

"REEFER MADNESS" 1936 MOVIE SCRIPT

Stage direction, illustration selection (C)2008 Doug Snead.

Screenplay dialog transcription and script reconstruction,

Doug Snead. Original content (C)2008 Doug Snead, as

applicable.

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illustration
selection (C)2008
Doug Snead.

1. CREDITS

"Reefer Madness"

Formerly "TELL YOUR CHILDREN"

A G and H PRODUCTION

Copyrighted

The movie itself has long since passed into the public domain.

Original Story: Lawrence Meade

Screenplay: Authur Hoerl

Additional Dialogue: Paul
Franklin

Directed by: Louis Gasnier

Associate Producer: Sam Siege

Chief Cameraman ... Jack
Greerhalgh, A.S.C.

Assistant Director ... Ray
Nazzaro

Sound Director ... Hans Weeren

Musical Director ... Abe Meyer

Editor: Carl Pierson

Art Director: Robert Priestley

Properties: Lois Diege

Cast:

Dorothy Short as Mary

Kenneth Craig " Bill

"Reefer Madness" 1936 movie script

Lillian Miles " Blanche

Dave O'Brien " Ralph

Thelma White " Mae

Carleton Young " Jack

Warren McCullom " Jimmy

Pat Royale " Agnes

Josef Forte " Dr. Carroll

Produced by George A. Hirliman

2. INTRO

Scrolling text.

THE INCIDENTS AND CHARACTERS
PORTRAYED IN THIS MOTION
PICTURE ARE PURELY FICTIONAL
AND ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL
OCCURRENCES AND LIVING OR
DECEASED PERSONS IS
COINCIDENTAL.

FORWARD: The motion picture
you are about to witness may
startle you . It would not
have been possible otherwise,
to sufficiently emphasize the
frightful toll of the new
drug menace which is
destroying the youth of
America in alarmingly
increasing numbers. Marihuana
is that drug -- a violent
narcotic -- an unspeakable
scourge -- The Real Public
Enemy Number One !

Its first effect is sudden
violent, uncontrollable
laughter, then come dangerous
hallucinations -- space
expands -- time slows down,
almost stands still.... fixed
ideas come next, conjuring up
monstrous extravagances

-- followed by emotional
disturbances, the total
inability to direct thoughts,
the loss of all power to
resist physical emotions
leading finally to acts of
shocking violence ... ending
often in incurable insanity.

In picturing its soul-
destroying effects no attempt
was made to equivocate. The

scenes and incidents, while
fictionized for the purposes
of this story, are based upon
actual research into the
results of Marihuana
addiction. If their stark
reality will make you think,
will make you aware that
something must be done to
wipe out this ghastly menace,
then the picture will not
have failed in its purpose.

Because the dread Marihuana
may be reaching forth next
for your son or daughter
...or yours ... or YOURS!

Fade in to big, important-looking newspaper presses,
cranking away a stream of newspapers.

Montage of newspaper front-pages headlines screaming dope
(marihuana) is the enemy.

DOPE PEDDLERS CAUGHT IN HIGH
SCHOOL... POLICE RAID
MARIHUANA FLAT... FEDERALS
AID POLICE IN DRUG WAR . . .
POLICE SMASH DRUG RING...
SCHOOL-PARENT ORGANIZATIONS
JOIN DOPE FIGHT...

Fade in to newspaper classified ad.

"Come! Hear! Learn! MEETING
TONIGHT 8:30 P.M. School-
Parents Association TRUMAN
HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM DR.
ALFRED CARROLL Subject ...
TELL YOUR CHILDREN

3. INT. - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Carroll is addressing a group of concerned parents.

DR. CARROLL

It must be stopped.

You, and all the parent-school groups about the country.

And you must stand united on this, and stamp out this frightful assassin of our youth!

You can do it by bringing about compulsory education, on the subject of narcotics in general;

(thumps desk)

The dread marihuana in particular. That is the purpose of this meeting ladies and gentlemen. To lay the foundation for a nationwide campaign by you,

(thumps desk)

To demand by law, such compulsory education. Because it is only through enlightenment, that this scourge can be wiped out.

Out of the trafficking in these drugs, a lawlessness that we can scarcely estimate is grown and is now flourishing.

It exists in almost every city and hamlet in the country.

It might be interesting and important for you to know some of the methods used in

bringing these drugs into the country and the work of the forces of law and order which are daily combating the traffic, always at the risk of life by their agents.

This ceaseless fight against the drug traffic is directed by the Department of Narcotics, Washington.

(pause, rustles letter)

I have received a letter of vital importance from a member of the Narcotics Bureau. I'm going to read this message to you.

(rustles letter, reading)

My dear Dr. Carroll, the suppression of the use of marihuana and of the forces lurking behind it are the most important jobs this department is now engaged in. At the outset of this letter, there is one vital fact I would like to submit. There is a powerful agency: I speak of the School-Parent Association of this country. It can be invaluable in stamping out this scourge. Their help, their eternal vigilance, could be the deciding factor in our fight against it.

The weed marihuana is grown in every state in the union. Recently in the city of Brooklyn, New York, a field of marihuana was found behind a tenement court. The weed was here being cultivated, regularly stripped and dried and sold in schools and at

government army posts, in and around New York. The dried leaves and berries are ground up and made into cigarettes, by a simple hand machine.

The deadly narcotic is thus quickly and easily prepared for the market. The sale of marihuana is even more difficult to detect and halt than the traffic in drugs such as opium, morphine and heroin. They are hidden in fake jewelry cases, in the heels of shoes, women's shoes especially, because the drugs can be secreted in false heels.

Hollow shaving brushes are another means, books with false centers are often used; watch cases convenient hiding places. The value of drugs thus seized is enormous.

Recently a huge supply of heroin was taken. It was concealed in an apparently harmless shipment of thirty-five barrels of olive oil. The deadly drug was burned in the incinerator of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

(voice rising, with emphasis)
And more vicious, more deadly

even than these soul-
destroying drugs, is the
menace of marihuana!

No doubt, many of you do not
believe that these things do
happen, that they cannot
happen to you. You may also
believe that the facts have
been exaggerated.

Let me tell you of something
that happened right here, in
our own city. You probably
read about it in the papers;
however I'll give you the
real facts, behind the case.
There was an apartment near
one of our high schools. It
was run by a woman known as
Mae Coleman...

4. INT. - MAE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Fade in to Mae's apartment, the bedroom. Jack enters. Mae is asleep in bed. The bedroom is slightly messy.

JACK

Hey! Come on Mae, get up!

MAE

What's time is it?

JACK

Time to get up and give this place a going-over. It looks like the Marines have landed.

MAE

Well, that bunch last night was high enough was to take over the Marines and the Navy.

JACK

You better get on the job. Some of the kids may be over this afternoon.

MAE

Oh Jack, we can get along without dragging those young kids up here.

JACK

Oh, why don't you button up your lip? You're always squawking about something. You got more static than the radio.

Mae dresses in the bedroom, attaching her stockings; Jack starts to fetch something from the kitchen cabinet, but is interrupted by the door buzzer. Eddie and Gwen are at the door.

JACK

Ah, greetings!

EDDIE

Well hello Jack, how are you?

JACK

Fine, come in. Glad to see you.

Eddie and Gwen enter.

