

A FACE IN THE CROWD

CAST AND CREDITS

A FACE IN THE CROWD

Co-Starring

Andy Griffith	as	Lonesome Rhodes
Patricia Neal	as	Marcia Jeffries

Featuring

Anthony Franciosa	as	Joey Kiely
Walter Matthau	as	Mel Miller
Lee Remick	as	Betty Lou Fleckum
Percy Waram	as	Col. Hollister
Rod Brasfield	as	Beanie
Charles Irving	as	Mr. Luffler
Howard Smith	as	J. B. Jeffries
Paul McGrath	as	Macey
Kay Medford	as	First Mrs. Rhodes
Alexander Kirkland	as	Jim Collier
Marshall Nielan	as	Senator Fuller
Big Jeff Bess	as	Sheriff Hosmer
Henry Sharp	as	Abe Steiner

Directed by Elia Kazan
Story and Screen Play by Budd Schulberg
Directors of Photography: Harry
Stradling, A.S.C.; Gayne Rescher, ASC
Producers: Richard Sylbert and
Paul Sylbert
Film Editor Gene Milford, A.C.E.
Sound, Ernest Zatorsky
Sound Editor Don Olson
Script & Continuity - Roberta Hodes
Special Assistant Charles Irving

Score Composed by Tom Glazer
Songs by Tom Glazer and Budd
Schulberg
Costume Designer Anna Hill Johnston
Wardrobe Florence Transfield
Makeup Robert E. Jiras, S.M.A.
Operating Cameraman Saul Midwall
Assistant Cameraman James Fitzsimons
Assistant Director Charles H. Maguire
Production Manager George Justin

"A FACE IN THE CROWD"
FINAL

FADE IN

1. EXT. PICKENS (PIGGOTT) SQUARE DAY

Angle towards County Court House and Jail. A '52 Pontiac Station Wagon drives up.

2. CLOSER SHOT EXT. PICKENS SQUARE DAY

MARCIA JEFFRIES. She's a bright, well-groomed local girl who's been away to college, blond, attractive, serious, a blend of Arkansas sociability and some big city ideas. She gets out of '52 Pontiac Station Wagon, on side of car is: KGRK. She reaches in back and gets portable tape recorder.

SHOOTING PAST MARCIA, TOWARDS COURT HOUSE SHERIFF HOSMER

Slick, young ambitious. He approaches Marcia.

SHERIFF:

Good morning, Marcia. I think we've got what you want. We always get a pretty good haul over the 4th of July.

MARCIA:

(less familiar with him)

Thank you, Sheriff.

They start towards Court House.

DISSOLVE

3. INT. JAIL

The Sheriff enters the tank with Marcia, followed by a couple of big, lazy Guards.

A motley group of drunks, vags and ragtails are sprawled around the bare, square room which has only one high small window in the b.g. and a row of bars in lieu of a front wall in the f.g.

SHERIFF:

Boys, this here is Miss Marcia Jeffries. Her uncle owns the radio station here in town, KGRK, and she's been doing a roving reporter program. I guess some of you been listenin' to it, A Face in the Crowd. Mighty nice little program it is, too!

The men eye her with resentment. She carries her compact mike and equipment with her.

(CONTINUED)

3 (Cont.)

SHERIFF: (Cont)

I know this is sorta unusual, but this morning she'd like to do her program right from in here.

There are some muttered expressions of disgust. The Sheriff wheels. Sees nothing. Then he smiles winningly.

SHERIFF:

Okay, Miss Jeffries, the jail of Tomahawk County is at your disposal.

There is a pause, punctuated by a rude snore.

MARCIA:

(a little embarrassed)

Well, it's very simple. We just talk into this little microphone in a natural voice - just sort of chat back and forth and -

(pauses, because she's
getting no reaction)

Some of the men turn away and walk into a dark corner at rear of cell.

MARCIA:

It's completely informal - if someone wants to sing a song or tell a funny story...

SHERIFF:

You'd be surprised at some of the talent that shows up here.

Silence.

SHERIFF:

Well, let me see now. Hey, Beanie. Last time you were in here seemed to me I heard you singin' somethin'.

BEANIE:

I ain't got my teeth with me this time.

MARCIA:

We'll cut this on tape, so don't worry if you flub.

(into mike with professional
cheery air)

This is KGRK, the voice of Northeast Arkansas, bringing you its morning feature, A Face in the Crowd. Whose face? It could be yours or yours or yours. Because people are fascinating...

Cut to faces looking unfascinating, unfascinated.

(CONTINUED)

3 (Cont.1)

MARCIA: (Cont)

...wherever you find them. This is Marcia Jeffries looking for more faces in the crowd - this time from the Tomahawk County Jail where we just talked to -

She holds the mike to Beanie and shispers.

MARCIA:

Okay, say something.

BEANIE:

Don't worry, Ma, they're treatin' me fine. Nicest jail I been in in this part o' the country.

(blows razzberry)

SHERIFF:

(sore; shoves Beanie
aside)

Hey, - you...You c'n do something. Get up here.

LLEWELYN: (A large negro)

Just because I got a black skin...I ain't no minstrel man.

(turns away)

SHERIFF:

(apologetically, to
Marcia)

I'm sorry, Miss Jeffries. They're an ornery lot. Say, where's that drunk we took in with the guitar last night? What's his name?

GUARD:

Er...er...Rhodes. That's him, lying over there in the corner.

RHODES continues to snore.

SHERIFF:

Go wake him up.

LLEWELYN:

Look out. He's mean!

SHERIFF:

If Miss Jeffries would like to talk to him, wake him up.

(CONTINUED)

3 (Cont.2)

GUARD:
(kicks Rhodes!)

Hey, wake up!

RHODES:
(sitting up, bleary-eyed)

What the...
(snarls and growls like
a mean animal)

Marcia leans down and records it all on her portable mike.

MARCIA:
(cheery, on mike)

Good morning, Mr. Rhodes. I'm from
Radio KGRK.

RHODES:
Get away! Get away!

GUARD:
(kicking him again)

Shh. The Sheriff is here.

RHODES:
(a bum's outraged
dignity)

I don't care if the President of the
United States is here! If a man can't
get a little peaceful sleep in jail...

He takes a good look at her. Beanie and a few others
snicker.

RHODES:
Who are you???

MARCIA:
Well, I'd like to introduce you to our
radio audience and have you sing a
song, spin a yarn or just join me in a
little back-fence talking about -

RHODES:
Wait a minute. Quit racin' yer motor.
What do I get outa this? I mean, Mr.
Me - myself - and - I?

(CONTINUED)

3 (Cont.3)

Marcia is both repulsed and intrigued, as if sensing she may have hit on something in this difficult character.

MARCIA:

Sheriff?

SHERIFF:

What's he in here for?

GUARD:

A week. Drunk and disorderly.

SHERIFF:

Well, I think if you cooperate I might see my way clear to letting you out of here first thing in the morning.

BEANIE:

Both of us? I'm...er...er...his manager...

Sheriff turns for a moment to glare at Beanie.

Marcia is catching all this, leaning in with her portable mike.

RHODES:

Sheriff, the boys in here sez you don't keep your word any too good.

SHERIFF:

(embarrassed - then with official snap)

You live up to your part of the bargain and I'll live up to mine.

RHODES:

(on top of him)

Okay, it's a deal! I'll sing you a song...

A guard goes to get his guitar, in the corridor outside the cell.

MARCIA:

(into the mike, cheery)

You know when I went East to Sarah Lawrence - that's a college - I majored in music and I learned that the real American music comes from the bottom up. When George Gershwin played it in New York it was black-tie music but the real beginning of it is from the folks who never owned a tie -

(CONTINUED)

3 (Cont.4)

MARCIA: (Cont)
(looks at Rhodes)
I just bumped into a fellow you never
heard of. Name of Rhodes.
(she whispers to him)
What's your first name?

RHODES:
Oh, Jack or Mack, what's the difference.

MARCIA:
(into the portable
mike)
He calls himself "Lonesome" Rhodes.

Pleased with her invention, she looks at him for approval.

4. CUT TO LONESOME RHODES.

There suddenly bursts out of him a laugh full of violence
and rebellion. A laugh so powerful that it seems to force
people to laugh with him, as indeed his fellow inmates now
do.

LONESOME:
Haw Ha Ha.

Meantime, the Guard has handed him his guitar which is en-
cased in a dirty print flour sack. At the same time, Marcia
holds mike towards him.

LONESOME:
Now don't be rushing me. Turn that thing
off a minute.

She turns off the tape recorder.

LONESOME:
Give me a chance to lubricate my Adam's apple.

He reaches into the sack and pulls out a half-filled pint of
cheap whiskey, takes a slug.

While he is doing this, she slyly turns on the tape recorder
again.

LONESOME:
Nothin' like a little snake medicine t' put ya
in the mood.

Marcia laughs and so do the boys in the tank.

Lonesome picks up his extremely battered guitar, caresses it
and shows it to them.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.)

LONESOME: (Cont)

Ain't Mama a beauty! A guitar beats a woman every-
time...everytime...You know I never seen a woman I
could trust like this old gittar. I love my Mama -
guitar. She's always there waitin' for me to pick
her up and hold her. Never asked me for money or
goes cheatin' around when I ain't looking.

(strums)

And if she gets a little sour, I give her a little
twist like so, and we're right back in tune together.

He smiles at Marcia. Marcia is moved.

BEANIE:

Hey "Lonesome". Sing "Rye Whiskey".

LONESOME:

(tasting it)

Lonesome!

BIG HOB0:

"Hallelujah I'm a Bum!"

LONESOME:

She c'n see that. Plain enuff. You know, Ma'am,
whenever a bunch of fellers like us, outcasts,
hoboes, nobodies, gentlemen loafers, one-time or
all-time losers, call us what you wanna, whenever
we get together we tell our funny stories, me and
Beanie and all these hand-to-mouth tumbleweed boys
like you see in here.

Quickly there is a snatch of song.

"If whiskey don't get us
Then the women must.
An' it looks like I'm never gonna
cease my wanderin'."

As he talks, he strums guitar informally, but effectively.

But deep down when we git ready to tuck
our heads under wings 'n go t' sleep, we
ain't kiddin' ourselves - we're so lowdown
lonely the fella we couldn't stand the sight
of this mornin', tonight when the guards git
ready to douse the lights and plunge us into
darkness, why that same fella seems like our
nearest, dearest buddy.

(sings)

Ten thousan' miles away from home an'
I don't even know my name...

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.1)

LONESOME: (Cont)

(halfs sings, half
talks)

But I ain't cryin' 'cause I'm gonna
be a free man in the mornin', hear that,
fellas, a free man, the Sheriff's gonna
open up this cage and I'll be free as a
bird in the mornin'

Plays a bar from this old Jelly Roll song "Free as a
bird in the Morning" and so this becomes a mood medley,
half song, half story, that casts a strong, somber
mood over the listeners. We see here that Lonesome
has this unique, God-given power to evoke depths of
feeling - from a sense of tragedy to spontaneous
hilarity - in his audience. The following is half
talked, half sung, with an appropriate git-tar
accompaniment.

LONESOME: (Cont)

Hey, mebbe I could try puttin' a couple
o' rhymes t'gether.

SHERIFF:

Sing something dependable, like "Home on
the Range".

LONESOME:

(screwing up his
nose)

I ain't gonna sing no "Home on the Range".
Even if it means I rot in here another
month. No siree, I'm gonna sing what I'm
gonna be, I'll be a free man in the morn-
ing...

(breaks into song,
tentatively)

- Oh good night, moon, you just
fade away,

An' hurry up, mister sun, bring on the
new day,

(encouraged, he plays
and sings more confidently)

Bring on the Sheriff with his great
big key,

T'open up this jailhouse - make a free-
man o' me. Heee!

(aside)

How's about it, Llewelyn, you got any
objections t' bein' a free man in the
mornin'?

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.2)

LLEWELYN:

(grinning)
No sir, I ain't.
(makes careening tire
sound...and "thumbing
ride" gesture)

LONESOME:

Free man in the mornin'
Gonna be a free man in the mornin'
Gonna be a free man in the mornin'
Or know the reason why.
(grins)

It turns out to be a spontaneous group performance.
Marcia is delighted. It's her first firsthand
experience with folk music being made.

He laughs with appreciation of his own invention

LONESOME:

Okay, guess I'm ready as I'll ever be.

MARCIA:

(switching off tape
recorder)
That was fine. Thank you very much.

LONESOME:

(looking at tape,
surprised)
Ya mean t' tell me you had that thing
going all the time?

MARCIA:

(pleased with herself)
Uh-huh. Sneaky type.

LONESOME:

Well chop me up an' sell me fer dog
food!

The others laugh. Lonesome chimes in with a loud Haw-
Haw. Then joins them in the chorus, as Marcia looks on
proudly.

DISSOLVE

5. INTERIOR, SMALL ARKANSAS RADIO STATION DAY (Size
of KDRS, Paragould)

J.B. JEFFRIES, Marcia's uncle and owner of the station, is a rich man in suspenders and country clothes. He is a florid-faced, paunchy, benign, independent man. He and MARCIA are listening to the end of Lonesome's program on tape.

MARCIA'S VOICE:

Thank you, Lonesome Rhodes.

J. B. JEFFRIES switches it off.

J. B.

By golly, Marcia,
(chuckles)

I think you found yourself quite a fella there. Quite a fella!

MARCIA:

I'd like to try him on our Early Bird Show from seven to eight. Would you let me do that, uncle J.B.?

J.B.

I told you if you came back home you could have anything you want!

(reaches for phone)

Gimme the jail, Gladys. That's right, the Sheriff.

(while they wait)

You know that boy may be bashful, Marcia, but he's pretty sweet on you.

MARCIA:

The only thing I'm interested in right now is running the best radio program in Northeast Arkansas.

J.B.:

(the Sheriff is on)

Hello...

6. INTERIOR JAIL

The SHERIFF is on the phone. Some DEPUTIES around.

SHERIFF:

(after listening an instant)

Well that was the agreement, J.B. I was only holdin' him on a drunk and disorderly.

7. INT. RADIO STATION CLOSE ON J.B.

J.B.

Guess you got no idea where he was headed?

8. INT. JAIL CLOSE ON SHERIFF.

SHERIFF:

Well there's only two ways you c'n get out of this town and I can't hardly see 'im going west 'cuz he just came from jail over in West Pickens. You'll likely find him on the East road.

DISSOLVE:

9. EXT. ROAD THROUGH ARKANSAS COTTON COUNTRY DAY

A large automobile appears. We may see some white cotton pickers along the road.

10. INT. J.B.'S CAR MORNING

Quick shot of J.B. and MARCIA driving along, peering ahead to find Lonesome.

11. EXT. ARKANSAS ROAD MORNING

Long Shot showing both the car and the solitary figure of LONESOME RHODES, about 200 yards aheads of them, trudging along the rural road, with his guitar slung over his shoulder.

12. EXT. ARKANSAS ROAD MORNING

Closer on LONESOME as J.B.'s car drives up alongside him. Lonesome hasn't shaved. Besides the guitar he carries a cheap, battered imitation leather suitcase. He hopefully raises his thumb, looking to get a ride; then lowers it, with a quizzical look on his face as he recognizes Marcia.

MARCIA:

(cheerfully)

Good morning. We've been looking for you.

LONESOME:

(wiping his forehead)

Yeah? What for?

MARCIA:

This is my uncle, Mr. Jeffries, who owns our radio station.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.)

J.B.

Well, how's it feel to be a free man
in the mornin'?

LONESOME spits.

J.B.

(amused)

Where you headed now?

LONESOME:

Oh, St. Jo, Florida.

J.B.

It's a long walk. What's down there??

LONESOME:

Oh, plenty o' water, and plenty o' fishin'
bridges, and snapper boats, and
Terrapin rowin'.

J.B.

Y'know, I've always wanted to catch me
a terrapin.

LONESOME:

Well why don't you?

J.B.

Can't afford it.

LONESOME looks at him balefully.

I got a radio station, a newspaper, a
printing business. I'm president of
Kiwanis - can't afford it.

LONESOME spits contemptuously and starts away.

Hey, wait a minute.

LONESOME:

(annoyed)

Lissen. I jes' got but five-six days
t' make it t' St. Jo -- 'les I steal
somebody's car.

(leans inside the car
menacingly. Then smiles)

J.B.

Wait a minute. We've got a job for you.
Every morning on our station. Seven
to eight.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.1)

LONESOME:

Job? I don't want no job.

J.B.

Why not?

LONESOME:

Too much like work.
(mutters scornfully)

MARCIA:

Do you have any money?

LONESOME:

(indicates guitar)
Momma'll always get me a lil' meal. An'
if it rains I c'n sleep in a jail.

MARCIA

Try it for a day.
(getting no reaction except
his bold stare)
What if you had a plane ticket to Florida?
You can keep it in your pocket, and if you
ever..wanta go, you just go.

LONESOME looks hard at Marcia. She obviously pleases him.
His look is bold and a little embarrassing, disconcerting.

LONESOME:

(as if doing them a great
favor)
Well, okay, I'll try it for one day.

J.B.

(holds car door open for
Lonesome)
Marcia, take him over to the hotel Get
him a room and -
(looks at Lonesome's unshaven,
disreputable appearance)
sort of clean 'im up.

LONESOME gets in alongside Marcia, who edges away from him
fastidiously.

DISSOLVE:

13. INT. PICKENS HOTEL ROOM

DAY

An old-fashioned room, with a painted metal double bed, some
Victorian furniture. MARCIA is unpacking Lonesome's valise.
LONESOME is o.s. in the bathroom with the door ajar. While
he hums a verse from "Free Man in the Mornin". MARCIA, with
an air of distaste, exhumes the battered valise. She removes

(CONTINUED)

13 (Cont.)

in turn, a Racing Form, a half-empty bottle of cheap whiskey, a shirt long in need of washing, some postcards that make her blush and that she slaps face down on the bureau, a beer opened, a brassiere that she throws into the wastebasket, and a dirty pair of socks. He comes to the door naked, from the waist up.

MARCIA:

Would you mind closing the door?

He sticks his face out, two-thirds shaved, with foam dripping from his chin, his chest bare.

LONESOME

My ain't we fussy!

He comes back into the room, wiping the excess lather off his face, and sitting on the edge of the bed, grabs the bottle and drinks.

MARCIA:

This, uh - wardrobe you've got. I'd better send it to the laundry for you.

LONESOME:

Naw, I'll wash 'em myself. That way I c'n pull out whenever I feel like.
(offers bottle)

MARCIA:

So early in the morning??

LONESOME:

(patting the bed)

You wanna come over here 'n sorta get acquainted early in the morning?

MARCIA:

We really do have to hurry.

LONESOME:

I bet you never set on a hotel bed with a man before, didja?

MARCIA:

Oh really. Look, I'll meet you downstairs.

She exits. He looks at her, realizes she's been around.

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14. INT. PICKENS RADIO STATION

DAY

A small room in J.E.'s cottage-size radio station. LONESOME, a shaved and slightly cleaner version, is plunking his gittar. MARCIA enters to him with a paper on which are printed the words: WATCH THE CLOCK. ONLY THREE MORE MINUTES. He winks at her.

LONESOME:

...Free man in the mornin'
An' til the day I die...
Ladies, or I guess I should say girls,
the boss-lady of this here program just shoved
a piece o' paper at me says I only got three
more minutes. That's what I got against workin!
It's all tangled up with that word hurry.
You know back in my little ol' town o' Riddle,
I had a Cousin Harry. We all called him
Cousin Hurry cuz he was always runnin' some
place until one day he tripped 'n fell down a
flight o' steps 'n broke his fool neck. We put
a sign on his grave - "He was in sech a hurry
he just couldn't wait t' get here!" Ha Ha Ha.
Shucks, I was just gettin' ready to add on a
verse about bein' a free woman in the mornin!
I'll bet a whole lot o' you dream about that
sometimes with all them breakfast dishes pilin'
up in the sink and those cranky husbands t' get
off t' work. Ain't it awful the way they git
on you fer every little thing, just becuz they
ain't got enough gumption t' take it out on the
boss?

15. INT. A PICKENS HOUSE

DAY

WIFE:

(nodding)

Ain't that the truth!

HUSBAND:

(anxious to avoid trouble)

G'bye, dear, I'll be late for work.

16. INT. PICKENS RADIO STATION

DAY

LONESOME:

I hate to talk against my own kind but I
never saw a man yet could appreciate how
hard you women has t' work. They think
runnin' a little water over a dish is all
there is to it. They don't ever see you
cleanin' the grease outa the sink. Or wipin'
outa the oven the beef gravy or the apple
juice that sizzles over the side of the dish
onto yer grill.

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16.

17. INT. ANOTHER PICKENS KITCHEN

DAY

A woman is on her hands and knees scrubbing out the grill of her oven.

HOUSEWIFE:

Now how would he ever know that!

DISSOLVE:

18. INT. RECEPTION ROOM AND MAIN OFFICE, RADIO STATION

Marcia is reading a stack of mail. J.B. is there, in a happy mood. LONESOME is in a corner, fast asleep.

MARCIA:

(resentful while seeing
the humor of it)

Listen to this one. Dear Lonesome, though
I never set eyes on you I jest know you
must be a saintly-looking man.

LONESOME can be heard snoring.

Only a saint could understand the burdens
of a housewife like you do...

(lets envelope fall through
her fingers)

Everyone of 'em says the same thing. They
love his voice, they love his git-tar, they
love his ideas -

(snorts - then under her breath)

They should know some of his ideas.

J.B.

You're not foolin' me. You're proud of
him. Let's wake him up.

The phone rings. J.B. picks it up.

MARCIA:

Well, there's never been a mail like this
since you started the station.

J.B.

Hullo, Wayne. So you like the fella, huh?
Okay, I guess we c'n put you down for three
fifteen-second spots. Thanks fer callin'.

