



"JEZEBEL"

by

Clements Ripley & Abem Finkel
& John Huston and Robert Buckner

Based on the play "Jezebel"
by Owen Davis Sr.

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Shooting Script, 1938

JEZEBEL

by

JOHN HOUSTON

12/30/37

1.

A MOVING CLOSE SHOT

of a "Fanner Basket" piled high with white camellias. OVER scene comes the monotonous sing-song of a negro woman's voice.

NEGRO WOMAN'S VOICE:

I gets gyarden on de haid, all you missus! Gyarden on de haid -- I gets gyarden on de haid...

A NARRATIVE TITLE:

NEW ORLEANS 1850

in the characteristic type of the period, comes THROUGH the mass of flowers and DISSOLVES OUT as the CAMERA PULLS BACK to show the basket being carried on the head of a young negro woman. It continues back to a:

2.

FULL SHOT EXT. STREET IN THE VIEUX CARREE OF NEW ORLEANS

It is a busy street in the business section of the city. A steady, unordered stream of traffic congests the roadway. There are two-wheeled drays, stacked high with cotton bales; dusty caleches, fringed-top surreys; shiny victorias with white linen seat covers, drawn by fine horses draped with white nets. A country darkey whacks his bull-cart along. Well-groomed horsemen hold their spirited mounts in check as the slow moving vehicles block their progress.

The overhanging balconies of most of the buildings of the street are gaily festooned with flags and bunting. Working men, on ladders, are busy putting up more.

DISSOLVE TO:

3.

MOVING MED. CLOSE SHOT ALONG SIDEWALK OF STREET

Top-hatted elegants and ladies in swaying crinolines move leisurely through the throng of more soberly dressed merchants, clerks, flat-capped rivermen and roustabouts. An old negro "Praline Woman" squats on the curb and languidly brushes the flies from her tray of candy with a turkey wing. Hip-swinging black girls, balancing "fanner baskets" of fruit and vegetables on their heads, thread through the crowd crying their wares.

A FRUIT VENDOR:

Belle des figues! -- bon P'tits calas!!

(CONTINUED)

3 (cont.)

A VEGETABLE VENDOR:
Haricots! Haricots -- rixzonable!

Many of the merchants along the street have erected temporary stands in front of their shops and have them piled high with displays of fantastically grotesque papier mache masks, balloons, strings of firecrackers, bags of confetti, flour balls (i.e. small balls of tissue paper filled with flour), cowbells and other noisemakers of the period.

The shopkeepers' clerks do a brisk trade with the passers-by on whom they press their goods with unrestrained enthusiasm, ad lib...

MASK VENDOR:
(as he tries on
different masks)
Masks for Mardi Gras! -- You'll need
a mask for Mardi Gras.

COWBELL VENDOR:
(dangling a string of
assorted cowbells)
Cowbells! Musical cowbells!

FLOUR BALL VENDOR:
(holding up the paper
bags filled with flour)
Flour balls! Nice balls of Flowery
flour! Easy to throw and cheap to buy!

The others are as vehement in demonstrating and hawking their wares.

THE CAMERA STOPS as it arrives in front of a costumer's shop. The place is obviously doing a land-office business for the customers coming out with bulky packages have to elbow their way past those trying to get in. The CAMERA MOVES up to:

4. MED. CLOSE SHOT WINDOW OF COSTUMER'S SHOP

Through the window glass we see a display of elaborate costumes worn by wax dummies. An easel sign reads:

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT
of
MARDI GRAS COSTUMES

FOR HIRE

5. ANOTHER ANGLE STREET

CAMERA MOVES ALONG the sidewalk disclosing other atmospheric details. It swings over to the street picking up an open cab, in which sit two young men.

6. CLOSER MOVING SHOT BUCK, TED, CAB DRIVER

BUCK CANTRELL is in his late twenties, tall, lean, with a smooth, ready smile and almost indolent manner, so typical of the young ingrown Southerner of the period.

With him is TED DILLARD. He is several years Buck's junior, and has the same manner, except that he is more vibrant and intense.

BUCK:

(to cab driver)

Here boy. Stop here.

(to Ted)

Might as well get us a ball.

TED:

Julie'll have plenty to drink at the party.

BUCK:

I know. But the trouble with party liquor is, they always mess it up with cherries and such.

The carriage comes to a stop in front of the St. Charles Hotel.

BUCK:

(continuing - turning
to cab driver)

Wait.

Buck and Ted are elaborately bowed into the place by a liveried negro doorman.

DOORMAN:

How you, Mr. Dillard, sir. Mr. Cantrell, sir?

BUCK:

(passing into building)

How you, Romulus?

7. MED. SHOT INT. THE BAR OF HOTEL GENERAL BOGARDUS
BUCK, TED, DE LAUTREC, HUGER, A GROUP

The bar is one of the more ornate ones for which New Orleans is famous. It is a man's place and is crowded

(CONTINUED)

Changes
on
"JEZEBEL"

7(Cont.)

with top-hatted gentlemen. Those who cannot find room at the bar are seated at tables whose tops are arranged for chess and bagatelle and at which many engrossing games are in progress in spite of the laughing, the talking, and the noisy hum of the place.

GENERAL BOGARDUS is nearing sixty, very well groomed. He wears a grey mustache and imperial in the Louis Napoleon fashion. He stands at the bar near the door, in conversation with a friend.

As Buck and Ted enter, they greet the General.

BUCK:

(in passing)

How you, General Bogardus, sir?

Ted bows.

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

Gentlemen!

Buck and Ted move down the crowded bar, past an arguing group.

BUCK AND TED:

(greeting group)

How you, gentlemen!

(CONTINUED)

7 (Cont.1)

HUGER:
Here's somebody that really
knows blood-lines.
(to Buck - further
down the bar)
Hi! Buck Cantrell. Come over
here and decide a bet.

CAMERA MOVES DOWN THE bar, stopping on a:

8. MED. CLOSE SHOT BUCK

Buck is pouring a drink. He waves a lazy refusal.

9. WIDER ANGLE INCLUDING HUGER

BUCK:
Got no time, Huger. Ted and I
were just shiftin'.

HUGER:
Take no time at all, Buck.

Half way between Buck and Huger is De Lautrec, a big-framed swarthy Creole, a little drunk.

DE LAUTREC:
(with a hint of French
accent)
You heard him, Huger -- Buck's got no
time.
(addressing the group)
Gentlemen! Butk Cantrell has no time!
Five to four he does not know the day
of the month.

The men stare curiously at De Lautrec, not quite understanding.

DE LAUTREC:
I will do better. Even money, he does
not know what month.

BUCK:
(smiling indulgently)
Know what time of day it is anyhow.
Much be gettin' on to three o'clock.
If it was any later, De Lautrec would
be a lot drunker.

Buck downs his drink and turns back to Ted. The men laugh.

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S.

10. MED. CLOSE SHOT DE LAUTREC AND GROUP

Nettled, De Lautrec tries to silence the men with:

DE LAUTREC:

Is it not admirable that Mr. Cantrell
can joke when he has just lost the
lady of his heart?

11. MED. CLOSE SHOT (SHOOTING FROM BEHIND THE BAR
PAST DE LAUTREC)

Ted starts forward angrily. Buck restrains him. Buck
eyes De Lautrec, smiling but suddenly dangerous. Durette,
a friend of De Lautrec touches De Lautrec's arm.

DURETTE:

(sotto voce)

Better not, Rene.

De Lautrec brushes his hand aside with drunken stubborn-
ness.

DE LAUTREC:

It is true, gentlemen, Mr. Cantrell
has just lost his lady --

All eyes turn to Buck, who addresses De Lautrec with a
sudden dangerous softness.

BUCK:

I wouldn't go on, De Lautrec.

DE LAUTREC:

(a little triumphantly)

You see, gentlemen! Mr. Cantrell is
in a bad humor! Miss Julie Marsden --

De Lautrec breaks off as Buck crosses to him quickly.
The men watch in a tense silence.

12. CLOSE SHOT BUCK, DE LAUTREC

BUCK:

(easily -- smiling a little)

De Lautrec -- I thought I heard you
mention a lady's name. Must have
misunderstood you, huh?

DE LAUTREC:

(deliberately)

And if I did mention a lady's name?

12 (Cont.)

BUCK:
 (still smoothly)
 Why -- just that gentlemen don't
 mention a lady's name in a barroom.

DE LAUTREC:
 Are you trying to teach me manners,
 my friend?

BUCK:
 (lazily genial)
 Why no, De Lautrec. Wouldn't think
 of tryin'.
 (Looking him over)
 I just someway don't like your hat --
 or your ears -- or anything between
 'em.
 (then, straight in his face)
 Plain enough?

DE LAUTREC:
 (bowing, suddenly rigid)
 Amply, sir.
 (to his friend)
 Durette!

13. WIDER ANGLE

Durette steps up to Buck and bows stiffly.

DURETTE:
 I have the honor to ask you to name
 a friend, sir.

TED:
 (stepping forward eagerly)
 I'm acting for Mr. Cantrell, sir.

BUCK:
 Sho! Ted -- you're kind of young
 for this sort of thing.

TED:
 Gentlemen! A moment!

14. MED. CLOSE SHOT BUCK, TED

Ted draws Buck a few steps away from the group.

TED:
 I ought to have got De Lautrec myself. It's
 my quarrel, more than yours. It's my brother
 that's going to marry her. What d'you say, Buck?
 (CONTINUED)

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8-9.

14 (Cont.)

BUCK:

(nods approval)

Well -- if you feel that bad about it.

Ted shoots him a look of hero worship and strides back to Durette.

15. MED. GROUP SHOT TO INCLUDE BUCK
at a slight distance.

TED:

(to Durette)

I have the honor to be acting for Mr. Cantrell, sir. Will sunrise at the Oaks be satisfactory?

DURETTE:

(bowing)

Perfectly, sir.

BUCK:

What you want to make it so confounded early for? Make it ten o'clock. De Lautrec ain't wild. We don't have to sneak up on him in the dark...Oh, well --

(he tips his hat
with lazy grace)

Y'servant, gentlemen!

(to Ted, slapping
his hat on at an
angle)

Come on, youngster -- time we got along to the party.

They bow and move toward the door. As they exit,
General Bogardus follows them.

