

"MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON"

Screenplay by

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Story by

Lewis R. Foster

The CAPITOL DOME at Washington fades in. It is night, and the dome is flooded in light.

This view dissolves to the exterior of a Newspaper Office WINDOW, seen at night. The letters on the window, illuminated by a street light, are picked out with increasing distinctness. They read: WASHINGTON POST-DISPATCH. This dissolves into the NIGHT CITY EDITOR'S OFFICE, where a lethargic, eyeshaded man behind a desk reaches for the telephone which is ringing.

EDITOR

(mechanically)

Desk—

(Then, perking up)

What?

Inside a PHONE BOOTH in a Hospital Corridor, where a nurse seated at the corridor desk is visible through the glass doors of the booth, a man is telephoning:

REPORTER

Senator Samuel Foley—dead. Died a minute ago—here at St. Vincent's.

At the bedside was state political sidekick, Senator Joseph Paine—

And we see the HOSPITAL OFFICE where Senator Joseph Paine, a trim, rather dignified man of fifty-eight, occupying the desk of the nurse who stands by, is talking rapidly and agitatedly into a phone.

PAINE

(into the phone)

Long distance? Senator Joseph Paine speaking. I want the Governor's residence at Jackson City—Governor Hubert Hopper. Hurry—

The scene dissolves into a skimming view of TELEPHONE WIRES strung over a vast distance—and then into the BEDROOM of Governor and Mrs. Hopper, where the Governor and his wife are found in their twin beds, the room darkened. The buzzer is sounding. Mrs. Emma Hopper, wife of the Governor, sits bolt upright in the dark.

EMMA

(a shrew)

I knew it! I knew a night's rest wasn't possible in this house!

(As the buzzer is heard again)

Hubert!

HUBERT

(waking with a start, bewildered)

Wha—? Yes, sweetheart— Wha—?

EMMA

That infernal phone!

HUBERT

Yes, yes—phone, phone—

(Fumbling for the light)

A—an outrage, pet—an outrage—I'll look into this—

(Seizing the phone)

Hello—Joe!—What!—No! Not really!

Terrible!

EMMA

What is it?

In the HOSPITAL ROOM, we see Paine on the phone.

PAINE

It couldn't have come at a worse time. Call Jim Taylor. Tell him I'm taking a plane tonight for home.

In GOVERNOR HOPPER'S BEDROOM:

HUBERT

(on the phone)

Yes, Joe, yes—right away.

(He hangs up—then
lifts the receiver
again and begins to
dial)

EMMA

What is it?

HUBERT

Sam Foley—dead!

EMMA

Great saints!

HUBERT

Of all the times! Of all the times!
Two months to the end of his term—
and Foley has to go and die on us—

EMMA

Whom are you calling—in the dead of
night?

HUBERT

Taylor, my dear.

EMMA

Can't that wait, Hubert?

HUBERT

No, no—believe me, pet—this is
most urgent—

(Into the phone)

Hello, hello. Is Taylor there?—
Governor Hopper. Quickly, please—

EMMA

This isn't a home, it's the crossroads
of the world!

HUBERT

Now, now, Emma, dear—you mustn't forget we have been chosen by the people of this commonwealth to—

EMMA

(sharply)

Save that for the laying of cornerstones, Hubert!

(Groaning)

Oh, that morning you looked in the mirror and saw a statesman!

HUBERT

Now, pet—

(Then, excitedly into the phone)

Jim!

In political boss TAYLOR'S ROOM, we see JIM TAYLOR, a hard-bitten, taciturn, impressive man in his fifties. At the moment, he stands at a phone, in vest and rolled up sleeves, a cigar between his fingers. Behind him, in a smoke-filled room, men are seated at a card table from which Taylor evidently has just risen.

TAYLOR

What's up, Happy?

In HOPPER'S BEDROOM:

HUBERT

Sam Foley—died tonight in Washington. Joe just called. Can you imagine anything more—?

In TAYLOR'S ROOM:

TAYLOR

Died, huh? Well, take it easy, Happy. Is Paine coming?—Good. Keep your shirt on—and your mouth shut. No statements.

In HOPPER'S BEDROOM:

HUBERT

(into the phone)

Y-yes, Jim-Yes-

And now flashing on the screen are NEWSPAPER HEADLINES of the following morning-announcing Foley's death-and finally such headlines as:

SUCCESSOR TO FOLEY
TO BE NAMED BY GOVERNOR

APPOINTEE WILL FILL OUT
UNEXPIRED TERM OF TWO MONTHS

HOPPER'S CHOICE
FOR VACANT SENATE CHAIR
EAGERLY AWAITED

The scene dissolves into the GOVERNOR'S OUTER OFFICE, in the morning. The office is full of people-newspapermen-dignified citizens-women-all waiting to see the Governor. A group is collected around the male secretary's desk. Two other desks are seen with secretaries at them. There is an undertone of talk.

REPORTER

If His Excellency's statement is
going to make the noon edition-

SECRETARY

Governor Hopper said you would have
it any minute-

An austere gent named Edwards pushes toward the desk.

EDWARDS

(firmly)

Will you please remind the Governor
again-

SECRETARY

He know your committee is waiting,
Mr. Edwards.

(Raising his voice
over the room)

The Governor will see *all* committees
at the first opportunity.

In the GOVERNOR'S PRIVATE OFFICE we see Hubert Hopper and

McGann, the former on the dictagraph, while McGann lounges in a chair.

HUBERT

(into the dictagraph)

Yes, yes—tell them I'll see them immediately—immediately!

(Snapping up the dictagraph, turning wildly on McGann)

I can't hold them off! They want something to say about this appointment. Ten to one they've got a man.

MCGANN

Relax, Happy. Jim said to wait.

HUBERT

I **can't** wait, McGann! You go into that room and tell Jim Taylor and Joe Paine that I give them **one more minute**—

MCGANN

(quietly)

You tell Jim Taylor.

HUBERT

(walking—fuming)

Washington! Always discussing the problems of Washington. Nobody ever thinks of the State—and my problems!

(With sudden determination)

I **will** tell Jim Taylor. It's high **time** I told him a thing or two!

(He pushes the door to a small ante room)

In the ANTE-ROOM, Joe Paine and Jim Taylor are on their feet, as Happy insert his head.

HUBERT

(angrily)

Look here, Jim—if you and Joe are going to gab about this appointment

any longer, I'm going ahead and see those committees!

TAYLOR
(sharply)
You'll see those committees when we're finished!

HUBERT
(meekly)
Yes, Jim.

Hubert retires, closing the door. Jim Taylor turns back to Paine.

TAYLOR
That Happy Hopper is tougher to handle than a prima-donna.

PAINE
—in other words, Jim—with this Willet Creek Dam on the fire—the man who goes to the Senate now in Sam Foley's place can't ask any questions or talk out of turn. We must be absolutely sure of him.

TAYLOR
That's why I say Miller—Horace Miller. He jumped through hoops for the machine before we moved him up to the bench. He'll take orders.

PAINE
Jim—suppose we didn't try to go through with this Willet Creek Dam—suppose we postpone it until the next session of Congress—or drop it altogether—

TAYLOR
That'd be a crime—after all this work—getting it buried in this Deficiency Bill as nice as you please—approved—all ready to roll—

PAINE

How much does the Willet Dam mean to you, Jim?

TAYLOR

Joe—I've got a lot of people to take care of in this State.

PAINE

I know, but is it worth the risk of a scandal now that a new man is going to the Senate?

TAYLOR

Joe—what's the matter with you—where you're concerned, I wouldn't take the slightest risk—'specially now after the great reputation you've made in the Senate. Why, look at this campaign I've started for you in all my papers. You're the logical man from the West on the National ticket—at the convention, anything can happen—

There is a pause while Joe looks at a newspaper.

TAYLOR

Joe, that's coming a long way in twenty years since I met you practising law down there in Main Street.

PAINE

Jim—if what you say about the future is remotely possible—why not do as I say—drop things like this dam?

TAYLOR

We can't drop it now, Joe. We bought the land around this Dam and we're holding it in dummy names. If we drop it or delay it—we are going to bring about investigations, and investigations will show that we own that land and are trying to sell it to the State under phoney names. No, Joe, in my judgment the only thing

to do is push this Dam through—and get it over with.

PAINÉ

Well, then appoint Miller—if you're sure he'll take orders.

TAYLOR

Don't worry about Horace—he'll take orders. Come on—

He goes to the door quickly, followed by Paine.

In the GOVERNOR'S PRIVATE OFFICE, as Taylor and Paine barge in, Happy Hubert throws his hands up.

HUBERT

Well! Thank Heaven!

The dictagraph buzzes.

HUBERT

(shouting into it)

One minute! Just one minute!

TAYLOR

Happy, we've got the man. Horace Miller!

HUBERT

Horace Mill—!

MCGANN

(leaping up)

Terrific! A born stooge! Horace'll perform like a trained seal.

HUBERT

Jim—if I fling a party man like Horace in the face of those angry committees—

TAYLOR

Happy, for reasons there isn't time to go into—it's got to be Miller! We've given you the man. Now write the ticket.

(Moving to the door)
Come on, Joe. Come on, Chick.

HUBERT
(following them)
Now, wait fellows—great Heavens.
I've got to see those angry committees
first—feel them out a little—work
for harmony—harmony.

MCGANN
Harmony—and Horace Miller.

The scene dissolves to the GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, full of committee people, arranged in rows of chairs, closely packed together. Hubert, at his desk, is addressing them.

HUBERT
(spreading the old
oil)
Gentlemen—in considering the
candidates who might answer to the
high qualifications of United States
Senator—there was one name that
shone out like a beacon—one I'm
sure you will enthusiastically approve—
the Honorable *Horace Miller*.

A minor bedlam breaks loose. Excited men rise and shout.

VOICES
Miller!
Not Horace Miller!
A Taylor Man!
The Veterans will have no part of
him!
A party man! One of Taylor's tools!
Give us a clean man for a change!
The New Citizen's Committee won't
stand for Miller!

HUBERT
(smiling sickly,
wincing)
—please—

The scene dissolves to the GOVERNOR'S LIBRARY in the HOPPER

HOME, at night. Hubert stands troubledly while Taylor, hat in hand, is tearing into him and McGann just listens.

TAYLOR

They put up *their* candidate? Who?

HUBERT

(swallowing)

Henry Hill.

TAYLOR

Henry Hill? That crackpot? That long-haired—! Why, you should have killed that so fast—!

HUBERT

I—I couldn't, Jim. Those men were—

TAYLOR

We can't help *what* they were! Forget 'em!

HUBERT

Jim, that bunch is out for blood. If I throw Horace in their teeth now—

TAYLOR

I said forget 'em! Horace Miller goes to the Senate—and that settles it!

HUBERT

I *won't* send Horace Miller!

TAYLOR

You won't?

HUBERT

I *won't* let you stand there callously and perhaps wreck my whole political future!

TAYLOR

Your political future! I bought it for you and made you a present. And I can grab it back so fast it'll make your head spin. You got a nerve

to stand there and worry about just
your future when we're in this
spot!

(Starting for the
door)

The man is—*Miller*.

MCGANN

(following Taylor;
adds dryly)

M-i-double l-e-r.

The two are gone, leaving Happy very unhappy. He stands for
a baleful instant. The butler appears.

BUTLER

Mr. Edwards of the Citizen's Committee
on the phone, sir.

HUBERT

(groaning)

No! I'm out. I'm sick. H—

(Collapsing)

I'll talk.

He picks up the phone.

HUBERT

(brightening his manner)

Good evening, Mr. Edwards... Why,
I have the matter under advisement
this very moment. Now it isn't a
question of my *objecting* to Henry
Hill—

BY A PHONE, Edwards is seen to be in considerable heat.

EDWARDS

(into the phone)

Hill is the man every decent element
wants—and *expects!* It's Henry
Hill, Mr. Governor—or else!

In the GOVERNOR'S LIBRARY, Hubert is seen wincing.

HUBERT

(swallowing)

Yes, Mr. Edwards. Certainly. I shall bear that in mind. Good night.

He hangs up, a picture of deepening misery, as Emma appears at the door.

EMMA
Dinner, Hubert.

HUBERT
(absently)
I'll bear that in mind... What? Oh.
Dinner. Pet—my stomach couldn't hold a bird seed.

EMMA
(leaving)
We're waiting, Hubert.

The scene dissolves to the DINING ROOM. The Hopper family is seated at dinner. Six children are around the table—four boys ranging from nine to sixteen, and a couple of in-between girls. The butler is placing the soup before them.

HUBERT
Really, my dear—I don't feel like a thing.

EMMA
(over-riding him)
Nonsense.

PETER
("Number Two" son)
What's the matter, Dad? Is it getting you down?

HUBERT
Is **what** getting me down?

JIMMIE
("Number One" son)
You're in a deuce of a pickle, aren't you, Pop?

OTIS
("Number Three" son)

Looks like Henry Hill–huh, Pop?

PETER

Naw–it's Horace Miller–or else!

Hubert chokes on his soup.

JIMMIE

Gee, I wouldn't appoint an old twerp like Horace Miller–Taylor or no Taylor!

HUBERT

Taylor! May I ask what *Taylor* has to do with it?

JIMMIE

Well, he's still running the show, ain't he, Dad?

HUBERT

Emma! I will not have conversations of this sort carried on by the children at dinner!

EMMA

Nonsense. Why don't you listen to your children for a change? You might actually learn something?

HUBERT

(with sarcasm)

For instance, how to run the affairs of government? No doubt my children could make this appointment *for* me–with the greatest ease!

JIMMIE

That's easy. Jefferson Smith.

HUBERT

I beg your pardon?

PETER

Jeff Smith. He's the only Senator to have.

OTIS
Sure. He ought to be President.

LITTLE JACKIE
("Number Four" son)
I like Jeff Smith.

HUBERT
You, too! Fine. Fine. That's everybody
heard from. Forgive my abysmal
ignorance—but I don't know Jefferson
Smith from a—

PETER
Gosh, Pop—head of the Boy Rangers!

HUBERT
Oh, a *boy*!

JIMMY
No, *no*, Pop—Jeff's a *man*! Jeff
Smith! Biggest expert we got on wild
game—and animals—and rocks.

PETER
Yes, and right now he's the greatest
hero we ever had. It's all over the
headlines—

JIMMY
Sure. Didn't you see about the
terrific forest fire all around
Sweetwater?

HUBERT
I did. What about it?

PETER
Well, Jeff put that out himself.

HUBERT
Himself!

JIMMIE
Well—Jeff and the Rangers. He was
out camping with 'em—and they saved
hundreds of people and millions of

dollars—

OTIS

And not one boy even scratched!

JIMMIE

Now, if you really want a Senator—

HUBERT

I do *not* want a Senator. And I do
not want any more of this nonsense!
Emma!

EMMA

Why, I think it's very sweet of the
children—

OTIS

He's the greatest *American* we got,
too, Dad. Can tell what George
Washington said—by heart. An' "Boy
Stuff's" got the swellest stuff in
it.

HUBERT

What stuff?

PETER

"Boy Stuff." That's the name of Jeff's
magazine. He prints it.

(Pulling one out of
his pocket excitedly)

Look—here's one—oh, it's great—
everybody reads it—all the kids
in the State—a million of 'em. Look,
Pop—let me read you a—

HUBERT

Peter, I'm in no mood to hear childish
prattle!

JIMMY

Prattle!

PETER

You're all wet, Pop! Listen to this:
(Flipping back to a

page)

"What makes a man humane to man—to give and not to take—to serve and not to rule—ideals and not deals—creed and not greed—" How about *that*?

OTIS

No, *sir*! You couldn't do better, Dad.

HUBERT

Than what?

OTIS

Jeff for Senator.

HUBERT

(his anger rising)

Emma! Will you *please*—?

PETER

(leaping in on the attack)

Want to get out of a pickle, don't you?

OTIS

(leaping right in, too)

Always looking out for votes, aren't you?

PETER

Yeah—an' here's fifty thousand kids with two folks apiece—and *they vote*!

JIMMIE

(attacking too)

If you want to do yourself some good in this State, Dad—

OTIS

If you're ever going to stand up like a man some day and tell Taylor to go to—

EMMA

Otis!

HUBERT

(rising frantically)

That settles it! I will not be attacked and belittled by my own children in my own home! My nerves are strained to the breaking point!

He throws his serviette down and rushes from the dining-room.

EMMA

Hubert!

LITTLE JANE

Papa's mad, Mama.

The scene dissolves to Hubert Hopper's STUDY, at night. Hubert is pacing miserably as Emma enters, carrying his dinner on a plate and setting it down on his desk.

HUBERT

(in quiet, heart-breaking appeal)

Emma! I'm a man at the end of his rope.

EMMA

No wonder—without your dinner.

HUBERT

Emma, which is it—Horace Miller or Henry Hill?

EMMA

(starting out)

Well, your children are very bright—and *they* say Jefferson Smith.

And Emma, without pausing, passes on out. Hubert is beside himself, and begins to pace again.

HUBERT

(to himself,
distractedly)

Henry Hill–Horace Miller–Henry
Miller–Horace Hi–uh–Henry–

Then on a desperate impulse, he takes a coin from his pocket and gets ready to flip.

HUBERT
Heads–Hill. Tails–Miller.

He shuts his eyes and flips. The coin falls on the library table. He rushes to it. His eyes pop.

The COIN is seen standing on edge, leaned against a small stack of magazines and papers.

HUBERT is at his wit's end. Then his eyes travel over to the paper on top of the pile. We see the NEWSPAPER HEADLINE:

GRATEFUL CITIZENS POUR GRATITUDE
ON HERO JEFF SMITH

Hubert stares at this headline, then suddenly, wildly, dashes for the door.

The scene dissolves to a STREET, at night: a row of simple, white-frame houses with neatly kept front yards and white picket fences. Street lamps illumine the scene. A limousine has come to a stop before one HOUSE, JEFFERSON SMITH'S, and Governor Hubert Hopper is alighting. He pauses to look at the house, is uncertain for an instant as to whether to go in or not; then makes up his mind, pushes through the gate and goes up the walk.

At the DOOR, Hubert pauses again before knocking, but finally does so. As his knuckles rap on the door, a terrific blast of band music, blaring instruments badly played, lets go from inside the house. Hubert, startled out of his wits, turns to run for his life and makes two steps when the door is opened; and there stands a smallish, somewhat gray, sweet-faced little lady (Jeff's Ma). The music goes on, so that both have to raise their voices above it.

MA
I *thought* I heard... Yes?

HUBERT
Uh–Jefferson Smith's residence?

MA
Yes. Come in.

HUBERT
Is—uh—Jefferson Smith at home?

MA
Certainly. Step right in.

In the SITTING ROOM of the Smith Home, a neat, cozy room, there are about twenty kids, ranging from nine to fifteen, imitating a band. An older boy is leading them. They are of all descriptions of dress; some in poor clothes—one with his leg in a brace. Hubert edges into the room dumbfounded.

MA
(loudly above the
music)
I'll call Jeff. He's back in the
shop—

She starts across the room. Hubert remains, disconcerted by the music. Suddenly, he looks off into the adjoining room with curious interest—and also to escape the music, he moves toward it.

The adjoining room the Hubert enters is an OFFICE. It contains everything from a roll-top desk crammed with mail, to a small power printing press—to short-wave radio equipment. It is a beehive of activity, with some eight or ten boys working like the seven dwarfs—printing cards on the press—tying copies of "Boy Stuff" into bundles—tinkering with the short-wave set. Hubert is set back on his heels by this unexpected sight. He notes the little placards framed on the wall, bearing the words of great men, and such admonitions as: "When there's an edge—give it to the other fellow." "When a man dies he clutches in his hands only that which he has given away during his lifetime—" —Jean Jacques Rousseau. "No man is good enough to govern another." —Abraham Lincoln. "You've got to do your own growing, no matter how tall your grandfather was." He notes the boys working at the radio—others working at the desk—while all the time, the little power press goes on. Suddenly Ma returns, followed by Jefferson Smith—fine looking, rangy, youthful—at the moment wiping some white substance from his right hand.

JEFFERSON

Good evening, sir. I was just making some—

(Then, astoundedly)
Governor Hopper!

MA

Well—I'll go to Halifax!

Suddenly great excitement ensues.

JEFFERSON

Boys! Attention! Governor Hopper!

The little fellows drop what they are doing and come to attention while Jeff dives for a chair and whips it around.

HUBERT

Now—now—please—that's quite all right. Relax, boys—

JEFFERSON

(at attention)

This—this is a great honor, sir. I—
I—

HUBERT

Not at all. I've come to pay you a personal and official—and I might say—a *tardy* tribute, Mr. Smith, for your recent heroic conduct.

JEFFERSON

Oh, now, I'm afraid that's been exaggerated some—

HUBERT

No. No. A signal service to the State. Yes, indeed. And not only that but—uh—I've heard of your excellent work in leading and guiding our youth—

JEFFERSON

Well—that's not work, sir—that's fun.

HUBERT

No doubt. No doubt. And this fine little paper—"Boy Stuff"—with, I dare say, an *enormous* circulation in the State.

MA

Well—it started with a little mimeograph sheet—and it's just grown out of all sense and reason—

HUBERT

Excellent! Excellent! My boy, I'm convinced our State has a great debt of gratitude to you—

JEFFERSON

Oh, now—

MA

Jefferson—

JEFFERSON

Yes, Ma?

MA

Excuse me for interrupting, Governor, but—

(To Jeff)

—that plaster's gonna harden any second, son.

JEFFERSON

(on edge)

Gosh! You see sir—I was fixing some plaster for a cast on Amos' leg—he's always chewing 'em off. I'll only be a minute—if you'll excuse me, sir—

HUBERT

By all means—by all means.

Jeff exits hurriedly.

MA

Maybe you'd like to come along and watch, Governor? Jefferson's done a

wonderful job with that leg.

HUBERT

Why, of course.

Ma starts out after Jeff—Hubert follows. He descends the few steps after her.

The PET SHOP, which Ma and Hubert enter, is a crudely built room, another addition to the house proper. The instant they set foot inside, the damnedest furore breaks loose—dogs bark—parrots scream, until Hubert is about to lose his mind. Jeff is placing his plaster on the center table and is stepping to one of the cages.

JEFFERSON

(calling)

Jerry! Blackie! Queenie! Let's have it quiet, fellows!

MA

(calling)

Now, now, now!

(To Hubert)

It's all right, Governor.

She moves toward the table—Hubert following.

HUBERT

A pet shop?

MA

Well, it sort of got to be—from Jeff just pullin' splinters and things—

Jeff pulls down from a cage Amos, a Siamese monkey, and sets him on the TABLE. Amos is fighting fiercely. The cast on his leg hangs down in shreds. Hubert, approaching, is amazed and startled. Jefferson starts to pull the old cast from Amos' leg.

JEFFERSON

(to Ma)

Here, Skinny, give me a hand. Hold Amos' tail down so he can't get it around my waist.

Ma holds the monkey's tail as directed—or tries to.

JEFFERSON

(to Amos)

Now, now, now—that isn't going to get you any place. Get a firm grip, Ma!

MA

Satan's in this little fella tonight!

JEFFERSON

(at work)

Sorry about this, Governor. But it won't take a minute. You were saying something in the other room, sir—

HUBERT

Well—yes—I was saying—the State should reward you—

JEFFERSON

Aw—

HUBERT

—And it is in my power to confer a very signal honor upon you. In my official capacity, therefore, I—

JEFFERSON

Ma! Hold him!

MA

I just can't, son—not the head and tail both!

HUBERT

Uh—could—could I help—?

JEFFERSON

Thanks, Governor—*yes*! Do you mind? His head—Ma'll take the tail.

HUBERT

The—head?

JEFFERSON

Just get one hand against each ear
there—keep his face straight up.

Hubert timidly does as directed. Amos yells—Hubert almost
lets go.

JEFFERSON

Amos!

(To Governor)

Hold 'im, Governor. That's right.

Cinch him down. Fine—fine—

Jeff starts to put the plaster on.

JEFFERSON

What were you saying, Governor? Sorry.

HUBERT

(determinedly—once
and for all)

I said, sir—in my official capacity—
as an honorary gesture—I appoint
you to the United States Senate!

It does not penetrate to Jeff that instant.

JEFFERSON

Now, Amos, now—

(Then, as Hubert's
words hit)

What?

MA

What?

At this instant, Amos wiggles his head and sinks his teeth
into the soft, white thumb of Governor Hopper.

HUBERT

(yelling)

Ow! He bit me!

He lets go of Amos, who wiggles and is nearly off the table.
Jeff and Ma make a dive for him.

JEFFERSON

(yelling)

Amos! Amos!

And, added to everything else, the pet shop goes up in a roar.

The scene dissolves to NEWSPAPER HEADLINES, a flaring, eight-column head reads:

GOVERNOR HOPPER IN SURPRISE APPOINTMENT

And another headline (with picture of Jefferson Smith):

HERO JEFFERSON SMITH
IS GOVERNOR'S SENATE CHOICE

The scene dissolves to the GOVERNOR'S LIBRARY, in the morning. Taylor, McGann, Hubert and Paine are present.

TAYLOR

(pounding a newspaper
in his hand, yelling
at Happy)

—a *boy ranger* a squirrel chaser—
to the United States Senate!

HUBERT

Jim—the answer to a prayer—manna
from heaven—the man *we want*—and
the votes *we need*—

MCGANN

He's batty!

HUBERT

Listen—the simpleton of all time—a
big-eyed patriot—knows Washington
and Lincoln by heart—stood at
attention in the Governor's presence—
collects stray boys and cats—

TAYLOR

What!

HUBERT

Joe—*you* know what I'm talking
about. The perfect man. Never in
politics in his life. Wouldn't find

out what it's all about in two
years, lets alone two months. But
the important thing—and this was
the genius of the stroke—*it means
votes*!

MCGANN

Oh—oh.

HUBERT

He's the hero of fifty thousand boys
and a hundred thousand parents. Look
at these congratulations pouring in!
I tell you, gentlemen, by this one
statesman-like act, I have—

TAYLOR

(deadly)

But you went ahead and made this
appointment without asking me—

HUBERT

Jim—when the lightning hit, I—
just—

TAYLOR

But you never asked me!

HUBERT

(petulantly)

Oh—Jim!

PAINE

Wait a minute, boys. Happy may have
hit on something tremendous here.
Rather than let Miller or anyone
else in at this stage, we simply put
blinders on this simple son of nature—
and turn him loose on monuments.
He's completely out of the way in
Washington, and as Happy says, you
make political capital out of it at
home.

TAYLOR

Joe—do you mean to say—do you think
you can actually *handle* this—this

whatever-you-call-it in Washington?

PAINÉ

(quietly)

A young patriot?—Who recites Jefferson and Lincoln?—turned loose in our nation's capital? I think I can.

TAYLOR

(after a pause)

Chick—turn the ballyhoo boys loose on this right away. Greatest appointment ever made. A banquet—declare a holiday.

