

AMERICAN MADNESS

Screenplay by Robert Riskin

Shooting Draft, 1932

Property of  
Columbia Pictures

FADE IN

EXT. BUILDING - DAY - LONG SHOT

Of a large, impressive-looking building on the corner of a  
busy, New York business street.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUILDING - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

A dignified brass plate sign on the side of the building,  
reading: UNION NATIONAL BANK.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FOYER OF BUILDING - MED. SHOT

Lower portion of high bronze doors, one side of which is  
partly opened. Sitting in front of the closed side is a  
uniformed officer, greeting, ad lib, the various employees  
as they enter.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OF BANK - CLOSEUP

Of a cover being yanked off an adding machine.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT AT SWITCHBOARD

A telephone operator, busily plugging in wires.

OPERATOR

(mechanically sweet  
voice)

Good morning . . . Union National  
Bank . . . Just a minute-

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ENTRANCE ROOM TO VAULTS - MED. SHOT

Of the inside of a massive vault door, made impressive by  
the shining, finely cut steel bolts and the many other  
intricate-looking instruments which adorn it.

CAMERA PANS UP to a clock overhead which registers 9:03.

A group of young men, paying tellers, are impatiently  
watching a teller struggle with the lock that will admit  
them to the vault.

TELLER

Come on, come on, Oscar, what are  
we waiting for?

2ND TELLER

What's the matter? Can't you find  
it?

3RD TELLER

Sneak up on it, boy!

4TH TELLER

Oscar, come on!

CHARLIE

Say, if it had lipstick on it,  
he'd find it!

They all laugh, as Oscar finds the combination.

OSCAR

Almonds to you![1] Almonds!

TELLERS

Now, now, Oscar - not almonds!

The CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM as they pass through the first  
portal.

CHARLIE

Nine o'clock and all is lousy!

1ST TELLER

Yes, I spend half of my life waiting  
for these time clocks to open.  
Say, where's Matt?

CHARLIE

Probably upstairs thinking up that  
daily joke.

2ND TELLER

That guy kills me with his  
wisecracks.

3RD TELLER

Say, when he comes in, let's put  
on a frozen face. Let's not smile.

They ad-lib agreement.

1ST TELLER

Shhh! Nix! Here he comes-

7. MED. SHOT

CAMERA PICKS UP Matt Brown, the chief teller, as he strides  
briskly in and begins turning the combination dial to the  
main vault. He is about twenty-six, a clean-looking,  
personable youngster. Several of the tellers are standing  
close to him, looking on.

MATT

How are you doing slaves?

TELLERS

Hello, Matt. How're you Matt?

Matt begins to work the combination of the main lock.

MATT

(with his back to  
them)

Say, did you boys ever hear the  
story of the pawnbroker with the  
glass eye?

1ST TELLER

No Matt, what is the story about  
the pawnbroker with the glass eye?

MATT

(as he continues to  
fiddle with the  
lock)

Well, I'll tell you. A fellow went  
into this shop to pawn his watch.  
The pawnbroker said, "I'll give  
you \$50 for it, if you can tell me  
which is my glass eye." The fellow  
said, "All right, I'll do that.  
It's the right one." The pawnbroker  
said, "That's correct. But how did  
you know it was the right one?"  
The fellow said, "well, it's got  
more sympathy than the other one."

He turns, expecting their laugh, but is confronted by stone  
faces.

MATT

Sympathy! You know, the right one  
had more sympathy than the other  
one!

1ST TELLER

What's the matter? Can't you get  
this thing open?

Matt stares in disbelief, then gets the joke.

MATT

(contemptuously)  
Six reasons why banks fail!

This cracks them all up, as a uniformed officer, who has  
been standing by, works a lever attached to the floor,  
which lowers a section of the floor, directly in front of  
the vault. This permits the vault door, which is sunk below  
the floor level, to swing open.

TELLERS

(ad-libbing)

I love your jokes, Matt! They're  
so entertaining! A very funny man!

8. MED. SHOT

Matt opens the inside door, made up of perpendicular steel bars. The tellers scurry into the cavernous-looking interior. Someone

8. MED. SHOT

snaps on a light. CAMERA TRUCKS UP TO VAULT.

The back walls of the vault are lined with steel cabinets divided into many small compartments. On one side is a wall safe which is also opened by a combination and which contains the surplus cash carried by the bank. Matt is in charge of this. All around the room are numerous hand trucks - one for every teller. These trucks contain the cash in the charge of the individual tellers. While the tellers in the b.g. obtain their keys and open the drawers of their trucks, Matt examines the time clock which is attached to the inside of the vault door.

INT. VAULT - MED. CLOSE SHOT

At the door, as Matt enters and goes directly to the burglar alarm box to the left of the doorway. He leans over to throw off the burglar alarm switch.

CUT TO:

10. CLOSEUP - BURGLAR ALARM SWITCH

The handle of the switch points in the direction of a sign reading ON. Matt's hand comes into the scene and throws the switch up toward a sign reading OFF. This is done with no comment, it being a routine matter with Matt.

MATT

Come on, white collars. The day's  
started!

11. MED. SHOT

As the tellers file out with their trucks. Before they do, however, each one signs the cashbook. One or two exit silently.

CLOSE SHOT - MATT

As one of the tellers comes into scene. Matt examines the cashbook.

MATT

You're carrying too much money on  
you, Hank. You better turn some in

tonight.

TELLER  
(as he goes)  
Okay, Matt.

He exits out of scene.

MATT  
How are you fixed?

TELLER  
I'm okay, Matt.

MATT  
(to another teller)  
You've got enough?

2ND TELLER  
I'll be all right.

Charlie, the last man, comes up.

CHARLIE  
Say Matt, I'll have to have some  
money for those Manville payrolls.

MATT  
How much?

CHARLIE  
About twenty-four thousand.

MATT  
(counting out money)  
It was more than that last week.

CHARLIE  
Yeah.

MATT  
Here's twenty-five thousand.

He hands Charlie four stacks of bills. As Charlie is signing  
the cash book, Matt speaks:

MATT  
Say, do me a favor, will you  
Charlie?

CHARLIE  
Yeah.

MATT  
Let me have ten bucks?

CHARLIE

(aghast)  
Ten bucks? Say, if I had ten bucks,  
I'd quit.

MATT  
Charlie!

CHARLIE  
Yeah?

Charlie starts out. Matt follows him.

13. OUTSIDE OF VAULT - MED. CLOSE SHOT

As Charlie comes out, followed by Matt. CAMERA TRUCKS ALONG WITH THEM as they walk.

MATT  
(as they walk)  
I'll pay it back to you Saturday -  
on the level I will. Give a guy a  
break, will you? I've got to get  
it back in my account. If Helen  
ever finds out that I-

CHARLIE  
(unsympathetically)  
Baby, I can't give you anything  
but love...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAIN FLOOR OF BANK - BACKSTAGE

CAMERA TRUCKS with them as Charlie pushes his truck forward and Matt walks alongside of him. En route, CAMERA TAKES IN ATMOSPHERIC SHOTS of the general activity backstage of the bank.

Male and female clerks stand around at various angles, checking away at adding machines. Several are assisted by someone who calls off figures to them as they record it on machines. We hear these figures read in a monotone as we pass them.

Matt is still trying to pry the ten dollars loose from Charlie.

MATT  
Now listen Charlie. I'll give you  
an I.O.U. I'll give you a note,  
I'll pay your mortgage, it's a  
matter of life and death-

Ad-lib conversations from the other clerks distract his attention.

CHARLIE

Whose death?

MATT

It'll be yours if you don't kick  
in with that ten bucks.

CHARLIE

Say pal, did you ever hear of a  
Depression?

MATT

Aw, nerts!

Charlie arrives at his cage. CAMERA STOPS with them.

CHARLIE

Come over and see us sometime.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO FOLLOW Matt as he continues on to his  
cage, muttering half to himself.

MATT

I'm not asking you to pay off the  
Depression. I'm only asking you  
for ten bucks!

Another teller is busy in the cage next to him. Matt  
addresses him, referring to Charlie.

MATT

That mug reminds me of a guy with  
his second dollar.

TELLER

Yeah, what did he do with his first  
one?

MATT

Bought himself a pocketbook!

The teller laughs heartily.

15. MED. SHOT

THE CAMERA PICKS UP Helen as she crosses the main floor of  
the bank, reaches Matt's teller window and pushes it open.

MATT

Hello, Helen!

HELEN

(conspiratorially)  
Matt, come here!

MATT

Why?

HELEN

Come here, honey!

He leans over, and she gives him a quick kiss.

MATT

Hey, look out, somebody's likely  
to see us!

HELEN

(already walking  
away)

Oh, is that so?

She quickly kisses him again, crosses back, and takes the grand stairs up to the outer office of the bank president as Matt watches with a grin.

INT. MAIN FLOOR OF BANK - FULL SHOT

Just then, a group of five or six important-looking men enter scene on the way to the conference room. One of the men looks towards Helen's desk.

17. MED. SHOT

On Helen and a secretary standing next to her.

SECRETARY

(to Helen)

Oh, oh. Look who's here.

18. MED. SHOT

The other clerks and tellers, noticing the newcomers as they file past.

TELLER

Hey, psst!

OSCAR

Oh, oh. Five ill winds.

TELLER

(standing next to  
Oscar)

And blowing no good for the old  
man, either.

19. CLOSER SHOT ON HELEN'S DESK

Shooting toward Helen.

HELEN

(acidly)

The four-and-a-half horsemen.

GIRL

What are they doing here? There's  
no board meeting today.

HELEN

Search me.

By this time, the important group of men have reached Helen,  
and are passing her by, with perfunctory nods.

CLARK

(the most important  
of the important-  
looking men; to  
Helen)

Mr. Dickson in yet?

HELEN

Not yet, Mr. Clark.

CLARK

When he comes in, tell him we're  
waiting for him in the board room.

HELEN

Yes, sir.

CLARK

And tell him not to delay.

HELEN

Yes, sir.

The group of men file through the board room door, and out  
of sight.

GIRL

(to Helen)

Looks like trouble for your boss.

HELEN

Takes more than two tons of  
directors to make trouble for my  
boss.

GIRL

(as she turns to go)

Sez you!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MED. SHOT

Taking in all of room. The directors are all here, and  
some sit around a long, narrow mahogany table. Clark, the  
sour-faced old bird we saw previously talking to Helen,  
paces back and forth agitatedly.

CLARK

I've sent for the cashier,  
gentlemen. He has a list of the  
loans that Dickson made last month.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - CLARK

As he stops in his pacing a moment and addresses the  
directors further:

CLARK

And as I told you at breakfast, it  
is time we did something about it.

CLOSE SHOT - SCHULTZ

In thorough accord with Clark's violent attitude is Schultz,  
a German, whose instinctive conservatism rebels against  
Dickson's liberal banking methods.

SCHULTZ

Mr. Clark's right. Dickson will  
ruin this bank if we don't stop  
him.

AMES

(another conservative  
stalwart)

Looks to me as if we're in hot  
water already.

A very dignified but meek little old man, Jonathan Ives,  
tries horning in:

IVES

(feeble-voiced)

Gentlemen, I was just wondering—

23. MED. SHOT

As another of the directors, O'Brien, a large, bull-faced,  
thunderous-voiced contractor, rises to Dickson's defense.  
(O'Brien is always filing his nails, even while he talks.)

O'BRIEN

Personally, I think you're getting  
panic-stricken about nothing.  
Dickson's all right.

CLARK

(interrupting)

Oh, is he? We carry more unsecured  
paper than any other institution  
in the city. We're fools to tolerate  
it.

SCHULTZ

That's what I say. And the only way to end it is to get Dickson out.

CLOSE SHOT - O'BRIEN

He looks toward Schultz.

O'BRIEN

Don't make me laugh, Schultz!

MED. CLOSE SHOT - CLARK

CLARK

Dickson doesn't have to go. But he must agree to this merger with New York Trust-

O'BRIEN

What good will that do?

CLARK

What good will that do? Why, it will take control away from him. We'll put somebody else in charge, call in all doubtful loans, and be on safe ground again. That's what good it will do!

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Including Ives in scene with Clark and O'Brien. Ives is seated, O'Brien and Clark standing by table. Ives tries to speak again.

IVES

It has just occurred to me-

O'BRIEN

(interrupting)

You're wasting your time, I tell you. Dickson won't stand for it.

CLARK

He'll stand for it, if I have anything to say about it.

Just then they hear door open, and they all look towards door leading thru to main floor.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - CLUETT

As he shuts the door behind him. He is immaculately groomed, obviously cuts quite a dash with the women. He looks off toward the men as Clark's voice comes in:

CLARK'S VOICE

Ah - come in, Cluett.

CAMERA PANS WITH CLUETT as he comes forward and puts a paper on the table before Clark.

CLUETT  
Here's the list.

CLARK  
Yes, thank you.

CLUETT  
Anything else?

CLARK  
No. Nothing.

Cluett exits toward door again. Clark picks up the list and looks at it. Then he addresses the other men:

CLARK  
Look at this. Just look at this.  
It's outrageous. Henry Moore -  
thirty-six thousand. Manny Goldberg -  
eighty-five hundred. Tony Consero -  
fifty-six thousand dollars. Joseph  
McDonald - eighteen thousand. Alvin  
Jones - sixty-six thousand dollars  
to a hotel that's on its last legs.  
I tell you, people get loans in  
this bank that couldn't borrow  
five cents anywhere else.

28. WIDER ANGLE

As the other men group around the loan list, which Clark has put back down on the table. They all scrutinize it carefully.

SCHULTZ  
(to the men at large)  
And on what? "Hunches," he calls  
it.

AMES  
Some day he'll get a "hunch" about  
a man and give the bank away.

CLARK  
He's almost done that already. Our  
chief teller, Matt Brown, is an  
example of that. He breaks into  
Dickson's house, holds him up, and  
the next day gets a job in the  
bank.

IVES

Well, as far as I'm concerned-

SCHULTZ

A boy who should be in jail,  
handling a bank's cash!

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN FLOOR OF BANK - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Shooting toward Matt, inside the teller's cage, busily counting the money he is getting ready for Charlie.

Helen is outside the cage.

30. CLOSE SHOT

Shooting toward Helen.

HELEN

(skeptically)

What did you do with it?

MATT

With what?

HELEN

The ten dollars.

MATT

(quickly)

Oh, ten dollars-

HELEN

Yes.

MATT

(catches himself in  
time)

A friend of mine - yeah, really -  
his mother was terribly sick and  
she was dying, would you believe  
it?

31. CLOSE SHOT

Shooting toward Matt.

AS SHE INTERRUPTS HIM:

HELEN

No.

MATT

Oh, you think I'm lying?

HELEN

Yes.

MATT

All right, I'm lying. Don't forget  
you called me a liar.

HELEN

Oh, Matt.

He reaches forward and takes her hands.

MATT

Oh honey, why don't we get married?  
Then you can handle it all.

Just then Oscar enters the scene, en route somewhere. He  
stops beside Matt, notices he and Helen are holding hands.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

As Helen and Matt separate guiltily.

OSCAR

Say, Matt! Matt! Did you hear the  
news?

MATT

No, what?

OSCAR

Pardon me. All the big shots are  
in a huddle, and it looks like  
Dickson's out on his ear.

Helen and Matt react to this piece of news. They look at  
one another. Apparently, it will have a definite effect on  
their lives.

MATT

(to Oscar)  
Oh, you're kidding me, aren't you?

OSCAR

No, I'm not kidding. Everybody's  
talking about it. Ask her.

HELEN

I haven't heard about it.

OSCAR

Sure, everybody's talking about  
it.

CLOSE UP - MATT

As he speaks sadly.

MATT

If that's on the level, there goes  
my assistant cashier's job.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Taking the three in.

OSCAR

Well, I just thought I'd drop by  
and cheer you up a bit.

As he turns to go out of scene, he looks at Matt.

OSCAR

I'll be seeing you, Matt - in the  
breadline.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM MED. - SHOT

The men are all gathered around the table now. Apparently,  
they have been discussing ways and means of ousting Dickson.

As we cut to this scene, Ives is pouring himself a glass  
of water.

IVES

That ham I had this morning was  
very salty-

CLOSER SHOT ON THE GROUP

CLARK

Gentlemen, let's get organized  
before Dickson gets here. Schultz,  
can I count on you?

37. CLOSE SHOT

On Schultz, who is seated next to  
Clark.

SCHULTZ

Absolutely.

CLARK

What about you, Ames?

38. CLOSE SHOT

On Ames, who is seated next to Schultz.

AMES

That's the way I feel about it.

CLARK

Ives, how about you?

39. CLOSE SHOT

IVES

Well, the way I look at it, it seems that—

CLARK

(interrupting)

All right. O'Brien?

40. CLOSE SHOT

At other end of table, where O'Brien is.

O'BRIEN

Well, you've got an awful fight on your hands. That's all I've got to say.

41. CLOSE SHOT

On Clark, determined.

CLARK

Gentlemen, I think it's time that we do fight.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN FLOOR OF BANK - FULL SHOT

The outer offices of the bank are in this shot. A spacious stretch of desks occupied by clerks and junior officers, all busily at work.

A wizened old doorman is greeting clerks as they arrive.

CLERK

(passing by)

Hello, Gardiner.

GARDINER

Good morning. You're on time this morning. It's about time.

We see Dickson, looming in the doorway, for the first time.

