

"GENTLEMAN JIM CORBETT"

5/5/42

PART I

2ND REV. TEMP.

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1 SCRIPT

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"GENTLEMAN JIM CORBETT"

Screenplay by

VINCENT LAWRENCE & HORACE McCOY

* * *

Producer

Robert Buckner

CAST OF CHARACTERS

"GENTLEMAN JIM" CORBETT

A young Irish-American bank clerk of the tough side of San Francisco known as "South o' the Slot"; self-educated, ambitious, with a good sense of humor and instinctively well-bred.

VICTORIA ("VICKI") WARE

Daughter of a Nob Hill millionaire, who was an ex-minor in the Gold Rush Days. Good-looking, a born rebel against anything formal or phoney; a secret fight-fan, a girl born years ahead of her time in many ways; a strong and highly individual character.

BUCK WARE

Vicki's father, a self-made man, a typical San Francisco nabob; a rough diamond with an intense devotion to his one child, and next to that The Olympic Club.

PAT CORBETT

Jim's father, a bandy little Irish cab-driver, spunky, tough, loyal, and afraid of nothing on Earth.

MA CORBETT

Jim's mother, a good Irish woman with no pretenses, runs her house and all the family with equal firmness and love.

WALTER LOWRIE

Jim's closest friend, a boyhood pal and his fellow-clerk in the bank; a nice-looking, level-headed young man with an unshakeable loyalty to Jim.

CAST OF CHARACTERS (CONT.)

FATHER BURKE

The Corbett's parish priest, a regular fellow, open-minded, muscular, an old friend of the family.

CARLETON DE WITT

A young San Francisco clubman of means and family; anywhere between 25 and 35; born to wealth but a good sort of chap in a dull way; handsome, very business-like, a bit slow on the uptake, and in love with Vicki.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN

The great, one-and-only John L., the "Boston Strong Boy"; a huge man, very strong and quick as a cat; coarse, loud-mouthed, very vain; wears a thick handlebar moustache.

"RUBY BOB" FITZSIMMONS

The Australian Cockney, a thin beanpole of a fighter with broad shoulders and very long arms; almost bald, extremely freckled on face and body; a clever fighter with a punishing punch.

HARRY WATSON

The English boxing-master of the Olympic Club, a middle-aged man, not necessarily a good boxer; a soft-spoken, almost gentlemanly type, but ring-wise and canny. *

HARRY CORBETT
and GEORGE CORBETT

Jim's older brothers, big, heavy-set men of 35 or so; longshoremen types, rough and ready Irishmen.

FADE IN

1. AFTER THE TRADEMARK FADES OUT, we OPEN ON A BACKGROUND of a San Francisco cable car of the 1890's slowly descending a steep San Francisco hill. The car is of the type with two long seats, back to back, facing outward. It is NIGHT. OVER THIS MOVING BACKGROUND THE CREDIT TITLES DISSOLVE IN AND OUT. As the CREDIT TITLE "with ERROL FLYNN" appears on the screen, the CABLE CAR STOPS, and Flynn, dressed in the clothes of the period, as the character of JIM CORBETT, and a friend WALTER LOWRIE, board the cable car. The car moves on again. They take their seats, facing CAMERA, and the other CREDIT TITLES continue to DISSOLVE IN AND OUT. During this, however, the car stops once or twice to permit other passengers to board the car - including a woman dressed in the costume of the period, a young girl, and perhaps some boys and men. The CABLE CAR has almost reached the bottom of the hill as the LAST CREDIT TITLE DISSOLVES OUT AND INTO:

2. EXT. BOTTOM OF THE HILL THE CABLE CAR NIGHT

The street at the bottom of the hill is Market Street in San Francisco. The car stops on the turntable and the conductor calls.

CONDUCTOR:

All out. Change to Market Street
Line for the ferries --

All the passengers alight, including Lowrie and Corbett. CAMERA PANS WITH them as they start walking up Market Street.

DISSOLVE TO:

3. EXT. POST STREET FULL PANNING SHOT NIGHT

Corbett and Lowrie are walking up the street, talking quietly and amiably, clearly old friends. It is not necessary to hear their dialogue. The street is crowded as they make their way toward the CAMERA. Suddenly Corbett stops, looks curiously off. CAMERA SWINGS AWAY FROM THEM TO:

4. LONG SHOT EXT. OLYMPIC CLUB EXT. (CORBETT'S POINT OF VIEW)

It is brilliantly lighted. Surging about the sidewalks in front of the club, crowds are being held back by policemen, in long coats and dome hats of the period, watching the arrivals in luxurious carriages. It is the opening of the new Olympic Club, a social event of great importance in the history of San Francisco. The GAY DANCE MUSIC OF A FULL ORCHESTRA is heard from within the brilliantly lighted club throughout the remainder of this sequence.

5. CLOSER SHOT PORTION OF THE CROWD

Corbett and Lowrie enter scene, looking curiously about. In the f.g. a big Irish policeman is still trying to keep the crowd in order, as a carriage arrives with a handsome man in his fifties and a beautifully dressed woman.

VOICE IN THE CROWD:
That's the Governor!

This bit of information creates a buzz of excitement, and a few of the onlookers applaud the Governor. CAMERA MOVES THRU THE CROWD TO A:

6. CLOSER VIEW THE GOVERNOR AND HIS WIFE

- as they start up the steps, cordially acknowledging the greetings and applause from the crowd.

7. TOP OF STEPS SHOOTING TOWARD INT. OF CLUB

The luxury of the entrance hall is clearly suggested in this scene. It is the last word in elegance of the era. A uniformed doorman stands at the entrance receiving the invitations of the guests. Governor Stanford and his wife enter and present their invitation. The MUSIC FROM WITHIN THE CLUB IS STRONGER NOW. As the doorman starts to open the invitation:

8. INSERT: INVITATION HELD IN DOORMAN'S HANDS

As he removes card from the envelope, we read the handsomely engraved card, embossed with the Olympic Club's crest:

(CONTINUED)

8 (Cont.)

Admit Bearer

(Then hand-written in a flowing script)

GOVERNOR & MRS. LELAND STANFORD.

TO THE

FORMAL OPENING

OF THE

NEW OLYMPIC CLUB

520 Post Street
San FranciscoFriday Evening
April 14, 1888

9. REVERSE ANGLE SHOOTING DOWN TO SIDEWALK FROM TOP OF STEPS

Governor Stanford, Mrs. Stanford and doorman in f.g. as the doorman hands them back their invitation and they pass out of scene. CAMERA MOVES FORWARD AND TILTS TO SHOOT DOWN as other carriages arrive and the sea of faces on the sidewalk and curb watch each arrival with increasing excitement. The outside doorman receives and announces the new arrivals to the head butler just inside the door. (This business is optional atmosphere to be used if needed and intercut as required.)

VOICE OF FOOTMAN:

(announcing arrivals)

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker --

Mr. and Mrs. Collis Huntington --

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Sutro...

These people are all dressed in the height of fashion of the period. Their carriages are the epitome of splendor. As they ascend the steps, there is laughter and gaiety, mingled with the MUSIC from the interior of the club. This is one of the important social events of the season. The crowd applauds most of them lightly, decorously, but definitely not in the accepted 1942 manner, as emotions and excitement were more restrained in those days, and in the presence of such splendor, even the man-in-the-street knew his manners.

10. EXT. PORTION OF CROWD FAVORING CORBETT AND LOWRIE

Corbett and Lowrie have now worked themselves closer to the entrance. A big, burly cop is still trying to keep

(CONTINUED)

10 (Cont.)

the crowd in order, but Jim is determined to get closer. Corbett, even this early, is a fellow who doesn't like to be shoved around, even with reason. He is good-natured but a bit cocky, independent and Irish. Lowrie is a little more circumspect and impressed by the grandeur of the occasion.

COP:

(pushing Jim)

Get back! Get back!

CORBETT:

(half smiling, half
in earnest)

Well, you don't have to get tough about it, Mac. We're not doing any harm.

COP:

Come on, come on - none o' your lip, young feller. Get back where you belong.

(he keeps pushing
with his stick)

CORBETT:

(the smile begins
to fade)

What's the idea? You working on a promotion?

LOWRIE:

(tugs his sleeve)

Come on, Jim.

11. CLOSE SHOT CORBETT AND LOWRIE

CORBETT:

Hear what he said -- "get back where you belong."

LOWRIE:

(trying to get Jim
to leave)

Aw, that's just cop talk. They open their mouths and it drops out.

Corbett looks up toward the brilliantly lit front of the Olympic Club, listening to the music from the ballroom. He is not resentful, just thoughtful.

CORBETT:

Nobody "belongs" out here who's smart enough - or lucky enough - to get inside.

(CONTINUED)

11 (Cont.)

LOWRIE:

(amused)

Sure - but staying might be something else.

JIM:

If I ever got in I'd stay - at least long as I wanted anything out of it.

CAMERA PANS TO INCLUDE the Big Cop, who hears this and turns around facing Corbett, with a smile.

COP:

Will you give me an invite, young fellow, when you get in?

CORBETT:

(confidently)

Sure. The name is Corbett. Jim Corbett, remember it.

COP:

Jim Corbett. I'll be looking you up, Mr. Corbett.

He gives Jim a horse laugh, as he moves away to attend to his duties.

VOICE OF FOOTMAN:

(offscene)

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mackay.

The sound of the crowd cheering is heard.

LOWRIE:

(turns to Jim who is still peering off interestedly)

She's late.

CORBETT:

(absentmindedly)

Who's late?

LOWRIE:

Miss Ware, who do you think?

Jim turns to look at Lowrie, interestedly amused by his friend's anxiety.

CORBETT:

Oh. So that's why you came this way.

(CONTINUED)

LOWRIE:

(anxiously)

You think she's coming, don't you?
I mean, she's probably a member -- ?

CORBETT:

Is that all you're hanging around here for?

LOWRIE:

I'd stand here all night just to see her go in.

CORBETT:

(grins)

Boy, you've really got it bad, haven't you?

Lowrie makes a move to edge closer to the entrance and Corbett follows, amused and indifferent.

12. ANOTHER ANGLE

- as Corbett and Lowrie move closer to the entrance. Corbett turns to Lowrie after a moment.

CORBETT:

(smiles and shakes his head, then)

Look, if you want to meet anybody this bad, why don't you introduce yourself when she comes in the bank?

LOWRIE:

What would she want to meet me for?

As another carriage drives up, there is an excitement about the crowd. Lowrie turns to look off.

LOWRIE:

Look - here she is! Here she is!

Jim turns to look in the direction indicated.

13. EXT. ENTRANCE TO OLYMPIC CLUB

Seated in the carriage are Henry Ware, a self-made San Francisco millionaire, a typical San Francisco nabob;

(CONTINUED)

13 (Cont.)

and his beautiful daughter VICKI WARE. Vicki is stunningly and expensively dressed -- her beauty is natural and she is young. This delightful combination causes the crowd to cheer and many oh's and ah's are heard as she starts to get out of the carriage. She acknowledges the crowd's admiration with a gracious smile.

14. CLOSE SHOT CORBETT AND LOWRIE

CORBETT:

(taking Lowrie's arm,
kiddingly)

Come on, I'll introduce you --
maybe she'll invite us both in.

LOWRIE:

(frightened, holding
Corbett back)

Hey! Are you crazy! Jim!

COP:

(moving into scene)

Get back there --

(sees it's Corbett
again, smiles)

Oh, pardon me, Mr. Corbett,
pardon me, sir.

The cop laughs again and moves out of scene.

15. CLOSER SHOT FAVORING LOWRIE

He sighs deeply as he looks after the girl with a romantic far-away look in his eye.

LOWRIE:

She's beautiful -- she's wonderful --

CORBETT:

(the practical pal)

Don't be a sap, Walter. Far as
we're concerned she's just another
face outside a bank cage.

(starts away)

Come on - I'll show you something
our style over in Oakland -- even
better-looking --

As he moves away, Lowrie follows slowly, glancing back
at Vicki over his shoulder with big moonstruck eyes.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

16. EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET DAY
FRONT OF "COMSTOCK BANK & TRUST COMPANY"

This is a small and narrow building, already old with age, but with an air of solid wealth and respectability. People pass by, and we hear the clatter of hooves and wheels on the cobbled streets.

DISSOLVE TO:

17. INT. COMSTOCK BANK FULL MOVING SHOT

This is the small but picturesque interior of a bank of that period: the old cages, the clock on the wall that reads 12:05, the old bannisters with the carved newel post dividing the cubicles of the officers. CAMERA MOVES FORWARD to a SIGN ON A CAGE which reads: MR. JAMES J. CORBETT.

18. MED. SHOT BEHIND CAGE CORBETT AND LOWRIE

Corbett and Lowrie are engaged in their drab routine duties as bank tellers. Their cages are separated by a wire partition, but they are close together as they work. Corbett is dressed in a faded alpaca coat with its dust-sleeves, the old pen wiper on the desk, the heavy-coiled spring that holds the pens, the rickety stool with one rung braced by twisted wire, the strange high collar, a typical Brooks Bros. layout of the 1890's.

CORBETT:

Did you read what the Chronicle said about the opening -- Most beautiful club in the country.

LOWRIE:

Did you read what they said about her? Most beautiful woman there.

CORBETT:

I lay awake all night trying to think of somebody I know who knows somebody that belongs.

LOWRIE:

What for?

CORBETT:

I want to get inside and see the place.

(CONTINUED)

18 (Cont.)

CORBETT: (Cont.)

They say the bar's got it all over
the Palace - and there's a gymnasium --
(he stops as a customer
comes up to the window)
Good morning, Mister Hearst --

CUSTOMER:

Morning, Jim . . .

19. EXT. BANK MED. FULL SHOT

DAY

A hansom cab pulls into the scene and stops before the bank. The grey-haired driver, PAT, a likeable old Irishman, gets down and opens the door. VICKI steps out. She is expensively dressed in excellent taste.

VICKI:

Will you wait, please? I'll only
be a minute.

PAT:

(touches hat)

Yes ma'am -- take your time.

(he pulls a folded
paper from a pocket)

I ain't even finished the mornin'
paper.

She smiles in good-natured amusement and turns away.

20. INT. BANK SHOOTING TOWARD ENTRANCE DOOR

as Vicki enters. CAMERA PULLS BACK WITH HER as she moves past the line of cages. She finally stops at a cage, getting in line behind two depositors. The CAMERA STOPS IN A:

21. MED. SHOT CAGES

We see the sign on the cage: MR. JAMES J. CORBETT. In the next cage is Lowrie, but nobody is in line at his window. Corbett, busy, has not yet seen Vicki. Lowrie, who has an eye only for Vicki, calls out politely, trying to curb his excitement.

LOWRIE:

If you'd care to step over here,
please --

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont.)

But before Vicki can move (if she ever intended to) two people from Corbett's line accept the invitation and step over to Lowrie's cage, leaving Vicki next-in-line at Corbett's.

22. CLOSE SHOT LOWRIE IN CAGE

He gives a quick reaction of disappointment at the way his scheme has backfired.

23. ANGLE SHOT FAVORING CORBETT AND LOWRIE

Corbett looks at Lowrie with a wry smile, as Vicki steps in and pushes a check under the slot of Corbett's cage. Their relation is simply that of a bank customer and a teller, friendly but impersonal.

CORBETT:

Good morning, Miss Ware.

VICKI:

Good morning.

24. MED. SHOT CORBETT AND VICKI

CORBETT:

How do you want this, Miss Ware -- large bills?

VICKI:

No, all in silver, please.

Corbett looks at her, then starts to count the big silver coins, piling them up.

CORBETT:

This is going to be a pretty big stack of cartwheels, Miss Ware. Think you can carry 'em all right?

25. CLOSEUP VICKI

A little flicker of uncertainty as she looks at the silver.

VICKI:

Oh, I should have brought a handbag.

(smiles in casual explanation)

Father's in a big poker game at the club and they won't play with anything but these --

26. NEED. TWO SHOT FAVORING CORBETT

The silver dollars which Corbett has counted out are on the counter in front of him. They look to weigh at least 10 pounds. Corbett looks at the money and then at the girl. He gets the idea -- here is a chance to see the Olympic Club. He glances toward Lowrie, then as the idea grows, he becomes more animated, but tries to sound casual as he speaks:

CORBETT:

Your father's playing at the club now?

VICKI:

(lightly)

Yes. And losing, probably.

Corbett glances toward the clock on the wall. CAMERA SWINGS TO CLOCK - The hands point to 12:15.

CORBETT'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

Well, it's my lunch time. I'll be glad to take this over for you.

27. ANGLE FAVORING VICKI

- at the teller's window, with Corbett's name prominent in this shot.

VICKI:

Oh, I think I could take it if I had something to carry it in -- but --

(glances at his name over window)

-- thank you anyway, Mr. Corbett.

CORBETT:

(persists)

Now really, it's no trouble at all. If you'll just wait a second I'll be right with you --

He is slipping off his alpaca coat as he talks glibly, coming her into it.

28. CLOSEUP VICKI

as she looks at Corbett a little puzzledly thru the cage window while he changes coats and slips off his sleeve-guards. She is faintly amused and uncertain. Is this just a polite young bank clerk, or a smart pickup?

29. CLOSEUP LOWRIE

- as he too looks at Corbett in surprise, then at Vicki and back to his friend. Is this the fellow who was kidding him about Vicki? Is this his pal, crossing him up? What's going on here?

30. CLOSEUP CORBETT

His back is partly turned to the other two as he puts on his street coat and straightens his necktie. He is smiling slightly to himself with the pleased look of a guy who is about to pull off a smart piece of business.

WIPE TO:

31. EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF BANK MED. SHOT PAT
ON TOP OF HANSON CAB

He has climbed back on top of his cab and is reading his newspaper. Suddenly from the corner of his eye he sees something offscene, from entrance of bank. He starts to put his paper away, then does a quick double-take of surprise.

32. REVERSE ANGLE ENTRANCE TO BANK

- as Corbett exits with Vicki. He is dressed in street clothes and carries the money in a small leather hand-bag. They cross the sidewalk toward the cab, with Corbett hurrying ahead to open the cab door.

33. ANGLE SHOT PAT IN F.G. (SHOOTING DOWN ON CORBETT)

- as Corbett enters to Pat. Suddenly as Jim is opening the cab door their eyes meet and Corbett reacts with a briefly amused surprise of his own; obviously he knows the cab driver.

PAT:

You? You an' Buck Ware's daughter?

(suspiciously)

What's the idea --?

Corbett replies hastily with a confidential wink, keeping his voice down, before Vicki comes in;

(CONTINUED)

33 (Cont.)

CORBETT:
Shhh--h pipe down, Pop -- this
is a break for me -- I --

Corbett stops suddenly as Vicki enters scene, pulling on her gloves.

VICKI:
Did you tell him where to go?

Corbett turns and helps her into the cab.

CORBETT:
No, but I will -- there you are.
(turns to Pat with
a big-shot air)
Cabby - the Olympic Club.

Then he winks again and gets into the cab with Vicki. Pat, amused by the fresh young man, chuckles and shakes his head, then flicks the horse with the whip and the cab starts to move forward.

WIPE TO:

34. INT. THE MOVING CAB (PROCESS)
MED. TWO SHOT VICKI AND CORBETT

- as they ride along. Vicki isn't quite sure of him yet.

VICKI:
This is very kind of you, Mr. Corbett.

CORBETT:
Think nothing of it. The first rule
of the bank is to satisfy the customer.

WIPE TO:

35. EXT. OLYMPIC CLUB FULL SHOT

As the cab drives up to the curb in front of the club, a big, smartly-uniformed doorman crosses to open the cab door.

36. ANGLE SHOT TAKING IN DOORMAN, VICKI AND CORBETT

- as the doorman opens the cab door.

(CONTINUED)

36 (Cont.)

VICKI:

Oh Simmons, will you take this bag,
please?

She indicates the bag of silver which Corbett clings to
securely. He's going to try a last finesse.

37. EXT. AT CAB DOOR

Vicki and Corbett step out of the cab onto the sidewalk.
Simmons, with that shrewd acumen of doormen, recognizes
Corbett as a bank clerk and tries to handle him as such
subtly but definitely.

CORBETT:

(hastily)

No, no, that's all right. I don't
mind taking it in --

SIMMONS:

(reaching for the bag)

You won't have to bother -- this is
merely a part of my duty.

Corbett smiles, holding back the bag; the guy's got just
about equal parts of Irish charm and pure brass. He
gives the doorman a fast routine.

CORBETT:

Sure, Simmons - you've got a big job
to do - all these carriages rolling
up -

(grins and puts a hand
on the doorman's shoulder)

Not that I wouldn't trust you with the
money, pal - but you know us bankers -
we've got to be cautious.

38. WIDER ANGLE PAT IN B.G. GROUP IN F.G.

Pat, Corbett's father, is amused as he climbs down from
the cab and watches the scene. Vicki is also a little
amused, and a little piqued for being used as a sucker.
She's on to Corbett's game now but its sheer nerve in-
trigues her.

CORBETT:

(turns to her blandly).

Suppose you got held up?

(CONTINUED)

38 (Cont.)

VICKI:

(drily)

Well, frankly I'm not quite sure
that I haven't been --

CORBETT:

(if he gets it

he ignores it)

Oh, there's a lot of it going on -
even in broad daylight. Shall we
go in?

He starts toward the club. Vicki glances helplessly at
the doorman, then follows Corbett.

39. MED. TWO SHOT PAT AND THE DOORMAN BESIDE CAB

- as their eyes follow Corbett and Vicki into the club.
Pat is chuckling, his eyes crinkled with amusement. The
doorman is scowling, knowing he's been outsmarted by this
fresh fellow and not particularly liking it.

DOORMAN:

Smart Alec, eh? The guy didn't even
pay you.

PAT CORBETT:

Why should he? He's me own son.

The doorman gives him an amusing double-take.

DISSOLVE TO:

40. INT. OLYMPIC CLUB FULL SHOT

Vicki and Corbett enter the luxurious foyer of the club,
with its famous statue of the Greek discus-thrower.
Several well-dressed clubmen are seen in b.g. CAMERA
MOVES IN TO A CLOSE SHOT (MOVING) OF CORBETT - as he
advances, immensely impressed by the sacred precincts.

41. INT. OLYMPIC CLUB MOVING SHOT FROM CORBETT'S ANGLE

This is the epitome of splendor -- the fine old panelled
walls, the luxurious carpets -- the bits of marble stat-
uary and bronze works of art -- the oil paintings of mem-
bers on the walls -- the fine pieces of furniture - as
befits the best and most exclusive club in San Francisco
in the early nineties.

42. CORBETT AND VICKI MOVING SHOT

Vicki observes his rapt glances into the beautiful rooms as she leads the way to the card room. Suddenly Corbett stops. Vicki moves out of scene and CAMERA WIDENS to include a painting on the wall.

43. ANGLE SHOT CORBETT (INSERT)

We see that Corbett has paused to look at a fine old painting on the wall which has attracted his interest. It is of MARK TWAIN, a famous Olympic Club member. In the b.g. Vicki goes on out of scene -- Corbett stands looking at the painting, peering to read the inscription on a small bronze tablet on the lower part of the frame.

