ON THE WATERFRONT

by Budd Schulberg

FADE IN

EXT—ESTABLISHING SHOT—WATERFRONT—NIGHT

Shooting toward a small building (Hoboken Yacht Club) set upon a wharf

floating about twenty-five yards off shore. A long, narrow gangplank

leads from the wharf to the shore, and on either side of the wharf are

large ocean liners which are being unloaded by arc light. In the B.G.

is the glittering New York skyline. A great liner, blazing with light,

is headed down river. A ferry chugs across to Manhattan. There is a

counterpoint of ships' whistles, some shrill, others hauntingly muted.

CLOSER SHOT—SMALL BUILDING—ON WHARF—NIGHT

It is the office of the longshoremen's local for this section of

waterfront. Coming along the gangplank toward the shore is an isolated

figure. He is TERRY MALLOY, a wiry, jaunty, waterfront hanger-on in his

late twenties. He wears a turtleneck sweater, a windbreaker and a cap.

He whistles a familiar Irish song.

A SERIES OF WALKING SHOTS—TERRY MALLOY—WATERFRONT—NIGHT

Reaching the shore and turning away from the union office. Passing the

burned-out piers.

Turning up a waterfront tenement street lit by a dim street lamp that

throws an eerie beam. He is holding something inside his jacket but we

cannot see what it is.

NOTE: MAIN TITLES TO BE SUPERIMPOSED OVER THIS SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT—WATERFRONT STREET—NIGHT

Terry walks along until he reaches an ancient tenement where he stops,

hesitates, looks up toward the top of the building, and putting his

fingers to his mouth lets out a shrill, effective whistle that echoes

up the quiet street. Then he cups his hands to his mouth and shouts:

TERRY

Hey Joey! Joey Doyle!

MEDIUM SHOT—TENEMENT WINDOW—NIGHT

The window of a third-story room, from Terry's POV. JOEY DOYLE, a

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

the window.

JOEY

Terry?

(then a little suspiciously)

What do you want?

REVERSE ANGLE—WATERFRONT STREET—NIGHT

TERRY

Hey look-

He reaches into his windbreaker in a gesture associated with drawing a

gun from a shoulder holster. But instead he draws out a live racing

pigeon. As he does so the bird makes an effort to escape and flaps its

wings, but Terry subdues it expertly and holds it up for Joey to see.

TERRY

(somewhat uneasily)

—one of yours. I recognized the band.

CLOSE—ON JOEY AT WINDOW—NIGHT

There is a fire escape in front of it.

JOEY

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

last race.

TERRY

He followed my birds into their coop.

Here, you want him?

JOEY

(cautiously)

Well I got to watch myself these days.

Know what I mean?

TERRY

I'll bring him up to your loft.

JOEY

(some what reassured)

I'll see you on the roof.

Joey closes the window and turns away.

EXT—MEDIUM CLOSE—TENEMENT—ON TERRY —NIGHT

Tensely, as if going through something he wishes he could avoid, Terry

looks in the direction of the tenement stoop and nods. Now for the

first time we see two men standing there under the doorway so that Joey

was unable to see them from his window. When Terry nods they enter the

tenement hallway; he takes a few steps forward so as to be out of sight

from Joey's widow. Then Terry raises the pigeon into the air and,

inexplicably, releases it. As it wings out of sight he turns and starts

up the street in the direction from which he came, walking crabwise as

if trying to see the effect of what he has just done. A soddenly drunk,

one-armed longshoreman, MUTT MURPHY, staggers toward him, singing in a

hoarse voice... .

MUTT

(as if it were a dirge)

Tippi-tippi-tim, tippi-tim,

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

(He stumbles into Terry.)

Gotta dime for a crippled-up docker?

TERRY

Go on, beat it!

MUTT

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

TERRY

Don't give me that coffee, you rummy.

Now blow!

MUTT

Thanks for nothing, you bum.

With a certain battered dignity, Mutt moves off, picking up his song,

"Tippi-tippi-tan, tippi-tan... ." Terry takes an anxious glance back

toward the tenement.

EXT—TENEMENT ROOFTOP—NIGHT

In the B.G. on the far shore is the New York skyline. In the M.G. a

ship is being unloaded on this side of the river. In the F.G. is a coop

of racing pigeons. Joey comes out on the roof and looks around. The

door f rom the tenement stairway creaks open and Joey turns.

JOEY

Terry?

There is no answer. Joey is surprised.

JOEY

That you, Terry?

Two men step out upon the roof, their faces hidden in shadows. Joey

looks startled and retreats a few steps.

JOEY

Where's Terry?

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

JOEY (continued)

He said he'd meet me up here.

CLOSE SHOT—JOEY—ROOFTOP—NIGHT

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

means of escape.

MEDIUM CLOSE—BARNEY AND SPECS—ROOFTOP—NIGHT

From Joey's angle. Moving in.

MEDIUM CLOSE—JOEY—ROOFTOP—NIGHT

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

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

escape.

LONG SHOT—ROOFTOP—NIGHT

Joey turns and runs along the edge of the roof, the illuminated skyline

in the B.G. He

disappears from view as if he has jumped o ff the roof.

MEDIUM SHOT—LOWER ROOFTOP LEVEL—NIGHT

This rooftop is one floor lower than the rooftops on either side of it,

forming a trough between the two and providing no further avenue of

escape for Joey. As Joey looks around desperately, Barney appears on

upper level and another goon, SONNY, appears on the other. Now Joey is

trapped between them. As they move forward he retreats backward toward

the edge of the roof.

JOEY (defiantly)

You want me to jump so it looks

like an accident?

The assailants close in silently. Joey gestures them on.

JOEY

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

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

EXT—FRIENDLY BAR—NIGHT

An old-fashioned corner saloon with swinging doors. Standing on the

corner, fl anked by a goon aptly named the TRUCK is CHARLEY, THE GENT,

Terry's older brother, rather handsome if a little too smooth, in his

late thirties, a snappy dresser in his camel hair coat and snap brim

hat. He is quick-witted and affable, more politician than mobster.

Terry enters to him.

CHARLEY

(gently)

How goes?

TERRY

(tightly)

He's on the roof.

CHARLEY

The pigeon?

TERRY

(resentfully)

Like you said. It worked.

TRUCK

(to Terry, tapping his own temple)

That brother of yours is thinkin' alla time.

TERRY

(tense)

All the time.

There is a short, shrill, almost human cry of a boat whistle. It

changes slightly in pitch and we are hearing an actual cry.

CLOSE SHOT—BODY OF JOEY

Hurtling off roof, with a bloodcurdling shriek.

INT—CLOSE SHOT—WOMAN AT WINDOW (MRS. COLLINS)

She screams.

EXT—FRIENDLY BAR—FAVORING TERRY—NIGHT

Worried as he begins to wonder what happened.

TRUCK

I'm afraid somebody fell off a roof.

Terry stares at him. Longshoremen come running out of the bar toward

the sound of the scream. Terry has to struggle not to be carried along

with them. He works his way toward Charley, standing on the curb with

Truck, calmly watching the Friendly Bar customers excitedly running

past him. (Calls and commotion in the distance O.S.)

TRUCK

He thought he was gonna sing for the

Crime Commission. He won't.

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

horrified.

TERRY

(accusingly)

You said they was only going to talk to him.

CHARLEY

That was the idea.

TERRY

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

him to dummy up.

CHARLEY

Maybe he gave them an argument.

TERRY

I figured the worst they'd do is work him

over a little.

CHARLEY

He probably gave 'em an argument.

TRUCK

(almost primly)

He's been giving our boss a lot of trouble.

TERRY

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

CHARLEY

No he wasn't.

TRUCK

Except for his mouth.

CHARLEY

Talkative.

TERRY

(muttering to himself)

Wasn't a bad little fella ...

TRUCK

(chuckling)

Maybe he could sing, but he couldn't fly.

Terry looks at Truck, stricken.

CHARLEY

(sympathetically, nodding toward bar)

Come on, kid. I'll buy you a drink.

TERRY

(bewildered)

In a minute.

Charley looks at him, slightly concerned, and goes in with Truck. Terry

watches the longshoremen hurrying past him, in the direction of—

EXT—LANDING BELOW TENEMENT ROOF—NIGHT

Forming a circle around Joey are KAYO NOLAN, a hard little nut of a

man; TOMMY COLLINS, a young longshoreman friend of Joey's; LUKE, a

giant Negro; MOOSE, a good-natured, hulking longshoreman; and others.

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

POP

(to someone running up)

I kept tellin' him: don't say nothin',

keep quiet, you'll live longer.

POLICE SERGEANT

(to another cop)

Tell the ambulance to hurry.

SHOT OF ONLOOKERS—ROOFTOP—NIGHT

Including a hard-faced longshoreman, a careworn woman in her middle

thirties (Mrs. Collins) and Mutt.

LONGSHOREMAN

He ain't gonna need no ambulance.

FATHER BARRY, a lean, tough, West Side priest, climbs a wooden fence

and approaches the crowd.

FATHER BARRY

(roughly)

One side. Le'me through!

MEDIUM SHOT—MRS. COLLINS, MUTT—ROOFTOP—NIGHT

MRS. COLLINS

(to Father Barry as he passes)

Same thing they did to my Andy five years ago.

CLOSE ON BODY OF JOEY—TENEMENT LANDING—NIGHT

Father Barry prays. A police sergeant turns to Pop.

SERGEANT

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

POP

(angrily)

That's right.

SERGEANT

He fell over backward from the roof—

like he was pushed. Any ideas?

POP

(aggressively)

None.

MRS. COLLINS

(coming forward)

He was the one longshoreman with guts

enough to talk to them crime investigators.

Everybody knows that.

POP

(wheeling angrily and pushing her away)

Who asked you. Shut your trap.

If Joey'd taken that advice he wouldn't be—

(starts to crack up)

MRS. COLLINS

(protesting)

Everybody know that...?

POP

I said shut up!

SERGEANT

Look, I'm an honest cop. Give me

some leads and I'll...

Pop stands silently, choked with grief.

KAYO NOLAN

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

MOOSE

(nodding)

One thing I learned— all my life on the waterfront—

dont ask no questions— don't answer no questions.

Unless you... .

(looks at the body and stops)

LUKE

(reverently)

He was all heart, that boy.

Enough guts for a regiment.

POP

(in a bitter rage)

Guts— I'm sick of guts. He gets a book in the pistol

local and right away he's gonna be a hero. Gonna

push the mob off the dock singlehanded... .

FATHER BARRY

(comfortingly)

Take it easy, Pop. I know it's rough

but time and faith are great healers... .

CLOSE—ON EDIE—TENEMENT LANDING—NIGHT

Joey's sister, a fresh-faced, sensitive young Irish girl who has been

kneeling over the body. She looks up and around at the Father in bitter

grief.

EDIE

Time and faith... . My brother's dead and you

stand there talking drivel about time and faith.

FATHER BARRY

(taken aback)

Why Edie, I—

EDIE

(plunging on)

How could anyone do this to Joey. The best in the

neighborhood... . everybody said it, not only me.

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

FATHER BARRY

(embarrassed)

I wish I knew, Edie,

But—

(starts to turn away as if appealing to the others)

EDIE

Don't turn away! Look at it! You're in this too—

don't you see, don't you see? You're in this too, Father.

FATHER BARRY

(defensively, sincerely)

Edie, I do what I can. I'm in the church when you need me.

EDIE

(bitingly)

"In the church when you need me."

Was there ever a saint who hid in the Church?

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

CLOSE SHOT—FATHER BARRY

Father Barry stands there jolted and troubled.

MRS. COLLINS

(moves in to him)

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

Father Barry nods. Thinking hard.

MRS. COLLINS

(continued)

Whoever was in on this'll burn in hell until

kingdom come... .

DISSOLVE

INT—FRIENDLY BAR—NIGHT

The atmosphere is the sharpest possible contrast to the scene above. It

is a rough waterfront bar full of half-gassed longshoremen and pistol

boys. They are all watching a fight on TV above the bar, and there is

much hoarse laughter and ad lib jokes at the fight. The only one not

watching

is Terry, who sits at a table by himself staring at a half-finished

glass of beer. Mutt is wandering around in the B.G.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Terry, Riley's makin' a bum outa that Solari—

Terry looks off and sees—

MEDIUM SHOT—BARNEY AND SPECS—AT BAR—NIGHT

Unconcernedly drinking and enjoying the fight. SPECS Come on over and

have a shot.

Still disturbed and preoccupied, Terry shakes his head and goes on

through the bar toward the

back room. Others call to him but he keeps going.

INT—BACK ROOM OF BAR—NIGHT

A partition separates this room from the main bar, and a small corner

of the bar extends through the partition. On the wall are old fight

posters and some pictures of fighters, ball players and horses. At a

table, flanked by Charley and a tall, muscular bodyguard, SONNY, is

JOHNNY FRIENDLY. He is not tough in a conventional way, but with a

sinister intent, a humorless sense of domination that is really

dangerous. The boxing match can be seen on a smaller TV set.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY

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

tough anymore.

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

bar.

JOCKO

Hey, boss, Packy wants another one on

the cuff?

JOHNNY

(with a generous wave of his hand)

Give it to him!

As Johnny finishes off a bottle of beer, BIG MAC, the bullnecked hiring

boss, comes up to the table with a thick roll of bills.

BIG MAC

Here's the cut from the shape-up. Eight hundred

and ninety-one men at three bucks a head makes—

puts on glasses, incongruous on his beefy face

--twenty-six seventy-three.

JOHNNY

(to Charley)

Here, you count it. Countin' makes me sleepy.

Terry enters during the above and sits at the bar, brooding. Johnny is

glad to see him.

JOHNNY

(continued)

H'ya, slugger, how they hangin'?

TERRY

(subdued)

So-so, Johnny.

JOHNNY

(pantomiming, defending against blows)

Don't hit me, now, don't hit me!

BIG MAC

We got a banana boat at forty-six tomorra.

If we pull a walkout it might be a few bucks

from the shippers. Them bananas go bad

in a hurry.

JOHNNY

We'll ask ten G.

(looks around)

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

As Johnny talks he holds on to Terry, and fondles him casually. MORGAN,

a big-eared, large-nosed little weasel of a man, pokes his head in the

door as if he were waiting just outside.

MORGAN

Right here, boss.

JOHNNY

(mockingly — Morgan is sort of court jester)

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

J.P.

Havin' trouble with Kelly again, boss. He

Won't take no loans and Big Mac puts him to

work anyway.

BIG MAC

(shouting at J.P.)

He's my wife's nephew.

J.P.

(right back at Big Mac)

But he don't take no loans.

BIG MAC

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

J.P.

(shakes his head)

That's why I stay single.

(turns to Johnny)

Here's the interest on the day, boss.

Five thirty two.

JOHNNY

(taking it from him and handing it to Sonny)

Count it.

Now Sonny and Charley are both counting. SKINS, another runner for the

mob, a nervous, pasty-faced man, enters.

JOHNNY

(continued)

Hey, Skins—

(as Skins approaches Johnny lowers his voice)

--get away with that sheet metal all right?

SKINS

Easy, that new checker faked the receipt.

Here it is, boss.

(offers receipt)

JOHNNY

Stow the receipt. I'll take the cash.

SKINS

(producing another roll of bills)

Forty-five bills.

JOHNNY

(to Terry, sulking at the bar)

Hey, Terry, front and center.

Terry comes over reluctantly and Johnny hands him the bills.

JOHNNY

(continued)

Count this.

TERRY

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

JOHNNY

It's good for you. Develops your mind.

SKINS

What mind?

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

JOHNNY

Shut up. I like the kid.

(tweaks Terry's cheek fondly)

Remember the night he took Farella

at St. Nick's, Charley. We won a bundle.

Real tough. A big try.

TERRY

(stops counting and taps his nose proudly)

Not a dent.

(tweaks his nose)

Perfect

JOHNNY

(laughs, rubs Terry's head)

My favorite little cousin.

TERRY

(disconcerted as he tries to count)

Thirty-six— sev— aah I lost the count.

JOHNNY

(tolerantly)

OK— skip it, Einstein. How come you never got

no education like the rest of us?

BIG MAC

(good-naturedly)

Only arithmetic he got was hearing the referee count up to

ten.

TERRY

(hot-tempered, starting to attack Big Mac)

Now listen, Mac—

Johnny laughs and pulls Terry back.

JOHNNY

(amused)

What gives with our boy tonight, Charley?

He ain't himself.

CHARLEY

(as if Terry were not there)

The Joey Doyle thing. You know how he is.

Things like that— he exaggerates them.

Too much Marquis of Queensbury. It softens 'em up.

JOHNNY

(taking the money from Sonny, Skins and J.P. and

dealing out some bills to each of them as if the money

werecards,

while Charley goes on counting)

Listen kid, I'm a soft tough too. Ask any rummy on the

dock

if I'm not good for a fin any time they put the arm on me.

(then more harshly)

But my old lady raised us ten kids on a stinkin'

watchman's pension. When I was sixteen I had

to beg for work in the hold. I didn't work my way up

out of there for nuthin'.

TERRY

(sorry to have aroused Johnny— who speaks loud and

with frightening force when stung)

I know, Johnny, I know... .

JOHNNY

Takin' over this local, you know it took a little doin'.

Some pretty tough fellas were in the way.