43. CLOSE SHOT

As Dickson stops to speak to the doorman. Dickson is a man of about fifty, whose looks belie his years. There is a robustness and virility about him that is compelling. His very walk radiates power.

He now puts his hand on the old man's shoulder.

GARDINER

Good morning, Mr. Dickson.

DICKSON

John, how's your wife this morning?

GARDINER

(looking up, worship  
in his eyes)

Much better this morning, thank  
you.

DICKSON

Got a handkerchief?

Gardiner hurriedly produces a handkerchief, and starts to  
blow his nose.

GARDINER

Excuse me—

DICKSON

Wait a minute.

(he takes the  
handkerchief, and  
polishes the brass  
on Gardiner's  
uniform)

How do you feel this morning?

GARDINER

I'm feeling fine this morning.

DICKSON

That makes it unanimous. I feel  
all right too.

GARDINER

Thank you!

AS DICKSON EXITS FROM SCENE:

CUT TO:

TRUCKING SHOT WITH DICKSON

The smile on his face disappears as he sees something which  
annoys him.

DICKSON

(sternly)

Oh, Carter!

A young man looks up quickly. He is smoking a cigarette.

CARTER

Yes sir?

DICKSON

You know the rules about smoking...

Carter quickly crushes out the cigarette. Even as he does so, Dickson reaches into his pocket and flips Carter a fresh one, which Carter pockets for later.

CARTER

Thank you, sir.

Now Dickson passes Matt's cage.

DICKSON

(catching Matt's  
attention)

Oh, Matt!

Matt looks up. Dickson tosses him a wink, and Matt winks back.

Dickson walks on towards his office. CAMERA TRUCKS AHEAD OF HIM. On the way he is greeted by his employees.

AD-LIB FROM EMPLOYEES

Good morning, Mr. Dickson. Etc.,  
etc.

DICKSON

(pleasantly)

Morning. Good morning-

He is joined by Bill Saunders, a friend of his. Bill walks along with Dickson.

BILL

Hello, Tom.

DICKSON

(firmly, but  
pleasantly)

You here again? What do you want?

He does not stop. Continues his walk toward his office. Bill along-side of him.

BILL

(smiling)

What do you suppose anybody wants?  
Money, money, money!

DICKSON

Listen, I told you I wasn't  
interested in that deal, didn't I?

BILL

I want to know why .

Dickson notices a man, a janitor without a uniform, passing by.

DICKSON

(to the man)

Wait a minute. Where's your uniform?

JANITOR

I haven't any.

DICKSON

You haven't got a uniform?

JANITOR

No, sir.

DICKSON

My goodness, you ought to have a uniform. How much does one cost?

JANITOR

Why, I don't know.

DICKSON

You see Sampson. Tell him I sent you. You've got to have a uniform.

The man exits scene. Bill picks up the conversation where he left off.

BILL

Tom, I never had trouble getting credit from you before. When I was flat broke you gave me all the money I wanted. Now I come to you with a swell deal, and the greatest-

DICKSON

(interrupting)

I'll tell you why. I don't like the crowd you're mixed up with.

(softening)

Personally, you can have all the credit you want. But for that deal - not a cent.

BILL

But listen, Tom, I-

They have now reached the anteroom of Dickson's private chamber, where Helen sits at her desk.

INT. DICKSON'S OUTER OFFICE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

As Dickson comes up to Helen at her desk. A lady sits

nearby. Dickson notices her.

DICKSON

Good morning, Mrs. Pembroke.

MRS. PEMBROKE

Good morning, Mr. Dickson.

DICKSON

Got my letter?

MRS. PEMBROKE

Yes, thank you.

DICKSON

Hello, Helen.

HELEN

Good morning.

DICKSON

Helen, you're becoming more beautiful every day. What are we going to do about it?

HELEN

I don't know.

DICKSON

Guess we'll just have to sacrifice the bank. When are you and Matt going to get married?

HELEN

(awkwardly)

Why - well, I-

DICKSON

Ummm. Stalling, eh?  
(changing tone,  
professionally)  
Anything new?

HELEN

Why, the directors are waiting for you in the board room.

DICKSON

Directors, eh? Long faces?

He gestures accordingly.

HELEN

(she trumps his  
gesture)

Longer.

DICKSON  
(half-under his  
breath)  
I haven't got any new stories for  
them this morning, either.

Mrs. Pembroke has been standing by, waiting to get a word  
in edgewise. CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY with him to take in the  
lady:

MRS. PEMBROKE  
Mr. Dickson?

DICKSON  
Ah, Mrs. Pembroke. I spoke to Mr.  
Schaffer at the Guaranty. He's  
going to take care of that mortgage  
for you . . .

During this speech the phone bell rings.

46. MEDIUM SHOT

As Helen picks up the phone and quietly answers it. Bill  
Saunders is standing nearby, still waiting to talk to  
Dickson again.

HELEN  
(into phone)  
Hello . . .  
(she turns to Dickson)  
Mrs. Dickson on the phone.

Dickson comes over to the desk and as he picks up the  
receiver, he looks toward Mrs. Pembroke.

DICKSON  
(to Mrs. Pembroke)  
You'd better hurry over there.  
He's waiting for you.  
(then into phone)  
Hello, dear . . .

CLOSE SHOT - DICKSON

AS HE CONTINUES, INTO PHONE:

DICKSON  
Where are you? . . . Sure, well,  
come on down right away. Huh? . .  
. Yes, of course I remember. It's  
tonight.  
(smiles)  
See what a social hound I'm  
becoming! . . . All right, goodbye,  
dear.

He hangs up. Mrs. Pembroke is waiting for him to finish. She has apparently been disappointed in the news he has for her.

MRS. PEMBROKE

But, Mr. Dickson, I thought you were going to take care of the mortgage. I only want ten thousand. The property is worth sixty.

DICKSON

(ill-at-ease)

Mr. Schaffer will take good care of you. He'll give you fifteen - maybe twenty . . .

MED. CLOSE SHOT

He continues talking to the lady, trying to get rid of her.

DICKSON

Better hurry now. Goodbye. Good luck to you!

Mrs. Pembroke, bewildered, starts to leave.

MRS. PEMBROKE

(muttering)

Thank you.

CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as Mrs. Pembroke leaves.

DICKSON

(to Helen)

Oh, if Mrs. Dickson comes in, will you tell her to see Cluett if she needs any money?

Bill Saunders is still waiting. He corners Dickson.

BILL

What's the idea of turning her down? It sounds like a perfectly safe investment.

DICKSON

She's a widow. I don't like taking mortgages from widows.

BILL

(puzzled)

Why not?

CLOSE SHOT OF THE TWO

Shooting toward Dickson.

DICKSON

If she can't pay, I'll have to  
foreclose, won't I?

BILL

(dumbly)  
Yes - sure-

DICKSON

(mimicking him)  
Yeah - sure!

He turns to address a man below - the janitor without a  
uniform.

DICKSON

Oh, make that uniform blue.

JANITOR

Yes, sir.

Abruptly, he heads for the board room. Bill is still baffled  
by Dickson's queer reasoning. Suddenly, it dawns on him.  
He shakes his head admiringly.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MED. SHOT

Dickson enters.

DICKSON

(blithely; as he  
counts the board  
members present)  
One - two - three - four - five.  
Seven more and you'd have a jury!

He grabs a walking cane and wields it like a golf putter.

DICKSON

Well, it's a nice morning,  
gentlemen. How about two foursomes  
of golf?

IVES

(eagerly)  
Oh, I say, that would be . . .

Ives's voice trails off as he realizes Clark is scowling  
at him.

DICKSON

(undeterred; still  
practicing his  
golf swing)

Say, you know, I found out something yesterday about hitting a golf ball. You've got to hit with the left hand, and from the inside out, it's the only way you can hit anything-

CLARK

(huffy)

I think, Mr. Dickson, we would like to have a little of your very valuable time here at the bank this morning, if you don't mind.

DICKSON

Oh, you would, eh? All right. If it's more important than golf, go ahead. What's on your mind?

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY OF BANK - LONG SHOT

Shooting from one end of the lobby toward the front door. Depositors are scattered all over the place. Some at the windows. Some at the writing tables. Others sitting inside the railing, talking to junior executives. The scene is peaceful, though very active.

CAMERA STARTS TRUCKING FORWARD, passing en route, the different types of individuals who frequent the bank. People from all walks of life. CAMERA TRAVELS SLOWLY, picking up following little scenes.

TELLER

(at window)

The check is no good.

SADIE (A FEMALE CUSTOMER)

What?

CLERK

The check is no good. The man has no account here.

SADIE

Holy mackerel! I've been robbed.

CLERK

I'm sorry, madam.

SADIE

So am I. And don't call me madam!

CAMERA NEXT PICKS UP an elderly lady talking to a bank guard.

GUARD

Yes, ma'am, you can deposit your money here.

LADY

Is it safe?

GUARD

Absolutely.

LADY

It's his life insurance money, you know.

BANK GUARD

That's all right. You come with me, and I'll show you where to deposit your money.

CAMERA GOES PAST and now singles out three men who are coming forward. One glance and we know they are here for no kosher reason.

They are typical gangster types. One of them, the leader, is dressed in everything but the kitchen sink. Light fedora, stiff shirt and collar with stripes running perpendicularly. Flashy gray suit - spats - and walking stick. The other two are just tough hombres, but dressed to kill.

As they walk toward camera, they glance around the bank with a professional casualness, but obviously very much impressed. Their eyes rove around the place and finally land on some object where they stop.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - CHARLIE

As he quickly counts out several thousand dollars in bills.

CUT TO:

53. CLOSE SHOT - THREE RACKETEERS

Their eyes glisten. Their mouths water, as they watch Charlie off scene.

CUT TO:

54. MEDIUM SHOT

Inside the railing. Cluett emerges from his office and starts forward, business-like, when he suddenly stops in his tracks.

CLOSEUP - CLUETT

He stares off at the racketeers. A look of fright comes into his eyes. His impulse is to turn back.

CLOSE GROUP SHOT

The three gangsters. A quick flash. Their eyes light on Cluett off scene, and they glare menacingly at him.

LEADER

There he is! Good morning!

MED. CLOSE SHOT - CLUETT

He changes his mind about avoiding them. His face breaks into a feeble smile of affability as he walks toward them. CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he approaches the three men, his hand outstretched in forced amiability.

CLUETT

(shaking)

Good morning! Who do you want to see?

The gangsters shake hands with him, their expressions remaining unchanged, which adds immeasurably to Cluett's discomfort.

LEADER

(flatly)

You.

1ST GANGSTER

(drawling)

Yeah. We wanna talk to you about a big deal.

There is a sinister significance in the manner in which he emphasizes "a big deal." Cluett is perceptibly ill-at-ease.

CLUETT

(uncertainly - sickly smile)

Oh, yes. Well, come right this way.

He opens the swinging gate in front of him, permitting the three racketeers to enter. They start for Cluett's office.

INT. ANTE ROOM DICKSON'S OFFICE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Helen sits at her typewriter near a railing, overlooking the bank below. Another girl stands by her, both are staring off scene.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK LOBBY - MED. LONG SHOT

FROM HELEN'S ANGLE.

Cluett and the three gangsters going into Cluett's office.

INT. ANTE ROOM OF DICKSON'S OFFICE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Helen and other secretary.

HELEN

Hey Pat, come here! Look!

SECRETARY

(to Helen)

That's Dude Finlay, all right -  
I've seen his picture in the papers  
hundreds of times.

HELEN

I wonder what he's doing with Mr.  
Cluett.

SECRETARY

(still staring -  
thrilled -  
shuddering)

Gee, I'm scared. He's one of the  
toughest gangsters in town.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MED. LONG SHOT

Shooting down the length of the table. The men are all  
sitting around the large table. Dickson is on his feet.

DICKSON

(firmly)

Gentlemen, you're only wasting  
your time. There'll be no merger.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

As Dickson continues.

DICKSON

(the injustice kills  
him)

Why should I turn this bank over  
to anybody else? I've worked twenty-  
five years night and day to build  
it up, and now you're asking me to  
dump it into somebody's lap-

(with finality)

Nothing doing!

Schultz, who is seated near Dickson, looks up at him:

SCHULTZ

You can make a handsome profit on  
your stock.

DICKSON

I'm not interested in profits. I'm  
interested in the bank. In the  
depositors. They're my friends.  
They're looking to me for  
protection, and I'm not walking  
out on them.

Clark and O'Brien, also seated around close to Dickson.

CLARK

How are you protecting your  
depositors? By making a lot of  
idiotic loans!

O'BRIEN

(admonishing him)  
Take it easy, Clark.

Ives, seated next to Schultz, becomes alarmed.

IVES

(still trying)  
My dear friends . . .

DICKSON

(unruffled, paying  
no attention to  
Ives)  
It's all right. Let him go ahead.  
Let him speak his piece. I like  
it. Go on.

CLARK

All right. I'll speak my piece.  
Dickson, you've got to change your  
policy.

63. CLOSER SHOT

As Dickson retorts:

DICKSON

What's the matter with my policy?  
How many losses has this bank taken  
in the last twenty-five years?  
(he looks around -  
silence)  
I'll tell you. Not a single one!  
(defiantly)  
What's wrong with that kind of

banking?

CLARK

(mumbles disdainfully)

Just pure luck!

64. CLOSE SHOT

Ames, seated beyond Ives, now speaks up:

AMES

Conditions have changed. These are precarious times. Banks today have got to be careful. And you've been more liberal than ever.

Dickson's voice comes in over scene:

DICKSON'S VOICE

Yes, and I'm going to continue to be liberal . . .

CLOSEUP - DICKSON

AS HE CONTINUES:

DICKSON

The trouble with this country today is there's too much hoarded cash. Idle money is no good to industry. Where is all the money today? In the banks, vaults, socks, old tin cans, buried in the ground! I tell you, we've got to get the money in circulation before you'll get this country back to prosperity.

CLOSE SHOT - CLARK

CLARK

Who are we going to give it to? Men like Jones? Last week you made him an extra loan of fifty thousand dollars. Do you call that intelligent banking?

67. CLOSE SHOT - SCHULTZ AND DICKSON

SCHULTZ

He can't pay his bills. How do you expect him to pay us?

DICKSON

That's a fair question, Schultz. Now let's see how bad a risk Jones is. What's his history? He's been a successful business man for thirty-

five years. Two years ago business started falling off. Today Jones needs money, and if he doesn't get it, he goes into bankruptcy and throws nine hundred men out of work. Answer - unemployment.

CLOSEUP - O'BRIEN

As he listens intently, Dickson's voice coming in:

DICKSON'S VOICE

It also means his creditors aren't paid. They're in trouble. They go to banks and are turned down . . . more bankruptcies . . .

CLOSEUP - DICKSON

AS HE CONTINUES:

DICKSON

It's a vicious circle, my friends, and the only place to cure it is right here at the source. Help Jones and you help the whole circle. Now, when Jones comes to me, I ask myself two questions. First - is he honest? Yes. Second - is he as good a business man as he was before? And the answer is - he's better .

CLOSEUP - CLARK

Showing his reaction, as part of Dickson's speech comes over scene:

DICKSON'S VOICE

He is not only older and wiser, but his present trouble has taught him precaution. In my estimation, gentlemen, Jones is no risk. Neither are the thousands of other Joneses throughout the country . . .

CLOSEUP - SCHULTZ

To intercut with Dickson's speech.

CLOSEUP - AMES

To intercut with Dickson's speech.

CLOSEUP - IVES

To intercut with Dickson's speech.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

The group, as Dickson concludes his speech.

DICKSON

It's they who built this nation up to the richest in the world, and it's up to the banks to give them a break. Disraeli said security is the prosperity of the nation-[4]

AMES

(cutting him off)  
Why, Disraeli didn't say anything of the kind.

DICKSON

Well, he should have said it. It's as true now as it was then. And let us get the right kind of security. Not stocks and bonds that zig-zag up and down, not collateral on paper, but character!

CLARK

(indignantly)  
Character, hmmpf! That's your idea?

DICKSON

Not at all. That's Alexander Hamilton's idea[5] - the finest banking mind this country has ever known. Those are his exact words, gentlemen. Character! It's the only thing you can bank on, and it's the only thing that will pull this country out of the doldrums.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUETT'S PRIVATE OFFICE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Cluett sits at his desk, his face drawn, panic-stricken. He is like an animal at bay. The leader of the trio, Dude Finlay, sits in a chair directly in front of Cluett. The other two men stand on either side of the desk.

DUDE

(menacingly)  
You know what we do to welchers, Cluett, don't you?

CLUETT

(trembling)  
I know, I know, Dude. Oh, I must have been crazy! I lost my head

completely!

DUDE

That's your funeral. We've got fifty thousand dollars comin' to us.

CLUETT

(helplessly)

I haven't got it.

CLOSE SHOT - DUDE

Shooting past Cluett.

DUDE

(barking)

Then what did you want to gamble for? If you'd have beat us out of fifty G's, you'd have been paid, wouldn't you? Well, we want our dough.

CLUETT

I'm sorry, Dude, but-I-

DUDE

That don't do us any good.

CLUETT

But after all, you can't take blood from a stone.

DUDE

(threateningly -  
quietly)

We can take blood from anything -  
(pauses)  
If it's comin' to us.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Shooting toward Cluett. Dude on opposite side of desk, the other two men still standing by the desk.

A look of alarm spreads over Cluett's face. There is nothing hidden in this threat.

CLUETT

(wants time to think)

Perhaps if you'll wait a little while, I might be able-

ONE OF THE MEN

(snappily)

We waited long enough!

