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The Street with No Name

By Harry Kleiner

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The Meadowbrook,
a typical roadhouse and gambling place...
on the outskirts
of Center City.
This is a stickup. Hands on the table, everybody!
Come on, come on.
Snap it up!
Okay, Stokowski, dry up.
Come on. Get up against the wall there.
- All right, keep moving now.
- Over to the wall. Come on. You too, Grandpa.
Don't move.
I tell you, don't move.!
- Helen!
- Sit down!

Victim:**Occupation:****Survivors:**

husband and two children.
The bullet that
killed Helen Jannings...
was sent to the F.B.I. headquarters
in Washington...
examined and catalogued
in the National Ammunition File...
where bullets from unsolved cases
are kept for reference.
It was soon
to have a companion.

Victim:**Occupation:****Survivors:**

wife and three children.

Cause of death:

to prevent a bank robbery.

Two murders within five days
in the same city.
Investigation was already underway
when Ralph Demory...
chairman of the Police Advisory Board,
arrived.
He conferred
with Chief of Police Bernard Harmatz...
Lieutenant Paul Staller
of the Homicide Squad...
and Richard Atkins of the F.B.I.
The bullet that killed Frank Malloy,
the bank guard...
was forwarded to the F.B.I. laboratory
in Washington.
A routine check of the barrel markings
under a comparison microscope...
revealed it came from a Luger...
the same Luger
that had killed Helen Jannings.
This bank robbery,
a violation of a federal statute...
gave the F.B.I. jurisdiction
to come in on the case.
Mr. Hoover assigned it
to Inspector George A. Briggs...
one of the Bureau's top investigators.
Together with a squad of special agents
trained in handling bank robberies...
Inspector Briggs proceeded to Center City,
where he was met by Richard Atkins...
special agent in charge
of the F.B.I. field office there.
In a police lineup in Center City...
a suspect named Robert Danker,
picked up by the F.B.I....
was identified by several bank clerks
as the killer of Frank Malloy...
and by David Jannings
as the murderer of his wife.

- What time did you leave the Meadowbrook?
- I was never in that clip joint.
- You're certain of that?
- Sure I'm certain.

That's your driver's license, isn't it?

- Yeah.

- That was found in the Meadowbrook...
right after Helen Jannings was murdered.

- You were there, weren't you?

- No.

- Your license was.

- Ask the guy who swiped it how it got there.

- It's a frame.

- Who's framing you?

Stooling ain't in my line.

I'll take care of him myself.

- Oh, come on, Bob. We're just trying to help you.

- Yeah, trying to help.

You're trying

to pin a double murder rap on me.

All right then, your license was stolen,
somebody framed you.

But why shield him? Your best chance to
clear yourself is to prove that you were framed.

- I'll prove it my own way, when I get out.

- That may not be so easy.

I'll take my chances.

They don't look too good
right now, Bob.

You came into this town a month ago,
a vagrant with a police record.

- You admit being here the day the bank was robbed.

- But I didn't heist no bank.

You claim you were never in the Meadowbrook,
and yet your license was found there.

I told you...

Oh, you already got me strapped
in the chair, so what's there to talk about?

Well, let's talk about the license.

If you didn't drop it, who did?

- I told you. I was in Chicago that night.

- Have you any proof of that?

Sure. I cut off my arm and buried it there
for an alibi. All you gotta do is dig it up.

Talk like that isn't gonna
help you, Danker.

- Wasn't there anybody who saw you?

- Look, it's a city.

Nobody sees you in a city,
do they, mister?

- Your room clerk, landlady.
- I didn't have no room. I was busted all the time.
- Where'd you sleep that night?
- Under a new building going up.
- One near the freight yard.
- Where'd you get this, Bob?

That ain't blood.

That's red paint off a girder.
Red paint, in the cellar
of that building where I holed up.

- All right, Bob.
 - It's paint, I tell you.
- We'll send you some other clothes.
In the meantime, get those off.

Have his clothes
and his shoes sent in right away.
We'll book him on suspicion of robbery.
We'll book him on suspicion of robbery.
At the F.B.I. laboratory in Washington...
a microscopic examination
and chemical analysis...
was made of the smudge
on Danker's coat.
Exposed to the spectrograph,
the smudge was broken down...
into its component parts
and photographed.

The densitometer
concluded the examination...
and the results were immediately
forwarded to Inspector Briggs.

- Is the chief in?
- Yes, sir. He's expecting you.

Inspector Briggs
is on his way in, sir.
Lieutenant Staller,
Inspector Briggs is here.

- Hello, Inspector.
- Hello, Paul.
- What's the score?
- Danker's innocent.
- No!

- Our laboratory definitely places him in Chicago...
at the time the Jannings girl
was murdered at the Meadowbrook.

- Well!

- That girder was painted at 5:30...
on the afternoon
of the murder.

It was quick-drying stuff,
from six to eight hours.

The paint penetrated his coat
just enough to show...
that it was almost dry at the time
that Danker rubbed against it.