They left me this—

(suddenly holds up chin to show a long ugly scar on

neck)

—to remember them by.

CHARLEY

(admiringly)

When he got up and chased them they thought

it was a dead man coming after them.

JOHNNY

(to Terry)

I know what's eatin' you, kid. But I got two thousand

dues-payin' members in my local— that's seventy-two

thousand a year legitimate and when each one of 'em

puts in a couple of bucks a day to make sure they work

steady— well, you figure it out. And that's just for

openers.

We got the fattest piers in the fattest harbor in the

world.

Everything that moves in and out— we take our cut.

CHARLEY

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

JOHNNY

(nods)

We ain't robbin' pennies from beggars. We cuttin'

ourselves in for five-six million a year just on our

half a dozen piers— a drop in the bucket compared

to the traffic in the harbor. But a mighty sweet little

drop,

eh, Charley?

CHARLEY

(wisely)

It'll do.

JOHNNY

So look, kid, you don't think we c'n afford to be boxed out

of a deal like this— a deal I sweated and bled for—

on account of one lousy little cheese-eater, that Doyle

bum,

who thought he c'd go squealin' to the Crime Commission?

Do you?—

Terry is uncomfortably silent. Johnny raises his voice.

JOHNNY

—Do you?

TERRY

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

CHARLEY

(handing back the money)

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

Skins.

JOHNNY

(turning darkly on Skins)

Gimme.

SKINS

(frightened)

I— I musta counted wrong, boss, I—

JOHNNY

Gimme.

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

JOHNNY

(continued)

You come from Green Point? Go back to Green Point.

You don't work here no more.

(impulsively he hands the bill to Terry— smiling)

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

TERRY

(still troubled)

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

JOHNNY

(roughly)

Go on— a little present from

your Uncle Johnny.

(He pushes the bill into the breast pocket of Terry's

jacket, then

turns to Big Mac)

And Mac, tomorra mornin' when you shape the men put

Terry in the loft. Number one. Every day.

(to Terry)

Nice easy work. Check in and goof off on the coffee

bags. O.K.?

TERRY

(frowning)

Thanks, Johnny... .

CHARLEY

(a kind of warning)

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

JOHNNY

(smiling)

Why should he forget it?

As Terry turns away, toward the bar,

DISSOLVE

EXT—TENEMENT ROOF—DAYBREAK

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

JIMMY CONNERS,

a freckle-faced fourteen-year-old boy, approaches along the same

stretch of roof seen in the mugging of Joey.

JIMMY

Hi!

Terry turns around startled, as Jimmy comes climbing up out of the

trough where Joey was trapped.

JIMMY

—I was gonna feed 'em, Terry.

TERRY

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

this morning.

JIMMY

Boy, you must've been up early.

TERRY

(as if he hardly slept)

Yeah, yeah, I was awake anyway so I figured—

(gesturestoward feeding pigeons; then with

admiration)

They got it made. Eat all they want— fly around like crazy—

sleep side by side— and raise gobs of squabs.

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

him back to reality.

TERRY

I better get over there.

(O.S. sound of ship whistle again. Terry answers the

ship irritably)

O.K., O.K., I'm coming.

(starts off)

Don't spill no water on the floor now. I

Don't want them birds to catch cold.

Jimmy signals the Golden Warrior salute— the first two fingers raised

together. Terry answers with the same salute as he goes o ff,

disturbed.

DISSOLVE

EXT—LONG SHOT—PIER—DAY

Some three hundred men are standing around, men of all sizes and ages,

some in dungarees, some in baggy denims, wearing battered windbreakers

or service discards, and either caps or woolen pullovers. A sprinkling

of Negroes. A ship is berthing in the B.G. The mood is somber and

restless.

CLOSER SHOTS—LONGSHOREMEN

Muttering to each other.

AD LIBS He was a good boy, the Doyle kid. Sure he was, that's why he

got it in the head. Couldn't learn to keep his mouth shut.

MEDIUM CLOSE—ON TERRY

With his chum, JACKIE, as another pal, CHICK, comes up. Terry looks

around as if t rying to hear what the men are muttering behind him.

CHICK

(to Jackie but really to Terry)

Hey Jackie, what D'ya think of this privileged character?

Don't have to shape up no more. Got himself a soft touch

up in the loft.

(mimics sound of snoring)

TERRY

(defensively)

Who told you that?

CHICK

(winks at Jackie)

Waterfront Western Union.

(business of putting his hand to his mouth)

Terry looks around at the restless men

again.

JACKIE

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

TERRY

(hotly)

O.K., O.K., That's enough.

In the B.G. Pop can be seen approaching Nolan, Moose, Tommy, and

Luke with a windbreaker jacket over his arm.

JACKIE

(a little hurt)

What's the matter wit' you,

success gone to ya head?

TERRY

I told you lay off.

JACKIE

(to Chick in a falsetto)

My ain't we touchy this morning?

MEDIUM CLOSE—MEN BEHIND TERRY AT PIER ENTRANCE—DAY

Nolan, Moose, Tommy, Luke, and others are muttering about Joey. Pop

comes up to them. The men quickly drop the subject of Joey.

NOLAN

Go home, Pop. The lads who get work

Today'll be chippin' in gladly.

TOMMY

Sure, we'll take care of ya.

LUKE

That's the truth, Pop.

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

POP

Thanks, boys, but I'm gonna shape. Who do

you think's gonna pay for the funeral— Johnny

Friendly and the boss stevedore?

CLOSE SHOT—TERRY

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

Pop and group.

SONNY

Hey, watch that talk. What you say?

NOLAN

He was just tellin' me how proud he was

to belong to a fine honest local run by such an

outstandin' labor leader as Johnny Friendly.

SONNY

Don't get wise now, you.

NOLAN

Wise! If I was wise I wouldn't be no longshoreman

for thirty years and poorer now than when I started.

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

on.

POP

Here— I brought you Joey's windbreaker—

Wear it, Kayo. Yours is more full of holes than

The Pittsburgh infield.

CLOSE SHOT—NOLAN

He is affected, but largely hiding his feelings.

GROUP SHOT—POP, NOLAN, MOOSE, TOMMY

J.P. Morgan pops up right behind Pop.

J.P.

Condolences. How you fixed for cabbage this mornin'?

NOLAN

Oh me and my chum are just rolling in

the stuff. We only work down here for a hobby, J.P.

(Pop's cronies chuckle.)

MOOSE

Haw, haw, haw— that's a good one.

J.P.

(undaunted, to Pop)

You'll be needing a few dollars for your extras,

Won't you, Pop? You're three weeks behind

on the last twenty-five, but I'm willing to take

a chance.

NOLAN

Some chance at ten percent a week!

And if he don't borrow, he don't work.

J.P.

(to Pop)

You'll work.

NOLAN

I ought to belt you one, J.P.

J.P.

(retreating slightly)

Raise a hand to me and... .

NOLAN

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

J.P.

You'd be off the pier for good.

POP

(ashamed)

All right, slip me a bill— and may

you rot in hell, J.P.

J.P.

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

friend I was.

NOLAN

Drop dead now, why don't you, so we c'n

test your theory?

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

J.P.

Condolences.

J.P. goes off with his shoulders bent over and his head down, like some

mournful bird, and Nolan walks behind him, mimicking. Nolan notices

Pop isn't laughing and stops. CAMERA FOLLOWS J.P. toward Terry, Chick,

and Jackie and holds on them. Two men in business suits—one of them

carrying a briefcase, looking decidedly out of place on the waterfront—

approach.

GLOVER

(larger, more good-natured of the two)

Do any of you men know Terry Malloy?

JACKIE

Malloy? Never heard of 'im.

CHICK

(quickly)

Me neither

They both turn away sullenly. Glover and his colleague, GILLETTE, look

at Terry carefully. Gillette is scrappy and tough.

GLOVER

You're Terry Malloy, aren't you?

TERRY

(suspiciously)

What about it?

GLOVER

I thought I recognized you. Saw you

fight in St. Nick's a couple of years ago.

TERRY

(impatiently)

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

GLOVER

Our identification.

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

TERRY

Waterfront— Crime— Commission— ?

(pushes wallet back indignantly)

What's that?

GLOVER

We're getting ready to hold public hearings

on waterfront crime and underworld infiltration

of longshore unions.

TERRY

(automatically)

I don't know nothing.

GILLETTE

You haven't heard the questions yet.

GLOVER

(pleasantly)

There's a rumor that you're one of the last

people to see Joey Doyle alive.

TERRY

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

GILLETTE

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

GLOVER

I hope you understand that.

GILLETTE

We only want to ask you a few things

about people you may know.

TERRY

People I— You mean sing for you. Get out

of here before I—

GILLETTE

(with a slight but confident smile)

I wouldn't advise that, Mr. Malloy. Unless you want to be

booked for assaulting an officer of the law.

TERRY

Listen, I don't know nothing, I didn't see

nothing, I ain't saying nothing. So why don't you

and your girlfriend get lost.

GLOVER

(gently)

All right, Mr. Malloy, you have a right not to talk,

if that's what you choose to do. But the public

has a right to know the facts, too.

GILLETTE

(nodding in agreement)

We may be seeing you again.

TERRY

Never will be much too soon.

GLOVER

(almost like a friend)

Take it easy.

The two men nod and turn away. Jackie and Chick, a few paces off, have

been taking it in. Terry swaggers for their benefit .

TERRY

How do you like them jokers? Taking me

for a pigeon.

JACKIE

(mimicking the investigators, in a falsetto)

Gimme the names, I'll write 'em down in me little book.

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

TERRY

(responding to the praise)

One more word 'n I would've belted the two of 'em,

badge or no badge!

They nod and laugh approvingly. There is a blast from the ship in the

B.G. which is just docking.

MEDIUM CLOSE—ON BIG MAC

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

slips.

STEVEDORE

Here's the tabs for two hundred banana carriers.

Big Mac blows his whistle.

MEDIUM CLOSE—POP, NOLAN, ETC.—PIER—DAY

NOLAN

(trying to cheer Pop up)

A banana boat. It would be bananas. One of these days

me ship's comin' in from Ireland, God love 'er,

loaded to the gunnels with sweet Irish whiskey!

POP

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

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

POP

—Edie?

LONG SHOT—EDIE—PIER—DAY

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

CLOSE—ON POP

Standing with Kayo. About to start forward when the shape-up whistle

blows, restraining him.

POP

(to Kayo)

What the devil is she doin' down here?

CLOSE ON EDIE AND PIER GUARD—PIER—DAY

GUARD

(with a brogue)

Edie, I know your father well, and I'm sorry for

your troubles. But there's been hundreds of

murders down here and practically no convictions—

hardly any arrests.

EDIE

Why, Mr. Rourke? Why?

GUARD

The last fellow who talked was awful dead

when they pulled him out of the river. I guess

the Sisters don't teach you things like that

up at your school in Tarrytown.

(with a gesture of futility)

That's the waterfront.

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

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

EXT—MEDIUM SHOT—FATHER BARRY—OUTSIDE PIER—DAY

Father Barry is approaching.

EDIE

(surprised)

Father Barry.

FATHER BARRY

Hello, Edie.

EDIE

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

FATHER BARRY

You think I'm just a gravy-train rider in

a turned-around collar?

She says nothing.

FATHER BARRY

Don't you?

(with humor)

I see the Sisters taught you not to lie.

She smiles in spite of herself.

FATHER BARRY

I've been thinking about your question and

the answer come up and hit me— bang.

This is my parish. I don't know how much I

can do but you're right, Edie— I'll never find out if

I don't come down here and take a good look for

myself.

She looks at him hopefully. O.S. a whistle blows again, shrilly. They

turn in its direction.

MEDIUM CLOSE—BIG MAC—AT PIER ENTRANCE—DAY

Putting his whistle away.

GROUP SHOT—LONGSHOREMEN—PIER—DAY

Waiting silently, hopefully.

BIG MAC

The following men report to the loft—

CLOSER SHOT—FAVORING TERRY

BIG MAC

Malloy.

Terry steps forward.

Hendricks, Krajowski. Now, two hundred banana carriers.

He approaches the men.

CLOSE—ON FATHER BARRY AND EDIE

Watching from the slip.

EDIE

Pop never talks about this.

Father Barry watches interestedly.

GROUP SHOT—SHAPE-UP—DAY

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

attention.

BIG MAC

Don't crowd me. Stand back.

AN OLD MAN

(seedy, toothless)

Give me a break, Mac. I been two weeks

out of work.

MOOSE

I got five kids. I need a day bad.

A BEEFY LONGSHOREMAN

(old-fashioned looking in his knit stocking cap

and heavy wool sweater)

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

BIG MAC

(roughly)

Come on, you bums, push back.

I'll do the pickin'.

CLOSE SHOTS—LONGSHOREMEN

From Big Mac's angle. One touches an ear—another strokes his chin—

another begs with his yes—hungry, pleading, desperate faces.

CLOSE—ON BIG MAC

Angrily trying to clear the way.

THE OLD MAN

I'll give four bucks for the job.

BEEFY LONGSHOREMAN

I'll kick in five.

BIG MAC

(shoving them hard)

Back! Get back!

The beefy longshoreman actually makes a grab for one of the tabs. The

men begin to surround and engulf Mac. He is jostled and pushed. The

beefy longshoreman, slightly behind Mac, suddenly knocks the box of

tabs out of his hand.

BIG MAC

(desperately over his shoulder)

Hey, Sonny! Truck!

FULL SHOT—LONGSHOREMEN MELEE

Two hundred and fifty men scrambling on the ground, fighting for the

tabs like animals.

CLOSE—ON FATHER BARRY AND EDIE

Horrified, as they watch the struggle.

A SERIES OF SHOTS DETAILING BATTLE CLOSE SHOT—KAYO NOLAN

As he begins to rise, tab in hand, a big longshoreman at least a head

taller swings a vicious punch at him. Kayo, with old-time boxing skill,

"slips" it by a fraction of an inch. The effect could be a moment of

comedy relief.

CLOSE SHOT—MOOSE

On the ground—as he is about to pick up a tab, a heavy shoe steps on

his hand and the tab is grabbed away from him.

CLOSE—ON FATHER BARRY AND EDIE

Watching helplessly.

EDIE

Pop!

FREE-FOR-ALL FAVORING POP & TERRY

Pop is battling near the edge of the free-for- all, in view of Edie and

Father Barry. He sees a tab on the ground and is about to pick it up

when another man only slightly younger and bigger punches him in the

nose. He retaliates with a looping punch that knocks his adversary

back; but he is unable to scoop up the tab because meanwhile a crony of

Terry's has called over.

JACKIE

Hey, Terry. Grab me on!

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

He calls over to a crony.

TERRY

Here you go, Jackie boy.

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

POP

Hey, give me that.

He swings wild punches at Terry. Just then Luke, the burly Negro

longshoreman, sees a tab behind Pop, hurls himself toward it, carrying

Pop with him, and back into the battle royal.

CLOSE SHOT—EDIE

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

furious!

EDIE

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

Terry is enjoying himself. Unconsciously Edie is pressing herself

against him to get the tab and her rage is a kind of passion that

pleases him.

TERRY

Oh, I thought you was gonna go to

work— with all them muscles.

(winks at Jackie, who laughs)

EDIE

Give it to me— my Pop's job—

TERRY

What makes him so special?

EDIE

None of your business.

TERRY

(to Jackie; handing him the tab)

Things 're lookin' up on the docks, huh, Jackie?

JACKIE

Didn't you recognize him, dopey. That's

Old Man Doyle.

TERRY

(losing his bravado)

Doyle.

(looks around at Pop, the identity hitting him)

Joey Doyle's... .?

(stares at Edie)

... .You're his... .

EDIE

(firmly)

Sister. Yes I am.

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

TERRY

You don't want to lug bananas in the rain

anyway, do you, Jackie?

He reaches over and takes the tab back from Jackie.

JACKIE

Aah, give it to 'im.

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

TERRY

Here you go, muscles. Nice wrastlin' with

you.

He flexes his forearm and throws two quick jabs at an imaginary

opponent, a characteristic gesture. He sets his cap at a jaunty angle

and winks at his chums but we feel his manner is forced, barely hiding

his guilt.

Edie looks after him with smoldering anger.

She turns as Father Barry comes into view, leading Pop. Pop's nose is

bleeding and he is pretty thoroughly battered. Nolan joins him.

FATHER BARRY

Pop, you all right?

POP

(brusquely)

Sure, just the beak—

(taps his nose)

It's been busted before.

Edie hands him the tab.

EDIE

Here—I got it for you.

Pop takes it, but he is humiliated, and bitter that she should see him

in this moment of weakness.

POP

Okay, I can use it—

(glares at her)

Now go back to the Sisters where you belong.

(His anger mounting with his need to regain

his self-respect, he turns on Father Barry.)

I'm surprised with you, Father, if you don't

mind my sayin' so. Lettin' her see things ain't fit

for the eyes of a decent girl.

Just then Big Mac shouts from the pier opening.

BIG MAC

Hey, Doyle, you got a tab?

POP

(holding it up angrily)

Yeah!

BIG MAC

Then get in there. Number three gang,

number one hatch, puh-ronto.

Pop jumps and hurries.

NOLAN

(following Pop)

Our welfare officer. He's been away

three times for assault and battery.

