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Culver City, Calif. No. 119

7-23-56

Run: 7-30-56

NOTE:
Please see
inside of
cover for
changes and
additions.

DESIGNING WOMAN

Okayed by
Dore Schary

Associate Producer:
George Wells

Director:
Vincente Minnelli

From the following
writer:

George Wells

7-23-56
Run: 7-30-56

COMPLETE

SUMMARY

DESIGNING WOMAN

No. 3

(Script dated: 7-23-56
Run: 7-30-56)

Due to the excessive expense of re-running entire script merely in order to obtain consecutive page numbers, the script with its changes will not be re-run, but herewith in front and back of the script you will find a summary of the total number of pages in the script.

9-6-56	Total number of pages in script including revisions to date, and based on 63 lines per page.	142
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(Script completed: 7-30-56)



7-23-56

DESIGNING WOMAN

FADE IN:
CLOSE SHOT - MIKE HAGEN

1-6 OUT
6X1

in his office, pecking away at the typewriter. He stops, raises his head, looks directly into CAMERA.

Mike

I'm Mike Hagen, I'm a sportswriter. If you read the papers maybe you've heard of me - I was involved in that ruckus up in Boston. A lot of people have asked for the facts about that affair - and I've certainly got no objection to telling my side of it. Still, the story wouldn't be complete unless we heard from some of the others involved - like Marilla. I imagine Marilla might have something to say.

CLOSE SHOT - MARILLA HAGEN

6X2

She is perched on a high stool before an easel, deftly sketching in the accessories on a dress design. She smiles fleetingly into the CAMERA, but continues working as she speaks.

Marilla

I have a good deal to say. Not only about my side of it, but about Mike's, too -

(she finishes the sketch, turns directly to CAMERA)

- because Mike doesn't always tell the truth. Not that he means to lie or anything, but - well, you have to know Mike. Then of course there's someone else who could shed considerably light on things -

(a trifle coolly)

- if she will.

CLOSE SHOT - LORI SHANNON

6X3

backstage. In abbreviated rehearsal costume, she is performing a stretching exercise - her dainty, ballet-slippered foot resting on the back of a chair, her body bent forward at the waist, cheek to leg.

Lori (into CAMERA)
My name is Lori Shannon. I really have very little to tell. I was involved, of course, but in a quite innocent way. Not everybody believed that. But I'm sure Zachary Wilde does.

6X3
CONT'D
(2)

(she raises her head, glances o.s.)

Zach?

The CAMERA PANS QUICKLY TO

CLOSE SHOT - ZACHARY WILDE

6X4

backstage, leaning casually against a piece of scenery.

Zachary (into CAMERA)
Frankly, I'd like to keep out of the whole mess. However, there's another witness, a man named Maxie Stulz.
(with a little irony)
I'm certain he could be very informative.

CLOSE SHOT - MAXIE STULZ

6X5

working out with the heavy bag. He wears the traditional full length tights, boxing trunks, sweatshirt and headgear - punctuates his speech with swipes at the bag.

Maxie (earnestly)
Yeah I wanna tell everythin' I know, the whole truth - because - I was always good stand-up boy, honest fighter, champion three years, makin' a comeback now. So - ahhh -

(he stops punching, looks directly into CAMERA)

- I wanna tell everythin' I know - everythin'.
(frowning, he glances up at the ceiling)

Lemme think now -

(shakes his head sadly)

I dunno anythin'.

DISSOLVE TO:

6X6 OUT

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT 6X7

From the lighted sign - "Beverly Hills Hotel" - the CAMERA LOWERS to the swimming pool. On the side of the pool an outdoor bar has been set

up, beautifully hung with lanterns and drunks.
There are only men in the crush, all obviously
well acquainted. The noise is fearsome.

6X7
CONT'D
(2)

Mike's Voice (narrating)
The whole thing began out in Beverly Hills, the night
of the California Invitational -
(the CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE along the bar)
- a golf tournament. I'd picked Johnny Strawn in the
Sportswriters' Calcutta, a sort of lottery, and I'd
won myself twelve hundred dollars. So I was buying
that night and feeling fine. Just fine.

The CAMERA has now reached, and stays on

CLOSE SHOT - MIKE HAGEN

7

Holding a large bouquet of money in his hand, he
is the center of an admiring, congratulatory group
who keep clouting him on the back. Mike doesn't
seem to mind a bit. He never says a word, just
beams. He could talk, maybe, if he tried - but
he doesn't. Just keeps beaming, and laying twen-
ty dollar bills on the bar. A really pie-eyed
sportswriter is hanging around Mike's neck,
poking him in the chest for emphasis.

Sportswriter (the really pie-
eyed one)
I am a sportswriter - you are a sportswriter -
lemme ask you - have - you - ever - seen -
(he loses the thread)
Where's my drink?

Second Sportswriter (in Mike's ear)
Did I tell you Johnny Strawn would win? Did I?

Third Sportswriter
Twelve hundred bucks! How do you like that?

Fourth Sportswriter (singing)
Mike Hagen is a prince - a prince, a prince, a prince!

Mike keeps turning from one friend to another -
beaming. And laying down bills on the bar.

From another part of the bar comes Marilla Brown.
Caught in the crush she is making very little
progress. (NOTE: We do not see her face during
the scene, the CAMERA remaining on her back
throughout).

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Marilla (murmurs politely)
Excuse me - would you - excuse me - ?

7
CONT'D
(2)

She is shoved up against the bar, tries to skitter along it, ducking under arms. Eventually she is face to face with Mike, cramped up against his chest.

Marilla
Sorry.

Mike beams. She pushes away, is shoved against him again. Mike picks up a drink, proffers it to her. She declines it with a shake of the head - but suddenly has to grab the glass to keep it from spilling down her dress. Mike beams. Marilla, looking into his face, slowly raises her glass to his. They clink. From a large CLOSE-UP of Mike beaming we

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP - MIKE

8

gazing into a door mirror. It is morning. He is not beaming. He hates himself.

Mike (shuddering)
Eeeeh.

As the CAMERA PULLS BACK we SEE we are in Mike's hotel room. He is in a robe, a towel flung across one shoulder, his hair on end from a recent shower. Laboriously he begins to remove the pins from a fresh shirt, trying not to move his head.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
Yeh, I was in great shape that morning. It was noon and I'd been out of bed a half hour - showering and shaving -

(he takes an aspirin from the bureau top, chews it)
- and breakfasting on a small tin of aspirin. Nothing helped.

He sticks his finger with a pin, grimaces, plucks the pin from the shirt. Looking around for the wastepaper basket he drops the pin in it. It clangs like a crowbar on a tin roof. Mike groans, puts a hand over his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

CORRIDOR - MIKE

9

comes out of his room, closes the door very softly behind him, the lock clicking shut with a report like a pistol shot. He winces, heads for the elevator.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
Let's see now. Up until ten the night before everything was crystal clear.

(he rings for the elevator)
I was having a couple of drinks with some newspaper friends - celebrating the twelve hundred dollars I'd won --

(he reaches suddenly into his pants pocket brings out a few sad looking bills)
Twelve hundred dollars. All I had now was three tens and a handful of silver.

(he puts the bills back, reflects bitterly)
Some newspaper men drink too much.

The elevator door opens with an unearthly scream. Mike represses an impulse to recoil.

Operator

Down, please.

INT. ELEVATOR - MIKE

10

steps in, shudders as the door closes, shudders again as the elevator lurches down. He recovers, takes a deep breath. A man in the rear of the elevator, Larry Musso, has been regarding him with a playful smile.

Musso (coming forward)
Hy, boy.

Mike (a feeble wave)
Larry.

Musso
How d'you feel?

Mike
Yeah.

Musso (laughs)
How'd you handle the story yesterday?

Mike
Mm?

Musso
The story.
(slight pause)
The California Invitational. Remember?

10
CONT'D
(2)

Mike (laughs - or tries to)
Oh.
(a suggestion of a blank look crosses
his face)

Musso (quizzically)
You didn't forget to file your copy?

Mike (on his dignity)
Since when have I ever forgotten to file my copy?

Musso
Could be a first time.

Mike turns away with an awful thought.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
My copy! Had I forgotten it? A lead flashed in
front of my eyes. "Johnny Strawn, the Gill-Sized
Giant of Golfdom, smashed his way to victory with
a sizzling sixty-six." Had I written those words -
somewhere - sometime - or had I dreamed them?

The elevator stops.

Operator
Lobby.

INT. LOBBY - MIKE

11

hurries out of the elevator to the newsstand,
glances quickly over the rack.

Mike (to the girl)
New York Record?

News Girl
You want yesterday's?

Mike
Why would I want yesterday's?

News Girl
Because today's isn't in yet, it's an evening paper
and it isn't even out in New York until -

Mike (with dignity)
I'm aware of that. Just hold one for me, please.

11
CONT'D
(2)

He is in a sweat now. He wheels toward the Western Union counter. Reaching it, he stops abruptly, pulls himself together.

Western Union Girl (eyeing him)
Yes, sir?

Mike (smiling)
I'd like to see a copy of a long wire I sent to the New York Record early last night - or about two or three this morning.

Western Union Girl
You sick, mister?

Mike
The wire, please!

She gives him a funny look, takes out a sheaf of wires, thumbs through them.

Western Union Girl
New York Times - New York Herald Trib - New York Daily News -
(she looks up at him)

Mike
New York Record?

Western Union Girl (shakes her head)
Uh uh.
(Mike turns away, stricken)
I could get you a doctor.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
The greatest golf story of the decade and I'd fluffed it. My career was ruined. Coffee, that's what I needed.

(he moves toward the door leading to the swimming pool)
Seven or eight pots of coffee in a quiet locale where I could think up a good lie for my editor.

SWIMMING - MIKE

comes from the hotel gestures to a waiter, slumps down at a table.

CLOSE SHOT - MARILLA - IN THE POOL

13

She swims to the ladder, climbs out. Halfway,
she spies someone o.s. Her face lights up.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
There he was - my Character of the night before,
Mr. Michael Hagen. I thought he saw me, too, so
I gave him a friendly wave.

Marilla (waving).

Hey!

MIKE - AT THE TABLE

14

The waiter is pouring coffee. O.S. we HEAR
Marilla yell "hello, there!" Mike looks to-
ward the voice, gives no sign of recognition,
turns to his coffee.

MARILLA

15

climbs out of the pool, takes her beach robe
from a chair. She slips into it, smiling in
Mike's direction.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
My Character seemed a little subdued this morning,
but that was understandable. We hadn't parted com-
pany until six A.M.

(she throws him a gesture, mouthing "I'll
be right there")

MIKE

16

sipping his coffee, eyes her suspiciously over
the rim of the cup.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
It never occurred to me -

MARILLA

17

picks up her beach bag and starts toward him,
the CAMERA MOVING with her.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
- that my Character didn't have the slightest idea
who I was.

17
CONT'D
(2)

She reaches Mike's table, plumps herself
cheerfully in the chair opposite, begins to
comb out her hair.

Marilla
Well, good morning!
(he nods, murmurs something unintelligible)
How do you feel?

Mike
Great. Tip-top.

Marilla
Did you sleep all right?

Mike (shooting her a look)
Fine, I'm not even awake yet.

Marilla studies him with a pleasant look. He
returns the scrutiny with suspicion.

Marilla (gratuitously)
Your eyes are red.

Mike (nods)
I bathed them in Alka-Fizz.

Marilla (laughs)
Well, anyway it's a beautiful morning. Look -

18-18X1 OUT

SHOT - THE HOTEL GROUNDS

18X2

- from their angle - a gorgeous setting of blue
sky, fleecy white clouds and green foliage.

Marilla's Voice (o.s.)
- isn't it lovely?

19 OUT

TWO SHOT - MARILLA AND MIKE

19X1

He turns unwillingly, to look through painful
eyes.

20-20X1 OUT

SHOT - THE HOTEL GROUNDS

20X2

The sky is green, the clouds yellow, the trees
a nauseating orange.

TWO SHOT - MARILLA AND MIKE

21

Mike turns away from the pool, takes a quick
gulp of coffee.

Marilla (kindly)
May I make a suggestion? Why don't you jump into a
swim suit and take a quick plunge?

Mike
May I make a suggestion?

Marilla
What?

Mike
You take a plunge.

Marilla
But I -
(stiffly)
Oh. Sorry. I guess you're not feeling very sociable.

She reaches into her beach bag, takes out a
roll of bills which she places on the table
between them.

Marilla
Here. I've been waiting all morning.

Mike (eyeing the roll)
What's that?

Marilla
Seven hundred dollars.
(no comment from Mike)
You gave it to me.

Mike
When?

Marilla
Last night.

She realizes now he is drawing a few blanks.

What for? Mike (a pause) 21
CONT'D
(2)

You liked me. Marilla

That much? Mike

Oh, now! Marilla

Here, you keep it. Mike (pushes the bills at her)

Don't be ridiculous. Marilla (pushing them back)

Go on, I gave it to you, it's yours. Mike (pushing)

Will you please? Marilla (pushing)

Look, if I gave it to you, I must have meant it. Mike (pushing)
You're probably entitled - -

Marilla is stunned.

Call for Mr. Michael Hagen! Page Boy (o.s.)

Well! Marilla
(she pushes the bills back)

Boy! Mike (leaping up)
(he takes the bills, plumps them in the ashtray)

Mr. Hagen? New York calling. Page Boy (entering)

Listen, Mr. Hagen! Marilla (rising)

Where? Mike

Right over here, sir. Page Boy (leaving)

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Mike follows the boy quickly.

Marilla

Listen, Mr. -

Marilla is alone - and furious. She flings herself back in the chair.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)

I had to stay, if only to straighten Mr. Hagen out on a few facts. Particularly where they touched my morals. And then there was the matter of the seven hundred dollars.

(a waiter has entered - nonchalantly dusts imaginary crumbs from around the ashtray - eyeing the money. Marilla is aware of his interest)

I covered it with my beach bag -

(she does so)

- and sat back with a fine show of casualness.

(she does so)

I felt pretty foolish.

POOL PHONE BOOTH - MIKE

22

squeezes into the booth, lifts the receiver.

Mike (into phone)

Mike Hagen here.

CLOSE SHOT - TELEPHONE OPERATOR

23

Operator

Mr. Hagen? Mr. Ned Hammerstein of the New York Record calling.

MIKE - ON PHONE

24

Mike (nervously)

Yeh, yeh, put him on. Hello? Ned?

(beating him to the punch)

Now listen Ned, about that copy! I spoke to Western Union and I can't understand what happened! I tried to -

HAMMERSTEIN - ON PHONE

25

Ned Hammerstein, a heavy-set man with a rugged

countenance, is in his office. A secretary and an assistant flank him on either side. He holds a newspaper in one hand, a carton of coffee in the other, the phone clamped against his shoulder.

25
CONT'D
(2)

Hammerstein
Never mind about the copy. You're in a little trouble, boy.

INTERCUT - MIKE AND HAMMERSTEIN

26

at phones.

Mike
What do you mean trouble? I want to explain exactly why my copy didn't -

Hammerstein (impatiently)
Forget it! The copy was okay! Now, look!

Mike (afraid to believe it)
You mean you liked my copy? The copy I sent? Last night?

Hammerstein (snarls)
Yeah, yeah, it was all right! What's the matter with you?

Mike (relieved)
Not a thing, Ned. Everything's great.

He relaxes, opens the door and breathes deeply. a beatific smile spreading on his countenance.

Hammerstein
Well, it's not so great back here! That column you did on Mart Daylor and the fight racket! He's been in to see me twice about a retraction! He's pretty burned!

Mike
Fine, fine.
(he's not even listening)
Morning.

(this last blithe remark is to a matronly lady passing the booth. She turns, looks at him blankly, goes on her way)

Hammerstein
Are you listening to me?

Certainly. What? Mike

26
CONT'D
(1)

Hammerstein
I'd like to remind you, my friend, that Mr. Daylor knows some very influential people. Particularly a bevy of thugs who'd be happy to meet you some night in a dark alley and bash your face in!

Mike
Okay, great. I'll take care of it right away. You liked the copy, huh?

Hammerstein
I told you twice, I -
(suddenly)
Are you on the juice?

Mike
Now there's a nice sentiment. I come out here and work my fingers to the bone to get a story you like, and you -

(Hammerstein's voice comes rasping through the receiver)
Okay - okay - okay - yeah - g'bye, Ned.

He hangs up and leaves the booth with a light step, the CAMERA PANNING him back to the table.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
I was a new man. My hangover was gone, I felt like singing.

(he hums happily)
I loved the whole world and all its people. I would even, I decided, be nice to that ugly girl who'd been annoying me.

He reaches the table, where Marilla is still sitting. She eyes him coldly. Mike stares at her in surprise.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
It must have been a different girl.

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He sits down, smiling broadly, inches his chair up close to her.

26
CONT'D
(2)

Mike (the charmer)
Would you care for some breakfast?

Marilla, who was just opening her mouth to tell him off, is left sitting with it open.

Mike
Waiter, a breakfast menu, please.
(to Marilla, putting the social graces to work)
Look, I'd like to apologize for the way I acted before. You see, I was a little revved up about something - this story I was supposed to send to New York. I was afraid - well, it's really nothing you'd be interested in, but it was a story I -

Marilla
You mean the "Johnny-Strawn-the-gill-sized-giant-of-golfdom" story?

Mike
How'd you know?

Marilla
Because we wrote it together. The two of us.

Mike
The two - where?

Marilla
In a very small and quite dirty bar and grill about forty miles north. You wired the story from Santa Barbara.

Mike
Then that's when - that's why - ?

Marilla
That's when you gave me the seven hundred dollars.

Mike (genuinely)
Oh - I'm sorry.

Marilla
It's all right.

Mike
What happened after that?

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Marilla
Nothing. We drove home and I took you to your door
about six o'clock. You really don't remember?

26
CONT'D
(3)

Mike
Go on.

Marilla
Nothing. You shook my hand and said if I was ever
in New York to look you up and you'd find me a spot
in the sportswriting field.

Mike
All right, when can you start?

Marilla laughs. Mike laughs, too, shaking his
head ruefully. Then a thoughtful light comes
into his eye.

Mike (hesitantly)
I really wrote it, huh? Including that - "gill-sized
giant of golfdom" phrase?

Marilla (modestly)
Well, actually that phrase was my idea.

Mike (relieved)
I'm glad.
(they both laugh)
Where did we meet anyhow?

Marilla
Right over there at the bar. And then later I was
a guest at Mrs. Herrington's when you came in with
your friends.

Mike
Oh, Mrs. Herrington, at Mrs. Herrington's, sure.

Marilla
Yes.

Mike
Who's Mrs. Herrington?

They laugh even louder.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
We began to laugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANOTHER TABLE AT THE POOL - TWO ELDERLY PEOPLE 27

are looking o.s. toward the sound of another
peal of laughter. CAMERA PANS toward the sound.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
Three hours later we were still laughing.

The CAMERA reaches Marilla and Mike sitting at
the edge of the pool, both in swim suits now.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
Not about the same thing, of course. But whatever
either of us said the other thought it was the funniest.

She rises, still laughing, Mike scrambling to
his feet after her.

Marilla (a deep breath)
Well -

Mike
What about dinner?

Marilla
I'm afraid not.
(they go to the table where they sat before,
Marilla gathering her things together)
I'm on the six o'clock plane for New York. Thanks
anyway, though.

She picks up her beach bag, revealing the seven
hundred dollars still in the ashtray. Mike
pushes it toward her.

Mike
Here, you earned it.
(quickly)
By helping write the story.

Marilla (pushing it back)
Let's not play that again!

Mike (pushing)
You saved my job.

Marilla (pushing it back)
Please.

Mike (claps his hand over it)
Okay, we'll spend it!
(Marilla frowns at him)
That's the only way to settle things. We'll spend
every penny, take a couple of days doing it.

Marilla
Well, if that isn't the silliest.

27
CONT'D
(2)

Mike
After all we work hard, we're entitled to a little relaxation, we're due for it, both of us.

Marilla
I don't need relax -

Mike
You work, don't you?

Marilla
Of course.

Mike
That does it! We'll spend it together. Have a real ball.

Marilla (firmly)
I couldn't possibly.

Mike (earnestly)
Listen. Nobody gets a chance to live anymore. We're all too busy to enjoy ourselves. Do you know where you are right now?

Marilla
Well, just offhand -

Mike
California! The playground of the western world! It's all around us! The mountains - the desert - Marineland. And the Pacific Ocean! Don't forget the Pacific Ocean!

Marilla
Oh, I won't.

Mike
Tell me - have you ever sailed a small boat, way out on the ocean, with the salt spray in your face and the wind in your hair?

Marilla
No, have you?

Mike
Certainly not, you think I'm crazy?
(Marilla laughs)
But I'd be willing to try. Come on.

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Marilla (shaking her head)
I couldn't - I couldn't possibly.

27
CONT'D
(3)

They are both laughing as we

DISSOLVE TO:

AERIAL SHOT - NEWPORT HARBOR - DAY

27X1

DOCKSIDE - THREE SOBER-PUSSED KIDS

28

are fishing, looking o.s. at the sound of
laughter. The CAMERA PANS toward the sound.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
During the next four days we hardly made a dent in
Mike's seven hundred dollars -

The CAMERA reaches Marilla and Mike on the
foredeck of a sailboat which is safely moored
in a slip. Marilla is sitting with her back
against the mast, a sketch pad in her hand,
Mike stretched out beside her.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
- because all we did was lie around and yak it up.
It seemed to do us a world of good though.

Mike (indicating)
What's that?

Marilla
Sketch for a dress.
(she shows it to him)
That's what I do - design clothes.

INSERT - SKETCH

29

An undulating female form - like a figure in
"Vogue".

Mike's Voice (o.s.)
For a living?

TWO SHOT - MARILLA AND MIKE

Marilla
Uh-huh.

30

What d'you know?
Mike (vaguely)

30
CONT'D
(2)

He lies down with his head in her lap.

Marilla
That's why I've got to get back to New York to-
night - and that's - -
(she looks at her wrist watch)
- oh, for heaven's - do you realize I haven't packed
yet?!

She scrambles up, banging Mike's head
on the deck.

Marilla
Come on!

Mike
Wait!

Marilla
Mike, I've got to go!

Mike (grabbing her hand;
amazed)
But Marineland! The porpoises! We haven't seen
them feed the porpoises!

Marilla
Please, Mike! I can't possibly!

She leaps off the boat to the dock, Mike
hurrying after her.

