"IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT"

by

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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 
len. 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 

Marksman extraordinare, 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)
CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)
Where you keepin' the pie tonight?

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 half moons 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 opposite 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 orphan 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)
CONTINUED:

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

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.

AT THE CAR

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

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

VOICE
Anythin' happenin' out there?

SAM
Hell, man! Some chance!

VOICE
Cardinals eight. Giants two.

SAM
Ten four.

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:
EXT. STREET IN BUSINESS SECTION - NIGHT

In blank windows we see full reflection of the police car cruising by. MUSIC continues as we see:

INT. CAR - SAM WOOD - NIGHT

through windshield reflections. Sam leans forward to unstick himself from the seat.

OMITTED

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.

CLOSE ON SAM:

His face becoming almost apprehensive.

EXT. THE STREET - THE PATROL CAR - NIGHT

glides in toward the house from which the light shines. The car stops at curbside.

INT. THE CAR - CLOSE ON SAM - NIGHT

He turns down the radio, eyes narrowing as he looks at:

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.

SAM

drops his eyes, guides the car away, dabs at his forehead, this time with the back of his hand, not his kerchief.
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:

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.

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.

CLOSER ANGLE - SAM

looks away from the figure, peers around edgily.

FROM HIS ANGLE - A COMPLETE THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY DEGREE SWEEP


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:
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'...

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:

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)
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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)
CONTINUED:

But there is no answer. Gillespie sighs, 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
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:

He braces his camera, pops 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)
CONTINUED: (2)

SAM
Pool hall closes at one, Chief.

GILLESPIE
I said scout it!

CUT TO:

OMITTED

EXT. POOL HALL - A CIRCLE OF LIGHT - NIGHT
plays across the fronting plate glass window, bores into the shadowed interior.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TOWARD SAM WOOD AND THE PATROL CAR
Sam snaps off his spotlight, goes the car out, off down the main street.

CUT TO:

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.

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.

CLOSE ON SAM
reacting to:

FROM HIS ANGLE - A MAN
sits inside on one of the benches. He glances up from the book he has been reading.

(CONTINUED)
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.

ANOTHER ANGLE

SAM (pushing forward)
On your feet, boy!

CLOSE ON THE NEGRO

evaluating Sam.

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!

CLOSER ANGLE - SAM

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

(CONTINUED)
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)
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:

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.

CLOSER ANGLE - GILLESPIE

staring at the Negro with a kind of bored detachment.

CLOSE ON THE NEGRO

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

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)
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
Meanwhile 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)
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)
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)
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.

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.

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.

(a covering the phone and whispering out loud)

Wanta listen?

(CONTINUED)
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.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The young cameraman, Charlie, literally bursts into the reception foyer from outside. He clutches a sheaf 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.

CLOSER ANGLE - SAM

flips through the photos.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SAM

dod dag, but don't he look like
a sack o' confused?

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

Sam glances around.

FROM HIS ANGLE - TIBBS
is standing now.

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.

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

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

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 stopped talkin'! I
think he's comin' out!

(CONTINUED)
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.
CLOSE ON TIBBS watching.

TIBBS' POV - THE APPROACHING GILLESPIE

Gillespie stops in front of Tibbs. CAMERA DOLIES 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.

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 unpleasant.

(continued)
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. 'Ere 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)
CONTINUED: (2)

GILLESPIE

Well?

There is a 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:

OMITTED

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.

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.

DOCTen 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)
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.

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.

CLOSE ON TIBBS

looking down with a kind of curious tenderness.

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

GILLESPIE
Wood tried to stop Harvey Oberst up on Folk 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.

EXT. TALL GRASS - CLOSE SHOT - HOUND IN FULL CRY - DAWN
as it whips past CAMERA.

CLOSE SHOT - MAN'S FEET IN BOOTS
wading through wet, swampy grass.

TIGHT SHOT - HOUND
stopping, tired, panting.

TIGHT SHOT - YOUNG MAN
Like the hound, he stops, breaths heavily.

LONG PAN SHOT - A PACK OF HOUND DOGS
in full pursuit. Behind the dogs trot men with guns.