MEDIUM CLOSE—EDIE AND FATHER BARRY

Watching him go. Around them are at least one hundred rejected men who

linger in resentful silence. Some of them are rubbing hands bruised in

the melee. A truck, hurrying into the pier, sounds its horn loudly. The

men barely avoid being run down.

BIG MAC

(angrily, to the rejected group)

Outa the way. Come back tomorra.

Father Barry looks at all this in amazement.

FATHER BARRY

(to one rejected man)

What do you do now?

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

What are you gonna do?

LUKE

(bitterly)

Like he says. Come back tomorra.

Luke goes along with Father Barry, who approaches Moose and Tommy, who

have also been rejected.

FATHER BARRY

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

MOOSE

(carefully looking around and lowering his voice

matter-of-factly)

Five straight mornin's I been

Standin' here and the bum looks right through

me. There's always a couple hundred left standin'

in the street.

TOMMY

(undertone)

Shh. Sonny's over there.

FATHER BARRY

And there's nothing you can do?

How about your union?

MOOSE

(in an undertone)

You know how a blackjack

local works, Father. Get up in a meetin', make a

motion, the lights go out, you go out.

TOMMY

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

(He takes a careful look around.)

—boys break us up. Look at 'em.

FATHER BARRY

Didn't the miners— sailors—

garment workers— get rid of this years ago?

TOMMY

The waterfront's tougher— like it ain't

part of America. Anywhere else you got the law

protectin' ya. Here ya just get knocked off and

forgotten. Like—

(He stops.)

LUKE

(frightened)

Shh, not here, across the street.

MOOSE

River Street, you might as well be in—

Sonny and Truck move in.

SONNY

What is this, a church picnic? Get outa

here. Excuse me, Father.

They all start away from the pier.

MOOSE

(looking to see if he is out of earshot)

That's how it's been ever since Johnny and

his cowboys took over the local.

TOMMY

Name one place where it's even safe to

talk.

FATHER BARRY

(impulsively)

Use the church.

LUKE

What?

FATHER

(after a significant pause)

The bottom of the church.

Father Barry has spoken in a normal voice,as contrasted with the

whispering of the others, and they all look off toward Sonny and Truck

to see if they have heard.

CLOSE—ON SONNY

Watching them suspiciously.

BACK TO FATHER BARRY, EDIE AND GROUP

MOOSE

(still in an undertone)

You know what you're letting yourself

in for, Father?

FATHER BARRY

Got a cigarette on you?

(As he is given one, he looks off)

MEDIUM SHOT—SONNY

From Father Barry's angle.

MEDIUM CLOSE—FATHER BARRY

FATHER BARRY

(his voice decisive)

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

Father Barry looks at Edie.

DISSOLVE

INT—MEDIUM SHOT—PIER LOFT—DAY

In this long area atop the working pier various articles of cargo are

stored. Elderly men work at a leisurely pace.

CLOSE SHOT—PILE OF COFFEE BAGS—DAY

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

Charley enters to him.

CHARLEY

Working hard?

TERRY

It's a living.

He wriggles himself deeper into the coffee bags.

CHARLEY

(looking up at him)

You don't mind working

once in a while to justify this lofty position?

TERRY

I just fnished work. I counted the bags.

CHARLEY

We got a little extra detail for you. The

local priest and this Doyle girl are getting up a

meeting in the church. We'd like a rundown on it.

You know, names and numbers of all the players.

You're nominated.

TERRY

(frowns)

Why me, Charley? I'd feel funny

going in there.

CHARLEY

(indicating this job)

Johnny does you favors, kid. You got to

do a little one for him once in a while.

TERRY

But going in that church, I'd be stooling

for you, Charley. You make a pigeon out of me.

CHARLEY

(tolerantly)

Let me explain you something, kid.

Stooling is when you rat on your friends, on

the guys you're with.

(sees Terry frown)

When Johnny needs a favor, don't try to figure it out,

just do it. Now go ahead, join the congregation.

DISSOLVE

INT—ENTRANCEWAY TO LOWER LEVEL—CHURCH—EVENING

This is an overflow chapel for the church above. There are stained-

glass windows, an altar, pews and the figures of saints, but all is

utter simplicity; it has not lost its basement feeling, and the

unadorned walls and low lighting may suggest the catacombs.

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

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

including Nolan, Moose, Tommy, and Luke; Edie sits behind them. A thin-

faced, rather ascetic-looking priest, FATHER VINCENT, sits

disapprovingly in the rear. As Terry stands in the rear, not anxious to

enter, Father Barry is saying:

FATHER BARRY

(rapidly, with a cigarette in his mouth)

I thought there'd be more of you here, but— the

Romans found out what a handful could do, if it's

the right handful. And the same goes for you and

the mob that's got their foot on your neck. I'm

just a potato-eater but isn't it simple as one - two three?

One— The working conditions are bad.

Two— They're bad because the mob does the hiring.

Three— The only way to break the mob is to

stop letting them get away with murder.

(He looks around at them. Everybody is silent,

waiting.)

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

start.

(pause)

And that question is— Who killed Joey Doyle?

REVERSE—ON GROUP

Silence. Moose looks down at the floor. Nolan works his left fist into

the palm of his right hand. Tommy runs his hand over his face,

embarrassed. Luke stares straight ahead of him. Terry sets his jaw

stubbornly. Edie looks at all of them with a hopeful, pleading

intensity. Father Barry waits, and then asks again—

FATHER BARRY

Not one of you has a line on—

who killed Joey Doyle?

Silence.

I've got a hunch every one of you could tell us

something about it.

Silence.

Then answer this one— How can we call ourselves

Christians and protect these murderers

with our silence?

Silence. The Father looks from one to the other, hoping for some break

in the ranks. Terry starts down the aisle, just as Edie turns on Tommy.

EDIE

Tommy Collins, you were Joey's best friend.

How can you just sit there and not be saying anything?

TOMMY

(miserably)

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

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

NOLAN

(muttering to Moose)

Who asked him here?

FATHER BARRY

(to Terry)

Have a seat. I'm trying to find out just what

happened to Joey Doyle. Maybe you can help.

Terry is tight-lipped.

NOLAN

(whispering loudly to Moose)

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

bottom

of the river.

TERRY

(turnsaround angrily)

Keep Charley out of this.

NOLAN

(spunkily)

You don't think he'd be— helpful?

TERRY

(insolently)

Go ask him, why don't you ? Ask

him yourself.

NOLAN

Maybe I will— one of these days.

TERRY

(laughs scornfully)

One of these days.

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

FATHER BARRY

(cutting through)

Now listen, if you know who the pistols are,

if you see them on the dock every day, are

you going to keep still until they cut you

down one by one?

(turns from one to the other)

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

NOLAN

Father, one thing you got to understand.

On the dock we've always been D 'n D.

FATHER BARRY

(puzzled)

D 'n D?

NOLAN

(nodding)

Deef 'n dumb. Somethin' c'n

happen right in front of our noses and we don't

see nothin'. You know what I mean. No matter

how much we hate the torpedoes we don't rat.

Moose, Luke, and others mutter agreement.

FATHER BARRY

Boys, get smart. I know you're

Getting' pushed around but one thing we got in

this country is ways of fightin' back. Getting' the

facts to the public. Testifyin' for what you know is

right against what you know is wrong. What's ratting

to them is telling the truth for you. Can't you

see that?

(turns from one to another)

Huh? Huh?

The men do not respond. A few look back at Terry apprehensively. Father

Barry subsides, feeling defeated. Father Vincent comes forward and

takes over the meeting.

FATHER VINCENT

(dismissing them)

This seems to be just about all we can

do at this time, I think you'll agree, Father,

and so I'd like to close with a few words from

St. Paul, "Come unto me... ."

He is interrupted by the shattering of glass as a rock comes hurtling

through the long

narrow stained-glass window. Everyone looks at each other in alarm.

Some jump up.

NOLAN

(thumbing toward the window)

That's our friends.

CLOSE UP—TERRY

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

MEDIUM CLOSE—FATHER BARRY AND FATHER VINCENT

FATHER VINCENT

What did I tell you about

sticking your neck out?

FATHER BARRY

These fellers need help, Vince.

FATHER VINCENT

(striding off)

Okay. Don't blame me when they pack

you off to Abyssinia.

FATHER BARRY

I'll take my chances.

(turnstoward the group, picking up the rock)

We must be on the right track or they wouldn't

be sending us this little calling card.

(pause)

Who's got a cigarette?

(as he takes one)

You better go home in pairs.

They all start out tensely, Father Barry helping to pair them off at

the door. Edie lingers behind them, frightened. As she starts forward,

Terry suddenly approaches.

TERRY

Not that way.

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

solicitousness.

TERRY

Come on, I'll get you out.

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

exit.

DISSOLVE

EXT—LONG SHOT—CHURCH EXIT—DAY

Moose and Nolan come down the steps of the church. They do not realize

they are being ambushed but the audience does. The goons leap out at

them, and we see the effect of this action in the giant shadows across

the face of the church, the flailing bats looming as large as telephone

poles. We hear the cries of pain, then groans.

EXT—MEDIUM CLOSE—STREET—DUSK

As Father Barry runs up, Sonny and Truck are working Nolan over with

baseball bats. Father Barry wrestles with them, taking a glancing blow

in consequence, and the goons take off. Nolan sinks to the sidewalk

with blood streaming from his head and Father Barry kneels beside him.

FATHER BARRY

You all right, Nolan?

NOLAN

(furiously)

Yeah, considerin' they was usin'

my head for a baseball!

FATHER BARRY

(taking a handkerchief to blot the blood on

Nolan's face)

Nice fellows.

NOLAN

(rubbing his head angrily)

Those blood suckers. How I'd love to fix

those babies but—

FATHER BARRY

But you still hold out for silence?

Nolan hesitates.

FATHER BARRY

You still call it ratting?

NOLAN

Are you on the level, Father?

FATHER BARRY

What do you think?

NOLAN

If I stick my neck out, and they chopped

it off, would that be the end of it? Or are you

ready to go all the way?

FATHER BARRY

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

NOLAN

Baseball bats— that's just for openers.

They'll put the muscle on you, turned-around collar

or no turned-around collar.

FATHER BARRY

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

NOLAN

Down to the wire?

FATHER BARRY

So help me God!

NOLAN

Well, I had my fun, I've drunk my fill and I

tickled some good-lookin' fillies— I'm on borried

time.

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

FATHER BARRY

(as he helps Nolan to his feet with a grin)

We're off and running, Kayo.

MEDIUM CLOSE—AT CHURCH ENTRANCE—DUSK

Father Vincent is nervously closing the doors.

EXT—RECTORY—FIRE ESCAPE—DAY

Leading down to a dark side street. Terry pulls Edie along at a flying

pace. He jumps down from the bottom landing, then looks up to catch

her, for whom the height is too great. He holds her for a moment. Then

he stops and listens. Heavy rapid footsteps approach. It is Moose and

Luke, closely followed by goons wielding baseball bats. Terry pulls

Edie back against the wall into the

shadows. The goons run past and Terry starts racing with Edie down a

narrow alley

in the opposite direction.

MEDIUM CLOSE—WATERFRONT STREET—NIGHT

The one that meets the alley at the other end. As Terry reaches the

street with Edie, he looks around to be sure all's quiet.

TERRY

(looking back)

I think we're O.K.

EDIE

(catching her breath)

Thanks.

(shakes her head)

Steel pipes and baseball bats.

TERRY

They play pretty rough.

EDIE

(puzzled)

Which side are you with?

TERRY

(pointing to himself)

I'm with Terry.

EDIE

(straightening her dress)

I'll get home all right now.

TERRY

I better see you get there.

She looks at him wonderingly. The rummy longshoreman, Mutt Murphy,

shuffles over toward Edie with his hand out, frightening her closer to

Terry.

MUTT

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

TERRY

Coffee, that's a laugh. His belly is used to

nothing but rotgut whiskey.

MUTT

(ignoring Terry and coming closer to Edie)

One little dime you don't need.

(He brings his whiskered, sodden

face very close to Edie's and stares at her as if

througha

dense fog.)

I know you— you're Edie Doyle. Your

Brother's a saint—

(crosses himself quickly)

–only one ever tried to get me my compensation.

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

MUTT

Remember, Terry, you was there the night he

was'?

CLOSE UP—EDIE—STREET—NIGHT

Looking at Terry in surprise.

TERRY

(nervously reaching into his pocket)

Yeah, yeah—

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

MUTT

I can't believe it— a small fortune.

(He kisses the coin, then pulls from

his shirt a small tobacco pouchful of

coins in which he deposits this one.) (then turns on

Terry again)

You can't buy me— you're still a bum!

(raises his cap to Edie with unexpected formality)

'Bye, Edie. Lord have mercy on Joey.

(crosses himself quickly and he goes off)

TERRY

(sourly)

Look who says bum!

EDIE

(looking after Mutt)

Everybody loved Joey. From the little kids to

the old rummies.

(looks up at Terry)

Did you know him very well?

TERRY

(evasively)

Everybody knew him. He got around.

EDIE

(looking after Mutt)

What did that man mean when he said you were... .?

TERRY

(quickly)

Aah, he's a bottlebaby, he talks to

himself, the joke of the neighborhood.

EDIE

(glancing at him and then hurrying her steps)

I better get home.

She gives Terry as wide a berth as possible.

TERRY

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

you.

She continues to walk apart from him.

What's the matter, they don't let you walk with

fellers where you've been?

EDIE

You know how the Sisters are.

TERRY

You training to be a nun or something?

EDIE

(smiles)

It's a regular college. It's just run by

the nuns. The Sisters of St. Anne.

TERRY

And you spend all your time just learning

stuff, huh?

EDIE

(smiling at the way he puts it)

I want to be a teacher.

TERRY

A teacher! Dong!!!

(He's impressed)

You know I admire brains. Take my brother Charley.

He's very brainy. Very.

EDIE

(quietly)

It isn't brains. It's how you use them.

TERRY

(increasingly impressed, almost awestruck)

Yeah.

Yeah. I get your thought. You know I seen you

lots of times before. Parochial school on Pulaski

Street? Seven, eight years ago? Your hair come down in—

EDIE

In braids? That's right.

TERRY

Looked like two pieces of rope. And your

teeth were—

EDIE

(smiling)

I know. I thought I'd never get those

braces off.

TERRY

(laughs)

Man, you were a mess!

EDIE

I can get home all right from here—

TERRY

The thought I'm tryin' to get over is you

grew up beauteeful. Remember me?

EDIE

(nodding)

The moment I saw you.

TERRY

(strutting)

Some people got faces that stick in your mind.

EDIE

(tenderly)

I remember you were in trouble all the time.

TERRY

Now you got me! It's a wonder I wasn't punchy by

the time I was twelve. The rulers those Sisters used

to whack me with!

(cracks himself on the head and laughs)

They thought they could beat an education into me—I foxed

'em.

EDIE

Maybe they just didn't know how to handle

you.

TERRY

(warming to the subject)

How would you've done it?

EDIE

With a little more patience and kindness.

That's what makes people mean and difficult.

Nobody cares enough about them.

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

curiously.

EDIE

What's that?

TERRY

Pardon me while I reach for my beads.

EDIE

What?

TERRY

What-what? Where you been the last four

five years? Outer space?

EDIE

When Mother died Pop sent me out to

school in the country. He was afraid with no one

home I'd— get into bad company.

TERRY

(righteously)

Well he played it smart. Too many good-for-nothin's

around here. All they got on their mind's a little beer,

a little pool, a little—

(looks at her and catches himself, his face

registering: I'm

with a Nice Girl)

I better get you home.

DISSOLVE

EXT TENEMENT SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Overhead a flock of pigeons sweep by, close enough for the flapping of

their wings to be heard.

Terry and Edie approach the stoop.

TERRY

(looking up)

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

EDIE

(surprised)

Do you like pigeons?

TERRY

That's my own flock up there, getting

their evening workout. I won plenty of races with 'em.

(impulsively)

Listen, you want to see them?

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

They have reached the stoop of Edie's tenement.

EDIE

I'd better go in.

TERRY

(not wanting to let go of her)

I only live up there and across the roof.

EDIE

(going in)

Thanks anyway.

TERRY

(following her)

Listen, Edie, am I going to see you again?

EDIE

(simply)

What for?

TERRY

(suddenly bewildered)

I don't know.

EDIE

I really don't know.

Then she goes in abruptly. Terry is left standing there, staring after

her, confused by the unfamiliar emotion he is feeling for her. Suddenly

his thoughts are interrupted by—

MEDIUM CLOSE—MRS. COLLINS

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

head out.

MRS. COLLINS

You got some nerve.

TERRY

What do you mean?

CLOSE SHOT—EDIE

Overhearing, as she enters the house.

MEDIUM CLOSE—TERRY AND MRS. COLLINS

MRS. COLLINS

You know what I mean. Leave her alone.

TERRY

(apologetically)

I was only talkin' to her.

MRS. COLLINS

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

TERRY

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

MRS. COLLINS

(as she goes)

Not that free.

She closes window.

EDIE—INTERIOR—ON STAIRS

She mounts the stairs, thinking about what she has just heard. We are

close on her face, as she approaches the door to their place.

INT—EDIE'S BEDROOM—EVENING

As Edie enters, Pop, in his undershirt, favorite attire, is just

putting the last articles into Edie's suitcase. He snaps the suitcase

shut. There is an old cat on the bed.

