

BARBARY COAST

TREATMENT

Title by:

CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

B A R B A R Y   C O A S T

By

WINNIFRED REEVE

And

CHARLES LOGUE

MAIN CHARACTERS

BULL BRANDON

Vice King of Barbary Coast

CAPTAIN OLE JOHNSON

SLIPPY DUNN

LOUIS

Bartender

MINETTE

A Prostitute

DAN AVERY

Deputy District Attorney

SYLVIA

His sister

JOSIAH MORTON

Chairman of the Purity League

MRS. TIBBETT

LILY

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B A R B A R Y   C O A S T

6

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## Sequence I.

## FADE IN:

Great Mass Meeting in big auditorium. The hall is packed to overflowing. The meeting, as posters will show, is held under the auspices of certain Civic and social clubs of San Francisco and all classes of people are represented.

Sprinkled throughout the hall are groups of people from the Red Light District. -- They have been planted there for a special purpose. Prize fighter types, and underworld types.

On the platform, waiting their turn to speak, and sitting on stiff uncomfortable chairs are people prominent in political and civic and social life of the city. A table with a bottle of water and glass, etc. Upright piano. Platform draped with bunting and American flags.

A glib tongued, opulent personage is introducing the next speaker:

"Our newly appointed Chairman of the Vice Committee -- our fighting Deputy District Attorney -- ROGER AVERY STORM.

Storm is a young, athletic, fiery tongued type. He takes his work with deadly seriousness -- almost fanatic zeal. We get portions of his eloquent address -- it is of an inflammatory nature. As he steps to the fore, with his hand raised, he is given an ovation.

ROGER

Ladies and Gentlemen, I gave you my solemn promise that if appointed to my present office my first act would be the wiping out of that infamous cesspool of iniquity, which is a blot upon our fair and noble city -----

Deafening applause. Roger waits till it subsides and takes a drink of water. We see those on the platform joining in the applause.

ROGER

When there is a cancerous growth, the surgeon cuts to the root -----

(applause)

-- and that, my friends, is what we, of the City of San Francisco must do. Barbary Coast is a cancerous growth -----

(cheers and wild clapping)

I know that I need not ask for your aid and cooperation. I know that I will have behind me in my righteous campaign, the whole of the City of San Francisco.

(deafening applause)

-- and with such help -- and with the help of God Almighty -- Ladies and Gentlemen, I will go farther than my first promise. I will pledge you my word that within a month from this date Barbary Coast will cease to exist.

Frantic cheering greets this statement, but now, with the cheering we gradually hear the sound of hissing -- boozing. As the cheering and applause dies down, this hissing grows louder. We see the alarm spreading on all sides. Glances are exchanged. An hysterical woman starts to scream. Tense excitement is evidenced. Suddenly at the back of the hall, from a group of unmistakable underworld types, a huge figure heaves itself aloft. Shaking his great fist at people on the platform Dan Mooney bellows his defiance.

BIG DAN

What do yez know of the Barbary coast, ye white handed, white collared dude?

As Big Dan speaks, a blonde haired girl springs up on a chair at the back of him -- or she might be at his side. She is Lily.

The  
Cancerous  
Coast

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in cooperation with the City of Winnipeg  
and the University of Manitoba.  
Proceeds from the sale of tickets  
will be used for the purchase of books  
and other materials for the libraries  
of the University of Manitoba, the  
University of Winnipeg, and the  
Friends of the Library.

LILY

Yes! What do you know about Barbary Coast?

Catcalls and boos and whistles are now coming from all sides.

Roger puts up his hand to stem the impending panic. He is greeted by the roars and jeers of Big Dan's followers from the Barbary coast. We get the effect upon the audience. They are terrified as they realize that the hall is packed with Barbary Coast people. We hear voices: "Put him out!" "Where are the police?" "The hall's full of gangsters!" "Lets get out!" "We'll all be killed!" etc.

Big Dan's one concern is the girl at the back of him. He turns an enraged look upon her.

DAN  
(In big whisper)

What are yez doin' here? This ain't no place for you.

The girl gets out of the reach of his threatening fist. She is at the back of the hall where Dan's followers are. We see her moving along the wall and then we see her eyes looking intently at something. It is the electric switch. The place is in an uproar. Above the uproar the Chairman of the meeting arising importantly demands to know:

CHAIRMAN

Who is this man?

One of the men on the platform speaks to the chairman in a lowered voice. Storm is also listening and stepping to the fore of the platform he shouts:

STORM

I'll tell you who that man is! He's known as Dan Mooney, keeper of one of the worst brothels in the Barbary Coast.

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notdane  
hall

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DAN

Ye lie! Tis a dacent place and my liquor and my women are cleaner than the likes of you.

The police are appearing in the aisles.

STORM

Officers -- put that man out! I demand that this hall be cleared of all rowdy elements.

DAN

Put me out, heh? There's not a copper in all of Frisco'll lay his hand on Big Dan Mooney.

The swells and the reformers are now on their feet. There is the ugly snarling sounds of the underworld people. *class conflict*

We cut back to Lily, her eyes still on the switch. We see her hand as she deliberately pulls down the handle. Instantly the room is plunged into darkness. Pandemonium breaks loose in the hall.

There are outcries on all sides. "Who turned off the light?" "Turn on the light!" "Open those doors!" Women's screams. Men's curses and imprecations. In the darkness the panic-stricken mob stampede madly toward the doors. Somehow, some way they are thrown open and the disordered terrified crowd pours out. The police cannot control the mob. Women are knocked over. People are trampled over.

Cut back to the hall. It is still in darkness, but on the platform we see a match struck. Then another. During the little scene that follows, Roger Storm strikes matches. In the light of one of these matches, just as he is about to step down from the platform, he sees the girl standing below him. He strikes another match.

If it would be more effective, perhaps we could have a candle on the table or a kerosene lamp. Maybe the candles have been lighted

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from the first.

Roger looks down at the girl. She is standing with her hands on her hips, surveying him with vast defiance and scorn.

LILY

Why didn't you answer Dan Mooney like a man?

ROGER

I'm not here to bandy words with his kind.  
My actions will speak for me.

LILY

What do you mean by his kind?

ROGER

The man is notorious ---

LILY

You ain't good enough to wipe his feet on.

ROGER

And you are a living example of his  
evil work.

LILY

Me? What's the matter with me?

ROGER

You appear to be one of his women.

Lily bursts into harsh laughter.

ROGER

-- from Barbary Coast, no doubt.

LILY

Yes -- from Barbary Coast -- and proud of it.

He steps down from the platform. He is holding the candle and the girl's face seen in the dim light seems almost ethereal in its beauty. He feels a sense of intense wrath against who ever is responsible for the degradation of this girl. His voice is husky.

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ROGER

My poor child -- I would be last to condemn you. The first to try to save you from that unspeakable wretch who ---

LILY  
(Fiercely)

What wretch?

ROGER

Mooney.

LILY  
(Flaming)

Careful how you talk about him! He's the whitest man in Frisco. --

She casts about for words to describe Dan.

-- he gives me everything I want -- everything -- anything.

She twists the gaudy bangles at her wrist and tosses the long string of beads -- they are genuine at that -- hanging from her neck. Her fingers are loaded with flashy rings. Roger sees them like sparks of fire in the darkness of the hall.

ROGER

*ME* [Do you realize that you are selling your birthright for a mess of pottage?

Electrician has been fixing the light at back. A number of the people are still in the hall. Some of them, when the light is turned on, hurry to the front.

MAN

Are you all right Mr. Storm?

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WOMAN  
(Suffrage type)

Did you ever hear of such an outrage?

A group of reform types all talking excitedly at once. One of the women suddenly notices Lily. Lily has been standing back,

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sardonically surveying them. Unlike the other women, Lily is bareheaded, or I would have her wear one of the "Tams" -- knitted or velvet, that were quite popular around that time with girls, but not worn for dress occasions.

WOMAN

Why that's the girl who --  
Mr. Storm -- you weren't speaking  
to her, were you?

ROGER

(Gravely)

We were -- er -- discussing Barbary  
Coast.

Lily laughs derisively.

LILY

That's right -- havin' a nice little  
friendly chat.

She laughs mockingly. She has properly startled and shocked them all, and swaggers down the aisle toward the door. Just as she gets to the door, she turns back, and putting one hand to her mouth, she calls:

LILY

Goodnight everybody. See you  
later -- Roger -- dear!

