

"IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT"

by
STIRLING SILLIPHANT

REVISED FIRST DRAFT: 7/1/66

FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY

FADE UP:

BLACK SCREEN - THE OPENING TITLES SUPERED OVER A SERIES OF THE FOLLOWING SHOTS:

The air is filled with quiet, country, night sounds, shattered by the distant blare of a diesel train. The light from the train gradually dances across the surface of the polished rails. We now SEE the railroad tracks more clearly, stretched out before us. As the horn blows again to signal an approaching station, the headlight grows in intensity and flares into the lens. As the train rolls by, the CAMERA PANS with it to reveal a weathered sign. We read the sign in the rapid flashes of light from the coach windows: You Are Now Entering The Town of Sparta, Mississippi. Welcome.

CLOSE SHOT - COACH WHEELS

coming to a stop. Steam from the cooling system curls around the lowered steps. CAMERA STAYS with the feet of one, lone passenger, revealing a suitcase and legs only. CAMERA PANS feet across the deserted station platform.

CUT TO:

WHEELS OF TRAIN

as it starts out of station. The diesel horn again shatters the stillness of the night. As train pulls out, CAMERA PANS UP TO REVEAL empty street. We realize the train has passed over an open street crossing.

1 INT. A DINER - EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - A FLY ON A CALENDAR - NIGHT

We hear the diesel horn of the train in the b.g. The calendar is one of those with a topping photo of a nubile nymph sunning herself on a rock. Below, September is subdivided into squares. A transient fly travels from September ten to the girl's navel where he stops to preen himself. SPLAT! The killing end of a rubber band obliterates him.

2 CLOSE SHOT - A GLEEFUL RALPH HENSHAW

Marksmen extraordinaire, counterboy of this shabby all-night diner, grins at the triumph of man over fly. RALPH is nineteen. His sharp, bony face is shadowed by teenhood acne.

(Continued)

2 CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)

Where you keepin' the pie tonight?

3 ANGLE SHOT

past a police officer at the counter in immediate f.g., and toward Ralph in the b.g. The police officer is SAM WOOD.

RALPH

Man ate the last just 'fore you come in.

Sam nods irritably. Under his armpits halfmoons of sweat testify to the September heat. Ralph pulls back the end of the thick rubber band with his right hand, extends his aiming left hand which grips the apposite end of the band toward another fly which has come to roost on the stained wall near the coffee tub. Sam looks away from the fly hunt, fixes his eye on a clouded plastic lid covering a cake dish on the counter. A lone wedge slumps isolated beneath the lid.

SAM

Who's that little ole orphon in there?

SPLAT! The fly killer glances over his shoulder at the cake plate.

RALPH

Marblecake.

Sam shakes his head, drains the last of the watery ice from his coke glass, gets off the stool.

RALPH

(continuing;
easing forward)

You can have her free, Sam - she bein' all by herself there.

SAM

(coldly)

I told you 'bout that 'Sam' business!

RALPH

Sorry, Mister Wood! I mean, Officer Wood.

(Continued)

3 CONTINUED:

The teenager's defiance echoes beneath this mock subservience. Sam planks a dime onto the counter, walks out, hitching up his gunbelt authoritatively as he goes.

4 EXT. THE DINER - PAN SHOT - SAM WOOD - NIGHT

crosses toward the parked police vehicle, the only car in the dirt lot separating the highway from the diner. As he walks, Sam tugs out a soiled handkerchief, wipes the sweat from his forehead, dabs inside his collar.

5 AT THE CAR

Sam opens the door, gets into the car, reaches for the radio-phone.

SAM

Wood to radio. Leavin' Compton's now. x

VOICE

Anythin' happenin' out there? x

SAM

Hell, man! Some chance!

VOICE

Cardinals eight. Giants two. x

SAM

Ten four. x

5A INT. CAR - CLOSEUP - SAM'S HAND - NIGHT

turns key, starts ignition. CAMERA FOLLOWS his hand as he puts car in gear, then as car pulls away, the CAMERA FOLLOWS Sam's hand as it adjusts rear vision mirror. Screen has a variety of out-of-focus lights turning in the mirror, Sony transistor radio hanging from the rear view mirror. The speed of the car is slow. Southern country MUSIC blares through speaker perforations. CAMERA PANS to no-draft window as Sam's hand opens it and directs air on the driver. CAMERA PANS across dashboard revealing a plastic Jesus, stickers, pencils, clipboard, etc.

CUT TO:

- 6 EXT. STREET IN BUSINESS SECTION - NIGHT
- In blank windows we see full reflection of the police car cruising by. MUSIC continues as we see:
- 7 INT. CAR - SAM WOOD - NIGHT
- through windshield reflections. Sam leans forward to unstick himself from the seat.
- 8 OMITTED
- 9 HIS MOVING POV - THE BLOCK OF SHACKS
- Yards bare, fences collapsing, house fronts peeling, everywhere a dark and ugly facade. Suddenly - up ahead - a patch of yellow violates the blackness.
- 10 CLOSER ON SAM:
- His face becoming almost apprehensive.
- 11 EXT. THE STREET - THE PATROL CAR - NIGHT
- glides in toward the house from which the light shines. The car stops at curbside.
- 12 INT. THE CAR - CLOSE ON SAM - NIGHT
- He turns down the radio, eyes narrowing as he looks at:
- 13 HIS POV - THE ILLUMINATED WINDOW
- and inside, in the kitchen, lit by a bright bulb hanging from the ceiling, seen through the weary unmoving curtains, her bare backside and shapely naked shoulders mistily revealed, is a sixteen-year old Sam knows to be DELORES PURDY. The girl lifts a cup to her lips.
- 14 SAM
- drops his eyes, guides the car away, dabs at his forehead, this time with the back of his hand, not his kerchief.

- 15 FOLLOW SHOT - THE TAIL LIGHTS OF THE PATROL CAR
as they climb over the tracks, then drop out of sight
on the far side.
- CUT TO:
- 16 EXT. THE TOWN - FOLLOWING THE TAIL LIGHTS - NIGHT
of the patrol car. We STAY with them until suddenly
they flare into CAMERA as Sam drives his foot against
the brakes. The patrol car stops. We hear Sam's door
opening o.s., then slamming closed. CAMERA DROPS DOWN
so that we are SHOOTING LOW and under the car and
PANNING with Sam's feet as they move around and stop -
now we see why - a figure sprawled face down, eyes open
and beseeching us, one cheek pressed against the pavement
in the manner of a man lying flat to search for a rolling
quarter under a car.
- 17 ANOTHER ANGLE - SAM AND THE FIGURE
Sam approaches, his hand somehow drifting toward the butt
of his holstered .38. Just above the figure, that of a
well-dressed man, Sam stops.
- 18 CLOSER ANGLE - SAM
looks away from the figure, peers around edgily.
- 19 FROM HIS ANGLE - A COMPLETE THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY DEGREE
SWEEP
of the dark buildings here in the center of town. No
light shines. Nothing moves. Sidewalks and pavement
lie bleakly.
- 20 SAM
kneels toward the man sprawled on his stomach, legs
apart, arms above his head. Sam feels inside and under
the chest for a heart beat, finds none. He stares a
long moment at the fixed profile, graven against the
pavement, notices the dark blotch at the back of the
head. Tentatively he reaches out, lets his fingertips
touch the matted hair. He brings his hand back and in
the faint glow of the nearest street lamp considers the
brown-red smear.
Sam hurries to the patrol car, ANGLE WIDENING.

CUT TO:

21 INT. A BEDROOM - ANGLED ACROSS A MAN'S BARE FEET - NIGHT

He lies on top the bed. His eyes are wide open, fixed in a study of the ceiling. Sweat runs off his big body. Except for a pair of rumpled shorts he is naked. The cheap alarm clock on the night table near his head ticks noisily. The man is BILL GILLESPIE, new chief of police of Wells.

The telephone rings. He reaches for it swiftly. None of this leisured stuff for Bill Gillespie. Ring - grab.

GILLESPIE
(into the phone)

Yes?

VOICE
Hate to wake you, Chief.

GILLESPIE
What is it, Courtney?

The accent is not native to the area, for Gillespie is a Texan, and there is a marked difference in the Southern intonation of Gillespie's voice and those of the night deskman and of Sam Wood.

VOICE
(almost happily)
Got ourselves a killin'.

22 CLOSER ON GILLESPIE

frowning. He is sitting up now - on the edge of the bed.

VOICE
Could even be - Mister Colbert.

GILLESPIE
Well?

VOICE
Well, what, Chief?

GILLESPIE
Is it or isn't it Colbert?

CUT TO:

23 INT. POLICE STATION - ANGLED ON A TUBBY DEPUTY - NIGHT

at the telephone and complaint desk. This is OFFICER GEORGE COURTNEY, a big-bellied man who sits at the board and sweats in the humid air churned by a small desk fan.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

COURTNEY

Sam didn't wanta mess with the
body. But I got Doc Stuart on
the way.

GILLESPIE'S VOICE

(filtered)

I want a photographer... Got
one in town ever done this kind
of work?

COURTNEY

Well, now, Camelia Hawthorne's
boy Charlie he's pretty good.
'Less you want ole man Higgins
shoots all the graduation
pictures.

CUT TO:

24 INT. GILLESPIE'S BEDROOM - CLOSE ON GILLESPIE - NIGHT

GILLESPIE

I want the best! I don't want
anybody dropping the ball! You
hear?

VOICE

Sure, Chief.

GILLESPIE

Call in the day force. Have
'em stand by. Tell Wood to stay
where he is 'till I get there.
Got all that?

VOICE

Sure have, Chief.

Gillespie hands up, starts for the bathroom, stops
half-way, remembers something, comes back to the phone
with a sense of annoyance. He picks up the instrument,
dials.

VOICE

Police Department - hold on -
got another call goin' here.

GILLESPIE

(insistently)

Hello... hello!

(CONTINUED)

But there is no answer. Gillespie signs, waits. Then he sits on the bed, tries to keep the phone between shoulder and ear as he pulls on his stockings. He's got both stockings on and is lacing one shoe before:

VOICE
Police Department.

GILLESPIE
(overly-patient)
Where is the scene of the crime,
Courtney?

VOICE
Oh! Main and Piney, Chief.

Gillespie slams down the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SCENE OF THE CRIME - A FLASHBULB - NIGHT

25
26

explodes into CAMERA.

GILLESPIE'S VOICE (o.s.)
Ever photograph a homicide?

CAMERA BACK to reveal a young man - CHARLIE HAWTHORNE -
gripping a speed graphic.

CHARLIE

(grinning)
Least he isn't moving on me.

ANGLE CONTINUES TO WIDEN so that we see now we're at the scene of the crime with Gillespie. His police car is angled in toward the curb. An ambulance is parked near the sprawled figure on the pavement, two attendants standing by as DOCTOR STUART searches the corpse in vain for a life-pulse. Sam Wood stands alongside Gillespie and mops his sweaty forehead.

GILLESPIE

(to Charlie)
From every angle. Clear?

CHARLIE

Yes, sir!
(to the attendants)
You boys move back now, hear?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 27

25
26

CONTINUED:

He braces his camera, peeps another bulb at the body as
Gillespie eases closer, peers down at the dead man.

DOC

(grimly)

It's Colbert all right. Came all
this way to build us a factory -
make something out of this town -
look what it got him!

GILLESPIE

(unhappily)

What killed him?

DOC

Skull's caved in.
(shaking his head)
That's too bad. That's really
too bad. Almost as bad for us
as for him.

Gillespie kneels, feels through the pockets of the dead
man. He looks up at Sam.

GILLESPIE

Where's his wallet?

SAM

First thing I looked for.
Whoever fixed him took it.

GILLESPIE

Any witnesses?

SAM

.I mean, not even a cat!

GILLESPIE

(to Doc Stuart)

How long's he been dead?

DOC

Less than an hour. Maybe half
that.

GILLESPIE

(to Sam)

Could be a hitch-hiker. Scout
both ends of town. Then the pool
hall. Then the depot.

(CONTINUED)

25
26

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM

Pool hall closes at one, Chief.

GILLESPIE

I said scout it!

CUT TO:

27 OMITTED

28 EXT. POOL HALL - A CIRCLE OF LIGHT - NIGHT

plays across the fronting plate glass window, bores into the shadowed interior.

29 ANOTHER ANGLE - TOWARD SAM WOOD AND THE PATROL CAR

Sam snaps off his spotlight, guns the car out, off down the main street.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. THE TRAIN DEPOT - ANGLED ON THE TRACKS - NIGHT

leading into darkness. Sudden light dances on the steel, slides up the rails, then FULL INTO CAMERA come the headlamps of the patrol car. The car brakes. Sam is out at once, cutting across the beams of his headlamps as he trots toward the depot.

31 ANOTHER ANGLE - TRACKING SAM

right hand probing back toward the butt of his gun as he hops onto the wooden platform and moves moth-like toward a single dusty bulb lighting the area. Insects collide against the bulb. Sam's heels crunch on the piled bodies of those which have fallen. He arrives at the door to the waiting room, eases it open, peers inside.

32 CLOSE ON SAM

reacting to:

33 FROM HIS ANGLE - A MAN

sits inside on one of the benches. He glances up from the book he has been reading.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

The man is a Negro, in his late twenties, Sam judges, but here's a strange thing - this Negro is well-dressed, despite the heat, with a shirt and tie, although he has taken off his suit coat and folded it neatly alongside him. His nose seems the nose of an aristocratic white man, the line of his mouth slender and well-formed. The eyes are even more remarkable. Something dances behind them - a kind of banked fire.

34 ANOTHER ANGLE

SAM
(pushing forward)
On your feet, boy!

35 CLOSE ON THE NEGRO

evaluating Sam.

36 MED. CLOSE SHOT - SAM AND THE NEGRO

SAM
I mean NOW!

The Negro reaches for his coat. Sam knocks his arm aside and spins him around, clamps a sweaty forearm under his chin. In this control-position, Sam searches the Negro. Finding no weapon, Sam releases the throat-hold, steps back, hand firmly on his gun butt now, ready for the draw.

SAM
'Gainst the wall! Hands high -
and spread those fingers - so I
can count all ten! You move
'fore I tell you, by God, I'll
clean your plow!

The Negro appears to be especially compliant. He executes the search position with dedication. Sam pats him down, extracts a wallet. Sam hefts it.

SAM
(crafty)
This here's pretty fat, boy!

37 CLOSER ANGLE - SAM

opens the wallet, discovers it is puffed with money, tens, twenties - even a fifty. Sam exhales, almost whistles with surprise.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

He snaps the wallet closed, stuffs it into his pocket.

SAM

Outside there's a po-leece car.
You're gonna pick up this bag -
walk out - plant yourself in back
- be a nice quiet boy all the way
in. You hear?

The Negro nods, but maintains his incline on the wall.

SAM

Now hustle your butt, boy!

The Negro straightens, picks up the suitcase, starts toward the door. Sam carrying the man's jacket over one arm, the holstered gun at ready as he follows his suspect.

CUT TO:

37A EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Sam pulls up, opens back door for Tibbs, pushes him into Police Station.

38 INT. THE POLICE STATION - ANGLED ON A DOOR - NIGHT

as a man calls:

GILLESPIE'S VOICE (o.s.)

Yes?

Sam leans into SHOT, flicks the door open, revealing Gillespie inside at a desk. The Negro enters SHOT, goes in, Sam following.

39 INT. GILLESPIE'S OFFICE - GILLESPIE

doesn't look up as Sam brings in his prisoner. Gillespie is pretending to make notes on a pad. The Chief's office has scarred walls flaking off their ten thousandth coat of paint, an ancient desk, one leg shorter than the others, but compensated for by the insertion of the Wells telephone directory under it. Behind Gillespie's desk is a calendar on which the elapsed days of August have been precisely excised by an X through each dead unit. Framed to another

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

side are the FBI's Ten Most Wanted Criminals. Overhead a fan revolves noisily, crying for oil, making a soft squeal of protest at regular intervals.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

Sam places the wallet he has taken from the Negro on Gillespie's desk, then falls back and stands with the Negro in front of the desk until Gillespie finally deigns to look up.

40 CLOSER ANGLE - GILLESPIE

staring at the Negro with a kind of bored detachment.

41 CLOSE ON THE NEGRO

taking care to keep any expression from his own face as he looks back at the lean officer.

42 MED. FULL SHOT . THE THREE MEN

The silence continues, invaded solely by the fan.

GILLESPIE

(suddenly)

Wood.

SAM

(almost jumping)

Yes, sir.

GILLESPIE

(eyes on the fan)

When'd I ask Courtney to get oil for that damned thing?

SAM

Last Wednesday, Chief.

GILLESPIE

Well, go out and tell him what day it is today!

SAM

(anxiously)

But - the prisoner...

Gillespie looks at the Negro again.

GILLESPIE

You got a name, boy?

NEGRO

Virgil Tibbs.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

GILLESPIE

Virgil and I - we won't have any trouble. Will we, Virgil?

TIBBS

No trouble at all, sir.

Sam goes out uneasily.

43 CLOSER ANGLE - GILLESPIE AND TIBBS

measuring each other. Gillespie opens the wallet, looks at the money.

GILLESPIE

(friendly)

What'd you hit him with, Virgil?

TIBBS

Hit whom, sir?

The use of 'whom' causes Gillespie to raise his eyebrows.

GILLESPIE

Northern boy, huh?

Tibbs nods.

GILLESPIE

Now what's a Northern colored boy doing down here?

TIBBS

Waiting for the train.

GILLESPIE

No train this time of morning.

TIBBS

Tuesdays only. The four-oh-five to Memphis.

GILLESPIE

You say!

Suddenly, from the near distance, SOUNDS the long, solemn wail of a train whistle - WHOOT - WHOOT - like the honking of geese passing overhead. For a moment Gillespie is silent, then:

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

GILLESPIE

I try to run a clean, safe town
- where a man can sneeze and not
have his brains beat out. You
follow me, Virgil?

TIBBS

Yes, sir.

GILLESPIE

I figure - you just let a man
take his own sweet time with it,
he'll get around to the truth.
Makes him feel better. Gets it
off his chest. Now, you just tell
me how you happened to kill Mister
Colbert and you'll feel a whole
lot better.

