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T-Men

By John C. Higgins

In our nation's capital is a
branch of the government...
over a century and a half old,
established by President
George Washington in 1789,
The United States Treasury
Department.
We're going to take you inside and
introduce you...
to the former chief coordinator of
the law enforcement agencies...
of the Treasury Department,
Mr. Elmer Lincoln Irely.
I'm happy to have this chance
to tell you about the work...
of the law enforcement agents of
the Treasury Department.
There are 6 units of "shock troops"...
in the Treasury's striking
force against crime.

These are:

which tracks income tax violators;
The Customs Service, who with
the Border Patrol fights smuggling;
the Narcotics Unit;
the Secret Service...
which guards the President and
ferrets out counterfeiters;
the Alcohol Tax Unit
which uncovers bootleggers;
and the Coast Guard.
These are the six fingers
of the Treasury Department fist.
That fist hits fair, but hard!
To give you an idea of how
big a job they really do:
in one year, 64% of all prisoners
in Federal penitentiaries...
were sent there by this group.
We are going to show you
a composite case...
which will let you see how the agents
work and how the units cooperate.

We call this the
"Shanghai Paper" case.
It was broken just as
we broke the Al Capone case.
Undercover work, such as was
necessary in this case,
means "danger" and plenty of it!
The case started in Los Angeles in a
district just off Santa Monica Blvd.
A Secret Service agent had arranged
a meeting with an underworld informant.
The informer had promised to turn
over a clean sample of the paper...
being used by a counterfeit gang.
This was the first break in
a long and baffling case.
Having informed the
Los Angeles Police of the killing...
the agent reported to the local Secret
Service office in the Federal Building.
Thanks, Lieutenant.
Tough luck, Nesbitt.
Homicide says all they've got to go
on is the 3.38 slugs from the body.
What do you know
about the murdered guy?
Nothing much. He was a wino.
A skid row character named "Shorty. "
A professional informer.
He was supposed to meet with me and
give me a clean paper sample for \$500.
He didn't quite make it.
Well, Nesbitt. I guess you're washed
up. On this case, I mean.
Yeah, I was afraid of that.
If they knew this Shorty's movements,
they probably knew yours too.
Maybe I was lucky,
- You'll never know.
Smith got so far... a dead end,
almost got killed.
Parker got a little farther, no dice.
You got the farthest of all.
Still a dead end!

Like punching a featherbed!
We're too close to this whole thing.
We can't see the woods for the trees.
Let Washington handle the overall
strategy. They have the case reports.
I'll teletype them the latest.
Gregg's right!
It's no ordinary gang of counterfeiters.
They don't usually go in for killings.
Their product has turned up
all over the country.
Notice anything funny when
you went through these?
Counterfeits are fair,
photo-engraved.
Paper's excellent.
Very good!
If we could just get
a clean sample for lab analysis.
Go on.
The gang's cagey.
They use some of our own methods:
surveillance, shadowing...
check backgrounds
of anyone working for them.
That's the general picture.
A tough, tight outfit!

Another thing:

counterfeit money and revenue stamps.
Their phony liquor stamps
have turned up mainly in Detroit.
The Vantucci mob is using them.
So they're back in business again?
I get it... there must be some
tie-up between them.
This thing must be approached
through Detroit.
You remember the Capone case?
- Who doesn't?
We attacked through Brooklyn
to win in Chicago.
Same thing here.
Detour to Detroit to crack

a Los Angeles setup.
It'll have to be a "rope-in" job.
All undercover.
I'm trying to get a couple of agents
into the Vantucci Mob in Detroit.
It's funny...
This will give the Vantucci's
a little borrowed time.
The Alcohol Tax Unit was going to
lower the boom on them next week.
But now we need Mr. Vantucci.
Let's find 2 agents with the ability
to pass as mobsters...
and possibly some knowledge
of Italian.
Men who've never worked in Detroit
or Los Angeles.
Of the 2 agents Carson picked,
the first was recalled
for the St. Louis office.
His file card read, "Dennis O'Brien. "
Born New York City.
Raised near Italian section,
Mulberry St.
Agent for 9 years.
Broke the Mazaratti
and Stevens cases.
Undercover once for 8 months,
again for 3.
Unmarried.
Parents now living in Boston.
From the Indianapolis office, came
Carson's other choice...
Anthony Genaro.
Born San Francisco.

Education:

Married Mary Bennett, 1947.
Speaks fluent Italian.
Agent for 2 years since discharge
from Army.
So you go to Detroit cold.
Start at the bottom
and work up step-by-step.

A fragment of fact here and there.
Make your own picture of things.
There's nothing compulsory about
this assignment.
You can turn it down
without prejudice.
Did you hear anybody say anything?
- No.
I don't stick other men's necks out.
Genaro, where's your wife?
She's visiting her mother
in San Francisco.
Not so good.
I'll write and tell her...
- No, don't tell her where you are.
Any questions?
Anything not clear?
I guess not.
Contact us through our
Detroit office. Good luck!
In Detroit at the main library
on Woodward Avenue...
agents O'Brien and Genaro started the
first phase of their investigation.
Their problem was
to become Detroiters.
Detroiters of a special class.
Criminals...
with a complete knowledge
of the history of local crime.
This meant days and weeks
of tedious work...
of digging up little-known facts...
which they must be prepared to use.
Gathering background history
on local mobs...
past and present.
Laying a careful groundwork for
their undercover identities...
picking out items from old
newspaper files...
weighing and sifting them.
Making careful notes.
Memorizing those notes.

