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THE RACKET

Screen Play

by

William Wister Haines
and
William R. Burnett

Based on the Play by Bartlett Cormack

Changes

4-10-51
4-12-51
4-17-51
6-14-51

added scenes

6-14-51
6-16-51
*Changes on
and scene*
6-19-51

ORIGINAL RECIPIENT RESPONSIBLE FOR CUSTODY AND FOR RETURN TO STENOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT, AND MAY NOT LEND OR DELIVER TO ANOTHER PERSON WITHOUT PROPER AUTHORITY

REVISED
FINAL SCRIPT

MARCH 8, 1951

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Received from

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REVISED FINAL

THE RACKET

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BREEZE ENRIGHT Nick Scanlon's Driver
MENIG. A professional killer
DURKO. A professional killer
LEO. A professional killer
SIMPSON. Nick Scanlon's butler
NICK SCANLON The City's top gangster
TONY Nick Scanlon's barber
CONNOLLY An executive-level racketeer
DAVIS. A petty political fixer
HIGGINS. A lesser political racketeer
ELEVATOR BOY
FIRST MAN)
SECOND MAN) At scene of Higgins' death
THIRD MAN)
JOHNSON. An honest police patrolman
HARRY CRAIG. Chief Crime Commission
Investigator
FOSTER)
DOUGLASS)
MITCHELL) His staff
HARRIS)
CAMERON)
LEWIS)
AND SECRETARIES)
SGT. LESTER TURCK. Assistant State's Attorney's
Special Investigation Dept.
THOMAS McQUIGG An honest police district
Captain
LUCY JOHNSON Patrolman Johnson's wife
IRENE HAYES. A cabaret singer

CAST OF CHARACTERS - "THE RACKET"

2

JOE SCANLON. Nick Scanlon's younger brother

MARY McQUIGG McQuigg's wife

FIRST REPORTER)
 SECOND REPORTER) At 7th District Station after
 OTHER REPORTERS) bombing of McQuigg's home
 DESK SERGEANT)

WELCH. Assistant State's Attorney

DELANEY. Police Lt., McQuigg's right-
 hand man

PLAIN-CLOTHESMAN ALLEN

HEADWAITER OF PARADISE CLUB. .

DAVE AMES. Cub reporter

SULLIVAN McQuigg's downstairs booking-
 room Sgt.

TWO UNLICENSED NIGHT CLUB ENTERTAINERS. .

SADIE. Their boss

NEWSBOY.

McQUIGG'S SECRETARY.

LINK OPERATOR, COMMUNICATIONS DEPT. . . .

WATCH-CLERK GIRLS, COMMUNICATIONS DEPT. .

WATCH-OFFICER, COMMUNICATIONS DEPT. . . .

SCHMIDT AND CLARK. Radio car patrolmen

SGT. WEICKER Upstairs Duty Sgt., 7th District

POLICE WOMAN Rogue's Gallery Librarian

SUNDRY OTHER POLICEMEN

THE RACKET

Screenplay

by

W. R. Burnett

FADE IN

HIGH PAN - THE BIG TOWN - DAY

- 1 CAMERA PANS ACROSS the downtown area, showing a cluster of gigantic buildings in the sunlight. Finally the CAMERA HOLDS ON a huge downtown apartment building. Then MOVES INTO A CLOSE SHOT of one of the top floors.

DISSOLVE THRU TO

INT. CORRIDOR - DOWNTOWN APARTMENT - DAY

- 2 MED. SHOT - the elevator. The door opens and Enright, one of Nick Scanlon's men, emerges and starts down the corridor toward Nick's suite. He is hurrying. He is well-dressed and unobtrusive except for a rather hard face. CAMERA FOLLOWING him to the door of Nick's suite where IT HOLDS as Enright gives three quick taps at the door, ignoring the bell. The door is opened by Menig, another well-dressed, hardfaced man. Neither speaks. Enright goes in.

INT. HALLWAY - NICK'S SUITE - MENIG AND ENRIGHT

- 3 The other well-dressed hoodlums, Durko and Leo, are sitting with their chairs tipped back against the wall, reading racing forms. Durko is older than the others; maybe forty-five. They look up as Menig shuts the door behind Enright, but neither speaks nor says anything. All of them have their hats on and keep them on. Enright shows some agitation.

ENRIGHT (1)

(jerking a
thumb at
Nick's door)

How's Nick this morning?

MENIG (2)

Kinda restless.

(CONTINUED)

3 (CONTINUED)

Enright reacts to this, worried. But his attention is distracted by a liveried butler who enters and walks past with a drink on a tray. The butler exits through Nick's door.

ENRIGHT (3)
(flabbergasted)
Since when?

MENIG (4)
Started today. Nick says he's
tired of us guys spilling drinks
on him.

Now Enright walks over to Durko, CAMERA MOVING WITH him and Menig.

ENRIGHT (5)
When did you get in?

DURKO (6)
(curtly)
Last night.

Enright and Menig exchange a glance. Leo goes right on reading his racing form. Enright moves away from the two seated men and CAMERA FOLLOWS him and Menig into a:

4 TWO SHOT - Menig and Enright.

ENRIGHT (7)
(low)
What's Durko doing here?

MENIG (8)
Back working for Nick. You
know how burned Nick was when
they sent him up.

ENRIGHT (9)
Did the Old Man spring him?

MENIG (10)
(shaking his head)
No. Nick.

ENRIGHT (11)
(showing distress)
Here we go again... Listen, Menig -
did Nick seem okay today outside
of being restless?

(CONTINUED)

4 (CONTINUED)

MENIG (12)

(thoughtfully)

Yeah. I think so.

ENRIGHT (13)

(taking the plunge)

All right. Here it is. That guy Higgins - that guy the Old Man was grooming - spilled to the Crime Commission. I just got the tip.....

MENIG (14)

(dismayed)

Wow!

ENRIGHT (15)

Yeah. Straight. And it's a cinch Nick don't know it yet or...

Menig turns and looks thoughtfully at Durko, CAMERA WIDENING TO INCLUDE Durko and Leo, and Nick's door, just beyond. Neither Durko nor Leo look up, they go right on reading their racing forms. Now Nick's door opens, and Nick appears in the doorway. He is wearing pajamas and a silk dressing-gown. His face is sombre.

NICK (16)

(curt)

Where's Tony?

Menig and Enright are both a little startled by Nick's sudden appearance, but control themselves. Menig glances at his wrist watch.

MENIG (17)

Just about due, Nick.

Nick makes no comment, but begins to look from Menig to Enright suspiciously.

NICK (18)

What you guys cooking up?

MENIG (19)

(quickly)

How do you mean, Nick?

Nick looks them over again, then goes back into his room and shuts the door. Durko and Leo have been minding their own business but as Menig and Enright move away from them again they exchange a puzzled glance, then return to their racing forms. CAMERA FOLLOWS Menig and Enright to:

5

TWO SHOT - Enright and Menig.

ENRIGHT (20)

We got to think of something.
Nick's going to blow his top
when he hears about Higgins -
and now that he's got that old
torpedo back...Nick's got to be
softened up.....some way.

MENIG (21)

Trouble with Nick, he's living
in the past and trying to operate
with the New Boys at the same
time. Still thinks he's the
only bull in the pasture!

ENRIGHT (22)

(nods)

Yeah, he was smart enough to
invite 'em in, but he's not
smart enough to let 'em run
things.

MENIG (23)

Yeah. The Old Man will take
care of Higgins his way - and
it'll be neat - none of this
rip and tear. Providing...

He breaks off and glances over toward Nick's door as
CAMERA WIDENS, then at Durko who goes on reading.
The outer door buzzer SOUNDS. Menig opens it and lets
in Tony, the barber. He is a pleasant-faced Italian
about fifty years old, short and heavy. He is
carrying the small satchel of his trade.

MENIG (cont'd)

(to Tony,
jerking
a thumb)

He's waiting for you.

TONY (24)

I'm right on time. Always I'm
right on time for Nick. He
gets impatient.

Tony starts past Menig toward Nick's door. Menig has
a thought. CAMERA MOVES INTO A NARROWER ANGLE, HOLDING
Menig, Enright, Tony.

(CONTINUED)

5 (CONTINUED)

MENIG (25)
(stopping Tony)
Tony... you been shaving Nick
for a long while. Right?

TONY (26)
(thoughtfully)
Yes. A long while.

MENIG (27)
You and him... you're pretty
close, right?

TONY (28)
Oh, sure. Close. Say, I
better....

Enright is listening intently now, knowing something
is up. Menig stops Tony.

MENIG (29)
He's paid you out plenty of
dough. Right?
(Tony nods
uneasily,
looking from
Menig to
Enright)
Want to do him a favor?

TONY (30)
Me? Do Nick a favor. How?
(shrugs, as
if to say:
what nonsense!)

MENIG (31)
Look, Tony. Nobody can talk
to Nick, tell him anything.
Know what I mean?

TONY (32)
(shrugging,
rolling up
his eyes)
I know!

MENIG (33)
But maybe you could....

TONY (34)
(worried)
Wait now. Mr. Menig - I mind
my own business. I don't....

(CONTINUED)

5 (CONTINUED)

MENIG (35)

Off-hand - know what I mean?
Like.... barber conversation:
yak, yak, yak. Only it means
something. How the world's
changing. How things ain't the
same any more. How a guy's got
to look around him...not keep
on in the same old rut...
get smart.

ENRIGHT (36)

(getting it)

Yeah, Tony. See what he means?
Just conversation. Nick can't
get sore at that.

TONY (37)

(eyeing
them
shrewdly)

Sure. I give him that kind of
conversation, all right. But...
(hesitates)

MENIG (38)

But...what?

TONY (39)

(looks from
Menig to
Enright)

But... Nick. He's no fool!

Tony looks them over shrewdly again, taps his chest.

TONY (cont'd)

Tony's maybe not so smart
as Nick. But he understands.

Menig tries to give Tony some money, but Tony pushes
it aside, shaking his head.

TONY (cont'd)

For Nick... I do this.

Tony taps at Nick's door.

NICK'S VOICE (40)

Okay. Come in.

Tony goes into Nick's bedroom.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM

6

It is very large with big windows through which can be seen the tall buildings from a height. There is a huge bed in one corner and near one window a barber's chair. Nick, preoccupied, gets into the barber's chair without comment.

TONY (41)

(a little
nervous)

How are you today, Nick. Fine day.

Nick throws an indifferent glance out the window, makes no comment. There is a table by the barber's chair. Tony opens his satchel, spreads out his paraphernalia, then puts the sheet around Nick's neck. Tony speaks meanwhile.

TONY (cont'd)

I was maybe five minutes late.
I'm sorry, Nick.

Nick grunts noncommittally, unnerving Tony further.

TONY (cont'd)

(fastening
the sheet)

Too tight? Okay?

(Nick nods)

I don't seem to get around as fast as I used to. Nick, I got two grandchildren now.

NICK (42)

(not looking at him -
indifferently)

That so?

TONY (43)

(beginning
to lather
Nick)

Yeah. Two, and two more coming.
I got son married, and daughter.
(sighs)

Sons, in-laws, all the same -
not like me. We talk - I don't
understand.

(CONTINUED)

6 (CONTINUED)

NICK (44)

(looking at
him for
first time)

Yeah? How's that?

TONY (45)

(getting out
razor -
ready to
shave)

Well...maybe the world changes
too fast. Maybe I just stay
the same... my kids, they're
different. My daughter-in-law
different. Things seem easy
for them. Hard for me...

Tony is shaving Nick now. Nick has begun to smell
a rat. Observes Tony somberly.

NICK (46)

(slight
irony)

Go on, Tony. This is
interesting.

But Tony has noticed the look and he has also noticed
the tone of Nick's voice. Tony gets nervous. He is
shaving Nick now.

TONY (47)

That's all, Nick. Times
change. The world changes.
Maybe...maybe I have trouble
because I don't change...

Nick notices that Tony's hand is trembling. He takes
hold of Tony's wrist, steadies his hand.

NICK (48)

(irony)

What's the matter, Tony?

TONY (49)

(very worried)

That's what I say. Maybe I get
old. Hand not so steady.

(CONTINUED)

6 (CONTINUED)

NICK (50)

(sardonic)

That's bad. I got a tender skin.

Tony moves as if to start shaving Nick again, but Nick stops him.

NICK (cont'd)

Wait a minute. Were you talking to Menig before you came in?

TONY (51)

(slight hesitation)

Yes, Nick.

NICK (52)

What about?

(Tony says nothing)

Come on. What about?

(Tony refuses to answer)

- about me?

Tony still refuses to answer. Nick gets up and takes off the sheet, then he holds out his hand for a towel, which Tony gives him. Nick rubs the lather off his face, hands Tony the towel.

NICK (cont'd)

Tony - when you let guys use you, be sure they're smart guys. I'll be back.

He crosses the room to the hall door. Anger is growing on him. CAMERA MOVES WITH him and HOLDS ON:

7

CLOSE SHOT - Nick - at door. The Camera is behind him as he opens it. Beyond him in the hallway Menig and Enright can be seen standing, talking with their backs to the door. At the SOUND of the opening of the door they turn, stare at Nick, show worry at his steady stare.

INT. HALLWAY

8

Nick comes out into the hallway, turns to Leo and Durko.

(CONTINUED)

8 (CONTINUED)

NICK (53)

Go inside.

There is uneasy silence as Durko and Leo get up and go into Nick's bedroom. The door closes. Nick stands looking at Menig and Enright, who show decided uneasiness.

NICK (cont'd)

All right. Spill. What is it?

MENIG (54)

What is what, Nick?

NICK (55)

You got something to say to me, say it. Don't try to prime Tony.

MENIG (56)

(sore)

Why, that....!

NICK (57)

(breaking
in)

Do you think he had to tell me?
How do you figure I got where
I did? Not by being outsmarted
by clucks like you. Well....?

Menig looks at Enright. Neither speak, both very uneasy.

MENIG (58)

(finally to
Enright)

It's your story.

ENRIGHT (59)

(slowly -
uncertainly)

Nick - I got to tell you.
This Higgins guy...

NICK (60)

(impatient)

Yeah...

(CONTINUED)

8 (CONTINUED)

ENRIGHT

...he spilled to the Crime
Commission...

NICK

(furious)

He...what?

ENRIGHT

Yeah. Straight tip. He...

MENIG

(breaking in -
trying hard)

Yeah, Nick. And the Old Man's
sure going to take care of him.

NICK

How? Pay his fare out of town...
so maybe he can come back and
talk again?

MENIG

(confused)

Nick...he...the Old Man...he'll...

Nick stares at Menig hard for a moment, stopping
further talk. Brief uneasy silence.

NICK

I guess I didn't spring Durko
none too soon.

He turns and goes into the bedroom. Enright and Menig
are beaten and apprehensive. They look at each other
with resignation.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

8A CLOSE SHOT - Ground Glass door.

Legend reads: Acme Real Estate Company.

DISSOLVE THRU TO

INT. CONNOLLY'S OFFICE

8B Welch is pacing, hands behind his back. Davis is
watching him.

(CONTINUED)

8B (CONTINUED)

DAVIS

(timidly)

But...what are you worrying
about, Mr. Welch? Look at the
sign.

He indicates window. Welch turns and goes to the
window, looks out. Davis is beside him.

8C LONG SHOT - FROM WINDOW - Welch sign far below.

Legend reads: The People's Choice - Able -
Honest - Fearless. For County Judge ELECT
City Prosecutor: Mortimer X. Welch.

8D WIDE TWO - at window.

WELCH

That is all very well...but what
about Higgins?

DAVIS

I wouldn't worry, Mr. Welch.

Welch paces, looks at his watch.

WELCH

(impatiently)

What is taking Connolly so long?

DAVIS

(shrugging)

When the Old Man calls him in -
you never know...

In a moment Connolly emerges from the Old Man's office.

WELCH

(putting on a front)

Well, it's about time...

Connolly gives Welch a rather amused, mildly
contemptuous look and offers him a letter.

CONNOLLY

You've been worrying about Higgins.
Here.

Welch takes the letter, adjusts his glasses pompously.

INSERT LETTER HELD IN A MAN'S HAND.

9 Under the letterhead of Little Pal Play Machines, Inc.
text reads:

(CONTINUED)

9 (CONTINUED)

Dear Sirs:

I, Roy Higgins, freely and willingly
confess that beginning August 29,
I have embezzled.....

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

10-
13

WIDE TWO - Welch and Connolly. Davis effaces himself
in b.g.

CONNOLLY
(humorously)
Well, Judge.....

WELCH
(handing letter
back - pleased)
You mustn't call me Judge yet...
But....this certainly takes care
of our friend Higgins.

Connolly puts the letter on his desk, picks up a
manuscript. Hands it to Welch.

CONNOLLY
Your speech for Saturday, Judge.

As Welch hesitates, shows reluctance, Connolly smiles.

CONNOLLY (cont'd)
Only a suggestion, you understand.

WELCH
(taking ms. - putting
it in his pocket -
mollified)
Oh, naturally, naturally. And now
gentlemen...that the Higgins business
has reached such a pleasant conclusion
.....I will get busy with my campaign.
Good day, gentlemen.

He goes to the door.

CONNOLLY
(amused)
Good day, Judge.

Davis raises his eyebrows at Connolly. Connolly goes
to his desk, followed by Davis.

14 ANOTHER ANGLE - including hall door. It opens and Higgins, an ineffectual nonentity enters.

CONNOLLY (72)

You're late, Higgins.

HIGGINS (73)

Connolly, where's the Old Man?

CONNOLLY (74)

Not available.

15 ANOTHER ANGLE - Higgins moves as if to door of sanctum. Connolly moves toward him. Higgins comes to window.

HIGGINS (75)

He promised me that judgeship.

16 FLASH - The Welch Sign.

17 ANOTHER ANGLE - Higgins, Connolly and Davis.

CONNOLLY (76)

He changed his mind.

HIGGINS (77)

(outraged)

Whoever heard of Welch?

CONNOLLY (78)

That's the point.

HIGGINS (79)

(definitely)

All right, tell the Old Man I'm through.

CONNOLLY (80)

He's reconciled to that. Sign this, please.

He hands Higgins the letter. Higgins glances at it, wilts visibly.

HIGGINS (81)

Connolly! I lost my head...

(CONTINUED)

17 (CONTINUED)

CONNOLLY (82)

Just here at the bottom.

HIGGINS (83)

If I do, is everything okay?

CONNOLLY (84)

Sign it!

Beaten, Higgins does. Connolly summons Davis.

CONNOLLY (cont'd)

Now if you'll stamp it, Davis...

18 CLOSE SHOT - Davis. He fumbles, taking from his pockets badges visible in quick succession: DEPUTY CORONER'S BADGE, ELEVATOR INSPECTOR'S BADGE, TAVERN LICENSE COMMISSIONER'S BADGE, POUND AND ANIMAL REFUGE SUPERVISOR'S BADGE, DRAINS AND SEWERS INSPECTOR'S BADGE. OVERSCENE Connolly's voice BARKS at him curtly.

CONNOLLY'S VOICE (85)

Notary...your notary stamp, Davis.

DAVIS (86)

Sure...sure. I'm a notary.

He produces a notary's stamp from his pocket.

19 WIDER ANGLE - Group. Davis stamps, signs letter. Connolly takes it, turns his back on Higgins who hesitates, starts to say something, then goes out door to hall.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE ACME REAL ESTATE CO.

20 Higgins crosses hall to the elevator. The elevator door opens and Nick Scanlon steps out. Higgins moves back a step at the sudden appearance of Nick, startled.

NICK (87)

(slight smile)

Hello, Higgins.

HIGGINS (88)

(perturbed)

Why...why...hello, Mr. Scanlon...
didn't know you ever came up here...

(CONTINUED)

20 (CONTINUED)

The elevator boy says: "Down" and as Higgins makes no move, he starts to close the elevator door. But Nick stops him.

NICK (89)

Hold it, son. This man's
going with you.

Nick, with a gesture of ironical politeness motions
Higgins to the elevator.

HIGGINS (90)

(getting in
elevator relieved)

Thanks, Mr. Scanlon. Thanks.

The elevator door closes and the elevator starts down.
Nick laughs to himself and goes into the door of the
Acme Real Estate office.

INT. OFFICE

21 Connolly looks up as Nick enters. Davis recoils, shows
real fear. Nick does not speak to Connolly, but looks
at Davis.

NICK (91)

Blow, shyster.

Davis hurries out without another word or a look.

CONNOLLY (92)

All settled, Nick, just as the
Old Man told you it would be.

Nick merely studies him, rather amused.

CONNOLLY (cont'd)

(showing letter)

Signed and witnessed.

NICK (93)

You boys got a lot of faith in human
nature. He talked once. He'll talk
again. Either a man is the type that
talks or he's not. Higgins is the type.

CONNOLLY (94)

He may or may not be.

(slaps letter)

Anyway, this stops it.

22 ANOTHER ANGLE - Scanlon disdains letter which is held
out to him. Eyes Connolly somberly.

(CONTINUED)

22 (CONTINUED)

NICK (95)

So this is the fancy Dan operation
I been hearing about.

CONNOLLY (96)

This is it. Quite an improvement,
don't you think? And not so much
for the coroner to do.

NICK (97)

(somberly)
He gets paid.

CONNOLLY (98)

(stiffly)
When we take over the operation
of a city...

NICK (99)

(explosive)
This is my city, bright boy.

CONNOLLY (100)

Just an expression, Scanlon. But
now that you're - ah - associated
with us you'll see a lot of new
techniques.

NICK (101)

Like this one?

CONNOLLY (102)

You'd handle it differently, no
doubt.

NICK (103)

(mildly ironical)
Little rougher, maybe.

CONNOLLY (104)

Nick, with our organization those
methods are no longer feasible.

Nick glances at Connolly in ironical silence, then
walks to the window, the CAMERA MOVING WITH him. He
stands looking down at the street far below. Connolly
follows him into shot.

NICK (105)

No longer feasible, he says.

Connolly shows a sudden flash of apprehension.

(CONTINUED)

22 (CONTINUED)

CONNOLLY (106)

(speaking rapidly)

The Old Man considers physical
violence outmoded and unnecessary,
he...

Looking down at the street, Nick begins to laugh.
Connolly crowds him, follows his gaze.

NICK (107)

(laughing)

What do you know? I think Higgins
had an accident down there.

CONNOLLY (108)

(appalled)

Nick!

They stand looking down.

23 LONG SHOT - Street FROM their ANGLE. Higgins is lying
face down on the pavement. People are crowded around
him, men and women.

EXT. STREET

24 GROUP SHOT - on the pavement. A crowd is milling about
the fallen Higgins. Much ad-lib excitement.

25 CLOSE SHOT - the body of Higgins. Several men are
kneeling beside him.

1ST MAN (109)

(wonder)

He just fell - like that....

2ND MAN (110)

Heart - maybe...

