

CAST AND CREDITS

HECHT, HILL and LANCASTER

Present

BURT LANCASTER and TONY CURTIS

In

"SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS"

Introducing

SUSAN HARRISON

A Norma-Curtleigh Productions Picture

Released through United Artists

CAST

J. J. Hunsecker	Burt Lancaster
Sidney Falco	Tony Curtis
Susan Hunsecker	Susan Harrison
Steve Dallas	Marty Milner
Frank D'Angelo	Sam Levene
Rita	Barbara Nichols
Sally	Jeff Donnell
Robard	Joseph Leon
Mary	Edith Atwater
Harry Kello	Emile Meyer
Herbie Temple	Joe Frisco
Otis Elwell	David White
Leo Bartha	Lawrence Dobkin
Mrs. Bartha	Lurene Tuttle
Mildred Tam	Queenie Smith
Linda	Autumn Russell
Manny Davis	Jay Adler
Al Evans	Lewis Charles

Produced by James Hill

Directed by Alexander Mackendrick

Screenplay by Clifford Odets and Ernest Lehman

From the Novelette by Ernest Lehman

Photography by James Wong Howe, A.S.C.

Art Direction by Edward Carrere

Music Scored and Conducted by Elmer Bernstein

Songs by Chico Hamilton and Fred Katz

Running time: 103 minutes

Working Script For
THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

FADE IN:

1 EXT. INT. GLOBE NEWSPAPER BUILDING - DUSK - N.Y.

A row of newspaper delivery trucks is lined up against the long loading bay, waiting for the edition. In the foreground a large clock establishes the time as 8:10 PM. A rumbling noise warns the men to take their positions; a few seconds later the bales of newspapers come sliding the spiral chutes onto the moving belts from which they are manhandled onto the trucks. Much noise and shouting.

The front truck moves out to the city street. As it does CAMERA EMPHASIZES the big poster on its side. The design features a large pair of spectacles with heavy rims - a trademark of Hunsecker's. (It will later be seen as the masthead of the gossip column.)

"GO WITH THE GLOBE"

Read

J.J. HUNSECKER

"The eyes of Broadway"

EXT. BROADWAY - DUSK - N.Y.

The truck starts on its journey along Broadway. Some shots are of the vehicle moving through very heavy traffic (taken from a camera car). Others are from the inside of the truck; as it slows down, the delivery man tosses the heavy bundle of papers onto the sidewalk. CAMERA following the truck, holds it in foreground against the blazing electric signs of Broadway and Times Square.

2 & 3 omitted

4 EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT (Dusk)

The southeast corner of the intersection of Broadway and 46th Street, CAMERA, fairly high, shoots north towards the impressive vista of electric signs, silhouetted against the darkening sky. Very heavy traffic and crowded sidewalks. CAMERA descends towards the Orange Juice stand on the corner, passing the booth which sells souvenir hats. It moves through the congestion of chattering passersby, steadily approaching a smartly dressed young man, who stands at the counter of the Orange Juice stand. Oblivious of the hub-bub around him, SIDNEY FALCO is concerned only with his private problems. He turns sharply as a newspaper truck pulls up at the curb behind him; this is what he has been waiting for...

4 A CLOSER ANGLE - NIGHT

The news truck delivery man tosses a bundle out onto the sidewalk beside a news stand.

5 DETAIL

The bundle of newspapers. It hits the sidewalk with a smack. CAMERA PULLS BACK as Sidney Falco crosses the sidewalk. The owner of the newsstand, IGGY, comes to pick up the bundle; he is a grizzled gnome with a philosophical sense of humour; Sidney snaps his fingers with impatience. Iggy wears spectacles and is clearly more or less blind, he has to grope for the cord that binds the papers.

IGGY

Aw Lady, if I looked like you, I'd--

SIDNEY

C'mon...C'mon...

IGGY

(recognizing Sidney's voice)

Keep ya sweatshirt on, Sidney.

Majestically taking his time, Iggy lifts the bundle to his stand and cuts the cord.

IGGY

Hey, Fresh, the Globe just came in --
Hey, Sidney, want an item for Hunsecker's
column? Two rolls get fresh with a baker!
Hey, hot, hot, hot -- etc.

Annoyed, Sidney throws him a dime, seizes a paper and returns briskly to the orange juice stand.

6 ORANGE JUICE STAND - NIGHT

Sidney's place at the crowded counter has been taken by newcomers. Rudely, he recovers his half-consumed glass of orange juice and sandwich. He takes them further down the counter to a quieter corner at which he can examine the paper. CAMERA MOVING WITH HIM, picks up further snatches of overheard dialogue. (See dialogue attached at the end of the scene) We move close enough to see Sidney's hands open the paper expertly at HUNSECKER'S column - identifiable by the picture of the spectacled eyes. Over scene there is a babble of off-stage dialogue.

6A CLOSE UP OF SIDNEY

His face is sullen as his eyes run rapidly down the column. He is reacting to a not unexpected disappointment.

7 Omitted.

8 EXT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - BROADWAY - NIGHT (Dusk)

CAMERA SHOOT WEST on 46th Street, as Sidney comes down the side street from the news stand in background. Irritably, he jerks open the door of a shabby entrance. As the glass door closes, Sidney is seen striding up the stairs.

9 FIRST FLOOR - OUTSIDE SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (Studio)

Beside the top of the stairs is the door to Sidney's office. On it there is a cheaply printed cardboard sign which reads:

SIDNEY FALCO

Publicity

From inside comes the sound of desultory typing. Sidney comes up the stairs two at a time and turns into the door.

9A INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SALLY is on the phone as Sidney strides in.

SALLY

Just a minute, Mr. Weldon. I think...

Sidney vigorously indicates that he doesn't want to take the call.

SALLY

(to phone)

I'm sorry. I thought that was Mr. Falco returning. Yes, I'll tell him when he comes in. I know he's been trying to reach you.

She hangs up.

SALLY

That's the third time he's called today.

SIDNEY

He wants me to break a leg?

SALLY

(literally)

No, an arm, he said.

(then)

I told him you were sure the item would be in Mr. Hunsecker's column in tomorrow's...

SIDNEY

(interrupting, sharply)

It isn't. I've just seen the early edition.

SALLY

But...

SIDNEY

But what?

SALLY

That makes five days in a row that Mr. Hunsecker's cut you out of his column.

SIDNEY

May I rent you out as an adding machine.

He has begun to change his clothes.

CONTINUED

9A CONTINUED

SIDNEY

Get me Joe Robard.

Sally goes back into the outer room.

SIDNEY

Who else phoned?

SALLY

The renting agent and the tailor.

SIDNEY

Pay the rent. Let the tailor wait.

SALLY

It won't leave much of a balance in
the bank...

(to phone)

Mr. Robard? Could you locate him?

Sidney, in a state of semi-undress, comes to take the phone
from her.

SIDNEY

(gloomily)

Watch me run a fifty yard dash with
my legs cut off!Very abruptly, he comes alive on the phone. A real laughing
boy.

SIDNEY

(effusively)

Sidney, Joe. How do you like it? I'm
running out of alibis! No, I asked
Hunsecker to withhold the item, until
he could give it a fine, fat paragraph.
The column was running over and I didn't
want you kissed off with just a line...9B. INT. ROBARD'S CLUB - NIGHT (Studio)

Robard is a stolid, secure man, balding and with a moustache. He has a morose sense of humor. He is speaking from a telephone on a little desk at the end of the bar. In background, the Club is open, but there are few customers as yet. Some recorded jazz is being played while the musicians are still arriving, strolling past in background, depositing their overcoats and music cases in the little closet assigned to them.

CONTINUED

9B CONTINUED

ROBARD

(in answer to Sidney)

Of course.

(he listens to protest
from Sidney)

What is this, Sidney, a kissing game?
You're a liar - that's a publicity
man's nature. I wouldn't hire you if
you wasn't a liar. I pay you a C-and-a-
half a week wherein you plant big lies
about me and the Club all over the map.

(a pause)

Yeah, I mean in that sense. But also
in the sense that you are a personal
liar, too, because you don't do the
work I pay you for.

(new protests on the
other end of the line)

Oh, stop it, Sidney. You're from the
country, not me.

RESUME SIDNEY

Sally is watching him, unhappy on his behalf.

SIDNEY

(to phone)

Now, wait a minute, Joe. When I
saw J.J. last night he said...

But Robard has cut off. Sidney hangs up. A silence. Sally
tries to be comforting.

SALLY

I wish I could help in some way,
Sidney.

SIDNEY

(aggressively)

Help me with two minutes of silence!

Sally, hurt, says nothing. Presently, he adds:

SIDNEY

Go home, Sally. It's late...

SALLY

I hate to see you like this --

Sidney, with another mercurial change of manner, begins some
sarcastic clowning.

CONTINUED

9B CONTINUED 2

SIDNEY

(horsing around)

Yes, but as a new subscriber you're under no obligation to take more than three books. And if you mail the enclosed card within ten days --

SALLY

(pleadingly)

Sidney, I know you by now. Don't do a dance with me...

SIDNEY

(still clowning)

You mean you don't want the extra free gift of a colourful giant map of the world???

SALLY

(distressed)

Sidney, please, dear, if you feel nervous...

Sidney is abruptly savage.

SIDNEY

(with cruelty)

So what'll you do if I feel nervous? You'll open your meaty, sympathetic arms...?

SALLY

(breaking down)

Sid... you got me so... I don't know what...

She is crying. Sidney feels uncomfortable. Not too generously, he relents:

SIDNEY

You ought to be used to me by now.

SALLY

(pathetically)

I'm used to you...

SIDNEY

(with a touch of bitterness)

No. You think I'm a hero. I'm no hero. I'm nice to people where it pays me to be. I gotta do it too much on the outside, so don't expect me to kow-tow in my own office. I'm in a bind right now with Hunsecker so --

CONTINUED

9B CONTINUED 3

Sally pauses, speaking apologetically, while Sidney puts on his jacket, adjusting the pocket handkerchief; hastily he throws a few anti-acid tablets into his mouth, chewing.

SALLY

Maybe I'm dumb, but why is Mr. Hunsecker trying to squeeze your livelihood away? What do you stand for this kind of treatment for?

SIDNEY

(balefully)

What do you do when the sun gives you a burn? You take it, don't you? I'm in this business for my financial health, not the kicks. Hunsecker is a golden ladder to the places I wanna get!

SALLY

But, Sidney, you make a living---where do you want to get?

SIDNEY

(vehement and proud)

Way up high, Sam, where it's always balmy! Where no one snaps his fingers and says, "Hey, Shrimp, rack up those balls!" Or, "Hey, mouse, run out and get me a pack of butts!" I don't want tips from the kitty---I sit in the big game and play with the big players. On you it's becoming, but you're old fashioned, Sally. Ideals and manners---they burned those books last election! My experience I can tell you in a nutshell, and I didn't dream it in a dream: dog eat dog!

(lapsing)

In brief, from now on, Sally, the best of everything is good enough for me....

He wags around the room a moment, biting her with his eyes. She is both nonplussed but stirred by his eloquence.

SALLY

Goodness, Sidney, don't get me wrong---I'm not telling you what to do. But I feel bad when Mr. Hunsecker hurts you and---

CONTINUED

9B CONTINUED 4

SIDNEY
(grimly)
Every dog has his day!
(going)
Lock up and leave the key.

The phone rings. Sidney is dressed by now. As Sally goes for it, he makes for the outer door.

SIDNEY
If that's for me, tear it up!

SALLY
Take a top coat.

SIDNEY
And leave a tip in every hat-check room in town?

He is already gone as she picks up the phone.

SALLY
Sidney Falco office... Oh, Miss Kay, he tried to reach you. No, he's at the barbers now. No, that's held over till the Tuesday column...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

9C INT. ELYSIAN ROOM - NIGHT (Studio)

The quintet. As the dissolve clears, a clatter of polite applause greets the end of a previous number. CAMERA is on the bandstand, moving smoothly through the group of five musicians as the rhythm of a new number is set up: first the leader (a guitarist) snaps his fingers, giving the tempo to... the bass, who "walks" with the beat, bringing in... the drums, which start a quiet, insistent wire-brush background for... the cello and the flute, whose introductory phrases, set the stage for...

STEVE DALLAS

... the guitar, the leader again. It comes in after this short preamble with the first statement of melody. (The tune has a faint echo of significance because it is one of the themes of the film, already heard as a phrase in the background score of the title music.) CAMERA lingers a moment on the guitarist, STEVE DALLAS. He is a youth of pleasant, intelligent appearance. He plays with the intent air of the contemporary jazz musician who takes his work very seriously indeed and affects a much greater interest in the music and his fellow musicians than in the listening audience.

SIDNEY

A close shot. Sidney has just entered the club, strolling into the vestibule near the entrance. He wears an expression of oddly unsuitable antagonism, as he looks forwards....

DALLAS

Seen in long shot from Sidney's viewpoint. CAMERA moves to include Sidney in foreground again. He turns as he is accosted by RITA, the cigarette girl of the club. She is a pert creature, attractive and not unaware of the fact.

RITA

Don't you ever get messages, Eyelashes?
I called you twice.

SIDNEY

(irked)

I've been up to here. Listen, honey,
tell me something. You know Susan
Hunsecker...?

(Rita nods)

Has she been in? I mean lately, in the
last coupla days...?

RITA

I don't think so.

CONTINUED

9C CONTINUED

SIDNEY
You're sure. Find out for me.

RITA
(with a nod)
Sidney, can I talk to you a minute?

Rita wears an injured air. Sidney, preoccupied with other worries, callously ignores it.

SIDNEY
Is Frank D'Angelo around?

RITA
At the bar - Sidney...

But Sidney has moved away from her.

D'ANGELO

He is at the bar, listening with satisfaction to the music, watching the performers and studying the audience. Sidney comes up behind him. We see Sidney's eyes flick from D'Angelo towards the bandstand and back again. Then, as he takes the stool next to D'Angelo, he assumes a different manner, a sulky resentment. D'Angelo sees Sidney.

D'ANGELO
(to the bartender)
Joe, give my nephew a drink.

SIDNEY
(sullen)
Your nephew doesn't want a drink.

D'Angelo is still watching the quintet. The guitar can be heard again.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shooting past D'Angelo and Sidney towards the bandstand.

D'ANGELO
That's a lollipop that, boy. The kid is only great.

SIDNEY
And with ten percent of his future,
you're great, too, Frank.

CONTINUED

9C CONTINUED 2

D'Angelo looks quickly at Sidney, sensing the undercurrent. Then he turns his back on the musicians, remarking in a quiet tone.

D'ANGELO

Went over to Philly yesterday an' seen the folks... it's nice you send them the fifty a month...

SIDNEY

(after a pause)

See my mother?

D'ANGELO

(shaking his head)

I only had a few hours.

A glum moment. Frank sips his highball: Sidney lights a cigarette, animosity on his face.

D'ANGELO

Thanks for the publicity spread you got the boys for the benefit tomorrow.

SIDNEY

(begrudgingly)

Robard's my client. I did it for him and his club, not your boys.

Frank again notes Sidney's resentful manner. Sidney looks towards the musicians.

SIDNEY

(quietly)

Frank, I think maybe you lied to me.

D'ANGELO

(quietly)

Looka, Sidney, you're my own sister's son, but where does that give you the right to call me a liar?

SIDNEY

(looking towards Steve)

You told me that your boy was washed up with Susie Hunsecker, didn't you?

D'ANGELO

Yeah, and it's the truth, to the best of my knowledge. And, frankly, I'm glad. For Steve's sake, I'm glad, not yours. I manage these boys and I got their best interests at heart. Steve shouldn't get mixed up with no bimbo at his age.

CONTINUED

9C CONTINUED 3

SIDNEY
(narrowly)
You told him that?

D'ANGELO
Not in those exact words - you know
what a temper he's got.

A pause. Sidney is thinking.

SIDNEY
When do these hot-headed boys of
yours go on the road?

D'ANGELO
Coupla weeks. For eight weeks.

SIDNEY
That's a nice tour. All booked?
(Frank nodding)
When was Susie around here last?

D'ANGELO
Four five nights ago. That's how I know
the romance is off. Also Steve's in a
very bad mood.

SIDNEY
(abruptly)
Listen, Frank, you'd better make sure
you're telling me the truth.

D'ANGELO
(annoyed)
I don't like this threatening attitude.
When it comes to it, what the heck is
it your business what they do, this boy
and girl...

RITA

Locating Sidney, she comes up behind him. He turns away from
D'Angelo as she whispers to him. As she departs, Sidney
turns back.

SIDNEY
If you knew Hunsecker as well as I
did, you might understand why it's my
business. Maybe you're walking around
blind, Frank, without a cane.

CONTINUED

9C CONTINUED 4

Sidney gets off his stool. Casually, but to effect, he adds:

SIDNEY
...and in case you didn't know it,
Susie Hunsecker's out there on the
back step right now.

He turns away, glancing towards Steve on the bandstand behind him.

D'ANGELO

He looks disturbed.

9C 1. INT./EXT. BACKSTAGE AND COURTYARD

From D'Angelo's point of view. CAMERA LOOKS UP at Steve. The Quintet is now reaching the end of the number, a driving rhythm of considerable excitement. A waiter passes in f.g. and the CAMERA CRANES BACK through the curtained doorway to the backstage part of the club. This movement is continued as we see some other employees, including Jerry Wiggins, the intermission pianist, who is waiting in the corridor near the fire-exit. As he steps out of the door to discard a cigarette, CAMERA AGAIN CONTINUES ITS MOVEMENT, CRANING BACK AND DOWNWARD into the little courtyard. Here, it discovers the figure of a young woman who is waiting in the shadow near the steps of the fire-escape, listening to the music.

CLOSER ANGLE

This is SUSAN HUNSECKER. She wears an expensive mink coat. It is oddly in contrast with her personality; the face is sensitive and intelligent, but childlike and tragic. A girl in adolescence already burdened with problems beyond her capacity. Over scene, the music continues. Susan shifts her position, knowing that the session will soon be at an end and that the musicians will be coming backstage.

9D INT. ELYSIAN ROOM -

Steve is playing the last bars of the number; the whole group now in unison.

QUINTET

The music comes sharply, dramatically to its finish. There is some applause. The boys relax. Steve reaches for the

CONTINUED

9D CONTINUED

microphone and in the characteristically casual manner of the "cool" musician, announces the end of the set, thanking the audience, identifying the quintet by name and introducing the intermission pianist. During this, Carson, Chico and Paul wander off the bandstand behind him.

9E EXT. BACKSTAGE AND COURTYARD

Chico, Paul and Carson come through to the corridor backstage. As they do so, Chico, glancing out of the open door sees Susan in the courtyard. He goes out onto the fire-escape; Paul following behind.

CHICO

Hi! Susie...

SUSAN

Hello, Chico. Paul.

CHICO

(to Paul)

Throw a rope round this chick while I
go get Steve.

Chico goes swiftly back into the club. Paul remains with Susan. There is a momentary silence; Paul is embarrassed because Susan is. Susan makes an effort at conversation, she nods towards the club.

SUSAN

Full house...?

PAUL

Packin' 'em in.

9F INT. CLUB

Steve has been trapped by a young woman in spectacles, a much-too-earnest devotee of progressive jazz.

DEVOTEE

I'm terribly interested in jazz --
serious jazz. You studied with Milhaud,
didn't you? This is such an interesting
fusion of the traditional, classical form
with the new progressive style, I just
wanted to ask you how you came to form
the group...

CONTINUED

9F. CONTINUED

CHICO

He comes through the curtains of the doorway, pausing as he sees that Steve is involved with the Intellectual Young Woman.

REVERSE ANGLE - (Existing)

Steve glances at Chico over the shoulder of the Intellectual Young Woman. Seeing that Chico has something to say to him, he wriggles out of the young woman's clutches by passing the buck to the unfortunate Fred Katz, who is descending from the bandstand behind him.

STEVE

Well, we just sort of got together.
(turning to introduce
Fred)

Maybe if you ask Mr. Katz...He
writes the stuff, you know.

FRED

(blankly)

Huh?

RESUME CHICO

Steve joins Chico and they go through the curtains into the corridor outside.

CORRIDOR

Chico, smiling, explains:

CHICO

Don't waste your time there, man.
You've got something better waiting
outside...

(as Steve looks at him)

Susie's out there.

STEVE

His reaction betrays some emotion. (Over scene the intermission pianist has begun to play a Blues number.) Steve moves a quick

CONTINUED

9F. CONTINUED

step towards the door to the courtyard, then hesitates - almost as if he was afraid to go out. He meets Chico's eye again.

STEVE

What did she say...?

CHICO

He is amused, but sympathetic.

CHICO

You proposed to her, not me.

(slapping him
on the back)

Go get your answer...

ALTERNATIVE VERSION OF THE ABOVE TWO SHOTS

STEVE

His reaction betrays some emotion. (Over scene the intermission pianist has begun to play a Blues number.) Steve makes a quick movement towards the door to the courtyard, then hesitates. He turns to Chico, and his face shows a rueful apprehension. He raises his hand and crosses his fingers in the gesture which means 'let's hope it's going to be all right.'

REVERSE ANGLE

Chico grins with sympathy. He slaps Steve on the shoulder. Steve opens the door and goes out.

THEN:

9G. COURTYARD

Susan, waiting at the foot of the iron steps, turns as Steve comes out on the fire escape above. Steve comes quickly down the steps towards her, slowing down when he gets a few paces away from her.

SUSAN

She looks up at Steve.

CONTINUED

9G. CONTINUED

STEVE

A CLOSE SHOT. In his expression we read his mute inquiry...

RESUME SUSAN

Quite deliberately, with her eyes moistened by love and affection... she nods.

REVERSE ANGLE

Great relief and happiness can be seen in the boy's face. After a moment, he moves to her and she to him. They embrace swiftly, hold each other close and then kiss with passion. Presently, when the kiss is over, Susan speaks softly.

SUSAN

(in a whisper)

Steve...I'll...I'll try to make a
good wife.

Steve is still too choked with relief to speak. For answer, he clasps her more tightly to him. The beam of light which falls on the iron stairs behind them, narrows and then is extinguished...

9H. CORRIDOR

Paul has closed the door. Turning, he shares a look with the grinning Chico and Fred Katz who has managed to escape from the young woman. Before there is time for either of them to make a remark, Sidney comes through the curtains from the Club.

SIDNEY

Hi, Fellows. Where's the Chief?

Sidney's manner is very friendly. But it is immediately apparant from the reaction of the other three boys that none of them likes Sidney. Fred is deliberately uncomprehending.

FRED

Who?

SIDNEY

(who gets the point)

Dallas. Is he around?

CONTINUED

9H. CONTINUED

Chico's back is to the closed door which opens onto the courtyard. Chico nods in the opposite direction towards the stairs.

CHICO
(unhelpfully)
Yeah, he's around somewhere. Upstairs,
maybe.

SIDNEY
(coldly, as he goes)
Thanks.

COURTYARD

Steve and Susan are still embracing. Steve is exultantly proud and happy.

STEVE
(incoherent)
This is big, you know. Very big!
Let's go out later, drink some
firewater. With the boys. Fred can
call Millie and -

SUSAN
Steve, I'd rather you didn't say
anything for a day or two...until
I tell my brother...

STEVE

His sobering reaction shows this is something important.

STEVE
(gently)
You haven't told him yet...

SUSAN

SUSAN
I'm telling him in the morning after
breakfast.

STEVE AND SUSAN

Turning her head, she makes a little gesture, an unconscious movement, putting her fingers to her brow as if feeling a headache.

CONTINUED

9H. CONTINUED 2

STEVE

He isn't going to like it.

Susan says nothing. She looks to Steve, smiling; but the smile is not too confident.

STEVE

You sure you don't want me to be with you...?

Susan stoutly shakes her head. Defensively she reassures Steve:

SUSAN

Steve, my brother isn't as bad as he's painted. He isn't perfect, but -

STEVE

But he isn't going to like this, Susie. And he makes you nervous, not me. No, I take that back - he makes me nervous, too. But I wouldn't give him a second thought if not for you.

The topic evidently makes Susan uneasy. In an effort to dismiss something that she does not want to think about, Susan puts her arms around Steve's neck again.

SUSAN

Let's forget him and -

But Steve is not so ready to change the subject.

STEVE

His stooge, Falco, is around - I saw him walk in.