POP

You're all packed.

(reaches into his pocket)

And here's your bus ticket. You're on your way back to

St. Anne's.

EDIE

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

POP

Edie, for years we pushed quarters into a

cookie jar, to keep you up there with the Sisters,

and to keep you from things like I just seen out

the window. My own daughter arm-in-arm with

Terry Malloy. You know who Terry Malloy is?

EDIE

(simply)

Who is he, Pop?

POP

(mimics)

Who is he! Edie, you're so softhearted

and soft-headed you wouldn't recognize

the devil if he had you by the throat. You know

who this Terry Malloy is? The kid brother of Charlie

the Gent, Johnny Friendly's right hand, a

butcher in a camel hair coat.

EDIE

Are you trying to tell me Terry is too?

POP

(shouting)

I'm not trying to tell you he's Little

Lord Fauntleroy.

EDIE

He tries to act tough, but there's a look in

his eyes that... .

POP

A look in his eyes! Hold your hats, brother,

here we go again. You think he's one of those

cases you're always draggin' in and feelin' sorry

for. Like the litter of kittens you had—the only

one she wants to keep has six toes and it's cockeyed

to boot. Look at him. The bum! And the

crush you had on that little Abyssinian... .

EDIE

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

POP

Six-toed cats. Assyrians. Abyssinians. It's

the same difference. Well don't think this Terry

Malloy is any six-toed cockeyed Assyrian. He's a

bum. Charley and Johnny Friendly owned him

when he was a fighter and when they ring the bell

he still goes into action.

EDIE

(musing)

He wanted to see me again.

POP

You think we kept you out in Tarrytown just

to have you go walkin' with a corner saloon

hoodlum like Terry Malloy? Now get back to Tarrytown,

before I put a strap to you.

EDIE

(flaring)

And learn about charity and justice

and all the other things people would rather talk

about than practice?

Pop goes up to her and holds out his two

arms, his right one closer to Edie; he trembles

with emotion.

POP

See this arm? It's two inches longer 'n the

other one. That's years of workin' and sweatin',

liftin' and swingin' a hook. And every time I heisted

a box or a coffee bag I says to myself—this is

for Edie, so she can be a teacher or somethin'

decent. I promised your mother. You better not

let her down.

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

EDIE

Pop, don't think I'm not feeling grateful for

all you've done to get me an education and shelter

me from this.

(becoming aroused)

But now my eyes are open. I see things I know are

so wrong how can I go back and keep my mind on things

that are only in books and that people aren't living?

I'm staying, Pop. And I'm going to keep on

trying to find out who's guilty for Joey. I'd walk

home with a dozen Terry Malloys if I thought they

could help me. I tell you I'm staying, Pop.

Pop starts to pull his belt out of his trousers.

POP

You are like—

EDIE

(with regret and affection)

Pop!

She turns and runs out. Pop with his belt in one hand, takes a few

steps after her and then stops and stares at the unused bus ticket.

POP

(shaking his head as he mutters)

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, keep an eye on her.

EXT—TENEMENT ROOFTOP—EVENING

Autumn on the roof. It is not particularly romantic—there are

clotheslines, wooden boxes, etc. But to the people of this neighborhood

it is a luxurious terrace. Terry's birds are aloft, flying in a great

circle, nicely silhouetted against the sun-drenched evening sky. Jimmy

Conners is with him.

Terry has a long pole with which he keeps the birds circling. Moose is

leaning against the wall, playing an Irish melody on his harmonica. His

wife, a heavyset woman, sits beside him.

MOOSE'S WIFE

(Moving her feet)

My feet feels like dancin'. But the rest of me just

feels like settin' here.

MEDIUM SHOT—TERRY

As he swings his pole he looks off and sees—

LONG SHOT—EDIE—ROOFTOP—EVENING

Hurrying toward him across the rooftops.

MEDIUM CLOSE—TERRY—ROOFTOP—EVENING

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

him.

TERRY

(to Jimmy)

Okay— I guess they got enough exercise. Let 'em come in.

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

He sees Edie approach.

JIMMY

I wonder how long she's goin' to hang

around, huh, Terry?

TERRY

(indicating the pigeons)

Be sure they got enough water.

And he turns to await Edie.

SHOT—BRINGING EDIE TO TERRY

EDIE

I changed my mind. I feel real mean

tonight.

TERRY

(pleased)

Good. So do I.

As Jimmy goes off to fetch some water, Edie reads the fancy lettering

on the back of his jacket.

EDIE

The Golden Warriors.

TERRY

I started them Golden Warriors. I was

their first Supreme Commander.

Now Jimmy starts back toward them.

TERRY

My shadow. He follows me around like I was

Mickey Mantle. Thinks I'm a big man because I

boxed pro for a while.

(throws a few quick jabs)

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

TERRY

Here they come! The champion flock of the neighborhood.

EDIE

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

(turns to the birds)

Joey used to race pigeons.

TERRY

(darkening)

He had a few birds.

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

I got up and fed 'em this morning.

EDIE

That was nice of you.

TERRY

(disconcerted, needing to talk)

I like pigeons. You send a bird five hundred miles

away he won't stop for food or water until he's back

in his own coop.

EDIE

I wouldn't have thought you'd be so interested

—in pigeons.

TERRY

I go for this stuff. You know this city's full

of hawks? There must be twenty thousand of 'em.

They perch on top of the big hotels and swoop

down on the pigeons in the park.

EDIE

(slightly horrified)

The things that go on.

TERRY

(proudly indicating a large pigeon in the coop)

How do you like that one?

EDIE

Oh she's a beauty.

JIMMY

(critically)

She's a he. His name is Swifty.

TERRY

My lead bird. He's always on that top

perch.

EDIE

He looks awful proud of himself.

JIMMY

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

TERRY

If another fella tries to take that perch

away from him, he lets him have it.

EDIE

Even pigeons aren't peaceful.

TERRY

One thing about them though, they're

faithful. They get married just like people.

JIMMY

Better.

TERRY

Yeah, once they're mated they stay

together all their lives until one of 'em dies.

EDIE

That's nice.

They look at each other, both strangely upset.

TERRY

(suddenly)

Listen, you like beer?

EDIE

I don't know.

TERRY

Want to go out and have one with me?

EDIE

In a saloon?

TERRY

(imploring)

Come on, I know a quiet one,

with a special entrance for ladies... .

DISSOLVE

INT—SALOON—LADIES' SIDE—NIGHT

Perhaps a sign can emphasize Ladies' Entrance. As Terry leads Edie in,

a tipsy Irish biddy is noisily protesting her enforced departure.

WOMAN

—I'm only after havin' one more wee bit—

BARTENDER

You and your one-mores. Now beat it.

As Terry and Edie reach the bar, the radio blares a baseball game. A

roar goes up from the speaker. Bartender nods to Terry. In the corner a

small well-oiled longshoreman sings "I'll Take You Home Again,

Kathleen" in a plaintive, cracking voice.

BARTENDER

Well, what do you know—Jackie

just stole home.

TERRY

(glancing at Edie with a mischievous wink at the

bartender)

I wouldn't mind doing that myself.

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

BARTENDER

(to Edie)

What're you drinking?

Edie hesitates, obviously not knowing what to ask for. A customer at

the bar says, loudly—

SINGER OF "KATHLEEN"

(B.G.)

Give me a Glockenheimer.

EDIE

(it could be root beer for all she knows)

I'll try a— Glockenheimer.

TERRY

(to bartender)

Likewise. And draw two for chasers.

(to Edie)

Now you're beginning to live.

EDIE

(as the drinks are poured)

I am?

Edie picks up her glass, sniffs the contents with some distaste and

then sips it tentatively. Terry watches with amusement.

TERRY

(still swaggering)

Not that way— like this.

(holds glass up)

Down the hatch!

(gulps it down)

Wham!

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

EDIE

(with soft amazement)

Wham... .

TERRY

(grinning at her)

How do you like it?

EDIE

It's quite—

(gulps)

–nice.

TERRY

How about another one?

EDIE

(already feeling this one)

No thanks... .

TERRY

(to bartender)

Hit me again, Mac.

BARTENDER

(as he pours drink)

See the fight last night? That Riley—both hands.

Little bit on your style.

TERRY

Hope he has better luck.

EDIE

Were you really a prize fighter?

TERRY

(nods)

I went pretty good for a while, didn't I, Al?

But— I didn't stay in shape— and—

(a little ashamed)

—I had to take a few dives.

EDIE

A dive? You mean, into the water?

TERRY

(laughs harshly)

Naw, in the ring, a dive is-

He stops, shakes his head and with his finger draws an invisible square

in the air.

EDIE

(mystified)

Now what are you doing?

TERRY

Describing you. A square from out there.

I mean you're nowhere.

(draws it again)

Miss Four Corners.

EDIE

(smiles, but persistent)

What made you want to be a fighter?

TERRY

I had to scrap all my life. Figured I might

as well get paid for it. When I was a kid my old

man got killed—never mind how. Charley and I

was put in a place—they called it a Children's

Home. Some home! I run away and peddled

papers, fought in club smokers and—

(catches himself)

But what am I runnin' off at the mouth for?

What do you care?

EDIE

Shouldn't we care about everybody?

TERRY

What a fruitcake you are!

EDIE

Isn't everybody part of everybody else?

TERRY

Gee, thoughts! Alla time thoughts!

(then)

You really believe that drool?

EDIE

(deeply shocked)

Terry!

TERRY

Want to hear my philosophy? Do it to

him before he does it to you.

EDIE

(aroused)

Our Lord said just the opposite.

TERRY

I'm not lookin' to get crucified. I'm lookin'

to stay in one piece.

EDIE

(flaring up) I never met such a person. Not a

spark of romance or sentiment or— or human

kindness in your whole body.

TERRY

What do they do for you, except get in

your way?

EDIE

And when things get in your way— or people

—you just knock them aside— get rid of

Them— is that your idea?

TERRY

(defensive— stung)

Listen— get this straight— don't look at me

when you say them things. It wasn't my fault

what happened to your brother. Fixing Joey

wasn't my idea... .

EDIE

(gently)

Why, Terry, who said it was?

TERRY

(lamely)

Well, nobody, I guess. But that Father Barry,

I didn't like the way he kept lookin' at me.

EDIE

He was looking at everybody the same way.

Asking the same question.

TERRY

(troubled, not convinced)

Yeah, yeah... .

(suddenly)

This Father Barry, what's his racket?

EDIE

(shocked)

His— racket?

TERRY

(trying to regain his bravado)

You've been off in daisyland, honey.

Everybody's got a racket.

EDIE

But a priest...?

With his finger he again describes a square in the air and then points

through it to Edie. This time it angers her.

EDIE

You don't believe in anything, do you?

TERRY

Edie, down here it's every man for himself.

It's keepin' alive! It's standin' in with the

right people so you can keep a little loose change

jinglin' in your pocket.

EDIE

And if you don't?

TERRY

If you don't

(points downward with a descending whistle)

Keep your neck in and your nose clean and

You'll never have no trouble down here.

EDIE

But that's living like an animal—

Terry seems almost to illustrate this by the way he drains off his beer

and wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

TERRY

I'd rather live like an animal than end up

like—

He hesitates.

EDIE

Like Joey? Are you afraid to mention his

name?

TERRY

(challenged—defensive)

Why keep harpin' on it?

(looks at her unfinished beer)

Come on, drink up. You

got to get a little fun out of life. What's the matter

with you?

(nods toward juke box)

I'll play you some music.

He starts toward the juke box. She turns with him. Suddenly something

cries out in her, almost as if she didn't know she was going to say it—

EDIE

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

CLOSE—ON TERRY

For the first time the edge is knocked off his swagger. He feels the

purity of her grief. He'd like to help—that's his immediate reaction.

But there's his brother Charley and his steady work and his loyalties

to the mob and its code. All this runs through his mind, confusing him,

tearing him... .

CLOSE—ON TERRY AND EDIE

Terry turns back to her, with a helpless gesture.

TERRY

I— I'd like to, Edie, but—

(shakes his head)

—there's nothin' I can do.

Edie feels subdued, ashamed at breaking down. She rises,

and in a low

voice says—

EDIE

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

TERRY

You haven't finished your beer.

EDIE

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

finish your drink.

TERRY

(swinging off the stool)

I got my whole life to drink.

As if magnetized by her, he follows her out.

EXT—LADIES' BAR—NIGHT

As Terry comes up alongside her.

TERRY

You're not sore at me?

EDIE

(with complete innocence)

What for?

TERRY

For— not being any help?

She looks at him with disturbing simplicity.

EDIE

Why no— I think you would if you could... .

CLOSE UP—TERRY

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

kind of accusation.

TWO-SHOT—EDIE AND TERRY—STREET—NIGHT

Softly, silently, she begins to cry.

TERRY

(gently)

What are you crying for?

EDIE

(shaking her head)

I thought I felt mean tonight. But I'm not—

I'm just— all mixed up... .

Ahead of them down the block is an outdoor neighborhood party. The

rhythm of a small band reaches out to them. Edie hangs back and Terry

takes her hand.

TERRY

Come on, I'll walk you through. It's the

shortest way home.

He takes her hand and she walks along with him passively. The street is

illuminated with colored lights and bright paper streamers. There are

several gaily decorated counters serving drinks and sandwiches. There

are balloons and colored paper hats. Neighbors are dancing in the

street. Children look on, a few mimicking their elders f rom the

sidelines. Above the street is a homemade banner inscribed: JUST

MARRIED— JOHNNY AND MARY O'DAY! We catch a glimpse of the happy young

bridal couple, as Terry and Edie reach the edge of the celebrants. Her

eyes light up. She has passed into a dreamlike forgetfulness.

TERRY

You like music?

Edie nods dreamily.

—and dancing?

Edie nods again.

TERRY

(pulling her to him before she realizes what has

happened)

We're on!

At first Edie dances somewhat clumsily and stiffly but gradually begins

to dance with zest and surprising skill, as if a whole suppressed side

of her nature were suddenly being released. Terry is light on his feet

and they do some intricate steps together.

TERRY

Hey, we're good!

(grins at her)

The Sisters should see you now, huh?

She laughs, out of her youth and embarrassment and unexpected enjoyment

of a stolen moment.

Now Terry draws her to him and they dance a more conventional half-time

foxtrot to the music.

TERRY

(awkwardly)

I— I never knew a girl like you,

Edie. I always knew the kind you just grab 'em

And— I never knew a girl like you, Edie.

EDIE

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

floating. I'm floating... .

They have danced off to a darker, less populated section of the street,

away from the bar and the bandstand. Behind them people are dancing and

laughing. Terry's lips brush her cheek as they dance, and move on to

her mouth.

TERRY

(breathlessly)

Edie... .

Carried away, she allows him to kiss her and even responds. Then Terry

feels someone tapping him on the shoulder. He wheels around to see—

CLOSE SHOT—BARNEY—STREET—NIGHT

Barney wears a colored paper hat.

BARNEY

I been looking for you, Terry. The boss wants you.

THREE-SHOT—TERRY, EDIE AND BARNEY— STREET—NIGHT

While the music and dancing continue around them.

TERRY

Right now?

BARNEY

(nods)

He just got a call from "Mr. Upstairs." Something's

gone wrong. He's plenty hot.

TERRY

I'm gonna take her home first.

BARNEY

I'd get over there, Terry. I'll take the little lady home.

TERRY

(for Edie's benefit)

I'll come over when I'm ready.

BARNEY

You know Johnny when he gets mad.

As suddenly as Barney arrived, he ducks off .

CLOSE—ON TERRY AND EDIE—STREET—NIGHT

Edie senses Terry's distraction.

EDIE

(puzzled)

Who was that?

She is about to move away; Terry puts his hand on her arm.

TERRY

(impulsively)

Edie, listen, stay out of this mess. Quit tryin'

to ask things about Joey. It ain't safe for you.

EDIE

Why worry about me? You're the one who

says only look out for yourself.

TERRY

(pent up with his guilt and his frustrated feeling

for her)

Okay, get in hot water. But don't come hollerin' to

me when you get burned.

EDIE

Why should I come hollering to you at all?

TERRY

Because... because...

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

Listen Edie, don't get sore now—

but I think we're getting in love with each other.

EDIE

(really fighting against it)

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

TERRY

(fervently)

That goes double for me.

As they stare at each other in entangled hostility and love, a man

turns from the food counter behind them, just finishing a hot dog and

steps into Terry's path. It is Mr. Glover, the Commission investigator.

In the B.G. is Gillette.

GLOVER

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

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

arm.

GLOVER

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

TERRY

What?

GLOVER

(reaching quickly into his briefcase)

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

tomorrow.

TERRY

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

saying nothin'.

GLOVER

You can bring a lawyer if you wish. And you're privileged

under the Constitution to protect yourself against

questions

that might implicate you in any crimes.

TERRY

(more in pain than anger now)

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

GILLETTE

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

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

GLOVER

(more gently)

Goodnight, kid.

Terry looks at the subpoena in tortured confusion.

EDIE

(softly)

What are you going to do?

TERRY

(viciously reverting to type)

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

EDIE

(with sudden intuition)

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

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

EDIE

He had him killed or had something to do with it,

Didn't he? He and your brother Charley?

Terry drops his eyes again; he can say nothing.

