

**"I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG"**

Written by

Howard J. Green and Brown Holmes

based on the autobiography  
"I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang"  
by  
Robert Elliott Burns's

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Shooting Script, 1932

Warner Bros, Los Angeles, CA;  
Vitaphone Corporation, Hollywood, CA

# I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang



*I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* is a pre-Code 1932 movie in which Paul Muni stars as a wrongfully-accused escapee from a chain gang. The film was written by Howard J. Green and Brown Holmes from Robert Elliott Burns's autobiography, *I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang*. It was directed by Mervyn LeRoy.

(Paul Muni working on a chain gang.)

The film was controversial on its release because of its subject matter (it was banned in Georgia) and contributed to the elimination of forced labor in the penal system in the United States. However, it would be an exaggeration to state that this film caused Southern penal reforms on its own; other forces, such as economic factors, played much larger roles.

In 1991, *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* was selected for preservation in the United States National Film Registry by the Library of Congress as being "culturally, historically, or aesthetically significant".



## ***Plot summary***

Sergeant James Allen (Paul Muni) returns to civilian life after World War I, but has a hard time finding work. He accidentally becomes caught up in a robbery and is sentenced to ten years on a brutal Southern chain gang.

He escapes and makes his way to Chicago, where he becomes a success in the construction business. However, girlfriend Marie Woods (Glenda Farrell) discovers his secret and blackmails him into an unhappy marriage. He then meets and falls in love with Helen (Helen Vinson). When he asks his wife for a divorce, she betrays him to the

# I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang

authorities. He is offered a pardon if he will turn himself in; Allen accepts, only to find that it was just a ruse. He escapes once again.



In the end, Allen visits Helen in her darkened house and tells her he is leaving forever. She asks, "Can't you tell me where you're going? Will you write? Do you need any money? But you must, Jim. How do you live?". In the chilling final line and shot, James replies ominously, "I steal", and backs away, disappearing into the dark.

(Paul Muni: "I steal")

The composition and lighting of the final scene, considered to be one of the best in film history, was reportedly accidental. The lights on the set supposedly either failed or were turned off earlier than intended. The studio liked what it saw and kept the ending.

## **Awards and Nominations**

Academy Award Nominations:

- Best Actor in a Leading Role- Paul Muni
- Best Picture
- Best Sound, Recording- Nathan Levinson (sound director)

National Board Review Award:

- 1932- Best Picture

Other Wins:

1991- National Film Registry

## **References**

1. <sup>^</sup> Dirks, Tim. *I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Gang (1932)*. [www.filmsite.org](http://www.filmsite.org).

## **Further reading**

- Burns, Robert E. (1932). *I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang*. University of Georgia Press. [ISBN 0-8203-1943-0](https://www.amazon.com/dp/0820319430).

## **External links**

- [I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang](https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0021462/) at the Internet Movie Database

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Directed by Mervyn LeRoy

**CHARACTERS**

JAMES ALLEN.....PAUL MUNI  
MARIE WOODS.....GLENDA FARRELL  
HELEN.....HELEN VINSON  
LINDA.....NOEL FRANCIS  
PETE.....PRESTON FOSTER  
BARNEY SYKES.....ALLEN JENKINS  
BOMBER WELLS.....EDWARD ELLIS  
WARDEN.....DAVID LANDAU  
REV. ROBERT CLINTON ALLEN.....HALE HAMILTON  
MOTHER.....LOUISE CARTER  
SEBASTIAN T. YALE.....EVERETT BROWN

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FADE IN ON:

THE FOREWORD

It unfolds itself in a moving scroll. Its text is as follows:

FOREWORD

My brother, Robert E. Burns, is now a fugitive from a chain gang....

He has been branded a convict -- and that makes him a hunted thing on the earth...

The scenes in "I Am a Fugitive" which depict life in a chain gang are true and authentic, being based upon my brother's experiences.

Rev. Vincent G. Burns Church Palisades, New Jersey

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

1 STOCK SHOT 1

An American transport is plowing through water. Her deck is swarmed with soldiers in the uniform of the A.E.F.

The front page of a New York newspaper superimposes itself over this shot. A large-lettered headline reads:

SUNSET DIVISION RETURNING HOME TODAY

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. HOLD OF TRANSPORT 2

The bunks are lined three deep and are crowded very close together. Most of the soldiers who are down in the hold are shooting craps in a noisy game that occupies the center of the floor. Several soldiers sit with their feet dangling from the upper bunks, watching the game. Still others are in their bunks, resting or reading. Another sits on the edge of the bunk blowing his lungs out on a harmonica; what he plays is a sour, unharmonious rendition of "There Are Smiles." Other soldiers are singing along with it.

Bringing our camera closer to the crap game we find a heterogeneous bunch of privates in the Engineering Corps -- a cross-section of American youth from all stations of life -- oblivious of everything except the rolling of the bones.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

There are probably a dozen in the crap game. They are all talking at once as they excitedly participate in the game.

There is a pile of money in the center of the ring as a colored boy excitedly lets the bones roll, his eyes bulging and his fingers snapping. Evidently he makes his point, for he takes in the money with a big grin.

COLORED BOY

Hot diggity!

He quickly counts the money to himself.

3 CLOSE-UP

3

of Sergeant James Allen as he climbs down the hatchway. His feet come into the shot first. We get a good look at him as he turns around when he reaches the deck. He looks toward the crap shooters. Allen is a regular fellow not obsessed with the importance of what his chevron signifies.

ALLEN

Sorry to break up the game, boys --  
the old man's having bunk inspection  
in an hour.

4 LONGER SHOT

4

as the bunch of crap shooters groan with disgust and make ad lib remarks.

SECOND PRIVATE

(above the din of ad  
libs:)

Bunk is right!

The colored boy picks up the money with a grin and shuffles off-scene, counting his winnings. The other fellows go sulkily to their bunks to prepare for inspection, and throughout the rest of the scene they are getting ready, busily tidying up their bunks, cleaning rifles, and attending to other preinspection chores.

Allen stands leaning against one of the bunks while they make their inspection preparation.

5 5. GROUP SHOT

5

of the group near Allen. They include a Texan, the first private, Steve, and a couple of other soldiers. Allen is also in this shot.

(CONTINUED)

TEXAN

(with an unmistakable  
southwestern drawl:)

This man's army is one inspection  
after another -- but when I get back  
on that Texas range, the first man  
who says "inspection" to me will be  
S.O.L. ... he'll hear right from my  
six-shooter.

FIRST PRIVATE

(with a happy grin:)

There'll be no inspection where I'm  
going.

ALLEN

Where's that?

FIRST PRIVATE

Back into vaudeville -- with my old  
lion-taming act ...

(looking dreamily  
into space.)

I wonder if Oscar and Minnie will  
know me when I step back into the  
cage.

TEXAN

(to first private:)

You better hope they do!

FIRST PRIVATE

(thinking of Oscar  
and Minnie and  
ignoring the  
interruption:)

Gee, that'll be a thrill! And what a  
rest it's going to be -- after this  
merry-go-round!

The rest laugh.

ALLEN

(to Steve:)

What are your plans, Steve?

STEVE

I dunno. I had a saloon in Omaha --  
but they closed it up on me while I  
was over here --

(disgustedly.)

Prohibition!

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

ALLEN  
That won't last long...

STEVE  
(worried:)  
I guess not -- but I wish I knew  
what I was gonna do.

ALLEN  
Why don't you do like me -- look for  
some kind of a construction job?

STEVE  
I didn't know that was your line,  
Sergeant.

ALLEN  
(with a seriousness:)  
It wasn't -- but it's going to be...  
I've been reading up on engineering --  
studying it every chance I get --  
and being in the Engineering Corps  
has been swell experience.

FIRST PRIVATE  
We'll be reading about you in the  
newspapers I bet: "Mr. James Allen  
is building a new Panama Canal," or  
something.

6 CLOSE-UP

6

of Allen. He is set in his new ambition.

ALLEN  
(determined:)  
One thing you can bet: Mr. James  
Allen isn't going back to the old  
grind of a factory...

DISSOLVE INTO:

7 STOCK SHOT

7

Returning soldiers marching down Broadway. Crowds line the  
streets and lean out of office windows, cheering, showering  
paper, waving flags as they welcome the returned heroes.

8 MED. SHOT 8

as lines of soldiers march past. Among them, close to the camera, is Sergeant James Allen. The roaring welcome of the crowd comes over the scene.

DISSOLVE INTO:

9 CLOSE SHOT 9

of moving train wheels. We hear an engine whistle.

DISSOLVE INTO:

10 EXT. HOMETOWN STATION LONG SHOT 10

of scattered groups of townspeople waiting for the train to come in. The train is pulling into the station.

11 11. CLOSER SHOT 11

of the group waiting for Allen. It includes his mother, his brother (dressed in ministerial garb), his hometown gal, his employer, and several other friends. They are all in the foreground. In the background the train is seen as it slows down to come to a stop.

ALICE

(she is the hometown gal; she gushes to Allen's mother:)

Aren't you excited, Mrs. Allen? I am!

MOTHER

(with a happy smile:)

I've been waiting for this moment ever since my boy put on his uniform... I wonder if he'll be wearing his medal!

ALICE

Sure he will!

The brother and the other men have been looking toward the train as if to get a glimpse of Allen.

BROTHER

Come on, Mother...

They all start off in one direction.

12 LONGER SHOT 12

as they look along the rear coaches for a sight of the returned hero.

13 CLOSE-UP 13

of Allen with his kit bag. He wears civilian clothes, evidently brand new. He has alighted from a front coach and is looking for his folks. Evidently he spies them. His face lights happily. He hurries in their direction.

14 MED. SHOT 14

Allen's "welcome home" party all stand with their backs toward him, looking at the rear coaches as Allen comes up. His spirits are high and he is glad to be home. He is joyous at seeing his mother. He drops his kit bag as he gets an idea to surprise her. He suddenly puts his hands over her eyes and gives her a quick kiss on the back of her neck.

ALLEN

Guess who?

They all turn at the sound of his voice.

MOTHER

(as she clasps him in  
her arms)

Jim!

ALLEN

Mother!

They remain in embrace while the rest look on, happy. Allen's mother now gives him a typical appraisal.

MOTHER

You're a little thinner, Jim.

ALLEN

Think so? Well -- your cooking will  
fix me up.

Something about Jim puzzles her. Now she knows what it is.

MOTHER

(just a little  
disappointed and  
puzzled)

Why aren't you wearing your uniform?

(CONTINUED)

ALLEN  
 (as if the subject  
 isn't even worth  
 talking about)  
 I couldn't wait to get out of it.

He gives his mother a little hug. The others have been standing patiently by, enjoying the scene, knowing that this is Mother's big moment. Allen now looks over the rest of the group, first grasping his brother's hand warmly.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
 Hello, Clint! You haven't changed a bit...  
 (his eyes rove to  
 Alice, who is looking  
 at him rather  
 embarrassed.)  
 But Alice -- I wouldn't have known you.

He takes her hand and looks at her with an expression that shows a pleasant surprise.

BROTHER  
 She's grown up, hasn't she?

ALLEN  
 I guess that's it...

ALICE  
 (to Allen:)  
 And you look different, too... I think it's the uniform I miss -- it made you look taller -- and sort of distinguished --

She stops as she realizes the unconscious slam. Allen gulps. It is not what he had expected by way of greeting from her. But as he sees the rest of the group, his smile returns.

ALLEN  
 Say -- I've got a real welcome home party here... Hello, fellows!

He shakes hands with several of the boys as ad lib hellos are exchanged. Then he sees his boss, who has been standing somewhat in the background. Seeing him is a great surprise.

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
 (extending his hand)  
 And Mr. Parker! It's awfully nice of you to be here.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

BROTHER  
 (pompously,  
 importantly; to Allen:)  
 You've got a lot to thank Mr. Parker  
 for...

PARKER  
 (magnanimously:)  
 Oh, that's nothing...

BROTHER  
 (to Allen; putting  
 his arm around him:)  
 He feels that after all you've been  
 through we owe you something.  
 (with pride and joy.)  
 Mr. Parker's going to take you back  
 into the factory.

Allen is thunderstruck at this news. It stuns him because of his different plans. Parker quickly interposes.

PARKER  
 I've got the old job waiting for  
 you... You've done your bit -- and  
 your boss isn't going to forget you.

Everyone looks toward Allen, including Parker himself. They all expect Allen to be overjoyed at this display of magnanimity. For a minute Allen's face wears an expression of bewilderment. He knows there is no way to refuse. He starts to smile weakly, knowing it is expected of him.

DISSOLVE INTO:

15 INT. ALLEN LIVING ROOM

15

Allen, his mother, and brother have evidently just come in. Allen has his arm around his mother. His brother carries his kit bag. Allen throws down his hat while the brother gets rid of the bag. Then Allen gives his mother a squeeze and kisses her.

MOTHER  
 (happily)  
 It's wonderful to have you back...

ALLEN  
 (giving her a hug)  
 It's swell to be back.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

BROTHER

Let's sit down and have a talk --  
tell us all about the war.

ALLEN

(laughing)  
I won't live that long.

He sits on the arm of his mother's chair while his brother takes a comfortable armchair.

BROTHER

(proudly)  
What did you think of Mr. Parker  
being at the station?

Allen's brow furrows. He looks worried. His mother and brother are surprised as they notice this.

ALLEN

(a little hesitantly:)  
Say, Clint -- speaking of Mr. Parker --  
will you do me a favor?

BROTHER

Sure... What is it?

ALLEN

(uncomfortably)  
Well -- er -- would you talk to him  
for me -- and tell him I'm not going  
to take the job?

Allen looks from his brother to his mother. They are both shocked.

MOTHER

(shocked)  
Jim!

BROTHER

(to Jim; puzzled)  
And why should I tell him that?

ALLEN

It's sort of hard to explain...

He looks toward the mother and brother but sees no understanding there.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

I know you don't "get" me -- but the  
army changes a fellow...

16 CLOSE-UP

16

of Allen. He is intent on what he is trying to get over to his mother and brother.

ALLEN

It makes you think different...

(rising.)

I don't want to spend the rest of my life being cooped up in a shipping room -- with the same routine day after day... I've got ambition... I want to do something ... not just answer a factory whistle every morning instead of a bugle call...

17 WIDER ANGLE

17

Allen looks down at his mother. She is concerned over him. The brother wonders what has come over the kid.

MOTHER

(softly:)

Jim -- how can you talk like that?

BROTHER

(before Jim can answer):)

He's tired, Mother -- excited.

(putting his arm around Jim.)

You don't know what you're saying -- but tomorrow morning -- after a good night's sleep -- you'll be all ready to take up from where you left off at the factory...

(striking an attitude.)

A soldier of peace instead of a soldier of war!

Allen shakes his head dubiously.

ALLEN

I don't want to be a soldier of anything.

(earnestly.)

I want to get out and do what I want to do... away from routine...

routine... routine! I had enough of that in the army -- and the factory is the army right over again!

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

He puts his arm around his mother again, looking at her as if his eyes might make her understand, but she looks at him sorely puzzled.

BROTHER

(lightly; to Allen)

I'm afraid that the glamour and glory of parades and cheering has gone a little to your head.

(more seriously, with gestures becoming a sermon.)

But now it's time to settle down to the real battle of life -- to join the ranks of those unsung heroes who do their bit day after day in the stores -- offices -- factories --

ALLEN

(quietly)

I want to work -- but I happen to have other plans.

MOTHER

(hopefully)

You mean you have another job?

ALLEN

(while his mother and brother listen with no understanding of what is going on in the boy's mind:)

Not exactly... but I've been doing engineering work, and that's what I want to do.

(enthused.)

A ... man's job... where you really accomplish something --

(appealing to both of them.)

Construction work -- where I can be out in the open -- building -- creating -- doing things.

18 CLOSE-UP

18

of the brother. A grim face.

BROTHER

That sounds very nice -- but after all, a job in the hand is worth two in the bush...

19 WIDER ANGLE

19

taking in the three. Allen looks at his mother for understanding.

MOTHER

(to Allen:)

Your brother's right. You ought to at least try the factory again...

CLINT

(to Allen:)

And when you get back into the swing of the old work, you'll like it more than you think.

He smiles at Allen as if that is that. Allen does not return the smile. He is serious.

20 CLOSE-UP

20

of the mother. She looks longingly at the boy.

MOTHER

And besides, some other job might take you away from me again, Jim -- and I couldn't bear that...

21 WIDER ANGLE

21

taking in the three. Allen can't find words to answer his mother. She has hit his heart.

22 CLOSE-UP

22

of Allen and his mother. He looks toward her for the real answer.

ALLEN

And that's how you really feel about it, Mom?

MOTHER

(looking at him tenderly:)

I don't like to tell you what to do, Jim... but when you were in the war, every time I passed the factory -- I was hoping for the day when my boy would be working there again!

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

She looks at Allen with such great love he cannot answer.

DISSOLVE INTO:

23 CLOSE SHOT 23

of a factory whistle on top of a building. The whistle is blowing. Under the whistle is a large sign reading:

PARKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

The Home of Kumfort Shoes DISSOLVE INTO:

24 INT. SHIPPING ROOM 24

A small room that looks out on one side to the delivery entrance, which can be seen through the window. On the opposite side of the room is another window. Parker and Allen are standing near a desk. Allen is looking around the room which is to be his business home.

PARKER

You see -- we've moved things around quite a bit ... This is much nicer than the old shipping room -- isn't it?

ALLEN

Yes, sir.

PARKER

(pointing to the window that is near the desk:)

You'll sit at this window here and check the shipments ... The job's just about the same... Before you know it, you'll be doing it again with your eyes shut.

Allen nods. He is about to answer when there is a noise of a terrific explosion. Allen jumps. Parker smiles amusedly as both look toward the other window, from which direction the sound of the explosion came.

PARKER (CONT'D)

They're excavating --  
(laughing.)

I shouldn't think that would scare you...

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

ALLEN  
 (now relieved and  
 laughing too:)  
 I was looking for the nearest dugout.

PARKER  
 You'll hear lots of those explosions.  
 (crossing to the  
 window.)  
 It's an awful nuisance.  
 (nodding to Allen to  
 follow him.)  
 They're building a new bridge over  
 the creek.  
 (points)

Allen and Parker look out of the window together, silent for a moment.

25 CLOSE-UP

25

Allen, shooting at his face through the window. He is looking toward the bridge that is being constructed. His eyes have an interest that has been missing until now.

26 REVERSE ANGLE

26

taking in Parker and Allen. Parker turns away from the window.

