

LOEW'S INC. STATED. No one is
authorized to dispose of same.

PLEASE DO NOT LOAN OR DESTROY THIS
SCRIPT. RETURN TO SCRIPT DEPARTMENT.

NOTE:

PLEASE RETURN TO SCRIPT DEPARTMENT



10-12-49

Culver City, Calif. No. 134

Please see
inside of
cover for
changes and
additions.

THE ASPHALT JUNGLE

Okayed by
Mr. Hornblow

Director:
John Huston

From:
Ben Maddow
John Huston

10-12-49

INTER-OFFICE COMMUNICATION



To _____
 Subject THE ASPHALT JUNGLE - NAME CHANGES
 From Mr. Hornblow Date 11-3-49

Please note the following name change in the OK Script dated 10-12-49:

"DOC" RIEMENSCHNEIDER has been changed to "DOC" RIEDENSCHNEIDER
 LIEUTENANT DIETRICH has been changed to LIEUTENANT DITRICH
 GUS MINISI has been changed to GUS MINISSI
 LOUIS BELLINI has been changed to LOUIS CIAVELLI
 MARIA BELLINI has been changed to MARIA CIAVELLI
 WILLIAM GOLDY has been changed to WILLIAM DOLDY
 ANGELA FINLAY has been changed to ANGELA
 HOWARD MAXWELL has been changed to MAXWELL
 PELLETIER has been changed to BELLETIER

SUMMARY:

ASPHALT JUNGLE

No. 1

(Script dated: 10-12-49)

Due to the excessive expense of re-running entire script merely in order to obtain consecutive page numbers, the script with its changes will not be re-run, but herewith in front and back of the script, you will find a summary of the total number of pages in the script.

10-12-49

Total number of pages in script
including revisions to date, and
based on 63 lines per page: 131

Script completed: 10-12-49

THE
ASPHALT JUNGLE

FADE IN:

LONG SHOT - CITY STREET IN A POOR
NEIGHBORHOOD - EXT. - NIGHT

1

in a vast, sprawling Midwestern city. Far down the street, almost at the end of the vista, a police car, cruising at ten miles per hour, creeps slowly toward the CAMERA. The occupants are not yet visible, but we are aware of voices distorted through a radio speaker, official voices often overlapping, in which pieces of words and numbers are sometimes distinguishable. The car continues to move, keeping close to the curb. The asphalt road, the cement sidewalks, the dark store windows and brick sides of the four or five-story tenements, are now all the same color and texture: wet, black and shiny. For a fine rain has been falling all day and all evening.

Still moving slowly and steadily toward the CAMERA, its radio a little louder, though not any clearer, is the police prowler car. It is close enough now to see two officers in the front seat.

MEDIUM TRUCKING SHOT - CITY STREET - ANGLE
AS IF FROM THE POLICE CAR

2

The dark store fronts swing around, the corner is slowly turned, the new vista is spotted now with the neon invitations of a dozen bars. As they drive slowly by, the music - rhumba and hill-billy, drowns out for a moment the official voices of the police radio.

MEDIUM SHOT - CITY STREET

3

PANNING with the police car as it comes to the end of the block, enters a short vehicular tunnel, an archway lined with porcelain brick.

MEDIUM TRUCKING SHOT - INSIDE VEHICULAR
TUNNEL - ANGLE AS IF FROM THE POLICE CAR

4

An elderly man with a stooped walk is approached and overtaken by another much younger and better-dressed man. He walks alongside him and there is an urgent, whispered offer - it is impossible to tell of what - but the elderly man shakes his head and the younger man abandons his customer and turning his face away from the invisible, slowly moving police car, scratches a light on the porcelain brick.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT - CITY STREET - AS THE
POLICE CAR

5

emerges from the short tunnel, its radio speaker still muttering methodically.

MEDIUM TRUCKING SHOT - CITY STREET - ANGLE
AS IF FROM THE POLICE CAR

6

which is passing through a street of rooming houses, whose outer doors open directly on the level of the sidewalk. Most are shut and dark, but in one there is the shadow of a couple, the man a little drunk and trying his fist on the smudged glass of the door, the woman raising both hands to restrain him. More silent houses, then, a little farther along, a door is flung open and a young woman bursts out into the street. One shoe is broken and torn. She has no hat, and she is crying, as much out of anger as anything else. Her face comes quite close by the CAMERA, and she pulls at the white satin scarf around her neck as if it were choking her.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT - CITY STREET - AS THE
POLICE CAR

7

its radio still going, turns another corner and descends a narrow cobblestone street toward the river.

10-12-49 P.3

8 OUT

MED. LONG SHOT - CITY STREET

9

as the police car crawls along the river front, moving toward the mass of a black bridge outlined with cords of light. The radio VOICES continue.

MED. TRUCKING SHOT - ANGLE AS IF FROM THE POLICE CAR - PAST A CEMENT PARAPET AND TOWARD THE RIVER

10

The sleek, oily, black surface, rippled by the wind, carries along something yellowish white and indistinguishable. The object floats closer and downstream into the reflection of light from the bridge. It's clear for a moment before it passes back into the shadow - it's only a crate from the long wholesale piers at the edge of the city.

MED. SHOT - STREET ALONG THE RIVER FRONT

11

CAMERA PANNING with police car. The radio voice is silent for a moment, then reports much more closely and, therefore, more clearly.

Police Radio Operator (o.s.)
Attention 71A - a holdup, Hotel de Paris, Camden Square - repeat, holdup, Hotel de Paris -

The police car turns, spurts forward and up a short hill away from the river.

MEDIUM TRUCKING SHOT - A NARROW CITY STREET SEEN THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF THE POLICE CAR

12

The street is lined with the closed iron doors of silent warehouses. After two short blocks, taken with increasing speed, the street ends in a squalid triangle with a single area of light: the open stairway to the Hotel de Paris. (The sign above the entrance reads: \$1.00 WITH RUNNING WATER.) The police car races toward the hotel.

DISSOLVE TO:

MEDIUM SHOT - CITY STREET - EXT. - NIGHT

13

CAMERA PANS RIGHT TO FOLLOW a tall man in a rumpled suit and a wide-brimmed hat. The hat, the slow walk, the man himself, are more characteristic of a small town in the South or the Southwest than of this raw, Midwest industrial city. The man turns; entering a hamburger stand. Chipped enameled letters on the window identify it as: GUS' ALL-NITE.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - INT. HAMBURGER STAND - NIGHT 14

as the man enters from the wet street outside. He turns to a newsstand and picks out two newspapers and a Racing Form. The CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL BACK REVEALING the proprietor standing behind the counter wiping his hands on a towel. He has short, thick, powerful arms, heavy shoulders and a fat torso. He is Gus Minisi, a grinning, jovial hunchback.

The tall man, Dix, looks up at him through his narrow eyes. He has the face of a farmer or a river pilot. Harsh, lean, forceful, there is something about the bones of his face which is a little alien, as if he had an ancestor who was part Indian.

Behind Dix, but visible to Gus through the front window, two policemen, in their wet rubber capes, are coming across the street toward the door of the hamburger stand.

MEDIUM CLOSE TWO SHOT - GUS AND DIX

15

Dix hands a heavy, nickel-plated revolver across the counter to Gus. Gus puts it under the counter. The two officers enter.

MEDIUM SHOT - DIX - IN F.G.

16

as one of the officers searches him. Gus moves away in the b.g., turning to adjust the lights under his hamburger grill.

Older Officer

Gus - when did this punk come in here?

Gus

Don't ask me. I don't look at the clock - I own this place.

Younger Officer (completing his
search of Dix)
No gun - no money - no nothing--

16
CONT'D
(2)

Older Officer
Search the place.

Gus
Got a warrant?

Younger Officer
Look, Gus, why don't you cooperate?

Gus
Get a warrant.

Older Officer (taking hold
of Dix's arm)
All right - take him in.

Younger Officer
What on?

Older Officer
We'll book him on vag - the night cashier got a
good look at him, this time.

The two officers take Dix out of the Ham-
burger stand and toward the prowler car.

DISSOLVE TO:

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - POLICE LINE-UP ROOM -
EARLY MORNING - SEVERAL BLINDING LIGHTS

17

directly into CAMERA. The CAMERA SWINGS
DOWN REVEALING in the f.g. the backs of the
heads of ten or so men in the early morning
police line-up. The room, about one-half
full of officers and plainclothesmen shift-
ing about on wooden chairs, is just visible
beyond the lights. In the front row, already
bored and frowning, sits the massive, tough
Lt. Dietrich.

Dietrich
All right, Jack, go ahead.

MEDIUM SHOT - POLICE LINE-UP ROOM

18

At the left stands the police clerk who has
just been addressed by Lt. Dietrich. Bald,
coughing, he shuffles the records in his hands.

Jack (reading)
Smith, Karl Anton - age 47.

18
CONT'D
(2)

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - THE FIRST MAN IN THE LINE-UP 19

He is a dull, heavy, stolid man.

Jack (o.s.)
Arrested 6 P.M. last night. Phoned police station,
stating he had murdered Mrs. Katherine Smith.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - POLICE CLERK 20

Shuffles another set of records.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - SECOND MAN IN THE LINE-UP 21

He has a thin nose, a narrow, cramped, sweating forehead and hyper-thyroid eyes.

Jack (o.s.)
Goldy, William - age 22. Possession narcotics.
Occupation clerk - no previous record. Attempt
suicide last night with necktie.

With a gesture, which it is impossible for him
to resist, the man touches his bony fingers to
his throat.

CAMERA MOVES RIGHT into MED CLOSE SHOT of Dix.

Jack (o.s.)
Handley, William Tuttle alias "Dix" Handley. Born
Kentucky. Occupation - none. Age 36. Arrested
1935 - loitering - no disposition. Arrested 1937 -
illegal possession firearms. Sentence 1 to 5.

MEDIUM SHOT - DIETRICH LOUNGING IN THE FRONT ROW 22

Jack (o.s.)
Escaped State Prison - 1939. Arrested 1940. Re-
leased 1943. September 1943 - arrested suspicion
armed robbery - no disposition. 1946, arrested
suspicion armed robbery. No disposition.

Lt. Dietrich fidgets in the front row.

Jack (o.s., his voice continu-
ing the record of Dix' arrest)
1947 - arrested. suspicion assault and robbery.
Acquitted. 1948 -

Dietrich (interrupting)
Is that night clerk here?

22
CONT'D
(2)

A studious man with thinning hair stands up
in the front row.

Night Clerk
Yes, sir.

Dietrich
Hotel de Paris?

Night Clerk
Yes, sir.

Dietrich
Well, do you see the man who pulled the stick-up
last night?

Night Clerk
I...I don't know...

Dietrich
What do you mean you don't know?

Night Clerk (timidly)
His hat was on...

Dietrich (gesturing to the
line-up)
Put on your hats!

MED. SHOT - THE MEN IN THE LINE-UP
putting on their hats.

23

Dietrich (o.s.)
Well?

CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT CLERK

24

He shifts nervously, staring at Dix.

CLOSE SHOT - DIX

25

looking at the night clerk, his face terrify-
ing because of his lack of expression.

Dietrich (o.s.)
He was tall, you say - he had on a brown suit -
and a wide-brim hat. He had heavy eyebrows.
(furiously)
All right, don't you see him?

CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT CLERK

25X1

He looks at Dix without a word.

CLOSE SHOT - DIETRICH

25X2

Dietrich (to Dix)

What's your name?

CLOSE SHOT - DIX

25X3

He pauses a moment before replying. His gaze remains fixed on the night clerk.

Dix

Handley.

Dietrich (o.s.)

Full name?

Dix

William Tuttle Handley.

There is in his voice, not so much a drawl as a slur, a Southern softening of speech, but spoken between barely opened lips.

Dietrich (o.s.)

Where'd you get the name - Dix?

Dix

That's what they call me.

CLOSE SHOT - DIETRICH

25X4

scowling at Dix. Then he turns on the night clerk.

Dietrich

Well, come on - is that the man?

CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT CLERK

26

stared down by Dix.

Night Clerk.

No...it isn't...him.

MED. SHOT - POLICE LINE-UP ROOM - LT. DIETRICH 27
IN THE FRONT ROW.

He gets up to stare with fury at the reluctant witness. Before he can say anything, a young sergeant approaches him.

Sergeant
I got a message from Commissioner Hardy, sir.

Dietrich (snapping at him)
What is it?

Sergeant
Wants to see you in his office in half an hour.

Dietrich stares at him, beginning to sweat.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - POLICE COMMISSIONER HARDY'S 28
OFFICE - INT. - DAY

Hardy stands at the window, looking out in silence. He is a short man, with white hair and an owl's beak and some of the owl's real ferocity. Lt. Dietrich, standing, waits for him to speak. Hardy slowly turns from the window and glares at him.

Hardy
Thirty-nine thefts, thirty-three burglaries, eighteen robberies, seven assaults, five morals offenses in the last thirty days. That's a record - even for the Fourth Precinct, Lieutenant Dietrich.

Dietrich
We know the guy that's been pulling most of the stick-ups, Commissioner - name's Dix Handley. He was in the show-up this morning, but our witness got cold feet and backed down. What can you do?

Hardy
Lock up the witness. Scare him worse. It's your job knowing what to do. As things are, the only merchants who are safe from harm are the ones who take wagers on the horses.
(shakes his finger into Dietrich's face)
I want to know why those parlors are still operating.

Dietrich
I close them down, but they only open up again.

Hardy
You don't close them hard enough. Tear the phones out! Break the furniture up!

10-12-49 P.10

Dietrich
People like to bet the horses, sir, and just because
the law says no...

28
CONT'D
(2)

Hardy (furious)
I don't want your opinion of the law!

There is a long silence then:

Dietrich
Is that all, sir?

Hardy goes to his desk, picks up a folder,
gestures with it.

Hardy
No. That's not all. Where's Erwin Riemenschneider?

Dietrich
I'm waiting to hear on that, sir.

Hardy
You don't know where he is, do you?

Dietrich
No, sir, but we ought to get word from our stoolies...

Hardy
It was all dumped in your lap. He left State Prison
yesterday at twelve noon - took a train to this
city - time of arrival: three-seventeen. All you
had to do was spot him, and stay on his tail for
twenty-four hours. - After which time, if he failed
to register, we'd lock him up. What happens? He
loses you six blocks from the depot! And one of
the most dangerous criminals alive is now at large
in this city.

Dietrich
The two men on that detail ought to get medals for
dumbness.

Hardy
They were assigned by you, so you deserve one too.
- Dietrich, I can do three things about you: I
can reduce you to the rank of patrolman and send
you out to Five Corners - or I can bring you up
for departmental trial on charge of incompetence -
or I can give you one more chance to live up to
your responsibilities - and that's what I'm going
to do. Maybe that's the worst punishment of all.

DISSOLVE TO:

29-40
OUT

CLOSE SHOT - INT. TAXI (NIGHT)

10-11-49

41

In the f.g., the creased, thick, shaven back of a man's neck and hat - a black Homburg. The driver glances around at him.

Driver

You're sure you know where you're going, Buddy?
(the fare nods)

It's none of my business, partner, but this is a rough neighborhood.

The taxi stops. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal "Doc" Riemenschneider - short, dumpy, middle-aged. He gets out of the cab, carrying a small suitcase.

Driver

There's the number you're looking for, but it's dark. Want me to wait?

Doc places the suitcase on the sidewalk beside him, pays the driver then picks up the suitcase and TURNS INTO CAMERA.

Driver

I wouldn't go parading around with a suitcase. Some of these young punks would clip you ...

MED. SHOT - CITY STREET - EXT. (NIGHT)

42

Toward the back of the Doctor as he approaches a dark store front, entirely vacant except for a tobacco advertisement abandoned in the front window.

Driver (o.s.)

...just to get a clean shirt.

The Doc, without comment looks for, finds, presses a buzzer. It sounds far away, deep inside the store.

MED. SHOT - INT. (NIGHT) - FROM INSIDE THE EMPTY STORE

43

The Doc waits outside the door, buzzes again. In the b.g., seen through the dusty window, the Driver goes off up the empty street. There is a SOUND of footsteps scraping toward the door, then the door is opened the three inches that the chain will permit by Timmons, doorman to this odd establishment, a hulking, bullnecked man with clipped blond hair.

Yeah?

Timmons

Doc

I want to see Cobby.

Timmons

Who are you?

Doc (patiently)

Just tell him, Doc is here and would like to see him.

Timmons considers this another second. There is the faint CLANK of a chain, then Timmons opens the door enough for the little man to squeeze through.

INT. - DARK CORRIDOR

44

There are several doors in the corridor. From beyond them comes the SOUND of voices and the clink of poker chips.

Timmons

Wait here.

(he goes down the hall, to a door)

You better be legit, pal. Cobby's been having trouble lately, and he ain't so easy to get along with - not that he ever was.

He opens the door and enters. Almost immediately, the door flies open and a little ferret of a man in shirt sleeves bounds out into the hall.

Cobby

Well, where the devil is he?

He stands in a pool of light cast from the room. Timmons indicates the Doc, who starts forward. Cobby meets him half way.

Cobby

All right - make it fast. I'm a busy man. What do you want?

Doc

I just got out today.

Cobby

Oh. So that's it. I'm getting tired of you guys that fell putting the bite on me. I'm no First National Bank.

Doc

I got a proposition for you.

Cobby (irritably)
All you guys have.

44
CONT'D
(2)

Doc
Maybe you didn't get who I was...

Cobby (dancing with impatience)
I never seen you before. Come on, what is it?

Doc
Maybe you've heard of me. The Professor ...Herr
Doktor, maybe?

Cobby's mouth drops. He stares in astonish-
ment. After a pause:

Cobby
You mean you are Riemenschneider?

Doc nods.

Cobby
Well, why didn't you say so?

Cobby glares at Timmons, then bounds into the
little office at the end of the corridor. Al-
though he's in his middle forties, he moves
around like a high school kid - always nervous,
geared-up, always irritable. Taking off his
Homburg, Doc follows.

INT. - OFFICE

45

Cobby
Sit down, Doc. Have a drink.
(he opens a drawer - produces a bottle)

Doc
Nothing to drink. I got out of the habit behind the
Walls. That's all it is - a habit.

He pulls back his lips in what is intended
for a smile, but his face remains expression-
less. Cobby, still dancing about, pours
himself a long one.

Cobby
Here's to the drink habit. It's the only one I
got that don't get me into trouble. What's on
your mind, Doc?

Doc
I got a proposition - a big one.

Cobby
How big is big?

45
CONT'D
(2)

Doc
Too big for you, Cobby.

Cobby dances about under the stimulus of injured pride.

Cobby
Now wait, Doc. I don't like to brag, but I'm doing all right making book. I'm in the chips. What kind of proposition is it?

Doc
A plan for a caper. And it's a good one. I could sell it for one hundred thousand dollars on the open market. But that would be throwing money away. I prefer to execute it myself and make —
(he pauses).

Cobby (breathless)
How much?

Doc
Half a million dollars.

Cobby swallows painfully, stares at Doc for a long moment, then he gulps his drink and pours another with a shaking hand.

Cobby
I know when you talk, Doc, it ain't through your hat.

Doc
Of course, I will have to do a little checking - as the plan is some years old - but not much checking - not much. I'll need - roughly, fifty thousand to operate.

Cobby (wiping his face with a silk handkerchief)
That ain't chicken feed -

Doc
I told you.

Cobby
As a rule I could handle it, but...well...the Happiness Boys just paid me a call, and I'm left short...fifty thousand...I don't see...

Doc
Of course. I thought maybe Mr. Emmerich...

10-12-49 P.15

Cobby
What do you know about Mr. Emmerich?

45
CONT'D
(3)

Doc
Only what I heard in the Walls. That he has money to invest, and that the way to get to him is through you.

(he stands)
Of course if the information is not correct ...

Cobby
Correct - sure it's correct. It's just I never thought of Mr. Emmerich in connection with this kind of a deal. Sit down, Doc. Excuse me for a moment. I'll be right back.

He dances out of the room. The Doc puffs his cigar, rises and examines a Vargas cutie on a wall calendar. Interested, he lifts the page to see the girl on the next month. Someone comes to the open door. Expecting to see Cobby, the Doc glances up. Dix stands there. Doc regards the tall, raw-boned, dark-faced man. Without a word, Dix turns to leave, but at that moment Cobby appears.

Cobby
Hello, Dix. What do you want?

Dix glances at the little Doctor.

Dix
I want to make a bet.

He has a slight southern accent.

Cobby
Well?

Dix
Your man says you got to o.k. it.

Cobby
What are you in for?

Dix
Twenty-three hundred and some.

Cobby (after a pause)
Okay. You're tab's good to twenty-five hundred. But that's the limit. Either pick a winner or pay me when you get that far.

Something happens to Dix's face - the brows meet and the jaw muscles swell. His dark eyes become fierce. Cobby backs up a step.

45
CONT'D
(4)

Dix (in a low quiet voice)
Don't bone me.