DISSOLVE TO:

16 OMITTED.

17. FULL SHOT EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF JULIE'S HOUSE
A CARRIAGE COACHMAN, MRS. KENDRICK, STEPHANIE

A line of cabs and carriages is drawn up in front of the house, prominent among which is Buck and Ted's cab, the cab driver dozing on the box. As Mrs. Kendrick's carriage stops in front of the house, she and Stephanie get out. Mrs. Kendrick is middle-aged, dominant in a fussy way. Stephanie is eighteen, pretty, fluffy. Both wear afternoon dresses of the period.

MRS. KENDRICK:

(to coachman)

Mind you get you some shade, Albert.
I won't have the horses standing in
the sun -- you hear me!

ALBERT:

Yas'm Mis' Kendrick.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Mrs. Kendrick and Stephanie up the steps to the open front door, where Uncle Cato, the negro butler waits.

18. MED. GROUP SHOT THE HALL MRS. KENDRICK, STEPHANIE,
CATO

OVER SCENE from the drawing room beyond, comes a gay babble of voices. Uncle Cato has the quiet, easy dignity of an old and respected house servant.

UNCLE CATO:

(bowing)

Mis' Kendrick, ma'm! Miss Kendrick!

MRS. KENDRICK:

Good evenin', Cato.

AUNT BELLE MASSIE enters from the drawing-room. She is fifty, very correct in an afternoon costume. She is handsome with traces of great former beauty.

AUNT BELLE:

(greeting Mrs. Kendrick)

Honorial! How good of you to come.

MRS. KENDRICK:

Sweet of you to ask us, Belle.

AUNT BELLE:

And Stephanie! You look so pretty, child!

STEPHANIE:

Oh, thank you, Miss Massie.

(CONTINUED)

18 (Cont.)

MRS. KENDRICK:

(sharply)

Stephanie! Your manners.

Stephanie shrugs and curtsies with a bad grace.

MRS. KENDRICK:

(continuing)

I do hope we're not late, Belle.

AUNT BELLE:

(moving them toward the
drawing room)Late! Julie isn't here herself yet.
At her own party -- in her own house!
Really I don't know what to do with
the girl!

MRS. KENDRICK:

(vaguely)

Well, I always say, "Better late than
never".

19. MED. SHOT INT. DRAWING ROOM

as Aunt Belle, Mrs. Kendrick and Stephanie enter.
There is a sizeable crowd in the costume of the
period. They are milling about, chatting with one
another. Liveried negro servants circulate with trays
of drinks -- toddy for the gentlemen, sherry in small
glasses for the ladies. It is only the older women
who take anything.

A SERVANT:

Miss Belle! Please!

AUNT BELLE:

(turning)

You'll excuse me, Honoria.

She turns and exits with the servant.

STEPHANIE:

(sotto voce)

Mother! Please don't fault me like
that before people. Girls don't
curtsey any more -- I read it in
Godey's.

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.)

MRS. KENDRICK:

(sotto voce)

They do in New Orleans. You've no
call to take up with Yankee manners!

(as a lady, standing near,
smiles a greeting)

How do you find yourself, Mrs. Petion?

(she moves over to
Mrs. Petion)

Belle just told me that Julie was
late -- at her own party! Well, I
always say, "Punctuality is the polite-
ness of Kings".

MRS. PETION:

Politeness has never been one of
Julie's virtues.

MRS. KENDRICK:

I pity Preston Dillard. Such a
gentleman -- even if he is in trade.

MRS. PETION:

(protesting)

But you wouldn't call Dillard's bank
being in trade!

MRS. KENDRICK:

It certainly isn't planting!

CAMERA picks up Stephanie. She is smiling as Ted
Dillard bows to her.

STEPHANIE:

Ted! Isn't it exciting? I think
your brother Pres is the luckiest man!

(looking about her)

Oh, I wish Julie'd come!

TED:

(grinning)

So does Aunt Belle. She's been having
a fit.

STEPHANIE:

Tell me -- wasn't Mr. Cantrell just
crushed when your brother Pres got her?

TED:

Buck Cantrell? It'd take more than
any girl to crush Buck. Does he look
crushed?

(he glances across the
room)

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.1)

CAMERA FANS to pick up Buck Cantrell, General Bogardus and a group. The men hold toddy glasses. Buck is leading the conversation.

BUCK:

(grinning)

-- hounds all over 'em.
And Mac in there with his
knife, high-tailing 'round
with the bear, 'til the only
way you could tell which was
which, he had a hat on. Laugh?
I thought I'd --

(he breaks off
suddenly and
turns)

Yes'm, Miss Belle?

AUNT BELLE:

(entering scene -
in an undertone to
General)

Theophilus, that child ain't
here yet! You're her guardian.
You'll have to speak to her!

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

You're her aunt, Miss Belle.
Why don't you? Girl never was
on time for anything in her
life.

AUNT BELLE:

It's outrageous of her!

BUCK:

Ah, time ain't so important,
Miss Belle. Seem like the
longer I live, the more there
is of it.

20. MED. SHOT EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF JULIE'S HOUSE
JULIE, TI BAT DAY

JULIE MARSDEN is about twenty. Beautiful, imperious. She wears a graceful city riding habit of the period. She is just dismounting from a fine looking horse. TI BAT, a fifteen year old darky boy in groom's livery is holding Julie's horse and his own.

JULIE:

Take 'em around.

(severely, as her
horse dances and
Ti Bat seems apprehensive)

Now Ti Bat, you can't handle horses
with your eyes bulging out like
that.

(bulging her eyes)

He knows you're scared.

TI BAT:

Yas'm, Miss Julie -- but he
bite.

Julie hooks up the train of her habit with her crop
and throws it over her shoulder.

JULIE:

Then you just plainly bite him
back!

CAMERA HOLDS on Ti Bat's startled face for an instant, then picks up Julie as she runs up the steps and enters the hall.

21. MED. GROUP SHOT THE HALL UNCLE CATO, JULIE

UNCLE CATO:

Praise be, Miss Julie! Miss Belle
been nigh onto a fit.

ZETTE is coming down the stairs. Zette is a smart, trim
young mulatto, Julie's personal maid. She stands, ob-
viously flustered and hurried until Julie has finished
speaking.

JULIE:

(hurriedly - to Uncle Cato)

I know! I'm late.

ZETTE:

Miss Julie! I done laid out your
party dress.

JULIE:

Thanks. No time, Zette! Got to go
in to my guests.

She hurriedly tosses her crop to Cato, flicks the train
of her habit over her arm and turns to the drawing room.

UNCLE CATO:

(horrified)

Miss Julie! In 'em hawse clo'se?

JULIE:

They won't mind!

She steps purposefully toward the door. Uncle Cato still
looks horrified.

22. MED. SHOT THE DRAWING ROOM JULIE, THE GUESTS

Julie stands in the doorway. There is an ad lib murmur
of surprise. Aunt Belle comes up to her hurriedly.
Julie smiles at her.

JULIE:

(smiling - coming forward)

Good evenin', everybody. Terribly
sorry to be late! I had trouble with
the colt.

AUNT BELLE:

(sotto voce)

Julie! A riding habit!

(CONTINUED)

22 (Cont.)

JULIE:
 (sotto voce)
 No time to change.
 (she starts to move into
 the room)
 Stephanie!

STEPHANIE:
 (stoutly)
 I think it looks lovely!

JULIE:
 (squeezing her hand)
 Honey.
 (to Ted)
 How you, Ted?

TED:
 Fine as frog's hair!

Julie smiles, flicks his arm and moves on. CAMERA MOVES with Julie as she smiles and inaudibly greets one or two other groups. She reaches Mrs. Kendrick and Mrs. Petion and one or two others.

JULIE:
 (her manner slightly
 more formal)
 How do you do?

The ladies murmur ad lib greetings.

JULIE:
 (continuing)
 So sorry! But you know, when a colt gets high-headed, it's teach him his manners right now or ruin him?

MRS. KENDRICK:
 (pointedly but politely)
 Yes -- that's so important, isn't it?

Julie smiles, inclines her head and passes on. CAMERA HOLDS on the group as Uncle Cato passes a tray laden with sherry in glasses and toddies.

MRS. PETION:
 (taking sherry)
 Well, I declare! I hope I'm broad-minded, but I must say!

UNCLE CATO:
 (indicating)
 'Em's sherry, ma'm -- for the ladies.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. KENDRICK:

(grimly -- taking sherry)
I know what Stephanie'd get if she
did such a thing -- big as she is!
I always say, "Spare the rod and
spoil the child".

Uncle Cato moves off to another group, CAMERA FOLLOWING.
IT STOPS ON A:

23. MED. CLOSE SHOT OF GROUP JULIE, STEPHANIE, AUNT BELLE
TED, BUCK, DICK AND MOLLY ALLEN

As Uncle Cato comes into the scene and serves the others
of the group. Molly is embracing Julie, commenting
enthusiastically.

MOLLY:

-- and it all sounds so thrilling,
darling -- living way up north in
New York -- Oh Julie, I wish you
and Pres all the happiness --

JULIE:

(finishing it for her)
-- the best of health and the most
of prosperity!
(then glancing at Molly)
Molly, you said the very same thing
the last time Pres and I were engaged.

MOLLY:

(putting her hand
on Dick's arm)
Anyway, I want you and Pres to be
as happy as Dick and I have been.

DICK:

(grinning)
P.T. Barnum, presenting the Allens!
Six months married and models of
felicity.

As they all laugh, Uncle Cato stops before Julie with the
tray. She reaches for a toddy.

AUNT BELLE:

(pointedly as she sees Julie)
My dear, the toddies are for the
gentlemen.

JULIE:

(to Uncle Cato)
With whiskey?

UNCLE CATO:

The very best ob Bourbon, Mis' Julie.

Julie:

(taking the toddy)
That's fine, Uncle Cato.

(CONTINUED)

23 (Cont.)

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18.

The group exchange looks as Aunt Belle shrugs helplessly.
Buck raises his glass to Julie.

BUCK:

To the very good health of the future
Mrs. Dillard.

24. CLOSE SHOT JULIE AND BUCK

JULIE:

(a little archly)
Aren't you going to wish me happiness,
too?

BUCK:

(lightly rueful)
What's the use -- you won't get it.
Marrying a trader -- going up nawth.

JULIE:

(tartly)
Pres is a banker, not a trader. I'll
thank you to remember that.

BUCK:

(bows easily)
I keep forgetting there's a difference.
But you're not going to like it at the
Nawth, Miss Julie -- I tell you what's
a fact.

JULIE:

(eyeing him sincerely)
I'll be happy anywhere Pres is.

Buck can see that she means it.