PARKER  
 (goodnaturedly:)  
 Well -- looking at a construction  
 gang doesn't make shoes!  
 (he starts to leave  
 as Allen reluctantly  
 turns from the window.)  
 Better get busy, Allen -- file those  
 bills of lading.

He nods toward some papers that are on the desk.

ALLEN  
 Yes, sir.

Parker leaves.

27 CLOSE SHOT

27

Allen stands for a moment, thinking of his new surroundings. He looks at the desk. He looks toward the window that faces out onto the bridge. He hesitates, goes to the window, and looks interestedly at what is going on outside. He sighs and

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

turns around with a look of resignation. He crosses to the desk and mechanically picks up the papers to look at them.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

28 INT. ALLEN DINING ROOM

28

The typical dining room of a middle-class, small-town family. Supper is just over. Places were set for three, but only the mother and brother are there. Evidently Allen has not been at supper, for his place is clean and untouched. The mother watches the elder son in silence as he finishes his coffee, and then he pushes the dishes back from him -- a gesture that his supper is finished. The mother starts to sweep away the crumbs and pile the dishes. This business occupies her during much of the ensuing dialogue. The silence has been ominous. Both have been thinking about Allen, and they are both worried about him.

MOTHER

(worried:)

It might do good if you have another talk with Jim.

BROTHER

(with a sense of responsibility:)

I certainly intend to.

(puzzled and nettled.)

Parker's given him a job that anyone in town would grab -- and what does he do?

(exasperatedly.)

Day after day he checks in late from lunch -- loitering around that new bridge -- for no reason at all!

He shakes his head, utterly out of sympathy.

29 CLOSE-UP

29

of the mother, trying to understand her boy, but she is distressed.

MOTHER

He'll come out of it -- but it worries me too...

(sighing.)

30 WIDER ANGLE

30

The brother starts to draw designs on the tablecloth with a fork; he is abstracted in thought. The mother goes silently about her work. A door slams. They look at each other.

MOTHER  
 (calling off; making  
 her tone lighter  
 than her troubled  
 mood:)  
 That you, Jim?

ALLEN'S VOICE  
 (off:)  
 It's me, Mom.

MOTHER  
 (quietly to brother:)  
 Maybe you can speak to him now.

The brother nods. Jim comes in and perfunctorily kisses his mother as he greets his brother. He seems in low spirits -- very depressed.

ALLEN  
 Hello, Clint.

BROTHER  
 You're quite a stranger here.

Allen shrugs.

MOTHER  
 (to Allen:)  
 Had supper?

ALLEN  
 Wasn't hungry.

MOTHER  
 (worried:)  
 But you ought to have a bite of  
 something.

ALLEN  
 (dully:)  
 I couldn't -- don't feel like it...

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

BROTHER  
 (trying not to show  
 his annoyance:)  
 Anyway -- sit down -- I want to talk  
 to you.  
 (Allen pulls out a  
 chair and sits.)

ALLEN  
 I want to talk to you, too.

BROTHER  
 Jim. Mr. Parker's very disappointed  
 in you...

31 CLOSE-UP

31

of Allen. He listens to his brother in a sort of tolerant  
 mood mixed with unrest.

BROTHER'S VOICE  
 You haven't shown him anything.  
 (severely.)  
 You know your duty's to your job...

Allen winces.

ALLEN  
 I know it... but I can't help it...  
 I don't know what's the matter with  
 me.  
 (rising nervously.)

32 WIDER ANGLE

32

as his mother goes over and puts her arm around him. The  
 brother looks at him impatiently.

MOTHER  
 (tenderly:)  
 Maybe you're not well, dear. Why  
 don't you go and see Dr. Whitney?

Allen shakes his head sadly.

ALLEN  
 I don't need him, Mother... It's all  
 up here...  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALLEN (CONT'D)

(tapping his head, he looks tenderly at his mother, who is shocked.)

I told you about it when I first came home.

(with vehemence.)

This isn't the kind of work I want to do... It's too monotonous! The whole factory's monotonous! Sometimes I feel I'd like to jump right out of my skin.

(plaintively.)

I've simply got to get out of it -- and get some kind of an engineering job -- like I wanted to do in the first place.

He looks at his mother, hoping she will understand. She looks at him with a world of devotion; she shakes her head, sorry for him. The brother sighs impatiently. He has feared that this subject would be brought up again. He crosses to Allen.

BROTHER

(to Allen:)

You don't seem to realize --

ALLEN

(interrupting:)

That's it -- realize! No one seems to realize that I am different now than when I went away. I have changed! I have seen things! I have been through hell! Here folks are concerned about my uniform -- how I dance -- I am out of step with everybody -- all the while I was hoping to come back and start a new life -- to be free -- and again I find myself under orders -- a drab routine -- cramped, mechanical, even worse than the army and YOU --

(pointing to his brother)

All of you trying your darndest to map out my future -- to harness me and lead me around to do what YOU think is best for ME! It doesn't occur to you that I have grown in mind and body -- that I have learned that life is more important than a medal on my chest or a stupid,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
 insignificant job! This town is  
 stifling me -- I've got to get out  
 of it! I want to work, do things!  
 Try to become something more than  
 just a clock puncher in a small-town  
 shoe factory!

BROTHER  
 (interrupting:)  
 Appreciation! That's a fine way for  
 you --

MOTHER  
 (interrupting:)  
 Clint!

The brother shrugs. The mother puts her arm around Allen.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 (trying to understand  
 the boy:)  
 What would you do, son...? Where  
 would you go?

ALLEN  
 (groping):)  
 Somewhere -- anywhere... where I  
 could do the sort of work I want --  
 building --

He becomes enthused at the idea; he is letting out his pent-up self.

33 CLOSE-UP

33

of the mother. She is about to make a supreme sacrifice, but she will not stand in the way of her son's happiness.

MOTHER  
 (bravely and quietly:)  
 If your heart's really in that, I  
 think you certainly should follow it --

34 WIDER ANGLE

34

taking in the three. The brother is surprised. But Allen leaps to his feet joyously and hugs his mother.

ALLEN  
 (to Mother:)  
 I knew you'd understand!

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

She smiles ever so faintly. The brother isn't sold.

BROTHER

(to Allen:)

But there's hardly any construction work here... Before we know it, you'll be leaving us again.

MOTHER

(before Allen can answer:)

That doesn't matter... He's got to be happy... He's got to find himself.

She looks at Allen through a tear. He is all steamed up and rarin' to go.

ALLEN

(to Mother, who tries her best to share his enthusiasm:)

You're a peach, Mom...! Listen -- I know there's a lot of construction going on up in New England -- and if I --

By this time we...

DISSOLVE TO:

35 CLOSE-UP

35

of a map, showing New Jersey. We PAN OVER to the vicinity of Boston, Massachusetts. DOUBLE-EXPOSED in

this shot is a fast-moving passenger train. We hear the clickety-click of the wheels as the train speeds over the tracks.

DISSOLVE TO:

36 - 38 OMITTED

39 CLOSE-UP

39

of a large sign. The sign reads as follows: This New Million Dollar Pier under Construction by the Back Bay Engineering Co.

40 EXT. BEACH FULL SHOT

40

The above sign is in evidence. A pier is under construction. Several steam shovels at work near the ocean's edge.

41 CLOSE SHOT 41

Piloting one of these shovels is Allen, hard at his job.

42 42. WIDER ANGLE 42

as the boss comes up and shouts toward Allen.

BOSS  
(calling)  
Say, Allen!

ALLEN  
(shouting back:)  
Calling me?

BOSS  
(calling:)  
Knock off a minute. I want to see  
you.

Allen stops working his shovel and climbs out of it. He walks over to the boss.

BOSS (CONT'D)  
It's bad news... We're cutting down --  
and the new men will have to go...

Allen's face falls but he tries to appear nonchalant.

ALLEN  
So I can kiss the job good-bye, huh?

BOSS  
I'm afraid so...

Allen shrugs his shoulders with forced indifference.

DISSOLVE INTO:

43 CLOSE-UP OF MAP 43

focused on the Massachusetts area. We PAN ALONG the seacoast down to New Orleans. DOUBLE-EXPOSED in this shot is a coastwise passenger ship. We hear the deep voice of its horn as the boat plows through the water.

DISSOLVE INTO:

44 EXT. LEVEE FULL SHOT 44

A number of workmen are repairing a bit of the levee. A number of Negroes are mixed with the whites. (Note: If desired, the

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 44

Negroes may be heard singing as they work.) Allen comes into the scene, looks around, and walks up to a man who is evidently the section boss.

45 CLOSER SHOT 45

The section boss is biting off a wad of chewing tobacco as Allen addresses him.

ALLEN  
You the boss here?

SECTION BOSS  
(still trying to bite  
off a chaw of tobacco:)  
Yep.

ALLEN  
Can you use a good man?

SECTION BOSS  
Last week I could of used you -- but  
now I'm full up.

He starts to walk away, spitting some tobacco juice and watching how far away it lands. Allen looks after him, disappointed.

DISSOLVE INTO:

46 CLOSE-UP OF MAP 46

focusing on New Orleans and PANNING ALONG and up to the Middle West, stopping around Wisconsin or thereabouts. DOUBLE-EXPOSED in this shot is a freight train which lumbers and rattles along.

DISSOLVE INTO:

47 MOVING SHOT 47

of a truck full of lumber. Allen is driving the truck. His clothes are worn. He needs a shave. Next to him sits another worker.

WORKER  
You're new here -- ain't you, Buddy?

ALLEN  
I'm just filling in for a couple of  
days -- but, believe me, I'm glad to  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

ALLEN (CONT'D)  
 be working... It's my first job in  
 four months.

DISSOLVE INTO:

48 CLOSE-UP OF MAP 48

focusing on the Wisconsin and PANNING OVER to St. Louis,  
 Missouri. DOUBLE-EXPOSED in this shot is a freight train,  
 which lumbers and rattles along.

DISSOLVE INTO:

49 CLOSE-UP 49

of the three balls of a pawnshop.

DISSOLVE INTO:

50 INT. PAWNSHOP 50

James Allen stands, thin and stooped and ragged, before the  
 pawnbroker, holding out his medal.

ALLEN  
 How much can you give me on this  
 Belgian Croix de Guerre?

The pawnbroker silently shakes his head. He turns and opens  
 a drawer.

51 CLOSE-UP 51

of the drawer. It is filled with medals of the war and other  
 things that have been hocked by ex-soldiers.

PAWNBROKER'S VOICE  
 Look -- I have everything now --  
 from German pants buttons to DSC's!

52 CLOSE SHOT 52

Allen and the pawnbroker. The pawnbroker closes the drawer.  
 Allen shrugs his shoulders and wearily starts out.

DISSOLVE INTO:

53 CLOSE-UP OF MAP

53

focusing on St. Louis and starting to PAN south. DOUBLE-EXPOSED in this shot we see Allen walking the tracks.

DISSOLVE INTO:

54 CLOSE-UP OF A SIGN

54

reading BED 15c MEAL 15c BATH 5c CAMERA PULLS BACK showing the anteroom of a flophouse. The room is filled with tramps, both white and colored. A clerk, standing behind a counter, is attending to those who can pay for what they want and sending them on into the interior of the building. The rest are sitting around, eyeing the others, some envious, some indifferent.

CAMERA PICKS UP Allen, seated on a bench against the wall. On one side of him is a large Negro; on the other side is Pete -- hard-boiled, desperate, and a chronic bum.

CAMERA DOLLIES UP to a CLOSE-UP of Allen and Pete. Both men are unshaven and filthy. Pete is playing solitaire with a dirty, greasy deck of cards. Allen sits near him and is unconsciously kibitzing. Pete cannot make any more moves with the cards and gathers them in

disgustedly. He looks toward Allen for silent sympathy. Then he begins to idly shuffle the cards, and as he does so, he gives Allen a look from head to feet.

PETE

Say, pal, how about some poker -- to see who bums the handout?

ALLEN

I'm afraid not...

(Pete looks disappointed.)

I'm new in the town -- and not onto the ropes.

Pete nods understandingly. Absently he continues to shuffle the cards.

PETE

Been on the road?

ALLEN

Yeah...

(with a cynical grin.)

I took to walking the ties when my Hispano-Suize broke down.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

Pete joins Allen in a grin.

PETE

Broke, huh?

ALLEN

Not exactly -- I have a lot of money tied up in stocks -- but I don't like to sell them on a falling market.

Pete likes this guy.

PETE

You're a cheerful sort of scout... What's your moniker?

ALLEN

James Allen.

PETE

James Allen -- that'll do, I guess... Mine's Pete.

He holds out his hand. Allen grasps it.

ALLEN

Glad to know you, Pete.

PETE

(throwing the cards on the table:)

Well -- I'm hungry...! What would you say to a hamburger?

ALLEN

(amused:)

What would I say to a hamburger?

(Pete nods. Allen pretends to think deeply.)

Well -- I'd shake Mr. Hamburger by the hand -- and I'd say, "You're an old friend -- but I haven't seen you in a long, long time."

PETE

I think I can mooch a couple in the lunch wagon down the street. The guy who runs it is a pretty soft egg... What do you say?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

ALLEN  
 (his face lighting:)  
 I hope you're not fooling.

He starts to get up to join Pete.

DISSOLVE INTO:

55 INT. OF A LUNCH WAGON

55

A lone customer is finishing his coffee. Mike, the proprietor, is standing behind the counter. Pete and Allen stand in front of the counter.

PETE  
 (to Mike:)  
 How about giving me and my friend a handout?

Mike is not pleased, but he is softhearted.

MIKE  
 I was hoping you'd left town.

PETE  
 (coaxingly:)  
 Say -- I been laying off of you for a couple of days ... Come on -- be a sport.

Mike shakes his head and sighs.

MIKE  
 All right -- sit over there.

He nods to a corner of the lunch wagon. Pete gives Allen a broad wink, and Allen smiles thankfully at his new friend. They go to the corner of the lunch wagon and sit down.

56 CLOSE-UP OF MIKE

56

as he slaps out two hamburgers and puts them on the fire.

57 CLOSE-UP OF ALLEN

57

as he sees the hamburgers sizzling. He licks his lips in anticipation of the coming feast.

58 WIDER ANGLE

58

taking in all. The customer has finished his coffee. He gets up.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

CUSTOMER  
(to Mike:)  
What do I owe you?

MIKE  
Fifteen cents.

The customer puts the money on the counter and leaves. Mike takes the money and steps over to the cash register, which is close to the boys. He rings it up. A few dollar bills are visible.

59 CLOSE-UP OF PETE

59

as he casually glances toward the cash register. It gives him a thought. A cunning expression creeps over his face.

60 WIDER ANGLE

60

taking in all. Mike is just about to close the cash register when Pete's voice arrests him.

PETE  
Business is pretty good, huh?

MIKE  
(puzzled:)  
Yeah. Pretty good.

PETE  
(his voice suddenly  
becoming hard:)  
How good?

Pete whips a gun out of his pocket and points it at Mike.

MIKE  
(staring at the gun:)  
Hey -- what is this?

PETE  
Put your hands on the counter.  
(Mike complies.)  
Lean over here -- just like you and  
me are talking.

Mike does what he is told. He leans across the counter by Pete; the gun is almost against his heart. Allen sits staring, dazed. Pete turns to him.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

PETE (CONT'D)  
 (to Allen:)  
 Get the dough out of the cash  
 register.

ALLEN  
 Listen --

PETE  
 Go on. Do as I say...

He turns the gun a little so that it covers Allen. Allen slowly gets off the stool and moves around to the cash register. He hesitates.

PETE (CONT'D)  
 (gesturing with the  
 gun:)  
 Come on!

He looks at the gun again. Then he takes the money out of the till, his hand shaking a little.

PETE (CONT'D)  
 (to Allen:)  
 How much is there?

The sweat has come out on Mike's face. He moves to wipe it off. Pete knocks his hand down.

ALLEN  
 (counting:)  
 Five dollars -- and eighty cents.

PETE  
 (angrily to Mike:)  
 There ought to be more than that!  
 Where is it?

MIKE  
 (nervously:)  
 No -- no -- that's all --

Pete gives him a fierce look, then turns to Allen.

PETE  
 Put the dough in your pocket and  
 come on.

Pete starts backing toward the door, keeping the gun on both Mike and Allen. By the door he reaches up with one hand and yanks the telephone cord from its socket.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

PETE (CONT'D)

(to Mike:)

And don't start yelling for the cops --

He is interrupted by a voice from outside.

VOICE

You won't have to yell, Mike.

Pete whirls around in the doorway and shoots. There is another shot, and Pete crumples. Two cops walk in, guns in their hands. Allen stands helpless. The two cops step forward excitedly to see whether or not Pete is killed. As they bend over, Allen, in a panic, makes a dash for the doorway.

MIKE

(excitedly, from behind  
the counter:)

Get that guy -- he's got the money!

The cops whirl around. One of them makes a grab at Allen as Allen tries to slip out of the door. With a terrific shove he manages to push the cop away from him and runs out. The cops immediately start after him.

61 FULL SHOT

61

of street as Allen runs desperately with the cops not far behind him. Just as he gets to a corner,

62 CLOSE SHOT OF A CORNER

62

showing the street that runs right angles to the one in the above scene. A moment with no figures, then Allen rounds the corner and rushes past the camera. Another moment with no figures, then the cops round the corner in pursuit.

63 FULL SHOT OF THIS SECOND STREET

63

Allen being pursued by the cops. They have gained slightly on him.

64 MED. SHOT

64

as Allen is about to turn in an alley. There is a brick wall behind him.

65 CLOSE SHOT OF ONE OF THE COPS

65

stopping and leveling a revolver. He pulls the trigger.

66 CLOSE SHOT OF ALLEN 66

as a bullet hits the brick wall right over his head. He ducks in fright as a second bullet hits the wall. If he hadn't ducked it would have plugged him. As he tries to regain his feet to run away --

67 MED. SHOT 67

As Allen gets to his feet the cops are on him. They grab him roughly.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

68 INT. COURTROOM MED. CLOSE-UP OF JUDGE 68

seated upon the bench, with the back of Allen's head in the foreground.

JUDGE

(as though summing up  
the case:)

I see no reason for leniency -- since the money was found on your person. Furthermore, upon detection, you attempted to escape -- which would of necessity increase the seriousness of your offense.

(commences rapping on  
the desk with his  
gavel.)

I therefore, in accordance with the laws of this state, sentence you to ten years of hard labor --

Throughout this speech and during the pounding of the gavel, we...