EDDIE

Is, uh, Mae in?

JACK

She'll be right in. Just sit down and make yourselves comfortable.

GWEN

What kind of a joint is this, Eddie?

EDDIE

Oh, its all right Gwen. They probably had a party last night.

GWEN

(nodding, chuckling)
Oh...

Jack enters bedroom.

JACK

A couple of your customers, Mae.

MAE

Yeah? They're old enough to know what they're doing. Not like those young kids you bring up here.

JACK

(soothing)
All right. All right.

Look, I'm going to blow.

MAE

Where you going?

JACK

I've got to make some deliveries and then I'll probably drop by Joe's place and bring back a couple of the kids.

MAE

Oh, I wish you'd lay off those kids!

JACK

Oh, why don't you get over that "mother" complex.

5. EXT. - SCHOOL CROSSING ON MAIN STREET - DAY

A sign reads: "STOP SCHOOL CROSSING" held by a policeman. Teddy, Kenny, and Ralph are walking down Main Street, chatting as they walk.

TEDDY

Oh by the way Ralph, I'm sort of giving a little party Friday afternoon at my grandmother's. You know the place with the swimming pool? Would you like to come?

RALPH

Thanks Teddy, maybe I will.

TEDDY

I'd sure like to have you.

RALPH

Yeah, I'll probably drop over.

TEDDY

So long, Ralph.

RALPH

See you later.

Ralph and Teddy shake hands. Teddy and Kenny keep walking. Jack enters, and stops to talk with Ralph.

JACK

Hey Ralph!

RALPH

How ya been?

JACK

Fine. And you?

RALPH

Great.

JACK

Where ya headed?

RALPH

Oh...

They spot Mary, down the street a little way.

RALPH

(admiring Mary)

Hey how do you like that?
That's the one I was telling
you about.

JACK

Ve-ry nice!

A short distance away, Teddy and Kenny.

KENNY

I don't know why you want to
make such a fuss over that
Ralph Wiley.

TEDDY

Aw, he's a swell swimmer. He
made the freshman team that
year he went to college.
What's the matter?

KENNY

My dad knows his family.
Father and mother just got a
divorce in Paris.

TEDDY

Yeah?

KENNY

You know, Ralph hangs around
pretty much on his own. He's
been in a couple of jams.

TEDDY

Yeah, well I only try to say
hello to him, I don't go
around with him.

KENNY

Yeah, you better not, he's a little too old for us, that's what my dad says.

TEDDY

Hmmm.

Down the street a bit, at Mary Lane's car, which is an open convertible. The car is stopped and Mary is at the wheel. Bill, who is standing, is talking to Mary. Jimmy Lane is in the back seat. Ralph and Jack approach.

RALPH

Hello Mary! Hi Bill.

BILL

Hiya Ralph!

MARY

Oh, hello Ralph!

You know my brother Jimmy, don't you?

RALPH

How are you?

JIMMY

Swell!

RALPH

I'd like you to meet a friend of mine: Jack Perry. Mary, Bill.

BILL

Good to know you.

MARY

Hello!

JACK

(slyly)

Glad to know you.

We're going over to Joe's place, why don't you come along?

BILL

We have a date to play a set of doubles.

RALPH

Oh, you can play anytime. Come on! We'll have some laughs.

MARY

Oh not today Ralph, maybe some other time.

JIMMY

Can I go out with you? Sis, I'll be back by dinner time.

RALPH

Sure!

MARY

(starts car)

Don't be late Jimmy!

JIMMY

(hops out of car)

I won't.

They walk to off to the malt-shop.

6. INT. - MALT SHOP - DAY

Piano playing, kids dancing. Jack, Jimmy and Ralph enter. Joe, the soda-jerk, is cleaning glasses.

JACK

Hello Joe!

JOE

Hi Jack!

AGNES

Jimmy! Jimmy!

JIMMY

(to Agnes)

Hi darlin'!

(listens to piano)

Hey, he ain't no paper man!

AGNES

Why don't you know him?

That's Hot-Fingers Pirelli!

JIMMY

He really swings out with a mess of jive! Wanna dance?

AGNES

(smiles)

Sure!

At table with Ralph, Jack and Blanche.

JACK

Mae's expecting us at the apartment a little later.

(to Blanche)

Any new prospects?

BLANCHE

Maybe.

She glances over at Jimmy and Agnes, who are dancing.

The piano player finishes, and Jimmy sits down and begins

to play. The piano player sneaks off to a closet, where he smokes a marihuana cigarette with maniacal enjoyment. Jimmy finishes playing.

AGNES

Oh Jimmy, you're wonderful!

JIMMY

You're just finding that out?

Agnes and Jimmy approach Jack and Blanche's table.

JACK

Why can't we go now?

BLANCHE

Sure. Say kids, we're having a little party at my girlfriend's apartment. Wouldn't you like to come?

AGNES

I'd love to! You wanna come, don't you Jimmy?

JIMMY

Aw, sure! Anything with you!

BLANCHE

Well come on! We can all go in my car.

RALPH

See ya later Joe.

JOE

So long.

They exit.

7. EXT. - MARY LANE'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill and Mary are walking together, behind Mary Lane's house. Bill holds schoolbooks, Mary holds two tennis rackets. Bill accidentally drops books, picks them up.

MARY

It's good of you to help me,
Bill.

BILL

Well I'll try anything except
domestic sewing!

MARY

Why, Bill, don't you want to
learn something about running
your own home?

BILL

(laughs)

The answer is no!

You know, after that session
we had yesterday, I went home
and told mother that the
trouble with her pot-roast
gravy was she hadn't added
three heaping teaspoons full
of olive oil!

They giggle.

MARY

What did she say?

BILL

She didn't say anything. She
just threw me out of the
kitchen!

MARY

Well, I don't wonder!

Mrs. Lane enters.

MRS. LANE

Hello children!

MARY

Hello Mother.

BILL

Hello Mrs. Lane.

Mrs. Lane puts down a platter with hot chocolate and cookies in front of the kids.

MARY

That was sweet of you Mother!

BILL

Gosh! Hot chocolate! Thanks Mrs. Lane!

MRS. LANE

I know you can't study on empty stomachs. Now enjoy yourselves.

MARY

We will!

BILL

We will too Mrs. Lane.

(to Mary, with
affected manners)
May I?

MARY

(playing along)
Oh thank you kind sir!

You're so very, very kind!

They giggle.

BILL

Look at this, its swell!

MARY

Romeo and Juliet?

BILL

Don't you like it?

MARY

Uh huh.

BILL

You know, when I study this,
I kinda think of you. I read
it as though you're there,
beside me. Listen.

BILL

(reads dramatically)
It is my soul that calls upon
thy name, how silver sweet
sound lovers tongue by night.
Like softest music to
attending ears.

MARY

Romeo!

BILL

My dear!

Mrs. Lane is about to come out, but sees the kids, and
smiles wholesomely.

MARY

What O'clock tomorrow shall I
send for thee?

BILL

By the hour of nine!

MARY

I will not fail. 'Tis twenty
years 'til then.

They kiss, but Mrs. Lane arrives and interrupts them. Bill jumps up, embarrassed.

BILL

(walks out,
backwards)

Well, Uh ha. I'll see you
tonight, Mary! Goodbye Mrs.
Lane. Ha ha. So long!