(hangs up; then to Marcia)

Whatd'you know. Advertisers actually callin'
in to buy time. You know, this station is
liable to make a little money yet.

(CONTINUED)

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18 (Cont.)

MARCIA

Go easy on that new advertising, Unc.
I don't think he wants to stay.

J.B.

Marcia, you found him, now it's your
job to keep him here.

Another phone. Also an advertiser.

CLOSE UP MARCIA.

DISSOLVE:

19. INT. HIGH CLASS JUKE JOINT

NIGHT

Some young couples are dancing to a western-type rock-and-roll number. A buxom, but not unattractive, waitress is just refilling Lonesome's whiskey glass.

LONESOME:

(gaily)

Thas'sa girl. Everytime you see this well
runnin' dry, you just come over 'n prime
her again.

WAITRESS:

Sure thing, Lonesome.

MARCIA:

I'm afraid that's going to be your name!

LONESOME:

My real intimate friends call me Larry.
(reaches for her hand)
You call me Larry, huh?

She draws her hand away. He gulps his beer.

MARCIA:

(nursing her beer)

Did you always drink this way?

LONESOME:

Not always. Back in Riddle they was
pretty strict. Didn't let us touch hard
likker 'til we was ten or eleven.

MARCIA:

(smiling)

Is there really a town called Riddle?

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.)

LONESOME:

Well, to tell the flat truth, it's just
sort of a watchamacallit, a -

MARCIA:

A composite.

LONESOME:

A Compost heap is more like it. Ha Ha.

Marcia can't help laughing with him.

MARCIA:

Then where do you come from?

LONESOME:

Oh, from all over. Any town you mention
for five hundred miles, I'll bet I
lived in it a day or two.

MARCIA:

Well, what did your father do?

LONESOME:

My old man. He was a spieler with a
two-bit carnival.

He wings into a carny pitch which he does just as well as
his father.

LONESOME:

Now if each and every one of you will
hand me up your one dollar bills. I'm
a gonna favor you with a five dollar
gift.

MARCIA:

You sorta loved him didn't you?

LONESOME:

(sourly)

Ran off and left us when I was knee high
to a beer barrel.

MARCIA:

And your mother had to take care of you?

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.1)

LONESOME:
(bitterly - darkly)
Never mind about her.

MARCIA:
What about all those aunts and uncles you
talk about?

LONESOME:
(making light of something obviously
painful)
Uncles. I wish I had a nickel for every time
I fell asleep waitin' fer my old lady t' come
home - and when I woke up she'd say, Shhh, yer
uncle is sleepin'. I'd say, Uncle Lew? No,
she'd say, this is yer Uncle Mike - or Uncle
Moe... Seemed like there wasn't a town in
Arkansas or Missouri I didn't have an uncle
in.

(now he makes a joke of something
which still hurts him deeply)
Yes Ma'am, my old lady sure was generous about
takin' in relatives.

SHERIFF HOSMER is towards the back watching them.

MARCIA:
(affected by his loneliness
cloaked in humor)
And yet you grew up so happy-go-lucky.

LONESOME:
Haw-haw!
People turn around and smile.

MARCIA
You put your whole self into that laugh,
don't you?

LONESOME:
(suggestively)
Marshy, I put my whole self into everythin'
I do.

Marcia meets his frank stare, embarrassed but not un-
affected.

20. ANOTHER ANGLE JUKE JOINT

Sheriff Clyde Hosmer crosses to their table.

(CONTINUED)

20 (Cont.)

SHERIFF:

(trying to pick a fight
with Lonesome Rhodes)

You mean you turn down an opportunity to
dine with me in order to go out with this -
tramp?

Lonesome rises recklessly.

LONESOME:

Lissen you white-collared smart-alecky -
(he lobs a drunken punch
at the sheriff)

The sheriff lets the punch careen past him, and, as Marcia
screams, pulls a blackjack and whops Lonesome.

As Lonesome reels backward -

DISSOLVE:

21. INT. PICKENS RADIO STATION

DAY

Lonesome is at microphone, with black eye, eating, with
great relish, an apple pie. Laughter comes easy to him
as he talks.

LONESOME:

Thanks fer them pies, gals. You're gonna
spoil me. Well, now, lessee, I guess I
sung at you enough for one mornin' so mebbe
I ought to wind up with a joke. Hmm. Oh,
I got one! Sheriff Clyde Hosmer. You say
that ain't no joke? Well, the fact that he's
runnin' fer mayor strikes me as kinda funny.
Dunno why he should wanna give up bein'
Sheriff when he's been doin' so good fer him-
self stickin' the fines in his own pocket.
Tha'sa fact! I happen to know.

22. INT. PICKENS RADIO STATION

DAY

Lonesome at the mike.

LONESOME:

You know back in Riddle the way we elect
fellers to office is, we try to figure out
which fella c'n best be spared from useful
labor. Like you take the village half-wit.
In most places he's gotta be put on town
relief. But in Riddle, as an economy measure,
we make him the dog-catcher. But this Sheriff

(CONTINUED)

22 (Cont.)

LONESOME: (Cont.)

of yours, well o'course I don't wanna say nuthin' agin 'im, but if you got any mutts you wanna git rid of you might leave 'em over there at his house jest t'see if he c'n handle the job...

DISSOLVE:

23. EXT. SHERIFF HOSMER'S HOUSE

MORNING

We see dogs, mongrels of every size and description, some 200 of them, the mangiest, scrawniest, most outlandish-looking that can be assembled. And all of them yipping and yapping. How do we know it's the Sheriff's house? Well, Clyde himself comes to the front door in dismay, and then slams the door shut as one little terrior tries to take a nip at his leg. The offending little mutt retaliates by lifting his leg against the door. Across the street, on the edge of the square, the Whittlers and Checker players are guffawing.

24. EXT. CLOSER SHOT WHITTLERS IN SQUARE

DAY

with the dogs very much in evidence. The oldest, most toothless of the "boys" slaps his knee in cackling laughter.

OLDSTER:

Funniest thing I seen in all the years I been settin' here.

The dogs continue to bark.

25. INT. PICKENS RADIO STATION

DAY

Lonesome and Marcia are at a window looking down at the mongrel convention outside the Sheriff's house. She admires Lonesome for what he's done.

LONESOME:

(loudly)

Haw haw haw... Look at the Sheriff!

MARCIA:

(with a sense of significance of this that still escapes Lonesome)

How does it feel?

LONESOME:

(still laughing at the canine convention)

Huh - how does what feel?

(CONTINUED)

25 (Cont.)

MARCIA:

Saying anything that comes into your head
and - being able to sway people like this?

LONESOME:

(looking out the window - impressed
by himself in a new way)

Yeah. I guess I can.

(takes another look; realizes his
power)

Yeah. I guess I can!

As she looks at him wonderingly, we

DISSOLVE:

26. INT. CBS TV STUDIO 4 MONITORS SHOW THE SAME PICTURE
CLOSE ON JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE.

SWAYZE:

And now, an amusing example of grass-root
democracy in action. It seems there's a
smalltown radio personality called Lonesome
Rhodes, out in Arkansas, who literally sent
a mayoralty candidate to the dogs.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

27. INT. PICKENS HOTEL ROOM OF LONESOME RHODES DAY

He lies in his bed, disheveled, an empty beer can or two
on the night stand behind him. The buxom WAITRESS seen
earlier in the juke joint sits on the edge of the bed comb-
ing her hair. There is a knock on the door and Marcia's
voice is HEARD.

MARCIA: (O.S.)

Oh, Larry. Larry. There's a man from Memphis
to see you. A theatrical agent.

LONESOME:

(rousing slowly)

Huh? Huh? Oh, jus' a minute -

He rubs his hand over his face; then he nudges the waitress,
who is embarrassed.

LONESOME:

(continuing)

Just plow right through 'em an' keep on a-goin'
- 'n leave the rest to me.

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont.)

The waitress somewhat reluctantly does as she is told. She is on her way out before either Steiner or Marcia can get a good look at her. Steiner is a man in his late 50's, with a Semitic face, and an easy-drawling Southern manner.

LONESOME:

(calling after her)

Thanks for bringin' my breakfast up, Florine.

Marcia looks askance at the departing waitress, takes in the empty beer cans, lipsticked cigarette butts, etc., exchanges looks with Lonesome, and then proceeds as if she hasn't noticed.

MARCIA:

Larry, this is Abe Steiner. He's come all the way from Memphis to see you.

STEINER:

Mr. Rhodes, I'm one of the oldest theatrical agents in the mid-South. I book a lot of acts for the Grand Ol' Opry. I discovered Hank Snow and Webb Pierce and...The first morning I heard you I said to myself, Abe Steiner, that man's got power -

(he turns to Marcia as if to convince her)

Not just catchy songs and funny stories - power. How'd you like to come to Memphis, son?

LONESOME:

Memphis!

STEINER:

(chuckles softly)

Mr. Rhodes, you put me in mind of Will Rogers when he first came to Memphis. I can make you a star, boy, if you'll put yourself in my hands.

LONESOME:

Shucks, mister, I'm just a country boy. I ain't sure I even wanna stay in this dang ol' raddio business.

STEINER:

(preparing to go)

Well, I'm not one of these high pressure fellers. But, do you mind if I call you again?

(nods to Marcia, almost bows)

Miss Jeffries.

He exits.

MARCIA:

The Grand Ol' Opry. That's the big time!

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont.1)

LONESOME:

It never hurt none to play hard to get.
You oughta know about that.

(winks at her - he notices
she's been looking around
the room)

MARCIA:

You don't seem to be pining for lack
of company.

LONESOME:

I get extra hungry in the mornin'.
(good naturedly)

You cold-fish respectable girls --
Inside you crave the same things as
the rest of 'em. Tell old Lonesome
the truth?

MARCIA:

You're on in eight minutes.

She walks out.

He throws off the sheet and he's in long underwear or
BVD's. He calls out -

LONESOME:

Hey, Marshy, come back 'n help me git
these britches on!

She flings back over her shoulder a quick look of dis-
approval, not unalloyed with a certain interest, and
disappears.

DISSOLVE:

28. INT. PICKENS RADIO STATION
CLOSE ON LONESOME AT MIKE

DAY

He wipes his brow with a red bandana.

LONESOME:

Wowee - it's so hot this mornin' the
creek just give up. I mean it was
bone dry. So I guess your kids think
they got no place to swim. But my boss,
J.B. Jeffries, he's got a fine swimmin'
pool right here in town. So why don't
all the kids go up to his place for a
duckin' - J.B.'ll be happy to have you,
won't you, J.B.?

29. CLOSE SHOT J.B. JEFFRIES

They are having breakfast by their nice quiet pool, listening to the radio. A shocked moment.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

30. EXT. J.B. JEFFRIES' HOME PICKENS DAY
MED. LONG SHOT SWIMMING POOL

It is a Breugel scene - with hundreds of children enjoying the pool - shrieking - laughing - screaming - splashing.

31. CLOSER SHOT JEFFRIES' PATIO DAY

Overlooking the pool. Lonesome is laughing. J.B. is indignant. Marcia is further impressed with this spontaneous and unassuming proof of power and good intentions. Lonesome is talking into a portable mike.

LONESOME:

Hear 'em a-splashin' and a-yellin'? That's your little curly-headed darlin's enjoying J.B. Jeffries' kind of hospitality.

MRS. JEFFRIES:

(calling out sharply)

Look out for the tulips.

A MAID comes to the door of the house behind them.

MAID:

Phone for you, Mr. Lonesome.

MARCIA:

Shh, he's on the air!

LONESOME:

Tha's all right. Who is it?

MARCIA:

(now holding the phone - on a long extension that Nellie has brought her)

It's the program manager of the Memphis T.V. station - he says Mr. Steiner told him about you.

LONESOME:

Well, I c'n talk to 'em right here on the air. Shucks, all you folks listenin' out there are my friends. I ain't got nuthin' to hide from ya.

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.)

LONESOME: (Cont.)

(takes the phone from the non-plussed Marcia -- In the b.g. kids are cavorting in the pool)

Hullo there, pardner. What's that - you want me to come on your teevee in Memphis? With this kisser o' mine? Haw-haw. Well, all I c'n say is ye're a brave man. Five hundred dollars a week, eh? Confederate?

MARCIA:

(stage whisper - impressed)
Five hundred dollars a week!

LONESOME:

(away from mike)
Shhh, we c'n do better.

She looks at him, amazed at his self-confidence, his native, deceptive shrewdness.

LONESOME:

(into both mike and phone)
Pardner. Leavin' Pickens is like leavin' my own flesh 'n blood family. If I gotta leave these good people, I'd rather try it gratis fer nothin' fer a couple of weeks - an' if you ain't satisfied - er I get homesick fer Arkansas, back I come and nobody gits hurt. But if we find we git along, you make it a thousand dollars a week.

(laughs)
Sure, you git the idea.
(winks broadly at flabbergasted Marcia)

Oh, yes, an' transportation for yours truly n' my little ol' gal Friday, not to mention Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, n' Thursday. Marcia Jeffries. Okay? Shake on it, pardner, ya got yerself a deal!

(hangs up)
Well, neighbors, while I'm catchin' my breath I'll turn you back to the studio where a couple o' commercials will be spoken at you.

He turns away from the mike and puts his hand on Marcia familiarly.

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.1)

LONESOME: (Cont.)

Well, start packin' yer unmentionables
an' a clean dress fer steppin' out.
We're headin' fer Memphis.

MARCIA:

You mean YOU are. We're not a WE.

LONESOME:

Marshy, no kiddin', I lean on you.

MARCIA:

(drawing back from him)

Yes, I've - experienced that.

LONESOME:

And it's your program we'll be takin'
to Memphis, Marshy. A Face in the Crowd.
They want us to keep that name on it.

MARCIA:

You can have it.

LONESOME:

I don't take nuthin' fer nuthin'. You
wouldn't let a country boy like me
wander around the big city all by my-
self, would ya?

MARCIA:

You won't be all by yourself very long.
End of commercial. You're on.

As Lonesome picks up the mike, his manner changes; he
seems really to become again the warm-hearted lover of
the people he affects to be.

LONESOME:

Well neighbors, no matter where I go
in my heart this nice li'l ol' town'll
always seem like my hometown. Now I'd
like you to do me one last favor before
I take leave of you. I sure wish you'd
talk Cousin Marcia into coming along as
my assistant in charge of gettin' me up
in time. Why I'd be lost in the big
city without that little gal. You'll
do that for me. I know you will!

Marcia looks up at Lonesome. There's a new awareness in
him of his power. He smiles at her confidently.

DISSOLVE TO:

32. EXT. PICKENS RAILROAD STATION NIGHT

It looks as if the whole town of Pickens has turned out to see LONESOME off. There may be some banners and placards - S'LONG, LONESOME. GOOD LUCK IN MEMPHIS. PICKENS IS PROUD OF YOU! There is a high school BAND with DRUM MAJORETTES, including a flash shot of a succulent little number we will meet again: BETTY LOU FLECKUM.

33. CLOSER SHOT LONESOME

He is standing on platform of last car, leaning out toward the crowd. Suddenly he sees something and vaults over the back platform of the train.

34. LONG SHOT LONESOME

He makes his way thru crowd to where some people have driven MARCIA up.

35. MED. SHOT LONESOME

He grabs MARCIA'S arm. All is lost in the noise. We must feel that he really needs her badly.

MARCIA:

(shouting over the crowd)
Never spent such a day in my life.
Everybody in town came over to talk me
into it.

HIS answer is to hug her. He grabs her bag and leads her to train.

WOMAN FROM KITCHEN SCENE:

We would-a strung her up if she hadn't done
like you asked her.

LONESOME:

(calling to a middle-aged
woman in the crowd)
Hey, Miz Hightower -

SHE is simply adoring him.

LONESOME: (Cont.)

If that old man o' yours give you any trouble,
you jes' lemme know.

Everyone around them laughs. MRS. HIGHTOWER looks at her husband, both pleased and embarrassed. People around them laugh appreciatively.

(CONTINUED)

35 (Cont.)

LONESOME:

In fact, if anybody pushes anybody around,
I want t' hear about it. I'll come back
'n sic the dogs on 'm! Say, I thought
the Sheriff'd be down t' see me off.

This cues a roar of sympathetic laughter.

36. CLOSE SHOT LONESOME AND MARCIA NIGHT
MARCIA turns to him.

MARCIA

You really love these people, don't you?

LONESOME:

Love 'em? I gotta love 'em. I'm one of
'em. Ain't I? Ain't I?

The crowd shouts its assent.

37. WIDER ANGLE LONESOME, MARCIA AND CROWD NIGHT
THEY climb onto back platform of train.

LONESOME:

(waving to an old lady)

Gran-ma Spence, I'm gonna miss those good
chess pies o' yours. You send me one to
Memphis and I'll eat it right on the air
so's you c'n hear how much I'm enjoyin' it.

38. CLOSE ON OLD MRS. SPENCE NIGHT
SHE dabs her eye. People around her laugh appreciatively.

MRS. SPENCE:

I'm glad you're go'n with him. Take
good care of him for us.

39. CLOSE ON LONESOME AND MARCIA NIGHT
HE makes a move to put his arm around her and she smiles.

MARCIA:

(answering Mrs. Spence)

I'll try.

40. WIDER ANGLE LONESOME, MARCIA, CROWD NIGHT

Train's whistle blows. CONDUCTOR calls "All Aboard!"
The high school band strikes up "For He's a Jolly Good
Fellow". Among the twirling DRUM MAJORETTES we glimpse
the cuddly BETTY LOU doing her baton-wiggle and strut.
Everyone waves and shouts. A few wipe tears away.

41. CLOSER ON LONESOME AND MARCIA ON TRAIN PLATFORM NIGHT

The train begins to pull out. He is waving, blowing kisses,
and wipes a tear from his own eye.

LONESOME:

G'bye, g'bye, 'bye Lucy, s'long Luther,
you write me now, 'bye all you good
people, I'll be thinkin' of ya...

42. FULL SHOT STATION PLATFORM NIGHT

The people of Pickens, waving their last farewells.

43. INT. TRAIN CLOSE ON LONESOME AND MARCIA
LONESOME as he waves, out of side of his face:

LONESOME:

Boy, am I glad to shake that dump.

MARCIA looks aghast.

LONESOME:

(shifting - and utterly
convincing)

Aw, honey. I was only kiddin'. You
oughta know me well enough not t' believe
everythin' I say.

He laughs his HAW HAW HAW laugh. Then he leans out for a
final wave.

LONESOME: (Cont.)

G'bye 'n God bless ya, good people.

MARCIA looks at him questioningly, beginning to believe him
again. The train whistle howls. LONESOME chuckles.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

44. ESTABLISHING SHOT MEMPHIS NIGHT

QUICK DISSOLVE:

45. FULL SHOT ENTRANCE HOTEL GAYOSO NIGHT
QUICK DISSOLVE:

46. EXT. HOTEL GAYOSO ENTRANCE NIGHT
ABE STEINER and LONESOME approach with MARCIA between them.
A NEWSBOY is yelling the baseball scores.

MARCIA:
Thanks for dinner, Mr. Steiner.

STEINER:
My pleasure. See you at the station in
the morning.
(to Lonesome)
You're going to do me proud, my boy. I've
never been wrong on talent.

He leaves.

LONESOME:
(to Marcia)
Why don't we go up to my room and - well
we could sorta rehearse the program.

MARCIA:
You're better when you ad lib.

LONESOME:
I'm scared, Marshy, no kiddin' - you know
what they say - it's the dog with no
teeth that's got the loudest bark.

MARCIA:
You've got teeth.

LONESOME looks at her reproachfully. He really does need
her. He turns his back; goes.

47. CLOSE UP MARCIA
She stops in entrance and looks at his receding back. She
feels a little guilty for abandoning him.

MARCIA:
Goodnight, Larry --

48. EXT. MAIN STREET, MEMPHIS NIGHT
LONESOME doesn't turn, walking, back to camera, down the
crowded street, feeling moody, restless, observant, lonely.
QUICK DISSOLVE:

49. ANOTHER STREET SCENE BEALE STREET NIGHT

LONESOME passes a colored jazz joint where a trumpet sends its sad, syncopated cry out into the night. Beale Street Blues.

LONESOME:

(to himself)

If Beale Street could talk, if Beale Street could talk...Man. I c'n hear it talkin' -- it sez...I gotta look happy 'cause I feel so sad...

He looks up the street and sees a middle-aged, dignified-looking colored woman sitting on the curb, her feet in the gutter, crying. He walks toward her. Her name is MRS. COOLEY.

50. MED. SHOT MRS. COOLEY MEMPHIS NIGHT

LONESOME:

(approaching her)

What yer cryin' fer, Lady? Big city got yer down?

MRS. COOLEY:

It sure has, mister.

LONESOME:

Me too. Where you from? Your feet look tired.

MRS. COOLEY:

They got a reason.

LONESOME:

(putting his arm around her)

G'mon, you jus' tell me all about it.

DISSOLVE TO:

51. INT. MEMPHIS TV STATION DAY

LONESOME is sitting down receiving his last minute make-up touches. STEINER hovers nearby. MARCIA comes up with an intelligent, not-too-forceful-looking young man by the name of MEL MILLER. He wears glasses, is screwing cigarette in holder. Around them in the b.g. the FLOOR MANAGER is busy with the cameraman, electricians, etc., making final adjustments for Lonesome's debut. MRS. COOLEY is sitting, waiting.

LONESOME:

If I'd a known they was goin' t' put lipatick on em...I'd of never come.

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.)

MARCIA:

Stop complaining, you look beautiful.

(as he makes a face)

Lonesome, this is Mel Miller. The station has assigned him as your writer....

LONESOME:

Writer! You're gonna have the easiest job in the world, boy. Becuz I never learned t' do much readin'...

MEL:

I'll just block out continuity for you.
(he is smiling)

LONESOME:

What are you, eastern college?

