

"ON THE WATERFRONT"

by

Budd Schulberg

Shooting Script, 1954

5 MEDIUM SHOT-TENEMENT WINDOW-NIGHT

5

THE WINDOW OF A THIRD-STORY ROOM, FROM TERRY'S POV. JOEY DOYLE, A

youthful, rather sensitive and clean-cut Irish boy, pokes his head out the window.

JOEY

Terry?

(then a little
suspiciously)

What do you want?

6 REVERSE ANGLE-WATERFRONT STREET-NIGHT

6

TERRY

Hey look-

He reaches into his windbreaker in a gesture associated with drawing a gun from a shoulder holster. But instead he draws out a live racing pigeon. As he does so the bird makes an effort to escape and flaps its wings, but Terry subdues it expertly and holds it up for Joey to see.

TERRY

(somewhat uneasily)

-one of yours. I recognized the band.

7 CLOSE-ON JOEY AT WINDOW-NIGHT

7

There is a fire escape in front of it.

JOEY

Yeah? Must be Danny-boy. I lost him in the last race.

TERRY

He followed my birds into their coop. Here, you want him?

JOEY

(cautiously)

Well I got to watch myself these days. Know what I mean?

TERRY

I'll bring him up to your loft.

JOEY

(some what reassured)

I'll see you on the roof.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Joey closes the window and turns away.

8 EXT-MEDIUM CLOSE-TENEMENT-ON TERRY -NIGHT

8

Tensely, as if going through something he wishes he could avoid, Terry looks in the direction of the tenement stoop and nods. Now for the first time we see two men standing there under the doorway so that Joey was unable to see them from his window. When Terry nods they enter the tenement hallway; he takes a few steps forward so as to be out of sight from Joey's widow. Then Terry raises the pigeon into the air and, inexplicably, releases it. As it wings out of sight he turns and starts up the street in the direction from which he came, walking crabwise as if trying to see the effect of what he has just done. A soddenly drunk, one-armed longshoreman, MUTT MURPHY, staggers toward him, singing in a hoarse voice... .

MUTT

(as if it were a dirge)

Tippi-tippi-tim, tippi-tim, Tippi-
tippi-tan, tippi-tan...

(He stumbles into

Terry.)

Gotta dime for a crippled-up docker?

TERRY

Go on, beat it!

MUTT

A dime, Terry, a dime for a cup of
coffee?

TERRY

Don't give me that coffee, you rummy.
Now blow!

MUTT

Thanks for nothing, you bum.

With a certain battered dignity, Mutt moves off, picking up his song, "Tippi-tippi-tan, tippi-tan... ." Terry takes an anxious glance back toward the tenement.

9 EXT-TENEMENT ROOFTOP-NIGHT

9

In the B.G. on the far shore is the New York skyline. In the M.G. a ship is being unloaded on this side of the river. In the F.G. is a coop of racing pigeons. Joey comes out on the roof and looks around. The door from the tenement stairway creaks open and Joey turns.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

JOEY

Terry?

There is no answer. Joey is surprised.

JOEY

That you, Terry?

Two men step out upon the roof, their faces hidden in shadows. Joey looks startled and retreats a few steps.

JOEY

Where's Terry?

The two men (BARNEY and SPECS) advance, silently.

JOEY

He said he'd meet me up here.

10 CLOSE SHOT-JOEY-ROOFTOP-NIGHT 10

Now he realizes the intentions of the two men. He looks around for some means of escape.

11 MEDIUM CLOSE-BARNEY AND SPECS-ROOFTOP-NIGHT 11

From Joey's angle. Moving in.

12 MEDIUM CLOSE-JOEY-ROOFTOP-NIGHT 12

He makes a wild dash for the fire escape which leads him to the roof.

But when he reaches it, another goon, SLIM, appears, cutting off this escape.

13 LONG SHOT-ROOFTOP-NIGHT 13

Joey turns and runs along the edge of the roof, the illuminated skyline in the B.G. He disappears from view as if he has jumped off the roof.

14 MEDIUM SHOT-LOWER ROOFTOP LEVEL-NIGHT 14

This rooftop is one floor lower than the rooftops on either side of it, forming a trough between the two and providing no further avenue of escape for Joey. As Joey looks around desperately, Barney appears on upper level and another goon, SONNY, appears on the other. Now Joey is trapped between them. As they move forward he retreats backward toward the edge of the roof.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

JOEY
 (defiantly)
 You want me to jump so it looks like
 an accident?

The assailants close in silently. Joey gestures them on.

JOEY
 Come on. I'll take one of you with
 me.

The goons edge in still closer, poker-faced, knowing they
 have him.

15 EXT-FRIENDLY BAR-NIGHT

15

An old-fashioned corner saloon with swinging doors. Standing
 on the corner, flanked by a goon aptly named the TRUCK is
 CHARLEY, THE GENT, Terry's older brother, rather handsome if
 a little too smooth, in his late thirties, a snappy dresser
 in his camel hair coat and snap brim hat. He is quick-witted
 and affable, more politician than mobster.

Terry enters to him.

CHARLEY
 (gently)
 How goes?

TERRY
 (tightly)
 He's on the roof.

CHARLEY
 The pigeon?

TERRY
 (resentfully)
 Like you said. It worked.

TRUCK
 (to Terry, tapping
 his own temple)
 That brother of yours is thinkin'
 alla time.

TERRY
 (tense)
 All the time.

There is a short, shrill, almost human cry of a boat whistle.
 It changes slightly in pitch and we are hearing an actual
 cry.

16 CLOSE SHOT-BODY OF JOEY 16

Hurtling off roof, with a bloodcurdling shriek.

17 INT-CLOSE SHOT-WOMAN AT WINDOW (MRS. COLLINS) 17

She screams.

18 EXT-FRIENDLY BAR-FAVORING TERRY-NIGHT 18

Worried as he begins to wonder what happened.

TRUCK

I'm afraid somebody fell off a roof.

Terry stares at him. Longshoremen come running out of the bar toward the sound of the scream. Terry has to struggle not to be carried along with them. He works his way toward Charley, standing on the curb with Truck, calmly watching the Friendly Bar customers excitedly running past him. (Calls and commotion in the distance O.S.)

TRUCK

He thought he was gonna sing for the Crime Commission. He won't.

Truck winks at Charley significantly. Terry catches the meaning and is horrified.

TERRY

(accusingly)

You said they was only going to talk to him.

CHARLEY

That was the idea.

TERRY

I thought they'd talk to him. Try to get him to dummy up.

CHARLEY

Maybe he gave them an argument.

TERRY

I figured the worst they'd do is work him over a little.

CHARLEY

He probably gave 'em an argument.

(CONTINUED)

TRUCK
 (almost primly)
 He's been giving our boss a lot of
 trouble.

TERRY
 He wasn't a bad little fella, that
 Joey.

CHARLEY
 No he wasn't.

TRUCK
 Except for his mouth.

CHARLEY
 Talkative.

TERRY
 (muttering to himself)
 Wasn't a bad little fella ...

TRUCK
 (chuckling)
 Maybe he could sing, but he couldn't
 fly.

Terry looks at Truck, stricken.

CHARLEY
 (sympathetically,
 nodding toward bar)
 Come on, kid. I'll buy you a drink.

TERRY
 (bewildered)
 In a minute.

Charley looks at him, slightly concerned, and goes in with
 Truck. Terry watches the longshoremen hurrying past him, in
 the direction of-

Forming a circle around Joey are KAYO NOLAN, a hard little
 nut of a man; TOMMY COLLINS, a young longshoreman friend of
 Joey's; LUKE, a giant Negro; MOOSE, a good-natured, hulking
 longshoreman; and others.

The shot favors POP DOYLE, a short , stocky man with a small
 potbelly.

19 CONTINUED:

19

POP
 (to someone running
 up)
 I kept tellin' him: don't say nothin',
 keep quiet, you'll live longer.

POLICE SERGEANT
 (to another cop)
 Tell the ambulance to hurry.

20 SHOT OF ONLOOKERS-ROOFTOP-NIGHT

20

Including a hard-faced longshoreman, a careworn woman in her middle thirties (Mrs. Collins) and Mutt.

LONGSHOREMAN
 He ain't gonna need no ambulance.

FATHER BARRY, a lean, tough, West Side priest, climbs a wooden fence and approaches the crowd.

FATHER BARRY
 (roughly)
 One side. Le'me through!

21 MEDIUM SHOT-MRS. COLLINS, MUTT-ROOFTOP-NIGHT

21

MRS. COLLINS
 (to Father Barry as
 he passes)
 Same thing they did to my Andy five
 years ago.

22 CLOSE ON BODY OF JOEY-TENEMENT LANDING-NIGHT

22

Father Barry prays. A police sergeant turns to Pop.

SERGEANT
 You're Pop Doyle, aren't you, the
 boy's father?

POP
 (angrily)
 That's right.

SERGEANT
 He fell over backward from the roof-
 like he was pushed. Any ideas?

POP
 (aggressively)
 None.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. COLLINS

(coming forward)

He was the one longshoreman with guts enough to talk to them crime investigators. Everybody knows that.

POP

(wheeling angrily and pushing her away)

Who asked you. Shut your trap. If Joey'd taken that advice he wouldn't be—

(starts to crack up)

MRS. COLLINS

(protesting)

Everybody know that...?

POP

I said shut up!

SERGEANT

Look, I'm an honest cop. Give me some leads and I'll...

Pop stands silently, choked with grief.

KAYO NOLAN

Listen— don't bother him. Right, Moose?

MOOSE

(nodding)

One thing I learned— all my life on the waterfront— dont ask no questions— don't answer no questions.

Unless you... .

(looks at the body and stops)

LUKE

(reverently)

He was all heart, that boy. Enough guts for a regiment.

POP

(in a bitter rage)

Guts— I'm sick of guts. He gets a book in the pistol local and right away he's gonna be a hero. Gonna push the mob off the dock singlehanded... .

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

FATHER BARRY
 (comfortingly)
 Take it easy, Pop. I know it's rough
 but time and faith are great
 healers... .

23 CLOSE-ON EDIE-TENEMENT LANDING-NIGHT

23

Joey's sister, a fresh-faced, sensitive young Irish girl who has been kneeling over the body. She looks up and around at the Father in bitter grief.

EDIE
 Time and faith... . My brother's
 dead and you stand there talking
 drivel about time and faith.

FATHER BARRY
 (taken aback)
 Why Edie, I-

EDIE
 (plunging on)
 How could anyone do this to Joey.
 The best in the neighborhood... .
 everybody said it, not only me.

Who'd want to harm Joey? Tell me- who? -- who?

FATHER BARRY
 (embarrassed)
 I wish I knew, Edie,
 But-
 (starts to turn away
 as if appealing to
 the others)

EDIE
 Don't turn away! Look at it! You're
 in this too- don't you see, don't
 you see? You're in this too, Father.

FATHER BARRY
 (defensively, sincerely)
 Edie, I do what I can. I'm in the
 church when you need me.

EDIE
 (bitingly)
 "In the church when you need me."
 Was there ever a saint who hid in
 the Church?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

She turns from him angrily, toward the covered form of Joey.

24 CLOSE SHOT-FATHER BARRY 24

Father Barry stands there jolted and troubled.

MRS. COLLINS

(moves in to him)

Forgive her, Father. Them two was as close as twins.

Father Barry nods. Thinking hard.

MRS. COLLINS

Whoever was in on this'll burn in hell until kingdom come... .

DISSOLVE:

25 INT-FRIENDLY BAR-NIGHT 25

The atmosphere is the sharpest possible contrast to the scene above. It is a rough waterfront bar full of half-gassed longshoremen and pistol boys. They are all watching a fight on TV above the bar, and there is much hoarse laughter and ad lib jokes at the fight. The only one not watching is Terry, who sits at a table by himself staring at a half-finished glass of beer. Mutt is wandering around in the B.G.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Terry, Riley's makin' a bum outa that Solar-i Terry looks off and sees-

26 MEDIUM SHOT-BARNEY AND SPECS-AT BAR-NIGHT 26

Unconcernedly drinking and enjoying the fight. SPECS Come on over and have a shot.

27 INT-BACK ROOM OF BAR-NIGHT 27

A partition separates this room from the main bar, and a small corner of the bar extends through the partition. On the wall are old fight posters and some pictures of fighters, ball players and horses. At a table, flanked by Charley and a tall, muscular bodyguard, SONNY, is JOHNNY FRIENDLY. He is not tough in a conventional way, but with a sinister intent, a humorless sense of domination that is really dangerous. The boxing match can be seen on a smaller TV set.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY

Turn it off. Them clowns can't fight. There's nobody tough anymore.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

JOCKO, the bartender, pokes his head through the archway behind the bar.

JOCKO

Hey, boss, Packy wants another one on the cuff?

JOHNNY

(with a generous wave of his hand)
Give it to him!

As Johnny finishes off a bottle of beer, BIG MAC, the bullnecked hiring boss, comes up to the table with a thick roll of bills.

BIG MAC

Here's the cut from the shape-up.
Eight hundred and ninety-one men at three bucks a head makes—
(puts on glasses, incongruous on his beefy face)
--twenty-six seventy-three.

JOHNNY

(to Charley)
Here, you count it. Countin' makes me sleepy.

Terry enters during the above and sits at the bar, brooding. Johnny is glad to see him.

JOHNNY

H'ya, slugger, how they hangin'?

TERRY

(subdued)
So-so, Johnny.

JOHNNY

(pantomiming, defending against blows)
Don't hit me, now, don't hit me!

BIG MAC

We got a banana boat at forty-six tomorra. If we pull a walkout it might be a few bucks from the shippers. Them bananas go bad in a hurry.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

JOHNNY

We'll ask ten G.

(looks around)

Where's Morgan? Where's that big
banker of mine?

As Johnny talks he holds on to Terry, and fondles him casually. MORGAN, a big-eared, large-nosed little weasel of a man, pokes his head in the door as if he were waiting just outside.

MORGAN

Right here, boss.

JOHNNY

(mockingly - Morgan
is sort of court
jester)

Well, J.P., how's business?

J.P.

Havin' trouble with Kelly again,
boss. He Won't take no loans and Big
Mac puts him to work anyway.

BIG MAC

(shouting at J.P.)

He's my wife's nephew.

J.P.

(right back at Big
Mac)

But he don't take no loans.

BIG MAC

I got to give him work. She'd murda
me...

J.P.

(shakes his head)

That's why I stay single.

(turns to Johnny)

Here's the interest on the day, boss.
Five thirty two.

JOHNNY

(taking it from him
and handing it to
Sonny)

Count it.

Now Sonny and Charley are both counting. SKINS, another runner for the mob, a nervous, pasty-faced man, enters.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY

Hey, Skins—
 (as Skins approaches
 Johnny lowers his
 voice)
 --get away with that sheet metal all
 right?

SKINS

Easy, that new checker faked the
 receipt. Here it is, boss.
 (offers receipt)

JOHNNY

Stow the receipt. I'll take the cash.

SKINS

(producing another
 roll of bills)
 Forty-five bills.

JOHNNY

(to Terry, sulking at
 the bar)
 Hey, Terry, front and center.

Terry comes over reluctantly and Johnny hands him the bills.

JOHNNY

Count this.

TERRY

Aw, you know I don't like to count,
 Johnny.

JOHNNY

It's good for you. Develops your
 mind.

SKINS

What mind?

He starts to laugh but Johnny stops him with a look.

JOHNNY

Shut up. I like the kid.
 (tweaks Terry's cheek
 fondly)
 Remember the night he took Farella
 at St. Nick's, Charley. We won a
 bundle. Real tough. A big try.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY
(stops counting and
taps his nose proudly)
Not a dent.
(tweaks his nose)
Perfect.

JOHNNY
(laughs, rubs Terry's
head)
My favorite little cousin.

TERRY
(disconcerted as he
tries to count)
Thirty-six- sev- aah I lost the count.

JOHNNY
(tolerantly)
OK- skip it, Einstein. How come you
never got no education like the rest
of us?

BIG MAC
(good-naturedly)
Only arithmetic he got was hearing
the referee count up to ten.

TERRY
(hot-tempered, starting
to attack Big Mac)
Now listen, Mac-

Johnny laughs and pulls Terry back.

JOHNNY
(amused)
What gives with our boy tonight,
Charley? He ain't himself.

CHARLEY
(as if Terry were not
there)
The Joey Doyle thing. You know how
he is. Things like that- he
exaggerates them. Too much Marquis
of Queensbury. It softens 'em up.

JOHNNY

(taking the money
from Sonny, Skins
and J.P. and dealing
out some bills to
each of them as if
the money were cards,
while Charley goes
on counting)

Listen kid, I'm a soft tough too.
Ask any rummy on the dock if I'm
not good for a fin any time they put
the arm on me.

(then more harshly)

But my old lady raised us ten kids
on a stinkin' watchman's pension.
When I was sixteen I had to beg for
work in the hold. I didn't work my
way up out of there for nuthin'.

TERRY

(sorry to have aroused
Johnny- who speaks
loud and with
frightening force
when stung)

I know, Johnny, I know...

JOHNNY

Takin' over this local, you know it
took a little doin'. Some pretty
tough fellas were in the way.

They left me this-
(suddenly holds up
chin to show a long
ugly scar on neck)
-to remember them by.

CHARLEY

(admiringly)

When he got up and chased them they
thought it was a dead man coming
after them.

JOHNNY

(to Terry)

I know what's eatin' you, kid. But I
got two thousand dues-payin' members
in my local- that's seventy-two
thousand a year legitimate and when
each one of 'em puts in a couple of
bucks a day to make sure they work

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

steady- well, you figure it out. And that's just for openers. We got the fattest piers in the fattest harbor in the world. Everything that moves in and out- we take our cut.

CHARLEY

Why shouldn't we? If we c'n get it we're entitled to it.

JOHNNY

(nods)

We ain't robbin' pennies from beggars. We cuttin' ourselves in for five-six million a year just on our half a dozen piers- a drop in the bucket compared to the traffic in the harbor. But a mighty sweet little drop, eh, Charley?

CHARLEY

(wisely)

It'll do.

JOHNNY

So look, kid, you don't think we c'n afford to be boxed out of a deal like this- a deal I sweated and bled for- on account of one lousy little cheese-eater, that Doyle bum, who thought he c'd go squealin' to the Crime Commission? Do you?-

Terry is uncomfortably silent. Johnny raises his voice.

JOHNNY

-Do you?

TERRY

Well, no, Johnny, I just thought I should've been told if-

CHARLEY

(handing back the money)

I make it twentysix twenty-three. You're fifty short, Skins.

