

PLATINUM BLONDE

Story by Harry E. Chandler and Douglas W. Churchill

Adaptation by Jo Swerling

Dialogue by Robert Riskin

Shooting Draft, 1931

Property of
Columbia Pictures

FADE IN:

INT. CITY ROOM OF NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY - FULL SHOT

General atmosphere, typical of a busy newspaper office. Copy boys running about, shirt-sleeved reporters and rewrite men pounding away on typewriters. Little wire baskets containing cylinders of copy whizzing back and forth, such

as are used in some department stores, etc.

SOUND

Morkrum machines, typewriters, telephone bells and all other sounds relative to a newspaper office when shot has been fully established:

CAMERA STARTS TRUCKING DOWN MAIN AISLE

It takes in the battery of Morkrum machines clattering away; the crescent-shaped copy desk; the desk of the sporting editor, with a big cauliflower-eared pugilist and his manager standing by the side of the sporting editor, a hefty guy in his shirtsleeves, smoking a big cigar and wearing a green eye-shade; the desk of the society editor, a prissy old lady, who takes down a worn copy of the Blue Book as the camera passes her and starts looking up some data; and any other interesting or typical bits that can be thought out. At the far end of the room is the desk of Conroy, the City Editor.

Everything shows evidence of feverish activity and great haste.

2. CLOSE SHOT

On Conroy, the City Editor at his desk, speaking on the telephone.

CONROY

Yeah, that's all I ever get from you guys - a lot of hard luck stories. You come back here and I'll give you an assignment. It will be a last interview - with the cashier!

He hangs up, looks around with a scowl.

Stew! Stew Smith!

REPORTER

Oh Mr. Conroy, give me a crack at that Schuyler story, will you?

CONROY

You? If you ever got your foot into a drawing room, you'd step on a sliding rug! Stew is the only man that's got brains enough to handle this. Scram!

A Copy Boy rushes by on an errand.

CONROY

Say Spud, did you find Stew?

COPY BOY

Not yet.

CONROY

Well, did you look in the,

COPY BOY

First place I looked.

CONROY

Not there, eh? For cryin' out loud,
where is that.? Go and dig him up!
Stew! Stew Smith!

CAMERA TRUCKS ON:

Until it takes in a sort of make-shift screen, concealing
a corner of the room.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

3. CLOSE SHOT

On the other side of the screen. Stew Smith is holding
something in his hand. His hat tilted back on his head,
and he is regarding this plaything intently. Gallagher is
sitting close to him, also gazing intently at the plaything.
Gallagher is a girl, one of the sob sisters[2] on the
newspaper, dressed in a trim but inexpensive little tailored
suit.

STEW

Here it is. Pray for me, Gallagher.
Pray for me. Hold everything . . .

4. CLOSE SHOT

On the object in his hand, one of those hand-puzzles where
you have to land jumping beans in the holes.

5. DOUBLE SHOT

GALLAGHER

Stew, your hands are shaking. You've
been drinking again.

STEW

Come on, come on. Here they come,
Gallagher! Here they come!

Conroy's shouts are heard in the background.

GALLAGHER

(conspiratorially)

The boss is getting hoarse.

STEW

There's the third one. If I don't get the last one, there's a certain sob sister I know that's going to get a kick right in the . . . oh! Whoops, almost had that.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Conroy, the City Editor at his desk, looking about with a scowl for Stew.

CONROY

(bellowing)

Stew! Stew Smith!

The Copy Boy races over to whisper something to Conroy.

CONROY

What? The screen?

7. CLOSE SHOT

On Stew Smith

STEW

Gallagher! I made it!

8. MEDIUM SHOT (FROM CONROY'S ANGLE)

The screen, concealing the washbasin corner.

CONTINUATION, SCENE 6

A wrathful Conroy, his eyes centering suspiciously on something. With his eyes on the screen, Conroy reaches out and grasps a heavy telephone book on the corner of his desk. Still looking off, he heaves it forcefully.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Showing the screen. The telephone book crashes into it, overturning it and revealing Stew and Gallagher on the other side. They both look up, startled. The newsroom erupts in laughter.

CONTINUATION, SCENE 6

Conroy, glaring off fiercely.

CONROY

Come over here!

10. MEDIUM SHOT

Conroy at his desk. Stew saunters into the scene.

STEW

Look, I quit!

CONROY

Yeah?

STEW

Yeah.

CONROY

Yeah?

STEW

You're always picking on me. It took me three hours to get those little gadgets in those holes, and you screw it up in a minute. Hey, look!

He gives the hand-puzzle to Conroy, who is immediately captivated by the fascinating object in his hand.

CLOSE DOUBLE SHOT

STEW

(superior)

Mmm, not as easy as it looks, is it?

Conroy puts it down with a disgusted look.

CONROY

Aagh! No wonder you're batty. Would it be imposing too much upon you if I asked you to do a little work today? Just to sort of break the monotony?

STEW

With me you can always do business.

CONROY

Do you know what to do in a drawing-room?

STEW

It isn't a question of knowing what to do, it's knowing how to get in one that counts.

The telephone rings, Conroy answers it.

CONROY

(speaking on the

phone)
Yeah, yeah. Okay, okay.

He hangs up, turns back to Stew.

CONROY
Now listen, we've got a tip that
the Schuyler family has finally
made a deal with that chorus dame.

STEW
Gloria Golden?

CONROY
Yeah, little Gloria.

STEW
The human cash register. Got her
hooks into the Schuyler kid, eh?

CONROY
Right - for the first time this
year.

STEW
(modestly)
Well - it's only April.

CONROY
Come on, get going, get going!

STEW
(loftily)
Get going where? I can write that
yarn without stepping out of the
office.

CONROY
Yeah - and get us into a million
dollar libel suit. It wouldn't be
the first time. Now, you get over
there and get a statement out of
the old lady, the sister, or the
kid. Any of them - but get it.

STEW
(resigned)
All right. Give me a voucher for
expenses.

12. CLOSE DOUBLE SHOT (ANOTHER ANGLE)

CONROY
What expenses? All you need is
carfare to Long Island. You'd better
get a shave and a shine, because

you, you're going to have a tough time getting in there as it is.

STEW

I know those bluenoses. Their ancestors refused to come over on the Mayflower because they didn't want to rub elbows with the tourists. So they swam over.

He turns away and exits.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. THE SCHUYLER HOUSE - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

Someone pacing outside the mansion gates.

EXT. THE SCHUYLER HOUSE (ANOTHER ANGLE) - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

A guard dog pacing inside the gates.

INT. INSIDE THE MANSION - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

A parrot on its perch, hopping from foot to foot.

INT. SCHUYLER DRAWING ROOM - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

Michael Schuyler, a callow youth with the usual dissipated, spoiled look. His fingers are nipping out little chunks of a folded piece of paper, dropping the bits on the floor. This is indicative of a habit of the individual in question when undergoing nervous stress. He is very fidgety and apprehensive, as he glances around.

CAMERA PANS OVER TO SHOW

Anne Schuyler, a beautiful and aristocratic, though slightly hard girl, a few years older than Michael.

CAMERA PANS OVER TO SHOW

Mrs. Stuyvesand Van Alstyn Schuyler, mother of Anne and Michael. A grande dame, stern and glowering. Her attitude indicates suppressed nervousness and anger. She glares over in the direction of Michael. Then she turns and looks in another direction.

MRS. SCHUYLER

(viciously)

Dexter Grayson, if you were any kind of a lawyer, you'd get those letters back!

CAMERA PANS OVER TO SHOW

Dexter Grayson, the family lawyer standing, his hands clasped behind his back, just completing the pacing of a few short steps in his best courtroom manner, his head bowed in an attitude of deepest thought. He is dressed in striped afternoon trousers and black coat. He turns to regard Mrs. Schuyler.

GRAYSON

But I keep telling you how difficult it is, Mrs. Schuyler. The last time I asked her for those letters, she made very uncouth noises with her mouth.

CAMERA PANS OVER TO SHOW

Anne Schuyler, trying desperately to keep from laughing.

CAMERA DRAWS BACK

To reveal a full shot of the room and group. They are in the magnificent drawing room of the Schuyler home, resembling the Union Depot and furnished with almost imperial splendor and magnificence. They very much resemble a jury in session. As they continue:

MICHAEL

I don't know why you're making all this fuss. I only sent her six of them.

MRS. SCHUYLER

(sarcastic)

If you had to make a fool of yourself, why didn't you tell it to her instead of writing?

MICHAEL

Because I couldn't get her on the phone.

MRS. SCHUYLER

Imbecile!

ANNE

You should have known better than to write, Romeo. I found that out a long time ago.

MRS. SCHUYLER

I should say you had. At the rate you two are going, we'll have to leave the country to save our faces.

ANNE

Splendid, Mother. Let's hop over to Monte Carlo. It's a great place to save a face.

MRS. SCHUYLER

Oh, shut up!

A butler appears in the doorway. He is about to say something, but he stammers and turns.

MRS. SCHUYLER

(stopping him)

What is it, Smythe?

SMYTHE

Pardon me, madam - but what am I to say to the newspapermen?

Mrs. Schuyler looks distractedly at Grayson.

17. CLOSER SHOT

Mrs. Schuyler and Grayson. She rises and speaks imperiously:

MRS. SCHUYLER

Dexter, go out and tell those ruffians I have nothing to say.

Grayson faces her placatingly.

GRAYSON

You can't do that. Leave it to me. I know how to handle reporters.

MRS. SCHUYLER

(with a shudder)

All right, then - get it over with.

MEDIUM FULL SHOT

Grayson turns officiously toward the waiting butler.

GRAYSON

We've decided to see the reporters. Send in the man from the Tribune first.

SMYTHE

Very good, sir.

MRS. SCHUYLER

Oh, Smythe, some bicarbonate of soda, quick - double strength. I know those news mongrels[3] will upset me.

SMYTHE

I've anticipated it, madame. The bicarbonate is ready.

The butler exits.

INT. SCHUYLER LIBRARY - DAY - FULL SHOT

This room resembles the Grand Central Station. It is lined with bookcases filled with gorgeous first editions and special bindings, and is furnished in the extreme of magnificence and luxury.

Present are Stew and Bingy, reporter from the Tribune. Stew is seated, idly leafing through a first edition.

Bingy, still with his hat on, spots an expensive music box on a nearby table, opens it and does a little jig to the tune that is emitted.

20. CLOSER SHOT

Bingy, as he lingers at the table. He is a lazy, sloppy-looking guy. His face needs a shave and his pants need pressing. There is a spot of dried ketchup on his tie. On the table is a humidor. Bingy opens it and lifts out a handful of cigars.

CLOSE SHOT - STEW

As he looks up from the book, he suggests:

STEW

Hey Bingy, you'll find the silverware in the dining room.

CONTINUATION, SCENE 20

Bingy turns, putting the cigars in his pocket.

BINGY

Much obliged.

MEDIUM FULL SHOT

Smythe enters.

SMYTHE

(frigidly)

Mr. Grayson has decided to see you.

Both Stew and Bingy start forward eagerly. Smythe continues:

SMYTHE

The gentleman from the Tribune,
first.

CLOSER THREE SHOT

Bingy beams broadly and Stew is disappointed.

STEW
There are no gentlemen on the
Tribune.

SMYTHE
I understand, sir.

Smythe leads the way out. As Bingy passes by, Stew trips
him.

BINGY
Say, take it easy! Take it easy!
Listen, my boy. No use you hanging
around here. Just buy the Tribune
tonight and read all about it. You
can rewrite it for your last
edition.

STEW
Couldn't make the last edition.
It'd take me four hours to translate
your story into English.

BINGY
Oh, is that so?

STEW
I'm afraid.

Bingy turns to leave.

STEW
Take off your hat. You might make
an impression.

Bingy dutifully doffs his hat.

STEW
Impossible. Put it on again.

BINGY
Hey, make up your mind, will you?

Bingy hurriedly puts his hat back on as he disappears.

INT. SCHUYLER DRAWING ROOM - DAY - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

By the door which leads out into the hall. The butler enters
and stops, standing stiffly. Bingy enters behind him,

shambling awkwardly. He stops in some consternation as he sees:

25. MEDIUM SHOT (FROM HIS ANGLE)

The Schuyler jury. Grayson, Mrs. Schuyler, Anne and Michael, all surveying him in varying degrees of unfriendliness.

CONTINUATION, SCENE 24

Bingy hesitates uneasily as he regards this impressive assemblage. Quickly, he takes his hat back off. Then he smiles nervously and starts forward.

BINGY

Hi, folks!

CONTINUATION, SCENE 25

Grayson comes forward to meet him, attempting to be very cordial. Bingy is seized by a sudden impulse to sneeze. He does so, violently. There is awkward silence. Mrs. Schuyler throws off a visible shudder.

BINGY

What's the matter? Isn't there a 'bless you' in the crowd?

GRAYSON

You're the Tribune man?

BINGY

Yeah, hello. How are you?

Bingy extends his hand. Grayson pointedly ignores it.

GRAYSON

(cordially)

Fine. Have a seat.

BINGY

Thanks, I will.

Bingy crosses the room, taking note of the beautiful Anne.

GRAYSON

This way.

BINGY

Oh, man!

Bingy sits gingerly on the edge of a handsome chair.

BINGY

Oh, boy!

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Bingy and Grayson. Grayson picks up a very flossy and expensive cigarette box from the small end table beside the chair. It is made of gold and semi-precious stones are inset in the cover. Grayson opens the lid and takes out a cigarette, but pointedly does not offer one to Bingy.

Grayson remains standing before the reporter, who is very uncomfortable and ill at ease.

GRAYSON

Fine newspaper the Tribune.

BINGY

Well, I should say!

GRAYSON

I knew your managing editor very well.

BINGY

Is that so?

GRAYSON

Yale '21, I believe.

BINGY

(uncomprehending)

Huh?

GRAYSON

We were classmates.

CLOSE SHOT - MRS. SCHUYLER

She clears her throat menacingly, as she looks sternly at Grayson.

MRS. SCHUYLER

Ahem!

BINGY

What's the matter? She got a cold?

CONTINUATION, SCENE 26

Bingy and Grayson. Both look over. Grayson gives her a quick reassuring glance, as though to say "leave it to me now." He continues his conversation with the reporter.

GRAYSON

I got him his job on the paper.
I'm a stock-holder, you know.

BINGY

Is that so?

GRAYSON

As one Tribune man to another,

He laughs.

BINGY

(laughs)

Yeah!

GRAYSON

But right now I'm acting in the capacity of Mrs. Schuyler's attorney.

BINGY

Oh, that's all right with me. I won't hold it against you. But you see, I'm here to find out about.

GRAYSON

I know, I know. But there's no truth in the story whatsoever.

BINGY

Oh yeah?

28. MEDIUM SHOT

Grayson and Bingy. He takes Bingy by the arm and leads him over to a corner of the room, assuming a confidential pose.

GRAYSON

(speaking as they walk)

However, I've taken the trouble to prepare a little statement. Here it is. Here.

CLOSER TWO SHOT

Grayson and Bingy. Grayson takes an envelope out of his pocket and hands it to Bingy. Bingy opens the flap and sees the contents.

INSERT: ENVELOPE

The corner of a fifty dollar bill protrudes.

BACK TO SCENE:

Bingy quickly shuts the envelope up. Grayson is watching him closely.

GRAYSON

So, you see how silly that rumor is?

BINGY

Why, sure. It's a lotta hooley.

GRAYSON

That's what I wanted to say, but I couldn't think of it.

Grayson starts leading him toward the door. CAMERA PANS WITH THEM as Grayson leads him toward the door, talking as they walk.

GRAYSON

Thank you very much.

BINGY

All right, all right, don't mention it.

GRAYSON

Give my regards to your managing editor.

BINGY

I certainly will.

They stop at the door. Bingy extends a handshake, which is again refused. He stops and looks back at the jury.

MEDIUM SHOT FROM HIS ANGLE

The Schuylers all sitting silently and contemplating him.

BINGY

Well, so long folks!

He flutters his eyes at Anne.

BINGY

Thanks!

He takes one last look at Mrs. Schuyler and is again gripped by a violent sneeze.

MRS. SCHUYLER

(rising to the occasion)

Uh, bless you!

ALL

Bless you!

BINGY

Thanks.

The butler appears in the doorway behind him. Bingy exits past him, beaming.

BINGY
(waving to butler)
So long!

Grayson nods to the butler.

GRAYSON
Smythe, bring in the other reporter.

SMYTHE
Yes, sir.

INT. SCHUYLER DRAWING ROOM - MEDIUM FULL SHOT

The group awaiting the advent of the Post reporter. Stew is shown in by the butler, still carrying the Conrad book in his hand. They give him the once-over. Mrs. Schuyler raises her lorgnette with a magnificent gesture. Stew eyes them with animation, not in the slightest discouraged by this supercilious scrutiny. He starts toward them.

32. MEDIUM SHOT

As Stew approaches them.

STEW
Schuyler's the name, I presume?
Yes, thank you, thank you. My name's
Smith - Stewart Smith. No relation
to John, Joe, Trade or Mark. Of
course you can't have everything.

He smiles engagingly on them. Stew addresses Mrs. Schuyler ingratiatingly, disregarding her expression of obvious distaste.