44. MED. SHOT VICKI

- in f.g., walking along. She looks back and CAMERA MOVES BACK WITH HER to the door. In the b.g. Corbett stands looking at the picture, oblivious to his surroundings. A uniformed page-boy passes through the scene.

VICKI:

Boy --

PAGE-BOY:

(pauses, tips his
cap in salute)

Yes, Miss Ware?

45. CLOSE SHOT CORBETT

- as Vicki enters to him, followed by the page-boy.

VICKI:

(to boy, indicating bag
Corbett is holding)

You may take that bag to my father
in the card room. I think Mr.
Corbett will surrender it now.

CORBETT:

(he has forgotten he
has the bag)

Huh?

VICKI:

The bag, Mr. Corbett.

(CONTINUED)

45 (Cont.)

CORBETT:

Oh -- oh -- the bag -- sure.

He gives the page-boy the bag, and then smiles at Vicki as the boy leaves. She gives Corbett another polite exit-cue.

VICKI:

And now thank you again, Mr. Corbett.

CORBETT:

But I haven't seen the card-room.

VICKI:

(hesitates, then smiles)

Oh -- all right --

CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM as Vicki crosses to the card room door.

46. INT. CARD ROOM LONG SHOT FROM DOORWAY

This room is richly furnished in masculine red plush, brass spittoon and mahogany style of the period. In one corner the famous 30-year-long poker game of Frisco's "Big Four" is going on. Four men seen previously on the night of the club's opening, are seated around a big old-style poker table with whiskey glasses, ashtrays and piles of silver and gold coins. All the men are in shirt sleeves. Another man, about 35, CLINTON DeWITT, handsome, well-dressed clubman, stands watching the game. The air is thick with tobacco smoke and we gather that the game has been going on for many hours.

47. MED. LONG SHOT REVERSE ANGLE FROM INT. CARD ROOM

SHOOTING FROM INSIDE the card room, with the poker game in close f.g. toward the door in far b.g. where Vicki and Corbett stand watching. In pantomime Vicki appears to be explaining who the various players are. We recognize them as GOVERNOR STANFORD, CHARLES CROCKER, BUCK WARE, COLIS HUNTINGTON. All self-made men, ex-miners for the most part, typical San Francisco nabobs of the '90's, they are old friends, great kidders, great gamblers. DeWitt, standing close by, is probably the only born gentleman of the lot. Ware, Vicki's father, is paying off cartwheels from the bag Vicki has sent in. The dialogue is goodnatured badinage.

(CONTINUED)

47 (Cont.)

WARE:

Fine bunch of wolves -- won't even
take a man's bank check.

CROCKER:

(drily)

No, but we'll take his bank if we
get a chance.

(the others laugh)

HUNTINGTON:

How can we tell if your check's any
good, Buck? You're usually flush
one day and broke the next.

WARE:

Say, any time you boys are smart
enough to break me I'll quit the
mining business!

The others laugh as Crocker begins to deal a new hand.

48. MED. TWO SHOT CORBETT AND VICKI IN DOORWAY

Corbett is greatly impressed by the room and by the big
shots at the table, whom he recognizes by sight, as would
anyone in San Francisco.

CORBETT:

The "Big Four" in person, eh? I've
heard about this game. They say the
chips are two hundred, five and a
thousand for the blues. Is that right?

VICKI:

(bored but indulgent)

I really can't say, Mr. Corbett. I've
never asked.

CORBETT:

Say, how about introducing me?

VICKI:

(still able to be
surprised by this
extraordinary person)

I beg your pardon?

CORBETT:

To your father and the others. I
only know 'em by sight.

She takes a deep breath for self-control and replies,
with an edge of irony.

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont.)

VICKI:
Well, let's not excite them too much. It might disturb their game.

CORBETT:
(disappointed
for a moment)
Oh. Later maybe, huh?
(Vicki can find
no words)
Who's the guy watching? One of
the small fry?

VICKI:
That's Mr. Clinton DeWitt, Don't
you like his looks?

49. MED. SHOT DE WITT

- as he stands beside the table, smiling faintly, agreeably; watching the game.

50. MED. TWO SHOT VICKI AND CORBETT

CORBETT:
(indifferently)
All right. Do you like 'em?

VICKI:
(amused)
I suppose I must. He's my beau.

CORBETT:
(quick-change to
be agreeable)
Oh, is he? Hmmm -- yes, nice-looking
fellow all right --

51. WIDER ANGLE VICKI AND CORBETT IN CORRIDOR

Vicki gives him a wise glance, still amused by the artistry of his nerviness, and turns away from the card room.

VICKI:
I'm glad you think so. And now I'll
show you the dining room and you can
say you've been through the Olympic
Club.

As they start away --

DISSOLVE TO:

52. INT. DINING ROOM FULL SHOT PANNING
(GLASS OR PROCESS B.G.)

Vicki and Corbett come to the door and pause. This is a terraced room overlooking San Francisco Bay, which is seen through the glass enclosed windows. The appointments of the tables are impeccable -- the waiters, neatly dressed, are standing about. A small string orchestra is playing chamber music which continues thruout the sequence. CAMERA SWINGS TO A CLOSE SHOT of Vicki and Corbett. He is very impressed.

CORBETT:
A man could eat in there even if he
wasn't hungry, couldn't he?

VICKI:
It's attractive.

Vicki turns back toward the dining room.

53. WIDER ANGLE

- as Vicki notices some friends lunching therein.

VICKI:
(waving to friends
in b.g.)
Hello, Charlotte -- Johnny --
When did you get back?

The headwaiter approaches.

HEADWAITER:
Table for two, Miss Ware?

Corbett waits expectantly.

VICKI:
No, thank you --

Corbett's face falls, but only for a second.

DISSOLVE TO:

54. INT. OLYMPIC CLUB DINING ROOM MED. TWO SHOT
VICKI AND CORBETT FAVORING CORBETT

They are seated at a table for two near the windows. The MUSIC IS STILL PLAYING and the dining room is now nearly empty of guests. Vicki and Corbett have finished lunch and he takes a Corona-Corona from a box offered by the waiter. Vicki watches with martyred patience.

(CONTINUED)

CORBETT:

Miss Ware, I'd give anything on earth to be a member of this place - anything.

VICKI:

(wryly)

Why? It's just a club, you know. It isn't the anteroom to Heaven.

CORBETT:

(tensely)

It's close enough for me. I can't tell you why it means so much exactly - but it's one of those hunches a man has. He can't explain it. It's just something you've got to have, that's all.

Vicki hesitates a moment before replying, impressed by his earnestness.

VICKI:

I wish I wanted something as much as that.

CORBETT:

What do you want?

VICKI:

Nothing. Not a thing.

CORBETT:

(surprised)

What do you mean -- you want that guy you're engaged to, don't you?
(he nods off)

VICKI:

(thoughtfully)

Yes -- yes, I do -- but frankly I know it wouldn't kill me if we ever broke up.

(she pauses, as if a little surprised at her confession to a stranger, then smiles)

There has never been anything I had to have. I've never sat on the edge of the chair like you're sitting now.

CORBETT:

Well, I suppose if somebody's always had everything --

55. REVERSE SHOT FAVORING VICKI

She places her elbows on the table and looks reflectively out the window to the vista of the bay.

VICKI:

(slowly)

I don't think that's it . . . I was born in Virginia City, Nevada, and played on a slag-heap until I was ten . . . My father was a silver miner, a grubstaker on the Comstock Lode --

(she pauses and looks at Corbett appraisingly)

I can see he was like you once. He wanted something else and he had to have it. I suppose the Comstock and race horses took all the desire he had in him -- and there was none left over for me.

(she pauses again, with a self-conscious smile)

My Heavens - how did we get talking so seriously?

(she glances at the tiny lapel-watch on her front)

And have you any idea what time it is, Mr. Corbett?

56. MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT

CORBETT:

Oh, about one o'clock.

VICKI:

Quarter of two.

CORBETT:

(starts)

No kidding! Say, we'll have to hurry! I haven't seen the gymnasium yet -- you can't go thru the Olympic Club and not see the gymnasium.

VICKI:

(laughs-helplessly)

All right, all right.... let's find it.

As she rises and they start to leave -

WIPE TO:

57. INT. OLYMPIC CLUB GYMNASIUM PANNING SHOT

CAMERA PANS AROUND THE ROOM showing a fully equipped gymnasium, with all the gym apparatus known to the 1890's. There is no boxing ring, but an area of mats serves as one and upon it WALTER WATSON, the instructor, is giving a boxing lesson to one of the club members. Both are wearing the athletic trunks, sports undershirt with short sleeves and boxing shoes of the period. CAMERA MOVES TO A door marked MEMBERS ENTRANCE. It opens and Jim sticks his head in.

58. CLOSE SHOT VICKI AND CORBETT

Corbett looks around the huge gymnasium like a kid in the Toy Department, then turns eagerly to Vicki, who is holding back.

CORBETT:

Come on -- let's go in.

VICKI:

Lady members are not allowed in there -- it's strictly a man's world.

CORBETT:

Leave it to me. I'll handle it.
Come on.

He practically pulls her into the gymnasium, as she stares at him in helpless surprise.

59. INT. GYMNASIUM VICKI AND CORBETT IN F.G.

Corbett looks about him appreciately - he is quite elated at being permitted in the gymnasium.

CORBETT:

(his eyes everywhere)
Will you look at this! Running track
-- flying rings -- parallel bars --
I never saw anything like it!

VICKI:

(ironically)
Oh, good. I'm glad you approve.

Corbett goes over to a horizontal bar and chins himself, then turns and pulls himself up on the flying rings.

60. MED. SHOT WATSON

He has finished his boxing lesson and the member has started off. Watson's eyes are caught first by Vicki, then by Corbett on the flying rings. He watches with curiosity.

61. MED. MOVING SHOT CORBETT ON FLYING RINGS

He is having the time of his life, completely lost and uninhibited, like a kid. His movements, however, are instinctively those of a born athlete, graceful and strong. He is also somewhat amusing in his street clothes, high collar.

62. CLOSE SHOT VICKI

She is smiling, almost ready to laugh out loud at Corbett's antics, when Watson comes up INTO THE SHOT, wiping the sweat from his face.

WATSON:

How do you do, Miss Ware.

VICKI:

Oh - hello, Mr. Watson.

(in hasty apology)

Please forgive my coming in here,
but I had a little problem on my
hands --

She looks toward Corbett and Watson's eyes follow hers. Corbett is swinging in close b.g., sees Watson, drops gracefully from the rings and comes up into f.g., obviously eager to meet the instructor, who smiles approvingly.

WATSON:

Very good, young man -- you seem to
be quite an athlete.

CORBETT:

In the pink.

VICKI:

This is Mr. Corbett, Mr. Watson. He
dragged me in here.

CORBETT:

(moving in)

Glad to meet you, Mr. Watson. I've
heard a lot about you -- saw you

(CONTINUED)

62 (Cont.)

CORBETT: (Cont.)
fight a couple of times. Matter of
fact, I've tried to imitate your
style --

WATSON:
(interested)
Thank you, sir -- Well, you're in
good shape, it's easy to see. Did
you ever happen to do any boxing?

CORBETT:
Oh, just around the car-barns.
(suddenly)
Say, just for fun, would you put
the gloves on with me for a round
or two?

WATSON:
Very well, sir. Would you care to
change clothes?

CORBETT:
(eagerly)
No, no -- this is fine. Where're
the gloves?

63. WIDER ANGLE CORNER OF GYMNASIUM ON MATS

Corbett enters to the mats. The boxing gloves are hanging on the wall and he dons them quickly and starts feinting, shadow-boxing as Watson joins him. Corbett is taking every advantage he can of his opportunities. One almost feels that meeting Watson was the whole purpose of his wangling his way into the Olympic Club. He seems more in character at this moment than at any time since he entered the club. The splendor and richness of the other rooms impressed him, but here he has no sense of awe. He is his brash, cocky self. Vicky enters to him.

* VICKI:
Mr. Corbett....

CORBETT:
(looks around)
Huh?

64. CLOSE SHOT THE THREE NEAR MATS

VICKI:
You haven't forgotten the time,
have you?

CORBETT:
(grins, takes off coat)
What do we care about the time? I'll
tell 'em at the bank I got sick.

VICKI:
(impatiently)
But I have an engagement with Mr.
DeWitt and I'm already late for it.

CORBETT:
Oh -- well, watch me for just one
round. Will you hold this for me?

He tosses his coat to her. He makes an amusing picture in the high collar and white shirt, with the boxing gloves on.

65. MED. SHOT VICKI

Grimly she hangs his coat up on back of a chair and sits in the **chair**, ready to chew nails.

WATSON'S VOICE:
(off scene)
All set?

CORBETT'S VOICE:
(off scene)
Right.

66. ANGLE SHOT RING IN F.G.

Vicki can be seen in b.g. as Corbett and Watson start to box. The fast footwork of Corbett astounds Watson. The boy is a dream-fighter, still a bit crude in spots, naturally, but a streak of lightning. No hard blows are attempted, just sparring taps and the rest is footwork. Watson is no slouch either.

67. CLOSEUP VICKI

She is watching the boxing excitedly. She was bored a moment ago, but as she watches Corbett she becomes interested in his ability, amateurish as it is. She sees something she hadn't seen before.

68. MED. SHOT RING

Suddenly Watson stops boxing and stands looking at Corbett, hands on his hips, staring at him, afraid to believe his eyes.

CORBETT:

What's the matter -- ?

WATSON:

Who taught you that footwork?

Corbett looks down at his feet as if unaware that they have done anything special.

CORBETT:

Nobody... Why?

WATSON:

(warily)

You mean that's just natural?

CORBETT:

Sure.

WATSON:

(impressed)

What's your name again?

CORBETT:

Jim Corbett.

WATSON:

Ummm -- are you a new member, Mr. Corbett?

CORBETT:

No sir, I couldn't afford it yet, even if I was elected.

WATSON:

(thoughtfully)

I see. Well, the Olympic Club intends to have a few athletic memberships, free to anyone who meets with the Games Committee's approval -- If you could qualify with them -- find two sponsors --

Corbett looks at him eagerly, then turns quickly and crosses toward Vicki.

69. CLOSER TWO SHOT

- as Corbett comes up to stand tensely in front of Vicki. The self-promoter in him is thrilled by this unexpected break and determined to close the deal fast.

CORBETT:

(excitedly)

Did you hear what he said? I've got a chance to get in here right away! All I need is a couple of sponsors -- you and your father!

Vicki is completely taken aback by this topper to his brassy nerve. She is speechless.

CORBETT:

If a big man like Mr. Ware put me up I'd be sure and get in. He's got enough pull to pull a ship!

(pours on the charm now)

And I know you'll be glad to tell him what a nice member I'll make.

VICKI:

(dazed still)

But I - I hardly know you --

CORBETT:

(laughs and waves this aside)

Oh, sure you do. We just had lunch together, didn't we?

(takes his coat and starts putting it on)

What do you say we go up and see him now? There's no time like the present - Am I right, Miss Ware?

70. CLOSE TWO SHOT FAVORING VICKI

She looks him straight in the eye, her lips in a firm line, like a woman who has finally been pushed too far; and behind her eyes the danger signal begins to flare.

VICKI:

(slowly and grimly)

Mr. Corbett -- I don't mean to be rude -- and I'm a very patient person -- but has it ever occurred to you that --

(suddenly she stops, but still looking at him)

71. REVERSE CLOSE TWO SHOT FAVORING CORBETT

He is looking back at her quizzically, obviously and totally unaware that he has violated every known precept of the sacred laws of hospitality. His innocent brazenness is so frank and unashamed that it is funny.

CORBETT:

Has what ever occurred?

Vicki laughs, shakes her head with a gesture of utter defeat.

VICKI:

Never mind -- I'm sure it hasn't.

(she turns toward
the door)

Come on. You win.

She walks out of the scene toward the door. Corbett follows her with a puzzled smile as if asking, "What did she mean?". Watson looks after them with interest as we -

FADE OUT.

72.

EXT. CORBETT HOUSE AND LIVERY. STABLE NIGHT
FULL PANNING SHOT

This is the famous district of San Francisco known as "South of the Slot", and its down-at-the-heel shabbiness contrasts sharply with the atmosphere of the preceding scene. We are in a sort of courtyard; to our right is the one-story stable on which is the large, faded sign:

PATRICK CORBETT'S STABLE
LIVERY, HACK AND FINE FUNERALS

The hansom cab seen previously stands inside the open stable door, where harness is hanging from pegs. The CAMERA PANS to the LEFT, picking up a small weather-worn frame house of the period. A light is shining in the front window, one in the next room. The CAMERA MOVES UP toward the window and we see thru it into the Corbett dining room. It is neat and orderly, and at a big table in the center sits the family; Pat, MA CORBETT, Jim, HARRY, GEORGE, MARY about fifteen, and FATHER BURKE, the fifty-five year old parish priest. This is the old-style family dinner, with all the food piled on the table. There is talking and gestures but we do not hear what is being said.

DISSOLVE THRU
WINDOW TO:

73.

INT. CORBETT HOME DINING ROOM MOVING SHOT THE GROUP

Jim is immaculately dressed in his dark business suit and high starched collar, while George and Harry, although slick and polished, are in old shirts without ties. His brothers are big, husky workmen, slightly older than Jim and much less civilized. George is talking with a mouthful of food.

GEORGE:

(laughs loudly)

I'm tellin' you, it was the best knock-down, drag-out fight since the Longshoremen's Ball.

HARRY:

So Finnegan -- he waits till the next time we're passing each other on the gangplank. He's coming off empty and I'm bent over -- like this -- and I don't see him. But he gives me a shove like this; see -- and I just saves myself by an eyelash from falling sixty foot onto the dock.

MA CORBETT:

(anxiously)

Sure and it could've killed you, Harry.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER BURKE:

(kindly to Ma Corbett)

Don't worry about the Corbetts and the Finnegans -- they been at it twenty years --
(to Harry)

You were the first youngsters I bandaged up when I arrived in the parish.

HARRY:

I remember that - but this was different - one man couldn't've handled this -- it took twenty cops to get things quiet. And we got back to work at one o'clock -- Didn't lose a minute off the lunch hour!

74. MED. SHOT DOWN THE TABLE

MA CORBETT:

(grimly)

Fighting, brawling -- I'm glad we have at least one gentleman in the family.

75. CLOSE SHOT JIM CORBETT

He sits back and takes the limelight with a smile, half joking, half in earnest as his just due.

CORBETT:

Thank you, Ma - - thank you.

76. CLOSE GROUP SHOT FAVORING HARRY AND GEORGE

They both look at Jim with a contemptuous scowl, which Jim ignores as Ma Corbett continues:

MA CORBETT:

(proudly)

Yes, and while you're talkin' about lunch hours, where do you think Jim had his today? I'll be glad to tell you. Jim -- while you two hoodlums were carrying on like Oofy Gooety, Jim, if you please, was lunching at the Olympic Club!

Harry and George look at each other skeptically, as if this is just some more Blarney Jim has been dishing out.

PAT CORBETT:

Your Ma is telling the Gospel truth, boys. I drove him thore meself, an' waited till he come out, two hours later--

George and Harry regard Jim with hostile eyes at the confirmation of his story by Pat. They are a bit envious

(CONTINUED)

too, and the tension around the table becomes electric.
The brothers' sarcasm is eloquent.

HARRY:

Yeah? Now ain't that just too lovely!

GEORGE:

Say, us Corbetts are comin' up in the world!
First, it was a real bank clerk and now
we got us a Nob Hill dude.

77. ANGLE FAVORING CORBETT FATHER BURKE TIPPED IN

CORBETT:

(with a mock bow)

Thank you, George. Thank you, Harry.

MA CORBETT:

(uneasily)

Now stop pickin' on Jim -- the both of
you. We got company of the cloth.

FATHER BURKE:

(smiles)

Don't mind me. I'm Irish, too.

CAMERA PANS to INCLUDE Harry and George.

HARRY:

(still levelly eyeing Jim -
this is an old feud)

Maybe the young gentleman don't approve o'
havin' a couple of longshoremen in the
family.

CORBETT:

(good-naturedly)

On the contrary, I'm enjoying myself to
the full.

HARRY:

(sarcastically)

"Enjoying himself to the full" . . .
Ain't that some language.

GEORGE:

Oh, that's the hotsty-totsy.

78. CLOSEUP JIM CORBETT

smiling blandly, undisturbed by the envious sarcasm of
his brothers, Jim puts down his napkin and sticks one
thumb into the armhole of his vest and leans back smugly
to break the news.

(CONTINUED)

CORBETT:

Well, long as you folks appreciate me so much, I might as well let you in on some real news --

(he pauses for effect,
every eye is on him)

-- Ladies and gentlemen, you are looking at a new athletic member of the Olympic Club -- sponsored by none other than Mr. Henry Ware himself, and his daughter Victoria, of the same name.

79. FULL SHOT TABLE CORBETT IN F.G.

The family stares at Corbett for a few moments, unable to believe their ears. Then with exclamations of surprised joy his mother, father, sister and the priest give him and the news a big reaction.

MA CORBETT:

Gl-l-ory be!!

PAT CORBETT:

Yer kiddin', Jim --?

CORBETT:

No, sir -- got it all fixed up today.
Here's my card.
(shows it)

FATHER BURKE:

(takes the card)

Congratulations, Jim. That's a fine club, and it's quite an honor for a South-side boy.

MA:

(to Burke)

I always knew Jim would be a gentleman some day, Father. Even as a baby he was different -- wasn't he, Pa?

PAT CORBETT:

(gazing happily at Jim)

Aye, that he was. Always lookin' ahead for some way to improve himself!

80. CLOSE SHOT GEORGE AND HARRY

* All this to-do over Jim and his social position is more than the big burly brothers can take.

HARRY:

(rising)

What do you say, George - this elegance, is too much for me. Why don't you and me go out in the stable and eat with the horses?

(CONTINUED)

80 (Cont.)

His brother nods and gets up, eyeing Jim.

GEORGE:

It's those high collars, Harry. It's those elegant high collars.

HARRY:

Yeh. Those lovely high collars.

CAMERA WIDENS and PANS with them as they move toward Jim's chair. Suddenly they rip Corbett's high collar off, the patented tie and studs flying in all directions.

81. WIDER ANGLE

MA CORBETT:

Harry! George!

CORBETT:

(rising, grimly)

All right, Father - here we go again.

FATHER BURKE:

(rising)

Every time I eat a meal here I have to work it out in trade.

As Harry, Jim and Father Burke start out, grim and businesslike -

MA CORBETT:

Boys, come back in here and sit down.

PAT CORBETT:

Leave 'em be. Haven't they always settled their differences like this, eye to eye?

MA CORBETT:

(hands on hips)

And who's had to fix up their eyes for twenty years, Pat Corbett!?

Pat and George follow the others out. Ma Corbett watches them go, then unable to miss anything she turns to Mary.

MA CORBETT:

You stay right in your chair, Mary.

(she rises)

A fight's no place for a lady at all.

