

OCT 16 1955

1966

"REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE"
(DIALOGUE TRANSCRIPT)

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MASTER

FADE IN
TITLE:

WB
WARNER BROS. PICTURES
Presents

FADE OUT

ISSUES:

() (continues behind following titles)

DANGER
(not readable)
KEEP OUT

FADE IN
TITLE:

JAMES DEAN

LAP DISSOLVE
TO TITLE:

"REBEL
WITHOUT
A CAUSE"

LAP DISSOLVE
TO TITLE:

Also Starring
NATALIE WOOD
with
SAL MINO
JIM BACKUS

LAP DISSOLVE
TO TITLE:

ANN KORAN
COREY ALLEN
WILLIAM HOPPER
ROCHELLE HUDSON
DENNIS HOPPER
EDWARD PLATT
STEFFI SIDNEY
MARIETTA CARTY
VIRGINIA BRISSAC

LAP DISSOLVE
TO TITLE:

BEVERLY LONG
IAN WOLFE
FRANK NOZZOLA
ROBERT FOULK
JACK SIMONS
TOM BERNARD
NICK ADAMS
JACK GRINRAGE
CLIFFORD MORRIS

A WARNER BROS.-FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

LAP DISSOLVE
TO TITLE:

in
CINEMASCOPE
and
WARNERCOLOR

LAP DISSOLVE
TO TITLE:

Screen Play by
STEWART STERN

Adaptation by
IRVING SHULMAN

From a story by
NICHOLAS RAY

"REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE"

SERTS: (signs)

MOTOR VEHICLE DEPT.
DRIVERS LICENSES
AUTO REGISTRATION
HIGHWAY PATROL
(arrow)

(on bldg.)

POLICE STATION
DIVISION 6
JUVENILE DIVISION

GROUP: (off and on)
(chatter not distinct continues behind following dialogue)

JIM: (chatter not distinct) Hip, two, three, four. Hip, two, three, four. Hip, two, three, four.

SERGEANT: Hey, get up, get up. Mixed up in that beating on Twelfth Street, huh?

1ST POLICEMAN: Nope, plain drunkenness.

JIM: (laughing continues behind following speech)

SERGEANT: This says he was picked up there.

1ST POLICEMAN: Well, they had him on the carpet for an hour down at headquarters. He's clear. Plain drunkenness.

SERGEANT: All right. Fill it up.

JIM: No. Can I keep this? Huh?

SERGEANT: Okay. You wanna lean him up against something? Stand 'im over there.

1ST POLICEMAN: Come on.

RAY: (off)
Judy,--
(on)
--we're ready for you now.

JUDY: He must hate me.

RAY: (off)
What?

JUDY: He hates me.

RAY: What makes you think he hates you, Judy?

JUDY: (sobbing through speech) I don't think. I know. He looks at me like I was the ugliest thing in the world. He doesn't like my friends. He doesn't like one thing about me. And he called me-- He called me a dirty tramp! My own father.

RAY: Do you think your father really means that?

JUDY: (sobbing through speech) Yes. No! I don't know. I mean maybe he doesn't mean it, but he acts like he does. We were all together. and we were gonna celebrate Easter and we were gonna catch a double bill. Big deal. So I put on my new dress--
(off)
--and I came out in it.
(on)
And then he grabbed my face and he started rubbing off all the lipstick. I thought he'd rub off my lips.
(off)
And I ran out of that house.

RAY: Is that why you were wandering around at one o'clock in the morning?

JUDY: (sobbing)

RAY: You weren't looking for company were you?

JUDY: (sobbing through speech) No. No, I don't even know why I do it.

RAY: (off)
Maybe you think you can get back at your dad that way. I mean if you're not as close to him as you'd like to be.

(on)
Maybe this is one way of making him pay attention. Did you ever think of that?

JUDY: (sighing through speech) I'll never get close to anybody.

RAY: Would you like to go home, Judy, if we can arrange it?

JUDY: (sobbing)

RAY: What's your number, Judy? We'll ask your Dad--
(off)
--to come down and pick you up. Unless you really don't want to go home. Would you rather stay here?

JUDY: Lexington, o, five, five, four, nine.

JIM: (off and on)
(making sounds)

L. BERT: (sign)

SHINE 15¢
BOOTS 25¢
SAM BROWNE 30¢
GET CHIT AT DESK

END POLICEMAN: (overlapping above sounds) Hey, hey, that's enough static outta you.

JIM: (making sounds) (making machine gun sounds)

END POLICEMAN: Cut it out now, I'm warnin' yuh.

NEGRO WOMAN: You're shiverin', John. Are yuh cold?

JIM: Want my jacket? Want my jacket? It's warm.

RAY: Your mother will be down to pick you up, Judy.

JUDY: What?

RAY: (off)
Your mother will be down to pick you up.

JUDY: My mother?

RAY: She's being called for.

JUDY: (sobbing through speech) You said you'd call my father.

RAY: Goodbye, Judy. And take it easy.

JUDY: (sobbing through speech) Oh, sure.

--ooOoo--
END OF REEL 1-A

(Transcription by:
Julia Hermanson)

KREI 1-B
PAGE 1.

GENE: John Crawford.

NEGRO WOMAN: Yes, sir.

GENE: Come with me, John.

STATION
CROWD: (chatter not distinct continues behind following dialogue)

MOTHER: Jim! Jim!
(off)
Jim! Jim!

INSERT: (on pane) (partially viewed)
CITY JAIL
No. 6

JIM: Happy Easter. Happy Easter.

MOTHER: Jim, where were you tonight? They called us at the club and I got the fright of my life.

FATHER: Where were you tonight, Jimbo?

JIM: Well, well then there now. Were you havin' a ball, Dad? Huh? Well, everybody's been having a ball. H'm. You're the king of the ball, Dad.

FATHER: (laughing)

JIM: You think I'm funny? Why didn't you take my jacket?

RAY: Jim Stark?

GENE: John. John. Do you have any idea why you shot those ruppies, John? Is that what they call you or do you have a nickname?

PLATO: Plato.

NEGRO WOMAN: He was a Greek philosopher. His-- You talk nice to the man now, hear? He's gonna help you.

PLATO: Nobody can help me.

GENE: Can you tell me why you killed those puppies, Plato?

PLATO: No, sir.

GENE: Where'd you get the gun?

PLATO: My mother's drawer.

GENE: Well, where's your mother tonight, Plato?

PLATO: She's away.

NEGRO WOMAN: Seems like she's always going away somewhere. She's got a sister in Chicago and she's gone there for the holiday.

GENE: Well, where's your father?

NEGRO WOMAN: (off)
Oh, they're not together, sir. We haven't seen him now in a long time.

GENE: Do you ever hear from him, son?

NEGRO WOMAN: (off)
I don't think it's right for a mother to go away and leave a
child on his birthday. It's his birthday today, sir.

GENE: Do you know if the boy ever walked to a psychiatrist?

PLATO: (laughing) You mean a head-shrinker?

NEGRO WOMAN: Oh, er, Mrs. Crawford don't believe in them, sir.

GENE: Well, maybe she'd better start. Will you sit over there for
just a minute, please.

NEGRO WOMAN: Yes, sir.

JIM: (off and on)
(ad lib singing continues behind following dialogue)

FATHER: (off)
I don't see what's so bad about taking a little drink.

RAY: (off)
You don't?

FATHER: (off)
No, I, I definitely don't. I---

RAY: (off)
(overlapping above speech) He's a minor, Mr. Stark. And it
looks to me like he has more than a little drink.

JIM: (on and off)-
(making sounds continues behind following dialogue)

MOTHER: Don't hum, dear.

FATHER: Well, I cut loose pretty good in my day, too.

MOTHER: Oh, really, Frank? When was that?

FATHER: Can't you wait till we get home?

RAY: How about you, Jim?
(off)
Got anything to say for yourself? Not interested, huh?

MOTHER: (off)
Can't you answer?
(on)
What's the matter with you anyhow?

FATHER: He's just loaded, honey.

MOTHER: I was talking to Jim.

FATHER: Well, I'd like to just explain. You see we just moved here,
yuh understand, and the kid hasn't got any--
(off)
--friends. And, and we moved into a---

JIM: Yeah, yeah, tell 'im why we moved here.