Walking backwards, Bill pratfalls into a small pool,
soaking the seat of his pants.

BILL

Ow!

MARY

Oh Bill!

BILL

Uh, ha ha. I'm all right. Uh.
Bye. Bye!

8. INT. - BILL HARPER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mr. and Mrs. Harper, Bill and Junior are at home.

JUNIOR

(runs to Mr Harper)
Hey daddy! daddy! Hey dad,
got anything for me?

MRS HARPER

Don't bother your father
every night!

JUNIOR

Aw, have ya?

Mr Harper hands Junior some candy. Bill enters.

MR HARPER

There you are

MRS HARPER

(to Bill)
What made you so late, Bill?
I was getting worried!

BILL

Aw, I had to study, Ma.

JUNIOR

He was not, I saw him out
walking with his girl!

JUNIOR

(taunting)
Bill's got a girl! Bill's got
a girlfriend!

BILL

Mom, make him cut it out!

MRS HARPER

Junior!

JUNIOR

Well Bill HAS got a girl.

MRS HARPER

Quiet! And put that candy away until after dinner. Henry, you shouldn't have given it to him.

JUNIOR

Well he has got a girlfriend and her name is Mary!

BILL

I'll shut you up!

Bill chases Junior around the table.

MRS HARPER

Bill! Junior! Quit that carrying on! Junior!

MR HARPER

Aw, let them alone. They're all right. They're young.

JUNIOR

Bill's got a girl!

Bill catches Junior.

JUNIOR

I didn't mean it Bill, honest I didn't!

BILL

Aw. Well, what I'm burnt up about is that you didn't say that Bill had a swell girl!

JUNIOR

Gee! It must be love! She HAS to be swell for you to like her!

BILL

Uh Huh. Sounds like you want something. Come on, what is it?

JUNIOR

Well, it's my model airplane.
It won't work. Gosh, Bill,
you can fix it. You can fix
anything!

BILL

(laughs)
Ok, I'll fix it!

9. EXT. - IN TOWN, ON MAIN STREET - DAY

Bill is standing in front of a store. Jimmy Lane, driving his sister's convertible, pulls over.

JIMMY

Hey Bill!

Car rolls to a stop.

BILL

Oh hello Jimmy!

JIMMY

Mary told me to wait and tell you she had to go home, 'cause her mother wanted her to go to the dress maker with her.

BILL

Oh thanks, Jimmy. Mmmm, must be getting grown-up, I see Mary let you have the car.

JIMMY

(proudly)

Yeah! Can I take you anyplace?

BILL

Hmmm, I wasn't going any place in particular.

JIMMY

Well then, how about driving me over to the, Joe's place with me? I'll buy you a soda.

BILL

(laughing)

I never drink the stuff.

JIMMY

Well, gee, I'll buy you something else.

BILL

Ok, you're on the hook for
one root-beer!

JIMMY

Swell!

Bill gets in the car with Jimmy, Jimmy starts it up.

10. INT. - THE MALT SHOP - DAY

JOE

Hi Bill! Hi Jimmy.

BILL

Hi Joe!

JACK

Hey Jimmy!

BLANCHE

Hi Jimmy. Hello Bill. Come on! Slide in.

BILL

Hello Blanche.

JIMMY

Hello Ralph. How ya been, Ralph?

RALPH

Oh hello Jimmy.

Waitress comes to table.

JIMMY

(to waitress)

Two sodas. Oh, I mean, one float and one root beer.

(to Blanche)

How's Mae?

BLANCHE

Oh, she's fine. We're going up to her apartment later.

JIMMY

Can Bill come along?

BLANCHE

Uh huh.

(To Bill)

Want to come?

BILL

Well--

JIMMY

Oh come on Bill, you'll get a kick out of it.

BILL

(reluctantly)

Thanks just the same.

BLANCHE

Aw, come on Bill! Mary won't be jealous!

JIMMY

Why sure, Bill! All the kids will be there, its keen!

BILL

Well I don't know, I really shouldn't... Well, ok.

The malt shop piano player, "Hot-Fingers Pirelli" improvises in a popular piano style of the day, and smiles maniacally.

11. INT. - MAE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Music blaring, and high-school kids - boys in suits, girls in knee-hemmed dresses - jitterbugging enthusiastically to jazz. The sound of "crazy" laughter is heard in the background. Jack heads to the door. The door buzzer sounds as Jack continues to the door. Ralph, Jimmy, Blanche and Bill are there.

JACK

Hiya kids!

RALPH

Hello Jack, what do you say?

JACK

Yeah, come on in.

Jimmy joins Agnes on the couch with an embrace and kiss. Blanche looks at Bill, who is beholding the scene in the room.

BLANCHE

Come on Bill, don't stand there!

Bill walks over to and sits by Blanche.

Mae enters.

BLANCHE

Mae! He's Bill Harper. He's ok.

BILL

(nervously)
Hello!

MAE

(warily)
Well, if you say so, it's all right with me.
(shakes his hand)
I'll be back in a minute.

Mae leaves party in den, and enters the kitchen.

MAE

(to Jack)

There's a new one in today.

JACK

Yeah, Bill Harper. He's all right.

Blanche has got herself quite a yen for him.

MAE

Not bad. I didn't think she had that much taste.

JACK

She knows what she's doing. She's got Ralph nuts about her, and now she's got her hooked up with this new kid.

MAE

(sees empty reefer box from cabinet)

Hey, we haven't any more smokes. You better run over and get some.

JACK

Why couldn't you find that out when I was here this morning? Now I've got my car at the shop.

MAE

Well, what of it? That kid out there, Jimmy. He's got a car.

(hands Jack his jacket)

He'll take you.

JACK

(stands)

Oh, all right.

Jack dons jacket and leaves kitchen, enters den. There kids

are smooching; one pair scurry to the record player to put on another record. Jimmy is making out with Agnes on a couch.

JACK

Hey Jimmy:

JIMMY

(standing)

Yeah?

JACK

I need to go over to Cedar Avenue for a minute. You've got a car haven't you?

JIMMY

Why yeah, its my sister's.

JACK

Mind giving me a lift?

JIMMY

Why, sure! Come on!

JACK

O. K.

"Satanic" jazz music (according to Anslinger, Hearst etc.) starts to play - a seemingly happy tune.

Jack and Jimmy exit. Blanche and a nervous Bill are seated together, Ralph across the room. Another couple passionately kisses and hugs on a couch across the room, as jazz music plays.

Bill looks nervously at the make-out scene on the couch. He offers an ordinary tobacco cigarette to Blanche, seated next to him.

BLANCHE

(uninterested)

No thank you.

Bill lights the tobacco cigarette.

Mae enters into living room with tray of ready-rolled reefers.

MAE

Well, here they are.

BLANCHE

(perks)

Oh, thanks!

Blanche enthusiastically reaches for a reefer across Bill's bewildered face.

RALPH

(seated across the room)

Oh Mae, don't forget me!

MAE

(sourly)

I never forget you.

Mae hands Ralph a reefer.

Bill puffs on an ordinary tobacco cigarette.

BLANCHE

(taking Bill's cigarette, handing him a reefer)

Oh dear, if you want a good smoke, try one of these!

Agnes puffs on her reefer, and smiles as if greatly enjoying it.