You can't tell me, can you? Because you're a part

of it. You're as bad as the worst of them, aren't

you, Terry? Aren't you? Tell me the truth!

TERRY

Edie, your old man's right, go back to

that school out in daisyland. You're driving yourself

nuts— you're driving me nuts— stop worrying

about the truth— worry about yourself.

EDIE

Look out for number one. Always number

one.

(her voice rising in anger)

I should've known you wouldn't tell me.

Pop said Johnny Friendly used

to own you. I think he still owns you.

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

No wonder everybody calls you a bum.

TERRY

(as if struck)

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

Edie is crying softly, without sobs.

EDIE

(with a half-sob)

It's true.

TERRY

I'm tryin' to keep you from being hurt—

What more do you want?

EDIE

Much more, Terry. Much, much more!

She runs off. Terry looks after her, pained; the subpoena weighs in his

hand. He stares at it in agony, while the party swirls around him. Then

the blare of an auto horn cuts through the music.

VOICE OF JOHNNY

(O.S.)

Hey, genius.

Terry looks up.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT

Johnny Friendly's black Cadillac parked across the street. A driver,

Sonny, Truck, Big Mac, and Charley are in it. Terry hurries up to them.

TERRY

(lamely)

I— I was just on my way up, Johnny.

JOHNNY

By way of Chicago?

Sonny starts to laugh but Johnny cuts him short .

How many times you been knocked out, Terry?

TERRY

(surprised)

Only two times, why, Johnny?

Throughout the following tirade, Charley would like to intervene in

Terry's behalf, but Johnny roughly nudges him into silence.

JOHNNY

It must have been once too often. I

think your brains come apart. What you got up

there, Chinese bells?

TERRY

Aw, Johnny... .

JOHNNY

I thought you were gonna keep an eye

on that church meeting.

TERRY

Nothing happened, Johnny.

JOHNNY

Nothing happened, he says. Some operator

you got yourself there, Charley. One more

like him and we'll all be wearing striped pajamas.

TERRY

(turning to Charley for help)

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

JOHNNY

Oh, he did. Half an hour later a certain

Timothy J. Nolan went into secret session with

the Commission and he did all the talking.

TERRY

You mean Kayo Nolan, the old timer? He

doesn't know much.

JOHNNY

He don't, huh?

(produces a bound folder of testimony

from his pocket and slams it on the fender)

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

TERRY

How'd you get that.

JOHNNY

(thumbing 'upstairs)

I got it. Hot off the press.

CHARLEY

The complete works of Timothy J. Nolan.

TERRY

Nolan? I knew he had guts but—

JOHNNY

Guts! A crummy pigeon who's looking

to get his neck wrung! (to Charley) You should have

(to Charley)

You should have known better than to trust this

punched out brother of yours.

He was all right hanging around

for laughs. But this is business. I don't like goofoffs

messing in our business.

TERRY

Now just a minute, I—

CHARLEY

(suddenly)

What the hell are you doing with his sister?

(then turning to Johnny)

It's that girl, Johnny, the little Doyle broad has him out

on his

feet. An unhealthy relationship.

SONNY

Definitely!

JOHNNY

Don't see her no more. Unless you're

both tired of living. Barney, you got her address?

(then to others, businesslike)

Now listen, if we don't muzzle Nolan, we're into the

biggest stink this town ever seen. We got the best

muscle on the waterfront. The time to use it is now—

pronto— if not sooner.

(to Terry, as he climbs in the car)

And you know where you're going? Back in the hold—

no more cushy job in the loft. It's down the hold

with the sweat gang till you learn your lesson.

Johnny twists Terry's cheek, but not in fun this time, as he has often

done before. Now it is hard enough to draw blood. Then he turns to the

driver.

JOHNNY

Let's go!

The car drives off fast, almost running Terry down. He stands there

looking after it, alone in the street, feeling his wounded cheek and

then scowling as he looks down at the subpoena in his hand.

DISSOLVE

EXT—FREIGHTER—DAY

The ship is being unloaded. An empty pallet is swung from the pier and

lowered into the open hatch by the up-and-down-fall tackle. Our CAMERA

rides the pallet down into the hatch, to the second level, where Terry

is working. A little removed from him are Pop, Moose and Nolan. They

are unloading Irish whiskey.

NOLAN

(lifting a case onto the pallet joyously)

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

whiskey!

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

Pop and Moose laugh. But Terry looks over at Nolan tensely. Then he

looks up out of the hatch.

EXT—DOCK—DAY

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

Johnny mumbles something under his hand to Sonny and Sonny nods and

jumps down onto the deck of the ship.

MEDIUM CLOSE—ON DECK—NEAR HATCH—DAY

Sonny motions to Specs Donahue, glimpsed as Joey's killer at the

opening. Specs nods and goes over to the winchman guiding the tackle

over the hatch. He nods to him, and takes his place. Then he catches

the eye of—

MEDIUM CLOSE—BIG MAC

Standing on the deck just above the open hatch. A wordless message

passes between him and Specs. Then he looks down into the hatch.

INT—HATCH—DAY

Terry works grimly, glancing up anxiously at Nolan, Pop and Moose whose

mood, in contrast, is a whiskey-inspired euphoria.

POP

You see, Kayo, the good Lord watches over

us after all.

NOLAN

(in an undertone, gaily)

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

We'll drink to God and Ireland, its whiskey and its women,

to Joey and Edie— and death to tyrants everywhere... .!

As he finishes this he reveals surreptitiously the neck of a whiskey

bottle concealed in his deep-pocketed jacket.

POP

(with mock concern)

You think one bottle's enough for all

them toasts?

NOLAN

(grins)

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

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

another bottle.

NOLAN

I was afraid one bottle might get lonely by itself.

(reaching into still another pocket and revealing

still more bottles)

Now you see the advantage of a little man in

a big coat.

POP

(laughing)

Definitely! Nolan, my boy, you're a

walkin' distillery.

NOLAN

I wonder how many Hail Marys the

Father'll make me say at confession.

(reflects)

It'll be worth it!

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

TERRY

(with a nervous glance upward)

Listen— Nolan—

NOLAN

(backing away suspiciously)

What are you down here for— to see we don't make

off with any of Mister Friendly's precious cargo?

TERRY

(miserably)

Nolan... .

MEDIUM CLOSE—BIG MAC

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

controls.

BIG MAC

Come on, Kayo, get it up!

INT—HATCH—DAY

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

mischievous resentment.

BIG MAC

(continuing to bellow)

And don't be walking off with any of that.

You know how the boss feels about individual pilferage.

INT—HATCH—DAY

NOLAN

(pretending to clean out his ears)

Talk louder. I can't hear you.

BIG MAC

If you kept your ears wide open instead

of your mouth—

NOLAN

(shouting back)

If I talk too loud it's the fault of the nuns.

BIG MAC

And what in blazes have the nuns got

to do with it?

NOLAN

(lowers his voice and confides in the hatch gang)

When I was a mere spit of a lad on Ferry Street in

Dublin the nuns used to say to me, "Nolan, don't

be swallowin' ye words like fishballs. When you

got something to say—

(Now he shouts up at Big Mac.)

—Talk with your mouth wide open," so if I'm loud

don't blame me— it's the fault of the nuns!

Pop laughs, at Big Mac's expense. The laughter is infectious and sweeps

the hatch. Moose lets go with his loud "haw haw." Everyone laughs

except Terry, who watches in a cold sweat.

BIG MAC

(furiously, from above)

Come on, knock it off!

The men laugh even louder.

MOOSE

Haw haw— that's a good one, Kayo.

BIG MAC

(able to shout above their laughter)

Knock it off! Stand clear.

(to Specs, the winchman, above the hatch)

All right, take it away.

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

nods.

CLOSE—ON SPECS AT WINCH ABOVE HATCH

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

O.S.

CLOSE—ON CARGO SLING

Full of whiskey cases, from angle of Kayo Nolan, Pop, Terry, and

others, watching it rise out of the hatch. The general laughter

continues. Terry is stiff with fear.

CLOSE SHOT—SPECS

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

down fall.

CLOSE—ON NOLAN

Standing in the middle of the hatch, looking up, as the cargo net

begins to plunge downward. The general laughter stops. From farther

back in the hold Terry cries:

TERRY

(horrified)

Nolan...!

And tries to pull him back out of danger. Too late. The overloaded

cargo net crashes down on Nolan. Wood splinters—glass shatters—and

whiskey sprays. Kayo Nolan is pinned under the broken pile of cases.

TOMMY

(shouting up)

Get a doctor.

POP

(hard, flat tone)

A doctor— he needs a priest

QUICK DISSOLVE

INT—HATCH—DAY

CLOSE—ON FATHER BARRY

He stands over the body of Kayo Nolan, which lies on the pallet and has

been covered by a tarpaulin.

GROUP SHOT—HATCH

Pop, Moose, Luke and the others stand near him. On the deck around the

hold some seventy-five longshoremen have gathered, including Big Mac.

Others look down from the dock and the loft. Terry is in the same

position we left him.

FATHER BARRY

(aroused)

I came down here to keep a promise.

I gave Kayo my word that if he stood up to the

mob I'd stand up with him all the way. Now

Kayo Nolan is dead. He was one of those fellows

who had the gift of getting up. But this time they fixed

him good— unless it was an accident like Big Mac says.

Pop, Moose, and some of the others glare at Big Mac, who chews his

tobacco sullenly. Some of the others snicker "accident."

FATHER BARRY

Some people think the Crucifixion

only took place on Calvary. They better wise

up. Taking Joey Doyle's life to stop him from

testifying is a crucifixion— Dropping a sling on Kayo

Nolan because he was ready to spill his guts

tomorrow— that's a crucifixion. Every time the

mob puts the crusher on a good man— tries to

stop him from doing his duty as a citizen— it's a

crucifixion.

CLOSE—ON TERRY

Voice of Father Barry continues.

FATHER BARRY

And anybody who sits around and lets it happen,

keeps silent about something he knows has happened—

shares the guilt of it just as much as the Roman soldier

who pierced the flesh of Our Lord to see if He was dead.

SHOT OF EDIE—ON DOCK

Listening, moved. Terry has come up behind her and stands nearby. She

notices

him but barely reacts. He listens intently to the Father's words.

(NOTE: I am not indicating in detail the other necessary reactions—

those of Pop, Moose, the Negro Luke, the watchful hostility of Sonny

and Truck, the murderous arrogance of Johnny Friendly, and the

sophisticated cynicism of Charley Malloy.

But most important of all is the impression being made on Terry.)

CLOSE—ON TRUCK

TRUCK

Go back to your church, Father.

INT—HATCH—DAY

FATHER BARRY

(looking up at Truck and pointing to the ship)

Boys, this is my church. If you don't think

Christ is here on the waterfront, you got another

guess coming. And who do you think He lines up

with—

CLOSE—ON SONNY

SONNY

Get off the dock, Father.

Sonny reaches for a box of rotten bananas on the dock and flings one

down into the hatch.

CLOSE—ON FATHER BARRY

The banana splatters him, but he ignores it.

BACK TO SONNY—ON DOCK

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

TERRY

Do that again and I'll flatten you.

SONNY

What're you doing. Joining them—

TERRY

Let him finish.

SONNY

Johnny ain't going to like that, Terry.

TERRY

Let him finish.

Edie looks at him amazed. Terry catches her eye, and then looks down,

embarrassed at his good deed. They both turn to watch Father Barry.

CLOSE SHOT—CHARLEY

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

INT—HATCH—DAY

FATHER BARRY

Every morning when the hiring boss blows his

whistle, Jesus stands alongside you in the shape-up.

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

FATHER BARRY

He sees why some of you get picked and some

of you get passed over. He sees the family men

worrying about getting their rent and getting food

in the house for the wife and kids. He sees them

selling their souls to the mob for a day's pay.

CLOSE—ON JOHNNY FRIENDLY

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

into the hatch.

INT—HATCH—DAY

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

forward and shakes his fist.

POP

By Christ, the next bum who throws something

deals with me. I don't care if he's twice my

size.

Some of the other longshoremen grumble approval.

FATHER BARRY

What does Christ think of the easy-money boys

who do none of the work and take all of the gravy?

What does He think of these fellows wearing

hundred-and-fifty-dollar suits and diamond rings—

on your union dues and your kickback money?

How does He feel about bloodsuckers picking

up a longshoreman's work tab and grabbing

twenty percent interest at the end of a week?

CLOSE—ON J.P.

J.P.

Never mind about that!

CLOSE—OF SONNY—ON DOCK

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

challenge.

FATHER BARRY

How does He, who spoke up without fear

against evil, feel about your silence?

SONNY

Shut up about that!

He reaches for another rotten banana and is poised to throw it. Almost

simultaneously, Terry throws a short hard right that flattens Sonny

neatly. Edie is watching, a deeply felt gratitude in her eyes.

CLOSE—ON JOHNNY FRIENDLY AND TRUCK

A little way off .

TRUCK

You see that?

Johnny presses his lips together but makes

no sign.

CLOSE—ON TERRY AND EDIE

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

listening to Father Barry.

INT—HATCH—DAY

FATHER BARRY

You want to know what's wrong

with our waterfront? It's love of a lousy buck. It's

making love of a buck— the cushy job— more

important than the love of man. It's forgetting

that every fellow down here is your brother in

Christ.

CLOSE—ON POP—MOOSE—LUKE—TERRY AND EDIE

As Father Barry's voice rises to a climax—

FATHER BARRY

But remember, fellows, Christ is always with you—

Christ is in the shape-up, He's in the hatch—

He's in the union hall— He's kneeling

here beside NolanÑand He's saying with all

of you—

CLOSE—ON FATHER BARRY

FATHER BARRY

If you do it to the least of mine,

you do it to me! What they did to Joey, what they

did to Nolan, they're doing to you. And you. And

YOU. And only you, with God's help, have the

power to knock 'em off for good!

(turns to Nolan's corpse)

Okay, Kayo?

(then looks up and says, harshly)

Amen.

He makes the sign of the cross. Pop, Moose, Tommy, Luke, and the others

do likewise. Big Mac and Specs, seeing the others, reluctantly follow

suit. Then, disgruntled, Big Mac climbs up out of the hatch and

bellows:

BIG MAC

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

Strongly moved, the longshoremen glare at Big Mac and then silently

start back to their places on the deck, in the hatches, on the dock,

etc.

MOVING SHOT

The pallet rises out of the hatch with the body on it. Pop sits

casually on the edge with Father Barry who, in pantomime, is cadging a

cigarette.

CLOSE—ON EDIE AND TERRY

Edie crosses herself. Then she looks at Terry. They look at each other

and the feeling

in both of them is some terrible hunger beyond their control. For a

moment it seems as if Terry must go to her, but instead he turns away,

slowly, as if this were the most diffi cult thing he was ever asked to

do. Edie looks after him and we feel that she will yield to impulse and

call out to him. But she looks down instead, finally, and closes her

eyes, imperceptibly trembling against desire. Luke comes up to her,

but she is lost in her own most private thoughts and does not

see him. He carries Joey's jacket, the one Nolan has been wearing.

LUKE

Edie... .

(nudges her)

Edie—

EDIE

(startled)

Oh— Luke.

LUKE

(quietly)

Joey's jacket. I thought maybe

Kayo'd like you to have it back.

Edie looks at him, and takes it silently. She hugs it to her, whispers,

"Thank you," and, in a kind of sleepwalking, starts toward the entrance

of the pier. Luke watches her anxiously.

LUKE

Sure you're okay?

She nods and continues on alone.

QUICK DISSOLVE

EXT—ROOFTOP—NIGHT

At the pigeon coop near Terry's rooftop window. Under the window is the

mattress he uses as outdoor sleeping quarters on hot summer nights.

Terry is staring in at the pigeons, full of his own troubled,

bestirring thoughts. Edie comes up behind him almost silently, carrying

the jacket.

TERRY

(turning)

Edie!

EDIE

(holding the coat out to him)

I— I brought this for you, Terry.

It was Joey's.

(her conscious self trying to conceal

3t4the real meaning)

Yours is coming out at the elbows.

TERRY

(close to her— and not really caring what he is

saying)

I don't rate it.

EDIE

Go ahead, wear it.

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

upset.

EDIE

(under her breath)

Pigeons... .

TERRY

There's a hawk around. They're scared

tonight.

She looks up and huddles a little closer to him. Now he reaches out for

her—groping with an unfamiliar inexorable emotion.

TERRY

Edie— I— I— never said this to a girl

before, I never knew a girl worth trying to say it

for, but you— you're... .

EDIE

(whispering and suddenly wiser than he)

I know... I know... .

He kisses her at last, with pent-up violence and hunger. The sound of a

deep-throated ship's whistle rolls across the river but they do not

hear it. There is a tremendous sense of release and relief as their

mouths and bodies press together.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT—CONFESSION BOOTH—DAY

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

When it does, Father Barry is glimpsed from within.

TERRY

(blurting it out)

Father, help me, I've got blood on my hands.

Father Barry looks at him.

TERRY

Bless me, Father, for I have—

To Terry's amazement the shutter closes abruptly.

INT—CHURCH—OUTSIDE CONFESSION BOOTH—DAY

As Father Barry steps out of the booth, Terry hurries from his side of

the booth and clasps Father Barry's arms violently. Father Barry keeps

on walking and Terry follows him.

TERRY

What's the matter? I've got something

That's chokin' me. I've gotta get it out.