(soberly)

He's been spying on me for weeks, Susie.

SUSAN

(quickly, perhaps too quickly)

Darling, I don't care - really I don't. Sidney's had a secret crush on me for years, but nothing we do is his business -

STEVE

(gently insisting)

But he could be reporting back to your brother, couldn't he?

CONTINUED

9H. CONTINUED 3

SUSAN

(pleading)

Steve, dear, please forget all of
this. What can it matter after
tomorrow?

Now Steve responds. He grins, holds her closer.

STEVE

(softly)

I have a message for you; I love you.

(kissing her lightly)

May I dedicate the next number to you?...
And the next, and the next. Every Sunday
I'll buy you a new bonnet -

SUSAN

(amused, but moved)

If the stores are open -

STEVE

And on Monday, I'll take it off and
stroke your light brown hair and -

SUSAN

And on Tuesday - Hasenpfeffer.

STEVE

(abruptly grinning)

How do you think I realized I love
you?

SUSAN

I made you write a beautiful song...

STEVE

No, you had me eating that Chinese food!...

They laugh and enjoyably; but then, as the CAMERA MOVES, we
realize that Sidney is there on the fire escape above them;
his manner is affable.

SIDNEY

Can more than two enjoy this joke...

(to Susan)

Hello, Susie, I didn't expect to find
you here.

CONTINUED

9H. CONTINUED 4

Steve says nothing. But he obviously resents the intrusion and finds it difficult to conceal the fact. Sidney comes down the fire escape towards them.

SIDNEY

Where's those glossy prints you promised? Tonight's the latest I can place them -

STEVE

(barely polite)

Well, thanks, anyway - let's forget it.

(to Susan)

It's cold out here, Susie.

Steve makes a move to lead Susan back inside. It is a gesture which appears to dismiss Sidney. Sidney chooses to take umbrage:

SIDNEY

(lightly sarcastic)

Let me apologize for getting you that press spread. It's been an honor to serve you gratis.

Steve turns to Sidney; his manner is quiet but challenging:

STEVE

(levelly)

I get the feeling, Falco, that you're always snooping around...

SUSAN

(quickly intervening)

Steve, stop it please...

ANOTHER ANGLE

Frank D'Angelo has followed Sidney out onto the fire escape; other members of the Quintet have also appeared.

D'ANGELO

What are you boys fighting about?

Aggressively indignant, Sidney throws up his hands; he knocks on the metal of the fire escape.

SIDNEY

(sarcastic)

Kill me! Find me a door somewhere -
I walked in without knocking!

CONTINUED

9H. CONTINUED 5

Sidney is trying to needle Steve; Steve's temper would normally have exploded; but now he controls it.

STEVE

I'm feeling too good to fight with you,
but that isn't what I said - I said you
snoop. For instance, what were you doing
around my hotel the other night?

SIDNEY

(needling)

Begging your pardon, I haven't been
down the bowery in years!

D'ANGELO

(soothingly)

Come on boys, break it up...

STEVE

(overriding D'Angelo)

The next time you want information,
Falco, don't scratch for it like a
dog - ask for it like a man!

SIDNEY

His face tightens; he appears to be mortally insulted and
controlling himself with difficulty. He turns his back swiftly on
Steve, addressing Susan in a voice that has a sharp edge.

SIDNEY

If you're going home, Susie, I'll
drop you off...

Sidney starts quickly up the fire escape. This makes Steve angry
and he steps forward to follow him. But Chico contrives, without
seeming to interfere, to obstruct Steve.

CHICO

(easily)

Time for the next set, Chief...

STEVE

Just a minute, Chico.

CONTINUED

9H. CONTINUED 6

CORRIDOR

Sidney comes inside. When he is out of sight of the group in the courtyard, his manner swiftly changes. It's obvious now that his indignation was assumed; now he looks back towards the courtyard and there is shrewdness in his eyes; he is assessing Steve's temper. But, presently, seeing D'Angelo and the boys returning, he moves back to the curtains into the Club.

COURTYARD

As D'Angelo and the other boys go inside, Steve turns back to Susan.

SCENE TO COME

9I CONTINUED

STEVE

(fondly)

Just so you don't leave me in a
minor key.

9J INT. CLUB

Rita has succeeded in recapturing Sidney near the entrance to the club. Sidney, alert and interested, listens to her while keeping his eye on the bandstand in b.g. where the intermission pianist is finishing his performance and the quintet are re-turning, ready to mount the bandstand again.

SIDNEY

Don't tell me you started a polka
with Leo Bartha?

RITA

(shaking her head)

No. That's what I mean - I'm being
fired for what I didn't do.

Sidney is amused. Rita continues in a confidential manner which is heavily loaded with sex appeal and not-very-convincing air of injury.

RITA

(soto voce)

He came in last week on a very dull
rainy night. I ~~knew~~ who he was, but
I didn't let on.

(emphatically)

He didn't take his eyes off me all
night. Listening...?

CONTINUED

9J CONTINUED

Rita has mistaken Sidney's shrewdly calculating expression for inattention.

SIDNEY

Avidly. He was staring.

RITA

(continuing)

Staring. Consequently, when he approached me on his way out I wasn't surprised, but I didn't let on.

SIDNEY

(prompting)

He was writing a special Sunday piece on...?

RITA

(nodding)

...cigarette girls... And naturally -

SIDNEY

You were thrilled to be interviewed.

(she nods)

Were you "interviewed"?

RITA

In his apartment -

SIDNEY

And where was his wife?

RITA

I don't know - it's a big apartment. But I wasn't interviewed. In fact, I was totally unprepared for what happened.

SIDNEY

(grimacing)

We're old friends, Chickie - quit it! A big columnist comes in this room, without his ball-and-chain and you make like a delicatessen counter! What did you think would happen in his house?

CONTINUED

9J CONTINUED 2

RITA

(with a nod)

But, Sidney darling, the man must
be out of his mind - it was only
eleven o'clock in the morning!

Despite himself, Sidney chuckles; but she is distressed.

RITA

For a moment I was so taken aback
that I said anything that popped into
my sleepy head. If I'm not mistaken,
I even ordered the man out of his own
house.

Sidney's eyes have been caught by something at the other end
of the big room.

STEVE AND SUSAN

From Sidney's viewpoint. Susan has come back into the club
with Steve and seems to be taking leave of him. She starts
to walk through the club on her way out.

RESUME SIDNEY AND RITA

Sidney, with half his attention on Susan and Steve, listens
to Rita's rueful protest.

RITA

(rapidly)

He was furious and, by the time I
could have put on a Tropical Island
mood, I was out on the street!...

(dolefully)

That night Mr. Van Cleve calls me
into his office here. He's got
nothing against me, he says, but
he can't afford to antagonize
columnists. I told him I still have
Sonny at military academy, but Van
Cleve's made of ice...

Aware that Sidney is moving to leave her so that he can
catch Susan, Rita detains him with an appeal:

RITA

(tentative)

Do you think you could do something,
Sidney?

CONTINUED

9J CONTINUED 3

SIDNEY
(a quick nod)
That's what I'm thinking, Rita.
Maybe...

Rita is anxious to cement the offer. Delicately, she asks:

RITA
Do you still keep your key under
the mat?

SIDNEY
(eyeing her)
Can you be there by two-thirty?

She drops her eyes, nods. Sidney pats her arm and is gone.
She looks after him.

9K SIDNEY AND SUSAN

Sidney overtakes Susan at the front entrance in time to open the door for her. He has now reverted to another mood in which he appears to be sulking over the insult delivered to him by Steve. He goes out ahead of her.

9L BANDSTAND

The quintet are resuming their positions on the stand. Steve lingers a moment, his guitar already in his hand while he talks to D'Angelo.

STEVE
Frank, I don't want any secrets
from you. I proposed to Susie
tonight.

D'Angelo hides his feelings, asks:

D'ANGELO
Did she accept?

STEVE
You don't like it, do you. I think
she will accept, but I'm not sure.
She may be too dependent on her
brother.

He mounts the bandstand.

CONTINUED

9L CONTINUED

D'ANGELO

(solemnly)

Lots of good people in this town are
dependent on her brother...

Steve sits on the stool, quietly gives the beat to his group
and begins at once the guitar opening of a very simple and
lonely melody. (The Sage.)

ANOTHER ANGLE

While D'Angelo watches him, the boy continues. CAMERA tracks
slowly back through the club as the chatter and babble of
the customers begins to diminish in appreciation of the quiet
melancholy of the music.

10 OUTSIDE THE ELYSIAN ROOM

&

11

Susan is standing beside the poster which features Steve,
listening to the music from inside the club. Sidney comes
to join her. He is now pretending to be hurt.

SUSAN

You're touchy, Sidney - don't be so
touchy...

SIDNEY

(gruffly)

I wasn't looking for a brawl. I came
to bring him a present.

(then)

Wanna bite to eat?

Susan shakes her head. She looks up as she hears the doorman's
whistle off screen. Sidney moves forward to escort her to the
taxi.

11A LONGER SHOT - (Existing)

They cross the sidewalk and get into the cab. It starts off
and CAMERA PANS with it.

12 OMITTED

13 INSIDE CAB - (PROCESS)

Susan is relaxed, content but thoughtful. Sidney flicks her a quick, anxious look. Finally, gloomily:

SIDNEY

Feels like a Monday night, don't it...?

SUSAN

(softly)

Not to me. Sometimes, the world feels like a cage. Then someone comes along and opens the door...and it's never Monday night again...

(turning to Sidney)

I wish you and Steve could like each other.

SIDNEY

(grimacing)

We stick in each others craw.

SUSAN

Yes, but why?

SIDNEY

Well, for one thing, he thinks J.J. is some kind of monster.

SUSAN

Quizically, she studies Sidney.

SUSAN

Don't you?

SIDNEY

He looks up sharply, (he is momentarily startled at Susan's insight.) Swiftly, he assumes a protesting air.

SIDNEY

Susie, your brother's one of my best friends, and -

RESUME SUSAN

She is not totally convinced by this performance. She smiles skeptically.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

SUSAN

I know. But someday I'd like to look
into your clever mind and see what
you REALLY think of him -

RESUME SIDNEY AND SUSAN

Sidney makes a show of indignation.

SIDNEY

Where do you come off to make a remark
like that?

SUSAN

(quietly)

Who could love a man who keeps you
jumping through burning hoops, like
a trained poodle?

Sidney doesn't immediately answer. Susan drops her eyes,
becoming absorbed in her own problems. Cautiously, Sidney
lets the momentary silence continue. Then:

SUSAN

(thoughtfully)

Do you think J.J. likes Steve...?

SIDNEY

(glibly)

Frankly, yes, to my surprise. He
thinks he's very gifted - those
boys'll go a big mile, he thinks.

Susan says nothing. Sidney, watching her closely, probes
further:

SIDNEY

(gently)

You feel pretty strong about this boy?

A pause. Then Susan nods. She is not looking at Sidney and
cannot see the watchfulness in his face. Sidney prompts again:

SIDNEY

Wedding bells, you mean?

Again Susan nods.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED 2

SUSAN

He wants me to go on the road with them. It's an eight month tour, all the way to Oregon...

SIDNEY

The news has considerable impact on him. But he hides it, saying lightly:

SIDNEY

Well, congratulations. But don't go just for the ride! Or didn't you accept the proposal?

RESUME SUSAN AND SIDNEY

Susan continues.

SUSAN

I'm going to discuss it with J.J. in the morning.

A pause. Each is concerned with private thoughts. Susan, relaxed, adds quietly:

SUSAN

(softly)

It's given me a big lift to know that some people want me for myself, not just because I'm my brother's sister.

SIDNEY

Chickie, I'll have to laugh at that - an attractive girl like you...!

Susan ignores his remark, continuing thoughtfully:

SUSAN

I hope that J.J. really likes Steve, that it isn't an act.

SIDNEY

(with an indignant edge)

Why should he put on an act? Your brother has told PRESIDENTS where to go and what to do!

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED 3

The taxi has pulled to a stop. Susan sits for a moment before she remarks:

SUSAN
The act would be for my sake, not
Steve's...

Realizing that they have come to their destination, Susan gets up, moving out of CAMERA as she disembarks from the taxi. CAMERA catches a glimpse of apprehension in Sidney's eyes. Quickly, he decides to follow her.

14 EXT. BROADWAY - (Existing)

Susan, getting out of the taxi, moves past CAMERA. Sidney, following her, instructs the driver.

SIDNEY
(to cabbie)
Wait for me. I'll be right back.

LONGER SHOT

Sidney moves after the girl, calling: "Susie!"

15 SUSAN - (PROCESS)

Hearing him, Susan turns back. Sidney walks into shot to join her.

SIDNEY
(lightly)
It's not my nature, Susie, but I'll
talk to you like an uncle...

SUSAN
(smiling)
But I don't need an uncle, Sidney.

They move through the doors.

REVERSE ANGLE - (Process against the plate of Broadway)

Sidney quickly corrects himself, saying earnestly:

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

SIDNEY

No, I mean because I admire you - in fact, more than admire you - although that's neither here nor there.

(quickly skipping to
the important point)

Susie, don't sell your brother short.
Talk this over with him, I mean - you'll find him a real friend.

SUSAN

Susan looks thoughtful, making no comment.

RESUME SIDNEY AND SUSAN

Carefully (again probing) he prompts her:

SIDNEY

Any message, in case I see J.J. later?

Susan turns away and walks out past CAMERA. Sidney watches her.

16 SUSAN - (Existing)

She looks back at Sidney, quietly firm.

SUSAN

Yes. Tell him for me that Steve Dallas is the first real man I've ever been in love with...

She turns away and walks through the inner door, going down the corridor towards the elevators in background.

17 RESUME SIDNEY (Existing)

The sincerity of the girl's manner strikes home to Sidney. Now that her back is turned we see the sharp twinge of pain with which he hears the statement of her feelings for another man. Angered, he wheels, striding out of the door onto Broadway.

17A EXT. BROADWAY - (Existing)

Sidney returns to the cab, instructing the driver:

SIDNEY
The Twenty One Club.

He climbs in and the taxi drives off down Broadway.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

18. EXT. TWENTY ONE CLUB - NIGHT (Dusk)

CAMERA HIGH, SHOOTING WEST down 52nd Street, as Sidney's cab pulls up, double parking in front of the 21 Club. Sidney maneuvers his way between the parked cars towards the entrance and the CAMERA DESCENDS to SHOOT ALONG the courtyard towards the entrance. We see the figure of Jimmy Weldon and his girl friend coming out of the Club.

19 CLOSER ANGLE - NIGHT

Jimmy Weldon is coming out of the Club accompanied by a girl; he is slightly tight. As he steps through the outer doors, Weldon again spies Sidney on the sidewalk; he steps to one side of the entrance way.

Sidney slips through the congestion, but just as he tries to enter the Club, Weldon's hand shoots out, neatly ambushing him, pulling him aside into the narrow courtyard. Sidney is instantly resentful of this manhandling, but has to adjust himself, assuming a quick smile for the benefit of Weldon.

SIDNEY
Jimmy! This is a coincidence. I am
just going -

WELDON
(overlapping)
Yeah. A coincidence you should run
into the very man you've been ducking
all week!
(to the girl)
This is my press agent, Joan.

Weldon, jibing at Sidney, plays his remarks off the girl, who is amused; Sidney, of course, is not.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

SIDNEY

(quickly)

I tried to reach you twice -

WELDON

(overlapping)

What do you do for that hundred a week. Fall out of bed?

SIDNEY

Jimmy, I'm on my way inside right now to talk to Hunsecker. I can promise you -

WELDON

(horsing)

Joan, call a cop! We'll arrest this kid for larceny!

Sidney flinches, his pride touched.

SIDNEY

Listen, when your band was playing at Roseland -

WELDON

(cutting in)

That was two months ago. Take your hand out of my pocket, thief!

The girl tries to quiet Weldon, who has gone from horsing to loud contempt.

THE GIRL

Take it easy, Jimmy dear...

WELDON

(indignantly)

Why? It's a dirty job, but I pay clean money for it, don't I?

Abruptly Sidney bursts out, giving as good as he has taken:

SIDNEY

No more you don't! What is this -
You're showing off for her? They're
supposed to hear you in Korea?

CONTINUED

19. CONTINUED

WELDON

(smirking to the girl)
He's intuitive - he knows he's getting
fired!

SIDNEY

If you're funny, James, I'm a pretzel!
Drop dead!

Weldon, shepherded by the girl, is already on his way across the
sidewalk.

WELDON

It was nice knowing you, Sidney. Not
cheap - but nice. Happy unemployment
insurance.

20. INT. TWENTY ONE CLUB NIGHT (Studio) - Revised 12/17/56

Sidney, entering the Club, threads his way through the crowded foyer,
coming up to CAMERA near the foot of the staircase. There he meets
a Captain who turns to him.

CAPTAIN

How are you tonight, Mr. Falco?

SIDNEY

(nodding towards
the restaurant)
Is "he" inside?

CAPTAIN

But of course...

SIDNEY

Alone or surrounded?

CAPTAIN

A Senator, an Agent and Something - With -
Long - Red - Hair.

Sidney moves past CAMERA, coming a couple of paces towards the door
to the restaurant. He pauses.

REVERSE ANGLE

From Sidney's viewpoint. Shooting through the doorway into the
restaurant, we can see the group at the table. (Hunsecker's back
is turned to us.) CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Sidney in foreground.
He decides not to go into restaurant and turns away out of shot.

20A. INTERIOR LOUNGE

Sidney comes round the corner from the foyer and walks through the
lounge to the door into the alcove where the phone booths are,
CAMERA PANNING.

21. PHONE BOOTHS

Sidney moves briskly past the girl at the switchboard, instructing her:

SIDNEY

Honey, get me Mr. Hunsecker.

The girl reaches for a book of phone numbers, then remembers:

OPERATOR

He's right inside, Mr. Falco.

SIDNEY

(from inside the booth)

So it isn't Long Distance.

As the girl, shrugging, puts through the call, CAMERA moves closer to Sidney in the booth. He hears the connection made, speaks at once.

SIDNEY

(to phone)

J.J.? It's me --

We are close enough to the instrument to hear the sound of a voice on the other end. Though the words are not distinguishable, it is quite clear that the speaker is not talking to the phone. Sidney seems to relax, as if this is something that happens often. He waits, studying his manicured fingertips...

12/17/56

Presently Sidney hears the voice on the other end become clearer. It asks: "Yes?" CAMERA moves closer as Sidney says:

SIDNEY

J.J., it's Sidney. Can you come outside for one minute?

Hunsecker's voice, filtered through the sound of the telephone, is sharp and tinny; but the words are now very clear.

HUNSECKER'S VOICE

Can I come out? No.

SIDNEY

(tensely)

I have to talk to you, alone, J.J., that's why.

HUNSECKER'S VOICE

You had something to do for me - you didn't do it.

21. CONTINUED

SIDNEY

Can I come in for a minute?

HUNSECKER'S VOICE

No. You're dead, son - get yourself buried!

There is a click as Hunsecker hangs up. Sidney, more slowly, also hangs up. Brooding, he comes out of the booth.

22. INT. TWENTY ONE CLUB - LOUNGE

Sidney comes out of the door to the phone booths, walks through the lounge to the hallway. He turns towards the dining room.

23. INT. HALLWAY

Sidney comes to the door into the dining room, CAMERA tracking with him. Here he pauses, looking towards...

HUNSECKER

From Sidney's viewpoint. Hunsecker is seated at a table which is clearly his habitual position. We see him only in semi-back view, a broad and powerful back. He is listening to a man who has paused at his table, stooping over Hunsecker to whisper in his ear. As the columnist listens, his hands play with an omni-present pad and pencil which lie on the dinner table amongst an assortment of envelopes, mimeographed sheets and a telephone. Beyond Hunsecker and the man talking to him are the SENATOR, the AGENT, and an attractive, if fatuous GIRL.

HUNSECKER

I'll check it in the morning, Lew - thanks.

The man leaves; Hunsecker is scribbling a note on the pad. Meanwhile the Senator whispers something to the girl, who giggles softly.

REVERSE ANGLE

Sidney comes across to the table, nervous but deliberate. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Hunsecker in foreground. Sidney, without accosting him, stands a few feet from the columnist's elbow and deliberately lights a cigarette. Hunsecker, barely turning his head, sees him. We have heard of Hunsecker as

CONTINUED

23. CONTINUED

a monster, but he is evidently in a mild phase of his metabolism, for he seems gentle, sad and quiet, as he turns his gaze casually to the Senator, totally ignoring the young man who stands behind him.

HUNSECKER

(softly)

Harvey, I often wish I were dead and wore a hearing aid... with a simple flick of a switch I could shut out the greedy murmur of little men...

SIDNEY

A close shot. Sidney shows no reaction to this insult. He steps in closer, an Indian fixity in his face.

SIDNEY

J.J., I need your ear for two minutes...

REVERSE ANGLE

Shooting across Sidney, onto Hunsecker. J.J. turns - but not to Sidney. He raises his hand in a small gesture which summons a passing Captain, who steps into picture at Sidney's elbow.

HUNSECKER

Mac! I don't want this man at my table....

SIDNEY

~~quickly~~ but quietly
(interrupting)

I have a message from your sister.

The Captain is already there. But now Hunsecker's eyes have switched to Sidney's face. For the briefest of moments, nothing happens. Then Hunsecker, seeming to relax and ignoring the Captain whom he has summoned, turns back to casual conversation with the Senator as if nothing had happened.

HUNSECKER

Forgive me, Harvey. We were interrupted before -

In foreground, Sidney turns to the Captain with a carved smile, indicating that Hunsecker's change of topic is to be interpreted as sanction for Sidney to remain. The Captain, not entirely convinced, retreats. Sidney finds himself a chair, places it and takes a seat which is near enough to the table to establish his presence. During this:

CONTINUED

23. CONTINUED 2

SENATOR
(who is mildly surprised
and faintly embarrassed)
Err... the Supreme Court story, I was
telling you - Justice Black.

HUNSECKER
(nodding)
Yes, the Justice, that's right. But
I think you had it in the column.

SIDNEY
(smoothly, casually)
Last July, the lead item...

Sidney's interjection is quietly well-mannered. Hunsecker totally ignores it. The other members of the party are a little astonished at the interplay. The girl, in particular, is fascinated; she clearly admires Sidney's looks. The Senator, noting this, glances at Sidney, accepting the point:

SENATOR
(laughing)
And I believe that's precisely where
I read it, too. You see, J.J., where
I get my reputation for being the best-
informed man in Washington.

HUNSECKER
Now don't kid a kidder.

THE SENATOR, THE GIRL, AND THE AGENT

The girl looks again towards Sidney. The Senator again sees this, addresses Sidney pleasantly:

SENATOR
I don't think we caught your name,
young man.

REVERSE ANGLE

Group shot. The Senator in foreground, Sidney beyond Hunsecker in background, and the others on edge of shot.

SIDNEY
Sidney Falco, sir. And, of course,
everyone knows and admires you,
Senator Walker.

CONTINUED

23. CONTINUED 3

SENATOR

(humorously)

Every four years I get less convinced
of that. This young lady is Miss Linda
James.

(indicates the Girl)

She's managed by Manny Davis.

(he indicates the Agent)

SIDNEY AND HUNSECKER

Sidney nods pleasantly to the Girl and the Agent.

SIDNEY

I know Manny Davis.

HUNSECKER

(quietly)

Everyone knows Manny Davis...

(as the phone rings
on the table)

...except MRS. Manny Davis.

Hunsecker is picking up the phone, continuing:

HUNSECKER

Yes? Go ahead, Billy - shoot...

REVERSE ANGLE

To intercut with the above. The Senator, the Agent and the
Girl watching Hunsecker. The Agent's reaction to Hunsecker's
remark is a sickly smile.

RESUME HUNSECKER

He repeats aloud a story which is told him over the telephone.

HUNSECKER

Uh huh. Sports cars in California
are getting smaller and smaller...
the other day you were crossing Hollywood
Boulevard and you were hit by one....
you had to go to the hospital and
have it removed...

(cooly)

You're not following the column:
I had it last week.

CONTINUED

23. CONTINUED 4

During the speech, CAMERA eases back to include Sidney again.
At the end, Sidney looks up in the direction of the Senator.

SIDNEY

Do you believe in capital punishment,
Senator?