- What do you know?

- Which puts him in Chicago between 1:00 and 2:00 a. m...
around the time
the Jannings girl was killed.

"His presence in Chicago
conclusively established...

by further laboratory examinations. "

- Looks like the kid was framed.

- Seems to be very little doubt about it.

Now if we can get him to talk
about that chauffeur's license.

Wish I could be in your session
with Danker, but I've got to run along.

Thanks, Charlie.

Okay, I'll attend to that.

- Have Robert Danker sent in.

- Yes, sir.

- Looks like he's been released, sir.

- Released?

Before I came on duty.

Oh, here it is. Bail furnished
by the Personal Bonding Company.

Just across the street.

- Hello.

- Good morning.

- Hello, Dave.

- Good morning, Lieutenant. What can I do for you?

- This is Inspector Briggs of the F.B.I.

- Yes, sir. Sit down.

- You arranged bail for one Robert Danker?

- That's right.

- Do you mind telling us who put up the money?

- No, not at all.

Let's see.

Danker. Here we are.

Robert Danker,
suspicion of robbery.

Bond \$5,000.

Cash by John Smith.

Yeah. Mr. Smith again.

Do you know this Mr. Smith?

Never met him before in my life.

Wouldn't know him if I saw him again.

- Any address?

- I think you'll find it's a phony, like the name.

They all do it.

Hotel Conlin.

- Never heard of it.

- Mm-hmm.

- Thanks anyway.

- Anytime.

Danker was framed.

We investigate and prove his alibi...

but before anybody knows that except us,
he's bailed out.

That can only mean one thing. Somebody
wants to see him as badly as we do.

That night at 20 minutes past 11:00...

a body with numerous knife wounds...

was found on the main highway

leading to Center City.

It was identified

as Robert Danker.

- Hello, Inspector.

- Hello, Hank.

Nice to see you again.

Did you get my man?

Have a good man for you to look over.

Just the qualifications you need.

Defending against the knife attack

is a very dangerous proposition...

and should be avoided if possible.

That's Cordell with the instructor.

Been in the field two years.

He's back for in-service training.

You're closing in
on a hijacker when he suddenly...

I'm sorry, Mr. Haynes.

Not at all.

Cordell, this is a test
of your reactions.

Here are photographs of
four armed killers. Study them carefully.

Look upon them as living people,
armed and dangerous.

- Got it?

- Yes, sir.

- Thank you, Woody. Are there any questions?

- No, sir.

Go to the starting point
and load without further command.

Are you ready, shooter?

- Yes, sir.

- Start walking.

That's good. Always take cover
when you're outnumbered.

Reload and holster.

Start walking.

- Well, why didn't you shoot?

- Because he wants to surrender.

- We wouldn't shoot a man in cold blood.

- Re-holster. Still walking.

- Why did you shoot the man on the left first?

- Already had his gun drawn.

Re-holster and start walking.

- Why didn't you shoot?

- He's using an innocent person as a shield.

Re-holster. Resume walking.

Cordell's fine.

He's a good choice, Hank.

- Send him over to my office first thing in the morning.

- Certainly, Mr. Briggs.

- Send him over to my office first thing in the morning.

- Certainly, Mr. Briggs.

- Now then, the bank robbery
and both the murders...

Mr. Gordon.

- Hello, Cy.

- Mr. Briggs.

- I don't think you know Gene Cordell.

- No, I don't believe I do.

- How are you, Gene?

- It's good to see you again.

Do I know him?

I brought him into the Bureau.

Taught him to shoot at the right target.

Kept him from being a wealthy lawyer.

I was just telling Gene.

Cy already knows the case.

The same gang

that pulled the bank robbery...

also pulled the Meadowbrook job.

That's when they framed Danker.

Now, we know that Danker's hangout

was right in this section, skid row.

Here, we have it over here.

Here's Dock Street.

Here's where he lived, at the Royal.

These are the various poolrooms and dives

that he was known to hang out in.

There's the Dock Street Gym.

We know gangsterism is returning.

Since the war,

at least a half a dozen gangs...

have sprung up

in that area alone.

The juvenile delinquents of yesterday...

all of them more clever,

more ruthless than the old-time mobs.

And as I say, we're convinced

that one of those new gangs...

is responsible

for the murders of Malloy...

the Jannings girl and Danker.

Solve any one of those three murders,

we'll have the gang we're after.

Gene, you're going

to follow in Danker's steps.

Cy, as I explained,

you're to surveil him every minute.

Gene's only communication, unless

otherwise directed, is going to be through you.

- I understand.