FATHER: (off)
Will you hold it, Jim?

JIM: Tell the man, tell the man why we moved here.

FATHER: (off)
Will you hold it?

JIM: You can't protect me.

FATHER: Do you mind if I try? Do, do you have to slam the door in my face?

JIM: (overlapping above speech - laughing).

FATHER: (overlapping above laughing) I try to get to him. What happens. Don't I buy you everything you want? A, a bicycle. You get a bicycle. You get a car.

JIM: (overlapping above speech - making sounds) Oh, you buy me many things.

FATHER: (off)
Oh, no, no, no. Well, not just buy, Jim.

JIM: (overlapping above speech) He buys me many things.

FATHER: (off)
We give you love and affection, don't we? Well, well then, what is it? Was it because we went to that party?
(on)
Well, you know what kind o' drunken brawls those kinda parties turn into. It's not a place for kids.

MOTHER: A minute ago you said you didn't care if he drinks.

GRANDMA: He said a little drink.

JIM: You're tearing me apart.

MOTHER: What?

JIM: You! You say one thing, he says another and everybody changes back again.

MOTHER: That's a fine way to behave.

GRANDMA: Well, you know who he takes after.

JIM: Oooh!

RAY: Inside, Jim. Come on. Inside. Will you excuse us-a minute?

FATHER: Yeah, sure.

JIM: Somebody oughta put poison in her epsom salts.

RAY: Grandma?

JIM: Oh, get lost.

RAY: Hang loose, boy. I'm warnin' you.

JIM: Why don't you wash up and go home? Oh,--
(off)
--this is cute.

FATHER: Now, look, honey, you're not supposed to look at that. That's private---

MOTHER: I'll put it (not distinct) when he comes back. Don't be preaching to me.

MOTHER: Now don't be (continues not distinct)---

GRANDMA: Well, you don't have to pretend that you don't know what it's about. This isn't the first time.

MOTHER: Oh, you---

JIM: (off)
(overlapping above speeches) Oh, she eats him alive and he takes it.

RAY: (off)
Things pretty rough for you at home?

---oo00o---

END OF REEL 1-B

JIM: What a see!

RAY: What?

JIM: That's a zoo. I mean, he always wants to be my pal, yuh know. But how can I give 'im anything if he's -- Well, I mean I love 'im and all that type o' stuff an' I, I -- I mean I won't wanta hurt 'im, but then I don't -- Well, I don't know what to do any more except maybe die. I, I mean if he had guts to knock mom cold once, then maybe she'd be happy an' then she'd stop pickin' on 'im. Because they make mush outta him! Yuh know, just mush! Now I'll tell you one thing. I don't ever wanta be like him!

RAY: Chicken?

JIM: I bet you see right through me, don'tcha?

RAY: H'h.

JIM: (sighing) How can a guy grow up in a circus like that?

RAY: Beats me, Jim, but they do. Want some water?

JIM: Boy, if, if I had one day when, (swallowing) when I didn't have to be all confused an' didn't have to feel that I was ashamed of everything. If I felt that I belonged some place, yuh know, then ---

RAY: Jim, look; will yuh do somethin' for me?

JIM: (sighing)

RAY: If the pot starts boilin' again, will you come an' see me before you get yourself in a jam? Even if you just wanta talk, come on in an' shoot the breeze. It's easier some-times than talkin' to your folka.

JIM: Okay.

RAY: Any time, night or day.

JIM: Okay.

RAY: You, er, calmed down enough to go back in there now?

JIM: (laughing) Are you serious?

RAY: H'h.

JIM: (laughing) Mother, I'm sorry.

MOTHER: Oh, it's all right, darling.

GRANDMA: (off)
Mister Officer, --
(on)
--this was all very unfortunate. But he made a mistake and he's sorry. So we're not going to have any more trouble.
(off)
He was always a lovely boy.

JIM: Grandmother, you tell one more lie an' you're goin' to turn to stone.

RAY: Look, Jim, don't forget.

FATHER: Er, have, have some cigars?

RAY: No, thanks. I don't smoke.

FATHER: Well, er, give them to your friends.

RAY: No. Thanks very much, Mr. Stark.

MOTHER: Frank, he doesn't want any.
.....(in silhouette)
Jim, --
(on)
--your eggs are on the table, dear. Sit down an' eat.
You'll be late.

JUDY: Beau! Beau!

KIDS: (on and off)
(chatter not distinct continues behind following speech)

JUDY: Come here, Beau.
(off)
Beau, come on.

JIM: Oh, no. I don't think I want anything. I'm, I'm nervous.

FATHER: My first day o' school (laughing) mother made me eat so much I couldn't even swallow until recess.

JIM: Did you fix me any sandwiches?

MOTHER: There's er, meat loaf an' peanut butter ---

GRANDMA: (laughing) What'd I tell yuh? Peanut butter!

MOTHER: Well, there's a thermos of orange juice an' some applesauce cake --
(off)
--to go with it.

GRANDMA: And I baked it.

JIM: 'Bye, Mom.

MOTHER: Goodbye, dear.

FATHER: Listen, young fella, you, you knock 'em dead like your old man used to.

JIM: (laughing) You know what I think? I feel maybe we'll stay here awhile.

FATHER: Listen. Watch out about choosin' your pals, you know what I mean. Don't let 'em choose you.

JIM: Hi. Hi. Wait a minute. Hi. I've seen yuh before.

JUDY: Well, stop the world.

JIM: You don't have to be unfriendly.

JUDY: Well, now that's true. But life is crushing in on me.

JIM: Life can be beautiful. (laughing) I know where it was.
JUDY: Where what was?
JIM: Where I first saw yuh.
(off)
Everything --
(on)
--going okay now? You live here, don't yuh?
JUDY: Who lives?
JIM: (off)
Hey, where's --
(on)
--Dawson High?
JUDY: At University and Tenth.
JIM: Oh, thanks.
JUDY: You wanta carry my books?
JIM: I got my car. You wanta go with me?
JUDY: I go with the kids.
BUZZ'S GANG: (off and on)
(yelling, chatter not distinct continues behind following
dialogue) Steady, Marlon!
JIM: Yeah. Yeah, I'll bet. All right.
JUDY: Yuh know, I'll bet you're a real yo-yo.
JIM: I love you, too.
BUZZ: What's that?
JUDY: Oh, that's a new disease.
BUZZ: Yeah, friend o' yours?
JUDY: I'm glad they let you out.
BUZZ: Oh, nobody chickened.
JUDY: You're lucky he lived.
BUZZ: They always live.
BOY: Man, I'm livin'. (laughing)
JIM: Hey, er, which way to University and Tenth?
BUZZ: (off)
What?
JIM: Er, which, which way is it to, er, University an' Tenth.
JUDY: It's that way.
BUZZ: Naw, it's that way.
CHICK: Er, that way.

BUZZ'S GANG: (on and off)
(chatter not distinct) What way? Thatta way! That way.

INSERT: (license)
----- 1-U 92892

BUZZ'S GANG: (laughing, chatter not distinct) Thatta way, thatta way,
thatta way.

INSERT:(on blg.)
 DAWSON
 HIGH SCHOOL

STUDENTS: (laughing, chatter not distinct)

--oo00oo--
END OF REEL 2-4

S. DENTS: (on and off)
(chatter not distinct continues behind following dialogue)

INSERT: (insignia)

1891
DANSON
(not readable)
HIGH SCHOOL

LETTERMAN: (off)
Hey, watch it! Where do yuh think you're goin'?
(on)
You stepped on the school insignia. Nobody does that ever.

JIM: I'm sorry. I mean, it's my first day here an' nobody told me about it, so -- I'm very sorry.

LETTERMAN: It's okay. Know where to report?

JIM: No.

LETTERMAN: Mr. Bassett, room two, o, eight.
(off)
He'll show you where to go.

JIM: I'm sorry about that. I ---

LETTERMAN: (off)
Just watch it next time.

JIM: Yeah.

