

# "IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT"

Screenplay by

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Based on a story by

Samuel Hopkins Adams

The HARBOR at Miami Beach fades in, providing quick views of yachts, aquaplanes, and luxurious ship-craft lying at anchor in the calm, tranquil waters of tropical Florida. This dissolves to the NAME PLATE on the side of a yacht, reading "ELSPETH II," and this in turn to a YACHT CORRIDOR where a steward is standing in front of a cabin door, near a small collapsible table upon which there is a tray of steaming food. He lifts lids and examines the contents. A heavy-set sailor stands guard near the cabin door.

STEWARD

Fine! Fine! She ought to like this.

(to the guard)

Open the door.

GUARD

(without moving)

Who's gonna take it in to her? You?

STEWARD

Oh, no.

(turning)

Mullison! Come on!

The view widens to include Mullison, a waiter. His eye is decorated with a "shiner."

MULLISON

Not me, sir. She threw a ketchup bottle at me this morning.

STEWARD

Well, orders are orders! Somebody's gotta take it in.

(he turns to someone)

else)  
Fredericks!

The view moves to another waiter, who has a patch of bandage on his face.

FREDERICKS  
Before I bring her another meal,  
I'll be put off the ship first.

STEWARD'S VOICE  
Henri!

The view moves over to a Frenchman.

HENRI  
(vehemently)  
No, Monsieur. When I leave the Ritz  
you do not say I have to wait on  
crazy womans.

The view moves back to include the Steward and the others grouped around him.

ANOTHER WAITER (A COCKNEY)  
My wife was an angel compared to  
this one, sir. And I walked out on  
her.

GUARD  
(impatiently)  
Come on! Make up your mind!

A petty officer approaches. He is blustering and officious, but the type that is feeble and ineffective. His name is Lacey.

LACEY  
(talking quickly –  
staccato)  
What's up? What's up?

There is a fairly close picture of the GROUP featuring Lacey and the Steward.

STEWARD  
These pigs! They're afraid to take  
her food in.

LACEY

That's ridiculous! Afraid of a mere girl!

(he wheels on the steward)

Why didn't you do it yourself?

STEWARD

(more afraid than the others – stammering)

Why – I – well, I never thought about –

LACEY

(shoving him aside)

I never heard of such a thing! Afraid of a mere girl.

(moving to the tray)

I'll take it in myself.

They all stand around and watch him, much relieved. He picks up the tray and starts toward the door of the cabin.

LACEY

(as he walks – muttering)

Can't get a thing done unless you do it yourself.

(as he approaches the door)

Open the door.

We see him at the CABIN DOOR as the guard quickly and gingerly unlocks it.

LACEY

Afraid of a mere girl! Ridiculous.

Lacey stalks in bravely, the tray held majestically in front of him, while the steward and waiters form a circle around the door, waiting expectantly. There is a short pause, following which Lacey comes hurling out backwards and lands on his back, the tray of food scattering all over him. The steward quickly bangs the door shut and turns the key as the waiters stare silently.

The scene dissolves to the MAIN DECK of the yacht, first

affording a close view of a pair of well-shod masculine feet, as they pace agitatedly back and forth. Then as the scene draws back, the possessor of the pacing feet is discovered to be Alexander Andrews, immaculately groomed in yachting clothes. In front of him stands a uniformed Captain, but Andrews, brows wrinkled, deep in thought, continues his pacing.

ANDREWS

(murmuring to himself)

On a hunger strike, huh?

(a grunt)

When'd she eat last?

CAPTAIN

She hasn't had a thing yesterday –  
or today.

ANDREWS

Been sending her meals in regularly?

CAPTAIN

Yessir. She refuses them all.

ANDREWS

(snappily)

Why didn't you jam it down her throat?

CAPTAIN

It's not quite that simple.

(he shakes his head)

I've dealt with prisoners in my time,  
but this one –

ANDREWS

Absurd!

(muttering)

All this fuss over a snip of a girl.

(suddenly)

I'm going down to see her myself.

He leaves with determination, followed by the Captain, and both are then seen walking in the direction of the cabin, Andrews grim.

CAPTAIN

This is dangerous business, Mr.  
Andrews. After all, kidnapping is no

child's play.

But Andrews ignores him and merely stares grimly forward. They arrive in front of the cabin door, where Lacey is brushing himself off, and where a couple of waiters are picking up the last pieces of the broken dishes.

ANDREWS

What's this! What's happened here?

LACEY

(pathetically)

She refused another meal, sir.

ANDREWS

Get another tray ready. Bring it here at once.

(to the guard)

Open the door.

The Guard unlocks the door and Andrews enters. Then we get a view of the CABIN at the door, as Andrews enters and closes the door behind him. He looks around and his eyes light on his prisoner, following which the view swings over to ELLIE, a beautiful girl in her early twenties. At the moment, she holds a small vase over her head ready to heave it, and her eyes flash angrily. At sight of her new visitor, however, she lowers the vase and sets it on a small table.

ELLIE

What do you want?

Andrews doesn't stir from the door.

ANDREWS

What's this about not eating?

ELLIE

(sitting)

I don't want to eat!

(raising her voice)

And there's one more thing I don't want! Definitely! That's to see you.

She lights a cigarette. Andrews watches her a moment.

ANDREWS

Know what my next move is? No more

cigarettes.

ELLIE

Why don't you put me in chains?

ANDREWS

I might.

ELLIE

(now seen at close  
range)

All right! Put me in chains! Do  
anything you want! But I'm not going  
to eat a thing until you let me off  
this boat!

She stares petulantly out at the blue sky, but Andrews comes  
over and sits beside her.

ANDREWS

(tenderly)

Come on, Ellie. Stop being silly.  
You know I'm going to have my way.

ELLIE

(moving away)

I won't stand for it! I won't stand  
for your running my life! Why do you  
insist on it!

ANDREWS

(still tender)

You ought to know why. Because –

ELLIE

(interrupting)

Yes. I know.

(she's heard it a  
million times)

Because I'm your daughter and you  
love me. Because you don't want me  
to make any mistakes. Because –

ANDREWS

(joining in)

Because marrying that fool King  
Westley is –

ELLIE  
(snappily)  
You're wasting your time. I'm already  
married to him.

ANDREWS  
(sharply)  
Not so far as I'm concerned, you're  
not.  
(they are interrupted  
by a knock at the  
door)  
Yes?

The door opens and several waiters parade in with trays of  
steaming food.

ELLIE  
(starting for them;  
threateningly)  
How many times have I told you not  
to bring any food in here.

The waiters back up, frightened, but Andrews saves them.

ANDREWS  
Wait a minute! Don't get excited!  
This isn't for you.  
(to the waiters)  
Put it right here.

Ellie glares at her father, and wanders over to the window  
seat, while the waiters occupy themselves setting the table.  
Andrews putters around the food, lifting the lids from which  
tempting aromas emanate. He shuts his eyes, murmuring "oohs"  
and "ahs."

A close-up of ELLIE shows her, too, drinking in the inviting  
aromas; and for a moment she weakens. A close view of ANDREWS  
shows him glancing toward Ellie to see her reaction; whereupon  
Ellie's face (again appearing in a close-up) freezes. Then  
Andrews and the waiters come into view.

FIRST WAITER  
Anything else, Monsieur?

ANDREWS  
No. Everything seems quite

satisfactory. I may want some more of that delicious gravy. I'll ring.

WAITER  
Very good, Monsieur.

The waiters bow their way out as Andrews pecks at the food.

ANDREWS  
(making clucking noise)  
Heavenly!

Now Ellie appears in the foreground, with Andrews at the table in the background.

ELLIE  
(disdainfully)  
Smart, aren't you! So subtle.

ANDREWS  
(chewing on a mouthful of food)  
If Gandhi had a chef like Paul, it would change the whole political situation in India.

ELLIE  
You can't tempt me.  
(shouting unnecessarily)  
Do you hear? I won't eat!

ANDREWS  
(quietly)  
Please. I can't fight on an empty stomach. Remember what Napoleon said.

ELLIE  
I hope you're not comparing yourself to Napoleon. He was a strategist. Your idea of strategy is to use a lead pipe.

Andrews eats silently while Ellie rants at him, walking around and puffing vigorously on her cigarette.

ELLIE  
(muttering)  
Most humiliating thing ever happened



to me.

(shuddering)

A bunch of gorillas shoving me in a car! That crowd outside the justice of the peace – must have thought I was a criminal – or something.

A close view of ANDREWS intercuts with part of Ellie's speech. At the end of her speech he smacks his lips, enjoying the food with too great a relish. Then the two are seen together.

ELLIE

(after a pause –  
strongly)

Where are you taking me?

ANDREWS

(carelessly)

South America.

ELLIE

(aghast)

South America!

ANDREWS

We leave Miami in an hour. Soon's we get some supplies aboard.

ELLIE

(threateningly)

You'll have a corpse on your hands!  
That what you'll have. I won't eat a thing while I'm on this boat.

ANDREWS

(buttering bread)

In that event, we won't need so many supplies.

ELLIE

(exasperated)

What do you expect to accomplish by all this? I'm already married!

ANDREWS

I'll get it annulled.

ELLIE

You'll never do it! You can't do it!

ANDREWS

(now seen close as he  
speaks between  
snatches of food)

I'll do it if it takes every penny  
I've got. I'll do it if I have to  
bribe that musical comedy Justice of  
the Peace! I'll do it – if I have  
to prove that you were dragged in,  
staggering drunk. You probably were.

(he smacks his lips)

Mmm – mmm. This filet mignon is  
divine!

ELLIE

(seen with her father)

What've you got against King Westley?

ANDREWS

Nothing much. I just think he's a  
fake, that's all.

ELLIE

You only met him once.

ANDREWS

That was enough. Do you mind handing  
me the ketchup?

ELLIE

You talk as if he were a gigolo –  
or something.

ANDREWS

(rising – reaching  
for ketchup)

Never mind – I'll get it myself.

(he falls back in his  
chair)

Gigolo? Why, you took the word right  
out of my mouth. Thanks.

ELLIE

(seen closer now,  
with Andrews)

He's one of the best fliers in the

country. Right now he's planning a trip to Japan.

ANDREWS

You're going to finance him, I suppose.

ELLIE

Why not? Look what he's doing for aviation. It takes courage to do what he does. And character! At least he's accomplished something worthwhile. I suppose you'd like to have me marry a business man. Well, I hate business men – particularly if you're a shining example.

He grins, not at all offended, knowing she doesn't mean it.

ELLIE

Your whole life is devoted to just one thing. To accumulate more money. At least there's romance in what he's doing.

ANDREWS

(unequivocally)

He's no good, Ellie, and you know it. You married him only because I told you not to.

ELLIE

(strongly)

You've been telling me what not to do since I was old enough to remember.

(screaming)

I'm sick of it!

And as Andrews ignores her, she starts moving around the table toward him. – Next she appears sitting on the edge of Andrews' chair, and she throws her arm around his shoulder.

ELLIE

(pleading sweetly)

Aw, listen, Dad. Let's not fight like this any more. I know you're worried about me – and want me to be happy. And I love you for it. But

please try to understand. You're not being fair, darling. This isn't just a crazy impulse of mine. King and I talked about it a lot before we decided to get married. Look – why can't we give it a trial – let's say – for a year or so. If it's wrong, King and I will be the first to know it. We can get a divorce, can't we? Now, be a dear, and let me off the boat. Keeping me prisoner like this is so silly.

Andrews has been listening silently throughout the speech, giving no indication of his feelings in the matter.

ANDREWS

(unimpressed)

You'll be set free when the marriage is annulled.

A close-up of ELLIE, her eyes blazing angrily, shows her slowly edging away from her father, while he continues.

ANDREWS' VOICE

(carelessly)

So there's no use being a stubborn idiot.

ELLIE

(hissing)

I come from a long line of stubborn idiots!

ANDREWS

(again seen with her;  
calmly)

A time will come when you'll thank me for this.

ELLIE

(wildly)

I won't thank you! I'll never thank you!

ANDREWS

Please don't shout.

ELLIE

I'll shout to my heart's content!  
I'll scream if I want to.

ANDREWS

(reaching for it)

Ah! Coconut layer cake. Nice and  
gooey, too. Just the way I like it.

He is about to insert the first bite in his mouth when Ellie, her temper vanishing completely, overturns the small serving table, dumping its contents into her father's lap. The movement is so unexpected that Andrews, the fork still suspended near his mouth, stares at her stupefied. Then realizing what she has done, his eyes flash in anger. Dropping his fork, he rises and goes over to her, while she stands facing him defiantly. Without a word or warning, he slaps her a stinging blow across the cheek. For a moment she doesn't stir, her eyes widening in surprise, and staring at him unbelievably. Then turning abruptly she bolts out of the door. Andrews remains motionless, his eyes shutting painfully; it is the first time he has struck her, and it hurts.

ANDREWS

(calling)

Ellie!

(and he starts for  
the door)

Next on the DECK, at the open cabin door, Andrews is seen, staring off at something and an amazed, frightened look comes into his eyes. Then, as viewed from his position at the cabin door, Ellie appears standing on the rail; and with a professional dive, she leaps into the water. A full view of the DECK reveals the crew and the officers scurrying around, several of them shouting: "Somebody overboard!"

ANDREWS

It's my daughter! Go after her.

CAPTAIN

(shouting)

Lower the boats!

General excitement reigns; several of the crew dive into the water; others release the boat lines. Following this Ellie is seen swimming furiously against the giant waves. Next she appears as a small speck in the distance, while half a dozen

of the crew are swimming in pursuit.

At the SIDE OF THE YACHT one of the boats has already been lowered, and two men jump in and grab the oars. The men seem to be gaining on Ellie. In the distance several small motor boats are anchored, and over the sides of the boats their owners are fishing. Ellie seems to be headed in their direction.

One of the motor boats appears closer. A middle-aged man sits on the stern, holding lazily to his line, his feet dangling in the water as the boat is tossed around by the turbulent waves. ELLIE is then again seen swimming. She looks back, and the next scene shows the men rowing toward her, and gaining on her. Thereupon we see Ellie ducking under the water.

The middle-aged fisherman is suddenly startled by Ellie's face which appears from under water, right between his legs. Ellie puts her finger up to her lips, warning him to shush, and he is too dumb-founded to say anything. As the pursuing boats come near, Ellie ducks under the water again and the boats scoot right by the fisherman. Then Ellie's head bobs up; she peers ahead of her, and seeing that her pursuers have passed her, she smiles victoriously.

ELLIE

(to the fisherman)

Thanks.

(and she starts  
swimming toward shore)

The scene dissolves to the DECK of the YACHT as Ellie's pursuers clamber aboard, Andrews waiting for them.

A MAN

Sorry, sir. She got away.

ANDREWS

(disappointed but  
proud)

Of course she got away – too smart  
for you.

CAPTAIN

What a hell cat. No controlling these  
modern girls.

(murmuring)

They're terrible!

ANDREWS

(resentfully)

Terrible! Nothing terrible about her. She's great! Marvelous youngster! Got a mind of her own. Knows just what she wants.

(smiling)

She's not going to get it though. She won't get very far. Has no money.

CAPTAIN

What about that diamond wrist watch she had on – she can raise some money on that?

ANDREWS

(his face falling)

Holy Smoke! I forgot all about that.

(to the officer by his side)

Send a wireless at once, "Lovington Detective Agency. Daughter escaped again. Watch all roads – all transports and railroad stations in Miami. Have your New York office keep tabs on King Westley. Intercept all messages. Want her back at all costs!"

OFFICER

Yessir.

The view draws in to afford a close-up of ANDREWS staring out at the sea, his face wreathed in a broad smile; then this fades out.

The RAILROAD STATION of an active terminal in Miami fades in. The view moves down to the entrance gate to the trains, passengers hurrying through it; then picks out two men, obviously detectives, who have their eyes peeled on everyone passing through. Then the view affords a glimpse of ELLIE, who stands watching the detectives. This scene wiping off, we see an AIR TRANSPORT, with several planes tuning up in the background. As passengers file through, several detectives stand around in a watchful pose. This scene wiping off, the front of a WESTERN UNION OFFICE comes into view. Several

people walk in and out. At the side of the door, two detectives are on the lookout.

This scene also wipes off, revealing the WAITING ROOM of a BUS STATION. Over the ticket window there is a sign reading "BUY BUS TICKETS HERE," and a line forms in front of it. Here too there are two detectives.

FIRST DETECTIVE

We're wastin' our time. Can you picture Ellie Andrews ridin' on a bus?

SECOND DETECTIVE

I told the old man it was the bunk.

The view moves from them to ELLIE, who stands behind a post and is watching the two detectives apprehensively. As the two (viewed from her position) stand by the ticket window, one of them turns toward her. Thereupon, we see her slipping behind a post, concealing herself. Just then a little old lady approaches her.

OLD LADY

Here's your ticket, ma'am.

ELLIE

Oh, thank you. Thank you very much.  
(she takes the ticket  
and change from the  
old lady, and hands  
her a bill)  
Here.

OLD LADY

Oh, thank you. Thank you.

ELLIE

When does the bus leave?

OLD LADY

In about fifteen minutes.

ELLIE

Thank you.

She picks up a small overnight bag from the floor and hurries away. She crosses to the entrance of the waiting room and



disappears through the doors. The view then wings over to a telephone booth near the entrance. Clustered around the booth are half a dozen men of varied appearance. The inside of the booth is lighted, and a young man, Peter Warne, waves his hands wildly as he shouts into the phone, although it is impossible to hear what he is saying. A close inspection of the men surrounding the booth (the scene contracting to a close view) reveals them as being slightly and happily intoxicated. A short man approaches the door of the booth.

SHORTY

Hey, what's going on here? I'd like to use that phone.

FIRST MAN

(a reporter)

Shh! Quiet. This is history in the making.

SHORTY

What?

FIRST MAN

There's a man biting a dog in there.

SECOND MAN

(drunker than the rest)

Atta-boy, Petey, old boy! Atta-boy! –

PETER'S VOICE

I'm not going to stand for this any longer. In a pig's eye, you will!–

GROUP

Is that so? That's telling him, Petey old boy.

A close view of PETER WARNE in the telephone booth gives evidence of his having also imbibed freely.

PETER

(shouting into the phone)

Listen, monkey-face – when you fired me, you fired the best newshound your filthy scandal sheet ever had.

And the scene cuts to a New York NEWSPAPER OFFICE where the night editor, Gordon, his sleeves rolled up, sits at his desk shrieking into the phone.

GORDON

Say, listen, you wouldn't know a story if it reached up and kicked you in the pants.

(listening)

Yeah? Sure, sure, I got your copy. Why didn't you tell me you were going to write it in Greek? I'd start a new department.

PETER

(again seen close at the phone)

That was free verse, you gashouse palooka!

GORDON

(at the phone in the newspaper office)

Free verse, huh?

(shouting)

What the dickens was free about it? It cost this paper a gob of dough. Well, I'm here to tell you, it's not gonna cost us any more.

PETER

(in his phone booth)

That's okay by me! 'Cause as far as I'm concerned, I'm through with newspapers! See? I'm through with stupidity! I'll never write another newspaper story, for you or anybody else, if I have to starve.

(after a pause)

Yeah? What about my novel! When I get through with that –

GORDON

(in his office)

When you get through with that, I'll have a beard down to my ankles.

(at this point,  
Gordon's secretary

enters)

SECRETARY

Mr. Gordon—

GORDON

(looking up)

Huh?

SECRETARY

Did you know he reversed the charges  
on that call?

GORDON

What!

(into the phone)

Say, listen you! When you get back  
to New York, take my advice and stay  
f-a-r away from this office – unless  
you don't care what happens to that  
funny map of yours.

(he bangs down the  
receiver viciously  
and glowers at the  
phone)

In the PHONE BOOTH Peter reacts to the phone being hung up  
on him. But he goes right on for the benefit of the boys.

PETER

(into the dead phone)

Oh, so you're changing your tune,  
eh? Well, it's about time. But it's  
going to do you no good, my tough  
friend. It's a little too late for  
apologies. I wouldn't go back to  
work for you if you begged me on  
your hands and knees! I hope this is  
a lesson to you!

He snaps up the receiver with a great pretense of outraged  
pride, following which the view expands to include his public.

MEN

Atta-boy, Peter. That's telling him,  
Peter.

The gang is full of admiration for the courageous way he

talked to the boss as Peter staggers out of the booth.

PETER

Give me any of his lip, will he?  
Huh! I guess he knows now what I  
think of his job!  
(expansively)  
Is my chariot ready?

FIRST MAN

Your chariot awaiteth withouteth, oh  
mighty King.

MEN

Make way for the King. Long live the  
King. Make way.

With head held high, he struts majestically out of sight,  
followed by his admirers, following which the scene dissolves  
to the BUS STATION. His inebriated admirers stand around the  
entrance to a bus, while Peter stands on the steps, his  
suitcase in his hand.

PETER

(making a grand speech)  
That's right, my friends. Cling to  
your jobs! Remain slaves the rest of  
your lives! Scum of the earth!  
Newspaper men! Not me! When I'm  
basking in the glorious arms of the  
Muse – what'll you be doing? Chasing  
news. You miserable worms. For what?  
A mere pittance! My heart goes out  
to you.  
(with arms extended  
and in tremolo voice)  
Good-bye.  
(and with this he  
turns his back and  
enters the bus)

MEN

(in the same spirit)  
Goodbye, Oh mighty King! Peace be  
with you, Courageous One!

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

All aboard. Philadelphia, New York.

All aboard.

GROUP

Look out. Get back. Farewell.  
Farewell.

PETER

Scram.

The scene cuts to the INTERIOR of the BUS as viewed from the front, the view moving forward, passing the conglomerate of unprepossessing human beings who occupy the seats. Every space is taken and the occupants seem hot and uncomfortable, which adds to their uninviting appearance. Mothers cling to crying babies. A Swedish farm hand and his young wife are already busy opening their basket of food prepared for the long journey. A surly-looking hoodlum traveling alone is slumped in his seat, his cap drawn carelessly over his eyes. The moving view passes these and other characters until it reaches one unoccupied seat in the car, unoccupied except for several bundles of newspapers.

Standing before the seat is Peter, his suitcase in his hand, speculating as to what disposition to make of the newspapers.

PETER

(calling)

Hey, driver! How about clearing this  
stuff away!

Several passengers (seen from his position in the back) crane their necks to scrutinize the intruder. Through a glass partition the driver can be seen receiving his last minute instructions from a superintendent, who stands on the running board, their voices indistinguishable.

In answer to Peter's request, the driver glances back indifferently, and continues talking to the superintendent. A close view of PETER shows him arching his eyebrows, an amused acknowledgment of the disdainful attitude of the driver. He drops his suitcase and starts forward. Then we see him arriving at the glass partition, and Peter taps playfully on the pane with his fingernails, whereupon the driver turns and pulls the window down a few inches.

DRIVER

(annoyed)

Whadda you want!

PETER  
(pleasantly)  
If you'll be good enough to remove  
those newspapers I'll have a seat.

