

BROADCAST (FUTURE - UNDATED)

PERMANENT  
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MF

T O P   G U Y

"The Street Of Closed Doors"

By

Ed Adamson

CAST

THE TOP GUY

INSPECTOR JEFF TOBIN

MAN

JOE KOVACS

KITTY

MRS. KOVACS

-1-

(OPENING TO COME)



(MUSIC: . . . IN AND UNDER TO BACK UP NARRATION)

TOP GUY: (CUE) Taylor Place is just one block long. It's neither rich nor poor and its clean brownstone houses nestle against one another in comfortable harmony. And the people of Taylor Place lived in comfortable harmony too. Good neighbors, their doors always open and unafraid. And the children of Taylor Place happily played in the street the games city children play. The people of Taylor Place were content and easy going...and they were especially proud of one of their number. Old man Leopold, the little gray-haired gentleman who ran the corner candy store, Oscar Leopold, the mild but unafraid little man who was to be our means to trap the syndicate. As Lt. Jeff Tobin and I talked to him in my office we were just as proud of him...and everlastingly grateful.

(MUSIC: . . . OUT. . .)

LEOPOLD: (A MILD LITTLE MAN OF 60) Everyone is making such a fuss. It is very embarrassing.

TOBIN: (NICELY) In your situation, Mr. Leopold, you've got to expect a fuss to be made over you, right, Commissioner?

TOP GUY: Right, Jeff. It comes with being a hero.

LEOPOLD: (MORE EMBARRASSED THAN EVER) I am no hero. All this makes me very uncomfortable.

TOBIN: (SMILES) You'll get used to it.

LEOPOLD: But I only did a simple little thing.

TOP GUY: To a lot of people it wouldn't be such a simple little thing to give testimony against Joe Kovacs, knowing how high up in the syndicate he is.

LEOPOLD: Will you need me any longer gentlemen?

TOP GUY: No, not before the trial.

(CHAIR SCRAPE)

LEOPOLD: (RISING) Then I'll get back to my store.

(ANOTHER CHAIR SCRAPE)

TOP GUY: (RISING) I'm sorry we can't show our appreciation in a more concrete way. There's no reward, as you know.

LEOPOLD: Did you think I was looking for one?

TOP GUY: I'm sure you weren't. (TURNS TO TOBIN) Oh, Jeff, did you make the assignments?

TOBIN: Yes sir, Grady, Farrow and Warren, eight hour shifts each.

TOP GUY: (TURNS BACK TO LEOPOLD) So there's no need for you to worry, Mr. Leopold.

LEOPOLD: Worry? What should I worry about?

TOBIN: Any possible reprisal.

TOP GUY: Three of my best men have been assigned to guard you, look after you wherever you go.

LEOPOLD: (PROTESTING) Please, Commissioner...

TOP GUY: We're not rrying to upset you but ...

LEOPOLD: I am not upset, nor am I afraid.

TOP GUY: You can never tell what the syndicate may have in mind.

TOBIN: Their back is up against the wall.

LEOPOLD: But...

TOP GUY: I'm taking no chances of losing Joe Kovacs -- or you. That's why...

LEOPOLD: (STRONGLY) Commissioner, listen to me, please.

TOP GUY: Yes, Mr. Leopold?

LEOPOLD: You're only making things worse for me. I've been given too much attention already, publicity I didn't want. I've come to feel like an exhibit in a sideshow.

(MORE)



LEOPOLD: I no longer have privacy. I only wanted to tell the  
(CONT) truth. Now I'll be guarded night and day.

TOP GUY: Only for your own good.

LEOPOLD: Guarded like a prisoner. I don't want things this way.  
Please, Commissioner, do this much for me, just leave  
me alone, please, let me lead my own quiet life, please.

TOP GUY: (BEAT) (SIGHS) All right, Mr. Leopold. (TURNS TO TOBIN)  
Cancel the assignments, Jeff.

(MUSIC: . . . IN AND UNDER . . .)

TOP GUY: A man's got a right to his own way of living, especially  
a nice, sweet, kind, honest man like Oscar Leopold. But a  
nice, sweet, kind, honest man like Oscar Leopold could  
never understand the ruthlessness of a crime syndicate and  
its desperation to protect its own to preserve itself. So  
later that day I got Inspector Jeff Tobin on the inter-  
com.

(MUSIC: . . . OUT . . .)