STEW
Nice set of Conrads you have out
there, Mrs. Schuyler. I was just
glancing through this one.
(indicates the book
in his hand)
What's Michael tearing the paper
about?

GRAYSON
Just a habit. Mr. Schuyler is a
bit put out by all the rumors going
around.

33. CLOSER SHOT - STEW AND GRAYSON

STEW

Rumors? Rumors? Since when is a breach-of-promise case a rumor?

GRAYSON

No breach-of-promise case has been filed. The matter has been settled out of court.

STEW

(very cagey)

Oh I see, but Gloria doesn't seem to be satisfied with the twenty thousand dollars.

MEDIUM SHOT OF GROUP

At this, Mrs. Schuyler rises wrathfully.

MRS. SCHUYLER

(furiously to Grayson)

Dexter Grayson, you told me it was only ten thousand, and you didn't even get those letters from that Jezebel!

STEW

Oh, so you did give her ten thousand dollars, eh? and there are letters...

Behind Stew's back, Grayson makes violent gestures for her to shut up.

STEW

Well, well. That takes it out of the rumor class, doesn't it?

GRAYSON

We admit nothing. However, I have a little statement all prepared.

He takes Stew's arm and walks him off toward a corner much in the same manner as he handled Bingy, and lowers his voice confidentially.

35. CLOSER SHOT - STEW AND GRAYSON

Apart from the others.

STEW

A statement? Good.

GRAYSON

I have it here.

STEW

Good.

Grayson takes an envelope out of his pocket and hands it to Stew. Stew puts the book under his arm, takes the envelope and extracts the contents. It is another greenback.

STEW

(with interest)

Fifty bucks, eh?

He regards it a moment, then replaces the bill in the envelope. His voice is matter-of-fact, and almost casual.

STEW

Don't you know you should never offer a newspaper man more than two dollars? If you do, he'll think it's counterfeit. I don't need fifty dollars. As a matter of fact, I've got fifty dollars.

Grayson is considerably disconcerted. He tries again.

GRAYSON

The man from the Tribune seemed perfectly satisfied.

STEW

Who, Bingy? Yeah, Bingy would. He never saw fifty dollars before. You could have bought him for six bits. Funny thing about Bingy. The more he gets - the more he prints. He looks stupid, doesn't he? But oh how smart he gets when he bends over a typewriter.

He hands the envelope back to Grayson and turns away.

36. MEDIUM SHOT

Schuyler group - taking his action with dismay. Stew starts walking back toward them, talking as he walks, Grayson beside him, considerably distracted.

STEW

So ten grand was the amount you gave the girl? Any other statement you folks would like to make?

There is an explosive chorus from the group.

GROUP

(ad-lib talking at
the same time)

That's not so!

We have nothing more to say!

We'll make no statements.

He turns to them, holding up his hand and speaking plaintively.

STEW

Wait a minute. Don't get excited.
I wouldn't worry about it. A little
publicity never hurt anybody.

CLOSE SHOT - MRS. SCHUYLER

She is on the point of an apoplectic stroke. She advances menacingly toward Stew. She calls to Grayson.

MRS. SCHUYLER

(shrieking at him)
Dexter, have this person leave
immediately.

MEDIUM SHOT - THE GROUP

Stew is not at all perturbed. Dexter takes him by the arm and starts to lead him out.

GRAYSON

I think you'd better go.

STEW

Go?! Wait a minute - that's a great
story! Newspaper reporter was
forcibly ejected from Schuyler
Mansion, and,

Anne comes up to him.

ANNE

Wait a minute.

He faces her and cannot help but register an appreciation of her beauty.

ANNE

Don't mind Mother.

STEW

(cheerfully)
I don't mind her if you don't.

CONTINUATION SCENE 37

Mrs. Schuyler, almost choking in her wrath at this

outrageous stranger.

MRS. SCHUYLER

Anne!

CLOSE SHOT - ANNE AND STEW

Anne stifles a smile at this cheerful insolence.

ANNE

I'm sure you're quite willing to be decent about this.

STEW

Decent? Why Miss Schuyler, I want to be noble.

Anne continues in her most devastating manner.

ANNE

You're not going to print this silly thing, are you?

STEW

(noncommittally)

No? Why not?

She puts her hand lightly on his arm.

ANNE

Because my name's Schuyler too. And I haven't done a thing, but I'll suffer with Michael. And so will Mother.

CLOSEUP - STEW

He has been listening to this and enjoying it immensely. He looks over at Mrs. Schuyler.

41. REVERSE ANGLE ON MRS. SCHUYLER

Who is making a show of holding back a flood of tears.

CONTINUATION SCENE 40

STEW

Mother's suffering already!

CONTINUATION SCENE 39

Anne, not wanting to lose her point, looks up at Stew pleadingly.

ANNE

As a special favor to me, you won't print that story, will you?

CONTINUATION SCENE 40

Stew, looking down at her in frank approval and admiration.

ANNE

(pleading)

Please.

Stew hesitates still.

42. MEDIUM SHOT

Mrs. Schuyler, Michael, and Grayson. All watching the couple intently, hanging on the next words, wondering if Anne is going to succeed. They are tense and expectant.

CLOSE SHOT - ANNE AND STEW

He is looking down into her soft, melting eyes. Then he smiles.

STEW

You know something, lady, if you sold life insurance, I'd go for a policy in sixty seconds.

ANNE

Oh, thank you, I knew you'd understand.

CONTINUATION SCENE 42

The three. They relax and exchange relieved and triumphant glances. Apparently Anne has won.

MEDIUM SHOT - ENTIRE GROUP

Stew turns aside.

STEW

May I use your telephone?

ANNE

(eagerly)

Certainly. Right over there.

STEW

You're all right.

She indicates. Stew starts for the telephone. Anne walks to her mother's side. Stew gets to the telephone and picks up the receiver.

STEW

Hello, Beekman 1300?

(he turns to wink
at the group)
That's an unlucky number. You know
that, don't you?

CLOSE SHOT - STEW

At the telephone. He turns back to the instrument as he gets his connection.

STEW
(into phone)
Hello, Toots? Is Conroy there?
Give me Conroy.
(pause)
He isn't? Try the washroom, will
you?

While he waits for the connection, he turns and addresses the group expansively.

STEW
Say, I interviewed a swell guy the
other day - Einstein. Swell guy, a
little eccentric, but swell. Doesn't
wear any garters. Neither do I as
a matter of fact. What good are
garters anyway?
(he turns back to
the phone)
Hello, Conroy? This is Smith
talking. I'm up at the Schuylers.
No, I'm not having tea - that is,
not yet.
(again, he winks
expansively at the
group, then returns
to Conroy)
Is she beautiful? Oh boss, her
pictures don't do her justice. If
I was that guy Ziegfield - what?

46. CLOSE SHOT - ANNE AND MRS. SCHUYLER

Anne smiles in spite of herself at this flattery. Stew's voice goes on.

STEW'S VOICE
Yes, it's easy to see where her
beauty comes from. From her mother.

For the first time, Mrs. Schuyler unbends to the extent of giving forth a smile. She cannot help but be pleased at this compliment. The atmosphere is now very friendly. Everybody feels that everything is all right.

CONTINUATION SCENE 45

Stew at the phone

STEW

Now wait a minute. Just hold on.
Keep your shirt on. I'm coming to
that. The Schuylers admit the story
is true. Right. They gave the gal
ten thousand bucks. But she's got
some letters - and she's holding
out for more dough - and it looks
to me like she's going to get it.

47. MEDIUM SHOT - SCHUYLER GROUP

Horrified and shocked at this betrayal and double-crossing.

STEW

(on the
phone, breezily)
Right boss. I'll be right over.
Right - no, I don't think I can
get any pictures now. Right.

He casually hangs up and turns from the phone.

MRS. SCHUYLER

(involuntary gasp)
Oh-h-h . . .!

Anne confronts him as if he were a reptile of the lowest
order.

ANNE

(voice cold as ice)
I've met some rotters in my time,
but without a doubt, you're the
lowest excuse for a man I've ever
had the misfortune to meet.

Stew starts walking toward the door, still holding his
book. The family is tremendously indignant and agitated.

Stew stops, turns, looks at them. He is met by icy glares.
He indignantly takes a nickel out of his pocket and hands
it to Grayson.

STEW

(with dignity)
Well, if you feel that way about
it, here's a nickel for the phone
call.

He glares at them, turns and walks out.

They watch him walk out, stunned and open-mouthed.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

DAY

INSERT: Dingy board sign outside a building.

JOE'S

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT: Three column heading in newspaper:

SCHUYLER HEIR SETTLES BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT FOR \$10,000.

Gloria Golden, Follies Beauty, Retains Love Letters.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOE'S SPEAKEASY - DAY

MEDIUM FULL SHOT

A reasonably respectable speakeasy, smoke-filled. Quite a number of men and a few women are leaning on the bar and seated around at the tables. Stew and Gallagher are seated at one of the rude round tables, smoking, drinks before them. Gallagher is reading the newspaper story.

49. CLOSE SHOT - STEW AND GALLAGHER

She is grinning at the story.

STEW

and she walked up to me and put her hand on my shoulder and said,
(mimicking Anne)
'Mr. Smith, You wouldn't print that story, would you?' Oh no, I wouldn't print it - read it!

CLOSE SHOT - GALLAGHER

Over Stew's shoulder. She laughs at his attempted imitation.

GALLAGHER

You're sure going to be poison to that Junior Leaguer[4] from now on!

STEW

I hope not . . . I've got to call on her this morning!

Gallagher looks up in astonishment.

GALLAGHER

You what?

STEW

Sure, I must drop in on the mad wench. Her wounds need soothing.

GALLAGHER

For heaven's sake, Stew, are you completely bats? What for? I thought the story was cold. You can't go back there.

STEW

Sure, the story is cold, but I'm not. I'm sizzling - look! Psst!

He moistens a finger, touches it to his wrist, and makes a sizzle noise.

Gallagher looks over quizzically, a little suspicious, a little jealous.

GALLAGHER

(a drawn-out knowing utterance)

O-o-oh! Came the dawn, came the dawn!

CLOSE SHOT - STEW

Over Gallagher's shoulder.

STEW

And with it came love! Oh Gallagher, you've got to meet her. She's it.

GALLAGHER

and that.

STEW

(enthusing)
and those and them.

Gallagher takes a sip of her drink before answering.

GALLAGHER

Well, I've seen her pictures, and I don't think she's so hot.

STEW

(disparaging gesture)
Oh, you don't appreciate it. Her

pictures don't do her justice.
Why, Gallagher, she's queenly -
she is queenly - and I know queens!

(continues in
exaltation)

And oh, has she got herself a nose -
and I know noses too. That little
snuzzle of hers is the berries, I
tell you. And is she cute when she
throws that little snuzzle to the
high heavens!

52. DOUBLE SHOT

GALLAGHER

Of course I haven't got a nose.

Stew gives her a hurt look.

STEW

(shaking his head)

Sure, sure. You've got a nose,
Gallagher. You've got a nose. But
there's different women, Gallagher.
You know, like brewery horses and
thoroughbreds.

GALLAGHER

(deliberately
misunderstanding)

On now, Stew, don't be too hard on
her. I wouldn't call her a brewery
horse.

STEW

Gallagher! She's the real McCoy!

GALLAGHER

And the rest of us are truck horses?

STEW

(reproachfully)

There you go, talking like a woman!

GALLAGHER

(a trifle resentfully)

Well!

STEW

Well, you're my pal, aren't you?
Then don't turn female on me.

During these last few speeches, Gallagher has been regarding
him with a curious expression. She loves being his pal,
but wishes he would realize she is also a woman.

53. MEDIUM SHOT

Stew seems a little resentful of her attitude. He rises.

STEW

Pay that check, will you Gallagher?
I'll give it back to you some time.
Maybe.

He flourishes the book of Conrad, which has been lying on the table in front of him, and makes a grand gesture.

STEW

I go now - I go with Conrad in
quest of my youth! Fry those
tomatoes, will you, Gallagher?

He strikes a pose, and exits.

Gallagher, sits, looking after him, considerably disturbed.

CLOSER SHOT - GALLAGHER

Sitting, looking dismally after Stew.

She opens her bag and takes out a mirror, surveying herself with frank disapproval. She pulls out a curl of hair before each ear, tries to soften the severe brim of the hat. She puts a finger to the tip of her nose and tilts it up, studying the effect. Then, with a sigh of disgust, she throws mirror and bag onto the table.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHUYLER ENTRANCE HALL - DAY - LONG SHOT

Smythe, the butler, previously introduced, comes from the direction of the rear of the house, and proceeds down the long, vast hallway towards the front door. The bell keeps ringing steadily.

The butler reaches the wide front door.

56. CLOSER SHOT

As the butler opens the door and reveals Stew standing outside, hatless, a book in his hand, a spring overcoat slightly askew, the pockets bulging with contents. The butler quickly tries to slam the door in Stew's face, but Stew's right foot comes forward with a practiced newspaperman's gesture and he forces his way into the room.

STEW

(reproachfully)
Now, now Jeeves.[5] Was that nice?
Was that being a gentleman, Jeeves?

Was it, Jeeves? Your name is Jeeves,
isn't it?

SMYTHE

(stiffly)

The name is Smythe.

STEW

Smythe! Well, well, well! With a Y
, huh?

(wags his head)

Congratulations! What a small world.
Brothers under livery. Shake!

(he grabs the
butler's hand)

Now, as a Smith to a Smythe.

SMYTHE

(glacially)

Mrs. Schuyler is not at home.

TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE

STEW

I know, I know. I waited outside
till she went out. She's a very
nice lady, but we don't vibrate
well together.

58. MEDIUM SHOT

Anne, dressed in smart sports
clothes, starts to cross thru the
hall. She stops as she sees the
butler engaged in conversation
with Stew.

SMYTHE

(hollowly)

No one's at home, sir.

Anne starts walking toward them. Stew spots her.

STEW

Now Jeeves, what would you call
this - 'no one'?

Anne comes up to them.

CLOSER THREE SHOT

Anne looks up and sees that the butler is frowning and
uncomfortable and addresses him.

ANNE

What's wrong?

SMYTHE

Mrs. Schuyler left orders, Miss,
that if this person came here again,
I was to call the police.

STEW

That's a good idea - telephone the
police. The number is Spring 3100.
Get a couple of cops over and we
can have a rubber of bridge.

ANNE

You may go, Smythe.

SMYTHE

But I,

STEW

Now the lady said you may go.

The butler bows stiffly and exits.

ANNE

(to Stew,directly)

What do you want?

STEW

Well, I tell you, yesterday when I
was here, I had one of your books
in my hand, and when I got outside,
I realized I still had your book
in my hand. So as long as I had
your book in my hand, I thought I
might as well take it home and
read it. This morning, I got up
and put your book in my hand, and
here's your book in your hand.

He extends the Conrad book, and Anne, making no effort to
take it, he throws it on the table.

ANNE

(haughty)

That's considerate of you.

STEW

Yeah, that was considerate of me.
I recommend you read it.

CLOSER TWO SHOT

ANNE

(stiffly)

I'm not interested in your literary
recommendations.

STEW

Well, maybe it's a bit heavy for you. Perhaps if you'd like something lighter - something with a touch of romance.

He takes a package of letters out of his overcoat pocket held together by a rubber band. He extracts one of them and opens it.

STEW

Just listen to this,
(reading)
Adorable Babykins,
Does her miss her Baby? Him sends his booful li'l sweetums a billion oceans full of kisses. Bobo is so lonely,!

ANNE

(interrupting coldly)
Just a moment. I don't see how that trash could possibly concern me.

Stew advances a little closer, putting up a finger.

STEW

(mysteriously)
Ah! But you don't know who Bobo is. And you don't know who Babykins is.

ANNE

I'm not interested. Smythe will open the door.

She begins to walk away.

STEW

(brightly)
But Bobo is your brother, Michael. And of course nobody would ever guess who Babykins is.

Anne turns and stares at him, incredulously, for a moment.

ANNE

Where did you get those letters?

STEW

I stole them when I was interviewing Babykins about Bobo.

Anne looks up coldly.

ANNE

I suppose you're going to print them?

STEW

No - give you another guess.

61. MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT (TRUCK SHOT)

The two.

Anne surveys him with frank scorn and dislike.

ANNE

(scornfully)

Oh, I don't need another guess.
It's quite obvious.

STEW

So, it's obvious, huh?

She turns toward the library.

ANNE

Will you step into the library?

STEW

(with alacrity)

Sure, I'll take a chance.

Anne walks majestically with head held high, thru the hall, thru the living room and to the library. CAMERA TRUCKING AHEAD OF THEM. This is a very long walk with Anne walking ahead, Stew trailing.

STEW

(while walking with
Anne single file)

You know, the Indians used to walk like this.

(pause)

Except the squaw always walked in the back,

(pause)

You know why that was? That was in case of attack from the front.

(pause)

Of course, if the attack was from the rear, she had to depend upon her papoose.

(pause)

Oh yes, the papooses always had bows and arrows.

(pause)

Of course, if she wasn't married, then she'd have to protect

her own - er, er,
(indicates rear
with thumb over
shoulder - still
walking)
What country is this library in?
(pause)
Miss Schuyler, how about carfare
back to the front door, huh?

