

CHARLIE

Screenplay

WILLIAM BOYD

Script Consultant

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from a storyline by Diana Hawkins

based on

"MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY"

by Charles Chaplin

and

"CHAPLIN - HIS LIFE AND ART"

by David Robinson

Shooting Script
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1. INT. DRESSING ROOM, CHAPLIN STUDIOS. DAY. (1921).

1.

A dark dressing room reflected in a mirror's surface. We can't make out much. Then, in the mirror, we see the door open, creating a blurry yellow rectangle of light. And framed in this rectangle is the instantly recognisable silhouette of the TRAMP. The bowler, the cane, the baggy trousers. The door closes. Darkness again.

CLICK. The ringed lights around the mirror go on. And there - in a TIGHT CLOSE UP - is THE FACE OF THE TRAMP. He stares at his reflection.

And now we run the TITLE and the CREDITS as the accoutrements and persona of the TRAMP are slowly removed. The bowler is set down. The cane laid to one side. The moustache peeled off the upper lip.

THE FACE AGAIN: denuded, odd, as he begins to rub cold cream on to remove his make up --

We hear suddenly some ambient sound: birds, wind.

And then a roar of laughter. [Eventually this will all come clear. But for those who can't wait, the sound is CHARLIE CHAPLIN laughing. He's at his home in Switzerland and he's 74 years old so his is the voice of an old man. The other voice belongs to GEORGE HAYDEN, his book editor, who is also laughing.]

GEORGE'S VOICE
(as the laughter dies)

Now I know where you got your talent.

CHAPLIN'S VOICE
Oh, yes, a wonderful mimic -- with the most infectuous laugh.

(pause)
On her good days, I'm talking about.

GEORGE'S VOICE
On her good days, yes, of course.

Visually, the gradual transformation is complete. Now we see THE YOUNG CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN: THE MAN BENEATH THE MASK. He combs his dark hair back. Sleek. Glossy. Already greying at the temples. He is just thirty two years old. Handsome. Dapper. Hugely rich. The most famous man in the world, at the very apex of his career, the pinnacle of his renown.

1. He gazes at his face in the mirror. Thinking. 1.
Hesitantly, he begins to hum a tune. More confidently.
The tune.

FADE TO BLACK holding CHAPLIN'S humming voice OVER. SLOWLY MIX with a WOMAN'S voice singing the same song, accompanied by a small, not very wonderful orchestra -- the WOMAN'S voice and the orchestra drown CHAPLIN'S voice.

2. INT. ALDERSHOT THEATRE. NIGHT. (1894). 2.

Two smartly dressed LITTLE BOYS are standing near the wings of a theatre. CHARLIE is five and SYDNEY, his Jewish half brother, is nine.

CHARLIE is miming the words of the song as he and SYDNEY gaze at the stage.

ON STAGE, HANNAH CHAPLIN, their mother is singing and dancing, dressed as a typical Victorian soubrette.

The AUDIENCE is mainly English SOLDIERS and their GIRLS. HANNAH'S act is not exactly their idea of a great night out. Some smoke and chat, while others, at the rear of the auditorium, sit at tables, eating and drinking.

CAPTION: ALDERSHOT, ENGLAND. 1894.

HANNAH senses their restlessness and boredom. Her gaze flicks here and there, nervously. Her dance steps falter. Then, suddenly, her voice goes in mid phrase of the chorus.

There is more than a loss of nerve here ... a hint of more profound mental confusion. The AUDIENCE boos, hisses. Shouts of: "Get 'er awf!" "Bloody useless." "Load of rubbish."

HANNAH utters some small glottal croaks. Her fingers flutter at her throat.

IN THE WINGS: The BOYS full of alarm. Little CHARLIE closes his eyes -- a silent prayer.

CHARLIE
(under his breath)
Come on, Mum ...

Beside him, the STAGE MANAGER, loud-check suit, pompous braying voice, tries to attract HANNAH'S attention. Having failed, he hustles into the limelight.

2.

STAGE MANAGER

2.

(in HANNAH'S ear)

Right. You're aht of it. Now!

(turning to the AUDIENCE)

Ladies and gentlemen. We crave your
special indulgence.

Boos. Yells. Food, programmes, cushions hit the stage.
The STAGE MANAGER dodges nimbly. HANNAH wanders
distractedly into the wings where SYDNEY puts his arms round
her.

STAGE MANAGER

Now come on lads, play the game.
Fair's fair.

CHARLIE runs onto the stage, making his first ever
appearance at the age of five. Tugs at the STAGE MANAGER'S
sleeve, whispers something we can't hear.

THE AUDIENCE: curious, a few cheers, some applause:

STAGE MANAGER

(clenched smile, aside)

Get off this bloody stage.

CHARLIE

(louder)

I can do it Mister. I know the song.

THE AUDIENCE: restless. Shouts of "Come on, give him a
chance!" -- "Let him do it!"

STAGE MANAGER

Jesus Christ ...

(bends down)

What's yer name?

CHARLIE whispers in his ear.

STAGE MANAGER

(announcing, false smile)

Ah ... at very short notice, and at great
expense for your special pleasure we are
delighted to present --- Master Charles
Chaplin!

He backs off stage clapping and the audience bursts out in
applause. CHARLIE bows elaborately, like an Elizabethan
courtier, as a hush falls. He nods at the CONDUCTOR who

2. strikes up HANNAH'S song. CHARLIE begins to sing the chorus, his child's voice pure and entrancing, his dance steps poised and precocious, as he exactly mimics his mother's act. 2.

THE AUDIENCE: An OLD DRUNK stands. Gets his balance. You can't tell what he's going to do. He weaves a little more. Then he rears back, throws something at the stage.

CHARLIE: A coin lands at his feet. He glances at it, keeps on singing --

Now more coins land around him. He keeps on singing.

A SHOWER OF COINS ARCHING TOWARD THE STAGE. They look like gold. Still singing, CHARLIE tries to pick them up.

As CHARLIE finishes, the AUDIENCE whistles and whoops its delight. CHARLIE bows and blows kisses to the gallery, loving the acclaim, the warm embracing roar of the crowd. More coins clatter at his feet.

3. INT. POWNALL TERRACE. DAY. (1895). 3.

LANDLADY (O.S.)

(yelling up the stairs)

I'm warning you, Mrs Chaplin -- If I don't get me rent, I'll report you.

Them two little mites er not fed proper.

A mean bare room. Sticks of furniture. Dirty, uncared for. CHARLIE and SYDNEY, dressed now in ragged castoffs, sit at a table as HANNAH affectionately hands round a thin fish gruel -- some cod heads, a few squares of potato. She is wearing a grubby nightdress and a shawl. There is something distracted about her, something unhinged. The BOYS seem not to notice -- they shriek with delighted laughter as she performs for them.

HANNAH

(exactly mimicking the old crone)

If I don't get me rent today, I'll report you.

(hacking cough)

Yer two months behind!

HANNAH turns, to change persona. She draws herself up, very much la grande dame, caressing the shawl as if it were a feather boa.

3.

HANNAH
 (horrified patrician tones)
 Rent? Rent? What on earth is that?
 Shut your trap, you ghastly woman!

3.

The BOYS are having trouble downing their meal. HANNAH speaks again but this time quietly, in her own voice.

HANNAH
 I'm sorry it's only fish heads again, me darlins.
 (beat)
 I'll get you a plum cake one day ...

4.

INT. POWNALL TERRACE. DAY. (1895).

4.

THE FOLLOWING DAY. Very early. HANNAH is asleep in the bed and SYDNEY is curled up on the floor. CHARLIE kneels by the window, huffing on the pane and drawing a face in the grime.

Suddenly there's a knock on the door. A loud knock. HANNAH and SYDNEY wake.

The knock comes again. HANNAH reaches for her shawl and goes to the door.

HANNAH
 (in her most patrician tones)
 Visitors? At this unearthly hour?

Grandly she flings open the door --

TWO MEN STAND THERE. Not smiling. One wears a suit and a bowler hat. The other is in a kind of uniform.

HANNAH is startled, confused. Brief silence. Then --

BOWLER HAT
 (politely)
 Mrs Chaplin? These are your children, I take it?

SLAM CUT TO:

5.

INT. LAMBETH WORKHOUSE. DAY. (1895).

5.

CHARLIE pelts down a long tiled corridor. CAMERA DOLLIES BACK FAST. CHARLIE'S face in CLOSE UP. Half his head is shaved, bald as an egg. Sounds of shouts, angry bellows in pursuit. We are off and running with CHARLIE. Three massive WARDERS in uniform hurl themselves after the fleeing

5. kid. Thunderous clatter of feet. Hobnails pound on concrete. 5.

CHARLIE bounces off a wall as he takes a right angled corner at full pelt. Slides round corner like a skater.

CHARLIE'S P.O.V.: Up ahead the long perspective of another brightly lit stretch of corridor. Institutional tiles gleam. Empty. Head down, CHARLIE goes for it. Fists pumping. AT THE FAR END more WARDERS wheel into view. Shouts: "Got 'im!"

CHARLIE keeps running. Now he has WARDERS behind him and ahead of him. He runs faster, seemingly straight into the arms of the advancing WARDERS. Big breathless men, pounding boots, flushed, florid faces -- yell their delight.

THEN - at the last minute - CHARLIE hangs a right, down another corridor. The two groups of pursuing WARDERS collide violently in a massive flailing heap of blue uniforms. Sparks fly from hobnails. Manic oaths and curses. CHARLIE sprints off.

A BARRED WINDOW: Set in a thick door. THUD! CHARLIE'S face hurled against the bars. Hands grip the metal. The end of his particular road. His desperate eyes.

CHARLIE'S P.O.V.: SYDNEY being dragged towards a waiting vehicle by other WARDERS.

CHARLIE'S FACE: through the bars. Agonised. Longing.

CHARLIE

Syd ...!

Then: WHAP! Jerked away. Strangled cry of alarm.

A CORRIDOR: CHARLIE. Held a foot off the ground by two beefy WARDERS. We see them from behind as they walk away, diminishing.

WARDERS

You filthy little tyke, Chaplin ...
Crawling with ring worm ... Repulsive
little bleeder ...

6. INT. LARGE GYMNASIUM. DAY. (1895). 6.

A HUNDRED OR MORE YOUNG MEN AND CHILDREN are lined up in military style forming three sides of a square.

The fourth side is taken up with a school desk the length of an Army mess table.

6. At the table is CAPTAIN HINDRUM who looks exactly like the 6.
villain in CHAPLIN'S early two-reelers and the kind of
person you've been dreading all your life. 200 pounds,
big, beefy. One hand behind his back.

In his free hand he holds this: a birch cane, four feet
long, as thick as a man's thumb.

CAPTAIN HINDRUM
(to a nearby WARDER)

Right.

WARDER
(reading)

The charge is setting fire to the
lavatory ... Sir!

CHARLIE: He stands amongst the other BOYS, the results of
the shearing still evident.

ONE LINE OF BOYS: No one looks particularly guilty.

A SECOND LINE: Again, they are attentive but that's all.

THE THIRD LINE: And here's the CULPRIT -- furtive, scared.

CAPTAIN HINDRUM: He glances round the room -- his look
stays on the furtive BOY.

THE CULPRIT: Hard to breathe.

CAPTAIN HINDRUM
(switching his look)

Chaplin.

CHARLIE: Stunned. As he pales --

THE CULPRIT: Can hardly believe his luck.

THE WARDER: Goes to CHARLIE, marches him to the long table.

CHARLIE: Hard to walk.

THE CAPTAIN: MASSIVE.

CHARLIE is halted in front of him.

CAPTAIN HINDRUM
Guilty or not guilty?
(CHARLIE hesitates,
says nothing. Louder)
Guilty or not guilty?

6.

CHARLIE
(so soft)

I did it.

6.

QUICK CUTS: KIDS, WATCHING.

MORE KIDS WATCHING.

THE THICK BIRCH CANE.

THE CAPTAIN, IMPASSIVE.

THE WHOLE ROOM. SILENT. STARING AT CHARLIE.

CHARLIE STARES AROUND, LOOKING BACK AT THEM ALL. THEN --
CHARLIE, face down on the table. His feet are strapped.

Now the WARDER moves to him, pulls his shirt out of his
trousers, pulls the shirt up, yanks the trousers down.

THE CAPTAIN BEGINS THE BEATING. The first blow of the
birch cane is louder than we expected.

THE WATCHING KIDS. Not happy.

THE CAPTAIN: Still impassive.

Now, back to CHARLIE -- he has raised his head so that he
stares ahead.

Another sound of the birch cane landing. CHARLIE'S body
shakes with the power.

HOLD ON CHARLIE: Silence.

A long pause as we're waiting for the blow.

Here it comes --

-- louder.

STAY ON CHARLIE'S FACE -- nothing shows, no tears, no crying
out as the beating goes on ...

7.

EXT. THAMES MUDFLATS. DAY. (1896).

7.

A featureless stretch of the Thames at low tide. A grey
cold light shines on its exposed mudflats. Big Ben on the
skyline. In the distance a small barefoot figure, pulling
a box by a string, struggles with something embedded in the
slime. CLOSER we see CHARLIE finally free his prize - a
sodden boot with a flapping sole. His hair has regrown.
As he trudges across the screen, MIX THROUGH TO:

8. EXT. LAMBETH STREETS. DAY. (1903).

8.

A soot-blackened, decrepit row of shops and dwellings on a mean wet day with CHARLIE walking tiredly along a cobbled road in the same direction as before. But now he's 14, an adolescent, pulling a handcart filled with old ironmongery.

GEORGE'S VOICE

Your father --

CHAPLIN'S VOICE

What about my father?

GEORGE'S VOICE

Well he died during these years didn't he? And you don't write much about him.

CHAPLIN'S VOICE

(very matter of fact)

I didn't know much about him. He left mother when I was born. He sang on the stage and he died of drink. The only time he kissed me was the last time I saw him alive. What else should I say?

GEORGE'S VOICE

It's your book, Charlie ... It's up to you ... I'm only your editor.

CHARLIE wears ragged clothes and big clumping boots. He passes a pub. Pauses. The pub windows glow warm with yellow light. From within, the sound of an upright piano and people singing; "Down at the Old Bull and Bush". Laughter, companionship and conviviality.

Outside the pub, a horsedrawn cab has drawn up. The PASSENGERS are disembarking. RUMMY BINKS, an old down-and-out, with a sack round his shoulders, shuffles across the pavement, in order to earn a penny by holding the horse's head. RUMMY has a crippled rheumatic body, a swollen and distorted pair of feet, ridiculous gigantic trousers.

CHARLIE, setting down the cart, mimics RUMMY'S walk -- the distinctive, cocky yet humble shuffle which is to become the TRAMP'S trademark. He has done it plenty of times before, and he gets a laugh from the CAB MAN.

A passing HUGE POLICEMAN, [like the one in 'EASY STREET'], tells CHARLIE to "clear off aht of it" and CHARLIE resumes his journey with the cart. A BLIND GIRL, selling matches, [translated into a flower girl for 'CITY LIGHTS'], is also

8. part of the street scene -- as is a brewer's dray, dirty, 8.
barefoot CHILDREN and a stray dog, nosing trash in the
gutter. Plumes of smoke rise from distant factory
chimneys.

9. EXT. POWNALL TERRACE. DAY. (1903). 9.

On the skyline the bulk of three gasometers. A row of
crumbling terrace houses. Some windows boarded up. Some
with jute sacking hung as curtains. CHARLIE heads for
number three. More KIDS pass him.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)

(yelling)

'Ere, Charlie. Know what? Yer mum's
gone mad again!

CHARLIE whirls round. The KIDS disappear down a side road,
yelling with laughter. CHARLIE parks his cart outside the
house. One LITTLE GIRL remains, staring solemnly.

10. INT. POWNALL TERRACE. DAY. (1903). 10.

CAMERA roves over scattered furniture and piecework sewing.
Bare floorboards. An empty grate. HANNAH is wedged into
a corner, hair wild -- she looks terrified. She holds
something in her hands but we cannot tell what yet.

CHARLIE: in the doorway. We are entering nightmare now.

CHARLIE

Mum --

HANNAH

(so relieved)

Thank God you got 'ere, Charlie --

(holds out her hand)

see? --

(we still can't make it out)

-- I got you that plum cake ... just like
I said.

AND NOW WE CAN SEE WHAT SHE'S HOLDING: IT'S A PIECE OF
COAL.

CHARLIE crosses the room, takes the piece of coal. It's
not the first time he's done it.

CHARLIE

Thanks, mum ...

10. And now he puts his arms around her, the nightmare all too real. 10.

11. EXT. POWNALL TERRACE. DUSK. (1903). 11.

A looming darkening sky. The door to No. 3 opens. CHARLIE peers out cautiously, then leads HANNAH by the hand. Two pathetic figures moving uncertainly up the sodden streets. In the distance the mournful toll of church bells.

12. INT. CANE HILL ASYLUM. NIGHT. (1903). 12.

OVER: VOICES singing "Abide with Me".

HANNAH vacant, baffled. CHARLIE miserable and overwhelmed in a bare ante room with barred windows.

CHARLIE looks to his right. Down a corridor, A YOUNG WOMAN and an OLD WOMAN, muttering inanely to themselves, are ushered firmly along by a FEMALE NURSE.

CHARLIE is talking quietly with a DOCTOR, who sits at a desk filling in an admission form. HANNAH sits across the room on a bench, her feet tucked under her.

CHARLIE
(handing paper to
DOCTOR)

The Parish Doctor said to bring 'er 'ere.

DOCTOR
She'll be better off. But what about
you, son?

CHARLIE
(lying)
Oh, I'll be fine -- stay with me auntie.

HANNAH
(calling out)
'Ere! Watch your feet, Mister! Shoes
cost money.

CHARLIE
(soft)
Sometimes she thinks the floor's the
River Jordan.
(to HANNAH)
We won't get wet, mum.

12.

DOCTOR
(placating her)
Yes, we'll do our best.

12.

CHARLIE
Most of the time she's wonderful, like
always ... But it comes and goes.

DOCTOR
Yes, of course
(he's completed the form)
Why don't you say goodbye now, sonny?
(CHARLIE nods and starts
toward HANNAH --)

HANNAH
(suddenly crying out)
Charlie! --

CHARLIE
-- wasn't thinking, mum.

CHARLIE walks carefully to the far end of the room, then
tiptoes across as if wading a river and moves along the wall
to her.

HANNAH, watching him. The sweetest smile. She holds out
her arms. He runs into them.

CHARLIE
Oh mum, I love you so much.

HANNAH
I know, I know.
(pause)
If only you'd given me a cup of tea,
Charlie, I'd've been all right.

CHARLIE, fighting for control.

CHARLIE
They'll take better care of you 'ere than
I can, mum.

HANNAH
One cup of tea -- you must have wanted to
get rid of me bad, Charlie.

CHARLIE
I didn't, mum. I really didn't --

12.

HANNAH

12.

-- you're a lying little runt, Charlie
and you know what? -- you're going to end
up just like your father.

Two FEMALE NURSES emerge from behind a barred door and go
over to HANNAH and take her arms. The DOCTOR nods and they
begin to lead HANNAH off, up a long stairway towards a
grille. She begins to weep piteously. CHARLIE stands
frozen.

HANNAH

(wailing)

Charlie? ... Don't do this to me,
darling! ... Charlie, I loves you ...
Don't let them take me away from you ...
Don't let them do this to me, Charlie ...

She is led through the grille at the top of the stairs.
It is shut and locked behind her. She is disappearing from
view. She begins to scream. Loud, piercing and
relentless.

CHARLIE: Rigid. Horrified. Tears track his face.

13. EXT. RIVER THAMES. DAY. (1905).

13.

SYDNEY and CHARLIE, now 16, are walking beside the river
through a gorgeous piece of lush countryside. SYDNEY, 20
years old, wears a smart suit and sports a moustache. We
hear them talking first in the distance.

SYDNEY

-- now don't let 'im scare you, 'e likes
that.

CHARLIE

Were you scared, Syd?

SYDNEY

Not me -- I met my share of toughs in the
Navy ...

(pause)

Now look, you get this job and, with what
I'm bringing in, we could move mum to a
better place.

SYDNEY grabs CHARLIE'S arm, brings him to a halt. Looks
him up and down. Straightens his tie.

13.

SYDNEY

Don't let me down now.

13.

CHARLIE

I'll be great, Syd.

SYDNEY

You don't 'ave to be great -- just shut up and be funny.

CHARLIE

Oh. Is that all? Okay.

PULL BACK to reveal their destination - a vast and exuberant Edwardian houseboat, moored close to a wooden jetty. It's owner, FRED KARNO, the biggest impresario of his age, has been out rowing in his skiff. The picture of brash self-confident vulgarity, he is climbing onto the jetty when CHARLIE and SYDNEY appear.

SYDNEY

'Ello, Mr Karno ... let me give yer a
'and with them ropes ...

(to CHARLIE)

Leave the talkin' to me.

CUT TO LATER: SYDNEY and KARNO stand on the jetty loudly debating CHARLIE'S merits. CHARLIE, whom we can see on the rear deck of the houseboat behind them, prowls around curiously.

SYDNEY

'E's been legit up to now, Gov'nor, but
'e sings and dances a treat.