MCGANN

Wow! A star-spangled banquet—and one of Happy's windy spiels—music—little kids—the flag—a tear-jerker from way back—!

The scene dissolves to a MONTAGE, a series of headlines screaming approval of Happy's choice—pictures of Happy with Smith—of Happy shaking hands with person after person in his office—of Jeff Smith surrounded by boys in his home, cheering him, clustered around—and adults shaking his hand—of telegrams coming to him in stacks—of, finally at night, the Boy's Club band in the street, marching to a martial air, banners at their head reading: "OUR OWN SENATOR JEFFERSON SMITH."

This dissolves to a BANQUET HALL, in which HOPPER, seen at close range, in white tie—beaming—on his feet at the banquet table—is addressing an assemblage.

HUBERT

—in the hands of your Governor lay the power to confer a great honor—to raise a man to the high office of United States Senator. And how did your Governor confer that honor?

The scene then reveals a great, horseshoe banquet table, crowded with leading citizens. At Hubert's left and right sit Jefferson and Ma, Mrs. Hopper and Paine. MA is seen beaming, while JEFFERSON looks dazed and nervous.

HUBERT'S VOICE

Did he give it to some wealthy or
influential citizen merely to curry
favor? No!

(As Paine is seen
looking down at Jeff)

Did he give it to some unworthy
political hireling? No!

TAYLOR AND MCGANN are seen seated at one of the wing tables—
to be out of sight. McGann raised his eyes to heaven for
relief.

HUBERT'S VOICE

What *did* he do? True to our party's
tradition—

EDWARDS is seen listening skeptically.

HUBERT'S VOICE

—he went down among the people—
(warming to a climax,
the banquet now in
full view)

—and there found—a nugget! A hero!!
That was the spirit your Governor
acted in. And in that spirit we have
come together tonight to acclaim and
bid Godspeed to—Senator Jefferson
Smith.

Strong applause—people get to their feet—a band blares a
salute. Hubert motions Jeff to get to his feet. Dry-mouthed,
Jeff rises. The noise dies out. They wait.

JEFFERSON

(simply—slowly)

Well—uh—thank you. I—I sort of
have a feeling there's been a big
mistake—I mean—

(as gentle laughter
greet him)

—I can't think of a greater honor.
It isn't just mine. It belongs to
all my boys.

(Turning to Paine)

Sitting with a man like Senator Paine—
I can't tell you how much greater
that makes the honor. He and my father
were very dear friends.

PAINE, startled, is seen looking up at Jeff.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE

My father used to tell me that Joseph
Paine was the finest man he ever
knew.

The applause startles Paine. He looks down, two places
removed, to MA, who is leaning over, smiling at him. Her
mouth forms the words: "Hello, Joseph."

We again see the banquet hall in full view, as the applause
stops.

JEFFERSON

I don't think I'll be much help to
you, Senator Paine.

(Laughter from the
audience)

But I *can* promise you this—I'll
uphold the honor with all my might—
I'll do nothing to disgrace the name
of—Senator of the United States.

(He sits down amid a
storm of applause)

TAYLOR AND MCGANN are seen applauding mechanically.

MCGANN

Who'd ever think I'd be back in Sunday
School?

The applause continues in the banquet hall. Then, suddenly,
a band starts to play off scene. All heads turn to the rear
of the hall. The BIG DOORS are pushed open and the Boy's
Club Band—followed by more of Jeff's boys—comes marching
in. The boys range in size from tiny fellows in front—
building back up, row by row, to the larger fellows in rear.
They march into the middle of the table formation. The band
plays a march. The banqueters cheer. JEFFERSON'S eyes are
alight. The boys come to a stop, marking time, until the
band stops. A little fellow—Jackie Hopper—steps to the

front. He is carrying something wrapped up. HUBERT AND EMMA are seen watching this.

EMMA
(proudly)
Jackie!

TAYLOR AND MCGANN are also watching.

MCGANN
So help me—it's Snow White and a
thousand dwarfs!

There is a silence in the hall as Jackie wets his lips and addresses Jeff.

JACKIE
(stumbling and nervous
with a memorized
speech)
Senator Jefferson Smith—we are very
proud on this great occas—the Boy
Rangers take this oppor—uh—
(lifts the package)
—in token of their—uh—in token of
this—
(breaking off, ad
libbing)
—It's a briefcase, Jeff! All the
kids pitched in! It's for to carry
your laws when you get there!

He rushes forward and pushes the gift into Jeff's hands. The banqueters then applaud vigorously. Jeff, speechless and touched, stands holding the briefcase. The band strikes up "Auld Lang Syne." Everyone stands up, and joins the song. Paine moves from his place over to Ma.

Ma is seen singing—as Paine comes to her side. She stops singing. They shake hands warmly. Then Paine, looking at Jeff, pantomimes: "Is that the little shaver I knew when he was this high?" Ma nods. She starts to sign again, and we get another full view of the hall. The song is sung earnestly by the boys, the banqueters joining it.

JEFFERSON has opened the BRIEFCASE and is staring at it. It is seen to be inscribed:

SENATOR JEFFERSON SMITH
OUR BEST RANGER—OUR BEST PAL

JEFF is looking off at the boys—his eyes a little dim; this is the most wonderful moment of his life.

This dissolves to a Washington-bound TRAIN, on which we see Jefferson and Senator Paine. Jefferson is fishing out of his briefcase a copy of "Boy Stuff."

JEFFERSON

Well, it isn't much, but if you insist, here's this week's.
(He hands it over)

PAINE

(examining it)
"Boy Stuff." Why, printer's ink runs in your veins, Jeff. You're just like your father.

JEFFERSON

Thank you, sir.

PAINE

Even to the hat. Same old dreamer, too. One look at you and I can see him, back of his old roll top desk, hat and all, getting out his paper. Always kept his hat on his head so as to be ready to do battle. Clayton Smith, editor and publisher, and champion of lost causes.

JEFFERSON

Yeah, Dad always used to say the only causes worth fighting for were lost causes.

PAINE

You don't have to tell me Jeff. We were a team, the two of us, a struggling editor and a struggling lawyer. The twin champions of lost causes, they used to call us.

JEFFERSON

Ma's told me about it a thousand times.

PAINE

His last fight was his best, Jeff. He and his little four-page paper against that mining syndicate and all to defend the right of one small miner who stuck to his claim. You know, they tried everything, bribery, intimidation, then—well—

JEFFERSON

Yes, Ma found him slumped over his desk that morning...

PAINE

Shot in the back. I was there. I can see him at that old roll top desk, still with his hat on... still with his hat on...

JEFFERSON

I know. I suppose, Mr. Paine, when a fellow bucks up against a big organization like that, one man by himself can't get very far, can he?

PAINE

No.

The scene fades out.

In the TRAIN SHED (Washington D.C.), we see McGann, Paine, Jefferson, Porters and bags.

JEFFERSON

Washington!

MCGANN

Yeah, for the fifth time, Senator—Washington.

JEFFERSON

My pigeons—I better see about my pigeons.

MCGANN

The porter's got them. They're coming.

JEFFERSON

(running out)

Just a minute, I better make sure.

MCGANN

(to Paine)

Boy! My head's like a balloon—for two whole days. I never knew there was so much American history.

PAINE

(kidding)

You can't find it in racing forms, Chick.

MCGANN

Fine thing Jim Taylor wished on me—show him the monuments—I need this job like I need ten pounds.

Jeff comes back carrying the pigeons.

JEFFERSON

Here they are—I got them. They are all right.

MCGANN

Well, that ends that crisis. This way, Senator.

They exit.

At the STATION: Jeff, McGann, Paine and Porters walk in. Susan Paine and three other girls rush in and kiss Paine and Jeff. The girls carry little cans or boxes with milk fund ribbons on them—in which they collect money.

GIRLS

Hello, Father.
I saw him first.
He's mine—

Jeff is utterly confused by the four girls trying to kiss

him.

PAINÉ

Here, here, Susan—this is Jeff Smith—
our new Senator.

SUSAN

I don't care to meet anybody until I
get paid—come on—come on. One dollar
each, please, for the Milk Fund.

ANOTHER GIRL

If you don't pay quickly you'll get
kissed again.

JEFFERSON

(confused and searching
in his pockets)

A dollar—four dollars. Gosh! You
wouldn't settle for some keys, would
you?

PAINÉ

Here, Jeff, I'll advance it for you.—
Fine introduction to the nation's
capital!

MCGANN

(pulling out a roll)

Here, I'll take a dozen of those
things. Miss Paine.

SUSAN

(taking money)

Thank you, Mister McGann, you have a
very kind heart.

McGann "burns" at not being kissed.

PAINÉ

This is my daughter, Susan, and her
friends—Senator Jefferson Smith.

GIRLS

How do you do?
Meet the new Senator.
I thought he'd be a Ranger with a

big hat.

SUSAN

(pointing at the
pigeons)

What have you got there, Senator?

MCGANN

Pigeons—to carry messages back to
Ma.

JEFFERSON

Just for the fun of it.—You see the
one that makes it back home in the
fastest time, I am going to enter in
the nationals.

SUSAN

Wonderful!

ANOTHER GIRL

There's romance in him.

SUSAN

Imagine having love notes delivered
to you by a pigeon.

At this instant two middle-aged men, slightly hard-faced,
named Cook and Griffith, descend on the party.

COOK

Joe!

GRIFFITH

Hello, Chick.

MCGANN

H'ya, Carl—h'ya, Bill!

PAINE

Jeff—meet Mr. Cook and Mr. Griffith—
members of our State headquarters
here.

Cook and Griffiths fall on Jeff, wringing his hand and again
Jeff can't get a word in. He has put his pigeons down.

COOK

Great pleasure, Senator! Yes *sir*.
Great appointment! You'll do the old
State proud!

GRIFFITH

Welcome, Senator. This wild life
around here is a little different
from what you're used to. They wear
high heels! Hah! Hah!

PAINE

Well, let's get started. Bill—you've
made reservations at the hotel for
the Senator and Chick—

COOK

All fixed. Same floor with you, Joe.

SUSAN

(with lifted eyebrows)

How nice.

PAINE

All right, we'll take Jeff with us—

SUSAN

I'm afraid we won't have room in the
car, Father. Senator Smith can follow
with Mr. McGann and the pigeons.

JEFFERSON

Sure.

SUSAN

Well, we *must* see a lot of you,
Senator. Come, Father.

Paine is being pulled away by Susan. The girls, waving good-
bye to Jeff, follow. Griffith walks along a bit with Paine.

PAINE

(calling back—
cautioning)

Chick—

MCGANN

I've got 'im, Joe. Be right along.

PAINE AND GRIFFITH are now seen together.

PAINE

Are you ready for him, Bill?

GRIFFITH

All set. Foley's rooms in the Senate office building—nice, big clean desk—lot of Senator stationery to write his little boys on—and Foley's secretary, Saunders, to make it look like the real thing—

PAINE

Good. Are the newspaper men at the hotel?

GRIFFITH

Yup—Sweeney, Flood, Farrell—waiting for you—

PAINE

Fine. The first thing to do is—present Mr. Smith to the press—in the *right* way. Hurry him along, Bill.

GRIFFITH

How do you feel, champ?

PAINE

All right, why?

GRIFFITH

Your name's spreading like wild-fire out here—you are the winterbook favorite to get on the National ticket.

PAINE

Oh! Go away.

Newsmen come up with cameras to photograph Paine.

JEFFERSON, MCGANN AND COOK are seen together.

MCGANN

All right, Senator—let's get these bags and the livestock together—

JEFFERSON

(suddenly pointing)

Look! There it is!

MCGANN

What? Who?

We see what Jeff is pointing at—the CAPITOL DOME, up on "The Hill"—framed in one of the station portals.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE

The Capitol Dome!

The GROUP looks at Jeff dryly.

COOK

Yes, sir—big as life. Been there some time now.

MCGANN

Yes, sir.

(Busily, to porters)

All right, boys—let's go.

Jeff has taken a few steps in the direction of the Dome. Griffith joins them, and McGann, Cook and Griffith start off with porters.

MCGANN

This way, Senator.

McGann, Cook and Griffith are seen moving on, not conscious that Jeff isn't following.

GRIFFITH

Say, we thought—maybe we ought to meet him in short pants—you know—with hatchets.

Cook points to the pigeons a porter carriers.

COOK

What's he bringing pigeons for?

MCGANN

(sour and sore)

What for? Why, suppose there's a storm—all lines are down—how you gonna get a message to Ma?

Cook and Griffith give McGann alarmed looks.

JEFF is seen, with his eyes fixed ahead, through the portals, on the Dome; he is drawn unconsciously in that directions.

MCGANN, COOK AND GRIFFITH are approaching the door to the outside.

MCGANN

(looks back)

Okay, Senator—right through here—

They all stop dead.

MCGANN

Where is he? Hey, Senator! What's the matter with that cookie? I *told* him to—. Come on, let's find him.
Hey, Smith!

The three start back into the station.

The scene dissolves to the STATION, where McGann, Cook and Griffith are coming together.

COOK

Positively not in the station! Gone!

MCGANN

I'll brain that guy! Well—call Paine—
call Saunders—

Carl rushes off.

MCGANN

(yelling through cupped hands)

Hey—*ranger*!

The scene dissolves to a PHONE BOOTH, in which Carl Cook is telephoning.

COOK

–Saunders! Smith hasn't showed up at his office there, has he? ... No?... What do you mean 'the slip'? ... What's so funny?

In JEFF SMITH'S OUTER OFFICE (SENATE OFFICE BUILDING) SAUNDERS is on the phone. She is a girl in her late twenties—pretty—and a shrewd, keen, abrupt creature—who, at the moment laughs mirthlessly.

SAUNDERS

Nothing. Have you tried a butterfly net?

In the PHONE BOOTH:

CARL

Lay off, Saunders. If your feet felt like mine... Listen—if he shows up there—Paine's waiting at the hotel with newspaper men—let him know right away—understand?

In JEFF'S OUTER OFFICE, Saunders, on the phone, is regarding Diz Moore—a fairly young, disheveled, freckle-faced Irishman, at the moment stretched out on the sofa.

SAUNDERS

Sure. Sure. I'll hang a light in the steeple. One if by land—two if by sea!... Okay!

(Hanging up)

Diz—you won't believe it. Daniel Boone's *lost*!

DIZ

No!

The door bursts open and a reporter called Nosey sticks his head in.

NOSEY

(a fast talker)

Is this new guy Smith here yet? I want a little interview. How about it? Arrived yet--?

SAUNDERS AND DIZ
(together)
No! Scram! Blow!

Nosey slams out.

SAUNDERS
How do you *like* this! You don't suppose that ranger met up with some kids--and took 'em for a hike!

DIZ
That--or he's out blazing trails. He'll show up.

SAUNDERS
Sure--sure. He must have a compass with him.

The scene dissolves to the STATION, where McGann, Cook and Griffith are very tired men.

MCGANN
(mopping his brow)
--that dummy wandered off and got hit by a taxi! Bill--call the hospitals--hurry up--!

Bill runs off, McGann yelling after him.

MCGANN
And while you're at it, get me a bed!

COOK
Let's send out a pigeon!

MCGANN
Blow a bugle!

The exterior of the CAPITOL BUILDING is seen, in the view from the Library of Congress side, showing both wings of House and Senate with the steps leading up to the massive

columns.

SPIELER'S VOICE

—and there you have it, folks—the
Capitol of the United States—the
home of Congress—

IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL, people in a bus are craning their
necks out—*and we find Jeff among them*! A spieler is
standing in front near the driver, speaking through a small
megaphone.

SPIELER

Yes, *sir*! You are looking at the
building where your law-makers have
sat since the time of Washington—

In the BUS, Jeff looks at the Spieler suddenly.

JEFFERSON

Since the time of Adams—not
Washington.

SPIELER

How's that, buddy?

JEFFERSON

I said—I mean—Washington didn't
live to see it finished. Congress
didn't move here from Philadelphia
till eighteen hundred.

SPIELER

(trying to scare him
out of his facts)
Oh—you're *sure* of that now?

JEFFERSON

Yes. Washington laid the cornerstone
though—wearing an apron for the
ceremony that was embroidered by
Madame Lafayette—

SPIELER

(interrupting)
Yes, *sir*.
(Quickly to driver)

Let's *go* Henry.

The driver throws the bus into gear as the spieler gives Jefferson a dirty look.

SPIELER

Now, on your right, folks—you see
the Library of Congress—

All heads turn to look out of the right side of the bus, and the exterior of the CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY is seen as the bus moves along.

SPIELER'S VOICE

—greatest library in the world.
Five million books and two and a
half-million maps, charts, and musical
compositions—

In the BUS, JEFFERSON, seen closely, is looking at the building in an awed manner.

JEFFERSON

You left out the most important thing!
That's where you see the Constitution
and the Declaration of Independence!

The SPIELER is seen getting pretty sore at this kind of thing.

SPIELER

As the gentleman says—without anybody
asking him—that's where you see
those original, priceless documents—
the Constitution and Declaration of
Independence.

(To Jeff, sarcastically)

Much obliged, my friend. You're a
great help to me. Let's *go*, Henry!

The scene dissolves to a series of views (a TRAVEL MONTAGE) of the Washington monuments as Jeff sees them—his amazement and reverence on seeing the Supreme Court Building, the White House, the Washington Monuments, Constitution Avenue, and so on.

Then the LINCOLN MEMORIAL comes to view and JEFF is seen walking up the steps—eyes fixed ahead wonderingly. Soon he

approaches the top steps and now his is on the floor of the shrine. Suddenly he stops dead, and the full figure of LINCOLN comes to view—the huge, overpowering figure, seated in that great armchair. It is an almost breathing sculpture of the great, humane man, looking out.

JEFFERSON, seen closely, is over-awed and reverent, looking up at the face. With mechanical steps he comes forward, against a background of enormous columns which shed a powerful solemnity upon the scene. He comes forward slowly and stops, and the words on the statue appear:

IN THIS TEMPLE
AS IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE
FOR WHOM HE SAVED THE UNION
THE MEMORY OF ABRAHAM
LINCOLN
IS ENSHRINED FOREVER

JEFFERSON has his heart in his mouth. His head turns slowly to the left.

On the LEFT WALL, the Second Inaugural Address of Lincoln, carved in the stone, appears, and JEFFERSON'S head turns back to Lincoln. He quotes in a half-voice—looking up as though he heard Lincoln say it:

JEFFERSON
(softly)
'—with malice toward none, with
charity for all—with firmness in
the right as God gives us to see the
right..'

He breaks off and turns his head to the right.

Then at the RIGHT WALL, the Gettysburg Address, carved in stone, appears, and JEFFERSON, turning back to the figure of Lincoln, again recites:

JEFFERSON
(softly)
'—that these dead shall not have
died in vain—that this nation, under
God, shall—'

LINCOLN'S FIGURE is seen at close range as Jefferson's voice

comes over.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE

'—have a new birth of freedom—and
that Government of the people, by
the people, for the people—shall
not perish from the earth...'

While Jefferson says these words and while we hold on the
face of the man who uttered them the scene dissolves slowly.

JEFF'S SENATE OUTER OFFICE is seen at dusk; the light is
murky. Saunders is pacing a groove in the carpet; Diz Moore
is still reclining on the sofa.

DIZ

Getting on to dinner, isn't it, pal?

SAUNDERS

(grimly)

I give that Trail Blazer five more
minutes to show up—

(turning on the desk
lamp viciously)

—*five more minutes*!

The phone rings.

SAUNDERS

(indicating the ringing
phone)

Well—who d'you take this time—Paine,
Bill, Carl—or McGann?

DIZ

Hey—you're into me for a buck
already. I say—McGann. Shoot the
whole dollar.

SAUNDERS

Okay. For the dollar, I give you
McGann *and* Bill and Carl. I got
Paine.

(Picking up the phone)

Hello... Oh, yes.

Saunders does a 'gimme' gesture at Diz.

SAUNDERS

No, not yet, Senator Paine—not hide
nor hair of the man. You mean to say
the boys haven't—?

DIZ

Eight to five Little Boy Blue is
plastered.

SAUNDERS

(into the phone)

Well, why don't they try the police—
get some blood hounds—or Indian
guides—

In a CORNER OF THE PAINE HOTEL APARTMENT, Paine is on the
telephone, and is smiling.

PAINE

As a last resort, maybe... Now wait,
Saunders—you *can't* leave there!
The one place he knows in this city—
is the Senate office—and you stay
there and wait... it isn't *that*
late—

In JEFF'S OUTER OFFICE:

SAUNDERS

(into the phone)

All right—then another half hour.
Just *one* half hour, Senator.
Goodbye.

She hangs up angrily and storms away.

SAUNDERS

Why don't I quit? Why don't I pick
up and walk out of here?

She passes Diz, grabbing the dollar bill which he holds up
like a torch—and goes right on talking.

SAUNDERS

Tell me why!

DIZ

(looking at his empty
hand)

Well, because you're doing all right
at the minute.

SAUNDERS

When Foley died, why didn't I clear
out? How many times, did you hear me
say I was fed up on politics and—?
But *no*—I let 'em talk me into
staying. Secretary to a leader of
little squirts. Why? Because I need
the job and a new suit of clothes.

DIZ

Would you settle for a husband?

SAUNDERS

(absently—walking)

What's this, Diz?

DIZ

That old standing offer from Diz
Moore—Poet of Washington
Correspondents.

SAUNDERS

(absently)

Huh?

DIZ

You know—Mrs. Diz Moore.

She is walking furiously, her mind only half on what Diz is
saying.

SAUNDERS

Oh—that again. Yeah.

DIZ

(flatly)

I would cherish you—and stay sober.

SAUNDERS

Diz, you're a swell playmate—but—
Maybe if I saw you once with your

hair combed, or something—or—no,
no—I don't think even that would do
it—

DIZ

(resigned)

Well, if you're sure it wouldn't—no
use combing my hair for nothing.

SAUNDERS

No—don't do it. I'm sure. The truth
is, Diz—there's no man I've seen
yet or—must be something wrong with
me. I've been feeling low for weeks.

DIZ

You got worms.

SAUNDERS

What! Who?

DIZ

You know—little worms—ambition.

SAUNDERS

Yeah. Should have seen me seven years
ago—when I came to this town. *Now*
what am I?—chambermaid to the Pied
Piper of Jackson City; *Honorary*
appointment! Scratch this thing an
you'll find they wanted a dope here
for two months.

There is a knock on the door.

SAUNDERS

(yelling angrily)

Yes!

The door doesn't open at once.

SAUNDERS

Yes!

The door opens slowly and Jefferson's head pokes in.

SAUNDERS

What is it?

JEFFERSON
Office of–Senator Smith?

SAUNDERS
No!

JEFFERSON
(looks at number on
door)
The man downstairs said number–

SAUNDERS
No!

Startled and scared, Jeff backs out, closing the door.

SAUNDERS
(to Diz, picking up
where she left off)
Yup–they must have picked the prize
dummy–
(Then, struck by
lightning–pointing
at the door)
Wait a minute! That wouldn't be–
Daniel Boone!

She makes a beeline for the door, yanking it open.

In the CORRIDOR, Jeff is gazing around at the door numbers
bewilderedly–when Saunders appears.

SAUNDERS
(excitedly)
What's your name?

JEFFERSON
J-Jefferson Smith.

She makes a run and a grab for him.

SAUNDERS
Oh–oh! Come right in! Yes, indeed.
Right this way–

She pulls him into the office, Jeff alarmed and speechless.

In the OFFICE, Saunders is seen dragging him in, her movements very excited.

SAUNDERS

Now, hold it, Senator. Stay right where you are. Don't go 'way—

And she rushes for the phone. Diz' feet come off the sofa with a thud.

SAUNDERS

(into the phone,
excitedly)

Hello—hello. Helen! Get the Shoreham—Paine's apartment. Hurry, will you!

She holds the phone.

JEFFERSON

Is—is something the matter?

SAUNDERS

Oh, no—no!

(Then with heavy
sarcasm)

My dear *Senator*—it may be customary out on the prairie to take French leave of people and not be heard of again for five hours—

JEFFERSON

Gee—I'm sorry about that, Miss—you *are* Miss Saunders, aren't you?

SAUNDERS

Yes, I'm Saunders—and this is Mr. Moore—a member of the press. Meet the *Senator*, Mr. Moore.

JEFFERSON

(seizing Diz' hand)

Pleased to meet you, sir.

DIZ

(wincing under the

handshake)
How do you do, Senator? I see you made it.

JEFFERSON
Made it? Oh! Yes. Silly of me—you see, what happened was—

SAUNDERS
(suddenly into the phone, with heavy sarcasm)
Hello... Yes, Senator Paine. Yes. Right here. Just came in—under his own power... Yes—he's sober—that's the very next thing on the schedule... Yes, sir, I'll have him right over.

She hangs up, and comes forward to Jefferson.

JEFFERSON
Gee, I'm sorry. You see, it wasn't until I was fairly well along in the bus that I realized—

SAUNDERS
Did you say—bus?

JEFFERSON
One of those sightseers—you know. You see, I—gosh, I've never been called absent-minded or... but there it was all of a sudden—looking right at me through one of the station doors—

SAUNDERS
There *what* was?

JEFFERSON
The Dome—the Capitol Dome—

Saunders just looks at Diz with wide eyes.

JEFFERSON
—big as life—sparkling away there under the sun. I—I started walking

toward it—and there was a bus outside—
and—well—I—I just naturally got
aboard—

SAUNDERS

Most natural thing in the world!

JEFFERSON

I don't believe I've been so thrilled
in my—oh, and that Lincoln Memorial!
Gee! There he is—Mr. Lincoln—looking
right at you as you come up the steps—
sitting there like he was waiting
for someone to come along—

SAUNDERS

Well—he's got nothing on me.

She turns away and starts for her hat and coat.

SAUNDERS

Now, if you're ready, Senator, we
can start for the hotel. I'll *see*
that you get there.

JEFFERSON

(with a laugh)

Yes—I think maybe you'd better.

The scene dissolves to the interior of the TAXICAB with
JEFFERSON AND SAUNDERS, Jefferson looking out of the windows,
seeing what he can see, even though it's night; Saunders
giving him an impatient, martyred look.

JEFFERSON

(pointing out)

Whose statue is that?

SAUNDERS

I wouldn't know in the *day time*.

Suddenly he leans over Saunders and points excitedly out her
side of the cab.

JEFFERSON

The Capitol Dome! Lighted up!

SAUNDERS

(gently pushing him
off)

You—uh—you better relax, Senator.
You'll be plumb wore out.

JEFFERSON

Tell me, Miss Saunders—what time
does the Senate—uh—what do they
call it?

SAUNDERS

Convene?

JEFFERSON

Convene—that's it—yes. I got to
pick up some of those parliamentary
words. I imagine a fellow can get
pretty lost in the Senate without
'em—

SAUNDERS

(more or less under
her breath)

With or without 'em.

(Quickly)

Twelve—noon. The Senate convenes at
twelve o'clock.

