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# Alias Nick Beal

By Jonathan Latimer

In every man there's an imperfection,  
a seed of destruction.  
You discovered that, Foster, when  
you traded principles for personal glory  
When you sacrificed integrity for power.  
You discovered that  
in eight short months.  
Climbing to a governor's mansion  
from a district attorney's office.  
District Attorney. Hello, Jack.  
He's in conference.  
May I take a message?  
Hello, Mary  
- Hello.  
I've got the Beckford file for the boss.  
He's in conference.  
Well, can I trust you with it?  
I'll take them in.  
May I?  
- I guess so.  
What if it is personal?  
You're not an old maid, are you?  
The Beckford file, boss.  
Thanks, Wolfe.  
I don't suppose there's any secret  
about it. I'll be 48 next month.  
Forty eight. That's just about right.  
That'll be all, Wolfe.  
Right for what?  
There's gossip around.  
Governor Lambert's gonna retire.  
He's old. Pushing 70.  
The race will be wide open this fall.  
Very interesting.  
- I thought it might be.  
I got some more gossip for you too.  
A fellow who's 48 could win.  
With the right sponsors.  
Provided the sponsors are out of jail.  
They will be.  
That's not the way the jury's going to  
feel about your man, Hanson.  
I think it is after what I heard today.  
Seems you had a subpoena issued

for some books of his.

Books with figures in them.

Go on.

Hanson was gonna bring them down  
except something funny happened.

They caught fire.

- I don't believe you.

I'd have brought them myself  
to show you only...

I didn't think you'd want your office  
cluttered up with ashes.

You're licked, Foster.

- No.

And you don't think so either.

Or you wouldn't be talking  
about governorships.

Let me tell you about that.

My people up here have been  
complaining about you.

Breaking their slot machines,  
closing the bookies,

breaking up the numbers game.

It's cost them and me a lot of money.

Then Hanson.

You missed but I have an idea  
you'll try again.

Of course, there's another way  
to stop you but that's messy.

Blood, a lot of bad publicity.

I don't think either of us  
care for that.

What then?

I gather you're offering me a choice.

A governorship or a shroud.

I wouldn't want to put it...

- I don't want to put it any way.

Suppose you get out.

So you don't want to dance, eh?

- That's right.

Maybe you will anyway.

The Reverend, Dr. Garfield.

- Come in, Tom.

Trouble with Faulkner?

- Yeah, bad trouble.

He and his man, Hanson  
have outsmarted me.  
Sit down, Tom.  
- Ah, Joseph.  
Burned Hanson's records.  
You must have expected that.  
Not the way I had the thing set up.  
Of course, I wanted the records  
but I knew if I went after them before  
the trial, he'd destroy them.  
So I built my case to look as if I  
wasn't going to use them at all,  
figuring on a raid later on  
when he was off guard.  
One of my assistants secured the  
subpoena this morning.  
But it got through to Hanson too.  
I wouldn't worry.  
You've made a fine record  
No district attorney in the country  
has done better.  
No, it's not me. It's the little people,  
the corner grocer,  
the basement tailor,  
the one truck cleaner.  
All paying from five to ten dollars  
a week for protection.  
From what?  
Hanson.  
Someday he'll overreach himself.  
- Someday's not soon enough.  
I'm going to get him and I'm going to  
get him now if I have to...  
I'm sorry.  
Why should I be bothering you  
with my troubles?  
Did you bring the boy?  
Wolfe has him outside.  
Has him?  
- He's a bit wild.  
That's why we have the club.  
Hello, Reverend.  
- Hi, Matt.  
Well, athletes.

What're ya gonna do,  
make me a boy scout?  
I know what I'd do with you.  
- You ain't big enough.  
Come with me, Larry.  
Say, Joseph?  
-Yes?  
Wouldn't the burning of the books be  
evidence of Hanson's guilt?  
It would be if i could prove he did it  
which I can't.  
It's a pity.  
After all the work you've done.  
Let's go in the office, Larry.  
- What for?  
I just want to talk with you.  
If that kid was mine...  
- He wouldn't be here, Wolfe.  
Sit down.  
I'd sooner stand.  
What've they got for for, Larry?  
Auto rap.  
Want to tell me about it?  
Why should I?  
No reason except that I was once  
in the same spot.  
Don't give me that soap.  
When you were a kid you wore lace pants.  
When I was your age I could lick  
every kid on the waterfront  
and most of the sailors too.  
Lace pants.  
But I'll tell you something, Larry.  
I found out it doesn't pay.  
Not in the long run, not any more than  
what you're doing.  
If it weren't for Dr. Garfield, you'd be  
in a reform school.  
What's the matter with reform school?  
You want to go there?  
Sure. This is sissy stuff.  
The guys on the block  
would laugh at me.  
Do you think anybody laughs at me?

No.

- Well, there.

Why don't you give it a try?

Say for a month.

No. I don't think I'd...

About ready to come home, darling?

I'm always ready to come home.

Martha, this is Larry Price.

He's thinking of joining us.

- Oh, you like it here, Larry?

Maybe.

You look tired, dear. Bad day?

- Not good.

Hanson?

- I'm afraid he's outwitted me.

Oh, what a shame.

Joseph would rather convict Hanson than be president, I think.

He's the last of our evil forces.

He's the last and the biggest.

He's like an octopus.

Sucking the blood of every little business in the city.

I'd give my soul to nail him.

Mr. Foster?

- Yes. What is it, son?

A man told me to give this to you.

Thanks.

Listen to this.

If you want to nail Hanson, come to the China Coast at 8 tonight.

It's almost as if he heard you.

Son?

-He beat it.

Joseph, you're not thinking of going?

I would if I knew where he was.

It's a joint of Front St.

Next to the M & R wharf.

Thanks. Martha, I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself.

I'll run you home and then drop in on my anonymous friend.

It's probably just a joke.

'Bye, Tom.

- 'Bye, Joseph.

Well, Larry, will you give us a try?

Yeah, I guess so.

You must have had a tough trip, Joe.

Yeah. I'm two days out and the motor

conked out. And the radio.

For a week we drift south.

Good evening, gentlemen.

Where did you come from?

- Out there.

There's nothing but bay out there.

- That's right.

I'd like two drinks.

Separate drinks brought to this table

and some ginger ale

and a small glass of Barbados.

- Barbados?

Rum, my friend, a dark, pungent rum.

- We ain't got none.

I think you have. A square bottle.

You'll find it.

You'll find it, he says.

As though i didn't know

every drink in the joint

Carl.

- What?

There ain't even a dory out there.

Well, maybe he swum.

Barbados.

Barbados. Where does he think he's at?

He'll drink what we...

Bridgetown Barbados.

Five years I been here and...

Mr. Foster.

You're the man that sent me the note?

- Sit down.

Drink?

- Well, a little ginger ale.

Here it is.

That'll be...

- Exactly one dollar.

Look, mister. Nevermind.

Mutual prosperity, Mr. Foster.

