL the interior of Muckeye's jook, with Cully at the bar, talking to people around him. CAMERA PANS across faces listening, reacting to what Cully is saying. CAMERA STOPS on Murph, then TRUCKS WITH HER, as she surges in anger toward Cully.

MURPH:

You're lyin', they had nothin' to
do with it, somebody framed 'em.

CULLY:

(shouting to Murph)

Didn't they find the money on her,
didn't they find him snoopin'
around in Nick's room, didn't
they catch 'em with the goods?
They did it all right, ain't nobody
else coulda done it!

Murph charges scratching into Cully, screaming at him.

MURPH:

Lies, you're lyin', you no-good
liar --!

Cully grabs Murph's wrists and holds her off as she screams and kicks, and leaning to her he continues to shout his accusations into her face.

CULLY:

(grinning brutally)

Steve murdered Nick and was waitin'
for things to blow over so he could
sell the farm, grab the rest of the
money and beat it to Lola in Atlanta.
But things ain't blowin' over ----
they're just startin' ----

Murph breaks free for an instant and really sets into Cully, but he shoves her back to the floor. As Cully stands over Murph and she is scrambling to get up.

237. EXT. MUCKEYE'S JOOK YIPPEE'S CAR

The car rushes up and stops and Yippee, Danny and

(CONTINUED)

237 (Cont.)

Skeeter pile out. They run to the jook entrance,
but Danny stops Skeeter.

DANNY:

Better stick out here, kid.

They enter the jook.

238. INT. MUCKEYE'S JOOK

Murph is standing now, with the men all about her.

CULLY:

We're gonna get those murderin' rats!

Danny and Yippee push into the crowd ring.

DANNY:

(right up to Cully)

Who elected you to a jury!

CULLY:

We're all livin' here. How about
it, boys!

MUCKEYE:

(stepping in)

I'm one boy, says they got a right
to a fair trial. You can't go around
firin' up folks gettin' 'em all hopped
up. What is this, a mob town?

MAN'S VOICE:

Look who's talkin' up for them
killers!

DANNY:

They ain't killers 'til a court
says they're guilty!

YIPPEE:

Yuh bunch a overgrown pumpkins, go
on home before yuh git into trouble.
What d' ya know about law.

CULLY:

We're measurin' out a law of our
own!

DANNY:

You gotta listen, boys, you're
makin' a mistake.

(to Cully)

Call off these guys!

(CONTINUED)

CULLY:

You call 'em off ----
(laughs)Madden says they're gonna take 'em
over to the county seat, give 'em
a fancy trial ----

Danny is surprised to hear Madden's name used in connection with the mob. As he watches Cully, the crowd voices itself.

DANNY:

(turning to Cully
tensely)

What's Madden got to do with this?

CULLY:

We'll show you! ----
(shoves a young fellow
in the crowd)You Johnny, go out'n git us a
couple a-ropes, quick.

As the crowd jeers, Yimpee nudges Danny, who looks as if he is ready to butt his head against the impossible.

YIPPEE:

This snowball's rollin' fast.
Let's get outa here!

Danny and Yimpee back away from Cully!

CULLY:

Come on, Muckeye, let's have some
drinks, while we're waitin'.

MUCKEYE:

(wielding a club)
Sorry, fellas, I'm closin' up for the
night, no more drinks.

AD LIB SHOUTS:

Says who-----
We'll pour our own-----
Outa the way, brother-----

Muckeye is forced at bay as he swings his club, trying to fight off the crowd, which has by now swarmed over the bar after the liquor.

MUCKEYE:

No fightin', boys, I got a club
here says no fightin'.

(CONTINUED)

238 (Cont.1)

Danny is surprised to hear Madden's name used in connection with the mob. As he watches Cully, the crowd voices itself.

MAN:
We'll give 'em a trial!

ANOTHER MAN:
Yeah, and it won't be fancy!

DANNY:
(turning to Cully
tensely)
What's Madden got to do with this?

CULLY:
We'll show you! ----
(shoves a young fellow
in the crowd)
You Johnny, go out'n git us a
couple a-ropes, quick.