DISSOLVE TO:

30X1-30X4
OUT

AERIAL SHOT - MARINELAND - DAY

30XA4

CLOSE SHOT - A PORPOISE - DAY

30X5

- the porpoise leaping out of the water to be fed. Two more leaps in rapid succession as the CAMERA PULLS BACK. We are at Marineland, Mike and Marilla standing at the rail of the tank, Mike talking in pantomime.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
I can't remember who brought up the subject of love. It certainly doesn't sound like me. One minute I was experting on the care and feeding of porpoises and the next thing I knew we were talking about love - its symptoms.

Marilla (happily)
I eat like a fool. When I'm in love, I mean. My friends used to tell me they couldn't swallow a morsel, but I eat like a fool.

(Mike is gazing at her expressionlessly)
With that boy from Yale, some time ago of course, I gained eight pounds. And then there was a certain artist.

(she laughs)
It was two years before I got back to normal. I just eat and eat and eat.

She goes on talking as Mike narrates.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
She was quite frank and open about her love affairs. I didn't say anything.

DISSOLVE TO:

31-32X1
OUT

HOTEL TERRACE - DAY - MARILLA AND MIKE

32X2

are at a table having a cooling drink. A waiter stands ready to take their order. Marilla is studying the menu.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
I should have kept my mouth shut, but I always talk too much. It's a bad fault I have.

32X2
CONT'D
(2)

Marilla (to waiter)
Just a cup of cold consomme, please. And maybe the tiniest bit of that pompano - and the large lobster salad and a cheeseburger. Then for dessert -

She breaks off, stunned. Mike is staring at her. So is the waiter.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
I felt the blush coming from my waist up. Mike was staring at me - whether in horror or admiration I couldn't tell. But he knew it as well as I did. I was in love with my Character.

She is staring back at Mike, a little frightened. Automatically she reaches out, takes a handful of peanuts from the plate on the table. Never taking her eyes off Mike, she pops a peanut into her mouth.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT - MARILLA AND MIKE - IN A PARKED CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT - THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS

33

We can't see much of Marilla, for Mike is kissing her, but good. They come slowly out of the clinch.

Mike (a murmur)
What do you say, hm?

Marilla (a whisper)
Mike -
(she tries to turn away)

Mike
We're adults, we know what we're doing. Hmm?

Marilla
I couldn't, Mike - I couldn't possibly.

DISSOLVE TO:



JUSTICE OF PEACE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - MARILLA
AND MIKE

34

standing before the Justice. A couple of witnesses stand nearby - the tired wife of the Justice and a bored youth.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
She did, though. We were married that night - in Arizona.

Justice
And do you, Marilla Brown, take this man -
(he goes on mouthing the words)

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
Marilla Brown did. Yes.

She turns to Mike, her eyes shining.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PLANE IN FLIGHT - MARILLA AND MIKE

35

side by side, their arms locked, talking animatedly.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
After a honeymoon of exactly twenty and one half hours we flew to New York, our arms locked the whole way, except for breakfast.
(the Stewardess has appeared with a tray for Marilla, who digs into it happily)
Marilla needed two hands for that.

Over the plane's intercom comes the voice of the pilot.

Pilot's Voice (on intercom)
Ladies and gentlemen, it is now expected we'll land in New York on schedule time, which will be nine-ten. The weather in New York -
(his voice drones on)

Mike (looking at his watch)
One hour. Hey, where do you live anyway?

Marilla
Seventy-fourth Street.

Mike (nods; business-like)
We'll stop at my place first, it's closer, then hop
a cab and pick up your stuff.

35
CONT'D
(2)

Marilla
A cab? What about my furniture?

Mike (generously)
Give it away. We can't live in two places.

They go on talking in pantomime.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
It was a wonderful trip - -

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PLANE - ANOTHER ANGLE - MIKE

36

sitting by himself, reading a magazine.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
- but twenty minutes out of New York a strange thing
happened. At least it seemed pretty strange to me.
(he looks up, peers in surprise at some-
thing o.s.)
Marilla changed her clothes.

MARILLA

37

just coming from the ladies room. From her neat
blue pumps to the sable scarf at her throat and
on up to the wisp of tulle and velvet perched
saucily atop her head, she looks like something
out of Bergdorf's window. She holds her head a
little higher, her shoulders a little straighter,
every move unconsciously aimed at displaying her
wardrobe to the best advantage.

The CAMERA MOVES with her as she approaches
Mike, stands waiting for him to move over.

Mike (leering)
This seat's taken.

Marilla (laughs an apology)
I may have to stop by the office. My working clothes.

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She sits beside him, explaining her wardrobe,
Mike gazing at her admiringly.

37
CONT'D
(2)

Mike's Voice (narrating)
This was just the first in a series of wardrobe
changes which never failed to amaze me. Believe
me, this kid changed her clothes nine times a day.

DISSOLVE TO:

HALLWAY - EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - MARILLA AND
MIKE

38

stumbling up the stairs with their luggage,
laughing and talking animatedly in pantomime.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
We went to Mike's apartment first. Just outside the
door he suddenly got embarrassed.

Mike has the key in the lock, hesitates.

Mike
Maybe I bragged too much about this place. It's not
the Taj Mahal or anything.

Marilla
Let me see.

Mike
It's comfortable, that's what I'd say. You'll love it.

Marilla
Open up!

Mike flings open the door, waves her in proudly.

Mike
Take a look!

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
I took a look.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS them into the apartment. It
is a shambles - very small, very dark - the
furniture horsehairy, the lampshades fringy. A
typewriter stands in the middle of the floor,
a sofa cushion alongside it. Marilla gazes
around, deflated, but trying bravely to conceal it.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
The first thing I thought of was my little brother's shoe box in which he used to keep all his possessions - old string and marbles and bits of colored glass.

38
CONT'D
(2)

As she moves toward the bedroom door, Mike is looking around at the place as if he'd never seen it before.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
Opening off the shoebox was a door leading to another shoebox -
(she opens the door)
- which I assumed was the bedroom.

She disappears into the bedroom. As Mike gazes around, frowning, his eye lights on a photograph of Lori Shannon in dancing costume. He leaps to the desk, rips it from its leather frame, tears it quickly into eight pieces, stuffing the scraps in his coat pocket, recovers quickly as Marilla re-enters the room. Unnoticed by him, two scraps of the photograph have fallen to the floor.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
Yes, it was a bedroom all right, and dark as a Kentucky cave.

She looks around the room again, then cocks her head pleasantly at a glass-shaded monstrosity which evidently functions as a lamp.

Marilla
Uh - huh! Uh - huh!

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
What else could I say?

Mike kicks the sofa cushion thoughtfully into a corner.

Mike (musing)
When it's cleaned up a little - with new curtains - and the right kind of pictures -
(Marilla looks at him questioningly)
- it'll be a real hell-hole. We'll move tomorrow.

Marilla throws herself into his arms.

Marilla (in relief)
Oh, Mike!
(she bites him on the ear)

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Mike (grinning)
Hey!
(he rubs his ear)

38
CONT'D
(3)

Marilla
Just for tonight we'll stay at my place, all right
with you?

The phone rings, Mike going to answer it.

Mike
Yeah, I guess I never looked at this trap before.
(lifts the receiver)
Hello? Oh, yeah, Ned, I'm back.
(to Marilla)
The office.
(into phone)
I can't get down right now, I'm busy, I've got to -
what?
(Marilla pantomimes to him to go ahead,
everything will be all right)
Look, I've been threatened before, I don't worry
about -
(Marilla pricks up her ears)
All right, yeah, yeah, yeah! Right away.
(hangs up)
How do you like that? I'm back in town twenty
minutes.

Marilla
It's all right, I've got plenty to do here anyway.
(she comes to him)
Mike -

Mike
What?

Marilla
You're not in any trouble or anything?

Mike
What do you - Oh, that!
(he jerks a scornful thumb at the phone)
No-o-o-o! No.
(she is looking at him strangely)
What's the matter?

Marilla
It's just occurred to me. I don't know you very
well, do I?

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Mike
But well enough, huh?
(he slips an intimate hand around her
waist)

38
CONT'D
(4)

Marilla
Mmm - maybel.

Mike (kisses her gently)
Hey, how about this? Our first parting.

Marilla (murmurs)
Sad.

She kisses him, then slowly grazes her lips
along his cheek till she gets to his ear -
which she bites.

Mike
I think I'll stay.

Marilla (pulling away)
Uh uh.

She is pushing him out the door as we

DISSOLVE TO:



INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - LATER - MARILLA

39

has her hat and scarf off, is busily packing things in cardboard boxes, humming as she works.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
For the next hour or so I packed Mike's marbles and bits of glass -

(she bends to open a lower drawer in the desk)
- singing happily, until I came across a picture of a girl.

(she stoops down, picks up the two scraps of the photograph, puts them together)
Well, I guess it was a girl.

INSERT - SCRAPS OF PHOTOGRAPH

40

pieced together in Marilla's hand. (NOTE: The whole photograph was of Lori Shannon in an abbreviated practise costume, kneeling on one knee, tying her ballet slipper. The residue in Marilla's hand reveals only a generous expanse of thigh, a section of bosom and part of a smile. It doesn't look at all dance-like - in fact, out of context, the pose is quite strange.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
She was certainly in an odd position.

MARILLA

41

studying the scraps of photograph.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
I wasn't worried, of course.
(she gets down on hands and knees and pokes her head under the desk, searching for more scraps)

Just interested. I wanted to see what a lady contortionist looked like. Nothing.

(she comes out from under the desk, examines the scraps again)
All I knew was that she had straight teeth and the kind of expansion men seemed to favor. I measured it mentally against my own, came off a bad second and tore her carefully into small pieces.

She tears the picture, drops it in the wastepaper basket, goes on working and humming.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CITY ROOM - NEW YORK RECORD - MIKE

42

comes through the door and is immediately assailed on all sides by the staff. They throw rice at him, try to hang shoes around his neck. Mike, laughing, threads his way through the crowd, heading for Ned Hammerstein's office.

Mike's Voice (narrating)

At the office I was the target of the usual ribbing and laughter associated with holy matrimony. Luke Coslow, the office boy, came up with a real side-splitter.

Luke Coslow, an unlikable little fellow of nineteen years, smoking a huge cigar, bars Mike's way. He is wheeling a baby carriage in which repose two twin dolls.

Luke Coslow

Here you are, old man. Ready made. Saves time and trouble.

He smirks hugely. Mike forces a laugh, pushes past him through a door marked "Sports - Ned Hammerstein, Editor."

INT. HAMMERSTEIN'S OFFICE - MIKE AND HAMMERSTEIN 43

The Editor is working at his desk. He continues correcting copy, never lifts his head.

Mike's Voice (narrating)

But I must say my editor, Ned Hammerstein, was very sentimental.

Hammerstein (snarling)

You're eight days late. I'll take it off your vacation, provided you get a vacation. Meanwhile if you've got nothing to do maybe you'd better cover that fight next week, a couple of folks in town might like to know about it. And speaking of fights

(he looks up)

- you've got a sweet one on your hands with Mart Daylor.

Mike

What's his beef?

Hammerstein (picks up a clipping)
Your column of March sixteen, current year. "The great Martin J. Daylor, who calls himself a fight promoter, is promoting mostly Mart Daylor. He has a string on every fighter and manager in New York. Nobody fights without Mart Daylor's permission and without paying Mart Daylor's cut. I suggest that Mr. Daylor retire to his palatial farm in Bucks County, before an irate sports world retires him forceably to the crooked boys' bin."

(he tosses the clipping aside)
What're you bucking for, a quick funeral?

Mike
Ned, this isn't the roaring twenties. People don't -

Hammerstein
Mart Daylor would - like that

Mike
Take a murder rap? He's too smart.

Hammerstein
Who mentioned murder? All that'd happen, you're walking along Third Avenue some night, and a truck jumps the curb. An accident. Nobody's fault in the world. But you're cooling off on the pavement, so you'll never be sure.

Mike (quietly)
All right. What do you want me to do? Print a retraction?

Hammerstein (exploding)
I don't care what you do! What am I, some sentimental slob or something? Do what you want!
(then quieter)
Just make sure your by-line doesn't appear in the obit column.

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Mike (smiles)
Okay, Ned.
(he turns to go)

43
CONT'D
(3)

Hammerstein
Wait.
(he reaches behind him, takes a silver
tea service from a typewriter stand,
thrusts it at Mike)
Here. From Nora and me. Wedding present.

Mike (touched)
Nora and - ?

Hammerstein (quickly)
From Nora. You liked it up at the house, she
thought you could use it. I didn't have time to
put paper - get it wrapped and send me the bill.

Mike
Ned, I can't tell you -

Hammerstein (snarling)
No speeches! Get it out of here, it's in my way.

He bends over his desk again. Mike grins, picks
up the tea service and leaves. When he is gone,
Hammerstein looks after him with a fond smile -
a pretty unnerving sight. Quickly he erases the
smile and goes back to work.

CITY ROOM - MIKE

44

heading for his desk near the window, the
CAMERA MOVING with him. Coslow is standing
at the desk, still smoking the cigar, a sheaf
of paper slips in his hand.

Coslow (through the cigar)
Phone messages for Michael Hagen.
(reading them off)
Mart Daylor - Mart Daylor - Mart Daylor - Mart Daylor -
(he holds up the next one - leering)
Lori Shannon.

Mike has started to wrap the tea set in news-
paper. He stops suddenly - his brow creased.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
Lori Shannon. I hadn't thought of her once in eight
days. When I did now it didn't feel so good.

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Luke Coslow (smirking)
I was speaking of Lori Shannon, the girl you're probably plenty worried about. However, since you've retired from the field, you might mention to Miss Shannon there is a certain young newspaperman who'd be happy to substitute -

44
CONT'D
(2)

Mike picks up a pair of shears, snips off the end of Luke's cigar, yanks the butt from between his teeth and throws it out the window, continues wrapping.

Luke Coslow (on his dignity)
Verrrry funny.

He walks away, insulted. When he is gone Mike ruminates for a moment, then quickly starts to dial a number, looks at his watch, hangs up the phone.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
Eleven A.M. She was probably still at rehearsal.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT - LORI

45

dancing. The CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing a TV studio. Lori is rehearsing a number - very bluesy, very inviting.

CLOSE SHOT - MIKE'S FACE

46

seen through the porthole in the studio door. He peers in for a moment, then enters quietly, carrying the tea set wrapped in newspaper under his arm.

LORI

47

dancing, catches sight of him.

Lori's Voice (narrating)
He arrived about noon - my Lochinvar from out of the West, come to tell me about his marriage.

MIKE

48

tip-toeing carefully over cables.

Lori's Voice (narrating)
He walked in like he was going to an execution.

The tea set clinks, earns Mike a dirty look from a sound boom operator. Mike smiles an apology, then turns to the stage, sees Lori looking at him, waves feebly.

LORI

49

smiling at Mike.

Lori's Voice (narrating)
He was nice and tan after his California vacation.

MIKE

49X1

smiling a prop smile at Lori.

Lori's Voice (narrating)
Healthy looking too.

LORI -

49X2

dancing.

Lori's Voice (narrating)
Of course, he'd only been married a day and a half.

The number comes to a finish.

Director
All right. Everybody back at one-thirty.

The rehearsal breaks, Lori moving toward Mike.

Lori (holds out her hand,
smiling)
Hello, Mike.

Mike (uncomfortably)
Hello, Lori. How have you been?

Lori
I'm quite well. How are you?

Mike
I'm quite well.

49X2
CONT'D
(2)

Lori
You look quite well.

Mike
I feel ---

Lori waits for him to continue. He doesn't. As he shifts the package under his arm, a spoon rattles to the floor. Lori looks down curiously, as Mike bends to retrieve it.

Lori
Where are we going, on a picnic?

Mike (forces a laugh)
It's a spoon. My boss, Ned Hammerstein, he -
(changing the subject quickly)
Look, how about lunch?

Lori (nods)
I'd love to.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANDRUCCI'S RESTAURANT - MIKE AND LORI

50

Andrucci's is a small place, very crowded. They are in a corner table, just ordering.

Lori's Voice (narrating)
We went to Andrucci's, our old hangout, and we ordered ravioli Andrucci our old favorite.

(the waiter leaves)
He hadn't got around to confessing his marriage and was making a botch of the small talk.

(Mike laughs suddenly - and just as suddenly sobers)
He was so pathetic, I had to help him out.

Mike (leaning forward; urgently)
Listen. I've got to tell you something.

Lori
Let me tell you, Mike. You found a girl. The most wonderful girl in the world. The kind of a girl you just can't live without. And you married her. That's all.

Mike (takes a deep relieved
breath)
I knew you'd understand.

50
CONT'D
(2)

Lori
Why shouldn't I? There's no use making a Federal
case out of something that can't be helped. I'd
have done the same thing - if I'd found the right
man.

They go on talking - at least Mike does, Lori
mostly listens.

Lori's Voice (narrating)
He was grateful as a St. Bernard, and I felt gener-
ous and warm-hearted inside. It was a good scene.
But then I made a mistake. I asked him to tell me
about her.

(we see her ask him)
And he made a bigger mistake. He told me.
(Mike begins to talk animatedly)
I heard all about her eyes - and her hair - and
her figure - and the way she walked.

The waiter serves them, putting a plate of
ravioli before each of them. Lori listens
without expression as Mike gesticulates en-
thusiastically.

Lori's Voice (narrating)
I heard about her fine sense of humor - and her
clothes - and the cute way she had of tilting her
head when she laughed. After a while I knew her
like a sister.

Mike (finishing)
Anyway - I'm glad you understand.

Lori
Why shouldn't I?

Without the flicker of an eyelash she reaches
over and tips Mike's plate of ravioli into his
lap.

Lori's Voice (narrating)
I shouldn't have done it, I know. He was wearing
a light gray suit.

Neither of them have moved since Lori plopped the plate on him. Mike just sits, peering thoughtfully at Lori. Lori gazes thoughtfully back at him. He lowers his eyes to his lap.

50
CONT'D
(2)

51 OUT

CLOSE SHOT - MIKE'S LAP

52

- a horrible scene - the plate resting upside down over his lap full of pasta.

MIKE AND LORI

53

Mike raises his head, rubs his chin reflectively. He peers at her again. She shrugs lightly. There doesn't seem much to talk about. From a few feet away no one would know there was anything wrong. Just a man and a girl at a table and the man has no plate in front of him.

Lori (murmurs)

Well -

(she looks at her watch)

I'd better get back to rehearsal.

(she rises, gathering her things)

Mike (politely)

You don't mind if I don't get up?

Lori

Oh, don't, please.

She smiles briefly and starts toward the door. A little Italian waiter comes over, notices Mike has no plate.

Waiter (surprised)

Mr. Hagen, you don't gotcha lunch?

Mike (looks at his lap)

Yeah, I got it.

Waiter

You wan' something else?

Mike

No, that's plenty. Just bring me a check and a pair of pants.

(the little Italian raises his eyebrows)

Look, don't make a fuss, just borrow me a pair of pants from somebody.

The waiter edges close, peers into Mike's lap
and gives a despairing scream.

53
CONT'D
(2)

Waiter (clapping his hands over
his eyes)
Aieeee!

Mike (sharply)
No fuss!

Waiter (rocking back and forth
moaning)
How? How it happen like this?!

Mike
A lady did it. Borrow the pants.
The little waiter runs away.

INT. ENTRANCE - LORI

54

has stopped to adjust her make-up in the mirror.
Actually, however, she is surreptitiously eyeing
Marilla who is standing near the cashier's desk
with Andrucci. We SEE only Marilla's back in
the reflection.

Marilla's Voice (o.s.)
I'm Mr. Hagen's wife.

Lori turns toward the voice.

MARILLA AND ANDRUCCI - LORI IN B.G.

55

Marilla has changed her clothes again.

Andrucci (eyeing her)
I still don't think he's here.
(suddenly he notices Lori moving toward
the door, snaps his fingers)
Yes, he is - I just remembered. Over there.
(he points)

Marilla (leaving, smiles)
Thank you.

Lori turns back - her eyes following Marilla's
progress. Andrucci looks at her interestedly.
Aware of his gaze, she stares him down with a
blank look and leaves.

INT. ANDRUCCI'S - MARILLA

weaving her way toward Mike, the CAMERA moving with her. She waves as she sees him, stops in front of the table.

Marilla

What a small world!

Mike

You don't mind if I don't get up?

She laughs, slides in beside him, leans to kiss him. Mike pulls away a little.

Marilla

You shy about kissing in public?

Mike murmurs something unintelligible.

Marilla (chattily)

Your office told me you might be here and I wanted to see you anyway. Big news, I've got everything moved. Zach Wilde sent over a car and I had the janitor carry your bags down.

Mike (vaguely)

Fine - I'm glad.

The little waiter hurries up, thrusts his face close to Mike's ear.

Waiter (bellowing)

I got a pair pants for you inna men's room!

Mike nods, people at nearby tables turn to stare curiously. So does Marilla.

Marilla

I'd have sworn you had pants on when you left.

(she peeks into his lap)

What's that?

Mike

That?

(he looks down as if he hadn't noticed it before)

That's ravioli.

Marilla

Of course. I should have recognized it. Didn't you care for it?

Mike
Yes, it's very good here.

56
CONT'D
(2)

Marilla
It certainly doesn't go with gray..

Waiter (screaming confidentially)
It's the bus boy's pants! Green ones!

Mike (to Marilla)
I'm going into the men's room and change into the
bus boy's green pants. Then we'll stop at my place
and pick up a suit.

Marilla
You haven't been listening, dear. Your clothes
are at my place.

Mike
Fine.

He places the ravioli plate on the table,
rises carefully. Holding a clean napkin in
front of him, he walks toward the men's room.

The waiter turns tearfully on Marilla,
points an accusing finger.

Waiter (shrieking)
You shouldn't done it!
(he hurries after Mike)

Marilla (murmurs; to nobody)
I'm sorry.

Her eye falls on Lori's untouched plate of
ravioli, reposing on the other side of the
table.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
I'd have wagered a Lily Dache hat there'd been
another woman at that table.

(continues narrating thru DISSOLVE:)
- but I wasn't going to ruin my second day of
marriage with petty jealousies.

DISSOLVE TO:

57 OUT

EXT. STREET - MARILLA'S APARTMENT HOUSE

58

The cab is pulling up in front of a super-
modernized-black-front building, agleam with
polished brass on a white front door. A
doorman, wearing an English coachman's uniform,
rushes to hold the cab door as Mike and
Marilla get out, takes the tea set.

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Mike's Voice (narrating)
For some reason I'd pictured Marilla living in a
one-room-kitchenette with a girl friend who studied
music.

58
CONT'D
(2)

(he sneaks a look at the building as he
pays the driver)
This place even had an outside flunky. Very refined.
(the Doorman casts a glance at Mike's
pants, quickly averts his eyes)
He tried not to notice my pants, and I tried not
to notice his.