MEL:

No, as a matter of fact I went to school over in Nashville. I was Vanderbilt, '44.

LONESOME:

(rising as the make-up girl indicates she is finished with him)

Okay, Vanderbilt, '44.

FLOOR MANAGER:

(calling from set)

We're ready for you, Mr. Rhodes.

52. ANOTHER ANGLE TV STAGE

LONESOME is taking his position before the TV cameras.
MARCIA and MEL move up together to watch him.

MEL:

He's the genuine article, isn't he?
Anti-egghead and everything.

MARCIA:

Yes, he's it, all right. An old-fashioned mixture of honesty and orneryness and independence and meanness and shirt-off-his-back sentimentality.

MEL:

(sensing her interest in him)

Are you his...?

(CONTINUED)

52 (Cont.)

MARCIA:
(purposely deflecting him)
His assistant? Yes, I am.

53. INT. CONTROL BOOTH

DIRECTOR:
(flanked by various technical
assistants)
Ten seconds. Ready on one. Standby two.

54. CLOSE ON ANNOUNCER

ANNOUNCER:
And here he is, ladies and gentlemen,
a newcomer to Memphis television but
sure to become an old friend: A Face
in the Crowd, starring that Arkansas
Traveler, Lonesome Rhodes!

The TV cameras swing over to LONESOME. Perhaps we can
see this from an angle that includes the TV cameras,
MARCIA, MEL and STEINER eagerly watching.

LONESOME:
(very relaxed)
Howdy. Y'know I never seen myself on
one o' these contraptions before. So
if I stop t' admire myself in the
whaddiacallit.

FLOOR MANAGER:
The monitor.

LONESOME:
Yeah, the monitor - show the folks
what I'm talkin' about -

55. CLOSE SHOT MONITOR

With LONESOME'S image on it.

LONESOME:

Y'r know, neighbors, the director tol'
me all I gotta do is ack like I'm
lookin' straight atcha. But what he
forgot t' tell me is there'd be a big
ol' red eye lookin' straight at me.
But that eye does look kinda familiar -

56. CLOSE SHOT OF RED "EYE" ON TV CAMERA

VOICE OF LONESOME:

Reminds me of my Uncle Abernathy
after a night of drinkin' some o'
his fine old five-star corn likker.

57. FLASHES OF SOUND MAN, STAGE HANDS laughing at Lonesome
on monitor. Including HYMIE, the grip.

Uncle Ab puts a star on the bottle
for every day it ages.

58. CLOSE ON LONESOME WITH HIS GUITAR

Corn likker, corn likker, corn likker,
I cry.

If corn likker don't kill me, I'll
live till I die...

If the ocean was moonshine and I was
a duck,

I'd -

(breaks off abruptly)

Shucks, I got too hot a fire in m'
boiler t' sing this mornin'. Say,
what'sa matter with you big city
fellas - don't you ever go to bed
around here?

59. FLASHES OF REACTION

From MARCIA, STEINER, the DIRECTOR in the control booth,
from an old farm COUPLE, from a NEGRO GROUP in a Memphis
tenement, from a GROUP around a TV store window, etc., etc.
Can be intercut with Lonesome's monologue, showing that
Lonesome is getting over.

60. MED. CLOSE LONESOME. TV STUDIO

DAY

LONESOME:

Last night I settled down fer my twelve hour nap
(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont.)

LONESOME: (Cont.)

in the hotel, moly hoses what a-honkin' an' lights
a-flashin' off-n-on an' gals a-laughin' in the
street -

(Burlesque of shrill girlish
laughter)

I calls down to the desk on the telephone
like they got in every room - "What's goin'
on here," I sez to the clerk, "This ain't
New Year's Eve by any chance?" Naw, he
sez, it's jest ten o'clock at night in
Memphis. So I pull my duds back on 'n
I go out and take a looksee what's all
the commotion. Hey, Mister Cameraman,
move that ol' red eye a little closer -
I wanna talk face-to-face with them
friends o' mine out there.

61. INT. TV CONTROL BOOTH

DIRECTOR:

Okay, move in on three.

(to his assistant)

He's only been on two minutes, and he's
giving us orders.

ASSISTANT:

He seems to know what he's doing.

62. CLOSE ON LONESOME INT. TV STUDIO DAY

Y'know one thing I could see right off
about a big city - there's lots o' you
folks in trouble. You don't see it so
much in the daytime when people are
hustlin' and bustlin' around rushin'
from where they is to where they ain't.
But it's at night - late at night.
Around four o'clock in the mornin'
is what I call the dividin' line.
All yer got left then is people in
trouble. Oh, I c'n see the president
of the teevee station, if he's watchin' -
which I doubt - sayin' what is this new
fella tryin' t' do t' me - people want
entertainment. Well, I brought along
this git-tar and a bagful o' country
jokes -

(holds up a small feed bag)

But I wanna tell you good people somethin'

(CONTINUED)

62 (Cont.)

LONESOME: (Conv.,
that happened to me jest before the
sun was ready t' come up this mornin' -
I'll tell it t' ya an' see if it don't
happen to you same way it happened t'
me. I got a powerful hunch it will
becuz you 'n me - well, mebbe Mr.
Television President don't understand
it but I'll bet Hymie the grip will -

63. FLASH OF HYMIE

A stogie in his mouth. Grinning.

LONESOME:
By the way, thanks fer that ceegar, Hymie.

64. CLOSE ON LONESOME

LONESOME:
So anyway I see this lady standin' on
a corner an' she's a-cryin'. Now I
don't stand fer much but one thing I'm
agin is a sweet lookin' ol' lady
sitting on the curb on Lower Main
Street at half past four in the mornin',
cryin' and a-cryin', even her feet was
cryin'. Ma'm I sez to her, 'scuse me
fer intrudin' on ya but I guess a
coupla strangers got a right to get
acquainted. Well, she can see that
Uncle Lonesome don't mean her no hurt.
Now I'm gonna ask Mrs. Cooley t' come
out here and tell ya the same thing
she was tellin' me on the street this
mornin' in front o' the White Owl ham-
burger stand. An' if it don't move
yer heart like I think it will, well
then yer jest a bunch o' big city
pickle hearts 'n I'll pack up my one
shirt n' the ol' Bible my Daddy give
me 'n my cigarbox git-tar n' git me
on home t' Riddle.

65. CLOSE ON MARCIA AND MEL

MARCIA:
(Sotto voce)
He's telling the truth about the one
shirt, but I've yet to see the Bible.

(CONTINUED)

65 (Cont.)

MEL:

But when he talks about walking the night - I couldn't write it that well.

(looks off and sees Mrs.

Cooley entering to Lonesome)

Hey, a colored woman! In Memphis that takes nerve.

MARCIA:

(proudly)

I told you. He's his own man!

66. CLOSE ON LONESOME AND MRS. COOLEY TV STAGE

HE beckons HER into the shot. She is camera-shy.

LONESOME:

Now don't be a-scared o' this thing - at least anymore 'n I am. Jus' tell 'em what happened the same way you told me.

MRS. COOLEY:

(blurting it out)

Well, you see it's - my house --
(she chokes up)

LONESOME:

It burned down. She's got seven kids, and there ain't no insurance. She walked into Memphis to find her sister and brother-in-law. But seems they moved away and didn't leave no address. So she jest walked around and around cuz she didn't know where t' go.

MRS. COOLEY:

I didn't know a single livin' soul in Memphis.

LONESOME:

Are you kiddin'? What you wanna bet you got twenny thousand friends out there and each of 'em is ready t' prove it to ya by sendin' in a halfa buck so you c'n get back t' Millington n' build a decent house fer those bratsies o' yours.

(to the audience)

Now please, nobody send in more 'n four bits 'cuz you may not be able t' spare it yaself. Mrs. Cooley, mebbe

(CONTINUED)

66 (Cont.)

LONESOME: (Cont.)

you think you're jest another face
in the crowd but now you got friends
n' they're gonna be lookin' out fer
ya. Ain't ya, folks?

DISSOLVE

67. INT. LONESOME'S HOTEL ROOM

MORNING

LONESOME is asleep, sprawled again in an exhausted, ludicrous position. There is a loud pounding on the door. Lonesome barely manages to grunt "come in." MARCIA and STEINER burst in excitedly, both talking at once.

MARCIA:

Lonesome, you should see how the
money's pouring in! They need five
girls to count it! Hurry up and
get dressed.

STEINER:

Young man, you've graduated from
sustaining. You've got a client!

LONESOME:

What in the ever lovin' world is that?

STEINER:

It's a mattress company. That means
you get your thousand a week.

LONESOME:

Marshy, my pants - hold 'em for me!
(leans on her in an
exaggerated fashion)

MARCIA:

Stand still you slob.

MARCIA is helping him get them on as we

DISSOLVE

68. EXT. GAYOSO HOTEL MEMPHIS

DAY

LONESOME is being rushed through the revolving door
by MARCIA and STEINER.

STEINER:

Taxi!

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.)

LONESOME:

(putting his hand to his
eye)

Ouch!

MARCIA:

What's the matter?

LONESOME:

(with a red kerchief to
his eye)

I've had a speck in my eye ever
since I came into this consarned
town.

STEINER:

Careful, you're steppin' in -
(pointing down)

LONESOME jumps - then wipes foot on curb.

DISSOLVE

69. INT. TV STATION CLOSE ON LONESOME DAY

LONESOME:

(performing)

...an' I just can't see t' get the
blamed thing out. Bring me a hanky,
will ya, somebody. Hey, Vanderbilt
forty-nine, how about the one you
always got for show in yer breast
pocket.

70. CLOSE ON MEL

A little flustered, he comes into the scene, leaving
MARCIA, and hands LONESOME his handkerchief.

LONESOME: (Cont.)

Thanks. No kiddin' friends, who's
runnin' this town? Why, you can't
walk a block without gettin' an eye-
full o' cinders or steppin' into
somethin' I c'n't hardly mention on
the air. At least back in Riddle we
had air. I'm old-fashioned about air.
I still believe people oughta breathe
it. Y'know, I was out in Los Angeles
one time - Now out in L.A. you don't
get any air. They got a kinda soup

(CONTINUED)

70 (Cont.)

LONESOME: (Cont.)

that comes from puttin' too many
factories in a valley, and one fella
not thinkin' of the other fellas. A
Spanish hombre told me they call it
Los Anhelles an' it means lost angels.
No wonder they're lost - flyin' around
in that soup without no insterments.
Haw Haw Haw.

Looks off and spies MEL whispering to MARCIA.

Hey there, Vanderbilt forty-nine,
since ye're doin' all this writin' I
ain't usin', ya might as well earn ya
keep - how's about your wheelin' in
those cartwheels?

Trying to be a good sport about it, MEL wheels in a
wheelbarrow full of half-dollars. Lonesome picks up a
handful of silver pieces and lets them dribble through
his fingers.

Mmm! Mmm! Prettier music than a
cigar-box gittar. Eighteen thousand
five hundred and forty-one of these
things so far and we ain't hardly begun.
Mrs. Cooley sez Thank You. You good
people. So you see, you folks is
buildin' a house. Nuthin' in this world
ya can't do when ya let the best side o'
you take over.

Flashes of reactions.

LONESOME looks o.s., nods and grins.

I see my old clock-watcher goin' this
a-way -

He illustrates the signal for speed-up.

They wanna make sure I leave enough
time for the commercial. You didn'
know I had a sponsor, did you?
Neither did I till they woke me up
this mornin'.

(feels through his pockets)
Now lemme see, I know I got that
commercial on me somewheres.

(CONTINUED)

70 (Cont. 1)

LONESOME: (Cont.)

(pulls out a small slip
of paper and reads)

"Johnny Longshot's tip fer the Daily-
Double at"...Naw, that ain't it.

(he pulls a second slip of
paper from another pocket
and reads)

Lonesome darlin', you ain't fergettin'
your little Arkansas Annie - naw that
surely ain't it either...

(from behind his ears he
removes a rolled piece of
paper)

Oh, here it is!

(reads without emphasis,
like a child)

"Friends comma why not invest in sleep
insurance question mark, That is what
you will be doing when you buy your
Luffler E-Z Rest Mattress period.
Comes in six tasty flavors" - Hey,
that's the start o' the next commer-
cial.

(tosses text away)

Personally, when I'm dog-tired I c'n
sleep on the floor.

Why, one o' the best nights sleep I
ever had was in a boxcar. They
say a firm mattress is better fer ya
spine but if ya follow that all the
way ain't it better jest t' sleep on
the floor? But if some of you softies
insist on sleepin' on a bed I guess
you could do worse'n a Luffler E-Z
Rest. End of commercial, mebbe also
the end of Lonesome Rhodes, haw haw
haw...

DISSOLVE

71. INT. MEMPHIS RESTAURANT

DAY

At the table are LONESOME, MARCIA and STEINER. Lonesome
is drinking beer. LUFFLER is having lunch at an opposite
table.

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.)

LONESOME:

(imperturbed to waitress
who comes to table)

Draw me another one, honey.

STEINER:

Seriously, I was on the phone with
Mr. Luffler for half an hour.

(indicates Luffler)

I'm sure he's seen us and hasn't even
looked over. He says he's got a loop-
hole in his contract and if you kid
his commercial once more he's gonna
walk right thru it.

LUFFLER is talking vehemently to his LAWYERS.

Two local politicians, KINCAID and MURRAY come over
to Lonesome's table.

KINCAID:

Mr. Rhodes, I'm Councilman Kincaid and
this is Councilman Murray. We want to
welcome you to Memphis.

LONESOME:

Well, thank you, Councilmen.

MURRAY:

You may not have heard about it, but
we won the prize three years running
as the cleanest city in the United
States. Isn't it unfair to....

KINCAID:

Memphis won the prize.

LONESOME:

Boys, I wouldn't give no prize to that
stuff I stepped in. Ha Ha Ha.

(Claps them violently on
the back)

Boys I might as well tell ya. I'm in
this teevee by accident, and as long
as I'm in it, I'm gonna say exactly
what I think. Right, Marshy?

SHE squeezes his hand.

(CONTINUED)

71(Cont.1)

STEINER:

But Lonesome -

LONESOME:

I'm missin' a lotta good baseball 'n -
well the only excuse fer workin' this
hard is t' have my kicks - like tellin'
off you politicians. Ha Ha Ha.

The POLITICIANS exchange uncomfortable looks.

LONESOME:

(Laughs amiably)

Have a beer on me.

He rises, to Steiner's discomfort.

You ready, Marshy?

He starts away from the table.

STEINER:

(To Marcia)

Can't you pull up on the reins a
little bit?

MARCIA:

Maybe the sponsors and the council-
men don't understand, but the people
seem to.

Marcia catches up to LONESOME and puts her arm through
his.

72. ANOTHER ANGLE. MEMPHIS RESTAURANT. DAY.

At the cashregister. As LONESOME and MARCIA approach,
JOEY KIELY, young, self-confident, deceptively open-
faced, approaches.

KIELY:

Hi, Lonesome. I was looking for you.
Here's a month's food ticket at the
White Owl. I guess you didn't know I
do a little schlachmeistering on the
side.

MARCIA:

Schlachmeistering?

KIELY

(Hands Lonesome a list)

All you gotta do is slip in a remark
innocent-like - about one of these
products and they pay you off in kind -

(CONTINUED)

72. (Cont.)

KIELY: (Cont.)

a case of beer - free drinks at the
Yellow Rose Cafe - it mounts up ...

MARCIA:

But isn't that - illegal? Stealing
time from regular sponsors?

KIELY:

Honey, nothing's illegal if they don't
catch you.

LONESOME:

(Amused - liking Joey)

Haw Haw. See ya around, Joey.

LONESOME and MARCIA start out.

MARCIA:

Who was that?

LONESOME:

Luffler's office boy, Joey Kiely -
Schlachmeistering, Ha Ha -

MARCIA:

He won't be an office boy long.

LONESOME laughs as they exit.

73. CLOSE ON STEINER AND COUNCILMEN AT TABLE.

As LONESOME and MARCIA exit in b.g.

MURRAY:

(To Kinkaid)

Well maybe we better talk to Mr.
Luffler.

Nods to Steiner and starts towards Luffler's table. Steiner
looks aghast!

DISSOLVE:

74. INT. MEMPHIS TV STUDIO. DAY.

Featuring LONESOME telecasting.

LONESOME:

Well, Mr. Luffler told me he don' like
me t' talk nasty about his mattress.
Shucks, I said you could get a good

(CONTINUED)

74 (Cont.)

LONESOME: (Cont.)

night's sleep on one of 'em if you was real tired. Whoops, there I go again! But I jus' couldn't get my mouth around some of them things they wanted me t' say. Well, I'll try -

(Takes out commercial)

"And now-- a message of importance" -

(Puts it down)

Now you good people out there ain't so dumb you don't know what's important. You know the atom bomb is important 'n things like that. I guess a Luffler mattress won't break your back but - it sure ain't no world shaking message!!

75. CLOSE ON MARCIA.

MARCIA:

(Laughing, to Mel)

He gets worse and worse.

76. CAMERA BACK TO LONESOME.

He winks at Marcia.

76a. CLOSE UP. MARCIA.

She is won.

76b. CAMERA BACK TO LONESOME.

LONESOME:

Well, just in case you won't be seein' me again, here's a little song to remember me by.

So goodbye, Mr. Luffler, 'n thanks fer the ride,

I'd like to have yer money but I'd rather have my pride,

On these corny old commercials we jus' don' agree,

So you c'n tear up my contract 'n make a free man o' me.

Free man in the mornin'.....

DISSOLVE.

77. INT. GAYOSO HOTEL CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

Med. Close on LONESOME RHODES, approaching Marcia's door.

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont.)

He carries his beat-up suitcase and his git-tar. He is slightly drunk. He stops and knocks on Marcia's door.

78. INT. MARCIA'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

SHE has been asleep. As the knocking continues, she rouses herself.

MARCIA:

Who is it?

LONESOME'S VOICE:

It's me. Lonesome..uh, Larry. I've come to say goodbye.

MARCIA:

(Grabbing a robe and hurrying to the door)

Just a minute.

79. REVERSE SHOT. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

MARCIA opens the door.

LONESOME:

(Weaving a little)

Jus' stopped by t' let you know -
I'm on my way - gonna hit the road.

MARCIA:

Where?

LONESOME:

(Shrugs)

What's the difference.

(Brandishes telegram)

It's from Mr. Luffler. He wants t' fire me unless I promise t' show 'im my scripts in advance. Shucks, there ain't no scripts. There's jus' me. I mean there was me.

MARCIA:

Larry, stay here. Even on sustaining. What you did for Mrs. Cooley...

LONESOME:

Nah, I ain't my brother's keeper...

(CONTINUED)

79 (Cont.)

MARCIA:

But that's just it - you are and you don't know it.

LONESOME:

(Louder)

Naw. I don't kow-tow to no mattress company. See ya in jail sometime.

(He starts to go; hesitates)

Well, we shook 'em up a little bit. We had a ride for our money.

MARCIA:

Larry!! Com'mere!

THEY kiss. At first she holds back, a little embarrassed. But quickly the large strength of his embrace draws her in and the kiss becomes passionate. Lonesome looks at her and grins.

LONESOME:

Did I call you a cold fish?? Marshy? Marshy. That's short for marshmallow. My little marshmallow.

DISSOLVE.

80. EXT. LUFFLER MATTRESS COMPANY. DAY.

Ten or twelve people are waiting for the doors to open.

81. INT. LUFFLER MATTRESS COMPANY. DAY.

Office of SAM CRYOR, merchandise manager, as JOEY KIELY, the office boy, enters.

KIELY:

Initial these, Mr. Cryor.

CRYOR:

(As he signs)

I've been a merchandise man all my life but I've never seen people lining up at nine o'clock in the morning to buy a mattress.

KIELY:

They're not buying a mattress, they're buying Lonesome Rhodes.

CRYOR:

Nobody asked you.

(Then)

Lonesome Rhodes. That fellow is gonna double our business.

(CONTINUED)

81 (Cont.)

KIELY:

That fella was fired by Mr. Luffler
last night for insulting our product.

CRYOR:

Joey, the trouble with you is, you've
got too much brains to be an office boy
and not enough brains to be anything else.

KIELY:

How much brains does it take??

He exits with the signed papers. As he goes we hear.

CRYOR:

(Inter-com)

Tell Mr. Luffler I'd like to see him
right away.

82. RECEPTION ROOM. CRYOR'S OFFICE. DAY.

JOEY KIELY approaches secretary's desk.

KIELY:

Get Browning, Schlagel and McNally for
me. In New York. Right away.

SECRETARY:

Goodness! Two minutes ago you were
the office boy.

KIELY:

Uh - Mr. Cryor gave me a message for
them. Don't worry, it's kosher.

SECRETARY:

Do you know the number?

KIELY:

The biggest advertising agency in
New York! - Ask information.

Cryor crosses thru on the way to Luffler's office door.

83. INT. LUFFLER'S OFFICE. DAY.

We see a very harassed MR. LUFFLER on the phone with
two secretaries hovering over him.

LUFFLER:

(Speaking into phone)

Your league just voted him the man who
did the most for Memphis? You think

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont.)

LUFFLER: (Cont.)

my firing him raises a question of
civil liberties? How about my civil
liberties? Thank you. Good day!

1ST SECRETARY:

Your wife on No. 2.

LUFFLER:

Yes, dear.

2ND SECRETARY:

Mr. Cryor is here to see you, Mr. Luffler.

LUFFLER:

(Obviously, his wife will not
let him talk; finally he breaks
through)

Will you mind your own business! And
tell the Ladies Garden Club to mind its
business!

Both phones are ringing.

My God, I was leading a happy and I
thought successful life until this -
this Frankenstein called Lonesome
Rhodes came along to haunt me.

CRYOR enters. LUFFLER meets him with a blast.

Cryor, you shut up!!