DRIVER  
(irritably)  
Okay! Okay! Keep your shirt on, young  
feller.  
(with which remark  
the driver turns  
away from him)

PETER  
(looking at the back  
of the driver's neck  
for a moment, then  
confidentially)  
Just between you and me, I never  
intended taking it off.

He wheels around uncertainly and swaggers jauntily down the aisle toward the empty seat. En route he bestows genial smiles upon several of his disgruntled fellow passengers, and he stops in front of a robust lady who at the moment is breastfeeding her baby while a lighted cigarette dangles from her lips.

PETER  
Personally, I was raised on a bottle.  
(as the woman looks  
up at him, perplexed)  
When I was a baby, I insisted on it.  
You know why?  
(as the woman stares  
up stupidly)  
I never liked the idea of getting  
cigarette ashes in my eyes.

He moves forward, leaving the woman unable to make head or tail of it; and assuming that he's crazy, she shrugs her shoulders and turns her attention to the baby.

Now PETER arrives at his seat, and whistling softly, raises the window. Unhurriedly, he picks the newspaper bundles up one by one and flings them out of the window. They hit the sidewalk below with a dull thud. Thereupon a close view of

the DRIVER shows him reacting violently to Peter's unprecedented cheek, and starting down from his seat.

PETER has now cleared the seat of all the newspaper bundles and still whistling his favorite melody, he picks up his suitcase preparatory to placing it in the rack overhead. At this point, the driver enters the side door of the bus.

DRIVER  
(pugnaciously)  
Hey, wait a minute!

Peter, his arms holding the suitcase over his head, turns and glances at the driver, a quizzical look in his eyes.

DRIVER  
(coming forward)  
What do you think you're doing!

PETER  
(turning)  
Huh?

DRIVER  
(bellowing)  
The papers! The papers! Whadda you mean throwin' 'em out!

PETER  
Oh – the papers –

He slowly lowers his arms and deposits the suitcase on the floor.

PETER  
(now seen close, with the Driver)  
That's a long story, my friend. You see, I don't like sitting on newspapers. I did once and all the headlines came off on my white pants.

DRIVER  
Hey, whadda you tryin' to do – kid me?

PETER  
Oh, I wouldn't kid you. On the level,

it actually happened. Nobody bought a paper that day. They followed me all over town and read the news from the seat of my pants.

DRIVER

What're you gonna do about the papers? Somebody's gotta pick 'em up.

PETER

(turning to his  
suitcase)

It's okay with me. I'm not arguing.

DRIVER

(pugnaciously)

Fresh guy, huh! What you need is a good sock on the nose.

PETER

(turning back to him)

Look here, partner. You may not like my nose. But I do. It's a good nose. The only one I've got. I always keep it out in the open where anybody can take a sock at it. If you decide to do it, make sure you don't miss.

During his speech, Ellie enters from the rear and plunks herself into Peter's seat. Unseen by Peter, she places her small bag beside her.

DRIVER

(answering Peter;  
weakly)

Oh, yeah?

PETER

Now, that's a brilliant answer. Why didn't I think of it? Our conversation could have been over long ago.

DRIVER

Oh, yeah?

PETER

(exhausted)

You win!



Smiling, he turns to sit down. But the smile dies on his face when he finds his place occupied by Ellie, who stares out the window.

PETER  
(now at close range,  
with Ellie)  
Excuse me, lady –  
(slowly)  
– but that upon which you sit – is  
mine.

Ellie glances up at him – then down at her buttocks.

ELLIE  
(eyes flashing)  
I beg your pardon!

PETER  
Now, listen. I'm in a very ugly mood.  
I put up a stiff battle for that  
seat. So if it's just the same to  
you –  
(gesturing with thumb)  
Scram.

ELLIE  
(ignoring him –  
calling)  
Driver!

The driver, who has stopped to witness this new altercation, returns.

ELLIE  
Are those seats reserved?

DRIVER  
(pleased to discomfort  
Peter)  
No. First come, first served.

ELLIE  
(dismissing the whole  
thing)  
Thank you.  
(Peter, thwarted for

a moment, just glares  
at her)

PETER  
(also calling)  
Driver!

DRIVER  
Yeah?

PETER  
These seats accommodate two  
passengers, don't they?

DRIVER  
(hating to give in)  
Maybe they do – and maybe they don't.

Peter lifts Ellie's overnight bag off the seat and drops it on the floor. Part of her coat covers the small space by her side. This he sweeps across her lap.

PETER  
Move over, lady. This is a "maybe  
they do."

He plops into the seat, the other passengers around them heaving a sigh of relief. Ellie flashes him a devastating look and deliberately turns her back on him. But Peter suddenly looks down toward the floor, following which a close-up AT THEIR FEET reveals that Ellie's bag on the floor annoys Peter. With his foot he slowly moves it over to her, and Ellie's foot is seen pushing it back, whereupon Peter viciously kicks it over to her side again. Next we see Ellie glaring at him, picking up her bag, and standing on the seat depositing it on the rack overhead. But just then the bus starts forward with a lurch which unbalances her, and she falls backward right in Peter's lap. Their noses almost touch. Their eyes meet, and they glare at each other hostilely. Ellie quickly scrambles off and gets back in her seat, turning her back on him.

PETER  
(amused)  
Next time you drop in, bring your  
folks.

This dissolves to a COUNTRY ROAD, and the bus sways perilously

as it speeds through the night, following which the view dissolves to the INTERIOR of the BUS, revealing Peter slumped in his seat, his hat drawn over his eyes. Ellie has her head thrown back, trying to sleep. But the swaying bus causes her head to roll from side to side uncomfortably, and finally she gives up.

ELLIE

(an order)

Tell that man not to drive so fast.

(at which Peter just  
cocks his head  
slightly)

PETER

Are you talking to me?

ELLIE

Yes. Tell that man to drive slowly.

Peter stares at her a moment, resenting her officious manner.

PETER

(pleasantly)

Okay.

And much to her surprise, he sighs deeply and relaxes to his former position, shutting his eyes. She glares at him crushingly.

The scene dissolves to another view of the BUS, disclosing the driver, and suddenly the bus comes to a stop.

DRIVER

(sticking his head in  
to face the passengers)

Rest station! Ten minutes!

The view draws back as some of the passengers rise. The men stretch their legs, and the women straighten out their skirts. A close view of Peter and Ellie then shows her rising. Peter accommodatingly shoves his feet aside for her to pass, and Ellie starts up the aisle. But she suddenly stops; looks back, first at her bag and then at Peter; decides to take her bag with her, and returns to take it. She reaches for it on the rack, Peter watching her, amused.

The scene dissolves to the outside of the REST STATION with

several passengers walking briskly back and forth. The place is dimly lit by one or two lamp-posts, and Peter can be seen leaning against one of these posts, smoking a cigarette. The scene moving in, a close view of Peter shows him stealing a glance in the direction of Ellie. And a view, from his angle, reveals Ellie in the shadow of the bus, her bag at her feet. She slowly turns her head toward Peter and then quickly averts it.

PETER (seen close) speculates about her. He glances around the place, and the scene moves about, following his gaze. It takes in the other passengers, all obviously poor and uncultured. The moving view reaches Ellie. The contrast is perceptible. Thereupon, we see Peter reacting with comprehension: No doubt about it! She doesn't belong with these passengers. Then suddenly he sees something which startles him, and we see what it is: Directly in back of her, the young hoodlum passenger slyly lifts her overnight bag from the ground and starts running with it. Ellie is oblivious of his actions. PETER springs forward.

Ellie sees Peter coming toward her and is perceptibly startled. But Peter whizzes by her, and this amazes her even more. She shrugs her shoulders, perplexed, and resumes her smoking. In a few seconds Peter returns, puffing breathlessly.

PETER

He got away. I suddenly found myself  
in the middle of the brush and not a  
sign of the skunk.

ELLIE (seen close with PETER) doesn't know what he's talking about. She looks at him, puzzled.

ELLIE

I don't know what you're raving about,  
young man. And, furthermore, I'm not  
interested.

PETER

(taken aback)  
Well – of all the – well –  
(hard)  
Maybe you'll be interested to know  
your bag's gone.

At this, Ellie wheels around and stares at the spot where her bag had been.

ELLIE

Oh, my heavens! It's gone!

PETER

(sarcastically)

Yeah. I knew you'd catch on eventually.

ELLIE

What happened?

PETER

That cadaverous-looking yegg who sat in front of us, just up and took it. Boy, how that baby can run!

ELLIE

What am I going to do now?

PETER

Don't tell me your ticket was in it?

ELLIE

(opening her purse)

No, I've got that, all right. But my money. All I have here is four dollars. I've got to get to New York with it.

PETER

You can wire home for some money when we get to Jacksonville.

ELLIE

Why, no – I –

(catching herself)

Yes... I guess I will.

PETER

(starting out)

I'll report it to the driver. About your bag, I mean.

ELLIE

(quickly)

No. I'd rather you didn't.

PETER

Don't be a fool. You lost your bag.  
The company'll make good. What's  
your name?

ELLIE

I don't want it reported!

PETER

Why, that's ridiculous! They're  
responsible for everything that –

ELLIE

(hotly)

See here, can you understand English!

I don't want it reported!

(she starts away)

Please stay out of my affairs! I

want to be left alone.

(with which she

disappears from the

scene)

A close-up of PETER shows him glaring after her.

PETER

(mumbling)

Why, you ungrateful brat!

The scene dissolves to the BUS, where all the passengers are scattering back to their seats; Peter is already seated, when Ellie arrives. A close view then shows her standing uncertainly for a moment, speculating whether to cross over his legs to get her place by the window. Peter feels her presence by his side and glances up. She tosses her head and plants herself in the seat in front of him, vacated by the young man who stole her bag. Peter takes the affront with a shrug and slides over gratefully to the coveted spot near the window.

The scene dissolves to a close view of Ellie and a recently arrived fat man next to her. She has her head thrown back in an effort to sleep, but the fat man, his hands clasped over his protruding stomach, snores disgustingly, and the rumble of the flying bus accompanies him. Suddenly the bus careens, the fat man falls against Ellie, and she awakens with a start and pushes him back. The fat man's snoring goes on uninterrupted, and Ellie relaxes again; but in a few seconds

the procedure is repeated, and Ellie is beside herself. She looks around for somewhere to flee.

PETER, seated in back of her, in his customary slumped position, opens his eyes slightly. It is apparent he has been watching her for some time, for he grins at her discomfiture. Ellie's head turns in his direction and the grin leaves Peter's face. He shuts his eyes and pretends to be asleep. Ellie glances at Peter to make certain he is asleep. The fat man falls against her again and it is all she can stand. She starts to rise. Peter sees her coming and deliberately puts his hand on the seat next to him, still pretending to be asleep. Just as Ellie starts to sit, she notices his hand and is embarrassed. Gingerly she picks up his limp hand and places it on his knee. She then slides into the seat, sighing with relief, whereupon Peter opens his eyes and is amused. Slowly his head turns – and he scrutinizes her, soberly and appraisingly. Ellie slowly turns her head for a glimpse of Peter – and is startled to find him gazing at her. She turns forward, her jaw set forbiddingly.

The scene dissolves to the view of a ROAD. It is dawn, and in the distance, against the horizon, the bus, a mere speck, makes its lone way over the deserted country. This dissolves to a large SIGN, reading "JACKSONVILLE," and then into the BUS affording a close view of ELLIE and PETER. They are both asleep, her head resting comfortably on his shoulder, Peter's topcoat thrown over her. Then the view draws back. The bus is empty except for Ellie and Peter, the last few passengers are just leaving.

PETER's eyes slowly open. He looks down at the head on his shoulder and grins. With a sigh, he shuts his eyes again and resumes his slumber. Next, at the front of the bus, the DRIVER stands staring at Peter and Ellie in this intimate position and his mouth twists knowingly.

DRIVER  
(murmuring)  
Oh, yeah?

ELLIE stirs, squirms a little uncomfortably and with a sleepy grunt shifts her position. Just as she settles down, her eyes open. She stares out of the window with unseeing eyes, and then closes them dreamily, giving the impression that, still half conscious, she is trying to recall where she is. Apparently she does, for her eyes suddenly snap open and she

lifts her head. Finally (in a scene including Peter), Ellie realizes that she has been sleeping on his shoulder, whereupon she straightens up, embarrassed.

ELLIE  
Oh, I'm sorry –  
(feebly smiling)  
Silly, isn't it?

She looks around, and her finding herself alone with Peter adds to her embarrassment.

ELLIE  
Everybody's gone.

She lifts her arms to adjust her hat and becomes conscious of his coat over her which slips. She stares at it thoughtfully for a moment – then at Peter.

ELLIE  
(realizing that he  
put it there)  
Oh, thank you.  
(she hands him his  
coat; ill at ease)  
We're in Jacksonville, aren't we?

PETER  
Yes.

ELLIE  
(nervously)  
That was foolish of me. Why didn't  
you shove me away?

PETER  
I hated to wake you up.  
(she glances at him  
speculatively)  
How about some breakfast?

ELLIE  
No, thank you.  
(she rises, anxious  
to get away)  
Thank you so much.

Most uncomfortably, she edges away from him toward the front



of the bus, Peter watching her leave, his interest definitely provoked.

The scene cuts to the STAND as Ellie emerges from the bus. At the foot of the steps is the driver.

ELLIE

How much time have I?

DRIVER

About a half hour.

ELLIE

I'm going over to the Windsor Hotel.

Peter appears in the door of the bus in the background, and a close view then shows him stopping to listen as he sees Ellie talking to the driver.

DRIVER'S VOICE

The Windsor! You'll never make it in time.

ELLIE'S VOICE

You'll have to wait for me.

DRIVER'S VOICE

(aghast)

Wait for you!

A smile flits across Peter's face; then a wider view shows Ellie leaving the driver.

ELLIE

(as she goes)

Yes. I may be a few minutes late.

She disappears from sight, leaving the driver staring at her, dumbly; and Peter, standing in back of the driver, shakes his head in amazement.

The scene dissolves to the BUS STAND later that morning – at the same spot where the bus had previously been. It is no longer there however. A huge crowd fills the space, and the view moving down through the crowd, singles Ellie out. She has just arrived and looks around helplessly. Finally she spots a uniformed terminal guard and approaches him.

ELLIE  
(now next to the Guard)  
Where's the bus to New York?

GUARD  
Left twenty minutes ago.

ELLIE  
Why, that's ridiculous! I was on  
that bus – I told them to wait!

GUARD  
Sorry, Miss. It's gone.  
(and he turns his  
back on her)

Ellie's face clouds. The crowds surge about her. She looks around thoughtfully. Suddenly her eyes open in surprise at something she sees, and the view then moves over to Peter, who sits on his suitcase, looking toward Ellie.

PETER  
Good morning.

Peter is in the foreground, the guard is seen in the background. Ellie stares at Peter, perplexed.

PETER  
Remember me? I'm the fellow you slept  
on last night.

ELLIE  
Seems to me I've already thanked you  
for that.  
(turning to guard)  
What time is the next bus to New  
York?

GUARD  
(turning)  
Eight o'clock tonight.

ELLIE  
Eight o'clock! Why, that's twelve  
hours!

GUARD  
Sorry, Miss.

The Guard leaves the scene, and Ellie's disappointment is apparent.

PETER

(sarcastically)

What's the matter? Wouldn't the old meanies wait for you?

(Ellie glares at him, disdaining to reply – this angers him, and he continues hotly)

Say, how old are you anyway? Don't you know these busses work on a schedule? You need a guardian.

ELLIE

(starting away)

What are you excited about? You missed the bus, too.

Peter looks at her a moment before replying.

PETER

(quietly)

Yeah. I missed it, too.

There is a close view of the two. She turns to him. Her interest is provoked by his tone of voice. She glances up into his face.

ELLIE

Don't tell me you did it on my account!

(pause)

I hope you're not getting any idea that what happened last night is –

(she interrupts herself)

You needn't concern yourself about me, young man. I can take care of myself.

PETER

You're doing a pretty sloppy job of it.

(he reaches in his pocket)

Here's your ticket.

ELLIE  
(surprised)  
My ticket?

PETER  
I found it on the seat.

ELLIE  
(taking it)  
Oh, thank you. Must have fallen out  
of my pocket.

While she is putting the ticket away in her purse, Peter  
speaks:

PETER  
You'll never get away with it, Miss  
Andrews.  
(this is a shock to  
Ellie)

ELLIE  
(weakly)  
What are you talking about?

PETER  
Just a spoiled brat of a rich man.  
You and Westley'll make an ideal  
team.

ELLIE  
(bluffing it through)  
Will you please tell me what you're  
raving about!

PETER  
You'll never get away with it, Miss  
Andrews. Your father'll stop you  
before you get half way to New York.

ELLIE  
You must have me confused with –

PETER  
(interrupting)  
Quit kidding! It's all over the front  
pages, You know, I've always been

curious about the kind of a girl  
that would marry King Westley.

He pulls a newspaper out of his pocket and hands it to her.  
Ellie glances at the headline hurriedly.

PETER

(while she reads)

Take my advice – grab the first bus  
back to Miami. That guy's a phony.

ELLIE

(looking up at him)

I didn't ask for your advice.  
(she hands the paper  
back)

PETER

That's right. You didn't.

ELLIE

You're not going to notify my father,  
are you?

PETER

(looking at her  
squarely)

What for?

ELLIE

If you play your cards right, you  
might get some money out of it.

PETER

(a disdainful  
expression crosses  
his face)

I never thought of that.

ELLIE

(frantically)

Listen, if you'll promise not to do  
it, I'll pay you. I'll pay you as  
much as he will. You won't gain  
anything by giving me away as long  
as I'm willing to make it worth your  
while. I've got to get to New York  
without being stopped. It's terribly

important to me. I'd pay now, only the only thing I had when I jumped off the yacht was my wrist watch and I had to pawn that to get these clothes. I'll give you my address and you can get in touch with me the minute you get to New York.

PETER

(furious)

Never mind. You know I had you pegged right from the start, you're the spoiled brat of a rich father. The only way you can get anything is to buy it. Now you're in a jam and all you can think of is your money. It never fails, does it? Ever hear of the word "Humility"? No, you wouldn't. I guess it never occurred to you to just say, "Please mister, I'm in trouble. Will you help me?" No; that'd bring you down off your high horse for a minute. Let me tell you something; maybe it'd take a load off your mind. You don't have to worry about me. I'm not interested in your money or your problems. You, King Westley, your father, you're all a lot of hooley to me.

He turns his back on her and leaves. A close-up of ELLIE shows her staring after him, her eyes blazing angrily.

In a TELEGRAPH OFFICE, Peter addresses a girl operator as he drops a telegram on the counter, which she reads.

PETER

(brusquely)

You send telegrams here?

OPERATOR

(recognizing him  
apparently,  
sarcastically)

I'm just fine thanks, and how are you?

(reading)

To "Joe Gordon, care of New York

Mail, New York. Am I laughing. The biggest scoop of the year just dropped in my lap. I know where Ellen Andrews is –"

(looking up excitedly)

No, do you really?

PETER

(impatiently)

Go on. Go on send the telegram.

OPERATOR

"How would you like to have the story, you big tub of – of –"

PETER

Mush. Mush.

OPERATOR

"Tub of mush. Well try and get it. What I said about never writing another line for you still goes. Are you burning? Peter Warne." Well, that will be \$2.60.

PETER

Send it collect.

OPERATOR

Collect?

PETER

(firmly)

Collect.

As the clerk takes the wire from him, scene fades out.

The BUS TERMINAL fades in. It is night now, and the rain comes down in torrents. People scurry around to get into the buses as the voice of an announcer is heard:

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Bus for blah-blah-blah-blah –  
Charleston – blah-blah-blah – and  
all points North to New York!

This dissolves to the interior of a BUS, which is practically filled. Peter is in his seat, reading a magazine, while Ellie

enters hurriedly from the rear door and starts forward. As she approaches Peter, she hesitates a second, and deliberately passes him, plunking herself into a seat in the opposite aisle. Peter turns just as she gets seated. He glances at her indifferently.

A close view shows Ellie seated next to a man who sits reading a newspaper which covers his face. Her eyes are fixed forward, her lips set adamantly. A close-up of the MAN next to Ellie makes it plain that he is a typical drummer. At the moment he is absorbed in a serial story, but suddenly he becomes aware of something at his feet, and without lowering the newspaper, his gaze slowly shifts downward. At this, the view moves down until it reaches Ellie's trim ankles. Her feet beat a regular tattoo on the floor; her extreme agitation is evident. The view moves back slowly, taking in Ellie's shapely leg as far as the knee. Then we see ELLIE and the DRUMMER as his gaze is still fixed on her leg. Slowly his face breaks into a lascivious grin, he lowers his paper, and turns for a scrutiny of her face. What he sees apparently delights him, for he drops his paper completely – and smiles broadly.

#### DRUMMER

Hi, sister – All alone? My name's Shapeley.

(Ellie favors him  
with a devastating  
look which is wasted  
on the drummer)

Might as well get acquainted. It's gonna be a long trip – gets tiresome later on. Specially for somebody like you. You look like you got class.

(he surveys her from  
head to foot)

Yessir! With a capital K.

(he chuckles at his  
own sally)

And I'm a guy that knows class when he sees it, believe you me.

A close-up of ELLIE, as Shapeley's voice continues, shows her glancing back at Peter, expecting him to come to her rescue.

#### SHAPELEY'S VOICE

Ask any of the boys. They'll tell



you. Shapeley sure knows how to pick 'em. Yessir. Shapeley's the name, and that's the way I like 'em.

Ellie again looks toward Peter. But PETER seems to have found something of unusual interest in his magazine... and we again see the harassed ELLIE and the irrepressible SHAPELEY, who continues.

SHAPELEY

You made no mistake sitting next to me.

(confidentially)

Just between us, the kinda muggs you meet on a hop like this ain't nothing to write home to the wife about. You gotta be awful careful who you hit up with, is what I always say, and you can't be too particular, neither. Once when I was comin' through North Carolina, I got to gabbin' with a good-lookin' mama. One of those young ones, you know, and plenty classy, too. Kinda struck my fancy. You know how it is. Well, sir, you could'a knocked me over with a Mack truck. I was just warming up when she's yanked offa the bus. Who do you think she was? Huh? Might as well give up. The girl bandit! The one the papers been writin' about.

(he pulls out a cigar,  
and continues –  
awed by the  
recollection)

Yessir, you coulda knocked me over with a Mack truck.

(he lights his cigar,  
takes a vigorous  
puff, and turns to  
her again)

What's the matter, sister? You ain't sayin' much.

ELLIE

(intending to freeze  
him)

Seems to me you're doing excellently

without any assistance.  
(this however only  
brings a guffaw from  
the drummer)

SHAPELEY

That's pretty good... Well, shut my  
big nasty mouth!

A close-up shows ELLIE enduring more of this as Shapeley's  
voice continues:

SHAPELEY'S VOICE

...Looks like you're one up on me.  
Nothin' I like better than to meet a  
high-class mama that can snap 'em  
back at you. 'Cause the colder they  
are, the hotter they get, is what I  
always say.