Hi.

- Hi.

You're liable to get eyestrain.

I haven't been able to focus
straight for days.

What's new with you?

Got a lot of notes from Police files...
and dope I picked up in bars.

- Good.

I've been reading these old news
stories on the Mob, back to Prohibition.

There used to be an outfit here
in Detroit called the River Gang.

Saw that in the Police files.

They've all been wiped out
or put in jail.

We might use them for our pedigree.

That's taking a chance.

They may have friends around.

I know.

We got to risk it. We've got to give
ourselves some type of background.

At last, they were ready.

They met on Belle Isle to quiz each
other for the most important...
exam of their lives.

They had to know all the answers!

Failure to do so would mean a bad
grade later on...

in the shape of a bullet or an icepick.

You know about Carlo Vantucci?

Carlo Vantucci, younger brother
of Luigi. 41 years old...

arrested 1939 for concealed weapons.

Dismissed.

Served year and a day 1940-41 for
State liquor violation.

The River Gang?

The River Gang...

Jerry Riley, taken for a ride.

Bo McKenna, died in prison.

Lou Perenti, murdered with icepicks.

Big Bill Schumack, huh...

Schumack... went insane.

The Russian, killed in auto accident
in New York City.
Not many of the River Gang left, huh?
Just us two.
This is a nice suit.
Hope the taxpayers can afford it.
I know I couldn't on my salary.
My wife would like this. She's
always trying to get me to dress up.
Don't forget... you're not married!
You've been divorced
for reasons of duty.
I hope Uncle appreciates it.
What'll we do with our old stuff?
Let's send it back to Carson.
He'll get a kick out of it!
By the way... I don't believe
I met you.
My name's Galvante.
Tony Galvante.
Nice to know you, Galvante.
My name's Harrigan.
Vannie, the boys in my cellblock
used to call me.
Mr. Galvante...
- Mr. Harrigan...
As their opening wedge
in a planned campaign...
Agents O'Brien and Genaro
picked the Forinzi Hotel.
A rundown hideout for criminals.
The owner, Pasquale, was well-known
to the Detroit Police...
for his questionable activities.
The agents were counting
heavily on their new identities.
And on Tony's ability
to speak Italian...
Jones?
Smith? Not Smith!
I bought the name from a guy
down the street. He was broke.
I understand.
You have no suitcase, so please...

Eight bucks.
Room 201.
Upstairs.
Give me the two bucks!
Oh, yeah.
As Pasquale was closing
for the night...
a detective of the Detroit
Robbery Squad paid him a visit.
The detective was looking for a pair
or robbery suspects named...
Vannie Harrigan and Tony Galvante.
He showed Pasquale the Detroit Police
wanted flyers on the two men.
Pasquale recognized them
as his guests...
Jones and Smith.
True to his unsavory reputation,
Pasquale did not give them away.
He was most polite to the detective.
As an honest citizen,
he would like to help the law.
But he was "Sorry. "
He had not seen the suspects.
Up in their room, the two
undercover agents waited.
They hoped their plan would work.
They hoped Pasquale
would snap at the bait.
Local officers are on the ball.
The city detective just left
our friend downstairs.
Yeah?
- It's me, Pasquale!
Come in!
- Senor Galvani...
What is this?
Where'd you get his name?
What are you trying to pull?
- Take it easy...
How did you get my name?
I came to tell you as quick as I could.
A cop asked me if you were here.
I said, "No. " He showed a picture

with your name on it.
His name and picture too!
- What'd you tell him?
I tell him nothing at all!
The police, I don't like!
Sometimes Pasquale's in trouble
for selling wine.
The police don't forget.
So, Pasquale don't forget either.
You owe our good friend an apology.
A guy on the lam can't be too careful.
Thanks for what you did.
Sorry I roughed you up.
That's all right.
These things I understand.
Looks like we're on 1st base!
Pasquale was sold on them.
The wanted notices, the natural
criminal manner of the two...
their new criminal identities
had been tested and accepted.
Pasquale sent them
to see his friend, Vantucci...
who ran a produce warehouse as a cover
for his dealings in hijacked liquor...
and counterfeit
Internal Revenue stamps.
The underworld can always use good
men with the proper recommendations.
As Tony would have said, "they were
trying to steal 2nd base. "
Now it was go through with it,
or go under.
Now there could be no turning back.
Sure...
Pasquale told me about you.
He gave me his recommend.
You out-of-town boys?
No, Mr. Vantucci.
Might call us
"in and out-of-town" boys.
Want jobs, eh?
That's a windows needs washing!
Don't let us waste your time.