Before I drink to that,

you might tell me who you are.  
If you like.  
Nicholas Beal, agent.  
Agent for what, Mr. Beal?  
That depends. Possibly for you.  
Foster promises clean city  
with Hanson conviction.  
That's right.  
Only I hear you've run  
into a little snag.  
Some missing books.  
- Where did you hear about that?  
What would you say  
if I'd dig them up for you?  
Why would you be so obliging?  
I'm just a humble follower of your work.  
Wayward boys set right,  
criminals successfully prosecuted  
and I...  
admire you.  
Incorruptible enemy  
of the legions of evil.  
Rather flamboyant way of putting it.  
Perhaps.  
But of course, I'm not  
altogether altruistic.  
I thought so.  
But you're interested.  
- Naturally.  
How much will this cost?  
Whatever you decide is  
fair.  
That's a proposition  
I can hardly refuse.  
Should we be going?  
Well?  
Canning records  
don't intrigue you, Mr. Foster?  
Hardly.  
You may be wrong.  
You'll find Hanson's signature  
at the bottom of each page.  
And how did you happen to...  
Mr. Beal?

- Yeah?  
How did you happen to know about these?  
I hear things.  
Of course, I can't take them.  
Why not?  
Illegal.  
Without a warrant.  
Didn't you say you'd give  
I believe it was your soul  
to nail Hanson?  
Yes.  
I guess I did.  
Mr. Beal?  
Where are you?  
Beal?  
Beal?  
"Foster Triumphs -  
Hanson Guilty"  
"Foster Convicts Hanson"  
What's this, Martha?  
I thought we might celebrate  
Hanson's conviction.  
Oh. Sure.  
You know...  
I feel a little odd.  
You're not sorry for him?  
No. It's something else.  
Remember my telling you  
about Hanson's account books?  
Of Course.  
There's something else I didn't tell you  
What?  
I stole them.  
I didn't have a warrant  
to search the cannery  
until afterwards.  
Do you mind drinking with a criminal?  
I don't know.  
It's not that serious, Martha.  
But you've never done anything  
like that before.  
I never convicted Hanson before either.  
Yes, I know.  
But Joseph. Next time

even if it's more important than Hanson  
you won't let it happen again?

Not while I have a conscience.

And a wife.

We ought to go somewhere this evening.

How long since we've been dancing?

- The New York trip.

That's five years ago.

- Yes, I know.

I'm a pretty dull sort of husband.

I wouldn't say that.

Mr. Foster?

Dr. Garfield and some other gentlemen.

We'll have the champagne after they go.

Coming, Martha?

- In just a minute, dear.

Eileen, did you fill the ice bucket?

No, ma'am.

Well, the reform element  
seems to be out in force.

Naturally now that Hanson's gone.

Judge Hobson tells me  
you did a splendid job.

Pulling those account books  
out of your sleeve at the last minute  
was a great piece of work.

Thank you, Ben. But sit down,  
sit down, gentlemen.

The furniture's reliable.

I'll fetch you a drink.

This isn't exactly a social call.

There's a party caucus next week  
We're wondering if you have any ideas  
especially for the governorship.

What about you, Norton?

You know municipal finance.

You've been on the board of  
commissioners for the last 20 years.

I'd like to run; as lieutenant governor.

Why not for governor?

- That's you.

Me? Oh, a dozen better men.

No. At the risk of turning  
your head, I'll explain.

Hanson's conviction has  
made you a national figure.  
And your boy's club work  
is known all over the state.  
We have nobody quite like you.  
We sort of figured on  
hanging on to your coattails.  
Would you object, Joseph?  
I don't know. It's a bit sudden.  
I sound like a girl receiving  
her first proposal tonight.  
I'll make you a drink  
and sort out my thoughts.  
Alright.  
He'd make a good governor.  
There isn't any ice, my friend.  
How did you get in here?  
I've been here ever since  
you started dinner.  
That isn't what I meant.  
Don't worry about me. I'm doing fine  
even without ice.  
So I see.  
- Darling?  
Oh. Sorry. I didn't know  
anybody was here.  
Martha, this is Mr. Beal.  
A pleasure, Mrs. Foster.  
Aren't you the man who found  
Hanson's papers?  
He tell you about that?  
Joseph and I have very few secrets.  
Then you must be feeling  
pretty proud tonight.  
He didn't tell you he's to be  
our next governor?  
Joseph.  
Martha, will you take this inside?  
Tell them I have some  
business to transact.  
I suppose you came here to collect.  
How much?  
Did you tell your friends  
how you got the books?

No, I didn't.  
Well...  
We said whatever we thought was fair  
under the circumstances.  
That's right.  
Only it seems like circumstances  
have changed.  
I have a feeling your political career  
depends on my keeping quiet.  
It wouldn't look good if people learned  
you didn't have a search warrant.  
How much?  
Make it out for \$4,586.11  
That's absurd.  
We haven't got that much money.  
Ask the governor to  
take a peek at his balance.  
You're a hundred dollars off.  
I can't be.  
There's that check you gave me  
at the office this morning.  
Yes, that was for a hundred.  
You must have friends at the bank.  
- Maybe.  
Not backing out, are you?  
No.  
I gave my word.  
Joseph, you can't.  
I think Hanson's conviction  
is worth it.  
Especially with a governorship  
thrown in.  
Thanks.  
Now, if you'll wait  
You'll hear me tell my friends  
exactly how I got the books.  
Well, well. I guesst the reports  
weren't exaggerated.  
Real integrity.  
Would be a shame  
to take advantage of it.  
The first completely  
honest person I've met in  
a long time.

I'm not surprised.  
I'd kind of like to participate  
in your campaign.  
I think we can do without your help.  
You don't like me do you, Mrs. Foster?  
No, I don't.  
Would you change your mind  
if I made a small contribution?  
Say twenty five thousand?  
But I haven't decided to run yet.  
You will.  
- Don't take it.  
No strings attached.  
- How do we know?  
How do we know that you're  
not some sort of racketeer?  
My racket concerns  
good government, Mrs. Foster.  
I don't believe you.  
- No?  
We don't want your money.  
You letting her run things?  
I think she's right.  
OK.  
But I think she's wrong.  
Joseph, his money.  
Mr. Beal?  
Excuse me.  
Where'd he go?  
- Who?  
The man who just came out of there.  
I didn't see anyone.  
- Neither did I.  
Well, Joseph  
have you come to a decision?  
I'll have to talk it over  
with Martha first.  
She makes the decisions.  
That's fair enough.  
Yes, behind the decision of every man  
I've found there's generally a woman.  
Light?  
Give me another bourbon.  
Hey sister, that's not your drink.

Isn't it? I'm so sorry.  
What happened to mine?  
- I wouldn't know.  
Hijacking drinks.  
- That ain't all she's trying to hijack.  
How did you get in here anyway?  
Look, piano legs...  
Piano legs? How do you like that?  
Come on, break it up girls!  
Break it up!  
Break it up. Come on.  
Let me go!  
Take it easy, baby. You need some air.  
Now scam and stay scammed.  
How about giving a lady a hand?  
Sure.  
Are you alone, honey?  
I'm looking for Donna Allen.  
That's me.  
I know.  
What do you want?  
A woman  
quite beautiful,  
wearing sapphires,  
and silk  
and sable.  
What are you talking about?  
Come on, give us the gag.  
Are you a cop?  
Why don't you come along  
and find out.  
You sure got a different line, mister.  
No key?  
Never use one.  
Come on in.  
Brother, what a place.  
Yours?  
No.  
Looks like a dame's apartment.  
- That's right.  
Who?  
You.  
- Me?  
Excuse me while I die laughing.