RESUME REVERSE ANGLE

The Senator, amused, asks:

SENATOR

Why?

RESUME HUNSECKER AND SIDNEY

Sidney glances sidelong at Hunsecker.

SIDNEY

(pointing to the phone)

A man has just been sentenced to
death...

Hunsecker's face hardens; aware of Sidney's impertinence, he
does not deign to react directly; he turns towards the Agent.

HUNSECKER

Manny, what exactly are the
UNSEEN gifts of this lovely young
thing that you manage...?

THE AGENT AND THE GIRL

The Agent glances uneasily at the Girl beside him.

AGENT

Well, she sings a little... you
know, sings...

GIRL

(by rote)

Manny's faith in me is simply awe-
inspiring, Mr. Hunsecker. Actually,
I'm still studying, but -

RESUME HUNSECKER

He studies the Girl intently.

HUNSECKER

What subject?

23. CONTINUED 5

RESUME THE AGENT AND THE GIRL

GIRL

Singing, of course... straight
concert and -

RESUME HUNSECKER

Hunsecker's glance flicks between the Girl and the Senator.

HUNSECKER

Why "of course"? It might, for
instance, be politics...

As the Girl betrays herself with a nervous glance at the
Senator beside her, CAMERA eases back to include him.
The Senator is unruffled; gravely, he lights a cigar. The
Girl laughs.

GIRL

No? I mean "I"? Are you kidding,
Mr. Hunsecker? With my Jersey City
brains?

RESUME HUNSECKER

Again his glance links the Girl and the Senator.

HUNSECKER

The brains may be Jersey City, but
the clothes are Trainor-Norell.

THE SENATOR, THE AGENT AND THE GIRL

The Girl and the Agent are both nervously uneasy. The Senator
closely examines the tip of his cigar and, with deliberation,
turns towards Sidney.

SENATOR

Are you an actor, Mr. Falco?

GIRL

(supporting the
change of subject)

That's what I was thinking. Are
you, Mr. Falco?

CONTINUED

23. CONTINUED 6

SIDNEY AND HUNSECKER

Hunsecker, for the first time, half-turns in Sidney's direction, amused.

HUNSECKER

How did you guess it, Miss James?

RESUME THE AGENT, THE GIRL AND THE SENATOR

They all look at Sidney.

GIRL

He's so pretty, that's how.

RESUME SIDNEY AND HUNSECKER

Sidney bitterly resents the adjective, but contrives to hide the fact; he smiles, gracefully accepting the compliment. Hunsecker (who knows what Sidney feels) is pleased; he turns towards Sidney expansively.

HUNSECKER

Mr. Falco, let it be said at once, is a man of FORTY faces, not one, none too pretty and ALL deceptive. See that grin? It's the charming street urchin's face. It's part of his "helpless" act - he throws himself on your mercy. I skip the pleading nervous bit that sometimes blends over into bluster. The moist grateful eye is a favorite face with him - it frequently ties in with the act of boyish candour: he's talking straight from the heart, get it? He's got about half-a-dozen faces for the ladies, but the real cute one to me is the quick dependable chap - nothing he won't do for you in a pinch. At least, so he says! Tonight Mr. Falco, whom I did not invite to sit at this table, is about to show in his last and most pitiful role: pale face with tongue hanging out. In brief, gentlemen and Jersey Lilly, the boy sitting with us is a hungry press agent and fully up to all the tricks of his very slimy trade!

Hunsecker has started his speech lightly, but it has built up to enough cold contempt and feeling to embarrass and intimidate the others at the table. In conclusion, Hunsecker, his eyes on Sidney, picks up a cigarette and waits expectantly...

CONTINUED

23. CONTINUED 7

HUNSECKER
(quietly)
Match me, Sidney...

SIDNEY
(cooly)
Not just this minute, J.J....

Amused, Hunsecker lights his own cigarette, turns towards a man who comes up to the table.

HUNSECKER

A single close up, to intercut with the above.

SIDNEY

A matching single; Sidney's reaction to Hunsecker and to the others at the table.

THE AGENT, THE GIRL AND THE SENATOR

To intercut with the above; their reactions of embarrassment.

GROUP SHOT

A florid MAN comes up to the table, obviously anxious to catch Hunsecker's attention. Hunsecker, in the act of lighting his own cigarette, scarcely looks at the man as he dismisses him:

HUNSECKER
I know - that loafer of yours opens
at the Latin Quarter next week.
(more sharply)
Say goodbye, Lester!

The florid man retreats. To cover the embarrassment, the Senator makes a sally in Sidney's direction.

SENATOR
May I ask a naive question, Mr. Falco?
Exactly how does a press agent work...?

SIDNEY AND HUNSECKER

Sidney doesn't answer.

CONTINUED

23. CONTINUED 8

HUNSECKER

Why don't you answer the man, Sidalee?
He's trying to take you off the hook.

SIDNEY

(to the Senator)

You just had a good example of it.
A press agent eats a columnists dirt
and is expected to call it manna.

RESUME THE AGENT, THE GIRL AND THE SENATOR

GIRL

What's manna?

RESUME HUNSECKER AND SIDNEY

Hunsecker glances spitefully at the Girl.

HUNSECKER

Heaven dust.

RESUME THE AGENT, THE GIRL AND THE SENATOR

The Senator continues to Sidney:

SENATOR

But don't you help columnists by
furnishing them with items?

RESUME SIDNEY AND HUNSECKER

Sidney leans forward, indicating to the Senator some of the items of paper that litter the table in front of Hunsecker; these are both handwritten notes and mimeograph sheets, scraps of assorted items from professional and amateur agents who supply the columnist. Sidney fingers some of them.

SIDNEY

Sure, columnists can't get along without us. Only our good and great friend, J.J., forgets to mention that. We furnish him with items -

Sidney lifts a mimeographed sheet, as an example.

CONTINUED

50A. CONTINUED

MARY

That's a question I usually like to ask YOU. Your secretary phoned.

SIDNEY

What about?

MARY

(shrugging)

Something about a Frank D'Angelo trying to reach you...

Sidney reaches for the phone. As he does so, Mary hesitates and glances at a copy of The Record which lies on the desk open at Otis Elwell's column. She picks it up.

MARY

(continuing)

Is that the man who manages Susie's boyfriend?

Sidney murmurs casually, "Yeah. Why?" as he dials. Mary holds up the paper, indicating the item.

MARY

Have you seen this? In Otis Elwell's column.

(reads)

"The dreamy marijuana smoke of a lad who heads a highbrow jazz quintet is giving an inelegant odor to that elegant East Side Club where he works. That's no way for a card-holding Party Member to act. Moscow won't like, you naughty boy!"

Sidney accepts the paper from Mary, examines the item while he talks to Sally on the phone.

SIDNEY

(into phone)

Sally? I got the message. If D'Angelo calls again, tell him I'll be at the office around noon.

He hangs up, continuing to read.

CONTINUED

50A. CONTINUED 2

MARY
Could this be that boy?

SIDNEY
(casually)
Dallas? Could be. He doesn't look
like a reefer smoker...

He discards the paper with a show of disinterest. Mary picks
it up again.

MARY
(looking at The Record
again)
If this is true, J.J.'s going to hit
the ceiling...

Sidney moves around behind Mary. His eyes are fixed on a spike
which sits on Mary's desk. On it is impaled a proof of Hunsecker's
column. Meanwhile, he remarks:

SIDNEY
Can it be news to you that J.J.'s
ceiling needs a plaster job every
six weeks?

INSERT

From Sidney's viewpoint, Hunsecker's column. The shot is just
too distant for us to be able to read the print.

SIDNEY AND MARY

Sidney is looking at the column. Mary is concentrated on papers
before her. Without looking up, she is clearly aware of Sidney's
efforts to read the proof.

MARY
(quietly)
Sidney, you know that J.J. doesn't
like people to look at the column
proof in advance...

Sidney, caught "in flagrante", laughs.

SIDNEY
Mary, I'm not "people" - there's
Falco blood, sweat and tears in that
column.

CONTINUED

50A. CONTINUED 3

He turns away, changing the subject (apparently).

SIDNEY

How about dinner tonight?

Mary turns to study him.

MARY

Bribing me again?

SIDNEY

(uncomfortable under
her scrutiny)

And why should I bribe the woman who
holds most of my heart?

Mary is thoughtful. Without malice, in a detached sort of way,
she examines Sidney.

MARY

You're a real rascal, Sidney. I'd
certainly dislike you if I didn't
like you. You're an amusing boy,
but there isn't a drop of respect
in you for anything alive -
you're too immersed in the theology
of making a fast buck. Not that
I don't sometimes feel that you
yearn for something better...

Sidney finds this analysis hard to take. Again he tries to laugh
his way out of it.

SIDNEY

(cynical)

Mary, don't try to sell me the Brooklyn
Bridge. I happen to know it belongs
to the Dodgers.

Mary, smiling, decides "to let him off the hook". She takes the
spike and the column and passes it across to Sidney's side of
the desk, as she returns briskly to her business.

MARY

(affably)

I don't mind you looking at the proof of
the column in advance, as long as J.J. doesn't
know. But don't do it like a boy stealing
gum from a slot machine.

Sidney doesn't like this; but, on the other hand, he does want to
look at the column. After only a momentary struggle, he picks
the column off the spike and reads.

CONTINUED

50A. CONTINUED 4

SIDNEY

Who put this item in about the comic?
(reading)

"If there's a more hilarious funny
man around than Herbie Temple at
the Palace, you'll have to pardon
us for not catching the name.
We were too busy screaming." Does
this Temple have a press agent?

MARY

No. It's one of J.J.'s occasional
beau gestes. Evidently the fellow's
funny, so he gave him a plug.

He goes to the door, grinning.

SIDNEY

What's your favorite ribbon to go
around your favorite chocolates?

MARY

Let's wait till Christmas - it's
more legitimate then.

She looks after Sidney, thinks about him for a moment. Then she
types.

51. OMITTED

52. EXT. PALACE THEATRE - DAY (New York) 11/7/56

Sidney comes down 47th Street from Broadway, making for the
stage door entrance of the Palace theatre. He walks confidently
into the alleyway, paying no attention to the old doorman
gossiping with the shoeshine boy at the chairs next to the
entrance. The doorman turns, protesting:

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

DOORMAN
(calling out)

Hey!

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

Sidney, without halting, looks back towards the Doorman, addressing him with the patronizing manner of a superior.

SIDNEY
Herbit Temple here yet?

DOORMAN
Yeah, but you can't come in now!

SIDNEY
I'm in, Sonny Boy!

He is already on his way into doorway.

53 INT. BACKSTAGE OF PALACE THEATRE (Studio)

The movie will soon be finished and the comedian who opens the stage show is ready and made-up in the wings. He sits with his agent, (AL EVANS) a small, worried, bespectacled man, who waves an unlighted cigar as big as himself. They converse in loud whispers, talking against the muffled and echoing sound of the film sound track, silhouetted against the ghostly, distorted images on the big screen seen at a weird angle behind them.

EVANS
I didn't waste words, Herbie, take my word. I says, "look, Figo, I'm not selling you a dozen eggs, I'm selling you HERBIE TEMPLE", I says, so don't gimme your lip!

The comedian, Herbie Temple, looks up. Sidney comes through a fire-proof door which separates the stage from the corridors to dressing rooms. In background two chorus girls in costume are squeezed into a telephone booth. Sidney joins the comedian and the agent; he smiles to the comedian, while he addresses the agent.

SIDNEY
Hiya, Al!

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

The agent looks from Sidney to Temple, surprised and displeased.

EVANS

Since when did you two get acquainted?

Sidney has clearly never met Evans; blandly he chooses to regard the agent's remark as an introduction; he offers his hand with generous amiability.

SIDNEY

How do you do, Mr. Temple...

The comic accepts the hand doubtfully.

TEMPLE

(uncertain)

Delighted.

SIDNEY

I'm Sidney Falco.

TEMPLE

(still dubious)

Yeah, delighted...

Evans stands up, warns the comic.

EVANS

Watch this guy, Herbie, he's a press agent.

Temple's smile congeals.

TEMPLE

You watch him, Al, I s...s...stutter!

SIDNEY

(in no way discouraged)

Temple, I caught your act the other night and -

TEMPLE

Did you now? On which bounce?

SIDNEY

- and I just had to drop by and tell you how great I thought you were.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

TEMPLE

(drily)

Cheers. What time is it, Al?

EVANS

You got ten minutes.

(to Sidney)

Hope you don't mind, Falco: we're busy and if -

Sidney stands up.

SIDNEY

No, I don't mind. I'm busy too.

TEMPLE

(scowling)

Good! We're all off to Utica, so excuse us, Mr. Frannis-on-the-Portisan.

Sidney moves toward the doorway onto the corridor. The chorus girls have now vacated the phone booth.

SIDNEY

But can I ask one impertinent question here? With no criticism intended, because I know, Al, you earn your ten per-cent, how come you let a sock act like Herbie Temple tip-toe through town without a publicity build...?

Smiling wise, Evans shakes his head.

EVANS

We're not buying it, Falco - no fish today.

Sidney presses, as if annoyed.

SIDNEY

I'm not selling. I'm just curious, that's all.

Temple turns away from Sidney, leaving him to Evans.

TEMPLE

Answer the man, Al, if he asks you a question. Quick, before he thinks up another!

Evans moves to Sidney, trying to shepherd him out the way he came.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

EVANS

Mr. Temple doesn't believe in press agents - does that answer you something?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Evans makes the mistake of laying a hand on Sidney's elbow. Sidney doesn't like people touching him. He reacts in anger, as we have seen before - fixes a burning eye on Evans.

SIDNEY

Take your hand off, lump!

(more politely, to Temple)

No one believes in press agents, Temple, when they make claims they can't perform. I got nothing to sell - I didn't come here to peddle - but if I tell a client that Hunsecker will give him space, it's not just talk!

Sidney steps briskly up the stairs into the corridor. Evans, angry, is stalled for a moment of delay action by mention of the magic name of Hunsecker.

EVANS

(after hesitation)

Listen, you bull artist - !

TEMPLE

Let him go, Al....

SIDNEY

But Sidney has already stepped to the phone booth and is dialing.

SIDNEY

(to phone)

Hello? Mary, let me speak to J.J., please...it's Sidney Falco...

57 REVERSE ANGLE

Shooting past Sidney in foreground onto Temple and Evans beyond, they watch him, open-mouthed. Sidney notes their reaction.

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED

SIDNEY
(to phone)
Tell him it's important...

58 INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - DAY (studio)

Sally is at her desk, bewildered as she speaks into the phone.

SALLY
What? Is this Sidney?...

59 RESUME BACKSTAGE OF PALACE THEATRE

SIDNEY
(to phone)
Sure, I'll wait...

While doing so, he glances back with disinterest at Evans and Temple. The comedian and the agent exchange looks. Evans is uneasy; he comes up the steps into the corridor to address Sidney with a deflated manner.

EVANS
(hesitant)
Look, nobody hired you! We didn't talk any deal, and --

With his hand over the mouthpiece, Sidney addresses Evans with contempt.

SIDNEY
Relax, lump! I told you I'm not selling fish...
(abruptly reverting to the phone)
J...J...Sidney!...How are you, sweetheart?
(laughing)
Yeah...
(then seriously)
Listen, I know it's late, J.J., but is it too late to add something important to the column?
(grinning)
No, not a relative, but important...

60 RESUME - SALLY IN INT. OF SIDNEY'S APARTMENT (studio)

Shaking her head, Sally places the phone down on the desk, looks at it as it chatters away. She considers returning to her typing, but, worried, picks the phone up again. Sidney's chattering voice is barely audible: "You know Herbie Temple, the comic...? What about him? He's at the Palace and he's great. That's what about him. And you'd do me a big bunny basket of a favor if you would say it in tomorrow's column."

61 RESUME BACKSTAGE PALACE THEATRE (studio)

Temple and Evans are now staring at Sidney with considerable respect.

62 REVERSE ANGLE

The comedian and the agent in foreground, Sidney still on the phone beyond.

SIDNEY'S VOICE

Yeah, if you got a pencil there I'll suggest a word or two. Uh...Uh...

The comedian and the agent in foreground, Sidney still on the phone beyond.

SIDNEY

(to phone, continuing)

If there's a funnier man in the world than Herbie Temple at the Palace...uh ...pardon us for not catching the name, we were too busy laughing. No, make that 'screaming'.

(then)

It's sweet of you, J.J., thanks. Probably see you at Twenty One tonight. No, for supper, late. Right. 'Bye...

He hangs up.

TEMPLE

Speak to this lad, Al...to Mr. Falco.

SIDNEY

See me in my office.

He turns and walks away down the corridor. As he vanishes, Temple starts after him.

63 CORRIDOR

Sidney walks off in the direction of the exit -- (not so fast that he can't be overtaken). Temple hurries into the corridor and comes after him. Evans also follows, though not so eagerly.

TEMPLE

Wait a minute.

(turning back to
encourage Evans)

Speak to him, Al.

(to Sidney, apologetically)

Al makes all my deals.

Sidney permits himself to be detained.

SIDNEY

(cooly, looking toward
Evans)

I don't like a guy that's quick with
the hands.

(to Temple)

Temple, you've been three passes behind
for twenty years. This could start
you off big - T.V. and anywhere.

Evans, not as wholly convinced as the comedian, comes up to
join them. Temple looks at the agent.

TEMPLE

And it would cost a pretty penny,
huh?

SIDNEY

(to Evans)

You tell him, I stutter!

EVANS

(shrewdly)

Uh...Why don't we wait till tomorrow?

Sidney, shrugging, makes a negligent exit.

SIDNEY

(as he goes)

Wait as long as you like - you know
where my office is.

They look after him. Evans face is cold and suspecting, but
Temple's face contains fresh warmth.

DISSOLVE TO:

64. STAIRS OUTSIDE SIDNEY'S OFFICE - DAY (Studio)

Sidney comes briskly up the stairs. Outside his door he pauses, listens, hearing the murmur of voices inside. Then he walks in casually.

64A. INT. SIDNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Sidney steps in, closing the door. He pretends surprise as he sees...

ANOTHER ANGLE

...Steve and D'Angelo waiting for him. Sidney comes into SHOT, Sally remains at her desk while Steve and D'Angelo are silent, looking at Sidney,

SIDNEY

(perkily)

What is here, a wake?

D'Angelo rises from the couch, crossing to Sidney to hand him a copy of the tabloid, The Record. It is folded open at Elwell's column. As he passes it to Sidney, D'Angelo marks with his thumbnail an item near the bottom of the column. Sidney takes the paper and reads. (He reads a little too quickly.) Then he hands it back to D'Angelo.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Steve notes Sidney's too-perfunctory reading.

STEVE

You read as you run, don't you?

Sidney turns on Steve, coldly:

SIDNEY

It's a habit with me. So now I'm briefed. So what?

STEVE

(glancing at D'Angelo)

Frank thinks I shouldn't have come here -

D'ANGELO

(a quick correction)

Excuse me, Steve. I said namely you shouldn't go around wild, blaming people without justification.

CONTINUED

64A. CONTINUED

STEVE
(watchfully, to Sidney)
I thought you might have a faint
idea of how this item originated,

REVERSE ANGLE

Favoring Sidney. He pauses.

SIDNEY
Why me...?

STEVE
Why not you?

SIDNEY
That's your idea of logic? I tell the
Judge I didn't murder the man - the
Judge says, "Why not you?"

STEVE
Only two men in this town could be
responsible for that smear - you or
Hunsecker or both.

SIDNEY
(explosively)
Dallas, ask your own manager - he's
standing here like a pained wolf-
hound - Hunsecker and Elwell are enemies
to the knife. So how do you get him
doing J.J. a favor?

STEVE
(quickly)
It is a favor, isn't it?

SIDNEY
(as quickly)
According to you, yeah.
(continuing rapidly
and with heat)
Dallas, your mouth is as big as
a basket and twice as empty!

CONTINUED

64A. CONTINUED 2

SIDNEY (Cont'd)

I don't like you, comma, but neither do I go along with this column saying you smoke marijuana and belong with the Reds. Also, since we're talking repulsive, J.J. won't like this for two cents! Don't give me that look, Dallas - J.J. believes in fair play. And secondly, this could splatter his sister with rotten egg by implication - your her boyfriend!

RESUME REVERSE ANGLE

Sidney's manner is a little too vigorous. (In adopting an aggressive tone, he is really trying to needle Steve.) Steve, though on the verge of losing his temper, is sharp enough to notice the point:

STEVE

You're talking very fast,

SIDNEY

(expostulating)

Well, I'll tell you what - excuse me for breathing, will ya?

(wheeling to Sally)

How do you like it? He comes to my office and -

D'ANGELO

Sensing the danger, D'Angelo moves forward soothingly between them.

D'ANGELO

Boys, this gets nobody nowhere - you're over excited, Steve and -

STEVE

(sharply)

Don't apologize for me, Frank!

D'ANGELO

...excited with good reason, I wanted to say.

(to Sidney)

Because this endangers the future of the whole quintet...

(CONTINUED)

64A. CONTINUED 3

SIDNEY

(lightly)
Should I cry...?

Steve, with a glare at both men, goes to the phone on Sally's desk. He dials.

D'ANGELO

(continuing)
...People catch on quick to such an item. Van Cleve already called me - he's firing the quintet.

SIDNEY

Then what are you doing here? Go over there and fight! If Van Cleve fires your boy, it gives a lie the ring of truth!

In background Steve speaks quietly into the phone:

STEVE

I want to speak to Miss Hunsecker, please.

D'ANGELO

(replying to Sidney's question)
We're on our way there now...

SIDNEY

(who has wheeled on Steve)
What are you calling her for...?

STEVE

Sidney's reaction to the mention of Susan's name gives Steve food for thought. While he waits for Susan to be summoned to the phone, he studies Sidney.

STEVE

(to Sidney)
I'm the boyfriend, remember? I hope one day she'll be my wife...
(into the phone, gently)
This is Steve, Susie. Don't be alarmed, Susie, but I want you to look at Elwell's column in The Record...today...No, about me...

64B. INT. HUNSECKER'S APARTMENT - SUSAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Susan is on the phone. Listening to what Steve says, she is frightened - almost too frightened; it is as if, in some curious sense, she had been expecting this blow. It brings an echo of an earlier tragedy.

SUSAN

A smear?...What...What kind of smear...?
Where are you?

64C. INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT

Steve is on the phone in foreground, the others watching him. In particular, Sally, who stands near Steve, is studying him with obvious sympathy. She looks slowly towards Sidney.

STEVE

(to the phone)

We're on our way to the Elysian Room
to dicker with Van Cleve - he's fired
us already. I'll call you later, dear...
'Bye!...

He hangs up quietly, looks at Sidney and walks towards the door.

STEVE

Come on, Frank.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As the door closes behind Steve, Frank follows, more slowly. As D'Angelo reaches the door, he pauses with his hand on the doorknob and turns back to study Sidney.

SIDNEY

He feels uneasy under D'Angelo's scrutiny. Sally, in background, is also watching Sidney.

SIDNEY

(to D'Angelo)

What are you looking at...?

D'ANGELO

He does not answer for a moment. The unspoken accusation in his look is very clear. Then:

D'ANGELO

(quietly)

The ugly world, Sidney...

(a pause)

If I told Steve what I really think,
he'd tear your head off...

RESUME SIDNEY

He brazens it out.

64C. CONTINUED

SIDNEY
(sneering)
Tell him.

RESUME D'ANGELO

D'Angelo shakes his head.

D'ANGELO
No. I'm interested in his future.

D'Angelo goes slowly out.

RESUME SIDNEY

He hesitates before turning towards Sally (because he realizes that this exchange with D'Angelo must have confirmed Sally in her suspicions).

SALLY

Her face shows that Sidney is right. Sally is deeply hurt, disillusioned.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Sidney turns to her, challenging.

SIDNEY
What' the matter?

SALLY
(not looking at him)
Nothing...

Resentfully, Sidney moves about the room. Sensing the silent accusation against him, he is aggressive.

SIDNEY
You know, Sally, sometimes I get the impression you think you live in Star-Bright Park. This is life, kid - get used to it!

CONTINUED

64C. CONTINUED 2

Sidney comes to the phone on her desk. He dials. Then he glances swiftly at Sally and, carrying the phone, walks into the bedroom, dragging the long cord behind him.