INSERTS: (on door)

GIRLS
(sign) ATTENTION ALL JUNIORS & SENIORS PLANETARIUM FIELD TRIP 2:00-P.M. SHARP (sign) CORONATION BALL

(on door) BOYS

STUDENTS:(off and on)
(chatter not distinct)

INSERT: (on bldg.)
GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY

LECTURER:--the immensity of our universe. For many days before the end of our earth people will look into the night sky and notice a star, increasingly bright and increasingly near. As this star approaches us ---

JIM: Jim Stark. I'll go find a place. I'm sorry.

LECTURER: As this star approaches us the weather will --
(off)
--change.
(on)
The great polar fields of the north and south will rot and divide and the seas will turn warmer.

(continued)

(off)

The last of us search the heavens and stand amazed. For the stars will still be there, moving through their ancient rhythms. The familiar constellations that illuminate our night will seem as they have always seemed. Eternal, unchanged, and little moved by the shortness of time between our planet's birth and its demise.

(on)

Orion, the Sun--

(off)

--ter. One of Ptolemy's constellations and the most brilliant in the heavens. Divided by the --

JIM:

Boy!

LECTURER:

(off)

--equator into two nearly equal portions.

PLATO:

What?

LECTURER:

(off)

Just below the belt is situated (continues not distinct behind following speech) the celebrated Orion nebula, which is faintly visible to the naked eye.

JIM:

I was just thinkin', er, once you'd been up there you'd know you'd been some place.

LECTURER:

(off)

Gemini, the Twins.

HELE:

(sneezing)

LECTURER:

(off)

(not distinct behind following speech) Of which Castor and Pollux are the two most important stars.

JUDI:

Gesundheit.

LECTURER:

(off)

They are almost equal in brilliancy.

(on)

Cancer, --

(off)

--the crab. (continues behind following dialogue) Containing a large loose cluster of stars, called Praesepe or the beehive. The Tropic of Cancer is the northern limit of places on the earth where the sun can be vertically overhead.

BUZZ:

(laughing) Hey, I'm a crab.

BUZZ'S GANG:

(on and off)

(giggling)

LECTURER:

Taurus, --

(off)

--the Bull. (continues not distinct behind following dialogue) An extremely ancient constellation. The Pleiades and Hyades, two of its star clusters, being possibly referred to in the Old Testament. The Greeks believed this constellation to be the bull which carried Europa across the seas to Crete, and was afterward raised to --

JIM: (on and off)
(mooring)

CRUNCH: Hoof
(off)
That's real funny.
(on)
A comedian, Buzz.

BUZZ: Yeah, he's cute. Bet he's real tough, --
(off)
--too.

CHICK: (off)
I bet he fights cows.

LECTURER: (off)
--the heavens by Jupiter. Sagittarius and Arics, (con-
tinues not distinct behind following dialogue) consisting
of eight visible stars. As we gaze at these constellations
it is difficult to realize that they existed, all as they
have ever been, long before our Earth, a tiny speck in the
vast universe, came into being. And that they will so exist.

PLATO: Hey, you shouldn't monkey with him. He's a wheel.

JIM: Who?

PLATO: Buzz. So is she. It's hard to make friends with these guys.

JIM: I don't wanta make friends.

LECTURER: (off)
--long after we have gone. And while the flash of our be-
ginning has not yet traveled the light years into distance,
has not yet been seen by planets deep within the other
galaxies, we will disappear into the blackness of the space
from which we came. Destroyed as we began, in a burst of
gas and fire. The heavens are still and cold once more.
(on)
In all the immensity of our universe and the galaxies beyond
the earth will not be missed.
(off)
Through the infinite reaches of space, the problems of man
seem trivial and naive indeed. And man, existing alone,
seems himself an episode of little consequence. That's all.
Thank you for your attention. Thank you very much.

STUDENTS: (off and on)
(coughing, chatter not distinct continues behind following
dialogue)

TEACHER: May I have your attention? May I please have your attention?
Classes will meet at the busses outside. May I have your
attention? May I have your attention? Oh, what the heck!

GROUP: (laughing)

JIM: Hey. Hey! It's all over. The world ended.

PLATO: What does he know about man alone?

JIM: That certainly is a lot o' switches.

LECTURER: Yes, it's quite intricate.

CRUNCH: ...Hey, what's the kick?

GANG MEMBER: Whatta yuh say, Buzz, huh?
BUZZ: Well, whatta yuh wanta do?
CRUNCH: (off)
How about moo?

BUZZ: (off)
You mean the guy in there?
CRUNCH: (off)
The comedian.
INSERTS: (signs) (partially viewed)
ENTRANCE ALCOVE OF POL
GANG MEMBER: (off)
Hey, whatta yuh say, Buzz, huh?
BUZZ: All right, whatta yuh wanta do?
CRUNCH: Let's bring --
(off)
--'im down. He'd make a good pigeon.
INSERT: (sign)
PLANETARIUM SHOWS
AT 3:00 AND 8:30 P.M.
(not readable)
GANG MEMBER: What's the funny guy doin'?
CRUNCH: The guy in back of us, Buzz.
BUZZ: Moo?
GANG MEMBER: Yeah. He oughta have his wardrobe cleaned and burned.
BUZZ: All right, moo, all right.
GANG MEMBER: Whatta we gonna do with 'im?
BUZZ: Oh, don't worry. I'll figure out what we are gonna do
with 'im.
GANG MEMBER: Okay.
CRUNCH: (off)
Relax. He'll figure it out.
BUZZ'S GANG: (chatter not distinct)
BUZZ: (sighing) What're yuh lookin' at?
PLATO: Nothin'.

--ooOoo--

JIM: I told you not to fool with those guys.

PLATO: (off)
They're out there laying for yuh. If you don't--
(on)
--want trouble--
(off)
--I know a place where--
(on)
--we can go. It's a big mansion. There it is.
(off)
We could sneak around an' they wouldn't even know it.

JIM: (off)
Who lives there?

PLATO: (off)
Oh, nobody lives there.
(on)
Come on, let's go.

MEMBER: There he is. That's his car.

GRUNCH: Relax, man.

JIM: (gasping) You know something?

BUZZ: No, what?

JIM: You read too many comic books.

BUZZ: (laughing) Oh, he's real abstract. He's, er,-- He's different. (laughing)

BUZZ'S GANG: (laughing)

JIM: (overlapping above laughing) That's right. That's right. I'm cute, too.

BUZZ'S GANG: (making clucking sounds)

JIM: -- (overlapping above sounds) Does that mean me? Is that meaning me?

BUZZ: What?

JIM: Chicken!

BUZZ: Yes.

JIM: You shouldn't call me that.

BUZZ: (laughing) Oh.

JIM: How about you? H'm? Are you always at ringside?

JUDY: Cu---

JIM: No, I mean-- Whatta yuh hang around such rank company for?

BUZZ: What?

JIM: I don't want any trouble.

CRUNCH: (off)
The blade game, huh, Buzz?

JIM: I thought only punks fought with knives.

BUZZ: Well, who's fighting? Not fighting. It's examination time, man. It's a crazy game. (laughing)
(off)
Er, somebody got him a knife.

PLATO: Jim!

BUZZ: Give it to 'im. Come on, give 'im a knife. Pick it up.

JIM: I don't want any trouble.

BUZZ: Pick it up! Pick it up. Now you understand the action.

BUZZ'S GANG: (laughing)

BUZZ: Now there's no sticking. Crunch.

CRUNCH: Yeah?

BUZZ: (sighing) Just a little jabbing, that's all.

CRUNCH: (coughing)

BUZZ'S GANG: (off)
(laughing)

BUZZ: What's the matter? What's the matter? What's the matter? Well, what're yuh waiting on, toreador? I thought you wanted a little action. Well, you, you crum chicken,--
(continues not distinct)

JIM: (overlapping above speech) Don't call me that!

BUZZ: Ch-ho! (laughing) Tore!
(off)
(making sounds)
(on)
(making sounds) Tore.

BUZZ'S GANG: (off and on)
(chatter not distinct) Hey! Hey, boy, hey!

BUZZ: (on and off)
(making sounds) Ah-ha!
(on)
That's pretty close. Now you cut off a button and you get--
(off)
--to join the club.
(on)
Oh, that's close. Hey!