Now Ellie and Shapeley are seen together, with Peter seen in  
the background.

SHAPELEY

Take this last town I was in. I run  
into a dame – not a bad looker,  
either – but boy, was she an iceberg!  
Every time I opened my kisser she  
pulls a ten strike on me. It sure  
looked like cold turkey for old man  
Shapeley. I sell office supplies,  
see? And this hotsy-totsy lays the  
damper on me quick. She don't need a  
thing – and if she did she wouldn't  
buy it from a fresh mugg like me.  
Well, says I to myself – Shapeley,  
you better go to work. You're up  
against a lulu. Well, I'm here to  
tell you, sister, I opened up a line  
of fast chatter that had that dame  
spinnin' like a Russian dancer. Before  
I got through she bought enough stuff  
to last the firm a year. And did she  
put on an act when I blew town!

Ellie has scarcely listened to him, and has divided her  
attention between glancing back at Peter and staring at  
Shapeley as if he were insane – none of which bothers

Shapeley. He goes on with his merry chatter, blowing rings of smoke in the direction of the ceiling.

SHAPELEY

Yessir. When a cold mama gets hot – boy, how she sizzles! She kinda cramped my style, though. I didn't look at a dame for three towns.

(quickly)

Not that I couldn't. For me it's always a cinch. I got a much better chance than the local talent.

(confidentially)

You see, they're kinda leery about the local talent. Too close to home. Know what I mean?

ELLIE has now reached the point where she could, without any compunction, strangle him.

SHAPELEY'S VOICE

(continuing over this glimpse of her desperation)

But take a bird like me – it's here today – and gone tomorrow. And what happens is nobody's business.

At this time she turns helplessly toward Peter, but we Peter being deliberately oblivious of her presence, following which the three are seen, with Peter in the background.

SHAPELEY

But I don't go in for that kinda stuff – much. I like to pick my fillies. Take you for instance. You're my type. No kiddin' sister. I could go for you in a big way. "Fun-on-the-side Shapeley" they call me, and the accent is on the fun, believe you me.

(this is all Ellie can stand)

ELLIE

(snappily)

Believe you me, you bore me to distraction.

(but Shapeley merely  
throws his head back  
and emits his  
characteristic guffaw)

SHAPELEY

(laughing)

Well, you're two up on me now.

(he holds up two  
fingers)

PETER

(approaching them)

Hey, you!

Shapeley's laugh dies down. He looks dumbly up at Peter, his  
two fingers still held in mid-air.

SHAPELEY

Huh?

PETER

(indicating his own  
seat)

There's a seat over there for you.

SHAPELEY

What's the idea?

PETER

I'd like to sit with my – uh –  
wife – if you don't mind.

(at which Shapeley's  
face falls)

SHAPELEY

(puzzled)

Wife?

PETER

Yeah. Come on – come on!

SHAPELEY

(rising)

Oh, excuse me.

(edging away)

I was just tryin' – you know – to  
make things pleasant.

And smiling sheepishly, he sidles over to Peter's seat, his two fingers still poised in air. Peter plants himself next to Ellie and totally ignoring her, opens his magazine, and resumes his reading. Then Ellie and Peter are seen close together. She looks up at him.

ELLIE

If you promise not to snap my head off, I'd like to thank you.

PETER

(without turning)

Forget it. I didn't do it for you.  
His voice got on my nerves.

She feels herself crushed, and ventures no further comment as Peter resumes his interest in his magazine.

A full view of the BUS follows, and there is silence for a while as the bus slows down and comes to a stop. Almost simultaneously a boy makes his appearance, selling magazines and candy.

BOY

Here you are, folks. Candy – popcorn –  
cigarettes – magazines –

As Ellie and Peter are seen again, she turns and calls to the boy:

ELLIE

Here, boy!

PETER

(turning to her)

What'd you do? Wire one of your friends for money?

ELLIE

(rummaging in her  
purse)

No. It'd be useless. Father'd get the wire before they would.

BOY

(as he enters)

Yes, ma'am?

ELLIE

A box of chocolates, please.

PETER

(to the boy)

Never mind, son. She doesn't want it.

(he gestures with his thumb for the boy to leave)

BOY

(puzzled)

But the lady says –

ELLIE

Of course I do. What do you mean –

PETER

(to the boy)

Beat it!

(and the boy, frightened by his voice, leaves)

ELLIE

(resentfully)

You have your nerve!

(she starts to rise)

Here, boy –!

Peter snatches the purse out of her hand and takes the money out. Ellie stares at him dumbfounded.

PETER

A dollar sixty!... You had four dollars last night! How do you expect to get to New York at the rate you're going?

ELLIE

(vehemently)

That's none of your business.

PETER

(with finality)

You're on a budget from now on.

(he flings her purse  
back at her and  
pockets the money)

ELLIE

Now, just a minute – you can't –

PETER

Shut up!

He returns to his magazine, leaving her staring at him  
petulantly as the scene fades out.

SOMEWHERE ON THE ROAD at night. This is apparently on the  
outskirts of a town. Two local policemen and our bus driver  
stand in the foreground near a police booth. The rain sweeps  
across their faces as they talk. The passengers in the bus,  
which stands in the background, stick their heads out, trying  
to hear what is going on.

FIRST POLICEMAN

You won't be able to pass till  
morning.

SECOND POLICEMAN

Not even then, if this keeps up.

Peter approaches the group and is then seen with the officers  
and the driver.

PETER

What's up?

FIRST POLICEMAN

Bridge washed out – around Dawson.

DRIVER

Looks like we can't go through till  
morning.

SECOND POLICEMAN

(his only contribution)

Not even then, if this keeps up.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Any of your passengers want a place  
to sleep – there's an auto camp up  
yonder a piece.

PETER  
(interested)  
Yeah? Where?

FIRST POLICEMAN  
(pointing)  
Up yonder. See the lights?

PETER  
Yeah.

FIRST POLICEMAN  
That's it. Dyke's Auto Camp.

PETER  
Thanks.

He dashes toward the bus. Then he appears at the side door of the bus.

PETER  
(calling)  
Hey, Brat –!  
(he is about to enter  
when he sees Ellie)

The view moves to the rear door of the bus. Ellie stands on the bottom step.

ELLIE  
(haughtily)  
Are you talking to me!

PETER  
Yeah. Come on – we're stopping here  
for the night.

He disappears inside the bus through the side door. With an independent toss of her head, Ellie turns and also enters the bus, but through the rear door.

The scene dissolves to DYKE'S AUTO CAMP. Ellie stands alone on the porch of a small bungalow, sheltered from the rain. Over her head is a sign reading:

OFFICE – Dyke Auto Co. – P. D. Dyke, Prop.



She looks about her restlessly, giving the impression that she has been waiting for someone. Suddenly she is attracted by something and gazes in its direction. Then, as seen by Ellie in a long view, there appears, about twenty yards away, a small cabin, lighted on the inside; and from it Peter emerges accompanied by a man – presumably Mr. Dyke. We cannot hear what is being said; from their movements, however, it is apparent that an exchange of money is taking place. Dyke waves his hand in departure and starts toward Ellie. At the same time, Peter calls to her:

PETER

(shouting)

Hey! Come on! We're all set.

(saying which he enters  
the cabin)

Ellie hesitates a moment, then starts toward the cabin. Now she is hurrying across the open space. En route she passes Dyke.

DYKE

(as they pass)

Good evening. Hope you and your  
husband rest comfortably.

Ellie keeps on running, but suddenly she stops dead and looks back at Dyke, following which a close-up of ELLIE shows her eyes opening wide with astonishment. Her impulse is to call Dyke back, to make him repeat what he said – to make certain she heard him correctly. But Dyke is gone, and she turns and glances thoughtfully in the direction of the cabin. Then slowly the corners of her mouth screw up in an attitude of cynicism. So that's it, is it! He has given her no previous evidence of being "on the make"; yet now, with the first opportunity –. Her thoughts, however, are interrupted by Peter's voice:

PETER'S VOICE

Well, Brat – what do you say!

As she doesn't stir, there appears a close-up view of PETER standing in the doorway of the cabin, looking toward Ellie.

PETER

(impatiently)

Come on! Come on! What are you going  
to do? Stand there all night?

(he disappears inside)

For a long moment, ELLIE is lost in speculation as to how to proceed. Then, tossing her head defiantly, with her lips set grimly, she starts toward the cabin until she reaches it, stops in the doorway and peers in. As she does this, there is a view of the inside of the CABIN, as seen by her at the door. Except for two cots on either side of the room, a few sticks of cane furniture, a small table upon which stands an oil burner for cooking, the place is barren. At the moment Peter is attaching a clothes line across the center of the room. His suitcase is already open. And now Ellie steps inside, surveying the place contemptuously. But Peter, with his back to her, is oblivious of her presence; and as he works, he hums his favorite melody. Ellie finally breaks the silence.

ELLIE

(sarcastically)

Darn clever, these Armenians.

PETER

(seen close as he  
turns)

Yeah. Yeah, it's a gift.

(but he finishes his  
hammering and turns  
to his suitcase)

ELLIE

(seen with Peter)

I just had the unpleasant sensation  
of hearing you referred to as my  
husband.

PETER

(carelessly)

Oh, I forgot to tell you. I registered  
as Mr. and Mrs.

(the matter-of-fact  
way in which he says  
this causes her  
eyebrows to lift)

ELLIE

Oh, you did? What am I expected to  
do – leap for joy?

PETER

I kind of half expected you to thank me.

ELLIE

Your ego is colossal.

PETER

(blithely)

Yeah. Yeah, not bad. How's your's?

There is silence for a moment, and Peter proceeds with the unpacking of his suitcase. As she watches him, Ellie's mood changes from one of anger to that of sarcasm.

ELLIE

(appearing in a close-up, her face disdainful)

Compared to you, my friend, Shapeley's an amateur.

(sharply)

Whatever gave you an idea you can get away with this! You're positively the most conceited –

PETER'S VOICE

(interrupting)

Hey, wait a minute!

(appearing beside her)

Let's get something straightened out right now. If you've any peculiar ideas that I'm interested in you, forget it. You're just a headline to me.

ELLIE

(frightened)

A headline? You're not a newspaper man, are you?

PETER

Chalk up one for your side. Now listen, you want to get to King Westley, don't you? All right, I'm here to help you. What I want is your story, exclusive. A day-to-day account. All about your mad flight

to happiness. I need that story.  
Just between you and me I've got to  
have it.

ELLIE

Now isn't that just too cute? There's  
a brain behind that face of yours,  
isn't there? You've got everything  
nicely figured out, for yourself,  
including this.

PETER

This? Oh, that's a matter of simple  
mathematics. These cabins cost two  
bucks a night and I'm very sorry to  
inform you, wifey dear, but the family  
purse won't stand for our having  
separate establishments.

(he goes back to the  
business of laying  
out his things)

ELLIE

(starting to leave)

Well, thank you. Thank you very much,  
but – you've been very kind.

(but the rain outside  
causes her to hesitate)

PETER

Oh, yeah? It's all right with me. Go  
on out in the storm, but I'm going  
to follow you, see? Yeah. And if you  
get tough I'll just have to turn you  
over to your old man right now. Savvy?  
Now that's my whole plot in a  
nutshell. A simple story for simple  
people. Now if you behave yourself,  
I'll see that you get to King Westley;  
if not, I'll just have to spill the  
beans to papa. Now which of these  
beds do you prefer? This one? All  
right.

While he speaks he has taken the extra blanket from the cot  
and hung it over the clothes line. This manages to divide  
the room in half.

A close view at the door shows Ellie watching him with interest.

ELLIE

(sarcastically)

That, I suppose, makes everything –  
uh – quite all right.

PETER

(the previous scene  
returning)

Oh, this? – I like privacy when I  
retire. I'm very delicate in that  
respect. Prying eyes annoy me.

(he has the blanket  
spread out now)

Behold the walls of Jericho! Maybe  
not as thick as the ones that Joshua  
blew down with his trumpet, but a  
lot safer. You see, I have no trumpet.

(taking out pajamas)

Now just to show you my heart's in  
the right place, I'll give you my  
best pair of pajamas.

He flings them over to her, and she catches them and throws them on her cot. Throughout the scene she hasn't budged from the door, but Peter now prepares to undress.

PETER

Do you mind joining the Israelites?

ELLIE

You're not really serious about this,  
are you?

PETER

(seen at close range,  
going about the job  
of undressing very  
diffidently)

All right, don't join the Israelites.  
Perhaps you're interested in how a  
man undresses.

(and he hangs his  
coat over the chair)

Funny thing about that. Quite a study  
in psychology. No two men do it alike.

(now his shirt is  
coming off)

A close view of ELLIE shows her standing stubbornly.

PETER'S VOICE

I once knew a chap who kept his hat  
on until he was completely undressed.

(chuckling)

Made a comical picture...

As the scene includes both of them, Peter spreads his shirt  
over his coat.

PETER

Years later his secret came out. He  
wore a toupee.

He lights a cigarette diffidently while she remains brazenly  
watching him, her eyes flashing defiantly.

PETER

I have an idiosyncrasy all my own.  
You'll notice my coat came first –  
then the tie – then the shirt –  
now, according to Hoyle, the pants  
should come next. But that's where  
I'm different.

(he bends over)

I go for the shoes first. After that  
I –

ELLIE

(unable to stand it  
any longer)

Smart aleck!

And thoroughly exasperated, she goes behind the blanket, and  
plops on the cot. She sits on the edge, debating what to do,  
feeling herself trapped. Her impulse is to leave, if only to  
show this smart aleck he's not dealing with a child, and she  
rises impetuously and moves to the window.

A close view at the WINDOW shows her looking out. The downpour  
has not abated one bit, and the heavy raindrops clatter  
against the window pane in a sort of challenge to Ellie,  
whose jaw drops. She turns slowly back to the room, and as  
she does so her eyes light on the cot. It looks most inviting;

after all, she hasn't had any rest for two nights. She falls on the cot again, her shoulders sagging wearily. Following this, the view reveals both sides of the blanket. Peter is already in his pajamas.

PETER

Still with me, Brat?

(there is no answer  
from Ellie)

Don't be a sucker. A night's rest'll do you a lot of good. Besides, you've got nothing to worry about. The Walls of Jericho will protect you from the big bad wolf.

A close view shows ELLIE glancing over at the blanket. Despite herself, the suggestion of a smile flits across her face.

ELLIE

You haven't got a trumpet by any chance, have you?

PETER gets the idea and smiles broadly.

PETER

Not even a mouth organ.

Pulling the covers back, he prepares to get into bed, humming as he does so.

PETER

(humming to himself)

Who's afraid of the big bad wolf –  
The big bad wolf, the big bad wolf.

(louder)

She's afraid of the big bad wolf,  
Tra-la-la-la-la –

(he springs into bed)

Ellie smiles, and wearily she pulls her hat off her head. She sits this way a moment, thoughtfully; then, determined, she looks up.

ELLIE

Do you mind putting out the light?

PETER

Not at all.

(he leans over and  
snaps it off)

The room is thrown into darkness except for a stream of light coming in the window from the night-light outside the camp. Visible are Peter's face and arms as he stares ceilingward, while on Ellie's side all we can see of her is her silhouette, except for such times as she gets in direct line with the window. There are glimpses of her as she moves around in the process of undressing, and we see, or rather sense, her dress dropping to the floor. She now stands in her chemise; this being white silk, it stands out more prominently against the darkness. She picks up the pajamas and backs into a corner, following which a close-up of her head and shoulders shows her glancing apprehensively toward Peter's side of the room; and holding the pajamas in front of her with one hand, with the other she slips the strap off her shoulders. She flings her "slip" over the blanket.

PETER, on his side of the room, looks toward the blanket, and reacts to the "slip" coming into sight. Then other undergarments join the "slip" on the blanket.

PETER

(hoarsely)

Do you mind taking those things off  
the Walls of Jericho?

(a pause)

It's tough enough as it is.

ELLIE'S VOICE

Oh, excuse me.

(and we see the  
underthings flipped  
off the blanket.)

Ellie's side of the room appears, showing her crawling quickly into bed, pulling the covers over her and glancing apprehensively in Peter's direction – following which a close view shows PETER being very conscious of her proximity. The situation is delicate and dangerous; the room is a tingle with sex. He turns his gaze toward the blanket. The view moves to the BLANKET, remaining on it a moment. It is a frail barrier. The view then moves back to Peter, whose eyes are still on the blanket, his face expressionless. A close view of ELLIE, next shows that she, too, has her eyes glued on the blanket, a little fearfully. She turns her head and gazes at the ceiling for a moment. Then suddenly her eyes widen –



and she sits up abruptly.

ELLIE  
(seriously)  
Oh, by the way – what's your name?

PETER  
(seen close; turning  
his head toward her)  
What's that?

ELLIE  
(both sides of the  
blanket coming into  
view)  
Who are you?

PETER  
Who, me? Why, I'm the whippoorwill  
that cries in the night. I'm the  
soft morning breeze that caresses  
your lovely face.

ELLIE  
(interrupting)  
You've got a name, haven't you?

PETER  
Yeah. I got a name. Peter Warne.

ELLIE  
Peter Warne? I don't like it.

PETER  
Don't let it bother you. You're giving  
it back to me in the morning.

ELLIE  
(flopping back on her  
pillow as she mumbles)  
Pleased to meet you, Mr. Warne...

PETER  
The pleasure is all mine.

There is silence between them for a few seconds.

PETER

I've been thinking about you.

ELLIE'S VOICE

Yes?

PETER

You've had a pretty tough break at that. Twice a Missus and still unkissed.

Ellie doesn't like the implication, and glares in his direction as Peter's voice continues:

PETER'S VOICE

(meaningly)

I'll bet you're in an awful hurry to get back to New York, aren't you?

ELLIE

(hard)

Goodnight, Mr. Warne.  
(she turns over)

PETER

Goodnight.

He also turns his head toward the wall, and the scene fades out.

A long view of the SKY, in the early morning, fades in. In the dim distance there is a speck, which, as it comes nearer, turns out to be an airplane. The drone of its motors becomes louder and louder. Then the view cuts to the CONTROL COCKPIT of the PLANE revealing TWO PILOTS.

FIRST PILOT

(shouting to other)

The old man's screwy!

SECOND PILOT

(who can't hear him)

What's 'at?

FIRST PILOT

(louder)

I said, the old man's screwy!

SECOND PILOT

(nodding his head in agreement)  
Yeah!

FIRST PILOT  
(cupping his mouth)  
The dame's too smart for him.

SECOND PILOT  
(nodding again, then leaning over)  
How'd you like to be married to a wild cat like that?

The First Pilot grimaces in disgust, grabs his nose between his fingers, and goes through the motion of ducking under water. And as they both laugh, the scene cuts to the CABIN of the plane, a privately built plane which has all the equipment of a passenger ship. Andrews and one of his secretaries, a conservative-appearing man of middle age, lean over a table. This being a closed cabin, the roar of the motors scarcely interferes with the dialogue.

SECRETARY  
Here's another wire, sir. This one's from Charleston.  
(as there is a close view of the two)  
"Checking every northbound train. Also assigned twenty operatives to watch main highways. No success yet. Will continue to do everything possible." Signed: Lovington Detective Agency, Charleston.

ANDREWS  
Any others?

SECRETARY  
Yessir.  
(holding up stack of wires)  
There's a report here from every State along the East coast. Want to hear them?

ANDREWS  
(impatiently)

What do they say?

SECRETARY

They're practically all the same,  
sir.

(he shrugs his  
shoulders to indicate  
there is no news)

ANDREWS

(muttering)

Amateurs!

SECRETARY

They're the finest detective agency  
in the country, sir.

Andrews doesn't answer him. He puffs furiously on his cigar, glances out of the window, and turns irritably to a phone by his side. He snaps up the receiver and presses a button, following which the scene cuts to the CONTROL COCKPIT, where a light flashes on the instrument board, and the pilot picks up the receiver.

PILOT

Yes, sir?

ANDREWS

(seen in the cabin)

I thought I made it clear I was in a  
hurry to get to New York?

(bellowing)

What are we crawling for!

In the control cockpit, the pilot reacts to the complaint and glances at his speed indicator. We then see the SPEED INDICATOR registering 180 miles an hour. The pilot looks aghast.

PILOT

(yelling into phone)

We've got her wide open, sir.

ANDREWS

(irascibly)

Well, step on it! Step on it!

He bangs up the receiver and stares moodily out of the window.

It is plain that he is worried. The view then includes his secretary, Henderson.

HENDERSON  
I hope she's all right, sir.

ANDREWS  
(sharply)  
Of course she's all right. What do you think can happen!

HENDERSON  
(intimidated)  
Nothing, sir!

ANDREWS  
Then shut up about it!

Thereupon the view cuts to a close-up of an airplane motor in rapid motion, and this dissolves to the AUTO CAMP CABIN next morning, a close view showing ELLIE peacefully sleeping. But the drone of the plane overhead disturbs her, and she moves restlessly.

ELLIE  
(murmuring in her sleep)  
Darn planes –

She squirms around uncomfortably, and finding it impossible to resume her slumber, opens her eyes. The sun pouring in through the window causes her to squint. She sits up and stares outside, puzzled. Then remembering where she is she looks toward the other side of the cabin, listening for some sign of life. But there is none and she relaxes. She falls back on the pillow, pulling the covers over her.

Now PETER enters from the outside with an armful of foodstuffs, which he dumps on the table. He looks toward Ellie.

PETER  
Hey – you not up yet? Come on – come on!

ELLIE'S VOICE  
What time is it?

PETER  
Eight o'clock.

He goes to the blanket which hangs between the two cots and throws something over it to Ellie.

PETER  
Here –

ELLIE  
(catching the package)  
What is it?  
(opening the package)  
Why, it's a toothbrush! Thanks.  
(noticing her dress  
hanging freshly  
pressed)  
You – you had it pressed.

PETER  
(getting things ready  
for breakfast)  
Come on! Hurry up! Breakfast'll be ready in no time.

ELLIE  
Why, you sweet thing, you. Where'd you get it pressed?  
(at this the view  
moves with him and  
he goes to the blanket)

PETER  
Listen, Brat – I'm going to count to ten. If you're not out of bed by then I'm going to yank you out myself.

A close view of ELLIE shows her being stubborn, but alarmed.

PETER'S VOICE  
(counting quickly)  
One – two – three – four – five

ELLIE  
(panic-stricken)  
Why, you bully. I believe you would.

PETER'S VOICE

– six – seven – eight – nine –

ELLIE  
(screaming)  
I'm out! I'm out!

And she jumps out of bed, throwing the cover around herself, following which Peter is seen going back to the table.

PETER  
You'll find the showers – and things –  
right back of the second cottage.  
(at this Ellie sticks  
her head over the  
blanket)

ELLIE  
(aghast)  
Outside!

PETER  
Certainly, outside. All the best  
homes have 'em outside.

ELLIE  
I can't go out like this.

PETER  
Like what?

ELLIE  
Like this. I have no robe.