The door opens and Sam comes in with a can of oil.

GILLESPIE

Not now!

Sam closes the door, goes out.

TIBBS

I was visiting my mother. I came
in on the twelve-thirty-five from
Brownsville. I was waiting to go
out on the four-oh-five.

GILLESPIE

Meantime you killed yourself a
white man. Just about the most
important one we had around here.
Picked up...

(flipping the
wallet open
again)

... a couple of hundred dollars.

He tosses the wallet onto the desk.

TIBBS

(softly)

I earned that money. Ten hours
a day, seven days a week!

GILLESPIE

(snorting)

Colored can't make money like
that!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

GILLESPIE (cont'd)

Hell, boy, that's more'n I make
in a whole month. Where'd you
earn it?

TIBBS

Philadelphia.

GILLESPIE

What do you do, boy, up there in
Philadelphia makes you money like
that?

TIBBS

I'm a police officer.

Gillespie stares at the tall Negro. Then he smiles. Then he chuckles a little. Then he laughs out loud. His laughter brings Sam Wood catapulting into the room. This time, however, Gillespie does not banish him. There's something about his prisoner that makes Gillespie feel he'd better keep a witness on hand. Tibbs reaches into his breast pocket, brings out a small lapel wallet.

TIBBS

(softly)

Here's my I.D.

GILLESPIE

(to Sam)

You question this man - before
you brought him in?

SAM

No, sir.

GILLESPIE

(fiercely)

Why not?

SAM

You told me to - to scout for
hitchhikers. I saw this fella -
with all that money - so I hustled
him in - like you told me!

Throughout all this Gillespie's eyes have not left Tibbs' eyes. Slowly, almost unwillingly, Sam takes Tibbs' extended lapel wallet.

GILLESPIE

Well?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (3)

Sam reacts to what he sees, hands the wallet across to Gillespie. Gillespie studies the police badge a moment.

GILLESPIE

You know we wouldn't let the likes of you run the law around here, don't you?

TIBBS

(quietly)

Yes, I know that.

GILLESPIE

(to Sam)

Well, I'm going to check on this wise city-boy from Philadelphia. You hold him outside... while I do.

TIBBS

May I suggest something?

Gillespie doesn't answer.

TIBBS

You might want to call my Chief, rather than send a telegram. I'm sure you have to operate on a fairly tight budget for your department. This way - it's cheaper - and faster - and I'll pay for the call.

GILLESPIE

(to Sam)

You hear him, Wood? You hear him tell me he'll pay for the call? ... How much do they pay you, boy, to do their police work?

TIBBS

One hundred and sixty two dollars and thirty nine cents a week.

GILLESPIE

One hundred and sixty two dollars and thirty nine cents a week! You hear that, Wood? You hear?

He moves to the telephone.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (4)

GILLESPIE

Take him out of here! But treat
him easy. Man who makes one
hundred and sixty two dollars and
thirty nine cents a week, we
wouldn't want to ruffle him!

Testily, he picks up the telephone.

GILLESPIE

Courtney, you think you might
try and get me the long distance
operator?

Tibbs goes out, Sam following.

44 INT. THE DESK AND FOYER AREA OF THE STATION - PAN SHOT -
TIBBS AND SAM - NIGHT

Cross the complaint desk and switchboard area. George is
trying to raise long distance as Sam motions Tibbs past a
worn wooden bench for waiting complainants and through a
waist-high swinging gate with a broken latch, thence into
a larger room blocked off by four desks. The floor is
tobacco-stained, the wastebaskets are unemptied, a ceiling
lamp hangs over each desk, three of the lamps with dusty
globes, the fourth, on which the globe is broken, shaded by
a piece of bent cardboard.

45 ANOTHER ANGLE

Tibbs settles down peaceably on a spartan chair, and folds
his arms to wait. Sam turns away, discovers that George is
beckoning to him with all the zeal of a goosy schoolgirl.

GEORGE

(covering the
phone and whis-
pering out loud)

Wanta listen?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

SAM
 (shaking his head)
 He catches you, he'll ride your
 britches 'round the block!

GEORGE
 He don't panic me!

He resumes his listening. Sam pulls up a chair and studies
 the wall clock - time four-twenty.

46 ANOTHER ANGLE

The young cameraman, Charlie, literally bursts into the
 reception foyer from outside. He clutches a sheath of 4x5
 photos in one hot hand. The abruptness of his arrival
 spins Sam around in his chair, makes Tibbs glance up,
 compels George to cover more firmly the phone on which he's
 eavesdropping.

CHARLIE
 Where's the Chief?

SAM
 Those the dead man's pictures?

CHARLIE
 (proudly)
 Top, bottom, sides - you name it.

Sam gets up, comes over, one hand extended.

SAM
 I'll take 'em.

CHARLIE
 (disappointed)
 I want to give them to the Chief!

SAM
 I said - I'll take 'em'.

GEORGE
 Do like he says, Charlie. Good
 work, boy. That's really comin'
 through on the job!

Reluctantly, Charlie hands the photos to Sam and exits.

47 CLOSER ANGLE - SAM
 flips through the photos.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

SAM
God dag, but don't he look like
a sack o' cowfeed?

TIBBS' VOICE (o.s.)
May I see the man I'm supposed
to have killed?

Sam glances around.

48 FROM HIS ANGLE - TIBBS
is standing now.

49 ANOTHER ANGLE
Sam gets a crafty look on his face.

SAM
Yeah... why not?
He crosses to Tibbs and, one by one, shows him the photos.

50 EXTREME CLOSE ON TIBBS
His eyes seem to take on new life as he looks at:

51 FROM HIS ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT - THE DEAD MAN
sprawled in the final indignity.

52 FAVORING TIBBS
He continues to scrutinize the photos.

SAM
(thinking he is
leading him on)
They say the killer always comes
back to the scene of the crime.
Ain't that what they say, boy?

GEORGE
(calling)
Sam! He's stoped talkin'! I
think he's comin' out!

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

Sam whirls, taking the pictures from Tibbs' view, packs them neatly in order, hurries toward the waist-high divider-counter as though expecting Gillespie's door to open any second now and wanting to look alive when it does.

Instead, the door from the street opens. Doc Stuart peers in.

DOC

Where does the Chief want the body?

SAM

Hell, Doc, how do I know?

DOC

Getting so we'll need a morgue around here.

(almost to himself)

Guess I'd better take him over to Ulam's Funeral Parlor.

GEORGE

Hey, Sam, how long's it been since we had a white man killed?

SAM

Three years November. The Harris boy. He sure looked like a wrapped-up bug. Remember that one, Doc?

Doc Stuart goes out without replying. Even as the door closes behind him, Gillespie's door opens. The Chief comes out.

GILLESPIE

(suspiciously)

Who was just here?

SAM

Doc, Chief. Takin' the deceased over to Ulam's.

(holding out
the pictures)

For you.

Gillespie takes the photos, pushes through the broken gate of the counter, watches it flap a moment, looks over at George.

GILLESPIE

Thought I told you to get this fixed.

GEORGE

Not me, Chief. Maybe you told the day deskman.

Gillespie tightens his jaw, moves toward the chair in front of which the watchful Tibbs stands.

53 CLOSE ON TIBBS
watching.

54 TIBBS' POV - THE APPROACHING GILLESPIE

Gillespie stops in front of Tibbs. CAMERA DOLLIES around to
HOLD both men in SHOT.

GILLESPIE
Your Chief's on the line. He
wants to talk to you.

Tibbs moves to Gillespie's office, Gillespie coming along
watchfully.

55 INT. GILLESPIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Tibbs crosses to the telephone. Gillespie has stopped in
the doorway.

TIBBS
I'm sorry to have involved you
in this, sir, but - I didn't
have much choice.

He listens and suddenly his eyes widen. Dismay begins to
show on his face. He looks over at Gillespie.

TIBBS
You can't be - serious?
(but the voice on
the phone is
insistent)

But - but, look... you don't have
the - the complete picture. Even
if I could be of some help, they
wouldn't want it. No, I'm not
prejudiced. Yes, of course, I'm
a police officer. Yes, sir, they're.
police officers...

Apparently, the decision at the other end is final. Tibbs
holds out the telephone. His eyes are hard, almost un-
pleasant.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

Gillespie comes in slowly, almost heavily, takes the phone.

GILLESPIE

Gillespie.

He listens, then:

GILLESPIE

(eyes on Tibbs)

Your number one homicide boy, huh?
Well, we don't need him around here,
Chief. We'll wrap this up all by
ourselves next couple of hours.

(a beat, settling
into it now)

See, down here in Sparta, we don't
have the problem you got up there.
No riots. No mobs running through
our streets. Nobody yelling 'Burn,
baby, burn!' down here in Sparta.
We got time to keep the law.
Appears to me you need this boy of
yours more than we do. So I'm
especially beholden to you for
offering us such a topnotch piece
of manpower as Virgil. Thanks
again, Chief. 'Eye now.

Flushed with the pleasure of being sarcastic with so important
an officer as the Chief of Police of Philadelphia, Gillespie
hangs up the telephone.

He and Tibbs measure each other.

GILLESPIE

That's your wallet on the desk
there, boy.

Tibbs picks it up, pockets it.

GILLESPIE

Nobody touched it. We're paying
for that call out of our own budget!

He starts out, Tibbs remaining tautly in room-center.
Gillespie stops in the doorway, his back to Tibbs.

GILLESPIE

Ever examine dead bodies?

TIBBS

(quietly)

Oftener than I like.

Now Gillespie gives him a look over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

GILLESPIE

Well?

There is challenge in the look - and insult - and something else too (Gillespie's secret knowledge that he personally hasn't the least damn idea how to go about examining a corpse).

Gillespie lets the challenge float there for a second, then he continues out.

Tibbs seems to be fighting some kind of inner war with himself, but he goes out after Gillespie.

CUT TO:

56 OMITTED

57 EXT. ULAM'S FUNERAL PARLOR - A FLICKERING NEON SIGN - GILLESPIE'S JUST-PARKED PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Doors on either side slam behind Gillespie and Tibbs, both already en route to the entrance of the parlor.

58 INT. THE PARLOR - A MAN WEARING PINCE-NEZ - NIGHT

waits just inside. He has slipped a shaggy cardigan over silk pajamas, but even in this outlandish outfit appears properly funereal. He holds out a welcoming hand to Gillespie but his eyes home towards Tibbs in a condemning radar sweep.

MAN

Ted Ulam, Chief. We haven't had the pleasure.

Gillespie ignores the hand.

GILLESPIE

Where's Colbert's body?

ULAM

Got him downstairs.

But Ulam, eyes fixed on Tibbs, remains unmoving.

GILLESPIE

(curtly)

He's with me.

Ulam looks glum, but he defers. He leads off, Gillespie pushing after him, Tibbs following.

59 INT. A ROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Doc Stuart is covering with a sheet the still-clothed body on a single slab in room center. The room is outfitted with large stainless steel tubs, shelves and cabinets.

Gillespie crosses directly to the body. He almost appears to have some idea what he is supposed to be doing, but the pretense collapses when he lifts the top edge of the sheet, stares down with obvious annoyance and bafflement at the mystery of this untimely death.

60 CLOSE ON TIBBS

His lustrous eyes reflect his awareness of Gillespie's bafflement and inexperience.

61 FAVORING GILLESPIE

staring at the dead man. Doc lights his pipe philosophically.

DOC

Ten cents - ten million dollars
- just doesn't matter when a man's
time comes.

Gillespie lowers the sheet.

ULAM

I could give her a far better
service right here in Wells than
she'll be able to buy up in
Chicago - for half the money.
Why, I got a casket out there
that...

GILLESPIE

(overlapping -
to Tibbs)

You want to take a look?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

Tibbs approaches the slab. Gillespie sees how Ulam and the doctor stare at the Negro. It suits his mood to let it bother them, not to explain Tibbs to them, just as nobody had explained Tibbs to him and caught him in this god-damned embarrassing position in the first place.

62 CLOSER ANGLE - TIBBS AND THE DEAD MAN

Tibbs doesn't merely lift a corner of the sheet (as you've seen it done all these years in movies). He folds the sheet back all the way, holds it out behind him, expecting someone to take it from him - as they do in Philadelphia at the police morgue.

But nobody moves. Tibbs looks around, sees the hard face of Ulam and the interested face of the doctor. Tibbs places the sheet on the floor, turns back to the dead man.

63 CLOSE ON TIBBS

looking down with a kind of curious tenderness.

64 ANGLED ON THE THREE WHITE MEN

watching Tibbs raise one of the dead man's hands, examine first the palms, then the fingernails. Tibbs looks pleased.

TIBBS

New manicure. That's good.
That's very good.

The others react. Tibbs replaces the hand, moves up to peer at the massive head wound.

TIBBS

(thoughtfully)
I'll need a few things...

GILLESPIE

Such as?

TIBBS

Silver nitrate, distilled water,
acetic acid...

Tibbs rubs one hand alongside the cheek and jaw of the dead man.

TIBBS

... ammonium hydrosulfide, benzidine,
superoxide of hydrogen...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

He progresses to the feet. Gently, he unties one of the dead man's shoes, places the shoe on the floor, removes one sock and examines the foot and ankle.

TIBBS

... copper powder, a six-inch
celluloid scale, a thermometer,
camera with a double-extension
bellows - and, of course, film...

He examines the knees of the dead man's trousers.

TIBBS

... some envelopes, tissue paper,
tape, tweezers, calipers,
toothpicks...

(a faint smile)

I did bring my own pen.

ULAM

Toothpicks?! Copper powder!
What's all this about, Chief?
Who is this boy anyway?

GILLESPIE

(irritably)

I asked him to look at the body,
that's who he is!

Tibbs glances at his wristwatch.

TIBBS

It's now four forty-five. What
time was this man killed?

GILLESPIE

Wood found him at three. Doc
figures he was killed an hour
earlier.

TIBBS

(to the doctor)

At two?

DOC

Maybe a little later - two-
fifteen, two-thirty?

Tibbs considers the doctor.

TIBBS

(softly)

Would you please feel the face
and jaw, sir?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

The doctor comes over and touches the face of the dead man. The doctor reacts. Slowly, he raises his eyes, looks into Tibbs'.

TIBBS

Am I mistaken? Or has rigor begun?

DOC

It has!

TIBBS

You notice, too, that post-mortem lividity is present in the lower portions?

Doc looks down at the ankles, has to nod.

TIBBS

So the time of death really has to be earlier. Would you agree?

Impressed, the doctor begins to nod.

TIBBS

(to Gillespie)

We'll be able to pinpoint it once I get the thermometer. As you know, sir, the loss of heat from the brain is the most reliable index to the elapsed time since terminal death.

Tibbs considers the doctor and Ulam.

TIBBS

Which of you gentlemen will assist me?

Nobody moves, but the jangling of the telephone at that moment breaks the spell of the white men's astonishment in the face of such professionalism from a colored man. Ulam picks up the phone.

ULAM

Ulam's Funeral Home.
(listening, then)
For you, Chief.

Gillespie takes the phone.

GILLESPIE

Gillespie...
(listening)
Right away.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (3)

He hangs up, starts for the door, stops, looks back at Ulam and Doc Stuart.

GILLESPIE

Wood tried to stop Harvey Oberst up on Polk Street. Oberst took off.

(a beat)

Whatever Virgil wants, get him, hear?

He goes out.

TIBBS

Where can I wash - before we start?

ULAM

(a long pause)

Washroom's out that door.

- 65 EXT. TALL GRASS - CLOSE SHOT - HOUND IN FULL CRY - DAWN
as it whips past CAMERA.
- 65A CLOSE SHOT - MAN'S FEET IN BOOTS
wading through wet, swampy grass.
- 65B TIGHT SHOT - HOUND
stopping, tired, panting.
- 65C TIGHT SHOT - YOUNG MAN
Like the hound, he stops, breaths heavily.
- 66 LONG PAN SHOT - A PACK OF HOUND DOGS
in full pursuit. Behind the dogs trot men with guns.
- 67 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - THE QUARRY
is young, probably twenty, more a grown boy than a man. The worn blue denims which cling to his skinny legs are sodden at the knees where he has fallen in the dawn-wet grass. Behind him is the SOUND of the hounds in full cry, pressing.

- 68 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - AT LOW ANGLE - THE DOGS
followed by a panting DEPUTY SHERIFF with a shotgun.
- 69 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE BOY
emerging from thick undergrowth. He stops close to CAMERA,
looks off.
- 70 EXT. MISSISSIPPI RIVER - BOY'S POV - DAWN
stretching towards Arkansas. A paddle-wheel dredge boat
can be seen in the distance.
- 70A MED. SHOT - THE BOY
reacting to o.s. SOUND of hounds. He moves toward river
bank. CAMERA PANS him along barge-loading area.
- 70B ANOTHER ANGLE - ACROSS PILINGS AND DESERTED CRANE-LOADING
EQUIPMENT
as Boy scrambles up and EXITS at full speed.
- 70C EXT. BRUSH - CLOSE SHOT - DAWN
SHAGBAG MARTIN, a deputy, as he pushes through undergrowth,
hampered by a portable walkie-talkie.

SHAGBAG
Fetch 'im out! Fetch 'im out!
He's headin' for the river!
Over here! He's headin' for
the river!

As Shagbag moves past the CAMERA, we again see glimpses
of the river.
- 70D EXT. RIVER BANK - LONG SHOT - BOY - DAWN
running along river bank with a row of houses in the b.g.
Two or three NEGRO PEOPLE are seen emerging onto the porch
of a house. They silently watch the boy run by. The dogs
can still be HEARD in the distance.
- 70E EXT. PORTION OF THE STRUCTURE OF A HUGE BRIDGE - HIGH WIDE
SHOT - DAWN
showing the river in b.g. as Boy enters shot and scrambles
towards a maintenance ladder.

(CONTINUED)

70E CONTINUED:

He climbs ladder into CAMERA, Breathing heavily. He slides over the rail, CAMERA REVEALING highway signs marking Mississippi/Arkansas border. CAMERA CONTINUES to PAN with the Boy as he begins to run across the long, deserted bridge. His footsteps ECHO in the quiet of the early morning. The SHOT is HELD as Gillespie's police car enters the SHOT. The police car pulls alongside the running figure.