MARY:

(wails loudly)

Aw, but I missed the last one!

DISSOLVE TO:

82. INT. CORBETT STABLE FULL SHOT NIGHT

From the light of two oil lamps we see four horses in the stalls, and some of the equipment used in livery stables

(CONTINUED)

in the old days. A crude ring has been arranged and Harry and Jim are standing in the middle, already fighting. George and Pat are in a stall with a horse, peering over the rear bar. Coat off, Father Burke is refereeing. Harry slugs away, trying to reach Jim. Harry is bearing down with all he's got, grunting as he swings, but he can't hit his nimble brother, whose footwork is spectacular.

83. MED. CLOSE SHOT FEET PANNING

Harry's feet plod around, but Jim's are moving like rays of light, faintly stirring the dust on the floor that has been scraped clean of hay by Pat.

84. MED. PANNING SHOT FIGHT

His slim, younger brother is making a monkey of the huge Harry, and without laying a fist on him.

HARRY:

(finally roars in disgust)
Stop dancing around like a rabbit!
(Jim dances in and jabs Harry
in the face, a beautiful rapier-
like-flick - enraged)
Take a stance, like a decent man, blast you!

JIM:

All right. How's this?

He stops, moves in closer, drops his hands to his side.

85. FLASH CUTS PAT, GEORGE, FATHER BURKE

They look concerned for Jim's safety. Has he lost his mind?

86. MED. CLOSE SHOT JIM AND HARRY

Harry saunters in, then suddenly lets fly a mighty roundhouse swing that would fell an ox. Jim sees it coming, tilts his head just far enough to let it whizz harmlessly past. When Pat laughs, Harry gets blind with rage. He starts a swing with the other hand. Jim repeats the movement from the opposite side. He isn't cocky or vain about this, just amused. It's as natural as breathing for him to duck these blows.

87. WIDER ANGLE JIM AND HARRY

as Harry wades in after his lighter brother, like a bull pursuing an antelope. Harry's breath is short, all he wants is to get in one solid haymaker.

HARRY:

(grunting bitterly)
Stop running around. Can't you take a
beating like a man!?

(CONTINUED)

87 (Cont.)

JIM:

(laughs, ducking another blow)
And why should I, Harry? You're beating
yourself. You're all red in the face.

HARRY:

(roars as he misses again)
And you're yellow. Jim Corbett!!
You've got no guts at all!

88. CLOSE MOVING SHOT JIM

His expression changes slightly as he weaves away from a
blow. His lips are still smiling faintly, but his eyes
are hard.

JIM:

Harry, as Ma used to say - this is going
to hurt me a lot more than it does you ...

89. FULL PANNING SHOT THE FIGHTERS

Instantly Jim changes his style of fighting, gets out
of reverse gear and moves forward, crouching, weaving,
feinting Harry off-balance. Then suddenly lightning
strikes several times in rapid succession - and Harry's
head bobs back and forth like a woodpecker's -- plip-
plip-plip-plip. It is the work of a born artist in a
very difficult medium.

90. FLASH CUT FIGHT

taking in the footwork and the lightning-like coordina-
tion that Jim has even at this early, amateur stage of
his career.

91. EXT. STABLE CLOSE SHOT MA CORBETT NIGHT

She is peering excitedly through a crack in the stable
wall, working with "body English" as hard as the boys.
She abruptly stops, aware of how strenuously she is
rooting, and looks blank.

MA CORBETT:

Am I crazy? They're both mine!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

92. SERIES OF DISSOLVES

These short, rapid scenes serve the important story point of Corbett's first training in ring science by a master teacher. In addition they cover a necessary time-lapse, and show the vital part played by the Olympic Club in Corbett's private and fighting career.

93. CLOSEUP JIM & WATSON'S FEET IN BOXING SHOES

- dancing around the ring. One pair of feet is more agile than the other.

CAMERA PULLS
BACK TO:

94. MED. SHOT INT. RING IN GYMNASIUM OLYMPIC CLUB

Jim and Watson are sparring. Corbett wears athletic trunks and a sport undershirt of the 1890 type with short sleeves, and boxing shoes. There are one of two club members watching this lesson. They are not trying to slug each other but to score touches, like fencers. Corbett feints a right, then brings up a somewhat awkward left which Watson blocks easily. Watson pauses, lowers his gloves for a moment to point out to Jim some pieces of business to improve his feinting.

DISSOLVE TO:

95. FLASH WATSON AND CORBETT IN THE RING

They are sparring, but this time there is more finesse about Jim's work. Watson is hitting harder and Jim seems to be able to take the punches better. The lesson finished, Jim goes to the corner to hang up his gloves. Five or six of the club members have been watching the lesson, applaud politely as it finishes. He takes a bow and smiles confidently.

DISSOLVE TO:

96. INT. CARD ROOM OLYMPIC CLUB

DAY

At a table the same poker game which we saw once before is again in progress. Except this time DeWitt is playing.

(CONTINUED)

(96 Cont.)

Jim enters, saunters around the table and finally stands behind DeWitt's chair, looking over his shoulder. This naturally makes DeWitt nervous. The other men also notice it, Stanford, Ware, Crocker and Huntington. Their looks as they continue the necessary dialogue for a poker game, reveal clearly that kibitzing isn't done in the Olympic Club. Jim, however, is not aware of his intrusion. He only wants to be sociable, which makes his faux pas a bit pathetic. The game is draw poker. Everyone has been dealt the draw cards but DeWitt. He hesitates, dubious about a choice of discards.

WARE:

(dealing)

How many, Clinton?

DeWitt pulls out one card slowly and starts to discard it when suddenly, inadvertently, Corbett makes a face of disapproval and follows it with a sound.

CORBETT:

Nuh - nuh!

The other players look up at him slowly, frozenly, unable to believe their ears at the unforgiveable sin. Corbett is instantly embarrassed - he could bit his tongue off.

DEWITT:

(coldly, furious)

Were you speaking to me?

CORBETT:

(smiles wanly)

Sorry, gents -- it just slipped out.

(trying to explain, he

really puts his foot in it)

Everytime I see anybody trying to fill an inside straight it kills me.

This is the topper. DeWitt tosses his entire hand into the discard pile, his eyes meeting the other players' in an eloquent silence.

CORBETT:

Well, see you later --

He turns and strolls out as the poker players just sit and look at each other. Then Stanford laughs and the others grin slowly at the humor of the situation.

HUNTINGTON:

(kidding, to Ware)

We don't mind your sponsoring the fellow, Buck -- but can't we keep him in the muscle room?

(CONTINUED)

96 (Cont. 1)

The others laugh as Ware shakes his head grimly.

DISSOLVE TO:

97. INT. BILLIARD ROOM THE OLYMPIC CLUB NIGHT

This is the room seen previously, a magnificent billiard room with three tables, well-lighted, with comfortable seats for spectators. All the tables are busy and a dozen or more members are watching. The games are 3-cushion-billiards, which demand great concentration and therefore silence from the onlookers while shots are made. Among the group of men either playing or watching are DeWitt, Ware, Crocker, Stanford. After a moment, one of the members says, quietly.

98. MED. GROUP SHOT WARE, DE WITT AND OTHERS

- around the billiard table in f. g. As Corbett leaves the room their eyes follow him in silence.

A MEMBER:

(quietly)

Boys, we might as well face it.
Something's got to be done about
Corbett before he drives us crazy
or somebody kills him.

ANOTHER MEMBER:

I'd like to put that to a vote.
(they laugh)

DE WITT:

(tolerantly)

He doesn't really mean to be such
a pain in the neck, Jerry. It's
just a natural gift with him,
like boxing.

WARE:

(grimly)

Why do we have to put up with the
bore just to have the boxer? This
is a social club -- let him take
his blasted biceps somewhere else!

A few of them laugh and resume the billiard game, but to the others the problem is not one to be too lightly dismissed.

DE WITT:

(decently)

Corbett's a type. And you can't

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont.)

DE WITT: (Cont.)
 take offense at a type - it's no use.
 The offensiveness isn't really
 individual.

WARE:
 Has he ever pushed you off the
 flying rings -- just playful-like?

THE FAT MAN:
 Or tickle you when you're on the
 parallel bar - just to see what
 happens?

ANOTHER MEMBER:
 (with a big stomach)
 It offends me just to see him in a
 gym suit, prancing around, showing off --

DE WITT:
 (thoughtfully)
 If there was only some way we
 could pin his ears back -- put him
 in his place --

He turns back toward the table and picks up his cue.
 The others drift off to the seats, discussing the
 problem. The game is resumed.

DISSOLVE TO:

99. FULL SHOT REVERSE ANGLE ON THE DOORWAY

- perhaps a half hour later, SHOOTING PAST the table
 in f. g. as Watson, the boxing instructor, strolls
 into the billiard room from the hallway accompanied
 by a big, husky-looking man of 38 or 40. Both men
 are in street clothes. As they come up to the group
 of club-members in f. g. Watson pauses and places a
 hand on his friend's shoulder, apparently rather
 proud of him.

WATSON:
 Pardon me, gentlemen --

CLUB MEMBERS:
 Oh, hello, Walter --
 How are you, Walter --
 (Etc., amiably)

WATSON:
 I'd like you fellows to meet an
 old friend of mine, just landed
 in town this morning --

(CONTINUED)

99 (Cont.)

WATSON: (Cont.)

(the members pause politely
and look at the stranger)-- the one and only Jack Burke,
former middle-weight champion of the
British Isles and Australia --

(points around)

-- Mr. DeWitt, Mr. Ware, Mr. Mackay,
Governor Stanford, (etc., as needed)

The sports-minded members respond cordially and step up to shake the famous fighter's hand. They recognize the name, know his record, are sincerely pleased to meet him. Ad lib this.

100. CLOSER SHOT THE GROUP FAVORING WARE, DE WITT AND BURKE

Ware and DeWitt look at each other as the same idea strikes them simultaneously and a gleam comes into their eyes.

WARE:

How long are you going to be in town, Mr. Burke?

BURKE:

(Cockney accent)

Oh, I dunno, sir -- ten days, per'aps a fortnight. I'm fightin' Jake Kilrain in Chicago on the twenty-fifth.

WARE:

(glances at De Witt,
then back)

Would you be willing to put on a contest for us? We'll see that you're very well paid for it.

Burke hesitates, interested but uncertain.

BURKE:

Well, I didn't intend to --

DE WITT:

(quickly)

The club would consider it a great personal favor, Burke.

(the others chime in,
also urging)

WARE:

(pressing)

Would er - say - a thousand dollars satisfy you?

101. CLOSEUP BURKE

He is surprised at the magnificence of the sum, and slowly smiles. This Burke is a hard baby and no fool.

BURKE:

What's that - two hundred guineas?

DE WITT'S VOICE:

Yes - just about.

BURKE:

(grins)

Gents, it not only satisfies me, but I'll satisfy you.

(he looks around the

ring of faces shrewdly)

You want to give somebody a good drubbing, is that it?

102. REVERSE SHOT ON THE GROUP OF MEMBERS

They nod together in one accord, like Christmas Tigers, whole-hearted and grinning with the expectancy of men who've just arranged a great **practical** joke.

WARE:

(with feeling)

As you say, Mister Burke - "that
is it!"

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

103. INSERT CLOSEUP BULLETIN BOARD INT. OLYMPIC CLUB
DAY

CAMERA PANS DOWN from the nameplate at the top of the board to HOLD ON A prominent poster with the notice:

THE OLYMPIC CLUB'S
ANNUAL LADIES' NIGHT

GYMNASTIC AND BOXING EXHIBITIONS

FEATURING

THE GREAT JACK BURKE

Former Middle-weight Champion
of England and Australia

vs

Mr. James J. Corbett
of the Olympic Club

Saturday night, Nov. 5, 1889

During the reading-time of this notice, which is surrounded by smaller club notices on the board, we hear THE MUSIC OF THE DINING ROOM ORCHESTRA down the hall, and the murmur of passing voices.

DISSOLVE TO:

104. INT. COMSTOCK BANK LONG SHOT MORNING

The bank is doing a normal, brisk morning's business.

105. MED. SHOT VICKI AND CORBETT

Corbett counts out the money in bills to Vicki who is standing before his cage.

CORBETT:

(confidentially)

If you want to pick up some easy money bet this on me tonight. You can get ten to one.

VICKI:

My heavens, no. Have you heard what they're saying about this fight around the club?

(CONTINUED)

105 (Cont.)

CORBETT:
(grins, undisturbed)
I can imagine - at ten to one.

VICKI:
They say this fellow Burke wants to look good for the American newspapers and is going to knock you out as quickly as possible.

CORBETT:
(blandly)
Ooooooh- Maybe, I'd better not show up, huh?

VICKI:
I wouldn't if I were you. After all - the former middleweight champion of England . . .

CORBETT:
And Australia. Don't forget Australia.
(leans toward her confidentially)
Miss Ware --

VICKI:
Yes?

CORBETT:
Just between the two of us -- after I get through with Burke tonight, there won't enough left of him to ship back to England.

VICKI:
(laughs)
Oh, Mr. Corbett -- really! Well, good luck, anyway -- Oh, is there nothing I can do for you today?

CORBETT:
(puzzled by the question)
No, thanks . . .

VICKI:
(ironically)
I can go then?

CORBETT:
(with a smile of curiosity)
Sure -- what's the joke?

106. CLOSEUP VICKI

She looks at him through the window of his cage without answering for a moment; not amused or superior now, but with a rather cryptic expression, as if she were not herself sure what she thinks of this remarkable young man with the face and physique of a Greek god and the conceit of a ham actor.

VICKI:

(soberly, almost in
pity)

You still don't see it, do you?

107. MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT FAVORING CORBETT

CORBETT:

See what?

She doesn't answer, but shrugs with a slight smile and turns away from the window and walks out of scene. CAMERA MOVES UP to the window as Corbett stares after her puzzledly, and ANGLE INCLUDES Lowrie in adjoining cage as he looks dreamily after Vicki.

CORBETT:

Funny girl. Always asking riddles.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN .

108. INT. CORBETT HOME NIGHT
 MED. FULL GROUP SHOT AT DOORWAY IN HALL

Ma Corbett, Pat, George, Harry and little Mary are standing close to a bedroom door, as if waiting for someone to emerge.

MA CORBETT:

(eagerly)

Are you ready, Jim?

CORBETT'S VOICE:

(offscene, thru door)

Just a minute, Ma.

GEORGE:

What can he be doin' all this time?
 He started dressin' at five o'clock.

HARRY:

I dunno. He wouldn't even let me
 in the room. It smells like a
 Jackson Street barber shop.

PAT CORBETT:

I brung a big box for him from the
 Emporium.

MARY:

It was three boxes, Pa - a long one
 - a round one - and a -

CORBETT'S VOICE:

(thru the door)

All right - now you can come in.

109. INT. CORBETT'S ROOM MED. FULL SHOT

Corbett is a vision of grandeur, 1889 style. He wears a full dress suit, a silk top hat, a silver-headed cane, an oversize boutonniere, patent leather shoes. The bedroom itself is conspicuously plain and drab by contrast.

The door opens and CAMERA PULLS AROUND to include the family group. For a full moment they are spellbound at the sight.

MA CORBETT:

(in awe)

Glory be! --

(CONTINUED)

109 (Cont.)

JIM:
(turning around)
How's the fit?

MA CORBETT:
Like you was melted and poured into
it!

HARRY:
Anybody who'd guess it ain't yours
is a liar.

MARY:
(wide-eyed)
Are you going to fight in those
clothes?

JIM:
(as they laugh)
Now, Mary --
(turns)
Well George, how about it?

GEORGE:
(intending the highest
compliment)
You look just like one o' Dad's five
hundred dollar funerals, Jim.

MA CORBETT:
(pretending anger)
That's a fine thing to say - and him
off to fight the ex-champeen of England!

JIM:
Wait'll you get a look at this. This
was five bucks extra.

He picks up the silk-lined opera cape, drapes it
around his shoulders.

110. ANOTHER ANGLE ON GROUP

This is the crowning touch, the high tide of the
Corbett's glory.

MA CORBETT:
Why don't you say somethin', Pat?

PAT CORBETT:
I'm beyond speech --

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont.)

MARY:
(ecstatically)
Oh-h-h. . . I wonder' if anything
like that'll ever come for me . . .

HARRY:
(in frank admiration)
Ma was right, Jim. We have got one
gentleman in the family.

GEORGE:
(anxiously)
But don't be too much of one. I got
twenty bucks bet on you.

Jim laughs and starts out, followed by the others.

WIPE TO:

111. EXT. CORBETT HOME SIDE AT COURTYARD NIGHT
as they emerge onto the porch under the roof.

PAT CORBETT:
I'll go get the nag. She's all hitched.
He and Harry run across the courtyard to the stable.
Ma Corbett takes a look at the weather.

MA CORBETT:
Be careful of that suit. And mind
you don't let this Burke give you a
black eye. It wouldn't look so good
on a bank-teller.

Pat drives the hansom into the scene, with Harry along-
side. Harry holds the door open.

JIM:
Goodbye and don't worry. I'll knock
this guy cold.

He kisses Mary, shakes hands with Harry.

HARRY:
Good luck, Jim. We'll wait up for you.

Jim turns and kisses his mother.

112. CLOSE SHOT MA CORBETT AND JIM

Her emotion is a mixture of pride and apprehension.

MA CORBETT:

Be careful, Jim. Don't get hurt.

JIM:

(grins)

Hurt? He won't touch me!

He gets into the family hack, waves thru the window and is driven away by Pat up on top, out thru the yard and into the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

113. INT. OLYMPIC CLUB GYMNASIUM MED. CLOSE SHOT NIGHT

He is a genuine 1890 athlete, complete with handlebar moustache, dressed in regulation exhibition clothes, white duck trousers, rubber-soled shoes and an athletic shirt with the Olympic Club insignia on the front. He has just taken a bow for his prowess on the Flying Rings -- CAMERA PULLS BACK REVEALING other men on the Horizontal Bars, the Parallel Bars, the Horse and Buck and Tumbling Athletes.

We now see that the gymnasium has been converted into a hall, with seats arranged for the members, of which there are a hundred or more, all formally dressed. In the rear corner on a platform a string orchestra is playing. DURING THIS EXHIBITION CAMERA STARTS PANNING AROUND THE AUDIENCE, picking up the various members previously seen, including VICKI, who is beautifully dressed in evening clothes -- and DeWitt, looking very elegant in white tie and tails, sitting beside her. CAMERA SWINGS FROM VICKI to the GALLERY and PICKS UP LOWRIE, who is scanning the audience for a glimpse of his 'beloved' - next to him is PAT, impatiently awaiting the appearance of his son, and FATHER BURKE. Also in the gallery above we PICK UP the servants, some of whom we have seen before, perhaps the head-waiter Williams, a page-boy or two and others who are disinterested in the gymnastics and are waiting for the fighting exhibition.

114. INT. GYMNASIUM MED. SHOT

The various gymnastic stunts are concluded with a loud burst of music from the band. The audience applauds.

115. WIDER ANGLE

DeWitt steps into the center of the floor and holds up his hand for attention.

DeWITT:

Following this intermission, there will be an exhibition of refined boxing science by one of the foremost experts in the World --

(with a slight smile
of correction)

Not alone, of course, but assisted by one of our club members who has kindly offered himself.

There is a ripple of laughter from the smart audience.

116. ANGLE SHOT AUDIENCE

- as they begin to rise and move toward the long buffet table where the champagne is in evidence. In the b.g., attendants start taking down the gymnastic equipment and putting up the ring. There is a buzz of conversation.

117. CLOSE SHOT VICKI

DeWitt enters to her and assists her with her wrap as she stands up. DeWitt has a good sense of humor.

DeWITT:

How was I?

VICKI:

Why, you're a knockout, darling.
Every bit as good as Chauncy Depew.

118. MOVING SHOT VICKI AND DeWITT

- as they move toward the table where servants are dispensing champagne.

DeWITT:

(amused at himself)

I was great, wasn't I? And that's the first work of any kind I've ever done in my life, do you realize that, Vicki?

(CONTINUED)

VICKI:
I do. Hadn't you better take it
easy for awhile?

They have reached the improvised bar and DeWitt takes the bottle of champagne which the attendant opens for him. He starts to pour it into two glasses.

DeWITT:
(as he pours)
Well, I can certainly use a little
nourishment. Vicki, maybe I'm carved
out for something and don't know it.
How about it - shall I carve myself
out a career? Would you be proud to
be the wife of a great auctioneer?

They both laugh at the idea.

VICKI:
Or train announcer. Then you'd have
a uniform.

DeWITT:
That's it! Did you hear the hand I
got? And Vicki, did you hear the
laugh I got, "one of our club members
who has kindly offered himself". I
thought of that on the spur of the
moment, all by myself -- you heard
'em laugh.

VICKI:
They just roared.

DeWITT:
(grins)
What a wonderful sound applause can
be! Vicki, I'm drunk with fame!

Amused, they clink glasses and drink.

119. WIDER ANGLE

The ring has now been set up -- The band plays a fanfare as Burke exits the dressing rooms first. The hum in the room turns to applause. Burke sedately waves to a lot of friends in the crowd as they yell for his attention -- CAMERA PICKS UP CORBETT as he enters from dressing rooms.

120. MOVING SHOT . CORBETT

He comes in prancing up and down. He acts as if he owns the place, and as he passes several club members, he greets them familiarly.

CORBETT:

Good evening, Mr. Ware --

Hello, Mr. Sutro --

Good evening, Mr. Huntington.

As he passes these personages they laugh and his terrific confidence amuses the crowd highly.

121. CLOSE DeWITT AND VICKI

-- as they enter to their seats.

DeWITT:

(after Vicki has
seated herself)

Here I go again, darling.

VICKI:

(smiles)

And take the show away from them,
darling -- tell 'em you'll fight
the winner!

122. CLOSE SHOT CORBETT IN RING

He is sitting in his corner, as cocky as ever, looking the crowd over - his self-confidence is complete. Suddenly OVER SCENE comes a shrill whistle -- Corbett looks off and up toward gallery -

123. GALLERY GROUP ON TRACK ABOVE

- including Pat, Lowrie and Father Burko. They all wave to Corbett. Pat, however, is still whistling.

124. MED. SHOT RING FAVORING CORBETT

He raises his clasped hands over his head in typical fighter gesture, then turns back as Watson enters the ring. CAMERA WIDENS as DeWitt climbs through the ropes and holds up a hand for silence.

DeWITT:

And now, ladies and gentlemen, we
will have the pleasure of witnessing --

125. ANGLE SHOT TO INCLUDE CORBETT AND BURKE

- in their various corners, with their handlers. Bill Delaney, a well-known fighter, is in Corbett's corner.

(CONTINUED)

125 (Cont.)

DeWITT'S VOICE:

(continuing offscene)

-- a ten-round, or perhaps shorter exhibition of the scientific art of self-defense between Mr. Jack Burke, the former Middleweight Champion of England --

CAMERA PANS to favor Jack Burke as he stands and bows to the considerable applause.