JIM AND BUZZ: (gasping)

HILL: (off)
Look out, Buzz, he's got a chain.

GUIDE: Dr. Ninton! Dr. Ninton!

FRANK: (off)
Hey!

JIM: All right, you asked for it, you've got it.

LECTURER: What is it?

GUIDE: Trouble.

JIM: You satisfied or you want some more?

BUZZ: (gasping)

—ooOoo—

END OF REEL 3-A

G. M.: There's your audience.

LECTURER: Oh, I don't think so.

CRUNCE: Let's split, Buzz.

BUZZ: Split? Split for what, a couple o' poopheads? (gasping)
(off)
Now you say the word, Jack, an' you're dead.
(on)
You're cold.

JIM: I'll meetcha some place, but not with those things. That's trouble, trouble.

BUZZ: Ah. How then? You know the Millertown bluff?

JIM: No.

COOKIE: The bluff? Hey, Buzz, that's dangerous up there.

BUZZ: Okay, why don't you an' Moose get some cars an' we'll have us some kicks tonight about eight o'clock, huh?

JIM: All right.

BUZZ: We'll have a little chickie-run.

JIM: That sounds good. Fine.

BUZZ: Have you ever been in a chickie-run?

JIM: Yeah, that's all I ever do.

GUIDE: (off)
All right, come on, all of you, start movin'. Come on, get goin'.

JUDY: Oh, you don't mean little ol' us. What's the matter with the nice man?

GANG MEMBER: (in simulated German)

BUZZ'S GANG: (on and off)
(laughing, chatter not distinct continues behind following dialogue)

BUZZ: Eight o'clock.

JIM: Yeah.

BUZZ: Okay.

JIM: Plato, what is a chickie-run?Mom. Mom.

FATHER: Hi, Jimbo. You thought I was mom?

JIM: Yeah.

FATHER: Oh, the girl's out. I was getting mom some supper. She doesn't feel too well.

JIM: What'd yuh do, drop it?

FATHER: Yeah.

JIM: (off)
Yuh dropped it?

FATHER: Yeah.

JIM: (laughing continues behind following speech)

FATHER: (laughing) Sssh. Listen. No. (laughing through speech)
I'd better clean it up before she sees it.

JIM: Let 'er see it.

FATHER: What?

JIM: Let 'er see it! What can happen? She ---

FATHER: Ohh.

JIM: Dad.

FATHER: (gasping)

JIM: Dad. Stand -- Don't -- I mean you shouldn't -- Don't --
What're yuh -- (sighing)

JUDY'S FATHER:Beau.

JUDY: Daddy.

JUDY'S FATHER: Yeah?

JUDY: Haven't you forgotten something?

JUDY'S FATHER: What?

JUDY: (making kissing sounds)

JUDY'S FATHER: What's the matter with you? You're getting too old for
that kind o' stuff, kiddo. I thought you'd stop doing that
a long time ago.

JUDY: I didn't wanta stop.

JUDY'S MOTHER: Didn't wanta stop what?

JUDY'S FATHER: (off).
Er, nothing, nothing.

JUDY: I was talking to dad.

JUDY'S FATHER: I didn't kiss 'er, so it's a big thing.

JUDY'S MOTHER: Oh. Bertha, you may serve the scuffle.

BERTHA: (off)
Yes, ma'am.

JUDY'S MOTHER: It's fish scuffle. Well, you don't have to stand there,
darling. Sit down and have your tomato juice.

JUDY: I guess I just don't understand anything.

JUDY'S FATHER: I'm tired. I'd like to change the subject.

JUDY: Why?

JIMMY'S FATHER: I'd just like to, that's all. Girls your age don't do things like that. Yuh need an explanation? Hi, rascal.

BEAU: Hi.

JUDY: Girls don't love their fathers? Since when? Since I got to be sixteen?

JUDY'S FATHER: Stop that!
(off)
Sit down!

JUDY: (gasping) May I please be excused?

JUDY'S FATHER: Hey. Hey, glamour puss. I'm sorry. Look, we'll break the date. We'll stay home.

JUDY: This isn't my home!

JUDY'S FATHER: (sighing) I don't know what to do. All of a sudden she's, she's a problem.

JUDY'S MOTHER: She'll outgrow it, dear. It's, it's just the age.

BEAU: It's the atomic age!

JUDY'S MOTHER: (sighing) It's just the age where nothing fits. (sighing)

FATHER:Hey, Jimbo. Jimbo. You awake?

JIM: (off)
Dad.
(on)
Can I ask you something?

FATHER: Sure. Sure, Jimbo:
(off)
Shoot.

JIM: Suppose you had to do something, you had to go some place --
(off)
--and do this thing that was, --
(on)
--you know it was very dangerous, but it was a matter of honor. And you had to prove it. What would you do?

FATHER: (laughing) Well, is there some kind of trick answer.

JIM: No. What would you do? What ---

FATHER: Well, I wouldn't make a hasty decision. Tell you what, Jimbo, --
(off)
--let's get a little light on the subject.

--ooOoo--

END OF REEL 3-B

(transcription by:
Julia Hermanson)

REEL 4-A
PAGE 1.

JIM: Blood.

FATHER: (off)
Jim.
(on)

Jim, what happened? What kind o' trouble are you in?

JIM: The kind I was telling you about. How ca. you answer me?

FATHER: (gasping) Nobody can make a snap decision. It's one o' those things that you just-- You can't.

(off)

That's all there is to it. It's something that you, well, you just don't. It's---

INSERTS: (magazine)

THE
DETECTIVE

(clock)

(time showing 7:28)

FATHER: We've got to, we've got to consider all the pros and cons.

JIM: (gasping) We don't have time.

FATHER: We'll make time. I'll get some paper and we'll make a list. An', and then if we're still stuck, we'll, we'll get some advice.

JIM: Oh, what can you do when you have to be a man?

FATHER: Well, er, er, now---

JIM: No, you give me a direct answer!

(off)

How are you gonna keep me from goin'?

FATHER: Jim, did I ever stop you from anything?

(off)

Listen, you're, you're at a wonderful age. (laughing through speech) In, in ten years you, you'll look back on this an' you'll wish that---

JIM: Ten years! I want now! I want an answer now. I need one.

FATHER: Listen, Jimbo, I'm just trying to show you how, how foolish you are. Why, when you're older you'll look back at this an' you'll, well, you'll, you'll laugh at yourself for, for thinking that this is so important.

(off)

It's not as if you were alone, this has happened to, to every boy. It happened to me when I was your age, maybe a year older.

(on)

Jim!

MOTHER: (off)

Frank, what's all the excitement? I've been working hard trying to get this house in order all day long.

FATHER: (off)

(overlapping above speech) Jim had blood on 'im!

MOTHER: (off)

Blood?

FATHER: (off)

He just ran out.

MOTHER: (off)

And you didn't stop 'im!

FATHER:

Jim!
(off)
Jim!

KIDS:

.....(on and off)
(laughing, chatter not distinct continues behind following dialogue)

BUZZ:

Hey. Hey, Chicken Little, where's the reared? He beg off?

PLATO:

He's not scared of you.

BUZZ:

(laughing)

GANG MEMBERS:

(on and off)
(chatter not distinct) Hey, Buzz, over there?

PLATO:

Hi.

JIM:

Hi. How did you get here?

PLATO:

I hitched.

JIM:

(laughing through speech) You did? I bet you'd go to a hanging. Wouldn't yuh?

PLATO:

I guess it's just my morbid personality.

JIM:

Yeah.

PLATO:

Should I leave?

JIM:

No, it's okay, Hi.

BUZZ:

Come on, let's go see what we're driving. No, no. Just, just him.

JIM:

It's okay. Stay here.

BUZZ:

What did you say your name was?

JIM:

Stark. Jim Stark.

BUZZ:

Er, I'm, I'm Buzz Gunderson.

MOOSE:

(off)
Got some goodies for you,--
(on)
--Bussie boy.

BUZZ:

You got a flashlight?

MOOSE:

Yeah.

JUDY:

Is he a friend o' yours?

PLATO:

Yeah. Yeah, he's my best friend.

JUDY:

What's he like?

PLATO:

Oh, I don't know. You have to get to know 'im. He doesn't say much, but, but when he does you know he means it. He's sincere.

