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"ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"

5/12/38

TEMP.

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1 SCRIPT

5/12/38

Title "ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"

TEMP.

Signed _____

"ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"

SCREEN PLAY

by

JOHN WEXLEY

and

WARREN DUFF

Based on an Original
by Rowland Brown

"ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"

".... that after all, the fundamental problem is not building isolated playgrounds for the slum children, but rooting out the evil influences that make for slums ... destroying the corruption that maintains the physical and moral filth that are inherent in the slums; that the impressionable boys who have such a bitter life to start with ... are further embittered and encouraged to crime by the glorified examples they see in high office, flagrantly disobeying the law and flagrantly getting away with it."

RECEIVED
MAY 15 1936
MAY 15 1936

C H A R A C T E R S

ROCKY SULLIVAN JAMES CAGNEY
ROCKY SULLIVAN (AS A BOY)
JERRY CONNELLY PAT O'BRIEN
JERRY CONNELLY (AS A BOY)
LAURA MARTIN (AS A YOUNG GIRL)
LAURA FERGUSON
JAMES FRAZIER
MAC KEEFER
SOAPY
SWING
BIM

Railroad guards and detectives - Rocky's
father - magistrate - slum kids - body-
guards - policemen - politicians - editors -
night-club patrons - landlady - reporters -
police lieutenant - prison guards - etc.

FADE IN

1. On an ESTABLISHING SHOT of a slum street in a great American city. Squalid tenements over a narrow, dark canyon cluttered with push-carts, the jumbled trash and filth of broken boxes, garbage and slum children; a teeming humanity swirling in and around the push-carts and shops, bargaining in a dozen strange tongues for its meagre scraps of existence. From a hundred, rusty fire-escapes, fly the banners of the slums -- the patched sheets, the torn washing, the soggy mattresses and pillows put out to air.

SHOOTING THRU the iron bars of a stoop railing, at two boys as they stand gazing idly at the busy life about them. They are both about the same age -- fourteen or fifteen -- the shorter one red-haired and known as ROCKY SULLIVAN - the other, taller and darkhaired, with the prosaic name of JERRY, both undeniably of Irish extraction, standing slouching, hands in pockets. We sense immediately their boredom and restlessness.

ROCKY:

(spits expertly - then
with an air of disgust)

Dead as a deer-nail ... !

JERRY:

(after a meditative
pause)

How 'bout seein' a picture, Rocky?
They got a good one over at the
Academy on Fourteenth Street ...

ROCKY:

(without much interest)

Yeah ... what?

JERRY:

The 'Covered Wagon' ... it's brand
new. Just come out.

ROCKY:

Got any dough?

JERRY:

No ... You got any?

ROCKY:

(shortly)

No.

A slight pause and Rocky spits again. Jerry looks off and reacts.

2. LONG SHOT (BOYS IN P.G.)

Two young school girls approaching, both about thirteen or fourteen. They carry schoolbooks; they are apparently returning from school.

JERRY:

Say, Rocky, there's Laury Martin coming ...

ROCKY:

(looking off - but
disguises his interest
with a shrug)

So what -- ?

3. ANOTHER ANGLE

as the girls pass, very conscious of the boys' presence. Rocky assumes the attitude and manner of the usual drug-store cowboy and remarks to Jerry, loud enough for Laura to hear:

ROCKY:

That ain't a bad lookin' blonde
... the one in the middle ...

4. ANOTHER ANGLE

as Laury stops and turns on Rocky. Secretly, she is pleased with Rocky's attention, but she pretends to be indignant.

LAURY:

Now don't be so smart-alecky,
Rocky Sullivan.

ROCKY:

(acting the aloof adult)
Go on, beat it, pig-tails ...
(then, still acting
the big-shot - to Jerry)
Say, let's march over to Murphy's
pool-room.

JERRY:

(worried - whispers
quietly)
That Bridge Street gang might see
us before we get into Murphy's.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.)

ROCKY:

(loudly - for
Laury's benefit)That Bridge Street mob? Who's
worried about them? Just let 'em
try somethin'.

(starts off)

Come on ...

As they pass the girls, Rocky swaggers by but glances
out of the corner of his eye to see the effect on Laury.

DISSOLVE TO:

5. LONG SHOT BRIDGE STREET

at the far end of which is a vortical sign, reading:

MURPHY'S

POOL

&

BILLIARDS

6. FOLLOW SHOT ROCKY AND JERRY

in f.g. walking. In spite of their defiant bearing, it
is evident that both boys are exceedingly worried, for
they realize they are in the midst of alien territory.
Their smiles are really forced and they keep casting
watchful, sidelong glances all about them.

ROCKY:

(sniggeringly)

Prob'ly get wind we were comin'
and got cold feet ...

JERRY:

(lugubricously)

Hope so ...

CUT TO:

7. MED. SHOT IN NEARBY ALLEY

where five or six boys of a similar age are engrossed
over a penny crap game. Suddenly a small, ragged
urchin rushes up and interrupts them.

(CONTINUED)

7 (Cont.)

SMALL BOY:

(excitedly)

Hey, fellers. Who d'ya think's
comin' ... ? A couple mugs from
the Dock Street mob ... !

All react excitedly.

TALL BOY:

Who's the mugs?

SMALL BOY:

That Rocky Sullivan and his pal,
Jerry Connolly.

ANOTHER BOY:

Just the two alone?

SMALL BOY:

Yeah ... just the two.

THIRD BOY:

Boy, oh boy - oh boy ... ! Wait'll
we ... !

8. CLOSE SHOT AN ALLEY REFUSE HEAP NEARBY

Dirty hands with broken fingernails pick up bottles,
cans, pieces of wood from the heap. OVER SHOT are heard
excited and exultant voices of the hunters' pack in
anticipation of the prey, ad libbing.

CUT TO:

9. FOLLOW SHOT IN BRIDGE STREET ROCKY AND JERRY

their eyes moving from side to side, as they cast cau-
tious looks into doorways and alleys.

JERRY:

(nervously)

What d'ya say, Rocky? Let's run
for the peel-room ...

ROCKY:

(disdainfully)

Na-a. What for? Ruttin' to worry
about.

(suddenly steps off
sidewalk into gutter)

It's a lot safer here in the gutter.
They can't drop a brick on ya from
the roof so easy ...

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.)

Suddenly they stop short.

10. LONG SHOT FROM THEIR ANGLE

Ahead of them, slowly advancing, are four or five huskies armed with bottles and sticks.

11. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY AND JERRY

exchanging significant looks. They instinctively turn and look about.

12. LONG SHOT AT THEIR REAR JERRY AND ROCKY IN F.G.

Five or six additional enemies, similarly armed, cutting off their retreat.

ROCKY:

(between his teeth)

They're gainin' up ... Jerry, we
gotta scam ... !

They start back the way they came, but it is too late.

13. GROUP SHOT FIGHT WITH JERRY AND ROCKY

in the midst of the melee... Fierce and libbing from the Bridge Street hoodlums, with snarling insults from Rocky. Jerry, with his lean reach, is having the easier time of it, while Rocky is being hooped in by the others.

ROCKY:

(snaps)

Hey, Jerry, chase back home and get
the gang over... I'll hold off these
snotty ...

Just then someone cleuts him over the head with a stick and Rocky staggers. In a moment, Jerry is at his side, defending him. Jerry manages to wrest a stick from one of the others, and keeping them off with it, whispers, hearsely, to his bleeding chum.

JERRY:

We'll try to break through ...

ROCKY:

Let's go ...

(CONTINUED)

13 (Cont.)

They crash through the ring of their enemies and start back home, the others at their heels.

WIPE TO:

14. MED. SHOT CORNER DOCK AND BRIDGE STREETS
as Jerry and Rocky come tearing around the corner.

15. LONG SHOT CORNER JERRY AND ROCKY IN F.G.
as others come up and stop at corner.

ROCKY:
(defiantly)
Come on, ya nugs ...

16. CLOSE SHOT GROUP ON CORNER

TALL BOY:
Don't let 'at monkey fool ya ...
They got their mob hidin' some-
place just to get us.

And at Rocky, he signals a loud razzberry.

17. MED. SHOT BRIDGE STREET GANG IN B.G.

Rocky takes Jerry's stick and hurls it at them. They duck the stick by disappearing around the corner.

ROCKY:
Scram!

Then, laughing, he turns to Jerry.

18. TWO SHOT

as Rocky stares at Jerry's forehead.

ROCKY:
Say, ya got a real cut on your eye,
Jerry ...

Over Jerry's right eyebrow is a gash, bleeding slightly. Jerry puts up his hand instinctively to feel it.

(CONTINUED)

18 (Cont.)

JERRY:
Is it bleedin' much?

ROCKY:
(coming close to
examine it)
No ... it ain't deep ... it's just
opened up. But you might need
stitches.

JERRY:
Not me ... I can't stand 'em ...

ROCKY:
They don't hurt much. I got twenty-
three all at one time once.

JERRY:
I'll just wash it out ...

ROCKY:
There's an outside faucet down near
the tracks ...

JERRY:
Okay ...

DISSOLVE TO:

19. LONG SHOT RAILROAD FREIGHT YARD

with the two boys in the l.o., making their way over
the tracks and rails. Long trains of freight-cars are
standing motionless on the track.

20. TRUCK SHOT ROCKY AND JERRY

as they walk along, reading the stencilled names on the
cars.

21. INSERTS:

"CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO"
"TEXAS AND SOUTH-WESTERN"
"CANADIAN-PACIFIC"
"FLORIDA-SEABOARD"

22. CLOSE SHOT (MOVING)

of the two boys, as they take in the names of the distant places with wide-eyed longing.

ROCKY:

Say, maybe this winter we might hop one of them freights down to Florida...

JERRY:

(with wonder)

They say you can go swimmin' there even in January.

Rocky:

ROCKY:

Sure ... we could even hop all the way to California, if we wanted ...

23. ANOTHER ANGLE MOVING SHOT

of a loaded coal gondola as the boys pass it.

ROCKY'S VOICE:

(OVER scene)

Too bad it ain't winter... We could grab a couple bags of that coal ...

The adjacent freight car bears the stenciled inscription, reading:

"EVENWATER FOUNTAIN PEN CO."
HARTFORD, CONN'.

CAMERA HOLDS on this and PULLS BACK TO include boys, who have stopped walking. Rocky looks about sharply and then crosses to the padlocked doors of the freight; Jerry at his side. Rocky fingers the lock for an instant, then peers into the interior, through the crack of the door.

ROCKY:

(whispers)

It's loaded full of cases... Fountain pens! Hundreds of 'em!

(then, with a jerk of

his head to the padlock)

We could break that old lock easy ...

JERRY:

(anxiously)

Maybe we shouldn't, Rocky... We don't need these pens... It ain't like stealin' coal to keep warm ...

(CONTINUED)

23 (Cont.)

ROCKY:

(scornfully)

We can sell 'em, can't we?

(as Jerry hesitates

- dominantly)

Listen ... what we don't take ... we ain't got. Come on, let's find a heavy spike to bust that lock open...

WIPE TO:

24. INT. FREIGHT CAR

where we see Rocky and Jerry in the darkness, standing over a broken case of fountain pens, stuffing and cramming handfuls of fountain pens into their pockets, caps and their shirts. Only a narrow streak of light from the door crack falls on them.

ROCKY:

(excitedly)

Gee ... we can sell 'em easy for a nickel a piece, down in front of the school. Everybody'll buy 'em. We'll clean up!

CUT TO:

25. EXT. TRACKS

MOVING SHOT of yard watchman, strolling by on duty. He peers under trains, looking for trespassers. Suddenly he steps short as he overhears a voice. He notices the broken pallet on the fountain-pen freight car. He blows a whistle and stands at the freight-door, his club poised to strike.

26. CLOSE SHOT BOYS

inside freight car, freezing with fright.

27. LONG SHOT GUARD IN F.G.

as two other guards come running up.

28. MED. SHOT INT. CAR FROM BOYS' ANGLE

as guards outside open doors and throw flashlight-beams

(continued)

28 (Cont.)

into the darkness. The two boys are crouching low, behind a pile of cases.

GUARDS' VOICES:

(ad libbing)

Just a coupla kids... I heard 'em...
Come on outa there ... !
You hoodlums ain't gonna git away
this time ... !

ROCKY:

(whispers determinedly)

We gotta make a break for it, Jerry
... right now.

CUT TO:

29. EXT. BY FREIGHT CAR

Guards still ad libbing, shouting warnings for the boys to come out, when suddenly two slim forms leap out over the heads of the startled guards and run for dear life, the watchmen hard on their heels.

WIPE TO:

30. LONG SHOT DOCK STREET

as Rocky and Jerry race naddly from around a corner toward CAMERA, followed closely by the shouting railroad guards, who have been joined by a uniformed policeman. Jerry is in the lead, with Rocky just behind him.

ROCKY:

(panting)

The alley ... the back way ... to
the hideout.

Jerry turns suddenly and darts into a nearby alley, Rocky after him and their pursuers a few dozen yards behind.

WIPE TO:

31. ALLEY

as Jerry and Rocky race to the fence at one end of it. Jerry jumps and pulls himself up, just as Rocky reaches it and the police and guards enter the alley.

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.)

JERRY:
 (from top of the fence)
 Come on, Rocky - jump.

32. MED. SHOT AT FENCE

Rocky makes a wild leap, catches the top and is just drawing himself up when strong hands seize his legs and pull him down.

DISSOLVE TO:

33. INT. BASEMENT

as Jerry rushes down some alley steps and hurries past coal-bins, storage rooms, old furniture and mattresses, through the murky darkness to the boiler room.

34. INT. HIDEOUT

as Jerry enters. There are a number of dirty boxes and onion baskets which serve as seats; a make-shift table out of box-wood; some stolen lanterns and other junk against the background of the steam boilers, pipes and water-tanks.

Jerry lights one of the lanterns and sits down on a box to catch his breath. After a moment, he becomes worried about Rocky -- his expression is one of concern as he waits impatiently for his pal.

In a moment he brightens up as he hears quick footsteps -- and tenses as they come closer.

JERRY:
 (whispers in the direction of the approaching steps)
 Rocky? That you?

But a smaller boy appears, wearing a ragged sweater much too big for him.

BOY:
 (excitedly)
 They caught me, Jerry! The cops get Rocky... They pulled him off to the cooler... But you shoulda seen Rocky fightin' 'em...!

As Jerry's expression shows shock and pained disappointment -

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

35. INSERT:

Sign at the entrance of an old red brick building, reading:

S. P. C. C.
Detention Building
for
Delinquent Boys

36. INT. CORRIDOR

as Rocky, led by an elderly uniformed attendant, leads the way to a door bearing the legend: "Visitors' Room".

WIPE TO:

37. INT. VISITORS' ROOM

as Rocky enters, looks around and sees Jerry waiting for him. The Visitors' Room is a large room, containing chairs and small tables all around the walls, with nothing in the center. Another uniformed attendant stands at guard, gazing out of a window while smoking a pipe.

There are a number of visitors, among whom is a plump negress talking volubly to her son. At another table, an Italian father and mother with their son, the mother tearful and sobbing; the father clad in his brick-layer's clothes; and other typical characters.

Over Jerry's right eyebrow is a strip of adhesive tape protecting the cut.

38. MED. SHOT BY WALL

as Rocky greets Jerry eagerly.

ROCKY:
(with a grin)
Hi'ya, Jerry ...

JERRY:
(worriedly)
All right. How they treatin' ya,
Rocky?

(CONTINUED)

38 (Cont.)

ROCKY:

Like a prince. Three square meals
a day ... real butter on the bread
... Gotta life! You comin' to my
trial tomorrow... ?

Jerry's face clouds. He looks off, first to see that
the guard is beyond ear-shot, then whispers.

JERRY:

Listen, Rocky ... I been worryin'
about this, all last night. I
can't let you take the whole blame.
They'll send you to the Reform
School for two years.

ROCKY:

(snorts)

What's two years? Forget it.

JERRY:

But I can't forget it. Looka, Rocky,
we been together since we was little
kids ... Why can't we stick together
in this, too? I'll tell 'em I was in
on it and they'll send us up together.

ROCKY:

(hushes him)

Pipe down ... you want that flatfoot
to hear ya ...?

(then tersely)

Now get this ... You got away, didn't
ya? Okay ... don't be a sucker.

JERRY:

Yeah - but Rocky, maybe if I told 'em
I was in on it with you, they'd be
easier on you.

ROCKY:

(snorts)

They would in a pig's eye. Now listen
... just because you can run a little
faster'n me ain't no reason why you
gotta keep eatin' yourself.

JERRY:

But it ain't fair to you ...

ROCKY:

Look -- so they'll send me up. So
what! What've I got to lose? Me old
man's got troubles enough without me.
Forget it. It's the breaks. I got
caught and you got away. That's all.

(CONTINUED)

38 (Cont.1)

JERRY:

(making one last
desperate appeal)

But look, Rocky, if I got caught and you were the one who got away... I'll bet you wouldn't keep quiet. You'd make 'em send you up, too.

Rocky hesitates for a moment. Jerry's guess is correct, but he plays hard-boiled.

ROCKY:

Go on ... what do ya think I am ...? A boy-scout! If you got caught instead o' me, it'd be just your hard luck. I'd lay dead, just like you're gonna do.

JERRY:

(hurt)

Ya would?

ROCKY:

Sure ... Always remember - don't be a sucker.

DISSOLVE TO:

39. INT. JUVENILE COURT

A rather small room, where juvenile cases are informally heard. A few chairs for defendant, attorney and witnesses face a large, flat desk on the same floor-level, behind which sits the magistrate with a stenographer on one side and a clerk on the other.

Rocky is seated facing the Judge. Behind him is seated an elderly, tired-looking man with drooping shoulders - his father. Nearby is Jerry, listening anxiously. A uniformed policeman is at the door, and standing, facing the magistrate is the railroad attorney, representing the plaintiff, a hard-bitten type who is completely oblivious to Rocky's youth and who states his charge with as much vehemence as if he were asking the conviction of a hardened criminal.

ATTORNEY:

... And, your Honor .. it is essential to consider that this petty larceny charge is not the defendant's initial offense. He has appeared previously before Your Honor on a similar charge and gone scott-free on a suspended sentence. And above all, this flagrant petty thievery of the railroad must not continue ...

40. CLOSE SHOT JUDGE

as the attorney's voice comes OVER SHOT.

ATTORNEY'S VOICE:

(continuing)

... these undisciplined, lawless
slum brats must be taught respect
for law and order.

CAMERA PANS ACROSS the faces of the sullen Rocky and
STOPS on his father.

PULL BACK TO:

41. GROUP SHOT

as Judge addresses Mr. Sullivan.

JUDGE:

Your son is an orphan, Mr. Sullivan?

MR. SULLIVAN:

(sadly - with a slight
trace of brogue)

He is that, Your Honor, iver since
his mother passed on when he was
nothin' but a baby ... God rest her
soul.

JUDGE:

And you have admitted that it is
impossible for you personally to
guide him properly under the pre-
sent conditions?

MR. SULLIVAN:

(wags his head sadly)

I've tried me best, Your Honor, to
bring the lad up decent, but bein'
I'm workin' nights and have to sleep
in the day ... it's too much fer me
to try to keep him off the streets ...

JUDGE:

I see ...

(to Rocky - with
finality)

Anything you want to say for your-
self, son?

42. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

as he maintains a sullen silence. Behind him Jerry

(CONTINUED)

42 (Cont.)

looks on in agony. His lips are tightly compressed.
CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE -

JUDGE:

"Well, I'm sorry, son ... there's
no other course for me to follow ..."

43. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

coughs nervously. Rocky turns slightly and sees Jerry fidgeting restlessly, about to say something. He gives Jerry a sharp, stern look.

JUDGE'S VOICE:

(OVER SHOT)

I'll have to commit you to the State
Reform School until you are sixteen...

Jerry tenses, but under Rocky's stern look, keeps an agonized silence.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Judge as he starts to write on the form in front of him.

INSERT:

of Judge's hand writing:

"Sullivan, William - aged fourteen -
Guilty of Petty Larceny. Committed
to State Reform School for Juvenile
Delinquency.

DISSOLVE TO:

44. MONTAGE SHOTS

using for the basic theme: A hand writing on a police record filing card -- and as the hand writes, the following shots are superimposed:

POLICE RECORD

SULLIVAN, WILLIAM
ALIAS
"ROCKY" SULLIVAN

PETTY LARCENY:
Warrington Reform School -
Two Years

SUPERIMPOSED
CLOSE SHOT of
Reform School

(CONTINUED)

44 (Cont.)

ASSAULT AND HOLD-UP State Reformatory - Three Years	<u>SUPERIMPOSED</u> Stock SHOT of State Reformatory
GRAND LARCENY: County Prison - One Year	<u>SUPERIMPOSED</u> Stock SHOT of County Prison
ILLEGAL ENTRY, GRAND LARCENY: State Penitentiary - Five Years - Paroled After Three Years	<u>SUPERIMPOSED</u> Stock SHOT of State Penitentiary
VIOLATION - VOLSTEAD ACT: No conviction	<u>SUPERIMPOSED</u> SHOT of Gangsters Blowing up a 'Speak'- Rocky (now played by Cagney) in the Leader- ship
MANSLAUGHTER: No conviction	<u>SUPERIMPOSED</u> SHOT of Rocky with others, hi-jacking and machine-gunning rival gangsters
FEDERAL VIOLATION: No Conviction	<u>SUPERIMPOSED</u> SHOT of Rocky spend- ing money in gambling clubs; drinking in association with beautiful dames
RACKETEERING - INTIMIDATION: Trial Pending	

DISSOLVE TO:

45. INT. PRISON VISITORS' CAGE

as Rocky is seen conferring with his attorney, Frazier. The latter, about thirty-five years old, possesses a well-cared-for appearance and suave manner that successfully disguises a shrewdness, cunning and illimitable ambition. They speak in low voices.

ROCKY:

Yeah ... but why should I be the
fall-guy and take the rap, Frazier?

46. CLOSE SHOT FRAZIER

as he protests with pained glibness.

FRAZIER:

But there's no way out, Rocky. Now, be sensible -- if they get me too ... I'll not only be disbarred but they'll check up on my vault box and grab that two hundred grand. This way, I'll get you only three years at the most ...

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Rocky. He studies his partner in crime carefully. Rocky frowns.

ROCKY:

Three years in the State Pen ain't no picnic. Sure, you rattle it off -- only three years, but you'll be havin' it soft ...

47. TWO SHOT FAVORING FRAZIER

FRAZIER:

(unctiously)

I know it's a tough break, Rocky ... but I'm not going to mark time. I'm going to scout around ... make the right connections - not only for me ... for both of us.

(with plaintive
sincerity)

Understand?

48. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

as Frazier hesitates - scrutinizes him steadily.

ROCKY:

Yeah. Okay, Frazier ... I take the rap, but you take care of that hundred G's. I know you're a smart lawyer ... but

(slowly - menacingly)

don't be smart with me.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Frazier, protesting with a hurt expression.

FRAZIER:

Now listen, Rocky ...

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont.)

ROCKY:

(ominously)

No -- you listen, Frazier, and remember ... three years at the most ... If it's any more, I'll drag you into it ...

FRAZIER:

I've got it all fixed ... Nothing to worry about.

(he extends his hand cheerily)

ROCKY:

(as he slowly takes it)

Except that hundred G's. I want that the day I get out... And don't even think of tryin' a double X on me ...

As they shake hands -

DISSOLVE TO:

49. INSERT: PRISON RECORD BOOK

Entry page, which is half filled with names.

A hand records the entry of:

"Sullivan, Wm. (Alias - Rocky):

Sentence - Two Years

The book is closed. CAMERA HOLDS on it an instant.

Then - a hand opens it and turns to the page bearing Rocky's entry date, which is now followed by hundreds of subsequent entries. The hand moves down the name column and pauses at Rocky's name. It moves along to a column and writes in the one word: "Discharged".

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

50. On the same SHOT as the opening - the same slum street with all its depressing squalor and drabness. There has been little change in the passage of years ... if anything, there is only more dreariness, more dirt, more wretchedness.

51. LONG SHOT STREET ANOTHER ANGLE

concentrates on the spire of the parish church.

WIPE TO:

52. FULL SHOT EXT. OF CHURCH

A small Roman Catholic church, rather old, of grey, weather-beaten stone, crowded in between the ancient tenements, as if burdened with all the weight of misery and wretchedness surrounding it. But, through the thousand harsh, discordant noises of the slum street -- the sound of music is heard ... the singing of a boys' choir.

53. ANGLE SHOT INT. CHURCH CHOIR GALLERY

About twenty boys, ranging in age from ten to fifteen. Boys of the district, their grimy hands incongruously holding the song-books. Their faces are streaked with dirt; their hair tousled, and their clothes patched or ragged -- but their young voices swelling with full, rich song, easily transcend all this. For a moment, when the silvery soprano of one boy takes a top note with bell-like clarity, the dingy little church is actually filled with beauty.

54.) ANOTHER ANGLE

55.)

Standing before the boys, listening with satisfaction, as he directs them with his hand, is the young priest of the parish -- the boy we knew as Jerry Connolly. Over his right eyebrow we recognize a definite white scar, dating back to that boyhood gang-fight.

CUT TO:

56. INT. CHURCH BACK OF PULPIT NEAR ENTRANCE

Standing half in the shadow, half illuminated by a sharp ray of sunlight, is Rocky Sullivan. Hat in hand, he listens to the singing, his expression one of poignant memory, mixed with cynical amusement.

As he stands patiently, an old woman enters and passes him. Rocky watches her as she goes quickly through the routine of lighting a candle at the niche of her favorite saint, mumbling a prayer and dropping a penny into a box.

CUT TO:

57. CHOIR LOFT

as the boys finish singing. No sooner are they through with their last notes, than they start to scramble wildly and noisily for the narrow stairs leading down.

CUT BACK TO:

58. LONG SHOT ROCKY IN F.G.

as he watches the old woman, her head covered with a black shawl, as she enters the confessional booth.

59. ANOTHER ANGLE

as the kids, released from their spiritual duties, scramble past Rocky to the street, ad libbing as they run. One trips up the other - a red-head. The red-head rises pugnaciously, snarling.

RLD:

Wait'll I get ya outside, ya
mug-face ... I'll mobilize ya ...

OTHER BOY:

Yeah ... you and yer old man ... !

Rocky glances after them and smiles -- seeing the panorama of his boyhood again. Then he turns and catches sight of the priest entering the opposite side of the confessional booth.

60. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

as a grin passes over his face, and, on sudden impulse, starts forward down the nave.

WIPE TO:

61. MED. SHOT CONFESSIONAL BOOTH

with Rocky standing outside, waiting. In a moment the old lady exits, and Rocky enters to take her place.

62. INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH

as Jerry, on one side of the screen, prepares to hear the confessional of the next penitent.

JERRY:

And what is troubling you, my son?

Through the screen, Rocky is scarcely visible, but his voice is heard clearly.

ROCKY:

Nothing much, Father ...only it's been bothering me for almost fifteen years. What did you ever do with that bunch of fountain pens.....

63. CLOSE SHOT JERRY'S FACE

as his expression becomes one of astonishment and surprise. OVER SHOT Rocky continues.

ROCKY'S VOICE:

... we snatched from that freight car?

JERRY:

(gasping - his face breaking into a wide grin)

Rocky!

(he slides the screen open and Rocky rises to greet him)

Rocky ... you old ...

ROCKY:

(grinning)

How'ya, Jerry!

(CONTINUED)

63 (Cont.)

They seize each other's hands and shake enthusiastically.

DISSOLVE TO:

64. MED. SHOT INT. VESTRY BY DOOR

Jerry and Rocky as they enter. Jerry opens the door for Rocky and shows him in.

JERRY:

(smiling)

Remember old Father Boyle's vestry, Rocky?

ROCKY:

(laughs - as he looks about)

Yeah ... this is the place where he used to bawl me out and make me feel like two cents.

65. ANOTHER ANGLE

as Jerry leans against the side of his desk.

JERRY:

Well, don't worry about my trying to bawl you out ... because I'm not ... But what I am going to kick about is why you stopped writing me.

ROCKY:

(frowning)

Now, come down to earth, Jerry ... You know what happens to letters you write in stir. Everybody from the P.K. to the screws read 'em ...

(short laugh)

And after all, what did I have to write about? Nothin' happened while I was inside, and when I was outside ... well, I figured you could always read the newspapers. It was always on the front page.

66. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

as he smiles sadly. Then, slowly -

(CONTINUED)

66 (Cont.)

JERRY:

Yes ... I read all the newspapers,
Rocky ...

He looks at his old friend, his expression saddened.
But he quickly throws it off, and laughingly continues.

JERRY:

(continuing)

I'll bet you're wondering how I
ever finished up ...

(fingers his
reversed collar)

with this?

67. TWO SHOT

ROCKY:

Well, I knew your Ma always wanted
you to be ordained... And I guess all
that ever kept you back was me ...

(he steps back -
pretends to look
Jerry over)

Anyway, you don't make such a bad-
lookin' priest.

Both laugh.

ROCKY:

(continuing)

I was waitin' around when you had
those kids singin' up there ... and
I could just see you and me doin'
the same thing fifteen-twenty years
ago ...

JERRY:

(laughs)

With Father Boyle ... yes.

68. SAME SHOT ANOTHER ANGLE

ROCKY:

Remember the time we slipped into
the hymn-books the music of "Sweet
Adeline"?

JERRY:

(laughing)

I sure do...

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.)

JERRY: (Cont.)
 (sings to music of
 "Sweet Adeline")
 "Lead, Kindly Light ... Lead, Kindly
 Light" ...

Both laugh. Knock on the door.

JERRY:
 Come in, please.

69. MED. SHOT TAKING IN DOOR

as a small boy pokes in his touseled head and
 announces.

BOY:
 Say, Jerry ... you're supposed to
 be down the "store". The fellas're
 waitin' around fer you to start the
 game.

JERRY:
 Run along and tell 'em I'll be right
 over. Tell them to choose teams in
 the meantime.

70. TWO SHOT ANCHER ANGLE

as boy slams door offscene and leaves. Jerry notices
 Rocky's questioning look.

JERRY:
 (continuing)
 You remember old Klausmeier's
 hardware store, Rocky ... ?
 (Rocky nods)
 Well, he couldn't rent it anyway,
 so he let me have the place a couple
 of years ago ... and, little by
 little, I've been fixing it up ...

ROCKY:
 (not understanding -
 laughs)
 What for? You ain't gonna go into
 the hardware business?

JERRY:
 No ... it's ... You see, I've been
 trying for a long time to start a kind
 of recreation center for the kids --
 to keep 'em off the streets - away
 from the pool-rooms and back alley
 crap...

70 (Cont.)

ROCKY:

(thinking he understands)
A sort of kindergarten place ... ?

JERRY:

Well, more than that ... It's for the
older fellows too. We've got a
basketball court there and have regular
Saturday night socials - dancing,
movies ... an educational talk now and
then by some important person ...
(getting warmed up)

It's helped tremendously to keep a
lot of those kids from becoming ...
(stops short -
embarrassed)

71. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

understanding now, asks slowly.

ROCKY:

From becoming mugs - like me, for
instance?

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Jerry, embarrassed, as he
tries to change the subject.

JERRY:

Say, I'd like you to see it, Rocky.
What do you say to coming along
with me now?

ROCKY:

I can't just now, Jerry. I gotta
get settled ... and see some people.

JERRY:

(hopefully)
Then you'll be staying here for
some time?

ROCKY:

I dunno. It depends on a little
business I gotta see about. I'll
know in a few days.

Jerry's face clouds, but he refrains from comment.

JERRY:

Where're you staying?

ROCKY:

That's just it ... I gotta find a
room.

71 (Cont.)

JERRY:
Around here -- in the parish?

ROCKY:
(smiles)
Why not -- no place like home.

JERRY:
(on impulse)
Why don't you go over to see Mrs.
Maggiore ...? You remember her?
She's got some furnished rooms.

ROCKY:
Say - that'd be swell. Sure ... I
still remember the spreads she used
to give every time there was a weddin'
or a funeral. Barrels of spaghetti
and plenty of that red vino.

72. TRUCK SHOT THE TWO

JERRY:
It's over on Dock Street ... second
house from the corner.

As they walk out together, Jerry taking up his black
hat -

ROCKY:
Fine ... and I'll see you tomorrow.

JERRY:
I'll be looking forward to it,
Rocky ...

73. TWO SHOT ROCKY AND JERRY

as they stop for a second in the doorway. Jerry grins
boyishly and half-embraces his old pal, giving him
a sort of bear hug.

JERRY:
Gee ... it's good to see you, Rocky ...

ROCKY:
(with a familiar
gesture)
You, too ... Father.

DISSOLVE TO:

74. CLOSE SHOT EXT. HOUSE ROCKY

as he stands in the entrance of the house on Dock Street and rings the bell reading "Janitor". A small boy opens the door.

ROCKY:

I'm lookin' for a room ... Is Mrs. Maggione around?

BOY:

(with a slight Italian-American accent)

Sure, we got rooms but my ma, she ain't here now ... Mrs. Ferguson ... she'll show ya the rooms - she lives one flight up in the front.

WIPE TO:

75. INT. HOUSE ROCKY

as he knocks on door. He is surprised when it is opened by a lovely girl of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. She greets him with a questioning smile.

ROCKY:

Mrs. Maggione's kid sent me up -- said you'd be able to show me a room.

MRS. FERGUSON:

Oh, yes ... I'll just get the keys ...

76. MED. SHOT VIEW ROCKY IN P.C.

as he stands in the open doorway, following her with his eyes and taking in the poverty-stricken surroundings. He finds it strange for such an attractive girl to be in this slum tenement.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as the girl returns into scene with the keys, and starts leading him upstairs. Rocky follows her, still studying her curiously.

WIPE TO:

77. INT. THIRD FLOOR ROOM ROCKY AND THE GIRL

as she does her best to interest him in renting the pathetically shabby room.

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont.)

MRS. FERGUSON:

(as she lets the
window blind up)Mrs. Maggione will give it a good
cleaning, of course.

ROCKY:

Sure ... That's all right ... I've
seen worse places.

He crosses to window and looks out; in the interim she
steps over to the bed and tidies up the cover.

ROCKY:

(looking through window)

Certainly has a view from here, huh?

She takes this opportunity to study him carefully.
Something about him seems definitely familiar to her,
but for the moment she is unable to place him.

ROCKY:

(pointing through window)

Say, wasn't there once a barber shop
where that drugstore is, over there?

MRS. FERGUSON:

Yes, ... there was. About ten or twelve
years ago...

She looks at him again, her expression showing great
effort to place him.

ROCKY:

(turns)

Okay ... I'll take the room. How
much?

MRS. FERGUSON:

It's four dollars a week, payable in
advance ...

ROCKY:

Sold.

(takes a few bills
from pocket and gives
her a \$5.00 bill)

MRS. FERGUSON:

(as she takes it)

I haven't any change ... Mrs. Maggione
will be back soon and she'll give you
the dollar and the receipt.

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont.1)

ROCKY:

That's okay ... just tell her
to send up some towels and soap.
(begins to take
off his coat)

MRS. FERGUSON:

I will.

She opens the door to leave, and pauses on the threshold. Rocky looks at her questioningly as she stands there staring at him. Then, speaking slowly, she ventures.

MRS. FERGUSON:

Aren't ... aren't you ... Rocky
Sullivan?

ROCKY:

(surprised - slowly)
Yeah ... that's me.

MRS. FERGUSON:

(stopping forward)
I'm ... I'm Laura Martin. Do you
remember me?

ROCKY:

(stares at her -
thinking)
Laura Martin ... ?
(then, suddenly
grins)
Sure ... that blonde kid with the
long curls ... hell, her cryin'
out loud ...

He steps forward and takes her extended hand. As they stand shaking hands, there is an awkward pause. Then, Rocky steps back saying.

ROCKY:

Here ... let me get a good look at
you ...
(appreciatively)
Say ... you didn't turn out so bad,
Laura ...

LAURA:

(embarrassed)
Thanks ...
(laughs)
The same to you, Rocky ...

ROCKY:

(perplexed)
But what's this handle you've got ...
Mrs. Ferguson? You hitched up now?

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont.2)

LAURA:
 (soberly)
 I was ...

ROCKY:
 Split up ... ?

LAURA:
 He was killed in an auto accident
 four years ago.

ROCKY:
 That's too bad. What did he do?
 Anybody I know?

LAURA:
 No ... he was ...
 (with a wan smile)
 ... just an ordinary chap... A
 garage-checker for one of the big
 taxi companies. Not what you'd
 call a big-shot, Rocky.

ROCKY:
 What are you doing now?

LAURA:
 There's a big office uptown ... with
 about a hundred fifty desks in it.
 At each desk there's a girl pounding
 a typewriter all day. They check in
 at nine, and leave at five - and every
 Saturday noon each girl gets seventeen
 dollars and twenty cents. I'm just
 one of those hundred and fifty girls.

ROCKY:
 I get it. So it ain't been exactly
 a holiday for you all this time.

LAURA:
 (smiles)
 Not exactly...
 (then, to change
 the subject)
 How about you, Rocky?

ROCKY:
 (looks at her quizzically)
 What do you want to know?

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont.3)

LAURA:

(pointedly)

I've seen a lot of headlines, like
everybody else, Rocky ...

(with difficulty)

I was only wondering why you came
back here ...

ROCKY:

I've got a little business here.

His expression clouds, but she covers up.

LAURA:

Will you be here for a while?

ROCKY:

(grins)

I'll let you know in a day or two
... if you don't mind me droppin'
in.

LAURA:

(sincerely)

I wish you would, Rocky.

ROCKY:

Okay, I will...

She starts to leave.

ROCKY:

Would you do me a little favor?

(she nods)

'Phone up the railroad station and
tell 'em to send my bag over.

LAURA:

(smiles lightly)

I'll do it right now.

ROCKY:

Okay - thanks.

She leaves, closing door behind her. Rocky looks
after her - his expression showing that Laura has made
a definitely appealing impression on him.

DISSOLVE TO:

78. EXT. EL GABOHO CLUB MED. LONG SHOT NIGHT

A three-storey brownstone, uptown. A small, lighted neon sign identifies the club.

WIPE TO:

79. INT. FOYER OF CLUB

In the background is a bar, an entrance on one side leads into the club proper. The room is filled with a well-dressed throng.

As Rocky enters a headwaiter steps up to him, looks him over carefully as he notices he is alone.

80. CLOSER SHOT

ROCKY:

I want to see Jim Frazier.

The headwaiter scrutinizes him again, then turns and beckons a man who is sitting at the bar. This man comes up to Rocky. The headwaiter moves to the door to greet some other arrivals.

ROCKY:

I want to see Jim Frazier.

MAN:

(looking Rocky over
carefully)

He's busy.

ROCKY:

I'll wait.

MAN:

Who're you?

ROCKY:

Rocky Sullivan.

There is a flicker of recognition of the name in the man's face. He thinks for a moment, then nods.

MAN:

Come on.

Rocky follows him off.

WIPE TO:

81. INT. GAMBLING ROOM TRUCKING SHOT

The room is elaborately fitted with roulette tables, dice tables, and every other gambling device. A large well-dressed crowd is playing heavily; a great deal of money is in evidence. As Rocky follows the man through the room his eyes take in every detail of the scene and he is obviously impressed with the amount of money in play. As they reach a door at the end of the room the man opens it, Rocky follows him in.

82. INT. SMALL ROOM MEL. SHOT

Fitted with a few chairs and a table or two. There is another door leading into a private office. The man nods his head at a chair.

MAN:

Have a seat.

ROCKY:

Thanks.

He sits; the man leans against the wall.

CUT TO:

83. INNER OFFICE MED. SHOT

The office is elaborately furnished. Three or four men are in conference with Frazier and Keefer.

The former has changed little in actual facial appearance, yet the position of authority and the air of power and wealth with which he is surrounded, vest him with an added dignity and importance.

Mac Keefer gives the impression of an ambitious, rather generous and loud-spoken, but essentially shrewd gangster, now graduated into racketeer. It is clear that he is the boss, despite the fact that Frazier does the talking; in short, the relationship is equivalent to that of a more-or-less, inarticulate corporation president relying on his trusted corporation counsel to pep up and check up on a temporarily deficient board of directors. Frazier is seated behind his desk, studying some papers and speaking at the same time.

(CONTINUED)

33 (Cont.)

FRAZIER:

(addressing the "directors")
 Comparing this month with last,
 the uptown area shows a decrease
 of almost ten-percent -- when there
 should be an increase.

(looks sharply at one
 man in particular)

What about it, Grady?

GRADY:

(protesting)

That don't apply to the "numbers"!

FRAZIER:

I'm talking about the whole take.

34. CLOSER SHOT GROUP

Keefer moves impatiently, speaks gruffly.

KEEFER:

Quit stallin', Grady. The uptown
 is short -- what's a matter?

GRADY:

Plenty! Do I get the same coopera-
 tion you give them downtown? No.
 Can I guarantee the same protection
 with this new assistant D. A.? No.
 There's still two of my best men held
 for questioning -- two weeks now!

FRAZIER:

(turning to another man)
 What about it, Thompson? How'd
 this new assistant prosecutor get
 in -- and how is it that it's six
 weeks now -- and he's still in?

THOMPSON:

Well, you know politics, Jim...
 all the red tape...

FRAZIER:

(snorts)

What are we paying-off for? Or
 are you losin' your grip...? Red
 tape's good, hot air for the Citizens'
 League -- but not for us!

THOMPSON:

Okay -- Jim -- okay. I'll have
 him out in forty-eight hours.

(CONTINUED)

04 (Cont.)

FRAZIER:

All right, Grady -- that's settled.
 (to the others, seriously)
 And if any of the rest of you have
 any troubles, don't wait till the
 bottom falls out. Come in and get
 it fixed. If you need more money,
 say so. If you want more boys --
 tell it to Mac. If it's the law --
 see me right away. That's what we're
 paying you for -- to use your heads!

KEEFER:

Sure. We can hire mugs at a dime a
 dozen! We're paying for brains...

As Frazier reaches for his brief-case....

CUT TO:

85. INT. SMALL ROOM MED. SHOT

Rocky has risen and is examining some of the pictures
 on the walls -- showgirls, fighters, wrestlers, sport-
 ing scenes, etc. Rocky looks at a large photograph
 of a racing horse.

ROCKY:

Say -- ain't this horse Sea
 Foam, the big winner?

MAN:

(proudly)

Sure. He's won over seventy-
 five grand, so far.

ROCKY:

(impressed)

Seventy-five Gs! What a racket!

MAN:

Oh, that ain't a racket! That's
 just a hobby with Frazier.

Rocky gives him an amused glance.

CUT TO:

86. INNER OFFICE MED. SHOT

The men are standing close about the desk, with Keefer standing to one side, looking on. Through the grouped figures only a glimpse of what Frazier is doing can be seen but apparently he is apportioning money to each of them.

FRAZIER:

Here's yours, Thompson -- and here's the pay-off for all your men. -- And I want their signatures on the receipts.

THOMPSON:

I'll get 'em.

FRAZIER:

Here's yours, Grady. And we didn't deduct that ten-percent.

GRADY:

Thanks -- Jim -- Thanks, Mac.

KEEFER:

Don't 'thank' so much -- bring in that uptown bacon.

Frazier takes out a small black book from his case, he opens it.

FRAZIER:

Mind signing, gentlemen. Just for the records.

THOMPSON:

(as they all sign)

You want to be careful about those records, Jim.

KEEFER:

(snorting)

You're telling us...

87. MED. SHOT

Their business finished the men start to leave. Keefer crosses to the door with them.

KEEFER:

I think we can all have one on the house...

They start out as Frazier carefully replaces the book and other papers in his case. The man who was with Rocky enters, comes to him.

88. CLOSE SHOT AT DESK

MAN:
Rocky Sullivan outside to see you.

FRAZIER:
(startled)
Who?

MAN:
Rocky Sullivan.

89. CLOSE SHOT FRAZIER

thinking hard and quickly. His expression is worried for an instant, then relaxes; and with a more assured voice:

FRAZIER:
All right -- send him in.

90. MED. SHOT

The man goes out for a moment; then Rocky enters. Frazier comes around the desk, greeting Rocky cordially and warmly. He extends his hand.

FRAZIER:
(very friendly)
Hello, Rocky! -- Say, this is
a surprise!

ROCKY:
(non-committal as he
shakes hands)
Yeah.....

FRAZIER:
I had the date on my calendar --
but I thought it was next month.
Otherwise I'd have been down to
meet you.

ROCKY:
(with a gesture)
That's okay.
(looks about)
Fancy lay-out you got here.
(looking at Frazier directly)
Looks like you're in the big money.

(CONTINUED)

90 (Cont.)

FRAZIER:

You know Mac Keefer?

ROCKY:

I've heard of him. Got the town
tied up -- can buy and sell it.

FRAZIER:

(laughs)

Well, we don't buy it -- we just
sell it.

91. CLOSER SHOT

as Rocky seats himself in a soft leather chair. Its
down seat gives considerably under him. As Rocky
reacts to its luxurious feeling:

FRAZIER:

Soft, eh?

ROCKY:

(significantly)

A lot softer'n that stir-cot I've
been sleepin' on for three years.

FRAZIER:

(seats himself on desk)

Well, you're out now.

ROCKY:

That's right.

(grins - then still
lightly)

Got that dough, Frazier?

FRAZIER:

(somewhat surprised)

That hundred grand...? Why, yes,
of course... Only, as I said... I
didn't expect you...

ROCKY:

Yeah...you said that once...

FRAZIER:

It'll be a matter of only a few
days...the end of the week... You
don't have to worry about it, Rocky.

ROCKY:

(good-naturedly
but slowly)

I'm not worried about it...

(CONTINUED)

91 (Cont.)

FRAZIER:

(taking out wallet)

You'll need some money for expenses
... I guess.

(hands Rocky bills)

There's five hundred, Rocky.

ROCKY:

(takes it - starts
folding it carefully,
as he speaks)

Okay...I'll take a few days gettin'
settled...That'll give you time to
get that dough together and figure
out where I come in.

FRAZIER:

(repeats worriedly)

"Where you come in?" What do
you mean...?

ROCKY:

(casually)

Dope it out...which rackets you
want me to take care of; which
sections of town....and

(grins)

...how much my split is.

FRAZIER:

Your split?

ROCKY:

Sure...We're partners -- you and me...

(a swift frown crosses
Frazier's face at Rocky's
emphasis on the word - but
Rocky continues, still good-
naturedly)

That was the idea, wasn't it? I took
the rap - three years; you took all
the dough, used it to make connections...
"for both of us"...

(deliberately)

Remember?

FRAZIER:

Of course...but you've got things
a little mixed up, Rocky. I'm
only working for Keefer. I don't
have anything to say. Keefer's the
boss. If you want a spot in the
business, you've got to take it up
with him.

(CONTINUED)

91 (Cont.)

ROCKY:

(quickly wags his head)
No...I don't take it up with anybody
but you, Frazier.

(slowly)

You better work it out yourself.
All I know...I'm pickin' up with
you where I left off. That was the
idea...and we're gonna stick to
it. Huh?

FRAZIER:

(nervously)

Well...of course, but...

ROCKY:

(ominously)

But what....?

Frazier hesitates, confused.

92. MED. SHOT

At this moment, the door opens and Keefor enters.
Frazier rises and comes around desk.

FRAZIER:

Mac... I want you to meet Rocky
Sullivan.

KEEPER:

(pleasantly shakes
hands with Rocky)

Pleased to meet you, Sullivan. I
know all about you...You're okay.
When did you get out?

ROCKY:

A coupla days ago.

KEEPER:

What are you doin'?

ROCKY:

Lookin' around...

KEEPER:

Maybe I might have a spot for you...

ROCKY:

That's what we were just talkin'
about...

(glances significantly
at Frazier)

(CONTINUED)

92 (Cont.)

FRAZIER:

Where are you stopping, Rocky...

ROCKY:

I got a room over in my old neighborhood on Dock Street...number 24.

Well, I'll beat it now....

(to Frazier directly)

I'll be up....say -- first thing Monday. Okay?

FRAZIER:

Monday...? Yes...that 'll be fine, Rocky.

KEEPER:

I'm goin' downtown...I'll give you a lift..

(opens door)

See you later, Jim.

Rocky (as he exits door) turns to flash Frazier a warning look.

ROCKY:

See you Monday...Frazier.

They exit. CAMERA HOLDS on Frazier as he watches the door close. As soon as it does, he picks up the phone.

FRAZIER:

Get me Steve...

CAMERA HOLDS on Frazier for an instant as he glances up at door through which Rocky left.

CUT TO:

93. INT. BAR

as bartender answers phone which is situated in a secluded corner of the room. The bartender, after listening, calls to one of two men at the bar, who are throwing bar-dice.

BARTENDER:

It's for you, Steve.

CAMERA PANS WITH Steve, as he crosses to phone and answers it. He is a quiet, dead-pan type (Bert Hanlon?)

94. CLOSE SHOT FRAZLER'S OFFICE

FRAZIER:

There's a fellow leaving with Mac...

CUT BACK TO:

95. CLOSE SHOT BARROOM

STEVE:

Yeah...wait a minute, chief...
 here they come now...
 (looks off)

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Keefer and Rocky pass through barroom on their way out, and exit.

STEVE:

(over phone - quietly)
 Yeah...I got a good look...
 (listens for a second)
 Yeah...
 (listens)
 Yeah... I got it...
 (listens)
 Sure...I'll get a couple boys from
 across the river...
 (listens)
 Yeah...

As he continues repeating this --

QUICK FADE OUT.

FADE IN

96. EXT. DOCK STREET HOUSE ENTRANCE CLOSE SHOT PEN-KNIFE

being balanced on the wrist of a boy's hand -- then flipped expertly, point first, into a square piece of wood. This is followed by a still more difficult feat -- flipping the knife from between the teeth (Mumbley-peg) - then -

CAMERA PULLS
BACK TO:

97. MED. SHOT THREE BOYS

of the neighborhood as they idle about. Bim and Swing admiring and commenting ad libs at Soapy's (Bobby Jordan) dexterous performance. Standing to one side, respectfully admiring the act, is the small Italian son of the landlady, Mrs. Maggione, Johnny. Soapy, looking up, glances down the street and sees Rocky approaching.

98. LONG SHOT ANOTHER ANGLE

of Rocky, walking toward them, absorbed in a section of the Sunday paper, the rest of which is under one arm.

99. ANOTHER ANGLE BOYS IN F.G.

SOAPY:

(to Johnny Maggione)

Hey, Johnny ... is that guy the
new tenant upstairs?

JOHNNY:

(looking off)

Yeah ... it's him.

Soapy gives Bim a wink and orders Swing.

SOAPY:

Start playin' with that ball, Swing...
We'll give him the woiks.

100. TRUCK SHOT ROCKY

as he innocently continues toward the entrance, still absorbed in the newspaper. As Rocky comes up to the entrance steps, against which Swing is bouncing the ball,

(CONTINUED)

100 (Cont.)

he is suddenly bumped into, when the ball bounces too high and Swing leaps for it...

SWING:

Say ... whyn't ya look where ya goin', fer cryin' out loud!

At the same time the papers under Rocky's arm have slipped to the ground, and as he bends to pick them up, Soapy suddenly jostles against him, yelling to Swing.

SOAPY:

Gimme that ball or I'll make ya eat it ...

SWING:

Try an' get it.
(runs off)

SOAPY:

(running after him)
Come on, Bim ... let's get that little heel ...

Rocky straightens up, looks after the three running boys -- then suddenly feels his hip-pocket; reacts surprised, then grins. In an instant, he starts after them.

101. LONG SHOT ROCKY RUNNING IN F.G.

as the boys, some twenty yards ahead of him, dash into an alley.

101a. LONG SHOT SHOOTING DOWN ALLEY (WITH ROCKY IN F.G.)

as the last boy is seen climbing over the fence at the far end of the alley.

102. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

taking it in silently and then quietly turning and walking back the way he came.

WIPE TO:

103. FULL SHOT INT. BOILER-ROOM HIDE-OUT

It has changed very little in the many years; if anything, it is only more cluttered with boxes and stolen

(CONTINUED)

103 (Cont.)

souvenirs. At the entrance is a danger flag, stolen from some excavation, reading: "DANGER - MEN WORKING".

The three boys are clustered in a tight knot, going through the contents of a wallet.

BIM:

(awe-stricken)

Gee, what a roll -- there must be more'n a hundred bucks there....

SOAPY:

(counting)

A hundred nothin! We're in the big money now --

SWING:

What a haul ... !

Suddenly a quiet, smooth voice, offscene, startles them.