CUT TO:

84. INT. BROWNING, SCHLAGEL AND McNALLY ADVERTISING AGENCY.

Close on SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR.

OPERATOR:

Browning, Schlagel and McNally. Long
distance from Memphis? Just a moment.
(Plugs in new line)

A Mr. Joseph Kiely from Memphis. He
represents Lonesome Rhodes.

85. INT. BROWNING, SCHLAGEL AND McNALLY. JIM COLLIER'S OFFICE

He is Vice President in charge of Radio and TV. He looks
like a college boy of 30, Brooks Bros., crewcut.

COLLIER:

(To another official who is
meeting with him over some "art")
Shows you what a crazy business we're

(CONTINUED)

85 (Cont.)

COLLIER: (Cont.)

in. Here's a Nielson from Memphis shows
some joker on a local station topping
both CBS and NBC down there.

(Then into phone)

Hello, Mr. Kiely....

86. INT. CRYOR RECEPTION ROOM. JOEY KIELY.

KIELY:

Hello. Kiely here. I just thought
I oughta let you know that Lonsome
Rhodes is being flooded with offers.
Variety calls him an undiscovered
Will Rogers. If you happen to be
interested, five o'clock is our dead-
line....Right...

(Hangs up)

Now get me the J. Walter Thompson
Agency..

The girl hesitates. Joey slips her a bill.

DISSOLVE.

87. INT. CRYOR RECEPTION OFFICE. JOEY KIELY.

Now he has his feet up on the switchboard.

KIELY:

Variety calls him an undiscovered
Will Rogers, with touches of Arthur
Godfrey and Tennessee Ernie...those
touches you gotta like. The deadline
is five o'clock. Right...

(Hangs up)

Now get me the Kudner Agency...
(He scribbles some notes)

LAP DISSOLVE.

88. INT. CRYOR RECEPTION OFFICE.

KIELY:

Variety calls him an undiscovered
Will Rogers, with overtones of Arthur
Godfrey, Tennessee Ernie, Herb Shriner
and George Gobel. You can't knock
those overtones!!! That's right -
five o'clock. Right...

(Hangs up, snaps his fingers
imperiously)

Talent Incorporated....

LAP DISSOLVE.

89. EXT. GAYOSO HOTEL. MORNING.

A new Lincoln Continental and a new Jaguar are parked at the entrance. A new Thunderbird is driven up.

DOORMAN:

Another car for Lonesome Rhodes?

DRIVER:

Compliments of Talent Incorporated!

90. INT. GAYOSO HOTEL. CORRIDOR. MORNING.

MEL approaches Marcia's door and knocks.

MEL:

Oh Marcia.

(Listens)

Marcia, you told me to pick you up
in time for the show.

There is no answer. He looks down at the floor, and notices for the first time Lonesome's suitcase outside the door. He is about to knock again, then thinks better of it, steps his hand in mid-air and turns away. A few steps up the corridor, JOEY KIELY comes running toward him.

KIELY:

(Excitedly)

Hey, have you seen Lonesome?

MEL:

(Glumly, nodding toward
Marcia's door)

You may find him in there.

(Joey starts in)

Wait a minute, sir. I wouldn't barge
in if I were you.

KIELY:

(Pushing him away)

I'm not you!

KIELY rushes to Marcia's door and pounds on it.

KIELY:

Hey, Lonesome! Open up! Open up!

VOICE OF LONESOME:

(Muffled)

Yeah? Who is it?

KIELY:

It's destiny, that's who it is. Joe
Destiny.

91. REVERSE ANGLE INT. MARCIA'S BEDROOM MORNING

LONESOME opens the door a little and looks out.
KIELY bursts in. MARCIA is not visible.

LONESOME

What do you...?

KIELY

(As he walks past bathroom door)

I know - Nice girls do it too but they don't like it to get around. It won't get around.

(Then to business)

Listen, this is more important! I sold your show.

LONESOME

To who?

KIELY

To the big time. Ever hear of Browning, Schlagel and McNally? You wouldn't know. The advertising company. I've got them bidding against J. Walter Thompson and MCA -

LONESOME

M.C. what?

KIELY

and half a dozen others you wouldn't know. B. S. & M. want you for the Vitagene Hour. Eight o'clock coast to coast. I told them we'd let them know at 1700 hours. We're on to New York!

LONESOME

(Bewildered)

We are??

KIELY

They asked me if you had a New York agent. Would you like to meet your new agent?

LONESOME

(Roaring with laughter)

Ha Ha Ha. A bum outa jail in Pickens, Arkansas, and a Memphis office boy!

(Singing and dancing)

Oh won't we ramble, ramble...

(CONTINUED)

91 (Cont.)

KIELY

(casually)

Here sign this. Just a convenience...

LONESOME

(As he signs)

Rambling round the town,
Rambling up and down --

Marcia looks out of bathroom door suddenly.

MARCIA

Look, it's got to be in the contract
that Larry can say anything he wants.
Remember he's his own man.

KIELY

(Bored with this part of it)

Yeah. Yeah. Honey, you write the
clause, I'll get it in.

LONESOME

(Still singing)

Ramble. Ramble. Brother, I'll
scramble their commercials and I'll
ramble their vice presidents. I'll
slamble respectability in the - well,
where it loves to be kicked, and
we'll start a Brothers Keeper Depart-
ment, honey. A Brother's Keeper!!

The phone rings. KIELY answers it, with a sense of being in.

LONESOME

(To Kiely)

Answer it.

KIELY

Hello.

(Then he laughs and shakes
his head patronizingly)

It's Abe Steiner and he's in the
lobby. Wants to see you and he says
Mr. Luffler's with him.

LONESOME

(Hesitates)

Tell 'em we're in conference.

KIELY

(Into phone)

Sorry, Mr. Rhodes has just left for New York.

(CONTINUED)

91 (Cont.1)

LONESOME enjoys Kiely's brashness.

LONESOME

Hang on Mama, I'm steppin' on the gas!

92. CLOSE ON MARCIA. INT. GAYOSO HOTEL ROOM. MORNING.

The way she looks at Lonesome is a mixture of love, pride, and a shadow of concern.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

93. INT. B.S. & M MACEY'S OFFICE

- a richly appointed corner office with two windows on either side. Staring at an oversized bottle of Vitagene tablets are about a dozen executives, and "Ad" men, seated about a long directors' meeting table. Some are bald and bulging, some are young and crewcut, but they are all Brooks Brothers types in various degrees of preservation. The presiding member, MACEY, the accounts executive, is a distinguished-looking hangdog fellow in his late 50's who has a severe case of agencyitis. During the scene, he removes from his pocket what appears to be a gold cigarette case. But it contains various vials of pills. He selects several and washes them down with a glass of water.

MACEY

In the last quarter we've spent three hundred thousand dollars of General Hollander's money to make this country Vitagene conscious and all we've succeeded in doing is dropping from ten per cent of the market to seven -

(Nods to charts on wall graphically showing this)

A pretty SECRETARY changes a chart.

DR. WYLIE

(A research chemist who looks like one)

May I say something?

MACEY:

Yes, doctor.

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.)

DR. WYLIE

I've gone over this product pretty carefully in the lab. Vitagene has a few grains of aspirin, a little sugar that might give you some energy, but - well, frankly, General or so General, we have nothing to sell.

MACEY

(To comely secretary)

Will you strike that from the transcript, Miss Murray. You know General Hollander always reads the Plans Board reports.

DR. WYLIE

I can't help it. I was hired as a research chemist.

MACEY

(Sternly)

Dr. Wylie, there's nothing wrong with Vitagene, is there?

DR. WYLIE

It won't kill you, if that's what you mean. I'd say it's relatively harmless. Like a lot of the old patent medicines.

MACEY

(Coldly)

Thank you, Doctor. Now let's get this train back on the tracks. With all due respect to our estimable television department and its sudden enthusiasm for - er - er - Lonesome Rhodes? ---

LONESOME RHODES is in the doorway, flanked by JOEY KIELY.

I think we need a dignified sell. I'd like to see a fifteen minute participation on the Murrow show.

A SECRETARY enters ahead of Lonesome.

SECRETARY

Mr. Rhodes is here.

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.1)

MACEY

(Annoyed)

Jimboy - don't you think..

(Then muttering to himself)
it's irregular...

COLLIER

I just know if you and the boys got a
look at him, Mace, you'd see why the
TV shop is sold on him.

VOICE OF LONESOME

Yihah, folks!

Camera swings over to LONESOME RHODES, who barges in,
followed by JOEY KIELY.

KIELY

Gentlemen! Lonesome Rhodes!

LONESOME

I come t' help ya sell some o' them
little liver pills or whatever the
heck they are.

(He's chewing tobacco)

What'sa matter, ain't you got no
spittoons around here?

MACEY

(To secretary, with obvious
distaste)

Bring Mr. Rhodes a spittoon.

LONESOME

Now what's your problem, Baldy?

COLLIER

Well, Mr. Rhodes, you might as well
know, Vitagene is the sick sister of
the National Drug Family. They're
even ready to put out a smaller pill
and cut the price.

MACEY

Jim, before we make any hasty decision
I recommend.....

LONESOME

(Picks a bottle of little
white pills off the table)
Sh Sh Sh...Peace! Peace!

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.2)

KIELY

He's worth listening to, boys.

LONESOME

Lemme look at these poor lil' white pills ye're tryin' to peddle. I mean they look pale - got no charge to 'em - hey! - I got an idea - let's make 'em yellow! Yellow's the color of sunshine and energy - gives a feller that git-up 'n-go that sets 'em up solid with the ladies - git the idea. Like this - "If ya wanna be bright-eyed 'n bushy tailed, jest gobble up a handful of Vitagene 'n your battery is charged! Watch!

He tosses some into the air, catches them like a seal and crunches on them heartily.

LONESOME (Cont.)

(Leaps up)

Hoo-whee...I'm ready, I'm in the mood! My personality undergoes a startling change!

He chases the pretty SECRETARY. She runs out, screaming. He stops, laughing.

That's what Vitagene does fer me 'n I ain't even swallowed 'em yet. An' you college geniuses want dignity on the program. Out where I come from if a feller looks too dignified we figger he's lookin' t' steal ya watch. I'LL MOVE YA MERCHANDISE!

He begins to improvise Vitagene Jingle: Oh Vitagene, what you do to me, etc. He punctuates this by aiming a mouthful of tobacco at the spittoon. The members of the board can't help being affected by the force of his personality. They all start talking at once. LONESOME RHODES laughs: Ha Ha Ha.

94. MONTAGE: "HOW HE GETS TO 39.8!"

- A. L.R. before a T.V. camera singing the Vitagene Song.
- B. Full audience giving response on UMPFH!!!
- C. Frantic Applause Leader, leading them on. Close Shot.
- D. The Rating Therometer. "Umpfh!" and it goes up. Another "Umpfh!" and it goes up again.
- E. A dull, sick, laggard face.

(CONTINUED)

94 (Cont.)

- F. An enormous Vitagene pill explodes like the Atom bomb.
- G. The same face now full of UMPFH!!! Voices: Umpfh!
- H. DR. WYLIE in a white medical coat.

DR. WYLIE

And each pill contains 97 units of
energy-giving endrocane...

- I. LONESOME'S face, big close up. "HAHAHA".
- J. The Rating Thermometer goes up with each HAW.
- K. An APPLAUSE BOX goes on and off.
- L. Cartoon Commercial. A little curly tailed pig takes a Vitagene pill. The tail straightens up and gets stiff. He begins to chase a cute little sow.
- M. LONESOME talking commercial. He starts in English. But as he goes along the language changes ever... words. Italian, Greek, German, Chinese....
- N. A GIRL getting under covers:

GIRL

Why don't you take Vitagene like Lonesome Rhodes does? I'll be waiting for you, when you do!

(She covers herself to the neck with the comforter. She reaches out a bare arm and turns off the light)

- O. A full Symphony ORCHESTRA goes: "UMPFH!!!!"
- P. Cymbals clash!!
- Q. Rating Thermometer goes up.
- R. LONESOME'S laugh.
- S. Rating Thermometer hits 39.8.

95. CLOSE ON MACEY. EXT. HOLLANDER ESTATE. DAY.

Yachts are visible in the b.g. As MACEY talks it is revealed that he is on the General's patio with GEN. HOLLANDER and FRED his assistant. A Negro BUTLER is visible serving drinks, etc. GEN. HOLLANDER is a vigorous man in his middle sixties.

MACEY:

General Hollander, from the time your grandfather
(CONTINUED)

MACEY: (Cont.)

founded National Drug your house has
never used a vulgar sales attack...

HOLLANDER

In three months our rating has climbed
to thirty-nine point eight.

MACEY

General, I'm willing to put myself on record.
I say he's a risk - uncooperative and unpredict-
table. We've spent tens of thousands of dollars
to find out the key words, like bracing and Zestful
and Rhodes has the audacity to rip our copy to
shreds in front of the audience.

HOLLANDER

Thirty-nine point eight....

MACEY

But General....

VOICE OF LONESOME

Hey, General, where the heck are ya?

GENERAL

(Pleased at Lonesome's arrival)
Over here, lad.

LONESOME comes up with MARCIA and KIELY. MACEY and his
ASSISTANT are obviously sorry to see him.

LONESOME

(To Macey and Asst.)

Hello girls, how's Princeton '28
and old Eighth of a Stomach?

GENERAL HOLLANDER laughs, to the discomfort of Macey and his
assistant. THEY rise.

MACEY:

General, if you'll forgive us, we
have to get back to town.

With muttered farewells and nods, THEY leave.

LONESOME

(Chuckling)

I'm afraid I make these Madison Avenue
fellers kinda unhappy.

HOLLANDER

I'm not in the business to make those fellows
happy. I'm in the business of putting the pub-
lic in a frame of mind to buy Vitagene.

KIELY

(Ingratiatingly)

Right!

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont.1)

HOLLANDER

Poor old Mace, he's already had one heart attack and I'm afraid you're winding him up to another one - but that's his hard luck -

(Looks o.s.)

Hello, Senator, did you have a nice nap?

95a. MED. CLOSE. SENATOR WORTHINGTON FULLER.

A balding, overweight, nondescript political figure, perhaps with pince nez, whose conservative clothing makes no concession to this country weekend.

SEN. FULLER

Splendid, thank you. Splendid.

He walks on, accompanied by his male SECRETARY, to whom he is dictating.

96. MED. CLOSE. LONESOME AND HOLLANDER. EXT. HOLLANDER ESTATE. DAY.

HOLLANDER

My house guest, Senator Fuller. That's the sort of man I'd like to see in the White House.

MARCIA:

(Suddenly speaking up)

Don't they call him the last of the isolationists?

KIELY frowns at Marcia.

HOLLANDER

(Frowning at her)

Oh maybe in some of the left-wing New York papers. Rhodes - I want you to get to know people like that -- I'd like to sort of take you under my wing and educate you.

LONESOME

(Modestly)

Shucks, General, I'm just a country boy.

HOLLANDER

Young man, never forget Will Rogers. He was just a gum-chewin', rope-twirlin' cowboy but he got to where he was tellin' off Presidents and Kings.

(CONTINUED)

96 (Cont.)

KIELY

(Profoundly)

You know my thinking is the second section of the same train.

GEN. HOLLANDER

I've always gone in for long range planning. Right now, Lonesome is merely popular.

(Noticing their faces)

Oh, very popular. But Lonesome Rhodes could be made into an influence, a wielder of opinion, an institution positively sacred to this country, like the Washington Monument.

(Glancing at Marcia)

I suspect your idealistic young lady disagrees with me. But my study of history has convinced me that in every strong and healthy society from the Egyptians on, the mass had to be guided with a strong hand by a responsible elite. Let us not forget that in T.V. we have the greatest instrument for mass persuasion in the history of the world.

They all look at Lonesome.

KIELY

General, I don't say this to flatter you, but...

GEN. HOLLANDER

(With courteous abruptness)

What? Oh yes. Well let's have a go at it, shall we? Roger, are you jotting this down?

(His SECRETARY is)

We'll begin, I suppose, with a cover on LIFE. Remind me to call Henry for lunch...

97. MONTAGE: "LONESOME IS MADE INTO AN INSTITUTION"

- A. A LIFE cover.
- B. COLLIER'S.
- C. NEWSWEEK.
- D. A JOURNAL AMERICAN TRUCK. On the side is this legend: "The Happiest Years of My Life". Lonesome's own story of his mom and pop.
- E. The Lonesome Rhodes DOLL is being inspected by MACEY and others. It goes HaHaHa and there is guitar strumming gesture.

(CONTINUED)

MACEY

Don't you think that second Ha
should be at least two notes lower.

- F. Some immense balloon dolls of Lonesome.
- G. The LONESOME RHODES COMIC BOOKS.
- H. LONESOME launches a flat top.
- I. A Ceremony in front of a mountain.

SPEAKER:

And so in behalf of our great commonwealth,
I'm proud to dedicate one of Nature's
wonders, henceforth and forever to be
known as Mt. Rhodes.

- J. LONESOME: deeply moved.

A little curtain is drawn from before a bronze
plaque behind him.

- K. THIS IS YOUR LIFE.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

And, Lonesome, back in those days
when things were still looking pretty
black for you, you had a pal....and we
flew him to New York tonight.

An off-stage voice: "Hey, Lonesome." Out thru
the curtains comes BEANIE. A fervid embrace.

- L. The Applause Leader.
- M. The audience screams.
- N. LONESOME takes an enormous wad of bills out of his
pocket: "And get yourself the highest priced duds."
- O. The Applause Leader.
- P. Audience screams.
- Q. Applause leader stops them with gesture.
- R. Audience (different) stops.
- S. Telethon. A couple of pretty GIRLS are feeding
wires from each side. OTHERS are behind taking
contributions over phone. As LONESOME reads each
contribution, he tosses it into an enormous basket.

LONESOME

I've got \$200. I've got fifty dollars.
I've got two thousand dollars.

(Pauses)

(CONTINUED)

LONESOME(Cont'd)

Now here's one I want you to hear.
"Dear Lonesome, the boys in our ward
in the veterans' hospital have just
chipped in nine dollars and seventy-
five cents."

(He brandishes the wire
crazily in the air)

And you ask me how I can keep on going
seventeen hours without sleep! I tell
you folks this is better than sleep.

T. The Applause Leader.

U. The Audience.

V. On the stage. A KID in a wheel chair shaking.
LONESOME kisses the kid.

LONESOME

Didn't I tell you kid, didn't I tell
you....!

The KID shakes.

W. The Thermometer we had in the ratings now
calibrated for hundreds of thousands of dollars.
It's just about to reach the half-million mark -
and it's now pushed to that mark by a couple of
pretty GIRLS - whose legs are very much featured.

X. The SHERRY TOWERS.

GEN. MANAGER

As General Manager of the Sherry
Towers it's my honor to present you
with a gold key to the two top floors
of New York's finest hotel.

Flash bulbs. Much hand-shaking. LONESOME is swamped
by REPORTERS pushing him around. He looks exhausted.

98. MARCIA'S OFFICE IN LONESOME'S NEW SUITE OF OFFICES.

A couple of Lonesome Dolls are on her desk. Behind
her desk there is a very idealized painting of Lonesome.
MEL is there. They are working over the L.R.Comics copy.

LONESOME enters and falls exhausted on the sofa.

LONESOME

Whew! I gotta catch my breath. This
is the only office in the joint they
aren't plastering or paneling or sound
proofing.

(CONTINUED)

98(Cont.)

LONESOME(Cont'd)

(Takes a deep important sigh)
And now the General wants me to fly to
China. Lonesome Rhodes ain't got three
days to go to China.

MARCIA

What's China!?

LONESOME

Oh he wants me to do an interview with the
head man over there. He's an old bunk buddy
of the General's.

MEL

What do you know about China?

LONESOME

Oh, the General will fill me in on the way.

MEL

He'll fill you in all right.

LONESOME

(With nervous over-wrought
intensity)

Oh shut up, Vanderbilt 49.

MEL exits. A PAGE GIRL enters. She is knowing, pretty.

MARCIA

Larry, stick to the things you know.
The guy I found in jail spoke his own
mind. His own mind, Larry...

LONESOME's been preoccupied with the Page Girl.

PAGE GIRL

They're ready for you, Mr. Rhodes.

A little look passes between the Page Girl and Lonesome.
She exits. LONESOME rises wearily.

MARCIA

Are we having dinner?

LONESOME

Some big shot columnist is taking me
to 21 for an interview around six. If
I get thru in time, I'll call you.

MARCIA

(Interrupting with pent up violence)
Look, don't lie to me. I know we're not engaged -
you're under no obligation to take me out
every night. Just don't lie to me.

(CONTINUED)

98(Cont.1)

LONESOME

(Caught)

I - ain't lyin' to ya...no kiddin',
I ain't lyin' to ya.

MARCIA

All right.

LONESOME

(Leaving)

Haw, haw, haw. Marshy, what would I do
without you.

MARCIA

(Lightly)

One of these days you may find out.

For a moment LONESOME is wounded. Then he takes it as a
joke, winks and exits. SHE looks after him thoughtfully.
MEL comes back.

MEL

I left my glasses.

(He picks them up off her desk)

That means you're looking for an excuse to
come back, according to Freud. In this case,
he's right. How about dinner?

MARCIA

Try me later; I'll see.

MEL

You'll see whether he remembers at the
last minute to ask you.

MARCIA

I'd rather not talk about it. Thanks, Mel.

MEL

(At the door)

For what?

MARCIA

For being nice.

MEL

Stop calling me nice.

He exits. SHE turns back to Comic book.

DISSOLVE

99.

INT. MARCIA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

It is late and MARCIA is sleeping. There is a supper tray -
mostly uneaten, by the side of the bed. The phone rings.
Instantly she wakes and gropes for it.

(CONTINUED)

99(Cont.)

MARCIA
Hello...Oh, Larry. What time
is it?