JUDY:

Well, that's the main thing.

BUZZ: You wants flip?

JIM: Yeah, go ahead. Er, heads.

PIATO: Maybe next summer he's gonna take me hunting with 'im an' fishing. I want him to teach me how because I know he won't get mad if I goof. His name's Jim. It's, it's really James, but he likes Jim more. (laughing) People he really likes he lets 'em call him Jamie.

JUDY: Jamie? (laughing)

BUZZ: Try the doors. No. Hey, try it with the jump.

JIM: Oh, yeah.

BUZZ: That's the edge. (laughing) That's the end.

JIM: Yeah. Certainly is.

BUZZ: You know something? I like you. You know that?

JIM: Why do we do this?

BUZZ: Well, you gotta do something. Now, don'tcha?

--cc000--

END OF REEL 4-A

K 13

(off and on)
(letter not distinct continues behind following dialogue)

CRUNCH:

(not distinct) all the way back. Now let's get all the girls -- (not distinct)
(off)
--lined up on the left side.

JUDY:

Crunch, line 'em up.

CRUNCH:

Hey, lookit, go all the way up to the end and get your cars an' bring 'em up on the right hand side. Take your car an' put it on the left hand side. Hurry up. Turn your lights toward the center. Hurry up, get goin'.
(off)
Come on, let's line 'em up.
(on)
Moose, come 'ere.

MOOSE:

Yeah.

CRUNCH:

Get those guys straightened out out there. Tell 'em when to turn on their lights. Johnny, follow that dark roadster over there, will yuh?

JUDY:

You okay?

BUZZ:

(off)
Yeah. Gimme some dirt.
(on)
Hey, toreador. She signals, we head for the edge an' the first man who jumps is a chicken.
(off)
All right?

JIM:

(off)
Judy.
(on)
Me, too.

JUDY:

H'm?

JIM:

Er, may I have some dirt please?

JUDY:

(laughing) Hit your lights!

BUZZ:

(screaming)

JIM:

(laughing) Where's Buzz?

CRUNCH:

Down there.

BOY:

Let's get out of here.

CRUNCH:

Down there. Down there is Buzz!

JUDY:

.....This is fine.

JIM:

You'll be all right? Judy.

INSERT:

(on puff of compact)
Dorothy Gray
(not readable)

JIM: You wanna see a monkey?

PLATO: Hey, you wanta come home with me? I mean, there's nobody home at my house. Heck, I'm not tired. Are you? You see, I don't have too many people I can talk to.

JIM: Who has?

PLATO: (off)
If you --
(on)
--wanta come, we could talk and then in the morning we could have breakfast like my dad used to. Gee, if only you could'a' been my dad.

JIM: (laughing through speech) Well, you flipped or something? Look. I'll see you in the morning. Okay?

PLATO: I, I've gotta pick up my scooter, anyway, you know.

JIM: Yeah. I know.

PLATO: See you tomorrow.

INSERT: (on fence)

2753

--oOoOo--

END OF REEL 4-B

E. U: Hello, cute little sister. Hello, darling, baby-pie, glamor puss, sweetie.

JUDY: (sobbing)

JUDY'S FATHER: Beau. You belong in bed.

BEAU: (making kissing sounds)

JIM:(sighing, grunting)

MOTHER: (off)
He's home!
(on)
Oh, you're home! Oh, you're home. Are you all right? Where were --
(off)
--you? We were so worried.
(on)
I was gonna take a sleeping pill, but I wouldn't till I knew you were home.

JIM: Can I talk to you guys? I have to talk to somebody. Dad. You better give me an answer this time.

FATHER: Go ahead.

JIM: A direct answer. I'm in trouble. You know that big high, er, bluff near Millertown?

FATHER: Oh, yes, yes.

JIM: I --

FATHER: (overlapping above speech) There was a bad accident there. They showed the pictures on, on television, Jim.

JIM: I was in it.

MOTHER: How? How can you do such ---

JIM: (overlapping above speech) It doesn't matter now. Dad, I was driving a stolen car.

MOTHER: Oh, that's a fine thing! Do you enjoy doing this to me or what?

JIM: (overlapping above speech) I wasn't trying to ---

MOTHER: (overlapping above speech) And you wanted him to make a list!

FATHER: Let him tell it!

MOTHER: All right, I'll let him tell it.

JIM: (overlapping above speech) Aw, she doesn't wanta hear. She doesn't care. She doesn't care what I'm saying.

MOTHER: (overlapping above speech) I don't care! Do you remember how I almost died giving birth to 'im? And then you say I don't care.

FATHER: (overlapping above speech) Please relax, relax!

JIM: Dad, I said it was a matter of honor, remember? They called me chicken. You know, chicken. I had to go. 'Cause if I didn't I'd never be able to face those kids again. I got in one o' those cars. An' Buzz, Buzz is one o' those kids, he got in the other car. An' we had to drive fast. An' then jump, see, before the car came to the edge o' the bluff. An' I got out okay an' Buzz didn't, an', er, killed 'im.

MOTHER: Good Lord!

JIM: An', an' I can't keep it to myself any more.

FATHER: Well, you just get it off your chest, son.

JIM: That is, that is not what I mean! Dad, I, I have never done anything right. I'm, I'm -- I've been goin' around with my head in a sling for years. I don't wanta drag you into this, but I can't help it. You see, I think, I think that you can't just go around proving things and pretending like you're tough.

FATHER: Yeah, that's right.

JIM: (overlapping above speech) An' you can't, even though you look a certain way -- You can't -- You look -- You feel --

FATHER: (overlapping above speech) That's right, you're absolutely right. You're absolutely right.

JIM: (overlapping above speech) You're not listening to me! You're involved in this just like I am! Now I'm goin' to the police and I'm gonna tell 'em I'm involved in this tonight. And I don't want --

FATHER: (overlapping above speech) (not distinct)

MOTHER: (overlapping above dialogue) Oh, no!

FATHER: Did anyone see you there?

JIM: Ohh!

FATHER: Did anyone see your license plate?

MOTHER: (overlapping above speech) What about the other --

JIM: (overlapping above dialogue) I don't know!

MOTHER: (overlapping above speech) What about the other boys, do you think they'll go to the police?

JIM: It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter, it doesn't matter. (continues behind following dialogue) It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter.

MOTHER: Why should you be the only one involved?

FATHER: Well, far be it from me to tell you what to do, but --

MOTHER: (overlapping above speech) Oh, are you going to preach? Do we have to listen to a sermon now?

FATHER: Well, I'm only tryin' to tell 'm what, what you mean. You, you can't be idealistic all your life, Jim. Nobody thanks you for sticking your neck out.

JIM: (overlapping above speech) Except -- Except -- Except to yourself!

FATHER: Wait a minute!

JIM: Except yourself. You don't want me to go?

MOTHER: No. No, I don't want you to go to the police. There were other people. Why should you be the only one involved?

JIM: But I am involved! We are all involved! Mom, a boy, a kid was killed tonight. I don't see how I can get out of that by pretending that it didn't happen!

FATHER: Well, you know that you did the wrong thing. That's the main thing, isn't it?

JIM: That's nothing.

FATHER: That ---:

JIM: That is absolutely nothing. Dad, you told me, you said you, you want me to tell the truth. How didn't you say that? You can't turn it off.

MOTHER: He's not saying that! He's saying just don't volunteer!

JIM: Just tell a little white lie.

FATHER: You'll learn. When you're older, Jim.

JIM: Well, I don't think that I wanta learn that way.

MOTHER: Well, it doesn't matter anyway because we're moving.

JIM: You're not tearing me loose again.

FATHER: Well, this is news. Just why are we moving?

MOTHER: Oh, do I have to spell it out?

JIM: (overlapping above speech) You are not going to use me as an excuse again.

MOTHER: I don't.

JIM: Every time you can't face yourself you blame it on me.

MOTHER: That is not true!

JIM: You say it's because of me, you say it's because of the neighborhood?

MOTHER: No.

JIM: You use every other phony excuse. Mom, I just once I wanta do something right. And I don't want you to run away from me again. Dad.

FATHER: Aw, this is all going too fast for me, son.

