

"GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT"

Screenplay

by

Moss Hart

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-Revised-
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"GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT"

Once every year, New Yorkers receive a present -- two or three golden, springlike days right on the heels of winter; and out of the stone canyons pour pinched and pale New Yorkers, their faces lifted to the warm sunlight, their lungs drawing deeply of the balmy, wine-like air. It is on such a day that we

FADE IN on

1 THE SPRING-LIKE SKY, WITH CLOUDS

CAMERA HOLDS on the sky for a moment, then starts to PAN DOWNWARD. As it does the noise of traffic, the hum of the city swells up. The tops of tall buildings come into view. CAMERA continues to PAN DOWN the fronts of buildings, coming at last to Fifth Avenue where ant-like figures of people move along the street. QUICK CUT TO:

2 EXT. ROCKEFELLER PLAZA - CLOSE SHOT

on PHILLIP GREEN and his ten-year-old son, TOMMY, with heads raised, staring up toward the sky.

3 WIDER ANGLE

Phil and Tommy lower their heads, stroll along, CAMERA MOVING with them. Tommy is bug-eyed with wonder and interest at the tall buildings and the crowds, and even Phil, though he tries hard to mask it, has taken on some of his son's avidity and excitement. They crane up at the buildings, then down at the people, into the glittering shop windows, until Tommy pauses for a moment to literally catch his breath.

PHIL

Tired?

TOMMY

No! There's so much of it! You think we'll live here all the time, Pop?

PHIL

You want to?

TOMMY

Sure. I like it. Why did we always live in California?

(CONTINUED)

3 (Cont.)

PHIL

Well, I was born there and I got married there and I just went right on living there.

TOMMY

Did Mother ever come with you to New York?

PHIL

No. I came here once by myself for three days, but she wasn't with me.

TOMMY

Do you think Mother would have liked it?

PHIL

Yes, I think she would have...You still think of her, Tommy?

TOMMY

Sort of. Not all the time. Just sometimes. How old was I when she died, Pop?

PHIL

Four years old.
(he sighs)
Long time.

TOMMY

You never going to get married again?

PHIL

Maybe. You want me to?

TOMMY

I don't care. It's okay this way with me. But Grandma says you're getting tougher and tougher to have around the house.

PHIL

Oh, she does, does she? Any more complaints from Grandma?

TOMMY

(laughing)
She says you're too picky and choosy.

DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEAR FOUNTAIN

Phil and Tommy have come to the large statue and fountain at the end of the Plaza.

TOMMY

(his eyes widening
in excitement)

Hey, Pop -- look at that!

(indicating
statue)

What's he supposed to be doing?

PHIL

That's a statue of Atlas, Tommy,
and he's carrying the world on
his shoulders.

TOMMY

No kidding!

(he laughs aloud)

Grandma says that's what you do.

And she wishes you'd leave the
world alone for a while.

PHIL

Looks like I'm going to have to
slug Grandma.

(he looks at
his wrist-
watch)

Hey -- we're late! Grandma's
going to slug us! Come on.

They hurry off, melting into the crowd.

5 EXT. NBC BUILDING

Grandma (MRS. GREEN) stands in front of the building, near a sign which reads: TOURS OF RADIO CITY. She is looking grimly at her own watch. She looks up the street and scans the faces scurrying by and then, as she spies Phil and Tommy hurrying toward her, she gives a quick smile and then sets her lips in a thin, determined line. She waits until they are fully abreast of her before she speaks.

(CONTINUED)

5 (Cont.)

MRS. GREEN

(from a great
height)

Thank you. Thank you very much. I just love waiting around, don't you? I always say there's no fun like standing on a windy street corner waiting for people who are late. What do you folks always say?

PHIL

(looking her right
in the eye)

We're late, Ma, because I've been carrying the world around on my shoulders. It's kinda heavy -- you can't walk too fast.

MRS. GREEN

Well, put it down gently, dear, and give me the tickets for the Tour. And I'll thank you, Tommy, to keep your big mouth shut hereafter.

TOMMY

(laughing -- he is
quite used to this)

I told Pop he was getting tougher and tougher to have around the house, too.

PHIL

Don't let me forget when Mother's Day comes around, will you? Got a beautiful meat-axe all picked out... Here are the tickets. Wish me luck, Ma. I'm going up to the magazine now.

MRS. GREEN

(kissing him)

Good luck, Phil. I hope it's something you like -- and not too far away this time.

PHIL

It'll be something right here. Otherwise Minify wouldn't have gone to all the trouble to get us the apartment.

TOMMY

Does Mr. Minify always tell you what to write? Don't you ever think up what to write yourself?

(CONTINUED)

5 (Cont. 1)

PHIL
 (laughing)
 Oh, I think for myself once in a
 while. Have fun.
 (a glance at
 his watch)
 Late again.

He waves and hurries off. CAMERA remains on Mrs. Green and Tommy, looking affectionately after Phil.

DISSOLVE TO:

6 INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - OFFICES OF SMITH'S WEEKLY IN
 RADIO CITY

As befits a magazine with five million weekly readers, the office of 'Smith's Weekly' manages to achieve a kind of rugged grandeur, with the not inconsiderable aid of deep-piled rugs, pickled-pine panelings, and a nice balance of beautifully coiffed secretaries and receptionists whose hair-do's seem as though set in aspic.

The elevator doors open and Phil comes out. The Reception Desk is just opposite the elevators. There are several receptionists on duty. One of them turns to Phil as he approaches the desk.

RECEPTIONIST
 (pleasantly, but
 with a certain
 elegance)

Yes?

PHIL
 I have an appointment with Mr.
 Minify.

RECEPTIONIST
 Name, please?

PHIL
 Schuyler Green.

She repeats the name and at the same time picks up one of many telephones.

RECEPTIONIST
 (into phone)
 Schuyler Green to see Mr. Minify...
 Yes...

(CONTINUED)

6 (Cont.)

RECEPTIONIST(Cont.)

(to Phil, as she
hangs up phone)

Mr. Minify is expecting you.

She quickly writes something on a card, beckons off to the page boys (or girls?) seated on a bench nearby. A page comes to the desk.

RECEPTIONIST

(to Page, as she
hands him a card)

For Mr. Minify.

PAGE

(glancing at card)

Just follow me, Mr. Green.

7 INT. HALLWAY - MOVING SHOT

Phil follows the Page down the hallway, past many doors lettered "Photographic Department," "Advertising Department," "Editorial Department," "Research Department," etc. The constant click of typewriters is heard over scene. CAMERA finally halts at a door lettered: "John Minify, Editor-in-Chief." The Page opens the door for Phil, and he enters.

8 INT. MINIFY'S OUTER OFFICE

Two secretaries are on duty at adjoining desks. One rises as Phil enters.

SECRETARY

Mr. Green?

PHIL

Yes.

SECRETARY

Mr. Minify is on the long distance.
He'll only be a moment.

She indicates for Phil to be seated, then picks up a copy of SMITH'S WEEKLY, offers it to Phil, saying,

SECRETARY

Have you seen the last issue?

PHIL

(taking the magazine)

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

8 (Cont.)

(Note: The Magazine which she hands him could be a composite of COLLIER'S and LOOK.)

9 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON DOOR TO MINIFY'S PRIVATE OFFICE

The door opens from within, revealing MINIFY. He comes to Phil in his effusive, booming way, his hand outstretched. Phil quickly rises.

MINIFY

Come in, come in! Glad you're here,
Green -- glad you're here.

PHIL

Thank you.

They enter the private office and the secretary closes the door behind them.

10 INT. MINIFY'S PRIVATE OFFICE

As they enter Minify waves Phil to a chair.

MINIFY

Finding your way around?

PHIL

(with a smile)

Almost.

MINIFY

Good. Your mother and kid like
New York?

PHIL

They like it fine. The apartment,
too. Thanks.

MINIFY

I had a bit of luck. Probably the
last apartment left in Greater
Manhattan. Getting to know
people here?

PHIL

Not yet. I'm always slow about that.

MINIFY

Fix that right away. How about to-
night at my place? We're having some
people. Couple of girls and people.

(CONTINUED)

10 (Cont.)

PHIL

Thanks. Some other time.

MINIFY

Nonsense. Won't ask you another time.

(he shoves a piece
of paper at him)

Here's the address.

(he clicks down the
key on the inter-
communicating box
on his desk)Don't disturb me until I call you,
Miss Miller. For anything. And
tell Mrs. Minify that Mr. Green
is coming to dinner.He clicks the key back, takes cigar from humidor and
offers one to Phil.

MINIFY

Now get good and comfortable because
I'm going to talk for an hour. Maybe
two.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 EXT. MINIFY'S HOUSE IN THE EAST 70'S - NIGHT

A taxi pulls up to the entrance, stops. Phil alights,
pays the driver, starts up to the entrance. As he goes
inside, we

DISSOLVE TO:

12 INT. LIVING ROOM - MINIFY'S HOUSE

Phil and Minify are coming from the foyer into the
living room. MRS. MINIFY comes toward them, and in the
background we see KATHY and BILL.

MINIFY

Jessie, this is Schuyler Green I've
been talking about. My wife.

MRS. MINIFY

Don't be silly, John. I know Mr.
Green. I've read everything he ever
wrote. You just never stop talking.
(turning toward the
others)Kathy, this is Mr. Green. My niece,
Miss Lacey. And Bill Lacey.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.)

MINIFY

(through the
how-do-you-do's)Better clear it up now, Jessie, or
he'll never get straightened out.

(to Phil)

Kathy and Bill have been divorced
for a couple of years, Green, but
she calls herself Miss Lacey and con-
fuses everybody. All very friendly,
very civilized, very dumb. Likes
your stuff, though.

KATHY

I haven't read everything, Mr. Green,
but what I did read was --She tips her thumb and forefinger together to form a
circle - a gesture of "well done."

PHIL

Thanks.

He slides uneasily into a chair.

MINIFY

(turning toward
the bar)What do people call a guy whose first
name is Schuyler?

PHIL

Phil.

They all laugh.

MINIFY

Good. I don't have to say Green all
the time. Too hearty, last names.
And Schuyler's impossible.

PHIL

Bad as that?

MINIFY

Wouldn't call a dog Schuyler.

PHIL

It was my mother's name, my middle
one. I started signing my stuff
'Schuyler Green' on the college paper
at Stanford. Sounded better to me, I
guess, than Phillip - like Somerset
Maugham instead of William, or Sinclair
Lewis instead of Harry.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont. 1)

KATHY

(smiling)

Somerset - Sinclair - Schuyler. All
s's. Maybe that means something...
Do you mind telling people what you're
writing, Mr. Green?

PHIL

Not at all. Only right now I'm not
writing anything.

Minify returns with a drink and hands it to Phil who
murmurs, "Thanks."

MINIFY

I've asked him to do a series on
anti-Semitism. Break it wide open.
Been wanting to do it for some time.

KATHY

(grinning)

Do I get a credit line on it?

MINIFY

(indignantly)

You? What for?

KATHY

Don't you remember back in - oh,
around Christmas - about that Jewish
schoolteacher resigning, and I asked
you --

MINIFY

Why, sure; I knew somebody'd been
at me but I forgot who. Always
stealing ideas without knowing it,
Phil.

KATHY

(tartly)

That's what keeps the magazine
original.

They all laugh. Over scene comes the SOUND of other
guests arriving.

13

FULL SHOT OF THE ROOM

Other guests - two men and two women - enter, and Mr.
and Mrs. Minify go forward to greet them. We hear mur-
mured greetings. During this, Bill Lacey has drifted
over to the newly arrived guests, leaving Phil and
Kathy momentarily alone.

14 CLOSE SHOT - PHIL AND KATHY

PHIL

Funny - you suggesting that series.

KATHY

Is it? Why?

PHIL

All sorts of reasons.

KATHY

You make up your mind too quickly about people, Mr. Green. Girls, anyway. I saw you do it when you sat down.

PHIL

(wryly)

Apparent as all that?

KATHY

Uh-huh. You cross-filed and indexed me. Too well-bred. Artificial, self-confident, and a trifle absurd. Typical New York.

PHIL

(laughing)

I didn't have time to do all that.

KATHY

Oh, yes, you did. I even left out a couple of things. Faintly irritating upper-class manner, over-bright voice --

PHIL

(sheepishly)

You win. Let me off, please.

KATHY

(she smiles up at him engagingly)

I'm sorry. I couldn't resist it -- because it's only partly true. Is this your first trip East, Mr. Green?

PHIL

Not my first trip -- but the first time I've ever come here without a railroad or boat ticket for tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

14 (Cont.)

KATHY

Going to stay?

PHIL

I think so. Look -- you're getting a pretty complete dossier on me. It's your turn now.

KATHY

Well, you know I've been divorced. And I run a nursery school and I'm called Miss Lacey there. You want just anything?

PHIL

Just anything.

Mrs. Minify appears beside them.

MRS. MINIFY

Dinner. Bring your drinks along. It's a new cook and I think she's good and we mustn't be late. Besides, John just stopped talking and this is our chance to get in.

As they start in,

DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. MINIFY LIBRARY OR STUDY - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Dinner is over. Two couples are playing bridge. Minify and Bill Lacey are playing gin. CAMERA MOVES across the room toward small built-in bar, and pauses on Kathy and Phil, who are leaning against the bar, their backs to the CAMERA. Offstage, during this action, we hear Minify's Voice:

MINIFY'S VOICE

I'm blitzed! -- and in three games! The next time you come here, Bill, I'm going to put up a sign: 'Beware of card sharks.'

Kathy turns, profile in the direction of the voice, and smiles.

KATHY

(to Phil, in
a whisper)

He's a pushover in a card game.

(CONTINUED)

15 (Cont.)

Phil laughs. CAMERA DRAWS BACK as Minify enters.

MINIFY

(to Kathy)

You were an idiot to divorce him,
Kathy. If I keep on playing with
him he'll own the Magazine.

(putting hand on Phil's

shoulder in friendly way)

Anything I can get you, Phil?

PHIL

No, thank you.

(glancing at watch)

I'd better be getting along. It's
after one.

(turning to Kathy)

Can I drop you anywhere?

KATHY

I'm sorry, but I promised to take
the Leslies home.

PHIL

(offering his hand)

Well - goodbye.

KATHY

(taking his hand)

Goodbye.

It is all very formal but in this brief moment as they
say goodbye we have the impression that they like each
other -- very much indeed.

Phil and Minify start across the room toward the foyer.

PHIL

Will you say goodnight to Mrs.
Minify and thank her for me?

MINIFY

Of course.

CAMERA stays on them as they enter the foyer.

16 CLOSE SHOT - KATHY - AT THE BAR

She is looking after the retreating figure of Phil, a
slow smile on her face.

17 WIDER ANGLE

Minify comes back into the room, crosses to the bar. Kathy is toying with her glass, still looking toward the foyer. Minify looks at her sharply.

MINIFY

Well -- what do you think of him?

KATHY

Very nice.

MINIFY

Is that all? He's one of the most talented young writers I've ever come across.

KATHY

(amiably)

All right. He's one of the very nicest talented young writers you've ever come across.

During this and ensuing dialogue Minify is looking under the bar evidently searching for something.

MINIFY

Funny fellow. He's going to turn down the assignment. I had the feeling he was let down when I told him about it. I don't know why, but I know he was.

(he ducks under the bar, and we hear his voice)

I give up! -- a seven story house, ninety-four rooms - and no bottle opener!

CAMERA MOVES FORWARD TO:

18 CLOSE SHOT - KATHY

She looks off again toward the foyer, a smile on her lips, a faraway look in her eyes.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

19 INT. KITCHEN OF PHIL'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Phil and Tommy are at breakfast, Mrs. Green moving about waiting on them.

MRS. GREEN
No reading comics at the table,
Tommy. Put it away.

TOMMY
Just lemme finish, Grandma. I'm
right at the end.

MRS. GREEN
No making mysteries at the table
either, Phil.

PHIL
(looking up from
the newspaper)
Mysteries?

MRS. GREEN
You haven't even mentioned the
assignment.

PHIL
Oh, he wants me to do a series on
anti-Semitism.

MRS. GREEN
You don't sound very enthusiastic.

PHIL
I'm not.

MRS. GREEN
Will he insist on you doing it?

PHIL
Oh, no.. He's not that kind of
editor... Ma, what do you do to
just eggs to make 'em taste this
way?

MRS. GREEN
Pray over them. Did you have a
nice time last night?
(he nods)
That's good. You really need new
people as much as new places. I
mean everybody does, not just you.

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.)

PHIL

It was a good bunch to start on.
 Funny thing -- turned out a girl --
 Minify's niece -- suggested that
 series on anti-Semitism. Funny.

MRS. GREEN

You don't say! Why, women'll be
thinking next, Phil, hm?

Phil tosses her a look over the newspaper.

TOMMY

(laying aside the
 comic book)

What's anti-Semitism?

PHIL

Huh?

TOMMY

Anti-Semitism. What is that, Pop?

PHIL

It's when people don't like other
 people just because they're Jews.

TOMMY

Oh.

(he considers this
 for a moment)

Why? Are they bad?

PHIL

Some are, sure. Some aren't. It's
 like everybody else.

TOMMY

What are Jews anyhow?

PHIL

Remember last week you asked about
 that big church?

TOMMY

Sure.

PHIL

And I told you there were lots of
 different churches?

TOMMY

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont. 1)

PHIL

Well, the people that go to that particular church are called Catholics. Then there are people who go to other churches, and they're called Protestants, and there are others that go to still different ones, and they're called Jews. Only they call their kind of church synagogues or temples.

TOMMY

Oh.

(he thinks
it over)

Then why don't some people like those?

PHIL

It's kind of tough to explain, Tom. Some people hate Catholics, some hate Jews --

TOMMY

And nobody hates us because we're Americans.

Phil looks helplessly at his mother, but she has begun to clear the table and is obviously going to let him struggle alone.

PHIL

No, that's something different again. You can be an American and a Catholic, or an American and a Protestant, or an American and a Jew.

Tommy looks at him, perplexed.

PHIL

Look, Tom. One thing is your country, like America, or France or Germany or Russia -- all the countries. The flag is different and the uniform is different, the language is different.

TOMMY

The airplanes are marked different.

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont. 2)

PHIL

Differently. That's right. But the other thing is religion, like Jewish or Catholic or Protestant religion. That hasn't anything to do with country or the language or the airplanes. Got it?

TOMMY

Yep.

PHIL

Don't ever get mixed up on that. Some people are mixed up.

TOMMY

Why?

Phil looks pleadingly toward his mother, then:

PHIL

(to Tommy)

Hey - get going! It's eight-forty. You'll be late for school.

TOMMY

(leaping up)

'Bye, Pop. 'Bye, Grandma.

He kisses her and rushes out.

PHIL

Whew!

MRS. GREEN

(laughing)

It's all right, Phil. You're always good with him.