INT. SCHUYLER LIBRARY - MEDIUM SHOT

Anne sweeps in, followed by Stew. She walks directly to a desk, opens a drawer and takes out a large check book. She draws up a chair and seats herself.

63. CLOSE SHOT

Anne at the desk, starting to fill in the date on a blank check.

ANNE

What are your initials - Mr. - er,

CLOSE SHOT - STEW

Who has remained standing. He is watching her with a peculiar expression.

STEW

Smith. Stewart Smith. My friends call me Stew. It's an injustice too because I hold my liquor all right.

CONTINUATION SCENE 63

Anne writes on the check. Then she looks up.

ANNE

Will - uh - five thousand be enough?

65. DOUBLE SHOT

STEW

For what?

ANNE

For the letters, of course.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

As Stew walks closer and addresses her.

STEW

Gee, you shouldn't do that, Miss

Schuyler. That's all right for your lawyer friend, but you shouldn't go around thinking you can buy people.

(hands her the letters)

They're yours.

Anne has been listening to him with a puzzled expression, impressed by his obvious sincerity.

ANNE

I don't know how to thank you. Mother'll be so grateful - she'll probably want to kiss you.

STEW

Your mother will want to kiss me? Give me back my letters.

(grabs the letters)

That's the breaks I get. It's the mothers that are always grateful to me.

(with a smile, he hands the letters back)

Here.

ANNE

You're a peculiar person. Why the other day I pleaded with you not to send in that story and .

(gestures with letters)

67. CLOSE TWO SHOT

STEW

(patiently again)

I know but that was news. This is blackmail and I don't like blackmail.

Anne is regarding him with searching scrutiny. She smiles. Her icy, belligerent attitude has vanished.

ANNE

won't even pretend it isn't a very great favor. I wish there was something I could do for you,

STEW

Well, you could make this table a little - uh - a little less wide.

(he leans over closer to her)

There is something you can do for
me, Miss Schuyler.

The smile goes out of Anne's eyes, the suspicion returns, she
is saying to herself, "I was right the first time!"

STEW
(engagingly)
I haven't had any lunch yet. Have
you got anything in the icebox?

The hard, disdainful look leaves Anne's face as she stares
at this incredible guy with his incredible request. With a
twinkle in her eyes, she responds:

ANNE
Oh, you fool!

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHUYLER DINING ROOM

MED. FULL SHOT

A lovely, sunny room, cretonne drapes and colorful painted
furniture. Stew and Anne are sitting at the table. Anne
looks amused and definitely speculative. Stew has the manner
of having lived in this house all his life. He draws the
cup of tea to him and puts in a lump or two of sugar.

Between him and Anne on the corner of the table is a
modernistic, squatty little tea-pot.

STEW
After years of research, I finally
discovered that I was the only guy
in the world who hadn't written a
play, so believe it or not, in my
spare time I'm now writing a play.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

Anne is casually amused.

ANNE
Really?

STEW
Yeah, I haven't figured out the
plot yet, but it's laid in a
Siberian village.

ANNE
You're a bit eccentric, aren't
you?

STEW

Me? No - most ordinary guy in the world, me. Only one thing wrong with me,

ANNE

You don't wear garters!

Stew helps himself to another lump of sugar.

STEW

Naw, that's just a symbol of my independence.

He leans closer, looking directly into her face.

STEW

I'm color blind. That's what's wrong - I'm color blind. I've been sitting here for a half hour looking at you and I don't know yet whether your eyes are blue or violet.

Anne smiles at this unexpected statement, and stares at him very critically.

ANNE

I'm just beginning to believe that something could be done with you.

STEW

Say, you could do anything with me you wanted to. Putty - just putty, that's me.

(leaning closer)

Now getting back to those eyes of yours - would you mind if I kind of got closer so I could see them?

ANNE

Not if you're going to lose any sleep about it.

70. CLOSE SHOT

He gets closer, takes her chin in his hand and gets an eyeful.

ANNE

Now, how would you like them, open like this?

She smiles radiantly.

STEW

Close them both.

(getting warm)
Something tells me I'd better leave.

During the last speech Mrs. Schuyler enters and stops in the doorway, surveying this astonishing scene with stupefied indignation and rage.

Anne gets quickly to her feet as Mrs. Schuyler sails forward.

MRS. SCHUYLER
That's an excellent idea.

ANNE
Oh, hello Mother!

STEW
(easily)
Hello - hello, Mrs. Schuyler. Come right in. Will you have a slug of tea?

He hospitably indicates the table. Mrs. Schuyler is speechless with fury. She does not immediately reply. Then:

MRS. SCHUYLER
What is this person doing here?

ANNE
Why.

Stew goes on.

STEW
As a matter of fact, I was just trying to decide the color of Anne's eyes. I can't tell whether they're blue, or whether they're violet. What would you say, Mrs. Schuyler?

MRS. SCHUYLER
(bursting)
Why.

ANNE
(quickly)
Don't say it, Mother, please. Mr. Smith came here today to do us a great favor.

71. CLOSER SHOT

Anne, Mrs. Schuyler and Stew. Mrs. Schuyler, with an effort, restraining her impulse to yank Stew out by the collar, speaks:

MRS. SCHUYLER
(bursting with wrath)
Indeed? Perhaps he will do me a
great favor.

STEW
(elaborate bow)
With pleasure, Madame!

MRS. SCHUYLER
Get out of here.

ANNE
(distressed)
Oh, Mother!

STEW
(with dignity)
It's all right. It's all right,
Anne. I can take a hint. A bit
subtle, but I get it. It's all
right.

ANNE
Please go. I'll explain to Mother.

He steps close to Mrs. Schuyler's side.

STEW
The caviar was lovely, Madam.

72. WIDER SHOT

Stew starts to the door, smiles at Anne, and remarks to
Mrs. Schuyler as he passes her:

STEW
You must come over and see us
sometime.

Mrs. Schuyler freezes in inarticulate anger, as Stew gives
a courtly bow and exits.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SCHUYLER DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

73. MEDIUM SHOT

Anne in a stunning evening dress is seated, a cocktail in
one hand, cigarette in the other. Dexter Grayson, in evening
clothes, is standing before her.

GRAYSON

Where were you yesterday?

CLOSE SHOT - ANNE

She has a faraway, speculative look in her eyes.

ANNE

Oh, Stew and I went for a long ride.

(dreamily)

Dexter, is there any finishing school we can send him to?

CLOSE SHOT - GRAYSON

GRAYSON

(witheringly)

Yes - Sing Sing.

CONTINUATION SCENE 74

Anne. She ignores this crack.

ANNE

Just the same, he's going to be a different person when I get through with him.

CONTINUATION SCENE 75

Grayson. He is looking at her, deeply disturbed.

GRAYSON

When you get through with him?

76. DOUBLE SHOT

ANNE

Yes, it'll be a very interesting experiment.

GRAYSON

(sneering)

To make a gentleman out of a tramp?

ANNE

Exactly.

GRAYSON

Now, Anne, you remember how much it cost to get rid of that baseball player?

ANNE

You don't seem to understand that this one's different. He has brains.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Grayson seats himself beside her on the divan.

GRAYSON

(fervently)

But what about me, Anne?

She looks at him coldly with almost an expression of dislike.

ANNE

You? Oh, don't go serious on me,
Dexter.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE APT. - NIGHT

MED. SHOT TRUCKING

An elaborate, modernistic roof apartment, thronged with people all in evening dress. Stew and Anne are walking down among them. Anne is radiant, and Stew is happily guiding her among the stuffed shirts. Anne stops before a group. There is the sound of conversation, laughter, clink of glasses, music from stringed invisible orchestra, etc.

ANNE

Hello, Natalie. Mr. Stewart Smith
. . . Miss Montgomery, Mrs. Eames,
Mrs. Radcliff, Mr. Radcliff.

STEW

How-di-do.

GROUP

(ad-lib
acknowledgements)

79. MED. CLOSE SHOT - DEXTER GRAYSON

Standing, helping himself to a cocktail, which a footman is passing about. Dexter looks off with a frown of disapproval.

80. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP OF WOMEN

They are looking off in Anne's direction.

FIRST WOMAN

Say, who's Anne's new boyfriend?

SECOND WOMAN

Well, if these old ears don't
deceive me, I believe his name is

Smith.

FIRST WOMAN

Smith! Can't be one of the brothers -
he hasn't a beard on.[6]

SECOND WOMAN

Well, he must have something if
Anne has got her clutches on him.

There is the sound of a piano chord being struck.

MED. FULL SHOT

Mrs. Baxter, the hostess, is standing importantly by the grand piano at which is seated an anaemic-looking young man. Beside her stands a stout, swarthy Italian with bristling mustachios. Mrs. Baxter bows toward the swarthy one, who bends almost double in acknowledgement. There is a polite scattering of applause, and some of the guests seat themselves.

Martini starts to sing.

Unnoticed by the rest, Stew and Anne slip out of the door into the roof garden.

EXT. ROOF GARDEN

MED. FULL SHOT

A most beautiful, romantic spot. Rose trees in blossom, a vine-covered pergola, a splashing fountain, a few choice marble statues, low, deep chairs placed to make a gorgeous spot. Stew and Anne enter from the direction of the house. The garden is dark except for the lights from the interior of the house. From within, comes the voice of the singer rendering an extremely romantic, sentimental Italian love song. This will continue to the FADE OUT of the scene.

Stew and Anne walk, still hand in hand, toward the edge of the pergola where the shadows are deeper and where a couple of glorified steamer chairs are placed. There is a full moon overhead.

She leads him toward a waterfall effect, a glass partition down which water trickles. They go behind the dimly lit fountain and sit in a low, deep divan. We see them in silhouette as they go into a passionate embrace. All we hear is the faint voice of Martini, and the uninterrupted splashing of the fountain.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - ANNE & STEW

On divan, arms around each other.

STEW

Anne, pinch me, will you? Throw me out of here. Give me the air. Throw me out of this joint, will you?

Anne smiles happily and pinches his nose.

ANNE

Why should I? We're happy, aren't we, darling?

STEW

Throw me out - because I'm beginning to get goofy ideas, and they concern you, Anne.

ANNE

(passionately)

None of your ideas can be goofy, Stew, if they concern me.

STEW

(struggling)

My name is Smith - well, that you seem to have been able to stand for the last month. I'm white, male and over twenty-one. I've never been in jail - that is, not often. And I prefer Scotch to Bourbon. I hate carrots, I hate peas, I like black coffee and I hate garters. I make seventy-five bucks a week and I've got eight hundred and forty-seven bucks in the bank - and - I don't know yet whether your eyes are blue or violet.

ANNE

(although he is very close to her)

That's because you're too far away, Stew.

Throughout his speech, Anne never takes her eyes off him. As he fumbles now, he turns. Their eyes meet. His overwhelming desire for Anne overcomes him.

He dismisses as futile his effort to be practical, sweeps her into his arms and kisses her passionately.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CITY ROOM OF MORNING POST - DAY

MEDIUM FULL SHOT

Typical atmosphere, as before.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

85. MEDIUM SHOT

Featuring Stew at his desk, which is directly in front of the battery of Morkrums whose clatter comes into the sound track.

Stew finishes up a phone call. He sits at his desk, staring pensively at his typewriter. He is smoking a pipe and is in his shirt-sleeves. His hair is rumpled, and strewn over the desk is a bunch of crumpled up pieces of paper, indicating that he has made numerous unsuccessful starts at writing something. A fresh blank sheet of paper is now in the typewriter.

Nearby, at another desk, asleep in a swivel chair, with his feet elevated to the desk, the low snoring of another reporter blends with the sounds of the Morkrums and other noises of the City Room. At the reporter's elbow is a telephone.

86. MEDIUM SHOT

Desk of Conroy, the City Editor. A small upright plate on his desk indicates his position. This is near the copy desk. Characteristic activities are background for any action that may take place. Reporters come up to throw their stories on Conroy's desk; the phone rings, etc.

A boy comes in with a large number of newspapers under his arm which he throws on Conroy's desk. There are several copies of each of the rival newspapers in town. Conroy spreads them out and begins to examine them.

CLOSE SHOT - STEW

It is evident that he is nervous and jumpy about something. Finally he starts to pound the typewriter.

INSERT: Sheet of paper in typewriter on which is being typed.

ACT 1

SCENE 1

A STREET IN ARABY 88. CLOSE SHOT - GALLAGHER

As she talks on the phone to one of her girlfriends

GALLAGHER

(sotto voce)

Sure I got a new dress. A new hat too. (listens) Well, I'll try to get Stew to come with me. (she glances in his direction) Yeah - he's all right. You know, he thinks he's stuck on some society gal. (listens) Naw, it won't last. It better not last!

CLOSER SHOT - CONROY

Hastily glancing over the headlines of the papers. The phone rings. Without looking at it, Conroy answers:

CONROY

What? Oh, I'll be surprised, eh? Listen if there's any news in that sheet that I haven't thrown in the wastepaper basket, I'll eat it.

He is looking down at the papers and suddenly his eyes focus on something which causes the cigar to drop from his mouth and an expression of mingled amazement and rage comes into his face. We do not see at this point what it is he has read, but we know it must be something sensational. Abruptly he hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

CONTINUATION SCENE 87

Stew, as he studies his typewriter. Over his CLOSEUP comes the excited outraged voice of Conroy.

CONROY'S VOICE

Hey Stew! Stew Smith!

A look of infinite weariness and disgust comes over Stew's face and he grits his teeth.

STEW

Me?

His general expression registers "Good god, there he goes again." With one finger he pounds out four letters:

INSERT: Sheet in typewriter: Next to

STREET IN ARABY

STEW HAS TYPED:

NUTS

He yanks the sheet out of the typewriter.

CONTINUATION SCENE 89

Conroy. He looks over and bellows furiously.

CONROY

You double-crossing hound! Come
over here!

CONTINUATION SCENE 87

Stew gets up from his machine, crumples the sheet of paper into a wad and flings it at the sleeping reporter. The wad strikes him in the face; he wakes abruptly and automatically reaches for the phone. He picks up the receiver and in a voice fogged with sleep calls a number. Stew exits.

90. MEDIUM SHOT

At Conroy's desk. Conroy's expression is one of bitter reproach as he leans back in his swivel chair as Stew approaches and stands by the desk.

STEW

Now listen boss, if you're going
to kick about that expense account,

CONROY

(interrupting
fiercely)

Do you call yourself a reporter?

91. MEDIUM SHOT

Of other reporters, the older man at the copy desk, and perhaps a sob sister or two nearby, who look up with expectant interest, expecting to hear Stew get a bawling out.

CLOSE SHOT - GALLAGHER

At her desk. She looks up worried and apprehensive.

CONTINUATION SCENE 90

Stew and Conroy.

STEW

It has been alleged - yes.

CONROY

You wouldn't know news if you fell
into a mess of it, nose first. So
you're the bright lad that's never

been scooped!

STEW

(defensively)

Not on my own beat, no.

CONROY

(howling so that he

can be heard all

over the room)

No? Well, where were you when that happened?

He slaps the copy of the Tribune furiously and shoves it into Stew's face.

CLOSE SHOT - STEW

Not knowing what it is all about, Stew, with an injured expression, takes the paper and looks at it.

INSERT: FRONT PAGE OF TRIBUNE

ANN SCHUYLER ELOPES WITH REPORTER

(with subheads giving more explicit information)

94. MEDIUM SHOT

The other reporters, copy readers, sob sisters, etc., seeing the unusual commotion and Stew's bewildered reaction, get out of their chairs and cross over to the City Desk, where they take up other copies of the same paper to look at. There are amazed and excited exclamations.

95. CLOSER SHOT - STEW AND CONROY

Stew, still staring dumbly at the paper. A few others are crowding around, glancing over his shoulder, etc.

CONROY

I've heard of people being scooped on their own funerals, but this! Holy mackerel! Why, it's news when Anne Schuyler gets her fingernails manicured, but this! She gets married to one of our own reporters and the Tribune beat us to it!

(he notices other reporters milling around)

Well! What do you guys want? Go on, get back to your desks. Go back to your work.

(returning his attention to Stew)

Now don't tell me you were drunk at the time and don't remember! Or is this one of Bingy's snow-storms?

STEW

No, no - it's true, all right, only we didn't want to get it in print yet, that's all.

CONROY

Why not?

STEW

Well, you see, I've acquired one of those new mother-in-laws, and we were afraid she wouldn't understand the whole idea. So we were going to wait till she went to Europe.

CONROY

What do I care about your mother-in-law! You're still working for this paper, aren't you! Or are you?

STEW

Yes, sir.

CONROY

Well, it's your business to get news! And here you had a story right in your own lap and you let the Tribune scoop us on it. Making a first class Grade A monkey out of me. If it ever happens again - just don't bother about coming back. That's all.

He dismisses Stew with a wave of his hand.

STEW

Thanks for your congratulations.

96. MEDIUM SHOT

Stew turns away from Conroy's desk, and a group of his confreres come up, surrounding him in a series of ad-lib congratulations. (Some slightly profane, pounding him on the back, whooping, and in general manifesting great surprise and glee.) This group is increased by copy readers, office boys and everybody jabbering and shouting at him.

GROUP

(ad-lib
congratulations)

Stew manages to break thru them
and exits from scene.