DeWITT'S VOICE:

(continuing offscene)

-- and Mr. James J. Corbett of the Olympic Club --

CAMERA SWINGS TO FAVOR JIM. He stands and greets the club on all four sides. OVER SCENE comes the sound of laughter. His cocky confidence gives continuous amusement to the audience.

126. CLOSE DeWITT

- as he continues.

DeWITT:

-- the referee -- Mr. Harry Watson.

127. CLOSE HARRY WATSON

- as he bows politely to the crowd.

128. MED. SHOT AUDIENCE

They applaud Watson very loudly, as he is well-liked by the club members.

DeWITT'S VOICE:

(after applause dies down)

It may be of special interest to you to know that this is the first time in America that a boxing contest has been governed by the new Marquess of Queensbury rules.

The audience applauds this bit of news. ..

129. CLOSE SHOT DeWITT

DeWITT:

The rounds will be of three minutes duration, with one minute rest. The round will not end with a knockdown -- when the man on the floor has ten seconds to regain his feet or be counted out by the referee.

CAMERA WIDENS as he moves to step out of the ring, and the audience applauds him.

130. MED. SHOT RING

Corbett and Burke move to the center of the ring, as Watson indicates to them.

131. PORTION OF AUDIENCE

The wealthy San Francisco society crowd murmurs with expectant comment as they appraise the two men in the ring

AD LIB COMMENTS:

Did you ever see such confidence?

He must be kidding.

Nobody could be that confident.

CAMERA MOVES to linger on a buxom matron and her curly-haired, ten-year-old daughter.

DAUGHTER:

(clearly)

Mummy, why doesn't Daddy look like that in his underwear?

MATRON:

(mortified)

Shhhh-h-hh! He did, once.

Offscene a bell RINGS.

132. MED. SHOT THE RING

- as Jim and Burke advance to the center and begin the bout.

(NOTE: The exact routining of the bout and the necessary footage are to be left to the judgment of the director. But several things are to be emphasized.)

(CONTINUED)

132 (Cont.)

1. Corbett's amazing speed and science, that later were to become the fundamentals of his genius. This FOOTWORK and BLOCKING SKILL should be closely INTERCUT.
2. The reaction of this new style on the audience. They are puzzled at first, then interested, and finally openly enthusiastic.
3. The complete puzzlement of Jack Burke. He cannot fathom Corbett's speedy attack, or land a good solid blow. Jim ties him up, time after time.
4. Corbett is, of course, still far from the flawless fighter he later became.

133. CLOSE CUTS VICKI, LOWRIE, FATHER BURKE, WATSON, PAT DURING FIGHT

Reactions on these during above fight, and their immense elation when Jim is winning.

134. CLOSE CUTS DeWITT, WARE, STANFORD AND OLYMPIC CLUB GROOM FLASH SHOTS during the fight for their reactions of blank amazement at Corbett's handling of the British Middle-weight Champion. They cannot believe their eyes, and look very hang-dog, shame-faced.

135. MED. SHOT VICKI AND DeWITT

Vicki laughs gaily at Corbett's antics in the ring. DeWitt glances at her, surprised.

DeWITT:
Hey, what's so amusing?

VICKI:
Corbett. Don't you think it's funny -- you and Dad and all the others ganged up to frame him -- and he's beating Burke!

DeWITT:
(wryly)
At a thousand dollars it's not so funny.

The gong sounds for the start of the round again. Both Vicki and DeWitt turn their attention to the fight.

136. INT. RING.

- as Corbett and Burke come out fighting. As they start exchanging blows -

DISSOLVE OUT
AND INTO:

137. INT. RING

Corbett and Burke are still at it. In a moment Corbett knocks Burke out.

138. INT. AUDIENCE

They are on their feet - applauding the winner.

139. FLASH GALLERY

Pat is pounding Lowrie and Father Burke on the backs in his ecstasy.

140. FLASH RING

Over scene the crowd is cheering and applauding. Corbett carries Burke to his corner amid the ovation, then turns as Watson holds up his hand. Corbett takes his bows and is very, very pleased with himself.

DISSOLVE TO:

141. INT. OLYMPIC CLUB GYMNASIUM
LONG SHOT PANNING

LATER THAT NIGHT

The dancing promised in the program to follow the athletic exhibitions is now in progress among those who comprised the audience in the preceding sequence. The ring has of course been cleared, as have the seats, and a small orchestra is playing a POPULAR WALTZ TUNE of the time. About 40 or 50 couples are on the floor, while others watch from the sides, some standing and others sitting at small tables. In one corner a lavish buffet is spread on long tables and at an improvised bar, champagne is very much in evidence.

142. DOLLY SHOT AMONG THE DANCERS

They are, on the whole, a very sedate and proper lot, all the Best People of San Francisco. Leland Stanford, Buck, Ware, Crocker, Huntington, all the group shown previously in the Olympic Club poker game. CAMERA HOLDS FINALLY ON AND FOLLOWS VICKI AND JIM, waltzing together.

CORBETT:

Here's something I don't understand,
Miss Ware.

VICKI:

What's that, Mr. Corbett -- what is
it you don't understand?

CORBETT:

How can I be dancing with you? I'm
supposed to be murdered!
(he laughs a little
too loudly)

VICKI:

Feeling pretty good, aren't you?

CORBETT:

Listen, I'm feeling fine.

VICKI:

I'm well aware of it. You have a
beautiful start.

CORBETT:

Well - I figure if I can lick a former
champion that easy, I ought to be the
world's champion before you can turn
around.

VICKI:

(chuckling)

I see. You lick an old man and you're
going to be the world's champion.

CORBETT:

What do you mean, an old man -- besides
I could have licked him just as easy
when he was the champion.

VICKI:

(very amused)

Oh, Mr. Corbett, what a beautiful
swelled head you're going to have.
Pretty soon it will be bouncing
around like a balloon!

(CONTINUED)

CORBETT:

No, no - don't say that. A swell head is a guy who thinks he's good and isn't. See the difference?

VICKI:

I see.

CORBETT:

Besides, didn't you say I had a beautiful start?

VICKI:

I did -- but I wasn't referring to your ring career, Mr. Corbett -- I was talking about the champagne. If you aren't used to it it's tricky.

CORBETT:

Don't be silly. Listen, I can drink more --

CORBETT & VICKI:

(together)

-- than anybody in the world.

143. MED. SHOT MOVING

VICKI:

There you are, you see, you can do anything better than anybody in the world. Just the world's all-around-champion.

She laughs as the MUSIC STOPS. Corbett is annoyed and hurt by her laughter and turns toward the buffet table just behind them, takes a glass of champagne.

144. MED. CLOSE SHOT DeWITT,

- standing with a handsome, well-dressed girl with whom he has just been dancing. He watches Corbett with Vicki, worried at Corbett's drinking.

145. CORBETT AND VICKI AT THE TABLE WHERE THE CHAMPAGNE IS SERVED

- as they clink their glasses.

(CONTINUED)

145 (Cont.)

VICKI:

(smiling)

Here's to your victory, Mr. Corbett,
but beware -- beware of this famous
grape. Unlike Mr. Burke, it does
not weaken with age.

CORBETT:

Very clever. Very clever. You're
right there with the repartee, aren't
you, Miss Ware?

Vicki smiles maddeningly and sips her wine. Corbett
tosses his off at one gulp, and Vicki shudders slightly
at the sight.

146. CLOSE SHOT DeWITT

He too, visibly winces as he watches Corbett drink the
champagne.

DISSOLVE TO:

147. INT. GYMNASIUM PANNING SHOT

The music is still playing and the crowd dancing. There
is much more hilarity as the champagne is still flowing
and it is much later. CAMERA PICKS UP CORBETT - he is
weaving in and out of the dancers, greeting people
familiarly. He pauses at a table near the edge of the
dance floor. Mr. Ware is seated with some other club
members and their wives. CAMERA STOPS with Corbett at
the table.

CORBETT:

Didn't disappoint you tonight, did
all right, huh -- good fight -- do
better next time -- knock him out in
first round --

He pats Ware strongly on the back. Ware winces, and the
women at the table look askance at such familiarity.
Corbett PASSES ON, but the CAMERA HOLDS ON THE TABLE.

1ST WOMAN:

(looking after him
through her lorgnette)

Somebody ought to take him home!

HER HUSBAND:

Men of that class - it's like that
every time -- give them an inch and
they take a mile --

(CONTINUED)

147 (Cont.)

CAMERA PANS from the table to the CHAMPAGNE TABLE. Corbett enters and picks up a bottle of champagne which one of the guests standing beside table has put on the table while he drinks. Corbett helps himself to the bottle and pours a drink. The man looks at him, surprised at such manners and a bit annoyed.

148. INT. GYMNASIUM DeWITT

- watching Jim from a doorway. He finally turns with a determined look on his face and goes down a corridor.

149. INT. JIM'S DRESSING ROOM

This is a plain, small room with a cot and some boxing paraphernalia, perhaps a dressing gown hanging on the wall

Sitting on the cot is Lowrie. He seems impatient as if waiting for someone. Presently the door opens and DeWitt enters the room.

DeWITT:

You're waiting for Jim Corbett, aren't you -- you're one of his cronies?

LOWRIE:

(stands up)

Yes.

DeWITT:

He's making a fool of himself in there. Get him out if you can, will you?

Lowrie nods, turns and starts out, followed by DeWitt.

150. INT. GYMNASIUM ANGLE ON DOOR TO GYMNASIUM FROM DRESSING ROOMS

Lowrie appears in the doorway, scanning the crowd, trying to find him.

CORBETT'S VOICE:

(offscone - loudly)

Aha - just the boy I'm looking for!

Lowrie turns as Jim enters to him.

LOWRIE:

Hey, Jim -- let's get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

CORBETT:
Nossir, not till I fix you up. .
 (grabs Lowrie's arm
 and starts dragging
 him onto the dance
 floor)
I'm going to do you a big favor tonight,
kid.

LOWRIE:
 (trying to pull back)
Jim, please, I can't go in here --

CORBETT:
Come on -- you're with me, aren't you?
That's enough.

LOWRIE:
Jim, listen Jim, please --

But Jim won't listen. He practically drags Lowrie through
the dancers, CAMERA PANNING WITH THEM.

151. AT EDGE OF DANCE FLOOR MED. SHOT TABLE

Seated at a table with DeWitt and a group of friends is
Vicki. She doesn't notice Corbett as he enters, dragging
the reluctant and embarrassed Lowrie.

CORBETT:
 (loudly, drunkenly)
Victoria -- !

She turns, startled --

152. CLOSER SHOT FAVORING VICKI, CORBETT AND LOWRIE
DeWITT TIPPED IN

CORBETT:
 (expansively)
I want you to meet Walter Lowrie.
Good old Walter --

VICKI:
 (quietly)
I met Mr. Lowrie in the bank.
 (she nods to him
 with a smile)

CORBETT:
 (grins)
Yeh, but this is gonna be a surprise --

153. CLOSEUP DE WITT

He is trying desperately to control his anger at this intrusion.

CORBETT'S VOICE:

(off scene)

-- Vicki, here is a man who is really in love with you. All he does is talk of you all day and dream of you all night.

154. CLOSE SHOT VICKI

She is mortified at this outburst and looks around bewildered as Corbett continues:

CORBETT'S VOICE:

(off scene)

So what do you say? Make him really happy. Give him the next dance....

155. WIDER ANGLE

CORBETT:

(continuing, completely oblivious to the insult)

Maybe you'll even fall for him -- maybe --

DeWitt suddenly makes a move toward Corbett. Other men in the party also rise.

DE WITT:

(clipped)

Maybe you'd better leave at once --

He takes Corbett's arm, but Corbett shakes him off. The other men start to edge Corbett away from the table to prevent a scene.

156. MOVING SHOT CORBETT AND TWO OR THREE MEN
LOWRIE FOLLOWING

De Witt and the other younger club members mean business.

CORBETT:

(angrily)

What do you mean, leave? Stop pushing me around! I'm a member here!

(CONTINUED)

DE WITT:
We'll take care of that, too. Please
go quietly.

CORBETT:
(balks, shaking them off)
Hey, whaddya trying to do - throw me
out!?

A MEMBER:
(levelly)
Not unless we have to.

CORBETT:
Ha - you three and how many others?

From the doorway several club attendants come into the
SHOT, ready to assist.

157. CLOSEUP VICKI

She is greatly upset by the scene which is creating much
attention in one side of the gymnasium. Not that she
doesn't know Corbett asked for this, but still --

CUT TO:

158. EXT. OLYMPIC CLUB MED. FULL SHOT NIGHT
A CAB DRIVER'S SHELTER AROUND CHARCOAL BRAZIER

This is in the alley adjoining the club, with the front
entrance of the club about 50 feet away, visible only at
an angle. In a small lean-to shelter such as was pro-
vided outside clubs and hotels in the 1890's for cab
drivers, a small charcoal brazier is burning. Around it
stand or sit six or eight cab drivers, warming their
hands and huddling from the pouring rain. They are
listening to Pat, who is vividly describing the fight,
complete with gestures.

PAT:
(fists up)
-- so Burke feints with his left, see?
-- like this -- but Jim, he ain't
taken in by it a-tall... he makes a
quick side step an' brings up his right
-- inside like this, see? WHAM --
right on the button!

(pauses dramatically,
points to an imaginary
Burke, knocked cold,
while the other cabbies
look on, muchly impressed)

(CONTINUED)

158 (Cont.)

PAT: (Cont.)

I'm tellin' ya, boys, ya never seen
anything like it! -- That boy of
mine's goin' places!

In b.g. the light from the suddenly opened doors of the Olympic Club illumine the steps, but the cabbies do not see it. Their attention is all on Pat, who has his back turned to the club.

159. EXT. CLUB STEPS MED. FULL SHOT

- as Corbett is propelled outward by a grimly business-like combination of members and attendants. He skids across the top landing and barely escapes falling down the steps. Lowrie forces his way thru the crowd and joins his friend outside, just as Jim, raging mad now, starts back into the club, fists clenched, eyes flashing.

CORBETT:

(thickly)

Awright - come on out, two at a time!
I'll lick the bunch of you!

He squares off drunkenly but Lowrie grabs his arms, struggling to hold him back, pleading with him to leave, while Corbett continues throwing threats and imprecations at the closed doors of the club.

160. INT. OLYMPIC CLUB FOYER FULL SHOT

The bouncing of Corbett has not passed unnoticed by many of the members. Several of them, men and women, about to leave, are talking in tense groups, glancing toward Vicki and DeWitt, who stand with ware a little off to one side of the statue of the fallen boxer which is in the center of the foyer.

161. MED. CLOSE THREE SHOT VICKI, DE WITT AND WARE

Vicki is upset by the affair, aware that it has created much comment and attention. Her father is also somewhat agitated over it, but for reasons of propriety. Their voices are subdued but Vicki's is tense.

VICKI:

(to De Witt)

Was it necessary to make such a scene
about it!? I have never been so em-
barrassed!

(CONTINUED)

161 (Cont.)

DE WITT:

But that's why we put him out, Vicki.
It was embarrassing to everyone.

WARE:

(nods grimly)

Now don't try to pass the buck, Vicki.
You've only yourself to blame for
bringing him into the club in the
first place.

VICKI:

Haven't either one of you ever gotten
a little tight and done something
foolish?

WARE:

Often - but never like that.

DE WITT:

(with a puzzled smile)

Vicki, are you defending this fellow?

VICKI:

All I say is you didn't have to throw
him out so roughly!

She turns abruptly and walks away. The two men look at
each other.

DE WITT:

(helplessly)

I guess I don't understand women.

WARE:

Who does?

They walk after Vicki and the CAMERA HOLDS for a moment
on the statue of the fallen fighter.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

162. A COMPOSITE MONTAGE CORBETT'S BAT

- over the following BACKGROUNDS, CLOSEUPS of JIM and LOWRIE are SUPERIMPOSED in various stages of inebriety. This is to suggest the terrific spree the two men are indulging in and also in various scenes the girls' faces are in and out of focus. This was a famous three day bat. Corbett admits it in his autobiography.

1. BACKGROUND of an Ornate Bar Mirror -- bottles of champagne and champagne glasses, filled and empty -- reflections of beautiful girls, dancing the Can-Can in exquisite costumes - THIS DISSOLVES OUT AND INTO
2. B.G., LESS ORNATE BAR MIRROR - Reflections of whiskey bottles - glasses filled and empty -- less beautiful girls, less elaborate costumes -- and the music not quite so good...
3. A DIVE BAR MIRROR - Reflections of cheap glasses of beer and the girls unmistakably habitues of such an establishment - practically no costumes - and the music strictly tinny.

AS THE LAST BACKGROUND FADES OUT -

163. HOLD CORBETT IN CLOSEUP

His eyes are closed -- he opens them suddenly --

CORBETT:

Hey! Hey!

CAMERA PULLS
BACK TO:

164. INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM

DAY

It is furnished as a third-rate hotel bedroom usually is -- iron bed, dresser, a cracked wash-pitcher and bowl on stand in corner, the dirty lace curtains and the long windows. Corbett, partially dressed is lying with his head at the foot of the bed -- Lowrie with his head at the head of the bed.

Corbett slowly sits up, dazed, with a beautiful hang-over - Lowrie slowly opens his eyes - shudders --

CORBETT:

Where are we?

(CONTINUED)

164 (Cont.)

LOWRIE:
 (sits up, slowly looks
 around)
 Not my room. Must be yours.

165. MED. SHOT INT. HOTEL ROOM

CORBETT:
 Not mine... smells like a hotel.

LOWRIE:
 Smells more like a bar-room... What'd
 we be doing in a hotel?

CORBETT:
 Well, it looks, pal, like we passed
 out. -- What's the last thing you
 remember?

LOWRIE:
 (thinks)
 You got kicked out of the club last
 night, you remember that, don't you?

CORBETT:
 (trying to remember)
 Did I?... last night?

LOWRIE:
 I'll say. And we went to one, two,
 three bars, and that's all I remember.
 (suddenly)
 Hey, Jim, we got to get going, we
 got to get to the bank!

Lowrie gets up -- CAMERA MOVES with him to the window.

LOWRIE:
 Wonder what part of town we're in...
 (looks puzzledly out the
 window, turns back to Jim)
 Jim, come here -- if this is San Fran-
 cisco, it's a part of town I never saw
 before.

CORBETT:
 (entering to him)
 What are you giving me!

166. CLOSER SHOT AT WINDOW

Corbett and Lowrie open the window and stare out right
 and left.

(CONTINUED)

CORBETT:
(pointing off)

Look!

LOWRIE:

What?

CORBETT:
That big sign -- Salt Lake City
Ice Company.

LOWRIE:
Salt Lake City!

Their eyes meet. Turning away from the window, Corbett looks the room over.

167. INT. ROOM FROM CORBETT'S ANGLE

He notices some clothes on a chair. He goes over and inspects them puzzledly as Lowrie turns away from the window and sits on the bed.

LOWRIE:
(vaguely)
This must be Utah -- Do you know how
long it takes to get to Salt Lake
City?

Corbett pays no attention to him for an instant. He picks up the suit, which looks like his size but a loud checked affair; he looks at it dazedly.

CORBETT:
Yours?

LOWRIE:
(looking at him)
What?
(Corbett points to the
suit)
No. Must be yours.

168. CLOSE SHOT FAVORING CORBETT LOWRIE IN B.G.

* He is trying to remember where he got the suit -- but can't. He shakes his head as if trying to fathom it all, then laughs.

CORBETT:
(laughing)
It might be worse, boy, at least
we're still in the United States!

(CONTINUED)

168 (Cont.)

He starts going through the trousers -- finds some change, then picks up Lowrie's trousers off the floor and looks in them.

LOWRIE:

How could we ever've got here? You remember riding on a train?

CORBETT:

(turns it over)

No -- not off-hand.

(counts some loose change)

Thirty-five cents between us.

(puts change on dresser)

How do we get out of here?

Corbett goes over to the mirror and looks at his face -- pours water into the washbowl -- Lowrie still sits on the bed with his head in his hands. Presently, there is a knock on the door.

170. WIDER ANGLE THE ROOM

Corbett looks at Lowrie, who is instantly alert. The knock is repeated, louder and more impatiently. Corbett motions for Lowrie to go to the door, but Lowrie shakes his head no. CAMERA PANS with Corbett as he cautiously approaches the door to open it.

171. ANGLE TO CORRIDOR

Corbett opens the door. Standing outside is a short, flashily but cheaply dressed man. He is DELANEY, a small-time fight promoter (the Teddy Hart type). He is smoking a cigar, talks fast and clipped, and gestures with his cigar as he talks. He enters breezily, familiarly.

DELANEY:

Hi'ya, Corbett! *

172. MED. SHOT ROOM

Corbett closes the door, looks at Delaney, then quizzically at Lowrie, who looks at Corbett and shrugs -- not recognizing the intruder either.

DELANEY:

Well -- here's your ten bucks -- everything's set -- Miller's rarin' to go --

(CONTINUED)

172 (Cont.)

CORBETT:

(taking the money, but
not understanding what
it's all about)

My ten bucks -- ?

DELANEY:

Yeah -- you said you'd fight him for
ten bucks. In fact, you said five
bucks last night -- but Miller's
tough -- so me, I decided to give
ya ten --

CORBETT:

(glances at Lowrie who
is just as bewildered,
then back to Delaney)

Fight Miller? Who's Miller?

173. CLOSE TWO SHOT DELANEY AND CORBETT

DELANEY:

Big local pug -- he's terrific --
(Corbett looks at him,
still befuddled)

Saay -- you are a fighter -- ain't
cha! -- ?

CORBETT:

(quickly, reassuringly)

Sure -- sure -- but ---

DELANEY:

(suspiciously)

But what --

(thinks he has the
answer)

I get it -- not enough dough!
(whining routine)

All right -- I'll get someone else --
not smart, that's me -- pick up a
drunk in a saloon -- never know
whether they're fighters or not --
'Sure I can fight -- sure I'll take
anybody on' -- they say -- But when
it comes right down to fightin' --
they can't hit the side of a barn --

Delaney reaches for the ten dollar bill but Corbett
hangs on to it, stalling as he tries hard to pierce the
fog.

CORBETT:

Wait a minute -- let me get this
straight -- my head's sorta dizzy
-- seems like I was a little -- you
know --

174. MED. SHOT DELANEY, CORBETT AND LOWRIE

DELANEY:

(grins)

You were more than a little "You know" -- you were soused! What a bun -- whoo!

CORBETT:

All right -- so I promised to fight some guy named Miller for ten bucks. Where and when?

DELANEY:

Aha, that's more like it. Here's the set-up -- Six card fight -- all good boys -- know 'em all -- best fighters in Salt Lake, except that punk Murphy -- ran out on me at the last moment --

(sarcastically)

Said Miller was too tough -- imagine that -- just got scared of Miller, that's it. So I bump into you -- you're rarin' to fight -- at least last night in that saloon you wuz --

CORBETT:

(impatiently)

I know -- but where -- private club -- or what --?

DELANEY:

(indignant)

Whaddya mean "private club"? I'm Joe Delaney -- strictly legit -- none of that lodge stuff for me. Get the best fight fans in town -- an' you better be good -- 'cause they're tougher'n most o' the fighters --

(starting toward door)

But don't let the audience throw you. You just handle Miller.