100. INT. LONESOME RHODES BEDROOM

This is a penthouse over his offices, decorated in the same flamboyant style. There is a balcony overlooking Central Park. LONESOME is in a silk monogrammed lounging robe. The phone is on a long extension cord so he can walk around with it. Camera follows him into an enormous living room. There are bottles, glasses. There has been a small romantic party.

LONESOME
(Somewhat tipsy)
Marshy, Marshy, listen, you gotta come over. I never shoulda let Joey sell me the idea of living in a penthouse over the offices. 25 rooms to be alone in. I feel like a - a shipwrecked fella on an island.

101. CLOSE SHOT. MARCIA. HER BEDROOM. NIGHT

MARCIA
Larry, I know that island, it's populated by a tribe of friendly girls.

102. INT. LONESOME RHODES' LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Suddenly sitting up on a big modern couch that has concealed her is the little PAGE GIRL from the preceding scene.

PAGE GIRL
(Sleepily)
Hey, what gives here? I thought you said you flipped for me.

LONESOME
(Flustered, hand over phone)
Sh sh! I thought you left.

(CONTINUED)

102(Cont.)

PAGE GIRL

What're you ---

LONESOME

(Desperately)

Shh - get outa here.

(Flings her some bills)

Buy y'self a dress.

SHE pantomimes a kiss to him.

PAGE GIRL

Call me soon, doll.

She exits, with a certain corrupted dignity.

103.

CLOSE ON LONESOME

LONESOME

Hello, Marshy, you gotta come over -
it can't wait til morning, Marshy,
honey, will ya believe me when I say
it's a - a matter of life 'n death.
You gotta hear it now. If you don't
I'll - I'll dive off this balcony
into the park. And I'm ten blocks
from the lake.

DISSOLVE.

104.

INT. LONESOME'S PENTHOUSE. THE ENTRANCE DOOR. NIGHT

MARCIA enters his apartment with a key she has.

LONESOME meets her eagerly. He's had some more to drink.

LONESOME

Listen. I had a girl over here to-
night. Sure. Why lie t' ya? I don't
know what's the matter with me. I get
restless.. I don't like t' be alone.
Only when it's over I'm twice as lone-
ly as I was before. I mean - I mean -
(Impulsively takes her arm
and walks her out onto pent-
house balcony)

105.

EXT. PENTHOUSE BALCONY. NIGHT

LONESOME

- Marshy - lookit all them TV aerials,
stickin' up like branches --
a whole forest of 'em. From here
to San Diego. And all of 'em waitin'
t' hear what I got to say.

(CONTINUED)

105(Cont.)

MARCIA

Is that what you got me up in the middle of the night to tell me?

LONESOME

(Fiercely)

Marshy, what I'm tryin' t' say is, all them millions o' people believin' in me an' doin' what I tell 'em t' do - it scares me, Marsh. Honest t' onions. An' the General an' all them bigshots tryin' t' educate me -

MARCIA

Educate you! Or use you --

LONESOME

(Eagerly)

That's it - that's it - the General says this country needs me! That's mighty tall grass. I'm supposed to be an influence! I'm gettin' in deep, Marshy - a thousand times deeper 'n we ever dreamed when we was startin' out in Arkansas. Mebbe on the set I'm beginnin' to act like I jes' ate the western hemisphere for breakfast. But down here in the boiler room -

(Taps his heart)

I know I need advice. Not the kind I get from Joey. Not the kind I get from those Madison Avenue highdones who say gazundheit before I even pucker up to sneeze. No, right now when I'm gettin' t' the top o' the mountain, I need you - because you level with me. You're my lifeline t' truth - that's what you are. Marshy - my lifeline t' truth. Marshy, marry me...marry me...That's what I called ya over fer.

MARCIA

Larry, I went away to school, worked in a congressman's office in Washington for a couple of years and some of that smalltown Arkansas fuzz was rubbed off. But I'm still a Pickens, Arkansas girl.

(CONTINUED)

105(Cont.1)

MARCIA(Cont'd)

Under this white collar lurks a
den mother. I mean don't hurt me,
don't play with me, don't hurt me.

HE engulfs her. She can't resist.

DISSOLVE.

106. INT. LONESOME'S PENTHOUSE. MORNING.

MARCIA is working on the comic strip copy at a table
while finishing her breakfast and listening to
Lonesome Morning Show.

LONESOME
(Singing "Old Fashioned
Marriage")

(Breaks off abruptly)
You know the other day I was talking
about divorce and tellin' any of you
good people who might be thinkin'
about it t' try jes' a little harder
t' see the other side of the argyment.

As Lonesome continues talking the following scene with
BEANIE is played simultaneously.

BEANIE enters. He now wears loud sportswear.

BEANIE
There's a - lady t' see ya, Marsh.

MARCIA
A lady?

BEANIE
Well - she's got a dress on...

MARCIA
I don't want to see anybody up here.

BEANIE
All right, I'll tell her to pick it
up and move it out.

(CONTINUED)

106 (Cont.)

Meantime, Lonesome has continued.

LONESOME

Never leave a first love jes't'
have the last work, that's Uncle
Lonesome's advice. Well, next thing
I know, about five thousand couples
write in how they're reconsiderin'.
The bes' letter I got was from Mr.
and Mrs. Oscar Pettingill, out in
Sioux Falls, Montana, so I jes' flew
'em in to New York for a Second Honey-
moon.

BEANIE'S clowning counterpoints the tender sentiments.

The camera swings over to a rather bewildered hayseed
COUPLE.

LONESOME (Cont.)

As one country boy to another, welcome
to the big city, Oscar and Lucy, and
happy second honeymoon! There's only
one state I love better'n Arkansas,
an' that's the holy state of mat-ree-
mony.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(Derisive)

Ha ha.

107. WIDER ANGLE. LONESOME'S STUDY.

To include a strange WOMAN standing in doorway looking
in at the TV program and MARCIA. She is in her late
30's, rather frowzy, probably once attractive. MARCIA
turns the volume down on the set as Lonesome continues
to drool over his "second honeymoon" couple.

MARCIA

Are you the -

WOMAN

I'm Mrs. Rhodes.

MARCIA

(Fishing)

Uh - related to Mr. Rhodes? Not
his mother?

MRS. RHODES

His wife.

(CONTINUED)

107 (Cont.)

MARCIA gulps. Flustered, she waves BEANIE out.

MARCIA

All right, Beanie.

BEANIE exits.

MRS. RHODES

So you're "Lonesome's" new tootsie?
Lonesome, that's a hot one. Well,
I hope you have better luck keeping
him lonesome than I did.

LONESOME

(On TV screen)

Yessir, back in Riddle my Uncle
Abernathy had a sayin', ya c'n have
a bankfull o' money and a golden
carriage but there ain't no riches
like a happy marriage....

MRS. RHODES

Ha ha ha.

MARCIA turns it off.

MARCIA

I think you should understand. I'm
really just a business associate of
Mr. Rhodes.

MRS. RHODES

Ha ha ha. The floor manager on your
program is my brother-in-law's first
cousin. He told me where I could
find you...So come off it.

MARCIA

I must say Mr. Rhodes might have done
me the courtesy of telling me himself...

MRS. RHODES

Mr. Rhodes never did nobody no courtesies,
dearie. I could write a book about him.

MARCIA

Is that the purpose of your visit -
to collect some more material?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. RHODES

I came to collect, but it ain't material. Unless you get Larry to shell out three grand a month, not only won't I divorce him, I'll make it plenny hot for the both of yus. I already got some feelers from Confidential Magazine.

MARCIA

I am not engaged to your husband. I mean I -

MRS. RHODES

Larry thinks he has to have every broad he sees. And as soon as he has 'em he calls 'em tramps and drops 'em. It's all part of a psycho-something or other. I caught him red-handed with my best girl friend. He broke my jaw.

MARCIA

It seems to be working quite effectively now.

She has risen and leads MRS. RHODES to the door.

I'm very busy this morning. I'll say goodbye, Mrs. Rhodes.

MRS. RHODES

Tell Larry three G's a month and he's yours.

She exits. MARCIA looks after her, upset. Then she goes over to the TV set. She turns the sound up, as LONESOME is bidding goodbye to his Second Honeymoon Couple.

LONESOME

(On TV)

You two nice kids live happily ever after, now, or Uncle Lonesome'll come out 'n knock yer heads t'gether.

(picks up his git-tar and serenades them off scene)

"An Old Fashioned Marriage...

The audience at the hysterical bidding at the applause leader, screams its hysterical approval.

(CONTINUED)

107 (Cont.2)
MARCIA snaps the set off.

MARCIA
Oh, shut up....

DISSOLVE.

108. INT. LONESOME RHODES' NEW SUITE OFFICES. DAY

LONESOME, flanked by JOEY KIELY and BEANIE, has been escorting GEN. HOLLANDER on a tour of the new offices, which are now completed. MARCIA, a pace or two behind, is still triggered from the last scene.

They are almost finished, and now stand in the enormous duplex rehearsal room. One wall, all windows, reveals the New York skyline looking south from 58th Street. The adjoining wall holds an idealized diorama of Piggott. Everything is very flashy.

The BAREFOOT BARITONES are singing Jes' Plain Folks. And we open the sequence with a medium shot of them against the Skyline. It is a rehearsal for a "cutting".

BARITONES
"Friendly greetin'
Sunday-go-to-meetin'
Jes' Plain Folks
Bible greetin'
Pork chop feedin'
Jes Plain Folks...."

We cut to GEN. HOLLANDER, LONESOME, MARCIA, KIELY and BEANIE.

KIELY
That's our new theme song. Lonesome just wrote it.

HOLLANDER
Very catchy.

MARCIA
Those two boys over there actually wrote it.
Of course there names aren't on it.

The GENERAL gives her a sharp look. The song stops. There is a burst of surprise applause.

We cut to the REACTION MACHINE. It is against one wall of the room. LONESOME has sneaked off to it, and is now seen at the control panel which is something like the upper part of the controls of the Hammond organ. Now he presses a different key, and there is an even louder burst of applause of a different quality a crowd roar, whistles, etc., etc.

KIELY
Oh, General, we wanted you to see this.

THEY all cross to the machine, MARCIA lagging behind. (Cont.)

KIELY

(As they cross)

Lonesome designed it himself. A reaction machine. You just push these little flippers here. It can laugh.

LONESOME demonstrates.

Giggle.

LONESOME demonstrates.

Ahh!

BEANIE

(To General proudly)

Ain't that a booger!!!

HOLLANDER

Most ingenious.

KIELY

We're thinking of putting them on the market. The LONESOME RHODES AUTOMATIC REACTOR.

MARCIA

Mechanical laughter, mechanical applause - what are we coming to??

KIELY

We're coming to a bigger model - that's what we're coming to. General, I'll send one down to your farm. It'll be a conversation piece.

Off stage we hear the BAREFOOT BARITONES resuming their rehearsal of Jes' Plain Folks. They continue to sing this thru the remainder of the scene as background for the action and dialogue.

LONESOME

(Suddenly from left field)

Hey, General, LOOK!!

He presses a button. The end wall of the big rehearsal room opens and we see Lonesome's new office with its guitar-shaped desk. Behind his desk is a huge mama Guitar cut-out, from behind which the lights which illuminate the room shine.

A dozen character ACTORS shepherded by a girl PRODUCTION ASSISTANT are waiting to be interviewed.

LONESOME

My office.

The PRODUCTION ASSISTANT comes forward.

(CONTINUED)

PROD. ASSISTANT

Mr. Rhodes, these actors are waiting to be interviewed for FACE IN THE CROWD types. Remember you had an eleven o'clock?

LONESOME

Oh yeah...well...you pick 'em out for me, honey. Just make sure they don't look too actorish.

PROD. ASSISTANT

Right.

LONESOME

Marcia, you better double check 'em.

MARCIA

Face in the Crowd types from the Television Actors Guild!

The GENERAL takes another sharply appraising look at MARCIA. Then he starts out thru the large central hall which comes off the rehearsal room. The OTHERS follow.

In this room there are alcoves which are the various departments, so furnished and so designated by signs props and motifs. The B.K., Lonesome Rhodes' Summer Camp for Crippled Children, the Lonesome Rhodes Instrument Co., etc.

HOLLANDER

(As they go)

I'm sorry to end this visit, but I've got a date at the Union Club: lunch with Senator Fuller.

He and KIELY walk towards the elevators. LONESOME holds MARCIA back.

LONESOME

Marcia, you're wound tighter than a clock this morning. What's the matter?

MARCIA

Next time you propose to somebody, you might consider getting unmarried first.

KIELY

(As they approach the elevator)

General, I wish you had time to see our whole operation: the store room for the presents that keep pouring in, the various Brothers Keepers departments...

In the b.g. we see PORTERS arriving with more presents.
(See old script)

109. CUT BACK TO TIGHT SHOT. LONESOME AND MARCIA.

LONESOME

Marshy, listen, Beanie told me. But it ain't as bad as you think. I gotta divorce in Mexico a couple of years ago. But the judge got indicted for fraud, so my ex claims that the divorce was a fraud too. But I got a good lawyer working it out for me in Juarez. He says if I come back there, he'll get her off my neck in 24 hours.

MARCIA

On the cigar box git-tar it might sound good.
(Then more nakedly)
Larry, don't play with me. I warned you.

LONESOME

On a stack of bibles, Marshy. We gotta date with the god-hopper the first minute I'm free. Don't you believe me??

MARCIA

I gotta believe you. I haven't much choice anymore.

LONESOME

Next time you hear from me, it'll be from Juarez. Kiely and I are...

Suddenly they are interrupted by a yell from JOE KIELY who is standing at the elevators with the GENERAL.

KIELY

(A sort of whispered yell)
Hey, Lonesome, the General likes the idea of our stealing him away from Browning, Schlagel and McNally.

LONESOME leaves Marcia and rushes over to the GENERAL and KIELY. MARCIA, left hanging, does not move. She is deeply troubled, upset, tight as a clock.

KIELY

(Very fast)

I figure with your twenty-million dollar account and our talent we can set up our own advertising agency - who needs Browning, Schlagel and McNally and their Mr. Macey. I'll give you personal service like you...

HOLLANDER

Write me a memo about it. I like the idea.

(Now he takes Lonesome aside)

Son, I know I shouldn't intrude in a personal matter, but in a way anything which affects you is a public matter.

(CONTINUED)

109 (Cont.)

HOLLANDER (Cont'd)

And I know it's every man to his own poison. But right at this vital stage of your career, the wrong woman can - well - slow you down. Your stock in trade is exuberance, confidence. Constant criticism around you is like a river cutting into a bank, deeper and deeper until the whole bluff gives away.

The elevator arrives. The GENERAL takes a quick look at MARCIA, who is out of ear shot, but visible.

My second wife was a very bright woman - brilliant!! It took me twenty years to find out she had a stone where her heart should have been.

Now he turns to include KIELY and MARCIA in his farewell bow.

Gentlemen! Miss Jeffries!

He bows, enters the elevator. The door closes. KIELY leaps into the air.

KIELY

We've got it. We've got it! We've got his account. This is a coup d'etat.

LONESOME has been deeply affected by the General's warning. Now MARCIA comes up.

MARCIA

Poor Macey. Don't you realize you're swiping his account.

KIELY

The drag! on cue! Rhodes and Kiely. Sure we realize. In two years we'll be hiring Browning, Schlagel and McNally.

MARCIA

Is that what Larry came here for??

LONESOME seems to be watching Marcia critically.

KIELY

If she had her way, she'd've kept you on the small time. But Lonesome Rhodes belongs to America. He's the personification of...

MARCIA

Relax Joey. Remember me?? I knew him when. I LIKED him when too. He was full of the devil. But it was his own devil.

(CONTINUED)

109 (Cont.1)

KIELY:

But what about the good he does?? The Charities? The Brothers' Keepers? The Lonesome Rhodes Summer Camps for Underprivileged kids.

MARCIA:

They've all become publicity stunts.

LONESOME:

Marcia, be fair. You know I do a lot of good. And don't I always say I never coulda done it without you? Without you I'd still be a bum.

MARCIA:

And with me??

KIELY:

(A violent explosion)

For God's sake!! Why bother? But why bother!!!! Why argue! Anybody can see she's a drag!

MARCIA slaps Joey hard. He stands there for a moment. Then he looks at her and smiles coolly, as if promising her something in the future, something he won't talk about now. Then he turns his back to her and says:

KIELY:

The car's waiting downstairs. I've laid on a special DC-6 to fly you to Pickens.

MARCIA:

I'm sorry, Joey.

KIELY:

(Nods a cool acceptance)

I only closed it over the phone last night. We're gonna judge the Arkansas Drum Majorette Contest. And I sold the p.a. for the show on the idea of moving the whole deal to the Pickens High School Field. Make sure Mel has the introduction ready. The return of the hero to the scene of his humble beginnings.

MARCIA:

Uh-huh.

KIELY:

The bags are in the car. Move, man. I promised I'd set you down on the field at two o'clock to lead the opening parade.

(CONTINUED)

109 (Cont.2)

KIELY takes LONESOME by the arm, hurrying him toward the door.

MARCIA:

(Following)

But how about the National Brotherhood Award? You're supposed to accept it tomorrow night.

KIELY:

(Over his shoulder)

Stand in for him. You or Mel. Tell 'em he loves 'em all like brothers. Tell 'em his heart is - oh, you know the bit.

LONESOME:

Marcia?

KIELY:

(Pushing)

Come on, come on.

THEY'RE gone.

MARCIA:

(Resignedly)

Yes, I know the bit.

Camera holds on her, looking after them and biting her lip a little. Then she enters the Writers' Room.

110. THE WRITERS' ROOM

As she enters a door marked WRITING DEPARTMENT and finds MEL, typing at a desk. Four or five writers are also present. The room is smaller and obviously plainer than the others we have seen.

MEL:

(Looking up as Marcia enters)

Welcome to the Black Hole of Calcutta.

MARCIA:

This is the one place they didn't show the General.

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont.)

MEL:

Naturally. Here you see the lepers of the great television industry. Men without faces. They even slide our pay-checks under the door so they can pretend we're not here.

ANOTHER WRITER:

(Looking out of window
wistfully)

You know one of these days I'm gonna climb out of this cell on a ladder of dollar bills and set up a show of my own and the first thing it ain't a-gonna have is a heel-billy philosopher.
(Begins to type furiously)

ALL THE WRITERS:

(In chorus)

Ha Ha Ha.

MARCIA:

(Banteringly)

But think of the satisfaction of being even a small cog in the great wheel of humanity we know as Lonesome Rhodes.

MEL:

Hey! Get her! Sounds like she's coming over to our side.

MARCIA:

(Suddenly direct)

Why don't you quit?

MEL:

Why don't you quit?

MARCIA:

I'm - deeply involved with him.

MEL:

Spoken like a lady.

SHE is embarrassed - avoids his look.

MARCIA:

Got his introduction ready?

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont.1)

MEL:

(Picking up a paper)
The home-town boy not only making
good - but making everybody.

MARCIA:

For a mild man you sound vicious.

MEL:

Didn't you know - all mild men are
vicious. They hate themselves for
being so mild and they hate the windy
extroverts whose violence seems to
have a strange attraction for nice
girls who should know better.

(He finds paper and begins
to read)

Today, "A Face in the Crowd" takes
you on a sentimental journey, as
Lonesome Rhodes, your Old Arkansas
Traveler, goes home to the typical
dirt-road, cotton-pickin' town --

LAP DISSOLVE:

111. EXT. PICKENS HIGH SCHOOL FIELD DAY

ANNOUNCER is finishing his speech. We see a large BAND
parading, led by two or three rows of DRUM MAJORETTES.

ANNOUNCER:

--- where America's favorite country
cousin first got his humble start and
where he now returns to the simple
folks who saw and loved him first -
to choose as his latest Face in the
Crowd, the lucky and talented girl
whom he will select from hundreds of
contestants as Miss Arkansas Drum-
Majorette of 1957!

112. CLOSE SHOT BASS DRUM

On it are emblazoned the words: WELCOME HOME, LONESOME!
We pull back to find this drum as only a small part of
the brilliantly uniformed formation of BANDS and DRUM
MAJORETTES assembling on the high school field for Lone-
some. They come to attention.

113. LONESOME

LONESOME:

(He grabs the mike)

Hi you all!

THE FIELD SHRIEKS.

ALL:

Hi Lonesome!

114. TV CONTROL BOOTH NEW YORK DAY

MEL:

It's dangerous.

MARCIA:

What - baton twirling?

MEL:

No. Power. You've got to be a
saint to stand off the power this
little box can give you.

115. CLOSE ON BETTY LOU FLECKUM HIGH SCHOOL FIELD DAY

She steps forward saucily. She is very round, very young, very bouncy and very sure of her attractions. The naive words of the following cheer are humorously contradicted by her knowing wiggles of hip and fanny.

BETTY LOU:

Allybeevo, allybivo, allybievo,
bivo bum -

Bum getta rat-trap, bigger'n-a-
cat trap,

But getta rat-trap, bigger'n-a-
cat-trap,

Cannibal, cannical, siss, boom, bah!

Lonesome Rhodes - Rah! Rah! RAH!

Of course the crowd chants with her. At the climax she hurls her baton high into the air, turns a neat cartwheel and rights herself just in time to catch it. The crowd whistles and roars approval as she sashays off.

116. CLOSE ON REVIEWING STAND DAY

J.B.

(To Lonesome)

She's only seventeen.

(CONTINUED)

116 (Cont.)

LONESOME:

Looks like a very sweet child.
(Turns and winks suggestively
at Beanie)

BEANIE:

(Whispering)
Are you sure we ain't back in the
cooler jes' dreamin' up this whole
dream?

LONESOME:

Shhh. Act dignified. The eyes of
America is upon us.

BEANIE makes a ludicrous effort to dignify himself.