JOHNNY

(turning darkly on Skins)

Gimme.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (7)

27

SKINS

(frightened)

I- I musta counted wrong, boss, I-

JOHNNY

Gimme.

He reaches over and takes money out of Skins's pockets, stripping him.

JOHNNY

You come from Green Point? Go back to Green Point. You don't work here no more.

(impulsively he hands the bill to Terry— smiling)

Here, kid, here's half a bill. Go get your load on.

TERRY

(still troubled)

Naw, thanks, Johnny, I don't want it, I-

JOHNNY

(roughly)

Go on- a little present from your Uncle Johnny.

(He pushes the bill into the breast pocket of Terry's jacket, then turns to Big Mac)

And Mac, tomorra mornin' when you shape the men put Terry in the loft. Number one. Every day.

(to Terry)

Nice easy work. Check in and goof off on the coffee bags. O.K.?

TERRY

(frowning)

Thanks, Johnny... .

CHARLEY

(a kind of warning)

You got a real friend here, kid. Don't forget it.

JOHNNY

(smiling)

Why should he forget it?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (8)

27

As Terry turns away, toward the bar,

DISSOLVE:

28 EXT-TENEMENT ROOF-DAYBREAK

28

Terry, darkly troubled, is watching the pigeons he has just fed when

JIMMY CONNERS,
a freckle-faced fourteen-year-old
boy, approaches along the same stretch
of roof seen in the mugging of Joey.

JIMMY

Hi!

Terry turns around startled, as Jimmy comes climbing up out of the trough where Joey was trapped.

JIMMY

-I was gonna feed 'em, Terry.

TERRY

's all right, kid. I took care of
'em myself this morning.

JIMMY

Boy, you must've been up early.

TERRY

(as if he hardly slept)
Yeah, yeah, I was awake anyway so I
figured-
(gestures toward
feeding pigeons;
then with admiration)
They got it made. Eat all they want-
fly around like crazy-
sleep side by side- and raise gobs
of squabs.

O.S. or in B.G. a ship coming into port sounds its whistle,
bringing him back to reality.

TERRY

I better get over there.
(O.S. sound of ship
whistle again. Terry
answers the ship
irritably)
O.K., O.K., I'm coming.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

TERRY (CONT'D)

(starts off)

Don't spill no water on the floor
now. I Don't want them birds to catch
cold.

Jimmy signals the Golden Warrior salute— the first two fingers
raised together. Terry answers with the same salute as he
goes o ff, disturbed.

DISSOLVE:

29 EXT-LONG SHOT-PIER-DAY

29

Some three hundred men are standing around, men of all sizes
and ages, some in dungarees, some in baggy denims, wearing
battered windbreakers or service discards, and either caps
or woolen pullovers. A sprinkling of Negroes. A ship is
berthing in the B.G. The mood is somber and restless.

30 CLOSER SHOTS-LONGSHOREMEN

30

Muttering to each other.

AD LIBS He was a good boy, the Doyle kid. Sure he was, that's
why he got it in the head. Couldn't learn to keep his mouth
shut.

31 MEDIUM CLOSE-ON TERRY

31

With his chum, JACKIE, as another pal, CHICK, comes up. Terry
looks around as if t rying to hear what the men are muttering
behind him.

CHICK

(to Jackie but really
to Terry)

Hey Jackie, what D'ya think of this
privileged character? Don't have to
shape up no more. Got himself a soft
touch up in the loft.

(mimics sound of
snoring)

TERRY

(defensively)

Who told you that?

CHICK

(winks at Jackie)

Waterfront Western Union.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

CHICK (CONT'D)
 (business of putting
 his hand to his mouth)
 Terry looks around at the restless
 men again.

JACKIE
 You're doin' lovely, Terry, very
 lovely.

TERRY
 (hotly)
 O.K., O.K., That's enough.

In the B.G. Pop can be seen approaching Nolan, Moose, Tommy,
 and Luke with a windbreaker jacket over his arm.

JACKIE
 (a little hurt)
 What's the matter wit' you, success
 gone to ya head?

TERRY
 I told you lay off.

JACKIE
 (to Chick in a falsetto)
 My ain't we touchy this morning?

32 MEDIUM CLOSE—MEN BEHIND TERRY AT PIER ENTRANCE—DAY

32

Nolan, Moose, Tommy, Luke, and others are muttering about
 Joey. Pop comes up to them. The men quickly drop the subject
 of Joey.

NOLAN
 Go home, Pop. The lads who get work
 Today'll be chippin' in gladly.

TOMMY
 Sure, we'll take care of ya.

LUKE
 That's the truth, Pop.

Others mutter expressions of bitter sympathy. "Tough about
 Joey," etc.

POP
 Thanks, boys, but I'm gonna shape.
 Who do you think's gonna pay for the
 funeral— Johnny Friendly and the
 boss stevedore?

33 CLOSE SHOT-TERRY

33

Reacting. Sonny, a few feet away, also hears and we follow him back to Pop and group.

SONNY

Hey, watch that talk. What you say?

NOLAN

He was just tellin' me how proud he was to belong to a fine honest local run by such an outstandin' labor leader as Johnny Friendly.

SONNY

Don't get wise now, you.

NOLAN

Wise! If I was wise I wouldn't be no longshoreman for thirty years and poorer now than when I started.

Sonny looks at him threateningly. Nolan holds his ground and Sonny goes on.

POP

Here- I brought you Joey's windbreaker- Wear it, Kayo. Yours is more full of holes than The Pittsburgh infield.

34 CLOSE SHOT-NOLAN

34

He is affected, but largely hiding his feelings.

35 GROUP SHOT-POP, NOLAN, MOOSE, TOMMY

35

J.P. Morgan pops up right behind Pop.

J.P.

Condolences. How you fixed for cabbage this mornin'?

NOLAN

Oh me and my chum are just rolling in the stuff. We only work down here for a hobby, J.P.

(Pop's cronies chuckle.)

MOOSE

Haw, haw, haw- that's a good one.

(CONTINUED)

J.P.

(undaunted, to Pop)
You'll be needing a few dollars for
your extras, Won't you, Pop? You're
three weeks behind on the last twenty-
five, but I'm willing to take a
chance.

NOLAN

Some chance at ten percent a week!
And if he don't borrow, he don't
work.

J.P.

(to Pop)
You'll work.

NOLAN

I ought to belt you one, J.P.

J.P.

(retreating slightly)
Raise a hand to me and... .

NOLAN

... .and you'll tell Johnny Friendly.

J.P.

You'd be off the pier for good.

POP

(ashamed)
All right, slip me a bill- and may
you rot in hell, J.P.

J.P.

When I'm dead 'n gone you'll know
what a friend I was.

NOLAN

Drop dead now, why don't you, so we
c'n test your theory?

Moose leads the laughter. J.P. looks at them sourly.

J.P.

Condolences.

J.P. goes off with his shoulders bent over and his head down,
like some mournful bird, and Nolan walks behind him,
mimicking. Nolan notices Pop isn't laughing and stops.
CAMERA FOLLOWS J.P. toward Terry, Chick, and Jackie and holds
on them. Two men in business suits—one of them carrying a
briefcase, looking decidedly out of place on the
waterfront—approach.

(CONTINUED)

GLOVER

(larger, more good-natured of the two)

Do any of you men know Terry Malloy?

JACKIE

Malloy? Never heard of 'im.

CHICK

(quickly)

Me neither They both turn away sullenly. Glover and his colleague, GILLETTE, look at Terry carefully. Gillette is scrappy and tough.

GLOVER

You're Terry Malloy, aren't you?

TERRY

(suspiciously)

What about it?

GLOVER

I thought I recognized you. Saw you fight in St. Nick's a couple of years ago.

TERRY

(impatiently)

O.K. O.K. Without the bird seed. What do you want?

GLOVER

Our identification.

He snaps out his wallet and holds it open for Terry's inspection.

TERRY

Waterfront- Crime- Commission- ?

(pushes wallet back indignantly)

What's that?

GLOVER

We're getting ready to hold public hearings on waterfront crime and underworld infiltration of longshore unions.

TERRY

(automatically)

I don't know nothing.

(CONTINUED)

GILLETTE

You haven't heard the questions yet.

GLOVER

(pleasantly)

There's a rumor that you're one of the last people to see Joey Doyle alive.

TERRY

And I still say— I don't know nothing.

GILLETTE

We're not accusing you of anything, Mr. Malloy.

GLOVER

I hope you understand that.

GILLETTE

We only want to ask you a few things about people you may know.

TERRY

People I— You mean sing for you. Get out of here before I—

GILLETTE

(with a slight but confident smile)

I wouldn't advise that, Mr. Malloy. Unless you want to be booked for assaulting an officer of the law.

TERRY

Listen, I don't know nothing, I didn't see nothing, I ain't saying nothing. So why don't you and your girlfriend get lost.

GLOVER

(gently)

All right, Mr. Malloy, you have a right not to talk, if that's what you choose to do. But the public has a right to know the facts, too.

GILLETTE

(nodding in agreement)

We may be seeing you again.

TERRY

Never will be much too soon.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (4)

35

GLOVER
 (almost like a friend)
 Take it easy.

The two men nod and turn away. Jackie and Chick, a few paces off, have been taking it in. Terry swaggers for their benefit.

TERRY
 How do you like them jokers? Taking me for a pigeon.

JACKIE
 (mimicking the investigators, in a falsetto)
 Gimme the names, I'll write 'em down in me little book.

Chick laughs and punches Terry's arm with rough affection.

TERRY
 (responding to the praise)
 One more word 'n I would've belted the two of 'em, badge or no badge!

They nod and laugh approvingly. There is a blast from the ship in the B.G. which is just docking.

36 MEDIUM CLOSE-ON BIG MAC

36

The hiring boss. A stevedore official comes up to him with a box of slips.

STEVEDORE
 Here's the tabs for two hundred banana carriers.

Big Mac blows his whistle.

37 MEDIUM CLOSE-POP, NOLAN, ETC.-PIER-DAY

37

NOLAN
 (trying to cheer Pop up)
 A banana boat. It would be bananas. One of these days me ship's comin' in from Ireland, God love 'er, loaded to the gunnels with sweet Irish whiskey!

POP
 Nolan, me lad, ye're dreamin' again.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 37

They laugh, then Pop looks O.S. and frowns.

POP

-Eddie?

38 LONG SHOT-EDIE-PIER-DAY 38

From Pop's POV. Talking to a pier guard.

39 CLOSE-ON POP 39

Standing with Kayo. About to start forward when the shape-up whistle blows, restraining him.

POP

(to Kayo)

What the devil is she doin' down here?

40 CLOSE ON EDIE AND PIER GUARD-PIER-DAY 40

GUARD

(with a brogue)

Edie, I know your father well, and I'm sorry for your troubles. But there's been hundreds of murders down here and practically no convictions- hardly any arrests.

EDIE

Why, Mr. Rourke? Why?

GUARD

The last fellow who talked was awful dead when they pulled him out of the river. I guess the Sisters don't teach you things like that up at your school in Tarrytown.

(with a gesture of futility)

That's the waterfront.

He shrugs his helplessness and turns away. Edie stands crestfallen.

Then she turns in the opposite direction away from the pier.

41 EXT-MEDIUM SHOT-FATHER BARRY-OUTSIDE PIER-DAY 41

Father Barry is approaching.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

EDIE
 (surprised)
 Father Barry.

FATHER BARRY
 Hello, Edie.

EDIE
 I'm afraid I spoke out of turn last
 night.

FATHER BARRY
 You think I'm just a gravy-train
 rider in a turned-around collar?

She says nothing.

FATHER BARRY
 Don't you?
 (with humor)
 I see the Sisters taught you not to
 lie.

She smiles in spite of herself.

FATHER BARRY
 I've been thinking about your question
 and the answer come up and hit me-
 bang. This is my parish. I don't
 know how much I can do but you're
 right, Edie- I'll never find out if
 I don't come down here and take a
 good look for myself.

She looks at him hopefully. O.S. a whistle blows again,
 shrilly. They turn in its direction.

42 MEDIUM CLOSE-BIG MAC-AT PIER ENTRANCE-DAY

42

Putting his whistle away.

43 GROUP SHOT-LONGSHOREMEN-PIER-DAY

43

Waiting silently, hopefully.

BIG MAC
 The following men report to the loft-

44 CLOSER SHOT-FAVORING TERRY

44

BIG MAC
 Malloy.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 44

Terry steps forward.

Hendricks, Krajowski. Now, two hundred banana carriers.

He approaches the men.

45 CLOSE-ON FATHER BARRY AND EDIE 45

Watching from the slip.

EDIE

Pop never talks about this.

Father Barry watches interestedly.

46 GROUP SHOT-SHAPE-UP-DAY 46

The men press closer to Big Mac, each one trying to attract his attention.

BIG MAC

Don't crowd me. Stand back.

AN OLD MAN

(seedy, toothless)

Give me a break, Mac. I been two weeks out of work.

MOOSE

I got five kids. I need a day bad.

A BEEFY LONGSHOREMAN

(old-fashioned looking
in his knit stocking
cap and heavy wool
sweater)

How about me, Mac? I knew your old man.

BIG MAC

(roughly)

Come on, you bums, push back.
I'll do the pickin'.

47 CLOSE SHOTS-LONGSHOREMEN 47

From Big Mac's angle. One touches an ear—another strokes his chin—another begs with his yes—hungry, pleading, desperate faces.

48 CLOSE-ON BIG MAC 48

Angrily trying to clear the way.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

THE OLD MAN

I'll give four bucks for the job.

BEEFY LONGSHOREMAN

I'll kick in five.

BIG MAC

(shoving them hard)

Back! Get back!

The beefy longshoreman actually makes a grab for one of the tabs. The men begin to surround and engulf Mac. He is jostled and pushed. The beefy longshoreman, slightly behind Mac, suddenly knocks the box of tabs out of his hand.

BIG MAC

(desperately over his
shoulder)

Hey, Sonny! Truck!

49 FULL SHOT—LONGSHOREMEN MELEE

49

Two hundred and fifty men scrambling on the ground, fighting for the tabs like animals.

50 CLOSE—ON FATHER BARRY AND EDIE

50

Horrified, as they watch the struggle.

51 A SERIES OF SHOTS DETAILING BATTLE CLOSE SHOT—KAYO NOLAN

51

As he begins to rise, tab in hand, a big longshoreman at least a head taller swings a vicious punch at him. Kayo, with old-time boxing skill, "slips" it by a fraction of an inch. The effect could be a moment of comedy relief.

52 CLOSE SHOT—MOOSE

52

On the ground—as he is about to pick up a tab, a heavy shoe steps on his hand and the tab is grabbed away from him.

53 CLOSE—ON FATHER BARRY AND EDIE

53

Watching helplessly.

EDIE

Pop!

54 FREE-FOR-ALL FAVORING POP & TERRY

54

Pop is battling near the edge of the free-for-all, in view of Edie and Father Barry. He sees a tab on the ground and is about to pick it up when another man only slightly younger

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

and bigger punches him in the nose. He retaliates with a looping punch that knocks his adversary back; but he is unable to scoop up the tab because meanwhile a crony of Terry's has called over.

JACKIE

Hey, Terry. Grab me on!

Terry reaches for it with one hand while blocking Pop off with his leg.

He calls over to a crony.

TERRY

Here you go, Jackie boy.

As he hands it over to his chum, Pop comes charging in at Terry.

POP

Hey, give me that.

He swings wild punches at Terry. Just then Luke, the burly Negro longshoreman, sees a tab behind Pop, hurls himself toward it, carrying Pop with him, and back into the battle royal.

55 CLOSE SHOT—EDIE

55

She has seen the above action and makes a beeline for Terry. She is furious!

EDIE

Give me that. It belongs to Pop. He saw it first.

Terry is enjoying himself. Unconsciously Edie is pressing herself against him to get the tab and her rage is a kind of passion that pleases him.

TERRY

Oh, I thought you was gonna go to work— with all them muscles.
(winks at Jackie, who laughs)

EDIE

Give it to me— my Pop's job—

TERRY

What makes him so special?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

EDIE
None of your business.

TERRY
(to Jackie; handing
him the tab)
Things 're lookin' up on the docks,
huh, Jackie?

JACKIE
Didn't you recognize him, dopey.
That's Old Man Doyle.

TERRY
(losing his bravado)
Doyle.
(looks around at Pop,
the identity hitting
him)
Joey Doyle's... .?
(stares at Edie)
... .You're his... .

EDIE
(firmly)
Sister. Yes I am.

He runs his hand over his face and then, with a sudden impulse:

TERRY
You don't want to lug bananas in the
rain anyway, do you, Jackie?

He reaches over and takes the tab back from Jackie.

JACKIE
Aah, give it to 'im.

Terry hands the slip to Edie and adds, for the benefit of his pals:

TERRY
Here you go, muscles. Nice wrastlin'
with you.

He flexes his forearm and throws two quick jabs at an imaginary opponent, a characteristic gesture. He sets his cap at a jaunty angle and winks at his chums but we feel his manner is forced, barely hiding his guilt.

Edie looks after him with smoldering anger.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

She turns as Father Barry comes into view, leading Pop. Pop's nose is bleeding and he is pretty thoroughly battered. Nolan joins him.

FATHER BARRY

Pop, you all right?

POP

(brusquely)

Sure, just the beak-

(taps his nose)

It's been busted before.

Eddie hands him the tab.

EDIE

Here-I got it for you.

Pop takes it, but he is humiliated, and bitter that she should see him in this moment of weakness.

POP

Okay, I can use it-

(glares at her)

Now go back to the Sisters where you belong.

(His anger mounting with his need to regain his self-respect, he turns on Father Barry.)

I'm surprised with you, Father, if you don't mind my sayin' so. Lettin' her see things ain't fit for the eyes of a decent girl.

Just then Big Mac shouts from the pier opening.

BIG MAC

Hey, Doyle, you got a tab?

POP

(holding it up angrily)

Yeah!

BIG MAC

Then get in there. Number three gang, number one hatch, puh-ronto.

Pop jumps and hurries.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (3)

55

NOLAN
 (following Pop)
 Our welfare officer. He's been away
 three times for assault and battery.

56 MEDIUM CLOSE—EDIE AND FATHER BARRY

56

Watching him go. Around them are at least one hundred rejected men who linger in resentful silence. Some of them are rubbing hands bruised in the melee. A truck, hurrying into the pier, sounds its horn loudly. The men barely avoid being run down.

BIG MAC
 (angrily, to the
 rejected group)
 Outa the way. Come back tomorra.