BLANCHE

(to Bill, who isn't smoking a reefer)

I thought you were a sport!

(strikes a match, lights her reefer)

Of course, if you're afraid...

Bill warily eyes the marihuana cigarette, and - as if to prove he isn't afraid - puts it in his mouth.

BLANCHE

(happily)

That's better! That's more like it!

(lights Bill's reefer)

I know you'll like it, really you will. Just take a puff of it.

Bill takes a puff as Ralph laughs maniacally, reefer in hand.

12. EXT. - IN FRONT OF BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

Boss's office is on a city street. Mary's car - a convertible with the top down - driven by Jimmy pulls up, and Jack gets out.

JACK

Just be a minute, kid.

JIMMY

(anxiously)

Hey Jack, give me a cigarette
before you go, will you?

Jack warily gives him a reefer. Jimmy lights up while Jack enters the boss's office.

13. INT. - INSIDE BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

Boss is totaling something on a large and noisy hand-cranked adding machine.

BOSS

Hello Jack.

JACK

Hi Boss.

BOSS

How's business?

JACK

Getting better every day.
Those kids sure go for it.

BOSS

Swell.

JACK

(counts money)
Had to run over for couple
more cartons. Ran short today.

BOSS

Uh huh.

Jack places some money on Boss's desk.

BOSS

(on the intercom)
Johnny - that's ten gross for
Jack Perry. Who? Pete Daley?
All right, send him in.
(to Jack)
It's all right, stay where
you are.

Jack opens door for Pete, who enters.

PETE

(to Boss)
I want to talk to you.

BOSS

(nods)

All right, go ahead. Jack's OK. What's the beef?

PETE

Listen, you never heard no beef when I had to sell that rotten gin.

BOSS

(putting away the money)

You're after the dough aren't ya?

PETE

Yeah, well I don't need dough that bad.

(disgusted)

Taking two-bit pieces from kids!

BOSS

There are millions of two-bit pieces just beggin' to be taken. Don't be a dope.

PETE

I'm just DOPE enough to draw the line selling hop to kids!

BOSS

(in mock-conciliation)

All right, Pete. You know what my policy has always been. If you boys are not satisfied, I'm always glad to have 'em retire... Retire, "permanently".

So long.

Pete slowly leaves, but at the door, turns to Boss.

PETE

I only wish you had a couple
of kids, so I could--

BOSS

Get out!

(to Jack)

All right Jack, pick up your
stuff and get out of here, it
ought to be ready by now.

JACK

Ok, Boss.

Boss resumes cranking his adding machine as Jack leaves.

14. EXT. - IN FRONT OF BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy, in the driver's seat, starts the car as Jack approaches. Jimmy drunkenly tosses his lit marihuana cigarette butt to the street.

JIMMY

(exhaling reefer
smoke, slurring
words)

Let's go Jack, I'm red hot!

JACK

Better be careful how you
drive, or the first thing you
know, you'll be ice cold.

Jimmy appears to pooh pooh the idea. The car starts back to Mae's apartment, speeding through a 1930's Los Angeles.

JACK

Take it easy, kid!

JACK

Slow down - you'll kill
somebody!

Jimmy speeds on, running through a stop signal, striking down an upright citizen of the town. Jimmy doesn't slow down or stop for the elderly man who is left lying in the street. Concerned onlookers gather around the critically injured man, as the hit-and-run drivers keep going.

15. INT. - BREAKFAST AT MARY LANE'S HOUSE - DAY

Mary eats her breakfast alone. Mrs. Lane enters the room with a plate of toast.

MRS. LANE

Mary, you're not eating your breakfast again. Bill Harper hasn't been around lately. Anything wrong between you two?

MARY

(crossly)

Why SHOULD there be anything wrong?

MRS. LANE

(soothing)

There shouldn't be I'm sure. And what ever it is, it isn't serious, I know.

MARY

I'm sorry Mother, for snapping at you like that.

MRS. LANE

Don't worry about it, dear. Why don't you speak frankly to Bill? He'll be honest, whatever the trouble is. I'm sure Bill Harper never lied about anything.

MARY

Yes, that's right. Bill's mother says he never lies.

MRS. LANE

There, you see?

MARY

You think it would be all right, if I speak to him about it?

MRS. LANE

Why, of course!

Jimmy enters room, looking guilty.

MRS. LANE

Oh Jimmy.
(kissing him)

JIMMY

Hello mom.

MRS. LANE

Sit down, darling, and I'll
have your breakfast for you
in a moment.

Jimmy sits at table. Mrs. Lane leaves room.

the movie appears to be broken and missing a few seconds here

MARY

... Jimmy!

JIMMY

What have I got to worry
about?

MARY

Why don't you tell me?

JIMMY

Oh for Pete's sake, don't
start to cross examine me,
will ya? I'm all right.

MARY

Jimmy! Don't let Mother see
you like this!

Mrs. Lane enters room with Jimmy's breakfast, Jimmy
straightens up. Mrs. Lane serves Jimmy breakfast.

16. INT. - GOVERNMENT OFFICE - DAY

A big, important-looking, Government building.

Fade in to office door, plaque reading, FEDERAL OFFICES, Bureau Of Investigation. Fade in to inside of office where Dr. Carroll is sitting in front of a G-man, who is seated at a 1930's government desk.

DR. CARROLL

There is no doubt, that there is an organized gang, distributing the narcotic, to students. Not only in my school, but all over the city. You government men have got to find some way to put an end to it!

MR. WYATT

Of course I agree with you, Dr. Carroll, but do you realize that marihuana is not like other forms of DOPE? You see it grows wild in almost every state of the union. Therefore, there is practically no interstate commerce in the drug. As a result, the government's hands are tied. And frankly, the only sure cure, is a widespread campaign in education.

DR. CARROLL

Oh, its all right to talk about education Mr Wyatt, but we educators can't do anything until the public is sufficiently aroused.

MR. WYATT

Let me show you something. In 1930, the records on marihuana in the Washington office, narcotics division,

scarcely filled a small folder like this. Today, they fill cabinets.

Walks over to some filing cabinets.

MR. WYATT

All these, devoted to marihuana records.

Taking a folder, Mr Wyatt walks back to the desk with Dr. Carroll.

MR. WYATT

Here is an example. A sixteen year-old lad, apprehended in the act of staging a holdup. Sixteen years old, and a marihuana addict. Here is a most tragic case.

DR. CARROLL

Yes, I remember. Just a young boy. Under the influence of the drug, he killed his entire family with an axe.

MR. WYATT

Then there is the most vicious kind of case. Here.

He hands Dr. Carroll a clipping.

MR. WYATT

In Michigan, a young girl, seventeen years old - a reefer smoker - taken in a raid in the company of five young men.

Dr. Carroll frowns.

MR. WYATT

Here is a particularly flagrant case.

DR. CARROLL

Yes, I remember the newspapers made quite a play of it. In West Virginia, wasn't it?

MR. WYATT

Yes, and there are hundreds of them coming up, new ones every day.

DR. CARROLL

I'd like to take these records, if I may. I feel they would be of invaluable assistance to me, in combating the evil in my school.

MR. WYATT

You're very welcome, Dr. Carroll.

DR. CARROLL

Thank you.

17. INT. - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Bill enters. Dr. Carroll is seated at his desk.

DR. CARROLL

Sit down, Bill.