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Sequence II.

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(8)

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FADE IN:

Residence street of lodging house type. San Francisco. Row of neat houses of middleclass, respectable sort. In parlor windows "Room for Rent" signs are prominently or discreetly displayed.

This is a quiet side street lighted by gas lamps. It is about ten o'clock at night.

At opening the street is quiet. Then we hear the clip clop of horses hoofs on the pavement, and a hack comes up the street. It stops before Mrs. Tibbett's Lodging House. Roger Storm jumps out of hack, pays the cabby, and with a couple of bags in his hand he goes up steps of the house.

Barely has he rung the front bell when the door is opened. Mrs. Tibbett, in her best black alpaca is awaiting him. She is all a-twitter and gushy -- a middle-aged woman of the nosey variety, painfully respectable, like her house. A large woman, who when angry seems to become larger. She is not angry now. She is all smiles and ingratiating ways.

MRS. TIBBETT

Mr. Storm -- ain't it?

ROGER

Yes. My secretary told me he had taken rooms for me in your house.

MRS. TIBBET

Come right inside.

They step into the hall. Mrs. Tibbett is rubbing her hands. A stairway looms to darker regions above. To the right is a typical

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*Victorian respectability*

parlor of that period -- portieres partly opened, Victorian period furniture, somewhat the worse for wear, an upright piano, at which Emily Hagen is seated in a dreamy pose, her hands softly caressing the keyboard as she plays and sings that sentimental old song, "In the Gloaming Oh My Darling". The piano has the usual crazy patchwork hanging. Lace doilies and antimacassars adorn the backs of the horse-hair chairs. The curtains at the window are lace, starched and draped on the floor like the train of a woman's dress. Framed family monstrosities are on the wall, which also is hung with framed dead leaves and flowers, a wedding certificate, and embroidered legends above the door such as "God Bless Our Home", -- "Welcome", "Let Not Our Heart Be Troubled", etc. There is the whatnot stand, and on a marble topped table under glass, a waxed wreath of flowers that once adorned a grave.

As Mrs. Tibbett and Roger come into hall, we see Emily turn her face. She has been waiting up for this moment and hopes Mrs. Tibbett will not forget to introduce her.

MRS. TIBBETT

It's such an honor to have you with us, Mr. Storm. I do hope you will stay with us a long time.

They are at the bottom of the stairs. Inside the parlor, Emily arises and moves as far as the portieres, where she pauses and

**poses.**  
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ROGER

As perhaps my secretary told you, I am taking the rooms temporarily, in order to be nearer my work.

MRS. TIBBETT

Your work is so wonderful!  
(Emily coughs)  
Oh excuse me. This is Miss Hagen --  
our star roomer --

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EMILY  
(Gushing)

But I must make way for a greater star -- now!  
Roger, impatient to go to his room, but is polite. He has  
one foot on stair.

EMILY

Do let me congratulate you on the marvelous  
work you are doing.

ROGER  
(Embarassed)

But I've done nothing -- yet.

EMILY

The papers are just full about you.  
They say you will clean up the whole  
city. Ooo! it's just thrilling!

ROGER  
(Rather shortly)

My activities will be confined merely  
to Barbary Coast.

EMILY

What a wonderful thing it will be if  
you are instrumental in ridding the  
city of that plague spot! Not that  
it's the only place where vice flourishes.  
Right in our own neighborhood -- right  
in this very house.

MRS. TIBBETT

WHATT!

EMILY

Dear Mrs. Tibbett, that was a slip of  
the tongue. I was merely referring to  
that girl -- the one I told you about.

MRS. TIBBETT

Absolutely only respectable and exclusive  
lodgers are in my house.

She throws a withering glance at Emily, who though crestfaller

a bit, is glad that she's given Storm a hint in regard to a certain person.

They have reached the top of the stairs. Mrs. Tibbett opens the door with key. She looks with pride at the little suite reserved for Storm. Storm also casts a glance about him.

STORM

This will do very nicely, and thank you. -- Mrs---er---Todbur.

MRS. TIBBETT

Tibbett, sir. And would you like a latch-key?

STORM

Oh yes -- certainly. Most of my work will be at night.

Takes latch key.

MRS. TIBBETT

I give latchkeys to all the GENTLEMEN in my house, but of course not to the ladies. Being a respectable house, I naturally require them to be in the house at a seemly hour and I stay up myself to answer the bell, till nine or nine thirty, even.

ROGER  
(Anxious to be rid of her)

Yes -- yes -- Goodnight Mrs. Tallert.

MRS. TIBBETT

Tibbett.

She goes out.

We are still in the hall. Emily's door slightly opens. We see her ears pricked up, her face comes into clearer view. Her eyes are wide, her mouth gapes. She sees someone coming up the stairs. As he reached her landing, Emily withdraws behind her door, but thrusts head out and with mingled emotions she watches as a youth

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goes up the stairs. Emily comes out into hall, goes half way up the stairs and marks the door of the room into which the youth has gone. She now stands debating the matter with herself. What will she do?

Roger's room. He is at a table, laying down papers taken from a brief case. We see him glancing somewhat absently at the paper on the table before him and as he does so their intervenes between him and the written page, the face of a girl -- the girl who had flouted him in the Auditorium. His mind revolves the circumstance. His face softens with pity and an element of tenderness. How young -- how lovely she was -- that strange girl!

His thoughts are broken by a burst of laughter, which seems to come from directly above his head. He sits up startled. There is something strange about that laughter -- mocking, full of a girl's mischief.

He goes to his open window. There's a light in the room above. He hears a girl's voice. His own speech comes floating down to him -- interspersed with bursts of laughter.

We intercut here. Showing Roger, puzzled and mortified, listening to the mocking take-off of his own speech -- and show the room above.

#### LILY'S ROOM

Lily has an audience of two. A youth of twenty or twenty-one, named Sam and a girl named Belia. Lily is assuming the oratorical pose of Roger Storm. In an imitation of a man's voice, she is giving forth his speech:

#### LILY

"I promised you that if appointed, my first act would be the wiping out of that infamous cesspool of iniquity -- "

A burst of laughter.

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LILY  
(Shaking her fist)

" -- I will keep that promise!  
Ladies and gentlemen --- I solemnly  
pledge you that within a month from  
this date Barbary Coast will cease  
to exist."

ROGER'S ROOM

Roger is puzzled and angry. Who is it who dares to immitate  
and make fun of his serious mission. He strides to the door and  
jerks it open. There in the hall is Emily.

EMILY

Oh, Mr. Storm, I'm so glad you came out.  
I want to tell you that with my own eyes  
I saw a man go up those stairs.

Roger is rude, and brushes by her, with a muttered word  
"What of it?"

EMILY

-- but he went into that girl's room.

Roger pays no heed to her. With gaping mouth, Emily watches  
as he tramps up the stairs and knocks upon Lily's door. Only a  
moment Emily hesitates, and then she goes flying down the stairs  
making deadly headway for Mrs. Tibbett's place in the basement.

LILY'S ROOM

Lily's speech is interrupted by the knocking on the door.  
That knock sends Bella scurrying into the clothes closet, while Sam  
dives under the bed. Lily goes to the door and opens it. Roger and  
Lily stare at each other, startled. Then a diabolical expression  
comes to Lily's face.

LILY

We-cl! If it isn't the saviour  
of Barbary Coast himself.

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Roger steps into the room. His face is a study. The girl's mockery inflames him. And at the same time he is affected by her extraordinary beauty.

ROGER

You! What are you doing here?

LILY

Just happen to live here -- same  
as you maybe --

ROGER

But -- you told me -- I thought --  
you belonged to -- to

LILY

Barbary Coast. I do -- but Big Dan  
sent me up here to live among you  
swells --

(snorts)  
thought he'd make a lady out of me --

ROGER

I see --

LILY

We-cl! -- what do you want of me?

After a moment, during which he looks at her very intently,  
he replies:

ROGER

I want to save you!

Lily's first impulse is to burst into laughter; then suddenly she claps her hand to her mouth. Above the hand her eyes become suddenly full of appeal. She is now acting the innocent, hurt child.

LILY

But think who I am.

ROGER

It is never too late --

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LILY

Even when a girl's been as  
bad as me?