INT. BEDROOM

When the phone comes alive, Sidney pushes the bedroom door shut. The gesture is as casual as he can contrive to make it. Keeping his voice fairly low so that it cannot be heard in the other room, he says:

SIDNEY

(to phone)

Nikko, is Mr. Hunsecker there?
This is Mr. Falco. Well, have him
call me as soon as he can. It's
important.

He sets the phone down on the bedside table, looks at it thoughtfully before he goes back to the bedroom door, opens it and goes back into the office.

INT. OFFICE

Sidney stands on the threshold, studying Sally. His manner is now more sympathetic as he asks:

SIDNEY

Did you send my folks in Philly the check...?

SALLY

Yes,

Leaving the bedroom door open, Sidney comes up to her, watches her shrewdly, cautiously.

SIDNEY

(softly)

I put a lotta trust in you, Chickie...

SALLY

(low-voiced)

I know you do, Sidney.

SIDNEY

Don't judge a situation where you don't
know what's involved...

Sally is putting paper in the typewriter, trying to hold her head up.

CONTINUED

64C. CONTINUED 3

SALLY

I'm not judging...

Sidney comes closer to her. He puts his hand on the nape of her neck, caressing her. Under his touch, the girl is unhappy, and yet at the same time, responsive. Sidney still has power over her but she is disturbed by feelings of shame. Feeling her relaxed, Sidney bends and kisses her on the side of the throat with more than negligence, for something about her always excites him; his aggressions tune in with her submissiveness.

SALLY

(pathetically)

I swear, Sidney, I can't help it -
sometimes I wonder what I see in you...

SIDNEY

(murmuring)

That's no way to talk...

SALLY

Or what you see in me, for that matter...

SIDNEY

Stay down town tonight. Maybe we'll
take in a show, etc.

SALLY

If you want me to -

The phone in the bedroom rings. Sidney, reacting sharply, forgets his advances to Sally as he turns towards the bedroom.

SIDNEY

(exhilarated)

You see? Hunsecker's gotta phone ME!

He goes into the bedroom, closing the door as he goes. Sally looks at the closed door.

INT. BEDROOM

Sidney has picked up the phone.

SIDNEY

(calmly)

Hello, J.J....I presume you saw the
Elwell smear.

(smiling)

No, no medals - not yet. Oh, it's
worse than that - Auntie Van Cleve is
firing them...from the horse's mouth...
They were just here - in a panic...

64D. INT. HUNSECKER'S APARTMENT - THE STUDY - DAY

Hunsecker wears a dressing gown as he sits at his breakfast table. Behind him are the big glass windows to the terrace overlooking the Manhattan skyline. The papers are at Hunsecker's elbow; his manner is crisp and cold:

HUNSECKER

Who was just there?

(then)

You'll be the death of me, Sidalee!

Why? Didn't you just tell me that they've already traced this smear to you? All they have to do now is to put two and two together and I'm a chicken in a pot!

64E. RESUME SIDNEY'S APARTMENT

Sidney smiles confidently, answers calmly:

SIDNEY

J.J., peace on earth, good will to men - it's working out just the way I planned. Yeah, I guarantee this bomb will pop right on schedule, but you have to play your part - you be a Saint and let me be the Devil. But I wanna talk to you first...

64F. RESUME HUNSECKER'S APARTMENT

Hunsecker pauses, eyes full of cold voltage.

HUNSECKER

Don't come here, Susie is up and about.

(listening)

He called her? You'd better see me at the TV - three o'clock.

He bangs down the phone, tense thought in his manner.

64G. INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT

Sally is busy with her typing again, but in a depressed mood when Sidney comes out of the bedroom to put the phone down on her desk again. He seems satisfied with himself, smug. Sally watches him for a moment. Then:

SALLY

What are you going to do?

Sidney prepares to leave the apartment. His tone is full of confidence, self-assertive. (For once Sidney is certain that he is smarter, more cunning than even Hunsecker).

SIDNEY

(the wise one)

Chickie, a lotta people think they're smart.

You watch. They're dumb: they'll do the work for me! Just watch.

Sidney makes for the door, goes out.

SALLY (Sally looks after him, uneasy)

(FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT)

1/3/57 33. to 37.

69 INT. CIGAR STAND - LOBBY

Susan buys paper - DOLLY with her - toward elevator - she gets in.

69A. INT. HUNSECKER'S LIVING ROOM (DEN?)

J.J. has not moved; he is thoughtful and morose. Nikko, the Japanese butler, comes in to remove the breakfast table.

HUNSECKER

The table can wait. No calls. I have to think about my TV show.

NIKKO

Pleased to do. I will come back later.

HUNSECKER

(abruptly)

Did you put the bread out on the terrace for the birds?

NIKKO

Yes, but they don't come no more this time of year.

Smiling, Nikko leaves. Hunsecker picks up a pencil and makes a note on a pad, about birds no doubt. Abruptly he looks up, calling:

HUNSECKER

Susie! Come in a minute, dear...

She has been trying to pass unnoticed to her room. She comes forward to him; her manner is serious and wary. His act is one of a tasteful Mammy singer, but he is watchful, too.

HUNSECKER

Susie, you're very much in my thoughts today.

SUSAN

Why?

HUNSECKER

What a question, dear, with that newspaper in your hand...

SUSAN

(pausing)

Did Sidney tell you about it?

HUNSECKER

Yes, he phoned. I don't know this boy too well. Anything in these charges?

CONTINUED

69A. CONTINUED

She shakes her head.

HUNSECKER

Not being partial, are you?

SUSAN

(with quiet certainty)

No, I'm not. I'm not!

He soothes, smiles indulgent, but watchful:

HUNSECKER

Susie, take it easy. I'll trust your judgment - you don't have to protest with me.

With a paternal gesture of affection, he holds out his arms, inviting her into his comforting embrace. Not wanting to, she walks into his open waiting arms.

HUNSECKER

Why are you trembling, dear...?

SUSAN

History repeats itself. Everything that happened to Alan Leslie...began with a smear like this...

Hunsecker considers this gravely, as if it was a new and troubling thought.

HUNSECKER

Yes...

She leaves his arms; he watches keenly.

SUSAN

(incoherent)

It's just as if I've seen a ghost today...

HUNSECKER

(quickly)

But that wasn't your fault, dear, what happened to Leslie. I've told you that a million times...

He goes to her gently; she appraises both him and her wrenched life with brooding, frightened eyes.

CONTINUED

69A. CONTINUED 2

SUSAN

Then whose fault was it, J.J.? It was
someone's fault, wasn't it?

HUNSECKER

(gravely)

I wouldn't have called the boy exactly
balanced...

SUSAN

(stronger)

Alan was not...unbalanced when I married
him. And he was not... 'indifferent to
women' no matter what they said!

HUNSECKER

(simply)

I'm not fighting with you, puss...

(She gets up and walks around in considerable agitation.)

SUSAN

He never would have killed himself if
I hadn't gone through with the annulment.
Don't you see that made all the rumours
seem true? I should have stood up for
him...not run out.

She turns to Hunsecker, her manner firmer.

SUSAN

J.J., I want you to get them back their
job, Steve and the Quintet.

HUNSECKER

("incredulously")

You mean they've been fired already, on
the basis of this crude smear?

He walks away with a wag of indignation, but turns, asking:

HUNSECKER

Susie, you're sure there isn't some fire
where there's this much smoke?

Susan shakes her head emphatically.

CONTINUED

69A. CONTINUED 3

SUSAN
(earnestly)
I know Steve. No.

HUNSECKER
Then maybe you can tell me if he's as solid
as you say, why does he rap me every chance
he gets?

SUSAN
(involuntarily)
Sidney is a liar!

HUNSECKER
Who said Sidney?

SUSAN
(defiantly)
I said Sidney!...

Staring, he pauses; then he deftly changes the subject.

HUNSECKER
You know, dear, we're drifting apart, you
and I, and I don't like that.

SUSAN
I thought we were talking about Sidney?

HUNSECKER
(with rasp)
Let me finish, dear. You had your say,
now let me have mine...

SUSAN
(interrupting)
I haven't said anything yet, J.J., but if -

Susan hesitates. Hunsecker waits for her to continue. But
she isn't yet sure enough of herself or of the point she means
to make. She turns away.

HUNSECKER
(gently)
I started to say we're drifting apart. A
year ago, in your wildest dreams, would you
have walked by that door without taking up
this situation with me? Today I had to call
you in!

CONTINUED

69A. CONTINUED 4

SUSAN

I'm taking up the situation with you now...

HUNSECKER

(interrupting)

Susie, I want to help you--, there's nothing I won't do for you. You're all I've got in the whole, wide world.

Hunsecker strides about, elaborately playing on a note of disillusion and pain.

HUNSECKER

(continuing)

Well, what have I got? Alimony to a pair of tramps? They're of no concern to me. It's you who count, but don't get me wrong - I don't intend to let you break your neck again!

SUSAN

J.J., you said you want to help me - prove it!

HUNSECKER

(quietly)

How?

SUSAN

Get Steve back his job...please...

HUNSECKER

(pausing)

He means that much to you...?

SUSAN

(simply)

Yes.

(then)

With your "prestige" it only takes a minute - ten cents worth of American Tel and Tel.

HUNSECKER

You're picking up my lingo, hon.

SUSAN

(levelly)

I read your column every day...

He looks at her with pursed lips and, for a change, some real interest. Her level, straightforward manner has pinned him down

CONTINUED

69A. CONTINUED 5

completely; he shows a slow, charming grin, as he goes for a private phone book:

HUNSECKER

Susie, I like this new attitude of yours. You're growing up and I like it! I don't like it when you're limp and dependent, when you're odd and wayward. This gives you a chance for real survival in a very lousy world. Because, don't forget, dear, you won't always have me with you, will you...?

SUSAN

No, I won't...

He crosses to the white desk phone, delaying dialing for a moment:

HUNSECKER

This Dallas boy must be good for you. Why not bring him around today, before the show? This time I'll clean my glasses for a better look.

Susan doesn't like this idea, is evasive:

SUSAN

I'm not sure I can reach him in time.

HUNSECKER

(easily)

Sure you can if you want to, and I know you'll want to...

(then)

By the way, what's your beef against little Sidney?

SUSAN

(steadily)

When I'm certain, I'll let you know...

HUNSECKER

A man couldn't ask for a squarer shake.

(into phone)

Let me have Billy Van Cleve...

(then)

Don't ever tell anyone, Susie, how I'm tied to your apron strings...

(to phone)

Billy! J.J! What's this about that boy? What boy? Where are we, lug, in a drawing room comedy? You're brain is warming up, sweetheart - yeah, Dallas!...

(then)

No, don't explain your point of view, but don't let him go.

71A. EXT. TV THEATRE - DAY (Retake in Los Angeles)

CAMERA SHOOTs TOWARDS the entrance to the TV theatre. A line of people are queuing for Hunsecker's TV Broadcast which is advertised by large posters beside the entrance. A taxi drives up in foreground; Susan Hunsecker gets out.

70. SIDNEY (Existing New York Shot)

Sidney comes up Sixth Avenue towards the theatre. As he reaches the corner of the building, he halts, having seen...

71. SUSAN (Process against a plate shooting toward Central Park)

Susan is seen in the act of paying the driver. As the taxi pulls away, Susan walks CAMERA left.

71B. TV THEATRE (Retake)

Susan pauses, deciding not to enter the theatre; turning she looks about her and waits on the sidewalk outside.

70A. SIDNEY (Existing Shot)

Sidney decides that this is not the moment to approach Susan. He glances down the sidestreet then moves off in that direction.

70B. SIDESTREET (Existing Shot)

Sidney moves down the sidestreet towards a stage entrance, through which are emerging some TV technicians. He slips inside.

72. INT. TV STATION
thru

75. Hunsecker is standing at a table, stop watch in hand, reading aloud from a script which he is rehearsing and timing. Beside him sits Mary busy typing more of the material from Hunsecker's handwritten note.

CONTINUED

72. CONTINUED
thru

75. Mary is calm, but he is irritable, trying to concentrate despite the bustle around him.

An old movie star, MILDRED TAM, sits waiting in one of the canvas-backed chairs supplied for the guests on the show. BURTON, a manager, also waits, deadpan, at Hunsecker's elbow. Hunsecker clicks his stop watch as he reads:

HUNSECKER

"I was reminded of it this morning,
when I noticed that the birds had
gone South. We want the same kind
of freedom for ourselves - that's
what the man said!

(he clicks the watch,
pauses to underline the
phrase, continues:)

A man has the right to face his accusers!
That's the American Way! Who said?
The man said! From..."

He turns in exasperation to Burton.

HUNSECKER

Burton, don't stand around. If I
go over I'll cut some items off the
tail...

Burton departs. Mary whips a second sheet out of the typewriter, hands it to Hunsecker. As he accepts it, Hunsecker looks off towards the auditorium.

76. SIDNEY

SHOOTING towards the auditorium, from Hunsecker's viewpoint. Sidney mounts the steps onto the stage. Seeing that the columnist is surrounded but knowing that J.J. wants to talk to him privately, Sidney loiters so that J.J. can join him as soon as he chooses to. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Hunsecker. Only momentarily distracted by private considerations connected with Sidney's arrival, Hunsecker returns to the business of timing the script. He clicks the watch again...

CONTINUED

76. CONTINUED

HUNSECKER

"From Washington through to Jefferson,
from Lincoln and F.D.R. right up to
today - the Democratic Way of Life!
That's what the man said! Nowadays it
doesn't export too well...

(then, concluding)

But you know...and I know...that our
best secret weapon is D-E-M-O-C-R-A-C-Y.

(dropping to a
modest tone)

Let's never forget it, ladies and
gentlemen."

77. ANOTHER ANGLE

Sidney lingers beside the old movie star who is listening, rapt,
to Hunsecker's words. Sidney is less impressed with J.J.'s
eloquence. At the conclusion, Mildred applauds lightly. She
stands up and moves towards J.J. J.J. wants to talk to Sidney
but is frustrated by the old movie star.

MILDRED TAM

That's grand, just grand, J.J.!

(then, anxiously)

Is my makeup all right? You know,
despite the scads of movies I've
made, I've never appeared on TV yet...

HUNSECKER

(cutting her short)

Of course, Mildred. Of course. You
look fine.

(swiftly summoning Mary)

Mary, help Miss Tam - anything she wants;
she's our star today.

Under the pretense of studying the typed script, J.J. walks away
across the stage. Sidney strolls after him.

78. ANOTHER ANGLE

A TRACKING SHOT. Sidney comes up beside Hunsecker, falls into
step beside him. As they cross towards a water cooler at the
back of the stage, they talk in rapid undertone.

CONTINUED

78. CONTINUED

HUNSECKER

I got that boy coming over here.
(a glance at Sidney)
What's so funny?

SIDNEY

(who is smiling faintly)
With a pocket fulla firecrackers -
good.

HUNSECKER

(narrowly)
I think you loused this up but good.
If I can trust my eyes, and I think
I can, Susie knows all about your
dirty work.

SIDNEY

(shrugging)
Can't hurt...

HUNSECKER

(incredulously)
Can't hurt? I had to get him back
his job.

SIDNEY

(smugly)
I like that, too.
(closer, faster)
Look, J.J., we can wrap this up
in one neat bundle, addressed to
the dumps - to oblivion. We're
going great, but please play it
my way. I cased this kid. Know
his ins and outs...He's fulla
juice and vinegar, just begging
for some big shot like you
to give him a squeeze. Do little
Sidney a favor: squeeze! - You
know, J.J. - the porcupine bit -
needles.

HUNSECKER

But it's too late. I got him back the
job...

SIDNEY

(impatiently)
No, that's the point - he won't accept
your favor! The manager yes, but not
the boy.

A pause. Hunsecker renumerates.

78. CONTINUED 2

HUNSECKER

Well he's got her in a tizzy, I'll
tell you that!

SIDNEY

Sure, he steams her up - wants her to
stand on her own two feet and all that
jazz!

HUNSECKER

And who's feet is she on now?

SIDNEY

Presumably yours...
(a hasty addition)
That's according to St. Dallas.

HUNSECKER

What's this boy got that Susie likes?

SIDNEY

Integrity - acute, like indigestion.

HUNSECKER

What does that mean - integrity?

SIDNEY

(repeating as before)
A pocket fulla firecrackers - looking for
a match!

(grinning)
It's a new wrinkle to tell the truth...
I never thought I'd make a killing on
some guy's "integrity".

Hunsecker gives him certain slow begrudging admiration:

HUNSECKER

Full of beans, ain't you? But you know
that you'll stand or fall by what you're
doing now...

SIDNEY

(grins; confident)
Calculated risk. Only we happen to know,
J.J., that you like me. I'm your star
pupil -- I reflect back to you your own
talent.

Hunsecker permits himself a faint smile. Burton is approaching
with script in hand.

CONTINUED

78. CONTINUED 3

HUNSECKER

I wouldn't like to take a bite of
you; you're a cookie full of arsenic.

Sidney smirks. He turns away and goes off towards the auditorium
in the background.

79. OMITTED

80. OMITTED

81. EXT. TV STATION - DAY - (Los Angeles)

Frank D'Angelo pays a taxi out of which he and Steve have
just emerged. Frank turns towards the boy, resuming a con-
versation as they stroll across the sidewalk towards the
entrance of the theatre.

STEVE

(depressed)

I still think he's responsible for
the smear.

D'ANGELO

Not that I'm convinced, but you'll
never prove it in a million years.

(gently)

Steve, you'll do what you want, but
it can't hurt; he offers you an olive
branch - so today like olives!

STEVE

I guess you're right, but -

Steve completes the sentence with a slow shake of the head;
compromise is a gesture which he finds very difficult.

D'ANGELO

D'Angelo studies the boy with a paternal affection.

CONTINUED

81. CONTINUED

D'ANGELO

Steve, sometimes it's better not to look at your own honesty; but to look the other man in the face. Not because you're my meal ticket - which you are - but because I like you and the boys, please take my advise: we -

D'Angelo stops, halted by an expression which he sees in Steve's face.

STEVE

He is looking through the glass doors of the TV Theatre, no longer listening to D'Angelo's words; his face has hardened in anger.

81A. INT. TV THEATRE FOYER

From Steve's viewpoint. Sidney has come out of the curtained entrance to the auditorium. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Steve in foreground. With a movement that suggests his annoyance at discovering Sidney present, Steve jerks open the glass door and moves in.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Susan is waiting in the foyer. She is standing in a position where she has not been able to see Steve until he enters; now she moves forward to greet him. As soon as she is near him, she speaks in a quiet, urgent manner:

SUSAN

(in an undertone)

Steve, before we go in - I'd like to...

But she, too, is halted as Steve lays a hand on her arm. Seeing his look over her shoulder, she turns...

SIDNEY

He is already strolling forward to join them. CAMERA PANS with him to include Susie, Steve and D'Angelo.

SIDNEY

Hey, Susie -- This is a real surprise -- not one but three. J.J.'s just finishing up his rehearsal

82. STAGE

&
83. Hunsecker comes forward to the front of the stage looking towards...

STEVE, SUSAN, D'ANGELO AND SIDNEY

in the group that comes down the aisle of the empty theatre.

RESUME HUNSECKER

He studies them, then calls out:

HUNSECKER
Looks like a wedding.

REVERSE ANGLE

Hunsecker back to CAMERA in foreground; he begins to whistle The Wedding March to the rhythm of Steve and Susan's walk.

STEVE

He breaks the rhythm of his stride, his face rigid.

RESUME HUNSECKER

He descends to meet them; his manner is full of welcome.

REVERSE ANGLE

Susan nervously makes the introduction - Steve is nervous; D'Angelo hangs behind warily; Sidney is in background.

SUSAN
Steve, you remember my brother...

STEVE & HUNSECKER
(together)
Of course.

Steve shakes the hand that the smiling Hunsecker gives.

CONTINUED

82.
&
83. CONTINUED

HUNSECKER

Well, son, looks like you went out
and bought yourself a packet of trouble...

STEVE

You've been very kind about it, Mr.
Hunsecker.

HUNSECKER

Give Susie credit for that. I took
her word that there was nothing to
the smear. Matter of fact, I'll have
my say about smears on the show today.
That's why I'd like YOUR personal
assurance, too.

STEVE

(quietly)

Mr. Hunsecker, there's nothing to
that smear. You have my sincere word...

HUNSECKER

(nodding judicially)

I'll by that, son. Now, you owe
ME a favor.

(pausing; to Susan)

Be good to my kid sister...

SIDNEY

(solemnly)

Yeah, she's had a peck of trouble for
a kid...

Hunsecker flicks a look at Sidney. No one else, warier by the
minute, knows what to say. Hunsecker purrs onward:

HUNSECKER

Susie likes to keep her girlish
secrets. But in her heart of
hearts I imagine, Dallas, that
she fancies you in an uncommon
way. Now, what about YOU, son?
Not just tom-catting around...
I hope?

SUSAN

(quickly)

J.J., Steve isn't...

CONTINUED

82.
&
83.

CONTINUED 2

Hunsecker cuts her off with lazy good nature:

HUNSECKER

Take it easy, Susie. He wouldn't be much of a man if he didn't understand my concern. Would you, son?

STEVE

(pausing, quietly)

No, I wouldn't...

HUNSECKER

(nodding)

Serious as a deacon...I like it. I like your style, son! In a world of old rags and bones, I like it! For instance, take Sidney.

Hunsecker crosses toward Sidney,

HUNSECKER (Cont'd)

If Sidney got anywhere near Susie I'd break a bat over Sidney's head!

(smiling faintly)

Sidney lives so much in a moral twilight that, when I said you were coming here, he predicted disaster. You wouldn't take my favor -- you'd chew up the job, he said, and spit it right back in my face!

(sniffing)

Any truth in that...?

D'ANGELO, STEVE AND SUSAN

Steve is thrown for a loss momentarily; Frank steps in.

D'ANGELO

No, Mr. Hunsecker, and if I can amplify---

HUNSECKER AND SIDNEY

HUNSECKER

(motionless)

Don't amplify.

CONTINUED

82.

&

CONTINUED 3

83.

RESUME D'ANGELO, STEVE AND SUSAN

D'ANGELO

Steve wantsa thank you for this
favor. He---

GROUP SHOT

SIDNEY

(provocatively)

Frank, you don't listen! J.J.
just told you to shut your mouth!

STEVE

(hotly)

Don't you think it's about time you
shut yours? Who are you to tell
a man like Frank D'Angelo to shut up?!

FRANK

(warningly)

Steve, that isn't important---

But Steve, on a heated rip, has turned to Hunsecker:

STEVE

Does he have to be here in our hair?

HUNSECKER

HUNSECKER

Why, has he bothered you before?

STEVE, D'ANGELO AND SUSAN

STEVE

Is it news to you?

HUNSECKER

HUNSECKER

Son, lots of people tell me I'm a
gifted man, but I still can't see
around corners.

CONTINUED

82. CONTINUED 4

83. GROUP SHOT

HUNSECKER

(tolerantly)

Just exactly what are you so hot about?

(waiting)

I mean, I know it's a difficult thing
to be an artist in this crudest of
possible worlds, but---

STEVE

(impatiently)

Nuts! I'm not here as an artist!
I'm here as an average Joe, who
happens to love your sister Susie!

HUNSECKER

(with ironic smirk)

Well, just be careful you don't knock
her down, huh?

Steve stops dead. Then, strangely and dangerously, he picks
up Hunsecker's smile. On each man's face the smile broadens
and grows up into a chuckle from each; but the meanness still
flickers around Hunsecker's mouth. Steve is out of the net!

HUNSECKER

(affably)

Frankly, son, you lost me on that
last hill. Just give us the punch
line...

STEVE

(agreeably)

No punch line. Maybe I was just
admiring your know-how---yours and
Falco's.

HUNSECKER AND SIDNEY

HUNSECKER

Why do you keep coupling me with Falco?

CONTINUED

82.
&
83.

CONTINUED 5

STEVE, D'ANGELO AND SUSAN

STEVE

(innocently)

He's here, isn't he? Do you think,
sir, when he dies he'll go to the
dog and cat heaven?

HUNSECKER AND SIDNEY

Even Hunsecker smiles. Sidney likes neither the ridicule or the
turn of events. He moves quickly past CAMERA.

SIDNEY, STEVE, D'ANGELO AND SUSAN

Sidney comes round the row of theatre seats to attack Steve.