FATHER BARRY

Someone else c'n take your confession.

TERRY

(following him)

But you're the one I want to tell—

what you said over Nolan— about keepin'

silent when you know the score— I'm guilty— you

hear me? I'm guilty... .

FATHER BARRY

(trying to move on)

I don't want to hear it in there.

TERRY

I don't get it!

FATHER BARRY

(rapidly)

Tell it to me in there and

my lips are sealed. But if I dig it out myself I can

use it where it'll do the most good.

TERRY

But you've got to listen to me.

FATHER BARRY

I'll find you a priest.

Father Barry starts off again. Terry follows him desperately, under a

terrible compulsion to bare himself to Father Barry. He grabs the

Father by the arm fiercely, half spinning him around.

TERRY

(with relief, as he gets it out)

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

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

FATHER BARRY

Come take a walk with me, kid,

and give it to me straight. There's nothing I

haven't heard.

They turn toward the exit of the church.

EXT—LONG SHOT—CHURCH

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

him eagerly.

CLOSE SHOT—TERRY AND FATHER BARRY

TERRY

(pouring it out)

—It started as a favor— for

my brother— you know they'd ask me things and

it's hard to say no— a favor— Who am I kiddin'?

They call it a favor but it's do it or else. And this

time the favor turned out to be helping them

knock off Joey. I just thought they'd lean on him a

little but— Last night with Edie I wanted to tell

her only it— stuck in my throat. I guess I was

scared of drivin' her away— and I love her, Father.

She's the first thing I ever loved.

FATHER BARRY

(almost brusquely)

What are you going to do?

TERRY

About Edie?

FATHER BARRY

Edie. The Commission. Your subpoena.

I know you got a subpoena.

TERRY

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

FATHER BARRY

(agreeing)

A question of who rides who.

TERRY

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

FATHER BARRY

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

TERRY

But it's my own brother they're askin' me

to finger— and Johnny Friendly. His mother and

my mother was first cousins. When I was this

high he took me to the ball games... .

FATHER BARRY

(violently)

Ball games! Don't break my heart!

I wouldn't care if he gave you a life

pass to the Polo Grounds. So you

got a brother. Well, let me tell you something

you got some other brothers— and they're all getting the

short

end while your cousin Johnny gets mustard on

his face at the Polo Grounds. If I was you—

(He catches himself and drops his voice.)

— Listen, I'm not asking you to do anything,

Terry. It's your own conscience that's got

to do the asking.

TERRY

Conscience... .

(shakes his head ruefully)

I didn't even know I had one until I met you and

Edie... this conscience stuff can drive you nuts.

FATHER BARRY

(sharply)

Good luck.

TERRY

(waiting for someone to do it for him)

Is that all you've got to say to me, Father?

Father Barry looks off .

LONG SHOT—PIER WALL—DAY

Edie coming toward them in the distance.

MEDIUM CLOSE—FATHER BARRY AND TERRY

FATHER BARRY

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

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

Father Barry stands looking after him.

CLOSER SHOT—EDIE AND TERRY—AT BURNED PIERS—DAY

TERRY

Edie... Edie... ..

EDIE

(turning to him)

Terry, what's wrong?

TERRY

I've been sittin' in the church.

EDIE

You?

TERRY

(almost inarticulate)

Yeah, yeah, it's up to me, it's up to me—

he says it's up to me.

EDIE

Who says?

TERRY

The Father. The Father.

He is trembling.

EDIE

Terry— what's happening to you?

TERRY

I just told the Father.

EDIE

Told him what?

TERRY

What I did to Joey.

EDIE

(whispered)

You... .

TERRY

(louder)

What I did to Joey.

EDIE

Don't tell me— don't tell me!

TERRY

(plunging in)

Edie— it's—

What he starts to say is drowned out by an immense, prolonged blast of

the whistle from the departing ocean liner. Terry shouts his story out

to Edie compulsively but we cannot hear it over the rasping sound of

the whistle. Edie is horrified as she catches enough words to realize

what Terry is trying to say. The whistle pauses a moment, giving us

just enough to hear Terry shout—

TERRY

Didn't know—

Then the blast of the boat whistle drowns him out again. When it

finally stops, Terry is finishing—

TERRY

—but don't you see, Edie, I never thought they'd—

(then hysterically as he feels her turning away from

him)

I don't know what to do, Edie, I don't know

what to do! I swear to God I—

She looks at him, turns and strides off .

TERRY

(calling, desperately)

Edie... Edie... What'll I do, Edie, what'll I do?

She doesn't look back. Terry watches her go, with mounting anguish;

then he lurches on in drunken confusion.

QUICK DISSOLVE

EXT—ROOFTOP—DAY

As Terry, still dazed, enters onto the roof, Jimmy Conners, in his

Golden Warrior blazer,

is exercising the pigeons. He sees Terry and runs up to him. Jimmy

talks in a whisper.

JIMMY

Hey, Terry, guess who's here... that joker

from the Commission... .

TERRY

Looking for me?

JIMMY

He's got his nerve, gum-shoeing around

here after what you told him.

TERRY

(grabs Jimmy)

Jimmy, suppose I knew something,

say a mug somebody put on somebody... .

(violent gesture illustrates what he means)

You think I should turn him in?

JIMMY

A cheese-eater! You're kidding!

TERRY

Yeah, I'm kidding, I'm kidding. You don't

think I should turn him in... .

JIMMY

(gives him a look)

You was a Golden Warrior.

TERRY

Yeah— us Golden Warriors.

(grabs Jimmy)

You're a good kid, Jimmy, a good tough kid. We

stick together, huh, kid?

JIMMY

You was our first Supreme Commander,

Terry. Keep out of sight and I'll tell him you're

out.

TERRY

But I ain't out. I'm in. I'm in. Who's lying

to who?

ROOFTOP—ANOTHER ANGLE

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

TERRY

You looking for me?

GLOVER

Not exactly. Just thought I'd sit down

and rest my dogs a minute.

(smiles and rubs his ankle)

You know the next investigation we get into I hope

it's got buildings with elevators in them. This one

has been nothing but climbing stairs. And when

we hit the top ßoor the folks are usually out.

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

TERRY

(distractedly)

I guess it's pretty tough work at that.

GLOVER

(casually)

Well, it'll be worth it if we can

tell the waterfront story the way the people have

a right to hear it. Don't you think?

Terry shrugs. Glover studies him.

GLOVER

Didn't I see you fight in the Garden one night

three or four years ago? With a fellow called Wilson?

TERRY

(still preoccupied)

Wilson— yeah— yeah— I fought Wilson.

GLOVER

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

TERRY

(this is the key that unlocks him)

You want to know something— I would have taken Wilson—

GLOVER

I think you could have.

TERRY

If I licked him I would have had the title

shot instead of him— boy, I was ready that night.

GLOVER

You sure looked it. Something go wrong?

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

sullen.

TERRY

Yeah. Johnny Friendly and my brother

had other ideas.

GLOVER

Such as what?

TERRY

(suspiciously)

Listen, this ain't for publication.

GLOVER

(amused)

I'm just resting my feet.

TERRY

Remember the first round how I had him

against the ropes, and—

GLOVER

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

over.

TERRY

Yeah. My own blood— and they sell me out

for a lousy bet— I had it in me to hit the top and—

(sighs)

Boy, if I wanted to, the things I could tell you

about them guys—

(then catches himself and pauses)

GLOVER

(expectantly)

Yeah?

Terry is silent.

GLOVER

(rises)

Well, I better get going. Hit those

stairs again.

(turns casually)

Was that a looping right or an uppercut the

first time you caught him?

TERRY

(insulted)

Looping right! I never swung wild. I was strictly

a short puncher— hooks— over 'n under—

(pantomimes, with violent short breath-releases)

— whop-whop!

GLOVER

Really?

TERRY

Yeah, really!

As Glover reaches the door, Terry keeps following him.

TERRY

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

GLOVER

(grins warmly)

Sure... .

Terry follows Glover out, continuing to pantomime punches. Jimmy looks

after them and frowns.

QUICK DISSOLVE

INT—FRIENDLY BAR—NIGHT

Back room. It is set up as an informal kangaroo court . Jocko is

pointing at Charley Malloy, who is

on the hot seat. Johnny Friendly is the judge, flanked by Big Mac,

Truck, Sonny, Barney, Specs, J.P. Morgan and others.

J.P.

I didn't hear them, boss, but I sure seen them,

walking along and smiling like a pair of lovers.

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

JOHNNY

(watching him carefully)

Drink up, Charley. We're ahead of you.

CHARLEY

(disturbed)

I'm not thirsty.

JOHNNY

(drinking)

After what we been hearing about your brother,

I thought your throat'd be kind of dry.

CHARLEY

So they're walking along and smiling.

That doesn't mean he's going to talk. There's no

evidence until he gives public testimony.

JOHNNY

Thanks for the legal advice, Charley.

That's what we always kept you around for.

(smiles wisely)

Now how do we keep him from giving this

testimony? Isn't that the— er— as you put it—

main order of business?

CHARLEY

(nervously)

He was always a good kid. You know that.

BIG MAC

He'sa bum. After all the days I give

him in the loft— he got no gratitude.

JOHNNY

(offended)

Please, Mac, I'm conducting this—

(nodding to Charley)

—investigation.

CHARLEY

This girl and the Father got their hooks

in him so deep he doesn't know which end is up

anymore.

JOHNNY

I ain't interested in his mental condition.

All I want to know is, is he D 'n D or is he a

canary?

CHARLEY

I wish I knew.

JOHNNY

So do I, Charley. For your sake.

CHARLEY

What do you want me to do, Johnny?

JOHNNY

Very simple. Just bring him to... that

place we been using. Mac, you take care of the

details. Call Gerry G. in if you think you need

him.

CHARLEY

Gerry G!! You don't want to do that,

Johnny! Sure the boy's outa line, but he's just a

confused kid.

JOHNNY

Confused kid? First he crosses me in

public and gets away with it and then the next

joker, and pretty soon I'm just another fellow

down here.

CHARLEY

(horrified)

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

JOHNNY

(coldly)

Then don't.

CHARLEY

But my own kid bro—

JOHNNY

(cutting in)

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

way or you can have it his way.

(gestures with his palms up and his palms down)

But you can't have it both ways.

(turns to Sonny)

Am I right, Sonny?

SONNY

Definitely!

JOHNNY

(thumbing Charley to his feet)

Okay, on your horse, you deep thinker.

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

DISSOLVE

INT—TAXICAB—EVENING—(N.Y.B.G.)

Charley and Terry have just entered the cab.

TERRY

Gee, Charley, I'm sure glad you stopped

by for me. I needed to talk to you. What's it they

say about blood, it's—

(falters)

CHARLEY

(looking away coldly)

Thicker than water.

DRIVER

(gravel voice, without turning around)

Where to?

CHARLEY

Four thirty-seven River Street.

TERRY

River Street? I thought we was going to

the Garden.

CHARLEY

I've got to cover a bet there on the way

over. Anyway, it gives us a chance to talk.

TERRY

(good-naturedly)

Nothing ever stops you from talking, Charley.

CHARLEY

The grapevine says you picked up a subpoena.

TERRY

(Noncommittal, Sullen.)

That's right... .

CHARLEY

(watching for his reaction)

Of course, the boys know you too well to mark

you down for a cheese-eater.

TERRY

Mm—hmm.

CHARLEY

You know, the boys are getting rather

interested in your future.

TERRY

Mm—hmmm.

CHARLEY

They feel you've been sort of left out of

things, Terry. They think it's time you had a few

little things going for you on the docks.

TERRY

A steady job and a few bucks extra, that's

all I wanted.

CHARLEY

Sure, that's all right when you're a kid,

but you'll be pushing thirty pretty soon, slugger.

It's time you got some ambition.

TERRY

I always figured I'd live longer without it.

CHARLEY

Maybe.

Terry looks at him.

CHARLEY

There's a slot for a boss loader on the

new pier we're opening up.

TERRY

(interested)

Boss loader!

CHARLEY

Ten cents a hundred pounds on everything

that moves in and out. And you don't have

to lift a finger. It'll be three-four hundred a week

just for openers.

TERRY

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

CHARLEY

Absolutely nothing. You do nothing and you

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

TERRY

(struggling with an unfamiliar problem of conscience

and loyalties)

Yeah— yeah— I guess I do— but there's

a lot more to this whole thing than I thought,

Charley.

CHARLEY

You don't mean you're thinking of testifying

against—

(turns a thumb in toward himself)

TERRY

I don't know— I don't know! I tell you I

ain't made up my mind yet. That's what I wanted

to talk to you about.

CHARLEY

(patiently, as to a stubborn child)

Listen, Terry, these piers we handle through

the locals— you know what they're worth to us?

TERRY

I know. I know.

CHARLEY

Well, then, you know Cousin Johnny

isn't going to jeopardize a setup like that for one

rubber-lipped—

TERRY

(simultaneous)

Don't say that!

CHARLEY

(continuing)

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

TERRY

Don't say that!

CHARLEY

What the hell!!!

TERRY

I could have been better!

CHARLEY

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

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

TERRY

(desperately)

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

CHARLEY

Make up your mind, kid, I beg you, before we get

to four thirty-seven River... .

TERRY

(stunned)

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

Charley nods solemnly. Terry grows more agitated.

TERRY

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

Charley continues looking at him. He does not deny it. They stare at

each other for a moment. Then suddenly Terry starts out of the cab.

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

at Charley.

CHARLEY

Take the boss loading, kid. For God's

sake. I don't want to hurt you.

TERRY

(hushed, gently guiding the gun down toward

Charley's lap)

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

CHARLEY

(genuinely)

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

Terry eyes him, beaten. Charley leans back and looks at Terry

strangely. Terry raises his hands above his head, somewhat in the

manner of a prizefighter mitting the crowd. The image nicks Charley's

memory.

TERRY

(an accusing sigh)

Wow... .

CHARLEY

(gently)

What do you weigh these days, slugger?

TERRY

(shrugs)

...eight-seven, eighty-eight.

What's it to you?

CHARLEY

(nostalgically)

Gee, when you tipped one seventy-five

you were beautiful. You should've

been another Billy Conn. That skunk I got to

manage you brought you along too fast.

TERRY

It wasn't him!

(years of abuse crying out in him)

It was you, Charley. You and Johnny. Like the

night the two of youse come in the dressing

room and says, "Kid, this ain't your night— we're

going for the price on Wilson." It ain't my night.

I'd of taken Wilson apart that night! I was ready—

remember the early rounds throwing them combinations.

So what happens— This bum Wilson

he gets the title shot— outdoors in the ballpark!

– and what do I get— a couple of bucks and

a one-way ticket to Palookaville.

(more and more aroused as he relives it)

It was you, Charley. You was

my brother. You should of looked out for me.

Instead of making me take them dives for the

short-end money.

CHARLEY

(defensively)

I always had a bet down for

you. You saw some money.

TERRY

(agonized)

See! You don't understand!

CHARLEY

I tried to keep you in good with Johnny.

TERRY

You don't understand! I could've been a

contender. I could've had class and been somebody.

Real class. Instead of a bum, let's face it,

which is what I am. It was you, Charley.

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

the window.

MEDIUM SHOT—WATERFRONT—NIGHT

From Charley's angle. A gloomy light reflects the street numbers—433—

435—

INT—CLOSE—CAB—ON CHARLEY AND TERRY — NIGHT

TERRY

It was you, Charley... .

CHARLEY

(turning back to Terry, his tone suddenly changed)

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

Ten to one they won't believe it, but— go ahead,

blow. Jump out, quick, and keep going... and God

help you from here on in.

LONGER ANGLE—CAB—NIGHT

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

the street.

EXT—MEDIUM LONG SHOT—RIVER STREET—NIGHT

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

INT—CAB—RIVER ST.—NIGHT

CHARLEY

(to driver as he watches Terry go)

Now take me to the Garden.

Charley sinks back in his seat, his hand covering his face. The driver

turns around, gives him a withering look, steps on the gas, and guns

the car into—

EXT—MEDIUM LONG SHOT—RIVER STREET—NIGHT

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

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

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT—EXT—JOHNNY'S LIMOUSINE —NIGHT

Johnny is watching from across the street.

MEDIUM CLOSE—ON GARAGE DOOR—NIGHT

Big Mac and Sonny pull the big black sliding door shut until the screen

itself is blacked out. Inside there is the roaring sound of a motor

racing.

QUICK DISSOLVE

INT—EDIE'S BEDROOM—NIGHT

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

EDIE

(frightened)

Who is it?

INT—HALLWAY OUTSIDE DOYLE DOOR—NIGHT

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

TERRY

Edie, it's me— let me in— it's me!

He pounds on the door even harder.

CLOSE—ON EDIE

The pounding continues.

EDIE

(Fiercely)

Stop it! Stop it! Get away from here!

VOICE OF TERRY

(muffled)

I've got to see you. Got to talk to you.

EDIE

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

ANGLE ON DOOR

The pounding grows louder. Suddenly there is the sound of the door

being broken open. Edie draws back against the head of her bed, pulling

the covers around her. Terry runs in wild-eyed.

TERRY

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

EDIE

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

TERRY

You think I stink, don't you? You think I

stink for what I told you?

EDIE

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

go.