69 CLOSE-UP OF THE GAVEL 69

rapping for order. From the pounding gavel,

DISSOLVE TO:

70 CLOSE-UP A SMALL SLEDGE HAMMER (PRISON BLACKSMITH SHOP) 70

pounding in the rivet that fastens the shackles and chains to one of the legs of James Allen. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Allen, in striped prison suit, staring down at the chains. Allen seems bewildered, dazed. The blacksmith finishes the job and looks at the strong shackles proudly, taking a

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

sadistic delight in his work. Mr. Blacksmith sinisterly counts off the links.

BLACKSMITH

(counting:)

One -- two -- three -- four -- five --  
six -- seven -- eight -- nine -- ten --  
eleven -- twelve -- thirteen... A  
nice lucky number!

Allen stares down at his shackles. He notices the three-foot chain which is fastened to the chain between his legs, the loose end of which is lying on the floor. He picks it up gingerly and examines the iron ring on the end.

ALLEN

(glancing at the  
blacksmith and  
indicating the loose  
chain:)

What's this for?

BLACKSMITH

To pick your teeth with.

(He grabs a pair of  
prison shoes from  
the bench and throws  
them down at Allen's  
feet.)

Here -- take off your shoes.

Allen drops the chain. It clanks on the floor as he bends over and starts removing his shoes.

DISSOLVE TO:

71 CLOSE-UP ALLEN'S HANDS

71

lacing up the heavy prison shoes on his feet. The shoes are much too large. The old army shoes lie sprawled beside him. One of the shoes is turned upside down, showing the sole worn through.

VOICE

(outside shot; hard  
and guttural:)

Get a move on.

Allen has finished tying the laces of his shoes. CAMERA PULLS BACK showing a guard standing in the doorway. Allen rises and starts to walk but at the first step he almost trips himself, inasmuch as only a little over a half-step can be taken on account of the chain.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

GUARD  
(gruffly:)  
Pick it up.

Allen pauses and stares at the guard. He is bewildered, dazed, not realizing yet where he is. It is a bad dream.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
Pick up that chain!

Allen glances at his feet and notices the upright chain with the loose end lying on the floor. He stoops down and picks it up.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
Follow me.

He goes out the door. It is almost dusk. Through the doorway, the faint glow that is still in the sky can be seen. Allen, with his back to the CAMERA, shuffles out through the door slowly and off as the scene

FADES OUT:

FADE IN:

72 SLEEPING QUARTERS DARK

72

A chain clanks in the darkness. Then a lamp appears in the foreground, and we see silhouetted black against it two guards. One of them passes on down the room, and in the light from his lamp we see dimly the figures of convicts sprawled on cots. The guard with the lamp unlocks the building chain, which runs the length of the room and to which the sleeping men are fastened by their upright chains.

GUARD  
(yelling:)  
Get up -- and I mean you!

The convicts sit up in bed, each one grabbing the ring of his upright chain. The guard in the foreground starts pulling on the building chain, and it runs noisily through the rings held by the men.

73 JAMES ALLEN

73

still lying asleep on his cot. The noise of the chains arouses him, and he sits up, blinking bewilderedly in the semidarkness. He is suddenly jerked out of his cot and crashes against the next cot. He lies there a little stunned. The guard with the lamp comes up and loosens the building chain which has caught in the ring of Allen's upright chain.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 73

GUARD

That'll learn you to sit up and hold  
onto this!

The guard throws the upright ring into Allen's face.

74 74. FULL SHOT 74

The other guard pulls the building chain through the rest of the rings. The convicts, fully dressed, drag bodies, aching with weariness, off their cots and move heavily in a mass toward the next room.

75 75. MESS ROOM 75

The convicts coming in. They move sluggishly. The room is dimly lit by lamps that throw a yellow jaundiced light. There is a long table with benches running down each side. The first men in grab seats on the ends of the benches. The others must first sit with their backs to the table, then swing both chained legs around together over the bench. They sit heavily on the crude benches.

James Allen pauses a moment, sees what the others do, then sits on a bench and swings his legs over. He looks around him.

The faces of the convicts, stained by the sickly light, are grim and grotesque. A sullen silence hangs heavily, broken only by an occasional animallike snarl as one man jostles against another in getting into place, or as a man is faced again with the same horrible food.

There is a tin plate in front of each man. On it are a piece of fried dough, three small pork sides, and some sorghum, beside it a cup of black coffee. Allen is still bewildered and dazed as he glances around the table and looks down at the food in front of him.

76 CLOSE-UP OF ALLEN 76

He mechanically puts his fork into the food and takes a mouthful. He starts to chew and the taste of the food sickens him. He lays down his fork and pushes the plate away from him. He is on the verge of nausea.

77 WIDER ANGLE 77

as the convicts around him look at him. One of them laughs uproariously. Another nudges his neighbor and nods toward Allen. Allen stares blankly at the unappetizing food in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

Sitting next to Allen is Bomber Wells, a large, violent man with a grim sense of humor. He is up for life and has already spent twelve years on the chain gang. He is completely hardened to it now. A pork side in his mouth, chewing with his mouth open, he turns and looks at Allen.

WELLS

Grease, fried dough, pig fat, and sorghum. You better like it -- because you're going to get the same thing every morning -- every year.

SYKES

You can't get better food on any chain gang in the state --

WELLS

Yeah... And you can go all over the world -- and never find worse...

ALLEN

They don't think anybody can eat a mess like this, do they?

Allen starts trying to eat it again. He takes a bit; his face lines with distaste. He shoves the plate away with finality.

Across the table is Barney Sykes, shifty eyed, black haired -- a sheik in convict's clothing. He always tries to be one of the tough boys. He takes up the note of defiance. He takes a drink of his coffee. He spits it out.

WELLS

Why do you keep on trying that slime if you're going to spit it out every morning?

SYKES

I'm practicing. The last day of my year here I'm going to spit it right in the warden's kisser.

WELLS

He'll be blinded for life...

Allen listens, still as if he were having a nightmare and expected to wake up. Across the table from Allen is Red, a young man with face not yet hardened. He is chewing.

(CONTINUED)

- 77 CONTINUED: (2) 77
- He stops suddenly, his face pale and lined with nausea. He gulps. Then his head falls onto his arms on the table. His body shudders.
- DISSOLVE TO:
- 78 THE PRISON YARD 78
- weirdly lighted with a few glare torches, enclosed by two separate fences of barbed wire. The warden stands in the doorway of the building, shouting.
- WARDEN  
Come by me. Come by me.
- The men file out of the building. They move faster now, but still heavily, their chains clanking.
- 79 SECOND BUILDING 79
- Negroes filing out, chains clanking, their black skins shining in the torchlight.
- 80 THE PRISON YARD 80
- The men assemble in groups of twenty, lined up two by two. The Negroes form their separate groups.
- James Allen follows Bomber Wells. The men line up side by side, each holding his upright chain toward the man next to him. Allen and Bomber line up together. The guards have started running "squad chain" down the center of each group, passing the squad chain through each iron ring so that twenty men are chained together and each man can move only about five feet from his nearest neighbor. There is no talk, no noise except the clanking of chains.
- 81 SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS 81
- James Allen, bewildered, wondering. Nordine, his vicious eyes alert, darting. Red, his face pale and sick. A resigned, beaten, white face. A hard, bitter face. A sullen white face. Expressionless black faces. Each seen for a moment in the flickering flare of the torches.
- 82 CLOSE-UP (TO INTERCUT WITH ABOVE) 82
- The squad chain being run through the iron rings, chaining the men together.

83 ANOTHER PART OF THE YARD 83

A team of four mules, lined up two by two, being fastened together, like the convicts.

84 FULL SHOT OF YARD 84

The groups, chained together now, are climbing onto the trucks. At the gate, each truck with a driver and two guards with guns on their laps on the front seat stops while the men are counted. Then the truck moves out.

DISSOLVE TO:

85 ROCK QUARRY AT DAWN 85

In the first dim light of dawn we see dark figures huddled among the rocks, waiting for light enough to work.

86 GROUP ALLEN, BOMBER, NORDINE 86

They sprawl together by a large rock. Nordine is a small, vicious-looking man. He leans over and touches Allen on the arm. Allen starts. He is still not part of his surroundings.

NORDINE

Are you up here for murder, kid?

ALLEN

No...

NORDINE

(worried:)

I heard that a guy that killed four people was being sent up here.

WELLS

Nordine's always worrying about losing his spot as high man here -- he only killed three...

NORDINE

More than anyone else in this chain gang...

WELLS

His wife, sister-in-law, and mother-in-law... Killed 'em in one night -- with an ax -- so he wouldn't disturb the neighbors...

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

NORDINE  
 (to Allen; still  
 suspicious:)  
 What are you up taking the rap for?

ALLEN  
 I didn't do anything.

The men wink at each other and laugh.

WELLS  
 (with rough good  
 nature; to Allen:)  
 Come on -- tell us -- you're among  
 friends.

Allen looks at his "friends" with an attempted smile that misses.

87 FULL SHOT OF THE QUARRY

87

A GUARD  
 (shouting:)  
 Get to work! And I mean you!

The dark, huddled figures rise and start moving. Their chains clank on the rocks. Their bent figures are silhouetted against the glowing east as they commence working. Sledges start to rise and fall -- the noise of drills, men breaking up large rocks, the clanking of chains, and the ring of the hammering sledges. The first rays of the sun flash from a swinging sledge at the top of its arc.

DISSOLVE TO:

88 QUARRY MIDDAY

88

The hot sun glaring down, sledges still swinging, bodies sweating and steaming, guards watching, wandering about, finding fault with everybody's work. Ad lib. "No one works hard enough." The only answer allowed from the convicts is "Yes, sir." A convict stops working and shouts to the nearest guard.

CONVICT  
 Getting out here.

The guard points to a clump of bushes at the side of the quarry.

GUARD  
 All right -- get out there.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: 88

The convict goes to the clump of bushes.

89 ALLEN AND BOMBER 89

swinging their sledges in synchronization, driving in the same drill. Without stopping work, Allen nods at the convict going into the bushes.

ALLEN  
What's the idea?

WELLS  
He gets two minutes --  
(He spits through his  
teeth.)  
To brush his teeth.

Allen nods understandingly.

90 SEBASTIAN YALE 90

A huge Negro, swinging his sledge with beautiful rhythm and perfect accuracy. He is not far from Allen and Bomber.

91 ALLEN AND BOMBER 91

Bomber nods toward the big Negro.

WELLS  
Look at that big buck handle a sledge.  
He never misses... You can lay down  
a nickel and he'll knock the buffalo's  
right eye out.

Allen looks dully toward the Negro and nods to Bomber mechanically.

WELLS (CONT'D)  
They like his work so much they're  
going to keep him here the rest of  
his life.

He laughs at his own joke as Allen continues to stare at the Negro.

92 CLOSE-UP ALLEN 92

as he starts to wipe the sweat off his face. A fist enters, crashing against Allen's jaw, knocking him out of the shot.

93 CLOSE SHOT

93

Allen lies sprawled on the ground. A guard towers over him. Bomber keeps on swinging his sledge. Allen's hand tightens on his sledge. Before he can swing it Bomber's foot steps on it, the Bomber still swinging his sledge.

GUARD

Quit stalling -- come on, get up...

ALLEN

(rising:)

I just wanted to get the sweat off my face...

GUARD

Well, you got it knocked off.

The guard moves away.

94 CLOSE-UP OF ALLEN

94

He looks aggressively after the guard. He "sees red." He starts toward him when Bomber's detaining hand comes into the scene.

95 CLOSE SHOT

95

Bomber shakes his head at Allen.

WELLS

That won't do no good... You got to ask permission to wipe the sweat off --  
(calling out.)  
(wiping it off...)

GUARD'S VOICE

All right, Bomber -- wipe it off.

Bomber stops and wipes off the sweat.

WELLS

Like that... and in the first place, you got to get their permission to sweat...

He resumes swinging his sledge.

96 RED

96

He is sagging. He tries to swing his sledge, but his arms won't work anymore. A guard comes up. Red looks at him pitifully.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

RED  
 (gasping:)  
 I got to quit... my stomach...

GUARD  
 Get to work or I'll kick that  
 bellyache up around your ears.

Red trembles, then starts swinging his sledge weakly. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show the whole quarry. Sledges swinging under the blazing sun, black men and white men, the guards prodding them to work harder, an occasional "Yes, sir," a man calling "Wiping it off," and the answering "Wipe it off," the clank of sledges and chains. A figure crumples to the ground.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
 (yelling:)  
 Keep on working...

97 CLOSE-UP RED

97

Red lies unconscious on the ground. A bucket of warm water is thrown in his face. He does not stir. A foot comes in and kicks him.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

98 PRISON YARD DUSK

98

Several of the trucks have already arrived as others drive in. The men are climbing off the trucks and the squad chains are being removed. Allen and Bomber Wells are among the men.

99 CLOSE SHOT SQUAD

99

including Allen and Bomber. The men are caked with dust and sweat. They are dead tired, their shoulders sagging, their heads drooping. A guard is removing the squad chain. They then go into the building.

100 ANOTHER PART OF THE YARD

100

The group of mules being unfastened, like the convicts, after their day's work.

101 CLOSE-UP OF FEET AND LEGS OF FIRST CONVICT

101

in front of one of the guards. He is standing with his feet apart and the chain drawn tight between them. The guard, seated on a little stool, bends down to examine the links of the chain to see that they haven't been tampered with, as

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

well as the ankle bracelets. As soon as the guard is satisfied with his inspection, he says: "All right." The convict calls out "One" as he enters the building and the next man in line takes his place in front of the guard. The guard examines his chains and says, "All right," and the second man, calling out "Two," enters the building. We hold this scene long enough to become acquainted with the routine.

CUT TO:

102 INT. PRISON BUILDING

102

at the door as the convicts file in from the prison yard. Here they pass another guard who examines them for signs of perspiration. He smells each convict in turn and then, satisfied that the convict has done a hard day's work, he nods him to go on.

CUT TO:

-- [56] --

103 INT. MESS HALL

103

starting with a CLOSE-UP on a large bowl of water, dirty and thick. Two men have their hands in the black water. Another puts his grimy hands in it. (The men wash in a corner of the mess hall.)

The CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see it is the only facility for washing. Allen and Bomber come from the doorway. Allen stops and looks around. He is surprised at these conditions, but by now is resigned to anything. He almost smiles -- a bitter smile.

ALLEN  
(unbelievably:)  
Is this the washroom?

WELLS  
Yep.

Bomber steps up to the basin and starts to wash. He turns toward Allen.

WELLS (CONT'D)  
Come on -- there's room.

Allen cannot bring himself to wash in that muck. He shakes his head.

ALLEN  
Nope -- I forgot my bath salts.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: 103

He goes toward the dining room table.

104 TIN PLATE OF FOOD 104

The food is the same as breakfast -- a little worse. CAMERA PANS UP as Allen swings his feet around to face the table. He stares down at the lousy food, then up at the convicts. They are all eating voraciously.

CUT TO:

105 SLEEPING QUARTERS 105

Red staggers in and throws himself on a cot. He lies there shuddering.

CUT TO:

106 MESS TABLE 106

The silence is heavy. There is no note of defiance now -- everybody is too tired and hungry. Even James Allen eats, like the rest. He eats eagerly -- fat, pork, and all.

DISSOLVE TO:

107 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS 107

Allen lies exhausted on his cot. Other men are sprawled on their beds. Everyone is too tired to talk as they lie there in their sweaty clothes.

108 CLOSE-UP 108

Allen, now that he has time to think, is utterly dejected. It is like a terrible nightmare as he looks around him.

WARDEN'S VOICE

All right, boys -- show me the men  
that didn't give us a good day's  
work.

At the sound of this harsh voice Allen shuts his eyes as if to blot out grim reality.

109 FULL SHOT 109

The warden, with a group of guards, is walking along the line of cots. He has a leather strap six feet long, three inches wide, a quarter of an inch thick.

110 CLOSE-UP 110

Allen, opening his eyes and watching what they intend to do.

111 WIDER ANGLE 111

The group moves down the row of beds. They come to Ackerman, gaunt and thin.

GUARD

Ackerman here hasn't been on the job, Warden.

WARDEN

Is that so?

The warden jerks his head toward the mess room. Ackerman rises slowly, his face a mask of horror as he moves toward the door. One of the convicts removes Ackerman's shirt. The group goes on down the line.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

Anybody else?

FIRST GUARD

(to warden:)

Red. He tried to pull a faint.

112 CLOSE-UP OF RED 112

on a cot, as the warden bends over him, grabs him by the shoulder, and turns him face up.

RED

(miserably:)

I don't care what you do to me -- it doesn't matter.

WARDEN

Oh -- so that's the way you feel...  
Well -- take a look at this.

He holds the leather strap in front of Red's face. Red's eyes grow wide. He shudders.

113 CLOSE SHOT 113

Allen and Wilson, the man in the next cot.

(CONTINUED)

- 113 CONTINUED: 113
- ALLEN  
(To Wilson; in a  
whisper before he  
realizes what he has  
said:)  
The skunk!
- 114 CLOSE-UP 114
- the warden, looking up quickly.
- 115 CLOSE-UP ALLEN 115
- on his cot. He looks up now with a slight trace of defiance as he realizes the warden has overheard him.
- 116 CLOSE-UP 116
- of the warden and the guards staring at Allen, a cruel leer on the warden's face.
- WARDEN  
You're next.  
(he turns to a guard.)  
Take his stinking shirt off.
- The warden turns and walks out of the room.
- 117 CLOSE-UP OF ALLEN 117
- showing two guards pulling his shirt off, dragging him to his feet, and walking him down the corridor toward the door. They pause outside the door, Allen with his bare back to the CAMERA. There is a moment of absolute silence; then from the mess room can be heard the terrific crash of leather on bare skin. Allen, standing rigid, winces instinctively at every crash of the leather -- one ... two... three... four... (at the end of the fourth blow an exclamation finally escapes the unseen figure of Ackerman in the next room)... five... six ... seven. At this point, Ackerman loses all control and lets out an excruciating scream... eight... nine ... ten.
- 118 FULL SHOT OF THE MEN ON THE COTS 118
- CAMERA PANS DOWN the line from one to another, showing various expressions of fear, dumb horror, resentment, and occasionally an expression of smug satisfaction on the features of a convict who is relieved by the thought that someone else is being beaten instead of him.

119 DOORWAY 119

Allen standing there. Two guards push past him, dragging the half-conscious figure of Ackerman, limp and bleeding. Allen stares at him.

WARDEN'S VOICE

Take your shirt, dummy.

Ackerman's shirt flies out the door. The two guards jerk Allen in through the doorway.