Answer it.  
Hello.  
Wait a minute.  
He wants to know if we want  
some packages sent up.  
We do.  
Send them up.  
Look, what's the deal and  
who's this girl?  
A girl that's had some bad luck.  
- That sure must have changed.  
I'll tell you about her.  
Good family, two years of college,  
and tried the New York stage  
only she got fouled up.  
Actor named Boyden.  
Boysie, she called him.  
Only it turned out he forgot to tell her  
he was married.  
One night they had a fight  
and he fell down some stairs.  
Accident they called it.  
Where you going?  
- Getting out of here.  
Where do you want me to put them, miss?  
- On the couch.  
Want me to unpack them, sir?  
No. We'll attend to that.  
Thanks.  
Where did you hear about Boysie?  
New York.  
- Are you a friend?  
I met him once.  
Oct. 13, 1944.  
That's the night he was killed.  
That's right.  
What's that?  
Cigarette case and lighter to match.  
Look at them.  
Sapphires!  
That's what I said.  
Sapphires,  
silk,  
sable.

Put it on.  
That wouldn't be right.  
- Read what it says.  
Donna Allen.  
Put it on.  
Now look at yourself.  
What have I got to do?  
Murder?  
Just the opposite.  
Reform work.  
In a boy's club.  
Two hundred and fifty dollars.  
I'm sorry it isn't larger.  
We ought to be paying you  
for all the work  
you're doing around here.  
This place is in order  
for the first time in five years.  
You and poor Dr. Garfield are so busy.  
I do hope you let me stay on.  
We'd be crazy if we didn't.  
It's almost like a miracle  
the way you just  
dropped out of the sky.  
I did social work at home.  
I missed it.  
It isn't a miracle.  
Garfield and I have our own opinion.  
The boys too.  
Do you mind if I do something  
rather personal?  
Something no woman can resist.  
I'm afraid it's not very presentable.  
It doesn't quite match your personality.  
You ought to wear something gay  
for a change.  
You think so?  
Next time you go shopping for ties  
why don't you take me along?  
I'll do that.  
I hear you've been looking for me.  
Yes I was. I called the China Coast.  
Miss Allen, this is Mr. Beal.  
How do you do, Mr. Beal?

Glad to know you.  
I've got something for you.  
Sure you don't want it  
now that you know it isn't hot?  
Hot?  
I hear you had the  
serial numbers checked.  
Mrs. Foster thought.  
-She would.  
But the deal still goes.  
You'll be needing money  
for your campaign.  
I haven't even been  
nominated yet, Mr. Beal.  
But they're meeting tonight,  
aren't they?  
Yes but no telling what might happen.  
Joseph, it's six o'clock.  
Is it? I'll get my hat and  
be right with you.  
Hello, Miss Allen.  
- Hello, Doctor.  
Something interest you, Reverend?  
I don't know.  
You remind me of something.  
Someone I...  
- It's not impossible.  
Would you mind telling me your name?  
Around here it's Beal. Nick Beal.  
I thought you two had met.  
This is Dr. Garfield.  
I know.  
But we've got to get along.  
Come on, Miss Allen.  
I'm sorry if I seemed rude.  
I had a strange feeling  
I'd seen you before.  
I don't do much business with preachers.  
Alright, fellows.  
Form over here.  
Come on, come on let's go.  
Hello, Larry.  
How are you doing?  
OK I guess, Mr. Foster.

That's the ticket.

We have an old fashioned  
custom here, Mr.Beal.

Every afternoon at the end of the day  
someone reads the boys a passage  
from the Bible.

And whenever it's possible  
we try to have someone different read.

It makes them realize  
that the Bible belongs to us all.

Would you like to read?

Me?

What do I know about things like that?

That doesn't matter.

I've marked a passage.

It's one of the psalms of David.

No. It's your book, read it yourself.

Alright.

The earth is the Lord's  
and the fullness thereof.

The world and they that dwell therein  
For He had founded it upon the seas,  
established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend  
into the hill of the Lord?

And who shall stand in His holy place?

He that hath clean hands  
and a pure heart.

Who hath not lifted  
up his soul to vanity  
nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive  
the blessings of the Lord  
and righteousness  
and the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them  
that's seeking.

that seek thy face. Amen.

Amen.

About ready, darling?

What in the world are you doing?

I haven't got a tie  
that's fit to wear out.

What's the matter with those?

No color they're drab.  
They make me feel like  
a retired undertaker.  
I'm sure the Whites know  
you're not a retired undertaker.  
I'm aware of that, Martha.  
But if a man feels gay,  
he wants a gay tie.  
Even if it is only to a bridge party.  
Alright, darling, I'll buy you some  
first thing in the morning.  
No you won't.  
You have a picture of me as if  
I were a doddering old fossil.  
I'll buy them myself.  
Does somebody else have  
a different picture, Joseph?  
Why do you say that?  
Maybe intuition.  
Mr. Foster.  
Come in, Eileen.  
There's a man downstairs  
says he has to see you.  
He's acting sort of queer.  
Queer?  
Excuse me.  
Help me with these will you, Eileen?  
- Yes ma'am.  
Mr. Foster?  
Yes?  
- My name is Finch.  
Henry T. Finch  
You got someplace we can talk?  
In the library but I haven't much time.  
I haven't either.  
I have to get out of town.  
I've been hiding but they're on to me.  
You see, they think I did it.  
Did what, Mr. Finch?  
I guess I'm not making much sense.  
I'm nervous.  
I was bookkeeper  
at the Highwater Cannery.  
I kept Hanson's books on the side.

Let's go in here.  
You're the man we were trying  
to find during the trial.  
So were they.  
The funny thing is I burned those books  
the day Hanson told me.  
Then you came up with them.  
Same figures, same signatures.  
I saw the photographs in the papers.  
Are you trying to say  
the books were faked?  
I'm not blaming you, Mr. Foster.  
You had to do it to get him.  
But you sure put me on the spot.  
That's why I got to clear out.  
A couple of thousand could carry me.  
This is a very feeble attempt  
at blackmail.  
No. You got it wrong.  
I'm helping you.  
Otherwise I'd have to get  
police protection,  
tell about the books.  
Who put you up to this?  
Nobody.  
You didn't burn any books.  
Yes, sir.  
I burned them all.  
Watched them go up in smoke.  
As close as I am to you.  
Maybe you didn't know they were faked.  
China Coast?  
I want to speak to Mr. Beal.  
Nick Beal.  
Oh, he's not?  
Will you ask him to call Mr. Foster  
if he comes in?  
Yes. That's right.  
Thanks.  
I wish I knew what kind of game  
you were up to.  
Hurry. The Whites are here.  
There's too many people here.  
I gotta go.