117. REVERSE ANGLE DRUM MAJORETTE GROUP DAY

Scores of unmarried Terry Moores lined up in front of
the reviewing stand - their measurements thrust forward
in the provocative manner of the day. BETTY LOU
FLECKUM should be rather prominent in this group.

118. CLOSE ON LONESOME AND BEANIE DAY

BEANIE:

(His eyes feasting hungrily on
the measurements)
America sure has pretty eyes!

J.B.

Friends, my heart is too full to
say anything more than Welcome back
to Pickens, you great artist, you
great humanitarian, you great American,
our very own, Lonesome Rhodes.

Again there is a roar of applause which LONESOME
modestly checks with a humble gesture of his hand.

LONESOME:

Fellow Arkansawyers and fellow Americans,
I know I should start with a funny story
about them kinfolk o' mine in Riddle.
But I feel too humble this afternoon as
I look out upon this fine representa-
tive body of wholesome young American
womanhood...

119. INT. TV CONTROL ROOM NEW YORK DAY

MARCIA and MEL watching the monitor.

(CONTINUED)

119 (Cont.)

MARCIA:

Oh no, not the humble bit!

MEL makes a gesture of heavy shovelling.

LONESOME:

Y'know, I been a fan o' baton-
twirlin' from way back - I think it's
an honest-to-God American art form
an' jes' before these wonderful little
gals swing into action I wanna show
ya just how hard it is to do it right
- now which one of you gals is gonna
trust me with one o' thm kingsize
silver toothpicks?

120. WIDER ANGLE OF REVIEWING STAND DAY

To include the GIRLS. A giggle runs through the group
and BETTY LOU FLECKUM is first to seize the opportunity
and dart forward.

121. CLOSER ON LONESOME REVIEWING STAND

As BETTY LOU runs up, hands LONESOME her baton, and
plants an impressive little kiss on his forehead, and
struts off...

LONESOME:

Now ain't that sweet! Gee, I wish
I could walk like that.

The crowd is now in his hand and roars at everything
he does.

Play me a little baton music.

The BAND plays a march arrangement of FREE MAN IN THE
MORNIN'. LONESOME struts in place ludicrously, then
twirls the baton a little awkwardly. The crowd loves
it. Then he throws the baton into the air, but drops
it.

Oops. Sorry. Guess I better turn
this back to somebody who can do it
some good.

(CONTINUED)

121 (Cont.)

KIELY:

(Cool, pleased)

You know you're a different man
without the "Drag" around.

LONESOME, very high indeed, throws his arm around Joey.

LONESOME:

So on with the contest! Good luck
n' God bless ya! And may the best
twirler emerge victorious.

He hands the baton back to Betty Lou, who salutes him
with it cutely and resumes her place.

122. BACK TO REVIEWING STAND PICKENS, ARK. DAY

Featuring LONESOME.

LONESOME:

The first contestant! Suzanne
McKinley of Beaglestown. Let's
see a real doozie, Suzie!

SUZANNE MCKINLEY does her act.

LONESOME'S eyes wander over to Betty Lou.

BETTY LOU, waiting her turn, not unaware of Lonesome's
interest.

123. SERIES OF DISSOLVES PICKENS HIGH SCHOOL FIELD DAY

Various contestants go through their routines, including
a Sister Act.

124. CLOSE ON LONESOME

LONESOME:

And now, Miss Betty Lou Fleckum.

125. CLOSE ON BETTY LOU

Dance of Fire music sounds. This is quite an act. Torches
flare from both ends of the batons which Betty Lou twirls
with pyrotechnical facility.

126. CLOSE ON LONESOME RHODES REVIEWING STAND DAY

Obviously impressed by everything about Betty Lou.

127. CLOSE ON FIRE-BATON PINWHEELING

DISSOLVE

128. CLOSE ON LONESOME RHODES REVIEWING STAND DAY

LONESOME:

(At the microphone)

Ladies n' gennelmen, 'n fellow cotton pickers n' ordinary riff-raff, after addin' up my score card backwards and forwards - I'm jest boastin', I can't really add but I sure in heck c'n remember! I say the winner by unanimous decision - that's me - is little Miss Betty Lou Fleckum, Miss Arkansas Drum Majorette of 19 and 57!

129. GROUP SHOT CONTESTANTS DAY

In front of reviewing stand. There is female bedlam and babel. BETTY LOU screeches with delight. At least three candidates break down and weep. A stage-mother type consoles one of the losers.

LOSER:

(She wears a rather modest uniform, with a skirt. To her mother)

Darn you, Ma, if only you'd've let me wear that bikini uniform.....

130. MED. CLOSE SHOT BETTY LOU FLECKUM HIGH SCHOOL FIELD DAY

SHE is surrounded by well wishers, publicity seekers, press agents. BETTY LOU pushes through them toward LONESOME and throws her arms around him.

BETTY LOU:

Oh, I'm so excited - so happy!

She sobs ecstatically in his arms.

LONESOME:

Now, now, you deserved it, baby.

BETTY LOU:

And to think you should be the one to pick me. You're my idol. Honest, I pasted your picture on the ceiling over my bed - so you're the first thing

(CONTINUED)

130 (Cont.)

BETTY LOU: (Cont.)

I see when I wake up in the morning.

LONESOME:

Well bless your little heart!

JOE KIELY is also at hand, shrewdly admiring.

DISSOLVE:

131. INT. COLBEE'S AT BAR LATER THAT DAY

MEL and MARCIA are drinking together. A few people are talking TV shop around them, to be adlibbed as needed. A recognizable TV personality or two can be in evidence if desired. MACEY approaches MARCIA and MEL.

MACEY:

Peach of a show, Miss Jeffries. Should boost the rating...

(Goes on)

Glass of water, Joe.

(Takes pill from gold pill box washes it down and goes on)

MARCIA:

Poor Macey.

MEL:

He lives on a diet of nitroglycerin and the Trendex ratings. They call it a Bible - but it's really a death warrant with decimal points.

(Then to bartender)

Two more, Louie. And this time just let the Vermouth blow a kiss to the gin.

A young NETWORK PAGE has come up with a telegram, which he hands to MARCIA.

PAGE:

Just came in, Miss J.

He exits.

MARCIA

That's one thing about this place. It's just like being in the office.

MEL:

(Savoring his drink)

Not quite.

(CONTINUED)

131 (Cont.)

MARCIA:

(reading wire)

Oh fine. Our barefoot boy. He won't be flying in tonight. "Hopping over to Juarez. Get Arthur Godfrey or somebody to fill in tomorrow. Counting on you to hold the fort." This shoulder is getting a permanent callous from holding that fort.

MEL:

What's in Juarez?

MARCIA:

Bars. Lawyers. Quick marriages. Quick divorces.

MEL:

Then this is it?

(then)

You're blushing.

MARCIA:

It's these sixty-to-one Martinis!

MEL:

I suppose I should be a gentleman and wish you all the happiness. But I think I'll just be a cad and hope he chokes on a Vitagene pill.

SHE leans over and kisses him on the cheek. He's unyielding.

DISSOLVE TO:

132. EXT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT
GROUP SHOT FAVORING MARCIA AND MEL

EARLY MORNING

With them is quite an array of EXECUTIVES, including MACEY, JIM COLLIER, FRED, and the Vitagene SALES MANAGER: also REPORTERS, motley FANS and a Puerto Rican kids steel BAND. They have a large banner: MUCHAS GRACIAS, SENOR LONESOME! YOUR PUERTO RICAN LITTLE BROTHERS! In the b.g. the DC-6 is just rolling to a stop.

MEL:

Everybody's here but Averill Harriman and Hymie the grip.

MARCIA is especially dressed for this occasion. She is eager, happy.

(CONTINUED)

132 (Cont.)

MEL:

You look nice.

The door of the plane opens.

MARCIA:

Larry! Larry!

133. CLOSER ANGLE

She runs towards the plane; MEL turns and walks away.

134. CLOSER ANGLE

An AIRPORT GUARD tries to restrain MARCIA.

MARCIA:

Officer, I've got a pass. I'm his -
(she has never used the
word before)
- fiance.

She hurries toward the plane.

135. MED. CLOSE DC-6

DAY

A bevy of 12 DRUM MAJORETTES swing down the movable platform. Cameras flash. REPORTERS rush forward.

ONE REPORTER:

Looks like he's flown the whole
majorette contest into New York!

KIELY:

(close to Lonesome)
Just the twelve maids of honor - for
the bride.

REPORTER:

The what?!!

136. CLOSE UP MARCIA.

LONESOME RHODES appears at top of platform with an
irrepressible BETTY LOU FLECKUM on his arm.

LONESOME:

That's right, boys. This little
lady has just done me the honor of
becoming Mrs. Rhodes. We dood it in
Juarez.

(CONTINUED)

136 (Cont.)

FRANTIC AD LIBS:

Hey - wait a minute - hold that pose -
was it love at first sight - is she
gonna be on the show with you? - Now
one more, make it real sexy ...

(turns to someone)

What's her name? Betty Lou? Hey,
Betty Lou, make with the measurements.

137. CLOSE ON MARCIA AND MEL

who has come up behind her. SHE turns and hurries off.
MEL tries to follow.

MEL:

Marcia.

MARCIA:

Leave me alone.

She keeps on, pushing her way through admiring fans,
reporters, all going towards Lonesome.

THE VICE PRESIDENT, THE ACCOUNTS EXECUTIVE, THE SALES
MANAGER, the PRESS AGENTS all surround LONESOME,
congratulating him.

DISSOLVE TO:

138. INSERT TABLOID HEADLINE:

"SHE'S VITAGENE IN HUMAN FORM" GROWS LONESOME.

139. ANOTHER TABLOID BANNER:

"AMERICA'S MOST BELOVED COUPLE REENACT MARRIAGE FOR
TV AUDIENCE."

140. INT. TV STAGE

DAY

The set is the front of a little country church. The
twelve members of the BETTY LOU COURT are lined up on
the steps on either side of the door. The country band
swings into "Here Comes The Bride". The FLOOR MANAGER
raises his hand and the majorette MAIDS-IN-WAITING make
an arch of their batons, military-fashion. Now LONESOME
and BETTY LOU appear at the church door, she doing her
majorette strut to a modified wedding march.

141. CLOSE ON LONESOME AND BETTY LOU.

LONESOME:

Well, here she is, folks, my little Arkansas sweet-pertater, Betty Lou. I ain't been so happy since the day I fell into Grandpaw Bascom's hog-head o'cern likker 'n jest guzzled my way down to dry land. Well, I guess I ain't gonna be a free man tomorrer mornin' but if this ain't freedom -

(looks at Betty Lou

suggestively)

- man, it's the next best thing. An' now, all the way from Riddle, Arkansas, fer this romantical occasion, my cousin Wall-eyed Annie is gonna yodel us up a weddin' song.....

TV CAMERA swings away from Lonesome and Betty Lou to WALL-EYED ANNIE in another set. Our camera holds on LONESOME, as a MAKE-UP GIRL leads BETTY LOU off to powder her make-up. MACEY approaches LONESOME. He looks extremely upset.

MACEY:

May I talk to you a minute, Mr. Rhodes?

LONESOME:

(walking toward his dressing

room)

I told you I didn't want you agency jokers naggin' around me on this program.

MACEY:

(following anxiously)

But this is desperately important, Mr. Rhodes. I've been with Browning, Schlagel and McNally for seventeen years, in full charge of the National Drug Account. Mr. Rhodes, the General just told me he's planning to take his business away - this young Mr. Kiely of yours has wormed his way in and -

LONESOME:

Macey, Joey Kiely is doing one heckuva job for me. This is his department.

MACEY:

(falteringly)

But you know this business - it's a cut-throat - if a rating nose-dives or you lose a client - even if it isn't your fault, the

(CONTINUED)

141 (Cont.)

MACEY (Cont.)

account executive is the goat - Mr. Rhodes,
if I lose this account, they'll fire me,
I've got a son in Princeton. I've -

142. ABOVE.

Some STAGEHANDS have been watching and listening
critically.

AN ELECTRICIAN:

I'd like to drop a light on that lover.

143. LONESOME AND MACEY

MACEY:

Mr. Rhodes, you've seen my office. A
corner office with four windows. Do you
know how long it takes at Browning,
Schlagel and McNally to get a corner
office...

Suddenly, MACEY clutches his heart and slumps to the
floor.

LONESOME:

(looking around)

Where's Beanie? Where's that boy-
boy of mine?

(sees him)

Hey, Beanie, get the house Doc, and be
sure they move 'im outa here fast, so it
don't upset the show.

(looks around again and
frowns as people begin to
kneel over the stricken
Macey. He sees MEL)

Hey Romeo. Vanderbilt '49. Where's
Juliet? Why ain't she here doin'
her job?

MEL:

Even you should be able to figure
that out...

LONESOME:

Listen, you four-eyed frontal lobe,
get on the phone and call Marshy, tell
her to get over here and do her job.

MEL:

(Worm-turning dept.)

Tell her yourself, you hair-shirted
egomania.

(CONTINUED)

143 (Cont.)

LONESOME:
(astounded at this
insubordination)

Huh?

MEL:
Just because you've got a Trendex
Rating of sixty-four point seven,
and the doorman downstairs is scared
he'll get fired if he doesn't scrape
his nose on the sidewalk every time he
sees you - just because that ugly puss
of yours lights up twenty million homes
and all you have to do is say Shucks
and people rush out and buy it for
breakfast - just because America is
throwing out its arms to you and saying
'Here, Lonesome, take me, I'm yours!'
Don't think it's...

LONESOME:
You're fired!!

MEL:
Fired! I quit! I've got the letter
right here in my pocket.

He takes it out. LONESOME snatches it from him,
crumples it and hurls it from him.

LONESOME:
You won't work any show on this net-
work. I'll get you black-listed from
hell to Honolulu.

MEL:
(turning away)
My brother's keeper!!

LONESOME stands there a moment. A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT,
a young, efficient-looking girl, calls for him in a
hoarse whisper.

PROD. ASST.
Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Rhodes....

DISSOLVE TO:

144. INT. MARCIA'S NEW YORK APT.

DAY

Marcia, icy, remote, is listening to Lonesome.

LONESOME:
(blurts it out)
I was afraid to marry ya. An' that's
the truth. That's the dirt-root,
cotton-pickin' truth.

(CONTINUED)

144 (Cont.)

MARCIA:

Last time you said you were afraid
not to.

LONESOME:

And both were true, Marsh. You - you
sorta - overawe me. You - you know
more 'n I do an' I c'n feel you bein'
so goldarn critical alla time, you'n
that smart aleck, Mel. You don't
really approve of me, that's so, ain't
it?

MARCIA:

You're getting to be all the things
you used to harpoon.

LONESOME:

See what I mean? The bigger I get the
smaller you make me feel. You take
Betty Lou. Fer little Betty Lou Fleckum
bein' the wife of Lonesome Rhodes and
livin' up there in ten big rooms in the
Sherry Towers, well fer her it's like
Cinderella livin' in the palace.

MARCIA:

Larry, don't try to explain. Betty
Lou is your public all wrapped up with
yellow ribbons into one cute little
package. She's the logical culmination
of the great 20th century love affair
between Lonesome Rhodes and his mass
audience.

LONESOME:

I wish you wasn't so bitter.

MARCIA:

I'm not bitter. If I sound stridently
female about Miss Drum Majorette I don't
mean to be. She's just an innocent by-
stander. I knew you married her just as
a way of not marrying me.

LONESOME

(full of guilt)

Look, Marsh. I don't forget what I owe
you. I'm gonna give ya a healthy slice
of our whole operation - say - ten per
cent of my end - and ya won't have to
lift a finger with what I'm givin' ya.
Yuh c'n buy yerself an island somewhere.
You can stay home and count the money with
what I'm gonna give you...

(CONTINUED)

144 (Cont.1)

MARCIA:
(with love into hate
and hate into business)
Giving me! Giving me! You're not
giving me anything. And you're not
throwing me off the train like poor
Abe Steiner. Face in the Crowd was
my idea. The whole idea of Lonesome
Rhodes belongs to me. I always
should have been an equal partner
but...Well, now I'm going to be an
equal partner. At least I'm going
to get something I deserve.

LONESOME:
That doesn't sound like you, Marshy.

MARCIA:
And I want it on paper!!

LONESOME:
Okay, okay, I'll tell Jeey t' draw
up the papers. Go look at yourself
in the mirror, you'll see a million-
aire, Marshy.

145. MED. CLOSE ON MIRROR. INT. MARCIA'S APT.

*As she puts her face very close to the glass and studies
features that are becoming drawn and hard.*

LONESOME:
There's always Vanderbilt '49.

MARCIA:
He's going back to Memphis. I think
he wants to forget us both.

LONESOME:
I thought he'd wait fer ya until there
was ice on the equator.

MARCIA:
That's how long he did wait.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

146. SUCCESS MONTAGE. 18 MONTHS PASS.

1. VARIETY HEADLINE:

"LONESOME: A COOL MILLION
TV STAR INKS NEW PACT"

(CONTINUED)

146 (Cont.)

2. FLASH OF FLASHBULBS AS LONESOME SIGNS AND A HANDCLASP WITH PRESIDENT WHEELER OF ABN, GENERAL HOLLANDER, KIELY, ETC.
3. VARIETY HEADLINE:
"LONESOME BOWLS TEN-STRIKE
TOPS TOP TEN TENTH
STRAIGHT MONTH"
4. FLASH OF LONESOME ACCEPTING AWARD FROM GEN. HOLLANDER WITH ABUNDANT MODESTY.
5. VARIETY BOX:
"LOOK MA! I'M BRAINTRUSTIN'
LONESOME CRASHES ADMINISTRATION
WITH INVITE TO PSYCHOLOGICAL
WARFARE MEETING"
6. FLASH: LONESOME RHODES SURROUNDED WITH GENERALS AND ADMIRALS ALL TALKING TO HIM SERIOUSLY.
7. WINCHELL: "WHAT'S LONESOME GONNA GO DOWN AND TALK TO HOLLANDER ABOUT? HUH? HUH?"

147. INT. PROJECTION ROOM HOLLANDER ESTATE

GENERAL HOLLANDER with his arm around LONESOME is watching a filmed speech of SENATOR FULLER'S. Also present are SENATOR FULLER, his CAMPAIGN MANAGER, a couple of prosperous-looking financial BACKERS, and a quiet, compact, pipe-smoking man, JOHN PURVIS, who is a newspaper publisher in Senator Fuller's hometown and his long-time supporter. In the back sit a few WIVES. LONESOME leans way back in his seat, cynically amused at the Senator's miserable performance.

In the period that has passed since the last scene his success with its accompanying sycophancy has brought about a dramatic change in Lonesome's appearance. Now he has really arrived as a man of wealth and influence, and his growing ego-mania is reinforced with a Madison Avenue sophistication. Here is a man who takes it for granted that he will be agreed with and that there is no subject he cannot master. While still making a concession to Country style, in his abbreviated sideburns, in other respects he looks like what he is - a king on Madison Avenue, with some theatrically allowed country trademarks in evidence.

Senator Fuller is on the screen. He is making a flat stumbling impression, raising and lowering his eyes from his prepared speech, in manner even more irritating than it has to be. The impression he makes is of a corporation lawyer who is extremely intelligent and conscientious, and who is even able to be self-critical while being somewhat narrow and hide-bound.

(CONTINUED)

147 (Cont.)

SENATOR (ON SCREEN)
....calls for the closest scrutiny.
I am unable to persuade myself to the
belief that flagrant squandering of
American wealth -
(He looks at his paper)

BEANIE, who is also there and happens to be sitting right
next to the Senator, indulges himself in a magnificent
yawn.

SENATOR (Cont.)
- at home and abroad is the road to a
sound peace and prosperity.
(Looks down and reads
carefully; then looks up
and winds up lamely)
Thank you all, and good evening all.

There is an embarrassed silence.

HOLLANDER
(Calling out)
Lights.

FULLER
(Embarrassed as the lights
come on)
Of course I had very little time to --

HOLLANDER
I know it's been painful for you
Senator, but I only ran this because
everyone in the room wants you to
be the next president of the United
States. Getting you elected is our
only problem.

FULLER
I appreciate your support.

HOLLANDER
Worthington, I've got to be blunt.
Your TV appearances have been well -
catastrophes. Wouldn't you say so,
Lonesome?

LONESOME
You boys go right ahead...By the way
Beanie, I asked you to check the rating
when the Senator was on FACE THE PEOPLE.

(CONTINUED)

147 (Cont.1)

BEANIE

(Also dressed by De Pinna)

Brutal. Excuse me. Four point two.

LONESOME

(With a superior gesture)

Go ahead, boys...

HOLLANDER

We've got to face it. Politics have entered a new stage. The television stage. Instead of long-winded public debates, the people want capsule slogans. Time for a change. The mess in Washington. More bang for a buck. Punch lines and glamor. Glamor.

THEY all turn and look at Fuller.

FULLER radiates the opposite of glamor.

PURVIS

(Knocking out his pipe)

Leland, my papers backed Worthington Fuller from the first day he ran for public office. He's not a grandstander, a baby-kisser, a backslapper, he's not...

HOLLANDER

(Breaking in explosively)

That's exactly what he's got to become. The majority in this country don't see eye to eye with him. We've got to find thirty-five million buyers for the product we call Worthington Fuller.

PURVIS

I think you under-estimate the respect...

LONESOME

(Chuckling patronizingly over the word)

Respect!! Did you ever hear of anyone buying any product: beer, hair rinse, tissues because they respect it?

(Suddenly rises, throws his arms around himself obviously saying: "Look at me")

You've got to be LOVED, man, Loved!!!

(CONTINUED)

147 (Cont.2)

PURVIS

Maybe I'm old-fashioned but don't
you think there is still some dis-
tinction between politics and -
(Hesitates)
er - er - the field you're in.

LONESOME

BULL!!!

PURVIS

(Taking the pipe out of
his mouth)
I beg your pardon, sir.