120 CLOSE-UP BOMBER 120

staring toward the door. CAMERA MOVES UP past the other convicts, all staring toward the empty doorway in morbid fascination. The crash of the leather on bare flesh is heard as the CAMERA MOVES slowly toward the open door. On the fourth crash of leather, just as the CAMERA STARTS THROUGH THE DOOR, the scene

FADES OUT:

FADE IN:

121 A CALENDAR 121

The warden's leather strap crashes across the calendar. A month is swept off.

DISSOLVE TO:

122 SHOOTING INTO A PRISON WINDOW 122

Convicts' faces are peering out. Allen is there, also Bomber, Wilson, Doggy, and others. They look out hungrily.

123 SHOOTING OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW 123

Past the convicts looking out through the bars, Barney is seen in street clothes as he passes out the heavy gate. He gives the guard at the gate a farewell salute that is very close to nose thumbing. From habit he still walks with the short chain gang step.

124 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS 124

as most of the men slowly turn away from the window. A few still look after the departed Barney. Everyone wishes he were Barney.

WILSON

Well, Barney's gone.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

DOGGY

The lucky rat.

ALLEN

At least it proves something -- you  
really can get out of here!

DOGGY

Sure you can.

(pointing to some  
marks on the wall  
beside his bed.)

And I keep track of the days. They  
ain't gonna cheat me out of anything.

WELLS

When's your time up?

DOGGY

I got it figured out exactly.

(consulting the wall.)

Four days -- two weeks -- seven  
months... and twelve years.

They all give hollow laughs.

ALLEN

(half to himself:)

Let's see... Four weeks from ten  
years... That's nine years and forty-  
eight weeks.

WILSON

(with a short laugh:)

You can't count those away.

Allen lowers his head slowly and gazes at his ankles. Then  
he looks out of the window again. Wilson is standing near  
the window.

WILSON (CONT'D)

(grimly; nodding toward  
the window:)

Red's leaving today, too.

CUT TO:

125 EXT. PRISON YARD SHOOTING OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW

125

A coffin is being hoisted into a truck. Then the truck starts  
out.

CUT TO:

126 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS 126

The men's faces become grim and bitter. Wilson and Allen turn away from the window, restraining their emotions with silence.

WELLS

Well -- that's two ways to get out of here... Work out and die out...

127 THE ROAD NEAR THE CAMP CLOSE SHOT 127

Barney. A prison truck has drawn up alongside of him, the motor still running.

GUARD

(on the truck:)

You might as well grab a ride into town with us...

SYKES

Yeah... I can't walk very good anymore without those chains on.

Barney climbs on the back of the truck. There is the coffin containing Red. He sits on it and slowly lights a cigarette.

128 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS 128

The men are going over to their cots, too concerned over the events of the day to do much talking. Allen stands brooding. Wilson is near him.

ALLEN

Doesn't a man ever break loose?

WILSON

You mean hang it on the limb...?

(he shakes his head sadly.)

There's too many breaks against you. You've got to beat the chains -- the bloodhounds -- and a bunch of guards who'd just as soon bring you back dead.

He walks away from Allen. Bomber has been listening to the conversation from his cot. He nods to Allen. Allen goes over.

129 CLOSE SHOT 129

Bomber and Allen.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: 129

WELLS

(quietly:)

It might be done -- but you got to figure out some perfect scheme.

130 CLOSE-UP 130

Allen looking intently toward the window.

BOMBER'S VOICE

You got to watch -- you got to wait -- maybe a year -- maybe two -- then hang it on the limb.

Allen is thinking hard to himself.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

131 THE CALENDAR AGAIN 131

A number of sledges superimposed, pounding in rapid rhythm. With each stroke a month flies off, until several months have passed.

DISSOLVE TO:

132 ONE SLEDGE 132

crashing against the rails of an old rusty railroad track. The blows land with terrific force, jarring the rails loose.

CAMERA PULLS BACK. It is the giant Negro, Sebastian Yale, swinging the sledge. Allen is working close to him. Allen stops a moment and looks around.

CAMERA PANS AROUND and picks up the chain gang, both white and colored, working together on the railroad bed. They are tearing up the rails, ties and all. The guards at either end of the gang seem weary and are paying very little attention to the men.

133 EXT. BY TRACKS CLOSE SHOT 133

Three bloodhounds sit beneath a tree, chained, panting with the terrific heat. A guard sits drowsily nearby, having a hard time to keep his eyes open in the heavy humidity.

134 ALLEN AND SEBASTIAN 134

They are a little separated from the other convicts.

(CONTINUED)

ALLEN  
(cautiously:)  
Sebastian...

SEBASTIAN  
Yas, suh.  
(he keeps on swinging  
his sledge.)

ALLEN  
Do you think you can hit my shackles  
hard enough to bend them?

Sebastian stares at him, still swinging his sledge, every  
blow landing true.

SEBASTIAN  
(his mouth agape:)  
You thinkin' about --

ALLEN  
(interrupting:)  
I've been thinking about it for  
months. If you can bend my shackles  
just a little, I can slide them off  
my foot...

SEBASTIAN  
(undecided:)  
Ah don't want to get in no trouble --  
but ah'd certainly like to see you  
get away from this misery.

ALLEN  
The heat's got the guards down --

Sebastian looks toward the guards and nods.

SEBASTIAN  
All right, boss -- but you keep your  
eye on them ...

ALLEN  
I am -- Look -- I'll put my leg like  
this...

Allen puts his shackles against the end of a railroad tie.

SEBASTIAN  
Hold still now... If I hit your leg  
your foot will drop off right along  
with the shackle...  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: (2)

134

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

(he grins.)

Sebastian has grown so absorbed at the idea that he is about to stop working.

-- [65] --

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

You got to promise not to yell no matter how it hurts -- or they'll accuse me of helping you.

ALLEN

I promise...

(with a warning glance in the direction of the guard.)

Better keep working... I'm leaving my foot here -- see? You hit it when you can.

135 CLOSE-UP OF ALLEN'S FOOT

135

up against the end of the railroad tie so that the shackle is pressing against the wood. His other foot is placed a few inches forward, in order to leave room for the sledge to hit the exposed side of the shackle. Sebastian's sledge can be heard falling with resounding crashes on the ties.

136 MED. SHOT OF THE GROUP

136

showing all the convicts working and the two guards at either end completely unaware that anything is wrong. Sebastian, seizing the opportunity, brings his sledge down against the shackle with terrific force. Allen can be seen to start slightly from the shock.

137 ALLEN AND SEBASTIAN

137

Allen takes a deep breath and shuts his eyes. Sebastian swings the sledge. It crashes against the shackle. Allen's whole body is jarred. He looks at the shackle -- then at the guards.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Again...

Sebastian swings twice more.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Now the other one...

He puts the other shackle against the end of the rail.

138 CLOSE-UP 138

of the shackle as the sledge crashes against it.

DISSOLVE TO:

139 INT. MESS ROOM AT OUTER DOORWAY 139

The guard sitting on the stool examining the shackles, the men lined up outside the door. Allen is the third in line. The other men are stooped and detached -- it is just the old routine to them, meaningless. Allen is tense and rigid. The two men in front of him are passed in.

140 CLOSE-UP 140

The guard's hands on Allen's shackles, giving them a perfunctory examination. There is no evident change in the shackles.

141 CLOSE-UP ALLEN 141

His face tense, not daring to look down.

GUARD'S VOICE

All right...

Allen's face relaxes. He starts on in.

DISSOLVE TO:

142 CLOSE-UP 142

In the dim darkness Allen's hands working the shackle slowly over the heel. It sticks. CAMERA PULLS BACK. Allen wets the heel with spit. The shackle slides off. Bomber's face appears close, seen faintly in the darkness.

WELLS

When are you going to do it?

ALLEN

Monday...

WELLS

That's good. You can rest up for it on Sunday.

(a pause, then.)

Got any dough?

-- [67] --

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

ALLEN

A little...

WELLS

Here's seven bucks.

(he takes some bills  
out of his shirt and  
hands them to Allen.)

When you get to Stanton look up  
Barney... Here's his address ...

(he hands Allen a  
slip of paper.)

He'll take care of you...

ALLEN

Thanks, Bomber.

WELLS

Nervous?

ALLEN

A little.

WELLS

(sincerely:)

Well -- no matter what happens...  
it's better than this...

Allen nods.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

143 LONG SHOT SHOOTING FROM AN ELEVATION

143

Down on a bridge in the process of being demolished by the chain gang. Only a single strand of the bridge is left between the two banks of the small stream. On either side of the road that crosses the stream at this point are bushes and shrubbery about four feet high, and in the distance heavily wooded hills and tangled swamps stretch as far as the eye can see. On one side of the stream are nine convicts, one guard, and three bloodhounds. On the other side James Allen, Bomber Wells, another convict, and one guard are working.

144 CLOSE SHOT

144

of Allen's side of the stream.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

ALLEN  
 (to Wells, after  
 looking around  
 carefully:)  
 What do you think?

WELLS  
 (casually:)  
 Looks pretty good to me.

Allen glances once more at Wells as though seeking some sort of assurance. He hesitates a moment, then takes a deep breath and calls out to the guard.

ALLEN  
 Getting out here!

The guard, who is several feet away, glances over his shoulder at the bushes alongside of the road.

GUARD  
 (pointing out a certain  
 spot in the bushes:)  
 All right. Get out there.

Allen turns, walks off the road and into the bushes.

145 CLOSE SHOT IN BUSHES

145

James Allen sits down and starts to hurriedly take off his shoes.

146 STREAM

146

The others go on working. The guard has turned back to watch them.

147 BUSHES

147

James Allen has his shoes and socks off now. He is working the shackle off. He gets the first one off. The second sticks at the heel. He tries to wet it with saliva, but his mouth is dry from the work and his present nervous tenseness. He works feverishly. Finally he gets it off. He starts putting his shoes and socks back on.

148 STREAM

148

The guard glances toward the bushes into which Allen disappeared. Bomber sees him looking and calls his attention to something he is working on, on the last supports of the bridge.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: 148

WELLS  
Hey, boss -- what do we do about  
this?

The guard turns to Wells.

149 BUSHES 149

Allen finishes tying on his shoes. He starts crawling away  
through the bushes.

150 BUSHES ANOTHER SETUP 150

Allen crawling toward the CAMERA on his hands and knees, his  
face set, tense.

GUARD'S VOICE  
Come on, Allen -- back to work.

For just a flash Allen hesitates. Then he jumps up.

151 BUSHES MED. SHOT 151

as Allen jumps up and runs toward the trees.

152 STREAM 152

The guard stares in surprise for a moment. Then he raises  
his gun.

153 BUSHES 153

Allen running -- he has almost reached the trees. There is  
the sound of a gun firing, and buckshot splatters all around  
him. He reaches the trees in safety.

154 STREAM 154

Everybody has stopped work and is looking after Allen.

FIRST GUARD  
(calling to other  
guard across stream:)  
Get the dogs -- We'll have that guy  
back in half an hour.

The second guard runs to unleash the dogs. The first guard  
calls to them, and they splash across the stream to him. He  
starts with them toward where Allen went into the bushes.

155 WOODS 155

Allen running along, crashing through the underbrush.

- 156 BUSHES 156  
The guard follows.
- 157 NEAR THE STREAM 157  
The second guard unleashes the dogs. They start yelping and running.
- 158 WOODS 158  
Allen crashing through the underbrush.
- 159 WOODS 159  
The dogs coming on, yelping.
- 160 WOODS 160  
Allen hears the yelping and knows that the dogs have picked up the scent. He runs on faster.
- DISSOLVE INTO:
- 161 SMALL CLEARING 161  
in the woods. There is a small Negro shack in the clearing. On a crude clothesline are several gingham dresses, several men's shirts, and a pair of overalls.  
  
James Allen peers cautiously out of the brush at the edge of the clearing. There is no one in sight. He rushes to the clothesline and tears off a shirt and the overalls.  
  
A dog yelps from off-scene very close. Allen starts, frightened. The dog, a mangy cur, runs around the corner of the cabin.  
  
James Allen dashes back into the woods with the clothes.
- 162 WOODS 162  
The bloodhounds coming on.
- 163 THICKET 163  
James Allen stops and starts tearing off his striped convict clothes. The yelping of the dogs keeps getting closer.
- 164 WOODS 164  
The hounds coming on, yelping. The second guard, with the hounds, has caught up to the other guard.

- 165 THICKET 165  
 James Allen pulls the overalls on. The howling of the hounds is very close now. He starts on furiously.
- DISSOLVE TO:
- 166 SWAMPLAND 166  
 James Allen fighting his way through the muck. The sun shines down brutally. He wipes the sweat from his face without stopping. The howling of the dogs is close now.
- 167 167. SWAMPLAND 167  
 The dogs coming on, yelping, followed by the guards.
- 168 SWAMPLAND 168  
 James Allen fights his way on, frantically.
- 169 SWAMPLAND 169  
 The guards coming on, slowly, confident of the dogs yelping a ways in front of them. They are calm in contrast to Allen's frenzy. They plod on relentlessly, guns under their arms.
- 170 SWAMPLAND 170  
 James Allen fighting his way through the muck, frenziedly. He keeps sinking into the muck. The yelping of the dogs is very close now. He falls, gets up, and rushes on.
- DISSOLVE TO:
- 171 SWAMPLAND NEAR RIVER 171  
 The dogs are just a few yards behind James Allen now, howling louder. He fights on toward the river.
- 172 SWAMPLAND 172  
 The guards coming on. They grin at the howling of the dogs. They know they are on Allen's heels.
- 173 RIVERBANK 173  
 There is some bamboo growing along the edge of the river. A desperate idea comes to Allen. He breaks off a large bamboo shoot. He looks at it quickly, then he blows through it to test it; it will do. He runs into the water and submerges himself.

- 174 CLOSE-UP 174  
 shooting on the water as Allen disappears beneath it. The bamboo shoot slowly emerges, too, until only about an inch of it appears above the water. It remains this way. We hear the yelping of the dogs.
- 175 UNDERWATER SHOT 175  
 Allen is under the water. With one hand he clings onto a stump for support. In the other hand he holds the bamboo shoot. One end of the shoot is in his mouth. The other end protrudes above the water. He breathes through it.
- 176 FULL SHOT 176  
 as the guards and the dogs reach the riverbank. The dogs yelp and jump around. The guards beat around the brush. They can find no trace of Allen and they are puzzled.
- 177 UNDERWATER SHOT 177  
 Allen, under the water, is apparently safe as he gets his air through the bamboo shoot.
- 178 CLOSE SHOT 178  
 of the guards sorely puzzled. The dogs continue their noise. One of the guards scratches his head in bewilderment.

FIRST GUARD  
 Where do you think he is?

SECOND GUARD  
 (pointing off:)  
 We better try those woods?

He walks away from the river, beating the brush. The other guard walks slowly after him looking here, there, and everywhere, absolutely stumped.

DISSOLVE INTO:

- 179 HIGHWAY 179  
 James Allen comes out of the brush at the roadside. He sinks wearily down on a rock.
- A Ford roadster comes around the curve in the distance. James Allen stares hard at it through the dusk, standing up now, ready to dive back into the brush. The car slows down as it approaches him. A young man is driving.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED: 179

ALLEN  
Going into the city?

YOUNG MAN  
Hop in.

James Allen gets in. There is a box of peaches on the seat, and Allen has to hold them on his lap. The car starts on again.

180 INT. FORD 180

As the car goes along neither Allen nor the driver says anything. Allen watches him out of the corner of his eye, but the young man is intent on the road. James Allen looks down at the peaches, hungrily. The young man sees him staring at them.

YOUNG MAN  
Help yourself...

ALLEN  
Thanks.

He picks up a peach and starts to eat it, enjoying it. He stops in the middle of the second bite, staring down the road ahead at a car coming in the opposite direction.

181 TOURING CAR 181

loaded with men, bristling with guns.

182 INT. FORD 182

Allen keeps the peach and his hand up in front of his face as the other car approaches.

183 LONG SHOT 183

as the two cars pass each other.

184 INT. FORD 184

YOUNG MAN  
Wonder who they're after...

ALLEN  
Moonshiners -- probably.

YOUNG MAN  
I'll find out tonight -- my dad's  
the sheriff... over at Hillsboro.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED: 184

Allen gives the boy a quick look, then turns and looks after the car. As it disappears in the distance Allen turns to look at the young man, watching his profile. The young man is just watching the road, showing no sign of suspicion.

DISSOLVE TO:

185 THE BROADWAY OF A LARGE SOUTHERN CITY 185

Bright lights, skyscrapers rising into the darkness, the streets thronged with people.

186 SIDEWALK 186

crowded with people out for an evening's entertainment. The CAMERA PICKS UP James Allen, very tired, but alert. A cop on the corner in the foreground. James Allen watches the cop. The cop turns toward Allen just as he reaches him. Allen looks quickly away and gets past all right.

187 CLOSE-UP TRUCKING 187

with James Allen, his face tense and strained.

DISSOLVE TO:

188 SCREEN FILLED WITH COPS 188

standing on corners, watching, another with back to CAMERA, others approaching, the face of an eagle-eyed copper coming bigger and bigger into the CAMERA.

DISSOLVE TO:

189 CLOSE-UP TRUCKING 189

James Allen's face, strained and drawn, with a hunted, haunted look. He stops and glances furtively around.

190 CHEAP HABERDASHERY 190

with a sign on the window: Cohen's Classy Clothes.

DISSOLVE TO:

191 MIRROR 191

We see James Allen in a second-hand suit that doesn't fit very well. He still has his black prison hat on. He runs his hand over his heavy beard --with a shave he will look fairly respectable.

DISSOLVE TO:

192 INT. SMALL BARBERSHOP

192

Allen is lying in a barber's chair with his face covered with lather. In the background can be seen the front door of the barbershop and the street beyond, lit by streetlights. The barber finishes stropping the razor and commences to shave Allen.

BARBER

How'd you get the scratches?

ALLEN

Lumberjacking -- up in the hills.

BARBER

(with interest:)

Is that a fact? I know a good many of them fellows up there. Funny I ain't seen you before.

ALLEN

(pretending to be  
angry to change the  
subject:)

Ouch! Say, watch it, will you?

BARBER

Sorry.

There is the sound of the door opening and closing.

VOICE

How are you, Bill?

The barber looks up. It is a cop, who is evidently in the habit of dropping in and who sits down sprawled out in a chair.

BARBER

(looking up:)

Well, if it ain't old John Law himself.

(Allen stiffens  
perceptibly.)

What's new -- anything?

COP

Yeah -- there was a break on the Merritt County chain gang this morning. They think he's headed up this way.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

192

BARBER

(whistling:)

What's the guy look like?

COP

About five feet ten -- stocky --  
 thick black hair -- brown eyes --  
 somewhere around thirty... Name's  
 Allen -- James Allen...