ROGER

I don't believe you are bad.  
You are the victim of circumstances.

LILY

Sit down -- won't you.

She herself sits, very demurely, and looks like an angelic child. Roger takes the chair opposite her. He reaches out and lays his hand on top of hers. At that moment, from under Lily's bed, there is a queer sound heard. Sam is trying to suppress a sneeze.

LILY

Oh those mice! The place is overrun  
with them. I'll fix that one.

She seizes a broom and prods under the bed. But Roger's eyes are fixed on a protruding foot -- a man's. He strides across to the bed and pulls Sam out literally by his heels. The youth squirms under his hand. Roger swings him around. Roger feels not only an intense loathing for this girl. Lily herself is in no mean rage.

LILY

Is it any of your business who's under my bed?

He does not answer.

Who invited you up here anyway? I suppose we can't even have a bit of innocent fun without a pious prig like you butting in.

ROGER

I should have known that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

LILY  
(Flaming)

Who's a sow's ear?

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For answer he jerks the door open. Lily, enraged, pulls her slipper off and flings it after him. It goes hurtling through the door and down the stairs, smiting the cheek of Mrs. Tibbett ascending the stairs. Lily sees her and bangs the door closed, locking it.

In the hall Roger brushes by the women roughly. Inside Lily, in a stage whisper says to her friends:

LILY

Mrs. Tibbett's out there.

Bella is panic stricken.

BELLA

What'll I do? Where'll I go?

LILY

What've you got to be afraid of? There ain't any crime in your being in my room is there?

BELLA

But -- I'm not allowed to have anything to do with you. You know what they say of you Lily, and my mother said if she caught me speaking to you she'd pack me off to a convent.

LILY

Is that so. I'm only good enough to see on the sneak, eh? Well, here's where you -- get!

She pushes Bella to the door, opens it and thrusts her out.

Bella, the little sneak, throws her coat over her head and races down the stairs.

Mrs. Tibbett and Emily are still in hall.

MRS. TIBBETT

-- You said she had a man in her room.  
That was a girl.

EMILY

I could take my oath on a dozen bibles  
that I saw a man go in there.

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INSIDE THE ROOM

SAM  
(Whispering)

Gee! How'm I goin' to get out of here?

LILY

Easy as spitting.

Indicates window giving upon extension roof.

SAM

But it's two stories to the ground.

LILY

That's nothin'. I'd like a dollar for every time I've shinnied down that rain pipe.

Mrs. Tibbett is hammering upon the door. Lily gives a shove to Sam and the youth gets over the sill and on to the roof. Then taking her time, Lily goes to the door -- opens it.

LILY

Why good evening, Mrs. Tibbett. Is it you?

For answer, Mrs. Tibbett pushes her way into the room. Emily is about to follow, when Lily closes the door in her face. She is all sweetness.

MRS. TIBBETT

You don't fool me, you hussy. You got a man hidden in this room!

LILY

Well -- of all --

Mrs. Tibbett is looking about her, behind the furniture, under the bed -- everywhere.

LILY

You can see for yourself. There isn't a living soul here.

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MRS. TIBBETT

No? Well, a man was seen going in.

LILY

Let me think. Oh yes -- so a man did come in. He was just -- er -- you know -- that reform deputy. Came up to pay a little friendly call -- that's all.

Mrs. Tibbett is looking out of the window. She climbs out, on to the roof. At the same time a pair of hands clinging to the roof relax their grip and the unfortunate Sam slides down the rain pipe. Not however, before Mrs. Tibbett has seen him. Back into the room she comes.

MRS. TIBBETT

Now, you brazen hussy -- out you go -- out -- into the streets -- where the likes of you belong.

Lily starts to remonstrate, but the woman seems to be swelling to a terrifying height.

MRS. TIBBETT

This is a house for respectable people only. I ought've known better to take a chance on gutter stuff like you.

LILY

Gutter, yourself!

MRS. TIBBETT

There's the door! Get out before you're thrown out.

LILY

Lay your hands on me and I'll skin you alive. I'm going -- I wouldn't spend another night in a dirty hole like this for a million dollars.

She pulls down a cape, savagely wraps it about her and rushes through the door. Lily goes hurtling down through the hall, wrenches front door open and bangs it behind her.

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Changed - he's  
now there to see the  
action &  
respond to  
it

(19)

2-12

Cut to the street. The angry girl comes flying down the front step. She pauses a moment. Then realizing that Roger Storm is mainly responsible, she picks up a stone and hurls it violently at his window. It crashes through.

ROGER'S ROOM

He is sitting in a morris chair, looking at a little shoe -- the one Lily had hurled at him. As the stone breaks through window, Roger starts up. He cannot imagine what is the matter. At his door Mrs. Tibbett is knocking. He opens the door. She comes in. She is flurried and excited.

MRS. TIBBETT

Oh, Mr. Storm! You can't imagine how I feel to think that you should have been insulted and disturbed in this way.

ROGER

What is it all about? Look at that!

MRS. TIBBETT  
(Gasping)

The shameless hussy! Well -- we've seen the last of her, thank heavin'! I threw her out of my house!

ROGER

You what?

MRS. TIBBETT

Turned that baggage out into the streets -- the place for the likes of her as I told her.

ROGER

Good God! But this is monstrous --

MRS. TIBBETT

Insulting a fine gentleman like you! That was the last straw. Why if you knew how I've been imposed upon. She comes to my house with a smooth, blarney tongued man and I take her in thinkin' she's just a harmless young girl.

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Roger is slipping his arms into his coat and putting on his hat. He is deaf to anything Mrs. Tibbett has to say, but she stands before him at the door.

MRS. TIBBETT

Everyone in the house warned me against her. Why the girl herself bragged that she came from the Barbary Coast.

Roger pushes the woman aside.

ROGER

Let me pass. I don't want to hear anything more from you.

MRS. TIBBETT

But Mr. Storm --

ROGER

You've done a - a monstrous thing!  
You've turned a young girl out into  
the vile streets!

He pushes aside, goes out and takes the stairs in a few bounds.

SHOW A STREET.

It is a dark night. Vague figures appear at intervals. A street walker paces her beat. A policeman, swinging his billy goes by.

We pick up Lily. She is moving bewilderedly. Pauses hesitantly. She does not know what to do -- where to go.

A half drunken man accosts her. Lily shakes him off, slinks toward doorway. She has no hat on. Her fair hair is like an aureole above her face. Another man blocks her way.

MAN

Hello sweetness. Give's us a kiss.

He seizes her. Lily fights him off. He gets ugly -- is about to strike her, but she breaks away and runs blindly down the street. As she turns a corner, the man at her heels, she runs full

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(21)

into Roger Storm, who has been coming along swiftly, looking about him excitedly. At first she does not recognize him in the darkness, and she thinks it's just another man. Roger's two hands are on her arms. He holds her back, and looks down at her upraised face. Lily is breathless, gasping with enraged sobs. As she recognizes Roger her anger grows.

LILY

Let go my arms. How dare you put your hands on me you -- you pious -- hypocrite.

ROGER

I only want to help you.

LILY

Help!

(She laughs hysterically)

Have a girl thrown out into the streets heh?

ROGER

I had nothing to do with that.

LILY

Oh no -- of course not! You just only put that old tabby cat up to it.

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She is regaining gradually her composure. Tries to smooth her hair. Her eyes are flashing defiance and scorn at Roger. She has even regained some of her swagger. She starts to move along.

ROGER

Where are you going -- Lily?

Lily throws back at him a smile of scorn.

LILY

Where do you suppose? I'm going back to where I belong -- that's where I'm going.

ROGER

Where?

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LILY

Barbary Coast!

ROGER

(Agitated)

No! No! -- you don't mean that.

He grasps her arm, forces her to look at him.

They are under a street lamp. Roger is terrifically moved by the girl's beauty and youth. Lily is up in arms. She wants to show her hatred and loathing of him. Her face twists in a sneer. She wrenches her arm free.

LILY

I'll show you whether I mean it or not.  
Come along -- and see for yourself.

ROGER

You are only saying that to torment me.  
In spite of everything I believe in you.

LILY

(Sharply)

Well you'll believe in me more when  
we reach the Barbary.

ROGER

You're not going there. You don't belong there.

(Lily laughs angrily)  
It's an infamous place!

They are moving along.