Cobby (fearfully)
I'm not boning you, Dix.

Dix
Did I ever welch?

Cobby
Nobody said you did.

Dix
You just boned me.

Cobby
Look, Dix - I only said...

Dix (evenly)
I'm not asking favors. I'll go get you that twenty-three hundred right now.

He turns abruptly, goes out the door, and down the hall. Cobby dances after him pleading:

Cobby
Dix - Dix - Listen to me. Come back - Have a drink.

The outer door can be heard slamming.
Cobby comes back into the room.

MED. TWO SHOT - DOC AND COBBY

46

Cobby (loudly, as if to bolster up his courage)
Can you beat that? Where does he come off...blowing a fuse -

Doc
Who is he?

Cobby
Oh, a small time hooligan who's crazy for horses. My book beats him and beats him, but he keeps coming back for more.

He pours again quickly.

10-12-49 P.17

Cobby (laughs)

Say, Doc, I almost forgot on account of that big tramp. Mr. Emmerich's going to talk to us later tonight. He and his wife are giving a dinner party at his house in town. They know all the swells. But he'll be at another address later on.

(Cobby winks)

A man like Mr. Emmerich has more than one place to hang his hat.

DISSOLVE TO:

46

CONT'D

(2)

47

OUT

MED. SHOT - INT. GUS'S HAMBURGER JOINT -
NIGHT

48

A truck driver stands at the magazine rack, eating a king-sized hamburger and stealing looks at the girl pictures in a movie magazine. The cat jumps on to the counter and Gus starts feeding him meat, bite by bite. Dix enters. He and Gus exchange nods. Dix takes a seat at the counter.

Gus

Smart cat.. Never does a lick of work. Out all night. Sleeps all day...

Truck Driver

What's a big, dirty cat doing at a eating place? I run over one everytime I get a chance. People feeding cats when some kids can't get enough to eat!

Gus (quietly)

You gonna buy that magazine?

Truck Driver (laughs)

Why should I? I seen all the dames already. Want to make something of it?

Gus

A little off your beat, ain't you, buster?

Truck Driver

How do you mean, Humpty-Dumpty?

Gus

I mean you don't belong around here. You're just passing through - only not fast enough.

Gus comes around the counter with surprising speed. He seizes the truck driver by the arm; whirls him around; grabs the seat of his pants; jerks it up tight until the big fellow is on his tip-toes; then "Spanish walks" him swiftly to the front door, where he gives the flabbergasted driver a push.

48
CONT'D
(2)

Gus (shouting)
And if I ever see you running over a cat, I'll kick your teeth out.

The driver stands staring at Gus, trying to recover from the surprise attack. He is unable to make up his mind whether to clout the little hunchback or beat a dignified retreat.

Driver
I'd take you apart if you were a foot taller, and straightened out a little.

Gus steps toward the driver, carrying his hands low. The driver hurriedly gets into his truck. Gus comes back into his joint. Dix watches Gus turn the lock in the door, and pull the window blinds. Dix is smiling for a change.

Gus
I suppose you want your heater back? Well, you ain't goin' to get it! What do you think of that?

Dix
Quit kidding, Gus!

Gus
I mean it...

Dix stops smiling.

Gus
Go ahead -- get sore -- smack me down ---

MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT - DIX AND GUS.

49

Dix reaches out, takes a toothpick.

Dix
You know I wouldn't do that, Gus..

Gus
Dix, take my advice. Knock off for a while. The Happiness Boys are on the rampage. Headquarters is giving them the push.

49
CONT'D
(2)

Dix
I can't afford to knock off.

Gus
Stop worrying. I'll stake you.

Dix
I need twenty-three hundred.

Gus
What!

Dix
There's something I just got to take care of.

Gus
...Cobby maybe...?

Dix nods.

Gus
Let him sweat, it'll do him good. Cobby can spare a few pounds.

Dix (shakes his head)
You can't owe money to a guy like him. A little loud mouth who bones you when he isn't even trying to.

Gus
I don't get you, Dix.

Dix
I just can't be in Cobby's debt and keep my self respect.

Gus (groans)
All right. I got a grand put away - you can have that, and maybe I can dig up thirteen hundred more...I guess it's all right to owe me money.

Dix (grins slowly)
I guess...

Gus
Just my luck...I'll have it for you tomorrow or bust a gut. In the meantime, stay away from the boulevard - specially at night...oh, by the way - they knocked over that clip joint - The Club Royale - wasn't that where Doll worked?

Dix
Yeah.
(he laughs a strange, mirthless sound)
It's coming in bunches it looks like..

49
CONT'D
(3)

Gus
Go home, Dix. Stay home. And don't get your
flag at half-mast. You still got old Gus.

Dix looks at Gus. He'd like to thank him,
Gus would like to be thanked, but neither
man is used to gratitude. Dix goes out of
the stand, crossing the street and walking
slowly and calmly out of the square. In the
f.g., Gus begins to dial a number on the wall
phone.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - LOUIS BELLINI'S BEDROOM - INT. -
(NIGHT)

50

It is a small room, crowded with relatively
new furniture, whose outlines - especially
those of the big double bed and the bars of a
baby's crib close by - are visible in the
light of a street arc outside. The phone is
RINGING behind the closed door of the hall.
The baby in the crib gives a fretful cry.
Maria, a full-bodied, plump young woman, stirs
under the covers; then waking, lifts herself
far enough to reach a bar of the crib and
shake it gently, rocking the baby back to
sleep.

Maria
The phone, Louis!

Louis sits up in bed. He is a young man with
a pale handsome face, dark eyes, and black
hair just beginning to thin out at the fore-
head. He yawns widely and scratches his head.
The phone continues to RING.

Maria
Get it, Louis, get it.

Louis gets out of bed and hurries out of the
room. The CAMERA STAYS ON Maria, rocking the
baby in its crib. Gradually, with a little
mournful cry, the baby begins to go to sleep.

Louis
Yeah? - for crying out loud, Gus. You know what
time it is? Must be two o'clock... What do you
want, Gus?... How much?... Thirteen hundred! ... You
must be crazy!... For Dix? - What do I care about
that hoodigan...?

CLOSE SHOT - INT. BELLINI HALLWAY - (NIGHT) - 51
LOUIS AT THE TELEPHONE

Louis

I'd like to help you out, you know that, Gus - but I got mouths to feed, rent to pay - all that stuff...I'm not saying I can't get it, understand. - I'm saying I need it for my family...You're a scum - that's what you are, a low-down scum to talk to me like that.

There's a CRASH in the receiver. Louis winces away from the sound, then slowly and thoughtfully hangs up. He sits, shivering in the little damp hallway, looking at the telephone.

MED. SHOT - INT. - BELLINI HALLWAY AND BEDROOM - PAST LOUIS IN THE F.G. TO MARIA ASLEEP IN BED 52

her long dark hair spread over the pillow. Louis dials a number.

Louis (into phone)

Look, Gus - I guess I can make it all right. I'll bring it around before noon. - Right, Gus.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT - INT. - DIX HANDLEY'S APARTMENT 53

Furnished fairly respectably, but suffering from weeks of neglect. Dix is seated at a table, poring over a Racing Form. A half-finished pint of bourbon sits in front of him. The BUZZER sounds in the apartment. Dix is on his feet in a single movement. The buzzer RINGS again. Then a woman's hushed voice says:

Doll (o.s.)

It's me, honey.

Dix

Doll?

Doll (o.s.)

Nobody else but me.

Dix presses the button to let her in, goes to the door, unlocks it, then returns to the table, sitting with his back to the door. The clack of Doll's high heels can be heard coming up the linoleum, metal-stripped staircase.

53
CONT'D
(2)

MED. SHOT - PAST DIX IN THE F.G., TOWARD THE DOOR

54

as Doll opens it. About thirty-five but trying to look much younger, she's tall, heavily-made up, at once coarse and pretty. She wears a long cheap evening dress, half concealed by a cloth coat. She carries a small overnight bag.

Doll

Sorry to bother you, honey. But --

Dix

Come in. Close the door.

Doll obeys. She puts the bag down, slips off her coat and throws it on a nearby chair. Leaning against the closed door, she fumbles in her handbag, finds a ragged cigarette, then scrabbles through the bag again to look for matches. Dix turns to look at her, then gets up, striking a kitchen match with his thumbnail.

MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT - DOLL AND DIX

55

As he holds out the flame, she looks at him, but under his hard, unsympathetic gaze, she lowers her eyes again.

Dix

If you're going to smoke, you got to learn to carry matches.

Doll suddenly bursts into tears. Bending down, she puts her hands over her face, then takes the broken cigarette out of her mouth and sobs convulsively. Her plump shoulders shake until she can control herself.

Dix

Doll -- what are you crying about?

Doll

Nothing Dix --nothing, I'm sorry!

CLOSE SHOT - DIX - LOOKING AT HER 56

CLOSE SHOT - DOLL - WATCHING HIM 57

Seeing the chill, blank stare on his face,
she turns away to pick up her coat.

MED. SHOT 58

Dix doesn't help her with the coat, but
goes to the window and stares out into
the street.

Doll
I'm sorry, Dix: I don't know what I was thinking
about, bothering you at this time of night. I'll
run along.

Dix (his back toward her)
Gus told me The Club Royal got knocked over.

Doll (responding to the hint
of sympathy in his voice)
Yes. Can you imagine — raiding The Royal. The
cops have all gone crazy. So it's a clip joint.
So what? And it had to happen on pay night!

Dix (with an effort)
Sit down and have a drink.

Doll sits down quickly - afraid he'll
change his mind.

Doll
Don't care if I do.

She laughs as if she didn't have a care
in the world. He pours her a drink.

Dix (looking at overnight bag)
Were you locked out of your room?

Doll
How did you guess?

Dix indicates her overnight bag. She laughs.

Doll (raising her glass)
Here's mud in your eye!
(then nervously)

Dix, honey, if it won't bother you too much, could
I stay here a couple a days? Just a day or two.

Dix picks up a Filing Form, and begins studying it. Doll watches him. She thinks she has been refused. She puts her drink down and looks away from him.

58
CONT'D
(2)

Dix (finally)
All right, stay if you want to - but don't you go getting any ideas, Doll.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - CARD ROOM - EMMERICH'S COUNTRY HOUSE
- (NIGHT)

59

A cheerful fire is burning in the fireplace. Doc is holding up an envelope for Emmerich to see. The latter is a big man in his fifties, with broad shoulders and a deep chest. He is wearing a well tailored dinner jacket. He looks, talks, and breathes affluence. Cobby sits beaming at whomever happens to be speaking. The inevitable drink is in his hand.

Doc

Everything is here - from the observed routine of the personnel to the alarm system - the type of locks on the doors, and the age and condition of the main safe. Take my word for it, Mr. Emmerich, this is a ripe plum ready to fall.

Emmerich

My friend, according to the boys all takes are easy, but I've made a lot of money getting them out of jail

Doc

Please, Mr. Emmerich. Perhaps you know my reputation. I've engineered some very big things.

Cobby

That's a fact, Mr. Emmerich. Doc here is tops.

Emmerich (pointing to envelope

in Doc's hand)

Am I to understand that you gathered all that information before your last stretch?

Doc (nods)

That is correct. I was ready to begin operations when the coppers grabbed me for a caper I'd almost forgotten about.

Cobby

The Adelpia Finance caper. Took them for one-hundred-and-sixty-thousand..Didn't you, Doc?

Seventy.
Doc

Emmerich
Do you really believe there's a half million in this thing?

Doc
Maybe even more.

Emmerich
You mean that the take will be worth half a million to us in actual cash, because in no case would a fence give us more than fifty percent?

Doc
That's right, sir.

Emmerich
What are the main problems?

Doc
There are three: money to operate - personnel - and the final disposal of the take.

Cobby
No trouble about the first, eh, Mr. Emmerich?

Emmerich
That remains to be seen.

Doc
The helpers will be paid off like house-painters. They will be told nothing about the size of the take. Sometimes men get greedy.
(he chuckles good-naturedly)

Emmerich
How many helpers do you need?

Doc
Only three. A box man - him we pay most - maybe twenty-five thousand dollars.

Cobby
I got a guy for you - Louis Bollini - best peter man west of Chicago. Expert mechanic - been on some very big capers. The way I hear - he can open a safe like the back of a watch. Only he costs.

Doc
Then we need a top-notch driver in case of a rumble. He should get ten thousand.

Emmerich nods.

Doc
And finally - sad to say - we need a hooligan. Most of these fellows are drug addicts. They're a no-good lot or they wouldn't be hooligans. Violence is all they know. But they are, unfortunately, necessary. For a more or less reliable man, I'd say - fifteen thousand.

Emmerich
That's fifty thousand in all.

Doc nods. Emmerich throws his cigar in the fireplace, and taking out his handkerchief, rubs his palms.

59
CONT'D
(3)

Emmerich
How's the take to be handled?

Doc
We shall get in touch with the best fences in the mid-West, and deal with the highest offer. Maybe no one fence can handle the whole thing - In that case, we deal with two or three.

Emmerich rises and walks back and forth across the room.

Emmerich (taking a deep breath)
Perhaps I...I'm just thinking...I mean, if I decide to come into this. I, myself might handle...

Cobby and Doc stare at the lawyer in astonishment.

Cobby
You - a fence, Mr. Emmerich?

Emmerich (quickly)
Not exactly that, but...well...the proposition sounds good, and I would like to see the most made of it. Every man should stick to his own trade, I suppose, but...

(his tone becomes bolder)
I know some very big men who might not be averse to a deal like this if properly approached - very respectable men, I might add. Let me see what I can do before you try to find a fence. A few days won't make any difference to you, I imagine...

Doc
Not at all.
(he bows deprecatingly, and spreads his hands in a gesture of appealing sadness)
Except for one thing, Mr. Emmerich. I dislike to mention it, but I've just come from prison and...

Emmerich (laughing good-naturedly)
Cobby here, will advance you anything you need - find you a place to stay. - Right, Cobby?

Cobby
You bet your life - I got some fancy phone numbers for you, too, Doc.

Emmerich rises. - It's a signal - Doc and Cobby do likewise - dismissed.

Emmerich (to Doc)
What's it like - a man of your tastes - spending
seven years behind the walls?

59
CONT'D.
(4)

CAMERA PULLS AHEAD as the three men go to
the door.

Doc
Not too bad - it's a matter of temperament. I
cause no trouble. The prison authorities appreciate
that. They made me assistant librarian.

Emmerich
I'm afraid I wouldn't make a model prisoner.

Doc
After this job, it's Mexico for me. I'll live
like a king. Mexican girls are very pretty.
I'll have nothing to do all day long, but chase
them - in the sunlight.

(Turning to Emmerich)
You've been very kind, sir.

He makes an elaborate bow. Emmerich shakes
hands with them, and shows them to the door.

CLOSER THE DOOR

60

As the CAMERA MOVES behind Emmerich, he turns
through the hall, and crosses the living room.
He stops, looking down toward the couch. The
CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE past him, to the
object of his attention: Angela. We SEE her
clearly for the first time. She is lying
asleep, in the twisted posture, one hand en-
tangled in her hair, an open movie magazine
on the floor beside her. She is eighteen or
nineteen, with a child's face and a figure
that is voluptuous, if not particularly good.

MED. TWO SHOT - PAST ANGELA'S SLEEPING FACE,
TOWARD EMMERICH

61

standing and staring at her. It is quiet in
the house -- quiet enough to hear the roadster
pull out of the gravel driveway outside.
Angela opens her eyes slowly, then twists back
to look at him.

Angela
What's the big idea -- standing there staring at
me, Uncle Sam?

Emmerich
Don't call me Uncle Lon.

61
CONT'D
(2)

Angela
Uncle Lon? -- I thought you liked it.

Emmerich
Maybe I did. I don't any more.

Angela sits up, a little disturbed, as Emmerich moves away from her to the big easy chair, and sitting on one of the broad arms, begins to loosen his tie.

Emmerich
Why don't you go to bed, baby?

MED. TWO SHOT - PAST EMMERICH TO ANGELA

62

as she gets up, comes toward him to unbutton his collar and take off his tie.

Angela
Here! Let me do that.

Emmerich, a cigar between his fingers, stoops a little to lift her face with both hands.

Emmerich
Some sweet kid!

But she escapes his caress, smiling angelically. This mixture of desire and contempt leaves her profoundly puzzled.

Angela
I had the market send over some salt mackerel for you -- best grade they could find. I know how you love it for breakfast.

Emmerich (with effort)
Thanks, baby.

Angela crosses the room, turning to blow a kiss, then going into her bedroom.

Angela
And I love you.

Emmerich
Sure, baby.

Emmerich watches the door shut and softly locked. Then he turns to lift a telephone from a confusion of half empty dishes and glasses on a nearby table.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - EMMERICH

63

He dials each number with an effort, but when the connection is made, his voice takes on some of his customary hardness and vivacity.

Emmerich
Bob Brannon? This is Emmerich.

The voice at the other end is audible, but not intelligible.

Emmerich (sharply)
I didn't call you to ask what time it is, -- I got a job for you.

A pause -- as Brannon's voice makes some distasteful comment, which reflects itself on Emmerich's face.

Emmerich
No -- nothing like that. I've got over a hundred thousand dollars on my books. Come to my office first thing in the morning. -- I'll give you a list of my debtors.

Another pause.

Emmerich
Use the methods called for in each individual case! -- And don't tell me about it -- all I want is results. -- I need the money, I need it now, and I need it in cash. Is that clear enough? -- Goodnight, Bob.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

64

CAMERA FOLLOWS Emmerich as he walks, lighting his cigar, back toward the big easy chair. Angela's delicate, excessively high-heeled shoes are still resting on the seat. Emmerich picks them up and lets them drop wearily on the floor. He sits down in the chair and smooths his face with both hands.

Emmerich
My God! -- I'm tired.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

MED. CLOSE SHOT - DIX' FLAT - DAY - DIX LYING IN BED, ASLEEP, BUT RESTLESS AND DREAMING

65

An edge of sunlight cuts across his face. He is talking in his sleep, commands, encouragement, but the words are muffled. A phone

RINGS in the apartment. CAMERA PULLS BACK into a FULL SHOT OF THE ROOM. Doll, still in her cheap, glittering evening dress, is washing an accumulation of dishes. She wipes her hands and answers the phone.

65
CONT'D
(2)

Doll (into the phone)
Hello. - Who? - Sure, Gus...

She approaches the sleeping Dix, the phone in her hands, looking down at him as he mutters in his sleep.

Doll (into phone)
He's still asleep...How's that?... All right, I'll tell him.

Dix opens his eyes as she hangs up. He stares at her out of his dream.

Doll
Honey, it was Gus. He says you can come over any time. He's got something for you.

Dix (smiles)
Okay.
(he gets a cigarette, lights it with satisfaction)

Doll
Coffee, honey? I've made fresh.

Dix gets out of bed to dress. Doll pours coffee into two cups.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - DOLL

66

Doll
You were sure dreaming.

Dix (o.s.)
Yeah. How do you know?

Doll
You were talking in your sleep.

Dix (o.s.)
What'd I say?

Doll
It was all jumbled up, but I heard one word plain. You called it out several times -- "Corn Cracker". -- What's that mean?

CLOSE SECT - DIX

67

He pauses in his dressing.

Dix (somerly)
Corn Cracker was a colt.

Doll
It would be.

Dix
He was a tall, black colt. Yeah, I remember what I was dreaming. I was on that colt's back. My father and my grandfather were there - watching the fun. The colt was buck-jumpin' and pitchin' - and once he tried to scrape me off against the tree, but I stayed with him, you bet. Then I heard my grandpa say, 'He's a real Handley, that boy - a real Handley'. - And I felt proud as you please.

Doll
Did something like that happen, Dix - when you were a kid?

Dix
Not exactly. The black colt pitched me into a fence on the first buck, and my father come over and prodded me with his boot, and said, 'Maybe that'll teach you not to brag about how good you are on a horse.' (Dix laughs with pleasure at the recollection)

Doll
It's nice to hear you laugh.

Dix
You know something? One of my ancestors imported the first Irish thoroughbred into our county.

Doll (feigning interest)
Is that a fact?

Dix
Sure...Our farm was in the family for generations. One hundred sixty acres - thirty in blue grass - the rest in crops - fine barn - seven broodmares.

Doll
Sounds wonderful, Dix.

Dix
It was. Then everything happened at once - My old man died - We lost our corn crop - The black colt I was telling you about, broke his leg and had to be shot. That was a rotten year. The mares were sold to save the farm, but we lost it anyway. I'll never forget the day we left. Me and my brother swore we'd buy the farm back some day.

Doll

Growing up on a place, and then have to leave must be awful. I never had a proper home...

67
CONT'D
(2)

Dix (heedlessly)

Twelve grand would have swung it, and I almost made it once. I had more than five thousand dollars in my pocket - Whirlaway was running in the Preckness. I figured he couldn't lose. I put it all on his nose. He lost by a nose.

Doll

Drink your coffee, honey, before it gets cold.

He raises the cup to his lips.