71 INT. GILLESPIE'S POLICE CAR - SHOOTING FROM GILLESPIE'S POV - DAWN

through passenger window at the running Boy. Boy looks frantically at Gillespie, starts to slow down.

72 EXT. CENTER OF THE BRIDGE - DAWN

as Gillespie and the Boy come to a stop.

73 INT. GILLESPIE'S POLICE CAR - CLOSE SHOT - GILLESPIE - DAWN

as he puts his arm on back of front seat and looks at Boy with no more smile than a turnip.

73A EXT. BRIDGE - CLOSE SHOT - BOY - DAWN

stopped. Tired. Forlorn. Done-in.

73B INT. GILLESPIE'S POLICE CAR - CLOSE SHOT - GILLESPIE - DAWN

SHOOTING through passenger window to include the Boy, HARVEY OBERST.

GILLESPIE

Harvey.

Harvey doesn't react.

GILLESPIE

Whenever you're tired, get in.

x

CUT TO:

74 EXT. THE POLICE STATION - PAN SHOT - AN OLDER MODEL SEDAN -
DAWN

eases to a stop in front. Tibbs gets out of the sedan, waves to Doc Stuart behind the wheel. Doc pulls away as Tibbs goes along the sidewalk toward a door. Tibbs carries a large, well-wrapped bundle, securely tied with cord. Tibbs enters the door marked POLICE.

75 INT. THE FOYER AND RECEPTION AREA - FULL SHOT - DAWN

Tibbs comes in, discovers the area is untenanted. He starts toward the Chief's office, even as its door opens and George Courtney comes out. Seeing Tibbs, George raises a hushing finger to his lips, closes Gillespie's door, gestures inside secretively.

GEORGE
(voice low)
Mrs. Colbert.

TIBBS
How did she take it?

GEORGE
Chief had to leave 'fore she got
here. She still don't know.

76 CLOSER ANGLE - TIBBS

frowns.

77 ANOTHER ANGLE

as George settles in front of his desk. Tibbs sets the bundle down, heads toward Gillespie's office. George looks surprised as he sees what Tibbs is doing - opening the door of Gillespie's office.

GEORGE
(more a complaint,
than a command)
Can't go in there, boy!

78 INT. GILLESPIE'S OFFICE - A WOMAN - DAWN

stands at the window, looking out at the beginning day. Hearing the door open, she turns.

79 FROM HER ANGLE - TIBBS

in the doorway.

80 CLOSER ANGLE - THE WOMAN

is MRS. LESLIE COLBERT, in her late thirties. She has dressed hastily. Her hair is still uncombed. Yet there is nothing in her eyes to indicate she attaches anything one way or another to Tibbs' skin color.

81 ANOTHER ANGLE - TIBBS

comes into the room and closes the door. He can see that the woman is trying hard to remain calm, but his arrival seems to trigger a flood of questions.

MRS. COLBERT

Where's my husband? What's happened? Why won't anybody tell me what's happened? He's all right, isn't he? Nothing's happened, has it?

The barrage stops. The silence would be overwhelming were it not for the squeal of the overhead fan.

Tibbs crosses to the switch, flips off the switch. Now the room is truly quiet.

TIBBS

Your husband is dead, Mrs. Colbert.

82 CLOSER ANGLE - MRS. COLBERT

83 CLOSE ON TIBBS

wanting to make it easier, knowing no other way but this way.

84 FAVORING MRS. COLBERT

She could be some stricken animal, standing alongside a road, next to its mate which has just been struck down by a passing truck.

MRS. COLBERT

(finally)

How?

TIBBS

Somebody - killed him.

MRS. COLBERT

(from a great distance)

Who?

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

Tibbs shakes his head.

MRS. COLBERT

It's - hot in here.

(a long beat)

Don't you think?

Tibbs turns on the fan again. It resumes its dry protest.

MRS. COLBERT

Thank you.

She stands motionless, her eyes on the floor.

MRS. COLBERT

If you - don't mind... may I -
be alone?

Tibbs goes out and closes the door behind him.

85 INT. THE FOYER SWITCHBOARD - TIBBS

stands with his back to the door. He looks across at:

86 FROM HIS ANGLE - GEORGE

watching him curiously.

87 FAVORING TIBBS

as he hears the first muted sob break from the woman inside. It hits at Tibbs the way it always does, no matter how many times he has gone through it, that first wrench bursting free.

In the b.g., Chief Gillespie storms in with Sam, two officers and the prisoner from the swamp, County sheriffs bringing up the rear.

Gillespie pushes his manacled prisoner ahead of him, then past Tibbs who has eased aside. Gillespie opens the door to his office, starts to shove the prisoner inside.

TIBBS

Mrs. Colbert's inside. I told
her.

Gillespie gives him a dark, disapproving look.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

TIBBS

Sir!

Gillespie looks back at him.

TIBBS

About the examination I made at
Ulam's - you want to know what I
found?

88 CLOSER ANGLE - GILLESPIE

He's riding high. He's suddenly almost jovial.

GILLESPIE

Around here, Virgil, we don't
need books and microscopes.
Around here we just go out and
bring our man in. You tell that
to your Chief. You tell him we
don't need his help - or yours!

89 FAVORING TIBBS

He seems not to be listening to Gillespie. Instead he
reaches down, lifts the bound wrists of the prisoner, looks
at them closely.

90 TIBBS' POV - CLOSE ANGLE ON THE MANACLED WRISTS

91 FAVORING GILLESPIE

annoyed by Tibbs' scrutiny of the wrists.

GILLESPIE

(to the prisoner)
C'mon, boy! In there!

He pushes the prisoner inside.

92 FAVORING SAM AND THE OTHER OFFICERS

SAM

That's tellin' him, Chief!

GEORGE

Now we're grindin' corn!

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

Gillespie withers them with a look. But Tibbs pays no attention to them. Instead he is staring into the Chief's office.

93 CLOSER ANGLE - TIBBS

as he continues to study:

94 FROM HIS ANGLE - THE YOUNG MAN

with his cuffed hands. He stands there, head down, as Mrs. Colbert stares at him, shocked and unbelieving and confused.

95 FAVORING TIBBS

TIBBS

Did he confess?

GILLESPIE

He will.

Confidently, he goes inside, slams the door in Tibbs' face. Tibbs turns back, sees how the white officers stare at him.

TIBBS

(to Sam)

The man you arrested - is he left-handed?

SAM

How do I know?

TIBBS

His left wrist and arm looked thicker than his right.

DEPUTY

I think Harvey is a lefty. Hey, Shagbag, ain't he?

SHAGBAG

What if he is? What's that make him?

The officers turn back to Tibbs.

TIBBS

Innocent.

The officers react.

CUT TO:

96 INT. GILLESPIE'S OFFICE - MED. FULL SHOT - EARLY MORNING

as Gillespie alternately studies his prisoner and Mrs. Colbert. The woman turns from the young man with a kind of inward shudder, sees how Gillespie looks at her with his icy eyes.

GILLESPIE

I won't keep you, Mrs. Colbert.
I just want to ask you - this
belong to your husband?

He holds out an expensive-looking alligator-skin wallet.

Despite her grief, the woman nods.

OBERST

(an outcry)

I picked it up, I tell y'! He
was already lyin' there. It was
lyin' there next to him. If I
hadn't took it, somebody else
woulda! I jes' picked it up,
that's all I did!

Gillespie opens the door, propels the young man into the reception area.

GILLESPIE

Book him!

Gillespie turns back to Leslie Colbert.

GILLESPIE

Can I have someone drive you to
the mortuary?

She nods her head, gets up, moves in shock toward the door.

MRS. COLBERT

Could someone call our office
at the hotel?... Tell them where
I'll be.

She goes out of his office, he following.

97 INT. THE RECEPTION AREA - FULL SHOT - EARLY MORNING

as the woman and Gillespie come out. Gillespie discovers, with some annoyance, that Tibbs is still hanging around. Not only hanging around, but settled beside one of the four desks in the muster room. His suitcase and a wrapped bundle on the desk in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

GILLESPIE

Martin, you take Mrs. Colbert
over to Ulam's. Wood, you run
Virgil down to the depot.

Mrs. Colbert has already started toward the door. Tibbs
gets to his feet. Sam, bursting with the news and daring
to bait the Chief, eases forward.

SAM

Virgil here, Chief - he thinks
Harvey's innocent.

The other officers have been waiting for this moment, anti-
cipating Gillespie's outraged reaction. At the door Mrs.
Colbert stands frozen by the statement. Gillespie simply
stares from Sam to Tibbs.

GILLESPIE

(sortly)

I'll be damned!

Tibbs glances across at Mrs. Colbert, sees her reaction,
is reluctant to pursue the matter in front of her.

TIBBS

(to Gillespie)

Could I - talk to you about it -
privately?

It is too much for Gillespie. He lets out a cry, as from a
bull.

GILLESPIE

Look here, Virgil!

He waves the dead man's wallet in front of Tibbs' face.

GILLESPIE

Colbert's wallet. We took it
off Oberst! You think Mister
Colbert just handed it to him?

TIBBS

I don't know. Oberst might
have come along - after the
crime - found it - picked it
up. I don't know.

MRS. COLBERT

(still in shock)

That's what the boy said he did.

(CONTINUED)

FILM DIVISION
SCHOOL OF THE ARTS
513 DODGE
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

GILLESPIE I say different!

He glares at Tibbs dangerously.

TIBBS

When I examined the deceased, it was evident the fatal blow had been struck at an angle of seventeen degrees from the right, making it almost certain the assailant is right-handed.

GILLESPIE

What's that got to do with the price of cotton?

SHAGBAG

(enjoying this bombshell)

Harvis, left-handed, Chief. Everybody in town knows that.

98 CLOSE ON GILLESPIE

reacting.

99 ANGLED ON MRS. COLBERT

as something in her starts to churn.

100 ANOTHER ANGLE

GILLESPIE

Pretty sure of yourself, aren't you, Virgil? Virgil! Pretty fancy name for a colored boy like you! What do they call you up in Philadelphia?

TIBBS

They call me Mister Tibbs.

This is too much for the frustrated Gillespie. He concentrates on Sam.

GILLESPIE

You get this man down to that depot, Wood - and I mean NOW!

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

Tibbs gives Gillespie a long look, then slowly, deliberately, picks up his suitcase and the wrapped parcel.

TIBBS

(quietly angry)

I'll have the FBI lab send you the reports from this. Not that it'll make any difference...

101 FAVORING MRS. COLBERT

She has moved back into the center of the area and now confronts Gillespie, who is being hit from all sides.

MRS. COLBERT

My God! What kind of - place is this?

(it's been building in her)

It won't work. You hear me? I know somebody had my husband killed! I'm not going to let you cover up!

She gives him a final damning look, moves resolutely to the door and goes out.

There is a long, agonized silence during which all eyes focus on Gillespie. Gillespie, not knowing quite how to cope with the developments, fixes his eye and his bafflement on Tibbs.

He reaches for the parcel Tibbs holds.

GILLESPIE

I'll take that!

TIBBS

(cool, shaking his head)

I'm sending it in. Personally!

GILLESPIE

(almost shouting it)

Lock him up, Wood! Withholding evidence. Lock him up with Oberst. They make a sweet pair!

Gillespie goes into his office and slams his door. At once the other officers break into derisive, delighted laughter.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

Sam even claps a congratulatory hand on Tibbs' shoulder as he leads him off toward the cells, CAMERA MOVING with the two men.

SAM

Nobody threw your brains to the hogs, Virgil, that's for damn sure!

102 INT. THE CELLBLOCK - ANGLED ON TIBBS AND SAM

coming down the corridor past a row of unoccupied cells. Sam stops in front of the one cell which is occupied. Harvey Oberst is slumped disconsolately on one of two cots, but when he sees Sam unlocking the bars and bringing in a Negro as his cellmate, he jumps to his feet.

OBERST

Man, not in here! Put him somewheres else!

Sam ignores the protest, closes Tibbs inside with Oberst, goes off down the corridor even as Oberst calls after him, pleading.

OBERST

You hear me? How come in here! Hey!

But the clanging of a distant door marks Sam's response. Now the silence comes down over the cell block.

103 CLOSER ANGLE - OBERST

watching Tibbs. Tibbs pays no attention to the white man. Tibbs settles on his own bunk, leans his head against the wall, closes his eyes, not in sleep, but in thought. Oberst continues to glare at him.

OBERST

What you doin' wearin' white man's clothes?

Tibbs opens his eyes, considers the hostile young man in the torn shirt and tattered blue jeans.

TIBBS

I bought them from a white man.

Oberst advances on him.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

OBERST
(a long beat)
Who you think you are, boy?

TIBBS
(quietly)
All you got.

OBERST
(a sudden shout)
I don't need you!

TIBBS
Look, Harv...

He flashes his police badge. Oberst stares at it, frowns.

TIBBS
I'm on your side.

OBERST
(reading the
badge number)
Po-leece. Philadelphia. You?
You're a - cop?

(CONTINUED)

Tibbs nods.

OBERST

Yeah? So how come they locked you up? How come they'd go lock up a cop?

TIBBS

Who says they locked me up? How come - with all these empty cells - they put me in with you? Dig?

Oberst stares at him another moment, then turns, grabs at the bars.

OBERST

(an outburst)
Look, I already told 'em; I see this fella lyin' on the street there - this wallet next to him - I mean, boy, I come into this world outa luck. Here's the first good thing to come my way. I pick it up. But when I see whose wallet it is, I mean I start to sweat!

Oberst turns back from the bars.

OBERST

(continuing)
But I heard about this new chair, this Gillespie - got no more smile 'n a turnip, so I cut across the fields and got myself far as the river, tore them dogs treading me. TIBBS
When did you find the wallet? What time?

OBERST

I ain't got no watch. But I know it was after two from the court house clock.

TIBBS

I'm interested in eleven to two. Where were you?

OBERST

Shootin' pool - Larry's Lounge. Got there 'bout ten.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (3)

TIBBS

And left - when?

OBERST

Not 'til closin' - after one.

TIBBS

Witnesses who can speak for you?

OBERST

Packy - Bert - Les.

Tibbs nods, pleased.

TIBBS

Ever been in trouble with the police before?

Oberst doesn't answer.

TIBBS

(continuing)

I can ask at the desk.

OBERST

(finally)

Well, they brought me in one time 'count of Delores Purdy.

TIBBS

On what charge?

OBERST

This Delores - she's real proud of what nature done for her, y' know? We're on a date, up to Clarke's Point. Anyway, she asks me - you see - she asks me - don't I think she got a classy build an' I say sure and she starts to show me - I didn't do nothin' wrong. I just - didn't stop her from tryin' to prove her point. Then this cop Sam Wood - he comes outa the bush and hauls me in.

TIBBS

Apparently, they let you go.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (4)

OBERST

Tole me not to mess with her
no more. She lives over on
Third, 'bout a block from me.
Walks around the house in the
altogether. An' after dark -
with the lights on! Well,
somebody sure oughta make her
stop doin' that!

Tibbs smiles wryly, knowing he is hearing the truth. He
gets off the bunk.

TIBBS

Let me see your hands.

Harvey looks puzzled, but holds them out. Tibbs goes
over them carefully, front and back.

OBERST

What you doin'?

TIBBS

Hold still. Hold still.

Tibbs takes a file from his pocket, digs under one of the
young man's nails, examines the scraping carefully.
Suddenly he smiles at Oberst, a wide, bright smile full of
confidence, then turns, discovers that Gillespie and Wood
are standing there, outside, in the corridor, watching.

GILLESPIE

(quiet now and calm)

Give him the waiver, Wood - for
false arrest.

Sam passes it through.

GILLESPIE

And a pen!

TIBBS

Forget it!

GILLESPIE

Sign!

Tibbs shrugs, signs, hands paper and pen back to Sam.

GILLESPIE

Let him out, Wood.

(CONTINUED)

REV. 9/16/66

103 CONTINUED: (5)

Wood opens the cell door and Tibbs comes out with his key. Wood locks Oberst in - by himself now.

GILLESPIE

(to Tibbs)

You can catch the twelve-ten.
Oh, and on your way you just go ahead and mail in that neat little parcel of yours to the FBI.

With Tibbs, they start away down the corridor, Oberst looking after them plaintively.

104 MOVING SHOT - THE GROUP

as they head out toward the muster room.

TIBBS

(to Gillespie)

I've asked them to send the results to you. Meanwhile, it might not be a bad idea if you'd release Harvey Oberst. His only mistake was taking a wallet from where somebody deliberately planted it. At the time of the murder, he was somewhere else - and I think he can prove that.

They leave the cell corridor.

105 INT. THE RECEPTION AREA - MORNING

as Tibbs, Gillespie and Sam come out of the corridor.

GILLESPIE

Sure, I forgot. You're that city-boy - bright as a bird and twice as proud - who checks the brain with a thermometer. You probably know the exact time Colbert was killed.

TIBBS

About 12:30 - while Harvey was still shooting pool. There's cue chalk under his nails - not dried blood. Harvey never came near the actual scene of the crime.

Gillespie blows out his breath.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

GILLESPIE

Thank the Lord I don't live in
Philadelphia! Wouldn't that be
a sad come-up?

Tibbs picks up his suitcase, moves toward the front door.
When he reaches it, he looks back at Gillespie.

TIBBS

Colbert was killed somewhere else,
then moved to Main Street - to
the place where Wood - and Harvey -
found him.

106 CLOSER ANGLE - GILLESPIE

reacting to this bombshell.

107 TIBBS

moves to the door.

TIBBS

Goodbye, Chief.

Tibbs goes out, closing the door after him. Nobody moves
for what seems to be an eternity - until Gillespie turns
toward his officers.

GILLESPIE

Wood!

SAM

Yes, sir?

GILLESPIE

Aren't you supposed to be off-
duty at eight?

SAM

Only five after, sir. And I
don't want to miss nothin'. I
mean, I want to do what I can,
case you need me.

GEORGE

(chiming in)

That's it, Chief.

GILLESPIE

(a low sigh)

Courtney!

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Yes, sir.

GILLESPIE

Change the charge to theft.

GEORGE

(reacting)

Harv? From murder - to theft?

GILLESPIE

We got anybody else locked up
back there?