JEFFERSON

(breaking in—full of
the idea)

Gosh—that'll be something! You know
what I better do in the morning?

SAUNDERS

(wearily)

No. What had you better—?

JEFFERSON

Go out to Mount Vernon. It'd be a
sort of fine thing to do—see
Washington's home just before walking
into the Senate for the first time—
don't you think?

SAUNDERS

(hollowly)
Oh—a wonderful thing—yes. Get you
right in the mood—yes—yes.

Just then, the cab pulls over toward the curb and Saunders perks up.

SAUNDERS
Oh—and *here* we are, Senator! Well,
well, well! At last!

The cab stops and a uniformed doorman opens the cab door on Jefferson's side.

Now we see the HOTEL CURB, THE CAB, THE FOOTMAN, and JEFF looking out of the cab. Coming out of the hotel is a party in evening dress—white muffled, top-hatted man—and women in furs.

SAUNDERS
(impatiently)
After you. Do you mind?

Jeff stares at the party, at the footman—then up at the fifteen-story hotel.

SAUNDERS
(very impatiently)
This is *it*, Senator!

In the CAB:

JEFFERSON
No, gee—I couldn't stay here—

SAUNDERS
(amazed)
You *couldn't*?

JEFFERSON
I mean—gosh—I wouldn't be
comfortable in a—I—I haven't got
clothes and things like that—and—I
couldn't keep pigeons *there*—No—I—
I just—just wouldn't be—

And he pulls the cab door closed.

DRIVER

Where to, Mister?

JEFFERSON

Where to, Miss Saunders?

SAUNDERS

(at the end of her
patience)

Where? Why, the wide open spaces!

The scene dissolves to a PHONE BOOTH, with SAUNDERS telephoning.

SAUNDERS

(with emphasis)

—all I know is, he refused to go
into your hotel, Senator Paine—and
not having my lasso with me, I didn't
know how to *make* him.

In PAINE'S HOTEL APARTMENT, Paine is on the phone, with McGann in the background.

PAINE

What did you do? Where did he go?

In the PHONE BOOTH:

SAUNDERS

Well—finally—after a substantial
tour of the city, he saw a sort of
boarding house, built nice and close
to the ground. That's what he wanted—
and that's where you're to send his
bags—Eleven B Street, Northeast. Oh—
and don't forget the pigeons!

In PAINE'S HOTEL APARTMENT:

PAINE

And that's where you *left* him?

In the PHONE BOOTH:

SAUNDERS

(with weary sarcasm)
...Oh, he's perfectly all right.
Going to stay in and write to Ma
tonight... Ma. Ma. Don't you know
Ma? And then he'll take his swig of
Castoria and go to sleep... I'd rather
not think about the morning right
now, if you don't mind. Goodnight,
Senator!
(She hangs up)

In PAINE'S HOTEL APARTMENT, Paine hangs up the phone.

PAINE
Eleven B Street, Northeast. Take his
bags and your own right over—and
get yourself a room in the same place—

MCGANN
Listen, Joe—at least—after a day
like this—I got one good bust coming
before I start showing him monuments—

He is interrupted by Susan, who comes dashing in excitedly,
all dressed to go out.

SUSAN
For heaven's sake—will someone please
get those pigeons out of this
apartment! They're smelling up the
place something—

MCGANN
Pigeons!

The scene dissolves to a RESTAURANT BAR, with Saunders and
Diz hopped up on stools. Saunders is grimly and angrily
holding forth.

SAUNDERS
I'm still asking myself—what is he—
animal, vegetable, or mineral? A
Senator! A United States Senator! I
thought I'd seen everything but—
why, he doesn't know what time it
is, Diz! When I think of myself
sitting around—playing straight for

all that phoney, patriotic chatter–
me, carrying bibs for an infant
with little flags in his fists–no,
I can't take it, Diz–I'm through–I
quit!

DIZ

Sure–sure–wait a minute now–simmer
down–

NOSEY, at this point, saunters up to the bar, his back to
Saunders.

SAUNDERS

(breaking out again)

Why–do you know what he's going to
do before taking that Senate seat
tomorrow? He's going to Mount Vernon–
to get into the mood–a *warm up*!

Nosey swings around in a flash and pushes his face right in.

NOSEY

Who? Who? Your boss! A nut, huh? A
nut! Wow! There's a *story* in this
guy–! I smelled it!

SAUNDERS

(impatient)

Go away, Nosey.

NOSEY

Saunders–it's meat and drink–lemme
at 'im! Five minutes–! I'll make it
right with you!

DIZ

Will you go chase an ambulance!

SAUNDERS

Whadaya mean–*right*?

NOSEY

What do I *mean*, huh? Uh–*I'll*
tell ya–World's Series–a pass! In
a month it's worth fifteen bucks!

SAUNDERS

Well, well!

DIZ

(to Saunders)

Hey—you're not **talking** to this guy!

NOSEY

Whadaya say?

DIZ

Nothin'! Beat it!

SAUNDERS

Look, Nosey—your pals would like to get in on this, wouldn't they?

NOSEY

Hey—I wanna **scoop**!

SAUNDERS

Well, that's out. Either it's **lots** of reporters and **lots** of tickets or—. Now will you go and call 'em before I change my mind about the whole thing!

NOSEY

Okay. See you here.

He charges off. Saunders clammers down off the stool. Diz grabs her arm.

DIZ

Kid—wait—what do you think you're going to do?

SAUNDERS

Get my **whole** fall outfit—and quit this job in style!

DIZ

Now, you've got more sense than to put Nosey onto this guy—!

SAUNDERS

(thinking hard)
Wait—wait. Let's see—watchdog McGann—
he's bound to move right in—get him
out of the way first—
(Then)
Pardon me, friend—I've got some
telephoning to do—!
(And she rushes off)

The scene dissolves to a PHONE BOOTH, with SAUNDERS on the phone.

SAUNDERS
(laying on a Southern
accent)
Mr. McGann?... This is Miss Lulu
Love.

In MCGANN'S ROOM, MCGANN is on the phone; behind him, his suitcases are open.

MCGANN
Who?

In the PHONE BOOTH:

SAUNDERS
Oh, you don't know *me*, Mr. McGann—
but I've seen *you* in Washington
before—and I think you're awfully
cute. Mr. Griffith told me you got
in and maybe you were a little lonely—

In MCGANN'S ROOM:

MCGANN
(taking it big)
Did, huh? Well, now, he's not wrong
at all... Tonight? Sister, that's
just what the doctor ordered... Whoa,
wait a minute—

He looks off, and through a partly opened door leading into Jeff's room. Jeff appears standing at the window with one of his pigeons, while McGann is heard on the phone.

MCGANN'S VOICE

I'm not sure I can make that, Lulu.
Hold on a second, will you?

(He puts his hand
over the mouthpiece,
and calls out)

Say—Senator! How're you fixed—
mean—uh—you're gonna stay in and
write to Ma and the boys, like you
said, huh?

In JEFF'S ROOM, JEFF is inserting a small roll of paper in a
little metal container on the pigeon's leg.

JEFFERSON
(without turning)
Uh-huh.

MCGANN'S VOICE
Not going out or anything?

JEFFERSON
No. Why?

In MCGANN'S ROOM:

MCGANN
(yelling to Jeff)
Atta boy. Right into bed for a nice
long sleep. Me, too.
(Then—softly, into
phone)
Okay, Toots! When and where?

In the PHONE BOOTH, Saunders is still speaking.

SAUNDERS
(into the phone)
Now isn't that nice! Let's say the
Mayflower lobby, Mr. McGann—in a
half hour... What I *look* like?
Well, I got red hair and—oh, that's
all right—I know what *you* look
like—you cute thing. Goodbye.
(She hangs up)

In MCGANN'S ROOM, McGann hangs up, tiptoes over quickly and
closes the door to Jeff's room, then makes a dash for his

coat.

MCGANN

Boy, oh, boy! Red Hair! McGann—you
fell into something!

The scene dissolves to the HOTEL LOBBY at night, and MCGANN is seen watching for his date, but in JEFFERSON'S BOARDING HOUSE SITTING ROOM there is a startling tableau: Jeff is standing in the center of this rather homely, anciently appointed sitting room, surrounded by ten or a dozen newspaper men, three or four of whom have cameras. A woman reporter is present. Nosey is leading the circus as the main interrogator and master of ceremonies. Cameras are flashing, while Jefferson is posing, pleased and happy and proud.

VOICES

That's it. Right like that. Chin up
a little, Senator—please. Hold it!

Then the cameras relax and questions pop.

VOICES

Tell us about yourself, Senator!
Hear you got a Boy's Club back home!
Any ideas? Going to make things hum
in the Senate, huh?

JEFFERSON

(holding his hands
up, laughing)

Hold on, fellows—I'm not used to
more than one question at a time—

NOSEY

One moment, friends, let's give the
Senator a break.

(To Jeff)

Now, where'd you say you studied
law?

JEFFERSON

Well—I haven't needed much law so
far—what I'd like to get first is a
little common sense—

NOSEY

Swell!

REPORTER
What did he say?

NOSEY
(calling back)
You don't need law—you need *common*
sense!

Reporters make rapid notes.

REPORTER
What are you going to do while you're
here, Senator?

NOSEY
Any special ax to grind?

JEFFERSON
Ax?

NOSEY
A pet idea—you know—pension bill—
save the buffalo—you've got *one*
notion you think would be good for
this country, haven't you?

JEFFERSON
Well—I have got *one* idea—

VOICES
Ah! That's more like it! What?

JEFFERSON
Well—for a couple of years now—I—
I've thought it would be a wonderful
thing to have a National Boys' Camp
out in our State—

VOICES
A camp! Well!

JEFFERSON
You see—if we could take the poor
kids off the streets—out of cities—
a few months in the summer—learn

something about Nature and American
ideals—

NOSEY

Marvelous! And what would this camp
set the Government back?

JEFFERSON

Oh—nothing—nothing. My idea is—
for the Government to lend us the
money—and the boys'll pay it back—
sending in a penny or a nickel—no
more than a dime—no, gosh—the
Government's got enough on its hands
without—

NOSEY

Great!

(Calls back)

The Government's putting dough in
too many places *now*!

VOICES

(as they make notes)

You don't say! Well, well!

WOMAN REPORTER

What do you think of the girls in
our town, Senator?

JEFFERSON

Well—I haven't seen many—oh—well—
Miss Susan Paine—she's about the
prettiest girl I—*ever* saw—

REPORTER

How about some more pictures, Senator?

NOSEY

Yeah! How about it? You're a nature
lover. Do you handle any of that
sign language?

JEFFERSON

Well—I can *manage*—

ANOTHER REPORTER

What about bird calls! Know any?

JEFFERSON

Well—a few—

VOICES

Swell! Well! Come right ahead! Let
'em fly, Senator!

As Jeff laughs, preparing to do his stuff—and as the cameras
are made ready—

The scene dissolves to the HOTEL LOBBY. McGann, looking at
his watch, is sore as a boil by this time. Glaring off, his
attention is arrested. He starts forward. At the SWINGING
DOOR, a cute little girl has just come through and stands.
McGann marches up to her.

MCGANN

Well! About time, toots! Redhead or
no readhead—keeping a guy waiting
two hours is no—

(Looking her over,
relaxing, and grabbing
her arm)

Good thing you're as cute as you
are, or I'd—

THE GIRL

(struggling)

Wally!

A big six-footer, with football shoulders, comes swinging
in. The girl leaps to his side. McGann at once realizes a
hideous mistake has been made somewhere—and it's too late.
Wally fixes him with a deadly stare and advances to do murder.
McGann starts backing away in alarm as the scene dissolves
amid a dash of music.

A NEWSPAPER FRONT PAGE come to view. It reveals a full-length
picture of Jeff, and then the caption:

SENATOR (RANGER) SMITH
Demands More Common Sense—
Less Law In Government

This dissolves to ANOTHER HEADLINE:

SMITH ATTACKS
GOVERNMENT SPENDING
No Money Left for Boy's Camp

In SAUNDER'S ROOM, Saunders is drinking her morning coffee—looking at the morning papers. She nearly chokes as she stares at the paper.

This scene dissolves to MCGANN'S ROOM, with McGann, half-dressed, one eye bandaged, staring at a paper. A NEWS PICTURE comes to view, showing Jeff kneeling over a little fire of sticks. The caption reads:

MAKES CAMP FIRE—SHOWS HOW
HE'LL PUT THE HEAT ON CONGRESS

MCGANN, shirt-tails flying, tears for the door to Jeff's room. It is empty.

MCGANN
Senator! Hey—ranger!
(Clapping a hand to
his forehead)
Gone again!

The scene dissolves to a NEWSPAPER PICTURE of Jefferson imitating a bird-call eyes bulging—while his two hands appear to be gripping his nose as if warding off a bad odor. The caption reads:

RANGER SENATOR GETS FIRST
"WHIFF" OF OFFICIAL WASHINGTON

In the DINING ROOM OF PAINE'S HOTEL APARTMENT, Paine and Susan are at breakfast, Paine's eyes glued wildly to the paper; Susan also holds a paper and laughs.

PAINE
His first 'whiff'!

SUSAN
Such pretty knees for a big boy!

PAINE
Do I actually *see* this—?

SUSAN

Listen, Father! "Young Lochinvar
smitten with Susan Paine"!

The scene dissolves to PAINE'S PRIVATE OFFICE as Saunders enters and Paine rises from behind his desk.

SAUNDERS

(belligerently)

You want to see me, Senator?

PAINE

Yes. Good morning, Saunders.

(Picking up the
newspaper; genially)

Have you—uh—any idea how this
happened?

SAUNDERS

The ranger's notices? No idea at
all.

PAINE

(with good humor)

No?

SAUNDERS

No—I'm sorry. I merely saw him home.
I'm not supposed to tuck him in and
give him his bottle. That's McGann's
job.

PAINE

By the way, Mr. McGann just phoned—
in a high fever. Smith's gone again.
Have you any idea where?

SAUNDERS

Yes. He went to Mount Vernon to give
himself a patriotic address.

PAINE

(smiling)

Well—that's very fine.

(Then)

Saunders, some person in your office
says you've quit—

SAUNDERS

That's right.

PAINE

Oh, now—that won't do—

SAUNDERS

Look, Senator—I wasn't given a brain just to tell a Boy Ranger what time it is. What do you need me for? Get somebody else—get a registered nurse—

PAINE

You're the best nurse I can think of—

SAUNDERS

Nice *compliment*!

PAINE

I meant it for one. I meant—Sam Foley couldn't get along without you—and neither can I at the moment—

SAUNDERS

No?

PAINE

You see—Governor Hopper made an appointment in this case that—well, Jeff isn't exactly fitted to the work, let's say. He's here to see monuments—and pass the time. That's important to—to my work—and everybody concerned. So, someone who can be trusted has to occupy him and keep him out of trouble—

SAUNDERS

And I'm an old hand at following instructions—

PAINE

You're more than that. I've had example of the fact that wild horses couldn't pull confidential matter in these two offices out of you. That's

why I tell you what I do—about Smith
and this situation. So, you see—

SAUNDERS

Yeah—I see I'm right where I've
been for seven years—

PAINE

You deserve a lot better. And I'll
tell you what we'll do. Stay and
play nurse, as you say—and if certain
things happen I'm taking everybody
up with me, and you'll get one of
the biggest jobs in Washington.

SAUNDERS

Yeah?

(A pause)

And what else?

PAINE

What do you mean?

SAUNDERS

Well, when I first came to Washington,
my eyes were big, blue question marks—
now they're big, green dollar marks—

PAINE

I see. All right. You finish this
job properly—and you get a handsome
bonus besides—

Saunders's face lights up with interest.

PAINE'S VOICE

And by *properly* I mean—stay away
with Smith every minute—keep him
away from anything that smacks of
politics—see that there's no
recurrence of things like these
newspapers—

The scene dissolves to the SENATE LOBBY, an elevator corridor
leading to the Senate chamber. A CLOCK shows 11:45. Then,
Saunders and Jefferson are seen as they emerge from the
elevator and start forward. People crowd the corridor—there

is surging activity—an air of excitement. Jeff, baffled, looking around, suddenly looks ahead and stops dead.

JEFFERSON

Saunders! That's it! We're here!

In the SENATE CHAMBER, seen through the entrance doors, people are seated in and entering galleries; Senators are walking, standing in groups, talking; some are at their desks.

On the FLOOR OF THE SENATE CHAMBER, a Page is leading Jefferson to his desk. Jeff is more agape now than before. All around him are Senators—in groups or seated. Most of them are at their desks now. The Page brings him a desk, on a minority side and way at the rear. Heads turn to follow Jeff curiously.

BOY

Here you are, Senator. Not a bad desk, either. Daniel Webster used to use it.

JEFFERSON

Daniel Webster? Sat here? Say—that man was a great orator.

BOY

Give you something to shoot at, Senator—if you figure on doing any talking.

JEFFERSON

Not me, sonny. I'm just going to sit around and listen.

(Picking up calendar)

What's this?

BOY

Calendar for the day. You'll find the Senate Manual in the drawer. Anything else you want, just snap for a page.

JEFFERSON

Where's the Majority Leader?

BOY

The Majority Leader? Right over there.
And that's [] the Minority
Leader. They're both pretty good in
the clinches.

JEFFERSON

Uh-huh. And where's the Press Galery?

BOY

Right up there over the Vice-
President's chair—the four in the
front row represent the four big
news services. You've met the press
bunch, haven't you?

JEFFERSON

Oh, yes—they're fine people—regular
people.

BOY

Look out for those fellows—they
tell the truth about you—sometimes.
That corner over there is reserved
for guides and sightseers who come
in for five minutes to rest their
feet. That section over there is
reserved for Senator's friends. The
front row—the empty one—is for the
President and White House guests—
see that old couple over there—
they've attended every session for
the last twenty years. Over the clock
back here is the Diplomatic section.
They and the page boys are the only
real class we have in this place.
The rest are mostly people who come
here like they go to the zoo—

JEFFERSON

Those busts up there—all around the
wall—who are they, sonny?

BOY

All the ex-vice-Presidents. You can
get ten-to-one around here if you
think you can remember their names.
The Vice-President presides over the

Senate—you know that. It's how he earns his pay. Oh—over there, Senator—on the east side of the Chair we still have the old snuff boxes with real snuff in them if you like snuff.

JEFFERSON

Thanks very much, sonny—

BOY

I'll take your hat into the cloak room.

JEFFERSON

Here—let me give you a Boy Ranger button.

BOY

Swell. Thanks very much.

(He takes Jeff's hand)

Good luck, Senator. Keep your left up.

Jeff, looking up toward the Press Gallery, sees Saunders and waves to her.

PAINE comes to Jeff.

PAINE

Hello, Jeff—sorry, I've been on a committee all morning. Got your credentials—when the Vice-President calls you, you go down that center aisle and I'll meet you there—he's about ready to come in now, Jeff. Good luck—

Paine pats Jeff's shoulder and moves away. Senators are separating and making for their seats. Jeff excitedly sits down again.

After a full view of the CHAMBER, showing people subsiding into their seats all over the gallery, we see the gray, small PRESIDENT of the Senate. He has a mild, humorous face. Everything is in order in front of him as he looks out over the body of the Senate and picks up the small ivory gavel-head. His eyes look off intently at something. He raises his

gavel a the long hand of the CLOCK that comes to view jumps to twelve o'clock exactly. Two gavel pounds are heard.

PRESIDENT
(pounding twice again)
The Senate will come to order!

The body is lulled, though a few members are walking to their desks. Then the Senator occupying the desk traditionally used by the majority leader (front and center and on the right side of the aisle) rises.

MAJORITY LEADER
Mr. President.

PRESIDENT
Senator Agnew.

MAJORITY LEADER
I ask unanimous consent that the reading of the journal of the previous calendar day be dispensed with and the journal stand approved.
(He sits)

PRESIDENT
(bored, mechanically)
Is there objection?
(A pause)
The journal stands approved.

JEFFERSON is seen in close view, his attention darting from one point to the other.

SENATOR'S VOICE
Mr. President...

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
Senator Brownell.

SENATOR'S VOICE
I suggest the absence of a quorum.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
The clerk will call the roll.

At the ROSTRUM, the Chief Clerk proceeds to call the roll

and Senator's voices answer to their names—"here" or "present."

The Clerk is next seen passing up the roll sheet to the President, who looks at it.

PRESIDENT

Eighty Senators have answered to their names. A quorum is present.

Paine rises.

PAINE

Mr. President...

PRESIDENT

Senator Paine.

PAINE

I present the credentials of Honorable Jefferson Smith who has just been appointed Senator by the Governor of my state.

A page takes the credentials from Paine's hand and takes them to the desk.

PAINE

The Senator-designate is present—

JEFFERSON looks startled.

PAINE'S VOICE

...and I ask that the oath of office be administered to him at this time.

The PRESIDENT is picking up what are evidently Jefferson's credentials.

PRESIDENT

If the Senator-designate will present himself at the desk, the oath will be administered.

JEFFERSON, swallowing, frightened, is glued to his seat for an instant. People in the Gallery and the Senate turn to look for him; among them are Saunders and, in the Press

Section, Diz. A few of the Senators consult the newspapers on their desks, significantly.

PAINE rises, motioning to Jefferson to get to his feet, and JEFFERSON, on seeing him, gets up unsteadily. Paine starting to the back, indicating that he is to follow him, Jefferson advances to the rear of the center aisle where Paine is now waiting for him. Then both of them start down the aisle toward the Rostrum—while the people (including Saunders, the Press, and groups of Senators) watch them advance, some of the Senators appearing tight-lipped and disapproving. Aware of the eyes on him, JEFFERSON, in the company of PAINE, arrives at the lower level of the Rostrum, while the people of the press rise to look over their desks at the ceremony. Then Paine indicates to Jefferson to mount one more step to the level just below the President's desk. But as Jefferson makes the designated step up, and the President is about to rise, a voice cracks out from somewhere out in the Chamber.

SENATOR'S VOICE

Mr. President! I rise to a question of order!

All turn to the Senator who has risen. Jefferson, standing before the President, turns to look back.

PRESIDENT

The gentleman will state it.

SENATOR

(who is now seen in close view)

I seek to ascertain, Mr. President, if the gentleman about to be sworn in is fully aware of the responsibilities of his high office—and that the members of this body strive to conduct themselves at all times—

We see JEFFERSON, his puzzlement deepening as he hears the Senator.

SENATOR'S VOICE

—with dignity and sincerity.

The SENATOR is seen gesturing with a newspaper.

SENATOR

I refer to his astounding and
shameless performance for the
newspapers this morning.

PAINE is seen wincing (he knew this was coming) as he listens.

SENATOR'S VOICE

A *versatile* performance, I grant
you—

There are titters from all over the house. The PRESIDENT
brings the gavel down, and looks up at the gallery.

PRESIDENT

Order in the chamber.

SENATOR

(while the entire
chamber is visible)

—but one that brings his rank down
to the level of a side-show
entertainer—and reflects on the
sincerity, if not the *sanity*, of
the highest body of lawmakers in the
land!

(Waving the paper)

I seek to learn if this is the
gentleman's conception of the nature
of his office!

JEFF turns impulsively to the PRESIDENT.

JEFFERSON

I don't understand, sir! I don't
know what the gentleman—

PRESIDENT

(banging gavel)

The Senator has no voice in this
chamber until the oath of office has
been administered!

PAINE

Mr. President! I will answer the
gentleman! My colleague was innocent

in the matter referred to. He was completely misquoted. I *know* Jefferson Smith—and I will *vouch* for it—he has the greatest possible respect for his office and for these gentlemen.

A SENATOR'S VOICE

Mr. President!

PRESIDENT

(eyes on Jefferson
with sympathy; bangs
gavel)

The swearing in of the Senator-designate is the order of business!

(He rises. The chamber
is in full view)

The gentleman will raise his right hand and repeat after me the following oath—

Jefferson does as bid. The President recites the oath, and Jefferson repeats after him:

PRESIDENT

"I do solemnly swear—that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States—against all enemies, foreign and domestic—that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same—that I take this obligation freely—without and mental reservation and purpose of evasion—and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God."

JEFFERSON

(finishing)
"So help me God."

PRESIDENT

Senator, you can talk all you want to, now.

The President shakes hands with Jefferson. Paine shakes his hand, then, guides him down one step to the clerk where Jefferson, dazed, understands that he is to sign the register. Then Jefferson and Paine start back up the center aisle, all eyes following them, and ripples of laughter breaking out from all over the Chamber.

JEFFERSON is seen making his way back up the aisle. Suddenly he snatches up a paper from a desk he passes, and his eyes fasten on the headlines. He continues to walk, reading—his jaw muscles tightening—then he looks up into the Press gallery.

The scene now dissolves to a MONTAGE, first the headlines appearing over Jeff's incredulous expression as he reads. He starts walking—hands clenched, murder in his eye—he meets a reporter of the night before, grabs him, socks him and marches on. He meets another one in a different place—socko again! Finally he smacks Nosey—and marches on—. Next we see a pair of DOORS, on which is printed "Press Club," and when these doors are pushed aside violently the PRESS CLUB BAR is visible as Jeff stands glaring. Newspaper men are at the bar and at tables ranged along the wall. Conversation—smoke. Sweeney, Farrell, Flood, Summers and Diz are there—and Nosey.

NOSEY appears with Diz and Sweeney, at one of the tables.

NOSEY

He's on a rampage. The streets aren't safe. I came up here to—
(Looking toward door suddenly)
Oh-oh. Tarzan!

Heads turn in that direction, as Jeff starts toward Nosey. When he gets within five steps, he suddenly lunges forward and grabs him. He draws his right hand back to hit—the boys leap in—and a free-for-all is on. Chairs and tables go over. Finally, Jeff is swarmed under—down on his back on the long seat against the wall while Nosey is under a table.

VOICES

Whoa, now...
Wait a minute...
Take it easy, Senator...
We don't go in for slugging around

here...
If you can behave yourself now...

Jeff stop struggling.

NOSEY
(from under a table)
Meet Senator Smith, boys.

They pile off Jeff—who sits up slowly, looking the worse for wear. His pugnacity is gone, and he is calm, hurt and bitter.

SWEENEY
You act like a man with something on
your mind—

FLOOD
What's the idea—charging in like
that on the gentlemen of the Press—
?

JEFFERSON
(bitterly)
Gentlemen! Gentlemen are supposed
to believe in something decent.
Instead of twisting facts and making
a joke of everything—why don't you
tell the people the *truth* for a
change?

VOICES
The truth!
Well, the man wants the truth!
"What *is* truth?" asked so-and-so,
and turned away!

JEFFERSON
That's what I said—the *truth*!

SWEENEY
How'll you have it—dished out—or
in a bottle?

DIZ
Well, if that's what you want, Senator—
sit down—. We'll see what we can

do.

JEFFERSON

There isn't a chance I'd find it here!

SUMMERS

No?