(at door)

Well, see ya tonight -- Odd Fellers Hall over on Tucker Street -- better be there early --

Delaney goes out as quickly as he came in, leaving the two boys a little wiser but just as stunned. As soon as the door is closed, Lowrie crosses to Corbett who has sunk into a chair.

LOWRIE:
You're in no condition to fight!
You look awful!

CORBETT:
Yeah. And I've got two dozen butterflies.
(touches his stomach)
But I took the guy's money -- I got to fight.
(cockily)
Besides, I can probably lick that yokel blindfolded.

LOWRIE:
But Jim -- you're not even a professional!

176. CLOSEUP CORBETT

Here is an angle he hasn't thought of. He is intrigued by it. He stands up tensely, stares at Lowrie as if seeing a sudden vista of the future.

CORBETT:
Professional... hey, what's wrong with that? Some of those guys do all right!

DISSOLVE TO:

177. INSERT POLICE GAZETTE

- held in work-gnarled hands. The hands turn the cover to an inside page - DISSOLVE TO SAME HANDS holding corner of page, apparently reading small item in 6-point type.

SALT LAKE CITY - James J. Corbett
knocked out Frank Miller - 3rd Round.

CAMERA PULLS BACK - showing the full page. With the exception of perhaps a half column in the lower right hand corner, the rest of the page is devoted to a huge picture of John L. Sullivan in his famous fighting pose. The bold caption reads:

THE GREAT JOHN L. SULLIVAN
Heavy-weight Champion
of the World

DISSOLVE TO:

178. INT. PALACE BAR

NIGHT

This was perhaps the most famous bar in the world at this time. It was the height of luxury and convenience in every detail, the social and sporting center of San Francisco night life. John L. Sullivan, a big burly giant of an Irishman, is leaning against the bar, basking in a crowd of men, milling around him. He wears silk hat, diamonds blaze all over him, and he carries a huge cane. In spite of the great din of noise, Sullivan is very clearly heard to roar as he slams the bar with his free hand.

SULLIVAN:

I can lick any man in the world!

(the CROWD CHEERS)

Mike -- champagne for everybody in the house, yeh, and I invite everybody here to invite in their friends. Trot 'em in, gents. Tonight the Palace bar is taken over by John L. Sullivan himself!

There are more cheers.

179. ANOTHER ANGLE AT BAR

There are about five men, all trying to shake Sullivan's hand at the same time. John L. basks in this glory like a lion among rabbits.

SULLIVAN:

(holds hand up)

Line up, gents, line up. You are wasting an opportunity. Line up, gents, and I will shake your hands, one by one.

180. WIDER ANGLE FAVORING SULLIVAN

As the men hastily form a line. They are of all types and ages, and all thrilled. As they move by and shake his hands there are ad lib comments.

AD LIBS:

Glad to meetcha, Champ!
An honor, Mister Sullivan!
Put 'er there, Champ!
I saw you beat Kilrain!

SULLIVAN:

You're welcome, my boy.
Glad to know you, sir.
(etc. as needed)

181. ANOTHER ANGLE THE CROWD

Pat Corbett squeezes up eagerly and extends his hand to Sullivan.

PAT:

Pleased to meet you, Champ -- I got a boy who's a fighter too --

SULLIVAN:

Fine -- fine -- glad to hear it!

Pat passes on, practically overcome at having shaken the champ's hand. As others step up for the honor, we -

DISSOLVE TO:

182. CLOSEUP JIM CORBETT

NIGHT

He is eating corn beef and cabbage as the scene opens.

CAMERA PULLS
BACK TO:

183. INT. CORBETT DINING ROOM FAVORING JIM AND GEORGE

All of the family with the exception of Pat are assembled for dinner, in their places as previously seen. Pat's place is empty. There is a more amicable air about the proceedings than formerly, as Jim by his fighting has proven himself a man to his brothers, so their attitude toward him is not as belligerent as during earlier scenes.

GEORGE:

(eating and talking,
punctuating his talk
with knife and fork)

"Choynski," he says. - "And who's Choynski?" I ask him. "My kid brother can beat him!" And you know what he said, Jim?

CORBETT:

No. What?

GEORGE:

Said you were just a lucky kid who'd never met anybody but third-raters! "Yeah?" I said, "what about Paddy Ryan - what about Butch Kruger? Who knocked them out?" -- "Well, who ain't?" he comes back --

184. WIDER ANGLE

MA CORBETT:

George, mind your tongue and leave Jim alone. He's just got another nice job now and he's through with fighting.

HARRY:

Aw, Ma -- just let him have one more! Let him meet Choynski!

CAMERA PANS to the door. The door opens and Pat Corbett comes in, swollen with pride. CAMERA PANS him to table.

PAT CORBETT:

Well! Well! Well! I don't know as I should associate with anyone here tonight. Not after what happened to me today!

AD LIBS:

What happened, Pop? -- What'd you do?

Pat struts around the table as CAMERA PANS with him. He holds out his right hand in awe.

PAT CORBETT:

Do you see that hand? Do you see it? Well, you're gazing on the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan, himself!

Pat reaches his place at the table and looks around triumphantly.

185. MED. SHOT

They all look at Pat in awe. There is a tense pause.

HARRY & GEORGE:

(whisper at
same time)

John L. Sullivan...!?

MA CORBETT:

(whispers)

John L. Sullivan...!?

PAT CORBETT:

John L. Sullivan!

186. CLOSEUP JIM

He, too, has paused eating to look at his father's outstretched hand, impressed in spite of himself, and a little amused.

JIM:

Well, what're you planning to do with it?

187. CLOSEUP PAT CORBETT

He doesn't get the irony of Jim's question, but keeps gazing fondly at his outstretched hand, as if it were solid gold.

PAT CORBETT:

I ain't even gonna wash it!

He sits down at the table.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

188. EXT. THEATRE CLOSE SHOT POSTER NIGHT

This is a three-sheet pasted on the corner of the theatre, which reads:

TWO NIGHTS ONLY!
JUST BACK FROM A TRIUMPHAL TOUR
OF AUSTRALIA

THE GREAT JOHN L. SULLIVAN
Heavyweight Champion
of the World
in that Great Drama
"HONEST HEARTS AND WILLING HANDS"

CAMERA PULLS BACK showing portion of FRONT OF THEATRE. The poster is on the corner leading to the alley which runs alongside the building. In the b.g., down the alley, a crowd is gathered. Corbett enters to the poster, looks at it, then at the crowd, then turns in the opposite direction. CAMERA PANS with him as he moves into the lobby of the theatre to look at other pictures of Sullivan -- other people milling around, looking at pictures also.

189. INT. LOBBY CLOSE SHOT

PAN with Corbett as he moves from picture to picture. Finally, one of them captures his interest -- Sullivan in a fighting stance. Corbett studies it a moment, then, casually, imitates it, glancing first out of the corner of his eye to see if he is observed. After a moment or two he turns.

190. EXT. ALLEY NEAR STAGE DOOR ENTRANCE

The crowd is milling around waiting for Sullivan. CAMERA PICKS UP DeWITT and VICKI near the edge of the crowd. They are both trying to edge closer. Presently, Corbett enters. He is looking toward the stage door and does not see them as he first comes in. He turns toward them, crosses to them.

191. CLOSE VICKI AND DEWITT

Corbett enters to them.

CORBETT:
(casually)
Hello.

(CONTINUED)

191 (Cont.)

VICKI:
 (surprised at seeing
 him)
 Why - Mr. Corbett!

CORBETT:
 How are you?

DEWITT:
 (friendly)
 Well, well, we haven't seen you
 since the night of your - er -
 er - celebration.

VICKI:
 (amused)
 Why, no - in fact, I went around
 to the bank a few days later, and
 they hadn't seen you, either.

CORBETT:
 (uncomfortably)
 I took a little trip.

VICKI:
 Is that so? Where did you go?

CORBETT:
 Salt Lake City.

DEWITT:
 Salt Lake -- how did you ever happen
 to go there?

CORBETT:
 (grimly)
 I - will - never - know.

Vicki and DeWitt exchange looks of amusement. OVER SCENE
 a great cry of excitement is heard from the crowd. They
 all look off.

192. ANGLE SHOT FAVORING SULLIVAN

as the crowd is milling around him. Sullivan is dressed
 in all his broadcloth finery. He responds to the cheer
 by clenching both hands high over his head, in the cus-
 tom which he made famous. CAMERA WIDENS as he steps
 down among them, flexes his right arm and extends it for
 the people to feel, and we gather that it is a time-
 honored ritual.

193. MED. SHOT VICKI, CORBETT, DEWITT

as they watch the crowd and Sullivan in b.g. Suddenly on impulse Vicki moves toward the crowd around the champ.

VICKI:

Wait here. I'll be right back.

Corbett stares after her in astonishment. Even DeWitt is a little surprised.

194. MED. CLOSE SHOT SULLIVAN AND CROWD

Vicki comes in, pushing her way forward. Now we see the collection of people around Sullivan are mostly bums and over-dressed chippies. Vicki struggles through and finally gets to feel John L.'s arm.

VICKI:

(greatly impressed)

My Heavens!

SULLIVAN:

(smugly, pleased)

Yeh, that's somepin' to tell ya kids, lady -- ya felt the arm what shook the world.

(he laughs loudly,
then moves on like
a king extending his
hand to be kissed)

Step up, folks, an' take a fool.
I ain't got all night.

195. CLOSE SHOT CORBETT AND DEWITT

As Vicki feels Sullivan's arm, a strange attitude strikes Corbett. He looks at DeWitt, and is surprised to see DeWitt doesn't resent it. And that makes Corbett sore. Corbett is not aware that his resentment is jealousy. CAMERA MOVES UP TO A CLOSEUP of Corbett as he watches Vicki.

DISSOLVE TO:

196. EXT. SWISS GARDEN CAFE FULL SHOT STAGE NIGHT

A group of Swiss yodelers are performing in a sort of bandstand off to one side of the garden. As they finish amid off-scene applause, CAMERA STARTS MOVING BACK. A

(CONTINUED)

196 (Cont.)

couple of dancers in Swiss Tyrolean costumes enter. As the ANGLE WIDENS, we see that this is an open-air garden cafe, reminiscent of the old "Viennese Gardens," with a lot of tables and umbrellas and 40 or 50 guests, their voices mingled with the clatter of dishes and the music of the orchestra. The MOVING CAMERA PICKS UP a waiter leading DeWitt, Corbett and Vicki to a table.

197. MED. SHOT

A waiter enters to take their order.

DEWITT:

(to Vicki)

What'll you have?

VICKI:

A nice large cold beer.

DEWITT:

(to waiter)

And a Scotch highball.

(to Corbett)

Corbett?

CORBETT:

Vanilla ice cream.

Vicki and DeWitt exchange surprised looks, then laugh as the waiter exits, look at Corbett as if he should be more explicit.

198. CLOSE SHOT FAVORING CORBETT

CORBETT:

I'm in training for a fight.

(Vicki reacts

with surprise)

I tried selling life insurance
for a while, but it was too tough.

DEWITT:

(smiles)

Who are you fighting?

CORBETT:

Joe Choynski.

DEWITT:

Say, he's good. I saw him beat Nelson.
Aren't you - er - asking for trouble?

(CONTINUED)

198 (Cont.)

CORBETT:

(shrugs)

You sort of expect it in a fight.

VICKI:

Dad says he's the best fighter
California ever produced. He must
be good!

CORBETT:

(suddenly lets

her have it)

He isn't good enough for you to
want to feel his arm, though, is
he?

199. CLOSE VICKI AND DEWITT

They look at each other, startled by the sudden unwar-
ranted outburst. There is an uneasy pause as they stare
at each other, puzzled. Corbett himself does not know -
yet - why he's doing this.

200. CLOSE GROUP

CORBETT:

That wasn't a pretty picture, Miss
Ware -- you pawing over Sullivan.
You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Vicki is still speechless, then turns to DeWitt.

VICKI:

Clinton, what is he talking about?

DEWITT:

(stares at Jim)

Yes - what are you driving at, Corbett?

CORBETT:

(testily)

And you ought to be ashamed of your-
self for allowing it! She's your
girl, isn't she?

VICKI:

(furious)

How -- how dare you? Have you any
idea who you're talking to!

(CONTINUED)

200 (Cont.)

CORBETT:

I know I'm not talking to my girl --
if you were my girl I'd slap your
face.

VICKI & DEWITT:

(exclaim almost
simultaneously)

Well, well --!
Did you ever?!

200a. CLOSE VICKI AND CORBETT

VICKI:

Your girl! Boing your girl is so
far beyond my imagination --

CORBETT:

(interrupting)

Listen -- a girl loses something
when she loses her dignity -- She
loses her class. And grabbing a
big bum's arm like that is hero
worship stuff and don't sit there
and tell me different!

CAMERA WIDENS to INCLUDE DeWitt.

DEWITT:

Will you look who he's calling a
big bum -- John L. Sullivan --

(laughs)

Come on, let's stop fighting about
nothing....

VICKI:

(furious, to
DeWitt)

Shut up!!

DEWITT:

(stops laughing,
abruptly)

Huh!!!?

VICKI:

You ought to take this tramp out
and knock his block off!

201. CLOSER SHOT VICKI AND CORBETT

CORBETT:

(laughs ironically)
Ah, now you're talking, Miss Ware --
that's real -- that's some of your
old man's silver mining days coming
out in you -- but I'll bet those
Comstock gals would've needed more
than a big arm to get 'em --

Vicki rises and slaps Corbett sharply in the face.

VICKI:

I wish I were a man -- I'd show
you!

202. MED. SHOT CORBETT AND DEWITT IN F.G.

as Vicki flings out of the cafe.

DEWITT:

A pleasant little party --
(he rises)

I hope we meet you often.

He hurries out after Vicki. The waiter enters the scene
with the ice cream.

CAMERA MOVES
IN TO A:

203. CLOSER SHOT CORBETT AND WAITER

as the waiter sets the big stein of beer, the whisky
highball and the dish of vanilla ice cream on the table.
Then the waiter notices that the other two have left.
Corbett is glaring after them as if he could bite a nail.

WAITER:

Your friends -- they'll be back?

CORBETT:

(barks at him)

No - but leave the drinks!

He takes up his spoon, dips it into the ice cream, takes
a mouthful, then a big swig of the beer, his eyes still
blazing after the exiting pair.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

204. EXT. BARGE LONG SHOT SLIGHT FOG NIGHT

In a waterfront corner of San Francisco Bay is the barge upon which the big "bootleg" fights of the time were held, to avoid police interference.

The barge is anchored 20 or 30 feet off-shore, connected with the land by an improvised walk. A ring has been erected on the barge, the illumination from several big kerosene torches nailed to posts around the edges. Two or three rows of ringside seats have been furnished. All this we pick up as by one's and two's the spectators cross the boardwalk. A couple of hoodlums, armed with baseball bats are guarding the boardwalk and only letting certain favored people across.

205. PANNING SHOT CROWD

- picking up the crowd occupying all available space on the pier, barge, an old ship hulk, etc. The fog gives an eerie aspect to the scene. The crowd is very noisy, largely hoodlums, a sporting crowd and a few Barbary Coast dames --

206. CLOSE SHOT PA AND MA CORBETT

They are sitting huddled together, anxiously awaiting the fight to begin.

CAMERA SWINGS TO:

207. ANOTHER SECTION

- filled mainly with men. Here sit George and Harry with other 'South of the Slot' boys. All are very noisy - the din of the place is terrific.

CAMERA THEN
SWINGS TO:

208. RINGSIDE SEATS

Here we pick up members of the Olympic Club formerly seen, and PAN to PICK UP DeWitt and Vicki. Vicki is eagerly scanning the crowd. Suddenly a great cheer goes up and Vicki stands up with the rest of the people to see who is arriving.

209. ANGLE SHOT ENTRANCE TO RING FROM BOARDWALK

- PANNING WITH CHOYNSKI and his handlers, as he starts onto the barge.

AD LIBS FROM CROWD:

(roaring)

Yeay -- go get him, Joe!

We're bettin' on ya, Choynski!

You can take him, Choynski!!

(etc. ad lib)

Choynski enters the ring, as the crowd continues their cheering.

210. CLOSE SHOT REFEREE IN RING

- as the deafening roar of the crowd continues while Choynski climbs into the ring, the red-faced referee tries to get the mob to quiet down, bellowing at them.

REFEREE:

Shut up, you wharf-rats! You wanna get us all run in by the cops!?

This here fight's against the California State law - you know that!

So keep ya traps shut!

The crowd jeers and boos the warning, the referee, each other.

211. CLOSE GROUP SHOT IN CHOYNSKI'S CORNER

This JOE CHOYNSKI is a big guy, hard as nails, a seasoned pug. His second, HARRIGAN, kneels close beside him and talks in a tense, excited voice.

HARRIGAN:

Lissen, Joe - I just hear Corbett busted his right hand in training. So I threw our gloves into the bay. Are ya listening!?

JOE:

How do we fight then?

HARRIGAN:

Bare knuckles - how d'ya think? It'll kill Corbett! Lissen, you - just say to Patsy Hogan you lost 'em --

They look off as a faint applause stirs the crowd.

212. FULL SHOT OPPOSITE SIDE OF RING

- as Corbett enters the ring. Nowhere as popular as Choynski, he cockily greets the faint scattering of jeers and applause as if it were an ovation. Delaney is handling him. CAMERA PANS WITH CORBETT as he dances over to Choynski's corner.

CORBETT:

(gaily)

Hi, Joe -- hi'ya, Bill!

HARRIGAN:

CHOYNSKI:

(sourly)

Hi'ya --

Corbett is the double-distilled essence of confidence - he exudes it from every pore, making a typical smart play to bother Choynski before the fight starts.

CORBETT:

How about a little side bet, boys?
I've got 500 bucks that's looking
for company.

HARRIGAN:

(tough)

Lissen, Corbett - you'll get fat
trying to get our goat. You never
saw 500 bucks.

213. CLOSER SHOT CORBETT

He edges close to Choynski and from his dressing-gown pocket takes out a telegram.

CORBETT:

Who's trying to get anybody's goat? --
I just want to read you a telegram
that came to all the newspapers --
(reads)

"Will offer a purse of twenty-five
hundred dollars, between winner of
Choynski-Corbett bout tonight and
Jake Kilrain. Railroad fare to New
Orleans and return if winner of
tonight's bout will box Jake Kilrain
six rounds Mardi Gras week. Winner
of that fight two thousand, loser 500."

214. CLOSE GROUP SHOT

HARRIGAN:
(sarcastically)
Jake Kilrain! He'd kill the both of
you boys in the same ring. G'wan -
get back in ya corner --

CORBETT:
(blandly)
I'm not talking about that, Bill.
I'm just proving to you boys I've
got 500 dollars.

HARRIGAN:
(cynically)
Yeah? Where's it at?

CORBETT:
Doesn't the telegram say the loser
gets 500.?

HARRIGAN:
(mystified)
Sure. But it says the winner of
tonight's fight goes to New Orleans,
don't it?

215. CLOSEUP CORBETT

He smiles sweetly at the boys, working on their goats.

CORBETT:
(to Choynski)
Do you like postcards, Joe? Lot
of nice pictures on 'em.

216. WIDER ANGLE

CORBETT:
(pats Joe's shoulder)
I'll send you a bunch from New
Orleans, eh?

HARRIGAN:
(boiling)
Now lissen -- don't think you can
get our goat -- Go on, get out of
here -- you'll see enough of us in
just a minute!

Corbett grins and prances away, CAMERA WITH HIM.

217. ANGLE RING AND RINGSIDE SEATS

Corbett pauses at the side of the ring as he sees some of the Olympic Club members. He greets them familiarly.

CORBETT:

Hi'ya, Mr. Crocker --
Glad to see ya, Mr. Sutro --
I'll crucify him -- worse'n I did
Burke.

They all laugh. CAMERA PANS WITH CORBETT to his corner. He looks around, as if trying to discover someone of interest to him -- finally he sees her and smiles, waves cockily.

218. CLOSE SHOT VICKI AND DE WITT

She turns away, not returning his greeting. DeWitt looks at her and then he waves to Corbett.

DE WITT:

Good luck, Corbett!

219. INT. RING

The Referee, HOGAN, motions for Corbett and Joe to come to the middle of the ring. Offscene the crowd cheers.

HOGAN:

(to Choynski - noticing
he has no gloves)
Where're your gloves, Joe?

JOE:

(mumbles)
Dunno -- lost 'em.

HOGAN:

(to Corbett)
What is this? Choynski's got no
gloves, Jim.

CORBETT:

(wisely)
Oho -- I get the idea, and it's all
right with me. I'll fight with gloves
and let him fight with his bare knuckles.
(grins at Harrigan)
Hello, Bill.

220. ANGLE SHOT PART OF RINGSIDE SEATS

Several people have heard this conversation - there is a hubbub about it.

AD LIB:

That's not sporting --
Choynski's got to have gloves --
Too one-sided -- bare knuckles would
cut Corbett to pieces --

A dignified, gray-haired gentleman calls:

GENTLEMAN:

Referee! Here! Referee!

Hogan moves to the ropes. The gentleman hands him a pair of leather driving gloves. Hogan looks at them a bit skeptically and indicates his thanks.

221. CLOSE SHOT GROUP IN RING

HOGAN:

Here, Joe -- put these on --

Harrigan and Joe exchange looks. Joe shrugs his shoulders as Corbett smiles, well on to what Harrigan has done and amused at the result. Hogan waves both men back to their corners.

222. ANGLE DELANEY IN JIM'S CORNER

- as Jim enters to his corner.

DELANEY:

(worriedly)

Can you close your right hand, Jim?

CORBETT:

No. Sore as a boil.

DELANEY:

Then keep it swinging and missing,
and left hand him to death!

Further conversation is interrupted by the sound of the gong offscene. Jim rises and advances to the center of the ring.

223. INT. RING 1ST ROUND INTERCUTS

The two men start boxing. The first round is featured by Corbett's footwork and his left stabs. At times he hits Joe with four or five lefts in succession.

224. INTERCUT ROUND WITH CROWD REACTIONS

They notice that Jim uses only his left hand, and as fight crowds are prone to do, yell advice.

AD LIBS:

Follow-up with your right! --
Use your right, Corbett!
Etc.

225. INT. JIM'S CORNER CLOSE SHOT

The first round is over. Delaney is working on Jim with expert hands. Dialogue is very fast. Crowd is yelling itself hoarse after the terrific first round.

DELANEY:

Pretty going, kid!

CORBETT:

(whispers, in pain)
Yeh, so's my left going. It's about gone, Billy.

DELANEY:

(startled)
What's the matter?

CORBETT:

Hit him on the forehead -- my third and little fingers are swelling like popovers.

DELANEY:

Okay, we'll stop the fight.

* CORBETT:

(quickly in alarm)
No we won't! Oh no!

DELANEY:

(tensely)
Don't be crazy, boy! You can't hit him with your feet. You got to have one good hand!

(CONTINUED).