3RD MAN (111)

(noticing blood which
has begun to spread)

Hey! This guy's been shot....
(fumbles at Higgins'
chest - notices a
small piece of
paper)

26 CLOSEUP - paper - in 3rd Man's hand. It reads: 216.

1ST MAN'S VOICE (112)

Find a cop! Find a cop!

- 27 FULL SHOT - group about Higgins. 3rd Man runs out of scene. CAMERA MOVES WITH him. He runs through the crowd pushing past people, who stare at him. He looks frantically for a policeman - runs on. In a moment he catches up with Leo and Durko, who are walking leisurely down the street. The 3rd Man passes them and CAMERA HOLDS ON Durko and Leo and follows them as they turn into an alley, then HOLDS as they come to their car, and get in.

INT. CAR

- 28 MED. SHOT - Leo is at the wheel. Durko beside him. Durko takes a gun from under his coat, opens the glove compartment and slips it in, as the car moves off.

EXT. CAR

- 29 MED. SHOT - It turns from the alley into the through street behind the office building where the Acme Real Estate Company is located.

INT. CAR - MOVING

- 30 Durko and Leo. A police SIREN comes over; maybe it is a block away. Both men show some concern.

LEO (113)
(glancing up ahead)
I'm going to beat that light. We
better get out of this district.
(he steps on the
accelerator)

DURKO (114)
(after a moment
- sharply)
Watch it - copper!

- 31 LONG SHOT - FROM their ANGLE - MOVING. A patrolman - Johnson - is helping some kids across the street, herding them ahead of him. Overscene comes the SHRIEKING of brakes, as Leo tries to stop the car. Johnson and the kids are near the curb, making it.
- 32 LONG SHOT - across the intersection. As Leo brings the car to a SHRIEKING halt half way through the pedestrian zone. Johnson - the copper - is in the b.g. beyond the car. He turns, looks at car, then starts over.

EXT. CAR

- 33 MED. SHOT. CAMERA SHOOTING ACROSS Leo. Johnson comes up to them, looks in car.

LEO (115)
Sorry, Officer. I got to get
these brakes adjusted -

Johnson glances from Leo to Durko, then back. SOUND of siren comes over nearer now.

JOHNSON (116)
(mildly)
You guys in a hurry or something?

LEO (117)
No. No hurry. It's just these
brakes. They...

The bell CLANGS for the change of signals. The traffic starts up. Cars HONK behind Leo.

JOHNSON (118)
Okay. Okay... Go ahead.

Leo pulls quickly out of shot. Cars pass Johnson, one after another, then a squad car swings around the corner. Radio cop leans out as the driver slows down.

RADIO COP (119)
Johnson, a guy got shot just
around the corner on Oak.

The radio car goes on out of shot on the cross-street, heading for the scene of the crime.

- 34 CLOSE SHOT - Johnson - moving. He turns and starts after the radio car, hurrying.

- 35 CLOSEUP - Johnson - moving. A thought strikes him. He looks off in the direction taken by Leo's car; then, thoughtful, intent, he hurries on.

QUICK DISSOLVE

- 36 CLOSEUP - (DAY) - A ground-glass door. On it is the legend: 216

INT. CRIME COMMISSION INVESTIGATORS' OFFICE

37 FULL SHOT. The Crime Commission has two rooms here. In the background, dimly visible through huge doors is a dignified and austere meeting room with a long table and a dozen heavy chairs.

In the foreground is the workroom of the Commission's investigators. Desks for eight young lawyers and accountants and their secretaries are arranged along the sides, near banks of filing cases. In the center, toward the meeting room door is a huge table, covered with bills, receipts, photostated checks, legal documents, code books and even some lingerie arranged for examination of laundry marks.

The investigators are young lawyers and accountants, zealous and intense; they hurry to and from desks and adding machines to the evidence table.

CAMERA TRUCKS SLOWLY along one side of the room for glimpses of this work.

38 MED. SHOT - at desk. Lawyer Foster and Accountant Douglass, compare photostated checks for a column of figures as Douglass runs totals on a machine.

FOSTER (120)

On the third, six hundred...

DOUGLASS (121)

To the Acme Real Estate Company again?

FOSTER (122)

Yes.

DOUGLASS (123)

(grimly
triumphant)

That's it.

FOSTER (124)

Overdraught?

DOUGLASS (125)

Yes, but he's kiting checks.
See these dates?

- 39 MED. SHOT - another desk. Mitchell, a lawyer, is dictating slowly from examination of an itemized bill on top of a large pile of others.

MITCHELL (126)
...flowers delivered to hotel
room...nine dollars. Tip
advanced, twenty five cents...

SECRETARY (127)
...twenty five cents?

MITCHELL (128)
...in a thirty dollar a day
suite.

SECRETARY (129)
And not even his money!

- 40 MED. SHOT - Another desk, Harris, a lawyer, scowls over income tax forms, dictates slowly -

HARRIS (130)
No State income tax return for...

- 41 MED. SHOT - Another desk. A studious young accountant checks a figure in a tape against a bill on the top of a large stack, turns diffidently to this secretary.

CAMERON (131)
Do they really sell...ladies'
ankle watches...?

- 42 MED. SHOT - at door. Chief Investigator Harry Craig enters quietly, small suitcase in one hand, thick briefcase in the other. Pauses to look proudly over his team.

- 43 FULL SHOT - Room and workers. Foster, going to the table for documents, notices Craig at door.

FOSTER (132)
Harry!

Others look up; work stops, they swarm to greet him.

44 MED. SHOT - Craig and his team. They come up to him affectionately, ad lib.

INVESTIGATORS (133)
Harry! Hi Harry. Good morning.
How was the trip? Plane rough?
Get any sleep? How's the Capitol?

He shakes their hands warmly, then the group tenses, falls silent. Foster asks the question on every mind.

FOSTER (134)
How did the Governor take it?

CRAIG (135)
Like a man.

MITCHELL (136)
And the Commission?

CRAIG (137)
Shocked...and fighting mad.

CAMERON (138)
They're really going to back us?

CRAIG (139)
They're meeting here, Saturday.

45 LONG SHOT - The empty Conference Room. Over-scene come the voices of the Investigators.

MITCHELL'S VOICE (140)
To consider our evidence?

CRAIG'S VOICE (141)
If we prove it, they'll hang 'em.

46 MED. MOVING SHOT - Investigators; the faces of all show a fresh elation and zeal. They crowd around, maneuvering Craig toward the evidence table. Conference room is still visible in background.

FOSTER (142)
Look at Higgins, alone. I figure
a hundred and twenty-six years!

Craig looks at the mass of evidence with quick pride, then disappointment which he tries to cover.

(CONTINUED)

46 (CONTINUED)

CRAIG (143)

Only Higgins?

HARRIS (144)

(drily)

Earning, for tax reports,
sixty bucks a week.

47 ANOTHER ANGLE - group around desk. Each investigator
picks his special evidence as they talk.

DOUGLAS (145)

...and banking sixteen hundred.

FOSTER (146)

In four different banks.

MITCHELL (147)

What's the plural of bigamy?

CAMERON (148)

(scrupulously)

We can't prove that, yet.

Lewis, a woman lawyer who looks it, exhibits the
laundry marks on the lingerie.

LEWIS (149)

His friends even got their
laundry mixed up.

Craig is now trying to cover his disappointment.

CRAIG (150)

So Higgins was a romantic, too?

FOSTER (151)

Versatile; you name it, Higgins
did it; we'll prove it.

CRAIG (152)

This is all fine but...

FOSTER (153)

Where does it lead?

CRAIG (154)

Exactly.

FOSTER (155)

Higgins was up to his armpits
in the Acme Real Estate Company.

48 ANOTHER ANGLE - group. Craig reacts at once with a comprehension and delight he scarcely dares trust.

CRAIG (156)

Are you sure?

FOSTER (157)

We've had two sessions with him.

CRAIG (158)

Would he talk?

FOSTER (159)

All lies! But they lead to this.

He indicates table.

CRAIG (160)

Well, get him back...

FOSTER (161)

He's coming, voluntarily, to explain "some little discrepancies" in five minutes.

He points o.s., triumphantly.

49 WIDER ANGLE - A special grouping of chairs around a dictaphone explains itself. Craig begins to grin, looks at his watch.

NEWSBOY'S VOICE (162)

(calling extra)

Extra! Extra! Man murdered on downtown street. Read all about it. Extra!

DISSOLVE

INT. POLICE LIBRARY - SAME AFTERNOON

50 MED. SHOT - at desk. Johnson is thumbing his way through a pile of FBI "Wanted" flyers, Police bulletins, rogue's gallery pictures, coming-out books, hard, tedious work. A stenographer-librarian watches him from b.g. He reacts to a picture.

51 CLOSE SHOT - picture in Johnson's hands. It is a photo of Durko, shaven and numbered in convict's uniform. On the page is a long list of Durko's criminal activities.

JOHNSON'S VOICE (163)

I thought so...manslaughter...
extortion...larceny...
(then with fury)
...and paroled...

52 WIDER ANGLE - room. He lifts his head briskly.

JOHNSON (164)

Give me a wanted report.

She hands him report.

53 CLOSE SHOT - wanted report in Johnson's hand.

DISSOLVE

INT. ACME REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

54 CLUSEUP - the same (Durko) form. Neatly typed now, it is held in a well-manicured hand.

CONNOLLY'S VOICE (165)

This is the kind of thing the Old Man
hates - and is changing.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO reveal Connolly sitting at his desk with the form in his hand. Turck is sitting opposite him: officially he is Sgt. Lester Turck, Ass't. State's Attorney's Special Investigation Department. He is also a miracle of cynicism and nonchalance. At present he is paring his nails.

CONNOLLY (cont'd)

Too many loose ends. Too much
emphasis on the physical. I'm
quoting, as you know, Turck.

He gestures toward the Old Man's office. Turck nods.

TURCK (166)

Could you quote some more?

CONNOLLY (167)

(after studying
Turck)

Policy?

(CONTINUED)

54 (CONTINUED)

TURCK

(shrugging)

Policy... Nick Scanlon...?

CONNOLLY

Well...there's the election coming up. Maybe when that's over... However, the Old Man moves cautiously. Give a guy enough rope, he says.

Turck nods, satisfied. Then Connolly gets to the business of the form.

CONNOLLY (cont'd)

What was the circulation on this report? All departments?

Turck nods.

CONNOLLY (cont'd)

What district's Johnson in?

TURCK

(hesitating -

hoping this

wouldn't come up)

McQuigg's.

Connolly starts slightly at this, rises, picks up some papers on his desk, irritably slams them back. Then he paces for a moment. Turck watches him.

CONNOLLY

What's the matter with Nick?

What's he using for brains?

McQuigg's poison.

TURCK

(mildly)

Since we're talking about McQuigg, can't something be done about him? Can't the Old Man--?

CONNOLLY

(sharply)

Too much has been done about McQuigg as it is. He's been shifted about -- exiled, you might say. But he always crops up.

TURCK

That's what I mean.

(CONTINUED)

54 (CONTINUED)

CONNOLLY

(irritably)

McQuigg's got a great reputation. Do I have to remind you about the election again? Bust McQuigg, and we'd have all the newspapers down on us. They'd want to know why....why....?

TURCK

Sure. But newspaper readers forget fast. It goes in one ear and out the other.

CONNOLLY

(ignoring this)

Why can't McQuigg cooperate? We've given him every chance.

TURCK

(mildly)

Maybe he's honest.

Connolly pacing, glares at Turck, who pretends not to notice it. Then Connolly, irritated with Turck, speaks sharply.

CONNOLLY

All right, Turck. This is your baby. See what you can do with it.

He turns his back on Turck, looks out window. Turck shrugs, gets up and wanders out casually.

DISSOLVE

INT. POLICE LOCKER ROOM - 7TH DISTRICT STATION - DAY

54A

A group of policemen are putting on coats, etc., in locker room. Johnson is prominent in the group. As they dress they talk.

1ST POLICEMAN

...and he says to me, how do you like your new captain. And I says, I been in the Army, I'm used to hardboiled top-kicks....

JOHNSON

He's more than that. McQuigg's a great police officer.

(CONTINUED)

54A (CONTINUED)

2ND POLICEMAN

I don't know about 'great'...but
he is the toughest so-and-so I
ever met in the force....

1ST POLICEMAN

....turns the whole place upside
down in one week....

JOHNSON

It needed it.

1ST POLICEMAN

....you a relative or something,
Johnson....?

JOHNSON

Maybe I'm old-fashioned for a young
guy...but I like cops tough and
honest....

2ND POLICEMAN

Oh, please! No speeches. It's a
job.

As he speaks, Delaney enters.

DELANEY

If it's a job, get on it. You had
your orders. Time for the line-up.

2ND POLICEMAN

(wonder)

He's got you, too. Eh, Delaney?

DELANEY

Let's cut the comedy. This is
serious.

They sober.

LAP DISSOLVE

54B

FULL SHOT - the hallway. The policemen are drawn up
in a line like soldiers, eyes front. McQuigg appears,
in civilian clothes with Delaney. McQuigg stands and
stares at the policemen. They straighten up, worried
by his hardboiled stare. All their facetiousness
evaporates. McQuigg walks over to 2nd Policeman.

MCQUIGG

You call that a neat uniform?

2nd Policeman looks down at himself - makes no comment.

(CONTINUED)

54B (CONTINUED)

MCQUIGG (cont'd)

Have it cleaned.

McQuigg passes down the line, looking the men over. Before he is through, they are all standing like West Pointers. Now McQuigg addresses them.

MCQUIGG (cont'd)

(forcefully)

Boys, I don't know you and you don't know me....I run a Precinct one way and we might as well understand each other now...I have rules - and I make no exceptions. Our business is protecting the public, the taxpayer. Never forget that....I will not stand for laxness, slovenliness, or second best...Do your jobs right or you'll hear from me...As for dishonesty, shady stuff -- one time and out! There is no excuse for it. What is done in other Precincts is none of our business. Our duty is to keep our own house clean...remember this. If a man breaks the law and you see him, arrest him. I don't care who he is or what influence he's got...from the President down. I'll take the responsibility. Understand?

(pause)

All right.

DELANEY

Okay, boys.

The formation breaks up, the men begin to leave the hallway. McQuigg stops the young cop, Johnson.

MCQUIGG

(smiling slightly)

Johnson - that was a good make.
Nice work.

JOHNSON

(delighted)

Thank you, Captain. Thank you.

McQuigg starts back to his office with Delaney. Johnson, deeply pleased, stands looking after him.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. STREET BEFORE SEVENTH DISTRICT POLICE STATION - DAY

55 MED. MOVING SHOT - Turck. He walks up a sordid slum street to the grimy old 7th District Station, enters.

INT. 7TH DISTRICT STATION

56 MED. MOVING SHOT - Turck. CAMERA TRUCKS HIM PAST the railed reception area guarding inner offices and into a door plainly marked: T. McQuigg, District Captain.

INT. MCQUIGG'S OFFICE

57 MED. SHOT - McQuigg, a tough, shrewd veteran police Captain, looks up from desk and greets Turck drily.

(CONTINUED)

57 (CONTINUED)

McQUIGG (172)
Is City Hall on fire?

TURCK (173)
I'm hiding out from the new
Crime Commission.

McQUIGG (174)
~~They~~ must know where to start.

Turck's joke has backfired; irritation shows.

TURCK (175)
All reformers start well.

McQUIGG (176)
At least they got you out into the
daylight.

TURCK (177)
Your district's safe in daylight.

McQuigg is tired of this sparring, speaks bluntly.

McQUIGG (178)
What's up, Turck?

58 MED. SHOT - McQuigg and Turck. The amenities are over.
Turck tosses a copy of Johnson's identification report
onto the desk, tries to keep his speech casual while
McQuigg studies him stonily.

TURCK (179)
Your beat man, Johnson, turned
in a good make.

McQUIGG (180)
I just commended him on it.

Turck would like to chat but McQuigg is bleakly
unresponsive.

TURCK (181)
What's Johnson like, ambitious?

McQUIGG (182)
In the right way.

TURCK (183)
What else?

McQUIGG (184)
Everything you're not.

(CONTINUED)

58 (CONTINUED)

TURCK (185)

That's a lot of territory.

McQUIGG (186)

Combat veteran, third man in the
Civil Service Exams...clean record...
no relatives, no pull, no politics.

TURCK (187)

Poor kid...he'll learn.

McQUIGG (188)

It's you political pets who will
learn from kids like Johnson.

TURCK (189)

Can I start now?

McQuigg touches a button; duty sergeant appears.

McQUIGG (190)

Send Johnson in.

INT. DISTRICT STATION LOCKER ROOM

59

MED. SHOT* Johnson stands before his locker cleaning
his service .38 with an eye on Durko's picture which
he's stuck on his locker door with Scotch tape. Other
men are similarly attending their gear at the end of
the shift. The Duty Sergeant comes up to Johnson.

DUTY SGT. (191)

Captain McQuigg wants you.

INT. McQUIGG'S OFFICE

60

MED. MOVING SHOT - Johnson comes smartly to the desk.
McQuigg indicates Turck, speaks with noticeable irony.

McQUIGG (192)

Johnson, this is Sgt. Turck of
the State's Attorney's Special
Investigation Department.

61

ANOTHER ANGLE - Johnson, Turck and McQuigg. Johnson
senses McQuigg's contempt for Turck.

TURCK (193)

This is a good make, Johnson.

JOHNSON (194)

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

61 (CONTINUED)

TURCK (195)
...if you're sure it was Durko.

JOHNSON (196)
Positive.

TURCK (197)
(nods)
But you didn't recognize the
other man?

JOHNSON (198)
No.

TURCK (199)
Even after you'd run the files?

JOHNSON (200)
He's not in the files.

62 ANOTHER ANGLE - favoring Turck. In spite of himself
he relaxes enough now to betray his relief at this;
the others notice it. McQuigg is annoyed.

McQUIGG (201)
What's this about, Turck?

Turck switches to a bland conciliatory smile.

TURCK (202)
Our department wants Durko.

McQUIGG (203)
Then find him and pinch him.

TURCK (204)
But if your beat men scare him
prematurely...

63 ANOTHER ANGLE - group and District Map. McQuigg's had
enough; he rises, angry but controlled, and traces a
marked district on a Metropolitan map as he speaks with
blunt reproval to Turck.

McQUIGG (205)
Murderers in my district will
be pinched on sight. Tell the
State's Attorney so for me.

Turck knows he's beaten, tries to turn it off amiably.

(CONTINUED)

63 (CONTINUED)

TURCK (206)

Keep your shirt on, Mac. Nice work, Johnson.

He waves at them blandly and saunters out. McQuigg looks after him thoughtfully.

64

ANOTHER ANGLE - McQuigg and Johnson. Johnson waits, respectfully, and then speaks bluntly.

JOHNSON (207)

Captain, am I dumb, or is someone trying to cover up something?

McQuigg is pleased, but he doesn't pamper young cops.

McQUIGG (208)

When I think you're dumb, I'll tell you, Johnson.

Johnson feels he's been reproved, hesitates, then starts out.

McQUIGG (cont'd)

Like a special assignment on this?

JOHNSON (209)

(turning,
surprised;
grins)

Very much, sir.

McQUIGG (210)

You're relieved of beat duty.

JOHNSON (211)

Thank you, sir. Captain, who's big enough to buy Durko out for a job like this?

McQUIGG (212)

(mildly)

Stick to routine. Let me worry about the rest.

JOHNSON (213)

Yes sir.

He goes out, leaving McQuigg smiling with approval.

DISSOLVE

INT. KITCHEN JOHNSON'S HOUSE - DUSK

65 FULL SHOT - The Johnson's kitchen is small but spotless. It connects thru a small dining alcove with the parlor. Another door leads to hall and bedroom and one more to the driveway outside. Johnson enters from driveway looking tired. Notes dinner cooking and whistles. There is an answering WHISTLE off. He grins and begins washing his hands.

66 ANOTHER ANGLE - including door to hall. Lucy, his attractive young wife, enters and comes up to him severely.

LUCY (214)

Officer, I'd like to file a complaint.

JOHNSON (215)

Well, Madam?

LUCY (216)

I haven't been kissed all day.

67 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the Johnsons. They embrace ardently; they're newlyweds and glad of it.

JOHNSON (217)

How would you feel if I had the night shift?

LUCY (218)

Indignant.

JOHNSON (219)

I've heard the days can be beautiful at this time of year.

They kiss again fondly; she notes his preoccupation.

LUCY (220)

Was today beautiful, for you?

JOHNSON (221)

I dug up more on Durko.

LUCY (222)

He must have quite a record.

(CONTINUED)

67 (CONTINUED)

JOHNSON (223)

Manslaughter, extortion, larceny...
killed a policeman in Cincinnati...
they think. Couldn't indict him.

68 ANOTHER ANGLE - The Johnsons. In spite of herself Lucy flinches at that.

LUCY (224)

Bob, how can men like that ever
be paroled?

Johnson has wondered; he's thinking this out, speaks
almost as if to himself.

JOHNSON (225)

Suppose you needed a killer?
Where would you find one?

LUCY (226)

(disturbed)
Bob, is it worth it?

JOHNSON (227)

Is what worth what?

She knows he's stalling, bursts out passionately.

LUCY (228)

Risking your neck to arrest men
like that - so the higher-ups
can turn them loose again.

JOHNSON (229)

(steadily)
This cop they think he killed --
he had three kids.

LUCY (230)

What if we had three kids?

JOHNSON (231)

You'll be half done; I want six.

LUCY (232)

Bob! I'm serious.

JOHNSON (233)

Hurry up with dinner, will you,
Lucy?

LUCY (234)

What's your rush?

(CONTINUED)

68 (CONTINUED)

JOHNSON (235)

I'm going back to the station.

LUCY (236)

(firmly)

Not tonight -- we're celebrating.

JOHNSON (237)

Lucy -- I got to keep moving on this case.

(waking up)

Celebrating what?

LUCY (238)

What do you think I've been trying to tell you?

JOHNSON (239)

I'll bite -- what?

LUCY (240)

I hope they never make you a detective!

He stares, gets it, grins, sweeps her into his arms.
They embrace.

DISSOLVE

INT. CRIME COMMISSION INVESTIGATORS' OFFICE - NIGHT

69

MED. SHOT - Craig, Foster and Harris are wearily
padlocking files at the end of a long day.

CRAIG (241)

Will we have enough to bring
up Acme Real Estate at all?

FOSTER (242)

(dubious)

For the Commission? By Saturday?

CRAIG (243)

We can give them other stuff.

FOSTER (244)

Acme's inconclusive without
Higgins. Poor Higgins! Why did
he have to get himself shot now?

CRAIG (245)

(irony)

Mighty inconsiderate of him.

70 WIDER ANGLE - including Mitchell. He comes up to them equally tired and shirtsleeved, but grimly pleased over the welter of papers in his hand.

MITCHELL (246)

The ownership on Higgins' locked box was changed in July.

FOSTER (247)

(eagerly)

How?