As the crowd jeers, Yippee nudges Danny, who looks as if he is ready to butt his head against the impossible.

YIPPEE:
This snowball's rollin' fast.
Lot's got outa here!

Danny and Yippee back away from Cully.

CULLY:
Come on, Muckoyo, let's have some
drinks, while we're waitin'.

MUCKEYE:
(wielding a club)
Sorry, fellas, I'm closin' up for the
night, no more drinks.

AD LIB SHOUTS:
Says who-----
We'll pour our own-----
Outa the way, brother -----

Muckoyo is forced at bay as he swings his club, trying to fight off the crowd, which has by now swarmed over the bar after the liquor.

MUCKEYE:
No fightin', boys, I got a club
here says no fightin'.

(CONTINUED)

238 (Cont. 2)

Muckeye is shoved into his own jook box and crashes it into splinters. Ike Harper is hoisted upon the jook box by the men and he is commanded to sing.

ONE OF THE HOISTERS:

Go on, sing-----

239. CLOSE SHOT IKE HARPER

He is frightened as he plays his guitar too fast and sings in a terrified off key, some song similar in vein to BLOOD ON THE SADDLE.

240. EXT. MUCKEYE JOOK

As Danny and Yippee come out, hastily, Skeeter watches, frantically.

YIPPEE:

Where we goin'.

DANNY:

There's only one guy c'n stop 'em!

As Danny and Yippee sprint across the street, toward the packing house, Skeeter stands watching them. Jo-Mo ambles up.

JO-MO:

What's stirring, Miss Skeeter?

SKEETER:

(frantically)

Mob! They're gonna lynch Steve and Lola.

JO-MO:

Lynch! Man that gives me do all overs! Jo-Mo or no Jo-Mo, dis is no place for a black man.

(as he starts
to run)

I'se gwine smother myself in black night, 'til things quiets down!

DISSOLVE TO:

241. INT. MADDEN'S OFFICE

NIGHT

Madden has his coat on and nervously he is stuffing some papers into a flat leather business bag at the desk, as the door opens. Madden looks up. As the door swings slowly and quietly, clicking shut, we see Danny and Yippee in the room. Danny is calmly friendly, though Madden is jumpy and surprised at his presence. Yippee smiles.

DANNY:

Hi - Madden -- saw the light,
thought we'd drop in.

MADDEN:

Hello, Danny -- Yippee -- Glad
to see yuh, boys -- anything I
c'n do?

Yippee smiles and shakes his head, silently, as Danny
flips a match to the bag on the table.

DANNY:

Nope. Takin' a trip?

MADDEN:

(eats Danny nervously)
Yeah -- gotta' guta town, Atlanta --
business.

DANNY:

(glancing across to
window)
Too bad -- gonna miss a lot've
excitement --

YIPPEE:

Guess he's never seen a lynchin'.

MADDEN:

(looking at Yippee and
Danny)
No -- no, never have --

DANNY:

Sure a sight -- saw one out West once --
guy named Smith --

MADDEN:

(short laugh)
Yeah, sorry can't hear about it --
(hand on Danny's
shoulder)
Gotta go, Danny, in a hurry -- seein'
yuh, Yippee --

YIPPEE:

Sure, be seein' yuh.

(CONTINUED)

241 (Cont.)

Madden picks up his bag and tries to go to the door but Danny is standing before it, with Yippee beside him. Yippee smiles at Madden, but Danny just stands there.

DANNY:
(nodding to Madden)
So long, Madden --
(lights a cigarette)
Ain't yuh goin' ---

Madden steps slowly back as Danny looks up, as if pushing with his eyes.

MADDEN:
(frantically)
What right you got stoppin' me?
(in frightened anger)
You're fired, both of you. Get outa here, get outa my office!

DANNY:
(shoving him down into chair)
Sit down!
(shaking out a cigarette)
What're you so shaky about. Have a smoke, calm your nerves. Don't get excited.