97. MEDIUM SHOT

Gallagher, to intercut with above scene. She gets up and goes over, CAMERA PANNING WITH HER and picks up another copy of the paper and reads the headlines.

CLOSER SHOT - GALLAGHER

Her face stricken and sick as she reads about Stew's marriage. Abruptly she turns away, out of scene.

99. MEDIUM SHOT

At Gallagher's empty desk. Stew comes in trying to stave off the mob. He turns on the congratulators, pushing them off.

STEW

What's the matter with you mugs?
Can't a guy get married without
all this?

(looks around)

Where's Gallagher? Anybody seen
Gallagher?

He forcibly breaks away from them and walks back toward the door, the last of the wisecracks and goodnatured jeers being flung after him.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOE'S SPEAKEASY

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Gallagher is seated alone at a table, looking very forlorn. Her life is suddenly empty. A drink is in front of her, untouched. She is fighting hard to keep her emotions under control.

Stew enters the speakeasy and mingles with patrons, who offer congratulations. He comes to a stop by the table. She looks up, forcing a smile.

STEW

Well, well, well! Gallagher, old
pal! There you are. What did you
run away for?

GALLAGHER

I didn't run away.

Stew draws out the other chair at the table and sits down.

CLOSER SHOT OF THE TWO

He looks across at her, grinning boyishly, utterly unaware that what he has done has hurt her deeply.

STEW

Sure, you ran away. Aren't you going to congratulate a guy?

GALLAGHER

(with sincerity)

Sure. I wish you all the luck in the world, pal.

She puts her hand tenderly on his.

STEW

Thanks, thanks.

GALLAGHER

I hope you'll be very happy.

Stew expands under the comradeship of Gallagher. He wants to talk.

STEW

Oh sure, we'll be happy. What's the matter with your eyes?

GALLAGHER

It's the smoke.

STEW

(calling to bartender)

Joe! A little snifter.

(returning his attention to Gallagher)

Say, wasn't I a lucky guy to fall into a girl like that, huh?

(he notices the newspaper, which Gallagher has been reading)

Look at that! I don't know how I rate that, Gallagher. Gosh, there's a swell girl. I want you to meet her.

GALLAGHER

Who me? She wouldn't want to meet me. I'm just an old load of hay.

CLOSE SHOT - STEW

As his drink is served.

STEW

Ah! Thank you, Joe.

(returning his
attention to
Gallagher)

Tell you what - we'll have one of
those parties down at your house -
one of those spaghetti parties,
you know. Gee, we haven't had one
of those in a long time, have we
Gallagher?

CLOSE SHOT OF THE TWO

GALLAGHER

(quietly)

Not since you broke into society.

STEW

(waxing reminiscent)

Remember the time we had a spaghetti
party, and while I was serving the
spaghetti I dropped it on the floor,
and while those mugs weren't
looking, I picked it up and served
it to them anyway! Remember that?
Yes, Anne would love that.

CLOSE SHOT - GALLAGHER

Looking across at him.

GALLAGHER

Do you think your wife would walk
up three flights of stairs just to
eat out of paper plates?

105. DOUBLE SHOT

STEW

Who - Anne? Sure, Anne would love
that.

GALLAGHER

Remember, she's a Schuyler.

STEW

Now get this, Gallagher - Smith.
That's the name.

GALLAGHER

(murmurs)

My error.

STEW

Well, if she doesn't want to come,
I'll come down alone.

GALLAGHER

(shaking her head)

Oh no, you won't, Mr. Smith. You're
a married man now. Mother always
warned me never to run around with
married men.

STEW

(resentfully)

Say, what kind of a pal are you?
You're not going to leave me flat?

Gallagher tries to be elaborately casual.

GALLAGHER

Oh, I'll call you up some time.
And if your social duties permit -
why -

STEW

Cut that out. Just because I'm
married - there's no reason for
that.

Gallagher looks up and off, seeing something that startles
her.

106. MED. SHOT

Conroy, the City Editor, entering the speakeasy.

CONTINUATION SCENE 105

Stew and Gallagher.

GALLAGHER

(interrupting in a
whisper)

Hey, ixnay - here's the ossbay.
Stew looks around, also startled.

107. MED. SHOT

Stew buries his head in the newspaper, in pretense of
looking for something. Conroy appears at the table and
stops. He indicates Stew.

CONROY

What's the Benedict looking for in
the newspaper - his lost freedom?

Stew slowly sticks his head up over the top of the table,

looking up.

STEW

(grinning sheepishly)
Well, if it isn't old Fagin[9]
himself.

Conroy sits down at the table.

STEW

Gallagher and myself just came
over here to do a little work on a
story -

CONROY

(disgustedly)
Baloney!
(calls off)
Joe! Bring me a special!

CLOSER THREE SHOT

Gallagher tries to be very bright and smiling.

GALLAGHER

(to Conroy)
Isn't it swell about Stew's
marriage?

CONROY

(looking straight
at her)
Is it?

Gallagher, self-conscious, realizes this tough old buzzard
is on to her. She looks back at him for a moment - then
drops her head. Stew is oblivious to this by-play. Conroy
turns to Stew.

CONROY

Well, when are you quitting?

STEW

Quitting? I'm not thinking about
quitting.

Joe comes in with a drink for Conroy.

CONROY

take it you don't have to work for
a living any more,

He takes a sip of his drink and looks over meaningfully.

CONROY

Mr. Schuyler .

STEW

(in a flash of anger)

Now get this, Conroy. My name is Smith. Always was Smith - and always gonna be Smith.

CONROY

Is that so?

STEW

That's so.

CLOSEUP - CONROY

He shows that he is genuinely interested in Stew and his problems, but can't help being a little sarcastic.

CONROY

Anne Schuyler's in the Blue Book - you're not even in the phone book. Think that one over, sucker.

CAMERA PANS to CLOSEUP of GALLAGHER.

GALLAGHER

(quickly in Stew's defense)

That doesn't make any difference.

(QUIETLY)

,if they love each other.

CAMERA PANS BACK to CLOSEUP of CONROY.

CONROY

Blah! It's like a giraffe marrying a monkey.

(looking off at Stew)

Listen - you'll never be anything but just the reporter that married the Schuyler's millions. Stew Smith is dead and buried. From now on, you'll be just Anne Schuyler's husband. A rich wife's magnolia. If you can smoke that without getting sick, you're welcome to it.

CAMERA PANS to CLOSEUP of STEW:

GALLAGHER'S VOICE

But that's perfectly ridiculous.

STEW

(defensively)
Wait a minute. Now, Gallagher, let me do the talking. Get this, Conroy - Anne Schuyler has got a lot of dough, all right - and I married her, all right - but her dough and me? No connection.

MED. CLOSE THREE SHOT

Gallagher is looking fixedly at Stew - very much worried about Conroy's dismal prophecies. Conroy shakes his head in sorrowful gloom.

CONROY
(as if he had not heard Stew)
Just a boid in a gilded cage -

STEW
A what?

CONROY
You heard me. A bird in a gilded cage.

STEW
Aw, you've been reading a lot of cheap tabloids. Anne and myself are going to move downtown in a nice little flat, we're gonna forget all about this social stuff, and we're gonna be known as Mr. and Mrs. Stew Smith. How do you like that?

CONROY
(sarcasm)
And live on your salary, I suppose?

STEW
Yeah, live on my salary - that is, until I finish writing my play.

CONROY
(snorts)
What play?

STEW
My play.

CONROY
The one about the Siberian bloodhound?

STEW

Siberian bloodhound? No. That's been all rewritten. It's laid in Araby now.

CONROY

Araby?

STEW

Sure.

CONROY

Araby, my eye,!

111. WIDER SHOT

Conroy, having finished his drink, pushes back his chair and rises. He puts an affectionate hand on Stew's shoulder.

CONROY

Well, I'm sorry to see a good reporter go blooey.
(starts away)
Let me know when you're quitting.

STEW

I'm not quitting!

CONROY

No?

STEW

No!

CONROY

(singing)
'For he's only a bird in a gilded cage, a beautiful sight to see.'
(he waves his hand)
Tweet, tweet - ha, ha.

He laughs loud and raucously and exits.

112. CLOSE SHOT - STEW AND GALLAGHER

Stew glares after Conroy.

STEW

(under his breath)
Laugh - laugh, you hyena!

Gallagher realizes that Conroy has hit home with the truth and is sorry for Stew. She puts her hand over his sympathetically.

GALLAGHER

Don't pay attention to him, Stew.

He doesn't know what he's talking about.

STEW

Pay attention? I'm not paying any attention to him. You think that guy could get me upset? Hah! Not that mug. He's a tough mug - hard, cynical. He doesn't know the fine things in life - that guy.

(he swirls his drink,
thinking)

A bird in a gilded cage, huh? It's getting so a guy can't step out without being called a magnolia. Stew Smith, a magnolia! Not me. Say, I'm not going to hang around and be a speakeasy rat all my life! I'll tell you that. Not me, not me. I'm going to step out and mean something in this world. You watch me.

(he swirls his drink,
clearly bothered,
lost in his own
thoughts)

Say, am I a lucky guy to be near Anne Schuyler? I've been hit with a carload of horseshoes, and believe me I know it. Lucky, I'll say I'm lucky!

(pause)

Don't you think I'm lucky, Gallagher?

GALLAGHER

Sure - I think so, Stew.

STEW

I knew you would, pal.
(clearly bothered)
A bird in a gilded cage, eh?

GALLAGHER

How is her family going to feel about it?

STEW

Her family? Oh, they'll be all right. I'll bring them around.
(swirling his drink)
Gilded cage?! Besides, I'm not marrying her family. Stew Smith in a gilded cage! Stew Smith? Ha!
(clearly bothered)
That mug. What does he know?

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHUYLER DRAWING ROOM - DAY

MED. FULL SHOT

Another jury scene. This time it is Anne who's on the carpet. Grayson, in correct afternoon attire, his hands behind his back and his head sunk, is pacing back and forth in a very depressed and gloomy fashion.

Anne is seated, her demeanor betokening sullen defiance.

Michael is pacing, nervously smoking a cigarette.

MICHAEL

I don't know what you need me here
for - it isn't my funeral.

Mrs. Schuyler stands by a table, staring at a spreadout newspaper which is laid out on the table. She flings the newspaper aside.

MRS. SCHUYLER

You stay right here, Michael. Some
day you'll be head of this family,
but thank heaven I shan't be here
when it happens. And I hope you
never have a daughter who gives
you gastritis as Anne has me!

She pulls the bell rope for the butler.

ANNE

Now Mother, calm yourself. There's
no use in getting so excited.

114. MEDIUM SHOT

Mrs. Schuyler is vastly agitated.

MRS. SCHUYLER

Oh, isn't there?
(as Anne starts to
get up)
Sit down!
(looking off)
Smythe!

The butler appears in the doorway.

MRS. SCHUYLER

(in a weak, agonized
voice)
Some bicarbonate - quick!

SMYTHE

Double strength!

The butler bows and exits. She passes a nervous hand over her eyes. Anne comes up to her.

ANNE

Mother, if you keep this up, you'll have a nervous breakdown before you go to Europe.

115. CLOSER SHOT

Anne, Grayson and Mrs. Schuyler.

MRS. SCHUYLER

It's a good thing your father passed away before he saw insanity ravage the family. I can't imagine what made you do such a thing. A reporter! Of all things, a reporter! A barbarian who lets his socks come down!

ANNE

Mother, I promise you that he won't be a reporter much longer. Once I get him away from that atmosphere and get him away from a man named Gallagher.

MRS. SCHUYLER

(as Anne starts to get up again)

Sit down!

116. WIDER SHOT

The butler enters with a tray on which is a glass of bicarbonate of soda and brings it to Mrs. Schuyler. Walking immediately behind the butler is Stew, airily debonair. The butler glances somewhat uneasily at Mrs. Schuyler as he presents the tray. She glares blackly at Stew without a word of greeting, and taking the foaming glass from the tray, starts to lift it to her lips.

STEW

(airily)

Drink hearty, Mother.

Once more, Anne starts to rise out of her seat.

MRS. SCHUYLER

Anne!

Mrs. Schuyler pauses - glowering at Stew. Stew nods perfunctorily to each member of the jury, the total innocent.

STEW

Hello, Anne. Mr. Grayson.

(to Michael)

And you.

(to Mrs. Schuyler)

Mrs. Schuyler!

Grayson does not acknowledge the greeting. Mrs. Schuyler, having drained the glass, dismisses the butler with a wave of the hand, and directs her attention again to the matter at hand.

MRS. SCHUYLER

(in command)

Well, what's to be done? He's here now.

They are all silent - reluctant to speak in front of Stew. Stew looks at them all - a little puzzled - then he walks over toward Mrs. Schuyler.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Mrs. Schuyler and Stew.

STEW

Nobody seems to want to do anything.

(to Mrs. Schuyler,

brightly)

Why not ask me? Perhaps I can offer a suggestion. Do what about what?

MRS. SCHUYLER

(witheringly)

About what? Your marriage to Anne!

STEW

(with a tone of dismissal)

Oh, my marriage to Anne. Now Mrs. Schuyler, we don't want you to go to any trouble about that. We just want the usual blessings, that's all.

118. MEDIUM SHOT

Mrs. Schuyler's eyes flash. She draws herself up with haughty dignity.

MRS. SCHUYLER

Young man, I want you to know that

I object violently to this whole affair!

This finally brings Anne out of her seat. She rises and crosses to Stew, making a show of embracing him.

ANNE

Now Mother, your attitude is perfectly ridiculous. It's done now. Stewart and I are married.

STEW

(to Mrs. Schuyler)

I'm afraid she's right, Mrs. Schuyler. I'm really very sorry, Mrs. Schuyler, that you feel this way. I was in hopes that you would like me. I'm not the burglar that you think I am. After all, we're married. I think the thing to do is to kiss and make up - Mother.

MRS. SCHUYLER

(furiously)

Stop calling me Mother!

STEW

(easily)

All right, Grandma,

MRS. SCHUYLER

(glaring)

This man's impossible! I can't talk to him. Grayson, let's go where we can talk - hic!

(she emits a burp,
then fixes a glacial
look at Anne)

See what you've done to me!?

Without another word, she turns and flounces angrily out of the room. Grayson follows her. At the doorway he pauses, starts to say something. They all look at him expectantly - but no words come out.

STEW

Got it too, huh?

Grayson gives a harrumph and exits.

CLOSER MEDIUM SHOT

Anne, Michael and Stew. Michael grins at Stew.

MICHAEL

Who won that round?

Michael starts moving toward the door.

STEW

(ruefully)

I'm afraid your mother won that round - that is, she got in the last blow.

MICHAEL

I don't feel the way they do. You're really not as bad as everybody thinks.

STEW

(effusively - shaking his hand)

You're beginning to appreciate me, eh? Thanks!

MICHAEL

Don't worry too much about Mother - she's enjoying this. Come on upstairs, I'll give you a little -

He indicates a snifter, grins and exits. Anne crosses to Stew and puts her arm around his shoulder.

STEW

(to Michael)

A little? Sure, I'll be right up.

(to Anne)

He's all right. I like him.

ANNE

I'm glad.

He sees two figures pass above in a proscenium alcove, first Mrs. Schuyler, then Grayson. He makes an elaborate bow to each, and is impressed by Grayson's return bow.

STEW

He can bend!

120. CLOSER SHOT

Anne takes a step backwards and sits down with him on one of the divans. CAMERA TILTING DOWN WITH THEM. He puts an arm about her.

ANNE

Come here baby!

Anne starts fussing abstractedly at Stew's tie. They kiss.

ANNE

haven't seen you for three hours.
You're neglecting me already.

During her speech she has been picking away at a stain on his tie. Stew looks down and notices it.

STEW

What's the matter? Something I et,
no doubt. Egg marks the spot.

ANNE

You ought to get some new ties,
Stewart.

STEW

I don't need any new ties. I've
got another tie - I've got another
one besides this one. And it's a
pip, too. There's only one thing
wrong with it. You know what that
is? It has a little weakness for
gravy, and once in a while it leans
a little toward ketchup. Of course
that's only in its weaker moments.
When you move down to my place,
I'll show it to you.

Anne is somewhat taken aback at the suggestion that she's
to move into his place.

ANNE

Your place?

TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE

STEW

Yeah. Oh, it's great. Of course it
doesn't compare with this coliseum
of yours here, but 'twill serve
m'lady, 'twill serve.

(elaborate)

The architecture has a little
feeling of Missouri Gothic - and
the furniture sort of leans toward
Oklahoma Renaissance - with a tiny
touch of Grand Rapids.

ANNE

(gently insistent)

Don't you think it's silly of us
to think of living there when we
have this whole big house,

STEW

When 'we' . . .? You mean, you'd
like to have me live here in your

house?

Anne cuddles closer into his collar.

ANNE

Sure. We can have the whole left wing and be all by ourselves all the time.

Stew is slightly dazed.

CLOSEUP - STEW

He is slightly dazed.

STEW

(cynically)

We could have the whole left wing? Wouldn't that be nice! Would that be room enough for us?

123. TWO SHOT

ANNE

(seriously - missing his sarcasm)

Oh darling, of course it would. If it isn't - there are six rooms and two baths - but if that isn't enough, Mother will give us the blue room too, I think.