TOBIN: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) I was just going to call you,  
Commissioner.

TOP GUY: I've changed my mind about Leopold, Jeff. I want that  
detail assigned to him secretly...and right away.

TOBIN: That's what I was going to call you about, sir...  
Leopold.

TOP GUY: Huh?

TOBIN: He won't need that detail now. He's dead.

TOP GUY: What?

TOBIN: It was just radioed in. He was shot down in front of  
his store.

(MUSIC: . . . INTO TAG FOR . . .)

(COMMERCIAL)

(MUSIC: . . . ENTERS AND UNDER . . .)

TOP GUY: And so a hero died. Oscar Leopold's frail little body had been ripped and tortured by a spray of bullets from a passing car. As I waited in my office for a report from Jeff Tobin I felt a cold helpless rage inside of me as I thought of this man who had the courage to speak when so many others had chosen to remain silent, this one little man who had lived with truth and was unafraid.

(MUSIC: . . . DISSOLVES . . .)

(PHONE RINGS)

(RECEIVER UP)

TOP GUY: (DEJECTED) Yes?

TOBIN: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Tobin sir.

TOP GUY: Well?

TOBIN: Nothing to report.

TOP GUY: (ANGRY) What do you mean, nothing? It happened in broad daylight. People were in the street, lots of 'em.

TOBIN: I know but...

TOP GUY: What about his neighbors, his friends, they must have seen it.

TOBIN: Sure they did.

TOP GUY: All right, so what do they say?

TOBIN: They don't say anything, they won't even open their doors to us.

TOP GUY: Huh? What are you trying to tell me, Jeff?

TOBIN: It's no good just telling you about it, Commissioner. You'd better come down here yourself and see what a change there is in Taylor Place.

(MUSIC: . . . IN AND UNDER . . .)



TOP GUY: A city has a personality all its own and so has every street and avenue in it.

(MUSIC: . . . OUT. . .)

TOBIN: There it is, Commissioner, you can see the change for yourself.

(MUSIC: . . . UNDER. . .)

TOP GUY: Jeff Tobin was right. The personality change in Taylor Place was shocking. The street was deserted, no children played their city games, the air was still and heavy, the shades on all windows were drawn, doors were closed, even the houses themselves seemed to huddle together in dark and morbid fear.

TOBIN: I rang buzzers till my fingers hurt. It wasn't any use.

TOP GUY: A man dies and all the doors on the street are locked by fear. I made the rounds with Jeff Tobin.

(MUSIC: . . . STING AND UNDER AGAIN. . .)

(DOOR BUZZER INSISTENT)

TOBIN: (AS HE RINGS BUZZER) (UP) This is the police. We only want to ask a few questions.

TOP GUY: Terrified families sitting in darkened rooms waiting patiently for the buzzer to stop...waiting for the unwelcome intruders to go away.

(ANOTHER BUZZER)

TOBIN: (UP) Please open this door. You've nothing to be afraid of.

TOP GUY: One door after another, you keep trying, one after another. And then finally one door does open.

(MUSIC: . . . OUT. . .)

(DOOR BUZZER A BIT MORE THEN OUT AS:)

(DOOR OPENS)

MAN: (DIP IN AS HE OPENS DOOR) Why don't you go away.

TOBIN: You're Mr. Hackett?

TOP GUY: He's Hackett, Jeff. I remember him.

MAN: Why don't you let us alone.

TOP GUY: I remember you, Hackett. I remember the way you slapped Oscar Leopold on the back the other day when I came to his store. He was your hero.

MAN: He's dead.

TOP GUY: So he's not important now...that it?

MAN: He's dead and there's nothing I can do about it.

TOBIN: Maybe there's plenty you can do.

TOP GUY: You were near the store when Leopold was shot down.

AMN: I didn't see anything. Old man Leopold took a terrible chance talking, and they killed him.

TOP GUY: But you're not taking any chances, not even if it helps us get Leopold's killer.

MAN: I'm no hero.

TOP GUY: Maybe I've got a better name for what you are.

MAN: Sure it's all right for you to talk. You haven't got a wife and kids.

TOP GUY: I've got self respect.

MAN: I want to live.

TOP GUY: You've still got to live with yourself.

MAN: Talk is cheap.

TOP GUY: All right, but Leopold's life wasn't, anyway not to me. You were supposed to be his friend.

MAN: (TORTURED) There's nothing I can do now.