KARNO

(Midlands accent)

Sydney, Sydney ... I've got song and
dance men like you coming out me ears.
I need comedians --

SYDNEY

His slapstick's fantastic, 'e's got the
knack --

FADE DOWN their conversation and CUT TO CHARLIE, who is 'goofing off' with various props he encounters. KARNO glances toward him. CHARLIE is aware.

CHARLIE begins to dance a hornpipe. He performs some fancy footwork squatting on his haunches. Then, as he straightens, he contrives to hit his head on a beam. His eyes swivel madly and his legs turn to jelly. He stumbles

13. and reaches for a stanchion. Misses it, falls into a dizzy forward run that takes him across the deck and right over the guardrail, head first into the water.

13.

SYDNEY
(surprised and concerned)

Bloody 'ell --

HE AND KARNO run to get a better view. CHARLIE treads water, watching them contentedly.

KARNO kneels down, studies CHARLIE.

KARNO
Need the job that bad, eh?

CHARLIE
Yessir.

KARNO
Well, the hornpipe bit was all right, and I didn't mind when your legs went jelly -- but your forward fall was an embarrassment -- have you worked on it? -- worked hard on it? --

CHARLIE
Nossir --

KARNO: The man could mesmerise.

KARNO
You know what comedy is? Knowing who you are and where you come from. And it's got to be perfection. But the customers mustn't ever know that -- they pay, they want a good laugh and that's what we give 'em -- but the truth's this -- every time I cross me eyes or stagger or slip, if it isn't perfect, guess what? -- it isn't funny ...

CHARLIE
Yessir. Can I come out now?

14. INT. PROVINCIAL THEATRE. NIGHT. (1909).

14.

The MASTER OF CEREMONIES is talking to the AUDIENCE about the next act. He stands at the front of the stage, near the boxes.

14.

M.C.

14.

It's been a great evening so far, hasn't it everybody?

(very desultory applause)

Well, I promise you you're going to love our next act.

And now a commotion starts in the nearest box -- a latecomer, a MIDDLE AGED MOUSTACHED DRUNK in white tie and tails has trouble finding his seat.

M.C.

Everybody loves elephants and right here, on our stage, you'll see twenty of the largest, most graceful --

He stops -- now the DRUNK is trying to smoke. But his coordination is so bad he can't bring his match close to the end of his cigar --

-- the AUDIENCE is aware of the disruption now.

M.C.

(to the DRUNK)

Do you mind, Sir? I'm trying to introduce our dancing elephants. These are straight from the jungle. Do please take your seat, Sir --

The DRUNK tries to sit, can't quite manage it, tries to light his cigar again, can't manage that either --

M.C.

(striking a match)

Here for heaven's sakes, let me help you --

The DRUNK stands, weaves, leans out of the box toward the match, can't quite make the connection --

He leans further out, further still --

-- and then, all balance suddenly gone, he falls out of the box -- falls forward --

-- perfectly --

-- the AUDIENCE is startled by the fall, but as they realise it's part of the entertainment, they start to laugh and clap --

THE DRUNK, WE NOW REALISE, IS THE ADULT CHAPLIN, PLAYED FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE FILM BY OUR STAR.

14. CHAPLIN lands on his feet in balance, then starts to stagger toward the wings. 14.

KARNO: Sitting by himself in the opposite box, staring at the clapping CROWD --

-- finally, KARNO himself starts to applaud.

CHAPLIN darts a quick glance in KARNO'S direction as he makes his exit.

15. INT. BACKSTAGE. NIGHT. (1909). 15.

A dim corridor. Brick walls, stacked scenery, props. CHAPLIN comes up the stairs passing a series of dressing rooms. Other acts through the open doors. A performing seal. A JUGGLER practising. A SINGER gargling. A DANCER -- a Yankee Doodle Girl -- emerges from one of the doors. She wears a satin corset, stars and stripes, ruffled and fringed, over tight satin shorts. SEXY.

FIRST DANCER

'Ello, Charlie.

CHAPLIN takes off his walrus moustache.

CHAPLIN

'Ello, Florry.

16. INT. YANKEE DOODLES' DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT. (1909). 16.

THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR, CHAPLIN sees half a dozen of the 'GIRLS' dressing. They are in fact mostly women, some in their twenties and even thirties -- mature, worldly, hardened. CHAPLIN sees full naked breasts, powdered shoulders and cleavages, rouged cheeks and kohl-darkened eyes. Tights and stockings being rolled up legs. One of the GIRLS sees CHAPLIN standing in the doorway.

SECOND DANCER

Here, Charlie, make yerself useful ... Do me up, sweetheart.

CHAPLIN moves through the well-endowed, indifferent DANCERS to the one that's summoned him. All around, the GIRLS fuss and chatter, unmoved and unaffected by his presence. CHAPLIN does up the GIRL'S stays with blunt, nerveless fingers. She turns, jiggles the front of her corset to settle her breasts.

16.

SECOND DANCER

16.

Ta, dear. How do I look?

CHAPLIN

(aroused)

Fine ... yeah, fine.

The GIRLS begin to move out. Clatter of tap shoes, final adjustments, hoikings and tuckings. CHAPLIN stands, cowed and confused, as they drift past him heading for the stage. He sinks back against the wall into the shadows. Closes eyes. A kind of anguish.

A DOOR at the back opens. Another DANCER rushes out of a washroom area. This is HETTY KELLY. She's very young with a slight Irish brogue - 16 - and extremely pretty. She doesn't see CHAPLIN. CHAPLIN doesn't move. His eyes are wide.

HETTY wears a chemise over her shorts and tights. She's late, in a hurry. She pulls off her chemise. CHAPLIN glimpses her young girl's breasts, firm and small, as she reaches for her corset.

Suddenly she sees him standing there. Gasps. Her hands fly to cover her breasts.

CHAPLIN: He can't take his eyes off her.

HETTY

(angry, alarmed)

What're you doing in here?

She turns her back and fits on her corset.

CHAPLIN

(a bit flustered)

The others don't mind.

HETTY

Well, I do. I shall complain. To Mr Karno.

She's dressed. She rushes to the door, passing CHAPLIN on the way.

CHAPLIN

Lips.

HETTY

What? Ooooh ... here. Hold this.

16. She snatches a hand mirror from a table and thrusts it in CHAPLIN'S hands. He holds it up for her. His eyes over the frame, entranced. HETTY grabs a small pot of dark lip rouge from the nearest table and paints her lips with a finger. Dark, dark red. 16.

HETTY

I'm still going to complain.

HER LIPS. The pronounced Cupid's bow of the soubrette. The dark red against her fair smooth skin. The fresh young face transformed into something altogether more adult and carnal.

CHAPLIN fascinated. An obsession is born.

HETTY

Ta. Well ... thanks, I suppose.

She runs off. CHAPLIN turns to watch her go, utterly, utterly bewitched.

At the last moment, HETTY turns and glances back at him.

17. INT. LOBBY, TROCADERO. NIGHT. (1909). 17.

Through the revolving doors of the restaurant we see a Hansom cab pull up in the street outside. CHAPLIN and HETTY emerge and enter the foyer with somewhat insecure savoir faire.

The restaurant foyer is busy, a buzz of conversation. This is dining on the grand scale -- chic and pricey. CHAPLIN and HETTY are both dressed up for a night on the town, he in his theatrical white tie and tails, HETTY looking beautiful in a long dress. As they move through the elegant CLIENTELE towards the MAITRE D'S station, it's plain that this is a rare treat, a major date.

Then, OFF, a great raucous bellow of laughter. Distinctive and familiar. Coming down the marble staircase from the gaming rooms above -- KARNO. He wears a huge ankle length overcoat and a loud check suit.

CHAPLIN

Oh, my God! Look the other way.

KARNO

Hoi! ... Hello, hello ... Who's out on the town then! And in my tails, at that.

17.

CHAPLIN
(weakly)
Evenin' Gov'nor ...

17.

HETTY
Good evening, Mr Karno.

KARNO
Don't go spilling nothing down your
front, my lad. Cost me good money, did
that suit.

CHAPLIN catches the MAITRE D'S disapproving eye, knowing his
cover is thoroughly blown, if he ever had one. KARNO
meanwhile, jovial and vulgar as ever, now gives HETTY the
benefit of his good humor.

KARNO
You watch him, darlin'! - this time
tomorrow he'll be on the high seas.
Don't say I didn't warn you!

And with a final raucous laugh KARNO has gone. CHAPLIN
turns to confront the MAITRE D'S frozen face.

CHAPLIN
I have a reservation. Name of Chaplin.

The MAITRE D' searches his ledger.

CHAPLIN
I ... ah, booked it a week ago.

THE MAITRE D' comes across CHAPLIN'S name on the
reservations list, moves quickly past it.

MAITRE D'
Nothing here, Sir. We're fully booked.
There must be some error.

CLOSE ON CHAPLIN: He is devastated.

18. EXT. COVENT GARDEN. NIGHT. (1909).

18.

LATER: A huge covered archway. BUYERS loading trays and
boxes on drays. COCKNEY PORTERS, hurrying about with
tiered baskets on their heads. STALL HOLDERS shouting
their wares.

CHAPLIN AND HETTY stand alone in their finery at a pie and
eel stall. Not exactly alone, maybe -- the owner of the
stall is very close, sometimes his back to them, sometimes

18. his face. A BIG EASTENDER, bald, with his sparse hair swept over his forehead.

18.

CHAPLIN

I did book that table.

HETTY

I know.

CHAPLIN

It's 'cause he seen us with Karno -- they won't 'ave actors eating in them fancy places. You wait ... Someday they'll beg.

(dramatizing now)

We'll walk in there, you and me, you dripping jewels, me in me own suit --

HETTY

-- where do I get the jewels? --

CHAPLIN

From me. Engagement rings, wedding tiara's --

THE BIG EASTENDER: Fascinated. His face next to them now. They pay no attention to him whatsoever.

HETTY

-- Charlie, I can't marry you --

CHAPLIN

-- I can't think of any reason why not.

HETTY

Well, I'm only sixteen.

CHAPLIN

You'll get older. Why else?

HETTY

Well, we hardly know each other and this is the first time we've spent more than a couple of minutes together.

CHAPLIN

So when I get back from America we'll spend more time together ... Why else?

HETTY

Charlie, are you serious?

GEORGE'S VOICE

Were you?

19. EXT. MANOIR DE BAN. DAY. (1963).

19.

THE CHAPLIN HOUSE IN SWITZERLAND. Now we see the owners of the disembodied voices. CHAPLIN, 74, sits outside, a rug over his lap, at a breakfast table on the terrace. Coffee and rolls.

Facing him is GEORGE HAYDEN, his editor. On the table between them is a thick typed manuscript that GEORGE will occasionally consult. This is the first draft of CHAPLIN'S autobiography. GEORGE also has a sheet of paper on which there is a handwritten list. He consults it often. GEORGE is very bright. A friend of CHAPLIN'S but no sycophant and not overly fond of bullshit.

THE LIST BY GEORGE'S HAND: We see some notations. At the top is this: 'Mother - how funny?' There is a line drawn through it. Below that comes 'Father - more?' A line through that too. Below that is this: A questionmark. No words and no line drawn through it either. Next is 'Hetty - marriage?' And next 'Beating?'

GEORGE

You say you were on page 85. I just want to be sure you've got down exactly what you want. I mean you never even kissed her.

CHAPLIN

(soft -- he was serious)

You think I don't know that?

GEORGE draws a line through 'Hetty'.

GEORGE

The beating in the workhouse ... We'd know more about you if you told us why you started the fire.

CHAPLIN: He just stares at GEORGE.

GEORGE

What?

CHAPLIN

Oh George, I didn't start it. I just happened to be in the lavatory when the other boys did.

GEORGE

Then why admit it? Panicked into saying yes?

19.

CHAPLIN

I was so alone, George -- Syd was gone, they'd put him in the Navy. I knew this: if they beat me, well, everyone would watch. I'd be the centre of attention ...

19.

GEORGE

Add that, all right? If you'll allow me to say so, never be afraid of letting the readers share your emotions.

CHAPLIN (O.S.)

You'll break my 'eart if you don't marry me, Hetty --

20. EXT. COVENT GARDEN. NIGHT. (1909).

20.

Now we're back with HETTY and CHAPLIN at the pie and eel stall.

CHAPLIN

-- or at least say you'll wait for me; I'll wait for you.

HETTY

Ooh, Charlie ... How long will you be in America?

CHAPLIN

I don't know, we'll be on tour -- it depends if they like the drunk act -- but if they start throwing things --
(shrugs)
-- I won't be there long.

HETTY

They won't throw things at you, Charlie. They'll think you're wonderful. I think you're wonderful.
(smiles)
You know what's funny? You've never mentioned love.

CHAPLIN

I don't 'ave to.
(pause)
Do I?

HETTY: She smiles, slowly shakes her head. HOLD on her perfect face. Then --

21. EXT. BUTTE MONTANA. DUSK. (1913).

21.

A SEA OF CHURNED UP MUD. In the distance, a decrepit wooden building with a painted sign on the facade: 'KARNO'S LONDON COMEDIANS - OPENING NOVEMBER 15th'. Picking their way towards us come two young men. CHAPLIN and beside him STAN, a fellow Karno player - thin, wearing a too-small derby. They pause, excited and contemplate the view.

CAPTION: BUTTE, MONTANA 1913

Horses and wagons pass. INDIAN TRAPPERS with pack horses. An early horseless carriage. These are the final days of the American West, still raw and dangerous, makeshift and exciting. Shots are fired. CHAPLIN and STAN flinch. No one else seems to notice.

CHAPLIN

Keep walking, Stan - they're not shooting at us.

STAN

How can you be sure?

CHAPLIN

They haven't seen the show yet.

They squelch across the street. In the middle of the road is a wide brown puddle. A wagon rumbles down the road towards them. CHAPLIN, spotting the danger, steps nimbly behind STAN.

CLOSE UP: the wagon's wheels splash through the puddle. A great gout of muddy water is flung up drenching STAN from head to foot. He stands there impassive. Then looks down at the mess. [Very Stan Laurel.] CHAPLIN steps out from behind him. Shakes his head.

CHAPLIN

Careful Stan -- you really should look where you're going.

STAN

Yes ... Thanks for the warning -- I might've got wet.

CHAPLIN

(looking around)

Where is this place, anyway?

STAN

Just over there.

21. He indicates a clapboard shack across the street with heavy drapes obscuring the entrance. Above is a sign: 'LEROY PYM FUNERAL PARLOR'.

21.

STAN

I better go and get changed, 'fore I catch me death.

CHAPLIN

Right, see you back at the digs.

They part in the middle of the street, STAN returning in the direction they've come.

CHAPLIN, carefully skirting the puddle, inadvertently backs into a horse tethered to a rail. He raises his cap politely to its rear end as he steps up on the sidewalk.

22. INT. NICKELODEON/FUNERAL PARLOR. NIGHT. (1913).

22.

CHAPLIN'S FACE: A major revelation as, lit by flickering monochrome, he pushes his way through the heavy drapes.

WHAT HE SEES: Projected on a hung bedsheet, rippling in the draught he has created, plump period bathing beauties silently cavort and gambol to live accompaniment from a honky tonk piano.

The place is full of WORKING MEN and POOR IMMIGRANT WOMEN. Never taking his eyes off the sheet, CHAPLIN edges his way past piles of coffins stacked against one wall to find a place on one of the wooden benches set up in front of it. The impresario of this makeshift nickelodeon, a CADAVEROUS MAN in a dark suit, sprays the AUDIENCE with a flit gun. CHAPLIN sits down. Something stupid happens on screen. Everyone laughs.

CHAPLIN chuckles. His neighbour turns to him and comments on the action.

POLE

(huge, gap toothed)

Jak lody w stoncy ... ze bardzo go zaboli!

CHAPLIN

Yeah ... Right.

A MAN on CHAPLIN'S other side grabs his elbow.

22.

ITALIAN

(small, dark, whippet thin)

Ma, si, e molto divertente, meraviglioso!
Veramente!

22.

CHAPLIN

Er ... From London, England.

Turns back to the screen. And grins immediately, totally engrossed.

LATER: Apart from a SOLITARY MAN at the back, CHAPLIN sits alone watching another film, completely absorbed. The SOLITARY MAN is in charge of the projector.

STAN enters noisily from outside. He holds a telegram.

CHAPLIN

(barely taking his eyes
off the screen)

'Ere, watch this, Stanley.

STAN

(sneezing)

There's a telegram come for you.

The screen has gone white. CHAPLIN turns to the PROJECTIONIST, ignoring STAN.

CHAPLIN

Show it again. Everything.

PROJECTIONIST

You already seen everything twice.

CHAPLIN

There's my nickel --

(he slaps down the coin)

- the one where the policeman falls in
the water -- You'll love it, Stan.

STAN

(dismissively)

If any of 'em could really act, they'd be
on't stage.

(waving the wire)

Charlie, look. You must listen -- it's
a telegram -- that can only mean
somebody's died.CHAPLIN, paying attention at last, nods. Nervously, he
takes the telegram.

22.

CHAPLIN
(as he starts to open it)

22.

I know.

THE PROJECTIONIST has the movies ready and for a bit, they flicker mindlessly on as before. CHAPLIN stares at the wire.

CHAPLIN
(awed)

Some bloke offering me a job in California. In the flickers!

He hands the telegram to STAN.

STAN
At a 'undred and fifty a week!

23. EXT. EDENDALE TRAIN STATION. DAY. (1913).

23.

A blast of steam. A small train pulls away from a rural halt. To reveal CHAPLIN on the platform, suitcase in hand. He's in a wide idyllic valley. Distant hills and orange groves as far as the eye can see.

Lugging his suitcase, CHAPLIN descends from the halt and begins to pick his way across the tracks. Ahead of him is a long tin barn and beyond what looks like a large watchtower. In front of the barn some cars are parked amongst a row of orange trees. Painted on the roof in bold lettering: MACK SENNETT KEYSTONE STUDIOS.

24. EXT. SENNETT STUDIOS. DAY. (1913).

24.

CHAPLIN wanders uneasily through the studio gates. To his left is the fifty foot watch-tower topped by an office with a bird's eye view of everything that happens below. Other shacks and sheds, converted farm buildings, are dominated by the huge bulk of the raised wooden stage -- its roof and walls composed of white muslin to diffuse the sunlight. CHAPLIN mounts the steps and parts the muslin.

25. INT. SENNETT STAGE. DAY. (1913).

25.

CHAPLIN enters a vast shimmering space - a white cathedral - and, setting his case down, stands there for a long moment in marvel, totally alone.

Then a disembodied voice, strangely amplified, yells from somewhere on the far side of the stage.

25.

SENNETT (O.S.)

25.

O.K. Begin!

26.

EXT. SENNETT STUDIOS. DAY. (1913).

26.

CHAPLIN emerges through the muslin screening the stage. To his right a small FILM CREW waits on a bend in a narrow dirt road. Nobody's looking at him. They're all concentrating on something round the bend outside his line of vision. MACK SENNETT, who wears a three piece suit and a straw boater, stands behind a giant megaphone. ROLLIE TOTTEROH, with his cap on back-to-front, is cranking a camera on a tripod.

As CHAPLIN starts towards them, the camera suddenly pans in his direction, following an extraordinary vehicle taking the bend at breakneck speed -- a Police Van with umpteen KEYSTONE KOPS hanging from it and clinging to it. The back doors fly open under the force of gravity and a horde of CONVICTS tumble out - life-size dummies joined together like rag dolls.

CUT TO the continuation of the same action as seen through TOTTEROH'S camera: in color, of course, with the sound of cranking loud. This camera shows a perfect shot of the Van, KOPS and CONVICTS careering down the dirt road -- spoiled by an approaching little figure, carrying a suitcase, who waves straight into the lens before he exits frame.

SENNETT (O.S.)

Jesus Christ! Don't cut -- keep cranking!

BACK TO CHAPLIN, abreast of the group now and touching his cap to a pretty girl, MABEL NORMAND, who is the only one not glued to the progress of the Van.

CHAPLIN

Excuse me, could you tell me where I could find Mr. Mack Sennett?

SENNETT

(bellowing into the megaphone)

Cut it! Cut!

(turning to CHAPLIN)

What in hell d'you think you're doing?

SENNETT is a tobacco-chewer who can hit a spittoon - or the trunk of an orange tree - from 12 feet. He shows us.

MABEL

I'm afraid you just found him.

26.

CHAPLIN
(polite, edgy; holding
out his hand to SENNETT)

How do you do, sir; I'm Charlie Chaplin.

SENNETT. He stares at CHAPLIN as if he were an extra-terrestrial.

CHAPLIN
(more edgy now -- hurrying
to explain)
Chaplin? You sent me a telegram.
(nothing rings a bell)
Butte, Montana?
(no contact)
You've hired me for a year, Mr Sennett.

SENNETT
(it dawns)
You can't be Chaplin. The guy I hired
did the best comedy drunk I ever saw.
But he was old. I don't pay a hundred a
week for juveniles.

CHAPLIN puts down the suitcase, removes his cap, ruffles his hair, borrows a cane leaning against a chair and does twenty seconds of exquisite elderly drunk comedy, complete with cigarette-lighting business, missing his mouth with his drink, tripping himself up with his cane without spilling a drop, and so on. His little AUDIENCE is completely beguiled. They don't roar and clap like the public, they merely scrutinize him with growing respect. When he's finished, CHAPLIN straightens up, sober, polite.