Father Barry looks at all this in amazement.

FATHER BARRY
 (to one rejected man)
 What do you do now?

The man shrugs, too beaten down to answer. Father Barry asks Luke:

FATHER BARRY
 What are you gonna do?

LUKE
 (bitterly)
 Like he says. Come back tomorra.

Luke goes along with Father Barry, who approaches Moose and Tommy, who have also been rejected.

FATHER BARRY
 Is this what you do, just take it
 like this?

MOOSE
 (carefully looking
 around and lowering
 his voice matter-of-
 factly)
 Five straight mornin's I been Standin'
 here and the bum looks right through
 me. There's always a couple hundred
 left standin' in the street.

TOMMY
 (undertone)
 Shh. Sonny's over there.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

FATHER BARRY

And there's nothing you can do?

How about your union?

MOOSE

(in an undertone)

You know how a blackjack local works, Father. Get up in a meetin', make a motion, the lights go out, you go out.

TOMMY

If three guys talk on a corner, Johnny's—

(He takes a careful
look around.)

—boys break us up. Look at 'em.

FATHER BARRY

Didn't the miners— sailors—
garment workers— get rid of this
years ago?

TOMMY

The waterfront's tougher— like it
ain't part of America. Anywhere else
you got the law protectin' ya. Here
ya just get knocked off and forgotten.
Like—

(He stops.)

LUKE

(frightened)

Shh, not here, across the street.

MOOSE

River Street, you might as well be
in—

Sonny and Truck move in.

SONNY

What is this, a church picnic? Get
outa here. Excuse me, Father.

They all start away from the pier.

MOOSE

(looking to see if he
is out of earshot)

That's how it's been ever since Johnny
and his cowboys took over the local.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

TOMMY

Name one place where it's even safe
to talk.

FATHER BARRY

(impulsively)

Use the church.

LUKE

What?

FATHER

(after a significant
pause)

The bottom of the church.

Father Barry has spoken in a normal voice, as contrasted with
the whispering of the others, and they all look off toward
Sonny and Truck to see if they have heard.

57 CLOSE-ON SONNY

57

Watching them suspiciously.

58 BACK TO FATHER BARRY, EDIE AND GROUP

58

MOOSE

(still in an undertone)

You know what you're letting yourself
in for, Father?

FATHER BARRY

Got a cigarette on you?
(As he is given one,
he looks off)

59 MEDIUM SHOT-SONNY

59

From Father Barry's angle.

60 MEDIUM CLOSE-FATHER BARRY

60

FATHER BARRY

(his voice decisive)

You heard me boys. Use the bottom of
the church.

Father Barry looks at Edie.

DISSOLVE:

61 INT-MEDIUM SHOT-PIER LOFT-DAY 61

In this long area atop the working pier various articles of cargo are stored. Elderly men work at a leisurely pace.

62 CLOSE SHOT-PILE OF COFFEE BAGS-DAY 62

On top of which Terry is lying comfortably reading a comic book.

Charley enters to him.

CHARLEY
Working hard?

TERRY
It's a living.

He wriggles himself deeper into the coffee bags.

CHARLEY
(looking up at him)
You don't mind working once in a while to justify this lofty position?

TERRY
I just finished work. I counted the bags.

CHARLEY
We got a little extra detail for you. The local priest and this Doyle girl are getting up a meeting in the church. We'd like a rundown on it. You know, names and numbers of all the players. You're nominated.

TERRY
(frowns)
Why me, Charley? I'd feel funny going in there.

CHARLEY
(indicating this job)
Johnny does you favors, kid. You got to do a little one for him once in a while.

TERRY
But going in that church, I'd be stooling for you, Charley. You make a pigeon out of me.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

CHARLEY

(tolerantly)

Let me explain you something, kid.
Stooling is when you rat on your
friends, on the guys you're with.

(sees Terry frown)

When Johnny needs a favor, don't try
to figure it out, just do it. Now go
ahead, join the congregation.

DISSOLVE:

63 INT-ENTRANCEWAY TO LOWER LEVEL-CHURCH-EVENING

63

This is an overflow chapel for the church above. There are stained-glass windows, an altar, pews and the figures of saints, but all is utter simplicity; it has not lost its basement feeling, and the unadorned walls and low lighting may suggest the catacombs.

The above is seen from the POV of Terry as he approaches.
Inside Father

Barry faces a small group of longshoremen still in their
work clothes,

including Nolan, Moose, Tommy, and Luke; Edie sits behind them. A thin-faced, rather ascetic-looking priest, FATHER VINCENT, sits disapprovingly in the rear. As Terry stands in the rear, not anxious to enter, Father Barry is saying:

FATHER BARRY

(rapidly, with a
cigarette in his
mouth)

I thought there'd be more of you
here, but- the Romans found out what
a handful could do, if it's the right
handful. And the same goes for you
and the mob that's got their foot on
your neck. I'm just a potato-eater
but isn't it simple as one - two
three? One- The working conditions
are bad. Two- They're bad because
the mob does the hiring. Three- The
only way to break the mob is to stop
letting them get away with murder.

(He looks around at
them. Everybody is
silent, waiting.)

If just one of you would answer one
question, we'd have a start.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

FATHER BARRY (CONT'D)

(pause)

And that question is— Who killed
Joey Doyle?

64 REVERSE—ON GROUP

64

Silence. Moose looks down at the floor. Nolan works his left fist into the palm of his right hand. Tommy runs his hand over his face, embarrassed. Luke stares straight ahead of him. Terry sets his jaw stubbornly. Edie looks at all of them with a hopeful, pleading intensity. Father Barry waits, and then asks again—

FATHER BARRY

Not one of you has a line on—
who killed Joey Doyle?

Silence.

FATHER BARRY

I've got a hunch every one of you
could tell us something about it.

Silence.

FATHER BARRY

Then answer this one— How can we
call ourselves Christians and protect
these murderers with our silence?

Silence. The Father looks from one to the other, hoping for some break in the ranks. Terry starts down the aisle, just as Edie turns on Tommy.

EDIE

Tommy Collins, you were Joey's best
friend. How can you just sit there
and not be saying anything?

TOMMY

(miserably)

I'll always think of him as my best
friend, but—

He falls silent and shakes his head. Next to him, Nolan notices Terry.

NOLAN

(muttering to Moose)

Who asked him here?

(CONTINUED)

FATHER BARRY

(to Terry)

Have a seat. I'm trying to find out just what happened to Joey Doyle. Maybe you can help.

Terry is tight-lipped.

NOLAN

(whispering loudly to
Moose)

The brother of Charley the Gent. They'll help us get to the bottom of the river.

TERRY

(turnsaround angrily)

Keep Charley out of this.

NOLAN

(spunkily)

You don't think he'd be- helpful?

TERRY

(insolently)

Go ask him, why don't you ? Ask him yourself.

NOLAN

Maybe I will- one of these days.

TERRY

(laughs scornfully)

One of these days.

They glare at each other. Edie regards Terry with curiosity.

FATHER BARRY

(cutting through)

Now listen, if you know who the pistols are, if you see them on the dock every day, are you going to keep still until they cut you down one by one?

(turns from one to
the other)

Are you? Are you? How about you, Nolan?

NOLAN

Father, one thing you got to understand. On the dock we've always been D 'n D.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER BARRY

(puzzled)

D 'n D?

NOLAN

(nodding)

Deef 'n dumb. Somethin' c'n happen right in front of our noses and we don't see nothin'. You know what I mean. No matter how much we hate the torpedoes we don't rat.

Moose, Luke, and others mutter agreement.

FATHER BARRY

Boys, get smart. I know you're Getting' pushed around but one thing we got in this country is ways of fightin' back. Getting' the facts to the public. Testifyin' for what you know is right against what you know is wrong. What's ratting to them is telling the truth for you. Can't you see that?

(turns from one to another)

Huh? Huh?

The men do not respond. A few look back at Terry apprehensively. Father Barry subsides, feeling defeated. Father Vincent comes forward and takes over the meeting.

FATHER VINCENT

(dismissing them)

This seems to be just about all we can do at this time, I think you'll agree, Father, and so I'd like to close with a few words from St. Paul, "Come unto me... ."

He is interrupted by the shattering of glass as a rock comes hurtling through the long narrow stained-glass window. Everyone looks at each other in alarm.

Some jump up.

NOLAN

(thumbing toward the window)

That's our friends.

65 CLOSE UP—TERRY 65

Looking at Edie; then he cases the room for other exits.

66 MEDIUM CLOSE—FATHER BARRY AND FATHER VINCENT 66

FATHER VINCENT

What did I tell you about sticking
your neck out?

FATHER BARRY

These fellers need help, Vince.

FATHER VINCENT

(striding off)

Okay. Don't blame me when they pack
you off to Abyssinia.

FATHER BARRY

I'll take my chances.

(turnstoward the group,
picking up the rock)

We must be on the right track or
they wouldn't be sending us this
little calling card.

(pause)

Who's got a cigarette?

(as he takes one)

You better go home in pairs.

They all start out tensely, Father Barry helping to pair
them off at the door. Edie lingers behind them, frightened.
As she starts forward, Terry suddenly approaches.

TERRY

Not that way.

She looks at him in surprise. Terry pulls her back with rough
solicitousness.

TERRY

Come on, I'll get you out.

Before she has time to protest he is leading her rapidly to
another exit.

DISSOLVE:

67 EXT—LONG SHOT—CHURCH EXIT—DAY 67

Moose and Nolan come down the steps of the church. They do
not realize they are being ambushed but the audience does.
The goons leap out at them, and we see the effect of this

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

action in the giant shadows across the face of the church, the flailing bats looming as large as telephone poles. We hear the cries of pain, then groans.

68 EXT-MEDIUM CLOSE-STREET-DUSK

68

As Father Barry runs up, Sonny and Truck are working Nolan over with baseball bats. Father Barry wrestles with them, taking a glancing blow in consequence, and the goons take off. Nolan sinks to the sidewalk with blood streaming from his head and Father Barry kneels beside him.

FATHER BARRY

You all right, Nolan?

NOLAN

(furiously)

Yeah, considerin' they was usin' my head for a baseball!

FATHER BARRY

(taking a handkerchief
to blot the blood on
Nolan's face)

Nice fellows.

NOLAN

(rubbing his head
angrily)

Those blood suckers. How I'd love to fix those babies but—

FATHER BARRY

But you still hold out for silence?

Nolan hesitates.

FATHER BARRY

You still call it ratting?

NOLAN

Are you on the level, Father?

FATHER BARRY

What do you think?

NOLAN

If I stick my neck out, and they chopped it off, would that be the end of it? Or are you ready to go all the way?

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

FATHER BARRY

I'll go down the line, Kayo, believe me.

NOLAN

Baseball bats— that's just for openers. They'll put the muscle on you, turned-around collar or no turned-around collar.

FATHER BARRY

And I still say you stand up and I'll stand up with you.

NOLAN

Down to the wire?

FATHER BARRY

So help me God!

NOLAN

Well, I had my fun, I've drunk my fill and I tickled some good-lookin' fillies— I'm on borried time.

Nolan says this with a slight smile as he makes an effort to rise.

FATHER BARRY

(as he helps Nolan to his feet with a grin)
We're off and running, Kayo.

69 MEDIUM CLOSE-AT CHURCH ENTRANCE-DUSK

69

Father Vincent is nervously closing the doors.

70 EXT-RECTORY-FIRE ESCAPE-DAY

70

Leading down to a dark side street. Terry pulls Edie along at a flying pace. He jumps down from the bottom landing, then looks up to catch her, for whom the height is too great. He holds her for a moment. Then he stops and listens. Heavy rapid footsteps approach. It is Moose and Luke, closely followed by goons wielding baseball bats. Terry pulls Edie back against the wall into the shadows. The goons run past and Terry starts racing with Edie down a narrow alley in the opposite direction.

71 MEDIUM CLOSE-WATERFRONT STREET-NIGHT

71

The one that meets the alley at the other end. As Terry reaches the street with Edie, he looks around to be sure all's quiet.

TERRY
(looking back)
I think we're O.K.

EDIE
(catching her breath)
Thanks.
(shakes her head)
Steel pipes and baseball bats.

TERRY
They play pretty rough.

EDIE
(puzzled)
Which side are you with?

TERRY
(pointing to himself)
I'm with Terry.

EDIE
(straightening her
dress)
I'll get home all right now.

TERRY
I better see you get there.

She looks at him wonderingly. The rummy longshoreman, Mutt Murphy, shuffles over toward Edie with his hand out, frightening her closer to Terry.

MUTT
A dime. One thin dime for a cup of
coffee.

TERRY
Coffee, that's a laugh. His belly is
used to nothing but rotgut whiskey.

MUTT
(ignoring Terry and
coming closer to
Edie)
One little dime you don't need.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

MUTT (CONT'D)

(He brings his whiskered, sodden face very close to Edie's and stares at her as if through a dense fog.)

I know you— you're Edie Doyle. Your Brother's a saint—

(crosses himself quickly)

—only one ever tried to get me my compensation.

He points a wavering (unconsciously accusing) finger at Terry.

MUTT

Remember, Terry, you was there the night he was'?

72 CLOSE UP—EDIE—STREET—NIGHT

72

Looking at Terry in surprise.

TERRY

(nervously reaching into his pocket)

Yeah, yeah—

Here's half a buck, go have yourself a ball.

MUTT

I can't believe it— a small fortune.

(He kisses the coin, then pulls from his shirt a small tobacco pouchful of coins in which he deposits this one.) (then turns on Terry again)

You can't buy me— you're still a bum!

(raises his cap to Edie with unexpected formality)

'Bye, Edie. Lord have mercy on Joey.

(crosses himself quickly and he goes off)

TERRY

(sourly)

Look who says bum!

(CONTINUED)

EDIE

(looking after Mutt)
Everybody loved Joey. From the little
kids to the old rummies.

(looks up at Terry)
Did you know him very well?

TERRY

(evasively)
Everybody knew him. He got around.

EDIE

(looking after Mutt)
What did that man mean when he said
you were... .?

TERRY

(quickly)
Aah, he's a bottlebaby, he talks to
himself, the joke of the neighborhood.

EDIE

(glancing at him and
then hurrying her
steps)
I better get home.

She gives Terry as wide a berth as possible.

TERRY

Don't be afraid of me. I ain't going
to bite you.

She continues to walk apart from him.

TERRY

What's the matter, they don't let
you walk with fellers where you've
been?

EDIE

You know how the Sisters are.

TERRY

You training to be a nun or something?

EDIE

(smiles)
It's a regular college. It's just
run by the nuns. The Sisters of St.
Anne.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

And you spend all your time just
learning stuff, huh?

EDIE

(smiling at the way
he puts it)
I want to be a teacher.

TERRY

A teacher! Dong!!!
(He's impressed)
You know I admire brains. Take my
brother Charley. He's very brainy.
Very.

EDIE

(quietly)
It isn't brains. It's how you use
them.

TERRY

(increasingly
impressed, almost
awestruck)
Yeah. Yeah. I get your thought. You
know I seen you lots of times before.
Parochial school on Pulaski Street?
Seven, eight years ago? Your hair
come down in-

EDIE

In braids? That's right.

TERRY

Looked like two pieces of rope. And
your teeth were-

EDIE

(smiling)
I know. I thought I'd never get those
braces off.

TERRY

(laughs)
Man, you were a mess!

EDIE

I can get home all right from here-

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (3)

72

TERRY

The thought I'm tryin' to get over
is you grew up beauteeful. Remember
me?

EDIE

(nodding)
The moment I saw you.

TERRY

(strutting)
Some people got faces that stick in
your mind.

EDIE

(tenderly)
I remember you were in trouble all
the time.

TERRY

Now you got me! It's a wonder I wasn't
punchy by the time I was twelve. The
rulers those Sisters used to whack
me with!

(cracks himself on
the head and laughs)

They thought they could beat an
education into me- I foxed 'em.

EDIE

Maybe they just didn't know how to
handle you.

TERRY

(warming to the subject)
How would you've done it?

EDIE

With a little more patience and
kindness. That's what makes people
mean and difficult. Nobody cares
enough about them.

Terry plays "Hearts and Flowers" on an imaginary violin.
Edie watches curiously.

EDIE

What's that?

TERRY

Pardon me while I reach for my beads.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (4)

72

EDIE

What?

TERRY

What-what? Where you been the last four five years? Outer space?

EDIE

When Mother died Pop sent me out to school in the country. He was afraid with no one home I'd- get into bad company.

TERRY

(righteously)

Well he played it smart. Too many good-for-nothin's around here. All they got on their mind's a little beer, a little pool, a little-

(looks at her and

catches himself, his

face registering:

I'm with a Nice Girl)

I better get you home.

DISSOLVE:

73 EXT TENEMENT SUNDAY AFTERNOON

73

Overhead a flock of pigeons sweep by, close enough for the flapping of their wings to be heard.

Terry and Edie approach the stoop.

TERRY

(looking up)

Boy, they sure fly nice, don't they?

EDIE

(surprised)

Do you like pigeons?

TERRY

That's my own flock up there, getting their evening workout. I won plenty of races with 'em.

(impulsively)

Listen, you want to see them?

Come up on the roof with me and I'll show 'em to you.

They have reached the stoop of Edie's tenement.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

EDIE
I'd better go in.

TERRY
(not wanting to let
go of her)
I only live up there and across the
roof.

EDIE
(going in)
Thanks anyway.

TERRY
(following her)
Listen, Edie, am I going to see you
again?

EDIE
(simply)
What for?

TERRY
(suddenly bewildered)
I don't know.

EDIE
I really don't know.

Then she goes in abruptly. Terry is left standing there, staring after her, confused by the unfamiliar emotion he is feeling for her. Suddenly his thoughts are interrupted by-

74 MEDIUM CLOSE-MRS. COLLINS

74

The sound of a lower- floor window opening as Mrs. Collins sticks her head out.

MRS. COLLINS
You got some nerve.

TERRY
What do you mean?

75 CLOSE SHOT-EDIE

75

Overhearing, as she enters the house.

76 MEDIUM CLOSE-TERRY AND MRS. COLLINS

76

MRS. COLLINS
You know what I mean. Leave her alone.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

TERRY
 (apologetically)
 I was only talkin' to her.

MRS. COLLINS
 She's off limits for bums like you.
 Leave her alone.

TERRY
 I can look at her, can't I? It's a
 free country.

MRS. COLLINS
 (as she goes)
 Not that free.

She closes window.

77 EDIE-INTERIOR-ON STAIRS

77

She mounts the stairs, thinking about what she has just heard. We are close on her face, as she approaches the door to their place.