What kind of rap is out against you?
What do you do with all your money?
What does he got?
Ulcers?
Gun beef, Mr, Vantucci.
Cops picked up 2 other guys.
I see...
Tony Galvante.
Vannie Harrigan.
Where'd you get those?
Came in a package of breakfast food!
Sit down.
I've been around
this town a long time.
I never heard of you guys before.
Talk...
You heard of us, the River Gang.
Too bad about Lou Perenti.
Yeah.
21 slugs in him.
Naw...
Some guy's handy with icepicks.
Who did it, I wonder?
We'd like to know too.
Sometimes better not
to know to much, huh?
What's your dodge?
Like always, anything.
You know, anything to
make an honest dollar.
Maybe I can use you.
If you sawed me off and I gained about
30 pounds, I might be able to use these.
Might have known,
they belonged to "The Schemer. "
The Schemer?
That didn't mean anything to them.
Just a name to be filed mentally.
That chiseling Schemer! He shorted
us again on the stamps!
Open up that other box, Vannie.
You guys on this kid!
Well, The Schemer had some connection
with the counterfeit liquor stamps!

Fact 2:

Fact 3...

The Schemer was on the West Coast.
He packed his stamps with a copy of
the Los Angeles Telegram.

Fact 4...

See ya!

They remembered Rudy's remark about the
coveralls belonging to The Schemer.

A piece of physical evidence linked
with that mysterious character.

Something for the Treasury's
Crime Lab to investigate,
analyze...

draw conclusions from.

The dusty work clothes might
mean something... or nothing.

But every angle, however slight...
must be carefully checked.

The only information we can get from
Washington is in the nickname files.

The Schemer is a man about 50...
with a heavy head of gray hair.

No photo?

No.

No fingerprints either.

Suspected shover
of counterfeit money.

Coveralls tell you anything?

Plenty.

About 5 foot 9 inches.

Slightly stout.

About 180 pounds.

The lab analyzed the debris
in the pockets.

Schemer smokes strong cigars.

Uses Chinese health herbs.

For your benefit, Dragon Liver
Herb Preparation.

Thanks.

Anything else?

The receiving hospital here...
said they gave treatment

for a knife wound.
Left shoulder.
Probably a scar.
If it's the same fellow.
Fine, fine.
So all I got to do is find a guy
called "The Schemer," 50, fat...
smokes strong cigars,
chews Chinese Dragon Liver herbs and
maybe has a scar on his shoulder.
That's your assignment. son.
With these leads, Agent O'Brien left
at once for Los Angeles.
Meanwhile in Vantucci's warehouse...
Why didn't he show up?
I told you.
Where did he go?
I don't know.
Tell me again...
why did he run out?
I told you...
he got a tip the heat on him
and he left town.
Heat for what?
- That's his business.
This looks awful green, Galvante.
Could be a fast double-cross.
Maybe if we knew WHY
he took a powder...
One thing I don't do is talk.
Not about anther guys pitch.
He's tied in with us now...
and so are you.
Remember Tony Rocco?
He didn't pull that, did he?
Vannie killed Rocco?
- I don't know!
All I know is that he was in on it.
What do you think?
The cops tried to hang that one on us!
Rocco sure had it coming!
I don't blame Harrigan...
I'd have left town too!
You're okay, kid!

You don't talk easy.
Still with us?
I'm still with you.
And so with a hazy mental picture of a
vague character called "The Schemer"...

Agent O'Brien arrived
in Los Angeles...
to start the 2nd major phase
of the investigation.
He began the hunt for the elusive
Schemer in Ferguson's Alley...
in a part of Old Chinatown
across from Los Angeles Station.
In a city of over 2 million...
there are many men around 5 foot 9.
Many who smoke cigars.
Many who are slightly stout...
and probably some who have a scar
on the left shoulder, if you ask them.
That one unusual habit...
that of chewing Chinese health herbs,
even that wouldn't
be easy to narrow down.
But it was unusual...
and it was the best place to begin.
Interview after interview resulted
in "No. "
Or a shake of the head;
or a blank stare.
It was tedious, disappointing work.
Digging...
probing...
questioning.
Painstaking sifting and searching...
until O'Brien began to wonder
if the trail were cold...
or too faint to follow.
But he kept at it.
- Oh, yes.
I do vaguely remember the person
you describe.
I had him on Dragon Liver Recipe.
That sounds like him.
Have you seen him lately?

Do you know where he lives?
No, I told him not to return.
He took too many steam baths.
Of this I do not approve.
They debilitate.
Steam baths?
Thanks, thanks very much!
Only a trained investigator would have
attached any importance to those words..
steam bath.
But they sent O'Brien
off on a new course.
Perhaps this might lead him
to the Schemer or perhaps not.
But every scrap of information
must be checked.
Every tip investigated...
until it paid off
or petered out.
And to make a long story short looks
like I've finally found the schemer.
A little boring from within
is in order.
We're ready for you. Counterfeit
plates and bills are here.
They're beauties!
- Should be. They're hand-engraved.
Whose?
- August Baumann.
But we're safe from that. Baumann's
been in Atlanta for the past 10 years.
I'd better take one of those
counterfeit bills to start with.
Don't worry, I won't let it
get into circulation.
Might come in handy as a calling card.
- You never know.
Hang onto the plates
until I need them.
When you do land someplace, Lindsay
will be your contact man.
Fine!
Nice to be on the case with you.
- Same here O'Brien.