MITCHELL (248)

Co-ownership, including independent access to a man named Connolly.

They eye each other thoughtfully, heartened, not so weary now.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

71 CLOSE UP - A fancy Neon sign. It reads: LITTLE CLUB, and flashes on and off. Swing MUSIC comes over, fast and hot, and continues faintly throughout scene. CAMERA PANS DOWN TO:

72 CLOSE SHOT - Connolly's car. It is parked in the alley beside the Little Club. Connolly is sitting in it, looking off at the side entrance of the club. He is obviously waiting. The driver's seat is empty. Connolly reacts slightly as CAMERA GOES TO WIDER ANGLE. Menig emerges from side entrance of club, looks up and down. Then Nick comes out, hatless, and moves over to Connolly's car. Connolly's driver comes out behind Nick, crosses and gets into driver's seat.

EXT. CAR

73 MED. SHOT - Nick stops beside the car on Connolly's side. He looks at Connolly mildly.

CONNOLLY (249)

What happened, Nick? I waited for you nearly two hours.

NICK (250)

On me?

(snaps fingers)

I forgot.

(CONTINUED)

73 (CONTINUED)

CONNOLLY (251)

Didn't Menig tell you I was
anxious to see you?

NICK (252)

I guess he did.
(slight irony)
Sorry, Connolly.

CONNOLLY (253)

(after a pause;
swallowing his
anger)
Where's Durko?

NICK (254)

(mildly)
Durko? He's out of circulation
for the time being.

CONNOLLY (255)

We don't like loose ends -
unfinished business - I'm quoting.

NICK (256)

(smiling slightly)
Always quoting, eh, Connolly?

CONNOLLY (257)

(a flash of anger)
The Old Man wants Durko in a
safe place.. if you know what I
mean. McQuigg's a rough proposition.

NICK (258)

(angry now,
speaks harshly)
I was fighting McQuigg before
you hit this town. Don't try
to teach me the ABC's.

Connolly shows menacing, flash of anger, hesitates,
comes to a decision, turns to driver.

CONNOLLY (259)

(to driver)
All right.

Connolly does not look at Nick again. The car drives
out of scene. Nick looks after it, smiling grimly;
then CAMERA MOVES WITH him as he crosses the sidewalk
and goes back into the side-entrance of the club,

(CONTINUED)

73 (CONTINUED)

ignoring Menig. CAMERA HOLDS ON Menig as Nick goes into the club. Menig's face shows deep worry. After a moment, he follows Nick into the club.

DISSOLVE

INT. APARTMENT HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

74 This is where Nick lives. The elevator door opens and McQuigg gets out and goes down the corridor to the door of Nick's suite where he pushes the buzzer.

INT. HALLWAY - NICK'S SUITE

75 Enright and Leo are playing gin rummy on a little side table. Menig is standing, kibitzing. BUZZER sound comes over. Menig throws an irritated glance at the sound, then watches intently. Leo picks up a card.

MENIG (260)

(excitedly;
to Leo)

Okay! Okay! What are you
waiting for?

Leo glances at him uncertain, then discards and puts down his hand. BUZZER sounds again.

LEO (261)

Ten.

ENRIGHT (262)

(putting down
his hand
laughing)

Nine!

Furious, Leo draws his arm back as if to slug Menig. BUZZER sounds again insistently.

MENIG (263)

(shouting;
looking
about him)

Say, where's that.....

(Simpson, the butler,
passes them leisurely
on his way to the
door)

Where you been hiding, Buster?

Simpson ignores Menig.

76 CLOSE SHOT - at the door. Simpson opens it, revealing McQuigg, in civvies.

McQUIGG (264)

Nick here?

SIMPSON (265)

I'll see, sir. Who shall I say is calling?

McQUIGG (266)

McQuigg.

SIMPSON (267)

Yes, Mr. McQuigg. Step in, please.

McQuigg steps in, Simpson shuts the door, then goes toward Nick's living room, which is one door beyond the bedroom.

77 REVERSE SHOT - Group. Leo, Enright, and Menig. Leo and Enright are still seated, Menig standing. They stare in unbelief at McQuigg in silence. CAMERA WIDENS, little by little and McQuigg comes into shot, looks at them indifferently, then looks off after Simpson.

78 LONG SHOT - CAMERA behind McQuigg. In the b.g. Simpson stops at a door, taps on it. McQuigg goes toward him at once, having found out where Nick is. The three hoodlums do not interfere. They merely watch.

79 CLOSE SHOT - at living-room door - Simpson. He taps again. McQuigg comes into shot behind him. Brushes him aside. Tries the door; it is unlocked. Starts to go in.

SIMPSON (268)

(preventing him)

But, Mr. McQuigg...

McQuigg merely looks at Simpson, who quails. McQuigg pushes open the door and goes in.

80 GROUP SHOT - Menig, Leo and Enright. They stare, then stare at each other.

INT. NICK'S LIVING-ROOM

81 CLOSE SHOT - McQuigg. The living-room is large and beautifully furnished, quite luxurious. McQuigg looks about him, sees nobody.

NICK'S VOICE (269)

Hello, Tom.

CAMERA WIDENS as McQuigg turns and Nick rises from a huge chair which faces the fireplace. He has been obscured from McQuigg's view. Nick is wearing a dressing-gown and pajamas.

McQUIGG (270)

Hello, Nick.

NICK (271)

(insolent)

Come right in. Don't stand on ceremony.

McQUIGG (272)

Butler. 'Don't stand on ceremony.'
Nick, I'd hardly know you.

NICK (273)

It's been a long time.

(looks about him)

Not much like the old Tenth Ward,
eh, Tom?

McQUIGG (274)

Not much.

NICK (275)

I hear you're living in the same
old dump.

McQUIGG (276)

'House' is the word.

NICK (277)

I like 'dump' better.

McQUIGG (278)

(looking about
him)

Don't think I'd feel comfortable
here. Like the lobby of the
Palace theatre.

(CONTINUED)

81 (CONTINUED)

NICK (279)

(laughing)
Honesty don't pay off, eh, Tom?
Or maybe it's just dumbness.

McQUIGG (280)

You ought to know all about
dumbness. Was it smart killing
Higgins?

NICK (281)

Who's Higgins?

McQUIGG (282)

He was just walking down the
street -- minding his own business --
in my district.

NICK (283)

I never set foot in your district.

McQUIGG (284)

Don't.

NICK (285)

Of course, as a free citizen and
a taxpayer....

McQUIGG (286)

A what?

NICK (287)

I pay taxes. I keep books. For
instance, my taxes would pay the
salaries of ten guys like you,
McQuigg. What they call --
public servants.

(laughs)

McQuigg, the public servant.

McQuigg is extremely angry, but controls it. Speaks
evenly.

McQUIGG (288)

Nick -- we should have had a
little talk long ago.

NICK (289)

I'm for it. I never forget a
pal.

(CONTINUED)

81 (CONTINUED)

McQUIGG (290)

(irony)

I been intending to thank you for all you've done for me. Like getting me transferred to a no-action spot, where I was buried -- after I knocked over all those horse-parlors of yours.

NICK (291)

(kidding)

Why, Tommy...! Me?

McQUIGG (292)

And then you and the boys decided you wanted to make an action spot out of that no-action spot. But there was McQuigg. So I pinched one of your boys for rape and got a conviction. Of course, he never served time. There was an appeal... this and that -- the old merry-go-round. But it was inconvenient. Wasn't it, Nick? So I was transferred again. I should be an inspector by now, Nick -- if you hadn't known me in the old Tenth Ward days, and been my pal...

NICK (293)

(lightly)

You flatter me, Tom.

McQUIGG (294)

(tough)

Let's quit kidding, Nick -- stay out of my district. I'm tired of playing horse. I'm making a personal thing out of this, Nick. You understand? A personal thing.

NICK (295)

(hard)

Okay, Tom -- personal.

(McQuigg starts
to turn away)

But...if I could get you transferred, I could get you promoted. Right?

(CONTINUED)

81 (CONTINUED)

McQUIGG (296)

(turning)

So?

NICK (297)

It's just a thought.

McQuigg is furious, takes a step toward Nick, controls himself; then burst out laughing in derision. Nick's face hardens, then shows fury. McQuigg keeps on laughing at him. Suddenly, they are interrupted by violent SOUNDS o.s.; screams, cries of "No! No!" - slaps, scuffling, a breaking vase. Then the library door breaks open and Irene Hayes runs into the living room. McQuigg and Nick stare at her in surprise.

82

MED. SHOT - Irene, Nick and McQuigg. Irene is a dance hall singer. She is also a self-respecting human being. At the moment her expensive over-stylish afternoon clothes are rumpled, her hair is askew, her fur piece torn. She is savagely indignant. Nick is furious at the interruption - and her.

NICK (298)

Who are you? Where'd you come from?

IRENE (299)

I'm Irene Hayes; what about it?

NICK (300)

You're in the wrong apartment -
I hope!

IRENE (301)

You may be right, but I didn't
find it out 'till just now. I've
been teaching my fiancée some manners.

She gets herself together, fluffs her hair, regards Nick and the amused McQuigg defiantly.

NICK (302)

Your what?

IRENE (303)

Anyway - he was! I'm not so sure
now.

She exhibits a diamond solitaire, half-wistfully.
She has liked respectability up to now.

83

ANOTHER ANGLE - group. Nick has been furious; the ring tempers his anger with caution. This is serious.

(CONTINUED)

83 (CONTINUED)

NICK (304)

What do you do for a living?

IRENE (305)

I sing at the Paradise Club.
What do you do?

McQUIGG (306)

(drily)

That's an interesting question,
Nick.

84

WIDER ANGLE - including door to library. Nick
winces, then with re-kindling anger, calls sharply.

NICK (307)

Joe. Come here!

Joe Scanlon, a huge, young, handsome moron who
faintly resembles Nick enters from the library.
Joe's face has just been slapped and shows it but he
is a simple idiot and more bewildered than vicious.

NICK (cont'd)

So you got engaged?

JOE

Nick, I love her.

NICK (309)

(outraged)

This cheap canary?

85

ANOTHER ANGLE - GROUP SHOT - McQuigg watches intently.
Hayes winces and turns challengingly to Joe.

IRENE (310)

Speak up, Junior.

Joe hesitates just too long. Nick turns to Irene
confidently, nearly kindly.

NICK (311)

Nothing personal, sister.
How about a deal?

IRENE (312)

Deal?

NICK (313)

Let my brother off the hook.
You keep the rock, I keep him.

IRENE (314)

Are you going to take this, Joe?

(CONTINUED)

85 (CONTINUED)

JOE (315)
(troubled)
Now listen, Nick.

NICK (316)
Shut up.

Joe does. Irene eyes him savagely, then with a half-sob turns and walks out, slamming the foyer door.

86 CLOSE SHOT - McQuigg - he looks after her approvingly.

87 WIDER ANGLE - Joe is really angry now, turns to his brother protestingly.

JOE (317)
Now listen, Nick.

NICK (318)
(furiously)
"Now listen, Nick..."

His restraint breaks. He slaps Joe savagely.

NICK (cont'd)
You want to marry...her?!
Throwing yourself away on that.
Give me your money.

Cowed, Joe surrenders two or three single bills.

NICK (cont'd)
And your car keys.

JOE (319)
I sold my car.

NICK (320)
You sold my birthday present to
buy that rock?

He is appalled; Joe senses it. His courage revives.

JOE (321)
Yes, I did! And I'm going to
marry her, too!

He hurries toward library door. Nick pursues him now in complete reversal.

NICK (322)
Now listen, Joe...

(CONTINUED)

87 (CONTINUED)

JOE (323)

"Now listen, Joe..." Listen to yourself!

He slams the door in Nick's face.

88 MED. SHOT - Nick - FROM McQuigg's ANGLE. He is transformed; his ferocity has melted into remorse. He KNOCKS timidly on the door.

NICK (324)

Joe...Joe...Listen, Joe...It's for your own good.

There is no answer. He turns back to McQuigg, but he is thinking of nothing but his brother, Joe - has to talk about it.

NICK (cont'd)

You don't know what I've done for that crazy kid. I gave him everything...clothes, money, cars...made a gentleman out of him. I sent him to four colleges...four! The last one I had to buy a chair...not like that...

(kicks contemptuously
a big easy chair)

They call it endowment; it's the Professors' graft - and stiff, too. I had to endow a chair in Civics to get him his...his what-you-call-it...his...

McQUIGG (325)

(enjoying this)

Diploma?

NICK (326)

Diploma - yeah. I got it okay. And I kept him out of rackets...why, he could marry any one in town. Society people maybe, even...

Nick notices how McQuigg is staring at him in amusement. Nick comes suddenly to himself - sorry he has popped off like this - especially in front of McQuigg.

NICK (cont'd)

(good and sore now)

Funny, eh?

(McQuigg stares)

Personal you want to make it. Right?

(CONTINUED)

88 (CONTINUED)

McQUIGG (327)

I said my piece on that.

NICK (328)

Well, listen - somebody ought to
wise you up, McQuigg. You're two
Administrations behind. That
district of yours - it's hot now.
The boys need it, with the election
coming up. What are you trying to
do - stand in the way of progress?

McQuigg moves toward the door. Nick follows him, not
through yet.

NICK (cont'd)

I tried to be nice about it - give
you a good steer. You better get
smart, Tom - or start to duck.

McQUIGG (329)

(as he leaves -
sharply)

Stay out!

Nick looks after him in a fury.

DISSOLVE

EXT. McQUIGG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

89 LONG SHOT - The McQuigg house is a simple one with a
front porch. CAMERA MOVES FORWARD TO:

90 LONG SHOT - THROUGH window. The McQuiggs are seen
inside at their dining table.

INT. McQUIGG'S HOUSE - PARLOR - THAT NIGHT

91 FULL SHOT. The McQuigg house is only slightly more
pretentious than the Johnson one. Here, too, parlor
and dining room are one. Mary McQuigg, attractive
and devoted to the Captain, is listening to his
troubles at the end of their dinner.

MARY McQUIGG (330)

But why do they elect Welch?

McQUIGG (331)

(drily)

Mary, the County's top-heavy with
honest judges.

(CONTINUED)

91 (CONTINUED)

MARY (332)

That's one condition Welch might correct.

McQUIGG (333)

Welch is only weak, so far.

MARY (334)

Can't the decent people do anything?

McQUIGG (335)

Not without bothering to vote.

92

ANOTHER ANGIE - the McQuiggs. He's sardonic but she is apprehensive this evening.

MARY (336)

Tom, is it worth it?

McQUIGG (337)

Is what worth what?

MARY (337)

Cleaning up a world that wants to be dirty?

McQUIGG (339)

I'm not cleaning up the world.
I'm just a Police Captain,
running an honest district.

MARY (340)

(teasing)

Sometimes I think you're just a
vain man, Tom.

McQUIGG (341)

Maybe I'm vain of an honest name.
I've got nothing else to leave.

Mary reacts to his words.

McQUIGG (cont'd)

(pats her)

Mary... I'm sorry...

MARY (342)

If he had lived - would you have
wanted him on the force?

McQUIGG (343)

I would. I see him in every
young cop they send me.

(CONTINUED)

92 (CONTINUED)

She's recovered, hides her emotion in irony now.

MARY (344)

You're not only vain, Tom -
you're sentimental.

MCQUIGG (345)

You want me to change?

MARY (346)

You'll do for a while.

MCQUIGG (347)

Not without more coffee.

She makes a face and pours him more. He begins
putting on his coat.

MARY (348)

You're not going back to the
station tonight?

MCQUIGG (349)

I look for shenanigans.

MARY (350)

What kind?

93 ANOTHER ANGLE - McQuigg gulps the coffee. She goes
to the door with him.

MCQUIGG (351)

(drily)

Who knows? Election's close.

MARY (352)

Every two years an election.
Never seems to make much
difference.

EXT. MCQUIGG HOUSE - NIGHT

94 MED. SHOT - at porch. McQuigg steps out, turns back.

MCQUIGG (353)

Now don't be worrying; it's
just politics.

MARY (354)

All right. But will you be
careful, Tom?

(CONTINUED)

94 (CONTINUED)

MCQUIGG

Careful? Let the hoodlums be
careful!

She makes a face, blows him a kiss, closes door.

95 WIDER ANGLE - McQuigg and porch. He has just stepped off the porch when there is a thunderous explosion; the porch rises, heaves wildly and begins falling back in shattered debris. The explosion has knocked McQuigg flat. He jumps up and dashes into the house, running recklessly through the shambles of his porch.

95A MED. SHOT - of a car, with three or four gangsters, as it pulls speedily away from the curb directly across the street from McQuigg's house.

INT. HOUSE

96 MED. SHOT - parlor. The interior of the house is relatively uninjured; there is glass on the floor and the things are askew, curtains blown in, etc., but no major damage appears at once. Mary McQuigg is just picking herself off the floor as McQuigg enters. He hurries to help her.

MCQUIGG

Are you all right?

MARY

Yes. Was that - just politics?

MCQUIGG

Who knows? Are you sure you're
all right?

MARY

Positive!

She stops, staring strickenly toward floor c.s.

97 WIDER ANGLE - including picture. They stare at their son's picture, knocked to the floor. McQuigg picks it up, glass is broken but it's unharmed. They regard it silently.

MCQUIGG

I'll take you to your sister's.

(CONTINUED)

97 (CONTINUED)

MARY

You will not.

MCQUIGG

But, Mary...

MARY

Nobody's going to drive me out
of my own home - in your district!

Their eyes meet, agreed.

MCQUIGG

You're right, Mary.

MARY

Then get on with your cleaning,
and I'll get on with mine.McQuigg goes to the phone. SOUND of distant police
siren comes over scene.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SQUAD CAR

97A

The squad car, with two radio cops in it, has pulled
up beside Captain McQuigg's car which is parked at the
curb.

MCQUIGG

Well, boys...?

FIRST RADIO COP

Car 127 is following a car that
didn't look kosher. It came out
of an alley back beyond your house...
right after the explosion.

INT. CAR - MOVING

97B

MCQUIGG

Take me to the station.

Driver nods and the car starts off. They ride in
silence for a moment, then something begins to come over
the two-way radio. The 2nd Cop (not driving) picks it
up. McQuigg listens intently.

(CONTINUED)

97B (CONTINUED)

SECOND COP

Mosely - Car 133. Okay. Go ahead.
(he listens)

Okay.

(turns to McQuigg)

They chased the car into a dead end.
The car hit the curb and broke a
wheel. The boys didn't make any
mistakes, Captain. Guys in the car
are hoods. There's been some shooting.

MCQUIGG

Go there.

SECOND COP

(to driver)

Carlin Street - off 32nd.

The driver throws the wheel over. The car picks up
speed. SIREN starts blasting as the car tears down
the street.

LAP DISSOLVE TO

EXT. DEAD END STREET - NIGHT

97C

LONG SHOT - a police car is at the curb. Another car
a little further along is against a fireplug with a
broken wheel. In the police car a cop is talking on
the two-way radio. A few people are gathered nearby,
watching. SOUND of a shot comes over from the inside
of a huge three story storage garage. The radio cop
leaves the phone and starts into the building (garage)
but pauses as LOUD SIREN comes over, and McQuigg's car
swings into dead end street. McQuigg's car stops and
McQuigg gets out. 3rd Cop comes over to him.

MCQUIGG

Where's your partner?

THIRD COP

He's inside. Hoods all right,
Captain. I got a half-look at
one. Think I know him. One of
Scanlon's hoods.

McQuigg throws off his overcoat and starts for the
garage. 3rd Cop starts after him, then 2nd Cop gets
out of car. They try to detain McQuigg.

(CONTINUED)

97C (CONTINUED)

SECOND COP

Wait a minute, Captain. You
shouldn't.....

MCQUIGG

This is my package!

He hurries into the garage. Cops look at each other,
then follow him in.

INT. GARAGE

97D

Dim lighting. 4th Radio Cop is just rising from his
knees. There is blood on his face where he's been
slugged.

MCQUIGG

What happened?

4TH COP

One of them got away. The other
one went up the stairs, I think.

MCQUIGG

You boys comb the downstairs.

2ND COP

But Captain....

McQuigg throws him a look, he subsides. Then CAMERA
PANS WITH McQuigg as he moves to a cement stairway with
a bend in it and an offset. He hurries up the stairs,
hugging the wall.

97E

HEAD OF THE STAIRS - SECOND FLOOR. McQuigg appears,
looking about him cautiously. He has a police revolver
in his hand. Beyond him are a lot of cars, parked side
by side - storage fashion. The lighting is very dim.
McQuigg stands listening. There isn't a sound. CAMERA
PANS as he moves cautiously forward along the line of
the parked cars. From time to time he stops, listens:
nothing but a deathly silence. HOLD AS LONG as needed
for effect.

97F

CLOSE SHOT - SIDE ANGLE - the rear end of a big
limousine. An empty scene for a moment - then a tough
looking hoodlum puts his head cautiously around and looks
off.

97G CLOSE SHOT - McQuigg - looking about him, car in b.g.

97H CLOSEUP - hoodlum. He reacts in surprise and fear.

HOODLUM

(whispers;
startled)

McQuigg.

He watches then raises his gun slowly.

97I CLOSE SHOT - McQuigg, looking about, moving slowly.
Car in b.g.

97J CLOSE SHOT - hoodlum. Nervous. His finger on trigger, he moves a little to get a better shot. His foot scrapes on the cement.

97K CLOSE SHOT - McQuigg. He reacts to the SOUND. Ducks. LOUD reverberating report of shot comes over. Windshield behind McQuigg is shattered. Then loud SOUND of running on cement floor o.s.

97L FULL SHOT - Garage (second floor). Stairway in b.g. Loud SOUND of running on the stairs. McQuigg appears from among the cars suddenly and hurries up the stairs, disappearing from view.

97M HEAD OF STAIRS (third floor). McQuigg appears, hugging the wall, gun ready. His face grim, determined.

97N REVERSE - his ANGLE - an acute ANGLE SHOT, showing the door to the roof. It closes inch by inch.

97-O MCQUIGG - A FLASH - sees what is happening, then FAST PAN as McQuigg rushes to the door, grabs it before it can be locked from the outside.

97P MED. SHOT - at door. McQuigg holds it slightly ajar, waits; then begins to open it slowly.

97Q CLOSE SHOT - hoodlum on roof. He is looking about him. Realizes he is trapped.

- 97R PAN SHOT - REVERSE - His ANGLE. CAMERA PANS OVER the roof. There is no way down.
- 97S CLOSE SHOT - hoodlum. Shows fright, then controls himself. Turns grim. Grips his gun. Moves off beyond the edge of the wall, waits for the door to open.
- 97T THIRD FLOOR - THE ROOF DOOR. McQuigg - he opens the door little by little. Suddenly a shot is fired off. A bullet tears past his head, ripping off a huge sliver from the edge of the door. McQuigg fires, then bursts out onto the roof.