- Cy will be living right across the street...
at the Gilbert.
This Danker was a tough kid that knew
his way around. You're to be his carbon copy.
- Right, sir.
- Now, this is our plan.
Suppose you were to drift
into Center City.
In the days that followed,
Special Agent Eugene Cordell...
using the cover name
of George Manly...
made himself known
throughout the skid row area.
That's great!
You listen to me. Fanning a few spar boys
don't mean you're ready for Kluney.
Why, you stick your head
in a meat grinder.
What do you think I did?
I busted her jaw in three places.
- No doll can take me to the cleaners.
- Not much.
- Hiya, boys.
- Hi, George.
Are you kidding?
Hi. Twenty-five cents admission,
everybody.
- Hello, George.
- Hello, George.
How are you?
Hiya, Bob. How's everything?
Give me 50 on that, will you, Matty?
In ring number two...
Baby McGee now going in
against Rudi Adano.
And in ring number one,
Kid Giveno boxing with Fred Fay.
Hey, Giveno,
step in with that left jab.
Keep it up high.
All right, shoot the lights.!
No, no.
You're telegraphing it.

Hey, snoop, dry up, will you?

Keep your right up.

Block that hook.

Hey, buster, take off.

- You his trainer?

- What about it?

- What are you training him for, a quick dive?

- Hey, listen, you...

The way he looks,

he couldn't even lick an ice-cream cone.

- Keep your left up! You're a sucker for a right!

- Shut up.

- Open your teeth once more, and so help me...

- Only trying to help your boy.

- He could use a little sharpening up.

- Throw him out of here!

- Now, wait a minute!

- Get out of here!

Lay off.

Maybe you could show the kid

a couple of things.

Could be.

- I'll give you five bucks for every round you go.

- Make it 10.

- You've got a deal.

- Okay.

- Get the, uh, champ some gear.

- Sure.

A pleasure.

Who's the big moneyman...

gonna pay me off?

- That's Alec himself.

- Come again?

Alec Stiles. He only owns this joint,

that's all.

- You better give him his buck's worth.

- I wouldn't worry about that.

- You any good?

- Good enough.

- Who'd you ever fight?

- I been hit by the best.

You think you could maybe,

uh, last a round?

I'll take a little bet on it.

Wait a minute.

Hey, Punchy, come here.

- Me?

- Yeah, you.

Here. Spread this.

Take 20-to-1 Giveno.

Don't knock him out in the first.

Twenty-to-one he lasts a round.

You got it?

- Twenty-to-one?

- Twenty-to-one.

Twenty-to-one.

Twenty-to-one.

- If you last, I'll cut you in.

- You better, or I'll take a dive.

Sparring with Kid Giveno...

- What's your name?

- Just call me Kid Dynamite.

- Kid Dynamite.

- Kid Dynamite.

Kid Dynamite. Get in there

and take the conceit out of that guy.

Keep your elbows in.

You're gonna take off.

Keep your chin down,

left up high.

- A cutie, huh?

- Yeah.

Hey, great!

- Keep that chin down!

- That's it! That's it! Keep at him!

Don't lose your head.

You're swinging too wild.

Come on, Dynamite!

Come on.

Settle down, will you?

What's the matter with you?

Why don't you get that left hand working?

- You're letting that guy make you look like an amateur.

- Hey.

Ten bucks.

Yeah, you're dynamite, okay.

Now, look.

Get him in the nose. In the nose!

It breaks easy. Scatter it all over his kisser.
You're the favorite now.
How about me putting some dough
on Giveno and you take a dive, huh?
We'll rook the joint.
Cut you in 50-50.
That's it. In the nose!
In the nose!
Hit him up with that left!
Easy, boy.
You're wide open.
Now you got him.
- Come on!
- Get going. Come on, baby!
Nice work, Giveno.
You're a great fighter, boy.
The champ!
Champ? I oughta
take a sock at you myself. Come on.
- Nice going.
- Thanks, pal.
I'll bring your cut
as soon as I collect it.
Let me know when you're in the mood
for a dive and we'll make a mint.
I'll send you a wire.
Dynamite. Good boy.
- Not bad, not bad.
- Thanks.
Ever think of doing it
for more than laughs?
Easier ways
to pick up a quick buck.
For instance?
- Shivvy.
- Yeah, boss?
- Come here.
- I don't want any part of it.
Why not?
Take care of this.
Check.
- I think I got a lead.
- Yeah.
At the gym.

Somebody went

through my wallet.

Stole my Social Security card.

- What's your name, fellow?

- What's it to you?

- Come on. Let's have it.

- Manly.

- George Manly?

- Yeah.

- You're under arrest.

- What for?

- Suspicion of robbery.

- What? Are you kidding? I ain't robbed nothing.

Next time you break into a jewelry store,

don't leave your Social Security card.

Cordell's Social Security card,

planted in a robbed jewelry store...

coupled with his arrest,

was the first indication...

that the Bureau's plan

was meeting with success.

For if the plan were working,

as apparently it was...

then Cordell indeed

was walking in Danker's shoes.

Here. Relax.

- Relax!

- Okay.

On January 4, a routine request...

one of approximately 26,000

received daily by the F.B.I....

came into the identification division

from the police department of Center City.

It asked for the complete record

of George Manly.

A search of the name index failed

to reveal any record on George Manly.