ROCKY'S VOICE:

All right, ... put 'em up. You're all covered.

They turn, amazed.

104. ANOTHER ANGLE

and see Rocky, standing in the entrance, his hand in his pocket, looking at them ominously. They fling up their hands comically, and Rocky advances on them.

ROCKY:

(with deliberate monace)

Say your prayers ... mugs.

BIM:

Say, mister ... give us a break ... Don't ... !

SOAPY:

(snapping)

Shut up, Bim ... stop yer squealin'...

Rocky looks them over. CAMERA PANS ACROSS the faces of the boys, as they stand there, frightened to death but their jaws set, hard and defiant.

105. ANOTHER ANGLE ROCKY

finally can no longer control himself and starts into a slow grin -- and laughs quietly.

(CONTINUED)

105 (cont.)

ROCKY:

(continuing)

Next time you try to hook a poke ...
Don't try it on a guy who knows your
hide-out.

SOAPY:

How ... how did ya know?

Rocky smiles - then looks around at the old place. Gesturing with his head for Soapy to follow him, he takes two or three steps to a wooden door and points to it. There are scores of initials carved out on it, but among them is distinctly seen 'R.S.'. Rocky points to these.

SOAPY:

(incredulously)

Say ... you ... you ain't Rocky
Sullivan?

Rocky only grins.

BIM:

(reacting big)

Rocky Sullivan! Can ya 'magine ...!

SWING:

Us tryin' to hook you... What a boner!

SOAPY:

I guess the minute ya saw us duck in
that alloy, ya knew we were headin'
for the hide-out.

ROCKY:

(laughs)

Sure ... an' I took the old short-cut.

The boys laugh, partly with relief.

ROCKY:

(continuing - to Soapy)

What do they call you?

SOAPY:

Soapy .. this squirt here's Bim ...
and ... this is Swing.

(extends hand)

Glad ta meet ya, Rocky ...

(to the others -
with pride)

Meet Rocky Sullivan ...

(they all shake
hands admiringly)

You took a room up above us in
Number 24 ... didn't ya?

(CONTINUED)

105 (Cont. 1)

ROCKY:

You knew all the time I was living
there?

SOAPY:

Sure ... Johnny Maggione told us ...

ROCKY:

And you took a chance like that ...?
(wags head)
You kids got a lot to learn ...

SOAPY:

Well ... you oughta be able to dish
it out ...

Rocky laughs, then taking a bill from his wallet.

ROCKY:

How'd you kids like to have a bite
with me ...?

SOAPY:

And how!

ROCKY:

(gives him bill)

Here's a fin ... Run over to the
delicatessen and bring up some sand-
wiches and pickles and some beer to
my place ... and we'll have a little
feed. Okay ... ?

BIM:

Okay?

(enthusiastically)

Come on - what're we waitin' fer?

DISSOLVE TO:

106. MED. SHOT EXT. DOCK STREET HOUSE ENTRANCE

As Rocky starts up the steps, a girl's voice offscene
causes him to stop and turn.

LAURA'S VOICE:

Hello, Rocky ...

CAMERA PULLS BACK and Laura is seen carrying a few shop-
ping bags from which protrude celery leaves, etc.

ROCKY:

(warmly)

How'ya, Laura ...

(CONTINUED)

106 (Cont.)

ROCKY: (Cont.)

Lemme help you ...

She smiles her thanks and Rocky kicks the front door open.

WIPE TO:

107. MED. SHOT INT. LANDING AT LAURA'S DOOR

as she opens it.

LAURA:

Getting accustomed to being back, Rocky?

ROCKY:

Yeah ... I got a real welcome a coupla minutes ago from some of the kids ...

TRUCK with them as they enter the room. The door is left ajar. Rocky looks about the neat, but shabby furnishings.

ROCKY:

Say, Laura ... you oughta be able to get a better break than this ...
(he looks about the room significantly)

LAURA:

It's not really so bad, Rocky ...
(from one of the bags she takes some inexpensive flowers and places them in milk-bottle vases here and there)
...and besides, I'm used to it. I never knew anything else, so I don't ... miss it.

ROCKY:

With your looks and brains ... if you'd have been smart ... you'd have landed something good ...

LAURA:

I never tried to be smart, Rocky ... I tried to be happy.

ROCKY:

(bluntly)
Well ... were you?

(CONTINUED)

107 (Cont.)

LAURA:
 (smiling sadly)
 For a while ...
 (then, looking squarely
 at him - quickly)
 Were you ... ?

ROCKY:
 (a slight pause)
 Sure ... Whatever I wanted, I got ...
 (then, with confidence)
 ... and I'll get it again.

LAURA:
 Maybe your way is right... I don't
 know. I never dared think about it
 much, but I don't blame you, Rocky.
 If anything, I admire you because,
 good or bad, you did what you wanted.

Suddenly from offscene, the sound of boys' voices and
 running feet up the stairs. They both look toward door.

108. ANOTHER ANGLE

as the boys run past with parcels. Soapy catches sight
 of Rocky inside and calls to him.

SOAPY:
 We got the eats, Rocky. All set?
 Hello, Laura.

LAURA:
 Hello, Soapy ...

ROCKY:
 (to Laura)
 See you later ...
 (starts out)

DISSOLVE TO:

109. FULL SHOT INT. ROCKY'S ROOM

as Rocky and the three boys sit around the table and dig
 into the assortment of delicacies. Swing is at the gas
 range.

SOAPY:
 (calls to him)
 Say, what about them beans?

(CONTINUED)

109 (Cont.)

SWING:

Comin' ... comin' right down ...

He brings the pot to the table, and Soapy fishes out the can with two forks. Then, as Soapy plunges the can opener into it, Swing suddenly reminds himself.

SWING:

Gee, I almost forgot ...
 (digs into his pocket
 and brings forth a jar)

BIM:

(grabbing)
 Pickles ... wow!

Soapy makes a stab at his hand with the can opener. In the meantime Swing is still emptying his pockets. A great mass and variety of cans, and jars, emerge from his pockets.

ROCKY:

(laughing)
 What's all this ... ?

SWING:

Souvenirs -- free.

ROCKY:

Free?

SOAPY:

Sure ... here's your change. Four
 bucks and four bits -- even.

ROCKY:

Where's the other fifty cents?

SOAPY:

Gee ... we hadda buy somethin' ...
 didn't we?

They all laugh, and dig into the beans.

SOAPY:

Boy ... we coitanly was dumb to
 pick you for a sucker, Rocky ...

ROCKY:

The first thing you kids want to
 learn is to use your heads. I might
 have been a dick ... see?

BIM:

Sure ... that's what I'm always
 tellin' him...

(CONTINUED)

109 (Cont. 1)

SOAPY:

Aw, shut your face ... and push
over some of 'em potato chips.

CUT TO:

110. INT. HALLWAY

as Jerry is seen coming up the stairs. As he passes
Laura's landing, he stops, looks at her door, looks up
the stairs, then decides to call on Laura before visit-
ing Rocky. He knocks at her door. Laura opens it and
pleasantly greets him.

LAURA:

Hello, Father ...

JERRY:

I just thought I'd say 'hello'
on my way up.

LAURA:

(her eyes twinkling)

Why, are you visiting someone here?

JERRY:

(hiding a smile)

Oh, just an old friend ...

Each has believed the other was unaware of Rocky's
return and each intended to spring it as a surprise on
the other.

LAURA:

It isn't by any chance someone
I know ... Father?

JERRY:

Well - yes, you do know him ...

Then he realizes Laura does know, and both laugh heartily.

JERRY:

I wanted to surprise you....

LAURA:

So did I ...

CUT TO:

111. INT. ROCKY'S ROOM

They are quite finished with their ropast and Rocky has apparently been asking the boys about old friends.

ROCKY:

Whatever happened to Stinke
O'Neil's old man?

SOAPY:

Oh, him... he got drunk one night
on Election Day and fell out of a
window... They had a swell wake fer
three days... free beer and pretzels
for everybody.

ROCKY:

What about Laura? What kind of a
guy was she married to?

SOAPY:

He was okay ... a nice, quiet guy...
but they certainly had it tough.
He was outa work for a long time...
and then, when he finally got his job
back... he gets himself killed by a
truck. It hit her awful... but, boy,
Laura took it like a major.

There is a knock on the door.

ROCKY:

(calls)

Come in...

CAMERA PANS to DOOR as Jerry enters. Rocky rises to greet him but the boys all stiffen up. Jerry reacts surprised to see Soapy and his pals here in Rocky's room. As CAMERA PULLS BACK -

ROCKY:

(continuing)

How'ya, Jerry... know these kids?

JERRY:

Sure... Hello, Soapy...

SOAPY:

(reluctantly)

'Lo, Father...

JERRY:

(trying to be pleasant)

Didn't take you boys and Rocky
long to get acquainted ...?

(CONTINUED)

111 (Cont.)

BIM:

(to Rocky, wondering)

Looks like you and the Father are old pals, Rocky...

ROCKY:

(laughs)

Next time you're down the hide-out, look at the old door again... Right next to my name you'll see the initials 'J.D.'. That's Jerry Donnelly ...

SOAPY:

(astonished)

No kiddin'?

(to Jerry)

You mean, Father, that you used to hang out with Rocky down the old boiler-room too?

JERRY:

(laughs)

We sure did... but now it's the "store", you know.

Instantly there is an awkward pause.

112. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

as he reacts at once, but perseveringly continues.

JERRY:

I... I hoped you boys would be down at the "store" today for the basketball game and maybe get into the block team...

113. MED. CLOSE SHOT GROUP

SOAPY:

Na-a, we're pretty busy today...

Another pause. Rocky senses something is amiss between Jerry and the three boys.

ROCKY:

What's the matter, Soap? Why don't you go down to the game? Sounds like it oughta be good.

(CONTINUED)

113 (Cont.)

SOAPY:

For Pete's sake... whatta we look
like -- sissies or somthin'?
Playin' around with a basketball
all of a sudden?

The other two add their disapproving grunts ad lib.
Rocky catches a gleam of hope in Jerry's glance and
turns to Soapy.

ROCKY:

So you think it's a sissy game...?
Well, I'll tell you what -- I'll bet
you a buck to a plugged nickel none
of you three can get that ball past
the other team... an' I haven't seen
'em.

SWING:

Gowan... we'd run 'em into the ground.

BIM:

We'd moidor 'em.

114. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

trying to hide his delight.

SOAPY'S VOICE:

Will you come down, Rocky?

ROCKY'S VOICE:

Sure...

115. MED. SHOT GROUP

BIM:

Okay... I gotta nickel and we'll
take you up on that bet, Rocky.

SOAPY:

Sure -- we'll split the winnin's...

SWING:

Well - we oughta have at least a
chance to practice up foist...

JERRY:

(happy)

All right, boys, the "store's" open...
you can go right over now.

(CONTINUED)

115 (Cont.)

SOAPY:

(to Rocky)

Then you'll be over soon?

ROCKY:

Sure. I'll be along in a coupla minutes.

SOAPY:

(swaggering)

Okay-- let's go...

(and with a parting
shot from the door)

...and no welchin' on that bet.

A buck to a nickel... don't forget.

They exit hurriedly, ad libbing. As the boys leave, Jerry stands looking after them until the door closes, then he turns to Rocky.

116. CLOSE SHOT TWO

Jerry smiles wanly, shakes his head.

JERRY:

The young devils! I've worked on them for over a year-- and got nowhere. -- And after ten minutes with you, they'd jump through a hoop if you told them to!

ROCKY:

(shrugging)

Maybe it's because I wear my collar frontwards.

JERRY:

Maybe...

(he moves toward Rocky)

You've met Laurie?

ROCKY:

(grinning)

Yeah. She's turned out to be a nice dish.

JERRY:

She's had a hard struggle, Rocky.

ROCKY:

(cynically)

And she's right where she started.

Their eyes meet, and Jerry tactfully changes the subject.

(CONTINUED)

116 (Cont.)

JERRY:

Well, since you've been sponsoring my "store" -- suppose we go over and see it.

ROCKY:

(surprised and not pleased with the idea)

Now?

JERRY:

I'd like to show you what I'm trying to do, Rocky.

ROCKY:

Okay.

He gets his hat. As they start out,

WIPE TO:

117. EXT. STREET FRONT OF HOUSE MED. SHOT

Rocky and Jerry come out, start down the street.

118. CLOSE SHOT A DOORWAY

Where Steve is lounging. As he sees the two men go down the street, he starts to follow after them.

119. MED. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT

As Rocky and Jerry walk along the dirty, crowded street, lined with wretched tenements. As they proceed, although it may not be indicated in the dialogue, several passersby, women, men, old and young, bow or tip their hats to the priest and wish him good afternoon. To them he replies in kind.

During the following scene Jerry is trying desperately to find words to tell Rocky the many many things he has to tell him, yet he is aware that any "preaching" on his part will only alienate Rocky and make their friendship impossible. He chooses his words with care and attempts, as much as possible, to throw off his robes of priesthood.

For a moment they walk silently, then Jerry motions to the littered, filthy street, the squalid houses.

(CONTINUED)

119 (Cont.)

JERRY:
It's beautiful, isn't it, Rocky?
A great place to live!

ROCKY:
(knowing what he means)
Yeah. Swell.
(his eyes roam the street)
Why don't you get out of it?

JERRY:
I did for awhile at school. But I
couldn't forget it. -- Sometimes
when I was alone in my cell it seemed
as if I'd brought it all in there
with me -- all the dirt and filth
and misery of these tenements.

ROCKY:
(grimly)
Yeah. I brought it to a cell with
me, too....

JERRY:
You don't mind so much when you're
a kid. -- You just get tough -- and
fight for what you want -- and take
it anyway you can get it.

ROCKY:
(smiling)
But not get caught.

JERRY:
Sure. Why not? What else did they
teach us? -- And then people blame
the criminals that come out of places
like this....

120. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

He glances quickly at Jerry, having caught the slight
tingle of "reform" propaganda. But Jerry appears not
to have noticed the glance.

121. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT TWO

Jerry continues, wrapped in his thoughts, still without
looking at Rocky.

(CONTINUED)

121 (Cont.)

JERRY:

Why don't they blame the parents,
or conditions, or society itself?

(there is a pause -
Rocky doesn't answer -
then in a different tone,
slowly)

Rocky, I wanted to tell you, I was
with your father when he went.

ROCKY:

(simply)

Thanks. -- I tried to get back --
but I couldn't make it.

JERRY:

He was a grand man.

ROCKY:

Yeah. -- but they licked him.

JERRY:

Yeah -- they licked him.

(sadly)

Just like they licked my mother.--They
didn't have a chance, Rocky, either
of 'em, to teach us to work for what
we wanted -- instead of fighting for it.

ROCKY:

(sagely)

Somebody taught you.

JERRY:

(shrugging)

That was just an accident. That
happens, sometimes, too.

122. MED. SHOT

as Jerry stops before one particularly wretched building
that is literally falling down. He points to it.

JERRY:

There's one of the prettiest of the
bunch. A fine house for two hundred
people -- with forty rooms -- and one
washroom.

ROCKY:

(cynically)

What a bonfire it would make...

123. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

His face shows his anger and determination as he speaks.

JERRY:

I'm going to buy that, Rocky -- I'm going to buy it and tear it down and in its place build a recreation center for these kids, with a gym and a library and some workers who understand kids and kid psychology.-- And if it's the last thing I do, I'm going to teach them that a clean life is more fun than a crooked one...

124. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

Somehow proud of Jerry's ambition, but cynical and unbelieving.

ROCKY:

When's all this gonna happen?

125. CLOSE SHOT TWO

Jerry's voice becomes more normal as his emotion fades.

JERRY:

I've already started a fund -- and in a few years, maybe I'll have money enough to make a beginning.

ROCKY:

(as they walk along)

It's a great idea -- sounds swell--
if it works...

(slowly - looking at Jerry)

But the only way I ever seen anybody get anything is by fighting for it.

The eyes of the two men meet in understanding. Rocky knows that Jerry has been trying to ask him to open up, to come over to his side and lead a "clean life." Jerry knows that Rocky has asked him to "lay off."

JERRY:

Sorry if I've been preaching, Rocky.
--But I feel all this deeply.

ROCKY:

Yeah -- I feel it too. But I got different ideas.

Jerry smiles and with a gesture of friendship, half puts his arm around Rocky's shoulders as he leads him off.

JERRY:

C'mon, the kids'll be waiting for us -- There's the "store."

He indicates it as they cross toward it.

126. MED. LONG SHOT AT "STORE"

A small, tumble-down entrance with bare windows, through which the boys can be partially seen. Rocky and Jerry approach the entrance and enter the "store." PAN CAMERA TO-

127. MED. SHOT STEVE

who is a few yards away. As he sees the two men go into the building, he turns into a cigar-store, steps into the phone booth.

128. CLOSE SHOT

SHOOTING into the booth. We SEE Steve deposit a coin in the slot, dial a number.

CUT TO:

129. FULL SHOT INT. "STORE"

The place is long and bare, with two makeshift basket goals, and some shabby gym equipment along the walls; a medicine ball, some dumbbells and weight-pulls.

130. TRUCK SHOT ROCKY AND JERRY

as they walk down the length of the "store."

One team is practicing near one goal, dribbling, passing and shooting for the basket, while at the farther end, Soapy, Bim and Swing, with two boys whom we recognize from the choir scene, form the other team. One of the latter, a tall, lanky kid, called Tiny, attempts to give instructions to Soapy and his pals, but they refuse to take it -- doing things their own way.

TINY:

(yelling)

You gotta dribble it, Soapy...
You can't run with it.

SOAPY:

Don't worry about me...
(turns to Swing)
Snap it back, Swing.
(Swing does so)

At this point, Jerry blows a whistle for order.

131. MED. SHOT JERRY, ROCKY AND BOYS

JERRY:

All right, boys ... if you're ready, we'll start the game now.

Ad libbing from the sidelines and teams themselves, as they take their positions. Rocky stands to one side looking on with great amusement. Soapy and his pals wink and gesture confidently to him as they line up.

132. MED. SHOT AT CENTER

Soapy and a boy from the opposing team take places in the center, with Jerry as referee between them ready to toss up the ball. The ball is tossed but Soapy leaps for it before it is tossed.

JERRY:

You've got to wait for the whistle before you jump.

SOAPY:

Okay ... but let's start ...

Jerry tosses the ball and the other boy gets the advantage--striking the ball to his side. Swing short-elbows one boy trying to block him and gets the ball.

BOY:

(yells protesting)

Foul ... !

JERRY:

If you do that again, Swing, it'll cost you a goal.

SWING:

I didn't do nothin' He's screwy...

Again the centers line up for a toss and this time Soapy gets the jump. The ball goes to Bim and he snaps it to Soapy, CAMERA FANS with him - who starts to run for his basket.

CAPTAIN:

(of opposing team as he tries to head him off)

Dribble ... you gotta dribble ... or pass....

SOAPY:

Aw, dribble this ...

(CONTINUED)

132 (Cont.)

He snaps the ball in the boy's face, catches it on its rebound, then quickly shoots for the goal. It goes through but a cry of protest goes up.

133. MED. SHOT

VOICES:

Foul! Foul!

JERRY:

(announcing)

That was a foul ... I won't count that goal ...

SOAPY:

That bozo put his mug in the way...
What'ya got against us.... ?

JERRY:

Now look here, Soapy, you've got to play the rules...

A chorus of protests and shouts from Soapy, Bim and Swing -- with razzing and Bronx cheers from the opposing team and sidelines. Jerry looks helplessly at Rocky.

134. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

grins, and starts to Jerry.

135. TWO SHOT

as Rocky whispers to Jerry. Jerry nods and turns to the boys.

136. MED. SHOT

JERRY:

(announces)

All right, line up ... Mr. Sullivan will referee this game.

Soapy and his pals let up a cheer. As Rocky lines them up, they grin and wink at each other confidently.

137. MED. SHOT AT CENTER

As Rocky tosses the ball for the play. Again Soapy tries to get the jump, but Rocky's hand comes down forcibly and smacks him on the head.

ROCKY:

(barks)

Wait for the signal ... chump.

WIPE TO:

138. FULL SHOT BASKETBALL COURT

The ball in play, when Rocky suddenly notices Swing trip up one of the other boys. He waits till Swing runs past him and extends his foot to trip up Swing. Swing rises yelling pugnaciously (very much like Donald Duck).

SWING:

(tough)

What's the big idea, Rocky?

ROCKY:

(just as tough)

I'm askin' you ... and don't try that again or I'll lay you out cold....

Just then he notices Soapy dribbling the ball and as a boy tries to block him, Soapy stiff-arms the boy to the jaw. Rocky steps over and stiff-arms Soapy... who staggers.

ROCKY:

Listen, monkey, you gonna play this accordin' to the rules, or not?

SOAPY:

(agreeing)

Okay ...

(shouts to his team-mates)

Hey, mugs .. play 'cordin' to rules.

139. CLOSE SHOT JERRY'S FACE

breaks into a grin as he sees Rocky handling the situation in his own, capable way.

WIPE TO:

140. GROUP SHOT SOAPY, BIM AND SWING

washing at a sink in the rear of the "store" -- all are battered up and looking quite beaten and bruised in spirit as well as on knees and elbows.

SOAPY:

(to BIM - angrily)

Why'd'ya let those boys get through with that goal at the end, you dope!

BIM:

He was too fast for me...

SWING:

What we need is more practice.

141. MED. SHOT

as Rocky and Jerry come into scene.

ROCKY:

How about that nickel I won?

SOAPY:

(disgustedly)

Okay, give him the nickel, BIM ...

Rocky takes the nickel and begins to toss it playfully with a teasing grin.

SWING:

(to Rocky - defiantly)

Give us a little practice tomorrow, and we'll mop up those lugs ...

JERRY:

All right -- meet me here tomorrow ... I'll arrange another game.

SOAPY:

(to Rocky)

Wanna double that bet for tomorrow?

ROCKY:

Sure - why not! But remember - 'cordin' to the rules.

SOAPY:

Aw .. we'll molder 'em anyway.

as Rocky winks to Jerry who shows his delight at having made a dent on these young hoodlums at last with Rocky's aid,

DISSOLVE TO:

142. EXT. STREET AT "STORE" MED. SHOT NIGHT

It is early evening and the street lights have just been put on. Rocky comes out of the store and walks up the street heading for home.

143. MED. CLOSE SHOT A. DOORWAY

Steve, lounging in the doorway, sees Rocky; he steps out and follows after him.

144. TRUCKING SHOT ROCKY

He walks along for a few minutes, his mind occupied with Jerry and the kids, when slowly, some sixth sense born of years of crime, tells him he is being followed.

145. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

We see him take more note of his surroundings, still walking for a moment. Then he stops, pulls out a cigarette, reaches for his matches.

146. CLOSE SHOT STEVE

who quickly stops and turns to a window and looks at the display.

147. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

As he lights the cigarette he turns his head slightly so that he can see Steve out of the corner of his eyes. He throws away the match and starts on again.

148. CLOSE SHOT STEVE

Steve leaves the window and moves on again after Rocky.

149. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT ROCKY

He knows now he is being tailed. He continues on, every sense alert, taking in every detail of his surroundings. As he looks straight ahead he sees:

150. MED. SHOT A FEW DOORS FROM ROCKY'S HOUSE

A sedan is parked at the curb. The dim figures of three men can be seen inside it.

151. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

He knows something is wrong; he's being framed and he has a good idea who is framing him. He looks about quickly; there is one of the mob behind him, three ahead of him. Searching for a way out he looks across the street and sees:

152. MED. SHOT A SMALL CORNER DRUGSTORE

which is located midway between the men and Rocky. The store is lighted and apparently empty of customers.

153. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

Deciding on a course of action he crosses the street and heads for the drugstore.

154. INT. SEDAN MED. SHOT

The three men are watching Steve's movements.

155. MED. SHOT STREET

Steve in the f.v. is also crossing the street following Rocky, who is in the b.v. almost at the drugstore.

156. INT. SEDAN MED. SHOT

The eyes of the men are glued on Steve; they are fairly certain now that the man ahead of him is Rocky.

157. INT. SEDAN MED. SHOT

The leader of the three men, Bugs, motions to Steve to follow on in the store.

158. INT. DRUGSTORE MED. SHOT

Rocky, looking out through the front window as he crosses thru the store, sees the signal. He crosses the store, takes a seat at the soda fountain, from which position he can see in the mirror over the fountain, the door, and through the window at his left, the three men diagonally across the street. Now, as he takes his seat he sees, in the mirror, Steve enter and go to the magazine rack by the door.

159. MED. SHOT AT FOUNTAIN

as the pharmacist comes up behind the fountain. He is a thin pale young man of about thirty.

PHARMACIST:

Nice night, ain't it? -- What'll it be?

ROCKY:

Cherry coke.

PHARMACIST:

Right.

He starts to get it. Rocky glances into the mirror, sees Steve examining the magazines; glances out the window, sees that the three men are still in the sedan.

160. INT. SEDAN MED. CLOSE SHOT

The street is fairly busy with pedestrians and cars. One of the men looks around, then turns to the others.

MAN:

Too much traffic to pull it on the street. -- That store's the spot.

BUGS:

Naw -- I don't like the setup. The guy's hooked, sure -- an' he's in too good a spot. We go in the door an' he swings around an' starts pumping. It's no good.

(CONTINUED)

160 (Cont.)

2ND MAN:

So we wait.

BUGS:

Lissen -- we get him into the
phone booth an' he can't move.

(to the first man)

Ed -- go down to the delicatessen --
ring the drugstore, ask for Sullivan.
If he falls for it an' goes in the
booth -- we're set.

1ST MAN:

Okay.

He opens the door, gets out.

161. INT. DRUG-STORE AT FOUNTAIN

Rocky, looking out of the window, sees the man leave.
The pharmacist places the coke before him. Then moves
off to attend to Steve. Rocky sips his drink.

162. MAGAZINE RACK CLOSE SHOT

as the pharmacist comes over to Steve.

PHARMACIST:

Yes, sir?

STEVE:

How about my prescription?

PHARMACIST:

(puzzled)

Why -- when'd you leave it

STEVE:

(very low - but
with authority -
his hand in his
pocket)This ain't a stack-up. But you
go bac' 'a the prescription counter
and stay there. Keep your mouth
shut and your eyes closed -- get
it?

(CONTINUED)

162. (Cont.)

PHARMACIST:

(thoroughly
frightened)Yes, sir -- yes -- I'll have it
in just a few minutes....

He turns and hurries into the back.

163. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

The business has not been lost on him; he's wise to why the pharmacist left. He sits poised, waiting for the next move. Suddenly the phone starts ringing. A slight frown crosses Rocky's face. He seems to hesitate for a moment, then he rises and starts for the booth.

164. INT. STORE MED. SHOT

as Rocky leaves the fountain and starts to cross toward the booth in back.

165. INT. SEDAN MED. SHOT

as they watch Rocky move from the fountain. Bugs grins.

BUGS:

He fell for it. -- G'mon.

They both hurry out of the car.

166. EXT. STREET MED. SHOT

as they hurry across. During this they are out of position to see Rocky through the window.

167. INT. DRUGSTORE MED. SHOT

Rocky has just reached the phone booth. He opens the door.

168. CLOSER SHOT

Steve, standing at the magazine rack is near the booth. As Rocky opens the door, he whirls, pulls out his automatic, sticks it into Steve's belly.

ROCKY:

Answer that phone!

Steve looks at him, hesitant for a moment.

ROCKY:

You only got a minute!

Having no alternative Steve steps into the booth.

ROCKY:

Close the door!

Steve closes it. There is just a fraction of a second as Rocky ducks down beside the magazine rack.

169. CLOSE SHOT STREET DOOR

As Bugs and his partner rush in and reach for their guns.

170. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY IN B.G.

and phone booth in b.g. As the roar of the guns is heard and the door and the glass of the booth are riddled. The figure of Steve is seen to sink to the floor. Rocky remains tense, his automatic ready.

171. CLOSE SHOT STREET DOOR

Bugs and his partner turns and dash out.

172. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

he waits a moment longer. Over the scene can be heard the distant scream of a police whistle. Then Rocky jumps to his feet, hurries toward the back.

173. INT. REAR OF STORE

back of the prescription counter, as Rocky dashes through. The pharmacist, panic-stricken just gapes at him as he hurries through. For a moment Rocky stops, looking for the back door. Seeing it he hurries to it.

174. CLOSE SHOT AT REAR DOOR

pocketing his gun, Rocky opens the door cautiously, looks out, then disappears into the street.

WIPE TO:

175. DRUG STORE FROM STREET DOOR

A crowd has gathered and are attempting to push into the store but are somewhat restrained by a policeman, another officer is poking around the phone booth, another is questioning the pharmacist far in the b.g., the bloody body of Steve is seen lying on the floor, his feet in the booth where he fell. The siren of an approaching ambulance is heard screaming.

176. CLOSER SHOT

Soapy, Bim, Swing and some half dozen other kids are in back of the adult curiosity seekers, peering through whatever spaces between the adults they can find, looking with large, excited eyes at the corpse on the floor. Soapy turns to Swing who hasn't as good a view:

SOAPY:

Gee -- kin you see 'im! He
got a hunnerd bullets in 'im!

BIM:

Who d'ya think done it, Soapy?
Who d'ya think?

SWING:

(pantomiming with an
imaginary machine-gun, and
imitating its sound)

B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-

A squad car pulls up, siren blazing, officers come across the sidewalk and push the kids and people aside.

(CONTINUED)

176 (Cont.)

OFFICER:

All right -- out'a the way! --
Beat it, kids, beat it!

As they push their way through.

DISSOLVE TO:

177. INT. A BACK ROOM OF A POOL HALL CLOSE SHOT

Bugs is on a wall phone; standing by him are his two partners. He is waiting for his connection. When he gets it:

BUGS:

Hello, Mac? -- This is Bugs.
We got 'im...

CUT TO:

178. INT. KEEFER'S OFFICE MED. CLOSE SHOT KEEFER

on the phone; he wears a puzzled expression.

KEEFER:

What're you talking about? You
got who?

CUT TO:

179. CLOSE SHOT BUGS AND PARTNERS

BUGS:

Sullivan -- Rocky Sullivan --
like Frazier said you wanted ...

CUT TO:

180. INT. KEEFER'S OFFICE MED. SHOT

Keefer's face clouds but his voice does not change
expression.

(CONTINUED)

180 (Cont.)

KEEFER:

Yeah? Where?
 (he listens)
 Yeah -- yeah ...

There is a pause during which he listens and the door opens as Frazier enters. Keefer eyes Frazier coolly as he continues to listen. Then:

KEEFER:

(into phone)
 Okay. Drop outa sight.

He hangs up, turns to Frazier. Their eyes meet and Frazier knows instantly what has happened.

181. CLOSER SHOT TWO:

After a moment's pause as they stare at each other:

KEEFER:

What's the idea about this Rocky Sullivan bump?

FRAZIER:

(coolly)
 Oh -- I meant to tell you about that.

KEEFER:

Yeah -- but you didn't.

FRAZIER:

You didn't know Rocky. I used to work with him. He's the worst kind of a double-crosser.

KEEFER:

(eyeing him)
 Yeah?

FRAZIER:

Do you know why he came up to see me yesterday? Do you know what his proposition was?

(he pauses but there is no answer from Keefer)
 He wanted to get you so he could muscle in. He wanted me to work with him.

KEEFER:

(beginning to be sold)
 Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

181 (Cont.)

FRAZIER:

I pretended to go along with him
so he wouldn't be suspicious.

KEEPER:

All right. We'll forget it. But
from now on don't give the boys no
orders. I'll handle that. I don't
like rough stuff unless there's no
other way out.

FRAZIER:

I know, Mac -- but it was necessary to
work fast. Rocky was no ordinary mugg.
He was a killer...

KEEPER:

Okay. So he got it.

He turns away as if to close the matter.

DISSOLVE TO:

182. INT. KID'S HIDEOUT MED. SHOT

Bim, Soapy and Swing are seated around a box, playing
with a pack of dirty cards.

SOAPY:

...sure he was a gangster. They
found a rod on him, didn't they?

BIM:

Who'd'ya think the other guy was,
Soapy? The guy the pharmacist told
the cops about?

SOAPY:

(suddenly)

Say -- y'know what? I betcha it
was Rocky!

SWING:

I betcha it was! I betcha it was!

The three boys look at each other with intense excite-
ment.

SOAPY:

They tried to get 'im -- an' he
give it to them!

(CONTINUED)

182 (Cont.)

SWING:

Sure -- They couldn't get Rocky.
He's too smart for 'em.

BIM:

Gee -- think'a --
(he breaks off as he sees
Rocky enter)

Hey!

The other two look up.

183. MED. SHOT

as Rocky enters, his face set with determination. When he speaks to the boys it is crisply in a hard voice.

SOAPY:

Hey -- Rocky! We wuz up to the
drug-store an'

ROCKY:

Shut up.

The boys shut up, but they crowd around him.

ROCKY:

Now get this. Stay away from this
joint for the next couple of days --
until you get the okay from me!

SOAPY:

Sure, Rocky.

BIM:

Sure, Rocky -- but what ...

ROCKY:

Don't ask questions! -- Just scram!

THE BOYS:

Sure.

Okay.

Sure, Rocky. We get'cha.

They go out. Rocky stands still for a moment, looking around. Then he also goes out quickly.

DISSOLVE TO:

184. EXT. STREET MED. LONG SHOT

In a quiet residential section of the city, late the same night. The street is practically deserted as a sedan drives up to a large, comfortable two story house, the windows of which are dark. The car drives up to a two-car garage attached to the house and stops.

185. MED. SHOT AT CAR

Frazier gets out, opens the garage doors, gets back into the car and drives in.

186. INT. THE GARAGE

As Frazier drives the car in alongside another car parked there. He switches off the motor but leaves the lights on, obviously to light his way to the garage light switch. He opens the door and gets out. As he does so the door of the other car is seen to open, and a moment later Frazier finds Rocky's automatic in his belly and Rocky's face staring into his.

187. CLOSE SHOT TWO

Frazier is petrified with fear. He stares at Rocky as one would at a ghost.

FRAZIER:

Rocky.....

ROCKY:

Yeah...it's me. Frazier an' I ain't dead yet.

FRAZIER:

(unable to say anything else)

Rocky....

ROCKY:

Shut up -- an' give me your keys.

Almost in a trance Frazier gives them to him. Rocky then reaches in, switches off the lights in the car, pushes the gun in Frazier's back.

ROCKY:

Get moving.....

DISSOLVE TO:

188. INT. STUDY OF FRAZIER'S HOUSE MED. SHOT

As Frazier enters followed by Rocky. Frazier switches on the lights, Rocky closes the door. The room is well furnished, lined with books. Frazier walks a few steps into the room, then turns to face Rocky, his face stricken with fear, perspiration on his forehead. He turns yellow:

FRAZIER:

I didn't have anything to do with it, Rocky! It's the truth, Rocky -- I swear to Heaven!

ROCKY:

(low voiced)

I ought to give it to you, Frazier --- I ought to cut your dirty heart out....

FRAZIER:

(completely craven)

Rocky -- you can't -- don't -- don't --

ROCKY:

Stop crawlin' -- You got me hooked for a hundred grand. I'm gonna get that first.

189. CLOSER SHOT TWO

Frazier regains some of his courage: he's too smart not to realize what Rocky means. He attempts to pull himself together, to use craft to get out of his spot.

FRAZIER:

Sure -- of course -- it's yours, Rocky -- I'll get it for you.

ROCKY:

Okay. Go ahead.

FRAZIER:

I haven't it here -- you don't think I keep that much around...

ROCKY:

You got a safe here.

FRAZIER:

Yes -- of course -- but believe me Rocky -- I haven't anything like that much ...

ROCKY:

Let's see that safe.

(CONTINUED)

189 (Cont.)

FRAZIER:
 (ready to do anything
 to keep Rocky's finger
 steady on the trigger)
 Yes -- sure -- I'll show you --
 I'll prove it to you, Rocky...

He goes to a wall panel, opens it, revealing a small wall safe.

FRAZIER:
 I've got a few thousand here -- you're
 welcome to that -- and I'll get you the
 rest....

ROCKY:
 Shut up and open it.

190. CLOSE SHOT AT SAFE

Frazier fumbles in his nervousness as he dials the combination. Rocky remains behind him, silent. Frazier opens the safe.

FRAZIER:
 There -- you can see for yourself ...

ROCKY:
 Sit down and shut up.

Frazier quickly goes to a chair and sits. Rocky inspects the safe. With one hand he takes out the entire contents, dumps it on the desk.

191. MED. SHOT

As Rocky sits at the desk, he puts his automatic on the top and prepares to inspect the contents of the safe. Frazier stares at him, perspiration still running down his face. Rocky looks through a package of money.

ROCKY:
 Ten grand

FRAZIER:
 That's all -- and those securities
 there -- and some bonds -- they're
 worth quite a bit

ROCKY:
 I don't fool with bonds.

192. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

SHOT so that we are able to see the contents of the safe and identify them as Rocky speaks. Rocky picks up about three bank pass-books.

ROCKY:

Some sweet bank accounts, Frazier.
 (he looks through them)
 Farmers' and Merchants -- a hundred
 and sixty grand -- Broad Street
 National -- two hundred and eighty --
 Industrial Trust -- eighty seven.
 (he looks up)

You've done all right, Frazier.
 You've done swell! An' that makes
 me plenty happy. Why, shouldn't it,
 Frazier -- 'cause we're both partners --
 aren't we?

FRAZIER:

Yes -- of course -- of course, Rocky...

ROCKY:

Sure we are -- just like you said
 three years ago.

He puts the pass books in his pocket, turns to the other papers -- papers we have seen Frazier put in his brief case during the pay off, and the little black book that the men signed. Rocky looks at the book.

ROCKY:

Hmmmmmm -- so you been collectin' auto-
 graphs, too, eh? Some pretty important
 people! Big shots!

FRAZIER:

(quickly - fearsome)
 That's nothing, Rocky -- just a
 few receipts

ROCKY:

Yeah -- quite a few -- an' from a
 couple a' officials it might be
 interestin' to know more about.
 Think I better take 'em along an'
 study up on 'em. One partner ought
 to know everything the other one
 does.

He sticks them into his pocket. Frazier would like to protest but is afraid to.

19". MED. SHOT

as Rocky picks up the phone on the desk.

ROCKY:
(to Frazier)
What's Keefer's number -- his
private number.

FRAZIER:
Circle 0500.

ROCKY:
(as he dials)
I'll put you on -- you tell 'im I'll
be up in the morning and that you
want 'im to pay me that hundred grand.
Get it ?

FRAZIER:
(weakly)
Yes.....

ROCKY:
And one wrong crack -- an' you won't
have to do any more talkin'....
(looks at him steadily)

FRAZIER:
Yes -- of course

ROCKY:
(getting his connection)
Hello, Keefer? -- This is Rocky
Sullivan -- Yeah...
(he grins)
A little surprise -- No, I ain't in
the morgue....that's one of your boys!
Wait a minute -- Frazier wants to
talk to you.....

He hands Frazier the mouthpiece but keeps the receiver
to his own ear. His eyes bore into Frazier,
as he reaches for his automatic with his other hand.
Frazier has need for no reminder; he's altogether
too frightened.

FRAZIER:
Hello, Mac -- Sullivan will be up
to the El Gaucho in the morning --

ROCKY:
Ten o'clock -- that'll give him
time to get to the bank.

(CONTINUED)

193 (Cont.)

FRAZIER:

...at ten o'clock. I want you to give him one hundred thousand dollars on my account...

(nervously)

Mac -- you'll do it, won't you -- you've got to!

CUT TO:

194. INT. KEEFER'S BEDROOM CLOSE SHOT

Keefer in a dressing gown is standing by the phone, frowning. He listens for a moment, thinking - then decides:

KEEFER:

Okay. I'll give it to him.

CUT TO:

195. INT. FRAZIER'S STUDY MED. SHOT AT DESK

Rocky listens with satisfaction.

FRAZIER:

No slip ups, Mac -- you've got to understand that

CUT TO:

196. INT. KEEFER'S BEDROOM CLOSE SHOT

KEEFER:

Okay -- okay. I said I'll give it to him.

He hangs up. For a moment he is deep in thought, then, as he turns away,

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

197. INT. KEEFER'S OFFICE MED. SHOT DOOR

as it opens and Rocky enters followed by Blacky, the same man who escorted him to the office when he first called on Frazier. Rocky steps in, looks around. Blacky closes the door, leans against it.

198. REVERSE PANNING SHOT

Keefer and some five of his lieutenants are grouped around the room, lounging indolently in their chairs. Their eyes are levelled on Rocky, their faces are hard and expressionless.

199. MED. SHOT

Rocky grins at them.

ROCKY:

Nice day for a murder.

Not a face changes expression. Keefer speaks abruptly.

KEEFER:

Where's Frazier?

ROCKY:

Where's the hundred G's?

KEEFER:

You think we're gonna pay off, huh?

ROCKY:

Sure you are. And quick. Because if I don't get the money inside o' three minutes, Frazier's gonna be splashed all over the best hideout in town.

There is a short pause. Then:

KEEFER:

You don't expect to get away with this, do you?

ROCKY:

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont.)

There is no answer. One of the men takes a pearl-handled knife out of his pocket.

MAN:

(flipping the knife
open)

I guess we c'n make you talk.

ROCKY:

(calmly)

All right, suppose you do make me talk? I give you a wrong number, then I give you another one. In the meantime Frazier is watching a clock an' waitin' for the phone to ring.

(grimly)

Well, who is it -- me or Frazier?

200. CLOSE SHOT KEEFER

He stares silently at Rocky for a moment. Then:

KEEFER:

Give 'im the dough.

201. MED. SHOT GROUP

There is a movement of protest from the men but Keefer stifles it by speaking firmly again.

KEEFER:

Give 'im the dough.

One of the men opens the desk drawer and takes out several packages of money. He tosses them over to Rocky who picks them up with a smile.

KEEFER:

Suppose you don't produce Frazier?

ROCKY:

What'd I want with him?

(rifling the money
in a quick count)

Listen, Keefer -- now that you paid off, I'll tell you somethin'. This business happened because Frazier double-crossed me.

(CONTINUED)

201 (Cont.)

KEEFER:
 (non-committal)
 Yeah...

ROCKY:
 We worked together three years
 ago...

KEEFER:
 So he told me.

202. CLOSE SHOT KEEFER

his face betrays no emotion as Rocky goes on, although he is trying to decide which one to believe, Rocky or Frazier.

ROCKY'S VOICE:
 Yeah. But did he tell you we pulled
 a job. An' that I took the rap --
 three years -- and he kept my share
 of the haul for me --

203. CLOSE SHOT GROUP

Rocky holds up the money.

ROCKY:
 This is it, Keefer. A hundred
 grand.
 (Keefer doesn't reply)
 Gimme a phone -- an outside line.

Keefer shoves one to him. Rocky dials a number.

CUT TO:

204. INT. FRUIT MARKET DOCK STREET DISTRICT

The Italian proprietor answers the phone.

ITALIAN:
 'Allo?

CUT TO:

205. INT. KEEPER'S OFFICE MED. SHOT

Rocky speaks crisply into the phone.

ROCKY:

Hello -- this is Rocky. -- Okay.
When I walk by your window call
that number I gave you -- but
don't call it if you see no smokin'
a cigarette. -- That means I'm
being followed.

CUT TO:

206. CLOSE SHOT ITALIAN

ITALIAN:

!Allo -- !Allo -- What's a matter
with you -- you crazeee!

CUT TO:

207. INT. KEEPER'S OFFICE MED. SHOT

Rocky hangs up.

ROCKY:

When I walk past that certain
window -- Frazier'll be sprung.
-- Unless I'm followed.

KEEPER:

Okay, beat it and let him go....

Rocky rises, walks out.

208. CLOSE SHOT GROUP

After Rocky has gone, the men turn toward Keeper.

MAN:

(the one with the knife)
We'll get him -- as soon as we see
Frazier.

KEEPER:

(reaching for the phone)
No. We don't do nothin'.
(into phone)
Get me the Tyson Street police precinct.

There is a pause as the men look at him with surprise.

209. CLOSE SHOT KEEFER

When he gets his connection.

KEEFER:

Hello -- this is Mac Keefer.
Lemme talk to Buckley.

(pause)

Hello, -- Buck? -- Mac. Yeah.
Lissen, I'm gonna do somethin'
for you -- I'm gonna give you
a hot tip. Last night Rocky
Sullivan snatched Frazier. I
just paid off a hundred grand
to him.....

CUT TO:

210. INT. POLICE STATION CLOSE SHOT

Buckley, the precinct lieutenant is on the phone.

BUCKLEY:

What're you doin'? -- Kiddin' me?

He listens for a moment, his face becoming serious.
He nods.

BUCKLEY:

Yeah -- yeah -- yeah.....

CUT TO:

211. INT. KEEFER'S OFFICE MED. SHOT

KEEFER:

Okay. Don't thank me. It's a
pleasure.

He hangs up. Instantly the men crowd around, protest-
ing.

MAN:

What's the idea bringin' in the
cops on it?

2ND MAN:

Why'nt we handle it ourselves?

(CONTINUED)

211 (Cont.)

KEEPER:

(contemptuously)

Because I'm not a mugg -- I'm smart, see. We let the coppers handle it -- Rocky gets life, maybe -- We stay in the clear an' maybe get back that dough.

3RD MAN:

Yeah -- but draggin' in the coppers...

KEEPER:

Sure -- you'd like rough stuff!
Why? When we can do it nice and legal! No trouble, no fuss -- an' the top boys'll like it. Why don't you guys use your brains, like I do!

He scowls at them with disgust.

QUICK FADE OUT.

FADE IN

212. EXT. DOCK ST. HOUSE MED. SHOT

Rocky walks quickly up the street and into the building. PAN CAMERA AROUND so that it is SHOOTING up the street. A police car speeds down the street and pulls up to the curb. Two plain-clothesmen alight from the car, glance up at the number of the house, then hurry up the stairs. They ring the bell.

213. INT. HALL AT STAIRS

Rocky, climbing the stairs, has just reached the second floor landing when, below, the front door is heard to open and one of the detectives is heard:

DETECTIVE'S VOICE:
Where's Rocky Sullivan's room?

LANDLADY'S VOICE:
Third floor in the front.

214. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

He pauses on the landing, glances down, sees the men as they cross the hall toward the stairs. He knows he is in a tight spot with the money and Frasier's papers on him. Quickly making a decision, he crosses to a door, opens it.

215. CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR SHOOTING INTO ROOM

Soapy's mother turns, surprised, as the door opens. Soapy is seen in the b.g. in the kitchen, at the table, eating his lunch. Rocky motions to Soapy.

ROCKY:
Come upstairs -- quick!

Soapy rises from the table, Rocky turns and hurries away. As Soapy moves out his mother calls to him angrily.

SOAPY'S MOTHER:
You come back here and finish your lunch.....

216. CLOSE MOVING SHOT ROCKY

as he runs up the stairs, reaches the third landing. He opens the hall window, takes his gun, pitches it out, hurries on to his room.

217. INT. ROCKY'S ROOM MED. SHOT

He takes a large manila envelope from the dresser, hurriedly takes the packages of money from his pockets, stuffs them in, then takes the books and papers of Frazier's and stuffs them in. He is licking the envelope and sealing it as Soapy dashes in.

ROCKY:

Hide this some place where it'll be safe! See that it's not opened -- and you know what happens to double-crossers!

SOAPY:

(eagerly taking the envelope)

Sure, Rocky!

ROCKY:

(pushing him out)

All right -- now beat it, quick!

He pushes Soapy out, closes the door.

218. STAIRS

as the two plain-clothesmen reach the second floor landing.

219. THIRD FLOOR LANDING

Soapy starts down the stairs, tucking the envelope under his shirt. Then he stops as he sees the two men coming up. He has one panicky moment as he hesitates. Then he starts down again. The two men pass him on the way up, barely giving him a glance. Soapy hurries down.

220. HALL AT ROCKY'S DOOR

as the two officers reach it. They both draw, stand away from the door. One of them kicks it.

(CONTINUED)

220 (Cont.)

PLAIN-CLOTHESMAN:

C'mon, Sullivan -- open up!

A moment, then Rocky opens the door, smiling at them. He glances at the drawn guns.

ROCKY:

Why all the artillery?

One of the men quickly frisks him for a gun, then they shove him back into the room.

221. STREET OPPOSITE ROCKY'S HOUSE

as Soapy tears across the street, goes into a doorway, turns and stands watching the house.

222. CLOSE SHOT SOAPY

greatly excited as he watches.

223. INT. ROCKY'S ROOM MED. SHOT

The two men have torn the room apart, searching. One of the men turns back to Rocky who is still grinning at them impudently.

PLAIN-CLOTHESMAN:

What'd you do with the dough, Sullivan?

ROCKY:

What dough?

PLAIN-CLOTHESMAN:

All right, wise guy...Get movin'.

Rocky gets his hat. They start out.

WIPE TO:

224. EXT. ROCKY'S HOUSE MED. SHOT

as the two men load Rocky out, put him into the car.

225. CLOSE SHOT SOAPY

as he watches Rocky being hustled into the car. He is terrified and yet thrilled.

226. MED. SHOT STREET

as the car drives away.

227. MED. SHOT SOAPY

He watches it go down the street. Then feeling under his shirt to reassure himself that the envelope is safe, he comes out from the doorway, turns up the alley.

228. EXT. ALLEY MED. SHOT

as Scapy comes up. He stops under the windows above, whistles a peculiar bar.

229. WINDOW ON SECOND FLOOR

as Swing's head pops out.

230. SOAPY

He calls up.

SOAPY:

Get Bim an' come on!

WIPE TO:

231. INT. HIDEOUT CLOSE SHOT

Scapy, Bim, and Swing are grouped together, the envelope in Scapy's hands. Their faces are all excited.

BIM:

Whadda the cops pinch 'im for?

SOAPY:

I dunno. He din't have time to tell me nuttin'. He just give me this an' told me to hide it!

(CONTINUED)

231 (Cont.)

SWING:
Whatcha think's in it, huh, Soapy?

SOAPY:
Howda I know? -- Somethin' valuable,
I betcha.

BIM:
Let's open it an' sec...
(reaches for it -
Soapy spits at
his hand)

SOAPY:
(ominously)
Wanna lose your hand? Rocky said
don't open it. See?

BIM:
Okay, okay...I just asked.....

SOAPY:
Gee ya orta seen them cops! They
pass me right on the stairs -- an'
they don't know nuttin' -- an' me wid
dis under me shoit!

The three laugh at this colossal joke.

WIPE TO:

232. INT. PRECINCT POLICE STATION MED. TRUCKING SHOT

as the two plain-clothesmen lead Rocky in. He is
entirely calm, almost nonchalant. The lieutenant,
Buckley, comes from his office. Several reporters,
lounging around, look up, and recognizing Rocky, be-
come interested.

233. CLOSE SHOT REPORTERS

REPORTER:
Say -- that's Rocky Sullivan!
They rise, ad libbing, and come forward.

234. MED. SHOT

The reporters and Buckley come toward Rocky.

(CONTINUED)

234 (Cont.)

1ST REPORTER
Hello, Rocky! When d'you blow into
into town?

ROCKY:
(to the reporters)
Hello, boys.

3RD REPORTER:
Hiyah, Rocky. What'sa matter --
pass a red light?

BUCKLEY:
(pushing through them)
All in good time, boys -- all in
good time.
(to the plain-clothesmen)
Take him in back, Burt.

The men lead Rocky away.

235. CLOSER SHOT GROUP

As the reporters crowd around Buckley.

REPORTERS:
(together)
What's up, Buck?
What've you got on him?
C'mon, Buck -- let's have it?
Give us the lowdown, Buck.

BUCKLEY:
(very proud - hardly
able to keep from
beaming)
Well, boys, this is just a little
example of the efficiency of this
precinct....

1ST REPORTER:
Skip that, an' let's have the dope.

BUCKLEY:
(ignoring him -- this
is his big moment)
At two o'clock this morning -- Rocky
Sullivan kidnapped James Frazier...

There is a sensation.

REPORTERS:
What!
Kidnapped!

(CONTINUED)

235 (Cont.)

REPORTERS:(Cont.)

Frazier!
A snatch rap on Rocky!
Holy Codfish!

BUCKLEY:

At ten o'clock, Mac Keefer paid
Sullivan a hundred thousand dollars
ransom!

REPORTERS:

Keefer! -- Mac Keefer!
Great Jumpin' Jenifer!
A hundred grand!
Go on, Buck -- cut out posin'
and let's have it all!