EXT. ROOF

- 97U As McQuigg bursts out, crouching CAMERA PANS WITH him TO edge of the wall where shot came from. He is cautious.
- 97V CLOSE SHOT - hoodlum. Waiting crouched, gun ready. He is at the far end of the small building which houses the door on the rooftop.
- 97W REVERSE - CAMERA BEHIND hoodlum. McQuigg appears at the edge of the wall. Hoodlum raises his gun. It CLICKS. It is empty. McQuigg turns and fires at the hoodlum straight into the camera. Hoodlum ducks behind wall. McQuigg misses. Then McQuigg pulls a switch and runs back the other way: instead of going around after the hoodlum.
- 97X THE DOOR - the hoodlum is making a headlong dash for the door. He and McQuigg collide with a terrible shock. McQuigg's gun goes spinning away from him and a bruising no quarter fight takes place in silence, the CAMERA PANNING and FOLLOWING the struggling men.

The fight builds to the following conclusion. They draw nearer and nearer the edge of the building. The hoodlum, a big rough character is getting the worst of it. Sees he must try something else. He manages to get away from McQuigg. We get a SHOT of McQuigg moving after him. McQuigg is near the edge of the roof. The hoodlum makes a dive for him, trying to knock him over the edge. McQuigg sidesteps and the hoodlum plunges over the edge of the roof. A YELL of terror comes over.

97Y CLOSE SHOT - McQuigg - at the edge of the roof...
looking down into the alley.

LAP DISSOLVE TO

EXT. GARAGE

97Z Crowd around. McQuigg emerges from the garage, followed
by the two cops. 4th Cop comes into scene from the
alley.

4TH COP

I called the coroner, Captain.

McQuigg nods. CAMERA PANS WITH him and others as he
moves to his car.

MCQUIGG

What a break! This might have
meant curtains for Nick Scanlon.
But one got away - and one got
killed....

2ND COP

Tomorrow's another day, Captain.

MCQUIGG

(grim)

Yeah. And the day after that and
so on. I'll put Nick Scanlon where
he belongs if it takes a lifetime.

He gets into the radio car. It starts off.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. APARTMENT HOTEL CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE NICK'S APARTMENT

98 McQuigg steps out of elevator, walks to the door of
Nick's suite and presses the buzzer. Gets no response.
Tries it again. Waits. Furious, he kicks the door in
and enters.

INT. HALLWAY - NICK'S SUITE

99 MED. SHOT - Simpson, the butler, in a morning coat, is
sprawled on the floor, having been knocked down by the
kicked-in door. He picks himself up with outraged
hauteur.

(CONTINUED)

99 (CONTINUED)

MCQUIGG

Where's Nick?

SIMPSON

Mr. Scanlon is not at home.

MCQUIGG

I asked you where he is!

SIMPSON

I'm not empowered to say.

100

ANOTHER ANGLE - McQuigg takes Simpson by the front of his coat, lifts him to his toes, shakes him.

(CONTINUED)

100 (CONTINUED)

MCQUIGG (370)

Where is he?

SIMPSON (371)

(gasping)

I don't know, sir. Honestly...
sir. I packed an overnight bag
for him and he left an hour ago.

101

WIDER ANGLE - McQuigg lets Simpson go, sees a framed
photograph of young Joe Scanlon smirking, strips it out
of its silver frame, pockets it, turns back to Simpson.

MCQUIGG (372)

Pack another bag and send
it to 7th District jail.

SIMPSON (373)

(horrified)

Is he there, sir?

MCQUIGG (374)

He will be.

DISSOLVE

INT. CRIME COMMISSION MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

102

CLOSE SHOT - Harris. He is apparently speaking with
great gravity to an audience.

HARRIS (375)

...both condemnation and re-purchase
of those park lands were so manifestly
outrageous that legal proceedings
against Connolly and the Acme Co.
were begun. They were dismissed by
Judge Wicks on a motion from
Prosecutor Welch. Within a month
both Wicks and Welch bought houses.
It is obvious that Acme is hand-in-
glove with every racket in this State.

He concludes firmly, pauses expectantly.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO WIDER ANGLE - The room. It is
seen at once that this is a rehearsal for tomorrow's
session with the Commission. Harris has been
practicing before a critical audience of Craig Foster
and Cameron.

(CONTINUED)

102 (CONTINUED)

CRAIG (376)

Fine, except for the last sentence; we can't prove that yet.

HARRIS (377)

But we know it, Harry.

CRAIG (378)

We're appointed to prove it.

HARRIS (379)

Without even the power to subpoena witnesses!

CRAIG (380)

The Legislature's considering that.

HARRIS (381)

While Acme covers its tracks!

Craig considers, turns to door, calls off.

CRAIG (382)

Ralph!

103 WIDER ANGLE - including workroom door. Mitchell appears in door; holding one of legal digests in which new laws are furnished law offices.

MITCHELL (383)

Are you through?

CRAIG (384)

For tonight.

Mitchell brings paper up to table; others lean forward.

MITCHELL (385)

If my interpretation is correct, the Governor can authorize the Securities Commission to show us everything Acme has filed.

CRAIG (386)

Telegraph him tomorrow.

MITCHELL (387)

I've sent him a night letter.

Craig nods approvingly, rises, turns kindly to Harris.

(CONTINUED)

103 (CONTINUED)

CRAIG (388)

Just stick to facts tomorrow.
(to the others,
solemnly)

This meeting is adjourned for
a glass of beer.

They rise.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DISTRICT 7 STATION HOUSE - NIGHT

104 Considerable activity. Civilians and policemen coming and going. Radio car drives into scene and stops. McQuigg gets out of the back seat and crosses the sidewalk hurriedly and enters building. Radio car drives off.

INT. MAIN ROOM - 7TH DISTRICT STATION - MOVING

105 As McQuigg enters. It is in a hubbub. Jammed with reporters. Flash bulbs flare at McQuigg as he crosses toward the sergeant's desk.

1ST REPORTER (389)

Was it bad, Mac? Much damage?

MCQUIGG (390)

(kidding)

A fizzer.

(imitates)

Whoom!

2ND REPORTER (391)

How's the wife, Mac, okay?

MCQUIGG (392)

Takes more than that to scare her.
(shoos them)

Go away, boys. Read about it in
the paper tomorrow.

Laughs. Several more flashes are taken as McQuigg pushes his way toward Welch.

1ST REPORTER (393)

Aw, Mac! Not even a statement?

MCQUIGG (394)

A guy who plays around with
dynamite...you finish it.

CAMERA HOLDS ON:

106 CLOSE SHOT - McQuigg at Sergeant's desk - McQuigg and Sergeant.

SERGEANT (395)
(confidentially)
Assistant State's Attorney
Welch is waiting for you, Captain.

McQuigg exits into his office.

INT. MCQUIGG'S OFFICE

107 MED. SHOT - McQuigg and Welch.

WELCH (396)
It's outrageous, Mac! Outrageous!
You can count on my office...

MCQUIGG (397)
(breaking in)
Where is Nick?

WELCH (398)
(stalling)
Nick? Have you got evidence
against Nick?

MCQUIGG (399)
There's never any evidence
against Nick. The evidence
always gets lost, witnesses
disappear, the record room
has a fire. There isn't a
picture of him in our files.
Young kids like that Johnson
don't even know his face.
No wonder the Governor's
appointed a special crime
commission!

108 ANOTHER ANGLE - Welch and McQuigg.

WELCH (400)
(squirming)
None of this is evidence.

MCQUIGG (401)
A confession will be,

WELCH (402)
Suppose you did pick him up,
He'd have lawyers here with
a writ in ten minutes...

(CONTINUED)

108 (CONTINUED)

MCQUIGG (403)

I'd enjoy ten minutes with Nick.

Increasingly alarmed now, Welch evades again.

WELCH (404)

You say yourself he's hiding.

MCQUIGG (405)

Not from the Old Man. You can find him.

109

ANOTHER ANGLE - McQuigg pushes his telephone challengingly to Welch who shrinks from it.

WELCH (406)

(wretchedly)

Maybe after the election...

MCQUIGG (407)

...There'll be one less honest judge.

This bites, as McQuigg intended.

WELCH (408)

That's pretty strong, Mac.

MCQUIGG (409)

Welch, there's decency in you. Give it a chance.

WELCH (410)

The Old Man's making me a judge.

MCQUIGG (411)

Convicting Nick Scanlon could make you our next governor.

WELCH (412)

You don't know politics, Mac. You ...

MCQUIGG (413)

All right. Forget that. Just tip me off - between ourselves. It won't go any further. Where's Nick?

WELCH (414)

(flinching)

Mac, I don't know where he is.

(CONTINUED)

109 (CONTINUED)

MCQUIGG (415)

(sore)
You will.

WELCH (416)

Don't do anything reckless, Mac.

MCQUIGG (417)

I'm conservative. You're the
reckless guy, Welch - playing
with fire.

Welch shrugs unhappily, makes for the door. McQuigg
touches a button. Delaney enters, passing the
departing Welch, looks back at him, then at McQuigg.

110 MED. SHOT - McQuigg and Delaney.

MCQUIGG (418)

(to desk
sergeant)
See if Johnson's still here.

DELANEY (419)

He'll never help you, Captain.

MCQUIGG (420)

(regretfully)
Welch could be honest.

DELANEY (421)

Too much pressure from above.

MCQUIGG (422)

I can add some, from below.

DELANEY (423)

(troubled)
The Old Man's behind him, Captain.

Troubled but obedient, Delaney goes out. Johnson enters

111 MED. SHOT - McQuigg and Johnson.

JOHNSON (424)

Yes, sir.

McQuigg takes Joe Scanlon's picture from his desk,
holds it for Johnson to scrutinize the face.

(CONTINUED)

111 (CONTINUED)

MCQUIGG (425)
He'll probably be at the
Paradise Club, watching Irene
Hayes.

JOHNSON (426)
Yes sir?

MCQUIGG (427)
Pick him up, quietly.

JOHNSON (428)
What's the charge, sir?

MCQUIGG (429)
(indifferently)
Oh, vagrancy ...

JOHNSON (430)
Yes, sir.

Starts out. McQuigg checks him, very solemnly.

MCQUIGG (431)
If he resists, there's a city
ordinance against expectorating
on the public pavements.

JOHNSON (432)
That includes expectorating
broken teeth, sir?

MCQUIGG (433)
Yes. That's very unsanitary.

Johnson goes; McQuigg looks after him approvingly.

DISSOLVE

INT. SCANLON'S APARTMENT HALLWAY

112 MED. SHOT - Nick, sitting with hat and coat on, a little
puzzled, is interrogating Simpson.

NICK (434)
Where did she telephone from?

SIMPSON (435)
All I heard was "The Club," sir.
Then Mister Joseph went out at
once and then this perfectly (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

112 (CONTINUED)

SIMPSON (cont'd)
ferocious man came and roughed
me up ... but this time he had
a uniform on, sir.

NICK (436)
(breaking in
savagely)
What did he say?

SIMPSON (437)
I ... I hardly know, sir! And
then he stole Mister Joseph's
photograph ...

NICK (438)
(startled)
He took Joe's picture?

SIMPSON (439)
He did, sir. I tried to
protest but he was an
extremely determined person
and....

113 ANOTHER ANGLE - Nick has verified the loss of the
photo with one glance. Ignoring Simpson he turns and
unlocks a drawer in a side-table. Simpson gathers his
dignity, produces a prepared letter.

SIMPSON (440)
And I, Mr. Scanlon, wish to
give notice...

Nick whirls, wholly preoccupied with adjustment of a
holstered shoulder pistol. Simpson's eyes bug out
with horror as Nick speaks absent-mindedly.

NICK (441)
You what ... ?

SIMPSON (442)
Nothing, sir. I'm just very
bewildered.

Nick forgets him, hurries purposefully toward door.

DISSOLVE

INT. PARADISE CLUB - NIGHT

114 FULL SHOT - Johnson's ANGLE - the Paradise is a third-
(CONTINUED)

114 (CONTINUED)

rate cabaret with a bar at one side and a few ringside tables near the dance floor, which is a small stage. Behind that are doors to dressing rooms, a small back-stage area and an alley. Entering from the front, Johnson sees it all at a glance and indicates for his companion, plain-clothesman Allen, to guard rear exit. Allen slips off toward it.

115 LONG SHOT - Irene Hayes - FROM Johnson's ANGLE - Hayes in evening gown, is just coming to the end of a torch song for a pretty bored audience.

115A CLOSE SHOT - (STAGE 4) - Irene Hayes as she sings.

116 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Johnson. He works quietly into the place, changes pace, and hurries toward a whispered altercation.

117 MED. SHOT - Headwaiter and Dave Ames - Johnson's ANGLE. Johnson slips up, face showing amusement. The cynical headwaiter is being wise at the expense of Ames, a rather bookish-looking young man. Headwaiter looks scornfully at the bill Ames is extending.

HEADWAITER

That to meet Irene Hayes?

AMES

Just an introduction.

HEADWAITER

You want a receipt or a mortgage?

AMES

What's wrong with a tip?

HEADWAITER

It's so lonely.

118 WIDER ANGLE - Group - Johnson pushes into it now.

JOHNSON

Where have you been since Okinawa?

Ames whirls; they clasp hands warmly.

AMES

Bob! It's great to see you!

(CONTINUED)

118 (CONTINUED)

Headwaiter hastens to propitiate Johnson.

HEADWAITER (450)
I was looking after him, officer.

JOHNSON (451)
(drily)
Yeah -- so I see.

Waiter smiles, withdraws, but hovers close,
eavesdropping, watching Johnson.

AMES (452)
(kidding)
Did he call you officer? Since
when?

JOHNSON (453)
I'm a cop. Still keeping up
with your writing?

119 ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING Headwaiter in b.g.

AMES (454)
In a way -- city press. I'm a
reporter now.
(speaks proudly;
then honestly)
Cub!

JOHNSON (455)
Stick to it, boy. And leave
Irene Hayes for the wolves.

Ames doesn't like this remark and shows it. Johnson
notices the reaction.

JOHNSON (cont'd)
Why the face? You haven't
even met the girl yet.

AMES (456)
Have you?

Johnson merely looks at Ames.

120 ANOTHER ANGLE - Johnson and Headwaiter - Ames in b.g.
Their eyes meet, headwaiter maintains a charitable
silence, then tenses as Johnson turns to him.

(CONTINUED)

120 (CONTINUED)

JOHNSON (457)
Where's her boy friend?

HEADWAITER (458)
Now really, sir....

JOHNSON (459)
(not liking
act)
Come on. Come on.

HEADWAITER (460)
In her dressing room, sir,
but....

Johnson strides off purposefully.

HEADWAITER (cont'd)
Please, sir; don't make me any
trouble. This is a respectable
place.

JOHNSON (461)
(ironical)
Oh, sure. Sure.

121 FULL SHOT - including Hayes. She finishes her number
to faint APPLAUSE and hurries backstage.

122 MED. MOVING SHOT - Johnson, Ames and Headwaiter.
Johnson makes purposefully for backstage, Ames
following wide-eyed, the headwaiter worried,
apprehensive.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA

123 A short corridor leads to the alley behind club. To
one side are dressing rooms, on the other a storage
space filled with old props.

124 MED. MOVING SHOT - Johnson and Ames. Johnson walks
swiftly through the place, searching out the line of
retreat. He comes to the alley door, looks off, reacts.

125 ALLEY - FROM Johnson's ANGLE - Allen is waiting alertly
just outside the door. Across the alley a Rolls Royce
sedan is parked.

- 126 MED. SHOT - Johnson. He notices the car, whips out his stolen car list, thumbs it, eyes car again, then reacts at a SOUND off.
- 127 MED. SHOT - Johnson beckons the astounded Ames into shadow among the props and hides himself as Irene's dressing room door opens.
- 128 WIDER ANGLE - Irene comes out, Joe Scanlon following. They walk very close to Johnson and Ames and pass hurriedly.
- 129 CLOSE SHOT - Johnson. He studies Joe Scanlon's face.
- 130 WIDER ANGLE - Irene and Joe slip out door to alley. Johnson follows.

EXT. ALLEY

- 131 MED. MOVING SHOT - Joe scanlon and Irene hurry to car and get in. Joe starts the engine with a ROAR, just as Johnson steps out after them. Ames follows, wide-eyed. Johnson steps up to the side of the car, flashes the badge inside his coat. Allen protects Johnson.

JOHNSON (462)

Is this your car?

JOE (463)

(arrogantly)

Yeah, what about it?

JOHNSON (464)

It's stolen; get out, slow.

- 132 ANOTHER ANGLE - including Irene. She's genuinely astonished; speaks indignantly to Joe.

IRENE (465)

You said Nick gave you this car to make up.

JOE (466)

He will. Be quiet!

(CONTINUED)

132 (CONTINUED)

Joe is too slow; Johnson yanks him out.

JOE (cont'd)

Do you know who I am?

Johnson spins him around, banging his head on the car, frisks him briskly, pulls a small pearl-handled revolver from Joe's pocket, eyes it and Joe contemptuously.

JOE (cont'd)

Do you know who I am?

JOHNSON (467)

You're an auto thief carrying concealed weapons.

JOE (468)

I'll have you busted for this.

Johnson shoves him into rear seat, Allen climbs in beside him. Johnson gets into driver's seat, speaks to Irene and Ames.

JOHNSON (469)

You can't ride with the prisoner, but the 7th District jail is just a short walk.

JOE (470)

(to Irene)

Come around. Nick'll have me out in ten minutes.

They drive prisoner off.

133 MED. SHOT - Ames and Irene. She's disturbed. He's delighted with the opportunity to help her.

AMES (471)

Can I help you, Miss Hayes?

She regards him indifferently.

IRENE (472)

I doubt it; who are you?

AMES (473)

Dave Ames, of the City Press.

(CONTINUED)

133 (CONTINUED)

IRENE (474)

Thanks. I already subscribe.

She turns away. But he has no intention of giving up.

AMES (475)

Look ... I mean I can protect you, sort of. It's a rough neighborhood!

IRENE (476)

(paying a little
attention to
him now)

How would you know?

AMES (477)

Oh, I've been around here lots of times -- I drop in to catch your act nearly every night.

In spite of herself she is pleased and maybe a little touched. Smiles at him, half-mocking, half-forgiving.

IRENE (478)

Let's protect each other.

He offers his arm diffidently; she takes it amusedly. They walk off round the corner and disappear together.

134 ANOTHER ANGLE - From opposite end of alley Nick Scanlon's heavy sedan roars up to a stop by the club's back door. Nick, Leo and Menig jump out. Enright remains seated at wheel, motor running.

MENIG (479)

Want us inside?

NICK (480)

No. Stay put.

They take up guard; Scanlon plunges into the club.

MENIG (481)

(to Leo)

I don't like the looks of this one.

Leo merely shrugs.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - PARADISE CLUB

135 MOVING SHOT - Scanlon searches frantically thru hall and Irene's dressing-room, starts for the front of the house, catches headwaiter just hurrying toward it.

NICK (482)

Where's Joe ... ?

HEADWAITER (483)

Honest, Mr. Scanlon -- I told him ... just like you said ...

NICK (484)

(violent
impatience)

Where is he? Where'd he go?

HEADWAITER (485)

(sick with
worry)

I ... I... hate to tell you this,
Mr. Scanlon. But I ... I ...

NICK (486)

Stop stalling. Let's have it.

The Headwaiter swallows and begins to talk to Nick in such a low voice that we can't hear what he is saying. Nick listens, fury growing on him.

EXT. ALLEY

136 Menig and Leo - they stand near the door. Nearby Enright is in the car. Distant police siren begins to come over. Leo shows no emotion. Menig listens in apprehension. Siren grows louder.

MENIG (487)

That thing's getting close.

LEO (488)

(indifferent)

So?

MENIG (489)

This is McQuigg's district, you
moathead!

LEO (490)

(as before)

It's going on past. Next street.

(CONTINUED)

136 (CONTINUED)

Siren begins to diminish. Menig takes out handkerchief, mops face. Leo glances at him with contempt.

INT. BACKSTAGE

137 Nick and Headwaiter. Nick has got the essential information now and is in a state of repressed fury. The Headwaiter is limp and sweating.

HEADWAITER (491)

(whining a
little)

I was going to fire her like you said, Mr. Scanlon, but ...

NICK (492)

Where did they take Joe?

HEADWAITER (493)

To the 7th Precinct.

NICK (494)

(starting)

McQuigg! How about the tommy - the girl?

HEADWAITER (495)

She's on her way there now -- walking, I think ...

Nick whirls and hurries out.

EXT. ALLEY - OUTSIDE PARADISE CLUB

138 MED. MOVING SHOT - Nick hurries out -- motions the others to get in the car. Enright drives, Menig beside him. Nick sits in the back with Leo. The car moves off.

INT. CAR

139 MOVING SHOT.

NICK (496)

They got Joe -- picked him up.
Now we pick the tommy up --

Leo is indifferent. Enright is busy driving. But Menig shows fear: is going to speak, remonstrate, but is

(CONTINUED)

139 (CONTINUED)

afraid to do so. (We may need individual shots). Nick peers forward.

NICK (cont'd)
(tapping Enright)
Turn here. It's the closest way. She probably took it.

Enright turns the car in a dark side-street.

EXT. DARK SIDE-STREET

140 MOVING SHOT - Irene and Ames are walking to the station, along a tough street.

AMES (497)
He was my top kick. But not like you hear about. He really looked after us ... like maybe a father.

IRENE (498)
Sounds like a scout-master. Sure you were in the Marines?

AMES (499)
(laughing a little)
Well, I've got an honorable discharge that says so.

IRENE (500)
Good. I hope your cop friend's got one. Maybe they'll take him back.

AMES (501)
Oh, he's married now and ...
(suddenly he gets it)
You mean that fellow could get him fired?

IRENE (502)
(looks at him pityingly)
Why don't we talk about you?

AMES (503)
Why me? Why not you?

(CONTINUED)

140 (CONTINUED)

IRENE (504)

(ignoring this)

So you used to catch my act
every night. All I can say is,
you've got no ear for music.

AMES (505)

Oh, it's not your singing ...

IRENE (506)

Well, at least, the boy's frank ...

AMES (507)

(confused)

I mean -- you see ... I don't mean ...

IRENE (508)

(laughing)

Stick to the newspaper business,
son. Stay out of nightclubs.
You might get your feelings hurt.
You like the newspaper business?

AMES (509)

You like nightclubs?

IRENE (510)

No, I don't. But I like to
eat -- three times a day.

AMES (511)

Same here. But I keep plugging
at my other writing on the side.
Some day I may hit.

IRENE (512)

Here's hoping. With me it's not
so simple. So ... I think I'll
get married.

AMES (513)

(horrified)

Not to that guy ...

IRENE (514)

(lightly)

Yeah, that guy. Mr. Scanlon's
little brother Joo ...

AMES (515)

(amazed)

Nick Scanlon's brother ... ?