SIDNEY

Let's forget cats and dogs and other
pseudo-literary remarks---I'll just
lay it on the line! What about that
big rumpus in my office today? You
were there, Frank! Where, according
to St. Dallas, J.J. was responsible
for the Elwell smear!

HUNSECKER

HUNSECKER

Don't go wild, Sidney.

GROUP SHOT

SIDNEY

Wild? Take a look at them and see
who's wild...

Playing along nicely, Hunsecker looks at Steve and Frank and
slowly removes his arm from Susan; he pauses before asking Dallas:

HUNSECKER

What about that...?

CONTINUED

82.
&
83. CONTINUED 6

D'ANGELO

(uneasily)

Steve was excited...he didn't mean
it exactly the way it's stated here...

HUNSECKER

(to Steve)

How did you mean it...?

SIDNEY

What he likes to---

SUSAN

J.J., I don't want to say---

With a roar Hunsecker takes them both out of play; he stands up.

SIDNEY, STEVE, D'ANGELO

Hunsecker enters from behind CAMERA.

HUNSECKER

Both of you keep quiet!

(to Sidney)

You've made more damage here in one
minute than a plague of locusts!

If you're tired, Susie, sit down---
this needs investigation!

(to Steve, quieter)

How did you mean it...?

(waiting)

Come on, let's go! Let's go!...

Steve is cornered, the other completely out of play. He pauses:

STEVE

I don't take kindly to you and
Falco selling me ethics. Who's
the injured party here, you?

HUNSECKER

(with contempt)

Right now you're in no position to
ask questions! And your snide remarks---

STEVE

(stronger)

Wait a minute, I haven't handed
over punishing privileges to you
YET! Put the whip down and I
might respect what you're saying...

CONTINUED

82.
& CONTINUED 7

83. Switching his leonine tail, Hunsecker looks broodingly at Susie.
Frank says one beseeching word, "Steve...", but no one hears him.

HUNSECKER
Susie, did you know about this
accusation...?

SUSAN

SUSAN
(mutely)
No...

HUNSECKER

HUNSECKER
(abruptly)
Before you leave, son, I'll answer
your question---Susan Hunsecker is
the injured party here!
(balefully)
Or will I be hearing next that I
don't even have my sister's welfare
at heart...

STEVE AND SUSAN

Steve hesitates defensively but can't resist a small smile; he
moves nearer to Susan.

STEVE
Mr. Hunsecker, you've got more twists
than a barrel of pretzels.

HUNSECKER
(unturning)
You hear that, Susie...
(to Steve)
Continue please...

STEVE
(shaking his head)
I'm afraid I can't cope with them.

CONTINUED

82.
&
83.

CONTINUED 8

REVERSE ANGLE

Susan in foreground, Steve, Hunsecker and Sidney beyond.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(simply)

You're too shrewd for me so I'll
just be honest. Susie and I love
each other, if I'm not mistaken,
and we want to get married.

Hunsecker pauses; Sidney throws in a stage whisper:

SIDNEY

Give him credit---the boy's gall is
gorgeous!

STEVE

Why don't we hear what Susie has to say?

HUNSECKER

(sardonically)

That's stout of you, Dallas, but
Susie may not care to air her dismal
views in public...

Steve walks to Susie, trying to lift her with his hopes and air
of gentle urging and support.

STEVE

Susie...?

SUSAN

She stares at the floor.

RESUME REVERSE ANGLE

Hunsecker doesn't like the drift of things; his mouth tightens
and he speaks to Susan with veiled warning:

HUNSECKER

Susie, as always, is free to say any-
thing she thinks. Go on, dear, say
exactly what's on your mind, dear.

CONTINUED

82.
& 83. CONTINUED 9

STEVE
Those "dears" sound like daggers.
May I suggest that you stop DARING
her to speak?

HUNSECKER
May I lift my eyebrows? What is this?
What are you trying to do?

STEVE
(strongly)
I'm trying to get Susue to stand up
to you. But your manner is so threatening
that she's afraid to speak!

HUNSECKER
Son, you raise your voice again and
you'll be outa here on your golden pratt!

SUSAN

Suddenly Susan lets loose, with restrained nervous energy; she
is near to tears.

SUSAN
Steve, if only for my sake, I want
this stopped! And the same goes for
you, too, J.J!

HUNSECKER

He interjects.

HUNSECKER
(contritely)
Susie, I'm sorry if-----

RESUME SUSAN

SUSAN
(bitterly)
Sometimes I think ALL men are fools!...

Restraining tears, she runs up the steps to the stage.

CONTINUED

82.
& CONTINUED 10

83. STEVE, HUNSECKER AND SIDNEY

Steve looks after her. Sidney watches intently. Hunsecker's smile is frostily taunting:

HUNSECKER

You see, Dallas, a plague on both
our houses...

(then)

We may have to call this game on account
of darkness...

Steve turns a blank-eyed stare at him. Tension gone, a slow mumbling fatigue has set in. Hunsecker plays it light:

HUNSECKER

If looks could kill, I'm dead...

STEVE

(slowly)

No, I don't care about you -- you're
fantastic. My whole interest, if
it's not too late, is in Susie...
and how to undo what you've done to
her...

HUNSECKER

(smiling)

And what have I done to her, besides
not buy her a new fur coat lately?
Sidney, you were right -- the boy's
a dilly.

STEVE

(stung)

Why? Because I don't like the way you
toy with human lives? - Your contempt
and malice? Because I won't be the
accomplice of your sick ego - and the
way it's crippled Susie...? You think
of yourself - you and your column -
you see yourself as a national glory...
but to me, and thousands of others like
me, you and your slimy scandal, your
phony patriotics - to me, Mr. Hunsecker
you are a national disgrace!

CONTINUED

82.
&
83. CONTINUED 11

HUNSECKER

(blandly)

Son, I don't fancy shooting mosquitoes
with elephant guns. So suppose you
just shuffle along and call it a day...

He turns and stares away, but Steve stops him with--

STEVE

But my day with Susie isn't over yet and--

HUNSECKER

(cold)

Ten'll get you fifty you're playing hookey
from a padded cell!

STAGE

Hunsecker comes up the steps from the auditorium, Sidney
following closely behind. In background, beyond, Steve and D'Angelo
are walking up the aisle to the exit. CAMERA TRACKS CLOSE on
Sidney and Hunsecker. Hunsecker's face is rigid. Sidney,
close at his elbow, whispers:

SIDNEY

(softly)

You did it, J.J., you did it good...

Sidney is full of confidence. But Hunsecker barely hears him
(Hunsecker has been hurt very deeply by the boy's attack; in
particular, by the appalling fear that what Steve has said
is the kind of thing which Susan may also secretly believe.)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Susan is still standing in the wings. Mary is with her,
obviously sympathetic. The girl is drying her eyes with Kleenex,
and Mary glances at her employer with a look of reproach. Hunsecker
walks round the table, obviously trying to approach Susan; seeing
this, Susan turns away and moves further from him. Hunsecker stops.

HUNSECKER

There is some emotion in his face as he looks towards the girl.
More gently, he moves forward past CAMERA...

CONTINUED

82.
&
83. CONTINUED 12

SUSAN

Sensing the approach of Hunsecker behind her, she moves away again; she is still crying, but is trying to recover. Presently, Hunsecker approaches her again. He speaks very gently, soothingly, comforting...

HUNSECKER

(softly)

You in a mood, Susie, to run over to Milgrim's later and buy a few new frocks?

SUSAN

(a small voice)

No. I'm going home.

Hunsecker again tries to come nearer to her.

HUNSECKER

Want Sidney to drive you over?

Ignoring the shake of her head, he calls to Sidney.

HUNSECKER

Drive Susie home.

HUNSECKER

Again we see some emotion in his face as he studies the girl. His eyes flick towards the stage behind him where Sidney stands watching. He moves gently forward and then speaks in a quiet voice which reveals how desperately he needs her reassurance:

HUNSECKER

Susie...I...I'd have to take it very much amiss if you ever saw that boy again.

SUSAN

After a pause, she turns towards him; she looks him straight in the face.

SUSAN

(levelly)

I'll never see him again.

CONTINUED

82.

&

83.

CONTINUED 13

RESUME HUNSECKER

He seems to take this as a gesture of forgiveness from her. Now he touches her. His need for her is apparant; he tries to reach her, tries to find an excuse to embrace her. She submits to this very passively.

SUSAN

A VERY CLOSE SHOT. We see the effort with which she is controlling herself.

RESUME TWO SHOT

Satisfied with this crumb of affection from his sister, Hunsecker lets her go. Susan moves away, still avoiding his eyes. Then she goes off towards the steps down into the auditorium. Sidney looks at Hunsecker, then after Susan and follows her.

RESUME HUNSECKER

He goes back to Mary and the script. He instructs her:

HUNSECKER

Call Van Cleve. Tell him he was right.
Tell him I said the Dallas boys are
not worthy of his club.

Poring over the typewritten pages, he senses Mary's eyes on him. He speaks to her quietly without raising his head and there is still an undertone of feeling in his voice:

HUNSECKER

(without looking up)

Mary...for Susie's own good...don't
give her misplaced sympathy...

Mary says nothing. Hunsecker gathers his papers and with a visible effort to resume his public personality turns towards the machinery of the television broadcast in background.

84. INT. TV THEATRE FOYER

Susan crosses towards the doors out onto the street. Sidney comes behind her, watchful as he overtakes her near the doors. He goes past her to open the door for her.

SIDNEY
I'll get you a cab...

Susan stops dead.

SUSAN
(coldly)
Get away from me.

She goes out into the street. Beyond, we see a cruising cab. Hesitating, Sidney adds:

SIDNEY
J.J. asked me to drive you over
and -

But Susan has already moved out of shot, hurrying across the sidewalk to hail the taxi.

RESUME SIDNEY

Uncertain what to do, whether to follow her or not, he moves after her.

SUSAN (PROCESS)

She has already opened the door of the taxi. She turns to see Sidney come up behind her. As he enters SHOT, she repeats:

SUSAN
I told you to leave! I don't know
if Steve'll ever talk to me again
and I'm ready to blame it all on you!

She starts to get into the cab...

SIDNEY - (PROCESS)

Alert, he moves to detain her (anxious to know exactly the extent of her suspicion.)

CONTINUED

84. CONTINUED

SIDNEY

Susie....!

ANOTHER ANGLE (Existing Shot)

As Sidney steps up, he grasps at the door of the taxi, trying to hold it open, but Susan pulls it shut, catching his fingers in the door. Sidney steps back in pain...

TAXI - (Existing Shot)

It drives off down Sixth Avenue.

SIDNEY (Existing Shot)

Nursing the injury to his hand, he looks after the disappearing taxi. As he recovers from the pain, his expression slowly changes to one of thoughtful appraisal. (Susan's suspicions maybe of less importance than some other considerations.)

DISSOLVE TO:

84A. INT. TWENTY-ONE CLUB WASHROOM - NIGHT

Hunsecker and Sidney are washing in adjoining basins. Coat off, the former is in one of his punitive moods of silence. Sidney, despite his throbbing, bandaged finger, is feeling satisfied and self-confident. He hums quietly. Hunsecker throws him annoyed side-glances, but Sidney refuses to "catch on". The following dialogue is spaced between the washing, the drying and hair-combing.

HUNSECKER

So that's what "integrity" looks like.
Well, I'm always willing to learn...

(later)

How is that slob, D'Angelo, your uncle?

Sidney no longer hums; after a moment, he answers.

SIDNEY

My mother's side--her brother. That reminds me, J.J., Susie looks run down. She can stand a vacation and so can you. People say, "Oh, the great J.J., he's made of iron!", but you can use a rest, guy.

84A. CONTINUED

Sidney's cheerfulness annoys Hunsecker.

HUNSECKER

What are you so chipper about? If I
put a cross on every one of your mistakes,
you'd look like a graveyard!

SIDNEY

(smiling)

But not for anything I did today...

HUNSECKER

Sidney, I know human nature. Susie
lied to me - she'll see that boy again.

Hunsecker moves out of shot.

SIDNEY

You're right, J.J. - she won't give
him up, but it doesn't matter. Because
the real "money ball" is the boy, not
Susan. And if --

Hearing the sound of the door, Sidney turns sharply. CAMERA MOVES
to discover that Hunsecker has gone out. Sidney, quickly, finishing
the brushing of his hair, follows...

84B. INT. DINING ROOM - "21" CLUB

Two waiters are fussing over Hunsecker's table at which places
are already set for Sidney and Hunsecker. Matre d' hands him an
envelope as he passes.

MATRE D'

Mr. Hunsecker this was to be delivered
to you personally -

When the columnist comes up to the table, the waiters quickly
pull out the table for him. Sidney comes to join him; Sidney
gets some attention, but considerably less. CAMERA MOVES CLOSER.

HUNSECKER

These drinks are warm.

WAITER

You said you like to have them on
your table.

CONTINUED

84B. CONTINUED

HUNSECKER

What are you a critic?

WAITER

I'll change --

HUNSECKER

Forget it.

(to Sidney)

The real money ball is the boy...

SIDNEY

Yeah, the boy...we're on the verge of a farce, a real farce. As I see it, if Susie had stood behind him today he might have proved a threat. But since primarily he's wedded to his work, he's not going to be able to take it.

A waiter shifts the position of the salad dish at Hunsecker's elbow.

HUNSECKER

(to waiter)

Stop tinkering, pal - that horse radish won't jump a fence!

The waiter retreats rapidly.

SIDNEY

In brief, J.J., it's all over because any hour now the boy will give her up. Is it a farce or not?

Delicately salting his oysters, Hunsecker looks obliquely at Sidney.

HUNSECKER

This syrup you're giving out, Sidney, you pour over waffles, not J.J. Hunsecker! What do you mean that lousy kid will give up my sister?

Hunsecker, with a casual gesture, tugs lightly at the end of Sidney's tie. Hunsecker's gesture is playful, but it inflicts great injury to Sidney's dignity; Sidney cannot bear to be touched; he finds this liberty on J.J.'s part as intolerable as anything he has experienced, and only with great difficulty controls himself. The SHOT FAVORS Sidney.

SIDNEY AND HUNSECKER

Hunsecker continues:

CONTINUED

84B. CONTINUED 2

HUNSECKER

Are you listening?

SIDNEY

(warily)

How does it matter who's sister? The
main thing, they're through and -

HUNSECKER

From Sidney's viewpoint. Without turning, Hunsecker interrupts:

HUNSECKER

Am I supposed to forget how that boy
talked to me today?

RESUME SIDNEY AND HUNSECKER

Sidney senses a warning in Hunsecker's manner. He protests:

SIDNEY

J.J., is he worthy of a second glance
from a man like you? Is he, I mean?...

HUNSECKER

From Sidney's viewpoint. Pausing during the process of eating,
Hunsecker reaches into an inside pocket.

HUNSECKER

Brief epitaph: "The boy was talking
when he should have been listening."

(then:)

Bite on this.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Sidney as Hunsecker tosses in front
of him an envelope. Sidney opens it, extracts two steamship tickets.

SIDNEY

Steamship tickets?

HUNSECKER

(as he eats)

For the next sailing of the Mary. Susan's
run down - she's never been abroad and as
you so congenitally put it, I'm not made of
iron.

Sidney slowly pushes the envelope back to Hunsecker, who leaves it
lying on the table before him.

CONTINUED

84B. CONTINUED 3

SIDNEY
That's good. Now that louse is outa
Susie's hair for good.

SIDNEY

He has an instinct to laugh; but something tells him not to.

HUNSECKER

As Sidney makes no response, Hunsecker slowly, carefully continues
in a voice which is dangerously soft:

HUNSECKER
I want that boy taken apart.

SIDNEY AND HUNSECKER

SHOOTING ACROSS Hunsecker onto Sidney. Sidney puts down his fork.
He sees now that the issue is serious and must be faced.

SIDNEY
(seriously)
Why do something that would drive them
right back into each other's arms? Not
to mention that this time Susie would
know who shot the arrow...

HUNSECKER
(interjecting quietly)
She knows now.

SIDNEY
(quickly)
Why give her real proof? You nearly
ruined her with her first husband - and
you were right, J.J., - but she almost
followed him out the window. What do
you want - a chronic invalid?

HUNSECKER

He wants no advice from Sidney. He interrupts with quiet savagery.

CONTINUED

84B. CONTINUED 4

HUNSECKER

I know how to handle Susie. You just
handle the boy, Sidney...

(scribbles on scratch pad)

...preferably tonight.

(pushes pad across to Sidney)

SIDNEY AND HUNSECKER

SHOOTING ACROSS Hunsecker onto Sidney. Sidney feels sick.

SIDNEY

Why, what's tomorrow - a holiday?

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER as Sidney picks scratch pad up. We can read
two words: "Get Kello".

SIDNEY

I think I'll go home - maybe I left
my sense of humor in another suit.

HUNSECKER

Hunsecker finishes eating. During the ensuing speech, which he
begins quietly and sensibly, Hunsecker's venomous feelings are
unexpectedly betrayed.

HUNSECKER

You've got that God-given brain - learn
to use it! Do you think it's a personal
matter with me, this boy? Are you tell-
ing me I see things in terms of personal
pique? Don't you see that today that boy
wiped his feet on the choice, on the
predilections of sixty million men and
women of the greatest country in the world!
If you had any morals yourself, you would
understand the immorality of that boy's
stand today! It was not me he criticized -
it was my readers!...

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Sidney. Hunsecker manages to control
himself; he reaches with nervous fingers toward his scribbling pad.

SIDNEY

Sidney's face has tightened. He has begun now to realize the extent
of this man's megalomania. After a moment he says:

SIDNEY

I'm leaving, J.J....

CONTINUED

84B. CONTINUED 5

HUNSECKER AND SIDNEY

SHOOTING ACROSS Sidney onto Hunsecker.

HUNSECKER
(a quiet warning)
Don't remove the gangplank, Sidney;
you may wanna get back on board.

SIDNEY

Sidney feels the chill of despair upon him.

HUNSECKER
This crab gumbo - terrific!

HUNSECKER AND SIDNEY

SHOOTING ACROSS Hunsecker onto Sidney. A waiter has come to serve the next course. Hunsecker appears relaxed, but Sidney is sightlessly staring at the piece of paper in his hand. He speaks with a quaver in his voice, for he has worked hard to make a life which is now ready to relinquish:

SIDNEY
J.J., it's one thing to wear your dog
collar...but when it gets to be a noose...
I'd rather have my freedom.

HUNSECKER
The man in jail is always for freedom.

Sidney begins to get up from the table.

SIDNEY
(as he rises)
Except, if you'll excuse me, I'm not
in jail.

Hunsecker looks up at Sidney.

HUNSECKER

From Sidney's viewpoint.

CONTINUED

84B. CONTINUED 6

HUNSECKER

(easily)

Sure you're in jail, Sidney. You're a prisoner of your own fears, of your own greed and ambition; you're in jail.

(FROM THIS POINT ON, A
POSSIBLE CUT)

SIDNEY

From Hunsecker's viewpoint.

SIDNEY

J.J. If you're trying to -

He leans over Hunsecker and the CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Hunsecker in f.g.

HUNSECKER

(interrupting)

You, little boy, don't know who you are! Talking around corners with the big shots, ten dollar dinners - fourteen suits and cashmere coats - you tell yourself THAT'S who you are! Later you won't know who you are without a penthouse on upper Park! But underneath it all, rattling around from day to day, you DO know who you are! You're a fearful, ignorant nobody - a poor wop kid from the slums of Philly - hoping nobody else finds it out!

SIDNEY

A CLOSE UP. He knows the truth of what is said. But he takes refuge in quiet retaliation:

SIDNEY

A little hunch occurs to me - you have just painted a self-portrait. You know who YOU are because you scare people - that's what you've got against this boy. He-

HUNSECKER

Hunsecker is prepared to give it out, but not take it.

CONTINUED

84B. CONTINUED 7

HUNSECKER

(cutting in)

I told you what I want you to do
tonight!

(END OF CUT)

SIDNEY

He looks down on Hunsecker, leans over the table.

SIDNEY

You're blind, Mr. Magoo. This is a
crossroads for me. I won't get Kello.
Not for a life-time pass to the Polo
Grounds. Not if you serve me Ingrid
Bergman on a plate.

CAMERA has PULLED BACK to include Hunsecker, whose attention has
returned to his food.

HUNSECKER

(over patient)

Sidney, I told you -

SIDNEY

(continuing)

J.J., I swear to you on my mother's
life, I won't do it.

(he leans even closer)

If you gave me your COLUMN I wouldn't
do a thing like that...

But as he speaks the last words, Sidney's voice falters because he
has glanced down at the table...

SIDNEY

We see that an idea has entered his head - an idea that takes the
wind out of his indignation. His eyes lift rapidly to Hunsecker's
face.

HUNSECKER

(delicately touching
the envelope)

And who do you think writes the column
while Susie and I are away for three
months?...

CONTINUED

84B. CONTINUED 8

RESUME SIDNEY

He is quite speechless. Over scene Hunsecker's voice:

HUNSECKER'S VOICE

(continuing)

...The man in the moon?

HUNSECKER AND SIDNEY

CAMERA SHOTS across Sidney again onto Hunsecker. Hunsecker leans back, looks at Sidney. Seeing that Sidney has accepted the proposition, he smiles.

HUNSECKER

(softly)

Thank you, Sidney.

In a pleasantly affable way, he leans across the table to tap the hand with which Sidney is leaning on the table.

HUNSECKER

And, Sidney, I'll have that piece of paper back...

Helplessly, Sidney unclenches a fist and reveals the slip of paper which he had meant to keep. Hunsecker takes it. With his eyes on Sidney, he slowly tears it up...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

11/25/56 47.

(Scene between Steve, Susan and D'Angelo at the Brill Bldg.)

85 CIGAR STAND AND PHONE BOOTH - EVENING (location)

D'Angelo is buying a cigar at the counter. He turns as Steve opens the door of one of the booths and comes out. Steve is in a gloomy, irksome mood; D'Angelo is sympathetic and fatherly.

STEVE

She'll be down in a minute.

CAMERA TRACKS with them as they come out into the hallway. They move towards the side entrance, away from the elevators.

D'ANGELO

What does she wanna see you about?

The boy shrugs impatiently.

STEVE

She didn't say.

Some passersby come down the hall and enter a waiting elevator, barely glancing at D'Angelo and the boy. D'Angelo feels uneasy.

D'ANGELO

I could think of better places to meet her, instead of here. He lives on the whole top floor.

STEVE

(carelessly)

I doubt that it matters any more.

D'ANGELO

He addresses Steve soberly.

D'ANGELO

Steve. You made a very dangerous enemy of him today. Matter of fact, I'm very glad we got the tour ahead. If I'm any judge, you hurt him today where he lives... He won't forget it and he won't forgive...

RESUME STEVE AND D'ANGELO

Steve is silent. He hears the sound of the elevator door opening and turns.

Susan comes out of the elevator, the one farthest from them, and looks around.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED

SUSAN
(as she comes forward to
join them)
Good evening, Mr. D'Angelo.

D'Angelo acknowledges her greeting, touches his hat and retires tactfully. Susan faces Steve. It's an awkward meeting. Each does not know where the other stands. She has thrown her fur coat about her shoulders like a cloak; it will keep slipping off. He is faintly embittered, a little hurt and baffled, but he is sympathetic; he is involved and concerned.

86 omitted

87 MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT OVER SHOULDER - SUSAN TO STEVE

SUSAN
Hello, Steve. I'm glad you could come.

STEVE
Why did you call me?

SUSAN
Would you buy me a cup of coffee?
In there...

REVERSE ANGLE

Susan nods in the direction of the door into the little cafe.

STEVE
Sure.

As he walks with her towards the cafe:

STEVE
We're on our way to Robard's for a
benefit. I've only got five minutes...

88 INT. CAFE

thru

98 As they enter the cafe, the Counterman looks up from counting the day's take at the far end.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED

thru

98

COUNTERMAN

Too late for service.

STEVE

Just two cups of java.

COUNTERMAN

(with a twinkle)

We serve here only moka coffee.

STEVE

(smiling faintly)

Make it moka.

The Counterman goes to the urn for the coffee.

SUSAN AND STEVE

A closer angle. They talk in quiet undertones. Steve waits for her to speak first; she starts slowly, hesitantly, with difficulty:

SUSAN

Steve... what you tried to do today...
you tried to take me up on a high
mountain... I couldn't go all the way...
I failed you...