I'll see you at your office at ten.

I burned them, Mr. Foster.

Joseph, we're waiting for you.

Yes, I'm coming.

What's the matter?

I'll have to leave in an hour or so.

Wolfe promised to show me  
some papers around ten.

There was a message for you.

- I got it.

How did it go?

Alright.

Is he going to meet you?

Ten at his office.

Good.

I got the pipe.

I don't know why you want it.

I collect them.

Don't tell him.

Tell me something?

You know I did burn Hanson's books.

You don't believe me.

Sure I believe you.

Then how?

Probably copied them  
before the trial began.

Yeah. That's all.

That would be smart.

I better go. It's already ten.

Won't be necessary.

The money.

I've got it.

You have?

That's swell. I was kind of nervous.

Only not here.

Mr. Beal?

- Yeah.

You forgot your pipe.

Did I?

You sure you have the money?

You been trying to find me?

Yes, I have.

What for?

I was talking to Hanson's bookkeeper.

So?  
I thought he'd skipped town.  
- No, he's here.  
He's supposed to be here at ten.  
He has a very odd story, Beal.  
Says he personally  
burned Hanson's books.  
Claims the ones we used  
are counterfeit.  
They looked alright, didn't they?  
If they're faked, I want to know it.  
What did the guy want?  
\$2,000  
Shakedown.  
I'm not sure.  
Why else would he pick the night  
they're deciding who's  
going to run for governor?  
I don't know.  
I wouldn't worry.  
It's quarter past ten  
I'll lay even money the fellow  
doesn't even come.  
That's beside the point.  
I want to know  
if those books were faked.  
What do you think?  
I'm asking you.  
Yes or no?  
Take it easy.  
How could they be faked  
if they were burned?  
By putting ashes  
through a printing press?  
I want a direct answer, Beal.  
- Don't touch me.  
I don't like to be touched.  
Besides what's the difference  
if they were faked?  
I have to admit in this trial  
and set Hanson free.  
And blow the governorship sky high?  
That doesn't matter.  
I happen to have a conscience

about these things.

Hello.

Oh. Hello, Ben.

Yes. I knew the committee was meeting.

Oh, they have?

Well, tell the committee  
that I'd be very pleased  
to accept the nomination.

If we can get all the churches  
in the state...

...staring a series of sermons  
on good government...

We want to blast Kennis.

Yes on that tax decree.

-What about

That'll be fine. Mimeograph some copies  
to our list of women's clubs.

May I see it please?

No, no. Change this.

Joseph Foster means good government.

Just Foster on top and  
good government below.

Print 5000 copies to begin with.

Yes, Miss Allen.

He hasn't come in yet?

No, Mr. Norton, I'm sorry he hasn't.

But it's nearly three o'clock.

Well, the jury's luncheon  
lasted longer than we expected.

Miss Allen speaking.

You'll have to ask

at the regular press conference.

Is the committee still in there?

They've been waiting for over an hour.

Let them wait.

You should have been with us.

A thousand women and  
ten thousand questions.

The governor wowed them.

I knew he would.

I wish everybody had as much faith  
in me as you have.

Everybody doesn't know you  
as well as I do.

Don't overplay it, sugar.  
Sorry I'm a bit late, gentlemen.  
It was an interesting gathering.  
Joseph, I'm afraid we have  
some bad news for you.  
The Stafford report.  
What about it?  
Indicates you were run more than  
a hundred thousand short of Kennedy.  
Couldn't be wrong.  
It's accurate to more than one percent.  
What should we do?  
We keep working and hope  
something will happen.  
Kennedy's too smart for that.  
You've got just one chance.  
And what's that, Mr. Beal?  
Make a deal with Faulkner  
and his downstate machine.  
You're not serious?  
You want to win, don't you?  
Not that much!  
- We couldn't!  
Biggest crook in the state.  
Just the kind of people  
we're out to beat.  
What do you say, Joseph?  
I agree with these gentlemen, of course.  
It would negate everything we stand for.  
It's out of the question.  
I'm surprised you'd suggest  
such a proposition.  
Gentlemen, shall we consider  
next week's agenda?  
Feeling low?  
I'm disappointed.  
You don't like the Faulkner idea, huh?  
No, I don't.  
That's too bad because  
the deal's already made.  
I set it up the day before yesterday.  
You set it up?  
No charge, Governor.  
Beal

I'm going to toss you  
through that window.  
I don't like anyone to touch me.  
Alright.  
But get out.  
Sure.  
I'll get out after I speak my piece.  
Whose team do you think I'm playing on?  
I don't know and I don't care.  
I'm playing on yours.  
I'm trying to help you.  
I want you to be governor.  
If I've done wrong,  
you can repudiate it.  
And me too.  
Alright, I intend to.  
And sell the state down the river  
at the same time?  
It's funny about reformers.  
They're all colorblind.  
They see everything  
either in black or white.  
No in-betweens, no greys.  
They don't realize that politics  
is full of greys; all different shades.  
Like in this case.  
In order to do good as governor  
you must be elected first.  
And to be elected you must  
make a deal with Faulkner.  
Sure, that's kind of grey.  
But it's white beside Kennedy's color.  
You know that, don't you?  
Are you through?  
And it's funny about you being sore.  
You didn't set the deal.  
Your conscience is clear.  
After you're governor all you have to do  
is throw Faulkner  
a couple of scraps from the table.  
Get out.  
Get out.  
I'd think it over.  
Would you like to

check these, Miss Allen?  
Have they been signed?  
- Yes  
Send them right away.  
- I'll get a special messenger.  
You've got a date tonight, baby.  
Who with?  
The next governor of the state.  
Better get prettied up.  
And don't forget the case.  
It cost me three thousand.  
Good evening, Donna.  
Good evening, Doctor.  
Oh. Mr. Beal.  
I've been trying to place your face  
for over a month now.  
Maybe you better give up.  
Did anyone ever paint your portrait?  
Yes.  
Yes, Rembrandt in 1655.  
No thanks, Eileen.  
Darling,  
I'm not hungry.  
Something's bothering you, isn't it?  
No.  
Joseph, what's the matter with us?  
We used to be able to talk things over  
when we had problems.  
It's not that girl?  
What would she want  
with an old duffer like me?  
I'd want you.  
Can't you tell me?  
It's that Falkner machine downstate.  
Beal made an arrangement with it  
in my name.  
It's no problem.  
Issue a statement to the newspapers.  
It means giving up the governorship.  
It's that important?  
Yes.  
Yes it is.  
It amounts to electing Kennedy.  
Selling the state down the river.