PHIL

That kid'll wreck me yet. Did you and Dad have to go through this sort of stuff with me?

MRS. GREEN

Of course, we did.

(she begins to
wash the dishes)

You very disappointed, Phil?

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont. 3)

PHIL

Yes, I am. I was almost sure he'd hand me the Stassen story. Or Washington. I wasn't looking for an easy one, Ma, but I did want something I could really make good on. I'd so like the first one here to be a natural! Something I know they'd read!

MRS. GREEN

You mean there's enough race prejudice in real life without reading about it?

PHIL

(laughing)

No, but this one's doomed before I start. What could I possibly say that hasn't been said before?

MRS. GREEN

(slowly)

I don't know. But maybe it hasn't been said well enough, Phil. If it had been, you wouldn't have been explaining it to Tom just now, would you? Or me and Dad to you?

(he looks
at her)

It would be nice some time not to have to explain it to someone like Tommy. All kids are so decent to start with.

(there is silence
for a long moment)

Are you home for lunch?

PHIL

No. Think I'll walk.
(he stares at her
for another long
moment)

You're quite a girl, Ma.
(he kisses her)

DISSOLVE TO:

20 EXT. 57th AND EAST RIVER - ABOUT AN HOUR LATER

Phil is leaning over the parapet, watching the river traffic. We have the feeling that he has been walking and thinking. He is toying with a clip of matches, unconsciously tearing off the matches and throwing them into the water.

21 CLOSE SHOT - PHIL

He comes to the decision -- he has made up his mind. He tosses the entire clip of matches into the river, turns and starts away.

22 LONG SHOT - PHIL

hailing a taxi-

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

23 INT. MINIFY'S PRIVATE OFFICE - A SHORT TIME LATER

Phil is sitting in a chair in front of Minify's desk. He rises, paces for a moment or two, then turns back to Minify.

PHIL

You seem surprised.

MINIFY

Yes.

PHIL

Why?

MINIFY

Didn't think you were going to do it. You've got a bad poker face, Phil. Saw you were disappointed in the assignment the minute I mentioned it. That's why I didn't push it. What changed your mind?

PHIL

Couple of things.

MINIFY

Uh-huh. I may put my niece under contract. Inspiration Department.

PHIL

(laughing)

No. It wasn't that.

(CONTINUED)

23 (Cont.)

PHIL (Cont.)

(he hesitates
a moment)

My kid. I had to try to explain it to him this morning. It wasn't easy. It's really each house, each family, that decides it. Anyway, I want to do it. Very much.

MINIFY

Couldn't be more pleased!

PHIL

Could your Research Department get me facts and figures?

MINIFY

What?

PHIL

I said could your Research Department get me facts and figures?

MINIFY

Wait a minute. Hold it.

He rises, comes from behind the desk and shakes his finger in front of Phil's nose.

MINIFY

Look -- I've got eighteen hacks on this magazine who could turn out this series with their left hands - chock-ful of facts, figures and research. Don't need you for that. What do you think I brought you here for? Facts and figures? Use your head! Go to the source! I want an angle. Some compelling lead -- some dramatic device to humanize it -- so it gets read!

PHIL

I see. You just want the moon.

MINIFY

With parsley. Suggestion: There's a bigger thing to do than just go after the crack-pot story, Phil. That's been done plenty. It's the wider spread of it I'd like to get at -- the people who'd never go near an anti-Semitic meeting or send a dime to Gerald L. K. Smith.

(CONTINUED)

23 (Cont.1)

PHIL

(on his way to
the door)

I'll knock it around. Give my best
to the Research Department, will
you?

(he turns in
the doorway)

'Bye.

MINIFY

(grinning)

Don't happen to want my niece's
phone number, do you?

PHIL

Regent 7-0348. We're having din-
ner together. I always like to go
right to the source.

The door closes behind him.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

24 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

Kathy and Phil are seated at a little table-bar, with a plate of hors d'oeuvres before them.

PHIL

Got any ideas about restaurants?
I'm lost in this town.

KATHY

We'll think that up as we start out.

As Kathy reaches for the hors d'oeuvres Phil rises and wanders idly toward the piano.

PHIL

Do you play?

KATHY

Some. The easy ones. Do you?

PHIL

No, but I'm a sucker for music.

KATHY

(as she hands
him a drink)

Here's to -- Oh, I'm no good at
toasts.

PHIL

All right. Here's to no toasts.

KATHY

No. This is an occasion. Here's
to the series. I'm so glad it's
you that's doing it.

(she lifts her glass)

PHIL

(lifting his
own glass)

Here's to some luck on the angle.
I'm going to need luck on this one.

KATHY

You'll get it.
(he makes a mock
grimace of pain)
Did I say something wrong?

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont.)

PHIL

The worst thing you could say to a writer. "Don't worry -- you'll get it -- it'll come." It'll come, maybe -- and sometimes it doesn't!

KATHY

It better had -- I've got a proprietary interest in this series.. Let me show you something -- I got out some stuff for you I've been saving.

(she picks up a copy of 'Time' from a nearby table)

February 4, 1944 -- but the man who said it is still there.

(she reads aloud)

"John Rankin, Mississippi Democrat stood up in the House to denounce the Administration-backed soldiers' vote bill --" Wait a minute -- here it is -- here's what he said: "And the chief broadcaster for it is Walter Winchell, the little kike I was telling you about the other day." This was a new low in demagoguery even for John Rankin, but in the entire House no one rose to protest."

(she puts magazine down)

Nobody....

(she glances at Phil)

What's happening to this country, Phil? Does a country ever know what's happening to it?

PHIL

(slowly)

What can I write that would make any deeper impression than that? What?

(he sets his glass down, thinks for a moment)

Maybe this is an impossible assignment, Kathy.. I mean it. Fine in an editor's head -- or yours - but a

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont. 1)

PHIL(Cont.)

dud. It's no good unless it hits people down inside -- but how? Which way? With what? Your Uncle's right -- it's gone past facts and figures -- even Rankin didn't make a dent -- what else? What?

KATHY

You're pressing too hard, Phil -- and too soon.

PHIL

Maybe. And I'm certainly giving you a nice, solemn evening. Let's skip it.

KATHY

(laughing)

I don't mind.

PHIL

No -- it never comes this way anyway. Play something -- it'll clear my mind. Or I'll be on it all evening.

KATHY

(as she walks toward the piano)

This could clear us right out of the house.

25

ANGLE AT PIANO

Kathy sits down at piano. Phil sits in a chair nearby. She starts to play -- a simple Mozart Sonata.

PHIL

I like the way you play.

KATHY

I'm glad.

(she plays for a moment in silence -- then:)

Didn't quite do the trick. You're still at it.

(CONTINUED)

25 (Cont.)

PHIL

Mm...Keep playing though -- it's nice.

(musingly)

Maybe I could make each article a kind of Profile of some Jewish guy who'd been heroic in the war, decorated -- all that.

KATHY

That's not bad, Phil.

PHIL

No -- it's no good. Heroes are heroes because they were heroes, not because they were or weren't Jewish. There goes another angle. See what it's like?

KATHY

(she stops playing)

I do, Phil, and I'm all sympathy. But I happen to be starving.

PHIL

(rising)

Get your hat -- and don't wear it at an angle. Big joke.

KATHY

(laughs and rises from the piano)

Won't be a minute.

She goes off to her dressing room to get her hat. He looks after her and smiles.

26

OUT

DISSOLVE TO:

27 INT. A SMALL DINE AND DANCE CAFE (like LaRue'
York) - NIGHT

The place is dimly lit; the orchestra is play
people are dancing.

27-A CLOSE SHOT - KATHY AND PHIL

at a corner table. An ash tray filled with cigarette
stubs is mute testimony to the length of time they have
been sitting there. Kathy crushes out still another
cigarette and smiles at Phil.

KATHY

You're a very flattering listener.

PHIL

I've been interested.

KATHY

It's more than that. Your face
takes sides -- as if you were vot-
ing for or against. When I was
telling you about my longing to
have a 'nice' house like other
kids, your eyes kindled, and when
I told you about Uncle John of-
fering to send me to Vassar, your
face looked bleak.

PHIL

How'd your parents take it -- about
Mr. Minify giving you an allowance,
pretty clothes and all the rest?

KATHY

They said they wanted me and my sister
Jane to have the things that would make
us happy.

PHIL

And did they?

KATHY

(a moment's pause)

Yes. I think I quit being envious --

(with a twinkle

in her eye)

-- and snobbish right off. I just
felt easy and right.

(she smiles)

Now you're looking all dubious again.

(CONTINUED)

27-A (Cont.)

PHIL

(smiling uncertainly)

Please don't think I'm sitting here approving and disapproving. It isn't that. It's -- well, I just --

(he breaks off, embarrassed)

Well, we certainly seem to have covered a lot of ground.

(a little too casually)

Are you engaged to anybody now?

(she shakes her head)

Or in love or anything?

KATHY

Not especially. Are you?

PHIL

No...Dance?

(before she answers he adds, a little too casually)

What's the point in your ex-husband being asked by when you're at the Minify's? They trying to bring you together?

KATHY

Could be. Aunt Jessie tries that once in a while....Did you ask me to dance?

They smile quietly at each other, rise and go onto dance floor.

27-B CLOSE SHOT

Kathy and Phil, dancing.

28 CLOSEUP - KATHY

We can almost read her mind; her thoughts are about Phil.

29 CLOSEUP - PHIL

We can almost read his thoughts too; they are all about Kathy.

30 WIDER ANGLE

as they dance away from CAMERA.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

31 INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM - LATE EVENING, ABOUT A WEEK LATER

Phil, in his shirt-sleeves, is typing away through a haze of cigarette smoke. In another room, a telephone rings, and in a moment Mrs. Green appears in the doorway.

MRS. GREEN

It's Miss Lacey, Phil.

PHIL

Okay.

He goes past his mother, into the living room.

32 INT. LIVING ROOM

Phil enters, picks up the phone.

PHIL

Hi! How's the big outside world?
Still there? Everybody having
fun?.....

(pause)

No, I'm fine -- just wish I were
dead, that's all.....

(he listens)

Thanks, Kathy, but I'm in my
stubborn streak now -- if it won't
budge, I won't budge.

33 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - KATHY AT PHONE

KATHY

Fine. At the rate it's going now,
do you think you'd like me with
white hair?

34 INT. PHIL'S LIVING ROOM - PHIL AT PHONE

PHIL

I think you'd look dandy with white
hair. I'll be right here - still
trying.

(pause)

No, please do. If you don't call I
keep thinking, 'Why doesn't she call?'
So it works out as an interruption
either way.....

35 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - KATHY AT PHONE

KATHY

(smiling)

I'm a working girl myself. How many interruptions a day do you want?

36 INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - PHIL AT PHONE

PHIL

I'll thank you to call five or six times a day. It's your fault I'm in this jam anyway....okay. 'Bye.

He hangs up and rubs his hand wearily across his eyes. Mrs. Green has entered on the end of the phone conversation, and she sees this gesture.

MRS. GREEN

Why not take some time off, Phil? You've been at it now, day and night, for almost a week.

PHIL

Oh, you know me, Ma, when I get this way. I'd be no fun for Kathy or anybody. I'm certainly no fun for myself.

He sighs and wanders off toward his own room, his mother following.

37 INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM

He enters, followed by his mother.

MRS. GREEN

No idea at all yet?

PHIL

Oh, plenty of ideas -- but they explode in my face after an hour or so. They just don't stand up. When you get the right one, a kind of click happens inside you. Well, it hasn't happened yet -- and it doesn't seem likely to either. Sit down a minute. I'm bored with myself -- with the whole thing as a matter of fact.

(he lights a
cigarette)

Think I'm losing my grip. It happens to writers. Maybe it's my turn.

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont.)

MRS. GREEN

(laughing)

You'd better not. You couldn't make a nickel at anything else.

PHIL

Thanks. You can go now. You've helped a lot.

MRS. GREEN

Isn't it always tough at the start, Phil?

PHIL

Never like this. Never. Look ---

(he waves his hand at the pile of papers and books stacked on his desk, then he walks to the typewriter and rips out the page)

I've tried everything!

(he glances down at the paper in his hand)

Anti-Semitism in Business -- in Labor -- Social -- Schools -- Professions! It's all there, all right, but it won't give. I've tried them all, separately and together. Sometimes I feel I'm just on the edge of it -- then I go a little deeper -- and it's the same old drool of statistics and protest.

(he crushes the paper and tosses it aside)

It's like banging your head against a concrete wall.

(he slumps down into a chair)

I wish Dave were here.

MRS. GREEN

Dave Goldman?

PHIL

Yeah. He'd be the right one to talk it over with, wouldn't he?

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont. 1)

MRS. GREEN

Yes, I guess he would. Is he still overseas?

PHIL

(nodding)

He seems to be stuck there, too. But he'd be just the one, though.

(suddenly he sits up)

Ma, maybe that's a new tack. So far I've been digging into facts, evidence. I've sort of ignored feelings. How does it make somebody like Dave feel?

(he gets up and begins to pace excitedly)

Over and above what we feel about it, what must a Jew feel about this thing? Dave! Could I think into Dave's mind? Dave's the kind of a fellow I would be if I were a Jew, isn't he? We grew up together -- we were the gang -- we came from the same kind of homes -- we went through everything together -- whatever Dave feels now -- indifference, outrage, contempt -- would be the feeling of Dave as a man and not Dave as a Jew. Dave as a citizen, as an American. Right, Ma?

MRS. GREEN

That's good, Phil. I like that!

PHIL

(excitedly)

Maybe I've broken the log-jam, Ma! Maybe this is it!

MRS. GREEN

(catching some of his enthusiasm)

Sit down and write him a letter - now - right away. Put it down like you've just said it to me.

He paces for a moment more, his face alight, then his shoulders slump, and he savagely grinds out his cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont. 2)

PHIL

What do I say? "Dear Dave: Give me the lowdown on your guts when you read about Rankin calling people kikes, or a Jewish kid getting his teeth kicked in by Jew-haters in New York City." Could you write that letter to Dave, Ma?

(Mrs. Green looks
at him, silent)

No. It's out. All of it. Even if I could write it, it wouldn't be any good. There's no way you can tear open the secret heart of another human being, Ma. You know that.

MRS. GREEN

(slowly)

Yes, I'm afraid you're right, Phil.

(she sighs)

Oh, dear. There must be some way. There must.

PHIL

(laughing)

Hey, don't you start! I don't want to depress the whole family. Go on to bed, Ma. You look tired. One good thing came out of this -- reminded me I owe Dave a letter. I'll write him, anyway. And I'd like a little more sympathy around here, now that you see how tough it is.

MRS. GREEN

Sympathy, no. But -- I think it's worth it, Phil, if that's any consolation.

PHIL

Mighty small, Ma, mighty small -- but I'm in no position to dicker. Goodnight, baby.

He kisses her fondly and she leaves. Phil goes to the desk and rummages through the papers until he finds a letter with Dave's APO address. Then he inserts a piece of paper in the typewriter and starts to type.

38 CLOSE SHOT - TYPEWRITER

Phil's fingers are typing out Dave's name and APO address.

DISSOLVE TO:

39 PHIL'S BEDROOM - LATE AT NIGHT

Phil is in bed, asleep. There comes over scene a sound -- thin, miserable -- a cry of pain. He moves in his sleep. The cry comes again. This time he wakes and listens. It is a real sound. He jerks free of his blankets and swiftly goes out of his room.

40 LIVING ROOM (OR CORRIDOR?)

Phil stumbles through the dark apartment toward his mother's room.

41 INT. MRS. GREEN'S ROOM

Phil rushes in, switches on the light.

PHIL

Ma!

He comes to the bed. Mrs. Green moves her head; her face is rigid with pain, her hand across her breast, the fingers digging into her left arm.

PHIL

Heart? Does it seem your heart?

He stoops over, his arm cradling her.

MRS. GREEN

(a whisper)

Better. Wait.

He takes a glass of water from the table and holds it to her lips and, as she sips it, she presses his hand to reassure him.

PHIL

Ma, are you all right? Is it easier?

MRS. GREEN

It's passing.

She manages a slight smile.

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont.)

PHIL

I'll get a doctor. I'll phone
Kathy -- she'll know the right one.
Can I leave you?

MRS. GREEN

Wait another minute.

Her hand falls away from her breast and her breathing
is easier. Phil sits silently on the edge of the bed,
gently stroking her hand.

MRS. GREEN

I'd never realized the pain was so
sharp.

PHIL

Let me phone Kathy, Ma. She'll know
a heart man.

MRS. GREEN

What time is it?

PHIL

It doesn't matter.

MRS. GREEN

All right. Then come back and
hold my hand, will you, Phil?

He smiles and raises her hand tenderly to his lips. Then
he goes quickly out.

42 CLOSE SHOT - MRS. GREEN

looking after Phil with deep affection .

FADE OUT

FADE IN

43 INT. KITCHEN OF PHIL'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Phil, still in his pajamas and bathrobe, is preparing breakfast for a wide-eyed and frightened Tommy, who is setting the table.

TOMMY

Will she -- Pop, will she die?

Phil turns from the toaster to the stricken eyes watching him.

PHIL

She'll die sometime, Tommy, just the way you will or me or anybody.

TOMMY

Oh, Pop!

PHIL

(he comes over to Tom and ruffles his hair)

The doctor said she might be fine for years if she's careful. Grandma's not young, Tom, and all the packing and unpacking tired her too much.

(Tom moves very close to him. The ticking of the toaster sounds very loud)

I bet we can run this place between us.

TOMMY

Sure.

(he goes on setting the table; stops suddenly and turns to Phil apprehensively)

Pop -- !

PHIL

It's scary, Tom, I know. I was scared last night, too. But we'll take care of her, and she might be just fine till you're grown up and married and have kids.

(CONTINUED)

43 (Cont.)

SOUND of doorbell.

PHIL

That's the doctor. Will you make your own breakfast, Tom, and get off to school?

TOMMY

Sure.

PHIL

Fine. We'll run this place fine. Get going now.

Phil exits, to admit the doctor. Tommy looks after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

44 CORRIDOR AT DOOR OF MRS. GREEN'S ROOM

DR. CRAIGIE is talking to Phil in that cheery, comfortable, bedside-manner way.

DR. CRAIGIE

I told your mother the truth. People with 'hearts' outlive everybody else, if they take care. It may prove to be what we call false angina instead of the true angina. You keep her in bed for a few days and then we'll get her to the office and really see -- no use getting too technical until we really know.

PHIL

(anxiously)

But you're sure, Doctor, that --

DR. CRAIGIE

I never minimize at a time like this, Mr. Green. I don't frighten, but I don't minimize. Right now it's nothing to worry about.

Mrs. Green's VOICE calls from the bedroom: "Phil -- oh, Phil!"

DR. CRAIGIE

Go ahead. I know the way out. I'll keep dropping in for the next few days.