SENNETT
Okay ... you might be Chaplin, after all.

SENNETT puts out his hand. CHAPLIN shakes it. Then he takes the telegram out of his pocket and shows it to SENNETT.

CHAPLIN
(seriously)
It was a hundred and fifty, Mr Sennett.

27. INT. SENNETT CUTTING ROOM. DAY. (1913).

27.

NEGATIVE BLACK AND WHITE: The scene we saw CHAPLIN interrupt is being hand-crank projected onto a small cloth screen in a stuffy windowless area little bigger than a closet. ROLLIE is operating the projector. SENNETT and CHAPLIN are also squeezed into the small space that leads off the cutting room.

27. SENNETT and ROLLIE eye the screen with professional detachment. CHAPLIN, seeing himself on film for the first time, watches avidly.

27.

SENNETT

(to CHAPLIN)

You sure screwed it up, didn't you?

(to ROLLIE)

Fix it, will ya?

ROLLIE dismounts the reel of negative from the projector and takes it to a bench in the cutting room. SENNETT and CHAPLIN follow as ROLLIE runs the film through his hands, holding it up to a bare light bulb to find the exact frame he needs.

SENNETT

(to CHAPLIN)

I know you're new but remember something:
We're all new. This is not an ancient industry.

ROLLIE's there now. He bites a nick in the film and completes the tear with his bare hands.

SENNETT

This whole place is built around speed --
start the story, start the chase -- I get
bored easy is why --

Quickly, expertly, ROLLIE makes another cut. Discarding the unwanted film on the cutting room floor he takes a coil of completely different negative out of a nearby bin.

ROLLIE

How much do you reckon, Mack? Coupla yards?

SENNETT

Yeah, coupla yards oughta do it.

ROLLIE measures the distance from his nose to the end of his outstretched arm on the new section of film. Once. Twice. Makes another cut.

SENNETT

(to CHAPLIN)

But don't go thinking we ever sacrifice
on quality --

Now ROLLIE's splicing two yards of new film into the middle of the scene.

27.

SENNETT

27.

-- I never do more than two motion pictures a week and I'll spend up to a thousand dollars on each of 'em if I have to --

CHAPLIN: He's listening to SENNETT'S every word but he's also taking in ROLLIE'S every move.

ROLLIE rewinds the finished scene onto the spool and takes it back to the projector.

SENNETT

You're on the cutting room floor, Chaplin
... not the place to be.

NEGATIVE BLACK AND WHITE: We're back in the stuffy windowless area with CHAPLIN, SENNETT and ROLLIE. As before, the Police Van with umpteen KEYSTONE KOPS hanging from it and clinging to it takes the bend at breakneck speed. As before, the back doors fly open and CONVICTS tumble out, joined together like rag dolls. But now, just at the moment CHAPLIN ought to appear, we cut away to a shot of MABEL NORMAND gagged and bound to a railway line with a steam locomotive puffing inexorably towards her. Just enough time to register MABEL'S awful predicament and we're back on the Police Van as it careers to her rescue in the middle distance. A whole story in a ten second nutshell -- and not a frame of CHAPLIN anywhere to be seen.

SENNETT

Forget everything you ever learned: you
ain't in the theatre any more.

CHAPLIN: He nods looking totally at home, totally confident in these new surroundings as SENNETT and ROLLIE leave. As soon as the door closes behind them, he retrieves the discarded film from the cutting room floor, winding it round his finger.

CHAPLIN'S VOICE

*I'd never been so terrified -- is that
clear in the book, George?*

GEORGE'S VOICE

Not to that extent, no.

28. EXT. MANOIR DE BAN. DAY. (1963).

28.

GEORGE and CHAPLIN at a table. GIANNI, an elderly servant, is clearing away cups and plates. Just the book and GEORGE'S notes are on the table, between them.

28. CHAPLIN leans forward -- intent, almost agitated.

28.

CHAPLIN

You've got to help me get that right --
you see, it was the end of an era for me
-- the world was changing -- my world
anyway -- Karno preached perfection,
Sennett was only interested in the next
chase.

(faster)

And, of course, I was right to be
frightened -- I was dreadful at the start
-- Sennett wished he'd never hired me --
it was all I could do to keep control --

(pause)

-- and the truth is: I'd have been a
total disaster if I hadn't invented the
Tramp.

GEORGE

I want to talk to you about the way
you've written that --

CHAPLIN

(cutting in)

-- Oh George, the words just poured out
-- remember, I'd only been with Sennett a
month -- he told me to go put on a
different costume -- I had no ideas --
none -- but then ... as I approached the
wardrobe building, I felt suddenly ...
possessed -- and then, that magical
moment when I opened the wardrobe door --

(now on that --

29. INT. WARDROBE HOUSE, SENNETT STUDIOS. DAY. (1914).

29.

A shaft of sunlight as the door is opened. CHAPLIN
standing alone in the entrance, looking around. Soft music
begins -- glorious and reverential like something from a De
Mille film.

From CHAPLIN'S P.O.V. we see HATS. Maybe a hundred of
them. Top hats and sporty hats and Derby hats and --

HOLD on the DERBY HATS.

CHAPLIN walks towards them in SLOW MOTION, as if floating in
a trance.

THE DERBIES AGAIN. Only now - while the music increases in
volume - one in particular takes on a luminous, almost

29. supernatural glow. CHAPLIN extends his hand. The Derby rolls up his arm and leaps onto his head. 29.

NOW A COLLECTION OF UMBRELLAS, WALKING STICKS, CANES.

The music swells as CHAPLIN floats towards them, wearing the Derby. A thin malacca cane jumps towards his outstretched hand.

GEORGE'S VOICE

*Come off it, Charlie! That's pure
bullshit -- and you know it.*

ON THAT, the cane freezes in midair and the whole scene - everything we've seen in the Wardrobe House - goes into FAST REWIND. MUSIC included.

CHAPLIN'S VOICE

*But the truth was so boring, George. I
just grabbed some clothes --*

Now hurry-hurry music. CHAPLIN, trouserless in white shirt and celluloid collar, is running feverishly through ranks of hanging costumes and props. Hunting for something, anything, he can make into an outfit. He grabs a pair of pants and pulls them on -- far too large. Snatches a jacket. It's far too small and he only just manages to fasten the top button.

His sweating image in a full length mirror. He goes to a wicker basket. Full of old shoes. Sits on the basket and pulls on a boot. Very large. Takes it off. Thinks better of it and puts it back on the wrong foot.

30. INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S SET, SENNETT STAGE. DAY. (1914). 30.

A TROUPE OF ACTORS face the camera, assembled as if for a wedding photograph. CHESTER CONKLIN is the inept Photographer.

MABEL stands in the middle of the GROUP dressed as a Bride. FORD STERLING is the Groom. Other SENNETT PLAYERS make up the Guests and Family.

There's a gap in the line up.

SENNETT

(looking at watch)

Jesus!

ROLLIE

You told him to get changed, remember?

31. EXT. WARDROBE HOUSE, SENNETT STUDIOS. DAY. (1914). 31.

The door of the house. Opens. FRAMED: The TRAMP -- Almost.

He adjusts his jacket. Swings his cane. Touches his tie, the brim of his hat. His fingers run over his naked upper lip. He takes a step. Pauses. Turns and goes back inside.

HOLD ON: the door.

CHAPLIN -- The TRAMP -- reappears. With his familiar little moustache. He smiles - a typical Tramp smile. Sets off at a run.

32. EXT. SENNETT STUDIOS. DAY. (1914). 32.

CHAPLIN running towards the stage. He stops, takes off the Derby, ruffles his hair, replaces the Derby.

HOLD on his face as he sets off again. The moustache twitches. PULL BACK to show the full figure. Before our eyes we see the incarnation of the TRAMP'S distinctive, cocky, humble shuffle - a twirl of the cane, a hunch of the shoulders.

33. INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S SET, SENNETT STAGE. DAY. (1914). 33.

CHAPLIN arrives on the stage to find that ROLLIE is already cranking. He tiptoes round behind the scenery while CONKLIN struggles with his collapsing tripod and the WEDDING GUESTS wait with mounting impatience.

BEHIND THE SCENES: CHAPLIN checks his Tramp costume. He pauses. Makes up his mind. He's going to go on -- to hell with it.

ON THE SET a flimsy side door is flung open with a bang and the TRAMP blasts in at full tilt. Hammers past the row of -- genuinely astonished -- WEDDING GUESTS and does a skidding 180 degree turn -- one leg sticking out -- and takes up his place in the wedding photo, beside the GROOM.

ROLLIE, big grin, looks questioningly at SENNETT, who indicates that he should keep cranking.

CHAPLIN stands there in the line up. Hunching shoulders, moustache twitching, smiling at all the other annoyed GUESTS. He catches MABEL'S eye. Gives her a little wave. She 'corpses'. Can't help herself, tries to stifle her laughs. The GROOM gets in on the act. Pompously -- hands

33. on hips -- rounds on the TRAMP and tells him to mind his own business. CHAPLIN looks meek. They face the camera again. The TRAMP can't resist it. Gives MABEL another little wave. The GROOM turns to twist the TRAMP'S nose. The TRAMP gives him an almighty clout on the ear -- he goes down, poleaxed. The TRAMP takes the GROOM'S place beside MABEL. Links arms. Smiles for the camera.

33.

The PHOTOGRAPHER'S flash powder goes.

SENNETT

(trying not to laugh)

Cut! O.K. that's enough ... Goddam you, Chaplin. What're ya doin' to me?

PAN AROUND the whole CREW, the PLAYERS, BYSTANDERS. All are laughing. Someone begins to applaud. The PLAYERS take it up. Everyone is clapping.

CHAPLIN tips his hat, leans nonchalantly on his cane, slips, gathers himself. That apologetic smile. The TRAMP lives.

34. EXT. EDENDALE ROAD. DAY. (1914).

34.

CHAPLIN sits by himself, in his Tramp costume, on the kerb of a dusty road. He looks very small.

MABEL (O.S.)

You do what I tell you, or I'll report you to Mack.

(CHAPLIN doesn't move)

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

MABEL, costumed as a Rich Lady, and a small shooting CREW. She holds a hose.

MABEL

You stand up right now, you take this and when I say begin, you sprinkle the road.

CHAPLIN

(contemptuously)

I can do a lot more with that hose than 'sprinkle' the road -- I could be funny.

MABEL

This is not a movie about being funny with a hose -- now, I'm the director, you do as I say.

(CHAPLIN doesn't move)

35. EXT. SENNETT'S TOWER. DUSK. (1914).

35.

SENNETT is bawling CHAPLIN'S name through his six-foot megaphone which now stands on the deck at the top of the Tower.

CHAPLIN, again wearing his Tramp costume, hears the call as he is about to enter the Wardrobe House. Looking thoughtful, he turns and makes his way towards the Tower.

From all over the Studio, spectators watch CHAPLIN'S progress with interest.

SENNETT descends the companionway to his office below.

36. INT. SENNETT'S OFFICE. DUSK. (1914).

36.

MABEL, still in costume, is storming around the office as SENNETT descends.

MABEL

I'm not insisting you fire him -- but if you want to, that's fine with me.

SENNETT

I love you, honey -- and I'd love to axe the little limey --

(pause)

-- but they called me from New York.

MABEL

And?

SENNETT

It seems he's an asset to the company.

(an arm around her)

But don't you worry -- I'll scare him good. You're a great director and I'll make damn sure he knows that.

37. EXT. SENNETT'S TOWER. DUSK. (1914).

37.

MABEL walks down the steps -- and halfway down she meets CHAPLIN coming up. He moves aside for her.

MABEL

(sweet smile)

Oh, is Mack ever waiting for you ...

37. CHAPLIN raises his Derby, continues upwards.

37.

38. INT. SENNETT'S OFFICE. DUSK. (1914).

38.

SENNETT, looking furious, sits at the desk. A knock. The door opens. CHAPLIN stands there.

SENNETT

(bouncing out from
behind his desk)

Charlie -- you've got to help me with
Mabel -- she actually thinks she can
direct --

CHAPLIN

-- you're not mad, then?

SENNETT

-- I've just been waiting for an actor
with the guts to stand up to her. How
could I be mad?

(pause)

I really like you, Charlie.

CHAPLIN

I like you too, Mack -- and I'll bet
you've been talking to New York.

(pause)

Let me direct the next one.

SENNETT

What if nobody wants it? What if it
stinks? Who'll pay?

CHAPLIN

Am I cheap, Mack?

SENNETT

Never seen you pick up a check.

CHAPLIN

I'll pay.

39. EXT. COUNTRY TRAIN STATION. DAY. (1914).

39.

CHAPLIN, all dressed up, is driving a gorgeous open car.
First time we've seen him fancy and he looks terrific.

39. The car comes to a halt beside a level crossing. He leaps out, late, and scans the PASSENGERS descending from a train. Just for a moment he glimpses a young GIRL who looks like HETTY. Then she's lost in the crowd and he sees SYDNEY carrying cases, hot and perspiring in thick British tweed. With him is his wife MINNIE -- petite, plump, a character. 39.

CHAPLIN runs towards them, a dapper figure in a nice grey suit and matching Homburg. A stylish contrast to SYDNEY.

SYDNEY

(laughing)

Oh my gawd - look at 'im!

(sings under his breath)

"... Dressed in style ... With a brand new tile ... Father's old green tie on"

A grinning CHAPLIN joins in what is obviously a familiar little routine between the brothers.

CHAPLIN and SYDNEY

"Oh, I wouldn't give you tuppence for your old watch chain ... Old iron, old iron!"

They embrace, laughing and out of breath.

SYDNEY

And this is Minnie.

CHAPLIN

(kissing her)

Nice to meet you. What did you pick him for?

MINNIE

Hello, Charlie. He's not so bad.

CHAPLIN

No, our Syd's all right.

SYDNEY

(picking up luggage)

Give us a 'and, then -

They walk towards the car, passing a number of other PASSENGERS who pay them no particular attention.

MINNIE

(nudging SYDNEY)

I thought your Charlie was supposed to be famous.

39.

CHAPLIN

Don't believe everything you read in the papers.

39.

40.

EXT. NICKELODEON. DAY. (1914).

40.

CHAPLIN'S car draws up outside, MINNIE beside him in the front, SYDNEY and luggage behind.

The Nickelodeon is playing and advertising 'THE NEW CHAPLIN FILM'. CHAPLIN'S name is given major prominence on the poster, bigger by far than SENNETT'S. And a CROWD has gathered to admire a life-size cutout of the Tramp which bears the legend: 'I'M HERE TODAY'.

SYDNEY

(impressed)

Oh ... Chas -- Minnie, get a load of that!

MINNIE steps out onto the sidewalk in awe, goes to the figure, stares at it.

SYDNEY

It's happened so fast -- Six months ago you were in vaudeville for Chrissake. But how come nobody's staring at you?

CHAPLIN

(quick grin)

'Cause I don't look like me.

SYDNEY makes to follow MINNIE. CHAPLIN, leaning across, stops him.

CHAPLIN

(quietly, urgently)

What news, Syd?

SYDNEY

Mother's fine -- well, not fine, but lots of good days. Well, not lots of, but some.

CHAPLIN

And Hetty?

SYDNEY

(handing envelope)

Gave me this for you.

40.

CHAPLIN
(excitedly ripping it open)
Fancy Hetty writing ...

SYDNEY: Says nothing.

CHAPLIN: Suddenly smiling.

CHAPLIN
She got married.

SYDNEY
I'd heard that.

CHAPLIN
Not surprised. A girl like Hetty. I
wish her lots of happiness.
(beat)
Well, not lots of, but some ...

SYDNEY gets out, goes to MINNIE.

CHAPLIN: Alone with his grief in the car.

41. INT. SENNETT'S OFFICE. DAY. (1914).

41.

CHAPLIN and SYDNEY are with SENNETT who is having a massage from a pounding TURKISH MASSEUR. Costumed for 'HIS PREHISTORIC PAST', CHAPLIN is wearing his boots, his Derby and a bearskin.

SENNETT
(very reasonable)
A thousand a week? That's all you want to renew?
(relieved)
I'll tell you, I was worried you were going to ask me for something ridiculous.

SYDNEY
Value for money is all we're after, Mr Sennett.

SENNETT
(smiles at CHAPLIN)
Charlie?
(the smile is gone)
Take this guy back to the asylum.

CHAPLIN
Look, Syd is my manager now. He's given

41.

CHAPLIN

(cont.)

up his acting career to handle me full time.

SENNETT

(exploding)

Oh woe is me, the theatre will never be the same -- what career? --

(almost out of control)

-- a thousand a week is more than I get.

SYDNEY

Charlie's name is bigger, Mister Sennett.
-- If you'll pardon me for saying so.

SENNETT

He's still talking ... Charlie, I've been so rotten to you -- I don't know if you can forgive me. I forced you to leave Butte, Montana, I made you accept a hundred and fifty per. You mentioned directing, I stuffed that down your throat too. Tell me how else Uncle Mack can make it up to you.

CHAPLIN

I want to run my own show, Mack -- I want control.

SENNETT

(a smile)

Dream on, kid.

(chews tobacco as the
MASSEUR pummels him)

I know this business and you're not that big ...

SENNETT directs a stream of tobacco juice at the spittoon -- gets the range wrong.

CHAPLIN

First time I seen you miss, Mack.

42. INT. CAFE. DAY. (1915).

42.

BRONCO BILLY ANDERSON, a cowboy actor who likes to wear his hat, enters the cafe from the street door, with SYDNEY. SYDNEY is delighted with himself. He looks around and spots CHAPLIN waving at him.

CHAPLIN is sitting alone at a table. Next to him against the same wall, but one table away, is a girl, EDNA

42. PURVIANCE. She is to his right, so it looks like a scene from 'THE IMMIGRANT'.

42.

When SYDNEY catches CHAPLIN'S eye, SYDNEY puts both thumbs up and waves him over, because BRONCO BILLY (signing autographs) is being established in a booth by the fawning management. But CHAPLIN is aware of EDNA, and his glance to her catches her glance to him.

CHAPLIN

(a bit awkward)

Excuse me, Miss, but do you always eat alone?

EDNA

Only when I'm trying to get picked up.

(smiles)

Actually, I'm waiting for my girlfriend.

CHAPLIN

Actually, I'm a motion picture director. I'm forming a new company with Broncho Billy over there.

EDNA

(feigning amazement)

And you're looking for a leading lady, lucky me.

CHAPLIN

Obviously, you are an actress, Miss ...

EDNA

Purviance; and sorry, just a secretary.

CHAPLIN

Don't be sorry -- I'm auditioning for actresses who aren't actresses.

EDNA

Well, if you're on the lookout for untalented actresses who aren't actresses, you couldn't do better than me ... Worse than me.

SYDNEY is calling now for CHAPLIN to come join him and BRONCHO BILLY. CHAPLIN rises, smiles at her.

CHAPLIN

Don't you want to know who I am?

EDNA

I have no interest whatsoever in who you are ...

42.

CHAPLIN

42.

... Mr Chaplin.

They look at each other and both smile.

43. A MONTAGE. (1915 - 1917).

43.

Over this, we hear the song "When The Moon Shines Bright on Charlie Chaplin".

(a) COLOR - EDNA'S screen test. She smiles full-face, she turns her head one way, the other way, she talks to camera, silently. CHAPLIN enters the frame, moving her, directing her, coaching her.

(b) BLACK AND WHITE - now EDNA in one of the ESSANAY films and a mini-montage of other clips.

(c) COLOR - CHAPLIN and EDNA amongst the audience in a Nickelodeon, holding hands. On the screen: Newsreel footage of the First World War.

(d) BLACK AND WHITE - an out-take: EDNA is acting, but then she corpses and CHAPLIN enters the frame also laughing, turning to camera to signal "cut" -

(e) COLOR - the continuation of the above. CHAPLIN cutting the take. Then he turns and kisses EDNA, lightly, reprovably.

(f) BLACK AND WHITE - a montage of MUTUAL titles, featuring both their names.

(g) COLOR - CHAPLIN doing up the buttons on the back of EDNA'S dress.

(h) BLACK AND WHITE - toys, music sheets, comic books, tear sheets describing the nationwide psychic impulse and other manifestations of the CHAPLIN boom which occurred at this period.

44. INT. STAGE, LONE STAR STUDIO. DAY. (1917).

44.

CHAPLIN (O.S.)

Cut. Print. And we'll do another.

EDNA sits in a cafe set which is a slightly shoddy replica of the place where she and CHARLIE first met. This shot echoes precisely the image which precedes the Montage.

44.

EDNA

Charlie, if I eat one more bean I'll throw up.

CHAPLIN

We almost had it. -- But this time not quite so daintily -- you're starving.

EDNA

I know, I know, but it's hard to be hungry after forty-six takes.

CHAPLIN

Of course it is -- no one else could do as well -- you can be perfect, Edna. It's true. We both know it.

EDNA

(nods)

Do my best.

CHAPLIN

How about dinner tonight? Chilli con carne?

EDNA

I'll kill you, Charlie!

CHAPLIN, smiling sweetly, takes up his position behind ROLLIE.

CHAPLIN

(raising his voice)

Just one more!

CUT TO: SYDNEY, watching from a chair with his name on it. FREULER, a distinguished looking Germanic businessman, comes towards him. SYDNEY gestures for quiet. FREULER nods, kneels alongside.

CHAPLIN

Camera!