Dix

The way I figure, my luck's just got to turn...One of these days, I'll make a real killing. Then I'll hit for home. First thing I do when I get there, is take a bath in the creek and get the city dirt off me.

Doll says nothing. Her lower lip is quivering. She is swallowing hard. Dix' gaze finally settles on her.

Dix

What's the matter?

(she shakes her head)

Did I say something wrong?

Doll

No, honey, no.

(she looks around the room)

Gee this place's a mess - needs a good cleaning. How can you stand to live like this?

Dix looks at her, his thoughts elsewhere.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT - INT. - COBBY'S OFFICE - (DAY)

68

Dix is standing opposite Cobby, who has placed the barrier of a desk between them. On the desk lies a thick roll of bills, bound up in an elastic band.

Dix

Count it.

Cobby (nervous and uneasy)

Look, Dix, you don't have to pay the whole tab at once.

Dix (sullenly)

Count it.

Cobby obeys, thumbing through the roll as hastily as he can.

68
CONT'D
(2)

Cobby (as he counts)
Why get sore? No reason to get sore.

Dix
You boned me in front of a stranger. Trying to make me look small.

Cobby (pocketing the money)
I tell you, I didn't mean it. I shoot my mouth off. Maybe I had a slight load on. You know how it is.

Dix
I don't know how it is.

Cobby
Listen, Dix. I made a mistake. Don't you ever make a mistake?

MED. CLOSE SHOT - DIX

69

He rubs his hand slowly over his face.
Paying off the debt to Cobby has not turned out to be the satisfaction he expected.

Cobby (o.s.)
Here - how about a drink? I got a bottle of scotch laid away - best you can buy. I keep it for my very best friends.

Dix (with some contempt)
I don't drink Scotch. Got some bourbon in the joint?

Cobby (o.s.)
Sure, sure.

MED. CLOSE - COBBY

70

as he fixes Dix a drink.

Cobby
You know, Dix. You got to play the horses the smart way. Save your money - next time there's a fix going - I'll let you know. It'll be money from home, money from home.

There's a knock at the door, tentative, polite.
CAMERA PANS WITH Cobby as he opens the door.
It's Doc Riemenschneider, wearing gloves now, a better suit, his Homburg blocked and brushed.

Cobby
It's the Doc! - Come on in. Meet a friend of mine
- Dix Handley.

70
CONT'D
(2)

MED. THREE SHOT - AS THE DOC ENTERS

71

shaking hands first with Cobby, then with Dix.
They eye one another with respect.

Cobby
This is Doc Riemenschneider, Dix. You've heard of
him, I guess.

Dix
Yeah.

Cobby
Well, how do you like that whiskey? Made in your
home state.

Doc (to Dix)
Oh! - Where's that, sir?

Dix
Kentucky. Boone County, Kentucky.

He takes off his hat. Without it, he is
surprisingly relaxed and human once more.

Dix
It's the water. Best water in the U.S.A.

Doc
Is that so?

Dix (still to Doc)
It's the water makes whiskey fit to drink.

Dix has finished his drink. Now he picks up
his hat and goes to the door.

Dix
Well, I got to go. See you around, maybe.

And he leaves. Cobby shuts the door.

Cobby (sighs with relief)
That big hick... The color of his money's all right
...but I wish he wasn't so touchy.

Doc
Maybe it's a point of honor with him... a gambling
debt.

Cobby
Him - that hooligan! Honor! Don't make me laugh!

Doc
He's a hooligan, you say?

71
CONT'D
(2)

Cobby
Yeah, but a small timer - little stick-ups - cigar stores, gas stations...and every cent goes to the ponies.

Doc
One way or another we all work for our vice.

Cobby
You said it. How about it, Doc, did you have a good time last night?

Doc
The young lady drank too much to be good company. But the evening wasn't a complete loss. She talked more than if she'd been sober.

Cobby
Yeah? What about?

Doc
Your friend Mr. Emmerich.

Cobby
Emmerich! Now, look here, Doc - !

Doc (gravely)
There's a half a million at stake. I've got to know where I stand. Emmerich must put up before I can hire a crew.

Cobby
For him, that's nothing! A dead cinch!

Doc
The information she gave me is that he's broke.

Cobby
Are you crazy? - Look, I've seen Mr. Emmerich operate for twenty years - he handles only the biggest cases. He's got two houses, four cars, half a dozen servants...

Doc
And one redhead?

Cobby
Doc, whose word will you take - mine or some dim-witted dame's?

Doc (politely)
Yours, naturally...

Cobby
Well, if he's broke, I want to be broke the same way.

10-12-49 P.30

Suddenly the office door opens. Lieutenant Dietrich takes a step into the room. He's in plain clothes - and alone. He stands staring at Doc as if he were seeing a ghost. For a long moment, everyone is frozen.

71
CONT'D
(3)

72 OUT

CLOSE SHOT - DIETRICH

73

as he abruptly turns back into the corridor.

CLOSE SHOT - COBBY

74

slowly rising from his seat.

CLOSE SHOT - DOC

75

MED. SHOT - INT. - (DAY) - THE CORRIDOR
OUTSIDE COBBY'S OFFICE

76

Lieutenant Dietrich walks toward the outside door, his back to Cobby, who emerges from his office, running after him. CAMERA FOLLOWS.

CAMERA MOVES INTO A CLOSER TWO-SHOT OF COBBY
AND DIETRICH

Cobby

That guy in my office - He's just passing through, Lieutenant.

Dietrich

Shut up - I didn't see anybody - How could I? I wasn't there.

Cobby (grinning)

Yeah - That's right...

Dietrich (frowning)

Look - I just came to tell you: You'll have to stand still for a raid.

Cobby

You mean you have to haul me downtown and book me?

Dietrich

It's a short ride...

Cobby

- I thought you were a friend of mine -

Dietrich
Right now, I've got one friend -
(points to himself)
- Dietrich. And Dietrich's going to be out on his
ear if he don't make a showing.

76
CONT'D
(2)

Cobby
All right, but why me? Why pick on me?

Dietrich
Because it's logic. You're the biggest parlor in
my precinct, and citizens know it, and the news-
papers know it, and even I know it. And that little
Commissioner knows I know it.

Cobby
I hate to have it happen. I just hate it, that's all.

Dietrich
I'm as sorry as you are.

He is let out by a worried, mute Timmons.
Cobby pushes out of the doorway to hold
him by the sleeve.

Cobby
Look, Lieutenant - I've always given you plenty
cooperation. But you're hitting me just the
wrong time.

Dietrich (deliberates, then)
All right. But close up. Tight. Keep the place
dark. Don't answer phones.

Cobby
Thanks, Lieutenant. - I'll show you my appreciation.

Dietrich leaves Cobby standing in the doorway.
CAMERA MOVES BACK as Cobby darts down the cor-
ridor again.

CUT TO:

INT. COBBY'S OFFICE

77

as the little man bounces in.

Doc (lighting a cigar)
That copper - he recognized me.

Cobby
How'd you know he was a copper?

Doc
I can smell one a block off

Cobby

Now don't worry about Dietrich. He's on my payroll - practically a partner. Me and him we're just like that!

77
CONT'D
(2)

He holds up two fingers.

Doc

Experience has taught me never to trust a policeman. Just when you think one's all right he turns legit on you.

DISSOLVE TO:

78 OUT

INT. - ENTRANCE HALL - EMMERICH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

78X1

The floor is checkered marble. A large crystal chandelier illuminates the stair which rises to a balcony overhanging the entrance. O.s. the sound of knocking. A butler appears on the balcony and descends the stairs, opens the front door. Brannon, a tough-looking, flashily-dressed man in his early thirties stands there.

Brannon

Mr. Emmerich at home?

Evans (disapproval in his voice)

Who shall I say is calling?

Brannon

Mr. Brannon.

Evans

Wait here, please.

He leaves Brannon standing in the middle of the hall. CAMERA DOLLIES WITH Evans through the living room to the study. He raps on the study door.

Emmerich's Voice (o.s.)

Come in.

Evans opens the door. Emmerich is seated at a desk, writing checks.

Evans

A Mr. Brannon is here.

Emmerich

Show him in, please.

Evans

Pardon me, sir, but Mrs. Emmerich is not feeling well.

Emmerich
Send for Dr. Housman.

78X1
CONT'D
(2)

Evans
I already have, sir.

Emmerich
Good. I'll be up to see her later.

Evans leaves the room. Emmerich walks back and forth across the study until his guest appears. Brannon's dark face has a sad, tough look. Emmerich closes the study door, motions him to a chair.

Emmerich (cheerfully)
Well? How about my debtors?

He shifts uneasily, trying to hide his nervousness.

Emmerich
How many came through?

Brannon
Not a one.

Emmerich (cries)
What's that?

Brannon
Want all the excuses? I've got some beauts.

Emmerich (sitting down heavily)
That bad, eh?

Brannon
Two or three may come through with a part. They promised.

Emmerich
I don't want promises - I want cash!

Brannon
Look, my friend, I'm a licensed private eye. I can't go around threatening these people - especially in your name. Ninety-eight percent of them you're going to have to sue.

Emmerich (abruptly)
Takes too long. I need money now - this minute.

Brannon
What is it - girl trouble?

He laughs coarsely. The sound of his laughter enrages Emmerich.

Emmerich
Shut up, Brannom - this isn't funny!

78X1
CONT'D
(3)

Brannom (quietly but harshly)
How's that?

(he pales slightly, and sits forward
in his chair)
Nobody tells me to shut up...

Emmerich glances up; sees the look in Brannom's
narrowed eyes; realizes he has gone too far.

Emmerich
I'm sorry, Bob.
(suddenly he breaks down)
It's all a gag...a silly, sad, trumped-upped gag!

He puts his head in his hands, and sits huddled
over, shaken by dry sobs. Brannom shows aston-
ishment at first, then his eyes grow wise and
his lip curls in contempt.

Brannom
If it's that redhead, my friend - no dame's worth
it.

The sobs continue. Brannom goes to the
whiskey; pours a stiff slug. He turns
to Emmerich, and thrusts the drink into
his hands.

Brannom
Here!

Emmerich glances up, sees the contempt in
Brannom's eyes; finishes the drink with
one swallow; then, closing his eyes, he
begins to speak.

Emmerich
I'm broke, Bob. That's the plain, simple fact.
Finished. Bankrupt.

78X1
CONT'D
(4)

Brannom
I don't believe you.

Emmerich
It's true. I can't believe it myself, but it's true. Sure, I get big fees, but they're spent before they're collected.

Brannom (gesturing to indicate
the ornate room)
What about all this?

Emmerich
Mortgaged -
(indicating his neck)
- up to here...

Brannom
How could you let a dame like Angela take you this way?

Emmerich
It's not only Angela - it's everything - my whole style of life. See that piece?
(he points to a Chippendale desk)
It cost eight thousand dollars. I detest it! - as I do everything else about this absurd house - including the whining woman upstairs who pretends to be sick in order to hold me. I should have got rid of this house and her too. But I didn't have the courage. So what do I do but take on a stupid, mercenary dame, and I put her up in another absurd house. Ten thousand here - ten thousand there - I've got to get out from under. And the irony of it is I have the opportunity...and can't take it.

Brannom
Tough.

Emmerich
Bob, I'm going to give you the shock of your life... You've heard of Doc Riemenschneider?

Brannom
Sure. Behind the Walls, isn't he?

Emmerich
He got out a week ago. Cobby brought him around. He has a plan, beautifully worked out, for the biggest caper ever to be pulled in the mid-west. He wants fifty thousand dollars backing.

Brannom
Who'd be taken?

10-12-49 1.42

Emmerich
Pelletier's.
(Brannom whistles)
The rocks alone should bring - conservatively
speaking - half a million.

78X1
CONT'D
(5)

Brannom
How much would you get out of it?

Emmerich
One third of the take...

Brannom
Brother, you're knocking me out!

Emmerich
What if I said I'd figured out a way of getting it
all?

Brannom elevates his eyebrows.

Emmerich
I could tell him I, myself, would fence the stuff -
Promise him cash on delivery. - But, when the time
came, I wouldn't have the cash. I could tell him
it would take another day or two, and I'm certain
I could get him to leave the stuff with me while
waiting.

Brannom (hoarsely)
Go on.

Emmerich (shrugs)
Then I could disappear. Take a plane to another
country - to another life. - Melt down the gold
and platinum and sell it as bullion. - Dispose
of the rocks one by one. There'd be no hurry. -
They'd last a lifetime.

Brannom (laughs a coarse,
sudden laugh)
How wrong can a guy be? Here I was - worrying
about your nerves and you were dreaming up a
double-cross like this.

Emmerich
But I can't do it for want of fifty thousand dollars.

Brannom
I can tell you how to raise it.

Emmerich
How?

Brannom
What's in it for me?

Half of the rocks. Emmerich

78X1
CONT'D
(6)

 Brannon
Okay. But we may get ourselves killed, my friend.

 Emmerich
I know.

 Brannon laughs again.

 Emmerich
How do we raise the dough?

 Brannon
Simple. We take Cobby in.

 Emmerich (incredulously)
Cobby?

 Brannon
Believe me. He can dig it up without half trying.

 Emmerich
But what do we tell him? Why do I need it?

 Brannon
Leave it to me. Cobby wants to feel big. Here's
his chance. Advancing money for the great Alonzo
P. Emmerich. Oh, he'll do it.
 (lifting his glass)
He'll sweat, but he'll do it.

DISSOLVE TO:

79
OUT

FULL SHOT - COBBY'S "BOILER ROOM"

80

The place has been closed. The telephones ring at intervals during the next scene, but no one answers them. Talking at an empty desk are Doc and Louis Bellini. Doc has several papers which he has taken out of an old envelope. Louis is studying them. Cobby sits a little apart at another empty desk on which a metal box is sitting.

 Doc
What boxes have you opened?

 Louis
Cannon Ball, Diebold, Double Door - even a few fire chests, - all of 'em.

 Doc
Can you open a Diebold with a time lock and relocking device?

Sure. Louis

Doc
What do you use, lock or seam?

Louis
Seam.

Doc
Ever taken one?

Louis
Remember the Shafter job?

Doc
Yes, I heard about it behind the Walls. It was a
good score. Who supplies your soup?

Louis
I thrash it myself.

Doc
How are you as a pick lock?

Louis
I can open any lock in four minutes.

Doc
You'll do. You're in.

Louis
That depends. What's the cut?

Doc
No cut. You get a flat guarantee.

Louis (considers, then)
I want thirty thousand.

Cobby
Thirty thousand! - Now, Louis.

Doc
Twenty-five thousand is what we figured.

Louis
All right. Fifteen down.

Cobby
Ten down.

Doc
Fifteen is satisfactory, I think.
(turning to Cobby)
There's your paymaster.

CLOSE TWO-SHOT - COBBY AND LOUIS

81

Cobby opens the steel box, pays out the fifteen thousand to Louis. - It hurts him to pay out money.

Louis
What are you sweating for?

Cobby
Money makes me sweat, that's all. That's the way I am.

CLOSE SHOT - DOC WATCHING COBBY

82

MED. SHOT - DOC, COBBY, LOUIS

83

as Cobby pays out.

Louis (pocketing the wads of money)
Who are the others on this job, Doc?

Doc
Haven't got 'em yet.

Louis
There's only one driver, far as I'm concerned. His name is Gus Minisi. Ask Cobby - he knows him.

Cobby
Gus? He's hundred per cent. He'll take all the heat and he won't flap his lip.

Doc
Get hold of him.

Cobby
Sure Doc.

Doc
Any ideas about a hooligan?

Louis frowns, puzzling over the problem.

Cobby
I know a very tough heavy, but I haven't see him for some time. Red Traynor.

Louis
He's taking the cure.

Rule him out. Doc

83
CONT'D
(2)

What about Timmons? Cobby

Who's that? Doc

My doorman. Cobby

Louis
That busted-down wrestler? You must be kidding.
He's got nothing up here but solid knuckle.

Doc (softly and mildly)
I'm a stranger, and do not know as much as you
gentlemen, but what about this southerner? This
Dix?

MED. CLOSE TWO-SHOT - LOUIS AND COBEY

84

They exchange glances.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE DOC

85

He looks at each of them in turn, studying
them. He speaks deliberately.

Doc
He impressed me as a very determined man and far
from stupid.

MED. SHOT - ALL THREE MEN - COBBY, LOUIS,
DOC.

86

Louis
Frankly, I don't like the guy. But I never saw a
hooligan I did like. They're like left-handed
pitchers, all with a screw loose.

Suddenly there's a silence. They've come
to an impasse.

Louis (remembering)
Probably be as good as anybody, though. Gus thinks
he's tops. And Gus is usually right.

Doc
I like him. I say we take him.

Louis (going out)
Suits me. You're the boss.

Louis (all the money in his
pockets)
Well, I got to be getting home. Maria - that's my
wife - she's worried about the kid.

Doc politely)
What's the trouble?

Louis
Oh, he's got a cold again. She takes him out first
thing in the morning. I tell her, it's too cold.
But she claims, a baby's got to taste the fresh air.
I say to her, if you want fresh air, don't look for
it in this town. Well - always problems -

Doc
I must say I envy you - being a family man.

He goes out. CAMERA MOVES INTO A MED. CLOSE
TWO-SHOT OF DOC AND COBBY.

Cobby
One good thing about Dix Handley. You can get him
for nickels and dimes.

Doc
Tell me something, Cobby. That's your money isn't
it - not Mr. Emmerich's?

Cobby
What difference does it make?

86
CONT'D
(2)

Doc
None really.

Cobby
It's this way - Mr. Emmerich didn't want this transaction appearing on his books. Oh, I'm not risking anything - he's good for it in case of a run-out.

Doc
Then you haven't got a worry.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT - DIX' APARTMENT

87

No longer is it a litter of dirty dishes, cigarette ends and old Racing Forms. Doll has made it spic and span. Dix stands by the window looking out. The curtains are clean and the panes sparkle. OFF SCENE Doll's step. Dix turns.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - DOLL PAST DIX

88

She is wearing a hat and is carrying a little valise.

Dix
Where are you going?

Doll
I found a place.

Dix is a little startled, but shows a blank face.

Dix
Did you?

Doll (nods)
Yeah. A girl friend of mine is leaving town and she's letting me have her apartment. It's all paid up 'til the first of next month.

Dix
When did this all happen?

Doll
This morning before you woke up. I bumped into her on the street. Remember that tall brunette
(Continued)

Doll (continued)
 who did novelty dances at the Band Wagon - Blanche
 La Rue? It was sure nice of her - and -- I can't
 go on living off you forever, can I?

88
 CONT'D
 (2)

She is extremely nervous; emotionally un-
 strung; maybe on the verge of breaking down.
 Dix shifts his eyes downward to the floor.

Dix (his voice unnaturally
 polite)
 I was glad to help out.

Doll
 Maybe I can do something for you some time.

Dix
 You don't owe me a thing - forget it.

Doll
 Well - goodbye.

Dix (uneasily)
 How you fixed for dough?

Doll
 A few bucks - enough.

Dix fumbles in his pant's pocket and comes
 up with a twenty dollar bill.

Dix
 Here - and if things don't work out...

Doll
 No, Dix - thanks - and I'm all through bothering
 you. Give us a kiss.

He puts his arms around her rather awkwardly -
 Doll relaxes in them. But it is a brief kiss.
 Doll picks up her bag and goes to the door.
 She is starting down the stairs when Dix calls
 to her.

Dix
 Doll!

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - DOLL ON THE STAIR

89

She turns; a look of hope in her eyes.
 CAMERA PANS WITH HER TO:

CLOSE TWO-SHOT - DOLL AND DIX

89
CONT'D
(2)

Doll

Yes, Dix?

Dix (after a pause; almost
angrily)
Maybe I'll want to get in touch with you.

Doll (in a small voice)

Oh yes - my new address - I'll be at 42 Merton
Street.

Dix

...42 Merton Street.

She turns quickly; goes down the stairs.
THE CAMERA FOLLOWS Dix into his apartment.
He goes to the table; sits down; picks up
the Racing Form. It's no use, he can't
concentrate. He puts it down; folds his
big hands, and looks into space. He remains
there for some time - thinking unhappily.
Then the phone RINGS.

Dix (picking up the phone)

Hello. Oh, hello, Cobby... Yeah...

He continues to listen.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT - INT. - GUS'S HAMBURGER STAND
(NIGHT)

90

A dark storeroom, lit with a single bulb.
Seated on boxes of canned goods are the whole
crew: Doc, Louis, Dix and Gus.

MED. SHOT - ALL FOUR MEN: DOC, LOUIS, DIX, GUS

91

Doc

Here's everything. The soft spot's an old steam
tunnel. Mathole's on the corner. Break through
here,

(he points to map)

It'll take you about six minutes to get into Belletiers
through their furnace room. Watch out for floor
wires, make your way up to the back door and jump
the alarm circuit. That'll take you another three
minutes. Dix will cover you. At exactly eleven-
fifty-four we go to the back door. You open it for
us.