TOP GUY: You can still prove your friendship. We'll protect you, Hackett.

MAN: I don't want your protection. I just want to be let alone, all of us here, we just want you to get out and let us alone.

(DOOR IS SLAMMED SHUT)

(MUSIC: . . . IN AND UNDER . . .)

TOP GUY: And that's the way it went along the street of closed doors. Through fear, life was reduced to the simple state of survival by silence. In effect, the syndicate had declared war on the people...but the people weren't fighting back.

(MUSIC: . . . OUT . . .)

TOBIN: And that's three strikes against us, Commissioner.

TOP GUY: I dunno, Jeff.

TOBIN: Look, you said yourself I don't know how many times that we can't maintain law and order without the cooperation of every decent citizen.

TOP GUY: All right I said it and it still goes.

TOBIN: A lot of cooperation we're getting now.

TOP GUY: I almost can't blame them.

TOBIN: (ACIDLY) Well that's a helpful attitude.

TOP GUY: Look, Jeff, you can't turn your back on truth...or on fear. You just can't blame people for being frightened of their lives. You've got to show 'em a way to stand up and fight. And we'll show 'em in time.

TOBIN: Hope you're right. I'd hate to think what would happen if you were wrong.

TOP GUY: Killing Leopold was a desperate stunt by Joe Kovacs and the rest of the syndicate.

TOBIN: It's paying off big, paying off on that street of closed doors.

TOP GUY: But all the doors in this town aren't closed to us.

TOBIN: The ones that count are.

TOP GUY: Not the one we have the key to.

TOBIN: What key?

TOP GUY: The one that opens the door to Joe Kovacs' cell.

(MUSIC: . . . IN AND UNDER . . .)

TOP GUY: As you and the guard walk down the long corridor to the cell you think about the man you're going to visit. Joseph Kovacs - from tenement to penthouse in two unproven murders and countless other crimes. He's on top, too, but of a different kind of a heap. He's the Top Guy of that other world you've sworn to destroy. You've studied this man for years...you know his habits...the way he thinks. You had an idea you knew everything about him until one day a mild little man named Oscar Leopold told you what you needed to know to convict him. But now that conviction is slipping through your fingers.

(MUSIC: . . . OUT . . .)

(ECHO)

(STEPS TO STOP AT CELL)

TOP GUY: All right, Riley, open it up.

(KEY IN LOCK)

(OPEN CELL DOOR)

(TOP GUY WALKS IN AS:)

(CELL DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HIM)

JOE: (DIP IN) Hello, Commissioner. I didn't think you were speaking to me.



TOP GUY: (HARD) Look, Kovacs, my only business with you is official, and don't you ever forget it!

JOE: Okay, okay. It's just that I didn't expect you.

TOP GUY: Who did you expect? Your mother?

JOE: Leave my mom out of this!

TOP GUY: What's the matter, she still disapprove of you?

JOE: Leave her out of it - you hear.

TOP GUY: Just asking.

JOE: If you're trying to rile me, you're just wasting your time.

TOP GUY: Am I?

JOE: You bet your life you are. But nothing's going to rile me today. I just heard from my lawyer that the case against me is being dropped. Nothing's going to spoil this day, not even you.

TOP GUY: Okay, enjoy yourself - while it lasts.

JOE: It's going to last a long time. Told you all along you had nothing on me, didn't I?

TOP GUY: We did, Kovacs, but he's dead now.

JOE: Heard about that. Too bad.

TOP GUY: Broken hearted, aren't you?

JOE: Uh huh.

TOP GUY: He was a nice sweet little man.

JOE: Why, Commissioner, you're positively sentimental.

TOP GUY: I'm positively determined to get whoever killed Oscar Leopold.

JOE: Why tell me?

TOP GUY: Cause you're responsible.

JOE: Me? Why, I was just sitting here in a nice cool cell minding my own business.

TOP GUY: This is no comedy, Kovacs.

JOE: Sure it is, I'm splitting my sides.

TOP GUY: (BOILING MAD NOW) (GRABS HIM)

JOE: (STRUGGLING TO GET OUT OF TOP GUY'S HOLD) Leggo...

TOP GUY: (SHAKING HIM) Because of a louse like you a nice old man who never harmed anybody is shot...

JOE: Leggo, I said...

TOP GUY: ...because of a louse like you a lot of innocent people are living a life of fear. And you think it's funny.