His classification

was then obtained...

and checked

through 107 million fingerprints on file.

Of those cards having

the same general classification...

the sorting machine rejected

all but one possibility.
This was then traced
to the criminal fingerprint files...
which identified George Manly
as being Eugene Cordell...
a special agent
of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.
It was brought to the immediate attention
of the assistant director...
in charge
of the identification division.
He and Inspector Briggs
had anticipated this request...
for the criminal record of George Manly
as a result of Agent Cordell's arrest.
To prevent Cordell's exposure,
a false record had been prepared.
This was now forwarded
through routine channels...
to the police department
of Center City.
The following day in Center City...
a bail bond was put up for the release
of George Manly by a Mr. John Smith.
Once more the pattern
was repeating itself.
What had happened to Danker was
happening to Agent Cordell step-by-step.
Your boy just checked out. Yeah.
Hello, Dynamite.
I haven't seen you around here lately.
Back now.
In ring number two, Phil Giordano...
now going in
against Frankie Cole.
And in ring number one,
Billy McClurd boxing with Georgie Grishand.
Hey, Dynamite.
- Well, haven't seen you around lately.
- Been away.
- Is that right?
- Weekend in the country.
- Courtesy of the city, huh?
- Something like that.

Georgie.

We, uh...

- We oughta get to know each other better.
- Anything in mind?
- Got anything on for tonight?
- Not yet.

You're invited.

- Where?
- At 111...

Somebody'll pick you up

around 9:

The Royal, isn't it?

Crummy joint.

Okay, I'll bet ten.

Okay, I'll bet ten.

So why don't you guys
wait on yourself once in a while.

- Here, take this.
- I'm out. When's somebody gonna give me a hand?
- Oh, stop griping.
- I'll call that 10 and bump you 10.
- Who's winning?
- Well, I'm not.
- Here.
- Thanks.
- Three ladies, huh?
- Aw, shut up!
- And I was gonna shoot the works with three jacks.
- You see?

Drop dead.

Here you are, honey.

- How about giving me a little kiss, huh?
- Do you mind?
- You're breathing down my neck.
- My affectionate husband.
- Who opened that window?
- Well, not me.
- Think I'd open a window with you in the room?
- You fresh-air nut.

You open that window again,
I'll throw you out of it.

Come here.

Well, answer it!

Well, what do you think

I was gonna do?

Oh, hiya, Matty.

- Judy, I want you to get acquainted with Miss LeVal.

- Oh.

Hiya, fellas.

I want you all to be introduced
to Miss Valentine LeVal, the actress.

Hi, fellas.

Looks like you're having a good game.

Come over here and meet Alec.

Alec, this is Valentine LeVal,
in person.

- Delighted, I'm sure.

- How you like, boss? Some class.

- Where'd she get that coat?

- A present from her Uncle Matty.

Come out here,

Uncle Matty.

Does that dame know

where the coat came from?

Of course not, boss.

You know I don't tell dames nothing.

Just like you say,

never trust a dame.

And dopes.

You know that coat's hot.

Do you wanna lead the cops

right to us?

- I told you never to buy anything from a fence.

- But she...

Now, take off!

And ditch that coat...

before she tells the cops

where she got it, Uncle Matty.

- I'll take it.

- Make up your mind.

- Hello, Georgie.

- Hi.

Boss.

Come on in here

where it's private.

- Hiya, champ, Shivvy. I want you to meet...

- Did you say something?

- No, boss, I didn't say nothing.
- Blow.
What's griping him?
Sit down.
Well, Georgie...
what's your racket?
What's yours?
Sweet job you pulled in Pittsburgh.
Smart. No conviction.
- Never been in Pittsburgh.
- No?
How about San Diego, April '46?
Suspicion of armed robbery.
- No conviction.
- You got me crossed.
How about Philly,
last December?
Grand larceny.
No conviction.
Miami, Richmond, Trenton.
No convictions.
- What you selling?
- Here.
Take a look at this.
Direct from the F.B.I.
Or, uh, should I say indirect?
Through my pipeline...
in the police department.
Sorry about the weekend
I gave you, Georgie.
But you see...
I'm building an organization
along scientific lines.
I need men
who know their way around...
who can get by.
That's why I screened you.
- Screened?
- Sure, like in the army.
Only I pick my own recruits.
You see, it works like this.
I spot a guy who looks good.
So what do I do?
I get him framed.

The cops check his record
through the F.B.I. Then I get it.
It's my idea.
It takes connections...
but I've got them.
Should be back
in the police files, huh?
It'll get back...
same way it got out.
- Convinced?
- Not bad.
Coming in, Georgie?
What about my hearing?
Supposed to show up in court Friday.
It'll be fixed. Forget it.
And there's one thing
you'd better get straight.
There's just one idea man
in this outfit...
me.
I do the thinking.
I give the orders.
That's okay by me, boss.
Yeah, I'm gonna like you, Georgie.
You catch on fast. Here.
Buy yourself a closet
full of clothes.
I like my boys to look sharp.
Come on in the other room.
It's chilly in here.
- What'll it be?
- Coffee and...
- Out of doughnuts.
- Okay, give me some pie.
- Out of pie. Toast.
- You won't get an argument out of me, honey. Toast.
- Hamburger.
- With?
Everything.
Say, miss,
when's the next ferry?
Every hour on the half hour.
Say, ain't that Georgie?
Yeah.