(CONTINUED)

140 (CONTINUED)

IRENE (516)

(lightly)

Yes. Revolting, isn't it? Or
is it? I'm never sure.

AMES (517)

(staring at
her; quietly)

You're sure.

She turns and looks at him. Her smile fades. They
walk on in silence.

EXT. NICK'S CAR

141 MOVING SHOT. The car turns into the side-street, and
starts down toward where Ames and Irene are walking.
Moving cautiously.

INT. CAR

142 MED. SHOT - They are all looking up ahead, tense. Nick
reacts in triumph.

NICK (518)

There she is.

They all look.

143 LONG SHOT - Up the street - FROM their ANGLE - Far up
ahead of them down the street Ames and Irene can just
be made out, walking leisurely.

NICK'S VOICE (519)

Slow her down a little.

144 MED. SHOT - Menig is beginning to break.

MENIG (520)

There's a guy with her.

NICK (521)

(contemptuously)

So ... there's a guy.

MENIG (522)

Nick .. listen. This is McQuigg's
district.

(CONTINUED)

144 (CONTINUED)

NICK (523)
(irritation)
I know that.

MENIG (524)
(breaking out)
This is not smart. This is
hoosier stuff, Nick. I'm
telling you.

NICK (525)
You're telling me. Shut up.

145 LONG SHOT - up the street - their ANGLE - MOVING -
They are much closer now. It's only a matter of
seconds. Beyond them can be seen the lights of the
7th Precinct.

INT. CAR

146 MENIG (526)
(pleading)
Nick -- we'll all go up for
this ... the Old Man ...

Nick clouts Menig on the side of the head. But Menig
is half-hysterical now. He grabs the wheel from
Enright's hand and throws it hard over.

EXT. CAR

147 MOVING SHOT. The car careens, skids, tires shrieking,
and plunges up a darkened alley, out of control,
swaying wildly. In a moment the car side-swipes a wall
and jolts to a tearing stop.

INT. CAR

148 Nick, Lee and Menig are thrown to the floor of the car.
Confusion.

EXT. CAR - ALLEY

149 The alley is dimly lighted. Nick jumps out of the car,
opens the front door, pulls Menig out and begins to

(CONTINUED)

149 (CONTINUED)

give him an unmerciful beating. All this is played in silence, except for Menig's GROANS. Menig feebly tries to defend himself. Finally he falls to his knees, then falls forward on his face, out cold.

NICK (527)

(to Leo)

Throw him in the back.

Leo, who is big and husky, like a wrestler, picks the unconscious Menig up and tosses him into the back seat, getting in after him. Nick gets into the front seat.

150 CLOSE SHOT - Nick and Enright. Enright tries to start the car, showing marked fear of Nick. The starter WHIRRS but nothing happens. He tries again, Nick burning. Finally it catches.

NICK (528)

(bitingly)

Okay; let's get out of here.
I guess we're done for the evening.

The car moves slowly up the alley, making a LOUD CLANKING noise.

EXT. 7TH DISTRICT STATION.

151 Ames and Irene. They are half-way up the steps. Irene turns.

IRENE (529)

This is where I leave you.
Thanks.

AMES (530)

I'm going in, too. You forget.
I'm a reporter. The only thing
is ... why are you going in?

IRENE (531)

We brushed that off a while back.
Don't play Romeo. It's just a
waste of time. Believe me.

She looks at him for a moment, then goes into the station. He follows.

INT. BOOKING ROOM DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

152 FULL SHOT - the room has been cleared. In the dim b.g. the cells can be seen, their occupants dimly made out.

153 MED. SHOT - at desk. Sullivan has booked the angry Joe Scanlon, whose personal possessions are on desk.

SULLIVAN (532)

Receipt for your toys.

Scanlon glares, pockets it. Sullivan looks contemptuously at the pearl-handled pistol, seals the bullets from it in an envelope.

SULLIVAN (cont'd)

My grand-daughter could use that for a paperweight - in her kindergarten.

He comes from behind and takes Joe by the arm.

SULLIVAN (cont'd)

Come see the birdie, pretty boy.

154 WIDER ANGLE - McQuigg, Delaney and Johnson have been watching it; the older cops are deeply pleased.

MCQUIGG (533)

Grand larceny and concealed weapons.
A good pinch, Johnson.

This is high praise; Johnson's face shows it.

JOE (534)

I don't admit stealing that car!

MCQUIGG (535)

We just stole one of the three Rolls Royces in the city and planted it on you. Maybe a jury will give you damages.

JOE (536)

You'll see who gets damaged.

SULLIVAN (537)

Now, sonny; you mustn't terrorize the police.

- 155 ANOTHER ANGLE - including Mugging Department. Sullivan takes Joe to mugging camera, begins placing his head in focus. Joe peers and then yells o.s.

JOE (538)

Irene, don't talk!

Sullivan turns Joe's head, smiles.

SULLIVAN (539)

Head to the front, please.

- 156 ANOTHER ANGLE - at desk. Mugging Department in b.g. Ames and Irene have walked up to McQuigg, Delaney and Johnson at the desk. Irene has seen Joe's plight, speaks blandly to McQuigg.

IRENE (540)

What's the trouble, Captain?

MCQUIGG (541)

It doesn't involve you, I hope...

IRENE (542)

Glad to hear it.

MCQUIGG (543)

Except as a witness.

He lets that sink in. She looks toward the mugging of Joe and the cells waiting beyond him.

- 157 MED. SHOT - Joe and Sullivan. Joe calls to her.

JOE (544)

Don't talk! Nick'll have us out in an hour.

Sullivan muzzles Joe, continues work.

SULLIVAN (545)

Talking spoils my focus.

- 158 MED. SHOT - group at desk. Irene turns insolently to McQuigg. Ames watches with concern.

IRENE (546)

Me witness against the Scanlons?

(CONTINUED)

158 (CONTINUED)

MCQUIGG (547)

You will; under oath.

IRENE (548)

I have memory lapses.

She's defiant but her eyes are on Ames; she'd like to be making a better impression on him.

159 ANOTHER ANGLE - McQuigg speaks with kindly gravity.

MCQUIGG (549)

Miss Hayes, what have the Scanlons ever done for you?

IRENE (550)

Nothing. But they will now.

She looks defiantly toward Ames; he winces.

MCQUIGG (551)

Nick Scanlon never did anything in his life except for himself.

IRENE (552)

Or his brother.

MCQUIGG (553)

Do you want that little punk?

160 ANOTHER ANGLE - more favorable to Ames. He awaits her reply, worried. She sets her face.

IRENE (554)

You don't necessarily get what you want in life.

(then kidding it)

I always say.

AMES (555)

(blurting)

Maybe it depends on what you want.

McQuigg turns on him, estimates him, speaks amusedly.

MCQUIGG (556)

Who are you? How'd you get in this?

(CONTINUED)

160 (CONTINUED)

AMES (557)

Ames, City Press, sir.

JOHNSON (558)

(quickly)

Friend of mine and another
witness, sir.

McQuigg nods, turns back to Irene, persuasively.

MCQUIGG (559)

It's your duty as an honest citizen...

IRENE (560)

Who said I was an honest citizen?
And what would it get me if I was?

MCQUIGG (561)

It might keep you out of jail -
for perjury.

IRENE (562)

This is great! I walk in here of
my own accord and

MCQUIGG (563)

I'm trying to help you.

IRENE (564)

Don't be so helpful! I been looking
after Irene - that's me! - for a
long time.

Ames cringes. McQuigg shrugs, turns to Delaney.

MCQUIGG (565)

Lock her up.

161 ANOTHER ANGLE - favoring Irene. She's shaken at this,
but controls herself, tries not to show it.

IRENE (566)

For what?

MCQUIGG (567)

(to Delaney)

Material witness.

162 LONG SHOT - group's ANGLE. In the f.g. they see Joe,
now watching them intently as Sullivan mashes his
fingers into the ink pad. Beyond him the sordid
cells wait, girls are peering out of some of the cells:
the whole sight is forbidding.

163 ANOTHER ANGLE - group.

AMES (568)
(protestingly)
Captain, you can't put her in
with those ... those others.

MCQUIGG (569)
It may help her memory.

164 FULL SHOT - whole room. Delaney leads the now
intimidated Irene toward the booking desk. From the
mugging department Joe calls encouragement to her.

JOE (570)
Nick'll have us out in an hour.
I got a right to one phone call.

She brightens a little. Delaney turns to McQuigg,
straight-faced.

DELANEY (571)
Is our phone working, Captain?

MCQUIGG (572)
For one call, after they're mugged.

Delaney nods, leads Irene off.

AMES (573)
This is terrible, Captain.

McQuigg leads Ames toward the stairs, Johnson following.

165 MED. MOVING SHOT - McQuigg, Ames and Johnson. McQuigg
now begins a patient explanation to Ames.

MCQUIGG (574)
Look kid. I'll -- I've got
to straighten you out. All
I'm after is Nick Scanlon ...

DISSOLVE

INT. MCQUIGG'S OFFICE

166 MED. SHOT - at desk. McQuigg comes to the end of his
explanation to the bug-eyed Ames as Johnson listens.

(CONTINUED)

166 (CONTINUED)

MCQUIGG (575)

... and that's the story.
But for you, maybe there's a
career in it. You can write
the story here.

He gets up from desk, makes a gesture of turning it
over to Ames who is still troubled.

AMES (576)

They'll write it; I just
phone it in.

He reaches for the phone, face still troubled. McQuigg's
joviality freezes; he blocks Ames from the phone.

MCQUIGG (577)

No, no; not yet.

AMES (578)

Why not?

MCQUIGG (579)

(stalling)
It's not complete, yet.

He looks off impatiently toward the door, all joviality
gone now. Ames feels his sudden tension.

167 ANOTHER ANGLE - including door.

AMES (580)

Are you going to keep Miss Hayes
in jail?

MCQUIGG (581)

I wish I could. But Nick'll
have 'em both out shortly.

Delaney enters, grave and troubled.

DELANEY (582)

He was too smart to call Nick.

MCQUIGG (583)

Who did he call?

DELANEY (584)

The Davis Bail Bonding Company.

McQuigg turns reassuringly to Ames.

(CONTINUED)

167 (CONTINUED)

MCQUIGG (585)

You see.

DELANEY (586)

Captain, Davis stalled, says he
has no instructions for
Joseph Scanlon.

168 ANOTHER ANGLE - group. This is ominous; the three cops
know it and show it. Only Ames is still puzzled.

MCQUIGG (587)

Where's Welch?

DELANEY (588)

I hope he's still out chasing
votes.

McQuigg would like to hope so, too, but the cops all
know better; their faces show it.

AMES (589)

Aren't they going to get her out?

MCQUIGG (590)

It's an old trick, son. A writ is
too public. Welch is working the
inside.

AMES (591)

Just so somebody gets her out!

MCQUIGG (592)

Miss Hayes is a witness against
Joe.

169 ANOTHER ANGLE - group - Ames is shocked, incredulous.

AMES (593)

You mean she's in danger?

MCQUIGG (594)

(grimly)
Not while I'm holding her.

JOHNSON (595)

He's right, Dave.

MCQUIGG (596)

When's your next edition out?

(CONTINUED)

169 (CONTINUED)

AMES (597)

About five hours.

MCQUIGG (598)

(into phone)

Have Mike bring my car.

(to others)

I'll go see Judge Sherman.

He rises, pushes phone suddenly to Ames.

MCQUIGG (cont'd)

Shoot the whole story, son.

170 ANOTHER ANGLE - group.

AMES (599)

(troubled)

Captain, can I leave her name
out of it?

MCQUIGG (600)

Sure.

(starts out,
checks himself)But be certain my name is very
prominent. Understand?Both Johnson and Delaney react. Ames doesn't get it;
he looks disappointed.

AMES (601)

I understand.

McQuigg goes out. Delaney following him hurriedly.

INT. HALL

171 MED. MOVING SHOT - Delaney and McQuigg. Delaney
overtakes McQuigg, stops him with concern.

DELANEY (602)

Tom. I know I can talk straight
to you ... they can bust you for
this.

MCQUIGG (603)

(curtly)

All right -- let 'em bust! --
as long as I get Nick Scanlon.

He goes out, Delaney looks after him, concerned.

INT. MCQUIGG'S OFFICE

172 MED. SHOT - at desk. Ames gestures disgustedly after the departed McQuigg.

AMES

Who's he to talk about Nick Scanlon? Does he care about anybody but himself?

JOHNSON

He's an honest man, Dave.

AMES

He's a publicity hound. You're the one who arrested Joe.

JOHNSON

Want to do me a favor?

AMES

Sure.

JOHNSON

Print my name and address, too; as the arresting officer.

Ames looks at him with disappointment.

AMES

Would it help you?

JOHNSON

It might; it might help a lot. Look, guess I'll have to tell you the facts of life. The Captain's setting himself up for a decoy, understand? And so am I.

Ames doesn't get it, then does.

AMES

(worried)

But, Bob....!

JOHNSON

Captain plays rough - I like it. As soon as that edition hits the street, I expect callers.

AMES

(appalled)

But look, Bob.....

(CONTINUED)

172 (CONTINUED)

JOHNSON

Don't argue! Grab the phone.

Reluctantly Ames reaches for the phone.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. BOOKING ROOM - NIGHT - (ABOUT AN HOUR LATER)

173

MED. SHOT - Cell area. It is late. The room is dim. Sullivan and Sadie are playing cards through the open cell door. Other girls, Irene and Joe are visible in b.g., but immediate focus is on the tense game. Muttering of the others turns Sadie's head. Sullivan is tempted and touches her cards. She turns back indignantly.

(CONTINUED)

173 (CONTINUED)

SADIE (612)

No, you don't.

SULLIVAN (613)

I just thought....

SADIE (614)

Quit thinking with your hands.

He winces. She makes two fast moves. Scoops up the cards and begins to deal again.

INT. CELL

174

MED. SHOT. The other girls. They have settled to a serious discussion of dressmaking. One exhibits the hem of her skirt.

FIRST GIRL (615)

Then you trim the hem with
pinking shears...

SECOND GIRL (616)

(vastly enlightened,
exhibits her own
ragged hem)

Oh, I used Roscoe's razor.

175

WIDER ANGLE - including Irene Hayes and Joe. She sits in cell with girls but is looking through the bars to Joe who paces the adjoining cell. She mocks him savagely.

IRENE (617)

Nick'll have us out in an hour...
Nick'll have us out in an hour...

JOE (618)

Shut up!

First Girl speaks to Irene with sisterly admonition.

FIRST GIRL (619)

That's no way to hold a man -
needling him, baby!

SECOND GIRL (620)

Is that what he is - a man?

JOE (621)

Will you all shut up!

(CONTINUED)

175 (CONTINUED)

AMES VOICE (622)

Irene... Miss Hayes....

Footsteps are HEARD approaching.

176 MED. MOVING SHOT - Sullivan. He jumps up hastily from his game, turns to block Ames' approach to it. Sadie changes some of the cards in his exposed hand.

177 MED. SHOT - Booking Room. Sullivan intercepts Ames' approach, blocks him sternly.

SULLIVAN (623)

You got an order?

AMES (624)

I just want to see Miss Hayes.

SULLIVAN (625)

Prisoners cannot be disturbed.

AMES (626)

Just for a moment.

SULLIVAN (627)

They got a right to privacy.

Ames is stopped, hesitates and then calls.

AMES (628)

Irene, I'm getting help for you.

178 MED. SHOT - Hayes and Joe in cells. Joe has pricked up his ears, suspiciously at this. She sees it, needles him further with her reply.

IRENE (629)

I'm glad some one is.

Joe whispers to her now, tensely.

JOE (630)

Who's getting help for you?

IRENE (631)

Wouldn't you like to know?

(CONTINUED)

178 (CONTINUED)

JOE (632)

Are you crossing me?

IRENE (633)

Me, crossing the Scanlons: that
would be a laugh.

JOE (634)

Not for you, it wouldn't.

IRENE (635)

I suppose Nick would slap my
wrist, in an hour.

JOE (636)

(blurting suddenly)
He'd give you what Higgins got.

IRENE (637)

(staring)
How's that again?

JOE (638)

(hurriedly, realizing
he's blundered)
Never mind! Never mind!179 CLOSEUP - Irene. Her face shows fear. She tries to
compose herself.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. 7TH DISTRICT STATION - LATE SATURDAY MORNING

180 MED. SHOT - A police car whirls up. McQuigg, looking
deeply tired steps out. A newsboy checks him.

NEWSBOY (639)

Paper! Got your name in it,
Captain.

McQuigg buys a paper, hurries into building.

INT. MCQUIGG'S OFFICE

181 MED. SHOT - at desk. Delaney is sleeping at desk.
McQuigg enters, grins, tickles his nose with paper.
Delaney comes sharply alive, blinks at him.

MCQUIGG (640)

You were due off hours ago.

(CONTINUED)

181 (CONTINUED)

DELANEY (641)

How about yourself?

MCQUIGG (642)

I got Judge Sherman.

DELANEY (643)

They'll never fix him.

MCQUIGG (644)

The hearing is Wednesday.

182 WIDER ANGLE - Welch bursts through the door, also haggard-looking, a newspaper in hand. Delaney goes out.

WELCH (645)

Mac! How could you do this to me?

MCQUIGG (646)

Convicting Joe Scanlon will be great publicity for you, Mr. Prosecutor.

183 ANOTHER ANGLE - Welch and McQuigg.

WELCH (647)

Mac! Joe Scanlon is just a boy... an impetuous youngster!

MCQUIGG (648)

Expressing his budding personality - by grand larceny!

WELCH (649)

(drily)
A juvenile peccadillo ...

(then
pointedly)
And the owner of that car will not file a complaint.

MCQUIGG (650)

Is the Old Man making him a judge, too?

This time even Welch has the grace to smile.

WELCH (651)

He's a big contractor -- built City Hall.

(CONTINUED)

183 (CONTINUED)

MCQUIGG (652)

Did he give Joe that pistol?

WELCH (653)

A special permit can be issued.

MCQUIGG (654)

Dated last Christmas?

WELCH (655)

Mac! The Old Man wants this settled!

MCQUIGG (656)

(drily)

Funny. I heard there was no connection between him and Scanlon.

WELCH (657)

(starting to
lie; changes
mind)

Well ... well, uh... Mac, this could cost me my job.

184 WIDER ANGLE - including door. Turck saunters in, chewing gum casually but his voice is pointed.

TURCK (658)

Hi, Mac. Mr. Welch, Mr. Connolly wants you.

WELCH (659)

(startled)

Is he here?

TURCK (660)

No; in his office, waiting.

Welch gives McQuigg a harried look and hurries out after Turck.

185 ANOTHER ANGLE - Ames hurries into the office. McQuigg eyes him, taps the unopened paper.

MCQUIGG (661)

Did they make you city editor or give you some stock?

(CONTINUED)

185 (CONTINUED)

AMES (662)

They threatened to fire me.

MCQUIGG (663)

Yeah. So what?

AMES (664)

I'm worried about that girl.

MCQUIGG (665)

How old are you, son?

AMES (666)

Twenty-three.

MCQUIGG (667)

Very proper. That's the right age to worry about girls.

AMES (668)

(wretchedly)

The paper wants her name!

186 ANOTHER ANGLE - McQuigg and Ames. McQuigg understands; he's trying to help Ames, answers innocently.

MCQUIGG (669)

Fine publicity for her.

AMES (670)

(stammering-
stiltedly)If you ... if you stigmatize a...
a girl's good name...

McQuigg is amused by the expression - then sobers,
lets Ames have it.

MCQUIGG (671)

People don't change good names
to Scanlon.

AMES (672)

She's just young and mixed up.

MCQUIGG (673)

Kid, have you ever looked in
a mirror?

(CONTINUED)

186 (CONTINUED)

AMES (674)

Oh, I know I'm young, but...
Captain, can I see her?

McQuigg picks up his phone, speaks into it.

MCQUIGG (675)

Bring Miss Hayes up here.

DISSOLVE

INT. CONNOLLY'S OFFICE

187 MED. SHOT. Connolly has Welch on the carpet for a savage chewing. Welch keeps glancing off at the flamboyant ELECT WELCH sign outside and trying to conciliate Connolly.

CONNOLLY (676)

...and while we're trying to find
you, McQuigg sets the hearing with
Judge Sherman.

WELCH (677)

I was working for the election.

CONNOLLY (678)

You may not be in the election.

Welch glances miserably at the sign, draws on the last of his ebbing courage.

WELCH (679)

I insist on seeing the Old Man.

CONNOLLY (680)

He's not in.

188 ANOTHER ANGLE including door to sanctum. It is slightly ajar. Welch studies it, considers.

WELCH (681)

But the Scanlon boy is guilty.

CONNOLLY (682)

I can't help that.

(CONTINUED)

188 (CONTINUED)

WELCH (683)
(insinuatingly)
Connolly, do you and the Old
Man need Nick Scanlon now?

NICK'S VOICE (684)
(menace)
Hello, Welch.

Scanlon comes in through the Sanctum door now, regards
the terrified Welch somberly.

WELCH (685)
I was...just joking, Nick.

NICK (686)
(cold)
Oh?

WELCH (687)
I can get Joe out on a writ.

NICK (688)
Any fool can do that.

WELCH (689)
(placatingly)
But unfortunately, he is guilty.

NICK (690)
Why is the Old Man making this
dummy a judge?

CONNOLLY (691)
Let's stick to business, Nick.

NICK (692)
My brother is my business.

He turns to Welch again, speaks with biting scorn.

NICK (cont'd)
Listen, Judge; according to your
law books no man is guilty until
convicted in a fair trial. Right?
My brother is not coming to trial.

WELCH (693)
Nick, that cop got him with
a pistol!

(CONTINUED)

188 (CONTINUED)

NICK (694)

What's the name of that cop?

WELCH (695)

Johnson: it's all in the paper.

NICK (696)

Johnson will not appear.

189 ANOTHER ANGLE - Welch gets it, glances miserably toward the sign outside. But Connolly is troubled.

CONNOLLY (697)

The Old Man won't like this,
Nick.

Nick merely looks at Connolly, grim, contemptuous.

NICK (698)

(to Welch)
There's this girl.

WELCH (699)

The girl?

190 ANOTHER ANGLE - Group.

NICK (700)

Yeah. She stole that car to frame my brother. And you, Mr. Prosecutor, are going to send her where she won't get him into any more trouble.

WELCH (701)

(protestingly)
Wait, Nick. Connolly, listen...

NICK (702)

You want to be a judge or an ex-prosecutor?

Welch flinches, looks to Connolly, who is stony-faced, then Welch looks out the window.

191 LONG SHOT - The Elect Welch Sign. Overscene comes the SOUND of Welch's voice in wretched decision.

WELCH'S VOICE (703)

Well, if it's for the good of the party...

192 ANOTHER ANGLE - group.

NICK (704)

Go get your case ready against
that dame and let me know how
many witnesses you'll need.