78 INT-EDIE'S BEDROOM-EVENING

78

As Edie enters, Pop, in his undershirt, favorite attire, is just putting the last articles into Edie's suitcase. He snaps the suitcase shut. There is an old cat on the bed.

POP
 You're all packed.
 (reaches into his
 pocket)
 And here's your bus ticket. You're
 on your way back to St. Anne's.

EDIE
 Pop, I'm not ready to go back yet.

POP
 Edie, for years we pushed quarters
 into a cookie jar, to keep you up
 there with the Sisters, and to keep
 you from things like I just seen out
 the window. My own daughter arm-in-
 arm with Terry Malloy. You know who
 Terry Malloy is?

EDIE
 (simply)
 Who is he, Pop?

(CONTINUED)

POP

(mimics)

Who is he! Edie, you're so softhearted and soft-headed you wouldn't recognize the devil if he had you by the throat. You know who this Terry Malloy is? The kid brother of Charlie the Gent, Johnny Friendly's right hand, a butcher in a camel hair coat.

EDIE

Are you trying to tell me Terry is too?

POP

(shouting)

I'm not trying to tell you he's Little Lord Fauntleroy.

EDIE

He tries to act tough, but there's a look in his eyes that...

POP

A look in his eyes! Hold your hats, brother, here we go again. You think he's one of those cases you're always draggin' in and feelin' sorry for. Like the litter of kittens you had—the only one she wants to keep has six toes and it's cockeyed to boot. Look at him. The bum! And the crush you had on that little Abyssinian... .

EDIE

He wasn't Abyssinian, Pop, Assyrian...

POP

Six-toed cats. Assyrians. Abyssinians. It's the same difference. Well don't think this Terry Malloy is any six-toed cockeyed Assyrian. He's a bum. Charley and Johnny Friendly owned him when he was a fighter and when they ring the bell he still goes into action.

EDIE

(musing)

He wanted to see me again.

(CONTINUED)

POP

You think we kept you out in Tarrytown just to have you go walkin' with a corner saloon hoodlum like Terry Malloy? Now get back to Tarrytown, before I put a strap to you.

EDIE

(flaring)

And learn about charity and justice and all the other things people would rather talk about than practice?

Pop goes up to her and holds out his two arms, his right one closer to Edie; he trembles with emotion.

POP

See this arm? It's two inches longer 'n the other one. That's years of workin' and sweatin', liftin' and swingin' a hook. And every time I heisted a box or a coffee bag I says to myself--this is for Edie, so she can be a teacher or somethin' decent. I promised your mother. You better not let her down.

Suddenly touched, Edie goes up to Pop and kisses him.

EDIE

Pop, don't think I'm not feeling grateful for all you've done to get me an education and shelter me from this.

(becoming aroused)

But now my eyes are open. I see things I know are so wrong how can I go back and keep my mind on things that are only in books and that people aren't living? I'm staying, Pop. And I'm going to keep on trying to find out who's guilty for Joey. I'd walk home with a dozen Terry Malloys if I thought they could help me. I tell you I'm staying, Pop.

Pop starts to pull his belt out of his trousers.

POP

You are like--

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (3)

78

EDIE
(with regret and
affection)

Pop!

She turns and runs out. Pop with his belt in one hand, takes a few steps after her and then stops and stares at the unused bus ticket.

POP
(shaking his head as
he mutters)
Jesus, Mary and Joseph, keep an eye
on her.

79 EXT-TENEMENT ROOFTOP-EVENING

79

Autumn on the roof. It is not particularly romantic—there are clotheslines, wooden boxes, etc. But to the people of this neighborhood it is a luxurious terrace. Terry's birds are aloft, flying in a great circle, nicely silhouetted against the sun-drenched evening sky. Jimmy Connors is with him.

Terry has a long pole with which he keeps the birds circling. Moose is leaning against the wall, playing an Irish melody on his harmonica. His wife, a heavyset woman, sits beside him.

MOOSE'S WIFE
(Moving her feet)
My feet feels like dancin'. But the
rest of me just feels like settin'
here.

80 MEDIUM SHOT-TERRY

80

As he swings his pole he looks off and sees—

81 LONG SHOT-EDIE-ROOFTOP-EVENING

81

Hurrying toward him across the rooftops.

82 MEDIUM CLOSE-TERRY-ROOFTOP-EVENING

82

Catching sight of her, and stopping to admire her as she comes toward him.

TERRY
(to Jimmy)
Okay— I guess they got enough
exercise. Let 'em come in.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

He puts down the pole and the birds start flying down toward the coop.

He sees Edie approach.

JIMMY

I wonder how long she's goin' to hang around, huh, Terry?

TERRY

(indicating the pigeons)
Be sure they got enough water.

And he turns to await Edie.

83 SHOT-BRINGING EDIE TO TERRY

83

EDIE

I changed my mind. I feel real mean tonight.

TERRY

(pleased)
Good. So do I.

As Jimmy goes off to fetch some water, Edie reads the fancy lettering on the back of his jacket.

EDIE

The Golden Warriors.

TERRY

I started them Golden Warriors. I was their first Supreme Commander.

Now Jimmy starts back toward them.

TERRY

My shadow. He follows me around like I was Mickey Mantle. Thinks I'm a big man because I boxed pro for a while.

(throws a few quick jabs)

Several pigeons swoop down and enter the coop. He nods towards her.

TERRY

Here they come! The champion flock of the neighborhood.

(CONTINUED)

EDIE

You don't mind yourself at all, do you.

(turns to the birds)

Joey used to race pigeons.

TERRY

(darkening)

He had a few birds.

(pauses, nods toward
Joey's coop across
the roof)

I got up and fed 'em this morning.

EDIE

That was nice of you.

TERRY

(disconcerted, needing
to talk)

I like pigeons. You send a bird five hundred miles away he won't stop for food or water until he's back in his own coop.

EDIE

I wouldn't have thought you'd be so interested -in pigeons.

TERRY

I go for this stuff. You know this city's full of hawks? There must be twenty thousand of 'em.

They perch on top of the big hotels and swoop down on the pigeons in the park.

EDIE

(slightly horrified)

The things that go on.

TERRY

(proudly indicating a
large pigeon in the
coop)

How do you like that one?

EDIE

Oh she's a beauty.

JIMMY

(critically)

She's a he. His name is Swifty.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

My lead bird. He's always on that top perch.

EDIE

He looks awful proud of himself.

JIMMY

Why shouldn't he? He's the boss.

TERRY

If another fella tries to take that perch away from him, he lets him have it.

EDIE

Even pigeons aren't peaceful.

TERRY

One thing about them though, they're faithful. They get married just like people.

JIMMY

Better.

TERRY

Yeah, once they're mated they stay together all their lives until one of 'em dies.

EDIE

That's nice.

They look at each other, both strangely upset.

TERRY

(suddenly)

Listen, you like beer?

EDIE

I don't know.

TERRY

Want to go out and have one with me?

EDIE

In a saloon?

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (3)

83

TERRY
 (imploring)
 Come on, I know a quiet one, with a
 special entrance for ladies... .

DISSOLVE:

84 INT-SALOON-LADIES' SIDE-NIGHT

84

Perhaps a sign can emphasize Ladies' Entrance. As Terry leads Edie in, a tipsy Irish biddy is noisily protesting her enforced departure.

WOMAN
 -I'm only after havin' one more wee
 bit-

BARTENDER
 You and your one-mores. Now beat it.

As Terry and Edie reach the bar, the radio blares a baseball game. A roar goes up from the speaker. Bartender nods to Terry. In the corner a small well-oiled longshoreman sings "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen" in a plaintive, cracking voice.

BARTENDER
 Well, what do you know-Jackie just
 stole home.

TERRY
 (glancing at Edie
 with a mischievous
 wink at the bartender)
 I wouldn't mind doing that myself.

The bartender grins. Terry guides Edie to a small table.

BARTENDER
 (to Edie)
 What're you drinking?

Edie hesitates, obviously not knowing what to ask for. A customer at the bar says, loudly-

SINGER OF "KATHLEEN"
 (B.G.)
 Give me a Glockenheimer.

(CONTINUED)

EDIE
 (it could be root
 beer for all she
 knows)
 I'll try a- Glockenheimer.

TERRY
 (to bartender)
 Likewise. And draw two for chasers.
 (to Edie)
 Now you're beginning to live.

EDIE
 (as the drinks are
 poured)
 I am?

Eddie picks up her glass, sniffs the contents with some distaste and then sips it tentatively. Terry watches with amusement.

TERRY
 (still swaggering)
 Not that way- like this.
 (holds glass up)
 Down the hatch!
 (gulps it down)
 Wham!

Eddie takes her drink and does likewise. She gasps and her eyes pop.

EDIE
 (with soft amazement)
 Wham... .

TERRY
 (grinning at her)
 How do you like it?

EDIE
 It's quite-
 (gulps)
 -nice.

TERRY
 How about another one?

EDIE
 (already feeling this
 one)
 No thanks...

(CONTINUED)

TERRY
(to bartender)
Hit me again, Mac.

BARTENDER
(as he pours drink)
See the fight last night? That
Riley—both hands. Little bit on
your style.

TERRY
Hope he has better luck.

EDIE
Were you really a prize fighter?

TERRY
(nods)
I went pretty good for a while, didn't
I, Al? But— I didn't stay in shape—
and—
(a little ashamed)
—I had to take a few dives.

EDIE
A dive? You mean, into the water?

TERRY
(laughs harshly)
Naw, in the ring, a dive is—

He stops, shakes his head and with his finger draws an
invisible square in the air.

EDIE
(mystified)
Now what are you doing?

TERRY
Describing you. A square from out
there. I mean you're nowhere.
(draws it again)
Miss Four Corners.

EDIE
(smiles, but persistent)
What made you want to be a fighter?

TERRY
I had to scrap all my life. Figured
I might as well get paid for it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TERRY (CONT'D)

When I was a kid my old man got killed—never mind how. Charley and I was put in a place—they called it a Children's Home. Some home! I run away and peddled papers, fought in club smokers and—

(catches himself)

But what am I runnin' off at the mouth for? What do you care?

EDIE

Shouldn't we care about everybody?

TERRY

What a fruitcake you are!

EDIE

Isn't everybody part of everybody else?

TERRY

Gee, thoughts! Alla time thoughts!

(then)

You really believe that drool?

EDIE

(deeply shocked)

Terry!

TERRY

Want to hear my philosophy? Do it to him before he does it to you.

EDIE

(aroused)

Our Lord said just the opposite.

TERRY

I'm not lookin' to get crucified. I'm lookin' to stay in one piece.

EDIE

(flaring up) I never met such a person. Not a spark of romance or sentiment or— or human kindness in your whole body.

TERRY

What do they do for you, except get in your way?

(CONTINUED)

EDIE

And when things get in your way— or people —you just knock them aside— get rid of Them— is that your idea?

TERRY

(defensive— stung)

Listen— get this straight— don't look at me when you say them things. It wasn't my fault what happened to your brother. Fixing Joey wasn't my idea... .

EDIE

(gently)

Why, Terry, who said it was?

TERRY

(lamely)

Well, nobody, I guess. But that Father Barry, I didn't like the way he kept lookin' at me.

EDIE

He was looking at everybody the same way. Asking the same question.

TERRY

(troubled, not convinced)

Yeah, yeah... .

(suddenly)

This Father Barry, what's his racket?

EDIE

(shocked)

His— racket?

TERRY

(trying to regain his bravado)

You've been off in daisyland, honey. Everybody's got a racket.

EDIE

But a priest...?

With his finger he again describes a square in the air and then points through it to Edie. This time it angers her.

EDIE

You don't believe in anything, do you?

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

Edie, down here it's every man for himself. It's keepin' alive! It's standin' in with the right people so you can keep a little loose change jinglin' in your pocket.

EDIE

And if you don't?

TERRY

If you don't
 (points downward with
 a descending whistle)
 Keep your neck in and your nose clean
 and You'll never have no trouble
 down here.

EDIE

But that's living like an animal—

Terry seems almost to illustrate this by the way he drains off his beer and wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

TERRY

I'd rather live like an animal than
 end up like—

He hesitates.

EDIE

Like Joey? Are you afraid to mention
 his name?

TERRY

(challenged—defensive)
 Why keep harpin' on it?
 (looks at her
 unfinished beer)
 Come on, drink up. You got to get a
 little fun out of life. What's the
 matter with you?
 (nods toward juke box)
 I'll play you some music.

He starts toward the juke box. She turns with him. Suddenly something cries out in her, almost as if she didn't know she was going to say it—

EDIE

Help me, if you can— for God's sakes
 help me!

85 CLOSE-ON TERRY

85

For the first time the edge is knocked off his swagger. He feels the purity of her grief. He'd like to help—that's his immediate reaction.

But there's his brother Charley and his steady work and his loyalties to the mob and its code. All this runs through his mind, confusing him, tearing him... .

86 CLOSE-ON TERRY AND EDIE

86

Terry turns back to her, with a helpless gesture.

TERRY

I— I'd like to, Edie, but—
 (shakes his head)
 —there's nothin' I can do.

Edie feels subdued, ashamed at breaking down. She rises, and in a low voice says—

EDIE

All right, all right.. I shouldn't
 've asked you.

TERRY

You haven't finished your beer.

EDIE

I don't want it. But why don't you
 stay and finish your drink.

TERRY

(swinging off the
 stool)
 I got my whole life to drink.

As if magnetized by her, he follows her out.

87 EXT-LADIES' BAR-NIGHT

87

As Terry comes up alongside her.

TERRY

You're not sore at me?

EDIE

(with complete
 innocence)
 What for?

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

TERRY
For- not being any help?

She looks at him with disturbing simplicity.

EDIE
Why no- I think you would if you
could... .

88 CLOSE UP-TERRY

88

Struck. Her faith in him and in human nature becomes the most painful kind of accusation.

89 TWO-SHOT-EDIE AND TERRY-STREET-NIGHT

89

Softly, silently, she begins to cry.

TERRY
(gently)
What are you crying for?

EDIE
(shaking her head)
thought I felt mean tonight. But I'm
not- I'm just- all mixed up...

Ahead of them down the block is an outdoor neighborhood party. The rhythm of a small band reaches out to them. Edie hangs back and Terry takes her hand.

TERRY
Come on, I'll walk you through. It's
the shortest way home.

He takes her hand and she walks along with him passively. The street is illuminated with colored lights and bright paper streamers. There are several gaily decorated counters serving drinks and sandwiches. There are balloons and colored paper hats. Neighbors are dancing in the street. Children look on, a few mimicking their elders from the sidelines. Above the street is a homemade banner inscribed: JUST MARRIED- JOHNNY AND MARY O'DAY! We catch a glimpse of the happy young bridal couple, as Terry and Edie reach the edge of the celebrants. Her eyes light up. She has passed into a dreamlike forgetfulness.

TERRY
You like music?

Edie nods dreamily.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY
 —and dancing?

Eddie nods again.

TERRY
 (pulling her to him
 before she realizes
 what has happened)
 We're on!

At first Edie dances somewhat clumsily and stiffly but gradually begins to dance with zest and surprising skill, as if a whole suppressed side of her nature were suddenly being released. Terry is light on his feet and they do some intricate steps together.

TERRY
 Hey, we're good!
 (grins at her)
 The Sisters should see you now, huh?

She laughs, out of her youth and embarrassment and unexpected enjoyment of a stolen moment.

Now Terry draws her to him and they dance a more conventional half-time foxtrot to the music.

TERRY
 (awkwardly)
 I— I never knew a girl like you,
 Edie. I always knew the kind you
 just grab 'em And— I never knew a
 girl like you, Edie.

EDIE
 It's fun dancing with your eyes
 closed. I'm floating. I'm floating...

They have danced off to a darker, less populated section of the street, away from the bar and the bandstand. Behind them people are dancing and laughing. Terry's lips brush her cheek as they dance, and move on to her mouth.

TERRY
 (breathlessly)
 Edie... .

Carried away, she allows him to kiss her and even responds. Then Terry feels someone tapping him on the shoulder. He wheels around to see—

EDIE

Why worry about me? You're the one who says only look out for yourself.

TERRY

(pent up with his
guilt and his
frustrated feeling
for her)

Okay, get in hot water. But don't come hollerin' to me when you get burned.

EDIE

Why should I come hollering to you at all?

TERRY

Because... because...
(apologetically, as
if this were a sign
of weakness)

Listen Edie, don't get sore now— but I think we're getting in love with each other.

EDIE

(really fighting
against it)

I can't let myself fall in love with you.

TERRY

(fervently)

That goes double for me.

As they stare at each other in entangled hostility and love, a man turns from the food counter behind them, just finishing a hot dog and steps into Terry's path. It is Mr. Glover, the Commission investigator.

In the B.G. is Gillette.

GLOVER

Mr. Malloy, I was hoping I might find you here.

Terry turns as if to dart off. Glover puts a restraining hand on his arm.

GLOVER

You're being served with a subpoena, Mr. Malloy.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

What?

GLOVER

(reaching quickly
into his briefcase)

Be at the State House, Courtroom
Nine, at ten o'clock tomorrow.

TERRY

I told you I don't know nothin' and
I ain't saying nothin'.

GLOVER

You can bring a lawyer if you wish.
And you're privileged under the
Constitution to protect yourself
against questions that might implicate
you in any crimes.

TERRY

(more in pain than
anger now)

You know what you're askin'? You're
askin'—

GILLETTE

(stepping in from
B.G.) (sternly)

Mr. Malloy, all we're asking you to
do is tell the truth.

GLOVER

(more gently)

Goodnight, kid.

Terry looks at the subpoena in tortured confusion.

EDIE

(softly)

What are you going to do?

TERRY

(viciously reverting
to type)

I won't eat cheese for no cops, that's
for sure.

EDIE

(with sudden intuition)

It was Johnny Friendly who killed
Joey, wasn't it?

(CONTINUED)

Terry looks off and then looks down, unable to speak.

EDIE

He had him killed or had something
to do with it, Didn't he? He and
your brother Charley?

Terry drops his eyes again; he can say nothing.

You can't tell me, can you? Because you're a part of it.
You're as bad as the worst of them, aren't you, Terry? Aren't
you? Tell me the truth!

TERRY

Eddie, your old man's right, go back
to that school out in daisyland.
You're driving yourself nuts— you're
driving me nuts— stop worrying about
the truth— worry about yourself.

EDIE

Look out for number one. Always number
one.