I'd rather have you sell the state  
than yourself.  
That's not the point.  
There's so many good important things  
I could do if elected.  
Isn't that what Hitler said once  
and Mussolini?  
That's a lot of nonsense.  
There's no comparison.  
But they made deals with  
downstate machines too.  
Martha,  
You just asked me why I don't  
talk things over with you anymore.  
Well, I'll tell you.  
I'm fed up with cant,  
righteousness and sanctimony.  
I'm fed up with preaching.  
You're not a wife. You're a missionary.  
Good evening, Opal.  
Good evening, Mr. Beal.  
Tell Miss Allen I'm here.  
Yes, sir.  
Looks as though you were wrong  
about tonight.  
He'll show.  
Put those down.  
- Why?  
I had Opal fix them special.  
That isn't all that was fixed special.  
What's wrong with this?  
Same as the dish; too obvious.  
Now wait a minute.  
- Look, I know the deal.  
A couple of drinks,  
light down low, half a pint of perfume  
and some sultry conversation.  
It's worked before.  
Yeah, well, it would tonight  
but it won't stick.  
Not with him.  
And i want it to stick.  
What do you recommend, Mr. Beal?  
I'll tell you.

He's coming up here worried and tired.  
He just had a fight with his wife  
and wants somebody nice to talk to.  
That's you.  
I said nice.  
For instance, if he wants a drink  
you don't have anything like that  
in the apartment.  
Then he'll ask your advice about  
a deal I cooked up  
with a politician named Faulkner.  
I approve?  
Only first you want to know  
what his wife thinks.  
She doesn't like the idea.  
You get sore.  
Does she want Kennedy to win?  
Is she trying to wreck his career?  
Can you remember that?  
I'm a quick study.  
You better be because  
here comes the tough part.  
You mention something about wishing  
his Martha felt that way.  
And that's your cue.  
Your big speech.  
Joseph,  
I've a confession to make.  
Sometimes I wish you weren't married  
so that we could...  
I've shocked you, haven't I?  
Me?  
Don't be stupid. That's you. Say it.  
Joseph, I have a confession.  
Sometimes I wish that you  
weren't married so that we could  
I've shocked you, haven't I?  
No.  
No, you haven't.  
Because I've a confession of my own.  
Each day when I go down  
to campaign headquarters,  
I'm afraid you won't be there anymore.  
Then when I see you I know

everything is alright again.  
And the times we've had lunch together.  
Do you remember how many?  
Six.  
- Six.  
And each one a red letter day  
in my memory.  
Now you.  
Joseph,  
don't say any more.  
Joseph,  
don't say any more.  
But I have to. It's all bubbling out.  
No, Joseph, no.  
No, Joseph, no.  
But what's the matter?  
I'm frightened.  
I'm frightened.  
But there's nothing to be frightened of.  
Please, Joseph.  
Go now.  
I'll see you in the morning, darling.  
He'll say,  
"I'll be counting the minutes."  
How corny can we get?  
Nevermind that.  
Just remember those lines.  
Yeah but will he remember his?  
You must be out of your head  
because he's not going  
to say all those things  
or even a part.  
Hello.  
This is Donna Allen speaking.  
Tell him to come up.  
Tell him to come up.  
You better hurry up and change.  
The black suit.  
Put it on.  
With you in here?  
OK.  
Eighth floor.  
Is Miss Allen at home?  
Who's calling?

Mr. Foster.  
Mr. Foster, come in.  
I'll tell Miss Allen you're here.  
Hello, Joseph.  
I'm not interrupting, am I?  
No.  
No, of course not.  
I happened to be in the neighborhood  
and I thought...  
I'm glad you dropped in.  
I was lonely.  
May I sit down?  
Yes.  
You look tired.  
I am.  
Could I get you some  
coffee?  
I'll need something stronger  
than coffee to pick me up.  
Well I'm  
I'm afraid I haven't got  
anything like that.  
I'm sorry.  
- You needn't be.  
It's unusual and a pleasure  
to find a non-drinking female  
these days.  
That makes me sound  
awfully old fashioned, doesn't it?  
No.  
Sensible.  
You look worried.  
That's one reason why I dropped in.  
Is it Faulkner?  
How did you know?  
Nick Beal said something  
about it on the way out tonight he  
he seemed very upset.  
I don't understand Nick.  
I'm sure Nick's trying to help you  
in his own clumsy way.  
I suppose so.  
What do you think about Faulkner?  
Me?

I shouldn't advise you, Joseph.  
What does your wife think?  
She's very much opposed to Faulkner.  
I can understand.  
She doesn't realize what  
what one has to put up with in politics.  
She thinks I'm turning into  
some sort of Hitler.  
Oh, she doesn't.  
She must know that  
It would be far worse  
to let Kennedy win.  
And then there's your  
career.  
Doesn't she realize that  
this is only the beginning?  
You're on the road to something  
really important.  
I wish Martha felt that way.  
Joseph  
I have a confession to make.  
Sometimes I wish that you weren't  
married  
so that we could...  
I've shocked you, haven't I?  
No you haven't.  
I have a confession of my own.  
Each morning when I go down to  
campaign headquarters I'm afraid  
you won't be there anymore.  
Then when I see you  
everything's alright again.  
And the times we had lunch together.  
Do you remember how many?  
Six.  
- Six.  
Each one a red letter day in my memory.  
Don't say anything more.  
- But I have to.  
What's the matter?  
I'm frightened.  
There's nothing to be frightened of.  
Joseph, you should  
you better go now.

I'll see you in the morning.

Really I...

I'll see you in the morning.

I'll be counting the minutes.

- Thank you.

Nick.

Nick?

Nick!

Nick.

Did you call, Miss Donna?

Where did Mr. Beal go?

- I didn't see him.

He's not out here.

It's eight floors to the ground.

How did he get out?

He could have swung across to that

fire escape on the next building.

But it's sure a long swing.

Going out, Miss?

Yeah.

What's the time?

You just asked me that.

I didn't ask you what I just asked you.

I asked you what's the time?

**It's 10:**

Thanks.

Wait a minute.

Come here.

I want to tell you something.

I'm a heel.

Oh, now Miss, I wouldn't say that.

Don't argue with me.

I'm a heel.

Admit it.

He's a bigger one.

Pushing little people around.

Making up speeches for them.

Sneaking up and down fire escapes.

What do you think of a guy like that?

Don't interrupt me.

What was I talking about?

Fire escapes.

Fire escapes.

You know something?  
Got one of my own.  
I got a railroad ticket to nowhere.  
Train leaves in exactly  
What is it? Ten?  
Ten fifty.  
Twenty minutes.  
I'm gonna disappear in twenty minutes.  
You think I'm scared, don't you?  
It sounds like it.  
Well, I'm not. You're wrong.  
I'm not scared.  
See this?  
Nice.  
It's not nice.  
It's probably rabbit fur.  
I'm gonna take it with me anyway.  
Services rendered.  
Boys clubs,  
campaigns,  
love scenes.  
What's the time?

**10:**

You're a great little conversationalist.  
You sound just like a talking clock.  
Now look, miss, I'm a  
-  
Gimme a cigarette.  
Cigarette?  
Least you can do  
is offer a lady a cigarette.  
I just got time  
How are they coming in the 11th?  
Can't you give us some partial returns?  
Kennedy's leading by 2,900.  
How are we doing?  
- Still quite close.  
Neck and neck. That's not bad.  
I'm afraid it is, Joseph.  
Why?  
- Only five districts left.  
And the 21st and 22nd  
belong to Faulkner.