They start toward the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE MARILLA'S APARTMENT

59

Marilla has the key in the lock, Mike standing
by, the Doorman to the rear with the tea set.

Marilla unlocks the door, waves Mike in, the
Doorman at their heels.

INT. MARILLA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

60

A beautifully appointed room, in black and
white - briefly the kind of a room Marilla
would design and look lovely in. Mike and
Marilla enter, Mike gazing around curiously.
Marilla seems a little nervous.

Marilla
Well? Say something.

Mike (nods)
Chic.

Marilla
Mm?

Mike
Chic. That's - uh - that's a word I've never used
before, but now I know what it means.
(nods again)
Very chic.

The maid, Gwen, comes hurrying toward them
from the kitchen. She is a large angular
lady with a horsey face. Very friendly.

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Gwen (joyously)
Miss Brown! Oh, Miss Brown! Congratulations, Miss
Brown!

60
CONT'D
(2)

Marilla
Mrs. Hagen, Gwen. And this is Mr. Hagen.

Mike
How do you do?

Gwen
Mr. Hagen! It certainly is a pleasure to -

She gets a look at the pants, breaks off,
turns questioningly to Marilla.

Marilla (removing her coat)
Now don't worry about his pants, Gwen, he borrowed
them.

Gwen (relieved)
Of course he did! Wouldn't you know?

Marilla takes Mike's rolled up pants and hands
them to Gwen.

Marilla
Get these out to the cleaners, huh?

Gwen
Sure!

Mike
Be careful, you might find some ravioli in the pockets..

Marilla
Oh, and here!
(she takes the tea set from the Doorman,
hands it to Gwen)
Put it in a place of honor - our first wedding
present.

Gwen (shakes her head)
Nope. The second.

She nods toward a black marble coffee table
standing in the center of the white rug.
Marilla gives a little yelp of joy and runs
to read the card.

Marilla (opening the envelope)
I don't have to read it - I know!
(reading to Mike)

60
CONT'D
(3)

"You always wanted this - but you wouldn't marry me to get it. So here, with all my love. Zachary Wilde."

She turns laughingly toward Mike, who tries to see the humor of it.

Marilla (explaining)
He always wanted me to marry him.

Mike (a faint chuckle)
I figured. Tell me, how soon could I punch Zachary Wilde in the snoot?

Marilla eyes him for a second, then drops the card back on the table. She takes a look around, makes sure Gwen and the Doorman have left, begins to advance slowly on Mike.

Mike
What's on your mind?

Marilla
Guess.

Mike
You're going to bite me on the ear again.

Marilla
Don't you like it?

Mike
Well it's a very strange -
(she bites him)
- but pleasurable sensation.

Marilla (dreamily; her arms
around him)
Oh, Mike - Mike -

She raises her face to be kissed. Mike kisses her lengthily. Suddenly there is a high-pitched female scream, o.s. They both look, startled.

The Scream (o.s.)
Surprise!

FULL SHOT - LIVING ROOM

Fourteen people are spilling out of the bedroom, rushing toward them frenziedly. They are of assorted ages and sexes, but they all have one thing in common. They are chic. They crowd around Marilla, congratulating and kissing her, talking it up at a tremendous rate. They are all carrying wrapped gifts, some of them gigantic.

Marilla

Fred - Marie - Mr. Orjac - well, for goodness - why didn't you tell - I didn't think anyone - darling - oh, you're sweet - this is Mike -

(she grabs Mike)

- my husband - Michael Hagen - Fred Sellers - Marie Dozier - Dottie Reems - Florrie Canfield - Mr. Orjac - my husband - Chris Matthew - Vanessa Cole - Tommie Reese - Ann Ashmond - Jonnie Gates - Jennifer Dell - Jeff Dowling - Pauline Beaton - Sheldon Stevens - this is Mike!

As Marilla performs the lightning introductions, Mike shakes hands all around - with those who bother to cooperate - trying to get a word in with each of them. But the excitement is too intense, and besides they all want to talk to Marilla and all at once. By the time the introductions are over Mike is on the outside of the circle looking a little lost. He spies Fred Sellers on the perimeter, catches his eye with a friendly smile.

Mike (chuckling)

Say, I guess I ought to explain about the pants, you see -

Sellers flashes him a quick, friendly laugh and turns away.

Mike (trying with Jennifer Dell)

Usually I'm a little more presentable. But I was having lunch today and -

Jennifer Dell seems a little disturbed by this presumption on their short acquaintance, edges away.

Mike (to Jeff Dowling)

It was pretty amusing. I spilled something and this little Italian waiter, he -

Designing Woman
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Jeff Dowling gives him a polite grin, disappears into the circle. Mike gazes around with a set smile. The excitement around Marilla is at fever pitch. 61
CONT'D
(2)

DISSOLVE TO:

61X1-61X4 OUT

C.S. MIKE COMING FROM THE BED ROOM 62

wearing a different suit. The excitement has hit, if possible, at an even more frantic note. The guests are still crowded about her. The floor strewn with wrappings. Another gift is unwrapped, an outrageously expensive toy lamb with a jeweled collar and long silky eyelashes. It provokes a scream of laughter.

Mike outside the charmed circle smiles wanly.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
I figured if I put on my new suit, maybe I could join the club. I couldn't. I guess I didn't speak the language.

He looks around for the bar, discovers it and heads in that direction.

BAR - ZACHARY WILDE 63

a handsome, slightly graying Man of Distinction, is mixing himself a drink. He watches Mike approach, smiling quietly.

Zachary (to Mike)
You can't get a tumble here unless you're gift wrapped.

Mike
Yeah.

Zachary
I see you've changed your pants.

Mike (surprised)
Thanks. You're the only one who's noticed.

Zachary
There must be a story someplace in those pants.

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Mike
A pretty dull one, I'm afraid.
(Zachary hands him the drink)
Thanks.

63
CONT'D
(2)

Zachary (mixing another)
If there's one thing I can't stand it's surprise parties. Listen to them.
(Mike looks at him quizzically)
If I were you I'd throw them all out - myself included.

He grins. Mike grins back at him. They salute each other, sip their drinks.

Mike
Who are they?

Zachary (looking them over)
Well, let's see. One actor, one playwright, one composer, two actresses, one television director. That old bag in the corner is Jennifer Dell, a designer -

SHOT - TWO PEOPLE - (FROM MIKE'S ANGLE)

64

The woman, a stylish stout with an uplift bra, is arguing with a thin-faced, gesticulating young man in a black suit.

Zachary's Voice (o.s.)
- and that crew-cut arguing with her is Christopher Matthew, also a designer -

MIKE AND ZACHARY - AT THE BAR

65.

Zachary
- known on his labels as Mr. Chris.
(they take a long gulp of their drinks)
That's about all. Oh, yes - and one theatrical producer.

He smiles, holds out his hand. Mike takes it.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
I liked this guy right away. Nice fellow. Trim. Distinguished.

Zachary
I've been after Marilla to design a show for me.
Think you could talk her into it?

65
CONT'D
(2)

Mike (smiling)
I can try. I'm sorry, but in the excitement I
missed your name.

Zachary
Wilde. Zachary Wilde.

The smile remains on Mike's face, but it goes
a little crooked.

Mike
Oh, sure - Zachary Wilde.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
I'd like to take that coffee table and hit you right
over the head with it.

He is still smiling as we

DISSOLVE TO:

KITCHEN - MARILLA

66

has changed her clothes again - this time to
something kitchen-y, but as smart as ever.
She is fussing feverishly around the stove.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
My idiot friends stayed till almost seven. I gave
Gwen the night off and cooked dinner with my own
lily hands. I was a little jittery about Mike's
reaction to the apartment. I wanted to balance things
with a show of domesticity.

Gwen, dressed for the street, pokes her head
through the hall door.

Gwen
Psst! Hors d'oeuvres! In the icebox! I fixed them
special!

Marilla (waving her away)

Go on!

66
CONT'D
(2)

Gwen's head disappears. Marilla takes the tray of hors d'oeuvres from the icebox, throws back the napkin. In the center are a small bride and groom, surrounded by tiny sandwiches marked "his" and "hers" - in green cheese spread. Marilla contemplates the layout a bit apprehensively, decides to take a chance. She whips off her apron, picks up the tray and swings through the kitchen door.

LIVING ROOM - MARILLA AND MIKE

67

As she enters Mike is slumped thoughtfully on the sofa, his feet on the coffee table. Marilla gives him a quick, worried look.

Marilla (too gaily)
Now I'm not working for a laugh - but Gwen has done something special again. Don't laugh! Look!
(she pulls the napkin from the hors d'oeuvres. Mike looks at them deadpan)
Well - I told you not to laugh.

Mike (gazing around the room)
You're loaded, huh?

Marilla
Just prodigal. This place keeps me broke.
(puts down the hors d'oeuvres)
Of course, there was the inheritance from Dad.
(quickly)
It's all gone.

Mike (nods)
Where do you come from?

Marilla
That's a funny question. St. Louis.

Mike (nods again)
Miss Brown of the St. Louis Browns.

Marilla
How did you ever hear of us? We weren't that rich.

Mike
I didn't. It used to be a baseball team, I was making a joke.

Marilla

Oh.

67
CONT'D
(2aa)

Mike plucks a piece of fuzz from the sofa,
regards it interestedly.

Mike

It's a shock, you know?

(Marilla looks at him inquiringly)

You marry a nice girl out in California, and you figure it might be quite a treat for her. You'll take the little girl east, show her the big city, let her meet a few people. Then you find out she knows everybody in New York, and even owns a sizeable chunk of it. It's a shock. Bad for the ego.

(Marilla just looks at him, waiting)

Why didn't you tell me?

Marilla

You didn't ask.

Mike

I didn't ask if you were a second baseman, either.
But if you had been I'd expect you to confide in
me.

67
CONT'D
(2a)

Marilla

All right, I didn't want to tell you.

Mike

Oh?

Marilla

Why should I? I'd been shopping around for you for
a long time. I didn't want to lose you on a techni-
cality.

Mike

You live like this just from drawing those little
pictures - designing?

Marilla (nods)

Uh huh. Except when men give me seven hundred
dollars.

(she laughs. Mike doesn't. She stops)
I make jokes, too.

Mike

You like this place?

Marilla

I always thought I did. I hoped you'd like it,
too. That's why I tricked you into spending the
night here.

(she is getting more nervous by the
second)

Mike
You like designing clothes?

67
CONT'D
(3)

Marilla
I love designing clothes. It's a silly, ridiculous business and it pays far too much money and you meet silly, ridiculous people and I love it. Not the people, the job.

(she has hit a somewhat frantic tone now)
And what's more if you don't like this place, well let's get out of it. It's just too much, isn't it? We'll go to your place, or we'll sleep in the subway, I don't care. Because if you think you're going to worm out of this on an incompatibility charge you can just start thinking all over again!

Mike (stares at her)
Are you crying?

Marilla
No! But I'm considering it very seriously!

Mike
Slow down.
(he plucks another bit of fuzz from the sofa)
It's not a bad place. Some people might consider it a very livable place. Throw in a couple of rubber plants and an autographed Yankee ball and you'd be surprised. A fellow could be very snug here.

Marilla stifles a sob, hurls herself into his lap and wraps her arms around him, burying her face in his shoulder.

Mike (soothingly)
It's okay - cut it out. Everything's fine.

After a moment she brushes her lips against the side of his neck.

Marilla (whispers)
Compatible?

Mike
Compatible.
(then)
You smell something burning?

Marilla
It's just the sauce - for the ravioli.

Her face is half-hidden in his shoulder. Mike sneaks her a slow, speculative look as we

67
CONT'D
(4)

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY - OUTSIDE THE DELSETTE STORE

68

on Fifth Avenue. Mike kisses Marilla good-bye, walks toward a waiting cab. Marilla waves good-bye, enters the building.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
For a whole month we were happy as birds. I didn't know anything about the designing business -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY - "NEW YORK RECORD" BUILDING

69

Marilla is waiting for Mike. They kiss hello, stride arm in arm down the street, Marilla munching on an apple.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
- and she didn't know anything about sports.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT - MARILLA

70

sketching a dress. In one hand she holds a sandwich, takes a generous bite.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
During the day we lived in two separate worlds -

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT - MIKE - PRESS BOX

71

at the Polo Grounds. Talking on the phone, as he watches the game.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
- about five miles apart.

DISSOLVE TO:

LIVING ROOM - MIKE AND MARILLA

72

stretched out on the sofa in front of the fire-
place. He is kissing her.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
And at night we made a world of our own. Yeh, it
was a wonderful month -

Marilla stirs and sits up, reaching for a piece
of cake on the end table.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
I gained six pounds.

Mike pulls her back on the sofa.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
We should have let well enough alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT - MARILLA

73

on a gray chair, her knees tucked under her,
talking into a gray phone.

Marilla (into phone)
The fights? Mike, I've never been to the fights,
I'd love to.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Marilla's office -
a beautiful suite, decorated in twelve shades
of gray. The color in the room is provided by
bolts of material, racks of dresses and several
delicious models, parading around.

One model, partially undraped, stands in the
center of the room being pinned up by a fitter.
An assistant is holding up two samples of
material for Marilla's approval.

Marilla (to assistant)
I can't make up my mind which.

Assistant
The mill has to know by three o'clock.

Marilla makes a helpless gesture.

Marilla (into phone)
I said I'd love to go, Mike, where do I meet you?
(to fitter; shaking her head)

73
CONT'D
(2)

Uh-uh.
(gestures fitter to lower the neckline;
speaks into phone)
Gotham Arena. Fine.

The CAMERA is still PULLING BACK. Now it discloses a slightly-built man in flannel slacks, loafers, sport jacket and sweater, buried deep in an armchair. This is Randy Owen, a choreographer. Nearby, his back to the room, Zachary Wilde is gazing out the window.

Marilla (into phone)
What do I wear? Well, what do the other women wear to fights? All right, I'll figure out something. Eight-thirty. Bye.
(she hangs up, points to one of the samples)
That one.

Her decision is a signal for a storm of activity on the part of the Assistant, the Assistant's assistant, the fitter, et cetera. Zachary turns from the window.

Zachary (gently)
If I could have one minute?

Marilla is now helping the fitter drape the material on the model.

Marilla
Zach, please! I've got a fashion show just staring me in the face!

Zachary (placatingly)
I realize your problem. I've got one, too. A musical show. Bright, witty, modern and at the moment highly expensive since I'm waiting for a designer to make up her mind. If you'll just tell me -

Marilla (interrupting)
It's more than just my mind; what would the store think? I'm just an employee here, you know. Besides I've never done theatrical designing.
(to the fitter)
Tighter on the hip.

Zachary
That's why I want you. You'll be fresh, different. It needs your high style.

Marilla
Oh - I don't know.

73
CONT'D
(3)

Zachary (indicating Randy)
Randy's supposed to put the numbers in work next week. He can't move unless he has some idea what the wardrobe will -

Marilla
Zach, I just don't know!

Randy (leaping from the chair)
I agree with her a hundred per cent.

Marilla
What?

Randy
You just don't know.

Zachary (mildly)
Randy -

Randy (to Zachary)
Personally, I love Marilla, I love her work, but she's not for this, believe me! She's all wrong!

Marilla (piqued)
Oh, really?

Randy
Designing a musical show, my pet, is not a week-end job. You just can't toss it off over your left shoulder.

Marilla
Who's trying to toss - ? I'm just - I told Zach -

Randy (over her)
I have ideas, you know, very definite ideas, and above all any wardrobe designed for this show has got to dance!

Zachary
Randy -

Marilla
I'm not asking to do this - you - Zach -



Randy (over her)
Look at that!
(indicates the model)
Beautiful! Wonderful line! On Fifth Avenue it's
a dream! But can it do this!
(he goes into a swift, flashing, whirl,
finishing up on the back of his neck)
Don't tell me it's impossible, nothing's impossible!

Zachary
Randy -

Randy (accusingly, to Marilla)
The bongo number! You expect a Marilla design to
dance the bongo number?
(he executes a quick step)
Yah-tah-tah-dah-yah-tah-tah-dah-sqeedy-a-dah-tama-
seven-eight!
(once again he lands on his neck, leaps up
and turns to Marilla)
I admire your honesty in admitting you can't do it!

Marilla
I haven't admitted - !

Randy (to Zachary)
We've got exactly five weeks! She couldn't learn in
five years!

Marilla (hotly)
I could do it in five days!

Zachary
But will you?

Marilla (glaring at Randy)
Yes, I will!

Zachary
Good!

Randy
All right, we got what we came for, may we leave now?

Marilla (threateningly)
Randy, sometimes I - !

Zachary
When can we get together?

Marilla
Give me a few days - please! The fashion show -

Zachary
It'll have to be pretty soon, I'd like a reading
of the play.

73
CONT'D
(5)

Marilla
What about Wednesday night at my place?

Zachary
I'll have the others there, too.

Randy has been thumbing through some of Marilla's
sketches, tossing them aside.

Randy
Out, out, out! This one I like.
(he indicates a sketch)
Can you slit that to the hip?

Marilla (outraged)
Slit it to the - give me that!

Randy
It's a pencil skirt, my pet, and I'll need this!

He goes into another step, ending in a split,
gazes up at her calmly.

Marilla
Zach, get him out! Now!

DISSOLVE TO:

GOETHAM ARENA - RINGSIDE

74

Two fighters - one of them Joey Yustick - are
flailing away at each other, the crowd
screaming. The CAMERA PANS to the first row
and spots Mike staring o.s.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
I'll say one thing - Marilla was the best dressed
fight fan the seconds had ever seen.

Now we SEE Marilla entering. She is a dream,
dressed exactly right for prize fights in
flowing mink. Two seconds and a manager
turn to admire her, forgetting the fight.

She reaches Mike, gives him a quick kiss and
slips past him into her seat.

Marilla

Am I late? I'm sorry. That jersey print came in at the last minute and I had to tell them how to cut it. How are you, darling? Who's winning?

(she looks up at the ring)

74

CONT'D

(2)

Mike

Galatos. It's a slaughter.

Over the scene we HEAR a glove thudding heavily. Marilla winces a little, smiles it off.

One of the seconds who admired Marilla is still beaming in her direction.

Second (yelling)

Hey, Mike!

As Mike looks toward him the Second raises both hands in a prizefighter's shake, congratulating him. Mike grins, returns the gesture. Marilla, not knowing what it's all about, smiles at the second.

Marilla

Who's that?

Mike

Dippy Rollo, he's a second.

Dunnigan (two rows behind)

Hya there, Mike!

(he also gives the congratulatory hand clasp)

Mike (turns)

Hya!

(to Marilla's inquiring look)

Joe Dunnigan, sportswriter.

(he returns the gesture)

Smith (a few seats away)

Mike, boy!

Mike

Hy, Ed!

(to Marilla)

Ed Norson.

Norson gives the gesture. Mike returns it. Marilla throws a friendly smile at Mr. Norson. As they turn back to the ring there is another heavy thud. Marilla winces.

notes on a slip of paper.

RINGSIDE - ANOTHER ANGLE - MART DAYLOR

77

watching Mike and Marilla from across the aisle. Daylor is a heavy-set, smiling man in a conservative business suit. He slips out of his seat, comes toward Mike. He taps the occupant of the aisle seat on the shoulder, whispers a word in his ear. The occupant nods and gets up to leave. Daylor slides into the vacated seat next to Mike's.

Daylor (quietly jovial)
How are you, Mike? Congratuations.
(he nods in Marilla's direction)

Mike (coolly)
Thanks.

Daylor
You didn't return my call.

Mike
Calls, Mr. Daylor. About twenty.

Daylor (nods)
I read again yesterday that I'm a very disreputable character. What was that phrase? A Hydra-headed monster - ?

Mike (evenly)
Feeding with all nine mouths on the boxing game.

Marilla is hearing none of this conversation. She nudges Mike, urging him with a look to introduce her. Mike ignores her.

Daylor (smiles)
That's it. My boy at Princeton was quite upset. They don't appreciate those things at Princeton.

Marilla nudges again. Mike ignores her.

Mike
He could switch to Harvard.

77
CONT'D
(2)

Daylor laughs. The bell rings to start the round. At the first thud Marilla turns quickly away.

Daylor (good naturedly)
Mike, be reasonable. I'm a family man, I've got a lot of responsibilities. I admit I take a dollar or two under the table, but I pay all my taxes and I don't kick dogs.

Marilla nudges Mike.

Mike
Just people.
(he nods at the ring)
Joey Yustick up there shouldn't be allowed within ten miles of a prize ring and you know it.

RING - JOEY YUSTICK

78

takes two tremendous wallops, lowers his head and hangs on. The crowd roars.

RINGSIDE - MIKE AND DAYLOR

79

Mike
He gets his brains loosened every time he starts.

Daylor
Now, Mike -

Marilla nudges Mike.

Mike
But he pays extra dues - so you see to it he gets plenty of fights.

Daylor (shrugs)
He's over twenty-one.

Mike
He's over thirty-one, Mr. Daylor.
(he holds up his notes)
Read about it tomorrow.

Daylor (smiling sadly)
Mike - some day you're going to wake up and find
your typewriter smashed.

79
CONT'D
(2)

He stands up, gives Mike a playful grip on the
shoulder.

Marilla (smiling up at Daylor)
I'm Mrs. Hagen. Mike is a little forgetful some-
times.

Daylor (courteously)
A great pleasure, Mrs. Hagen. I'm Martin Daylor.

Marilla
How do you do? Martin Daylor - I know I've seen
your name someplace. Aren't you the man Mike has
been writing about in his oh.

Daylor (smiles)
I'm the man.

There is an awkward moment, Marilla trying to
cover it with a faint tinkle of laughter.

Daylor
Hope you enjoy the fights, Mrs. Hagen.

Marilla
Thank you.

Daylor
Goodnight.

Marilla
Good night.

Daylor leaves, waving to friends. Mike has been
glaring steadily at the ring, his jaw set.

Marilla
Well, how did I know? He certainly doesn't look
like a crook. I'd never take him for a crook.

Mike (grimly; eyes on the ring)
How many crooks have you known?

Marilla sits back.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
New side of Mike - Man in a huff. He didn't want to
talk so I had to watch the fight, too.

(she looks; suffering)
It was awful. One of the men, the older one, was
being punched constantly.

(she winces again)

RING - JOEY YUSTICK

80

takes a stiff right to the head. He spins around, manages to hang on, takes a left to the mid-section. Then he gets a quick one-two, followed by a belt on the jaw. He goes down on one knee, shakes his head.

MARILLA AND MIKE

81

Marilla can't take much more of this. As the crowd yells again she fidgets painfully.