GEORGE

No, sir.

GILLESPIE

Then do what I tell you!

Gillespie slams his office door. George throws up his hands. Then the switchboard lights up. George takes the incoming call.

108 ANOTHER ANGLE

GEORGE

Police Department. Yes, he's
here. Hold on, sir...

George rings Gillespie's office.

GEORGE

Mayor on the line, Chief.

He closes the switch, looks up at the wall clock.

GEORGE

Half a buck says fifteen seconds.

SAM

Ten!

They watch the second hand sweep around. It has passed eight seconds when Gillespie's door flies open and the Texan comes out.

GILLESPIE

(over his shoulder)

I'll be with the Mayor.

He goes out. Ten seconds have elapsed. George fishes out a half-dollar, lobs it across to Sam who catches it.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. THE STREET - PAN SHOT - GILLESPIE'S PATROL CAR - MORNING

swings out of the police parking area, slides into early morning traffic.

110 OMITTED
THRU
116

117 EXT. FARM IMPLEMENT AGENCY - FULL SHOT - MORNING

Gillespie emerges from his police car and enters the showroom.

118 INT. SHOWROOM - MORNING

THE CAMERA TRACKS Gillespie across the showroom toward a glass-enclosed, partitioned office. Inside the office we see MAYOR WEBB SCHUBERT. Mrs. Leslie Colbert is with him. Gillespie enters the office and interrupts them in mid-confrontation.

118A INT. GLASS-ENCLOSED OFFICE

as Gillespie enters.

GILLESPIE
(a nod to Mrs. Colbert,
then to the Mayor)
Morning, Mayor.

The Mayor looks from Mrs. Colbert to Gillespie glumly.

MAYOR
Hardly a good one, Chief. What's
this Mrs. Colbert's telling me
about a - a cover-up arrest?

Gillespie levels a long look at the woman.

GILLESPIE
I dropped the charge, Mrs. Colbert.
(a beat)
Insufficient evidence.

MAYOR
(vastly relieved)
I told you he was nobody's man!
That's why we reached into Texas
to find him!

(CONTINUED)

118A CONTINUED:

MRS. COLBERT

(a long beat)

I never knew much about - my
husband's work... but I always
knew - what mattered to him.
Building this factory - here -
in this town - that mattered.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

118A CONTINUED:

MRS. COLBERT (cont'd)

(another beat)

I'm going to see it gets done.
But only on one condition!

MAYOR

Mrs. Colbert, I'm grateful.
Believe me - real grateful! I
mean, I wouldn't blame you if you
just packed up all those engineers
and blueprints and took 'em
someplace else. Wouldn't blame you
a bit!

MRS. COLBERT

(too quietly)

That's what Mr. Endicott is
counting on, isn't he?

MAYOR

Well, now you have to try to
understand how a man like Endicott
looks at these things.

MRS. COLBERT

Oh, but I do!

(a beat, then her
eyes on Gillespie)

I came by to - to make it as
clear as I possibly can - I don't
want that Negro officer taken off
this case!

MAYOR

(astonished, turning
to Gillespie)

Negro - officer?

GILLESPIE

From Philadelphia. Just -
passing through.

MRS. COLBERT

If it weren't for him, your
impartial Chief of Police would
still have the wrong person
behind bars.

(a beat)

I said I had a condition. I want
that officer given a free hand.
I want the guilty parties arrested -
no matter who they are!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

118A CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. COLBERT (cont'd)

(a final beat)

Otherwise, I'll do exactly what
you say you wouldn't blame me
for doing - I'll pack up my
husband's engineers and...

(an inditement)

... leave you to yourselves!

She turns, goes out, the Mayor and Gillespie looking after
her.

119 CLOSER ANGLE - FAVORING GILLESPIE

MAYOR

(finally)

I want to see you come through
this! You hear?

GILLESPIE

Even if it turns out Endicott's
got a toe in the trough?

MAYOR

(a long beat)

Even that.

(another beat)

But do it fast. Now what about
this Negro officer? She seems to
have a lot of confidence in him.

GILLESPIE

Some kind of - homicide expert -
so he says. But I don't need him!

MAYOR

You mean, you don't want him!
But you do need him!

(a beat)

Suppose ~~he~~ turns up the killer.
He has no police power here.
He'll have to hand him over on
a platter. Right? And if he
fails, you're off the hook. It
was Mrs. Colbert's idea in the
first place, see what I mean?
It works all the way around, for
all of us.

Gillespie takes a deep breath, goes out.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. THE TRAIN STATION - MOVING SHOT WITH TIBBS - MORNING

as he steps onto the train platform. Aside from a white baggage supervisor in a worn uniform no one else is on the platform. The supervisor is checking a shipment.

TIBBS

Is there a place around here I
can get something to eat?

BAGGAGE MASTER

Well - there's Mary's - 'cross
town.

TIBBS

(a beat)

Thanks.

He starts away.

BAGGAGE MASTER

Boy! Machine in the waiting room
- candy and peanut bars.

TIBBS

Thank you.

(a faint smile)

Anyway.

Tibbs moves away, CAMERA MOVING with him until he comes to the same door through which only a few hours earlier Sam Wood had hustled him. Tibbs puts down his suitcase and settles himself on a baggage wagon. He loosens his tie, discovers Gillespie coming down the platform toward him.

121 CLOSE ON TIBBS

reacting.

122 HIS POV - GILLESPIE

coming closer.

123 ANOTHER ANGLE - TIBBS AND GILLESPIE

as the Chief stops near Tibbs.

GILLESPIE

This train - any reason you got
to catch it today?

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

TIBBS

Lots of reasons.

GILLESPIE

Guess I have been pretty rough.

TIBBS

That's not one of them.

GILLESPIE

If I asked you to stay a while,
what would you say?

TIBBS

(almost smiling)

No.

GILLESPIE

Be a world of satisfaction in
horsewhipping you, Virgil!

TIBBS

My father used to say that. Even
do it - now and then.

GILLESPIE

Not enough to suit me!

Gillespie pulls out a thin cigar, lights it, blows out smoke.

GILLESPIE

This town needs a factory... Mister
Colbert - he came down from Chicago
to build one. A lot of people
are for that. But a lot are against
it, too. I've heard it told he'd
be hiring as many as a thousand men
- half of 'em colored. Know what
that could mean, Virgil?

TIBBS

It probably got him killed.

GILLESPIE

That's what Mrs. Colbert claims.
She wants us to catch her a killer.
No killer, no factory, that's
about the size of it. It means
jobs for colored, you follow me?

TIBBS

I'm going home!

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (2)

GILLESPIE

But they're your people!

TIBBS

Not mine. Yours! You made this scene!

GILLESPIE

You trying to make me beg you?
That what you're after?

TIBBS

(fiercely)

Chief, I'm up to here with your town!

GILLESPIE

(a beat)

Now, boy, for once I'm going to hold my temper! I'm telling you, you're staying! You're going to stay right here and help me beat this killing if I have to call your Chief back and remind him what he ordered you to do!

Tibbs reacts and Gillespie sees that Tibbs realizes this stratagem would indeed work.

GILLESPIE

But I won't have to do that because you're just so damned smart, so much brighter than all the rest of us poor stupid white men, you're going to stay just to show us! Your head's so big you could never live with yourself unless you put us all to shame. Virgil, you going to pass up a chance like that?

TIBBS

You make it very tempting.

The two men stare at each other a long moment, their faces hard and unfriendly. Then Gillespie turns, starts back along the platform.

(CONTINUED)

Rev. 8/3/66

54A.

123 CONTINUED: (3)

Tibbs picks up his suitcase and slowly follows him.

CUT TO:

124 EXT. A GARAGE IN THE NEGRO PART OF TOWN - SHOT - DAY

We are below ground level in a grease pit with a huge Negro who is grease-gunning a car squatting above us.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

The Negro has a barrel-chest and massive arms. He wears a cotton T-shirt. He observes four ankles pacing in above him, hears:

GILLESPIE

Jess!

Jess comes up a short flight of wooden steps.

125 ANOTHER ANGLE

Now we see the broken-down garage, the carcass of a cannibalized car bleaching in the morning sun, caissons of worn tires, the scattering of broken parts, and adjoining the garage and gasoline pumps a shabby house from which the laughter of children rings brightly. Jess wipes his hands on a rag, looks past Gillespie at Tibbs.

GILLESPIE

This is Virgil, Jess. He's working for me. He needs something that runs. You fix something up?

JESS

What I fix, runs. Who pays?

GILLESPIE

Police.

Jess nods. Tibbs removes his suitcase and his book from the patrol car.

GILLESPIE

(to Tibbs)

You know where to find me.

Gillespie gets into the car, swings out and away, the dust from his spinning rear tires hanging cloud-like.

126 CLOSER ANGLE - JESS AND TIBBS

measure each other.

JESS

(softly, suspiciously)

What're y' doin' here, man?

x

TIBBS

Policeman.

JESS

You're a policeman, here? In Sparta?

x

(Continued)

126 CONTINUED:

TIBBS

Passing through.

JESS

The slow way, looks t'me.

TIBBS

They had a murder. They don't know what to do with it. They need a whipping boy.

JESS

(a long beat)

How you gon' keep both feet on the ground?

TIBBS

By finding out who did it.

JESS

You got a roof?

TIBBS

I'll find a motel.

Jess laughs to himself, but out loud, and picks up Tibbs' suitcase.

JESS

(calling)

Viola!

A woman, surprisingly young, opens the back door, looks out. Two children, owl-eyed, cling to her dress, peer out at the stranger.

JESS

Company.

Tibbs, unused to this kind of hospitality, stands, unmoving.

JESS

Come on, man, come on.

Jess moves off with his bag toward the back door, Tibbs at last following.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. MAIN STREET OF SPARTA - ANGLED DOWN ON THE CHALK OUTLINE OF THE MURDERED MAN - DAY

Tibbs' feet enter SHOT. Tibbs kneels into SHOT. Sam Wood kneels also as CAMERA LOWERS TO HOLD the men in a TWO SHOT.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

Tibbs is examining the pavement around the chalk outline. In the b.g. we can see the BLUR of the crowd pressing around and watching.

SAM

I hear you right, Virgil, back at the station? You told the Chief Mister Colbert wasn't killed here?

Tibbs runs his palm across the surface of the pavement.

TIBBS

(absently)

That's right.

SAM

Well, now, Virgil, I'm not a fella who's too proud to borrow milk. I'd be obliged you was to tell me how you figured that.

Tibbs concentrates on the chalk outline.

TIBBS

From the photographs you showed me. Now I'm sure.

SAM

Just from lookin'?

TIBBS

Where's the blood?

Sam looks back at the pavement. Surprisingly enough, there is little if any dried blood.

TIBBS

When a man dies, blood pressure falls to zero. Bleeding stops. In short, Mister Wood, dead bodies don't bleed.

128 ANOTHER ANGLE

Tibbs rises.

TIBBS

You have a public library?

Sam rises, too.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

SAM

Main and Jackson - that way - Walkin'
distance ... Mind tellin' me what that's
for?

TIBBS

Back issues of the paper. Weather reports.

SAM

(baffled)

Weather reports?

Tibbs ducks under the barricade, moves swiftly toward the sidewalk.

The baffled Sam looks up at the sky, as though expecting to find the answer to the crime revealed there in the clouds.

CUT TO:

129 EXT. POLICE STATION - CHIEF GILLESPIE - DAY

boils out of the door marked POLICE, CAMERA PANNING him around the corner of the building, then up the street to doors marked CITY CLERK. He disappears inside.

130
&
131

OMITTED

132 INT. COUNCIL ROOM - THE MEN - DAY

stop talking as Gillespie comes in, closes the door after him. All but one of the five council members are in shirt sleeves, jackets over the backs of their chairs. One man - ERIC ENDICOTT - has kept his jacket on. Fans emplaced along the table create a slight humming sound. At the head of the table sits Schubert, the Mayor.

MAYOR

Boys asked me to call you over ...

He motions to an empty chair next to him. Gillespie ignores the gesture, remains standing.

(Continued)

132 CONTINUED:

MAYOR
... try and clear the air.

One of the men - WATKINS - leans demandingly toward Gillespie.

WATKINS
Just two things: What's bein' done? An' what's goin' on?

133 FAVORING GILLESPIE

He lights one of the long thin cigars he carries in his breast pocket. He blows out smoke, watches the fan catch and twirl it around. Gillespie makes no attempt to hide his personal distaste for the Councilmen.

GILLESPIE
Isn't that one and the same question?

WATKINS
I mean, we wanta know what's bein' done to clear up the killin'. And we wanta know what's this about a nigger cop. Don't tell me that's one and the same question!

MAYOR
(a beat)
Gillespie wasn't in favor of him - I insisted.

There is a horrendous, judgmental silence.

MAYOR
I insisted because Mrs. Colbert asked me to!

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

Some of the men react - this puts things in a different light. A second councilman - DENNIS - instantly sides with the Mayor.

DENNIS

I say Webb done right. I say - keep her happy. Was her husband got killed. She wants a chimpanzee to investigate, I say we put a chimpanzee on the job!

SHUIE

(a third Councilman)

I'll buy that!

WATKINS

Not me! That buck runnin' loose, askin' questions of folks like he thinks he is somebody. You know what's goin' to happen? He'll get himself killed. You watch an' see he don't!

MAYOR

I'm aware of the risk, Tom. But, like it or not, we're stuck with him!

WATKINS

(deprecating)

Not if our Chief here was on the ball! What about it, Chief? You got the killer in your front sights?

GILLESPIE

(too defensively)

I've got my irons out, don't worry!

WATKINS

(pressing)

Ever investigate a killin' before, Mister Gillespie?

MAYOR

Tom, climb off Gillespie's back now! You know damn well we didn't hire him off a homicide squad!

WATKINS

Well, this'll be his week.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (2)

WATKINS (cont'd)

'Cause Colbert's only the start.
I say this nigger won't live past
Saturday.

MAYOR

Well, I say he stays on the job!
We can use all the help we can
get. Faster this gets cleared
up, faster we'll get back to
normal. And if Tibbs falls down
on the job, we've got a handy
scapegoat for Mrs. Colbert.

SHUIE

I'll buy that!

DENNIS

What do you say, Eric?

They all look at the one man who has not yet spoken - Eric Endicott. He has a crag of a head, a noble head, actually, with eyes ablaze with inner brilliance. He has two care-less spouts of moustache jutting down on either side of his slender mouth, giving him a Faulknerian grandeur.

134 FAVORING ENDICOTT

ENDICOTT

I could say - I told you so.
Could remind you I sat in this
same chair not three months back
and tried to caution you. Well,
past and done, God's pity.

He indicts them with his great, piercing eyes.

ENDICOTT

But where is your shame - your
conscience - if not for the dead
man and his wife - at least for
yourselves? Gentlemen, you
killed him!

Nobody answers or challenges him. Only Gillespie stares
back at him, eye to eye.

ENDICOTT

When you voted to play his game,
uproot this community, turn it
into an industrial center, you
signed his death warrant.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

ENDICOTT (cont'd)

These things take time. You can't
legislate tolerance!

(after a beat)

Well, it's too late to breathe
life back into Philip Colbert,
but if the man's death is to
have any meaning, stop and think
what it says!

MAYOR

We're past speechmaking, Eric.
Mister Colbert's engineers are
moving fullsteam ahead. His
wife told me that this morning.
And, frankly, I'm grateful.

Slowly, Endicott rises, stands with immense and courtly
dignity.

ENDICOTT

(a beat)

Good day, gentlemen. My best
to your families.

He goes out. Gillespie grinds out his cigar and starts for
the door.

WATKINS

Where you goin'?

GILLESPIE

To work.

He walks out.

CUT TO:

135 INT. THE LOBBY OF A HOTEL - ANGLED PAST A ROW OF ELDERLY
MEN - DAY

sitting in sagging sofas in the worn, baroque lobby. Tibbs
appears in the b.g. at a front window. He looks in, follows
his glance by entering. The elderly types, all whites, put
down their magazines to watch.

136 TIBBS

approaches the thin-faced man at the desk. Tibbs reaches
into his jacket and the clerk takes a half-step back until
Tibbs comes out with his wallet. He opens it, displays
his police badge.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

TIBBS
(closing the wallet)
I'd Like to speak to the clerk
who was on duty last night.

The clerk stares back at him evenly.

CLERK
He left on vacation this morning.

TIBBS
(a beat)
How about last night's list of
calls through your switchboard?

CLERK
Afraid that's not possible.

TIBBS
(another beat)
They can be subpoenaed.

CLERK
We had a little fire. Nothing
serious. But all this week's
paperwork seems to have - gone
up in smoke.

137 CLOSE ON TIBBS

considering the thin-faced man.

138 THE MAN

peers back at him with a look of superiority. Behind the
clerk a woman plugs and unplugs calls at the small switch-
board. Suddenly Tibbs moves away, toward the elevator.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

CLERK
(alarmed)

Just a minute! You can't just walk ...

x

139 TIBBS

arrives at the elevator. A young Negro in uniform is at the controls.

TIBBS

Mr. Colbert's suite.

The young Negro hesitates. He looks past Tibbs at the clerk who is scampering out from behind the desk and coming toward them.

OPERATOR
(voice low)

327. Staircase on your left.

TIBBS

Thanks.

Tibbs reaches the staircase before the clerk can stop him.

CUT TO:

140 INT. THE HOTEL CORRIDOR - ANGLED ON A DOOR OPENING - DAY

A grave-faced man stands just inside. He is APPLETON, one of Colbert's aides.

APPLETON

Come in, Mister Tibbs. We've been hoping you'd come.

Tibbs enters SHOT - and the living room of the suite.

141 INT. THE SUITE - DAY

Near the windows a sketch board has been set up and to one side a long table is covered with blueprints and architectural renderings of a projected factory.

APPLETON

I'm Ted Appleton.

(nodding toward another man
at the work table)

Mark Crowell, our engineer.

(Continued)

41 CONTINUED:

Tibbs nods back.

APPLETON

Mrs. Colbert is packing.

He leads Tibbs to the bedroom door, knocks. The woman's voice is heard from inside.

VOICE

Yes?

APPLETON

Mister Tibbs is here.