BUCKLEY:

At --

(he looks pompously
at his watch)

- twelve thirty, Sullivan was ap-
prehended by Detectives O'Rourke
and Glenister acting under the
orders of Lieutenant Edward C.
Buckley... Spelled, B-U-C-K---

The reporters hurry to phones. Buckley looks after them for a moment, grinning, then he turns and walks to the back and through the door through which the men escorted Rocky. We can hear the reporters calling their papers and excitedly giving the story.

236. INT. REAR ROOM OF STATION

Rocky is seated in the center of the room. Grouped around him are the two plain-clothesmen who picked him up and several more. The lieutenant enters.

ROCKY:

(smiling)

....you got it all wrong. There
wasn't any snatch. -- Frazier'n
me was away on a little business
trip. That's all.

The lieutenant comes up to him.

BUCKLEY:

You might as well spill, Rocky.
We got all the dope anyway.

ROCKY:

Why don't you guys let me call my
lawyer?

(CONTINUED)

236 (Cont.)

2ND PLAIN-CLOTHESMAN:
 (sarcastically)
 Yeah -- sure.

BUCKLEY:
 (grinning)
 Yeah - who is your lawyer, Rocky?

ROCKY:
 (calmly)
 Frazier...

The men look at him angrily. They move closer around him, as -

WIPE TO:

237. INT. SMALL ROOM OFF KEEFER'S OFFICE MED. SHOT

As Frazier, his overcoat collar pulled up over his tuxedo collar and tie, his face unshaven, hurries through, opens the door to Keefer's office and enters.

238. INT. KEEFER'S OFFICE MED. SHOT

Keefer is there as Frazier enters. He looks up, his eyes hard and cold.

FRAZIER:
 (coming to him - em-
 barrassed and nervous)
 Hello, Mac.

He crosses to the desk, pours himself a drink of whiskey. Keefer watches him.

KEEFER:
 A little nervous, ain't you?

FRAZIER:
 Well, it wasn't any picnic....
 Under a steam-boiler in some
 cellar, all night...with rats
 and dirt and....
 (starts scratching
 himself)

KEEFER:
 (his face hard)
 Maybe this'll learn you to leave the
 rough stuff to me!

(CONTINUED)

238 (Cont.)

FRAZIER:

(flaring slightly)

Is it my fault if those apes of yours
haven't sense enough to get the right
man?

(he takes his drink)

You didn't put anybody after Sullivan?

KEEPER:

No. You did that once too much.

FRAZIER:

(relieved)

Good.

KEEPER:

I'm lettin' the coppers take care
of him this time.

FRAZIER:

(startled)

What do you mean?

KEEPER:

I tipped 'em off he snatched you.
Just heard they picked him up.

239. CLOSE SHOT FRAZIER

He shows the fear this statement gives him.

FRAZIER:

Good Christ, Mac!

240. MED. CLOSE SHOT TWO

Frazier puts down his glass, goes close to Mac.

FRAZIER:

(frantically)

We can't do that!

KEEPER:

I already done it.

FRAZIER:

But you don't understand!..Sullivan
picked me up at my home! -- He's got
everything that was in my safe! The
account books, receipts, names, addresses,
my bank books -- everything! If he's
prosecuted for the kidnapping, he'll
talk and he's got evidence to back it
up. The whole town will be blown wide open!

241. CLOSE SHOT KEEFER

His face flames with anger.

KEEFER:

You dumb shyster...!

(then quickly)

All right -- what're you waitin'
for? We gotta pull him outa there!

242. CLOSE SHOT TWO

as Frazier hurries to the desk, picks up the phone, starts dialing a number. Keefer, swearing under his breath, paces the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

243. EXT. PRECINCT POLICE STATION MED. SHOT

An official car pulls up to the curb and a large, important-looking chief of detectives gets out, crosses the sidewalk and enters the station.

244. INT. PRECINCT STATION MED. SHOT

The station is now crowded with reporters. As the chief of detectives enters they greet him casually.

REPORTERS:

Hiyah, chief!
Hello, Barney.
Etc.

The Chief pushes his way through them without answering, his face set. He heads for the door of the lieutenant's office.

1ST REPORTER:

(to another)

Rocky's bringing down the brass hats!

2ND REPORTER:

Yeah -- they gotta be around to help
take the bows!

3RD REPORTER:

(laughing)

What I like is Keefer payin' out that
hundred grand. Boy, can you tie that!

(CONTINUED)

244 (Cont.)

1ST REPORTER:

It's lucky for Sullivan he got nabbed.
He'd be worse off outside....

245. CLOSE SHOT LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE DOOR

as it opens and the Chief of Detectives comes out with Buckley who now appears very pale and frightened. They come out briskly, silently.

246. MED. SHOT

as the reporters turn to them. The Chief leaves as quickly as he entered, pushing his way through the reporters. Buckley crosses quickly to the door to the rear room. The reporters sensing something has happened, crowd around him.

REPORTERS:

What's up, Buck!
What's the matter? What's happened?
C'mon, Buck -- quit stallin'!

BUCKLEY:

(pushing his way
through - pleading)
Not now, boys -- not now!

He goes into the rear room, closes the door behind him. The reporters stand around.

1ST REPORTER:

I'm beginnin' to smell somethin'
fishy!

They wait for a moment, then the door opens and Rocky emerges with the lieutenant. The reporters crowd around.

REPORTERS:

C'mon, Rocky -- let us in on it!
Where you takin' him, Buck?
What's all the hocus pocus about?
What happened, Rocky -- give us
your side of it!

ROCKY:

(smiling - waving at them)
Sorry, fellows. I can't talk. -- But
the lieutenant'll give you a statement.

He pushes through them as they crowd around Buckley.

(CONTINUED)

246 (Cont.)

BUCKLEY:

(perspiring)

Sullivan's being released. We found
out it's all been a little mistake...

His words create a sensation.

REPORTERS:

A little mistake!
Hey -- wait a minute!
Say -- we flashed in the story!
You can't pull a thing like this!
What'd you mean a mistake!
Mistake in a pig's.....

BUCKLEY:

(his face dripping)

Now wait, boys -- now wait!
Take it easy -- I'm tryin' to
explain! -- Y'see we got an
anonymous tip... a false alarm...

The voices of the boys, their anger mounting, almost
drown him out.

CUT TO:

247. EXT. STREET AT PRINCINCT STATION

as Rocky comes out. Some little distance down the
street a newsboy is shouting his papers.

NEWSBOY:

Extreeee paper! Read all about it!
Lawyer kidnapped! Extreeee!

Rocky calls him. He comes running up. Rocky gives him
a coin and takes a paper. The boy goes on, calling.
Rocky looks over the headlines.

248. INSERT THE NEWSPAPER

The headlines read:

"JAMES PRAZIER KIDNAPPED

Two- Gun Rocky Captured In Hundred
Thousand Dollar Kidnapping.

Held Under Special Guard
Speedy Trial Assured"

249. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

He grins as he stuffs the paper into his pocket and moves off.

DISSOLVE TO:

250. MOVING SHOT OPEN REAR OF DELIVERY TRUCK

as truckman flings a bundle of newspapers to the curb flanking a newsstand.

251. MED. SHOT

as Soapy with his two pals dart to it and tear one of the papers out.

WIPE TO:

252. INSERT

Same headlines as in previous scene. CAMERA PULLS BACK and we find the boys to be in the hideout, clustered around Soapy. They are devouring the story.

SOAPY:

(reading)

'...Rocky Sullivan evidently returned directly to his boyhood haunts, following his release and had been in the district only a few days before he kidnaped James Frazier, prominent attorney and playboy, for a ransom of one hundred thousand dollars....'

BIM:

Say, maybe that dough is in that envelope...

ROCKY'S VOICE:

Maybe it is, Bim.

The boys whirl about, startled.

253. MED. SHOT

as Rocky enters, smiling.

(CONTINUED)

253 (Cont.)

SOAPY:
 (admiringly)
 Rocky! Didja break out!

ROCKY:
 No -- I walked out.

SOAPY:
 But it says in the papers....

ROCKY:
 (wipes the boy's
 face -- playfully)
 Never believe what you read in
 the papers, kid....

SWING:
 (awe-stricken, gaping
 at Rocky)
 Foist you're in -- den you're out!
 (boys laugh)
 Boy -- they coitainly can't hold
 you, Rocky.

ROCKY:
 (to Soapy)
 How about that envelope?

SOAPY:
 (proudly)
 I got it.

ROCKY:
 (laughs)
 Okay -- let's have it.

Soapy crosses to the coal bin.

254. CLOSE SHOT AT BIN

as Soapy starts shovelling away the coal with his bare hands, Rocky looking on interestedly. After he has the coal cleared from the side of the partition, he pries open with his fingers a loose board. Back of the board is the brick wall of the basement. Soapy then pries out a loose brick. Behind this is another loose brick. Finally Soapy reaches in his full arm up to the shoulder, and pulls out the envelope.

255. MED. SHOT GROUP

SOAPY:

(grinning)

Here ya are... just like ya give
it to me.

ROCKY:

That's a smart plant you got,
Soapy...

SOAPY:

(excitedly)

Sure is... If I didn't know where
it was I couldn't find it myself.

256. CLOSE SHOT GROUP

as Rocky opens the envelope and checks the contents.
The boys with gaping mouths and popping eyes see the
packages of money.

SOAPY:

(with wonder)

Say, Rocky... is that all real
dough - no phonies...?

ROCKY:

(busy with Frazier's
papers and account
books)

If it ain't, I've sure been gypped.

The boys laugh.

SWING:

Gee... I didn't know there was that
much dough in the world!

BIM:

Is that the hundred grand the papers
said you got as ransom?

ROCKY:

(looking up at the
kids - seriously)

Listen, kid - you don't know any-
thing about this, see!

BIM:

(wagging his head fast)

No - no - I don't know nuthin', Rocky.

ROCKY:

But you know what happens to guys
that talk...

(CONTINUED)

256 (Cont.)

Bim gulps and just is able to nod his head. Then Rocky relaxes and laughs.

ROCKY:

(continuing)

Okay...

(takes out his wallet;
gives Soapy a small
roll of bills)

Here ya are, Soapy... Cut this up
any way you like... and remember what
I said about guys who talk...

SOAPY:

(fingering the roll
of bills)

Gee, Rocky... t'anks... Listen, don't
worry about my gang talkin'... We
had a squealer wid us a coupla years
ago... Now he ain't got any teeth left!

ROCKY:

(laughs)

Okay - So long. I'll see ya in a
coupla days.

(he starts out)

BOYS:

(ad lib)

So long, Rocky...
Thanks for the cut...

257. CLOSE SHOT BOYS

as they crowd about Soapy.

SOAPY:

Here ya are, Swing... there's your
cut.

SWING:

(stares at the bills
with amazement; counts
them rapidly)

Fifty bucks! Now!

SOAPY:

(to Bim)

Same to you -- Bim.

BIM:

Fif-ty s'awloons...! Boy, my ole
man never made that much in his
whole life!

(CONTINUED)

257 (Cont.)

SWING:

(curious - as he tries
to see Soapy's share)

How much you got, Soapy...

SOAPY:

A hunnerd...

(glares at them -
then)

Whatsamatter? Gonna make somethin'
outa it?

SWING:

No - sure, you desolve it. You're
the boss...

EIM:

Say... what'a we gonna do wid it?
This is boinin' a hole right through
me hand.

SOAPY:

Plenty to do - Come on.

He starts out, the others following.

258. EXT. HIDEOUT MED. SHOT

as they come out to the street and pass the entrance.
A grizzled old negro janitor is dozing on a chair next
to a line of ash-cans. Soapy taps him on the shoulder
and he wakes, blinking.

SOAPY:

(with a grandiose ges-
ture; takes off a bill
from his roll)

Here y'are, Smoke -- five bucks.
Two years rent in advance for the
club rooms.

The negro blinks in amazement. The kids swagger off,
their hands in their pockets, clutching their money.

DISSOLVE TO:

259. INT. JERRY'S HOME HIS STUDY MED. SHOT

Jerry is working at his desk. As he hears Laura's
voice in the hall, he looks up from his work.

(CONTINUED)

259 (Cont.)

LAURA'S VOICE:

(with excitement)

Is Father Donnelly in? - I've got
to see him...

Jerry removes his reading glasses, rises, crosses to
the door. He calls out:

JERRY:

Hello, Laura. Come in -- come in,
please.

She enters. She is carrying a copy of the afternoon
paper. She is worried.

LAURA:

Father...

JERRY:

(glancing at her quickly;
noting her worry)

Here - here - what's the matter?

LAURA:

Have you seen the paper?

She thrusts it into his hands.

260. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

As he reads the headlines. He looks up slowly, shaken,
his face lined with worry as he meets Laura's eyes.
Then he sighs wearily, puts the paper on his desk.

261. CLOSE SHOT TWO

LAURA:

Do you believe it, Father...?

JERRY:

(slowly)

I don't know...

LAURA:

(with feeling)

But kidnapping - Oh, it can't be
true, father - it doesn't seem
possible Rocky would do that --

JERRY:

(as before)

I hope not.

(CONTINUED)

261(Cont.)

LAURA:

Isn't there something we can do? -
We've got to help him! We can't
just let him alone...

JERRY:

(nodding - having
made a decision)

Of course - we've got to stand by
him.

He goes to the desk, sits, picks up the phone, glances
against the paper to check the name of the precinct
station.

262. CLOSE SHOT AT DESK

Laura stands close to him as he speaks into the phone.

JERRY:

I want the Tyson street police station.

(there is a pause)

Hello, this is Father Donnelly of
St. Margaret's Church.

(slowly)

I - wish to inquire about - Rocky
Sullivan...

263. INT. PRECINCT POLICE STATION CLOSE SHOT AT DESK

The desk sergeant is on the phone.

SERGEANT:

Don't worry about him, Father. He
was released 'bout an hour ago.

(pause - then with
a wry grimace)

I couldn't say, Father. I don't
know nothin' about it, myself...

264. INT. JERRY'S STUDY MED. CLOSE SHOT

Jerry hangs up. He turns to Laura - more encouraged.

JERRY:

He was released an hour ago.
That's all I could find out there.

DISSOLVE TO:

265. INT. ROCKY'S ROOM CLOSE SHOT

Rocky is standing at the head of the old brass bed. On the cover is seen the knob of the post which he has removed. In the hollow brass post he is stuffing the money and papers. There is a knock on the door. Rocky glances up in annoyance, hurries through his job. There is another knock, then Jerry's voice is heard.

JERRY:

Rocky! Can I come in?

ROCKY:

Yeah - just a minute.

He quickly replaces the knob, grabs up a towel from the bureau, pretends wiping his face, and CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM crosses to the door, unlocks it, and opens it. He smiles at Laura and Jerry.

ROCKY:

Hello, Jerry - come on in. Hello, Laura.

They come in. Rocky closes the door.

266. CLOSE SHOT THREE

Laura and Jerry regard him intently, relief in the girl's face, concern in the priest's

LAURA:

Rocky - we were terribly worried about you - it was a shock to read...

ROCKY:

(grinning)

Yeah - you've been reading the papers. That's a bad habit to get into.

JERRY:

(quietly)

We called the police station.

267. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

He looks from one to the other with real surprise.

ROCKY:

You did?

(a slight pause;
he grins)

Say - I ain't had nobody take that
much interest in me - for a long
time...

268. CLOSE SHOT THREE

JERRY:

Why shouldn't we be interested in
you? We're your friends.

LAURA:

But what happened, Rocky? How could
they say a thing like that when you
didn't do it?...

ROCKY:

(instantly on the
defense - forgetting
for a moment who those
people are)

What's it to....?

He stops, noting their hurt reaction.

ROCKY:

(trying to apologize)

I been through a mess a' questions
all day. Look - there was nothin'
to it. Frazier an' me was out on
some business - an' some dope wants
to make trouble an' have a laugh on
the coppers at the same time...

(laughs)

just a false alarm.

269. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

Standing by the head of the bed looking down at the floor.

270. CLOSE SHOT FLOOR

from Jerry's angle. Near the foot of the bedpost is a money wrapper which Rocky, in his hurry, has dropped.

ROCKY'S VOICE:

...so he phones in a tip that Frazier is snatched, and that I gotta hundred grand. And those half-wits fall for it...before you could wink, those reporters splashed it over the front pages. They're always hungry for a story....

271. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

He looks up from the floor and at Rocky. Behind the mask of his face we feel that he knows Rocky is lying -- is sure that the wrapper was around some of the ransom money mentioned in the newspaper account.

ROCKY'S VOICE:

...That's all there was to it. Any guy with a record... ya know how it is...

272. CLOSE SHOT THREE

ROCKY:

....gets hauled in now an' then -- just 'cause they got nothin' better to think of.

JERRY:

(matter-of-factly)

Well, I'm glad it was nothing more than that.

His eyes meet Rocky's, but Rocky's don't waver.

ROCKY:

Thanks, Jerry...for worryin' about it.

JERRY:

I'll be getting along -- I've work waiting for me.

(CONTINUED)

372 (Cont.)

He moves to the door, followed by Rocky and Laura.

ROCKY:
Wait a minute, Laura. I want to
talk to you.

LAURA:
All right. 'Evening, Father.

ROCKY:
So long, Jerry.

Jerry nods, smiles at them, and exits.

273. CLOSE SHOT LAURA AND ROCKY

Rocky turns to her, smiling. Laura sits in an old arm
chair.

ROCKY:
You got a party dress -- some glad-
rags, you know -- somethin' fancy --
an evenin' gown?

LAURA:
(smiling weakly)
A very old one ...

ROCKY:
Well, get it on -- and we'll do a
little celebratin'.

LAURA:
(pleased, but curious)
Why ... what'll we be celebrating,
Rocky?

ROCKY:
This whole business ...
(laughs)
After all, ya don't get on the first
page everyday ...

LAURA:
And you don't get away from the
police every day.
(pauses - looks
straight at him)
What really happened, Rocky?

ROCKY:
(grinning)
Didn't swallow it, eh?

LAURA:
No.

273 (Cont.)

ROCKY:

Smart kid.

(he hesitates a moment,
considers her - whether
she can be trusted and
how far)

It wasn't a snatch. Frazier owed me
some dough and I made him pay off.

274. CLOSE SHOT LAURA

Expressionless as she asks him calmly.

LAURA:

And how did you make them let you go?

275. CLOSE SHOT TWO

He comes over to her, takes one of her hands in his,
holds it.

ROCKY:

Laura -- if we're goin' to get along
-- the first thing you gotta learn
is not to ask too many questions...
Now, how about gettin' dressed up
for tonight?

276. CLOSE SHOT LAURA

She looks at him steadily for a long moment.

ROCKY'S VOICE:

How long is it since you've had a
good time, Laura ... ? I mean a
real good time?

The unhappiness of years is visible in her eyes as she
answers slowly.

LAURA:

Not so long, Rocky...

ROCKY'S VOICE:

Another thing you've gotta learn --
always answer me straight... C'mon --
an' I'll show you what this town's
run for

A pause, as she hesitates. It may be wrong - she knows

(CONTINUED)

276 (Cont.)

Rocky is a racketeer, a criminal -- that the money they will be spending is in all probability crooked money -- but it offers an escape -- and some real fun with -- Rocky.... She smiles.

LAURA:

I hope that old gown holds together....

277. MED. SHOT

as she rises and starts out.

DISSOLVE TO:

278. A BIG HEAD CLOSEUP

of Laura in the gambling room of the El Gaucho Club. Her eyes are wide and she is tingling with excitement. OVER THIS COMES the distant SOUND of the dance orchestra in the other room, the rattle of chips, the bark of the croupier, etc. We DRAW CAMERA BACK SLOWLY revealing that Laura is dressed for the evening as well as she could manage. She is standing near one of the roulette tables, looking around the crowded room. Rocky can be seen in the b.g., buying some chips. As Laura's eyes travel around the room noticing the other women:

279. PANNING SHOT

from her angle, getting the brilliantly dressed women and girls at the tables and throughout the room.

280. MED. CLOSE SHOT LAURA

She becomes more self-conscious as she compares the beautifully dressed women with her own humble frock. She glances down at herself now and then, smooths the folds of her dress, runs an exploratory hand over her hair and is immensely relieved when Rocky returns, carrying in his hand a large pile of chips. Rocky is in a dinner coat. Laura smiles up at him.

ROCKY:

Here y'are, kid. Try your luck.

LAURA:

No?

(CONTINUED)

230 (Cont.)

ROCKY:

Sure.

They turn to the table but are interrupted by Blacky, who comes up to Rocky. There is no affection in the look between them.

BLACKY:

The boss wants to know if you'll step into the office.

ROCKY:

(innocently)

Who's the boss?

BLACKY:

(with a look)

Keefer. He wants a talk with you.

ROCKY:

Okay.... I'm sociable.

(turning to Laura)

Take a crack at the wheel, for a while. I'll be right back.

LAURA:

(embarrassed)

But, Rocky ...

ROCKY:

(with a pat and a smile)

Win some money, Babe.

He follows Blacky off, leaving her standing at the table.

231. CLOSE SHOT AT ROULETTE TABLE

She edges up to the table between the other players. Several of them glance at her curiously, adding to her embarrassment. The croupier draws out the winning number, collects the chips. The players start making their bets. After a moment's hesitation, Laura risks a few chips on a number. The woman next to Laura gives her an amused, condescending smile. Laura, angered, decides to go whole hog. She starts distributing chips on the board extravagantly. She glances back at the woman -- mimics her smile. The wheel spins. Laura watches the ball, her heart pounding, terribly excited.

282. INT. KEEFER'S OFFICE MED. SHOT

Keefer and Frazier are present; they have given Rocky a highball which he is twirling in his hand, seemingly absorbed in the swirling ice-cubes.

KEEFER:

... an' seein' as how Jim owed you the dough -- an' it all being kinda a misunderstandin' -- we decided to call it square - all around. With no hard feelin's...

(with significance)

... 'specially now that you're in the know on things ...

ROCKY:

(looking up - a half smile on his lips)

You guys want to talk business?

KEEFER:

Yeah.

ROCKY:

Okay. Let's talk.

283. CLOSE SHOT KEEFER AND FRAZIER

They exchange a look.

FRAZIER:

Look here, Rocky -- what about those accounts you took from my safe?

284. CLOSE SHOT GROUP FAVORING ROCKY

ROCKY:

I figure that as a kind of insurance. Ya know, just in case you fellows change your minds.

KEEFER:

(coldly)

Okay. Whadda you want, Rocky?

ROCKY:

(pleasantly)

Nothin' from you, Mac ...

(then to Frazier -

in a hard, cold tone)

Just the original agreement between Frazier an' myself -- 50% of his share in everything.

214 (Cont.)

Keefe looks up at Frazier. Frazier hesitates, then slowly nods.

FRAZIER:

All right.

ROCKY:

(to Frazier)

An' I'll take good care of those accounts. An' I wouldn't try any more tricks, Frazier...

(to Keefe)

... or a bump. It'd be kinda foolish - 'cause I'm givin' them books some special attention.

He takes a sip of the drink, puts it down on the desk.

KEEFE:

If it's a deal between you guys -- it's a deal -- just like it was on paper. That's me, Rocky -- I do things legal.

ROCKY:

(drily)

Yeah ... so I noticed.

He rises and leaves.

225. INT. GAMBLING ROOM AT ROULETTE TABLE

Laura has demonstrated that there is such a thing as beginner's luck. She has a huge stack of chips before her and a number of people at the table are watching as she makes her play. The wheel spins. She watches it with excitement. Rocky comes up behind her, looks on. The ball falls into a slot.

CROUPIER:

Twenty-four -- black.

Laura is on it. She gets her stack of chips, then notices Rocky.

ROCKY:

Looks like you've done all right.

LAURA:

I've been awfully lucky, Rocky. I must be almost twenty dollars ahead.

(CONTINUED)

235 (Cont.)

ROCKY:

(laughing)

Yeah - at five bucks a chip you must be. I'd say you'd won about a thousand dollars for yourself.

LAURA:

(her mouth falling open)

Five dollars - a chip ... !

ROCKY:

Yeah... Wanna quit and dance?

LAURA:

(she can hardly speak)

Yes..... please..... let's.....

Rocky takes the chips.

ROCKY:

I'll cash those in for you.

They walk off together, Laura repeating incredulously.

LAURA:

Five dollars ... a chip.

(breathlessly)

Rocky ... if I'd have known that,
I would have fainted.

285a. INT. CLUB ROOM CLOSE TRACKING SHOT

of Laura and Rocky as they dance. She is starry-eyed. He looks down at her fondly.

ROCKY:

Like this place?

LAURA:

Yes... wonderful.

ROCKY:

I own a piece of it.

She looks up at him in surprise. She starts to question him, then she smiles - shakes her head.

LAURA:

No ... I've learned my lesson ...
No questions.

ROCKY:

Smart kid.

(they dance for a
moment - then)

(CONTINUED)

235a (Cont.)

ROCKY: (Cont.)

How'd you like to give up that two-cent job a' yours and take a job here?

LAURA:

Here?

ROCKY:

Sure ... why not?

LAURA:

But -- what -- what would I do?

ROCKY:

Be a sort of hostess in the gambling room. Walk around in a nifty dress - play a little - get the crowd playing. Give you a hundred a week and expenses...

236. CLOSE SHOT LAURA

She looks at him with conflicting emotions: wonder - worry -- wanting very much to say "yes". It would mean the end of all her worries and troubles - would be an end to all her years of struggle. Deep down, another voice tells her it's not right... But the voice fades.

ROCKY'S VOICE:

(a slight pause - he continues to sell her)

You wouldn't have to worry ... It's a swanky, rich crowd... Then, I'd be around to keep an eye on you.

237. CLOSE SHOT TWO

ROCKY:

Besides, I need at least one friend in this place.

He doesn't get an answer, nor does he need one. She leans her head on his shoulder as they dance off.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

288. CLOSE SHOT SEVERAL DOLLAR BILLS

on the edge of a pool table. A hand COMES IN with another dollar bill, puts it on the others.

YOUNG HANGER-ON'S VOICE:
Another buck you don't make it!

SOAPY'S VOICE:
I take it, wise guy....

CAMERA DRAWS
BACK TO:

289. CLOSE TWO SHOT SOAPY AND THE OTHER

SOAPY:
(continued)
... and anudder buck ya made a
lousy bet.

CAMERA DRAWS
FURTHER BACK TO:

290. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. POOL-ROOM

A large group of neighborhood boys are gathered around the almost unrecognizable trio - Soapy, Bim and Swing. They are now all attired in brand-new, flashy clothes: exaggerated, padded shoulders, tight waist lines, bell-bottom pants, patent-leather shoes, tight knots on their loudly colored ties against flashy silk shirts. New hats at a rakish angle complete the picture of vest-pocket editions of drug-store cowboys.