Marilla

You wouldn't think they'd get hurt so much with those heavy gloves on.

Mike

The gloves are to protect their hands.

Marilla (gently)

Mike - sarcasm doesn't become you.

Mike

It's true! The gloves are to protect their hands.

Marilla

All right.

She mumbles something that sounds like "if that's the way you want to be," and sits back, trying to look anywhere but at the ring. A leather throat nearby yells "Kill 'im! Moider the bum!"

Marilla (blurting it)

I don't think I like fights!

Mike

A lot of people do.

Marilla

Not all of them. To some people it's very boring.

Mike (curiously)

Boring?

Marilla

Well, look over there!

(she gestures toward the other side of the ring)

They're reading newspapers!

(mike looks)

SHOT - OTHER SIDE OF RING

82

The first two rows of spectators have their newspapers up in front of their faces.

MIKE AND MARILLA

83

Mike
They aren't reading. They hold them that way in case the blood splatters.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
That was all I needed.

She stands up and lets go with the loudest scream ever heard in New York.

Mike
Sit down!

Marilla
Let me out of here!

Mike (tugging at her)
It's only the preliminary -

Marilla
Take me out!

Mike
A good clean sport!

Marilla
Before I faint!

She sways. Mike grabs her, hustles her into the aisle and toward a tunnel, much to the amusement of his friends.

DISSOLVE TO:

TUNNEL - A FEW MINUTES LATER - MIKE AND MARILLA 84

She is sitting on bench near the mouth of the tunnel, sipping water from a trembling paper cup. Behind them we can just SEE one corner of the ring.

Mike (solicitously)
You okay?

She nods, looks up at him like a penitent schoolgirl.

84
CONT'D
(2)

Marilla (forlornly)

I'm sorry, Mike.

Mike

Forget it. Comes summer we'll go to the tennis matches.

Marilla smiles in gratitude, sips the water. A man slips up behind Mike, pins his arms to his side and whirls him around. This is Charlie Arneg, a smallish, oily-faced individual in a food-stained suit.

Arneg (gloatingly)

Mike, boy!

Mike

Not now, Charlie.

He tries to break free, but Arneg grabs him by the lapels, pushes his face up close.

Arneg

Mike, boy, I got a little slice of information for you!

Mike

Tomorrow.

Arneg

It's a very warm slice, but I could let you have for a Ulysses S. Grant.

Mike (wriggling)

I don't have a Ulysses S. -

Arneg

A couple of Andrew Jackson's would turn the trick! I got the shorts real bad.

(Mike shakes his head)

How about a Lincoln? Not even a Lincoln?

Mike

Charlie, will you - - !

Arneg

All right, I'm desperate! Three Washingtons!

Mike (impatiently)
Here - here!
 (he pulls out a handful of bills,
 thrusters three of them in Arneg's hand)
Now go away! Please!

84
CONT'D
(3)

Arneg
Don't you want the hot slice?

Mike
No. Thanks, Charlie. So long.

Arneg
Mike, boy!

He gives Mike a friendly punch in the shoulder
and slips away. Marilla has been observing
all this with great interest.

Marilla
What was the gentleman talking about, Mike? Who is
he?

Mike
Charlie Arneg. Also known as Charlie the Sneak.
He peddles information.

Marilla
What kind of information?

Mike
Any kind. Charlie's not fussy.

Marilla
But what was all that about Ulysses S. Grant and
Andrew Jackson?

Mike
Well - a Ulysses S. Grant is a fifty dollar bill.

Marilla
It is?

Mike
Because it's got Grant's picture on it. Andrew
Jackson's a twenty, Lincoln's a five -

Marilla
And Washington's a one!
 (she is delighted with this discovery)
That's interesting. But why does he do it?

Mike (shrugs)
He's trying to get into a Damon Runyon story, who
knows?



There is a yell from ringside. Mike looks toward it.

84
CONT'D
(4)

Marilla
Look, Mike - you're working. Why don't you go on back? I'll wait right here.

Mike
No, no, I don't have to -

Marilla
Please! I'll be fine. I'm perfectly all right now. Go on.

There is another yell from the ring.

Mike
Okay. I'll see you between fights.

He hurries down the tunnel toward the ring. When he is gone Marilla draws a couple of deep breaths, takes out her compact, begins to repair her face. She finishes, sits back on the bench, relaxed. There is a commotion at the ring end of the tunnel. She turns toward it, her eyes widening.

END OF TUNNEL - JOEY YUSTICK

85

with his three handlers, is being led toward his dressing room. His face is a patchwork of adhesive tape, both eyes closed tight. He can't see a thing.

Yustick (mildly)
They're gettin' tougher all the time. What these kids eatin' - Crackeley Oats or somethin'?

MARILLA

86

watches them advance with dawning horror, shrinking back on the bench. Now they are abreast of her. Yustick is slightly in the lead, a handler on either side, steering him along.

Yustick (suddenly)
Hold it!
(he thrusts out his arms, stopping the parade, raises his flattened countenance and sniffs the breeze noisily. Then with a blissful leer he announces:)
I smell a dame!

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Marilla is off the bench in a flash, streak-
ing toward the ring.

86
CONT'D
(2)

Marilla (screaming)
Mi-i-i-ike ! Mi-i-i-ike !

DISSOLVE TO:

LOBBY - GOTHAM ARENA - MIKE AND MARILLA

87

leaving with the crowd.

Marilla
I don't know what's the matter with me, acting
like such a sissy. After all, I'm an adult, I
know that some men like to beat each other up.
(now that it's all over she's pretty
brave)
So suppose somebody does get a broken nose, or a
split lip, or if there's a little blood?
(she sways)
Oh, Mike !

Mike (catching her)
Shut up about it! There's no law says you have to
like fights.

Marilla
That's good.

Larry Musso, the reporter we met in California,
is waving to Mike over the heads of the crowd.

Musso
Hey, Mike !

Mike (waving)
Larry !

Musso
What's the matter? You quitting us?

Mike
My place - next week !
(to Marilla)
Larry Musso, you'll meet him. I'm having the
regular crowd up for poker Wednesday.

Marilla (thoughtfully)
Wednesday?

Mike
Yeah- anything wrong with that?

Marilla (quickly)
Oh, no - it's fine. Fine.

DISSOLVE TO:

LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

88

A poker table is set up, around which are: Mike, Hammerstein, Larry Musso, a reporter named Fred Seixas, a hockey club manager named Danziger, and a very fat fight manager named Solly Horzmann, who keeps spilling cigar ashes on the rug.

Mike's Voice (narrating)

It started out a bad evening and worsened steadily.

From the study door comes a burst of laughter which ends as abruptly as it began. Three of the players turn toward it curiously.

Hammerstein (growling)

Play cards, play cards!

Another burst of laughter, longer this time, with a woman's high pitch predominating, Hammerstein tosses in his hand with a little more energy than necessary, Seixas rakes in the pot, Mike starts to deal.

Musso

What're they doing in there?

Mike

Reading a play.

Musso

Who's reading it - Jack Benny?

Mike just gives him a look.

INT. STUDY - THE THEATRICAL CROWD

88X1

About ten people sitting on chairs, sofa, desk and floor, listening to a reading of the play by the authors - a man and wife team. Among the guests we note Marilla, Zachary, Randy and a bushy-haired musical director.

Authoress (reading rapidly)

Sybil comes center. Sybil: I know it sounds silly, but I have the strangest feeling something has gone haywire!

(laughter from the guests)

Author (reading rapidly)

Ronnie appears at the top of the steps. Ronnie: (yelling) "Aunt Agatha! She's done it again!"

Designing Woman
Chgs.

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Oh, no!

A Woman (hysterically)

88X1
CONT'D
(2)

Author (dramatically)
"The hall closet has just exploded!"

Everyone howls with merriment.

THE LIVING ROOM - POKER TABLE

88X2

All the players - except Mike and Hammerstein -
are looking quizzically toward the study
door.

Musso
Boy, that's one I want to see.

Hammerstein
Play cards!

Danziger (looking around)
Nice place you have, Mike. Very cozy.

Mike shoots him a dirty glance. Solly flips
the ashes of his cigar on a large, furry rug.

Seixas
Stop spilling ashes. You want to kill that thing
down there?
(he points at the rug)

Mike gives Seixas a dirty glance also.

Solly
I need an ashtray.

Mike
You've got an ashtry.

Solly (holds up a tiny silver
dish)
This?

Mike (impatiently)
All right - here!

He leans over, removes a large flower bowl
from an end table, shoves it toward Solly.

Musso (with humorous twinkle)
You should have a few spittoons in here, Mike.
Now a nice spittoon right over there would lend
just the right touch -

Mike
Listen, lowbrow!

Hammerstein

Play cards!

88X2
CONT'D
(2)

Mike continues dealing. Another scream from the study. They turn toward it.

INT. STUDY - THE AUTHORS

88X3 -
88X3

still reading the play.

 Authoress (approaching a
 climax)
"We're destroyed, all of us! A complete and
absolute debacle!"

 Author (calmly)
"It could have been worse, darling. His ship might
have sunk last Tuesday."

Laughter from the guests. The Lighting Director
consults the light plot.

 Lighting Director
Here the lights dim quickly to denote a passage
of -

 Randy (leaping up suddenly)
No, no, no! Right here is where I'm doing the
undersea ballet!
 (the Lighting Director seems confused)
Don't look for it in the light plot, it's not there,
I just decided!

 Zachary
Undersea? You told me the second act ballet was
the war between the sexes.

 Randy
Same thing! The fight for survival!

 Scenic Designer
You can't do an undersea ballet here! We're still
in the drawing room set!
 (holds up the model of the set)

 Randy
Don't be literal! It has doors, doesn't it?

 Scenic Designer
Certainly it has d - -

 Randy
That's all I need! Behind a closed door is anything
the imagination wants to conceive! It's the basis of
all my work - the entrance of the unexpected!

Designing Woman
Chgs. 10-4-56

67(1) .
88X3 -
88CX3
COLT'D
(2)

Randy (continuing)
(he slides open the door)
Here's the closed door! When it opens -
anything can come in!
(to the bongo player)
Give me some dum diddy ah dah!

He slides out the door. The bongo player
obliges with some dum diddy ah dah.

Randy (soothingly)
Don't worry. No matter how crazy he sounds it
always turns out brilliantly.
(opening the door)
A swarm of sea-horses!
(he makes like a swarm of sea-horses)
See what I mean, Zach?

Zachary
Well - yes-s-s - I guess --

Randy (to Marilla)
Don't worry about the wardrobe for this! I've got
an idea!

Marilla
Thank heaven.

Randy
Another closed door! What do we see?
(to the bongo player)
Give me some dah dee diddle dah.
(he slips out the door again, quickly
reappears)
The octopus!
(making like an octopus now, he turns to
the bongo player)
Make a note of that beat!
(to Lighting Director)
Bathe this in green! Make it shimmer! Don't tell
me it can't be done!

Suddenly he is out the door again, to reappear
once more. This time he is swimming.

Randy
The skin diver! Lights up! Music up! The sea-
horses run! The octopus attacks! The fight is on!
(he ceases abruptly, slides onto the top
of the desk)
Let's talk this over!

While he is performing these maneuvers, we
have CUT three times to the living room - the
poker players reacting with deadpan looks.

Designing Woman
Chgs. 10-4-56

67 (2)

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE POKER TABLE

88X4

Not a word is spoken for a moment. Danziger
is gazing at a painting over the fireplace.



Danziger
Hey, Mike - isn't that an original Modigliani?

88X4
CONT'D
(2)

Seixas
Which one, the deformed woman?

Mike
Yeah, yeah.

Danziger (awed)
Mike Hagen, with an original Modigliani!
(he whistles)

Solly (studying his cards)
I would give my other stomach for an original
Molligani.

Mike
Now, look, boys - !

Hammerstein (snarling)
Play cards!

There is an even louder scream of laughter
from the study, this time followed by
applause and a good deal of conversation.
Mike throws in his hand, rising.

Mike
I'll see about the sandwiches.
(he crosses to the study, opens the door)

INT. STUDY - THE THEATRICAL CROWD

89

has broken into small groups, talking it up like mad. Marilla is showing some sketches to Zachary. Randy Owen is doing a split on top of the desk, arguing with the little bushy-haired guy. Mike gets a look at Randy, raises his eyebrows.

Marilla (seeing Mike)
How's the game going, dear? Did you want something?

Mike (eyeing Randy)
Yeah, the food if it's ready.

Marilla
Oh, I'm sure it is.

They leave together, Mike casting a backward glance at Randy.

LIVING ROOM - MIKE AND MARILLA

90

come from the study. The doorbell rings.

Marilla
I'll get it, you go and play, dear.

She continues toward the foyer, the CAMERA FOLLOWING. Reaching the door she opens it wide. There, standing on the threshold is Maxie Stulz, a seedily attired ex-welter-weight with a flattened countenance and a vacant smile. Marilla, startled, backs up a step.

Maxie
Mike Hagen live here the poker game?

Marilla
Mike Hagen? Why - yes?

Maxie (coming in)
Thank you. My name Maxie Stulz, I'm his bes' friend.

Marilla
Oh - well - I'm sure -
(she calls feebly)
Mike?

Unfortunately there is another burst of laughter from the study which drowns out her voice.

Maxie
You Miz Hagen, lady?

90
CONT'D
(2)

Marilla (backing up again)
Yes. Yes, I am.

Maxie
Then I tell you somethin'. Don' worry, you know?
Anytime anybody make trouble, you tell Maxie Stulz.
Right? I take care of him good. So you got nothin'
a worry about. Nothin'! Right?
(he beams at her)
Where's a game?

She points to the living room. He starts in,
Marilla following.

Maxie (in the living room)
Hello, boys.

They all ad lib hello's. Mike makes room for
him at his left.

Mike
Hya, Maxie, glad you made it. How've you been?

Maxie (sitting in)
I been prutty good, Mister Hagen. I'm makin' a
comeback, you know.

Mike
Good. You're the boy can do it, Maxie.

Maxie
Solly Horzmann gonna manage me - right, Solly?

Solly
Sure. Like I told you.

Marilla has been trying to catch Mike's eye.
She succeeds, nods her head toward the kit-
chen. Mike rises, follows her reluctantly.

Mike (leaving)
Deal me in.

KITCHEN - MARILLA

waiting for Mike. He walks in, all innocence.
Gwen is working in the b.g. behind them.

Marilla (a loud whisper)
Who is he?

Who? Mike

91
CONT'D
(2)

Marilla
That man with no nose!

Mike
He has a nose, it's inside.

Marilla
Who is he?

Mike
Maxie Stulz, he used to be middleweight champ.
He's punchy.

Marilla
What?

Mike
Punchy. Punch-drunk. We let him sit in every
Wednesday, just for a couple of hands. We make
sure he wins, and that gets him his room rent.

Marilla
Oh, that's very sweet - but - he's not going to
hit anybody, is he?

Mike
Now why would he hit anybody?

Marilla
Well, I don't know, he kept telling me not to
worry, if there's any trouble, and I don't know
what not to worry about. What is it?

Mike (patiently)
Nothing. I told you, he's punchy. Just forget
it, will you?

Marilla (as he starts out)
I'll try.

LIVING ROOM - POKER TABLE

92

Where Maxie is raking in a fair-sized pot,
grinning happily.

Musso
Attaboy, Maxie!

Seixas
How about that? He wins on a pair of nines!

Maxie
Pair nines! Thass a prutty good hand, right?

92
CONT'D
(2)

Danziger
They don't come much better!

Mike has arrived, takes his seat.

Danziger (low, to Mike)
We put you in for five, okay?

Mike
Fine

Maxie (rising)
Well, I gotta go now - do roadwork in a mornin'.

Mike
No, No. One more hand, Maxie. Come on.

Maxie (delightedly; sitting
down)
Okay! One more hand!

Mike
Who's deal?

Seixas starts to deal. There is a disturbance on the other side of the room - the theatrical crowd coming out of the study, talking in small groups. Marilla comes from the kitchen carrying a tray. She gets a look at her friends spilling into the room, frowns worriedly.

Marilla
Mike, can I see you a minute?
(she moves away)

Mike (rising)
Yeah, sure.

Hammerstein
Play cards!

The theatrical crowd has been speaking in hushed tones, but every so often a voice rises in laughter. Hammerstein looks toward the voice - deadpan.



MIKE AND MARILLA

She has put the tray on a table and is slicing something.

Marilla (hushed; indicating her friends)
I'm sorry, Mike. Where would you like to eat, in here?

Mike
Sure, anyplace.
(he points a finger at the tray)
What's that?

For the first time we get a good look at the tray. It contains a sandwich loaf - cream cheese, daintily decorated with pimienta hearts and anchovy spades.

Marilla (apologetically)
Well - it's one of Gwen's creations, a poker loaf she calls it.

Mike
But I asked for bologna and cheese and stuff. You know?

Marilla
Well, it's all cheese. And there's bologna in the middle?

Mike (represses a sigh)
Okay.

The conversation is getting louder in the room. Busby Hair, the musical director, is at the piano illustrating part of the score.

Marilla (worried)
They don't seem to be going. Why don't we just move the food and the poker table into the study? Then you won't be disturbed. All right?

Mike (nods slowly)
Uh - huh. Fine.

He goes back to the poker table, Marilla heading for the kitchen.

Mike (at poker table)
Give me a hand here, will you? We're going to move inside.

The players exchange looks, rise and follow Mike to the table on which are the sandwich loaf, plates, silverware, coffee, et cetera. They begin to pick up the stuff.

92X1
CONT'D
(2)

Seixas (admiring the loaf)
Cream cheese and olives!
(he nibbles daintily at a piece)
Mmmmm!

Solly
I tried one once - gave me gas.

Musso
I was reading the other day, you can buy these little cut-out things for card parties. Makes sandwiches like hearts and clubs and spades.

Seixas (amazed)
Diamonds, too?

Musso
Absolutely! All you do is -

Mike (exploding)
If you don't like it, don't eat it!
(he thrusts the coffee pot at Musso, indicates the study)
In there!

92X2 OUT

NEAR THE KITCHEN DOOR - MAXIE

92X3

not helping with the transfer of the poker game, is looking around worriedly. Marilla comes from the kitchen carrying more plates, almost bumps into him.

Marilla
Oh, I'm sorry!

Maxie
These people here - they all friends of Mike Hagen?

Marilla (smiling)
Why - yes.

Maxie
Nobody makin' any trouble, huh? I don't have to - ?

Marilla (hastily)
Oh, no! They're close friends, very close!

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Maxie (pleased)
That's good. Because I don't like trouble, you
know? And whenever is trouble - my head - I don't
like it.

92X3
CONT'D
(2)

Marilla
Oh, there's never any trouble around here! Never!
(she looks around for Mike)

AT THE PIANO - BUSHY HAIR

92X4

surrounded by a small group, some of them sing-
ing along with the piano.

Randy (with gestures)
That's the way I want to close the scene! Movement!
Color! Crescendo! Con brio!

MARILLA AND MAXIE

92X5

She is cutting chocolate cake at the serving
table.

Maxie
I had one fight too many, you know.

Marilla (nervously)
I'm so sorry.

Maxie (proudly)
Yah, I was fightin' Louie Belney and - uh - you
see that eye? I got sisteen stitches in that eye.
In the eight round Louie open that eye, it was
bleedin' down I couldn't see -

Marilla
Ooooh!
(for the second it seems she may fall
into the cake)

Maxie
Then in the tenth round he open the other eye, it
was bleedin' down I couldn't see - so -

Marilla, panicked, is hanging on by a thread.

Mike (coming up)
What's the matter?



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Marilla (pulls herself
together)
Nothing. Excuse me.

92X5
CONT'D
(2)

She runs for the kitchen. Mike looks after
her a moment, starts out of scene.

THE POKER TABLE

92X6

is being carefully moved by the players to
the double doors of the study, the chips
still piled in each players' place.

Seixas
Watch the chips! Easy!

Mike comes in to help. In order to reach
the study door the table must pass the piano,
around which there is now an argument going
on between Bushy Hair and Randy.

Randy
It's a fast six eight!

Bushy Hair
No, no, it was written like this!

He bangs out a series of loud chords.

Randy
Let me try it! Let me try it!

He flings himself into four or five flashing
pirouettes.

Randy
one-and-two-and-one-and-two-and-yah-tah-tah-dah-
yah-tah-tah-dah! One-and-two-and - !

On the last of the pirouettes he whirls
into the poker table, upending it, the
chips sliding to the floor. There is
silence in the room.

Hammerstein (dully)
Play cards.

DISSOLVE TO:



LIVING ROOM - LATER - MIKE AND MARILLA

93

Mike is putting the chips away, Marilla emptying the ash trays, humming as she works.

Marilla (narrating)

By twelve o'clock everyone had gone. I had a feeling there might be words, but I decided firmly they would not originate with me.

She has started to remove a plate from the center of the poker table, notices a small bundle of bills.

Marilla (gaily)

Well, well! Six Washingtons! What's that for?

Mike

The sandwiches. We split expenses every week.

Marilla

Oh. But if you play at a different house every week, why don't you just let the host take care of the sandwiches? It would all even up in the end.

Mike (slowly)

We do it this way because we like it this way. Many other people do it this way, too. Why try to change the world?

Marilla's Voice (narrating)

Yes, there were going to be words, all right.

Mike

It will be done the same way six weeks from tonight, when the game comes around here again.

He picks up the chips and stows them in a cabinet.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)

So in six weeks, I thought, I'll have the pleasure of meeting that man with no nose again. I was going to say so, but repressed myself quickly.

Marilla (suddenly)

So in six weeks I'll have the pleasure of meeting that man with no nose again!

She knows she shouldn't have said it, makes a futile gesture.



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P.

Mike (politely)
What's the matter? You have something against
Maxie Stulz?

93
CONT'D
(2)

Marilla
Of course not. He's a poor unfortunate punchy-
drunk man, and I feel very sorry for him. But
you could do better by sending him to a good
psychiatrist.

Mike
I don't know a good psychiatrist. And if I did I
might visit him myself after this evening.

Marilla
It's out in the open, isn't it? You don't like my
friends.

Mike
Well, I'm not bowled over.

Marilla
That's strange. They're so much like yours.

Mike
So we're back on Maxie again.

Marilla
I never mentioned - - !

Mike (fairly loud now)
Well, I'll tell you one thing! Nose or no nose,
he's more of a man than Randy Owen who does the
split! Although I must admit Max can't kick as
high as Randy!

Marilla (evenly)
Hello, Randy.

She is looking over Mike's shoulder toward
the door. Mike follows her gaze.

There stands Randy Owen on the foyer steps,
glowering sullenly at Mike. The maid, Gwen,
is just disappearing down the hall.