(CONTINUED)

44 (Cont.)

PHIL

Thank you, Doctor.

He shakes hands and opens the door to the bedroom as the doctor goes down the hall.

45 INT. MRS. GREEN'S BEDROOM

She is sitting up, cheerful and chipper. Phil enters, comes to the bed, looks down at his mother.

MRS. GREEN

You don't have to look like Hamlet. I feel wonderful.

PHIL

Don't crowd things. Feel like talking?

MRS. GREEN

Ever know me when I didn't -- except last night?

PHIL

(laughing)

Now I really believe the doctor - for the first time.

MRS. GREEN

Good. So do I. Tommy get off all right?

PHIL

Fine. Cooked his own breakfast and did a good job of it.

MRS. GREEN

(smiling)

I'll be up tomorrow.

PHIL

No, you won't.

MRS. GREEN

Yes, I will. Did you get any sleep?

PHIL

Sure.

MRS. GREEN

Yes, you look it. Your eyes look like poached eggs. Please get some sleep today, Phil. Don't try to work. Please.

(CONTINUED)

45 (Cont.)

PHIL

Don't have to worry on that score. I've decided, Ma. I'll phone Minify later. There's a certain virtue in knowing when you're licked. And I am. Might as well accept it gracefully. Last night decided me.

MRS. GREEN

When?

PHIL

While I was sitting here holding your hand waiting for the doctor to come.

MRS. GREEN

Why?

PHIL

I was scared, Ma -- like I used to be when I'd get to wondering what I'd do if anything ever happened to you. It all came back -- I was a kid again and my Ma was sick.

MRS. GREEN

(softly)

Phil, dear.

PHIL

I wanted to ask: "Is it awful? Are you afraid?" But there are questions no one can ask and no one can answer. I'll know the answer to those two only when I feel it myself -- when I'm lying there. And it's that way about this series -- it's that way about every question that matters most.

MRS. GREEN

But you did get the answers before, Phil. Every article you've ever done -- the right answers got in somehow.

PHIL

Sure. But I didn't ask for them! When I wanted to find out about a scared guy in a jalopy, I didn't

(CONTINUED)

45 (Cont. 1)

PHIL (Cont.)

stand on Route 66 and stop him so I could ask a lot of questions! I bought myself some old clothes and a broken-down car and took Route 66 myself. I lived in their camps. Ate what they ate. I found the answers in my own guts, not somebody else's! I didn't say: "How does it feel to be an Oakie?" I was an Oakie. That's the difference, Ma! I didn't sit in my bedroom and do research on the coal mine series, did I? I didn't go and tap some poor grimy guy on the shoulder and make him talk, did I? I got myself a job, went down in the dark, slept in a shack. I didn't try and dig into a coal miner's heart -- I was a miner!

(suddenly he stops
and bangs his fist
hard on the bureau)

Ma! Maybe -- maybe -- I've got it! The idea -- the lead -- the angle! It's the way! It's the only way! I'll be Jewish! I'll just say -- nobody knows me here -- I can just say it! I can live it myself! Six weeks -- eight weeks - nine months -- however long it takes! Ma - it's right this time!

MRS. GREEN

It must be right, Phil -- it always is when you're this sure!

PHIL

Listen -- I've got the title!
(he pauses and
faces her)

"I Was Jewish For Six Months."

MRS. GREEN

Phil, it's good!

PHIL

(almost shouting
in his elation)

It won't be the same, sure it won't, but it ought to come close! Just tell people I am and see what happens. See what I feel like -- for however long it takes to feel it!

(CONTINUED)

45 (Cont. 2)

PHIL (Cont.)

(he paces up and down
the small room, excitedly)

Ma, this is it! That click just
happened inside me.

He pauses in front of the bureau.

46. CLOSER SHOT - PHIL AT BUREAU

He looks at himself in the mirror over the bureau.

PHIL

Dark hair, dark eyes -- sure, so
has Dave -- but so have a lot of
guys who aren't Jewish. No accent
or mannerisms -- Straight nose --
so is Dave's. Name: Phil Green --
I'll skip the Schuyler -- might be
anything! Phil Green.

(he turns around
his face alight)

Ma, it's a cinch.

47 WIDER ANGLE - TAKING IN MRS. GREEN

MRS. GREEN

Phil, this is the best medicine
I could have had!

PHIL

(tensely)

Look -- will you keep my secret if
you meet any new people? It'd have
to be without exceptions to work at
all.

MRS. GREEN

If you're Jewish, I am, too, I guess.

They smile at each other delightedly.

PHIL

(all excitement
again)

I've got to phone. Right away!

He starts for the door.

MRS. GREEN

Why don't you ask Kathy to come
down here?

(CONTINUED)

47 (Cont.)

Phil stops dead in the doorway.

PHIL
How did you know I wasn't calling
Minify?

MRS. GREEN
No one calls a magazine editor with
that look on his face!

He gives her a look, then grins at her, and goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

48 INT. LIVING ROOM OF PHIL'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT
AFTERNOON

Phil is helping Kathy off with her coat.

KATHY
(looking around
the apartment)
Oh, Phil, it's attractive!

PHIL
It's not done yet.
(indicating packages)
Those packages are pictures.

KATHY
And a fireplace that works! Mine's
only a fake.

PHIL
I lit it just before you got here.

KATHY
(as she draws
up to the fire)
What's the angle, Phil? Tell me
fast!

PHIL
I will in a minute -- I just want
to check up on Ma.

He motions toward the bedroom and goes out. Kathy looks around the room, liking it, a slow smile playing about her lips. She takes a picture of Tommy from a table, and looks at it thoughtfully. She turns toward the door as Phil returns.

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont.)

PHIL

Sleeping like a baby.

He goes to the table, on which is a tray with glasses, etc., and fixes two drinks.

KATHY

She's going to be fine, Phil. I told you I spoke to Craigie myself.

PHIL

I know. Let's drink to that.

He hands her the glass. They drink in silence. Then Phil puts his glass down and stands smiling at her.

KATHY

You're not telling it to me.

PHIL

I know. Funny. I thought I'd spill it out the minute you got in the door.

KATHY

You sounded so excited.

PHIL

I am. There'll be stumbling blocks and holes but I don't care. I'll lick them when I get to them.

KATHY

It must be really something to get you this way.

Suddenly he bends down and kisses her hair, then her cheek. Then he kisses her lips as if he had just fought his way to her. She pushes him back and stands up. For a second he looks at her. Then he takes her into his arms. He kisses her, and this time she kisses him.

PHIL

Kathy!

KATHY

Yes -- yes, Phil!

He kisses her again.

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont. 1)

KATHY

Phil, wait now.

He lets his arms drop and looks at her. Her eyes are shining.

KATHY

I have to just wait. You go over there and let me sit here a minute.

He goes to the sofa on the opposite side of the fireplace and sits watching her. They sit facing each other, only the sound of the crackling fire breaking the silence. Then:

PHIL

What, Kathy?

KATHY

I was thinking -- if ever there was a time you're glad you're a woman, it's a time like this.

Another little silence. Then:

PHIL

I've waited so long, Kathy.

KATHY

I know, Phil.

PHIL

All these years I kept hoping ---
(matter-of-factly)
Marriage can be such a good way to live.

KATHY

I kept hoping, too. If it's been a mistake once, you're afraid.

PHIL

Are you afraid now?

KATHY

(softly)
No. No, Phil.

PHIL

Darling.....

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont. 2)

A little silence again. Then:

PHIL
What are you smiling at?

KATHY
Nothing.

PHIL
Come on -- no secrets.

KATHY
I was playing that old game. All girls do it -- trying out the name.

PHIL
(grinning)
Say it out loud.

KATHY
(slowly)
Mrs. Schuyler Green...

PHIL
How does it sound?

KATHY
(smiling)
It sounds just fine. How does it look on me?

PHIL
Just dandy.
(hesitantly)
Kathy - you're not sorry, darling, about Tom?

KATHY
Oh Phil, I'm glad! It'll be almost as if my marriage hadn't all been wasted -- as if all those years I'd had a boy growing up for me.

He comes to her and takes her into his arms.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

49 INT. MINIFY'S PRIVATE OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

Phil is seated in a chair, Minify pacing excitedly.

MINIFY

I knew you'd get it -- but I never thought -- who'd ever think of this! Can you get away with it?

PHIL

If you and Mrs. Minify and Kathy won't give me away.. I haven't told Kathy yet, but --

MINIFY

I'll take care of Mrs. Minify. When do you start?

PHIL

What's the matter with now?

MINIFY

Fine! I'll get you an office and a secretary right away.

(he makes a note
on a pad)

What about the secretary? She'd have to know, wouldn't she?

PHIL

Why? Suppose I were really Jewish and you'd given me this assignment? What difference would it make to her or anybody?

MINIFY

Right. Phil, I'm really excited about it! They'll read this, all right! What about lunch? Chance to meet the staff all at one clip. And Irving Weisman is lunching with us, too. Might be wise for you to know him.

PHIL

He's the big industrialist, isn't he?

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont.)

MINIFY

Yes. Colorful feller -- old friend of mine. Come on -- I'll have your office and secretary ready and waiting by the time we finish. You'll find out why they call me Simon Legree around here!

As they start out of the office, we

DISSOLVE TO:

50 INT. PRIVATE DINING ROOM

The others are already seated and eating as Phil and Minify enter.

MINIFY

Sorry we're late. Mr. Irving Weisman -- Phil Green.
(as they shake hands)

And Lew Jordan, our Personnel Manager, Joe Tingler, our demon photographer, Bill Payson, Art Editor, Bert McAnny, best layout man this side of the Mexican border -- and last, Phil, as a kind of dessert, Anne Dettrey, our Fashion Editor -- clever, beautiful, and dangerous. Eats men alive.

ANNE

(with a frozen smile)

Thank you. Thank you very much.
(to Phil, questioningly)
I always thought it was Schuyler Green.

PHIL

That's my writing name.

MINIFY

(casually - as he helps himself to the appetizers)

Mr. Green is going to do a series on anti-Semitism for me.

WEISMAN

Really? Again?

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont.)

MINIFY

No, not again. For the first time.
We're going to split it wide open.

WEISMAN

Do you mind my saying, as an old friend, that I think it's a very bad idea, John? The worst -- the most harmful thing you could possibly do?

MINIFY

Not at all. Why is it such a harmful idea?

WEISMAN

Because it will only stir it up more, that's why! Let it alone; John. We'll handle it in our own way.

MINIFY

You mean the "hush-hush" way?

WEISMAN

I don't care what you call it -- let it alone! You can't write it out of existence! We've been fighting it for years and we know by experience that the less talk there is about it, the better.

MINIFY

Sure! Pretend it doesn't exist! And add to the conspiracy of silence? I should say not! Keep silent and let Bilbo and Gerald L. K. Smith do all the talking? Nossir! Irving, you and your "let's-be-quiet-about-it" committees have got just exactly no place! We're going to call a spade a dirty spade, and I think it's high time and a fine idea!

PHIL

(vehemently)

And so do I! I couldn't agree with Mr. Minify more!

ANNE

You sound pretty hot over it, Mr. Green.

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont. 1)

PHIL

I feel pretty hot over it.
 (he looks directly
 at Weisman)

And I don't think the heat has any-
 thing to do with my being Jewish.

A pause. A look passes between Minify and Phil as if to say. "It's done! You've started!" At this point the waiter enters to Minify and Phil, hands them menus, and we have the feeling that this has put a period to the subject.

DISSOLVE TO:

51 CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PHIL'S OFFICE AT SMITH'S WEEKLY - THAT AFTERNOON

Through the glass paneled door a girl can be seen arranging papers and pencils on a desk and then crossing to her own desk and cleaning the typewriter with a small wire brush. Phil comes down corridor, pauses and looks through the glass panel for a moment, then opens the door and enters.

52 INT. PHIL'S OFFICE

Phil comes in.

PHIL

Am I in the right office?

THE GIRL

Mr. Green? Yes, this is your office.
 And I'm your secretary -- Miss Wales
 is the name -- Elaine Wales.

PHIL

(crossing to
 the desk)

How-do-you-do. Mind if we get right
 to work?

MISS WALES

Not at all.

She picks up her notebook and goes to a chair in front
 of the desk.

PHIL

Know about the series I'm doing?

(CONTINUED)

5 (Cont.)

MISS WALES

Yes, Mr. Green.

PHIL

Good. First thing I want to do is start a file. I want you to send a form letter to clubs, resorts, apartments for lease, interviews for jobs, applications to medical schools, and so forth. I've got a whole list here.

MISS WALES

Yes, sir,

PHIL

Send them all on blank stationery, and to the hotels and resorts, half of them make reservations for Phillip Green and the other half for Phillip Greenberg. See what I mean?

MISS WALES

Yes, sir.

PHIL

All replies to be sent to my home address. I'll give it to you.

MISS WALES

Yes, sir. Of course, you know it will be 'yes' to the Greens and 'no' to the Greenbergs?

PHIL

I know, but I want it for the record.

MISS WALES

If your name was Irving Green or Saul or something, you wouldn't have to go to all this bother.

(casually)

I changed mine. Did you?

PHIL

Wales? No, mine was always Green. What was yours?

MISS WALES

Walovsky -- Estelle Walovsky. I couldn't take it. About applications, I mean.

(CONTINUED)

52 (Cont.1)

MISS WALES (Cont.)

(matter-of-factly)

So once I wrote the same firm two letters -- same as you're doing. I wrote the Elaine Wales one after they said there were no openings to my first letter. I got the job all right. You know what firm that was?

(he shakes his head)

'Smith's Weekly.'

PHIL

No!

MISS WALES

Yes, Mr. Green. The great liberal magazine that fights injustice on all sides. It slays me. I love it!

PHIL

Does Mr. Minify know about this?

MISS WALES

I guess he can't bother thinking about small fry. That's Mr. Jordan's department -- hiring and firing. If anybody snitched, you know there'd be some excuse for throwing them out. So, anyway, I thought maybe you'd changed yours sometime. I mean, when I heard you were Jewish.

PHIL

You heard it?

MISS WALES

Sure.

PHIL

When?

MISS WALES

Oh, when you finished lunch and went back with Mr. Minify to his office. It kind of got around.

Phil gives her a puzzled look.

MISS WALES

If you'll give me the list. I'll get these letters started.

He hands her the list silently. and stares long and hard at her as she goes to the typewriter and begins to type.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

53 LIVING ROOM OF PHIL'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING -
DOCTOR CRAIGIE AND PHIL

Dr. Craigie is talking to Phil as he closes his little black bag and puts on his coat.

DR. CRAIGIE

She'll be up and around and fit as a fiddle day after tomorrow.

PHIL

Would you mind if I had her see a good internist? Just to be on the safe side?

DR. CRAIGIE

Not at all. Good idea. I'll make an appointment if you wish. I always use Mason Van Dick or James Kent. Or have you some good man you'd like?

PHIL

I've been asking at the office. One of the editors there recommended Dr. Abrahams so highly I made an appointment for Monday.

DR. CRAIGIE

Abrahams?

PHIL

J. E. Abrahams. Mount Sinai Hospital or Beth Israel, or both.

DR. CRAIGIE

Yes, yes, of course. Well, if you should decide to have your mother see either Van Dick or Kent I'll arrange it.

PHIL

Why? Isn't this Abrahams any good?

DR. CRAIGIE

No, nothing like that. Good man. Completely reliable. Not given to overcharging and stringing visits out, the way some do.

(CONTINUED)

53 (Cont.)

PHIL

(pleasantly)

I see. You mean "the way some doctors" do? Or did you mean "the way some Jewish doctors" do?

DR. CRAIGIE

(he laughs)

I suppose you're right. I suppose some of us do it, too -- not just "the chosen people."

PHIL

If Dr. Abrahams doesn't impress me, I'll try Van Dick or Kent. I've no special loyalty to Jewish doctors simply because I'm Jewish myself.

Dr. Craigie looks at him and swallows hard. Then he laughs shortly.

DR. CRAIGIE

No, of course not. Good man is a good man. I don't believe in prejudice. Well, good evening.

He goes down the hall.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 THE LITTLE VESTIBULE OF THE HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Phil comes into the vestibule, is about to go into the street when he remembers something. He stops, comes back to the brass plates of bells and letter boxes. He takes out his pen and begins to print.

55 CLOSEUP - LETTER BOXES

with Phil's hand printing "PHILLIP GREENBERG" above the typed name of "GREEN" on his box. OVER SCENE comes the sound of a door opening.

56 WIDER ANGLE

A man, obviously the janitor comes into the vestibule, goes toward Phil.

JANITOR

Evening, Mr. Green.

PHIL

Evening, Olsen.

(CONTINUED)

56 (Cont.)

Behind him the Janitor makes a sound. Phil looks over his shoulder and sees the janitor looking down at the name he is printing.

JANITOR

You could fill out one of them cards at the post office better. Or watch for the mailman and tell him.

PHIL

What's the matter with this way?

JANITOR

It's the rule, Mr. Green.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out a pencil, turns it upside down and moves toward the mailbox to erase the name from the card.

PHIL

(ripping it out
like a pistol
shot)

Don't touch that!

JANITOR

(he stops short,
meets Phil's eyes
for a moment -
then:)

It's nothin' I can help, Mr. Green.
It's the rules. The renting agent
should have explained, that is,
excuse me, if you are.

PHIL

Excuse me, nothing! This place is
mine for two years and don't you
dare touch that card!

The Janitor looks at him for a moment, then slowly goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

57

INT. TAXICAB

Phil is sitting slumped down in the seat, his hands tightly clenched in his pockets, his face mirroring the boiling inner rage he feels. For a moment, only the clicking of the taxi-meter is heard and then, as a counterpoint to the sound of the meter, Phil's voice is heard over the sound track.

(CONTINUED)

57 (Cont.)

PHIL'S VOICE

Flick! That's the way they do it!
Day by day that little flick of
insult! Day by day that tap on the
nerves! That's how they do it!
No big things! No yellow armband,
no marked park bench, no Gestapo.
Just a flick here and a flick there!
Don't wear a chip on your shoulder!
Don't be oversensitive! And don't
be clannish! Don't withdraw from
that clever little flick, don't
stay off in groups where the tap,
tap, tap on the nerves can't get you!
This is America -- no torture cham-
bers in New York, or Boston or
Detroit! Why worry? Just a flick
here and a flick there -- just the
delicate jab of a needle in a man's
blood-stream.

The taxi grinds to a stop.

DISSOLVE TO:

58 INT: LIVING ROOM OF KATHY'S APARTMENT - PHIL AND KATHY

As Phil catches sight of a bridge table set for dinner
for two, his face lights up with pleasure.

PHIL

You don't mean we're going to have
dinner here?

KATHY

I do indeed. So we can talk. Go
and sit on that sofa. This time
I'm not going to let you get going
on anything else. You don't even
get dinner until you tell me the
angle. I've tried all day to guess
what it could be.