ONE OF THE OTHER PLAYERS holds up a slate. The number is 745.

SYDNEY AND FREULER, watching, as EDNA gamely digs into a plate of beans again.

FREULER

(whispering)

Did that slate say 745?

44.

44. SYDNEY nods. FREULER looks confused.

44.

FREULER

He shot this scene last month.

SYDNEY

He did and he didn't. Last month he hadn't figured out the story. Now they've met before on the immigrant boat, so naturally, since they know each other, the scene will play differently.

FREULER

Naturally. God forbid she should eat beans as if she didn't know him.

(still confused)

Sydney, that waiter looks different.

SYDNEY

Charlie changed waiters -- the first guy wasn't scary enough.

FREULER

(nods understandingly until suddenly something hits him)

Did you say 'boat'?

(SYDNEY nods)

But this picture's about an artist's cafe.

SYDNEY

It was; it's about immigrants now.

EDNA, ravenous, gorging on beans.

FREULER AND SYDNEY as they move further out of earshot.

FREULER

Sydney you know we love Charlie --

SYDNEY

You don't love him at all, I love him, you're just making a lot of money out of him --

FREULER

-- Fine -- the point is we could make a lot more if he shot a little differently --

SYDNEY

Sure -- like everyone else --

44.

FREULER

Griffith only goes to a second take if there's a mechanical fault ... We obviously want to renew -- but we'd like certain changes.

SYDNEY

So would we. We want a million a year plus Charlie's own studio.

FREULER

Pigs will first have wings.

SYDNEY

(gestures to the sky)

Look up next month and wave to us.

FREULER

Believe me, kid --

(head shake)

I know this business and you're not that big ...

44.

45. INT. NICKELODEON. NIGHT (1917).

45.

This is the same Nickelodeon where we saw CHAPLIN with EDNA. Now he's rented it for a private preview. On the screen: a rough assembly of scenes from 'THE IMMIGRANT', some still bearing the slate numbers.

A DOZEN PEOPLE watching. CHAPLIN, SYDNEY, EDNA, ROLLIE, MINNIE and some of the studio STAFF.

We see a title: 'ARRIVAL IN THE LAND OF LIBERTY.'

And now the deck of a boat -- huddled masses.

Then a view of the Statue of Liberty.

THE GROUP: Fascinated. CHAPLIN'S eyes flick around. Pleased.

THE SCREEN AGAIN: EDNA and the TRAMP, close together at the ship's rail, gaze at the approaching Land of Opportunity.

THE GROUP: Entranced. CHAPLIN'S eyes flick around. Pleased.

THE SCREEN AGAIN: Immigrant authorities arrive, suddenly throw a rope around the masses, as if they were cattle.

SYDNEY: Just staring blankly at the scene.

45. CHAPLIN: His eyes flick to SYDNEY, then away, then back. Not pleased. 45.

SYDNEY: He looks at CHAPLIN. Not a happy man.

46. INT. OFFICE, LONE STAR STUDIO. NIGHT. (1917). 46.

SYDNEY AND CHAPLIN enter alone. CHAPLIN starts to speak before SYDNEY can even shut the door.

CHAPLIN

Good to know I can always count on my nearest and dearest.

SYDNEY

(whirling on him)

-- don't come it with me, Chas

(gesturing)

-- what was that up there? --

CHAPLIN

Nobody else seemed to mind --

SYDNEY

(the first time we've seen him angry)

Answer me -- what was that? -- was that funny? --

CHAPLIN

For those of us with a sense of humor -- very.

SYDNEY

Charlie, what the hell was that saying? -- we're guests here -- guests in this country -- you can't go around criticizing it --

CHAPLIN

I love this country -- I owe it everything -- that's precisely why I can criticize it --

SYDNEY

Charlie, don't forget where we're from -- England. Remember there's a war on -- you make a million a year while British boys are dying in France -- the London papers are already after you -- you want the same thing here?

46.

CHAPLIN

Syd -- Syd, I registered for the draft,
they never called me -- it's not as if
I'm hard to find --

46.

SYDNEY

I'm on your side, kid -- first one on
board, right?

(CHAPLIN nods)

Then watch it, Chas. Just ... watch it,
that's all ...

47. EXT. PARAMOUNT STUDIOS. NIGHT. (1917).

47.

Framed by the gateway to the studios, a crowd of eager FANS
rushes forward to swarm over an enormous closed car.

FANS

It's him ... Charlie! ... Charlie
Chaplin! ... We love you, Charlie.

48. INT. PARAMOUNT STAGE. NIGHT. (1917).

48.

It's a wrap party. Typical Fairbanks set. Blaring band.
BIG BANNER: "CONGRATULATIONS DOUG ON FINISHING 'MODERN
MUSKETEER'."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS: Balanced on a beam, high in the roof.
He is thirty five, the great action star of the day.
CHAPLIN'S equal in popularity. They are now what they've
been since they got to know each other: each other's
closest friend.

FAIRBANKS loves to climb and is a superb acrobat. Now, as
CHAPLIN steps out of his car, he grabs a rope and swings to
the floor of the stage, landing effortlessly at his feet.

FAIRBANKS

(flourish of the hand)

You are truly welcome, Sire.

CHAPLIN

(huge theatrical hug)

What a great party.

FAIRBANKS

Oh yes, fabulous.

CHAPLIN

(whispered)

Bet I hate it more than you do.

48.

FAIRBANKS
(whispered back)

Unlikely.

(waves gaily at a bunch of
men in suits)

But I do love studio executives.
(the EXECUTIVES wave back,
pleased)

A TINY WOMAN walks up to CHAPLIN and FAIRBANKS. She looks
at first, 16. On closer inspection: 24, easy. It's MARY
PICKFORD.

PICKFORD
(casually)

Hi Charlie --

CHAPLIN

-- Hi, Mary --

PICKFORD
-- Hi, Doug, thanks for inviting me. --

FAIRBANKS
(casually)
- Mary, it was a pleasure.
(starts away toward the
executives)
-- duty calls, excuse me.

PICKFORD
(glancing after him)
He's a really lovely person.

EDNA dances past, trailing a hand towards CHAPLIN.

EDNA
Charlie....

And this is the last time we see the lovely EDNA as she
dances away, getting smaller and smaller, her sweet face
terribly sad.

CHAPLIN pulls his eyes away and finds himself staring at A
YOUNG GIRL. Maybe the youngest present. A stunner. She
holds a drink, sips it through a straw. Red pouty lips.

THE YOUNG GIRL: Aware of it now. Glances at him, quick
smile, glances away.

PICKFORD: Watching CHAPLIN.

PICKFORD
Her name's Mildred Harris.

48.

48.

CHAPLIN

An actress?

PICKFORD

Yeah, a child actress. You ever hear the word 'jailbait'?

(a nod in MILDRED'S direction)

That's the definition. I'd watch it if I was you.

CHAPLIN

I value that, Mary. Coming from you. When America's own Sweetheart gives you advice, you better listen.

PICKFORD

Thanks.

CHAPLIN

Especially since you're married and Doug's married and you two are rutting with each other every afternoon, all the time pretending you just met --

A PHOTOGRAPHER has planted himself in front of them.

PHOTOGRAPHER

-- Miss Pickford -- Mr Chaplin -- please.

They don't like each other but for the PHOTOGRAPHER'S benefit they gaze adoringly into each other's eyes.

CHAPLIN

(out of the side of his mouth)

Lecture me more about morality.

49. INT. CHAPLIN'S SUITE, ATHLETIC CLUB. NIGHT. (1918).

49.

MILDRED (O.S.)

Of course I'm religious -- I'm a nut on religion -- Sunday's can't come round fast enough for me.

CHAPLIN lies in bed, naked, sheet thrown across him. His head is held still against the headboard.

MILDRED HARRIS, the young girl we saw at the party, comes out of the bathroom. Her hair is down. She wears a sheer lacy negligee. Her face is clean, scrubbed. She looks at once very young and very desirable.

MILDRED

Do you like it? Is this what you meant?

49.

CHAPLIN

49.

Come here.

She comes over and sits on the bed beside him. The strap of her negligee slips off her shoulder. The swell of her small breasts.

CHAPLIN stares at her. Intensely. Scrutinising.

MILDRED

(a little uncomfortable)

Charlie? ... What is it?

He touches her cheek gently, touches her hair.

CHAPLIN

I just need ... you just need some liprouge.

MILDRED

I got some in my purse.

CHAPLIN

(gestures)

In the drawer.

MILDRED opens the drawer on the bedside table.

INSIDE THE DRAWER: three or four lipsticks.

MILDRED

I need a mirror.

CHAPLIN

Just put it on. It doesn't matter.

MILDRED screws up the lipstick. Dark red. She puts it on. A little askew. Her face: the big eyes, the fluffy curls, her red lop-sided lips.

MILDRED

How's that?

CHAPLIN

(voice a little hoarse)

Nice ... stand up.

She stands. She begins to understand this game, she smiles. The coquette once more.

CHAPLIN

Take your ...

49. She doesn't need any further instruction. MILDRED 49.
 slips her negligee off. Her naked body. Her girl's body.
 Small, firm breasts. She might almost be HETTY.

CLOSE UP: CHAPLIN'S face. The longing. The
 vulnerability.

50. EXT. LA BREA/CHAPLIN STUDIOS. DAY. (1918). 50.

CHAPLIN: wind in his hair, a silk scarf at his throat
 tossed by the breeze.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL he is travelling in a large open
 limousine, glossy and new, driven by a JAPANESE CHAUFFEUR in
 full uniform.

PULLING BACK FURTHER, we see that they are driving down a
 straight road: La Brea. On either side, nothing but
 endless orange groves. Then, suddenly, a long row of mock
 tudor cottages and beyond them an entrance with a freshly
 painted sign: 'CHAPLIN STUDIOS'. The limo sweeps through
 the gate and comes to a halt.

KONO, the chauffeur, leaps out and opens the door. On the
 other side of the car the wrong door opens and CHAPLIN
 emerges. Immaculate suit, spats, silver topped cane.

EMPLOYEES lean out of windows. A few others stand and
 watch the show, broad grins on their faces.

CHAPLIN walks round to the sheepish KONO and bows. KONO
 automatically bows back. The ritual is repeated several
 times. Finally, CHAPLIN curtsseys elaborately. The
 EMPLOYEES clap and whistle. And then CHAPLIN walks, like
 the TRAMP, swinging his cane, up the path towards FRANK
 HOOPER, his newly recruited general factotum, who waits
 outside his office. On his way he passes a MAN lugging a
 camera. CARPENTERS with bits of scenery. Sound of
 hammering from the stage on his left.

51. EXT. 'SHOULDER ARMS' LOCATION. DAY. (1918). 51.

Drifting smoke. A vista of churned up mud. Tangled
 barbed wire. Explosions erupt. GERMAN SOLDIERS advance
 through this no-man's-land. Dead BRITISH SOLDIERS lie in
 ruined dug outs. A blasted tree - leafless. Broken
 branches. Suddenly the tree begins to shake and shudder.
 It shuffles forward five paces and then comes to a halt.

MUFFLED VOICE

Cut! Cut!

51. The dead SOLDIERS immediately get to their feet and dust themselves down.

51.

MUFFLED VOICE

For God's sake someone, get me out of here.

The SOLDIERS start to haul the tree outfit off CHAPLIN.

DOUG FAIRBANKS in tennis whites is watching from his opulent open tourer, two huge hounds - Borzois or Afghans - in the rear seat. CHAPLIN, rescued from the tree, goes over to the car.

FAIRBANKS

Looks great, Charlie.

(gesturing to the dogs)

But I thought I'd better keep the boys here under control till you were out of costume.

CHAPLIN

(chuckles)

You are an ass.

ROLLIE

That wasn't bad, Charlie. One more?

CHAPLIN

(to the assembled CREW)

No, no, no. Don't feel funny any more.

THE BATTLEFIELD: empty now of men. We are seeing a cannon but what we hear is the sound of a tennis ball.

52. EXT. TENNIS COURT. DAY. (1918).

52.

Watched by the two dogs, FAIRBANKS AND CHAPLIN are playing a competitive game. All the while talking away.

FAIRBANKS

You are truly a strange fellow, Charles.

CHAPLIN

Nonsense --

FAIRBANKS

-- the facts indicate otherwise --

CHAPLIN serves. It's a beauty. An ace.

52.

FAIRBANKS

(not batting an eye)

-- close but out. Now these facts show
a young man of what, twenty-nine, not
perhaps conventionally handsome but
certainly not repellent --

CHAPLIN

-- flatteringly put --

He serves again. Right on the line.

FAIRBANKS

Double fault, lucky me.

(walks to the other side

of the court, talking away)

Yes, an unrepellent fellow of some fame
and fortune, not totally without talent --

CHAPLIN

(ready to serve)

Ready?

FAIRBANKS

If only you'd put one in play --

CHAPLIN makes an exaggerated motion, pops an easy serve dead
in the center of the court --

CHAPLIN

Call that one out --

FAIRBANKS

-- I don't have to, I'm winning --

(he smashes long)

And who is this fellow escorting? Why,
Mildred Harris, that intellectual giant
of sixteen who still sucks her thumb.

CHAPLIN

That's very funny.

FAIRBANKS

Then why aren't you laughing?

CHAPLIN

I don't know -- perhaps because I'm
marrying her.

(glances at FAIRBANKS)

She's really not so bad.

FAIRBANKS

'Not so bad?' Spoken like a man
desperately in love. You're stranger
than even I thought, Charles.

52.

52. CHAPLIN. He looks suddenly very sad.

52.

FAIRBANKS. As it dawns.

FAIRBANKS

(quietly)

Are you sure it's yours?

CHAPLIN

I can only hope.

FAIRBANKS

There are ways of getting out of this,
you know. It only takes money.

CHAPLIN

I want a family, Doug.

FAIRBANKS

I predict you're going to have one before
you know it.

(beat)

May I be the first to congratulate you?

CHAPLIN

(serving again -- an ace)

You may not!

53. INT. LOS ANGELES RESTAURANT. NIGHT. (1918).

53.

The whole place is in darkness, relieved only by the candles
on a giant cake, iced with the word 'PEACE' which is being
borne into the restaurant by two WAITERS.

GEORGE'S VOICE

You didn't suspect -- about Mildred?

Cheers as the lights come up and a SMALL BAND launches into
a popular First World War song. We are at a celebratory
dinner on Armistice Day, towards the end of the meal. As
the cake is carried the length of the room, we see that many
of these present are in uniform.

CHAPLIN'S VOICE

Not for a moment.

GEORGE'S VOICE

I'd add that in.

CHAPLIN'S VOICE

*It's remarkable, but the night I found
out was the night I met Hoover.*

53.

GEORGE'S VOICE
Remarkable? *The coincidence you mean?*

53.

CHAPLIN'S VOICE
*No ... no -- that I remember him at all
-- he was just someone with the makings
of a bully -- an eminently forgettable
young man ...*

A little apart from the main restaurant, is a party of Hollywood aristocrats - SIXTEEN ELEGANTLY DRESSED MEN AND WOMEN - seated at a large oval table hosted by the millionaire press baron, WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. Across from him, at the centre of the table, sits his film star mistress, MARION DAVIES.

MILDRED is at the far end of the table next to the young man CHAPLIN is describing. HOOVER is talking earnestly, trying to get HEARST'S ear.

HOOVER
I know it's not fashionable to say this
-- we're celebrating, everyone thinks
it's over -- but democracy carries a
price tag --

At the table's other extremity sit CHAPLIN and FAIRBANKS with MARY PICKFORD between them. CHAPLIN is obviously bored by what he - and we - can hear of Hoover's monologue. As the band strikes up a new number, "Oceana Roll", he digs a couple of forks into two bread rolls, making them look like comical feet.

FAIRBANKS nudges MARY. CHAPLIN is making the 'feet' do a little dance - in fact a preview of what is to become his famous DANCE OF THE ROLLS.

HOOVER (O.S.)
-- and right now we're giving sanctuary
to the refuse of the world -- Europeans,
Jews, Bolsheviks ... all kinds of left
wing intellectuals who'd like nothing
more than to bring us down.

HOOVER: He has seen what CHAPLIN is doing. He is not amused.

FAIRBANKS
Don't you think that's overstating?

HOOVER
No, sir, I do not -- and I sometimes
wonder if you people realise the
responsibility you carry. To my way of

53.

HOOVER

(cont.)

thinking, motion pictures are potentially the most influential form of communication ever invented. And there's no control over them. Your message reaches everyone, everywhere.

PICKFORD

Message?

CHAPLIN lays aside the forks and the rolls.

HOOVER

Of course -- Mr Chaplin here influences millions who only have to see. And when they see a mockery being made of our immigration services, I'd call that a message.

CHAPLIN

As you've already said, Mr -- uh -- Hoover, motion pictures are for the people. Most of the people work for a living and they don't make much money doing it. Gives 'em pleasure to see officialdom and the upper classes getting a kick up the backside -- always has and always will. And if that can change things, so much the better.

HOOVER and CHAPLIN. Their eyes lock.

HOOVER

But motion pictures have made you rich, Mr Chaplin ...

MILDRED

(way over her head and drunk,
she giggles)

They sure have.

CHAPLIN and MARY, watching MILDRED.

PICKFORD

-- I think you've handled it all wonderfully.

(CHAPLIN doesn't get it, --

MARY couldn't be sweeter)

Mildred ... the --

(she makes quote marks)

53.

53.

PICKFORD

53.

(cont.)

-- 'pregnancy.'

(CHAPLIN stares at her.

Sweeter than ever, she goes
right on)

Everyone knows you were conned, Charlie.

CHAPLIN stands abruptly, staring bitterly at MILDRED who is laughing gaily at something said by her other NEIGHBOUR. He recovers himself but remains standing.

CHAPLIN

Mildred ...

(to HEARST and MARION)

Please forgive us, I have to be up very early. Come, my dear.

MILDRED, out of her depth, joins CHAPLIN. He takes her arm, threads her through the restaurant.

We remain on HOOVER, watching them go.

54. EXT. MANOIR DE BAN. DAY. (1963).

54.

GEORGE is drawing a line through the words 'Mildred - first child' and we are aware that everything above it on his list is also crossed out -- with one exception. The question mark remains.

GEORGE

Want another shock? We're publishing a book by an ex FBI agent -- There's a reference to you. Hoover's been tracking you for forty years. Your very own personal file is two thousand pages long.

CHAPLIN is stunned.

CHAPLIN

How did America ever survive me?

GEORGE

You think it was personal with Hoover?

CHAPLIN

(he doesn't)

I'm sure he found me immoral -- I don't think I was, just stupid. I'm sure he thought I was a Communist -- I wasn't, of course, I was simply a humanist but no question I was naive about it.

54.

GEORGE

He also thought you were a Jew.

CHAPLIN

That too?

GEORGE

Israel Thonstein.

CHAPLIN

Who?

GEORGE

Israel Thonstein was your name in the files -- he was convinced Charlie Chaplin was an alias.

CHAPLIN

I'll bet I know where that comes from -- Syd -- We had different fathers, you know, and Syd's father was Jewish -- mother always told us he was some rich South African, but Syd had him down as a bookie in the Old Kent Road.

55. INT. FBI FILING ROOM. DAY.

55.

A MAN'S HAND opens a brand new file entitled 'MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY', inserts a page of handwritten notes. They are stamped with the words "Federal Bureau of Investigation -- Strictly Confidential".

This is the start of it. Just a single page of notes.

The file is placed in an empty drawer -- the "M" drawer.

We can see a bank of brand new filing cabinets -- labelled "A-Z"

56. INT. LOBBY, RENTED CHAPLIN HOUSE. NIGHT. (1919).

56.

CHAPLIN lets himself into the gloomy, echoing lobby and stands, in his coat. Tired.

MILDRED, in a dressing gown, calls to him from the landing.

MILDRED

Charlie? You're awful late ...

CHAPLIN

I was so close to getting it right -- but it slipped away.

56.

MILDRED

You've been editing that film for months,
Charlie.

56.

They speak to each other with not much warmth but no
hostility, across the empty space.

CHAPLIN

-- and will be for months more, I guess.
Not like the old days ... with Sennett.

MILDRED

The good times?

(pause)

Are they over?

(long pause)

Do you want me to leave?

CHAPLIN

No.

(beat)

I'll leave.

57.

INT. CHAPLIN'S SUITE, ATHLETIC CLUB. DAWN. (1920).

57.

VERY EARLY MORNING.

CHAPLIN, only half awake, has managed to open the door to
his suite --

SYDNEY flies in, full of constant energetic motion --
tossing clothes at CHAPLIN as he speaks --

SYDNEY

I just got tipped off -- let's go --

CHAPLIN can only stare.

SYDNEY

That sweet child bride of yours? -- her
lawyers have talked her into trying to
seize the film --

On this CHAPLIN begins to pull on his trousers --

-- or rather, he tries to pull on his trousers but he makes
a mess of it, hopping around as SYDNEY goes on --

SYDNEY

-- I've got Rollie, a wife and forty cans
of film in the car --

58. EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE. DAWN. (1920).

58.

IRIS out on a car, chugging sedately across the vast landscape.

SYDNEY (O.S.)

-- now we've got to get the hell across
the state line --

(beat)

-- Charlie, you got your pants on back to
front ...

Suddenly the car starts to ZOOM and then is out of the frame
and gone. And what we're into is a Keystone KomedY!
SPEEDED UP.