FLOOD

Why—*truth* is the *business* of a few of us correspondents, Senator—

FARRELL

Leaving out the Noseys, of course—

JEFFERSON

Yes? And the people of this country pick up their papers—and what do they read?

DIZ

Well—*this morning* they read that an incompetent clown arrived in Washington parading like a member of the Senate—

Jeff makes a leap for Diz.

JEFFERSON

Why, you—!

The men are on him and push him back.

VOICES

Whoa!

Hold it!

Pipe down!

Come on, now—that's enough of that.

JEFFERSON

(yelling)

If you thought as much of being honest— as you do of being smart—!

DIZ

Honest! Why, we're the only ones who

can *afford* to be honest about what
we tell the voters. We don't have
to be re-elected, like politicians—

VOICES

Hear! Hear!

SWEENEY

For instance, we tell 'em when the
phonies, crackpots and hillbillies
come here to make their laws—

FARRELL

And if it's the *truth* you want—
what are *you* doing in the Senate?

FLOOD

What do *you* know about laws—and
making laws—and what the people
need?

JEFFERSON

(tormentedly blurting)

I—I don't *pretend* to know!

DIZ

Then what are you doing in the Senate?

SWEENEY

What's he *doing*? Why—*honorary*
appointment!

SUMMERS

Sure! *I* see! When the country needs
men up there who *know* and have
courage—like it never did before—
he's just going to decorate a chair
and get himself *honored*—!

FARRELL

Oh, but he'll *vote*! Sure. Like his
colleague tells him—

DIZ

Yes, *sir*—like a Christmas tiger.
He'll nod his head and vote 'yes'.
You're not a Senator! You're an

honorary *stooge*! And should be
showed up!

FLOOD

Have a drink, Senator!

As the last crack hits, Jeff gets to his feet like a shot,
as if ready to kill. The men stand firm and Jeff stops dead.
He glares around; they stare back in contempt. Jeff's anger
flows away. He finally says quietly:

JEFFERSON

(after a pause)

Good day—gentlemen.

And he starts grimly for the door—the men falling aside
quietly to let him through.

The scene dissolves to PAINE'S LIVING ROOM, with JEFFERSON
speaking tensely to PAINE.

JEFFERSON

I mean, sir—if I'm going to stay in
the Senate—I ought to know what I'm
doing—at least, I ought to try to
study the Bills that are coming up—

PAINE

The *Bills*? Jeff—let me advise you—
as your father would—politics is a
business—sometimes a cruel business.
In your time here, you couldn't even
start on those Bills. They're put
together by legal minds—after a
long study. Why, after twenty years,
I can't understand half of them
myself. No, really, Jeff—in your
own interests—

JEFFERSON

(downcast, turning
away)

Well, then—I don't feel I can
stay, sir.

PAINE

Jeff, look—didn't you say something

to the papers about wanting to create a National Boys' camp? Were you in earnest about that?

JEFFERSON

Yes, I was—

PAINE

Well, why not do it? There's a job for you. Get a Bill started to accomplish it—present it to Congress—it would be a great experience—

JEFFERSON

Senator Paine, if I could do just that one thing while I'm here, I— I'd feel that I—

PAINE

What's to stop you? Saunders will help you with it—

JEFFERSON

(elatedly)

I will, sir! I will!

(Taking Paine's hand)

I—I don't know how to thank you. I knew, if any man could help me—

PAINE

Nonsense, Jeff.

JEFFERSON

Thank you, sir. Thank you for your time.

PAINE

Here—where are you running off to?

JEFFERSON

Well, I'm sort of anxious to get back to the office—

Susan, looking quite ravishing, appears suddenly.

SUSAN

Father—oh.

PAINÉ

Jefferson dropped in for a minute,
Susan.

SUSAN

(with a distinct lack
of emotion)

How nice. How do you do, Senator?

JEFFERSON

(dry-mouthed; his
eyes fastened on the
lovely creature)

How—how do you do, Miss Paine?

(With reference to
his clothes)

I—I apologize for looking like this—
I—I have to be going now—

SUSAN

How are the pigeons?

JEFFERSON

Fine—they're fine.

(Then suddenly)

Oh, Miss Paine, I—I want to apologize—
what the papers said I said about
you—that wasn't true. I—I would
never say a thing like that.

SUSAN

(with tongue in cheek)

Did you hear, Father? He didn't mean
it when he said I was beautiful.

JEFFERSON

Oh—you are!

SUSAN

Then you *did* say it.

JEFFERSON

No—I mean—yes—that is—

In a great perspiring fuss, he drops the subject like a hot
coal, comes to Paine quickly and seizes his hand.

JEFFERSON

Well, goodbye, sir—and thank you again.

(Starting to back toward the foyer as he speaks to Susan)

Well—it—was nice seeing you, Miss Paine—

SUSAN

Goodnight, Senator—

Jeff is still backing.

JEFFERSON

Goo-goodnight, Miss Paine.

(To Paine again)

Goodnight, sir—goodnight.

And at this point he backs right into a delicate side-table with a lamp on it. Table and lamp go down with a crash.

JEFFERSON

Gosh! Darn!

He scrambles to pick up the table and lamp. There's been no damage.

JEFFERSON

(as he picks things up)

I'm sorry! Gee! I hope—

PAINE

That's all right, my boy—don't bother—

JEFFERSON

Gosh!

(Straightens lamp on table)

Well—looks good as new. If there *is* any damage, I'll—

PAINE

(laughing)

Good as new! It's quite all right—

Jeff starts backing into the foyer again.

JEFFERSON
Well—goodnight.

PAINE
Goodnight, Jeff.

JEFFERSON
Goodnight, Miss Paine.

SUSAN
Goodnight!

Jeff turns like a rabbit and heads for the hall door. We hear it slam. Susan laughs loudly. Paine looks toward the foyer thoughtfully.

PAINE
(reflectively)
Well, at the expense of some of the furniture, Susan—you've made another conquest.

SUSAN
What! Not Ol' Honest Abe!

PAINE
And Honest Abe's ideals. A rare man—these days.

The scene dissolves to JEFF'S OUTER OFFICE, at night, with Saunders at her desk, as McGann comes charging in, perspired and bothered.

MCGANN
Well! Hear anything? Any sign of him?

SAUNDERS
How'd you like a punch in the nose?

MCGANN
(startled)
What! Who?

SAUNDERS

That's what he's been doing since
last heard from.

MCGANN

Whaddaya mean! What did *I* have to
do with it? I don't blame the guy.

(Sinking into chair,
exhausted)

Wow! Twenty-four hours in this town
and nothing but dog-fights! And things
aren't bad enough—last night I have
to get a run-around from some wise
dame—

SAUNDERS

(innocently, slipping
over a southern accent)

My, my—you sho' are pahwerfully
upset, Mister McGann—but you' awfully
cute.

MCGANN

Yeah? Well, when I get my hands on a
red-headed doll with a southern lingo,
I'll—

He breaks off—her southern accent just sinking through. The
look he throws is quietly terrific. At this instant, a lively,
whistled rendition of "Dixie"—out in the corridor—breaks
in on them.

As the door is swung open, JEFF bursts in, marching in step
to his spirited whistle. He marches right up to the astounded
Saunders and McGann—and finishes his whistle with a flourish.

JEFFERSON

(in high spirits)

You should hear our Ranger Band rattle
that off—if you want to *hear*
something! Good evening, Miss
Saunders. Good evening Mister McGann.

MCGANN

(finding his voice)

H'ya, Senator. I—I've sorta been
looking for you—

JEFFERSON

You have?

(Then—quickly)

Will you come in a minute, Miss
Saunders.

He starts for the private office.

MCGANN

Uh—Senator—I thought you and me
might go out to dinner together—and
grab off a few monuments.

JEFFERSON

Oh, I couldn't tonight. Thanks a
lot.

Saunders follows Jeff.

In JEFF'S PRIVATE OFFICE: he enters, marching to his desk.
Saunders comes slowly toward him, after closing the door.

SAUNDERS

Go ahead—punch.

JEFFERSON

Punch?

SAUNDERS

I had a lot to do with that little
press conference last night—

JEFFERSON

(excitedly)

Well, then, I—*thank* you, Miss
Saunders! Nothing better could have
happened—. Yes *sir**, Miss Saunders,
we're going right ahead with it!

SAUNDERS

We're going right ahead with—*what**?

JEFFERSON

Why, the Bill—the Bill—to make a
National Boys' Camp...

SAUNDERS

One moment, Senator. Do I understand you're going to present a *Bill*?

JEFFERSON

Sure! A Bill. Senator Paine and I decided it was the one way in the world I could make myself—

SAUNDERS

Pardon me. Senator Paine decided this *with* you?

JEFFERSON

Yes. Sure. It was his idea. *I* should have been the one to think of it—

SAUNDERS

My dear Senator, have you the faintest idea of what it takes to get a Bill passed?

JEFFERSON

I know—but you—you're going to help.

SAUNDERS

If I were *triplets*, I couldn't—. Look, Senator—let me give you a rough idea. A member has a Bill in mind—like you—a camp. Right?

JEFFERSON

Right.

SAUNDERS

Fine. Now, what does he do? He's got to sit down first and write it up. The where, when, why, how—and everything else. That takes time—

JEFFERSON

Oh, but this one is so simple.

SAUNDERS

I see. *This* one is so simple—

JEFFERSON
And with your help—

SAUNDERS
Oh, yes. And *I'm* helping. Simple—
and I'm helping. So we knock this
off in record-breaking time of—let's
say three or four days—

JEFFERSON
Oh, just a day—

SAUNDERS
A *day*!

JEFFERSON
Tonight.

SAUNDERS
Tonight.
(Controlling herself
in a quiet burn)
Look—uh—I don't want to seem to be
complaining, Senator—but in all
civilized countries, there's an
institution called *dinner*—!

JEFFERSON
(laughing a little)
Oh—dinner. Yes. Well, I'm hungry,
too. I thought—maybe—we could have
something brought in—you know, like
big executives who eat off trays.
You see, we've got to light into
this and get it going—

SAUNDERS
Uh-huh. Well, dinner comes in on
trays. We're executives. And we light
into this. It is dawn. Your Bill is
ready. You go over there and introduce
it—

JEFFERSON
How?

SAUNDERS

You get to your feet in the Senate and present it. Then you take the Bill and put it in a little box—like a letter box—on the side of the rostrum. Just hold it between thumb and forefinger and drop it in. Clerks read it and refer it to the right committee—

JEFFERSON
Committee, huh?

SAUNDERS
Committee.

JEFFERSON
Why?

SAUNDERS
That's how Congress—or any large body—is run. All work has to be done by committee.

JEFFERSON
Why?

SAUNDERS
Look—committees—small groups of Senators—have to sift a Bill down—look into it—study it—and report to the whole Senate. You can't take a Bill no one knows anything about and discuss it among ninety-six men. Where would you get?

JEFFERSON
Yes, I see that.

SAUNDERS
Good. Where are we?

JEFFERSON
Some committee's got it.

SAUNDERS
Yes. They give it to a *sub*-committee, where they really give it

a going over—hold hearings—call in people and ask questions—then report back to the bigger committee—where it's considered some more, changed, amended, or whatever. Days are going by, Senator. Days—weeks. Finally, they think it's quite a Bill. It goes over to the House of Representatives for debate and a vote. *But* it's got to wait its turn on the calendar—

JEFFERSON
Calendar?

SAUNDERS
That's the order of business. Your Bill has to stand *way* back there in line unless the Steering Committee decides it is important enough to be—

JEFFERSON
What's that?

SAUNDERS
What?

JEFFERSON
The Steering Committee.

SAUNDERS
(depressed)
Do you really think we're getting anywhere.

JEFFERSON
Yes. Sure. What's a Steering Committee?

SAUNDERS
A committee of the majority party leaders. They decide when a Bill is important enough to be moved up toward the head of the list—

JEFFERSON
This is.

SAUNDERS

Pardon me—*this* is. Where are we now?

JEFFERSON

We're over in the House.

SAUNDERS

Yes. House. More amendments—more changes—and the Bill goes back to the Senate—and *waits its turn on the calendar again*. The Senate doesn't like what the house did to the Bill. They make more changes. The House doesn't like *those* changes. Stymie. So they appoint men from each house to go into a huddle called a conference and battle it out. Besides that, all the lobbyists interested give cocktail parties for and against—government departments get in their two cents' worth—cabinet members—budget bureaus—embassies. Finally, if the Bill is alive after all this vivisection, it comes to a vote. Yes, sir—the big day finally arrives. And—nine times out of ten, they vote it down.

(Taking a deep breath)

Are you catching on, Senator?

JEFFERSON

Yes. Shall we start on it right now—
or order dinner first?

SAUNDERS

(mouth drops open)

Pardon?

JEFFERSON

I said—shall we get started *now*
or—

SAUNDERS

(weakly)

Yes—sure. Why not?

(Then, very tired)
You don't mind if I take the time to
get a pencil?

She turns mechanically and heads for the outer office.

JEFFERSON
(calling after her—
laughing in high
spirits)
No! Go right ahead, Miss Saunders.

SAUNDERS
Thanks very much.

JEFFERSON
And a *lot* of paper!

As Jefferson starts picking up the telegrams and reading them avidly, Saunders goes out. In the OUTER OFFICE, McGann jumps up as Saunders goes to her desk to pick up paper and pencils, which she does mechanically.

SAUNDERS
I wouldn't wait if I were you.

MCGANN
What do you mean? What's going on?

SAUNDERS
The Head Man's writing a Bill.

MCGANN
A Bill! Not *him*!

Saunders silently gathers pencils and paper. She starts back toward the Private Office.

MCGANN
(calling after her)
What does he want to—? What's *he*
doing writing a Bill?

SAUNDERS
(without stopping—
giving it the Southern
accent again)

Why, he's a Senator, isn't he? I'm surprised at you, Mister McGann—
(and she passes into the Private Office)

McGann is a man fit to be tied. Suddenly he lunges for his hat and starts out quickly into the corridor.

The scene dissolves to the exterior of PAINE'S HOTEL as Paine and Susan, dressed for the evening—and in the company of three other people (an elderly gentleman, a second man and a middle-aged woman), are entering a limousine waiting at the curb. A newsman, with camera, is running alongside Paine.

NEWSMAN

Do you mind, Senator? I'd like a picture.

Paine stops before the limousine, as the others get inside. The photographer gets set. Before he can snap it, McGann rushes up.

MCGANN

(in a breathless whisper)
Joe—drop everything and come with me!

PAINE

What's the matter?

NEWSMAN

(motioning McGann aside)
Do you mind?

MCGANN

(to Paine)
Smith—do you know what he's doing?—writing Bills!

PAINE

Yes, I know. I told him to.
(Putting McGann aside)
Pardon me, Charles. We're late to an Embassy dinner—

The photographer gets his shot, and Chick leaps back to Paine.

MCGANN

Joe! You *told* him to!

PAINÉ

Yes—a camp bill that will never get beyond a first reading. So calm down, Chick—and—goodnight.

Paine gets into the limousine—and the door closes.

MCGANN

Joe! Jim said—*monuments*!

The car pulls out—and McGann is left on the curb.

The scene dissolves to JEFF'S PRIVATE OFFICE at night, revealing SAUNDERS AND JEFFERSON. Saunders is against one end of the desk with papers before her; Jefferson, his coat off, is walking in circles—in the throes of creating his bill.

(Dinner trays, with empty dinner dishes on them, are in evidence.)

JEFFERSON

(in a brown study)

—that's the main idea, Miss Saunders. The United States Government isn't going to buy or build this camp—just lend us the money. You've made a note of that, huh?

SAUNDERS

Yes, Senator—*twice*.

JEFFERSON

(walking circles)

Uh—have you?

(Running his hand through his hair)

Did you ever have so much to say about something—you couldn't say it?

SAUNDERS

(dryly)
Try sitting down.

JEFFERSON
I did—and—and I got right up.

SAUNDERS
Now, let's get down to particulars.
How big is this thing? Where is it
to be? How many boys will it take
care of? If they're going to buy it—
how do they make their contributions?
Your Bill has to have all that in it—

JEFFERSON
And something else, too, Miss Saunders—
the spirit of it—the idea—the—

In his walk, he has come to the window. He points out
suddenly.

JEFFERSON
That's what's got to be in it.

She looks in that direction, and sees the lighted CAPITOL
DOME, as seen through the window—with JEFFERSON in the
foreground.

JEFFERSON
(pointing)
That.

SAUNDERS indicates that she sees the Dome, her eyebrows
lifting a little.

SAUNDERS
(quietly—with only a
touch of sarcasm)
On paper?

JEFFERSON
(still looking out of
the window, not
conscious of her
cynical question)
I want to make that come to life—
yes, and lighted up like that, too—

for every boy in the land. Boys forget what their country means—just reading "land of the free" in history books. And they get to be men—and forget even more. Liberty is too precious to get buried in books, Miss Saunders. Men ought to hold it up in front of them—every day of their lives and say: "I am free—to think—to speak. My ancestors couldn't. I can. My children will."

And we see SAUNDERS looking at Jefferson with a new expression—listening rather raptly—then starting to make rapid notes.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE

The boys ought to grow up
remembering that.

He breaks off—turns from the window—collecting himself out of a daze—and a little embarrassed.

JEFFERSON

Well—gosh—that—that isn't
"particulars," is it?

SAUNDERS

But you've just taken care of the
spirit all right.

JEFFERSON

Well, anyway, it's *something* like
that—

(Then—impulsively)

And it *is* important. That—that
Steering Committee has *got* to see
it that way. And I'm sure Senator
Paine will do all he can—

(Breaking off)

He's a fine man, Miss Saunders, isn't
he? He knew my father, you know.

SAUNDERS

He did?

JEFFERSON

We need a lot like him—his kind of

character-ideals.

SAUNDERS

(dropping her head to
the paper)

Uh-getting back to this, Senator-

JEFFERSON

Yes, yes-

SAUNDERS

Now, this camp is going to be out in
your state, of course-

JEFFERSON

(with enthusiasm)

About two hundred of the most
beautiful acres that ever were!
Mountains, prairie land, trees,
streams! A paradise for boys who
live in stuffy cities-

(Breaking off)

You don't know that country out there,
do you, Miss Saunders?

SAUNDERS

No.

JEFFERSON

I've been over every foot of it. You
couldn't have any idea. You'd have
to see for yourself-

(gazing off, enraptured)

-the prairies-the wind leaning on
the tall grass-

SAUNDERS is seen again, raptly watching him.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE

-lazy streams down in the meadows-
and angry little midgets of water up
in the mountains-

(again seen, together
with SAUNDERS)

-cattle moving down a slope against
the sun-camp-fires-snowdrifts...

(Breaking off)

Everybody ought to have *some* of that—*some* time in his life. My father taught me to see those things. He grew up with our state—an' he used to say to me, "Son, don't miss the wonders that surround you. Every tree, every sunset, every ant-hill and star is filled with the wonders of nature." He used to say, "Haven't you ever noticed how grateful you are to see daylight again after going through a dark tunnel?" "Well," he'd say, "open your eyes and always see life around you as if you'd just come out of a long tunnel."

(Then)

Where did *you* come from. Miss Saunders?

SAUNDERS

(quietly)

Well—I guess I've been in that tunnel all my life.

JEFFERSON

You mean—here?

SAUNDERS

Baltimore. Pure city-dweller.

JEFFERSON

But you've had beautiful country all around you. You've just had to life up your eyes!

SAUNDERS

City-dwellers never do that—for fear of what might drop *in* 'em.

JEFFERSON

(observing her a second)

Have you always had to—work?

SAUNDERS

Since sixteen or so.

JEFFERSON

I take it your—your parents couldn't—
uh—

SAUNDERS

No, they couldn't. Father was a
doctor. The kind who placed ethics
above collections. That speaks well
for Father but it always left us
kind of—

(Then)

Could we get on with this, Senator?

JEFFERSON

It hasn't been easy, has it?

SAUNDERS

No complaints.

JEFFERSON

But—I mean—for a woman—And—you've
done awfully well—

SAUNDERS

Have I?

JEFFERSON

I never met anyone more—more
intelligent—or capable. I—I don't
know where I'd be on this bill of
mine without your help—

SAUNDERS

I don't see where we are *with* it.

JEFFERSON

(jumping)

No! Gosh! I better get moving here,
Miss Saunders—

(Suddenly)

Everybody else calls you just plain
"Saunders." Why can't I?

SAUNDERS

Go right ahead.

JEFFERSON

Saunders. That's better.

(Practicing)
Good morning, Saunders. Hello,
Saunders. How's the bill coming,
Saunders—?

SAUNDERS
(permitting herself a
laugh)
Terrible, thank you.

JEFFERSON
Yeah. Yeah. Well, anyway, we've got
"Saunders" settled. Maybe that was
my trouble all along.
(Rubbing his hands)
YES, *sir*. I'm all ready to go now—
(Then—suddenly)
What's your *first* name?

SAUNDERS
Why?

JEFFERSON
Well—nobody calls you anything but
Saunders.

SAUNDERS
I also answer to whistles.

JEFFERSON
You—you've *got* a first name,
haven't you?

SAUNDERS
Look—I think we ought to skip it.

JEFFERSON
All right. Sure. Just curious. The
picture popped into my mind all of a
sudden of a pump without a handle—
or something—

SAUNDERS
Well, if it's all the same to you—

JEFFERSON
(kidding her)

I know. It's—Violet.

SAUNDERS

It **is** not!

JEFFERSON

Abigail.

SAUNDERS

No!

JEFFERSON

Letitia.

SAUNDERS

No!

JEFFERSON

Lena.

SAUNDERS

(laughing)

No! Stop it!

JEFFERSON

I've got more. You better tell me.

SAUNDERS

You win. It's—Clarissa.

JEFFERSON

(dashed down a little)

Clarissa. Oh. Uh-huh.

(Then)

Well, Saunders—let's go—

SAUNDERS

Now, **Susan**—that's really a **pretty** name—

JEFFERSON

(rising to the bait)

Susan! Susan Paine—that's beautiful—

SAUNDERS

And a beautiful woman, too—don't you think?

JEFFERSON

Yes. The most beautiful I think I
ever-gee-

(Catching himself-
leaping into action)

Say-we're *never* going to finish
this thing! Now, here we go, Saunders.
I'm going to talk faster'n you can
write-

Jefferson walks around rapidly. He is off at great speed
now.

JEFFERSON

The location of the camp. About two
hundred acres situated in Ambrose
County-Terry Canyon-

SAUNDERS is seen busily writing down the facts.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE

-running about a quarter of a mile
on either side of Willet Creek-

SAUNDERS

(suddenly-sharply)
On either side of-*what*?

Jefferson pauses-a little astonished at her sharp question.

JEFFERSON

(seen with SAUNDERS
again)

Uh-Willet Creek. It's just a little
stream-

SAUNDERS

In Terry Canyon?

JEFFERSON

You-don't know it, do you?

SAUNDERS

(quickly)
No-

JEFFERSON

You couldn't. You've never been out there, you said.

SAUNDERS

(quickly again)

No, I haven't. I guess I thought the name was familiar.

(Then)

By the way, you discussed with Senator Paine where the camp was to be situated and everything?

JEFFERSON

Well—no. I didn't. Why?

SAUNDERS

Nothing. I just wondered. No *reason* to take it up with him.

(Reading from pad)

"—about a quarter of a mile on either side of Willet Creek—"

JEFFERSON

(picking up again)

Yeah. This land to be bought by contributions from the boys. You have that. Money to be—

Saunders, writing, looks up at Jefferson from under her brows with growing interest.

The scene dissolves to the SENATE CHAMBER, with the Senate in session and the President speaking:

PRESIDENT

—the chair lays before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of State, in response to Senate resolution 343.

The communication is handed to the clerk, who begins to read.

In the PRESS GALLERY we see SAUNDERS with DIZ, Saunders smiling down on the floor as the clerk's voice is heard.

SAUNDERS

Sit tight, Diz. The show commences
in just a minute.

DIZ

What show? Would you mind telling me
what's coming off here?

SAUNDERS

Certainly.

(Pointing down to the
floor)

Now there's the principal actor in
our little play.

In the SENATE CHAMBER, JEFFERSON is grasping the bill tightly
in his hand—nervously, perspiringly waiting. He smiles up
at Saunders and waves the bill. The Clerk's voice is heard.

In the PRESS GALLERY, Saunders smiles back at Jeff.

SAUNDERS

(to Diz)

Don Quixote—with bill.

Diz doesn't make anything of this. Saunders glances off—and
points.

SAUNDERS

Ah. One of the supporting characters.

DIZ

Who?

In the VISITOR'S GALLERY MCGANN is seen listening to the
proceedings.

In the PRESS GALLERY:

SAUNDERS

That gorilla in Man's clothing—
McGann.

DIZ

Oh, you mean—Puss in Boots.

SAUNDERS

Yes. Mostly "Puss."

(Pointing to the floor
again)
Oh, the *other* prominent character
in the play.

In the CHAMBER, PAINE is seen listening to the clerk.

In the PRESS GALLERY:

SAUNDERS
The Silver Knight. Soul of Honor—on
a tight-rope.

DIZ
What do I play?

SAUNDERS
You play—left field.

DIZ
Frankly, kid—are you goofy?

SAUNDERS
Diz—Don Quixote with bill is going
to get to his feet in a minute and
speak two important words—*Willet
Creek*. When that happens—if my
hunch is right—the Silver Knight
will fall off his tightrope and Puss
will jump out of his boots.

In the CHAMBER, the Clerk finishes what he has been reading.

A SENATOR
Mr. President—I ask that the
communication be referred to Committee
on Foreign Relations and printed.

PRESIDENT
It is so ordered.
(Then)
Introduction of bills—

JEFFERSON is seen in close view, his head jerking up.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
—and joint resolutions.

JEFFERSON
(leaping to his feet,
and yelling loudly)
Mr. President!

The PRESIDENT is startled by the yell and a GROUP OF SENATORS is seen turning around, also startled. In a portion of the VISITOR'S GALLERY, people begin to titter—then laugh. The gavel raps for order.

JEFFERSON, aware that he has caused a stir by his shout, is embarrassed as the gavel continues rapping. PAINE is mildly amused. But in the VISITOR'S GALLERY, MCGANN, tight-lipped, is shaking his head. He doesn't like this.

PRESIDENT
(with a smile)
The chair recognizes the rather strong-
lunged junior Senator, Mr. Smith.

JEFFERSON
(almost in a whisper)
I—I'm sorry, sir. I—I have a bill—

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
You may speak a little louder,
Senator, but not too loud.

JEFFERSON
I have a bill to propose, sir.

PRESIDENT
Order, gentlemen. Our junior Senator
is about to make a speech. You may
proceed, Senator.

With trembling, fumbling hands, Jefferson gets his paper up before him.