(her voice rising in
anger)

I should've known you wouldn't tell
me. Pop said Johnny Friendly used
to own you. I think he still owns
you.

(then gently, and
hating to have to
say it)

No wonder everybody calls you a bum.

TERRY

(as if struck)

Don't say that, Edie, don't...

Edie is crying softly, without sobs.

EDIE

(with a half-sob)

It's true.

TERRY

I'm tryin' to keep you from being
hurt— What more do you want?

EDIE

Much more, Terry. Much, much more!

She runs off. Terry looks after her, pained; the subpoena
weighs in his hand. He stares at it in agony, while the party

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (4)

92

swirls around him. Then the blare of an auto horn cuts through the music.

VOICE OF JOHNNY (O.S.)

Hey, genius.

Terry looks up.

93 MEDIUM LONG SHOT

93

Johnny Friendly's black Cadillac parked across the street. A driver, Sonny, Truck, Big Mac, and Charley are in it. Terry hurries up to them.

TERRY

(lame)

I- I was just on my way up, Johnny.

JOHNNY

By way of Chicago?

Sonny starts to laugh but Johnny cuts him short .

How many times you been knocked out, Terry?

TERRY

(surprised)

Only two times, why, Johnny?

Throughout the following tirade, Charley would like to intervene in Terry's behalf, but Johnny roughly nudges him into silence.

JOHNNY

It must have been once too often. I think your brains come apart. What you got up there, Chinese bells?

TERRY

Aw, Johnny... .

JOHNNY

I thought you were gonna keep an eye on that church meeting.

TERRY

Nothing happened, Johnny.

JOHNNY

Nothing happened, he says. Some operator you got yourself there, Charley. One more like him and we'll all be wearing striped pajamas.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

(turning to Charley
for help)

It was a big nothing! The Father did
all the talking.

JOHNNY

Oh, he did. Half an hour later a
certain Timothy J. Nolan went into
secret session with the Commission
and he did all the talking.

TERRY

You mean Kayo Nolan, the old timer?
He doesn't know much.

JOHNNY

He don't, huh?

(produces a bound
folder of testimony
from his pocket and
slams it on the fender)

Well, he knows thirty-nine pages
worth of our operation.

TERRY

How'd you get that.

JOHNNY

(thumbing 'upstairs)

I got it. Hot off the press.

CHARLEY

The complete works of Timothy J.
Nolan.

TERRY

Nolan? I knew he had guts but—

JOHNNY

Guts! A crummy pigeon who's looking
to get his neck wrung!

(to Charley)

You should have—

(to Charley)

You should have known better than to
trust this punched out brother of
yours. He was all right hanging
around for laughs. But this is
business. I don't like goofoffs
messing in our business.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

Now just a minute, I-

CHARLEY

(suddenly)

What the hell are you doing with his sister?

(then turning to Johnny)

It's that girl, Johnny, the little Doyle broad has him out on his feet. An unhealthy relationship.

SONNY

Definitely!

JOHNNY

Don't see her no more. Unless you're both tired of living. Barney, you got her address?

(then to others,
businesslike)

Now listen, if we don't muzzle Nolan, we're into the biggest stink this town ever seen. We got the best muscle on the waterfront. The time to use it is now- pronto- if not sooner.

(to Terry, as he climbs
in the car)

And you know where you're going? Back in the hold- no more cushy job in the loft. It's down the hold with the sweat gang till you learn your lesson.

Johnny twists Terry's cheek, but not in fun this time, as he has often done before. Now it is hard enough to draw blood. Then he turns to the driver.

JOHNNY

Let's go!

The car drives off fast, almost running Terry down. He stands there looking after it, alone in the street, feeling his wounded cheek and then scowling as he looks down at the subpoena in his hand.

DISSOLVE:

The ship is being unloaded. An empty pallet is swung from the pier and lowered into the open hatch by the up-and-down-

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

fall tackle. Our CAMERA rides the pallet down into the hatch, to the second level, where Terry is working. A little removed from him are Pop, Moose and Nolan. They are unloading Irish whiskey.

NOLAN

(lifting a case onto
the pallet joyously)

An Ir-rish ship loaded to the gunnels
with foine Ir-rish whiskey!

He does a little jig and kisses the case as he sets it on the pallet.

Pop and Moose laugh. But Terry looks over at Nolan tensely. Then he looks up out of the hatch.

95 EXT-DOCK-DAY

95

Johnny Friendly comes up to the edge of the dock with Sonny and Truck.

Johnny mumbles something under his hand to Sonny and Sonny nods and jumps down onto the deck of the ship.

96 MEDIUM CLOSE-ON DECK-NEAR HATCH-DAY

96

Sonny motions to Specs Donahue, glimpsed as Joey's killer at the opening. Specs nods and goes over to the winchman guiding the tackle over the hatch. He nods to him, and takes his place. Then he catches the eye of-

97 MEDIUM CLOSE-BIG MAC

97

Standing on the deck just above the open hatch. A wordless message passes between him and Specs. Then he looks down into the hatch.

98 INT-HATCH-DAY

98

Terry works grimly, glancing up anxiously at Nolan, Pop and Moose whose mood, in contrast, is a whiskey-inspired euphoria.

POP

You see, Kayo, the good Lord watches
over us after all.

NOLAN

(in an undertone,
gaily)

When we knock off let's have a bit
of a party.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOLAN (CONT'D)

We'll drink to God and Ireland, its
whiskey and its women, to Joey and
Edie— and death to tyrants
everywhere....!

As he finishes this he reveals surreptitiously the neck of a
whiskey bottle concealed in his deep-pocketed jacket.

POP

(with mock concern)

You think one bottle's enough for
all them toasts?

NOLAN

(grins)

Patrick, me lad, I'm ahead of you.

With a wink he reaches into his other pocket and draws up
the neck of another bottle.

NOLAN

I was afraid one bottle might get
lonely by itself.

(reaching into still
another pocket and
revealing still more
bottles)

Now you see the advantage of a little
man in a big coat.

POP

(laughing)

Definitely! Nolan, my boy, you're a
walkin' distillery.

NOLAN

I wonder how many Hail Marys the
Father'll make me say at confession.

(reflects)

It'll be worth it!

The pallet is loaded now. Terry turns and approaches Nolan.

TERRY

(with a nervous glance
upward)

99 LISTEN- NOLAN-

99

NOLAN
 (backing away
 suspiciously)
 What are you down here for- to see
 we don't make off with any of Mister
 Friendly's precious cargo?

TERRY
 (miserably)
 Nolan... .

100 MEDIUM CLOSE-BIG MAC

100

Looking down into the hatch. Above him we can see Specs at
 the winch controls.

BIG MAC
 Come on, Kayo, get it up!

101 INT-HATCH-DAY

101

Nolan and Pop look up at him and then back to their work
 with mischievous resentment.

BIG MAC
 (continuing to bellow)
 And don't be walking off with any of
 that.

You know how the boss feels about individual pilferage.

102 INT-HATCH-DAY

102

NOLAN
 (pretending to clean
 out his ears)
 Talk louder. I can't hear you.

BIG MAC
 If you kept your ears wide open
 instead of your mouth-

NOLAN
 (shouting back)
 If I talk too loud it's the fault of
 the nuns.

BIG MAC
 And what in blazes have the nuns got
 to do with it?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

NOLAN

(lowers his voice and
confides in the hatch
gang)

When I was a mere spit of a lad on
Ferry Street in Dublin the nuns used
to say to me, "Nolan, don't be
swallowin' ye words like fishballs.
When you got something to say—
(Now he shouts up at Big Mac.)
—Talk with your mouth wide open," so
if I'm loud don't blame me— it's the
fault of the nuns!

Pop laughs, at Big Mac's expense. The laughter is infectious
and sweeps the hatch. Moose lets go with his loud "haw haw."
Everyone laughs except Terry, who watches in a cold sweat.

BIG MAC

(furiously, from above)
Come on, knock it off!

The men laugh even louder.

MOOSE

Haw haw— that's a good one, Kayo.

BIG MAC

(able to shout above
their laughter)
Knock it off! Stand clear.
(to Specs, the
winchman, above the
hatch)
All right, take it away.

Big Mac looks at Specs, touches his cap in a signaling gesture
and nods.

103 CLOSE—ON SPECS AT WINCH ABOVE HATCH

103

He catches the signal. From below the laughter of the men
can be heard O.S.

104 CLOSE—ON CARGO SLING

104

Full of whiskey cases, from angle of Kayo Nolan, Pop, Terry,
and others, watching it rise out of the hatch. The general
laughter continues. Terry is stiff with fear.

105 CLOSE SHOT—SPECS 105

Suddenly he appears to lose control of the winch, guiding the up-and-down fall.

106 CLOSE—ON NOLAN 106

Standing in the middle of the hatch, looking up, as the cargo net begins to plunge downward. The general laughter stops. From farther back in the hold Terry cries:

TERRY
(horrified)
Nolan...!

And tries to pull him back out of danger. Too late. The overloaded cargo net crashes down on Nolan. Wood splinters—glass shatters—and whiskey sprays. Kayo Nolan is pinned under the broken pile of cases.

TOMMY
(shouting up)
Get a doctor.

POP
(hard, flat tone)
A doctor— he needs a priest

QUICK DISSOLVE:

107 INT—HATCH—DAY 107

108 CLOSE—ON FATHER BARRY 108

He stands over the body of Kayo Nolan, which lies on the pallet and has been covered by a tarpaulin.

109 GROUP SHOT—HATCH 109

Pop, Moose, Luke and the others stand near him. On the deck around the hold some seventy-five longshoremen have gathered, including Big Mac.

Others look down from the dock and the loft. Terry is in the same position we left him.

FATHER BARRY
(aroused)
I came down here to keep a promise.
I gave Kayo my word that if he stood
up to the mob I'd stand up with him
all the way. Now Kayo Nolan is dead.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

FATHER BARRY (CONT'D)

He was one of those fellows who had the gift of getting up. But this time they fixed him good— unless it was an accident like Big Mac says.

Pop, Moose, and some of the others glare at Big Mac, who chews his tobacco sullenly. Some of the others snicker "accident."

FATHER BARRY

Some people think the Crucifixion only took place on Calvary. They better wise up. Taking Joey Doyle's life to stop him from testifying is a crucifixion— Dropping a sling on Kayo Nolan because he was ready to spill his guts tomorrow— that's a crucifixion. Every time the mob puts the crusher on a good man— tries to stop him from doing his duty as a citizen— it's a crucifixion.

110 CLOSE—ON TERRY

110

Voice of Father Barry continues.

FATHER BARRY

And anybody who sits around and lets it happen, keeps silent about something he knows has happened— shares the guilt of it just as much as the Roman soldier who pierced the flesh of Our Lord to see if He was dead.

111 SHOT OF EDIE—ON DOCK

111

Listening, moved. Terry has come up behind her and stands nearby. She notices him but barely reacts. He listens intently to the Father's words.

(NOTE: I am not indicating in detail the other necessary reactions— those of Pop, Moose, the Negro Luke, the watchful hostility of Sonny and Truck, the murderous arrogance of Johnny Friendly, and the sophisticated cynicism of Charley Malloy. But most important of all is the impression being made on Terry.)

112 CLOSE—ON TRUCK

112

TRUCK

Go back to your church, Father.

113 INT-HATCH-DAY 113

FATHER BARRY
(looking up at Truck
and pointing to the
ship)

Boys, this is my church. If you don't
think Christ is here on the
waterfront, you got another guess
coming. And who do you think He lines
up with-

114 CLOSE-ON SONNY 114

SONNY
Get off the dock, Father.

Sonny reaches for a box of rotten bananas on the dock and
flings one down into the hatch.

115 CLOSE-ON FATHER BARRY 115

The banana splatters him, but he ignores it.

116 BACK TO SONNY-ON DOCK 116

Terry turns to him. Edie notices this and watches with
approval.

TERRY
Do that again and I'll flatten you.

SONNY
What're you doing. Joining them-

TERRY
Let him finish.

SONNY
Johnny ain't going to like that,
Terry.

TERRY
Let him finish.

Edie looks at him amazed. Terry catches her eye, and then
looks down, embarrassed at his good deed. They both turn to
watch Father Barry.

117 CLOSE SHOT-CHARLEY 117

Near Johnny, watching Terry and then looking at Johnny
apprehensively.

118 INT-HATCH-DAY

118

FATHER BARRY

Every morning when the hiring boss
blows his whistle, Jesus stands
alongside you in the shape-up.

More missiles fly, some hitting the Father, but he continues:

FATHER BARRY

He sees why some of you get picked
and some of you get passed over. He
sees the family men worrying about
getting their rent and getting food
in the house for the wife and kids.
He sees them selling their souls to
the mob for a day's pay.

119 CLOSE-ON JOHNNY FRIENDLY

119

Nodding to Barney. Barney picks up an empty beer can and
hurls it down into the hatch.

120 INT-HATCH-DAY

120

It strikes Father Barry and blood etches his forehead. Pop
jumps forward and shakes his fist.

POP

By Christ, the next bum who throws
something deals with me. I don't
care if he's twice my size.

Some of the other longshoremen grumble approval.

FATHER BARRY

What does Christ think of the easy-
money boys who do none of the work
and take all of the gravy? What
does He think of these fellows wearing
hundred-and-fifty-dollar suits and
diamond rings- on your union dues
and your kickback money? How does
He feel about bloodsuckers picking
up a longshoreman's work tab and
grabbing twenty percent interest at
the end of a week?

121 CLOSE-ON J.P.

121

J.P.

Never mind about that!

122 CLOSE-OF SONNY-ON DOCK 122

Scowling. Terry, nearby, is increasingly moved by the Father's challenge.

FATHER BARRY

How does He, who spoke up without fear against evil, feel about your silence?

SONNY

Shut up about that!

He reaches for another rotten banana and is poised to throw it. Almost simultaneously, Terry throws a short hard right that flattens Sonny neatly. Edie is watching, a deeply felt gratitude in her eyes.

123 CLOSE-ON JOHNNY FRIENDLY AND TRUCK 123

A little way off.

TRUCK

You see that?

Johnny presses his lips together but makes no sign.

124 CLOSE-ON TERRY AND EDIE 124

She moves closer to him. He barely glances at her, then continues listening to Father Barry.

125 INT-HATCH-DAY 125

FATHER BARRY

You want to know what's wrong with our waterfront? It's love of a lousy buck. It's making love of a buck—the cushy job—more important than the love of man. It's forgetting that every fellow down here is your brother in Christ.

126 CLOSE-ON POP-MOOSE-LUKE-TERRY AND EDIE 126

As Father Barry's voice rises to a climax—

FATHER BARRY

But remember, fellows, Christ is always with you— Christ is in the shape-up, He's in the hatch— He's in the union hall— He's kneeling here
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

FATHER BARRY (CONT'D)
 beside Nolan— and He's saying with
 all of you—

127 CLOSE—ON FATHER BARRY

127

FATHER BARRY
 If you do it to the least of mine,
 you do it to me! What they did to
 Joey, what they did to Nolan, they're
 doing to you. And you. And YOU. And
 only you, with God's help, have the
 power to knock 'em off for good!
 (turns to Nolan's
 corpse)
 Okay, Kayo?
 (then looks up and
 says, harshly)
 Amen.

He makes the sign of the cross. Pop, Moose, Tommy, Luke, and
 the others do likewise. Big Mac and Specs, seeing the others,
 reluctantly follow suit. Then, disgruntled, Big Mac climbs
 up out of the hatch and bellows:

BIG MAC
 All right, fellows— break it up!
 Let's go!

Strongly moved, the longshoremen glare at Big Mac and then
 silently start back to their places on the deck, in the
 hatches, on the dock, etc.

128 MOVING SHOT

128

The pallet rises out of the hatch with the body on it. Pop
 sits casually on the edge with Father Barry who, in pantomime,
 is cadging a cigarette.

129 CLOSE—ON EDIE AND TERRY

129

Eddie crosses herself. Then she looks at Terry. They look at
 each other and the feeling in both of them is some terrible
 hunger beyond their control. For a moment it seems as if
 Terry must go to her, but instead he turns away, slowly, as
 if this were the most difficult thing he was ever asked to
 do. Edie looks after him and we feel that she will yield to
 impulse and call out to him. But she looks down instead,
 finally, and closes her eyes, imperceptibly trembling against
 desire. Luke comes up to her, but she is lost in her own
 most private thoughts and does not see him. He carries Joey's
 jacket, the one Nolan has been wearing.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

LUKE

Eddie...
 (nudges her)
 Eddie-

EDIE

(startled)
 Oh- Luke.

LUKE

(quietly)
 Joey's jacket. I thought maybe Kayo'd
 like you to have it back.

Eddie looks at him, and takes it silently. She hugs it to her, whispers, "Thank you," and, in a kind of sleepwalking, starts toward the entrance of the pier. Luke watches her anxiously.

LUKE

Sure you're okay?

She nods and continues on alone.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

130 EXT-ROOFTOP-NIGHT

130

At the pigeon coop near Terry's rooftop window. Under the window is the mattress he uses as outdoor sleeping quarters on hot summer nights.

Terry is staring in at the pigeons, full of his own troubled, bestirring thoughts. Eddie comes up behind him almost silently, carrying the jacket.

TERRY

(turning)
 Eddie!

EDIE

(holding the coat out
 to him)
 I- I brought this for you, Terry.
 It was Joey's.
 (her conscious self
 trying to conceal
 the real meaning)
 Yours is coming out at the elbows.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

TERRY
 (close to her- and
 not really caring
 what he is saying)
 I don't rate it.

EDIE
 Go ahead, wear it.

From the pigeon coop comes the soft sound of pigeons cooing as if upset.

EDIE
 (under her breath)
 Pigeons... .

TERRY
 There's a hawk around. They're scared tonight.

She looks up and huddles a little closer to him. Now he reaches out for her-groping with an unfamiliar inexorable emotion.

TERRY
 Edie- I- I- never said this to a girl before, I never knew a girl worth trying to say it for, but you-you're... .

EDIE
 (whispering and suddenly wiser than he)
 I know... I know... .

He kisses her at last, with pent-up violence and hunger. The sound of a deep-throated ship's whistle rolls across the river but they do not hear it. There is a tremendous sense of release and relief as their mouths and bodies press together.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

131 INT-CONFESSION BOOTH-DAY

131

Terry waits in anguish for the shutter of the confessional to open.

When it does, Father Barry is glimpsed from within.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

TERRY
 (blurting it out)
 Father, help me, I've got blood on
 my hands.

Father Barry looks at him.

TERRY
 Bless me, Father, for I have—

To Terry's amazement the shutter closes abruptly.