We dissolve into a Barbary Coast Street. Lily and Roger come into the scene from the upper city. Lily is a bit ahead of Roger. As she goes down the street, she is greeted by the denizens of the Barbary -- Chinamen, sailors, dopes, prostitutes. "Hello Lil!" "Heh, Lil -- you back?" "Where're you goin' to hang out?" "Say, Big Dan'll have a fit when he sees you." etc., etc.

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2-16

To all the greetings, Lily, now in her element, returns gay greetings.

"Hello Em." -- "Ho! Dutchy." -- "Hello Tottie" -- "how's business?"

"Hello Dandy" -- " -- etc. As she goes along, her face is alive with wicked satisfaction in the thought that she is properly shocking Roger Storm. His step becomes slower and heavier. More and more he realizes that this girl is actually one of the outcasts of the Barbary. He has been swept off his feet by a gust of almost passionate infatuation for this wild and beautiful girl, and now a realism sets in a fury against the forces that have dragged a girl like this down into the gutter. He stops short suddenly. Lily turns and looks back at him defiantly.

LILY

Now -- Mr. Deputy!

ROGER  
(hoarsely)

I ask you to go back with me. I offer you a new chance in life.

LILY  
(Laughing with scorn)

I don't want any other kind of life.  
I'm on my way --

ROGER

To perdition.

LILY  
(Shrugging)

Big Dan's Shanty is more like heaven to me than the other place.

ROGER  
(Hoarsely)

It'll be wiped out with every other will on the Barbary Coast within the next month.

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She snaps her fingers in his face and turning her back on him swaggers along down the street. He stands still looking after her. Onlookers in the doorways laugh and jeer at him.

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(25)

Sequence III.

Short time lapse.

THE BARBARY COAST

We should get a kaleidoscopic panoramic survey of the entire Coast.

Show first the lower, more sordid streets: Lurking shadows, pimps in doorways, hop heads, drunks, Chinamen, scurrying or dragging along through the streets. All the queer types of the Red Light district. Street walkers, Madams, fairies; as well as the visitors to Barbary Coast -- slummers and others. Sailors go rolling along, women calling to them from the window or trailing after them.

Then show the prosperous part of the Barbary. Gambling halls, saloons, dance hall resorts, houses with kept women, etc. Everything is wide open.

We come finally to the brilliantly lighted front of Big Dan Moony's saloon and dance hall. A great electric sign blinks out the name of the place:

THE SHANTY

*Now he's the off the  
guardian of the  
safe harbor*

A Chinaman -- Chum Lee sits on a step at side, smoking a pipe. A couple of men come into the scene and pause at the swinging door. Under the door we see the feet of the people inside, and we hear the sound of the dance music --

FIRST MAN

Looks as if the Shanty were runnin' full blast.

SECOND MAN

Sure thing.

FIRST MAN

Big Dan's takin' a chance all right.  
Them reformers is out to get him.

SECOND MAN

Aw, they can't do a thing to him.  
He's got perlice protection and --  
(Winks)  
-- he's got friends higher up still.  
They say the Big Boss is back of him.

FIRST MAN

Tweedy?

SECOND MAN

Yeh -- Tweedy.

FIRST MAN

I had it from someone close to the top,  
that there's to be one big explosion  
down here -- . What's more, I heard  
it was due to break tonight. Ye-ch --  
that's what I heard.

As the men have been talking, Chum Lee has edged along from  
the side. Very quietly and unnoticed. As they go in, we see Chum  
Lee scuttling from the place and down the street.

INTERIOR OF THE SHANTY

We establish the clientele. Ladies of easy virtue and pronounced types of members of the oldest profession in the world are sitting around. Others bringing in customers from street -- through the action of the scene. Dance hall girls, waiters, gangsters -- the usual types. Men lined up along the bar. A party of slummers and a few swells from the city above. Drunks and hop heads lurk in the booths.

In a corner of the room a one eyed, skinny young man bangs at the keys of a rattle trap upright piano. He plays like a madman and a wizard, his fingers dancing wildly across the key board, and forc-

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ing the instrument to give forth exciting music.

All about the room are sea faring gentlemen audibly enjoying themselves; some are snoring over empty bottles; some are in quarrel-some mood; others make amorous overtures to the scantily clad girls, feeling their legs, necks, breasts; others resist brutally the wiles and whines of the girls.

Smoke makes a murky haze above all.

The room reeks with the sultry odor of sweating bodies and stale booze.

A dark, painted girl, by name of Magda, appallingly thin, has her eye on an ugly looking customer who has slumped into an empty chair at a table. He is her man, and as she advances, with her hand to her mouth to keep back a cough, she watches him anxiously to appraise his mood. He scowls at her as she takes the seat opposite him.

We cut to the bar. Serving drinks like an old timer, we discover Lily.

MAGDA

Hello Bill dearie.

BILL

Aw shut your mouth.

MAGDA

What's the matter Bill -- are you mad at me? I ain't done nothin'.

BILL

Has a fellow got to keep his face cracked up in a smile all the time? For Gawd's sakes. I suppose I ought to be laughin' cause business is dead, heh?

MAGDA

Well everything's wide open still.

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BILL  
(Glumly)

It'd be better if they made a raid or two. They're sayin' on the street that they's a plan on to sweep the whole of the Barbary clear off the map.

MAGDA

They can't do it. Big Dan's too powerful. The politicians are feedin' on his money.

A fit of coughing seizes her. A few couples are dancing on the strip of floor reserved for dancing.

BILL

Can't you cut out that damned barking!

With a great effort Magda stops her coughing. She stands up.

BILL

Where you goin' now?

Magda has snapped into an animated mood. She swallows her glass of liquor.

MAGDA

I'm goin' to show them people how to dance. This ain't no morgue. I'll show 'em how to dance the hoochy coochy.

3 the bad girl  
3 dances now,  
not Lily

Magda springs on to the floor. Lily stops serving drinks and watches her. She frowns as Magda dances. The other dancers get out of the way of the girl. Immediate solitude. No fight & reconciliation.

A party of slummers coming in are exquisitely thrilled and shocked, for Magda has slipped off her skirt and is going through all the wriggles and contortions of a belly dance.

A Carrie Nation type of woman says aloud:

WOMAN

Let her dance. Nero fiddled when Rome burned!

PROSTITUTE

Who in the hell was Nero? Nero's the name of a dog. The hell! I never seen a dog dance except in a circus.

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Magda's dance is wild but brief. She is seized with a fit of spasmodic coughing and staggers toward the back. Lily comes from behind the bar, takes the girl by the arm, pulls out a stool with her foot and forces her upon it.

LILY

Didnt I tell you not to dance tonight!

MAGDA  
(Breathless)

Everything -- was -- so -- dead -- like a morgue.

LILY

So you thought you'd liven things up by killing yourself off, heh?

Magda tries to stop coughing.

MAGDA

Since Big Dan went ---

LILY

Never you mind about Big Dan. He can take care of himself -- and others too. Here -- you sit down I say. Another hemorrhage like last night and you won't be sitting -- you'll be lying down.

A man is hammering on the bar to attract attention. Lily swings around savagely.

LILY

Heh! What's the matter with you?

The man stares at her with leering admiration, stuffing his thumbs in his belt. He is half drunk. Lily goes behind the bar.

LILY

What'll you have?

The man leans on bar, trying to flirt with her. She glares at him.

MAN

's all right little one. Didn't expect to see a pretty like you back there. I was lookin' for  
- Big Dan --

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LILY

Big Dan's not here. I'm runnin'  
this joint -- what'll you have?

The man orders a drink. He is grinning wide mouthed. As  
Lily slaps the drink down, he holds it up and leers at her, still  
leaning elbow on bar.

MAN

Where'd you come from, sweetie?  
I never seen you before.

LILY

My name's -- not Sweetie.

MAN

Haw haw! What is it cuteness?

LILY

None of your damn business. Move along!

MAN

Have a drink on me -- yeh?

MAN NEXT TO HIM

Aw -- move on.

Lily slaps his change down. The man shoves it scross to her.

MAN  
(leering)

Keep it. I'll see you later.

She slings his money across counter. The line of men push  
the bum along. The next man in line gets his drink and goes on.  
The next stares at Lily and she recognizes him.

LILY

Hello Joe.

JOE

Well I'll be darned. If it ain't Lil.