The barber is shaving the last of the lather off Allen's face. Sweat has come out on Allen's forehead. He knows that in a minute the barber is going to sit him up face to face with the cop. His hands clench the arms of the chair desperately as he tries to keep his self-control. There is a tense silence while the barber shaves off the last of the lather.

ALLEN

(quickly:)

Give me a hot towel, will you?

BARBER

Coming up...

(he prepares the  
 steaming towel and  
 puts it over Allen's  
 face.)

Hope it's hot enough for you.

(to cop.)

Those guys haven't got much chance  
 of getting away with it, have they?

COP

No -- we got the depot and all the  
 highways out of town covered. They  
 can get this far -- and no farther.

The cop picks up the Liberty magazine and starts to run through it. The barber takes the towel off Allen's face. He sprinkles on some shaving lotion, wipes it off with a clean towel, and then powders Allen's face. Allen lies there tense and desperate. The barber pulls the chair up with a bang.

193 HE CEILING FROM ALLEN'S ANGLE

193

As the barber pulls the lever the CAMERA PANS DOWN the wall to CLOSE-UP of the policeman.

194 CLOSE-UP OF ALLEN

194

Allen sees the cop for the first time.

195 FULL SHOT

195

The cop is reading the Liberty. Allen's prison hat hangs on a peg just over the cop's head. Allen gives the barber some money, watching the cop out of the corner of his eye.

BARBER

Thanks. Come in again.

Allen steels himself and crosses to get his hat. He drops the hat and has to pick it up. The cop gives him a casual glance. Allen puts his hand over his face as though feeling the shave.

BARBER (CONT'D)

How was it -- close enough?

ALLEN

Plenty.

Allen goes out the door.

196 EXT. BARBERSHOP

196

Allen starts up the street, increasing his pace as he gets out of sight of the shop.

197 MED. SHOT OF ALLEN

197

walking rapidly down the city street at night. He walks faster and faster, never looking behind. At the end of the block he turns a corner.

DISSOLVE TO:

198 MED. SHOT OF ALLEN NIGHT

198

walking down a less crowded street, still walking very fast. He hurries across the street and around the opposite corner, apparently trying to zigzag through the city.

DISSOLVE TO:

199 MED. SHOT OF ALLEN

199

walking down a street that is almost deserted, zigzagging across and around the opposite corner.

DISSOLVE TO:

200 MED. CLOSE-UP OF ALLEN

200

on a dark, completely deserted street. For the first time he slackens his pace, pauses, and looks around. He heaves a sigh of relief and wipes the sweat from his forehead. He sees a sign which reads ROOMS 75c AND UP He consults a piece of paper to see if he has the right number. He hesitates a moment, glances rapidly up and down the street, then enters the narrow doorway of the rooming house and starts upstairs.

201 INT. ROOMING HOUSE

201

shooting from halfway up the flight of stairs toward the open front door and the sidewalk beyond. Allen is walking up the stairs. Suddenly, footsteps are heard on the pavement. Allen flattens himself against the wall on the stairs and glances back toward the street. A policeman passes the doorway, swinging a club and whistling. As he advances Allen turns again to the stairs and continues mounting.

202 INT. SECOND FLOOR OF ROOMING HOUSE

202

The room is dingy and fitted up as a cheap reception room. There is a hotel desk and switchboard on one side of the room, but at the moment there is no one there. Allen crosses to the desk, on which there is a bell. He touches the bell with the palm of his hand. It rings, but no one appears behind the desk. Suddenly a voice from outside the shot electrifies Allen.

VOICE

So you hung it on the limb!

Allen recognizes the welcome voice of Barney and turns around.

203 DIFFERENT ANGLE

203

It is Barney. Happily, he puts his arm around Allen. They both grin.

ALLEN

Barney!

SYKES

It's good to see you, kid!

ALLEN

Same here... Got a place I can hide out?

SYKES

Sure... Come on. I'll fix you up.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

203

Barney leads the way down a short hall and opens a door.

204 INT. BEDROOM

204

as Barney and Allen come in. Barney shuts the door.

ALLEN

Think I'll be safe here tonight?

SYKES

You're a cinch -- unless the cops pull another raid.

(he grins at Allen's alarm.)

Don't worry about that. They're probably too busy looking for you to raid any joints like this...

Allen sinks down on the bed exhausted.

ALLEN

All I need is some sleep -- I'll lam out of here early in the morning.

Barney is getting a bottle of whiskey out of a drawer. He pours a couple of drinks.

SYKES

(pouring drinks:)

Well, make yourself at home -- we got everything you dream about in the chain gang.

(he hands a drink toward Allen.)

Here -- I guess you still know what this is good for...

ALLEN

(refusing:)

Thanks -- I got a tough day ahead of me tomorrow.

SYKES

Well, I got a tough night ahead of me.

(he gulps down his drink.)

I got to beat it now, Jim -- but the place is yours...

(he moves over to the door.)

Wait a minute -- I'll get somebody to see that you're comfortable...

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED:

204

He steps over to the door and goes out. Allen starts to take off his coat. He looks around as he hears Barney come back in. Barney has a girl with him in flashy lounging pajamas, cut very low and very tight.

SYKES (CONT'D)

This is Jim Allen, a pal of mine from the chain gang ... He's just escaped.

ALLEN

Listen -- never mind the advertising.

SYKES

It's all right with Linda...

(then to Linda.)

Take good care of him, babe -- he's my personal guest.

(to Allen.)

So long, Jim. I hope you make it.

Barney ducks out. Linda sits down in a chair looking at Allen.

205 CLOSE-UP

205

Linda. She is pretty but there is a hard bitterness in her face. This expression melts somewhat as she looks at Allen. She admires him for his courage and is also attracted to him. As she sits there the close-fitting pajamas accentuate her sensuous body.

206 CLOSE-UP

206

Allen as he appraises her. This is his first contact alone with a woman for many years. She probably looks more tempting to him than if he had met her years ago, for he is sex-hungry. But he has the common sense to realize that he must try to concentrate all his thoughts on successfully concluding his escape. And therefore, in the first part of this scene, he is keeping himself well in hand.

207 WIDER ANGLE

207

taking in both. The girl catches Allen speculating about her. She smiles toward him invitingly, but he does not accept the hint. In fact, he averts his eyes from her.

LINDA

(sincerely:)

You've got plenty of what it takes -- to pull an escape from that place.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

207

ALLEN  
 (sitting down wearily:)  
 I'm not safe yet... Not until I'm  
 out of the state.

LINDA  
 You'll make it...

This is a sincere hope that she states as a fact. Allen relaxes in the chair, resting his head contentedly on the back of the chair and looking up toward the ceiling.

ALLEN  
 It's like a dream -- being out...  
 You don't know how I feel.

208 CLOSE-UP

208

Linda. An almost spiritual look comes into her worldly eyes.

LINDA  
 Don't I?  
 (there is a pause, a  
 sigh; then.)  
 Gee! To get away from a spot you  
 hate... and forget it... and start  
 all over again!  
 (looking at him with  
 mingled emotions.)  
 It takes nerve -- I envy you...  
 (bitterly.)  
 You're brave, all right!

209 WIDER ANGLE

209

taking in both.

ALLEN  
 The brave one is the man who sticks  
 there... I couldn't.

Linda rises, goes over to him, and sits on the arm of his chair.

LINDA  
 (sincerely)  
 If there's anything I can do to help  
 you, just say the word.

He looks up at her with a wonderful realization that in this rough diamond he has a true friend. Impulsively, he takes her hand and presses it.

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED:

209

ALLEN

(warmly)

Thanks.

(the contact of her hand in his stirs the man in him, and as he realizes it he quickly withdraws his hand, steeling himself.)

But there's nothing you can do.

There is a pause. Linda looks down at him. She would like to stay there with him. He catches her looking at him, but Linda is unabashed.

LINDA

How about a drink?

ALLEN

Barney asked me, too -- but I'm going to lay off.

LINDA

Don't mind if I take one, do you?

ALLEN

Go ahead.

As Linda gets up and pours herself a drink Allen finds himself looking at her with renewed interest. The sex urge will not be stifled.

210 CLOSE PAN SHOT

210

on Linda as if Allen's eyes were taking in every portion of her body. The camera starts at her head and slowly passes the womanly curves of her breasts and hips. It pans down to her shapely legs and we hold it there.

211 CLOSE SHOT

211

taking in both. Linda is standing with the drink in her hand. Allen does not realize that he is staring at her now like a hungry animal. It does not disturb Linda. She raises the drink.

LINDA

Here's to you! A guy with your nerve has the breaks coming to him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LINDA (CONT'D)  
 (she takes the drink,  
 then goes over to  
 him again and sits  
 on the arm of the  
 chair while Allen  
 still is in a sort  
 of trance as he  
 realizes that right  
 now he craves this  
 woman. When Allen  
 doesn't speak she  
 finally bridges the  
 gap; she puts her  
 hand on his arm.)

Say -- I know what you're thinking...  
 I understand... You're among friends.

Allen makes one last attempt to keep his feet on the ground.

ALLEN  
 (huskily:)  
 I think you'd better clear out... I  
 ought to get to sleep... I've got a  
 heavy day ahead of me.

Linda looks at him admiringly.

LINDA  
 (almost worshipfully:)  
 You're a gentleman, too... and there's  
 not many of them left.

She picks up a package of cigarettes and offers one to Allen.  
 He takes it. His hand is trembling. As he lights it this is  
 particularly apparent. Linda has taken a cigarette for  
 herself. Allen does not notice this and blows out his match.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
 Light mine, will you?

ALLEN  
 Sorry.

He strikes another match and rises to light Linda's cigarette.  
 Her face comes very close to his as he lights it. Their eyes  
 meet and say more than any words possibly could. He wants  
 her -- now. And she knows it. He flings away the match and  
 without a word hungrily crushes her in his arms. She makes  
 no resistance as her body melts right into his. He starts to

211 CONTINUED: (2) 211

caress her wildly, his hand stroking her greedily. Their lips meet.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

212 INT. BEDROOM CLOSE-UP 212

Linda's hand removing the top from a coffee container.

DISSOLVE TO:

213 CLOSE-UP 213

Linda's hand on an open timetable, her finger pointing to "Booneville... 9:05." The coffee container, practically empty now, is in the shot. CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see Linda and Allen at the table.

LINDA

Don't forget -- the trolley to Booneville -- and you can get the nine-o-five train north from there.

ALLEN

I know my lesson.  
(as he puts on his coat.)  
And I better get started.

LINDA

(pointing to some money that is on the table:)  
You're a sap not to take this money.  
(She looks at him pleadingly; she wants him to take it.)

ALLEN

(choked with emotion:)  
I can't -- from you.

LINDA

Don't be a sucker -- if you're going to get away you got to take every break you can...  
(she puts the money in the pocket of his coat.)  
You can send the money back to me sometime...

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED:

213

ALLEN

I will -- the first dough I get I'll  
mail you here...

LINDA

(weary and bitter:)

No hurry -- I'll be at this address  
a long time --

ALLEN

(taking her hand:)

You've been so decent -- I don't  
know what to say.

LINDA

(simply:)

Don't say anything!

She moves with him to the door. He looks at her, takes her  
in his arms, kisses her, and then he leaves without a word.  
She looks longingly after him.

DISSOLVE INTO:

214 STATION SIGN BOONEVILLE

214

DISSOLVE TO:

215 FULL SHOT

215

of the small-town station. James Allen is seen approaching  
the ticket window. There are a few people around the station.

216 TICKET WINDOW

216

as James Allen comes up and puts a ten-dollar bill through  
the window.

ALLEN

Nashville on the nine-o-five.

CLERK

(taking money:)

Round trip?

ALLEN

One way.

The clerk marks a ticket, stamps it, and hands it to Allen.  
He glances at schedule and clock.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED: 216

CLERK

The train's late. You've got thirty-five minutes.

James Allen looks around the station. Several of the natives are already looking casually at the stranger. He doesn't want to hang around the station thirty-five minutes and attract attention.

217 FULL SHOT STATION 217

Allen walks away from the ticket window and toward the main street of the town, which runs into the station.

DISSOLVE TO:

218 HOT DOG WAGON 218

The station is seen in the near background. James Allen is drinking a bottle of Coke. There is a greasy proprietor attending. A hamburger is frying on the fire.

HOT DOG MAN

You want everything on this one, too?

ALLEN

Yeah -- just like the first one --

James Allen stands watching toward the station.

CUT TO:

219 BOONEVILLE STATION 219

A horse-drawn buggy drives up and a man in a big Stetson alights. There is something very officious in his manner as he strides toward the tracks.

CUT TO:

220 HOT DOG WAGON 220

Allen is still looking toward the station. The hot dog man nods in that direction.

HOT DOG MAN

Look who's here -- the chief of police in all his glory!

He gives Allen the hamburger.

CUT TO:

221 BOONEVILLE STATION 221

Three other men join the chief of police.

CUT TO:

222 HOT DOG WAGON 222

James Allen and the hot dog man both looking toward the station.

HOT DOG MAN  
Must be looking for somebody  
important.

James Allen doesn't answer. He stands staring toward the station. A train whistle is heard from nearby.

HOT DOG MAN (CONT'D)  
Well, we'll find out in a few minutes  
what all the doings is about.

223 BOONEVILLE STATION 223

The chief and his men stand watching as the train pulls in and stops.

CUT TO:

224 HOT DOG WAGON 224

James Allen watching, eating the hamburgers. He doesn't know what to do with the chief waiting there. He looks around slowly. There isn't anything else to do but to take a chance. He takes a last bite of the hamburger and starts toward the station.

225 CLOSE-UP 225

tracking with Allen as he goes toward the station. He walks along boldly, but his face is tense and strained. Suddenly

VOICE  
(from off-scene:)  
There he is!

Allen continues to walk along with a frozen face.

226 MED. SHOT 226

Allen is walking along as from another direction somebody points to a man, whereupon the chief and others start in hot

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED: 226

pursuit as the man begins to run. They all whiz past Allen, who continues to walk in the other direction, outwardly calm.

227 TRUCK SHOT 227

as Allen continues to walk along toward the station with a frozen face.

228 REVERSE ANGLE 228

as the crowd pursues the wrong man, who dashes around to the opposite side of the train with the others still in pursuit.

229 JAMES ALLEN 229

Relieved, he walks across the station and gets on the last car of the train. Nobody pays any attention to him.

230 INT. RAILROAD CAR 230

James Allen sits down in the last seat.

DISSOLVE TO:

231 WHEELS OF ENGINE 231

starting to move.

DISSOLVE TO:

232 INT. CAR 232

James Allen sits like a statue, tense, motionless. If he gets away with this he is well on his way to freedom. The conductor glances into the last car. His face shows his surprise at seeing anyone in the car. He advances on James Allen, eyeing him suspiciously.

CONDUCTOR

Did I get your ticket?

ALLEN

Here it is.  
(hands him ticket.)  
-- [90] --

CONDUCTOR

(looking at ticket:)  
Booneville, eh? You must have got on  
without my seeing you --

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED:

232

ALLEN

They were chasing somebody -- I guess  
you were watching --

CONDUCTOR

(eyeing Allen:)

They were after an escaped convict --

ALLEN

(casually:)

Catch him?

CONDUCTOR

No -- the guy they caught turned out  
to be a hobo.

(he punches the ticket  
and looks hard at  
Allen.)

They're still looking for the convict.

Allen takes the ticket and puts it back in his pocket. The conductor turns away and starts up the car. James Allen looks after him. At the platform doorway the conductor meets the brakeman. They stand there, talking in undertones that we do not hear above the rattle of the train, casting puzzled glances at James Allen. Allen sits looking out the window. Finally the two trainmen turn away.

233 CLOSE-UP

233

James Allen watches them go, relieved again.

DISSOLVE TO:

234 TRAIN WHEELS

234

clicking off the miles.

DISSOLVE TO:

235 INT. DAY COACH MED. CLOSE-UP OF JAMES ALLEN

235

seated next to the window. Facing him is a talkative traveling salesman, puffing on a big cigar. Beside the salesman and in plain view is a small black bag of the sort salesmen use to carry samples in.

(CONTINUED)

SALESMAN

(who has obviously  
been talking for  
some time:)

You can't get around the fact that  
traveling broadens you. I figure  
I've covered over twenty thousand  
miles in the last year --

ALLEN

What do you sell?

SALESMAN

Rubber bands -- sink stoppers -- hot  
water bottles --

(taking out a card  
and handing it to  
Allen.)

C. K. Hobbs is the name --  
(he pauses and glances  
at Allen, sizing him  
up.)

You look like a guy that's been  
places.

ALLEN

Yeah.

(he slips the card  
into his pocket.)

SALESMAN

It's the only life. When I can't hit  
the road I'm licked.

ALLEN

(grimly:)

Me too.

SALESMAN

Excitement -- change -- running for  
trains and missing 'em -- They'll  
tell you there's no such thing as  
adventure anymore, but I know  
different.

(handing Allen a  
newspaper.)

Read this, for instance.

Allen takes the newspaper.

INSERT of the newspaper. Its lead story tells about Allen's  
escape and the hunt that is being made to find him.

(CONTINUED)

235 CONTINUED: (2)

235

BACK TO SCENE

as Allen tries to be calm as he glances over the paper.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

Now there's adventure for you! Ten to one they'll get him. They'll be watching for him at Nashville -- and all points out of the state -- but if I were that guy -- boy! I'd give 'em a chase.

-- [92] --

ALLEN

What would you do?

SALESMAN

Well -- that depends. You gotta lose your identity, for one thing.

ALLEN

Disguise, you mean?

SALESMAN

(with a tolerant laugh:)

That's too much bother. It doesn't matter how much you look like yourself so long as you can prove you're someone else. For instance -- so far as you're concerned, I'm C. K. Hobbs of Philadelphia, a salesman of standard rubber goods. Have you any way of knowing that I'm not?

(He glances at Allen.)

ALLEN

(shaking his head:)

No.

SALESMAN

(triumphantly:) Well -- there you are. Think that over.

(he smiles  
mysteriously.)

At this moment a pretty blonde comes walking down the aisle. She glances at Allen and the salesman. She smiles slightly, passes on to the rear of the car, and goes out on the platform to get some air. The salesman's eyes have followed her. He observes that the girl is alone on the platform outside and turns to Allen.

(CONTINUED)

235 CONTINUED: (3)

235

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

I think I see a prospect.

He gets up and starts down the corridor after the girl.