PHIL

Have you really?

KATHY

I kept thinking, suppose I were him
and had to find an angle for this,
what would I do?

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.)

PHIL

And what would you do?

KATHY

I just got no place. Some of the ones you told me seemed swell, but you threw them out and kept hunting.

PHIL

You'll see why now. Sit here by me. I'm going to let everybody know I'm Jewish. That's all.

KATHY

Jewish?

Suddenly the realization of what he means hits her. A look of fear comes into her eyes.

KATHY

But you're nat, Phil, are you?

Before the words are out of her mouth she realizes her mistake and tries to cover.

KATHY

It wouldn't make any difference, of course.

Phil just looks at her. Kathy rambles on, feeling she must wipe out the impression she made on him with her first reaction.

KATHY

You said "I'm going to let everybody know" -- as if you hadn't before but would now, so I just wondered. Not that it would matter to me, one way or the other --

Throughout this, Phil has continued to look at her. His expression has hardly changed.

KATHY

(sensing his annoyance)

Why, Phil -- you're annoyed!

PHIL

I'm not annoyed. I'm just thinking.

KATHY

(turning on the charm)

Don't be so serious about it -- you must know where I stand.

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont. 1)

PHIL

(agreeing with her, but
still not so sure)

I do, Kathy.

KATHY

It's just that it caught me off
balance. You know, not knowing
much about you because you kept
making me talk about myself all
the time. So for a second there --

(she laughs)

Not very bright on the uptake.

PHIL

But anyway, you don't like my
angle, do you?

KATHY

Oh, I do. It's --

She breaks off and reaches for a cigarette.

PHIL

(as he lights
it for her)

It's what?

KATHY

Oh, Phil, I just think it'll mix
everybody up. People won't know
what you are.

(she looks at him,
but his eyes are
withdrawn)

Of course, after you finish the
series they'll know, but even so
it'll keep cropping up, won't it?

Again she realizes that she has put her foot in it.
She should not have said "cropping up" as if being
Jewish were a disease. Again her words just seemed
to tumble out in the wrong way.

PHIL

(curtly)

All right. Let it.

The firmness of Phil's tone pulls her up. She realizes
that she has to end this thing right away.

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont. 2)

KATHY

I'm out of my head! "Let it" is right. Who cares? I was just being too practical about things.

(again turning on all her charm and humor)

That comes from being a school-teacher!

This seems to break the ice. She links her arm in his and his features relax in a smile.

KATHY

Tell me more.

At this point, Phil is perfectly willing to forget his first reaction, perfectly willing to go along with her.

PHIL

Well, to begin with, you and the Minifys will have to promise not to give me away. But really. No exceptions for anything. Okay?

KATHY

Okay.

(then, more out of curiosity than anything else)

What about the people at 'Smith's'? Won't they talk?

PHIL

(merely explaining)

They're not in on it. Only Minify.

KATHY

(again the strange shadow hits her, and again she puts her foot in it)

They think you're Jewish?

Again Phil freezes up; he instantly sees that she does not at all relish the idea of the people at 'Smith's' actually thinking he is Jewish. There is a long pause before he replies.

PHIL

Look, Kathy -- I don't think you understand. If this is going to work, the only chance is to go whole hog at it. It's got to run right through everything.

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont. 3)

His sharp tone brings Kathy up again.

KATHY
(with deep sincerity)
Of course. I hadn't really seen
it before....

A pause.

PHIL
I didn't mean to be so sharp, Kathy.
I'm sorry.

Another pause. There doesn't seem to be much more to
say.

KATHY
Dinner?

PHIL
Fine.

KATHY
Sit down. I'm doing the serving
myself.

She exits. Phil is relaxed. He sits down. But as he
looks after her there is a trace of a troubled frown
on his brow which he can't seem to shake off.

DISSOLVE TO:

59 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - CLOSE SHOT AT TABLE - AN HOUR
OR SO LATER - KATHY AND PHIL

They are finished, long since, with dinner and are
smoking cigarettes. Both seem to be trying to break
an awkward silence that has fallen over them like a
pall.

KATHY

More coffee? Won't take me a
minute to heat it.

PHIL

No, thanks. I ought to be getting
along.

KATHY

So soon?

PHIL

I'd like to take a peek in at Ma
before she goes to sleep.

KATHY

Yes, of course.

PHIL

You have to get to the school pretty
early, too, don't you?

KATHY

Yes.

Silence. Then:

PHIL

I had a pretty full day today at
the magazine, too.

KATHY

Yes.

Silence again.

PHIL

It was a mighty good dinner.

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont.)

KATHY

I'm glad. Want me to run you home?
My car's downstairs.

PHIL

Thanks. I think I'll walk. It's a
lovely night.

KATHY

Yes, it is. Lovely.

Silence again. Then:

PHIL

(rising)

Well, I'd better be off.

(as Kathy rises)

I know where my coat is. Don't
bother.

KATHY

It's no bother.

60

WIDER ANGLE

She goes past him to the hall, brings back his hat and
coat.

PHIL

(as he puts them on)

Thanks, Kathy. I'll call you some
time tomorrow. Good night.

KATHY

Good night, Phil.

She opens the door and watches him out. Then she closes
it.

61

CORRIDOR OUTSIDE KATHY'S APARTMENT

Phil comes out of the apartment, walks to the elevator,
his face somber and unhappy. A man and woman are waiting
for the elevator. Suddenly, Phil savagely kicks the
little bowl filled with sand for cigarettes which stands
beside him. The elevator arrives, the door opens, the
couple enters, and when Phil does not immediately follow
them they look at him questioningly.

PHIL

I forgot something.

(CONTINUED)

61 (Cont.)

He turns quickly and walks down the corridor toward Kathy's apartment. The couple stare after him for a moment, then the man closes the elevator doors.

62 INT. CORRIDOR AT DOOR OF KATHY'S APARTMENT

Phil is pressing the bell. In a moment the door opens, revealing Kathy. Without a word he takes her in his arms.

PHIL

Kathy, Kathy, what are we doing?
What am I doing to us?

KATHY

(her head on his
shoulder)

Oh, Phil -- I'm so glad you came
back! So glad!

PHIL

It's my fault, darling -- I'm
always weighing and judging --
I'm such a solemn fool!

KATHY

I should have said the angle was
fine right away -- and it is,
darling, it is! It's wonderful!

PHIL

I don't know what happened -- it
started the minute you spoke -- I
felt insulted -- if I were really
a Jew that's the way I would have
felt -- and I wouldn't -- I couldn't
let you off -- make it easier for
you.

KATHY

I tried all through dinner to reach
you, darling -- and I couldn't. I
tried all different ways to say I
was sorry but it kept getting worse.
I don't know what happened to me
either when you told me -- except
that our beautiful evening was
spoiled. Oh, I'm so glad you came
back!

PHIL

Darling!

He kisses her tenderly.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

63 MINIFY'S OFFICE - THE NEXT AFTERNOON

Minify is at his desk, Miss Miller, his secretary, just to the side of him; Phil is in a chair nearby, and seated in front of the desk is Jordan, the Personnel Manager.

JORDAN

(in a tense, strained voice)
But really, Mr. Minify, I never make it a policy just to hire -- Why, it's just, well, personality. If a girl's personality is the type that fits in, I'd never ask--

MINIFY

(cutting in)
It's just by chance, you mean, that we haven't one secretary named Finkelstein or Cohen? In the city of New York? Come off it, Jordan!
(turning to secretary)
Mary, take a 'Help Wanted' ad.
(dictating)
'Expert Secretary. For Editorial Department, National Magazine. Exact-ing work. Good pay. Religion is a matter of indifference in this office.'
(to secretary)
Got that?

SECRETARY

Yes, sir.

MINIFY

In any other ads you run, use that last line. That's all Mary. Good afternoon, Jordan.

The secretary exits. Jordan rises, turns to leave. Minify halts him at the door.

MINIFY

By the way, in case you have to fire Miss Wales on any grounds whatever at any time, please remember that I wish to review the case myself first.

He nods curtly.

JORDAN

Good afternoon.

He exits. Minify watches him out, then he rises from his desk and savagely tosses his cigar into the fire-place.

(CONTINUED)

63 (Cont.)

MINIFY

I'm ashamed of myself and this magazine, too! The sloppy, slovenly notion that everybody's busy with bigger things! There just isn't anything bigger than beating down the complacency of essentially decent people about prejudice.

(glancing
at Phil)

Yes sir, I'm ashamed of myself.

DISSOLVE TO:

64 PHIL'S OFFICE - TWO OR THREE HOURS LATER - PHIL AND
MISS WALES

It is already growing dark outside. Phil is just finishing some dictation.

PHIL

Ask for an immediate reply on all of them. Don't bother doing them today -- it's too late now. Tomorrow's all right.

MISS WALES

Okay. Have you an idea when you'll start dictating the series itself, Mr. Green? I'd like to have the decks clear.

PHIL

Oh, I'll do that myself in longhand first. I'm no good at dictating actual copy. Well, I guess that's all, Miss Wales. Goodnight.

MISS WALES

Goodnight.

(she goes toward
the door, then
hesitates)

Is it true about Mr. Jordan?

PHIL

Is what true?

MISS WALES

Well, he's telling everybody about Mr. Minify's ad and he thinks it's a wonderful thing. He says.

(CONTINUED)

64 (Cont.)

PHIL

Does he indeed!

MISS WALES

I thought I'd ask you if it's true
the ad says right out that ---

PHIL

Right straight out. It'll be in
the papers tomorrow.

MISS WALES

Practically inviting any type to
apply?

PHIL

Any type? What do you mean?

MISS WALES

Mr. Green, you don't want things
different around here, do you?
Even though you're a writer and
it's different with writers.

PHIL

Different for writers, how?

She looks away and hesitates for a moment.

MISS WALES

Well, I mean if they just get one
wrong one in, it'll come out of us.
It's no fun being the fall guy for
the kikey ones.For a moment Phil looks at her, his face working to
control his anger. Then he speaks slowly and with
extreme care.

PHIL

Look, Miss Wales -- we've got to be
frank with each other. You have the
right to know right off that words
like kike and kikey and yid and coon
and nigger just make me kind of sick,
no matter who says them.

MISS WALES

(clearly astonished)

Why, I just said it for a type!

(CONTINUED)

64 (Cont. 1)

PHIL

We're talking about a word, first.

MISS WALES

But that's nothing, Mr. Green! Why, sometimes I even say it to myself -- about me, I mean. Like, if I'm about to do something and I know I shouldn't, I'll say, 'Oh, don't be such a little kike!'

(she smiles confidently at him as if this explained everything)

That's all I mean. Just let one of those objectionable ones in here and --

PHIL

(again he speaks carefully, controlling his anger)

Just a minute. What do you mean by 'objectionable?'

MISS WALES

You know -- loud, and too much rouge and all.

PHIL

They don't hire any girls who are loud and vulgar. What makes you think they'll suddenly start?

MISS WALES

Well, it isn't only that.
(a little annoyed now)

You're sort of heckling me, Mr. Green. You know, the kind that just starts trouble in a place like this and the kind that doesn't, like you or me, so what's the sense of pinning me down?

PHIL

You mean because we don't look especially Jewish? Because we're O. K. Jews? Because with us it can be kept nice and comfortable and quiet?

(CONTINUED)

64 (Cont. 2)

MISS WALES

Well --

PHIL

(slowly)

Now listen, Miss Wales -- I hate anti-Semitism, and I hate it when it comes from you or anybody who's Jewish, just as much as I hate it when it comes from a Gentile.

MISS WALES

Me! Why, Mr. Green!

PHIL

See you tomorrow, Miss Wales.

MISS WALES

(very much on her dignity)

Goodnight!

DISSOLVE TO:

65 INT. CORRIDOR - OFFICE OF SMITH'S WEEKLY - PHIL

walking toward elevators. As he passes one of the glass-paneled offices a voice from within hails him.

THE VOICE

Hi, there!

Phil pauses, turns back. Anne Dettrey comes to the door of her office.

PHIL

Hello, Miss Dettrey!

ANNE

How can you stride down the hall with such energy and vitality at the end of a day? I'm bushed. Getting the book to bed gets worse every issue.

PHIL

(laughing)

I didn't know you called it 'the book' around here.

ANNE

We do, we do. We're sophisticated New Yorkers, Mr. Green. And by the way, do you happen to be thirsty?

(CONTINUED)

65 (Cont.)

PHIL

I do, and I'm just in the mood to hear the story of your life. Know of a nice bar we could go to?

ANNE

(picking up her hat - with an amused smile)

Why Mr. Green, this couldn't happen to a nicer girl!

DISSOLVE TO:

66 INT. A PLUSH MODERN BAR IN THE VICINITY OF RADIO CITY - CLOSE SHOT - ANNE AND PHIL - AT A TABLE

Their glasses, half empty, are on the table before them.

ANNE

--- and that's how I came to be a fashion editor in the first place!
(she turns, looks off, then says to Phil)

Don't look now -- but I think we've got visitors. Just when I was getting into the really tender part of my life, too.

67 WIDER ANGLE

Bert McAnny comes into SCENE

McANNY

Mind if I sit with you charming people? You two seemed to be having such fun over here, I couldn't resist it.

ANNE

Oh, sit down, Bert, sit down. We love to spread merriment. Our hearts are God's little garden -- just an occasional weed here and there.

McANNY

(sitting down)

Only got a minute. Well, one more issue gone to press, Anne. I swear I don't know how we do it every week. Do you?

(CONTINUED)

67 (Cont.)

ANNE

Oh, we're just brilliant, Bert!
Every morning I get up and look in
the mirror and say, 'Mirror, mirror
on the wall, tell me who's the most
brilliant of all.'

PHIL

(laughing)

And what does the mirror say?

ANNE

That mirror ain't no gentleman, Mr.
Green!

They laugh.

McANNY

(to Phil)

How's the series coming?

PHIL

I'm still just getting stuff to-
gether. There's plenty around.

McANNY

When I was stationed at Guam, our
C. O. used to talk to us about it.
Quite a Liberal, that fellow.

(with a sharp
glance at Phil)

You were in Public Relations,
weren't you?

PHIL

(deliberately - with
an even look)

What makes you think I wasn't a GI?

McANNY

Huh? Now for goodness sake, Green,
don't get me wrong. Why, some of
my best --

ANNE

I know, dear. And some of your other
best friends are Methodists, but you
never bother saying it. Skip it.
Phil, flag the waiter, there's a dear.

McANNY

(embarrassed)

Well, if you'll excuse me, I've got
to run.

(CONTINUED)

67 (Cont. 1)

McANNY (Cont.)

(he rises)

Be seeing you.

He exits.

ANNE

(watching him off)

The little drip!

(she grins and
pitches her voice
to imitate McAnny)

"For goodness sake, Phil, some of my best friends are --" He believes it, too. Disapproves of the poll tax and Bilbo. Really comes out and says so. Brave as anything. He's just a drip, let's face it.

PHIL

(laughing)

That imitation was wonderful!

ANNE

Got a million of 'em. Well, we're back to laughs, anyhow. Say, I'm having a flock of people up tomorrow night. Easter party. Rabbits and Easter eggs -- the whole business. What about pressing your black tie and coming up?

PHIL

I'd like that. Can I bring my girl?

ANNE

Of course.

Her expression changes for a second -- then she smiles brightly at him again.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

68 EXT. KATHY'S APARTMENT HOUSE - THE NEXT NIGHT
Phil (in dinner jacket) is getting out of a taxi.

PHIL
(to driver)
Wait, will you? I'll be right out.

He goes hurriedly into the apartment house.

69 INT. FOYER OF APARTMENT HOUSE

It is a small foyer, with an automatic elevator. Phil strides over to the elevator, presses the button, straightens his tie in the mirrored door of the elevator, and almost immediately the door opens and practically catapults Kathy into his arms!

KATHY
(laughing)
Now, that's what I call timing!

PHIL
(holding her off
at arm's length -
then emitting a
long, low whistle)
Oh, boy!

KATHY
(fluttering her
eyes demurely)
Oh, it's nothing. Little woman
comes in twice a week and runs 'em
up. Been with the family for gener-
ations.
(she holds him at
arm's length and
emits a low whistle)
First time I've seen you in dinner
clothes, bud! Um! Good enough to
eat with a spoon!

They laugh and start out. Suddenly Phil stops dead.

PHIL
(softly)
Kathy -- I told Ma today -- about us!

KATHY
Oh, Phil! Was she pleased? Was she?

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.)

PHIL

Delighted. Got very emotional -- for Ma, anyway. Dropped one of her best dishes and broke it and blamed it all on Tommy.

KATHY

(laughing)

I told my sister Jane this morning. I sort of blurted the news on the phone and she squealed 'Kath--eeee!' as if she'd given up all hope anyone would ever ask me again! She's dying to meet you. In fact she's giving a big party for us next Saturday. Phil -- won't we have to let Jane in on it?

PHIL

I hadn't thought.

KATHY

I hadn't either, till now. Won't we? My own sister? Your mother knows.

PHIL

Yes, but because she had to. Jane and her husband don't. If you want to keep a secret, Kathy, the only way --

KATHY

But, Phil -- wouldn't it be sort of exaggerated with my sister, your sister-in-law almost?

Phil does not answer. Kathy continues:

KATHY

Darling, I do think it would be pretty inflexible of you.

PHIL

I suppose so. Inside the family. They won't tell anybody else, will they?

KATHY

They'd never breathe it! They want to fight this awful thing as much as you and I do!

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont. 1)

KATHY
(as she looks
at Phil again)
My, my! I'm going to be the proud-
est girl in the Easter Parade!

She squeezes his arms and smiles up at him, her face
close to his.

PHIL
(grinning)
I don't have to kiss you in public.
I've got a nice dark taxi outside.

KATHY
Well, what are you holding everything
up for? Come on -- don't just stand
there!

They laugh and hurry out.

DISSOLVE TO:

70 INT. ANNE DETTREY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

The party is in full swing. Anne is moving about, the
perfect hostess perfectly at ease among her guests.

71 CLOSE SHOT - PHIL AND KATHY

standing by a window.

KATHY
(looking off
toward Anne)
She's awfully attractive, isn't she?

PHIL
(following
Kathy's gaze)
She looks quite beautiful tonight.

KATHY
She certainly does. And she cer-
tainly likes you a lot.
(he looks down at
her and she makes
a face)
I'll scratch her eyes out if she
makes a play for you.

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.)

PHIL

(laughing)

Darling...

(he leans down
and whispers)Flash! You haven't got a thing to
worry about.

72 WIDER ANGLE

Anne comes in to them.

ANNE

Anything I can get you? Food, drink,
a certified check, some spending
money, an emerald?

KATHY

(laughing)

It's a lovely party, Anne.