(a pause)

Will you forgive me?

(then)

Have I lost you, Steve? Have I...?

STEVE

Well, maybe I was wrong, too... But
there's no doubt, Susie, that we have
to face some serious things...

SUSAN

No one's ever stood up to my brother
the way you did.

STEVE

(quietly, to the point)

But you didn't do much about it, Susie.
You walked out, and there I was...solo...
and not too good at that.

SUSAN

I just didn't think that I could antagonize
him, Steve, -- for OUR sake, I mean.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED

thru

98 STEVE

STEVE

Susie, I was there for OUR sake, too.
But what a world it would be if we were
all afraid to learn to walk and talk
because it might offend poppa! By the
way, I think your brother was completely
responsible for the smears...

SUSAN

This accusation is made lightly, in passing. But Susan reacts
to it, trying to interject:

SUSAN

Steve, I...

STEVE

(overriding her)

But I don't care about that now. He knew
what he was doing today. He was laying
down the conditions under which he MIGHT
consent to our marriage - if I would bend
to every whim of his, like Sidney! I
couldn't do that, Susie...

SUSAN

After a pause, she says:

SUSAN

You're saying goodbye, aren't you?

SUSAN AND STEVE

Steve flares up:

STEVE

No! I'm saying that for your sake you
have to make a clean break with your
brother!

SUSAN

(wrenched)

But, please, Steve, please - one step
at a time! I was born only yesterday!...

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED

thru
98

STEVE

(pausing, softer)

I told your brother I couldn't be his
accomplice. I can't be yours either,
Susie, and encourage him to go on
pulverising you. I know that type - he's
my old man all over again!

Susan, pathetically despairing, fingers the handle of her
coffee cup, which she has not touched. The coat slips from
her shoulders...

ANOTHER ANGLE

Steve stoops to pick it up, replaces it on her shoulders.

STEVE

This beautiful coat is more than just
a coat... I hate it! It's a mink straight-
jacket!

Susan turns to him. She is deflated, lacking all will power.

SUSAN

(drooping)

Steve, I feel exhausted... what do you
want me to do?

STEVE

(not sure of himself)

Not what you're doing now. At least
don't ask me - don't ask him. You're
fighting for your life! What do YOU
want to do?

SUSAN

(pausing, woodenly)

You are saying goodbye, aren't you...?

STEVE

He reacts vigorously, protesting:

STEVE

(impatiently)

That's fish four days old...! I can't
buy it, Susie! Right out of that mouth
I love, like you're a ventriloquist's
dummy, your BROTHER is saying goodbye!
Gee!...you want me to be honest, don't
you?!

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED

thru

98 SUSAN

A despairing cry:

SUSAN

No, Steve, I don't. I don't. Not
if it KILLS me I don't!...

SUSAN AND STEVE

It takes her a moment to recover. When she does so, she gets up, leaving the counter.

SUSAN

(without lustre)

Let's not talk any more... you have
to go...

She moves towards the exit into the hallway; he follows.

99 HALLWAY

D'Angelo is waiting for them. Silently they come up to join him, very depressed. Susan looks towards D'Angelo, speaks a little pathetically:

SUSAN

Goodbye, Mr. D'Angelo. Take care of
Steve.

D'ANGELO

(softly)

I will, Miss Hunsecker.

He walks a little way down the corridor, again leaving them alone.

SUSAN AND STEVE

She smiles at him, trying to smile, trying to make a joke.

SUSAN

Say something funny...Mr. Hasenfeffer.

Steve steps to her quickly, kisses her. Then he turns and swiftly walks off down the corridor without a backward glance. He goes past D'Angelo, who walks quietly after him towards the exit in background.

SUSAN

She remains just in the attitude in which he left her.

100. EXT. BRILL BUILDING - NIGHT (already shot)

Steve comes out of the door, pauses without looking back.
D'Angelo comes up behind him.

STEVE
(after a moment)
Look back, Frank, see if she's still
standing there...

D'Angelo looks discreetly over his shoulder.

SUSAN

From D'Angelo's point of view. She is still standing where
Steve left her.

RESUME STEVE AND D'ANGELO

D'Angelo turns back to Steve.

D'ANGELO
Still there...

Steve, still without looking back, walks up the street; CAMERA
TRACKING WITH THEM.

D'ANGELO
(with sympathy)
Not that I don't like her - she's a very
lovely person, but who can tell? A year
from now you might thank your stars that
it turned out this way.
(changing the subject)
By the way, Robard said that....

Steve, his manner full of pain, stops.

STEVE
Frank, I don't want to make the benefit.
They'll be jammin' all night, and the
way I feel -- I'd like to be alone -- I'd
like just to walk and walk and never come
back.

D'Angelo takes him firmly by the arm.

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED

D'ANGELO

No. I don't leave you alone on a night like this. And, anyway, you promised...

Steve looks at him, knowing that he can never shake off the devoted Frank; he shrugs. They walk past CAMERA.

101 INT. HUNSECKER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (Studio)

The heavy brass doors of the elevator slide open and the Elevator Man pulls open the grille. Susan, still in the mood in which Steve left her, stands in the elevator for a moment before she realizes that she has reached the top floor. As she walks out, the Elevator Man looks at her anxiously. CAMERA PANS with Susan towards the door to the apartment. Susan fumbles for her key.

102 INT. APARTMENT

The apartment is dark as Susan enters. She does not switch on the lights. She walks through the shadows of the big room, which has a grim and menacing atmosphere. She kicks off her shoes and, hugging the coat about her for warmth walks to the glass windows of the terrace. After a moment she opens them and steps out.

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT (New York) (Dusk)

Susan walks across the terrace. At this height the wind is very strong. CAMERA TRACKS with the girl, emphasizing the dizzying panorama of New York at night. The girl's manner is strange; she moves as if under compulsion, a sleepwalker. When she reaches the stone parapet, she leans against it with her body slumped, still hugging the fur coat as if it were some protection against her misery.

EXT. FROM THE TERRACE - NIGHT (Dusk)

Vertically downward. From Susan's point of view. The stone sidewalks of Broadway are a terrifying distance below.

11/25/56

55.

104 SUSAN - NIGHT (Studio)

An angle, shooting sharply upwards against the night sky. Wind blows the girl's hair, as she looks fixedly downwards. Her face is blank, expressionless. (For a moment we may fear for her, afraid that she may have suicide in mind.) But presently she lifts her head looking towards the horizon...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

Following the scene in which Sidney buys marijuana cigarettes (P 107) we see him in a taxi (P 106) as he opens a pack of the brand which we (and Sidney) have seen Steve smoke; he throws away some of the normal cigarettes, substitutes the narcotic ones.

105 omitted.

108 EXT. ROBARD'S CLUB - NIGHT (Dusk)

CAMERA SHOOTS PAST the entrance to Robard's Club, framing the outline of the bridge in sky in background. From inside comes the sound of music -- the Quintet. (The third number)

The taxi drives up; Sidney gets out; he glances at his wristwatch, looks around and then makes his way into the Club.

108B INT. ROBARD'S CLUB - NIGHT (Los Angeles)

Steve Dallas' Quintet on the stand. CAMERA FRAMES the group in foreground, SHOOTING towards the entrance way.

108A INT. ROBARD'S CLUB - NIGHT (New York)

Sidney has come in through the entrance. He is taking off his overcoat. He moves forward past the hat check room on the left, approaching the recess in which several music cases are stacked beside a coat rack on which the musicians' overcoats are hung.

DETAIL

As he hangs up his coat, Sidney identifies the other coat, a black and white check raglan which he (and we) saw Steve wearing when he visited Hunsecker at the TV Studio.

SIDNEY

A CLOSE SHOT. The coat appears to have some significance for him; Sidney is under tension.

CONTINUED

108A CONTINUED

A waiter, carrying a carton of beer cans, comes out of the doorway just behind Sidney, moving between him and the overcoat. Thus interrupted, Sidney turns away.

108C INT. ROBARD'S CLUB - NIGHT - Los Angeles

Robard is standing at the bar, surrounded by a group of his cronies. Drink is flowing and there is a sentimental mood of celebration. As Sidney arrives at the bar, ordering a drink, FRANK D'ANGELO is seen coming from the interior of the Club where Dallas and the Quintet can be seen playing; D'Angelo accosts Robard:

D'ANGELO
Lew, Steve don't feel too good...

ROBARD
(interjecting)
I'm sorry to hear it.

108D REVERSE ANGLE

CAMERA shoots past D'Angelo and Robard in f.g. towards Sidney, who overhears:

D'ANGELO
(continuing)
...So, if you don't mind, he'll leave
after this set.

In b.g., Sidney sets down his drink, reacting to this information. Robard clamps D'Angelo on the shoulder, reassuring him with warm emphasis:

ROBARD
I like that boy, Frank. Anything
he does is okay with me....

108E SIDNEY

Sidney, thinking rapidly, leaves the bar, moving unobtrusively but purposefully towards a telephone booth. He enters and closes the door.

108F PHONE BOOTH

A CLOSER ANGLE. Shooting through the glass panel we see Sidney dialing. His manner is urgent.

QUICK LAP DISSOLVE :

109. EXT. ROBARD'S NIGHT (Already Shot)

A long shot of the club exterior. A different musical number is now being played in the interior. (GOODBYE BABY). A black car comes swiftly under the bridge, turns into the little square opposite the club, braking sharply.

109A CLOSER ANGLE

As the car comes to a stop, CAMERA shoots across the hood onto the windshield where we see the insignia: POLICE. The occupants of the car are not visible.

110 INT/EXT. ROBARD'S CLUB

Sidney lingers near the doorway of the Club. He is looking across the square towards the car which can be seen in b.g. Now he turns and walks towards the coat rack, CAMERA tracking with him. He takes his own coat and, as he thrusts his arm into the sleeve, contrives neatly to slip some unseen object into the pocket of Steve's overcoat; CAMERA notes the gesture, but only very briefly. Overscene a voice addresses Sidney:

D'ANGELO'S VOICE

Hey!.....

SIDNEY

A CLOSE UP. As he turns in swift apprehension, we note the moment of panic in his face.

110B REVERSE ANGLE

CAMERA shoots past Sidney in foreground towards D'Angelo who advances on Sidney. D'Angelo's manner is unfriendly; for an instant we feel, like Sidney, that D'Angelo may have seen Sidney tampering with Steve's coat, but then we are reassured as D'Angelo, deliberately using Sidney's surname, says:

D'ANGELO

(continuing)

Mr. Falco....I hate to give you
this satisfaction - they broke it off
tonight for good.

110A REVERSE ANGLE

Shooting across D'Angelo onto Sidney, who now relaxes, his fears ungrounded.

CONTINUED

110A CONTINUED

D'ANGELO

(continuing)

Tell that to Hunsecker - tell him we
agree - he's a big man - he wins all
the marbles!

SIDNEY

As D'Angelo moves away again Sidney looks after him. Once more his face goes tense. (He asks himself, does this development - which he himself anticipated - change the situation?) He turns away, moving out of shot.

ANOTHER ANGLE

CAMERA moves with Sidney as he walks towards the doorway. There he hesitates again; he looks back into the Club.

DALLAS

From Sidney's viewpoint. A LONG SHOT of Steve on the bandstand. CAMERA PANS deliberately towards the coatrack in f.g. A group of newly arrived musicians walk into the shot, setting down their instrument cases and starting to hang up their coats. (Clearly, Sidney could not now return to the coat rack - even if he decided that he did want to undo his handiwork.)

110A RESUME SIDNEY

&

113 CAMERA, shooting out across the square, frames Sidney in f.g.. Facing the inevitable, Sidney turns away, walks across the sidewalk. On the other side of the square the headlamps of the car blink twice. Sidney walks towards it.

111 & 112 omitted.

114 POLICE CAR

A big man gets out of the seat next to the driver. As he comes round the hood of the car, the headlamps of a passing truck illuminate him, identifying HARRY KELLO. CAMERA PANS as he walks to meet Sidney.

CLOSER ANGLE

Kello pauses as Sidney comes up to him, asks affably:

KELLO

What's all the rush? You said three
o'clock.

114 CONTINUED

SIDNEY
(glancing back towards club)
He's leaving early. After this "set".
He'll be out in a couple of minutes...

They wait for a moment, listening to the sound of the music in the distance. It is a blues number (GOODBYE BABY) Kello hums nonchalantly; Sidney glances at him with irritation, finding something gruesome in his relaxed manner.

INT. POLICE CAR

There are two plainclothes policemen inside, one at the wheel, the other in the back seat. The latter leans forward to ask the

1st POLICEMAN
What's this deal tonight?

MURPH
(the 2nd policeman)
One of the Lieutenant's "surprise parties",
I think.

Murph's tone shows obvious repugnance. The 1st Policeman broods for a moment; he adds in a quiet, but viciously resentful manner:

1st POLICEMAN
One of these days I'd like to turn in my
badge and tangle with "POPSIE" myself - he's
no good.

RESUME KELLO AND SIDNEY

Sidney, increasingly uncomfortable, turns to Kello.

SIDNEY
Can't you wait up the block? It's not
going to look so good, right in front
of the club....

To Kello this is a great joke. He laughs, enjoying Sidney's uneasiness. He begins to "cat and mouse" Sidney.

KELLO
(heavily humorous)
It's nice, Sidney, that you give me this
tip...

SIDNEY
(interjecting)
- He's got them on him.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED 2

KELLO

(solemnly nodding his
approval)

...And is got them on him. I appreciate
a thing like that - I appreciate where
you are looking out for the virtue of
the city.

Sidney, annoyed at this sarcasm, moves past Kello, not deigning
to respond. As he goes by, Kello grasps him forcibly by the
arm.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

KELLO

What's your hurry, Snooks?

CAMERA HAS PANNED to SHOOT towards the car out of which emerges a second detective.

SIDNEY

(revolted)

Take your hands off, Kello...

Kello, holding Sidney, turns towards the second detective in background.

KELLO

Murph, how do you like this face?
Why, I'll be darned -- it's melting!
Something got you scared, Sidney...?
Listen, rectify me a certain thing.
Wasn't you kidding, Snooks, when you
told J.J. I was fat...?

Sidney jerks his arm away, rapidly retreats a few yards, a safe distance from Kello. CAMERA PANS with him to the bottom of the steps.

SIDNEY

Sleep in peace, Kello -- you're
skinny -- but J.J. says you sweat!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Sidney in foreground, Kello and Murph beyond. Kello laughs; but obviously he would like to be nearer to Sidney. Perhaps to detain Sidney, Kello draws:

KELLO

Is that a fact? He's a dilly, ain't
he? By the by, what did he have
against this boy?

SIDNEY

He goes out with girls.

KELLO

Well, I'll be darned. And what does
J.J. think he SHOULD do?

SIDNEY

(impudently)

Go out with DIFFERENT girls!

114 CONTINUED

KELLO

He moves forward a little.

KELLO

(softly now)

I get the peculiar impression, Snooks,
that you don't like me. Could I be
wrong?

SIDNEY

He turns swiftly and goes up the stairs out of Kello's reach.

SIDNEY

(as he goes)

You could be right, you fat slob!

ANOTHER ANGLE

From half-way up the stairs. Sidney comes up the steps two at a time. Kello and Murphy are seen beyond.

KELLO

(with a guffaw)

Come back here, Sidney...I wanna
chastise you!...

115 missing.

116 missing.

117 FROM THE BRIDGE

Sidney reaches the top. He comes along the pedestrian walk up to CAMERA, slowing down he turns across the rail and looks down towards the square. CAMERA MOVES to take in the scene in WIDE ANGLE: Sidney in foreground, the police car and detectives below, the entrance to Robard's across the square. Sidney waits. In the distance we can hear the music of Dallas' last number coming to an end.

118 INT. ROBARD'S (Studio)

The last bars of the number. Enthusiastic applause.

CONTINUED

118 CONTINUED

STEVE

He responds to the ovation, nicely but a little wearily. He gets down off the stand. There is too much noise to hear his parting words to his fellow musicians, but it is clear that he is urging them to stay without him. He walks off towards the entrance to the Club.

118A D'ANGELO

D'Angelo leaves the bar, in search of Steve. He sees...

119 INT- EXT. ROBARD'S - NIGHT (New York)

&

120 Steve is putting his guitar away in the case, collecting his overcoat. In this gesture he is arrested by the sound of D'Angelo's voice over scene.

D'ANGELO'S VOICE
(urgently)

Steve!

Steve, mildly startled, looks up.

REVERSE ANGLE (Studio)

Shooting into the Club. D'Angelo comes forward from the bar. He is a little drunk, a little emotional. He waddles toward Steve, then takes the white carnation out of his buttonhole and puts it in the buttonhole of Steve's coat, saying:

D'ANGELO
(fondly)
Press this in your friendship book...
Love is a crooked thing, friendship
not...
(then, sheepishly)
You see, it comes out in the wash of
a few drinks -- I'm a very sentimental
guy.

RESUME INT. EXT. ROBARD'S (New York)

Steve is touched.

STEVE
I like it that way, Frank...don't
change.

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED

&

120 He picks up his guitar case and makes for the door. D'Angelo goes a few paces with him, CAMERA TRACKING. Then it moves past D'Angelo, following Steve out onto the sidewalk, where he stands under the light of the Club framed against the dark background of the square.

121 FROM THE BRIDGE (Already shot)

CAMERA PANS from the small figure of Steve to include Sidney big in foreground. Below him Kello and Murph turn towards the Club.

KELLO

CLOSER ANGLE downward from Sidney's viewpoint. Kello turns deliberately to look at the bridge above.

RESUME BRIDGE

Sidney sees Kello's look; he nods deliberately. Below him we see Kello and Murphy move swiftly to get into the car. Sidney, as if shrinking from a sight from which he doesn't wish to witness, draws back from the balustrade. He turns and begins to walk towards CAMERA.

POLICE CAR

A LOW ANGLE SHOOTING upwards at the car, the stairs to the bridge in background. As the doors of the car slam, it starts to move forward and, abruptly, its headlamps are switched on, glaring into the lens.

126 EXT. ROBARD'S NIGHT - (Night)

Steve, concerned only with his only melancholy thoughts, walks down the sidewalk under the bridge. The car headlamps illuminate him in their glare as they move across him. Steve, without undue interest, glances back but continues on his way.

125 EXT. ROBARD'S NIGHT (Dusk)

CAMERA SHOOTs eastward towards the silhouette of the bridge. The Police Car turns as it comes out of the square under the bridge towards CAMERA. It moves slowly; again its headlamps flare into the lens. CAMERA PULLING BACK includes Steve in foreground. Behind him the Police Car slows down at the curb; it barely stops as Kello slips out of the off-side door; then the car moves forward along the curb leaving him behind Steve. As the car goes out of picture past CAMERA, Kello strolls across the sidewalk, following Steve. Steve, looking past CAMERA, notices...

126 REVERSE ANGLE

CAMERA SHOOTS toward 2nd Avenue. The Police Car slows down again at the curb and Murph gets out of it, turning to face Steve.

RESUME 125

Steve, seeing the man ahead of him, notes something slightly menacing in his manner and slows down in his walk. Then, instinctively, he realizes that there is a second man behind him, turns to look at Kello. Kello approaches.

KELLO

Hey, fella.....!

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER and CLOSER on Steve. In his face we see a growing sense of something wrong...

127 INT. ROBAR'S CLUB (Studio)

A JUMP CUT. Loud noise, Chico Hamilton on the drums...

128 INT. BAR (Studio)

Another jump cut in the sound track. Silence. It is an empty saloon, occupied only by a solitary drinker at one end of the long bar, nursing a beer, and by the bartender who is making out a dope sheet. Sidney enters, strides to the bar and throws down a jangling half dollar.

SIDNEY

A bunch of nickels, mister!

While the change is made, Sidney stands with cocked head, listening in reality or imagination to what is happening down the street. As the barman supplies the change, Sidney goes to the juke box and loads it with nickels saying over his shoulder:

SIDNEY

A double Johnny Walker Black. Or whatever you got. Scotch.

Sidney puts both hands on the juke box as if leaning on it. With a click, drop and whirl, the music box comes to life; music blares out. Pausing a moment, Sidney turns back toward the bar.

128A SIDNEY

He reaches for his drink, downs it. He is shivering.

129 thru 132 missing.

133 INT. ROBARD'S CLUB - NIGHT (Studio)

Once more, an abrupt sound transition: the jam session at full blast. CAMERA FRAMES the musicians in foreground, but moves away from them towards the entrance in background. Near the doorway there is some activity; an attendant beckons to Robard who is drinking with D'Angelo. Robard moves toward the entrance.

INT/EXT. ROBARD'S CLUB - Night (New York)

CAMERA STARTS on D'Angelo at the bar. He looks off after Robard. There is little concern in his face, but as he watches, curiosity grows. He strolls out after the proprietor. CAMERA TRACKS with him as D'Angelo comes to join the little mob of two or three people on the sidewalk. PANNING, THE CAMERA now SHOOTs TOWARDS 2nd Avenue. Beyond the bridge we can see the Police Car. Kello and Murphy are beside one of the open doors (into which Steve has been carried). Murphy turns back, walks a few paces across the sidewalk and picks up Steve's music case, which he carries back to the Squad Car. He gets in and the car drives off.

BOUNCER

Hey, Robard, somebody just picked up
one of your boys.

ROBARD

What sa -- Wha --

133 REVERSE ANGLE

B

D'Angelo's face shows a bewildered astonishment and dismay as he turns back to the couple of people who are talking to Robard. D'Angelo is a little befuddled with drink. He pushes towards Robard.

D'ANGELO

(dazed)

Whatsa matter, Lou?

ROBARD

(turning to D'Angelo)

I'm trying to find out myself. They
just picked up Steve.

LOITERER

(blankly)

Some fat guy...

CONTINUED

11/20/56

66.

133 CONTINUED
B

2nd LOITERER

A cop, a couple of cops.

1st LOITERER

They smeared him all over the lot.

D'ANGELO

He turns to look back towards the direction in which the Police Car has departed. He seems unable to comprehend what he has heard; but a slow and terrible fear is dawning on him...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

DIALOGUE FOR SCENE BETWEEN D'ANGELO AND SUSAN

Susan opens the door to discover Frank D'Angelo in lobby.
He speaks at once:

D'ANGELO

I'm looking for your brother. Is he home?

SUSAN

No.

(sensing the seriousness of his manner)

Mr. D'Angelo - is something wrong?

D'Angelo has no wish to become involved with the girl; he doesn't reply.

D'ANGELO

When does he usually get in, your night-owl brother?

SUSAN

Seldom before five.

(again)

What's the matter? Would you care to come in a minute?

D'Angelo backs away, shaking his head.

D'ANGELO

No...No. Thanks.

He turns back to the elevator. Susan closes the door, but slowly; she is watching D'Angelo. CAMERA MOVES WITH D'Angelo as he goes to the bell of the elevator and rings it. He remains in this position, waiting for the elevator, but now (believing himself to be alone) he leans his head against the wall and begins to weep, quietly. Surprisingly, Susan is abruptly at his elbow, she seizes him forcibly by the arm, demanding:

SUSAN

(taut)

Something's happened. To Steve.

D'Angelo, with his face contorted in grief and bitterness, can no longer refuse to answer her.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

D'ANGELO
(in a broken voice)
He's in the hospital...He's under
arrest, too...They planted reefer
cigarettes on him...in his overcoat
pocket.

Susan is becoming hysterical.

SUSAN
(wildly)
Where is he...I want to go to him...

D'Angelo recovers his self control. There is force and authority
in his voice as he insists:

D'ANGELO
Miss Hunsecker, if you see him again
they might...might kill him.

Susan is sobered by his seriousness.

SUSAN
(slowly)
Who is "they"?

D'ANGELO
Don't ask foolish questions.
(then)
Tell your brother I'm a sensible
man. He understands only two things -
power-politics and homage - tell him
I came tonight to pay homage!

174 INT. HALLWAY - HUNSECKER'S APARTMENT

The elevator door opens and Sidney steps out: He crosses to the door of the apartment, pushes the button. The bell is heard ringing inside. While he waits, Sidney produces a handkerchief, dabs his face, straightens his tie; clearly, he is trying to sober up. He goes to the bell push to ring again. Now he notices something that had escaped him before: the door is not quite shut. He pushes it open.