PETER  
Here – take mine.

He flings his robe over to her, and she disappears behind the blanket.

PETER  
But make it snappy.

Now Ellie has got into his robe, and appears on his side. The robe is too large for her and she makes a comical figure. As she enters, she tries to maintain her customary dignity.

ELLIE  
(dignifiedly)

Where'd you say the showers – and things – were?

(Peter turns; when he sees her he laughs)

PETER

(appraisingly)

Hey – you're little, aren't you?

ELLIE

Where is the shower?

PETER

Your hair's cute like that. You should never comb it.

ELLIE

(leaving haughtily)

I'll find it myself.

She slams the door viciously, but Peter rushes over to the window to watch her; and as viewed by him, Ellie appears next walking to the showers outside the cabin. She holds her head high and struggles valiantly to maintain as much dignity as she can muster under the circumstances. Then in the cabin, at the window, Peter watching Ellie, chuckles at her, shaking his head in amusement. He starts toward the table, and the scene cuts to a moving view outside the cabins, with Ellie walking past several cottages on her way to the showers. Several people stop to stare at her until she reaches her destination. There are two wooden shacks adjoining, each having a sign on them; one reads, "Showers – Men" – the other, "Showers – Women." In front of the women's shower there are several unappetizing-looking fat women waiting, and with them is a small girl. Ellie crosses over to the women's shower and disappears inside, the waiting women staring at her, puzzled. A moment elapses and Ellie backs out, being pushed by a woman, part of whose naked body is visible, and whose voice is heard in protest:

WOMAN

Can't a body have some privacy around here?

The women who are waiting chuckle at Ellie's embarrassment as she stands aside. They certainly are making a monkey out of her decorum. The little girl keeps eyeing Ellie, fascinated.



LITTLE GIRL

(pointing)

Don't she look funny, Mama?

Ellie, wheeling on the little girl, crushes her with a devastating look, so that the little girl cringes against her mother's skirt. Ellie goes to the end of the line to await her turn, following which close-ups show the LITTLE GIRL slowly turning her head to look at Ellie, and ELLIE noticing the little girl staring at her, whereupon Ellie sticks her tongue out at her. And, in a scene which includes both, the little girl retaliates by sticking her tongue out also.

This dissolves to a view of ELLIE coming out of the showers. At the same time Shapeley comes out of the men's shower, and upon seeing Ellie, his face lights up.

SHAPELEY

Hello, sister.

Ellie ignores him, and walks toward her cabin. But Shapeley falls into step with her.

SHAPELEY

Sorry about last night. Didn't know you were married to that guy. Shoulda told me about it right off.

(he chuckles)

There I was, gettin' myself all primed for a killin', and you turn out to be an old married woman.

The scene cuts to the door of PETER'S CABIN as Peter comes out, stands in the doorway, and is surprised to see Ellie and Shapeley, who are then seen (from his angle) talking. Thereupon PETER is seen again as his lip curls up a little jealously; he returns to the cabin, following which we again see Ellie and Shapeley walking. He notices the robe she is wearing, and he looks down toward her feet, the view moving down to show Ellie's legs and feet. The pajama legs are seen protruding below the robe, the cuffs of which she has turned up. Then the view moving back up to Ellie and Shapeley, he lifts her robe playfully.

SHAPELEY

Hey, what's this? Wearing Papa's

things? Now that's cute. That's what I call real loveydovey. Yessir.

ELLIE

(stopping – her eyes blazing)

If you don't get out of here, I'll slap that fresh mouth of yours.

SHAPELEY

(startled)

Sorry – I didn't mean to –

ELLIE

(sharply)

Get out!

SHAPELEY

Okay. I was just trying to make conversation.

Ellie leaves him abruptly, and the scene cuts to the CABIN, where Peter is now busy setting the small table. Ellie enters after a moment, while Peter has his back to the door.

PETER

(without turning)

High time you got back.

ELLIE

I met some very interesting women at the showers. We got to chatting about this and that. You know how time flies.

She disappears behind the blanket, following which we see Peter's side of the cabin, while Ellie's voice continues from behind the blanket.

ELLIE'S VOICE

We must come back to this place often. You meet the nicest people!

Her head bobs up over the blanket now and again as she dresses.

ELLIE

I saw the little Pussinfoo's girl.

She's turned out quite a charming creature.

Peter ignores her chatter, except for an annoyed glance once in a while.

ELLIE

Very outspoken, too. Said I looked funny. Wasn't that cute?

PETER

Hurry up and get dressed.

ELLIE

(sticking her head over blanket)

Why, Peter! Don't you want to hear about our lovely friends?

PETER

If you didn't waste so much time on that wise-cracking drummer – we'd have been through with breakfast by this time.

A close view shows ELLIE in the process of buttoning her dress. She looks up, having recognized a tinge of jealousy in his voice, which intrigues her. She starts to the other side of the blanket. Then we see her joining Peter in his part of the cabin.

ELLIE

Well, I hope you're not going to dictate whom I can talk to.

PETER

I know a couple of truck drivers I'd like to have you meet sometime.

(setting a plate for her)

Come on, sit down.

ELLIE

Thank you.

(sitting down to the table; referring to the food)

My, my! Scrambled eggs.

PETER

Egg. One egg – doughnuts – black coffee. That's your ration till lunch. Any complaints?

ELLIE

(cheerily)

Nope. No complaints.

PETER

I'd have gotten you some cream but it meant buying a whole pint.

ELLIE

("sweetly")

Why, you don't have to apologize, Mr. Warne. You'll never know how much I appreciate all this.

PETER

(gruffly)

What makes you so disgustingly cheerful this morning?

ELLIE

Must be the Spring.

PETER

I thought maybe – uh – "believe you me" told you a couple of snappy stories.

ELLIE

He apologized for last night.

(carelessly)

Said he didn't know we were married.

PETER

(passing her a doughnut)

Just shows you how wrong a guy can be. Doughnut?

ELLIE

Thanks.

(embarrassed)

You think this whole business is silly, don't you? I mean running

away and everything.

PETER

(easily)

No. No. It's too good a story.

ELLIE

Yes, you do. You think I'm a fool and a spoiled brat. Perhaps I am, although I don't see how I can be. People who are spoiled are accustomed to having their own way. I never have. On the contrary, I've always been told what to do and how to do it and where and with whom. Would you believe it? This is the first time I've ever been alone with a man!

PETER

Yeah?

ELLIE

It's a wonder I'm not panic stricken.

PETER

Um. You're doing all right.

ELLIE

Thanks. Nurses, governesses, chaperones, even body-guards. Oh, it's been a lot of fun.

PETER

One consolation; you can never be lonesome.

ELLIE

It has its moments. It got to be a sort of game to try to outwit father's detectives. I – I did it once; actually went shopping without a bodyguard. It was swell. I felt absolutely immoral. But it didn't last long. They caught up with me in a department store. I was so mad I ran out the back way and jumped into the first car I saw. Guess who was

in it?

PETER  
Santa Claus?

ELLIE  
King – King Westley was in it.

PETER  
Oh. Is that how you met him?

ELLIE  
Um-hm. We rode around all afternoon.  
Father was frantic. By 6 o'clock he  
was having all the rivers dragged.  
(she has been "dunking"  
her doughnut  
throughout this,  
Peter watching her)

PETER  
Say, where did you learn to dunk, in  
finishing school?

ELLIE  
(indignantly)  
Aw, now, don't you start telling me  
I shouldn't dunk.

PETER  
Of course you shouldn't. You don't  
know how to do it. Dunking's an art.  
Don't let it soak so long. A dip and  
plop, into your mouth. If you let it  
soak so long, it'll get soft and  
fall off. It's all a matter of timing.  
I ought to write a book about it.

ELLIE  
Thanks, professor.

PETER  
Just goes to show you. Twenty millions  
and you don't know how to dunk.

ELLIE  
I'd change places with a plumber's  
daughter any day.

But before he can answer, they are interrupted by voices directly outside their window, and the view moves with Peter as he goes to the door, which he opens slightly. Thereupon Dyke is seen in conversation with two men outside the CABIN.

DYKE

(protesting loudly)

You can't go around bothering my tenants. I tell you, there's no girl by that name here. Besides, how do I know you're detectives?

FIRST DETECTIVE

Show him your credentials, Mac. I'll look around.

At this, Peter closes the door and turns to Ellie.

PETER

Detectives!

ELLIE

(petrified)

That's Father at work. What'll I do?

(appealingly, to him)

Peter, what'll I do?

PETER

Don't look at me. I didn't marry King Westley.

Ellie runs around the room picking up her stuff and murmuring, "Oh, my goodness!" She reaches the window.

ELLIE

(now seen close, at the window)

Maybe I could jump out of the window.

(tremulously)

Do you think they'd see me?

PETER'S VOICE

(suddenly)

Come here, you little fool!

She starts toward him. We then see him plunking her in a chair:

PETER  
Sit down!

He rumples her hair and sticks a few hairpins in her mouth.  
He now stands aside and deliberately talks loud enough to be heard outside.

PETER  
(practically shouting)  
Yeah. I got a letter from Aunt Betty.  
She says if we don't stop over at  
Wilkes-Barre she'll never forgive  
us.

ELLIE  
(a close-up showing  
her staring at him  
in bewilderment)  
What are you talking about?

At this, Peter rushes over to her and clamps his hand over her mouth.

PETER  
(with his hand over  
her mouth)  
The baby is due next month – and  
they want us to come.

Ellie looks up at him, and realizes what he's doing, she nods to him that it's all right, whereupon he removes his hand from her mouth. And now one of the detectives approaches FRONT DOOR of the cabin. When he hears Peter's voice, he stops to listen.

PETER'S VOICE  
She says she saw your sister Ethel  
the other day, and she's looking  
swell.

The detective knocks on the door. At this we again see inside of the cabin as Peter whispers to Ellie to say "Come in."

ELLIE  
(calling)  
Come in!



The moment she does, Peter rushes behind the hanging blanket. He has his head stuck over it, waiting for the detective to enter, and the moment the door opens Peter ducks. The detective takes a step inside the room.

PETER'S VOICE

(from behind blanket) I hope Aunt Betty has a boy, don't you? She's always wanted a boy. I think we'll stop over in Wilkes-Barre this trip, darling. Give the family a treat.

A close view shows Ellie and the detective. They have been staring at each other.

ELLIE

(very sweet, calling to Peter)  
There's a man here to see you, Sweetheart.

PETER'S VOICE

Who – me?  
(appearing from behind the blankets; pleasantly)  
Want to see me?

DETECTIVE

(who hasn't taken his eyes off Ellie)  
What's your name?

ELLIE

(innocently)  
Are you addressing me?

DETECTIVE

Yeah. What's your name?

PETER

(stepping in front of him)  
Hey, wait a minute! You're talking to my wife! You can't walk in here and – what do you want, anyway?

DETECTIVE

We're looking for somebody.

PETER

Well, look your head off – but don't come bustin' in here. This isn't a public park.

While Peter has been speaking, the second detective and Dyke have entered. They walk over to Peter, the First Detective, and Ellie.

PETER

I got a good mind to sock you right in the nose.

FIRST DETECTIVE

Take it easy, son. Take it easy.

SECOND DETECTIVE

(crowding forward)

What's up?

The Second Detective's eyes fall on Ellie and he stops to stare at her suspiciously. He takes a photograph out of his pocket which he inspects.

DYKE

(explains)

These men are detectives, Mr. Warne.

PETER

(shouting)

I wouldn't care if they were the whole police department. They can't come in here and start shooting questions at my wife!

ELLIE

(appearing very domestic)

Don't get excited, Peter. They just asked a civil question.

PETER

(turning on her; very sarcastic)

There you go again! How many times did I tell you to stop butting in

when I have an argument?

ELLIE

(sharply; entering  
into the spirit of  
the pretense)

Well, you don't have to lose your  
temper!

PETER

(mimicking her)

You don't have to lose your temper!

(in his own voice)

That's what you told me the last  
time too. Every time I step in to  
protect you. At the Elk's dance when  
that big Swede made a pass at you –

ELLIE

He didn't make a pass at me! I told  
you a million times!

The two detectives and Dyke are seen watching the other two,  
who are now out of sight.

PETER'S VOICE

(screaming)

Oh, no! I saw him! He kept pawing  
you all over the dance floor!

ELLIE'S VOICE

He didn't! You were drunk!

PETER

(now seen with Ellie)

Oh, so now I was drunk!

ELLIE

Well, you were!

PETER

I'm sorry I didn't take another sock  
at him.

ELLIE

Yeah, and gotten yourself arrested!

PETER

Aw, nuts! You're just like your old man! Once a plumber always a plumber! There isn't an ounce of brains in your whole family!

ELLIE

(starting to cry)

Peter Warne, you've gone far enough. I won't stand being insulted like this another minute.

Ellie goes over to her cot, and starts picking up her hat and things, whereupon Dyke, very much affected, turns to the detectives.

DYKE

Now look what you've done!

FIRST DETECTIVE

(apologetically)

Sorry, Mr. Warne. But you see, we're supposed to check up on everybody.

SECOND DETECTIVE

We're looking for a girl by the name of Ellen Andrews. You know – the daughter of the big Wall Street mug.

A close-up of ELLIE appears as their voices are heard.

FIRST DETECTIVE'S VOICE

Your wife sure looks like her. Don't she, Mac?

SECOND DETECTIVE'S VOICE

She sure does.

PETER

(the entire group coming into view)

Well, I hope you find her.

(to Ellie)

Quit bawling! Quit bawling!

The detectives start out, accompanied by Dyke, who is still concerned about the disturbing of his tenants. As they disappear out the door, we hear Dyke's voice:

DYKE'S VOICE

I told you they were a perfectly nice married couple.

Their voices die. Peter stands in the middle of the room watching them go. From her side, where she has been stalling, Ellie peers out of the window until the detectives vanish. She starts toward Peter. Then they appear together, both staring out until the detectives are well out of sight. Finally, Peter closes the door and turns to her.

PETER

(seriously)

It'll be a dirty trick on Aunt Betty if it turns out to be a girl after all.

This brings laughter from them both. But Peter suddenly sobers, and he looks at her thoughtfully.

PETER

Say, you were pretty good. Jumping in like that. Got a brain, haven't you?

ELLIE

You weren't so bad yourself.

PETER

We could start a two-person stock company. If things get tough – we can play some small town auditoriums. We'll call this one "The Great Deception."

ELLIE

Next week "East Lynne."

PETER

After that "The Three Musketeers."  
(he strikes a pose)  
I'd make a great D'Artagnan.

ELLIE

How about Cinderella – or a real hot love story?

PETER

No mushy stuff. I'm running this troupe.

ELLIE

(fighting)

Oh, you are! Who made you the manager?

PETER

I did! It was my idea, wasn't it?

ELLIE

You always want to run everything.

PETER

If you don't like it, you can resign from the company.

ELLIE

I refuse to resign!

PETER

Then I'll fire you. I'll do all the parts myself.

They are interrupted by the door being flung open. Dyke sticks his head in the door.

DYKE

Your bus leaves in five minutes.

PETER

Holy jumping –! We haven't started to pack yet!

And they both scurry around, throwing things carelessly into Peter's suitcase, as the scene fades out.

GORDON'S OFFICE fades in, and Gordon is at his desk as his secretary enters.

SECRETARY

Here's another wire from Peter Warne.

GORDON

Throw it in the basket.

(as the secretary starts to do so)

What's it say?

(reading)  
"Have I got a story! It's getting  
hotter and hotter. Hope you're the  
same."

Gordon snatches the wire out of her hand and tears it  
viciously into bits.

GORDON  
Collect?

SECRETARY  
Yes.

GORDON  
Don't accept any more.

The scene dissolves to ANDREWS' NEW YORK OFFICE – a richly  
appointed place, awe-inspiring in its dignified furnishings,  
which shriek of wealth. Andrews paces back and forth in back  
of his desk. Sitting before him is a man of fifty, with very  
rugged features. He is Lovington, head of the detective agency  
bearing his name. When the scene opens, Andrews is holding  
forth:

ANDREWS  
Three days! Three whole days! And  
what have you accomplished! –  
(in a close view at  
the desk)  
All you've shown me is a stack of  
feeble reports from those comical  
detectives of yours. I want action,  
Lovington!

LOVINGTON  
We can't do the impossible, Mr.  
Andrews.

ANDREWS  
What I'm asking isn't impossible. My  
daughter is somewhere between here  
and Miami. I want her found!

LOVINGTON  
I've put extra men on, all along the  
way.

ANDREWS

It's not enough!

(suddenly)

Are you certain she's not with King Westley?

LOVINGTON

No. He's been trailed twenty-four hours a day since this thing started. He can't even get a phone call we don't know about.

ANDREWS

(who has been pressing several buttons on his desk)

I'm worried, Lovington. After all, something might have happened to her.

(he is interrupted by the entrance of several employees)

ONE OF THEM

Yessir?

ANDREWS

(seeing them)

Oh, Clark – want you to arrange for a radio broadcast – right away – coast to coast hook-up! Offer a reward of ten thousand dollars for any information leading to her whereabouts.

CLARK

(leaving)

Yessir.

ANDREWS

Brown –

BROWN

Yessir?

ANDREWS

Send the story out to the newspapers.  
(he rips a picture of



Ellie on the desk  
out of its frame)  
Some of the out of town papers may  
not have a picture of her. Here –  
wire this to them – I want it to  
break right away.

As he hands the picture to Brown, the view moves in to a close-up of the PICTURE which dissolves to a close-up of the same picture in a newspaper, and as the view draws slowly back we see the headline over it, which reads "DAUGHTER OF BANKER DISAPPEARS TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD" The view then draws back to reveal SHAPELEY reading the newspaper. He stares long and absorbedly at the picture. Then slowly he turns his head toward the rear of the bus, and the view following his gaze passes a group of men singing "The Man On the Flying Trapeze." They are huddled together, and accompanied by a man who plays a guitar. Then the view continues moving until it reaches Peter and Ellie who join in the song, and a close-up of ELLIE shows her eyes sparkling as she sings gaily.

SHAPELEY looks back at Ellie, and apparently comes to the conclusion that his suspicions are correct, for he quickly folds the newspaper, casting a surreptitious glance around to make certain he is not being watched. A diabolical smirk spreads over his face.

A full view of the interior of the bus shows most of the occupants joining in the fun, singing. They seem unmindful of the discomfort caused by the rocking of the bus, which throws them against each other. Then the view draws in to a front seat in which sit a woman and a small boy of ten. The woman's face is haggard and she sways uncertainly, her eyes half closed. Her small son's frightened face peers up at her.

BOY  
(in a trembling voice)  
What'sa matter, Ma? Don't you feel  
all right?

The woman struggles valiantly to recover her composure. She presses her son's small hand in a feeble effort at assurance.

A close view of Ellie and Peter shows ELLIE singing more boisterously than the rest, doing the comical song with exaggerated gestures. But suddenly her face clouds, at something she sees.

ELLIE  
(touching Peter's arm)  
Peter!  
(as he turns)  
There's something the matter with  
that woman. She looks ill.

Peter follows her gaze, whereupon we see the WOMAN. Her head rolls weakly, a pained expression on her face.

ELLIE  
(again seen with Peter;  
sympathetically)  
I better go over and see her.

PETER  
Don't be silly. Nothing you can do.  
Must be tough on an old woman – a  
trip like this.

ELLIE  
(worried)  
Yes.

We see the other passengers around Ellie and Peter enjoying themselves. One of them pokes her.

MAN  
Hey, Galli-Curci, come on – get  
onto it!  
(poking Peter)  
You, too, McCormack.

Ellie and Peter snap into it; they are just in time for the long wail which precedes the chorus:

ELLIE AND PETER  
(Singing)  
"O-o-o-oh–He flies through the air  
with the greatest of ease – This  
daring young man on the flying trapeze –  
"

At this the scene cuts to the ROAD. The bus is caught in a muddy road, full of ruts, and at the moment wavers dangerously at an angle. The left front wheel is stuck in a deep hole, and the engine roars and clatters as the driver feeds the

gas. Finally the bus moves forward, extricating the wheel; but just as it does, the right front wheel falls into another mud hole on the other side, and this time the bus seems hopelessly stuck, a close-up of the RIGHT WHEEL showing it revolving desperately, but in vain. The mud splashes in all directions, and the wheel seems to sink deeper and deeper. Thereupon this view cuts to the inside of the BUS. The bus is tilted over at an extreme angle, which has thrown Ellie into a corner on the floor, where she now crouches in an undignified position. She looks like a turtle, her head being invisible.

ELLIE

(sticking her head  
out)

Thank the man for me, Peter. This is  
the first comfortable position I've  
had all night.

Peter, amused, is assisting her to her feet. The guitarist has continued his playing uninterrupted, and as Peter lifts Ellie, he sings:

PETER

(singing)

"She flies through the air with the  
greatest of ease. This darin' young  
maid on the flying trapeze –

(grunting)

Her movements are graceful – all  
men does she please –"

A close view of the WOMAN and the LITTLE BOY now shows the latter terrifiedly watching his mother, whose head sags wearily. Finally she topples forward in a swoon.

BOY

(with a moan)

Ma! Ma! What'sa matter with you?

(tears stream down  
his cheeks)

Somebody help me! Somethin's happened  
to her!

The music stops abruptly. Everyone looks up, startled. Ellie starts forward, followed by Peter. Passengers closely group around the woman and chatter. "She's fainted. Look how pale she is."

Peter and Ellie step up.

PETER

Get some water, somebody.

(to the boy)

Let me get in here, son.

Ellie goes out of sight to get water. The boy cries audibly, terror-stricken, but gets out of Peter's way, and Peter lifts the woman up and stretches her across the seat. Ellie comes back with water which she silently hands to Peter, who administers to the woman and when she slowly opens her eyes, makes her drink the water. The woman looks around, bewildered.

PETER

(consolingly)

That's better. You're all right now.

Just took a little nose-dive, that's all.

He assists her in sitting up. The boy's wailing is heard, and he now rushes over and throws his arms around his mother.

BOY

(crying)

Ma – oh, gee, Ma –!

His mother clings to him, but still feeling faint, her head sways. Peter looks up at Ellie and gives her a sign to sit down beside the woman. ELLIE sits down beside her. Peter takes the boy by the shoulders.

PETER

Come on, son. Better give your mother a chance to snap out of it.

(as the boy emits a heart-breaking sob)

It's all right, son. She'll be okay in a couple of minutes.

He leads the boy away, while Ellie places her arm around the woman.

ELLIE

You'd better rest. It's been a hard trip, hasn't it?

The scene cuts to a close view of SHAPELEY who has his eye peeled on Peter, watching him, and we next see Peter and the boy, who is still sobbing quietly. They are now standing away from the other passengers.

BOY

We ain't ate nothin' since yestidday.

PETER

What happened to your money?

BOY

Ma spent it all for the tickets. She didn't know it was gonna be so much.

(with a new outburst)

We shouldn'a come, I guess, but Ma said there's a job waitin' for her in New York – and if we didn't go, she might lose it.