CUT TO:

25. WIDER ANGLE

BUCK:

(trying to be jocular)
You won't like it at the Nawth.
(then, more to the others)
Why, you know those li'l ole white
beans? Hawse feed beans? You know
what they do with them in Boston?
They eat 'em, ladies and gentlemen,
eat 'em -- what I hear.

As they laugh and sip their drinks, Mrs. Kendrick breezes
into the scene and calls to Julie:

(CONTINUED)

MRS. KENDRICK:

My dear, isn't Preston ever going to arrive?

JULIE:

(a little acidly)

I'm sorry Mrs. Kendrick. I tried to persuade him, but Preston found it important to meet with the directors of his bank.

MRS. KENDRICK:

(a little disdainful)

Oh, well - I suppose a shoemaker must stick to his last.

Julie gives her a tart smile and then turns to the others and raises her glass as she proposes a toast with mocking solemnity.

JULIE:

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you a toast!

CUT TO:

26. CLOSER SHOT

JULIE:

(continuing)

To the firm of Dillard & Sons -- a venerable institution -- a financial colossus, with branches in New York -- Boston -- London -- and Paris!

DISSOLVE TO:

27. CLOSE SHOT A BRONZE PLAQUE

Its weathered letters read -

DILLARD & SONS
INVESTMENTS & EXCHANGE
NEW YORK - BOSTON - LONDON - PARIS

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO A -

28. MED. SHOT EXT. DILLARD BANK

It occupies an imposing building that dominates the busy street.

DISSOLVE TO:

Changes

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29.

"FEZEBEL"

29. MED. SHOT INT. BOARD OF DIRECTORS' ROOM

Seated about a baize-covered table are some of the city's leading merchants and planters -- hard-bitten middle-aged men of means.

At the head of the table is JEAN LA COUR, President of the Bank, florid, slightly pompous, sixty. Half way down the table, DR. TOD LIVINGSTONE, sixty-five, a hard-hitting ex-army doctor and one of the town's better physicians, puffs on a stogie and listens disinterestedly, while he doodles with a pencil. Dr. Livingstone, while scrupulously clean, is deliberately careless in his dress and his grammar.

Standing next the doctor is PRESTON DILLARD, thirty, lean, tall, fine-cut. He waits for the older men to finish wrangling - patiently but with a quietly determined personality.

FIRST DIRECTOR:

(heatedly)

Steam-cars! Ten million dollars to mess with another railroad!

2ND. DIRECTOR:

Who's goin' to ride on 'em? All joggled up with any kind of rag-tag and bob-tail! What's a gentleman keep a carriage for?

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

(without looking up)

What if a gentleman ain't got a carriage?

2ND. DIRECTOR:

He can borrow one. What's he got friends for?

LA COUR:

(interrupting)

Gentlemen! We are here to listen to Mr. Dillard's plan for underwriting the Mobile Pacific!

(to Pres)

Mr. Dillard!

FIRST DIRECTOR:

Mobile Pacific -- and buildin' east! When you goin' to try to make us build a railroad to California, Pres?

(CONTINUED)

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29 (Cont.)

PRES:

(smiling)

I'm a banker, sir - not a conjur-man.
But I can tell you this. New York and
Boston are getting the freight from the
Northwest. And New Orleans is missing
the parade.

FIRST DIRECTOR:

(indulgently)

The river's still there, Pres. I don't
reckon even the Yankees are smart enough
to turn the ole Mississipp' around.

PRES:

You'd be surprised to see how they've
turned the flow of traffic around. The
railroads are getting it.

2ND. DIRECTOR:

Cussed, snortin' tin-tea-kettles!
Scarin' my horses! Every time we get
a colt, I look for him to be foaled
with a whale-oil headlight!

LA COUR:

And I do not think they are healthy,
tee. All that smoke! Do you not
think so, Doctor Livingstone?

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

(patiently doodling)

No.

FIRST DIRECTOR:

(shrugging wearily)

He's off!

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

Get us another dose of yellow fever,
like in '30 and we won't have us any
town to run a railroad into.

2ND. DIRECTOR:

I knew it! Let anybody say 'health'
and there's Tod Livingstone, surgin'
out of the cane-brake hollerin',
'Yellow Jack'.

(CONTINUED)

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21a

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

I was through '30, when we didn't
have force enough to bury the dead.
I don't aim to mess with another --
I tell you what's a fact.

During the foregoing, a timid wizened old bookkeeper
has entered and stands waiting at Pres's elbow.

PRES:

(to bookkeeper, pleasantly
but a trifle impatiently)

Yes?

BOOKKEEPER:

(embarrassed)

Miss Julie's groom, sir. He insists
to see you.

(CONTINUED)

29 (Cont.1)

PRES:
(a little annoyed)
What does he want?

BOOKKEEPER:
He insists that Miss Julie told
him to see you personally, sir.

Pres flushes a trifle as the Directors exchange knowing
smiles. He bows hurriedly and a little stiffly.

PRES:
A moment, gentlemen --

He strides to the door, followed by the bookkeeper.

30. MED. CLOSE SHOT OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF THE DIRECTORS'
ROOM PRES, TI BAT

Ti Bat, hat in hand, addresses Pres as he and the book-
keeper appear.

TI BAT:
The ladies waitin' suh.

PRES:
Is the party over?

TI BAT:
Yes suh! -- Mist' Pres, suh! Miss
Julie tell me ast you, would you
most politely drop what yo' doin'
an come!

PRES:
(impatiently)
Miss Julie?....Ti Bat you tell Miss
Julie I'm in the middle of something
important. I can't leave now. I'll
see her later. She'll understand.

TI BAT:
(worried)
Yessuh, Mist' Pres. She unnerstan'
all right. But likin' it's different.

Ti Bat goes reluctantly. Pres can't help smiling after
him. Then, as he turns to go back to the meeting, he
catches the bookkeeper, also smiling. The bookkeeper
hastily wipes the smile from his face and buries his
nose in his ledger.

31. MED. SHOT EXT. DILLIARD BANK JULIE'S CARRIAGE
JULIE, AUNT BELLE, GROS BAT

GROS BAT is an old negro coachman, in livery. Julie and Aunt Belle are sitting in a beautifully appointed victoria. Both are in street dress and hold absurd little parasols. Julie is casually twirling hers as Aunt Belle remonstrates with her.

AUNT BELLE:

(shocked)
But -- sending a message like that,
to a gentleman -- through a servant!

JULIE:

(smiling -- twirling
her parasol)
Now dumpling! Don't you fret about
Pres. I've been training him for
years!

During the above, Ti Bat has come out of the bank and crossed to the carriage.

32. MED. TWO SHOT TI BAT, JULIE

SHOOTING OVER Julie's shoulder, showing her parasol twirling, hiding her head, and beyond it, Ti Bat, worried.

JULIE:

Did you tell him to hurry, Ti Bat?

Ti Bat nods slowly, troubled.

TI BAT:

Yas'm, Miss Julie, I tell him.
(slowly shaking
his head)

But he ain' come -- that is, not
jes' precisely --

The parasol stops twirling, holds, suddenly rigid.

JULIE:

(sharply)
He isn't what?

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.)

TI BAT:

(in complete confused
panic)

That is -- he say -- you please to go
along -- in the middle -- 'cause it's
important -- he can't see you later --

33. MED GROUP SHOT JULIE, TI BAT, AUNT BELLE

JULIE:

Mr. Pres said that?

TI BAT:

Yas'n, 'at his very words. He say
you un'stan' --

JULIE:

(fire in her eye)

I understand -p perfectly!

In one gesture, she snaps the parasol shut and is out
of the carriage on her way into the bank.

AUNT BELLE:

(calling after her
futilely)

Julie!

34. INT. DILLARD BANK MED. CLOSE SHOT MAIN BANKING ROOM
SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR FROM STREET

Julie comes through the door and rudely elbows her
way past several startled customers. The CAMERA PRECEDES
her as she starts across the floor of the bank toward
the Directors' Room in the rear, her face a grim mask
of mounting fury. Customers and clerk gape bewildered-
ly after her.

35. MED. CLOSE SHOT THE OLD BOOKKEEPER

- whom we had seen previously with Pres. He is looking
off, his eyes widening with alarm, for he is obviously
seeing Julie heading his way. He starts to climb down
off his stool.

36. MOVING MED. CLOSE SHOT JULIE

as she turns off the main floor of the bank, toward the doors leading to the Directors' Room, we see the old bookkeeper standing timidly in front of them. Julie bears down on him and steps, as he manages to gulp -

BOOKKEEPER:
(with a sickly smile)
I'll get him, Miss Julie.

JULIE:
(snapping at him)
Thank you!!

The old fellow quickly slips through the doors.

37. MEDIUM SHOT INT. DIRECTORS' ROOM SHOOTING TOWARD THE DOORS

The bookkeeper comes through the doors and crosses toward Pres who is on his feet addressing the meeting:

PRES:
-- As I said before, gentlemen,
the South is doomed to economic
extinction unless it is willing
to compete with the enterprise
and energy of the northern
states! ---

The bookkeeper comes up behind Pres and hesitatingly plucks at his sleeve....

OLD BOOKKEEPER:
Mr. Dillard, sir --

PRES:
(turning on him
in annoyance)
Yes, what is it?!

OLD BOOKKEEPER:
(getting it out
with difficulty)
Miss Julie -- she's waiting --

He points fearfully toward the doors. Pres flushes with embarrassment as he turns to see the exchange of knowing looks among the directors. He bows a little stiffly as he manages to mumble -

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont.)

PRES:

I'm sorry, gentlemen....

He crosses quickly to the doors.

38. MED. CLOSE SHOT OTHER SIDE OF DOORS

Julie is pacing up and down. Seeing Pres come through the doors, she turns to face him with quiet menace...

JULIE:

Pres -- are you coming, or aren't you?!!

PRES:

(holding himself
in check)

Now Julie, please try to understand!

JULIE:

(stubbornly)

I only understand that you promised -- !

PRES:

Yes, I know, honey. But this is important --

JULIE:

(working herself
up)

I suppose it isn't important that I've spent a month having my ball dress made for tomorrow night! And that you promised to come and see it fitted. In fact, I don't suppose it's important what I wear to the Proteus Ball.

PRES:

(trying to stem
the flow)

Honey --

(CONTINUED)

38 (Cont.)

JULIE:
 (sarcastically)
 It's only you that's so important!
 I suppose Mr. La Cour and the
 others couldn't possible get on
 without you!

PRES:
 (with a grim
 smile)
 They'd leve to -- permanently!
 (then taking
 her hands)
 Now, Julie, you've got sense --

JULIE:
 (acidly)
 Thank you!