JOE: Let go. You can't do this to me! I know my rights. You can't lay a finger on me. That's my right and you know it!

TOP GUY: (STOPS SHAKING HIM) All you punks know your rights. You commit every crime in the book and when you get in a jam you holler bloody murder about your rights. (PUSHING KOVACS BACK) Get away from me!

(KOVACS STAGGERS BACK AND TUMBLES ONTO THE CELL COT)

JOE: (REACTS AS HE FALLS BACK) (BEAT AS KOVACS STRAIGHTENS HIMSELF OUT, THEN:) Anything else you got to say, Commissioner?

TOP GUY: Yeh, Kovacs, one final thing. You can't keep a whole city silent. It's just a question of time. Someone's going to talk. And when they do...your time is up.

(MUSIC: . . . FIRST ACT CURTAIN. . .)



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ANNCR: We'll return to Top Guy in just a moment.

(CLORETS E.T.)

ANNCR: Now back to Top Guy.

(MUSIC: . . . ENTERS AND UNDER . . .)

TOP GUY: You found out from Joe Kovacs what you wanted to know. You played a hunch and it paid off. You know now that in a whole community terrified into silence the only one whose lips are not sealed is the man responsible for this reign of quiet terror. He revealed to you his soft spot - his mother. He mentioned her only briefly but it was enough. And so you go to an East Side night club in the hope of hearing more on the same subject.

TOP GUY: You look across the table at Kovac's girl friend, Kitty Allen, and you can't help thinking that the bitter look in her eyes answer your questions before you even ask them.

(CAFE EFFECTS IN BG) (MUSIC)

KITTY: Well, what do you want from me?

TOP GUY: Your boy friend was released today.

KITTY: I can read the papers.

TOP GUY: Just thought I'd give you the information personally.

KITTY: Such service from the police might be expensive.

TOP GUY: Expensive? Talk is cheap.

KITTY: Not if it costs you your life.

TOP GUY: I thought Kovacs wouldn't hurt a hair on your head.

KITTY: (SHE GULPS DOWN A DRINK AND SLAPS THE GLASS ON THE TABLE)

(GLASS IS SLAPPED ON TABLE)

KITTY: (CALLS) Harry, another one and fast!

TOP GUY: Going at it kind of heavy, aren't you?

KITTY: It helps pass the time. I'd ask you to join me but...

TOP GUY: (SMILES) I know but you've got to be careful of the company you keep. You know what, Kitty?



KITTY: What?

TOP GUY: You have all the symptoms of a girl friend who's been stood up.

KITTY: You know what, Commissioner?

TOP GUY: What?

KITTY: You're exactly right. You'd think he'd find a little time to come down and say hello to me, wouldn't you?

TOP GUY: To his girl friend, I sure would.

KITTY: You know, Commissioner, you're not a bad guy. Or am I drunk?

TOP GUY: Could be both.

KITTY: (BITTERLY) The stinker. I bought a new dress, had my hair done just the way he likes it. The stinker.

TOP GUY: Maybe some competition has developed.

KITTY: If it was just another dame I'd know what to do. That would be a cinch. But how can you fight her?

TOP GUY: Her?

KITTY: That mother of his. He went straight to her when he got out. He's probably still there.

TOP GUY: But I thought his mother hasn't spoken to him in years.

KITTY: She hasn't, not a word.

TOP GUY: And still he goes?

KITTY: Like clockwork, couple times a week, even does some of his business on the phone there.

TOP GUY: I see.

KITTY: It's all so crazy. They just sit there. He begs her to talk to him but she doesn't open her mouth, doesn't even look at him. Now I ask you is that crazy? (UP) Hey, Harry, how about that drink, huh?

TOP GUY: Y'know, Kitty, that's a funny story...when you think about it.

KITTY: Yeh? I don't see anything funny about it. She hates her own son and he's crazy about her.

TOP GUY: That's not the story I'm thinking out.

KITTY: Huh?

TOP GUY: Here's a guy who terrifies a whole city into silence--and he can't even make one person talk - his own mother.

(MUSIC:...IN AND UNDER...)

TOP GUY: Those years in which you studied Joe Kovacs begin to pay off now. For the first time you grasp and understand the inner recesses of this man's mind and you have laid open before you the one flaw in this man who has never been touched by the law. Meanwhile Taylor Place continues to sit in silent terror--the police have been challenged now --and the underworld smirks in self satisfaction. Jeff Tobin brings you the latest.