Danny pokes the cigarette into Madden's mouth, strikes a match and as he tries to light the cigarette, Madden's wooden face quivers, shakes and the cigarette trembles in his lips. Danny laughs as Yippee suddenly grips Madden's chin to steady it. As he lights the cigarette, the shouting of the mob outside comes across through the window. Madden's eyes shift to it, as he hears the SOUNDS. Danny too, has heard the sound, and he straightens up, looking down at Madden.

Danny sits down too and props his feet up on the desk. Madden's eyes shift ferret-like from Danny to Yippee. His face has become foxy as he shrewdly tries to figure an escape.

MADDEN:
(rising from chair)
Been thinkin' a things, Danny, figured out a new set-up, you'n me. Openin' them new houses won't stop us -- gonna expand, change the outfit -- packing houses all over the state -- talk about it when I get back.

As Madden says the above line, he has walked to Danny and Danny rises facing him.

(CONTINUED)

YIPPEE:

(laughs uproariously)

Say, Madden, you ole chitlin' eater --
wish you'd made me a deal like that --
Work my head to the bone for you!

Danny and Madden eye each other, quietly. After a
pause -

MADDEN:

How about it, Danny!

DANNY:

Sure, that'll be fine -- see yuh
when this mess is over -- and them
two are buried.

- MADDEN:

(excited)

What d'ya wanna talk like that for --

DANNY:

(quietly but viciously)

You still run this town, don't yuh --
give folks jobs; pay 'em money. Go
on, talk to 'em, the way you talked
to Cully.

(CONTINUED)

MADDEN:

Didn't say nothin', had nothin' to
do with it -- nothin'!

Madden is terrified as new sounds of shouting come
across from the window. Danny turns and looks out
briefly.

242. LONG SHOT THROUGH WINDOW TOWARD HUCKEYE'S JOCK

Through Madden's window, the jock can be seen, lighted
and the crowd slowly steadily gathering outside, before
it, growing in mass, their jumbled heavy voices growing
in intensity.

243. INT. MADDEN'S OFFICE DANNY AND MADDEN

Danny tries to take Madden's arm and bring him to the
window.

(GRIETHE)

Look at 'em out there --

Madden backs away, in terror, hesitates, whimpering,
shouting, no-no, objecting, as Danny in a surge of
anger seizes his arm and thrusts him toward the window,
practically striking him with the words which he shouts.

DANNY:

(shouting)

You started it and you gotta stop it!

(short laugh as he holds

Madden up on rubbery

legs - quietly again)

Scared? Gotta admit I'm a little
scared too --

244. INT. CAT-TAIL JAIL

The deputies in the outer office look up as someone
pounds on the door. It is no sooner opened than Murph
pops into the office, panting, trying to catch her
breath. The deputies look at her, surprised. Mister
Just steps to her as Murph protests at the inaction
of the deputies.

(CONTINUED)

MURPH:

What're you standing around for,
like a bunch've day dreamin' dopes.
Waitin' for them to catch up with
you? They're headin' up the street,
to lynch 'em! Get goin', get 'em
out've here!

Mister Just does not wait for her to finish, but is
already at the cell section door, unlocking it. He
nods to one of the deputies, hurriedly.

MISTER JUST:

(to a deputy)

Get the girl! -- C'mon, Steve!

(to another)

Open the back door!

As he swings open the door, Edna is waiting. CAMERA
FOLLOWS them through as Steve's cell is opened, but
Mister Just shoves a torch forward and blocks exit.

Murph has followed Steve's trail. Now, as the door as
it is opened.

MISTER JUST:

Don't be scared -- nothin' gonna
happen!

A torch comes crashing in and shouts greet them, as the
door is opened. Mister Just slams it shut.

MISTER JUST:

We'll never take it!

DEPUTY:

Brother, I don't like this! Get
a-load a-that mob!

Mister Just takes them all to the fore part of the
jail. There is the clattering of feet in the silent
jail.

245. LONG SHOT FROM JAIL WINDOW

The mob, now of tremendous size, is approaching steadily,
the sound of its voice growing louder, the downcast
light of their torches grotesquely illuminating their
excited angry faces.