PRES:
 Right now I'm having the fight
 of my life in there -- a grand
 fight! I've got to get back.
 Just you run along, and later --
 to night --

JULIE:
 (scornfully)
 Don't trouble. I'm sure you'll
 be too exhausted from your
 terrific struggle.

PRES:
 (sharply)
 Julie -- you must realize --!!

JULIE:
 I realize only too well!
 (then drawing
 herself up with
 cold hauteur)
 Good day, Mr. Dillard. I'm so
 sorry to have troubled you!

She turns angrily and walks out of the building. CAMERA
 FOLLOWS her outraged progress back to the carriage. She
 gets in.

JULIE:
 (to Gros Bat -- clicking
 up her parasol viciously)
 To Madame Poulard's!

DISSOLVE TO:

10/25/37
28.

39. CLOSE SHOT OF A PAIR OF WOMAN'S HANDS

- deftly pinning the hem of a dress. The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

40. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. THE FITTING ROOM AT MME. POULARD'S

Julie stands grimly on the raised fitting-platform in a lovely white evening dress. Aunt Belle looks on, while Mme. Poulard, a sleek French woman of forty, arranges the folds of the dress, pinning it here and there.

MME. POULARD:

Mais oui! Ravissant! Ah, you look so beautiful, I could cry.

AUNT BELLE:

Julie -- it's perfectly lovely!

JULIE:

(fretfully)

I don't like the neck line.

(twisting)

Does this have to be so tight, here?

(indicating arm-hole)

MME. POULARD:

Mais, Mademoiselle! C'est la dernière cri! A Paris -- direct!

JULIE:

(twisting fretfully)

It binds. And the skirt --

AUNT BELLE:

(anxiously)

But it's adorable, Julie! It really is!

During this, a midinette enters the scene, a pretty girl of eighteen, carrying a dress on a hanger. It is a gorgeous creation of red satin - bold and saucy!

MIDINETTE:

Pardon, Madame!

(displaying dress)

Il faut un morceau de ruban rose ici, n'est ce pas, Madame?

Julie eyes the dress which the midinette holds, with interest.

(CONTINUED)

40 (Cont.)

MME. POULARD:
(to Julie -- crossing
to Midinette)
Un petit moment, Mademoiselle.
(to Midinette)
Hm! Je crois que non....

41. MED. CLOSE SHOT JULIE AND AUNT BELLE

AUNT BELLE:
Pres has always loved you in white
If he isn't simply bowled over by
it, I won't know what to think.

JULIE:
(still looking off at
red dress)
Yes....

42. MED. CLOSE SHOT

MME. POULARD:
(ad lib -- to Midinette)

MIDINETTE:
(starting away)
Merci, madame.

JULIE:
(slowly -- to Midinette)
Wait a minute -- Bring that over here.

MIDINETTE:
(approaching)
Oui, Mademoiselle.

The Midinette holds the dress, displaying it. She is
a cute little trick and she doesn't care who she sells
it to.

JULIE:
(to Aunt Belle)
Saucy -- isn't it?

MME. POULARD:
(ad lib -- protesting)

(CONTINUED)

42 (Cont.)

AUNT BELLE:
(sniffing)
-- and vulgar!

JULIE:
(grinning)
Yes, isn't it!
(to Madame Poulard)
Madame Poulard, help me off with this.

Julie begins unhooking the white dress.

AUNT BELLE:
(horrified)
Julie! What are you doin'!

JULIE:
If it fits me, I'm going to have it!
For the Olympus Ball.

AUNT BELLE:
A red dress! For the Olympus Ball?
You're out of your senses!

MME. POULARD:
(scandalized)
Absolument, non!
(as Julie continues
to unhook)
Non, Mademoiselle! Non, non, non!
Mais! Mais! C'est le modele de
cette Marie Vickaire!

AUNT BELLE:
(shocked)
That creature!.....Julie! Did you
hear what Madame Poulard said? That
infamous Vickers woman!

JULIE:
(gaily)
Marie Vickers couldn't do it justice.

MME. POULARD:
(ad lib -- protesting)

AUNT BELLE:
(desperately)
Child! You're out of your mind! You
know you can't wear a red dress at an
Olympus Ball!

(CONTINUED)

42 (Cont.1)

JULIE:

Can't I? I'm going to! This is 1850
dumpling -- 1850! Not the dark ages.
Girls don't have to simper around in
white just because they're not married.

AUNT BELLE:

In New Orleans they do! Julie! You'd
insult every woman on the floor!

MME. POULARD:

Mademoiselle! Your Aunt is right...
vous etes jeune fille.
(ad lib in rapid French
to)
Look Mademoiselle, how beautiful it
is!

JULIE:

(silly -- but firmly)
Madame Poulard, will you kindly get
me out of this!

AUNT BELLE:

Julie! You can't be serious!

JULIE:

Never more serious in my life!
(to Midinette)
Come here!
(as she pulls the
white dress over
her head)

AUNT BELLE:

(feebly)
But think of Pres!

43. CLOSE SHOT JULIE

standing in a dress from in her pantalettes. Her face
is alight with mischievous malice.

JULIE:

That's just what I am thinking of!

As she begins to pull on the red dress -

DISSOLVE TO: _____

44. INT. DIRECTORS' ROOM A BANK
MED. GROUP SHOT PRES, DR. LIVINGSTONE, LA COUR

The room is lettered as from a long session. La Cour is just leaving.

LA COUR:

(from doorway -- to Pres)

I cannot say I am convinced. But I am willing to consider -- to think!

(he bows)

Gentlemen!

PRES AND DR. LIVINGSTONE:

(together)

Mr. La Cour!

Evenin', Jean!

La Cour exits. Pres, looking tired and tense begins listlessly to stuff papers into his portfolio.

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

Cheer up, son! You've got Jean La Cour to thinkin' anyhow. And that, my boy, is as good as startin' a balky mule.

PRES:

(with a wan smile)

It took your support, Doctor.

45. MED. CLOSE SHOT THE TWO

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

(putting his hand on Pres' shoulder affectionately)

Nonsense! I'd always stand with Tom Dillard's son, right or wrong! Best man I ever knew -- Don't breed men like that nowadays -- and you measured right up to him this afternoon.

PRES:

(looking up and slowly shaking his head)

No, I reckon not, Doctor...

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

(glancing at him keenly)

You been havin' you some little ruckus with Miss Julie?

PRES:

(quietly)

If you don't mind, sir!

(CONTINUED)

45 (Cont.)

DR. LIVINGSTONE:
 Why, certainly -- certainly! None
 of my business anyhow. But, speakin'
 abstractly -- nothing personal intended
 -- your generation don't understand the
 darlings.

He picks up his hat from the table.

FRES:
 (a trifle thoughtfully)
 Why -- maybe not.

DR. LIVINGSTONE:
 (preparing to leave)
 Absolutely not, my boy! Woman, sir,
 is a chalice -- a frail, delicate
 chalice, to be cherished and protected.
 But nowadays -- humph! No proper re-
 spect for our Southern womanhood. Think
 your father would have allowed the lady
 of his choice to come surgin' into his
 place of business?

FRES:
 (with a tired smile)
 But what would he have done, sir?

46. MED. CLOSE SHOT DR. LIVINGSTONE SHOOTING PAST PRES

He crosses to the hat rack for his cane as he speaks
 with gloating conviction...

DR. LIVINGSTONE:
 He'd have cut him a hickory, sir --
 a hickory. He'd have flailed the
 livin' daylights out of her -- and
 then helped her put lard on the welts
 and bought her a diamond brooch.
 (moving toward the
 doors)
 That's what he'd have done, sir --
 and she'd have loved it! --

He claps on his hat, crooks the cane under his arm
 and continues a little pointedly:

DR. LIVINGSTONE:
 Good day, my boy!

He starts through the doors.

47. CLOSE SHOT PRES

PRES:

(calling off with
an indulgent smile)

Thanks, Doctor. Goodbye...

As he turns back to continue putting away his papers his amused smile slowly leaves his face. He becomes thoughtful, obviously considering what the doctor has just said. The more he thinks about it, the better it appeals to him. Then with sudden resolution, as he starts to stuff his papers into the portfolio with new found energy -

DISSOLVE TO:

PART II TO FOLLOW

48. INT. DRAWING ROOM JULIE'S NEW ORLEANS HOUSE NIGHT
MED. CLOSE SHOT AUNT BELLE AND GENERAL BOGARDUS

The General is stomping about as Aunt Belle is pouring the after-dinner coffee.

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

--Well, she can't do it! Tell her so and no nonsense!

AUNT BELLE:

(helplessly)

Julie's mind is made up.

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

She's funning you, Miss Belle. She knows right well no unmarried girl wears colors at the Proteus Ball. Don't she know what a fuss felks'll make?

AUNT BELLE:

That seems to be what she wants.

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(incredulously)

She can't be serious! She couldn't do that to Pres. She knows the position he has to maintain in this town --

(then suddenly)

--and what if some man should make -- well, a comment on that dress in Pres's hearing?

AUNT BELLE:

(alarmed at the realization)

Theophilus! You simply must talk to her -- make her realize what she is doing. Be firm.

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

Firm? After twenty years of your spoilin' her?

AUNT BELLE:

(avoiding the subject)

My conscience, isn't there some way of controlling that girl?

GENERAL:

Controllin' her?

(he makes a gesture of hopelessness)

The girl's as dangerous as a water moccasin! It's a kind of atmosphere she creates. Let her come on the street, the young men are at it like game chickens!

48 (Cont.)

AUNT BELLE:

(defensively)

But that isn't Julie's fault, surely!

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(smiling slowly)

Did it used to be your fault, Miss Belle? --

(almost tenderly)

--Remember?

AUNT BELLE:

(pleased but shocked)

Theophilus! I certainly don't remember anything of the sort!

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(chuckling)

Tod Livingstone remembers. He's still got my bullet in him --

AUNT BELLE:

(as if she didn't know)

The ideal! You didn't quarrel about me!

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

Naturally not, Miss Belle. I just didn't like the cut of Livingstone's new Paris coat -- or something.

AUNT BELLE:

(a trifle thoughtfully)

And none of us ever married.

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(with a hint of wistfulness)

No -- none of us ever married.

Their eyes meet in silence.

UNCLE CATO'S VOICE:

(from the hall)

'Evenin', Mist' Pres.

PRES'S VOICE:

Hello, Uncle Cato.....