Bill sits.

DR. CARROLL

There seems to be something wrong. What is it? You were always a fine student. You always had excellent grades.

BILL

Oh I guess the work is getting a little harder, Doctor Carroll.

DR. CARROLL

No. No, it isn't that. Bill, I'd like to help you. But of course I can't unless you let me. You're undermining your health.

BILL

No, there's nothing Doctor Carroll, really there isn't. I'll study harder, honest!

DR. CARROLL

Honest? If you were being honest with me and honest with yourself, I'm afraid you'd tell me an entirely different story. Bill, I'm, I'm going to ask you a straightforward question, and I'd like to have a straightforward answer.

Bill avoids eye contact, looks away nervously.

BILL

Yes sir.

DR. CARROLL

Isn't it true that you have -
perhaps unwillingly -
acquired a certain harmful
habit, through association
with certain undesirable
people?

Bill looks away, frowns, and wrings his hands.

DR. CARROLL

Well?

BILL

Oh, no sir, I haven't Doctor
Carroll. Well, that is, you
see, I'm worried about
something at home.

DR. CARROLL

All right my boy, we'll just
have to let it go at that.
But remember, if you ever
want to confide in me, no one
will ever be the wiser.

BILL

Thank you, Doctor Carroll.

18. EXT. - TENNIS COURT - DAY

Mary is dressed for tennis with racket in hand, waiting.
Kenny, also dressed for tennis and with racket, enters.

KENNY

Hello, Mary. You wanna play a
set?

MARY

Thanks Kenny, but I'm waiting
for someone.

KENNY

Well if you're waiting for
Bill, he hasn't been here in
weeks.

Mary, upset. Quickly turns and stomps off.

19. INT. - MAE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Blanche, obviously high on reefer, dances in a drunken manner. Ralph and other kids are sitting. A stoned Bill is standing on the other side of the room, facing Blanche and smiling.

BLANCHE

Come on Jimmy, play something hot!

Jimmy walks to piano with Agnes in tow and begins to play. Blanche dances and starts to shed clothing.

BLANCHE

Come on Billy, dance with me!
Ah, ha ha ha!

An intoxicated Bill begins to dance with Blanche. They dance towards the bedroom.

In the kitchen, Mae fixes a drink. Jack enters, but peeks back at the scene in the living room.

JACK

Didn't take that new kid long to catch on.

MAE

(pouring drink)
Don't take any of 'em long.

Jack walks to the refrigerator and pulls out some food.

MAE

Say, don't you ever get fed?

JACK

You're feeding me, can't you see?
(Sits at table to eat)
Get me a knife and fork, will ya?

MAE

Get it yourself.

Back in the living room, Bill dances an intoxicated Blanche back to the bedroom, as she laughs and doffs clothing. Ralph, watching the couple dance from the living room, remains seated, and smokes from his reefer, laughing madly.

BLANCHE

Come on, Bill! Come on! Come on!

In the bedroom, Blanche embraces Bill, and closes the door with her foot behind her. As the piano dins in the background, the couple giggle and remove articles of Blanche's clothing.

She lays down on a divan, pulling Bill down with her.

BLANCHE

Come on! Come on...

Bill lays with her, embracing her. Bill's hand innocently goes around her, but Blanche places Bill's hand down there; just below where we can see.

Back in the living room, Jimmy is attempting to play the piano, while Agnes distracts him by kissing him. Ralph continues to smoke his reefer, ogling couples making out, cackling maniacally.

20. EXT. - MARY LANE'S HOUSE - DAY

Fade in to Mary Lane's front door, where two police investigators want to ask Mary some questions.

INVESTIGATOR

Morning, miss. We're from the Police Department.

MARY

Good morning.

INVESTIGATOR

We're tracing a hit and run driver. Someone caught the license number at the place of the accident but didn't get it quite right. And we're checking all numbers like it, and yours was one of them.

MARY

Well I'll try to help you.

INVESTIGATOR

Do you remember what you did on the 29th of last month?

MARY

Oh, that was the day before Mother's birthday.

Oh yes I remember that because I left school and went directly to the dress-maker's with Mother. I was there all afternoon.

INVESTIGATOR

Did you happen to loan your car to a couple of men?

MARY

(nervously)

No. No, I had the car all afternoon myself.

INVESTIGATOR

Well, thanks Miss, sorry to
have troubled you.

MARY

Tell me, er, did they, was
the person, killed?

INVESTIGATOR

Fortunately he wasn't, but
that's still no excuse for
hit and run driving.

They leave, and Mary, pensively, closes the door.

21. INT. - MALT SHOP - DAY

Fade in to Mary, entering the empty Malt shop. She approaches the soda-jerk, Joe, who is cleaning glasses.

MARY

Had Jimmy Lane been here today?

JOE

(eyes Mary suspiciously)
He was in. He went over to Mae's place. You know where that is.

MARY

Well... he was going to wait for me here... So, he didn't, give me Mae's address. Are you sure Jimmy didn't leave any message for me - Mary?

JOE

No he didn't.
(eyes Mary)
But I guess you're OK. I'll write it down for you.

Joe jots down Mae's address for a nervous Mary.

22. INT. - MAE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door-buzzer sounds. Ralph answers, and it is Mary.

RALPH

Mary!

He shakes her hand, pulling her in the apartment at the same time.

RALPH

Come right in!

MARY

Is Jimmy here?

RALPH

He's around somewhere, I, I think he went out to take Agnes home. He'll be right back. Come in and sit down Mary. And let me take your coat.

Fade in to kitchen, Jack and Mae are there.

MAE

Who's the new kid who just came in?

JACK

Oh it's that gal that Ralph has gone overboard for. It's funny, he hasn't been able to get her up here before.

Back in the living room with Ralph and Mary, Mary is looking around for the first time. Ralph whispers to passed-out couple on the couch.

RALPH

(whispering to
groggy couple)
Hey! Hey! Scram, will ya?

The sleepy make-out couple obediently leaves. Ralph joins Mary who is sitting on the couch.

Ralph slyly takes a reefer - disguised as an ordinary smoke, and lights it. He exhales a cloud of smoke which passes in front of Mary's face. He hands her a reefer. Mary is pensively staring off in the distance.

RALPH

Smoke, Mary?

MARY

Thanks.

Ralph carefully observes Mary as she taps the cigarette on the back of her hand, as if it were an ordinary tobacco one.

MARY

(looking away,
distracted)

Are you sure Jimmy will be
back soon?

RALPH

(striking a match)

Sure, any minute.

Mary lights her smoke, and inhales, seemingly not noticing that this is a dread marihuana reefer, and not a tobacco-filled cigarette. She puffs a few times. Ralph watches Mary, waiting for the drug to take effect. Mary puffs away, distracted.

Back in the bedroom, Blanche is wakening from a post-romp slumber. A remorseful Bill stares out the window, away from Blanche. Both look like they have fallen asleep with their clothes on. Blanche stretches, revealing she's down to her slip, Bill's bow-tie is undone. Bill looks at Blanche and puts his head in his hands.

Back to the living room, where Mary is now giggling from the marihuana. She tosses her reefer, and giggles. Ralph hands her his and she giggles again.

Meanwhile, into the kitchen with Mae and Jack. Jack pours Mae a bit from a bottle of booze. Mae has a lit cigarette.