Louis
I'll be ready.

91
CONT'D
(2)

Doc
We should be through with our business not later than twelve-fifteen. The movie lets out at twelve-twenty. We'll move away with the crowd. Louis will drive back by himself. Dix will come with Gus and me and the jewelry. Any questions?

Louis
Everything sounds okay.

Gus
Same here.

Louis (getting up)
I'll be getting on home.

Doc
How's the boy?

Louis
Oh, he's okay. Ran a temperature yesterday - pretty high. We called the Doctor, but temperatures don't mean anything much with kids. He's normal today.

(to Dix)
See you tomorrow night - eleven-thirty.

Gus goes with Louis to let him out the front door. Dix finds his hat - puts it on - starts to rise.

MED. CLOSE TWO-SHOT - DOC AND DIX

92

Doc
Have you got a minute, Dix?

Dix (sitting back)
Sure. What's on your mind?

Doc
My friend, what do you know about this fellow Emmerich?

Dix
You mean the Big Fixer?
(Doc nods)
I've heard his name - that's all.

10-12-49

P.52

Doc (smiles, ingratiatingly)
I can talk to you I think.

92
CONT'D
(2)

Dix

Sure.

Doc

Mr. Emmerich is taking the jewelry off our hands.

Dix

You sure are surprising me, Doc.

Doc

I don't exactly trust Mr. Emmerich. It's just a feeling - I may be wrong, but it's up to us to collect - you and me. Everything may go smooth, but if it don't...

Dix (shortly)

If he's got it - we'll collect.

Doc

Good. We will meet Mr. Emmerich after the caper - deliver the jewelry, and get our money. The payment is to be immediate and in cash. After that we will pay off and scatter.

Dix (nodding)

Don't worry, Doc - we'll collect --

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT - PLANE TICKET - PASSPORT - WALLET
CLOCK ON DRESSER TOP.

93

The clock says 11:25. In the mirror we SEE Emmerich close a travelling case. He comes toward dresser, his hand picks up the ticket, etc. CAMERA PULLS BACK THEN DOLLIES WITH HIM as he carries his case out into the hall...A bedroom door is ajar; as he is about to pass a woman's voice calls, "Lon". Emmerich puts the case down, opens the door.

FULL SHOT - MRS. EMMERICH'S BEDROOM -

94

Originally furnished in rather soft, gently and feminine good taste, there has been super-imposed upon it the metal furnishings of a chronic invalid: three therapeutic lamps, a special reading light with a bluish daylight bulb, which throws a ghastly glow over the bed and two night tables loaded with bottles, glass eyecups, spoons, scattered cards and a pile of magazines. Mrs. Emmerich is sitting up in

bed in a food-stained bed jacket.

Mrs. Emmerich

Lon!

Emmerich (at the door)

Yes, May...?

Mrs. Emmerich

Come in, Lon...Sit down a minute.

Emmerich enters, sits down. She folds a corner of the page in her magazine; takes off her horn-rimmed glasses.

Emmerich

I've got a business appointment...

Mrs. Emmerich

It's almost eleven thirty. Isn't that rather late for - business.

(Emmerich chooses to ignore her remark)

Lon --

Emmerich

Yes, May.

Mrs. Emmerich

I'm not feeling well.

Emmerich (not unkindly)

You haven't been feeling well for a long time.

MED. TWO-SHOT - EMMERICH IN THE F.G. -
TOWARD MRS. EMMERICH

95

as she moves restlessly under the chafing covers.

Mrs. Emmerich

At night I get nervous, and when I get nervous I hate to stay in this big house all by myself.

Emmerich

But May -- you're not alone. There are three servants in this house, and all you have to do is --

Mrs. Emmerich

I know - press a button. - Did it ever occur to you that I might want something that couldn't be brought to me by a servant on a tray.

Emmerich gets out of the chair and begins to walk up and down in his wife's room.

95
CONT'D
(2)

Emmerich
Do you want me to sit here and watch you read a magazine?

Mrs. Emmerich
Would that be so awful?

MED. CLOSE SHOT - EMMERICH

96

as he pauses beside his wife's bed.

Emmerich
Look, May...

Mrs. Emmerich
We could play cards - Casino - like we used to.

Emmerich
Some other night.

Mrs. Emmerich
Please, Lon.

Emmerich
Look, May, this is an important appointment. I must keep it!

He glances at his watch.

CUT TO:

INSERT OF WATCH

97

It's a little before 11:30.

Mrs. Emmerich
Please, Lon, just one hand...
(she turns her face away from him)
I couldn't sleep last night, and I got to thinking about the old days - how we used to like to stay up and play Casino -
(Emmerich hesitates. She begins shuffling an old, swollen pack of cards)
- just the two of us.

Emmerich
I can't stay. I wish I could - but I can't. This is business.
(he goes to the door)
Maybe I'll look in and see you later if you're still awake.

Mrs. Emmerich nods, still shuffling her cards.
Emmerich goes out.

97
CONT'D
(2)

MED. SHOT - STAIRCASE IN THE EMERICH HOUSE

98

As Emmerich, suitcase in hand, hurriedly
descends. CAMERA MOVES DOWN WITH HIM,
including, as he opens the door to the
darkness outside, a huge grandfather clock
that begins to chime the half-hour: eleven-
thirty.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT - EXT. - A ONE STORY GARAGE
BUILDING - NIGHT

99

A car drives out. Louis is at the wheel.
He stops briefly at the corner. Dix gets in.

CLOSE SHOT - INT. - CAR

100

He drives on in silence for some time, then
Louis fishes in his pocket; takes out a pack
of cigarettes; offers it to Dix. They both
light up.

Dix
Where's the scup?

Louis silently shows Dix the bottle tied
around his neck by a string.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - CAR PULLING INTO AN ALLEYWAY

100X1

Gus is at the wheel. Doc steps out of a
doorway. Gets in beside him. Without a
word, Gus drives on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MED. LONG TRUCKING SHOT - STREET NEAR
BELLETIER'S - NIGHT

101

shooting through Dix and Louis through the
windshield as they turn into a parking lot,
picking a space as close as possible to the

exit. As the car, and MOVING SHOT come into a stop, the long brick wall and the marquee of a movie house are visible.

101
CONT'D
(2)

Dix

You all sat?

Louis

Help me with my coat.

MED. SHOT - PARKING LOT NEAR MOVIE - AS THE TWO MEN GET OUT OF LOUIS'S CAR

102

Louis comes around the front and puts both hands into the sleeves of the overcoat which Dix holds out for him. The coat jingles slightly as it comes down over his shoulders. As they walk away from the car, the CAMERA MOVES BEHIND THEM, crossing the parking lot and around to the back alley behind Belletier's. They make their way to the far end of the alley where they both open a manhole with a jimmy twenty-eight inches long which Louis draws from his left trouser leg. The manhole cover comes off. Louis silently takes Dix's hand and deposits the soup bottle in his palm. He then unties the string from behind his neck, leaving Dix holding the precious bottle.

Louis

Watch out how you handle this or they'll pick you up in little pieces.

Louis goes through the manhole. Dix kicks cover back on after Louis has disappeared. Dix then walks calmly to the corner of the alley and takes his position as look-out.

DISSOLVE TO:

LOUIS IN THE STEAM TUNNEL

(This shot to be described according to research)

DISSOLVE TO:

DOC AND GUS

Arriving at their position. Doc looks at his watch.

INSERT - WATCH

The time is eleven-forty-eight.

DISSOLVE TO:

103-112
OUT
112X1

112X2

112X3

LOUIS IN THE STEAM TUNNEL

112X4

(this shot to be described according to research)

DISSOLVE TO:

DIX

112X5

Patrolling slowly between the manhole and the corner of the alley.

DISSOLVE TO:

LOUIS IN THE TUNNEL

112X6

(third shot to be chosen)

DISSOLVE TO:

DOC AND GUS

112X7

Doc gets out of the car and saunters to the corner. He is carrying an old fashioned large briefcase. Doc looks at his watch.

INSERT - WATCH

112X8

The time is eleven-fifty-four.

DOC

112X9

strolling slowly toward the alley, meets Dix at the corner. They walk slowly in the direction of the back door of Bellatier's.

Doc

Did he give you the soup?

Dix, without a word, shows Doc the bottle in his hand. They arrive at the precise time as the back door opens from inside. Doc and Dix swiftly move through the opening as Louis holds up the wire which he has rigged to jump the alarm circuit. The door shuts once more, slowly and carefully, on the empty alley. Entrance has been accomplished.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - INT. BELLETIER'S SHOWROOM - NIGHT

113

inside the showroom of Belletier's and Co. There are shadowy galleries overhead, and everywhere the dark reflection from mirrors, polished floors, metal and glass, lamps and ornaments. The showcases themselves are covered with shroud-like sheets to keep off the dust. The footsteps of the three men can be heard emerging on to the slick floor.

Doc

Follow me.

He indicates the direction and they follow into the main part of the store. They move toward the vault.

Doc (to Louis)

There it is.

Turning to Dix, he gestures with his head indicating the front of the store. Dix hands the bottle back to Louis, then makes his way to a window. Louis puts the soup back around his neck. As Doc and Louis are about to enter the alcove in which the vault is housed:

Doc

Here's their secret alarm - the electric eye. We'll have to crawl under the beam.

CUT TO:

DIX

113X1

Arriving at his position in the front of the store. He looks out through the drawn shade and remains there.

CUT BACK TO:

MED. CLOSE SHOT - INT. BELLETEIR'S

114

Doc sits down on a customer's chair, leaning down a little to light a cigar but cupping the flame carefully.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - INT. BELLETIER'S - DIX

115

behind a column in the store, looking out toward the Square. He opens his coat to reveal the angle of his gun held in the waistband of his trousers.

MED. SHOT - INT. - BELLETIER'S - THE SHEET
OVER THE SCREEN BEFORE THE VAULT

116

A tiny point of light is visible moving behind it, casting a sharp shadow of Louis' face on the sheet for just a moment. Then the light goes out. A second later we hear the sound of a small electric motor going up to speed.

CLOSE SHOT - DOC

117

slowly drawing at his cigar. There is the sound of the electric tool, drilling in spurts like a dentist's drill.

CLOSE SHOT - DIX

118

Looking past the plate-glass windows of the store.

119-120
OUT

CLOSE SHOT - LOUIS

121

his face is calm, intent, as if he were a craftsman doing a customary but difficult job. The sound of the electric drill continues.

DISSOLVE TO:

122-124
OUT

MED. THREE SHOT - INT. - BELLETIER'S SHOWROOM - 125
NIGHT

Doc is still smoking his cigar, Dix is still quietly watching toward the street. Louis is only visible as a hand or a foot emerges from behind the screen that hides the door of the vault, as he shifts to get into a better position. The sound of the drilling continues.

Doc (to Louis)
How much longer do you need?

Louis
Almost ready.
(after a pause)
It's going to take a lot to blow this baby.
(he finishes drilling. He pours the soup)
Here goes!

There is the sound of a dull, heavy, muffled blast. Doc and Louis enter the vault. They look at the keester. Louis immediately goes to work on it with his drill. O.S. the distant sound of an alarm bell is heard. Dix comes to the opening of the vault.

Dix
Hey, Doc. Alarms are going off all over the block.

Louis
The blast must have shock up the circuit.

Dix
What do we do?

Doc
I would hate to leave now. We are so close.

Dix
I'm for finishing what we started.

Doc
How about you, Louis?

Louis
Okay by me.

Doc
Will Gus hold still?

Dix
Don't worry about Gus.

There is a sudden sharp sound of something breaking. The drill stops.

CLOSE SHOT - ON LOUIS

131X1

There are silent Italian curses mouthed by his lips..

Doc

What is it?

Louis

Drill broke..

There is a faint jingle of metal as Louis begins to fish in his overcoat for the extra drill..

Doc

We should finish before 12:15 - before the watchman gets here..

Dix

A store cop? Let me worry about him, Doc.

Doc

I hope that will not be necessary..

A siren is heard o.s. in the distance. It grows louder and now another one begins somewhat lower in pitch. A third siren joins in.

Doc

Hear that, Dix?

Dix

Yeah,....

Doc

Coming this way?

Dix

From the River. Don't sound good.

A sharp banging is heard as Louis uses his hammer. The door of the keester is opened by Louis. Doc pulls open a capacious briefcase. In a pinpoint of light held in Louis' left hand, he and Doc dump the contents of tray after velvet tray into the briefcase. The loot rattles like marbles as it is thrown together. The sirens are now so loud they seem to fill the whole room and the whole neighborhood..

Doc (not ceasing work
for a second)
Dix, take a look. See what's happening.

131X1
CONT'D
(2)

MED. SHOT -- BELLETIER'S SHOWROOM

132

as Dix works his way forward to get a look
through the front windows.

Dix
They're working the Square. Door by door.

Doc (o.s.)
How far away?

Dix
Up and down the block.

Louis (o.s.)
That's all, Doc.

Dix (his face turning into
CAMERA)
Let's blow fast.

Doc
Dix -- take a look at the back door.

CAMERA FOLLOWS DIX as he goes swiftly back
through the store, passing between Louis and
Doc as they wait for him to go ahead into
the rear corridor. Doc is fastening the
briefcase.

Louis (to Doc, with pride,
indicating the briefcase)
She's heavy, ain't she?

Doc
Plenty.
(with a note of triumph in his voice)
This is the biggest one yet. Wait 'til you see
it in the papers.

Both men begin to move toward the rear
corridor, almost pitch black, into which
Dix has preceded them.

MED. SHOT - INSIDE CORRIDOR AND AT REAR DOOR
OF BELLETIER'S 133

as Dix slowly opens it, admitting a slit of light from the back alley that cuts across his face and hands. Then he stops moving, freezes. First an elongated shadow, then a man appears in the back alley, moving toward the door. He's a heavy young man in his thirties, wearing a private police uniform, and carrying a gun in a black leather holster.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - EXT. NIGHT - THE BACK ALLEY 134

The Watchman sees the inch-wide opening of the door, puts his hand on it, then pulls it back, and draws his gun. Then he advances again.

MED. SHOT - INSIDE THE REAR CORRIDOR - INT.
NIGHT 135

past Dix in the f.g., toward Louis and Doc as they come up toward him.

Dix
Watchman. Pull open the door, Louis.

10-21-49 135
Maybe he'll go away. Louis

135
CONT'D
(2)

Doc
Do what Dix says.

Louis moves toward the door.

MED. SHOT - ALLEY OUTSIDE PELLETIER'S - EXT.
NIGHT - THE WATCHMAN

136

as he moves slowly, the gun in his right hand, toward the rear door. Suddenly the door is jerked inward, and Dix is revealed in the full light from the alley outside. Both men stand frozen for a fraction of a second. Then THE CAMERA MOVES IN BEHIND the watchman as Dix grabs him by the left arm, pulls him forward suddenly, and at the same time hits him full on the chin. The blow is sure and heavy, but the watchman doesn't fall, because Dix still has hold of his left sleeve. Then he lets him go, as the watchman sags forward onto the polished stone floor. CAMERA RUSHES FORWARD TOWARD HIM as he falls. His left arm strikes the floor first, then the side of his head. The gun flies out of his right hand, strikes the stone, and there is a flash and an echoing roar in the stone corridor -- then silence.

MED. THREE-SHOT - INSIDE THE REAR CORRIDOR -
PELLETIER'S - PAST DOC AND DIX

137

in the f.g., as they look at one another in dismay. Behind them, in the half-darkness, Louis lets go of the door, sways back as though he were drunk, and then falls to his knees with a groan. Dix turns and lifts him to his feet again. Louis groans again.

Dix (to Doc)

Come on -- I'll carry him.

Dix lifts Louis over his shoulder.

Louis

Take it easy -- you're killing me.

MED. LONG SHOT - THE ALLEY BACK OF PELLETIER'S
EXT. NIGHT

138

CAMERA PANS WITH THE THREE MEN as they leave through the rear door across the alley, and enter the parking lot. At the further end

Gus in his car flashes the car lights on for a second.

138
CONT'D
(2)

MED. LONG SHOT - TWO SIDES OF THE SQUARE ON WHICH PELLETIER'S IS LOCATED

139

as a uniformed policeman and plainclothesmen investigate door after door to find the source of the alarms ringing all over the Square.

MED. SHOT - PARKING LOT NEAR PELLETIER'S -
EXT. NIGHT - GUS'S CAR

140

as Dix lowers Louis into the seat and shuts the door.

Louis

Gus, take me home.

Gus

I heard the shot. How bad is it?

Louis

In the thigh. I could feel it going up. I think I got the slug in my belly.

Gus

I'll take you to a fellow I know. Used to be a doctor.

Louis

No, no! Take me home, Gus! I got to go home!

Beyond them, Dix and Doc walk a short distance away and get into Louis's car. Dix takes the wheel.

MED. SHOT - PARKING LOT - DOC AND DIX IN THE F.G.

141

toward Gus's car as he pulls past and out of the parking lot. Louis, his face dead-white, grasps the side of the car with both hands as they turn. There is a sound of talking and laughter, and as Gus's car pulls out of the way, a group of half a dozen people enter the parking lot, walking slowly in front of Dix and Doc. In the b.g., next to the parking lot, is the movie theater, which is emptying its audience after the last show.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - PARKING LOT -

142

people walking by in front of Dix's car. A couple stop directly in front of the car, and the man hugs the woman and is about to kiss her. The lights of Dix's car switch on.

Man
Say -- what's the idea?

The car starts forward, and they hastily get out of the way.

DISSOLVE TO:

143-144X1
OUT

INT. - EMMERICH'S COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM -
NIGHT.

144X2

The blinds are drawn. Brannom is sitting on the sofa with a drink in his hand. Emmerich paces the floor nervously.

Emmerich
It's past one. They'll be here any minute. - Unless there was trouble.

Brannom
Where's Angela?

Emmerich
At her sister's.

Brannom
She says!

Emmerich
I'd go easy on the liquor if I were you.

Brannom
Half drunk I've got better wits than most people - and more nerve.

He opens his jacket, takes a navy .45 out of his shoulder holster, checks the magazine, then stows the automatic between the leather cushions on the couch.

Brannom
You look worried, my friend. Is something bothering you?

(Emmerich shakes his head)
Live and learn. All these years, I've been suffering from an inferiority complex. I should have been in the money years ago. You big boys - what have you got? Front - nothing but front - and when that slips...

10-12-41
o.s. the sound of an engine. Emmerich goes to the window; looks out, sees the lights of a car on the driveway.

144X2
CONT'D
(2)

Brannon (mockingly)
I do believe our guests are arriving.

Emmerich goes quickly to the door; opens it, and stands aside for the little doctor followed by Dix to enter. The lawyer nods at the small leather handbag Doc is carrying.

Emmerich
Everything went well?

Doc holds the little bag up and nods, smiling. Brannon steps into the hallway. Doc looks him up and down, the smile fading from his face.

Emmerich
This is Mr. Brannon. He's been most helpful to me in regard to this deal.

Dix and Brannon regard each other silently - taking each other's measure.

Emmerich
Will you follow me, gentlemen?
(pleasantly)
It's more comfortable in here.
(he points at the little bag)
Full of Kohinoors and Grand Moguls, I hope.

Doc
Could be...

MED. SHOT - LIVING ROOM - INT.

145

Brannon saunters to the couch where his gun is hidden.

Emmerich
Sit down. Sit down, gentlemen. I'll get you a drink.

Doc
No, thanks.

He sets the little bag down on the table.

Emmerich (clears his throat
nervously)
Do you mind if we take a look?

Doc (unstrapping the bag)
You're entitled to a look, naturally.

145
CONT'D
(2)

Slowly and carefully he turns the bag upside down. Diamonds, rubies, and star sapphires slide into view. A heavy silence follows. The men all stare motionless at the huge, glittering treasure scattered on the table before them. Finally the little doctor breaks the spell. Chuckling, nervously, he holds the mouth of the bag below the edge of the table, and begins to scoop the gems back into it.

Doc

Convinced?

Emmerich (jovially)

Of course. Of course. But there's never been any doubt in my mind knowing your reputation, Riemenschneider. A mere matter of curiosity. - nothing more. I'm sure the appraisal will exceed your -

Doc (interrupting)

Good. Good. In that case - I'd just like to see the color of your money.

Emmerich (clearing his throat
pretentiously)

Gentlemen, I must say that at this moment I find myself a bit embarrassed.

Doc (very quietly)

You mean you haven't got the money, Mr. Emmerich?

Emmerich

I have it - that is - I have the assurance of it.

Doc (his eyes showing a sudden

glitter)

You haven't got it!

Emmerich

I haven't got the currency here in my hands, but it's promised by an unimpeachable source. I'm sorry. I guess we were all too anxious and moved too fast.

Doc

We moved on your word.

(Doc begins to strap up the bag)

Emmerich

The sum is a very large one considering present day conditions, and the fact that it is wanted in cash. So a few more days are needed to raise it.