Marilla
Did you forget something?

Randy (his eyes on Mike)
My script.



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Marilla

I'll get it.

93
CONT'D
(3)

She heads for the study. Randy moves down the steps, walks slowly in Mike's direction.

STUDY - MARILLA

94

enters, looks around for the script. She locates it behind a sofa cushion, starts out.

LIVING ROOM - MIKE AND RANDY

95

Randy is showing Mike a snapshot, Mike eyeing him sidewise.

Randy

This is my wife. And my three sons.

(he looks up at Mike)

They're a little bigger now, the oldest is about six feet. He plays football up in Maine. I'd be happy to have you meet them sometime.

(he puts away the picture)

And some other time, if you'd care for it, I'd be happy to beat both your ears off!

Mike (amazed)

Easy, easy! Don't lose your head!

Randy (edging up)

Just say the word! Say the word!

Marilla has appeared behind them.

Marilla (sharply)

Boys, boys!

There is a pause, Randy breathing heavily at Mike, Mike gazing down at him dumbfounded. Then Randy takes his script from Marilla, strides stiffly toward the door.

Marilla

Good night, Randy.

The outer door closes behind him.

Mike

Is he for real? Did he mean that?



Marilla
I guess so. He's something of a character, Randy.

95
CONT'D
(2)

Mike
Character?
(he looks toward the door)
Why, he's punchier than Maxie Stulz!

He turns to Marilla. She wants to laugh,
but she's afraid to. Mike grins. Marilla
smiles. They are both laughing as we

DISSOLVE TO:

WILDE'S OFFICE - DAY - MARILLA AND ZACHARY

96

A pleasant office, tastefully furnished. Oil
paintings of celebrities line the walls.
Scripts are stacked on the desk, models of
sets scattered on tables and chairs.

Marilla stands at the window, talking.

Zachary, examining some sketches at the desk,
wearing a polite but distant smile.

Zachary's Voice (narrating)
I wish Marilla hadn't decided to make me her con-
fidant. The role of confidant is a thankless one
at best, but when you're cast in it opposite a
girl you once asked to become your wife, it's down-
right embarrassing.

Marilla suddenly stops talking and fixes
Zachary with a steady look.

Marilla
Do you like Mike?

Zachary (looking up from a
sketch, surprised)
Hm?

Marilla
Do you like Mike?

Zachary
Certainly I do. I don't know him very well, but
he seems an intelligent man - fairly easy temper-
ment. Darn good writer, by the way, I've read
his stuff for years. Of course, I like Mike -
why do you ask?

Marilla
He hates you.

96
CONT'D
(2)

Zachary (a little
disconcerted)
Oh.

Marilla
It's not just you, of course. He hates all my
friends. So you know what? You're not coming
up to my place any more.

Zachary
Oh?

Marilla (putting her
sketches away)
After all, we're a pretty neurotic bunch. Mike
doesn't understand us, and until he gets used to
us I'm going to keep all of you away from him.

Zachary (nods)
Protect him from our neuroses.

Marilla
That's right. And Mike's not going to bring some
of his friends around, either.

Zachary
Neuroticism doesn't seem to be confined to the
artistic class. I'm relieved to hear it.

A buzzer sounds. Zachary flips a key
on the inter-office communicator.
Marilla is putting on her coat.

Zachary
Yes?

Secretary's Voice
Miss Shannon is here.

Zachary
Ask her to come in, please.
(to Marilla)
This may be our leading lady. I'd like you to
meet her.



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The door opens. Zachary rises to greet Lori who makes a poised, smiling entrance.

96
CONT'D
(3)

Zachary
How are you? Marilla Brown, Lori Shannon.

Lori's smile flickers momentarily.

Marilla
Hello.

She cocks her head on the side, studying Lori's face with a puzzled frown.

Lori (softly)
How do you do?

Zachary
Have you two met?

Marilla
I'm sure we have. Haven't we?

Lori (murmurs)
I'm trying to think.

Zachary (to Marilla)
You might have seen her on television.

Marilla
That's probably it.

Lori
It could be.

Marilla
Anyway, you'll be a pleasure to dress. You've a lovely figure.

Lori
Thank you. I'm a trifle long-waisted.

Marilla (cheerfully)
Nothing we can't take care of. Luckily you're tiny through the hips and your bust is perfect.
(Zachary winces visibly)
Zach, I've got to run, I've got a hundred things to do before my fashion show.
(to Lori; shaking hands)
It's been very nice, congratulations on getting the part.



Lori
I don't think I have yet.

56
CONT'D
(4)

Marilla
Oh, you will. Zach, you've got to, she's perfect.
Good-bye.

Lori
Bye.

Marilla is gone. Zachary sets a chair for
Lori, who is looking after Marilla.

Lori (thoughtfully)
I didn't know Marilla Brown was designing your
show.

Zachary
We're lucky to get her.

Lori
Mmm.

This, of course, could mean anything.

DISSOLVE TO:

DELSETTE'S - SALON - MIKE

97

is just entering. He looks around a bit uncomfortable, threads his way through a sea of low tables at which the customers are having tea. A model stops before him, twirls to show her pretty gown. Mike smiles stiffly.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
Don't ask me why I went to Marilla's fashion show that afternoon. I must have been out of my head.

CENTER OF ROOM

98

where the models parade in a slow circle, exhibiting a stunning array of finery.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
You ever been to a fashion show? It's a sort of pagan ritual - a ceremonial dance - where the faithful sit around sipping tea and worshipping clothes. There's a sacrifice involved, too.

MIKE

99

passes models showing creations to groups of customers. Each model announces the price.
"Seven-fifty - two hundred and fifty -
three twenty-five - two hundred and fifty -
nine-fifty with the stole - one thousand,
madam."

Mike's Voice (narrating)
Seven hundred and fifty dollars for a dress -
(another girl is modeling a negligee)
- two hundred and fifty for a nightie. So help me.
(he looks o.s.)
The high priestess at this slaughter was my Marilla.

MARILLA

100

swathed in solid black to the neck, her hair piled up on her head. She looks cool and aloof and very poised as she explains a dress to a small circle of customers. Turning, she catches sight of Mike, her whole face lighting up. She moves to him quickly, the CAMERA PANNING.

Marilla (happily)
Mike, you came! Oh, Mike!
(she slips her arm through his)
Come on, I want to introduce you!

Mike
No, no - look - I just - I'd rather -

Marilla
All right, we'll be exclusive!
(she indicates an unoccupied table. As they sit down, she favors him with a big smile)
What made you come?

A uniformed maid begins to serve them tea.

Mike
I don't know. I was working and all of a sudden I had this hunch, a real hot flash - go to the Delsette store.

Marilla (laughs)
Oh, Mike!

Mike (smiling)
I mean it. It happens to me like that. Quick hunches.
A feeling that something nice is going to happen.

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He sees something over Marilla's shoulder and freezes solid.

100
CONT'D
(2)

WHAT HE SEES - LORI AND ZACHARY
moving across the room toward them.

101

TABLE - MIKE AND MARILLA

102

Mike rises slowly. Marilla follows his look, waves to Zachary.

Marilla

Zach! Here!

(to Mike)

That's Lori Shannon, she's in the show.

As they come to the table, Mike never takes his eyes off Lori.

Zachary

Did we miss anything?

(he pets Marilla's hand, smiles at Mike)

How are you, Mike?

Lori gazes steadfastly at Mike, her face betraying nothing.

Marilla

Miss Shannon, this is my husband, Mike Hagen.

Mike (tentatively)

Uh - how - ?

Lori (murmurs)

How do you do, Mr. Hagen? It's nice to meet you.

They sit down - Mike very slowly, but almost missing the chair.

Marilla (indicating a model)

Miss Shannon, I want you to see this.

She goes on talking to Lori, explaining something about the gown.



Mike's Voice (narrating)

Lori was going to play it like we'd never met.
Good. I sneaked a look at Marilla to see if
she'd noticed anything.

(he sneaks a look at Marilla who is
smiling at Lori as she talks)

Everything was okay.

102

CONT'D

(2)

Zachary has taken over the conversation with
Lori, which gives Marilla a chance to turn
and smile fondly on Mike.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)

So - I thought - he knows her.

(Mike is fumbling with his cigarettes,
spills three on the table)

I'm not naturally suspicious, but this you couldn't
miss.

Marilla (turning to Lori)

I see something like that for you in the garden
number - but slit up the side for more freedom in
dance. By the way, how are your legs?

Mike, flustered, tries to strike a match -
on the cigarette package.

Lori (smiling faintly)

No complaints.

Marilla

I was sure there wouldn't be. I think we ought to
see your legs in this.

(Mike realizes what he's doing, drops
the pack of cigarettes, tries to strike
a cigarette on the match box)

But not quite so revealing in the neckline. Al-
though you've certainly got nothing to worry about
there.

Mike realizes what he's doing, drops every-
thing. Lori suddenly leans across the table,
reaching toward Mike's teacup. In a panic
Mike catapults to his feet, shielding his
pants front with his hands.

Conversation ceases as customers and models
turn to stare. Marilla is gazing at Mike
curiously. So is Zachary. So is Lori.
She picks up a cigarette - the item she was
reaching for - and leans back. Mike begins

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P.

to dust imaginary crumbs from his trouser front. Conversation resumes. Marilla smiles at Mike as he sits down. Zachary begins talking.

102
CONT'D
(3)

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
I began to put two and two together. It didn't take long. Two, the girl Mike feared was about to spill tea in his lap -
(she smiles at Lori)
- and two, the girl who had spilled ravioli in his lap, were one and the same spiller.
(she smiles at Mike)
Total, four.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - LONG SHOT - DAY - A CAB

103

pulls up in front of an apartment house canopy on a quiet street off Park Avenue. Lori alights, looks back into the cab, protests politely as Zachary tries to alight with her, closes the cab door and starts into the apartment. The cab starts away.

INT. CAB - MARILLA AND ZACHARY

104

There is silence for a moment.

Marilla (musingly)
Zach - why would a woman want to spill ravioli in a man's lap?

(he peers at her quizzically)
Well? Why would she want to do it?

Zachary (patting her hand)
If I were you, darling, I'd inhibit the impulse - at least until I'd consulted a competent psychia -

Marilla
Shut up, it's not me. Someone else.

Zachary
Who spills ravioli?

Marilla
In a man's lap.

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P.

Zachary (pursing his lips)
Interesting deviation. Probably stemming from
childhood.

104
CONT'D
(2)

(warming to it)

As an infant she hated ravioli, but her father made
her clean up every snick. Substituting the man for
her father she slopped him with it. Or maybe she
was just plain mad.

Marilla
That's what I was thinking.

Zachary gives her a secret, searching glance,
as she frowns thoughtfully.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
But I still couldn't place where I'd seen Lori
Shannon.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THEATER - A REHEARSAL - LORI

105

on the stage, is dancing in a skeleton set
representing a night club.

In the second row of the orchestra Marilla is
sitting a seat away from Zachary, frowning
as she studies Lori. Four or five men are
scattered around them. Randy Owen is seated
in the first row giving directions to the
chorus people - with his feet.

Randy (pointing his toe)
You, the little girl. Move that way, please.
(he swings his leg to indicate where
she should stand)
Others to the left.
(he swings his leg again)
Thank you.

Now the number is in full swing, the tempo
increasing. Lori, as part of the plot of
the dance, sheds her skirt in a lightning
motion, and is down to practise costume,
much the same as we saw in the photograph
in Mike's apartment (Scene #40).



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MARILLA -

106

studying Lori, the frown deeper.

LORI -

106x1

dancing.

MARILLA -

106x2

watching.

LORI -

106x3

dancing. The number ends.

Randy's Voice (o.s.)

Okay, hold it a minute!

Lori drops to one knee, begins to tie the
laces of her ballet slipper, unconsciously
falling into the same pose as the photograph.

MARILLA

106x4

Slowly it begins to dawn on her.

LORI -

106x5

on the stage, glances up with a smile at a
dancer nearby.

107 OUT

MARILLA -

108

her eyes widening in recognition.

109 OUT

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LORI - FULL SHOT

109X1-
109X5

as she laces her slipper. Suddenly the CAMERA JUMPS IN to a CLOSE SHOT showing one leg, a section of torso and part of her smile - as in the photograph (Scene #40). In a series of quick flashes we alternate between the FULL SHOT and the CLOSE UP. The final CLOSE UP is a HEID FRAME, torn across the middle, the edges ragged as was the photograph (Scene #40).

MARILLA

110

leaps to her feet, starts out.

Zachary (as she passes)
How would you like to see her dressed?

Marilla

In splints!

She presses past him, hurries up the aisle,
Zachary frowning after her.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP - TYPEWRITER - DAY

111

It is typing the lines: "Mart Daylor, the happy hoodlum of boxing, promoted another benefit Tuesday night - for Mart Daylor."

STUDY - MIKE

112

typing. He wears a robe over shirt and trousers. The doorbell RINGS. With an impatient gesture he flips the carrier over, gets up to answer it.

LIVING ROOM - MIKE

113

strides toward the foyer, the CAMERA PANNING him. He reaches the door, flings it open, gets a quick look at someone outside, tries

to slam the door shut. A foot is jammed in the threshold and a strong hand shoves him violently back into the foyer. Johnnie O. enters, followed by two other well-dressed hoods.

113
CONT'D
(2)

Mike (backing into the living
room)
Come in.

Johnnie O. is a small, compact heavyweight of swarthy complexion with a jagged scar running down his neck and into the collar of his well-tailored shirt. Evidently the old wound has affected Johnnie O.'s voice, for he speaks in a husky whisper.

Johnnie O.
Hello, Mr. Hagen. You remember me?

Mike (nods)
Johnnie O., isn't it?

Johnnie O. (pleased)
That's right. I used to fight heavyweight.
(the two companions have moved into the
apartment, opening doors to the kitchen,
bedroom and study)
Nice place you have here, Mr. Hagen. Anybody home?

Mike (cautiously)
Just the maid.

Johnnie O. (shakes his head)
It's Thursday, Mr. Hagen - she's off. Huh?

Mike
Oh, yeah.

Johnnie O.
Mr. Daylor told us to drop in. He's angry at you, Mr. Hagen, for going on writing those stories about him after he asked you not.

Mike (trying to keep an eye on
all three of them)
Uh huh.

Johnnie O.
Now what we're here for is not to hurt you, or anything like that. It's more like a warning. Friendly-like. You know?

Instinctively Mike tries to get his guard up, but Johnnie O.'s swift backhand catches him solidly across the mouth. Simultaneously one of the other hoods grabs Mike's arm, twists it behind him. Mike makes no move to struggle, just stands looking at Johnnie O., a small trickle of blood issuing from the corner of his mouth. Johnnie O. takes Mike's chin in his hand, tilts Mike's head at a convenient angle and lays it on him again - this time with a lot more steam behind it. Mike's knees buckle momentarily, but he pulls himself up, blinks his eyes rapidly.

113
CONT'D
(3)

Johnnie O. (to the hood)

Leave him go.

The hood lets go of Mike's arm.

Johnnie O. (conversationally)

Now what I would suggest, Mr. Hagen, is maybe from now on you get after the basketball boys and the wrestling and the horses. They could stand a lotta cleaning up. But you leave the fights alone - or they gotta clean you up. I make myself clear?

He takes a handkerchief from his breast pocket, wipes Mike's lip solicitously.

Mike

I'll have that laundered for you.

Johnnie O.

No, no, nothing at all. Well, it was nice seeing you again, Mr. Hagen, I just hope we don't have to meet no more.

A door opens and closes in the foyer.
They turn toward it.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MARILLA

114

stands in the foyer, dressed as she was at rehearsal.

Marilla

Oh. I didn't know you had friends.

She comes toward them. Johnnie O. and the hoodlums remove their hats respectfully.

Mike
Mr. Johnnie O. - my wife.

114
CONT'D
(2)

Johnnie O. (nods; indicates
the hoods)
Nick and Eddie.

Marilla (smiling stiffly)
How do you do?
(to Mike)
What happened to your lip?

Mike
Uh - Johnnie O. was showing me how he knocked out
Bob Fitzsimmons. Just an accident.
(to Johnnie O.)
Well, boys, I hate to push you out, but -

Johnnie O.
Sure, sure - we were just leaving.
(he nods at Marilla)
Mrs. Hagen.

Marilla
Good-bye, Mr. O.

FOYER - MIKE

115

ushering the hoods out, opens the door.

Mike
This way, boys. Nice of you to come by.

Johnnie O.
So long, Mr. Hagen.
(he takes a quick look behind to see
that Marilla is not watching, then
snags Mike's nose between two fingers,
squeezing hard)
And remember - no more articles about Mr. Daylor.

The other hoods are on either side of Mike,
forestalling any movement on his part.
Johnnie O. gives one final squeeze and
leaves, the hoods following.

Mike closes the door, tries to blink the tears
out of his eyes. He touches his nose gingerly,
winces, straightens himself up and wanders as
casually as possible back into the living room.

LIVING ROOM - MARILLA AND MIKE

116

She is sitting in a chair, studying Mike as he enters. She still wears her coat.

Marilla
Is your lip all right?

Mike
Fine. Nothing.

Marilla
People should be more careful. He might have hurt you.

Mike
Not Johnnie O.
(he turns away to rub some feeling back into his nose)
How'd the rehearsal go?

Marilla
I came home.

Something in her tone catches his attention.
He looks at her curiously.

Mike
Oh?

Marilla
Listen.
(she sits up very tall)
There's something on my mind. About us. About me, really, because it happened before I met you. But I don't believe in keeping things secret. Granted we didn't know much about each other when we got married. Granted we never talked much about what happened before.

Mike
Granted.

There is a short pause, Marilla giving him a searching glance.

Marilla
Before I met you - there was a man.

Mike (nods)
Zachary Wilde.

Marilla (dismissing him with a
wave of her hand)
Another man.

116
CONT'D
(2)

Mike
The boy from Yale.

Marilla (scornfully)
He was nothing. Neither was that artist I told you
about. I mean another man.
(there is another short pause, while Mike
just waits)
Not that there was anything really wrong.

Mike
I know it.

Marilla
But I wanted to tell you, anyway. It's been on my
mind. I believe in being frank and aboveboard.

She waits hopefully. He lights a cigarette.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
If there's one thing I've learned in this world, it's
the exact moment when not to be frank and aboveboard.

Mike (gently)
Okay, dear. What's for dinner?

Marilla (leaps to her feet)
Lori Shannon!

Mike
For dinner?

Marilla
You know what I'm talking about!

Mike (amazed)
What, what? Lori Shan - !

Marilla (over him)
All that elaborate pretending!
(mimicking)

"How do you do, Miss Shannon? How do you do, Mr. Hagen!
So nice to meet you!" I introduced you! You let me
introduce you! And all the time -

Mike (has been trying to get a
word in)
Now, wait - now listen - I don't - Lori Shan - !

Marilla (over him)
Why didn't you tell me about her? What's the big secret?

Mike
I don't even know -

Marilla (over him)
No! You didn't say a word! "How do you do, Miss
Shannon! How do you do, Mr. - "

116
CONT'D
(3)

Mike
- what you're talking -

Marilla
You let me find out for myself what everybody knows
and is laughing behind my back!

Mike
You're not making sense!

Marilla
I'm making excellent sense!

Mike
Lori Shan - She's the girl in your show!

Marilla
That we already know! What else is she? Or was she!
Or is she!

Mike
Lori Shan - ? Are you out of your mind?

Marilla
The picture!

Mike
What picture?

Marilla
The picture in your apartment! I recognized her from
that picture!

Mike
Lori Shannon?

Marilla
Who else are we talking about?

Mike
In my apartment?

Marilla
In your apartment!

Mike
Where is it? Where is the picture! Show me the
picture!

Marilla
I tore it up!



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Mike

You tore -

(throwing up his hands)

Oh, well! You know in a law court your case -

Marilla

We're not in a law court - yet!

Mike

Just because I happened to have a picture of -
(he decides quickly against this line
of attack)

You found a picture of a girl in my apartment?

Marilla

Not a girl! Lori Shannon! You knew her! Why
didn't you say so?

Mike

Lori Shannon - listen! That day at that - that
style show! She walked in, right? If I ever saw
her in my life - if she knew me - why didn't she
say so?

Marilla

Now who's not making sense!

She whirls away from him, heading toward the
foyer. Mike follows quickly.

Mike

If you'd just listen a second! I'm telling you - !
(Marilla is removing her coat as she
mounts the foyer steps, Mike right on
her tail)

Just because you happened to find -
(as she flings off the coat her hand
comes up sharply and catches Mike solidly
across the mouth)

Oh!

His hand flies to his wounded lip. For a
second Marilla's eyes fill with concern - but
Mike doesn't seem severely injured. She steps
back and eyes him coolly. Mike takes his
hand away, examines his fingertips. The lip
has started to bleed again.

Marilla (evenly)

I'm sorry.

116
CONT'D
(4)



Mike (icily)
How is it you cannot stand the sight of blood on
anybody except me?

116
CONT'D
(5)

He stalks to the bedroom, slams the door be-
hind him. Marilla drops her coat and follows.

Marilla

Mike!

BEDROOM - MIKE

117

is just finishing dialling a number.

Mike

Mike Hagen here. Give me Ned Hammerstein.

He drops the phone on the bed, struggles
quickly out of his robe, reaches into the
closet for a tie, then picks up the phone
again.

OUTSIDE BEDROOM DOOR - MARILLA

118

tries the knob. The door is locked.

Marilla

Mike?

MIKE - ON PHONE

119

Mike (lowering his voice)
Hello, Ned? I just had a visit from Daylor's boys.
Yeah, three of them.

(there is a knock at the door)
No, I'm okay. Yeah, I'll be down right away.

He hangs up, quickly wraps the tie around his
neck.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR - MARILLA

120

rattles the knob.



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Marilla
Mike? I want to talk to you. Mike, open the door.

120
CONT'D
(2)

The door opens and Mike appears, struggling into his coat.

Marilla
Mike -

Mike (coolly)
Excuse me, I'm due at the office..

He brushes past her toward the foyer.

DISSOLVE TO:

HAMMERSTEIN'S OFFICE - HAMMERSTEIN, MIKE

121

and Hammerstein's assistant. Hammerstein is behind his desk, eyeing Mike's lip which now is covered with a small piece of adhesive tape.

Hammerstein
What time was all this?

Mike
Just before I called. Half an hour ago.

Hammerstein (leans back)
All right, that settles it. From now on forget Mart Daylor.

Mike (amazed)
Forget him?

Hammerstein
Forget him! You're a lousy newspaperman, but you're not worth a nickel to me stiff in some alley.