49. MED. TWO SHOT HALLWAY PRES, UNCLE CATO

PRES:

(continuing - as Uncle Cato takes his hat and stick)

-- Is Miss Julie about?

UNCLE CATO:

She's up to her room, suh -- but I'll tell her you come.

(indicating door to drawing room)

Jus' you rest in dere wid de folks, please.

PRES:

Thanks, Uncle Cato.

Pres crosses into the drawing room as Uncle Cato starts up the stairway.

50.

INT. DRAWING ROOM
AN ANGLE TOWARD THE DOOR FROM HALLWAY

NIGHT

Aunt Belle and General Bogardus rise to greet Pres, as he comes in.

AUNT BELLE:

(crossing to him with genuine relief)

Oh, Pres, I am so glad you've come!
I thought -- that is, Julie said you quarrelled again --

51.

CLOSE SHOT THE GROUP

PRES:

(casually firm)

Aunt belle -- it's high time we all stopped hanging on every word Julie says -- when most times she only half means them.

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

I was just tellin' your Aunt Belle the very same thing.

(as Aunt Belle attempts to protest)

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.)

GENERAL BOGARDUS: (Cont.)

Now, Belle, I am going to speak out.
That girl is high-headed and wilful,
And I'm mighty glad Pres has come to
realize it.

52. ANOTHER ANGLE GROUP
SHOOTING PAST THEM TOWARD DOOR TO HALLWAY

PRES:

(a little grimly)

I appreciate your interest, General!
But I believe I can handle this.

During this, Uncle Cato, looking troubled, comes
in from the hallway and crosses up to behind Pres...

UNCLE CATO:

Miss! Pres --

PRES:

(turning to him)

Yes, Uncle Cato?

UNCLE CATO:

(a little reluctantly)

Miss Julie -- she say would you mos'
politely excuse her.

Pres tenses as the others look at him, a little taken
aback by Julie's deliberate insult; Pres turns slow-
ly to Aunt Belle and inquires ominously.....

PRES:

Is she ill?

AUNT BELLE:

(shaking her head - worried
by the look in Pres's eyes)

Why no, Pres.

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(egging him on)

She's sound as a nut!

Pres bows a little stiffly to Aunt Belle and the General
as he almost mutters with grim resolution -

PRES:

You'll pardon me a moment, please.

(CONTINUED)

52 (Cont.)

He turns and crosses determinedly toward the hallway.

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(calling after him -
gloatingly)

Take all the time you need, my boy!

Aunt Belle can only gape after Pres.

53. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. HALLWAY
SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR FROM DRAWING ROOM

The CAMERA FOLLOWS Pres as he comes from the drawing room and crosses to the stairway. It STOPS with him as he slows up on passing the hallway table where he sees his cane, a straight, light mallaca stick, resting with his hat. His eyes narrow as he turns about, picks up the stick and tramps determinedly up the steps.

54. MED. SHOT UPPER HALLWAY
SHOOTING PAST DOOR TO JULIE'S BEDROOM

NIGHT

We see Pres cross from the top of the stairway in the b.g., and stalk toward the CAMERA, his face set in a hard, grim mask. He stops at the bedroom door. From behind it comes Julie's voice humming absently a snatch of Stephen Foster's "Beautiful Dreamer".

Pres listens an instant, then knocks sharply...

PRES:

Julie!! --

55. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM

NIGHT

The room is large, luxurious in a typical feminine way. Julie is standing at a large mirror, fitting the red dress to her figure, over the dress she is wearing.

Julie has turned at Pres's knock to look off toward the door. She stands listening as she tries to make her humming sound casual. Pres's voice continues through the door...

PRES'S VOICE:

(over scene)

Julie! -- It's Pres!! --

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.)

A little smile of satisfaction crinkles her face. Her humming becomes gayer as she carefully lays the dress out on the bed. Pres's voice comes OVER again, a little more insistently...

PRES'S VOICE:

Open the door! I want to talk to you!!

56. ANOTHER ANGLE JULIE SHOOTING PAST BEDROOM DOOR

Julie does not answer. She crosses quickly to the door and stands listening, hugely enjoying Pres's exasperation as he rattles the door knob and calls again:

PRES'S VOICE:

Julie!! -- Why don't you answer?

He pauses; and, getting no reply, continues again, his voice carrying a note of restrained patience...

PRES'S VOICE:

Look here, Julie -- you and I have got to straighten things out --!

57. CLOSE SHOT JULIE

She smiles as she raises her brows and nods. Pres goes on, his voice gradually softening...

PRES'S VOICE:

There's no sense to all this! I'm here because I love you, Julie -- and because I know you love me. But there are some things we've got to see straight ---

During this, Julie, her head cocked a little to one side, waits deliberately for Pres's voice to reach the proper note of pleading. As it comes, she nods slowly, smiling a little triumphantly.

58. WIDER ANGLE JULIE

PRES'S VOICE:

(continuing -- reasonably)

Julie -- I couldn't leave the bank today! You know that! I was just as disappointed as you were. Now, please, Julie ---!

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.)

Julie, now supremely confident that she has Pres where and how she wants him, and feeling that confession is good for the soul, lets him go on as she softly hums with satisfaction and crosses to her dressing table. With deliberate casualness and taking her own sweet time, she arranges her hair, pats powder on her face, puts a touch of cologne to her throat and ear lobes.

OVER SCENE Pres's voice continues. Its pleading is beginning to be forced and we feel a tinge of repressed anger....

PRES'S VOICE:

-- We've always had these silly quarrels -- Can't we stop? Can't we get together and talk things over?
(almost too humble)
Darling, if you'd just open the door, I'm sure I could --

Julie's continued silence is too much for Pres. He raps angrily on the door as he calls sharply:

PRES'S VOICE:

Julie!!

59.

CLOSE MIRROR SHOT JULIE

Julie can't help grinning -- a mischievous, gamin grin. She loves her power over Pres. But she instantly tries a look of wide-eyed innocence -- along with a swift, calculating glance at the door. Julie is deliberately acting before a mirror.

JULIE:

(innocently)

Who is it?

PRES'S VOICE:

(grimly)

Open this door!

Julie puts a final touch to her hair. Then she grips the hair brush, shuts her eyes apprehensively, and whacks herself first on one cheek, then the other, with the bristles. (This is the 1850 substitute for rouge). She gives her reddened cheeks a quick rub, at the same time biting her lips to heighten their color, and moves toward the door.

60. CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR JULIE, PRES

Julie opens the door. Pres is standing, stick gripped in one hand, the other raised to knock.

JULIE:

(mischief dancing
in her eyes)

Why -- Pres! Banging at a lady's
bedroom door! I'm scandalized at
you!

Her mood changes abruptly. There is Pres, the stick in his hand. He is mad clear through now and is obviously struggling with the decision to use it on her.

61. CLOSE SHOT JULIE SHOOTING PAST PRES.

She has suddenly made the delicious discovery that if he did use the stick, it would be the greatest thrill of her life. Covering her real meaning, she eggs him on with the taunt.

JULIE:

Well? Did you come up here just
to stand there?

62. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT THE DOOR PRES, JULIE

Pres can't go through with it. He shrugs wearily, acknowledging defeat.

PRES:

I came up here to --

(breaking off)

Julie, how long must we go on like
this?

Julie is furious with disappointment. She hides it under a tone of mock sarcasm.

JULIE:

Like what, Pres?

PRES:

Fussing, fighting -- like a couple
of children.

JULIE:

(eyeing him intently)

Why do you treat me like a child
then, Pres?

(CONTINUED)

62 (Cont.)

PRES:
 (smiling a little -
 advancing)
 Because you behave like one!
 A spoiled one!

JULIE:
 (retreating slightly)
 You used to say you like me like that
 once -- you never wanted me to grow
 up -- Remember?

During the foregoing, Julie has been moving back into the room, Pres automatically following. Now he is practically inside the door.

63. MED. TWO SHOT JUST INSIDE JULIE'S DOOR PRES, JULIE

PRES:
 (tenderly)
 Julie!

He takes her in his arms and holds her tight.

JULIE:
 (pretending shock)
 Pres! In a lady's bedroom! Now
 you'll have to marry me!

PRES:
 (suddenly realizing -
 then grinning)
 Zt!! There must be some way out!

Lightly, tenderly, meaningly, Julie shakes her head....
 Pres kisses her -- a quick but loverlike kiss. They
 pull apart. Pres still has his arms around her.

PRES:
 Look at me! When I came in, I
 was going to beat you!

64. CLOSE SHOT JULIE

Her face drops. She begins to look a little irritated.
 Her eyes narrow slightly.

JULIE:
 (very slowly and quietly)
 Now would you like to see my new
 dress?

65. MED. TWO SHOT PRES, JULIE

PRES:
(be-lying the line
by holding onto her)
It's what I wanted to do all day.

JULIE:
Well -- let me go then.

As Pres. continued to hold her, she indicates the dress on the bed.

JULIE:
(continuing)
There it is!

Pres stares at the dress. He lets go of her.

PRES:
For the Proteus Ball?

JULIE:
Yes -- isn't it lovely!

PRES:
(startled)
But, Julie, it's red!

JULIE:
Gorgeously red.

Julie goes swiftly to the bed, picks up the dress and models it, revelling in it.

66. CLOSER SHOT PRES, JULIE

PRES:
But -- you can't wear red to the
Proteus Ball.

JULIE:
(innocently)
Why not?

PRES:
(exasperated -- tossing
his stick onto a table)
You never saw an unmarried girl in any-
thing but white. You know that. It's
the custom. It has certain significance.

JULIE:
Are you afraid I'll be taken for one
of those girls from Gallatin Street?

(CONTINUED)

66 (Cont.)

PRES:
(shocked)
Julie!

JULIE:
(acidly)
I'm sorry! I forgot I'm a child! I'm not supposed to know about things like Gallatin Street. I'm just supposed to simmer around in white --

PRES:
You're supposed to know that you have a position to maintain.

JULIE:
(scornfully)
Oh! It might be bad for the bank -- is that it? Will you please hold another directors' meeting and let them decide what I can wear?

She tosses the dress angrily onto the bed.

PRES:
(exasperated)
Julie! For heavens' sake be reasonable.

JULIE:
Were you reasonable this afternoon?

67. CLOSE SHOT PRES SHOOTING PAST JULIE

PRES:
(slowly -- his face
hardening)
So that's it! You're just nursing your spite.
(flaring, as he grips her
arm and turns her to him)
Well, I'm not going to let you. You've made your point, now. For once you're going to do as I say! I'm calling for you tomorrow night at ten -- and you're going to be properly dressed for the Ball -- in white.