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.
CLOSE MOVING SHOT - AT LOW ANGLE - THE DOGS
followed by a panting DEPUTY SHERIFF with a shotgun.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE BOY
emerging from thick undergrowth. He stops close to camera, looks off.

EXT. MISSISSIPPI RIVER - BOY'S POV - DAWN
stretching towards Arkansas. A paddle-wheel dredge boat can be seen in the distance.

MED. SHOT - THE BOY
reacting to o.s. SOUND of hounds. He moves toward river bank. CAMERA PANS him along barge-loading area.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ACROSS PILINGS AND DESERTED CRANE-LOADING EQUIPMENT
as boy scrambles up and EXITS at full speed.

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.

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.

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)
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.

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.

EXT. CENTER OF THE BRIDGE - DAWN

as Gillespie and the Boy come to a stop.

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.

EXT. BRIDGE - CLOSE SHOT - BOY - DAWN


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.

CUT TO:
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.

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.

CLOSER ANGLE - TIBBS

frowns.

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!

INT. GILLESPIE'S OFFICE - A WOMAN - DAWN

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

FROM HER ANGLE - TIBBS

in the doorway.
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.

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.

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

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)
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.

INT. THE FOYER SWITCHBOARD - TIBBS

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

FROM HIS ANGLE - GEORGE

watching him curiously.

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)
CONTINUED:

TIBBS

Sir!

Gillespie looks back at him.

TIBBS

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

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!

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.

TIBBS' POV - CLOSE ANGLE ON THE MANACLED WRISTS

FAVORING GILLESPIE

annoyed by Tibbs' scrutiny of the wrists.

GILLESPIE

(to the prisoner)

C'mon, boy! In there!

He pushes the prisoner inside.

FAVORING SAM AND THE OTHER OFFICERS

SAM

That's tellin' him, Chief!

GEORGE

Now we're grindin' corn!

(CONTINUED)
"IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT"
Rev. 8/3/66

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

CLOSER ANGLE - TIBBS
as he continues to study:

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.

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.
INT. GILLESPIE'S OFFICE - MEDI. 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.

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)
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, anticipating Gillespie's outraged reaction. At the door Mrs. Colbert stands frozen by the statement. Gillespie simply stares from Sam to Tibbs.

GILLESPIE
(slightly)
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)
CONTINUED: (2)

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)

Harvy's left-handed, Chief.
Everybody in town knows that.

CLOSE ON GILLESPIE
reacting.

ANGLED ON MRS. COLBERT
as something in her starts to churn.

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:

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...

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 ire 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)
CONTINUED:

Sam even clasps 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!

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.

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)
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)

(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 Chief, this Gillespie - got no more smile 'n a turnip, so I cut across the fields and got myself far as the river 'fore them dogs treed 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 courthouse clock.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
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)
OBERST
Tol' 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)
103 CONTINUED: (5)

Wood opens the cell door and Tibbs comes out with his   
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)
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.

CLOSER ANGLE - GILLESPIE

reacting to this bombshell.

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!

(continues)
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.

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:
EXT. THE STREET - PAN SHOT - GILLESPIE'S PATROL CAR - MORNING
swings out of the police parking area, slides into early
morning traffic.

OMITTED

EXT. FARM IMPLEMENT AGENCY - FULL SHOT - MORNING
Gillespie emerges from his police car and enters the showroom.

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.

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)
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)
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)
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 indictment)
... leave you to yourselves!

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

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:
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.

CLOSE ON TIBBS
reacting.

HIS P.O.V. - GILLESPIE
coming closer.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TIBBS AND GILLESPIE
as the Chief stops near Tibbs.

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

(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)
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)
Tibbs picks up his suitcase and slowly follows him.

CUT TO:

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)
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.

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 Gillepie 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.

CLOSER ANGLE - JESS AND TIBBS

measure each other.

JESS

(softly, suspiciously)

What're y' doin' here, man?

TIBBS

Policeman.

JESS

You're a policeman here? In Sparta?

(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:

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)
Tibbs is examining the pavement around the chalk outline. In the t.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.

(CONTINUED)
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:

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.

OMITTED

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)
MAYOR
... try and clear the air.

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

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

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 wanna know what's been done to clear up the killin'. And we wanna 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)
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!

SHUTE
(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)
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.

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 indicted 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)
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.