Wait here.

Hey, do you want
to break your neck?

Sorry.

- Hello, Gene.

- It's good to see you again, Mr. Briggs.

I flew in

from Washington tonight.

Cordell's report convinced Inspector Briggs...

that the Stiles gang

was the one they were after.

Now it was imperative to secure

concrete evidence to obtain a conviction...

and to ferret out

who in the police department...

was making the Bureau's records

available to the gang.

Upon concluding his report,

Special Agent Cordell returned to Center City.

Out kind of late, ain't you?

- What's the idea?

- Where you been, Georgie?

I took a ferry across the river.

- What for?

- What's it to ya?

- What business you got across the river?

- I said, what's it to ya?

You don't take no ferryboat rides

in the middle of the night for your health.

- What did you pull?

- You got a long nose. Why don't you keep it to yourself?

From now on you ain't got no business

that ain't Alec's.

What do you think this is,

a penny stick-up outfit?

You mean I gotta share my special numbers

with you mugs?

What's the matter with the dames

on this side of the river?

You got a red queen

on a red king.

Everybody got it?

That's okay. Now play it back

just like it's going to be.

At 25 after 10:

I drive up with you to the gate.

You're in the back seat

all dressed up in a monkey suit.

Get on with it.

The guard takes us for one of

the invited characters, so he lets us in.

And once through the gate, I get out

of the car and... boing... rock him to sleep.

- Okay, come on, come on!

- I pull in car two and keep the motor running.

Same here,

in car number three.

As you pull in, I'm cuttin'the wires

to the switch box. Then I start whistlin;

When Whitey whistles...

me and Mutt get out of the car,

go in the kitchen.

- I stand by and keep the motor running.

- 10:

Georgie, me and you,

we're goin' in through the front.

We head for the banquet room.

I make 'em line up, face the right and left walls.

- I cover 'em.

- Are you with us, or some dame?

- Shut up.

- I'm right with you, boss.

Keep that head of yours where it belongs,

or some cop'll blow it off, pretty boy.

- You ain't kiddin';

- Nobody asked you.

All right.

We head for the banquet room.

- I make 'em line up, face the right and left walls.

- I cover 'em.

I take 'em on the left wall,

work 'em over for whatever they got.

- Ditto for them on the right wall.

- All right. Now for the getaway.

- Shivvy and me, we carry the junk out.

- I cover you.

- Right.
- I head north on Highway 7.
- And we meet back here. Any questions?
- Nah.

Okay. Whitey, Nick, Mutt, swipe three cars and bring 'em around back of the gym.

- Uh-huh.
- We take off at 10:00 sharp.
- Right, boss.
- Pick me out a limousine, will ya?
- Where we gonna eat?
- I don't know. Try that new place.

Yeah. That's close by.

- Nice going, General.
- What's the use of having a war if you don't learn from it?
- Hiya, fellows.
- Hello, Judy.
- You're not leaving already?
- Okay. Come on. Let's go. Let's go. Come on.
- Thanks, boss.
- I'll be right down.

Why didn't you let 'em stick around here and clean up this mess?

Looks like

they've been raised in a trough.

Well, if the maid were here, she'd really blow her top.

Oh, the Willard mansion, huh? You know, I read they got gold faucets in every bathroom.

Gee, they must creep with money.

I heard Mrs. Willard had a...

- Didn't I tell you never to poke your nose in my...
- Cut it out!

Who do you think you're shovin' around?

One of your dumb lugs? I don't take it!

- Don't you touch me!
- You open your trap, and I'll...
- I will! You ever touch me again, I swear I will!
- Shut up!

I hope they get ya tonight.

Yeah, I hope they do for me!

- See ya.
- Ten minutes, champ.

Right.

Oh, what I couldn't do with that bus
when I ain't workin'.
Snap it up, boys.
Boss'll be down in a minute.
- Got it?
- Yeah.
Okay. Get it under cover.
Hey, champ.
Get a load of this.
Okay.
Cars one and four
will cover the highway.
Jeff s station
will be at the roadblock.
That's it, men. Okay.
Rifle 3184.
Shotgun 3274.
Rifle 20492.
Inspector. Lieutenant.
I got away as soon as I could, Chief.
- I'm glad you let me in on it.
- You wanted me to keep you posted.
We're all set.
Pick yourself a boom-boom.
- A honey of a Luger.
- Lay off. That's the boss's.
You got another one?
Thanks.
Looks like we'll make it okay,
Inspector, with time to spare.
Take the bridge route. We'll go by way
of Agnes Avenue. We'll go in Demory's car.
- All right. Answer it, can't you?
- Okay, boss.
Close it up.
- Who sneezed?
- That wasn't a sneeze, boss. It was just a sort of a cough.
Yeah?
He's busy.
Okay. Hang on.
Phone for ya.
Says it's important.
Yeah?
What?