ANNE

It'll be better when it thins out
a bit. I think I can get Sascha
to play and Ethel to sing. Stick
around. Say Phil, Professor.
Lieberman just came in. You and
Kathy like to meet him?

PHIL

Lieberman! I should say so!

KATHY

Hey, I'm scared. What do you say
to a world famous physicist?

ANNE

Just 'Hello, Toots.' Come on --
he's a wonderful guy.

They start across the room.

73 CLOSE SHOT - PROFESSOR LIEBERMAN

He is plump as well as short, elderly, with the face of
a Jew in a Nazi cartoon - the beaked nose, the blue
jowls, the curling black hair, the fine, candid eyes.
CAMERA PULLS BACK as Anne, Phil and Kathy approach him.

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont.)

ANNE

Professor, two people who want to meet you but are scared. They'll introduce themselves. That'll make 'em open their mouths, anyway. You're on your own, kids.

She moves off.

PHIL

Fine friend. I'm Phil Green and this is my fiancée, Kathy Lacey. Matter of fact, John Minify wanted to get us together, Professor.

THE PROFESSOR

Oh, yes, yes, yes. He told me he did. How do you do?

They shake hands.

PHIL

I'm writing a series for him on anti-Semitism.

THE PROFESSOR

For or against?

Phil and Kathy laugh delightedly.

PHIL

John thought we might hash over some ideas.

THE PROFESSOR

What sort of ideas?

PHIL

Palestine, for instance, Zionism --

THE PROFESSOR

Which? Palestine as a refuge, or Zionism as a movement for a Jewish State?

PHIL

The confusion between the two, more than anything.

THE PROFESSOR

Good. If we agree there's confusion, we can talk. We scientists love confusion. But right now I'm starting a new crusade of my own.

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont. 1)

THE PROFESSOR (Cont.)

(his eyes twinkle
with a private mer-
riment and he runs
his fingers over his
plump, beaked face)

You see, my young friends, I have no religion, so I am not Jewish by religion. Further, I am a scientist, so I must rely on science which tells me that I am not Jewish by race, since there's no such thing as a distinct Jewish race. There's not even such a thing as a Jewish type. Well, my crusade will have a certain charm. I will simply go forth and state flatly, 'I am not a Jew.' With my face that becomes not an evasion but a new principle. A scientific principle.

PHIL

(laughing)

For a scientific age.

THE PROFESSOR

Precisely. There must be millions of people nowadays who are religious only in the vaguest terms. I've often wondered why the Jewish ones among them, even after a couple of generations of being pretty free of religion, still go on calling themselves Jews. Can you guess why, Mr. Green?

PHIL

No. But I'd like to know.

THE PROFESSOR

Because the world still makes it an advantage not to be one. Thus, for many of us, it becomes a matter of pride to go on calling ourselves Jews. So you see I will have to abandon my crusade before it begins. Only if there were no anti-Semites could I go on with it...And now I would like to try another little scientific experiment. I would like to see if you would leave me alone with your very beautiful fiancée while you went and got me a plate of food -- both in the interests of science.

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont. 2)

PHIL

(gayly)

Anything for science, Professor!

He moves off. CAMERA stays on Kathy and the Professor, who look at one another and smile.

74 CLOSE SHOT - PHIL, AT THE BUFFET TABLE

As he moves around the table putting the various foods on the plate, he feels a pair of eyes on him, and looks off to:

75 CLOSE SHOT - ANNE

watching and smiling at him. CAMERA PANS her over to the table.

PHIL

This is not my third helping, Miss Dettrey. It's for Professor Lieberman.

ANNE

Who's counting? It's all deductible from my income tax, dear. I have to give parties to see what the women are wearing. Get it?

PHIL

You're an old crook.

ANNE

Young crook, please.

PHIL

Okay.

(he has come around
the table to her side
by this time)

Like my girl, Anne?

ANNE

She's lovely. Is it serious or just the first, fine, careless rapture?

PHIL

It's serious, all right. We're going to be married almost immediately.

(CONTINUED)

75 (Cont.)

ANNE

Why, congratulations, you wilful, headstrong fellow, you! When did all this happen?

PHIL

First minute we looked at each other, I guess. Third day I was in New York.

ANNE

Tall buildings and subways and traffic didn't scare you at all, huh?

PHIL

(laughing)

That's right. I brushed the hay and straw out of my hair and fell right in love with a City girl.

ANNE

My, my! You could crawl right into the Saturday Evening Post, couldn't you? Have you met her folks yet? Her sister and the rest?

PHIL

Not yet, no. You know them?

ANNE

Slightly. Going to meet them soon?

PHIL

Yes. Next week, I think. Why Anne?

ANNE

Oh, I'd just like the newsreel rights, that's all.

PHIL

What do you mean? What's the matter with them?

ANNE

Nothing. I always think it's a fine idea to meet the family before, don't you? Saves wear and tear afterwards.

With a twinkle in her eyes she moves off. Phil looks after her, puzzled.

DISSOLVE TO:

76 INT. KATHY'S LIVING ROOM - A FEW HOURS LATER

Phil and Kathy are entering. Only one lamp is lit. Kathy pulls off her wrap. Phil keeps his coat on, but tosses his hat onto a chair.

PHIL

I've been thinking it over, Kathy, and I think it would be better if you didn't tell your sister after all.

KATHY

Not tell her? But why?

PHIL

Kathy, the whole business depends on my not making loopholes whenever it's convenient.

KATHY

I've already told her, Phil.

PHIL

Told her? When?

KATHY

I called her from Anne's. I promised I'd let her know the minute you said you were free for Saturday. It takes time to make arrangements for a big party.

PHIL

What'd she say when you told her?

KATHY

Oh, she thought it was the cleverest way to do research. You'll love her - and Harry, too. They're grand people.

PHIL

(stubbornly)

But she promised?

KATHY

I wouldn't tell her till she did. And Harry, too. But she asked if you'd just skip the whole thing for the party. She didn't mean for you to deny it -- just not bring it up. And I said --

PHIL

You said, 'No.'

(CONTINUED)

76 (Cont.)

KATHY

What?

PHIL

You said, 'no, he won't skip the whole thing for the party.'

KATHY

I didn't. I said I'd ask you, Phil. I'd never say 'Yes' without asking you.

PHIL

You mean I should?

KATHY

(lightly - she is doing her best to avoid a row, yet she means it)

Oh, Phil -- why do you always have to lose your sense of proportion whenever the subject comes up? That's what was so wonderful about Professor Lieberman tonight. He certainly feels the problem just as deeply as anyone. Yet he did have a sense of humor about it. And besides, you know those suburban crowds. Especially Connecticut -- Darien -- up there. It would just start a whole mess for Jane and Harry for nothing.

PHIL

And if it were a mess for something?

KATHY

(now she really begins to get impatient with him)

But, Phil, you're not Jewish! It'll just ruin the party for Jane if she has problems at it. Why can't you see that? I know I promised, Phil. No exceptions. And you were being reasonable to stretch it to Jane. But it just seems silly to get her into a thing up there when it's not true!

PHIL

Why not just tell Jane to skip the party?

KATHY

Oh, Phil, it would look so queer -- her only sister getting married and -- Look, if you were I'd manage, but --

PHIL

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

76 (Cont. 1)

KATHY

(she tosses her
cloak over the
sofa with an im-
patient gesture)

Nobody's asking you to make loop-
holes where it counts. At the of-
fice, or meeting people like at
Anne's tonight. But to go up to
Connecticut for a party, and if we
use my house up there next summer --
and anyway Jane and Harry --

PHIL

I thought you said they were so
grand?

KATHY

They are. But they can't help it if
some of their friends -- and it would
make such a --

PHIL

A thing. A mess. An inconvenience.

KATHY

Well, it would!

PHIL

Just for Jane and Harry? Or for you,
too?

KATHY

Listen, I'd be so tensed up I wouldn't
have any fun either!

(her voice grows
hard - her eyes
avoid his)

Phil, if everything's going to be
tensed up and solemn all the time --!

A pause. Then:

PHIL

I think I'd better go now.

He looks at her for a moment, then he leans over the
chair to pick up his hat. Kathy turns away and walks
into the bedroom. Phil glances after her for a second,
then he walks to the door and out of the apartment.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

77 PHIL'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Phil is in bed asleep. There is the SOUND of a telephone ringing in another room. Phil shifts on his pillow, then puts his arm over his eyes. The door opens and Tommy sticks his head in.

TOMMY

Pop, wake up! It's for you!
Grandma said to wake you! It's
for you!

PHIL

Okay. Late, isn't it?

He gets out of bed, pulls on a robe and goes toward the other room.

78 INT. LIVING ROOM (OR CORRIDOR)

Phil enters, picks up phone.

PHIL

Hello?

79 INT. PHONE BOOTH

A man in uniform - with captain's bars on his shoulder, is in the booth. (DAVE GOLDMAN)

MAN

Phil, it's Dave!

80 INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - PHIL AT PHONE

PHIL

Dave? Why, Dave! Where are you?
When'd you get in? Dave! This is
wonderful! Where are you?

81 DAVE - IN THE BOOTH

DAVE

LaGuardia. Just now. I had a
break and got assigned to a plane
with my C.O.

82 PHIL - AT PHONE

PHIL

Grab a cab and get over here!

(pause - he laughs)

Okay! So long.....

(he hangs up)

83 WIDER ANGLE

Phil turns to find his mother and Tommy waiting behind him.

PHIL

(happily)

Think you could summon up some of your famous hot cakes, Ma? We used to eat a stack apiece in the old days.

MRS. GREEN

(rolling up
her sleeves)

I think the old magic is still there.

TOMMY

Can I have some too, Grandma?

MRS. GREEN

You just had your breakfast. A big one. And besides, you'll be late for school.

TOMMY

Okay! I never have any fun!

He runs toward the door, then stops, turns to Phil.

TOMMY

Say, Pop -- are we Jewish? Jimmy Kelly said we were. Our janitor told his janitor.

A pause. Phil glances at his mother.

PHIL

What did you tell Jimmy Kelly?

TOMMY

I said I'd ask you.

Phil looks at his mother again before he speaks.

PHIL

Tom -- remember the movie Kathy and I took you to?

TOMMY

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont.)

PHIL

And how you asked if such things really happened?

TOMMY

Yes. Kathy said it was just pretending.

PHIL

Well, I'm pretending I'm Jewish for the stuff I'm writing now.

TOMMY

Oh, you mean it's like a movie or a game?

PHIL

(smiling)

Something like that.

(suddenly serious)

Look, Tom. I'd like it if you'd promise not to tell anybody it's a game. Would you promise that?

TOMMY

Okay. Sure.

MRS. GREEN

What'll you tell Jimmy, Tom?

TOMMY

I'll tell him I haven't any information.

He starts out.

PHIL

Wait a minute. I'm not so sure that's a good idea -- to tell him you haven't any information. Maybe you'd better say you asked me and I said I was partly Jewish.

TOMMY

Okay.

(his face brightens)

But not say it's the movie part!

Phil and Mrs. Green laugh. CAMERA PANS with the boy as he dashes to the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

84 INT. KITCHEN - PHIL AND DAVE AT KITCHEN TABLE

the last of what must have been a huge stack of hot cakes on a plate between them. Mrs. Green, beaming, quietly fills each coffee cup once again as Dave leans back in his chair.

MRS. GREEN

Sure you don't want any more, Dave?

DAVE

(making a grimace
of pain)

Doctor, doctor, please! You're hitting a nerve!

MRS. GREEN

All right. Now, I've got to do my marketing and I'll thank you two hulks to at least pile the dishes in the sink. Dave, it's wonderful -- you think you'll really move Carol and the kids East and live in New York? Why we'd all be together!

DAVE

That's the plan. I can be Eastern Representative of the firm. Big job -- best break I've ever had. All depends, of course, if I can get somewhere to live. I'm going to use my terminal leave to just look and look and try and find something big enough for Carol and the kids.

PHIL

We'll find something if we have to dynamite. Meanwhile you stay right here with us. Tommy can sleep on the sofa in the living room.

(he raises his hand)

No arguments, please! You're talking to a civilian, Captain.

DAVE

You win. My C.O. had to move in with an uncle he hasn't seen since the first World War.

(to Mrs. Green)

I'll help with the cooking.

MRS. GREEN

Not while I'm conscious, you won't!

(CONTINUED)

84 (Cont.)

MRS. GREEN (Cont.)

(as she moves
toward the door)'Bye, boys. Don't settle everything
under the sun - save a little for
tomorrow.

(she goes out)

85 CLOSER SHOT AT TABLE

DAVE

(lighting a cigar-
ette and settling
back)You know, I used to dream about do-
ing this, Phil! Now, what's this
series you're doing? I've talked
about myself enough. Come on --
give.

PHIL

We'll get to it later.

A pause.

DAVE

What's eating you, Phil?

PHIL

Me?

DAVE

You expecting a call? You keep
listening and looking out toward
the phone every few minutes.

PHIL

Oh. That obvious?

(slowly)

I had a scrap with my girl, Dave.
I guess I want her to be the one
to phone.(he shakes himself
and passes his hand
over his face)

That's another department.

(he leans over the
table toward Dave)I'm doing a series on anti-Semitism.
With a special angle.

(CONTINUED)

85 (Cont.)

DAVE

That's interesting.

PHIL

Just interesting? Don't you want
a good stiff series in a big
national magazine, Dave?

DAVE

Me? Sure.

PHIL

You sound bored.

DAVE

I'm anything but. It's just --
well, I'm on the sidelines of
anti-Semitism.

(he raises his
coffee cup in
salute)

It's your fight, brother.

PHIL

(raising his cup)

O.K. I get it.

DAVE

Listen, I don't care about the Jews
as Jews. It's the whole thing --
not the poor, poor Jews.

(he waves his hand
toward the window,
as if he were in-
cluding the whole
country beyond)

You know what I mean. Don't force
me to make with the big words. Any-
way, what's the special angle you've
got?

PHIL

I've been doing it for about two
weeks. I'm saying I'm Jewish. And
it works.

For a moment Dave says nothing -- just looks at him.
Then:

DAVE

Why, you crazy fool! You crazy
fool! And it's working?

(CONTINUED)

85 (Cont. 1)

PHIL

Yes, it works, Dave -- too well. I've been having my nose rubbed in it. And I don't like the smell.

DAVE

Yeah. I can guess. You're not insulated yet, Phil. It's new every time, so the impact on you must be quite a business.

PHIL

You mean you get indifferent to it in time?

DAVE

No -- but you aren't as quick and raw. You're concentrating a life-time thing into a few weeks. You're making the thing happen every day, going out to meet it. The facts are no different, Phil -- it just telescopes it -- makes it hurt more.

SOUND OF phone ringing in other room comes OVER SCENE.

86

WIDER ANGLE

Phil leaps up from his chair and dashes out of the room. Dave, a grin on his face, looks after him. In a moment Phil is back.

PHIL

Wrong number.

He slumps down, dejected, into his chair. A pause. Then:

DAVE

Want to talk about it?

PHIL

No, Dave. Just one of those things. I'd probably be wiser staying on my own. You lose the instinct for marriage after seven years alone.

DAVE

Baloney.

PHIL

You and Carol get off on tangents much?

(CONTINUED)

86 (Cont.)

DAVE

Who doesn't? Go on and call her, you big dope. So you're right and she's wrong! So what? So she has to tele-
phone you first? Who makes such rules? The Supreme Court? Go on and call her and stop licking your wounds!

PHIL

(immediately brighten-
ing - he bursts into
laughter)

Listen -- pick me up at the office at five-thirty or six. I'll phone Kathy, and get someone for you -- Anne Dettrey, a girl who works at the office. We'll have a big celebration dinner for you.

(he rises from
the table)

Hey, Dave -- can you imagine what it'll be like - me married again -- and you and Carol here, too -- all of us together! How about that, huh?

DAVE

(rising)

First I got to imagine a roof over Carol's head. Go on -- get going. I'm going to start looking right away.

As they both start out of the room we

DISSOLVE TO:

87 INT. CHANTECLAIR RESTAURANT - CLOSE SHOT - ANNE, PHIL
AND DAVE AT TABLE

As the Maitre d' comes past their table, Phil summons him:

PHIL

Oh, Captain....

MAITRE D'

Yes, sir?

PHIL

I told the girl at the desk I was expecting a call. Will you check on it?

(CONTINUED)

87 (Cont.)

MAITRE D'
Name, sir?

PHIL
Phil Green.

MAITRE D'
Very well, Mr. Green.

He leaves.

ANNE
Know what I'm having, gentlemen?

DAVE
What?

ANNE
More fun than you could shake a
stick at!

DAVE
Want me to send the waiter out for
a stick? Just for a test?

ANNE
No, thanks. None of those sayings
ever work for me. Once I tried to
let a smile be my umbrella. I got
awful wet. Another time I kept a
stiff upper lip for about a week.
People just thought I was having my
face lifted.

(she leans forward
and addresses them
both impartially)

Tell me something, gentlemen. Tell
me why every man who seems attractive
these days is either married --
(she looks at Dave)

or --

(she looks at Phil)

-- barred on a technicality!

She heaves such a weebegone and exaggerated sigh that
they both laugh.

DAVE
(patting her hand)
Your timing is rotten -- but your
instincts are just great.

They all laugh.

88 WIDER ANGLE - GROUP

Two young men are just passing the table, discharge buttons in their lapels, weaving uncertainly and obviously in their cups. One of the young men stops and looks down at Dave.

1ST YOUNG MAN

I don't like offishers.

Dave smiles up at him indulgently.

DAVE

(humoring him)

I don't blame you. Neither do I.

1ST YOUNG MAN

Whass your name, bud?

DAVE

Dave -- Dave Goldman. What's yours?

1ST YOUNG MAN

(raising his voice)

Never mind what my name is! I said I don't like offishers -- an' I 'shpecially don't like 'em if they're yids!

Dave's arm reaches up and grabs him by the coat, his other hand pulled back, the fist already tightened. Phil is up too, the fury tearing through him plain upon his face.

2ND YOUNG MAN

(stepping between)

Sorry, sir. He's terrible when he's tanked up. Sorry.

He pushes angrily at his friend, who crumples to the floor. Waiters and the Maitre d' rush up hurriedly. At the next table a girl laughs nervously. Dave brushes his hands against each other as if they were fouled. The waiters carry the drunk off, struggling.

89 CLOSER SHOT - GROUP AT TABLE

ANNE

(quietly)

Let's don't even talk about it, please.

(CONTINUED)

89 (Cont.)

DAVE

(looking at Phil
whose face looks
drawn and white)

Take it easy, boy! Take it easy!

Their eyes meet. Dave's eyes are hard, but his mouth has a sardonic twist.

90 WIDER ANGLE

The Maitre d' hurries up to their table.

MAITRE D'

I'm terribly sorry. What happened?
I just saw him fall. I was coming
over to tell Mr. Green there was a
telephone call for him. The booth's
right over there, Mr. Green.