Doc
A few more days may not seem like a very long time to you, Mr. Emmerich, but to me - carrying this around - it would seem like years.

145
CONT'D
(3)

Emmerich (sagely)
I quite understand. But I have a solution for that. That is, of course, if you boys trust me. If you don't - then there's nothing I can say except I am sorry.

There is a brief pause while he takes out his handkerchief and slowly mops his brow; eyeing Dix and the little doctor.

Doc
Mr. Emmerich, what are you trying to tell us?

Emmerich
The jewels - it's very dangerous for you to carry them around. You just said so.

Doc
You mean we leave them with you.

Emmerich
When the police start looking for them tomorrow, will they call me up - or send detectives around to my house?

(he laughs and gestures expansively)
But you, Doctor, you're just out of prison and they're going to start looking for big timers like yourself. Some detective may even be smart enough to connect this million dollar robbery and your release.

Riemenschneider stands staring up at Emmerich with bleak, frosty eyes. The lawyer's nerve begins to desert him.

Emmerich
Well, there you are.
(he makes a quick gesture intended to end all controversy)
But of course - as I said - it's up to you. Take the jewels. Have Cobby keep in touch with me. Maybe by the end of the week...

Doc reaches for the bag.

Brannon (harshly)
You did a great job, Emmerich, but it's not working - so...

They all turn to him at once. He is sitting on the edge of the sofa staring hard at Dix and Doc. In his right hand is the Navy .45. His face is pale, but his jaw is set. He looks grimly determined.

Emmerich (in a shocked voice) 145
Bob! CONT'D
(4)

Brannom (his eyes on Dix and
Doc)
Back away and keep out of this, Emmerich.

Emmerich obeys, backing away behind an easy chair.

Brannom (to Dix)
Now you — farmer! Get your hands up.
(glancing at the Doc)
And you — Fritz — throw the bag on the floor.
Over here by my feet. And be careful how you throw
it. I got a pistol expert madal.

MED. SHOT - BRANNOM'S HAND HOLDING THE PISTOL 146

in the immediate f.g., toward Doc and Dix.
Doc glances sideways at Dix who, his face
expressionless, is slowly raising his hands.

Doc
What do you say, Dix?

Brannom
He's got no say. If he makes a crooked move,
he'll never pitch another forkful of manure.

Dix
Toss him the bag, Doc. He's got us.

Brannom
You're not as dumb as you look.

There's a brief pause, then Doc Riemenschneider
tosses the bag toward Brannom with both hands.
Simultaneously, Dix pulls his own revolver
from the waistband of his trousers, and jumps
sideways. Both guns, Dix's and Brannom's in
the immediate f.g., roar at the same time.

MED. SHOT - EMMERICH 147

He turns and crouches behind the protection
of the easy chair, his face dead-white.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - BRANNOM! 148

He is staring stupidly into space. His gun
drops from his fingers and he himself slides
off the settee and down to his knees, and
then slowly onto his face into the rug.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - DOC

149

stooping forward to recover the briefcase,
turns from Brannom to look back toward Dix.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - DIX

150

He has staggered back against the wall and
is pressing his left hand to his left side.
There is a long ragged tear in his coat.

FULL SHOT - PAST EMMERICH

151

kneeling behind the chair, toward the other
three men, one wounded, one dying. Dix, the
gun still in his hand crosses the room toward
him, slowly. He pushes aside the shelter of
the easy chair with one foot. Emmerich has
crouched down, almost flat on his face.

Dix

Are you a man? Or what? Trying to gyp and double-
cross, but with no guts for it. What's inside of
you? What's keeping you alive?

Emmerich rises slowly from his knees. A
strange expression passes over his death-
like face. - An expression compounded of
resignation, dignity, and sudden resolution.
His jaw shows a certain firmness, and the
lines at his mouth are hard. He regards Dix
coldly and without fear.

Emmerich

Go ahead - kill me. What's stopping you?

Dix moves a step closer to the lawyer -
leveling his weapon. Then Doc runs up from
behind and talking rapidly pushes the barrel
down.

Doc

Dix, listen to me - don't kill him. It's too easy
an out for him.

Dix leans against the wall, one hand pressing
against his side.

Doc

Whatever possessed you, Mr. Emmerich, to pull such
a stunt?

Emmerich
I was broke - facing bankruptcy.

151
CONT'D
(2)

Dix
Doc, he's a witness. He saw me knock off that
guy there. You think he wouldn't holler if they
turned the heat on him.

Doc
He's in no position to talk.
(turning to Emmerich)
What did you and your man there on the floor intend
to do with the jewels?

Emmerich
Leave town - sell them off - a little at a time.

Doc
No good. The police would have been on you after
the first sale. You can't go peddling stuff like
this around when the heat's on.

Dix
Let's blow, Doc. Let's not fool around here any
longer.

Doc
Be patient, Dix. Mr. Emmerich got us into this
hole and he's going to get us out.
(to Emmerich)
I didn't save your life because I'm a lover of
humanity. We're in trouble with this satchel full
of jewels. As things stand, it's just a much junk.

Emmerich
There's nothing I can do.

Doc
Yes there is, Mr. Emmerich. You can go to the
insurance company.

Emmerich
Insurance Company....?
(he nods)

Doc
They'll listen to reason. This is a very bad jolt
for them, and it's possible they'd be willing to
buy the jewels back - no questions asked - for as
high as twenty-five per cent of what they're worth.

Dix
Doc, let's blow.

Emmerich
I'll start on it tomorrow.

Doc
Get busy, Emmerich, and remember you might have
been lying here dead with your friend.

151
CONT'D
(3)

Emmerich
Should I get in touch with you through Cobby?

Doc
No. I will get in touch with you. Come on, Dix.
They start out.

Doc (at the hall door; briefly)
I advise you to clean up after your friend.

They go out, Dix closing the door. Emmerich
is left alone with the body. Outside there
are the sounds of a car door opening and
closing, the engine starting, the car pulling
away. Emmerich kneels down, reaches under
the body, and drawing out Brannom's gun, puts
it into his own pocket. Then, taking out his
handkerchief, he begins frantically to wipe
every object, every surface, that could possibly
have a fingerprint.

DISSOLVE TO:

152-160
OUT

MED. SHOT - THE BELLINI KITCHEN - INT. -
NIGHT

160X1

CAMERA PANNING WITH MARIA BELLINI as she fills
a glass of water and takes it toward the bed-
room. In the f.g. is Gus, sitting on a kitchen
chair, his unnaturally long arms bent like a
frog's, and his thick hands rubbing his knees.

Gus
Don't give him water.

Maria disregards him, going past the baby's
crib, which has been pulled into the kitchen,
and into the doorway to the bedroom. Louis
Bellini is visible in the semi-darkness, groan-
ing, lying on one side. Gus gets up, tries to
wrest the glass away from Maria.

Maria
He asked for it. Let go!

Gus
I said don't give him water. You want to kill him?
Maybe he's hurt in the stomach.

160X1
CONT'D
(2)

The water spills on the floor. Maria pulls
away from him.

Maria
Where's the doctor? Why doesn't he come? You told
me ten minutes - it's half an hour. Louis'll die.
Why can't I take my Louis to the hospital?

Gus
You take him to the hospital - they wheel him into
the operating room - you never see him again.

Maria begins to wring her hands and sway.

Gus
Take it easy, Louis'll be all right. The doctor
will fix him up as good as new. You and Louis will
have six more kids - and everyone fat as a pig with
big black eyes and lots of hair. Just like Louis,
eh, Maria?

He bends over the crib, and pokes a thick,
hairy finger at the baby.

Maria (shouting)
Stay away from the baby!

Gus slowly retreats, scowling, sits down with
back to Maria.

Maria
Tell me the truth, Gus - how did it happen?

Gus (sullenly)
I told you - a fight.

Maria
Louis don't fight. You know that.

Gus shrugs.

Maria
Why is it always you? Whenever he gets into
trouble you're around - why?
(the Italian peasant)
You crooked back - You dirty cripple - You have the
evil eye!

Gus gets up -- in sudden violence.

Gus
Maria, don't say that! I don't like anybody to
say that!

160X1
CCNT'D
(3)

Maria
I'm sorry, Gus, but I got to blame somebody.

Gus
What I carry on my back - I was born with it - I
didn't grow it myself.

Maria
Please, Gus. I'm sorry. Forgive me, Gus. I didn't
mean it.

There is a silence between them. Maria lifts
the baby out of the crib to comfort herself
rather than the baby. In the next room, Louis
shifts in the bed and grunts with pain. There
is the sound of distant sirens.

Maria
Listen to that!

Gus
Yeah. Must be a fire - but not around here - not
in this neighborhood.

Maria
Oh, Gus - I pray God to send that doctor here quick.

Gus (no longer angry)
He ought to be here any minute, Maria.

Maria
Sounds like a soul in hell...

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT - THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER - EXT. - NIGHT 160X2

as Emmerich's car comes to a stop in the center of the span. He gets out, opens the door on Brannom's side. Then he looks up. The lights of a trolley are approaching, rattling and empty except for a few sleepy passengers. Emmerich walks around the car and crouches behind it, shielding his face as the trolley passes. Then, when it is over the bridge, he pulls Brannom's body out of the car, lifts it to the height of the guard rail, and lets it roll out of the blanket.

MED. SHOT - FROM FAR ABOVE - THE SURFACE OF THE RIVER - EXT. - NIGHT 160X3

as Brannom's body falls loosely, absurdly into the water, and is carried downstream, under the shadow of the bridge.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - INT. - COBBY'S OFFICE - NIGHT 161

Cobby is walking back and forth - frantic with worry. His face is pale and drawn. From time to time, he groans faintly. Dix, his shirt off, is sitting sideways on a straight chair. He is swabbing his wound with a big hunk of cotton dipped in iodine. The little doctor is at a card table. He still wears his hat and overcoat. The bag containing the jewels is on the table. He keeps sliding it around and around idly.

Doc

Dix, you'd better get in touch with Gus, and let him take you to that doctor. Don't be foolish.

Dix

I don't like doctors. I'm getting along all right. The bullet just ripped through my side and went on about its business. Good thing I jumped.

Cobby

How can things go so wrong...How is it possible? - One man killed, two other guys plugged. I'm out thirty grand and we got a load of rocks we can't peddle.

Dix (interrupting)
Quit crying and get me some bourbon, will you?

161
CONT'D
(2)

Cobby pours drinks for both Dix and himself.

Cobby (whining)
I must be awful stupid. Here I am with a good business - money rolling in, and I get myself mixed up in a thing like this. I ought to have my head examined!

The telephone rings. Cobby answers it.

Cobby
Hello. Yeah. This is Cobby.
(startled)

...What?...

(turning to Doc and Dix)

...It's Gus. - Drag-net's out - they're combing the district. He wants to talk to you, Dix.

Dix crosses the room; jerks the receiver away from Cobby.

Dix
Gus...Dix.

Gus' Voice (over phone)
Listen careful, pal. The coppers are knocking over all the joints along the boulevard - mobs of them! - meat-wagons and all!

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - INT. - GUS'S RESTAURANT

162

Gus (at phone)
Now look - I already called a guy - Eddie Donato. He's got a grocery down by the river - 116 Front Street - get that? - okay.

Dix' Voice
Thanks, Gus. How's Louis?

Gus
Louis's not so good. - Slug in his belly all right. The Doc's doing all he can.

Through the window, Gus sees a police wagon and a police car pull up. Two uniformed policemen, and a plainclothesman get out of the car and come toward the door.

Gus
Here they are now. - The Happiness Boys. Guess I'm in for a working over. Look, go to Eddie's by way of the old Market. At night it's deserted. When you get beyond the market, you'll be safe. The cops never bother Eddie's neighborhood. So long, Dix. Blow now!

162
CONT'D
(2)

The police are rapping at the front door when Gus hangs up. He grimly looks at it. It almost gives way under a hammering blow.

Gus
Okay, okay!

He takes a deep breath and goes to open the door as we

DISSOLVE TO:

163
OUT

FULL SHOT - SMALL ROOM AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS - INT. - EARLY MORNING

164

Four or five girls, among them Doll, are grouped in this barren reception room, waiting for their turn to be questioned in an adjacent room, the door to which is closed.

Big Girl
It's that Commissioner. I saw his picture in the paper. He looks like an old billy goat, only he ain't got any beard. All he does is make trouble.

Fat Woman
You said a mouthful, honey. Why can't he leave us alone.

The door opens and a Police Lieutenant in uniform steps in.

Lieutenant (pointing)
All right, you and you, in here!

Doll and another girl, Vivian, go through into the other room. The lieutenant follows them in, closes the door behind him.

GROUP SHOT - THREE OR FOUR REMAINING GIRLS

164XL

A Thin Girl
What's the beef, anyway? We got to eat, don't we?

Big Girl
Just because he's all for morality and stuff like
that - that don't change the world, does it?

164X1
CONT'D
(2)

We hear a woman's voice, raised in anger,
shouting unintelligibly.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - ADJACENT ROOM - INT. - EARLY
MORNING

164X2

The room is blocked and crowded with a long
table, straight chairs, several steel files,
a single light is on, though through a nar-
row window, a gray misty dawn is beginning
to reveal the streets beyond. A lieutenant
in uniform is questioning Vivian. In the
f.g., huddled into his overcoat, Commissioner
Hardy listens.

Lieutenant (holding out a
photograph)
All right, Vivian. Take it easy. All we want to
know is have you ever seen this man?

Vivian
I ain't seen anybody. I been sick in bed. I was
dragged out of a sick bed and thrown in the wagon.

Lieutenant
Okay, Vivian. Run along.

She is led out. The Lieutenant looks up at
Hardy.

Hardy
Keep it up. We'll get somewhere. His signature's
all over this job.

Doll is led in.

Lieutenant
Doll Conovan?

Doll
That's right.

Lieutenant
Ever see this man at any time in the last ten days?

Doll
I guess not.

Lieutenant
You guess not! What do you mean? Did you or
didn't you?

Do--
I mean I guess I didn't.

164X2
CONT'D
(2)

Lieutenant
Look again! Take a good look!

INSERT: POLICE PHOTO OF RIEMENSCHNEIDER

165

Doll
Nossir.

Lieutenant
Nossir - what?

Doll
I just don't guess I ever met him.

The lieutenant jerks his head permitting Doll to leave. CAMERA DOLLIES WITH HER down a bleak, grey hall to the door of the station house. Then HOLDS on her forlorn figure as she walks out up the street in the cold light of dawn.

DISSOLVE TO:

166 OUT

MED. SHOT - CONFERENCE ROOM ON HIGH FLOOR,
INSURANCE BUILDING - INT. - BRIGHT DAY

167

The room has a long conference table and twelve leather chairs, only three of which are occupied at the moment: one by Emmerich who wears the marks, under his immaculate shave, of a night's sleeplessness: one, by a bold, peppery, rather pompous man in a black suit, an insurance executive named James X. Connery; the third by Maxwell, his superior.

Connery
You have no doubt about the - legitimacy - of the offer?

Emmerich
None at all. - And I speak with some knowledge of underworld methods...Well, gentlemen, what shall I report when they call back?

Maxwell
I'm against it - on principle!

Emmerich
I understand your feelings, Mr. Maxwell. They do you credit. Far better your insurance company take a million dollar loss than deal with thieves - if it can afford to.

Maxwell (clears his throat)
This isn't something we can decide by ourselves,
we'll have to consult with others in the firm.

167
CONT'D
(2)

Emmerich
You understand of course that I would want nothing
-- absolutely nothing in the way of a fee. I pre-
fer to regard what I'd be doing as a public service.

Connery (shaking hands)
Very generous of you, Mr. Emmerich.

Emmerich goes out.

Maxwell
How crooked can you get?
(he thinks for a moment. Folds his long,
white beautifully manicured hands, then
flicks a switch and speaks into the
dictograph)
Get me Police Commissioner Hardy.

Connery
Hold on, -- use your head! Suppose we do nail
Emmerich. That wouldn't say the jewelry would be
recovered.

Maxwell
You're quite right. It doesn't.

Connery
I know it's bad practice, but a million dollars...

Maxwell
...is a lot of money.

Connery
Remember that big jewelry theft in the east - the
Shafter job? Sure, the police caught the criminals,
but it took four years and we only recovered about
ten per cent of what was stolen. Emmerich's gang
will settle for twenty-five per cent. Look at it
as a matter of simple arithmetic.

A buzzer SOUNDS.

Maxwell
Yes?

Secretary (over speaker)
Commissioner Hardy - on two, Mr. Maxwell.

Maxwell picks up the receiver.

Maxwell
Commissioner? - Maxwell of Mid-City Insurance -
Is there any progress, so far? I see - I see -
thank you, sir. - I appreciate your frankness -
Goodbye, Commissioner.

167
CONT'D
(3)

He hangs up. They haven't got a thing.

Connery (relieved)
I thought maybe you were going to tell him about
Emmerich.

Maxwell
Certainly not. I just wanted to know how things
stood before giving that crook Emmerich the go-
ahead sign.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONG SHOT - TENEMENT DISTRICT NEAR
RIVER - DAY

168

An Italian grocery store on corner. Children
are playing a skipping game in the street.
CAMERA MOVES UP to window on the second floor -
enters a room.

FULL SHOT - EDDIE DONATO'S UPSTAIRS ROOM -
INT. DAY

169

Doc is asleep on one of the cots, his coat
and shoes off and one hand hanging limp
against the floor. Dix is standing moodily
looking out of the window, which looks into
the narrow street that descends to the river.
There's a knock at door. Dix turns slowly
around, then Doc wakes and sits up. Neither
moves any further.

Voice Outside Door
It's ma - Eddie Donato.

Dix goes and lets him in. He carries two
platters heaped with gleaming spaghetti.

Donato
You like spaghetti? I make it very good. Plenty
of oregano - small it?

Dix
Sure. Put it down. Thanks.

Donato puts both plates down on the dresser
- the nearest thing to a table in the room.

Doc
Anybody call us?

169
CONT'D
(2)

Donato
No calls. Everything's nice and quiet.

Doc
I don't know why we don't hear from Cobby..

Dix
Come on, Doc. Sit down and eat.

Doc sighs, draws up a chair. Dix eats standing.

Doc
Real spaghetti - great. I ate it by the yard in Naples.

Dix (to Donato)
What size shirt you wear?

Donato
Me? - I wear a fifteen. But I buy a sixteen and a half because I like lots of room. Same with underwear and pajamas. I always wear pajamas. In the old country, people sleep in underwear - a very dirty habit.

Dix
How about me buying a couple of shirts from you?

Donato
Sure. Sure. What color you like? I got pink, yellow, salmon - very pretty -

Dix
How about brown or white?

Donato
That's no color - brown, white.

Dix
Okay. Anything you got.

Donato
I got light blue, purple -

The phone rings somewhere outside the room... Donato goes to the door, opens it, and goes down a short staircase to the street floor, where a pay telephone is hung on the thickly-painted wall. Doc stops eating, but Dix goes methodically on.

Donato (off into phone)
Yeah? What? Talk louder! I don't get the name!..

10-12-49 P.26

Dix puts his fork down, too. Doc stands up, goes to the open door at the head of the staircase, Dix follows him.

169
CONT'D
(3)

MED. SHOT - SHOOTING DOWN STAIRCASE TOWARD
TELEPHONE - INT. - DAY

170

In the f.g. wait Doc and Dix.

Donato
Sure - sure — I'll get him for you.

He motions for Doc to come down. Doc descends, lifts the receiver.

Doc
Hello - yes? - Fine, fine. - Good. - That will be satisfactory.

He hangs up, goes silently up the steps, enters and closes the door.

MED. TWO SHOT - THE UPSTAIRS ROOM

171

Dix
Cobby?

Doc
Yes. Emmerich came through. The insurance people say okay. Of course, we'll have to wait till the banks open - Monday morning. But it's two hundred fifty thousand. Which is not bad!

Dix nods, walks back and begins to eat his spaghetti again.

Dix
Two more days! - Wish I had a T-bone steak.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - MRS. EMMERICH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

172

She and Emmerich are playing casino. He is sitting on the side of her bed. She has on a new bed-jacket of padded silk, and her brushed hair falls becomingly around her shoulders. In her happiness and excitement over the card game, she is, despite her years, an attractive woman.

Mrs. Emmerich (laughing triumphantly)
As a lawyer you may be very brilliant, Lon - but as a casino player you have a lot to learn.

172
CONT'D
(2)

Emmerich (smiles)
Kind if I smoke?

Mrs. Emmerich
Of course not, Lon.

He plays a card, and takes out a cigar.

Mrs. Emmerich
Oh, Lon! How could you make such a play as that?
You won't make a single point this hand.

He is striking a match when there is a discreet knock at the door. The butler enters.

Emmerich
Yes?

Butler
Two gentlemen to see you, sir. - from the police department.

Emmerich freezes in the act of lighting the cigar. The hand holding the match begins to tremble.

Mrs. Emmerich
What on earth can they want, Lon?

Emmerich
Something to do with a case probably.