Mike (indignantly)
Now, wait! I've been after Daylor for two years! All I need is a couple of weeks to finish the job, three at the outside! I've got affidavits coming in! If I lay off now I'm a bigger crook than he is! Besides, how will it look to your readers! Try explaining it to 'em!



Hammerstein (after a pause)
All right. You want to dig your own grave, I'll
lend you a shovel. But only on my terms.

121
CONT'D
(2)

(Mike looks at him inquiringly)
I'll give you three weeks not a day more. You'll
hide out someplace .. the Gage Hotel around the
corner. We'll dateline your stories from out of
town. You're following the Yankees on the road.
Only you won't be there so the bully boys can't
catch up to you. Meanwhile, lay it on Daylor with
everything you've got. And also meanwhile -

(he fixes Mike with a cold eye)
- you don't set one foot out of that hotel room.
For three weeks! Agreed?

Mike (frowns)
Yeah. Only what'll I tell my wife?

Hammerstein
Tell her the truth.

Mike
That I'm on the lam from a mob? The first thing
she'd do is faint.

Hammerstein (impatiently)
Then tell her you're out of town!

Mike
I can't!

Hammerstein
Why?

Mike (confidentially)
Well, I'm in kind of a spot at home. We -

Hammerstein (leaping up)
Don't tell me your problems, I'm no marriage
counselor!

(more quietly)
Now get out of here and get packed. I'll have
a copy boy over every day to pick up your stuff.
Don't answer the phone, no matter what. And one
thing more. You've got to have somebody around
for protection.

(he flips a key on the desk)
Send in Maxie Stulz.

Mike (aghast)
Three weeks with Maxie Stulz?! I'll be punchier
than he is! No!



Hammerstein (snarls)

121
CONT'D
(3)

Shut up!

(the door opens and Maxie Stulz shuffles into the room, grinning delightedly)

Listen, Maxie - listen carefully.

(Maxie listens carefully as Hammerstein speaks slowly and clearly)

Some mugs in town don't like Mike Hagen, see? They want to hurt him.

Maxie snarls savagely and snaps into a fighting crouch, flailing the air with rights and lefts. Mike groans in resignation.

Hammerstein

That's the ticket, Maxie! You protect him, see? And listen!

(Maxie stops fighting and listens)

You stay right next to Mike Hagen day and night! Never leave him for a second! No matter where he goes! Day and night! You get it, Maxie?

Maxie nods grimly, rushes to Mike's side and grabs him protectively by the arm - daring the world to lay a finger on him.

Hammerstein

That's it.

Mike (trying to pull away)

Maxie, for the love of - ! Maxie!

DISSOLVE TO:

121X1
OUT

INT. CAB - MIKE AND MAXIE

122

going uptown. Maxie still has the vise-like grip on Mike's wrist - like Mike's arm is a club he's getting ready to throw at somebody.

Mike (patiently)

Maxie, will you let go a minute - please? Just till I get some circulation?

(Maxie lets go)

Thank you.

Maxie

I protect you, hah, Mr. Hagen? I stay with you every minute, right?

Mike (rubbing his wrist)

Right.

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Maxie (interrupting)
Anybody looks cross-eyed?
(he smashes a fist into his palm)
Right?

122
CONT'D
(2)

Mike
Right.

Maxie
Anybody looks cross-eyed! Anybody!
(he smashes his palm again)
Right?

Mike
Right, right!

The cab stops. Mike sighs, moves to get out.

STREET - MARILLA'S APARTMENT HOUSE - MIKE

123

gets out of the cab, Maxie at his heels. The doorman rushes over to hold the cab door. He gets a look at Maxie, stares from him to Mike. Maxie glares at him belligerently as Mike pays the driver.

Maxie (to doorman)
You lookin' cross-eyed?

He grabs the astonished doorman by the lapels, hauls off to clobber him.

Mike
Maxie! No!

Just in time he thrusts himself between Maxie and the doorman.

Maxie
He lookin' cross-eyed.

Mike (shoving him away)
No, no, he always looks like that! He lost a horse, it affected his mind.

(carefully)
Now, look, Maxie. I'm going upstairs and pack, you understand?

Maxie
Okay.
(he gets hold of Mike's wrist again and starts toward the door)

Mike (hanging back)
Not you, just me! You wait her for me.
(Maxie frowns)
Downstairs. Right here. See?

123
CONT'D
(2)

Maxie
Where you goin'?

Mike
Upstairs.

Maxie (dragging him)
I go upstairs.

Mike
No! Maxie, will you -?

Maxie
I gonna protect you. Somebody want to hurt you.

Mike
Maxie, will you stop! There's no one up there
who'd want to hurt me. Believe me, Maxie. Would
my wife want to hurt me?

Maxie (frowns)
I dunno.

Mike
I don't know either. Just the same you're staying
down here!
(Maxie shakes his head doggedly. Passers-
by are turning to watch curiously)
Maxie, listen - if you don't let me go we'll stand
right here all day!

Maxie (affably)
Okay!

Mike (sighs)
Come on, Maxie.

They start into the apartment.

DISSOLVE TO:
123X1-128 OUT

BEDROOM - MARILLA
is on the phone.

128X1



Marilla
Are you sure he isn't there? He told me an hour
ago he was going to the office.
(she hears the front door close)
Never mind. Thank you.
(she hangs up, starts toward the door)
Mike? Is that you?

128X1
CONT'D
(2)

LIVING ROOM - MARILLA

128X2

comes quickly out of the bedroom.

Marilla
I've been trying to reach -
(she breaks off)
Oh.

LIVING ROOM - MARILLA, MIKE AND MAXIE

128X3

Mike is standing in the center of the room.
Maxie beside him.

Mike (formally)
I believe you've met Maxie.

Marilla (trying not to back
away)
Of course. How are you, Mr. Maxie?

Maxie (beams)
I'm makin' a comeback!

Marilla
Oh?

Mike
Maxie came up from the office with me.

Marilla (a murmur)
How nice.

Mike
Look, you're going to think this is pretty strange,
coming right at this time, but - I have to leave
for a while.

Marilla
Leave where?



Marilla
Are you sure he isn't there? He told me an hour
ago he was going to the office.

128X1
CONT'D
(2)

(she hears the front door close)
Never mind. Thank you.

(she hangs up, starts toward the door)
Mike? Is that you?

LIVING ROOM - MARILLA

128X2

comes quickly out of the bedroom.

Marilla
I've been trying to reach -
(she breaks off)
Oh.

LIVING ROOM - MARILLA, MIKE AND MAXIE

128X3

Mike is standing in the center of the room.
Maxie beside him.

Mike (formally)
I believe you've met Maxie.

Marilla (trying not to back
away)
Of course. How are you, Mr. Maxie?

Maxie (beams)
I'm makin' a comeback!

Marilla
Oh?

Mike
Maxie came up from the office with me.

Marilla (a murmur)
How nice.

Mike
Look, you're going to think this is pretty strange,
coming right at this time, but - I have to leave
for a while.

Marilla
Leave where?



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Mike
Here.

128X3
CONT'D
(2)

Marilla
Oh, I don't think that's strange at all. Where
are you going, to the club?

Mike
No, I'm not going to the club, I don't belong to a
club. Something's come up -
(Maxie is standing between them, following
the conversation with vacant looks from
one to the other)
- something very important. Now, I don't want you
to be upset, but - you see - well, I'd like to -
Maxie, will you stand over there for a minute?
Thank you.

(Maxie moves back a couple of steps.
Mike turns back to Marilla)
I'd like to take you into my confidence. May I do
that?

Marilla
It would be a novelty.

Mike
Please, let's not assume attitudes. So far as that
other matter is concerned, I don't even want to
discuss it. Not now! This other thing is too im-
portant. Can you keep a secret?

Marilla
Not as well as you can.

Mike (giving up)
Okay. Excuse me, I've got to pack.

He goes into the bedroom. Marilla makes a
move to follow, but Maxie is ahead of her.

Maxie
'Scuse me, lady. Gotta pack.

Wonderingly, she trails them into the bedroom.

BEDROOM

128X4

Mike is taking a bag from the closet.



Marilla (in the doorway)
I still don't know where you're going.

128X4
CONT'D
(2)

Mike (opening a bureau drawer)
Chicago. Then on the road.

Marilla
For how long?

Maxie sits down on Marilla's bed.

Mike
Three weeks.
(he begins throwing clothes into the
open bag)
I'm going to follow the Yankees..

Marilla (coming to him)
Is that the big secret? You're going to follow the
Yankees?

Mike
Yeah, they shouldn't know about it.

Marilla
Mike -
(she turns her back to Mike; sotto)
- could I talk to you alone, please?

Mike
What about?

Marilla
You know what about. I want to -
(she sneaks a look at Maxie, finds
him smiling at her happily)
How have you been, Mr. Maxie?

Mike
He's been fine.

Marilla
I was conversing with Mr. Maxie.

Mike
Mr. Maxie doesn't know what you're talking about.

Marilla
You're packing a shoe with a hole in it.
(she picks up a loafer, shows him
a hole in the sole about the size
of half dollar)
You only wear these when you're writing.

Mike (takes the shoe)
I'll be writing on the road.

128X4
CONT'D
(3)

He throws the shoe in the bag, starts toward
a door. Maxie leaps up to follow.

Mike (impatiently)
Maxie, please!

He goes into the bathroom. Maxie sits down
again. Marilla flicks a puzzled look from
the bathroom door to Maxie.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
It was pretty obvious. This sudden trip. And
bringing Mr. Maxie home so he wouldn't have to
talk. I decided to pump Mr. Maxie.

Marilla (charmingly)
Well, Mr. Maxie. Are you taking Mike to the plane?

Maxie
Thass right. Every place.

Marilla
You're not going with him?

Maxie
Thass right. Every place.

Marilla
You'll be following the Yankees, too, then.

Maxie ponders this for a moment, frowning
deeply.

Maxie (finally)
Who?

Marilla
You.
(Maxie ponders again)
You and Mike.

Maxie (promptly)
Thass right! Every second, day and night! Any-
body looks cross-eyed?

He smashes his fist into his palm. It is
now Marilla's turn to ponder.

Marilla (finally)
Who?

Maxie
Cross-eyed!
(he punches his hand again)

128X4
CONT'D
(4)

Mike (coming in)
Maxie, shut up!
(he throws a handful of toilet articles
in the bag, snaps it shut, turns to
Marilla)
I'll call you tomorrow, soon as I know what hotel.
(picks up the bag)
Let's go, Maxie.

Maxie jumps up, follows him out the bedroom
door. Marilla looks after them a moment,
seething.

LIVING ROOM - MIKE AND MAXIE

128X5

heading toward the door. Marilla appears from
the bedroom.

Marilla (calling)
I hope you two will be very happy!

Mike and Maxie exit, Mike slamming the
door behind him. Marilla also slams her
door.

DISSOLVE TO:

LOBBY - GAGE HOTEL - NIGHT

129

A mid-town hotel, the lobby inhabited by
loungers and newspaper readers. Mike and
Maxie stand before the desk, registering.
Maxie penning his signature laboriously.

Clerk (reading Mike's card)
That's Mr. - Higginsbury?
(Mike nods)
And Mr. -?
(he tries to see Maxie's card, but
Maxie is still writing)

Mike
Mr. Smith.



Maxie (looks up)
How you spell Smith?

129
CONT'D
(2)

Mike
Make a cross.
(to the Clerk, who is staring)
Keys, please.

Clerk
Oh - yes, sir.
(hands over two keys)
Suite four-o-six.

Mike takes the keys, steps over to the
switchboard.

Mike
Oh, Miss -
(the fat lady operator puts down a
magazine and regards him sulkily)
I'll be placing a couple of local calls now and then,
but I want the party to think I'm out of town. So
you say Chicago is calling or Kansas City or what-
ever I tell you. Understand?

Fat Lady
No.

Mike reaches into his pocket, comes up with
a bill, places it on the switchboard.

Mike
That make it any clearer?

Fat Lady
Yeah.

Mike
Good.

He and Maxie start toward the elevator.

DISSOLVE TO:

129X1-
129X7
OUT



HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT - MIKE

130

in robe and slippers is pacing the floor of the sitting room. A typewriter stands on the desk, balls of paper scattered about the floor.

Mike's Voice (narrating)

My first night away from Marilla since we were married. I couldn't sleep.

(he reaches for the phone - hesitates)

Four times I picked up the phone to make a clean breast of everything. And four times saner judgment prevailed.

He puts the phone down, goes toward the bedroom.

HOTEL BEDROOM - MIKE

131

enters, takes off his robe.

Mike's Voice (narrating)

Here I was, happily married to the loveliest creature in New York.

(kicking off his slippers angrily)

And here I was, shackled up in a hotel with a punchy ex-middleweight. I began to hate Ned Hammerstein.

(he whips down the bedspread,
punches the pillow)

Maxie Stulz was no cure for the blues, either.

He glances sourly at the other side of the room. Now for the first time we SEE Maxie. He is lying on his back in the twin bed, clad in his underwear. His hands are clasped on his chest, his eyes wide open. He looks like a corpse.

Mike's Voice (narrating)

Three o'clock in the morning - and all he did was stare at the ceiling. Suddenly I remembered. He'd been staring like that since eleven-thirty.

(Mike's eyes widen with dawning
horror as he approaches Maxie)

I realized it then. Maxie had died!

Mike (hoarsely)

Maxie!

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Maxie catapults to the floor, almost knocking Mike down, whipping out all over the place with his fists, dodging and feinting.

131
CONT'D
(2)

Maxie (demanding)

Where? Where?

Mike (grabbing him)

Okay, okay - it's okay, Maxie! Stop!

Maxie (calming down)

Hah? Wha'? Who? Cross-eyed?

Mike (relaxing)

No. Nothing. It's okay. Forget it, Maxie.

Without a word Maxie stretches out on the bed again - and stares at the ceiling. Mike picks up the phone.

Mike (low; his eyes on Maxie)

Circle seven - o - five - nine - eight.

CLOSE SHOT - HAMMERSTEIN

132

Asleep. The phone on the night table jangles. He reaches out, fumbles with the receiver, gets it to his ear.

Hammerstein

Hello? Hello? Who?

(sits up quickly)

Mike?

HOTEL BEDROOM - MIKE

133

on phone.

Mike (darkly)

I just wanted to tell you. Maxie Stulz sleeps with his eyes open.

From the phone comes an enraged scream which sounds something like: "Why you crumb! You wake me up in the middle of the night to tell me - - !"

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Very gently Mike replaces the phone, cutting off the voice. He smiles, settles back contentedly on the pillow.

133
CONT'D
(2)

HAMMERSTEIN'S BEDROOM - HAMERSTEIN AND
MRS. HAMMERSTEIN

133X1

As he hangs up the phone she looks at him expectantly.

Mrs. Hammerstein

What was that?

Hammerstein

Maxie Stulz sleeps with his eyes open.

Mrs. Hammerstein

Thanks for a civil answer.

DISSOLVE TO

CLOSE SHOT - MARILLA

134

tossing sleeplessly in her bed. (During the narration she registers each thought).

Marilla's Voice (narrating)

Our first night apart. I didn't know a person could be so miserable. By three A.M. I had convinced myself that Mike was innocent. After all maybe he had never know Lori Shannon.

(she looks hopeful)

Maybe the whole thing was a mistake. That's what it was, a horrible mistake.

(convinced, she reaches for an apple on a silver tray on the night table)

Only what about the photograph?

(she sinks back thoughtfully on the pillow)

All right, what about the photograph? A man can have a picture of a woman without knowing her, can't he?

(she starts to take a bite of the apple, stops)

No.

(frowns; thinking determinedly)

Then put it this way: Mike's a newspaper man, he meets all kinds of people, he could have met Miss Shannon in a purely business fashion. Purely business.

(her mouth is open to take that bite)

Sure, but Miss Shannon is no hockey player. Oh, shut up!

(she slams the apple back on the silver tray)

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Marilla's Voice (continued)

134

CONT'D

(narrating)

(1)

My mind began drawing nasty little pictures of Mike
and Lori Shannon.

(her eyes narrow)

I saw them laughing together in some restaurant.

I saw them out dancing.

(her eyes are narrower)

I saw him bringing her home. I saw him take her
into the living room.

(her breathing is heavier)

I saw him kiss her.



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Suddenly she sits up in bed with a shriek.
She stifles it instantly, then flings her-
self back on the pillow.

134
CONT'D
(2)

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
By morning I was a nervous wreck.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT - MARILLA'S HAND

135

- her fingers drumming on her knee. O.S. we
HEAR Lori and a chorus singing a number en-
titled "I'll Never Let You Go." The CAMERA
PULLS BACK. We SEE Marilla seated in the
wings, glaring at the stage. Zachary standing
nearby, is turning the pages of a script,
watching her out of the corner of his eye.

Zachary's Voice (narrating
o.s.)
I told you I was Marilla's confidant. So I knew
that look in Marilla's eye was the gleam of
battle.

CLOSE SHOT - LORI - ON STAGE

136

singing, backed up by the chorus.

Zachary's Voice (narrating)
I was concerned, however, that my theater should
not be the arena - we were opening in Boston in
two weeks.

MARILLA AND ZACHARY

137

He catches her eye, smiles pleasantly.

Marilla
Zach -

Zachary
Hmm?

Marilla
What would happen if I quit the show?

Zachary (simply)
I'd kill myself.
(Marilla sighs. Zachary sits down
beside her)

Now listen. Madame X... as I understand it your

Zachary (cont'd)

Michael has departed for Chicago firmly protesting his innocence.

137
CONT'D
(2)

Marilla

What does that prove? Nothing?

Zachary

And what have you proved? Also nothing.

Lori finishes on the stage, goes toward her dressing room.

Marilla (with an impatient gesture)

I admit I could be wrong! I just can't stand not knowing! And I certainly can't ask her! "Pardon me, Miss Shannon, but was my husband ever in love with you?" It's unthinkable!

Zachary (firmly)

Definitely.

Marilla

So I have an idea.

Zachary (cautiously)

What?

Marilla

You ask her.

Zachary

Marilla -

Marilla

You can do it. All you have to do is broach the subject as tastefully as possible, find out if she ever knew him and - then -

(she takes a breath)

- tell me about it.

Zachary (chidingly)

Marilla - deceit and collusion are completely out of tune with your character.

Marilla (shutters)

I know it! Please, Zach! I can't go on working like this!

Zachary hesitates for a moment - then smiles, pats her hand comfortingly.

Zachary

I'll speak to her right now.

Marilla (gratefully)
Thank you, Zach.

137
CONT'D
(3)

They rise, move toward the dressing room
corridor.

DRESSING ROOM CORRIDOR -- ZACHARY AND MARILLA

138

stop outside Lori's door. Marilla prods
him with a look. He gives her a reassuring
nod, raps at the door.

Lori's Voice (o.s.)
Yes?
(he pushes open the door)

INT. LORI'S DRESSING ROOM - LORI

139

is at her dressing table, wearing a vol-
uminous dressing gown which somehow manages
to reveal her charms quite fully. On a
chair is a gray toy French poodle with a
rhinestone collar.

Lori
Oh. Come in, Mr. Wilde.

Zachary enters, closing the door behind him.

Zachary
Am I disturbing you?

Lori
Not at all.
(she motions him to a chair)

Zachary (sitting)
Thank you. Miss Shannon -

The French poodle leaps from his perch, be-
gins tugging at the laces of Zachary's shoe,
growling playfully.

Lori (mildly)
Pierrot - stop.
(rising)
I'm sorry.

Zachary
It's all right.

Lori
Pierrot

She picks him up in her arms, snaps on his leash and attaches him to the leg of the dressing table.

139
CONT'D
(2)

Zachary

Playful little fellow.

(Lori smiles. Zachary settles himself in his chair, clears his throat)

Miss Shannon - I'm a man of quite a few words, but I'll try to be as brief and tactful as possible. What I'm going to ask has nothing whatsoever to do with this show or our future business relationship. I want you to understand that.

Lori (softly)

Yes?

Zachary

Miss Shannon - I'd like to know, and please answer very frankly, if I may feel free to call upon you at your apartment and take you to dinner as often as the spirit moves us both. In time, as you learn to know me better, I hope our friendship will ripen into something - shall we say - more neighborly. You don't have to answer now.

Lori (murmurs)

I'd be delighted.

He smiles, rises, crosses to the dressing table, leaning down he kisses Lori gently, but definitely, on the lips.

Zachary

Eight-thirty tonight?

Lori inclines her head in a nod of assent. Zachary smiles again, pats her arm and starts toward the door.

CORRIDOR - MARILLA

140

is waiting for Zachary. As he comes from Lori's dressing room she moves quickly toward him.

Marilla (eagerly)

Well?



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Zachary (easily)
I asked her point blank. Miss Shannon never laid
eyes on your husband until that day at the fashion
show. Feel better?

140
CONT'D
(2)

He goes down the corridor his lips pursed
in a faint, cheerful whistle. Marilla
gazes after him, her eyes narrowing with
suspicion.

DISSOLVE TO:

141-142
OUT

CLOSE SHOT - FAT LADY - NIGHT

142X1

at the Gage Hotel switchboard.

Fat Lady (into mouthpiece)
Is this Mrs. Hagen? Just a minute, Chicago is
calling.

(she flips a key)



HOTEL SITTING ROOM - NIGHT - MIKE

142X2

on the phone. Across the desk Maxie is lip-reading the sports page.

Mike (after a brief pause)
Hello? Marilla? This is Mike. What do you mean where am I? I told you - I'm in Chicago.

This has a curious effect on Maxie. He gapes at Mike for a moment then turns to squint out the window. He turns back to Mike, puzzled and worried.

Mike (on the phone)
What? What hotel? Well, I'm at the White-stone, but I'm leaving here tonight.

Maxie goes to the window, peers out distrustfully.

Mike (on the phone)
No, the office didn't know where I was staying. What did you want to call me about? Well, why can't you talk now, who's there? Oh, Zachary.

(to himself)

Zachary, sure.

(into phone)

Hm? Oh, the whole crowd, you're working.

(he seems relieved)

Uh-huh. The weather?

(he grabs the paper with one hand, tries to find the weather report)

The weather here? Oh, it's - you know - hello, hello, I can't hear you.

(he is turning the pages frantically, finally finds it, runs his fingers down the column)

Hello, Marilla? Hello?

(he finds it)

Yeah - I can hear you now. It's hot here. Ninety-two.

Maxie turns from the window, wipes his brow. Then he sits down, frowning at Mike.

Mike
Well - I guess that's all, if you're busy. I just wanted to say hello.

(he is depressed)

Okay - I'll call again in a couple of days.
'Bye.

He hangs up slowly, sees Maxie frowning
at him worriedly.