TERRY

(grabbing her)

Edie, listen to me! I want you

to believe me. I want to be with you.

EDIE

(wrenching herself free)

How can you be with Charley and Johnny

Friendly and still be with me? Either way it's a lie.

It's like there were two different people inside of you.

You've got to be one or the other.

TERRY

(in pain)

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

EDIE

It's you who's being hurt. By keeping it

inside you, like a poison. Sooner or later it's got

to come out.

TERRY

I know what you want me to do!

EDIE

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

conscience tell you what to do.

TERRY

(pounding his fist on the bed)

That—

(pound! pound!)

—word again! Why do you keep saying

conscience, conscience... .

EDIE

I never mentioned the word before.

In his agony he grips a glass standing on

the night table.

TERRY

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

do..I don't know what to do... .

Without realizing what he is doing, he squeezes the glass in his

powerful fist until it breaks. The glass cuts his hand. He draws back

in pain.

TERRY

My hand.

EDIE

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

She turns away from him.

TERRY

Edie...

EDIE

Get away from me.

TERRY

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

love me.

EDIE

I didn't say I didn't love you. I said stay

away from me.

TERRY

(groping for her)

Edie, Edie, I...

His arms move around her. Her reaction is convulsive. Her hands move

over him in anger and love.

EDIE

Stay away from me

(her face close to his)

Stay away from me—

(closer)

Stay—

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

EDIE

—away from me!

Then, after some moments, they are distracted by—

VOICE FROM THE STREET

Hey, Terry, come on down. I got something to show you,

Terry.

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

VOICE FROM THE STREET

Hey, Terry, your brother's down here.

TERRY

(more curious)

Charley?

VOICE

Charley's waitin' for ya. Come on down

and see him.

EDIE

(whispers)

Don't go. Don't go.

TERRY

But Charley— maybe Charley needs me. I

better see what he wants.

He goes.

EDIE

(calling after him)

Terry...

She rises and calls toward the door—

Terry...

Then she runs to the window.

EXT—EDIE AT WINDOW—NIGHT

EDIE

(calling)

Terry... .

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You hear what I heard?

Edie looks up and to one side.

CLOSE—ON MRS. COLLINS

Looking out another window of the tenement.

MRS. COLLINS

That's the same way they called Andy out

the night I lost him.

CLOSE—ON EDIE—AT WINDOW

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

CLOSE—ON FIRE ESCAPE—NIGHT

As Edie runs out onto it. She looks down wildly, searching for Terry. A

ship's whistle makes a mournful sound. A great luxury liner is heading

out to the harbor. Fog is drifting in over the roof. She peers down but

can see nothing. She hears a wild shriek from the street and runs to

the railing again. It is only a teenager whooping it up below. Then she

hears shots—Bang—Bang—

Bang—and the sound of a police siren. She raises her hands to her head

and cries.

EDIE

Terry.

Then she hears the follow-up of the police siren. It is only a TV set

near the open window of the floor below.

TV ANNOUNCER

And now for your weekly dramatic

thrill straight from the files of the City's

Finest— Police Patrol... .

("Dragnet"-type music)

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

the fog.

EDIE

Terry!

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

kimono.

MRS. COLLINS

Don't go down!

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

EDIE

Terry!

She starts to run hysterically down the fire escape.

EXT—LANDING UNDER FIRE ESCAPE—NIGHT

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

singing mournfully—

MUTT

Tippi-tippi-tin, tippi-Tin... .

A window opens and an angry voice cries:

LOUD VOICE

Drop dead!

An old shoe is hurled at Mutt, just as Edie turns toward him.

MUTT

(to the angrywindow)

Spit on me, curse me and stone me, but I suffer

for your sins... .

LOUD VOICE

Go suffer somewhere else, you bum.

The window bangs shut. Mutt sees Edie and turns his attention to her.

MUTT

I seen it. I seen them put him to death! I

heard him cry out.

EDIE

(impatiently— almost hysterically)

Who. Who did you see?

MUTT

His executioners. They was stabbing him

in his side. And his soft eyes was looking down at

them.

EDIE

(desperately) Tell me who.

MUTT

(lifting his head from his hands)

Our Lord Jesus. When He died to save us...

He gropes toward her as if to paw her.

EDIE

(with loathing)

Oh get away— get away!

She runs on. Mutt goes staggering off in the opposite direction,

singing his song. Edie runs on until she sees Terry in the mist.

EDIE

Terry!

She runs into his arms.

EDIE

(continued)

Terry, I'm frightened. More and more frightened.

TERRY

I'm looking for Charley. I heard Charley

was waiting for me.

(calls)

Charley?

There is no answer. Terry frowns. Edie points through the darkness.

SAME VOICE IN FOG

Wanna see Charley? He's over here.

TERRY

(as they hurry forward)

Hey, Charley... .

EXT—MEDIUM CLOSE—WHITE WALL—NIGHT

The headlights of a car suddenly illuminate Charley against the wall.

Charley is leaning against the lamp post, in a very casual attitude,

looking as dapper as usual. Terry and Edie run to him. The car drives

off .

TERRY

Looking for me, Charley?

Charley seems to study them silently. Terry nudges him.

TERRY

Hey Charley.

Charley slides down the wall and crumples to the ground. Dead. Edie

screams. Terry drops beside the body.

TERRY

He's dead. He's dead. Those scummy,

good-for-nuthin' butchers!.

The lights of an approaching car catch them in its beam. Terry reacts

quickly, cowering against the wall and pulling Edie down behind him

protectively.

TERRY

Behind me. Behind me. It may be them

coming back!

They huddle in fear as the car comes closer; then it turns and the

lights are no longer on them. Terry lets out a soft whistle of relief

as the car drives off. Edie is completely panicked now.

EDIE

(in a horrified whisper)

Terry, let's go away.

Terry takes Charley's arm, which is twisted behind him, and straightens

it tenderly.

TERRY

Charley.

EDIE

(hysterically)

I mean it, let's get away from

here, first Joey then Nolan, now Charley—

and any minute... .

(stares at him, almost saying "you")

...I'm frightened— I'm frightened.

Terry seems not to hear. There are tears in his eyes but fury in his

voice as he mutters to himself.

TERRY

I'll take it out of their skulls.

EDIE

I don't want to see you killed. I want to live

with you. Live with you. Any place it's safe to walk

the streets without... .

TERRY

(in a terrible mutter to himself)

I'll take it out of their skulls.

He rises, in a dangerous, animal rage.

EDIE

Terry, no, no... .

TERRY

Don't hang on to me. And don't follow

me. Don't follow me.

(turns)

Call the Father. Ask him to take care of Charley for me. My

brother.

There's something I got to do.

He looks around, takes note of and strides toward—

MEDIUM SHOT—PAWN SHOP—NIGHT

A little way down the block. An iron grille protects the windows. Terry

goes up to the grille and looks in. Edie follows him anxiously.

CLOSE SHOT—PAWN SHOP WINDOW—THROUGH GRILLE—NIGHT

There are watches, rings, fishing rods, guitars, cameras, musical

instruments, suits, furs, bowler hats, and—about two feet back from the

window—a .45 revolver in a holster and a belt of cartridges.

TERRY

(muttering)

They put a hole in Charley. I'll

put holes in them.

Edie sees what Terry is after and tries to restrain him.

EDIE

Terry, go home. There's nothing you can do

now. It's locked up.

Terry looks at her unseeingly, then drives the toe of his shoe through

the diamond shaped opening in the grille, and through the glass behind

it.

INT—PAWN SHOP WINDOW—NIGHT

Shooting toward Terry, the coveted revolver in the F.G. Terry's fingers

cannot quite reach it. He has to press his shoulder painfully against

the jagged glass in order to inch closer to it. He contorts his face in

pain as the glass cuts through his jacket into his flesh. Blood begins

to dampen his shoulder but with a final effort he gets his fingers

around the gun.

EXT—PAWN SHOP—NIGHT

As Terry draws the gun from the window and slips it into his pocket,

Edie sees the blood dripping from the rip in his jacket.

EDIE

Terry, you're bleeding.

TERRY

(in a flat tone)

Do what I told you. Take care of Charley.

EDIE

Terry, for God's sake.

TERRY

Get out of my way.

EDIE

No, I can't let you. I can't, you're—

She clings to him sobbing.

TERRY

(violently)

I don't want to hurt you, but... out of my way!

He flings her from him and goes on loading the gun, as she sobbingly

watches him go off .

INT—FRIENDLY BAR—NIGHT

As Terry enters. The usual crowd are present: Barney, Specs, Sonny,

Truck, J.P., etc. There is a comedian on TV and everyone is laughing

but the laughter dies at the sight of Terry. He goes up to the bar

tensely. Everyone watches in silence. There is a suggestion of men

feeling for their guns but nobody moves.

TERRY

(to bartender)

Is Johnny in?

JOCKO

No.

TERRY

(suspiciously)

No?

To see for himself, Terry strides through to the back room and throws

open the door. The back room is empty. Then he takes a seat at the bar

so he can watch the room and the entrance. The customers eye him

carefully.

TERRY

(to Jocko)

Give me a double.

JOCKO

Take it easy now, Terry.

TERRY

Keep the advice. Give me the whiskey.

Jocko sets the drink up. He notices the jagged tear in Terry's jacket

and the spreading stain of blood from the shoulder.

JOCKO

What's wrong with your shoulder?

TERRY

(draining his glass)

Hit me again.

JOCKO

(in an undertone)

Listen, kid, why don't you go home before Johnny... .

Terry pushes his empty pony glass forward for another one.

TERRY

(sharply)

No advice. Just whiskey.

JOCKO

(pouring it)

Easy. Easy, boy.

ANOTHER ANGLE—TOWARD ENTRANCE

Footsteps are heard outside the swinging doors. Terry turns to face the

entrance, his hand going to the gun in his pocket. Sonny, Truck,

Barney, and others all watch him, ready for the draw. Jocko

automatically crosses himself and turns off the TV, which is now only

an irritant. The swinging doors open, but it's not Johnny. Just a

couple of happy waterf ront barfl ies. But the moment they enter their

grins vanish as they are made to feel the tension. They look at Terry,

then they look at the goons watching Terry.

JOCKO

(to the newcomers)

What'll you have?

NEWCOMER

Thanks just the same.

The two men bolt out the doorway. In the silence we hear the creaking

of the ancient swinging doors. The silence is oppressive. Terry works

his hand over his bleeding shoulder.

JOCKO

You ought to go home and take care of that—

TERRY

(watching the doorway, growls)

First things first.

Once more steps are heard on the sidewalk outside the bar. Once more

everyone is on edge for the showdown between Terry and Johnny. All

eyes are on the swinging doors.

MEDIUM CLOSE—SWINGING DOORS—NIGHT

Father Barry enters, followed by Moose, Tommy, Luke. CAMERA goes with

Father Barry as he walks right up to Terry.

FATHER BARRY

I want to see you, Terry.

TERRY

You got eyes. I'm right in front of you.

FATHER BARRY

Now don't give me a hard time.

TERRY

What do you want from me, Father.

FATHER BARRY

(putting out his hand)

Your gun.

TERRY

Mind your own business, Father.

FATHER BARRY

This is my business.

TERRY

Why don't you go and chase yourself?

FATHER BARRY

(slowly) Give me that gun.

TERRY

You go to hell.

FATHER BARRY

(advancing)

What did you say?

TERRY

(just a trifle disconcerted)

You go to—

Father Barry throws a good right hand punch that catches Terry by

surprise and knocks him down. Terry rises, feeling his shoulder, which

is oozing blood now and weakening him. He charges Father Barry like a

tormented animal.

TERRY

Why you... .

Moose and Luke grab him, although Father Barry waits calmly.

TOMMY

(to Terry)

Get wise to yourself, you bum.

The word hits him. Terry drops his hands slowly, weaving as if weak

from loss of blood.

TERRY

(chastened)

Take your hands off me. What you call me?

FATHER BARRY

(to Terry)

A bum. Look what you're doing. You want to be brave?

Firing lead into another man's flesh isn't brave. Any bum

who picks up a .45 in a pawn shop can be that

brave. You want to hurt Johnny Friendly? You

want to fix him for what he did to Charley— and a

dozen men who were better than Charley? Don't

fight him like a hoodlum down here in the jungle.

That's just what he wants. He'll hit you in the

head and plead self-defense. Fight him tomorrow

in the courtroom— with the truth as you know

it— Truth is the gun— Drop that thing and tell the

truth— a more dangerous weapon than this little —

(reaches into Terry's pocket and removes the gun as

he talks)

—cap pistol.

The two men look at each other. Father Barry's words cut him.

FATHER BARRY

That is, if you've got the guts. If you haven't, you

better hang on to this.

Father Barry offers the gun back to Terry contemptuously. Terry takes

the gun, and holds it self-consciously.

FATHER BARRY

You want a beer?

(to Jocko)

Two beers.

Jocko sets them up and Father Barry and Terry drink them off, looking

at each other. The drink seems to refresh Terry. He turns around to

Jocko and slams the gun down on the bar.

Behind the bar is a large picture, in the place of honor, showing

Johnny Friendly arm-in-arm with "Mr. Upstairs," beaming with self-

confidence.

TERRY

Father, there is one thing I'd like to do.

So saying, he takes his revolver and hurls it into the face of the

picture.

TERRY

(feeling better)

Tell Johnny I was here.

Terry looks around defiantly at the tense gunmen—and starts out with

Father Barry and the group.

MEDIUM CLOSE—JOCKO—BEHIND BAR

Watching Terry leave. Breathing a sigh of relief as he picks up the

gun.

JOCKO

(inadvertently)

... nice boy... .

Then he catches the dark looks of Sonny, Truck, Barney, etc., and

busies himself at the bar.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT—TRAVELING SHOT—COURTROOM—DAY

A court room door opens. It is the door out of which the witnesses are

brought to testify for hearings of the Waterf ront Crime Commission. A

counsel is just finishing questioning Big Mac...We don't photograph

this.

We show Terry walking slowly towards his seat. Edie and Father Barry

are in the audience. Also Johnny and some of the mob. We hear the

dialogue (O.S.)

COUNSEL (O.S.)

You mean to sit there and tell

me that your local takes in sixty-five thousand,

five hundred dollars every year and keeps no

financial records?

BIG MAC (O.S.)

Sure we keep records!

COUNSEL (O.S.)

Well, where are they?

BIG MAC

(indignantly)

We was robbed last night and we can't find no books.

CLOSER SHOT—COUNSEL AND BIG MAC

COUNSEL

Doesn't it seem odd to you that five

different waterfront locals were broken into last

night and the only articles removed were financial

records?

BIG MAC

(steadfastly)

What do you mean, odd? We was robbed like I told you.

COUNSEL

(waving him aside)

That's all. Next witness!

Big Mac steps down, mopping his brow. Terry steps up to the stand. They

glare at each other as they pass. We CUT to Edie looking on anxiously

from the spectators' section, to Father Barry, Pop, Moose, Tommy, and

Luke sitting together leaning forward.

CLERK

Name?

TERRY

Terrence Francis Malloy.

CLERK

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole

truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

There is a momentary pause.

CLOSE SHOT—EDIE, FATHER BARRY

Sitting with Pop, Moose, Luke, and Tommy. Waiting for his answer.

CLOSE—ON TERRY

His hand raised for the oath. When he answers, it seems more than a

mere judicial formality.

TERRY

(firmly)

Right... I do.

COUNSEL

(rising)

Mr. Malloy, is it true that on the

night Joey Doyle was found...

CLOSE—ON LARGE TV SET IN AN ELEGANT STUDY

We see Terry testifying on the TV screen.

COUNSEL

...dead you were the last person to see him before he

was pushed off the roof, and that you went immediately

to the Friendly Bar where you expressed your feelings

about the murder to Mr. Johnny Friendly?

TERRY

That's right.

During the above a butler's hand sets a highball glass down beside a

rich leather chair, and a strong, manicured hand wearing an expensive

ring picks up the glass.

VOICE OF BUTLER

Will there be anything else, sir?

VOICE OF "MR. UPSTAIRS"

(an impressive, heavy voice)

Yes, Sidney, if Mr. Friendly calls, I'm out, and

you don't know when I'll be back.

VOICE OF BUTLER

Very good, sir.

The CAMERA moves in on the TV screen, the court room image spins, and

when it fi nally stops, we are back to—

INT—MEDIUM CLOSE—COURTROOM—ON TERRY — DAY

COUNSEL

.. Thank you, Mr. Malloy, you've done

more than to break the case of Joey Doyle, you

have held up a lamp of truth in the dark cave of

waterfront crime. You may step down now.

As Terry steps down, he is quickly surrounded by police bodyguards, who

lead him toward the chamber behind the court-room. As he steps into the

aisle Johnny Friendly leaps up from a long bench facing the aisle.

JOHNNY

(struggling to get at Terry)

You're a walkin' dead man! You're dead on this waterfront

and

every other waterfront from Boston to New

Orleans. You won't go anywhere, drive a truck or

a cab or push a baggage rack without one of my

guys have the eye on you. You just dug your own

grave, dead man, go fall in it!

(spits in Terry's face)

Terry leaps at him instinctively. The gavel sounds repeatedly and there

are cries of "Order! Order!" Johnny wrestles with Terry, but they are

roughly separated by court room guards

who lead Terry off toward the door to the private chambers. Edie leaves

her seat and tries to get to Terry but is kept off by the guards.