MAE

(eyeing the puny
shot)
Say, what's the matter, an
orphan?

RALPH

(filling the glass)
Where do you put it, you got
a hollow leg?

MAE

(tipsily)
Thank you.

Mary (with Ralph in the living room), puts out the reefer
she's holding, and holds her head.

RALPH

(taking her arm)
How do you feel, Mary?

He puts his arm around her. Mary pushes him away.

RALPH

(persistently)
Oh Mary.

He forces himself on her, but she struggles.

MARY

(trying to get away)
No. No! No, stop it! Stop!
Stop!

Ralph is practically on top of her, holding her down.

MARY

(trying harder to
get away)
No! Leave me alone! Leave me
alone!

She struggles, but Ralph won't stop.

Back to the bedroom, a groggy and stoned Bill stumbles to the door.

In the living room.

MARY

(struggling)

No! Leave me alone!

RALPH

(forcing her)

It's all right, Mary!

Ralph continues to forcefully hold Mary as she struggles. He begins to unzip her dress.

MARY

(screams)

Aaaa!

Bill stumbles out of the bedroom and sees the two struggling.

Fade in to scene in Bill's imagination. In Bill's blurry imagination, Mary is unzipping her dress and happily submitting to Ralph. Bill goes in and out of focus as he imagines Mary is stripping for Ralph. Bill (due to the marijuana) somehow can't see that Ralph is forcing himself on poor Mary, who is screaming and violently struggling to get free.

Bill stumbles over and grabs Ralph, and Ralph and Bill begin to fight.

From the kitchen, Jack hears the commotion, grabs his pistol from his jacket, and enters the fracas in the living room. Jack grabs Bill. As Bill and Jack wrestle, the gun goes off.

Mary has been fatally wounded and lies dead, a neat bullet hole in her back (coincidentally where her dress was unzipped and pulled down by Ralph): the bullet has pierced Mary's heart.

Bill and Jack continue to struggle until Jack pistol-whips Bill and knocks Bill out. Blanche and Mae look on.

BLANCHE

(looking at Mary)
Ralph, Ralph! Look!

RALPH

Jack, is she all right?

JACK

(examines Mary's
body, then pauses)
She's dead.

Mae and Blanche visibly recoil from the news.

JACK

(thinking)
Mae, get me some water.

Mae exits.

JACK

(to Ralph and
Blanche)
Now listen you two, I want
you to get out of here. Get
out of here and forget you
were ever in here today. I'll
handle this. Now get going!

Blanche and Ralph exit.

Jack takes his pistol, wipes it with his handkerchief, and
- kneeling next to a still knocked-out Bill - places the
gun in Bill's hand. Mae arrives with the water.

JACK

(taking the pitcher
of water)
Give it to me.

Jack sprinkles some water on Bill's face, and Bill starts
to awaken.

JACK

Here.

Jack gives the pitcher back to Mae, and helps a groggy Bill back to his feet. Bill is holding the gun now, but doesn't know it. Jack points Bill at Mary's lifeless body.

BILL

Mary!

Bill looks down at his hand, which is holding the gun. He drops the gun in bewilderment and crouches next to Mary's body.

BILL

(gently shakes her)

Mary!

BILL

(to Jack)

What happened?

JACK

You killed her.

Bill breaks down and begins to weep over Mary. Jack and Mae step back as Bill cries.

JACK

(To Mae)

Look. After I scam, you call the cops. And this is your story, remember it. These two kids came up here for a couple of beers. You were out in the kitchen, you heard the shot. When you got in here, that's what you found. Just stick to that story.

BILL

(cradling Mary's
lifeless head)

Mary! Mary... speak to me!
Mary!

23. INT. - MALT SHOP - DAY

A somber piano piece piano piece is playing. Jack enters, looks around, and heads for Jimmy's booth where Jimmy is with some cheerful kids. Jack taps Jimmy on the shoulder. Jimmy startles when he sees Jack. Jack signals Jimmy, and they move to a private booth.

JIMMY

(looking around
nervously)

Hello, Jack.

JACK

I was just talking to a friend of mine. A cop. A sergeant on the homicide squad. That guy you hit that day, died.

Jack looks at a worried Jimmy.

JIMMY

Died? You - I mean, you didn't--

JACK

No. I didn't crack, and I'm not going to. Nobody will ever know you were driving that car.

JIMMY

Thanks Jack--

JACK

Just as long as you keep your mouth shut you were ever at Mae's apartment.

JIMMY

Why sure Jack, sure.

JACK

O. K.

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23. INT. - MALT SHOP - DAY

Fade in newspaper headline: HARPER MARIHUANA SLAYING TRIAL
OPENS.

24. INT. - COURTROOM - DAY

Fade in to courtroom.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Your Honor, I'd like to recall Doctor Alfred Carroll to the stand.

JUDGE

Call Doctor Alfred Carroll to the stand.

Dr. Carroll sits in the witness booth.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Doctor Carroll, as Principal of the Lakeside High School, did you, during the last three months, notice any changes in the demeanor and attitude of your student, William Harper?

DR. CARROLL

Yes, in a number of things. For example, at times, dissociation of ideas. In uh, another instance, I happened to attend the recent interscholastic tennis matches. And while Bill Harper, had been considered an exceedingly good player, I saw him miss the ball by as much as three or four feet. This I understand could be attributed to the use of marihuana. It causes errors in time and space.

PROSECUTOR

Objection your honor! The witness isn't qualified to express opinions upon the effects of narcotics.

JUDGE

Sustained. Doctor Carroll has been called merely as a character witness.

DEFENSE

Well then, although you didn't know with your own knowledge that the defendant was using marihuana, did you notice any changes that would lead you to believe (as an educator) that he was under some severe mental strain might possibly have been induced by some drug?

DR. CARROLL

Yes, I recall distinctly a few weeks ago. It was during a class of English Literature. There was a serious discussion of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, when he suddenly burst into an uncontrollable fit of hysterical laughter.

Bill's parents watch the proceedings apprehensively.

DEFENSE

By the way, Doctor Carroll. Six months ago, what would have been your opinion regarding the character of my client?

DR. CARROLL

He was a fine upstanding American boy: a good scholar; a good athlete, and representative of the caliber of young men we are proud to graduate from our school.

25. INT. - APARTMENT 32 - DAY

In a new, smaller "hide-out" -type apartment, Ralph sits nervously smoking a reefer and talking to Blanche.

BLANCHE

(to Ralph)

Oh, snap out of it, will ya?

(thinking out loud)

Not our fault. Why'd I ever bring him up there, anyway?

He's just a kid. Can't hang him.

RALPH

(exhaling smoke,

with maniacal look)

Shut up, shut up!

BLANCHE

Why don't you let yourself go? Talk! Go off your nut, and have me that way too. It was his own fault, wasn't it?

RALPH

(exhaling smoke,

with crazed look)

Shut up! They've got us hidden out, haven't they? The cops can't find us.

Mae looks and listens from the next room. Jack is stretched out on a cot reading a paper.

MAE

(hushed, to Jack)

Jack! Jack, I want to get out of here.

JACK

You're gonna stay here just as long as we have to keep those two under cover. 'Til the trial's over - or the boss gets a better idea.

MAE

But they're getting on my nerves!