Among the group are several older boys, typical hangers-on around a pool-room. As Swing chalks his cue with a professional manner and Soapy spits on the floor in a big-league fashion, the admiring circle crowds in closer.

2ND HANGER-ON:
I got four bits more -- anybody
wanna bet!

SWING:
(derisively)
Anybody take it... Bite it foist
to see it ain't lead!
(tosses it on
table to ping)

(CONTINUED)

290 (Cont.)

2ND HANGER-ON:
Put up, or shut up -- monkey!

SWING:
Awright -- I takes it!

He throws a half dollar on the table with a grand gesture.

BIM:
'At's 'a stuff, Swing. Show these palookas who's here!

291. CLOSE SHOT

of three or four of the admiring younger boys as they watch Swing remove his coat, carefully fold it, and toss it to a chair.

1ST YOUNGER BOY:
Crimony! That's five bucks they got on 'a game!

2ND YOUNGER BOY:
Where'd dey get all 'a dough?

3RD YOUNGER BOY:
Dey must 'a robbed a bank or sumpin'!

292. MED. SHOT

Bim turns to the boys angrily.

BIM:
Close your yaps or we'll rob the cradle, punks!

The boys shut up obediently as Swing makes his shot.

293. CLOSE SHOT TABLE

A difficult shot as Swing makes it with ease.

294. MED. SHOT GROUP

Swing picks up the money.

(CONTINUED)

294 (Cont.)

SWING:
 (the center of
 admiring eyes)
 Not bad! Eight bucks we make.
 So me old woman woiks a'most a week
 for that!

As one of the older boys prepares to shoot, Soapy looks off, calls.

SOAPY:
 Hey, Wash -- where's at dope sheet?

A gawky negro youth, working in the place, tosses a race sheet to him over the heads of the others and moves in to the table.

The pool game progresses during the following scene.

SOAPY:
 I'm bettin' on Sea Foam -- straight
 across the board.

BIM:
 Aw - he ain't no mudder!

One of the hangers-on comes up to Soapy.

HANGER-ON:
 Look, kid -- I got a winna I'll let
 you in on...

SOAPY:
 Get away from me, you tout!

HANGER-ON:
 Awright - if you don't wanta tip...

BIM:
 (very big-shot-ish)
 Screw, bum!

WASH:
 You wanta make this race, you onny
 got a minute...

SWING:
 So let 'em wait!

BIM:
 Put mine on Windstorm -- two bucks
 for place -- two for show.

SOAPY:
 What kinda hedgin' bet is that?
 (mimics him)
 Two for place -- two for show?

(CONTINUED)

294 (Cont. 1)

BIB:

(shamed)

Awright -- make it five to win!

SWING:

I'm wid Soapy.

WASH:

Hope you-all win, kids.

(grinning)

Winnah buys me a sweepstakes, huh,
Soapy?

SOAPY:

G'wan -- get those bets placed
before we sweep you outa here on
your bean!

WASH:

(high Negro laughter)

295. MED. SHOT AT DOOR

as more boys continue to enter. There are now at least
fifty or sixty in the room.

296. MED. SHOT AT TABLE

A newcomer edges up to Swing.

BOY:

Where'd ya hoist all the dough,
Swing?

SWING:

(mocking high voice)

We wrote to Santy Claus an' when
we woke up this mornin', we found
it in our socks!

The boys scream with laughter.

297. EXT. POOL-ROOM MED. SHOT

Four or five kids are seen running toward the pool-room.
One boy, panting, is telling them:

BOY:

Ya oughta see 'em! They got all
new, classy duds -- an' dey're
t'rowin' money around like nothin'.

The boys run toward the pool-room.

298. INT. SHOT INT. POOL-ROOM

The game has been suspended while they all listen greedily to the loudspeaker, as a commentator describes the races.

COMMENTATOR'S VOICE:

... they're comin' round the bend
now -- look at that old Sea Foam --
holding two lengths ...

(a yell from Soapy)

But there's number Six -- it's Wind-
storm creepin' up -- look at that
baby come.....

BIM:

(yelling)

Come on, baby -- come on, Windstorm!

SWING:

Hold it, Sea Foam -- hold 'at lead,
or I'll brain ya!

COMMENTATOR'S VOICE:

They're on the home stretch now...
Windstorm one lap behind -- Windstorm
paying twenty-to-one... What a race --
wow! There's a spill... Who is it...?
It's number three - White-cap -- look
at 'em go.....

As the boys yell with excitement -

WIPE TO:

299. CLOSE SHOT EXT. BACK ALLEY

A boy, one of those we have seen in the choir, is
yelling up to another on the roof of a tenement.

BOY:

... over at Murphy's pool-room!
Soapy an' Bim an' Swing musta fallen
into a pile a sugar... Doy're
t'rowin' aroun' the dough...

WIPE TO:

300. EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY

A fight is in progress; some three boys are tangled
with four others. A boy comes running in to them,
unmindful of the fight. He yells.

(CONTINUED)

300 (Cont.)

BOY:

Soapy got ahold 'a about a million dollars... He's spendin' it over at Murphy's -- dey givin' out free beer an' pretzels...

The fight ceases instantly. All the boys take off for Murphy's...

WIPE TO:

301. INT. "STORE" MED. SHOT

A few boys are practicing basket-ball and two or three others are wrestling on a mat. By comparison to the previous crowd of boys in the "store", it is definite that there is a very scanty representation. Near the front of the store, most of the boys are running up to and listening to several other boys who have just run in, panting. The boys playing basket-ball give up their game and run over. The several boys all speak at once.

BOYS:

Soapy -- loaded down wid mazuma!
Murphy's pool-room!
Winnin' on de track!
No kiddin'!
Dey musta robbed a bank!
Free beer dey're passin' out!
Boy -- are dey big shots!
All new classy duds -- wid bell-bottoms!
Free beer! Everyt'ing on de house!
Let's go...

They scramble out. Several of the boys in basket-ball shorts start scrambling into their clothes.

302. CLOSE SHOT

As two boys try to put on the same pair of pants at the same time. One socks the other - he socks back. They grab at the pants furiously and in their excitement, begin to rip them apart.

303. CLOSE SHOT ENTRANCE OF THE "STORE"

as Jerry enters. He looks around him in surprise. Two boys are just dashing out. They slow their pace as they pass him, mumble.

(CONTINUED)

303 (Cont.)

BOYS:

'Lo, Father...
How'ya, Father...

JERRY:

(confused)
Whero're you boys going?

BOY:

We'll be right back ...

They run. TRUCK FORWARD WITH JERRY as he walks into the room. He glances at the boys struggling with the pants. One gives up, searches for his own pants. Jerry continues on to one boy, who is still shooting the basketball.

JERRY:

Mickey, what's up? Whero's everybody?

MICKEY:

Aw -- dey all went over to Murphy's pool-room.

JERRY:

(anxiously)
What? What's over there today?

MICKEY:

Soapy, Bin an' Swing. Dey're over there -- treatin' everybody -- t'rowin' a big spread.

JERRY:

(not comprehending)
Treating everybody?

MICKEY:

Dey got hold 'a some jack. I'd beat it over meself, but I'm on da outs wid dat bunch -- an' I won't go lickin' around -- not me.

He shoots for a basket.

304. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

as he stands thoughtful for a moment. Then his features become more determined, and he starts out.

WIPE TO:

305. MED. SHOT FROM HIS ANGLE

The boys again around the pool-table, noisily playing and betting.

306. MED. SHOT JERRY

There is just a flash of annoyance and anger in his face as he starts forward. As he passes a couple of adult sharpies, one of them looks at him in surprise.

SHARPIE:

Say -- what is dis -- a raid?

2ND SHARPIE:

Maybe dey're toinin' dis into a
Sunday school ...

They both laugh. Jerry ignores them; continues forward.

307. GROUP SHOT SOAPY AND SWING

playing pill-pool, with two older boys, callow youths of eighteen and nineteen. All the rest are gathered about, watching intently. Jerry is seen looking over the heads of the boys in front of him. Soapy is about to play a difficult shot.

SWING:

Make it now, Soapy... It's the money
ball. It's two bucks if we win ...

Soapy makes the shot and the older youths, grumbling, pay a dollar each to Soapy and Swing.

BOY:

Hey, Soapy ... you promised us
another round of beers if you won...
(chorus of approval)

SOAPY:

(triumphantly)
Okay ... go out and bring another
case ...
(laughs)
... What's the diff'? These bologney's
're payin' for it.

The boy starts rushing out.

308. TWO SHOT

as Soapy picks up the money, Bin whispers to him.

BIN:

Say, Soapy ... there's Father Jerry...

308a. MED. SHOT AT TABLE

There is an embarrassed silence as Jerry faces the boys. Soapy, Bin and Swing regard him with hostile eyes. Some of the other boys show their annoyance at the interruption; some show embarrassment. The older hangers-on regard him with frank resentment. Jerry smiles and assumes a casual manner, but it is a strain.

JERRY:

Giving a party, Soapy?

SOAPY:

Yeah.

JERRY:

Everybody invited?

(there is no answer)

Why don't you have it over at the store?

SOAPY:

'Cause we're havin' it here.

JERRY:

How about the game today?

(Soapy doesn't answer --

Jerry addresses a few
of the younger boys)

Aren't you fellows going over to get it started?

309. CLOSE SHOT THE BOYS

They squirm in embarrassment. Each looks at the other; then one of them breaks the silence.

BOY:

Sure, Father -- we just wanted to see what was going on here.

(to a few others)

Come on, Barney -- C'mon, Lou -- let's get over to the store.

310. CLOSE SHOT GROUP

Somewhat encouraged, Jerry turns to other boys.

JERRY:
How about you fellows?

As he gazes at them appealingly, they turn and look toward Soapy, Jim and Swing. Jerry, therefore, turns too - but there is no response in Soapy's chill expression. Jerry now takes in Soapy's flashy get-up and tries to hide his disapproval with a weak smile.

JERRY:
(anxiously)
How about it, Soapy?

Soapy, after an awkward pause, turns to the adult boys and says loudly for Jerry's benefit.

SOAPY:
How'd'ya like to double 'at bet
on dis shot, Schmegegie?

ADULT BOY:
Go 'head, punk ... it's a bet.

The crowd packs about, eager to see the shot ... ad libbing excitedly.

311. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

His face hardens. He steps forward, takes the cue from the hands of the adult boy.

312. MED. SHOT GROUP

They look up at Jerry in surprise. He faces them, throws the cue down on the table.

JERRY:
You don't belong here, Soapy,
and you ought to know that.
You're minors ...

SOAPY:
(sullenly)
I dunno know what you're talkin'
about.

(CONTINUED)

312 (Cont.)

JERRY:

I can't let you boys hang around here.

(they stare at him
- then slowly)

If you make me -- I'll be forced to have this place closed up.

313. CLOSE SHOT SOAPY AND BOYS

Their hard faces stare at him rebelliously.

SOAPY:

Awright -- so we find another joint!

314. CLOSE SHOT FAVORING JERRY

His anger is roused, but he holds it in check, knowing any show of anger would only alienate the boys.

JERRY:

Soapy - Bim - Swing -- where did you get this money you've been spending?

(they won't answer)

You didn't come by it honestly.

(another silence)

Hasn't anything I've said to you in the past few years meant anything to you? Don't you believe me when I tell you that hanging around poolrooms, spending money you've gotten in some underhanded, crooked way -- trying to be big-shots and tough guys -- that won't get you anywhere -- except eventually in jail ...

315. PANNING SHOT

Soapy and the other boys. Their faces remain sullen, resentful, almost openly rebellious. But they remain silent.

JERRY'S VOICE:

What do you say, fellows ... Come on along with me. Quit this stuff ...

316. CLOSE SHOT GROUP

JERRY:

(continuing)

... and let's get together at the "store" and figure this all out.

317. CLOSE SHOT FAVORING SOAPY AND BOYS

There is a moment's silence. Then Soapy speaks, tersely, defiantly.

SOAPY:

We don't fall for that pie-in-the-sky stuff no more.

318. MED. CLOSE SHOT

Jerry stands for a moment, staring at them. Their eyes do not waver. Then Jerry turns, starts slowly out. TRUCK WITH HIM. As he passes the two sharpies, one of them calls.

SHARPIE:

What'sa matter -- couldn't you get 'em to heaven wid you ...?

It's the last straw to Jerry. He turns to the man, lets go an uppercut, knocking him to the floor. Then he strides out.

DISSOLVE TO:

319. MED. SHOT INT. JERRY'S HOME HALLWAY

as Jerry enters. His features are clouded and reflect his troubled state of mind. On the hat-rack stand, which has a box-like lower half, Jerry hangs his hat and notices some mail and a newspaper. He scans the mail quickly; then opens the newspaper and as he reads, starts walking toward his study, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM.

320. MED. SHOT INT. STUDY

as Jerry crosses to desk, seats himself and starts reading a heavily-scored and indignant editorial.

321. INSERT: Editorial - next to an appropriate CARTOON - illustrating:

Gangster caricature of Rocky, debonairly bowing to a uniformed official, labelled "Police Dept.", who gallantly bows back, as he opens a cell door to let Rocky out, with the balloon reading: "Sorry to bother you, Rocky, it was just a little mistake." Rocky's balloon reads: "Okay, Lieutenant, but don't let it happen again!" The caption reads: "When is a kidnapping not a kidnapping?"

A knock on the door, OVER SCENE.

322. MED. SHOT JERRY

as he looks up absentmindedly and calls.

JERRY:

Come in.

An elderly woman - Jerry's housekeeper - enters.

MRS. PATRICK:

I didn't hear you come in, Father ...
Here's a package come for you by
messenger boy.

She hands him a large envelope and, seeing he is wrapped up in thought, smiles gently to his perfunctory nod and leaves quietly.

323. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

as he starts again to read the editorial, but his attention and curiosity are drawn to the package he has just placed on the desk. He picks up the envelope and opens it. To his amazement he draws out an ordinary envelope filled with money, and a typewritten note. As he starts reading the note, very much perplexed -

324. INSERT: TYPEWRITTEN NOTE

Dear Father Connelly:

Enclosed please find \$10,000
in cash as my donation for your future
recreation-center. Good luck.

A FRIEND

325. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

as he stares breathlessly, first at the note and then at the envelope of bills. Then he draws the bills out of the envelope and his attention is drawn to the printed bank-wrapper holding the bills together. He reacts to this, trying to put all his thoughts together. His glance falls again on the open newspaper on the desk.

326. CLOSE SHOT NEWSPAPER ON DESK

A portion of it is covered by the package of bills.

327. INSERT: EDITORIAL itself (a portion of the cartoon showing nearby).

"WHY WAS ROCKEE SULLIVAN RELEASED?"
 Who pulled the strings that made certain official puppets dance to a tune of bribery and corruption? Yesterday this notorious racketeer and gunman was caught literally red-handed in a \$100,000 ransom kidnapping -- today he is free ... WHY???

Jerry's hand COMES INTO SHOT and pushes the money aside so that he can read further.

328. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

as he finishes reading - then his jaw tightens and his features show that he has a pretty good idea of the identity of the contributor of this generous donation. Rising, he stuffs the money into his pocket and starts briskly for the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

329. MED. SHOT INT. HALLWAY 24 DOCK STREET

Standing together are Jerry, the small boy Johnny Maggione, and his plump and garrulous mama, Mrs. Maggione, the landlady. She appears quite excited.

MRS. MAGGIONE:

... Let'se right, Father. Rockee,
 he juste packs up and give me
 twenty dollar ...

(waves bill)

... scooka good boy - Rockee ...

(CONTINUED)

329 (Cont.)

JERRY:

And did he tell you where he was moving to?

MRS. MAGGIONE:

(big shrug)

No ... I was so happy to getta dis twenty dollar ... I forgetta to aska heem ...

Jerry hesitates an instant; then, turning to go -

JERRY:

All right, Mrs. Maggione ... if you hear where I can find him ... send Johnny over to let me know ...
(he tousles the kid's hair)

MRS. MAGGIONE:

I do-a dat ...
(then, with pride)
How is my leettle Johnny in singing? Gooda voice ... like leettle Caruso ... Yes?

330. AN OTHER ANGLE SHOOTING FROM HOUSE ENTRANCE STREET IN P.M.

As Jerry is about to answer, their attention is drawn to a cab just pulling up in front of the house, and Laura stepping out, laden with a dozen large parcels and hat-boxes. As she runs up the steps and enters the hall, Jerry immediately notices her smart dress and striking appearance. As Laura sees Jerry there, she reacts startled and becomes somewhat embarrassed as she notices him looking significantly at her many purchases and new dress.

331. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

reacting anxiously, then covering up with a casual air and pleasant smile.

JERRY:

Get off early today, Laura ...?

332. TWO SHOT LAURA AND JERRY

LAURA:

(confused - laughs
nervously - speaks
rapidly)

Yes ... you see, Father ... I've
got a new job ... I don't have to
work half so many hours ... and I
get much better pay.

JERRY:

A new job ... That's splendid,
Laura. How did you get it?

Laura is confused, as she tries to avoid Jerry's search-
ing, anxious look.

LAURA:

Well -- you see -- Rocky got it
for me ...

(then she stops
suddenly - awk-
wardly)

JERRY:

Rocky? That's ... that's fine.
By the way, I was just asking Mrs.
Maggione where I could find him.
Do you know, Laura?

LAURA:

Yes. Over at the El Gaucho Club.
That's his ... office now. Well,
I ... I guess I'll put those bundles
in my room ... they're pretty heavy.
I'll see you soon again, won't I,
Father?

Then, with a nervous laugh, she crosses past him and
starts up the stairs.

JERRY:

(quietly, as he
looks after her)

Yes, I hope so, Laura ...

As he turns to leave -

DISSOLVE TO:

333. MED. SHOT INT. EL GAUCHO CLUB
 334. (A SMALL, PRIVATE ROOM)

The door opens and we recognize the dark fellow known as Blackie, as he shows Jerry into the room.

BLACKIE:
 You wait ... I'll tell him you're here.

JERRY:
 All right - thanks.

335. CLOSE SHOT BLACKIE

as he turns to leave and shows reaction to Jerry's incongruous presence in this place. CAMERA PANS to door with him as he leaves, and PANS BACK to Jerry, feeling rather uncomfortable in these surroundings, but nevertheless curious.

In the center is a round poker table. Against the wall is a small table, containing a chuck-a-luck cage. Jerry crosses to this and tries it.

336. ANOTHER ANGLE

as the door opens quietly and Rocky enters. He grins when he sees Jerry playing with the gadget.

ROCKY:
 Wanna try your luck, Jerry?
 (comes forward)

JERRY:
 (turns and replies significantly)
 Yes, but I haven't any money ...
 (he reaches into his pocket and draws out the envelope with the package of bills)
 ... except this and ... it isn't mine,
 (holds up the package of bills)

337. CLOSER SHOT TWO

ROCKY:

(impressed)

Ten grand ... wow! Where'd you
get hold of all that?

JERRY:

(smiles softly)

Where did you?

(then hands it
to Rocky)

Here, Rocky, and thanks ... but
I'm afraid I can't accept it.

ROCKY:

Say ... you dizzy or somethin'?
What's all this about? That
ain't my money ...

JERRY:

(quietly)

I know that, Rocky ... and that's
why I can't take it.

ROCKY:

Now -- come down to earth. You
blow in here ... flash that roll
on me ... almost knock me over,
and then tell me it's my dough
and you don't want it.

338. CLOSE SHOT FAVORING JERRY

JERRY:

(with a short
laugh)

Rocky ... I know you've got a
good poker face ... but don't
forget I've known that face a
long time.

(wags head)

It's no use pretending, Rocky.

(holds up the
bank-wrapper)

339. CLOSE SHOT TWO

JERRY:

(continuing)

I saw a wrapper like that on the floor in your room yesterday. I know you forced Frazier to get you a hundred thousand dollars ...

(notices newspaper in his pocket)

Everybody knows it, Rocky ...

ROCKY:

(irritable)

Aw, that newspaper bologny ...

Don't fall for that, Jerry.

A slight pause - the two men just look at each other silently.

340. CLOSE SHOT FAVORING ROCKY

Then Rocky, with a somewhat angry gestures, exclaims.

ROCKY:

Okay! So what! What's the diff' where the dough came from? First of all, it's mine. Frazier owed it to me. Second - it's better you should have a chunk of it than him, or me. Okay -- it's hot, but nobody's gonna know that, only you and me ...

JERRY:

That's just it, Rocky ...

341. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

ROCKY:

(sore)

Aw ... don't be such an angel ...
If you want to build that Center
of yours so bad ... get it started.

342. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

JERRY:

I want to build it very badly,
Rocky, but I don't want it built
on rotten foundations ...

(then seriously -
determinedly)

Now listen, carefully, Rocky - I
want you to understand me. I know
you think I'm just a stubborn jack-
ass - a sort of a holier-than-thou-
reformer - a sentimental idealist.
You're right. I have been ... all
of that. But no more, Rocky ...

343. CLOSE SHOT TWO

ROCKY:

(thinking he has
Jerry won over)

That's the idea ... Get down to
brass tacks. Don't be a sucker.

JERRY:

Exactly. I thought I could solve
my problems, which ... after all,
are the problems of my boys, from
the bottom up. But I can't. I've
got to do it from the top down!
All right, suppose I take this
money - kid myself that it's a
means to an end. But it isn't,
Rocky - and it never will be. In-
side the Center, my boys will be
clean, but on the outside, they'll
be surrounded by the same stinking
corruption, crime and criminals!

344. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

He stiffens at this, but Jerry continues relentlessly.

JERRY'S VOICE:

(continuing)

Yes - criminals, Rocky ...

345. CLOSE SHOT TWO

JERRY:

(continuing)

... yourself included! Criminals on all sides for my boys to look up to and worship, admire and imitate. What earthly good is there for me to teach that honesty is the best policy ... when they see all around that dishonesty is the better policy -- that the racketeer and gangster are respected and treated just like successful business men - like a popular hero? You and the Fraziers and Keepers and all those corrupt officials you've got in the palm of your hand.... You've got my boys, too, and whatever I teach them - you show me up! You show them the easiest way - the quickest way to succeed is to do it with a gun or a racket!

ROCKY:

(slowly - cynically)

Well, it's so, ain't it?

346. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

JERRY:

(with profound feeling)

Yes ... it's so, God help us ... but I'm not going to try to cure a cancer with pills and plasters ... I'm going to try to tear it up by its poisonous roots.

347. CLOSE SHOT TWO

ROCKY:

Yeah ... ? How?

JERRY:

(he holds a slight
pause - then decisively)

Rocky ... I'm going to use your case as a crowbar to pry open and uncover this mess. I'm going to force the law - corrupt or not - to indict and prosecute and bring this stink into the clear light of day. There's going to be a lot of people stepped on ... and if you're in the way, Rocky ... I'll be sorry ... but you'll be stepped on just as hard.

A long pause -- then again their eyes meet in silence. Jerry expects Rocky to snarl some cynical retort, but instead he slowly smiles - rather boyishly.

ROCKY:

Okay by me, Jerry. Go to it ...

348. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

ROCKY:

(continuing)

You've as much chance to get an indictment as I have to get into the Bible Society. You'll find nobody gives a hoot about the whole thing. You'll hear 'em laughin' at you ... but go to it -- and if I'm in the way, why - go ahead and do your steppin' hard as you like.

349. CLOSE SHOT TWO

JERRY:

I will, Rocky ...

(then suddenly he
extends his hand)

... for being honest ... and for old time's sake.

They shake quietly. Jerry turns to leave - then stops and, in a softer tone.

(CONTINUED)

349 (Cont.)

JERRY:

(continuing)

There's only one favor I want to ask, Rocky ... and I can't promise to return it in any way ...

ROCKY:

Spill it ...

JERRY:

It's Soapy and those other kids. Give them a break -- don't give 'em any more money, and don't encourage them to ... admire you ...

ROCKY:

(smiles good-naturedly)

Sure, Jerry ... I'll do that ...

CAMERA HOLDS on him, looking after Jerry.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

350. A GROUND GLASS DOOR

upon which is lettered:

"MANAGING EDITOR -- THE BULLETIN"

DISSOLVE
THROUGH TO:

351. INT. OFFICE MANAGING EDITOR ANGLE SHOT

Jerry is seated across the desk from the managing editor. He is speaking earnestly, with great sincerity; but the editor is obviously ill at ease.

JERRY:

... these men -- these grafting officials -- these gangsters who are becoming popular heroes -- these thieves, murderers and kid-nappers who walk the streets in freedom -- all of them must be cleaned out if we are to save the youth of our cities from being taught that the quickest way to succeed is to go outside of the law by the gun and the racket ... Because that's what they are being taught!

He pauses, the managing editor regards him unmoved. Jerry throws down on the desk the cartoon and editorial we saw before.

JERRY:

Force the prosecution of Rocky Sullivan for the kidnapping of Frazier -- and expose the whole rotten corruption ...

He finishes and watches the editor as the latter studiously regards his pencil for a moment; then looks up:

MG. EDITOR:

Father Connelly -- I'd like to help you -- I really would. But ...
(short pause)

... but we'd never get away with it. The organization is too powerful to fight....

As he talks, we -

SUPERIMPOSE:

352. CLOSE SHOT ANOTHER GLASS DOOR .

which reads:

"MANAGING EDITOR -- THE RECORD"

DISSOLVE
THROUGH TO:

353. CLOSE SHOT ANOTHER ANGLE OFFICE OF "THE RECORD"

Jerry facing another managing editor as the latter continues through the DISSOLVE as if the conversation were a continuation of the preceeding speech:

RECORD EDITOR:

... we'd only be sticking our heads into the basket. Besides there're our advertisers to consider. Some of our biggest accounts are influential in politics ...

As he talks, we -

SUPERIMPOSE:

354. CLOSE SHOT GLASS DOOR

on which is lettered:

"MANAGING EDITOR -- THE CHRONICLE"

DISSOLVE
THROUGH TO:

355. CLOSE SHOT CHRONICLE OFFICE

As before, Jerry faces the third editor; his conversation comes through the DISSOLVE as if a continuation:

CHRONICLE EDITOR:

... and politics isn't a healthy business to fool with -- I'm with you a hundred percent -- personally -- but as far as the paper's concerned -- I don't see much chance to help.