Kennedy's stronghold.  
You'll pick up some votes  
in the 5th and 9th  
but not nearly enough.  
Something coming through now.  
Pardon me.  
Martin 1-6-5-8  
Kennedy 35-6-0-8  
Foster 97,493  
That's really close, Mr. Foster.  
Joseph,  
You didn't make any arrangement  
with Faulkner, did you?  
No, Ben, I didn't.  
Then he must be double crossing  
Kennedy in some way.  
Kennedy 7-8-8-2-8-2  
Foster 8-4-7-2-6-6  
Fifty thousand ahead. That's wonderful.  
Hello, Bill.  
Mr. Faulkner.  
Well, Governor.  
Looks like we're in business.  
What's that?  
Let's go over here, Faulkner.  
Nothing from the 21st yet, eh?  
Faulkner  
I'd like you to explain your remark  
about being in business.  
That's what I said.  
I wouldn't worry about the 21st.  
The hat's full there too.  
That fifty grand you gave me  
to spread around  
will pay off about three votes  
to the dollar.  
You gave him fifty thousand dollars?  
Where did you get it?  
From me.  
Joseph!  
It was only a loan. I'll pay it back  
when I can.  
Quiet! Quiet everybody!  
We have some important news!

We just got a flash.  
Kennedy concedes the election!  
Speech, Governor, speech!  
I only want to say  
you've worked harder than any group  
I've ever known.  
You've been swell.  
And I won't forget it.  
Pardon me.  
Congratulations, Governor.  
A wonderful night, Governor,  
a wonderful night!  
Let me explain.  
- Good night, Joseph  
Don't worry.  
They'll come around.  
I wonder.  
Of course, they will.  
They don't understand.  
You're elected, darling.  
You're governor.  
Now you can do all  
the wonderful things you want to  
and prove how wrong they were.  
How about a celebration? This doesn't  
happen every day.  
Of course, we'll celebrate.  
That's the ticket.  
Listen everybody  
We're having a party at the Gold Room.  
Music, floor show, all the trimmings.  
It's on me. Coming, Foster?  
I've never danced with a governor.  
Yes, I'm coming. With bells on.  
That's the spirit.  
Hello.  
Yes. just a moment.  
Who is it?  
Mrs. Foster on the phone.  
Tell her the governor is in conference.  
Oh, no, no.  
You heard me. 33.  
Let's get on with it.  
- Yes, Governor.

Mr. Beal is here.  
Send him in.  
Get this right.  
It has to last two years.  
Maybe four.  
- Hello, Nick.  
Have you seen the early edition  
of the Globe?  
No, I haven't  
Something in there might interest you.  
Read it.  
Independent Party disowns Foster.  
In a move unparalleled  
in political history  
the Independent Party today renounced  
its connection with  
governor elect, Joseph Foster.  
Superior Judge Ben Hobson disclosed that  
Foster's misuse of unauthorized  
campaign contributions  
Let me see that!  
That hypocritical old goat.  
I'll ram that committee of his  
down his throat.  
Hello, Joseph.  
I'm glad someone will talk to me.  
I've been wanting to.  
What happened to Ben and the committee?  
Not one of them will see me.  
I think you know.  
Though I believe they would have  
overlooked the Faulkner arrangement  
if you hadn't lied about it.  
I didn't lie. I said I didn't make  
the deal and I didn't.  
But you agreed to it.  
But Tom,  
You and Ben and the others  
have known me for  
more than twenty years and you know  
there's nothing to worry about  
when I'm governor.  
I'll have to throw  
a few scraps to Faulkner but

that's all. Nothing has changed.

You've changed, Joseph.

- How?

Your clothes for one.

Well, what are clothes?

And there are

there are rumors about you and

Miss Allen.

I know I shouldn't mention them.

Or the story that

You and Martha are estranged.

Is it true?

In a way.

What's my personal trouble

got to do with it?

They're all indications of change.

Then there's the influence of this

Nick Beal seems to have over you.

Influence nothing. He loaned me some

money and I'll pay it back.

That's all.

I wonder.

Have you signed anything with him?

Any sort of contract?

Of course not.

What are you driving at?

I don't know exactly.

But there's something strange about him.

Something eery.

It's a pose to impress people.

How did he get out of your house

the night you were there?

Why was he afraid to read the Bible?

Are you serious?

I know I can't be.

But I am.

And there's another thing.

Somewhere I've seen a portrait of him.

A medieval drawing or woodcut.

I'm trying to remember where.

Drawing as what?

Lucifer.

We're in the twentieth century, Tom.

Nobody believes in such things since

the Salem witch burnings.  
Besides  
aren't there a few items missing?  
Where's the tail and the horns?  
Where's the smell of sulphur  
and brimstone?  
And where's the contract  
you're talking about  
signed in blood and promising  
the delivery of one slightly used soul?  
Maybe the devil knows it's the  
twentieth century too, Joseph.  
I'm sorry about Martha.  
And if people are talking about us  
Well, I'm sorry about that too.  
Well, I'm not.  
You're the one thing  
I'm not sorry about.  
But Ben and the others that hurts.  
I know, Joseph.  
The trouble is I can't give up.  
I must justify the position I've taken.  
I suppose there are other reasons too.  
The idea of being governor  
the flattery of having people know you.  
The authority and the power  
I sound egotistical, don't I?  
Selfish too.  
No, because  
I know you'll do the best job you can.  
I wonder.  
There's Faulkner.  
- He's nothing.  
And Nick Beal.  
Yes, there is Nick.  
How do you feel about him?  
I don't know, Joseph.  
He gives me the creeps.  
Someone else said that.  
In other words.  
Joseph, I wish I...  
You better go now.  
Will I see you tomorrow?  
Of course.

And don't you worry.  
Don't let other people  
make your decisions.  
You make them yourself.  
Promise me?  
I promise.  
Going soft?  
Where did you come from?  
Down the chimney.  
What's the idea?  
He's in trouble.  
You bet he is.  
Nick, what's he ever done to you?  
Nothing.  
Then why do you want to destroy him?  
He's good and he's decent.  
Why don't we forget him?  
Why don't we go off together?  
Just you and me.  
Let him make his own decisions.  
You and I could have  
a lot of fun together.  
Don't touch me.  
Don't ever touch me.  
Why?  
Are you afraid of me?  
You stupid tramp.  
I ought to toss you back  
in the gutter where you belong.  
Keep in line.  
I'll talk to him tomorrow.  
You won't need to.  
I'm taking care of him myself.  
Tonight.  
Joseph?  
Yes?  
The inauguration Thursday,  
I won't be there.  
Why not?  
I think you know.  
But Martha,  
There needn't be any talk.  
You can say I'm ill.  
I don't want to say anything.