132 INT-CHURCH-OUTSIDE CONFESSION BOOTH-DAY

132

As Father Barry steps out of the booth, Terry hurries from his side of the booth and clasps Father Barry's arms violently. Father Barry keeps on walking and Terry follows him.

TERRY
 What's the matter? I've got something
 That's chokin' me. I've gotta get it
 out.

FATHER BARRY
 Someone else c'n take your confession.

TERRY
 (following him)
 But you're the one I want to tell—
 what you said over Nolan— about
 keepin' silent when you know the
 score— I'm guilty— you hear me? I'm
 guilty...

FATHER BARRY
 (trying to move on)
 I don't want to hear it in there.

TERRY
 I don't get it!

FATHER BARRY
 (rapidly)
 Tell it to me in there and my lips
 are sealed. But if I dig it out myself
 I can use it where it'll do the most
 good.

TERRY
 But you've got to listen to me.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

FATHER BARRY

I'll find you a priest.

Father Barry starts off again. Terry follows him desperately, under a terrible compulsion to bare himself to Father Barry. He grabs the Father by the arm fiercely, half spinning him around.

TERRY

(with relief, as he
gets it out)

Listen, it was me who set Joey Doyle
up for the muggers.

Father Barry stops and stares at him, realizing Terry is ready at last.

FATHER BARRY

Come take a walk with me, kid, and
give it to me straight. There's
nothing I haven't heard.

They turn toward the exit of the church.

133 EXT-LONG SHOT-CHURCH

133

They enter the park, on rise overlooking the docks, Terry talking to him eagerly.

134 CLOSE SHOT-TERRY AND FATHER BARRY

134

TERRY

(pouring it out)

-It started as a favor- for my
brother- you know they'd ask me things
and it's hard to say no- a favor-
Who am I kiddin'? They call it a
favor but it's do it or else. And
this time the favor turned out to be
helping them knock off Joey. I just
thought they'd lean on him a little
but- Last night with Edie I wanted
to tell her only it- stuck in my
throat. I guess I was scared of
drivin' her away- and I love her,
Father. She's the first thing I
ever loved.

FATHER BARRY

(almost brusquely)

What are you going to do?

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

About Edie?

FATHER BARRY

Edie. The Commission. Your subpoena.
I know you got a subpoena.

TERRY

It's like carrying a monkey around
on your back.

FATHER BARRY

(agreeing)

A question of who rides who.

TERRY

If I spill, my life won't be worth a
nickel.

FATHER BARRY

How much is your soul worth if you
don't?

TERRY

But it's my own brother they're askin'
me to finger— and Johnny Friendly.
His mother and my mother was first
cousins. When I was this high he
took me to the ball games... .

FATHER BARRY

(violently)

Ball games! Don't break my heart!
I wouldn't care if he gave you a
life pass to the Polo Grounds. So
you got a brother. Well, let me tell
you something you got some other
brothers— and they're all getting
the short end while your cousin Johnny
gets mustard on his face at the Polo
Grounds. If I was you—

(He catches himself

and drops his voice.)

— Listen, I'm not asking you to do
anything, Terry. It's your own
conscience that's got to do the
asking.

TERRY

Conscience... .

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: (2)

134

TERRY (CONT'D)
 (shakes his head
 ruefully)
 I didn't even know I had one until I
 met you and Edie... this conscience
 stuff can drive you nuts.

FATHER BARRY
 (sharply)
 Good luck.

TERRY
 (waiting for someone
 to do it for him)
 Is that all you've got to say to me,
 Father?

Father Barry looks off .

135 LONG SHOT-PIER WALL-DAY

135

Edie coming toward them in the distance.

136 MEDIUM CLOSE-FATHER BARRY AND TERRY

136

FATHER BARRY
 It's up to you. Just one more thing.
 You better tell Edie.

Terry turns in Edie's direction, reluctantly. He goes off
 toward her.

Father Barry stands looking after him.

137 CLOSER SHOT-EDIE AND TERRY-AT BURNED PIERS-DAY

137

TERRY
 Edie... Edie... ..

EDIE
 (turning to him)
 Terry, what's wrong?

TERRY
 I've been sittin' in the church.

EDIE
 You?

TERRY
 (almost inarticulate)
 Yeah, yeah, it's up to me, it's up
 to me- he says it's up to me.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

EDIE
Who says?

TERRY
The Father. The Father.

He is trembling.

EDIE
Terry— what's happening to you?

TERRY
I just told the Father.

EDIE
Told him what?

TERRY
What I did to Joey.

EDIE
(whispered)
You... .

TERRY
(louder)
What I did to Joey.

EDIE
Don't tell me— don't tell me!

TERRY
(plunging in)
Eddie— it's—

What he starts to say is drowned out by an immense, prolonged blast of the whistle from the departing ocean liner. Terry shouts his story out to Edie compulsively but we cannot hear it over the rasping sound of the whistle. Edie is horrified as she catches enough words to realize what Terry is trying to say. The whistle pauses a moment, giving us just enough to hear Terry shout—

TERRY
Didn't know—

Then the blast of the boat whistle drowns him out again. When it finally stops, Terry is finishing—

TERRY
—but don't you see, Edie, I never
thought they'd—
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (2)

137

TERRY (CONT'D)
 (then hysterically as
 he feels her turning
 away from him)
 I don't know what to do, Edie, I
 don't know what to do! I swear to
 God I—

She looks at him, turns and strides off .

TERRY
 (calling, desperately)
 Edie... Edie... What'll I do, Edie,
 what'll I do?

She doesn't look back. Terry watches her go, with mounting
 anguish; then he lurches on in drunken confusion.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

138 EXT-ROOFTOP-DAY

138

As Terry, still dazed, enters onto the roof, Jimmy Connors,
 in his Golden Warrior blazer, is exercising the pigeons. He
 sees Terry and runs up to him. Jimmy talks in a whisper.

JIMMY
 Hey, Terry, guess who's here... that
 joker from the Commission... .

TERRY
 Looking for me?

JIMMY
 He's got his nerve, gum-shoeing around
 here after what you told him.

TERRY
 (grabs Jimmy)
 Jimmy, suppose I knew something, say
 a mug somebody put on somebody... .
 (violent gesture
 illustrates what he
 means)
 You think I should turn him in?

JIMMY
 A cheese-eater! You're kidding!

TERRY
 Yeah, I'm kidding, I'm kidding. You
 don't think I should turn him in...

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

JIMMY
 (gives him a look)
 You was a Golden Warrior.

TERRY
 Yeah- us Golden Warriors.
 (grabs Jimmy)
 You're a good kid, Jimmy, a good
 tough kid. We stick together, huh,
 kid?

JIMMY
 You was our first Supreme Commander,
 Terry. Keep out of sight and I'll
 tell him you're out.

TERRY
 But I ain't out. I'm in. I'm in.
 Who's lying to who?

139 ROOFTOP-ANOTHER ANGLE

139

Terry walks over to where Glover is sitting, rubbing his feet.

TERRY
 You looking for me?

GLOVER
 Not exactly. Just thought I'd sit
 down and rest my dogs a minute.
 (smiles and rubs his
 ankle)
 You know the next investigation we
 get into I hope it's got buildings
 with elevators in them. This one has
 been nothing but climbing stairs.
 And when we hit the top floor the
 folks are usually out.

Jimmy gestures behind him as if to say "Get a load of this square."

TERRY
 (distractedly)
 I guess it's pretty tough work at
 that.

GLOVER
 (casually)
 Well, it'll be worth it if we can
 tell the waterfront story the way
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GLOVER (CONT'D)
the people have a right to hear it.
Don't you think?

Terry shrugs. Glover studies him.

GLOVER
Didn't I see you fight in the Garden
one night three or four years ago?
With a fellow called Wilson?

TERRY
(still preoccupied)
Wilson- yeah- yeah- I fought Wilson.

GLOVER
I thought you were going to take him
that night but...

TERRY
(this is the key that
unlocks him)
You want to know something- I would
have taken Wilson-

GLOVER
I think you could have.

TERRY
If I licked him I would have had the
title shot instead of him- boy, I
was ready that night.

GLOVER
You sure looked it. Something go
wrong?

Terry has been growing more and more animated but now he
becomes sullen.

TERRY
Yeah. Johnny Friendly and my brother
had other ideas.

GLOVER
Such as what?

TERRY
(suspiciously)
Listen, this ain't for publication.

(CONTINUED)

GLOVER

(amused)

I'm just resting my feet.

TERRY

Remember the first round how I had him against the ropes, and—

GLOVER

I'll never forget it. I thought it was all over.

TERRY

Yeah. My own blood— and they sell me out for a lousy bet— I had it in me to hit the top and—

(sighs)

Boy, if I wanted to, the things I could tell you about them guys—

(then catches himself and pauses)

GLOVER

(expectantly)

Yeah?

Terry is silent.

GLOVER

(rises)

Well, I better get going. Hit those stairs again.

(turns casually)

Was that a looping right or an uppercut the first time you caught him?

TERRY

(insulted)

Looping right! I never swung wild. I was strictly a short puncher— hooks— over 'n under—

(pantomimes, with violent short breath-releases)

— whop-whop!

GLOVER

Really?

TERRY

Yeah, really!

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (3)

139

As Glover reaches the door, Terry keeps following him.

TERRY

Where you going? I'll walk along
with you.

GLOVER

(grins warmly)
Sure... .

Terry follows Glover out, continuing to pantomime punches.
Jimmy looks after them and frowns.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

140 INT-FRIENDLY BAR-NIGHT

140

Back room. It is set up as an informal kangaroo court . Jocko is pointing at Charley Malloy, who is on the hot seat. Johnny Friendly is the judge, flanked by Big Mac, Truck, Sonny, Barney, Specs, J.P. Morgan and others.

J.P.

I didn't hear them, boss, but I sure
seen them, walking along and smiling
like a pair of lovers.

Charley looks uncomfortable. He hasn't finished his drink.

JOHNNY

(watching him carefully)
Drink up, Charley. We're ahead of
you.

CHARLEY

(disturbed)
I'm not thirsty.

JOHNNY

(drinking)
After what we been hearing about
your brother, I thought your throat'd
be kind of dry.

CHARLEY

So they're walking along and smiling.
That doesn't mean he's going to talk.
There's no evidence until he gives
public testimony.

JOHNNY

Thanks for the legal advice, Charley.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

That's what we always kept you around for.

(smiles wisely)

Now how do we keep him from giving this testimony? Isn't that the— er— as you put it— main order of business?

CHARLEY

(nervously)

He was always a good kid. You know that.

BIG MAC

He's a bum. After all the days I give him in the loft— he got no gratitude.

JOHNNY

(offended)

Please, Mac, I'm conducting this—
(nodding to Charley)
—investigation.

CHARLEY

This girl and the Father got their hooks in him so deep he doesn't know which end is up anymore.

JOHNNY

I ain't interested in his mental condition. All I want to know is, is he D 'n D or is he a canary?

CHARLEY

I wish I knew.

JOHNNY

So do I, Charley. For your sake.

CHARLEY

What do you want me to do, Johnny?

JOHNNY

Very simple. Just bring him to... that place we been using. Mac, you take care of the details. Call Gerry G. in if you think you need him.

CHARLEY

Gerry G!! You don't want to do that, Johnny! Sure the boy's outa line, but he's just a confused kid.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2)

140

JOHNNY

Confused kid? First he crosses me in public and gets away with it and then the next joker, and pretty soon I'm just another fellow down here.

CHARLEY

(horrified)

Johnny, I can't do that. I can't do that, Johnny.

JOHNNY

(coldly)

Then don't.

CHARLEY

But my own kid bro-

JOHNNY

(cutting in)

This is for you to figure out. You can have it your way or you can have it his way.

(gestures with his palms up and his palms down)

But you can't have it both ways.

(turns to Sonny)

Am I right, Sonny?

SONNY

Definitely!

JOHNNY

(thumbing Charley to his feet)

Okay, on your horse, you deep thinker.

Charley rises reluctantly, his confident, springy manner now gone.

DISSOLVE

141 INT-TAXICAB-EVENING-(N.Y.B.G.)

141

Charley and Terry have just entered the cab.

TERRY

Gee, Charley, I'm sure glad you stopped by for me. I needed to talk to you. What's it they say about blood, it's-

(falters)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLEY
(looking away coldly)
Thicker than water.

DRIVER
(gravel voice, without
turning around)
Where to?

CHARLEY
Four thirty-seven River Street.

TERRY
River Street? I thought we was going
to the Garden.

CHARLEY
I've got to cover a bet there on the
way over. Anyway, it gives us a chance
to talk.

TERRY
(good-naturedly)
Nothing ever stops you from talking,
Charley.

CHARLEY
The grapevine says you picked up a
subpoena.

TERRY
(Noncommittal, Sullen.)
That's right... .

CHARLEY
(watching for his
reaction)
Of course, the boys know you too
well to mark you down for a cheese-
eater.

TERRY
Mm-hmm.

CHARLEY
You know, the boys are getting rather
interested in your future.

TERRY
Mm-hmmm.

CHARLEY

They feel you've been sort of left out of things, Terry. They think it's time you had a few little things going for you on the docks.

TERRY

A steady job and a few bucks extra, that's all I wanted.

CHARLEY

Sure, that's all right when you're a kid, but you'll be pushing thirty pretty soon, slugger. It's time you got some ambition.

TERRY

I always figured I'd live longer without it.

CHARLEY

Maybe.

Terry looks at him.

CHARLEY

There's a slot for a boss loader on the new pier we're opening up.

TERRY

(interested)
Boss loader!

CHARLEY

Ten cents a hundred pounds on everything that moves in and out. And you don't have to lift a finger. It'll be three-four hundred a week just for openers.

TERRY

And for all that dough I don't do nothin'?

CHARLEY

Absolutely nothing. You do nothing and you say nothing. You understand, don't you, kid?

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

(struggling with an unfamiliar problem of conscience and loyalties)

Yeah- yeah- I guess I do- but there's a lot more to this whole thing than I thought, Charley.

CHARLEY

You don't mean you're thinking of testifying against-
(turns a thumb in toward himself)

TERRY

I don't know- I don't know! I tell you I ain't made up my mind yet. That's what I wanted to talk to you about.

CHARLEY

(patiently, as to a stubborn child)

Listen, Terry, these piers we handle through the locals- you know what they're worth to us?

TERRY

I know. I know.

CHARLEY

Well, then, you know Cousin Johnny isn't going to jeopardize a setup like that for one rubber-lipped-

TERRY

(simultaneous)

Don't say that!

CHARLEY

(continuing)

-ex-tanker who's walking on his heels-?

TERRY

Don't say that!

CHARLEY

What the hell!!!

TERRY

I could have been better!

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: (4)

141

CHARLEY

The point is- there isn't much time,
kid.

There is a painful pause, as they appraise each other.

TERRY

(desperately)

I tell you, Charley, I haven't made
up my mind!

CHARLEY

Make up your mind, kid, I beg you,
before we get to four thirty-seven
River... .

TERRY

(stunned)

Four thirty-seven- that isn't where
Gerry G...?

Charley nods solemnly. Terry grows more agitated.

TERRY

Charley... you wouldn't take me to
Gerry G... .?

Charley continues looking at him. He does not deny it. They stare at each other for a moment. Then suddenly Terry starts out of the cab.

Charley pulls a pistol. Terry is motionless, now, looking at Charley.

CHARLEY

Take the boss loading, kid. For God's
sake. I don't want to hurt you.

TERRY

(hushed, gently guiding
the gun down toward
Charley's lap)

Charley... . Charley... . Wow... .

CHARLEY

(genuinely)

I wish I didn't have to do this,
Terry.

Terry eyes him, beaten. Charley leans back and looks at Terry strangely. Terry raises his hands above his head, somewhat in the manner of a prizefighter mitting the crowd. The image nicks Charley's memory.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

(an accusing sigh)

Wow... .

CHARLEY

(gently)

What do you weigh these days, slugger?

TERRY

(shrugs)

...eight-seven, eighty-eight.

What's it to you?

CHARLEY

(nostalgically)

Gee, when you tipped one seventy-five you were beautiful. You should've been another Billy Conn. That skunk I got to manage you brought you along too fast.

TERRY

It wasn't him!

(years of abuse crying
out in him)

It was you, Charley. You and Johnny. Like the night the two of youse come in the dressing room and says, "Kid, this ain't your night- we're going for the price on Wilson." It ain't my night. I'd of taken Wilson apart that night! I was ready- remember the early rounds throwing them combinations. So what happens- This bum Wilson he gets the title shot- outdoors in the ballpark! - and what do I get- a couple of bucks and a one-way ticket to Palookaville.

(more and more aroused
as he relives it)

It was you, Charley. You was my brother. You should of looked out for me. Instead of making me take them dives for the short-end money.

CHARLEY

(defensively)

I always had a bet down for you. You saw some money.

TERRY

(agonized)

See! You don't understand!

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: (6) 141

CHARLEY

I tried to keep you in good with Johnny.

TERRY

You don't understand! I could've been a contender. I could've had class and been somebody.

Real class. Instead of a bum, let's face it, which is what I am. It was you, Charley.

Charley takes a long, fond look at Terry. Then he glances quickly out the window.

142 MEDIUM SHOT-WATERFRONT-NIGHT 142

From CHARLEY'S ANGLE. A gloomy light reflects the street numbers-433-

143 INT-CLOSE-CAB-ON CHARLEY AND TERRY - NIGHT 143

TERRY

It was you, Charley... .

CHARLEY

(turning back to Terry,
his tone suddenly
changed)

Okay- I'll tell him I couldn't bring you in.

Ten to one they won't believe it, but- go ahead, blow. Jump out, quick, and keep going... and God help you from here on in.

144 LONGER ANGLE-CAB-NIGHT 144

As Terry jumps out. A bus is just starting up a little further along the street.

145 EXT-MEDIUM LONG SHOT-RIVER STREET-NIGHT 145

Running, Terry leaps onto the back of the moving bus.

146 INT-CAB-RIVER ST.-NIGHT 146

CHARLEY

(to driver as he
watches Terry go)

Now take me to the Garden.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: 146

Charley sinks back in his seat, his hand covering his face. The driver turns around, gives him a withering look, steps on the gas, and guns the car into-

147 EXT-MEDIUM LONG SHOT-RIVER STREET-NIGHT 147

They have reached a garage, and now the car zooms through the entrance.

We catch a glimpse of Truck, Sonny and Big Mac.

148 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT-EXT-JOHNNY'S LIMOUSINE -NIGHT 148

Johnny is watching from across the street.