68. WIDER ANGLE PRES, JULIE

JULIE:
(mockingly)
Am I? But of course, Preston -- if you say so.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.)

PRES:

Don't be absurd -- your own good sense will say so.

JULIE:

And if it doesn't?

PRES:

(lightly solemn)

Then, my sweet, you and I will sit at home with our embroidery

He kisses her, lightly, a kiss which she accepts but does not return.

PRES:

Good night. Ten tomorrow!

He bows, squares his shoulders and exits.

JULIE:

(calling after him)

Preston -- you forgot your stick --

PRES:

So I did --

(smiling)

Forgot to use it, too.

JULIE:

(not smiling)

So you did --

She is looking after him with slightly narrowed eyes and stands there a moment -- then reaches for the tasselled bell-cord and yanks it vigorously. Impatient, she hurries to her writing desk, pushes her embroidery frame aside, sits down and hastily starts to pen a note.

69.

MED. CLOSE SHOT BEDROOM

SHOOTING PAST JULIE AT DESK TOWARD DOOR

There is mischief in Julie's face as she writes. The door opens and Zette steps quickly into the room.

ZETTE:

You call, Miss Julie?

JULIE:

(without looking up)

Yes. I've got an errand for you. I'd rather not trust the others.

(CONTINUED)

ZETTE:
(a little puzzled as
she crosses to Julie)
Yas'm ---

She stops cold when she sees the red dress on the bed.

ZETTE:
(wide-eyed)
Who-ee, Mis' Julie! -- 'at sure is
the mos' elegantes' dress! MM-mm!

JULIE:
(turning to her
suddenly)
You can have it -- after tomorrow! --
If you can keep a secret.

She folds the paper and seals it in an envelope.

ZETTE:
(without taking her
eyes off the dress)
Mis' Julie! -- it's like you nevah
said nuthin'!

JULIE:
(handing her the
envelope)
I want this delivered right away --
to Mr. Buck Cantrell -- on Chartres
Street. And, Zette, remember -- not
a word to anyone. Understand?

ZETTE:
(ducking and grinning)
I pointedly un'nerstands, Mis' Julie.

She starts for the door, still looking back longingly at
the dress as she adds --

ZETTE:
It's like I was struck stone dumb
in both ears!

As Julie smiles indulgently, and Zette goes through the
door --

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

83. MED. SHOT EXT. A WINDOW IN JULIE'S HOUSE

SHOOTING from outside. Julie stands at the window, her face illumined by a rocket-flare. She is looking intently at something on the street.

84. MED. SHOT EXT. CARRIAGE ENTRANCE OF JULIE'S HOUSE
BUCK'S CARRIAGE

Carriage drives up and stops.

85. MED. SHOT JULIE'S WINDOW JULIE

She ducks out of scene.

86. MED. CLOSE SHOT THE CARRIAGE

as Buck gets out in immaculate evening clothes.

87. MED. TWO SHOT INT. JULIE'S ROOM JULIE, ZETTE

Julie is in the red dress, partially concealed by a cape. As Zette enters hastily from the hall -

ZETTE:

Has'm! He here!

JULIE:

(handing embroidery
frame to Zette)

Zette! When Mr. Pres comes, give
him this.

ZETTE:

(staring at frame)

Give him this, Miss Julie?

JULIE:

(hastily, on her way to
the door)

Just give it to him. He'll understand.

She exits.

88. MED. SHOT THE UPPER HALL JULIE

CAMERA follows her as she runs down the stairs out of the side entrance.

89. MED. TWO SHOT EXT. NEAR THE CARRIAGE ENTRANCE
JULIE, BUCK

JULIE:
(calling softly and
tensely)

Buck!

BUCK:
(turning)
Evenin', Miss Julie! Your note said
ten o'clock and here I stand.

JULIE:
Is it true you killed him?

BUCK:
(uneasily)
Sho' Miss Julie, I don't rightly
follow you. I never did him that
bad.
(anxious to change
the subject and star-
ing at the red dress)
By Zing, Miss Julie! You all dressed
up for a hog killin'!

JULIE:
(modeling it for him,
as she grins signifi-
cantly)
I hoped you'd like it.

BUCK:
(uneasily, grinning back)
Makes me feel -- well, kind of all-
overish.
(speaking straight out)
Miss Julie, what you want anyhow?

90. CLOSER SHOT JULIE, BUCK

JULIE:
Buck -- I want you to take me to the
Olympus Ball.

(CONTINUED)

90 (Cont.)

BUCK:
 (startled)
 Miss Julie -- you do me a great honor ---

JULIE:
 (starting for the carriage)
 Then we'd better hurry!

BUCK:
 (stepping her)
 Just a minute, Miss Julie --
 (Julie turns anxiously)
 -- You had a set-to with Pres?

JULIE:
 (on her dignity)
 I'd rather not discuss it!

BUCK:
 (with quiet insistence)
 Guess we better had -- 'cause Pres
 isn't goin' to like it.

JULIE:
 (mockingly)
 Afraid, Buck -- that Pres'll call
 you out?

BUCK:
 (smiling)
 Oh, he'd do that naturally -- couldn't
 blame him much. Where do I stand -
 carryin' his lady --?

JULIE:
 (curtly)
 If I ask you to, isn't that enough?

91. CLOSE SHOT BUCK

Buck eyes her intently as he slowly shakes his head...

BUCK:
 Not this time, Miss Julie. I think
 too much of you to help you do some-
 thin' you're goin' to regret.

92. WIDER ANGLE THE TWO

JULIE:
(flaring)
I know exactly what I'm doing!

BUCK:
(unruffled)
Most likely you do, Miss Julie -- but
you're wrong. That dress could cause no
end of trouble. Folks'd keenly resent
your comin' to the Ball in it.

JULIE:
(hotly)
Let them! They're just petty and narrow-
minded!

BUCK:
(with quiet conviction)
No ma'm it's just that they got rules
and they go by them, same as you and I.

JULIE:
(her face hardening)
And you prefer to go by your rules?

BUCK:
I always have, Miss Julie. I reckon
you'll find Pres does, too.

JULIE:
(her pride stung)
Then I'm sorry I troubled you, Mr. Cantrell.
Goodnight!

She turns angrily and starts back for the gate.

BUCK:
(with a little bow)
Good night, Miss Julie.

Julie slams the gate shut after her. Buck slowly shakes
his head as he looks off toward the gate.

93. MED. SHOT INT. THE FRONT HALL OF JULIE'S HOUSE
JULIE, GENERAL BOGARDUS, AUNT BELLE,
PRES, UNCLE CATO, ZETTE

SHOOTING from the under-stairs door to the carriage
entrance. Julie peers in from the under-stairs door.
Uncle Cato has just let Pres (in formal evening clothes)
in. Aunt Belle and the General, both dressed for the
Ball, move from the front door to the drawing-room, as

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.)

Julie watches furtively. Zette, a little worried, stands on the balcony, peering down.

AUNT BELLE:

(to Zette, above)

Zette! Tell Miss Julie Mr. Pres has come. We're ready to go.

Zette stands staring down at her, uncertainly -- a little frightened.

AUNT BELLE:

Well, don't stand there like a bump on a log! Go along and tell her.

ZETTE:

(starting guiltily)

Yas'm, Miss Belle, ma'm!

Zette exits into Julie's room. The General, Aunt Belle, Pres, and Uncle Cato exit under the balcony to drawing-room. Julie slips silently across the hall. As she is about to enter the drawing-room, Zette reappears on the balcony, the embroidery frame in her hand. Frantically and silently, Julie motions her back.

94. CLOSE SHOT THE HALL JULIE

She raises her head, throws the evening cloak over her arm, bites her lips to redden them and advances to the drawing-room door.

95. MED. GROUP SHOT THE DRAWING ROOM JULIE, GENERAL BOGARDUS, PRES, AUNT BELLE

Julie stands in the doorway.

JULIE:

Good evening!

The others stare at her, with varying degrees of shock. Pres is suddenly grim. She crosses to him, lightly enquiring, as though nothing were amiss -

JULIE:

Shall we go, Pres?

96. ANOTHER ANGLE GROUP

Aunt Belle is anxious and worried. The General eyes Pres, worried, but a trifle hopeful.

PRES:

Not until you are properly dressed.

JULIE:

(viciously to the group)

Why must everyone be so proper?

(then turning on Pres)

Why don't you admit that you're afraid -- afraid someone will insult me and you'll find it necessary to defend me?

There is a shocked silence at this deliberate challenge to Pres' courage. Pres, cut to the quick, gets hold of himself, crosses to Julie and inquires with icy politeness as he indicates the evening wrap on her arm:

PRES:

May I?

Their eyes on each other, Julie lets him take the wrap. He holds it for her. She slips into it. Pres turns and smiles at Aunt Belle...

PRES:

Are you ready, Aunt Belle?

AUNT BELLE:

(a little desperately)

But, Pres --

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(deliberately taking her arm)

We are ready, my boy.

Pres turns to Julie and offers her his arm. A little slowly she takes it. He starts with her for the front door, followed by Aunt Belle and the General.

97. CLOSER SHOT AT DOOR

Uncle Cato, troubled and subdued, opens the door as Pres and Julie come into the scene.

PRES:

(nodding to Uncle Cato - almost genially)

Good night, Uncle Cato.

UNCLE CATO:

(mumbling)

'Night, Mist' Pres, Suhi

As Julie and Pres go through the door, followed by

98. INT. PROTEUS BALLROOM NIGHT
MED. CLOSE SHOT THE ORCHESTRA

Attired in formal evening clothes, the musicians are playing a slow, languorous waltz of the period.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY to a:

99. FULL SHOT THE BALLROOM

The dance floor is filled with waltzing couples; the men in strictly formal black - the women in delicate, fluffy white. There are no other colors.

100. MOVING MED. CLOSE SHOT THE DANCING COUPLES

They dance with a sedate, well-bred formality that underlines the character of the ball. There is an air of polite geniality.

101. INT. FOYER OF BALLROOM NIGHT
MED. SHOT AT DOOR FROM STREET

The foyer is already well crowded and more couples are arriving through the street door. They stop for ad lib greetings with friends as the men take the women's wraps and check them with their hats at the checkroom.