JEFFERSON
(reading)
"Be it enacted by the Senate and the
House of Representatives that there
be appointed as a loan—"

In the PRESS GALLERY, Saunders nudges Diz to watch McGann

and Paine.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE

"—a sum sufficient to create a
National Boys' Camp—"

JEFFERSON

(again visible)

"—to be paid back to the United
States Treasury by contributions
from the boys of America. This Camp
to be situated on the land at and
adjacent to the head waters of the
stream known as Willet Creek in Terry
Canyon—"

PAINE is seen to be hit by lightning, and his eyes go
startledly to McGann in the gallery.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE

"—for the purpose of bringing greater
education, mutual understanding—"

MCGANN rises in the GALLERY, signals to Paine, and starts to
go out.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE

"—and the healthful life to the
boys of this great and beautiful
land!"

As Jeff finishes applause breaks out in the gallery. It is
caught up and grows. PAINE is seen hurriedly leaving the
chamber, while the applause continues.

PRESIDENT

Our young Senator will make a good
orator when his voice stops changing.

In the PRESS GALLERY, Saunders is nudging Diz.

SAUNDERS

Did you like the first act?

DIZ

Yeah. What about the second act?

SAUNDERS

That's taking place outside now.

We hear the gavel rapping for order.

In the CAPITOL VESTIBULE, Paine and McGann come together quickly. They talk in undertones.

MCGANN

(in a controlled lather)

Did I hear right? Did he say *Willet Creek*?

PAINE

Let's get away from here.

(He starts to pull

McGann along)

MCGANN

That's dynamite, Joe!

The scene dissolves to PAINE'S AUTOMOBILE.

PAINE

—amazing coincidence! Of all places in the world—to choose Willet Creek for his boys' camp!

MCGANN

Joe—I'm getting leery of this guy. We keep calling him dumb—and he keeps winding up in our hair! I'm telling you—when he finds out there's a dam going up where he wants his camp, he's gonna start asking questions six ways from Sunday—

PAINE

Be quiet, Chick—I'm trying to think—

(Then)

This Deficiency Bill is going to be read in the Senate tomorrow.

MCGANN

Tomorrow! Joe—he'll hear the section on Willet Dam. He can't be there!

PAINE

I know that.

MCGANN

Listen—tomorrow I take him to see monuments—if I have to hit him over the head with a couple!

PAINE

That won't work, Chick. This boy's honest, not stupid.

MCGANN

Susan!

PAINE

My daughter isn't here to carry out assignments like that for *anybody*.

MCGANN

Well, then—this is too much for *my* lame brain. I'm calling Jim Taylor.

PAINE

Jim's methods won't do in Washington.

MCGANN

Joe—listen—all Susan has to do is turn those big eyes on him—he'll fall all over himself—just keep him out of there *one afternoon*—while they read that bill—

The scene dissolves to the SENATE OFFICE BUILDING, in the late afternoon, and JEFFERSON is seen marching along down the corridor, in high spirits—whistling "Dixie." He turns into his OUTER OFFICE, which is full of people. As he strides in, the people leap up and make a dive for him.

PEOPLE

Can I see you, Senator—?

I'm from Jackson City—

Senator, just one minute of your time—

I'm from the old home state, Senator—

Saunders, who has been sitting at her desk, leaps up and comes to the rescue as the people begin to claw and pull Jeff.

SAUNDERS

Whoa! Here—here—just a minute!

Keep your seats.

(Taking Jeff's arm)

This way, Senator—

She leads the dazed Jeff into his PRIVATE OFFICE.

JEFFERSON

(entering with Saunders)

What do they—? Who are all those—?

SAUNDERS

One of the plagues on members of Congress—office-seekers, cranks, people with pet bills. Get my son into West Point—or *outta* West Point. I've got a scheme to put people to work. How do I get rid of cockroaches? Some woman's composed a hymn to replace the Star Spangled Banner. Want to hear it?

JEFFERSON

(laughing)

No—not today! Boy, I feel like a house afire! Saunders—how did I do?

SAUNDERS

Great.

JEFFERSON

I—I don't know how I got it out. My heart was right up here all the time—

(Then—excitedly)

I wonder what Senator Paine thought of it?

SAUNDERS

Must have been tickled pink.

JEFFERSON

Gee—I hope so. What's all this?

SAUNDERS

Contributions from boys who read
about your camp.

JEFFERSON

Already? All these letters?

SAUNDERS

Oh, those are only local. Wait'll
they start pouring in from all over
the country.

JEFFERSON

Do you mean all-look-look we'd
better open them up-see what they
say here-look at the money-what
does it say-"Dear Senator Smith, I
would like to come to your boy's
camp and I shine shoes at the station
and here's nine cents." Oh, isn't
that wonderful. Look and he signs
it. "Yours truly, Stinky Moore."
Isn't that marvelous?

(Breaking off-looking
in desk drawer)

Say-have I got some paper here?

SAUNDERS

Second drawer.

JEFFERSON

Good! I'm going to be pretty busy
tonight-

SAUNDERS

Not another bill?

JEFFERSON

No! Letters. I've got to write to
the Rangers and Ma-and-I'm bustin'
with news! Why, I've introduced a
bill! Me-Jeff Smith. I got up and
talked in the Senate!

(He sits down excitedly
at his desk)

SAUNDERS

Do you want to dictate them?

JEFFERSON

The letters? Gosh—no. I couldn't talk letters. I've gotta scratch 'em out. And say—I'm going to tell Ma all about you. If I tell it right—the first thing you know you're going to get the best jar of preserves you ever tasted.

SAUNDERS

(starting for the door)

Thanks a lot.

JEFFERSON

Oh—*Saunders*!

He comes leaping around from behind the desk—grabbing her hand.

JEFFERSON

I—gee whiz—I didn't thank you!

SAUNDERS

Don't mention it—

JEFFERSON

I mean it. I—without you, I could't've—

The phone rings. Saunders takes a step to the desk to get the phone. Jefferson goes back behind his desk.

SAUNDERS

Hello.

(Rather startled)

Who? Who?

In the PAINE LIVING ROOM:

SUSAN

(on the phone)

Susan Paine.

In JEFFERSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE, Jeff sits at his desk, prepared to write—indifferent to Saunder's conversation. Saunders casts a quick look at Jeff.

SAUNDERS

(into phone)

How do you do?... Yes, go ahead.

In the PAINE LIVING ROOM:

SUSAN

I'm sorry to bother you, Saunders—
but you've got to help me. I'm elected
to snatch Mr. Jefferson Smith from
the Senate tomorrow—

In JEFFERSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE, while Jeff is still busy over his papers:

SAUNDERS

You're—what?

In the PAINE LIVING ROOM:

SUSAN

There's trouble brewing some place
and I'm to turn on my glamour for
him. I've got to take him out. You
sympathize, don't you, Saunders?

In JEFFERSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE:

SAUNDERS

(with a glance at the
occupied Jeff)

Awkward, isn't it?

In the PAINE LIVING ROOM:

SUSAN

Here's what you've got to do for me.
Take him out and buy him a suit of
clothes that fits—and a hat. A
manicure and haircut wouldn't do any
harm—and if you can get in a little
practice with a fork and a teacup—
As one woman to another, Saunders—

that is, I hate to ask you to do it,
but—

In JEFFERSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE:

SAUNDERS
(into the phone)
But as one woman to another, of
course.

In the PAINE LIVING ROOM:

SUSAN
Thanks, Saunders. And now—is—uh—
young Lochinvar around?

In JEFFERSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE:

SAUNDERS
Yes—right here. Just a second—
(Extending phone to
Jeff)
Miss Paine.

JEFFERSON
(looking up as if he
had been kicked)
Who! Miss—! Is that—? Why didn't
you—? Holy smoke;
(Grabbing the phone—
breathlessly)
H-hello... Yes, Miss Paine... How—
how are you, Miss Paine...? What?...
Escort *you* Gee—I mean—*sure*—
yes! I'd be—. Reception for a
princess! Gosh!... Thanks, Miss
Paine. Yes. I'll be there! Goodbye,
Miss Paine.
(Hanging up, and
getting up excitedly)
Did you hear that?—Escort Susan
Paine—reception for a princess!
Imagine her calling me—asking *me*—
!

SAUNDERS
Get your hat, Senator. We've got a

lot to do between now and tomorrow–

JEFFERSON

Wow!

As he makes a dive for his hat, the scene dissolves to glimpses of the shopping tour of Jefferson Smith:

He has the Prince Albert coat of a new suit on–standing before a mirror–the sleeves too short–looking *really* like a scarecrow–and being frightened of his own image in the mirror. Saunders is standing by, supervising.

He is trying to walk in a pair of pointed black shoes. His feet hurt terribly.

He is trying on hats. We catch one that sits on his head like a peanut. He looks to Saunders, who shakes her head.

In a barber's chair–his hair being cut–his nails are being manicured. He stares unbelievably down at the manicurist's work.

Jeff, in his rooms, is getting all tricked out in his new clothes. Saunders ties his tie and puts a flower in his buttonhole.

Finally the scene dissolves into the PAINÉ LIMOUSINE, and we see, at last, the full result of the dressing of Jefferson Smith–toggled out from top to toe, and very uncomfortable. Susan snatches glances at the effect, out of the corner of her eyes.

JEFFERSON

(with a struggle)

–I'm awfully glad to be–that is,
it was nice of you to–

(Giving up, he makes
an attempt at
conversation)

Uh–how's your father?

SUSAN

Splendid.

JEFFERSON

Uh–that's good. And–uh–you?

SUSAN
I'm splendid, too.

JEFFERSON
That's—that's splendid.

SUSAN
And how's your bill, Senator?

JEFFERSON
Oh, the bill. Oh—splendid—I mean—
(With a disarming
smile)
—I just can't seem to talk in this
suit.
(Her eyebrows lift)
I'll tell you a secret. It's brand
new.

SUSAN
Well! You don't say!

JEFFERSON
(intimately—boyishly)
It's just as well to tell you—because
if we're going to get off on the
right foot—I mean—in case I act
sort of strange—it's the suit.

SUSAN
(at a loss)
Well—

JEFFERSON
(laughing)
Funnier things have happened. Ma
says when Pa was courting her, he
acted strange for months. Didn't
make sense—or anything. And one
day, on a hunch, Ma said: "Clayton,
so help me, you talk like a man whose
collar is too tight to bear." "Not
the collar, Mary," he said, "my
shoes." "Well, for land's sake," Ma
said, "Take the pesky things off!"
Which Pa did, an' they were engaged

within a week.

SUSAN

You're not going to take your *suit* off!

JEFFERSON

(alarmed)

No! No! Gosh. See, there you are!
I'm not making sense!

The scene dissolves to the LIVING ROOM OF DIZ'S APARTMENT, at dinner time. Diz is mixing a drink. Saunders, her hat on as though she hasn't been there long, is restless.

DIZ

Well—I stuck my foot in it again at the President's press conference today—

(Casually)

How come so early? Get the day off?

SAUNDERS

They decoyed the little General off to a tea party to keep him out of the Senate.

DIZ

Well, well—

(Then—picking up)

Yeah—I got smart and thought I'd slip one over on the old man in the press meeting. I said, "Mr. President, about the monopoly investigation—" And he jumps right in and says, "Diz, if you were sitting in my chair, would you answer the question you're about to ask?" He had me.

SAUNDERS

(paying no attention)

I don't mind *who* gets licked in a *fair* fight, Diz. It's these clouts below the belt I can't take. Sicking that horrible dame on him—when he's goofy about her—

DIZ
What dame?

SAUNDERS
Paine.

DIZ
Oh—yeah—

SAUNDERS
He isn't going to hurt enough as it is. *She* has to twist a knife in him, too—the regal jackass! "I'll turn my glamour on him," she says—

DIZ
Forget it, kid. What's it *to* you?

SAUNDERS
Nothing. I'm just saying—I might be able to lie, cheat, steal—and I'd still tear into a guy I saw kicking a dog. Not that *he* is, by a long shot—

DIZ
Okay. So what? Stop worrying. I've told you—the dopes are gonna inherit the earth anyway—

SAUNDERS
I've wondered, Diz—maybe this Don Quixote's got the jump on all of us. I've wondered—maybe it's a curse to go through life wised up like you and me—

DIZ
Now, look, kid—if we're gonna wonder, let's go down and do it over a hunk of steak.

(Handing her a drink)
Come on, snap out of it. Diz Moore—that rarest of companions—is here at your side.

(Lifting his glass)
To genteel crime, kid.

SAUNDERS
(lifting hers)
And to Don Quixote!

The scene dissolves to a RESTAURANT at night, with SAUNDERS AND DIZ at a corner table—drinks in front of them—both feeling pretty high and loose-tongued. Saunders is alternating lightness with grimness. (Music from someplace off). Diz is finishing a story.

DIZ
—and the guy sees a drunk, lookin'
around under the street lamp, see—
and he says—whatsa matter?—lose
somethin'? Yeah—my cigarette case—
dropped it in the next block.
(Pointing way over)
Next block!—the guy says to the
drunk—whaddaya lookin' for it here
for?... 'Cause there's more light
here, the drunk says—

They laugh.

SAUNDERS
Why do I always laugh at that?

DIZ
"There's more light here," he says—

SAUNDERS
Drunks are funny—

DIZ
Yeah. Funny—

SAUNDERS
(reflectively—sober
suddenly)
Yeah.

DIZ
Yeah. Some of my best friends are
funny.

SAUNDERS

Every time I think of it, I get a
laugh, Diz.

DIZ
My friends?

SAUNDERS
Old Don Quixote—man of the people
Smith—

DIZ
(calling)
Waiter!

SAUNDERS
—followin' Miss Susan Fass-Pass
around—his little heart poundin'
away—the sound of angels' wings in
his ears.

The waiter comes over.

DIZ
Now, you've gone and let Don Quixote
in here again. I told you to keep
him out!

SAUNDERS
Shut up, Diz.

DIZ
(to waiter)
Mind, now! Keep Don Quixote out of
here!

The waiter backs away—shaking his head.

SAUNDERS
And I got him all dressed up, too—
to go way up in a balloon—so they
can drop him a long way—make sure
they break his heart. Why, not all
the Boy Rangers in the world, working
night shifts, 'll be able to put
Humpty-Dumpty together again—

DIZ

Now—how'd Humpty-Dumpty get in here?

SAUNDERS

Do you know how I felt, Diz?

DIZ

No. How'd you feel? Quick.

SAUNDERS

Like a mother sending her kid off to school for the first time—watchin' the little fella toddling off—in his best bib and tucker—and you sink in the middle—hoping he can stand up to the other kids—won't get his feeling hurt—and—if you could only spare him the knocks he's gotta take—

(Catching herself)

Say—who started this?

DIZ

I'm just waiting for a street car—

SAUNDERS

Well—cut it out. See? Who *cares* anyway?

DIZ

I apologize.

SAUNDERS

All right, then. After all, what's it to me? So they *drop* him out of a balloon. All I care is—I don't want to be around. See? Squeamish. See? That's what I am. No, sir. I don't have to take it. Won't be a party to no murder. I'm gonna quit. I'm through.

DIZ

Again? Good idea.

SAUNDERS

Diz—

DIZ

Yeah.

SAUNDERS

How about getting married?

DIZ

(same tone)

Good idea. When?

SAUNDERS

Any time.

DIZ

Tonight?

SAUNDERS

Okay. You don't mind?

DIZ

I'll cherish ya.

SAUNDERS

You—you've been a good egg, Diz.
Maybe we could clear out of this
town—get to feel like *people*—get
the habit of lifting up our eyes—
live like we just got out of a tunnel.

DIZ

(startled)

Tunnel?

SAUNDERS

You've never seen prairie grass with
the wind leaning on it, have you,
Diz?

DIZ

Is the wind tired out there?

SAUNDERS

Or angry little mountain streams—
and cattle moving against the sun.
You haven't seen any of that, have
you, Diz?

DIZ
Have *you*?

SAUNDERS
No.

DIZ
Do we *have* to?

SAUNDERS
(flinging the mood
off)
No! I can't think of anything more
sappy!)

DIZ
Well, let's get going.

SAUNDERS
Where?

DIZ
We're gonna get married.

SAUNDERS
(getting her purse
and hat together)
Yeah—that's right. Diz—

DIZ
What?

SAUNDERS
I case you don't know—I want to
give ya a chance to back out if you
don't like it—

DIZ
What?

SAUNDERS
My first name's—Clarissa.

DIZ
Yeah, I know. That's okay.

SAUNDERS

Don't say "okay," Diz. Say you think it's beautiful.

DIZ
Okay—I mean—

SAUNDERS
You don't know a name off-hand you like better, do you, Diz?

DIZ
(thinking)
No—not offhand—

SAUNDERS
Nothing like—uh—Susan—or anything like that, huh?

DIZ
Susan? Nah!

SAUNDERS
(breaking into Diz violently)
I won't take it! See? I won't be party to murder. See? Steering a poor dope up blind alleys for that grafting Taylor mob is low enough. But helping that dame cut him up in little pieces besides—nobody's gonna make me do that. No, sir.

DIZ
You said it!

SAUNDERS
I'm getting out of there. Right now, Diz. Right now. Bonus or no bonus. I'm gonna clear outa that office—everything I own—my extra hat—everything—

She starts to scramble out from behind the table. Diz is startled by her sudden, furious movements.

DIZ
Hey! We're gettin' married—!

SAUNDERS
(without pausing)
Right now—everything I own—!

She is on her way. Diz, with a great effort, scrambles out from behind the table after her.

The scene dissolves to JEFF'S PRIVATE OFFICE, where JEFFERSON, his collar undone, is writing with great eagerness, his eyes alight. Suddenly a desk drawer slams off scene. He looks up.

JEFFERSON
(calling)
Saunders?

No reply. Another desk drawer slams.

JEFFERSON
Saunders!

SAUNDERS' VOICE
Whadaya want?

Jeff, puzzled at the tone of her voice, rises. He starts slowly around from his desk.

JEFFERSON
Saunders—I looked for you—

She appears in the doorway, pugnaciously.

SAUNDERS
Yeah? What for?

She heads for the coat-rack to get her extra hat.

SAUNDERS
I know. Don't tell me. It was a wonderful party. Your suit went over big. And she looked beautiful, and she gave her hand when you left her—and said—"Thank you, Mr. Smith." Oh, but it was the way she *said* it. You like to fell through the floor—Horseradish!

JEFFERSON
(fairly speechless
under this violent
attack)
Saunders—!

SAUNDERS
And you're writing Ma all about it.
And your pigeons will carry the
message of love. And the first thing
you know—Susan Paine'll get the
best jar of preserves she ever tasted!

JEFFERSON
Are you drunk?

She returns to the OUTER OFFICE—Jeff following.

There Diz is collapsed in a chair, and Saunders is collecting
her things.

SAUNDERS
Certainly. You didn't think I was a
lady, did you? You don't think a
lady would be working for this
outfit. Even *I* can't take it
anymore. I quit. Can't take a lot of
things. *You*. I can't watch a simple
guy like you—
(Breaking off—in a
burst)
Why don't you go back home? Take my
advice. Go on back to your prairies—
roust your rangers around—tell your
little streams about your camp and
the land of the free! This isn't any
place for you. You're half-way decent.
You don't belong here. Go home. That's
all I'll tell you. That's all. I owe
my conscience that much. I owe it a
lot more, but—
(Suddenly—indicating
Diz)
Meet the man I'm going to marry!

DIZ is seen forcing a smile and feeble wave at Jeff.

DIZ
Tha's me.

Saunders turns viciously on Jeff, who is stunned and silent.

SAUNDERS
Well—why don't you say something—
what are you standing there for—?
(Then—on a wild
impulse)
Wait a minute!

She tears for the files—dives into one section of them.

SAUNDERS
Why don't I get out of this place
clean?
(Lifting a printed
bill out)
Want to be a Senator, huh? Gonna
build a camp on Willet Creek! See
this? Appropriations Bill. A little
section—number forty. A *dam's*
going up where you think you're gonna
have a camp. Ever hear of it? No.
They read all about it in the Senate
today—but you weren't supposed to
hear it. That's why that ritzy dame
took you in tow. That's why they
sent you here in the first place—
because you wouldn't know a dam from
a bathtub!
(Flinging it on a
desk)
Go ahead—*try* to build your camp—
try to mess up Mr. Taylor's little
graft! Go ahead—be a Senator! But
if you *can't* be—and you can't in
nine million years—go on home—don't
hang around here making people feel
sorry for you! Come on, Diz.

She grabs Diz by the hand and pulls him to the door, while
Jeff stares blankly at the bill on the desk.

In the CORRIDOR, DIZ and SAUNDERS come through. She stops,
looking ahead dazedly.

DIZ

Well—let's dig up the preacher,
kid.

SAUNDERS

(in a suddenly sobered
trance)

Huh?

DIZ

You know, we're getting married.

SAUNDERS

(suddenly cracking
up, sobbing)

Take me home, Diz.

The scene dissolves to PAINE'S LIVING ROOM at night. Jeff is on his feet, in the midst of a dramatic delivery. Paine is trying to sit calmly and judicially. McGann, tipped back in a chair, is whittling his nails, trying to seem disinterested.

JEFFERSON

(emphatically)

—I may not know much about a lot of things, sir—but I know that Willet Creek country like a book—and—and I tell you, Senator Paine—there's something *wrong* about this dam—why, there isn't a foot of water in that creek—it's dry four months out of the—

PAINE

Jeff—listen—this was all taken up in the State Legislature and approved—they're going to divert waters from up above—

JEFFERSON

But—there are a hundred other places in the state that *need* the water. Besides—I talked to Kenneth Allen, who owns some of that land—and he didn't say anything about a dam. No—I'm sure, sir—there's something

wrong—and I—I won't vote on this thing until I get a lot of questions answered—

PAINÉ

(strongly)

Jeff! You're trying to understand in a moment everything about a project that took two years to set up—the reasons—the benefits—

JEFFERSON

Yes—the *benefits*! What's a man called Taylor got to do with this?

McGann's tipped-back chair comes forward with a thud and he gets up.

JEFFERSON

He's a newspaper publisher I know—and—

MCGANN

What makes you think he's got *anything* to do with it?

JEFFERSON

Saunders said—this whole thing was *his* idea to get graft—!

PAINÉ

(forcefully)

One minute, Jeff!

McGann starts quickly in the direction of the foyer.

PAINÉ

You're accusing *me* of helping to frame a bill for the benefit of *one* individual—

McGann enters a TELEPHONE CLOSET in the foyer and picks up the phone.

PAINÉ'S VOICE

—of helping to put through a scheme for *graft*!

McGann kicks the door closed.

MCGANN

(grimly—into the
phone)

Long distance. Get me James Taylor—
Jackson City—Main 3100—

The scene dissolves to the GOVERNOR'S LIBRARY at night. Hubert is in his dressing gown and nightshirt—fearful. Taylor paces furiously. Kenneth Allen, middle-aged, sits by quietly.

TAYLOR

Boy Ranger! The answer to a prayer.
Manna from heaven! Didn't know the
time of day—!

HUBERT

Will you please tell me *exactly*
what he's done?

TAYLOR

Yes! He's about to blow the whole
machine to smithereens—and *you
with it*, Mr. Governor!

HUBERT

Me! Jim—how—?

TAYLOR

You couldn't understand! Listen, Ten
Thumbs, I'll be on my way to
Washington in half an hour. Whatever
happens, I'm all ready for this Ranger
of yours. Never mind how. You'll get
your instructions from Ken Allen
here. It isn't anything you have to
do. I wouldn't trust you to lick a
stamp. Allen'll do it himself. You
just use your *high office* to help
him get it done. Understand?

HUBERT

Y-yes, Jim.

TAYLOR

I doubt it! Come on, Ken.

Taylor starts for the door—Allen following.

HUBERT
Jim—wait—will you please tell me—
?

Taylor and Allen have slammed out.

HUBERT
(protesting frantically—
to himself)
Blow *me* to smithereens! My record
is *clean*!

The scene dissolves to TAYLOR'S HOTEL SUITE in Washington,
with Taylor seen at his breakfast—calm, quiet. Around him
are Paine, McGann and three men—Congressmen Radner, Schultz
and Diggs.

PAINE
(nervously)
—I've used every argument in the
world to try to turn him off. He
just keeps coming back to the dam—
and what he knows—

MCGANN
Saunders! I'd like to tie her in a
sack and drop her from the Brooklyn
Bridge—

PAINE
(waving at the three
men)
—now he wants to talk to the
Congressmen from the Willet Creek
districts—he's run their names down—

There is a knock on the door.

TAYLOR
That's him. Let him in.

PAINE
(suddenly—alarmed)

Wait a minute—Jim—you didn't ask
Smith over here!

TAYLOR
What do you think?

PAINE
Jim, you can't come here and pull
that steamroller stuff. Your methods
won't do here. This boy is a Senator,
however it happened, he's a Senator.
This is Washington.

TAYLOR
Steamroller stuff, Joe? My methods
don't go in Washington? They've done
pretty well by now, haven't they?

PAINE
Oh, Jim, that's beside the point.
This boy's different. He's honest
and beside he thinks the world of
me. We can't do this to him.

TAYLOR
Well, what do you want me to do?
Stand around like you chump and let
that drooling infant wrap that Willet
Creek Dam appropriation around my
neck. Either he falls in line with
us and behaves himself or I'll break
him so wide open they'll never be
able to find the pieces.

PAINE
Jim, I won't stand for it.

TAYLOR
You won't stand for it?

PAINE
I don't want any part of crucifying
this boy.

TAYLOR
Oh, I see. Out steamroller methods
are getting too hard to your sensitive

soul, is that it, Joe? The Silver Knight is getting to big for us. My methods have been all right for the past twenty years, Joe, since I picked you out of a fly-specked hole in the wall and blew you up to look like a Senator, and now you can't stand it. Well, maybe you won't have to stand it, Joe. Maybe we can fix it so you and your Boy Ranger can go home together.

PAINÉ

Jim, you don't have to—

TAYLOR

Oh, it's all right—it's all right. It seems a shame, though, to part company like this after all these years, especially now with a national convention coming up. Joe, I've put everything I have behind you. And so did all of our friends, but I guess we'll survive. We'll just have to find somebody else that's got a little more sense, that's all. In the meantime, you explain to Mr. Smith about Willet Dam. It's your bill—it's your reputation, and if he can't find enough facts to break you with, you just send him to me and I'll give him a couple of good ones. I'm taking the next plane home.

PAINÉ

Jim, it's just that I like the kid—I don't want to see you get too rough on him.

TAYLOR

I'm glad to see you come to your senses. You had me scared there for a minute, thought.

(To McGann)

Let him in.

McGann opens the door, and Jeff stands in the doorway.

TAYLOR
Come in.

Jeff enters, looking around at the faces he has never seen before.

PAINE
Jeff—this is Mr. Taylor.

TAYLOR
(taking his hand)
Glad to know you, Senator. Meet the boys—

PAINE
(quickly)
Congressmen, Radner, Schultz, Diggs—

VOICES OF CONGRESSMEN
How are you, Senator?
Glad to know you.
How do you do?

TAYLOR
I happened to be passing through,
Senator. I wanted to meet you. Thanks
for coming. Sit down.