DUDE  
(shrewdly - to the  
men)  
Nix. Lay off.  
(to Cluett)  
Now - what's the use of getting  
excited, Cluett? It oughta be  
easy for you to lay your mitts on  
that kind of dough . . .

CLOSE SHOT - CLUETT

Shooting past Dude, as Dude continues, slowly, deliberately:

DUDE  
There's plenty of it in this bank -  
laying around loose.

Cluett looks up - horror-stricken.

CLUETT  
(pop-eyed, choked  
voice)  
Good heavens, man! You're not  
suggesting that I-

DUDE  
Why not?

CLUETT  
(perspiring freely)  
Why, I couldn't do that . . . !

DUDE  
(flatly)  
You don't have to do nothing.

Cluett looks up toward the men - then at Dude.

CLUETT  
(slowly)  
What do you mean?

DUDE  
All you gotta do is fix a few things  
for us , and we'll do the rest,  
see?

There is a pause while Cluett stares at them, horrified,  
his confused mind trying to assimilate the ghastliness of  
their proposal. Suddenly he starts to rise.

79. MEDIUM SHOT

As Cluett gets to his feet and faces Dude across the desk.

CLUETT

NO, NO, I COULDN'T - I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT. I-

Smack! The rest of his speech dies in his throat. The man to his right has slapped him across the face with his open palm. Taken unaware, Cluett's hand goes to his cheek. He stares at them, bewildered and frightened.

Cluett, feeling himself trapped and helpless, slowly sinks into his chair.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTEROOM DICKSON'S OFFICE - MED. SHOT

Helen sits at her typewriter. A very dignified, beautiful woman of thirty approaches her. She is Phyllis Dickson, Dickson's wife. She radiates refinement and culture.

MRS. DICKSON

(pleasantly)

Good morning, Helen.

81. CLOSER SHOT

At Helen's desk, as Helen looks up at Mrs. Dickson.

HELEN

How-do-you-do, Mrs. Dickson.

MRS. DICKSON

Is that busy husband of mine busy?

HELEN

(indicating  
conference room)

He's at a board meeting.

MRS. DICKSON

(not unexpected)

Board meeting. Oh, that means hours, I suppose.

HELEN

I'm afraid so.

MRS. DICKSON

Helen, did you ever try competing with a bank?

HELEN

No.

MRS. DICKSON

Well, take my word for it, and don't try it. It's useless! If it were some other woman, I could

handle her, but after all, you can't scratch a bank's eyes out now, can you?

HELEN

Hardly.

CLOSE SHOT - MRS. DICKSON

Shooting past Helen.

MRS. DICKSON

Oh, well. I guess the only other thing for me to do is to go out and buy myself a few sticks of dynamite. When he comes out, you tell him I'll be back. He hasn't gotten rid of me!

HELEN

All right.

83. MEDIUM SHOT

Helen laughs as Mrs. Dickson leaves in the direction of Cluett's office.

CUT TO:

INT. CYRIL CLUETT'S OFFICE - MED. CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR

The three racketeers are preparing to leave. Dude has his hand on the doorknob.

CLUETT

(nervously)

Dude - there's not any chance of my becoming involved in this, is there?

DUDE

You? No, you'll be all right, so long as you establish an alibi for tonight.

CLUETT

know, but-

DUDE

Be sure you're with somebody responsible in case any questions are asked. Understand?

CLUETT

But Dude, listen - couldn't we make this some other time?

DUDE  
(positively)  
Listen, buddy, you're getting by  
pretty easy. Quit squawking!

Cluett looks at Dude, then at the others, and realizes he is helpless.

He opens the door and the men file out, silently. Cluett shuts the door and CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he crosses back to his desk, shaking perceptibly. He reaches into a desk drawer and extracts a bottle of liquor.

As he takes a drink, Mrs. Dickson enters unannounced.

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE SHOT

As Mrs. Dickson stands watching Cluett.

MRS. DICKSON  
(playful reproach)  
Oh, oh!

Cluett turns quickly. Upon seeing her, he makes an attempt to conceal the terror he feels.

CLUETT  
(smiling feebly)  
Oh, hello, Phyllis.

She advances toward him as he rises.

MRS. DICKSON  
(shaking her head)  
This won't do. Not during business  
hours . . .

CLUETT  
Why, I needed a—  
  
(OFFERING HER DRINK)  
Want one?

MRS. DICKSON  
(screwing up her  
face)  
Heavens, no! Do you mind putting  
up with me until the financial  
genius gets thru genius-ing?

CLUETT  
No, no, of course not. Not at all.  
Oh, here.

As she takes out a cigarette, he offers her a light. Mrs.

Dickson notices that he is rather nervous.

MRS. DICKSON

What is the matter with you? You're trembling?

CLOSE SHOT - CLUETT

CLUETT

(trying to be light)  
Am I? Why, I - I don't know any reason why I should be, unless of course it's you . . .

CLOSE TWO SHOT

MRS. DICKSON

Me?

CLUETT

Being alone with you has always done this to me. You know that.

MRS. DICKSON

For a celebrated bounder, that is an awful admission. Besides, I never knew that any female could do this to you .

CLUETT

Well, you can. You always could.

MRS. DICKSON

(smiling)  
Liar! You're just suffering from lack of sleep.

He takes this as premature defeat, and heads back toward his desk.

MRS. DICKSON

(good-natured admonishment)  
Here, here, here, now! Don't you go back to work on me, too. I'm getting tired of this. Besides, it's beginning to affect your looks-

CLUETT

(not understanding)  
What is?

MRS. DICKSON

(finishing her little joke)  
-running around. Not your work.  
(Cluett laughs in

relief)  
You'd better start reforming, Cyril!

CLUETT  
If I thought you were the slightest  
bit interested, I would.

MRS. DICKSON  
Not bad, not bad at all. Do you  
know something? I've always been  
curious about your line.

CLUETT  
Line?

MRS. DICKSON  
Whatever it is that makes you such  
a riot with women.

He shrugs off the compliment.

MRS. DICKSON  
(continuing)  
Come on Cyril, try a little bit of  
it out on me. I haven't had any  
first-class blarney thrown at me  
since the day I was married.

CLUETT  
(trying hard)  
But you see, it isn't blarney where  
you're concerned.

MRS. DICKSON  
(laughs)  
Now let me see, what comes next?  
(a mocking tone)  
Oh yes, I know - what are you doing  
tonight, Phyllis?

CLOSEUP - CLUETT

He is suddenly reminded of his pact with Dude Finlay. Terror  
returns to his face.

CLUETT  
Tonight?

He suddenly gets an idea. He was told to be with someone  
around midnight. Someone who would be an alibi for him. He  
stares off at Phyllis Dickson. Why not?

MRS. DICKSON  
(continuing)  
Doesn't that come next?

MED. CLOSE SHOT

CLUETT

Yes, yes, it does. What are you doing tonight, Phyllis?

MRS. DICKSON

See, we're getting along famously!

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MEDIUM SHOT

Clark is in a state of agitation. The other directors seem worn by the ordeal. Dickson remains adamant.

DICKSON

Most of the creditors I know personally. I've seen them grow up in the community. I knew their fathers and mothers before them.

CLARK

I know, Dickson. That's all very well. But you're taking too many chances. In these times a bank should keep liquid in case of trouble. In case of emergency!

CLOSER SHOT AT THE TABLE

All the men in the scene.

DICKSON

I know what you mean by that. You want me to hang on to our cash. Well, I don't believe in it. The law demands that I carry a certain legal reserve, and I'm doing it. The rest of our money is out working . . . working to help industry . . . to help build up business . . .

CLOSEUP - CLARK

As he almost shouts at Dickson.

CLARK

In the meantime, you're jeopardizing the safety of the bank. Well, we won't stand for it!

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Of the group, as Dickson turns to Clark.

DICKSON

You have to stand for it.

Meek little Ives once again tries to say something:

IVES  
(exhausted)  
But my dear friends . . .

SCHULTZ  
(interrupting)  
You're forcing us to take action  
against you, Dickson.

DICKSON LOOKS AT HIM:

DICKSON  
Go ahead - take all the action you  
want!

He looks about at the others as he continues:

DICKSON  
I'm running this bank my way. Get  
that clear!

CLARK  
Gentlemen, you notice Mr. Dickson  
refuses to consider our wishes. He  
refuses an offer to merge with the  
New York Trust - the only thing  
that will put this bank on safe  
ground. He insists upon running a  
bank on so flimsy a thing as . . .  
as faith!

DICKSON  
Yes! You said it, Clark. That's  
the only thing that means anything  
to me.

CLOSEUP - CLARK

As Dickson's voice continues. Clark reacts appropriately.

DICKSON'S VOICE  
Before I take a man into this bank,  
and before I extend credit to  
anyone, I satisfy myself on one  
thing - do I believe in him?

CLOSE PAN SHOT

On the other men - CAMERA PANNING from one to the other as  
Dickson's voice comes over the shot - finally CAMERA STOPS  
on Dickson.

DICKSON  
So far, my judgement has been right

one hundred per cent. One hundred per cent! When I start going wrong, you won't have to take any action. I'll turn the bank over to you. Then you can merge all you want to. I won't be the fellow to run it then. Good day, gentlemen!

He exits scene.

CAMERA TRUCKS AHEAD OF HIM as Dickson passes briskly through his outer office, stopping only to speak to Helen at her desk:

DICKSON

(cheerfully)

Helen, tell Matt I want to see him.

HELEN

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUETT'S PRIVATE OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT - CLUETT AND PHYLLIS

CLUETT

(mid-stream)

-and after dinner, we could go-

MRS. DICKSON

(not at all angry)

Oh! Oh, no! I think I've done enough experimenting for one day. Congratulations, Cyril. You've convinced me that you're a philanderer of the very first order. I shall recommend you highly.

CLUETT

(simply)

Please, please don't laugh at me, Phyllis. I must see you tonight!

CLOSER SHOT OF THE TWO

Favoring Mrs. Dickson.

MRS. DICKSON

Tonight, Oh, never! Tonight I have reserved for a very special occasion. Believe it or not, it's our wedding anniversary. Tom doesn't probably even remember it. But then, they never do, do they?

CLUETT'S VOICE

NO, THEY DON'T—

She shakes her head.

MRS. DICKSON

But I'm giving a party for him - a real, old-fashioned surprise party. Caps, bells, whistles, and everything. I'm really terribly excited about it. I've been planning it for months.

CLUETT

(after a pause)

Well—

MRS. DICKSON

(smiling)

Well, what?

CLUETT

(he won't give up)

Well, aren't you going to invite me?

MRS. DICKSON

(surprised)

You? No can do. It's all set. Just a few of Tom's closest friends.

CLUETT

Now Phyllis, if you don't invite me, I'm coming anyway.

MRS. DICKSON

Don't be silly, Cyril. These are respectable people. They'd probably bore you to death.

CLUETT

(desperate-sounding)

No, they won't. Not when you are there. Oh, please, be a sport. Please ask me.

MRS. DICKSON

(flattered, but a little suspicious)

Why are you so anxious?

CLUETT

(intense sincerity)

Don't you know?

MRS. DICKSON

No.

CLUETT

I want to be near you!

He steps closer to her.

MRS. DICKSON

What?

CLUETT

Don't you know I've been crazy  
about you for years?

MRS. DICKSON

(still flattered,  
lightly)

Now wait a minute, wait a minute...

CLUETT

I've loved you ever since I can  
remember, long before you married  
Tom Dickson.

MRS. DICKSON

(still only half-  
believing)

Why, Cyril, you're insane-

CLUETT

No. No, I'm not. I deliberately  
avoided you. I was afraid of making  
a fool of myself. But I won't stand  
it any longer-

MRS. DICKSON

Cyril!

Before she realizes what has happened, he has swept her  
into his arms and crushes her to him. CAMERA PANS AWAY  
from them to the door to the outer office. The door opens  
and Matt steps in. He stops, suddenly, transfixed by what  
he sees off scene.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Phyllis Dickson in Cluett's arms (from Matt's angle). They  
suddenly become conscious of someone in the room and Phyllis  
struggles free, looking off scene toward Matt:

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - MATT

From Cluett and Mrs. Dickson's angle.

He stares unbelievably for a moment, and then collecting

himself, turns and leaves the room, closing the door after him. CAMERA PANS BACK to Cluett and Mrs. Dickson. For a moment she is terribly upset.

CLUETT

Please forgive me, Phyllis. I lost my head for a minute. But I couldn't help it, Phyllis.

As she starts for the door, CAMERA PANS WITH HER. Cluett walks with her.

MRS. DICKSON

Please stop apologizing so much. You're making it far too important.

As they reach the door.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTE ROOM OF CLUETT'S OFFICE - MED. SHOT

Matt stands there, in a daze. Cluett's secretary is not there. He starts slowly forward, hardly knowing where he is going - CAMERA TRUCKING AHEAD OF HIM - there is a far-away look in his eyes. His hand clutches the list of payrolls but as far as he is concerned, it is entirely forgotten. Several people talk to him, but Matt walks on heedlessly. He can't get over the shock of what he just saw. He always had been under the impression that Dickson's home life was a happy one. He never dreamed that Phyllis Dickson represented anything but the height of circumspection. And now - Cyril Cluett, of all people!

Helen comes running into scene, all excited.

HELEN

(happily)

Matt, where have you been? Mr. Dickson wants to see you right away. Hurry up!

He turns around mechanically and continues to walk in the direction of Dickson's office - CAMERA TRUCKING AFTER HIM. Helen falls into step with him.

HELEN

Say, I just heard the merger isn't going thru. Isn't that grand?

MATT

(tonelessly)

Yeah, swell.

They reach Dickson's outer office. Matt crosses it and exits into the private office. Helen looks after him - her face falls in disappointment. Matt is acting very strangely.

She thought he'd be elated. She stares unhappily at his forlorn figure as it disappears thru the door.

CUT TO:

INT. DICKSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE - MED. SHOT

Dickson sits at his desk when Matt enters. When he sees Matt, his face breaks into a broad, pleasant smile.

DICKSON

(grandly)

Well, Matt, get ready for the big moment. Starting tomorrow you become assistant cashier. How's that?

Matt crosses to the desk as Dickson is speaking.

CLOSE SHOT AT DESK

As Matt stops in front of Dickson. Matt cannot share Dickson's enthusiasm. The scene he just witnessed has taken the joy out of everything.

MATT

It's all right. Thanks.

DICKSON

And what's more, keep up the good work and who knows - some day you'll be the fellow sitting behind that desk . . .

(the idea pleases him)

Not a bad thought, eh?

He suddenly notices Matt's lack of enthusiasm.

CLOSE SHOT OF THE TWO

Shooting toward Dickson.

He leans forward to look at Matt closely:

DICKSON

What's the matter? You don't seem very excited about it.

MATT

(feebly)

Sure, I think it's swell.

DICKSON

(scrutinizing him closely, very much hurt)

Say, come on. Show a little

enthusiasm. What's the matter? Are you sick or something? Go on, fake it - even if it isn't real.

CLOSE SHOT - MATT

Shooting past Dickson.

Matt makes an attempt to snap out of it - and answers quickly.

MATT

Aw, I'm sorry, Mr. Dickson. It's just kind of sudden, that's all.

(working up a little enthusiasm)

Sure, I'm excited. I think it's great. Only, well, you've done so much for me already . . . I'll never be able to thank you enough.

105. MEDIUM SHOT

DICKSON

Aw, go on, forget it. You came through, didn't you? That's all I wanted. A lot of them didn't think you would. You don't know how much satisfaction it's been to me. It's been swell. Well, when are you and Helen going to get married?

MATT

Well, I-

DICKSON

I suppose you want me to fix that up for you too, eh?

They are interrupted by the sudden appearance of Phyllis Dickson. Both men look up as she appears in the door.

CLOSE SHOT - MRS. DICKSON

As she stops in doorway. She glances fearfully, first at Matt and then at her husband, trying to sense whether Matt has said anything. She is quickly assured by Dickson's affable greeting.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

As Dickson comes toward her, arms extended:

DICKSON

Well, look who's here! Hello, dear.

MRS. DICKSON

Hello, darling.

He kisses her. Then throws his arms around her for an exaggerated "teddybear" hug. Over Dickson's shoulder, Phyllis looks gratefully at Matt.

CLOSE SHOT - MATT

He returns her glance. His eyes are unable to disguise his contempt.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Dickson and Phyllis. He releases her.

DICKSON

If this isn't a red-letter day for Tom Dickson! First I trample on the Board of Directors, then I promote Matt here to assistant cashier, and now to complete the day I have a visit from my sweet and lovely and gorgeous wife. What a man, what a man!

MRS. DICKSON

(with a half-smile)

It's amazing that your sweet, lovely, gorgeous wife can ever get to see you.

DICKSON

Oooh! That has the earmarks!

He notices Matt, still standing there, uncomfortably.

DICKSON

(good-naturedly)

Are you still here? Go on - go to work! What do you think I pay you for?

Matt exits.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTE ROOM OF DICKSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE - MEDIUM SHOT

As Matt comes out and moves quickly forward as if anxious to get away from the embarrassing situation he found himself in. Helen, upon seeing him, jumps up.

HELEN

(excitedly)

What happened? What did he say?  
Did you get the job?

MATT  
(dolefully)  
Yeah.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

She is perplexed by his unenthusiastic attitude.

HELEN  
What's the matter, Matt? Gee, I  
thought you'd be thrilled to death.