DISSOLVE TO:

356. CLOSE SHOT AN OFFICE DOOR

which is lettered -

"NORTON J. WHITE

Publisher

THE MORNING PRESS"

DISSOLVE
THROUGH TO:

357. INT. LARGE OFFICE MED. SHOT

The office is much larger and furnished in much more luxurious style than the others we have seen. White, the publisher, who is facing Jerry across his large, period desk, is also a different type of man than the editors. He is gray-haired, dignified; fine type of man. He looks at Jerry for a moment, in deep thought.

WHITE:

You know, of course, what you're asking of me?

JERRY:

(wearily)

I know exactly... The other papers have gone to great lengths to explain the risks to me.

WHITE:

You'll go into the fight, personally -- devote your full time to it?

JERRY:

There's nothing else I want to do more.

There is a moment's silence as the publisher considers the matter. Presently -

WHITE:

Very well, Father Connelly -- I'm with you. The "Press" will back you to the limit.

He rises, extends his hand. Jerry grasps it warmly.

JERRY:

Thank you, Mr. White...

DISSOLVE TO:

358. MONTAGE

of a series of SHOTS showing the activities of the publisher and the priest. The music builds through this. First:

A NEWSPAPER zooms up to the CAMERA. The headlines read:

"PRIEST DECLARES WAR ON UNDERWORLD"

- - - - -

Civic Corruption Charged

WIPE TO:

359. ANOTHER NEWSPAPER ZOOMS UP

"SULLIVAN INVESTIGATION DEMANDED"

FATHER CONNELLY DENOUNCES
DISTRICT ATTORNEY

WIPE TO:

360. LONG SHOT "PRESS" CITY ROOM

in feverish activity.

361. CLOSE SHOT CITY EDITOR'S DESK

CITY EDITOR:

... Kennedy -- I want the inside on Frazier and Keefer's bank accounts. I don't care how you get the dope but get it ...

(to another reporter)

Hap, I want to know everything we can find out about Frazier before he came to this town -- if he was ever mixed up with Sullivan before. The lid's off on expenses ...

(to still another)

Jenkins, go back through the police files and find out how many of Keefer's men have been sprung since Frazier moved in....

DISSOLVE TO:

362. ANOTHER NEWSPAPER

as it ZOOMS UP; in a large, heavily bordered square on the front page there is an editorial by White. The headlines read:

"THE PRESS ENDORSES CONNELLY'S

FIGHT TO END CRIME DICTATORSHIP"

DISSOLVE TO:

363. EXT. CITY STREET MOVING SHOT

as a press delivery truck speeds through the city streets, stops at a corner to toss off a load of papers. A large banner across the truck reads: "READ FATHER CONNELLY'S 'YOUTH OF TODAY' IN THE PRESS".

DISSOLVE TO:

364. INT. BROADCASTING ROOM MED. SHOT

Jerry, surrounded by a group of other people who appear to be the leaders of civic clubs, is before the microphone, broadcasting.

JERRY:

... gangsterdom subsists today upon the intelligent and judicious use of graft! Wipe out graft and you wipe out the gangsters! And once gangsterdom is smashed, we will have taken a long step forward in protecting the youth of our cities!

DISSOLVE TO:

365. EFFECT SHOT

of a series of handbills as they flutter up to and fill the screen. These are announcements of meetings of womens' associations, civic protection bodies, etc. On many of these, Father Connelly is announced as speaker; on others, publisher White. The names of Rocky, Frazier and Keefer are conspicuous.

DISSOLVE TO:

366. NEWSPAPER FULL PAGE AD

which reads:

"GIANT MASS MEETING TONIGHT
NINTH ARTILLERY ARMORY 8 O'CLOCK
IT IS YOUR DUTY AS A CITIZEN TO ATTEND"

- - - - -

Principle Speaker

FATHER JEROME CONNELLY

- - - - -

Sponsors: The "Press", the Civil Liberties League, the Better Government League, the Parent-Teachers Association, the Child's Welfare Bureau, the Woman's Association, The Businessmens' Union, and the League of Churches.

The paper is held in a man's hands, and we

DRAW CAMERA
BACK TO:

367. INT. EL CAUCHO CLUB GAMBLING ROOM CLOSE SHOT

It is early in the evening and the club has not yet opened for business. In the b.g. can be seen the croupiers and attendants getting ready for the night's business. Seated at the table are Rocky, Frazier and Laura; the latter in a beautiful evening gown. Frazier tosses the paper to the table with an angry gesture. Rocky grins at it. Laura's expression shows her concern.

FRAZIER:

That's a great boy-friend you've got!

ROCKY:

(grinning as he
reads the paper)

You gotta hand it to him. He's makin' more noise'n a drunken boiler-maker!

368. CLOSER SHOT FAVORING FRAZIER

as he leans forward, angrily.

FRAZIER:

Listen, Rocky -- and get this into your head. This is no penny-ante reform this priest is stirring up. He's starting a whole tidal-wave -- and we've got to do something about it -- and do it quick, or we'll all find ourselves in the pen!

369. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

as he eyes Frazier coldly.

ROCKY:

Yeah ... ? What ... ?

370. CLOSE SHOT THREE

FRAZIER:

Shut him up! Buy him off! He's interested in slum clearance, a recreation center for those kids -- and all that hooey. All right -- we'll give it to him. We'll give him everything he wants -- on a silver plate!

371. CLOSE SHOT FAVORING ROCKY

He stares at Frazier coldly, contemptuously.

ROCKY:

You don't get the idea, Frazier. Maybe you never met a straight shooter before -- but you're gattin' a load of one now.

(rises)

Jerry's no mug, see, and you can't buy him off ...

(pats Laura on shoulder)

Be right back, babe.

372. MED. SHOT

as Rocky moves off, down the room. Frazier watches him go.

373. CLOSE SHOT LAURA AND FRAZIER

She leans forward nervously.

LAURA:

Do you think there's any danger
... for them to get Rocky for --
kidnapping?

FRAZIER:

(turning to her and,
as he looks at her,
getting an idea - slowly)

Danger?

(sarcastically)

They'll drag out every count in the
penal code against him. They'll
throw the whole book at him.

LAURA:

(anxiously)

Then it means ... a long prison
term for him?

FRAZIER:

(crisply)

Life!

He lets this sink in for a moment, enjoying her horrified
reaction. Then -

FRAZIER:

And it's his own friend that's handin'
it to him... What's he doing it for,
anyway? What's he want? All I can find
out is he wants to tear down the slums...
All right, we'll give him the money to
build some swell playgrounds and club-
houses for the kids... What more does
he want? What's he got to gain by send-
ing Rocky up for life... or to the chair,
maybe?

374. CLOSE SHOT LAURA

tremendously moved as she realizes the consequences of
the priest's campaign to Rocky -- with whom she now
finds herself in love.

LAURA:

(almost inaudibly)

No -- no -- he mustn't ...

FRAZIER'S VOICE:

Connelly's a friend of yours, too,
isn't he?

(CONTINUED)

374 (Cont.)

LAURA:
 (nodding)
 Yes ...

375. CLOSE SHOT TWO

FRAZIER:
 Well, why don't you go to see him?
 Show him what he's doing to Rocky...
 And tell him what we're willing to
 do ...

376. CLOSE SHOT LAURA

We see she is deciding she must talk to Jerry.

DISSOLVE TO:

377. INT. JERRY'S STUDY CLOSE SHOT JERRY

He is seated before the small fireplace, in which a fire is burning. He is weary, his face is lined with worry. He listens to Laura who is facing him (out of shot).

LAURA:
 ... and they'll give you everything
 you ask, Father -- money to build a
 model Center here, near your church
 -- their influence to help you get
 laws that will pull down the tene-
 ments and build decent apartments in
 their places ...

During her speech, the CAMERA HAS DRAWN BACK TO:

378. MED. CLOSE SHOT TWO

Jerry stops her with a weary wave of his hand.

LAURA:
 (continuing)
 But aren't these the things you
 want, Father?

JERRY:
 No, Laura. I don't want ... bribes.

379. CLOSE SHOT LAURA

She looks at him, knowing she has not moved him. Her eyes moisten and she speaks with more emotion.

LAURA:

But don't you understand what you're doing to Rocky! You're sending him to prison for life! You can't do that to Rocky!

380. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

He looks at her with sorrowful eyes, shakes his head.

381. CLOSE SHOT LAURA

LAURA:

(continuing)

We've got to stand by him, Father ... you said that yourself ... It's not his fault -- he was just a kid who made a mistake and got sent up to a reform school -- and they made a criminal out of him! But he's not bad, Father -- not really bad! You know that ...

382. CLOSE SHOT TWO

Jerry regards her sorrowfully; he is visibly moved and shows it.

JERRY:

(softly)

I know ...

LAURA:

And no matter what they've done to him -- no matter what he is now -- we both love him, Father ...

She breaks down and sobs. Jerry rises slowly, comes around to her, puts his hand on her shoulder for a moment. Then he paces the floor a few times, returns and stands by her.

(CONTINUED)

382 (Cont.)

JERRY:

Yes, Laura -- we love him. I've loved him since we were kids six years old ...

(with emotion)

We worked together -- fought together -- and we stole together!

(a short pause)

I don't blame Rocky for what he is today --

(he quotes softly)

"But for the Grace of God, there walk I."

(more earnestly)

I'd do anything in this world to help him -- I'd give my life for him, if that would help.

(as Laura looks up)

But it wouldn't, Laura. There'd still be these ... other boys -- these boys whom I don't want to see grow up like Rocky did. I can't sacrifice all of them for Rocky. They have lives too, Laura -- and I can't throw them away...

(with great emotion)

I can't ... !

Laura doesn't answer. There is a silence for a moment. The priest continues the struggle with himself.

JERRY:

Please try to understand... It isn't a question of Rocky -- or of playgrounds or modern apartments. It's much deeper than that. It's a matter of destroying the conditions that made Rocky what he is ...

He breaks off, too moved to continue. After a moment, Laura rises. Jerry turns to her, puts his hand on her arm.

JERRY:

(continuing)

Laura -- please come along with me tonight. Perhaps it will help you understand...

Her eyes meet his; there is a look of understanding between them. She nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

383. EXT. A LARGE HALL FULL SHOT

The entrance is brilliantly lighted and a great crowd of people are entering. Across the entrance are large banners announcing the mass meeting.

DISSOLVE TO:

384. INT. HALL (POSSIBLY STOCK SHOT)

The huge room is filled to overflowing. The murmur of thousands of voices fills the room.

385. MED. SHOT PLATFORM

Seated on it are several dozen people, heads of the various sponsoring organizations. White, the publisher, comes forward. The crowd quiets.

386. MED. CLOSE SHOT WHITE

WHITE:

Ladies and gentlemen -- I give you the principle speaker of the evening -- Father Jerome Connelly...

Jerry comes forward. He is given a tremendous ovation. He bows, smiles.

387. CLOSE SHOT REAR ROW

where Laura is seated. Tears glisten in her eyes as she listens to the tumultuous applause.

388. FULL SHOT

The audience on its feet, applauding.

389. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

Unable to speak for the applause. He bows.

DISSOLVE TO:

390. INT. PRIVATE CARD ROOM CLOSE SHOT

Radio panel and loud-speaker set modernistically into the wall flanking the bar. Jerry's voice can be recognized coming over the speaker. One can sense that his speech is being broadcast from a large place, by the reverberations of his voice, and especially later, when the applause of tens of thousands of people is heard.

JERRY'S VOICE:

...and the visible fact that you are present tonight and that countless thousands are listening in... is proof to fling in the teeth of those cynics and skeptics that the public does care - and does propose to do something about the appalling conditions I have tried to describe tonight....

(great applause)

391. MED. SHOT ROCKY, FRAZIER AND KEEFER

seated on high stools about the small, semi-circular bar, which is highly modern in treatment (possibly constructed entirely of dark transparent glass). On the bar is a tray containing a decanter of whiskey, siphons and ice. They are drinking highballs as they listen attentively to Jerry's broadcast.

Keefer chews viciously at an unlighted cigar while he scowls into his drink. Frazier nervously lights one cigarette with another. Only Rocky seems to be at ease. In fact, in his expression can be detected a faint gleam of pride at the effectiveness of his pal's speech.

JERRY'S VOICE:

(continuing)

...And do not doubt that our efforts so far have not struck fear and panic into the cess-pool of official and near-official corruption.

KEEFER:

(grunts)

Sure -- I'm shakin' like a leaf...

(CONTINUED)

391 (Cont.)

JERRY'S VOICE:

(continuing)

This very afternoon I was approached with a sugar-coated proposition -- a bribe offered me by this corrupt officialdom - one hundred thousand dollars for the building and equipment of a recreation center in my parish -- if I would agree to refrain from further attacks -- if I would sabotage this mass meeting - if I would shut my eyes, stop my ears and hold my tongue.

392. CLOSE SHOT

as Rocky glances at Keefer and Prazier inquiringly.

JERRY'S VOICE:

(continuing)

...But the building of an isolated playground to shield my boys from crime is not rooting out the crime itself. It would be only a palliative-- not a cure. We must go further than temporary remedies. -- We must rid ourselves of the criminal parasites that feed on us -- we must wipe out those we have ignorantly elected and those who control and manipulate this diseased officialdom behind locked doors.... We must cease encouraging our youth to crime by the glorification of criminals in high office who flagrantly disobey every law and flagrantly get away with it!

(great applause)

393. ANOTHER ANGLE

Jerry's voice continues coming over, the following dialogue is spoken through it, the radio speech serving only as a muted background:

(CONTINUED)

393 (Cont.)

ROCKY:

See ya tried to buy him off... I told ya you were wastin' your time, Frazier!

KEEFER:

We ain't wastin' any more time! That was that guy's last chance. We re gonna take care of-him tonight!

ROCKY:

You're talkin' thru your hat! You can't bump off a priest. He's not one of your muggs... Forget it!

KEEFER:

Sure -- I'll forget it t'morrow morning when he's floatin' down the river! Now get this straight, Sullivan! Even if he is an old pal of yours -- I'm still runnin' the works. I'm not takin' orders from you, all of a sudden

JERRY&S VOICE:

Tonight we have in our power to ask definitely incriminating questions of these officials... and the power to demand satisfactory answers. What really is the truth in the case of the racketeer and gunman -- Rocky Sullivan? Why did the police release him so suddenly with all the evidence they had piled up against him? Why did the notorious Mac Keefer pay Sullivan \$100,000 in cash as ransom, and what political sword does he hold over the trembling heads of district attorneys, judges, and police officials? Why does the prosecutor's office refuse to investigate ... ? But tomorrow the new Grand Jury will meet, and these questions must be answered. Therefore, I ask the public to pass the following resolution addressed to the Grand Jury: "That we demand an immediate indictment of Rocky Sullivan, together with a complete investigation of everyone connected with this travesty on justice, and a probing into the nefarious activities of all the Mac Keefers and James Fraziers in this crime ridden community!"
(tremendous applause, whistling, cheering - an ovation)

Keefer angrily reaches over and clicks off the radio.

394. CLOSE SHOT GROUP

Keefer turns angrily to Rocky.

KEEFER:

He ain't gonna appear at no Grand Jury tomorrow -- shootin' off his mouth! I say he gets it tonight!

ROCKY:

(his eyes hard)
Not as long as I'm around....

(CONTINUED)

394 (Cont.)

FRAZIER:

(quickly sensing the
danger of the argument
getting out of bounds)

Now -- wait -- both of you. There's
no sense in running ahead of our-
selves.

395. GROUP SHOT (FAVORING FRAZIER)

Keefe starts to retort but Frazier places a quieting
hand on his arm - and presses firmly, while he continues
calming Rocky, cleverly.

FRAZIER:

(continuing)

Maybe we don't have to go that
far -. Don't forget, ...

(smiles cunningly)

...there're all kinds of Grand
Juries ...and there're all kinds
of ways to handle them.

Keefe relaxes - and Rocky calms down by taking a drink.

FRAZIER:

(continuing)

No sense going off the handle,
Mac. That's what you've got me
for. If a thing can be done
legally, why take a chance...?

KEEFE:

Sure - only I wanna see some action.
I don't care how we stop that guy...
I only want him stopped -- that's all.

ROCKY:

Okay... Fix it any way you like ...
but forget the rough stuff, Mac.
That's out.

(he steps off the
stool and finishes
his drink)

See ya later.

396. TRUCK SHOT

Rocky, as he starts out. As he continues to the door,
he passes out of their line of vision, around the
corner of the bar. He hears Frazier saying:

(CONTINUED)

396(Cont.)

FRAZIER'S VOICE:

Don't worry about it, Mac... I've got an idea how to stimey that Grand Jury.... That priest won't get to first base.....

397. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

As he reaches the door, his expression shows us his suspicion. He glances back to make sure he isn't seen, opens and slams the door shut, without leaving.

398. WIDER SHOT

as he ducks behind the arch, opening on the small combination coat-room and vanity-room (for women guests) and which, in the b.g., leads to the back of the bar.

399. ANOTHER ANGLE (WITH ROCKY IN F.G.)

In a moment he sees Frazier walk quietly to the door - open it to make sure that Rocky has gone - close it, and then return to Keefer at the bar.

400. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

as he remains frozen, listening intently to Frazier's and Keefer's quiet voices.

KEEFER'S VOICE:

I hope you were stallin' before... 'cause I meant what I said....

401. TWO SHOT KEEFER AND FRAZIER

FRAZIER:

Of course, I was. Now listen, Mac... here's the way I figured it. Connelly, is first of all Rocky's old pal. Second, he's a priest....

KEEFER:

So what?

402. CLOSE SHOT FRAZIER

FRAZIER:

(intensely)

Where would be the logical place for Rocky to keep those accounts of mine? Why, with that priest... with instructions to make them public if anything happened to Rocky.

403. TWO SHOT ANOTHER ANGLE

KEEFER:

(grunts cynically)

That ain't news to me.. I knew that all along. That's why he can be such a wise-guy with us...

FRAZIER:

All right. Now, if we're going to get that preacher tonight -- we might as well get those accounts too.....

404. CLOSE SHOT KEEFER

KEEFER:

(in low angry tones)

Yeah, but this time - no drugstore mistakes... I'm takin' care of this job myself....

(he reaches over to

pick up house-phone on the bar)

Get Blacky up here right away.....

(hangs up)

405. MED. SHOT TWO

FRAZIER:

(thoughtfully)

Mac, I don't care how you take care of Sullivan...but with this priest, it's got to appear as an accident.

KEEFER:

Leave that to me....

(CONTINUED)

405 (Cont.)

Keefeer looks up and sees -

406. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

as he appears before them.

407. CLOSE SHOT KEEFER AND FRAZIER

as they whirl about, Keefer's hand clutching his gun... Rocky, off scene, shoots twice and Keefer topples off the stool.

408. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

shoots once more to make certain.

409. TWO SHOT ROCKY AND FRAZIER

Frazier, his eyes popping with fear, keeps holding both hands forward, as if to protect his body from Rocky's gun.

FRAZIER:

(pleading - hoarsely)

Rocky ... don't ... don't do it...
I'll do anything ... anything...

ROCKY:

(coming close to him -
backing him against
bar)

No you won't... This is your last
double-cross, rat. And take this
with ya... You were wrong about
those papers... I never let go o'
them. All ya hadda do was bump
me off

410. CLOSE SHOT FRAZIER

trying to squirm along the bar when a shot rings out. He collapses to the floor, writhing. The glass bar behind him shows a bullet hole and a web of cracks spreading out. Another shot, and his crumpled form stops moving.

CUT TO:

411. INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GAMBLING ROOM MED. SHOT

Blackey and two gunmen, coming in response to Keefer's call, react at hearing the gun shots.

BLACKEY:

(quickly)

C'mon.....

The men hurry forward, enter the gambling room.

412. INT. GAMBLING ROOM FULL SHOT

The players and croupiers have also heard the shots. There is a general movement on the part of the guests to get out. The men start escorting their ladies; the croupiers start closing the play. Blackey and his two men cross quickly through the room.

413. INT. PRIVATE CARD ROOM MED. SHOT

Rocky has hurried to the door leading into the gambling room. He opens it slightly, looks out.

414. GAMBLING ROOM FROM HIS ANGLE

Blackey and his men are hurrying toward the door.

415. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

He closes the door quickly, locks it. Then he hurries across the room. As he reaches the other door, he hears Blackey and his men pounding on the door.

416. INT. SMALL HALL

which leads from the private gambling room to a flight of stairs. Rocky comes in, runs quickly up the stairs.

417. INT. PRIVATE CARD ROOM MED. SHOT

The door gives and Blackie and his men crash into the room. Some of the croupiers follow in, guns in hand. They pause momentarily when they see Frazier's and Keefer's bullet-riddled bodies lying near the bar. They walk quickly to them. Blackie and one other man kneel beside the bodies; give them a brief once-over.

418. CLOSER SHOT

As Blackie rises, one of the men turns to him.

MAN:

Who done it?

BLACKIE:

(crisply)

Sullivan ... who else?

(he surveys the room quickly)

He's gone upstairs.

(he turns to the man)

Take a bunch of the boys downstairs and cover the front and back. If Sullivan tries to get out -- let him have it.

The men move off. Blackie turns to another man.

BLACKIE:

Get Eddie and Pete up here with a couple a' tommyes.

The man moves off. Blackie and the men start for the door leading to the hall and stairs.

419. MED. SHOT INT. SMALL OFFICE

to which the stairs lead. Rocky is at a desk pulling open one drawer after another. At last he finds what he is looking for. He sticks another gun in his pocket, takes several handfuls of clips, shoves them in his pocket; reloads his gun.

420. STAIRS

as Blackie and the men carefully start to ascend. The door above him opens slowly and the three guns spurt. A returning fire is seen.

421. ROCKY

as he hastily closes the door, locks it. He looks around the room. There is no other exit. He hurries to the window. Yanks it open, looks out.

422. EXT. BUILDING AT WINDOW

It opens on a fire escape that goes both up and down.

423. INT. ROOM ROCKY

as the door to the room is riddled by Blackey and his men. Rocky fires several times at the door, then climbs out of the window.

424. MED. SHOT BLACKY AND HIS MEN

as they move cautiously up the stairs and toward the door.

425. EXT. FIRE ESCAPE MED. SHOT

Rocky quickly runs down the stairs.

426. EXT. ALLEY REAR OF BUILDING MED. SHOT

Some of the men who Blackey sent downstairs come out of the building, guns in hands. They look around.

427. ROCKY

as he sees them. He pulls close to the building, moves carefully, still going down.

428. ALLEY THE MEN

One of them spots Rocky.

(CONTINUED)

428 (Cont.)

MAN:

There he is!

They open fire.

429. ROCKY

He returns the fire and slowly retreats back up the fire escape.

430. INT. STREET TWO POLICEMEN

as they hear the shooting.

1ST POLICEMAN:

Rear a' the El Gaucho ---

2ND POLICEMAN:

(as the shots still
come over)

It's a mob. -- You call in!

He runs forward, blowing on his whistle. The other officer hurries to a call box.

431. STAIR HALL

Blackey and his men have reached the door; they stand well to the side of it as they shoot through it. Then Blackey kicks it open with his foot.

432. FIRE ESCAPE

Rocky continues firing at the men in the alley as he makes his way past the window, going on up toward the roof.

433. BLACKKEY

as he crosses the room toward the window. He fires up.

434. ROOF

as Rocky reaches it. He quickly looks around trying to discover his best out.

435. FIRE ESCAPE

Blackey is going up.

436. ROOF

Rocky quickly crosses the roof. His objective is a hatchway that leads to the roof of the adjoining building. Over this we hear the siren of a police car.

437. ROOF AT FIRE ESCAPE

as Blackey reaches the top. He sees where Rocky is headed. He fires.

438. ROCKY

who quickly ducks behind a chimney. He returns the fire but Blackey makes it impossible for him to reach the other roof.

439. STREET AT EL GAUCHO

The street is in entire confusion. The guests are piling out of the club -- without their coats, hats and wraps. Several police cars are arriving with screaming sirens. Neighbors have collected. The windows are full of curious faces. The police get out of their cars, riot guns in their hands.

440. ROOF BLACKKEY

as he shows himself in an attempt to get Rocky.

441. ROCKY

as he fires.

442. BLACKKEY

He is hit. He falls from the building.

443. ROCKY

Seeing that he has got Blackey, he heads for the hatchway again.

444. EXT. STREET MED. SHOT

The officer we saw run to the building has come out, he hurries to the police captain who has just arrived.

OFFICER:

It's Rocky Sullivan. He got Frazier and Keefer -- They chased him up on the roof....

CAPTAIN:

(briskly to a sergeant)
Put a cordon around the block....

The sergeant salutes, moves off.

CAPTAIN:

(to a lieutenant)
He won't be able to get out of the block... As soon as we get enough men we'll send two into each house.

A taxicab comes driving up. Laura gets out, struggles through the crowd toward the Captain.

445. MED. CLOSE SHOT

A policeman stops her.

POLICEMAN:

Here, Miss -- you can't get through...

LAURA:

But I've got to ---

POLICEMAN:

Sorry....

LAURA:

What's happened?

POLICEMAN:

Rocky Sullivan shot up two a' his pals.

(CONTINUED)

445 (Cont.)

LAURA:
 (breathless)
 Where -- where is he? Where is
 Rocky...now?

POLICEMAN:
 Somewheres up on the roof holdin'
 out...
 (then significantly)
 But not for long, lady... We're
 closin' in on him.

Laura stands there for a moment, stunned. She looks at the scene about her.

446. MED. SHOT FROM HER ANGLE

as more police cars arrive and the men get out, carrying sub-machine guns. Two men are going into each house down the block.

447. CLOSE SHOT LAURA

She turns and hurries back to her cab.

DISSOLVE TO:

448. INT. DARKENED HALLWAY OF WAREHOUSE BUILDING

as the skylight is moved back and Rocky quietly jumps to the floor. He pauses, tense, listening. Satisfied that there is no one near, he removes the clip from his gun, inserts a fresh one. He moves cautiously down the hallway.

449. EXT. STREET

More police have arrived. They have now set up huge searchlights and are playing them on the roofs of the buildings.

450. MED. CLOSE SHOT

Rear of crowd, where Scapy, Slim, Swing and several other kids have assembled. They are looking at the scene with large, frightened eyes.

(CONTINUED)

450 (Cont.)

BIM:

Gee -- gee -- I hope they don't
get 'im...

SOOPY:

Rocky -- Nix! They can't get him!
Not Rocky!