GUARD

Sorry, Miss, our orders is to keep everybody

away.

They lead Terry off, as the voice of the clerk is saying—

VOICE (O.S.)

Next witness, Mr. Michael J. Skelly,

also known as Johnny Friendly... .

DISSOLVE

INT—CLOSE—COURTHOUSE LOBBY AND STAIRS ON HEAVY FOOTSTEPS—DAY

Terry's.

CLOSE ON TWO MORE PAIRS OF HEAVY FOOTSTEPS

Terry's police bodyguards.

MEDIUM CLOSE—TERRY AND POLICEMEN CROSSING COURTHOUSE LOBBY—DAY

Old men and bums are sitting on the park benches. Loitering outside are

two of Terry's old chums, Chick and Jackie. Terry has to go right past

them.

TERRY

(uncomfortably)

Hi Chick— Jackie...

They look at him coldly, and turn away. Terry goes on, unhappily, the

police guards just behind him.

TERRY

(half turning, irritably)

Have to walk right on top of me?

FIRST COP

Orders, Terry.

TERRY

You're stepping on my heels— you're

making me nervous.

SECOND COP

Terry, you're hot, you know that,

you should be glad we're this close to you.

TERRY

Trailing me like that, you make me feel

like a canary.

FIRST COP

(grins a little)

Well?

TERRY

Now beat it— go ahead— beat it.

SECOND COP

Take it easy, Terry, take it easy.

He looks at his colleague and winks—they understand and fall back,

allowing Terry to continue on down the stairs.

DISSOLVE

INT—TERRY'S ROOM

Edie is preparing coffee on a little stove in the corner as Terry

enters, drained and let down.

TERRY

Edie.

EDIE

I thought you might want some hot coffee.

TERRY

(shaking his head moodily)

Thanks just the same.

EDIE

Well, it's over.

TERRY

But I feel like— My friends won't talk to me.

EDIE

(bitingly)

Are you sure they're your friends?

Terry looks at her and then paces restlessly. He looks out and sees—

EXT—ROOFTOP—DAY

Jimmy, on the roof.

INT—TERRY'S ROOM—DAY

TERRY

(calling, halfheartedly)

Hey, Jimmy— how's the kid?

Jimmy doesn't answer. Terry goes to the window.

TERRY

Hey, Jimmy!

EXT—ROOFTOP—DAY

Jimmy Conners, near the pigeon coop. He looks up at Terry sullenly and

doesn't answer.

INT—TERRY'S ROOM—DAY

Terry draws back in defeat.

TERRY

Jimmy too.

JIMMY'S VOICE (O.S.)

A pigeon for a pigeon... !

Through the open window is flung the body of a dead pigeon. It falls at

Terry's feet. He looks down at it. Its neck has been wrung.

TERRY

(brokenly)

Swifty— my lead bird—

He looks out toward his coop—then climbs out the window and hurries

toward it. We hold on Edie who watches him, worried, and then follows

him.

EXT—ROOFTOP—DAY

Terry goes to his coop. On the floor are every one of his pigeons,

perhaps three dozen, all with their necks wrung. Terry picks one up.

Its head hangs limp.

TERRY

(looks off)

Jimmy...

EDIE

He's going to have to grow up too.

TERRY

(from deep inside him)

My pigeons... .

EDIE

Terry, you better stay in for a while. I'll

come and cook your meals. Be sure you keep the

door locked.

TERRY

(not seeming to hear her)

Every one of 'em... .

EDIE

You heard what Johnny said. No part of the

Waterfront'll be safe for you now. Maybe inland—

the Middle West somewhere— a job on a farm... .

TERRY

(mutters disgustedly)

Farm...

He turns and starts back toward his room. She follows desperately.

EDIE

Does it have to be the waterfront! Pop, he's

an old man, it's all he knows, but you— you could

do lots of things, get into something new, anything

as long as it's away from Johnny Friendly!

INT—TERRY'S ROOM

Terry enters. Edie's voice follows him as she trails behind him. He

sits on the bed and looks at the cargo hook hung on a peg on the wall.

EDIE

Doesn't that make sense!

Terry doesn't answer. He takes the cargo hook from the wall and jabs it

viciously into the floor.

EDIE

I don't think you're even listening to me!

He pulls the cargo hook out and jabs it into the floor again.

EDIE

...are you?

He looks up at her, frowns and then studies the cargo hook, tapping it

into his hand with pent-up feeling. The feeling is a strong and

infectious one. Edie senses it and accuses him—

EDIE

You're going down there!

He looks up at her again for a moment and then works his hand over the

handle of the hook.

EDIE

(her voice rising)

Just because Johnny warned you not to, you're

going down there, aren't you?

He doesn't say anything but the determination in him seems to be

constantly mounting.

EDIE

You think you've got to prove something to

them, don't you? That you are not afraid of them

and— you won't be satisfied until you walk right

into their trap, will you?

His silence maddens her. She seems on the verge of striking him out of

frustration and impotent rage. Her voice is hysterical—

EDIE

Then go ahead— go ahead! Go down to the

shape-up and get yourself killed, you stupid, pigheaded,

son of a—

(struggles to control herself)

What are you trying to prove?

With a decisive gesture Terry takes the hook and sticks it

through his

belt. Then he goes to the wall and lifts Joey's windbreaker

from the

nail on which it has been hanging. He puts the windbreaker

on in a

deliberate way, and grins at her as he does so; then he

walks to the

door with a sense of dignity he has never had before.

TERRY

(quietly)

You always said I was a bum. Well—

(points to himself)

—not anymore. I'm going down to the dock.

Don't worry, I'm not going to

shoot anybody. I'm just going to get my rights.

(rubs the sleeve of the jacket)

Joey's jacket. It's time I start wearing it.

He goes.

QUICK DISSOLVE

EXT—PIER—SHAPE-UP—MORNING

Big Mac facing the semicircle of several hundred men. Into this circle

walks Terry.

Other longshoremen instinctively move away from him as he approaches.

CLOSE—BIG MAC

BIG MAC

I need fifteen gangs today. Everybody works!

He picks men out very quickly and they move forward from the mass.

MEDIUM CLOSE—TERRY—PIER—DAY

He has taken his stand defiantly, with his hands in his pockets,

looking Big Mac in the eyes. Big Mac picks men all around Terry.

He makes it obvious by reaching over Terry's shoulder to pick men

behind him. Finally there are only a handful left around Terry,

and then they are chosen. Terry is left standing there along.

TERRY

(brazenly)

You're still a man short for that

last hatch gang, Mac.

BIG MAC

(without looking at Terry, calls to Sonny)

Hey, Sonny, go across to the bar and pick up the first

man you see.

Now Big Mac looks at Terry for the first time.

BIG MAC

Where are them cops of yours, stoolie?

You're gonna need 'em.

He turns away. Terry stands there seething. He looks around at Pop, and

the others ready to enter the pier. They look away, still fearful of

Big Mac and the power of the mob, and feeling guilty for their

passivity.

INT—JOHNNY FRIENDLY'S OFFICE ON WHARF—DAY

Johnny looks across at the isolated figure of Terry. Sonny, Truck, and

Specs are with Johnny. On the desk are tabloids with headlines

reading NAME JOHHNY FRIENDLY AS WATERFRONT MURDER BOSS. Under the

banner head is a large picture of Johnny.

TRUCK

That ain't a bad picture of you, boss.

Johnny glares at him and pushes the paper aside angrily.

SONNY

I wish you'd let us go to work on that

cheese-eater.

JOHNNY

(with both hands working)

After we get off the front page. Then he's mine.

I want him.

EXT—CLOSE—PIER ENTRANCE—ON TERRY AND BIG MAC—DAY

Sonny returns with "the first man he saw"—Mutt Murphy. Mutt and Terry

glance at each other.

SONNY

Here's your man, Mac.

MAC

Okay.

Mac nods Mutt on into the pier, the one armed derelict turning back

with an apologetic gesture. Terry's fury grows. Mac growls at him—

MAC

You want more of the same? Come back tomorrow.

Terry looks at him, and then across at Johnny's office on the wharf.

His hands begin to tremble.

He turns and starts walking slowly, resolutely, down the gangplank

leading to Johnny's headquarters.

INT—JOHNNY FRIENDLY'S OFFICE

SONNY

(seeing Terry through window)

He's comin' down!

JOHNNY

He's gotta be crazy!

TRUCK

(glancing out, growls)

Yeah, here comes the

bum now. I'll top 'im off lovely.

Behind Johnny's back the click of a revolver safety latch is heard.

Johnny whirls on him quickly

JOHNNY

Gimme that.

TRUCK

(offended)

How are we gonna protect ourselves?

JOHNNY

Ever hear of the Sullivan Law? Carrying

a gun without a permit? They'll be on us for anything

now. The slightest infraction. Give.

(turns to the other goons)

All of you? Give— give— give—

Sonny, Truck and the others reluctantly give up their guns. Johnny

turns to the safe and begins to open it.

JOHNNY

We're a law-abidin' union. Understand?

(As he puts the guns in the safe and slams the safe

door.)

A law-abidin' union!

EXT—UNION LOCAL OFFICE ON WHARF—DAY

Terry walks compulsively down the ramp to the office.

TERRY

(shouts)

Hey, Friendly! Johnny Friendly,

come out here!

Johnny comes out of his office followed by his goons.

JOHNNY

(shouts)

You want to know the trouble with you?

You think it makes you a big man if you

can give the answers.

TERRY

Listen, Johnny—

JOHNNY

Go on— beat it. Don't push your luck.

TERRY

You want to know somethin'—?

JOHNNY

I said beat it! At the right time I'll catch

up with you. Be thinkin' about it.

As he starts to turn back into his office, Terry advances, steaming

himself up.

TERRY

(louder)

You want to know something? Take

the heater away and you're nothin'— take the

good goods away, and the kickback and the

shakedown cabbage away and the pistoleros—

(indicating the others)

—away and you're a great big hunk of nothing—

(takes a deep breath as if relieved)

Your guts is all in your wallet and your trigger finger!

JOHNNY

(with fury)

Go on talkin'. You're talkin'

yourself right into the river. Go on, go on... .

TERRY

(voice rising defiantly)

I'm glad what I done today, see?

You give it to Joey, you give it to

Nolan, you give it to Charley who was one of your

own. You thought you was God Almighty instead

of a cheap— conniving—good-for-nothing bum!

So I'm glad what I done— you hear me? —glad

what I done!

JOHNNY

(coldly)

You ratted on us, Terry.

TERRY

(aware of fellow longshoremen watching the duel)

From where you stand, maybe. But I'm standing

over here now. I was rattin' on myself all them

years and didn't know it, helpin' punks like you

against people like Pop and Nolan an'... .

JOHNNY

(beckoning Terry with his hands, in a passion of

hate)

Come on. I want you. You're mine. You're

mine! Come on!

FIGHT ON UNION OFFICE DECK—SERIES OF SHOTS

As Johnny takes an aggressive step forward, Terry runs down the ramp

and hurls himself at him. They fight furiously on the deck of the

houseboat. A fight to the death. A violent brawl with no holds barred.

First one, then the other has the advantage. In B.G., longshoremen

we know creep forward and watchi n amazement.

LONGSHOREMEN WATCHING

LUKE

That kid fights like he useta!

Others nod but show no inclination to join in and face the goons.

BACK TO FIGHT

Which mounts in intensity as CAMERA FOLLOWS it around the narrow deck

bordering the union offi ce. Johnny knees Terry but Terry retaliates

with desperate combinations that begin to beat Johnny to the deck. Both

of their faces are bloody and hideously swollen

ANOTHER ANGLE—GOONS

At this point Sonny, Truck and the other goons jump in to save their

leader. Terry fights them off like a mad man, under vicious attack from

all angles.

LONGSHOREMEN WATCHING

They'll kill 'im! It's a massacre! etc.

But they still hang back, intimidated by Johnny Friendly and his

muscle.

TERRY FIGHTING

His face a bloody mask, being punched and kicked until he finally goes

down. Goons are ready to finish the job when a battered Johnny Friendly

mutters:

JOHNNY

That's enough. Let 'im lay there.

Terry is crumpled on the deck, senseless, in a pool of blood.

REVERSE—ON EDIE AND FATHER BARRY

Pushing their way anxiously through the crowd of longshoremen.

FATHER BARRY

(tight-lipped)

What happened? What happened?

EDIE

(to young longshoreman)

Tommy, what happened?

POP

Where you goin'?

EDIE

(fiercely)

Let me by.

BACK TO TERRY

Blood seeping from his many wounds as Father Barry and Edie run in and

kneel at his side. Johnny Friendly near by.

JOHNNY

You want 'im?

(as he goes)

You can have

'im. The little rat's yours.

FATHER BARRY

(to longshoreman)

Get some fresh water.

EDIE

Terry...?

FATHER BARRY

Terry... Terry... .

Terry groans, barely conscious.

ENTRANCE TO PIER—ON BOSS STEVEDORE

In felt hat and business suit, symbols of executive authority.

BOSS STEVEDORE

Who's in charge here? We

gotta get this ship going. It's costing us money.

The longshoremen hang back, glancing off toward the fallen Terry.

BOSS STEVEDORE

(waving them towardhim)

Come on! Let's get goin'!

The men don't move.

BOSS STEVEDORE

I said— c'mon!

TOMMY

How about Terry? If he don't work, we don't work.

Others around him murmur agreement.

JOHNNY

(from B.G.)

Work! He can't even walk!

JOHNNY ON RAMP

Surrounded by longshoremen ignoring Stevedore's command, tries to drive

them on.

JOHNNY

Come on! Get in there!

(grabbing Pop and shoving him forward)

Come on, you!

From force of habit, Pop begins to comply. Then he catches himself and

turns on Johnny.

POP

(sounding more sad than angry)

All my life you pushed me around.

Suddenly he shoves Johnny off the ramp into the water scummy with oil

slick and riverbank debris.

JOHNNY IN WATER

Cursing.

POP AND LONGSHOREMEN

Cheering Johnny Friendly's humiliation.

JOHNNY

(from water)

Come on, get me outa here.

BACK TO STEVEDORE

BOSS STEVEDORE

Let's go! Time is money!

MOOSE

You hoid 'im. Terry walk in, we walk in with 'im.

Others facing Stevedore mutter agreement.

TERRY,FATHER BARRY AND EDIE

Terry's eyes flutter as they bathe his wounds.

EDIE

(to Father Barry)

They're waiting for him to walk in.

FATHER BARRY

You hear that, Terry?

(as Terry fails to respond)

Terry, did you hear that?

(trying to penetrate Terry's batteredmind)

You lost the battle but you have a chance to win

the war. All you gotta do is walk.

TERRY

(slowly coming to)

...walk?

FATHER BARRY

Johnny Friendly is layin' odds

that you won't get up.

JOHNNY

(in B.G., shouts)

Come on, you guys!

Friendly's voice acts as a prod on Terry.

TERRY

(dazed)

Get me on my feet.

They make an effort to pick him up. He can barely stand. He looks

around unseeingly.

TERRY

Am I on my feet...?

EDIE

Terry...?

FATHER BARRY

You're on your feet. You can finish

what you started.

Blood oozing from his wounds, Terry sways, uncomprehendingly.

FATHER BARRY

You can!

TERRY

(mutters through bloody lips)

I can? Okay. Okay...

EDIE

(screams at Father Barry)

What are you trying to do?

ANGLE—ON RAMP

As the groggy Terry starts up the ramp, Edie reaches out to him. Father

Barry holds her back.

FATHER BARRY

Leave him alone. Take your hands off him—

Leave him alone.

Staggering, moving painfully forward, Terry starts up the ramp. Edie's

instinct is to help him but Father Barry, knowing the stakes of this

symbolic act, holds her back. Terry stumbles, but steadies himself and

moves forward as if driven on by Father Barry's will.

TERRY APPROACHING PIER ENTRANCE

As he staggers forward as if blinded, the longshoremen form a line on

either side of him, awed by his courage, waiting to see if he'll make

it. Terry keeps going.

REVERSE ANGLE—BOSS STEVEDORE—TERRY'S POV

Waiting at pier entrance as Terry approaches. Shot out of focus as

Terry would see him

through bloody haze.

TERRY

As the men who have formed a path for him watch intently, Terry

staggers up until he is face to face with the Stevedore. He gathers

himself as if to say, "I'm ready. Let's go."

STEVEDORE

(calls officially)

All right— let's go to work!

As Terry goes past him into the pier, the men with a sense of

inevitability fall in behind him.

JOHNNY FRIENDLY

Hurrying forward in a last desperate effort to stop the men from

following Terry in.

JOHNNY

(screams)

Where you guys goin'? Wait a minute!

As they stream past him.

JOHNNY

I'll be back! I'll be back! And I'll remember every

last one of ya!

He points at them accusingly. But they keep following Terry into the

pier.

WIDER ANGLE—PIER ENTRANCE

As Father Barry and Edie look on, Stevedore blows his whistle for work

to begin. Longshoremen

by the hundreds march into the pier behind Terry like a conquering

army. In the B.G. a frenzied Johnny Friendly is still screaming, "I'll

be back! I'll be back!" The threat, real as it is, is lost in the

forward progress of Terry and the ragtail army of dock workers he now

leads.

FADE OUT

THE END