I want you there.  
No you don't.  
We're strangers, almost enemies.  
For the last two months you  
haven't even known I'm alive.  
I guess that's so.  
I'm sorry.  
- So am I.  
I've been thinking tonight.  
I'm trying to figure out  
what's changed everything.  
I can tell you.  
Mr. Beal.  
That's what everybody says  
but it's not Beal it's me.  
I don't seem to want the things  
I used to want.  
It isn't too late to change back.  
I'm going to be governor  
no matter what happens.  
I want you to be governor.  
To be a good governor.  
With no shoddy alliances.  
You sound like that reform committee.  
Well, I don't feel like it.  
I feel sad.  
All of the wonderful things  
that we've had are gone.  
Do you remember the good times  
we used to have on twenty dollars a week  
when you were going to law school?  
And all the problems we used to share?  
I know this isn't fair.  
I'm just saying these things  
to prove to you  
that I want only the best for you.  
I know you do.  
Then you must believe me when I tell you  
that Beal is dangerous.  
Alright.  
I'll get rid of him.  
You owe him \$50,000.  
I know.  
Martha

Would you be very angry  
if I sold the house?  
No, I'd be pleased.  
And if that isn't enough, I've got the  
bonds Mother left me.  
I don't deserve you.  
Promise me one thing.  
Don't see him again.  
I don't know that I can exactly  
This is the first really important thing  
I've ever asked of you.  
Alright.  
I promise.  
Thank you.  
Mr. Foster?  
- Oh, It's you, Beal.  
I was just going to write you a note  
but now that you're here  
Save it for later.  
You're in quite a bit of trouble.  
I don't quite understand you.  
You remember Hanson's bookkeeper  
and the coroner's verdict on his death?  
Yes, accidental.  
They put a new tag on him  
a couple of weeks ago that reads murder.  
Murder?  
Why didn't I hear about this?  
You'd be the last one they'd tell.  
Seems like whoever tipped them off  
mentioned your name.  
But I only saw the man once in my life  
here in this house.  
They know him.  
They also know from your maid  
that you had an argument with him.  
And from some bridge  
playing friends of yours  
that you left the house  
shortly before ten  
which is when he got it.  
Where did you hear this?  
A friend in the bureau.  
I'll tell you it's a very flimsy case.

Sure, only they don't think so.  
They'll be here any minute now  
to pick you up.  
On circumstantial evidence like that?  
Oh, I forgot. They found something  
on the body.  
A pipe with a silver band  
around its stem  
and three silver dots on the bowl.  
And traced back to a set you got  
two or three years ago.  
That's impossible.  
How many pipes in the set?  
Seven.  
- Count them.  
There's one missing.  
Did you have it with you that night?  
You don't think that I  
- I wouldn't know.  
But I got a feeling it's going  
to interfere  
with you becoming governor.  
For weeks something inside me has been  
saying I wouldn't make it.  
I guess it's been telling me the truth.  
Not necessarily.  
Because I can pull you clear.  
How?  
I've been sticking my neck out for you.  
Hanson's evidence, Faulkner,  
angles in your campaign.  
Cost me a lot of money too.  
And now this.  
I'd like some protection.  
And I'd like it  
in writing.  
Joseph.  
What's Mr. Beal doing here?  
We're discussing business.  
But you said  
What did he say, Mrs. Foster?  
Martha, can't you see  
you're interrupting?  
But you promised you'd never

have anything more to do with him.  
Maybe I didn't put it clearly.  
I wish you'd leave.  
You'd better read it over.  
It includes a small reward  
for services rendered.  
Keeper of the state seal?  
That doesn't mean anything. It doesn't  
even pay a salary.  
Maybe I like state seals.  
Oh, and there's sort of a default clause  
you ought to read too.  
In case I fail to make  
the above appointment  
I do hereby agree to accompany  
the aforesaid Nicholas Beal  
To the Island of Almas Perdidas.  
What island is that?  
Owned by some friends of mine.  
They need new personnel.  
At what kind of work?  
Why worry?  
The clause will never take effect.  
You can give me the state job  
the minute you become governor.  
Yes, that's right but  
I don't like this anyway.  
It's too ambiguous.  
It might mean anything.  
Then you want to face the music?  
Mr. Foster.  
Mr. Foster.  
There's a detective at the door.  
He says he has to see you.  
Have him come in, Eileen.  
Mr. Foster will see you in the library.  
May I take your hat?  
-No, thank you.  
Come in.  
Mr. Foster?  
- Hello, Lieutenant.  
This is Mr. Beal.  
Lieutenant Dodds and Sergeant  
- Sergeant Harold.

What brings you up here?  
We're working on the death  
of a man named Henry Finch.  
Finch?  
That isn't the man who was  
Hanson's bookkeeper, is it?  
Yes, that's him.  
It's kind of an odd story.  
Don't mind Beal.  
It seems the harbor detail made  
a mistake a few months ago.  
They figured this Finch fell  
from the pier down to the bay  
and hit his head on some rocks.  
No water in his lungs.  
Then we began to hear rumors.  
So we took a look at the tide tables  
for that night.  
High water at 10 o'clock.  
The closest rocks were eight feet under.  
So he got knocked in the head  
before he fell.  
Murder.  
That's what the rumor said.  
They found this pipe by his body.  
Ever see it before?  
I don't know.  
Looks familiar. Looks like  
one of the pipes  
that was given to me in a set.  
This set.  
Seven.  
One, two, three, four  
five, six, seven. they're all there.  
Almost a perfect match, though.  
You weren't thinking of hanging it on  
Mr. Foster were you, Lieutenant?  
No, Mr. Beal, we never really thought  
Don't apologize, Dodds.  
It's your job to run down clues  
wherever they lead.  
I guess we're both glad this was a dud.  
We must be running along. We have  
a lineup at ten.

Good night, Mr. Beal.

Mr. Foster

- Good night, Lieutenant.

Eileen.

Would you see these gentlemen out?

Your handwriting is  
very legible, Governor.

Good, clear signature.

There's all but the last page.

Take it down to the hotel stenographer.

Yes, sir.

And rush it.

I'll need it in a half hour.

Good morning, Governor.

Not much of a day for the inauguration.

No.

You didn't eat much.

I wasn't hungry.

Nerves.

I've been talking to the boys.

They'd like a couple of things more.

Two members on the power commission,  
two more in the marshlands committee and  
chairman of the liquor control board.

That's practically every key post.

I wouldn't say that.

You'd still have  
the fish and game commission  
and me as the keeper of the state seal.  
You didn't forget that, did you?

No.

I'm sure you wouldn't want  
that forfeit clause to go into effect.  
The fellows think you ought to drop that  
two hundred thousand for boy's clubs.  
The budget's oversized now.

Alright.

The car will be downstairs  
in twenty minutes.

I better get at the inaugural address.

Address?

Didn't I tell you?

You wrote that last night.

A really first rate job.