Jeff hesitates, looks at the men, his eyes resting on Paine a moment. More and more puzzled, he takes a chair just a step away.

TAYLOR
Well. I hear you've been right on
your toes since you got here. Pitching
right in. Lots of people took you
for dumb—but they're wrong. You're
smart. In fact, *I* think you're
smart enough to understand a situation
when it's explained to you—

JEFFERSON
Like what, Mr. Taylor?

TAYLOR
Well now—just to take an example—

putting up a dam—on Willet Creek.
As I look at it—that dam's going to
do the people of our state a lot of
good—

JEFFERSON

Yes, so I was told, Mr. Taylor, but—

TAYLOR

(interrupting)

But you have some objections here
and there. And maybe right, for all
I know. But the point is—there's no
sense stopping the whole works now—
specially after some men have worked
hard for a long time to put this
through—

JEFFERSON

What is your interest in this, Mr.
Taylor?

TAYLOR

Mine? Why—naturally—whatever
benefits the state is mighty important
to me—owning a lot of its industry—
newspapers and other odds and ends.
And if I thought you had the welfare
of the state at heart, like myself—
for instance, if you were to turn
around and help a project like this
along instead of standing in the way—
why, I'd say you were a man to watch.
For a fellow your age, you'd be in a
spot to make a great start in life.
If you liked business—you could
pick any job in the state and go
right to the top. Or politics. If
you like being a Senator. No reason
why you couldn't come back to that
Senate for the rest of your life.

PAINE

Jim!

TAYLOR

(sharply)

Just a minute, Joe!

PAINÉ
(fighting)
You can't say *that* to—

TAYLOR
I know what I'm doing! I'll say
what I *want*!

Paine rushes to the door and is gone. There is silence for an instant. Jeff rises.

TAYLOR
Sit down, Smith. I'm not through.

Jeff remains standing.

TAYLOR
As I was saying—the state *needs*
men like you—*smart* men.
(Indicating the boys)
Now, these boys are. And they've
been doing all right. They don't
worry about being re-elected—or
anything else. They take my advice—
and they'll go a lot farther yet.
So, you see, you've got a pretty
important question to settle for
yourself, Smith. But you're smart.
You can decide that right now, can't
you?

Jeff looks from Taylor to the other boys.

TAYLOR
(after a pause)
Can't you?

JEFFERSON
(quietly)
You mean—you tell these men—and
Senator Paine what to do?

TAYLOR
Yes! I've told Senator Paine for
twenty years—

JEFFERSON

You're a liar!

Jeff turns and starts for the door. Taylor rushes after him.

TAYLOR

Smith!

(Stopping him at the
door)

You heard what I said. And I've *got*
to have your answer—*now*!

(As Jeff starts to go)

Listen. To put it another way—if
you've got any fool notion of bucking
this thing—if you open your mouth
when that bill is read in the Senate
tomorrow—if you so much as lift a
finger to stop it—you're through—
like no man *ever* was! I'm all ready
for you. Understand? I give you my
word on that. You're finished!

Jeff grabs violently for the door and barges out.

TAYLOR

I give you my word!

The scene dissolves to PAINE'S PRIVATE SENATE OFFICE, as
Jeff enters, closing the door behind him. Paine, standing
near his desk—strained and miserable—cannot meet Jeff's
accusing, damning gaze.

PAINE

(faltering)

Jeff—I want to talk to you—sit
down—

Jeff remains standing—his eyes fixed on Paine.

PAINE

Listen, Jeff—you—you don't
understand these things—you mustn't
condemn me for my part in this without—
you've had no experience—you see
things as black or white—and a man
as angel or devil. That's the young

idealist in you. And that isn't how the world runs, Jeff—certainly not Government and politics. It's a question of give and take—you have to play the rules—compromise—you have to leave your ideals outside the door, with your rubbers. I feel I'm the right man for the Senate. And there are certain powers—
influence. To stay there, I must respect them. And now and then—for the sake of that power—a dam has to be built—and one must shut his eyes. It's—it's a small compromise. The *best* men have had to make them. Do you understand?

(Desperately and with greater emotion as Jeff is silent)

I know how you feel, Jeff. Thirty years ago—I had those ideals, too. I was *you*. I had to make the decision you were asked to make today.

(Breaking out)

And I compromised—yes! So that all these years I could stay in that Senate—and serve the people in a thousand honest ways! You've got to face facts, Jeff. I've served our State well, haven't I? We have the lowest unemployment and the highest Federal grants. But, well, I've had to compromise, had to play ball. You can't count on people voting, half the time they don't vote, anyway. That's how states and empires have been built since time began. Don't you understand? Well, Jeff, you can take my word for it, that's how things are. Now I've told you all this because—well, I've grown very fond of you—about like a son—in fact, and I don't want to see you get hurt. Now, when that Deficiency Bill comes up in the Senate tomorrow you stay away from it. Don't say a word. Great powers are behind it, and they'll

destroy you before you can even get started. For your own sake, Jeff, and for the sake of my friendship with your father, please, don't say a word.

Jeff goes out quickly—as Paine stops dead, staring after him.

The scene dissolves to the VISITOR'S ROOM adjacent to the Senate Chamber, with TAYLOR and PAINE huddled together, talking in low tones and rapidly—people occasionally passing in the background.

TAYLOR

It's in your lap, Joe. Keep an eye on him. If he gets to his feet and says anything—

PAINE

It's crucifying him—!

TAYLOR

Anything *better* to offer?

PAINE

Maybe he won't get up.

TAYLOR

But—if he *does*, Joe—

The bell sounds—Paine walks away quickly.

TAYLOR

(calling after in low voice—cautioning)
Joe! If he *does*—!

The scene dissolves to the SENATE CHAMBER, which first reveals the PRESIDENT of the Senate speaking.

PRESIDENT

—during the consideration of the Deficiency Bill, there is a unanimous consent agreement—

JEFFERSON is seen keeping his head up, his expression

revealing nothing about what he intends to do.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE

–that no Senator shall speak more
than once, or longer than five minutes–

PAINE is seen looking over at Jefferson.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE

–on any section of the bill. The
clerk will begin the reading.

Now the CLERK rises with a copy of the bill in his hands.

CLERK

(reading)

"A bill providing for deficiency
appropriations for the fiscal year.
Section One. For emergency relief–"

In the VISITOR'S GALLERY, TAYLOR AND MCGANN are sitting
tensely, looking down on the Senate floor.

CLERK'S VOICE

"–to create and erect public
improvements on rivers, harbors and
roadways in the states of–"

In the SENATE, the CLERK is now half-way through the bill,
held plainly in his hands.

CLERK

(reading)

"Section Forty: An appropriation for
diverting and impounding the
headwaters of Willet Creek–"

JEFFERSON is seen alert and anxious and determined.

CLERK'S VOICE

"–in the natural basin of Terry
Canyon. Five million dollars–"

Jeff leaps up. His hands are clenched. His face is white.

JEFFERSON

Mr. President!

TAYLOR AND MCGANN, in the Visitor's Gallery, come forward in their seats.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE

Does the Senator desire to be heard on Section Forty?

JEFFERSON

(on his feet now)

I do, sir.

PRESIDENT

The Senator understands he is limited to five minutes?

JEFFERSON

(tense and pale)

Yes, sir—

In the VISITOR'S GALLERY, Taylor's eyes are darting fire in the direction of Paine.

TAYLOR

(viciously—under his breath)

Joe!

PRESIDENT'S VOICE

You may proceed.

In the CHAMBER, Paine is seen holding the corners of his desk tensely.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE

Mr. President—this section of the bill—this dam on Willet Creek is nothing but a—

PAINE

Mr. President!

Paine is on his feet. Jeff, puzzled, looks toward Paine and stops.

PRESIDENT

(to Jeff)

Does Senator Smith yield to his
colleague Senator Paine?

JEFFERSON, his eyes wonderingly on Paine, doesn't know what
to do for an instant.

JEFFERSON
(hesitantly)
Y-yes.

PAINE
(with difficulty—
while Jeff remains
standing)
Mr. President—gentlemen—I—I have
risen to a painful duty—to say that,
out of evidence that has come to my
attention, I consider Senator Smith
unworthy to address this body!

Senators turn around to look at Paine—on such an amazing
statement. A hum from the gallery. The gavel pounds.

JEFFERSON, seen closely, has his head turned to Paine in
frank wonderment.

PAINE'S VOICE
I—I have hesitated to speak—but,
in all conscience—

TAYLOR AND MCGANN are now tense but relieved.

PAINE'S VOICE
—I must.

PAINE, seen at close view, is under great strain, looking
away from Jeff and toward the chair.

PAINE
It is a charge as grave and—and as
infamous—as has ever been made from
the floor against a fellow member—

In the PRESS GALLERY, the Press Men are leaning forward
alertly—mouths open to catch the next word.

PAINE'S VOICE

I refer to the bill he has introduced
in this chamber to create a National
Boy's Camp. He named a portion of
land to be dedicated for that purpose—

(Hurling his charge
with desperate
strength)

and to be bought by contributions
from boys all over America.

(Gritting his teeth
to go on)

Senators—I have conclusive evidence
to prove that my colleague *owns*
the very land he described in his
bill! He bought it the day following
his appointment to the Senate! And
is holding it—using this body and
his privileged office—to legalize
an outrageous profit for himself—
out of the purchase of that land
through the nickels and dimes scraped
together by the boys of this country—
!

A close view reveals JEFFERSON, struck dumb and cold—as an
uproar goes up around him. And a close view shows TAYLOR AND
MCGANN satisfied, relieved, amid the shouting.

In the PRESS GALLERY, the reporters pile up the narrow aisle
stairs to the press room behind them, as the uproar in the
Senate is heard. In the SENATE PRESS ROOM (behind the Press
Gallery), the press boys come rushing in and dive for the
telegraphic services of the various newspaper men shouting:

—a near riot! Ranger Smith branded from the floor by—

—Paine hurls sensational graft charge at—

—nothing like it in fifty years! Paine charges Smith using
office to—

Senate orders immediate hearings—before committee on
Privileges and Elections—! Most terrific accusation in the
history of—

The scene dissolves to the SMITH SITTING ROOM in Jackson
City. It is evening and Ma is surrounded by kids—all staring

at headlines.

A BOY

Jeff—doing anything like that!

ANOTHER

They—they're crazy!

Thereupon, in the HOPPER STUDY at night, Hubert, stricken numb, is being attacked by his children who have papers in their hands.

PETER

Jeff—take money from *kids*!

JIMMIE

It's a *frame*!

OTIS

A dirty frame!

HUBERT

(calling for help)

Emma!

The scene dissolves to DOORS in the Senate Building on which are printed the words COMMITTEE ON PRIVILEGES AND ELECTIONS; and to the COMMITTEE ROOM, with the Committee in session—a closed hearing. Kenneth Allen is on the stand.

CHAIRMAN

How long have you known Senator Smith, Mr. Allen?

ALLEN

Oh—a good many years. He used to use my land up around Willet Creek every summer for his scout camps. Seemed like a mighty nice fellow. And when he can to me with this proposition—

CHAIRMAN

What proposition?

ALLEN

Why—a deal for those two hundred

acres. 'Course, at the time, I didn't know about his appointment to the Senate—or anything like that—

A SENATOR

Did he say what he wanted those two hundred acres for?

ALLEN

No. He wouldn't tell me at the time. He just made me this proposition. Said he had a great chance to sell that land for about five hundred an acre. If I'd deed it to him for six months, he'd try to turn it over and split what he got for it. I had nothing to lose. I'd be glad to sell for twenty-five an acre. So we set it up like this. I deeded him the land—and *he gave me* a contract guaranteeing me half what he got if he made the sale. Sounded kinda fishy at the time—and when I heard about his camp bill I knew there was some dirty business going on and I went right to Governor Hopper with the whole story—

CHAIRMAN

Have you got that contract, Mr. Allen?

ALLEN

(going into his pocket)

You don't think that land would be in his name if I didn't have, do you?

Now Hubert Hopper is on the stand—perspired and anxious.

HUBERT

—frankly, gentlemen—the morning Mr. Kenneth Allen burst into my office bringing proof that Jefferson Smith had bought that land—well, frankly, I—I was dumbfounded! Jefferson Smith—of all people! *Never* was a chief executive so—so *betrayed* in his

child like trust in man! To think
that—

CHAIRMAN

(interrupting wearily)

Pardon me, Governor. We're interested
in certain facts at the moment. What
did you do when Mr. Allen brought
this matter to your attention?

HUBERT

I consulted at once with the Head of
the Department of Records—Arthur
Kim.

Now Arthur Kim is on the witness stand—a smooth, shifty,
careful guy.

CHAIRMAN

Mr. Kim—do you remember recording
this deed?

KIM

(with copy of the
deed in his hands)

Yes, on the date set forth here, Mr.
Kenneth Allen came before me to record
this deed—setting over these two
hundred acres in the name of Jefferson
Smith—

A SENATOR

Let me understand. Mr. Smith did
not appear before you?

KIM

No, sir. That is not required by our
state law—

Now Senator Paine is talking to the Committee with apparent
difficulty—and reluctance.

PAINE

This is a very painful duty for me.
This boy is the son of my very best
friend. I sponsored him in the Senate.
I helped him frame his Bill and the

day he presented it I went over to congratulate him but I pointed out that a dam was already going up on the very site he had chosen for his camp. There are hundreds of equally good camp sites nearby and so I suggested he choose another. He became furious. He said, "Move the dam." I was amazed at his violent reaction. I couldn't understand it, until the evidence came to me that he owned those very two hundred acres and, as you have heard, had carefully made plans to make an enormous profit out of the nickels and dimes scraped together by the boys of this country. Faced with that and regardless of my personal feelings for the boy, my sense of duty told me that his expulsion from the Senate was the only possible answer.

Then Jeff is on the stand—grim, determined, while the chairman holds the deed and contract.

CHAIRMAN

(strongly)

—what possible explanation can you offer for this charge being—as you say—"trumped up" against you!

JEFFERSON

(firmly)

It was done to stop me from talking about a section of the Appropriations Bill!

CHAIRMAN

It was?

JEFFERSON

Yes! This was how I could be put out of the Senate and out of the way! They even *promised* me that if I—

A SENATOR

Wait a minute. Three days ago this

bill was read in detail before the body. Why didn't you object then?

JEFFERSON

I wasn't *in* the Senate that day.

SENATOR

Where were you?

JEFFERSON

To—to a reception—uh—for a princess—
I forget her name—

After an instant's pause, a quick look passes between the Chairman and the Committee.

CHAIRMAN

And you say you never signed this contract with Mr. Allen?

JEFFERSON

I did not—

CHAIRMAN

You've never *seen* this contract.

JEFFERSON

Never.

CHAIRMAN

But you did *talk* to Mr. Allen about that and—?

JEFFERSON

I—I discussed it with him—yes—
because I—you see, I've always had
this camp in mind—but I made no
contract with him!

CHAIRMAN

(shoving contract at
Jeff)

Then—this is *not* your signature,
Senator?

JEFFERSON

Looks like it, but—

CHAIRMAN
But it *isn't*?

JEFFERSON
It couldn't be.

CHAIRMAN
You are saying, in effect, that this
is a forgery?

JEFFERSON
I'm saying I didn't sign it!

We see JEFFERSON'S HAND writing his name—the eighth signature
in a row. Then a MAN on the stand is comparing papers in his
hands.

MAN
In my professional opinion as an
expert on handwriting, I'd say that
the name of Jefferson Smith on this
contract has been forged—

Then ANOTHER MAN stands before a large screen, with Jeff's
signature blown up on it.

SECOND MAN
—after a long study of this signature
it is my professional opinion that
it is definitely in Jefferson Smith's
own handwriting—!

Then a THIRD MAN is on the stand—with papers spread before
him—comparing as he talks.

THIRD MAN
It is extremely difficult to tell a
clever forgery from the real thing.
You can always get divided opinions
from experts. But I would stake my
whole twenty-year professional career
on the fact that this is not a
forgery, but is Mr. Smith's own
signature—

The scene dissolves to TAYLOR'S HOTEL SUITE, at night, Taylor

eagerly on the phone—McGann excitedly standing by—Paine standing in the background thoughtfully. Hubert ("Happy") Hopper is also there and looks nervous.

TAYLOR

(excitedly)

Hello! I said *Sam Hendricks*—the editor! Can't you hear? This is Jim Taylor—in Washington. Put him on!

(A slight wait)

Hendricks! Jim. It's all over. Smith's hearing's closed—Joe's canvassed the committee—privately. First thing tomorrow in the Senate, they'll bring in a resolution to *expel* him—to throw him out!

MCGANN

(exultantly)

A dead goose!

TAYLOR

(into the phone)

It'll be voted unanimously! Get our papers ready—smear it all over. And the second he's out—the Deficiency Bill passes the Senate—and we're home! Stick close to the office, Hendricks—I'll be calling!

He hangs up. McGann is out of his mind with joy.

MCGANN

(to Hopper)

Your Ranger's on the garbage pile, Happy! He's done for!

PAINE

(breaking out wildly
at McGann)

Shut up! You've *got* the man pilloried! Do you have to dance around him like a cannibal—!

TAYLOR

(to Hopper)

By the skin of your teeth you got

out of this one, Happy—by the skin
of your—!

Paine is going for the door.

TAYLOR

Hey—Joe! Where you going? We've got
to celebrate tonight!

PAINE

No—I'll take a walk—
(He continues out)

The scene dissolves to SAUNDERS' ROOM at night where Saunders
is standing at her window, looking out absently as Diz walks
around furiously.

DIZ

He's cooked! They'll drum the poor
lug out of that chamber tomorrow as
sure as I'm—! And now they're all
down on him. Yeah—my press pals,
too—he's a bad egg—still water
running deep. Boloney! It's the frame
of all time! When I see a phoney
like this—my journalist blood boils—
I wanna *fight*!

(Then)

Look, kid—rack your brains, will
you? Haven't you got any confidential
stuff on that mob? I'll write my arm
off—I'll blow Taylor and his—

SAUNDERS

(whirling away from
window)

I've told you ten times—if I had
anything they couldn't bat down in a
second, don't you suppose I'd've
been up in that hearing yelling
murder! Sure—he was cooked the night
I sounded off like a fool and spilled
the whole works!

DIZ

Then—in the name of kindness to
dumb animals—we can't let him walk

into that Senate tomorrow and take a terrible punch in a nose! A couple of us went up there—told him all he could do was beat it—resign—clear out. But—he's in a daze—he's been hit by a ton of bricks. Just says, "I haven't done anything. Why should I resign?" He might *listen* to *you*—

SAUNDERS

Why me?

DIZ

Come on—don't pull that. You know you'd give your right—. What are you staying away from him for?

SAUNDERS

You don't think he'd want *me* within fifty miles, do you?—after the exhibition he saw me give! Did you see his *face*—?

DIZ

All I know is—he said to me tonight—"What does your wife think?" My wife. Thinks we're married—

SAUNDERS

Well, then, that's great! And that's a great place to leave it! It's no use *my* barging into this now and—

A knock on the door stops her.

SAUNDERS

(calling)

Yes!

The door is opened by Paine. He looks from Saunders to Diz—then back to Saunders. Diz glares at Paine with pretty bold contempt.

PAINE

I—wanted to see you, Saunders—

Diz grabs up his hat angrily.

DIZ

Go ahead.

(Bitterly—as he passes
Paine)

Well, we certainly hunted that bad
Ranger down, didn't we? Good work,
Senator!

And Diz slams out. Paine and Saunders stare at each other an
instant. Then:

SAUNDERS

(with brutal coldness)

What do you want, Senator?

PAINE

Saunders—it's going to go pretty
bad for Jeff tomorrow. There's only
one thing that can be done for him
now—

(Taking a folded paper
from his pocket)

I've written his resignation. He
resigns under protest—denying all
charges. No one will ever be sure if
he was guilty or not. It leaves him
with at least a shred of honor. The
other way—branded openly in the
Senate—expelled—he'll never live
it down. Rather a simple compromise
than utter ruin. In a year—the whole
thing might be forgotten—

SAUNDERS

What are you driving at? You want
me to get him to sign that?

PAINE

Yes—

SAUNDERS

Why don't you do it yourself?

PAINE

He's lost complete faith in me—

SAUNDERS

Well—me, too!

PAINE

But—you love him, don't you,
Saunders?

SAUNDERS

What are you talking about? What
difference—?

PAINE

Do you?

SAUNDERS

All right—*yes*! And what does that
make me to him? *Nothing*! I've got
to go about my own business—and
forget it!

PAINE

I thought I could, too.

(With mocking lightness
for an instant)

My business—this fine future! I
have no future I *care* about, if
this boy is broken! I—I can't sleep.
The only important thing in my life
now is to save what I can for him. I
want him to get a start again—I'll
see that he's taken care of as long
as he lives—!

(Then)

Saunders—whether you ever mean
anything to him or not—

SAUNDERS

Me! Me! I *still* don't see why I
should—! If you love him so much,
why don't you go to him yourself and—
? Or better still—get up in that
Senate and *fight* for him!

PAINE

It's too late now—it's *impossible*!

SAUNDERS

So I go right back where I was—
carrying compromises—covering up—
back to political tricks—this time
for—! No! I was just getting rid of
all that. If I did *anything*, I
ought to go and tell him to stand up
and—. No! I don't want any part of
it! Smith or anything else! I'm all
through. I want to be left alone!

She turns her back to Paine, and goes to the window. He
hesitates a moment—then moves to leave, dropping the folded
paper on the table. He goes. Saunders turns and sees the
paper. She clamps her jaws and turns away again.

The scene dissolves to JEFF'S PRIVATE OFFICE at night. Jeff
is behind his desk—only the desk lamp lighted in the room—
sitting numbly, staring ahead blankly. The phone rings—
startling him. He picks it up slowly.

JEFFERSON

Hello... Who?

(Hesitating, making a
difficult decision)

Yes—all right—I'll take it.

(Brightening his voice)

Hello, Ma.

The SMITH SITTING ROOM, Ma is on the phone.

MA

(with a bright,
cheerful manner)

Hello, Jefferson. How are you, son?

In JEFF'S PRIVATE OFFICE:

JEFFERSON

Just fine, Ma, fine... No—really,
Ma—everything's fine. Uh—how're
all the boys?

In the SMITH SITTING ROOM:

MA

(tears in her eyes)

They're wonderful, son. They miss

you a lot–

In JEFF'S PRIVATE OFFICE:

JEFFERSON

(his chin quivering)

Do, huh? Well, gee, that's–that's great. How's Amos?... Is, huh? Good for him–

In the SMITH SITTING ROOM:

MA

(getting pretty shaky–
swallowing hard)

Well–I just got a fool notion to call, that's all. Oh–Jefferson–you know, when a man's right–he don't have to worry none–he'll just naturally come *out* right. We know that, don't we, son?

In JEFF'S PRIVATE OFFICE, we see that Ma has nearly broken Jeff down. He hangs on with all he's got.

JEFFERSON

Why, sure, Ma, sure.

(Quickly–to avoid
crying outright)

Well–so long, skinny.

He hangs up quickly–and rises from his chair. He appears to have been pushed to the breaking point. In terrible torment, he looks out the window. Then, on an impulse, he seizes his hat from off the corner of his desk and starts out.

The scene dissolves to the LINCOLN MEMORIAL: Jeff is walking up the steps, his eyes lifted up intently to something ahead. THE MEMORIAL stands magnificent and breathtaking–lighted up–in the background, as he mounts the steps. Jeff gains the top level and proceeds toward the Lincoln figure, and the stone Lincoln comes into view in the background–dramatically lighted. He approaches to within fifteen feet of the figure and pauses. Now JEFF is scanning the face of Lincoln with a tortured expression. Then, he turns away–as if not being able to face the spirit of the man–and moves quickly to the steps. Then Jeff, nearly blind, stumbling out of the interior

of the Memorial, comes to a stop at a column—then breaks down completely, slipping to the steps at the base of the column and burying his face in his hands.

SAUNDERS is standing near another column close by, her eyes on Jeff, and is swallowing back her tears. When she hears Jeff's sobs, she starts toward him. She comes to him and sits down beside him. It is an instant before he realizes that anyone is there.

SAUNDERS
(quietly)
Hello.

JEFFERSON
Saunders—

He turns away, and tries to recover himself. She waits—watching him. At last, Jeff can trust himself to talk.

JEFFERSON
(attempting lightness)
Well gee—how—how've you been,
Saunders? I—I haven't seen you in—
. I suppose—now that you're married—

SAUNDERS
I'm not.

He stares at her.

SAUNDERS
No. That night—I—well, *you* know—
I was pretty—. No—Diz is a—a sort
of brother, that's all—

JEFFERSON
(tries to laugh a
little)
That's funny. I thought all along—
(Then earnestly)
Gee—I—I'm glad to see you. I
thought of you—I mean—I wanted
to talk to someone and—well—
(With toss of head at
statue)
—Mr. Lincoln hasn't much to say—

(Breaking down–
blurting)
Saunders–I'm not fit to sit up in
the Senate–haven't you heard?–I
robbed boys of their pennies and
dimes!

He turns away again, to get control of himself, Saunders
watching him.

SAUNDERS
(after a pause)
What are you going to do?

JEFFERSON
I–I don't know. I–I'm afraid they've
got me licked.

She takes the resignation from her pocket.

SAUNDERS
Jeff–Paine asked me to give you
this–your resignation–he wrote it
out–

He takes it from her incredulously and begins to read.

SAUNDERS
(as she watches him–
quietly)
It might save some of the pieces,
Jeff. It would leave a doubt about
the whole thing–about you. Might
blow over, this way.

JEFFERSON
(avidly–finishes
reading)
Yeah. I see. Well–that's about the
only thing to do. Don't you think?

SAUNDERS
(non-committally)
Well, I guess it's a chance.

JEFFERSON
Yeah. I guess–sometimes–Senator

Paine must be right. Sometimes you—
you got to compromise a little—

(Breaking off)

And if you say so too, Saunders—if
you think that's the thing to do—

SAUNDERS

(snatching the paper
out of his hand)

I *don't* think that's the thing to
do! No! I think what you ought to do
is—*fight*!

(She tears up the
paper)

JEFFERSON

Wait—

SAUNDERS

What you *have* to do is fight!

JEFFERSON

But—I've done everything I—

SAUNDERS

I don't care *what* you've done!
Don't quit. Don't grab a measly chance
like this to save a few pieces—other
men could—but not you. As long as
you lived, you'd remember you ran
out and threw this country of yours
to the jackals—!