MATT  
Come here.  
(he takes her aside)  
You know, a few minutes ago I was  
in Cluett's office and Mrs. Dickson  
was there.

HELEN  
Well . . . ?

MATT  
Well, he was making love to her.

Helen, although she had a vague suspicion, is shocked.

HELEN  
(after a pause)  
Oh Matt, you must be mistaken.

MATT  
I tell you, I saw them!

Helen stares at him, horrified.

HELEN  
In Cluett's office?

MATT  
Yes, right in his office, the rat.  
I'd like to take a crack at that  
guy.

A telephone rings.

HELEN  
(as she goes to  
answer the phone)  
Wait a minute. Now don't go away...

CUT TO:

INT. DICKSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Dickson is seated with Mrs. Dickson on the arm of the chair.

DICKSON

(talking on the  
phone, as Mrs  
Dickson waits  
patiently)

Yes George . . . yes, sure . . .  
Oh, that's for tonight, eh? . . .  
Yes, certainly, I'll be there . .  
. Yes, we'll go down together and  
have dinner in Philadelphia . . .  
Mrs. Dickson gets so upset . . .  
That's right. . . . Yeah. . . .  
Just as soon as the bank closes. .  
. . Right. . . . Goodbye. . . .

He punches the intercom, speaks to Helen in the outer  
office.

HELEN'S VOICE

Yes?

DICKSON

Helen, I'm going to Philadelphia,  
just as soon as the bank closes.  
Make all the arrangements, will  
you?

HELEN'S VOICE

Yes, sir.

Mrs. Dickson looks visibly upset. Dickson can't help but  
notice.

DICKSON

What's the matter dear? What have  
I done now?

MRS. DICKSON

Nothing. Tom, I thought you were  
going out with me tonight.

DICKSON

Oh, I did have a date with you  
tonight, didn't I?

MRS. DICKSON

Yes.

DICKSON

I'm terribly sorry. I'd forgotten  
all about you. I'm so sorry, dear.

CLOSE SHOT OF THE TWO

Favoring Phyllis Dickson.

MRS. DICKSON

Now Tom, you simply cannot go to Philadelphia tonight. That's all there is to it.

DICKSON

But I have to go, dear. It's a very important banker's meeting.

MRS. DICKSON

(interrupting)

I don't care whether it's important or not. You said you were going out with me, and if you hadn't promised so faithfully, I wouldn't have gone and planned the whole thing.

DICKSON

Listen, it isn't so terribly important. We can go to the theatre any time.

MRS. DICKSON

The theatre?

MED. CLOSE SHOT

DICKSON

That's what it was you planned, wasn't it?

MRS. DICKSON

(after a slight hesitation)

Yes, of course.

DICKSON

You can take some of the girls. You can take Mildred - or Gwynn-

MRS. DICKSON

The girls! I don't suppose it ever occurred to you that I might go out and find myself an attractive young man . . .

CLOSE SHOT OF THE TWO

Shooting toward Dickson, as he laughs boisterously.

DICKSON

Ho! Ho! Ho!

MRS. DICKSON

Ho, ho, ho, yourself! I wouldn't laugh if I were you. You may not suspect it, but I'm still attractive -

to some.

DICKSON

Listen, don't go around being attractive to anyone but me . . .

MRS. DICKSON

Well . . .

DICKSON

Don't you forget that I'm still the head man around here too. Now we'll get the tickets changed for tomorrow night. You and I are going out together. How's that?

MRS. DICKSON

Tomorrow night?

A buzzer sounds, and a visitor is announced on the intercom.

DICKSON

Yes?

VOICE

Mr. Gardner's here.

DICKSON

(answering the intercom)

Oh, yes. That's that lawyer. All right, let him have nine thousand.

(returning attention to his wife)

Yes sir, I'll step you around this town like you've never stepped before. We will have dinner at the St. Regis - then we'll go to a nice, snappy show - then a nightclub - we'll listen to soft music, and who knows? Ha! - I might break down and dance with you!

MRS. DICKSON

(still skeptical)

All right. I'll postpone the whole thing until tomorrow night.

DICKSON

(assuringly)

Happy now?

MRS. DICKSON

(mock-pouting)

No.

116. MEDIUM SHOT

He takes her in his arms and kisses her.

DICKSON

(tenderly)

Poor kid, you know, I have been neglecting you.

MRS. DICKSON

Oh, I don't care, darling. I love you, anyway.

A buzzer sounds again, and Dickson answers the intercom.

DICKSON

Yes?

HELEN'S VOICE

Mr. Sampson . . .

DICKSON

All right. Send him in.

There is a knock on the door. Dickson moves away from his wife. He looks toward the door.

CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR

Sampson, an executive in the bank, enters. Sampson goes to Dickson with some papers in his hand. He lays the papers on the desk before Dickson.

DICKSON

Well, Sampson, what is it?

SAMPSON

Here's the data on the Clyde deal.

CLOSE SHOT AT DESK

Dickson is all absorbed.

DICKSON

Good. I'll take this along with me. Tell Clyde I'll see him tomorrow. I'm sick and tired of the delay.

SAMPSON

I'm afraid he's been stalling.

DICKSON

That's just exactly what he has been doing. This deal should have been closed weeks ago. Tell him to keep tomorrow . . .

SAMPSON

He says he can't get away in the daytime.

DICKSON

How about his nights? He's too busy running around. Tell him to keep tomorrow night open, come in and sign this thing, or I'll call this whole deal off.

SAMPSON

Yes, sir.

CLOSEUP - PHYLLIS DICKSON

She stands by a window, listening. There is despair in her look as she hears him making arrangements for tomorrow night. Dickson's voice comes over this shot:

DICKSON'S VOICE

I'm sick and tired of these people dilly-dallying. People who can't make up their minds . . .

Mrs. Dickson's eyes close hopelessly, and she feels defeated. Again shut out from his scheme of things, she realizes he is incurable. On this picture of resignation:

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INSERT: CLOCK OVER THE VAULT, reading 5:07 CAMERA PANS DOWN to open vault.

INT. VAULT - MED. SHOT

Inside, several of the tellers are putting their cash away. One of them is just entering with his truck.

MATT

Everybody in?

TELLER

I guess so.

MATT

Where's Charlie?

TELLER

(amused)

Charlie's upstairs as sore as a pup. He's out fourteen cents, and he can't find it.

AD-LIB VOICES

Good night. Good night, Matt.

CUT TO:

122. OUTSIDE OF VAULT - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Cyril Cluett is standing at the bottom of a spiral staircase from which he has just descended. He stops a second and watches Matt, off scene. Cluett has gloves on, his hat in his hand, preparatory to going home. Matt does not see Charlie.

CUT TO:

123. OUTSIDE OF THE VAULT - CLOSE SHOT

Matt and Helen standing near the vault door.

HELEN

What's keeping you?

MATT

Oh, Charlie again.

HELEN

Say Matt, you haven't done anything about what you saw today, have you?

MATT

(still upset)

Who? Cluett? No, not yet. But I'd like to take a crack at that stiff-necked, horse dollar.[6]

HELEN

Oh now, don't be silly.

MATT

(disgusted)

Can you imagine that guy? He was kissing her.

HELEN

Now you've got me worried, dear.

(she kisses him)

Promise me you won't butt in.

MATT

Okay, honey - but just the same I'd like to take a crack at that-

She puts her hand over her mouth:

HELEN

Shh . . . !

(whispering)

I'll wait for you upstairs.

MATT

All right, dear.

She leaves. Matt remains standing, a far-away look in his eyes. It is obvious he is thinking about the thing seriously.

124. MEDIUM SHOT

The boys who were inside the vault now file out, having properly locked away their cash. At the same time, Charlie wheels in his truck.

MATT

(kidding him)

Where you been?

CHARLIE

(annoyed)

Where do you think I've been?

(pointing to truck)

I took the baby for a stroll in the park.

The men hurry out of sight, laughing. Charlie disappears into the vault. Matt enters the vault, his mind still preoccupied.

INTERIOR VAULT MED. SHOT

As Matt goes directly to the burglar alarm.

INSERT: BURGLAR ALARM

As Matt's hand comes into scene and throws the switch down toward sign reading ON.

BACK TO SCENE:

MATT STARTS TO THE VAULT DOOR:

MATT

What's the matter, Charlie?

CHARLIE

I'm fourteen cents out, and it took me half an hour to find the mistake. And me with a date, too.

MATT

I remember once when your account checked.

CHARLIE

Yeah.

Matt goes to the time clock to check it up. He tinkers with it a moment.

CUT TO:

126. OUTSIDE OF VAULT - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Matt has just finished adjusting the time clock as Charlie comes out of the vault.

MATT

(pointing to time  
clock)

And listen, wise guy - I'm setting  
friend time clock for exactly nine  
o'clock, so no squawks out of you  
guys in the morning.

CHARLIE

(as he exits)

Say, don't annoy me. I got troubles  
of my own.

Matt smiles. He starts to shut the vault. He has it swinging half-way around when Cluett enters. When Matt sees Cluett, the smile dies on his lips.

CLUETT

Are the payrolls ready for tomorrow?

MATT

Yes, sir.

CLUETT

(peremptorily)

Let me see your cash book, will  
you?

MATT

Now?

CLUETT

Yes, now.

Matt looks at him a moment antagonistically. He has half a mind to talk to him right now, but he recalls Helen's admonitions and thinks better of it.

MATT

All right, sir.

He exits into vault. The moment he is gone, Cluett crosses quickly to the time clock.

INSERT: TIME CLOCK

As Cluett's gloved hand comes in and turns the indicator back to 12 o'clock.

127. INTERIOR VAULT - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Matt has opened a compartment and has brought out several sheets of paper. He goes thru them to find the one he wants.

INSERT: TIME CLOCK

Cluett's hand is seen throwing the switch up to indicator reading OFF.

BACK TO SCENE:

As Matt comes up to Cluett with a cash report. Cluett glances over it.

CLUETT

(returning sheet)

That's all right. But it seems to me you're carrying too much cash.

He exits. Matt glares belligerently at him.

CAMERA PANS with him as he returns the paper to compartment. He locks the compartment door, switches off the light in vault and CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he starts out of the vault. As he swings the large vault door closed,

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF APT. HOUSE - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

As a cab drives up to curb in the middle of a downpour, and stops.

INT. TAXICAB - CLOSE SHOT - CLUETT AND MRS. DICKSON

They are in evening clothes, apparently they had some drinks, as phyllis is in a gay, frivolous mood.

CLUETT

(to driver)

Driver?

DRIVER'S VOICE

Yes.

CLUETT

Have you the correct time?

DRIVER'S VOICE

12:05.

CLUETT

12:05. Fine.

MRS. DICKSON

(looking out)

What's this?

CLUETT

My apartment.

MRS. DICKSON

(mock-melodramatic)

I knew I couldn't trust you. You told me you were taking me home.

CLUETT

Come on up for just a few minutes. We'll have just one drink, then we'll go.

MRS. DICKSON

(definitely)

No. I know the answer to that one.

(shaking her head)

I think you'd better take me home.

CLUETT

What's the matter? Afraid papa will spank?

CLOSER SHOT ON THE TWO

MRS. DICKSON

No. No, I'm afraid papa isn't that much interested. He's too busy rushing off to Philadelphia to make stuffy, old speeches at stuffy, old bankers' meetings. Too busy closing big, important deals-

(on second thought)

I think I will have a drink.

CLUETT

Good for you. Come on.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CLUETT'S APT. - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Cluett and Mrs. Dickson emerge from the elevator and cross to his apartment, CAMERA FOLLOWING THEM. Cluett fumbles in his pocket for the key.

MRS. DICKSON

You know, there ought to be a Congressional Medal for men like you. America's comfort to

misunderstood wives. I never thought I would find myself in that class.

CLUETT

Oh, you're not so badly off. There's something much worse than being a misunderstood wife.

MRS. DICKSON

What is that, Mr. Bones?[7]

CLUETT

A misunderstood bachelor.

Cluett smiles. He has the door open by now and stands aside to permit her to enter.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUETT'S APARTMENT - MED. CLOSE SHOT

At door. Phyllis Dickson has just stepped in, and Cluett follows. He closes the door and locks it.

CLUETT

(mock-melodramatic)

And now fair woman, I have you in my power.

MRS. DICKSON

(playing along)

I'm not afraid of you. You haven't got a moustache!

CLUETT

I'll grow a moustache by the time you get out of here.

CAMERA TRUCKS WITH THEM as he chases her into the next room. She alights on a piano bench, and runs her fingers up and down the scales. Suddenly Cluett stops. He stares off, a look of amazement in his face. Mrs. Dickson turns and follows his gaze and she, too, is startled.

CAMERA PANS QUICKLY over to the other side of the room. Matt sits on the edge of a chair waiting for them. He rises, looks off toward Cluett and Mrs. Dickson. As he starts forward, CAMERA PANS BACK to Cluett and Phyllis.

MRS. DICKSON

Why, Matt!

CLUETT

(when he recovers from his surprise)

What are you doing here?

Matt enters the scene.

MATT

The butler said I could stay. I told him it was important.

CLUETT

Oh, yeah?

Cluett steps over to a bell cord and pulls it.

MATT

He's not here. He left at nine o'clock. He said you gave him the night off.

Cluett wheels around, infuriated.

CLUETT

What do you want?

CLOSE SHOT OF THE TWO

Favoring Matt.

MATT

(uncomfortably)  
Well, I thought I'd like to have a little talk with you.

CLUETT

(sharply)  
I'm listening.

MATT

(hesitatingly)  
It's funny - now that I'm here, I don't know just how to go about it.

(a glance toward  
Mrs. Dickson)  
You see, I kind of expected to find you here alone.

AS CLUETT STARTS AWAY:

MATT

Do you mind stepping outside? We could talk-

134. MEDIUM SHOT

Cluett crosses to the door, where he stands, ready to open it. Mrs. Dickson stands by helplessly.

CLUETT

(a tone of dismissal)

Anything you have to say to me,  
you can say in the morning.

MATT

Oh no, Mr. Cluett, if it's all the  
same to you, I'd rather not wait.  
It's about you and Mrs. Dickson.

Cluett releases his hold on the doorknob. Mrs. Dickson  
looks at Matt uneasily - she is quickly sobering.

CLUETT

(aghast)  
About me and . . .

He crosses slowly toward Matt.

PHYLLIS

Why Matt, what are you talking  
about?

CLOSER SHOT OF THE THREE

MATT

(quickly)  
I know I've got a lot of nerve  
butting in like this, but I just  
couldn't help it. I thought I could  
stop two people from doing something  
they'd be sorry for.

CLUETT

(livid)  
I'm not interested in what you  
think.

MATT

You've no right to do this to her,  
Mr. Cluett. Why don't you think it  
over? It's only gonna get you into  
a lot of trouble.

CLUETT

I tell you, I'm not interested in  
your opinion.

MATT

(turns to Phyllis)  
No? Then maybe you'll understand,  
Mrs. Dickson. Oh, gee, he's crazy  
about you. Nobody knows it better  
than you. If he ever finds out,  
it'll kill him.

MRS. DICKSON

But Matt, you're mistaken about  
the whole thing. There isn't

anything wrong. Mr. Cluett and I  
simply came here—

136. CLOSE SHOT - MATT & CLUETT

Shooting toward Matt.

CLUETT

(to Phyllis)

Phyllis, you don't have to explain  
anything.

(snappily, to Matt)

You'd do well to mind your own  
business.

MATT

(wheeling on him)

This is my business. Mr. Dickson's  
been like a father to me.

(his voice rising)

What has he ever done to you to  
deserve a deal like this?

CLUETT

(livid)

That will be just about enough!  
Now get out of here!

MATT

I guess I have said enough

(bitterly)

I'm just wasting my breath talking  
to you.

137. WIDER ANGLE

Taking in Mrs. Dickson, who stands  
slightly apart from the two men.

CLUETT

You're right for the first time.  
Now get out!

Matt ignores Cluett and looks toward Phyllis Dickson.

MATT

I'm appealing to you, Mrs. Dickson.  
Think what you're doing to him.  
You're passing up the whitest man  
on earth—

(flaring up)

—for a dirty, no-good.

Before he finishes the sentence, Cluett punches him. Matt,  
caught unawares, is thrown off balance and sent reeling.  
He drops between two chairs. Now, livid with rage, he pulls  
himself up, murder in his eyes. Cluett crosses quickly to  
a desk near the door, opens a drawer and extracts a

revolver.

MRS. DICKSON  
(frightened - cries  
out)

Cyril!

Matt, who was started toward Cluett, stops in his tracks upon seeing the gun.

138. CLOSE SHOT

Shooting toward Cluett.

CLUETT  
(under his breath)  
Now get out of here!

CAMERA PANS WITH MATT to the door.

MRS. DICKSON'S VOICE  
Wait a minute, Matt!

Matt turns as she enters the scene.

MRS. DICKSON  
I'll go with you.

CLUETT'S VOICE  
But phyllis!

Mrs. Dickson steps closer to Matt's side. Cluett comes up to them.

CLUETT  
You needn't go on account of this  
idiot.

Matt has opened the door.

MATT  
(quietly)  
You better carry that around with  
you all the time - you're going to  
need it.

Matt follows Mrs. Dickson out, leaving Cluett glaring after them.

INT. OF BANK - NIGHT

SERIES OF QUICK VIGNETTES:

Cluett's watch, showing 12:07.

A wall clock, showing 12:07.

A night watchman, alerted by suspicious noise, creeping up to the vault.