STEW

Oh, Mother will give us the blue room. You haven't a red room, have you? Well, bless her heart. Wouldn't that be nice! My, oh my - six rooms and two baths and a blue room. I guess she would let us have the right wing if we needed it, wouldn't she?

ANNE

But we don't need it, I'm sure.

STEW

I see, we won't need that. Plenty of room, plenty of room.

124. WIDER SHOT

He gets up and paces the floor. He looks at Anne and sees that she is taking him seriously. He drops down beside her.

STEW

(dropping his kidding)
Look Anne, you're not serious about
this, are you?

ANNE
Of course I am Stewart.

CLOSER TWO SHOT

STEW
Now let's get this settled.

She cuddles closer, tweaking his nose.

ANNE
You have the cutest nose I've,

STEW
Never mind my nose. What kind of a
chump do you think I am? You think
I'm going to live here in your
house - on your dough? What do
you think my friends would all
say? Don't be silly. I'd get the
razzing of my life for that. 'A
bird in a gilded cage' - that's
what I'd be. Not me. Oh no, not
me!

ANNE
What do you think my friends would
say if they found me in a little
cheap flat?

STEW
It isn't cheap. It's nice.

ANNE
(cuddling closer)
Listen Stew baby, let's not talk
about things like that now.

STEW
Wait a minute. I'll do anything
you ask me, Anne, but I will not
live.

ANNE
(cuddling closer -
and stroking his
nose)
Oh, I love that nose. It's such a
sweet nose.

They kiss.

STEW

Nevertheless, whether the nose is sweet or not, I'm not going to live in your house. You may as well get that straight.

They kiss again, longer.

STEW

You do want me to be happy, don't you? Then I'm not going to live in your house . . .

They continue to kiss as . . .

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STEW'S BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE SHOT - STEW

In bed, asleep, all curled up, his head on his arm. CAMERA TRUCKS BACK showing the magnificent bedroom, with carved wooden panellings, a raised, canopied bed. The clothes that Stew has taken off the night before are draped haphazardly about the room. When the Camera gets to a point that takes in a LONG SHOT of the room, the door to the hall opens and a correctly attired valet appears. He closes the door noiselessly, goes over to the windows, and draws the brocaded drapes aside. Then he crosses to a covered object and with a small flourish removes the cover - revealing a birdcage. He approaches the bed.

127. CLOSER SHOT

As Dawson the valet stops beside the bed. The valet leans over and speaks distinctly.

DAWSON

Mr. Smith, sir.

There is no movement from the form on the bed.

DAWSON

Mr. Smith, sir!

Still no response. The valet taps the bedclothes-shrouded shoulder gently.

DAWSON

Mr. Smith, sir.

Sleepily, Stew turns, his eyes heavy with sleep.

128. MEDIUM SHOT

DAWSON

How do you like your bath, sir?

STEW

I like my bath all right. How do you like your bath?

Stew peers up, puzzled.

STEW

Who are you?

DAWSON

(surprised)

I'm your valet, sir. Dawson is the name, sir.

STEW

You're my what?

DAWSON

Your valet, sir.

Stew still stares at him. Then he nods to himself - thinks he gets the idea. Stew kicks back the covers and sits on the edge of the bed in his pajamas. Still sitting on the edge of the bed, he starts to slip his feet into a pair of slippers. The valet bends on one knee to help him.

STEW

Thank you, thank you, thank you!
I'll do that for you some time.
That's very sweet. Say listen,
what did you say your name was?

DAWSON

Dawson, sir.

STEW

Dawson, huh? Was I very drunk last night?

DAWSON

Drunk, sir?

Stew rises and starts to reach for a dressing gown, but again the valet beats him to it - holding it for him and helping him slip into it.

STEW

Yes. I must have been pretty much plastered if I hired a valet.

DAWSON

Oh, but you didn't engage me, sir.

Stew, surprised, turns on him quickly.

STEW

Who did engage you then, if I didn't engage you? What are you doing with my pants.

The valet picks up his pants.

STEW

Did you take anything out of those pants?

DAWSON

Oh no, sir!

STEW

What are you doing fooling around in here?

DAWSON

Miss Schuyler - I mean, Mrs. Smith - she engaged me this morning, sir.

Stew pulls out a cigarette. The valet, without missing a beat, leans over and offers a light. A wary Stew accepts.

STEW

Hmmm. So Mrs. Smith engaged me a valley, huh? That's very nice of Mrs. Smith - to engage me a valley.

129. WIDER SHOT

Stew walks over and gets a cigarette out of a box on a small table, waving his hand in a gesture of dismissal. The valet is right behind him, holding up his bathrobe for Stew to step into.

STEW

(putting on the bathrobe)

Say, you are nice. You're all right. You'd make a good wife.

DAWSON

Thank you, sir.

STEW

But not for me! Though I like you well enough. You're a nice fellow. You're all right. But I'm sorry I don't need any valleys today.

The valet pays no attention to him, but walks around the room, picking up the clothes that Stew has flung about.

DAWSON

Oh, but indeed you do, sir, if you don't mind my saying so. A gentleman's gentleman, as it were. Someone to draw your bath, lay out your clothes, help to dress you - it's really most essential, sir.

Stew, with his cigarette between his lips, stands watching the valet as he retrieves the various articles of cast-off clothing. The valet's manner is somewhat patronizing. He walks over to a chifferobe and starts opening the drawers, preparatory to laying out fresh things for Stew. Suddenly, Stew stalks over to him, takes him by the shoulder, and yanks him around to face him.

130. CLOSER SHOT - STEW AND DAWSON

The valet is astonished and somewhat alarmed at the belligerent expression on Stew's face.

STEW

(over-sweetly)

Are you trying to tell me that I need someone to help me put on my pants and button them up?

DAWSON

Quite so. Quite.

STEW

Now I'm sorry. I appreciate your efforts. But I don't need anybody to help me button my pants - I've been buttoning my pants for thirty years all right, and I can button 'em with one hand as a matter of fact.

DAWSON

Now Mr. Smith, now please.

Stew is rapidly losing his temper.

STEW

You've got a nice face, Dawson, you wouldn't want anything to happen to your face, would you?

The valet puts a bewildered hand to his face.

DAWSON

Oh no, sir.

Stew releases him with a definite motion toward the door.

STEW
All right, outside!

DAWSON
(bewildered)
I beg your pardon, sir?

STEW
(gesturing violently)
Outside!

The valet gazes at Stew as if he thinks the man is insane.
He is considerably alarmed.

DAWSON
I think I understand, sir. You
mean you want me to go?

STEW
(smiling admiringly)
There you are. You caught on. You
see, you're nice and you're smart
too. You caught on right away.
Outside! Go on! Outside! And don't
come back!

131. MEDIUM SHOT

The valet starts edging toward the door.

DAWSON
No, sir. No!

Stew's eyes bulge as he notices the birdcage for the first
time.

STEW
Wait a minute, what's this?

INSERT: Birdcage.

BACK TO SCENE:

DAWSON
That's a canary, sir.

STEW
That's a canary! Who brought that
in here? Canary, huh? Go on, get
that out of here. Get that out of
here!

DAWSON
(frightened)
Yes, sir. Very good, sir.

STEW

(ranting)

A bird! A bird in a gilded cage!
Get that thing out of here!

DAWSON

Yes sir!

The valet hurries off, carrying the birdcage. As he nears the door, there is a light tap on the door connecting Stew's room and Anne's. The door opens and Anne comes in, wearing a ravishing and revealing negligee. She carries a small jeweler's box in her hand. She crosses the room toward Stew.

ANNE

Good morning, darling.

She looks over and sees Dawson at the hall door.

ANNE

Oh, Dawson, see that all Mr. Smith's clothes go to the cleaners this morning, please, will you?

The valet bows. Stew looks at her blankly.

DAWSON

Very good, madame.

He closes the door discreetly and goes out.

132. CLOSER SHOT - ANNE AND STEW

As they hug.

STEW

Say, who is this mug?

Anne sits down on the rumpled bed.

ANNE

I've got a present. Shut your eyes.
Keep 'em closed. I know you're
going to love them.

STEW

(eyes closed, feeling
the package)
Little - couldn't be an automobile,
could it?
(he opens the package)
Well, well! Ain't that nice!

He holds them up - expensive garters.

ANNE

Do you like them?

STEW

Got my initials on them too. They're cute. They're nice little things - what do you do with them?

ANNE

You wear them of course, silly.

STEW

Oh no. No, no. Not me. I haven't worn these things for Years.

ANNE

I know that.

STEW

Besides I'd look foolish. I couldn't look Gallagher in the face.

ANNE

Darling, I don't care whether you can look Gallagher in the face or not, but you're gonna be a good boy and wear garters.

STEW

Honey, I love you. I'll eat spinach for you. I'll go to the dentist twice a year for you. I'll wash behind my ears for you. But I will never wear garters!

His arms go about Anne. Under the force of his embrace Anne sinks back on the pillows. Stew leans forward looking down at her.

133. CLOSE TWO SHOT - STEW AND ANNE

Nose to nose.

ANNE

(adopting a sing-song)

Oh, yes you will my dear - oh, yes you will my dear - you'll wear garters and you'll like it too!

STEW

(picking up her sing-song)

Oh, no I won't my dear - oh, no I won't my dear - I'll wash behind

my ears, but no I won't my dear!

He bends to kiss her again, but she gently resists, and continues the sing-song.

ANNE

Oh, yes you will my dear - oh, yes
you will my dear - you'll eat
spinach but you'll wear garters
too!

STEW

Oh, you can't carry a tune - you
can't carry a tune - all you are
good for is to sit and spoon, spoon.
Oh no, I won't wear garters.

ANNE

Oh yes you will wear garters.

They melt into each other's arms.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CITY ROOM OF NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

MEDIUM FULL SHOT

General activity, as before.

CAMERA TRUCKS DOWN THE MAIN AISLE until it centers on Stew at his desk, sitting low in his chair, his feet cocked up on the corner of his desk, reading a newspaper CAMERA TRUCKS UP CLOSER centering on his feet on the desk. One trouser leg is pulled slightly up and reveals a garter.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Stew, reading the newspaper. It is opened up before his face.

INSERT: Headlines - about a three-column article:

ANNE SCHUYLER AND CINDERELLA HUBBY TO OCCUPY SCHUYLER MANSION

As Stew reads this, he looks very glum and depressed.

136. MEDIUM SHOT

A reporter, the one Stew had socked with a wad of paper in an earlier sequence, shambles past and stops abruptly, staring at Stew's feet.

INSERT: Of what he sees. Stew's feet. The socks are strangely taut.

BACK TO SCENE:

The reporter glances up and sees that Stew cannot see him, and then carefully lifts Stew's trouser leg a few inches.

INSERT: Stew's feet and legs. As the reporter's hand lifts the trouser leg, the fancy solid-gold garters are on full display.

BACK TO SCENE:

The reporter stares at them goggle-eyed. He can hardly contain himself at the sight of the garters. He looks off:

REPORTER
(cautiously)
Psst!

137. WIDER SHOT

One or two other reporters hear him and look over curiously. The reporter looks very mysterious and important and makes a motion for silence and caution. They get up and cross on tip-toe to join him.

138. MEDIUM SHOT

The men around Stew. They quietly gather around his feet and the reporter who made the discovery proudly displays his find. One or two more step by and all stare. Stew still has the paper up in front of his face.

FIRST REPORTER
Is it real?

2ND REPORTER
Of course it's real!

3RD REPORTER
Any diamonds on them?

REPORTER
Musta set him back at least six bits.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Stew. (Camera behind him and shooting over his head.) He is suddenly attracted by this unusual conversation and lowers his paper, revealing the group of six or seven men in a huddle round his feet.

2ND REPORTER
One just can't wear those and be decent.

3RD REPORTER

Yes you can, if you belong to the
Four Hundred.[12]

2ND REPORTER

I wonder what number he is.

Stew flares in anger. Several of them are bending low to get a close peek. With a violent gesture, Stew kicks his foot forward and sends a couple of them sprawling. Stew gets to his feet.

STEW

Go on, get out of there! What's
the matter with you mugs? Didn't
you ever see a guy with a pair of
garters on before?

140. MEDIUM SHOT

The two reporters who have done most of the talking scramble to their feet. The second reporter speaks in mock perplexity.

REPORTER

What do you suppose he wears them
for?

2ND REPORTER

Can it be possible to hold his
socks up?

3RD REPORTER

Yeah, exactly.
(effeminately)
You know, one's hose look horribly
untidy when they hang loose-like,
don't you think so, percifield?

Stew gets up as his phone rings. He pays no attention to it. Hank, another reporter, answers.

4TH REPORTER

(same effeminacy)
Yes, my dear chap - they look
ghastly - they look ghastly!

STEW

Go on! Screw! Get out of here!

He starts out when Hank calls to him:

HANK

Hey, Stew!

Stew turns.

HANK
(indicating phone)
Your policeman!

Stew comes back and, frowning, picks up the phone.

141. CLOSE SHOT

Stew at phone.

STEW
Hello? Oh hello dear. Wait just a
minute,
(to reporters,
hovering around)
Come on! Beat it, will you? Screw!
Screw! This is my wife! In your
respective chapeaux and over your
cauliflower ears.

REPORTERS
(ad-lib teasing
comments as they
exit scene)

INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM

CLOSEUP - ANNE

She is lying on her stomach on a rubbing table, as used by a masseuse. We see a considerable part of her back, on which a middle-aged Swedish masseuse is industriously working. Anne has the telephone in her hand. Throughout her scene, we hear very telling whacks:

ANNE
(into phone)
But it's nearly six o'clock darling,
and you know how long it takes you
to dress.
(pause)
But the Ambassador is coming at
eight, and you've got to be ready
by the time he gets here.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHUYLER LONG ISLAND ESTATE

LONG SHOT OF ESTATE

DISSOLVE INTO:

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE GATE

Two footmen stand at either side of a huge iron gate. Cars and limousines are arriving, dropping off guests in evening wear.

INT. CORRIDOR SCHUYLER HOME

145. Gallagher is just entering. Smythe holds door open for her.

GALLAGHER

I'd like to see Miss Wilson, please.

SMYTHE

Who shall I say, madam?

GALLAGHER

Miss Gallagher of the Post.

SMYTHE

Yes, miss.

He leaves.

INT. SCHUYLER RECEPTION HALL

MOSS AND FONTANA are doing a beautiful tango. Guests scattered around the room, watching interestedly.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CORRIDOR SCHUYLER HOME

Gallagher is still waiting. Smythe enters, leading Miss Wilson, a refined-looking girl of 26 or so, her hand extended.

SMYTHE

Miss Gallagher of the Post.

MISS WILSON

Oh yes - of course. Miss Gallagher?

GALLAGHER

Yes.

MISS WILSON

I'm Miss Wilson - Mrs. Schuyler's social secretary.

GALLAGHER

I was sent from the Post in place of our social editor.

MISS WILSON

Yes, of course. Miss Ramsey

telephoned me. Well, what would you like to have?

GALLAGHER

Why, a list of the guests. That's the usual thing, isn't it?

MISS WILSON

Yes, of course. I'll get it for you.

(SMILING)

In the meantime, would you like to take a look around?

GALLAGHER

Yes, thank you.

The CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM as they start for the Reception Room.

MISS WILSON

That's a lovely dress.

GALLAGHER

Thank you.

(pause)

Where is Mr. Smith?

MISS WILSON

Mr. Smith? Oh, you mean Ann Schuyler's husband?

GALLAGHER

Yes.

MISS WILSON

He's probably very tired. You see, he's had to meet all these people personally tonight.

GALLAGHER

I bet.

MISS WILSON

You newspaper people have a lot of fun with him, don't you? What is it you call him - the Cinderella Man?

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE OF BALLROOM

Moss and Fontana are just finishing their dance. Gallagher stands in doorway with Miss Wilson, watching them. Excited

voices comment on the dance. Miss Wilson beckons to Gallagher to follow her.

CAMERA TRUCKS with them as they weave in and out of crowd. Miss Wilson points out celebrated guests to her.

MISS WILSON

There's the Spanish Ambassador.

Gallagher steals a glance at the celebrated gentleman.

GALLAGHER

You know, he looks like one.

Miss Wilson laughs delightedly. At this point they are interrupted by a butler.

149. MEDIUM SHOT

BUTLER

Miss Wilson,

MISS WILSON

Yes?

BUTLER

Mrs. Smith would like to see you.

MISS WILSON

(to Gallagher)

Will you excuse me? Make yourself at home for just a moment, please.

GALLAGHER

Thanks.

Miss Wilson follows butler out of scene. Gallagher is left alone. She wanders about the huge ballroom, peering here and there, searching for Stew. Finally she comes to a large open French door and steps out.

INT. TERRACE LEADING OFF SCHUYLER BALLROOM

Several groups of men and women are seated at tables. Gallagher enters from ballroom, glances quickly at all the men. Disappointed at not finding Stew, she crosses terrace and descends broad stone steps and advances into garden.

INT. SECLUDED SPOT IN GARDEN

Stew, his head cupped in his hands, is seated on a stone bench. Gallagher wanders into scene. She sees Stew and stops. Stew does not move. Gallagher, with a happy smile on her lips, moves closer to him. Stew suddenly becomes conscious of someone near him and looks suddenly up. He sees Gallagher; his face breaks into a happy grin.