PETER

Going without food is bad business, son. Why didn't you ask somebody?

BOY

I was gonna do it, but Ma wouldn't let me. She was ashamed, I guess.

Peter reaches into his pocket for a bill, just as Ellie approaches them.

ELLIE

She'll be all right, soon's she gets something to eat.

Peter has extracted a single bill and dips in his pocket for a smaller one. Before he can find anything, however, Ellie takes the one he has in his hand and gives it to the boy.

ELLIE

Here, boy – first town we come to, buy some food.

(Peter glances at the empty hand and then at Ellie)

BOY

I shouldn't oughta take this. Ma'll

be angry.

ELLIE

(confidentially)

Just don't tell her anything about it. You don't want her to get sick again, do you?

BOY

(a sob in his voice)

No-o. But I shouldn't oughta take the money.

(to Peter)

You might need it.

PETER

Me? Forget it, son.

(rumples his hair – smiling)

I got millions.

BOY

(also smiling)

Thanks.

ELLIE

(her arm around the boy)

Come on. Let's go back to your mother.

She leaves with the boy, Peter watching her a moment, impressed by her display of humanness, before turning and leaving the scene, following which a close-up shot of SHAPELEY watching Peter, then also rising and starting out.

On the ROAD, the driver is now standing in front of the mud-hole, staring at the sunken wheel dolefully, as several people stray into the scene.

DRIVER

That storm sure made a mess outa these roads.

PETER

(appearing, and seeing the trouble)

Holy Smokes! You'll never get out yourself! Better phone for some help.

DRIVER

Phone for help?

(unhappily)

We're right in the middle of nowhere.

There isn't a town within ten miles  
of here.

Shapeley is just entering the outskirts of the group. He stops, looks in the direction of Peter speculatively. He has the newspaper stuck in his pocket, which he caresses tenderly. The scene expanding, Peter is then seen leaving the group.

SHAPELEY

(as Peter approaches)

What's up?

PETER

Looks like we're going to be stuck  
for a long time.

(he starts away)

SHAPELEY

(calling to him)

Say, Buddy –

Peter turns, and looks at him quizzically, and the two are then seen close together.

SHAPELEY

Like to have a look at my paper?

He has taken it out and has it opened as he hands it to Peter. The headlines concerning Ellie and her picture shriek out at Peter. This startles him for a moment, but he manages to recover his poise.

SHAPELEY

Travelin' like this, you kinda lose  
track of what's goin' on in the world.

PETER

(guardedly)

Thanks.

(he glances from the  
newspaper to Shapeley,  
wondering how much  
he suspects)

SHAPELEY

If you wanna get anywhere nowadays,  
you gotta keep in touch with all the  
news, is what I always say.

PETER

(eyeing him expectantly)  
That's right.

SHAPELEY

(pointing to paper)  
Take that story there, for instance.  
Be kinda sweet if we could collect  
that ten thousand smackers.

PETER

(non-committally)  
Yeah – wouldn't it?

SHAPELEY

It's a lotta dough. If I was to run  
across that dame, you know what I'd  
do?

PETER

What?

SHAPELEY

I'd go fifty-fifty with you.

PETER

Why?

SHAPELEY

Cause I'm a guy that don't believe  
in hoggin' it, see? A bird that  
figures that way winds up behind the  
eight ball, is what I always say.

PETER

What's on your mind?

SHAPELEY

(hard)  
Five G's – or I crab the works.

PETER



You're a pretty shrewd baby.  
(looking around)  
We better get away from this gang.  
Talk this thing over privately.

And the view moves with them as Peter leads the way toward a clump of bushes off the side of the road, Shapeley following. They are concealed from the rest of the passengers.

PETER  
Lucky thing, my running into you.  
Just the man I need.

SHAPELEY  
(smiling broadly)  
You're not making any mistake, believe  
you me.

PETER  
I can use a smart guy like you.

SHAPELEY  
(expansively)  
Say listen, when you're talkin' to  
old man Shapeley, you're talking to –

PETER  
(suddenly)  
Do you pack a gat?

A close view of the TWO shows the smile dying on Shapeley's face. He looks up quickly.

SHAPELEY  
Huh?

PETER  
A gat! A gat!  
(feeling him)  
Got any fireworks on you?

SHAPELEY  
(weakly)  
Why – no –

PETER  
(carelessly)  
That's all right. I got a couple of

machine guns in my suitcase. I'll  
let you have one of them.  
(Shapeley is beginning  
to realize he is in  
for something he  
hadn't bargained  
for, and stares  
speechlessly at Peter,  
who continues blandly)  
Expect a little trouble up North.  
May have to shoot it out with cops.

The perspiration starts appearing on Shapeley's brow (as we see him in a close-up). Peter's voice continues:

PETER'S VOICE

(with emphasis)

If you come through all right, your  
five G's are in the bag. Maybe more.  
I'll talk to the "Killer" – see  
that he takes care of you.

SHAPELEY

(finally finding his  
voice)

The Killer?

PETER

(seen with Shapeley;  
watching the latter  
to gauge the effect  
of his words)

Yeah – the "big boy" – the Boss of  
the outfit.

SHAPELEY

(shakily)

You're not kidnapping her, are you?

PETER

(tough)

What else, stupid! You don't think  
we're after that penny-ante reward,  
do you?

(contemptuously)

Ten thousand bucks? Chicken feed!  
We're holding her for a million  
smackers.

SHAPELEY

(stammering)

Say, look! I didn't know it was anything like this, see – and –

PETER

What's the matter with you! Gettin' yellow?

SHAPELEY

(raising his voice,  
pleadingly)

But I'm a married man. I got a couple of kids. I can't get mixed up with –

PETER

(gripping his arm)

Sh-sh-sh –! Soft pedal, you mug! – before I – What're you trying to do? Tell the whole world about it!

(low and menacingly)

Now listen, you're in this thing – and you're staying in! Get me? You know too much.

SHAPELEY

(frightened out of  
his wits)

I won't say anything. Honest, I won't.

PETER

Yeah? – How do I know?

(he reaches into his  
coat threateningly)

I gotta good mind to plug you.

(arguing with himself)

I shouldn't take any chances on you.

SHAPELEY

(breaking down)

You can trust me, Mister. I'll keep my mouth shut.

PETER

Yeah?

(he glares at Shapeley  
a moment silently,

as if making up his  
mind)  
What's your name?

SHAPELEY  
Oscar Shapeley.

PETER  
Where do you live?

SHAPELEY  
Orange, New Jersey.

PETER  
Got a couple of kids, huh?

SHAPELEY  
Yeah. Just babies.

PETER  
You love them, don't you?

SHAPELEY  
(sensing the threat;  
horrified)  
Oh, gee, Mister – you wouldn't –  
you ain't thinkin' about –

PETER  
(threateningly)  
You'll keep your trap shut, all right.

SHAPELEY  
(quickly)  
Sure – sure – I'll keep my trap  
shut. you can depend on me, Mister.

PETER  
If you don't – Ever hear of Bugs  
Dooley?

SHAPELEY  
No.

PETER  
Nice guy. Just like you. But he made  
a big mistake, one day. Got kind of  
talkative. Know what happened? His

kid was found in the bottom of the river. A rock tied around its neck. Poor Bugs! He couldn't take it. Blew his brains out.

(Shapeley can't stand much more of this. He is ready to keel over)

SHAPELEY

Gee! That musta been terrible.

(righteously)

I guess he had it coming to him though. But don't you worry about me. I don't talk. I never talk. Take my word for it. Gee, I wouldn't want anything to happen to my kids.

PETER

Okay. Just remember that. Now beat it.

SHAPELEY

(grabbing Peter's hand and shaking it gratefully)

Oh, thanks, thanks, Mister. I always knew you guys were kind-hearted.

PETER

(putting his hand away)

Come on, scram! And stay away from that bus.

SHAPELEY

Sure. Anything you say.

As he says this, he backs away from Peter, following which a close-up of PETER shows a twinkle in his eye and then, as seen by Peter, Shapeley appears walking hurriedly away. When he thinks the distance is safe he starts running. He slips and falls in the mud, picks himself up, and continues his race for life.

The scene dissolves to the ROAD, at night, with Ellie and Peter walking along. It is apparent they have been trudging like this for a long time.

ELLIE

Poor old Shapeley. You shouldn't have frightened him like that.

PETER

At the rate he started, he's probably passed two state lines by this time. The exercise is good for him.

ELLIE

Yes, I noticed he was getting a little fat lately.

(she grabs her side)

Ouch!

PETER

What's the matter?

ELLIE

(grimacing)

I was never built for these moonlight strolls.

(protesting)

Why did we have to leave the bus?

PETER

I don't trust that chatterbox.

The scene dissolves to the banks of a narrow STREAM at night. Peter is bending over, removing his shoes, and we see the two closer as they talk.

PETER

First town we hit in the morning, you better wire your father.

ELLIE

Not as long as I'm alive.

PETER

Okay with me, if you can stand the starvation diet.

ELLIE

What do you mean – starvation?

PETER

It takes money to buy food.

ELLIE  
Why, haven't you –?

PETER  
(interrupting)  
Not a sou. I had some before the fainting scene.

ELLIE  
You didn't give that boy all your money?

PETER  
I didn't give him anything. You were the bighearted gal. How about wiring your father now?

ELLIE  
Never! I'll get to New York if I have to starve all the way.

PETER  
(rising – uttering a deep sigh)  
Must be some strange power Westley has over you women.  
(he now has his shoes off and ties them to each other)  
How do you expect to get there?

ELLIE  
To New York?

PETER  
Yeah.

ELLIE  
I'm following you.

PETER  
Aren't you afraid of me?

ELLIE  
(confidently)  
No.

PETER  
(looking at her)  
Okay. Hang on to these.

As he bends down in front of Ellie, he gets a firm grip around her legs and throws her over his shoulder like a sack. She squeals, terrified, but Peter ignores this; and with his right hand, which is free, he lifts the suitcase and starts walking across the stream. Ellie's first fright is gone and she now rather enjoys the sensation of being carried by Peter. She lets herself go completely limp, still clinging to his shoes, which she carries by the string. As they walk, the dangling shoes keep hitting Peter's backside.

PETER  
I wish you'd stop being playful.

ELLIE  
(thereupon holding  
the shoes out at a  
safe distance)  
Sorry.  
(Peter takes several  
more laborious steps  
before either of  
them speaks)  
It's the first time I've ridden "piggy-  
back" in years.

PETER  
This isn't "piggy-back."

ELLIE  
Of course it is.

PETER  
You're crazy.

ELLIE  
(after a silence for  
several seconds)  
I remember distinctly Father taking  
me for a "piggy-back" ride –

PETER  
And he carried you like this, I  
suppose.



ELLIE

Yes.

PETER

(with finality)

Your father didn't know beans about "piggy-back" riding.

ELLIE

(another silence before  
she speaks again)

My uncle – Mother's brother – had four children... and I've seen them ride "piggy-back."

PETER

I don't think there's a "piggy-back" rider in your whole family. I never knew a rich man yet who was a good "piggy-back" rider.

ELLIE

That's silly.

PETER

To be a "piggy-backer" it takes complete relaxation – a warm heart – and a loving nature.

ELLIE

And rich people have none of those qualifications, I suppose.

PETER

Not a one.

ELLIE

You're prejudiced.

PETER

Show me a good "piggy-back" rider and I'll show you somebody that's human. Take Abraham Lincoln, for instance – a natural "piggy-backer."

(contemptuously)

Where do you get off with your stuffed-shirt family?

(turning)  
Why, your father knew so much about  
"piggy-back" riding that he –

In his excitement he wheels around to speak to her, forgetting that as he turns she goes with him. Not finding her at his right, he swings around to his left. Naturally he takes Ellie with him – and realizing his mistake he mutters:

PETER  
Aw, nuts!

He proceeds on his way, walking faster than before. They continue this way silently for some time. Finally Ellie breaks the silence.

ELLIE  
(persistently)  
My father was a great "piggy-backer."

Peter raises his eyes heavenward in thorough disgust, then calmly hands his suitcase to her.

PETER  
Hold this a minute.

Ellie takes the suitcase from him, and his hand now free, he delivers a resounding smack on her backside, so that Ellie lets out a yelp.

PETER  
(taking the suitcase)  
Thank you.

The scene dissolves to the edge of a cow PASTURE, at night, and Ellie and Peter are revealed climbing under a barbed wire fence, following which the scene dissolves to a HAYSTACK, in front. Peter sets his bag down and surveys the layout, Ellie watching him.

PETER  
(to himself)  
This looks like the best spot.

ELLIE  
We're not going to sleep out here,  
are we?

PETER

I don't know about you, but I'm going to give a fairly good imitation of it.

And he busies himself laying out a bed for her, pulling hay from the stack and spreading it out on the ground. Ellie wanders aimlessly and then moves to a rock, where she sits and watches Peter.

ELLIE

(after a pause; coyly)

Peter –

PETER

(as a close view shows him still arranging her bed; grumbling)

What?

ELLIE'S VOICE

I'm hungry.

PETER

(without looking up)

Just your imagination.

ELLIE

(seen at the rock, while Peter is out of sight)

No, it isn't. I'm hungry and – and scared.

PETER'S VOICE

You can't be hungry and scared at the same time.

ELLIE

(insisting)

Well, I am.

PETER

(as both he and Ellie are seen in their respective places)

If you're scared it scares the hunger out of you.

ELLIE  
(argumentatively)  
Not if you're more hungry than scared.

PETER  
(impatiently)  
All right. You win. Let's forget it.

ELLIE  
(after a pause)  
I can't forget it. I'm still hungry.

PETER  
(tearing his hair;  
screaming)  
Holy Smokes! Why did I ever get mixed  
up with you!

This brings silence, and he goes on building a bed for her. Then a close-up of Ellie shows her watching him. Her eyes soften. A very definite interest in him is slowly but surely blossoming, and the fact that he is making her bed adds to the intimacy of the scene. A close view of PETER shows him concentrating on his task, but he pauses a moment and turns to glance at her. It is a devouring look, which he quickly dispels by working more feverishly on her bed.

PETER  
(muttering while he  
works)  
If I had any sense, I'd have been in  
New York by this time.  
(he emphasizes his  
feelings by yanking  
viciously at the hay  
as both of them are  
now seen)  
Taking a married woman back to her  
husband. Hunh! What a prize sucker I  
turned out to be.  
(He has her bed ready;  
without glancing at  
her)  
Come on – your bed's all ready.

She watches him a moment, then rising slowly, starts toward Peter. Then she stands over her bed, surveying it

speculatively.

ELLIE

I'll get my clothes all wrinkled.

PETER

(sharply)

Well, take them off.

ELLIE

(shocked)

What!

PETER

(shouting)

All right! Don't take them off. Do whatever you please. But shut up about it.

She flashes him a petulant, offended glance but it is lost on Peter, who has his back to her, and meticulously, she slips to her knees and proceeds to stretch out on the hay. The hay bed is bumpy and hard and she has quite a difficult time getting comfortable; her efforts to do so are accompanied by painful sighs. A close view shows PETER stopping to watch her, and his look is sympathetic and solicitous. Then while Ellie groans and sighs and pounds the hay with her palm, Peter steps out of sight. Ellie is unaware of his departure, so busily occupied is she with her makeshift bedding. She squirms around unhappily and finally stretches out, deciding to make the best of it. She lies on her back, her hands clasped under her head, looking up at the stars.

ELLIE

(seen close, as she  
is lying back on hay  
bed)

You're becoming terribly disagreeable lately. Snap my head off every time I open my mouth.

(she waits for a reply,  
but receives none)

If being with me is so distasteful to you, you can leave.

(independently)

You can leave any time you see fit. Nobody's keeping you her.

(martyr-like)

I can get along.

She waits a second and then turns to see what effect this has on him. The fact that Peter is gone doesn't quite register at first. She looks around calmly, then is puzzled, and finally she becomes panicky. She sits up with a start.

ELLIE

(murmuring, frightened)

Peter –

(there is a pause  
while she listens,  
but nothing stirs,  
and there is more  
apprehension in her  
voice)

Peter!

Real terror comes into her face, and she is ready to cry. She gets to her feet.

ELLIE

(with a terrified  
outcry)

Peter!!

At this he comes running into the scene; under his arm he has a watermelon.

PETER

What's the matter?

ELLIE

(relieved)

Oh, Peter–

(she throws her arms  
around his neck and  
sobs freely)

PETER

(hoarsely)

What's got into you?

ELLIE

(clinging to him)

Oh, Peter! I was so scared.

With his free hand he removes her arm from around his neck

and starts away.

PETER

(setting the watermelon  
down)

I wasn't gone more than a minute.  
Just went out to find you something  
to eat.

ELLIE

(a sob still in her  
voice)

I know – but –

PETER

(kicking the melon  
over to her)

Here. Eat your head off.

ELLIE

I don't want it now.

PETER

(vehemently)

Thought you were hungry!

ELLIE

I was – but –

PETER

But what!

ELLIE

I was so scared – that it scared –

PETER

(exasperatedly)

Holy Jumping Catfish! You can drive  
a guy crazy.

He kicks the melon viciously out of sight, and without any particular preparation or fuss, he flops down on his bed, following which Ellie goes to her bed and lies down, too. Then a close view of ELLIE appears, and at the moment she looks far removed from the spoiled, pampered, self-reliant brat of Alexander Andrews. Instead, she is a helpless baby, clinging to Peter's protective wing. She'd be ever so grateful right now for a little civility on his part, for a little

tenderness and understanding, and she glances over at him, hopefully. PETER, however, stares up at the stars, dreamily; and we then see ELLIE turning away from him, disappointed. Still, the minute Ellie turns her head, Peter looks at her out of the corner of his eye, and it's a long and steady gaze. Then suddenly he gets an idea and rises. He finds his topcoat and goes to her.

PETER

Might get chilly later on.  
(he spreads it over  
her)  
Better use this.

As he bends down to tuck her in, their faces are seen in close proximity. Ellie, tremulous and fearful, has her eyes peeled on him. The situation is imminent with danger; anything is likely to happen at this moment; and she is frightened and expectant – she knows how weak she would be, if he suddenly crushed her in his arms. Peter avoids her gaze. He, too, is a bit shaky. The temptation is there and his resistance is waning. He tucks her in and quickly turns away. Ellie's eyes, however, never leave him. Immediate danger has vanished, and it leaves her a little regretful.

A close view of PETER, as he walks over to a rock and sits down, shows him nervously taking out a cigarette and lighting it.

PETER

You've had a lot of men crazy about  
you, haven't you?

ELLIE doesn't respond. She has the scrutinizing, speculative look of a girl who feels herself falling in love with someone who is practically a stranger to her, as a result of which she is frightened. Then a wider view includes both of them and we see that Peter, too, fights valiantly against a mounting interest in this girl, who epitomizes everything he dislikes. He creates the impression in the following scene that in his analysis of her he is trying to dissuade himself from something he is bound to regret. His attack on her, consequently, is overly vicious.

PETER

I guess you've pretty much had your  
own way with them. That's your trouble  
mostly. You've always had your own



way. That's why you're such a mess  
now.

He pauses a second, waiting for a protest, but Ellie offers none; she is too much absorbed in her own confusing emotions. A close view then shows PETER taking a long puff on his cigarette and exhaling the smoke, watching it vanish before he speaks.

PETER

(suddenly)

You know what generally happens to people like you? You get your values all mixed up. You attach all the importance to the wrong things. Right now, for instance, there's only one thought in your mind – to get back to King Westley.

He waits for a reaction, but a close view shows ELLIE absorbed, and she remains silent. Peter's voice continues.

PETER'S VOICE

Comical part of it is, it isn't what you want at all. In a couple of weeks you'll be looking for the nearest exit...

(now seen with her)

People like you spend all your life on a merry-go-round. I guess that's what makes you so dizzy.

(he rises and paces a few moments)

You're always chasing after something. At least you think you are. Truth is, you're just running away.

(emphatically)

From yourself, mostly. 'Cause you're miserable. You hate yourself. The world's full of people like you. Don't know what they want.

ELLIE

Do you know?

PETER

Sure.

ELLIE

What?

PETER

(flatly)

Nothing.

(after a pause)

Nothing you'd give two cents for.

ELLIE

(seen close)

Try me.

PETER'S VOICE

I just want to be let alone, that's all. Life's swell if you don't try too hard. Most people want to get a strangle-hold on it. They're not living. They're just feverish.

(now appearing with her)

If they didn't get themselves all balled up with a lot of manufactured values, they'd find what they want. Peace and calm. When you get right down to it, what's all the shootin' for, will you tell me? After all, you can only eat three meals a day, only sleep in one bed –

(looking up)

Right now, that hay feels pretty good to you, doesn't it? Sure it does. 'Cause you were tired – and it's the only thing around.

ELLIE

You sound like a hobo.

PETER

I am. I only work when I have to. Two years ago I got a notion and went to China. There was a war going on. Swell! After a while it got stale. I went down to Tahiti. Just lay on the beach for six months. What could be sweeter?

ELLIE

Doesn't sound very exciting.

PETER, seen close, looks at her for a long time before speaking:

PETER

I guess not. I'd have given odds it wouldn't mean anything to you.

(he goes over and flops down on his own side of hay)

There were moments when I had hopes.

When I – aw, I'm wasting time –

You're destined to be a dope the rest of your life.

(contemptuously)

I pity you. Goodnight.

He turns over with a finality that precludes any further discussion, following which a close-up of ELLIE reveals that her eyes are wide open, staring thoughtfully up at the sky. The scene fades out slowly.

A ROAD fades in. It is day now, and Peter and Ellie are trundling along. Ellie limps, and wears an unhappy expression on her face.

ELLIE

What are you thinking about?

PETER

By a strange coincidence, I was thinking of you.

ELLIE

(pleased)

Really?

PETER

Yeah. I was just wondering what makes dames like you so dizzy.

ELLIE

What'd you say we're supposed to be doing?

PETER

Hitch-hiking.

ELLIE

Well, you've given me a very good  
example of the hiking –  
(strongly)  
where does the hitching come in?

PETER

(amused at her)  
A little early yet. No cars out yet.

She spies a rock and heads for it. Then we see her seated on  
the rock.

ELLIE

If it's just the same to you, we'll  
sit right here till they come.  
(Peter comes over,  
sets his bag down,  
and prepares to wait)  
Got a toothpick?

PETER

No. But I've got a penknife.  
(he extracts one from  
his pocket which he  
snaps open)

ELLIE

Hay – in my teeth.

She points to her front teeth, and Peter flicks the hay out  
of her teeth.

PETER

There it is. Better swallow it. We're  
not going to have any breakfast.

ELLIE

Needn't rub it in.  
(Peter takes a carrot  
out of his coat pocket  
and starts nibbling  
on it; Ellie looks  
up at this)  
What're you eating?

PETER

Carrots.

ELLIE

Raw?

PETER

Uh-huh. Want one?

ELLIE

(emphatically)

No!!

(as Peter smacks his  
lips with satisfaction)

It's a wonder you couldn't get me  
something I can eat.