246. MARCHING SHOT EXT. STREET MOB

They march in a solid mass, CAMERA PRECEDING them as they come toward the jail.

247. EXT. JAIL MOB FROM JAIL ANGLE

The men seem like brutal giants in the weird light of their torches. They stand in a solid body facing the jail.

CROWD:

(yells)

Send out them two, or we'll come in!

WATER:

Open up!

248. INT. JAIL

Steve rushes to the door.

STEVE:

(yelling)

Lemme out here! I'll make a deal with 'em!

LOLA:

Steve ---!

Steve tries to go out but Lola hangs on to him, stops him.

MISTER JUST:

Nobody's leavin'!

Lola and Steve are in each other's arms as Murph, standing by, watches them. Mister Just climbs up to a window with his rifle.

249. SHOT FROM WINDOW FACING CROWD

Mister Just shoots the gun in the air and after the shot dies out, Mister Just shouts out:

MISTER JUST:

First man tries to break in's gonna get hurt.

(CONTINUED)

Down below, Cully steps up from the mob. The excited, yelling faces of the men can be seen in the downcast light from the torches.

CULLY:
C'mon, hand 'em over!

MISTER JUST:
Sorry, boys, that's somethin' I
cain't do.

Someone throws a torch.

CULLY:
You got two minutes. Throw 'em out,
or we'll burn 'em out!

250. FULL SHOT MADDEN'S ROOM. MADDEN
as Danny bears upon Madden, Madden backs against the
wall, scrambling to escape.

DANNY:
(shouting)
You're gonna get and talk to 'em!

Madden suddenly stops and looks himself, as if some-
how he has found courage.

MADDEN:
(rising, mutter)
I'm not talkin', not talkin' to
nobody. They're guilty, they oughta
hang! You got no right to tell me
what to do! Lemme outa here!

Madden surprises Danny, pouncing on him, jolting him
back and escapes through the doorway leading into
the packing house. Danny gains his feet and heads after
him.

251. LONG SHOT INT. PACKING SHED

as Danny and Madden fight in the dark shed, we see
their shadows leaping grotesquely in the half light
and the SOUND of blows, the sounds of a terrific
struggle COME ACROSS.

(CONTINUED)

251 (Cont.)

DANNY:

You're gonna find out how it feels
to face a mob. If they burn, you
burn, if they hang, you hang.

252. MED. SHOT INT. DOING SLED

as Danny hauls Madden up, we see Madden in the lowlight,
the two of them almost invisible. Madden is pawing,
trying to shield himself with his arms.

MADDEN:

Don't -- Nick -- learn to --
Nick! Please Nick --

253. CLOSE SHOT DANNY

His face is incredulous as what Madden had said soaks
into his brain.

What'd you say "Nick" for?

254. TWO SHOT FAVORING MADDEN

MADDEN:

(trying to cover up)
You got me scared, didn't know what
I was sayin' -----

Yippee comes into shot

YIPPEE:

You gotta get goin' if you're gonna
stop 'em, they're bustin' down the
doors!

Danny, Madden and Yippee return to the office.

255. INT. MADDEN'S OFFICE

The sounds of the mob come roaring through the window, as Danny looks out fiercely, helplessly. He turns and begins to slap Madden, as CAMERA TRUCKS up to Yippee at the window, looking out. Yippee's face is intent, helpless too, for a moment, then suddenly his eyes brighten, as he turns to Danny, CAMERA PANNING.

YIPPEE:

We'll stop 'em.

Danny says nothing, but is impressed by Yippee's inspired face. They grab Madden and as they force him from the room.

DANNY:

Get up.

They propel Madden from the office.

256. LONG SHOT FROM MADDEN'S OFFICE WINDOW MOB

The sounds of the mob come across into the empty office and we see the crowd in front of the jail, shouting in a sort of rhythmic chant as they drive timber against the doors to break it down. CAMERA TRUCKS UP to mob, clear up to the jail, just as the doors break down and the howling mob surges in.