LONESOME

Sorry if I tread on your corns, but
I said Bull. Politics is people!

PURVIS

Mr. Rhodes...

LONESOME

(On his feet)
The General asked me to cut my re-
hearsal short to come down here but
if you don't want to hear my thinking...
(He reaches for his hat)

FULLER

Do continue, Mr. Rhodes.

Now LONESOME sits alongside the SENATOR and for a moment
speaks to him intimately, as if he were instructing a
child.

LONESOME

Senator, I'm a professional sir, and
I have to look at the image on that
screen same as I would at a performer
on my show. And I'd have to say he's
flat, he'd never get over to my
audience. Not to the sixty-five
million people who welcome me into
their living rooms every week. And
if I wouldn't buy him - do you realize
what that means? - if I wouldn't buy
him the people of this country aren't
ready to buy him for that big job on
Pennsylvania Avenue.

(CONTINUED)

147 (Cont.3)

HOLLANDER gestures to Fuller as if to say, excuse his bluntness. FULLER makes a sign to Hollander that he understands and wants Lonesome to continue.

LONESOME

(Suddenly turns to Beanie)
Look, I got a fella here, you know where I found 'im? I don't think he'll mind my saying it. In jail! He's stupid, he's got no mentality, he thinks with his feet. But I trust those feet, see?

BEANIE has his feet up on next seat.

If he don't laugh, if he don't think the show is any good, I know there's something wrong with it, something people just ain't a-gonna take to, see what I mean? Now Beanie, what did you think of that fella you just saw on the screen?

BEANIE looks at the senator embarrassed and hesitates.

Come on, give it to us straight.

BEANIE

Flatter 'n last night's beer.

LONESOME

(Triumphantly)

See your problem now, Senator? How you gonna get this man, this bush-monkey to vote for you.

148. CLOSE SHOT. FULLER AND BEANIE.

They look at each other appraisingly. Finally.

FULLER

Frankly, I don't know.

LONESOME

Well, mebbe I do. You know what you need to lift your rating from 4.4 to 51.7 - you need - now hold on to your hat, my friend, you need a whole new personality. I'll bet you don't even have a pet.

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont.)

FULLER

(A little defensively)
My wife and I have a pedigreed
Siamese cat.

LONESOME

Beanie?

BEANIE makes a gesture: Couldn't care less.

Siamese cats! Notice his eyes waver!
My public love dogs. One pitch with
a hound is worth ten thousand words.
That mutt didn't do Roose-e-velt any
harm, did it? Or Dick Nixon either.

FULLER

(Faint smile)
No, I must say that's true.

LONESOME

How about hobbies?

FULLER

Well...First editions?...Rebinding
them myself?

LONESOME

Please! I mean fishin', gunnin',
something like that. I don't know
why, but folks just don't seem t'
trust a fella who don't know how to
swing a golf club or tie a trout fly.
You oughta know that. And how about a
nickname? "The only dishonest thing
about Curly Fuller is the way he combs
his hair!"

FULLER

Curly! That's rather amusing.

LONESOME

See. Shows you get a sense of humor
about that fine head of skin you got,
and - no hard feelings now, but we're
talking television. Don't press your
lips t'gether so much, gives you kind
of a sissy look. Keep ya mouth sorta
relaxed so you can say haw-haw once
in a while.

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont.1)

FULLER chuckles. LONESOME seems somewhat outlandish to him, but he is interested.

LONESOME

This sounds sort of crazy to you,
doesn't it?

FULLER

No, I realize it's a new technique
and I've got to face it! That's why
I came!

LONESOME

That's a boy!

(Laughs)

Curly - don't let that red-eye
scare you. Just put yourself in
my hands.

(Turns to others)

I'll have 'em levin' him! - I mean
levin' him!

HOLLANDER

You know, that's just what he did
for Vitagene!

DISSOLVE.

149. INT. TV STUDIO. THE CRACKER BARREL SHOW.

This is his new show: THE CRACKER BARREL. The setting is a somewhat overdone country store, with a motley group of Arkansas cronies sitting around a big cracker barrel and ostensibly chewing the rag. LONESOME is sitting on the Cracker barrel, dominating the scene, the rest of the CRONIES sit on smaller boxes or rickety chairs. There is one very old man in a rocking chair, mostly asleep.

LONESOME

What really bugs me about our limey
cousins is the way they keep on tryin'
to act like a first class outfit when
their store is having to close up its
branches all over the world....

CRONIES

(Cackle with approval)

'Ate a-tellin' 'em, Lonesome...

The OLD MAN in the chair wakes a little and says...

OLD MAN

That's the Lord's truth...

(CONTINUED)

149 (Cont.)

At this moment, LONESOME looks off and affects tremendous surprise at the appearance on the set of SEN. WORTHINGTON FULLER. Fuller seems just a trifle more "regular" and relaxed than in the previous scene.

LONESOME

Well, whadya know!!?? Leek who's
dreppin' in to chew the fat with us
around the old Crackerbarrel --
Senator Worthington Fuller.

(Rises to greet him)

Howdy, Curly. How's my old bunkmate?
This sure is a pleasant surprise.
Come on in and meet the boys.

QUICK DISSOLVE.

150. INT. MADISON AVENUE BAR.

The "Crackerbarrel" program can be heard in the B.G.
from the bar TV set.

MEL enters and approaches bar.

BARTENDER

Hello, Mr. Miller. Long time et-
cetera. The usual?

MARCIA

(Off scene)

And just let the vermouth blow a
kiss at the gin...

MEL turns to her in surprise and sees Marcia alone in
the far corner. MEL rises and goes to her. He has
changed markedly. Much for the better. He is no longer
beaten down. He has new confidence and self-assurance.
Marcia, on the other hand, has a case of Madison Avenue
jitters and looks overworked and distraught.

As MEL crosses to her, the TV set, which is near her,
comes into view and can be heard more clearly.

MEL

Are you waiting for some one?

MARCIA

No. Just having a quiet drink.

He looks up at the TV set. Then looks down at her glass.

(CONTINUED)

150 (Cont.)

MEL

I don't remember your doing that.

MARCIA

I have to talk to a thousand people
a day. This gives me a chance to
unwind.

They pause to watch Senator Fuller talking to Lonesome
on the TV.

FULLER

I'm glad you asked me that question,
Lonesome. I'd say that people today
are obsessed.

(Catches himself)

I mean real gone on security. They
want protection - coddling - from the
cradle to the grave. I say that
weakens the moral fibre. Why, Daniel
Boone wasn't looking for unemployment
insurance and old age pensions. All
he needed was his axe and his gun...
and a chance to hew a livin' outa the
forest with his own hands...

MEL

Real woodsie, ain't he?

FULLER

That's the spirit that built this
country. I say we need big men,
not big government.

LONESOME

That's a tellin' 'em, Senator...

Murmurs of assent from the cronies...MEL looks at her.
MARCIA is embarrassed.

LONESOME (Cont.)

Well, Senator, I know you're rarin'
to get back to Washington and on with
the job so...thanks for this nice
little visit...

MEL

(Interrupting above,
speaking to bartender)
Would you mind turning that sound
down just a little?

(CONTINUED)

150 (Cont.1)

The BARTENDER turns it down some. MEL gestures: a little more, with a knob-turning gesture. The bartender turns it practically off.

MEL:

I'll say one thing for him! He's got the courage of his ignorance.

MARCIA:

Well, how's our old station in Memphis.

MEL:

I didn't go near it. I've been writing a book. About....

(He points to Lonesome on the silent TV screen)

I call it "Demagogue in Denim." I never had such a good time in my life.

MARCIA:

You look wonderful.

MEL:

All those months he was calling me Vanderbilt :h/ and Frontal Lobe, when I should've been punching him in the nose. Well, now I've got the book to punch him in the nose.

MARCIA:

Is it going to be published?

MEL:

I came up to sign the contracts. The publishers are pretty high on it. They think the time is just right to pull the mask off him...let the public see what a fraud he really is.

MARCIA:

Mel, I wouldn't say that.

MEL:

(In measured tone)

What would you say?

MARCIA:

I...er...It's just that it's harder for him to be as simple as he was with all these Generals and Senators and political bigshots around him all the time.

(CONTINUED)

150 (Cont.2)

MEL:

(Sadly, quietly)
You're still with him?!

MARCIA:

(Faltering a little)

Well, at least I tone down some of the crazier notions he wants to spout over the air - and I - I seem to be the only person who can talk to him any more - I keep people from getting fired - and - and after all there's an awful lot of money at stake. Our agency - the one we started with the National Drug account - is doing a gross business of over a hundred million a year.

Marcia puts out her practically-fresh cigarette and lights a new one a moment later. MEL notices.

MEL:

And how are the Momma guitars selling?

MARCIA:

They're...

(Then catching herself)

Mel, I found him - He's - well, he's mine for better or worse - and I keep doing my small bit to make him better.

MEL:

Marcia, you know what you are? You're the locker room where he can ease up after the fight, win or lose. You're the shock absorber for collisions with ex-wives and models and new wives and assorted tramps. You're the little wheel of efficiency without which the great streamlined express called Lonesome Rhodes leaps off the track and plunges to destruction.

MARCIA:

(Bitterly)

I can't wait to read that book.

MEL:

Don't worry, I've spared you more than you've spared yourself.

(Pauses; then starts to go)

Look, I'll call you again sometimes - when I think you're ready.

He leaves.

(CONTINUED)

150 (Cont.3)

MARCIA looks up at the TV screen. LONESOME is doing his famous "Lonesome Road" fade out, which simulates his walking away from the country store down a country road, against which he is silhouetted with his gittar strung over his shoulder, turning back towards the audience occasionally for an informal little salute, as if saying: "See you later" to his cronies. The music: "Look down, Look down." Moving slowly down the screen we read:

MARCIA JEFFRIES
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

151. CLOSEUP MARCIA DISCONCERTED, UPSET.

DISSOLVE:

152. INT. LONESOME'S SUITE SHERRY TOWERS DAY

LONESOME enters. It is empty. Lonesome looks around, cockily humming, "Free Man in the Mornin'." He's got a large envelope, marked "Confidential."

LONESOME:

Hey, Betty Lou. Take a look at this new Gallup Poll. I've got Curly up from 3 per cent of the voters to eleven. That's a lucky number. He's gonna be in.

The Camera follows him down corridor to Betty Lou's luxurious dressing room, which in turn leads to her bedroom. There are sounds of hurried movements from the back room.

LONESOME:

Hey, Sweet Patootie!? Look who's home.
Your Big Peppa Man!

Footsteps approach. Lonesome puts out his arms to embrace his little Betty Lou. Instead it is JOE KIELY, adjusting his tie. LONESOME goes up to him, trembling with rage, ready to strike him. JOE looks at him calmly.

KIELY:

You're not going to hit me.

LONESOME:

(A snarl - a groan)
You....you...

(CONTINUED)

152 (Cont.)

KIELY:

Don't play the noble defender of the sanctity of marriage with me, Pappa man! I know where you've been some of those nights when Betty was waiting up for you. You hit me and it'll be all over the papers. As much as the people love you tonight, they can hate you in the morning.

LONESOME:

I'm - you're fired!! You're through with Lonesome Rhodes Enterprises!

KIELY:

I've got news that'll move you and shake you. I'm President of Lonesome Rhodes Enterprises. I own fifty-one per cent of the voting stock. You're in bed with me, Larry.

Now he turns toward the door, as if this were a routine visit.

He goes. Shaken, Lonesome starts forward into Betty Lou's bedroom.

153. INT. BETTY LOU'S BEDROOM

DAY

Betty Lou is wearing an expensive silk kimono. She is very frightened. The room is one of over-done pastel elegance. There are many drum-majorette pictures of Betty Lou. LONESOME enters, goes to house phone, presses buzzer.

LONESOME:

(turns back to Betty Lou)

You don't own fifty-one per cent of the stock. You're fired!

BETTY LOU:

Fired? Lonesome, I - honest, I wasn't doing anything...

LONESOME:

Beanie, get Mrs. Rhodes a roomette on the next train to Little Rock. I'm gonna treat ya jest like any other entertainer who flopped on my show. I got a contract with you so you'll get your money every week - as long as you stay in Arkansas.

BETTY LOU:

(whimpering)

But I don't wanna go home. Ed Sullivan wants me to do my double-fire baton dance on his Sunday night show.

(CONTINUED)

153 (Cont.)

LONESOME studies her an instant. Then.

LONESOME:

You c'n do yer double-fire baton dance
in the ladies room of the Little Rock
depot.

BETTY LOU:

But you married me, you -
(she weeps)

LONESOME:

I never married ya. Marcia was right.
You was just my way of gettin' outa
marryin' her.

SHE throws herself on the bed and sobs. LONESOME roars
at her.

I said shut-up! I'm the one who
should be doin' the cryin'.

DISSOLVE.

154. INT. MARCIA'S BEDROOM

NIGHT

MARCIA, who's just been awakened, is pulling her robe
around her as she opens the door. LONESOME lurches in
and walks right on past her, talking as he moves. He
goes familiarly towards the bedroom.

LONESOME:

Just got rid of Betty Lou, the sweet
talkin' little floozie. She woulda
ruined me, that's what she woulda done.

By this time he has reached the bedroom. HE sits on the
bed and begins to take off his shoes.

LONESOME:

Make me a drink.

SHE looks at him as he undresses.

MARCIA:

What are you doing?

LONESOME:

We'll have to be more careful than
we used to be. I'll have to stay
married till I get my appointment.

MARCIA:

Your what?

(CONTINUED)

154 (Cont.)

LONESOME:

(lowering his voice)

This is still top secret. The General's been talking to Fuller. He's sellin' him on the idea of creatin' a new cabinet post for me. In a time of imminent crisis and danger - that's the way the General puts it - who could rally the people better'n I could? Stir 'em up and hold 'em in line behind the Government. If we put Fuller across - like I know we're gonna - he's gonna owe me that...Secretary for National Morale. How does it sound to you, Marshy? Secretary for National Morale.

MARCIA looks at him unable to answer. Lonesome's delusions of grandeur leave him totally unaware of Marcia's reaction.

The General's asking Fuller to shake hands on it with me after the big dinner I'm throwing tomorrow night launching FIGHTERS FOR FULLER.

MARCIA:

Fighters for Fuller?

But he doesn't hear her and goes right on. Also undressing.

LONESOME:

Yeah! FIGHTERS FOR FULLER. How do you like the name? I thought it up. Everybody's nuts about it. I've got twenty of the biggest men in America coming to my banquet to get FIGHTERS FOR FULLER rolling. A retired Admiral from the Joint Chiefs. Two Governors. Some of those big investment house boys and a Cabinet Minister.

MARCIA:

(watching him with increasing horror)

Which one...?

LONESOME:

(dismissing the problem with a wave of his hand)

I don't know. I told the General to pick one out for me.

MARCIA:

And they're coming to your...party.

(CONTINUED)

154 (Cont.1)

LONESOME:

Honey, if I ask 'em they gotta come.
Baby, they'd be afraid not to come.
I could murder them. Like this.
Ha Ha Ha.

There's a touch of mania now in his laugh.

MARCIA:

I'm afraid it's true.

LONESOME:

What's true?

MARCIA:

Right here, tonight, you may have
that much power.

LONESOME:

See the new ratings this morning?
Fifty-three point seven.
(a gesture like he's pulling
it out of the air)
Picked up another million. This whole
country is just like my flock of sheep.

MARCIA:

Sheep...?

LONESOME:

Rednecks, crackers, hillbillies, shut-
ins, house fraus, peapickers, everybody
who's got to jump when someone else
blows a whistle. They don't know it yet,
but they're all gonna be FIGHTERS FOR
FULLER. They're mine. I own 'em. They
think like I do, only they're even more
stupid than I am, so I gotta think for 'em.

Now he grabs her with a kind of demented energy that
frightens her.

Marcia, you just wait and see! I'm
gonna be the power behind the president
and you'll be the power behind me.

SHE stays in his grip and looks at him with a heart-sickened
appraisal. Speaking to herself.

MARCIA:

What have I done??!

LONESOME:

You made me, Marcia. I owe it all to
you. I always say that. I owe it all
to you.

(CONTINUED)

154 (Cont.2)

MARCIA:

I know it. I know it. I know it.

LONESOME:

(lying back like a man
who's earned his rest and
comfort. He's naked)

Turn off the light. I'm tired. Big
day tomorrow. Real big day.

She reaches across, turns out the light. Pauses for one
last look at him. Then she bolts.

DISSOLVE:

155. FRONT DOOR OF MARCIA'S APARTMENT HOUSE

MARCIA runs out and stands on the curb, sobbing. A cab
seeing her, pulls up.

HACKIE:

Where to, Miss?

MARCIA:

I don't know. I don't know.

She wanders off.

DISSOLVE.

156. INT. TV THEATRE

NIGHT

Lonesome's show is in progress. Along the side wall of
the stage house we can see MARCIA walking towards the
control booth. Following her and apparently berating
her is JIMBOY COLLIER. She seems distracted and pays
no attention to Collier's remonstrances.

157. INT. TV CONTROL BOOTH

The DIRECTOR and the ENGINEERS sit along the controls.
The atmosphere is tense and upset.

DIRECTOR:

(frantically on phone)

I don't care what shape it's in. Have
it ready on cue!

ASST. DIRECTOR:

Here she comes now.

MARCIA enters followed by COLLIER. She is withdrawn,
frighteningly so, strangely calm, the way a volcanic
crater may be calm before its eruption.

DIRECTOR:

Where you been, Marcia? We've been
trying to find you all day.

(CONTINUED)

157 (Cont.)

COLLIER:

You were supposed to time the film clip! And how about the written order to the telecine room??

MARCIA:

(calmly)

I didn't send it.

COLLIER:

But you know they won't put it on without an order from you.

MARCIA:

I don't care.

THEY all stare at her amazed.

CUT TO:

158. INT. TV THEATRE STAGE

NIGHT

At the same time, LONESOME is on stage. Ostensibly outside the "country store."

LONESOME:

One thing about this lil ol' town,
y' c'n always hear somebody strokin'
a fiddle or chewing on a harmony.
I think I can hear a couple of the
boys makin' a little country music
right now.

He cups his ear to hear it. There is silence.

LONESOME:

(rather lamely)

I said I hear a little country music -
that's a cue fellas. I said music...

159. CLOSE ON MUSICIANS

Bewildered.

BAND LEADER:

(whisper)

They told me not to play it. Marcia
didn't clear it.

160. CLOSE ON LONESOME

LONESOME:

(without his customary ease)

Well, so there's no music.

(CONTINUED)

160 (Cont.)

LONESOME: (Cont)

(singing)

Dad da dump, da da dump.

161. INT. THE SPONSOR'S BOOTH

Consternation.

162. CLOSE ON LONESOME

LONESOME:

And now - just before I drop in on by buddies
sittin' around the cracker barrell, I want
you to hear a MESSAGE OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.

He looks towards the Announcer. But again there is a painful
stage wait.

163. CLOSE ON ANNOUNCER

ANNOUNCER:

She never sent me the revised copy!
...Shall I read this??

164. LONESOME CLOSE

LONESOME:

(impatient)

No music. No commercials. Like the old days.
Folks if you hear a rumblin' around here,
those won't be bowlin' balls, those'll be
heads rollin'.

He glares up towards the control booth. Then he shouts at
the cameraman.

LONESOME:

Mr. Cameraman. You just swing over and let that
no-account account executive in the ten dollar
black knit tie hold up his dog food.

The Account Executive doesn't know what to do.

LONESOME:

Go ahead. Hold it up. You're proud of your
product aren't ya - then hold it up!

The Account Executive does so uncomfortably.

(CONTINUED)

164 (Cont.)

LONESOME: (Cont)

(harshly)

If any dogs are lookin' in on this program, there's your dinner. And mebbe that's what we'll all be eatin' if we don't get behind hard headed, two fisted patriots like Curly Fuller. Curly and I was out duck shootin' over the week-end and I brought my little movie camera along, to show you folks what it was like.

Another painful stage wait.

165. CLOSE SHOT MARCIA

166. INT. CONTROL ROOM

On the monitor the film clip comes on, "leader" first, 4-3-2-1 etc. There are mutters of distress around Marcia. She is an island of self-containment.

LONESOME'S VOICE:

Hey, you lunk heads up there in the projection room, show us the movie.

The film itself finally comes on. It depicts Lonesome and Curly Fuller in a duck blind at dawn, etc.

167. INT. CONTROL ROOM ANOTHER ANGLE

Lonesome enters in a fury. He shouts at Marcia.

LONESOME:

I want to talk to you. I can't tonight because I got to hurry over to the banquet. But first thing in the morning!

SCRIPT GIRL:

(coming over with
stop-watch)

You better squeeze it, Mr. Rhodes. You've only got one minute for the closing spot.

LONESOME:

(gesticulating at Marcia)

In my office! In the morning!

Marcia stares at him and doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)

167 (Cont.)

PROD. ASSISTANT:

Twenty seconds, Mr. Rhodes...

Lonesome slams out.

168. INT. TV STAGE

In the b.g. on a monitor we see the duck blind clip. Lonesome hurries towards the Cracker Barrell Set. Beanie, a Dresser with a "country-style" jacket, and a Script Girl move along with him.

LONESOME:

(to Beanie)

Everything checked for the dinner?

BEANIE:

It's gonna be beautiful.

LONESOME:

Gimme some sen-sen.

Beanie does so. Lonesome takes it, then blows in Beanie's face.

LONESOME:

Smell liquor?

Then Lonesome notices the crease in his cracker barrell jacket, and turns on the dresser.

LONESOME:

You stupid jack-ass. How many times do I have to tell you not to put a crease in this sleeve. It's outa character.

DRESSER:

(frightened)

Sir, it wasn't my fault...they told me to...

LONESOME:

Who told you?

(to Beanie)

See, they did it on purpose! Like I been tellin' you. Fire him!!