149 MEDIUM CLOSE-ON GARAGE DOOR-NIGHT 149

Big Mac and Sonny pull the big black sliding door shut until the screen itself is blacked out. Inside there is the roaring sound of a motor racing.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

150 INT-EDIE'S BEDROOM-NIGHT 150

Edie is in bed. There is a pounding on the door.

EDIE
(frightened)
Who is it?

151 INT-HALLWAY OUTSIDE DOYLE DOOR-NIGHT 151

Terry, in a wild state after his escape, is pounding on the door.

TERRY
Edie, it's me- let me in- it's me!

He pounds on the door even harder.

152 CLOSE-ON EDIE 152

The pounding continues.

EDIE
(Fiercely)
Stop it! Stop it! Get away from here!

VOICE OF TERRY
(muffled)
I've got to see you. Got to talk to you.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

EDIE

Leave me alone. I want you to leave
me alone!

153 ANGLE ON DOOR

153

The pounding grows louder. Suddenly there is the sound of the door being broken open. Edie draws back against the head of her bed, pulling the covers around her. Terry runs in wild-eyed.

TERRY

I had to, Edie. I had to see you.

EDIE

Lucky Pop isn't home, he'd kill you.

TERRY

You think I stink, don't you? You think I stink for what I told you?

EDIE

I don't want to talk about it. I want you to go.

TERRY

(grabbing her)

Edie, listen to me! I want you to believe me. I want to be with you.

EDIE

(wrenching herself
free)

How can you be with Charley and Johnny Friendly and still be with me? Either way it's a lie. It's like there were two different people inside of you. You've got to be one or the other.

TERRY

(in pain)

I don't want to hurt Charley— I don't want to hurt you...

EDIE

It's you who's being hurt. By keeping it inside you, like a poison. Sooner or later it's got to come out.

TERRY

I know what you want me to do!

(CONTINUED)

EDIE

I don't want you to do anything. Let your conscience tell you what to do.

TERRY

(pounding his fist on the bed)

That—

(pound! pound!)

—word again! Why do you keep saying conscience, conscience... .

EDIE

I never mentioned the word before.

In his agony he grips a glass standing on the night table.

TERRY

I keep hearing it and I don't know what to do..I don't know what to do... .

Without realizing what he is doing, he squeezes the glass in his powerful fist until it breaks. The glass cuts his hand. He draws back in pain.

TERRY

My hand.

EDIE

It's just a scratch. You won't die.

She turns away from him.

TERRY

Eddie...

EDIE

Get away from me.

TERRY

Eddie, I need you to love me. Tell me you love me.

EDIE

I didn't say I didn't love you. I said stay away from me.

TERRY

(groping for her)

Eddie, Eddie, I...

His arms move around her. Her reaction is convulsive. Her hands move over him in anger and love.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED: (2)

153

EDIE
 Stay away from me
 (her face close to
 his)
 Stay away from me—
 (closer)
 Stay—

They kiss, lying across the bed, and the fever seizes them again.

EDIE
 —away from me!

Then, after some moments, they are distracted by—

VOICE FROM THE STREET
 Hey, Terry, come on down. I got
 something to show you, Terry.

Startled, they cling to each other. The voice calls again—

VOICE FROM THE STREET
 Hey, Terry, your brother's down here.

TERRY
 (more curious)
 Charley?

VOICE
 Charley's waitin' for ya. Come on
 down and see him.

EDIE
 (whispers)
 Don't go. Don't go.

TERRY
 But Charley— maybe Charley needs me.
 I better see what he wants.

He goes.

EDIE
 (calling after him)
 Terry...

She rises and calls toward the door—

EDIE
 Terry...

Then she runs to the window.

154 EXT-EDIE AT WINDOW-NIGHT

154

EDIE
 (calling)
 Terry... .

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 You hear what I heard?

Eddie looks up and to one side.

155 CLOSE-ON MRS. COLLINS

155

Looking out another window of the tenement.

MRS. COLLINS
 That's the same way they called Andy
 out the night I lost him.

156 CLOSE-ON EDIE-AT WINDOW

156

Horrified. Looking for Terry. She runs from the window.

157 CLOSE-ON FIRE ESCAPE-NIGHT

157

As Edie runs out onto it. She looks down wildly, searching for Terry. A ship's whistle makes a mournful sound. A great luxury liner is heading out to the harbor. Fog is drifting in over the roof. She peers down but can see nothing. She hears a wild shriek from the street and runs to the railing again. It is only a teenager whooping it up below. Then she hears shots-Bang-Bang-Bang-and the sound of a police siren. She raises her hands to her head and cries.

EDIE
 Terry.

Then she hears the follow-up of the police siren. It is only a TV set near the open window of the floor below.

TV ANNOUNCER
 And now for your weekly dramatic
 thrill straight from the files of
 the City's Finest- Police Patrol...
 ("Dragnet"-type music)

Eddie turns away in exasperation. She calls down the fire escape into the fog.

EDIE
 Terry!

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

There is no answer. Mrs. Collins appears on the fire escape in her kimono.

MRS. COLLINS
Don't go down!

Mrs. Collins tries to restrain her but Edie wrenches away—

EDIE
Terry!

She starts to run hysterically down the fire escape.

158 EXT-LANDING UNDER FIRE ESCAPE-NIGHT

158

As Edie is coming down the outside metal steps, Mutt is wandering along singing mournfully—

MUTT
Tippi-tippi-tin, tippi-Tin... .

A window opens and an angry voice cries:

LOUD VOICE
Drop dead!

An old shoe is hurled at Mutt, just as Edie turns toward him.

MUTT
(to the angry window)
Spit on me, curse me and stone me,
but I suffer for your sins...

LOUD VOICE
Go suffer somewhere else, you bum.

The window bangs shut. Mutt sees Edie and turns his attention to her.

MUTT
I seen it. I seen them put him to
death! I heard him cry out.

EDIE
(impatiently— almost
hysterically)
Who. Who did you see?

MUTT
His executioners. They was stabbing
him in his side. And his soft eyes
was looking down at them.

(CONTINUED)

EDIE
(desperately)
Tell me who.

MUTT
(lifting his head
from his hands)
Our Lord Jesus. When He died to save
us...

He gropes toward her as if to paw her.

EDIE
(with loathing)
Oh get away- get away!

She runs on. Mutt goes staggering off in the opposite
direction, singing his song. Edie runs on until she sees
Terry in the mist.

EDIE
Terry!

She runs into his arms.

EDIE
Terry, I'm frightened. More and more
frightened.

TERRY
I'm looking for Charley. I heard
Charley was waiting for me.
(calls)
Charley?

There is no answer. Terry frowns. Edie points through the
darkness.

SAME VOICE IN FOG
Wanna see Charley? He's over here.

TERRY
(as they hurry forward)
Hey, Charley... .

The headlights of a car suddenly illuminate Charley against
the wall.

Charley is leaning against the lamp post, in a very casual
attitude, looking as dapper as usual. Terry and Edie run to
him. The car drives off .

TERRY

Looking for me, Charley?

Charley seems to study them silently. Terry nudges him.

TERRY

Hey Charley.

Charley slides down the wall and crumples to the ground. Dead. Edie screams. Terry drops beside the body.

TERRY

He's dead. He's dead. Those scummy,
good-for-nuthin' butchers!.

The lights of an approaching car catch them in its beam. Terry reacts quickly, cowering against the wall and pulling Edie down behind him protectively.

TERRY

Behind me. Behind me. It may be them
coming back!

They huddle in fear as the car comes closer; then it turns and the lights are no longer on them. Terry lets out a soft whistle of relief as the car drives off. Edie is completely panicked now.

EDIE

(in a horrified whisper)
Terry, let's go away.

Terry takes Charley's arm, which is twisted behind him, and straightens it tenderly.

TERRY

Charley.

EDIE

(hysterically)
I mean it, let's get away from
here, first Joey then Nolan, now
Charley— and any minute...
(stares at him, almost
saying "you")
...I'm frightened— I'm frightened.

Terry seems not to hear. There are tears in his eyes but fury in his voice as he mutters to himself.

TERRY

I'll take it out of their skulls.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (2)

159

EDIE

I don't want to see you killed. I want to live with you. Live with you. Any place it's safe to walk the streets without... .

TERRY

(in a terrible mutter
to himself)

I'll take it out of their skulls.

He rises, in a dangerous, animal rage.

EDIE

Terry, no, no...

TERRY

Don't hang on to me. And don't follow me. Don't follow me.

(turns)

Call the Father. Ask him to take care of Charley for me. My brother. There's something I got to do.

He looks around, takes note of and strides toward-

160 MEDIUM SHOT-PAWN SHOP-NIGHT

160

A little way down the block. An iron grille protects the windows. Terry goes up to the grille and looks in. Edie follows him anxiously.

161 CLOSE SHOT-PAWN SHOP WINDOW-THROUGH GRILLE-NIGHT

161

There are watches, rings, fishing rods, guitars, cameras, musical instruments, suits, furs, bowler hats, and-about two feet back from the window-a .45 revolver in a holster and a belt of cartridges.

TERRY

(muttering)

They put a hole in Charley. I'll put holes in them.

Edie sees what Terry is after and tries to restrain him.

EDIE

Terry, go home. There's nothing you can do now. It's locked up.

Terry looks at her unseeingly, then drives the toe of his shoe through the diamond shaped opening in the grille, and through the glass behind it.

162 INT-PAWN SHOP WINDOW-NIGHT

162

Shooting toward Terry, the coveted revolver in the F.G. Terry's fingers cannot quite reach it. He has to press his shoulder painfully against the jagged glass in order to inch closer to it. He contorts his face in pain as the glass cuts through his jacket into his flesh. Blood begins to dampen his shoulder but with a final effort he gets his fingers around the gun.

163 EXT-PAWN SHOP-NIGHT

163

As Terry draws the gun from the window and slips it into his pocket, Edie sees the blood dripping from the rip in his jacket.

EDIE

Terry, you're bleeding.

TERRY

(in a flat tone)

Do what I told you. Take care of Charley.

EDIE

Terry, for God's sake.

TERRY

Get out of my way.

EDIE

No, I can't let you. I can't, you're-

She clings to him sobbing.

TERRY

(violently)

I don't want to hurt you, but... out of my way!

He flings her from him and goes on loading the gun, as she sobbingly watches him go off .

164 INT-FRIENDLY BAR-NIGHT

164

As Terry enters. The usual crowd are present: Barney, Specs, Sonny, Truck, J.P., etc. There is a comedian on TV and everyone is laughing but the laughter dies at the sight of Terry. He goes up to the bar tensely. Everyone watches in silence. There is a suggestion of men feeling for their guns but nobody moves.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

164

TERRY
(to bartender)
Is Johnny in?

JOCKO
No.

TERRY
(suspiciously)
No?

To see for himself, Terry strides through to the back room and throws open the door. The back room is empty. Then he takes a seat at the bar so he can watch the room and the entrance. The customers eye him carefully.

TERRY
(to Jocko)
Give me a double.

JOCKO
Take it easy now, Terry.

TERRY
Keep the advice. Give me the whiskey.

Jocko sets the drink up. He notices the jagged tear in Terry's jacket and the spreading stain of blood from the shoulder.

JOCKO
What's wrong with your shoulder?

TERRY
(draining his glass)
Hit me again.

JOCKO
(in an undertone)
Listen, kid, why don't you go home
before Johnny... .

Terry pushes his empty pony glass forward for another one.

TERRY
(sharply)
No advice. Just whiskey.

JOCKO
(pouring it)
Easy. Easy, boy.

165 ANOTHER ANGLE—TOWARD ENTRANCE

165

Footsteps are heard outside the swinging doors. Terry turns to face the entrance, his hand going to the gun in his pocket. Sonny, Truck, Barney, and others all watch him, ready for the draw. Jocko automatically crosses himself and turns off the TV, which is now only an irritant. The swinging doors open, but it's not Johnny. Just a couple of happy waterf ront barfl ies. But the moment they enter their grins vanish as they are made to feel the tension. They look at Terry, then they look at the goons watching Terry.

JOCKO
(to the newcomers)
What'll you have?

NEWCOMER
Thanks just the same.

The two men bolt out the doorway. In the silence we hear the creaking of the ancient swinging doors. The silence is oppressive. Terry works his hand over his bleeding shoulder.

JOCKO
You ought to go home and take care
of that—

TERRY
(watching the doorway,
growls)
First things first.

Once more steps are heard on the sidewalk outside the bar. Once more everyone is on edge for the showdown between Terry and Johnny. All eyes are on the swinging doors.

166 MEDIUM CLOSE—SWINGING DOORS—NIGHT

166

Father Barry enters, followed by Moose, Tommy, Luke. CAMERA goes with Father Barry as he walks right up to Terry.

FATHER BARRY
I want to see you, Terry.

TERRY
You got eyes. I'm right in front of
you.

FATHER BARRY
Now don't give me a hard time.

TERRY
What do you want from me, Father.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER BARRY
 (putting out his hand)
 Your gun.

TERRY
 Mind your own business, Father.

FATHER BARRY
 This is my business.

TERRY
 Why don't you go and chase yourself?

FATHER BARRY
 (slowly) Give me that gun.

TERRY
 You go to hell.

FATHER BARRY
 (advancing)
 What did you say?

TERRY
 (just a trifle
 disconcerted)
 You go to—

Father Barry throws a good right hand punch that catches Terry by surprise and knocks him down. Terry rises, feeling his shoulder, which is oozing blood now and weakening him. He charges Father Barry like a tormented animal.

TERRY
 Why you...

Moose and Luke grab him, although Father Barry waits calmly.

TOMMY
 (to Terry)
 Get wise to yourself, you bum.

The word hits him. Terry drops his hands slowly, weaving as if weak from loss of blood.

TERRY
 (chastened)
 Take your hands off me. What you call me?

FATHER BARRY

(to Terry)

A bum. Look what you're doing. You want to be brave? Firing lead into another man's flesh isn't brave. Any bum who picks up a .45 in a pawn shop can be that brave. You want to hurt Johnny Friendly? You want to fix him for what he did to Charley— and a dozen men who were better than Charley? Don't fight him like a hoodlum down here in the jungle. That's just what he wants. He'll hit you in the head and plead self-defense. Fight him tomorrow in the courtroom— with the truth as you know it— Truth is the gun— Drop that thing and tell the truth— a more dangerous weapon than this little—
 (reaches into Terry's pocket and removes the gun as he talks)
 —cap pistol.

The two men look at each other. Father Barry's words cut him.

FATHER BARRY

That is, if you've got the guts. If you haven't, you better hang on to this.

Father Barry offers the gun back to Terry contemptuously. Terry takes the gun, and holds it self-consciously.

FATHER BARRY

You want a beer?
 (to Jocko)
 Two beers.

Jocko sets them up and Father Barry and Terry drink them off, looking at each other. The drink seems to refresh Terry. He turns around to Jocko and slams the gun down on the bar.

Behind the bar is a large picture, in the place of honor, showing Johnny Friendly arm-in-arm with "Mr. Upstairs," beaming with self-confidence.

TERRY

Father, there is one thing I'd like to do.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: (3)

166

So saying, he takes his revolver and hurls it into the face of the picture.

TERRY
(feeling better)
Tell Johnny I was here.

Terry looks around defiantly at the tense gunmen—and starts out with Father Barry and the group.

167 MEDIUM CLOSE—JOCKO—BEHIND BAR

167

Watching Terry leave. Breathing a sigh of relief as he picks up the gun.

JOCKO
(inadvertently)
... nice boy... .

Then he catches the dark looks of Sonny, Truck, Barney, etc., and busies himself at the bar.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

168 INT—TRAVELING SHOT—COURTROOM—DAY

168

A court room door opens. It is the door out of which the witnesses are brought to testify for hearings of the Waterfront Crime Commission. A counsel is just finishing questioning Big Mac...We don't photograph this.

We show Terry walking slowly towards his seat. Edie and Father Barry are in the audience. Also Johnny and some of the mob. We hear the DIALOGUE

COUNSEL (O.S.)
You mean to sit there and tell me that your local takes in sixty-five thousand, five hundred dollars every year and keeps no financial records?

BIG MAC (O.S.)
Sure we keep records!

COUNSEL (O.S.)
Well, where are they?

BIG MAC
(indignantly)
We was robbed last night and we can't find no books.

169 CLOSER SHOT—COUNSEL AND BIG MAC

169

COUNSEL

Doesn't it seem odd to you that five different waterfront locals were broken into last night and the only articles removed were financial records?

BIG MAC

(steadfastly)

What do you mean, odd? We was robbed like I told you.

COUNSEL

(waving him aside)

That's all. Next witness!

Big Mac steps down, mopping his brow. Terry steps up to the stand. They glare at each other as they pass. We CUT to Edie looking on anxiously from the spectators' section, to Father Barry, Pop, Moose, Tommy, and Luke sitting together leaning forward.

CLERK

Name?

TERRY

Terrence Francis Malloy.

CLERK

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

There is a momentary pause.

170 CLOSE SHOT—EDIE, FATHER BARRY

170

Sitting with Pop, Moose, Luke, and Tommy. Waiting for his answer.

171 CLOSE—ON TERRY

171

His hand raised for the oath. When he answers, it seems more than a mere judicial formality.

TERRY

(firmly)

Right... I do.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

171

COUNSEL

(rising)

Mr. Malloy, is it true that on the night Joey Doyle was found...

172 CLOSE-ON LARGE TV SET IN AN ELEGANT STUDY

172

We see Terry testifying on the TV screen.

COUNSEL

...dead you were the last person to see him before he was pushed off the roof, and that you went immediately to the Friendly Bar where you expressed your feelings about the murder to Mr. Johnny Friendly?

TERRY

That's right.

During the above a butler's hand sets a highball glass down beside a rich leather chair, and a strong, manicured hand wearing an expensive ring picks up the glass.

VOICE OF BUTLER

Will there be anything else, sir?

VOICE OF "MR. UPSTAIRS"

(an impressive, heavy voice)

Yes, Sidney, if Mr. Friendly calls, I'm out, and you don't know when I'll be back.

VOICE OF BUTLER

Very good, sir.

The CAMERA moves in on the TV screen, the court room image spins, and when it finally stops, we are back to-

173 INT-MEDIUM CLOSE-COURTROOM-ON TERRY - DAY

173

COUNSEL

... Thank you, Mr. Malloy, you've done more than to break the case of Joey Doyle, you have held up a lamp of truth in the dark cave of waterfront crime. You may step down now.