The night watchman, shot by figures in the shadows.

A small number of men rush out of the vault, clutching money bags and toting guns.

The night watchman, getting off a shot, before he crumples to the floor.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN

INT. VAULT ROOM OF BANK - CLOSEUP ON DOOR

The vault door, partly opened. Over the shot we hear excited murmurs.

CAMERA STARTS TRUCKING BACK SLOWLY, until it takes in the full room. A fingerprint expert is working on the time clock for finger-print impressions. The medical examiner bends over the body of the watchman, whose face is covered with a cloth. A detective in charge of the proceedings stands around, looking very officious.

DETECTIVE

What do you say, Doc?

DOCTOR

Oh, I'd say about eight or nine hours.

DETECTIVE

Well, you'd better call the coroner.

CAMERA CONTINUES TRUCKING BACK, until it passes a group of tellers and clerks in a huddle. They listen breathlessly as Oscar, the youngest of the tellers, relates his story. For the moment he is the center of attraction, and he revels in it.

OSCAR

(breathlessly)

I was the first one to see it. I was coming down the stairs, and there was the dead watchman at my feet. You coulda knocked me over with a pin.

AD-LIB FROM LISTENERS

(murmuring)

Gee . . . Can you imagine . . .

OSCAR

Do you see that clock? Right there.

That's where the bullet hit. When I saw that, you coulda knocked me over with a pin.

CLERK

Was there much blood?

OSCAR

Blood!

(gesturing toward  
body)

Come on over fellas. I'll show you.

The clerks head toward the dead body, but are intercepted by the officious detective.

DETECTIVE

(officiously)

Get back there . I don't want anything touched until the Inspector gets here.

The clerks, awe-stricken, retreat.

CHARLIE

(running up)

Oscar, what's the matter?

OSCAR

I was the first one to see it. I was coming down the stairs, and there was the watchman lying dead at my feet.

CHARLIE

No kidding?

OSCAR

No kidding. When I saw it, you could'a knocked me over with a pin.

CHARLIE

Where's Matt?

OSCAR

Matt?

CHARLIE

Yeah. He'll have a tough time thinking up a wise-crack for this one . . .

OSCAR

The detectives got Matt up there in Sampson's office.

CHARLIE

He has?

OSCAR

Yeah.

CLERK

Say, did Matt do it?

OSCAR

Don't look at me. I don't know.

TELLER

Say, he did look kind'a funny yesterday, didn't you notice it?

OTHERS

Yeah, he did. I noticed it too.

OSCAR

You could'a knocked me over with a pin!

CUT TO:

INT. SAMPSON'S OFFICE - CLOSEUP - MATT'S FRIGHTENED FACE

He sits in a chair. The side of his face is swollen from Cyril Cluett's punch of the night before.

INSPECTOR'S VOICE

(like a tri-hammer)

Come on, come on. You might as well tell me the truth. What did you do with the money?

MATT

I didn't do it. I told you all I know, Inspector.

CAMERA TRUCKS BACK revealing the other occupants of the room. The Inspector leans over Matt, firing questions at him. Two detectives are also there, one at the door, the other near Matt. Helen stands in a corner, pale and fearful, looking on.

INSPECTOR

You turned off the burglar alarm, you set the time clock, came back at twelve and emptied the boxes, didn't you?

MATT

(rises in indignation)  
wasn't anywhere near this place-

INSPECTOR

(shoving him back  
down)

Sit down! When the watchman  
surprised you, you shot him - what'd  
you do with the gun?

MATT

(desperately)

I didn't do it! I haven't got a  
gun!

INSPECTOR

You used to carry a gun, didn't  
you?

142. MEDIUM SHOT

Sampson enters hesitantly.

SAMPSON

Pardon me, but I'd like to use my  
office for awhile!

INSPECTOR

(bellowing)

You use some other office!

Sampson exits scene hurriedly.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY OF BANK AT ENTRANCE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The doorman, Gardiner, stands at the door, blocking a  
milling crowd, as Dickson, who apparently has already heard  
the news, enters.

PEOPLE

Come on, open up!

DICKSON

Good morning, everybody. What's  
the matter here? Open up the door.  
Come on, open this door.

GARDINER

Shall we let the people come in?

DICKSON

(snappily)

Of course, let them in! You're  
late now.

CAMERA TRUCKS WITH DICKSON as he proceeds toward interior  
of bank. Helen rushes into the scene and up to him. CAMERA  
STOPS.

HELEN

Oh, Mr. Dickson - they're going to arrest Matt. They think he did it!

DICKSON

Where is he now?

HELEN

In Mr. Sampson's office.

DICKSON

Now don't you worry about it.

He crosses in that direction, followed by Helen.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTE ROOM OF CLUETT'S OFFICE - MED. SHOT

Cluett comes out of his office, looks around cautiously and satisfied he is unobserved, walks toward front door of bank.

CAMERA PANS over to a corner of the ante room. Detective #3 is watching Cluett. As Cluett leaves, the detective follows.

INT. SAMPSON'S OFFICE - MED. SHOT

Matt is still seated, with the detectives grilling him.

INSPECTOR

Then you did it and you did it alone-

Dickson enters.

DICKSON

(to Matt)

What's the matter? What's going on here?

(to the Inspector)

This is ridiculous! You can't hold this boy on a vague suspicion.

CLOSER SHOT OF THE GROUP

INSPECTOR

I'm afraid I must, Mr. Dickson.

DICKSON

Why pick on him ?

INSPECTOR

It's an inside job. That's a cinch. Whoever did it had a pretty good picture of the layout. Now Brown,

here, is in charge of the vaults,  
isn't he?

DICKSON

Yes.

CLOSEUP - MATT

Over which comes Inspector's voice as he continues:

INSPECTOR'S VOICE

The burglar alarm was turned off.  
The time clock was set for 12  
o'clock. What more do you want?

DICKSON'S VOICE

Somebody else could have done it,  
couldn't they?

INSPECTOR'S VOICE

He admits that he set the clock  
himself.

Matt looks up toward inspector.

MATT

I did. I set it for nine o'clock  
this morning.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

As the Inspector turns to Matt:

INSPECTOR

Then who changed it?

MATT

(helplessly)  
I don't know.

DICKSON

Wait a minute. Wait a minute.

The Inspector turns back to Dickson.

DICKSON

What time did this thing happen?

INSPECTOR

The clock opposite the vault was  
stopped by a bullet at 12:09.

DICKSON

All right. If the boy proves an  
alibi, he's all right, isn't he?

INSPECTOR

If he can do it, yes.

DICKSON

Why, certainly he can.

(to Matt)

Matt, now all you've got to do is tell them where you were last night, between twelve and twelve-thirty, and everything will be all right.

MATT

(averting Dickson's gaze)

I already told him I was home.

DICKSON

(to Inspector)

There you are.

INSPECTOR

That's what he says. I got a man from headquarters checking up on it now.

DICKSON

(confidently)

Good.

(to Matt, smiling)

You've got nothing to worry about. Soon as the report comes in, you'll be released.

(to Inspector)

And listen, don't talk so loud. Take it easy. Coast a little.

He exits scene.

INT. THE LOBBY OF THE BANK - FULL SHOT

Showing the normal activity of the bank in contrast to the turmoil going on inside. Just a few people scattered about.

CAMERA TRUCKS towards the other end of the lobby, establishing the calm and peace of the place along the way. CAMERA STOPS on a CLOSE SHOT at the bank telephone operator at the switchboard. Oscar, the young teller, is relating his story for the hundredth time.

OSCAR

Gee, what do you think? There was that watchman, that poor watchman, lying on the floor right in front of me. Oh, you could'a knocked me over with a pin!

OPERATOR

(wide-eyed)

You don't say! Dead?

OSCAR

Dead? He was lifeless! You know, I was the first one to see him. I was coming down the stairs, and there was the watchman lying on the floor, right in front of me. Dead! I tell you, you could'a knocked-

OPERATOR

(interrupting)

Yeah, I could'a knocked you over with a pin.

OSCAR

Yeah, you could'a-  
(realizes he is  
getting the brush-  
off)

Oh - almonds to you! Almonds!

Oscar exits scene. The operator turns her attention to the switch-board, apparently Oscar has interrupted a conversation she has been having.

OPERATOR

Hello, Mame. This is Gert, again-

(PAUSE)

Say, listen - I just heard something that'll make your head swim . . . Listen to this . . . Yeah, the bank was robbed last night. Yeah, over a hundred thousand dollars.

149. ANOTHER SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR - CLOSE SHOT

MAME

(into phone)

Who did it?

GERT

I don't know who did it, but the chief teller's in an awful jam.

MAME

Call me up later. I'm going to call up Lou now.

She pulls the plug, plugs in another wire.

MAME

Hello, Lou. Did you hear what happened over at the Union National Bank?

(a light flashes)  
Wait a minute, Lou.  
(plugs in wire)  
Hello? Yes, sir. I'm trying to  
get them.  
(pulls plug)  
Yes, Lou, listen. They was robbed  
over two hundred thousand dollars.  
Can you beat that?

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT OF AN OFFICE BLDG. - MED. SHOT

Two men coming out of the building, engrossed in  
conversation.

MAN  
Stole over a quarter of a million.  
Can you beat that?

The other man whistles in surprise.

2ND MAN  
(whistling)  
Whew! You can't laugh that off.

Several people in the crowd, overhearing them, turn and  
stare.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A STREET CORNER - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Of an old lady, pitiful expression, begging alms. Two  
gentlemen are beside her. One of them reaches in his pocket  
for a coin.

3RD MAN  
I thought the Union National was  
pretty solid.

At the mention of the Union National, the old lady looks  
up, startled.

4TH MAN  
I did too.

3RD MAN  
Half a million is a lot of money.  
I wouldn't be surprised if they  
had to close their doors.

The first man drops a coin in the old lady's palm and they  
leave. The beggar woman, oblivious of the coin in her hand,  
stares unbelieving, at the departing men. Suddenly her  
face screws up in horror.

OLD LADY

Oh, good gracious!

She dashes out of scene.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A BOOTBLACK STAND - MEDIUM SHOT

A colored bootblack is brushing the coat of a customer.

MAN

Sammy, are you sure about that?

SAM

(emphatically)

Yes, suh! That messenga boy just tol' me that Mr. Dickson took it all hisself. And it was more than a million dollars.

MAN

More than a million dollars?

SAM

(breathlessly)

Cross my heart. And I sure hopes that man gets a long time in jail, too!

MAN

Never mind my shoes, Sam.

He hastily exits scene.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A BARBER SHOP - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Taking in two chairs. The man on the right, being shaved, is in conversation with the barber.

CUSTOMER

Well, I always said the Union National was a phony bank.

The second customer sits straight up in his chair.

ANOTHER CUSTOMER

Union National?

BARBER WITH FRENCH ACCENT

You had money in that bank, too?

SECOND CUSTOMER

Yes. Something wrong?

BARBER WITH FRENCH ACCENT  
(hysterical)  
Mon dieu, mon dieu! Run, run!

Second customer dashes out of scene.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A BAR - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Two men are in conversation. Another man is alone. One of the two men holding the conversation is the man of the bootblack episode.

MAN  
(of bootblack episode)  
I tell you, I got it from the best authority. Dickson got away with several million dollars.

CLOSE SHOT - 3RD MAN

He is just reaching for his glass, and starts to lift it to his lips when another man's voice comes into scene.

2ND MAN'S VOICE  
Boy, that's the end of the Union National Bank. That's the trouble nowadays. You don't know who you can trust.

MAN  
You said it.

The third man drops the glass and turns toward the two, panic-stricken.

156. MED. CLOSE SHOT OF THE THREE

3RD MAN  
Say, is there something wrong with the Union National Bank?

2ND MAN  
Something wrong? Brother, that ain't the half of it!

MAN  
If you've got any money in there, you can just kiss it goodbye.

3RD MAN  
(throatily)  
Naw, you're kidding-

MAN

No, I'm not.

3RD MAN

Holy smoke!

He rushes out of the scene. The other two stare after him.

2ND MAN

(over-his-shoulder,  
to third man)

If you've got any friends, you'd  
better call them up too.

MAN

That's a good idea. I have friends  
of my own.

He dashes out of scene.

2ND MAN

(turning to  
bartender, who has  
been eavesdropping  
with interest)

Imagine that!

BARTENDER

What bank did you say that was?

2ND MAN

Union National Bank. They're broke.  
Haven't got a dime . . .

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

157. PHONE MONTAGE

Quick cuts of excited phone conversations.

MAN

(into phone)

Listen, Jack, go down to the Union  
National and take your money out  
of there. Don't ask me how I know.  
I told you it's on the rocks. If  
you've got any friends, you'd better  
tell them too.

ANOTHER MAN

(into phone)

Better give all the men in your  
plant a couple of hours off to get  
their money out-

WOMAN

(into phone)

Tell Mrs. Hardy to tell everybody

in the apartment house-

TOUGH GUY

(into phone)

All right. I'll get it or bust a few noses!

ANOTHER MAN

(into phone)

Holy smoke! I'll get right down there if I have to fly!

ANOTHER WOMAN

(into phone)

Run down there and get your money at once!

AD-LIB VOICES

(quick cuts - a rising tide - different languages)

Hello, dear . . . Hurry! . . . Union National is sunk! . . . I told you to put it in the vault . . . I don't know what's wrong with the bank . . . I wouldn't trust anybody . . . everybody's taking their money out . . . Union National's broken . . . Why take any chances? . . . Hurry! Call the others! etc.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOBBY OF THE BANK - FULL SHOT

Showing in comparison to previous shot, the effect of the rumors. The lobby is buzzing with activity. Lines form in front of all the windows. Depositors crowd around the writing tables. There are not enough pens to go around. Frantic hands reach over shoulders for withdrawal blanks. CAMERA MOVES FORWARD. Over the shot is heard the seething blend of many voices.

CAMERA STOPS ON a Teller and a Man.

TELLER

Closing your account?

MAN

Yes, sir. I'm closing my account. I wouldn't leave a nickel in this bank.

CAMERA STOPS ON a 2nd Man talking to a Woman.

2ND MAN

It's getting so a man's money ain't safe unless it's in his sock.

WOMAN

They're all a bunch of crooks.

2ND MAN

You said it.

CAMERA STOPS ON Jewish Man talking to a 4th Man standing next to him.

JEWISH MAN

Say, did I know the bank was going to go caflooney? What am I - a fortune teller or something?

CAMERA STOPS on a MED. CLOSE SHOT of Molly (the Zasu Pitts type). She is reaching over a man's shoulder to capture a withdrawal blank.

MOLLY

(fluttering)

Oh, my goodness! Oh, my goodness!  
Oh, my goodness!

MAN

What's the matter, lady?

MOLLY

Oh, mister, I gotta! I gotta!

MAN

Well, they only sign slips here.

MOLLY

Gimme your pen, please!

She grabs pen away from him. He turns to someone next to him.

MAN

Will you loan me that pen of yours?  
I'm in an awful hurry.

CAMERA MOVES ON to a CLOSE SHOT of a teller frantically beckoning Sampson.

TELLER

I need some more money! All of the depositors are withdrawing.

SAMPSON

I know, I know. I'll get you some.

He hurriedly exits scene.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMPSON'S OFFICE - MED. SHOT

Inspector is still holding his ground. Matt sits dejectedly in the same place as before.

INSPECTOR

(to Dickson)

All I know is the bank's been robbed and a murder's been committed. The way I see it, Brown here looks guilty.

CLOSER SHOT ON GROUP

DICKSON

What are you talking about? He had no more to do with it than you did.

INSPECTOR

Maybe. But I'm taking no chances.  
(emphatically)  
Why, this kid's got a record.

DICKSON

So have you. So have I. So's everybody got a record. What difference does that make? You can't go around pinning crimes on people just because they-

He is interrupted by the sound of the door opening. He looks off toward door.

CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR

Sampson stands there, looking off toward the group.

SAMPSON

Mr. Dickson! Can I see you for a minute?

DICKSON'S VOICE

No, I'm busy. See me later.

SAMPSON

But this is important, Mr. Dickson. Looks like there's a run on the bank.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Dickson and the others. Dickson looks off at Sampson, unbelievably:

DICKSON

What? A run on the bank!

CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he rushes over to the door to Sampson.

SAMPSON

The lobby's half filled now.

DICKSON

What are you talking about?

Dickson goes out the door, followed by Sampson.

163. OUTER OFFICES OF BANK - MED. CLOSE SHOT

As Sampson and Dickson come into the scene.

SAMPSON

(pointing in front  
of him)

Look!

Dickson looks in the direction in which Sampson points.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY OF BANK - LONG SHOT

From Dickson's angle.

This shot takes in the length of the bank. Clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers in the f.g., the lobby in the b.g. It seems a little more crowded than in previous shot.

CUT BACK TO:

164. OUTER OFFICES OF BANK - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Sampson and Dickson. Dickson's face clouds.

SAMPSON

They've been coming in steady all morning. I have called for some extra police.

DICKSON

(his eyes glued on  
the crowd)

All right. Send down to the vaults and have our reserve cash sent up here right away.

SAMPSON

We haven't much on hand, you know. If it gets any worse, I hope we don't have to close the doors.

165. CLOSE SHOT

Favoring Dickson.

He turns to Sampson.