142X2
CONT'D
(2)

Mike
What's the matter, Maxie?

Maxie (morosely)
I don't like Chicago. I gotta bad decision
here once.

Mike (wearily)
Go to sleep, Maxie.
(pats him comfortingly on the shoulder)
Open your eyes and go to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF QUICK DISSOLVES

143-147

1. Night. Mike on phone in hotel bedroom.
He says: "I'm in Boston." CAMERA PANS
SWIFTLY to the other bed to show Maxie.
He is flabbergasted.
2. Day. CLOSE SHOT of sports page, feat-
uring Mike's column - "Hagen's Corner"
-- date-lined Boston. It begins: "Mr.
Martin J. Daylor, who has had a fat
finger in every boxing scandal since
1945 -- "
3. Night. Mike on phone in hotel sit-
ting room. He says: "We just got in.
Cleveland." CAMERA PANS SWIFTLY to
Maxie - stunned.
4. Day. CLOSE SHOT - newspaper clipping -
Mike's column, date-lined Cleveland.
It begins: "Even here in Cleveland
the stench of Mart Daylor's activities
in the boxing game - " CAMERA PULLS
BACK, shows Marilla reading the clipping.
Sadly she starts to paste it in a scrap
book.
5. Night. Mike on phone in hotel bedroom.
He says: "Kansas City." CAMERA PANS
SWIFTLY to Maxie - terribly depressed.

DISSOLVE TO:

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HAMMERSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY - HAMMERSTEIN

148

is on the phone, Mike's copy in his hand.

Hammerstein (into phone)
Mike? I just read the stuff, it's great! Keep your
nose off the street and you may win the Pulitzer
Prize! Stick it out and Daylor'll chop it off!

DISSOLVE TO:

149 OUT

INT. DAYLOR'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY - DAYLOR

149X1

is having lunch, the hotel waiter just leaving.
Seated next to Daylor, but not lunching, is a
cold-eyed man named Steen, Daylor's assistant.
He is chewing out a nervous little guy, Milt,
who hovers over them anxiously trying to get a
word in. At a respectful distance Johnnie O.
lounges against the back of a sofa.

Steen (quiet but scathing)
You couldn't locate him in Kansas City, he wasn't in
Chicago, nobody saw him in Boston. What's Mr. Daylor
paying you for - to tell us where he isn't?

Milt
Now wait - please -
(pleadingly, to Daylor)
Mr. Daylor.

Daylor ignores him completely, picks delicately
at his plate.

Steen
Your job is to find Mike Hagen. Who've you got working
on it, a troupe of clowns?

Milt (injured, counting on his
fingers)
In Chicago was Joey Vulner, he's not a good guy? In
Boston was three boys with Louey Gasto, the best.
In Kansas City -

Steen (interrupting)
Never mind the excuses, give us some action!

Daylor (quietly)
You're wasting your time, Milt.
(Steen and Milt turn to him curiously)
You're looking all over the place and your eyes are
in the way. Hagen's not out of town. He's right here.

149X1
CONT'D
(2)

Steen
In New York? What makes you think?

Daylor
I'm guessing. And I'm guessing right. He's holed
up someplace, right under our noses. The trick is
to bring him out in the open.

Steen
Any ideas?

Daylor
I think so. Johnnie - ?
(Johnnie O. takes a step toward him)
Be in my office - tonight. Bring a couple of boys
with you.
(Johnnie O. nods)
And Johnnie - I want real good boys. Playtime is
over.

Johnnie O. nods again, ambles toward the door.

DISSOLVE TO:



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HOTEL SITTING ROOM - NIGHT - MIKE

150

Mike is working at the typewriter. Perched on the desk, one foot swinging casually, is Luke Coslow, the office boy. He is reading some typewritten pages of copy, smoking a cigar. On the other side of the room Maxie is working out with the heavy bag - a pillow which he has suspended by a cord in the bedroom doorway.

Coslow (tapping the copy;
importantly)
Not bad. Not bad at all. I like it.

He blows a smoke ring. Mike rips the page out of the typewriter, throws it at him.

Mike
You don't have to like it, just take it to the office.

Smiling superciliously, Coslow gathers the sheets together.

Coslow
Speaking of the office, old man, your wife called twice yesterday.
(Mike looks at him inquiringly)
She wanted to know where you were in Kansas City.

(he blows another ring)

Mike (impatiently)
Well?

Coslow
I gave her a cock and bull story. I said you were the type of man who skips around pretty fast and were apt to be almost anyplace.

Mike (sarcastically)
Thanks.

Coslow
She didn't seem too happy. Judging by her manner, old man, I'd say your marriage has an excellent chance of going on the rocks.



Suddenly Marilla sits up and takes the
phone from Gwen.

151
CONT'D
(2)

Marilla (into phone)
I'm here, I just don't want to talk! Good-bye,
Mike.

INTERCUT - MIKE AND MARILLA - ON PHONE

152

Mike
Wait a minute! What's going on?

Marilla
I'm packing, that's what's going on.

Mike (concerned)
Packing? Where are you going?

Marilla
Boston. The show's opening there tomorrow night.

Mike (relieved)
Oh, the show. Yeah.

Marilla
You wouldn't happen to be going to Boston tomorrow
by any chance?

Mike
No - no, I wouldn't be.

Marilla
I was sure you wouldn't. Good-bye.

Mike
Marilla, will you stop? What's the matter?

Marilla
It's funny you should ask that. Why should any-
thing be the matter? Of course I don't eat and
I don't sleep, but outside of that everything's
just dandy.
(she's on the verge of tears)

Mike
Now, listen - Marilla - please - . If you're
still worrying about that Lori Shannon business,
you've got the whole thing all wrong.

Marilla
I wouldn't have cared, if only you'd told me.

Mike
What was there to tell? I explained to you -

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Marilla (firmly)
All right, I've had enough of this. I'll ask
her myself.

152
CONT'D
(2)

Mike (swallows)
You do that, Marilla. I want you to.

Marilla
I will! Good-bye.
(she hangs up)



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HOTEL SITTING ROOM - MIKE

153

is hanging up - shaken. Quickly he opens the desk drawer, takes out an almost full bottle of Scotch and pours a generous drink in the water glass. Maxie has been squinting out the window.

Maxie
This ain't Detroit. It look like Chicago.
(he frowns on Mike)
Hey, Mr. Hagen - you punchy?

Mike (grimly)
I'm going to do my best.

He takes a swig of the drink.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT - SCOTCH BOTTLE

154

about one third empty.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
I had three quick ones, which did me no good at all.

The CAMERA HAS BEEN PULLING BACK. We see Mike staring into the middle-distance, another drink in his hand. He is not drunk - but certainly not sober. Maxie has gone back to punching the pillow again.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
But strangely enough after the fourth I found the solution to the whole problem.
(his face lights up)
I would see Lori, face to face that night, and fix up a story.
(he stands up, smiling)
Liquor, I have found, makes me very smart.
(his brow clouds)
First, of course, I had to get rid of Maxie.

He gives Maxie a crafty glance, then yawns hugely.

Mike (yawning)
Boy, am I beat.
(Maxie stops working out, looks at him.
Mike yawns again)
Guess I'll hit the hay, Maxie. Sleep.

He yawns once more, a real gaper, and goes into the bedroom. Maxie thinks things over for a moment - then he, too, yawns. He follows Mike into the bedroom.

154
CONT'D
(2)

BEDROOM - MIKE AND MAXIE

155

Mike is already under the covers, his eyes closed. Maxie stands by his own bed, yawns again and lies down. All at once his body stiffens a bit and he begins to stare at the ceiling.

Mike opens his eyes cautiously, steals a look at Maxie. Then he slides out from beneath the covers, fully clothed, slips into a pair of loafers, moves quietly over to Maxie. He passes a hand over Maxie's wide-opened eyes, to make sure he's asleep. Satisfied he heads toward the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

LORI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LORI

156

is seated on the living room sofa, with a bottle of silver nail polish which she is applying to Pierrot's toes. She, too, has been packing.

Lori's Voice (narrating)
I was doing Pierrot's nails when the bell rang.
(the doorbell rings - a long ring,
a short and another long)
It couldn't be, I thought.
(she rises, frowning, goes to the
door and opens the peep-hole)
But it was.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR - MIKE

157

starts to ring again.

LORI'S APARTMENT - LORI

opens the door. Mike slithers in.

158

Mike (breathing heavily)

158

CONT'D

(2)

Hy.

(Lori just looks at him)

I came up the stairs, I didn't want the elevator
boy to -

(he breaks off)

Have you got a drink?

Lori motions him toward the liquor cabinet.

Mike

Thanks.

He crosses to the cabinet, pours himself a
couple of fingers. Pierrot, meanwhile, is
capering around Mike, standing on his hind
legs begging for attention.

Mike (absently)

Hy, boy:

(he tosses off half the drink, turns to
Lori)

I guess you're sort of surprised to see me.

(no comment from Lori)

Mind if I sit down?

(she nods toward a chair. Mike sits
down, crossing his legs. Lori regards
him steadily)

What I came about -

(Pierrot begins tugging at the heel of
Mike's loafer, growling his play growl)

All right, that's enough boy. What I came about
was - will you stop?

Pierrot pulls the loafer off Mike's foot,
tries to get under the sofa with it. Lori
stops him.

Lori

Pierrot - no. Give. Give.

She retrieves the shoe, hands it back to Mike,
picks up Pierrot.

Mike (putting it on)

That dog has very bad habits.

Lori

There was a time when you thought it was funny.

Mike (embarrassed)

My sense of humor has changed.

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Lori carries Pierrot to the bedroom, places
him on the floor and shuts the door.

158
CONT'D
(3)

Lori
I thought you were out of town.

Mike
Yeah, a lot of people think so.
(he tosses off the rest of his drink)

Lori
Including your old friend Mart Daylor?
(he shoots her a quick look)
I've been reading your column. Where are you
hiding out?

Mike
Gage Hotel. Almost three weeks.

Lori
Your wife must be delighted.

Mike
She doesn't know. I didn't tell her.

Lori (nodding)
Ohh.

Mike
She thinks I'm - well, it's a big McGillah.

Lori
I'll bet it is.

Mike
Look, the reason I came - How's Marilla been acting
lately? Toward you.

Lori
About the same.

Mike
What does that mean?

Lori
I think she's getting ready to slug me.

Mike (takes a breath)
That's why I'm here. Marilla found a picture of
you. She thinks maybe - well, you know what she
thinks. Anyway, she's going to ask you about us.
So - I've got a story worked out.

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P.

Lori
This should be interesting. How does it open?

158
CONT'D
(4)

Mike
Well - you're a girl from Wisconsin.

Lori
Up to there it's very logical, I am.

Mike
Now, a friend of mine in Wisconsin - a half-back
on the Green Bay Packers, he -

Lori
What's that?

Mike
A football team. He sent me a picture of you and
asked if I could use my influence to get you a job
on radio - TV - anything. All right, you came to
my office - once! I told you I was sorry, there
was nothing I could do for you. That was the end
of the whole affair. But I forgot to throw out the
picture. That's how Marilla happened to find it.
(he looks at her hopefully)

Well?

Lori (flatly)
I don't believe it.

Mike
I don't expect you to believe it! All I want is
Marilla to believe it!

Lori
She won't believe it either.

Mike
Why?

Lori
I read something just like it once in a comic strip.
Even there they didn't believe it.

The phone rings. Lori picks it up.

Lori (into phone)
Hello? Yes? - Oh, hello.
(covers the phone)
It's Marilla.
(into phone)

Continued



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Lori (cont'd)
Where? Oh. Why - of course. Well, yes, I was in bed, but that's perfectly - . Well, could you give me a few minutes?

158
CONT'D
(5)

(Mike is getting very nervous)
All right.
(she hangs up, looks at Mike)

Mike
What, what, what?!

Lori (slowly)
She's in the lobby. She went out without her purse and wants to borrow cab fare.

Mike (leaps up)
You mean she's coming - ? You should have stopped her!

Lori
How? Tell her I don't have a dollar?

Mike
She doesn't want a dollar, she wants to find out -
(heading for the door)
I'll go down the stairs!

Lori
Fine. If you run into her tell her about the Green Bay Packers.
(he pulls up short, looks frantically for a way out. Lori points to the bedroom)
In there.

Mike (wets his lips)
Listen - that story, it'll work, I know it! Now get the facts straight! You're from Wisconsin! This fellow, his name was Nordley, Frank Nordley, he was a friend of yours! The Green Bay Packers! He -

The bell rings. Mike freezes, gives her one final look of entreaty and retreats hastily to the bedroom, closing the door behind him. Lori walks to the door, hesitates for a moment.

Lori's Voice (narrating)
I've played this scene before, I thought. In a blackout on the borscht circuit.

Lori (opens the door)
Come in.

Marilla (entering)
Hello, isn't this the silliest thing?
(she smiles disarmingly)
I'm terribly sorry.

158
CONT'D
(6)

Lori (murmurs)
Not at all.
(she shows her in to the room)

Marilla
We were all working at Zach's tonight and I decided the air would do me good. So I walked till I almost fell down and there I was - no purse. I hope you weren't asleep?

Lori
Oh, no.

Marilla (looking around)
What a charming place. Did you do it yourself?

LORI'S BEDROOM - MIKE 159

standing just behind the door. He opens it on a crack to listen. From the living room we HEAR the murmur of conversation. Mike puts his eye to the crack to take a look.

LORI'S LIVING ROOM - MARILLA 160

still surveying the room.

Marilla
I love your drapes and that desk is a dream.
(she takes a step toward the bedroom)

BEDROOM - MIKE 161

ducks quickly back behind the door. Then slowly he lowers himself to his hands and knees, places his ear to the crack about a foot above the floor.

Behind him, Pierrot on the bed, cocks his head to one side, watching this strange manoeuvre.

Lori (o.s.)
Could I get you a drink?

161
CONT'D
(2)

Marilla (o.s.)
No, thanks. Oh, I will have a cigarette.

LIVING ROOM - MARILLA AND LORI

162

Marilla is seated on the sofa, lighting a cigarette.

Lori
I'll get my purse.
(she goes to the table near the door)

Marilla (chattily)
Someday I'm going to design a purse that you can't forget. It'll have a little bell or something that tinkles madly whenever you leave it behind.

Lori (looking in her purse)
Good idea. Will five be enough?
(holds out a bill)

Marilla
Oh, heavens yes. It's only a mile or so.
(she takes it)
Thank you. You know, I have a real phobia about taxi drivers. I could have gone to the apartment and asked him to wait -
(she takes her purse out of her coat pocket, opens it to deposit the bill)
- but whenever I do that I'm always afraid they think I'm trying to cheat them or something. Do you feel like - ?

She breaks off, staring at the purse in her lap. Slowly she raises her eyes to Lori.
Lori has seen the purse, of course, but her expression doesn't even flicker.

Marilla (after a pause)
I could say I didn't know I had it -
(she places Lori's five dollars on the coffee table)
- but I'm a very bad liar, Miss Shannon. I suppose you've noticed that.

Lori (quietly)
Maybe you haven't had enough practice.

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BEDROOM - MIKE

163

kneeling on the floor listening. Suddenly Pierrot bounds off the bed and sprawls in front of his face, snapping and growling playfully.

Mike

Tssst!

He reaches out for the dog, who darts behind him and attacks his shoe, growling louder by the second. Mike whirls around to quiet him.

LIVING ROOM - MARILLA AND LORI

164

From the bedroom we HEAR the dog growling faintly.

Marilla

I came here tonight for a very definite reason - to ask you a question. At the moment I feel a perfect fool. So I've decided not to ask it. Tonight, or ever. I hope you'll forgive me.

Lori (smiles)

Of course.

BEDROOM - MIKE

165

The dog has a good hold of Mike's loafer now. Mike, hissing, tries to grab his muzzle. Maybe it's an accident, but Pierrot bites him. He scrambles to his feet with a muffled oath, leaving the shoe with Pierrot. The door swings open about six inches.

LIVING ROOM - MARILLA AND LORI

166

The dog is growling louder now. Lori pretends not to notice.

Marilla

Furthermore, I'd like to apologize for the way I've been acting lately.

Lori (murmurs)

I don't think I've been aware of anything.

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Marilla (surprised)
Really? I'm sure you must have noticed that twice
during the last couple of days, while pinning
material on you, I've jabbed you in the derriere.

166
CONT'D
(2)

Lori (vaguely)
Oh, that.

Marilla
I did it purposely.

Lori smiles her forgiveness.

BEDROOM - MIKE

167

is trying to corner Pierrot, who backs up with
the shoe in his mouth. He is having a grand
time.

Mike
Tsssst! Give!

He makes a dive for him, but Pierrot wriggles
away like an eel.

LIVING ROOM - MARILLA AND LORI

168

Marilla
Anyway, I'm sorry, and it won't happen again.
(the dog is really yapping it up now)
I had a silly idea I was supposed to be jealous of
you. Thank heaven I've come to my senses.
(she rises)
Please try to forget I ever came here tonight.

BEDROOM - MIKE

169

is in mid-air, making a flying tackle across
the bed at Pierrot. He misses, smashes into
the night table with his chin, and goes down
on the floor, the table and lamp crashing on
top of him.



LIVING ROOM - MARILLA AND LORI

170

Marilla who has just taken a step toward the door, stands frozen in her tracks. Bounding into the living room comes Pierrot with Mike's loafer in his mouth. He runs to Lori. Standing on his hind legs he presents it to her - with the sole up, showing a hole the size of a half dollar. Marilla looks at the loafer. Lori looks at Marilla. Marilla reaches for the loafer.

BEDROOM - MIKE

171

on the floor, is dazedly trying to extricate himself from the lamp cord. He struggles free, rises to his feet just as Marilla comes from the living room with the loafer in her hand. She stands in the doorway her eyes blazing.

Mike

Marilla! What are you doing here?

She leans back and flings the shoe at his head. Mike ducks, but the throw is high anyway. It goes over his head, crashes through the window. Marilla whirls out of the room, Mike stumbling after her.

Mike

Marilla!

DISSOLVE TO:

STREET - EXT. LORI'S APT. - NIGHT - A CITIZEN

172

is standing in the middle of the street, Mike's shoe in his hand. Obviously the shoe has hit his car and he is gazing up blankly up at the par apartment windows. He steps back in the car, the shoe still in his hand, just as Marilla comes flying out of the apartment house entrance. She looks around for a taxi, walks quickly toward the corner. Mike comes out, takes off after her, limping along on one loafer.

Mike

Marilla! Wait!
(he catches her)
Marilla, listen!

Marilla

Don't! Don't even touch me! Taxi!
(the cab goes on its way)

Mike
You musn't let appearances deceive you! Appear-
ances are very - I was up there, yes! And why?

172
CONT'D
(2)

The Citizen is an interested, but somewhat
confused spectator. He backs his car up, un-
decided what steps to take.

Marilla
I don't want to hear why! I don't want to hear
anything!
(she starts off again, Mike grabbing at
her)

Mike
Will you listen!

Marilla (shaking him off)
Let me go! How you could do this to me! How you
could -- Take your hands --!

The Citizen gets out of his car, still undecided.

Mike
Listen! When I called, when you said you were going
to ask Lori Shannon, I dropped over to see her!

Marilla
From Detroit! Taxi!

Another cab goes by.

Mike
I wasn't in Detroit! I haven't been - I've been
in a hotel for two weeks! Right here! I've been
hiding out!

(she stops, looks him straight in the
eye)
That's right! Hiding out!

A cab pulls up in the middle of the street,
waiting.

Marilla
Have you been drinking? Of course. A hotel
drinker!

Mike
Now wait!

Marilla
That's the way I met you - and that's the way I'm
leaving you. Good-bye!

She ducks quickly into the waiting cab, slams
the door in his face.

Mike

The cab pulls away. Mike stands in the street, looking after it, then limps toward the sidewalk. A cop steps out from a doorway, stands menacingly in his path. Mike stops in front of him, sticks a finger under his nose.

172
CONT'D
(3)

Mike (threateningly)
Look, Officer - I've got plenty of trouble tonight!
I don't need any from you!

He brushes past the cop, who gapes after him in amazement. The cop then turns slowly to the Citizen, who is standing around uncertainly, still holding Mike's shoe. The Citizen's car is parked in front of a fire hydrant. The cop begins to write out a ticket.

DISSOLVE TO:

HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT - MAXIE

173

lying on the bed in the same position we left him - staring at the ceiling.

Maxie's Voice (narrating)
I'm a fighter, you know, and a fighter need a lot of sleep so I'm sleepin' in the bed, and I'm dreamin' like. You know? And I don't know what happen, but all of a sudden I wake up.
(there is no change in Maxie's expression.
He just sits up with his eyes open)
I look aroun', I look inna bed for Mr. Hagen. But he ain't there so I don't see him.
(he starts for the sitting room)
So I think maybe he's inna parlor. So.

HOTEL SITTING ROOM - MAXIE

174

comes from the bedroom, looks all around.

Maxie's Voice (narrating)
I go look inna parlor, I look all aroun' good, but I don't find him. Boy, I say.

Maxie (flatly)
Boy.
(he starts toward the door)

Maxie's Voice (narrating)
So I think maybe he go downstairs. So.

DISSOLVE TO:

Designing Woman
Chgs.

9-7-56

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LOBBY - GAGE HOTEL - MAXIE

175

comes down the stairs and wanders through
the lobby, gazes around worriedly.

Maxie's Voice (narrating)
I go down the stairs to the lobby like, you know?
And I look all around. And I don't find him no
place. Holy smoke, I say.

Maxie (flatly)
Holy smoke.



A couple of late loungers are sitting around reading newspapers. As Maxie approaches one of them, the newspaper lowers and we SEE the round, oily countenance of Charlie Arneg - Charlie, the Sneak.

175
CONT'D
(2)

Arneg (in pleased surprise)
Hey - !
(he rises)
Ain't you Maxie Stulz?

Maxie
Thass right. Maxie Stulz. Thass right.

Arneg
You remember me? Charlie Arneg?

Maxie
Thass right, sure. You see Mike Hagen down here, Charlie?

Arneg (smiles; shakes his head)
No-o. Mike Hagen's in Detroit, Maxie.

Maxie (frowning)
Hah? Where?

Arneg
Detroit.
(Maxie ponders this)
Look, it says right here inna paper. See?
(he shows Maxie Mike's column)
Mike Hagen's in Detroit, Maxie.

Maxie (thinks it over; then)
Where am I, Charlie?

Arneg
In New York, Maxie.

Maxie
Then Mr. Hagen in New York, too.

Arneg (slowly)
Here? Inna hotel?

Maxie
He lefta room. I gotta protect him.