You ever get that Arizona sand
out of your hair?

Yeah, finally.

I better get back on
the Schemer's tail.

Lost 8 pounds trying to find him.

- Worry?

Did you ever to spend 10 nights
in a Turkish bath looking for a man?

Well, don't!

Goodbye.

Having found the Schemer, Agent
O'Brien became his shadow:

keeping his man under
constant surveillance,
discovering all he could
about the Schemer's activities.

Where he went,

what he did,

with whom he associated.

This meant hours of trailing,

of keeping his man

under close observation,

of shadowing him without arousing
his suspicions.

Not easy with a suspect

as wise as the Schemer.

But there was no other way to build
a complete picture...

of the Schemer's life and habits...

except by keeping him

under surveillance.

Finally, one day the Schemer led
his shadow...

to a hotel in Ocean Park.

Hi, Jackson.

I was at the Races and a guy told me
I might get some action here.

You don't say?

Won 7 of 8. Figure I'm lucky today.

Made a killing, huh?

Who told you?

Guy named Smitty.

- Smitty?

From Eolanda?
How do I know where he's from?
I met him at the Races.
Okay.
That door.
Come on, eight!
Eight!
Seven! You're out!
Give me that dough!
Ten more he's right!
I'll take that bet!
7 a winner!
10 even he fours.
I'll take that bet!
Wait, sold to the man
with the cigar!
Got a right to a lunch, haven't I?
Seven!
Next shooter!
Twenty he's wrong!
What's the matter?
Don't you like big bills?
Not particularly.
I'll change them for you.
Hold it! Wait a minute, fellows!
Some guy's passing phony dough here!
- What? Who?
That guy that was just standing here!
I got 3 phony 10s here!
Let's get him!
Come on!
Here he is!
What's wrong?
What did I do, Moxie?
No, Moxie! You've made a mistake!
Get off that floor!
Get off that floor or I'll...
- Don't hit me!
Dirty fink!
I'm going to take you apart!
I'm a sick man!
Awful sick!
You got me beat up and shook down!
Give me the dough they took!

Sure!

I'll give it to you!

They told me I had the
beach territory.

I don't like guys moving in.

- Free country, ain't it?

What do you mean?

Aren't you with us?

With you? I wouldn't peddle that
junk of yours on a blind man!

Photo-engraved! Come on,
you're 30 bucks short!

I'll get it for you!

You should have taken
a better look at my bill.

Here.

Hey, now!

That's the real article!

Hand-engraved!

- Yeah!

Pretty, ain't it?

Pardon me for saying, but it's
kind of poor paper.

Look at this!

Our new issue.

It's still photo-engraved, but...

Where'd you get old of this paper?

Beach some one dollar bills?

We got a source.

All we want.

And for peanuts.

I'd like to get some of this paper.

Where can I get it?

- Layoff the rough stuff.

I'm more a man of..

- Come on!

Take it easy!

What pusher you with?

Working alone. I just blew in from
Detroit. - Got the plates?

Buy them at any Dime Store.

Okay, let's work out a little scheme.

We got the good paper.

you got the good plates.

Flip me the bill and I'll talk
to the bosses.
I do my own talking.
Oh, no.
I gotta handle it.
You didn't have to do that!
Where do we meet?
I don't know...
This looks like a good spot.
Maybe you can get me a room here.
Joint I'm in shakes you down.
I think it can be arranged.
Meet me here in an hour.
- Right.
By the way...
how did you find me?
I could smell you.
Agent O'Brien continued the shadowing.
This was risky now because
the Schemer knew him.
Perhaps the Schemer was on his way
to carry out his promise...
to deliver the half bill to a contact.
Perhaps it was a trap.
Maybe the Schemer suspected O'Brien,
was trying to make him
overplay his hand.
The trail now led to a nightclub
in Ocean Park...
the Club Trinidad.
Hello!
- Hi!
Like you're picture taken?
- Had it taken once...
But you know, a souvenir
to send to the folks back home.
No folks, no home.
You must have been hatched
from an egg!
Well, I could send one to my cousin
in Leavenworth.
A joke, huh?
Not to him it isn't.
Tell me, do you make good money

shooting mugs like me?
I get by.
You should!
What do you keep in here,
your money?
Do you or don't you
want your picture taken?
I don't like my picture taken
usually, but uh...
since you've got such pretty eyes...
go ahead and shoot.
It'll be a few minutes,
but you can pay me now.
That's no way to treat
Uncle Sam's money!
Wears it out.
I always was kind of hard on it.
Be back with the print later.
- Make it soon.
I tried to reach you last night!
Paul, I'm scared!
Why are you so nervous, Evie?
What's the matter?
Last night, Schemer came in.
He gave me the sign, the folded bill.
Inside the folded bill was this!
Excellent!
Very fine engraving.
The work of an artist.
Paper isn't good.
Where'd Schemer get this?
I don't know, but after Schemer
left, there was another customer.
I took his picture, and he gave me
a bill folded the same way!
No shover I ever saw before!
Know him?
He's either a Treasury Agent or...
A T-Man!
or he works for some rival outfit.
I'll keep these.
This man is a job
for our experts to look into.
Want some more counterfeit?