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)
CONTINUED:

CLERK
(alarmed)

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

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:

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.

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)
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)
Continued:

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)
CONTINUED: (2)

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:

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.

HIS POV - THE STAIN OF BLOOD
on the back of the seat cushion on the passenger side.

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.

EXTREME CLOSE ON TIBBS
reacting to something.

CLOSER ANGLE - HIS HAND
reaching forward, fingers delicately selecting a small,
curling black object not more than an inch long.

ANGLED ON TIBBS
as he straightens, outside the car, studies the object
thoughtfully.

(CONTINUED)
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:

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.

INT. THE CAR - TIBBS AND GILLESPIE - DAY

It is apparent neither has spoken through the drive.

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. Gillesp
turns back to the road.

GILLESPIE

None of that for you, right, Virgil?

But Tibbs gives him no satisfaction. Tibbs remains unspeak-
ing, 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 photogra-
ing 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.
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
doors, Gillespie going after him.

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.

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.
INT. THE RECEPTION HALL - MEDIUM 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.

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)
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.
ENIC OTT
(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.

ENIC OTT
(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 Mr. Colbert didn't
realize.

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

ENIC OTT
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?

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

TIBBS
What do you call this material,
sir?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ENDICOTT
That's osmundine. Fern root.

CLOSE ON GILLESPIE
reacting.

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.

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.

FAVORING TIBBS

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
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 exchange.

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

ENDICOTT
(voice low)
Gillespie!

Yes.

You saw it?

I saw it.

Gillespie

(CONTINUED)
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.

CLOSE ON TIBBS
watching him leave.

CLOSE ON GILLESPIE
staring hard at Tibbs.

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

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.

FAVORING GILLESPIE
For a moment more he considers the frightened butler, then he steams out after Tibbs.
and toward Tibbs approaching, Gillespie after him. Tibbs, hearing Gillespie, stops, turns to confront him.

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!

looking at Tibbs from under lowered lids.

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)
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?

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)
CONTINUED:

Gillespie goes out, the Mayor looking after him.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

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

HAROLD COURTNEY'S VOICE
Harold Courtney, sir.

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

GILLESPIE
(a long beat)
You fix the hinge on that counter
gate yet?

HAROLD COURTNEY'S VOICE
You never asked me, Chief.
(MORE)

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

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

Gillespie slams down the phone.

CUT TO:

TIBBS

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

CLOSER ANGLE - MOVING SHOT - ANGLED AT TIBBS - DAY

in the car, as he drives.

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.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TIBBS' CAR

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

CLOSE SHOT - IN MOTION

Two bumpers banging.

CLOSER ANGLE - TIBBS

as he frantically tries to pull away.

CLOSE MOVING SHOT - ON TOUGHS

in car, laughing

LEAD TOUGH

C'mon. Bump him again

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

2ND TOUGH
Come on! Come on!

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.

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.

TIBBS' AND THE WHITES' CARS
careening through an area with two small Negro children in f. g. The children watch as cars pass.

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.

LOWER ANGLE SHOT - ACROSS RAILROAD TRACKS

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

ANOTHER ANGLE - TOUGHS' CAR

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

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)
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.

TIBBS' PCV

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.

CLOSE SHOT - TIBBS

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

WIDE SHOT - BEHIND TOUGHS

slowly moving in on Tibbs as Tibbs moves back to the concrete wall. Out-maneuvered, 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.

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)
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.

ANOTHER ANGLE - GILLESPIE

as he starts to move towards Tibbs.

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!

CLOSE ON GILLESPIE

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

TIBBS

He Watches

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)
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)
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:

OMITTED

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?

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

SAM
Why?

TIBBS
Why not?
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!

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

CUT TO:
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.

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:

FROM HIS ANGLE - SAM'S PATROL CAR

swinging into the parking lot.

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:

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.

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)
CONTINUED:

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

S A M
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:

S A M
Bring you anything?

T I B B S
No, I'm coming.

Tibbs opens the door on his side, gets out.

FAVORING SAM

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.

G I L L E S P I E
I thought I told you to get out
of here!

T I B B S
I'm not ready to leave!

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

G I L L E S P I E
What the hell's the matter with
you? You forget about those four
maniacs this afternoon?