Welch gulps, looks to Connolly who shows nothing, tries
to smile and hurries out.

NICK (cont'd)

The Old Man must like 'em weak.

CONNOLLY (705)

(pointedly)

Nick - the Old Man likes them
pliable. He likes men who do as
he says. The other kind don't last
long.

NICK (706)

(ignoring this -
calling off)

Davis.

193 ANOTHER ANGLE - including other office door. Davis
enters proudly with a fistful of papers.

DAVIS (707)

(reading)

The Davis Bail Bonding Company,
a Delaware Corporation....

NICK (708)

What took you so long?

DAVIS (709)

There's only one judge
who'll touch this.

NICK (710)

Did you get the writ?

Davis holds up another paper proudly.

DAVIS (711)

Signed by Judge Wicks. We
just fill in the date.

NICK (712)

Bring it here. And listen...

(CONTINUED)

193 (CONTINUED)

He takes out a pen, seizes the writ; Davis convulses his face into a simulation of tense concentration.

DISSOLVE

INT. MCQUIGG'S OFFICE

194 MED. MOVING SHOT - Irene. She enters, bedraggled, hostile and a bit frightened. Stiffens defensively at the sight of Ames who jumps up.

AMES (713)

(forced
cheerfulness)

Good afternoon, Miss Hayes.

IRENE (714)

(ironically
formal)

How do you do? It's a lovely day - isn't it? What I can see of it through the bars.

McQuigg rises, speaks drily, indicates Ames.

MCQUIGG (715)

(kidding-
lightly)

Press conference.

She turns on Ames; holds a long defiant silence.

MCQUIGG (cont'd)

Sorry, I can't stand this noise.

He goes out, leaving them alone.

195 ANOTHER ANGLE - Ames and Irene.

AMES (716)

(stumbling)

Miss Hayes... Irene - I'm awfully sorry about this...

IRENE (717)

Well...you wanted a story, didn't you?

AMES (718)

I just wanted to help you.

She indicates the newspaper on the desk angrily.

(CONTINUED)

195 (CONTINUED)

IRENE (719)

You and McQuigg - please!
Don't be so helpful. This
is great!

AMES (720)

I kept your name out of it.

IRENE (721)

So the Scanlons think I've
taken an out - to squeal.

196 ANOTHER ANGLE - Ames and Irene. He moves closer;
they both feel attraction magnetizing them. She
tries to draw away from him; he follows.

AMES (722)

But they know you've got
to testify.

IRENE (723)

(resentfully)

Why do I?

AMES (724)

It's the only honest thing
to do.

IRENE (725)

(furiously)

Honest citizen! Honest this!
Honest that! Will you run your
life and let me run mine?

Ames is diffident; not weak; he speaks firmly.

AMES (726)

Not with the Scanlons.

IRENE (727)

What do you care?

197 ANOTHER ANGLE - Ames and Irene. For answer he takes
her into his arms and kisses her. She resists briefly,
then responds, they kiss again ardently.

(CONTINUED)

197 (CONTINUED)

IRENE (728)

Imagine! If this could be true.

AMES (729)

It is.

He kisses her again; she enjoys it, then resumes her fight with herself, regretfully.

IRENE (730)

No, Dave.

AMES (731)

Why not?

IRENE (732)

It's pretty obvious, isn't it?

AMES (733)

You don't love Joe Scanlon.

IRENE (734)

(angrily)

Stop mixing me up!

He kisses her again; she almost believes it now.

AMES (735)

You don't love him!

IRENE (736)

(drawing back)

It's just a word.

(then - hurriedly)

He's getting me out of here.

198 ANOTHER ANGLE - including door. Sullivan appears in the door; they draw apart, embarrassed.

SULLIVAN (737)

Is Captain McQuigg here?

AMES (738)

He just stepped out. Why?

SULLIVAN (739)

They've brought a writ on the Scanlon case.

He goes out but the spell is broken.

(CONTINUED)

198 (CONTINUED)

IRENE (740)

You see? But thanks, Dave.

AMES (741)

(protestingly)

Irene! I've got a little money
in the bank. We'll get an honest
lawyer.

IRENE (742)

Save it for an honest girl.

It's an effort but she makes it, blows him a derisive
finger-tip kiss and goes out fast.

INT BOOKING ROOM

199 MED. SHOT - at cell door. Davis has been arguing
through the bars with Joe; a duty cop waits
phlegmatically with the key.

JOE (743)

(confused)

But I promised to get her out.

DAVIS (744)

Nick didn't; he means it, Joe.

JOE (745)

Now wait a minute, Davis.

DAVIS (746)

(knowing his man)

Okay! Good luck at the trial.

He starts away. Joe shows fear.

JOE (747)

Davis! all right...get me out.

Davis nods to cop who unlocks cell. CAMERA TRUCKS Joe
and Davis to booking desk.200 WIDER ANGLE - at desk. Sullivan is signing release
for Joe as Irene and Delaney come up to desk.

IRENE (748)

(irony)

Nick'll have us out in an hour!

(CONTINUED)

200 (CONTINUED)

SULLIVAN (749)

(extending
paper to
Davis)

Don't put that in your pocket.

DAVIS (750)

Why not?

SULLIVAN (751)

Your clothes would stink for
a week.

Davis pockets paper; he and Joe start off. Irene turns
to Sullivan.

201 ANOTHER ANGLE - Group.

IRENE (752)

Have you got my things?

DELANEY (753)

Not so fast.

IRENE (754)

What do you want - my phone
number?

DELANEY (755)

I don't need it; you're staying
here.

IRENE (756)

Didn't he just bail us out?

DELANEY (757)

Not you.

IRENE (758)

(to Joe)

When do I get out?

JOE (759)

(to Delaney)

What is auto theft now -- five
years?

Irene gets it, strips ring from finger, throws it in
Joe's face. He picks it up, laughs at her fury.

JOE (cont'd)

Drop me a line from the pen.

202 WIDER ANGLE - including door to stairs. McQuigg and Ames have entered and seen this. As Joe and Davis pass them, going out, Ames almost springs at Joe but McQuigg restrains him. They are at door before Irene's temper releases her tongue for a parting blast at Joe.

IRENE (760)

You wait! I'll tell them the truth! The whole business...

203 MED. CLOSE SHOT - at alley door. Welch, entering unobserved hears the uproar inside, stops.

204 MED. SHOT - Room from Welch's ANGLE. Irene shouts after the departing Joe hysterically.

IRENE (761)

I'll give them the works.... everything... even about Higgins!

EXT. ALLEY

205 MED. MOVING SHOT - Welsh. He reacts with horror, slinks off up alley, unseen. Her VOICE follows him.

IRENE'S VOICE (762)

You'll be sorry for this. I'll bust it all wide open... you hear me? Wide open...!

INT. BOOKING ROOM

206 MED. CLOSE SHOT - McQuigg and Ames. Ames' face shows disenchantment. McQuigg drives the lesson home.

MCQUIGG (763)

"She's just young and mixed up."

AMES (764)

I want to help her, anyway.

MCQUIGG (765)

Then don't interfere now.

CAMERA TRUCKS HIM and AMES up to Irene.

207 ANOTHER ANGLE - McQuigg, Ames and Irene. Delaney withdraws as McQuigg confronts the blazing Irene coolly.

MCQUIGG (766)

So you lost your playmate?

IRENE (767)

Yeah. He picked up his jacks.
What happens now?

MCQUIGG (768)

That depends on you.

IRENE (769)

Can they really frame me?

MCQUIGG (770)

If you play their game.

She's regaining temper and wits; eyes him calmly.

IRENE (771)

What game are you playing?

MCQUIGG (772)

Just one; I want Nick Scanlon.

IRENE (773)

What can I do?

MCQUIGG (774)

Tell me about Higgins.

IRENE (775)

For what?

MCQUIGG (776)

Want to spend your life here?

208 CLOSE SHOT - Irene eyes Ames, speaks slowly.

IRENE (777)

Last night, when he was mad, Joe
was bragging that Nick got Higgins.

209 WIDER ANGLE - Group. McQuigg and Delaney react.

MCQUIGG (778)

(barking)
How... When ... Where?

(CONTINUED)

209 (CONTINUED)

IRENE (779)

That's all he said.

MCQUIGG (780)

Come on, sister.

IRENE (781)

That's all he said, honest...
But he knows all about it.
Either Nick told him or he
overheard what was going on...

MCQUIGG (782)

(to Delaney)

It's a little thin - but
pick Joe up again.

Delaney hurries out. Irene speaks casually.

IRENE (783)

Well, I'll be getting along.

210 ANOTHER ANGLE - including Sullivan, McQuigg signals
him to block her exit.

MCQUIGG (784)

To a slab in the morgue?

She reacts, frightened.

IRENE (785)

No! They won't... bother me,
will they?

MCQUIGG (786)

Not in here, they won't.

IRENE (787)

But I'm hungry. I haven't even
had breakfast.

MCQUIGG (788)

(to Sullivan)

Feed her and make her comfortable
but don't let her out of your sight.

AMES (789)

(protestingly)

You offered her a bargain...

(CONTINUED)

210 (CONTINUED)

MCQUIGG (790)

I'd bargain with the devil for
Nick Scanlon.

He goes out. Ames turns apologetically to her.

AMES (791)

Irene... I'm sorry...

IRENE (792)

Get out! Before you get me
hung with your honesty!

DISSOLVE

INT. DRUGSTORE PHONE BOOTH

211 CLOSE SHOT - Welch. He looks over his shoulder furtively
as he talks nervously into the phone.

INT. CONNOLLY'S OFFICE

212 MED. SHOT - Nick and Welch. Turck in the b.g.
(Note: Turck takes no part in the conversation, but
sits paring his nails throughout this scene. He
should convey only a note of menace to Nick.) Nick is
at the phone: Connolly listening carefully.

NICK (793)

(at phone)

All right, all right! But what
does she say she knows about Higgins?

WELCH'S VOICE (794)

Something Joe told her.

Nick reacts with violence, controls himself.

NICK (795)

Is she with McQuigg now?

Welch's voice mumbles inaudibly.

NICK (cont'd)

All right. Get McQuigg out of there..
I said get him out of there...for
half-an-hour.

213 ANOTHER ANGLE - Nick and Connolly. Nick hangs up.
Turck watching in b.g. without seeming to watch. The
atmosphere is tense.

(CONTINUED)

213 (CONTINUED)

NICK (796)

(restraining
fury)That canary - we got to shut her
up.

CONNOLLY (797)

(quietly)

Money?

NICK (798)

I can try that...first.Brief pause as his meaning sinks in. Turck glances up
blankly, looks away again.

CONNOLLY (799)

Nick...I suggest you let us handle
this.

NICK (800)

When I want help I'll ask for it.

CONNOLLY (801)

Only a suggestion.
(pause)I'd stay clear of this personally
if I were you - send somebody else.

NICK (802)

All I've got working for me are a
lot of dumbheads. They got a
tough time figuring how to get
across the street...

CONNOLLY (803)

Well...at least sit down and talk
it over with yourself. Right now
you're in the wrong frame of mind.

NICK (804)

Listen, bright boy...

CONNOLLY (805)

(quietly, but
implacably)...the wrong frame of mind. You
know the Old Man says: never do
anything in anger. It's inefficient -
a thing of the past...

(CONTINUED)

213 (CONTINUED)

Turck looks up, looks away again. Nick burns. He looks from Connolly to Turck.

NICK (806)

... (loud)
...and don't you guys try to
double-cross me!

CONNOLLY (807)

Could I afford to?

Nick laughs curtly and contemptuously, looks from one to the other, then goes out. Silence for a moment. Turck pares his nails.

CONNOLLY (cont'd)

(after a moment;
calmly)
Better have Davis get the writ-
just in case.

Turck nods almost imperceptibly.

DISSOLVE

INT. MCQUIGG'S OFFICE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

214 MED. SHOT - McQuigg. He's been dictating to a secretary who nods and closes her book.

SECRETARY (808)

And that's all?

MCQUIGG (809)

Have Miss Hayes sign it.

215 ANOTHER ANGLE - including door. Welch appears just at the end of this, tries to glimpse the shorthand book as the secretary hurries out past him; then addresses McQuigg with elaborate unconcern.

WELCH (810)

Busy, Mac?

MCQUIGG (811)

(kidding Welch -
as a political
speaker)

"You may say that as long as I am
privileged to serve the people..."

(CONTINUED)

215 (CONTINUED)

Welch holds up a protesting hand, smiles wryly.

WELCH (812)

How about a cup of coffee?

MCQUIGG (813)

What are you after now - the restaurant vote?

WELCH (814)

I got problems, Mac. Problems!

McQuigg shakes his head but goes out with Welch.

DISSOLVE

INT. JOHNSON PARLOR

216

MED. SHOT - Johnson and Lucy. There is tension here. Johnson is helping Lucy into a street coat; he is nervous and trying to conceal it, unsuccessfully, of course, which makes her similarly edgy. He keeps glancing out window and at his wristwatch. She turns and catches him at it.

LUCY (815)

You seem mighty anxious to get rid of me.

JOHNSON (816)

I'm anxious for the news.

LUCY (817)

Bob, you're really glad?

He embraces her quickly, reassuringly.

JOHNSON (818)

Darling, I hope it's twins!

LUCY (819)

(laughing
consoled)

Doctor Carter isn't sure, yet.

JOHNSON (820)

Tell him I've already bought the cigars.

(CONTINUED)

216 (CONTINUED)

She laughs, kisses him again.

LUCY (821)

What will you do while I'm gone?

JOHNSON (822)

What does any father do?

217 ANOTHER ANGLE. He indicates card table. It is piled high with papers as before. Reassured, Lucy makes a face at them, speaks tenderly.

LUCY (823)

You'll be at the Station later?

JOHNSON (824)

In an hour, biting my nails.

LUCY (825)

I'll come straight there.

They kiss again; he walks her to door. She goes out.

218 MED. MOVING SHOT - Johnson. As the door closes, he reacts, wipes his forehead as if for sweat, glances at his watch, hurries to kitchen and latches door to drive. Then hurries back into parlor.

219 ANOTHER ANGLE - Johnson. He goes to sofa, takes pistol from under cushion, places it among papers on desk. From under another cushion he removes a hidden newspaper, eyes watch, scrutinizes paper thoughtfully.

INSERT TAG END OF NEWS STORY IN PAPER. Only the last sentence on a back page is visible. It reads:
The Arrest was made by Patrolman Robert Johnson of 2323-17th St.

Over scene comes the SOUND of a peremptory knock on door.

220 MED. MOVING SHOT - Johnson. He stiffens at the knock, throws down paper, takes pistol, steps to door, places himself carefully beside it, swings it and calls.

JOHNSON (826)

Come in.

221 WIDER ANGLE - Dave Ames bursts thru the door, too preoccupied to notice Johnson's gun.

AMES (827)

Bob, why won't McQuigg release Irene Hayes?

Johnson backs quietly to card table, puts gun on it unseen, eyes Ames patiently but his voice is sharp.

JOHNSON (828)

Dave, it's time you grew up.
You're living in a dream world.

AMES (829)

What's wrong with helping a girl that needs help?

JOHNSON (830)

McQuigg's helping her - to break with the Scanlons.

Ames begins pacing floor.

AMES (831)

He's using her to catch Nick.

JOHNSON (832)

She won't be safe till he does.

AMES (833)

Come on, Bob -- you're exaggerating.

JOHNSON (834)

Well...eleven cops were killed in this city last year -- by the kind of people who play around with the Scanlons.

222 ANOTHER ANGLE - Ames at window - (PROCESS). His distracted pacing has led him to the window. In the street behind him a car is visible, slowly approaching the Johnson house. Neither he nor Johnson notices it.

AMES (835)

(hotly)

You know as well as I do that she...she just got mixed up in this by accident. She's not really the kind who plays around with people like Nick.

Johnson looks at him pityingly.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE JOHNSON'S HOUSE - DUSK IS FALLING

223 FULL SHOT - at curb. Car draws up to the curb. Durko and Leo emerge, walk quietly up to the Johnson porch. Durko rings the bell.

EXT. JOHNSON'S PORCH

224 MED. SHOT - including door. It opens and Ames looks out at them.

DURKO (836)

Is Officer Johnson here? We've come about his insurance.

AMES (837)

Come in.

INT. JOHNSON PARLOR

225 MED. MOVING SHOT - CAMERA FOLLOWS behind Durko and Leo as they enter parlor, Ames waves them toward the sofa, speaks almost casually.

AMES (838)

He's changing his clothes.
I'll call him.

They nod and feign approach to sofa. Ames goes to kitchen door, calling.

AMES (cont'd)

Oh, Bob!

As soon as his back is turned to them, Durko and Leo pull guns, start catfooting away from sofa toward Ames.

INT. KITCHEN

226 MED. MOVING SHOT - Ames. He has just got out of sight of the parlor when he stiffens at SOUNDS o.s.

JOHNSON'S VOICE (839)

Reach high!

Scuffling feet are HEARD in parlor, then four SHOTS in quick succession. Ames reacts, almost paralyzed, then gathers himself, turns back into parlor.

INT. PARLOR

227 FULL SHOT. Ames steps in to see Durko and Leo stretched dead on the floor and Johnson just climbing out from his post of ambush behind the sofa. Ames hurries over to him, speechlessly examines bullet holes in Johnson's sleeve and coat.

AMES (840)

Bob! You all right?

Johnson nods, indicates the corpses bitterly.

JOHNSON (841)

I wanted a confession.

Ames gapes at him with new comprehension.

DISSOLVE

INT. CRIME COMMISSION INVESTIGATORS' OFFICE

228 FULL SHOT. The working room is busy as before, but now the big conference room doors are closed; all eyes keep going to them. Workers tiptoe to and from desks and evidence table; eyeing that room. Atmosphere is muted, tense and expectant.

229 MED. SHOT - Foster - like the rest, he keeps eyeing those doors. Phone RINGS sharply on Craig's desk. Foster jumps to answer it, speaks into it inaudibly, then hurries to conference room doors.

230 MED. MOVING SHOT - Foster opens door a crack, beckons with fingers. Craig emerges, looking annoyed at first. Foster leads him toward phone.

FOSTER (842)

It's the Governor's Office.

CRAIG (843)

Oh. Good.

FOSTER (844)

(indicating
conference)

How's it going?

CRAIG (845)

We could use more proof.

(CONTINUED)

230 (CONTINUED)

Foster nods grimly and then watches closely as Craig picks up the phone, begins speaking inaudibly. His face does not change. He hangs up, turns to the tense Foster with dead pan.

CRAIG (cont'd)
The Legislature's granting us
powers to subpoena witnesses.

231 ANOTHER ANGLE - Foster reacts, almost cheers, looks at Conference Room, checks himself but his face is exultant

FOSTER (846)
At last.

CRAIG (847)
And....we can have the Security
Commission's records at once.

Even Craig breaks down now; they beam at each other.

FOSTER (848)
(eyeing watch)
I'll be there in ten minutes.

CRAIG (849)
Take the boys who've been
working on Connolly, Welch and
Wicks.

Foster nods. CAMERA TRUCKS them back to doors. Craig slips in quietly. Foster closes doors behind him, turns back to the room. All eyes are on him.

FOSTER (850)
Mitchell... Cameron...

They hurry toward him quietly, but eagerly.

DISSOLVE

INT. LOCKER ROOM AT 7TH DISTRICT STATION

232 MED. SHOT - Johnson comes up to his locker, opens it. He takes out his pistol and puts it in locker with a fond pat. Then tearing off Durko's picture, he takes it toward the door.

INT. RAILED AREA OUTSIDE McQUIGG'S OFFICE

233 MED. MOVING SHOT - Johnson. He comes up to Duty Sgt. Weicker, seated at desk.

JOHNSON (851)
Where's McQuigg?

WEICKER (852)
Out getting some coffee.

JOHNSON (853)
Got a duty report?

Weicker hands him one, eyes him speculatively.

WEICKER (854)
Gonna be here a while?

JOHNSON (855)
Till McQuigg comes.

WEICKER (856)
Watch the desk, will you?

JOHNSON (857)
Sure.

He walks around, takes the place of Weicker who goes back to locker room, and begins to write his report, scratching out the "wanted" under Durko's picture, with grim satisfaction.

DISSOLVE

INT. CHEAP RESTAURANT - DUSK

234 MED. SHOT - at table. McQuigg and Welch are just finishing coffee. A phone booth is conspicuous in b.g. Welch is nervous, keeps eyeing watch; McQuigg is relaxed then gathers himself reluctantly to go.

McQUIGG (858)
Thanks, Judge; I'll be getting back.

WELCH (859)
(nervous - takes
plunge)
Mac, can you send Johnson on
immediate vacation?

(CONTINUED)

234 (CONTINUED)

McQUIGG (860)

(drily)

So he can't witness against Joe?

WELCH (861)

He could leave a deposition.

McQUIGG (862)

For you to lose, Mr. Prosecutor?

Oh, no! Or maybe you think you

can fix Johnson. Forget it!

He's my kind of cop.

WELCH (863)

(very

earnestly)

Then send him away, Mac.

McQUIGG (864)

(sharply)

How did you know Johnson made
that arrest?

235

ANOTHER ANGLE - including paper. Welch produces a copy
of the paper, begins turning to back page.

WELCH (865)

Don't you read your own press?

McQUIGG (866)

(shaking
head)That was for Nick Scanlon to
read.He frowns, leans forward as Welch indicates the last
sentence about Johnson, seen before. McQuigg reads it,
reacts with grudging admiration at first.

McQUIGG (cont'd)

How do you like that boy --
stealing my tricks...

236

MED. MOVING SHOT - McQuigg. Suddenly it strikes him;
he jumps up, steps to phone, and dials fast.

McQUIGG (867)

(into phone)

McQuigg! Is Johnson there yet?

(pause)

Oh. Keep him there.

He hangs up with relief, returns to Welch.

237 ANOTHER ANGLE - Welch and McQuigg. He does not seat himself and Welch has to rise, eyeing watch.

McQUIGG

Thanks, Welch. He's safe in the station.

Welch rises; they go slowly toward the door.

DISSOLVE

EXT. 7TH DISTRICT STATION - NIGHT HAS FALLEN

238 MED. MOVING SHOT - at curb. A sedan whirls to the curb. Scanlon steps out and speaks to the driver, Enright.

NICK

Keep it running.

Enright nods. Nick hurries into station.

INT. McQUIGG'S ANTE-ROOM

239 MED. SHOT - Johnson is writing his report. Nick Scanlon appears in the doorway, looks around furtively, sees the room is empty save for Johnson and walks confidently up to the rail before the little desk.

NICK

Is Captain McQuigg in?

240- MED. SHOT - Johnson and Nick. Johnson is a little
241 annoyed at the interruption; he turns Durko's picture face down. Studies Nick, wonders, has a faint suspicion who he is. Then indicates a bench.

JOHNSON

He'll be back soon. Sit down and wait.