225 (Cont.)

CORBETT:

I'll hit him with the side of my hand and first knuckle.

DELANEY:

Jim! You can't handle him that easy! He'll beat your brains out!

CORBETT:

I'm not quitting, Billy -- get that straight!

DELANEY:

All right! Now look - swing wild with your right! Swing from the floor! Don't hit once with your left this round till you got him ducking. Get it!?

CORBETT:

Got it!

As the gong rings for the second round, Corbett leaps up.

DISSOLVE TO:

226. INT. RING 2ND ROUND ROUTINE INTERCUTS

It is the height of the Second Round. Corbett swings wildly with right and gives an exhibition of footwork and dancing and very little hitting -- saving himself, doing a great job of defensive fighting as Choynski tries hard to knock him out.

227. CROWD FLASH SHOTS

They are aware of the fact that Corbett has injured his left and as they came to see a slug-fest and not footwork they are unrestrained in their full-throated boos and snarls.

AD LIBS:

(from crowd)

Stop dancing -- slug him!

Get a band -- !

Watcha tryin' to do -- waltz with him?

-- sock him!

Hit him, Corbett -- quit stalling!

Etc.

228. INT. RING

Suddenly it happens -- Corbett's wild right gets Joe ducking, and Corbett unleashes that trick left-hook with the inside of his fist, the blow he invented and which was to make him famous. Choynski staggers.

229. INT. CHOYNSKI'S CORNER

HARRIGAN:

(startled)

Hey! What kind of a punch was that?

230. INT. JIM'S CORNER

DELANEY:

(ecstatic)

Oh-oh -- it's a pip!

SPORTS WRITER:

(behind him)

What do you call that shot, Billy?

DELANEY:

(excitedly)

I don't know. Call it -- call it a left hook! Look at Choynski! He don't know what to call it! He don't even know where it's coming from!

The gong rings ending the round, and Jim enters the scene. Delaney pounds him on the back as the crowd goes wild.

DELANEY:

You tagged him, Jim! You got him!

231. ANGLE SHOT THE CROWD

Fickle as any fight crowd and admiring the upsetting comeback, many are now loudly applauding Corbett.

AD LIBS:

Atta boy, Corbett -- !

Yeah - go get him, boy!

See, here's the way it's done --

Several of the crowd are practicing movements of the left hook on each other.

232. PAT AND MA CORBETT

Purple in the face with excitement, Pat is showing Ma how it was done.

PAT:

That's our Jim, Ma ... Always knew he'd be a winner -- takes after the Corbetts!

Ma Corbett makes a motion to sock Pa but he ducks and damn near falls off the pier.

233. INT. RINGSIDE

Some of the Olympic Club crowd, equally thrilled by the fight, are loudly discussing Jim, raising their voices above the roar of the crowd.

CROCKER:

His manners might not be the best -- but he can fight any time for my money!

WARE:

He's good all right!

As the gong rings -

DISSOLVE TO:

234. CLOSE TWO SHOT VICKI AND DeWITT

- with the crowd noises over. They are caught up by the fever of the fight. DeWitt looks at Vicki who now has her hat off, staring at the ring, fascinated.

DE WITT:

How does he stand it? -- I'm punch-drunk from just watching!

VICKI:

I - I didn't think even a hoodlum could stand twenty-seven rounds -- He is good, isn't he, Clint?

DE WITT:

Good? He's better than good when it comes to fighting -- !

The gong rings again.

235. INT. RING 27TH ROUND INTERCUTS

Corbett and Choynski are both about worn to a frazzle. They start slugging again -- Corbett's one good hand is almost too weary to lift. Both are trying desperately for a knockout before they collapse. (NOTE: This was one of the great fights in ring history.)

AD LIBS:

(crowd offscene)

Come on, Joe! -- Knock him out!

You got him, Joe! -- Finish him off!

As the two of them continue slugging, Corbett goes into a clinch.

VICKI'S VOICE:

(offscene)

Kill him, Joe! Kill him! Kill him!

236. ANGLE SHOT VICKI

DeWitt stares at her in amazement, as she continues, now standing and screaming.

VICKI:

Kill him! -- Kill him, Joe!

237. INT. RING CLOSE SHOT FIGHTERS

Jim is in a clinch -- he hears Vicki's voice, looks up with a tired, sweat-streaked face, grins and waves to her. They come out of the clinch and Corbett puts it over - a jolting left hook with all he's got left behind it. Choynski totters and crashes flat on his face to the canvas.

238. FULL SHOT THE CROWD PANNING

They are on their feet, gone wild, cheering the winner - but before the counting ceases, there is a sudden yell of excitement from the rear of the crowd on the pier. The Police have burst into the lot, whistles blowing, and the raid is on.

239. EXT. NEAR BARGE
MED. SHOT POLICE PATROL WAGONS

NIGHT

Two of them, "Black Marias", horse-drawn, are disgorging squads of helmeted policemen swinging nightsticks, and one grim-faced policeman in each wagon is clanging the bell.

240. FULL SHOT RING AND CROWD.

The terrifying clamor from the shore electrifies the fight crowd and the confusion on the barge bursts like a bombshell. The scam is sudden, wild and unanimous in all directions.

THE FIGHT CROWD:

(yelling)

Godfrey - the potheads! --

It's a raid! ...

Lemme outa here!...

(etc., ad lib)

241. CLOSE FLASH SHOTS AROUND THE BARGE

- (1) We see one of the tall posts on which is attached the kerosene torches that illuminate the ring. A couple of men yank the post loose, toss the torches into the bay.
- (2) Among the fight fans it is now every guy for himself and let the dames look out for themselves. The SCREAMS of hysterical tarts split the night.
- (3) Pat and Ma Corbett are scurrying for safety across the pier.

242. WIDE ANGLE BARGE PANNING THE GETAWAY

The cops pile across the boardwalk now, into the ring. The place is a bedlam. People are jumping off into the water, wading, floundering ashore. Corbett and the half-conscious Choynski are hustled out of the ring and vanish in the darkness as somebody douses the torches.

WIPE OFF TO:

243. EXT. UNDER THE WHARF PANNING SHOT

Seeking escape from the police, several people have scrambled under the pier, while above them on the dock the yells and ringing bells of the police wagons continue. Corbett has gotten separated from Delaney and with his bathrobe around him he ducks into the shelter below the pier -- just as Vicki, followed by DeWitt and her father, appear from the opposite side of screen. Jim and Vicki almost bump into each other.

244. CLOSER SHOT FAVORING THE TWO

- with DeWitt and Ware in close b.g., very startled and upset by the sudden raid and the necessity to hide like criminals. The under-dock is crusted with barnacles.

CORBETT:

(grins at Vicki)

Well, well -- fancy meeting you here, Miss Ware --

VICKI:

(flustered for a moment)

I - I'm not so surprised, Mr. Corbett -- you expect to find some things under piers --

CORBETT:

(still grinning)

If you mean barnacles, there's a nice bunch of 'em right behind your ear.

(she jumps aside and he laughs)

I want to thank you for the tip, Miss Ware.

VICKI:

What tip?

CORBETT:

(innocently)

I heard you yell. You said "Kill him", didn't you?

VICKI:

I did -- but I was yelling to Choynski.

CORBETT:

Oh - my mistake.

(looks behind her)

Hello, Mr. Ware -- how are you, DeWitt?

245. CLOSE SHOT THE GROUP

WARE:

(cordially)

That was a great fight, Jim - a great victory!

DE WITT:

(nods warmly)

Congratulations, Corbett -- you were superb!

CORBETT:

Thanks. And now Kilrain --

WARE:

(stares in surprise)

Kilrain! Not Jake Kilrain?

CORBETT:

(nods)

New Orleans - next month.

WARE:

(greatly worried)

Oh no, Jim! You're just a green kid. Kilrain is a giant! Have you ever seen him?

VICKI:

(suddenly)

You mean the Kilrain we saw fight Sullivan, father?

WARE:

The same. And John L. took 28 rounds to beat him!

Vicki laughs as if delighted at the surprise that awaits Corbett in New Orleans.

VICKI:

Oh, Mr. Corbett -- please go to New Orleans -- it's just what you need, Mr. Corbett -- !

Again she laughs as if enjoying a huge joke at his expense. Corbett smiles at her.

(CONTINUED)

245 (Cont.)

CORBETT:

That-a-girl! You just keep on
pulling for me to lose, will you?
It brings me luck, Miss Ware. If
you ever wanted me to win I think
I'd duck the battle --

He brushes her chin playfully with his left hook, still
smiling, as she explodes furiously at the familiarity.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

246. EXT. SPEEDING TRAIN LONG PAN SHOT (STOCK) DAY

A train of the 1890 type is speeding across the plains of Texas, streaming a long black plume of smoke. It is an all-daycoach train.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

247. INT. TRAIN CLOSE SHOT (PROCESS)

This is an old-fashioned daycoach, with gas lights and plush seats. CAMERA PICKS UP Corbett sitting gazing out the window. (MOVING PROCESS B.G.) There are about fifteen or twenty people in the day coach. Presently an elderly lady stops and indicates the seat beside Corbett.

LADY:

Is this seat taken?

CORBETT:

No, ma'am.

As she starts to sit beside him, Corbett rises.

CORBETT:

Won't you sit by the window?

LADY:

(surprised at this
gallantry)

Oh.

(she moves over -
he sits beside her)
(after a pause)

You're a gentleman, sir.

CORBETT:

(smiles)
And a scholar?

LADY:

(puzzled, looks at
him quizzically)

Hum?

CORBETT:

I said you're welcome.

LADY:

(friendly)
Are you going all the way to New
Orleans?

(CONTINUED)

247 (Cont.)

CORBETT:
 Yes, ma'am.

LADY:
 First time?

CORBETT:
 First time.

LADY:
 How long do you expect to stay?

CORBETT:
 Six rounds.

By now the lady is convinced Corbett is crazy, so after a look at him she turns to the window to look at the scenery, glances at him out of the corner of her eye and moves a little closer to the window.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

248. CLOSE SHOT INSERT SIGN ON STATION DAY

NEW ORLEANS

CAMERA TRUCKS BACK to pick up the station at New Orleans. A train has arrived and people are descending the platform steps - there is the usual station activity of the period -- horse drawn carriages and buses waiting to take passengers to their hotels, people looking for relatives, etc. CAMERA TRUCKS and FINALLY PICKS UP two men - BUD RENAUD and MIKE DONOVAN, a pair of big-time fight promoters.

RENAUD:
 I got no idea what he looks like.

DONOVAN:
 A fighter stands out in a crowd like a monument. Just look for a dumb face between a pair of cauliflower ears.

RENAUD:
 I hope he's a big guy. Just a big tough bruiser.

Donovan and Renaud scan the crowd as they pass in the f.g., apparently looking at their ears.

249. ANOTHER ANGLE FAVORING RENAUD AND DONOVAN

All of the other passengers have left the train and are on their way away from the station except Corbett, who stands a little apart looking around bewilderedly. In the b.g. Donovan looks at Renaud, worried and puzzled.

DONOVAN:

Didn't show up.

RENAUD:

Now isn't that a fine outlook!

Corbett moves toward the two men.

250. MED. SHOT FAVORING CORBETT

Renaud and Donovan stand looking about. Corbett looks at the two men invitingly, but as they show no interest, he feels they can't be there to meet him. Renaud and Donovan turn to leave, and Corbett decides to take a chance.

CORBETT:

I beg your pardon --

The two men stop, look around.

251. CLOSE SHOT

CORBETT:

I was to meet a gentleman here by the name of Renaud. Could you tell me by any chance --

RENAUD:

I'm Bud Renaud.

CORBETT:

(relieved)

Oh, well -- how are you?

*RENAUD:

(shocked)

You're not Jim Corbett!

CORBETT:

Yes, sir.

Renaud and Donovan can't believe it.

(CONTINUED)

251 (Cont.)

RENAUD:

DONOVAN:

Oh! No! No! Oh! Oh!

CORBETT:

(bewildered)

What's the matter?

RENAUD:

(hustling him)

Get right back on the train, Mr.
Corbett! Take the first train back
to Frisco!

DONOVAN:

Go home, boy, go home! There's been
a big mistake!

CORBETT:

(frowns)

What do you mean "mistake"?

RENAUD:

You fight Kilrain? Boy, have you
ever seen Kilrain?!

CORBETT:

Not yet.

(amused)

I understand ho's kind of big.

Renaud and Donovan look at each other eloquently.

CORBETT:

(to Donovan)

I didn't get your name, sir.

DONOVAN:

I'm Mike Donovan. Renaud is putting
up the purse.

252. CLOSER SHOT GROUP

CORBETT:

(shaking hands)

I'm very glad to meet you, gentlemen,
and don't worry, I won't let you down,
Mr. Renaud. A fight ring is a big
place and I'm hard to find. Come on --

He starts off and they follow anxiously.

DISSOLVE TO:

253. INT. RENAUD'S BAR AND GAMBLING HOUSE

This is a typical bar and gambling house of the period. The music is strictly 1890 -- the men are the sporting and gambling types. CAMERA MOVES THROUGH to PICK UP the interesting detail of the place and FINALLY STOPS ON Renaud, surrounded by a group of his cronies and Corbett, whom he is introducing to them.

254. CLOSE GROUP AROUND RENAUD

RENAUD:

(indicating Corbett)

Shake hands with Pat Duffy -- shake hands with Phil Dwyer.

CAMERA PANS TO ANOTHER GROUP at the bar. They are appraising Corbett.

1ST MAN:

This fight will be pure murder --

2ND MAN:

Maybe he's the wrong man -- nobody in 'Orleans ever seen him before.

1ST MAN:

Renaud's a smart promoter -- he'd know his man.

3RD MAN:

Maybe -- but he don't look like no fighter to me -- more like a bookkeeper --

They turn back to their drinks and suddenly over scene comes a voice -

1ST MAN:

Here comes Kilrain!

Suddenly a hush hits the room. CAMERA SWINGS to PICK UP KILRAIN entering.

255. PANNING SHOT KILRAIN AND MULDOON

- as they make their way to Renaud. Kilrain is a giant of a man, six feet four or five, weighs about two hundred and thirty and looks larger. Muldoon, his manager, is big, flashily dressed, chewing on a cigar, but beside Kilrain his size is not noticeable. He has the proverbial Elks tooth on a huge gold watch-chain, diamond stick-pin, etc. The crowd waits expectantly as Kilrain and Muldoon approach Renaud.

256. MED. SHOT

- as Kilrain and Muldoon enter to Renaud and the group around him.

RENAUD:
(very nervous)
Hello, Jake. Hello, Bill.

MULDOON:
Well, did this Corbett feller show up?

RENAUD:
(indicating Corbett, hesitantly)
-- Yes -- er -- this is Mr. William Muldoon, Kilrain's manager, Mr. Corbett.

257. CLOSE SHOT MULDOON AND CORBETT

Muldoon stares at Corbett unbelieving. His cigar droops.

CORBETT:
(enjoying it)
Glad to meet you, Mr. Muldoon.

Muldoon is speechless. He is too amazed to see Corbett's outstretched hand.

258. WIDER ANGLE

- as Corbett moves over to Kilrain. He looks very small beside him. The crowd watches silently, tensely.

CORBETT:
How are you, Mr. Kilrain? I'm Jim Corbett.

KILRAIN:
(contemptuously)
Is that so? What are you doing in New Orleans, Corbett?

CORBETT:
(smiles)
Didn't you know? I'm down here for my health.

Kilrain slowly gets to laughing.

(CONTINUED)

258 (Cont.)

KILRAIN:
Did you hear that boys?! He's
down here for his health!

Kilrain continues laughing uproariously. The other boys
join him, and Corbett turns back to Renaud.

259. ANGLE SHOT FAVORING CORBETT AND RENAUD

The others are within hearing distance and Kilrain is
still laughing.

CORBETT:
(deliberately)
Mr. Renaud --

RENAUD:
(not laughing)
Yes.

CORBETT:
Will you send a telegram to my
father in San Francisco for me?

RENAUD:
(getting pencil)
I don't blame you, boy - and it's
all right with me. What'll I say?
Leaving today? Or meet the body
Monday?
(the crowd laughs)

260. CLOSE CORBETT AND KILRAIN

Kilrain is laughing, but stops as he hears what Corbett
says.

CORBETT:
(looking at Kilrain)
Never felt better in my life. New
Orleans a charming place. A lot of
laughs. When I fight John L. Sullivan
for the championship of the world, it
will be in New Orleans. Love to
Mother and all. Jim.

Kilrain looks at Corbett, dumbfounded.

261. WIDER ANGLE. THE GROUP

There is a silence as all the others look at Corbett. They can't believe their ears. Presently the silence is broken by a man who steps close to Corbett.

THE MAN:

You're a pretty fresh kid. We don't like 'em fresh in New Orleans. And we'll all be glad to see the fight now, if you can call it that.

CORBETT:

I don't know who you are, Mister, but you have a face I don't like.

THE MAN:

Well, how about you and me going in the alley, just for a little preliminary.

As the man makes a move toward Corbett, the others break it up.

RENAUD:

Save it for the ring, Jeff! Go on -- get back to your drink.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

262. EXT. CLOSEUP SIGN (INSERT) NIGHT

NEW ORLEANS SPORTS ARENA

- with a single light over the sign. CAMERA PANS DOWN to the outside front of the Box Office, where there are lines waiting for tickets, and SWINGS TO A BIG CANVAS SIGN announcing the fight:

JAKE KILRAIN of NEW ORLEANS

vs.

JIM CORBETT
of San Francisco
(in much smaller letters)

DISSOLVE TO:

263. INT. JIM'S DRESSING ROOM CLOSE SHOT

Over scene occasionally comes the noise of the fight crowd upstairs, as the preliminaries are in progress. This is particularly loud when anyone opens the door.

Jim is sitting on a cot tying his fight shoes - he is dressed for the ring. There are two or three seconds in the room, preparing for the fight. As the door opens and Muldoon comes in, the crowd is heard again.

MULDOON:

(bruskly)

Hurry up, young feller -- the referee is in the ring, and Kilrain's waiting for you to go in first. He always goes in last.

He starts out, but Jim stops him suddenly.

CORBETT:

Wait a minute. You say the referee's already in the ring. What referee? I've got something to say about that.

MULDOON:

(impatiently)

Well, what is it? What is it?

CORBETT:

(stands up)

I haven't been consulted about any referee. I want to look him over.

(CONTINUED)

263 (Cont.)

MULDOON:

(stares)

Of all the brass! -- Say, you're
 lucky to even be allowed in the
 same ring with --

CORBETT:

(interrupting)

Now listen -- get this straight --
 I don't go in until the referee comes
 here and I pass on him.

Muldoon slams out of the room, burned up. Corbett
 adjusts his fighting togs to see that he is all set.

QUICK DISSOLVE
 TO:

264. WIDER ANGLE DRESSING ROOM

Renaud, Muldoon, the President of the Arena and a crowd
 of officials have packed into the dressing room. Up-
 stairs the impatient crowd is thumping and calling for
 action.

PRESIDENT:

I'm the President of the Club, and
 Mr. Muldoon says you want to back
 out. Where is your manager?

CORBETT:

Mr. Muldoon needs a rewrite man. I
 haven't got a manager because he
 didn't have the train fare. I said
 I wouldn't fight until I passed on
 the referee. Now you know, Mr.
 President, that both fighters are
 always consulted about the referee.
 Just because you all think I'm going
 to be murdered is a poor alibi. I
 want my rights and I intend to have
 'em.

PRESIDENT:

(to one of the men)

Get the referee.

The man goes to the door and calls in the referee. He
 is the same surly man that wanted to fight Corbett in
 the bar.

265. MED. SHOT FAVORING CORBETT AND REFEREE

REFEREE:
I'm the referee, Corbett. What's the matter with me?

CORBETT:
Well, isn't that just dandy. So you're the referee. Look, pal - you're supposed to be a gentleman too, aren't you?

REFEREE:
(belligerently)
I certainly am a gentleman, sir!

CORBETT:
That's fine. And since you are a gentleman, if one of the principals in this contest objected to you being referee, you would naturally step out, wouldn't you?

REFEREE:
(hesitates)
I - I'd have to.

CORBETT:
I am glad of that, sir, because I happen to object to you being referee.

266. ANGLE SHOT NEAR DOOR TO DRESSING ROOM

Several men have gathered as the fight is being held up and the curious are trying to see what the delay is all about. A buzz goes over the assembled men when they hear Corbett's last speech. They are certain that he is going to duck the fight.

CORBETT'S VOICE:
(offscene)
Wait a minute, gentlemen -- don't think you're not going to see a fight.

267. ANOTHER ANGLE CORBETT AND CROWD

- assembled in the doorway.

CORBETT:
In fact, I'll take anyone in this crowd for referee, and I don't know any of you.

A fine-looking man steps out and moves close to Corbett.

268. CLOSE CORBETT AND VIOLETT

VIOLETT:

My name is Ned Violet, Mr. Corbett.
I'll referee this fight.

CORBETT:

(sizes him up)

Good. You'll do me, Mr. Violet.

269. WIDER ANGLE

The crowd is pleased, but Muldoon is sore.

MULDOON:

(to Violet)

All right, get in there now --
Kilrain is waiting for you.

The crowd moves away. Muldoon and the others turn to leave.

CORBETT:

Just a minute, Mr. Muldoon - just
a minute.

MULDOON:

(about ready to fight
himself)

Now what?!

The crowd turns back to listen.

CORBETT:

You say Kilrain is waiting for me
to go in the ring first?

MULDOON:

Of course.

CORBETT:

Why "of course"?

MULDOON:

Because -- because Kilrain is very
superstitious about it, and Kilrain
is famous enough to rate the privilege.

CORBETT:

Well, I don't want any advantage, but
I still claim I should have an even
break. Maybe I'm superstitious. So
I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll
compromise. I'll enter the ring with
Kilrain at the same time.

270. ANGLE ON CROWD MULDOON IN F.G.

He is ready to explode at this presumptuous prima donna.

AD LIBS:

Let's get going!
Muldoon -- let 'em do it!
We want to see a fight!

DISSOLVE TO:

271. INT. ARENA LONG SHOT CROWD

It is packed to the rafters as Kilrain is a popular fighter in New Orleans, and word naturally has gotten around that the San Francisco boy is a pushover - so the crowd has come to see a massacre. At the moment however they are becoming a bit impatient at the delay. Suddenly a shout goes up as CAMERA SWINGS to PICK UP Corbett and Kilrain coming down the path toward the ring.

272. ANGLE SHOT RING

- as CORBETT and KILRAIN APPROACH the ring. They watch each other carefully as they put one leg through the ropes at the same time.

CORBETT:

(lifts up rope)

Are you ready?

KILRAIN:

All ready.

They slowly duck their heads in. Then as Kilrain goes in, Corbett suddenly ducks back out of ring.

273. CLOSE SHOT KILRAIN IN RING

He sees this shrewd trick of Corbett's and raves and rants in the ring like a madman.

274. CLOSE SHOT CORBETT

He grins as he ducks under the ropes and into the ring, knowing that he's gotten Kilrain's goat.