(MUSIC:...OUT...)

(RUSTLE OF PAPERS)

TOBIN: Here you are, Commissioner, eighteen signed confessions.

TOP GUY: Not worth the paper they're written on.

TOBIN: No. Sensation seekers, crackpots of every description, all claiming to have murdered Leopold.

TOP GUY: (SHAKING HIS HEAD) That's the way it is, Jeff, give any case enough headlines and every neurotic in town will try to crash the limelight.

(RUSTLE OF ONE PAGE OF PAPER)

TOBIN: Look at this, here's one confession all the way from Los Angeles. File and forget?



TOP GUY: Yeh.

TOBIN: The mayor call again?

TOP GUY: Twice while you were out? He heard about the riot in the lineup this morning. He says we've got to show 'em who's boss in this town. He says we've got to solve this one and fast.

TOBIN: (ACIDLY) He says.

TOP GUY: Well, he's right, Jeff.

TOBIN: (SIGHS) Guess so. There's no sense kidding ourselves.

TOP GUY: Exactly, we have been kidding ourselves. No one's going to talk. The fix is in too big.

TOBIN: Yeh, Kovacs and the syndicate has us in their pocket.

TOP GUY: I wouldn't go that far, Jeff.

TOBIN: Why the sudden optimism?

TOP GUY: There's still a way to convict Kovacs.

TOBIN: Without a witness?

TOP GUY: Without a witness.

TOBIN: (ARCH) Okay, then how?

TOP GUY: A confession, signed by Kovacs himself.

TOBIN: What'd you say?

TOP GUY: Kovacs' signature to a personal confession.

TOBIN: You feel all right, Commissioner?

TOP GUY: What day is tomorrow, Jeff?

TOBIN: Sunday. (THEN) Look, maybe you ought to go home and...

TOP GUY: And tomorrow's a holiday, isn't it, Jeff?

TOBIN: Yeh, yeh, sure, every Sunday is a holiday.

TOP GUY: Only this one happens to be Mother's Day, Jeff...and that makes it a special holiday - for us.

(MUSIC: . . . IN AND UNDER . . .)

TOP GUY: If you want to remain Top Guy in this town you've got to stay one jump ahead of the big boys running the rackets. You hold down your job sometimes by playing your hunches-- even crowding your luck...and maybe even by being able to figure out how someone like Joe Kovacs will react to what you do. So you pay a visit to Kovacs' mother. And when you see the sorrow in her eyes your voice softens a bit -- and maybe the visit is not quite as official as you thought it would be.

(MUSIC: . . . . OUT . . .)

MRS. KOVACS: (AN ELDERLY LADY) (MIDDLE-EUROPEAN ACCENT) I do not have a son anymore.

TOP GUY: Isn't Josef Kovacs your son?

MRS.: My Josef is dead. He died many years ago.

TOBIN: But the man who comes here to see you, he's your son, he's Josef Kovacs.

MRS.: No he is not my Josef. He is a bad man. My Josef was a good boy. He is not that man.

TOP GUY: Mrs. Kovacs, we understand your feelings...

MRS.: Nobody could understand. For nine months I carry him here. I had pain but I did not mind it. He was such a beautiful baby, he was so good. I do not understand what happened to him. Please, why did my son become what he is. I always taught him right.

TOP GUY: Mrs. Kovacs, perhaps you can help us. A man was killed because he was going to testify against your son.

MRS.: No that is not my son. He was such a sweet boy, he was gentle. Even his tears were like honey. When things were wrong he would come to me and hug me and cry. That was my son, Josef. The man you speak of is not my son.



TOP GUY: Mrs. Kovacs, please try to understand. This man Josef Kovacs must pay for his crimes. Do you understand that?

MRS: Yes, crimes must be punished.

TOP GUY: Then you will help us, tell us all you know about your son?

MRS: What can I tell you about my son? This man is not my son. My son is dead. My Josef is dead many years.

(MUSIC: . . . IN AND UNDER . . .)

TOP GUY: Like I said - you're not supposed to be a guy who has feelings anymore. But you have a job to do - and if you've learned anything all those years you've been alive - you've learned that human nature can be very unpredictable. So when you reach the outer door of Joe Kovacs' penthouse you suddenly think that maybe you're making a mistake-- that maybe Kovacs is not even human - which, of course, would spoil everything.

(MUSIC: . . . OUT . . .)