175 INT. HUNSECKER'S APARTMENT

From inside. Sidney hesitates, enters tentatively.

176 LONGER ANGLE

The apartment appears empty. Only one light is lit; the place is eerie.

177 RESUME SIDNEY

Sidney closes the door, goes into the main living room, CAMERA pans with him. Something chills him, he calls softly, "J.J.?"

178 ANOTHER ANGLE

Sidney walks towards the study, there is nobody there either. He goes back towards the stairs to the upper floor; in doing so he repasses the door of Susan's bedroom, sees that it is half open, goes to look in.

179 INT. BEDROOM

From Sidney's viewpoint. The bed has been slept in but is unoccupied. The room is empty. On the seat at the foot of the bed is a drawer that has been pulled out of the wardrobe; it contains a collection of miscellaneous objects, a snapshot album, letters, souvenirs, disarranged as if someone had been looking at them.

180 SIDNEY

He looks at the empty room, disturbed.

181 RESUME INT. BEDROOM

The curtains of the window onto the terrace are blowing: the

CONTINUED

181 CONTINUED

window is open. Sidney walks into shot from behind CAMERA.
He calls:

SIDNEY

Susan?

Susan steps into the room from the terrace, confronting Sidney.
She is dressed, wearing the fur coat over a skirt and blouse.
Her manner is very strange; the effect of the drugs, no doubt.

182 RESUME SIDNEY

Sidney is very uncomfortable in her presence; Susan is the
last person he wants to have conversation with.

SIDNEY

Where's J.J.?

He retreats across the threshold of the bedroom, into the
outer room.

183 RESUME SUSAN AND SIDNEY

She walks forwards.

SUSAN

He isn't here...

184 INT. LIVING ROOM

Sidney stands back to let her pass.

SIDNEY

But he called and said...

Susan comes out of the bedroom, walks past CAMERA.

SUSAN

No, I called...

He studies the girl, says nothing.

185 LONGER ANGLE

She walks listlessly across the room, moving like a somnambulist.

SUSAN

Mr. D'Angelo phoned about Steve...I
went down to the hospital, but they
wouldn't let me in. He promised to keep
in touch with me - Mr. D'Angelo, I mean...

186 RESUME SIDNEY

He watches her cautiously, not sure of how to deal with her.

SIDNEY
(carefully)
It's all over town about Dallas...
(moving towards her)
How is he?

187 SUSAN

A CLOSE UP. Susan's expression is blank; her eyes are unseeing.

SUSAN
He's...unconscious...

There is a tone of great despair in her voice. Presently, she recovers, CAMERA eases back to include Sidney beyond. She glances at him.

SUSAN
I...I gave Steve up...
(then)
Why did you and J.J. do it?

188 RESUME SIDNEY

Sidney looks at her, tensely. Her voice is so calm, so certain that Sidney finds it difficult to play-act innocence. He protests a little too loudly:

SIDNEY
Susie, if I get your meaning, you're
pitching very wild balls. What -

189 RESUME SUSAN AND SIDNEY

Susan interrupts, with a simplicity which is damaging.

SUSAN
Don't bother to lie, Sidney.
(moving away)
I don't care anymore.

190 LONGER ANGLE

Sidney decides that it is wiser not to argue. He assumes a tolerant sympathy. He moves towards her.

CONTINUED

190 CONTINUED

SIDNEY

Listen, get a good night's sleep -
tomorrow's another day. Feeling
sorry for yourself won't help.

SUSAN

(shaking her head)

I'm sorry about Steve, not myself.
I'm even sorry for my brother. To be
so lonely, without one real friend in
the world - to have to hang on to a
worthless rag of a girl like me because
she's his only real family -

SIDNEY

(moving towards her again)

Come on now, chickie, why don't you go
to bed...?

Now she turns to him.

SUSAN

And I'm sorry for you, too, Sidney.
You're going down with the ship.

SIDNEY

What ship?

She walks past him, still aimlessly wandering about the room;
then she turns back, indicates herself.

SUSAN

THIS ship.

She studies Sidney.

SUSAN

Don't you know how my brother will
see you after tonight? You'll be the
man who drove his little stainless
sister to suicide...

191 REVERSE ANGLE

Shaken, Sidney decides to ridicule the implied threat.

SIDNEY

Honey, I'll just have to smile at that.

He walks past CAMERA.

192 RESUME SUSAN

Sidney walks into shot, going past her on his way to the door.

SIDNEY
(as he goes)
It's late and I'm going home...

Susan, in foreground, remains quite still, says nothing. In background, Sidney slows down, his confidence failing him; he looks back at her.

193 SIDNEY

He can't go. Probably, she's bluffing. But he can't be certain. He is suddenly angry.

194 RESUME SUSAN AND SIDNEY

He strides back towards her.

SIDNEY
Susie, whatever problems you have with J.J. - I didn't invent them! What're you blaming me for? If you learned to let out your hatred you would be better off!

SUSAN
Like you?

SIDNEY
Yeah! Like me! I don't choke on my own gall - I fight back! Let THEM choke, not me!

SUSAN
I'm not a man, Sidney, I'm -

SIDNEY
I know that bit - you're a girl; you need a man to give you strength! So what do you pick such weak sisters for? Don't you know yet that you fight fire with fire, not with tear drops?

SUSAN
I could almost forgive you if what you did to Steve came from jealousy and love...

SIDNEY
(quickly)
I didn't do anything!

CONTINUED

194 CONTINUED

SUSAN

...but you did it for greed, Sidney -
and that's pathetic.

She moves past him. He grips her, turning her around.

SIDNEY

Don't run away - I was always the man
for you! I'm talking to you out of
two years of silence - listen to what
I say! Inside of six months -

SUSAN

(helplessly)

Please, Sidney, I can't stand this -

CAMERA HOLDS Sidney and Susan in foreground. But it is now
shooting towards the door of the apartment. A PANNING movement
has included a figure at the other end of the big room...

195 HUNSECKER

He is taking off his overcoat near the door of the apartment.
We don't know how long he has been there, how much he has over-
heard. Without appearing to be consciously spying, Hunsecker
is listening to Sidney's voice over scene.

SIDNEY

(over scene)

Listen to me, lunatic! All your
life you've been doing penance for
crimes you never committed! I could
change that, I'd teach you, I'd show
you - !

CAMERA PANS round with Hunsecker who strolls across the room,
making his presence known. Sidney breaks off, drops his hands,
releasing the girl. Susan turns towards Hunsecker. Hunsecker
lays his briefcase and papers on the table. He addresses Susan
without looking at her.

HUNSECKER

Go to bed, Susie. It's late...

Susan makes no move. Hunsecker glances at her, sees Sidney
but treats Sidney as if he were invisible.

HUNSECKER

(to Susan)

What is he doing here?

CONTINUED

195 CONTINUED

Susan walks towards Hunsecker.

SUSAN

I called him.

Sidney moves forward also.

SIDNEY

(carefully)

She was depressed - she heard about
Dallas.

Hunsecker still ignores his existence, he walks past Susan
carrying his papers to the desk. Susan turns, watching him.

HUNSECKER

("controlling" his
feelings)

That subject it might be better not
to start me on.

(angry)

He's made all the papers tonight.

Hunsecker studies the item in the paper.

196 SUSAN

She is staring at her brother. Suddenly, she is unable to
suffer his authoritative air; she goes to him; he ignores her...

197 HUNSECKER AND SUSAN

Childishly, she snatches the paper from his hand, throws it to
the floor. He looks at her. Patiently, as with a hysterical
infant, he stoops, recovers the paper.

HUNSECKER

("mildly")

Is there something you wanted to say...?

(as she does not answer,
continuing with growing
viciousness)

I've put up with a lot of your guff,
Susie, because you were a child. But
you're a woman now and I suspect,
despite my best intentions, more than
a bit of a slut...

198 SUSAN

Her head comes up sharply at the insult.

199 HUNSECKER AND SUSAN AND SIDNEY

Hunsecker glances at Sidney, clearly reminding them of the compromising situation in which they were found. Sidney moves to answer.

SIDNEY

(quickly)

J.J., if you think -

SUSAN

(cutting in)

Don't explain, Sidney...It doesn't matter now...

HUNSECKER

(continuing)

Whose arms will I have to pry you out of next? Not that I don't think you didn't invite it! I know that look of yours, that pose of being wronged - and how it arouses the crusading instinct in even a Sidney Falco -

Hunsecker's rising tide of brutality is having some effect on Susan, and Sidney, fearing for her, tries to intervene.

SIDNEY

I was trying to build her up, not tear her down -

HUNSECKER

(viciously)

Is that why you were romancing her, you mutt!

(turning back to Susan)

Let's call it quits, my dear. I'd like it fine if you found another home. That means the front door is open! Pack your things, rent a moving van and GIT!

(pacing the room)

And as for marriage, let me hit you with a few choice facts: you aren't ready for marriage! You're incompetent - a capricious and shaky frail with a sick fatality for frail and useless men!

Susan is staring sightlessly at the floor near Hunsecker's feet. After a moment she turns and moves to the door of her bedroom; her walk is a little unsteady; she goes inside, closes the door in Hunsecker's face.

200 INT. BEDROOM

With the door closed, she leans against it as if afraid of falling. She gropes for the door handle, finds the key and turns it.

201 INT. LIVING ROOM - HUNSECKER AND SIDNEY

Hunsecker is studying the closed door.

HUNSECKER

(to himself)

Another crisis past.

(walking away)

She'll be fast asleep in five minutes,
loaded with those headache pills...

202 SIDNEY

Sidney seems not to hear this remark. He is concentrated on the door; he moves hesitantly towards it, apprehensive. CAMERA includes Hunsecker in background.

HUNSECKER

Now we'll get to you, Sidney.

(turning to Sidney)

As far as the column is concerned -
tonight you have forfeited every
ethical consideration I ever felt
for you...

Much more concerned with his anxiety for Susan, Sidney interrupts.

SIDNEY

(cutting in)

Look, J.J., I'll grant you anything
you want.

(as Hunsecker is about
to interrupt)

Susie's off her rocker tonight! Go in
and see what she's doing! Go in and
talk to her quietly - unless you want
a corpse!

Sidney's conviction is impressive. But Hunsecker is unwilling to admit the danger, he continues.

HUNSECKER

(acid)

Let me finish what I started to say -

CONTINUED

202. CONTINUED

Seeing that Hunsecker is not taking his advice, Sidney strides swiftly to the door of Susan's bedroom. He knocks on it.

203. INT. BEDROOM

SHOOTING TOWARDS the door. Susan is sitting on the bed in foreground. In a methodical, hypnotic way, she is destroying the contents of the drawer, tearing letters into small fragments. Sidney's voice is heard outside: "Susie!" Susan appears not to hear it; CAMERA TRACKS closer to her. Sidney's voice is heard again, louder: "Susie!" Susan turns sharply towards the door.

203A. SUSAN

A CLOSE UP. Susan rises to her feet, staring at the door. She begins to back away from it.

203B. RESUME REVERSE ANGLE

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Susan glances down at the record player beside her. She turns the knob. We hear the clatter of a record dropping and music begins. The tune is "The Sage".

204. INT. LIVING ROOM

CLOSE SHOT of Sidney. He hears the music starting.

205. HUNSECKER

Hunsecker has come forward. But now, as he listens to the gramophone record playing in the bedroom, Hunsecker relaxes, assuming that this is a sign that Sidney's suspicions are unfounded.

HUNSECKER.

(coming forward)

What a cornball you are, Sidney...

CAMERA TRACKS to include Sidney. He does not share Hunsecker's confidence; he knocks again, calling:

SIDNEY

(anxiously)

Susie!

(in growing fear)

SUSIE!

CONTINUED

205. CONTINUED

CAMERA TRACKS closer to Sidney. As he tries the doorknob, CAMERA TILTS DOWN. Sidney's hand tries the doorknob, finds it locked, shakes it forcefully.

205A. DETAIL

From inside the bedroom. We see the doorknob rattled.

205B. RESUME SUSAN

A CLOSE UP. She realizes that Sidney means to insist. She turns away towards the blowing curtains in background.

205C. RESUME INT. LIVING ROOM

A DETAIL SHOT. Sidney's hand is still shaking the doorknob. He releases it. CAMERA PULLS BACK to a TWO SHOT of Sidney and Hunsecker as Sidney retreats from the door in apprehension. Now Hunsecker has begun to share Sidney's anxiety. He moves to the door, knocks and then pounds on it.

HUNSECKER
(with authority)
Susie, this is J.J.! Open up!

205D. SUSAN

A CLOSE UP. She comes forward past the blowing curtains. The wind whips at her hair. Over scene we hear the rumble of the traffic on Broadway far below.

205E. RESUME HUNSECKER

He is pounding on the door again. CAMERA makes a quick pan to Sidney who, in a split second, realizes that Susan may have gone out on the balcony. He turns, dashes towards the study to look out on the terrace.

206. RESUME SUSAN

She has now started to climb onto the parapet. Sidney leaps into shot, dragging her bodily off the parapet and out of shot. We hear Susan cry out, a hysterical gasp. CAMERA, looking through the windows of Susan's bedroom, sees the door fly open as Hunsecker bursts into the room. He looks swiftly around, advances towards

CONTINUED

206. CONTINUED

the open window. Exasperated by the sound of the gramophone, he switches it off; he steps out onto the terrace. CAMERA PANS with him as he turns to look back into the study where Susan's inanimate figure is sprawled on the floor, half across the low upholstered footstool. Sidney, white and shaking, is standing over her.

207. REVERSE ANGLE

CAMERA at floor level. Susan is framed in foreground. The lower half of Sidney can be seen beside her. Hunsecker is on the terrace in background. Shocked, he moves quickly into the room.

208. HUNSECKER

A CLOSE UP. He looks down at his sister. He is badly shaken. The sharp bite of terror produces a reaction of something akin to anger. But he swiftly controls it. He moves past CAMERA.

209. REVERSE ANGLE

Hunsecker stoops into shot. Tenderly, he lifts the girl's body to get it into the arm chair. Susan is quite lifeless, limp with the dead weight of a creature that has lost any instinct for self-preservation. But as she feels her brother's arms, and as she recognizes who it is, she breaks out in hysteria.

SUSAN
(wildly)
No! NO! Don't touch me!

HUNSECKER
(sharply)
Susan!...

But Susan strikes at him, a vicious gesture of revulsion. Hunsecker lets her go. She falls into the arm chair, her face hidden from him; she begins to sob.

SUSAN
(her body shaking)
Go away!...Go away!...

Hunsecker would like to comfort her, but he dare not touch her again for fear of inviting another rebuff. He is deeply hurt and wounded. Embarrassed that Sidney should watch this moment, Hunsecker rises. To cover his emotion, he walks to the tray of drinks in background; he pours a brandy and comes back. Stooping, he offers

CONTINUED

209. CONTINUED

it to Susan. Her only reaction is again to wrench herself away from him, facing the opposite direction.

SUSAN
(sobbing bitterly)
GO AWAY!

Hunsecker sets down the drink, stands up.

HUNSECKER
(in a choked voice)
Talk to her, Sidney...

SIDNEY
(hushed)
Talk to her yourself...

Over scene the telephone rings. It is ignored. While Hunsecker looks down at the girl, helplessly, the telephone continues to ring

210 - 213. OMITTED

214. SUSAN

A CLOSE UP. It is she who first becomes aware of the telephone. Her weeping has stopped now. Slowly, she raises her head. CAMERA EASES BACK to include Sidney beyond her; he notes this movement, seeing in it a revival of the girl's will to live; he is moved.

215. ANOTHER ANGLE

The telephone is framed in foreground, Susan beyond. It continues to ring. As Hunsecker crosses to his desk to pick up the instrument, CAMERA PULLS BACK. Hunsecker speaks:

HUNSECKER
Yuh...Yuh...
(he listens)
Just a minute...
(turning back to Susan)
Susie, it's Mr. D'Angelo - from the
hospital...

CONTINUED

215A. RESUME SUSAN

A CLOSE SHOT. She raises her head higher, still weakly. We see in her face a mixture of terror and hope.

216. REVERSE ANGLE

Hunsecker comes forward to set down the telephone in front of her, on the footstool. Hunsecker and Sidney watch. She reaches a hand, which is still trembling, picks up the receiver. Her voice as she speaks to the instrument is barely audible.

SUSAN

Yes...yes...yes...

Presently, she hangs up. When she becomes aware that Hunsecker and Sidney are waiting for an explanation, she tells them:

SUSAN

(speaking with difficulty)

Steve...is out of danger...

217. HUNSECKER

Hunsecker nods. He already knows this. Then:

HUNSECKER

(soberly)

That means a lot to you?

217A. SUSAN

She does not look at him, she lowers her eyes but answers with a nod. And then, more positively:

SUSAN

Yes.

218. RESUME HUNSECKER

He studies the girl. His face has hardened. He moves, beginning to pace. (And also beginning his 'manipulations'.)

HUNSECKER

But I have to warn you, Susie -
for your own sake - he'll still do
time...

CONTINUED

218. CONTINUED

CAMERA FOLLOWS Hunsecker. It now takes in Sidney who is standing beside him. Sidney has begun to stare fixedly at Hunsecker. (He is now realizing that Hunsecker, although he has been faced with this demonstration of the girl's willingness to kill herself, has still learned nothing, is still continuing in the old pattern.)

HUNSECKER

(continuing, warming to his theme)

He's a hop-head - that's a felony in New York. I can try, of course, to...

218A. SIDNEY

A CLOSE UP. Revolted, Sidney breaks in:

SIDNEY

You're unholy, J.J.! You'd rather kill this girl than let her go!

219. GROUP SHOT

Hunsecker wheels on Sidney, bellowing:

HUNSECKER

(in blind rage)

GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE!

Sidney, with equal heat, spins round to Susan, crying out before he has time to check himself:

SIDNEY

(impulsively)

Susie, YOU get out of this house! - Get out before it's too late!

220. SIDNEY

Sidney has gone too far now to pull back. Inevitably, he continues. During the speech, CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Susan and then Hunsecker.

CONTINUED

220. CONTINUED

SIDNEY
(with sincerity)
Listen with care - this will cost
me everything, so you know I'm telling
you the truth!

HUNSECKER
(trying to stop him)
You're incapable of the truth...

SIDNEY
(who will not be
stopped)
Susie, there's nothing wrong with
Dallas!

(turning toward
Hunsecker)
Your brother and I arranged it all.
And if the Leslie boy is still a
squooshy item in your life, forget
it! - your brother arranged that
one, too! I don't usually give away
presents; but this is my gift to you:
Get out of here! Leave this man!

During the latter part of the speech, Susan rises slowly to
her feet, staring first at Sidney and then, with fearful
significance, at her brother. Hunsecker does not look at her;
he is concentrated on Sidney. Twice he has been about to demolish
Sidney, but he now stops, A THOUGHT IN HIS HEAD.

221. HUNSECKER

He is perfectly controlled, smiling.

HUNSECKER
Like most Italians, Sidney's got a
big gift for dramatics. I, however,
prefer the cool and stubborn facts.
Sidney has not appeared in my column
in weeks - check that fact with Mary.
That leads right to another fact:
Sidney had nothing to lose tonight!
To the contrary, dear - ONLY HIS OBVIOUS
GREED TO BEAT HIS WAY BACK INTO THE
COLUMN EXPLAINS HIS ACCUSATIONS AGAINST
ME! In brief, BLACKMAIL!

Hunsecker pauses impressively.

222. GROUP SHOT

Framing Hunsecker in foreground, Susan and Sidney beyond. Susan listens to Hunsecker objectively, with a mounting sense of his diseased reasoning.

HUNSECKER

(continuing)

Mind you, not that one true fact didn't come out of Sidney's mouth tonight: self-admittedly, he committed a vicious crime of jealousy against Steve Dallas!

(pausing)

Now we have to clear Dallas, don't we?... But I'll have to sacrifice him...

(he indicates Sidney)

...to do it.

(turning to Susan)

Am I doing right?

223. SUSAN

She is looking at Hunsecker.

HUNSECKER'S VOICE

(over scene)

Yes or no, Susie....?

Slowly, Susan nods.

224. REVERSE ANGLE

SHOOTING ACROSS Susan onto Hunsecker. Hunsecker turns away from her and walks to the telephone. He picks it up and begins to speak. While the scene continues, we hear his voice off screen, speaking to the phone, saying: "This is J.J. Hunsecker. I want you to get a message through to Lieutenant Kello. Ask him to ring me back. It's urgent." Susan backs slowly away from Hunsecker. Then she turns into CAMERA, which TRACKS with her and includes Sidney. Susan looks at Sidney and then, ashamed, avoids his eye. But Sidney comes nearer to her. Susan is deeply distressed.

SUSAN

(very quietly)

He's sick.

She looks again at Sidney. Deliberately, Sidney nods. Susan walks toward her bedroom.

CONTINUED

225. INT. BEDROOM

Susan comes into the room, finding shelter from the revelation which has so appalled her. Inexorably Sidney follows her. He comes across the threshold, closes the door.

SIDNEY

(quietly)

Yes, he's sick and you're the only idiot alive who didn't know it.

A pause. Sidney moves closer to her.

SIDNEY

But what are you going to do?

There are some tears of pity in Susan's eyes. Once more she moves away from Sidney. Sidney senses that her compassion for Hunsecker might easily lead her once again to slip back into the trap. He insists:

SIDNEY

(with emphasis)

You don't owe your brother a cup of water!

Another pause. Sidney again repeats:

SIDNEY

What are you going to do?

She moves away from Sidney, CAMERA following her. After a moment, she answers:

SUSAN

Go to Steve.

226. SIDNEY

Sidney is moved, having done his solitary act of chivalry. To hide his feelings, he is harsh:

SIDNEY

(sharply)

For Pete's sake, straighten out the seams of your stockings - comb your hair - don't be so helpless all the time!

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Susan. From the other room, we hear the telephone ring. Sidney turns and goes quickly out. After a moment, Susan looks back at the door through which Sidney has disappeared.

227. INT. LIVING ROOM

Hunsecker is framed in foreground, speaking into the telephone. Sidney is in background, outside the door of Susan's bedroom. Hunsecker is fully aware of Sidney's presence, as he says:

HUNSECKER

(to phone)

No, he's admitted that, Harry. My kid sister's a witness.

228. SIDNEY

A CLOSE SHOT. He watches Hunsecker with a curious detachment. Producing a cigarette, he lights it and then looks up towards Hunsecker.

HUNSECKER'S VOICE

(over scene)

No, he admits he planted the stuff on the Dallas boy...

229. RESUME HUNSECKER AND SIDNEY

Hunsecker framed in foreground, Sidney beyond. Hunsecker has at the same time been tapping a cigarette on the desk. Sidney walks across to Hunsecker, offers the lighted match.

230. HUNSECKER - REVERSE ANGLE

As he accepts the light he continues speaking to the phone:

HUNSECKER

Yeah...jealousy.

231. RESUME HUNSECKER AND SIDNEY

Sidney turns on his heel, walking out of the apartment.

HUNSECKER

(continuing)

...He's been trying to make my sister behind my back.

232. CAFE ON BROADWAY

Kello is in a phone booth.

CONTINUED

232. CONTINUED

KELLO

(to phone)

Oh, that's serious, J.J. Real reprehensible...

Kello leans out of the booth into the cafe signalling through the window to the street outside where the squad car pulls ahead to a position ready for him outside the door.

KELLO

(to phone)

Don't worry, I'll get there. I'm on Broadway now.

Kello hangs up. Hurries out. We see him get into the squad car which rapidly accelerates.

233. INT. HUNSECKER'S LIVING ROOM

Hunsecker has hung up. He stares at the telephone for a moment. Then he moves towards Susan's door, CAMERA TRACKING with him. He comes to the threshold, looks at Susan who is standing in much the same position in which Sidney left her.

234. SUSAN

Unaware that her brother is watching her, she picks up the fur coat on the bed. (She is about to start packing her belongings.) She turns as she hears Hunsecker speak.

HUNSECKER

(over scene)

That's a pretty coat.

235. REVERSE ANGLE

SHOOTING ACROSS Susan, towards Hunsecker. Hunsecker comes into the room.

HUNSECKER

(continuing)

- but it's about time you had a new one.

Susan turns squarely to face him.

236. RESUME SUSAN

She braces herself to tell him:

SUSAN
(soberly)
I'm leaving J.J.