NICK

I can't wait. I want to see Miss Irene Hayes.

JOHNSON

What about?

NICK

It's a personal matter.

Johnson rises, stands studying Nick.

(CONTINUED)

240-

241 (CONTINUED)

JOHNSON

(ironical)
Personal, eh? You a lawyer?

NICK

No. A friend.

JOHNSON

A friend of Irene Hayes'?

NICK

(beginning to
get sore)
That's the general idea.

JOHNSON

...or maybe a friend of Nick
Scanlon's?

NICK

Is that some of your business?

JOHNSON

(goadng him)
He must hire you cheap hoods by
the dozen.
(authoritatively)
Sit down and wait. McQuigg'll
be right back.

NICK

You in charge here?

JOHNSON

Yeah. Till relieved.

NICK

What's your name?

JOHNSON

Johnson. What's yours?

A change has come over Nick. He is deadly, but calm.

NICK

So you're Johnson - the big
brave cop.

JOHNSON

That's me. And I got a slight
suspicion who you might be.

(CONTINUED)

240-
241 (CONTINUED)

Nick recoils.

JOHNSON (cont'd)
What's the matter, Scanlon -
running out of hoodlums?

Johnson is standing at the railing now, facing Nick.

NICK
Fresh cop, eh? Understudying
McQuigg?

JOHNSON
No. I'm not that good.

NICK
You're that dumb, all right.

Johnson reacts in anger. Nick speaks harshly.

NICK (cont'd)
Where's this girl's cell,
flatfoot?

JOHNSON
(shouting; angry)
You heard what I said. Sit down
and wait.

NICK
(boiling)
Listen--

JOHNSON
(going right on)
Captain will take care of you
when he gets here, you cheap
mug...

Nick, unable to control his fury, slaps Johnson a
backhand blow, knocking him off balance. Johnson
recovers and starts over railing after Nick.

242 ANOTHER ANGLE - including street door. Ames coming in
from street, pauses, speechless as Nick steps back from
desk, pulls his pistol. Johnson gets a foot up on rail
and dives at him just as he shoots.

243 CLOSE SHOT - Nick shooting.

244 ANOTHER ANGLE - Johnson hurtles to floor, tries to grab at Nick, who is already running toward door and Ames.

AMES

Bob!

He launches a reckless flying tackle at Nick, who shoots and misses as Ames dives under shot.

245 CLOSE SHOT - Nick's foot. A hand closes on ankle, then opens limply, ankle wrenched free. SOUND of running footsteps is heard.

EXT. SEVENTH DISTRICT STATION - (NIGHT) - (STAGE 2)

245A CLOSE SHOT - McQuigg, swiftly jotting down license number of car pulling rapidly away from curb.

246 WIDER ANGLE - whole room. Johnson is dragging himself painfully toward phone on desk. McQuigg dashes in from street, grabs Johnson, to support him and with other hand grabs phone on desk, just as Weicker, Delaney and other cops appear from back of house.

McQUIGG (881)

Jim, get a doctor!

Delaney runs for back of house. McQuigg speaks into phone.

247 ANOTHER ANGLE

McQUIGG (882)

McQuigg! Redline flash...

INT. POLICE COMMUNICATIONS DEPT.

248 MED. SHOT - Link operator. He sits alone in ear phones before a bank of instruments. In the b.g. beyond him girl watch-clerks are talking steadily into their mikes. A signal flashes; watch-officer bends forward, quickly slips a series of switches.

249 MED. SHOT - girl watch-clerks; they suddenly stop talking, sit back relaxed but stare curiously toward Redline watch-officer.

250 MED. SHOT - Link operator. He begins to speak into his mike steadily.

LINK OPERATOR (883)

Redline for all units...Redline
for all units...

INT. A 7TH DISTRICT PATROL CAR

251 MED. SHOT. Car Patrolmen Schmidt and Clark are cruising a street near 7th District Station. Schmidt drives. Clark is now concentrating on the radio thru which we HEAR the Link Operator's Voice.

LINK OPERATOR (884)

...large black sedan, license
XY-2498...going North on
Constitution Avenue...occupants
armed and dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

251 (CONTINUED)

Voice stops, Clark looks up just as a heavy sedan ROARS past them in the opposite direction.

CLARK (885)

There it is.

EXT. STREET

252 LONG SHOT - cars in traffic. The sedan passes, gathering speed; the Patrol car makes a complete U-turn, maneuvering skillfully in heavy traffic.

INT. PATROL CAR

253 MED. SHOT

CLARK (886)

(into radio
phone)

Car forty-three in pursuit of
black sedan going north on
Constitution...from Green Street.

LINK OPERATOR'S VOICE (887)

Constitution from Green Street.

INT. SEDAN

254 MED. SHOT - Nick and Enright. Nick is looking back.

NICK (888)

They made us. Hit it!

He steps on the gas. Car zooms crazily forward.

ENRIGHT (889)

What's the caper, Nick?

NICK (890)

Shut up and drive!

EXT. INTERSECTION

255 LONG SHOT - Nick's car runs up to the intersection. A traffic cop holds up his hand against it, beckons oncoming traffic from the right angle intersecting street. Nick's car ignores his signal, plunges across the nose of an oncoming procession.

INT. PATROL CAR

- 256 LONG SHOT - thru windshield. At intersection they are just too late; the procession crosses them, effectively stopping them.
- 257 LONG SHOT - the procession FROM their ANGLE. It is composed of a gaudy Radio truck, heavily billboarded on the sides with smaller replicas of the ELECT WELCH billboards seen previously. The radio is blaring loudly. Other cars follow closely, placarded and trailing streamers of bunting, Welch signs and pennants.

RADIO VOICE (891)

Voters! Prosecutor Welch has issued a challenging statement to the people of this city. You will now hear Mr. Welch's own voice:

(radio voice
changes to
Welch's)

You may say that as long as I am privileged to serve the people....

- 258 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Schmidt and Clark.

SCHMIDT (892)

Politics!

CLARK (893)

Go on through.

Schmidt nods; plunges for a thin gap between two of the processional cars. Clark speaks into microphone.

CLARK (cont'd)

Car Forty Three blocked at Washington...black sedan turned west on Central.

- 259 LONG SHOT - Street and Chase. The Welch procession should be strung out with enormous banners, hanging down from ropes or scaffolding between supporting cars; Clark's and Schmidt's car should head straight for these, plunging through them and strewing debris all over the street, as well as carrying fragments of tattered Welch banners along with the car in its wild course up over street car loading islands and over a section of curb. If possible, the banners should be hooked to platforms atop cars carrying loud speaker equipment and this should be torn off and scattered along streets also.

DISSOLVE

INT. DELANEY'S OFFICE

259A McQuigg, Johnson, Doctor. Johnson is lying on some practicable piece of furniture, couch, chairs, or desk. McQuigg, showing distress, watches the doctor work on Johnson. The Doctor looks up.

MCQUIGG

Well...?

The doctor merely shakes his head. McQuigg reacts in anger. Johnson turns his head from side to side: is in great pain and distress.

JOHNSON

(faraway)

Captain...where...?

Tries to look around him, can't see anything. McQuigg takes his hand and holds it looking down at him. In a moment, Johnson turns his head away, dies. McQuigg looks at him, releases his hand.

MCQUIGG

(as if to himself)

Best young cop in the precinct.

Decent, honest, plenty guts.

Seems like they're always the first ones to get it.

(nods to himself)

Yeah...always the first ones.

The Doctor listens in grim sympathy. McQuigg comes to himself.

MCQUIGG (cont'd)

Will you make arrangements, Doc?

DOCTOR

(quietly)

Yes, Mac.

McQuigg, his face grim, starts out.

INT. 7TH DISTRICT STATION ANTE-ROOM

260 FULL SHOT. Weicker, Delaney and other Cops are grouped, silent, impotent and angry, about desk; their eyes keep going down hall to Delaney's hall door. Ames is stretched on a bench. Sullivan has moved water cooler close and hovers by as Irene bathes Ames' face with a handkerchief. SOUND off is heard; all eyes go to hall.

261 MED. MOVING SHOT - McQuigg. He comes out of Delaney's office, closes door behind him very gently, walks heavily up to group.

McQUIGG (894)

Jim, go get Mary.

Delaney goes to back of house.

262 MED. SHOT - at bench. McQuigg looks at Ames.

McQUIGG (895)

How about him?

SULLIVAN (896)

A bad bash in the face, but he's all right.

McQUIGG (897)

Did he see the shooting?

SULLIVAN (898)

He must have; he probably tried to stop it.

McQuigg nods, steps to desk phone.

263 WIDER ANGLE including front. McQuigg picks up the phone, begins to speak into it just as Lucy Johnson's footsteps are heard and then she is seen coming thru front door.

McQUIGG (899)

McQuigg on that Redline;
anything yet?

(listens then

speaks heavily)

Tell the boys they killed a cop.

264 MED. SHOT - Hearing McQuigg, Lucy pauses with premonition, smile dying. Looks about, bewildered.

265 WIDER ANGLE - GROUP. Others avert their faces from her. McQuigg is caught off guard by Lucy's entrance. Notices her uneasiness, the embarrassment of the others.

MCQUIGG

(stammering
a little)

Why...oh, hello, Lucy. We...
us...had a little trouble...
Come in the office and I'll
tell you about it...

She looks about her again, worried, then lets McQuigg lead her into his office.

265A CLOSE SHOT - McQuigg's door.

MCQUIGG'S VOICE

Lucy...it's about Bob... He...

LUCY'S VOICE

(loud)

I know. I heard. It was Bob
who was killed...wasn't it?

MCQUIGG'S VOICE

(reluctantly)

Yes....

LUCY'S VOICE

(screaming)

Bob! Oh, I can't stand it - I
can't stand it, Tom. Why did it
have to happen...I just can't
stand it....

(she cries
hysterically)

MCQUIGG'S VOICE

(soothingly)

Lucy. Lucy.

DISSOLVE

INT. NICK'S ESCAPE CAR

266 MED. SHOT - Nick and Enright are roaring along the outskirts of town now. Nick looks back.

NICK

Hit it, I told you! Hit it!

ENRIGHT

It's on the floor.

Nick turns on a radio phone.

LINK OPERATOR

On that black sedan...Occupants
killed a policeman...

Nick switches it off, but Enright has reacted.

ENRIGHT

So you bumped a cop - personal.
And I'm sitting minding my own
business--

NICK

Shut up.

ENRIGHT

We been trying to tell you and
trying to tell you... Now this
is it.

Nick jams a gun into Enright's side.

NICK

Just drive.

He looks back.

267 LONG SHOT - Nick's ANGLE The police car is closing on them inexorably now.

INT. NICK'S CAR

268 MED. SHOT. He peers ahead, reacts with fright and then hope.

NICK (908)
Can you beat that train?

269 LONG SHOT - road and railroad intersection ahead. A slow freight is chugging toward a right angle intersection with the road.

ENRIGHT'S VOICE (909)
I can try!

INT. NICK'S CAR

270 MED. SHOT - Nick and Enright. Nick estimates distance of pursuing car, draws his pistol.

INT. POLICE CAR

271 MED. SHOT - Clark and Schmidt are estimating race to crossing.

SCHMIDT (910)
What do you think?

CLARK (911)
They killed a cop.

Schmidt nods, presses his foot harder on the gas.

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING

272 LONG SHOT - (TRICK) - Cars roar toward approaching freight. Patrol car is gaining but margin is precarious. Nick's car is just too late. Enright has to swerve crazily to the right.

INT. NICK'S CAR

273 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Nick throws his pistol out of car, braces himself for a crash.

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING

- 274 LONG SHOT - (TRICK) - Enright manages to turn and run parallel to freight along adjoining track. Car bounces crazily along cross ties, hits a switch, rolls over and over, away from the train.

INT. PATROL CAR

- 275 MED. SHOT - Clark and Schmidt brace themselves and take the turn, more slowly, bouncing crazily.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACK.

- 276 LONG SHOT - Nick's car rolls to a crumpled stop, two men climb out. One runs, catches tail end gondola of freight and swings on. The Patrol car stops, Clark and Schmidt jump out. Clark shoots at man climbing over steel rim of gondola car.

- 277 FLASH - END OF GONDOLA CAR - bullets thud into steel but man has dropped to safety behind it.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACK

- 278 LONG SHOT - Clark and Schmidt, guns in hand, close in on the other man who is limping away from them. We do not see which man it is.

DISSOLVE

INT. CONNOLLY'S OFFICE

- 279 MED. SHOT. A petrified Welch is receiving his instructions from Connolly, who is deeply disturbed.

CONNOLLY (912)

Davis will be there with a writ of Habeas Corpus. You will have Nick released immediately.

WELCH (913)

He must have gone crazy.

(CONTINUED)

279 (CONTINUED)

CONNOLLY (914)

Perhaps -- if so, he may be
inclined to talk.

WELCH (915)

They may not catch him, alive.

CONNOLLY (916)

We don't count on things like
that.

(pause)

Were there any witnesses?

WELCH (917)

(gulping)

I don't know.

CONNOLLY (918)

(harshly)

Find out!

(he picks up
phone)

Chief -- can I see you?

DISSOLVE

INT. DELANEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

280

FULL SHOT - Ames is now stretched on a bench here.
Irene is still bathing his face from water cooler
which has been brought in. Thru connecting door to
McQuigg's office are heard SOUNDS of a woman sobbing
quietly. McQuigg enters from hall, goes to phone.

McQUIGG (919)

(into phone)

McQuigg; anything on that Redline?

Inaudible voice is HEARD. McQuigg hangs up, then tenses
as connecting door to his office opens and Mary McQuigg
appears in door.

MARY McQUIGG (920)

I'll take her home, Tom.

McQUIGG (921)

Thanks, Mary, I've got lots of
work to do.

(CONTINUED)

280 (CONTINUED)

MARY (922)

Do it well, Tom.

He nods grimly. She turns back into other room, footsteps are heard, departing by McQuigg's hall door. He goes over to Irene and Ames.

281 ANOTHER ANGLE - McQuigg, Irene and Ames.

McQUIGG (923)

Can you talk yet?

AMES (924)

(thickly)

Some.

McQUIGG (925)

Did you recognize that man?

Irene reacts, muffles Ames' battered mouth with her handkerchief.

IRENE (926)

He couldn't; he was downstairs with me.

McQUIGG (927)

(harshly)

So you kicked his face in?

IRENE (928)

(heatedly)

You'll get him killed; you can't even protect your own cops!

282 ANOTHER ANGLE - including pictures on wall. McQuigg turns now with passion, points to black-framed pictures of three policemen on the wall.

McQUIGG (929)

And who is trying to protect cops? Look at them -- three of the finest that ever walked a beat...killed on duty protecting the people of this city...as Johnson himself was killed in here...probably protecting you... How can any cop protect anyone without honest witnesses?

Irene is impressed and shamed; on the verge of speaking when her eyes see something beyond McQuigg; she stiffens with new fear. He turns to look.

283 ANOTHER ANGLE - including connecting door to McQuigg's office. Delaney is just ushering Welch and Turck into McQuigg's office; they are looking thru the door at Irene and Ames.

284 MOVING SHOT - McQuigg moves to block their view, going toward his connecting door.

McQUIGG (930)

So the buzzards are gathering.

He goes thru the door, shuts it, leaving Irene and Ames.

285 CLOSE SHOT - Irene and Ames. She releases handkerchief from his mouth, speaks anxiously.

IRENE (931)

Dave, do you hate me?

AMES (932)

(slowly)

No.

IRENE (933)

McQuigg's right. I was all for myself. I never had anyone to be for.

AMES (934)

You'll be all right.

She shrinks at the inference, speaks protestingly.

IRENE (935)

Dave, if you talk, they'll kill you.

INT. McQUIGG'S OFFICE

286 MED. SHOT - Turck is chewing gum blandly, Welch jittering, Delaney watching both closely. Welch speaks to McQuigg.

WELCH (936)

We've just come to help you, Mac.

McQUIGG (937)

If you'd told me where Nick was last night...

WELCH (938)

We didn't know Nick did this.

(CONTINUED)

286 (CONTINUED)

McQUIGG (939)

So that's the party line!

DELANEY (940)

Who else would kill a cop in
the station?

287 ANOTHER ANGLE - Group.

TURCK (941)

No proof, have you, Mac?

His eyes go to that door. McQuigg speaks quickly.

McQUIGG (942)

A confession will be proof.

WELCH (943)

Nick will never confess, Mac.

McQUIGG (944)

He will to me ... before you take
him out of here.Welch and Turck exchange a quick, involuntary glance.
Welch speaks quickly to cover it.

WELCH (945)

Mac. We're here to help.

McQUIGG (946)

We'll help each other. I'll
give you the pleasure of hanging
him, Mr. Prosecutor.Welch gulps, nods to Turck to follow him, and they
saunter to the door. He speaks over shoulder.

WELCH (947)

We'll stick around, Mac.

288 MED. SHOT - McQuigg and Delaney - Delaney looks after
the departed Turck and Welch with misgivings.

DELANEY (948)

They won't stop at anything
now, Captain.

McQUIGG (949)

Do you think I will?They both tense as OVERSCENE comes the SOUND of an
approaching siren. McQuigg hurries to the door.

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE 7TH DISTRICT STATION

289 MED. SHOT - Clark and Schmidt's patrol car comes to a halt by the alley entrance.

INT. BOOKING ROOM

290 FULL SHOT - McQuigg waits grimly by the booking desk. Clark and Schmidt, battered from their drive, walk in with Nick, hands locked behind him. He reacts grimly to the sight of McQuigg.

CLARK (950)

Here he is, Captain.

SCHMIDT (951)

He threw his rod away; another patrolman's looking for it. The other man got away, sir.

McQuigg extends a hand, Schmidt gives him handcuff key.

McQUIGG (952)

This is the one I want.

He unlocks the handcuffs, freeing Nick's hands.

291 ANOTHER ANGLE - Nick has been listening warily.

NICK (953)

Did that chump driver of mine pull something in here?

McQUIGG (954)

Born with an alibi in your mouth!

NICK (955)

Alibi? What is all this, Tom?
A routine roust?

McQuigg (956)

Don't remember a thing, eh?
Maybe I can refresh your memory.

NICK (957)

(grim)
I don't talk without my lawyers.

(CONTINUED)

291 (CONTINUED)

McQUIGG (958)
Your lawyers are probably busy
framing your driver. Who was
he, Nick?

NICK (959)
Breeze Enright.

McQUIGG (960)
I sent Breeze up for ten years,
last winter.

NICK (961)
(drily)
He must have got paroled. You
know how it is.

McQUIGG (962)
What did it cost you?

NICK (963)
Paroles come kinda high in
election years ... so I hear.

McQUIGG (964)
It will be worth it, if you hang
this rap on him.

NICK (965)
Maybe -- if I knew what the rap
was.

McQUIGG (966)
The sooner you know, the sooner
they put the fix in, eh, Nick?

292 WIDER ANGLE - including the door to stairs. They hear
SOUNDS. Davis, papers in hand, enters with Schmidt,
Sullivan and Delaney who eye him angrily.

NICK (967)
Where have you been?

McQUIGG (968-969)
So it's already fixed? Very
foresighted, Nick.

Davis comes up to McQuigg.

DAVIS (970)
I got a writ here.

(CONTINUED)

292 (CONTINUED)

McQUIGG (971)

What are you today, Davis?

Davis exhibits a badge, ready for once, verifies his status with a glance at it.

DAVIS (972)

Deputy Sheriff, Captain, and this is a Habeas Corpus.

McQUIGG (973)

Issued before he did it!

Davis winces, then extends it to McQuigg.

DAVIS (974)

It's all legal, Captain.

McQuigg won't take it. Nick grabs it, extends it.

NICK (975)

Habeas Corpus, it's the law.

293 ANOTHER ANGLE - group. McQuigg tears the writ through, throws it on the floor. Even Delaney and Sullivan react nervously at this.

NICK (976)

You'll get contempt of court!

(to Davis)

Get Welch!

Davis starts for the door.

294 MED. CLOSE SHOT - McQuigg nods to Delaney.

295 WIDER ANGLE - group. Delaney trips Davis. Schmidt snatches him up off the floor roughly.

SCHMIDT (977)

What do you mean, coming in here drunk?

DELANEY (978)

And disorderly .. in a police station!

They throw him roughly back and forth between them.

(CONTINUED)

295 (CONTINUED)

SCHMIDT

And resisting arrest....!

NICK

(shouting)

A frame! A stinking copper frame.

McQUIGG

(to Delaney)

Lock him up till he's sober.

DELANEY

Yes sir.

He indicates Nick, addresses Sullivan.

McQUIGG

Book him; for murder.

Nick, who has been precariously controlling his rage, now loses his head.

NICK

(almost

hysterical rage)

Tearing up writs - framing guys -
booking me for murder - why,
you...dumb copper...

Nick aims a vicious blow at McQuigg's jaw. Acting immediately, McQuigg rolls with the punch, counters another punch, then lands a terrific short punch to the chin which sends Nick backwards in a stumbling attempt to keep his balance. Nick falls to one knee, braces himself for a spring, then looks about him.

295A CLOSE SHOT - Nick on one knee. Looks about him.

NICK

(viciously)

Big brave copper. Sometime maybe
I'll get you on my home ground.

295B MED. SHOT - McQuigg and Nick. Nick rising.

McQUIGG

Any time! Any place! And no
squawks now about police brutality!
I was just protecting myself.(turns to
Sullivan)

Book him!

(CONTINUED)

295B (CONTINUED)

Nick burns in silence as McQuigg turns away.

DISSOLVE

INT. McQUIGG'S OFFICE

296 MED. SHOT - McQuigg is studying Johnson's report at his desk when the hall door bursts open and Welch enters, brandishing the fragments of the Writ of Habeas Corpus. Turck saunters in after him.

WELCH

Have you gone crazy?

McQuigg merely eyes him, speaks into phone.

McQUIGG

Bring Nick up here.

WELCH

You can't tear up a writ of Habeas Corpus.

McQUIGG

I did.

WELCH

The judge will have you suspended.

McQUIGG

He'll bless me for saving his neck.

(CONTINUED)

296 (CONTINUED)

WELCH (990)

This is a Court Order.

McQUIGG (991)

For a murderer. How would it
look in print, just before an
election?

297 ANOTHER ANGLE - group. Turck speaks judiciously.

TURCK (992)

He's got a point, Mr. Welch.

WELCH (993)

You haven't proved murder.

McQUIGG (994)

Make yourself comfortable, Mr.
Prosecutor. I'll be right
back.

He goes out hall door. Welch instantly steps to Turck
and begins whispering earnestly.

INT. DELANEY'S OFFICE

298 MED. SHOT - Ames and Irene are seated together, Ames
much restored. McQuigg enters from front door and
eyes him quizzically.

McQUIGG (995)

Well, Ames?

IRENE (996)

Mac! You can't make him
identify Nick Scanlon.