JEFFERSON

(burying his head—
hopelessly)

Oh—Saunders—

SAUNDERS

Jeff—listen—remember the day you
got here?—what you said about Mr.
Lincoln?—that he was sitting up
there—watching—waiting for someone
to come along? Well—that was *you*.
Someone with a little plain, decent,
uncompromising *rightness*—to root
out the Taylors—yeah, and really

light up that dome for once. This country could use some of that—so could the whole drunken, cockeyed world right now—a *lot* of it! And when the right man comes along—no matter *what* the odds—he can't *ever* quit! A little fellow called David walked out with only a sling-shot—but he had the *truth* on his side—

JEFFERSON

(still hopelessly)

Saunders—if there was *any* way—

SAUNDERS

We'll *find* one! Only throw compromise out of the window—stick to Jeff Smith, the man who first came to this town—get up and *fight*—and we'll find *some* way. I don't know where we'll wind up—but the flag'll be flying—!

Jeff has been coming to life. Now he suddenly leaps to his feet!

JEFFERSON

Yay!

SAUNDERS

(getting up, too)

Hurray!

JEFFERSON

Where do we go from here?

SAUNDERS

To a hard night's work, son. Come on!

(She seizes his hand
and pulls him down
the steps)

The scene dissolves to the SENATE CHAMBER, as the PRESIDENT pounds the gavel.

PRESIDENT

The Clerk will call the roll.

The clerk's voice begins to call the names—and the voices of Senators answer. The President looks out to JEFFERSON'S EMPTY DESK. Then PAINE is seen, also looking at Jeff's desk—as Paine answers to his own name.

In the packed VISITOR'S GALLERY, as the roll is heard, an OLD LADY, who is knitting, and an OLD MAN look down.

OLD MAN

Nope. Not here. They never show up to face the music.

OLD LADY

Too bad. Might've been a little excitement.

TAYLOR and MCGANN are seen smiling down with satisfaction.

MCGANN

Well—wasn't in his room last night. Ten to one he's on a train—headin' home to Ma.

In the PRESS GALLERY SWEENEY and FARRELL are looking at Jeff's empty seat.

SWEENEY

Well, that's good. Never *could* stand executions—

In the SENATE CHAMBER, the CLERK reads a few names, then:

CLERK

Jefferson Smith!

JEFFERSON'S VOICE

(ringing out)

Here!

JEFFERSON enters the Chamber with a brisk step, his head held high. The only thing peculiar about him is the bumpy appearance of his jacket pockets. In his hands are books and papers. Everywhere there are reactions to his appearance. At the ROSTRUM, the Clerk, in amazement, has stopped reading,

and watches Jeff's progress to his desk. The SAUNDERS AND DIZ enter the PRESS GALLERY, she carrying a Senate Manual, and JEFF takes his seat in the CHAMBER.

Then a hum grows over the packed chamber seen in full view.

PRESIDENT

(banging)

The Clerk will proceed with the roll!

The startled Clerk, proceeds, as JEFF smiles around at the chamber, and then looks up at the Gallery, where Saunders is waving to him—smiling.

The scene dissolves into the SENATE CHAMBER.

PRESIDENT

—proceeding now to the order of
business—

SENATOR'S VOICE

Mr. President!

The Senator, who was chairman of the Committee on Privileges (Dearborn) is on his feet.

DEARBORN

In pursuance of the notice I gave
yesterday, I desire to call up the
report of the Committee on Privileges
and Elections on the expulsion of
Jefferson Smith.

We see JEFFERSON, smiling a shade sickly, looking up at Saunders.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE

The Clerk will read the report.

The Clerk rises. Senator Dearborn remains standing as the report is read, while in the PRESS GALLERY, SAUNDERS is seen indicating "sit tight" to Jeff.

CLERK

(reading)

The Committee on Privileges and
Elections report: that it appears to

the satisfaction of the Committee,
after hearing a number of witnesses,
that justice to the Senate requires
that Jefferson Smith no longer
continue a member of this Body.

There is dead silence in the chamber.

CLERK'S VOICE

(as we see JEFF smiling
courageously)

They therefore respectfully report
this resolution with the unanimous
recommendation that the same do pass.

CLERK

(seen in the full
chamber)

Resolved: That Jefferson Smith be
expelled from his seat in the Senate.

There is continued dead silence in the chamber, then a Senator
rises.

SENATOR

Mr. President, I move for the
immediate adoption of the Resolution.

In the PRESS GALLERY, SAUNDERS is now signaling frantically
to Jeff, and then Jefferson and another Senator leap to their
feet—calling out almost simultaneously:

JEFFERSON

Mr. President!

SENATOR

Mr. President!

JEFFERSON

I addressed the Chair first, sir!

SENATOR

I am about to ask for a roll call on
the passage of the Resolution—without
further delay. The Senator can have
nothing to say at this time that
would not be either in bad grace or—

PRESIDENT

However, Senator Smith is still a member of this Body and as such has equal claim on the attention of the Chair—

JEFFERSON

You were about to recognize me, sir—

PRESIDENT

That is merely your *impression*, Senator. The Chair has yet to settle the question to its own satisfaction!

In the PRESS GALLERY, on a nudge from Saunders, Diz applauds and yells:

DIZ

Let him speak!

SWEENEY AND FLOOD also applaud Diz's cry.

In the VISITOR'S GALLERY, the Old Lady and Old Man are leaning forward interestedly—eyes bright. This is fireworks. They applaud, too, and immediately the sound grows all around them from people in the gallery.

In the SENATE CHAMBER, the PRESIDENT bangs his gavel and looks up at the gallery.

PRESIDENT

(sharply)

Before proceeding, I should like to remind visitors that they are here as our guests—and ought to behave as such. I might add that their sentiment will certainly in no wise affect the judgment of this Chair.

He pauses and glares out over the Senate.

JEFFERSON is seen waiting for the chair's ruling—holding his breath. There is a dead pause, during which Jeff and the contending Senator are on their feet. Suddenly, the President whips his gavel up and out, like a referee saying "In that corner—!"

PRESIDENT

(barking)

The chair recognizes Senator–Smith!

A wave of excited relief sweeps the chamber, while in the PRESS GALLERY, SAUNDERS' tense face is thawing out fast.

JEFFERSON

(a smile breaking
over his face)

I thank you, sir.

He glances up at Saunders, who smiles back at him.

JEFFERSON

(addressing the chair)

Well–seems like some of the gentlemen are in a pretty tall hurry to have me out of here. The way the evidence stacks up against me, I can't say I blame 'em. But, hurry or no hurry, sir–I've got a few things to say before I leave. I tried saying 'em in here the other day and was stopped colder'n a mackerel. Well, I'm going to get them said now–in fact, you might as well know, I'm not letting myself be expelled from this Chamber until I do.

There is a hum in the Chamber and the gavel pounds. Paine is on his feet.

PAINE

(above the noise)

Mr. President! Will the Senator yield?

PRESIDENT

(to Jeff)

Will Senator Smith yield to–?

JEFFERSON

(breaking in–loudly
and positively)

No, sir! I'm afraid not!

A sudden, astounded quiet.

JEFFERSON

I yielded the floor the other day,
if you remember—and was practically
never heard of again.

A ripple from the gallery. The President pounds his gavel.

JEFFERSON

No, sir! And we might as well get
together on this "yielding" right
off the bat. I had some pretty good
coaching last night and I find that
if I yield only for a question, a
point of order, or a personal
privilege, I can hold this floor a
little short of doomsday. In other
words, I've got a *piece* to speak—
and blow hot or cold, I'm going to
speak it.

(Then—plunging on)

Mr. President—up on your desk there
is a final conference report on a
Deficiency Bill—waiting to be passed.
Well, I'm here to tell you that one
section of it is nothing but a
barefaced thievery—a piece of graft—
!

A hum goes up; the gavel pounds—and Paine has leaped to his
feet.

PAINE

(strongly)

Will the Senator yield?

PRESIDENT

(pounding again)

Order!

(To Jeff)

Will Senator Smith yield to—?

JEFFERSON

(breaking in)

Yield *how*, sir?

PAINÉ
Will he yield for a question?

JEFFERSON
Ah, now, that's better.

PAINÉ
(angrily)
Will he *yield*?

JEFFERSON
For a *question*.

PAINÉ
Does my colleague's piece concern
Section Forty of the bill—a dam on
Willet Creek?

JEFFERSON
It does!

PAINÉ
Every *aspect* of this matter—the
gentleman's attack on that section—
everything—was dealt with in the
committee hearing—

JEFFERSON
(trying to break in)
Mr. President—

PAINÉ
(continuing)
I wish to ask the gentleman—has he
one shred of evidence to add now to
the defense he did not give—and
could not give at that same hearing?

JEFFERSON
(sharply)
I have no defense against forged
papers and—

PAINÉ
(breaking in)
The committee ruled otherwise! The
gentleman stands guilty as charged.

And I believe I speak for all the members when I say that no one cares to hear what a man of his condemned character has to say about *any* section of *any* legislation before this house!

Some applause breaks out over the floor—and a commotion in the gallery.

PRESIDENT
(pounds)
Order, gentlemen!

JEFFERSON
Mr. President—I stand guilty as *framed*! Because Section Forty is graft, and I was ready to say so. I was ready to tell you that one man in my state—Mister James Taylor—was putting that dam through for his own profit!

A hum of excitement, and the gavel pounds. We get glimpses of Taylor's reaction and Paine's growing dread of this outburst.

JEFFERSON
(raising his voice)
A man who controls a political machine—and everything else worth controlling in that state—powerful enough to buy men and put them in this Congress to legislate his graft! I saw three of those men—when Mister Taylor came here to see me.

Paine is up again.

PAINE
Will the Senator—

JEFFERSON
I will not yield, sir! This same man—Mister Taylor—came here to offer me a place in this Senate for twenty years, if I would vote for a dam

that he knew and *I* knew was a *fraud*! But if I opened my mouth against it, he promised to break me in two! And I stood here one day and tried—I *started* to open my mouth—and it all came to pass. The long, powerful arm of Mister James Taylor reached right into this sacred chamber and took me by the scruff of the neck—

Paine is on his feet desperately.

PAINÉ

Mr. President! A point of order!

JEFFERSON

(trying to proceed)

Mr. President—

PRESIDENT

(rasping)

Senator Paine will state it!

PAINÉ

It was *I* who rose in this Chamber to accuse him. He is saying that I was carrying out criminal orders on falsified evidence—

JEFFERSON

Mr. President—

PAINÉ

He has imputed to me conduct unworthy a Senator—and I demand he be made to yield the floor—!

JEFFERSON

Mr. President—I did not say that Senator Paine was one of those Congressmen I saw. If the chair please, I will deny that Senator Paine *saw* Taylor or even knows him—

PAINÉ

I *did* see Taylor! And I was in

that room!

An uproar all over the house. Gavel pounds.

PAINÉ

(raising his voice
above noise)

I accuse this man—by his tone—by his careful denials—he is deliberately trying to plant damaging impressions of my conduct—! *I'll* tell you why we were in tht room. Because Mr. Taylor, a respected citizen of our State, had brought with him the evidence against this man, later presented from this floor, and *we were urging him to resign*—!

PRESIDENT

(banging)
Order!

PAINÉ

—to avoid bringing disgrace upon a clean and honorable State!

Jeff now listens in amazement—stunned by the desperate, fighting lies of Paine.

PAINÉ

(pitching on)
But he refused. He threatened to bring that very disgrace down upon the State and all of us—if we did not let him go through with his contemptible scheme!

More commotion.

PRESIDENT

Order!

PAINÉ

(shouting)
Finally, there was only one answer to a man like him—the truth—which

I rose and gave to this body!

(Rising to emphatic,
desperate strength)

Mr. President—he has told lie upon lie—every lie a desperate attempt to conceal his own guilt. And now, he is trying to blackmail this Senate—as he tried to blackmail me! To prevent his expulsion, he would probably even try to hold up this Deficiency Bill—vital to the whole country—which must be passed immediately—*today*! *Anything*—to force you to clear his bad name and save his hide!

(Then)

Gentlemen—I have no more patience with this—this *rascally* character. I apologize to this body for his appointment—I regret I had ever known him. I'm sick and tired of this contemptible young man and I refuse to listen to him any longer! I hope every member of this body feels as I do!

With that, Paine walks quickly to the cloakroom door—and out. Applause breaks out. The President does not try to compel order for a second. Cries break out—from gallery and floor.

CRIES

Get off the floor!

Yield!

Yield!

Boos commence, and we get glimpses of Saunders and the newsmen—watching Jeff in this tight spot—and of Taylor and McGann, with hope in their eyes. Then Senators pop up.

SENATOR

Give up this disgraceful stand—and quit the floor!

ANOTHER SENATOR

The resolution to expel!

ANOTHER ONE

Yield the floor!

PRESIDENT

(pounding)

Please address the Chair—

Cries of "yield" as the gavel raps.

JEFFERSON

(above the tumult)

Mr. President—the gentlemen want me to yield! Well—I *would*, sir—on one condition. These gentlemen won't believe me—but the people of my State will. I want to go back and tell *them* this story. I want one week—and until I get back here and tell you what *they* say—and bring you proof that I'm right—I want the Senate's word that I won't be expelled and that Deficiency Bill will not be passed!

An uprising of men and gavel pounds.

SENATOR

Will the Senator yield?

JEFFERSON

(staunchly)

For a question!

SENATOR

Has the gentleman the effrontery—standing there convicted and in disgrace—to try to force the postponement of that bill—?

JEFFERSON

For one week!

SENATOR

Is he fully aware that this bill has been months in both Houses—delayed and delayed—millions will be without food and shelter until its passage—public works to relieve unemployment

will be at a standstill—government agencies will be forced to suspend—
?

ANOTHER

This is unthinkable and an outrage!

PRESIDENT

Order!

JEFFERSON

The outrage is Section Forty!

A SENATOR

Mr. President! If the Senate yields to this form of blackmail—from *this* man—and *this* time—it will become a laughing stock—

ANOTHER SENATOR

Mr. President! It's an insult to this body to be asked to listen. An insult to our colleague, Senator Paine. I, for one, will follow the Senator's example and refuse to remain in this Chamber as long as this man holds the floor!

The Senator starts for the exit—many members, with cries of agreement, rise and start to move with him. The gavel pounds.

PRESIDENT

Gentlemen!

JEFFERSON is seen watching the member's progress toward the exits. His attitude is grim and steadfast. After a moment, he starts deliberately and calmly to pull small packages and a thermos bottle out of his bulging pockets.

JEFFERSON

(raising his voice)

Well then, sir—I guess I'll just have to talk to the people of my State from here.

In the Senate, the members continue out—and the gallery leans over to see Jeff calmly continuing to take his packages

out.

JEFFERSON

And I know *one* thing—wild horses aren't going to drag me off this floor till those people've heard everything I've got to say. Not if it takes all winter.

There is some applause in portions of the gallery, while we get glimpses of departing Senators—of gallery characters—of Saunders, thrilled, and excited—of Taylor and McGann, who rise and start out. In the PRESS GALLERY, men go tumbling up the stairs, and then break into the PRESS ROOM, shouting.

REPORTERS

Filibuster!
Wow!
Filibuster!

In the CHAMBER, emptying of Senators, Jeff is finishing arranging his desk and the President is pounding for order.

JEFFERSON

Yes, sir. I'll go right on blasting from here—and if I know those people—when I'm through—they'll rear up and kick Mister Taylor's machine to kingdom come.

He looks up to SAUNDERS. She indicates the departing Senators, and holds up the Senate Manual.

JEFFERSON, catching her signal, picks up the manual, and looks at the empty chamber.

JEFFERSON

Uh—Mr. President—you and I are about to be alone in here, sir. I'm not complaining for social reasons, but it'd be a pity if the gentlemen missed any of this.

(Then, referring to his manual—in a business-like tone)

Mr. President—I call the chair's attention to Rule Five of the Standing

Rules of the Senate Section Three.
"If it shall be found that a quorum
is not present, a majority of the
Senators present–," and that begins
to look like me–"may direct the
Sergeant-at-arms to request, and if
necessary *compel* the attendance of
the absent Senators."

(Then-stoutly)

Mr. President–*I so direct*.

PRESIDENT

(to the Secretary of
the Minority)

Ring the call to quorum.

The quorum bell is sounded. Jeff remains standing.

JEFFERSON

No hurry, sir–I've got plenty of
time–

The quorum bell sounds again.

The scene dissolves to the SENATE PRESS ROOM, as SAUNDERS
tears up to Diz and grabs him. (In the background, is an
unholy chatter of typewriters and the jabber of men
telephoning their stories to the papers, with snatches heard
like: "–sensational story of graft–"; "–hang on all winter–
won't let bill pass till Taylor machine is blasted–.")

SAUNDERS

The war's on!

DIZ

He's a house-afire!

SAUNDERS

Diz–get what he says to the people
back in that State. It's up to you
and the boys. Keep those wires hot.
Fire away, pal!

And impulsively she kisses him a smack on the cheek and runs
off. Diz looks after her in a foolish daze. The background
of boys phoning their stories in, rises to a pitch–as we
dissolve to newspaper headlines, and then again to HOPPER'S

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, with Happy Hopper at his desk, on the phone, as three of his boys come charging in, waving newspapers.

HUBERT
(into phone)
Amazing! Fantastic!

THE BOYS
Pop!
Jeff's after 'em!
Filibuster!

HUBERT
(to boys)
Silence!

JIMMIE
When Jeff gets through with Taylor,
Pop—

HUBERT
(into the phone; by
mistake)
When Jeff gets through with Taylor—
(Breaking off, turning
viciously on boys)
Quiet! What do you mean by breaking
in here—? Get out! Get *out* of
here!

He has risen and is driving the boys out.

At the PET SHOP, REAR OF SMITH HOME, Ma is mixing pet food at the center table—surrounded by boys waving papers excitedly. The pets are in an uproar.

BOYS
Whee!
Ma, Jeff's tellin' 'em, Ma!
Jeff's gonna talk till doomsday—!
He's fightin' 'em, Ma—Jeff won't
quit!

MA
(calmly going about
her business)
Well, well. Kinda *thought* Jeff

wouldn't be comin' home so soon.

VOICES

Comin' home—!
Look, Ma—look!
Read it!

The scene dissolves to TAYLOR'S HOTEL SUITE, with Taylor, Paine, Cook, Griffith and three Congressmen under great nervous strain. Desks have been moved into the suite, telephones are teletype are being installed.

TAYLOR

(yelling)

Where's that Jackson City long distance?

COOK

(placatingly)

Wait now—Hendricks stepped out—

TAYLOR

(furiously)

Why isn't an editor at his desk where he belongs?

PAINE

Jim—the boy's talking to that State—the story is out—!

TAYLOR

(viciously)

Sure! The fight's in the open now—to a finish—!

PAINE

And if he can raise public opinion against us—if any *part* of this sticks—

TAYLOR

He won't get started! I'll *make* public opinion out there in five hours. I've done it all my life! I'll blacken this punk until—

(Breaking off)

Joe—your job is back in the Senate—

keep those men fighting him *there*.

PAINÉ

I hit him from the floor with
everything I knew!

TAYLOR

Keep doing it! This is the whole
works, Joe—we're out of business of
bigger than we then we ever were. We
can't miss a trick—we can't stop at
anything—till this yokel's smashed
up and buried so deep he'll never—!

The phone rings, and Griffith picks it up.

GRIFFITH

(into phone)

Yes—*yes*!

(To Taylor)

Jackson City—Hendricks!

TAYLOR

Joe! Will you go back to that Senate!

Paine turns abruptly and hurries out. Taylor grabs for the
phone.

TAYLOR

Hendricks! Line up all the papers in
the State! Don't print a word of
what Smith says—not a word of any
news story coming out of Washington!
Understand? Defend the machine. *Hit*
this guy! A criminal—convicted by
Senate—blocking relief bill—starving
the people. Start protests coming.
Wires. Buy up every minute you can
on every two-watt radio station in
the State. Keep 'em spouting against
Smith! McGann's flying out—be there
in five hours. Stop your presses—
yank out the stories you got in 'em
now—and get going—*get that whole
State moving*—!

In HENDRICK'S OFFICE:

HENDRICKS
Okay, Jim. Goodbye.
(He hangs up the phone,
then flips a
dictograph key)
Stop the presses!

The scene dissolves to the JACKSON CITY PRESS—a huge printing press—slowing down—and men leaping on it and beginning to tear out sheets being printed; then to a RADIO STATION where a man is broadcasting.

MAN
—Jefferson Smith is guilty! This
filibuster is a cowardly attempt to
turn your attention from the true
facts—!

We see ANOTHER MICROPHONE, at which another man is thundering:

MAN
(foaming)
—it's an open-and-shut case!
Jefferson Smith was—

In MA SMITH'S SITTING ROOM, Ma is seen in a rocking chair, surrounded by kids—some of whom hold papers. All are listening to the radio—the voice of the preceding scene:

RADIO VOICE
(continuing from above)
—caught red-handed—stealing from
boys!

A yowl goes up.

BOYS
(wildly)
They're lying!
A bunch of lies!

RADIO VOICE
(continuing—but lost
in uproar)
A Committee of the United States
Senate found him guilty! Like the

blackguard he is! He is trying to save what's left of his name—by attacking Joseph Paine, Willet Dam! He doesn't care what it may cost the people of this country—!

BOYS

(continuing unbrokenly;
waving paper)

Why don't they tell us what Jeff's saying!

Yeah! What about Jeff?

They can't say that!

What's *Jeff* saying?

We see ANOTHER MICROPHONE and a man broadcasting.

MAN

—to gain his own contemptible ends,
this man is blocking a bill—

Then a ROOM, with a group of people—a family—listening.

RADIO VOICE

(continuing from above)

—vital to you and this entire nation.
Relief will be stopped! Men will be
thrown out of jobs—!

Through the last line of the above, the man of the family yells:

MAN

I always knew that Smith was a phoney!

Then the HOPPER DINING ROOM, with the family at dinner. Four of the boys are crowded around Happy Hopper, at the head of the table, where a portable radio is blasting away.

RADIO VOICE

—and to save his own hide, this is what Jefferson Smith is going to do! He's going to destroy everything Joseph Paine and his political party have done for this State. Joe Paine has brought us great Federal grants, prosperity—and now the Willet Dam.

But Smith will destroy that, too—!

KIDS

It's a lie!

It's a dirty lie!

Jeff never destroyed nothin'.

What do you mean—'destroy'?

How do you get that way?

HAPPY

(yelling)

Quiet!

EMMA

(distracted)

Will you please sit down to dinner!

RADIO VOICE

(continuing)

Yes! Jefferson Smith will keep money out of this State, and work for thousands—with a deed and a signed contract against him.

KIDS

(wildly)

It's a frame!... Why don't somebody *do* something?... You *know* it's a frame, Pop!... When ya gonna be a man and stop this dirty Taylor from—
?

HAPPY

Silence! I *am* a man!

The butler has entered while the Radio voice has continued with the following:

RADIO VOICE

In other words, this man who couldn't get away with stealing money for himself, is going to take money away from you, but he will not get away with it. Citizens of this State know the facts. They will brand Jefferson Smith as he deserves!

BUTLER
(raising his voice)
Mr. Taylor, calling from Washington,
sir!

HAPPY
(above the clamor)
What? Who?

KIDS
Taylor, Pop!
From Washington!
Now is your chance, Pop!

Happy switches off the radio and leaps up from the table, rushing out of the dining room. The kids, with yells of "Zowie," "Wow," and "Taylor, huh?"—rush out of the room after Happy.

EMMA
(calling after them)
Hubert! Boys!

Now in TAYLOR'S HOTEL SUITE in Washington, Taylor is on the phone, his coat off; in the background a battery of men, phones, teletype machine, desks.

TAYLOR
(into the phone)
Happy? What's the matter with you?
Collapsed? McGann says you're
sitting home! I want some action!
Get into this!

In the HOPPER LIBRARY, Happy is surrounded by the children, shouting:

KIDS
Go ahead—tell him, Pop!
Talk up, Pop!
Tell Taylor it's a frame! Tell him
what you think!
Tell him to go fly a kite!

HAPPY
(into the phone)
Y-yes, Jim!

(To boys)
Please!

In TAYLOR'S HOTEL SUITE:

TAYLOR
What's the racket?—You heard me,
Happy—stop stalling—*move*!

He slams the receiver. Cook is waving a phone at him.

COOK
Clark, Jim—

TAYLOR
(grabbing the phone)
Clark?... Jim Taylor—in Washington.
This Smith filibuster—your chain of
papers in the Southwest must know
that this bill he's blocking affects
your section as well as any—it's
the patriotic duty of every newspaper
in the country to—

In a SENATE CHAMBER, Paine, the Vice-President, and several
Senators are seen talking.

FIRST SENATOR
I've seen filibustering, but this is—

SECOND SENATOR
Gentlemen, this can't go on, it's
ridiculous!

THIRD SENATOR
Henry, we've got to get this man off
the floor.

PRESIDENT
Boys, as long as Mr. Smith holds
that floor legitimately, he's going
to continue to hold it. If you ask
me, that young fellow's making a
whole lot of sense.

PAINE
Sense. Do you call blackmail sense,

Henry?

FOURTH SENATOR

Now look, Joe, I didn't like this boy from the beginning, but most of us feel that no man who wasn't sincere could stage a fight like this against those impossible odds.

PAINE

Well, I'm very glad to know that, Martin. After twenty years of working with you fellows, I'm very glad to know you're ready to take his word against mine. That's fine.

SENATORS

Ridiculous!
Nothing of the sort!

PAINE

Oh, yes, that's what it means. If he's just that much right, I'm wrong.

THIRD SENATOR

Joe, listen, can't we work out some deal to pull that Willet Dam out and let the Deficiency Bill go through?

PAINE

It isn't a question of Willet Dam. It's a question of my honor and reputation and the integrity of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, the integrity of the Senate itself. Well, if you want to throw out Section forty, go ahead. I'll resign and we'll have the whole thing over with.

SENATORS

Now, wait a minute, Joe.
Wait, wait, wait.

SECOND SENATOR

Wait a minute. This is a lot of nonsense. Joe's right. A deal's impossible. We've got to go on just

as we've been doing and break him, keep him talking, no relief, maintain a quorum in relays. Is that how you feel, John?

FIRST SENATOR

For once I agree with him. Gentlemen, it's time to relieve the men on the floor.

FOURTH SENATOR

How can a man as green as that know as much as he does? He can't go on much longer.

The scene dissolves to the SENATE CHAMBER at night, a crowded chamber—the gallery full and attentive. Of the Senators, some are at their desks, some with backs turned to Jefferson and reading, a couple of them dozing, one with his head thrown back and a newspaper over his face.

Jeff is standing at his desk reading from the Senate Manual in strong, positive tones.

The Senators of the previous scene are entering the Chamber. The Vice-President walks to his chair to relieve the Pro Tem. As the Majority Leader walks to his desk, he signals to several men who are to be relieved. These men rise and saunter out. Some forty men, consequently, are in motion.

JEFFERSON

(reading)

"—We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights—"

(He breaks off, remarking the Senators relieving each other—dryly)

Well—looks like the night shift's comin' on.

PRESIDENT

The Senator will please suspend until order is restored in the chamber.

A close view of JEFFERSON shows a slight strain after these seven or eight hours of continuous talk. His collar is undone, his beard has started to sprout. His eyes go back to his book, and he continues his reading.