In a moment the door opens. Mrs. Colbert stands just inside. She manages a smile, beckons Tibbs to come into the bedroom. He enters past her.

142 INT. THE BEDROOM - DAY

Suitcases are opened on the bed and on the chairs. Both Mrs. Colbert's clothes and those of her dead husband are in the process of being packed.

Tibbs looks down at:

143 HIS POV - A ROW OF MEN'S SHOES

lined up at the foot of the bed.

144 CLOSE ON TIBBS

His eyes flick up at the woman.

145 FAVORING MRS. COLBERT

146

Her eyes are on Tibbs.

MRS. COLBERT

(softly)

Phil and I used to talk about all kinds of crazy things. We used to say whichever of us went first would be the lucky one. The one left behind would have so much to do... Those shoes, for example. The pair he never got to wear... his cufflinks... each - thing stays behind...

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:
146

TIBBS

(a beat)

Would you know who owns this
hotel, Mrs. Colbert?

She shakes her head, glances over at Appleton in the doorway.

APPLETON

Eric Endicott.

TIBBS

You said something at the station
about your husband's enemies?

APPLETON

It's Endicott. He's been fighting
us all the way. Sits up on his
hill and runs this County. Or
did - until we moved in.

Tibbs considers Appleton a moment, then turns back to Mrs.
Colbert, who has resumed the painful process of packing.

TIBBS

Did your husband tell you where
he was going last night?

MRS. COLBERT

I went to bed - he said he wasn't
sleepy...

TIBBS

What time was that?

MRS. COLBERT

A little after eleven, I think.

TIBBS

When did you first miss him?

MRS. COLBERT

The phone woke me up - the police
calling - asking me to - come
down there... That's when I saw
that - that Phil wasn't there.

Tibbs turns to Appleton.

TIBBS

He call you - or anybody else
on your staff - after eleven?

APPLETON

No.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: (2)

146

TIBBS

Maybe the elevator operator can
tell us when he went out.

APPLETON

They put it on self-service after
ten p.m.

TIBBS

(to Mrs. Colbert)

Your husband use a car here?

MRS. COLBERT

Parked in the hotel lot.

CUT TO:

147 EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - MOVING SHOT - TOWARD A PARKED CAR -
DAY

Tibbs is the CAMERA. His hand, a handkerchief in the palm,
opens the car door, and Tibbs enters SHOT, peers in at the
fabric of the seat cushion.

148 HIS POV - THE STAIN OF BLOOD

on the back of the seat cushion on the passenger side.

149 CLOSER ANGLE - TIBBS

as he kneels, examines the floorboard around the shaft of the
steering wheel, examines the floorpad, the accelerator and
the brake pedal.

150 EXTREME CLOSE ON TIBBS

reacting to something.

151 CLOSER ANGLE - HIS HAND

reaching forward, fingers delicately selecting a small,
curling black object not more than an inch long.

152 ANGLED ON TIBBS

as he straightens, outside the car, studies the object
thoughtfully.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

Tibbs looks around, sees Gillespie standing just to one side, watching him carefully. Behind Gillespie sits the parked police car.

GILLESPIE

What are you doing with that car?

TIBBS

It's Colbert's. Whoever killed him, drove it last night.

He moves past the wide-eyed Gillespie on a course toward Gillespie's parked car. As he goes, he folds the object he had found in the car into his handkerchief and slips it into his pocket.

Gillespie comes after him. Tibbs climbs in.

GILLESPIE

Where do you think you're going?

TIBBS

I'd drive up in the car you got me, but I'm pretty sure you wouldn't want me running up there all by myself - causing more trouble.

GILLESPIE

Up where?

TIBBS

To Eric Endicott's.

CUT TO:

153 EXT. A VAST COTTON FIELD - A HARVESTER - DAY

chugs along, stripping plants. Negroes follow the machine and hand-pick the leavings, dropping the puffs into sling-bags which cover them like sheets. In the b.g. Gillespie's patrol car trails dust along the baking country road.

154 INT. THE CAR - TIBBS AND GILLESPIE - DAY

It is apparent neither has spoken through the drive.

155 CLOSE ON TIBBS

His face is expressionless as he looks out at:

156 HIS MOVING POV - THE NEGROES

picking cotton.

157 ANGLE SHOT - FAVORING GILLESPIE

He looks over at Tibbs, sees what Tibbs is watching. Gillespie turns back to the road.

GILLESPIE

None of that for you, right, Virgil?

But Tibbs gives him no satisfaction. Tibbs remains unspeaking, his face expressionless.

158 TIBBS' POV - A ROW OF EIGHT NEGROES

hoeing, their big, weathered hats floundering in the heat and the dust.

159 THRU OMITTED

161

162 CLOSE ON TIBBS

Keeping his thoughts to himself.

163 EXT. THE ROAD - THE PATROL CAR - DAY

turns off the road onto the extensive grounds of an estate.

164 FOLLOW SHOT - THE CAR

approaching the facade of a southern mansion. The car stops in the curving driveway.

165 CLOSER ANGLE - TIBBS AND GILLESPIE

get out. Gillespie sees how Tibbs' eyes seem to be photographing every nook and cranny of the driveway area and the house

166 CLOSE ON TIBBS

as he studies:

167 FROM HIS ANGLE - A GREENHOUSE

adjoining the estate.

168 GILLESPIE AND TIBBS

GILLESPIE

You going to come right out and
ask him where he was last night?

TIBBS

(a put-down)

Let's just - sniff around a
little first. All right?

Before Gillespie can react, Tibbs starts toward the front
door, Gillespie going after him.

169 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - THE TWO MEN

GILLESPIE

(accusative)

Is there anything you know you
haven't told me?

Gillespie draws abreast of Tibbs as they arrive at the
front door.

170 TIBBS AND GILLESPIE

TIBBS

I found a piece of osmundine
in Colbert's car.

He rings the bell.

GILLESPIE

You found what?

TIBBS

(cool)

On the brake pedal. Osmundine.

(a beat)

Fern root?

Gillespie remains baffled. The door opens. Inside an
elderly Negro butler with white hair looks out, past
Gillespie toward Tibbs.

GILLESPIE

Chief Gillespie...

BUTLER

Please come in, suh.

Gillespie enters, Tibbs following.

171 INT. THE RECEPTION HALL - MED. FULL SHOT - DAY

The butler shows the two men to the parlor, but the butler's eyes reproach Tibbs, seeming to be warning and scolding him simultaneously.

172 INT. THE PARLOR - GILLESPIE AND TIBBS - DAY

move into mid-room as the butler vanishes. Gillespie looks around the tastefully-furnished room. He seems tense and out of place. Tibbs, on the contrary, seems at ease.

They hear footfalls, see Endicott appear in the french doors leading to the adjoining greenhouse. He is wearing an apron and carrying a tiny instrument used by orchid fanciers for cross-pollination. He looks rich, secure, cultured and affable, King of the Haves.

ENDICOTT

Chief...

GILLESPIE

This is Virgil.

ENDICOTT

(pleasantly)

Mister Tibbs.

TIBBS

How do you do, sir.

ENDICOTT

May I have Henry fetch us something -- hot day like this?

GILLESPIE

(too hastily)

We're fine, thanks.

TIBBS

(directly)

I'd like something cold. A soft drink, please. Anything.

ENDICOTT

(to the butler)

Henry, bring in a pitcher of lemonade. I'll have one too.

Henry flashes a disapproving look at Tibbs for his audacity, but nonetheless goes out.

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

ENDICOTT

Investigating any crime of violence has got to be a most unpleasant occupation... Is there any way that I can be of help?

Endicott notices how Gillespie glances over at Tibbs, as though for counsel. Gillespie seems at a loss for words. Tibbs seems to be appreciating the Civil War portrait of Endicott's great grandfather which hangs above the fireplace.

GILLESPIE

(finally)

Virgil here is - trying to set me up a - sort of - timetable...

ENDICOTT

Sounds intelligent.

(to Tibbs)

I was told you had some trouble this morning at the hotel.

Gillespie gives Tibbs a sharp look of reproof.

TIBBS

Nothing important.

ENDICOTT

I apologize for that particular clerk. He's suffering, I fear, from the white man's historical guilt. He can't seem to adjust to - the changing times.

The butler returns with a silver tray on which is a pitcher of lemonade. He serves Endicott, then Tibbs.

TIBBS

Thank you.

Tibbs raises the glass to the others, sips, then moves a few steps to an orchid plant.

TIBBS

(to Endicott)

May I compliment you, sir...

173 CLOSER ANGLE - TIBBS AND THE ORCHID

Tibbs looks from the cinnabar-red flower to Endicott.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

TIBBS

I didn't know it was possible
to grow this species locally.

174 ENDICOTT

reacts with pleasure and surprise. He moves toward Tibbs,
Gillespie remaining mystified.

ENDICOTT

Are you an orchid fancier?

TIBBS

No, but I like them.

ENDICOTT

(expansively)

Let me show you...

He moves out a side door. Tibbs follows, Gillespie going
after them.

175 INT. A GREENHOUSE - FULL SHOT - A RIOT OF ORCHID PLANTS -
DAY

in pots on long tables and proliferating in wire baskets
hanging from overhead pipes. Endicott leads Tibbs down an
aisle and through this maze of blossoms.

ENDICOTT

Endicott's folly. What do you
think?

TIBBS

(admiringly)

Beautiful... breathtaking.

Endicott looks pleased.

ENDICOTT

Have you a favorite, Mister
Tibbs?

TIBBS

Well, I'm partial to any of
the epiphytics.

176 CLOSE ON GILLESPIE

reacting to this kind of specialized knowledge.

177 FAVORING ENDICOTT

ENDICOTT

(but charmingly, a
la Buckley)

Isn't it remarkable that of all
the orchids in this place you
should prefer the epiphytics?
I wonder if you know why?

As he speaks, Endicott moves to the plant, carefully
separates a blossom from the root structure and with tender
care begins to place it into a vase with water and a
plastic sealer.

TIBBS

It would be - helpful - if you
would tell me, sir.

ENDICOTT

(as he works)

Because - like the Negro - they
are essentially rootless - still
searching for something to - hook
on to. They need care and
cultivating and feeding - and that
takes time. That's something you
can't make some people understand -
something Mister Colbert didn't
realize.

He hands Tibbs the encapsulated orchid with a gracious
little gesture.

ENDICOTT

With my compliments, Mister Tibbs.

TIBBS

Thank you, sir.

Tibbs reaches up casually to the wire basket from which
Endicott has taken the plant. He pulls out a bit of root
substance, holds it out, pretending curiosity.

TIBBS

Is this what the epiphytics
root in?

ENDICOTT

My point! They thrive in it.
Take it away from them, they do
badly.

TIBBS

What do you call this material,
sir?

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

ENDICOTT
That's osmundine. Fern root.

178 CLOSE ON GILLESPIE

reacting.

179 FAVORING TIBBS

His eyes are on Gillespie.

GILLESPIE
(quickly)
Well, Mister Endicott, we've
taken up enough of your time.

He makes a move to leave.

180 FAVORING ENDICOTT

His eyes are intent, serious.

ENDICOTT
Why'd you two come here?

Tibbs is busy replacing the section of root he has taken
from the basket. His back is to Endicott.

TIBBS
(easily)
To ask you about Mister Colbert.

Endicott considers the question for an unduly long time.

ENDICOTT
(finally)
Let me understand this. You
came here to - question me?

Tibbs turns.

181 FAVORING TIBBS

TIBBS
(tentatively)
Your - attitudes, Mr. Endicott...
your points of view... are a
matter of record.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

TIBBS (cont'd)

Some people - let's say those who
work for Mr. Colbert - might
reasonably regard you as the person
least likely to mourn his passing.

Endicott starts toward Tibbs, moving slowly.

TIBBS

(courteously)

We're trying to clarify some of
the evidence.

Endicott, still saying nothing, continues to advance.

TIBBS

Was Colbert ever here - in this
greenhouse?

Endicott is closer now.

TIBBS

Say - last night - around midnight?

Now Endicott is directly in front of Tibbs. He swings a
smarting blow at the Negro, his open palm resounding on
Tibbs' cheek.

Tibbs responds instantly, slapping him back as hard - or
possibly harder, the blow virtually rattling Endicott's head.

Gillespie stands frozen by the unprecedented physical ex-
change.

But now Endicott and Tibbs are eyeball to eyeball, neither
relenting in their fierce confrontation.

ENDICOTT

(voice low)

Gillespie!

GILLESPIE

Yes.

ENDICOTT

You saw it?

GILLESPIE

I saw it.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: (2)

ENDICOTT
What are you going to do about it?

GILLESPIE
(a long beat)
I don't know.

ENDICOTT
I'll remember that.
(to Tibbs)
There was a time I could have had
you shot! Now I have to stand here
and watch you glory!

Almost in tears, he gives Tibbs a long, last look, goes out.

182 CLOSE ON TIBBS
watching him leave.

183 CLOSE ON GILLESPIE
staring hard at Tibbs.

184 CLOSE ON THE NEGRO BUTLER
He has come to the doorway, and overheard, overseen it all.
He is shocked.

185 ANOTHER ANGLE
Tibbs wheels, starts out of the greenhouse, but as he passes
the butler, for the first time since we have met him, we see
him explode. It is still tight, still held in, but it comes
out the purest of fury.

TIBBS
(to the butler)
Don't pray for me! Pray for
them!

He goes out.

185A FAVORING GILLESPIE
For a moment more he considers the frightened butler, then
he steams out after Tibbs.

185B EXT. THE GREENHOUSE - ANGLE SHOT PAST THE PARKED POLICE
CAR IN IMMEDIATE F.G. - DAY

and toward Tibbs approaching, Gillespie after him. Tibbs,
hearing Gillespie, stops, turns to confront him.

185C CLOSER ANGLE - TIBBS AND GILLESPIE

GILLESPIE

(hotly)

You're off the case!

(trying to hold on
to himself)

Now - I'm going to run you back
into town - then you'd damn well
better clear out - and I mean fast!

He pushes roughly, angrily past Tibbs, opens the car door,
gets in, slams the door.

Tibbs moves to the car, drops a restraining hand on the rim
of the open car window.

TIBBS

That speech you gave me - this
morning at the depot...

GILLESPIE

(overlapping,
interrupting)

I never figured you damn fool
enough to slap a white man - let
alone Mister Endicott.

TIBBS

(earnestly)

Don't you see, he's the only one
I would have slapped? Give me
another day - two days! I'm
close! I can bring him down! I
can pull him right off this hill!

185D CLOSE ON GILLESPIE

looking at Tibbs from under lowered lids.

185E CLOSE ON TIBBS

and his intense, pleading face.

185F FAVORING GILLESPIE

For the first time he seems almost to be smiling.

GILLESPIE

You're just like the rest of
us, aren't you, Virgil?

He starts the car.

185G CLOSER ANGLE - TIBBS

The terrible truth and sudden insight of Gillespie's
accusation is reflected on his face.

185H ANOTHER ANGLE

Slowly, almost painfully, Tibbs opens the door, gets into
the car. Gillespie guns it out and down the hill.

CUT TO:

186 EXT. FARM IMPLEMENT AGENCY - CLOSE SHOT - MASS OF ENGINE
PARTS ON A NEW, HUGE PIECE OF EQUIPMENT - DAY

The hood slams down into CAMERA as we hear:

MAYOR'S VOICE (O.S.)

All my fault!

CAMERA TILTS UP TO REVEAL Mayor Schubert in his equipment
yard at the agency. Behind him, Gillespie is leaning
against another piece of equipment.

GILLESPIE

Endicott hit him first.

The Mayor looks surprised.

MAYOR

You defending Tibbs?

GILLESPIE

(a beat)

I guess.

MAYOR

Well, no point ducking it, Bill.
It's going to be tough to keep
you in your job now. Unless you
bring in the killer! Question is
- can you do that - without Tibbs?

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

Gillespie finds himself near a piece of equipment. He fingers it.

GILLESPIE

Know what osmundine is, Mister Mayor?

MAYOR

No.

GILLESPIE

Neither did I.

MAYOR

(deciding to
ignore this)

I don't have to tell you how urgent it is to get Tibbs out of town.

GILLESPIE

I've already told him.

MAYOR

(thoughtfully)

Mrs. Colbert won't be back till Thursday. You catch the guilty party, she's not going to hold it against us we sent Tibbs home for his own good.

Gillespie turns, starts away.

MAYOR

Bill...

(as Gillespie stops)

What's made you change your mind? About Tibbs?

187 FAVORING GILLESPIE

GILLESPIE

Who says I have?

MAYOR

Chief we had before - he'd have shot him one second after he slapped Endicott - claimed self-defense.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

Gillespie goes out, the Mayor looking after him.

CUT TO:

188 OMITTED

189 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE IMPLEMENT AGENCY - CLOSE ANGLE -
GILLESPIE - DAY

gets into the car, starts it, eases it out and parallel to the public square.

As he drives, Gillespie picks up his radio phone.

GILLESPIE

Gillespie

x

HAROLD COURTNEY'S VOICE

Harold Courtney, sir.

x

GILLESPIE

You get Virgil down to the depot?

HAROLD COURTNEY'S VOICE

No sir. He just plain wouldn't go ... Shagbag just saw him heading out to where they're gonna build the factory

x

GILLESPIE

(a long beat)

You fix the hinge on that counter gate yet?

HAROLD COURTNEY'S VOICE

You never asked me, Chief.

x

(MCRE)

(Continued)

189 CONTINUED:

HAROLD COURTNEY'S VOICE
(cont'd)
Maybe you asked my brother,
George. He's on nights.

Gillespie slams down the phone.

CUT TO:

190 TIBBS

at the wheel of the car Jess loaned him. The car is
running along a deserted road.

191 CLOSER ANGLE - MOVING SHOT - ANGLED AT TIBBS - DAY

in the car, as he drives.

192 HIS POV - IN THE SIDE MIRROR - ANOTHER CAR

This is an older model sedan carrying four white men.
The car moves closer to Tibbs' car.

193 ANOTHER ANGLE - TIBBS' CAR

as the other car moves close and bumps Tibbs' car.

194 CLOSE SHOT - IN MOTION

Two bumpers banging.

195 CLOSER ANGLE - TIBBS

as he frantically tries to pull away.