PETER

You don't think I'm going around  
panhandling for you.

(he takes a bite)

Best thing in the world for you –  
carrots. Had a tough time getting  
them. If that farmer ever caught me –  
goodnight!

ELLIE

I hate the horrid stuff.

While she speaks a car roars by at terrific speed. Peter and  
Ellie both jump up.

PETER

I wish you wouldn't talk too much.

We let a car get away.

(Ellie goes back to  
her rock, despondently)

ELLIE

What if nobody stops for us?

PETER

Oh, they'll stop, all right. It's a  
matter of knowing how to hail them.

ELLIE

You're an expert, I suppose.

PETER

Expert! Going to write a book on it.  
Called the "Hitch-Hikers Hail."

ELLIE

There's no end to your  
accomplishments.

PETER

You think it's simple, huh?

ELLIE

(exaggeratedly)

Oh, no!

PETER

Well, it is simple. It's all in the  
thumb, see? A lot of people do it –

(waving)

like this.

(he shakes his head

sadly)

But they're all wrong. Never get  
anywhere.

ELLIE

Tch! Tch! I'm sorry for the poor  
things.

PETER

But the thumb always works. Different  
ways to do it, though. Depends on  
how you feel. For instance, number  
one is a short, jerky movement–

(he demonstrates)

That shows independence. You don't  
care if they stop or not. 'Cause you  
got some money in your pocket, see?

ELLIE

Clever.

PETER

Number two is a wider movement – a  
smile goes with that one – like  
this.

(he demonstrates)

That means you got a couple of brand  
new stories about the farmer's

daughter.

ELLIE

You figured that all out yourself,  
huh?

PETER

Oh, that's nothing. Now take number  
three, for instance. That's a pip.  
It's the pathetic one. When you're  
broke – and hungry – and everything  
looks black. It's a long movement  
like this –  
(demonstrating)  
– with a follow through.

ELLIE

Amazing.

PETER

Hm? Yeah, but it's no good if you  
haven't got a long face with it.

In the distance a car is heard approaching, and Ellie looks  
up quickly.

ELLIE

(excitedly)

Here comes a car!

PETER

(alert)

Now watch me. I'm going to use Number  
One. Keep your eye on that thumb,  
baby, and see what happens.

Peter steps forward into the road and does his thumb movement.  
The car approaches, but speeds right by, spreading a cloud  
of dust in Peter's face, leaving him staring at the departing  
car, nonplussed. Thereupon ELLIE (seen close) glances up at  
him, a satirical expression on her face.

ELLIE

(sarcastically)

I'm still watching your thumb.

Peter is still looking after the car.

PETER

Something must have gone wrong. I guess I'll try number two.

ELLIE

When you get up to a hundred, wake me up.

Another car is heard coming, and Peter steps forward, prepared to hail it. Then this dissolves to a long view of the ROAD as a stream of cars of every description speeds forward ("toward the camera") and vanishes. The view moving in to the side of the road, Peter is seen still in the same spot. He waves his arms, jerks his thumb, indulges in all sorts of gyrations, while Ellie remains slumped on her rock, completely worn out.

Now Ellie watches Peter out of the corner of her eye, her face expressionless. Peter continues his arm waving – but slows down like a mechanical toy which has run out. He finally gets down to just thumbing his nose at the passing vehicles; and then thoroughly wearied, he flops down on a rock near Ellie.

PETER

I guess maybe I won't write that book after all.

ELLIE

Yes. But look at all the fun you had.

(as he glares at her)

Mind if I try?

PETER

(contemptuously)

You! Don't make me laugh.

ELLIE

You're such a smart aleck! Nobody can do anything but you. I'll show you how to stop a car – and I won't use my thumb.

The scene widens as she rises and steps forward.

PETER

What're you going to do?



ELLIE

Mind your own business.

She lifts her skirt to above her knees and pretends to be fixing her garter. Her very attractive leg is in full display. Almost instantly, we hear the screaming and grinding of quickly applied brakes, and Peter looks up astonished.

The scene wiping off, we then get a closer view of Ellie and Peter sitting in the back of an open Ford. It is a broken-down, rickety affair of the 1920 vintage. Ellie grins victoriously up at Peter, who stares ahead of him, glumly.

ELLIE

You might give me a little credit.

PETER

What for?

ELLIE

I proved once and for all that the limb is mightier than the thumb.

PETER

Why didn't you take all your clothes off? You could have stopped forty cars.

ELLIE

We don't need forty cars.

Peter glares at her, and Ellie's eyes twinkle mischievously, following which we get a wider view which includes the driver of the car, Danker. He is a man of about thirty, a heavy set, loose chinned person; at the moment he is singing an aria from some opera. He suddenly stops, turning to Ellie and Peter in the back seat.

DANKER

So you've just been married, huh?  
Well, that's pretty good. If I was young, that's just the way I'd spend my honeymoon – hitch-hiking. Y-e-s-s-i-r!

And for no reason except that he cued himself into it, he bursts forth into song gustily.

DANKER

(singing)

"Hiking down the highway of love on  
a honeymoon. Hitch-hiking down –  
Down-down-down the highway Down –."

Ellie and Peter in the back of the car react to the noise  
Danker makes.

PETER

Hey, hey, aren't you afraid you'll  
burn out a tonsil?

DANKER

Tonsil? Me? No! Me burn a tonsil?

(singing)

"My tonsils won't burn – As life's  
corners I...

PETER

(giving up)

All right, let it go.

DANKER

(completing his last  
line)

...turn."

The scene dissolves to the front of a LUNCH WAGON on a  
deserted road, and Danker's car drives into the scene and  
stops. Then we see Danker turning to Ellie and Peter.

DANKER

How about a bite to eat?

ELLIE

(quickly)

Why, I think that would be –

PETER

(stopping her)

No, thanks. We're not hungry.

DANKER

(sentimentally)

Oh, I see, young people in love are  
never hungry.

PETER

No.

DANKER

(singing as he leaves  
them)

"Young people in love Are very seldom  
hungry. People in love Are very seldom  
hungry..."

When he is out of sight, Peter glares at Ellie.

PETER

What were you going to do? Gold dig  
him for a meal?

ELLIE

(defiantly)

Why not? I'm hungry.

PETER

Eat a carrot.

ELLIE

Never!

(she starts out of  
car)

I'm going in and ask him –

PETER

(grabbing her arm)

If you do, I'll break your neck.

She looks up at his glowering face, realizes he means it,  
and wilts under his dominant gaze.

PETER

Let's get out and stretch our legs.

Peter gets out, followed by Ellie, and they walk away from  
the car. Both are silent. At the DOOR of the LUNCH WAGON,  
then, Danker comes out and looks around furtively. Ellie and  
Peter, as seen by him, appear, walking away, following which  
the view moves over to the Ford and drops down to a close-up  
of Peter's suitcase. Now Danker looks about quickly and starts  
toward his car. He springs into the car, steps on the starter,  
and is off.

ELLIE and PETER hear the motor. They wheel around, and their eyes widen in surprise.

PETER

Hey!

He flings his coat at Ellie and dashes after the Ford. He is then seen running after it when the car turns around a bend in the road. Peter continues the pursuit. This scene wiping off, the FORD now makes its appearance around the bend, and as it approaches, Peter is seen at the wheel. He looks like he's just been through a fight. And as Peter rides in, Ellie comes running toward him.

ELLIE

(a note of great relief  
in her voice)

Oh, Peter! What happened? Are you  
all right?

PETER

Come on – get in.

ELLIE

(noticing a gash in  
his cheek)

Oh, you've been hurt! There's a cut  
on –

PETER

(impatiently)

Come on! come on!  
(at this she runs  
around to get in the  
other side)

ELLIE

(as she runs)

What happened?

PETER

(as we see them closer)

Just a road thief. Picks people up  
and runs off with their stuff. What  
a racket!

(by this time she is  
in the car)

ELLIE

What'd you give him for the car?

PETER

A black eye.

(thereupon the car  
moves out of sight)

A close view shows Peter and Ellie driving along in the Ford. Peter looks ahead, uncommunicatively. Ellie glances up at him, and it is plain that something's on her mind.

ELLIE

(a little self-  
consciously)

Look – uh – how are the – uh –  
carrots holding out? Any left?

Peter glances at her. He knows what a concession this is on her part, and he smiles sympathetically.

PETER

(tenderly)

You don't have to eat the carrots.

(as she looks her  
surprise)

Just passed a pond with some ducks  
in it.

ELLIE

(with a cry of joy)

Darling!

She reaches up and kisses his cheek, and Peter beams happily.

PETER

(looking worried)

Haven't much gas left in this thing.

Got to start promoting some.

(throwing her his  
coat)

Better take the things out of the  
pocket of that coat. Ought to be  
good for ten gallons.

The scene fades out.

ANDREWS' STUDY fades in, affording a close view of King Westley. He answers every description we have had of him. He is a stiff, handsome, stuffed-shirt gigolo. He sits in a chair, leaning on a cane, his gloves loosely in his hand. The view then moves back to reveal Andrews, who, from the opening of the scene, is speaking as he paces around the room.

ANDREWS

I haven't changed my mind, Westley,  
I want you to understand that! I  
don't like you! I never have! I never  
will! That's clear enough, isn't it?

KING

You've made that quite evident –  
with all your threats of annulment.  
(confident)  
Well, it hasn't bothered me for a  
minute. Ellie and I got married  
because we love each other. And she's  
proving it; as far as I'm concerned  
there's going to be no annulment.

ANDREWS

(hard)  
You've got a good thing and you're  
hanging on to it, huh?  
(Andrews smiles in a  
very superior manner)  
All right, you win. I'll just have  
to get used to you. I admit I'm  
licked. But only because I'm worried.  
I've had detectives all over the  
country searching for her. I've seen  
thousands of photographs. Fortune  
tellers, nuts, every crank in the  
country has written me.  
(quietly)  
Haven't slept one night this week.  
If I don't find her, I'll go crazy.

WESTLEY

I might have been able to help if it  
weren't for you. I've been watched  
so closely, I –

ANDREWS

(impatiently)  
Yes. I know. Well, you can help now.  
I issued a statement yesterday that  
I've withdrawn my objections. Begging  
her to come home. I haven't heard  
from her. Apparently she doesn't  
trust me.

WESTLEY  
Why should she? After all –

ANDREWS  
(interrupting)  
All right. That's why I sent for  
you.  
(pointing to next  
room)

There's a room full of reporters out  
there. I want you to make a statement –  
that you've had a talk with me –  
that we've reached an understanding –  
that if Ellen comes home, I won't  
interfere with your marriage. Will  
you do that?

WESTLEY  
If you really mean it, I will.

ANDREWS  
(strongly)  
Of course I mean it! I don't care  
whom she's married to –  
(softly)  
– as long as I can get her back.  
(he starts out)

As Andrews opens the door, a number of reporters enter.

ANDREWS  
Come in, boys. This is my – uh –  
this is King Westley.  
(Westley rises)  
He has a statement to make.

REPORTERS  
Hello, Westley... How do you do.  
(they group around  
him)

The scene dissolves to the side of a lonely ROAD at night. First there is a close-up of a newspaper headline, which reads.

ANDREWS WITHDRAWS OBJECTION Magnate and Aviator Reconciled  
"Everything all right. Come home, darling," says Westley.  
Then the view draws back revealing that the newspaper is in the hands of Ellie, who sits in the car alone, gazing at the headlines. Then Peter's voice is heard.

PETER'S VOICE

All right, Brat.

At the sound of his voice, she is startled, and she quickly folds the paper and throws it out of sight. She starts to get out of the car.

ELLIE

(as she scrambles out of the car just as Peter comes up to her)  
Any luck?

PETER

Yeah. He finally agreed to let us have a room.

ELLIE

What about money?

PETER

Talked him out of it. He thinks we're going to stay a week. I'll have to think of something before morning.

ELLIE

That's swell!

PETER

I'm glad you think so. If you ask me, it's foolish. I told you there's no sense in our staying here tonight. We could make New York in less than three hours.

ELLIE



I couldn't arrive in New York at three in the morning. Everybody's in bed.

PETER

(after a pause)

Okay.

(with a wave of his hand)

Cottage Number Three.

As they start toward it, the scene cuts to the OWNER'S CABIN. The owner of the auto camp and his wife are standing at window, looking out. She is a hatchet-faced shrew. He is meek and docile.

WIFE

There you go – trustin' people again. How many times did I tell you –

OWNER

He looked like an upright young feller to me, Ma.

WIFE

Yeah. They're all upright till they walk out on you.

OWNER

Said he was gonna stay a week.

WIFE

Mebbe.

OWNER

Worst comes to the worst, we got his car for security.

WIFE

(unconvinced)

I don't trust him.

The scene cuts to the inside of a CABIN not unlike the previous auto camp cabin in which Peter and Ellie spent a night. Peter's opened suitcase is on a chair, over which he leans. Ellie walks around, puffing at a cigarette.

PETER

(without looking up)  
Well, here we are on the last lap.

Ellie crosses to the window and stares out moodily. Peter removes several things from his suitcase and lays them on the bed. There is a strained silence between them, as both are lost in their own thoughts. A close view of PETER as he putters abstractedly with the contents of his bag creates the impression that he empties it tonight rather ruefully. It somehow spells finis to their adventure.

PETER  
(strangely)  
Tomorrow morning, you'll be in the  
arms of your husband.

ELLIE (seen close) turns away from the window and looks at Peter. She stares this way for a long moment before speaking.

ELLIE  
(in a still, small  
voice)  
Yes. You'll have a great story, won't  
you?

PETER  
(dryly)  
Yeah, swell.

Peter takes the rope out of his bag. It is the one used for the "Walls of Jericho" previously. He lays it aside and then, remembering, retrieves it. For a moment he holds it in his hand, speculatively; then turning, proceeds to tack it up. The noise of the tacking attracts Ellie's attention, and Ellie (again seen close) turns and looks toward Peter.

ELLIE  
Is that the Walls of Jericho going  
up?

PETER'S VOICE  
Yep! The Walls of Jericho.  
(at which she turns  
back to the window)

PETER (also seen close) stretches the rope across the room and tacks the other side.

PETER  
(then reaching for  
blanket)  
We certainly outsmarted your father.  
(he throws the blanket  
over the rope)  
I guess you ought to be happy.

There is no response from her, a close view revealing that she quite obviously isn't happy. They are now separated by the blanket, and Peter gets her pajamas from his suitcase and throws them over the blanket.

ELLIE  
Thank you.  
(there is silence  
while Peter starts  
undressing – suddenly)  
Am I going to see you in New York?

PETER  
(laconically)  
Nope.

ELLIE  
Why not?

PETER glances up at the "Walls of Jericho" and after a speculative pause, speaks quietly.

PETER  
I don't make it a policy to run around  
with married women.

A close-up of ELLIE, disclosing only her neck and shoulders, shows her slipping out of her clothes. She pauses – then looks up.

ELLIE  
No harm in your coming to see us.

PETER'S VOICE  
Not interested.  
(at this Ellie's face  
falls, this is a  
definite rebuff)

ELLIE

(weakly)  
Won't I ever see you again?

PETER (seen close) is now getting into his pajamas.

PETER  
What do you want to see me for? I've served my purpose. I brought you back to King Westley, didn't I?  
(his mouth screws up bitterly)  
That's what you wanted, wasn't it?

ELLIE is already in bed, staring up at the ceiling.

ELLIE  
Peter, have you ever been in love?

PETER crawls into bed.

PETER  
I probably did the world a great favor at that. Got two pinheads out of circulation.  
(he reaches over and lights a cigarette)  
Cupid thinks he's doing something when he brings two lovers together. What good's that? I'm bringing two pains-in-the-neck together. I think I'll start an institution – hang out a shingle.

The view now widens to include both sides of the blanket. Ellie doesn't hear a word of Peter's attack. She is too intent on her own thoughts.

ELLIE  
Haven't you ever wanted to fall in love?

PETER  
Me?

ELLIE  
Yes. Haven't you thought about it at all? Seems to me you could make some girl wonderfully happy.

PETER  
(disdainfully)  
Maybe.  
(after a pause)  
Sure – sure, I've thought about it.  
Who hasn't? If I ever met the right  
sort of a girl, I'd –  
(interrupting himself)  
Yeah, but where you going to find  
her – somebody that's real –  
somebody that's alive? They don't  
come that way any more.

ELLIE's disappointment is apparent.

PETER  
(seen close)  
I've even been sucker enough to make  
plans.  
(a long puff on his  
cigarette)  
I saw an island in the Pacific once.  
Never been able to forget it. That's  
where I'd like to take her. But she'd  
have to be the sort of a girl that'd  
jump in the surf with me on moonlight  
nights – and love it as much as I  
did.  
(he loses himself in  
his romantic  
contemplations)  
You know, those nights when you and  
the moon and the water all become  
one – when something comes over you –  
and you feel that you're part of  
something big and marvelous.  
(sighing)  
Those are the only places to live.  
Where the stars are so close over  
your head that you feel you could  
reach right up and stir them around.

A close-up of ELLIE at this point shows that she is affected by his stirring description of a heaven – from which she is excluded, as she listens to him continuing.

PETER'S VOICE

Certainly I've been thinking about it. Boy, if I could ever find a girl who's hungry for those things –

PETER (again seen close) has disposed of his cigarette and now stares dreamily heavenward.

PETER

I'm going to swim in the surf with her – I'm going to reach up and grab stars for her – I'm going to laugh with her – and cry with her. I'm going to kiss her wet lips – and –

Suddenly stopping, he turns his head slowly, sensing Ellie's nearness; and the view, drawing back to include Ellie, shows her standing at his bedside, looking down at him yearningly.

Then we see them close together: Peter's face is immobile. Ellie drops to her knees.

ELLIE

(fervently)

Take me with you, Peter. Take me to your island. I want to do all those things you talked about.

Peter stares at her lovely face. His heart cries out with an impulse to crush her in his arms.

PETER

(after a long pause;  
hoarsely)

Better go back to your bed.

ELLIE

(simply)

I love you.

PETER

(arguing with himself)

You're forgetting you're married.

ELLIE

(tensely)

I don't care. I love you. Nothing else matters. We can run away.

Everything'll take care of itself.

(begging)

Please, Peter. You can't go out of my life now. I couldn't live without you.

(in a choked voice)

Oh, Peter –

Sobbing, she lays her head on his breast and throws her arms around him. All is quiet for a moment as Ellie's head rests on his breast, while Peter struggles with an overwhelming urge to pour out his heart to her.

PETER

(scarcely audible)

Better go back to your bed.

There is a lengthy pause, neither of them stirs. Then Ellie slowly raises her tear-stained face and gets to her feet.

ELLIE

(whispering)

I'm sorry.

She turns and disappears behind the blanket. Peter remains motionless. Then a close view shows ELLIE, as she gets into bed, sobbing quietly. She hides her face in the pillow to suppress her sobs. It is the first time in her life that she has been so deeply hurt. A close view next shows PETER reaching over for a cigarette, which he lights. All his movements are thoughtful, meditative. He leans back and stares at the ceiling, until we see only the cigarette in his mouth as it emits slowly rising puffs of smoke. This dissolving, the cigarette is seen to be burnt three quarters down, a long, frail ash hanging perilously on. PETER is then seen as he removes the cigarette from his mouth and crushes it in a tray. He leans back on the pillow and for a moment he is quiet. Then glancing over in Ellie's direction, he calls to her:

PETER

(softly calling)

Hey, Brat –!

(a pause)

Did you mean that? Would you really go?

(he waits for a response, but none)

comes. He tries again)  
Hey, Brat –

He listens – all is quiet. He slips his covers off and crosses to the blanket, and peers over it. She is asleep. Her tear-stained face rests on the pillow, her arm extends over her head. It is a childlike posture.

PETER is watching her tenderly. He speculates whether to awaken her and decides against it. He starts away. Peter tiptoes around the room for a few moments, deep in thought. Then as an idea which he has been turning over in his mind begins to take form, he hastily begins dressing.

The scene dissolving, Peter is seen completely clothed and starting for the door when he thinks of something. He turns back, grabs his suitcase, stops to throw a kiss to Ellie, and goes out into the night. Thereupon the scene wipes off, disclosing a GAS STATION along the road at night. Here Peter is talking to a station attendant.

PETER

All I'm asking is enough gas to get me to New York. The bag's worth twenty-five dollars.

MAN

(hesitatingly)

Yeah, but I got a bag. My wife gave me one for Christmas.

PETER

("high-pressuring"  
him)

Listen, man – I'll tell you what I'll do. When I come back in the morning, I'll buy it back from you and give you ten dollars profit? What do you say?

MAN

(looking at Peter's  
hat)

I ain't got a hat –

PETER

What?



MAN

I ain't got a hat.

PETER

(promptly putting it  
on his head)

Well, you got one now. – Come on,  
fill 'er up.

While he is still talking the scene dissolves to a view of Peter driving furiously, a broad, happy grin on his face, following which several scenes wipe off in succession (denoting the passage of time) – scenes of Peter driving at high speed, causing several cows to amble out of the way; of the CAR driving into the Holland Tunnel, and of the BACK ROOM of a SPEAKEASY where Peter stands in front of a small desk upon which there is a typewriter. Near him is a swarthy Italian.

PETER

Fine! That's fine, Tony. Now get me  
a drink and make sure nobody disturbs  
me for half an hour.

ITALIAN

(going out)

Sure. Sure, Pete.

As Peter plants himself in front of the machine, the scene dissolves to a close-up of the typewriter carriage upon which are typed the words:

"– and that's the full and exclusive story of Ellen Andrews' adventures on the road. As soon as her marriage to King Westley is annulled, she and Peter Warne, famous newspaperman – and undoubtedly the most promising young novelist of the present era – will be married."

The view drawing back, Peter re-reads the last sentence, smiles contentedly, and as he yanks out the sheet, the scene wipes off disclosing the outside of GORDON'S OFFICE, the sign on the door reading: "Office – Mr. Gordon." Gordon's secretary is at her desk as Peter breezes in.

PETER

(rumpling her hair)

Hello, Agnes.

AGNES

Better not go in. He'll shoot you on sight.

PETER

(entering)

I haven't been shot at for days.

In GORDON'S OFFICE, Gordon is at his desk. He looks up when Peter enters.

GORDON

(rising to his full height menacingly)

Get out of here!

PETER

(advancing)

Wait a minute, Gordon – I –

GORDON

(quietly)

Get out!

Peter reaches his side, and grabs him by the arms.

PETER

Joe, listen–

GORDON

Don't "Joe" me.

PETER

Okay, Joe. Listen – you know I've always liked you. Anytime I could do you a great turn – anytime I ran into a story that looked good – I always came running to you, didn't I? Well, I got one now. Those wires I sent you were on the level. It's the biggest scoop of the year. I'm giving it to you, Joe.

GORDON

You mean about the Andrews' kid?

PETER

That's it.

(tapping his pocket)  
I got it all written up. Ready to  
go. All I want is a thousand dollars.

Upon hearing this GORDON is ready to jump out of his skin.