- I guess so.
Not losing your nerve, or you?
No. I just don't want to slip up.
Good girl!
Hemilmarker's, Detroit.
Name's Horrigan or Harrigan or...
Harrigan. Can't you read?
J.M. Jensen, Detroit.
You guys opening a clothing store?
What's your game?
- What's yours?
We'd like to know what you were
trying to pull at the Club Trinidad.
I don't follow you.
- No?
The little trick of folding
money a certain way.
Where'd you pick that up?
Where'd you get the lowdown
on the Trinidad?
Schemer tell you?
I read it in a book!
You don't know any Schemer, huh?
I can't hear a thing you're saying!
Can you hear any better now?
Okay, Schemer!
Never saw this guy before, huh?
I told them nothing.
Why'd you tail me?
That's a T-man trick, tailing a guy!
They go no patent on it!
Then why did you tail me?
After what you pulled
at the crap game. I...
Let's take no chances on him, Moxie!
I lived with a guy once for 3 months
and then he put the arm on me,
all the time he was a T-man!
Check on me...
talk to Detroit...
talk to Vantucci.
Vantucci's crowd, huh?
Don't worry, we will!
Beat it, fat man!

You didn't use to talk to me that way.

- Go on!

See, you shouldn't have tailed me!

Wake this guy up in the morning
and put him to bed at night!

He goes no where without you!

No phone calls, sees no one,
goes no where! Understand?

Okay.

I sleep on the bed.

Listen to this, Lindsay...

"Checked Club Trinidad
as outlet for showers. "

"Girl photographer involved somehow. "

"Also checked West Coast
Camera Center. "

"Am staying at Ajax's. "

"Spot Lindsay in there with plates. "

"Don't know where I go from here. "

Signed, "Mother Goose. "

Okay Lindsay. You can go to work now!

Be very careful with those plates.

- Yes, sir.

Agent O'Brien was kept under
close guard by the mobsters.

Finally, one night they took him to an
exclusive home in Beverly Hills.

It might mean the next step up
the ladder for the undercover man.

Or it might...

well, he would see.

Nice. What's the deal?

You'll see.

Come in, gentlemen.

Take off your hat.

This your man?

- Yeah, Shiv.

Mr. Triano meet Vannie Harrigan.

Nice place, Mr. Triano.

- Thank you.

Vantucci gave us a report on you.

Favorable one.

Then I'm okay with you, huh?

Exactly.

Hear that Moxie?
I got a clean bill of health.
I just don't like to be pushed around!
Moxie!
You forget... he's my guest.
Wait in your room.
Nice equipment.
Yes, I have everything!
Except skill.
What you need is a couple of lessons.
Maybe.
What's your pitch, Mr. Harrigan?
Nothing to do with peanuts.
Go ahead...
I've got a set of top plates...
and you've got good paper.
Pardon me.
And you've got s distributing setup.
I thought we might get together.
We are happy the way we are.
A smart guy checks every angle.
Are you trying to tell me
how to operate?
I wouldn't think of it!
Won't hurt to talk about it.
Have you got the plates on you?
I've been around a few corners myself.
Are the plates handy?
They're handy enough.
My buddy in Detroit has them.
He will bring them
when I give the word.
Suppose when I see them,
I say, "No dice. "
Then I setup my own push.
In this town?
Moxie!
Here's your friend.
I'll think it over.
I'll let you know.
Person-to-person call.
Mr. Carlo Vantucci.
Cantania Produce Co. in Detroit.
Hello?

Yes.
Hello, Shiv!
How are things in Los Angeles?
Yes...
Well, Tony!
What is this your idea
of a double-cross?
Vantucci gave me a message, I came.
These guys thought...
- What message? I didn't send any.
Well, I got one.
These guys met me at the airport,
brought me here, searched my luggage...
What are you trying to pull?
I didn't send any message.
Shiv tried to freeze me out, huh?
I got news for you.
The deal is dead!
Come on, Tony.
It takes two to call off a deal.
I tried a shortcut.
It didn't work.
Every trick you pull, I'll double it.
You ought to be in charge
of the atom bomb.
Paul Miller, Vannie Harrigan.
Paul is our technician.
He does the photo-engraving.
He checks everything.
This yours?
As you know, it's hand-engraved.
Yes, done by an artist.
The Treasury Dept. has
a file on all engravers.
Not on this one.
I know because I helped sneak
him into the country.
He's a Hungarian refugee.
I don't know if our paper
will take an intalio plate...
as fine as the workmanship is.
Never thought of that.
Give me a scrap of your paper
and I'll make you a sample note.