Phil rises and exits. CAMERA STAYS on Dave and Anne for a moment as they look after him.

91 INT. PHONE BOOTH

Phil enters, picks up phone.

PHIL

Hello?.....Kathy? Where are you?

92 INT. CORNER OF GUEST ROOM - JANE'S HOUSE IN CONNECTICUT

Kathy seated at phone table.

KATHY

I'm up at Jane's. I went up to
have it out with her. I just
couldn't call you till after I'd
fixed everything.

93- OUT
94

95 PHIL - IN PHONE BOOTH

PHIL

You mean you told her you couldn't
persuade me?

96 KATHY - AT PHONE

KATHY

No, I was wonderful! I found myself
saying all the things you would have --
only you weren't there to hear. You'd
have been proud of me! Oh, Phil, why
am I so clear with Jane and Harry when
it's you I want to be clear with!

97 PHIL - IN PHONE BOOTH

PHIL

(with a touch
of humor)

I warned you I could be a solemn
fool!

98 KATHY - AT PHONE

KATHY

Please, darling, don't let's do
this any more! We feel the same,
underneath. And everything's right
now. Jane said, "Well, goodness,
Okay!" as if she hadn't asked it and
started this whole awful business.
The party's tomorrow, Phil. Will you
take the three o'clock train?

99 PHIL - IN PHONE BOOTH

PHIL

Try and stop me.

100 KATHY - AT PHONE

KATHY

I'll be waiting for you at the station.
Oh, darling, I can breathe again --
now that I've talked to you. And I
can hardly wait for tomorrow....

101 PHIL - IN PHONE BOOTH

PHIL

(tenderly)

Good morning, darling.

(in a lower tone)

I love you, Kathy.

102 KATHY - AT PHONE

KATHY
(choked up with
emotion)
And I love you, Phil - more than
ever.....

FADE OUT

FADE IN

103 EXT. RAILROAD STATION AT DARIEN

Kathy is on the station platform, waving to Phil who jumps down as the train stops and rushes to her arms.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

104 FULL SHOT - INT. LIVING ROOM OF JANE'S HOUSE IN DARIEN

People are moving about in that immemorial way of all cocktail parties.

105 GROUP SHOT - INCLUDING PHIL

He is the center of a group of older ladies who are cooing and clucking over him in absolute delight.

1ST OLD LADY

Your mother must be so proud of you, Mr. Green.

PHIL

Well -- I - I hope so.

2ND OLD LADY

Does your mother just adore everything you write?

PHIL

Why -- no -- not exactly. Not everything.

3RD OLD LADY

Oh, she must!

106 GROUP SHOT - INCLUDING KATHY

She is surrounded by obviously envious girl friends who are casting admiring glances toward Phil.

A GIRL

(to Kathy)

My dear, he's divine! How long was he around loose?

KATHY

Three days.

ANOTHER GIRL

Some people have all the luck! If I thought there was any more around like that, I'd go up into the hills myself and catch him with my bare hands!

(CONTINUED)

106 (Cont.)

Jane comes to the group and links her arm through Kathy's.

JANE

Mind if I steal Kathy for a moment?

CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM as they walk away from the group.

JANE

Going beautifully, isn't it, dear?

KATHY

Wonderfully. Thanks, darling....
I don't see the Bascoms, by the way.

JANE

Oh, didn't I tell you? Joe got
that dreadful arthritis he's always
getting and Sue phoned to say how
sorry they were.

KATHY

Oh.... The Berlicks and the Howards
aren't here either. Or are they
coming for dinner?

JANE

Er -- no. They all decided to go to
Hot Springs at the last moment. I
thought I mentioned it.

KATHY

(pausing)

Now look here, Jane -- I want you to
know I'm in this thing just as deeply
as Phil is and I feel just as strongly
as he does about it.

JANE

(wide-eyed
and innocent)

Why darling, what do you mean?

KATHY

You know what I mean, dear. Very
well. A little careful screening?
Just the 'safe' ones?

JANE

Darling, you're mad! You're getting
a little hipped on this series, too!

(she looks off

toward Phil, and

laughs; then to Kathy)

Hadn't you better rescue him?

107 GROUP SHOT - PHIL AND THE OLDER LADIES

OLD LADY

Mr. Green, tell me, do you get your ideas first and then write, or do you write first and then get your ideas?

PHIL

(helplessly)

Why -- I'm afraid I don't think I quite understand what you mean.

107A KATHY AND JANE

looking off toward Phil. Harry joins them. Kathy excuses herself, goes off toward Phil. Harry and Jane exchange knowing looks.

107B GROUP SHOT - PHIL AND THE OLDER LADIES

Kathy comes into the group.

KATHY

(to Phil)

I'm afraid I must drag you away for a minute or so, Phil. There's something I want to show you.

(to the ladies)

Will you excuse us?

OLD LADY

Of course, my dear. You make such a charming couple. We all wish you great happiness, don't we?

The other ladies make echoing sounds.

KATHY

Thank you. We'll be back.

She links her arm through Phil's and takes him off.

108 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - KATHY AND PHIL

as they move through the room.

KATHY

Bearing up, darling?

PHIL

I was going down for the third time when you came over.

(CONTINUED)

108 (Cont.)

They pause near a door.

KATHY

Listen -- let's sneak out this side door for a few minutes' rest. I want to show you my house before it gets dark.

(she looks around the room, then calls:)

Jane! Jane dear!

109 WIDER ANGLE

Jane comes to them.

JANE

Yes, Kathy?

KATHY

We're disappearing for a minute or so. Just a walk to my house and back. I want Phil to see it. And we both need a breather.

JANE

Of course. Give us all a chance to talk about Phil without whispering. But he's won everybody. Has it been awful, Phil?

PHIL

(smiling)

No. I'm coming right back for more.

JANE

Good boy. Harry says this sort of thing is a kind of mental bankruptcy, but we women love it, don't we, Kathy?

KATHY

(laughing)

You bet we do. Come on, darling.

They open the door and go out. Jane stands there for a moment looking after them, then turns back to her guests.

DISSOLVE TO:

110 MOVING SHOT - PHIL AND KATHY - ON A COUNTRY ROAD

approaching the cottage. They are strolling along lazily, arms around each other.

PHIL

I feel pretty much of a fool, Miss Lacey, for all the fuss I kicked up beforehand.

(Kathy makes a little sound and leans her head against his shoulder)

Can't imagine why Jane even bothered to ask if I'd lay off for the party. They all asked about the series -- thought it was fine. Not one lifted eyebrow in the bunch. . . You're not even listening, Miss Lacey.

KATHY

(with a thoughtful look)

That's right. I was thinking about you -- and how wonderful you are.

(she disengages herself and points off in the distance)

There it is, darling. Look!

111 LONG SHOT - THE COTTAGE

from their angle.

112 PHIL AND KATHY - ON THE COUNTRY ROAD

They start forward toward the cottage.

DISSOLVE TO:

113 EXT. THE COTTAGE

Kathy inserts the key and opens the door.

PHIL

Aren't you supposed to carry me over the threshold or something?

KATHY

That's only if you refuse to marry me, dear. In that case I grab you and throw you in.

She bows and makes a gesture. He starts in.

DISSOLVE TO:

114 MOVING SHOT - KATHY AND PHIL

going through the house. It is a charming, one-story rambling affair, and they go through it almost silently, Kathy leading Phil by the hand. He looks at each room and nods, for the most part, and her face grows happier and happier at each of his nods.

115 EXT. TERRACE AT BACK OF HOUSE

Kathy and Phil come through the back door, pause on the terrace and look over the sweep of the view.

PHIL

It's lovely, Kathy. Has a kind of quiet peace of its own, this place. Did it all yourself, too, eh?

KATHY

Every bit of it. I'll re-do the nursery -- that was when Bill and I hoped we would have a child. Now it can be Tom's room. Will he like the country, Phil?

PHIL

He'll be crazy about it. How long did you live here with Bill?

KATHY

Bill and I never lived here at all.

PHIL

You didn't? Why not?

KATHY

It's hard to explain, Phil. I love this house -- dearly and deeply. I started to build it when things first began to go wrong with me and Bill. Somehow, the house became a symbol to me of many, many things. When you're troubled and hurt, sometimes you pour yourself into something that can't hurt you back. Do you understand, Phil?

PHIL

Sure. I've done it myself -- with work.

(CONTINUED)

115 (Cont.)

KATHY

I guess I poured all my hopes into this place, too, Phil. When it was finished, I somehow knew that Bill and I were finished. It helped me to decide. I knew I couldn't live here with anyone I didn't really love. It was always more than just a house to me -- something I owned -- it meant all I wanted and hoped for -- marriage, and children, and a good life. I knew I couldn't live in it alone, either. I knew that for sure.

PHIL

You've never lived here at all, Kathy?

KATHY

Never. No one has. I stay up at Jane's and come down here and walk through and fuss with the curtains and come out here and sit a bit. For a long while I hated it, Phil -- really hated it -- but I couldn't let it go. Now I know why. I was right not to settle for second-best -- I was right to keep hoping -- because it's all come true -- we're going to be happy here, darling. This house and me -- we were waiting for you. I was always waiting for you, Phil, I think

Tenderly he takes her into his arms. He doesn't kiss her -- they just cling to each other -- two people, each with his own long search at an end.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

116 FULL SHOT - INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We want to get the impression that a few days have passed. Dinner is practically over and we are shooting toward the veranda, so we know immediately that we are in Kathy's apartment. A small table or a bridge table has been set up, where we discover Kathy, Phil, Anne and Dave at the table just finishing their dinner.

There is no maid in attendance and we should get the impression that Kathy has herself whipped up the dinner. Dave has just finished a large mouthful of dessert. He grins at Kathy:

DAVE

(pushes plate away)

That's what I call cuisine!

KATHY

I'll get the coffee.

(she goes)

Anne laughs and rises to remove the dessert plates.

ANNE

(with a twinkle
in her eye)

Reminds me of my pre-debutante days --

(then she catches
herself)

-- or was it the Automat?

They all laugh. Anne exits with the plates, fumbling a bit. Dave and Phil are left alone. They move over to the couch and sit down.

PHIL

How're Carol and the kids, Dave?

DAVE

Okay.

(lighting a
cigarette)

She's getting kinda impatient -- not knowing, one way or the other. And I can't really blame her, but....

PHIL

You'll find something.

DAVE

Yeh.

Dave's look tells us that he is not too sure. The girls re-enter. Perhaps Kathy has a small tray with four demi-tasse cups and coffee service.

(CONTINUED)

116 (Cont.)

PHIL

(to Kathy)

Just to make it a perfect evening,
how about playing something for us?

(to the others)

She plays beautifully.

KATHY

Darling -- you just keep on thinking
I play beautifully, will you? Turn
on the radio, Anne please.

Anne clicks on the phonograph or radio and Kathy sits down beside Phil on the couch. The room fills with music. Kathy snuggles up close to Phil as they all listen in silence to the music. We get a warm feeling from their intimacy. Anne cannot help but watch as Phil fondles Kathy's hand.

DAVE

(with a grin)

You know something, Anne? Those
two--

(he nods toward
Phil and Kathy)

--they look like an old married
couple, and two days before the
wedding. It's kind of indecent.

ANNE

And depressing. At least give a
little nervous flutter once in a
while, Kathy. Or the bellboys won't
make jokes to each other as they
carry up your bags.

We have the feeling that while Anne is making a joke about it, she still has a certain uneasy feeling about seeing Kathy practically in Phil's arms.

DAVE

Is the honeymoon place a secret?

KATHY

Sure. Big dark secret. We're going
up to the White Mountains.

PHIL

Don't tell him where, Kathy! He's
too nosey. Besides, he's liable
to turn up at odd hours, pretending
to be the house detective.

(CONTINUED)

116 (Cont. 1)

KATHY

I'd love that -- I've always wanted
to tell a house detective what for.
(with a look at Anne)
We're going to the Flume Inn. Know
it?

Anne gives her an incredulous look. She can't quite
believe her ears, and for a fleeting second she thinks
Kathy is joking.

ANNE

What! Flume Inn -- on your honeymoon?

Kathy and Phil give her a puzzled look.

ANNE

Oh no, you wouldn't! You're kidding!

KATHY

(still puzzled)
We are not.

PHIL

What's the matter with Flume Inn?

Anne realizes that they do not understand. Her answer
is frank and directly to the point.

ANNE

(flatly)
It's restricted -- that's all.

Kathy, Phil and Dave react.

PHIL

(reacting)
Restricted!

KATHY

Oh no! I never -- oh, Phil, I'm
sorry, darling. But when I sent
the wire I never ---

She looks at him miserably.

PHIL

Of course, you didn't -- not your
fault, baby.

There is a moment of reaction as the news sinks in and
throughout it we should have the impression that this is
a rather remarkable situation for Dave. He, a Jew, is

(CONTINUED)

116 (Cont. 2)

watching a non-Jew reacting to one of the many incidents that he himself has faced. There is a cynical look in his eyes, not entirely without amusement as he watches the reaction of Phil.

PHIL
(thoughtfully, and
beginning to smoulder
deeply)
So that's how it is. Restricted.

KATHY
Are you sure, Anne? Have you been
there recently?

ANNE
No. And I'm sure.

PHIL
(half to himself)
They confirmed the reservation.
(with spirit)
I'm not going to let them off the
hook.

KATHY
We'll open the cottage, darling. We
won't even let Jane know we're there.

PHIL
Sure, we'll go somewhere. But there
must be something to do besides
accepting this.

In the background we hear the phone ringing. Kathy
exits to answer it.

KATHY
(as she exits
to phone)
Those nasty little snobs aren't
worth fretting over.

DAVE
(with philosophical
cynicism)
You'll never be able to pin 'em down,
Phil. They'll worm out of it one way
or another.

ANNE
They never say it straight out -- or
put it in writing. Possible lawsuits.

(CONTINUED)

116 (Cont. 3)

In the background and possibly off-stage we have heard Kathy answering the phone. And now, in an agitated voice she calls to Phil:

KATHY

Phil! It's Tom! He wants you.
He sounds frightened.

We see Kathy standing in the doorway with the phone. She is tense, alarmed. Phil quickly goes to her and takes the phone.

PHIL

(into phone)
What's up, Tom?
(he listens intently)
Tom, listen. I'm on my way this
minute. Give grandma that bottle
of medicine.
(he listens again)
Five minutes and I'll be there!
(he hangs up and
turns to the others)
Sounds like a stroke.

He stands quite still.

KATHY

(taking charge)
Anne, find Dr. Abrahams in my book.
(she tosses
it to her)
Get him down there right off, will
you? Dr. J. Ephraim Abrahams.

She puts her arm through Phil's and starts him toward the door.

KATHY

(to Phil)
I'm coming with you.

They exit, followed by Dave, Anne is leafing through the address book.

ANNE

Abrahams -- Abrahams -- here it is...

She picks up the phone.

117-OUT
134

FADE OUT

FADE IN

135 INT. KITCHEN OF PHIL'S APARTMENT - MORNING - A FEW
DAYS LATER

Kathy is washing the breakfast dishes in the sink,
Phil and Dave drying them.

KATHY

She's such a darling. Never a
complaint. Just worrying about
what's happening to my school if
I'm down here all day.

PHIL

Seems to me we could get a part-
time maid, Kathy, and you wouldn't
have to --

KATHY

Ever try just drying dishes and
keeping your big mouth shut? Goes
much faster. And cheer up, darling
-- postponing a wedding isn't the
worst thing in the world. Just a
week, Phil --two at the longest,
Abrahams said.

PHIL

No, I suppose it isn't.

DAVE

Might as well break the news, folks.
I won't be here for it, I'm afraid.

KATHY

What? Why, Dave! You have to be!
I don't think Phil would get married
without you! I won't either!

PHIL

What's happened?

DAVE

Nothing. That's just it. I can't
abandon my wife and kids forever.
Or find a house or apartment. If
it was just me alone I'd sleep in
the subway. But I've got Carol and
the kids to think about. I've got
to go back. There's no two ways
about it -- I'm licked.

(CONTINUED)

135 (Cont.)

PHIL

But that means the job, too! Your whole future!

DAVE

(laughing)

I'll live. I did before.

KATHY

Oh, Dave, that's terrible.

DAVE

I told Carol last night on the phone I'd give it one more day -- but I know there isn't a chance. She's lonely, too. I've got to give up and go back, big job or not.

They are all silent for a moment.

136 CLOSE SHOT - PHIL

He keeps looking steadily at Kathy, waiting and hoping for her to speak -- but she does not.

137 GROUP SHOT - PHIL, KATHY AND DAVE

Kathy turns and sees the look on Phil's face.

KATHY

What is it, dear?

PHIL

Nothing.

(he turns away)

DAVE

(breaking in)

Come on -- let's you and I get out of the house for a while. Kathy won't mind, and you know Ma is out of danger now. You need some air.

PHIL

I am going out. I'm going up to Flume Inn. I've got the plane tickets we were going to use today. I'll be back late this afternoon.

KATHY

Going to -- ! What for, Phil?

DAVE

You're wasting your time.

(CONTINUED)

137 (Cont.)

PHIL

Sure. But there must be a time -- once -- when you fight back, Dave! I want to make them look me in the eye and then do it. I want the satisfaction. I can't explain it. I want to do it - myself!

KATHY

But, Phil, they're nothing more than --

DAVE

Let him do it, Kathy. You have to face them once. I did it once at Monterey.

PHIL

They are more than nasty little snobs, Kathy. Call them snobs and you can dismiss them. They're persistent little traitors to everything this country stands for and stands on and you have to fight them. Not for the 'poor, poor Jews,' as Dave says, but for the whole thing this country is. Anyway, I'm going. See you later.

He starts out, followed by Dave. Kathy, worried, looks after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

138 INT. PLANE - PHIL

He seems to be staring out of the window -- but every so often his eyes blink unseeingly out at the layer of clouds, and his face is set grimly with the concentration of his thinking. Over the drone of the motors come his thoughts.

PHIL'S VOICE

Why didn't she offer him the cottage for just a little while -- just to cinch the job -- till he gets a place of his own? We won't be using it till summer. Why didn't she? Why?

(CONTINUED)

138 (Cont.)

PHIL'S VOICE (Cont.)

(suddenly he blinks
hard and sits up
straight in his
seat)

That's it! That's why the party was
okay! Jane and Harry just weeded out
the guests they originally meant to
ask. That's all! They didn't tell
Kathy. They just left out some
friends who were part of the crowd --
or cleared it with 'em first to be
sure it was all right. That's what
they did! That's it, all right!
That's why! That's why she can't
offer it to him!

DISSOLVE TO:

(Zanuck)

181

REVISED - "GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT" - 7/7/47

113.

139 EXT. AIRFIELD - LONG SHOT - AFTERNOON

Phil is walking toward a waiting taxi. In the background we see the plane he has just left.