JOE: Tell me, Commissioner, is this a social call?

TOP GUY: Depends on what your social life is like, Kovacs.

JOE: Right now I have other plans than entertaining you.

TOP GUY: Is that why you're all dressed up?

JOE: I've got an important call to make.

TOP GUY: That's right, a very important call.

JOE: Alone.

TOP GUY: Uh uh, with me. The district attorney is waiting for us.

JOE: On Sunday, Commissioner? Tell the D.A. I'll be down first thing in the morning.

(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

TOP GUY: I've got a piece of paper here that says the D.A. won't wait. I can read it aloud to you.

JOE: Don't bother. Warrants bore me.

TOP GUY: This time, Kovacs, I promise you you won't be bored.

JOE: Look, why don't you guys stop wasting the taxpayers money.

TOP GUY: No waste this time.

JOE: Yeh, sure.

TOP GUY: This time the D.A. thinks he can make it stick - that's good enough for me.

JOE: Who're you trying to kid. No witness, no case.

TOP GUY: Oh, but we got a witness.

JOE: (SMILES) A ringer.

TOP GUY: Uh--uh. 100% genuine.

JOE: (SARDONIC) I'm sure.

TOP GUY: You can be, as sure as you're her son.

JOE: What? My...mother???

TOP GUY: That's right, Kovacs, your own mother. She's the witness against you.

(MUSIC: . . . IN AND UNDER . . .)

TOP GUY: Perhaps the psychologists would call this one form of shock treatment - but you have a better name for it - you hit 'em where it hurts and because you know your man and how he'll react - you allow plenty of time for the shock to set in and burn. You've got your sworn enemy in jail screaming to talk to you. Your gamble in human nature begins to pay off.

(MUSIC: . . . OUT ABRUPTLY AS:)

(ECHO EFFECT)

(CELL DOOR CLOSES)



JOE: (TENSE) You've got to let me out of here, Commissioner.

TOP GUY: (SARDONIC) Sure, Kovacs, just like that.

JOE: Look, you've got to give me a break, just an hour, that's all I'll need.

TOP GUY: What kind of a break did your boys give Leopold? He didn't have a second.

JOE: I'm begging you. Just give me time...

TOP GUY: That's the judge's job, not mine.

JOE: I've got to talk to my mom. She doesn't know what she's doing.

TOP GUY: That's where you're wrong. If anybody knows what they're doing, it's your mother.

JOE: Will you listen to me, will you! She won't have a chance. They'll kill her.

TOP GUY: We'll take care of her. That's our job.

JOE: You or anybody else won't be able to help her. You've got to let me talk to her, you've just got to!

(MUSIC: . . . IN AND UNDER . . .)

TOP GUY: You continue the treatment a while longer. One way or another you'll have to ride this gamble right through to the end. One way or another everything depends upon a sad old woman who refuses to speak to her son.

JOE: (PLEADING) Will you please let me speak to her, will you, before it's too late!

TOP GUY: So you wait for the right moment, when the tension is highest - and then you play your trump card. You bring Joe Kovacs and his mother face to face in your office.

(MUSIC: . . . OUT . . .)

JOE: Mom.. .

MRS: Why do you bring me here, Commissioner? I do not want to speak to this man?

(MUSIC: . . . IN . UNDER . . .)

TOP GUY: (STILL NARRATING) It's your moment and still you can't help feeling pretty rotten. But then you remember your job and you remember Oscar Leopold.

(MUSIC: . . . OUT . . .)

JOE: Let me talk to her alone, just for a minute.

TOP GUY: It's up to her entirely.

JOE: Mom, you've got to.

TOP GUY: (WAITING) Mrs. Kovacs?

MRS: (BEAT) No.

JOE: Mom, you've got to listen to me. They'll kill you.

MRS: Kill. That is all you know. (TURNS TO TOP GUY) Please, I want to go home.

TOP GUY: All right, Mrs. Kovacs. Show her out, will you, Jeff.

TOBIN: Yes sir.

(A FEW STEPS START OFF AND STOP AS:)

JOE: Mom, wait!

(HE GOES TO HER)

JOE: You've got to listen to me. I only want to help you. I ...I'm your son.

MRS: No, my son is dead, my sweet gentle Josef is dead.

(TURNS) Please, I want to go home.

TOBIN: This way, Mrs. Kovacs.