102. CLOSER SHOT AT STREET DOOR SHOOTING PAST CHECKROOM

Pres, with Julie on his arm, comes through the door, followed by the General and Aunt Belle. Their faces are set and tense, in contrast to the smiling faces of those about them. As they stop near the dressing rooms, which are in the foyer of the theatre (the Ball is held in a theatre with the seats floored over) Pres turns to Julie with a deadly casualness.

PRES:

Your wrap, my dear.

A number of the guests are standing about, taking off wraps preparing for the dance. Julie glances toward a couple of girls approximately her own age, who are staring as are the others, at the red showing below her wrap. Involuntarily she draws the wrap closer about her. For the first time she is beginning to realize what she has brought on herself.

(CONTINUED)

102 (Cont.)

PRES:
(reminding her)
May I take your wrap, my dear?

JULIE:
(hesitantly)
I -- it's a little cool.

PRES:
(inexorably courteous)
I think we'll find it much warmer
inside... Come.

Julie's head goes up. In a moment of courage she brazens it out, surrendering her wrap and standing out in her red dress. The girls turn away, giggling. Pres hands the wrap to an attendant. He offers his arm. Together they walk toward the door to the Ballroom. At this point the OVERSCENE music from the Ballroom comes to an end. There is a sound of polite clapping of gloved hands -- then an indistinguishable hum of conversation and the click of heels of the promenading couples.

103. MED. MOVING CLOSE SHOT JULIE AND PRES

CAMERA PRECEDES THEM as they make their way across the foyer. Julie stares stonily before her. Pres coldly eyes every man they pass, scrutinizing their faces for any outward sign of contempt or objection. The men's faces become wooden under his look.

104. FULL SHOT THE BALLROOM SHOOTING TOWARD THE DOOR
TO THE FOYER

As Pres and Julie enter, heads near the door turn. Rapidly, as the other couples see them, there is a discreet craning of necks and the buzz of conversation dies.

105. MED. MOVING SHOT PRES, JULIE

As they advance down the room, the guests begin to draw aside, unwittingly forming a lane, through which Pres and Julie march in a dead silence. In front of them, the ladies look startled and outraged -- the men perfectly correctly wooden. Behind them a buzz of whispering rises. As he recognizes acquaintances, Pres bows smoothly. Those greeted acknowledge it with varying degrees of stiffness. Julie looks rigidly in front of her. A man in the crowd makes a gesture to whisper behind his hands. At Pres' look he stops hastily. Another takes

(CONTINUED)

105 (Cont.)

out his handkerchief, with the evident intent to wipe his forehead. He shakes out the folds. As the flicker of white catches his eye, Pres stops short. The man is frozen rigid. Pres makes a slight inclination and goes on again. Julie, helpless, is running the gauntlet -- and doing it very well... Farther down the hall there is a group of men.

106. MED. SHOT THE GROUP

Prominent in the f.g. are Dr. Livingstone, Jean La Cour and others of the bank directors. A little farther on are Ted, Huger, Bob and others, some of whom we have seen in the hotel bar. Toward the far end of the group is Buck. The men are straightening white ties, smoothing white gloves, consulting dance programs, chatting. At a modern dance they would be the "stag" line. La Cour is speaking, sotto voce to Dr. Livingstone.

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

(in answer to a
question of La Cour)

Why -- I wouldn't call young Cantrell
deadly. But he hits about what he
shoots at. De Lautrec ain't to bury --
just a mighty nice simple fracture, is
all.

As he speaks, La Cour, glancing past him, stiffens in
abrupt amazement.

LA COUR:

(breathlessly)

There's Preston Dillard and -- zut
alors!

The stares of the others follow La Cour's gaze.

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

(with a warning touch
on La Cour's arm --
smoothly)

Yes, looks more like his daddy than
ever I saw him.

(with quiet emphasis)

And I never saw Tom Dillard look like
that without somebody got killed.

The men immediately around the Doctor recognize the
implication. They are suddenly silent, quiet, un-
comfortable.

107. MED. MOVING SHOT PRES, JULIE, THE GROUP

Pres and Julie are approaching, each stiffly erect as marionettes.

108. MED. CLOSE SHOT BUCK, HUGER, BOB, TED

At the far end of the group. Buck's face registers amazement, then a sort of grim, amused sympathy, with Pres. Ted is purely startled and troubled.

109. MED. MOVING SHOT PRES, JULIE

As they reach the group, Pres coolly halts Julie, who would have preferred to go on.

PRES:

(bowing)

Gentlemen!

The men acknowledge the salutation silently.

PRES:

You all have the privilege of Miss Marsden's acquaintance, I think.

There is a murmur from the men in which the words "Miss Marsden" and "My respects, ma'am" are audible.

JULIE:

(bowing)

Gentlemen!

There is a moment's painful silence. Huger tugs at his collar, Bob coughs behind his hand, with a muttered "Excuse me". All would like to bow out gracefully, but no one seems to know how to do it. It is Dr. Livingstone who saves the situation with:

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

Some of us were just fixing to go into the supper room -- pour us a little libation -- Shall we see you later?

ANOTHER DIRECTOR:

(relieved and emphatic)

That's right.

The ones nearest Pres and Julie, bow, and the men ad lib, "Miss Marsden". There is an ad libbed mutter of excuses. The group begins to melt away.

(CONTINUED)

HUGER:
(making an obvious excuse)
Yonder comes my partner. You'll
excuse me.

Pres understands and his face is courteously stony. Julie's chin is high; she barely acknowledges their leave-taking. The men look at Julie's face. They carefully avoid looking at her dress. Ted, troubled but puzzled, glances uncertainly from Pres to Buck. He does not look at Julie. Then Buck, with a flick of his eyes, sends Ted after the others. Buck has stood his ground to the last. As he is about to go, Pres, obviously ready for trouble, halts him with:

PRES:
(smoothly)
You haven't a partner you have to
meet, Cantrell?

Buck is sedulously avoiding looking at Julie's dress. He understands what Pres is doing and he has a heartfelt sympathy for him. He would like to leave, too, but he will not make an obvious excuse to Pres to do so.

BUCK:
Why no -- came alone.

PRES:
(deadly genial)
A pleasant evening, isn't it?

BUCK:
Mighty pleasant. Nice and cool --

PRES:
(looking at him steadily)
Do you find it cool in here? I don't
find it particularly cool. Do you,
Julie?

JULIE:
(in a strangled voice)
Why -- no.

PRES:
(to Buck)
I don't find it particularly cool --
Kiss Julie doesn't find it so. Perhaps
it's something in the atmosphere that's
peculiar to you.

BUCK:
(after a pause - by which
hangs the challenge -- re-
fusing to take up the argument)
Why no, I reckon not. Now you speak of
it, it's just about right.

(CONTINUED)

109 (Cont.1)

PRES:

It seems so to me.

Music starts.

BUCK:

(bowing)

Y'servant! Yours, Miss Julie.

JULIE:

Pres, please take me out of here.

PRES:

(with complete
cold suavity)Why my dear, we haven't danced yet.
Shall we?

JULIE:

(tensely)

No.

He takes her arm firmly and leads her onto the dance floor. The CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM onto the floor and moves with them as they dance. All the other girls on the floor are in pure white -- even to white flowers. We get the astonishment and consternation of the dancing couples as they see them. The CAMERA STOPS on a group of couples as Julie and Pres dance out of scene. The group have stopped dancing. They are looking indignantly after them. Abruptly one of the men takes his partner's arm and leads her off the floor. As they exit, the other couples stare after them startled -- then another couple leaves the floor -- and another.

110. FULL SHOT DANCE FLOOR

Gradually, almost in a widening circle, the couples begin to shy away from Pres and Julie and leave the floor.

111. LONG SHOT THE DANCE FLOOR SHOOTING DOWN FROM ABOVE

Julie is conspicuous in the red dress. Gradually, with increasing swiftness, the other couples (the girls all in white dresses) leave the floor, giving the effect of ripples widening out when a stone is thrown into a pool. Julie and Pres are left dancing in an ever widening space, alone.

112. FULL SHOT PRES AND JULIE

dancing. Julie tries to stop. In spite of her attempt to pull away, he holds her firmly and keeps her dancing. Her feet follow the music automatically, while her face shows concentrated fear and fury.

113. MED. CLOSE SHOT TWO MEN

In b.g., Pres and Julie are dancing, alone on the floor. The two men are the manager and assistant manager of the ball. For an instant they argue in pantomime, glancing tensely at Pres and Julie, then as the second man nods agreement, the first man turns towards the orchestra.

114. FULL SHOT THE DANCE FLOOR

Black coats and white dresses line the walls as Pres and Julie dance alone. The manager hurries across the floor toward the orchestra.

115. CLOSE SHOT PRES AND JULIE

dancing. The music dies jerkily, then stops abruptly. Pres' face hardens.

116. MED. SHOT PRES, JULIE THE ORCHESTRA BEHIND THEM

Pres turns toward the orchestra leader. He signals him to go on playing. Worried and puzzled, the orchestra leader shakes his head.

PRES:

(coldly and clearly)

Go on -- play! ---

There is an instant of hesitation, then jerkily, out of time, one piece after another, the orchestra takes up again.

117. CLOSE MOVING SHOT PRES AND JULIE

Julie is in a cold fury of rage and humiliation. Pres coldly casual, holds her in a vice-like grip, forcing her to dance, as if nothing had happened.

(CONTINUED)

117 (Cont.)

JULIE:

(desperately, under
her breath)Pres! Let go of me. If you don't
let go of me --

He makes no reply. She tries vainly to free herself of his grip, but he tightens it harder. Julie is practically at the point of murder, but there is an indication in the way her feet keep time to the music and her body bends itself to Pres', that she is getting an unaccustomed and startling thrill out of his mastery. As she eyes Pres venomously, they continue to dance toward the entrance --

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

118. MED SHOT EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OF JULIE'S NEW ORLEANS HOUSE
LATER THAT NIGHT

Julie's carriage comes down the street and pulls up in front of Julie's house.

119. CLOSER SHOT AT CARRIAGE

In the carriage Pres sits between Aunt Belle and Julie who seems strangely subdued and preoccupied.

Gros Bat has to poke the sleepy Ti Bat to get him to climb down and open the carriage door.

In a dull heavy silence Pres helps Aunt Belle and Julie out of the carriage and crosses with them to the steps leading to the front door of the house.

120. MED. CLOSE SHOT FRONT DOOR SHOOTING TOWARD STEPS

As they come up to the door, Pres takes Aunt Belle's key and opens it for them. The women step through the door and turn in surprise as Pres remains behind and calls quietly to Aunt Belle....

PRES:

Good night, Aunt Belle....