As Terry steps down, he is quickly surrounded by police bodyguards, who lead him toward the chamber behind the court-

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

room. As he steps into the aisle Johnny Friendly leaps up from a long bench facing the aisle.

JOHNNY

(struggling to get at
Terry)

You're a walkin' dead man! You're dead on this waterfront and every other waterfront from Boston to New Orleans. You won't go anywhere, drive a truck or a cab or push a baggage rack without one of my guys have the eye on you. You just dug your own grave, dead man, go fall in it!

(spits in Terry's
face)

Terry leaps at him instinctively. The gavel sounds repeatedly and there are cries of "Order! Order!" Johnny wrestles with Terry, but they are roughly separated by court room guards who lead Terry off toward the door to the private chambers. Edie leaves her seat and tries to get to Terry but is kept off by the guards.

GUARD

Sorry, Miss, our orders is to keep everybody away.

They lead Terry off, as the voice of the clerk is saying—

VOICE (O.S.)

Next witness, Mr. Michael J. Skelly,
also known as Johnny Friendly... .

DISSOLVE:

174 INT-CLOSE-COURTHOUSE LOBBY AND STAIRS ON HEAVY FOOTSTEPS-DAY 174

Terry's.

175 CLOSE ON TWO MORE PAIRS OF HEAVY FOOTSTEPS 175

Terry's police bodyguards.

176 MEDIUM CLOSE-TERRY AND POLICEMEN CROSSING COURTHOUSE LOBBY-DAY 176

Old men and bums are sitting on the park benches. Loitering outside are two of Terry's old chums, Chick and Jackie. Terry has to go right past them.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

176

TERRY
 (uncomfortably)
 Hi Chick- Jackie...

They look at him coldly, and turn away. Terry goes on, unhappily, the police guards just behind him.

TERRY
 (half turning,
 irritably)
 Have to walk right on top of me?

FIRST COP
 Orders, Terry.

TERRY
 You're stepping on my heels- you're making me nervous.

SECOND COP
 Terry, you're hot, you know that, you should be glad we're this close to you.

TERRY
 Trailing me like that, you make me feel like a canary.

FIRST COP
 (grins a little)
 Well?

TERRY
 Now beat it- go ahead- beat it.

SECOND COP
 Take it easy, Terry, take it easy.

He looks at his colleague and winks- they understand and fall back, allowing Terry to continue on down the stairs.

DISSOLVE:

177 INT-TERRY'S ROOM

177

Eddie is preparing coffee on a little stove in the corner as Terry enters, drained and let down.

TERRY
 Eddie.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

177

EDIE

I thought you might want some hot coffee.

TERRY

(shaking his head moodily)

Thanks just the same.

EDIE

Well, it's over.

TERRY

But I feel like— My friends won't talk to me.

EDIE

(bitingly)

Are you sure they're your friends?

Terry looks at her and then paces restlessly. He looks out and sees—

178 EXT-ROOFTOP-DAY

178

Jimmy, on the roof.

179 INT-TERRY'S ROOM-DAY

179

TERRY

(calling, halfheartedly)

Hey, Jimmy— how's the kid?

Jimmy doesn't answer. Terry goes to the window.

TERRY

Hey, Jimmy!

180 EXT-ROOFTOP-DAY

180

Jimmy Connors, near the pigeon coop. He looks up at Terry sullenly and doesn't answer.

181 INT-TERRY'S ROOM-DAY

181

Terry draws back in defeat.

TERRY

Jimmy too.

JIMMY'S VOICE (O.S.)

A pigeon for a pigeon... !

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

Through the open window is flung the body of a dead pigeon. It falls at Terry's feet. He looks down at it. Its neck has been wrung.

TERRY
(brokenly)
Swiftly- my lead bird-

He looks out toward his coop-then climbs out the window and hurries toward it. We hold on Edie who watches him, worried, and then follows him.

182 EXT-ROOFTOP-DAY

182

Terry goes to his coop. On the floor are every one of his pigeons, perhaps three dozen, all with their necks wrung. Terry picks one up.

Its head hangs limp.

TERRY
(looks off)
Jimmy...

EDIE
He's going to have to grow up too.

TERRY
(from deep inside him)
My pigeons... .

EDIE
Terry, you better stay in for a while.
I'll come and cook your meals. Be
sure you keep the door locked.

TERRY
(not seeming to hear
her)
Every one of 'em... .

EDIE
You heard what Johnny said. No part
of the Waterfront'll be safe for you
now. Maybe inland- the Middle West
somewhere- a job on a farm...

TERRY
(mutters disgustedly)
Farm...

He turns and starts back toward his room. She follows desperately.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED:

182

EDIE

Does it have to be the waterfront!
 Pop, he's an old man, it's all he
 knows, but you- you could do lots of
 things, get into something new,
 anything as long as it's away from
 Johnny Friendly!

183 INT-TERRY'S ROOM

183

Terry enters. Edie's voice follows him as she trails behind him. He sits on the bed and looks at the cargo hook hung on a peg on the wall.

EDIE

Doesn't that make sense!

Terry doesn't answer. He takes the cargo hook from the wall and jabs it viciously into the floor.

EDIE

I don't think you're even listening
 to me!

He pulls the cargo hook out and jabs it into the floor again.

EDIE

...are you?

He looks up at her, frowns and then studies the cargo hook, tapping it into his hand with pent-up feeling. The feeling is a strong and infectious one. Edie senses it and accuses him-

EDIE

You're going down there!

He looks up at her again for a moment and then works his hand over the handle of the hook.

EDIE

(her voice rising)
 Just because Johnny warned you not
 to, you're going down there, aren't
 you?

He doesn't say anything but the determination in him seems to be constantly mounting.

EDIE

You think you've got to prove
 something to them, don't you?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

183

EDIE (CONT'D)

That you are not afraid of them and—
 you won't be satisfied until you
 walk right into their trap, will
 you?

His silence maddens her. She seems on the verge of striking him out of frustration and impotent rage. Her voice is hysterical—

EDIE

Then go ahead— go ahead! Go down to
 the shape-up and get yourself killed,
 you stupid, pigheaded, son of a—
 (struggles to control
 herself)
 What are you trying to prove?

With a decisive gesture Terry takes the hook and sticks it through his belt. Then he goes to the wall and lifts Joey's windbreaker from the nail on which it has been hanging. He puts the windbreaker on in a deliberate way, and grins at her as he does so; then he walks to the door with a sense of dignity he has never had before.

TERRY

(quietly)
 You always said I was a bum. Well—
 (points to himself)
 —not anymore. I'm going down to the
 dock.
 Don't worry, I'm not going to shoot
 anybody. I'm just going to get my
 rights.
 (rubs the sleeve of
 the jacket)
 Joey's jacket. It's time I start
 wearing it.

He goes.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

184 EXT-PIER-SHAPE-UP-MORNING

184

Big Mac facing the semicircle of several hundred men. Into this circle walks Terry.

Other longshoremen instinctively move away from him as he approaches.

185 CLOSE-BIG MAC

185

BIG MAC

I need fifteen gangs today. Everybody works!

He picks men out very quickly and they move forward from the mass.

186 MEDIUM CLOSE-TERRY-PIER-DAY

186

He has taken his stand defiantly, with his hands in his pockets, looking Big Mac in the eyes. Big Mac picks men all around Terry.

He makes it obvious by reaching over Terry's shoulder to pick men behind him. Finally there are only a handful left around Terry, and then they are chosen. Terry is left standing there along.

TERRY

(brazenly)

You're still a man short for that last hatch gang, Mac.

BIG MAC

(without looking at Terry, calls to Sonny)

Hey, Sonny, go across to the bar and pick up the first man you see.

Now Big Mac looks at Terry for the first time.

BIG MAC

Where are them cops of yours, stoolie? You're gonna need 'em.

He turns away. Terry stands there seething. He looks around at Pop, and the others ready to enter the pier. They look away, still fearful of Big Mac and the power of the mob, and feeling guilty for their passivity.

187 INT-JOHNNY FRIENDLY'S OFFICE ON WHARF-DAY

187

Johnny looks across at the isolated figure of Terry. Sonny, Truck, and Specs are with Johnny. On the desk are tabloids with headlines reading NAME JOHNNY FRIENDLY AS WATERFRONT MURDER BOSS. Under the banner head is a large picture of Johnny.

TRUCK

That ain't a bad picture of you, boss.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

187

Johnny glares at him and pushes the paper aside angrily.

SONNY

I wish you'd let us go to work on
that cheese-eater.

JOHNNY

(with both hands
working)

After we get off the front page.
Then he's mine. I want him.

188 EXT-CLOSE-PIER ENTRANCE-ON TERRY AND BIG MAC-DAY

188

Sonny returns with "the first man he saw"-Mutt Murphy. Mutt and Terry glance at each other.

SONNY

Here's your man, Mac.

MAC

Okay.

Mac nods Mutt on into the pier, the one armed derelict turning back with an apologetic gesture. Terry's fury grows. Mac growls at him-

MAC

You want more of the same? Come back
tomorrow.

Terry looks at him, and then across at Johnny's office on the wharf.

His hands begin to tremble.

He turns and starts walking slowly, resolutely, down the gangplank leading to Johnny's headquarters.

189 INT-JOHNNY FRIENDLY'S OFFICE

189

SONNY

(seeing Terry through
window)

He's comin' down!

JOHNNY

He's gotta be crazy!

TRUCK

(glancing out, growls)

Yeah, here comes the bum now. I'll
top 'im off lovely.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED: 189

Behind Johnny's back the click of a revolver safety latch is heard.

190 JOHNNY WHIRLS ON HIM QUICKLY 190

JOHNNY

Gimme that.

TRUCK

(offended)

How are we gonna protect ourselves?

JOHNNY

Ever hear of the Sullivan Law?
Carrying a gun without a permit?
They'll be on us for anything now.
The slightest infraction. Give.
(turns to the other
goons)

All of you? Give- give- give-

Sonny, Truck and the others reluctantly give up their guns. Johnny turns to the safe and begins to open it.

JOHNNY

We're a law-abidin' union. Understand?
(As he puts the guns
in the safe and slams
the safe door.)
A law-abidin' union!

191 EXT-UNION LOCAL OFFICE ON WHARF-DAY 191

Terry walks compulsively down the ramp to the office.

TERRY

(shouts)

Hey, Friendly! Johnny Friendly, come out here!

Johnny comes out of his office followed by his goons.

JOHNNY

(shouts)

You want to know the trouble with you?

You think it makes you a big man if you can give the answers.

TERRY

Listen, Johnny-

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY

Go on— beat it. Don't push your luck.

TERRY

You want to know somethin'—?

JOHNNY

I said beat it! At the right time
I'll catch up with you. Be thinkin'
about it.

As he starts to turn back into his office, Terry advances,
steaming himself up.

TERRY

(louder)

You want to know something? Take the
heater away and you're nothin'— take
the good goods away, and the kickback
and the shakedown cabbage away and
the pistoleros—

(indicating the others)

—away and you're a great big hunk of
nothing—

(takes a deep breath

as if relieved)

Your guts is all in your wallet and
your trigger finger!

JOHNNY

(with fury)

Go on talkin'. You're talkin' yourself
right into the river. Go on, go on...

TERRY

(voice rising defiantly)

I'm glad what I done today, see?
You give it to Joey, you give it to
Nolan, you give it to Charley who
was one of your own. You thought you
was God Almighty instead of a cheap—
conniving—good-for-nothing bum!
So I'm glad what I done— you hear
me? —glad what I done!

JOHNNY

(coldly)

You ratted on us, Terry.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: (2)

191

TERRY
 (aware of fellow
 longshoremen watching
 the duel)

From where you stand, maybe. But I'm
 standing over here now. I was rattin'
 on myself all them years and didn't
 know it, helpin' punks like you
 against people like Pop and Nolan
 an'... .

JOHNNY
 (beckoning Terry with
 his hands, in a
 passion of hate)
 Come on. I want you. You're mine.
 You're mine! Come on!

192 FIGHT ON UNION OFFICE DECK—SERIES OF SHOTS

192

As Johnny takes an aggressive step forward, Terry runs down
 the ramp and hurls himself at him. They fight furiously on
 the deck of the houseboat. A fight to the death. A violent
 brawl with no holds barred.

First one, then the other has the advantage. In B.G.,
 longshoremen we know creep forward and watch in amazement.

193 LONGSHOREMEN WATCHING

193

LUKE
 That kid fights like he useta!

Others nod but show no inclination to join in and face the
 goons.

194 BACK TO FIGHT

194

Which mounts in intensity as CAMERA FOLLOWS it around the
 narrow deck bordering the union office. Johnny knees Terry
 but Terry retaliates with desperate combinations that begin
 to beat Johnny to the deck. Both of their faces are bloody
 and hideously swollen

195 ANOTHER ANGLE—GOONS

195

At this point Sonny, Truck and the other goons jump in to
 save their leader. Terry fights them off like a mad man,
 under vicious attack from all angles.

LONGSHOREMEN WATCHING
 They'll kill 'im! It's a massacre!
 etc.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED: 195

But they still hang back, intimidated by Johnny Friendly and his muscle.

196 TERRY FIGHTING 196

His face a bloody mask, being punched and kicked until he finally goes down. Goons are ready to finish the job when a battered Johnny Friendly mutters:

JOHNNY

That's enough. Let 'im lay there.

Terry is crumpled on the deck, senseless, in a pool of blood.

197 REVERSE-ON EDIE AND FATHER BARRY 197

Pushing their way anxiously through the crowd of longshoremen.

FATHER BARRY

(tight-lipped)

What happened? What happened?

EDIE

(to young longshoreman)

Tommy, what happened?

POP

Where you goin'?

EDIE

(fiercely)

Let me by.

198 BACK TO TERRY 198

Blood seeping from his many wounds as Father Barry and Edie run in and kneel at his side. Johnny Friendly near by.

JOHNNY

You want 'im?

(as he goes)

You can have 'im. The little rat's yours.

FATHER BARRY

(to longshoreman)

Get some fresh water.

EDIE

Terry...?

FATHER BARRY

Terry... Terry... .

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED: 198

Terry groans, barely conscious.

199 ENTRANCE TO PIER—ON BOSS STEVEDORE 199

In felt hat and business suit, symbols of executive authority.

BOSS STEVEDORE
Who's in charge here? We gotta get
this ship going. It's costing us
money.

The longshoremen hang back, glancing off toward the fallen
Terry.

BOSS STEVEDORE
(waving them toward him)
Come on! Let's get goin'!

The men don't move.

BOSS STEVEDORE
I said— c'mon!

TOMMY
How about Terry? If he don't work,
we don't work.

Others around him murmur agreement.

JOHNNY
(from B.G.)
Work! He can't even walk!

JOHNNY ON RAMP
Surrounded by longshoremen ignoring
Stevedore's command, tries to drive
them on.

JOHNNY
Come on! Get in there!
(grabbing Pop and
shoving him forward)
Come on, you!

From force of habit, Pop begins to comply. Then he catches
himself and turns on Johnny.

POP
(sounding more sad
than angry)
All my life you pushed me around.

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED:

199

Suddenly he shoves Johnny off the ramp into the water scummy with oil slick and riverbank debris.

JOHNNY IN WATER

Cursing.

POP AND LONGSHOREMEN

Cheering Johnny Friendly's humiliation.

JOHNNY

(from water)

Come on, get me outa here.

200 BACK TO STEVEDORE

200

BOSS STEVEDORE

Let's go! Time is money!

MOOSE

You hoid 'im. Terry walk in, we walk in with 'im.

Others facing Stevedore mutter agreement.

201 TERRY, FATHER BARRY AND EDIE

201

Terry's eyes flutter as they bathe his wounds.

EDIE

(to Father Barry)

They're waiting for him to walk in.

FATHER BARRY

You hear that, Terry?

(as Terry fails to respond)

Terry, did you hear that?

(trying to penetrate Terry's batteredmind)

You lost the battle but you have a chance to win the war. All you gotta do is walk.

TERRY

(slowly coming to)

...walk?

FATHER BARRY

Johnny Friendly is layin' odds that you won't get up.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

201

JOHNNY
 (in B.G., shouts)
 Come on, you guys!

Friendly's voice acts as a prod on Terry.

TERRY
 (dazed)
 Get me on my feet.

They make an effort to pick him up. He can barely stand. He looks around unseeingly.

TERRY
 Am I on my feet...?

EDIE
 Terry...?

FATHER BARRY
 You're on your feet. You can finish
 what you started.

Blood oozing from his wounds, Terry sways, uncomprehendingly.

FATHER BARRY
 You can!

TERRY
 (mutters through bloody
 lips)
 I can? Okay. Okay...

EDIE
 (screams at Father
 Barry)
 What are you trying to do?

ANGLE-ON RAMP
 As the groggy Terry starts up the
 ramp, Edie reaches out to him. Father
 Barry holds her back.

FATHER BARRY
 Leave him alone. Take your hands off
 him- Leave him alone.

Staggering, moving painfully forward, Terry starts up the ramp. Edie's instinct is to help him but Father Barry, knowing the stakes of this symbolic act, holds her back. Terry stumbles, but steadies himself and moves forward as if driven on by Father Barry's will.

202 TERRY APPROACHING PIER ENTRANCE 202

As he staggers forward as if blinded, the longshoremen form a line on either side of him, awed by his courage, waiting to see if he'll make it. Terry keeps going.

203 REVERSE ANGLE--BOSS STEVEDORE--TERRY'S POV 203

Waiting at pier entrance as Terry approaches. Shot out of focus as Terry would see him through bloody haze.

204 TERRY 204

As the men who have formed a path for him watch intently, Terry staggers up until he is face to face with the Stevedore. He gathers himself as if to say, "I'm ready. Let's go."

STEVEDORE
(calls officially)
All right-- let's go to work!

As Terry goes past him into the pier, the men with a sense of inevitability fall in behind him.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY
Hurrying forward in a last desperate effort to stop the men from following Terry in.

JOHNNY
(screams)
Where you guys goin'? Wait a minute!

As they stream past him.

JOHNNY
I'll be back! I'll be back! And I'll remember every last one of ya!

He points at them accusingly. But they keep following Terry into the pier.

205 WIDER ANGLE--PIER ENTRANCE 205

As Father Barry and Edie look on, Stevedore blows his whistle for work to begin. Longshoremen by the hundreds march into the pier behind Terry like a conquering army. In the b.G. A frenzied Johnny Friendly is still screaming, "I'll be back! I'll be back!" The threat, real as it is, is lost in the forward progress of Terry and the ragtail army of dock workers he now leads.

FADE OUT:

THE END