CUT TO:

236 SMALL-TOWN STATION PLATFORM

236

showing the train pull in and come to a stop. The name of the town, Munro, is in evidence. There are quite a few people on the platform, getting on and off the train. In the foreground are three plainclothesmen, a sheriff, and two or three policemen. Presently Allen is seen descending from the train with the salesman's little black bag in his hand. The sheriff, the policemen, and the plainclothesmen intercept Allen.

SHERIFF

Wait a minute there -- we want to have a little talk with you.

Allen stops, pretending surprise.

ALLEN

With me?

SHERIFF

Yeah, with you. What's your name?

ALLEN

C. K. Hobbs -- rubber goods salesman.  
(he hands him Hobbs's  
card.)

SHERIFF

Yeah? Let's take a look in that bag.

Allen hands the bag to the sheriff. The sheriff opens it and draws out a hot water bottle. Several people standing around laugh.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

All right. No hard feelings, I hope, Mr. Hobbs. We're after an escaped convict -- and we got to do our duty.

ALLEN

That's all right. Selling hot water bottles is pretty dull -- a little excitement doesn't come in bad.

(CONTINUED)

236 CONTINUED:

236

SHERIFF

Say, let's see that hot water bottle again.

(Allen hands him the hot water bottle.)

How much for this one?

ALLEN

I'm not supposed to sell those samples -- but just to show there aren't any hard feelings I'll let you have that one for three dollars.

SHERIFF

(shelling out three bucks:)

Thanks -- I hope I'll be able to do a favor for you some day, Mr. Hobbs. So long --

ALLEN

So long --

Allen shuts up the black sample case and starts away. The sheriff stands admiring the hot water bottle.

DISSOLVE TO:

237 COUNTY HIGHWAY

237

showing James Allen trudging along. The tenseness of the chase is now gone. His stride is relaxed and easy. The country is attractive and the weather good.

DISSOLVE TO:

238 ALLEN'S FEET TREADING THE HIGHWAY

238

DISSOLVE TO:

239 WHEELS OF A MOVING AUTOMOBILE

239

DISSOLVE TO:

240 WHEELS OF A SPEEDING TRAIN

240

FADE OUT:

(CONTINUED)

240 CONTINUED: 240

FADE IN:

241 ON A CROWDED STREET IN CHICAGO 241

showing Allen approaching the policeman standing on a corner in the foreground. Allen holds up a newspaper to the policeman and points to an item.

-- [95] --

INSERT NEWSPAPER AD

MAN WANTED

General work. \$20. Wk.

615 So. Main Street

BACK TO SCENE:

The policeman points with his club.

POLICEMAN

Next corner -- turn to your left.  
It's two blocks down.

ALLEN

Thanks.

DISSOLVE TO:

242 EXT. WINDOW OF A PASTRY SHOP 242

In one corner of the window is a cardboard sign: Man Wanted -- General Work. James Allen enters the shot. Just as he does so, the hand of an employee reaches in the window and removes the sign, indicating that the position has been filled. Allen pauses, glances hungrily into the window laden with pastry, shrugs his shoulders, and walks on down the street.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

243 243. CLOSE-UP OF DOOR 243

On it is the following lettering:

TRI-STATE ENGINEERING CO.

LABOR PERSONNEL OFFICE

DISSOLVE TO:

244 INT. PERSONNEL OFFICE

244

Allen is standing at the desk of the personnel manager.

PERSONNEL MANAGER

I guess we can use you... What's the name?

He picks up a pen to fill out an employment card.

ALLEN

(before he realizes  
what he is saying:)

Allen...

The manager starts to write; then he pauses.

PERSONNEL MANAGER

Is that the first or last name?

ALLEN

(realizing he had  
better be careful:)

First name... My full name's Allen James.

The manager writes the name on the card.

DISSOLVE INTO:

INSERT of a time card of the Tri-State Engineering Co. It is dated 1924, contains the name of Allen James and the fact that he is employed as a laborer at a wage of four dollars per day.

DISSOLVE INTO:

245 A PICK

245

as it is swung down and bites into the ground several times. CAMERA DRAWS BACK, revealing Allen working with a road gang -- no chains, no guards. The men stop, stretch, mop their brows, and joke at leisure. Allen pauses to wipe the sweat off his forehead. The foreman steps up to him.

FOREMAN

Say, James -- that was a swell idea you had about the bend up there.

ALLEN

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

245 CONTINUED:

245

FOREMAN

I told the boss you suggested it --  
 (slapping him on the  
 back)

And I don't think you'll be swinging  
 a pick much longer.

Allen smiles appreciatively.

DISSOLVE INTO:

INSERT of another time card of the Tri-State Engineering Co.  
 The date is now 1925, and Allen James is an assistant foreman  
 at a wage of six dollars per day.

DISSOLVE INTO:

246 INT. BOARDINGHOUSE ROOM

246

It is a rather nice room. Marie and Allen have just come in.  
 She is twenty-six, dark, and sexy looking. She is the kind  
 of a girl that must have her man. Allen is inspecting the  
 room as she talks. He is paying but little attention to her,  
 but she is eyeing him critically, and she likes him.

MARIE

(as they enter:)

This is the room that's for rent.

ALLEN

It's mighty nice... What are you  
 asking for it?

MARIE

Twenty-five a month -- and that's  
 very reasonable.

ALLEN

Very -- but it's more than I feel I  
 can pay... I'm sorry -- because I  
 like the location... It's not far  
 from the bridge I'm working on --

MARIE

I'm sorry, too...

(with a tone that is  
 not all business)

Because I'd like to rent this room  
 to a gentleman like yourself.

(CONTINUED)

246 CONTINUED:

246

ALLEN

(lightly; with a  
chuckle:)

But you don't know anything about  
me...

MARIE

(with a meaning smile:)

Oh, I can tell... You look like you'd  
be sociable ... and friendly... not  
like a stranger around the house.

(He smiles back  
appreciatively. If  
he gets her inner  
meaning he does not  
show it.)

How much would you be willing to  
pay?

ALLEN

Really -- it's out of the question.

MARIE

(quickly:)

Suppose I made it twenty dollars...

She looks at him anxiously, hoping he will say yes.

ALLEN

(trying to be fair  
and not entirely  
sensing that Marie  
is more anxious to  
have him than the  
matter of how much  
she will get for the  
room:)

That's silly... You can easily get  
your price for it.

He shakes his head that he had better not consider it.

MARIE

Well -- I'm willing to let it go for  
twenty...

(looking at him with  
her big eyes)

To you.

Allen considers.

DISSOLVE INTO:

(CONTINUED)

246 CONTINUED: (2)

246

INSERT of another time card of the Tri-State Engineering Co. The date is now 1926, and Allen James is a foreman at a wage of nine dollars per day.

DISSOLVE INTO:

247 INT. BOARDINGHOUSE ROOM

247

starting with a CLOSE-UP of a book entitled Civil Engineering. As the CAMERA BACKS AWAY there is Allen seated in a comfortable chair reading the book. As the CAMERA takes in still more of the room we see that Marie is standing near the door. Allen is not aware she is there and keeps on pouring over the book. She is dressed in a most unconventional negligee. She looks at Allen and shakes her head impatiently. She is undoubtedly annoyed at him. But she stifles her feelings and says overpleasantly:

MARIE

Hello, honey...

ALLEN

(without glancing up  
from his book:)

Hello...

This gets Marie sore. She makes no attempt now to hide her burned-up feelings.

MARIE

(hard:)

All you do every night is study...

ALLEN

(looking up just long  
enough to answer  
her:)

I won't get anywhere if I don't...  
Anyway, that's not true... We were  
out last night.

Marie sighs. She crosses toward him and tries to be kittenish.

MARIE

I don't think you like me anymore.

Allen impatiently slams his book shut. This kitten stuff annoys him.

ALLEN

Of course I do... but we can't always  
be playing around... Anyway, what's  
that got to do with it?

(CONTINUED)

MARIE

(putting her arm around  
him; he does not  
like it but he allows  
her to do it)

Well -- I don't know -- but --

(she can't resist  
putting in the sting.)

You don't act like you used to...  
now I don't seem good enough for  
you.

ALLEN

You're imagining things.

MARIE

No -- I'm not.

(her whimpering does  
not ring sincere.)

When you were first here, you weren't  
this way... You've grown tired of  
me... and I was silly enough to  
believe you -- when you said you  
loved me.

Allen looks up at her provoked. He rises.

ALLEN

I said I loved you?

(softly but forcibly.)

Now, Marie -- you're trying to put  
me in a spot. I never said that...

(emphatically)

And you know it wasn't love -- just  
as well as I do.

The truth hurts her. Allen looks her in the eye; she averts  
his look for a moment, then turns back to him with the  
expression of a tigress in her face.

MARIE

So that's how you feel! You can't  
make me out cheap and get away with  
it! I know what I'm talking about --  
and some day you're going to be sorry!

She turns and leaves the room rapidly, slamming the door  
after her. Allen gazes at the door, frowning; then he turns  
back to his book.

DISSOLVE INTO:

(CONTINUED)

247 CONTINUED: (2)

247

INSERT of another time card of the Tri-State Engineering Co. This one is dated 1927. The wage is up to twelve dollars. Allen James is a surveyor.

DISSOLVE INTO:

248 EXT. ROAD IN THE HILLS

248

James Allen, in surveyor's clothes, is standing talking to another man. They hold a blueprint between them.

ALLEN

(pointing with his  
finger:)

We bring it down around there --  
across here -- and that's it.  
Understand?

ASSISTANT

Yes, sir.  
(as a car drives up.  
Allen sees the car.)

ALLEN

All right -- go to it. I want to  
talk to the superintendent.

A man in street clothes is getting out of the car. Allen goes up to him.

MARKWELL

(excitedly):)

Say, James -- I saw a lot of equipment  
down there ready to cut through Altar  
Hill...

ALLEN

Yes... I had it sent down there.

MARKWELL

That way will cost twice as much. It  
would even be cheaper to put the  
road through Blake's land and pay  
the outrageous price he's asking...

ALLEN

I know that... But Blake doesn't.

MARKWELL

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

248

ALLEN

Blake saw that equipment down at the hill too...

(Allen grins.)

He wants to talk to you -- his price isn't so outrageous now...

DISSOLVE INTO:

INSERT of another time card of the Tri-State Engineering Co. This one is dated 1929. Allen James is an assistant superintendent and his wage is fourteen dollars per day.

DISSOLVE INTO:

249 INT. ALLEN'S ROOM IN BOARDINGHOUSE

249

Allen is packing a suitcase. There is a knock on the door and Marie enters immediately.

MARIE

So you really think you're leaving...

ALLEN

I want a bigger place... and I can afford it now.

MARIE

(sitting:)

I suppose you're leaving me for good, too.

ALLEN

(continues packing:)

No... we'll probably see each other sometimes.

MARIE

You don't mean that...

ALLEN

(stops packing:)

Listen, Marie -- I appreciate all you've done for me. But I couldn't fall in love with you -- you just didn't get me that way...

MARIE

(interrupting him:)

And that's the only reason?

ALLEN

It's a pretty good one, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

249 CONTINUED: 249

MARIE

Not very. Of course... when a fellow wants to ditch a girl, he'll do most anything... providing it doesn't land him back in a chain gang -- where he probably belongs.

250 CLOSE-UP 250

of Allen. He whirls around, staring at her, speechless.

251 CLOSE-UP 251

of Marie. She remains very cool. She takes a letter from her dress and hands it to Allen.

MARIE

It's from your brother.

252 CLOSE-UP 252

of Allen. He mechanically takes the letter. He stares dully at it. His face blanches.

INSERT of a letter from Allen's brother. We IRIS on this particular part of it:

... and I thought that you ought to know that the police are still trying to find you. When I think that your capture would mean eight more terrible years on that chain gang, my blood runs cold...

BACK TO SCENE:

Allen looks up from the letter horrified, terrified.

253 CLOSE SHOT 253

Allen and Marie.

ALLEN

(looking up at her,  
terrified:)

Marie -- you -- you wouldn't tell...

MARIE

Not if I had a reason to protect you.

ALLEN

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

253 CONTINUED:

253

MARIE

I wouldn't tell -- if you were my  
husband.

Allen stares at her for a moment, then down at the letter.  
He looks up at her again, trapped. She knows she has won.

DISSOLVE INTO:

INSERT of a marriage license. It bears the names of Allen  
James and Marie Edwards. We see the year 1929.

DISSOLVE INTO:

254 CLOSE-UP OF A DOOR

254

IT IS LETTERED AS FOLLOWS:

MR. ALLEN JAMES

General Field Superintendent Private

DISSOLVE INTO:

255 INT. ALLEN'S OFFICE

255

MODEL OF CONCRETE BRIDGE on his desk. CAMERA PULLS BACK and  
we see Allen at his desk with Fuller, one of his assistants.  
Both are studying the model.

FULLER

It means plenty of work...

ALLEN

I'm used to that...

FULLER

Yes -- but, on the other hand, all  
work and no play --

ALLEN

(laughing:)  
Makes "jack."

FULLER

But you ought to knock off for a  
little recreation ... My wife and I  
are giving a little party at the  
Club Chateau tonight. How about  
joining us?

ALLEN

I'd really like to.

(CONTINUED)

FULLER

Fine -- and that includes Mrs. James.

ALLEN

(hesitating:)

I'm not sure she can come -- but  
I'll ask her.

FULLER

Well -- anyway -- we'll expect you.

Fuller exits. Allen consults some papers on his desk. The door opens. His secretary enters; she puts some more papers before him.

SECRETARY

This is the revised budget on the  
King's Highway Bridge.

(Allen nods.)

And while you were out, your wife  
called.

ALLEN

(uninterested:)

Any message?

SECRETARY

She said she won't be home until  
Wednesday -- she left with her cousin  
for the country.

ALLEN

(dully:)

I see...

SECRETARY

She also said her account's overdrawn  
by about six hundred dollars.

Allen is stunned and angry.

ALLEN

(annoyed greatly:)

She's got to stop it... The same  
thing happened last month.

(then realizing the  
presence of his  
secretary, he sighs  
resignedly.)

All right -- make out a check for  
whatever it is -- and deposit it  
when you go to lunch.

(CONTINUED)

255 CONTINUED: (2)

255

As the secretary exits he angrily picks up some papers on his desk and rattles them unnecessarily to give vent to the mood that his wife has thrown him into.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

256 INT. CLUB CHATEAU

256

The Fuller party is at a large table in the foreground -- a gay set who have been drinking, but none of them are really tight. Allen is in the party. Near him sits a girl whom we will find as Helen. Allen has not quite caught the spirit of revelry. Now the orchestra starts a number and, in ad libs which cannot be distinctly heard by us, different gentlemen in the party invite various ladies to dance, until Allen and Helen are the only ones left at the table.

257 FULL SHOT

257

as the couples dance. The floor is very crowded.

258 CLOSE SHOT

258

Allen and Helen. She sits several seats removed from him. She smiles at him. He gets up and takes a seat beside her.

HELEN

Don't you dance?

ALLEN

Not if I can get out of it.

His frankness pleases the girl. In fact, she seems relieved to know that she does not have to dance.

HELEN

That makes two of us... At least, I don't like dancing on such a crowded floor.

ALLEN

I don't like crowds anywhere.

HELEN

Again we agree.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HELEN (CONT'D)

(a pause. Allen looks  
at her and there is  
no doubt that she  
appeals to him. She  
seems to like him,  
too. finally --)

I rather suspect this party bores  
you.

ALLEN

It did... until now.

He smiles at her and she mocks a little curtsy.

HELEN

That was a pretty speech.

ALLEN

And one pretty speech deserves  
another... You should have said:  
"Likewise!"

HELEN

(after a pause:)

Well -- I was on the verge of sneaking  
home... Now I'm not so sure I want  
to.

Though this is said lightly there is an undercurrent of  
sincerity. These two are talking like old friends.

ALLEN

Thanks.

(leaning over toward  
her like a naughty  
kid as he suggests.)

I don't think they'd miss us if we  
both made a getaway.

(she pretends to be  
shocked at the idea  
but ends her pretense  
with a merry twinkle  
in her eyes.)

How about it?

HELEN

(feigning indecision:)

Well...

She starts to get up. He is pleased as he also rises.

DISSOLVE INTO:

259 EXT. LAKE DRIVE MOVING SHOT NIGHT

259

moving along with Allen and Helen as he drives his roadster and she sits rather near him. Both seem at peace with the world.

HELEN

Tell me more about your work. It's wonderfully fascinating.

ALLEN

(with a twinkle in his eye:)  
Why talk about work?

HELEN

(she knows she interests him and likes the idea; however, it is fun to fence:)  
Well -- that's what interests you, isn't it?

ALLEN

(looking at her admiringly:)  
Oh -- other things interest me, too.

He looks into her eyes. She likes the implication but does not answer. There is a pause. He stops the car.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

(as he stops the car:)  
What about stopping here awhile -- or must you go home?

HELEN

There are no "musts" in my life. I'm free, white, and twenty-one.

ALLEN

You're lucky.

HELEN

Why?

ALLEN

Well -- you can go where you want -- when you want --

(CONTINUED)

259 CONTINUED:

259

HELEN  
 (simply:)  
 Can't you?

ALLEN  
 (evasively:)  
 Yes -- and no.

Helen looks at him and seems to be able to read him rather accurately. She wants to help this man who she feels is in need of sympathy and understanding.

HELEN  
 You're a strange, moody person...  
 You need someone to pull you out of  
 the doldrums.

ALLEN  
 Maybe.  
 (more lightly.)  
 Are you applying for the job?

HELEN  
 (in a light vein:)  
 I might consider it.

ALLEN  
 (enjoying the game:)  
 You're hired.

HELEN  
 When do I start?

ALLEN  
 (looking at her  
 meaningly:)  
 You started -- several hours ago.

They look at each other amusedly, but their expressions become more serious as we

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

260 BRIDGE LONG SHOT

260

under construction. This bridge is the materialization of the model bridge which was in Allen's office. The day is balmy and bright. The location is idyllic. Helen is walking

(CONTINUED)

260 CONTINUED: 260

and stops at a tree to watch the construction of the bridge. Allen has been giving some instructions to the men. Now he sees her.

261 CLOSE SHOT 261

of Allen as he looks toward her with surprise and pleasure. He starts toward her.

262 CLOSE SHOT 262

Allen and Helen. Allen comes into the scene and takes her hand in a cordial greeting, holding it for a considerable portion of the scene.

HELEN

Surprised to see me?

ALLEN

I surely am. What brings you here?

HELEN

(looking at him warmly:)

You... I wanted to see you in action.

ALLEN

(pleased that she is  
that interested:)

That's nice -- but there's nothing  
much to see here.