Mrs. Emmerich
Oh bother! - We're having so much fun. Hurry back!

Emmerich goes out of the room.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT - SHOOTING DOWN THE STAIRS TO

173

two plain-clothes men standing in the roomy hall,

EMMERICH enters from ~~BEHIND~~ CAMERA - starts
down the stairs.

173
CONT'D.
(2)

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT - EMMERICH

174

descending the stairs. The plain-clothes men
are in the f.g. - their hats are off. Nobody
speaks until Emmerich reaches the bottom of
the stairs.

Hannigan
Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Emmerich. I'm Hannigan.
This is Officer Janocek.

Emmerich
What can I do for you?

Hannigan
Do you know a man named Robert Brannon?

Emmerich
Yes, I do. Why? Is something the matter?

Hannigan
There sure is, Mr. Emmerich. His body was pulled
out of the river this morning.

Emmerich
Great heavens!

Hannigan
But it was no drowning. He had a hole through his
pump - he'd been shot.

Emmerich
Come in here, gentlemen.

He leads the way into the cardroom.

FULL SHOT - THE CARDROOM: IN EMMERICH'S HOUSE
as he enters with the detectives.

175

Emmerich
Sit down. This is quite a shock. Bob Brannon
murdered - great heavens!

Hannigan (taking out a folded
slip of paper)
We found a list of names in his pocket - written
on your business stationery. Who are these people,
do you know?

Emmerich
That's a list of my debtors. Brannom was working for me - trying to collect old debts without much success.

175
CONT'D.
(2)

Hannigan
Was he giving the treatment to anybody on this list?

Emmerich
Certainly not!

Hannigan
Then you don't think there was any connection between this work you say he was doing for you - and his death?

Emmerich
None whatever.

Janocck
Then did you see him last?

Emmerich
Wednesday evening - in this room. - We checked that list over together.

Janocck
The coroner says he was plugged about one or two o'clock this morning - not much after the Pelletier job was pulled. We figure there might be a connection.

(Emmerich frowns thoughtfully)
One of the heist guys was shot. We know that. There was blood on the floor. Maybe it was Brannom's. He could have died in the get-away car, and the others dropped him in the river.

Emmerich
Not a chance - Brannom was something of a roughneck, but he wasn't a criminal - and if I'm any judge, Pelletier's was the work of big-time professionals.
(shakes his head)

No, gentlemen - Bob's taking part in that or any other burglary is inconceivable.

Andrews
I see.

They get up.

Andrews
One more thing, Mr. Emmerich. Just for the records, of course. Could you give us an account of your whereabouts, Friday night?

Emmerich
I could, but it would be rather embarrassing. Is it necessary?

Andrews
I'm afraid so, Mr. Emmerich.

175
CONT'D.
(3)

Emmerich
As a man in his fifties, I hate to make this admission. A young lady named Angela Finlay is living at my cottage on the river. I went to see her last night - about eleven-thirty, I think it was - then I stayed later than I intended. She will confirm this, I think. But, boys, use your discretion. If it serves no useful purpose -

Andrews
I understand, Mr. Emmerich. And thank you very much for your help.

Emmerich
If I can be of any further assistance, please call me.
(he leads them to the door)
Good night, gentlemen.

Detectives
'Night, Mr. Emmerich.

They go out. Emmerich turns, and picking up the phone, he dials a number.

Emmerich
Angela? - This is Lon. - Look, Baby, you may get a visit from the police - no, nothing to be alarmed about - certainly not. They may ask you some questions about last Friday night - and I want you to tell them I was with you - most of the night - from eleven-twenty to three in the morning. - Is that clear, Baby? No, it's just politics, good old dirty politics. - I'll call you later. Goodbye.

Hanging up the receiver, Emmerich turns and starts back up the stairs..

INT. - MRS. EMMERICH'S BEDROOM

176

Hearing Emmerich's step on the stair, she makes an involuntary gesture toward arranging her hair. Emmerich enters..

Mrs. Emmerich
Can we go on playing?

Emmerich
All right.

He sits down on the bed. Her face shows concern..

Mrs. Emmerich
Why, you're as pale as a ghost. What's the matter?

176
CONT'D.
(2)

Emmerich
I heard some bad news. Man who was working for me
got killed.

Mrs. Emmerich
Oh, Lon, how awful! Was it an accident?

Emmerich (shakes his head)
No. It was an intentional killing.

Mrs. Emmerich
What was his name?

Emmerich
Brannom. He had a private detective agency.

Mrs. Emmerich
Do they know who did it?
(Emmerich shakes his head)
Lon, when I think about all those awful people you
come into contact with - down-right criminals -
I get scared.

Emmerich
There's nothing so different about them.

Something in his tone strikes her as queer.
Watching him, she frowns slightly.

Emmerich
- After all, crime is only a left-handed form of
human endeavor.

She is studying his face as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT: DOC'S PHOTOGRAPH THREE COLUMNS WIDE
SET SQUARELY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FRONT PAGE
OF THE EVENING CHRONICLE.

177.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

CLOSE SHOT - EDDIE DONATO IN HIS STORE - NIGHT

177XL

as his eyes involuntarily look toward the ceiling. In the b.g., a fourteen year old boy is sweeping up. Donato lowers the paper - stands undecided for a long moment then moves hesitantly toward the stairs.

MED. SHOT - INT. - UPSTAIRS ROOM - DIX AND DOC

178

Doc is sitting by the window, smoking a cigar, and looking at the lights on the river. Dix is stretched out on the cot.

Doc
Ever been in Mexico City, Dix?

Dix (without opening his eyes)
Nope.

Doc
It's eight thousand feet up. The air is very pure - many first-class clubs and restaurants - a horse track - and girls - plenty young girls. How would you like to go there - all expenses paid?

Dix (laconically)
Sorry, Doc - not interested. I'm heading South.

Doc
Listen, Dix: You can always go home, and when you do - it's nothing. Believe me, I've done it - nothing.

Dix
My mind's made up, Doc.

There is the sound of feet on the bare floor outside in the hall. Dix jumps up quickly; jerks his gun and stands waiting. Then there is the sound of scratching on the door. Eddie's voice comes softly o.s.

Eddie (o.s.)
It's me.

Dix puts away his gun and opens the door.

Donato steps in quickly as if pursued. He glances over his shoulder into the dark hallway as Dix closes the door behind him. Then he holds out the paper pathetically.

176
CONT'D
(2)

Eddie
Look, my friends -

Dix takes the paper from Eddie's trembling hands. Doc comes over to Dix, seeing the front page, he whistles softly.

Eddie (tears in his voice)
I'm a respectable man. For Gus I do a favor all right, but please... With this picture in the paper...

Dix
You mean you want us to blow? Is that right, Eddie?

Eddie shrinks back, but continues to plead.

Eddie
Please - How can I get mixed up in a thing like this? I can't live, my friends - I can't live....!

Dix (shutting him off)
Okay, Eddie.

(to Doc)
The sooner we blow the better. Our friend Eddie's getting to the place where he'd talk with a little encouragement.

Eddie
Oh no. I no talk. Gus cut my belly open. I go now, my friends. I'm sorry to bring you this bad news, but...

Dix (breaks in coldly)
You sit down. You're not going any place till I say so.

Eddie stares at Dix in horror. Then he makes a quick dart for the door, but Dix grabs him by the back of his shirt and heaves him across the room and on to the bed.

Dix
Stay put, Eddie. Nobody's going to hurt you if you sit still and keep your mouth shut.

There is a long silence broken only by Eddie's heavy breathing. Doc who has not stopped studying the newspaper, shakes his head.

Dix
The way I figure - the insurance guys sicked the cops on to that big phony - and he spilled. You shouldn't have stopped me, Doc, when I was going to blast him.

Doc (drops the paper; starts putting on his overcoat)
No, Dix, he hasn't spilled. Or they wouldn't be looking for just me.

178
CONT'D
(3)

Dix
Then how come?

Doc
Because there's only four or five men who could manage a job like this. Somebody in the department with a few brains has decided I'm the guy. I've been half expecting it. It doesn't worry me much. We'll get our money tomorrow, you bet.

Dix
Hope so...Come on, Doc. Let's go.

Doc
Where can we go, Dix?

Dix (recalling)
I know a place.

He feels in his pockets, brings out the match cover Doll wrote her new address on; then, he turns to the man on the bed.

Dix
Eddie, if you're a smart boy you'll forget you ever seen us.

Eddie
I say nothing to nobody. Don't worry about that, Mister.

Dix and the little doctor leave without speaking again, closing the door softly behind them. Eddie hurries on tip-toe, and stands with his ear pressed to the door. Presently he heaves a long sigh of relief.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. LONG SHOT - EXT. DESERTED BOULEVARD - NIGHT 179

Doc and Dix jaywalk over the wide thoroughfare. Doc carries the briefcase. On the opposite side of the street is a huge, ponderous, arcade-like structure, an old market, stretching for nearly three blocks, but condemned, and now partially open to the weather. Dix and Doc enter the building through a broken doorway.

MED. LONG SHOT - INT. - THE OLD MARKET -
NIGHT

180

The only illumination is far overhead - a faint glow from the street - lights through the broken windows. Dix and Doc are no more than shadowy silhouettes, their feet shuffling through a litter of old newspapers on the floor. On the river nearby, a tug moans on its way upstream, the sound echoing hollowly through the big empty building. As the two figures approach the CAMERA, they are suddenly illuminated in the circle of light from the beam of a torch. They both freeze. The hand holding the searchlight emerges into the f.g., the cuff identifies it as part of a policeman's uniform.

Policeman

Where do you guys think you're going?

Dix

We're on our way home.

Policeman

Where do you live?

Dix

South on Camden.

Policeman

Well -- you guys got no business in here -- city property. There are signs all over the place.

Dix

Everybody uses it.

Policeman

You're telling me. Bunch of hoodlums been bringing young girls in here.

Doc (interested at once)

Is that a fact?

MED. CLOSE THREE SHOT, PAST DOC AND DIX

181

toward the policeman with the flashlight. Dix and Doc begin to go past him toward the street about ten feet beyond. The policeman plays his beam over the backs of Dix and then Doc, then switches it off.

Policeman

Yeah. It's already cost one of us boys his job on account of the beefs. If I was you guys I'd stay out of here -- understand?

Dix

Okay, officer.

1-1
CONT'D
(2)

The beam from the torch goes on again, playing over the doctor.

Policeman

Wait a minute! It seems to me...! Come outside with me.

In the f.g., he puts the flashlight in his left hand, reaches around and pulls out his gun. There is a creak of holster leather. Dix turning, leaps at the policeman straight down the beam from the torch. There is a violent shock of bodies, the flashlight goes out as it strikes the floor. Missing the gun hand with his first grab, Dix strikes two hard blows into the policeman's stomach. The gun in the policeman's hand swings widely, trying to pull free. Doc jumps toward the two men, but just in time to be struck by the flailing gun. He stumbles backward into a pile of debris. In the half-darkness, there is the sickening sound of hard blows, struck with the metal object. There is a shuffling among the debris on the floor, the flashlight goes on, and is held by Dix, who has the policeman's gun in his left hand, the barrel gripped like a club. He throws it away from him. Then he runs the beam along the floor till he finds Doc Riemenschneider, lying full length in a pile of old newspapers. CAMERA PANS WITH DIX as he pulls Doc up to his knees, then to his feet.

Dix

Come on, Doc. Got the stuff?

Doc, still groggy, mutters unintelligibly.
Dix reaches down to find that the Doc
still has the briefcase clutched in his
right hand. Supporting the Doc with one
arm, Dix switches off the flashlight and
hurls it away.

181
CONT'D
(2)

CAMERA PANS WITH THEM as they move quickly
toward the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - INT. COMMISSIONER HARDY'S
OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT

181/1

Many people are crowded in the room. A
taxi-driver, a thin, pale man with a cap in
his hand, has just entered the room. He
comes face to face with the Commissioner's
secretary, a big, young man in an immaculate
uniform.

Secretary

Yeah?

Taxi-driver

I want to see the Commissioner.

Secretary

State your business.

Taxi-driver

Look, I'm a citizen. Can't I see the Commissioner
if I want to?

Secretary

Is it about Riemenschneider?

Taxi-driver

Could be.

Secretary

He sure gets around that guy. About five thousand
people have seen him in the last twenty-four hours.
Look, buddy, the Commissioner's pretty busy these
days. If you just get on that line over there and
wait your turn you can tell your story.

Taxi-driver

I won't tell nobody but the Commissioner.

Secretary (sighing)

Okay, buddy. Sit down and wait. But it may be
some time.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - DOLL'S APARTMENT - INT. NIGHT

182

Doll has fallen asleep across the tumbled bed, with the light still on. There is a violent knocking at the door. Doll responds very slowly, getting to her feet with difficulty, shuffling across the floor and then fumbling interminably with the lock. She opens the door, stares uncomprehendingly at Dix and Doc standing there.

Doll

Dix -- honey! You got to excuse me, I --

Supporting Doc, Dix pushes past her into the room. Doc falls into a chair. Gasping, he clutches the bag between his knees. Dix shuts and locks the door, draws the shades.

Doll

I took three sleeping tablets so I -- I'm kind of groggy. I haven't been able to sleep lately -- worrying about you and everything. I went back to your place, Dix. They told me the cops were after you.

Dix

Get me some cold water and some towels and don't stand there yapping.

She looks at the little doctor sitting in the chair with his face in his hands, sees the blood on his head.

Doll

Sure, sure, Dix honey.

Dix

Well, get a move on.

Doll

You bet, honey - you bet.

She runs into the bathroom, stumbling in her haste.

Doc

You put in hours and hours of planning - figure everything down to the last detail - then what? Burglar alarms start going off for no sensible reason. A gun fires of its own accord and a man is shot. And a broken-down old harness-bull, no good for anything but chasing kids - has to trip over us. Blind accident! What can you do against blind accident?

Dix helps the doctor off with his coat;
helps him over to the bed.

182
CONT'D
(2)

Doe

One thing I ought've figured and didn't was
Emmerich...and I know why I didn't. I'm not
kidding myself. It was the extra dough he
promised. I got greedy. Greed made me blind.

Doll comes in with the water and the towels.
Dix starts to bathe the doctor's head. Now
for the first time, she sees his face. Her
mouth drops open and she gives a sudden
start of recognition.

Doll

Dix, isn't he the one with the reward on him?

Dix

Mind your own business.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - HARDY'S OFFICE - INT. - NIGHT

183

It's cold, the heat has been shut off in
the old police building. Hardy is sitting
at his desk wearing his hat and his overcoat.
His face has a white stubble of beard. A
half dozen police officers are in the room,
most of them in plain-clothes. Deputy Chief
Andrews is standing in front of the desk.

Andrews

- She confirmed what Emmerich said. - That he was
with her from eleven-thirty till three.

Hardy

How did she impress you?

Andrews

Very much - I mean - she's some babe. If he
wasn't with her, he's nuts.

Hardy (testily)

That isn't what I mean. Was her manner straight-
forward?

Andrews (nods)

I guess she was telling the truth all right.

Hardy

Married twenty years, and consorting with a woman
young enough to be his grand-daughter. It's
disgusting.

(he gets up, begins to pace the room,

CONTINUED:

Hardy (continued)

(his hands buried in the big pockets
of his overcoat)

183
CONT'D
(2)

- But nothing could surprise me about Emmerich. An educated man who uses his brains to circumvent the law. - Worst type of human being. No excuse for him.

The harness-bull who acts as Hardy's secretary, sticks his head in, clears his throat.

Hardy

Well?

Secretary

Excuse me, Commissioner. There's a taxi-driver been waiting out here says he's got some important information.

Hardy

Concerning what?

Secretary

I tried to find out. But he wouldn't talk to anybody but you. He's been waiting two hours.

Hardy

Bring him in.

The secretary makes a motion with his head. The taxi-driver, his cap still in his hands, and the match still in his mouth, enters the room.

Hardy

What's your name?

Taxi Driver

Charles Wright - Hackie number: 6456 -- Green Stripe Company.

Hardy

What's this information you've got?

Taxi Driver

That little doctor everybody's looking for - I think I had him for a fare.

Hardy

You drove him someplace?

Taxi Driver

Well, now, I'm pretty sure it was him I picked up at the Station - a week ago Friday.

Hardy (snaps)

Where did you take him?

Taxi Driver

To a number on Camden West. I remember because I asked him if he wanted me to wait. The number was dark, see. - Well, he was a harmless looking little guy and I felt kind of guilty leaving him at that dark number. I know a fellow got rolled on Camden West. - And he didn't have nothing so they stole his pants and shoes.

Where did you take him? What number?

CONT'D.
(3)

Taxi-driver (consulting a notebook)
4717 - it was kind of a store room - dark.

Detective
What's that number again?

Taxi-driver
4717.

Detective
Used to be a bookie joint, Commissioner.

Hardy
Get hold of Lieutenant Dietrich!

He opens his desk drawer, takes out a half dozen pictures, spreads them on the desk before the taxi driver. The latter's mouth drops open. He stares, hesitates, then speaks with conviction.

Taxi-driver
That's him, Commissioner. Yeah, I was thinking maybe I was making a fool of myself coming down here - but that's him all right.

Hardy
You may be in for a reward - I hope so.

Secretary's Voice (over dictograph)
Lieutenant Dietrich - on one.

Hardy picks up the phone.

Hardy
Where are you, Dietrich?... All right... Get a search-warrant and go to 4717 Camden West... Riemenschneider was seen there... Stake your men out before you go in. Now, get a move on!

As he puts down the telephone, Officer Janocek comes into the room.

Janocek
Some news just came in. One of our patrolmen was on special duty at the Old Market. He ran into two men, and was slugged. They got away, but he identified the smaller one as Riemenschneider....

Hardy
Good! Great! We'll block off the whole area - and no sirens! A sneak!

CONTINUED:

Hardy (continued)

(he makes his way to a corner of the room, begins to pull on his rubbers, then looks up at Janocek)

What about the patrolman - badly hurt?

Janocek

Some nasty head wounds, they say. And he's kind of punchy, but the doctor doesn't think he's got a fracture,

Hardy nods, walks over to take hold of Andrew's arm, and they begin to leave the room.

Hardy

Well, son, looks like maybe we're getting some where at last!

His eyes shine with excitement behind his spectacles.

DISSOLVE TO:

184-185
OUT

FULL SHOT - COBBY'S OFFICE - INT. - NIGHT

186

Dietrich stands with his back to him, as Cobby pours a drink.

Cobby

Look, Lieutenant. What would I know about Pelletier's? I wouldn't mix in no robbery, you know that.

Dietrich

Wouldn't you?

Cobby

No. Of course not. You saw Riemenschneider here - sure - but that don't say --

Dietrich (interrupting)

You're nuts. I never seen anybody here. How could I? I never been here before this.

Cobby

That being the case - what's to connect me with the Pelletier job?

Dietrich

Somebody saw him - I don't know who - maybe you got a fink around. The little doctor's mug is all over the newspapers. Someone saw him here and went to the Commissioner.

Cobby (reaches for the bottle)
Sure you won't have one, Lieutenant?

126
CONT'D.
(2)

Dietrich (shakes his head)
Never drink when I'm on duty. It's against regulations.

Cobby
Look, Lieutenant. I got nothing to hide. Riemen-schneider holed up here. He was broke. I let him use one of the upstairs rooms, for a couple of days. Then I got sick of having him around. I gave him a few bucks to get rid of him.

Dietrich
Where did he go?

Cobby
I don't know. I don't know.

Dietrich
Do you figure me for a pal, Cobby - or don't you?

Cobby
I sure do Lieutenant.

Dietrich
Then take my advice and turn States! We'll make ourselves a little deal with the Commissioner. You won't get more than a year or two.

Cobby
Look, Lieutenant. I'm clean. I don't know where the Doc went. That's the truth.

Dietrich
They won't believe you at Headquarters, Cobby. Every time you'd tell 'em that - they'd work you over. And you ain't the type that can take it. Believe me, you'd spill your guts in half an hour.

Every nerve in Cobby's body begins to jump.

Cobby (begging)
Give me a break. You came to make a pinch - fine - but I'm not here. I had to go to Chi on business.

Dietrich
No, Cobby. You're right here.

Cobby
I've always treated you right, Lieutenant. Let me duck out. You can get away with that.

Dietrich
No. I couldn't. The Commissioner's mad - he's out for blood. It's not going to be mine.

Cobby (hysterically)
You're not gonna stop me! You're gonna let me go!
You're gonna do that - if you don't -

186
CONT'D.
(3)

Dietrich
Yeah. I know.. You'll give me the finger.

Cobby
That's right. I'll tell them you saw Riemenschneider here and didn't roust him - why? - Because you'd 've had to explain what you were doing here. I'll tell 'em about all the juice you been getting out of me.

Dietrich
Cobby, the only thing you're doing is making me sore.

Cobby (shrilly)
Once I start singing I won't stop. They'll jug you right along side of me.