59. EXT. SALT LAKE CITY HOTEL. DAY. (1920).

59.

THIS SEQUENCE IS SPEEDED UP.

The car arrives. SYDNEY dashes into the hotel.

SYDNEY dashes out of the hotel. With him comes a PORTER
with a luggage cart.

MINNIE and ROLLIE jump out of the car. They help SYDNEY
unload the cans of film. When the cart is loaded and on
its way, CHAPLIN gets out of the car, transformed into an
elderly invalid, hatted and muffled, who is helped at high
speed into the hotel.

60. INT. SALT LAKE HOTEL SUITE. DAY. (1920).

60.

STILL SPEEDED UP: The INVALID is dumped in a chair. The
PORTER leaves. The INVALID jumps up, throwing away hat and
blanket. Everyone unpacks cans of film from the boxes.

61. INT. SALT LAKE HOTEL SUITE. NIGHT/DAY. (1920).

61.

NOW, FOR A BRIEF WHILE, WE'RE RUNNING AT NORMAL SPEED.

SYDNEY and MINNIE are asleep in the one bed. ROLLIE's
asleep in a chair. Thousands of feet of film are festooned
everywhere. CHAPLIN is in the Bathroom, also asleep, his
head pillowed on more film.

DAYLIGHT: CHAPLIN is editing in the bathroom. A scene
from 'THE KID' featuring JACKIE COOGAN is being projected
onto a hand towel. There is a knock at the door.
Everyone freezes.

61. MINNIE goes to the door, opens it to a WAITER with a tray. 61.
MINNIE smiles, relieved, takes the tray, not letting the
WAITER look into the room. The WAITER is puzzled,
suspicious. MINNIE closes the door. Locks it.

62. EXT. SALT LAKE HOTEL. DAY. (1920). 62.

SUDDENLY WE'RE RUNNING AT BREAKNECK SPEED AGAIN.

Three black cars pull up sharply. Doors open. Four
OFFICIAL-LOOKING MEN leap out.

SYDNEY, MINNIE, ROLLIE and the INVALID come out of the
hotel, see the OFFICIALS and are seen by them. They turn
smartly about and disappear inside.

The OFFICIALS run into the hotel.

The PORTER with a loaded cart comes out and starts putting
all the boxes into the back of the Chaplin car.

SYDNEY, MINNIE, ROLLIE and the INVALID, have run through the
hotel, and round it. They appear at speed around the
corner.

The OFFICIALS rush out of the front of the hotel.

The CHAPLIN group turns as one and disappears back round the
corner.

Three OFFICIALS give chase, leaving one of their number
behind, watching the door.

No-one has taken any notice of the Chaplin car, which is now
loaded.

SYDNEY, ROLLIE and ostensibly the INVALID walk out of the
hotel.

The lone OFFICIAL scrutinizes them. He whips the hat and
blanket off the INVALID, revealing MINNIE in her underwear,
who slaps him so hard he sits down.

ROLLIE and MINNIE get into the car, SYDNEY at the wheel.
The lone OFFICIAL gets up, just as a STYLISH WOMAN sashays
out of the hotel. The OFFICIAL watches her go by.

The three other OFFICIALS come running out of the front of
the hotel, pointing at the Chaplin car. The STYLISH WOMAN
breaks into a run, pursued. Her skirt is grabbed, and it
comes away, leaving CHAPLIN in his drawers. He eludes his
pursuers with one of his famous ninety degree turns on one
leg and, as they pile up in the dust, he jumps into the car

62. which roars away.

62.

IRIS IN TO BLACK on the speeding car.

63. INT. DRESSING ROOM, CHAPLIN STUDIOS. DUSK. (1921).

63.

This is where we began.

CHAPLIN, at his dressing table. The most famous man in the world, at the very apex of his career, the pinnacle of his renown. He has been smoking a cigarette.

HOOPER (V.O.)

They're here, boss.

CHAPLIN stubs out the cigarette and gets to his feet. He is still wearing the Tramp's frayed jacket and baggy trousers. His nervousness is evident.

64. EXT. CHAPLIN STUDIOS. DUSK. (1921).

64.

High shot: THREE SMALL FIGURES in the space between the offices and the stage.

SYDNEY AND MINNIE are two of the three --

-- between them, dressed in a seal skin coat, is HANNAH. They support her.

CHAPLIN emerges from his office.

SYDNEY AND MINNIE let her go.

CHAPLIN AND HANNAH look at each other. She's very old, not so much in years but in life.

He moves toward her, takes her in his arms. She holds him. It's a big emotional moment.

HANNAH

I've dreamed of this moment for years.

CHAPLIN

This is America, mum. This is where all your dreams come true.

They break, still hold hands. She looks at her baby.

HANNAH

Oh Charlie, just look at you --

(beat)

-- first thing in the morning I'm going to get you a new suit.

64.

CHAPLIN
(smiles quickly)
You must be tired.

64.

HANNAH
I am -- a bit.

CHAPLIN
-- I know just what you need, a nice
cup ...

The words trail off. He's overcome.

65. INT. CHAPLIN'S OFFICE. NIGHT. (1921).

65.

A TABLE SET FOR FOUR. CHAPLIN and SYDNEY flank HANNAH.
They're both tense, do their best to hide it. MINNIE sits
across from HANNAH.

ALL FOUR are drinking cups of tea.

HANNAH has more energy now. She is excited, and happy, and
totally lucid.

HANNAH
You know, when I was your age and
something wonderful happened, I'd worry.

SYDNEY
Why's that?

HANNAH
Because I was afraid it would stop.
Today is a wonderful I'm not going to
worry about. I'm so glad I was able to
come to America at last.

HANNAH: It really is a dream come true. As she takes her
boys' hands, we see there is a little mark on her left arm.

CHAPLIN glances at the mark, then at her.

SYDNEY
Charlie's bought you a lovely house --

MINNIE
-- it's not too big --

SYDNEY
-- great view of the ocean -- you've
never lived near the ocean but ...

65. HANNAH: she has reached out for some crackers, squeezed them in her hands. Now she begins sprinkling the bits in her hair. 65.

HANNAH

Don't stop, Sydney -- you're right, I never have, but I think I'll love looking at the waves. I'm sure I will.

She has more crackers in her hands now. Sprinkles them.

HANNAH

(smiles)

You boys, you spoil me so.

Now she reaches for some bread, starts tearing it into little pieces.

CHAPLIN reaches out, tries to stop her.

HANNAH

It's all right, Charles -- I know exactly what I'm doing.

CHAPLIN: He glances at SYDNEY. Then takes his hand away.

HANNAH: Busy with the bread.

HANNAH

That mark? On my arm? They gave me that at the asylum, you know. If only I could have fed you proper, I'd never have gone there.

CHAPLIN and SYDNEY: A quick glance at each other.

HANNAH

(gazing lovingly at her boys)

Now, if they ever come back for me, I'll have enough food for us all.

CHAPLIN'S FACE: Guilty and haunted.

66. EXT. MANOIR DE BAN. DAY. (1963). 66.

A MATCH CUT TO CHAPLIN'S FACE: Still guilty and haunted after all these years.

GEORGE

You've got to explain why you picked that particular time to go to England.

66.

CHAPLIN

I had a movie opening -- I wanted a taste of real steak and kidney pie --

GEORGE

That's not good enough -- she'd only just arrived ...

CHAPLIN

I never could deal with my mother -- I only threw money at her -- My life was coming apart, George. The divorce, the headlines -- all that public embarrassment -- I'd never had bad publicity in America before I couldn't hide. I wanted to be back where I'd come from. I needed old faces around me.

(and now a little laugh)

Syd's last words to me were, 'for God's sake, don't get married ...'

66.

67. INT. FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT. DAY. (1921).

67.

A wintery English landscape rushing past.

CHAPLIN sits next to the train window. Opposite him is FRED KARNO, older, greyer, in full Karnoesque flow. Also in the compartment are FRANK HOOPER and two United Artists PUBLICITY MEN. KARNO re-lights his cigar. CHAPLIN listens patiently; it's not easy.

KARNO

I was worried, Charlie -- I was prepared for the absolute worst.

(to the OTHERS)

I've seen it happen in the profession, oh, so many times.

CHAPLIN

(quietly)

I'm sure you have, Mr Karno.

The others are uncomfortable. KARNO has clearly been drinking.

KARNO

(to the OTHERS)

-- His head size, that's the only true measure of a man. I sent this lad to America and look what's come back to me.

(pointing to his own head)

My head never swelled, not with all my successes. I was worried about you,

67.

KARNO

(cont.)

though. No need to. He's the same
lad.

(beat)

But I was worried, Charlie -- I was
prepared for the absolute worst.

The older of the two PUBLICIST MEN glances at CHAPLIN, then
to KARNO.

PUBLICIST

I think Mr Chaplin might enjoy a bit of
rest now.

CHAPLIN shakes his head. He's fine.

KARNO: And he's not fine. With drunken indignity, he
rambles on -- an embarrassing moment is developing --

KARNO

He wasn't talking about 'rest' -- he was
being tactful --

(louder)

-- he was suggesting I might be a bother
to you.

CHAPLIN

(calmly -- to the PUBLICIST)

Mr Karno is never a bother to me.

(pause)

But he has few rivals as a monumental
pain in the behind.

KARNO, delighted, roars with laughter. The embarrassing
moment is defused.

KARNO

Remember the forward fall out of the box
in your drunk act? And I never would
clap for you, no matter how much the
audience did.

(CHAPLIN nods)

Until the night you did it perfect. I
clapped then.

CHAPLIN

I saw.

KARNO

(warming up)

That other night at the Troc -- remember?
-- you'd took a tailsuit out the

67.

67.

KARNO

(cont.)

wardrobe. Trying to be a gent, trying to impress that little dancer? Hetty, wasn't that the name?

CHAPLIN

(impressed)

Hetty Kelly.

KARNO

I could see in your eyes you fancied her -- sad.

CHAPLIN

I know all about it Fred -- she got married. She sent me a lovely note.

(beat)

I brought it along with me, somewhere in my luggage.

KARNO

Oh Charlie, Charlie, Charlie, you don't know -- nobody told you? -- she's gone -- two year ago or more -- the flu epidemic carried her away just after the war.

He doesn't realise the effect he's had on CHAPLIN who is sick with shock and pain.

KARNO

I thought someone must've told you ... must've written ... didn't nobody?

CHAPLIN closes his eyes. KARNO's old. HETTY's dead. This trip is not what he imagined. He turns his head to the window as the train trundles into a tunnel. Revealed in the glass: his stricken reflection.

68.

INT. FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT/CORRIDOR. DAY. (1921).

68.

The tunnel gives way to a platform. A PORTER detaches himself from a knot of waiting PEOPLE and runs alongside the carriage, grinning and waving. From another platform we can't yet see, comes a tremendous roar. Cheering, shouting -- CHARLIE! CHARLIE! The train slows and then halts.

CHAPLIN stumbles into the corridor, away from the prying, expectant faces, wanting to hide.

A top-hatted STATION MASTER opens the train door. Through it we see POLICE CONSTABLES holding back the surging crowd. A pathway cleared to a dais upon which waits a MAYOR and

68. other top hatted DIGNITARIES. A BAND strikes up "Champagne Charlie". A huge banner: WELCOME HOME CHARLIE! And over everything, the roar of the crowd. 68.

HOOPER
What'll we do, Charlie? ...

CHAPLIN: Just looks at him and turns to face the door.

69. EXT. LONDON MAIN LINE STATION. DAY. (1921). 69.

CHAPLIN summons up everything, puts on a smile and steps outside. The CROWD go mad, a huge shout of welcome as MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN burst through the cordons. Flashbulbs fire salvoes of light. Hands pluck at CHAPLIN'S clothes, his hands, his hair. Tugging. Tearing. CHAPLIN'S smile stays as he is borne bodily along with the tide, but his eyes are alive with alarm, confronted with the terrifying power of mass adoration. The threat of the CROWD'S monstrous love.

70. EXT. COVENT GARDEN. NIGHT. (1921). 70.

The huge covered archway -- just as it was when CHAPLIN proposed to HETTY. But now the pie and eel stall is gone and there are no trays and boxes being loaded on vans and drays. No Cockney porters hurrying about with tiered baskets on their heads. Only flakes of snow, whipped into flurries by the wind, an old newspaper blowing across the empty cobblestones and another COURTING COUPLE locked in an embrace.

Through the deserted market comes CHAPLIN, coat collar turned up -- partly to hide his face, partly to keep out the cold. He turns and walks, isolated, down a wet street. Ahead of him is a pub. Remembered strains of "The Old Bull and Bush". Warm yellow windows reflected on wet paving stones. He goes inside.

71. INT. COVENT GARDEN PUB. NIGHT. (1921). 71.

CHAPLIN'S FACE as he comes through the door. No music here.

The pub is divided in two by the width of the bar. CHAPLIN has come into the Saloon -- carpeted, plusher and more pretentious. The other side is bare and functional -- filled with WORKING MEN. They look at CHAPLIN as he comes in, knowing immediately who he is. Their reactions range from amazement and pleasure to shifty amusement and studied indifference.

71. CHAPLIN, dusting snowflakes off his shoulders, nods at a COUPLE sitting at a table and approaches the bar. If the BARMAN recognises CHAPLIN, he chooses not to show it. 71.

CHAPLIN

Evening. A pint of your best, landlord, please.

Across from CHAPLIN in the Public Bar a DRUNK sits, an army veteran, two medals on his jacket, a man of CHAPLIN'S age. He is staring at CHAPLIN. His gaze is resentful and mean.

CHAPLIN gets his beer and his change. He thanks the BARMAN quietly. He is aware of the DRUNK, who has started to mutter his name.

DRUNK

(suddenly)

Well, here's someone who had a good war!

CHAPLIN stiffens. The conversation in both bars dies.

BARMAN

Knock it off, Ted.

DRUNK

Come to stare at the animals, have you, Charlie?

The DRUNK edges towards CHAPLIN until only the width of the bar separates them.

FIRST WORKING MAN

Why don't yer sit down, Ted? Give yer mouth a rest?

CHAPLIN

(to the DRUNK)

I just came in for a quiet drink. Will you have one with me?

DRUNK

You have one with me, Mr Charlie fuckin' Chaplin!

And he tries to throw the beer in his pint mug over CHAPLIN. Most of it misses as CHAPLIN recoils. The BARMAN grabs the DRUNK and hustles him out of a door. CHAPLIN is stunned by the incident.

SECOND WORKING MAN

Don't mind 'im, Charlie. Always was a miserable old sod.

71.

CHAPLIN
(muttering to the COUPLE)

Well, I ... excuse me ... I ...

All eyes are on him and, through the frosted glass of the door, he sees more CUSTOMERS arriving.

BARMAN
(jerking thumb, suddenly
sympathetic)

Backway's through there.

CHAPLIN looks round, takes in the multitude of staring eyes -- and exits in his TRAMP persona with a blithe back kick.

72. EXT. ALLEY, COVENT GARDEN. NIGHT. (1921).

72.

Snow flurries blowing stronger. CHAPLIN hurries past garbage and trash cans, not thinking where he's going. He comes to a narrow lane. He looks down it.

73. EXT. NARROW LANE. NIGHT. (1921).

73.

At the far end, a section of a vast poster advertising 'THE KID' is visible. We can see "CHARLIE CH." framed in bright flashing lights. We see a large photo of CHAPLIN and another one of JACKIE COOGAN in his famous role. CHAPLIN heads down the alley towards the sign.

Out of nowhere, a YOUNG BOY hurries after him.

YOUNG BOY
Welcome home, Charlie.

CHAPLIN turns, looks at the BOY, knowing this is no longer home. Suddenly, they are plunged into darkness as all the cinema lights are extinguished.

74. EXT. BACK YARD, PICKFAIR. DAY. (1923).

74.

FAIRBANKS' two hounds bounding across a manicured lawn, MEXICAN GARDNERS tending flower beds.

CHAPLIN is reading aloud from a glossy magazine. He sits at a wrought iron table under a tree.

CHAPLIN
"My message to the youth of America?
This above all. Your body is your
temple. If your body is kept pure,
surely your mind must follow."

74. He puts the magazine down -- speaks to an unseen FAIRBANKS.

74.

CHAPLIN
You wrote that yourself?

FAIRBANKS (O.S.)
Every word.

CHAPLIN
It's very good -- I think that young people will rise to your message.

And now we see FAIRBANKS. He sits on the other side of the table -- a tumbler of scotch in one hand, a lit cigarette in the other.

FAIRBANKS
(inhaling deeply)
I hope so.

He coughs as he grinds out the cigarette.

CHAPLIN
But then, I've always been a sucker for sincerity.

Now FAIRBANKS starts to laugh -- He rises and suddenly vaults straight up into the tree. In no time at all he's settled on a branch twelve feet above the ground.

FAIRBANKS
(pointing)
Take a look over there.

A VACANT LOT just below the grounds of Pickfair.

FAIRBANKS
It came on the market while you were gone.

CHAPLIN
Time I owned a home here.
(staring out)
Lovely piece of land.
(pause)
Pity about the neighbours.

75. INT. TEST SET, CHAPLIN STUDIOS. DAY. (1924).

75.

A cheap backing and a table. CHAPLIN is shooting a test sequence for 'THE GOLD RUSH' in which THE TRAMP dreams that a pretty girl, LITA GREY, is bringing him a plate of roast

75. turkey. ROLLIE is shooting a single on LITA and the plate of turkey.

75.

GEORGE'S VOICE

Charlie -- Lita was your second wife -- she gave you two sons you adored -- and this book is over five hundred pages long -- yet you only devote five lines to her.

CHAPLIN'S VOICE

I hated the bitch.

GEORGE'S VOICE

I'm sorry, I can't accept that.

CHAPLIN'S VOICE

Our divorce cost me a fortune!

76. EXT. MANOIR DE BAN. DAY. (1963).

76.

It's mid-afternoon. Sun on the snow-capped mountains. CHAPLIN and GEORGE are walking towards the house.

GEORGE

Charlie, I don't mean to keep pressuring you -- we're happy to publish the book just the way it is. I'm only here to see if we can't make it better. Now Lita wasn't a bitch and you know it.

CHAPLIN

(suddenly loud)

I should know it -- I lived with her.

GEORGE

Did you?

CHAPLIN

And what is that remark supposed to encompass?

GEORGE

Were you with her, or were you at the studio? Were you with her, or were you on your travels? She was only seventeen when she had the second child -- she was a child herself -- did you help her grow?

CHAPLIN

I'm sorry, I don't find this particularly interesting --

76.

GEORGE
(big)

-- Charlie -- we've got to deal with the problem --

CHAPLIN

-- there's no problem -- what do you think I was doing? I was making 'The Gold Rush'.

GEORGE

-- all your life you've bedded down with babies --

CHAPLIN

I wasn't that much older than Mildred.

GEORGE

-- but you were twenty years older than Lita Grey -- and Paulette -- and middle aged when you married Oona --

CHAPLIN

-- and we've been blissfully happy ever since.

They have reached the verandah. Both settle into their appointed chairs.

GEORGE

Charlie, I'm a flawed human being. I have trouble relating to people. I've had more than one nervous breakdown. I have a violent temper.

CHAPLIN

George, I know all that.

GEORGE

Do you think less of me?

CHAPLIN

Of course not.

GEORGE

Your readers won't think less of you either.

(softly)

You're a flawed human being. You've got to address it. Why do you think we're here? Why are we talking in Switzerland, not Southern California? It wasn't the parlor pink business, or the speeches, or the donations that finally did for you,

76.

76.

GEORGE

76.

(cont.)

Charlie -- that made you an exile -- it was the sex.

CHAPLIN: Just stares for a moment. Then he nods.

CHAPLIN

(soft)

It's odd, you know, but I don't suppose I've ever looked at a woman without measuring that possibility between us. At the same time, I'm not all that interested -- never during work. I suppose it was only when I wasn't working that I was ... vulnerable.

GEORGE

Why don't you write about that vulnerability?

CHAPLIN

And say what?

GEORGE

I don't know. What's in your heart?

CHAPLIN

If you want to understand me, watch my movies -- sadness, some of the time --

77.

INT. TEST SET, CHAPLIN STUDIOS. DAY. (1924).

77.

Now CHAPLIN, completely hidden under a chicken costume, is strutting experimentally around the stage.

CHAPLIN'S VOICE

-- *more of the time, laughter* ...

LITA - little more than a giggly schoolgirl - is watching a gang of RIGGERS testing the equipment that will give the illusion of a rickety cabin, teetering on the edge of a precipice.

A PROP MAN approaches the chicken. He carries one of the TRAMP'S large leather boots.

PROP MAN

Excuse me, sir.

CHAPLIN removes his chicken head, looks the boot --

-- then takes a huge bite out of it, starts to chew.

77. He stands there, chewing away -- and guess what, it tastes terrific.

77.

78. INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE. DAY. (1924).

78.

HOOVER is talking with a fresh-faced young aide, LEWIS SEELEY.

On the desk are several large folders. HOOVER is holding one marked 'MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY'. Since we last saw it, five years before, the file has become enormous.

We are also aware that CHAPLIN now has a file all to himself -- less bulky but indicating the FBI's growing interest. SEELEY is taking photographs from it and handing them to HOOVER.

The first is a blurry shot of a man looking around as he enters the Chaplin's office by the private door.