(Speaks to man next to him)

You know Lil --

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TED

Why surest thing. Didn't we  
all go to school together.

JOE

Well, well, just fancy seein'  
you down here. How long you  
been back?

LILY

Two weeks.

TED

You look grown up, Lil.

LILY

I'm gettin' along in years.  
What'll you have?

JOE

Gin and --  
What was Big Dan thinkin' of  
lettin' you come back?

Lily hands him his drink.

LILY

He couldn't help himself --

JOE

I heard he was keepin' you in a  
exclusive part of Frisco -- makin'  
a lady out of you.

LILY  
(fiercely)

I don't want to be a lady!

JOE

No? Should've thought you'd  
jump at the chance.

LILY

Not me. I wouldn't take the swellest  
Mansion in Frisco Heights for the poorest  
little joint on the Barbary. I'm Barbary  
born and Barbary bred.

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MAN

Hurray! There's patriotism for you!  
Let's drink to it.

Boys lift glasses. Lil does not drink.

LILY

Now move along boys -- there's a line formin'.

FELLOW NEXT IN LINE

Business booming since you came on, Lil.

LILY

Thought Big Dan did a pretty rushing business.

ANOTHER FELLOW

(crushing his way to notice)

So he did. Say, where's Big Dan anyway?

LILY  
(curtly)

Away on business.

FELLOW

Bet it's something connecting with all this hullabaloo them reform crowd is roarin' about.

Lily puts his drink down.

ANOTHER MAN

They're out for our hides this time. The papers are full about that fellow Storm.

Lily puts glass down hard. She snorts angrily.

LILY

Storm! Storm! You mean that lousy Deputy. Sa-ay, he's playin' with fire when he tries to buck a man like Big Dan Mooney.

The men agree with her, some of them shouting: "You bet you."

"Sure he is." "Haw, haw." "Wait'll Big Dan gets through with him."

"Someone's goin' to drill that fellow one of these dark nights."

LILY

Aw move along. This isn't a cat club.

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Luxurious rooms in San Francisco Hotel.

At a big mahogany desk sits Al Tweedy, Political Boss. He is a stout, important looking personage, flashy and bediamonded, with a bulldog face, into which is stuck a fat cigar which he twists to one side of mouth as he talks into telephone.

We intercut back and forth between Tweedy and some political henchman.

TWEEDY

Well? How about it.

MAN

I been at Police headquarters talking for an hour ---

TWEEDY

I don't give a damn about your talking. What's doing?

MAN

Can't do a thing. There's no way of stopping it. The Chief says the whole of Frisco is behind him --

TWEEDY

Behind who? What the hell are you talkin' about?

MAN

Behind that Deputy fellow Roger Storm. He's got the city stirred up. You can't stop 'em I tell you. They're pullin' off the biggest raid tonight ever been known in Frisco.

TWEEDY

What about Dan Mooney?

MAN

His money won't buy him off this time. I seen 'im just a while ago. He's on the way up to your place.

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TWEEDY

Does he know anything about the raid?

MAN

Not a thing. I got the lowdown from headquarters.

Tweedy hangs up. From behind portiere the skinny face of a little undersized dip of the underworld shows. Behind him looms the brutal face of a gangster.

TWEEDY  
(enraged)

Keep back in there till I call you!

The buzzer is ringing in the room. Tweedy picks up the house phone.

TWEEDY

Yeh? All right. Send him up.

After a moment there is a knock at the door and Tweedy roars:

TWEEDY

Come in.

Big Dan Mooney enters. He comes to the other side of Tweedy's desk. The politician leans back in his swivel chair and switches his cigar.

TWEEDY  
(Shoving cigars across to Dan)

How are you? Have one.

DAN

I'm fine. No -- I'll not smoke.

*Dan's virtuous too*

TWEEDY

What's on your mind?

DAN

I don't like the complexion of things.

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TWEEDY  
(Thumping on desk)

You ain't got a thing in the world to worry about. If you got the money along -- you're safe as if you was in your little bed.

DAN

Well -- I got the money all right -- every dollar in the world I own.

We see the greedy face of Tweedy as his eyes go to the package under Dan's arm.

TWEEDY

I can't use no checks.

DAN

All in currency. Thirty Thousand Dollars, by God.

Tweedy reaches across and takes the money.

TWEEDY  
(Thickly)

It takes a lot of money to buy off a swell like this deputy Storm.

DAN

Suppose he can't be bought off. Suppose he goes through with what he's threatenin'.

TWEEDY

He ain't a fool. If things don't break as I'm tellin' you -- why heres your money safe as if it were in the bank -- you know me.

DAN

Ye-eh.

TWEEDY

You know who I am.

DAN

You're political boss of this town, all right Jim -- but just supposin' ---

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TWEEDY

Leave it to me. I ain't found no one  
in this town yet that that won't buy.

Thumps package of money.

DAN

I suppose you're right and it's worth the  
price. I'll make more -- at the same place  
where this come from.

TWEEDY

Sure you will. The Shanty'll be runnin'  
wide open years from now.

DAN

It ain' the Shanty I'm worryin' about.  
A gal of mine ---

TWEEDY  
(Jocosely)

Hear you got a reglar harem of girls  
down at the Shanty.

DAN

Not me. I'm a one-woman man. And the  
gal I'm speakin' of -- ain't that kind.

TWEEDY

No?

DAN

No. I'll be goin' along.

He exits. Instantly Tweedy is on his feet. He darts to the  
portiers, rolls them aside and speaks in a hoarse whisper.

TWEEDY

After him! -- And -- you understand --  
get him!

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(37)

Sequence IV.

POLICE HEADQUARTERS

Everything is very active here. Some big matter is under way.

The Chief is giving forceful orders to a large group of officers, and telephoning to stations throughout San Francisco. All the power of the Police force is to be thrown into the greatest raid in the history of the City.

Barbary Coast is literally to be cleaned out from one end to the other. No favoritism or leniency to be shown. Every gambling and drinking resort and fast house is to be swept clean, and the inmates driven either to the jail or out of the country.

CHIEF

They've had ample time to prepare. We gave 'em warning two weeks ago. Now we are going to act -- and act swiftly.

AN OFFICER

What'll we do with the women?

CHIEF

Give 'em five minutes to pack and drive 'em out.

OFFICER

Where'll we drive 'em to?

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CHIEF

Anywhere -- everywhere. Herd 'em along to the docks. Pack 'em aboard the ships there. Get 'em out of Frisco. I don't care how you do it or where you send 'em, so long as you get rid of 'em. Clear 'em out of the country. Three quarters of the women ain't Americans anyway. As for the rest -- give 'em the choice between prison or a trip abroad.

A reporter comes in.

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REPORTER

Chief, can you tell me just where  
the Barbary women are going?

CHIEF

Hell no. How should I know. Some  
of 'em will be arraigned and sent  
down to prison -- others deported as  
undesirables.

(scowling at reporter)

The Reform administration and that fellow  
Storm is runnin' things in Frisco. They're  
bellowing to clean 'em all out and that's  
what I'm goin' to do.

The Police and reporters leave.

If can be done, show the squads of police forming from various stations and starting for the Barbary Coast. Show every Black Maria (old patrol wagons) pressed into service, and with sirens blowing, racing through the streets. (These were horse drawn, by the way.)

THE SHANTY

Lily has turned from the bar to spread a blanket over Magda, who is lying on a cot back of the bar. Magda looks at her gratefully.

MAGDA

You're awful good to me, Lil.

LILY

I'm just tryin' to get you well before Big Dan gets back.

MAGDA  
(Wistfully)

Most girls like you wouldn't touch a girl like me.

LILY

I'd like to know why not. Guess You're as good as I am.

MAGDA

Oh no I'm not -- Lil. You oughtn't to be here. You're a good girl and you know what we all are down here.

Again - demonstrate  
"class" diff's

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(39)

LILY  
(Fiercely)

I hate good people. There!

She bends down and kisses Magda, drawing up the cover and patting her shoulder at same time.

As she turns back to the bar and looks through the murky smoke, beyond where the dancers are moving to the music she sees the man who has come in unnoticed, and is looking about him, as though searching for someone. Lily recognizes him at once. Roger Storm. Her whole manner, which has been tender and gentle but a moment before when she ministered to Magda, becomes stiff and beligerant. Roger sees her, and comes up before the bar.