(an ugly undertone)

Surrounded by a lot of dim-witted sons o' nipple-headed...

As he walks on the set, the arrogant rage dissolves...into an exaggerated folksie amiability.

(CONTINUED)

168. (Cont.)

LONESOME:

Howdy, boys, howdy. How're all you red-necked scoundrels this evenin'. See that movie, boys? Ain't that Curly Fuller a duck shootin' fool...?

169. INT. TV THEATER

NIGHT

CLOSE ON LONESOME

LONESOME:

Y' know, when we was standin' there shoulder t' shoulder in that cold water belly-button high and the sun was beginnin' t' smile in on us, Curly sez t' me, 'Lonesome, I been thinkin' about my wife and kids and how happy we been all these years - an' the thought come to me - The family that prays together, stays together. That's what he said. I tell you that man is an inspiration. A man among men...

The Floor Manager, equipped with head radio comes as close to Lonesome as he can without being on camera and makes the neck slicing gesture, and points.

CUT TO:

170. AN ANNOUNCER

On the floor not far from Lonesome, already in the middle of his spiel, which he is hurrying to complete.

ANNOUNCER:

Lonesome Rhodes' Cracker-Barrell was brought to you by Plymouth Cigarettes, Strongheart Dog Food and VITAGENE!!

He looks over and we cut back to

171. THE CRACKERBARREL SET

Lonesome has his back slightly turned from the camera, now really talking to his cronies.

LONESOME:

Whew, I'm glad that's over. What a futz-up!

There is derisive laughter. The action is seen both in the monitor, and thru the glass on the Actual Set.

172. INT. CONTROL BOOTH

FEATURING MARCIA. The slip has been sent out over the air. We hear Lonesome's voice in here. And we can also see thru the glass the wildly gesticulating Floor Manager trying to indicate to Lonesome that he should go into his final farewell bit.

LONESOME:

I'm gonna start shooting people instead of ducks...

A Crony leans forward and touches Lonesome's knee and Lonesome turns around with veteran ease and faces the Camera, now completely in his country boy act and says...

LONESOME:

Well hurry back you all, and remember what Uncle Lonesome said: the family that prays together, stays together...

173. INT. CONTROL ROOM

The Engineer throws the audio switch shutting Lonesome's voice off the air. Marcia is watching.

ENGINEER:

Boy if they ever heard the way that Psycho really talks.

Thru the glass, Lonesome can be seen asking, by gesture, whether or not he's off the air. The Engineer gestures back that he is, and then, relaxing, half-turns to reach for a cigarette in the pocket of his jacket hung on his chair.

Thru the glass the Cronies and Lonesome can be seen laughing together. On the Monitor this laughing chatting scene is being run off under the credits which are also being announced as they are printed.

The tension in Marcia has been steadily mounting throughout this scene. And now, knowing what Lonesome must be saying on the set, she obeys a climactic impulse and suddenly reaches over and as if she were throwing an execution switch on him, violently grabs the sound dial and turns it on again, throwing her whole body over the panel, to keep the "pot" open as long as possible. Instantly, Announcer's voice is cut off and instantly, Lonesome's voice fills the control booth.

LONESOME:

Fuller the great hunter!! He's scared to death of guns. He was shaking like this...

(indicates)

(CONTINUED)

173 (Cont.)

A CRONY:

You really think you can sell that Fuller as a
'Man among men'?

The Engineers are trying to pull Marcia off. She fights
them off with maniacal desperation, biting, clawing, kicking,
screaming.

MARCIA:

Go on, talk, talk, talk.

LONESOME:

Those morons out there??!! They do what I tell
'em. They're just a lot of trained seals.

174. INT. COLBEE'S CLOSE ON MEL

NIGHT

Among others, he is watching program with amazement.

LONESOME'S VOICE:

I toss 'em a dead fish, and they flap their
flippers.

Slowly Mel rises to his feet. He turns to go...

175. TV STUDIO CLOSE ON LONESOME

NIGHT

LONESOME:

Shucks, I could take chicken fertilizer, sell it
to 'em for caviar!

(ugly laugh)

I could make 'em eat dogfood and think it was
steak!

176. INT. TOUGH HARBOR BAR AND GRILL

NIGHT

A group of hard faces.

ONE OF THEM: (Lee Oma)

We'll...Fix you, Jack!!

177. INT. TV THEATER STAGE

Lonesome is rising, gathering his things, starting to leave.

LONESOME:

Shure, I got 'em in my hands like this - See -
like this - like this - Goodnight, you stupid
idiots. Goodnight, you miserable slobs.

178. INT. BRIDGE GAME APT.

Lonesome's ugly fist shakes at them from the TV screen.

FIRST WOMAN:

(horrificed)

Why, he's a - monster.

SECOND WOMAN:

(rising)

I'm going to call the station and...

179. INT. APARTMENT PUERTO RICAN FAMILY

NIGHT

The family at dinner stares with amazement at the TV.

180. INT. FULLER'S N.Y. HOTEL SUITE

NIGHT

Fuller is dressing for the formal dinner. He stops dressing. He is stunned!

181. INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM

NIGHT

Close on Macey, a very sick man, and a hospital nurse, watching the disastrous program.

NURSE:

Why, I can't believe that's the same Lonesome Rhodes.

MACEY:

(grimly)

It is. Only this time his personality finally came through.

182. INT. CONTROL BOOTH

NIGHT

The Sound Man, with several Helpers, is tearing the hysterical Marcia away from the control board.

MARCIA:

Now they'll know! Now they'll know! Now they'll know!

As she's dragged physically away from the sound key, she crumples and sobs into the arms of the Sound Engineer.

183. INT. TV STAGE MED. CLOSE ON LONESOME RHODES NIGHT

Oblivious to the havoc he has created, he rises and hurries

(CONTINUED)

"A FACE IN THE CROWD"
FINAL

122.

183. (Cont)

off with self-satisfaction. He takes a big slug from a pocket flask. Beanie helps him into an expensive polo-coat.

LONESOME:

Well, gotta hurry, boys. Heap big important date.
(angrily to everyone)

You better come in strong tomorrow. I'll be loaded for bear!

(to Beanie)

Let's go, Beanie.

They hurry off.

184. INT. TV STATION VESTIBULE

NIGHT

Shooting toward elevators as Lonesome and Beanie hurry toward waiting elevator car.

OPERATOR:

(brightly)

I held the car for you, Mr. R. The Lonesome Rhodes Express! Going down!

LONESOME:

All the way down, lad.

CAMERA TILTS UP to floor indicator - the red dot drops from 43 to 42.

185. MED. CLOSE ON TV BUILDING SWITCHBOARD

PHONE OPERATOR:

ABN - American Broadcasting Network -
Lonesome Rhodes -

(plugs in)

That line is busy -

(tries another plug)

Sorry, all those lines are busy.

186. CLOSE ON GIRDLE-SET VIEWER ON PHONE.

WOMAN VIEWER:

Well, you c'n just tell 'im fer me I'll never look at his filthy program again!

187. CLOSE ON SWITCHBOARD.

Red lights are popping all over the board.

(CONTINUED)

187 (Cont.)

PHONE OPERATOR:

(as she answers another call
she talks quickly to operator
alongside her)

They're burning up this board. What did he say?

2ND OPERATOR:

It must have been a whopper! Yes Ma'am, I'll give
him that message.

188. INSERT ELEVATOR FLOOR INDICATOR

The red button drops from 37 to 36,35...

189. CLOSE ON SWITCHBOARD

Nearly all the lights are flashing on.

BABEL OF OPERATOR VOICES:

ABN - Yes Ma'am - all those lines are busy - hold
on - I'm sorry, Sir, Mr. Rhodes has left his studio-

190. CLOSE ON MALE VIEWER FROM BAR

Previously seen. He is in the phone booth.

MALE VIEWER:

So we're slobs are we! Well, you c'n tell that
Lonesome Rhodes for me -

191. INSERT ELEVATOR FLOOR INDICATOR

The red button dropping from 31 to 30 and 29.

192. CLOSE ON GENERAL HOLLANDER IN HIS DEN

HOLLANDER:

(furiously)

I said are we paying your network a hundred thousand
an hour to build up our business - or destroy it?

193. CLOSE ON WHEELER INT. NETWORK OFFICE

Office resembles Paley's.

WHEELER:

Now wait a minute, General.

(aside to secretary)

Get Kiely on the phone. Remember, it was your
advertising company that brought Lonesome Rhodes
to ABN.

194. CLOSE ON GEN. HOLLANDER HIS DEN NIGHT

HOLLANDER:

We've got to keep this scandal from rubbing off on Vitagene. I mean dissociate ourselves! You better come up fast with a good replacement.

195. INSERT ELEVATOR FLOOR INDICATOR

Showing the floors ticking off - 19, 18, 17. This can be superimposed on the above speeches of Wheeler and General.

196. INT. OFFICE OF PRESIDENT OF ABN NIGHT

WHEELER:

That's right. Kiely, you know your contract. The morals clause. Any act abusing public confidence. I'm calling our lawyers to...

197. CLOSE ON JOE KIELY INT. "21" CLUB NIGHT

He is at a corner table sitting with a young, handsome rugged Western-type boy. We call him BARRY MILLS. Joey is dressed in perfect taste, smoothed out, perhaps with glasses and a waistcoat, like a highly placed, 30-year-old MCA executive. The phone is plugged into the wall behind him.

KIELY:

(suavely, talking fast)

Ed, I'm with you. Finally got too big for his britches, that's all. I'll tell my lawyer to work with you right down the line. How about you and the General having lunch with me tomorrow? Here in "21". I think I've got just the boy to fill the gap. Barry Mills. A young Lonesome Rhodes and a lot easier to handle.

(he smiles wisely to Mills)

MILLS:

(obviously a budding Lonesome)

Wait a minute, rein that team a little, I'm just a country boy...

KIELY:

(winks at Mills and picks up phone conversation)

Good-o. I'll bring him along. Shall we say oneish? Sleep well, Ed.

(he looks across at Barry Mills as he hangs up and makes the old satisfied gesture with thumb and forefinger forming the O)

198. INSERT FLOOR INDICATOR

Superimposed over end of above scene. The red dot indicating 9, 8, 7.....

199. INT. VARIETY COMPOSING ROOM. NIGHT.

A MUGG brings a piece of paper to the PRINTER.

PRINTER

(Reading it)

"Lonesome's All-Time Blooper Top's
Uncle Don's."

MUGG

Me - I could never see what people
saw in the guy. But whatever it
was, he's had it!

200. FLOOR INDICATOR HITS ZERO!

201. INT. MAIN FLOOR TV BUILDING. NIGHT.

The elevator door opens. LONESOME and BEANIE hurrying
out.

ELEVATOR BOY

Well, I got you down in a hurry,
Mr. Rhodes.

LONESOME

(Over his shoulder to Beanie)

Give 'im a buck for not stopping to
pick up the peasants.

As LONESOME hurries on, he passes BISHOP SHEEAN, who
is on his way into the studio, accompanied by another
PRIEST and a TV EXECUTIVE. LONESOME greets him cockily:

LONESOME

How's ya ratin', Bish?

202. EXT. TV BUILDING. RADIO CITY. NIGHT.

A long black limousine waits at the curb. The uniformed
CHAUFFEUR has the motor running. Some PASSERS-BY stare
at Lonesome.

203. INT. LIMOUSINE. EXT. RADIO CITY. NIGHT.

LONESOME

(assuming the passers-by
want autographs)

No autographs! Not tonight! Not
tonight!

(To Chauffeur)

Keep 'em away, Frank.

(CONTINUED)

203 (Cont.)

LONESOME gets into car. Pulls open a little bar that's part of the limousine's fittings.

LONESOME

Don't spare the horses. I've only got a half-hour to get into my dinner clothes.

The limousine takes off with a screech.

DISSOLVE.

204. INT. TV STAGE HOUSE. NIGHT.

MEL enters what he finds resembles the on-the-scene post-mortems of a fatal accident. PEOPLE are standing around in small clusters talking to each other in hushed dazed tones. He comes up to a FLOOR MANAGER and the little group around him.

FLOOR MANAGER

Yeah, but I still don't see how she coulda...

MEL

It's like the sinking of the Titanic. A Night to Remember. What happened?

FLOOR MANAGER

(indicates booth)

Marcia.

MEL looks in the direction indicated.

205. CONTROL BOOTH FROM OUTSIDE

MARCIA can be seen thru the glass, staring out without seeing.

206. CLOSE ON MEL. FLOOR MANAGER BEHIND HIM.

As MEL starts forward towards the control booth, the FLOOR MANAGER is explaining...

FLOOR MANAGER

All the day she was acting strange, but who would have thought she'd actually hang him on the air.....

But MEL is gone.

207. INSIDE CONTROL BOOTH

MEL opens the door noiselessly, entering behind her.
MARCIA is in a kind of trance.

MEL:

I hear you just wrote the ending
for my book...

MARCIA:

(talking to herself)

You've got to stay...even on sustaining...
Mrs. Cooley...all the good you do...

If Mel came in to gloat, he is now sobered, as he sees
she is shaken and crying. He sits down beside her,
not knowing how to comfort her.

After a moment the phone rings. MEL picks it up.

MEL

I'll see if she's here.

(To Marcia, whispers)

It's him.

He holds the phone tentatively. Slowly she takes it.

CUT TO

208. INT. SHERRY TOWERS BANQUET HALL

Shooting down the long banquet table which is elegantly
set up for the formal dinner. We can read the large
banners hung in the foreground.

"There nothing as trust-
W O R T H Y
As the Ordinary Mind.
Of the Ordinary Man.
And he's for
W O R T H Y
FULLER.

-Lonesome Rhodes.

"FIGHTERS FOR FULLER.

Half a dozen formally dressed WAITERS, dignified white-
haired negroes, captained by an impressive MAITRE-DE,
stand around in frozen positions of bewilderment.

There are no guests.

(CONTINUED)

208(Cont)

LONESOME is at a phone at a side table, wearing a silk dinner jacket, cummerbund, etc. His hair is slicked down. Tonight he's made an effort to comb, brush and press the rustic out of his personality. He's drinking champagne out of a water glass. He is very drunk.

LONESOME

(Compulsively)

Marshy, I need you. Come up right away. Nobody's come. Everybody's cancelled out. Fuller didn't even send me a wire. The General sent me a wire. All of a sudden, I'm poison.

He hurls the crumpled wire to the ground. A SERVANT has come up with another telegram. He crumples it without opening it and throws it to the ground.

He notices one of the waiters making the traditional gesture for "He's nuts!!" to another waiter. Lonesome becomes livid, hands the phone to Beanie...

LONESOME

Beanie, keep talking to her, don't let her hang up...

He rushes at the waiter, grabs him by his stiff shirt front.

LONESOME

You laughing at me??!! You laughing at me!! ?? The only time you laugh is when you're supposed to laugh!! When I want you to laugh!! You think I'm washed up??!! I blew my chances for being secretary for National Morale?? Well same way I lost them, I'll get them back. I'm gonna make them love me. You're gonna love me. Let me hear you say it: you're gonna love me. Go on say it, say it or you're fired...

The WAITER, scared to death, is speechless.

Get out, get out, the whole lot a you dressed up black monkeys... Get out, get out, you turn my stomach, get out, get out...

CUT BACK TO

209. THE CONTROL BOOTH.

Some part of his speech is so loud that it seems to burst from the receiver that MARCIA is holding...

MEL

He sounds like he's gone thru the roof.

210. THE BANQUET

LONESOME grabs phone from BEANIE.

LONESOME

How soon can you get here, Marcia, I'm surrounded by traitors. That engineer, oh wait till I get him!

211. THE CONTROL BOOTH. MEL AND MARCIA

LONESOME'S VOICE can be heard, clearly.

LONESOME'S VOICE

I'll fire him. I'll burn him over a slow fire.

MEL looks at her realizing that Lonesome doesn't know who actually threw the switch on him, and waiting for Marcia to tell him. Then he sees that she doesn't.

LONESOME'S VOICE

He's part of a plot against me. They're all jealous of me.

212. THE BANQUET. REAL CLOSE ON LONESOME

LONESOME

Marcia! Marcia! Marcia! Do you hear me?? If you don't come right away, I'm gonna jump. If you aren't here in ten minutes, it's all over, the end of Lonesome Rhodes. I'll make everybody in this country sorry for what they've done. I'll jump. So help me, I'll jump... I'll jump!!

213. INT. CONTROL BOOTH

MARCIA. MEL behind.

(CONTINUED)

213 (Cont.)

MARCIA:

(breaking hysterically)
Oh, jump, jump, get out of my life,
get out of everybody's life. Jump.
Jump. Jump!

She hangs up and begins to sob.

MEL

I don't believe you. In an hour
you'll be up there...

MARCIA

Mel, I started him, I'm responsible
for his...

MEL

I know. His rise, his fall. Why
didn't you tell him on the phone
that it was you who...?

MARCIA

But it's hard to...

MEL

Let's make it harder. I think you
should go up and tell him face to
face, before he blames it on twenty
other guys. Face to face. And then
maybe I'll believe you.

MARCIA

It's never as simple as that...

MEL

Finally you've got to force compli-
cated things into simple channels.
Like this. Either you go up and tell
him you did it, and chop it off clean
so he never comes crying to you again.
Or you take him off the hook as usual,
hold his hand, wipe his poor perspiring
brow, fan his smouldering dampened ego
so it can burst up into flames and
burn you again.

With the same underplayed fury and firmness that has
characterized him, he forces her to go.

DISSOLVE.

214. INT. LONESOME'S FLOOR. THE HALL.

The elevator door opens and MARCIA and MEL appear. They are startled to hear a roar of applause, and then the voice of LONESOME, shouting thru the door.

LONESOME'S VOICE

...Secretary for National Morale. I'm humble before the mighty task you have given me.

ELEVATOR BOY

Maybe somebody oughta send for a doctor. He's been screaming like that for twenty minutes....

MEL and MARCIA look at each other and push thru the door, into Lonesome's apartment. The ELEVATOR BOY stays there.

Further down the hall, there are several frightened PEOPLE.

215. LONESOME'S APARTMENT

As they walk down the hall.

LONESOME'S VOICE

I'll save America, even if I have to declare war. If the President tries to stop me, I'll flood the White House with millions of telegrams. I'll get him impeached. I made him and I c'n break him. Because the people listen to Lonesome Rhodes. The people love Lonesome Rhodes...The people act

(Slams the table, breaking some of the wine glasses, etc.)

with Lonesome Rhodes.

(Now screaming)

Lonesome Rhodes is the people. The people is Lonesome Rhodes.

216. THE BANQUET HALL

MEL and MARCIA come in. In the foreground BEANIE is at the controls of the "Reaction Machine". Now he throws a lever and there is a roar of applause, which mounts and mounts and suddenly stops, as Beanie throws another lever.

(CONTINUED)

"A FACE IN THE CROWD"
FINAL

133.

216 (Cont.1)

LONESOME

Okay - Marshy - Okay, my little Marshmellow. Good luck. Good luck with Mel. Now, le'me alone - le'me alone.....

MARCIA

(Feeling sorry for him
and what they've done to
each other)
I'm sorry, Larry. Forgive me.

LONESOME

(Drawing away, suddenly
a forlorn figure)
Le'me alone, Le'me alone, Le'me alone.

MARCIA looks at him for the last time, then turns and starts out, MEL following.

LONESOME

What's goin' to happen to me?

MEL

(turning back)

Suppose I tell you exactly what's going to happen to you? You're going to be back in television. Only it won't be the same as it was before. There'll be a reasonable cooling off period and then somebody will say: "Why don't we try him again in an inexpensive format. People's memories aren't too long." And you know in a way he'll be right. Some of the people will forget and some of them won't. Oh you'll have a show, maybe not the best hour or in the top ten - but you'll have a show! Just won't be quite the same as it was before. A couple of new fellows'll come along and a lot of your fans'll be flocking around them. And then one day somebody'll ask: Whatever happened to Lonesome Rhodes? I think he's around, isn't he doing an afternoon show somebody'll say - by the way have you seen Barry Mills? I think he's the greatest thing since Will Rogers. Oh, you're not finished. You'll still make a living. It just won't be the same as it was before.

Mel turns. He and MARCIA exit. As MEL goes past the applause machine, he flips the lever and there is a rear of applause. MARCIA and MEL are gone. (CONTINUED)

216 (Cont.2)

LONESOME is left alone in the middle of the floor.
The applause mounts. LONESOME doesn't move.

217. EXT. SHERRY TOWERS. NIGHT.

A cab drives up and cabbie throws the door open.

We pan MARCIA and MEL to the cab. Just as she gets
in Marcia hesitates and looks up. One last look.

218. EXT. SHERRY TOWERS. NIGHT. THEIR V.P.

What Marcia sees. The lights pour out of the Sherry
Towers penthouse. It seems to lean towards and over
them. We can't see Lonesome but we can hear -

LONESOME'S VOICE:

Marcia!

219 EXT. SHERRY TOWERS. NIGHT. MARCIA AND MEL (right 2)

There is a sudden sense of apprehension on Marcia's
part as if she expected to see Lonesome's body come
plunging down.

MEL:

(Drily)

I don't figure him for a suicide.

LONESOME'S VOICE

Marcia! Don't leave me!

MARCIA

Oh Mel, Mel, it was my fault, it was
my fault - if I'd only left him in that
jail in Pickens.

She seems at the very point of breakdown....

MEL:

(Crisply)

Stop it, Marcia. You were taken in just
like we were all taken in. But we get wise
to 'em. That's our strength. We get wise
to 'em.

THEY get into the cab and it drives off.

220. EXT. SHERRY TOWERS FROM BELOW.

We hear the wailing voice of Lonesome from above.

LONESOME'S VOICE

Marcia, come back! Don't leave me! Don't
leave me! Marcia, don't leave me! Come back!

FADE OUT.

THE END