Give him some of our paper?
No harm in that.
Can you have it done
by tomorrow night?
If I get the paper right away.
- You will have it.
And then... I want to see the plates!
Do you always get everything
you want?
One way or the other.
The agents slipped part of the sample
of the paper to their contact man.
He sent it on to the Treasury's
Crime Lab in Washington.
By the technicians there got though
analyzing it...
they knew more about the paper
than the men who had made it.
The experts weighted it,
measured it,
checked its color and finish,
determined its resistance,
endurance...
and fiber composition.
It's amazingly close to official
banknote paper.
Composition is 40% linen,
45% cotton.
Long-staple Egyptian.
And 5% rice paper.
Rice paper?
The sizing is glue and water,
like ours.
The 3rd component is a shrinking agent
used by Chinese paper makers.
That points to an oriental source.
That's a new wrinkle!
Having the paper made in China...
Not bad, either. After all, the Chinese
invented paper. Top craftsmen too.
What you fellows can find out
from a scrap of paper!
It frightens me! Thanks, Hardy.
- Right.

To all Customs Service
Agency Supervisors...
Pacific Coast Districts:
Check incoming shipments
of paper from Orient...
particularly from China.
Obtain data on counts...
obtain samples secretly
for lab analysis.
No longer were the two
undercover men kept under guard.
Vantucci had vouched for them.
Shiv and his crowd had accepted them.
They were in... up to a certain point.
Their careful work in Detroit
was certainly paying off now!
Hey!
So that's where you've been keeping the
carrot you've been teasing them with!
Baumann's little money makers!
You're not going to deliver
them both, or you?
Just the back plate.
These boys don't fool around!
Once they get their hands on both
of these, we'd be dead pigeon's!
Who wants to end up
in a ditch somewhere?
This face plate's going to be our ace.
Got to hang onto this until we're
sure we're at the top!
Find their plant and we're ready to raid.
You think Shiv could be the boss?
I heard him taking orders
on the phone.
How'd you like the Schemer
for a roommate?
What a character!
You know,
I've been thinking something over...
Do you ever notice how much
the Schemer worries?
Yeah.
I discovered in Detroit that he used to

be high up with Vantucci and slipped.
Same thing with the crowd out here.
A guy that used to be high up
and slipped...
and is scared, is a setup!
What do you say we go to work on him?
Sounds like a very practical idea...
soon as I take care of my business with
Mr. Triano, we'll take a crack at him.
What happened?
Only one side is printed.
That's right.
What's the idea?
You just want to see what the
plates will do to your paper.
One side is as good as two.
I gave you enough paper for 4 bills.
I ruined 3 of them trying to get
that one. Don't worry, I burnt them.
That wouldn't even get
a traffic ticket.
Who wants to live dangerously?
Very good reproduction.
With our paper and these plates,
we're in!
Should we do it?
Definitely!
Let me have the plates.
Just one?
- This is only the back plate.
I know.
You're friend tried to pull a fast one
and get the plates from my buddy.
You get the face plate when
I meet your boss and get a deal.
How do you know I'm not the boss?
You take too many orders
on the telephone.
What's wrong?
Nothing.
What's the matter with you two?
You don't seem like such a
bad guy, Schemer.
What makes you say that?

Skip it, Vannie. It's his business.
Yeah, I guess you're right.
What did you two guys hear?
Tell me, will ya?
How did you get in so wrong
with the crowd?
What do you know?
What everybody knows...
- About Tucci's crowd in Detroit.
They were talking about you.
Around here, too. Moxie and them.
I feel sorry for ya.
You gotta be awful careful
in our racket.
Yeah.
They've been giving me
the cold shoulder lately.
Giving me the fish-eye,
kicking me around.
What's behind all this?
You ought to know.
Guys don't act like that for no reason.
Think I need a steam bath.
We're cooking!
- Yeah.
Don't you think you need one too?
Yes, I do!
You?
- No, I gotta keep that date with Shiv.
Take it easy.
- I will.
Hope our friend Schemer doesn't have a
heart attack in that steam room.
Give it to me straight, will ya?
Come on, will ya?
I don't know when it's coming
to you or where.
You lost the lottery, Schemer.
Maybe you know something. Okay,
that's no sign it's gonna work out.
I use this.
Always have.
Comes in handy using this.
Don't worry about the Schemer.

A got an ace!
Not for nothing
they call me the Schemer.
Sure...
maybe I'm old.
It's a little hot right now, but...
I'll scheme out of it.
What about you and Vannie?
You think you'll get a fair shake
from this crowd?
When cows give beer you will!
They crossed you, didn't they?
Okay...
I've been thinking things over.
Let's pull up.
Set up our own push somewhere else.
You gotta set of good plates!
Think it over, kid.
Listen, kid...
no one ever lost trusting old Schemer!
I used to be on top.
High up there.
Maybe I won't always be on top, I says.
Sometimes, things go wrong.
So I wrote a few things down.
About the top guy in town...
how he operates...
his take.
Got it written down in a little book.
In code.
MY code!
Could you ask for a better ace?
Well then, you're fat!
Why don't you...
pull a shakedown and blow?
No, I'm gonna call this Mr. Big and
tell him to call off his wolves.
Then I blow!
Shake him down from some other burg.
You better figure that out carefully.
It's risky.
Don't tell me how to scheme, kid!
That's me specialty!
Look, Chief...