Dietrich
That's where you're wrong, Cobby. Even if they believe you it won't go too hard with me. Because I'll be the guy that cracked the biggest job ever pulled in the city.

Dietrich starts toward Cobby who retreats around the room until his back is to the door. Turning quickly, Cobby flings the door open. Dietrich back-hands him a stunning, accurate blow. Cobby falls, still clinging to the door knob. Dietrich kicks the door shut. Cobby on all fours, tries to crawl away from Dietrich.

Dietrich
Look out, Cobby! You're going to get hurt!

He yanks him to his feet, slaps him again.

Cobby
Dietrich, have you gone crazy? Look - it's Cobby! Your pal - Cobby!

Dietrich
Stand up!

Suddenly Cobby breaks down and begins to cry like a six-year-old.

186
CONT'D
(4)

Dietrich (grinning)
I told you - you couldn't take it, Cobby.
(he pours ~~whiskey~~ into a glass)
- Here.

Cobby (sobbing)
They'll call me a fink.

Dietrich (puts a heavy arm
around Cobby's shoulder)
That's my boy ---

Cobby drinks.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT - LIVING ROOM - EMMERICH'S COTTAGE
INT. - NIGHT

187

Emmerich is sitting on a chair, smoking a cigar, and talking. Angela is sitting on the floor, clasping her knees, listening to him with wide-eyed attention.

Emmerich
- and as I'm pretty busy right now with lots of cases coming up, I thought you might like to take a trip.

Angela
Where to?

Emmerich
Oh - out to the coast - Florida - Anywhere you like.

Angela
Could I, Uncle Lon - anywhere - no fooling?

Emmerich
I think a change of scene would do you good.

Angela
Wait - you wait right here. I've got the most terrific idea.

She runs out of the room, comes back with a travel magazine, opens it to an illustrated page.

Emmerich
Cuba - not a bad idea.

Angela
Imagine me on this beach - here. In my green bathing suit - Yipe! I almost bought a white one the other day, but it wasn't quite extreme enough - I mean - don't get me wrong. If I really went in for the extreme extreme, I'd have got a French suit. But run for your lives, girls - the fleet's in! Oh, Uncle Lon, am I excited! Yipe!

187
CONT'D
(2)

O.S. the SOUND of the front door bell.

Angela
Oh heck! Look, Uncle Lon. Here's a French bathing suit. You see? Doesn't she look indecent?

Emmerich
Well, in an attractive sort of way.

Angela
Uncle Lon really! I'm surprised at you. No, I mean it. A man of your education -- and taste -- and all. Nevertheless, if you want me to -

O.S. the SOUND of loud knocking:

Angela
Who can that be? It's awfully late, isn't it?
(the knocking gets louder)
See who it is, Uncle Lon!
(he merely puffs at his cigar)
Why are they pounding so? I'm scared, Uncle Lon!

Emmerich gets up, walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT - INT. - HALLWAY

188

Emmerich opens the door abruptly, and catches Andrews, the Homicide Detective, with hand raised. Commissioner Hardy is standing just beyond him - his overcoat collar turned up, and his hat down almost over his eyes. Some distance behind Hardy are two hulking harness bulls.

Emmerich (to Andrews)
You must be a very hard-fisted young man...Hello, Hardy. Come on in. I've got a fire. You look cold.

Hardy and Andrews enter. Emmerich shuts the door in the faces of the two policemen. CAMERA DOLLIES AHEAD OF THEM as he leads the way into the living room. We get a fleeting glimpse of Angela retreating down the hall

towards her bedroom. Hardy goes to the fireplace, and holds his hands out to the blaze.

188
CONT'D
(2)

Hardy
I'm here to arrest you, Emmerich.

Emmerich
Mind telling me what for?

Hardy
Complicity. - In robbery and in murder.

Emmerich
If I were you, Hardy, I'd dig up a few more charges because that way you might be able to make one of them stand up - providing you had an imbecile jury and the right judge.

Hardy (turns to Andrews)
Get the young lady.

Andrews
Yes, sir.

He moves quickly in the direction taken by Angela. Hardy takes a document out of his pocket.

Hardy
It may interest you to know that your friend Cobb has signed a confession. Want to take a look at it? Here...

He gives it to Emmerich who, after a long searching look into Hardy's face, sits down in a chair, puts glasses on, and begins to read.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

189

Andrews is knocking at Angela's locked door.

Andrews (harshly)
Okay, miss. It's a shame to bust this door in - but here goes --

It's unlocked, and opened at once. Andrews finds himself looking into blazing yellow eyes as beautiful and as merciless as a wildcat's. He recoils, snatching off his hat.

Angela
Haven't you bothered me enough you big...banana head? Just try breaking my door in! Mr. Emmerich will throw you out of the house.

Andr.
Afraid not, miss. He's got troubles enough. In fact, he's a dead duck.

189
CONT'D
(2)

O.s. the SOUND of Hardy's voice.

Hardy (o.s.)
Hey, Andrews - hurry up. Bring the young woman in here!

Angela
Do I have to talk to him?
(changing her tune)
Why can't I just talk to you?

Andrews
Come on, baby, get it over with. - And be smart - tell the Commissioner the truth. That's the only thing to do.

He takes her by the hand and leads her toward the living room.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT - INT. LIVING ROOM

190

Hardy is standing with his back to the fireplace, watching Emmerich reading Cobby's confession. The latter appears completely at ease. His feet are up on an ottoman. Andrews enters with Angela.

Hardy
Sit down! (she obeys)
Andrews, repeat the statement Miss Finlay made before you and Officer Hannigan yesterday afternoon.

Andrews
She said: Mr. Emmerich was here - in this house with her from eleven-twenty p.m. to three a.m. last Friday night.

Hardy (to Angela)
Is that the statement you made?

Angela (in a small voice)
Yes, sir.

Hardy (shouts angrily)
Is it true?

Angela stammers unintelligibly for a moment, then she looks at Emmerich for guidance. He rises and tosses his cigar into the fireplace, then he finishes his high-ball. For a moment, there is dead silence in the room except for the loud TICKING of a clock.

Hardy
- You'd better think before you answer, young lady - unless you want to go to jail!

Hardy
Get a new statement from her. Have her sign it.
(to Angela)
- And this time, young lady, I want the whole truth.

190
CONT'D
(3)

Andrews
Yes, sir. Over here, Miss.

He indicates a desk in the far corner of the room. Passing Emmerich, Angela looks up at him with anguished eyes.

Angela
I ... I tried ... I'm sorry, Uncle Lon.

Emmerich smiles and nods.

Emmerich
You did pretty well - considering.

Angela hesitates, then speaks in a low voice.

Angela
My trip, Uncle Lon - what about my trip?

Emmerich (shaking his head)
Some sweet kid.

Angela lowers her eyes and silently goes to the desk where she proceeds to dictate her statement.

Hardy
Seems to be all wrapped up, Emmerich.

Emmerich offers Hardy one of his Cuban cigars, but the Commissioner refuses it.

Hardy
A little rich for my blood, thanks --- like the rest of this place --- and the blonde. I'm a hick at heart, Emmerich.

Emmerich (taking a cigar for himself)
Stop bragging, Hardy.

(he bites off the end)
By the way - You mind if I call my wife? She might be worrying about me. It's getting late.

Hardy
No. Help yourself.

Emmerich
I prefer to call her in the card room - it's more private. Come along - if you like.

Hardy
No need for that. But don't try to run. You won't get very far.

INT. - CARD ROOM

191

as Emmerich enters, sits down at the desk.
Beyond him, in the light from the windows of

Angela (gasps)
Jail!

Hardy
That's what happens to one who sets up a false alibi
to keep another from being punished for a crime.

Angela (weakly)
Mr. Emmerich wouldn't commit a crime.

Hardy
He would - and did.

Again the clock can be heard ticking.

Emmerich (lays Cobby's confession
aside)
Tell them the truth.

Angela (stammering)
Uncle Lon!

Hardy
There's nothing else to do unless you want to be
indicted for obstructing justice.

Angela
What I said yesterday was - well - it was not
exactly - I mean it wasn't really --

Hardy (shouting)
Was it the truth?

Angela (stammering)
No, sir.

Hardy
You weren't here with Emmerich were you?

Angela
No sir.

Hardy
You were someplace else and you were not with him!

Angela
Yes, sir.

Hardy
He told you exactly what to say - made you learn it
by heart.

Angela suddenly doubles over, puts her head
on her knees, and begins to cry bitterly.

Hardy
Answer me!

Angela (sobbing)
I mean yes, sir - I mean I learned it by heart.

Hardy sighs and looks at Emmerich thought-
fully for a moment, then he turns to Andrews.

Hardy
Get a new statement from her. Have her sign it.
(to Angela)
- And this time, young lady, I want the whole truth.

190
CONT'D
(3)

Andrews
Yes, sir. Over here, Miss.

He indicates a desk in the far corner of the room. Passing Emmerich, Angela looks up at him with anguished eyes.

Angela
I ... I tried ... I'm sorry, Uncle Lon.

Emmerich smiles and nods.

Emmerich
You did pretty well - considering.

Angela hesitates, then speaks in a low voice.

Angela
My trip, Uncle Lon - what about my trip?

Emmerich (shaking his head)
Some sweet kid.

Angela lowers her eyes and silently goes to the desk where she proceeds to dictate her statement.

Hardy
Seems to be all wrapped up, Emmerich.

Emmerich offers Hardy one of his Cuban cigars, but the Commissioner refuses it.

Hardy
A little rich for my blood, thanks --- like the rest of this place -- and the blonde. I'm a hick at heart, Emmerich.

Emmerich (taking a cigar for himself)
Stop bragging, Hardy.

(he bites off the end)
By the way - You mind if I call my wife? She might be worrying about me. It's getting late.

Hardy
No. Help yourself.

Emmerich
I prefer to call her in the card room - it's more private. Come along - if you like.

Hardy
No need for that. But don't try to run. You won't get very far.

INT. - CARD ROOM

191

as Emmerich enters, sits down at the desk.
Beyond him, in the light from the windows of

the house, several policemen can be seen standing on the lawn outside, stamping to keep their feet warm. He picks up the phone, starts to dial, then changes his mind and hangs up. He sits staring at the floor for a moment. Remorse and defeat are written on his face. Then, tears springing to his eyes, he picks up a pen and writes swiftly on a memo pad.

191
CONT'D
(2)

INSERT: MEMO PAD

192

Hardy:

Don't disturb my wife till noon tomorrow.
She is not well and needs her sleep.

A.E.

CLOSE SHOT - EMMERICH

193

He reads the note over then, back to CAMERA, he leans down and takes something from the bottom desk drawer. There is a sharp report. He falls forward across the desk.

DISSOLVE

FULL SHOT - STAIRWAY - BELLINI FLAT - SHOOTING
DOWN - INT. - MORNING

194

The lights are already out. A plain-clothes man and a uniformed officer come up the stairs toward CAMERA, which PANS WITH THEM to the door. They take their guns out before knocking. The door is immediately opened by a young priest.

Detective

We're looking for Louis Bellini:

Father Sortino

Why, may I ask?

Policeman

He's wanted for robbery, Father:

Father Sortino (recoiling slightly)

There must be some mistake.

Detective

Could be. But we've got our orders.

Father Sortino

Louis Bellini is dead.

He opens the door wide enough for them to see the casket banked with flowers against the parlor wall. The CAMERA ENTERS THE ROOM, MOVES UP TO A CLOSE SHOT of Maria, who sits in a rocking chair, dumb with grief. O.S. we hear the voices of the men in the hall.

194
CONT'D
(2)

Detective

What did he die of?

Father Sortino

A bullet wound -

Detective

Yeah?

Father Sortino

- received in a street fight.

Detective

Street fight, eh?

Father Sortino

I'd consider it a great favor if you didn't insist on going in.

Maria continues to rock in numb despair.

DISSOLVE TO:

195 OUT

MED. LONG SHOT - CELL CORRIDOR AT HEAD-
QUARTERS - TOWARD A SHORT, GROTESQUE MAN

196

being led forward between two heavy policemen: it's Gus Minisi. Suddenly, Gus jerks back, hauling one of the policemen to his knees, and without a word, turns back half a step to grab through the bars of one of the cells, grappling fiercely and effectively with its inmate - Cobby. It takes both officers to pull Gus off Cobby, but it takes time and effort. Gus is almost carried in the grip of the two policemen. When they are nearly the full length of the corridor, Gus turns again to scream his curses back at Cobby.

Gus

You wait! You dirty fink! You ain't gonna live! You're going the same place as your pal Emmerich! You wait! I'll see you in the morgue -!!

The cops jerk him around the corner and out of sight, still screaming.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - DOLL'S APARTMENT - INT. -
EVENING

197

Doc is cramming the lower lining of his overcoat with gems out of the leather bag. Doll watches with amazement, turning occasionally to look at Dix, who is standing up, reading the front page of a newspaper.

Dix (with contempt)
'Don't disturb my wife till noon tomorrow.
She's not well and needs her sleep.
A.E.'

He throws the paper away.

Doc (sweating as he works)
What foolishness! - Unbelievable! He wouldn't have
got more than two years.

Dix
Let's worry about us - not him. - How's your head,
Doc?

Doc
Good as it ever was. Which isn't saying much.

Dix goes to the window and pulls the shade
aside to look down into the street.

Dix
Getting out of town is not going to be a cinch for
you, Doc. With your picture spread around.

Doc
Oh, I'll get out all right. I'll take a taxi to
the edge of town, and then have him drive me as
far as Cleveland. Sure you won't come along with
me, Dix?

Dix
No, Doc.

Doc
If you won't come with me - will you finance me? I
haven't got but four or five dollars.

Dix (readily)
Sure, I'll finance you.

Doc
I can get along on a thousand dollars, thanks very
much, and you can take your pick of the best stones
- say maybe fifty thousand dollars' worth.

Dix
What would I do with them? Can you see me walking into a hock shop with stuff like that? First, they'd think I was a phony, then they'd yell for the riot squad. No, Doc, you can have the grand - but no rocks for me.

197
CONT'D
(2)

Dix takes his roll out and gives Doc the money.

Doc
Thank you, Dix. Tell me where to write you - at least I can send you the five grand you got coming. What will your address be in Kentucky?

Dix
Naw, Doc - forget it. Maybe I'll see you around.

Doc (smiles sadly)
Well, goodbye then.

Dix
Goodbye, Doc. - Hey, wait a minute - you haven't got a heater. I'd let you have mine, but -
(he turns to Doll)
Got a gun, Doll?

Doll
No, Dix. I used to have one around, but somebody stole it.

Doc
I don't want a gun - thank you. I haven't carried a gun since my twenties. You carry a gun - you shoot a policeman - a bad rap - hard to beat. You don't carry a gun - you give up when they hold one on you.

Dix
All right, Doc, you know best.

Without another word, the little doctor goes softly out, closing the door behind him. They listen to the squeak of his footsteps.

Doll
How about some coffee, honey?

Dix (ignoring her)
That squarehead, he's a funny little guy. I don't get him at all.

Doll
Maybe because he's a foreigner. They don't think like us.

Dix goes to the window again, pulling aside the shade to watch Doc cross the street and enter the darkness of a long alley.

197
CONT'D
(3)

Dix
Anyway, he's got plenty guts.

Dix sits down again, the pain showing in his face.

Doll (again)
How about some coffee, honey?

Dix
Make it or shut up about it!

He gets up, walks several steps, puts out his hand to lean against a wall, groaning involuntarily.

Doll (coming up beside him)
It's that wound!

Dix (gasping)
Bright girl!

Doll
I know! Aspirin -

She rushes off to get the water and aspirin. Dix straightens himself out on the floor, then turns over and gets to his feet. Doll comes back with the glass of water and the little green bottle.

Doll
Here, honey. Take three - take four.

Dix swallows the aspirin, walks to the window once more, pulling up the shade. The lights of the city lie beyond, joined by the arcs of the bridge-lights over the river.

Doll
Lie down, Dix. Please lie down.

Dix
I got to get out of town too, Doll, and before morning.

He allows her to lead him over to the bed where he lies down.

Dix (as though he were alone)
Yeah - the little Doc - is all right.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. LONG SHOT - A DESERTED SQUARE IN THE
POOPER SECTION OF TOWN - EXT. - NIGHT

198

as seen past the exit from a narrow alley.
Into the f.g., Doc Riemenschneider, his over-
coat buttoned up over his neck, stops short
as he emerges from the alley. Off to the
right, two motorcycle cops are parked behind
a hack stand, watching traffic. After a
moment, Doc steps boldly forward and goes
directly past the backs of the officers and
into a cab.

MED. SHOT - INT. - CAB - PROCESS

199

Doc settles back with a cigar as the driver,
a middle-aged man in a woolen cap, turns into
the stream of traffic.

Doc
Pickering Avenue and Center Street. You know where
that is?

Driver
Other side of town...

Doc
How far is that?

Driver
I can make it in an hour.

The driver has a German accent, much more
marked than Riemenschneider's.

Doc (he sighs)
Okay. I got relatives living there. I'm between
trains and I got nothing else to do.

Driver
I know how it is. I've got plenty of them. On
both sides. Always writing me letters for money.

Doc looks at the photo of the driver opposite
him. The name is Frank Schurz.

Doc
Haben sie Bekannten in Deutschland?
(Have you friends in Germany?)

Driver
Ach, ja! Sie sprechen mit Deutsch!
(Oh yes! You speak German well!)

They pass a police squad car. But it is nosing in toward a minor accident, and the taxi circles around it.

199
CONT'D
(2)

Doc
I haven't spoken German for a long, long time.

Driver
You have a Minchen accent.

Doc
Yes, I was born there, but you know what they say. Home is where the money is.

There's a pause, the traffic is thinning out.

Doc
Franz - how would you like to drive me to Cleveland?

Driver
That's a long way from here, my friend.

Doc
But it would still be quicker than to take the train tomorrow morning.

Driver
How about your relatives?

Doc
Forget 'em.

Driver
I don't know. Cleveland - that's a long way. Costs a lot of money.

Doc
There's a fifty dollar tip for you. What do you say?

Driver
For fifty dollars, I'd take you to the North Pole.

The taxi slows down, turning into a gas station. Through the glass office, a motorcycle cop can be seen making a call by pay telephone.

Doc
What's the trouble, Franz?

Driver
If we're going to Cleveland, I better get gas.

Doc

Well, let's not stop here. Wait till we get out of town. Then we can do everything at once: have a little meal - beer - a cigar - and go in comfort.

199

CONT'D
(3)

Driver

I can see you're a man who likes his pleasures.

The driver drives his cab back into traffic again.

Doc

Well, Franz, what else is there in life, I ask you?

DISSOLVE TO:

DOLL'S APARTMENT - INT. - NIGHT

200

The lights are out.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - DIX

201

leaning against the edge of the window, looking into the street which is visible two storeys down. Doll comes into view, crossing the street in a hurry. Dix pulls down the shade, crosses the room slowly, and turns on one of the lamps. There are rapid footsteps on the stairs, the door is unlocked, and Doll enters, out of breath.

Dix (impatiently)

You've been gone nearly two hours. What happened?

Doll

It took time. I was stopped twice - prowling cars. The neighborhood's just crawling with coppers. Dix, you can't imagine -

Dix

All right! Did you get the car?

Doll

Yes. Here's the change.

(giving it to him)

It only came to four hundred dollars. I bought it from Big Vivian. It's in pretty good shape, except the brakes need -

Dix (interrupting)
Did you put gas in it?

201
CONT'D
(2)

Doll
Yes.

Dix
Where did you park it?

Doll
Three blocks away.

Dix
Good girl.

He's hidden the gun in a chair and now he picks it up, puts it in his waistband. Then he grabs his coat, begins to put it on awkwardly, painfully. Doll comes and helps him.

Doll
Dix -

Dix
Yeah?

Doll
I'm scared. All those cops out there --

Dix
They don't worry me one little bit. I'll drive slow. Head right down the main boulevard. In ten hours, I'm home, back home.

Having got on his coat, he goes heavily toward the door and unlocks it and pulls it open. He looks back, not knowing how to say goodbye. Doll remains in the center of the room.

Doll
Dix - honey - how're you going to drive all that way?

Dix
I'll make it.

Doll
No. Not in the shape you're in. Not in a million years..

Dix (shouting)
I'll make it!

There's a pause for a moment. Doll looks down at the floor.

Doll (softly)
Then let me go with you.

Dix frowns, puzzled and disturbed.

Doll
Please, Dix, please.

Dix
Are you crazy? I'm on the lam. Wanted bad. I'm packing heat -
(touching the gun in the waistband of his trousers, under the coat)

Dix
- and if there's any trouble, what good are you?

Doll
I could drive.

Dix considers the idea for a moment.

Dix (more quietly)
Doll, no. It don't make sense. They want me on a killing rap. You know what that means?

Doll
I don't care. I want to be with you.

Dix
Well, I'll be a -

Doll
You can't go without me. I won't let you.

She turns away from him, sitting down defiantly in a chair.

Doll (desperately)
I won't tell you where the car is.