196 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - ON TOUGHS

in car, laughing

LEAD TOUGH

C'mon. Bump him again

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

2ND TOUGH
Come on !. Come on!

197 MOVING SHOT - THE TWO CARS

The car carrying the white toughs starts to pull alongside Tibbs' car and attempts to force it off the road. Tibbs manages to pull away..

198 LOW ANGLE - CONCRETE OVERHEAD RAILWAY PASS

Tibbs' car roars underneath underpass and he skids car frantically to drive up a narrow road. The maneuver is successful in sending the toughs' car banging into the overpass, but it regains control and turns up the narrow road after tibbs.

199 TIBBS' AND THE WHITES' CARS

careening through an area with two small Negro children in f. g. The children watch as cars pass.

200 ANOTHER SHOT - GILLESPIE'S CAR

travelling fairly fast, it comes to underpass, turns, follows road to left, obviously missing the road Tibbs followed. ALTERNATE: Gillespie's car comes down the road and under underpass, then turns down the road Tibbs took.

201 LOWER ANGLE SHOT - ACROSS RAILROAD TRACKS

As Tibbs' car bounces across tracks and he finds that road ends at a railway round house.

201-X1 ANOTHER ANGLE - TOUGHS' CAR

in hot pursuit of Tibbs, as it crosses tracks and heads towards Tibbs' trapped car.

201-X2 ANOTHER ANGLE - TIBBS

He jumps out of car and races for the protection of the round house, as the toughs' car pulls up and the toughs pile out excitedly and chase after Tibbs.

(CONTINUED)

REVISED 10/13/66

86B
(X)

201-X3 INT. ROUND HOUSE - DAY

It is like an amphitheatre, with a large, diesel engine blocking part of the shot. CAMERA REVEALS Tibbs crouching behind the engine as he realizes there is no exit in the rear wall.

201-X4 TIBBS' POV

as the four toughs enter the round house. Every sound is amplified as in an echo chamber. One of the toughs giggles and picks up a flat piece of scrap iron and bangs it sharply on the side of the engine. The crash echoes through the building as he shouts:

TOUGH

Come on, black boy, we gonna
teach you manners.

201-X5 CLOSE SHOT - TIBBS

looking for an escape, slowly backing into the round house as he realizes he is trapped.

202 WIDE SHOT - BEHIND TOUGHS

slowly moving in on Tibbs as Tibbs moves back to the concrete wall. Out-manuevered, Tibbs frantically looks around for something with which to defend himself. He picks up a large wrench and crouches, motionless. Two of the toughs reach for various pieces of equipment that they can use as weapons. The lead tough encourages them:

LEAD TOUGH

I told you about them bad manners,
boy. You better put that down.

He giggles nervously as the toughs move slowly in towards Tibbs.

203 ANOTHER ANGLE - TIBBS AND TOUGHS

Poised, Tibbs waits for them to move in, when the silence is shattered by a metal door crashing open at the far end of the round-house.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

As heads turn in that direction, CAMERA WHIZ PANS to door where Gillespie now stands, coolly surveying the scene.

GILLESPIE

(his voice softly
echoes across the
room)

All right, boys, you had your fun.
Go on. Get out of here.

204 ANOTHER ANGLE - GILLESPIE

as he starts to move towards Tibbs.

205 ANOTHER ANGLE - TOUGHS

Anxious not to mix with the armed police chief, they turn and start to move toward exit. The lead tough turns, and as he does:

LEAD TOUGH

(shouting at Gillespie
in anger and frustration)
Nigger lover!

206 CLOSE ON GILLESPIE

He lets out a small, almost lonely sigh. He moves forward.

207 TIBBS

He Watches

208 GILLESPIE

as he approaches the four men. They are young, and they stand their ground, but Gillespie never wavers. He reaches them, grabs the one who has just insulted him. He gathers the man's shirt in his powerful hand, almost choking him with the force of his grip.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED:

GILLESPIE

(softly)

I didn't quite catch what you
said.

LEAD TOUGH

(pleading)

Jes' tryin' to help you
do your job, Chief.

Gillespie releases the man.

SECOND TOUGH

Get rid of the nigger! You don't
we will!

Gillespie considers the speaker gravely.

GILLESPIE

That a suggestion - or an order?

2ND MAN

A warnin'!

Gillespie hits him, a short driving blow into the kidney.
The man sinks to his knees. Gillespie looks at him as
he crumples, and starts to retch.

GILLESPIE

Get this trash out of here!

The other three toughs, overwhelmed by Gillespie's
action, pick up the retching boy and literally carry
him towards their car. Gillespie now turns as Tibbs
moves across the round house and gets into his car.
As Tibbs starts his car, Gillespie, who is hurrying
towards him, shouts:

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED:

GILLESPIE
(shouting)

Tibbs !

(louder)

TIBBS! You got the message, Tibbs?

TIBBS

(as he drives off)

I got the message.

We start a SLOW FADE to BLACK and as we reach TOTAL DARKNESS:

CUT TO:

209
thru
213

OMITTED

214

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - HEADLAMPS - NIGHT (MIDNIGHT)

OVER the BLACKNESS we hear a car engine start, then the headlamps flash on, illuminating Tibbs' face. Tibbs starts forward.

TIBBS

May I get in?

215

ANOTHER ANGLE - A PATROL CAR

We see the astonished officer Sam Wood behind the wheel. He watches Tibbs come closer through the flood of light from his headlamps, our ANGLE through the windshield.

SAM

Thought you left town.

Tibbs opens the passenger door, slides in.

TIBBS

Not yet.

Sam is still baffled.

(Continued)

215

CONTINUED:

TIBBS

Could you follow the same route you followed Tuesday night - at the same speed?

SAM

Why?

TIBBS

Why not?

(Continued)

215 CONTINUED:

Sam considers.

SAM

Maybe I'd better check with the
Chief.

He starts to open the car door.

TIBBS

Maybe so. You wouldn't want him
to slap you down for getting out
of line, making a decision of
your own.

SAM

He don't knock me out of my socks!
Let's get rollin', Virgil!

216 EXT. THE POLICE STATION - PAN SHOT - THE PATROL CAR - NIGHT
pulls away.

CUT TO:

217 INT. THE ALL NIGHT DINER - CLOSE SHOT - A HAND - NIGHT

in the back of a juke box manipulates a cake knife. The knife has been inserted through the box and now touches a spring. At once the juke box starts to play.

218 ANOTHER ANGLE - RALPH

the counter-boy we saw at script's opening reacts with pleasure at the sound of the music, withdraws the knife, straightens the juke box, now brilliantly lit up. Having cheated the box of its coins for the music he's now playing, Ralph does a triumphant little jig back toward the counter. En route, he stops, looks out at:

219 FROM HIS ANGLE - SAM'S PATROL CAR

swinging into the parking lot.

220 RALPH

hurries over, deliberately hides a luscious pie on the counter, puts on display instead a single last piece of tired pastry. He grins all the while he does this.

CUT TO:

221 EXT. THE ALL NIGHT DINER - THE PATROL CAR - NIGHT

stops. The headlamps switch off. From inside the diner we hear the beat of the electric guitars from the country rock and roll record being played.

Sam, in the police car, switches on the inside light, looks at his wristwatch.

222 INT. THE PATROL CAR - FAVORING SAM - NIGHT

SAM

Right on the nose - two-thirty
ayem. Same as Tuesday.

Tibbs jots down the time and place on Sam's official time-report held to a clipboard.

TIBBS

You really know this town.

SAM

Ought to. Was born here.

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED:

He wipes his damp forehead, swears from the heat of the night, opens the door.

SAM

Now I take ten minutes to cool off -
get myself a king-size coke and a wedge
of pie - if that peckerwood didn't sell
out again.

He closes the door, starts away.

223 EXT. THE CAR - PAST SAM TOWARD TIBBS - NIGHT

still in the patrol car:

SAM

Bring you anything?

TIBBS

No, I'm coming.

Tibbs opens the door on his side, gets out.

FAVORING SAM,

224

Sam is utterly baffled and frustrated. Gillespie's patrol car flashes in, slams to a stop alongside the other police car. Gillespie is out at once, staring, hard-faced, at both men.

GILLESPIE

I thought I told you to get out
of here!

TIBBS

I'm not ready to leave!

SAM

(overlapping)
I was plannin' to report to you in
the mornin', Chief.

GILLESPIE

What the hell's the matter with
you? You forget about those four
maniacs this afternoon?

x
x
x
x

(Continued)

224 CONTINUED:

TIBBS

I need more time!

GILLESPIE

Time! Do I have to throw you on
that train myself?

TIBBS

I guess so.

GILLESPIE

(softly)

What do you want, Virgil?

225

&

226

OMITTED

227

INT. THE DINER - FAVORING RALPH HENSHAW - NIGHT

reacting to:

228

HIS POV - THROUGH THE SCREEN DOOR - THE GATHERING OF THE
POLICE

just outside.

229

RALPH

rocked by guilt-feelings, hurries back to the juke box which he has
cheated of its due, hastily tugs the connecting wire from the wall plug.
The silence seems immense, electric guitars stilled in mid-stroke. But
at least Ralph appears relieved. He moves back to the counter, gets
busy with the dishes, even as he stares out at:

230

HIS POV - THE OFFICERS IN A HUDDLE

just outside the screen door, their voices audible, but the words some-
how blurred.

231 EXT. THE DINER - NIGHT

TIBBS

I have to know exactly where Sam was
at all times the night of the murder -
which streets he drove and when.

GILLESPIE

And you don't care if you get killed
before you find out?

TIBBS

He tells me he spent ten minutes in here.

SAM

That's right, Chief.

GILLESPIE

(as they start
toward diner)

You know what kind of mess I'll be
in if anything happens to you.

CUT TO:

232 INT. THE DINER - FAVORING RALPH - NIGHT

He is polishing the counter, but straining to hear everything that's
being said from outside. He can hear the voices of the three men,
but nothing specific. He sees:

233 HIS ANGLE - THE MEN

coming in.

234 CLOSE ON RALPH

reacting with distaste at the sight of:

235 FROM HIS ANGLE - TIBBS

entering.

236 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TWO OFFICERS AND TIBBS

come in, settle onto stools at the counter. Ralph glares at Tibbs.

RALPH
(baiting Sam)

We got a real luscious cream pie
tonight, Sam. I mean - Officer
Wood. Like you always order.

SAM
(bridling)

You know I don't eat that stuff.
(a side look at
the Chief)
It's - fattenin'. Chief likes his
boys - streamlined. Right, Chief?

GILLESPIE

Why don't you shut up? You want
something, Virgil?

x

Ralph comes up with a coke for Sam.

RALPH
I ain't servin' him!

GILLESPIE

I said, you want something, Virgil?

x

Gillespie plunks down money in payment for Sam's coke.

TIBBS

Nothing.
(a beat, then to Sam)
Tuesday night you walked out of here
at two-forty? Right?

Sam makes a loud sucking sound with his straw as his coke hits bottom.

SAM:

On the button.

(Continued)

236 CONTINUED:

TIBBS

Two minutes from now.

GILLESPIE

(throws a coin)

That's for him. x

Tibbs moves toward the door, Gillespie going with him. As Sam gets up, he sees Ralph deliberately, tauntingly, bring the beautiful pic up from under the counter. Sam's eyes narrow. He starts to say something to Ralph, sees Gillespie waiting at the door and watching him. He hurries out.

237 EXT. THE DINER - THE THREE MEN - NIGHT

move toward the two police cars.

TIBBS

(to Sam)

When you came out that night, what did you do?

SAM

Picked up the radio.

TIBBS

(gently)

Do it, please.

Sam sees how Gillespie is watching him. Sam seems to break out more in sweat. He picks up the radio, flips on the inter-talk.

SAM

Wood to radio.

GEORGE'S VOICE

This is radio. Go ahead, Sam. x

SAM

Leavin' Compton's now. x

GEORGE'S VOICE

Sam, better look sharp. Gillespie's sniffin' around.

(Continued)

237

CONTINUED:

Gillespie reaches over, takes the radio from Sam, motions Sam into the car, behind the wheel. Meantime, Tibbs has eased into the back seat of Sam's patrol car.

GILLESPIE

Courtney!

There is a painful silence.

GEORGE'S VOICE

(in shock)

Yes, Chief?

GILLESPIE

I checked with your brother. He claims I didn't ask him to fix that hinge. That means I asked you. Do you read me, Courtney?

Continued

237 CONTINUED:

GEORGE'S VOICE
I'll get right on it, Chief! Ten Four.

x

Gillespie hands the instrument back to Sam. Sam hangs up.

Gillespie moves around to the passenger side of the front seat, gets in.

GILLESPIE
You may move us, Officer Wood.

Sam starts his engine.

238 FAVORING TIBBS

checking his wristwatch. He is smiling.

239 EXT. THE PARKING LOT - THE PATROL CAR - NIGHT

eases out, leaving Gillespie's parked vehicle behind in the lot. Ralph Henshaw stands at the screen door, looks out at the tail lights of Sam's disappearing vehicle.

240 EXT. THE TOWN - THESE SHOTS

thru
245

are a reprise of SHOTS 6-10 - cruising shots of the sleeping town - but they are different in that Sam Wood is no longer alone, but has company, Tibbs and Gillespie. They include Sam's observation of the Purdy house up ahead, its kitchen lights lit, its naked girl to be seen if he continues on.

246 SAM WOOD

turns the wheel sharply at the intersection just this side of the Purdy house.

247 THE PATROL CAR

takes a different route than the one we saw it take the night of the murder.

248 INT. THE CAR - CLOSE ON TIBBS

looking across at Sam.

249 HIS POV - SAM

seems to be sweating now more than ever. Sam looks up - into the rear-vision mirror, sees Tibbs' eyes.

250 MED. FULL SHOT - ALL THREE MEN

TIBBS

(quietly)

Why did you do that, Sam?

SAM

Do what?

TIBBS

Change your route back there at the corner?

Sam looks over at Tibbs and his face darkens. He looks at the Chief.

SAM

Who says I changed?

(his voice rising)

I oughta know what I did!

Suddenly he slams on his brakes.

SAM

Chief, I gotta put up with this?
I work for you - or for him?

Tibbs opens the door, gets out.

TIBBS

Good night, gentlemen.

He walks off, vanishing into the shadows. Sam turns, eyes appealing, toward Gillespie.

251 CLOSE ON GILLESPIE

His face is expressionless as he considers Sam.

CUT TO:

252 INT. A BANK - LONG SHOT ACROSS THE AREA - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

through an unmanned teller's window, past unoccupied desks toward the front door as it gets unlocked and two men enter, Gillespie and a middle-aged type - HENDERSON, president of Wells Security.

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED:

Gillespie waits as Henderson dials his code number on the burglar alarm, then closes and relocks the front door. The two men come toward CAMERA. Above them the wall clock indicates eight twenty-seven.

Henderson leads the way through a swinging gate (which, Gillespie notices, has no broken hinge) and behind the executive counter. He motions Gillespie to a chair in front of a desk with the name plate: H. E. HENDERSON, Pres.

Gravely, Henderson hangs up his Panama hat, crosses to a nearby file. Gillespie remains standing.

253 CLOSER ANGLE - HENDERSON

opens the file cabinet, flips through depositors' accounts.

254 CLOSE ON GILLESPIE

watching, waiting.

255 ANOTHER ANGLE - HENDERSON

finds what he's seeking. He returns with a file, sits down solemnly at the desk, Gillespie still standing. Henderson does not open the file, but places one hand over it, as though in sacred trust.

HENDERSON

This is an official request?
You're willing to put it in
writing on Police Department
letterhead?

GILLESPIE

I'll put it on the head of a
pin if that's what you want!

HENDERSON

I need something for the file.

GILLESPIE

(impatiently)
Mr. Henderson, I'm in a hurry!

Henderson sighs, opens the account.

HENDERSON

He's had an account with us for
several years.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

255 CONTINUED:

HENDERSON (cont'd)
 Not a large account. Never more
 than...
 (running a finger
 down the figures)
 ... two hundred and eight dollars
 ... back in sixty-two... September...

GILLESPIE
 I'm interested in yesterday!

HENDERSON
 (surprised)
 Well, according to this, he made
 a deposit of six hundred and
 thirty-two dollars!

GILLESPIE
 (a long beat)
Yesterday?

HENDERSON
 (nodding)
 I must have been out to lunch,
 otherwise, a deposit of that
 size, I'd have...
 (a beat)
 Wonder where he ever got that
 much?

He looks up, sees that Gillespie is already on the way to
 the front door.

HENDERSON
 You'll send me that letter for
 the file, hear?

Gillespie unlocks the front door.

GILLESPIE
 Count on it!

He goes out.

CUT TO:

256 EXT. JESS' GARAGE IN NEGRO SECTION - ANGLE SHOT - PAST
 TIBBS IN A PHONE BOOTH IN IMMEDIATE F.G. - MORNING

He makes notes as he alternately listens, talks, but his
 dialogue is inaudible to us.

(CONTINUED)

256 CONTINUED:

In the b.g. Jess is at a gas pump, refueling Tibbs' car. Jess' two children hover in mid-ground, stare at Tibbs. He hangs up the phone, pockets his memo pad, puts his pen away, comes out jubilantly. He sees the children, smiles at them, reaches down, an arm for each, hoists them high, carries them toward their father, CAMERA MOVING with him.

TIBBS

Don't fill it, Jess! I'm leaving
at noon.

Jess cuts the pump.

JESS

(anxiously)

'Less you got the man in your
pocket, you better leave right
now - word I get.

TIBBS

(to the children)

Your papa's got to see to believe,
huh?

(he puts them down)

Well, don't listen to him! Look!

(he points and they
look, see nothing)

Millions of tiny ballerinas, right
in front of your eyes. Now if we
were in Washington, at the FBI
lab, I could...

(he closes his
hand swiftly,
brings it close
to their eyes)

... catch these little people, put
them in a spectroscope and let you
watch them dance. Out there...

(gesturing widely)

... all around... colors we can't
see... sounds we can't hear... odors
we can't smell. But they're there.
Don't you ever forget they're there!

JESS

(capping the tank)

You gon' spook those chillen!