257. INT. CAT-TAIL JAIL

Lola and Steve are torn from the deputies, as the mob pounds in a fury. Steve tries to fight, but is quickly overcome. Lola and Steve are manhandled as they are drawn from the jail.

(CONTINUED)

257. (Cont.)

CULLY:

You're gonna get a trial, and quick!

VOICE:

They'll be jookin' at the end of a rope, afore we're through!

258. EXT. JAIL MOB LOLA AND STEVE

Mister Just looks on helplessly as Lola and Steve are dragged from jail and shoved through the crowd. Cully and other men, with ropes are in the act of walking them down the street.

CULLY:

We'll hang 'em right where they murdered him, on Nick's farm!

259. HIGH SHOT OF CROWD

As Lola and Steve are packed along, the big shouting voice of one of the loudspeaker trucks comes across, thunderous loud. The very character of the voice suggests its source.

DANNY'S VOICE:

(thunderous)

Come on, Madden, talk up -- Nick was here that night, wasn't he -- wasn't he! You did see him, didn't you, C'mon, didn't you!

The mob stops, startled, heads turn, and in the dim flickering light of torches, the turned faces are like arrows, pointing back.

260. CLOSE SHOT LOLA AND STEVE

As they react to Danny's voice, which comes across over these shots.

261. CAMERA TRUCKS BACK OVER MOB AS MADDEN'S VOICE SOUNDS

Madden's voice is hysterical, almost incoherent, blurring out its confession, as the CAMERA TRUCKS back to a truck in the dark yard of the packing house. We have seen the reactions of all the faces as they listen, and now we see Madden as Danny and Yippee drag the truth from him.

262. SHOT INT. SOUND TRACK

The same truck which had been used to circumvent Nick's getting pickers earlier in the story is occupied by Yippee, Madden and Danny. Danny stands over Madden, threateningly.

MADDEN:

Don't Danny, don't hit me, Danny,
don't hit me.....

Danny begins to slap Madden brutally, with the back of his hand, then with the palm, swiping the blows back and forth.

DANNY:

(as he strikes)

Go on, tell 'em, tell 'em....

MADDEN:

(screaming)

Yeah--Yeah, Nick was here, don't hit me --- I'll tell you, Danny. Nick was here --- started fightin' --- wasn't my fault --- please, Danny, don't hit me --- I killed him --- couldn't help it, didn't know what I was doin' --- didn't mean to kill him!

263. CAMERA COMES TO CLOSE SHOT MADDEN

as he confesses, then as the confession runs along.

264. CLOSE SHOT HORNS ATOP TRUCK

The sound of Madden's voice echoes over the now quiet street.

265. TRUCK SHOT OVER MOB

The CAMERA SETTLES DOWN over Lola and Steve, Mister Just, the open door of the jail where the deputies are standing, all listening. Someone throws down a torch and stamps on it, as Madden's confession runs on.

DISSOLVE TO:

266. EXT. HIGHWAY GAS STATION

DAY

As Danny comes down the road, toward the same gas station seen in the opening of the picture, with the same complaining proprietor, Keeno. Along the road, but this time away from Cat-Tail, the rattle-trap, heavily laden cars of migrant workers stream North, denoting the end of the season.

JO-MO is standing on the road, as Danny comes up.

JO-MO:

Hi-Yo'all, Danny, Jo-Mo?

(Holds up a charm)

DANNY:

Say, you got 'em comin' and you don't want 'em?

As they walk together toward the station.

JO-MO:

Oh, she's -- "S' brava" -- she do my lil' bit. Tosses a coin a-shy a-luck.

(Holds up a charm)

Tosses a coin a-shy

Jo-Mo? You see, while need one, you leavin' Cat-Tail --

Keeno, in the station, waves his hand cheerfully to a car pulling out. Another car pulls into position before the pumps. Danny and Jo-Mo walk to him.

267. CLOSER SHOT EXT. GAS STATION

Danny sets down his bundle, looking curiously at Keeno, who is whistling happily as he counts some bills in his hand.

DANNY:

What're you so cheerful about? Last time I was through here, your face was draggin' your arches.