GORDON  
A thousand dollars!  
(furiously)  
Get out of this office before I throw  
you out bodily.

PETER  
Don't get sore, Joe. This is something  
you got to do for me. I need a  
thousand dollars – and I need it  
quick. I'm in a jam.

GORDON  
(softening)  
What's the thousand bucks for?

PETER  
To tear down the Walls of Jericho.

GORDON  
What!

PETER  
Never mind... Listen – suppose I  
should tell you that Ellen Andrews  
is going to have her marriage  
annulled.

GORDON  
Huh?

PETER  
That she's going to marry somebody  
else.

GORDON  
You're drunk.

PETER  
Would an exclusive story like that  
be worth a thousand bucks to you?

GORDON  
If it's on the level.

PETER  
Well, I got it, Joe.

GORDON  
Who's she gonna marry?

PETER  
(taking out the story  
from his pocket)  
It's all right here. Give me the  
thousand and it's yours.

GORDON  
(skeptically)  
I wouldn't trust you as far as I  
could throw that desk.

PETER  
Wait a minute, Joe. Use your bean. I  
couldn't afford to hand you a phoney  
yarn, like that. I'd be crazy. There  
isn't a newspaper in the country'd  
give me a job after that! I could go  
to jail!

GORDON  
I'd put you there myself.

PETER  
Sure. I wouldn't blame you, either.

GORDON  
Who's the guy she's gonna marry?

PETER  
I am, Joe.

GORDON  
(his eyes widening)  
You!

PETER  
Yeah.

GORDON

Now I know you're drunk.  
(he grabs his hat)  
I'm going home. Don't annoy me any  
more.

PETER

(running after Gordon  
as the latter starts  
out)

For heaven's sake, Joe – stop being  
an editor for just a minute.

(he grabs his arm)

We've been friends for a long time,  
haven't we? You ought to know when  
I'm serious. This is on the level.

Gordon is affected by the sincere note in Peter's voice.

PETER

I met her on a bus coming from Miami.  
Been with her every minute.

(hoarsely)

I'm in love with her, Joe.

GORDON

Well, I'll be–

PETER

Listen, Pal – you've got to get  
this money for me. Now. Minutes count.  
She's waiting for me in an auto camp  
outside of Philadelphia. I've got to  
get right back. You see, she doesn't  
know I'm gone.

(self-consciously)

A guy can't propose to a girl without  
a cent in the world, can he?

While Peter has been speaking Gordon stares into space  
thoughtfully.

GORDON

What a story!

(picturing it)

On her way to join her husband, Ellen  
Andrews falls in love with –

(alert – grabbing  
paper out of Peter's

hand)  
Lemme see that a minute.

He moves to his desk excitedly, and Peter, a gleam of hope in his eyes, joins him, following which the scene cuts to the SHACK of the camp owner and wife in the early morning. The owner is suddenly startled out of his sleep by the voice of his wife calling, "Zeke! Zeke!" He looks up, just as she rushes into the room.

WIFE  
I told you! I told you, you couldn't trust him! He's gone!

OWNER  
Who?

WIFE  
That feller last night, that's who!  
He was gonna stay a week, huh? Well, he's skipped. Took the car with him, too. We wouldn't have known a thing about it until morning if I hadn't took that magnesia.  
(pulling at him)  
Come on, get up, don't lay there.  
Let's do something about it.

Thereupon the scene cuts to the AUTO CAMP CABIN affording a close view of ELLIE tossing restlessly in her sleep. Suddenly there is a loud banging on the door, and Ellie, startled, awakens. The pounding continuing, Ellie looks around, frightened. The door suddenly bursts open, and the owner and wife enter. They both glance over at Peter's side.

WIFE  
See that. They're gone!

OWNER  
(timidly)  
Looks like it, don't it?  
(suddenly he sees Ellie)  
Here's the woman, ma.

WIFE  
(full of fight –  
glaring at Ellie)

Oh!!

ELLIE

(in a close view at  
Ellie's Bed as the  
owner and his wife  
come up to her;  
timidly – sitting  
up)

What's the matter?

WIFE

Where's your husband, young lady –

ELLIE

Husband?

WIFE

Yes – if he is your husband.

ELLIE

Isn't he here?

WIFE

No, he ain't! And the car's gone,  
too.

ELLIE

(bewildered)

Why, he'll be back.

WIFE

Yeah? What makes you think so! He  
took his suitcase and everything.

(Ellie is perceptibly  
startled by this  
piece of news)

Kinda surprised, huh? It's just like  
I told you, Zeke. They ain't married  
a'tall...

There is a close view of ELLIE as the wife's voice continues  
uninterruptedly:

WIFE'S VOICE

...could tell she was a hussy just  
from the looks of her.

Ellie is lost in thought, trying to adjust herself to the idea of Peter's leaving her like this. She scarcely hears what is being said.

OWNER'S VOICE

Hey! You! Got any money?

ELLIE

(snapping out of her  
trance)

Why – no.

WIFE

(the three now seen  
together)

Then – you'll have to git!

OWNER

Yeah, you'll have to git.

ELLIE

Why, you can't put me out in the  
middle of the –

WIFE

Serves you right. Oughta be careful  
who you take up with on the road.  
You can't go plyin' your trade in my  
camp.

ELLIE

But can't you wait until morning –

WIFE

Ain't gonna wait a minute.

OWNER

Not a minute!

WIFE

Better start gettin' into your  
clothes.

OWNER

Yeah.

WIFE

(glaring at him)



Zeke.  
(he looks up startled)  
Git!

OWNER  
(disappointed)  
Yes, Ma.

As Zeke leaves, the Wife plunks herself in a chair, grimly determined to wait until Ellie gets dressed and out.

ELLIE  
Can I use your telephone? I want to  
talk to New York.

WIFE  
You ain't gonna stick me for no phone  
calls. You can go down to the  
Sheriff's office.

The scene thereupon cuts to the EXTERIOR of the AUTO CABIN as Ellie emerges, the Wife standing in the doorway. In the foreground several people are scattered around the courtyard. One woman washes stockings under a pump. A man is changing the tire on his car. Ellie comes down the steps and crosses the courtyard.

WIFE  
(shouting to her)  
And listen, next time better keep  
away from here. I run a respectable  
place.

Ellie does not turn, but walks straight forward, trying to maintain her poise. The people in the courtyard turn to stare at her, and one of them snickers.

The scene dissolves to GORDON'S OFFICE as Peter is pocketing the money. Gordon is fondling the story.

PETER  
Thanks, Pal. You saved my life.

GORDON  
(waving the story)  
Okay, Pete.  
(he drops the story  
on the desk and

escorts Peter out,  
his arm around his  
shoulder)  
For my dough,  
(smiling)  
you're still the best newspaperman  
in the business.

They reach the door, which Peter opens. Then they appear at the DOORWAY. Through the open door the secretary stares dumbfounded at their friendliness.

GORDON  
S'long, kid. And good luck.

Outside GORDON'S OFFICE, Peter kisses the secretary as he passes through.

PETER  
'Bye, Agnes. You're beautiful. All  
women are beautiful!  
(he goes out)

Gordon is immediately electrified into action.

GORDON  
Oh, boy! What a yarn! What a yarn!  
(suddenly)  
Get me Hank on the phone. Gotta hold  
up the morning edition.

While he speaks he dashes back to his desk. We then see him in his office.

SECRETARY'S VOICE  
There's Hank.

GORDON  
(grabbing phone)  
Hank! Listen. Hold the morning  
edition. Break down the front page.  
Gonna have a completely new layout –  
Send a couple of re-write men in  
here. Don't do a thing – I got a  
story that'll make your hair curl.

During his speech, his other phone has been ringing persistently. He has ignored it until now. He picks up

receiver:

GORDON

(into the second phone)

Yeah. Yeah. Don't annoy me. I'm busy.

(he bangs up receiver,  
and turns back to  
the first phone)

Listen, Hank! Dig out all the Andrews  
pictures. Get Healy out of bed. I  
want a cartoon right away.

(the second phone  
rings impatiently,  
but Gordon ignores  
it)

With King Westley in it. He's waiting  
at the church. Big tears streaming  
down his face. His bride hasn't shown  
up. Old Man Andrews is there, too.  
Laughing his head off. Everything  
exaggerated. You know – Now snap  
into it!

(he bangs up the  
receiver, and grabs  
the second phone,  
speaking into it  
impatiently)

Yeah. Yeah. What is it?

A close view of GORDON, as he listens, shows his eyes widening  
with amazement.

GORDON

What! – Ellen Andrews! You're crazy!

This cuts to a TELEPHONE BOOTH where a reporter is seen  
speaking excitedly.

REPORTER

Yeah. She just phoned her father  
from an auto camp to come and get  
her. He's getting a police escort.  
Westley's going along, too. She's  
been traveling by bus. The moment  
she read that her father and Westley  
made up, she phoned in.

Back in GORDON'S OFFICE Gordon is seen still at the phone.

GORDON

You sure that's right! Say, you haven't been drinking, have you! Okay – grab a car – and stay with them.

(he hangs up the receiver and grabs the first phone)

Put Hank on.

(shouting)

Agnes!

(as the secretary hurries in)

Get me a doctor. I'm about to have a nervous breakdown.

(she stares at him dumbly as he speaks into the phone)

Hank – forget everything I just told you. I was just having a nightmare!

(he hangs up – and turns to Agnes)

Call up the police department! Tell 'em to find Peter Warne. Send out a general alarm. I want the dirty crook pinched.

He picks up Peter's story and flings it viciously into the wastebasket.

AGNES

(starting out)

Yessir.

(two re-write men come in, passing Agnes)

MEN

You want us?

GORDON

(wheeling around)

Yeah. Shove everything off the front page. Ellen Andrews just phoned her father – she's coming home. The moment she heard the old man withdrew

his objections, she gave herself up.  
Spread it all over the place. Here's  
your lead: "Love Triumphant!" Step  
on it!

MEN  
(leaving)  
Yessir.

Gordon goes to his desk, mumbling to himself. His eye lights on the waste basket containing Peter's story, and he is about to kick it when he stops. He stares at it thoughtfully, reaches down, lifts it out – runs through it hastily – and then stares into space, deep in thought.

The scene dissolves to an open ROAD, in the morning, as Peter flies over it in his Ford. He beams happily. He passes a gasoline truck and waves cheerily to the driver. This dissolves to a close-up of an AUTO SIREN accompanied by a prolonged wail, then to a ROAD, that morning, as four motorcycles, two abreast, speed forward, followed by a luxurious limousine, which in turn is trailed by a car filled with reporters. Next, in the LIMOUSINE, Andrews is seen in the back seat. He is accompanied by King Westley – Henderson – Lovington, and a police inspector.

HENDERSON  
I knew she was safe.

LOVINGTON  
(sighing)  
Certainly gave us a run for our money.  
(but Andrews is too  
overwhelmed with joy  
to listen to any of  
this)

ANDREWS  
(anxiously)  
Can't you get them to go any faster?  
(at this the Inspector  
leans over to talk  
to chauffeur)

This dissolves to a deserted ROAD, Peter at the wheel of his car. His high spirits find expression in his efforts to sing.

PETER

(singing)  
"I found a million dollar baby –"

He is interrupted by the song of a meadowlark, whistling its strange melody. Peter listens to it a second time, then answers its call by imitating it. The meadowlark whistles again, and Peter is highly amused.

PETER  
(waving his hand –  
to the meadowlark)  
Okay, Pal. Be seein' you.

Just then the sound of sirens is heard in the distance. Peter glances back, and as the sirens come nearer, he pulls over to the side of the road. There follows a full view of the ROAD, with Peter in the foreground at the side as the police cavalcade whizzes by accompanied by the shrieking sirens. Thereupon PETER (seen close) gets an idea.

PETER  
(to his Ford)  
Come on, Dobbin, old boy. We got a  
police escort.

He applies the gas and shoots out of sight, following which a full view of the road shows Peter's car trying to catch up with the parade. It outdistances him, however, and we see PETER in the Ford pressing his body forward to help the car make time. His foot pushes the accelerator down to the floor. But the police cars are now out of sight, and Peter gives up.

PETER  
(seen close; to the  
car – with  
exaggerated dramatics)  
Dobbin, me lad. You failed muh. I'm  
afraid you're gittin' old.

Thereupon the scene dissolves to a small town ROAD, where at the door of a Sheriff's office a policeman is standing on guard. The reporters hang around in front of him. Several yokels look on. The limousine and motor cycles are at the curb. And now, in a closer view, at the DOOR the policeman on guard steps aside as the door opens and Ellie, her father, and King Westley emerge. King has his arm around her. The moment they appear in the doorway, cameras click and several

reporters surround them.

REPORTERS

Will you make a statement Miss Andrews? Was it an exciting experience? How did you travel?

ANDREWS

(brushing them aside)

Later, boys, later. See her at home.

They cross the sidewalk – to the waiting limousine, as cameras click.

The scene dissolves to a ROAD, with Peter still driving. He is, however, as before, in excellent form, and is singing lustily. Suddenly, however, his eyes widen and he pulls on his brake; the car screeches and moans – and comes to a stop.

PETER

Take it easy, Dobbin. Remember your blood pressure.

We find Peter directly in front of a slow moving freight train. Several hoboes stick their heads out of a car, and Peter waves to them. The hoboes look puzzled for a minute and then wave back. The view then swings over to an opening between the cars affording a flash of the police parade on the other side, apparently on its way back.

PETER amuses himself by talking to an old flagman.

PETER

Better get that toy train out of here. I'm in a hurry.

The Flagman grins at him in reply. By this time the last car is in sight, and Peter gets all set to move. He stops, however, to wave to a couple of brakemen on the rear platform.

In the meantime, the motorcycles have started forward, and the sirens begin their low, moaning wail. Peter, attracted, turns, and over Peter's shoulder we see the parade starting. As the limousine passes, we get a glimpse of the inside. Ellie lies back on King Westley's shoulder. He has his arm around her as they pass out of sight. Thereupon a close view of PETER shows him reacting to what he saw. He turns his

head quickly to stare at the disappearing car, a look of astonishment and bewilderment in his eyes. Slowly he turns his head forward, staring ahead of him blankly; he can't quite make it out. Then gradually the significance of it all strikes him – and his mouth curls up bitterly.

The scene wiping off, a series of NEWSPAPER HEADLINES come into view:

"ELLEN ANDREWS RETURNS HOME."

"MARRIAGE HALTED BY FATHER TO BE RESUMED"

"ELLEN ANDREWS AND AVIATOR TO HAVE CHURCH WEDDING"

"LOVE TRIUMPHS AGAIN"

"PARENTAL OBJECTION REMOVED IN FAVOR OF LOVERS"

"CANNOT THWART LOVE SAYS FATHER OF ELLEN ANDREWS"

"GLAD TO BE HOME SAYS ELLEN"

This dissolves to the anteroom of a NEWSPAPER OFFICE. The place is alive with activity, and copies of newspapers are lying around, bearing headlines relating to the Andrews story. Peter, a bewildered, stunned expression on his face, enters and crosses funereally toward Gordon's office. Several people standing around look up.

PEOPLE

Hi, Pete – Didya see this? Ellen  
Andrews is back. Gonna marry that  
Westley guy after all – What a dame!  
What a dame!

Peter pays no attention to any of this. He reaches Gordon's door, which is open. He walks directly past Agnes and enters the office. She looks up at him, puzzled. Then in GORDON'S OFFICE, Peter walks to Gordon's desk and lays the roll of bills on it. Agnes enters, watching him anxiously.

AGNES

Gordon's out back some place.  
(seeing the money,  
she looks up,  
surprised)



PETER

See that he gets that, will you,  
Agnes? Tell him I was just kidding.  
(he goes out)

As Agnes stares after him, puzzled, Gordon dashes in from a back door.

GORDON

You can't get a thing done around  
her unless –

AGNES

Peter Warne was just in.

GORDON

Huh? What?

AGNES

Left this money. Said to tell you he  
was just kidding.

GORDON

(looking at the money)  
Where is he?

The scene cuts to the OUTER OFFICE and CORRIDOR, as seen over Gordon's shoulder through the open door. Peter is seen walking out. Gordon hurries after him.

GORDON'S VOICE

Hey, Pete!

At the sound of Gordon's voice, Peter turns, and Gordon comes over to him.

PETER

Hello, Joe. Sorry. Just a little gag  
of mine. Thought I'd have some fun  
with you.

GORDON

(understanding)  
Yeah. Sure. Had me going for a while.

PETER

Wouldn't have made a bad story, would  
it?

GORDON

Great! But that's the way things go.  
You think you got a swell yarn –  
then something comes along – messes  
up the finish – and there you are.

PETER

(smiling wryly)  
Yeah, where am I?

GORDON

(slipping a bill in  
his coat pocket)  
When you sober up – come in and see  
me.

PETER

(a whisper)  
Thanks, Joe.

He leaves, Gordon watching him sympathetically, and the scene fades out.

The LAWN of the ANDREWS ESTATE fades in. It is morning and at the moment the place is a beehive of activity. Dozens of butlers and maids hustle around setting tables. Floral decorations are being hung by men on ladders. In the background on a platform, a twenty-piece orchestra is getting ready, accompanied by the scraping of chairs, adjusting of music stands, unpacking of instruments.

The scene cuts to ANDREWS' STUDY: King Westley is seated, and Andrews walks around him. They are both dressed in striped trousers, frock coat, etc.

ANDREWS

Well, here we are; it's all set.  
You're finally going to be married  
properly.  
(he waves toward the  
window)  
With all the fanfare and everything.  
(Shaking his head)  
I still don't know how it happened –  
but you're going to be my son-in-law  
whether I like it or not. I guess  
you're pleased.

KING

Why, naturally, I –

ANDREWS

(drily)

Naturally.

(with vehemence)

You're going to become a partner in a big institution. It's one of the largest in the world.

KING

You talk as if –

ANDREWS

Someday perhaps, you might even take charge.

A close view of ANDREWS shows him looking around his study despairingly.

ANDREWS

(murmuring)

The thought of it makes me shudder.

KING'S VOICE

(confidently)

You might be surprised.

ANDREWS

I hope so. However, that'll take care of itself.

(taking a new tack)

There's another responsibility you're taking on. One that I'm really concerned about.

KING'S VOICE

What's that?

ANDREWS

My daughter.

KING

(the two now seen again; lightly)

Ellie? Oh, she's no responsibility.

ANDREWS

No? Say, listen – I've devoted a whole lifetime trying to tame that wildcat. Toughest job I ever tackled. Ever hear of J. P. Clarkson? Biggest man in the country, isn't he? Well, I tamed him. Got him eating out of the palm of my hand. I've browbeaten financiers, statesmen, foreign ministers – some of the most powerful people in the world – but I've never been able to do a thing with her. She's been too much for me. I'm glad you think it's easy.

(he bends over him)

Now listen – if you'll do what I tell you, perhaps I might develop a little respect for you. You never can tell.

KING

What would you like to have me do?

ANDREWS

Sock her!

A close view of KING shows him looking up, surprised, as Andrews' voice continues.

ANDREWS' VOICE

Sock her at least once a day. Do it on general principles. Make her know you're the boss and never let her forget it. Think you can do that?

KING

It's quite an assignment –

ANDREWS

Try. Do me a favor. Try. It's your only chance. And hers, too. Do that for me – and maybe we'll be friends –

(muttering)

Maybe.

(he holds out his hand)

Do we understand each other?

KING  
(taking his hand –  
rising)  
Yes, sir.

ANDREWS  
(dismissing him)  
Fine. I'll see you at the reception.

He withdraws his hand, which he looks at disgustedly – the result of a jellyfish handshake.

KING  
Oh, by the way, Mr Andrews, I thought  
of a great stunt for the reception.  
(as Andrews looks at  
him quizzically)  
I'm going to land on the lawn in an  
autogyro. What do you think of that!

A close view of ANDREWS shows him staring off at King in complete disgust.

ANDREWS  
You thought that up all by yourself,  
huh?

KING  
(unabashed)  
Why, it'll make all the front pages.  
A spectacular thing like that –

ANDREWS  
(hard)  
Personally, I think it's stupid!  
(humoring a child)  
But go ahead. Have a good time. As  
long as Ellie doesn't object.

KING  
Oh, no. She'll be crazy about it.  
Well, see you later. I'm going out  
on the lawn and arrange for landing  
space.  
(holding out his hand)  
Goodbye.  
(but Andrews turns

his back on him)

ANDREWS  
We've done that already.

KING  
(smiling)  
Yes, of course.

He turns and leaves; Andrews watching him go, shaking his head sadly.

ANDREWS  
Autogyro! I hope he breaks his leg.

Andrews starts out, and the scene cuts to the HALLWAY as Andrews enters from the study. A maid coming down the stairs, he calls to her:

ANDREWS  
Oh – Mary –

MARY  
Yes, sir?

ANDREWS  
How is she?

MARY  
(hesitantly)  
Why – uh – she's all right, sir.

ANDREWS  
What's the matter? Anything wrong?

MARY  
Oh, no, sir. No different than –

ANDREWS  
Yes. I know. Still in the dumps, huh?

MARY  
Yessir. If you'll excuse me, sir –  
she sent me for a drink.  
(she leaves)

Andrews stands a moment thoughtfully and then starts up the

stairs, following which the scene dissolves to the UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR in front of Ellie's door. Andrews enters and knocks several times. Receiving no response, he gingerly opens the door.

Next Andrews enters ELLIE'S BEDROOM and looks around. The view swings around the room, following his gaze. It focuses on Ellie, who reclines on a sofa, in her bridal outfit, her head resting on the back. She stares moodily, unhappily up at the ceiling. The view then expanding to include both father and daughter, Andrews is seen staring at her a moment sympathetically. He senses something is wrong.

ANDREWS  
(after a pause)  
Ellie –

ELLIE  
(jumping up with a  
start)  
Oh, hello, Dad.

ANDREWS  
(a close view as he  
goes over to her)  
I knocked several times.

ELLIE  
Sorry. Must have been day-dreaming.  
(to hide her confusion,  
she reaches for a  
cigarette)

ANDREWS  
(with forced lightness)  
Well, everything's set. Creating  
quite a furor, too. Great stunt King's  
going to pull.

ELLIE  
(in a faraway voice)  
Stunt?

ANDREWS  
Landing on the lawn in an autogyro.

ELLIE  
Oh, yes. I heard.

ANDREWS

(noting her  
listlessness)

Yes. Personally, I think it's silly,  
too.

As he continues talking, the view moves with Ellie, who wanders over to a window overlooking the lawn and stares out, lost in thought.

ANDREWS' VOICE

(he goes over the  
Ellie)

You look lovely. Are you pleased  
with the gown?

(as Ellie does not  
seem to hear him, he  
becomes worried)

Ellie!

ELLIE

(turning and looking  
at him blankly)

Huh?

(it just penetrates)

Oh – the gown –  
(distantly)

Yes, it's beautiful.

ANDREWS

(tenderly)

What's the matter, Ellie? What's  
wrong?

ELLIE

Nothing.