HELEN

(surprised:)

Nothing? I think it's awfully  
interesting... And such tremendous  
work!

(looking proudly at  
him.)

You can't fool me -- you're proud of  
it.

Allen tries to be nonchalant, but as she looks at him he cannot help but grin.

ALLEN

(admittedly:)

Well, I guess I am.

HELEN

(loyally and sincerely:)

You should be.

DISSOLVE INTO:

263 EXT. LAKE SHORE

263

Allen's roadster is parked at the same place where we saw them in a previous sequence. They are looking out over the moonlit lake.

ALLEN

This is a favorite spot of ours,  
isn't it?

HELEN

(looking out over the  
water contentedly:)  
We're so alone here -- I like it.

ALLEN

So do I.

HELEN

Remember the first time we came here --  
when I accepted that job?  
(Allen nods.)  
But I don't think I've succeeded.  
(concernedly.)  
You're still in those doldrums --

ALLEN

That's because there's lots of things  
I'd like to tell you -- but I can't.

A pause. She looks at him. She takes his hand.

HELEN

Why don't you?

ALLEN

(fervently as he puts  
his hand on hers:)  
I'd like to -- because I need you --  
and want you... You know I love you,  
Helen --  
(restraining himself  
from crushing her in  
his arms.)  
But first -- I've got to be -- free!

He continues to press her hand with pent-up emotion. She looks at him lovingly. Her eyes plead with him to tell her more.

FADE OUT:

(CONTINUED)

263 CONTINUED: 263

FADE IN:

264 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY CLOSE-UP 264

of Allen at the door of his apartment. On the door is a card: Mr. and Mrs. James Allen [sic]. It is a high-class apartment house. Allen takes a key from his pocket, unlocks the door, and goes in.

CUT TO:

265 INT. ALLEN'S LIVING ROOM 265

as Allen comes in. The room is beautifully furnished but in utter disorder. He looks on the end table which is littered with cigarette butts. Several empty cocktail glasses are also on it. On another table he sees a number of empty gin bottles. He shakes his head, annoyed. He starts to try to clean up the place when the telephone rings. He goes over to the phone, takes the receiver from the hook.

ALLEN

(in phone:)

Hello...

CUT TO:

266 INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH 266

Sammy, a drunk, is reeling on his pins as he stands at a pay phone. He talks thickly. His tongue gets twisted occasionally.

SAMMY

Hello, yourshelf... Marie there...?  
Thash funny... Well, where do you  
think she is...? She had a date with  
me -- and she's giving me a shtandup.  
(maudlin.)

First dame who ever gave me a  
shtandup... Well, you can tell her  
that Sammy called -- and you can  
tell her where she can go... with  
little Sammy's compliments.

(confidentially.)

And listen, Mishter -- not a word to  
her husband, understand?

He hangs up the phone and starts to reel away from it.

CUT TO:

267 INT. ALLEN'S LIVING ROOM

267

as Allen bangs up the receiver, angry as hell. He is disgusted, and he lets out his disgust on the gin bottles and glasses as he tries to make the room more livable. He looks at the clock.

268 CLOSE-UP OF CLOCK

268

It is almost midnight.

DISSOLVE INTO:

269 CLOSE-UP OF CLOCK

269

It is 2:15. We TRUCK BACK and find Marie is there. She is sitting in a chair. She looks slovenly and much the worse for wear after a hard night. Allen is pacing the floor. They are evidently in the midst of a conversation. He stops near her chair. Marie appears bored. Allen is tense.

ALLEN

(desperately:)

Don't you understand, Marie? I'm asking you for my freedom -- real freedom.

(pleadingly.)

If you get a divorce I'll give you anything you want... I swear I will.

MARIE

(as she stamps out a cigarette on the floor):)

What's the use of arguing --arguing --arguing?! I've told you I'm satisfied with things the way they are.

ALLEN

Can't you see -- neither of us can be happy this way?

Marie shrugs her shoulders.

MARIE

I'm happy -- and I'm taking no chances of letting you go.

ALLEN

(disgustedly:)

But what can I mean to you?

(CONTINUED)

269 CONTINUED:

269

MARIE

Listen, you're going to be a big  
shot someday -- with plenty of sugar --  
and I'm going to ride right along  
... get that?

(lighting cigarette.)

I'm no fool... I'd be a sucker to  
let you out now.

ALLEN

But I'm in love -- don't you  
understand?

MARIE

(puffing out some  
smoke:)

That's just too bad.

ALLEN

(unrelenting:)

Why don't you play the game square?

270 CLOSE-UP MARIE

270

with a snarl.

MARIE

So that you and your sweet mama can  
give me the grand go-by?

(waving him away with  
her hand.)

Be yourself.

271 CLOSE-UP ALLEN

271

It is all he can do not to strangle her.

ALLEN

(wildly:)

If you won't listen to reason, I'll  
find some way!

272 CLOSE SHOT OF THE TWO

272

He looks at her menacingly. She rises in hot anger.

MARIE

If you do, you'll serve out your  
time -- and I mean it!

(CONTINUED)

272 CONTINUED:

272

ALLEN

(angrily:)

It's no worse than serving out my  
life with you!

MARIE

You'll be sorry you said that!

She starts away. He grabs her by the arm and wheels her around. He continues to hold her like a vise as he shouts at her.

ALLEN

Listen! You've held a sword over my  
head long enough... And it's time we  
called quits... You've been pulling  
a bluff on me -- and I've been coward  
enough to fall for it!

Marie tears herself from him.

MARIE

You filthy, good-for-nothing convict!  
(angrily.)  
A bluff, huh?  
(sinisterly.)  
You'll see.

273 WIDER ANGLE

273

as she dashes for the phone and picks up the receiver.

ALLEN

Put that down!

MARIE

(into phone:)

Hello... Give me the police station --  
anyone -- I don't care.

Allen dashes across the room and grabs the phone from her hand. He throws her away from the telephone.

MARIE (CONT'D)

(wildly:)

Do you think that'll stop me? Not  
when I've made up my mind.

She turns and dashes out of the room.

ALLEN

(in a daze:)

Marie!

(CONTINUED)

273 CONTINUED: 273

He looks toward the door in a stupor. He is frightened.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

274 INT. ALLEN'S OFFICE 274

James Allen is seated at his desk. Three businessmen are seated around the room.

BUSINESSMAN

We'll only take a minute of your time, Mr. James ... In view of your marvelous achievement on the new Stevens bridge, the chamber of commerce would like you as their principal speaker at their next banquet.

A buzzer sounds as Allen is about to answer the men.

ALLEN

One moment, please...  
(he switches a button  
and picks up the  
receiver of the  
dictograph.)

Yes?

CUT TO:

275 GIRL AT DESK IN OUTER OFFICE 275

GIRL

(into dictograph:)  
There are two detectives coming through, Mr. Allen [sic]. I told them you were busy, but they wouldn't wait.

CUT TO:

276 INT. ALLEN'S OFFICE 276

He lays the receiver down, in a daze, and rises slowly.

ALLEN

(to chamber of commerce  
committee:)  
Gentlemen -- I'll have to ask you to  
excuse me --

(CONTINUED)

276 CONTINUED:

276

He is interrupted by the opening of the door. Two detectives enter unceremoniously.

FIRST DETECTIVE

(to Allen:)

We have a warrant here, Mr. James --  
or Mr. Allen -- for your arrest.

Everyone is surprised. Allen is speechless.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

277 INT. WAITING ROOM

277

A uniformed guard shows James Allen in.

GUARD

The district attorney says you can  
have as long as you like, Mr. Allen.

Allen nods his thanks. The guard crosses to another door and holds it open. As Helen comes in the guard closes the door from the outside.

For a moment Allen and Helen stand looking at each other silently, Allen's face ashamed and wondering how she is going to take it. Helen's face questioning.

HELEN

(after a moment):)

Is it true, Jimmie?

(he nods.)

How did they find out?

ALLEN

My wife.

HELEN

(unhappily:)

It's so hard to believe it's true --  
you -- you --

278 CLOSE-UP OF HELEN

278

She walks over to the window, looks out, then turns.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I don't even blame you for not telling  
me what you'd been -- That wasn't  
you -- you're a different person --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

278 CONTINUED:

278

HELEN (CONT'D)  
 you've made yourself into a new man.  
 I love that new man -- and I'm going  
 to stick with him.  
 (she crosses to him.)

279 WIDER ANGLE

279

ALLEN  
 That gives me something to fight  
 for, Helen.

HELEN  
 You're going to win your fight, too --  
 (she goes into his  
 arms.)  
 I'm for you, dear -- everybody's for  
 you --

DISSOLVE TO:

280 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BANQUET ROOM CLOSE-UP OF CHAIRMAN

280

addressing the banquet, which we see as the CAMERA PULLS  
 BACK.

CHAIRMAN  
 -- and that speaker, gentlemen, whose  
 enforced absence from our banquet  
 tonight has created nationwide  
 indignation, is in need of our help.  
 By hard work, diligence, and honesty  
 he has risen to success and to a  
 position of prominence and respect.  
 He is now facing not only penal  
 servitude, but actual slavery --  
 barbarism -- torture -- for a crime  
 he has already expiated many times  
 before -- a fugitive -- not from  
 justice but from injustice! In my  
 opinion it is monstrous -- and, as  
 chairman of this chamber of commerce,  
 I call upon you to pledge your  
 unanimous support to James Allen --  
 reputable engineer of this city,  
 veteran of the World War, and citizen  
 of the United States of America.

The people rise to their feet, cheering.

DISSOLVE TO:

281 INT. PRISON CELL

281

Allen is in the cell. A lot of newspapermen are gathered there.

FIRST REPORTER

(to Allen:)

... And we can quote you literally?

ALLEN

Certainly. Everything I've said are facts... I want this rotten chain gang system exposed... Print it all.

This pleases the reporters.

SECOND REPORTER

(to Allen:)

How about a special signed story from you for our Sunday supplement?

ALLEN

(grimly:)

I'll write it -- gladly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT of a Chicago newspaper with the following scarehead:

CHICAGO FIGHTS TO KEEP ALLEN FROM CHAIN GANG

There is a news story under the head. There is also a large photograph of James Allen. SUPERIMPOSED on this photograph is a pencil sketch of "Blind Justice."

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT of another newspaper. We shoot this so that we do not see in what city it is published. The headline reads:

LOCAL CHAIN GANG OFFICIALS INCENSED OVER CH  
TO AID

There is a picture of James Allen. Over it is the caption "We want him back!"

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT of a Chicago newspaper editorial page, IRISING on an editorial captioned:

IS THIS CIVILIZATION?

(CONTINUED)

281 CONTINUED:

281

We can also read the first paragraph as follows:

Shall we stand by while a man who has become a leading citizen of this city has the shadow of medieval torture creeping over him?

DISSOLVE INTO:

INSERT of the editorial page of a southern paper, IRISED on a particular editorial captioned:

STATE'S RIGHTS WHAT HAS BECOME OF THEM?

The editorial goes on as follows:

It is a sad state of affairs when the governor of one state refuses to recognize the rights of another.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

282 INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE CLOSE-UP JAMES ALLEN

282

as he sits in the district attorney's office.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S VOICE  
Governor Badger has not yet signed  
the extradition papers.

CAMERA PULLS BACK showing the district attorney, seated at his desk. Seated around are Allen, his attorney, and two representatives of the other state.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
(to representatives:)  
Until he does, I cannot turn Mr.  
Allen over to the custody of your  
state.

FIRST REPRESENTATIVE  
In view of Allen's record here since  
his escape, our state has authorized  
us to assure you that if he returns  
voluntarily and pays the expenses  
the state has been put to, he will  
be pardoned within ninety days.

ALLEN'S ATTORNEY  
But why is it necessary for my client  
to return at all?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

282 CONTINUED:

282

ALLEN'S ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

Why mete out punishment to a man who has proven himself a useful and honorable citizen?

FIRST REPRESENTATIVE

Merely a technicality -- no prisoner is eligible for pardon until he has served ninety days.

ALLEN

You mean I'll have to serve ninety days -- on the chain gang?

FIRST REPRESENTATIVE

No -- you will be given some clerical job in one of the camps.

ATTORNEY

The matter rests entirely with my client -- but I'd advise him to stay right here.

ALLEN

(to D.A.):

There's someone else I'd like to consult.

(he nods toward the door.)

Will you excuse me a minute?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Certainly.

Allen crosses to the door.

CUT TO:

283 EXT. ANTEROOM

283

Helen is seated in a chair. The door opens and Allen enters. She rises, looking at him questioningly.

ALLEN

They've promised me a full pardon within ninety days if I go back.

HELEN

(hesitatingly:)

Can you trust them?

(CONTINUED)

283 CONTINUED:

283

ALLEN

I don't see why not!  
 (nods; then decisively.)  
 Besides, I want to get it all cleaned  
 up now -- so nothing's hanging over  
 our happiness.

HELEN

It's best, dear... They can't fail  
 to pardon you -- when you deserve it  
 so much. You'll be back in three  
 months -- free -- for always --  
 (she goes into his  
 arms.)  
 And we'll be together -- for always --

CUT TO:

284 INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

284

The men are waiting.

FIRST REPRESENTATIVE

These stories you've been hearing  
 are absurd, gentlemen. On the whole,  
 our chain gangs are beneficial  
 to the convicts -- not only  
 physically, but morally --

He is interrupted by Allen's entrance from the other room.

ALLEN

I'm going back with you -- on your  
 assurance of pardon.

FIRST REPRESENTATIVE

(warmly:)  
 And you won't regret your decision.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

285 ON A RAILROAD STATION

285

The train has just come to a stop and passengers are getting  
 off. Reporters, photographers, and a crushing crowd are  
 gathered about waiting for Allen.

Allen and the two representatives step off the train. Pictures  
 are snapped. Reporters clamor for statements. William Ramsey  
 steps up to Allen.

286 CLOSE-UP OF ALLEN AND RAMSEY

286

RAMSEY  
My name is Ramsey.

ALLEN  
(shaking hands:)  
Oh -- my attorney. Where do we go?

RAMSEY  
We'll go over to my office and get  
the financial end of this straightened  
out first.

They start to leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

287 INT. RAMSEY'S OFFICE

287

Ramsey sits at his desk. Allen is seated across from him,  
with pen and checkbook.

RAMSEY  
Your capture and return cost the  
state three hundred and fifty  
dollars...  
(Allen starts writing  
a check.)  
My fee will be twenty-five hundred --  
one thousand now and fifteen hundred  
on your release ...

ALLEN  
(handing him first  
check:)  
That's for the state...

RAMSEY  
You know, of course, that you'll  
have to go to a prison camp for ninety  
days...

Allen nods and writes out another check.

ALLEN  
(handing him the check:)  
There's your check...

RAMSEY  
Thanks, Allen...  
(he blows on the check  
softly to dry it.)

(CONTINUED)

287 CONTINUED:

287

ALLEN

After those ninety days, there's no reason to believe I won't get my pardon then, is there?

RAMSEY

Well -- this is a funny state -- and the governor's a little -- er -- peculiar.

(Allen is puzzled.)

You see -- all that publicity you gave out about conditions here didn't help any.

ALLEN

(troubled:)

But I'll get the pardon?

RAMSEY

(with lukewarm assurance only:)

Oh -- they'll give you the pardon -- but that clerical job they promised you isn't definite... they might want you to work for about sixty days...

Allen frowns, worried.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

288 CLOSE-UP OF A BLACKBOARD

288

ON WHICH IS WRITTEN IN CHALK

TUTTLE COUNTY PRISON CAMP

White prisoners 33

Black prisoners 69

Total 102

A prison guard's hand enters the shot and changes the figures to read:

White prisoners 34

Black prisoners 69

Total 103

(CONTINUED)

288 CONTINUED: 288

CAMERA PANS TO:

289 INT. OUTER ROOM SECOND PRISON CAMP 289

James Allen and the warden, taking in guard stationed outside the steel door.

WARDEN

(to guard:)

Here's that guy that all the fuss was about. If he tries to escape, shoot him.

ALLEN

I'm supposed to be a trusty. Haven't you had orders from the prison commission?

WARDEN

Sure, I've had orders -- If you get away this time, I'll lose my job.

(turning to the guard.)

So do the rest of you -- get me? Go on -- give him a bunk.

GUARD

(to warden:)

Yes, sir.

The guard grabs Allen and opens the steel door. Allen is stunned at the treatment he is receiving.

CUT TO:

290 INT. BULL PEN CLOSE SHOT 290

as Allen is shoved through the door. The door is slammed shut behind him, and he stands there alone, looking around the dimly lighted room.

291 PAN SHOT 291

showing the faces of the convicts -- some sprawling and some sitting on their beds -- as they stare at the newcomer. The faces are inhumanly hard, cruel, vicious. They all stare at Allen, hostilely. Then the CAMERA REACHES one who is grinning. It is Bomber Wells. He rises.

292 FULL SHOT 292

as Bomber goes toward Allen.

(CONTINUED)

WELLS

Allen --

ALLEN

Bomber!

Bomber takes Allen's hand and shakes it. Allen is still a little stunned by his treatment from the officials.

WELLS

How did you get to this little bit of heaven, kid?

ALLEN

It's a long story.

WELLS

You think those other chain gangs are tough -- These are the guys that were too tough for the chain gangs.  
(indicating a cot.)  
Sit down and make yourself at home -- if you can.

Allen, moving mechanically, sits down.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Now, give us the story... How'd they snatch you back?

ALLEN

They didn't... I came back...

CONVICT

He just got lonesome...

There are howls of derisive laughter from the other convicts.

ALLEN

They promised me a pardon if I'd come back for ninety days...

CONVICT

What's a "pardon"?

WELLS

(to Allen:)  
These boys up here ain't ever heard that word...

SECOND CONVICT

Neither has the prison commission...

(CONTINUED)

292 CONTINUED: (2)

292

ALLEN

(after a moment:)

What'd you do to get sent up here,  
Bomber?

WELLS

Well, I decided to hang it on the  
limb -- so I socked a guard with a  
sledge... I swung at the rat's head --

(he finishes  
disgustedly.)

But I missed...

He spits through his teeth.

A CONVICT

I can't figure a guy walking back  
into this just because they promised  
to spring him in ninety days.

ALLEN

(grimly:)

They just want to make it tough on  
me, I guess -- but I'll get the  
pardon, all right...

CONVICT

(to Allen:)

Listen, Babe -- they ain't thinkin'  
of givin' away pardons when you land  
in here. This is the last word.

(he grins hideously.)

You might say it's IT.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

293 A HIGHWAY

293

The eastern horizon has just begun to glow. The figure of a  
guard rises in the foreground, silhouetted black against the  
horizon.