PART 2 TO FOLLOW

Hory

"GENTLEMAN JIM CORBETT"

5/14/42

PART II

2ND REV. TEMP.

9

PLEASE RETURN THIS SCRIPT TO PRODUCTION MANAGER
WHEN PICTURE IS COMPLETED

FORM 236

275. MED. FULL SHOT REAR OF ARENA

In the ring the referee is introducing the fighters, with Kilrain at 215 pounds and Corbett at 168; but here at the rear of the arena a considerable commotion is going on. Billy Delaney, dirty, disheveled, coal-streaked from riding under a freight train, is trying to force his way past a big usher.

USHER:

(grabs him)

Hey, hold on - where's your ticket?

DELANEY:

(excitedly)

Whaddya mean ticket! Leggo me! I gotta get into that ring!

USHER:

Oh, a nut, huh? Wise guy.

(tries to pull him away)

Either you got a ticket or --

DELANEY:

Lissen, ya mug - I'm Billy Delaney!

Delaney - DELANEY! Corbett's manager!

USHER:

(the name means nothing to him)

Ha, ha - that's a new one. Come on, outside before I smack you --

Frantic, Delaney hauls off and clouts the usher on the chin, knocking him into the customers, and races down the aisle as CAMERA PANS WITH HIM.

276. MED. SHOT CORBETT'S CORNER OF RING

Corbett has just stood up after the Referee's announcement of him, got a fair hand from the crowd, and is back in his corner limbering up on the ropes when Delaney shoves his handlers aside and climbs into the ring. Corbett stares at him.*

CORBETT:

Billy! Where the devil did you come from!?

DELANEY:

(hastily)

Bummed a ride on a slow freight.
How ya feel, kid?

(CONTINUED)

276 (Cont.)

CORBETT:

(grins)

Great - like a million. I got his goat. I'm going to take him, Billy.

The gong rings before they can say much more. Delaney takes a quick startled look across at the giant Kilrain.

DELANEY:

Then take him quick. - before he tags you!

Corbett turns and goes in to meet Kilrain as Delaney ducks out of the ring, very worried and tense.

DISSOLVE TO:

277. SHORT ROUTINE THE CORBETT-KILRAIN FIGHT

This fight is not held very long, a fast series of INTER-CUTS as Corbett starts mixing from the bell, fast as a streak now, all over the big Kilrain, who puts up a battle. The crowd is in an uproar, on its feet half the time. Corbett's left is like a darting snake. We don't hold it for the knockout, but Corbett is rocking him with lefts and rights and grinning, winks over at Delaney in his corner.

278. CLOSE SHOT THE FIGHTERS

In a clinch Corbett is stabbing the big Kilrain with rights and lefts to the stomach, then pins his arms and before the referee can separate them Corbett says with a bland smile.

CORBETT:

By the way, Jake - we're having a little victory dinner tonight - just a small affair - if you can make it we'd like to have you --

Kilrain grunts angrily and glares at him as they are pulled apart. Corbett is still smiling as he wades in again, jarring the big fellow with a terrific left hook that almost lifts him off the canvas.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

279. MONTAGE WITH NEWSPAPER HEADLINES
CORBETT'S RISE TO FISTIC FAME

The exact details of this MONTAGE will be worked out in detail with the Special Effects boys, but the purpose is to dramatize briefly and colorfully Corbett's rise in the boxing ranks of America.

CORBETT KNOCKS OUT KILRAIN IN 6 ROUNDS -- AL DALY IN 3 -- MIKE McGUINNESS IN 4 -- CHARLIE MITCHELL IN 8 -- then DRAWS WITH THE GREAT PETER JACKSON, greatest of all negro fighters, in 61!

These fights are dramatized with newspaper and Police Gazette headlines, perhaps INTERCUT with FLASH SHOTS or SUPERIMPOSED SHOTS of Corbett fighting and the roar of the crowds (STOCK). We see photographs of Corbett's opponents on the canvas, knocked out, and photographs of Corbett with admiring crowds, receiving big purses, etc. There should not be too much actual fighting in this MONTAGE.

DISSOLVE TO:

280. EXT. CLOSE SHOT THEATRE MARQUEE NEW YORK
NIGHT (INSERT)

A big sign proclaims in brilliant lights: JAMES J. CORBETT in "GENTLEMAN JIM" - Produced by William H. Brady.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

281. INT. THEATRE FULL SHOT STAGE

- cheating the first few rows of the audience. Corbett, elegantly graceful in black boxing tights is taking bows with a beautiful actress, while the house applauds enthusiastically. Corbett is hammy even in taking the bows, cocky as ever, wallowing in the limelight.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

282. EXT. YARD OF CORBETT HOME FULL SHOT DAY

The Corbetts are moving to a better house, the horse-drawn wagons piled with their belongings. In front of the house is a "FOR SALE" sign. A group of admiring, envious neighbors are watching Pat, Ma, Harry and George, with Mary - all of them now dressed up in new clothes.

(CONTINUED)

282 (Cont.)

and all immensely proud. All the family are seated in an open carriage with Pat driving and wearing a bright new derby. They drive out beneath the sign - CORBETT'S LIVERY STABLE - followed by the furniture vans. The crowd of neighbors wave and cheer them goodbye.

283. INTERCUTS THE FAMILY IN CARRIAGE AND THE NEIGHBORS

As they ride away the Corbetts call goodbyes to their friends, and there are tears of happiness in Ma Corbett's eyes. Among the crowd we get a CLOSE SHOT of a middle-aged woman standing beside Father Burke, the parish priest.

IRISH WOMAN:

Ain't it strange and wonderful,
father - how the right hand of God
reaches down to help the poor --

FATHER BURKE:

(nods with a gentle smile)
Yes, Mrs. O'Halloran - but this time
He had the help of a very good left.

DISSOLVE TO:

284. EXT. BROWNSTONE FRONT HOUSE SAN FRANCISCO FULL SHOT
DAY

The moving vans are unloading the Corbett belongings in front of a very respectable-looking brownstone house, typical of the better residential section of Frisco in the 1890's.

285. CLOSE TWO SHOT MA AND PAT CORBETT ON SIDEWALK

- as they look up admiringly at their new home. Pat has a cigar.

MA CORBETT:

Pat, are you fooling me? Is it
really ours?

PAT CORBETT:

And who else's would it be now?

MA CORBETT:

(looks around)
But - but this is Nob Hill! The
Crocker's live only eight blocks away!

(CONTINUED)

285 (Cont.)

PAT CORBETT:
 (looks down the street
 with condescension)
 That part o' town ain't so fashion-
 able now.

DISSOLVE TO:

286. EXT. FRONT OF SALOON SAN FRANCISCO STREET DAY
 CLOSE SHOT SIGN ON SALOON FRONT (INSERT)

Only a big glass window is needed here, a typical saloon front of the period. Across it is a big new sign:

GRAND OPENING

CORBETT'S BAR

Men are crowding in front of the saloon, trying to enter.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

287. INT. CORBETT'S BAR MED. SHOT SHOOTING TOWARD THE BAR

No elaborate interior is required. We are SHOOTING PAST the front ranks of the crowd of customers close on the bar which is backed with big mirrors. In these mirrors we see reflected the customers who have managed to get close to the bar, suggesting in effect that the place is crowded. Behind the bar stand Pat, Harry and George - bartenders - and close to bursting with pride, shining with white jackets and hair-oil. Drinks are being rushed out to the customers. Above the center of the back-bar is a highly decorated portrait of Jim Corbett in a fighting stance, in tights. The place is noisy with talk, laughter and congratulations.

PAT CORBETT:
 Come on, boys - step right up -
 what's your pleasure!?

GEORGE:
 It's all on the house, gents!
 Name it and it's yours!

HARRY:
 (hands over a drink)
 Here you are, Charley - and Jim
 sends his best to you from New York --

There is a moment of gay, friendly ad libbing as all are served, then Pat climbs up on top of the bar, holding a glass.

(CONTINUED)

287 (Cont.)

PAT CORBETT:

(roars)

Will you drink with me, one and all!?

(a yell of agreement from
the crowd of customers)Good! - Here's to me boy, me pride
and joy -- JAMES J. CORBETT!(he points to the big
picture of Jim behind him)He can lick any man in the world
today --

(a roar from the crowd)

-- and what's more, we ain't even
excludin' JOHN L. SULLIVAN!

The crowd goes wild, cheering the Corbetts one and all.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

288. EXT. A NEW YORK STREET FULL MOVING SHOT SULLIVAN DAY

Down the sidewalk comes the great John L. Sullivan, followed and preceded by the usual throng of admirers, mostly boys and young men in the clothes of the period. (See for a great original of this scene the famous drawing of Charles Dana Gibson's "The Champ"). Sullivan doesn't walk, he struts, looking huge and terrifying, grand and magnificent in his top hat and bulky greatcoat. The cheers of the crowd follow him down the sidewalk.

OVER THIS SHOT we SUPERIMPOSE a TITLE in old-fashioned letters:

NEW YORK

DISSOLVE TO:

289. INT. THEATRE NEW YORK NIGHT
FULL SHOT SULLIVAN ON STAGE

Sullivan, wearing a lumberjack's costume with a loudly checked shirt, laced high boots, etc., is chopping down an enormous tree all by himself, while a few yards away, across stage, his "rival" the heavy of the old-fashioned hokum melodrama, is chopping at another large tree, while a group of open-mouthed actors watch the exciting contest. This was the high-point of the play, the 2nd act curtain. Sullivan's tree is as big as a medium-size redwood, but he has chopped thru it single-handed. The effect is hilarious today, but they loved it in 1893. The first few rows of the audience are cheated, but they too are spellbound by Sullivan's feat of strength.

290. MED. LONG SHOT THE STAGE HIGH ANGLE

SHOOTING DOWN from Corbett's box, with him and Delaney in close f.g., backs to CAMERA, as the stirring scene continues on-stage and the audience applauds wildly as they see Sullivan winning. Corbett, in tails, looks around at Delaney with a bored, leery smile. Their eyes meet.

291. CLOSE TWO SHOT CORBETT AND DELANEY

Corbett looks very elegant in tails, and even Delaney is now a fashion-plate, but not in tails, very flashy.

CORBETT:

What a ham actor.

DELANEY:

He's terrible. Besides, the tree was pract'ly chopped down when the curtain come up.

CORBETT:

Why do they fall for this stuff?
Now me - I give 'em Drama.

DELANEY:

(shrugs)

He's still the Champ, Jim. You can't take that away from him.

CORBETT:

(sulkily)

I will if he ever meets me --
(looks back at the
stage with a vastly
superior smile)
--What a ham -- what a ham --

DISSOLVE TO:

292. INT. SULLIVAN'S DRESSING ROOM MED. SHOT

Sullivan is at the dressing table, in costume and re-touching his makeup. One of his friends, a big rough-looking sport, "BAT" GURNEY, is standing in the room, watching him and chatting amiably.

GURNEY:

Lissen, John, who do you think is sitting out there in a box with his manager?

(CONTINUED)

292 (Cont.)

SULLIVAN:

(picks up a bottle
and pours himself a
hooker of whiskey)

One of my challengers, I suppose.
I'm beginning to have to wade
through the tramps.

GURNEY:

This is no tramp, John - this is
James J. Corbett, himself.

SULLIVAN:

(roaring)

Corbett himself, Corbett himself --
where do you get that himself stuff?

GURNEY:

Well, at least he's proven he's one
of the best contenders - look at
that sixty-one round draw with Peter
Jackson --

SULLIVAN:

(interrupts)

Peter Jackson! Do you mean Peter
Jackson, himself? Do you mean
Charley Mitchell, himself!

(pouring another hooker)

There's only one man in the world
you can call 'himself', and that's
the champion, himself!

GURNEY:

(meekly)

Yeah, that's right, John.

VOICE:

(offscene)

Mister Sullivan -- curtain five
minutes.

As Sullivan starts to take a last quick nip, there is a
knock at the door.

SULLIVAN:

(booming)

Come in - !

293. * WIDER ANGLE THE DRESSING ROOM

The door opens and the Stage Manager comes in a bit
flustered, followed by Corbett. Bat Gurney starts as
he recognizes Corbett.

(CONTINUED)

293 (Cont.)

MANAGER:

(indicating Jim)

Mr. Sullivan, this gentleman would
like very much to meet you -- Mr.
James J. Corbett --

SULLIVAN:

(interrupts)

Himself! Well, I'm glad to meet
Mr. James J. Corbett, himself.
Have a drink.

(slaps bottle down)

CORBETT:

Thank you, sir - but I'm on the
wagon.

SULLIVAN:

You don't tell me! On the wagon,
huh? On the wagon, itself! Well,
well.

The Manager quietly leaves the room, closing the door
after him, overawed by the meeting of the famous men.

CORBETT:

I've been a long while meeting you,
Mr. Sullivan. I've seen you a
couple of times in Frisco, from a
long distance.

SULLIVAN:

Seeing me from a long distance is a
smart idea, young fellow. What's
all this nonsense about wanting to
meet me in the ring?

294. CLOSER SHOT FAVORING CORBETT

CORBETT:

(smiles)

Well, Peter Jackson thought it was
a lot of nonsense, too --

SULLIVAN:

(interrupts)

Corbett, how long did you stay with
Jackson - sixteen rounds?

CORBETT:

Turn those figures around, Mr.
Sullivan -- sixty-one.

SULLIVAN:

Do you know how long Jackson would
stay with me -- sixty-one seconds!

(CONTINUED)

294 (Cont.)

CORBETT:

(innocently)

Is that why you have ducked Jackson,
Mr. Sullivan -- he is too easy?

295. CLOSE SHOT FAVORING SULLIVAN

SULLIVAN:

(angry)

Duck, did you say duck! I'll meet any
man who'll stand on his feet, and if
you had thirty pounds more on you, you'd
be next!

CORBETT:

(quietly)

I'll return the compliment, Mr.
Sullivan -- if you would fight me,
I wish you had five years off of you.

Sullivan is becoming more angry, as Corbett intends him
to be. His pal Bat is speechless at the nerve of Corbett.
Sullivan moves closer to Corbett -- no man ever dared
defy him and this is quite a novel experience for him --
he doesn't like it.

SULLIVAN:

(roars)

What do you mean by that!?

CORBETT:

(shrugs)

There's not much fun winning the
championship from a man who's trip-
ping over his beard.

296. WIDER ANGLE

SULLIVAN:

(explodes)

BEARD! Who's got a beard! -- You
fresh brat, who do you think you're
talkin' to!

CORBETT:

(smiles)

John L. Sullivan, himself.

297. INT. THEATRE BACKSTAGE CLOSE TO JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S DOOR

The Manager is listening and so are several others who
have gathered, including Delaney, who is semi-paralyzed

(CONTINUED)

297 (Cont.)

with anxiety. The Manager opens the door a crack to see what is happening.

298. ANGLE SULLIVAN AND CORBETT

SULLIVAN:

I can lick any man in the world!

Sullivan takes a swing at Corbett. Corbett ducks, laughing now that he's gotten just what he came for.

CORBETT:

Except one, Mr. Sullivan -- all except Corbett!

Delaney throws open the door and several of the others with him rush in.

299. WIDER ANGLE DRESSING ROOM

- as the swarm bursts in.

AD LIBS:

John! John! John! Have ya gone crazy! --

DELANEY:

(grabs Jim)

Jim - don't give it away! Make 'em pay for it!

SULLIVAN:

(roaring as they step between him and Corbett)

Get this guy outa here before I murder him! -- Bring the newsboys in! I'll fight this Corbett anywhere an' anytime! Nobody can talk like that to me!

Further conversation is interrupted as Delaney quickly hustles the grinning Corbett out of the room.

300. INT. HALL BACKSTAGE
MOVING SHOT CORBETT AND DELANEY

DELANEY:

(excitedly)

How'd ya do it, Jim!? How'd ya ever get him so fightin' mad?

CORBETT:

(grins)

It was a cinch, Billy. I told you he was just a big ham. They never can take a little criticism --

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

301. INT. HOTEL ROOM CLOSE SHOT DELANEY DAY

Delaney is sitting on the side of a bed reading a newspaper item aloud as the scene opens.

DELANEY:

(reading newspaper)

"I hereby accept the challenge of James J. Corbett to fight me the first week of September, this year, at the Arena, New Orleans, La., for a purse of \$25,000.00, and an outside bet of \$10,000.00, the winner to take the entire purse. I insist upon the bet of \$10,000.00 to show that Corbett means business, \$2,500.00 to be put up immediately, another \$2,500.00 to be put up inside of thirty days, and the entire \$10,000.00, and as much more as he will bet, to be placed by June 15, with the Advertiser, of New York City, Colonel John Cockerill, Editor, to be stakeholder. I am ready to put up the entire \$10,000.00 now. (Signed) John L. Sullivan,
Champion of the World."

As he continues to read, CAMERA PULLS BACK to DISCLOSE a HOTEL ROOM of the period. It is nicely furnished and while not elaborate, is better than the average hotel room. Lying in bed, listening to Delaney read the paper, is Jim. He is relaxed, his hands folded behind his head as he gazes at the ceiling, listening.

302. CLOSE SHOT FAVORING CORBETT ON BED

- with Delaney in middle b.g.

CORBETT:

There it is, Billy --

DELANEY:

(gloomily)

Yeah -- there it is. Now all we need is the ten grand.

(pauses - then with a cagey glance)

What about borrowing back some o' that dough you sent the family?

(CONTINUED)

302 (Cont.)

CORBETT:
(shakes his head)
Huh-uh. That was a gift...
Anyway, they've spent it.
(sits up and reaches
for a cigarette)
We've got to raise it ourselves.

Delaney rises and extends a match to Corbett to light the cigarette.

303. CLOSE DELANEY AND CORBETT

DELANEY:
Why fool ourselves, kid? At your
weight there ain't a man in the
country would risk a dime on you
against Sullivan.

CORBETT:
(takes a puff, then
smiles at Delaney)
Including you.

DELANEY:
(who has turned away,
turns back)
Huh -- Oh, no, no. I'd risk a dime
on you any time, Jim.

CORBETT:
But would you risk ten grand?

304. WIDER ANGLE

There is a pause as Delaney doesn't answer. He walks to the window and looks out, woebegone and dismal.

DELANEY:
It's a lovely day, ain't it?

CORBETT:
(laughs and gets up)
All right, Billy --
(pats Delaney's back)
- We haven't come this far together
just to lose the big chance on a
few thousand bucks. Leave it to
me --

DISSOLVE TO:

305. SERIES OF QUICK MONTAGE SHOTS TRYING TO RAISE THE PURSE
- (1) INT. BAR - Group of men surrounding Jim who is holding forth earnestly.

JIM:

But boys, I can lick him -- I know
I can -- I'll left hand him to death!
It's no gamble - I'll pay you back
right after the fight --

1ST MAN:

Sorry Jim -- no can do --

2ND MAN:

He's too big for you, Corbott -- too
strong --

The others glance at each other with amusement and turn away. Jim looks puzzled.

- (2) INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH SPLIT SCREEN

Jim on telephone. On the other phone a cigar-smoking fight manager --

MANAGER:

Forget it, Jim -- you're not ready
for him --

- (3) A B.G. OF THE FACADE OF A BANK BUILDING -
CITY NAT'L BANK imprinted in the concrete
facade of the building. SUPERIMPOSED OVER THIS
BANK OFFICIAL AND JIM at desk.

BANK MANAGER:

(amazed)

Put money up for a prize fight --
a bank?

CORBETT:

Why not? What's the risk?

BANK MANAGER:

(laughs)

Don't you read the newspapers,
Mr. Corbett?

- (4) REVOLVING DOORS OF A HOTEL DAY

Jim and a well dressed man exiting. Jim is
talking fast and furious, but the man shakes
his head -- he pauses in front of the hotel.

(CONTINUED)

305 (Cont.)

CORBETT:

But I'll run rings around him!
I'll tie him in knots! It's
only ten thousand...

MAN:

(firmly)

I'm sorry, Jim -- but this is
final -- NO.

306. CLOSE SHOT JIM EXT. HOTEL

He looks very depressed as he watches the man disappear.
Finally he slowly turns back toward the revolving doors
and into the hotel.

307. INT. HOTEL LOBBY FULL SHOT DAY

This is a better class hotel -- the lobby is very ornate
and marbleish -- there is a buzz of activity as page-
boys are crossing and elevators discharging passengers.
Jim enters and moves, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM, discon-
solately through the lobby. Suddenly he pauses,
attracted by something offscene. He crosses the lobby
hurriedly.

308. ANOTHER PART OF THE LOBBY MED. SHOT VICKI

Vicki, looking very smart and lovely in a street outfit,
is parting from two handsome and dapperly dressed
young men of New York, laughing at something that has
just been said.

VICKI:

No, Teddy, I promise -- I'll
be ready at eight sharp.

The very attentive young men say their goodbyes and
leave. As Vicki turns toward the elevators Corbett
ENTERS THE SHOT hurriedly.

CORBETT:

Vicki --!

She turns at her name, surprised at seeing him. He
takes her hand eagerly, delighted at seeing her.

(CONTINUED)

308 (Cont.)

JIM:

Vicki! I'm glad to see you!
I'm surprised, I'm so glad! No
kidding... How are you! How
are you!

Vicki smiles slightly as she gets her hands free.
She is cordially polite, but if this is a big moment
in her life, she doesn't give it away.

VICKI:

I'm fine, Mr. Corbett. And you?
You're looking very well.

CORBETT:

I can't get over how glad I am
to see you. What'll we do?
Where'll we go? Sit down here
or what?

VICKI:

I've only a minute - let's sit here.

She indicates a lounge that is apart from the lobby
general. CAMERA PANS WITH THEM AS THEY CROSS TO IT.

CORBETT:

Have you got to go somewhere?

VICKI:

I was going up to change for dinner,
but I can spare a minute.

They have reached the lounge and sit down.

309. CLOSE SHOT THE TWO ON LOUNGE

VICKI:

(casually)

What have you been doing lately?

CORBETT:

(taken aback)

What have I been doing? Haven't
you heard?

VICKI:

Oh yes, of course -- I beg your
pardon... How long have you been
in New York?

(CONTINUED)

309 (Cont.)

CORBETT:

Look, go ahead and change your dress and let's have dinner. There's a new show opening tonight at the Empiro. What do you say?

VICKI:

Yes, I'm going to the play with the Belmonts.

CORBETT:

Oh. How about dinner?

VICKI:

We're all dining at Delmonico's first.

CORBETT:

Oh.
(smiles disappointed)
Looks like you're hooked, doesn't it? How about lunch tomorrow?

VICKI:

Sorry.

CORBETT:

Dinner tomorrow night then, huh?

VICKI:

Sorry.

CORBETT:

Would you be sorry on Wednesday?

310. CLOSEUP VICKI

She smiles very sweetly at Corbett, with a trace of sarcasm in her voice as she says:

VICKI:

My dear Mr. Corbett, I'm engaged for the next three weeks -- every single moment --

311. CLOSE TWO SHOT VICKI AND CORBETT

CORBETT:

(disappointed, and not aware of the 'brushoff' yet)

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

311 (Cont.)