McQUIGG (997)

I don't have to make him. He's
honest.

She winces, turns pleadingly to Ames who has risen.

IRENE (998)

Dave, you can't!

AMES (999)

I've got to, Irene.

Irene scrutinizes him, shakes her head reluctantly.

IRENE (1000)

Well, if honesty's the style
around here... Can I play?

(CONTINUED)

298 (CONTINUED)

McQUIGG (1001)
Good girl. Now listen...

INT. McQUIGG'S OFFICE

299 MED. SHOT - Nick has been delivered to Welch and Turck. He is whispering to Welch with savage intensity, mindful of Clark who is guarding the hall door.

NICK (1002)
...we'll let Enright take the rap; he can plead self-defense; you get him a second degree sentence and I'll buy him out when things quiet down...

WELCH (1003)
(protestingly)
It isn't that simple, Nick.

NICK (1004)
(ominously)
You're paid to make things simple, Judge.

He breaks off as McQuigg walks in on them. Delaney follows; positions himself to cover Turck.

McQUIGG (1005)
Ready, Mr. Prosecutor?

NICK (1006)
(to Welch)
Cut this comedy and get me out of here.

McQuigg opens door into Delaney's office.

McQUIGG (1007)
In here, please.

300 WIDER ANGLE - including door. Ames and Irene Hayes come in together. Nick reacts at sight of Ames.

McQUIGG (1008)
Do you know this man?

AMES (1009)
Not his name. But I saw him kill Johnson.

(CONTINUED)

300 (CONTINUED)

NICK (1010)
(restrained fury)
Listen, Sonny....

Nick involuntarily starts for him murderously. McQuigg restrains Nick.

301 ANOTHER ANGLE - favoring Irene Hayes. She watches Nick for a moment as he glares at Ames.

IRENE (1011)
(to Nick)
I thought you were so tough.

NICK (1012)
(to nobody
in particular)
What's this tommy doing in here?

IRENE (1013)
(going on)
Fighting with kids. Is that how you got your reputation? Joe didn't think much of you...but at least he always bragged about how tough you were. That was one thing he didn't have to apologize for...

NICK (1014)
What are you talking about,
Dime-A-Dozen?

IRENE (1015)
I'm talking about your brother
Joe -- always apologizing for you.

NICK (1016)
(hurt)
Joe never apologized for me in his life.

IRENE (1017)
All the time. And now it begins to look like you're not even tough...

NICK (1018)
(furious)
Why, you cheap little clip-joint canary... you...

Irene slaps his face hard.

(CONTINUED)

301 (CONTINUED)

IRENE (1019)

You! Big brute like you - kicking
that kid in the face.

NICK (1020)

(before he
thinks)

He got in my way. Nobody gets
in my way.

302 ANOTHER ANGLE - group. The rest react now as Irene
turns in triumph to McQuigg.

IRENE (1021)

There's your confession, Mac.

Welch is badly shaken, sits down.

WELCH (1022)

You didn't tell me you had a
witness.

McQUIGG (1023)

You didn't tell me you had a
phoney writ.

303 WIDER ANGLE - Nick glares at Welch.

NICK (1024)

(menace)

Don't ditch me, Welch.

WELCH (1025)

(making an
effort)

One witness is not conclusive...

He breaks off, staring at the door as if seeing a ghost.

304 ANOTHER ANGLE - including door. Sullivan brings in a
pistol, carefully wrapped in a handkerchief.

SULLIVAN (1026)

They found his gun, Captain.

McQUIGG (1027)

Has it been dusted?

SULLIVAN (1028)

Yes, sir. Lousy with fingerprints.

305 CLOSE SHOT - Nick. He glances involuntarily at his fingers which are still ink-stained.

306 WIDER ANGLE - group - McQuigg indicates desk; Sullivan puts down gun, goes out. McQuigg indicates the gun to the stricken Welch.

McQUIGG (1029)
Exhibit A, Mr. Prosecutor.

NICK (1030)
(threat to
Welch)
Look, Judge. Better get me out
of this!

307 CLOSE SHOT - Welch and Turck.

WELCH (1031)
(whispering)
Phone Connolly.

308 WIDER ANGLE - group. Turck goes out, Delaney covering his every move, ready to shoot. He and McQuigg are the only two in the room who trust each other. Welch has gathered himself a bit.

WELCH (1032)
Captain, I'd like to interview
the prisoner alone.

McQUIGG (1033)
I'm gonna do the same thing...
(thoughtful
pause)
However...you can have him
first.

He opens the door to Delaney's office. Welch and Nick go into it, close the door behind them. McQuigg turns to Ames and Irene.

McQUIGG (cont'd)
You two come with me.

He eyes Delaney who nods, takes Ames and Irene out hall door.

INT. DELANEY'S OFFICE

309 MED. SHOT - Welch and Nick. The strain is telling..

NICK (1034)
Get the Old Man himself!

WELCH (1035)
We're trying.

Turck enters through connecting door..

TURCK (1036)
Phone for you, Mr. Welch.

Welch hurries out after Turck, leaving Nick alone..

310 MED. MOVING SHOT - Nick surveys the room, scrutinizes the high barred window, shakes head, catfoots softly to door to hall, slips stealthily out.. It must appear that he's making a getaway.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE DELANEY'S OFFICE

311 WIDER ANGLE - Nick and Schmidt. Just as Nick clears the door he finds himself looking at Schmidt..

SCHMIDT (1037)
Going somewhere?

Nick goes back into the office.

INT. RECEPTION AREA OUTSIDE McQUIGG'S OFFICE

312 MED. SHOT - at pay phone. Welch has decided to make an issue of this. Turck watches closely.

WELCH (1038)
(into phone)
Now listen, Connolly....

Turck shows a pitying smile as Welch visibly collapses like a deflated balloon.

WELCH (cont'd)
Oh! Excuse me, sir. I thought it was Connolly ... of course, sir. Yes sir.... he's here.
(glances at Turck)
Yes sir.... (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

312 (CONTINUED)

WELCH (cont'd)

(long pause)

Oh... yes sir. Yes sir.
Just as you say.

He hangs up, stricken.

WELCH (cont'd)

That was the Old Man himself.

TURCK (1039)

(casually)

Yeah... I know.

INT. DELANEY'S OFFICE

313 MED. SHOT - Nick is prowling the office. The door opens and Welch and Turck come in.

NICK (1040)

Did you get the Old Man?

WELCH (1041)

(slowly)

Yeah... I got him.

NICK (1042)

(violent
impatience)

Come on. Come on. What did
he say?

As Nick speaks Welch sees McQuigg enter his office and Welch goes to him right away.

WELCH (1043)

(as he goes in)

Mac...I've just got to have a
few more minutes.

He is followed by Nick, then Turck.

INT. McQUIGG'S OFFICE

314

McQUIGG (1044)

(after a moment)

Make it short.

McQuigg goes out. Nick is anxious to hear news as soon as McQuigg leaves. Welch keeps back to Nick.

(CONTINUED)

314 (CONTINUED)

WELCH (1045)

(scared)

Nick - the Old Man says you've
got to stand arrest.

NICK (1046)

(violent)

What's that?

WELCH (1047)

(nervously)

That's what he said ... but
just till after the election.

NICK (1048)

Don't you guys know by now you
can't play games with me?

WELCH (1049)

Better listen to reason, Nick.

NICK (1050)

You better go to the Old Man
again...and this time tell him
something for me. I'm not
holding still for any arrest --
especially in the 7th District.
McQuigg? That guy'd frame me -
if he couldn't do it no other way.

WELCH (1051)

It's no use, Nick. I tried.

NICK (1052)

You tried. You better try
harder, Judge. Or you'll all
swing. Understand what I mean?
Who do you think you're dealing
with - a fall guy, a patsy?

TURCK (1053)

(calmly)

What do you mean, Nick?

NICK (1054)

You know what I mean, you two-
bit crook. Who pays off who
and why - is what I mean.
Where the big bank-roll -- and
the Big Boys are -- New York,
maybe, shall we say? (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

314 (CONTINUED)

NICK (cont'd)

I can give you names, phone numbers, addresses. What's the matter, you think I'm stupid, or something? I was running this town when you cheap jerks were still eating in diners. Want to go back to diners or maybe worse?

TURCK (1055)

(quietly)

You mean you'd talk, Nick?

NICK (1056)

Maybe. About the big graft. About who the Acme Real Estate Company is - and why? The Old Man - he says I got to stand arrest. How would the Old Man like maybe to stand arrest?

Welch flinches. Even Turck shows a vague emotion. All through the next speeches Nick watches the two men narrowly.

TURCK (1057)

He may be right, Mr. Welch.

WELCH (1058)

(gulping)

Yeah. He may be.

TURCK (1059)

We got to help him.

WELCH (1060)

Yeah. But we'll need an alibi...

He beckons Turck; they go quickly to the big back window. Welch jumps up on radiator and opens it. Turck prepares the shade, turns calmly to the watching Nick.

TURCK (1061)

You better tear this shade, like you went out fast.

They jump down. Welch indicates window to Nick.

WELCH (1062)

That's an alley; it's dark now.

(CONTINUED)

314 (CONTINUED)

Nick considers, turns to Turck.

NICK (1063)
Give me your rod.

TURCK (1064)
Sorry, I might need it.

WELCH (1065)
Hurry, Nick ... hurry!

315 WIDER ANGLE - including door to hall. It opens.
McQuigg enters, then stops with well-feigned surprise at
the sight of the open window.

MCQUIGG (1066)
What's up, Welch?

NICK (1067)
Tell him.

He begins to back past the desk toward that window.

WELCH (1068)
(feebly)
Nick! Wait a minute ...

NICK (1069)
I'm through waiting ... I'm
blowing, boys. Now you
double-crossers can double-
cross each other!

MCQUIGG (1070)
Come back here.

NICK (1071)
Not this time.

He snatches his own gun from desk and backs to the
window. McQuigg hunches for a spring.

MCQUIGG (1072)
Give me that.

NICK (1073)
In the belly, if you move.

McQuigg rushes toward him. Nick pulls trigger; it
clicks on empty chamber. He throws it at McQuigg,

(CONTINUED)

315 (CONTINUED)

who ducks, then Nick jumps up on the radiator by the window. He's almost out when Welch speaks.

WELCH (1074)

Turck!

316

ANOTHER ANGLE - Turck pulls a pistol and SHOOTs methodically twice; Nick's body falls back onto floor. Turck breaks his pistol, blows the smoke out, pockets gun, opens a fresh piece of gum and bites it with relish as Delaney comes in.

TURCK (1075)

It was the second one that got him.

MCQUIGG (1076)

You gave me a bad minute.

TURCK (1077)

(sincerely)

Didn't you have this figured?

MCQUIGG (1078)

Till he grabbed that gun. I didn't know it wasn't loaded.

He wipes his forehead. Delaney speaks apologetically.

DELANEY (1079)

I did that, Captain; safer.

He exhibits the bullets in his hand. McQuigg nods.

MCQUIGG (1080)

You might have told me.

(calls to
window)

SULLIVAN.

317

WIDER ANGLE - including window. Sullivan, gun in hand, comes in thru window where he was waiting for Nick; eyes the corpse approvingly.

SULLIVAN (1081)

Just as you thought, Captain.

MCQUIGG (1082)

(to Welch)

I hope I haven't made you our next Governor.

(CONTINUED)

317 (CONTINUED)

Welch has recovered somewhat, looks dazedly at McQuigg.

WELCH

You thought this all out.

McQUIGG

Sometimes cops can think.

TURCK

(matter-of-factly; looking down at Nick)

They always go too far.

318 ANOTHER ANGLE - including door to reception area. A cough is heard. Davis appears, stares at Nick's corpse and then turns diffidently to Welch.

DAVIS

I guess -- I guess you won't need another writ, Mr. Welch.

McQUIGG

Davis, aren't you a coroner?

Davis' face lights up; he whips out another badge.

DAVIS

Deputy Coroner.

318A CLOSE SHOT - Nick Scanlon's body, sprawled on the floor, while a policeman is seen casually stepping over it.

INT. ANTE-ROOM - STATION

319 CLOSE SHOT - at pay phone. Ames is speaking into phone, for once decisive and angry.

AMES

You can't fire me -- I quit!

He slams down phone, turns from it.

320 WIDER ANGLE - Irene is seated on the bench watching him. McQuigg has just emerged from his door and heard it all. Ames turns for door, shredding his notebook on the floor as he goes.

McQUIGG

Where are you going, son?

(CONTINUED)

320 (CONTINUED)

AMES

Back to do some real writing.

IRENE

Write a story for me, will you?

He hesitates, relapsing into his old irresolution.

AMES

All of 'em, if you want.

IRENE

(steeling
herself)Just one. I was only honest
once.He looks at her appealingly; she keeps her face stony.
He goes slowly out door to street.

321 ANOTHER ANGLE - McQuigg and Irene. He speaks gruffly.

McQUIGG

I'd say you got the habit.

IRENE

(almost crying)
Mac, does it get easier?

McQUIGG

No, it doesn't. And yet...

IRENE

I get it. Thanks, Mac.

She walks slowly to door and goes out.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

321A As Irene emerges. The street is deserted. Irene walks
slowly and sadly down the street, and we point up her
aloneness for a moment.321B CLOSE MOVING SHOT - Irene. She lights a cigarette,
walks along lost in thought.

AMES' VOICE

Irene.

Irene looks off, suppresses a smile of relief. Speaks
in an irritated voice.

(CONTINUED)

321B (CONTINUED)

IRENE

You, again!

CAMERA WIDENS to include Ames, who comes to Irene from a dark doorway, where he's been waiting. They start off walking, CAMERA MOVING WITH them.

AMES

(after a moment)

Don't you think we could even make a try at it?

IRENE

(slowly)

Well...I guess you can't blame anybody for trying.

Ames looks at her with a relieved smile. She takes his arm. CAMERA HOLDS as they move off down the dark deserted street.

BACK TO:

INT. ANTE-ROOM - STATION

322

Craig, Foster, Mitchell and Harris enter from street, come up to McQuigg.

CRAIG

Are Mr. Welch and a Sergeant Turck here?

McQUIGG

They're busy now.

CRAIG

Mr. Welch will see me.

(CONTINUED)

322 (CONTINUED)

MCQUIGG (1102)

Yeah? And who might you be?

Craig simply thrusts a paper into McQuigg's hands.

323 ANOTHER ANGLE - McQuigg glances at paper, suddenly begins to grin, takes Craig by the arm.

MCQUIGG (1103)

I've been hoping to meet you.

CAMERA TRUCKS WITH him as he takes Craig to door of his office; it opens and Delaney hurries out. McQuigg calls through door.

MCQUIGG (cont'd)

Mr. Welch, you have callers.

324 ANOTHER ANGLE - at door. Welch appears at once looking annoyed, then recognizes Craig, speaks condescendingly.

WELCH (1104)

Oh, hello, Harry. I'm sorry I
can't help you boys just now ...
I'm very busy ... perhaps
tomorrow ...

He makes gesture of closing door. Craig puts a foot in it, speaks respectfully but firmly.

CRAIG (1105)

One question, Mr. Welch?

WELCH (1106)

Well?

CRAIG (1107)

When did you become a
stockholder in the Acme Real
Estate Co.?

325 CLOSE SHOT - Welch. He reacts with horror.

326 WIDER ANGLE - Welch steps back, speechless. Craig and the others quietly file into the door after him, and close the door.

327

MED. SHOT - McQuigg. The Captain goes into his own office, followed by Delaney. McQuigg gets his hat and top coat as Delaney speaks.

DELANEY

Anything more, Captain?

McQuigg goes out into the ante-room, putting on his coat, assisted by Delaney - as he speaks.

328

INT. ANTE-ROOM - PAN SHOT - McQuigg and Delaney.

MCQUIGG

(ironical)

Anything more? Yes - a lot more for Welch - and Turck. The machinery finally caught up with them.

DELANEY

Machinery?

MCQUIGG

Justice. It's a kind of machine - a slow machine. Boys like Welch and Turck are always throwing sand into it - getting it out of gear. Why do we let 'em, Delaney? You, me, - the public. I get mighty sick and tired of it. Constant fight...constant struggle...

DELANEY

(concerned at
McQuigg's tone)

You better get some rest, Captain.

As Delaney speaks they go out through the door.

EXT. POLICE STATION

329

McQuigg and Delaney.

MCQUIGG

(wearily)

Yeah. Rest. But tomorrow it starts all over again.

CAMERA MOVES INTO CLOSE SHOT of McQuigg as he moves down the steps to the street - his face is lined with weariness. Then he looks off, reacts, brightening a little.

EXT..STATION

330 McQuigg's car at the curb. Mary is in it, waiting. He crosses to her - opens the door, gets into the driver's seat.

INT. CAR - McQUIGG AND MARY

331 Mary smiles at him: After a moment, he smiles back. The weariness has left his face. He starts the car and drives off.

FADE OUT

THE END

by

W. R. Burnett.

FADE IN

THE CITY - DAWN - (STOCK)

- A-1 BIG PANORAMIC SHOT of tall buildings. The sun hasn't yet risen and there are lights in some of the buildings. The CAMERA PANS SLOWLY ACROSS the big cityscape, showing its immensity.

LAP DISSOLVE

- A-2 LONG SHOT - FROM A HEIGHT - (STOCK) - DOWN a long deserted vista of a downtown street. The street lights are still lit. They go out, as a milk truck appears and comes down street.

NARRATOR

This is an American city -- big,
clean, prosperous -- slowly
awaking to a new day ...

LAP DISSOLVE

MONTAGE:

A SERIES OF SCENES - (STOCK)

- A-3 Various shots of different districts as City awakes and goes about its business.

NARRATOR

The streets fill with millions
of workers - going about their
own affairs - unaware that
their city is menaced by the
arms of an Octopus -- arms
which reach into almost every
branch of activity. The
Octopus is crime - gangsterism
in high places - political
corruption ...

LAP DISSOLVE

EXT. NEWSTAND - DAY

A-4 Two men walk up to buy a paper.

1ST MAN

Did the ball team hit the headlines again today?

2ND MAN

(with paper; -
irony)

Naw! Crime Commission ...!
Going to clean things up.

The two men laugh.

A-5 CLOSE SHOT - headline in paper:

CRIME COMMISSION MEETING WITH GOVERNOR -
HOT SESSION EXPECTED.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STATE CAPITOL - DAY

A-6 FULL SHOT - Capitol Building

DISSOLVE THRU
TO

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - CAPITOL BUILDING

A-7 GROUP SHOT - Governor at his desk. Three members of the Crime Commission grouped round him. The Governor is a grim-looking, big, gray-haired man.

1ST MEMBER

Governor, the time has come when we must have your help. Local crime we can deal with. But it is no longer a question of that. The big Syndicate - national in scope - has already moved into our city and is starting to operate.

GOVERNOR

I'm for you - you all know that. But I've got my problems, too, gentlemen. We've got to be precise in separating the sheep from the goats - I can't act on vague accusations.

(CONTINUED)

A-7 (CONTINUED)

Governor's aide enters.

AIDE

Mr. Craig is here.

1ST MEMBER

Have him come in.

Aide stands aside and Harry Craig enters carrying newspaper.

1ST MEMBER (cont'd)

Governor - this is our Chief Investigator, Harry Craig.

GOVERNOR

How do you do, Craig.
(indicates chair
opposite his desk)

CRAIG

(sitting)
How do you do, sir.

GOVERNOR

Sit down. Let's have the dirt.

Craig looks enquiringly at 1st Member of Commission.

1ST MEMBER

Go ahead, Harry.

CRAIG

(nods)
Governor, I don't suppose you've seen our morning papers....?

GOVERNOR

(nods)
I see we made the headlines.
(smiles grimly -
then:)
What's really happening?

CRAIG

Big stuff. But I'd like to begin by calling your attention to a small item buried in the back.

(slaps the paper)

It says that Police Captain Tom McQuigg has been transferred again, this time to precinct seven.

(CONTINUED)

A-7 (CONTINUED)

GOVERNOR

Yes....?

CRAIG

Captain McQuigg is an honest, hard-hitting and able police official....not a black mark on his record. He would be an ideal Inspector.... Chief, even! Instead his promotion is held up - and he's moved from district to district....

GOVERNOR

(cutting in)
Proving what?

CRAIG

.... the power of the underworld in running our civic affairs. Official corruption is helping promote crime. McQuigg is an honest cop, therefore an enemy - therefore he gets pushed around.

GOVERNOR

Who does the pushing?

CRAIG

The men the underworld elect.

GOVERNOR

You have proof....?

CRAIG

We're working on it. First, there is Nick Scanlon, the old boss of the rackets. He has operated in our city for years. He calls it his city. But now he's part of a syndicate. A very smooth, very big time operation.

1ST MEMBER

(to Governor)

.... the syndicate, as I explained to you, Governor - is run by a very powerful but unknown gentleman referred to only as the Old Man....

(CONTINUED)

A-7 (CONTINUED)

GOVERNOR

(noncommittal)

So you said.

(to Craig)

Well?

CRAIG

This syndicate hopes to operate unchecked as a vast monopoly - controlling all gambling, all vice, all rackets and the millions of dollars that entails - thousands of which will be used for purposes of bribery.... Right now they've got the prosecutor in their pocket....

1ST MEMBER

Mortimer Welch.

CRAIG

They're running him for judge. Once he's on the bench....!

Waves his hands in a gesture which says: that will be it.

GOVERNOR

Serious charges, Craig. You have to prove them.

CRAIG

We need the cooperation of the prosecutor. The prosecutor happens to be Mortimer Welch -- so that is hopeless.... We need the power of subpoena. Above all, Governor - our biggest need is to break our evidence just before the election....in order to stop this barefaced steal of the city....

GOVERNOR

(after some
pondering)

Gentlemen, let me say this.... I'm with you to the finish. I'll take up the matter of subpoenas at once. But in regard to all the rest, I must have proof - absolute proof. Give it to me and you have my word, I'll go with you all the way down the line.

Governor rises. Meeting breaks up.

RKO RADIO PICTURES, Inc.
RADIO STUDIOS
Inter-Department Communication

ALL DEPARTMENTS

Date June 15, 1951

PRODUCTION DEPARTMENT

THE RACKET
Subject (Added Scenes)

Scenes A1-A2-A6 are Stock Shots.

Scenes 8-8C-54-55-56-57-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-114-115-
116-117-118-173-244-245-264-265-266-296-317-318-
319-320-321-322 have already been shot and are
only to be used as a continuity guide.

The following scenes are to be shot:

A4-A5-A6-A7-8A-8B-8D-9-10-11-12-13-54A-54B-95A-
97A-97B-97C-97D-97E-97F-97G-97H-97I-97J-97K-97L-
97M-97N-97-O-97P-97Q-97R-97S-97T-97U-97V-97W-
97X-97Y-97Z-115A-172-245A-259A-265A-295-295A-
295B-318A-321A-321B.