Okay.

- Better get goin', boss.
- It's off.
- What do you mean, it's off?
- Dump those cars and turn in your guns.

All of you. Beat it.

Okay, boys.

Let's stash 'em.

- What's the deal?
- Don't ask me.

Inspector Briggs, call your office.

15 p. m., K.R.Z.A.

This is Briggs calling W.F.B.I.

Come in, W.F.B.I.

This is W.F.B.I. Mr. Briggs, stand by for a direct message from Blanket.

- Go ahead, Blanket.
- This is Blanket.

Received urgent message from Gene.

"Family will not appear.

"Plans canceled.

Family warned

you were waiting for them. "

Thanks. Stand by.

- They're not gonna show.
- How come?

I'm sorry, Chief.

It looks like they decided not to show up.

- Why, it's only quarter after now.
- No. I got a message.
- They won't be here.
- What do you suppose happened?

I wish I knew.

Stop it!

- Tipped the cops, didn't you?
- No! No!
- I didn't! Honest I didn't!
- Didn't you?
- Alec, no! I swear! Please!
- You tipped them!

Oh, my God.!

- You tipped the cops, didn't you?
- No, I didn't!

You tipped 'em!

You tipped 'em! You tipped 'em!

I didn't!

- Hiya, guys.

- What's new?

Sure felt good to get out
of that chauffeur's outfit.

- Hey. Double for me.

- Okay, Matty.

- What are you guys gonna have?

- Straight bourbon. - Same.

- Bourbon. Got that?

- Did you ditch the cars?

What do you think?

- Any idea why the boss blew the deal?

- No. What's your guess?

- I pass.

- I think that...

- You pass too.

- How 'bout a little game of poker?

- Good idea. - Count

me in. - See you, guys.

- What's the rush, Georgie?

- I got a date.

- Same here.

- Across the river?

- So long, fellas.

- So long.

- How about coming up to my place?

- Good idea.

- So long, Uncle Matty.

- Aah.

- Night, Matty.

- Good pickings, champ.

This is Stiles.

I'm coming out to see you.

No. Now.

- You shouldn't have come here.

- I had to.

Now, what is it that couldn't wait
until tomorrow morning?

- That tip-off. Where'd it come from?

- The F.B.I.

Luckily for you,

I was around.

Take my advice, Stiles:

Lay low for a while.

They've got nothing on me.

But maybe

I've got something on them.

- What do you mean?

- This gun.

Somebody just broke

into my arsenal and shot it off.

- What for?

- What do you think?

Bright boys... trying to match it up

with a couple of souvenirs...

I left in the Meadowbrook

and the bank job.

Bright boys... thinking only they

can play at being cops.

You get the fingerprints

off this gun.

The way I figure it, maybe the same rat

who tipped them shot it off.

Mm. Any ideas?

Yeah. Eight.

It's got to be somebody in my outfit.

- Nobody else knew where that arsenal was hidden.

- You'd better get it out quick.

I'm way ahead of ya.

- When do I get the dope on this?

- It may take a little time.

- I'll call you.

- All right.

Call me at my house.

And hurry it up.

- And don't let that gun out of your sight.

- Just a minute, Stiles.

All right.

- Yes.

- The bullet Cordell sent in.

Hello, Fred.

Get me Gordon, will you?

Yeah. It looks all right.

- Get it off to Washington on the first plane.

- Yes, sir.

- Go ahead, Mr. Briggs.

- What's the latest on Gene?

He went to usual place at 10:00.

Still there.

Everything quiet.

Okay.

You punch-drunk pug, how many times
have I told ya to keep that door shut?

It's freezing in here!

I was gonna do it, Mr. Stiles.

I was gonna do it.

- Who opens?

- I will. A buck.

- Hi, Alec.

- How you doin', boss?

- I'll raise you two. Two pair.

- Aces up.

- Oh, yeah.

- Tough.

- You win the deal.

- About all I win.

Yeah. You can't beat lucky.

- One.

- One.

- He's sure burnin'.

- Yeah. You're not kiddin'.

Hi, Bill.

Hello, boss.

Say, boss,

what happened last night?

Little change of plans.

I sure could've used that basket of lettuce.

That blonde of mine...

- I'm sick of you and your dames.

- Hey, boss. Phone for ya.

What do you open with?

- Yeah?

- Do you know a fighter by the name of George Manly?

- Yeah.

- You shouldn't.

- I'll see that he gets your message.

- You in or out?

- What about that package?

- I'm with you.

- Okay. Meet me at 4:00, same place.

- Too rich for me.

- Ah, you win the deal.

- I win somethin'.

Manly. Tonight.