the boys have been shoving me around.
Tell them to cut it, will ya?
What?
I'm warning you...
I got you over a barrel!
Anything happens to me...
Pound of grapes
and \$9.50 in good money.
This Farmer's Market is a
good place to lose a shadow, too.
One, two, three, four, five, ten.
Thank you very much!
Thank you!
Yes, sir?
You just took a counterfeit.
I did not!
I'm from the Secret Service.
The top \$10 in the till.
I'll have to take that.
- But I'll be out \$10!
You're already out \$10.
If you people would only look at it,
there wouldn't be any counterfeiting,
Great stuff!
That little book you were
telling me about...
That's your ticket to life.
Don't I know it!
You ought to keep it in an armored car!
I got it in a safe place.
Wrapped, sealed and checked.
Like in a safe deposit box. That'll be..
- Never mind where it is!
Come on.
We're hanging around here too much.
Hi! Tony Genaro!
Excuse me, but you are confusing me
with someone else.
I had no idea you were in Los Angeles!
Why don't you tell us these thing?
Wait until I tell your wife! We came
down from San Francisco for the day.
She thinks you're in Washington!
What are you talking about, lady?

Oh, Mr. Genaro!
You and your bad jokes!
Mary!
Mary, here's Tony!
Look who I found!
You husband!
Aren't you going to kiss him?
She must be out of her mind!
Genevieve, is the heat too much
for you down here?
Why, Mary...
Aren't you Tony Genaro, her husband?
The lady oughta know!
My husband's taller
and much better looking.
Genevieve, there's
the dearest little gadget here that...
How do you like that?
Well, I never in all my life!
Hmm, very nice.
I'm sure the Chief will okay it.
Maybe a matter of a few days though.
He got in this noon
aboard the liner, Mariposa.
Plus a shipment of paper.
No problems with customs?
No, came in as wrapping
for a lot of Chinese antiques.
It's aboard the Higgins right now.
Customs is more interested
in the furniture.
Taking it apart for contraband
and so on.
Paul, let me take a look
at this Harrigan.
Don't tell me...
- Miss Simpson, meet Vannie Harrigan.
Don't tell you what, Mr. Harrigan?
That you're the boss.
And why not?
Well if you are, after seeing these
guys operate you must be a lion tamer.
I hear you're a difficult man
to do business with.

I wouldn't say that, Miss Simpson.
Depends on the nature of the business.
The nature of the business is business,
Mr. Harrigan! Strictly!
I've been examining these.
They are excellent!
Hello?
Well, good to hear your voice again.
Yes...
Yes, I will.
It will be taken care of immediately!
Now you see...
your not the boss.
No, I'm not.
But you have to see me to see the boss.
I'll let you know his decision
when we're ready.
Shiv...
About Schemer...
Get rid of him.
Hi, Moxie!
Hot, ain't it?
I didn't know you
took these steam baths, Moxie.
I don't.
Anything happens to these pipes,
a guy could kick off.
Yeah...
Never thought of that.
Moxie, I'm glad you came. I gotta talk
to you about this new guy Tony.
Today at the Farmer's Market, we bumped
into a dame. I think it was his wife!
Tony says he ain't married!
Don't! Listen, Moxie...
Tony propositioned me! He's double-
crossing you on the plates!
He did, huh?
Tried to bring me in on the deal.
Moxie, we been friends!
Moxie, when I was up I used to help you,
Remember?
Let's work out a scheme!
Your pal Tony...

not married is he?
I don't think so.
So what if he is?
He said he wasn't!
That's important!
Why should a guy cover up on that?
I don't know, Shiv.
I know a lot of married guys
who don't admit it.
Schemer told Moxie that Tony planned
a double-shuffle on the plates.
Schemer was lying through his teeth.
Schemer knew it was his time.
Why would he lie?
Where's Tony?
- Horizontal.
Just found out something.
Tony made a long-distance to 'Frisco.
Asked if his wife had returned.
Mrs. Mary Genero.
Practically climbed through the phone.
Schemer was not lying!
Genero?
He calls hisself Galvani.
Didn't you ever use an alias, Shiv?
I can wake up. I'm going to the A.C.
and take a workout.
Mrs. Mary Genero...
Blackie and the boys can do
a little checking for us.
Coming, Moxie?
You're being tailed.
I know.
O'Brien says they're out to get you.
Shake this mug
and get outta town fast!
Don't wait.
No safe deposit keys?
It's all there. Just what the boys
brought in from the steam room.
Wasn't there a small account book,
a ledger, a notebook?
No baggage or checkroom check?
Are you going to make

an identification?

No, somebody else will have to do that.

Thanks a lot.

I see.

Thank you.

Thank you, Blackie.

What would you say if I told you...

your friend is a Treasury agent.

What are you getting at?

Blackie just told me on the phone.

What are you doing here?

Tony gave me the slip!

Check his room!

- Why, he wouldn't be there!

He's a T-man!

I'll take care of that

curly-haired monkey myself!

We'll all take care of him.

Busy little man, eh snooper?

Almost had you.

All of you.

- Tony!

And you, Vannie...

you're smart.

Top-drawer crook.

You lived with me and never caught on!

Top-drawer crook!

Always so sharp,

always knew all the angles!

Sucker...

For this scrap of paper...

Agent Genero had sacrificed his life.