DICKSON

(flaring up)

The bank's reputation wouldn't be worth a nickel after that. This is just a flurry, that's all. They've heard about the robbery and got panic-stricken. Listen, get a hold of our available securities and have them turned into cash. Wait a minute. Get my personal stuff and have that turned into cash too. Tell the boys anyone caught arguing with a depositor will be fired on the spot.

SAMPSON

Yes, sir.

166. MEDIUM SHOT

As Sampson leaves. Dickson starts out in the direction of Sampson's office. He is stopped by his name being called:

CLARK

Mr. Dickson!

Dickson turns. Clark and several directors appear.

CLARK

(grimly)

We want to talk to you.

DICKSON

What about?

CLARK

We'll discuss that in the board room.

He turns to follow, then is stopped by another voice.

DETECTIVE

Oh, Mr. Dickson! We got a check on Brown's alibi. Do you want to hear it?

DICKSON

(only a slight hesitation)

All right.

(to Clark)  
I'll be with you in a minute, Clark.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMPSON'S OFFICE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Dickson is by Matt's side. The Inspector is also in scene. Dickson puts a hand on Matt's shoulder.

DICKSON  
Now don't worry, son. All you got to do is answer the questions they ask you, that's all.

CAMERA PANS TO THE DOOR as it opens and a detective enters, beckons to the Inspector off scene.

168. MEDIUM SHOT

As the Inspector crosses to the new arrival, who whispers something in his ear. The others in the room watch them, interested. The Inspector whispers instructions to the detective, who leaves. The Inspector then crosses slowly to Matt.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

As the Inspector comes up to the group around Matt.

INSPECTOR  
(carelessly)  
So you were home last night?

MATT  
(averting his gaze)  
Yes.

INSPECTOR  
What time did you get in?

MATT  
(haltingly)  
Well, about - uh - eleven o'clock.

INSPECTOR  
Eleven o'clock, eh? Are you sure it was that?

MATT  
Yes.

The Inspector turns away and CAMERA PANS WITH the Inspector as he crosses quickly to the door and beckons to the detective outside.

INSPECTOR

All right, Kelley.

Kelley returns to the room accompanied by a little old Irish woman. She looks around the room nervously. Inspector leads her toward Matt.

MED. SHOT OF GROUP

As everyone stares at her curiously.

INSPECTOR  
(indicating Matt)  
Do you know this young man, Mrs.  
Halligan?

MRS. HALLIGAN  
Sure I do. He has the best room in  
me house. The one with the fancy  
wallpaper.

CLOSEUP - MATT

He feels himself cornered. The Inspector's voice comes over the shot.

INSPECTOR'S VOICE  
Did you happen to be awake when he  
came in last night?

MRS. HALLIGAN  
Yes, sir. I was having me hot  
mustard bath.

INSPECTOR  
What time was it?

MED. CLOSEUP - GROUP

As Mrs. Halligan continues.

MRS. HALLIGAN  
-for the rheumatism, you know.

INSPECTOR  
What time was it, Mrs. Halligan?

MRS. HALLIGAN  
It was late, I know. The Dooley  
sisters was already in. They work  
at a show, you know.

The Inspector is getting impatient.

INSPECTOR  
What time was it?

MRS. HALLIGAN

Huh?

INSPECTOR

What time did Matt Brown get in?

MRS. HALLIGAN

Now, let me see - a half hour after the Dooley sisters - and the Dooley sisters never get home until after-

INSPECTOR

(snappily)

I don't care about the Dooley sisters - what time did he get in?

MRS. HALLIGAN

That's just what I'm trying to tell you, sir. It was a half hour after the Dooley sisters . . .

INSPECTOR

Was it twelve o'clock?

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Dickson, Matt, and the rest of the group. Some show their amusement. Dickson and Matt, however, are serious. Mrs. Halligan's voice comes into scene.

MRS. HALLIGAN

No, it wasn't twelve - 'cause the Dooley sisters . . .

INSPECTOR'S VOICE

(interrupting her quickly)

Was it one o'clock?

174. CLOSE SHOT

Inspector and Mrs. Halligan.

MRS. HALLIGAN

Yes, I guess it was one, 'cause...

INSPECTOR

(jumping her)

It couldn't have been earlier?

MRS. HALLIGAN

No. It wasn't earlier because...

INSPECTOR

Yes, I know. Cause the Dooley sisters weren't in yet.

MRS. HALLIGAN

(firmly)  
No - because me clock struck four,  
and when it strikes four, it's  
one.

INSPECTOR  
(exasperated)  
There you are!

175. MEDIUM SHOT

Matt speaks:

MATT  
Aw, she doesn't know what she's  
talking about.

Mrs. Halligan looks at him, offended.

MRS. HALLIGAN  
Who don't know?

She comes toward him threateningly.

MRS. HALLIGAN  
Listen here, young man - nobody  
ever called me a liar yet and got  
away with it-

INSPECTOR  
(coming after her,  
takes her arm)  
That's all, Mrs. Halligan. Thanks.

Inspector leads her to the door. On the way Mrs. Halligan  
continues to mumble her protest against Matt's insult.

MRS. HALLIGAN  
For two nickels I'd knock his block  
off. I never told a lie in me life.

She exits out of room.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

As Dickson steps closer to Matt.

DICKSON  
(heartsick)  
Is that true, Matt?

Inspector comes up to them now.

INSPECTOR  
Of course it's true - and he knows  
it.

DICKSON

(tenderly)

Listen, Matt. If you don't tell the truth, I can't help you. Where were you last night?

MATT

(after a pause)

Aw, she was right. I didn't get in till after one o'clock.

Dickson is deeply disappointed.

MATT

(quickly -  
appealingly)

But I wasn't here, Mr. Dickson.  
Honest I wasn't . . .

THE INSPECTOR BARKS AT MATT:

INSPECTOR

Then where were you?

177. CLOSE SHOT

Favoring Dickson as he leans closer to Matt.

DICKSON

(to Inspector)

Wait a minute. Wait a minute.

(to Matt)

Matt, do you realize you're up against something? You're being charged with murder. It's serious, son. Now come on, I know you didn't do it.

(gestures toward  
Inspector)

But we've got to make them believe it. Come on, tell the truth, where were you last night?

MATT

(doggedly)

I can't tell you.

Matt maintains a determined silence.

DICKSON

(getting an idea)

Listen, if I get them out of the room, will you tell me ?

Matt looks at him. Dickson is the only person he cannot tell his secret to.

MATT

No. I won't.

DICKSON

You're protecting somebody.

MATT

No, I'm not Mr. Dickson!

DICKSON

Yes, you are. You're protecting somebody. Now listen, it doesn't make any difference who it is. It can't be as important as this. Now come on, tell me. Where were you last night?

(a note of  
desperation)

Come on, don't be a fool. Matt, you trust me, don't you?

No reply from Matt. Dickson is heartsick. He turns, helplessly, away from Matt and walks out of Sampson's office.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOBBY OF THE BANK - CLOSE SHOT

Of Gert, the telephone operator.

GERT

(all excited - into  
phone)

What a day, Mame! Everybody's coming in and drawing their money out.

(innocently)

Gee, Mame - I wonder what started it.

179. THE LOBBY OF THE BANK - LONG SHOT

Shouting from the offices. The lobby is now packed to the doors with frantic depositors. The low grumbling of before is now replaced by vociferous condemnation of the bank and Dickson. Individual protestations are heard above the din of the crowd.

Dickson enters scene, and CAMERA TRUCKS AHEAD OF HIM as he quickly passes several tellers, giving them instructions to pay the depositors without delay. Sampson catches up with him.

SAMPSON

Look at them, Mr. Dickson. They're going crazy.

DICKSON

Did you get the case for the securities?

SAMPSON

Yes, sir.

DICKSON

Mine too?

SAMPSON

Yes, sir. But soon as our money runs out, they'll mob the place.

Dickson looks off toward the crowd.

DICKSON

The fools! If they only knew it, they're making things worse for themselves. Somebody starts a silly rumor, and they lose their heads.

SAMPSON

What'll we do?

DICKSON

I'll talk to them. Listen, go back and tell the boys to stall as much as possible. Tell 'em not to pay any attention to what I said. Tell 'em to verify every signature.

HE LEAVES THE SCENE AS WE

CUT TO:

180. LOBBY OF THE BANK - LONG SHOT

Taking in a greater portion of the lobby. Dickson comes into the scene in the b.g. and stands on the stairs, looking down at the crowd. He suddenly holds up his hand and shouts:

DICKSON

Take your time, folks. Don't get excited. Everybody stay in line. You'll all be taken care of. Don't worry about anything. Plenty of time for everything.

He has to raise his voice even louder.

DICKSON

Now listen, everybody! Listen to me!

Gradually their attention is attracted to him. All eyes are turned in his direction.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Shooting toward Dickson, past the crowd.

Dickson standing on the stairs. The people looking up at him.

DICKSON

I want you to know that your money is safe. This bank is in excellent condition. If you've heard any reports to the contrary, it's based on malicious rumors.

AD-LIB FROM CROWD

Yeah? Maybe . . .

MAN

It's a lotta hooey! We want our money!

DICKSON

All right. You'll get your money - every penny!

AD-LIB FROM CROWD

We want it now! We don't want no speeches!

CLOSE SHOT - DICKSON

AS HE ADDRESSES THE CROWD:

DICKSON

Listen to me now. It takes time. I've got seven paying tellers working just as fast as they can. If you'll all calm down, I'm making arrangements to keep the doors open until four o'clock this afternoon and you can be paid today.

MEDIUM SHOT OF THE CROWD

As they cheer their approval and return to their buddies.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

As Dickson starts back toward the offices, Sampson comes to meet him.

SAMPSON

We can't keep open till four o'clock. We haven't cash enough to last an hour.

DICKSON

Don't you think I know it?

They both start walking toward Dickson's office - CAMERA TRUCKING WITH THEM. As they pass the conference room, Schultz comes out and stops Dickson.

SCHULTZ

We're still waiting for you,  
Dickson.

Dickson looks up, studies Schultz a moment, as if trying to make up his mind whether to consult the Board of Directors or not.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECTORS' ROOM - MED. SHOT

The door opens and Dickson enters, followed by Schultz. They all look up. Dickson goes up to them.

DICKSON

Well, gentlemen, we've got about  
one more hour to go. You know what  
that means?

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Dickson and the Directors.

DICKSON

(continuing)

We'll be forced to shut the doors.  
I've worked twenty-five years night  
and day to keep this bank alive.  
You've all made money out of it.  
Are you willing to help?

CLARK

(defiantly)

What do you mean, help?

DICKSON

I know that among you, you have at  
least a million dollars in various  
banks throughout the city. Get  
that money over here and I'll stop  
this run within five minutes.

CLARK

That sounds very simple, Dickson,  
but why should we jeopardize our  
personal fortunes?

DICKSON

I have everything I own in it.

It's your bank as well as mine,  
isn't it?

187. CLOSE SHOT

Clark and Schultz.

CLARK

(this is just what  
he's been waiting  
for)

Oh, is it? Since when? Judging  
from the way you've ignored us,  
you wouldn't think so.

SCHULTZ

We tried to reason with you, but  
you wouldn't listen to us.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Shooting toward Dickson.

CLARK

The depositors you were protecting  
were the first ones to pounce on  
you. You thought they were your  
friends. Why don't you go out there  
now and try and get some help from  
them?

DICKSON

Aw, they've gone crazy. You can't  
reason with a mob.

CLOSEUP - CLARK

CLARK

No. You can't reason with anyone  
else when you're in a jam. We  
pleaded with you to keep liquid,  
but you wouldn't listen to us. You  
preached to us about faith and a  
lot of other rubbish. Now you want  
our help. You want us to throw a  
lot of cash into a bank that you've  
wrecked. All right. There's one  
way you can get it. Give us an  
option on your stock and resign as  
president.

CLOSEUP - DICKSON

DICKSON

(quietly - tense)

So, that's it, eh? You've waited a  
long time for this chance, haven't

you?

(his voice rising)

Well, I'm not going to resign now -  
or ever.

191. WIDER ANGLE

Taking in the others at the table.

SCHULTZ

You have no choice.

DICKSON

I haven't? I'll shut the bank first.

CLARK

(terrified)

Say, you can't do that-

DICKSON

I can't? You just wait and see. If  
that run doesn't stop within the  
next hour, I'll shut the doors.  
You know what that means? The bank  
examiner will step in tomorrow.  
You'll be forced to liquidate.  
I'll insist upon it. The depositors  
will be paid one hundred cents on  
the dollar. What's left you  
gentlemen can have. But I'll  
guarantee there won't be enough to  
pay your next month's garage bill.

With which ultimatum, he crosses to the door and exits,  
CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - MED. CLOSE SHOT

As Dickson barges out. He stops in front of the door, and  
looks off toward lobby.

INT. LOBBY OF BANK - FULL SHOT

Pandemonium has broken loose. Men and women are hysterical.  
The police battle with recalcitrant depositors in a  
desperate effort to maintain order. Strong men push weak  
ones out of the lines. Wild-eyed women jostle and scramble  
to get near the paying tellers. Sex and priority rights  
are totally disregarded. Above it all the din is deafening.  
Men and women are clamoring for their life's savings, ready  
to commit murder to retrieve their little stakes.

CUT TO:

194. OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - CLOSEUP - DICKSON

His face clouds. As he stands there watching the chaos, slowly the deep concern vanishes from his face and his jaw sets in grim determination. He starts toward the stairs.

CUT TO:

195. ENTRANCE OF BANK - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Cyril Cluett enters from outside, looking guiltily around. Then he starts forward and exits from scene. The moment he is gone, Detective #3, who followed him out, appears in the doorway and crosses in the direction taken by Cluett.

CUT TO:

196. OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Dickson and Sampson.

SAMPSON

Mr. Dickson! Mr. Dickson!

DICKSON

Get all the big bills in the place. Take them out and get them changed. Get nothing but ones and fives. Distribute them among the tellers. Tell them to take their time. Stall as much as possible. Count and recount the money.

SAMPSON

Yes, sir.

DICKSON

I hate to do this, but I've got to have time to dig up some help. I think I know where I can get some real cash. Snap into it, Sampson. We will lick this thing yet.

He starts out of scene towards his office. CAMERA TRUCKS AFTER HIM, as he crosses past Helen, talking without breaking stride.

DICKSON

Come on in here, Helen. Bring your book. I want some numbers to try to get some action. Get Parker at the Union-Leeds - the Exchange . . . Winslow and old man Harris at the Home Mortgage. Snap into it, Helen. Just as quick as you can.

HELEN

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY OF BANK - FULL SHOT

Pandemonium, din and increasingly hysterical, pushing crowds.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The directors apparently are having a battle of their own.

SCHULTZ

Look at that mob. They're going crazy.

AMES

You know, this run isn't doing the reputation of this bank any good.

IVES

My dear friends-

SCHULTZ

(interrupting)

How much longer is Dickson going to hold out?

O'BRIEN

You know Dickson as well as we do. He'll shut the doors before he gives up control.

CLARK

All right, let him! I'm sick and tired of hearing about him. If he wants to run the bank, let him do it. I don't want any part of it.

IVES

My dear friends-

CLARK

Oh, shut up!

CUT TO:

199. SOMEWHERE BACK OF TELLERS' CAGES - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Sampson frantically advising tellers.

SAMPSON

Stall! Stall!

One teller faces an angry depositor.

TELLER

Er, is this your signature?

MAN

Certainly it's my signature. You've seen it often enough.

TELLER

I'm sorry, but I'll have to verify it.

CUT TO:

INT. DICKSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT - DICKSON

Seated at his desk, talking into the phone:

DICKSON

Hello, Parker. Listen. Listen, I've got to have a million dollars in cash, and I've got to have it quick.

(pause)

What?

(pause)

No, no, no. Tomorrow is no good. I need it now.

(pause)

Of course it's safe. Why, the bank's in excellent condition. You know that.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMPSON'S OFFICE - MED. SHOT

The Inspector is making preparations to take Matt down to headquarters.

INSPECTOR

You'd better tell Mr. Dickson we're taking Matt Brown downtown.

DETECTIVE

(to 2nd Detective)

Is the chief's car outside?

2ND DETECTIVE

Yes, sir.

INSPECTOR

Okay. Come on son. Let's go.

The detective takes Matt's arm and makes him get up from the chair.

Helen rushes into the room and into Matt's arms.

202. CLOSER SHOT

Helen clings to Matt.

HELEN

(sobbing)

Oh, Matt . . .

MATT

(consoling her)

Don't cry, honey. Everything's gonna be all right.

The detective touches her shoulder, tenderly.

DETECTIVE

Sorry, sister.

Helen does not move. She clings to Matt, sobbing violently.

MED. CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR

As Detective #3 enters the room. CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he crosses to the Inspector.

INSPECTOR

What did you find out, Mike?

MIKE

I've been trailing the cashier like you told me. You're right about that guy, chief. There's something screwy somewhere.

INSPECTOR

Never mind all that. What did you find out?

MIKE

He left here about an hour ago and went down to Dude Finlay's joint.

INSPECTOR

Dude Finlay?

MIKE

Yes, sir.

CLOSE SHOT - MATT & HELEN

Helen slowly lifts her head from Matt's shoulder. Her eyes widen as she hears the name of Dude Finlay. Mike's voice comes over this shot.

MIKE'S VOICE

He stayed about half an hour, and then he came right back here. He's in his office now.

INSPECTOR  
(slowly dawning realization)  
That's where I must have seen that guy—

Helen starts out of scene.

205. MEDIUM SHOT

As Helen leaves Matt's side and crosses to the Inspector and Mike.