Lily bursts out laughing, almost in his face. Then her hands on her hips, she says:

LILY

Here we are again! What will our angel child have?

Roger does not answer and Lily dips down under the bar and brings up a bottle of milk. She solemnly pours a glass and proffers it to him. He ignores it. His somewhat stern, somewhat sad glance is pinned intently upon the girl.

ROGER

I have come here on a special mission.

LILY

Is that so?

ROGER

To give you an opportunity to leave this place -- before it is too late. I will take you with me.

(40)

LILY

Do you hear that now? This swell gent --  
invites me to go away with him. Ha, ha --  
That's a good joke!

Magda raises herself from cot, and clinging to edge of bar  
stands beside Lily, trying to join in laugh, but breathless with  
asthma and impending hemorrhage.

MAGDA

Who is he? Who's your swell friend,  
Lil. I never seen him before.

LILY

You'd be surprised who he is. Sure you  
never saw him before. He don't belong  
to Barbary. He's from Mrs. Tibbett's  
exclusive home for refined gents and ladies.

She laughs with angry scorn.

CUT TO THE STREET.

Show the outsides of a row of houses with red lights above  
the doors. The police come into the scene.

Show in dissolve shots -- or whatever kind of shots are  
right -- things like this: A Policeman's heavy fist, hammering  
upon a door -- At another house: A Policeman's shoulder pushing  
against door. The rat rat tat and thump of a pounding cop's billy.  
A scream from within one house. A smashed down door. A shot.  
Loud voices raised in scream and protest. The heavy snarl of others.  
The police shouting orders. The sound of a Black Maria siren.

BACK TO THE SHANTY

Lily is still at the bar. She is addressing the man next in  
line to Roger, but Roger has not stirred an inch nor made room for  
the other man.

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LILY

What'll you have? Gin?

She reaches for bottle.

ROGER

I think if you realized how serious  
this thing was you would not hesitate.

LILY

What? Are you still here! What're  
you waitin' for.

ROGER

I'm waiting for you.

LILY

Why should you bother your little  
head about me?

ROGER

Because -- you are so young -- and  
because I am to blame for you're being here.

LILY

Guilty conscience, huh?

Her eyes flash. Then she laughs scornfully.

The big doors of the place are thrust open and a breathless  
Chinaman -- Chum Lee -- scuttles in. He darts between the tables  
directly to the bar. He is so excited that he lapses into almost  
unintelligible Chinese.

LILY

What's all the excitement, Chum Lee. Spracken  
see English. Me no understandee Chinee --

CHUM LEE

Missee Lily, allee samee copper he take all  
white girlies -- comes down stleet side damn  
click. Chum Lee hear him takee all ladies on  
boat side.

LILY

I don't know what you're talkin' about.

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She is going to  
mention him

MAGDA

Oh Lily -- I'm terribly afraid.

LILY

What of?

MAGDA

I don't know. Everything. Just look at Chum Lee. I never seen him excited like that before.

Lily stares hard at Chum Lee. She leans across the bar thinking a moment.

→ he gets her thinking

ROGER

I tried to warn you --

LILY

Say -- I'm busy -- thinking.

ROGER

This place is doomed. I want to help you to get away. I ---

The dancing has stopped. Even the pianist is playing only in jerks. Chum Lee is running from group to group. His excitement and terror has become infectious. One of the toughs opens the door and looks out. We hear the sirens.

### THE STREET

A scene beggarly description.

Herded along like cattle a tumbling parade of the Barbary coast prostitutes. They are all manner and kind -- some dressed -- other in undress -- some half naked. Some go screaming shrilly. Some go tamely; some fight and dispute every inch of the way with the police. Terrified Madams are hustled along with their women.

Some are hustled into the Black Maria, but most of the women are herded along afoot.

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Crowds of people surge around them, but the police clear a passage in the centre of the street, and hold back the crowds behind the lines of ropes.

Another part of street. Near the entrance to Barbary.

Dan Mooney stands bewilderedly listening to the sounds of the Police alarms and the shouts in the streets. A policeman hurries by, swinging his club. Dan calls to him.

DAN

Heh! Jim! What's it all about?

JIM

Don't you know? It's the break. The word's come from the high-ups and we're cleanin' up the whole of the Barbary. There won't be a dive left by the time we get through.

Dan takes this big. He makes a dive forward, with the encouraged roar of a baited bull. → Bill Langdon invented

JIM

Better keep out of this. Your place is slated to be wiped out.

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DAN

To hell with my place! I've a gal there -- Lemme by -- I got to get my gal -- my Lil -- She don't belong there.

We see him beating his way through the dense crowds. He gets into the very thick of the mob but is unmindful of anything and anyone. His one thought is to reach his place, and his arms sweep out on either side, like a great swimmer.

Show, pressing in through the mob, and getting nearer and nearer to the frantic Dan, the two gunmen we had seen at Tweedy's.

We are now in the street where the Shanty shows at the end -- with its new winking electric lights. Dan is muttering and shouting

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(44)

now, beside himself with frenzy.

DAN

Lil! Lil! My gal! My gal!

The big gunman makes a violent push ahead of him. He holds Dan's progress while the little dip slips up alongside him. We see the flash of a knife and a moment later, the point of the knife, just before it is stuck into Dan Mooney's side. We see Dan sway from side to side. The man who has stabbed him drops behind in the mob mob and the big gangster disappears too.

Dan, pressing his hand to his side, goes blindly staggering on.

BACK TO THE SHANTY

A state of panic exists here. The people are scurrying in every direction. They rush toward the bar or shrink back against the wall. Lily leaps upon the bar.

LILY

What's the matter with you all?  
What're you all afraid of?

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A GIRL

Don't you hear the police comin'?

LILY

Well what of it? Probably raidin' some place. They won't touch us. We're protected.

The doors are burst open and through them Big Dan staggers. His arms are still moving automatically like those of a swimmer as he makes his way through the people in his place. He is rearing as he comes:

DAN

Lil! Lil! The coppers are on the way!  
Don't let 'em in! Don't let 'em in!

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He collapses against the bar, holding himself erect. There is a rush upon the doors. Chairs and tables are piled before them as a barricade. Lily does not realize yet that Dan is hurt. All she knows is that they have been betrayed. She whirls around toward Roger and screams as she points to him:

LILY  
(still standing on bar)

It's his dirty work! Look -- look -- look! Look at him! He's the skunk who's been raisin' hell with the Barbary. Do you know who he is? He's Mr. Roger Avery Storm, our noble Deputy District Attorney who got his job of Vice Commissioner by promisin' to wipe us all out.

Her words are inflammatory. Her father is trying to speak -- to hold himself up. Magda runs around to his side. We see her snatch a scarf to staunch the blood but Lily is still intent on denouncing Roger.

LILY

Show him what we do to squeelers on Barbary Coast. Heh -- Chum Lee -- where's your knife?  
Tie him up!

With a squeel, Chum Lee leaps at the back of Roger and catches him in a strangle hold. With a handy rope he binds him hand and foot to the rail of the bar.

Action

MAGDA

Lily -- Lily -- Dan's hurt.

Lily turns -- sees her father. She leaps down from the bar. Her eyes are enlarged with horror as she sees the blood.

LILY  
(Distractedly)

Dan! FATHER!

As she speaks the word -- "Father", we see the bound Roger's reaction. He is straining at his bonds. He realizes the relationship

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(46)

between Lily and Dan.

As Dan collapses to floor, Lily kneels frantically beside him lifting his head in her arms, calling to him.

DAN  
(Dying)

It was -- Tweedy -- double-crossed --  
-- his men --- they --- got me.

His head rolls back. Dies.

Some of the people in the place try to drag Lily from his body. Magda vainly tries to comfort her -- to lead her away. A couple of men lift Dan -- lay him on the cot behind the bar.

Sobbing, breathlessly, Lily follows. Roger, tied to the bar drags himself around till he is around the side of the bar. Lily sees him.

LILY

He was the finest man in the world --  
the best father a girl ever had.

Magda draws a cloth over Dan's face. Lily staggers to her feet. She is leaning against the bar.

ROGER  
(Hoarsely)

I would give my life to undo this night's work.  
The police are pounding upon the door, demanding entrance.

LILY

Oh what did we ever do to you that you  
should persecute us like this? Why do  
you hate me?