HOOVER

Can't make this out --

SEELEY

-- that's Hawkins, sir, the commie labor leader -- visiting him at the studios --

HOOVER

(looking at photo)

-- how do we make them realise the danger? -- I told him that once, face to face -- 'you can damage this country --'

(shakes his head)

-- he didn't get it.

(now HOOVER's looking at a picture of LITA)

How old is this one?

SEELEY

She's underage is all that matters. When the baby's born, we can go after him for statutory rape.

(eager, disingenuous)

A scandal like that would destroy him.

HOOVER

I appreciate your zeal, Mr Seeley, but Chaplin and Miss Grey were married in Mexico yesterday.

SEELEY: He is impressed.

78.

HOOVER

If only he'd just sleep with them,
everything would be so much easier.

(beat)

Well ... we must do what we can.

78.

79.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS. DAY. (1927).

79.

IN LONG SHOT: A range of scrubby hills. Two minute
figures on horseback pick their way along a crest.

80.

EXT. BEACHWOOD CANYON. DAY. (1927).

80.

FAIRBANKS and CHAPLIN tether their horses to wooden battens,
supporting a huge curved section of hoarding, seen from
behind. Other sections, in different shapes, stretch away
on either side.

FAIRBANKS

Man came to see me yesterday.

CHAPLIN

A corset salesman? I sent him -- your
paunch is in need of help.

FAIRBANKS

He was the F.B.I., old darling -- said he
knew what a loyal American I was,
wondered if everyone else in the business
felt the same ... I just sat there and
let him work his way round to you. He
asked were you a member of the Communist
Party? -- I said that was an absolute
impossibility --

CHAPLIN

Because I love America --

FAIRBANKS

-- because you're too cheap to pay the
dues.

(shakes his head)

Remarkable, your timing in work is
flawless, in life it's the reverse.
Dammit, I know you're an asshole, but
I'm worried about you --

FAIRBANKS tries to leap up onto the wooden wall, misses,
falls.

CHAPLIN

You worry about your crown jewels... old
darling.

80. FAIRBANKS defiantly starts climbing the wall again. 80.

CHAPLIN

You don't care about politics -- what is all this? Why are you so worried?

FAIRBANKS is some fifteen feet above him now.

FAIRBANKS

Not a care in the world, Charles. I'm the oldest silent action star in the business and talkies are coming -- what the hell have I got to be worried about?

(beat)

Maybe I should call my next picture 'Father of the Modern Musketeer'.

CHAPLIN

You can forget talkies as far as I'm concerned. Can you imagine the Tramp talking?

81. EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS. DAY. (1927). 81.

CHAPLIN (O.S.)

(soft -- but it echoes)

Not in my lifetime ...

Now we see the right side of the huge curved section of hoarding. FAIRBANKS is a tiny figure standing in a sixty foot high letter 'O' -- part of the realtor's sign which - abbreviated - will one day become the symbol of America's entire motion picture industry: HOLLYWOODLAND.

82. EXT. CHAPLIN STUDIOS. DAY. (1929). 82.

Nothing is happening. In the space between Chaplin's Office and the Gate, his CAST and CREW loll around in the sunshine. ROLLIE is smoking one of his hand-rolled Bull Durhams. The pile of butts at his feet tell us he's been there a long time. Everything is quiet, listless.

83. INT./EXT. CHAPLIN'S OFFICE. DAY. (1929). 83.

Here is the problem. CHAPLIN, fists thrust into his trouser pockets, paces up and down, frowning and desperate. The entire movie is waiting for CHAPLIN to get the idea he needs.

CHAPLIN comes to his office door, which gives him a view of all the inactivity. PEOPLE turn to him expectantly. He

83. turns away. Then turns back because a car is arriving through the gate. 83.

It's a rich looking car which has arrived and a rich looking SYDNEY, who gets out of it. SYDNEY takes in the scene, not pleased and not particularly surprised.

Meanwhile, a young man with the intense look of a boffin has also emerged from the car. He is JOE, a sound engineer.

As ROLLIE approaches SYDNEY and JOE, CHAPLIN retreats into his office, closing the door on the scene.

84. EXT. CHAPLIN STUDIOS. DAY. (1929). 84.

SYDNEY, ROLLIE and JOE: SYDNEY looks at ROLLIE hopefully. ROLLIE just shakes his head, starts to roll another cigarette.

SYDNEY turns, starts for the office, gestures for JOE to come along.

SYDNEY

(worried)

I don't know how to help him --

JOE

(nervous)

Maybe another day.

SYDNEY

They're all the same. This isn't new, he's always worked this way, made up stuff on the spot. Building sets and not having any idea what to do in them. Wasting days and weeks on end. Always done that.

(pause)

'Course, before, the ideas always came.

85. INT. CHAPLIN'S OFFICE. DAY. (1929). 85.

CHAPLIN at his desk. SYDNEY enters alone. CHAPLIN looks up blankly.

SYDNEY

(sweetly)

Tell Sydney today's problem.

85.

CHAPLIN

All right, you be creative. The Tramp buys a flower from the girl. In order for the plot to work, she has to think he's rich. That's all. Except -- as you are aware -- the flower girl is blind and I don't know how to make a blind girl mistake the Tramp for a millionaire.

SYDNEY: And he's got it --

SYDNEY

Easy -- we'll do what everyone else is doing -- we'll have the actors talk.

SYDNEY goes to the office door, ushers JOE in. There are a lot of places JOE would rather be.

CHAPLIN

Is this the Vitaphone guy?

(JOE nods)

It isn't your fault, son, you're in the middle of a family feud -- You decide who's right -- The Tramp can't talk -- the minute he talks, he's dead. You see that?

SYDNEY

He doesn't see it 'cause you're wrong.

CHAPLIN

(sighs)

Who's the most famous ballet dancer?

JOE

Nijinsky?

CHAPLIN

Fine. So let's say he was doing 'Swan Lake' today and we all went to see it and he came out and danced a little --

(stands now -- a quick ballet movement with his hands)

-- and then he did this --

(raises his hands to the 'orchestra')

-- the orchestra stops, he comes to the footlights and he says, in this funny squeaky voice, 'Hi, folks, I'm Vaslav Nijinsky --'

(interrupts self)

-- no, he'd have a Russian accent --
(doing a brilliant Russian accent)

85.

85.

CHAPLIN

(cont.)

-- 'hi, folksies -- call me Vaslav, hokay
by me, everything casual in California'

SYDNEY: Watching. Now JOE would rather be here than
anyplace else on earth.

CHAPLIN

(warming to it)

'-- hokay, today I'm gonna jump up and
down for you like nothing you ever seen
-- hope you like me -- byee-ee'.

(accent gone)

And do you know what would happen when he
danced? -- it would be awful -- because
the magic is gone -- just as it would be
with the Tramp.

(to JOE)

Say I'm right.

JOE: He looks at SYDNEY, then at CHAPLIN.

JOE

I'm in the word business, Mr Chaplin, so
I have to say you're wrong --

(holds out his hand)

But I'm sure as hell glad I met you.

(as he leaves)

Enjoyed the dancing.

86.

EXT. CHAPLIN STUDIOS. DAY. (1929).

86.

CHAPLIN watching from his office as SYDNEY and JOE walk back
to the car. They get in, slamming both doors.

CHAPLIN: It's as if a light has suddenly gone on in his
mind.

CHAPLIN

(jubilant)

Rollie! We're in business. Get 'em
all back.

87.

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH, CHAPLIN STUDIOS. NIGHT. (1929).

87.

A REEL OF FILM, WHIRRING THROUGH A SMOKING PROJECTOR.

CHAPLIN and ROLLIE: Looking though the port. Watching
members of the STUDIO STAFF watching a short sequence from
'CITY LIGHTS'.

87. The TRAMP buys a flower from the BLIND GIRL. There is a rich car parked at the kerb. A RICH MAN, comes round the corner, gets into the car, slams the door and the car moves off. The BLIND GIRL, with the change held out in her hand, thinks the person who bought the flower must own the car -- and be rich enough to waive the change. The TRAMP realises this and tiptoes away from her, disappearing round the corner. 87.

A loose end of film, flapping noisily as the sequence comes to an end.

88. EXT. MALIBU BEACH. DAY. (1932). 88.

A row of expensive automobiles parked on the coast road above. A barbeque picnic set out on the sand below. CHEFS, in white toques, tend a whole animal roasting on a spit. Bright parasols shade trestle tables. GUESTS mill around in leisure wear and swimsuits. The sun shines. A breeze off the ocean.

CHAPLIN, in one-piece swimsuit, is playing on the water's edge with his two sons, CHARLIE JR, 7, and SYDNEY JR, 6. The trio comes up the beach to a place where they have built a large sand castle.

CHAPLIN starts fooling with a beach-ball, bouncing and twirling it the way he will play with the globe in 'THE GREAT DICTATOR'. He finishes the act by walking down an imaginary flight of steps behind the sand castle. CHARLIE and SYDNEY JR shriek with delighted laughter.

All this is watched by a young platinum blonde lounging in a deck chair, wearing sophisticated beach pyjamas and dark glasses. PAULETTE GODDARD.

CHAPLIN looks up and sees another car has arrived on the road above. A CHAUFFEUR gets out and holds the rear door open for LITA.

CHAPLIN

(lots of energy)

Your mother's come for you, boys --
off you go.

They hesitate, reluctant to leave.

CHAPLIN: Terrible sadness in his eyes as he watches them climb up to the car.

GEORGE'S VOICE

*Why were you so sad when they left you?
Divorced fathers go through that all the
time.*

88.

CHAPLIN'S VOICE

*After the false alarm with Mildred, we
did have a son -- for all of three days
-- born deformed and died.*

The two BOYS are nearing the car now.

CHAPLIN'S VOICE

*Whenever these two left me, I kept
remembering what happened to that baby.*

GEORGE'S VOICE

*And within a week you'd begun work on
'The Kid'.*

CHAPLIN'S VOICE

So?

GEORGE'S VOICE

Well, it's such an obvious connection.

CHAPLIN'S VOICE

*Nonsense. It was just a coincidence.
I needed to work.*

CHAPLIN AGAIN: His face still sad.

PAULETTE GODDARD (O.S.)

It can't be that bad, Mister Chaplin.

PAULETTE watching CHAPLIN'S sad, staring face.

CHAPLIN

(quick smile on)

Do I know you? And why don't I?

PAULETTE

I'm Paulette Levy.

CHAPLIN

Actress?

PAULETTE

If you watch B movies and don't blink.
But don't get any ideas --

CHAPLIN

You're taken then?

PAULETTE

No, but I'm twenty one -- way too old for
you.

88.

88.

CHAPLIN
(intrigued)
You're very pretty, Miss Levy.

88.

PAULETTE
I better be -- I didn't get out here
thanks to my Shakespeare reviews.

CHAPLIN
May I say something? -- you'd be even
prettier as a brunette.

PAULETTE
And you'd be devastating if you were six
inches taller.

CHAPLIN
At least you can change your hair.

PAULETTE
Never!
(tossing obviously dyed locks)
I was born like this.

CHAPLIN. She's bright and funny. He's smitten.

89. INT. PERRINO'S RESTAURANT. NIGHT. (1932).

89.

CHAPLIN, elegantly dressed, is waiting just inside the door.

PAULETTE appears -- her hair now brunette. She comes to
CHAPLIN, smiling.

PAULETTE
Evening, Mister Chaplin.

CHAPLIN
(poker faced)
I'm sorry Miss, I'm waiting for a natural
blonde.

Then he breaks it, takes her arm, kisses her cheek and leads
her to the SMILING MAITRE D' --

CHAPLIN
I have a reservation.
(V.O. CHAPLIN'S 19-year-old
Cockney voice)
Name of Chaplin -- I ... ah, booked it a
week ago.

89.

MAITRE D'
(silently)

89.

-- of course, Mr Chaplin. Come right
this way.

He bows and scrapes and takes them to their table --

-- and if he looks familiar, he should -- he's played by
exactly the same type as the Maitre D' in London who refused
CHAPLIN and HETTY entry to the Trocadero.

Couldn't be more different now. -

-- waiters rush to help them with their chairs -- other
diners can't help staring -- one of the most famous faces in
the world is in their midst.

90. EXT. PARKING LOT, PERRINO'S RESTAURANT. NIGHT. (1932). 90.

A LINE OF HUNGRY PEOPLE STAND OUTSIDE THE KITCHEN -- waiting
for discarded food.

THE PEOPLE IN LINE SEE CHAPLIN, making his way across the
parking lot with PAULETTE. They recognize him. Half a
dozen leave the line, start toward him.

CHAPLIN glances toward KONO who is waiting by his car.
Reassured, he looks back at the HUNGRY PEOPLE, quickly gets
out his wallet --

-- then he sees they're holding out scraps of paper.

PAULETTE moves a step away, watches.

CHAPLIN begins to sign autographs --

-- ashamed.

91. INT. CHAPLIN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. (1932). 91.

It's after lovemaking. CHAPLIN, in a robe, sits in a
chair, staring at the bedroom fireplace and the glowing
remains of logs. PAULETTE in bed, watches.

PAULETTE
I've always had that gift.

CHAPLIN

Hmmm.

91.

PAULETTE

After men make love to me, they just go crazy with happiness.

91.

CHAPLIN

(he likes her -- a lot)

I am happy.

PAULETTE

Then alert me when you're sad, 'cause I don't want to be around.

CHAPLIN

(the fire again)

The bread lines are longer than the theatre lines.

(after a pause)

I wish they'd wanted my money -- I could deal with that. Terrible things have been happening over the past two years -- machinery is replacing manpower. And I've said nothing.

(shakes his head)

Shame on me ...

92. INT. SCORING STAGE. DAY. (1935).

92.

ON THE SCREEN: the most famous sequence from MODERN TIMES. THE TRAMP, in dungarees, working frantically to keep up with the giant cogs and wheels of an insatiable conveyor belt.

Below, on the deserted stage, is a young Musical Arranger, DAVID RAKSIN.

With him, of course, is CHAPLIN -- he sits at a piano, working out a theme.

An enthusiastic PAULETTE breezes in.

PAULETTE

Darling, I'm taking your boys out on the boat today. Come on up for air.

CHAPLIN

Tomorrow, darling, definitely tomorrow.

93. INT. SCORING STAGE. DAY. (1935).

93.

NEXT MORNING.

PAULETTE, CHARLIE JR, 10, and SYDNEY JR, 9, in clothes suitable for a boat, sit in a row, eating hotdogs. CHAPLIN

93. and RAKSIN, both in shirtsleeves with 24 hour stubble, still hard at it. 93.

94. INT. SCORING STAGE. NIGHT. (1935). 94.

THAT NIGHT.

ON THE SCREEN a scene which includes PAULETTE, her back to camera.

CHAPLIN and RAKSIN, now with two day's growth of beard, haggard and crumpled. Paper cups and sandwich wrappings on top of the piano.

PAULETTE
(entering in a stunning
evening dress)

Charlie, you were supposed to meet us at the fight.

CHAPLIN
I'm sorry, sweetheart. Who was fighting?

PAULETTE
Mostly Doug and Mary as it turned out.

RAKSIN
You're wonderful, Miss Goddard.

PAULETTE
Thanks.

And suddenly she kisses RAKSIN full on the lips. CHAPLIN, totally engrossed in his work, barely notices.

PAULETTE
Well that didn't work either, did it?

95. INT. SCORING STAGE. DAY. (1935). 95.

NEXT DAY.

ON THE SCREEN: A fit and wiry TRAMP is being fed automatically by a machine. The hunched CHAPLIN slumped on the piano stool below could be his bleary ghost. RAKSIN, his hand shaking with fatigue, is wrapped in a blanket.

PAULETTE
(from the doorway --
different clothes again).
The Fairbanks are getting divorced and
Mussolini has invaded Abyssinia.

95.

CHAPLIN
(preoccupied as ever)
Great ... great, sweetheart.

PAULETTE
You really do need a break, Charlie. We
should take a trip.

RAKSIN
That's a good idea.

CHAPLIN
(to RAKSIN, hearing
for the first time)
What? What's a good idea?

PAULETTE
Round the world, I thought.

CHAPLIN
Fine, fine.

PAULETTE
(after a pause)
I don't think we're going to make it.
(raising her voice now)
Charlie!
(startled, he stares up at her)
Did you lose your other wives this way?

CHAPLIN. It's a terrible question to answer. He takes a
moment.

CHAPLIN
(quietly)
I think so.
(beat)
But you'd have to ask them.

HOLD ON: CHAPLIN AND PAULETTE. They care for each other.
But it's over.

96. EXT. MANOIR DE BAN. DAY. (1963).

96.

CHAPLIN and GEORGE are walking on the lawn, mountains
visible close by. CHAPLIN is laughing.

GEORGE
What's so funny?

CHAPLIN
Well she moved out six months later --
but I don't ever remember a quarrel -- at

96.

CHAPLIN

96.

(cont.)

least we had a decent divorce --

(gesticulating)

-- and guess who lives on the next
mountain with her fourth husband.

97.

INT. PEBBLE BEACH HOUSE. NIGHT. (1938).

97.

A society party in a vast, overfurnished house. Dinner jackets, bow ties, couture dresses, elaborate hairdos. Profligacy and ostentation in their fullest flower.

CHAPLIN AND FAIRBANKS are at one end of the room. It's been three years since we've seen CHAPLIN -- he looks the same.

But it's been ten years since we saw DOUG -- and they've taken a dreadful toll. He doesn't move with the spring of before. His pallor is rotten. He's heavy, thick jowls -- a husk.

PAULETTE comes through a door and almost bumps into them. She is vivacious as always, but there is an awkwardness even she can't dispel. CHAPLIN and PAULETTE kiss each other on the cheek -- clearly, they haven't seen each other for a while.

PAULETTE

Mister Chaplin, always a pleasure.
How are you?

CHAPLIN

Fine. You look even prettier.

FAIRBANKS, ever tactful, takes their empty glasses.

FAIRBANKS

(leaving them alone)

Nobody's fine and everybody needs a
drink. Champagne or scotch, Paulette?

PAULETTE

Scotch, please.

(quietly -- indicating
the retreating DOUG)

Is Doug ...?

(CHAPLIN nods)

Seriously?

(another nod)

Shit.

97. THE BAR. DOUG stands there. Behind the bottles is a mirror. He sees himself, looks away.

97.

CHAPLIN AND PAULETTE.

PAULETTE

Don't laugh? -- I'm testing for Scarlett.

CHAPLIN

Why should I laugh?

PAULETTE

'Cause it's such a joke -- everybody's testing for Scarlett -- but Katie Hepburn's got it locked away, I gather.
(pause)

I haven't worked since Modern Times.

CHAPLIN

-- I haven't either. No ideas. I'm desperate, honey.

PAULETTE

I'll give you a break, -- come up with something for an ageing brunette, I'll make myself available.

PAULETTE sees DOUG returning with three drinks. She touches CHAPLIN'S arm affectionately, disappears into the throng of people.

PAULETTE

Catch up with you later.

DOUG sees her leaving, tips her drink into his own glass.

FAIRBANKS

Well, I guess I can always manage a double.

HE and CHAPLIN begin to make their way down the room.

FAIRBANKS

(sheepish)

Are you two still married or what, it's really very confusing.

CHAPLIN

It's not at all confusing -- when everyone thought we were having an affair, we were married. Now everyone realises we're married, we're getting divorced.

97.

FAIRBANKS

The man is a wizard with women, no question about that.

97.

CHAPLIN'S attention is taken by a MAN holding court with his back to the fireplace. He is a GERMAN DIPLOMAT, dressed in faultless clothes with a small Swastika badge in his lapel. Clearly someone upon whose every word - and there are many of them - his immediate AUDIENCE hangs.

CHAPLIN

Who is that man? Sounds German.

FAIRBANKS

Looks German. Probably one of those directors ... lot of them over here now.

CHAPLIN and FAIRBANKS pause on the outer fringe of the rapt GROUP.

GERMAN DIPLOMAT

Like Plato, Adolf Hitler is defining the ideal state - which will be a model for backward systems -

WOMAN GUEST

(a fan)

Do you know him personally?

GERMAN DIPLOMAT

I do have that good fortune. And you have my word that our ambitions are only to defend our historical frontiers to the east, that's paramount ...

FAIRBANKS

Told you - Paramount.

CHAPLIN

It's not funny, Doug.

GERMAN DIPLOMAT

... to pass on the benefits, to cut out the profit speculator, the Jew ...

CHAPLIN

How can they let these fascist thugs ... I mean, what's happening to this country?

FAIRBANKS

Charlie, you've never understood this country. You think it's changed but all that's happened is you discovered more and more of it.

97.

CHAPLIN

This is a good country underneath, Doug.

97.

FAIRBANKS

No, it's a good country on top.
Underneath is what starts showing when
we're scared.

The GERMAN DIPLOMAT spots CHAPLIN on the edge of the GROUP.

GERMAN DIPLOMAT

Mr Chaplin!

(he offers his hand)

I'm a great admirer.

CHAPLIN

I'm sorry, I prefer not to shake hands
with Nazis.

GERMAN DIPLOMAT

What have you got against us, Mr Chaplin?

CHAPLIN

What have you got against everybody else?

MALE GUEST

(to GERMAN DIPLOMAT)

You must forgive Mr Chaplin, he's a Jew.