HELEN  
Did you say Dude Finlay?

INSPECTOR  
Yes, why?

HELEN  
He was in the bank yesterday.

CLOSER SHOT ON THE THREE

INSPECTOR  
(suddenly alert)  
He was here?

HELEN  
He came to see Mr. Cluett.

INSPECTOR  
Are you sure?

HELEN  
Yes, sir.

CLOSE SHOT - MATT

As he listens intently to Helen and the Inspector.

INSPECTOR'S VOICE  
Who was with him?

HELEN'S VOICE  
Two other men. They all went into Mr. Cluett's private office.

INSPECTOR'S VOICE  
(pleased)  
Now we're beginning to get somewhere.

208. MED. SHOT

Taking in all the people in the room. The Inspector turns to the detective and speaks quickly:

INSPECTOR

Kelly! You stay here with Brown.

(to Tim)

Tim, you and Mike come with me.

We're going down to Cluett's office.

He crosses to the door, followed by Tim and Mike.

MED. CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR

As the Inspector turns back and calls:

INSPECTOR

Oh, Kelly - call me up in Cluett's office in about five minutes.

KELLY'S VOICE

What'll I say?

INSPECTOR

I don't care what you say. Sing "Mother Machree"[8] if you want to, but call me up.

Inspector, Tim and Mike go out.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY OF BANK - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

On the elderly lady depositor and bank guard, among the milling crowd.

GUARD

(above the din)

Quiet down, please! Take it easy, folks. Everything will be all right.

LADY

(to bank guard)

But you said it would be safe! It's his life insurance money. Oh, please, I'll go to the Old Ladies' Home if you don't do something, please!

GUARD

Please, lady. Please be quiet. Everything will be all right.

(leading the old lady - pushing a path through the

crowd)  
Open up here, folks. All right,  
folks, please!

CUT TO:

INT. DICKSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT DICKSON

Seated at his desk, talking into the phone:

DICKSON

Good heavens, man, you're taking  
no chances. No, I'm perfectly  
willing to sign everything over to  
you. What more do you want? I need  
action. I've got to have it within  
the next half hour.

(pause)

Yeah, sure - the board of directors  
turned me down, but you know why.

(pause)

Listen. Listen, read it. It wouldn't  
be a drop in the bucket to you.

(pause)

I see. Uh-huh. All right - ask me  
for a favor some time, will you?

He slams the phone down angrily.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUETT'S PRIVATE OFFICE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Cluett sits at his desk. The Inspector stands in front of  
him.

INSPECTOR

(very suave)

I hope you don't mind me asking  
you a few questions, Mr. Cluett.

CLUETT

Of course, yes. Just what would  
you like to know, Inspector?

INSPECTOR

Where were you at twelve o'clock  
last night?

CLUETT

(much relieved)

That's very simple. I was home.

213. CLOSE SHOT - INSPECTOR AND CLUETT

Shooting toward Cluett.

INSPECTOR

That is simple, isn't it? I assume  
you can prove that if necessary.

CLUETT

(feeling very sure  
of himself)  
Oh yes, of course. There was someone  
with me. A lady.

INSPECTOR

(smiling - affably)  
Looks like you're going to have no  
trouble at all. What was the lady's  
name, Mr. Cluett?

CLUETT

If you don't mind, Inspector, I'd  
rather not say - that is, unless  
it becomes absolutely essential.  
You see, she's married.

INSPECTOR

(a big understanding  
grimace)  
Oh!

CLUETT

(smiling)  
You understand?

INSPECTOR

(assuringly)  
Why, of course.

The telephone rings at this point. Cluett turns to answer  
it.

CLUETT

Pardon me.

He picks up the receiver. The Inspector watches him closely.

214. WIDER ANGLE

As Cluett answers the phone.

CLUETT

Hello . . . who? Yes, he's here.  
(to Inspector)  
It's for you, Inspector.

Cluett gets up out of his chair to permit Inspector to get  
to the phone.

INSPECTOR

Thanks.

CLUETT

(trying to be light)  
Somebody must be in good humor. He  
was humming "Mother Machree."

INSPECTOR

(laughing)  
It's one of the boys from  
headquarters. He always sings  
"Mother Machree" whenever he's got  
good news. Looks like this case'll  
be settled in no time.

CLOSEUP - CLUETT

His face clouds at this. He listens while Inspector's voice  
comes over scene:

INSPECTOR'S VOICE

Yeah, Kelly? Huh? Dude Finlay!  
Where do you got him?

Inspector pauses, waiting for a reply.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMPSON'S OFFICE - CLOSEUP DETECTIVE

Detective Kelly, speaking on the phone:

KELLY

(into phone)  
I ain't got nobody here. I'm with  
Brown. Didn't you tell me to call  
you up in five minutes?

INSPECTOR'S VOICE

Sure.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUETT'S OFFICE - CLOSEUP - CLUETT

Cluett is terrified. The Inspector's voice continues:

INSPECTOR'S VOICE

Take him right down to headquarters.

Cluett starts to edge out of scene.

218. MED. SHOT

The Inspector is still holding receiver to his ear. Cluett  
has edged close to the door, his expression one of  
desperation.

The Inspector watches Cluett out of the corner of his eye as he continues.

INSPECTOR

(into phone)

Yeah. What? . . . You don't mean Cyril Cluett, the cashier?

(long-drawn-out)

Yeah-h-h-h-h.

(pause)

Well! Did Dude Finlay tell you that?

CUT TO:

INT. SAMPSON'S OFFICE - CLOSEUP - KELLY

KELLY

(into phone)

What? Dude Finlay? Sure, I got him here! You know, for a minute I didn't catch on . . .

CUT TO:

INT. CLUETT'S OFFICE - MED. SHOT

On the Inspector.

INSPECTOR

(into the phone)

Yeah. We got him here right now.  
Yeah, yeah. Okay Kelly, good work.  
Looks like-

CLOSE SHOT - CLUETT

He feels himself trapped. He glances around the room quickly to determine his chances to escape. He keeps edging closer to the door with his back to it. His hands sneaks down and grabs hold of the doorknob.

Suddenly, Cluett snaps open the door and like a flash is out of the room.

MED. SHOT OF ROOM

As Cluett's figure disappears. The detectives are startled by the sudden move.

INSPECTOR

(hanging up receiver)

-get him!

The detectives dash out, Inspector following.

CUT TO:

223. SOMEWHERE IN THE CROWDED OUTER OFFICE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Cluett hurries through.

EXT. TO MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - MED. CLOSE SHOT

At the door of the men's locker room. Cluett comes into scene and enters locker room.

CUT TO:

225. SOMEWHERE IN THE CROWDED OUTER OFFICE - MEDIUM SHOT

Inspector and detectives enter. Look around quickly.

DETECTIVE  
(looking off, and  
spotting Cluett)  
There he goes!

They rush out of scene, their hands on their guns, concealed.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - FULL SHOT

Metal lockers line the entire room. Cluett comes to door on other side of the room. Just as he gets there, he hears the detectives entering off scene. Quickly he changes his mind and springs into a space between a row of lockers and the wall, at the same time drawing his gun.

Inspector and detectives enter. The Inspector and one of the detectives advance into the room cautiously, holding their guns in front of them. Kelley, the other detective, shrewdly separates from them.

DETECTIVE  
He must be here. There's only one door.

INSPECTOR  
All right. Find him.

Cluett slips into a locker and closes the door behind him. They hear the noise off scene.

INSPECTOR  
What was that noise?

DETECTIVE  
Sounded like a locker.

INSPECTOR

A locker, eh? Well, search every one of them. He must be in one of 'em.

They search the lockers one by one, until the Inspector happens upon the one with Cluett inside. He leaps out, gun drawn.

CLOSE SHOT - CLUETT

From Inspector's angle.

CLUETT  
Stand back Inspector, or I'll shoot.  
Drop that gun.

INSPECTOR  
(calming tone)  
All right, Jack, all right.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

The detective and Inspector. The detective drops his gun, but the Inspector keeps his levelled, toward Cluett, off scene:

INSPECTOR  
Don't be a fool, Cluett. This is only going to make it worse for you.

CLUETT  
Stand back, Inspector. Let me out of here, or I'll shoot you!

He starts slowly forward.

The Inspector ignores the warning. He takes a few more steps forward.

CLOSEUP - CLUETT

From Inspector's angle.

CLUETT  
I warn you, Inspector - I'll shoot!

He levels his gun.

CLOSEUP - KELLEY

He lifts his gun and aims for Cluett, off scene.

CLOSEUP - CLUETT

He is frightened, but desperate. He has his finger on the trigger, ready to fire.

CLUETT

(nervously)

If you take another step, I'll-

A shot is heard. The gun drops out of Cluett's hand. His arm goes limp. His face screws up in pain.

INSPECTOR

(rushing forward to  
grab him - to the  
detectives)

Let me see it! Let me see it! It's  
only his finger. Get me a towel.

(to Cluett)

Now take it easy, buddy. Take it  
easy. All we want to do is talk to  
you.

CUT TO:

INT. A TELLER'S CAGE MED. - CLOSE SHOT

Shooting over the teller's shoulder.

People standing in line, an atmosphere of pandemonium and  
hysteria.

INT. DICKSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT - DICKSON

Still at phone. His coat is now off and flung across the  
desk. His face is worn. Perspiration rolls down his face.  
His appearance indicates he has been on the phone a long  
time.

DICKSON

(into phone -  
defeated)

You can't do a thing. You're up to  
your neck. All right.

He listens. He is being turned down. He hangs up receiver.  
Over his face slowly comes a look of deep perturbation. He  
refers to a small notebook open on his desk. His finger  
runs down the list of names as he searches for another  
prospect.

CAMERA PANS ACROSS as Inspector and other detectives, with  
Cluett in custody, enter Dickson's office, all excited.

INSPECTOR

You were right, Mr. Dickson! Brown  
didn't have anything to do with  
it. Here's your man.

DICKSON

Why, you must be crazy. I've known

this man for years.

INSPECTOR

He's just confessed. He's been mixed up with the toughest gangsters in town.

CAMERA PANS BACK to Dickson, as he stares, unbelievably, at the shrunken figure of Cluett, who is trembling with fear.

234. CLOSER SHOT

Favoring Cluett and Dickson.

DICKSON

Confessed! Cluett, in heaven's name, what got into you?

CLUETT

(his voice shaking)  
I don't know. It's all been like a crazy nightmare, Mr. Dickson.

DICKSON

What happened? You're not a thief. How'd you get mixed up with these kind of people?

CLUETT

Gambling - I owed them a lot of money. Last week I lost over fifty thousand dollars!

DICKSON

(shocked)  
Fifty thousand dollars!

CLUETT

(hysterically)  
But I didn't kill that man last night. Honest I didn't, Mr. Dickson!

CLOSEUP - CLUETT

AS HE CONTINUES:

CLUETT

(dully)  
Yesterday they came to collect it. I begged them to wait. I wanted time to think, but they wouldn't listen to me.

(his voice rises)  
They threatened to kill me if I didn't pay it! I was desperate! I didn't know what to do!

CLOSEUP - DICKSON

As he reacts to Cluett's confession. Cluett's voice continues over this shot.

CLUETT'S VOICE

(hoarsely - quickly)

Then they suggested that I help them rob the bank. All I had to do was turn off the alarm and ? 185 ?

fix the time clock. It all sounded so easy. It seemed like a way out.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

AS CLUETT CONTINUES:

CLUETT

(wildly)

I didn't know anybody was going to be killed!

The Inspector addresses Cluett:

INSPECTOR

What were you doing at Finlay's this morning?

CLUETT

They took my keys yesterday. I went there to get them back.

DICKSON

(desperately)

If you were in a jam, why didn't you come to me? I would have helped you out. You know that.

238. CLOSE SHOT

Favoring Cluett.

CLUETT

I was crazy, I tell you, Mr. Dickson. I didn't know what I was doing. I wandered around in a daze. All I could think of was that they were going to kill me . . .

(pleading desperately)

You'll stand by me, won't you, Mr. Dickson? You won't go back on me now, will you? I'll die if they send me to prison!

INSPECTOR

(practical)  
Don't forget there's a dead watchman  
downstairs.

CLUETT  
(wild-eyed)  
I didn't kill him! I had nothing  
to do with that, I tell you! I was  
home in my apartment last night -  
I can prove it!

MED. CLOSE SHOT OF GROUP

INSPECTOR  
(skeptically)  
Claims he was there with a married  
woman. Doesn't want to mention her  
name.

CLUETT  
(desperately - to  
Dickson)  
He won't believe it, Mr. Dickson.  
But it's the truth - honest it is.  
I was in my apartment last night -  
ask your wife - she-

He stops dead. Suddenly he realizes what he is saying.

CLOSEUP - DICKSON

As he reacts electrically to the mention of his wife.

CLOSE SHOT - CLUETT

He slaps a hand over his mouth, as if to crush out anything  
further he might say. He stares wide-eyed and frightened  
at Dickson.

242. CLOSE TWO SHOT - DICKSON AND CLUETT

Dickson glares at Cluett, penetratingly. His brain slowly  
absorbs the revelation that Phyllis was in Cluett's  
apartment the night before.

DICKSON  
(dully)  
My wife? What's she got to do with  
you?

INSPECTOR  
(out of the side of  
his mouth - to a  
detective standing  
next to him)  
No wonder he didn't want to mention  
her name.

Dickson comes over to Cluett, grabs him by the arm.

DICKSON

What was my wife doing in your apartment last night?

CLUETT

(hysterically)

Nothing, nothing, Mr. Dickson. Don't pay any attention to me. I don't know what I'm saying.

DICKSON

You just mentioned her name. What was she doing there? What was she doing in your apartment?

CLUETT

She just came up for a drink. Just for a few minutes.

Dickson grabs Cluett and shakes him.

DICKSON

(a shriek)

You're lying!

MED. CLOSE SHOT

INSPECTOR

Don't worry, Mr. Dickson. We'll find out whether he's telling the truth. I'll have a man from headquarters check up on it right away.

DICKSON

(hard)

You don't want to check up on anybody. I'll do all the checking up. Wait a minute.

CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he crosses to his desk, and calls Helen on the intercom.

DICKSON

Helen!

HELEN'S VOICE

Yes?

DICKSON

Get Mrs. Dickson on the phone.

There is an awkward pause while Dickson waits. He is obviously agitated. Then the phone rings.

DICKSON

(answering it)

Listen, dear. I want to ask you something. I know it's a silly thing for me to ask you, but . . . I want you to tell me the truth. Where were you last night?

CUT TO:

INT. DICKSON HOME - CLOSEUP - MRS. DICKSON

MRS. DICKSON

(into phone -  
disconcerted)

Last night? Er - why - uh, last night . . .

CUT TO:

INT. DICKSON'S OFFICE - CLOSEUP - DICKSON

DICKSON

(very sombre)

Listen, dear. Now tell me the truth about this. Were you in Cluett's apartment?

CUT TO:

INT. DICKSON HOME - CLOSEUP - MRS. DICKSON

MRS. DICKSON

(into phone)

In Cluett's apartment? Well dear, you see, I . . . I . . .

CUT TO:

INT. DICKSON'S OFFICE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Favoring Dickson, but showing Cluett and the others.

Dickson slowly puts the phone receiver down. His face is ashen. He is shaken to the core.

CLUETT

(miserably)

She wasn't to blame, Mr. Dickson. It wasn't her fault. Honest, it wasn't. I begged her to come up. She didn't-

DICKSON

(an explosion)

Get out, get out!

INSPECTOR

All right. Let's go.

The detectives get on either side of Cluett and silently they march him out of the room. Inspector and others follow, leaving Dickson alone. When they have gone out:

CLOSE SHOT - DICKSON

Left alone, he is a tragic figure. An incessant parade of disturbing thoughts tumble over each other in a hectic march across his chaotic mind. He grips his throbbing temples in an effort to crush out the torturous thought that Phyllis was involved in an intrigue with Cyril Cluett.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MED. SHOT

Most of the directors seem to be weakening. O'Brien is remaining staunch to Dickson. Clark alone, holds out.

O'BRIEN

Clark, you're insane to hold out any longer. Now let's get some money over here and stop this run.

AMES

If we close our doors, our stock won't be worth a nickel.

Meek little Ives once more tries to speak:

IVES

My dear friends, I-

O'BRIEN

(interrupting)

I'll lay you ten to one, Dickson won't give in.

250. CLOSER SHOT

Featuring Schultz and Clark, standing together.

SCHULTZ

Maybe they're right, Clark.

CLARK

(weakening)

All right, I'll go and have a talk with him.

As he starts to walk toward the door:

CUT TO:

INT. DICKSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE - FULL SHOT

Dickson sits at his desk, his head cupped in his hands. Clark enters thru door of outer office, quietly. He looks at Dickson a moment, then crosses to the desk.

CLARK

Oh, Dickson . . .

CLOSE SHOT OF THE TWO

Shooting toward Dickson.

Dickson slowly looks up at Clark.

CLARK

(softly)

Dickson, I'd like to talk to you about the bank.

DICKSON

(heartsick)

The bank. All right. Do anything you want with it.

CLOSE SHOT - CLARK

His face lights up. This is a turn he never expected. He really came in to capitulate.

CLARK

(smoothly)

Now you're talking sense.

(alert)

We'll draw up the option on your stock - say, eighty dollars a share. How's that?

CLOSE SHOT - DICKSON

He is not even interested, speaks vaguely:

DICKSON

Eighty dollars? That's fine - anything you say.