Good morning, Governor.  
How about a picture for the Globe?  
Your new home, Governor.  
Think you'll like it?  
Joseph.  
Donna.  
I had to say goodbye.  
Goodbye? But why?  
Just a moment, miss.  
It's alright, officer.  
Yes, sir.  
What are you doing in those clothes?  
Everything else belongs to Nick.  
To Nick?  
I'm so frightened of him.  
Something terrible is happening.  
Something he's planned.  
Joseph, watch out. He's a  
a devil.  
He doesn't care about anything  
or anybody.  
Better come inside, Governor.  
Can't have you getting your feet wet.  
You might catch cold.  
Park here, Governor,  
until the ceremony starts.  
I think you ought to look at these.  
Might interest you to see how far  
you've come in the past eight months.  
Foster inaugural today.  
Foster elected governor.  
This one goes back to the time  
when you were district attorney.  
Foster promises clean city  
with Hanson conviction.  
I think you can read the rest yourself.  
I'll let you know  
when they're ready for you.  
Mr. Foster?  
Mr. Foster.  
They're ready for you, sir.  
And that I will faithfully  
discharge the duties  
of the office of governor

According to the best of my ability.  
According to the best of my ability.  
Justice Fisk,  
distinguished guests,  
ladies and gentlemen,  
A few weeks ago the Independent Party  
whose candidate for governor I was  
issued a statement  
renouncing me for certain  
political commitments  
I am supposed to have made  
prior to election.  
I never answered that statement  
because it is absolutely true.  
Through greed, avarice  
vanity, ambition,  
I made certain alliances  
with various groups of corrupt figures.  
Alliances which I realize now  
will prevent me  
from serving my state properly.  
Needless to say, I am ashamed of myself.  
So ashamed that I am taking  
the only action possible.  
I resign the governorship  
in favor of an honest man,  
a man who was once my friend,  
Lieutenant Governor Paul Norton.  
Congratulations, Foster.  
Impressive speech, fine gesture.  
Virtue triumphant.  
I'm surprised to see you  
take it so well.  
Why shouldn't I?  
Your plans didn't quite work out.  
Just the opposite.  
They worked out exactly as scheduled.  
Except that you lost a governor.  
They're a dime a dozen.  
But you won't get Norton.  
No, I won't get Norton.  
Or the state seal either.  
We'll talk about that later.  
Yes we will. Soon.

Martha?

Martha.

Hello.

Remember the forfeit clause  
in our contract, Foster?

Well, tonight's collection night.

China Coast at eleven o'clock.

Got it?

I advise you to be there, my friend.

And don't let the fog throw you.

It won't bother us.

Not where we're going.

Almas Perdidas.

The Island of Almas Perdidas.

There's no such place listed

in the atlas

or on this globe.

That's the way the contract reads.

But if the island doesn't exist

I'm sure the contract isn't valid.

Tom,

the things I signed in good faith,

I gave my word in effect.

The last six months I've been

acting selfishly and in bad faith.

I'm through doing that.

I'm through going against my conscience.

Your conscience tells you

to go with Beal?

Why don't you talk to Martha?

She's gone away somewhere.

Besides if this is

what you're hinting at,

if there's something

strange about it, I don't want

to involve her.

Then you admit the possibility.

I don't know.

Do you know Spanish?

No.

I wondered if you knew

what the translation of

the Island of Almas Perdidas was.

The Island of Lost Souls.

Strange, isn't it?  
But that can't be.  
- I know.  
As you once said, it's the wrong century  
for superstition.  
For werewolves, vampires and devils.  
For even enchantments and black magic.  
But Joseph, I do know this  
spiritual problems exist today  
just as they did in earlier centuries.  
The battle between good and evil  
still goes on.  
We all fight it.  
Every day of our lives.  
When you found the courage  
to renounce the governorship  
you expiated your sins.  
You confessed.  
You washed yourself clean.  
That was your battle.  
And it was with yourself not with Beal.  
He can't make you  
go anywhere or do anything  
if you're no longer willing.  
Don't you realize, Joseph  
you've already won.  
Forget Beal.  
Go to Martha who remembers you  
as you were.  
As you still are.  
She still loves you.  
The two of you can make  
a fresh start together.  
She's at my house.  
Thanks, Tom.  
Taxi.  
Hello, Mr. Foster.  
- Hello, Larry.  
838 Kersepage Place.  
Dr. Garfield's house?  
Yes.  
Are you sure that's where you want  
to go, Governor?  
Hello, Larry.

The printer said to tell you he was  
sorry he was late with these.

That's alright.

Say, Dr. Garfield?

That Mr. Beal.

What about him?

I never knew he was a taxi driver.

He isn't.

I just saw him in a cab  
driving off with Mr. Foster.

Leaving, Foster?

Yes, I'm leaving. I'll see you  
at home tomorrow, Beal.

Think you'll get there?

Of course.

He was crossing against the light.

Is he badly hurt?

I'll call an ambulance.

That won't be necessary.

I'll take care of him.

He has to catch a boat.

We've got to find him.

How?

That place that he first met Beal.

Joseph said it was his headquarters.

Do you remember the name?

No.

Try.

Perhaps Larry would remember.

If he's still outside.

Here we are, my friend.

Yes, brethren, every word is true.

I've walked in the darkness.

Glory be.

I've wrestled the devil and thrown him.

I've pinned his shoulders to the mat.

Yes, I've pinned his shoulders  
to the mat.

I wonder if he knows  
it's two falls out of three.

Not quite time yet.

We'll have a drink.

A glass for my friend.

Can't get through.

We've got to.  
A man's life may depend on it.  
I got my orders, mister.  
Everyone takes the detour.  
Just follow the signs.  
As for your job, you'll never miss it.  
We've important plans for you.  
Wonderful work. Travel everywhere.  
Good evening, Mr. Beal.  
Good evening, Cuthbert.  
Good evening, Mr. Beal.  
Hello, Foster.  
Yes, you'll be a valuable addition.  
Good front, inspire confidence  
and people will trust you.  
Shall we move along?  
The last time I was here  
was quite exciting.  
The city was on fire.  
Picked up quite a lot of  
recruits that night.  
Made quite a transportation problem.  
Joseph!  
What are you doing, darling?  
Fulfilling an agreement, Mrs. Foster.  
No, he's coming home.  
I'm afraid you're wrong.  
He's given his word on paper.  
Right, Foster?  
That's right.  
Joseph.  
I doubt if he put his name  
to anything, Mr. Beal.  
No?  
Take a look.  
Good, clear signature.  
You'll find everything else  
in order too.  
It should be. My company has negotiated  
quite a number of these.  
Your company?  
A trading company, Reverend.  
With representatives  
in all parts of the world

Now if you'll just return it,  
we'll be on our way.  
It seems to be alright.  
Sorry.  
Pick it up.  
Wait a minute, Tom.  
Suppose you pick it up, Mr. Beal.  
It's right at your feet.  
You've jockeyed me into sort of  
a morality play, haven't you?  
Only we've a pier instead of  
the knave of a cathedral.  
But the props are the same.  
It's always been bell and candle  
or that worn out book of yours.  
It always will be.  
I'm ready, Beal  
If you are.  
- No.  
You saved yourself  
just in time, didn't you?  
There will be others who won't.  
A lot of others.  
And I'll tell you why.  
In everyone,  
there's a seed of destruction  
a fatal weakness.  
You know that now, Foster.  
You're lucky.  
You're luckier than I was when I fell.  
But that was a long time ago.  
He's gone.  
But where?  
I wouldn't ask.  
You've won.  
That's the important thing.  
Forget him.  
Go home.