KEENO:

See that?

(shows money)

Money. You have it, you smile; you don't have it, your face drags your arches, like yuh say. First a-the year always pulls yuh mouth down, but the end of the season shore pulls it back into high grin again ---

(CONTINUED)

267 (Cont.)

KEENO: (Cont.)
folks leavin', chasin' other crops;
gotta tank up to roll them wheels.

JO-MO:
(eyeing money)
Sho wish I could do some happy
smilin'!

Keeno fearfully pockets the money as he reacts to Jo-Mo's money-hungry look.

DANNY:
(mumbling)
Gonna be a real wind blowing soon.
Keeno:
None. Quicker than a...
Jo-Mo:
Gonna be a real wind blowing soon.
Keeno:
None. Quicker than a...
Jo-Mo:
Gonna be a real wind blowing soon.
Keeno:
None. Quicker than a...
Jo-Mo:
Gonna be a real wind blowing soon.

As Danny reaches for the hose, a strong wind blows by, tumbling leaves and debris from the trees.

JO-MO:
(dreamily)
Gonna be a real wind blowing soon.

Danny looks off moodily.

268. LONG SHOT FIELDS FROM DANNY'S ANGLE

Now the fields are bare and small dusty whirlwinds skim along the dry parched ground.

JO-MO'S VOICE:
(rambling)
'Member las' year, wind blowed so
hard, it blowed a well up outa the
ground -----

269. EXT. GAS STATION DANNY AND JO-MO

Jo-Mo looks sleepily at the fields as he talks on.
Danny is drinking from the hose.

(CONTINUED)

269 (Cont.)

JO-MO:

Blowed a crooked road straight.
Blowed so hard, it scattered the
days a-the week so dat Sunday
didn't come 'roun' till late
Tuesday mo'nin'.

The car at the station pulls off, as Keeno stands with
a sheaf of money in his hand.

KEENO:

Thank yuh, sir, come a-ain...
(shakes his head)
and a-ain and a-ain and a-ain! Yes,
sir, money to spend, -- I---
(winks at Danny)
but I can't spend it!

Keeno goes into the station to run up his sales, while
the car growls in low gear, the sound rising in pitch
as the wheels gain in speed, something of the tone of
farewell in the gear sound.

DANIEL:

Won't take much of a wind to blow
me outa here.

He picks up his bundle and goes down the driveway,
toward the highway. Steve's truck comes along, on the gas
station driveway, and a voice, Steve's voice, shouts:

STEVE:

Hi-ya, gypsy, want a lift?

Danny looks up, startled.

270. SHOT DANNY AND TRUCK FAVORING TRUCK

In the truck are seated Lola and Steve, both smiling.

STEVE:

We looked all over town for yuh.
Come on, hop in.

DANNY:

(walking along slowly)
No, thanks, not goin' my way.

Danny has reached the highway by now. The truck follows
him to the end of the station driveway, then stops.
Danny thumbs a passing car. Steve opens the car door
and gets out on the running board.

(CONTINUED)

1/24/42
162.

Added Scene
"JUKE GIRL"

270a. TWO SHOT LOLA AND DANNY AT TRUCK DAY
RETAKE:

Steve is about to jump down.

STEVE:
(shouting angrily)
Danny....

Steve stops.

LOLA:
Steve!
(quietly)
Let him go, Steve.

As Lola speaks the above line CAMERA PANS OVER TO:

271. ALREADY SHOT.

271a. TWO SHOT STEVE AND LOLA TRUCK
RETAKE:

As Steve stands, depressed, watching Danny go, Lola's eyes are on him. She too is concerned.

LOLA:
Or maybe you'd like to go with him?

STEVE:
He'll be back, I guess.

LOLA:
Sure he'll be back. But you've got work to do -- new season's coming up. There're fields to plow, seeds to plant. You're gonna grow a fancy crop of tomatoes!

As Lola talks, Steve watches her and starts smiling before she is finished. As she finishes, Steve gets into the cab, hugging her affectionately.

STEVE:
Who cares about tomatoes!

FADE OUT.