(Continued)
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?

OMITTED

INT. THE DINER - FAVORING RALPH HENSHAW - NIGHT
reacting to:

HIS POV - THROUGH THE SCREEN DOOR - THE GATHERING OF THE POLICE
just outside.

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:

HIS POV - THE OFFICERS IN A HUDDLE
just outside the screen door, their voices audible, but the words some-
how blurred.
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:

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:

HIS ANGLE - THE MEN
coming in.

CLOSE ON RALPH
reacting with distaste at the sight of:
FROM HIS ANGLE - TIBBS

entering.

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?

Ralph comes up with a coke for Sam.

RALPH
I ain't servin' him!

GILLESPIE
I said, you want something, Virgil?

Gillespie planks 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)
Continued:

TIBBS
Two minutes from now.

GILLESPIE
(throws a coin)
That's for him.

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.

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
Goes to radio.

GEORGE'S VOICE
This is radio. Go ahead, Sam.

SAM
Leavin' Compton's now.

GEORGE'S VOICE
Sam, better look sharp. Gillespie's sniffin' around.

(Continued)
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
CONTINUED:

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

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.

FAVORING TIBBS

checking his wristwatch. He is smiling.

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 thru
EXT. THE TOWN - THESE SHOTS

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.
HIS POV - SAM

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

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.

CLOSE ON GILLESPIE

His face is expressionless as he considers Sam.

CUT TO:

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)
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.

CLOSER ANGLE - HENDERSON

opens the file cabinet, flips through depositors' accounts.

CLOSE ON GILLESPIE

watching, waiting.

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)
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:

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)
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:
INT. POLICE STATION - ANGLED PAST HAROLD COURTNEY AT THE BOOKING DESK - DAY

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

HAROLD COURTNEY
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
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.

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.
TIMS
I just got off the phone with the bank.

GILLIGAN
(laughing)
I'm busy, too!

TIMES
(ignoring this)
But listen: Endicott was there! He can prove that Giller got there - in the greenhouse.

GILLIGAN
I'm trying to remember the name.

TIMES
(on a high.)
They found nothing - nothing from the orchids. Endicott is trying to cover up!

Miraculously, Gilligan has endured Tim's account. Silence descends on the room.

GILLIGAN
(smiling)
I like the ratty man!

Tibbs reacts, looks over at Gilligan in the whipsaw.

TIMES
(smiling)
Sam?

Sam looks up at Times. He is too caught to reply, he does shake his head in the negative. Times takes his seat another chair.

TIMES
(smiling)
Our man is likely.

GILLIGAN
(back, nonchalant)
It was your fault, Tim. It was last night, remember?

TIMES
(nod)
Well, here's a big loan deposit yesterday - yeah, money!

(CONTINUED)
Gillespie bangs his fist down on his desk, pinches his nose close to Sam’s.

GILLESPIE

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

SAY

Whenever I got enough change, I’d trade it in for twenties. Then 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 told six hundred. Let’s not forget it... for a boy like Harvey Charter.

Tibbs gets out of his chair.

TIBBS

Chief, believe me, last night’s ride was only to inquiries. There people who I felt have been going on the night Colbert was killed, might have... Colbert’s car passing... or even who was riding with him.

GILLESPIE!

If you weren’t suspicious, how come you asked Wood who he was at the starts?

TIBBS

I already have.

(Goes to desk

and sits)

He thought I might see a naked white girl on the block.

GILLESPIE

What naked white girls?

(CONTINUED)
250 CONTINU'ED: (5)

GILLESPIE
(to Sam)
You want to make that the call, Sam. Make it now.

Sam shakes his head. Gillespie goes to the door, calls:

GILLESPIE
I'm booking food.

Sam goes to the door. He goes out, like a man in a car. The door closes.

250 CLOSE ON TIBBS

staring at Gillespie.

250 GILLESPIE

starts to light one of his thin cigars, but before he does, puts the cigar back into his mouth. He looks at Tibbs.

GILLESPIE
Maybe you can catch that with your camera?

TIBBS
(quickly)
How can I do that?

Gillespie stretches like a cat.

GILLESPIE
Vinyl, I just couldn't take a

dead.