TIBBS

Let's hope, Jess. Make them
wonder! Make them ask!

He gets into the car, starts the engine, waves to them, pulls
the car out, Jess and the two children watching him go.

CUT TO:

257 INT. POLICE STATION - ANGLED PAST HAROLD COURTNEY AT THE x
BOOKING DESK - DAY

toward a cluster of other officers and deputies - George, Fryer, Shagbag,
et al - all looking stunned and worried.

HAROLD COURTNEY x
Well, I don't believe it, no matter
what!

SHAGBAG
But how do y' 'ccount for all that
money?

GEORGE
Chief never did like him - not from
the first!

They break off their conference as Tibbs comes in. Tibbs nods good
morning, crosses to Gillespie's door.

HAROLD COURTNEY x
I wouldn't!

Tibbs hesitates at the door.

TIBBS
Somebody with him?

GEORGE
(hoping something
will happen)
Let him go in!

Tibbs opens the door, goes in.

258 INT. GILLESPIE'S OFFICE - GILLESPIE - DAY

interrupted in mid-speech, he glares at Tibbs. Sam Wood is seated in
front of the desk. He is not in uniform, does not wear his gun. He
looks like a man who's been poleaxed.

(Continued)

Rev. 8/3/66

1-18 CONTINUED:

TIBBS

I just got off the phone with
the DA, Tib.

GILLESPIE

(shaky)

I'm busy, Tib!

TIBBS

(ignoring this)

But Tibbon! Endicott was wrong!
We can prove that Gilbert was
there - in the greenhouse.

GILLESPIE

I'm trying to remember just how
well!

TIBBS

(on a high)

They found pollen - pollen from
the orchid! Endicott is trying
to cover up!

Miraculously, Gillespie has endured Tibbs' account. A
silence descends on the room.

GILLESPIE

(eyes on Sam)

I have the guilty man!

Tibbs reacts, looks to Gillespie in the wilderness.

TIBBS

(a long beat)

Sam?

Sam looks up at Tibbs. He is too pleased to reply. He
does shake his head in the negative. Tibbs slams his
another chair.

TIBBS

(a bit more)

Our man is identical!

GILLESPIE

(looking back,
not confident)

It was you tonight Wood in the
last night. Remember?

(a beat)

Wood here had a big bank deposit
yesterday - anybody!

(CONTINUED)

Nov. 8/3/65

158 CONTINUED: (2)

SAM

(to Tibbs)

I saved it - quarters and halves
- took me three years!

Gillespie bangs his fist down on his desk, pushes his chair
close to Sam's.

GILLESPIE

It was all in big bills! I spoke
to the teller!

SAM

Whenever I got enough change, I'd
trade it in for twenties. When
I got up to six hundred dollars,
I took it and put it in the bank.

GILLESPIE

(to Tibbs)

Colbert cashed a check the day he
was killed - check for nine
hundred dollars. Sam took six
hundred, left the rest for bait...
for a boy like Harvey Short.

Tibbs gets out of his chair.

TIBBS

Chief, believe me, last of this
ride was only to pinpoint these
people who might have some info
on the night Colbert was killed,
might have seen Colbert's car
passing - or even who was riding
with him.

GILLESPIE

If you weren't suspicious, how
come you asked Wood why he
changed his name?

TIBBS

I already knew.

(Shrugs)

(to Sam)

He thought I might see a naked
white girl with the black.

GILLESPIE

What naked white girl?

(CONTINUED)

Rev. 8/2/56

258 CONTINUED: (3)

SAM

(Lead down)

Delovon Dwyer. She goes in
around at night like that.

(to Tibbs).

How'd you know?

TIBBS

Harvey Ghent told me.

There is a long silence. Finally Gillespie turns on
Tibbs' eyes, stares at Sam a moment more, makes his de-
cision.

GILLESPIE

(to Sam)

You want to make that one call,
Wood, make it now!

Sam shakes his head. Gillespie opens the door, calls

GILLESPIE

I'm booked! Good.

Sam goes to his cell. He goes out like a man in a hurry.
The door closes.

259 CLOSURE ON TIBBS

staring at Gillespie.

260 GILLESPIE

starts to light one of his thin cigars, but then he
out, puts the cigar back into his pocket. He looks at
Tibbs.

GILLESPIE

Maybe you can catch that train now?

TIBBS

(quietly)

How can I do that?

Gillespie sneezes like a cat.

GILLESPIE

Well, I just couldn't do a
damn!

(CONTINUED)

260 CONTINUED:

The buzzer from the switchboard sounds. Gillespie flips a switch.

GILLESPIE

Yes?

HAROLD COURTNEY'S VOICE
(over the inter-com)

x

... Mayor, sir.

Gillespie picks up his telephone.

GILLESPIE

Gillespie ...

(Listening)

Yes, Sam. Afraid so. That's
right ...

Tibbs walks out.

261 INT. THE BOOKING-SWITCHBOARD FOYER - PAN SHOT - TIBBS

crosses the area toward the counter dividing the waiting section from the
muster room with its four battered desks. x

262 CLOSER ANGLE - TIBBS

pushes the half-gate. The hinge has been fixed. It swings open smoothly, shuts smoothly as Tibbs goes through into the muster area.

263 THE WHITE OFFICERS

watch.

264 FROM THEIR ANGLE - TIBBS

sits in a chair, the back of the chair to his chest. He folds his arms and drops his head on them. He is lost in his own thoughts.

265 ANOTHER ANGLE - GEORGE COURTNEY

comes through the doorway which leads to the cellblock. He holds the keys. He looks confused and depressed. He sees how the other officers watch Tibbs. Slowly, he moves toward Tibbs, stops in front of the chair.

GEORGE

(tentatively)

Mister Tibbs ...

266 CLOSE ON TIBBS

He raises his eyes.

267 FROM HIS ANGLE - THEIR FACES

empty now of hostility. He can see their need of him. And George's "Mister Tibbs" is not lost on him.

GEORGE

... do you think Sam did it?

268 ANOTHER ANGLE

Tibbs shakes his head. He senses the relief they feel.

Suddenly, past the officers, Tibbs sees the front door open. A raw-boned man with a hatchet-face comes in with a girl in her mid-teens. She is the naked girl we saw at the script's opening. Now she wears a tight skirt and a tighter sweater, both accentuating the ripeness of her body. The girl is DELORES PURDY, the man her BROTHER. x

(Continued)

268

CONTINUED:

PURDY

(to the officers)

Where do I find the Chief?

Harold Courtney detaches himself from the officer-group, moves to the complaint desk, CAMERA MOVING with him.

HAROLD COURTNEY

About what? x

PURDY

My business!

HAROLD COURTNEY

Look, Purdy, you got a complaint, right here's where you file it! x

PURDY

What I got t' say, I say to the Chief!

The girl looks around under her lashes at the men, half-smiles.

HAROLD COURTNEY

I decide that. X

PURDY

I don't trust none o' you! Was one o' you got her into trouble t' begin with!

Coyly, the girl drops her eyes.

HAROLD COURTNEY

What kind of trouble?

PURDY

She's goin' t' have a baby!
That's what kind o' trouble!
Sam Wood's baby!

269

CLOSE ON TIBBS

reacting

270

FULL SHOT - THE AREA

A sudden hush falls over Harold and the others. x

(Continued)

270 CONTINUED:

PURDY

Now you tell the Chief I'm out
here with my little sister!

x

Harold flips down the inter-com.

x

HAROLD COURTNEY

Purdy's here, sir. It's about Sam.

x

GILLESPIE'S VOICE

All right. Send him in.

Harold points to the door. Triumphantly, Purdy leads his sister toward
the door, opens it, disappears with her into Gillespie's office

x

x

271 TIBBS

gets up from his chair, crosses to the Chief's door. Without knocking,
Tibbs goes in.

272 INT. GILLESPIE'S OFFICE - MED. FULL SHOT - DAY

PURDY

(in mid-speech)

She told me it was Sam Wood. Ask
her y'self, you don't believe me!

Purdy and the girl are in front of Gillespie's desk. At the sound of Tibbs
entering, they turn.

TIBBS

(to Gillespie)

It's important I hear this.

PURDY

I ain't talkin' about this with him in
the room! Boy, you don't want a
slue o' trouble, you git!

TIBBS

Be sensible! I'm a police officer.

PURDY

You gonna git him out or do I got
t' do it?

(Continued)

272 CONTINUED:

GILLESPIE

(blowing up)

Now you keep quiet! Everybody!

(a long beat as

he savors the

silence)

You tell me what happened, Delores.

273 FAVORING DELORES

She seems to be enjoying the sudden stage-center. She cups her right hand around the cool brass lamp base on Gillespie's desk, lets the stream of air from the ceiling fan ruffle her hair a little and thus connected starts slowly, evocatively, forming her words and images with a sensuous undertone.

DELORES

You know how hot it is? Nights
- they're no better...

She glances over at her father.

DELORES

Pa works nights. Leaves me all
alone.

She lets go of the lamp.

DELORES

Most time, I stay inside - like he tells me. Other times I could suffocate in there, you know? Well, this particular night - I was suffocatin'. I go out on the porch... I'm tryin' to cool... and I'm thinkin' how nice it'd be to have a fountain drink... Sam - he comes down our road - like he comes every night - passin' like a lord in that fine - big - shiny car of his...

(a beat)

But this time he stops... He's got a nice face, don't you think, Chief?

GILLESPIE

You mean - he stopped?

DELORES

Oh, yes... And he asks me - he asks...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

273 CONTINUED:

DELORES (cont'd)

(imitating Sam's
voice in a kind of
wild mimicry)

Hey, little girl, you know what's
the coolest spot in town?

(a beat, dropping
her eyes)

No, Sam, I said. I guess I don't.

(imitating Sam
again)

The cemetery, that's where. Know
why? No, Sam, I said... All them
big cool tombsontes. You ever
stretch out on a tombstone,
Delores? Let yourself feel all
that nice cool marble along your
body?

GILLESPIE

(shocked)

He - said that?

She smiles affirmatively.

PURDY

You hear, Chief? You hear?

GILLESPIE

(ignoring this)

All right, so he stopped in front
of your house and he talked to
you. What else?

DELORES

(looking at him
directly)

I went for a ride with him.
That's what else. Out to the -
cemetery.

(CONTINUED)

273 CONTINUED: (2)

GILLESPIE

You mean - Wood took you with
him - in the patrol car? Out
to the cemetery.

(she nods)

... And...

(somewhat at a
loss for words)

... things went a little too far.
That what you're saying?

She nods again.

GILLESPIE

Did he force you, Delores? Or
did you - let him?

Delores looks down, says nothing, even as Purdy protests.

PURDY

Don't mean a damn whether she let
him or not! She's still sixteen.
In this state that's rape! I
checked on that! That's the plain
law on that!

GILLESPIE

(to the girl)

You're sure you're - pregnant?

She looks at him - suddenly she is angry - a sixteen-year
old savage - no longer the country coquette.

DELORES

You're damn right I'm pregnant!

PURDY

And I know my rights! He's goin'
t' have to pay for the baby.

Tibbs starts for the door.

(CONTINUED)

273 CONTINUED: (3)

Tibbs goes out. Gillespie flips down the inter-com.

GILLESPIE

In here, Harold!

x

HAROLD COURTNEY'S VOICE

Yes, sir.

x

After a moment, the door opens and Harold enters.

x

GILLESPIE

Take this down!

Harold nods unhappily.

GILLESPIE

(continuing)

All right, Purdy. From the top ...

Purdy considers Gillespie with a kind of slow, brooding sullenness ...
Now he is no longer shouting. Now his voice is low, dangerous.

PURDY

You had no right to keep a nigger in
the room - shame my little sister. No
right!

x

His eyes smolder as they fix on Gillespie.

CUT TO:

273A INT. THE JAIL - DAY

Tibbs comes down the corridor, stops in front of Harvey Oberst's cell.
Oberst looks up at Tibbs and grins.

273B CLOSER ANGLE - THE TWO MEN

OBERST

Hi, y', Virgil.

Tibbs nods. Oberst gets off his bunk, comes to the bars.

OBERST

Man, you saved my hide! I guess
you're just about the smartest colored
ever lived ... You figure they're
gonna let me out?

(Continued)

273B CONTINUED:

TIBBS

You'll be back on the street in
a day or so.

OBERST

Man, I hope!

TIBBS

If you get a girl in trouble in
this town, where can you go for
help, Harvey?

OBERST

(a wide grin)

Barber shop.

TIBBS

Barber shop?

OBERST

(giggling)

Borrow Mister Fanning's razor
an' cut your throat.

Tibbs smiles.

TIBBS

Let's say Mister Fanning's razor
is too dull. Let's say you have
some real money to spread around...

OBERST

(tugging at
his chin)

Used to be a colored gal. But
she kept bumpin' the price.
Don't know if she's still in
business.

TIBBS

What's her name?

OBERST

Never had to look her up. But
Packy might know.

(CONTINUED)

273B CONTINUED: (2)

TIBBS

Where do I find Packy?

OBERST

Down at the pool hall. But, man, he won't tell you! Not 'less I say so. An' how'm I goin' say so locked up here?

TIBBS

What if I get them to find Packy and bring him in here?

OBERST

You let him bring me a cheeseburger?

TIBBS

Onions?

OBERST

Now you're talkin'!

Tibbs gives Oberst a close-to-the-chest jail-house sign, hurries out.

CUT TO:

27⁴
thru OMITTED
278

279 EXT. THE FRONT OF THE PURDY HOUSE - SHOT WITH A
TELEPHOTO LENS - DUSK

as though we are seeing FBI secret film shot from a hideout at criminals under investigation. Out of Purdy's house comes Purdy, approaching the tow sedans which have just pulled up in front.

Purdy goes to the back car, bends in, talks (inaudibly) to the driver, makes some instructive gestures, then goes forward to the first car, gets into the passenger side of the front seat. Two men are in the back seat. The cavalcade therefore consists of two cars, eight men.

(CONTINUED)

279 CONTINUED:

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on Purdy. The driver moves the sawed-off shotgun off the front seat to make room for Purdy. Purdy holds it a moment, puts it down and out of sight as the cars pull away.

CUT TO:

280 EXT. AN ALMOST ENDLESS PASTURE - EXTREME LONG SHOT - DUSK

This is a stylized SHOT to bridge the previous scene and this moment, serving actually in place of a DISSOLVE. The SHOT should be made from a helicopter, starting high, and MOVING IN - but printed in SLOW MOTION - until we are MEDIUM CLOSE on the subject which, from the air, we saw merely as a speck at the far edge of the pasture, but which we now discover is Virgil Tibbs.

Tibbs is bent over, almost delicately, one hand outstretched toward an object on the ground as we resume NORMAL FILM SPEED. Tibbs picks up the object with a handkerchief, then slowly rises. We see that he is gripping a two-foot long, two-inch thick pine sapling. He considers one end of the club-like branch with narrowing eyes, sees the dried stain discoloring the wood. Then without moving the position of his feet he looks around at the grass in the immediate area.

Suddenly he hears the SOUND of someone approaching through nearby brush. He grips the sapling more firmly, looks toward the brush, reacts to the sight of:

281 FROM HIS ANGLE - GILLESPIE

pushing aside the brush and emerging into full view. Gillespie comes into CLOSE SHOT, stops.

282 FROM HIS ANGLE - TIBBS

standing with the club-sapling.

283 CLOSE ON GILLESPIE

looking away from Tibbs to:

284 FROM HIS ANGLE - THE PASTURE

Off at a far end engineering equipment is emplaced. There is a grader and two trucks.

(CONTINUED)

284 CONTINUED:

Around the field at various points are tall poles. Orange and red flags, surveying streamers, flap in the late afternoon breeze.

285 GILLESPIE

approaches Tibbs.

GILLESPIE

You're getting careless, Virgil.
You could get yourself killed.
(a long beat)

... Leaving your car parked on
the road, anybody could find you.

He stops next to Tibbs, looks at the sapling Tibbs is holding.

TIBBS

You know what this land is?

GILLESPIE

(nodding)
For the new factory.

TIBBS

(a beat)
I found a piece of wood in
Colbert's scalp. The lab
identified it as pine.

286 FAVORING TIBBS

TIBBS

(continuing)
Three people saw Colbert drive
past their houses - alone -
coming back from Endicott's.

(a beat)
Colbert must have picked up
somebody in town...

(tentatively
reconstructing
the murder night)
... come out here...

GILLESPIE

Got it all figured out, haven't
you, Virgil? Well, I say he
didn't pick up nobody!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

286 CONTINUED:

GILLESPIE (cont'd)

I say Sam followed him out here
in the patrol car, came up behind
him - like I came up behind you.

TIBBS

I heard you coming. Colbert
would have heard too.

GILLESPIE

So he heard. He turned. He got
smashed.

TIBBS

(a slight shake
of his head)

He was hit from behind. He was
driven back to town in his own
car... dumped onto the street.
Sam couldn't have driven two
cars.

(a beat)

No, Colbert stood here - looking
out across this field - with
somebody he knew - somebody he
wasn't afraid of - somebody other
than Endicott...

237 FAVORING GILLESPIE

GILLESPIE

(at last)

Come on, Virgil. I got to get
you out of here.

Tibbs looks at him.

TIBBS

If Delores Purdy hadn't come
to your office, I might never
have seen the truth, I was so
hung up trying to get Endicott
- just for the personal
satisfaction!

GILLESPIE

Tell you what, Virgil. I'll
run you into Brownsville. You
can catch the bus there.

TIBBS

I can't leave now!

287A CLOSE ON GILLESPIE

studying Tibbs.

287B CLOSE ON TIBBS

and his veiled, but determined face.

287C ANOTHER ANGLE

GILLESPIE

Now you listen, boy!

But Tibbs' face is as unrelenting as Gillespie's.

GILLESPIE

(finally)

We'll go to my place. Nobody'll
look for you there.

Gillespie stumps off. After a moment, Tibbs follows.

CUT TO:

288 EXT. A STREET IN SPARTA - CLOSE PAN SHOT - TWO SEDANS - DUSK

creep along the street. Each car carries four men. We recognize Purdy in the first car, the four earlier attackers in the second.