Keep him on tap.

Check.

Hello, Mr. Demory.

Stiles.

There you are.

You'll get a bonus

for this, Mr. Demory.

Yes, sir.

I'm gonna vote you a great big bonus.

Where's it coming from? With a stoolie
in your outfit, they've got you stopped dead.

All we've got to do is chop this stoolie,
and we're in business again.

You don't know when to stop,
do you, Stiles?

Slot machines. Gambling rackets.

That wasn't enough.

No. You have to take on a bank.

I didn't see you turn down your cut
of the bonds and stuff.

Killing a guard, then following it up
with a couple more murders...

making things tougher all around.

Go ahead. Kill Manly.

Give the F.B.I. an engraved invitation...
to put you in the chair.

- Dead men make bad witnesses.

- Hmm.

And who said I was gonna kill him?

That's where you come in,

Mr. Demory.

- You're out of your mind.

- You know what?

You're gonna be a big hero tomorrow.

Yes, sir.

Your name'll be all over the front page.

"Demory gets armed robber. "

"Mayor's little man

wins big police medal. "

- If you think you can mix me up in it...

- Relax, Mr. Demory.

Your hands'll be clean.

The cops'll do the killing.

Let me know

when you start talking sense.

I'm talking it now.

- Now, listen, Stiles.

- I kicked in plenty when I didn't need you.

Always around

for the payoff, weren't you?

Well, you're sticking around

for this payoff. Sit down.

Go on. Sit.

We got a big job

to do tonight.

Now, here's where you come in.

- Hello, Chief.

- You just caught me, Inspector. Hello, Dick.

- Chief.

- What's on your mind?

- A little package of dynamite.

- Well, explode it.

I'd like to read you a report

from one of our agents.

"At 12:

of the Dock Street Gym.

"He entered car and proceeded

to Milford and Oak Streets.

"He parked car and walked

to 1680 Oak Street.

"He was admitted by person unknown

at 12:

He left at 12:

- Do you happen to know who lives at 1680 Oak Street?

- No.

- Ralph Demory.

- What?

Were you with Demory

all the time last night after he arrived here?

- Just before he went on the raid?

- Yes. Yes, I'm sure I was.
No. Wait. Now I remember.
He went to his office for a few minutes.

"At 9:

received a phone call. "

- Subsequently, the Willard job was called off.

- Well?

All the facts seem to add up.

Demory's financial status. His bank deposits.

His bond purchases.

Roughly 20 times in excess of his salary.

- I just can't believe that Demory is mixed up in this mess.

- All right.

Perhaps this will convince you.

Our Washington identification division
shows requests...

from your police department

for the records of all these men.

All of them members

of the Stiles gang.

Now, these records, supplied by us,
were then made available to Stiles.

And he used them

to check on prospective gang members.

Is Bryant still there?

Have him come in.

Try and run a police department
with stuff like this going on.

- Yes, sir?

- Hello, Sam.

This is Inspector Briggs of the F.B.I.
Sergeant Bryant.

- How do you do, sir? -

Sergeant. - You know Atkins.

- I sure do. Hello, Dick.

- Sam.

Ever had a request from anyone here
for the records of these men?

I get so many requests, sir.

Let me see.

- Yes. Here's one I checked on today.

- George Manly.

- Today?

- Yes, sir.
- I lifted one of his latent fingerprints off a gun.
- Was that gun a Luger?
- That's right.
- Who asked you to check it?
- Mr. Demory.
- Mr. Demory?
- Yes, sir.
- Were Manly's the only fingerprints you lifted?
No. There were also a couple
of fragmentary prints.
- I identified them as Alec Stiles's.
- Thanks, Sergeant.
- Yes, sir.
- Oh, Sergeant?
- Have you got the serial number of that Luger?
- Yes, sir.

Thanks.

Line, please.

This is Mr. Briggs.

Get me the radio room.

Radio room.

- Get me Gordon.

- Yes, sir.

W.F.B.I. calling number six.

W.F.B.I. calling number six.

- Number six.

- Stand by, number six.

- Go ahead, Mr. Briggs.

- Briggs speaking.

Tell Cordell

to get out immediately.

The gang has made him.

He's in great danger.

Cordell's one of our agents.

He's been doing undercover work...

in the Stiles gang

under the name of George Manly.

I see. That certainly
ties Demory in, all right.

- What do you want me to do?

- For the moment, nothing.

We'd better get back to the office.

We're expecting word from Washington.

They may give us the green light
to move in on the Stiles gang.

- Why don't you come with us?

- I want to.

- Good.

- And if you don't mind, I'd like to take Lieutenant Staller too.

- We'll pick him up on the way out.

- Right.

Yeah, yeah?

- Let me talk to George Manly, please.

- Who?

- Oh. Hiya, boys. Come on in.

- Hiya, champ.

- What's the pitch?

- Boss wants to see ya.

Got a little job

on for tonight.

Great.

- Yeah?

- You're wanted on the phone.