Dix crosses the room and grabs her out of the chair. But the violence slowly goes out of him and he stands that way, with his fingers gripping her shoulders, looking at her.

Dix (gently)
I don't get it. I just don't get it.

Doll manages a small, triumphant smile.

201
CONT'D.
(4)

Dix

All right, kid. Get your things packed.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - A DINER ALONG THE ROAD TO
CLEVELAND - INT. NIGHT, THROUGH THE WINDOWS
A PORTION OF THE HIGHWAY ILLUMINATED BY THE
FLOODLIGHTS OF A FILLING STATION ACROSS THE
WAY

202

In the f.g., a girl of about sixteen, with a
plump, pretty face, is dancing with a tall
boy in a checkered shirt and jeans. Another
boy, much shorter, is watching them, leaning
on the table of their booth. At the counter,
Reimenschneider and the cab driver, Schurz,
are finishing their hamburgers and beer. The
music ends; the girl dances a couple of beats
more, and then stops. Doc still watches.

Girl

More, more!

Tall Boy

I'm fresh out of nickels, Jeannie. How about you,
Red?

Red (the shorter boy)

I'm always fresh out.

Girl

Well, get some!

Tall Boy

Say, you know you cost a guy a lot of money!

Girl

Nickels he's complaining about! What a spender!

Doc glances behind him to look at the girl
again.

The girl still complains to the two boys,
who look away from her, sulking, drinking
the ice-water left in their exhausted cokes.

Girl

Sure, he wants a date. He always wants a date. But has he got a car? No. He's got to bring his chum, Red, along because chum Red's got a car if you can call it a car! Where do we go? To a third-run movie. Then we take a ride and blow two tires. Not one - two. Then we come in here and he treats me to what? Cokes! And I can't even listen to records in spite of the fact that my old man is going to whale me when I come in this time of night - but good!

202
CONT'D.
(2)

Doc (turning to the counterwoman)

Would you have change for a dollar - in nickels, please?

The counterwoman nods, opens the cash register, takes out a bank package of nickels.

Girl

At least you could dig down far enough to play me some music!

Red

Aw, Jeannie! Cut it out!

Doc has torn open the roll of nickels, and now he turns on the stool and crosses the booth where the two boys and the girl are arguing.

Doc

Excuse me, boys and girls. But I like music, too. Miss -

(turning to the girl)

- will you play a tune for me?

Girl

I sure will. What do you like?

Doc

You pick them.

(he pours out the nickels on the table)

Girl

But gee - gosh! How many nickels you got there?

Doc

Not very many. Play what you like.

Girl

Gee -- okay!

The girl picks up five nickels and puts them into the juke-box. It lights up, bubbling in its colored tubes. The girl begins to dance, all by herself, even before the music begins. Riemenschneider watches her.

202
CONT'D
(3)

SEVERAL CLOSE SHOTS - RIEMENSCHNEIDER
INTERCUT WITH

203-205

SEVERAL CLOSE SHOTS - THE GIRL DANCING

206-208

sometimes with the tall boy, sometimes swinging off alone, brushing past Doc's knees as he watches.

FULL SHOT - THE DINER - INT. - NIGHT

209

The driver has swallowed the last of his beer. He looks at Riemenschneider, a little puzzled and upset by what's happening.

Driver
It's getting late. Maybe we better be moving along.
Doc (not taking his eyes off
the girl)
Plenty of time, my friend, plenty of time.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE GIRL DANCING

210

intensely conscious of Doc in the f.g.,
CAMERA PANS with her as she moves.

Driver (o.s.)
Look, Mister - it's a long way to Cleveland.

The girl begins to dance back in the direction of Doc, but the CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN for a second, STOPPING with the broad back of a man at the cigarette counter, paying for a couple of packs. From the Sam Browne belt, the uniform, and the gun in its holster, he is recognizable as a state policeman. Receiving his change, he turns to go, glances briefly at the girl, then at Doc, who raises his napkin and turns his face away.

MED. SHOT - INT. - DINER

210X1

The state policeman goes on out of the diner.
The record runs out, and the girl finishes
her dance with a pose, glancing over her
shoulder at Doc.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - DOC AND THE GIRL

210X2

Doc (regretfully)
Well, I suppose we better go.

Girl
Don't go. We haven't used the nickels.

She smiles toward him, showing as many pretty
teeth as possible.

Doc (buttoning his overcoat)
You use them.

Girl
Gee, thanks. It's sure nice of you.

Doc
Don't mention it.

The girl escorts him to the door of the diner.
The state policeman has mounted his motorcycle,
and joined by a fellow officer, is leaving the
diner for the dark highway beyond. Doc notes
this fact out of the corner of his eye.

Girl (softly, as she shakes
hands with him)
Goodbye. And thanks. Thanks ever so much.

Doc
The pleasure was all mine.

Schurz opens the door, and they go out.

MED. SHOT - THE HALF-LIGHTED AREA IN FRONT
OF THE DINER - EXT. - NIGHT

211

Piemenschneider and Schurz get into the cab,
Doc looking back through the rear window
to smile once more at the girl smiling through
the window of the diner. The cab pulls away
toward the highway.

MED. SHOT - INT. - CAB (PROCESS)

211X1

PAST Doc in the f.g. and PAST the driver and THROUGH the windshield as they swing out onto the road. Clearly visible in front of them, are the two state policemen on their motorcycles, one consulting with the other. Then suddenly, they swing around and move in the opposite direction and toward the cab. As they come forward, they motion to the cab driver to stop. He obeys.

MED. SHOT - A SECTION OF STATE HIGHWAY -
EXT. - NIGHT

211X2

The first cop, the one who had glanced at Doc in the diner, comes forward with drawn automatic and pulls open the door of the cab. The scene is illuminated in the two brilliant headlights of the parked motorcycles.

Doc
You man want something?

First Cop
What do you think, Ed?

Second Cop
Might be the number one boy. Just might be.

Schurz
Say, what is this?

Second Cop
Better frisk him.

Doc hands his overcoat to Schurz.

Doc
Go right ahead -
(as the cop frisks him)
You must have me mixed up with somebody else. I'm from Cleveland - the importing business. My name's Klemper.

The first cop has gone over him, found nothing but a roll of bills, which he fingers and then puts back in Doc's pocket.

First Cop
Nothing here. Let's see that coat, hackie.

He takes the overcoat from Schurz's arm, goes through the pockets with minute care. They're all empty. He throws the coat back to Schurz.

Schurz
Hey, you're making a big mistake. This guy's -

211X2
CONT'D
(2)

First Cop (interrupting)
Keep out of this, hackie.

Second Cop
Tell you what. Let's phone the city and check on the description.

The first cop nods, waits till the second cop has drawn his automatic, then walks heavily toward the diner. Doc looks after him.

Second Cop
Don't move, feller. Just stay where you are with your back to me.

Doc
Of course.

As, somewhere in the pool of light in the b.g., the door of the diner is opened when the policeman enters once more, there's the SOUND of music from the juke-box, and over it, the girl's high-pitched laughter. Doc remains, however, with his back to this scene.

Doc
Excuse me, officer. But will you tell me something?

Second Cop
Maybe. But just keep the eyes front.

Doc
How long have you been out here?

Second Cop
That's a darn funny question.

Doc (he shrugs)
It's not important.

Second Cop
We've been watching you through that window for two, three minutes.

Doc
Ah - yes. Say about as long as it takes to
play a phonograph record...

211X2
CONT'D
(3)

Second Cop
How's that again? What are you talking about?

Doc
It doesn't matter.

Second Cop
Keep your face front.

Doc (obeying)
Do you mind if I smoke a cigar?

Second Cop
Just stand still mister - we'll talk about
smoking a cigar later.

Doc
Certainly, officer, certainly.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. TWO SHOT - PROCESS - DOLL'S CAR -
EXT. - NIGHT - SHOOTING THROUGH THE
WINDSHIELD TOWARD DOLL AND DIX.

212

Dix is behind the wheel, Doll seated beside
him. The car is not moving: they're at a
grade crossing, waiting for a long, slow
freight to pass. They watch in silence.

MED. CLOSE TWO-SHOT - INT. DOLL'S CAR

213

behind Doll and Dix and toward the dark
masses of freight cars as they move slowly by.

Doll
How are you feeling now, Dix?

Dix
All right. Cold. It didn't use to get cold,
this time of the year.

Doll
Dix, why don't you let me drive for a while?

There's a pause before Dix answers.

Dix
You don't know the way. I'd just have to keep
telling you.

Doll
Is it much longer, Dix?

213
CONT'D
(2)

He doesn't answer. Beyond them, the black freight cars roll ominously forward and past. Slowly, Dix leans forward, his head slumping on the wheel and pressing on the horn. Doll is terrified. She tries to rouse him, but fails. His face is dead white, his eyes open. She gets out, runs in front of the car, cries out for help to the slowly moving, inexorable train, a cry rather than any specific word. The tail end of the train rolls by. She goes back into the car, moving Dix to one side so she can drive. He falls over, partly on the floor, partly on the seat. She starts the car, drives across the tracks, enters the outskirts of a small town, closed, dark, with empty streets. Driving frantically, almost haphazardly, she sees a man walking along the sidewalk, and slows down the car beside him. He's a man of about forty, a railroad switchman in overalls and railroad cap.

Doll
Mister - can you help me? We need a doctor, bad. My husband's sick.

The switchman comes up to the car, lifts up Dix, who moans faintly.

Switchman (getting in the car)
Come on. I'll show you. - Go straight on, ma'am - to the end of the block.

Doll obeys.

Switchman
We'll get Doc Swanson. Lives right near - on Elm Street. - There - that's Elm, turn right, ma'am. - Recognize it by that big tree. - Now - it's the second house - that one coming up.

She stops with a lurch before a huge, dark house with the gold sign: Doctor A. A. Swanson, M.D.

MED. LONG SHOT - A RESIDENTIAL STREET IN
A SMALL TOWN - EXT. - NIGHT

214

as Doll gets out of the car, runs up the walk, up the

perch steps, and knocks at the door of the dark house. There's no response, and she goes to a window and raps on the glass. A light goes on, far inside the house, and then the hall light, and finally there are footsteps, and the door opens. The doctor is still in pajamas, with thin, tousled grey hair.

214
CONT'D
(2)

Doctor Swanson,
Well, now! What's the trouble?

Doll
He's sick. Fainted.

Doctor
Who?

Doll
My husband - while we were driving. He's in the car.

Doctor
Well, let's get him up here. Where I can look at him.

He starts to go down the steps, retreats, pulls on a pair of shoes, crosses the porch and down the short path. The switchman and Doll have managed to lift Dix out of the car, and now all three of them bring him, still unconscious, through the open door of the house and into the examination room.

FULL SHOT - DR. SWANSON'S EXAMINATION ROOM
INT. - NIGHT

215.

as Dix is lifted on to the examining table. The Doc listens to his heart, his pulse. Then he goes and washes his hands at the sink.

Doctor
Get his coat and shirt off.

Doll obeys, helped by the switchman. The doctor goes to a table, to prepare a bottle of plasma for transfusion. Doll in the f.g., stroke's Dix's face and hair. He is still unconscious, though sometimes his lips move without a sound.

Doctor
Man's been hemorrhaging. Lost a lot of blood. That happened?

Doll
He was hurt - in the right side. He was in an
auto accident.

215
CONT'D
(2)

Doctor
Um. Yes. How long's that wound been let go?

Doll
Couple of days. -- Is it bad, Doctor? I mean,
real bad?

Doctor
It isn't good, ma'am.
(coming up with the plasma)
Got a good strong arm, Mr. Atkinson?

Switchman
Good as any, Doc. I guess.

Doctor
Hold this for me.

He gives him the plasma bottle to hold in the
air, while he inserts the needle in Dix's
arm. Doll inhales sharply, then bites her
lip. The Doctor leaves, going into an ad-
jacent room and shutting the door. But he
can be heard clearly, picking up the phone.
Doll turns her head, listening.

Doctor (o.s.)
Hello - let me talk to Tom. This is Dr. Swanson.
Well, wake him up.

In the f.g., Dix's head moves, he grunts,
then pulls himself up on one elbow.

Dix
Gimme a drink - I'm thirsty.

Doll
Sure, Dix, sure. Lie down, sweetheart. Please
lie down.

Dix turns on his elbow, looking toward the
closed door of the adjacent room.

Doctor (o.s.)
Hello, Sheriff? Listen, Tom, got a man here with
a gunshot wound. Pretty bad.

Dix turns to look at the switchman, who says
nothing, just holds the plasma bottle, his
railroad cap still on.

Dix
Who's that?

Doll
Dix - I had to take you to the doctor! I couldn't
help it!

Doctor (o.s.)
 Hold him? - Don't have to. The man's unconscious.
 No, he's a stranger to me. -- His wife's with him.
 Says it was an auto accident.

215
 CONT'D
 (3)

Dix sits up, pulls the needle out of his arm, drops from the table. His knees bend, but he gets hold of himself and stumbles out, into the hall, and across the porch. Doll runs after him, supporting him. The switchman doesn't move, still holding the bottle in the air.

MED. SHOT - FRONT SEAT OF DOLL'S CAR - EXT. NIGHT

216

as Dix comes toward it, pulls himself under the steering wheel, and grimacing with pain starts the car. Doll, terrified, climbs in beside him.

FULL SHOT - THE EXAMINATION ROOM - INT. - NIGHT

217

as Doctor Swanson emerges, and seeing the patient gone, runs to the window.

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE SHOT - DOLL'S CAR - EXT. - NIGHT

218

as Dix shifts directly into second, presses his foot down on the accelerator. The car responds with a roar, and lurches forward, away from camera.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - THE EXAMINATION ROOM - INT. - NIGHT

219

as Doctor turns toward the switchman, who has put down the plasma bottle and is filling his pipe.

Doctor (dumbfounded)

Where they going?

Switchman

I don't know, Doc.

Doc
Why'd you let him?

219
CONT'D
(2)

Switchman
Wasn't any of my business.

Doctor
Well, he won't get very far. That's for sure. He hasn't got enough blood left in him to keep a chicken alive..

CUT TO:

MED. LONG SHOT - SMALL TOWN STREET - EXT.
NIGHT

220

seen past Dix's white face and through the dusty windshield of Doll's car as it shoots forward. It wavers dangerously for a moment, and as it gathers more and more speed, races down the street and out of town along the main highway. At a fearful, rocking speed, the wheels of the car straddle the white center line that comes curving up out of the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - HARDY'S OFFICE - JUST AT DAWN -
MED. CLOSE SHOT - HARDY AT HIS DESK

221

He's been at work all night, and he looks it.

Hardy
Are there any more questions?

CAMERA MOVES BACK into a FULL SHOT OF THE ROOM. It's crowded with fifteen or twenty police reporters, sitting on the few chairs or leaning against the walls of the tiny office.

Reporter
I don't like to harp on the same point, Commissioner, but what about Dietrich? If the past of this police department is any precedent -

Hardy
Lieutenant Dietrich is in jail, and he'll go to trial. He'll be tried by a jury of twelve citizens - the people for whom he was working. Let them show justice or compassion, as they see fit.

Reporter
What would be your verdict, Commissioner?

221
CONT'D
(2)

Hardy
I'm not sure. I'm not sure at all.
(he walks around the desk and among the reporters, pausing occasionally as he talks, to look a man straight in the face)
Let me put it this way. It's nothing strange that there are corrupt officers in the police department. There would have to be. People are people, even in blue uniform. The dirt they are trying to clean up is bound to soil them a little. They can become brutal, grafting, weak, inefficient. But not all of them. Not one in ten, nor one in a hundred. The ordinary patrolman is an honest man doing an honest job. Look here -

Hardy goes to a battery of four small loudspeakers, switches on the first channel. A woman's voice is giving coded information.

Hardy
Listen. - I know you're police reporters, and you hear this all day long. But I want you to listen with your conscience - not just your ears.

He switches on a second channel, overlapping the first.

Hardy
We send police assistance to every one of these calls. Because they're not just code numbers on a radio beam. They're cries for help: people are being cheated - robbed, murdered, raped -
(switching on a third channel)
And it goes on twenty-four hours a day -
(switching on a fourth channel)
- Every day in the year. And that's not exceptional, that's usual. And it's the same in every city in the modern world.

CAMERA MOVES ON PAST HARDY TOWARD the back of four small loudspeakers, each with its lights flashing underneath. The babble of voices, as the CAMERA COMES CLOSE, is sinister and frightening.

Hardy (o.s.)
But suppose we had no police force - good or bad. Suppose we had -
(he switches off all four channels)
- just silence.

CAMERA MOVES BACK to include Hardy and the reporters.

Hardy.

No one to listen. - No one to answer, the war is finished. The jungle wins. The criminals take over. - Think about it.

221
CONT'D
(3)

Hardy walks back behind his desk. Beyond him, the city glints and smokes in the first light of day.

Hardy

Well, gentlemen. Three men are in jail - three dead, one by his own hand, and one man is a fugitive, and we've reason to think, badly wounded. Six out of seven, that's not bad. But we'll get the last one too. In many ways he's the most dangerous of them all. A hardened killer, a hooligan, a man without human feeling or human mercy.

DISSOLVE TO:

LONG SHOT - THE BRIDGE OVER A WIDE, CLEAR RIVER - EXT. - SUNRISE

222

CAMERA PANS WITH Doll's car as it crosses the bridge, emerges at eighty miles per hour, into rolling farm country.

MED. SHOT - THE FRONT SEAT OF DOLL'S CAR - INT. - DAY - PROCESS

223

Dix is still driving, his fists gripped to the wheel. The car has not slackened its terrible speed. Doll holds on to the dashboard, the handle of the door, paralyzed with fear. Dix's face no longer looks ill: it looks lively, keen, except that he breathes through his mouth like a winded animal. His voice, when he speaks, has a curious, clear, fresh quality.

Dix

I tell you, the black one's the best. The bay is all right, but the black is a real good colt. Prettiest way of going of anything Pa ever bred - easy as thank you, but he's always way out in front of the other yearlings. I sure hope Pa don't sell him. He's a stake horse or I never saw one. That black colt will win Pa out of debt if he only hangs on to him.

Doll (sobbing)

Dix, honey! - Oh, dear God - what am I going to do?

Dix
I said it, and I'll say it again. If Pa just
hangs on to that black colt everything's going to
be all right.

223
CONT'D
(2)

He stops the car.

Dix
Here we are!

She looks away from him, and off to the right,
where a rich landscape of rolling farm country
extends to the horizon, white houses set in the
valleys and connected by lines of fences or
trees set in order between fields. Then her
eye falls on a name carved into the gate:
Hickorywood Farm.

MED. SHOT - DOLL'S CAR ON THE COUNTRY ROAD -
EXT. - EARLY MORNING

224

Dix gets out of the car, and before Doll can
look back, he's gone to a gate in the fence
and pulled it open. He goes through, closing
it behind him. Doll runs around the car to
stay with him, but she has trouble getting the
gate open again, for it has to be lifted over
the stones heaped around the post. He strides
directly through a field of lush Kentucky
grasses. He's ten paces ahead of her.

MED. SHOT - THE FIELD - EXT. - EARLY MORNING

225

There are ten or fifteen thoroughbreds off
toward a distant fence. Dix strides, almost
at a running pace, leaving a path through
the grass. Doll, still wearing high-heeled
shoes, stumbles as she tries to catch up with
him.

Doll
Dix - wait!

Suddenly, as though someone has pulled a
string inside of him, he falls down. Doll
runs up to him.

Doll
Dix! -

MED. TWO SHOT - DOLL AND DIX

226

His face lies in the grass. He murmurs inaudibly. Doll puts her hands under him and turns him over. His life is ebbing.

Doll:

Dix! - Dix! - Dix!

Then she lets go of him, sobbing, and gets to her feet and runs, uphill, the CAMERA PANNING TO FOLLOW HER. Over the crest of the hill, very distant, a man is mowing hay with a team. She screams toward him.

Doll

Mister! - Mister! - Mister!

MED. CLOSE SHOT - DIX, FACE UPWARD, EYES OPEN,
DEAD ON THE GROUND

227

Doll (o.s. - distant)

Mister! - Wait!

Then her voice is no longer audible. There's a second of perfect silence, then a peculiar shadow moves over the grass and over Dix's body and across his face. It's the shadow of a horse, and now a big bay gelding, walks slowly toward him, lowering his head to look at Dix. Another horse, full of their peculiar slow curiosity, comes up too. And then, still other horses move toward the group, and they stand there, looking down at the dead human face, watching with infinite patience.

FADE OUT:

END

SUMMARY:

ASPHALT JUNGLE

No. 1

(Script dated: 10-12-49)

Due to the excessive expense of re-running entire script merely in order to obtain consecutive page numbers, the script with its changes will not be re-run, but herewith in front and back of the script, you will find a summary of the total number of pages in the script.

10-12-49

Total number of pages in script
including revisions to date, and
based on 63 lines per page: 131

Script completed: 10-12-49

THE END