JIM: (overlapping above speech) You better give me something, you better give me something fast.

MOTHER: Jimmy, you're very young. A foolish decision now could wreck your whole life. In ten years you'll never know this even happened.

JIM: Dad, answer her. Tell 'er. Ten years. Dad, let me hear you answer her. Dad. Dad, stand up for me. Stand up!

MOTHER: (gasping) You'll kill 'im.
(off)
You'll kill 'im!

FATHER AND JIM: (on and off)
(gasping)

MOTHER: (sobbing through speech) Do you wanta kill your own father?
Jimmy: (gasping)

--oo0oo--

END OF REEL 5-A

I KEYS: (sign) MOTOR VEHICLE DEPT.
DRIVERS LICENSES
AUTO REGISTRATION
HIGHWAY PATROL
(arrow)

(over door) POLICE STATION
DIVISION 6
JUVENILE DIVISION

CRUNCH: Isn't that something, the way they brought us in like that?

MOOSE: Let go o' me!

MOOSE'S FATHER: Say, you want a good crack in the mouth?

GOON'S FATHER: Aw, take it easy, Ed. The boy's on edge. Come on.

MOOSE'S FATHER: (overlapping above speech) He shouldn't talk to me that way. After all, --
(off)
--I am his father.

CRUNCH: This place appeal to you or something? What's he gonna pull?

MOOSE: Nothin', Crunch.

CRUNCH: Did yuh see any cops with 'im?

MOOSE: He was just pulled in like the rest of us...

INSERT: (on machine) STAMPS

JIM: Oh, excuse me, can you tell me where I can find, er, er, er, -- Oh, I forgot his name. Er, look, he's in the juvenile office.

SERGEANT: (overlapping above speech) Look, can't you see I'm writing?

CRUNCH: He's gonna tell, man. I know. Nobody arrested him.

MOOSE: I think I'd better go home.

CRUNCH: Hey, wait, man. We'll have some kicks, huh?

MOOSE: Crunch, my, my father --

CRUNCH: Bring 'im down, huh? What'd yuh say?

MOOSE: You're gonna clobber 'im?

CRUNCH: (laughing) What, you outta your mind? Come on.

SERGEANT: What I could write about you they wouldn't print,

JIM: (overlapping above speech) Hey, listen, I remember his first name. His name is Ray.

SERGEANT: (overlapping above speech) What's the charge?

OFFICER: Assault with a deadly weapon.

JIM: His name is Ray and I'd like very much to see 'im.

SERGEANT: He's not here.

JIM: Huh?

SERGEANT: He's not in juvenile hall. He's out on a call somewhere. I don't know where he is. He'll be out all night. How old are you?

JIM: My parents know I'm here. They know I'm out here.

SERGEANT: Come back in the morning, will yuh please, son.

JIM: Well, can I wait?

SERGEANT: You. Have you ever been booked before?

HOODLUM: (off)
Solid. (laughing)

JIM: (sighing)

JUDY'S FATHER:(off)
Hello. Who wants her?
(on)
Who? Jim who? I never heard of yuh!

JUDY: He didn't have to hang up on 'im.Hello, Jamie.

JIM: Jamie? Jamie. (laughing) Where'd you get that? (laughing)
Huh?

JUDY: How long have you known Plato?

JIM: N'm, 'bout ---

ANNOUNCER: (off-over radio)
All right, coming up now another request.

JIM: This morning.

ANNOUNCER: (off-over radio)
This time from the boys down at Anna's Pizza Paradise. A new arrangement of a great oldie in rhythm and blues. Jim, this is dedicated to you from Buzz.

JIM: (sighing)

INSERT: (radio) 5 6 7 8 10 13 15

JUDY: They'll be looking for you.

JIM: I didn't chicken. You saw where I jumped. What d' I have to do, kill myself?

JUDY: It doesn't matter to them.

JIM: Well, I guess you're still pretty upset, huh?

JUDY: H'h, I'm just numb.

JIM: (clearing throat) Er, -- You know something. I woke up this morning, you know. And the sun was shining and it was nice an' all that type o' stuff. And the first

(continued)

thing I saw you. An', er, I said, "Now, boy, this is gonna be one terrific day, so you better live it up. 'Cause, er, tomorrow you'll be nothing." See? An' I almost was.

JUDY:

I'm sorry. I'm sorry that I treated you mean today. You shouldn't believe what I say when I'm with the rest of the kids. Nobody, nobody acts sincere.

JIM:

Yeah.

JUDY:

Why did you do that?

JIM:

Just felt like it.

JUDY:

Your lips are soft.

JIM:

Where're you going?

JUDY:

I don't know!

--oOoOo--

END OF REEL 5-B

(Transcription by:
Julia Hoffmann)

REEL 6-A
PAGE 1.

JUDY: We can't stay here.

JIM: I know one thing. I'm not goin' back in that zoo.

JUDY: I'm never going back.

JIM: Listen, er, (gasping) I know a place. Plato told me before. It's an old deserted mansion. Up by the planetarium. Wanna go up there with me? You can trust me, Judy.

JUDY: Okay.

PLATO:What d'you guys want?

CRUNCH: You know what we want. We want your friend.

GOON: Yeah, we got eyes for him.

PLATO: Listen, you guys better beat it.

CRUNCH AND GOON: Yeah, sure.

GOON: Where does he live, huh? Where does he live?

CRUNCH: Tell us, tell us! I'm not kiddin'.

PLATO: Let go!

BOYS: (chatter not distinct) Get him. Come on. You know what we want. We want your friend.

PLATO: My old man's got a gun.

BOYS: (chatter not distinct)

GOON: Your friend talked.

CRUNCH: I got it.

GOON: You got it? Now you talk!

BOYS: (chatter not distinct continues behind following speech)

NEGRO WOMAN: What are you doing to 'im. What are you doing--
(off)
--to 'im?
(on)
You better clear out 'fore I call the police. Clear out!

MOORE: I got the book, let's go.

CRUNCH: He's got the book.

INSERT: (card and partially viewed check)
NORMAN CRAWFORD
MEMO
FOR SUPPORT OF SON
MERCHANTS
SAVINGS BANK
CHICAGO, ILL.

1956 No 448
CTS \$687.50 DOLLARS
BY Norman Crawford (signature)

PLATO: (gasping)

NEGRO WOMAN: (off)
Why you wanta mix up with bad boys like that all the time?
Why you wanta get into trouble--
(on)
--all the time? John! What yuh doin' with that? John, you
put that down! Put it down--
(off)
--before you hurt yourself.

PLATO: I have to warn 'im.

NEGRO WOMAN: John! You stay home, John!

MOOSE:Bill Sibley. Sam Stuart. Stark! Jim Stark. Here it
is. Seventeen fifty-three Angelo. Well, well.

INSERT: (address book)

ADDRESS		ADDRESS	
Name	Jim	Name	
Street		Street	
City	Stark.	City	
Telephone		Telephone	
Name		Name	
Street	1753	Street	
City	Angelo	City	
Telephone		Telephone	
Name		Name	
Street		Street	
City		City	
Telephone		Telephone	

MOTHER:Frank! Frank, I'm frightened.

FATHER: What's that pounding?

MOTHER: I don't know. At first I thought it was Jim, but he-- He's
not home yet.

FATHER: Oh, he's home, dear. I, I heard his car.

MOTHER: Well, are, are you going down there?

FATHER: (overlapping above speech) Look, dear, will you please relax!
Now you see, it's stopped.

MOTHER: I still think you oughta go down there.

FATHER: Who's there? Anybody there?

MOTHER: Open it.

FATHER: (gasping) Wh-who's out there?

MOUSE: Where's your son, Daddy?

GOON: Where's your baby boy gone to, Daddy?

CRUNCH: We wanta talk to 'is.

FATHER: He's, he's not here. He's-- Look in his room. Jim. Jim.
Son?

GOON: (making clucking sounds)

MOTHER: Frank. Frank. Is he there?

JIM: (off)
(laughing)

PLATO: Well, we're safe here. I hope. Well, what do you think of my castle?

JIM: Wow!

JUDY: Shooie!

JIM: Gee!

JUDY: Wow!