(CUT TO NEXT)
CONTINUED:

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

GILLESPIE

Yes?

HAROLD COURTNEY'S VOICE

(over the inter-com)

Mayor, sir.

Gillespie picks up his telephone.

GILLESPIE

Gillespie ...

(Listening)

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

Tibbs walks out.

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.
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.

THE WHITE OFFICERS
watch.

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.

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 ...

CLOSE ON TIBBS
He raises his eyes.

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?

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.

(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?

PURDY
My business!

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

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.

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!

CLOSE ON TIBBS
reacting

FULL SHOT - THE AREA
A sudden hush falls over Harold and the others.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

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

Harold flips down the inter-com.

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

GILLESPIE'S VOICE
All right. Send him in.

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

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

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

GILLESPIE

In here, Harold!

HAROLD COURTNEY'S VOICE

Yes, sir.

After a moment, the door opens and Harold enters.

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!

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)
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:
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)
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:

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:

FROM HIS ANGLE - GILLESPIE

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

FROM HIS ANGLE - TIBBS

standing with the club-sapling.

CLOSE ON GILLESPIE

looking away from Tibbs to:

FROM HIS ANGLE - THE PASTURE

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

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

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.

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)
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...

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!
REV. 9/15/66

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:
FROM HIS ANGLE - TIBBS' CAR

edged against the curb.

EXT. THE STREET - THE TWO CARS - DUSK

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

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.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

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)
Tiebs' 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?

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


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

GILLESPIE
(almost to himself)
Stay loose, boy.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. AN INTERSECTION IN THE NEGRO SECTION - ANGLED PAST A STREET LAMP - NIGHT
toward a dimly-lit front of a dilapidated grocery store. A scruffy 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.

PACKY
That's her place.

Tibbs continues to study:

FROM HIS ANGLE - THE CLOTHING STORE
and its pale light from inside.

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 Caleb.

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
(caly)
Maybe I don't wanna see yer 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 care 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)
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:

FROM HIS ANGLE - DELORES PURDY
frozen in the doorway. She stares, unbelieving, at:

FROM HER ANGLE - TIBBS AND MAMA
looking at her.

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

EXT. THE STREET - DELORES - NIGHT
running, Tibbs gaining.

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.

CLOSE ON TIBBS
reacting to:

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 CROUP

Ralph disengages his arm from the girl.

RALPH
(to Tibbs)

Don'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 glow 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
    (thundering)
Deoires:

    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 Caleb 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 BICKING AREA - FULL SHOT - MORNING

The room is jammed with all the officers we have seen throughout the
film. As Sam comes out with Tibbs, they surround the two jubilantly,
ad lib 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
(an 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 an' 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 an' I said, I was
wonderin' where it was goin' to
be an' he asked me would I like
to see - and I figured, man, he's
askin' for it. I'll just tap him from
behind when we get out there and
claim somebody jumped us from the
bushes ...

(MORE)  (Continued)
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.

GILLESPIE
(to Tibbs)
What made you get on to Ralph?

TIBBS
(a slight smile)
He pointed a gun at me.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

EXT. THE TRAIN DEPOT - PAN SHOT - GILLESPIE’S PATROL CAR - DAY
eases in, parks.
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.

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.

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:

FROM HIS ANGLE - THE TRAIN

puffing in, its whistle SOUNDING high and loud as the locomotive passes, slowing, steam roping out, rifting at the cuffs on the men's trousers.

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.

CLOSE ON TIBBS

turning toward Gillespie.

CLOSE ON GILLESPIE

looking him back, straight in the eye.

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)
CONTINUED:

GILLESPIE

Thanks, Virgil.

Virgil nods. Once more the trainhoots.

GILLESPIE

Well, goodbye.

TIBBS

Goodbye, Chief.

CONDUCTOR

(calling)

'Board!

Tibbs crosses to the steps, goes up, inside the car as the train eases out.

CLOSE ON GILLESPIE

watching.

LONG SHOT - THE PLATFORM

and the moving train, Gillespie standing isolated on the platform.

INT. THE TRAIN - TIBBS

moves along the aisle, selects a seat next to the window.

CLOSER ANGLE - TIBBS

settles back, his eyes glancing out the window. But they narrow as he sees:

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