ROGER

Hate you! Lily -- I love you!

Lily looks at him like a dazed child.

The hammering is becoming heavier on the doors.

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(47)

CHUM LEE

Police bleak down doors, Missee Lily.

Lily comes to life with a start. She turns to her people and shouts:

LILY

Didn't you hear Big Dan's last order?  
Don't let the coppers in!

There is a rush to push and seize all manner of articles. Women and men fling their bodies against the doors. Girls flee behind the bars as the doors are crashed down and the police pour through doors and shattered windows.

Show the line up of the people caught in the Shanty. All hands are up at the command of the police with their levelled revolvers. Girls are dragged from behind doors and the bar. As a policeman seizes Lily, Roger protests.

ROGER

Let that girl go.

POLICE

Who the hell(s) givin' orders round here?

ROGER

I'm Roger Storm -- deputy District Attorney.

POLICE

And I'm Governor of the State.

He drags Lily off.

Roger tries vainly to free himself. Chum Lee comes up at the back of him with a raised knife. We get a moment of suspense and then:

CHUM LEE

All-light. Me cut im.

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CHUM LEE

All light. Me cut 'im.

He begins to cut the ropes that bind Roger to bar.

CHUM LEE  
(Cutting rope)

You allee samee likee Missee Lily.  
You go find her click, heh? All  
light. Chum Lee go too. She  
velles good girl. Big Dan velles  
good man. He savee Chum Lee get  
'im head chip chop off. Me glate-  
ful man.

moral conscience

Roger almost free. Chum Lee is cutting with maddening  
slowness.

she draws  
out his  
part

Missee Lily fine Lady. Her papa  
send her Flisco when she little  
girl. She no sabe what bad girl  
do.

Roger is free. He makes a bound for the shattered door  
and is out and into the street. Chum Lee looks after him, he  
is chuckling, then he looks back, picks up a couple of wraps,  
and goes slipslopping along to door and out into street.

Cut back to the parade of women.

They are now under control, and go plodding along. Several  
Black Marias loaded with the keepers of the dives, the Madams  
and certain of the women and men.

We moving along the edge of the parade to Chum Lee. No  
one pays any attention to the Chinamen.

We pick up Lily. She is walking with Magda. Magda is  
at the point of exhaustion. She stops to cough. She crouches,  
and Lily leans above her.

POLICEMAN

Move on! None of that sob stuff.  
Move on!

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LILY

can't you see she's sick?

POLICEMAN

They're all playin' sick. Move on!

Swings his Billy.

LILY

You keep your dirty stick off her --  
or I'll brain you -- I will.

Chum Lee sauntering alongside.

Hagda staggers to her feet. The policeman diverted  
by some other disorder and roaring to the crowd:

POLICEMAN

Keep back there! Here youse --  
get back!

CHUM LEE

Missee Lily --

LILY

Chum Lee! Where're they takin' us  
Chum Lee?

Chum Lee wraps cape over Lily's shoulder. He makes a wry face  
of distaste as Lily takes it off and puts it around Magda.

CHUM LEE

All light.

He unwraps from under his coat a woolen knitted scarf or  
another wrap and puts it on Lily.

*parental*

You ketchee cold if you no wear coat.

LILY

Where are we goin'? What are they  
going to do with us?

CHUM LEE

All samee go on boatside.

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(50)

4-13

LILY

They can't -- they can't send us away!  
We've got rights! I'm an American!

CHUM LEE

(Shrugging)

All light. No go on boat -- go plison.  
All samee velly bad.

Cut to Roger. He is going up and down the lines of women, vainly trying to look into their faces. It is quite dark in the street. Some of the women are muffled in capes. He is jostled and hustled here and there. No one seems to recognize him. He comes up alongside Lily. He starts to run toward her, calling her name.

ROGER

Lily! Lily!

LILY

Guess I'm hearin' things. Thought I heard someone calling my name.

ROGER

Lily!

He is beside her now. The flare from a gas lamp illuminates her face for a single moment and as they move along, they pass through alternate shadow and light.

LILY

Oh, what do you want now?

ROGER

I want you, Lily.

LILY

Don't make me laugh, I'm too tired.

He takes her arm, walks with her.

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ROGER

I love you.

LILY

(Wrestling her arm free)

I suppose that's your idea of a joke.

ROGER

It's God's truth.

A policeman interposes.

POLICEMAN

We can't allow you to walk with them women.

ROGER

But there's been a mistake. This girl  
doesn't belong here.

POLICEMAN

Tell it to the marines.

He pushes Roger away from the girls.

We show at intervals Roger coming up to them, and driven back. Each time we hear him imploringly:

ROGER

I love you! I love you!

Lily's reaction is at first scornful, stony, but very gradually we see she is beginning to break.

Roger is again at her side. She is almost ready to drop with exhaustion. He puts his arm about her -- walks with her. Lily allows this only for a moment, and we see her face, etched like a cameo, with its suffering, exalted look. Then:

LILY

I can walk alone. I don't need your help.

ROGER

But I want to help you. I want to atone --

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to show in some way what is in my heart.

LILY

Then help Magda. She needs help more than I do.

Roger puts his arm around Magda, leads her along. Magda's head rolls against his breast. He tries to put out his hand to reach Lily too. He finds her hand.

A voice, bellowing in the darkness:

POLICEMAN

Heh you! What are you doin' with them women. Break away -- break away --

He pulls Lily from Roger and shoves Magda along.

The crowd surges on. The girls are lost from sight.

POLICE HEADQUARTERS

Roger comes in -- hurries to the desk.

CHIEF

How do Mr. Storm. Well -- now I hope you're damned pleased with this night's work, as we are.

ROGER

Chief -- how can I get a woman released?

CHIEF

You mean one of them Barbary women?

ROGER

No. She didn't belong there. She was taken along by mistake.

CHIEF  
(Scratching chin)

Well that's damn funny. The police orders were to confine all arrests to the Barbary.

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ROGER

Her father kept a place there -- the Shanty.

CHIEF

Big Dan! You're talkin' of his gell?

ROGER

Yes. They're drivin' her along -- an innocent girl -- drivin' her along with that herd of prostitutes.

CHIEF

Thought she was livin' safe up in Frisco.

ROGER

So she was 'till I -- it doesn't matter.  
How can I get her free?

The Police writes an order, hands it to him.

CHIEF

Take that to the "C" wharfs. Most of 'em are bein' held there.

Storm seizes the pass, as he is going out the Chief calls after him.

CHIEF

Hear about Big Dan? They got him.  
He was a bad egg, and the world's well rid of him.

ROGER  
(stopping)

Repeats Lily's words:

He was a fine man -- the best father a girl ever had.

(54)

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Sequence V.

This is to be at dawn. It is at the docks. In the misty, foggy, grey San Francisco atmosphere. We see dimly the huge hulks of the shipping in the harbor. As the scene proceeds, very gradually we get the effect of the rising sun.

In the fog and mist we see the dim forms of the milling throng of prostitutes. They are now completely subdued. No screams or cursings or protests. Like dumb, driven cattle they are held in a sort of wharf that projects out to the ship ways.

The iron gates hold a few friends on the other side. We see faces pressed against the bars. Gifts and packages are thrust through the bars. Someone asks one of the guards: "Where are they sending these women?" The reply comes roughly: "China, Australia, New Zealand and South America -- sending them all over the world!"

Cut to one side of the wharf. Sitting on a bench is Magda. She is doubled over, leaning with her head on her arms upon her knee. Kneeling beside her is Lily.

LILY

Feelin' any better now, Magda?

MAGDA  
(raising her head with effort)

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Sure, I'm fellin' fine. It's great --  
to be able to sit down after that long walk.

LILY

Once we get aboard ship things'll be easier.

Cut to the outside of the wharf. It is still quite dark and the San Francisco mist hangs heavily over the huddled figures against the grilled gates. We can hear the depressing moan of fog sirens. --

The long distant moan of a buoy is heard.

Into this scene comes Roger. He makes his way through the crowds. He goes to the bars.

BACK to Lily and Magda. Magda grasps Lily's hand tightly:

MAGDA

Lily -- look! See that man's face?  
He looks like ---

LILY

Where?

MAGDA  
(pointing)

Over there.

LILY

I'll be right back. Maybe he can do something for you.