JIM: Well, now, er, then, er, I think we'll take it for the summer.

PLATO: Right this way.

JIM: Oh, er, er, would you like to rent it or are you more in the mood to buy it, dear.

JUDY: You decide, darling.

JIM: Oh, yes.

JUDY: Yes. Oh, remember our budget.

JIM: Oh, don't give it a thought.

PLATO: It's only, er, three million dollars a month.

JIM: What?

JUDY: Oh, we can manage that. I'll scrimp and I'll save and I'll work my fingers to the bone.

JIM: You see, we're newlyweds.

JUDY: Yes. Oh, there's just one thing.

JIM: (laughing)

JUDY: What about ---

PLATO: Children? Right this way.

JUDY: Yes.

PLATO: See, we really don't encourage them. They're so noisy and troublesome. Don't you agree?

JUDY: Oh, yes, yes. And so terribly annoying when they cry. Oh, yes, I don't know what to do when they cry. Do you, dear?

JIM: Aw, (making sounds) drown them like puppies.
(off)
Aw.

PLATO: As you see, the nursery is --
(off)
--far away from the rest of the house.

JIM: Hey, you forget to wind your sundial.

PLATO: (off)
And if you have children --
(on)
--you'll find that this is a wonderful arrangement. They
can carry on and you'll never even notice.

JIM: Oh, a sunken nursery.

PLATO: In fact, if you lock them in you'll never have to see them
again. Much less talk to them.

JUDY: Talk to them? Heavens!

JIM: Nobody talks to children.

JUDY: No, they just tell them.

JIM: (laughing)

MOOSE:What time is it?

CRUNCH: Hang loose. We've got all night.

GOON: You know, that maid saw us. I wonder if she could tell who
we were if she saw us again?

MOOSE: Sure she could. I know she could.

CRUNCH: You still wanta go home, Moose.

MOOSE: No.

CRUNCH: Then shut your mouth. Before your guts run out.

GOON: (laughing)

JIM:(yelling) Quick, fill the pool. (yelling) (laughing)
Hey, let's see how long we can stay under. (making sounds)

JUDY: You can't talk underwater. (laughing)
(off)
(laughing)

JIM, JUDY AND
PLATO: (on and off)
(laughing, making sounds)

JIM: I never saw you having so much fun.

PLATO: Oh, I've been here a lot of times before, but I never had
fun.

JUDY: Why not?

PLATO: 'Cause I was alone.

JUDY: (laughing)

JIM: All right! (laughing) Then what'd you come back here for?

PLATO: 'Cause I'd run away. I used to run away a lot, but they
always took me back.

JUDY: Who?

PLATO: Mom and dad. Now that I don't have 'em any more I wish I
never had run away. I used to lie in my cr'b at night an'
I'd, I'd listen to them fight.

JIM: Can you remember back that far? I can't even remember what happened yesterday. (laughing) I can't. How do you do it?

PLATO: Oh, I had to go to a head-shrinker. Boy, he made me remember!

JIM: Did he?

PLATO: Then my mother said it cost too much so she went to Hawaii instead. (laughing)

JIM: Well, what's your problem?

PLATO: Oh, I don't know. But, but I'm happy now. Here. Oh, I wish we could stay here.

JUDY: Plato, where's your father now?

PLATO: Oh, he's dead. He was a hero in the China Sea.

JIM: (laughing) You told me he was a big wheel in New York.

PLATO: H'h. I did? Oh, what's the difference? He might as well be dead anyway.

JUDY: It's all right. (humming behind following speech)

JIM: (off)
Sure, sure.

JUDY: (humming continues behind following speech)

JIM: I wonder how many rooms in this place.

JUDY: I don't know. A lot, probably.

JIM: Probably. You wanta explore?

JUDY: M'hm.

JIM: (on and off)
(laughing)
(on)
(laughing) Must've been a nervous day. (laughing)

JUDY: (overlapping above laughing) He must've started out nervous.

JIM: I've done that, though. Haven't you?

JUDY: M'hm.

JIM: (laughing)

JUDY: (sighing)

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END OF REEL 6-B

(Transcription by:
Lillian Barr)

REEL 7-A
PAGE 1.

C WCH: That looks like our boy's car, huh?
MOOSE: M'hab.
GRUNCH: Well, what do yuh know?
JIM:Hi.
JUDY: Hi. Is this what's it like to love somebody?
JIM: I don't know.
JUDY: What kind of a person do you think a girl wants?
JIM: A man.
JUDY: Yes. But a man who can be gentle an', an' sweet.
JIM: And?
JUDY: Like you are.
JIM: (laughing)
JUDY: And someone who doesn't run away when you want them. Like
bein' Plato's friend when nobody else liked 'im. That's
being strong.
JIM: (sighing) Oh, wow. (laughing)
JUDY: (overlapping above laughing-laughing)
JIM: We're not gonna be lonely any more. Ever, ever. Not you or
me.
JUDY: I love somebody. All the time I've been, been looking for
someone to love me. An' now I love somebody. An' it's so
easy. Why is it easy now?
JIM: I don't know. It is for me, too.
JUDY: I love you, Jim. I really mean it.
JIM: I love you, too.
GRUNCH:Good morning.
COON: (laughing)
GRUNCH: Let's take 'im.
PLATO: (gasping)
GRUNCH: (gasping)
INSERT:(on car) POLICE
OFFICER: (off)
That's it. This is unit seventeen.
(on)
We just zeroed gray Ford coupe, forty-six. Observatory
Drive and Crest Place. Looks like housebreaking. Alert
juvenile and standby to send help.
PLATO:(off and on)
(robbing)

(continued)
(off)
Save me. Save me. Save me.
(on and off)
(sobbing)

JIM: Plato, what --

PLATO: Why did yuh run out on me? Why did yuh leave me alone?

JIM: (overlapping above speech) What'd yuh shoot at me for?
What's the matter with you?
(off)
What's the matter with you?

PLATO: (off)
(sobbing through speech) I thought you were someone else.

JIM: No, no, Plato, it's me. Look at me. What's the matter with you, anyhow?

PLATO: Let me go! You're not my father!

JIM: Yuh crazy nut!

PLATO: You're not my father!

--oOoOo--

END OF REEL 7-A

(Transcription by:
Julia' Hermanson)

REEL 7-B
PAGE 1.

OFFICER: Halt! Halt!
(off)
Come 'ere, son.
(on)
Come here.
(off)
Just walk over here quietly now and there won't be any trouble.
(on)
You cover the house, I'll head him off. Halt.

JUDY: Jim! Did he hit you?

JIM: Get down. No, I'm all right.

JUDY: We have to go back.

JIM: I'm going after Plato.

JUDY: After he tried to shoot you? Jim. (gasping behind following speech)

JIM: Down. He didn't mean it. We shouldn't'a' left him in the first place. He needs us.

JUDY: He needed you maybe, but so do I, Jim.

JIM: He needs you, too. You okay?

JUDY: Yes.

JIM: Come on. Wait. Wait. Wait. Wait a minute.

JUDY: You should have heard him earlier tonight. He was talking about you like, like you were the hero in the China Sea.

JIM: Yeah. You know what he wanted?

JUDY: What?

JIM: He tried to make us his family. I guess he just wanted us to be like his---

OFFICER: Halt!

JUDY: Oh, Jim, they're killing him!

INSERTS: (on drive)

DRIVENWAY
EMPLOYEES
CAUTION

(on bldg.)

GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY

(on doors)

ENTRANCE
TELESCOPE OPEN FROM
(not readable) UNTIL 10 PM
EVERY CLEAR NIGHT
EXCEPT MONDAY AND
TUESDAY. REACHED
BY OUTSIDE STAIRS.

NO SMOKING

NO DOGS IN THE BUILDING

OFFICER: Come outta there!
(off)
You're makin' it tough on yourself, kid. Come out--
(on)
--quietly now. You didn't kill anybody yet. Need a little
help here, Lieutenant.

CHIEF: We heard firing. He hit anybody? Are you alone?

OFFICER: Yeah.
(off)
We got a cockaboo inside with a gun. He wounded some kid
earlier.

CHIEF: How'd he get in?

OFFICER: Smashed the front door.

CHIEF: Is there another entrance?