140 EXT. AIRFIELD - AT TAXI

PHIL
(to the driver)
Flume Inn. Will you take me there
and come back for me? I'm taking
the four o'clock back.

DRIVER
(surprised)
You come up just for half an hour?

PHIL
Business trip.

DRIVER
Okay. I'll wait outside.

PHIL
No. I want you to drive off as if
I -- Look - just drop me and then
come back.

DRIVER
(agreeably)
Okay. Whatever you say, Mister.

DISSOLVE TO:

141 EXT. FLUME INN

The cab pulls up before the Inn and Phil gets out. He pays the driver, and the latter drives off.

DISSOLVE TO:

142 INT. FLUME INN

Phil is walking through the lobby toward the registration desk. A bellhop, one of a smart battery of bellhops, has taken Phil's suitcase and is standing alertly and deferentially a little distance away.

143 CLOSE SHOT - AT REGISTRATION DESK

The man behind the desk has politely pushed the registration pad toward Phil.

(CONTINUED)

143 (Cont.)

PHIL

(as he begins
to write)

I have reservations for a double
room and bath, today through
Thursday.

CLERK

In what name, please?

PHIL

Greene. Philip Greene. My wife
will get here tomorrow.

Phil pulls out his wallet, opens it, takes out a telegram
and lays it on the desk, then puts the wallet on top of
it.

PHIL

(casually)

One more thing. Is your hotel
restricted?

The Clerk looks up, surprised, but instantly on guard.

CLERK

Well, I'd hardly say it was
"restricted."

PHIL

(still pleasant)

Then it's not restricted?

The clerk senses trouble and glances over his shoulder
toward the door to the Manager's Office.

CLERK

Excuse me a moment.

The CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he steps up to the Manager's
door. We see the Manager, Mr. Calkins, in the background.
The Clerk speaks to him in a low voice. We cannot catch
what they are saying. The Manager, Mr. Calkins, comes
over to the desk facing Phil.

MR. CALKINS

(with a bland smile)

How do you do, Mr. Greene? In
answer to your question, may I
inquire, are you -- that is, do
you follow the Hebrew religion
yourself, or do you just wish to
make sure that ---

(CONTINUED)

143 (Cont. 1)

PHIL

(interrupting)

I've asked a simple question.
I'd like a simple answer.

MR. CALKINS

(beginning to sweat)

You see, we do have a very high-
class clientele and, naturally --

PHIL

You mean you do restrict your guests
to Gentiles?

MR. CALKINS

Why, I wouldn't say that, Mr. Greene,
but --

(he makes a pretense
of studying the reg-
ister and guest list)

In any event, there seems to be
some error. There isn't one free
room in the entire hotel.

(with a professional
smile)

If you'd like, perhaps I can fix
you up at the Brewster Hotel near
the station.

During the following dialogue a MAN and a WOMAN come up
to the desk, put a stamp on a letter, preparatory to
dropping it in the little rustic mailbox next to the
desk.

PHIL

I'm not staying at the Brewster!
(looking Calkins
directly in the eye)

I'm Jewish and you don't take Jews
-- that's it, isn't it?

MR. CALKINS

I never said that.

PHIL

If you don't accept Jews, say so!

MR. CALKINS

There's no need to raise your voice
at me, Mr. Greene. Speak a little
more quietly, please.

(CONTINUED)

143 (Cont. 2)

PHIL
(persistently)
Do you or don't you?

The MAN drops the letter in the box, muttering in an aside to his wife:

MAN
That's the Jew of it -- you can tell the type a mile away.

They then move out of shot.

MR. CALKINS
I am very busy just now, Mr. Greene. If you'd like me to phone for a cab, or a room at the Brewster, I'll do so. Otherwise --

PHIL
Otherwise what?

For a moment it looks as if Phil is going to reach across the desk and grab Calkins by the throat. For an answer, Calkins brings his hand down sharply on the bell on the desk; then, without a word he turns his back on Phil and exits into his office. Phil glares after him in fury, then snatches up his wallet and the telegram and turns abruptly away.

144 WIDER ANGLE

This angle reveals that the bellboy is already on his way out of the hotel, carrying Phil's bag. Two other bellboys have taken up positions near the entrance door. It is a casual position, just in case. For a moment Phil stands still, looking after the retreating bellboy in frustration and anger. There is nothing else he can do. He starts toward the door.

145 LONG SHOT

as Phil passes the other two bellboys on his way out of the hotel. The bellboys exchange knowing looks. Perhaps Calkins and the Clerk come out of the office and look after Phil.

146- OUT
149

DISSOLVE TO:

150 INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Kathy opens the door for Phil. He drops his suitcase in the hall and goes into the living room. Kathy follows.

151 INT. LIVING ROOM - PHIL AND KATHY

He tosses his hat and coat listlessly on a chair. Kathy looks at him for a moment. He slumps into a chair.

KATHY

It was bad, Phil -- I can see by your face.

PHIL

(he laughs shortly)

Dave was right. Waste of time. How's Ma?

KATHY

She's fine. Tom's out playing. Like a cup of coffee?

PHIL

No, thanks. Where's Dave?

KATHY

Out for the evening with Anne. He packed all afternoon and decided to have a last night on the town. They said they'd wind up here later.

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont.)

Silence. Then:

KATHY

Tired, darling?

PHIL

No. Just thinking about Dave.

She looks at him for a long moment, then:

KATHY

I suppose you're thinking about the cottage, Phil.

PHIL

I had thought about it.

KATHY

So have I. You must know that. But it wouldn't work, Phil. It would be just too uncomfortable for Dave, knowing he'd moved into one of those neighborhoods. Don't you see that, darling?

(he looks at her
but doesn't speak)

Oh, I loathe it, too, but that's the way it is up there! New Canaan's worse -- nobody can sell or rent to a Jew there. But even the section of Darien where Jane's place and mine are -- well, it's sort of a gentleman's agreement when you buy --

PHIL

(slowly - almost
inaudibly)

Gentleman's -- you don't really --
(suddenly he stands
up and speaks very
quietly)

You won't buck it, Kathy? Just going to give in, play along, let their idiotic rules stand?

KATHY

I don't play along -- but what could one person do?

PHIL

Tell them to go jump in the lake! What could they do?

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont. 1)

KATHY

Plenty. Ostracize him. Even some
of the markets. Not deliver food.
Or not wait on them.

(she stops and
looks at him)

But, Phil, you'll be all done with
the series before we get there!

He makes a gesture so sharp she steps back as if she'd
been struck. His face is strange, rigid in self-
control, half-sick.

PHIL

Do you expect us to live in the
cottage -- once I know all this?

KATHY

Oh, Phil, face facts! We can't
make the whole world over! You
know I'm on Dave's side.

PHIL

I'm not on Dave's side or any side
except against their side! Listen,
Kathy -- do you or don't you believe
in this? And if you do, then how --

The door opens and Tom comes into the room, standing
quite still just inside it. Phil turns impatiently at
the interruption.

PHIL

Tom, Kathy and I are talking, so
will you please --

Tom turns away. Phil senses there's something wrong,
goes over to him.

152 OUT

153 CLOSE SHOT - PHIL

PHIL

Fight, eh? Argument with one of
the guys?

154 CLOSE SHOT - TOM

He shakes his head, slowly, bewilderedly, and then
suddenly he puts the back of his hand up to his mouth
and is sobbing convulsively.

(CONTINUED)

154 (Cont.)

TOM

They called me 'dirty Jew' and
'stinky kike' and they ran off
and I --

He's crying too bitterly now to be intelligible.

155 WIDER ANGLE

as Kathy and Phil come into shot. Phil puts his hand helplessly on the boy's head. Kathy is down on her knees beside him, her arms around him.

KATHY

But it's just a mistake -- it's not true, Tom! You're not any more Jewish than I am!

PHIL

Kathy!

Slowly she looks up at Phil. He just looks down at her with a real blinding savagery for the words just spoken. For a moment there is no sound except Tom's clutching sobs. Then:

PHIL

(quietly)

Let's get your coat off, Tom. We'll talk about it in a minute.

Without a word to Kathy, he leads Tom from the room. She rises to her feet, looks after them.

156 INT, BATHROOM - PHIL AND TOM

Phil and Tom enter, Phil removes Tom's cap, takes a wash cloth, and during the ensuing dialogue he washes the boy's streaked face.

PHIL

Was it at school? Was Jimmy in it? Anybody sock anybody?

TOM

No, they just yelled it. It was at our corner. One was a kid from school. They were playing hop and I asked could I play, too.

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.)

TOM (Cont.)

(he stops - then:)

And the school one said no dirty little Jew could play with them, and they all yelled those other things. I started to speak and they all yelled my father had a long, curly beard and ran away. Why, Pop? Why did they?

PHIL

Here's a glass of water, Tom. Drink some.

(he watches him
for a moment)

Did you want to tell them you weren't really Jewish?

TOM

No.

PHIL

Good. Lots of kids just like you are Jewish, Tom, and if you said it, it would be sort of admitting there was something bad in being Jewish and something swell in not.

TOM

(calmer now,
and anger re-
placing hurt)

They wouldn't fight. They just ran.

PHIL

There are grown-ups like that, too, Tom. They do it with wisecracks instead of yelling. Okay, now?

(they look at
each other and
Tom grins)

Fine. Will you go and read or something? And let's keep this to ourselves till Grandma's well, huh?

He puts his hand on Tom's shoulder and presses down hard. Tom smiles up uncertainly and then leans close to him.

157 INT. LIVING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - KATHY

She is sitting in the chair by the fireplace, her face immobile, her fingers twisting and untwisting in her lap.

158 WIDER ANGLE

Phil comes in and sits quietly on the sofa opposite, facing her. It is the same place they sat when they first kissed and told each other of their love. They are coldly silent for a moment, looking at each other. Then:

KATHY

Phil, I've got to tell you something.

(slowly)

I'm pretty tired of feeling in the wrong. Everything I do or say is wrong, about anything Jewish.

(she looks at him
belligerently - but
he does not answer)

All I did just now was to face the facts about Dave in Darien. And tell Tom just what you told him when he asked that day if he was one.

PHIL

(very quiet)

Not 'just what'. You've only assured him he's that most wonderful of all creatures -- a white Protestant American. You instantly gave him that lovely taste of superiority - the poison that millions of parents drop into the minds of millions of children.

KATHY

(a new, hard ring
in her voice)

You really do think I'm an anti-Semite?

PHIL

No, Kathy. I've just come to see more clearly that --

KATHY

You do think it. You've thought it secretly for a long time!

PHIL

No. It's just that I've come to see that lots of nice people who aren't -- who despise it and deplore it and protest their own innocence -- help it along and then wonder why it grows. People who'd never beat up a Jew or yell kike at a child. People who think anti-Semitism is something way off there in a dark crackpot place with low-class morons. That's the biggest thing I've discovered about the whole business. The good people. The nice people.

(CONTINUED)

158 (Cont.)

KATHY

You mean you're not going to Darien for the summer, even though you're through by then?

PHIL

(wearily)

Let's save that for another time.

Kathy stands up abruptly, sudden anger literally propelling her out of the chair.

KATHY

Oh, I hate, I hate everything about this horrible thing! They always make trouble for everybody, even their friends! They force everybody to take sides with them --

PHIL

Quit it!

He is on his feet now, facing her, powerless to control his rasping voice.

PHIL

Quit that! 'They' didn't suggest this series -- 'they' didn't give me my angle -- 'they' haven't one single thing to do with what's happened between you and me!

KATHY

Don't shout at me! I know what you're thinking about marrying me. I saw it in your face when I said that to Tom. And don't treat me to any more lessons in tolerance either. I'm sick of it! I'm not going to marry into hothead shouting and nerves and you might as well know it now!

She walks to the table and picks up her purse and gloves. Phil follows:

PHIL

Kathy. I'm sorry I shouted. I hate it when I do it.

(CONTINUED)

158 (Cont.1)

KATHY

It isn't just the shouting! It's everything! You've changed since that first night at Uncle John's.

(she faces him directly)

It's no use, Phil. Now I know why I drew back when you told me the angle -- you're doing an impossible thing! You are what you are, for the one life you have -- you can't help it if you were born Christian instead of Jewish. It doesn't mean you are glad you were. But I am glad, see? There, I've said it at last! It would be awful! I'm glad I'm not! And you can't understand that, can you? You can't understand that it's a fact, like being glad you're good looking instead of ugly, rich instead of poor, young instead of old, healthy instead of sick. It's a practical fact, not a judgment that I'm superior. But I could never make you see that. You'd twist it into something horrible -- a conniving -- an aiding and abetting the thing I loathe as much as you do. And you'd never understand that! Never! It's better to end it now -- get it over with. Right now!

She shivers slightly, and it is an effort before she can speak the next words.

KATHY

I hate you for making this happen. We could have been happy, had so much to share, so much to enjoy together. You've taken it away from both of us. I hate you for that.

She stands for a moment, shivering again, her face working against the tears beginning to flow. Then, listlessly, she walks to the door and goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

159 INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM - TWO HOURS LATER

He is lying in bed, hands outstretched above his head, eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling. In a moment the SOUND OF A KEY turning in the outside door is heard, then the SOUND of steps going down the hall. Immediately Phil brings his arms down, shuts his eyes and turns over.

160 CLOSE SHOT AT DOORWAY

Dave and Anne appear in the doorway and look in at Phil for a moment, surprise on their faces. They move over to the bed and stand over Phil.

DAVE

(whispering)

What do you know! He's asleep --
this early!

ANNE

On your last night? Nonsense! We'll
have to wake him up.

DAVE

Let the guy alone.

ANNE

(laughing)

It's against my deepest principles.
(she sits on the
edge of the bed
and shakes him)
Phil, wake up! It's us!

DAVE

Oh, let the poor lug alone.

ANNE

I told you I never let any man alone!

She pushes his shoulder more urgently. Phil opens his eyes and rubs them.

ANNE

Where's Kathy, sleepyhead? I
thought we were expected.

PHIL

(gruffly)

She left early.
(he sits up)

(CONTINUED)

160 (Cont.)

ANNE

My, you look nice in pajamas!
 (she laughs)
 Get a dressing gown on. I'll close
 my eyes if you're modest.

Dave flicks on the light switch.

DAVE

(to Anne)

You go get the ice cubes and he
 can dress. He wouldn't let any
 dame see his ratty bathrobe. And
 he's right. Go ahead -- don't
 trifle with your luck.

ANNE

(with a look
in her eye)

I think you've got something there.
 (she goes out)

Dave lights a cigarette, looks at Phil, sitting on the
 edge of the bed, his feet dangling over the side.

DAVE

What's wrong, Phil?

PHIL

Skip it.

DAVE

Flume Inn?

PHIL

(he shakes his head
 and is silent for
 a moment - then:)

Tom got called dirty Jew and kike.
 He came home pretty shaken up.

161 CLOSE SHOT - DAVE

He exhales a cloud of smoke -- then he savagely crushes
 out his cigarette. When he speaks his voice is harsh
 and grinding.

(CONTINUED)

161 (Cont.)

DAVE

Now you know it all! There's the place they really get at you -- your kids! Now you even know about that!

(he pauses, looks into Phil's eyes)

Well, you can quit being Jewish now. There's nothing else.

162 CLOSE SHOT - PHIL

looking at Dave.

163 CLOSE SHOT - DAVE

Across his pleasant face there is now plain, unvarnished bitterness.

DAVE

My own kids got it without the names, Phil -- just setting their hearts on a summer camp their bunch were going to and being kept out. It wrecked them for a while.

(he locks briefly at Phil, and then down at his own clenched fists)

The only other thing that makes you want to murder is -- There was a boy in our outfit. Abe Schlussman, good soldier, good engineer. One night we got bombed and he caught it. I was ten yards off. Somebody said: 'Give me a hand with this sheeny.' Before I got to him he was dead.... Those were the last words he ever heard.

164 WIDER ANGLE - PHIL AND DAVE

They just look at each other -- saying nothing, the room intensely quiet. Anne comes back, smiling and ready for fun. She looks at both of them. Then the smile dies. Silently she goes to a chair and sits down. The room is soundless -- the two men frozen into stillness, each by what is in his own heart.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

165 INT. PHIL'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

Phil comes in, tosses his hat onto a chair, and goes immediately to his desk, tossing a short "Good morning" to Miss Wales on the way. His eyes are hard, his lips set in a thin, grim line. He takes out a key ring, unlocks the middle drawer of the desk and brings out a bulky rolled manuscript, held together with a large rubber band.

PHIL

Here it is, Miss Wales. Three installments. Edited and ready to go.
(he hands it
to her)

Send every ten pages right downstairs and have it set up in galley immediately. Tell them I'm in a hurry -- a big hurry. How long will this much take you?

MISS WALES

(rolling the rubber
band down the
manuscript)

If it's no more than ten thousand words, I'll have it by tomorrow night -- I'm pretty fast even with longhand.

She has the rubber band off now and is unrolling the paper. Phil watches her. She flattens it out on the desk and her eye goes to the title page.

MISS WALES

(slowly - almost
inaudibly)

'I Was Jewish for Eight Weeks!' For eight weeks...?

She looks up at him quickly, and then immediately down again to the first paragraph. For a moment she reads --- then she stares at him with unbelieving eyes.

MISS WALES

Why, you're a Christian, Mr. Green!
And I never---

PHIL

Well?

MISS WALES

I saw you more than anybody else
and I never once --

(CONTINUED)

165 (Cont.)

PHIL

What's so upsetting about that, Miss Wales? You mean there is something different between Jews and Christians?

(he comes from behind the desk and stands close to her)

Look at me. Look hard. I'm the same man I was yesterday. That's true, isn't it? Why are you so astonished, Miss Wales? You still can't believe that anybody would give up the glory of being a Christian, can you? Even for eight weeks! That's what's eating you, isn't it? And if I tell you that's anti-Semitism -- that you're feeling that being Christian is better than being Jewish -- you'll say I'm heckling you again, or twisting your words around, or 'it's just facing facts' -- as someone said to me yesterday! Well, face me now, Miss Wales! Come on -- look at me! See it? The same face, the same eyes, the same nose, the same suit, everything! Here, take my hand -- feel it! Same flesh as yours, isn't it? No different today than it was yesterday, Miss Wales! Only the word 'Christian' is different.

Slowly, she lets his hand drop and stares after him as he goes out of the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

166 INT. MINIFY'S PRIVATE OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Minify is seated behind his desk, Phil in a chair on the opposite side.

PHIL

I've turned over the first half to Miss Wales for typing. I'll have the rest finished by the end of the week. I want to clear out.

Minify regards him silently for a long moment. Then:

(CONTINUED)

166 (Cont.)

MINIFY
Completely?

PHIL
(flatly)
Completely.

MINIFY
Back to California?

PHIL
As soon as we can get packed. Will
the office get me train reservations?

MINIFY
Yes. What about future assignments?