GALLAGHER

Mr. Smith, I've read some of your plays and I'd like an autograph.

STEW

Well, well! If it isn't my old friend! Turn around, gal! Let's get a look at you.

GALLAGHER

There you are,!

CLOSER SHOT OF THE TWO

STEW

Well, daughter of the slums - how did you get out of the ghetto?

GALLAGHER

I'm pinch-hitting for our society editor tonight. I wanted to see some life in the raw.

STEW

Aw, you wanted to see some life in the raw, huh? Well gal, I'm afraid we ain't got no raw life up here.

GALLAGHER

Well, I'll have to look someplace else.

STEW

No, no! Maybe we could interest you in some well done butterflies, or perhaps some slightly fried pansies, or better still, some stuffed shirts. And guaranteed every one of them will give you a good stiff pain in the neck.

GALLAGHER

(fixing his tie)

Say, who's been tying your ties lately? It looks rotten.

He suddenly realizes there's something different about Gallagher. He takes a step back so as to look her over carefully - blinks his eyes.

STEW

Gee Gallagher, do you look good! What are you doing to yourself?

GALLAGHER

Nothing.

STEW

What did you do to that hair? And where did you get that dress?

GALLAGHER

I dyed one and washed the other.

STEW

(enthusiastically)

Oh, you dyed one and washed the other. Well! You certainly look good.

153. ANOTHER PART OF THE GARDEN

Anne is walking in direction of Stew and Gallagher. She stops suddenly when she sees them. Her body stiffens.

CUT BACK TO:

ANOTHER SHOT - STEW AND GALLAGHER

From Anne's angle. Gallagher is facing in the direction of Anne.

GALLAGHER

Don't turn around now - but there's a very beautiful girl up there who seems to be staring at us.

STEW

Staring at us?

GALLAGHER

My mistake - she's glaring.

STEW

Must be my wife.

He turns - sees Anne.

STEW

It is my wife. Hi Anne. Don't go away. Stay right there, because I'm going to bring a friend up I want you to meet.

They exit.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - ANNE

Standing as before. She is looking off with slightly narrowed eyes. Stew and Gallagher come up to her.

STEW

Anne, prepare yourself for the
treat of your life. This is
Gallagher.

ANNE

(astounded)
Gallagher!

STEW

Sure - my pal on the paper. She's
subbing for the society editor
tonight.

Anne turns an acid smile on the uncomfortable Gallagher.

CLOSER THREE SHOT

ANNE

Oh, yes, of course. How do you do?

STEW

Gallagher, this is Mrs. Smith.

Anne winces slightly at this name.

GALLAGHER

How do you do?

There is a short, awkward pause.

ANNE

(bitter-sweet)
You know, Stewart, you failed to
mention that Miss Gallagher was a
very beautiful young girl.

STEW

Gallagher?

Gallagher flashes a look at Stew - seeing that he fails to
get the dynamite behind Anne's casually pleasant phrases.
Anne plunges ahead. Her tone is unmistakable now.

ANNE

Yes. As a matter of fact, you failed
to mention that Gallagher was a
girl.

STEW

(surprised)
Didn't I? That's funny. Isn't it
funny?

ANNE

(with a world of

meaning)
Yes - isn't it?

156. CLOSE SHOT - STEW AND ANNE

Stew is beginning to realize that all is not well as it could be.

STEW
You see, we never look at Gallagher
as a girl.

He breaks off.

ANNE
(with her eyes on
Gallagher)
No? What do you look upon her as?

STEW
(fumbling for words)
Why, down at the office, we always
look at Gallagher as - eh - just
Gallagher, that's all.

CAMERA PANS QUICKLY TO CLOSE SHOT of GALLAGHER. She tries to back Stew up.

GALLAGHER
(not so comfortable
herself)
They all consider me just as one
of the boys.

STEW
Right!

MED. SHOT OF THE THREE

ANNE
(a deadly acid smile)
Indeed? How interesting.

GALLAGHER
(same kind of smile)
Yes - isn't it.

Anne takes Stew's arm, drawing him away from Gallagher.

ANNE
Miss Wilson will give you the guest
list and any other details you may
need, Miss Gallagher.

GALLAGHER
(resenting the tone

of dismissal)
Thank you. I'll go and look for
her at once. Goodbye, Mrs. Smith.

ANNE
Goodbye, Miss Gallagher.

GALLAGHER
Goodbye, Stew.

She leaves scene.

158. MED. CLOSE SHOT - STEW AND ANNE

Stew turns and faces her.

STEW
That was kind of a rotten thing to
do, Anne. After all, Gallagher is
my friend. The least you can do is
be courteous to her.

ANNE
I thought I was very charming,
Stewart.

STEW
You did? That's a lot of hooley!
I'll go and apologize.

He promptly walks away from her in Gallagher's direction.

ANNE
(furious)
Stewart, please!

She glares angrily at the departing Stew.

EXT. TERRACE

159. CLOSE SHOT

Gallagher has just reached the ballroom when Stew catches
up to her.

STEW
I'm sorry, Gallagher - really, I
am sorry.

GALLAGHER
(reassuringly)
Oh, that's all right, Stew. Forget
it. As far as she's concerned, I'm
just part of the hired help.

STEW

No, no. Strange, I've never seen Anne act that way before. (pause) It's funny I never thought to tell her you were a girl, isn't it?

GALLAGHER

Yes.

INT. SCHUYLER ENTRANCE HALL

MED. CLOSE SHOT

The butler is just opening the door. Bingy, looking more disreputable than usual, steps inside.

BINGY

Hello, there, Meadows! [13]

SMYTHE

(disapproving once-over)

Who is it you wish to see, sir?

BINGY

I want to see Stew Smith. Oh excuse me - I mean Mr. Smith.

SMYTHE

Pardon me, Mr. Smith is engaged. We are having a reception here this evening.

BINGY

Oh, a party! Great, great! Jolly times and merry pranks. That's me. I'm a guy who loves parties. You know.

He is distracted by two elegantly-dressed ladies strolling by.

BINGY

a beautiful pair of shoulders! But listen now, as a favor, will you please make it snappy, Laughing Waters, [14] and tell Stew Smith I gotta see him because if you don't my whole family's going to die.

SMYTHE

I'll tell Mr. Smith at once, sir. Have a seat.

BINGY

Well, I got a seat, but I have no place to put it.

The butler turns to leave, then turns back, his face expressing distinct disapproval.

SMYTHE

Pardon me, sir, but I've heard that one before.

INT. SCHUYLER BALLROOM

161. CLOSE SHOT

Stew and Gallagher standing together. The butler is seen leaving the scene, having just informed Stew of Bingy's presence at the reception.

STEW

(to Gallagher)

Excuse me. I just want to make sure and see he doesn't take away any of the vases.

(starts to leave,
then turns back)

Well, well, well! My little pal, Gallagher, a girl, huh?

(unexpectedly, he
bends to kiss her
hand tenderly)

That's just to give you an idea that I know how to treat a gal. Get fresh with me and I'll sock you in that little nose of yours. Excuse me. I'll be right back.

He exits. Gallagher is left staring at her hand wonderingly.

INT. SCHUYLER ENTRANCE HALL

162. MED. SHOT

Bingy gets up from his throne chair, and crosses into the doorway of the library opposite him. He stops by a carved low-boy, and curiously examines a large antique vase. Stew comes in and stops with a smile as he sees him.

Bingy, his hand on the vase, looks up. Stew walks over to him.

STEW

(referring to vase)

What's the matter, Bingy, a little clumsy to get in your pocket?

Bingy sets down the vase and surveys him.

BINGY

No. I was just looking at it.
Pretty, ain't it? I was just looking
for the price tag.

INT. SCHUYLER LIBRARY

CLOSER SHOT OF THE TWO

Bingy looks him up and down in silent, insolent scrutiny.
Stew begins to burn.

STEW
What do you want?

BINGY
Oh, nothing. I just blew over - I
wanted to see how the old newshound
looked made up for a gentleman.

STEW
(sore)
Would you like to have me turn
around for you, Bingy?

BINGY
Oh boy, I'd love it.

Stew makes a complete turn and faces Bingy again.

STEW
How's that?

BINGY
(appraisingly)
Not bad - not good - but not bad.
You ought to be able to fool about
almost anybody.

STEW
Is that so? Well, have you seen
enough - or would you like a
photograph?

BINGY
A photograph? What's the matter?
Hasn't mama had you done in oils
yet?
(singing)
"Just A Gigolo . . . "

STEW
Now get this mug. You've got the
kind of chin I just love to touch.
And if you don't get out of here,
I'm going to hang one right on it.

Bingy assumes a conciliatory attitude.

BINGY

Take it easy! Take it easy, Dempsey.
Just relax, my boy, relax and open
your pores.

CLOSER TWO SHOT

Stew glares at him. Bingy goes on.

BINGY

I bring a message from Garcia.

STEW

Yeah?

BINGY

Yeah. The boss sent me over to
offer you a job. He wants you to
write a daily column on the Tribune.

STEW

(skeptically)

Yeah - go on.

BINGY

It's all right. You can write your
own ticket. A hundred and fifty
bucks a week.

STEW

(thinks a bit -
quietly)

I'll bite. What's the catch?

BINGY

There's no catch. This is on the
up and up. Of course all you have
to do is just sign the article -
by Anne Schuyler's Husband.

165. MED. SHOT

Taking in the doorway. The butler starts to pass by. Stew's
eyes are blazing.

BINGY

Well, how does the old Cinderella
man feel about that?

With a quick motion, Stew clips Bingy on the jaw. Bingy,
caught unawares, reels backward.

CLOSER SHOT IN DOORWAY

Bingy describes a backward arc, just as Smythe, the butler, seeing he can be of service, steps forward and catches him.

SMYTHE

Well done, sir. Very neat.

STEW

(through his teeth)

That's what I think of it, Bingy!

Bingy sags in the butler's arms. The butler looks at Stew inquiringly. Stew nods.

STEW

(to butler)

Smythe, the - er - gentleman is leaving.

SMYTHE

Yes, sir.

Bingy is carried out. Stew stands glaring after them.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SCHUYLER HOME

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Anne and her mother at the breakfast table.

ANNE

Good morning, Mother. Didn't I tell you that he'd be marvelous. Everybody thought he was so charming last night.

MRS. SCHUYLER

I was so worried for fear he'd knock over a vase or something. I must have acted like an idiot.

(notices the morning paper in Anne's hands)

What does it say about the reception last night?

ANNE

Oh, the usual thing. Blah, blah, blah attended the blah, blah reception and wore the same blah, blah things.

MRS. SCHUYLER
(reproachfully)
Stop it. Anne. You're behaving
like the person you're married to.

ANNE
You don't have anything to complain
about, Mother. He was all right
last night, wasn't he? I told you
not to worry about him.

MRS. SCHUYLER
It was a miracle. The man was ill
or something.

She suddenly notices front page of paper Anne is reading.
Her face freezes in horror. She screams.

MRS. SCHUYLER
(screaming)
Ah-ah-ah!

ANNE
Mother!

MRS. SCHUYLER
(frantically
gesturing at paper)
Look! Look! The front page!

Anne turns paper and reads the article.

CUT TO:

INSERT: NEWSPAPER

CINDERELLA MAN GROWS HAIR ON CHEST ATTACKS REPORTER IN
SCHUYLER HOME.

"I wear the pants," says Anne Schuyler's husband.

"It's Okay with me," says Anne.

168. MEDIUM SHOT

Mrs. Schuyler gets up. Paces wildly about room. In a frenzy.

MRS. SCHUYLER
I knew it! I knew it! I felt it in
my bones!

She is interrupted by the entrance of Grayson, who dashes
into the room, his eyes ablaze. In his hand he has a copy
of the morning paper.

GRAYSON

(tapping paper in hand)
Did you see the papers? "Cinderella Man Grows Hair On Chest!" This is the most terrible kind of publicity that could possibly,

MRS. SCHUYLER
(interrupting)
Don't you think I know it, Grayson?
(as Smythe the butler enters with tray)
Smith - send for Mr. Smythe! Er -
Smythe, send for Mr. Smith!

SMYTHE
(as he turns to go)
Double-strength!

MRS. SCHUYLER
(muttering, as she exits scene)
"Cinderella Man Grows Hair On Chest!"

GRAYSON
(close behind, contemptuously)
"I wear the pants," says Anne Schuyler's husband!

INT. SCHUYLER ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

169. MEDIUM SHOT

Stew, now dressed in a business suit, comes from the direction of the stairs and stops just before he gets to the door of the drawing room. From within there is an ominous silence. Stew looks longingly in the direction of the front door - then back at the drawing room, squares his shoulders and goes in.

INT. SCHUYLER DRAWING ROOM

170. CLOSE SHOT

As Stew stops just inside the doorway. He had been prepared for this, but it strikes terror into his soul, just the same.

MEDIUM FULL SHOT

From his angle in the doorway. The jury - Dexter Grayson, hands behind his back - is standing, gazing at Stew with a fishy eye. Mrs. Schuyler stares haughtily. Anne is crying softly.

CONTINUATION SCENE 170

Stew - looking around at the gallery of faces. Then he forces a jaunty smile to his face as he starts to enter, whistling as he goes.

STEW

Good morning, everybody,
(he gets a cold,
frigid, silent
reception)

Well, maybe it isn't a good morning,
huh?

(to Anne)

Anne, did you ever get the feeling
that there was someone else in the
room with you?

172. MEDIUM SHOT

MRS. SCHUYLER

Have you seen this?
(shows him newspaper)

STEW

Yes - the worm!

MRS. SCHUYLER

I beg your pardon?

STEW

He's a worm - and I'm gonna step
on him!

MRS. SCHUYLER

To engage in a brawl! A cheap,
common brawl, in my own home! "I
wear the pants!" The pants ! Not
even the trousers!

GRAYSON

I've tried to stop the evening
papers, but it's useless.

173. CLOSER SHOT - STEW AND GRAYSON

STEW

You quit trying to stop anybody.

GRAYSON

Well, at best you might deny it.

STEW

Why deny it? The more you deny,
the more they print. Let them alone!

The thing to do is to sit still
and keep our traps shut.

GRAYSON

Traps shut!

STEW

Certainly! I'll take care of this
guy Bingy myself, personally.

(sees Anne crying)

Now what are you crying about?

174. MEDIUM SHOT

ANNE

Is this true, Stewart? Did you
really say it?

STEW

Yes, I said it. Sure, I said it. I
didn't say it for publication,
however.

MRS. SCHUYLER

And you struck him right here in
our house,?

STEW

Yes, I'm sorry, I struck him right
here in your house. And I'll strike
anybody in anybody's house that
calls me a Cinderella Man.

GRAYSON

Well, what else do you expect them
to call you?

ANNE

Dexter.

CLOSEUP - STEW

STEW

(burning)

That's the fourteenth crack you've
made to me. I'm keeping count.
When you get to twenty, I'm gonna
sock you right on the nose. As a
matter of fact, I ought to sock
you right now.

MEDIUM FULL SHOT

MRS. SCHUYLER

Anne Schuyler, are you going to
sit there and watch this man insult

us? Haven't you any decency left?

ANNE

(defending him)

Why doesn't Dexter show some decency? And you might show some too, Mother. What do you expect a man to do when he's called such names?

(to Stew)

I'm glad you hit that reporter, Stewart. He deserved it.

MRS. SCHUYLER

(rising)

All right, all right! It's your funeral, Anne Schuyler!

She flounces out. Grayson remains behind.

STEW

(to Grayson)

Go on, beat it, shadow.

Grayson turns to go, then braves the last word.

GRAYSON

Cinderella Man! That's fifteen.

He leaves in a huff. Stew puts his arms around the crying Anne.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SCHUYLER DRAWING ROOM

177. FULL SHOT

Six or eight people of distinction scattered around the room. All dressed in full evening clothes. Among them is Grayson, Anne, her mother, and one man in aviator's uniform. The men have their coats and hats in their hands, the women have their evening wraps on. Apparently they are ready to leave for someplace and are being detained. An indistinct murmur of ad-lib conversation is heard.

178. CLOSE SHOT

On Smythe, the butler, as he approaches Mrs. Schuyler.

SMYTHE

Pardon me, madam. They phoned through from the Mayor's committee to remind you it's past the hour

for the reception.

MRS. SCHUYLER

Are the cars ready?

SMYTHE

They've been ready for the last
half hour.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

Including Captain White, a young, handsome aviator.

AVIATOR

(modestly)

I hope I don't have to make any
speeches tonight, Anne.

ANNE

Oh, you can't disappoint all the
women. After all it isn't every
day they get to see a famous round-
the-world flier.

AVIATOR

Yes, I know, but they scare me to
death. This is the fourth dinner
you've taken me to this week. I'm
running out of material.

ANNE

Are you complaining?

AVIATOR

Yes, there are always too many
other people around.

LADY

Anne, it's getting late. What are
we waiting for?

ANNE

We're waiting for my husband,
(lightly, concealing
her irritation)
If you'll excuse me, I'll run up
and see what the slowpoke's doing.
(to aviator)
I'll be right back,

She starts out, climbing stairs to Stew's room.