JOE: (TAKING HOLD OF HER) I'm not going to let you go, Mom, not till you listen to me. I won't let them kill you.

MRS: Take your hands away from me.

JOE: Mom, please!



TOP GUY: Let her go, Kovacs.

JOE: Mom!

TOP GUY: (PULLING HIM AWAY) Let her go, I said. (BEAT) All right, Mrs. Kovacs, you can leave now.

(STEPS WALK OFF TO DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

JOE: (AS THE STEPS WALK OFF) Mom! Come back! You've got to listen! Mom!

(THE DOOR CLOSES)

JOE: Mom!!

(MUSIC: . . . IN AND UNDER . . .)

TOP GUY: You played a hunch - you took a flyer on human nature - and when it came time for the payoff - you played it big.

(MUSIC: . . . OUT . . .)

JOE: (TENSE) Look, Commissioner, it's your job to protect the innocent. You can't let this happen to her.

TOP GUY: What are you worried about, Kovacs, they're your boys. They wouldn't do anything to your mother. You give the orders.

JOE: The orders are already out - anybody who talks gets it.

TOP GUY: So change the orders.

JOE: I didn't make 'em. They come from higher up.

TOP GUY: Higher up, who higher up?

JOE: I...I don't know.

TOP GUY: You're not telling.

JOE: I don't know.

TOP GUY: And you don't know who killed Oscar Leopold either.

JOE: What does all this mean now! Only one thing counts now, my mom, that's all.

(MORE)

JOE: They'll be gunning for her. You've got to talk sense into her.

TOP GUY: Your mother is sensible enough.

JOE: She'll be killed.

TOP GUY: Leopold was killed. But it won't happen to your mother.

JOE: You can't stop it. She'll be shot down in the street.

TOP GUY: Leopold was shot down in the street. Do you think anybody ran out to help him. They did not. They closed their doors and pulled down the shades.

JOE: I can't let that happen to my mom.

TOP GUY: They closed their doors because you and your hoodlums think you can run this town on fear...and terror...and murder.

JOE: It's different now.

TOP GUY: Sure it's always different when it hits home. Other people don't count.

JOE: I'm not thinking of myself. I'm thinking of her.

TOP GUY: But you couldn't think about Leopold. Well, you're going to think about him now - and plenty.

JOE: This is just wasting time. Something's got to be done to save her.

TOP GUY: That's right, something has got to be done and big...and by you.

JOE: All right, all right, you name it.

TOP GUY: A confession by you, a full one.

JOE: What?

TOP GUY: A signed confession, Kovacs.

JOE: But...



TOP GUY: A clean sweep of everything from top to bottom,  
including Leopold's murderer.

JOE: How...how can I do a thing like that?

TOP GUY: I don't see how you can afford not to now...do you?

(MUSIC: . . . IN AND UNDER . . .)

TOP GUY: You stand by while the stenographer takes it down, the  
whole sordid confession down to the cheap hood who killed  
Leopold. And then after the copies are signed and placed  
on your desk you watch them take Kovacs out. Then you  
lean back in your chair and breathe a big sigh of relief.

(MUSIC: . . . OUT . . .)

TOBIN: Well, sir, it's all over.

TOP GUY: All except one minor detail, Jeff.

TOBIN: I thought all the details were in that confession.

TOP GUY: This detail isn't. I'll take care of it tomorrow when I  
visit Kovacs for the last time.

TOBIN: What are you talking about anyway?

TOP GUY: Another big shock.

TOBIN: Huh?

TOP GUY: For Kovacs. But I figure one big shock a day is enough  
for anybody - even a man like Kovacs. So I'll tell  
him about it tomorrow.

TOBIN: Tell him what, Commissioner?

TOP GUY: That I banked on his mother not speaking to him - not  
telling him that she had no idea of being our witness.

(MUSIC: . . . IN AND UNDER . . .)

TOP GUY: A city has a personality all its own and so has every street and avenue in it. I passed through Taylor Place this afternoon. Once again the clean brownstone houses nestled against one another in comfortable harmony. The doors are no longer closed, but open and unafraid. And in the street children play the games city children play. And as you walk along you can hear the people of Taylor Place talking - talking freely and without fear -- about their hero, a kind, sweet, gentle, little man who loved truth and died for it.

(MUSIC: . . . . CURTAIN . . . SEGUE THEME . . . .)



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(CLOSE TO COME)

æk  
7/31/52  
10:50 pm