He leaves Charlie, starts toward the entrance.
Mike comes striding quickly through the door on one loafer, his head down.

Maxie
Hey, where you go, Mr. Hag -

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Mike (sotto; making a bee-line
for the elevator)
All right, all right! Upstairs!

175
CONT'D
(3)

Maxie (following)
You binna Detroit?

Mike
Yeah, yeah, come on!

CLOSE SHOT - CHARLIE ARNEG

176

with his newspaper stuck up in front of his
face. He lowers it slowly, peers furtively
in the direction Mike has gone.

Arneg's Voice (narrating)
There is a old saying which says it is not who you
know that matters in this world but what you know.
(he rises)

For instance, I know that Mike Hagen is hiding out
in the Gage Hotel.

(he walks toward the door)
This is a nice slice of information which dropped
in the right company could net me a bit of change.
A Ulysses S. Grant at least, or maybe even a Frank-
lin.

DISSOLVE TO:

176X1-180
OUT

A BAR AND GRILL - DAY - ARNEG

181

sitting at the end of the bar with a small
group of hoodlums.

Arneg's Voice (narrating)
Next day I start hangin' around with Mart Daylor's
boys. And over a couple of beers, which I invest
in with them -

(two of the characters are leaning close,
one confiding something out of the corner
of his mouth. Charlie, unnoticed, cocks
his ear to their conversation)
-- I learn something that is hot. Real hot. And
worth even more to Mike Hagen than I could get
from Mart Daylor.

He slides down off the stool, sidles toward
the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

182 OUT

HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - ARNEG

183

knocking quietly on the door of 406. The door opens and Maxie sticks his face out.

Arneg (a jovial whisper)
Hya, Maxie? Mr. Higginsbury here?

Maxie
Hah?

Arneg slips past him into the room.

HOTEL SITTING ROOM - ARNEG AND MAXIE

184

Arneg
Mr. Hagen, where is he?

Mike's Voice (o.s.)
Shut that door!

Mike walks into the scene as Maxie closes the door, fixes Arneg with a cold look.

Arneg
Hya, Mike boy!

Mike
How'd you know where I was?

Arneg (soothingly)
Relax, Mike boy. I meet Maxie in the lobby last night. Then I see you come in.

Mike
What d'you want?

Arneg
I got a slice of information for you. Very warm.
(he sits down, makes himself comfortable,
gives Mike a friendly smile)
I could let you have for a G. Cleveland.

Mike
I'd be delighted. What is a G. Cleveland?



Arneg (laughs)
It goes to show. A guy can have a diploma from college and know nothing in this world. G. Cleveland - Grover Cleveland - a old President of the United States -

184
CONT'D
(2)

(carefully)
- who they got his picture on a one thousand dollar note.

Mike stations himself between Arneg and the door.

Mike
I don't have a thousand dollars, Charlie. If I did I wouldn't blow it with a stoolie.

Arneg (hurt)
Nice talk. I come here to do you a favor, so I'm a stoolie. There's no gratitude in this world, believe me.

Mike
I suppose you've already sold Mart Daylor the information that I'm in this hotel?

Arneg
Would I do that? They're trying to put you on a slab, Mike. Would I do that to you?

Mike
In a flash.

Arneg (sadly)
All right. If that's the way you feel, there's no use talking business. But in case you're a little short I could let you have for a William McKinley.

Mike
If that's what I think it is, the answer is no.

Arneg (sighs)
Okay. Too bad I can't reach Mrs. Hagen in time.
(he pretends not to notice Mike's sudden tension)
Considering how warm this slice is, it's a very fair fee.

Mike
What's Mrs. Hagen got to do with this?

Arneg (examining his dirty fingernails)
William McKinly - old president of the U.S., cooled around nineteen hundred.
(he looks at Mike)
A half a grand.

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Mike (snarls)
I haven't got it on me! I'm not poor enough to
have that much on me!

184
CONT'D
(3)

Arneg (calming him)
All right, all right. I would take paper. Thirty
days.

Mike yanks the desk drawer open, pulls out a
piece of paper.

Mike
Is hotel stationery legal?

Arneg (spreading his hands)
Perfectly.

As Mike sits down to write, Arneg gets up
to peer over his shoulder.

Arneg
I promise to pay - Charles Arneg -
(Mike glances up bitterly)
- make it Charles, huh? Five hundred dollars.
Thirty days from date.

Mike finishes the signature hurriedly, thrusts
the paper at Arneg, who folds it carefully.

Mike
What about Mrs. Hagen?

Arneg (calmly)
Mart Daylor's boys are putting the snatch on Mrs.
Hagen tonight in Boston.

Mike leaps to his feet, grabs Arneg by the
lapels.

Mike
How do you know?

Arneg (shrugs)
I invest in a few beers with the correct people.
They can't find you, so they're grabbing the next
best thing, your wife. Right after the show.
They won't hold for ransom or anything old fashion.
Just tuck her away in a hideout for a couple days -
make a few scars, maybe.

Mike grabs the phone, nervously fumbles the
receiver off the hook. Quickly Arneg claps
his hand down over it.

Arneg
If you're calling the cops I think this is a bad move. Suppose the snatch is already on? The boys would have to dump your wife someplace. And when they dump her she may be very, very cold.

184
CONT'D
(4)

Mike hesitates a moment, then yanks the phone from Arneg's hand.

Mike (into phone)
Get me the Palace Theater in Boston! Backstage!
I'll talk to anybody!

Arneg
Well, that's the whole slice. So long, Mike boy.
(he starts toward the door)

Mike
Where do you think you're going?

Arneg
To the drug store, to invest in a malted.

Mike
With Mart Dayler, maybe? So you can earn another McKinley?

Arneg (terribly grieved)
Mike boy. A man has to make his way in this world, but a thing like that -
(he moves toward the door again, more quickly)

Mike (wells)
Maxie!
(he points at Arneg)
Cross-eyed!

Maxie snaps into his fighting crouch, moves in on Arneg, his jaw jutting out savagely.

Arneg (smiles nervously)
Maxie - Maxie boy -
(backing away; hands up)
You remember me? Charlie Arneg?

Maxie lashes out with a short left hook which catches Arneg in the solar plexus. He doubles up, his eyes glazed, then topples over, flat on his back.

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CLOSE SHOT - ARNEG

185

on the floor, eyes closed, out cold.

Arneg's Voice (narrating)
You can't trust nobody in this world.

FULL SHOT - HOTEL SITTING ROOM

186

Mike (into phone)
Hello! Hello? I want to speak to Mrs. Michael
Hagen! Marilla Brown! Right away!

BACKSTAGE - PALACE THEATER - ASSISTANT STAGE
MANAGER

187

a serious young ego-maniac with an exaggerated
idea of his importance is on the phone. From
o.s. we HEAR an opening chorus.

Ass't. Stage Manager (clipped)
Can't get her to the phone now. Curtain just went
up.

MIKE - ON PHONE

188

Mike (frantically)
Listen, this is her husband! I've got to talk to
her! It's a matter of life and death! Life and
death!

ASS'T. STAGE MANAGER - ON PHONE

189

Ass't. Stage Manager (into
phone)
Don't you understand? The curtain has just -
(we HEAR a blast from the receiver)
All right!

Very annoyed he drops the receiver and strides
into the wings, the CAMERA PANNING. He stops
beside Marilla, who is watching the show from
atop a high stool, whispers something in her
ear. Marilla shakes her head. He walks
quickly back to the phone, the CAMERA PANNING
him, picks up the receiver.

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Ass't. Stage Manager (into
phone)
Go and die!

189
CONT'D
(2)

He slams the receiver on the hook.

HOTEL SITTING ROOM - MIKE

190

Mike (into phone)
Listen, you - !
(he jiggles the hook)
Hello! Hello!
(he bangs the phone down, rushes across
the room and grabs a coat off a chair)
Maxie! Come on!

He throws the coat at Maxie, shoves him
toward the door.

Maxie
Wha'? Wha'?

Mike
We're going to Boston!

Maxie
Again?

Mike (pushing)
Move!

They rush out the door, stepping over Charlie
Arneg on the way.

DISSOLVE TO:

SHOT - A PLANE IN FLIGHT

191

winging through the night sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

STREET - NIGHT - "PALACE THEATER" - BOSTON

192

A black Cadillac pulls up near the marquee.
Three men alight, leaving the driver at the
wheel. One of the men is Johnnie O. He
nods toward the stage door alley. They
wander past it, casually casing the layout.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THEATER - IN THE WINGS

193

The assistant Stage Manager is running around getting the girls in place.

Ass't. Stage Manager (hissing)
First act finale! First act finale!

The girls run on, revealing Marilla still watching from the stool.

Marilla's Voice (narrating)
A matter of life and death.
(she tightens her lips)
There was a Hagenism if I ever heard one.

Lori appears behind her, adjusting her gown. She waits for her cue, walks past Marilla onto the stage. Marilla sees her, promptly gets down off the stool and starts away. Randy Owen puts out a restraining hand.

Randy
Will you please take a look at this dress? I don't think she can walk in it.

Marilla (coldly)
I wouldn't care if she fell flat on her face.

She walks away. Randy grits his teeth.

DISSOLVE TO:

CHORUS DRESSING ROOM - MARILLA

194

is supervising the repair of a piece of ripped finery. There is great hubub in the room, all the girls talking at once. One of the girls turns from the door, says something to Marilla. Marilla drops what she's doing, goes to the door. Zachary is standing just outside.

Zachary (worriedly)
There's something the matter with her next change, they can't fix it. Will you look at it?

Marilla
Zachary, when I agreed to come up here I told you --

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194
CONT'D
(2)

195

walks across the corridor, pushes open Lori's dressing room door without knocking.

196

Wardrobe Woman (in tears)
Oh, Miss Brown! They cleaned the dress and tacked
it back I don't know how!

In the first place Lori (eyeing Marilla)

Wardrobe Woman (wringing her hands)
She's got to be cut up the back!

She advances on Lori, who doesn't budge an inch.

Lori (calmly)

Right here, I think.
(she indicates the small of her back,
turns slowly around - her back to Marilla)

You can go, Evelyn, Miss Brown will take care of me.

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P..

The wardrobe woman leaves. Marilla, a little amazed at Lori's coolness under fire, snips a stitch in the back of the dress, making a big noise with the shears. Lori doesn't move a muscle. Marilla snips again - louder.

196
CONT'D
(2)

Lori (quietly)

Shall we talk?

Marilla

Let's. What about?

Lori

Let's talk about Michael Hagen.

Marilla

All right. You first.

Lori

Of course I knew Mike. I knew him very well. But I lost him when you came along. He's quite a man, Mike Hagen. No saint, of course, but you must have suspected that before you married him. Maybe, even, that was why you married him.

Marilla

Touche.

(she snips again)

Lori

I don't think you minded at all that he'd once been in love with another woman. You just couldn't take meeting her.

Marilla (ironically)

Small-minded.

Lori (nods)

It could be your early upbringing.

Marilla is astounded at this impudence.

Marilla

You realize, of course, I have a weapon in my hand.

(she snips once more. No reaction from

Lori)

Would it be small-minded to ask what my husband was doing in your apartment? At night? Pie-eyed?

Lori (purring)

Cut one more stitch and I think we'll have it.

(Marilla weighs the shears thoughtfully - then cuts the stitch)

Mike was never out of town, you know. He was in New York all the time.

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P.

Lori
Did he tell you why?

196
CONT'D
(3)

Marilla
He tried to.

Lori
You should have listened. Not that you'd care for it. I'm sure you could never stand for anything that approached physical violence.

Marilla
Up to the moment, no -
(she twirls the shears)
- but I'm beginning to find the prospect very alluring.

Lori
Bully for you.

Marilla
What are we talking about?

Lori
We're talking about Mike - and you. If you want to hang on to a man like Mike, you can't be a sissy, Miss Brown. You've got to grow up. You've got to learn to fight right along with him.

Marilla
We've had no trouble on that score.

Lori
I said with him, not against him.

Marilla (impatiently)
I heard what you said. But I still haven't heard what my husband was doing - shoeless - in your apartment!

Lori (after a slight pause)
Are you ready?

Marilla
Ready.

Lori
He came that night to make up a lie about us. Give him a chance and he'll tell it to you. A real dilly. You'll enjoy it.

Marilla
Give me a hint.

Lori (shakes her head)
I wouldn't want to spoil it for you. But if I were you I'd believe it. After all, he's only lying about something that happened before he met you. He has nothing to lie about since. Take my word for it.

196
CONT'D
(4)

Lori's obvious sincerity has its effect on Marilla. She looks at her strangely. Then she drops the shears, begins to sew up the dress.

Lori (softly)
That's what I'd like to find sometime. A man who loved me so much that he'd do almost anything - no matter how silly - just so I'd never be hurt. That's what I've been looking for. And I darn near had it.

There is a pause. Marilla, with a suggestion of tears in her eyes, hurriedly breaks off the thread.

Marilla
It's all right now, Miss Shannon.

Lori turns slowly and looks at Marilla.

Lori (smiles)
Thank you, Mrs. Hagen.

She turns and walks quickly through the door.

CORRIDOR - LORI

197

comes out of the room and takes a few steps. Then she stops and places a hand against the wall for support, takes a deep breath, eyes closed.

Lori's Voice (narrating)
I don't mind wrestling with men, but heaven protect me from a jealous woman.
(she pulls herself together, continues on her way)

DISSOLVE TO:

BACKSTAGE - LATER - MARILLA

198

The show still going on. Marilla's eyes are on the stage, but her mind is far away.

Zachary (coming to her)
Where are you?

198
CONT'D
(2)

Marilla (smiles)
In New York - with Mike.

Zachary
Why don't you leave right now? Everything's fine
here.

Marilla
Thank you, Zach.

She gives him a grateful look and leaves.

INT. STAGE ENTRANCE - MARILLA

199

comes off the stage, and starts toward the
dressing rooms. Johnnie O., who has been
lounging in the entrance, steps to her side.

Johnnie O.
Mrs. Hagen - ?
(she stops)
I'm Johnnie O. We was introduced by your husband.

Marilla (delighted)
Of course.
(she puts out her hand)
How are you, Mr. O.?

He looks around, moves her to a relatively
quiet corner.

Johnnie O.
Mrs. Hagen - your husband's in trouble.

Marilla (startled)
Trouble? What kind of trouble?

Johnnie O.
Bad. A matter of life and death.

Marilla
Oh, no!



Johnnie O.

He wants to see you, Mrs. Hagen. You see, he's been hiding out, printing those articles about Mr. Daley - and some very rough people have the finger on him. I could take you to him right away. There's a plane in twenty minutes.

199
CONT'D
(2)

Marilla (whimpering)

Please! Oh, please!

Johnnie O. puts a hand on her elbow, steers her to the stage door.

EXT. ALLEY - STAGE DOOR - THE BLACK LIMOUSINE

200

is pulled up at the stage door in the alley, the motor running. Marilla and Johnnie O. exit from the theater. He opens the car door to help her in.

INT. CAR - MARILLA

201

just stepping in, spies two hoods sitting behind the driver. She hesitates, turns to question Johnnie O. Suddenly she is shoved violently from behind, pitches forward into the car. As she opens her mouth to scream a handkerchief is jammed between her teeth. Johnnie O. piles into the car, slams the door. The car takes off with a screech of tires.

EXT. ALLEY - THE BLACK LIMOUSINE

202

roaring toward the street. A cab turns sharply in from the mouth of the alley, crashes head-on into the limousine. The doors of the two cars fly open, Mike and Maxie spilling out of the cab, the hoodlums out of the limousine. Johnnie O. tries to make his escape, but Mike aims a quick punch at him, sends him sprawling against the wall.

Mike (yelling)

Maxie! Protection!

Maxie slams into the hoods, fists flying. The fight is on. Mike takes on Johnnie O. personally, finds himself out-numbered, one to one, and receives two terrible jolts to the chin. Maxie takes time out to lend Mike a hand, clips Johnnie O. beautifully on the button and piles back into his other customers.

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P.

Marilla scrambles out of the limousine,
stumbles toward the stage door.

202
CONT'D
(2)

Marilla (screaming)

Help! Help!

Cab Driver (surveying his
damaged cab; outraged)
Looka my cab, what he done!
(to Mike)
I'm wit' you, buddy!

He jumps into the fight, picks out a hood and begins pummeling him lustily. Somewhere a police whistle is blowing. Out the stage door come the show people. First to appear are two burly staghands. They size up the situation quickly and jump into the fracas. Maxie sees them coming, knocks the first one flat. The second, seeing his partner go down, turns on Maxie. Maxie flattens him, too, looks around for new fields to conquer and finds it in Lushy-Hair, the musical director, who is just coming out the door. Maxie floors him with a knock to the head.

Meanwhile Johnnie O. has struggled back into the melee, helps out the hood who is beating up on Mike. Maxie starts to Mike's assistance, but is temporarily delayed while he clobbers an electrician, dropping him with a quick one-two. When he reaches Mike's side he evens things up by cracking two of the hoodlums, then wheels away to take on the new arrivals from the stage door. Mike, grappling with Johnnie O. sees what Maxie is doing, is horrified.

Mike's Voice (narrating)
I realized what was happening! Maxie couldn't tell the good guys from the bad!

Zachary Wilde appears, puts up his hands to join in the fray, looking for a target.
Maxie hauls off on him.

Mike (screams)

Maxie! No!

Maxie smashes Zachary a stunning body blow which drops him like a stone. Marilla, near the stage door, is looking on horrified.

Marilla (screaming)

Mike!

Mike takes a terrific clout from somebody and lands right at her feet. One of the hoods leaps on his back. Marilla reaches down, tries to pry him off.

202

CONT'D

(3)

Marilla

You let him alone! - You - !

Mike rolls away from beneath the hood, who rises suddenly, slamming Marilla against the wall. She clears her head with a quick shake, glares menacingly around the alley. Then she stalks into the fight, blood in her eye, looking for someone to punch. She finds it in the person of Johnnie O., who is busy at the moment with the cab driver. She circles around, waiting for an opening. Johnnie O. drops the cab driver with a sharp hook and turns in her direction. Marilla sees her opportunity. Raising a small fist high over her head she brings it down on Johnnie O.'s forehead. It has all the effect of a butterfly bashing an elephant. Marilla stands back, waiting for him to fall. He looks at her blankly for a second, then putting his hand over her face, shoves her backward head over heels. She brings up against the wall again, and this time when she rises she is really mad. Gritting her teeth she flings herself into the melee. The alley is full of flying fists. Maxie is all over the place, banging the good guys and the bad indiscriminately.

From the stage door comes Randy Owen. Coolly he looks over the situation. Savagely Maxie leans back to clop him one. Coolly Randy swings his leg up and catches Maxie under the chin.

Maxie (hoarsely)

Foul!

He goes down with his hands clutching his belly.

Randy seems to realize what the score is. He chooses one of the hoodlums - Johnnie O., who is about to pulverize Mike - and slams into him with a grand jeté. Johnnie O. crashes headlong into the brick wall. Randy then pirouettes quickly into a well-timed plié-au-coronne to give the knee to another hood, who croaks like a frog. In an attitude renversée Randy boots a third in the mid-section, finishing the movement with a rond de jambe on Johnnie O.'s chest. The fourth hood makes a lunge at him. Randy's foot comes up in a high arc, catches the hood in the side of the head,

The four hoods are on the ground now, struggling to rise. Randy whirls quickly on the first, delivers an entrechat to the chin, crisscrossing his feet five times. The hood's teeth rattle like beans in a pot. He flops on his face. The other three hoods receive the same treatment - entrechats beautifully executed and with telling accuracy. One by one the hoods sink down, to rise no more.

202
CONT'D
(4)

The fight is over. The alley looks like a battle field. Mike sways toward Randy, his hand outstretched. Before he can reach him he stumbles, falls on his face. Five cops rush in from the street and start arresting people, friend and foe alike. Marilla runs to Mike, throws herself down beside him.

Marilla (cradling him)
Mike! Are you all right, darling?

Mike
Sure, sure. How about you?

Marilla (her nose bleeding)
I'm just fine. Oh, Mike!

A couple of chorus girls have arrived, staring in amazement at the excitement in the alley. Randy shoos them back inside the theater.

Randy (pointing, imperiously)
Back, back, back!

Explanations are flying thick and fast around the puzzled cops. Maxie is wandering around, clenching his hands over his head in a salute of victory. Zachary Wilde, protesting mildly, is being herded into the police car.



Designing Woman
Chgs

9-4-56

P. 156

Mike

Now look - right now, before anything, I want to
straighten you out on the Lori Shannon thing.

202
CONT'D
(5)

Marilla (swiftly)

No! You don't have to, Mike! Believe me!

Mike

I want to. Now listen.

(for a brief moment it seems he is going
to tell the truth. Then:)

Lori Shannon comes from Wisconsin. A friend of
mine there - on the Green Bay Packers - he sent
me a picture of her, asked if I could use my
influence -

203-204
OUT

CLOSE SHOT - MARILIA - OVER MIKE'S SHOULDER

205

listening to the story, her eyes widening
slowly. We HEAR Mike's voice faintly as he
goes on with the story.



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Marilla's Voice (narrating)
Lori was right. It was a real dilly. 205
CONT'D
(2)

TWO SHOT - MARILLA AND MIKE

206

Mike (finishing)
But I forgot to get rid of the picture, and that's
how you found it. See?

Marilla's arms go around him again.

Marilla (softly)
Mike, darling - why didn't you tell me this before?

She bites him gently on the ear.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT - MIKE

207

at his typewriter. (See Scene 6X1).

Mike (into CAMERA)
Just for the record - Mart Daylor was convicted and
sentenced to three to five years. He was released
after eight months for good behavior. But his
reputation as a crook was ruined and he faded into
obscurity.

CLOSE SHOT - MARILLA

208

at her easel. (See Scene 6X2).

Marilla (into CAMERA)
Mike and I are still together, of course. We
never argue any more, and when we do it never
lasts more than a week or two. We're very happily
married. We don't often mention Lori Shannon in
our household, but I understand she's quite happy,
too.

CLOSE SHOT - LORI AND ZACHARY

209

backstage. (See Scene 6X4). She is sitting on
the arm of his chair. Zachary looks a bit
uncomfortable. The CAMERA IS PULLING BACK
slowly.

SUMMARY

DESIGNING WOMAN

No. 3

(Script dated: 7-23-56
Run: 7-30-56)

Due to the excessive expense of re-running entire script merely in order to obtain consecutive page numbers, the script with its changes will not be re-run, but herewith in front and back of the script you will find a summary of the total number of pages in the script.

9-6-56	Total number of pages in script including revisions to date, and based on 63 lines per page.	142
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(Script completed: 7-30-56)

THE END