INT. STEW'S BEDROOM

180. MEDIUM SHOT

Stew stands in front of a mirror, fumbling with his dress tie. He pauses, his hands still on his tie.

ANNE

(reproachfully)

Stewart! We're all waiting for you. Where's your valet?

STEW

I poisoned him.

ANNE

Stop trying to be funny, and get ready, will you?

As he struggles with his collar, it springs off.

STEW

I'm not going!

ANNE

What are you talking about?

STEW

I'm talking about - I'm not going out.

CLOSEUP - ANNE

ANNE

(controlling her anger)

What am I going downstairs and tell those people?

STEW

Go downstairs, and tell them - anything. Tell them I'm not going. Tell them I'm not home.

ANNE

(getting angrier by the minute)

Stewart, would you mind telling me why you're not going?

CLOSEUP - STEW

STEW

Yes, I'll tell you - for the same reason I've never wanted to go out with those social parasites, those sweet-smelling fashion plates. I don't like them. They bore me. They give me the jitters.

ANNE'S VOICE

Do you know you're talking about
my friends?

STEW

Yes, I'm talking about your friends,
and they still give me the jitters.

183. DOUBLE SHOT

ANNE

Well, are you going - or aren't
you?

Stew makes a move to embrace her.

STEW

Anne, come here. Listen,

ANNE

(sternly - slipping
away from him)
Look out for my lipstick, Stewart.

STEW

I'll tell you what. Let's you and
me sneak out all by ourselves,

ANNE

(interrupting)
Are you crazy?

STEW

Think of the fun we can have -
we'll sneak down the back stairs
and get in the valet's Ford. How's
that?

ANNE

Will you stop being silly, Stewart?

STEW

(trying hard)
I'll tell you what let's do - I'll
take you and introduce you to all
my gang. Would you like that?

ANNE

(hard)
But I don't want to meet your gang.

STEW

I don't mean the newspaper fellows
that you don't like. Another gang
I know - you'd love them. They're
writers and musicians and artists -

a great crowd of people - people who do great things. People who are worthwhile.

ANNE

Meaning, my friends aren't worthwhile, I suppose?

STEW

Oh, they're all right, Anne. But I,

ANNE

(interrupting
belligerently)

That's exactly what you mean. Heaven knows you've made that clear to me often enough. Well, I'm sick and tired of it. I've given you party after party - I've taken you to some of the best houses in this town - and introduced you to people of importance - and are you grateful? No! You insult them and act like a bore. I'm sick and tired of having to make excuses for you and the things that you've done. Perhaps it's just as well you're not coming tonight. Maybe I can enjoy myself for once without having to worry about you, and what you're going to do.

With which violent declaration, she flounces out of the room, leaving Stew staring after her, angry and hurt. Impulsively, he follows her to the door - a retort on his lips. When he gets there, however, she has vanished. He returns to the room, wanders about thoughtfully, extracts cigarette from box, fumbles it - walks to window - stares out - turns back to room - heaves a lonely sigh.

He notices his reflection in the mirror, and gestures toward it.

STEW

And that, my friends, is what is known as the society belle telling ex-star-newspaper-reporter to go to - how-have-you-been, Mr. Smith!

184. CLOSE SHOT

As Stew sits in a typewriter chair. He rolls up the sheet in the machine so that he can read what is already written.

INSERT: TYPEWRITTEN SHEET, IN TYPEWRITER

ACT 1

SCENE 1

AN HACIENDA IN MEXICO

Strumming of guitars are dimly heard.

BACK TO SCENE:

He studies it for a moment, frowning in dissatisfaction. He's stuck. He leans back in the chair and looks up for inspiration.

INSERT: A BIG CLOCK, TICKING AWAY THE TIME.

INT. SCHUYLER GRAND FOYER

185. LONG SHOT

Of Stew Smith pacing the grand foyer. Seen from overhead, he is dwarfed by the surroundings. He tries hopscotching on the pattern of the floor. That wears thin quickly. Supremely bored, Stew gives a shout and is rewarded with a cavernous echo. Smythe the butler then appears, nervously crouched behind some grillwork.

186. MEDIUM SHOT - STEW AND SMYTHE

SMYTHE

Did you call, sir?

STEW

Smythe, come here. I want to talk to you.

(Smythe looks unenthusiastic.)

Come on, Smythe, talk to me. Smythe, I'm going nuts. I'm going nuts in this house! This big . . . come on, I'm not going to hurt you. Come on, what's the matter with you?

Stew gives another shout and is rewarded with another loud echo. This coaxes Smythe out from behind the grillwork.

STEW

Shhh! Do you hear something?

SMYTHE

Yes, sir.

STEW

You try it.

SMYTHE

(reluctant)

Me, sir?

STEW

Yeah.

Smythe gives it a timid try.

STEW

No, no. Give it more volume.

Smythe gives a more satisfactory yell. Stew nods approval. Smythe begins yelling and shouting in earnest.

STEW

No, that's enough. I just wanted you to get the idea. Now you know. This house is haunted.

SMYTHE

(incredulous)

No, sir!

STEW

Yes. Have you looked in the closets all over . . . ?

SMYTHE

Yes, sir.

STEW

Found no skeletons?

SMYTHE

No, sir.

STEW

It's haunted just the same.

SMYTHE

Yes, sir.

Smythe has heard enough. He turns to leave, but Stew grabs him.

STEW

Smythe, what do you do with yourself - I mean, when you're not carrying those double-strength - what do you do with yourself?

SMYTHE

Well, sir, I putter.

STEW

Smythe! I mean - when you're alone and want to amuse yourself, then what?

SMYTHE

I just putter.

STEW

Hmmm, you just putter. Do you have to have a putter to putter?

SMYTHE

Oh no, sir. I putter with me hands.

STEW

Well, isn't that nice? You just go right ahead and putter with your hands. That's all right. How do you do it?

SMYTHE

Well sir, I'll show you.

He demonstrates, touching objects on a table and blowing dust off a lampshade.

SMYTHE

That's puttering, sir.

STEW

No! Well, well, well! That's all right, if you like it. Can anybody do that?

SMYTHE

Oh no, sir. Some people are natural putterers. Others can never master it.

STEW

Oh my. You mean, some people are born and never will become putterers?

SMYTHE

Yes sir.

STEW

Oh my, wouldn't that be tragic? To know that you could never be a putterer.

SMYTHE

Yes sir.

STEW

How about me? Do you think if I concentrated and put my whole soul into it, that some day I might be a putterer?

SMYTHE

You sir? Uh-uh. You could never be a putterer. Not a good putterer, sir.

STEW

Well, if I couldn't be a good putterer, I wouldn't want to putter. But why? What makes you think I couldn't be a good putterer?

SMYTHE

Well sir, to be a putterer, one's mind must be at ease. A person with a problem could never be a putterer. For instance, sir, a fish can putter in water but not on land because he'd be out of place. An eagle can putter around a rugged mountaintop but not in a cage, because he'd be restless and unhappy. Now sir, if you will pardon me, with all due respect, sir, as a Smythe to a Smith, you are an eagle in a cage.

STEW

A bird in a gilded cage?

SMYTHE

Yes.

STEW

That's all I wanted to know!

Stew rushes off upstairs. Smythe gives the echo one last try.

FADE OUT:

INT. STEW'S ROOM

187. MEDIUM SHOT

As Stew makes a telephone call.

STEW

Hello, Gallagher old pal. How are you, old pal?

INT. GALLAGHER'S ROOM - NIGHT

188. MEDIUM SHOT

A simple room, probably in a boarding house or cheap hotel. Gallagher is on the phone. A typewriter stands nearby.

GALLAGHER

Oh, hello Stew. I'm pretty good, can't complain. How's our gentleman of leisure?

CONTINUATION SCENE 187

Stew at phone.

STEW

I'm on the coast of Norway and I can't get out - will you come and get me out of the coast of Norway?

CONTINUATION SCENE 188

Gallagher at phone.

GALLAGHER

Oh, your play. Hmmm, Act One, Scene One: Coast of Norway - and then a lot of blank. Is that it?

CONTINUATION SCENE 187

Stew at phone.

STEW

Yeah. Come on, don't be silly.

(pause)

All right, if you feel like you need a chaper-one, call up Hank. Yeah. You'll find him at Joe's, no doubt. Yeah. Hank would be my idea of a perfect bodyguard.

(pause)

Sure you would. I knew I could depend on you, old pal. Snap it up, will you, Gallagher?

CONTINUATION SCENE 188

Gallagher at phone.

GALLAGHER

Okay.

She hangs up, joyful at the prospect of seeing Stew. She hums softly to herself as she picks up the receiver again.

INT. SCHUYLER ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

189. MED. SHOT

SOUND - BELL RINGING

Stew comes out of the library. Smythe is going down the hall. Stew intercepts him.

STEW

Smythe, I'll get this. I'm expecting some friends.

SMYTHE

Very good, sir.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

At entrance door. Stew enters and opens it. Gallagher and Hank enter.

STEW

Well, Gallagher! Glad to see you.

GALLAGHER

Hello, Stew.

STEW

Hello, Hank. How are you?

HANK

Fine, but kinda thirsty.

STEW

Come right in - I'll get you a drink.

HANK

Okay - you remember Joe.

STEW

Sure.

HANK

I sort of invited him along to bend an elbow. You don't mind, do you?

STEW

It's all right. Bring him in.

Joe appears in the open doorway. Stew sees him.

HANK

Come in, Joe. It's all right.

STEW

Hello, Joe.

JOE

Hello kid, how are you? Glad to see you.

Stew starts to close the door.

JOE

Just a minute - Johnson's outside. You don't mind if he comes in and dips a beak do you?

STEW

No, no, bring him in. The more the merrier.

JOE

Come on in!

Johnson appears in the open doorway. Stew sees him.

STEW

Hello, Johnson.

JOHNSON

Hello, Stew, old pal. How are you?

STEW

Glad to see you. Come in, kid.

Stew starts to close the door.

JOHNSON

Wait a minute. I got two of the boys I brought along - they were cruising around with nothing to do. You don't mind if I bring them in?

STEW

You brought two of the boys? That's all right. Bring them in. What's the difference?

The two enter, followed in a single file by 12-14 men and women, all of whom greet Stew as they enter, ad-libbing hello's and hand-shakes. Stew stares at them dumbfoundedly.

MEDIUM FULL SHOT

They swarm into the hallway and overflow into the rooms on either side. The butler stands aghast at this invasion. Stew starts to close the door when three or four more troop in, shouting cheery greetings. Stew regards them in

amazement.

CLOSER SHOT - STEW

As he watches them file past.

STEW

I'm sorry nobody could come.

HANK

The rest of the gang had to get out the morning edition - but they'll be down later.

STEW

Now Hank, are you sure they're coming? It will be lonesome without them.

(to Smythe)

Smythe, take this crowd in there and give them a drink. And find out what the boys in the back room want!

Smythe gulps nervously, as he is dragged off by the revellers.

INT. SCHUYLER DRAWING ROOM

193. FULL SHOT

The gang have taken seriously Stew's suggestion that they make themselves at home. They have draped themselves about the place - a couple are strumming on the piano and others are inspecting the room in awe-struck attitudes. Smythe is being propelled around the room by the revellers.

SMYTHE

It isn't done, gentlemen! It isn't done, I say! It isn't done!

INT. SCHUYLER ENTRANCE HALL

194. MEDIUM SHOT - GALLAGHER AND STEW

STEW

Well, Gallagher, you certainly took no chances, did you?

GALLAGHER

I'm sorry, Stew. I asked Hank, and Hank did the rest.

STEW

I see. Hank brought them all. That's all right. We'll give them a drink

and throw 'em out. How's that?

GALLAGHER

Okay.

STEW

(as Smythe passes
by, being propelled
by revellers)
Smythe! Give them one drink and
throw 'em out!

SMYTHE

(dazed)
Yes, sir.

Bingy pokes his head in the door, wearing a false beard.

STEW

(spotting him)
Is there a green elephant standing
beside that bwana?

BINGY

No, it's just little Bingy Baker.

Stew rolls up his sleeves, preparatory to launching a punch.

BINGY

(warningly)
Uh-uh.

Bingy dons a pair of glasses, and points to them
meaningfully. He enters, cautiously, watching Stew warily.

BINGY

(striking a pose)
Big Chief Bingy come to white man's
tepee to make friends. Big Chief
very sorry. To show how sorry -
will bend over and let white man
kick Big Chief where sun never
shines.

STEW

Excuse me, Gallagher. I wouldn't
miss this one for the world.

He bends over, and Stew winds up and delivers a hard kick
to his backside. Bingy straightens stiffly, then removes a
bottle of alcohol from the target area.

BINGY

Fire water all right.
(he takes a drink)

Both start laughing.

BINGY

Well, Stew, that's all thrashed out. By golly, I'm surely glad to see that you're not really sore. You know our racket - after all, news is news.

STEW

Sure, sure. That's all right. That was a great story, Bingy. A great story - wish I'd printed it.

BINGY

I gave you the breaks, didn't I? That hairy chest story!

STEW

(indicating Bingy's false beard)

You've raised it up to the chin, I see.

(laughs)

Go on in the other room and get yourself a drink.

Bingy emits a war-whoop and proceeds into the drawing room, where Smythe is still being held hostage by the party.

195. CLOSER SHOT

Gallagher and Stew.

STEW

You know what I should do with you? I should sock you right in that funny little nose.

GALLAGHER

Yes - and I'd love it.

SMYTHE

Sure, you'd love it.

He draws her out of the entrance hall, and the CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM as they head upstairs, the party around them going in full force.

INT. STEW'S SITTING ROOM

196. MEDIUM SHOT

Stew and Gallagher enter. Apparently they have been talking about Stew's play on the way upstairs.

GALLAGHER

How far have you gotten?

STEW

Well, I've just been able to get off that Norway coast - so far.

Stew gestures toward the typewriter from which a sheet of paper is protruding. Gallagher crosses to it. She rolls up the sheet so she can read what is typed on it.

GALLAGHER

(reading)

'Act One - Scene One - A Street in Old Madrid.'

She turns as Stew walks over to her.

GALLAGHER

(smiling)

Well, you're not getting your play done, but you're certainly covering a lot of territory.

STEW

(grins)

Haven't I covered some territory? It feels like I've been on a Cook's Tour[18] some place.

CLOSER TWO SHOT

Stew, standing before her.

GALLAGHER

(seriously)

Stewart, have you ever been to Old Madrid?

STEW

(grinning in spite of himself)

Been where?

GALLAGHER

To Old Madrid.

STEW

Never even been to New Madrid.

GALLAGHER

Then how do you expect to write about it?

STEW

Oh - draw on my imagination, I

suppose.

GALLAGHER

Did Conrad draw on his imagination?

Stew is brought up with a start.

STEW

Did who?

GALLAGHER

Conrad.

STEW

What do you know about Conrad?

GALLAGHER

I don't know a thing about him,
but isn't he the one you're always
yelling about?

Stew is noticeably impressed with this point of view.

STEW

Gosh, you look cute.

Gallagher warms up to her subject.

GALLAGHER

Isn't he the one that always writes
about things - only the things he
knows about?

STEW

Right.

GALLAGHER

Didn't he go to sea before he wrote
about it?

STEW

Right.

198. MEDIUM SHOT

GALLAGHER

Then why don't you write about
something you know? Write about
yourself and Anne. The poor boy
who marries a rich girl - now
there's a swell theme.

STEW

Gee, that's an idea, Gallagher.
That's an idea there. I wonder
now...

GALLAGHER

Oh, sure. She'd make a beautiful heroine...

STEW

(warming up - he
puts arm around
Gallagher's shoulder)

And there's her mother - and what a character that old dame would make with her double-strength - and that lawyer friend of theirs - he'd make a great villain - and there's you!

GALLAGHER

(smiling)
What could I be?

STEW

You could be something.
(inspiration
striking, he dashes
to the typewriter)
I've got an idea, Gallagher. Let's get this set. That's a great idea for a play. Pal, get me a cigarette, will you?

GALLAGHER

Here you are.

STEW

All right, thanks. Now, let's see. How will I start? Hey pal, how would you start?

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHUYLER ENTRANCE HALL

MED. FULL SHOT

Shooting through into the drawing room. It is many hours later. The members of the party, including Smythe, are pretty well lit. On the floor of the entrance hall a dice game is in progress. In the drawing room four or five are hanging over the piano singing "The Grasshopper Jumped Over Another Grasshopper's Back."

In general, a large time is being had. As the scene opens a door-bell is ringing. A key is heard in the lock.

200. CLOSER SHOT - GROUP - IN ENTRANCE HALL

The outer door starts to swing open. One of the party guests, very wall-eyed now, and carrying a whiskey bottle in his hand, staggers toward the door. It opens wider, and Anne and Mrs. Schuyler and Dexter Grayson stand gasping in the opening. The guest comes up to them.

GUEST

(starting to close
door)

Say, you can't come in here - this
is a private party.

Anne pushes the door violently, which sends the guest sprawling. He stays where he lands, holding the bottle in both arms across his chest. Anne and her mother advance into a CLOSE SHOT and look off with incredulous horror and amazement.

201. MEDIUM SHOT

On a drunk Bingy as he peers at them from an alcove above.