237. RESUME REVERSE ANGLE

He does not sense any danger in the seriousness of her tone (or, if he does, refuses to recognize it.)

HUNSECKER
(with a faint scoff)
Don't kid a kidder. I'll see you for
breakfast around eleven.

Without waiting for a response, Hunsecker goes out, closing the door. Susan stares at it for a moment. Then she moves to get a small suitcase which she lays on the bed.

238. TERRACE

Hunsecker opens the windows onto the terrace, comes out and looks over the parapet, (looking to see how far Sidney has got, hoping to see Kello's squad car.)

239. RESUME SUSAN

She completes her simple packing, closing the suitcase. With a gesture that is obviously automatic, she starts to put on the fur coat; then she halts, realizing what she is doing. She pauses; CAMERA MOVES CLOSER. Now, deliberately she throws the coat back on the bed. CAMERA PANS down with the gesture. She looks down at the coat, the discarded symbol of her dependence upon her brother. CAMERA PULLS BACK again as she takes a quick look round, then goes to take a duffle coat from the wardrobe. She throws this over her arm, picks up the suitcase, goes to the door.

240. INT. LIVING ROOM

Susan comes out of the door. She moves with a sober determination, expecting to find Hunsecker in the room. CAMERA TRACKS with her. But then she realizes that Hunsecker has gone out on the terrace. She takes a step or two towards him, then pauses.

241. HUNSECKER

From Susan's viewpoint, SHOOTING through the big glass windows. Hunsecker is at the parapet. He is impatiently looking down into Broadway.

242. SUSAN

A CLOSE UP. She now realizes that there is no point in saying goodbye to him: she has already told him that she is leaving and, if she becomes involved in further argument with him, it can do no good. Yet there is some emotion on her face as she takes a last look at her brother; she turns away.

243. HUNSECKER

Framing him in foreground at the parapet. Susan can be seen through the windows before she disappears to the door. Hunsecker reacts as he catches sight of a vehicle on Broadway below...

244. EXT. BROADWAY

The squad car comes down Broadway at speed.

245. EXT. DUFFY'S SQUARE

Sidney is walking across the square. The squad car appears in foreground; it pauses hardly at all as Kello slips out of it, and starts to move after Sidney. Then the car accelerates round Duffy Square to cut Sidney off on the other side.

246. SIDNEY - (PROCESS)

Sidney comes up towards CAMERA. Seeing something ahead, he halts.

247. SQUAD CAR

From Sidney's viewpoint. The car breaks to a stop. It's door opens and a detective gets out slowly. It is Phil.

248. RESUME SIDNEY

Sidney is framed in foreground, the squad car beyond. Sidney knows what this means. He starts to speak before he turns to look over his shoulder.

SIDNEY

Hello, Harry...

249. REVERSE ANGLE - (PROCESS)

Kello, moving silently up behind Sidney, slows down, amused at Sidney's prescience.

KELLO

Hi!

(coming to join
Sidney)

I just been on the phone to J.J.

Kello's manner is almost affectionate. He shakes his head, admonishing Sidney.

KELLO

(mildly)

You been a bad boy, Sidney. J.J.'s
going to write about you in his
column tomorrow.

250. REVERSE ANGLE

SHOOTING ACROSS Kello onto Sidney. Sidney's smile is tired.

SIDNEY

I thought he would.

KELLO

Yeah...

(then)

And another thing - he's gonna say
you 'resisted arrest'...

(as Sidney nods)

You know J.J....!

Sidney turns away to look back towards Phil. Then, taking Kello totally by surprise, he wheels, striking the cop viciously across the mouth.

251. KELLO - (PROCESS)

Kello's head jerks back. Recovering at once, he guffaws, lurches into CAMERA with a sudden vicious movement. There is a sharp guttural cry over scene.

252. LONGER ANGLE

Phil runs forward towards the figures of Sidney and Kello seen beyond him. In doing so, he blocks the view so that we do not clearly see the violence with which Kello strikes Sidney down. Phil in foreground, is seen to relax. When he moves aside, clearing the view, Sidney is writhing on the ground at Kello's feet.

253. CLOSER ANGLE

Kello wipes his knuckles on his handkerchief. He signals to Phil to help lift the body at his feet. Phil enters shot and they raise Sidney, half carrying, half dragging him out of shot.

254. LONG SHOT

The cops carry the figure of Sidney Falco across Duffy Square; they bundle him into the police car. The pigeons in the square, circle.

255. HUNSECKER'S TERRACE - (PROCESS)

CAMERA LOOKS down towards Duffy Square in the distance. The police car can be seen moving off, circling the square and disappearing southward on Broadway. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Hunsecker in foreground.

256. HUNSECKER

A CLOSE SHOT, SHOOTING sharply upward at Hunsecker. He looks down, quite impassively, and there is a slightly insane grandeur, a para-noic superiority in the way that he turns back, dismissing Sidney from his thoughts.

257. INT. LIVING ROOM

CAMERA SHOOTs towards the closed door of Susan's room. Hunsecker walks into the shot, stops before the door. He begins to take off his tie and unbutton his shirt, clearly preparing to go to bed. As an after-thought, he comes back to the door, addresses it:

HUNSECKER
(gently)
Susie?
(getting no answer)
Are you in bed...?

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER. It is at a low level, still emphasizing the man's dignity. He strolls for a few paces.

HUNSECKER
(continuing)
I don't have to tell you, of course,
that I cleared your boyfriend's name;
I didn't let you down...

CAMERA has now moved so that we are shooting past Hunsecker onto Susan's door. He gets no answer except silence.

258. HUNSECKER

A CLOSE SHOT, REVERSE ANGLE. We now see in his face a flicker of fear. With what is clearly an effort, he reassumes a confident manner.

HUNSECKER

...I was saving this news for breakfast, but I think I'll jump the gun!
I'M GONNA GIVE YOU AND DALLAS THE
BIGGEST WEDDING THIS TOWN HAS EVER
SEEN!

Still no answer from inside the bedroom. Hunsecker's forced expression remains unnaturally fixed upon his face. He calls out:

HUNSECKER

Susie...?

259. INT. BEDROOM

The room is quite empty. CAMERA SHOOTs across the bed towards the door in background. Susan's discarded fur coat lies on the bed. And the doors of the wardrobe are open. Hunsecker's voice can be heard continuing over scene:

HUNSECKER'S VOICE

(outside)

I'm getting the Mayor to perform the ceremony and - NO, I think I'll fly the Governor down from Albany...

(a pause)

Do you hear...?

A pause. Then, very tentatively, the bedroom door is opened.

HUNSECKER'S VOICE

(outside)

Are you listening...?

Now he opens the door and comes in.

260. HUNSECKER

A BIG CLOSE UP. The sight of the empty room freezes his face for a moment. His eyes look round.

261. INT. BEDROOM

From Hunsecker's viewpoint. A PANNING SHOT, from the open door of the cupboard to the fur coat. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Hunsecker. He steps to the bed, picks up the coat.

262. REVERSE ANGLE

There is a dazed, incredulous look on his face. But, as he glances over his shoulder, CAMERA ZOOMS PAST him towards a little door in the wall behind him: It is ajar, showing a couple of inches of light.

263. RESUME HUNSECKER

Once again Hunsecker reassures himself that Susan must be behind the door. But his voice is even more false as he declares:

HUNSECKER
(a note of anger
appearing in his voice)
Susie!...You won't threaten me!...
Nobody walks out on J.J. Hunsecker!

CAMERA NOW MOVES CLOSER and closer to Hunsecker. The ANGLE is a weird one, tilting grotesquely upward.

HUNSECKER
(continuing)
You need me - you all need me!...

Hunsecker, his fists clenching fiercely at the fur coat, walks towards the door. CAMERA PANS with him. He stands a few inches from the narrow opening. He seems about to push the door open further, but is afraid to do so.

(Note - This shot to be the subject of discussion after the scene is assembled; it may be possible to do without it.)

264. INT. BATHROOM

CAMERA SHOOTS ACROSS the bathtub, showing enough of the tiny room to make it clear that it, too, is completely empty. Through the slit in the door, we can see only a glimpse of the movement of Hunsecker outside. Hunsecker's voice continues:

HUNSECKER'S VOICE
"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not
want".
(a sneering laugh)
That's bunk in a book! I'm the Shepherd
of millions of little men and women!...

265. INT. BEDROOM

A DOWNWARD ANGLE, SHOOTING past Hunsecker to the door. As Hunsecker retreats from the door, he is still clutching the fur coat. He stands alone in the middle of the room and his gestures are a little wild. CAMERA rises higher to shoot down at Hunsecker, alone in the little room.

CONTINUED

265. CONTINUED

HUNSECKER

(continuing)

...I don't ask them to get on their knees, but they come to me for advice and guidance! Who are you to reject me!

With an increasingly eccentric manner, Hunsecker strides out of the bedroom door into the living room again.

266. INT. LIVING ROOM

A similar ANGLE, SHOOTING down on Hunsecker as he comes out of the the bedroom. But as he starts to roam the vast room, CAMERA rises higher still, pulling backwards and upwards to a LONG SHOT which holds the entirety of the big room in all its ugliness.

HUNSECKER

(continuing)

What makes YOU fit to sit in judgment on a man like me. Only a great person understands another great person, and that leaves you out!

Hunsecker is now addressing the whole of the apartment, no longer pretending even to himself, that the girl is still listening. He moves off towards the windows to the terrace where the curtains are now blowing in the morning wind. He goes out towards the terrace, his voice becoming more distant - a man shouting empty nonsense, addressing no one.

HUNSECKER

(continuing)

- That leaves you ALL out! You're pigmies! You're all sick, weak midgets! I'm proud to be alone!...

267. EXT. BROADWAY

CAMERA SHOOTS STEEPLY UP towards the top of the Brill Bldg. (At this angle Hunsecker's terrace will not be visible but its position is established in relationship to the Budweiser sign.) CAMERA PANS DOWN to pick up the figure of Susan Hunsecker as she pushes her way out of the brass doors onto Broadway.

268. CLOSER ANGLE

Susan pauses on the sidewalk. She stays there for a moment. She breathes in the fresh morning air, looking around with the expression of someone who sees the world with new eyes. Then she starts up Broadway - away from the Times Square area. The girl's step has a purpose in it; she has confidence and courage. Music for the end titles is quiet, simple and lyrical.

END OF PICTURE

REVISED ENDING:

126 REVERSE ANGLE

CAMERA SHOOTs toward 2nd Avenue. The Police Car slows down again at the curb and Murph gets out of it, turning to face Steve.

RESUME 125

Steve, seeing the man ahead of him, notes something slightly menacing in his manner and slows down in his walk. Then, instinctively, he realizes that there is a second man behind him, turns to look at Kello. Kello approaches.

KELLO

Hey, fella!...

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER and CLOSER on Steve. In his face we see a growing sense of something wrong...

127 INT. ROBARD'S CLUB (Studio)

A JUMP CUT. Loud noise, Chico Hamilton on the drums...

DISSOLVE TO:

16 INT. BAR OF TOOTS SHOR'S RESTAURANT - LATER

Sidney is at the bar, surrounded by drinkers. Their voices, and his, suggest high spirits, celebration. A CAPTAIN is approaching.

DRINKER

I propose a toast! Whaddaya say, huh?

SIDNEY

(to bartender)

Three scotches, one vodka and orange juice, and give him an old fashioned...

CAPTAIN

(taps Sidney)

Sidney...Sidney, there's a phone call for you.

SIDNEY

(turns to him)

Lou, I told you, I'm not taking any calls. I don't care who calls, no calls...

The Captain goes off.

DRINKER

I still wanna make a toast!

SIDNEY

(getting a drink from the bartender)

I'm buying the booze, so I'm making the toast...

(turns, raises his glass)

Here's to the thing we always dream about. It makes you cool in the summertime, it keeps you hot in the wintertime, it gets you good cooking...

HERBIE TEMPLE is approaching the bar.

DRINKER

Hey, how ya been?

TEMPLE

Sidney!

INT. HALLWAY - HUNSECKER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The elevator door opens and Sidney steps out. He crosses to the door of the apartment, presses the buzzer. No response. Now he notices something that had escaped him before: the door is not quite shut. He pushes it open, goes inside.

INT. HUNSECKER'S APARTMENT

The apartment appears empty. Only one light is lit; the place is eerie. Sidney goes into the main living room, CAMERA panning with him. Something chills him. He calls softly: "J.J.?" He goes to the study, sees nobody there, keeps wandering until he comes to the half open door to Susan's bedroom. He pushes the door open tentatively, looks in.

INT. BEDROOM

The bed has been slept in, but is unoccupied. The room is empty. The curtains of the open window onto the terrace are blowing. Sidney appears disturbed.

EXT. TERRACE

Susan is out on the terrace, at the parapet, looking down. She is half-undressed, wearing only a slip under the fur coat draped over her shoulders. She is in deep distress.

INT. BEDROOM

Sidney goes into the room, calls out a tentative: "Susie?" Now he sees her on the terrace, is dismayed, steps back as she comes into the room.

SIDNEY

(nervously)

What are you doing out there at this time of the night?

(he retreats outside the room as she comes towards him)

Uh...the door was open. Where's J.J.?

SUSAN

(in a dead voice, standing in the bedroom doorway)

He isn't here...

SIDNEY

Well, I got a message to come over.

SUSAN

Did you?

SIDNEY

(uneasily)

Well, well...if he isn't here I...

SUSAN

Mr. D'Angelo phoned...

SIDNEY

Yeah?

SUSAN

About Steve...

(voice breaking)

I went down...down...down to
the hospital, but they wouldn't
let me in.

SIDNEY

(cautiously)

It's all about town about Dallas?
How is he?

INT. OUTER ROOM

Susan comes forward out of the bedroom, moving like
a somnambulist, her voice filled with despair.

SUSAN

They wouldn't let me in...
But I gave Steve up. Why did
you and J.J. do it?

Sidney looks at her tensely, protests a little too
loudly.

SIDNEY

What are you talking about?
Who gives you the right to
talk like that?

SUSAN

(with damaging
simplicity)

Don't bother to lie, Sidney
I don't care anymore.

Sidney puts on an air of tolerant sympathy, moves towards her.

SIDNEY

Look, Susie, you're very upset so I'm not gonna argue with you. Feeling sorry for yourself is not gonna help. Why don't you go to bed and get a good night's sleep, huh?

SUSAN

I'm sorry about Steve, not myself. I'm sorry about my brother...

(she faces him)

And I'm sorry about you, too, Sidney...Because you're going down with the ship...

SIDNEY

What ship?

SUSAN

(indicating herself)

THIS ship. Don't you know how my brother is going to see you after tonight? You're going to be the man who drove his beloved little sister to suicide...

Shaken, Sidney forces a laugh. Probably she's bluffing. But he can't be certain. He tries to banish the threat from his mind with ridicule.

SIDNEY

You know, Susie, I've heard this woman-talk before. Why don't you start growing up, huh? Start thinking with your head instead of your hips...

(goes to the bar, pours himself a drink)

By the way, I got nothing against women thinking with their hips, that's their nature. Just like it's a man's nature to go out and hustle and get the things he wants...

Susan's continued silence is getting to him. Anger creeps into his voice.

SIDNEY

Susie, look at yourself. You're nineteen years old, just a kid, and you're falling apart at the seams. You tiptoe around on those bird legs of yours, nervous and incompetent, with a fatality for doing wrong, picking wrong, and giving up even before you start a fight...

Susan breaks, rushes into her bedroom, closes the door and locks it against Sidney's attempt to push his way in.

SIDNEY

(at the door)

Wait a minute. It's the truth
and the truth hurts...

He walks away, sets his glass down, talks loudly towards the closed door, trying to banish his growing anxiety.

SIDNEY

Come around some night when I'm
not writing your brother's
column and I'll revise that
delicate outlook of life....To
give credit where credit is due,
Susie, that body of yours deserves
a better fate than tumbling off
some terrace...

SUSAN IN BEDROOM

She has taken off the fur coat, is wearing only her slip.

SIDNEY OUTSIDE OF CLOSED DOOR

SIDNEY

Susie, a bed is the best friend
a girl ever had. Pleasant dreams...

(puts his ear to the
door, hears nothing)

Hey, now, don't be no square,
don't do anything stupid...

(knocks on the door,
rattles the knob)

Susie?

Alarmed, he rushes towards another entrance to the terrace.

EXT. TERRACE

Susan is moving swiftly from the bedroom across the terrace to the parapet to throw herself off. Sidney dashes onto the terrace and seizes her just as she is about to go over the edge.

SIDNEY

Susie!...

She fights to go over. They struggle, and finally he overcomes her, and drags her back into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM

Susan is on the floor. Sidney is gasping for breath.

SIDNEY

Are you crazy? Are you outta
your mind?

He reaches down, pulls her up to a standing position. She cries out, pushes him away, falls across the bed, sobbing. He looks down at her desperately.

SIDNEY

What do you think your brother
would say if I told him you
tried a thing like that?

He goes to the bedroom door, opens it halfway,
saying:

SIDNEY

I'll get you a drink...

SUSAN

(cries)

Oh, go away!

Sidney pauses, noticing the open door to the terrace. Quickly he goes over to it, closes it, and approaches the bed.

SIDNEY

(soothingly)

Susie, look, I'm sorry...

SHOOTING THROUGH THE OPEN BEDROOM DOOR, WE SEE HUNSECKER, JUST ARRIVED, TAKING OFF HIS HAT, APPROACHING THE SOUND OF VOICES IN THE BEDROOM:

SIDNEY'S VOICE

...If I said anything...Or
did anything to hurt you...

SUSAN'S VOICE

(an angry cry)

Get out of here!

Sidney is bending over Susan, saying: "I did it--"
He stops, straightens up as he sees Hunsecker coming in. Hunsecker approaches the bed.

HUNSECKER

It's all right, Susie. I'm here.
(sits down on the
bed, pats her)
Take it easy, dear.

SIDNEY

(trying to explain)
J.J., Susie wasn't --

HUNSECKER

Calm yourself, dear. Now don't
worry.

OUTER ROOM AND BEDROOM

Nervously, Sidney walks out of the bedroom, pauses outside the open doorway. Inside the bedroom, Hunsecker rises, gets Susie's robe and helps her into it.

HUNSECKER

Put this on, Susan.

He comes out of the bedroom, glances briefly at Sidney as he takes off his topcoat.

SIDNEY

(carefully)

J.J., it's lucky I came right
over after I got your message.
I got here as quickly as I could,
but...

HUNSECKER

(turns to him)

What message?

(Sidney is speechless)

Well, what message?

SIDNEY

(trying to recover)

Well, be that as it may, someone
called me...(looks off, sees Susan
getting to her feet)It's just lucky I got your message
and came over here in time...

HUNSECKER

(sharply)

Why?

SIDNEY

J.J., Susie was so depressed she
tried to kill herself.

HUNSECKER

(icily)

Depressed? About what?

SIDNEY

Because she heard the news about
Dallas...

Within the bedroom, Susan is seen coming closer to
the doorway, listening.

HUNSECKER

What news about Dallas?

Sidney is taken aback, becomes aware of Susan's
presence, recovers.

SIDNEY

Oh, uh, I took it for granted,
J.J., that you heard about it
around town. You're not gonna
like this but they picked him
up on a marijuana rap.

HUNSECKER

(with sudden menace)

And is that why you put your
hands on my sister?

Stunned, Sidney backs away INTO THE BEDROOM as Hunsecker slowly comes in after him.

SIDNEY

J.J, please...Susie tried to throw herself off the terrace...

(goes to the terrace door, but it's closed)

Susie, tell him the truth!

(Hunsecker looks at her. She stays silent)

TELL HIM!

(Hunsecker moves at him)

J.J., please, look, I can explain!...

(Hunsecker strikes him savagely)

J.J.!...

Hunsecker smashes Sidney in the face again and again with violent fury as Susan looks on, horrified. She finally grabs Hunsecker's arm.

SUSAN

Stop!...Stop!...Stop!...

SIDNEY

(blurts it out)

You're defending your sister, you big phony! Didn't you tell me to get Kello? Didn't you --

He stops short, suddenly realizing what he has just said in Susan's presence. Her expression freezes. Hunsecker's face becomes a mask. There is a long, dreadful silence. Then Hunsecker steps back to Susan's side, speaks quietly.

HUNSECKER

Susie, just as I know he's lying about your attempted suicide, you know he's lying about me. But we can't leave it like this, can we...

(he starts out of the bedroom)

I suggest you go to bed, dear.

INT. LIVING-ROOM

Hunsecker comes out of the bedroom, goes quickly to the telephone, picks it up and starts to dial a number.

IN THE BEDROOM

Sidney looks at Susan.

SIDNEY

You're growing up....

(starts away)

Cute.

He comes out of the bedroom, looks off towards Hunsecker at the phone. Within the bedroom, Susan can be seen beginning preparations to leave.

HUNSECKER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Sergeant? This is J.J. Hunsecker.

Let me talk to Lieutenant Kello...

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Sidney hurries towards the front door as:

HUNSECKER

(at phone)

Hello, Harry? I'm sorry to bother you, kid, but a bad mistake has been made...

SIDNEY

(turns)

J.J., you've got such contempt for people it makes you stupid!

(Hunsecker looks

at him)

You didn't beat those kids! You
You lost her! You'll never get
her back!

HUNSECKER

(to phone)

Harry, Sidney Falco planted that
stuff on Dallas...Jealousy...
Behind my back he was trying to
make my sister...

SIDNEY

(at the open front door)
That fat cop can break my bones,
but he'll never stop me from
telling what I know!

THE FOYER

Sidney hurries out to the elevator, presses the down button.

INT. LIVING ROOM

HUNSECKER

(at phone)

He's leaving right now.

He hangs up, SEES Susan emerging from the bedroom. She is dressed in a suit and hat, carries a small suitcase.

HUNSECKER

Where do you think you're
going?

Susan looks at him, starts away. He goes around her, blocks her path.

SUSAN

(quietly)

I'm leaving. I'm going to
Steve.

She goes past him to the front door. He hurries after her.

HUNSECKER

No you're not. You're going
into the hands of a good
psychoanalyst. You tried to
kill yourself tonight.

SUSAN

(turns, looks at him)

Yes...I'd rather be dead than
living with you.

Hunsecker stares at her. She goes to the door, opens it. He moves to her side.

SUSAN

For all the things you've
done, J.J., I know I should
hate you...

(she looks at him)

But I don't. I pity you.

She walks out. He stands with head bowed, at the
half open door. We see her step into the elevator.

EXT. DUFFY SQUARE - NIGHT

In a HIGH ANGLE LONG SHOT, Sidney is seen moving
across the square, away from CAMERA. A police
squad car pulls up in f.g. long enough for HARRY
KELLO to get out, then speeds out of the shot to
go around and cut off Sidney on the other side,
as Kello follows him.

SIDNEY

Comes up towards CAMERA, SEES something ahead,
comes to a wary halt.

SQUAD CAR

Braking to a stop, door swinging open.

SIDNEY

Backs away, turns, looks behind him.

HARRY KELLO

Smiles slightly as he closes in on Sidney.

SIDNEY

Reacts with dismay.

BESIDE THE SQUAD CAR

ANOTHER DETECTIVE is moving into position.

LOW ANGLE LONG SHOT - THE SQUARE

Shooting past the back of the detective, we HEAR the
CRACK of KELLO'S FISTS on Sidney's jaw, then, as the
detective in f.g. moves aside, we SEE Kello beyond,
wiping his knuckles with a handkerchief as he stands
over Sidney's writhing body on the sidewalk. Kello
gestures to the other detective.

CLOSER ANGLE

Kello finishes wiping his hands, puts the handkerchief in his pocket, leans down over his victim, is joined by the other detective, and together they start to carry the limp form away.

LONG SHOT

The two cops drag Sidney Falco's body across Duffy Square as pigeons circle overhead.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO HUNSECKER'S BUILDING

Susan comes out of the entrance onto Broadway, her small suitcase in hand. She pauses on the sidewalk for a moment, glancing about. The sky is growing brighter.

EXT. HUNSECKER'S TERRACE

Hunsecker comes out onto the terrace, moves forward to the parapet and looks off, with anguish on his face.

EXT. BROADWAY

Susan moves into a patch of early morning sunlight, then walks away towards a new day.

THE END