Tell 'em I'm all tied up.

- Dames.

- Somethin' classy?

He says he's tied up.

- What's the deal?

- You know the boss.

- Follow that gray car. Quick. F.B.I.

- Yes, sir.

Are we gonna get a briefing,

pick up the guns?

Nope. This is a fast one. Boss'll

give us the lowdown when we get there.

It came up sudden-like.

Take it easy, champ. Relax.

Boss knows what he's doin'.

Mr. Demory.

- Is Chief Harmatz in?

- No, sir.

- Get the night detail together. I just got a tip about a robbery.

- Yes, sir.

"Re:

from Luger 7.65 millimeter.

"Barrel markings identical

with murder bullets removed...

"from victims Frank Malloy
and Helen Jannings.

Arrest Stiles gang
and Demory immediately. Hoover. "

- Dick, get three squads ready.
- Right.

Take her around the side.

Straight ahead, Georgie.

- Where's the nearest telephone?
- I don't know, but there's a gas station up the road.
- Maybe they got one.
- Okay. Get there as quick as you can...

and call the F.B.I.

and ask for Inspector Briggs.

- Inspector Briggs.
- Yeah. Tell 'im that Gordon followed Cordell...
- and two of the gang to the Anderson Manufacturing Company.
- Cordell?

Gordon followed Cordell and two of the gang
to the Anderson Manufacturing Company.

- You got it?
- Yes, sir.
- Okay. What's your number?
- A-371.
- All right. I'm counting on you.
- Yes, sir.

Now, step on it.

The watchman.

I wasn't tryin'
to steal nothin', honest.

I was just tryin' to find a place to park
the bones for the night.

Well, park 'em someplace else.

Go on. Beat it.

- Thanks.
- Wait a minute.

Get 'em up.

Get 'em up!

- Hello, Georgie.
- Hello, boss.
- What's up?
- Sweet job.

F.B.I., I wanna speak

to Inspector Briggs.

- I have a message from Gordon.

- Yes?

Yes? What's the message? Just a minute.

"Anderson Manufacturing Company.

Fraser Road at Caron. "

Thank you.

Thank you very much.

Message from Gordon.

He's tailed Cordell...

and two of the gang

to the Anderson Manufacturing Company.

- That's out on Fraser Road.

- At Caron.

Dick, our group will

take the Anderson plant.

- Morry, your squad'll handle the gym.

- Okay.

- Parker, you pick up Demory.

- Yes, sir.

If you don't mind, Staller and I would like
to go along with Parker.

- Try and keep us away.

- All right. Let's go.

Good enough.

- Pulled this one out of the air, Georgie.

- Yeah?

Yeah. Left, 18.

Easiest way to crack a safe:

Use the combination.

No noise.

- What was it?

- Watchman. Guard.

Okay.

Go ahead. Take it. It's all yours.

No cuts for anybody.

Go ahead.

And this is one job that'll never
get tipped off, will it, Georgie?

I don't get you, boss.

You don't, huh?

Why, haven't you heard?

Somebody did a little singing...

to the F.B.I....

told 'em things
like where I kept my gun...
when we were gonna
pull the Willard job.
Now, who would know all that
but somebody in our outfit, huh?
Yeah, Georgie,
we picked up a pigeon.
Now, you're a smart guy. Suppose you
were me. Suppose you were running this outfit.
How would you
get rid of him?
You don't know, huh?
Oh, there are lots of ways, sure.
You could knock him off
with a gun.
Shivvy could knife him. One of the boys
could drop him in the river.
But that wouldn't be clever,
would it? No.
The F.B.I.'d be crawling all over you. They'd
keep getting in your way until they got you.
Right, Georgie?
No. There's only one scientific way
to get rid of this stoolie.
Let the cops bump him off.
Smart, huh?
You see, Georgie,
any minute now...
a squad of cops'll
be coming up the front way.
And guess whose shadow
they're gonna see on that window.
And guess who they're gonna
pump full of slugs...
thinking they're
knocking off a safe cracker.
And who do you suppose
is bringing the cops?
My number-one connection
in the police department. And, Georgie...
he's leaving that way clear for us.
Not in the face. Don't mark him up.
Here they are.

Looks like your tip was okay, Mr. Demory.

- Put him back.

- But the cops...

Put him back, I said.

Ooh!

- F.B.I. What's up, Sergeant?

- Robbery. Cashier's office on the second floor.

Take care of Gordon.

- Is he the only one who was in here?

- Yes, sir.

- Gene!

- This way!

Let him have it.

You all right, Gene?

- Okay. How is Gordon?

- Bad wound, but he'll be okay.

Well, Inspector,

I didn't expect to find the F.B.I. here.

- We got a tip on a robbery.

- We got a tip too.

- Oh, is that so?

- Yes. From one of our agents here.

Mr. Demory, I'd like

to have you meet George Manly.

How's it, Cy?

Are you all right, Cy?

Me? Old rhinoceros hide.