CHAPLIN

I'm afraid I don't have that honour.

CHAPLIN turns on his heel and makes for the far door.

WOMAN GUEST

(hissing)

Shame on you!

CHAPLIN has seen PAULETTE, standing by the door. He offers
her his arm.

CHAPLIN

Shall we, Miss Levy?

PAULETTE gives him a dazzling smile as she accepts his arm.
Everybody gapes as they go.

FAIRBANKS has watched this. He doesn't want to associate
himself too closely, neither does he want to abandon his
friend. So he follows CHAPLIN and PAULETTE towards the
door.

98. EXT. PEBBLE BEACH HOUSE. NIGHT. (1938).

98.

CHAPLIN is seeing PAULETTE into her car.

PAULETTE

Bless you, Charlie.

CHAPLIN

I'll call you, my dear.

As the car pulls away, FAIRBANKS emerges from the house.

CHAPLIN

Fancy a night-cap?

FAIRBANKS

Not tonight, old darling. Bit tired.

FAIRBANKS' CHAUFFEUR stands by his car.

FAIRBANKS

Funny how much you look like Adolf. I mean, with your moustache on. He stole your act, you know.

CHAPLIN'S FACE: An idea is born.

FAIRBANKS (O.S.)

'Night, old boy.

CHAPLIN

(absently)

See you.

FAIRBANKS crosses to his limo and climbs in, portly and stiff. He looks at CHAPLIN through the window and gives him a little wave as the car begins to move. CHAPLIN, still absorbed in his own thoughts, fails to respond. Then, as the car reaches the end of the drive, something, some instinct, brings him out of his reverie. He stands looking at the gate until the car has completely disappeared.

99. EXT. CHAPLIN STUDIOS. DAY. (1939).

99.

The main gates of the studio seen from EXACTLY THE SAME ANGLE. On them, black-edged notice:

CLOSED DUE TO BEREAVEMENT

Charles Chaplin

100. EXT. MANOIR DE BAN. DAY. (1963).

100.

LONG SHOT: Two tiny figures walking in silence on the shore of Lake Geneva.

CHAPLIN

So much ended around then. I'd been there 25 years; everybody else had gone over to sound -- I didn't know how much longer I could hold out against it. And of course, U.A. was finished for me.

GEORGE

You haven't even written how it began.

CHAPLIN

(shrugs)

Oh, I'll put in something -- it was a great idea, I think, creative people really had their say for the first time ...

(he chuckles)

I remember some movie distributor saying that the lunatics had taken over the asylum -- that became quite a famous remark -- but UA did mean a lot to Doug --

(pause)

What I was just thinking about was when my mother died -- sad, yes, of course, but she was old, not well, she'd had her run.

(shakes his head)

It was somehow different with Doug. Even today I still miss him.

GEORGE

He actually gave you the idea for 'The Great Dictator'?

CHAPLIN

Well, I'd like to think so. I'm not sure. He said it. The movie happened. Does it really matter?

(answering his own question)

I don't think it does ...

101. INT. CHAPLIN SCREENING ROOM. DAY. (1939).

101.

ON THE SCREEN newsreel footage from a Nuremburg rally. The massed ranks of Nazis. Hitler ranting and raving. PULL BACK to reveal CHAPLIN pacing to and fro in front of these images, pausing to glance at them from time to time. He is in his Tramp costume and make-up.

101.

CHAPLIN

(to himself)

Oh God ... do I know you, you bastard.

The newsreel ends. White screen. SYDNEY, is sitting in the seats some way away, profoundly troubled.

101.

CHAPLIN

What's the matter, Syd? For ten years you've been on at me to make a talkie, now I'm making a talkie.

SYDNEY

Yes, but not this!

CHAPLIN

What are you scared of?

SYDNEY

Nobody wants a film about fucking Adolf Hitler!

CHAPLIN

I do.

SYDNEY

Charlie, it's not our problem - Ninety percent of Americans say we should stay out of the war, nine out of ten! It's not your business - you're a comic!

CHAPLIN

(shouting back)

Yes, Syd, and you're a Jew!

SYDNEY

Spouting politics isn't going to solve anything ... nothing at all.

CHAPLIN

You remember when I said if he talked it would be the end of the Tramp? Well, he's going to talk and it is going to be the end of him. But at least he's going to go out saying something that matters. And I'm sorry, Syd, but neither you nor anyone else now is going to make me change my mind.

SYDNEY marches out of the Screening Room. CHAPLIN, left alone in the beam of light from the projector, turns to look at the screen. There, in silhouette, he sees the TRAMP. Simultaneously they raise their Derbys to each other. Saying farewell.

102. INT. SOUND STAGE, CHAPLIN STUDIOS. DAY. (1940).

102.

CLOSE ON CHAPLIN'S FACE - a caricature of Hitler - with a microphone poised just above his head.

CHAPLIN

Does that bloody thing have to be so close?

A bell rings loudly. We PULL BACK to reveal CHAPLIN, dressed as the GREAT DICTATOR. Around him the simplicity of white muslin has now been replaced with the roof and padded walls of a modern soundstage.

The set is rigged for the speech with which CHAPLIN intends to end his film - a podium backed by a pseudo Nazi flag. We TRACK behind empty chairs marked "CHARLES CHAPLIN", "PAULETTE GODDARD" and "JACK OAKIE" as TECHNICIANS prepare to shoot. The number of people present, the technology, the purposeful hustle and bustle are all in total contrast to the happy-go-lucky early days.

FIRST A.D.

This is going to be a long take, fellas,
so let's settle down - no moving around.
Just stand still!

(to a couple of STAGEHANDS)

Get outta the boss's eyeline, will ya?

ROLLIE, now semi-retired and here as an advisor, stands beside the camera.

CAMERA OPERATOR

(to CHAPLIN)

Can I just see you on your mark, sir?

CHAPLIN moves into position.

CAMERA OPERATOR

That's great. Ready.

FIRST A.D.

Okay, boss?

CHAPLIN

(to SCRIPT SUPERVISOR)

Nikki?

NIKKI

From "I don't want to rule ..."

CHAPLIN

Yeah, okay. We'll just see how it goes.

102. His face - BIG CLOSE UP - and we see stage fright.
Real nerves. His mouth dry as he prepares to make this
vital speech. He nods at the FIRST A.D.

102.

CAMERA OPERATOR

Speed.

CHAPLIN

Okay. Mark it.

The clapperboard is held in front of his face.

CLAPPER BOY

Great Dictator ... scene 342 take one!

SLAM! CHAPLIN'S FACE as the board is removed. Taut,
almost anguished. He swallows.

CHAPLIN

"I don't want to rule", right?

NIKKI nods encouragement. CHAPLIN, head down, gathers
himself and looks up, straight into camera -- his face
gradually filling our screen.

CHAPLIN

... I don't want to rule or conquer
anyone. All we want is to help each
other. Human beings are like that ...
In this world there is room for everyone
... wherever they happen to live,
whatever God they worship. You -- you
the people have the power, the power to
make frontiers meaningless, to make this
life free and beautiful ... Let us all
use that power to fight for a better
world ...

COLOR is gradually leached out of the CLOSE UP as we
DISSOLVE INTO

103. INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE. DAY. (1940).

- 103.

The continuation of CHAPLIN'S speech now being projected on
a portable screen.

HOOVER and SEELEY are watching the film. HOOVER'S
expression is grim.

HOOVER

He's not talking about Germany, you know,
he's talking about America. That's what
we have to make people understand ...

103.

HOOVER

103.

(cont.)

(pause)

You're looking a little pale, Mr Seeley,
maybe it's time you took a trip to
California.

104. INT. CINEMA. DAY. (1940).

104.

We see the last part of CHAPLIN'S speech on a regular screen
within a proscenium.

CHAPLIN

... a decent world that will give all men
a chance to work ... Comrades let us
fight to rid the world of dictators and
do away with greed ... In the name of
democracy and true freedom let us
unite!!!

Suddenly SPLAT! a paint bomb hits the screen. An explosion
of red.

VOICE FROM AUDIENCE

Commie bastard!!!

The screen goes white as the film is stopped. The stark
dripping splatter of paint on the white rectangle.

105. EXT. TENNIS COURT, CHAPLIN HOUSE. DAY. (1941).

105.

COME IN ON LEWIS SEELEY: sporting a tan and tennis whites,
he seems perfectly at home amongst a group of CHAPLIN'S
Hollywood FRIENDS and ACQUAINTANCES.

CHAPLIN is about to play tennis, on his own court, on a
Sunday afternoon. There are no servants in evidence and
the twenty or thirty GUESTS help themselves from a huge
silver teapot flanked by salvers of sandwiches.

Amongst the non-players is JOAN BARRY. She retrieves a
tennis ball CHAPLIN drops on his way to the court. She is
in her early twenties, a big sassy girl, red-headed and
big-breasted. She smiles at CHAPLIN, handing him the ball.

JOAN

Women drop handkerchiefs, I guess men drop
other things ...

As CHAPLIN mutters his thanks, his eyes drop for the merest
fraction of a second to take in the full extent of her
cleavage.

105.

GEORGE'S VOICE

105.

'...upper regional domes immensely expansive ...'

The sexual innuendo of this brief encounter is not lost on SEELEY.

CHAPLIN'S VOICE

I beg your pardon --

106.

INT. CHAPLIN'S OFFICE. NIGHT. (1942).

106.

CHAPLIN is sitting at his desk, opening mail.

GEORGE'S VOICE

That's how you describe Joan Barry in the book -- I assume you meant she was well endowed -- and you expect the readers to believe it wasn't just sex?

There is a knock at the door and HOOPER enters. He and CHAPLIN exchange looks. Glancing at his watch, CHAPLIN nods.

HOOPER moves to the window adjacent to Chaplin's private entrance on De Longpre from which he can see the length of La Brea. The orange groves are long gone - obliterated by urban sprawl, spangled now with lights.

CHAPLIN'S VOICE

(agitated)

George, I didn't have to put girls under contract to sleep with them. You know how stingy I am -- I spent hundreds of thousands of dollars, I wrote a screenplay for her -- I needed to work then, badly -- people hated me because of the movie -- I was in the centre of a storm.

CHAPLIN picks up a bulky envelope, tears it open, is puzzled by the contents, upturns it over the desk -- and out falls a dead rat. He sweeps the rat and the envelope into the bin.

Headlights rake HOOPER'S face as a car makes the turn into De Longpre. We hear it come to a halt. HOOPER watches a moment more, closes the blind and coughs discreetly as he opens the private door to admit JOAN BARRY.

CHAPLIN'S VOICE

*-- I don't care what the readers believe
-- Joan definitely had a talent, she just lacked ... control.*

107. INT./EXT. CHAPLIN HOUSE. NIGHT. (1942).

107.

CHAPLIN is staring out of the study window.

OUTSIDE. The lawn. A sprinkler swooshes in the moonlight.

CAMERA moves along --

Now a tuneless humming begins to become audible.

Another sprinkler. The moonlight is really very strong.

JOAN stands right in the spray of the second sprinkler. She is fully clothed. High heels, skirt, tight blouse. Humming.

She is washing herself with a bar of soap. Lathering all over her blouse and skirt --

CHAPLIN: watching as before. In his eyes, along with sadness, there is fear.

108. EXT. DRIVEWAY, CHAPLIN HOUSE. NIGHT. (1942).

108.

LOUD SCREECHING OF BRAKES.

JOAN, very drunk, driving up to CHAPLIN'S HOUSE -- she spins the wheel too late -- the car skids out of control.

THE HOUSE. Lights suddenly go on in the second floor.

THE CAR. Not demolished but badly scratched, in some bushes. JOAN staggers out. The front door of the house opens. CHAPLIN stands in the doorway.

JOAN starts toward him.

CHAPLIN hesitates. Then, without smiling, gestures her in. The door closes.

109. EXT. CHAPLIN HOUSE. NIGHT. (1942).

109.

A different night, JOAN in different clothes --

-- she is high on drugs outside CHAPLIN'S house.

Pounding, pounding on the door.

It doesn't open. She continues to hammer and kick it --

But the door stays closed.

110. EXT. CHAPLIN HOUSE. NIGHT. (1942).

110.

NOW an eerie silence.

A ladder has been set against the house, leading to a first floor window --

-- a window which is open --

PANNING UP THE LADDER we see a Christmas tree, lights flashing on and off, on the ground floor. Still moving upwards we begin to hear voices --

JOAN (O.S.)

Would you like that --

(fierce now)

-- would you like that?

CHAPLIN (O.S.)

-- No, Joan, I really wouldn't --

111. INT. CHAPLIN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. (1942).

111.

CHAPLIN wears pyjamas. JOAN, evening clothes muddy and torn, is very out of control --

-- she also has a gun pointed at him.

JOAN

-- but you told me how acting was experience -- The same goes for you, right? --

(CHAPLIN says nothing)

Right?

CHAPLIN

(mildly)

Yes, Joan, of course, the same for me.

JOAN

Then why wouldn't you want me to shoot you? -- have you ever been shot?

CHAPLIN

No, Joan.

JOAN

Well, what's wrong with a little new experience?

There's a noise outside in the hall --

111.

CHAPLIN

Joan, my boys are staying with me --

JOAN

Invite 'em in.

CHAPLIN

Look, I'm not going to do that. And
you're not going to shoot me.

JOAN

Okay, sure, whatever you say --

(but now she points the gun at
herself)

-- but if I shoot me, that would be okay,
wouldn't it? --

(her finger is on the trigger)

-- except if I die, Charlie, I die in
your home, Charlie, and that would ruin
you, wouldn't it, Charlie? --

CHAPLIN

Joan, you're not going to shoot anybody --

CHARLIE JR (O.S.)

-- Dad? --

SYDNEY JR (O.S.)

-- it's us --

CHAPLIN

One second, boys.

(to JOAN)

You're in no condition to drive -- you're
going to give me the gun and go to sleep
-- and in the morning, you're leaving.

He goes to the door and opens it a few inches.

HIS SONS: Grown now. They stand scared in the hallway
outside the door.

112. INT. UPPER HALLWAY, CHAPLIN HOUSE. NIGHT. (1942).

112.

CHAPLIN moves into the hall which is replete with Christmas
decorations. The BOYS are much bigger than he is.
CHARLIE JR is 17 now, SYDNEY JR, 16.

CHAPLIN is, and he can't hide it, flustered, embarrassed.
His words come quickly.

112.

CHAPLIN

-- please, please, it's late -- go back
to your rooms.

(they look at him, not knowing
what to say)

-- I'm fine, truly, fine, now obey me, do
as I say.

SYDNEY JR

Dad, you're not fine.

CHAPLIN

It's nothing, nothing at all -- just a
drunk, crazy, suicidal lady, boys, with a
gun. No big deal.

He tries for a smile, can't make it; gestures for them to go
along, then turns back to his room.

113. INT. CHAPLIN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. (1942).

113.

JOAN: The gun limp in her hand. She's sitting slumped on
the floor, all energy gone.

CHAPLIN looks at her sadly. Takes the gun, puts it on a
table. She doesn't resist.

JOAN

(fading)

I've caused so much trouble, Charlie.

CHAPLIN

I know.

JOAN

I want it to stop.

CHAPLIN

I know.

JOAN

Send me home, Charlie -- it's over. I
want to go back East. And I don't ever
want to come to California again.

CHAPLIN

You mean that?

(she nods - she does)

I'll get the money in the morning.

Now he bends, lifts her limp body --

-- and carries her to bed.

114. EXT. TENNIS COURT, CHAPLIN HOUSE. DAY. (1942).

114.

Another Sunday afternoon. The sandwiches and teapot are still in evidence, but the guests are conspicuous by their absence.

CHAPLIN has been playing tennis with FRANK HOOPER -- which is only just an improvement on playing with nobody. But HOOPER -- wearing the wrong clothes -- has been recruited under protest and seems relieved that they are heading back to the house.

CHAPLIN

You're improving, Frank.

HOOPER

Can't you find someone else to play with?

CHAPLIN

Apparently not - not any more.

Through the trees they see a red sports car zipping up to the front of the house.

CHAPLIN

Who's that?

HOOPER

The debutante? -- You're doing a favour for her agent --

CHAPLIN

(death)

Oh God, the one that wants to act.

A GIRL rounds the corner and makes her way towards them.

CHAPLIN (O.S.)

I wish He'd save me from amateurs -- they all think it's so easy. I'll bet when she was ten she wanted to be a fireman. Give her half an hour, Frank, and then get me out of it -- remind me I've got an appointment -- someone important.

HOOPER (O.S.)

Fine, leave it to me.

HOOPER enters the house through a side door. CHAPLIN approaches the GIRL. He softens immediately. She is seventeen, dark haired and very shy. She could almost be HETTY in another guise.

114.

OONA

Hello, Mr Chaplin. I'm Oona O'Neill.
My agent said three o'clock, but if I'm
interrupting your game ...

114.

CHAPLIN

No, no ... I was waiting for you.

115. EXT. GARDEN, CHAPLIN HOUSE. DAY. (1942).

115.

A little later. CHAPLIN and OONA are having tea.

CHAPLIN

How long have you been out here?

OONA

Just this summer. My agent got me a
screen test at Fox ...

CHAPLIN betrays a sudden small alarm.

CHAPLIN

Are they going to put you under contract?

OONA

I don't know.

CHAPLIN

Will you tell me?

OONA

Yes, if you want me to.

He does. He sips his tea thoughtfully.

HOOPER calls from the terrace.

HOOPER

Charlie, excuse me, it's nearly time for
your appointment ...

CHAPLIN

(mischievous)

Who's it with, Frank?

HOOPER

Er, Fred.

CHAPLIN

Not Astaire again?

HOOPER

That's right.

115.

CHAPLIN

115.

Ginger too?

HOOPER

Could be ...

CHAPLIN

Well, I'm sick of them - tell them I've got nothing more to teach them, they're going to have to try and make it on their own.

HOOPER goggles at him. OONA goggles at him too. HOOPER goes back into the house.

CHAPLIN

Poor Frank. I asked him to interrupt in case I was ... in case you were ...

OONA

Oh ... and we aren't ...?

CHAPLIN

No.

OONA

(pause)

Do you live alone?

They sit in the quiet garden, sipping their tea. The feeling between them is unmistakable.

116. EXT. OCEAN. DAY (1943).

116.

A BOAT cuts through the water. Beautiful day. OONA sits by the wheel, CHAPLIN steers. Ecstatic.

117. INT. DRAWING ROOM, CHAPLIN HOUSE. DAY. (1943).

117.

A small portable screen and a projector operated by CHAPLIN'S English BUTLER.

ON THE SCREEN: The sequence from 'THE GREAT DICTATOR' in which PAULETTE hits the TRAMP on the head with a frying pan, and he does a nutty staggering dance all the way down the street.

CHAPLIN and OONA, watching the movie. Or rather she's watching the movie, loving it, laughing. He can't help it, just watches her.

118. EXT. SWIMMING POOL, CHAPLIN HOUSE. DAY. (1943).

118.

Late afternoon. CHAPLIN is with his sons. He wears a towelling robe, CHARLIE JR is in Army uniform and SYDNEY JR in bathing trunks.

CHAPLIN

Oona'll be eighteen in July -- and --
 (this is awkward for him, his
 speech reflects that)
 -- oh, good heavens, I'm aware how
 ridiculous it must look, I'm fifty-four.

SYDNEY JR

(bouncing on the diving board)
 -- if you don't marry her, I think I
 will --

SYDNEY JR dives into the pool.

CHARLES JR

-- we were talking about it -- we've
 never seen you this happy before --

CHAPLIN

It's true but get ready; I'm sure the
 press will have a field day.

119. INT. DINING ROOM, CHAPLIN HOUSE. DAY. (1943).

119.

THE CHAPLIN BUTLER: He has an odd look on his face as he enters the room.

THE DINING TABLE: CHAPLIN, OONA, the BOYS -- all of them laughing and talking at the same time.

BUTLER

(bending to CHAPLIN)
 Sorry for the intrusion, sir.

CHAPLIN

It's all right, what is it?

BUTLER

(very soft)
 I'm not quite sure, sir -- but I just
 took a call from Miss Barry --
 (pause)
 -- she wanted me to tell you, sir, ...
 that she -- that she is pregnant ... sir.

120. EXT. CHAPLIN STUDIOS. DAY. (1943).

120.

CHAPLIN, on his way to his office. Deep in thought. Obviously tense.

SYDNEY drives through the Studio Gate, leaps out of his car and runs after CHAPLIN.

SYDNEY

Chas! Chas? She'll drop the paternity suit. I just talked to her lawyers -- she'll settle --

CHAPLIN starts to shake his head but SYDNEY continues regardless

SYDNEY

-- just listen, all right? She'll take a hundred and fifty thousand. That's nothing, Chas, not compared to a trial. She says you did it at Christmas when she came to your house.

(moving in on CHAPLIN)

Kid, I been making deals for you all our lives, I never made one this good --

CHAPLIN

Syd, it was all over long before Christmas. It can't be my child.

SYDNEY

Just settle, Chas -- get it out of the way.

CHAPLIN

-- I can't do that. I've got Oona to think of now -- I've got to prove my --

SYDNEY

-- I'm all for proving your innocence, kid --

(shakes his head)

-- but how?

CHAPLIN

Go back to them, Syd, I beg you. Get them to agree to blood tests.