He waves Clark away.

CLARK

Good, good. I'll draw it up at once.

255. MED. SHOT

As Clark starts out of Dickson's office, elated, Helen comes in.

HELEN

You want the rest of those numbers,  
Mr. Dickson?

DICKSON

(toneless)  
Numbers? No, never mind.

She stares at him, surprised, backs out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTER ROOM OF DICKSON'S OFFICE - HELEN AND MATT

IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING:

MATT

What's he doing, honey? Is he  
getting any help?

HELEN

Something's happened. He isn't  
trying anymore.

MATT

They must have turned him down.

HELEN

Yes. He called some of the biggest  
people in town.

MATT

Sure, they'd turn him down. He  
ought to know that. I'm going in  
there and talk to him.

AS HE ENTERS DICKSON'S OFFICE:

CUT TO:

INT. DICKSON'S OFFICE

CAMERA PANS ACROSS as Matt enters:

MATT

We haven't got much time left, Mr.  
Dickson. We've got to do something  
quick or it'll be too late.

DICKSON

(softly)  
Why wouldn't you tell me where you  
were last night?

MATT

(ignoring the

question)  
You're not giving up, are you, Mr.  
Dickson?

DICKSON  
Were you in Cluett's apartment?

MATT  
(dismissively)  
Oh, I can explain about that later.  
You're losing your bank - don't  
you realize what that means?

DICKSON  
(gravely)  
Was Mrs. Dickson there?

MATT  
Listen, Mr. Dickson, don't let  
them lick you just because a couple  
of big shots turned you down. You've  
got more friends than anybody in  
this town. Little guys - guys who  
wouldn't be in business if it  
weren't for you. All you've got to  
do is-

DICKSON  
(undeterred)  
Wait a minute. Answer my question.  
Was Mrs. Dickson there?

MATT  
(fumbling for words)  
Well . . . uh . . . I . . .

DICKSON  
She was, wasn't she? How long has  
this been going on? Do you know?

MATT  
Aw, I don't know what you're talking  
about. All I know is that you're  
losing your bank and-

DICKSON  
(firmly)  
All right. That's all.  
(poignantly)  
Please, Matt.

Head bowed, Matt exits scene.

CUT TO:

INT. DICKSON'S OUTER OFFICE - MATT AND HELEN

IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING:

HELEN

Did you talk to him?

MATT

(downcast)

Yeah.

(he has a sudden  
inspiration)

I got an idea. Come on, let's get  
to a telephone.

They exit scene hurriedly.

CUT TO:

INT. DICKSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE - MED. CLOSEUP

All of his beliefs are shaken by this seeming betrayal. Dickson takes a framed photograph of Phyllis from his desk, gingerly sets it face down in the center drawer of his desk.

Also in the desk drawer is - he cannot help but notice - a gun.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - CLARK

As he dictates to someone off screen:

CLARK

-a thirty-day option on ten thousand  
shares of stock of this company,  
now registered in the name of Thomas  
A. Dickson. Now make that in  
triplicate and get it to me just  
as fast as you can. Hurry!

CUT TO:

INT. SOMEWHERE IN THE BANK - CLOSE SHOT AT PAYROLL WINDOW

Shooting past cashier in f.g. towards line of laborers waiting to be paid.

Cashier stands in front of a tall counter upon which is a small metal box filled with currency. He is speaking into the phone by his side as scene opens.

He hangs up receiver and turns to the men on the other side of the window.

CASHIER

(speaking thru small

window)  
Sorry ladies and gentlemen, there's  
no more money. You'll have to go  
on to the next window.

He snaps the window shut, slams down cover of little metal  
box.

Angry ad-lib from line of laborers waiting to be paid.

                  CUSTOMER AD-LIBS  
What do you mean there's no more  
money? etc.

Panicked shouting and pushing. In the center of the crowd,  
a woman faints.

CUT TO:

Another cashier, another window, another angry line of  
depositors.

                  CASHIER  
That's all there is!

More pushing, shouting, angry ad-lib.

CUT TO:

INT. DICKSON'S OUTER OFFICE - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Phyllis Dickson, serious-faced, comes up steps and thru  
ante room on the way to Dickson's private office.

She pounds on door of office. There is no reply from within.  
Standing next to her is a bank guard, uncertain about what  
to do. Throughout scene, there are b.g. sounds of melee in  
the bank.

                  MRS. DICKSON  
                  (to bank guard)  
Are you sure he's in there?

                  GUARD  
Yes, ma'am. He must be in there.  
He hasn't come out.

She pounds on the door again.

                  MRS. DICKSON  
                  (shouting)  
Tom! Tom! Tom!  
                  (to guard)  
I've got to get in there. Can't  
you find me a key?

                  GUARD

(reaching into  
Helen's desk)  
Yes, I think there's one right  
here in the drawer.

CUT TO:

INT. DICKSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE - FULL SHOT

As Mrs. Dickson rushes in.

Dickson is standing by a window.

CLOSE SHOT - MRS. DICKSON

She walks over to him - CAMERA PANNING WITH HER - and stands  
in back of him.

MRS. DICKSON  
(softly - seriously)  
Tom! Oh Tom, darling - I came to  
explain about last night . . .

Dickson remains silent. Mrs. Dickson continues:

MRS. DICKSON  
Cyril Cluett doesn't mean anything  
to me, Tom. I went out with him  
last night simply because . . .  
well, I had begun to feel that I  
didn't have any part in your life.  
That I was an outsider. Tom, all  
we did was to go to the theatre,  
and then we went back to his  
apartment afterward for a drink.  
That's all it was. I didn't do  
anything wrong, Tom. I couldn't do  
anything wrong. I love you too  
much. You know that.

CLOSEUP - DICKSON

As he stares dully out the window.

Mrs. Dickson's voice coming over shot:

MRS. DICKSON  
(breaking down -  
sobbing)  
Oh, Tom! Tom!

CUT TO:

INT. SOMEWHERE IN BANK - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - MATT AND  
HELEN

Favoring Matt.

They are furiously working two phones, going down a list of people who owe Dickson and the bank a favor.

Although Matt has focus in the scene, Helen's voice is always in b.g., as she handles calls, making the same pitch.

MATT

(into phone - rat-a-tat)

Dickson's in a jam I tell you. The run's getting worse.

HELEN

(simultaneously)

Mr. Williams . . .

MATT

(continuing)

The big guys have got the screws on him. You've got to come through for him, Mr. Conway. He came through for you a hundred times. If his friends don't help him, who is going to help him?

HELEN

(looking up from her own phone pitch)

Matt, look! There's Mr. Jones!

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY OF BANK - MED. SHOT

As a man elbows his way thru the crowd to a receiving teller's window. He is accompanied by a bank guard, who sweeps the disbelieving crowd aside. He speaks loudly for everyone's benefit:

JONES

Any bank that Tom Dickson has anything to do with is all right. I'm putting my money in here. Why should you be afraid? Give him a chance. Tom Dickson is all right! He's perfectly square. I'm putting my money in this bank! I know what I'm doing!

He reaches a teller's window, which is closed. He pounds on it.

JONES

Open up! I want to put some money in here! I don't want to take any out!

A teller's face appears, somewhat astonished.

TELLER

(recovering composure)

Certainly, Mr. Jones! Certainly!  
Charlie!

CUT TO:

INT. SOMEWHERE IN BANK - MED. CLOSE SHOT - MATT AND HELEN

MATT

(into the phone -  
rat-a-tat)

They're starting to come in already.  
Yeah. Yeah. Well, listen. Don't  
waste any time. Get all the money  
you can lay your hands on, and  
bring it down here right away.  
Step on it.

He hangs up, dials another.

Helen has dialed another prospect also, and hands the phone  
to Matt.

MATT

(to Helen)

Who's this?

(into one phone)

Mr. Williams?

(into the other  
phone)

Mr. Gunther?

(to Helen)

I'll talk to both of them at once.

(holding both phones  
up to his mouth)

Listen, both you fellows. Dickson's  
in a jam. The run's getting worse.  
Those big guys got the screws on  
him. Yeah, both you fellows got to  
come thru for him. Listen, if his  
friends don't help him, who is  
going to help him? Now he came  
through for you a hundred times.  
Yeah, listen. They're starting to  
come in already. Yeah, listen.  
Both of you fellas - get all the  
money you can lay your hands on,  
and bring it down here right away.  
Both of you - step on it! All right.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY OF BANK - MED. SHOT

As several more people elbow their way thru the crowd on their way to teller's windows, speaking aloud.

MAN

(loudly)

Get out of my way. I got money I want to put into the bank.

CAMERA PANS WITH HIM and second man until they reach the receiving teller's window, where they fall into a line already containing ten or twelve people.

The second man shoves his way to the front, and addresses the teller:

2ND MAN

I want to make a deposit. Four thousand, six hundred dollars. He's the best man in the world. I believe in him.

CUT TO:

INT. DICKSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE - CLOSE TWO SHOT

Dickson and Phyllis Dickson. She is still explaining to him.

MRS. DICKSON

It doesn't matter what you think about me, there's something far more important. Those people down there. The bank, Tom. You can't give that up.

She is interrupted by sound of door opening. They look off.

CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR

As Sampson steps in. He looks off toward Dickson.

SAMPSON

Mr. Dickson! Come here a minute. Look at this. Something wonderful has happened. People are bringing deposits. You won't believe it until you see it. You have to come out.

272. CLOSE SHOT

Dickson and Mrs. Dickson. He shambles over towards the door.

INT. OUTSIDE OF DICKSON'S OFFICE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

As Sampson and Dickson come out from private office.

SAMPSON  
(pointing off)  
Look!

Dickson gazes in the direction he points.

CUT TO:

274. RECEIVING TELLER'S WINDOW - MEDIUM SHOT

From Dickson's angle.

The line has grown in size. Those trying to deposit their money are just as excited as those who want to draw it out.

MAN  
(shouting)  
Tom Dickson is a friend of mine!  
I'll put money in his bank any  
time!

ANOTHER MAN  
(shouting)  
Anybody who takes money out of  
this bank is crazy! I'm going to  
put a lot of money in! Here it is!

3RD MAN  
I haven't got much, but here it  
is!

WOMAN  
Tom Dickson can have all my money  
any time.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE OF DICKSON'S OFFICE - CLOSEUP

On Dickson, looking toward Receiving Teller's window. He stares at the miraculous spectacle, deeply moved. He can scarcely believe his own eyes. A smile grows on his face.

The sight of his friends coming to his rescue has an electrical effect on Dickson. It revives his fighting spirit. He sticks his jaw out determinedly. Without a word he turns and crosses to door of conference room.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FULL SHOT

Dickson flings the door open. Clark and the other directors

are startled out of their business. Clark holds the necessary transfer papers in his hand.

DICKSON

Come out here you pawnbrokers -  
take a look at this!

CLARK

We've been waiting fifteen minutes-

DICKSON

(waving papers away)

You know what you can do with that!  
Come on, take a look at this!  
You'll see a demonstration of faith  
that's worth more than all the  
collateral in the world.

While he has been speaking, several of the directors have edged over to the door. They are perceptibly impressed.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - CLARK

He has remained unmoved, staring at Dickson, as if trying to determine what kind of ruse is this.

DICKSON'S VOICE

Come on boys! Come on Clark! It'll  
do your heart good.

CAMERA PANS WITH CLARK, as he crosses slowly to the door and looks out.

DICKSON

Look at that. They're shoving their  
hard-earned money across the counter  
with a ten to one chance against  
them.

CLOSER SHOT OF GROUP

As they edge out onto balcony overlooking scene.

DICKSON

If you fellas want to save this  
bank, get some real money over  
here right away.

O'BRIEN

(decisively)

That's enough for me, Dickson. I'm  
ashamed of myself. I'll have a  
hundred thousand dollars over here  
in five minutes.

O'Brien starts away and crosses to a phone.

Dickson turns to the others.

DICKSON  
Now you're talking! Ames?

AMES  
I'm sold.

He goes off.

DICKSON  
All right. Schultz?

SCHULTZ  
(only a moment's  
hesitation)  
This is your bank, Dickson, and  
I'm with you!

DICKSON  
Ives?

CLOSE SHOT - IVES

At last he can say something.

IVES  
(shaky voice)  
My dear friends, that's what I've  
been trying to say all afternoon.

DICKSON  
Go ahead and say it.  
(turning to Clark)  
Clark, you can do twice as much as  
any of them. How about you?

CLOSE SHOT - CLARK

CLARK  
Oh, I don't agree with you, but if  
everybody's gone crazy, I'll go  
crazy too!

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SERIES OF CLOSEUPS

As Clark and the other directors make their urgent phone  
calls.

SCHULTZ  
(into phone)  
This is Ben Schultz talking. Send  
a hundred thousand cash over here  
to the Union National right away.

CLARK  
(into phone)  
Send all your available cash to  
Union National!

AMES  
(into phone)  
Currency - small denominations-

CLARK  
(into phone)  
-in tens and twenties-

IVES  
(into phone)  
Say, I want one hundred and fifty  
thousand dollars over here right  
away.  
(listens)  
I am in my right mind. No, no, no.  
Not one hundred and fifty dollars.  
Say, listen you guys, one hundred  
and fifty thousand dollars. Yes!

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - LONG SHOT

A string of armored cars speed toward camera, accompanied  
by an escort of eight motorcycle cops. The procession  
heralds its approach by the piercing wail of sirens.

POLICEMAN  
Open up!

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANK - AT THE DOOR

A dozen policemen precede the entrance of a parade of  
uniformed guards, who carry in one hand sacks of money,  
their other hands clasped firmly on their guns. The crowd  
in the lobby stands aside, awe-stricken.

AD-LIB FROM COPS  
Heads up-  
Make way, there-  
Hey, you, look out!

Murmurs of approval are heard from the crowd.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANK NEAR FRONT DOOR - MED. SHOT

As the crowd is leaving the bank. Everyone is smiling and  
happy.

CAMERA SINGLES OUT VARIOUS INDIVIDUALS.

MAN

(to nearby man)

That's the trouble with people nowadays. They hear a crazy rumor, and right away they lose their heads. Not me! You didn't see me drawing my money out, did you?

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANK - CLOSEUP - GERT

As she works the switchboard - the next day.

GERT

Good morning. Union National Bank.  
Just a minute . . .

CUT TO:

INT. BANK VAULT - MEDIUM SHOT - GROUP OF TELLERS

As they gather for their morning ritual, waiting for Matt.

CHARLIE

Nine o'clock and all is lousy.

TELLER

Where's Matt?

CHARLIE

Ten to one he'll have a crack about the run yesterday.

TELLER

It's a cinch bet. I wouldn't take it.

2ND TELLER

If he pulls a gag about the run, we'll murder the guy. Murder him!

They hear Matt approaching, and gesture silence. Matt strides purposefully in. He works the mechanism on the vault. There is a long silence, during which nobody says anything, most surprisingly of all, not even Matt. Finally:

MATT

(after having opened the lock - turning to the group of expectant tellers)

Well, I suppose you guys had a good run for your money yesterday!

They tackle him to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK ENTRANCE MED. - CLOSE SHOT

As Dickson enters, and playfully pushes the hat down over Gardiner, the old bank guard's face. The bank guard adjusts his hat, annoyed, then sees it is the president of the bank.

GARDINER

(merrily)

Good morning, Mr. Dickson. My wife is much better this morning.

DICKSON

Well, that's too bad. Mine's all right too.

Guard puzzles over his non-sequitur for a moment, then smiles.

CAMERA TRUCKS AHEAD OF DICKSON, as he strides through the lobby, passing various individuals from opening scenes.

He spots the teller with a habit of smoking on the job.

DICKSON

Carter!

The teller, from Dickson's angle, holds up his empty hands. No cigarettes. Then, he opens his mouth and chews elaborately, showing that he has switched to gum.

Hellos and Good Mornings greet Dickson as he continues on his way. He passes the janitor in a new uniform, and stops him.

DICKSON

Well, well, well - got your uniform, eh?

JANITOR

Yes, sir.

DICKSON

Looks good. How much did it cost?

JANITOR

(proudly)

I don't know. Mr. Sampson bought it for me.

Dickson opens his jacket, affects an unenthusiastic perusal of his own well-worn suit of clothing.

DICKSON

(cheerfully)

Oh-oh. I guess I'll have to see  
Sampson myself.

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM as he approaches Helen's desk outside  
his own private office. Helen looks up.

DICKSON

Good morning, Helen.

HELEN

Good morning.

DICKSON

Say, I know what's the matter with  
you. Matt!

Matt, hearing his name, dashes up to stand next to Dickson.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

DICKSON

I want you both to take the day  
off. Go downtown and get a license  
and get married right away!

MATT

(weakly)

But I haven't . . .

DICKSON

I don't want to hear any more about  
it. If you don't get married, I'll  
fire both of you.

By now they are beaming. Dickson starts off, then has a  
second thought.

DICKSON

Helen, while you're downtown, you  
might stop in and make reservations  
for the bridal suite on the  
Berengaria sailing next week.

MATT

Gee, thanks, Mr. Dickson—

HELEN

Oh!

DICKSON

(cutting him off)

Oh, no! It's not for you. You're  
only going to get married. Mrs.  
Dickson and I are going to go on

the honeymoon.

With just the barest suggestion of a wink, he exits.

MATT LOOKS AT HELEN:

MATT  
Come, on slave.

They exit arm in arm.

FADE OUT:

THE END