(she walks over to  
table and crushes  
her cigarette)

ANDREWS

You've been acting so strangely since  
you returned. I'm – I'm worried. I  
haven't bothered to ask you any  
questions – I –

(waving his hand toward  
the lawn)



Isn't all this what you wanted?  
(receiving no answer  
from Ellie)  
You haven't changed your mind about  
King, have you?

ELLIE  
(too quickly)  
Oh, no.

ANDREWS  
If you have, it isn't too late. You  
know how I feel about him. But I  
want to make you happy. You gave me  
such a scare – I – when I couldn't  
find you.  
(smiling feebly –  
meaning his heart)  
You know, the old pump isn't what it  
used to be.

ELLIE  
(her hand on his arm)  
Sorry, Dad. I wouldn't hurt you for  
the world. You know that.

She moves away from him and sits on the sofa, and Andrews  
watches her a moment and crosses over to her. He sits beside  
her, placing an arm affectionately around her shoulder.

ANDREWS  
(tenderly)  
Ellie – what is it? Aren't you happy,  
child?

At this point she finally breaks, and impulsively buries her  
face on his breast.

ANDREWS  
(after a pause,  
hoarsely)  
I thought so. I knew there was  
something on your mind.  
(there are audible  
sobs from Ellie)  
There – there!

They remain thus quietly for some time. Finally Andrews breaks

the silence.

ANDREWS

What is it, darling?

(receiving no answer)

You haven't fallen in love with  
somebody else, have you?

As this brings an audible sob from Ellie, Andrews lifts up  
her chin.

ANDREWS

(looking into her  
eyes)

Have you?

(Ellie turns her head  
away, a little ashamed  
of her tears)

Ellie now rises and walks miserably away from him, dabbing  
her eyes. Andrews, watching her, realizes he has hit upon  
the truth. He walks over to her.

ANDREWS

I haven't seen you cry since you  
were a baby. This must be serious.

(Ellie is silent)

Where'd you meet him?

ELLIE

On the road.

ANDREWS

(trying to cheer her)

Now, don't tell me you fell in love  
with a bus driver!

ELLIE

(smiling)

No.

ANDREWS

Who is he?

ELLIE

I don't know very much about him.

(in a whisper)

Except that I love him.

ANDREWS

(the great executive)

Well, if it's as serious as all that –  
we'll move heaven and earth to –

ELLIE

(quickly)

It'll do no good.

(wryly)

He despises me.

ANDREWS

Oh, come now –

ELLIE

He despises everything I stand for.  
He thinks I'm spoiled and pampered,  
and selfish, and thoroughly insincere.

ANDREWS

Ridiculous!

ELLIE

He doesn't think so much of you  
either.

ANDREWS

(his eyes widening)

Well!

ELLIE

He blames you for everything that's  
wrong about me. Thinks you raised me  
stupidly.

ANDREWS

(smiling)

Fine man to fall in love with.

ELLIE

(whispering)

He's marvelous!

ANDREWS

Well, what are we going to do about  
it? Where is he?

ELLIE  
(sadly)  
I don't know.

ANDREWS  
I'd like to have a talk with him.

ELLIE  
It's no use, Dad. I practically threw  
myself at him.  
(she shrugs futilely)

ANDREWS  
Well, under the circumstances, don't  
you think we ought to call this thing  
off?

ELLIE  
No, I'll go through with it.

ANDREWS  
But that's silly, child. Seeing how  
you feel, why –

ELLIE  
It doesn't matter.  
(tired)  
I don't want to stir up any more  
trouble. I've been doing it all my  
life. I've been such a burden to you –  
made your life so miserable – and  
mine, too. I'm tired, Dad. Tired of  
running around in circles. He's right,  
that's what I've been doing ever  
since I can remember.

A close-up of ANDREWS shows him watching Ellie, as her voice  
continues.

ELLIE'S VOICE  
I've got to settle down. It really  
doesn't matter how – or where – or  
with whom.

ANDREWS  
(seriously – impressed)  
You've changed, Ellie.

ELLIE

(seen with Andrews;  
sighing)

Yes, I guess I have.

(sincerely)

I don't want to hurt anybody any more. I want to get away from all this front page publicity. It suddenly strikes me as being cheap and loathsome. I can't walk out on King now. It'll make us all look so ridiculous.

(she shrugs resignedly)

Besides, what difference does it make?

(inaudibly)

I'll never see Peter again.

ANDREWS

Is that his name?

ELLIE

Yes. Peter Warne.

She starts to walk away when she is attracted by her father's surprise at the mention of the name.

ANDREWS

Peter Warne!

(his hand has  
instinctively gone  
to his inside pocket)

ELLIE

(noticing this)

Why? Do you know him?

(but Andrews withdraws  
his hand. Apparently  
he has changed his  
mind)

ANDREWS

(evasively)

Oh, no – no.

ELLIE

(suddenly anxious)

You haven't heard from him, have

you, Dad?

ANDREWS  
(obviously guilty)  
Why, no... Don't be silly.

ELLIE  
Oh, please, Dad –

She has reached into his pocket and has extracted a letter, which she hurriedly opens and reads, following which we see a LETTER in Peter's handwriting. It is addressed to: "Alexander Andrews, 11 Wall Street." It reads:

"Dear Sir: I should like to have a talk with you about a financial matter in connection with your daughter. Peter Warne."

Ellie is then seen reading and re-reading the note. Her face clouds and then slowly changes to an expression of complete disillusionment.

ELLIE  
(her voice strident)  
Looks like that was his only interest in me. The reward.

ANDREWS  
(taking the note from her)  
I'm sorry you read it.

ELLIE  
Are you going to see him?

ANDREWS  
I suppose so.

ELLIE  
(hard)  
Certainly! Pay him off. He's entitled to it. He did an excellent job. Kept me thoroughly entertained. It's worth every penny he gets.

She paces agitatedly, Andrews watching her silently. He knows what an awful blow to her pride this must be. Mary now enters with a cocktail tray which she sets on the table.

ELLIE

Thanks, Mary. That's just what I need.

(she pours herself a cocktail)

MARY

Mr. King Westley is on his way up.

ELLIE

Fine – Fine! Have him come in.

ANDREWS

(mumbling)

I'll be going.

(he goes out behind Mary)

Ellie swallows her drink and starts pouring herself another, as King enters.

ELLIE

(upon seeing him)

Well, if it isn't the groom himself!  
You're just in time, King.

A close view of the TWO shows King taking her in his arms.

KING

How are you, Ellie?

(he gives her a kiss,  
which she accepts  
perfunctorily – but  
he insists upon being  
ardent)

Are you happy?

ELLIE

(releasing herself)

Happy? Why shouldn't I be happy? I'm getting the handsomest man in captivity.

(handing him a drink)

Here you are, King. Let's drink.

(she holds her glass out)

Let's drink to us.

(She drains the glass;  
pouring another, as  
she continues)  
We finally made it, didn't we?

KING  
You bet we did.

ELLIE  
It's up to you now. I want our life  
to be full of excitement, King. We'll  
never let up, will we? Never a dull  
moment. We'll get on a merry-go-round  
and never get off. Promise you'll  
never let me get off? It's the only  
way to live, isn't it? No time to  
think. We don't want to stop to think,  
do we? Just want to keep going.

KING  
Whatever you say; darling.

ELLIE  
I heard about your stunt. That's  
swell, King. Just think of it – the  
groom lands on the lawn with a plane.  
It's a perfect beginning for the  
life we're going to lead. It sets  
just the right tempo.  
(handing him a drink)  
Come on, King. You're lagging.  
(they both drink)

In ANDREWS' STUDY, Andrews walks around the room, perceptibly affected by his visit with Ellie. He keeps turning Peter's letter over in his hand, apparently debating in his mind what to do with it. He finally gets an idea – and determinedly crosses to the phone. Then the scene cuts to a HOTEL ROOM. First there is a close-up of a NEWSPAPER – a tabloid bearing a heading which reads: "LOVE TRIUMPHANT."

"Interrupted Romance of Ellen Andrews and King Westley Resumed, as Father Yields. Wedding Reception to be Held on Andrews' Lawn."

Below this is a page of pictures, and the view turns to each photograph. The first picture is of Ellie and King on a beach. The title over the picture reads: "Where they met." The second



picture shows them in the cockpit of a plane, the heading reading: "Where they romanced." The next picture is of a small frame house with a shingle on it reading: "Justice of the Peace." Over the photograph is a caption: "Where they were married." The next picture is of the Andrews yacht, and the title reads: "Where she was taken." Finally, the view moves down to the bottom of the page to a picture of Ellie and King, with her father between them, in front of Sheriff's office. Caption reads: "Where love triumphed." Over these pictures the phone bell has been ringing.

And now PETER is seen staring, expressionless, at the newspaper. Suddenly he becomes conscious of the phone ringing; he looks up – then goes to it.

PETER  
(into the phone)  
Hello... Yes?... Who?... Oh... Why  
can't I see you at your office?

The scene cuts to ANDREWS' STUDY, affording a close view of ANDREWS at the phone.

ANDREWS  
I leave for Washington tonight. May  
be gone several weeks. Thought perhaps  
you'd like to get this thing settled.

This cuts to the HOTEL ROOM where PETER is at the phone.

PETER  
Yeah, but I don't like the idea of  
walking in on your jamboree... Just  
between you and me – those things  
give me a stiff pain.

ANDREWS  
(seen in his office)  
You needn't see anybody. You can  
come directly to my study. I'd  
appreciate it very much if –

PETER  
(at his phone)  
No – no. What the deuce do I want  
to –

His eyes fall on something, and there follows a close view

of a tabloid newspaper, featuring the heading: "Love Triumphant" and containing the pictures of Ellie and King. The view then moves down to feature headline reading "Groom to Land on Bride's Lawn."

"King Westley plans to drop in an autogyro on the lawn of Andrews estate..." Peter's mouth screws up disdainfully.

PETER

(into the phone)

Yeah, wait a minute. Maybe I will come over. I'd like to get a load of that three-ring circus you're pulling. I want to see what love looks like when it's triumphant. I haven't had a good laugh in a week.

(he is still at the phone as the scene dissolves)

Then the LAWN of the ANDREWS ESTATE dissolves in. It is now filled with guests, who wander around, chattering gaily. The orchestra plays. A captain of waiters in the foreground instructs his men.

CAPTAIN

I want everything to be just so. When the ceremony starts, you stand on the side – still. No moving around – no talking, comprenez?

The view cuts to a ROADWAY leading to the estate, and Peter is seen driving up in his Ford and squeezing in between two Rolls-Royces. The uniformed chauffeurs glare at him. But Peter springs nonchalantly out of his car.

PETER

(blithely, as he passes them)

Keep your eye on my car when you're backing up, you guys.

And as he goes, the chauffeurs look at each other, surprised. The scene dissolves to ANDREWS' STUDY, where a butler stands in front of Andrews who is seated at his desk.

ANDREWS

Show him in.

The Butler leaving, a close view shows ANDREWS reaching over and snapping on a dictograph concealed somewhere on his desk. The office coming into view again, we see Andrews rising and awaiting Peter's entrance. After a moment Peter comes in, removes his soft felt hat, and tucks it under his arm.

ANDREWS  
Mr. Warne?

PETER  
Yeah.

ANDREWS  
Come in. Sit down.

Peter advances into the room, looking around curiously. His air is frigid, contemptuous as Andrews studies him, and he makes no move to sit. Andrews waves to a chair and sits down himself. Peter flops into the nearest chair.

ANDREWS  
(seen close with Peter;  
after a pause)  
I was surprised to get your note. My  
daughter hadn't told me anything  
about you. About your helping her.

PETER  
That's typical of your daughter.  
Takes those things for granted.  
(too restless to sit,  
he jumps up)  
Why does she think I lugged her all  
the way from Miami –  
(vehemently)  
For the love of it?

ANDREWS  
Please understand me. When I say she  
didn't tell me anything about it, I  
mean not until a little while ago.  
She thinks you're entitled to anything  
you can get.

PETER  
(bitterly)  
Oh, she does, huh? Isn't that sweet

of her! You don't, I suppose.

ANDREWS

(shrugging)

I don't know. I'd have to see on what you base your claim. I presume you feel you're justified in –

PETER

(seen close now)

If I didn't I wouldn't be here!

(he reaches into his pocket)

I've got it all itemized.

(and he throws the paper on Andrews' desk)

ANDREWS picks up the paper and glances at it.

PETER

(now seen closer with Andrews)

I sold some drawers and socks, too; I'm throwing those in.

ANDREWS

And this is what you want – thirty-nine dollars and sixty cents?

PETER

Why not? I'm not charging you for the time I wasted.

ANDREWS

Yes, I know – but –

PETER

What's the matter? Isn't it cheap enough? A trip like that would cost you a thousand dollars! Maybe more!

ANDREWS

Let me get this straight. You want this thirty-nine sixty in addition to the ten thousand dollars?

PETER

What ten thousand?

ANDREWS

The reward.

PETER

(sharply)

Who said anything about a reward!

ANDREWS

(smiling)

I'm afraid I'm a little confused.  
You see, I assumed you were coming  
here for –

PETER

(impatiently)

All I want is thirty-nine sixty. If  
you'll give me a check I'll get out  
of this place. It gives me the  
jitters.

ANDREWS

You're a peculiar chap.

PETER

(irritably)

We'll go into that some other time.

ANDREWS

The average man would go after the  
reward. All you seem to –

PETER

Listen, did anybody ever make a sucker  
out of you? This is a matter of  
principle. Something you probably  
wouldn't understand.

(he burns at the  
thought)

When somebody takes me for a buggy  
ride I don't like the idea of having  
to pay for the privilege.

ANDREWS

You were taken for a buggy ride?

PETER

Yeah – with all the trimmings. Now,  
how about the check. Do I get it?

A close-up indicates that ANDREWS has been studying Peter throughout the scene. He is now completely won over.

ANDREWS  
(smiling)  
Certainly.  
(he opens a checkbook  
and writes it out)

While Andrews writes, Peter wanders around the room in an attitude of bitter contempt. Andrews rises and goes to him.

ANDREWS  
Here you are.  
(as Peter takes the  
check)  
Do you mind if I ask you something  
frankly?  
(Peter just looks at  
him without responding)  
Do you love my daughter?

PETER  
(evasively, while  
folding the check)  
A guy that'd fall in love with your  
daughter should have his head  
examined.

ANDREWS  
That's an evasion.

PETER  
(putting the check  
into a wallet)  
She grabbed herself a perfect running  
mate. King Westley! The pill of the  
century!  
(pocketing wallet)  
What she needs is a guy that'd take  
a sock at her every day – whether  
it's coming to her or not.

A close view of the TWO shows Andrews smiling: Here is a man!

PETER

If you had half the brains you're supposed to have, you'd have done it yourself – long ago.

ANDREWS

Do you love her?

PETER

(going for his hat as he replies)

A normal human being couldn't live under the same roof with her, without going nuts.

(going to the door)

She's my idea of nothing!

ANDREWS

I asked you a question. Do you love her?

PETER

(snapping it out)

Yes!

(as Andrews smiles)

But don't hold that against me. I'm a little screwy myself.

He snaps the door open and goes out, following which ANDREWS is seen watching the door, his eyes twinkling, and the scene cuts to the DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY as Peter comes through, moving on to the front door. But just as he reaches it, Ellie enters, accompanied by half a dozen men and holding a cocktail in her hand. They see each other almost simultaneously, and both stop, glaring.

PETER

(looking her over contemptuously)

Perfect! Now you look natural.

At this Ellie leaves her group and comes toward Peter, and a close view shows them together, glaring at each other.

ELLIE

(icily)

I hope you got your money.

PETER  
You bet I did.

ELLIE  
Congratulations.

PETER  
Same to you.

ELLIE  
Why don't you stay and watch the  
fun? You'll enjoy it immensely.

PETER  
I would. But I've got a weak stomach.

He wheels around and goes through the door, Ellie looking after him, her eyes blazing. The drone of a plane motor outside is heard, and several people rush down the stairs, all excited.

GUESTS  
Here comes King! He's just coming  
down! Hurry up, everybody! Come on,  
Ellie!

Immediately there is a general excitement, as guests hurry through the hallway on the way to the lawn. But Ellen does not move – she remains staring blankly at the door through which Peter went until Andrews enters from his study.

ANDREWS  
I just had a long talk with him.

ELLEN  
(her voice breaking)  
I'm not interested.

ANDREWS  
Now, wait a minute, Ellie –

ELLIE  
(sharply)  
I don't want to hear anything about  
him!

She walks away from him, and Andrews, frustrated, looks at



her helplessly. Thereupon the scene dissolves to a full view of the LAWN. The orchestra is playing Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The lawn is crowded with guests. In the background we see the autogyro idling. A closer view shows a small platform, serving as an altar. Over it there is an arbor of roses. Back of the altar stands a minister, ready. A reverse view reveals a long, narrow, carpeted pathway leading to the house. Both sides are lined with guests, who are murmuring excitedly. At the moment, King Westley and his best man are marching solemnly toward the altar. Back of the altar we see a high platform upon which are several newsreel men who are grinding their cameras.

The guests, of whom close glimpses are caught, are now peering over each other's shoulders. King and his best man have reached the altar, and the music of the wedding march comes to a stop. The orchestra leader is looking around, apparently waiting for a signal. At the DOOR of the HOUSE a very "prissy" middle-aged man waves his handkerchief and nods his head to the orchestra leader. The orchestra leader acknowledges the signal by nodding his head – turns to his men – waves his baton, and the orchestra starts playing, "Here Comes the Bride." – The guests whisper to each other excitedly. A great deal of stirring takes place.

The door of the house slowly opens – and a parade of small flower girls emerges. They march, taking each step carefully, while they strew flowers along the path. They are well out of the way when Ellie, on the arm of her father, appears in the doorway. A view of the guests shows that they cannot contain themselves. Murmurs of "Here she comes," and "Doesn't she look beautiful?" are heard. The newsreel men on their platform behind the altar bestir themselves. This is what they've been waiting for!

ELLIE and her FATHER (seen close) now make their way to the altar. Ellie's face is solemn, and her jaws set.

ANDREWS

(whispering out of  
the side of his mouth)

You're a sucker to go through with  
this.

Ellie glances at him out of the corner of her eye – and quickly turns forward again.

ANDREWS

That guy Warne is O.K. He didn't want the reward.

Ellie keeps her eyes glued in front of her, remaining expressionless.

ANDREWS

All he asked for was thirty-nine dollars and sixty cents... that's what he spent on you. It was a matter of principle with him – says you took him for a ride.

This registers on Ellie and she raises her eyes – but her reaction is only slightly perceptible.

A close view of a GROUP OF GUESTS shows two girls looking enviously in the direction of the bride.

A YOUNG GIRL

(whispering)

I wish I were in her shoes.

SECOND GIRL

Yes. She certainly is lucky.

ELLIE and her FATHER are seen again, and ANDREWS is still whispering to her.

ANDREWS

He loves you, Ellie. Told me so.

This brings a definite reaction, which she quickly covers up.

ANDREWS

You don't want to be married to a mug like Westley.

At this there is a close view of Westley – there is a satisfied smirk on his face.

ANDREWS

I can buy him off for a pot of gold,  
and you can make an old man happy,  
and you wouldn't do so bad for  
yourself. If you change your mind,  
your car's waiting at the back gate.

Ellie gives no indication of her intentions. Her face remains immobile. And now Ellie and her father have reached the altar. The "prissy" man is placing them in position. The big moment has arrived. The guests are all atwitter. But a close view of ELLIE shows that she realizes that her fate is closing in on her. She looks around for a means of escape.

MINISTER

(starting the ceremony)

Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this company to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony. If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him speak now or else hereafter forever hold his peace. King, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife? So long as ye both shall live?

KING

I will.

MINISTER

Ellen, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband so long as ye both shall live?

Then, seen at the ALTAR, Ellie makes her decision. She reaches down, takes a firm hold on her train and, pushing several people aside, runs out of the scene. Those at the altar look up, surprised, and the most startled of all is KING himself.

KING

(calling after her)

Ellie!

He starts to go after her – but finds Andrews in his way while the outcries of the guests rise in chorus.

GUESTS

What's happened? Where's she going?

On the platform, the newsreel men, a look of astonishment on their faces, decide to follow Ellie.

A MAN  
Get her, Mac! She's ducking!

And, as viewed by the newsreel men, Ellie is seen in the distance dashing through the gates. The guests stare dumbfounded. Following this, Andrews and King are seen together in the crowd.

KING  
(helplessly)  
What happened?

ANDREWS  
(blandly)  
I haven't the slightest idea.

But his mouth twitches as he tries to keep from smiling. As King runs out of sight Andrews gets out a cigar and lights it – a happy smile on his face which he now doesn't try to conceal.

Outside the FRONT GATE Ellie is seen in a fast roadster, as she starts away with a plunge. Her eyes sparkle. A crowd of people dash up, headed by King. They stop dead when they see the car disappear. On the LAWN the commotion runs high, and the guests chatter their amazement. A close view of ANDREWS shows him smiling with satisfaction.

The scene dissolves to ANDREWS' OFFICE, where Andrews is regaling himself with a whiskey and soda. He is in a pleasantly inebriated mood when his SECRETARY enters.

ANDREWS  
(as he picks up the  
phone that has started  
ringing)  
Don't want to talk to – don't want  
to talk to anybody. Don't want to  
see anybody.

SECRETARY  
But it's King Westley on the phone.

ANDREWS  
Ooooooh.  
(into the phone)  
Hello my would-be ex-son-in-law.  
I've sent you a check for a hundred

thousand. Yes. That's the smartest thing you ever did, Westley, not to contest that annulment. That's satisfactory, isn't it? Yeah. Well, it ought to be. Oh I'm not complaining. It was dirt cheap.

(as he hangs up)

Don't fall out of any windows.

SECRETARY

(placing a telegram  
on the desk)

There's another wire from Peter,  
sir. They're in Glen Falls, Michigan.

ANDREWS

(reading it)

"What's holding up the annulment,  
you slow poke? The Walls of Jericho  
are toppling."

(to the Secretary)

Send him a telegram right away. Just  
say: "Let 'em topple."

This dissolves to the exterior of an AUTO CAMP very much like the other camps at which Peter and Ellie stayed. The owner's wife is talking to her husband.

WIFE

Funny couple, ain't they?

MAN

Yeah.

WIFE

If you ask me, I don't believe they're  
married.

MAN

They're married all right. I just  
seen the license.

WIFE

They made me get 'em a rope and a  
blanket, on a night like this.

MAN

Yeah?

WIFE

What do you reckon that's for?

MAN

Blamed if I know. I just brung 'em a trumpet.

WIFE

(puzzled)

A trumpet?

MAN

Yeah. You know, one of those toy things. They sent me to the store to get it.

WIFE

But what in the world do they want a trumpet for?

MAN

I dunno.

The scene moves to the cabin occupied presumably by Peter and Ellie. The windows are lighted. There is a blast from a trumpet, and as the lights go out a blanket is seen dropping to the floor, and the scene fades out.

THE END