289 INT. THE CAR CARRYING PURDY - CLOSE ANGLE SHOT PAST PURDY IN THE FRONT SEAT - DUSK

as he peers out the windshield, CAMERA SHOOTING PAST him and giving us his MOVING POV as the car cruises the street.

290 FAVORING PURDY

He raises a pint bottle to his lips, drinks the liquor, passes the bottle to the men in the back seat, shifts to get a better view out the window. He moves the sawed-off shotgun he grips into a more strategic position.

Suddenly he reacts, waves a thumb at the driver.

291 CLOSE ON PURDY

peering out at:

292 FROM HIS ANGLE - TIBBS' CAR

edged against the curb.

293 EXT. THE STREET - THE TWO CARS - DUSK

stop alongside Tibbs' car. Instantly Purdy and some of the others are out, swarming around the car.

294 CLOSER ANGLE - PURDY

squinting into the car. He sees it is sans Tibbs. He rears back, looks up and down the street.

PURDY

Gotta be close by.

DRIVER

Coulda changed cars.

Purdy considers.

PURDY

(to one of the men)

You stick here. We'll keep cruisin'.

The man nods, moves off to slump down on the grass, his back to a tree. The others pile into the cars. The cars go off down the street like predators. Beyond, the sun is setting over Sparta. x

CUT TO:

295 OMITTED x

296 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gillespie and Tibbs sit at a battered table on which the remnants of a poor meal can be seen - two plates - bread, butter, pork and beans.

Gillespie is pouring what must be the fourth or fifth round of bourbon for himself, judging from Tibbs' corner-of-the-eye look at the whiskey filling the glass.

(Continued)

296 CONTINUED:

GILLESPIE

(finally, after he's
drunk another good
bolt)

You're the first colored I ever
sat in a room with like this.

TIBBS

You can't be too careful.

Gillespie misses this entirely, not because he is not sharp,
but because he is tired, bone-tired, and he is thinking more
of himself than the world around him.

GILLESPIE

You know everything, don't you,
boy? What do you know about
insomnia?

TIBBS

Bourbon can't cure it.

Gillespie studies the bottle a moment, then corks it, puts
it down on the floor. He gets up, looks around the room.

GILLESPIE

Thirty-seven years old - no wife,
no kids... scratching for a living
in a town doesn't want me... fan
I have to oil for myself... desk
with a busted leg.

He is silent a moment as he looks at the ugly wallpaper.

GILLESPIE

(continuing)

... this place!

He looks back at Tibbs.

GILLESPIE

(continuing)

Know something, Virgil? You're
the first person who's been around
to call. Nobody else has been
here... Nobody comes...

In a sudden spontaneous gesture of compassion Tibbs reaches
out, touches Gillespie on the shoulder - a simple and moving
human contact. But it only infuriates Gillespie.

GILLESPIE

(raw)

Don't treat me like the nigger!

(CONTINUED)

290 CONTINUED: (2)

Tibbs' face goes blank.

There is a knock on the door. Gillespie reacts.

Gillespie hitches up his shoulder holster, bringing the big butt of the sheathed revolver closer to reach. He crosses to the door.

(CONTINUED)

296 CONTINUED: (2)

GILLESPIE
(continuing;
to the door)

Yeah?

VOICE

Chief?

GILLESPIE

Yeah?

VOICE

Know where I can find Virgil?

Gillespie looks back a moment at Tibbs. Then Gillespie draws the revolver, opens the door. A young MAN of Harvey Oberst's age stands outside on the stoop.

GILLESPIE

Who are you?

PACKY

Packy, Chief. Packy Harrison's
Friend of Harv's.

GILLESPIE

What do you want with Virgil?

PACKY

Well, down at the jail they
said they didn't know where
he'd got to. Said maybe you'd
know.

Tibbs moves past Gillespie in the doorway and goes out,
slips into his jacket.

296A EXT. THE HOUSE - FAVORING TIBBS - NIGHT

TIBBS

(to Packy)

You find out what I asked
Harvey?

Packy nods. Pleased, Tibbs goes down the steps.

GILLESPIE

(from the doorway,
sharply)

Where do you think you're going?

Tibbs stops, looks back up at him.

(CONTINUED)

296A CONTINUED:

TIBBS
(deliberately
colloquial)
Where Whitey ain't allowed!

Then he and Packy hurry toward Packy's old-model crate parked at the curb.

296B CLOSER ANGLE - GILLESPIE

in the doorway.

GILLESPIE
(almost to himself)
Stay loose, boy.

O.s. the spurt of Packy's engine sounds.

CUT TO:

297 EXT. AN INTERSECTION IN THE NEGRO SECTION - ANGLED PAST A STREET LAMP - NIGHT

toward a dimly-lit front of a dilapidated grocery store. A scrawny dog raises its leg against the lamp post, then hurries on. In another moment Packy's car eases to the curb, parks, half-in-half-out of the circle of light from the lamp.

298 CLOSER ANGLE - THE CAR

PACKY
That's her place.

Tibbs continues to study:

299 FROM HIS ANGLE - THE GROCERY STORE

and its pale light from inside.

300 FAVORING TIBBS

PACKY
You want me to wait?

(CONTINUED)

300 CONTINUED:

TIBBS

No. Thank you, Packy. You go
on home.

Tibbs gets out, closes the car door, moves to the door
of the grocery store. He enters as Packy drives away.

301 INT. THE GROCERY STORE - TIBBS - NIGHT

comes in, tripping a bell over the door. The store is
filthy, the merchandise on its shelves worn and old.
Metal signs are tacked on the walls, advertising beer
and laxatives. There are posters, too, but the models
in the posters are Negro, not white.

A woman comes through the flaps of a blanket which covers
the doorway leading from the store front into the living
quarters to the rear. She is about forty-five, lean and
careful-faced, and her skin is light. She might have
been quite beautiful when she was younger.

TIBBS

Mrs. Bellamy?

The woman studies him evenly.

WOMAN

Peoples around here call me
Mama Caleba.

TIBBS

Mama, I'm not from around here,
but you can put me on my train.

302 FAVORING THE WOMAN

She lights herself a cigarette, considers him through
exhaled smoke.

MAMA

You talk crazy. You gin-drunk?

Tibbs comes over, smiling winsomely.

TIBBS

Just - homesick.

MAMA

(sympathetically)

Lord, Lord!

TIBBS

Whisper two little words, I'm
on my way!

(CONTINUED)

MAMA

(cooly)

Maybe I don't wanta sever a beautiful chile like you right out.

TIBBS

(ignoring this)

A man's name - first name, last name - the man who's paying you for Delores Purdy's abortion.

The woman laughs.

MAMA

I thought that's who you was. You're the boy who works for Mr. Charlie. Why you wanna do that? They stealin' your soul, chile! You got to stay away from them grey boys. They'll jes chew you up and spit you out! Why you wanna take up for the police like that?

TIBBS

I'm not here to lay a finger on you, Mama. It's the white boy I want.

MAMA

What you got against him? He's payin' for his fun.

TIBBS

How much?

She doesn't answer.

TIBBS

I'll bet he's not paying you more than a hundred. You know how much he's got in his pocket right now? At least six hundred!

MAMA

That cracker? Where's he come off gittin' six hundred?

TIBBS

He killed Mister Colbert to get it.

(CONTINUED)

The woman reacts.

MAMA

You gone crazy out of your mind?

TIBBS

Throw him back, Mama. Don't get mixed up in this one.

MAMA

Look, what you want from me? I don't owe you nothin'! What you want from me?

TIBBS

His name.

MAMA

You gone white on Mama?

TIBBS

I don't care what goes on in your back room. I'm only asking for this name - so I can go home and tuck the blankets under my chin and make it across the night with my window wide open... Please, Mama, hear me! Don't make me have to send you to jail!

MAMA

Lot you care!

TIBBS

I care! A colored person has no business in jail. There's white time in jail and there's colored time in jail. The worst kind of time you can do is colored time!

MAMA

(a long beat)

Chile, you promise to give me understandin'? I don't like pig tails and chicken neck no more. I got used to better. You won't take it away?

TIBBS

I won't take it away, Mama.

(CONTINUED)

302 CONTINUED: (3)

MAMA

Well, I don't know his name,
but she's comin' here tonight,
get herself straight.

TIBBS

Delores?

MAMA

Comin' with herself an' his
one hundred dollars.

Over the door the bell tinkles. Tibbs looks over:

303 FROM HIS ANGLE - DELORES PURDY

frozen in the doorway. She stares, unbelieving, at:

304 FROM HER ANGLE - TIBBS AND MAMA

looking at her.

305 DELORES

whirls, runs out, panic driving her, Tibbs after her.

306 EXT. THE STREET - DELORES - NIGHT

running, Tibbs gaining.

307 ANOTHER ANGLE - A SHADOW

breaks free of a tree bordering a vacant lot in this deserted section of town, steps onto the sidewalk in front of the girl and the pursuing Tibbs. The girl flings herself thankfully into one of the protective arms of the shadow. Behind her Tibbs slows.

308 CLOSE ON TIBBS

reacting to:

309 FROM HIS ANGLE - DELORES AND THE YOUNG MAN

His left arm is around the girl. His right arm is extended, a pistol pointing toward Tibbs. The young man is Ralph Henshaw, the counter-boy, killer of flies.

310 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE GROUP

Ralph disengages his arm from the girl.

RALPH

(to Tibbs)

Goin' t' teach you, boy, not to chase after white girls.

TIBBS

No club this time, boy?

311 CLOSE ON RALPH

reacting.

312 FAVORING TIBBS

TIBBS

Gun's not smart. Noisy. Easy to trace. Powder marks on your hand for two weeks. The way you killed Colbert was a lot smarter.

The girl stares at Ralph.

DELORES

You killed him?

RALPH

He's crazy!

DELORES

(proudly)

Honey, you're right much of a man!

Headlamps of approaching cars flow over the trio.

313 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TWO CARS

packed with white toughs sweep in, the men leaping out, Purdy in the lead, the sawed-off shotgun swinging toward Tibbs.

314 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - PURDY

striding in behind the twin barrels of his gun.

315 CLOSE ON TIBBS

looking from the shotgun to:

316 THE ENCLOSING CIRCLE OF WHITES
their eyes like agates.

317 ANOTHER ANGLE - PURDY
thumbs both hammers.

TIBBS
(a life or death
gamble)
Look in her purse!

PURDY
What's that mean?

TIBBS
She's got a hundred dollars to
pay for an abortion. Money she
got from Ralph.

The others swing their eyes toward Ralph.

RALPH
You gonna listen to him?

TIBBS
Ralph made a fool of you, Mister
Purdy. Got her to tell you Sam
Wood did it. He knew Sam was in
no position to defend himself.

PURDY
Delores! (thundering)

DELORES
(screaming
at Tibbs)
Liar! Liar! Liar!

PURDY
Gimme that purse!

DELORES
My purse!

But Purdy grabs it, opens it, comes out with a fistful of
bills. The other men gasp. This much money - and they have
to work so hard for theirs! They look hard at Ralph. But
their eyes are soft in comparison to the steel in Purdy's.

(CONTINUED)

317 CONTINUED:

PURDY

(to Ralph, slowly
building)You turned my little girl into
a field slut!

He utters a low curse, swings the shotgun toward Ralph. Ralph fires defensively, the bullet striking Purdy in the stomach and crumpling him even as one of his own barrels blasts the sidewalk near Ralph's feet. Tibbs moves instantaneously, his knee coming up, his arm down, as he locks Ralph's gun hand painfully in a grip, forces him to drop the gun.

Delores is on her knees alongside her father, holding his head and crying.

DELORES

Pa! Pa!

The other whites seem utterly lost, all the fight out of them. Tibbs, meantime, has scooped up Ralph's revolver. There is something in the way Tibbs holds the weapon that makes its own statement of quiet authority. Mama Caleba stands, watching, in the doorway of her store.

TIBBS

(calling)

Mama! Call a doctor!

318 FULL SHOT - THE GROUP

as Mama in the b.g. re-enters her store. Among the group, nobody speaks. Only the sobbing of Delores is heard.

CUT TO:

319 INT. THE CELLBLOCK OF THE POLICE STATION - SAM WOOD -
MORNING

standing at a barred window, watching the morning light brighten his cell. He hears a sound, turns.

320 FROM HIS ANGLE - TIBBS

comes into view. Tibbs jangles a ring of keys. He passes them through the bars.

TIBBS

Which one, Sam?

321 ANOTHER ANGLE - SAM

takes the keys, selects one, hands the cluster back to Tibbs through the bars, one key up. Tibbs unlocks the gate, swings it open. But Sam lingers inside.

TIBBS

Go home, Sam. Shower... sleep...
wake up... eat a steak... come
back tonight - for your regular
tour.

322 CLOSE ON SAM

He can't believe it.

323 CLOSE ON TIBBS

and his reassuring nod, his warm, half-smile.

324 ANOTHER ANGLE

Slowly, Sam comes out of the cell.

SAM

No stuff, Virgil?

TIBBS

No stuff, Sam.

Sam starts down the corridor, but stops, considers Virgil.

SAM

You did it, didn't you?

TIBBS

Gillespie and I. He figured -
if we arrested you - pretended
we had our man - we'd flush out
the killer.

SAM

I didn't think he was that smart!

TIBBS

Don't sell him short, Sam. He's
a good man.

He moves with Sam toward the door which waits, open, at
the end of the corridor.

325 INT. THE SWITCHBOARD AND BOOKING AREA - FULL SHOT - MORNING

The room is jammed with all the officers we have met throughout the film. As Sam comes out with Tibbs, they surround the two jubilantly, and Tibb their best wishes and congratulations to Sam.

326 FAVORING TIBBS

For a moment he stands watching and enjoying Sam's re-entry into the group. Then he crosses to Gillespie's door, opens it, goes inside.

327 INT. GILLESPIE'S OFFICE - GILLESPIE - MORNING

is at the window, looking at the morning traffic outside. Head down, eyes averted, Ralph is continuing his confession into a tape-recorder (on almost obsolete model which squeaks as it turns) while Harold Courtney holds the microphone close to his lips. Another deputy stands behind Ralph, guarding him.

Tibbs settles into a corner, listens.

RALPH

She told me to get up the money or else she'd tell her brother. Hell,

I had to rob somebody! I was walkin' from her house to the diner to start

work when Mister Colbert, he drove by. I hitched a ride. He was wearin' this shiny new suit on' you could see his wallet, real thick ...

HAROLD

Take your time, boy, take your time. Don't crowd those words together.

Gillespie turns, sees Tibbs standing in the b.g.

RALPH

I told him I'd sure like to work at the factory once he got goin'.

He said sure on' I said, I was

wonderin' where it was goin' to

be on' he asked me would I like

to see - and I figured, man, he's

askin' for it. I'll just top him from

behind when we get out there and

claim somebody jumped us from the

bushes ...

(MORE)

(Continued)

327 CONTINUED:

RALPH (cont'd)
I didn't plan to kill him. He just
had a real soft head.

GILLESPIE
That's enough for now, Henshaw.
(to the guard)
Lock him up!

The deputy goes out with Ralph. Harold starts to gather up the recording equipment. x

GILLESPIE
(to Tibbs)
What made you get on to Ralph?

TIBBS
(a slight smile)
He pointed a gun at me.

CUT TO:

328
thru
334 OMITTED

335 EXT. THE TRAIN DEPOT - PAN SHOT - GILLESPIE'S PATROL CAR - DAY
eases in, parks.

336 CLOSER ANGLE - GILLESPIE AND TIBBS

get out. Gillespie reaches into the back, brings out Tibbs' suitcase. Tibbs understands, lets him carry it. The two men move off toward the platform, CAMERA MOVING with them.

337 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - TIBBS AND GILLESPIE

Neither speaks as they walk, go up the steps and onto the platform, continue along the worn, boarded stretch. From the immediate distance the first WHOOP of the train is heard, the first humming on the tracks.

338 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TWO MEN

come in next to a bench, stop. Gillespie puts down the suitcase. He lights one of his thin cigars.

GILLESPIE

Got your ticket?

Tibbs pats his pocket reassuringly. Gillespie has run out of words. He looks off at:

339 FROM HIS ANGLE - THE TRAIN

puffing in, its whistle SOUNDING high and loud as the locomotive passes, slowing, steam roping out, riffing at the cuffs on the men's trousers.

340 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TWO MEN

as the train stops. There is a meager flow of other passenger traffic, some people boarding, others stepping off. Tibbs picks up his suitcase.

341 CLOSE ON TIBBS

turning toward Gillespie.

342 CLOSE ON GILLESPIE

looking him back, straight in the eye.

343 MED. TWO SHOT .

Suddenly Gillespie extends his hand. Tibbs looks at it - at the virgin whiteness of it. Then he extends his own hand. The two men are connected.

(CONTINUED)

343 CONTINUED:

GILLESPIE

Thanks, Virgil.

Virgil nods. Once more the train HOOTS.

GILLESPIE

Well, goodbye.

TIBBS

Goodbye, Chief.

CONDUCTOR

(calling)

'Board!

Tibbs crosses to the steps, goes up, inside the car as the train eases out.

344 CLOSE ON GILLESPIE

watching.

345 LONG SHOT - THE PLATFORM

and the moving train, Gillespie standing isolated on the platform.

346 INT. THE TRAIN - TIBBS

moves along the aisle, selects a seat next to the window.

347 CLOSER ANGLE - TIBBS

settles back, his eyes glancing out the window. But they narrow as he sees:

348 OMITTED

thru

353

354 HIS MOVING POV - A SIGN AT THE SIDE OF THE TRACK

It reads: YOU ARE NOW LEAVING THE TOWN OF SPARTA - HURRY
BACK!

355 CLOSE ON TIBBS

and his thoughtful face. He drops his head against the
seat, closes his eyes.

CAMERA MOVES PAST him to the window. Outside tractors and
earth-movers are seen digging the site for Colbert's
factory.

CUT TO:

356 EXT. THE PASSING TRAIN WINDOW - DAY

DOLLY SHOT STARTING WITH TIBBS' PROFILE IN THE WINDOW AND
PULLING BACK and UP (via helicopter) up, up, up, until at
last the train seems to be an earthworm eating its way across
endless cotton fields.

MUSIC UP and OVER as we SUPERIMPOSE our END TITLE.

THE END.