JACK

It can't last much longer. I'm not worried about her. We gotta keep him gagged.

MAE

Oh, he's about ready to crack.

JACK

All you gotta do is keep him from having too many reefers.

MAE

Any day now that punk'll get hot. He'll probably spill and tell all he knows if he gets a chance.

JACK

(rising to his feet)
I don't think he'll get it.
(donning jacket)
I'll see you later.

MAE

Where are you going?

JACK

I'm gonna see the boss.

Jack exits as Mae primps in a mirror.

26. INT. - BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

Boss is seated. Jack enters.

BOSS

Hello Jack.

JACK

Hello Boss.

Jack sits in a chair in front of boss's desk.

JACK

What are we gonna do about
that Wiley guy?

BOSS

Still jittery, huh?

JACK

I don't know what the punk's
gonna do.

BOSS

Keep feeding him those hop
sticks.

JACK

That's what Mae's been doing.
That's no good. I've gotta
hunch he's due to crack when
that Harper verdict comes in.
If he's on the tea, he's
liable to take a powder on
us, and blow his top to the
D.A.

BOSS

You mean we'd all be better
off if he never, uh, heard
the verdict?

Jack nods.

BOSS

Well, what are you waiting
for?

Jack makes an O.K. sign, and winks.

Newspaper headline, "HARPER VERDICT EXPECTED TONIGHT".

27. INT. - COURTROOM - DAY

Fade in to courtroom, where the prosecutor is making his final summation to the jury.

PROSECUTOR

You ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have a duty to perform; a duty to yourselves, and to our community. Mary Lane is dead.

The jury recoils at the word "dead".

PROSECUTOR

The evidence you've heard at this trial, could not have failed to convince you of the guilt of the defendant.

(pointing at Bill)

By his own admission, he pressed the trigger of the weapon that sent lovely and innocent Mary Lane to a tragic and untimely death.

A grieving Mrs. Lane is in the courtroom, sobbing into a handkerchief.

PROSECUTOR

We are not so much concerned about the motives behind the deed, as to the deed itself. While the defendant has told you that he saw someone attacking Mary Lane, and that his mind went blank from that moment on, the defense has been unable to produce one witness to substantiate that statement. Now ladies and gentlemen of the jury, you've heard able men testify at this trial. Men who were proud to bring out the fact that the defendant might have become momentarily insane

when he fired the shot that killed Mary Lane. But the defense has been unable to prove that he was insane. William Harper was sane when he visited the apartment where the tragedy occurred. He was in the habit of visiting the place. He was sane when he went to bed with another young women.

Bill attempts to hide his face. His lawyer gently pulls him up to face the prosecutor.

PROSECUTOR

You've all heard what went on in that room. You heard it from the defendant's own lips. Involved, as he was, in a tawdry love affair, Mary Lane was in the way. She had found him out. In a moment of anger, he deliberately and willfully, killed her. If such deeds are permitted to go unpunished, this community would cease to be a decent and safe place for us or our children to live. I do not believe I need to plead, or even demand, that you bring in a verdict to punish the defendant for the crime he has committed against society. You are upright citizens. That is why you were chosen to judge another. And as honest, upright citizens, there is only one verdict which you could find. And that is, a verdict of guilty!

CLERK

(not seen)

And this court will be
adjourned until the jury's
verdict is reached.

28. INT. - JURY ROOM - DAY

Jurors are seated about a table.

JUROR1

I suppose you all feel the same about this case.

JUROR2

But he might have been insane when he did it--

JUROR3

No he wasn't.

JUROR1

He knew what he was doing.

JUROR2

But, supposing he was insane?

JUROR1

You'll never get me to believe it nor anybody else. We'll take a first vote.

Jurors write something on small sheets of paper, hand them to Juror1.

JUROR1

(opens, examines sheets of paper)
Eleven for conviction, one for acquittal.

JUROR2

But there's a reasonable doubt about the boy's sanity. We can't--

A cord for a pull cord lamp situated over the table swings pendulously.

JUROR1

No doubt about the fact that

he murdered her. He admitted
it himself. That wasn't the
first time he was there.

Juror1 stares in the direction of the swinging cord, a
portrait of George Washington off to the right. The
(hypnotically) swinging cord fades into a swinging
hangman's noose.

JUROR1

We gotta make an example,
before boys like that
contaminate all of our
children. We can't have every
murderer hiding behind the
guise that he's insane.

Two upright lady jurors nod in agreement.

One lady writes "guilty" - dotting the "i" and crossing the
"t" of the word.

JUROR1

Sure they see red before they
kill somebody. But who's
fault is it?

29. INT. - COURTROOM - DAY

The reading of the verdict. The jurors file in the jury box.

JUDGE

Have you reached a verdict?

JUROR1

We have.

JUDGE

The defendant will rise.

Bill stands.

JUDGE

What is your verdict?

JUROR1

We find the defendant guilty
as charged.

MRS. HARPER

No!

(sobs)

In the courtroom, Mae is in attendance.

30. INT. - APARTMENT 32 - NIGHT

A somewhat disheveled Ralph - darkened eyes - is pacing nervously, Blanche is playing a stormy piano piece.

RALPH

Stop that racket. Stop it!

BLANCHE

What's the matter with you?
You give me the creeps.

Ralph, looking crazy, laughs a demented laugh, notices the empty box of reefers.

RALPH

Mae. Mae!

Mae enters.

MAE

What do you want?

RALPH

(madly)

Bring me some reefers!

Mae reluctantly leaves to get some. Blanche resumes playing, as Ralph paces nervously.

RALPH

They're going to hang him.
(almost crying)

Blanche, they're going to
hang him!

BLANCHE

Aw come on, get a hold of
yourself.

Mae enters with the reefers.

MAE

Here ya are.

Ralph's attention focused on box of reefers, he grabs one, laughing maniacally. He lights it.

MAE

Now quit that crazy laughing!

RALPH

Where's Jack? I want to get out of here.

MAE

They'll pick you up and hang you, if you don't pipe down.

RALPH

I wanna see Jack. Jack. I wanna see Jack. Jack...

MAE

(to Blanche)

You better quiet him.

BLANCHE

I can't do anything with him.

Ralph sits and puffs the reefer, laughing in a crazy manner.

RALPH

(thinking)

I've gotta see Jack. We can't let that kid hang.

(begins to weep)

MAE

He'll be here, don't worry, he'll be here in a little while.

RALPH

I've got to see him. I've got to see him.

Mae walks over to Blanche, and motions for Blanche to begin playing the piano again. She begins a stormy, dramatic piece. Ralph looks distressed and sobs.

RALPH

(sobbing)

Oh!

Blanche stops playing and goes over to Ralph.

BLANCHE

Don't worry darling,
everything will be over soon.

She kisses him on the cheek.

BLANCHE

You want me to play something
for you?

RALPH

Yeah. Yeah, that's it. Play
something.

BLANCHE

All right. Come on.

Blanche leads Ralph to the piano and begins to play, as
Ralph smokes a reefer.

BLANCHE

Honey, give me a smoke, will
ya?

He lights another reefer and hands it to her. She inhales
and kisses him. She begins to play again, as he smokes.

RALPH

(maniacal look)

Faster. Faster!

She begins to bring up the tempo.