GUARD

All right -- get to work.

The figures of the convicts appear out of the darkness now,  
all silhouetted black against the glowing east.

294 CLOSE-UP A LARGE NEGRO 294

He throws back his head, and from his throat come the deep tones of a Negro song. A chorus of Negro throats takes it up. Sledges start to rise and fall to the tempo of the song. The sun rises beautifully in the east -- the tempo of the song mounts.

295 ALLEN 295

as he swings his sledge for the first time, back at hard labor in the chain gang now.

DISSOLVE TO:

296 THE HIGHWAY 296

The hot sun beats down. The Negro song goes on, and the work goes on, sledges swinging to the swing of the song -- all in perfect synchronization with the music -- an uncanny, mechanical precision.

297 ALLEN 297

As he swings his sledge his suffering shows on his face. He isn't used to hard labor anymore. He gets out of step with the song. There is a guard standing in front of him and he doesn't dare to quit.

GUARD

Come on -- keep the lick.

Allen gets in step with the song again.

DISSOLVE TO:

298 HIGHWAY 298

In the west there is a beautiful sunset, and as at dawn the figures of the convicts are seen silhouetted against it. The work and the song still go on -- there is still the synchronization, but the tempo is slower now, the hymn more mournful.

GUARD

Quit work --

The work stops. The men drag heavily toward the Ford trucks.

299 ALLEN

299

as he drags his body, aching with weariness and caked with sweat and road dust, toward the truck. He is almost ready to collapse. He moves slowly, his chain clanking.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

300 INT. HEARING ROOM OF PRISON COMMISSION

300

The three prison commissioners sit behind a long, bare table. Their faces are cold and inscrutable. THE CAMERA MOVES BACK and we see the small, bare room. There are a number of people there -- Ramsey, Allen's brother, the Reverend Robert Allen, newspapermen, witnesses. The chairman raps for order.

CHAIRMAN

The case of James Allen. Is Mr. Ramsey present?

RAMSEY

(rising:)  
Ready, Your Honor.

CHAIRMAN

Please be brief -- we've got a great number of cases this afternoon.

RAMSEY

I should first like to introduce the convict's brother, the Reverend Robert Allen.

The Reverend Mr. Allen rises. He is dressed as a clergyman. His voice is very low as he starts to speak.

301 CLOSE-UP OF REV. ALLEN

301

BROTHER

I shall leave the legal technicalities of the case to Mr. Ramsey and shall present the story of James Allen as a human being -- a man of essential fineness and integrity of character -- a man decorated for bravery in the World War -- a man who committed a crime only when forced to at the point of a gun -- his first and only offense -- a man who proved his real character by rising from less than  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

301 CONTINUED:

301

BROTHER (CONT'D)  
 nothing to become a prominent and  
 honored citizen --

While he is saying this, DOUBLE-EXPOSED over the CLOSE-UP is a phantasmagoria of flashes of scenes of Allen's past life: again he is receiving his war decoration; he is being pursued by the police after the lunch counter robbery; he is being sentenced by the judge to a term with the chain gang.

DISSOLVE INTO:

302 EXT. HIGHWAY MED. CLOSE-UP OF JAMES ALLEN

302

swinging a pick on the highway, along with the other convicts, to the rhythm of a Negro's song.

DISSOLVE TO:

303 INT. HEARING ROOM

303

SHOT of Ramsey and the three police commissioners. Their faces are hard and cold. Ramsey is summing up the case.

RAMSEY

And in conclusion, I need not remind you that James Allen has kept his part of the bargain. He has returned voluntarily to this state and has paid all the expenses demanded of him. I cannot believe, in the light of all this evidence and in the name of justice, that you will bring yourselves even to consider any other alternative.

Through this entire CLOSE-UP there is DOUBLE-EXPOSED a phantasmagoria of scene flashes: Allen getting off the train on his return to the chain gang state, his paying the checks to the lawyer.

304 CLOSE-UP OF CHAIRMAN

304

He rises and starts to speak.

CHAIRMAN

First, I feel it is my duty to answer the malicious and unwarranted attack upon the chain gang system that we have heard this afternoon. Crime must be punished. The men who commit crimes are hard men, and their

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

304 CONTINUED:

304

CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)

punishment must be hard. The brutality of which you hear is a gross exaggeration, born of the fancy of the uninformed. The life of the convict on a chain gang is one of hard labor -- the discipline is strict -- but there is no brutality. Further, the purpose of prison is not only to punish crime, but to discourage it. There is less crime in this state in proportion to its population than in forty other states in the Union. Finally, as evidence of the chain gang's value as a character builder, I have only to present to you the very case you have presented to us today -- the case of James Allen, who entered the chain gang as a worthless tramp and who left it to become one of a great city's most successful and respected citizens.

(he pauses and clears  
his throat.)

The commission will take the case of James Allen under consideration.

Throughout this scene is DOUBLE-EXPOSED a phantasmagoria of different flashes of chain gang life: Red being beaten, men working on the road, bloodhounds, sledges, lashings, scum for food, and throughout is the monotonous sound of sledges.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

305 INT. PRISON WAITING ROOM

305

The Reverend Mr. Allen is talking to his brother.

BROTHER

They refused to pardon you, Jim.

For a moment Allen is completely stunned.

ALLEN

They refused -- the state's promise didn't mean anything --

(with growing anger.)

It was all lies -- they just wanted to get me back -- to keep me here for nine more years -- Their crimes

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALLEN (CONT'D)

are worse than mine -- worse than anybody's here -- They're the ones that ought to be in prison.

BROTHER

You won't have to stay the nine years, Jim. The commission voted that if you were a model prisoner for one year, the state would consider you had paid your obligation in full.

ALLEN

Nine more months of this torture? I won't do it -- I'll break out of here -- if they kill me it's better than staying --

BROTHER

It's still better to be honorably free. In those nine months we'll be working for you night and day.

ALLEN

You've been working day and night -- it doesn't do any good.

BROTHER

We'll have the whole country behind you then -- the state will be forced to release you.

ALLEN

(after a moment;  
bitterly:)

All right -- I'll wait nine months -- I'll be a model prisoner -- if it kills me.

The Reverend Mr. Allen pats his brother's shoulder. The Negro spiritual, heard from the distance throughout the scene, rises in a crescendo of misery.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INSERT as a sledgehammer hits a calendar and the leaves of one year fall off. Blood is spilled on the pages.

DISSOLVE INTO:

306 INT. HEARING ROOM OF PRISON COMMISSION

306

Ramsey is talking. The three commissioners sit with cold, emotionless faces.

RAMSEY

... and finally not only has James Allen been a model prisoner -- patient and uncomplaining, for a whole year -- but we have presented letters from countless organizations and prominent individuals, beseeching you to recommend his pardon. I think it only just, Your Honors, that he be granted his freedom while there is still time for him to regain his former position in society, of prominence and universal respect.

The faces of the commissioners are unchanged, still stony and inscrutable.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

307 BULLPEN NIGHT

307

The men lie sprawled on their beds, exhausted. The warden enters, with the leather strap in his hand that he uses to beat the men with. A guard accompanies him.

As the warden passes the foot of Allen's bunk he pauses.

WARDEN

(to Allen:)

We've just had a final report on your new hearing.

ALLEN

(gazing up at him,  
tense and rigid:)

Well...?

WARDEN

They've suspended decision indefinitely.

(he continues along  
the row of bunks;  
then, toying with  
the leather strap,  
he turns to the guard.)

Which one, did they say?

(CONTINUED)

307 CONTINUED:

307

GUARD  
 (pointing to a convict  
 lying on his bunk:)  
 That one there.

WARDEN  
 (to convict):  
 Get up -- you lazy skunk.

308 CLOSE-UP OF ALLEN'S HAND

308

clutching the iron frame of his bunk convulsively. CAMERA PANS UP to his face, which is barely recognizable. It is cruel, distorted, inhuman.

FADE OUT:

NOTE: From this point until the final fade out, Allen is like an animal. He is shifty, cringing, silent. His eyes are wild, and he seems to be all eyes.

FADE IN:

309 EXT. HIGHWAY

309

The convicts at work. James Allen and Bomber Wells stand on opposite sides of the road, waiting with shovels in their hands. Twenty feet ahead of them two other convicts stand waiting, a guard beside them. A truck drives past between Allen and Bomber and stops just past the next two convicts. The driver pulls a lever; the front end of the loaded part of the truck rises slowly, dumping out the dirt. The two convicts start spreading out the dirt, and the guard moves down to Allen and Bomber. The driver lowers the truck again and drives off.

Allen, his bitter face tense, gives Bomber a look. Bomber answers with a barely perceptible nod.

Another truck drives up and stops just past Bomber and Allen. The driver pulls the lever, and the front of the loaded part of the body rises. The driver looks out the window back of the seat until he is hidden completely by the rising body. The dirt slides out onto the road.

Allen has apparently discovered something wrong under the truck.

ALLEN  
 Hey, driver -- better take a look  
 back here.

The driver sticks his head out the side of the driver's seat.

(CONTINUED)

309 CONTINUED:

309

DRIVER

I haven't got time -- I got some  
stuff here to rush up to the quarry...

ALLEN

You'll never make the quarry in this  
truck -- your spring's broken...

The driver gets off the seat and comes back to the rear of  
the truck.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Look under there...  
(he points in behind  
the rear wheel.)  
Both the guard and the driver get  
down on their hands and knees to  
look under the truck.

Allen and Bomber sneak quickly to the front of the truck and  
climb on. The motor is still running. There is a box on the  
front seat. Allen releases the brake and starts the truck.  
It leaps ahead.

The guard and the driver look up surprised as the truck drives  
off from over them. Allen shifts again and the truck roars  
ahead. The guard jumps to his feet, grabbing up a gun and  
starting to shoot. Another guard runs up and shoots.

SERIES OF QUICK CUTS

- |     |   |     |
|-----|---|-----|
| 310 | ALLEN   | 310 |
|     | shifts again and the truck roars ahead down the road. The<br>bullets rattle off the raised back of the truck. |     |
| 311 | THE GUARDS  | 311 |
|     | One of them blows his whistle. The others start rounding up<br>the convicts.                                  |     |
| 312 | ANOTHER GUARD   | 312 |
|     | further down the road. He blows his whistle.  |     |
| 313 | STEAM WHISTLE   | 313 |
|     | It starts screeching loudly.  |     |
| 314 | ROAD  | 314 |
|     | Another truck drives up. One of the guards jumps on it and<br>it starts after Allen's truck.                  |     |

315 ALLEN'S TRUCK 315

It is going as fast as it can now, twenty-five miles an hour.

316 ALLEN AND BOMBER 316

in the front seat. The big box is in their way.

ALLEN  
Throw the box out.

WELLS  
Nix. It's full of my favorite candy.

Allen darts a glance at the box.

317 INSERT 317

Sign on the box: Dynamite

318 ALLEN AND BOMBER 318

Bomber grins.

319 PRISON YARD 319

The steam whistle is screeching. An auto filled with guards and guns dashes out and down the road.

320 ALLEN'S TRUCK 320

going along the highway.

ALLEN  
It won't go any faster. All these trucks have got governors that hold them down to twenty-five...

WELLS  
(looks outside:)  
There's nothing in sight yet -- stop the truck.

Allen brings the truck to a stop. Bomber jumps out, rips open the hood, and takes off the governor. Allen pulls the lever that lowers the back of the truck. Another motor is heard.

321 LONG SHOT 321

The second truck tears around a corner.

- 322 ALLEN'S TRUCK 322  
as Bomber jumps on and Allen drives off.
- 323 ROAD 323  
A touring car full of guards and bristling with guns speeds past the second truck. Its siren is screaming.
- 324 ALLEN'S TRUCK 324  
going much faster now. The scream of the siren is heard faintly above the roar of the motor.
- 325 SECOND TOURING CAR 325  
A different make but full of men and guns, speeding along a different road.
- 326 FARMHOUSE BY HIGHWAY 326  
The scream of the steam whistle is heard. A farmer runs out of the house with a gun. Allen's truck tears past and the farmer takes a quick shot. The truck roars on.
- 327 ALLEN'S TRUCK 327  
The screams of the sirens are loud now. Bomber starts tearing open the box of dynamite.
- 328 SECOND TOURING CAR 328  
coming along a dirt road. One of the men in the tonneau points.
- 329 LONG SHOT FROM MOVING CAR 329  
of Allen's truck speeding along a highway at right angles to the dirt road.
- 330 330. ALLEN'S TRUCK 330  
Bomber and Allen see the touring car on the dirt road, very close.
- 331 SECOND TOURING CAR 331  
The men start shooting.

- 332 ALLEN'S TRUCK 332  
 A fusillade of shots strikes it. Bomber grabs at his chest. A spot of blood appears. Bomber's face becomes vicious and he pulls a stick of dynamite out of the box.
- 333 INTERSECTION OF ROADS 333  
 The touring car skids around the turn and takes the highway, after the truck.
- 334 ALLEN'S TRUCK 334  
 Allen pulls the lever that raises the back. Bomber is fastening a cap and fuse to a stick of dynamite.
- 335 THE ROAD 335  
 The second touring car is gaining fast on the truck. The men start shooting again. Another car is close behind the second touring car.
- 336 ALLEN'S TRUCK 336  
 The back is raised just in time. The bullets rattle off. Bomber has the fuse lighted now.
- ALLEN  
 They're right on our tail.
- Bomber nods. The spot of blood on his chest is larger now. Suddenly he swings out on the step of the truck and throws the dynamite. There is the sound of a terrific explosion, and the truck is almost thrown off the road. Bomber breaks into a scream of wild laughter.
- WELLS  
 That's once I didn't miss.
- Bomber grabs suddenly at his chest, hangs a moment, then falls off the truck.
- 337 HIGHWAY 337  
 Bomber's body rolls into the ditch at the side of the road and lies still. He is dead.
- 338 HIGHWAY 338  
 The cloud of smoke and dust from the explosion stops the following touring car full of guards.

DISSOLVE TO:

- 339 A BRIDGE 339  
Allen's truck drives across the bridge and stops.
- 340 CLOSE SHOT TRUCK 340  
Allen looks back. There is nothing in sight. He swings his legs back over the driver's seat and puts the chains across the heavy steel cog.
- 341 CLOSE-UP OF THE COGS 341  
Allen's chained legs enter the SHOT, one foot on either side of the massive cogs, so that the chain which connects his legs lies caught in the cogs. He reaches back and pulls the lever behind him. The machinery starts moving and the body commences to descend. As it does so the cogs grind a couple of links of the chain into powder. Allen's feet are free. He pulls them back quickly to get out of the way of the descending body.
- 342 CLOSE-UP 342  
of Allen in front seat of truck. He pulls the ankle bracelets up to his knees and attaches the loose ends of the chain to the bracelets, pulling his trousers down over the chains in order to hide them. He looks back.
- 343 LONG SHOT 343  
One of the touring cars comes over the crest of a hill.
- 344 ALLEN'S TRUCK 344  
Allen grabs a stick out of the box and starts fixing it with cap and fuse.
- 345 TOURING CAR 345  
coming on.
- 346 INT. TOURING CAR 346  
One of the men points at Allen's truck on the bridge.
- 347 BRIDGE 347  
Allen throws the dynamite with the fuse lighted far out on the bridge.
- 348 TOURING CAR 348  
nearly to the bridge.

349 ALLEN 349

watching tensely.

350 MINIATURE 350

Just before the car reaches it, there is a tremendous explosion in the middle of the bridge. The bridge crumples and collapses.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

SERIES OF INSERTS OF NEWSPAPER HEADLINES:

CONVICT MAKES SECOND ESCAPE

JAMES ALLEN AT LARGE AGAIN

Desperate Convict, Denied Pardon,  
Escapes Second Time, Dynamites Bridge.

GUNMAN ESCAPES

Authorities Confident of Allen's Recapture.

DISSOLVE TO:

351 CLOSE-UP 351

of a U.S. map. The CAMERA MOVES from one spot to another, hesitating, then jumping here, there, and everywhere. SUPERIMPOSED is a hodgepodge of trains, boats, and automobiles. SUPERIMPOSED on this map are the pages of a calendar -- turning, turning, turning. Finally the CAMERA STOPS, IRISED on Chicago.

DISSOLVE TO:

352 AN ALLEY 352

A row of garages facing the alley, behind a large apartment house. A Ford coupe turns into the alley and into the open door of one of the garages. After a moment a girl comes out.

MAN'S VOICE

Helen --

She stops and turns. Allen appears out of the darkness, slinking along the edge of the building for protection. He has on a suit that was once good but is now old and worn. He

(CONTINUED)

352 CONTINUED:

352

looks like a bum. Helen stares at him a moment, then gasps as she recognizes him. He draws her back into the shadows.

HELEN

(her voice choking:)

Jim! Jim -- why haven't you come before?

ALLEN

I couldn't! I was afraid to.

HELEN

You could have written. It's been almost a year since you escaped!

ALLEN

(with a bitter laugh:)

I haven't escaped -- they're still after me. They'll always be after me. I've had jobs but I can't keep them. Something happens -- someone turns up -- I hide in rooms all day and travel by night -- no friends -- no rest -- no peace --

HELEN

(clutching him:)

Jim!

ALLEN

Keep moving! That's all that's left for me.

HELEN

(clinging to him:)

No -- please! I can't let you go like this. It was all going to be so different...

ALLEN

(with a hollow laugh:)

I hate everything but you... I had to take a chance tonight to see you... and say good-bye ...

Helen gazes at him with tears streaming down her face; then she throws her arms about his neck impulsively and kisses him. They cling together fiercely. There is the sound of a police siren approaching, then fading away. Allen is startled, then starts away.

(CONTINUED)

352 CONTINUED: (2)

352

HELEN  
 (following him:)  
 Can't you tell me where you're going?  
 (he shakes his head.)  
 Will you write?  
 (he shakes his head.)  
 Do you need any money?  
 (he shakes his head  
 again, still backing  
 away.)  
 But you must, Jim! How do you live?

A car is heard approaching. Allen backs into the dark shadows of the alley.

ALLEN  
 I steal...

Helen stands watching, an expression of infinite suffering and pity on her face, as Allen disappears into the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

353 CLOSE-UP

353

of map as in previous scene with CAMERA jumping north, south, east, west, and finally DISSOLVING INTO:

354 THE BROW OF A HILL AT DAWN

354

In the shot is a sign which reads:

U.S. BORDER

The figure of Allen in silhouette is seen trudging slowly up and over the brow of the hill, a broken, defeated, beaten figure of a man, a hunted animal, a fugitive. Over this come the words:

THE END