BINGY

(recognizing Grayson)
Hey, my old classmate from Harvard!
Whoopee! Harvard, '98!
(spotting Mrs.
Schuyler)
Hello, mama!

202. MEDIUM SHOT

Most are too cock-eyed or too engrossed in the ongoing crap game to notice them.

DEXTER

I know who's the cause of it all!

ANNE

Oh, Dexter!

One of the men wanders in from the drawing room in time to hear this conversation. He assumes an attitude of exaggerated courtesy and gallantry as he bows before them.

Anne and her mother are almost bursting with fury. They spot Smythe, across the room, thoroughly in his cups.

MRS. SCHUYLER

(to butler)
Smythe! Smythe - who are these
people?

Smythe comes stumbling up, a grin plastered on his face.

SMYTHE

(thoroughly plastered)
Friends of mine. Very lit-lit-
literary people.

GRAYSON
(confidentially, to
Mrs. Schuyler)
He's drunk.

MRS. SCHUYLER
(aghast)
Smythe, you've been drinking.

SMYTHE
(proudly)
I have. Double-strength!

GRAYSON
(confidentially)
Very drunk.

MRS. SCHUYLER
(indignant)
Where is Mr. Smith?

SMYTHE
Well, for crying out loud, I don't
know. And I don't care. Whoopee!

He jubilantly exits scene.

GRAYSON
(confidentially)
Very, very drunk.

INT. STEW'S SITTING ROOM

203. MEDIUM SHOT

Stew gets to his feet as an idea strikes him.

STEW
Now Gallagher, if we could only
get a great scene - a tremendously
emotional scene - something that
would just wring the hearts out of
the public - to bring the curtain
down in the second act - that would
be okay. Couldn't dig one out of
your hat some place, could you?

GALLAGHER
Nope - afraid I'm all out of tricks
tonight.

STEW

Now, we've got it right up to where
the boy's wearing his white spats
and going to teas and the frau
enters - how's that?

GALLAGHER

Very good.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

At the partially opened door into the hall. It opens wider,
and Anne looks in. She stares in horrified amazement.

205. MEDIUM SHOT (FROM HER ANGLE)

Gallagher, her shoes off, sprawled out on the chaise longue,
stretches luxuriously and yawns. CAMERA PANS TO Stew at
the typewriter, hair mussed, coffee pot and cups prominent,
the dressing gown over the back of his chair. Neither of
them has seen Anne.

CONTINUATION SCENE 204

Anne. She gasps as she quietly steps further into the room.

CLOSE SHOT - GALLAGHER

Gallagher, caught in the midst of a grand stretch, sits up
abruptly, startled. She stares uncomfortably off at Anne.

CLOSE SHOT - STEW

At the typewriter. He glances up momentarily and very
absently, and goes right on typing.

STEW

(absently)

Oh hello, Anne. He types furiously.

ANNE

(tight-lipped)

Good morning. What does this mean?

Stewart looks up surprised at the tone of her voice.

STEW

What does what mean?

MEDIUM SHOT - THE THREE

Gallagher, sensing scene, starts hastily looking for her
shoes. One of them has been shoved under the chaise longue
and she has to get down on her hands and knees to retrieve
it. Anne comes in and confronts them, her hands on her
hips.

STEW

Oh, that mob downstairs. I guess I got so interested in the play I forgot all about them.

ANNE

I see.

STEW

Have we got a play, Anne? Oh, have we got a play! Of course most of it is Gallagher's. She did most of it. That brain of hers just snaps like that all the time.

He indicates by snapping his fingers. Gallagher quietly gathers up her things, apprehensive of the storm about to break.

ANNE

(coldly)

I'm not interested in the way her brain snaps.

Stew stares at Anne as Gallagher, her hat in her hand, her coat over her arm, starts for the door.

GALLAGHER

I think I better go, Stew.

ANNE

I think you should, Miss Gallagher.

STEW

Wait a minute, Gallagher.

Gallagher stops, transfixed by the new tone in his voice. He comes over to Anne.

209. CLOSE TWO SHOT - ANNE AND STEW

STEW

What's the idea, Anne?

ANNE

The idea is simply this - that I want those people to leave here immediately.

STEW

Now wait a minute. Aren't you being a little unreasonable?

ANNE

Unreasonable! Have you any idea what the place looks like

downstairs? Do you expect me to stand here and see this place turned into a cheap barroom?

STEW

Now wait, don't get excited, Anne. There's no reason for that. Perhaps the boys have had a little too much to drink. That's all right. I'm sorry. I'll go right down and throw them out. That's no reason for you to take this attitude. After all, I certainly have a right to invite a few of my friends to my house, haven't I?

ANNE

(pointedly)
Your house?

STEW

(getting the implication; after a pause)
O-o-oh, I get you.
(a knowing chuckle)
All right. All right. I don't blame you. I kinda forgot myself for a moment, there. That's what I call getting me told, isn't it, Anne?

Anne remains silent. That's exactly what she has done.

STEW

I suppose I've been boarding out this past year.

210. MEDIUM SHOT

He takes his coat off back of chair and slips into it.

STEW

(quietly; grimly)
All right, I'll tell you this, I don't like your boarding house, lady.

As he gathers up loose manuscript, he continues . . .

STEW

and if it's all the same to you, I'm moving out.

ANNE

Stewart!

STEW

(hotly)

This is something I should have done a long time ago, only I didn't have sense enough to do it. No, I had to stick around here to try and make a success of something that I knew darn well was a failure from the very beginning. But no more. No more! So that's that.

ANNE

You can't walk out of here like this.

Throughout the scene, Stew is gathering his things together, and probably packing an overnight bag.

STEW

Oh I can't? Who's going to stop me? I'd like to see somebody stop me. If you think I'm going to stick around this joint just to look at this mausoleum, not on your life! You're going to make no stuffed shirt out of me. Now what do you think of that?

Mrs. Schuyler stalks majestically in.

MRS. SCHUYLER

What's going on here? Who is this woman?

STEW

(snappily)

Joan of Arc! What's it to you?

MRS. SCHUYLER

Heavens! The man's insane!

CLOSEUP - STEW

STEW

Sure I'm insane, but I've got some good news for you.

(points to himself)

This magnolia is leaving your sweet smelling vanilla joint. This bird in a cage is gonna button his own pants from now on. And that is what is known as telling the mother-in-law.

Gallagher's cry of joy is cut off by an icy look from Mrs. Schuyler.

GALLAGHER

Eurek,!

212. MEDIUM SHOT

Stew is stuffing things into a bag.

STEW

(heatedly to Anne)

You've done nothing but watch me -
watch me! - ever since I've been
here. Treated me like a thug,
watched me like a hawk, mistrusted
me. Every time I leave the house,
that Jane,

(indicating Mrs.
Schuyler)

goes out and counts the silverware.

ANNE

That's ridiculous.

STEW

Fine! I don't blame her. I know
I'm out of my own crowd. I should
have had better sense in the
beginning. But I'll stay in my own
backyard from now on.

ANNE

You're acting like a child.

STEW

All right, I'm a child. Have it
any way you want. But I'm going
back to my own apartment, where I
should have lived in the first
place. But no, I got to listen to
you and move here. All right. If
you want to live with me, Anne,
okay. But the sign outside will
say "Mr. Stew Smith" and you'll
have to be "Mrs. Stew Smith" or
there's nothing doing. No more
Anne Schuyler's husband. He has his
bag all packed by this time. He
snaps it shut viciously, lifts it
off the chair, picks up his hat,
and notices Mrs. Schuyler staring
open-mouthed at him.

(to Mrs. Schuyler,
pointedly)

and here's some more news for
you. You can take your red room,
your green room, your left wing

and your right wing, and you know
what you can do with them!

(to Gallagher)

Come on, Gallagher.

He brushes by Mrs. Schuyler and Anne, exiting.

ANNE

(exasperated)

Oh, Stewart!

EXT. SCHUYLER HOME - NIGHT

213. MEDIUM SHOT

Stew and Gallagher appear, coming through the iron gates.

MEDIUM MOVING SHOT

As Stew and Gallagher move off down the street, a ragged
old panhandler comes wheedling up to them.

PANHANDLER

Pardon me, could you spare a dime
for a cup of coffee?

Stew is struck by a sudden idea as he regards the bum
intently.

STEW

Coffee? How would you like to be a
Knight of the Garter?

PANHANDLER

(stupidly)

Huh! No.

Stew raises one foot, then the other, and quickly removes
the solid gold garters which he presses into the bum's
surprised hand.

STEW

(as he removes the
garters)

Just a minute.

(to Gallagher)

Entertain the gentleman, Gallagher.

(to the panhandler)

There you are, my man - with those
you can eat for a couple of months.

He walks away, leaving the bum staring dazedly at the
luxurious pair of garters.

PANHANDLER

(an afterthought)

How about the socks?

MED. CLOSE SHOT

As Stew and Gallagher pass the Camera and go down the street, arm in arm. As they get past the Camera, Stew is seen to square his shoulders and throw out his chest. He shakes first one leg, and then the other, as if he were throwing off shackles.

CLOSER MOVING SHOT

Stew and Gallagher moving along. Gallagher has a peculiar expression as she glances at Stew. She has been deeply affected by the scene she has just witnessed. Stew's face is very thoughtful.

GALLAGHER

(comfortingly)

I wouldn't worry too much about it, Stew. She'll see it your way.

STEW

Huh?

(snapping out of it)

Oh, I'm not worrying about her - I'm worrying about that second act curtain, that's all.

Gallagher stares at him, realizing he is thinking more about the play than his split-up with his wife. Then she breaks into a grin.

GALLAGHER

Why, you're just a first-class chump! You just staged a scene that would play like a million dollars! How about that declaration of independence for the second act curtain?

Stew stops stock still and stares at her.

STEW

(almost reverently)

That's an idea, Gallagher - a great idea.

Gallagher happily links her arm in his and again they move down the street.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INSERT: CLOSE SHOT OF NAME PLATE

STEW OVER DOORBELL "STEWART SMITH"

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT: SHEET IN TYPEWRITER

ON IT IS BEING TYPED:

Act 3. Scene 1.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STEW'S APARTMENT - DAY - MED. FULL SHOT

Inexpensive but comfortable. Stew is in his shirtsleeves. A battered old typewriter stands on the table with a sheet of blank paper in it. Stew is seated in a chair before it, and is picking out the letters, typing. He pauses, running up the roller to regard what he has written.

INT. STEW'S KITCHENETTE - MED. SHOT

Gallagher, in a little apron, is frying some ham and eggs. She looks up as she sees Stew from the doorway.

STEW

Hey, Gallagher!

GALLAGHER

Yeah?

STEW

How about my breakfast? How do you expect me to ring a curtain down on an empty stomach?

GALLAGHER

It'll be ready in a minute.

STEW

(accusingly)

Never mind that. If you can't get my breakfast ready - and can't get here on time in the morning - then you can go get yourself another job.

GALLAGHER

(in mock contrition)

Sorry, boss.

STEW

Don't be sorry. Just get the breakfast, that's all.

INT. STEW'S LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT

There is a knock on the hall door.

Stew crosses and opens it.

220. CLOSER SHOT

As Stew opens the door. It reveals Dexter Grayson in the little hallway, immaculately clad, as usual. Stew regards him in frank surprise for a moment.

GRAYSON

Hello, Smith.

STEW

(puzzled)

Holy jumping swordfish!

GRAYSON

I suppose you know why I came,?

STEW

No, I have no idea - unless some of the silver-ware is missing.

GRAYSON

Now don't be absurd, Smith.

(as he brushes past,
walking inside)

May I come in?

STEW

Surely, come right in.

GRAYSON

(as he sits down)

Thanks. May I sit down?

STEW

Surely, sit down. If I had known you were coming, I would have thrown you up a waffle.

GRAYSON

I don't eat waffles.

STEW

You don't.

221. MED. SHOT

Grayson sits stiffly on one of the Grand Rapids chairs. Stew remains standing, and waits silently for Grayson to speak. Grayson clears his throat.

GRAYSON

Anne asked me to come and see you about the divorce.

STEW
(with enlightened expression)
She did,?

GRAYSON
(uncomfortably)
She wants me to arrange the financial settlement.

STEW
Listen Grayson, I've got 106 bucks and 75 cents in the bank. Now Anne can have any part of that she wants, but she'd better hurry because I'm spending it awfully fast.

GRAYSON
(interrupting)
You don't seem to understand. Anne doesn't expect anything from you.

INT. STEW'S KITCHENETTE - MED. SHOT

Gallagher. Overcome by curiosity at the sound of voices, she leaves the frying eggs and goes quietly to the doorway and peeks out.

223. MED. SHOT

Grayson and Stew.

GRAYSON
We should like to know how much you would want to,

Stew stares off incredulously.

STEW
(interrupting)
Wait a minute. Do I get from you that she wants to pay me alimony?

GRAYSON
That's putting it crudely, but,

Stew starts advancing nervously toward him. Grayson, a bit alarmed, rises.

STEW
(closing in on him)
Remember what I told you about that twentieth crack? All right,

you've just made it. Before you go unconscious I want you to get this through your nut.

GRAYSON

I beg your pardon.

STEW

Unconscious. You know, when you don't know anything. Your natural state. There are some people - you can't buy their self-respect for a bucket of shekels - well, I happen to be one of those guys.

224. CLOSE SHOT

Showing kitchen door open a crack. Gallagher's eyes are glistening as she watches and listens.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Stew and Grayson.

GRAYSON

(weakly)

We just thought that.

STEW

(snaps)

Don't think. Let me do all the thinking. Now you go back to that Schuyler outfit and tell them that I didn't marry that dame for her dough and I don't want any of her dough now. I was too poor to buy her a wedding present when we got married, so I'm giving her a divorce for a wedding present. Now, stand up!

Grayson does so, completely intimidated by Stew's manner. Stew grabs him by the lapel.

GRAYSON

Yes.

STEW

And now for that twentieth crack.

Stew punches Grayson on chin and knocks him through the open door into the hall.

He slams door shut.

226. WIDER SHOT

Stew thrusts his hands into his pockets and walks thoughtfully back to the typewriter.

227. CLOSER SHOT

Stew standing staring down at the typewriter. He is still flushed with anger. Suddenly a thought strikes him, and his face breaks into a broad grin. He sits down quickly, and begins pounding away.

228. MED. SHOT

Gallagher enters from the kitchen, carrying a platter of ham and eggs and a coffee pot. She sets them on a small table and this is spread with a cloth. Then she crosses over to Stew.

GALLAGHER

(pretending ignorance)

Who was that?

STEW

(without looking up
from his typing)

Grayson - Anne's lawyer.

GALLAGHER

What did he want?

STEW

Gallagher, that guy just dropped
by to give us a great opening for
the third act.

They sit at the little table.

229. CLOSER SHOT

GALLAGHER

What was the idea he gave you?

Stew dives into the ham and eggs.

STEW

It's a swell idea, Gallagher. How's
this? The wife's family lawyer
comes to see the kid, see - to
talk over the divorce. Then this
guy insults the poor but honest
boy by offering him alimony - so
the kid gets sore, socks the lawyer
in the nose and throws him out.
How's that for the beginning of
the third act, huh?

GALLAGHER

Well, from now on the play will be easy. All you have to do is bring the wife back, have her say she's sorry, and then your play's over.

CLOSEUP - STEW

He looks over at Gallagher with a peculiar expression.

STEW

(vehemently - as he scoops out some melon)

What's the matter? Do you think I'm going to let that guy go back to his wife? Not on your life. He's got to go to the other girl.

CLOSEUP - GALLAGHER

She almost drops her coffee cup in a wild gleam of hope as she looks back at him. Gallagher tries hard to keep her voice steady.

GALLAGHER

(not sure of herself)
What other girl.?

232. MED. CLOSE SHOT OF THE TWO

STEW

The little O'Brien girl, of course - the one you suggested in the story.

GALLAGHER

(ecstatic, but still fighting)
But that's ridiculous! You can't make a sudden change like that.

STEW

Gallagher, what are you going to do - tell me how to write a play?

GALLAGHER

No.

STEW

There's nothing sudden about that, (tensely)
He's always loved the girl, but he was such a sap he didn't have sense enough to tell her. Well, that's all right - we can fix that. He will go to the little O'Brien girl,

and - here, I'll show you.

He gets to his feet, and comes around to her.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

Gallagher watches him a bit uncertainly.

STEW

(tenderly)

He goes to the little O'Brien gal
and he says to her - in some pretty
words of some kind - something
that you can write - he'll say.

(as if reading part -
very emotional)

Darling, I'm sorry. I've been a
fool all my life. I've always loved
you, only I didn't have sense enough
to see it. As quick as I can get a
divorce from my wife, I want you
to marry me. Then she'll look at
him that way - yeah - then they'll
embrace, or something like that.

(they draw closer)

Then he'll kiss her, or something.

To demonstrate the point, Stew takes her in his arms and
kisses her. They hold the kiss longer than is justified.
Stew is swept away by his sudden emotion and clings to her
desperately, while Gallagher's arms instinctively go around
his neck.

Gallagher chokes back tears that persist in coming. She
stifles a sob. Stew folds her in his arms.

STEW

(tenderly)

What's the matter, Gallagher? What's
the matter?

Gallagher buries her face in his shoulders.

FADE OUT:

THE END