PHIL
I'll let you know.

Silence again for a moment. Then:

MINIFY
Sorry about you two. Kathy told my
wife this morning. She seems pretty
upset.

(he looks at Phil,
but Phil stares
back, silent)

I'd have liked it to go on, Phil.
It seemed so right, you two. Any-
thing I can do? Any way I can be
of help? Talk's pretty useless I
know, but maybe someone who knew
you both --

PHIL
No... Thanks, John. Thanks a lot.
(he pauses
uncomfortably)

I'd better be getting back -- I'm
going to have to push pretty hard
to finish. I'll come by for a
session before I leave.

He rises and goes out. Minify looks after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

167 INT. CORRIDOR OF MAGAZINE OFFICE

Phil is walking down corridor toward his office. Bill Payson, the Art Editor, comes toward him with a sheaf of copy in his hand. Throughout the following scene the corridor is busy with people hurrying back and forth, intent on their various jobs.

PAYSON

Hey, I'm looking for you!
(he waves the papers
aloft in his hand)

It's the goldarnedest idea for a series this magazine's ever run! No kidding, Green, I couldn't put these ten pages down! I meant to give it a quick look and hand it over to the other departments but I never moved from my chair. The whole place is buzzing with it! Listen, what about the art work? Photographic treatment is my hunch. What do you think?

PHIL

Okay. Only no shots of my kid or me or my mother. Understand?

PAYSON

(grinning)
Stop bossing me around! That's the trouble with you Christians -- too aggressive. Loud. Pushing.

168 WIDER ANGLE

Behind them an office door opens and Anne Dettrey comes out.

ANNE

When's my turn to see it, Phil? The place is in a frenzy over the wonderful plot. What 'plot' there can be in a series on anti-Semitism escapes me, but I've been needled long enough. So give over.

She holds out her hand to Payson for the copy. With a look at Phil, he hands over the pages to her. She looks at the title page, gives a low whistle, then reads the first few sentences.

(CONTINUED)

168 (Cont.)

ANNE

Murder!

(she reads
ahead eagerly)

It's hot all right!

(she reads a
bit more, then
looks up at Phil)

Fooled me, Phil. Completely. Though I did want to say a couple of times, 'For heavens sake, how have you lived this long, spending this much juice on it all the time!' I get it now! Everything! Boy, I'll bet if everybody acted it out just one day a year, it'd be curtains for the thing overnight. This first page is dynamite, Phil!

PAYSON

I've got to get back. Minify sent word to stop everything for this. S'long.

He takes the pages from Anne and goes down the hall.

ANNE

It's a wonderful notion, Phil.
Congrats.

(she looks at
him sharply)

You look kind of beat. I worry about you.

PHIL

I'm fine.

ANNE

Uh-huh.

(a slight pause)

It's over with you and Kathy, isn't it, Phil?

He looks at her startled.

ANNE

I guessed it last night, but I wasn't sure. It's over, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

168 (Cont. 1)

ANNE (Cont.)

(she looks directly up at him)

Everything's so rotten, Phil. With me, too. Look -- if you're free tonight, come on down to my place and listen to my troubles. How about it?

PHIL

All right. Thanks, Anne.

They look at each other for a moment. Then Phil turns, exits into his office, CAMERA PANNING after his retreating figure.

DISSOLVE TO:

169 CLOSEUP - SILVER COFFEE POT AND CUPS

on a small coffee table. A hand comes into SHOT, pours coffee. Over shot we hear:

ANNE'S VOICE

Feeling better?

PHIL'S VOICE

Yes.

CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing Phil and Anne seated beside each other on a sofa, the coffee table in front of them. As Anne fixes the coffee Phil lights a cigarette and leans back, his head on the cushions, blowing smoke up to the ceiling.

ANNE

Good. You almost smiled a minute ago. Take your coffee black, don't you? I remember from the party.

PHIL

Do you?

(a pause)

You're quite a girl, Anne -- I've never told you.

ANNE

Me? Sure, everybody loves Anne.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont.)

Phil sits up to take his cup. He notices that Anne's hand, as she gives him his cup, is shaking.

PHIL

You said you weren't very happy
Anne. Want to talk about it?

ANNE

(shaking her head)

Nothing bores any man as much as
an unhappy female.

PHIL

Anne - look. We're good friends.
Somehow, even in this short time,
we've been through quite a bit
together. And it's helped me, more
than you know, to be able to be with
you tonight. I wish you would talk
to me.

ANNE

All right. I'll talk.

(she sets the cup
back on the tray
with a little bang)

We've been skirting it all evening.
Let's bring it out and clear the air!
Could I say something about you and
Kathy?

PHIL

Anne, let's don't.

He puts his hand over hers to soften the rebuke.

ANNE

Oh, all right, be the little gentleman,
mind your manners, don't let the flag
touch the ground -- this sort of
"honorableness" gets me sick, Phil.

(she snatches her hand
away and gets up)

It's just that I think you're pretty
straight and she's --

PHIL

Anne -- drop it!

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont.1)

ANNE

Okay. I'm a cat. And this is dirty pool. But I'm intolerant of hypocrites.

(he starts at
the word)

That's what I said, Phil. Hypocrites. She'd rather let Dave lose that job than risk a fuss up there. That's it, isn't it? She's afraid. The Kathy's everywhere are afraid to get the gate from their little groups of nice people. They make little clucking sounds of disapproval -- they want you or Uncle John to get up and yell and take sides and fight -- but do they fight it? Oh, no! Kathy and Jane and Harry and all of them -- they scold Bilbo twice a year and think they've fought the good fight for democracy in this country. They haven't the guts to take the bridge from talking to action -- one little action, on one little front. Sure, it's not the whole answer but it's got to start somewhere, and it's got to be with action -- not pamphlets -- not even your series. It's got to be with people -- nice people, rich people, poor people, big and little people -- and it's got to be quick. But not Kathy. She can't. She never will. She doesn't rate you, Phil.

She has been pacing up and down. Now she sits in a chair across the room from him and lights a cigarette before she speaks.

ANNE

Hate me for saying this, Phil?

PHIL

(softly)

No.

ANNE

I want to say one thing more. There's time, Phil. If two people are right for each other, they usually discover it in time.

He looks at her. She turns away and speaks as if to herself.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont. 2)

ANNE

If I had a kid I loved, I'd want
him to grow up with people who
felt the way I did about the basic
things.

A pause. Then:

PHIL

You proposing, Anne?

ANNE

(slowly)
Maybe. Maybe I am.

They look at each other across the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

(Zaruck)

181

REVISED - "GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT" - 6/18/47

135-A.

170 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM)

Kathy at the telephone.

KATHY

I couldn't face a dinner party -
really, I couldn't, Jane. Please
let me off.

CUT TO:

170-A INT. JANE'S APARTMENT

Jane at the telephone.

JANE

You've got to come, darling. Not
just for your sake, but for ours,
too. We really need you. Phyllis
dropped out at the last minute.

(pause)

Oh, wonderful! And please try to
feel better. We all love you and
we'll all help you to forget.

DISSOLVE TO:

170-B INT. DINING ROOM OF JANE'S APARTMENT IN NEW YORK - THAT
NIGHT

Twelve guests, in evening clothes and dinner coats, are
at the table. Kathy is seated next to her ex-husband,
Bill. Lockhardt, a guest, is speaking:

LOCKHARDT

Inflation -- reminds me of a funny
gag a friend told me about the KKK.
Said they had to expand their 3 K's
to 4 K's --

He looks around, and doesn't see that the only face
that is agreeable is Bill Lacey's. The others are
beginning to tense up.

LOCKHARDT

Four K's -- kikes, koons, Catholics,
and Kliberals. Liberals - get it?

He laughs. Bill Lacey is the only one who joins in his
laughter. The others are silent.

170-C CLOSE SHOT - KATHY

Her hands are biting into the table, her lips part as
if to speak and she half rises, but no words come.

170-D WIDER ANGLE - TABLE

LOCKHARDT

(affably)

Fell flat. Well, I'll think of a good one by the time coffee comes around.

Well-bred and polite, the buzz of conversation around the table picks up again. Kathy looks ill. Her lips are still parted, her hands still clutching the table, but she is silent and beaten, her face desperate with the conflict going on within her.

DISSOLVE TO:

170-E INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

The dinner guests are coming into the living room from the dining room. Bill Lacey walks with Kathy.

BILL

(to Kathy)

Now don't be so upset about a thing like Lockhardt's little gag. I guess maybe because Phil Green was a Jew --

KATHY

(sharply)

Please don't discuss Phil Green.

BILL

No, of course not. Just the same I do think it was wise to break it, Kathy. You'd have walked into an impossible spot. Still, I'd have taken the cottage off your hands.

KATHY

The cottage? What's the cottage got to do with it?

BILL

You know how things are up around Darien. You can't change the world -- it's just facing facts.

Kathy gives him a sharp look as she realizes he used the same phrase which she used to Phil.

KATHY

What?

BILL

I said, you can't change the world -- it's just facing facts -- accepting things as they are.

Kathy starts to speak, but can't. She suddenly leaves Bill and goes into Jane's bedroom.

171 INT. BEDROOM

Kathy comes in, slams the door shut behind her, and goes over to the bed.

172 CLOSE SHOT - KATHY

For a moment she sits on the edge of the bed, her hands hanging limply at her side, her face working convulsively. She looks at the telephone, as though considering making a call. Then she turns away from it, thinks for a moment. Then, seeming to gather her strength together for the effort, she turns back to the telephone and dials a number.

DISSOLVE TO:

173 INT. CHANTECLAIR RESTAURANT - LATER - MED. SHOT AT DOOR

Dave appears in the doorway, stands looking around for a moment. The Maitre d' approaches and Dave says something to him. Maitre d' turns, points off toward the other side of the room. Dave thanks him and starts out of scene.

174 CLOSE SHOT AT TABLE

Kathy sits at a table alone, her hands folding and unfolding a napkin. She looks up as Dave comes in, sits down.

KATHY

Thank you, Dave, for coming. It was kind of you.

Dave nods slowly, not speaking -- just looking at her.

KATHY

You know about Phil and me?

DAVE

Yes.

KATHY

I want to ask you something, Dave. Answer me honestly.

DAVE

Go ahead.

KATHY

(slowly)
Do you think I'm anti-Semitic?

(CONTINUED)

174 (Cont.)

DAVE
(with hesitation)
No, Kathy, I don't.

KATHY
Phil does.

DAVE
(slowly)
Does he?

KATHY
You know I'm not anti-Semitic!
You're a Jew and you know that!
Why can I make myself clear to
everyone but Phil? Why? It was I
who suggested this series! Did
you know that, Dave?

DAVE
(quietly study-
ing her)
No, I didn't.

KATHY
I hate the thing just as much as he
does! Why can't I make him see
that? I feel it just as deeply.
Why, tonight at dinner a man told a
vicious little story and I was ill --
sick with rage and shame! But Phil
actually makes me believe that --

DAVE
What story, Kathy?

KATHY
Oh, a story -- it hasn't anything
to do with this, Dave.

DAVE
Suppose you tell me anyway.

KATHY
(angrily waving it
away with a gesture)
It was just a - well - a sort of
vulgar little joke some man told
at the dinner table. It hasn't a
thing to do with --

(CONTINUED)

174 (Cont.1)

DAVE

Take it easy, Kathy. Maybe it has.
What kind of joke? I can take
naughty words, you know.

KATHY

But why --! All right! It was
a horrible man named Lockhardt.
He tried to get a laugh with words
like 'kike' and 'coon.' I despised
him -- everybody at the table de-
spised him. It was like --

She shudders and looks away.

DAVE

(gently)

What did you do, Kathy, when he
told the joke?

KATHY

(puzzled)

What do you mean?

DAVE

I mean, when he finished, what
did you say?

For a moment she looks at him, not quite certain of his
meaning. The full realization of his implication does
not yet strike her, for at this moment Kathy believes
that she has done something, and her complete capitula-
tion must be held off until the end of the scene.

KATHY

What could I say? I wanted to yell
at him -- I wanted to get up and
leave -- I wanted to say to every-
body else at the table, 'Why, why
do we just sit here and take this,
when everything we believe in is
attacked by people like him? Why
don't we call him on it?'

She puts her hands over her eyes.

DAVE

And what did you do?

(CONTINUED)

174 (Cont. 2)

KATHY

I just sat. We all just sat.
I felt so ashamed!

DAVE

Then you left and got me on the
phone?

KATHY

Later, when dinner was over. I
said I was ill. It's true --
I'm sick all through me.

A pause. When Dave speaks, he speaks softly -- without
rancor -- without scorn.

DAVE

I wonder if you'd feel so sick now,
Kathy, if you had nailed him.
There's a funny kind of elation
about socking back. I learned that
a long time ago. Phil's learned it.

KATHY

And - I haven't?

He looks at her quizzically, as if he were asking her
the same question, but he says nothing. Instead, he
looks down at his uniform. Then:

DAVE

Lots of things are pretty rough,
Kathy. This is just a different
kind of war.

KATHY

And anybody who crawls away is a
quitter just as much as --

DAVE

I didn't say that. You did.
(suddenly intense
and excited)

It was just a joke, sure -- a man
told a joke at a dinner table, and
the 'nice' people didn't laugh, and
hated him for telling it, sure,
but they let it pass -- and behind
that joke are Flume Inn and Darien
and Tommy and those kids.

(CONTINUED)

174 (Cont. 3)

KATHY

(now getting it for
the first time)

And if you don't stop at the joke,
when do you stop? That's what you
mean! Where do you call the halt?
(sitting up very
straight now)

I've just been getting sore at Phil
for expecting me not to quit, in-
stead of getting sore at people who
help the thing along -- like
Lockhardt tonight.

DAVE

(quietly)

Not just old Lockhardt -- at least
he's out in the open. But the
other dinner guests - they're sup-
posed to be on your side and they
didn't act much as if --

KATHY

No. No, they didn't. And I didn't.
That's the trouble - we never do.

(she falls silent and
begins to make little
circles on the table-
cloth with a spoon)

It all links up, Dave. Phil can
fight. He does fight. He always
will fight this. If I can't do any-
thing but sit there and feel sick,
then I'm not a fit wife for him.
It was always on that deeper thing,
Dave -- our quarrels -- always. I
never knew it until now.

DAVE

Sure. A man wants his wife to be
more than just a companion, Kathy -
more than his beloved girl -- more
than even the mother of his children.
He wants a side-kick, a buddy, to go
through the rough spots with -- and
she's got to feel the same things
are the rough spots or they're always
out of line with each other.

(he reaches across
the table and takes
both her hands in his)

You're not cast in bronze, sweetie.
You're nice and soft and pliable and
you can do anything you have to do --
or want to do -- with yourself.

(CONTINUED)

174 (Cont. 4)

KATHY

Can I?

(she looks at him
thinking, pondering)

Can I?

(she looks off into
space now, visualizing
something, planning
something)

But it's got to be something better
than talk.

A pause. She holds the faraway look. Dave watches her
silently.

DISSOLVE TO:

175 PHIL'S APARTMENT, THE LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Mrs. Green is sitting by the fireplace, a rug over her knees, reading a sheaf of typewritten pages. SOUND of the outside door opening. She turns, smilingly, as Phil comes in and stands staring at her, his hat and coat still on.

MRS. GREEN

Now, don't scold, Phil. I couldn't sleep, so I sneaked into your bedroom and stole the first two installments. Come here, dear.

He comes to her side. She pulls him down beside her and kisses him proudly.

PHIL

Thanks, Ma. I think maybe I'd rather have that than almost anything.

MRS. GREEN

I wish your Pa could have read this, Phil. He'd have liked it --
(she lifts a page
from her lap and reads:)

'Driving away from the Inn I knew all about every man or woman who'd been told the job was filled when it wasn't, every youngster who'd ever been turned down by a college or a summer camp. I knew, too, the primitive rage that pitches through you when you see your own child shaken and dazed. From that moment I saw it as an unending attack by adults on kids of seven and eight and ten and twelve, on adolescent boys and girls, on youngsters trying to get jobs or into summer camps and medical schools. And I knew that they had somehow known it too -- they, those patient, stubborn men who argued and wrote and fought over the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. They had known that the tree is known by its fruit and injustice could corrupt the tree. They had known that its fruit could pale and sicken and fall at last to the dark ground of history where other dreams of equality and freedom had rotted. It remains, still, the everlasting choice for wholeness and soundness in a man or in a nation.'

(she lets the page
fall back to her lap)

Your Pa would have liked to have you say that, Phil.

(CONTINUED)

175 (Cont.)

PHIL

(bitterly)

Not enough of us realize it, Ma --
and the time's getting short. Not
enough people, Ma -- and time's
running out.

MRS. GREEN

(she looks at him
wisely and knowingly)

Kathy?

PHIL

Not just Kathy. All the Kathy's.
Everywhere.

MRS. GREEN

You know something, dear? I suddenly
want to live to be very old. Very.
I want to be around to see what happens.
The world is stirring in very strange
ways -- Maybe this is the century for
it, Phil. Maybe that's why it's so
troubled. Other centuries had their
driving forces, didn't they? Maybe
ours will have its own when men look
far back to it one day. Maybe it
won't be the American Century after
all, or the Russian Century or the
Atomic Century. Maybe it'll be the
century that secured the idea of free-
dom -- all the freedoms. Of all men.
I'd like to be around to see some of
that -- even the beginning. I may
stick around for quite a while, dear.

SOUND of the outside door closing comes over scene.
They both turn slightly toward door.

176 WIDER ANGLE

Dave comes in. He doesn't even say "Hello" -- he just
waves to them and goes straight to the telephone and
dials a number. Faintly surprised at his silence and
serious face, they glance at each other, then look back
at him.

DAVE

(at phone)

Hello? Mr. Case? Sorry to call you at
home at this late hour, but I'll be able
to take that job after all. I'm bringing
my family from California immediately.
I've got a house! Thanks. I am, too.
(he hangs up)

177 CLOSE SHOT - PHIL
looking off at Dave.

178 CLOSE SHOT - DAVE

A slow grin breaks out over his face. There is no need to ask where he got the house.

DAVE

She's going to live up there all summer at her sister's. If they dish anything out, she'll be right there to dish it back.

179 GROUP SHOT

Slowly, Phil looks at his mother. She is smiling, too.

MRS. GREEN

(gaily)

Yes, sir! I think I'll stick around for a long time, Phil!

Without a word, Phil grabs his hat and coat from the chair and goes out, the other two looking happily after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

180 INT. CORRIDOR OF KATHY'S APARTMENT BUILDING, AT ELEVATOR

The elevator stops and Phil gets out. CAMERA PANS with him as he walks quickly to Kathy's door. For a moment he stands there motionless. Then his finger presses the button. Inside, the bell rings, Phil stands waiting. Then Kathy opens the door.

FADE OUT

T H E

E N D