121. INT. FBI INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY. (1943).

121.

JOAN BARRY is visibly pregnant. She is being interviewed by LEWIS SEELEY. HOOVER sits watching from the sidelines. A fairly friendly atmosphere.

121.

SEELEY

That night when you went to his house ...
did you and Mr Chaplin have sexual
relations?

121.

JOAN

Doesn't it look like it?

SEELEY

Never mind what it looks like - Did you
have sexual relations with Mr Chaplin?

HOOVER

She just said she did. Why else would
she agree to the blood tests?

It's clear that his impatience is with SEELEY not with JOAN.
Nothing is going to stand in HOOVER'S way.

JOAN

(bitterly)

Next morning he just called a cab ...
paid me off ... he wanted someone younger
... classier ... didn't he.

122. INT. STUDY, CHAPLIN HOUSE. NIGHT. (1943).

122.

CHAPLIN and OONA: Silence. A lot of tension.

The phone rings.

CHAPLIN reaches out quickly, answers it, listens. Then he
mutters 'thank you' and hangs up.

OONA: Sitting, looking at him.

CHAPLIN: Hard to get this out.

CHAPLIN

All three doctors agree -- it's not my
baby. The blood tests prove it.

OONA

It's over then?

CHAPLIN goes to her. OONA gets up and comes towards him.
He holds her in his arms so that we see her wedding ring.

CHAPLIN

All over. I knew it.

OONA

What a wonderful wedding present.

122.

CHAPLIN

122.

I've always had perfect faith in the
American legal system.
(they rock in each others arms)
All over, all gone ...

123. INT. COURTROOM. DAY. (1944).

123.

SUDDENLY, IN EXTREME CLOSE UP, A SPELLBINDING ATTORNEY: JOE
SCOTT.

SCOTT

Let's forget all this new fangled rubbish
about blood tests -- put it out of our
minds -- His Honor has ruled them
inadmissible. What's important now is
the financial future of this poor child
-- it's her future that the State of
California is here to protect. It makes
me mad the way this fellow tries to put
it over on us simpletons. This great
genius of stage and screen ...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A COURTROOM. PACKED. As SCOTT talks, we pick out a few
things: CHAPLIN and his LAWYER at one table.

JOAN and SEELEY next to SCOTT's empty chair at another --
she holds her baby, CAROL ANN, who is now 14 months old.

SCOTT

What good has his money done Chaplin? --
wasting his substance in debauching
girls. What good's it done the country?
-- that's the kind of stuff that makes
for communism.

THE JURY BOX: Eleven women and one man.

SCOTT

(sad now)

... My client is no more moral than
Chaplin ... they're both equally guilty
... only Chaplin's old enough to be her
father! Prowling around with girls of
that age ...

On the reporter's bench, JOURNALISTS scribble rapidly, half
shocked by SCOTT, half amused.

123.

SCOTT

123.

Members of the Jury, use your God-given common sense here. Look at this man, this cheap Cockney cad. And then take a good look at innocent little Carol Ann. I defy you not to see the resemblance.

Histrionically, he gestures to CHAPLIN and then to the BABY, just a few feet away. There is no discernible resemblance whatsoever. CHAPLIN looks at the BABY too. The BABY looks at CHAPLIN and smiles. CHAPLIN makes a smiling sort of wince at the BABY, as if they were the only two sane people in the room -- and, he can't help himself, he greets the BABY with a hunch of his shoulders and a little wiggle of his fingers.

SCOTT

Gentleman and ladies, wives and mothers all over the country are watching to see you stop Chaplin dead in his tracks! You'll sleep well the night you give this baby a name - the night you show this lecher that the law means him as well as the bums on Skid Row!

Throughout this speech, CHAPLIN is gazing out of the Courtroom window, staring and remembering. For there, on the distant hillside, is the place he used to ride horseback with FAIRBANKS. The HOLLYWOODLAND sign is decrepit and neglected now, its letters all askew.

124. INT. FBI FILING ROOM. DAY. (1952).

124.

ANOTHER WORD - BLACK ON WHITE - FILLING OUR SCREEN.

GUILTY!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that this is a giant headline above a newspaper photograph of CHAPLIN leaving the Court after the paternity suit. The story occupies a whole front page which has been stamped "Federal Bureau of Investigation - Strictly Confidential". A HAND flips the tear sheet to reveal another:

CHAPLIN MUST SUPPORT BABY CAROL ANN

And another

CHURCH DEMANDS CHAPLIN BOYCOTT

124. As this too is flipped and placed to one side PULL BACK FURTHER to reveal LEWIS SEELEY standing by a long bank of filing cabinets in a bare windowless room. On top of the cabinets is a bulging file labelled "CHAPLIN C AKA THONSTEIN I". 124.

SEELEY is methodically sifting through the contents, starting in 1945 and working his way through to 1952. Items which chart the progress of CHAPLIN'S private life and film career are placed in one pile. Anything relating to his politics is placed in another.

THE PILE ON THE RIGHT records the first birthday of Geraldine Leigh Chaplin (1945), the birth of Michael John Chaplin and the making of 'MONSIEUR VERDOUX' (1946), the birth of Josephine Hannah Chaplin (1949), the birth of Victoria Chaplin and the announcement that Chaplin is to make a picture called 'LIMELIGHT' (1951).

THE PILE ON THE LEFT - smaller by far - records that Chaplin may testify before the McCarthy Hearings (1947), a erroneous report that he is to attend a Communist-organised Peace Conference in Paris (1948) and finally two newspaper articles headlined 'RUSSIANS HONOR BIRTHDAY TRAMP' and 'CHARLIE BACKS RED DEAN'.

125. INT. CINEMA LOBBY. DAY. (1952). 125.

A MYRIAD OF FLASHES. HOOPER is trying to shepherd CHAPLIN and OONA, both in evening dress, through a crowd of JOURNALISTS who are shouting questions and taking photographs. This is a Benefit Screening of 'LIMELIGHT'.

FIRST REPORTER

Mr Chaplin ... Are you a Communist,
Mr Chaplin?

SECOND REPORTER

Are you a fellow traveller?

THIRD REPORTER

Are you going to appear at the McCarthy
hearings?

HOOPER

Mr Chaplin has repeatedly said he'll go
whenever they call him.

The shouted questions continue as HOOPER finally succeeds in getting CHAPLIN and OONA into the cinema. CHAPLIN shaken and baffled by the hostility.

126. INT. BEDROOM, CHAPLIN HOUSE. DUSK. (1952).

126.

OONA lies on the bed in a robe, watching the television.
CHAPLIN stands at the window looking out.

The black and white T.V. set, tuned to the McCarthy Hearings, stands at the foot of the bed, volume low.
CHAPLIN, although he affects not to, is listening to every word.

HUAC MEMBER (V.O.)

Are you, or have you ever been, a member
of the Communist Party?

WITNESS (V.O.)

I decline to answer under the First
Amendment of the Constitution.

OONA

I'd love to get away for a while,
darling. Let's just take the children
and go.

MCCARTHY (V.O.)

You have been asked a simple question --
are you now or have you ever been a
member of the Communist Party?

CHAPLIN goes to the T.V., turns the sound off.

OONA

It's all going to pass -- they've said
they're not going to call you -- please
-- I'd love to see where you began --

CHAPLIN

-- all right -- we'll go -- but it's not
going to pass so quickly --
(looking at MCCARTHY)
-- There's more to come ...

MCCARTHY -- no sound -- the face is terrifying enough ...

127. INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE. DAY. (1952).

127.

HOOVER is sitting at his desk when SEELEY barges in,
bursting with bad news.

SEELEY

Sir ... sir, I just got word. Chaplin's
off to London on vacation.

HOOVER: For the first time ever, we see him smile.

128. EXT. NEW YORK HARBOUR. DAY. (1952). 128.

The liner 'Queen Elizabeth' getting under way.

129. EXT. PROMENADE DECK, QUEEN ELIZABETH. DAY. (1952). 129.

OONA emerges from one of the staterooms, her face ashen, a cablegram in her hand.

She runs down the deck, scanning the passengers until she sees their NANNY and the four children; GERALDINE, 8, MICHAEL, 6, JOSEPHINE, 3, and baby VICTORIA. They are coming towards her.

OONA
(to NANNY)
Where's Mr Chaplin?

NANNY
(points)
We left him right at the back -- the stern.

130. EXT. STERN, QUEEN ELIZABETH. DAY. (1952). 130.

CHAPLIN: The breeze ruffling his hair, troubles left behind as he stands at the rail surveying the creamy wake.

OONA
Charlie!

He turns, sees her face, the cablegram in her outstretched hand.

CHAPLIN
What is it? What's the matter?

OONA
Oh, Charlie, I'm so sorry --

CHAPLIN
-- what about? Is it Syd?

OONA
No -- it's you, darling -- they've thrown you out -- you can't go back to America.

For a moment, total disbelief. Then CHAPLIN puts his arm around her shoulders and pulls her close. Together they gaze out at the receding Statue of Liberty -- and if this reminds us of another image, it should because it's a PRECISE ECHO of the Tramp and Edna as they appeared in 'THE IMMIGRANT'.

130. THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

130.

CHAPLIN AND OONA: She buries her head in his shoulder.

CHAPLIN'S FACE -- as tears well in his eyes and run down his cheeks.

CHAPLIN'S VOICE

I was surprised how well I took that news.

OONA'S VOICE

Charlie, that's not true.

131. EXT. MANOIR DE BAN. DUSK. (1963).

131.

CHAPLIN and GEORGE at the table. OONA is with them.

It's later still. Work is coming to an end.

OONA

You were devastated, don't you remember?
You wandered half the night. And the
night after that --

CHAPLIN

(waving her off)

-- all in all, considering ... I think I
took it well ... exile.

(pause)

As well as I could. George, isn't that
enough?

A telephone rings somewhere inside the house.

OONA

(heading off.)

I best go answer that.

GEORGE

(smiles -- begins packing up)

Absolutely. And a good day - when will
you do the rewrites?

CHAPLIN

Let me think about them first.

GEORGE

Of course -- take all the time you want --

CHAPLIN

-- I know, just so you have them
yesterday.

131. THE SHEET OF QUESTIONS GEORGE has been using -- everything 131.
except the ever-present question mark dealt with, crossed
out.

CHAPLIN and GEORGE as GEORGE folds the paper neatly in half.

GEORGE

You must be tired.

CHAPLIN shrugs -- he is. He has a robe around him, pulls
it tighter. Now he points to GEORGE'S paper --

CHAPLIN

Oh come on, George, finish it off --

(GEORGE is confused --)

-- that damn questionmark -- what was
that about?

GEORGE

Nothing. Just a matter of personal
curiosity -- it really isn't relevant --

CHAPLIN

Oh come on, tell me.

GEORGE

(right out with it)

Madness.

CHAPLIN. He hadn't expected it.

CHAPLIN

Joan Barry's, you mean? I thought we
covered that.

GEORGE

(baldly)

Yours, Charlie.

CHAPLIN. He says nothing. Then he starts to speak,
stops.

GEORGE

I just wondered -- how much did it affect
you?

CHAPLIN

What made you think it did?

GEORGE

Well, your mother was certified.

CHAPLIN

Yes.

131.

GEORGE

And your grandmother as well.

131.

CHAPLIN

Yes.

GEORGE

And your breakdowns?

CHAPLIN

You mean the melancholy?

(GEORGE shakes his head)

I only had the one breakdown.

(long pause)

Only the one bad one.

(looks straight at GEORGE now)

That isn't what dogged me, George -- I was never afraid of repeating my mother's behaviour -- 'look out, here comes the man with the butterfly net.'

(GEORGE smiles)

It was never that.

CHAPLIN thinks for a while.

CHAPLIN

It was ... it was more the knowledge that ... that if you did what I did for a living ... if you have a passion to tell a particular story ... well, you only have the one chance to get it right.

(quietly)

You never do of course, not one hundred percent, but you know that, that's not the problem.

(shaking his head)

It's when you feel you're getting really close ... but you can't make it the rest of the way. You aren't good enough, aren't complete enough, despite your fantasies, all you are is second rate -- that's when the madness hits ...

GEORGE AND CHAPLIN: CHAPLIN is very tired now.

GEORGE

You don't want to add that?

CHAPLIN

(he doesn't)

Not important -- you're not judged by what you didn't do, but what you did.

131.

CHAPLIN

131.

(cont.)

And all I did was, I cheered people
up ...

(his eyes start to close)

GEORGE rises. Moved. A little farewell wave.

CHAPLIN -- doesn't wave back. He's asleep.

GEORGE enters the house and is gone.

132. EXT. MANOIR DE BAN. DUSK. (1972).

132.

CHAPLIN, head down on his chest, sitting in the same
position as before. Longer shadows now.

Through the french windows of the house OONA is calling his
name.

OONA (O.S.)

Charlie ...?

(closer)

Charlie ...?

CHAPLIN: Head still down. He mutters nonsensically.

OONA appears, moves towards him.

OONA

Charlie dear?

CHAPLIN: Sputtering --

-- and now he raises his head and this comes as a shock --

because time has passed, this is a different face now.

CHAPLIN is old. White haired. Smooth skinned. Eighty
three.

CHAPLIN

Dozed off -- thought I was answering
George's questions. Silly.

OONA: The robe is around him. She tucks it tighter.

OONA

That was California calling again -- you
really do have to tell them.

CHAPLIN

California.

(long pause)

What if they still hate me?

133. EXT. BEACHWOOD CANYON. DAY. (1972).

133.

A LONG SHOT of the familiar scrubby hillside. Marching across it now, pristine and precise, the modern HOLLYWOOD sign.

In the blue sky above, a tiny silver plane on a landing trajectory.

134. EXT. LA BREA. NIGHT. (1972).

134.

COME IN ON an approaching limo, just as we did in 1918. But now it's a black stretch with smoked glass windows. PULL BACK to reveal the long straight road, once bordered by orange groves as far as the eye could see. Buildings crowd in on either side under a shimmering pall of smog.

As we MOVE BACK FURTHER, the familiar row of mock tudor cottages comes into view. Dwarfed by a supermarket.

The limo halts briefly outside the gates of the former Chaplin Studios -- now owned by a record company -- and then continues on its journey.

135. INT. DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION. NIGHT. (1972).

135.

THE CHAOS OF BEHIND THE SCENES AT A BIG THEATRE, A COUPLE OF HOURS BEFORE OPENING.

We don't know where we are quite, but there is a ton of activity -- stairs being moved, DANCERS rehearsing, PEOPLE scurrying this way, that way and --

OONA: She manoeuvres CHAPLIN'S wheelchair through the madness -- A STAGE MANAGER is with them. He stops. He is very respectful.

STAGE MANAGER

This has to do with your entrance;
Mr Chaplin -- you pick what's best for
you --

(points)

-- you can walk out from the wings, but I
think this would be better --

AN ENORMOUS STAIRCASE being moved into position.

CHAPLIN, numbly looking around. He could be scared.

STAGE MANAGER

I really think it would look great if you
made your entrance down the staircase.

135. OONA, talking quietly to the STAGE MANAGER.

135.

OONA

Mr Chaplin can't make an entrance, I'm afraid.

(he looks at her)

He can't walk alone anymore.

STAGE MANAGER

(nods)

Yes, ma'am. I see.

136. INT. ACADEMY AWARDS DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT. (1972).

136.

CHAPLIN and OONA. Noise reverberates from outside. OONA is getting him into his tuxedo, fixing his tie. He is, to put it mildly, nervous.

CHAPLIN

No one's going to come, you know.

OONA

Now that would be a story.

CHAPLIN

I'm right, just you wait.

OONA

(working on his tie)

I can see the headlines now:

(gesturing)

'Amazing Incident at Academy Awards --
Thousands Stay Home. Chaplin Strikes
Again.'

CHAPLIN. She has just finished doing his tie. He pulls at it suddenly, gets it untied.

CHAPLIN

Don't say it. I know that was childish.

OONA

What's wrong now?

CHAPLIN

The film clips.

(OONA waits)

I should never have let them show clips.
People won't like them. They'll think
they're old.

136.

OONA

(patiently)

Charlie? They are old. Well over fifty years, some of them.

136.

CHAPLIN

You know the worst thing about age? -- you can't defend yourself --

(working himself up)

-- when I had my power, if they came after me, I would have done a movie ... I would have made them laugh. I would have made them cry ... Now I'm at their mercy.

OONA

(quiet)

Charlie, we've come five thousand miles.

137. INT. DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION. NIGHT. (1972).

137.

The BACKSTAGE AREA was chaotic before the start of the show -- now that it's actually under way there's PANDEMONIUM.

OONA steers CHAPLIN'S wheelchair out of the Dressing Room and into this mad hustle and bustle. Massive hubbub of noise with TECHNICIANS, PERFORMERS, DRESSERS, SCENE SHIFTERS and MAKE-UP ARTISTS going frenetically about their business.

A GROUP OF STAGEHANDS. Busy. Suddenly they're not busy, they just look.

CHAPLIN: In the chair, passing by.

SOME SINGERS: Tense, moving around.

OONA: Pushing the wheelchair. The SINGERS, awed and still.

Onstage, Academy President DANIEL TARADASH is delivering a eulogy. We hear snatches of it on various walky-talkies.

TARADASH (O.S.)

Charlie Chaplin has made more people laugh than anyone in history -- yet always just beneath the hilarity were the fears and sorrows of everyman --

A GROUP OF PRESENTERS CACKLING AWAY. MOVIE STARS, T.V. PERSONALITIES. Now one of them, a PRETTY GIRL, looks off, seems upset.

137.

PRETTY GIRL

137.

(whispered)

Oh God, he looks so old.

CHAPLIN -- he does, he does.

OONA wheels him past a high-tech Control Room and momentarily, we see TARADASH making his speech -- his image repeated over and over in bright garish colors on banks of TV monitors.

TARADASH

-- Mr Chaplin has said, "More than machinery we need humanity -- more than cleverness we need kindness and gentleness -- for without those qualities, life will be violent and all will be lost ..."

THE WHOLE BACKSTAGE as CHAPLIN is wheeled forward and the eulogy continues. Everyone turns, studies the tiny old man.

CHAPLIN: Lost in the vastness, staring around. Nothing looks right, nothing looks familiar. Then just for an instant --

HETTY KELLY: Smiling at him --

-- it isn't HETTY, of course -- just a PRODUCTION ASSISTANT who resembles her. She gestures to OONA who stops the wheelchair.

TARADASH (O.S.)

-- The inscription on this award reads, 'To Charles Chaplin, for the incalculable effect he has had in making motion pictures the artform of this century'. Chaplin has become more than a name -- it is a word in the vocabulary of cinema and anyone who has ever seen a movie is in his debt.

THE PRODUCTION ASSISTANT: Taking CHAPLIN by one hand, while OONA takes the other, helping him out of the chair, steering him towards a ROSTRUM with a huge screen above it.

TARADASH (O.S.)

A few years ago, Mr Chaplin said, "My only enemy is time". We respectfully disagree. For wherever and whenever there is communication - a screen and an audience - time is Charlie Chaplin's dearest and eternal friend. Watch ... Remember ... Rejoice ...

137. CHAPLIN: One baby step at a time, shuffling forward, the PRODUCTION ASSISTANT and OONA doing their best. 137.

Now FILM CLIPS are being projected on the huge screen. The TRAMP emerging from a dilapidated shack in an old fashioned bathing suit, dives into deep water --
-- only it isn't deep.

From the vast unseen audience, the first ripple of laughter.

CHAPLIN: Shuffling so slowly. He hears the reaction. Pays no attention. Keeps shuffling forward.

THE SCREEN: Another clip. More delighted laughter.

THE ROSTRUM as CHAPLIN grabs it, holds on tight. He's below the screen now, but in front of it.

OONA: She makes certain he's steady on his feet. Then a quick smile; she backs away.

CHAPLIN: Alone in the darkness -- his face illuminated by the flickering screen above his head. He grips the rostrum even tighter, making sure he won't fall.

Another laugh from the audience.

He ignores it -- holds firm to his anchor.

Now, yet another laugh. Louder. More sustained.

CHAPLIN: He wants to look up. Half tries -- doesn't dare let go of the ROSTRUM.

THE SCREEN: Another clip. Funny and sad, funny and sad. The reaction from the vast unseen audience building all the time.

CHAPLIN, hearing the waves of laughter, finally screws up his courage, letting go with one hand --

-- he's still balanced.

Now he lets go with the other.

He's okay. He didn't lose balance, didn't fall. He takes a breath, half turns and looks up at the screen.

THE SCREEN: 'THE KID' is starting. The audience recognizes it.

CHAPLIN: Staring up.

137. THE SCREEN: The first seconds play perfectly. You can 137.
tell that from the sounds of the audience.

CHAPLIN: WATCHES THE SCREEN. OUR LAST SHOT OF THE MAN.
GUESS WHAT? IT'S NOT SO TERRIBLE. EVEN HE ACKNOWLEDGES
THAT --

-- BECAUSE HE SMILES. AND AS HE STARTS TO LAUGH AND CRY --

WE PAN UP to the SCREEN above his head and stay there with
the rest of 'THE KID'. Now the final seconds of 'THE
CIRCUS' -- the TRAMP twirling his cane and hunching his
shoulders as he skips and shuffles into the future and --

as the invisible auditorium erupts into an enormous,
palpable roar of applause --

IRIS IN TO BLACK.