OFFICER: Down in back.

CHIEF: Seal 'im off.

2ND OFFICER: Yes, sir.

POLICE
ANNOUNCER: (off-over radio - continues behind following speech)
.....Received several calls reporting missing juveniles. Unit
seventeen reports housebreaking. Observatory Drive.
A shooting. One boy injured. Two boys and a girl heading for
observatory.

MOTHER: I don't understand. I don't understand. You pray for your
children. You read about things like this happening to other
families but you never dream it could happen to yours.

RAY: (off)
The Observatory?
(on)
Five housebreaking in area. Right. We'll proceed. Over.
There are some other kids in trouble. You'll have to go with
me.

FATHER: Sure. Sure. That's all right.

INSERT: (license)
2K14222

OFFICER: The lieutenant said seal 'im off.

CHIEF: Hello, Ray.

RAY: Hi.

CHIEF: You know anything about this?

RAY: No more than you do.

CHIEF: There's a kid in there with a gun. He wounded another kid and
took a shot at an officer.

RAY: You got a speaker?

CHIEF: Yeah. Help yourself.

NEGRO WOMAN: What's goin' on?

OFFICER: I don't know, lady. But some kid's in trouble. But you'll have to stay back.

NEGRO WOMAN: I gotta know. My boy ran off tonight. He got a gun, too.

OFFICER: All right. Oh, Lieutenant!

RAY: (off-over speaker)
I am addressing the boy in the Planetarium. I am speaking to the boy inside. This is Ray Frameck from the juvenile division. Armed police are outside.
(on)
Whoever you are, drop your weapon and come out. Come outside.
(off-over speaker)
Clasp your hands over your head and come outside quietly.
Mr. Stark.

MOTHER: (off)
Frank!

FATHER: Wa-wait a minute. That's my son.

RAY: What? Hold your fire. Wait. Are you sure?

FATHER: I think I know my son.

--oo00oo--

END OF REEL 7-B

I. INT: (sign)

PLANETARIUM SHOWS
3:00 AND 8:30 P.M.

CHIEF: (off-over speaker)
Officers, another boy and girl just ran into the planetarium. We don't know if they're armed. Hold your positions until further instructions. Another boy and girl just ran into the planetarium. We don't know if they're armed. Hold your positions until further instructions.

JIM: Plato? You in there? You're my friend, Plato. That means a lot to me. Hey, I'm gonna open the door now. You can shoot me if you want to. Okay? M'm, boy, I'm blind as a bat. (laughing) You got a match?
(off)
Gonna break my neck in here.
(on)
Where are yuh?

PLATO: (off)
I've got a gun.

JIM: Yeah, I know. Hey, light a match, will yuh?

PLATO: (off)
No!

JIM: How are yuh?

PLATO: (off)
I'm fine.

JIM: That's fine.

PLATO: (off)
Jim, do you think the end o' the world will come at night-time?

JIM: Uh-uh. At dawn.

(off)
Aw, now, (laughing) where are yuh?
(on)

Whatcha hiding for? Whyn'tcha stand up? Huh? Now how can I talk to yuh if I can't see yuh, Plato? (laughing) I can't talk to yuh if I can't see yuh. Come on, stand up. You've seen this show before. Huh? (laughing through speech) Come on. Do you see that star up there?

(off)
Plato, stand up, look at it.

(on)
Well, I can't talk to yuh if I can't see yuh.

(off)
That's all there is to it.

(on)
I'm not gonna hurtcha or anything like that, Plato.

PLATO: Why did you run out on me?

JIM: We didn't run out on yuh. We were coming right back, I told yuh.

PLATO: You sure?

JIM: Sure, I'm sure. Judy's here. She's waiting. Come on.

(continued)

(off)

Come on.

(on)

No? You're not ready to come out yet?

PLATO:

No.

JIM:

(off)

No?

(on)

Okay. I promise yuh nothin' 'll happen if you do.

PLATO:

No.

JIM:

Are you cold? Here. It's warm. Here. My jacket, it's warm.

PLATO:

Can I keep it?

JIM:

Well, what d'you think? Here. Hey, now can I have the gun, Plato? You wanta give it to me?

PLATO:

My gun?

JIM:

Yeah. In your pocket. Give it to me.

PLATO:

No. No, I need it.

JIM:

(sighing) Don't you trust me, Plato? Just give it to me for a second. Oh! You been carryin' this around all day? Uh. Er, (gasping) now there's a lot o' people out front. Plato. Plato.

PLATO:

You promised to give it back.

JIM:

Friends always keep their promises. Well, er, these people, er, you know all of them, everyone of them, wanta see that you're safe. Do you understand that? They want yuh to be safe. An', oh, here. An' they said that I could come in here an' I could bring you out an' ---

PLATO:

Why?

JIM:

Why? 'Cause they like yuh. Okay?

PLATO:

Come on.

JIM:

Yeah.

--oo00oo--

END OF REEL 8-A

J. J.: Hi, Plato.

PLATO: Hi. It's too bright.

JIM: (off)
Yeah.
(on)
Okay? I'll fix it. H'm.

INSERT: (sign-partially viewed)
PLANETARIUM SHOWS
3:00 AND 8:30 P.M.

JIM: Is Ray Franck still out there?

RAY: Yes, I'm here.

JIM: Hey, turn out those lights.
(off)
If you do, we'll come out.

RAY: Okay. Turn your lights out.

JIM: See. Come on. (laughing)

INSERT: (sign)
(not readable)
TELESCOPE OPEN FROM
(not readable) UNTIL 10 PM
EVERY CLEAR NIGHT
EXCEPT MONDAY AND
TUESDAY. REACHED
BY OUTSIDE STAIRS.
NO SMOKING
NO DOGS IN THE BUILDING

PLATO: Who's that?

JIM: (off)
Just a guard.

PLATO: (off)
I shot at one of them.

JIM: (off)
No, it's all right, you didn't hurt 'im.

PLATO: Those are not my friends!

JIM: Now look.

PLATO: Make them go away.

JIM: You want -- You want me to make them go away? Want me to fix it? Okay.

JIM: Jim!

JIM: Hey, Ray, will you make those guys get back?
(off)
You don't --
(on)
--have to worry about anything. Here. Ray, keep the guys --
(off)
--back. Ray.

OFFICER: That other kid still has a gun.

JIM: No!
(off)
Don't turn on the lights. Don't. You -- It's too bright.
Plato doesn't -- Ple-- Turn out the lights!

JUDY: (off)
Jim!
(on)
Jim!

PLATO AND JUDY: (gasping)

NEGRO WOMAN: John!

JIM: I got the bullets!
(off)
Look!

FATHER: Let him alone!

OFFICER: (off)
Who're you?
(on)
Get out o' here. (continues not distinct)

RAY: (overlapping above speech) It's all right, fellas. It's
all right, Lieutenant.

CHIEF: Get the stretcher in here.

FATHER: For a minute there I -- When I saw that red jacket I, I
thought ---

OFFICERS: (on and off)
(chatter not distinct continues behind following speech)

JIM: Hey, Jerkpot, what's a yuh do that for? (sobbing)
(off)
Jerkpot, hey.

FATHER: You can't help it, son. You did everything a man could.

JIM: (off)
(sobbing)
(on)
(sobbing, laughing) Look at that. (sobbing) Help --
(off)
--me. (sobbing behind following speech)

FATHER: Jim. Jim, you can depend on me. Trust me. Whatever comes,
we'll face it together.

(off)
I swear it.

(on)
Come on, Jim, stand up. I'll stand up with you. I'll try
an' be as strong as you want me to be. Come on.

JIM: (sobbing) No.

NEGRO WOMAN: (sobbing through speech) This poor baby's got nobody, just
nobody. (sobbing)

JIM: He's always cold.

JUDY: (sobbing)

(off)
Mom. Dad.
(on)
This is Judy. She's my friend.

MOTHER: He's ---

FATHER: (overlapping above speech-not distinct)

INSERTS: (on bldg.) GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY
(on car) POLICE

--ooOoo--

END OF THE PICTURE

INSERT:

(on bldg.-behind END TITLE)
GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY

PAID IN
END TITLE:

THE END