VICKI:

But it's been nice to have seen you
again -- and --

(she prepares to
leave)

I really have to go now -- I must --

CORBETT:

(interrupts - ab-
ruptly)

How long have you been in New York?

VICKI:

A couple of weeks.

CORBETT:

Well, you'd better not stay much
longer -- it doesn't seem to
agree with you.

VICKI:

What are you talking about?

CORBETT:

Why, you've got the social butter-
fly itch. You've got a fine case
of the jumps.

(imitates her)

"Oh, I'm so busy, Mr. Corbett, I
really haven't a moment" -- yeh, you've
got the jumps, and if I said I was
glad to see you, I was crazy. I might
as well be sitting with a grasshopper!

VICKI:

Mr. Corbett --

CORBETT:

Miss Ware --

312. WIDER ANGLE

Vicki rises, as does Corbett. She is beginning to burn,
but still retains her composure, getting over her annoy-
ance in the sarcastic tone of her voice.

VICKI:

What amuses me, you know - what
really amuses me is that you think

(CONTINUED)

312 (Cont.)

VICKI: (Cont)

I would go anywhere with you, even
if I was marooned!

CAMERA SWINGS BACK TO PICK UP MR. WARE. He is approach-
ing Vicki and Corbett, but stops as he hears --

313. CLOSE SHOT WARE

- listening in surprise.

CORBETT'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

Is that so? Well, listen, Miss
Ware - if famous people aren't what's
swelling that lovely dumb head of
yours -- any girl I take out,
really sees something. I stop
the traffic!

314. MED. SHOT VICKI AND CORBETT

VICKI:

(in magnificent scorn)

Oh, will you listen to who's famous!
Just because --

CORBETT:

Just because I'm the next heavy-
weight champion of the world, kiddo,
and one of those days you'll be
bragging to your friends that
once I actually danced with you,
in person.

He has moved closer to her and they are standing
face to face. They have begun to attract some attention
from others in the lobby.

WARE'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

Well, I see you two have picked up
the conversation right where
you left off --

315. WIDER ANGLE VICKI, CORBETT AND WARE

- who has entered to them. Vicki is rigid with rage.

CORBETT:

Hello, Mr. Ware.

WARE:

How are you, Jim.

VICKI:

Father! It is unbelievable! It's a study of a bank clerk gone crazy!

CORBETT:

You'd better get her out of New York, Mr. Ware, and take her back to Clinton DeWitt.

WARE:

I can't. They had a fight too.

CORBETT:

Oh. I didn't know he had that much sense.

VICKI:

(blazing)

You -- you glorified pug!

WARE:

(stares at them)

I'm blasted if I've ever seen anything like you two. If you don't like each other, why the Sam Hill do you have to make so much noise about it!?

316. CLOSER SHOT GROUP FAVORING VICKI AND WARE

- Vicki turns to her father with a contemptuous laugh.

VICKI:

Father! Get this! This Gentleman -- this 'Gentleman Jim Corbett' -- Ha! Ha! He actually asked me to go to the opening tonight. This -- this tin-horn Shanty Irishman!

WARE:

Well, who isn't? Only difference is we've got a bigger shanty.

(CONTINUED)

316 (Cont.)

CORBETT:

(laughs)

And of course she doesn't fall
for champions much, Mr. Ware,
not much! What about Sullivan's
arm! ? Who got a thrill out of
that?

VICKI:

(ignores it)

Gentleman Jim Corbett! Ha! Ha! Ha!
I never really saw the joke until
now!!

316 a. WIDER ANGLE

Corbett turns and stalks away as does Vicki, in
opposite directions, however. Ware stands looking
first after one and then the other.

WARE:

(helplessly to
himself)

I never saw anything get her so
worked up --

Suddenly Corbett comes back INTO THE SHOT.

CORBETT:

Oh, by the way - you don't happen
to have ten thousand dollars you
can lend me?

WARE:

(shakes a bit)

Ten th -- What for?

CORBETT:

So I can meet Sullivan's side
bet.

WARE:

(smiles and shakes
his head)

Sorry, Jim -- I'm a gambler but
that's not a bet--

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

317. INT. THEATRE FULL SHOT (SHOOTING TOWARD ORCHESTRA
PIT AND STAGE) NIGHT

The orchestra pit is filled with musicians, who are playing the overture. It is shortly before curtain time. People are arriving, the men in tails and the women in the gorgeous costumes of the Gay Nineties. (THIS CAN BE A STOCK SHOT IF AVAILABLE)

318. INT. THEATRE ROW OF BOXES

CAMERA PANS around the row of boxes, showing the beautifully gowned women and the well dressed men. There is a buzz of conversation, as music continues. Conspicuously empty is one of the most prominent boxes -- CAMERA CONTINUES PANNING AND FINALLY HOLDS ON --

319. INT. BOX MED. GROUP SHOT

This is the box occupied by the Wares who are guests of some socially prominent people; Vicki, looking very ravishing even in this big league competition. Mr. Ware is conversing with another elderly, well groomed gentleman. Vicki has the opera glasses to her eyes and is scanning the audience. Suddenly, there is a hush -- Vicki looks off as do the others in the box --

ONE OF THE WOMEN:

It's Maxine Elliott!

VICKI:

Isn't she beautiful!

320. INT. ANOTHER BOX

- this is the box formerly seen which was empty. The famous actress, Maxine Elliott (actually a great friend of Corbett's), is a beautiful woman, stunningly dressed. She bows graciously to the audience. A man, dressed in tails, whom we do not see, as he is in the background when she takes her bow, now enters to assist her as she sits. It is Corbett.

321. INT. WARE BOX FAVORING VICKI

Vicki, still holding the opera glasses, is staring almost open mouthed at seeing Jim with Elliott. One of

(CONTINUED)

321 (Cont.)

the elderly ladies, a bejewelled dowager, leans toward Vicki.

WOMAN:

Of course she always has the most handsome men. May I borrow your glasses, dear -- ?

VICKI:

(greatly flustered)

I - er - I beg your pardon?

WOMAN:

(indicates the opera glasses)

I'd like to see if that is really a Greek god with Maxine or just an old woman's mirage.

VICKI:

Oh, yes -- of course --

Vicki gives her the glasses and looks at her father -- who is smiling at his daughter, well aware of her complete surprise.

WARE:

Looks like he got a date after all, Vicki.

Vicki turns abruptly away, piqued and flustered as he chuckles. The woman with Vicki's opera glasses is staring across at Jim.

WOMAN:

(ecstatically)

But he's DIVINE! Who is he?

WARE:

(drily)

That is Gentleman Jim Corbett. He - er - he danced with Vicki once.

Vicki turns with a gasp and glares at him.

322. INT. CORBETT'S BOX CLOSE TWO SHOT

Maxine Elliott is scanning the crowd with her opera glasses -- Jim is gazing about, proud and pleased at being seen with the most famous beauty in New York. Miss Elliott puts the glasses down from her eyes --

MAXINE ELLIOTT:

He's here, Jim.

(CONTINUED)

322 (Cont.)

CORBETT:
Where?

MAXINE ELLIOTT:
In the second lower box, the bald-headed gent.

JIM:
They're all bald-headed.

MAXINE ELLIOTT:
(as Jim focusses the glasses)
The one that shines like a boiled egg, second man from the left.

CORBETT:
I've got him.

MAXINE ELLIOTT:
(as Jim turns to her)
Well, that's the one man I know who hates John L. Sullivan. If there's ten thousand loose in New York City, there's your pigeon.

CORBETT:
(eagerly)
When do I meet him?

MAXINE ELLIOTT:
We'll nail him at the end of the first act.

As the house lights dim and the orchestra finishes the overture --

DISSOLVE TO:

323. INT. THEATRE LOBBY FULL SHOT CROWD BETWEEN ACTS

It is the end of the first act -- People are exiting from the theatre to the lobby. There is the general buzz of conversation about the play, etc., ad libs.
CAMERA PANS AROUND TO HOLD ON:

324. CLOSE GROUP SHOT CORBETT AND MAXINE ELLIOTT IN F.G. OF GROUP

- surrounding Colonel McLane, a wealthy Southern Colonel, well-set, impeccably dressed in tails and has a great deal of Southern charm.

(CONTINUED)

MAXINE ELLIOTT:
Colonel McLane, I want you to meet
one of my dear friends, Jim Corbett.

COLONEL:
(extending his hand)
Ah, my boy, so pleased. I hear nice
things about you.

CORBETT:
(shaking hands)
Thanks, Colonel - I hear nice things
about you, too.
(Elliott smiles)
One is, you don't like Sullivan.

COLONEL:
(grimly)
You heard rightly, sir. Ever since
my wife felt his biceps in Savannah
my home life's been miserable.
(Corbett and Elliott
smile)

CORBETT:
(bluntly)
They also say you're a sporting man,
Colonel. Would you gamble ten thous-
and dollars on me?

COLONEL:
Ah, the side bet, eh? What makes
you think you can whip that big
bruiser?

CORBETT:
Colonel -- no man can ever bother me
after fighting Peter Jackson. I
don't know why that black panther
isn't rated higher. And I've got a
hunch, Colonel, when I'm old and gray
Peter Jackson will still be the great-
est man I ever met.

COLONEL:
(hesitates, sizing him up)
Hm - I like that kind of talk, Corbett.
I like you. Meet me tomorrow at the
Waldorf for lunch.

CAMERA PANS FROM THIS GROUP TO OTHER GROUPS IN THE
LOBBY - Vicki surrounded by a group of young men --
she is studiously avoiding gazing in the direction of
Corbett and Elliott, but not so the hero-worshipping
young men.

(CONTINUED)

324 (Cont.)

1ST MAN:

You'd never take him for a prize fighter. He looks more like a Princeton man.

2ND MAN:

Vicki, you should know him, he's from San Francisco.

VICKI:

(annoyed)

I've met him, but do we have to talk about it?

1ST MAN:

(eagerly)

What's he like?

325. FULL SHOT LOBBY CROWD FAVORING CORBETT

Jim and Maxine Elliott are the target of all eyes. They make a very handsome couple - Jim is looking all around as if searching for someone. Finally he sees her.

326. MED. GROUP SHOT FAVORING VICKI

She is still surrounded by the young men who are looking at Corbett. She turns hastily away, with elaborate unconcern as her eyes meet Corbett's.

327. INT. LOBBY FULL SHOT

From HIGH ANGLE. Several people have come up and are trying to shake Jim's hand. A group gathers around him. He autographs a program or two.

328. VICKI AND GROUP OF MEN

One of the young men turns to the others.

1ST MAN:

Let's see if we can meet him, too.

2ND MAN:

Come on! We'll be right back, Vicki.

(CONTINUED)

328 (Cont.)

Vicki is fit to be tied, but makes no move to follow her friends as they go towards Jim. In fact wild horses couldn't drag her. She is furious.

329. WIDER ANGLE

An usher comes through calling---

USHER:

Curtain going up! Curtain going up!

The group starts drifting back towards the seats. Vicki stands alone - CAMERA PANS CORBETT up to her, a short distance behind Miss Elliott. As he passes her standing alone he smiles and inquires --

CORBETT:

What's the matter, Miss Ware --
are you marooned?

Vicki's look could drill a hole into the back of his elegant neck as he strolls away jauntily with the glamorous Elliott.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

330. LONG SHOT OF BEACH

EARLY MORNING

In the distance, one man is running ahead of four others and they in turn are followed by two dogs, one a big English bull, the other a collie. The men run toward the CAMERA. As they come in FOCUS - the first man we identify as Jim. He is dressed in running togs (of the period) and is working out. The men following him are Delaney, and his sparring partners, John Donaldson, Porter Ashe and Dan Creech. They are carrying sticks. (See Research Dept. photo for costumes). As they come into f.g.

DELANEY:

(yelling)

Jim -- stop --

331. CLOSER SHOT

Jim comes to a stop and turns to wait for Delaney and the others to join him. All but Jim look shot.

DELANEY:

(puffing)

That's enough roadwork for today.
We'd better get back to camp.

DONALDSON:

(also blowing)

Yeah -- you don't wanta get wore
out, Jim --

JIM:

I'm feeling fine -- I can run another
two miles.

(the sparring partners
groan in chorus)

DELANEY:

Better not over do it -- Come on --
let's turn back.

JIM:

(gives in)

Okay -- You're the boss, Billy --

Jim turns and starts running back -- Delaney and the others follow, but dragging bottoms. Jim, however, shows no sign of fatigue and races on ahead of the others -- the dogs scampering after him.

WIPE OFF TO:

332. EXT. CORBETT'S TRAINING CAMP LONG SHOT DAY

There is the usual paraphernalia -- the improvised ring -- a small lodge type of house -- bars -- punching bag, etc. It is in a clump of trees, a place like Hudkin's Ranch would probably serve the purpose. Corbett runs into the camp at an easy jog, picks up a towel and is studiously drying his face and arms as the others stagger into camp behind him.

333. MED. FULL SHOT

Corbett is standing near the big outdoor punching bag, wiping his face with a towel -- he looks anxiously at the dry towel and then at Delaney who enters the SHOT.

DELANEY:

(still blowing)

How 'bout a nice big T-bone steak, kid?

(Corbett ignores him)

With onions --

CORBETT:

(very worried and irritated)

No. Eat it yourself.

Delaney, noticing Corbett's preoccupation, moves closer to him. Jim has pulled up his heavy sweater and is feeling his bare stomach.

DELANEY:

What's the matter, Jim, you sound irritated.

CORBETT:

(snaps)

I'm all right.

DELANEY:

How about a rubdown?

CORBETT:

I don't want a rubdown.

DELANEY:

(worriedly)

Jim - what's eatin' ya? What're ya actin' so funny about?

Corbett looks anxiously at Delaney, pulls his sweater down and then starts away.

CORBETT:

(quietly)

Come here --

334. PANNING SHOT CORBETT AND DELANEY

They move away from anyone else who might be able to listen.

CORBETT:

Don't say anything about it; see.
I don't want it to get around,
but there's plenty the matter.

DELANEY:

(apprehensive)

What, Jim - what?

CORBETT:

I'm not sweating. Here -- feel --
(Delaney feels him and
starts in surprise)
I'm over-trained, Billy. I've
gone stale.

DELANEY:

(he can sweat okay
and does)

Oh -- don't tell nobody! -- Don't
talk to no newspaper men! -- Oh!

CORBETT:

Where's the nearest tavern?

DELANEY:

Pleasure Bay. Jim, you're not
going on a bat!

CORBETT:

(soberly)

I know exactly what I'm doing.
Let's get dressed.

Delaney looks at him frantically and helplessly as
he goes toward the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

335. INSERT: NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

On sports pages of N.Y. newspapers and New Orleans
papers the story is given a big play, with photos of
Corbett and Sullivan.

JIM CORBETT ON A SPREE
AT PLEASURE BAY

TWO WEEKS BEFORE SULLIVAN
BATTLE, CORBETT ON CHAMPAGNE BINGE

DISSOLVE THESE HEADLINES OUT AND INTO -

336. EXT. CAMP CLOSE SHOT DELANEY AND THREE TRAINERS

They are tossing tennis balls toward someone out of scene, as fast as they can pitch and from all directions. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO DISCLOSE

337. WIDER ANGLE INCLUDING CORBETT

Corbett is ducking the tennis balls as fast as they come, warding off some, catching them on his arms, to sharpen his defensive timing. (This was an actual practice of Corbett's). He is gleeful and happy.

CORBETT:

(gaily)

Look at it! I'm soaking! It's a river!

Perspiration is pouring over Jim's face. He is really sweating. The others are equally elated at the sight.

DELANEY:

That's great, Jim!

CORBETT:

(laughs)

I told you the champagne would fix it! You wouldn't believe me!

DISSOLVE TO:

338. EXT. CAMP NEAR PUNCHING BAG

- the punching bag is being pounded loud and hard. CAMERA PULLS BACK as we see Jim -- working up a good sweat here. He is working hard and seriously for Sullivan as the big day draws closer.

QUICK WIPE TO:

339. INT. CORBETT'S DRESSING ROOM AT CAMP MASSAGE TABLE

Corbett is being rubbed down. He is hilariously happy. All of the trainers are standing around, they are singing all together one of the popular songs of the day, something like "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" or "Throw Him Down McClosky". This scene is interrupted by a knock on the door.

DELANEY:

Come in.

(CONTINUED)

339 (Cont.)

The door opens and a messenger has a letter.

MESSENGER:

Letter for Corbett! Hi'ya, gents?

DELANEY:

(taking it)

Another fan letter, Jim. Another lovesick dame musta saw your pitcher in the Police Gazette.

(they laugh and he smells the letter as the messenger exits)

Hope - no dame. Smells kinda like bourbon.

CORBETT:

Open it, Billy. Might be a bottle for you.

He continues with his singing.

CORBETT:

Once again, boys.....!

The boys all start the chorus again.

340. CLOSE SHOT DELANEY

as he reads the letter. He finishes and looks dazedly at Jim.

DELANEY:

Jim, listen - it's from the Colonel.

The singing stops. Jim is instantly alert.

CORBETT:

(impatiently)

Read it, Billy -- when's he coming down?

DELANEY:

He ain't comin' -- he's mad! Been readin' the papers -- those reporters!

CORBETT:

(sharply)

What! Read it -- what's he say?

Corbett pulls the towel around himself and sits up as Delaney moves over to him.

341. CLOSE DELANEY AND CORBETT

DELANEY:

(reads)

Dear Mr. Corbett....

CORBETT:

Skip the detail -- what's he say that's important?

DELANEY:

(reads)

According to the newspapers you're in no condition to fight -- you've been training in taverns instead of your training quarters -- in view of that fact I hereby wish to inform you that the two thousand five hundred dollars still due you will not be forthcoming. I want someone to beat Sullivan -- he's good -- and you can't train on champagne. Consider our agreement terminated! Yours truly -- Colonel Archibald McLane!

(turns to Jim)

So -- there goes the fight -- there goes Sullivan -- there goes --

CORBETT:

Wait a minute. He can't walk out on us like this!

RICHARDSON:

Go see the old guy, explain you had to sweat!

CREECH:

Yeah -- that's it -- tell him the truth!

ASHE:

You gotta, Jim -- you can't just let him send you a letter!

CORBETT:

Listen, boys -- this is serious. It means we're still shy \$7,500, before I can climb in that ring at New Orleans. Talking won't do any good. I could talk to the Colonel 'til I was blue in the face but he'd never see the connection between champagne and sweat. The man I'm going to see is Phil Dwyer, the stakeholder.

342. WIDER ANGLE

- as Jim gets off the rubbing table and prepares to dress.

DELANEY:

What makes you think he'll believe you, Jim.

CORBETT:

He might. He's in our trade.

DISSOLVE TO:

343. INT. DWYER'S OFFICE MED. FULL SHOT DAY

This is a moderately well-furnished office. Dwyer is a kindly, middle-aged man, not loud spoken, but perhaps a bit flashily dressed, the sporting type, well-bred, intelligent, who likes a good fight. He is listening to Corbett, who sits across the desk from him.

CORBETT:

-- that's all there was to it, Phil. I had two bottles of champagne, and they were worth their weight in gold. Sweat is gold Phil, in our business. You know that.

There is a pause. Dwyer looks searchingly at Corbett, then decides he is on the level.

DWYER:

I believe you, Jim. You have nothing to worry about.

CORBETT:

Will you talk to the Colonel?

DWYER:

I will. And if the Colonel fails to come through, your ten thousand is up, anyway. I'll guarantee it.

CORBETT:

Phil, that could stick you for \$7,500.

DWYER:

(smiles)

I'll take the chance with you.

JIM:

(beyond speech with gratitude)

What can I say?

344. WIDER ANGLE

Dwyer arises. He walks around the desk and looks at Corbett from head to foot.

Dwyer:

Only one thing worries me -- How much do you weigh, Jim -- you look light.

Corbett:

(casually)

Oh -- 192.

Dwyer:

(surprised)

Is that so. You don't look it ...

Corbett:

(edging out)

Yep, 192. Well, see you in New Orleans, Phil -- and thanks.

Corbett shakes hands with him and CAMERA PANS with him as he starts out with a big grin, when Dwyer calls after him, still dubious.

Dwyer's voice:

Oh, Jim --

Jim:

(turns in doorway)

Yeah?

Dwyer:

(comes up INTO SHOT)

Do you mind if I drop over to your camp this afternoon and see those 192 pounds on your scales -- I'm not doubting you, you know, it would just give me a pleasure to see all those pounds for myself.

Corbett:

(never bats an eye)

Sure! Sure! You bet. We'll be looking for you --

DISSOLVE TO:

345. EXT. CORBETT'S CAMP FULL SHOT

DAY

Corbett is pacing up and down -- Delaney and the trainers are watching him -- they are worriedly trying to think of an angle too. Suddenly, Corbett pauses in his pacing.

(CONTINUED)

345 (Cont.)

147.

CORBETT:
(suddenly an idea)
Hey!

ALL:
Yeh?

CORBETT:
Come here. I've got an idea.

CAMERA PANS with Corbett as he, followed by the trainers, moves toward the iron weights in the pulleys.

346. CLOSE SHOT CORBETT IN F.G. OTHERS B.G.

Corbett takes the weights out of the pulleys.

CORBETT:
Four pounds apiece -- let's see --
172 -- and four is 176 -- and four
is 80 - 84 - 88 - 92 -- Five of 'em!

He stuffs weights in his pockets as a heavenly smile of relief comes over the boys' faces.

DISSOLVE TO:

347. EXT. CAMP AT SCALES

LATE AFTERNOON

The boys are standing around waiting for Dwyer. Presently Corbett and Dwyer enter to the scales.

DWYER:
All right, Jim, step on, let's see.

Jim starts to take off his coat.

DWYER:
Never mind your coat. Leave it on.

CORBETT:
Okay.

The trainers watch Dwyer and smile slyly as he squints at the weight.

348. CLOSE SHOT SCALE

The scales register 197.

349. CLOSE SHOT DELANEY AND TRAINERS

smiling. Suddenly they look off at the sound of a definite, metallic clunk.

350. CLOSE SHOT JIM'S FEET

The iron weights, which have been stuck to Jim's legs with bicycle tape, are now slipping down the inside of his trousers and dropping onto the scales. One has already fallen.

351. MED. SHOT GROUP

Satisfied, Dwyer straightens up.

DWYER:

197. I can hardly believe my eyes.

CORBETT:

(smiles)

I'm very solid, Phil -- it fools everybody.

Jim steps off the scales.

352. CLOSE JIM

Jim moves away from the scales, his legs tight together, as if he had to go to the bathroom terribly. Another iron weight drops out his trousers.

353. WIDER ANGLE

DWYER:

Well, that's good enough for me, Jim.

(shaking hands)

Walk me down to the gate.

Corbett starts walking away with Dwyer. He has a difficult time walking as the weights start slipping. However, the trainers hastily grab one or two as they drop and the strange parade of gleaners follows Corbett and Dwyer down the road, picking up weights every few feet, as Corbett shakes one leg and then the other to free the load.

FADE OUT.

PART III TO FOLLOW