We intercut to Roger and Lily. Lily comes within a few paces of where he is at the bars and then she stops short, drawing her shawl closer about her. Through the Mist they look at each other.

ROGER

, (with a note of questioning joy in voice)

Lily? -- Lily! --

Step by step she goes nearer to him.

ROGER

Look -- I've the pass for you. You'll be free in a minute!

Lily says nothing but her face is ethereal and wistful.

Roger calls to a guard. The latter comes to the gates and peers through.

ROGER

I'm Storm, Deputy District Attorney. Here's an order from headquarters.

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GUARD

I can't let you in but I'll get the girl.

Roger gives him the pass. It is becoming gradually lighter and the mist is lifting.

Cut Back to Magda and Lily. Magda has had a fit of coughing and Lily is looking at her very strangely.

MAGDA

I think I'm going to die, Lil.  
(coughs)

Oh, if only I could see my mother once again.

LILY

Have you a mother, Magda?

MAGDA

Yes -- she lives outside of Sacramento.

LILY

I never had a mother. She died when I was born. -- It must be grand to have one --

MAGDA

Not when you're one of my kind.  
(she sighs heavily)

Her eyes have a long, bright look as though she were recalling well remembered dear ones.

MAGDA

*like  
yukie*

You know, Lil -- my folks thought I had a swell job in Frisco. I was puttin' through school my little brother and I sent home nearly every dollar I earned.

LILY

Mebbe you'll see them again soon.

MAGDA

No -- they're sending us all off to the other end of the world. They don't want our kind in Frisco.

(57)

In a loud, sing-song voice, the guard is calling:  
"LILY MOONEY".

LILY  
(Gently)

Someone's calling me, Magda.

She puts her arms around Magda as if to bid her 'goodbye'.  
And then stands up. We see that she is crying. She dashes the  
tears away -- puts up her hand and calls to the Guard:

LILY

What -- what's the name?

The guard comes up.

CUT BACK to Roger waiting in eager impatience by the gate  
and then immediately back to the Guard as he says to Lily:

GUARD

An order for Lily Mooney to be released.

Lily looks at the order then her glance wavers back toward  
Magda, crouching on the floor, her head upon her arms on the box.  
Lily smiles radiantly:

LILY

She's all ready -- and say, mister --  
be gentle with her, will you?

She shoves some money into his hand --

She's a sick girl.

She comes back to Magda and, kneeling beside her, whispers:

LILY

Magda -- they're goin' to take you away.

Magda starts up:

MAGDA

Where -- what do you mean, Lil'?

LILY

Don't ask any questions -- just go. I guess one of Big Dan's friends has pulled some wires to get you free.

The guard has taken Magda by the arm and is leading her along. Magda turns her head back. The women come around her. We hear them exclaiming "Where you goin'? -- How did you get out? - ", etc.

MAGDA  
(To Lily who stands still like one in a trance)

Oh -- I don't want to go without you!

LILY

Don't worry about me -- I'll be along soon --

CUT NOW TO ROGER and show the guard coming out of the gate.

Magda is wrapped about in the wrap. Roger goes eagerly to her, saying:

ROGER

Lily!

Magda staggers a few paces, Roger grasps her, puts back the shawl and in the misty light he sees the girl's face. The effect on him is electrical. He lets go of Magda and bounds toward the gates shaking them and shouting:

ROGER

Guard! Hi there -- Guard! There's a mistake -- you've sent out the wrong girl!

But the Guard is busy now and with others, is driving the women along toward the gang-plank. Roger's outcries make no impression upon them for there are a score of other people calling to their women.

The scene is now clear light and the great hulk of a vessel is silhouetted against the gradually sun-lighted sky.

The glory of an immense sun-rise shows across the horizon

(59)

above the golden gate. In the gilded mist the shadowy figures of the women go one by one (in line) up the gang-plank aboard the ships.

CUT BACK to the frantic Roger. He is ready to tear the gates down. We hear the boom of the ship and we FADE OUT on the moving ships as they disappear across the bay.

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(69)

Sequence V

A semi-tropical country. We show a resort of the sort not unsimilar to the SHANGHAI LADY but on a much smaller scale. A murky, sultry, dopy atmosphere.

All the flotsam and jetsam from the four corners of the world have drifted upon this distant shore. A party of tourists are at a table on the veranda. A man in white duck comes on quietly and takes a seat at a table. He looks about the place and motions away a girl who comes to serve him. At the tourists' table they are whispering snatches of his history. He is Roger Storm, once a very famous official of San Francisco who threw up his whole career to wander around the world to try and find a girl who had been sent away with the women of the Barbary Coast. The remark is passed that he might as well try to find a needle in a hay-stack. A Chinaman comes out. He shuffles across to Roger's table and in a sing-song voice names a number of the drinks. Roger looks up. He stares at Chum Lee.

ROGER

I've seen you before -- where?

CHUM LEE

Allright --

ROGER"

The Barbary Coast! -- Big Dan's place!  
You were the Chinaman who set me free!

CHUM LEE

Allright --

Roger is a prey to deep emotion. He continues to stare at the Chinaman who shuffles back into the house. Roger looks after him

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then stands up and moves toward door.

INSIDE

Chum Lee is hurrying across the room, scurrying between tables. Show the back of a girl standing by a latticed window. She is gazing out listlessly. She turns her head. Chum Lee hurries up to her and as she turns her head we see she is Lily.

CHUM LEE

Misee Lily -- him come! Him come!  
Mr. Loga Sloam. Him outside!

Lily is almost ready to faint. She tries to get control of herself.

LILY  
(hoarsely)

He mustn't see me!

CHUM LEE

Allright.

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Roger is coming in at the door.

LILY  
(to Chum Lee)

Get me a bottle of something, quick!

She slouches into a seat and assumes the pose of a woman in the last stages of demoralization. As soon as Chum Lee sets bottle and glass before her, she starts to drink. She lights cheroot and puffs upon it slowly. Roger moves through the place looking at the women -- searching vainly for that well remembered face. He comes up at the back of Lily and we see him stand stock still. Despite her pose there is no mistaking -- that blonde head. With a swift movement he comes directly around in front of her. Lily's half closed eyes lift drowsily. They sweep him without the slightest light of recognition. She pours herself another drink. He pulls

out the chair in front of her and sits. He cannot speak because of emotion but continues to look at her as he grips the side of the table with his clinched hand. Lily's mouth twitches sideways in a half-drunken laugh.

LILY

'Hello, dearie --

ROGER

Lily!

LILY

Hello!

ROGER

Don't you remember me?

Lily looks at him drowsily and shakes her head. She says irritably:

LILY

How'd oo expect a girl remember --  
so -- many men -- men -- notin' but --  
men -- men --

ROGER

But Lily -- look at me dear -- surely  
you have not forgotten -- Barbary Coast.

LILY  
(violently)

The hell with Barbary Cost --

ROGER

I've gone up and down the world looking  
for you everywhere --

Lily goes on drinking -- her head is nodding drowsily.

ROGER

Lily -- Lily -- ! Look at me -- look - look!

Lily's head goes lower as though she were too drunk to raise it.

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LILY

Want another drink --

Her hand shakes as she pours it.

LILY

Go on away -- don't bosher me --

Roger reaches across, tries to take her hand. Lily opens her hand, palm up --

LILY

Payin' me in advansh?

Roger is revolted. He stands up. His heart is breaking. Lily seems oblivious of his existence. He moves to the door. He goes out. A pause and then we see Lily raise her head and we get a flash of the girl's anguished face. Chum Lee is right beside her.

LILY

Chum Lee --

CHUM LEE

Allright --

LILY

We must get away from here right away.

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CHUM LEE

Allright --

He patters across the floor. Lily's head drops upon her arms at the table.

Cut to the veranda and show Chum Lee coming out. He goes to Roger who is just about to leave.

CHUM LEE

Missee Lily, she cly inside, mebbee  
she like see you face -- allright.

Roger takes this in. He turns back and in a flash is at the door.

He strides across to Lily's table and stands for a moment looking down at that bowed head, then, forcibly, he lifts her to her feet, holding her back from him with his hands on her shoulders. She makes an effort to release herself but Roger is too strong and masterful for her.

LILY

Let me go --

ROGER

Never -- again.

LILY

The likes of you -- and the likes of me --

ROGER

--Were meant for each other. -- I love you.

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-- The end --

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