RALPH

(maniacally)

Play it faster! Faster! Play
it faster.

RALPH

(fingers twitching)

Faster.

Blanche, with wild look, and reefer in mouth, plays it faster. Ralph, smoking, seems to be maniacally enraptured with the music.

Tossing his (lit) reefer (on the carpet) he holds his head with his hands, thinking. Ralph hears Jack enter the apartment. Blanche stops playing as Jack enters.

RALPH

(standing, facing
Jack)

I know what you want. You
want to kill me.

JACK

You're crazy. Take it easy
kid. I just want to talk to
you.

Jack begins to pull a pistol out of his jacket. But Ralph is ready with a fireplace poker, and proceeds to bash Jack over the head. Jack falls, but Ralph continues to beat him with the fireplace poker, over and over. Blanche crazily cries. Mae enters, and screams. Blanche screams and crazily cries/laughs. Ralph madly continues to beat a now thoroughly-dead Jack.

Downstairs, the apartment manager lady calls the police.

MANAGER LADY

Hurry! Hurry! There's a
terrible fight going on! Yes,
yes. Apartment thirty two.

Back upstairs, Blanche comforts a deranged Ralph, who is still holding the fireplace poker. Police enter the apartment. Blanche tries to run, but Ralph just sits, holding the fireplace poker, staring. The police grab Blanche.

BLANCHE

Stop it! Stop it! Get off of

me! Get your hands off of me!
Stop it! Take your hands off
me! Stop it!

Cops exit with Blanche, Ralph, and Mae.

31. INT. - POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The police interrogation room is dark, except for a single lamp. Mae is under the lamp, getting the third degree from two cigar-smoking cops. Montage of clips of Mae getting the third degree, with voice-overs of cops.

MAE

Give me a glass of water.

TOUGH COP

Who's behind you?

MAE

No, no, no!

TOUGH COP

You'll hang if you don't talk. Who is Jack Perry? Are you ready to tell what you know?

MAE

Yes! I'll talk.

Cops allow Mae some water.

A short "calling all cars" 1920's montage of a police dispatcher talking into some big, important-looking 1920's style radio equipment. Wailing sirens follow. Clips of 1920's police motorcycles and 1920's police cars are shown. Appears to be stock footage thrown together.

A policeman slowly breaks down door with an axe. Boss is inside. Boss reaches (slowly) for a gun, but police grab Boss and take him without violence. On go the handcuffs.

Newspaper headline: "HARPER CASE GANG LEADERS CAPTURED - All Higher-ups Of Gang Behind Scenes In Harper Case Taken Into Custody - SWIFT ACTION PROMISED".

Fade in to door plaque reading: "JUDGE'S CHAMBER".

32. INT. - JUDGE'S CHAMBER - DAY

The judge, Blanche, and some lawyers are seated around a table.

LAWYER

If we can gain some measure of leniency for my client, she is prepared to enter a plea of guilty, and, in addition, turn state's evidence in the case of William Harper.

JUDGE

I regret that this court is not prepared, to bargain with justice.

BLANCHE

(rises to her feet,
determined)

I'll tell anyway. I was there. I saw it. I know who killed Mary. And I'll tell you who killed Mary Lane. It wasn't Bill. It was Jack. Jack Perry. He shot Mary then he put the gun in Bill's hand. We were all up at the apartment one afternoon, and Mary came in looking for her brother. Bill and I, we'd been in another room. And Bill came in, he caught Ralph with Mary so he started to fight. But it was Jack who had the gun. He was gonna hit Bill over the head with it to make him stop. And then, then the gun went off.

(emotional, almost
weeping)

I saw it. I can see it now!

It was horrible! And, before we knew it, Mary was, Mary was, dead!

(sits)

But you see, Judge, Bill didn't know that he hadn't killed Mary. He was so doped up they made him think he had. Ralph wanted to tell you too.

(weeping)

Oh, if they'd only let him! But this is the truth, Judge. I'm telling you the truth. After Jack saw that Mary was dead, he put the gun in Bill's hand! It was Jack's fault. And it was my fault too. I got all of 'em to come up to the apartment. I'm just as much to blame. I am.

(really blubbering now)

I am!

JUDGE

Do I understand you wish to plead guilty to a charge of fostering moral delinquency in the case of William Harper?

BLANCHE

(loudly blubbering)

Yes, yes, I'm guilty, I am!

JUDGE

(to clerk)

Prepare a statement for signature, and also an order, setting aside the verdict in the case of The People versus William Harper.

(to Blanche and her
lawyer)
In the interests of justice,
I shall direct a verdict of
not guilty.

Clerk types, hands papers to Judge, who hands papers to
Blanche.

JUDGE
Sign here, please.

Blanche rises and signs the papers.

JUDGE
You shall be brought into
court on Thursday, the
seventeenth when sentence
will be pronounced.
Meanwhile, you will be held
as a material witness in the
case of The People versus
Ralph Wiley.

Blanche is led out of the room by a prison matron. Taking
Blanche by the arm, the prison matron and Blanche slowly
make their way down the hall. But seeing a window at the
end of the hall, Blanche escapes the prison matron, and
hurls herself through the window to her death. Blanche's
body lies on the sidewalk.

PRISON MATRON
(looks out the
window, screams)
Aaaa!

33. INT. - COURTROOM, JUDGE'S BENCH - DAY

The judge is seated at his bench. Bill, his defense attorney, and the Prosecutor are present.

JUDGE

We have come in the hearings before this court today, to what I hope will be the final actions revolving about an unhappy and unfortunate case, one who's horrible tragedy will forever remain with me.

I am happy to have been enabled, before it was too late, to order the verdict of the jury, in the case of The People versus William Harper, to be set aside. But, young man, although this court is convinced that to declare you guilty would have been a gross miscarriage of justice, we cannot condone your acts. And we can express only the hope your experiences may not only keep you but thousands of others from the vicious pitfalls of marihuana. Thus I am ordering you to remain in this court during the next case, so that you will be obliged to witness what you yourself so narrowly escaped.

Call the case of The People versus Ralph Wiley.

Bill's mother and father embrace him. Mrs Lane and Jimmy look on.

An extremely deranged-looking Ralph is led in by two policemen, and marched to the bench.

PROSECUTOR

Your honor, in this case the

State waives trial of the
defendant Ralph Wiley. It is
convinced that he is
hopelessly and incurably
insane,

A series of very quick, up-close looks at Ralph's (?)
marihuana-maddened face, complete with crazy eyes.

PROSECUTOR

A condition caused by the
drug marihuana to which he
was addicted. It is
recommended your honor, that
the defendant be placed in an
institution for the
criminally insane for the
rest of his natural life.
Defendant's council joins the
State in this request.

JUDGE

Since Council for the
defense, as well as council
for the State seem to agree
on this, I see no reason why
the request should not be
granted.

34. INT. - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Carroll addresses the concerned parents.

DR. CARROLL

Yes, that happened right here, to your neighbors. It is not too much to say that in your hands lies the possibility of averting other tragedies like it. We must work untiringly, so that our children are obliged to learn the truth. Because it is only through knowledge that we can safely protect them. Failing this, the next tragedy may be that of your daughter. Or your son.

(pointing at us)

Or yours. Or Yours. Or YOURS!

Music, text overlay.

TELL YOUR CHILDREN

The End

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