A BROADCASTING STUDIO appears, revealing H. V. KALTENBORN at the microphone.

KALTENBORN

This is H. V. Kaltenborn speaking—half of official Washington is here to see democracy's finest show—Washington's uncontrolled filibuster. The right to talk your head off... The American privilege of free speech in it's most dramatic form... the least man in that chamber, once he gets and holds the floor by the rules, can hold it and talk as long as he can stand on his feet—providing always first, that he does not sit down, second that he does not leave the chamber or stop talking. The galleries are packed, and in the diplomatic gallery are the envoys of two dictator powers. They have come to see what they can't see at home—democracy in action.

The floor of the SENATE is seen again.

JEFFERSON

"—certain Unalienable Rights—that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem

most likely to effect their Safety
and Happiness—"

(Finishing with a
flourish and putting
the book down)

Now, that's pretty swell, isn't it?
I always get a great kick outa those
parts of the Declaration—especially
when I can read 'em out loud to
somebody.

He picks up the book and starts to walk with it—stretching
his legs to get the stiffness out.

JEFFERSON

(waving the book)

You see, that's what I had in mind
about camp—except those men said it
a little better than I can. Now,
you're not gonna have a country that
makes these kinds of rules *work*,
if you haven't got men who've learned
to tell human rights from a punch in
the nose. And funny thing about men—
they start life being boys. That's
why it seemed like a pretty good
idea to take kids out of crowded
cities and stuffy basements for a
few months a year—and build their
bodies and minds for a man-sized
job. Those boys'll be sitting at
these desks some day. Yes—it seemed
a pretty good idea—boys coming
together—all nationalities and ways
of living—finding out what makes
different people tick the way they
do. 'Cause I wouldn't give you a red
cent for *all* your fine rules,
without there was some plain every-
day, common kindness under 'em—and
a little looking-out for the next
fella. Yes—pretty important, all
that. Just happens to be blood and
bone and sinew of this democracy
that some great man handed down to
the human race—! That's all! But,
of course, if you need to build a

dam where a camp like that ought to be—to make some graft and pay off your political army or something—why, that's different!

(Suddenly—with strength)

No sir! If anybody here thinks I'm going back to those boys and say to 'em: "Forget it, fellas. Everything I've told you about the land you live in is a lotta hooey. It isn't your country—it belongs to the James Taylors—!" No, sir, anybody that thinks that has got another think coming!

(He breaks off, and starts a different tune, apologetically)

I—I'm sorry to be coming back to that and—I'm sorry I have to stand here—it's pretty disrespectful to this honorable body. When I think—this was where Clay and Calhoun and Webster spoke—Webster stood right here by this desk—why, in the first place—an' I hate to go on trying your patience like this—but—well, I'm either dead right or I'm *crazy*!

A SENATOR

(looking back and calling out dryly)

You wouldn't care to put that to a vote, Senator?

A ripple of laughter. The gavel pounds. Another Senator is up.

SENATOR

Will the Senator yield for a question?

JEFFERSON

I yield.

SENATOR

In view of the gentleman's touching concern for the Senators, would he

permit a motion to recess until the morning—at which time he could continue to educate this august body with his profound babblings?

Jeff pauses. He looks up. Senators come up from under their newspapers on the alert. Maybe this is the trick that dislodges him.

We see SAUNDERS, shaking her head, pointing Jeff's attention to the Chair; then JEFF looking down from Saunders, then around him suspiciously.

JEFFERSON

(addressing the Chair)

Well, now—I wouldn't know about that. Mr. President—what happens to me in the morning—I mean about my having this floor to go on babbling?

PRESIDENT

(seen if a full view
of the Chamber)

If the Senator permits this motion to recess he will not have the floor in the morning to babble or anything else, unless he is recognized first by the Chair.

With a wise expression, Jeff picks up where he left off way back. (Saunders and Diz leave the Press Gallery in this scene.)

JEFFERSON

I see, well, as I was saying, gentlemen—I'm either right or crazy. And I feel fine.

The Senators go back under their newspapers. The ruse didn't work.

JEFFERSON

The people of my State have got both ears full by this time. They're probably rising up and starting here in droves just about now—so I think I'll go on talking until I hear from

them.

PAGE BOY

Here you are, Senator, from Miss Saunders.

(Hands Jeff the Constitution)

JEFFERSON

Oh! Thanks.

(The Page Boy shows he still has on his ranger button)

Well, the Constitution of the United States—

(Reading)

Article one—section one.

The scene dissolves to a STREET in JACKSON CITY, at night; to a parade of which we see the torchlights and hear the noise of bands and shouts. A huge banner is seen extended across the marchers, reading:

MASS MEETING

Jackson City Hall

This banner passes and another comes forward which reads: PROTEST SMITH FILIBUSTER. Then we see the PUBLIC AUDITORIUM at night, people jamming the entrance and milling around outside. AT THE ENTRANCE, groups are seen being told that the place is "full up," with no seats. Then we are in the AUDITORIUM, where several prominent citizens are seated on the platform, among them Happy Hopper. Happy mops his brow in extreme discomfort. Kenneth Allen is addressing the assembly, rabble-rousing.

KENNETH ALLEN

He's a red-handed criminal, that Jefferson Smith, going to block that dam—keep money and employment out of your State—stop relief to starving millions! Are we going to let a scoundrel like that throw mud at a man like Joe Paine?

A shout of "no!" is thrown back at him.

ALLEN
Are you for Joe Paine?

A yell goes up.

ALLEN
Then *tell* him you are!

Another cheer, and at this point, somewhere in the AUDITORIUM, a youngster yells down with all his might:

KID
Hurray for Jeff Smith!

But simultaneously with his yelling, and right at the end of the cheer, the band strikes up "Stars and Stripes Forever." The kids are drowned out and almost immediately are seized by the scruff of the neck, hands clasped over their mouths, and dragged out. The scene dissolves to HEADLINES flying up to screen, capping Allen's request:

WIRE
CONGRESS! STOP SMITH!

This dissolves to the JACKSON CITY PRESS OFFICE, with MCGANN at a desk, surrounded by a few other men.

MCGANN
(talking excitedly
into the phone)
We're burnin' 'em up, Jim! Got every
paper in the state tied up except
the Clarkville Courier up near
Sweetwater.

In TAYLOR'S HOTEL SUITE in Washington:

TAYLOR
Well, buy it—or *wreck* it!

In the SENATE UPPER CORRIDOR, SAUNDERS AND DIZ are pushing out of one of the gallery doors and through the crowd; Diz has Saunders by the hand.

SAUNDERS
(in alarm)
What is it, Diz?

He stops with her in a relatively uncrowded spot.

SAUNDERS

(again)

Diz!

DIZ

(excitedly)

Kid—he thinks he's talking to that mob at home, but not a line we've written—not a word he's said from that floor has gotten into that home State.

SAUNDERS

What!

DIZ

Not a word! Taylor's sewed up every paper. They're tossing out everything that comes in over the wires!

SAUNDERS

(exploding)

Freedom of the press! Mr. James Taylor blindfolding a whole State—

(Then suddenly)

Wait a minute! If that's how he wants to play *I'll* get through to that bunch—I'll get plenty of words into that, State—!

(Grabbing Diz)

Come on, Diz, get that stuff you've written—let me have it—

She pulls him along quickly.

The scene dissolves to JEFFERSON'S OFFICE at night, with Saunders on the phone—a sheaf of papers in her hand, Diz alongside.

SAUNDERS

(eagerly)

Hello! Hello! Mrs. Smith? This is Saunders, in Washington... Yes—Saunders—that's right. Listen...oh,

he's fine—great. Don't you worry.
Ma—look—Jeff has a paper there—
"Boy Stuff," that's right. Well,
look—they aren't letting what Jeff
says into the State. If I give you a
raft of it over the phone now, will
you print it up and spread a billion
copies of it?—Swell! Take this down,
Ma, will you?

In MA SMITH'S SITTING ROOM, Ma is on the phone, several boys
around her. (A clock here shows the hour to be about 10:21.)

MA
(turning from the
phone)
Boys—everything about Jeff—get
pencils and paper!

With a yowl the boys scramble around.

MA
(into the phone—with
a smile)
One second—*Clarissa*!

The boys pile around with pads and pencils.

BOYS
Okay, Ma!

MA
(into the phone)
Shoot, Clarissa!

And little Bobby, with a bugle, raises it and blows a
tremendous, exultant blast!

The scene dissolves to a MONTAGE presentation of the conflict
between the Taylor-McGann press and the youngsters' press:
First Saunders is on the phone, reading material to Ma.

SAUNDERS
—the Willet Dam is a graft to line
the pockets of the Taylor machine.
Taylor has bought off Congressmen
for years and has systematically

robbed the people. He offered Jeff a seat in the Senate for life if he would vote as he was told.

This is contrasted with Taylor, with a sheaf of papers in his hand, reading over the phone:

TAYLOR

–Chick–I want the whole morning edition a blast to push him off the floor! Campaign for protests–wires! Here's your front page editorial: "A convicted thief, representing you, holds the floor of the United States Senate–"

From the above starts by Saunders and Taylor there follow the words of Saunders being taken down on a broken little portable typewriter, by one of the kids, with other kids bringing him sheets of paper in longhand.

Contrasted is McGann listening in, while beside him a couple of men with earphones pound professionally at typewriters. The sheets are grabbed out of their rollers by runners who tear out of the office with them.

We see the kids setting type laboriously.

Contrasted are linotypists of the Jackson City Press.

The kids cut their paper to size on a little hand apparatus.

Contrasted, we see the huge rolls of paper being set in the giant presses.

We see the kids composing and locking their type in little flats.

Contrasted are the moulds being put into place on the Jackson City Press rollers.

We see the little press starting up, hand fed, and pumping out one little circular at a time.

Contrasted is the whirling giant press rattling out at trip-hammer speed.

Back to the little press, pumping out boldly printed circulars; with headlines that read:

PEOPLE OF THIS STATE!
READ JEFF'S STORY

JEFF SMITH SPEAKS TO YOU!

SMASH THE TAYLOR MACHINE!

JEFF SMITH IS FIGHTING GRAFT

Contrasted is the whirling Jackson City Press. Over it headlines flash up:

SMITH FORCING NATION TO CRISIS!

STOP SMITH!

PROTEST!

Then a CARTOON is seen depicting Jeff with a little whiskbroom sweeping back an ocean labelled "PUBLIC CONDEMNATION."

Then another cartoon showing a line of haggard people at a window marked "RELIEF FUNDS." A man at the window holds up his hand, palm out, and says: "Sorry, Jefferson Smith is still talking."

Back to kids who are stacking and tying bundles of circulars.

Contrasted, we see the professional stacking and tying of an army of workers in the Jackson City Press rooms. (Perhaps showing a change of shifts—fresh men coming in, as the gong sounds and shows that it is five o'clock in the morning.)

Back in the Smith home, with the kids still active and the press still going. Ma is giving the kids coffee. One kid is bobbing at a desk. A big boy is putting a little fellow, sound asleep, down on a bed.

The scene dissolves to bobbing Senators at their desks in the United States Senate. JEFF is seen still talking. His hair is disheveled, he is weary in the joint, with black circles under his eyes, collar open. Jeff is saying:

JEFFERSON

–there just can't be any compromise with inalienable rights like life and liberty. That's about the only thing I know for sure—and that's about all I got up on this floor to say—when was it? A year ago, it seems like—

Further impressionistic views of the Chamber: the clock, more sleeping attitudes of the Senators, a weary Vice-President Pro Tem, the sprinkling of people in the gallery, made up of the night or early morning birds such as a fellow in top hat and muffler, a milkman, a street car conductor.

Back to all sorts of little vehicles—play wagons, bicycles, scooters, etc.—collected in Jeff's back yard as piles of circulars are carried out and loaded on these contraptions. Some of the kids are starting away with their bundles. The bugle note sounds over the scene.

Contrasted, at the Jackson City Press, the morning extra is being loaded on big, handsome trucks which roar away.

Then the distribution of the reading matter by both Taylor's press and the kids'. We see Taylor's trucks dumping bundles at street corners to newsboys.

Jeff's kids race down residence blocks throwing circulars on lawns, passing them out on business streets, shoving them into people's hands—at crowded street corners, at factory entrances.

Taylor's newspaper boys are interspersed, hawking their papers. (End of the montage.)

In the JACKSON CITY PRESS OFFICE, McGann is on the phone, with men rushing into him with copy.

MCGANN

(shouting)

That's right, get out every piece of loud speaker equipment on wheels—!

He is interrupted by a man who rushes in with some leaflets in his hand.

MAN

Chick, Chick, look—"Boy Stuff"
circulars—peddled by nine million
kids—

MCGANN

(grabbing the leaflets,
yelling)

Well, what are you standin' for? Get
the boys out! Kill it!

The scene dissolves to RESIDENCE BLOCKS, three episodes, showing a couple of kids rushing along with a wagon full of circulars and other kids taking from it to distribute them. A big open truck swerves up to the curb. A couple of men rush out, push the kids away from the little wagon, grab the circulars, and toss them into the truck. The kids raise a hue and cry and pile on. A quick free-for-all in which the kids are sent sprawling—a smack to the jaw, a kick.

This dissolves to A SLUM LOCATION: A large truck is loaded with signs, is surrounded by shabbily-dressed men. McGann is on hand, with a fist full of money. Signs are being passed down to the waiting men and, as each takes one, McGann slips a bill into his hand and he hurries off with a sign. The signs carry these appeals: "STOP SMITH!" "WIRE CONGRESS!" "STOP SMITH—WE WANT TO EAT." "CRIMINAL SMITH TALKS AND AMERICANS STARVE!" "HERO JOSEPH PAINE." "JOE PAINE SAVED YOUR STATE."

Then we see an overlapping series of posters going up—a banner being hoisted over a street. Men pasting up huge twenty-four sheets and three sheets—and little cards tacked to telegraph poles and sides of buildings. They read: "STOP SMITH! WIRE CONGRESS." A piece of bunting, folded up, suddenly is pulled open to reveal STOP SMITH! Now we are in a STREET at the front end of a small but boisterous parade, composed principally of adults with a sprinkling of kids. Both adults and a few children, flanking the marchers, play instruments. There are banners at the end of the parade which read: "DOWN WITH GRAFT—AND TAYLOR!"

"SMASH THE TAYLOR MACHINE!"—
"SMITH IS FIGHTING YOUR BATTLE!"
"JEFF SMITH WAS FRAMED!" "HAVE JEFF SMITH AND A CLEAN STATE!"

Suddenly, those in the forefront look off in horror as almost simultaneously they are hit by a might stream of water. We

see a fire truck and hoses pouring water, held by a couple of firemen, with the aid of a plug-ugly. There are glimpses of people as they are swept off their feet and whirled violently on the ground. Simultaneously a calliope is heard. Down the street comes the truck pulling a tremendous poster on which is printed; "STOP JEFF (JUDAS) SMITH!" This truck, with calliope playing, moves through what remains of the parade. A loud speaker attached, bawls out:

LOUD SPEAKER VOICE

Stop Smith! Remove this scoundrel
from the Senate! Wire Congress!

This dissolves to a CORNER. A soap box is surrounded by a small group which is in the act of forming.

SOAP BOXER

(yelling)

Smith was framed! Don't believe the
papers! James Taylor owns them.

(Waves a circular)

If you want the truth, read—

The small group is rushed by some professional hoodlums. They charge through the group and the soap boxer is dragged from his perch. At this instant a screaming siren is overheard. People pause to look up. Then a MOVING AIRPLANE is seen, with siren screaming, pulling a streamer on which are the the letters: "STOP SMITH! WIRE CONGRESS!"

LOUD SPEAKER VOICE

Stop Smith! It's the duty of every
citizen—

Various groups of people in the streets are looking up—people raising their windows to look out, people rushing out of doors from factories and public building as the loud speaker continues:

LOUD SPEAKER VOICE

—to wire Congress! Put Smith out of
the Senate! Pass the Deficiency Bill.
Wire Congress—in the name of the
needy and hungry Americans!

But in a STREET, there appears the car of the Governor's children, and it is pulling a trailer on which small hand-

painted posters lean against each other. These posters bear the words: "STAND BEHIND JEFF" and "READ WHAT TAYLOR'S PAPERS WON'T PRINT." The Governor's kids are recognized in this car and also the little boy with the bugle who is playing one continuous blast. The kids are throwing circulars to the left and right as they move down the street. Suddenly a big touring car with some plug uglies in it bears down with a roar on this little trailer. They run into it—gasoline is either poured on it or the gasoline tank is drilled with a bullet and a match is set to the whole works. The trailer and the car go up in a blaze as the kids scramble out to save their lives.

The scene dissolves to the HOPPER EXECUTIVE OFFICE, in which Hubert is on the phone, raging:

HUBERT

Are you Commissioner of Safety or—?
Hoodlums! Taylor's hoodlums are
running riot in the streets! Even
children are not safe—hospitals are
filled! I won't stand for this
violence—

And in the SMITH HOME, the place is still whirling. The kids are working away. One of them is speaking into an amateur radio excitedly—with a circular in his hands.

KID

(on radio)

Fellas—tell your folks—the Taylor
machine is framing Jeff Smith! Here's
Jeff's story—put it down—!

He breaks off as shouts are heard outside. About three gorillas are pushing their way into the office. A group of kids has evidently been fighting them from the time they entered the house. The kids are yelling: "What do you want in here?" "Who are you?" "Get out of here!" The men throw off the kids and advance to both the press and the amateur radio. One of them takes a small object that looks like a hand grenade out of his pocket and hurls it at the press. There is an explosion. The men duck and run. A couple of kids clutch their faces and scream. The press stops. Simultaneously one of the other gorillas has thrown himself at the amateur radio. He starts pulling it apart.

Next MA is on the phone.

MA
(frantically)
Saunders! Is that you, Saunders?

And we see SAUNDERS on the phone.

SAUNDERS
Yes, Ma!
(She listens)
What!

In the SMITH HOME:

MA
(wildly)
Yes! Bombs—acid! Children hurt! All
over the city! Tell Jeff to stop!
It's no use. They—they'll just kill
him if he goes on—and everybody
else! It isn't worth it, Saunders—

SAUNDERS is seen paralyzed, holding the receiver as Ma's
voice screeches through.

MA'S VOICE
Tell him to stop!

H. V. KALTENBORN is seen again, broadcasting.

KALTENBORN
Senator Smith has now talked for
twenty-three hours and sixteen
minutes. It is the most unusual and
spectacular thing in the Senate
annals. One lone and simple American
holding the greatest floor in the
land. What he lacked in experience
he's made up in fight. But those
tired Boy Ranger legs are buckling;
bleary eyes, voice gone, he can't go
on much longer and all official
Washington is here to be in on the
kill.

In the SENATE PRESS GALLERY, Saunders and Diz are seen.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE

No, sir, there's no compromise with truth. That's all I got up on this floor to say—when was it—a year ago, it seems like.

SAUNDERS

Diz, I'm afraid. Terrible things are happening. I've got to stop him.

DIZ

They're listening to him. Anything might happen now.

JEFFERSON

Just get up off the ground, that's all I ask. Get up there with that lady that is up on top of this Capitol dome—that lady that stands for liberty, take a look at this country through her eyes if you really want to see something and you won't just see scenery—you'll see the whole parade of what man's carved out for himself after centuries of fighting and fighting for something better than just jungle law, fighting so's he can stand on his own two feet—free and decent, like he was created—no matter what his race, color or creed. That's what you'll see. There's no place out there for graft or greed or lies or compromise with human liberties. And if that's what the grown-ups have done to this world that was given to them we'd better get those boy's camps started fast and see what the kids can do and it is not too late because this country is bigger than the Taylors, or you or me, or anything else. Great principles don't get lost once they come to light. They're right here. You just have to see them.

PAINE

(rising at his desk)
Mr. President, will the Senator yield
for a question?

PRESIDENT
Will Senator Smith yield to his
colleague?

JEFFERSON
Yes, sir, I yield for a question.

PAINE
The gentleman has said repeatedly
that he is speaking to the people of
his State. He has been waiting, as
he so fancifully puts it, for them
to come marching here in droves.
Would the gentleman be interested in
knowing what those people have to
say?

In the PRESS GALLERY:

SAUNDERS
Here it comes, Diz.

On the FLOOR again:

JEFFERSON
Yes, sir, you bet I would.

PAINE
Mr. President, have I permission to
bring into this Chamber evidence of
the response from my State?

PRESIDENT
Is there objection?
(There is none)
You may proceed, Senator.

PAINE
Page boys!

Now a number of page boys enter, carrying down and placing
before the President's ROSTRUM many WIRE BASKETS, filled
with telegrams. The view picks out SAUNDERS.

SAUNDERS

I can't stand it, Diz. I can't stand to see him hurt like this.

A MAN

Public opinion made to order.

DIZ

Yeah, Taylor made.

SENATOR PAINE walks down and points to the baskets.

There it is, there's the gentleman's answer. Telegrams, five thousand of them, demanding that he yield the floor. I invite the Senate to read them. I invite my colleague to read them. The people's answer to Mr. Jefferson Smith.

SAUNDERS

(seen getting up and screaming)

Stop, Jeff, stop!

(Her voice is lost in the tumult)

JEFFERSON has gone wearily to the baskets. He seizes handfuls of telegrams at random and glances at them. He sags in despair, almost falling.

JEFFERSON

(with effort)

I guess this is just another lost cause, Mr. Paine. All you people don't know about lost causes. Mr. Paine does. He said once they were the only causes worth fighting for, and he fought for them once, for the only reason that any man ever fights for them. Because of just one plain, simple rule, "Love thy neighbor," and in this world today, full of hatred, a man who knows that one rule has a great trust. You knew that rule, Mr. Paine, and I loved you for it, just as my father did. And you know that you fight for the lost causes harder than for any

others. Yes, you'd even die for them,
like a man we both know, Mr. Paine.
You think I'm licked. You all think
I'm licked. Well, I'm not licked and
I'm going to stay right here and
fight for this lost cause even if
this room gets filled with lies like
these, and the Taylors and all their
armies come marching into this place.
Somebody'll listen to me—some—

The chamber whirls in front of Jeff's eyes—and he pitches forward to the floor. People get to their feet automatically all over the house—and there is dead silence except for SAUNDERS, who utters one shriek as she gets to her feet—then stands unable to move.

Then PAINE rises stiffly—his face a complete blank—and starts toward the cloak room, several feet away.

The tense, silent shock of the Senate floor is broken and men start for Jeff's inert form. A tumult goes up, and JEFFERSON is seen inert—completely gone—as men surround him. And then—suddenly—off-scene—a pistol shot is heard. Heads turn violently in the direction of the cloak room. Women scream.

In the CLOAK ROOM, near the door to the Chamber, Paine is now struggling with three or four men, who wrest a revolver out of Paine's hand. In violent desperation, Paine tears himself loose and rushes for the chamber.

In THE CHAMBER Paine comes toward the center aisle. (Jefferson still lying face down on the floor.)

PAINE
(crying out to the
Chair)
Expel *me*! Not him. *Me*!

He continues toward the chair as he talks—a man distracted—the whole house on its feet.

PAINE
Willet Dam is a fraud! It's a crime
against the people who sent me here—
and *I* committed it!

PAINE walks mechanically toward the chair.

PAINE

(shouting)

Every word that boy said is the truth!
I'm not fit for office! I'm not fit
for any place of honor or trust in
this land! Expel me—!

SAUNDERS

(wildly, clutching

Diz)

He did it.

DIZ

Wait a minute. I've got to write
this story.

PRESIDENT

(pounding vainly with
his gavel)

Order, gentlemen, please.

DIZ

(to Saunders)

Will you please let go of me.

SAUNDERS

(screaming)

He did it! Yippee!

The scene dissolves to the HOPPER KIDS, a newspaper between them—and just yelling at the tops of their lungs:

BOYS

Yeow!

And this is followed by a BONFIRE SCENE, with Boy Rangers leaping and yelling; and then we see the WINDOW of the offices of the JACKSON CITY PRESS at night, where a rock goes crashing through the window, smashing it to smithereens.

This dissolves to HOPPER'S EXECUTIVE OFFICE, in which HOPPER is surrounded by Edwards and the other members of the Citizen's Committee. Happy is a lion at bay.

HUBERT

(yelling into their
teeth—in violent
indignation)

Resign! Resign! Who found this
magnificent young American? Who went
down alone—in the dead of night—
and sought out this Lincoln—this—
Resign! Why, I've just begun! I'll
find *more* Jefferson Smiths! I'll
clean out of our glorious state every
vestige of James Taylor—I'll—

Now we are in a STREET, in daylight, with the BOY RANGER
BAND marching—playing a martial air—confetti falling on
them. JEFFERSON AND SAUNDERS are in the back of an open car—
band—cheers—confetti! They are both rather dazed. A huge
placard, carried by a Boy Ranger, reads:

JEFFERSON TO THE SENATE

FOR LIFE!

There is a BAND, and there is much cheering. Then the GOVERNOR
AND MRS. HOPPER are seen in the back of an open car. (Band
and cheers and confetti.) Happy is bowing to left and right—
all smiles. He pauses to say:

HUBERT

Emma—it's the White House—no less!

JEFFERSON AND SAUNDERS are in the open car; Jeff looks off,
and is suddenly at attention.

In a GROUP ON THE SIDEWALK, Joseph Paine is watching the
parade. Suddenly Jeff leaps out of the car and heads for the
curb. Saunders tries to stop him. JEFF is pushing through
the crowd—and grabbing for PAINE, who has fearfully started
to move off.

JEFFERSON

Please, sir!—come with me!

PAINE

No, Jeff—please—!

JEFFERSON

I say it's *your* parade, sir! You've
got to come!

He pulls Paine with him—back toward the automobile. The
people mill around them.

The scene dissolves to the SMITH LIVING ROOM, as Jeff and
Saunders and Paine enter to Ma, who is waiting. (Outside we
still hear the band and cheers.)

MA
(kissing Jeff's cheek)
Hello, Jefferson.

JEFFERSON
Hello, Ma.
(Indicating Saunders)
Clarissa, Ma. She'll be stayin' a
while—

MA
(takes Saunders' hands)
Fine—

JEFFERSON
And Senator Paine too, Ma—we'd like
to have him—

MA
(warmly)
Certainly would, Joseph.

JEFFERSON
How's Amos, Ma?

MA
Just fine.

JEFFERSON
(taking Saunders'
hand)
We'd better see.

SAUNDERS
Jeff—wait—they want you to speak!

JEFFERSON

Not *me*! Joseph Paine is the man
they ought to be listening to! Come
on!

He drags her off toward pet shop—Paine calling after him,
protesting.

And in the PET SHOP: Saunders and Jeff are seen entering. On
seeing Jeff, the animals go berserk. And in a comparative
lull Jeff says to them:

JEFFERSON
Meet Clarissa, fellas.

And the scene fades out.

THE END