But he looks back at the scene, frightened.

451. MED. SHOT DOORWAY OF WAREHOUSE BUILDING

as the police break the lock on the door.

452. INT. HALLWAYS OF WAREHOUSE BUILDING

a lower floor. The noise of the breaking of the
lock comes over and Rocky stops. He listens.

453. MED. SHOT AT DOOR

The lock gives, the policemen cautiously enter.

454. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

He hurriedly retraces his steps.

455. ENTRANCE OF BUILDING

as one of the officers comes in. He sees, just dimly,
the departing figure of Rocky. He fires. Rocky's gun
is seen to return the flash. Then Rocky hurries up
the stairs as the officer continues firing. One of
the other officers hurries out.

456. FRONT OF BUILDING

as the officer hurries out, calls:

OFFICER:

Here -- he's in here!

457. LONG SHOT FROM HIS ANGLE

as we see the Captain and a group of policemen hurry forward to the warehouse building.

458. UPPER HALLWAY

Rocky has retreated to where he entered the building. But now as he looks up at the skylight he sees that the searchlights are directed to the roof of the building. He looks quickly around; beginning to realize that he is trapped. There is one door opening from the hall. He starts for it.

459. STAIRS OF BUILDING

as the police cautiously move up.

460. ROCKY

He shoots the lock off the door, opens it, enters.

461. INT. WAREHOUSE ROOM

filled with large bales of merchandise. Rocky quickly surveys the room, closes the door, hurries through the room searching for a way out.

462. MED. SHOT FAR END OF ROOM

as Rocky reaches it and realizes that he's in a trap. He snarls, as he whirls, facing the door; then takes cover behind some bales.

463. INT. HALLWAY MED. SHOT

As the police, led by the Captain, come up into the hall and approach the door. They kick it open, keeping well out of range of Rocky's fire.

(CONTINUED)

463 (Cont.)

CAPTAIN:
Come on out, Sullivan!

Rocky's answer is a burst of fire.

CAPTAIN:
So that's the way he wants it.
All right, boys -- let him have
the gas.

A policeman steps forward with the tear bomb gun. The others send a protective fire in toward Rocky. He replies in kind.

CUT TO:

464. EXT. STREET MED. SHOT

As Laura and Jerry make their way through the crowd to a police sergeant.

JERRY:
Where is he -- where is Rocky
Sullivan?

SERGEANT:
(pointing)
In there. But he don't need you,
Father -- not yet!

Jerry pushes past the officer, hurries to the building. Laura attempts to follow but the officer restrains her.

465. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

Tear bombs are being shot into the room. Rocky manages to overturn a bale on one of them, smothering the fumes. He creeps over to a window, crashes the glass with the muzzle of his gun, for air. Instantly machine gun bullets rip into the room. Rocky stands at the edge of the window. He fires at the police.

466. HALL AY MED. SHOT

As Jerry rushes up to the Captain.

JERRY:
Captain, I'm Father Connelly --
an old friend of Rocky's....He'll
come out for me -- he'll listen to me!

(CONTINUED)

466 (Cont.)

CAPTAIN:

Father this is a job for the police. He'll need a priest later.

JERRY:

(forcefully)

I said he'll come out for me!

CAPTAIN:

(after a moment's consideration)

All right -- go ahead, Father.

Jerry steps up to the edge of the door. The captain motions to the officers to cease activity..

467. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

As he calls in:

JERRY:

Roc'y -- Rocky! This is Jerry!
Come out -- Rocky --!

468. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

His face contorted with his fury.

ROCKY:

You stay outa this, Jerry!

469. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

JERRY:

Are you coming out?

470. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

ROCKY:

No. -- An' you stay outa this!

471. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

After a moment's hesitation:

(CONTINUED)

471 (Cont.)

JERRY:

All right then -- I'm coming in...

472. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

ROCKY:

Stay out, Jerry. -- If you come in,
I'll let you have it!

473. CLOSE SHOT JERRY AND OFFICERS

The captain comes up to him:

CAPTAIN:

Father -- I can't let you go
in there.

JERRY:

You can't stop me...

He turns and walks in the door.

474. INT. ROOM CLOSE SHOT JERRY

As he walks in.

475. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

Poised, his gun aimed. For a moment it appears that he's going to shoot. But as Jerry steadily approaches, he finds that he cannot fire. Slowly he drops his hand.

476. MED. SHOT

As Jerry comes up to him.

JERRY:

Come on, Rocky -- come on out
with me.

ROCKY:

I don't know why I didn't let
you have it....

(CONTINUED)

476 (Cont.)

JERRY:

(quietly)

I do.

He holds out his hand for Rocky's gun. For a moment their eyes meet and hold steadily. Then slowly Rocky gives him the gun. As they start to walk out, side by side.

DISSOLVE TO:

477. NEWSPAPER INSERT

as it zooms up into the screen. The headlines read:

"ROCKY MURDER TRIAL BEGINS TODAY
GOVERNOR APPOINTS SPECIAL PROSECUTOR"

WIPE THROUGH
TO:

478. INT. HIDEOUT CLOSE ANGLE SHOT

Soapy, Lim, and Swink, and some dozen other boys are grouped around Soapy who is holding a copy of the paper...

SOAPY:

(snorting derogatively)

That dope of a governor's so
scared a' Rocky he's appointin'
a special shyster!

The boys laugh appreciatively.

WIPE TO:

479. ANGLE SHOT STREET

where more boys are now gathered; again they have a newspaper. SHOOTING DOWN we see the headlines:
"ROCKY IDENTIFIED AS KILLER".

BIN:

(snarling angrily)

For two cents I'd lump those
squealers off!

WIPE TO:

480. ANGLE SHOT "STORE"

The boys grouped around Swing who has the newspaper. As before we are shooting so that we can see the headlines. "ROCKY TALKS - BLOWS LID OFF CORRUPTION -- HIGH OFFICIALS IMPLICATED".

SWING:

Boy, oh boy! Rocky's sure showin' up those welchers!

WIPE TO:

481. INT. HIDEOUT GROUP ANGLE SHOT

shooting down on a newspaper, held by Soapy; the other boys gathered around. The headlines read: "ROCKY GUILTY"!

BIM:

Gee -- do ya think they'll boin him in de chair!?

SOAPY:

Na-a-a! They can't build a death-house that'll hold Rocky!

SWING:

Ya mean he'll blow an' make a getaway?

SOAPY:

(wisely)
Jes wait -- jes wait!

WIPE TO:

482. CLOSE SHOT ANOTHER NEWSPAPER

it is held in a boys' hand, but this time we are close on the paper and do not see the boys. The headlines read: "ROCKY BURNS TOMORROW". Over this come the boys voices:

BIM'S VOICE:

Boy -- I bet Rocky shows them muggs how ta die!

SWING'S VOICE:

Sure he will!

SOAPY'S VOICE:

'Member what he said at the trial...

CAMERA PANS
TO:

483. INT. "STORE" MED. SHOT GROUP OF THIRTY BOYS

around Soapy, Bim and Swing. In the b.g., just coming forward, is Jerry.

SOAPY:

(continuing)

He said he'd spit in their eye!
He'll do it, too! He'll laugh
at 'em....

484. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

His features show his sorrow as he listens to the boys.

BIM'S VOICE:

He'll show those phoneyys ...!

DISSOLVE TO:

485. INSERT: TABLOID NEWSPAPER FRONT-PAGE SPREAD

The page contains two vertical photos, side by side. On the left - Rocky, in a characteristically aggressive grin, handcuffed. On the right - a photo of the "hot seat" in the death-chamber. Above, six-inch headlines scream forth:

"ROCKY BURNS TONIGHT"

SUPERIMPOSE:

486. LONG SHOT EXT. STATE PENITENTIARY DEATH-HOUSE

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

487. CLOSE SHOT INT. DEATH-HOUSE CELL

A pair of slippered feet and a slit trouser-leg.

GUARD'S VOICE:

Sullivan -- .

488. MED. SHOT GUARD (FROM ROCKY'S ANGLE)

at barred door. Next to him, the elderly prison priest.

(CONTINUED)

488 (Cont.)

PRIEST:

Rocky, Father Connelly's received permission to be with you. He's just arrived. Do you want to see him?

489. REVERSE SHOT ROCKY

seated on the cell-cot, a cigarette in his hand.

ROCKY:

Sure ... send him in, but tell him none o' that rigamarole and holy water stuff ...

PRIEST:

Whatever you say, Rocky ...
(he moves out of scene)

GUARD:

(quietly to Rocky,
in a deliberately
insolent tone)
Listen, big-shot, you got only ten minutes, so don't try to stall around with this priest pal o' yours.

490. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

his face setting hard, as he rises and deliberately spits full in the face of the guard.

ROCKY:

Scram ... ya screw!

CAMERA PULLS BACK showing the enraged guard, a sadistic, vicious type of bully - angrily wiping his face.

GUARD:

(spluttering)
Ten minutes 'till you stink up the place from that hot seat... I'm gonna tell the electrician to give it to you slow an' easy ... wise-guy!

Rocky lunges at him through the bars, but the guard agilely steps back.

ROCKY:

(shouts through bars)
Somebody get this lousy screw-head outa here ... !

A chorus of voices and noises from the adjoining cells.

491. LONG SHOT DEATH-HOUSE CORRIDOR (SHOOTING TOWARD
EXIT DOOR)

Another guard posted here - elderly, of ostensibly better nature, named Kennedy - calls.

KENNEDY:

Quiet, boys.
(to younger guard)
Let him alone, Edwards.

Edwards retreats sullenly, and the noise subsides. A buzzer sounds and Kennedy opens the corridor door to admit Jerry, whom he leads towards Rocky's cell.

492. TRUCK SHOT

Jerry's haggard face, as he slowly walks down the row of cells, glancing around pityingly at the doomed men.

JERRY:

(quietly - to guard)
How much time before ... ?

KENNEDY:

(quietly)
About ten minutes.

They reach Rocky's cell. Kennedy starts to open the door.

JERRY:

(greeting Rocky
through bars)
Hello - Rocky ...

ROCKY:

How'ya, Jerry ...

Jerry steps in. Kennedy locks door behind them.

493. MED. SHOT INSIDE CELL

JERRY:

(awkwardly)
How do you feel?

(CONTINUED)

493 (Cont.)

ROCKY:

(with a familiar
gesture)

Like a million ...

(then glancing
toward the bars)... if it wasn't for one screw
around here who keeps puttin' the
needles in me ...

(then cheerily)

How's Laura ... ? Takin' it hard?

JERRY:

(nods slowly)

Naturally ... she loves you, Rocky.

ROCKY:

Poor kid ... She never did get a
decent break ...(shrugs - with a
sad smile)I tried to ... but all I gave her
was heart-ache.

JERRY:

You don't want me to administer
extreme unction, Rocky ... ?

ROCKY:

No ... we'll skip that, Jerry.

(then quickly, to
change the subject)

How's Soapy and the kids?

JERRY:

They were pulling for you, Rocky, as
long as there was the slightest hope
from the Governor.

ROCKY:

(short laugh)

Guess those crazy kids are gonna be
a lot easier to handle with me outa
the way.

494. ANOTHER ANGLE

Jerry doesn't reply to this but becomes very serious
and seats himself opposite Rocky; then -

JERRY:

Listen, Rocky ... there isn't much
time and I want to ask you a last
favor.

(CONTINUED)

494 (Cont.)

ROCKY:

(laughs cynically)

There ain't much left I can do,
Jerry.

JERRY:

Yes there is ... perhaps more than
you could do under any other circum-
stances ...

ROCKY:

Spill it.

JERRY:

(continuing - despite
the interruption)

... if you have the courage for it,
the kind I know you have ...

ROCKY:

(shrugs)

It ain't gonna mean much to walk in
there.

JERRY:

I know that, Rocky ...

ROCKY:

(muses - a faraway
look in his eyes)

It'll be like sittin' down in a
barber's chair... They'll ask me
if I've got anything to say. I'll
tell 'em - "Sure, a haircut, shave
... and a massage ..."

(he laughs - bringing
himself back to reality)

Sure ... one of 'em new special
electric massages, Jerry. The State
gives 'em free of charge to the best
customers.

JERRY:

But you're not afraid, Rocky?

ROCKY:

(a slight pause - then
smiles cynically)

They'd like me to be ... wouldn't
they? Wish I could oblige 'em,
Jerry ... but I can't.

(CONTINUED)

494 (Cont.1)

ROCKY: (Cont.)

(thoughtfully)

You gotta first have a heart to be scared ... and I ain't got none. They cut that outa me ... a chunk at a time, in all the jails I been in.

JERRY:

(slowly)

But, Rocky ... suppose I asked you to have the heart ... to be scared?

495. TWO SHOT

as Rocky looks at him, incredulously.

ROCKY:

What d'ya mean?

JERRY:

(tense)

Suppose at the last minute - those guards had to drag you to the chair ... screaming and begging for mercy? Suppose you turned yellow ... ?

ROCKY:

Turn yellow ... ?

(confused)

Say, what's got into ya, Jerry? You were just worryin' about me havin' guts ... courage ...

JERRY:

I did, Rocky ... but I mean a different kind of courage... The kind of courage that's born in heaven ... not the courage of heroics or bravado ... but the kind no one but you and I and God would know about.

Rocky is puzzled, but sees that his pal is dead serious.

ROCKY:

I still don't know what ya mean, Jerry ...

The priest leans forward, his eyes burning with some inner flame.

JERRY:

Rocky ... when I came up here ... a crowd of my boys saw me off at the station... Scapy, Bim and Swing, and

(CONTINUED)

495 (Cont.)

JERRY: (Cont.)

several others. You know what they said to me as I left ... ? They said, "Father, tell Rocky to show them up there how to take it. Tell him to show the whole world, the stuff a real guy is made of. Tell Rocky we're pullin' for him, and to die - laughing."

ROCKY:

So what d'ya want, Jerry? I ain't gonna let 'em down ... if that's what's botherin' ya.

JERRY:

(intensely)

But I want you to let them down, Rocky. You've been a hero to those kids ... and to a lot of other kids all over the country ... all through your life. And now you're going to be a hero to them in death, too. And ... that's what I want to prevent, Rocky.

ROCKY:

(slowly angering)

You want me to pull an act ... turn yellow ... so those kids will think I'm no good ... ?

JERRY:

(breathlessly)

Yes ... I want them to ... to despise your memory, Rocky ... to - to remember you as a yellow coward ... rather than as a glorified hero. To be forever ashamed of you ... Do you understand?

A long pause. Rocky lights a new cigarette with the butt of the old one. Then slowly, with a bitter smile.

ROCKY:

You ain't askin' much, Jerry ...

JERRY:

I know what I'm asking, Rocky ... and I'm only asking it -- because being kids together gave me the idea ... that maybe you might want to join hands with me, in saving some of those boys from ... from ending up here.

496. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

who has been quiet during the above. Now he begins, slowly but intensely.

ROCKY:

Jerry ... it's a great idea, but you're askin' me to throw away the only thing I got left in the world ... the only thing they haven't been able to take away from me ...

497. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

ROCKY'S VOICE:

(continuing - with
restrained feeling)

Look, Jerry ... you know how it always was... They've hounded us from the minute we were born ... to the minute we walk in there. They hounded us when we were hungry and wanted to eat... They hounded us when we didn't wanna live no more in those dumps they still call houses ...

498. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

ROCKY:

(continuing)

They hounded us when we found we couldn't get the fine things we saw all around us ... and took 'em for ourselves. An' what do they wanna prove all the time ... ? That we're rats! That we don't deserve any better!

499. TWO SHOT ROCKY AND JERRY

ROCKY:

(continuing - wags
head slowly)

An', Jerry, you know better'n anybody how wrong that is ... And now you want me to show 'em how right they are ... ? You want me to give them newspaper sob-sisters out there, a chance to tell the world -- "Another Rat Turned Yellow".

(CONTINUED)

499 (Cont.)

JERRY:

But, Rocky .. you'll know, I'll know that you're not ...

ROCKY:

(bitterly)

This is sure one little favor to ask, Jerry ... for me to crawl on my belly the last thing I do in life... But you're askin' a little too much. No -- I won't do that, Jerry... You work it out with those kids some other way. No ... no, Jerry.

(he keeps shaking his head almost mechanically)

JERRY:

But I can't reach all the kids, Rocky. Thousands of hero-worshipping kids in a hundred slums in a hundred cities...

ROCKY:

(angrily)

Don't gimme that humanity stuff again, Jerry. I did enough of that in that court-room. I opened up on everything ... named names... gave the low-down on the whole stinkin' mess. What more do ya want?

JERRY:

God knows I haven't the right to ask anything more for myself, but for ...

ROCKY:

(snaps)

Well, don't!

500. MED. SHOT (SHOOTING FROM INSIDE CELL)

as the guards approach.

KENNEDY:

(as he opens door)

All right, Rocky ... you ready?

501. TWO SHOT ANOTHER ANGLE

ROCKY:

Yeah.

(then he extends his hand to Jerry and they shake in silence. Then, quietly)

You figurin' on goin' in with me?

(CONTINUED)

501 (Cont.)

JERRY:

If you want me to, Rocky.

ROCKY:

Sure ... it's gonna be lonesome walkin' down that last mile. Come along, Jerry ... but for the love of Mike, don't let me hear ya pray. Promise me that, Jerry.

502. MED. SHOT (SHOOTING FROM CORRIDOR)

JERRY:

(quietly)

I promise, Rocky ... I won't pray.

ROCKY:

An' you'll say goodbye to Laury for me?

Jerry, biting his lips, can only nod.

They lead Rocky out - Jerry follows. There are four or five guards, including the vicious one, Edwards. As Rocky steps out, a convict in another cell starts whimpering loudly - hysterically.

ROCKY:

(leans over and yells
to the hysterical convict)

Hey, jelly-fish ... pipe down! This is my day ... not yours, see?

ANOTHER CONVICT:

(calls)

'At's it, Rocky .. show 'em ... !

503. CLOSE MED. SHOT

as a chorus of approving ad libs follows from the other cells. Then, as Edwards steps up to take Rocky's right arm, Rocky angrily flings him off.

ROCKY:

Get this screw offa me ... or I'll push his face in ... !

GUARD:

(angrily)

It'll be the last face you see, big-shot ... and it'll be laughin' at ya ...

(CONTINUED)

503 (Cont.)

ROCKY:

Don't come near me in there, screw
... or I'll spit in your eye again.

504. FULL SHOT CORRIDOR (SHOOTING FROM DEATH-CHAMBER)

KENNEDY:

All right - step back, Edwards.
(to another guard)
You take his arm, Thompson.

They start to walk.

CONVICT:

Atta boy, Rocky -- pick your own
company!

ROCKY:

S'long, fellers ... I'll be waitin'
fer ya all ...

CONVICTS:

S'long... Show 'em... Goodbye,
Rocky... We won't be long... Hold
a reserved seat for me, Rocky.

505. REVERSE MED. SHOT GROUP AT GREEN DOOR

They open the green door. As they do so -

506. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

ROCKY:

(to Jerry - with
a forced laugh)

They call this 'the last mile',
Jerry ... but it's a helluva short
one.

507. TWO SHOT ROCKY, WITH JERRY IMMEDIATELY BEHIND HIM

ROCKY:

(continuing)

Take care of Laury ... Jerry.

508. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

as he nods silently, but keeps looking straight at Rocky -- one thought burning in his brain: "Will Rocky come through?"

509. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY (LARGE HEAD)

as he looks back at Jerry, understanding his pal's silent thought.

510. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

as his features express the intensity of his hope and prayer.

511. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

serious; then saying slowly, in response to Jerry's unspoken thought.

ROCKY:
(wagging his head
slowly)

No

512. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

as this wordless conflict continues.

513. CLOSE SHOT ROCKY

as he seems to yield, but expresses it in his habitual grin.

ROCKY:
S'long - pal ...

514. MED. SHOT

He turns and disappears into the death-chamber, out of view. CAMERA DOLLIES INTO DEATH-CHAMBER AND PANS SLOWLY to get witnesses, doctors, extra guards and Jerry, standing to one side, alone, looking on - pale, haggard and in mental agony.

515. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

His lips begin to move imperceptibly in silent prayer. Then suddenly, from Rocky's direction, a scream and sounds of commotion. Jerry reacts startled.

ROCKY'S VOICE:

(muffled - not too
distinctly)

No ... no ... don't kill me... I
don't wanna die... Please don't
let me die ... ! I can't ... I can't...

GUARD'S VOICE:

(OVER commotion)

Leggo that ... ! Pull him up there!
Come on ... pull him off that!

CAMERA PANS OVER faces of startled and astounded witnesses and reporters.

REPORTERS:

Say, what's this ... ?
what the ... !
He's gone yellow ... !
I'll be a ... !
He's holdin' on to that wall radiator...
He's gone screwy ... !

GUARDS' VOICES:

Pry that other hand loose!
Get him off that radiator!

And OVER it all, Rocky's screams continue piteously.

REPORTER:

They got him loose now... Say, this
is a turnabout, if I ever saw one!

2ND REPORTER:

Rocky turns rat ... ! Whatta story!

WELL DRESSED MAN:

It's horrible -- it's ghastly... I
can't stand this.

(closes his eyes)

REPORTER:

(with bottle)

Here, take a slug'o'this... I felt
that way myself the first time...

GUARD'S VOICE:

Okay ... hold him down now ...

516. INT. CELL-BLOCK DEATH-HOUSE

Noise from within the death-chamber comes through door.

CONVICTS:

(ad lib)

What's goin' on in there ... ?

He's screamin' in there ...

It's Rocky ...

Rocky's turned yellow ...

Then quiet in the death-chamber.

CONVICT:

They got his strapped down now ...

(calls loudly)

Goodbye, Rocky ... See ya soon!

The hysterical convict begins to moan piteously. Then suddenly a whining hum is heard.

CONVICTS:

There she goes ... the juico!

He's fryin' now...

The lights dim. The hysterical convict lets out a long "o-o-oh".

517. INT. DEATH CHAMBER CLOSE TWO SHOT JERRY AND EDWARDS

the guard, near his side. As the lights go up, and the whining hum begins again.

EDWARDS:

(scornfully)

He was gonna spit in my eye, the yellow rat!

518. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

Only his face, of all three present, is calm and serene, though largely drawn with tragic sorrow; his lips keep moving silently in prayer as the whining hum increases and the lights dim slowly for the second time.

DISSOLVE TO:

519. INT. "STORE" CLOSE SHOT A NEWSPAPER

held in Scopy's hands. The headlines read:

(CONTINUED)

519 (Cont.)

"ROCKY DIES YELLOW"

"COWARD'S DEATH, SAY ALL WITNESSES"

DRAW BACK TO:

520. CLOSE SHOT SOAPY, BIM AND SWING

They are alone in the "store". Soapy, his eyes suspiciously moist, is reading the account. Several other papers are strewn on the floor beside the boys. Bim and Swing stare at the floor, silent.

SOAPY:

(reading with difficulty
-- falteringly)

"... an' at the fatal stroke of 11 P.M. Rocky was led through the little green door of death. No sooner had he entered the death chamber than he tore himself from the guard's grasp an' flung himself on the floor. Screaming for mercy ...

Soapy pauses. When he continues, his voice falters and at the words "coward - yellow - abject fear - etc.," his chin trembles and the other boys react similarly -- all miserable and shrunken at this "death of a hero".

SOAPY:

(continuing)

"... his eyes glazed with abject fear and horror, he clung with the strength of a maniac to an iron radiator, so that it taxed the capacity of four guards to pry his convulsed fingers loose. Then, as they dragged him to the electric chair, he clawed wildly at the concrete floor with agonized shrieks - a picture of utter attempt...

Soapy breaks for a moment. The other boys look away.

SOAPY:

(continuing)

"... an' horrible -- cowardice ... in contrast to his former heroics. Rocky Sullivan died a 'coward's death' ..."

Soapy, his eyes wet, throws the paper from him, springs up in an or.

(CONTINUED)

520 (Cont.)

SOAPY:

I don't believe it -- I don't
believe one lousy word of it...
It's all lies -- lies!

BIN:

(his eyes wet -
after a moment)

It's the same in the other papers
too, Soapy ...

SWING:

(anxiously)

An' dey said it over the radio ...

SOAPY:

I don't care ... ! He didn't die
that way! Not Rocky! He couldn't!
It's all lies -- lies, I tell ya!

SWING:

(rising)

I don't believe it either! An' any-
body says it's true ... I'll ...

He stops suddenly as he looks up, and sees.

521. MED. SHOT AT DOOR

as Jerry enters, starts toward them.

522. CLOSE SHOT THREE BOYS

They watch Jerry approach them silently. Then Bin
turns to the others.

BIN:

(hearsely)

Let's ask him -- he ought know.
He'll tell us what happened!

They are silent for a moment. Then Jerry comes up to
them. Soapy steps forward.

SOAPY:

How was that, Bin? ... You saw
it... What happened? Did Rocky die
like they say -- like a -- like
a yellow rat ... ?

523. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

There is a long pause as he looks at them. Then he nods slowly.

JERRY:

(painfully)

It's all true, boys -- every word
of it -- is true ...

His eyes misten.

524. CLOSE SHOT (SHOOTING TO THE BOYS PAST JERRY)

They look up at him in shocked silence, their whole
faith shattered by his words.

DISSOLVE TO:

525. INT. CHURCH PULL SHOT

Jerry is at the altar in ceremonial robes. In the choir
stall, high overhead, are all the boys - Scapy, Bin,
Swing included. The church is filled with people for a
mass service.

526. CLOSE SHOT LAURA

in a black hat and veil. Her features are marked with
deep sorrow.

527. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

as he faces his congregation. His eyes grow misty as he
looks up at the choir boys. Softly, almost beneath his
breath.

JERRY:

I will say a prayer for a boy ...
a boy who couldn't run as fast as
I could ...

His lips move soundlessly.

528. LONG SHOT LAURA (FROM JERRY'S ANGLE)

529. CLOSE SHOT LAURA

We knew that she understood.

530. MED. SHOT JERRY AND CHOIR BOYS ABOVE

He finishes his silent prayer, turns to the boys. The organ beams out. And then, as if from Heaven itself, there issues the full-voiced singing of the choir, filling the church with its silvery tones.

531. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

His eyes are moist as he looks at them.

532. CLOSE SHOT THE CHOIR

as they sing... Seapy, Bin and Swing, their faces slightly smugged, as they sing with the others.....

FADE OUT.

THE END