O'Brien had to carry on alone.

He left the claim check where

his contact Lindsey would pick it up.

Mother Goose slipped a

package check into my locker.

That's what it bought.

It was checked at the Hotel Wiltshire.

So this was what Tony was after.

Looks like Greek!

I'll send this to Washington

right away.

Have you ever met Tony's wife?

No, I haven't.
Awful nice girl.
They'd only been married a few months.
The Schemer's coded book,
for which Tony gave his life...
turned out to be a mine of information.
The code was a simple one.
A transference from
English to Greek letters...
which decoded revealed
illegal activities and profits...
in gambling and liquor...
racketeering...
and especially counterfeiting.
A record of counterfeit sales, eh?
And most of these entries look like
a matter for the Intelligence unit.
Income tax evasion.
Has identification picked up
anything on Paul Miller yet?
No sir, not yet.
Send that back to Gregg
with your report.
This book is going to give us one of the
biggest tax evasion cases since Capone!
It's not only a
counterfeiting case now.
It's something for
the Intelligence unit.
How's O'Brien coming?
He expects to meet the head of
the ring tonight with the face plate.
We will have to be ready to move in
when he send us the word.
Get word to O'Brien right away!
Tell him to take the face plate
and leave town!
Where do you think you're going?
- What's it to ya?
Thanks, Brownie!
When I nail them, they stay nailed!
Wonder what was with that guy anyhow?
I don't know.
Good razor, Vannie!

Thanks!
Hey, what are you doing?
That's my stuff in there!
Oh, so it is.
Sorry, I was looking for something.
Hey!
How about a piece of gum for me?
Sure.
You want to shave or something?
What are you staring at?
You been doing that
the last couple of days!
You must have something
on your mind, Moxie.
Hey, where you going?
- I want to get some cigarettes.
You smoke too much.
The Chief is ready to see you.
Have you got the face plate?
- Yeah, I got it.
I've been thinking this over...
I don't go for killing that T-man.
I don't like this setup,
and I don't want any part of it!
What's the matter?
You getting the wim-wams?
Have you got the plate on you?
No, no I haven't.
You wanted a deal...
you're right on top of it...
and now you're begging out.
Why?
I just got through telling you.
I don't like that killing.
We're crazy to try and make a deal!
We're all hot.
Are you going with us?
Or do we have to take you?
Okay, let's go.
O'Brien had disappeared.
There was no report from him.
Now Gregg's only hope was that
Miller would make a move.
But would he move in time?

Well, did you bring it this time?
Look, Miss Simpson...
it's the wrong time to make a deal.
I've been telling these monkeys that
it's crazy to stick our necks out.
You worry too much, Mr. Harrigan.
Swell place to keep the presses.
Nobody ever figure to look on a ship.
Well, Miss Simpson...
is it a deal?
Take him!
You're lying!
Chief thinks this is the work
of a known engraver.
His name's on the Treasury list.
He's crazy! I helped smuggle this guy
into the country myself!
Sorry Mr. Harrigan,
but we never take chances.
Miss Simpson!
- Yes?
I have no desire to be fed to the
fishes. I'd like to make a suggestion.
One of your own crowd
can clear this up.
Paul Miller.
Your technician.
He'd know in a minute if those plate
were okay or not.
Why don't you call him?
Wait!
Don't tail him too closely.
- Alright.
Better cut back to Anaheim Blvd.
- Yes, sir.
Hand me the radio phone.
Operator, this is WJ61936.
Two emergency calls in this order:
Captain of the Harbor Division,
L.A. Police...
and the Lieutenant in charge
of the Customs Port patrol.
Hello, Diana.
Anything wrong?

Take a look at this, Paul.
See if you recognize the engraving.
Nobody's work I know.
It does have a European flavor!
I'd say it's okay.
You're sure?
You know my long experience
in this field.
I guess we were wrong.
Let's run a proof on this.
This way.
You're a Treasury agent...
I knew it the moment I saw that plate.
I recognized it!
The work of August Baumann.
I saw the mark on the seal.
Listen...
I know the game is over.
I turn government witness...
I expose everything!
I saved you from being killed in there!
I saved your life!
Let's make a deal, huh?
Car 101...
Car 101...
Proceed to Pier 181.
Investigate sound of shooting
aboard tanker Hagan.
Pier 181, step on it!
Give me the mic!
This is SS434...
Calling all units on SS detail.
Proceed immediately to Pier 181.
Vannie! No!
Okay, go!
Get an ambulance!
Now, the forces of the Treasury
struck hard and fast...
making simultaneous raids
on the Club Trinidad...
The West Coast Camera Center...
and in Detroit the Vantucci mob
was taken into custody.
Shanghai Chinese Police made

a sudden raid on a paper factory.
The mysterious leader of the ring
turned out to be Oscar Gaffney,
masquerading as a dealer
in rare antiques...
posing as a philanthropist
and civic leader.
He is now serving a long term in a
Federal penitentiary in Atlanta.
Agent O'Brien recovered
from serious wounds...
and is again on duty.
And Mrs. Mary Genero...
carries in her heart
the memory of her husband, Tony...
who died in the service
of the people of this country.