(then pointedly to Julie)

Goodbye, Julie.

As Aunt Belle goes off-scene -

121. CLOSER SHOT JULIE AND PRES

JULIE:

(with slow anxiety)

Is that all you've got to say to me?

PRES:

(quietly)

There's nothing more to say.

JULIE:

(this is hard to say)

Even if I was wrong?

(CONTINUED)

121 (Cont.)

PRES:

(bitterly)

You couldn't be wrong! You're Julie
Dillard!

Her honest impulse to admit her fault thus snubbed by
Pres, Julie reverts to type...She gets mad.

JULIE:

(a little scornfully)

Am I to get down on my knees?!

PRES:

(acidly)

It would be interesting but utterly
useless..

122. WIDER ANGLE

JULIE:

(holding herself in
check)

Evidently you've made up your mind...

PRES:

(with provoking
smile)

No, Julie -- You've made up my mind.

JULIE:

(trying desperately
to be casual)

Well, then - goodbye, Pres.

She extends her hand to him. As he is about to take it,
Julie, unable to control herself, suddenly raises her
hand and slaps him hard across the face.

Pres tightens momentarily as he looks intently at Julie.
Then he relaxes and a pitying little smile crosses his
face.

PRES:

Goodbye -- Julie.

He turns abruptly and goes down the stairs and out of
scene. Julie stares after him a moment, then steps
through the door and slams it behind her.

Changes

"J E Z E B E L"

123. INT. HALLWAY JULIE'S NEW ORLEANS HOUSE NIGHT
MED. CLOSE SHOT JULIE AT OTHER SIDE OF FRONT DOOR

Julie stands distractedly against the front door as
Aunt Belle faces her.

AUNT BELLE:
Don't let him - go after him!

JULIE:
He? - after him?

AUNT BELLE:
Yes, Julie - quickly! Oh, Julie,
you're a fool!

JULIE:
Not so big a fool...
(after a pause)
He'll come back.

AUNT BELLE:
Not this time, he won't - believe me!

Julie frowns. Real fright looks briefly through her eye.
Another instant and she might be out the door and gone
after him. But in that passing instant she is turning
away from the door and moving toward the stairs, proud
that she has conquered an impulse which might have cause
her humiliation.

JULIE:
Wait and see - he'll come back -
yet tonight, I think. If he does,
say I've retired. And tell him I'm
sleepin' late in the mornin' - not to
come around till afternoon tomorrow...

AUNT BELLE:
Julie, honey...

JULIE:
Tell him...

CUT TO:

124. WIDER ANGLE

Afraid that she might break down in front of Aunt Belle,
Julie suddenly darts up the stairs, desperately trying
to smother the sobbing she can no longer control.

FADE OUT.

PART III TO FOLLOW

FADE IN

125. FULL SHOT EXT. STREET VIEUX CARREE

The two wheeled drays with the cotton bales, caleches, Victorias, the bull carts, gentlemen astride spirited mounts, making them prance as a gentleman's mount should. The usual cries fill the street.

FRUIT VENDER:

Belle des figues -- ben PStits calas!

A gentleman picks a camellia out of a basket, takes change from his pocket, gives it to vender without looking to see how much.

A man in front of a hat store indicates with his cane a particular hat in a display of hats to the clerk in the store window.

126. ANOTHER ANGLE EXT. STREET

Huger, who is a little further along than usual at this hour of the afternoon, steps off the curb to cross the street, climbs back onto the curb again to avoid a slow, lumbering cart driven by a slumbering Negro and drawn by an aging mule. He observes the passing of the cart in swaying dignity.

Traffic halts. A general hubbub rises. Drivers shout, crack their whips in the air. The Negro on the mule cart wakes up, adds his voice.

CUT TO:

127. MED. SHOT AT THE REASON FOR THE JAM

- the funeral hack with its span of black plumed horses at the junction of Vieux Carree. A policeman, wearing a sword, maneuvers carriages and wagons to make a path for the hack, those who can see what the obstruction is, make no outcry. All the shouting is from out of scene. Various drivers of the vehicles close to the hack have removed their hats. The CAMERA PANS on the funeral hack as it proceeds. Other vehicles give it a wide berth.

CUT TO:

128. MED. CLOSE SHOT HAT STORE

The man, who in the previous scene stood before the window, comes out wearing his new hat at a dandified angle. Seeing the hack he uncovers. When the hack has passed he puts the hat back on his head with no attempt at style.

CUT TO:

129. CLOSE SHOT PARALINE VENDER

with the turkey wing, which she uses to keep flies away from the tray of sweets, the squatting negress crosses herself.

OUT OF SCENE the fruit vender's refrain stops in the middle.

CUT TO:

130. CLOSE SHOT HUGER

He steps off the curb again, focuses on the hack as it pauses, recognizes it with a scowl, turns abruptly on his heel, marches back toward the hotel from whence he came.

CUT TO:

131. MED. SHOT CAMELLIA VENDER

The hack passes between her and the CAMERA. We SEE into the hack through its glass panes, -- the coffin of filigree wood, a wreath on its lid. The hack goes out of the picture. The camellia vender looks after it. She is pulling out the petals of a camellia, letting them fall. The CAMERA TRAVELS UP to her.

CAMELLIA VENDER:

(as though she were
telling the beads
of a rosary)

Hail Mary, Mother of Grace....

CUT TO:

132. MED. SHOT EXT. HOTEL BAR

Huger, a little in advance of Durette, pauses and says over his shoulder:

HUGER:

Straight Bourbon -- and lots of it -- That's a fact. Ever hear tell of a man and his liquor gettin' yalla fever? I aim to carry all I can hold for the next fortnight -- and I advise you gentlemen to do likewise.

DURETTE:

(to Buck Cantrell -
who stopped in the
entrance to light a
cigar)

Cantrell, you hear that? Huger has got himself a brand new reason for getting licked.

Bob enters the scene. The CAMERA DOLLIES FORWARD.

BUCK:

(blows out smoke)

Huger -- he aims not to be carried off by anything but drink.

Now the group is passing through the swinging doors to enter the bar room.

CUT TO:

133. FULL SHOT ON THE GROUP SHOOTING OVER THE BAR

The bartender in the f.g., his back to CAMERA, sets Huger's Bourbon down before him.

(CONTINUED)

133. (Cont.)

BOB:

No jokin' matter. Looks mighty serious. More cases of it 'n we hear about. Doctors are callin' it by another name -- any old name but yella fever.

HUGER:

(samples the liquor
in his glass)

Every time I see ole dead-wagon
I take me four fingers of Bourbon --
Yesterday I drunk onto two quarts.

Now the others' drinks are set down by the bartender, who knows the preferences of these customers so well it is needless for the gentlemen to name them.

BOB:

They're figurin' on closin' up
the gatherin' places and maybe
quarantinin' the city, what they
tell me.

BUCK:

Ain't any more yellow fever than
this time last year. You never
hear fever talk in racin' season,
do you? -- Why? Because people
got somethin' better to talk
about.

Ted joins the group.

134. TWO SHOT BUCK AND TED

BUCK:

How you Ted? You look like some-
thing's workin' on your mind.

TED:

Pres is comin' back --

BUCK:

Why now, folks generally do.
When'd you get the news?

(CONTINUED)

12/21/37
71.

134 (Cont.)

TED:
Just now -- from Doctor Living-
stone. (producing a letter)
Bringing somethin' rare and precious
from the North, he says. What could
it be, I wonder?

BUCK:
A stem-windin' watch - maybe.

DISSOLVE TO:

135. OMITTED

136. INT. PARLOR OF JULIE'S HOUSE MED. SHOT OF JULIE,
AUNT BELLE AND DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE DAY

A change has taken place in Julie in the last year. She sits stiffly in a dark dress, a set expression on her face, as though she were exercising her self-control at great cost.

LIVINGSTONE:

-- Only a matter of a few weeks, I say, until the scare blows over. Be back in time for the Olympus Ball.

Julie looks at him sharply. The Doctor realizes he has put his foot in it.

LIVINGSTONE:

Give yourselves a breathin' spell up there on the plantation --

Something he sees through the window takes his notice.

AUNT BELLE:

Is there really cause for alarm?

CUT TO:

137. LONG SHOT THROUGH THE WINDOW DAY
DR. LIVINGSTONE'S HEAD IN F.G.

A hearse drawn by black plumed horses is passing.

CAMERA PULLS
BACK TO:

138. THREE SHOT AUNT BELLE, JULIE AND THE DOCTOR

LIVINGSTONE:

I wouldn't go so far as that, but the city ain't going to be so pleasant. The theatre's liable to be closes -- precautionary measure --

JULIE:

(deprecatingly)

The theatre! I haven't been to the theatre since... When was the last time, Aunt Belle?

AUNT BELLE:

"Camille."

(CONTINUED)

138 (Cont.)

JULIE:

I hated it. I won't mind if I
never see another play.

LIVINGSTONE:

(lame)

No parties --

Aunt Belle frowns at the Doctor.

LIVINGSTONE:

I strongly urge your going. Who
knows, maybe we are in for another
time like '80.

AUNT BELLE:

Heaven forbid!

(she is frightened)

Doctor Livingstone is watching after
our best interests I'm sure, my dear.

The Doctor nods.

LIVINGSTONE:

I am, indeed.

Julie shrugs.

LIVINGSTONE:

May I send instructions for the
house to be made ready?

Julie rises without making an answer and exits from the
room.

AUNT BELLE:

I'll try to persuade her, Doctor
Livingstone.

LIVINGSTONE:

Julie don't look as well as I've
seen her. Looks a little pale.

AUNT BELLE:

It's all I can do to get her to step
from this house -- won't go outside
except to ride that crazy thorough-
bred of hers -- and then I'm in fear
and tremblin' she'll break her neck.
Won't go any place where there's com-
pany, and won't have company in.
Young Mr. Cantrell and the others --
she hasn't received 'em in months.
They've stopped callin' -- only leave
cards.

(CONTINUED)

LIVINGSTONE:

What does she do all day long?

AUNT BELLE:

Tends the house, like no house has ever been tended. She's so particular, if an article is half an inch out of place, or if one speck of dust is on anything, she notices. Makes me uneasy.

The Doctor shakes his head, then cocks one eyebrow.

LIVINGSTONE:

You might be interested in a piece of news I got today. Preston Dillard's comin' back....

Aunt Belle folds her hands, inclines forward in her chair.

LIVINGSTONE:

-- Arriving Friday on the packet.

AUNT BELLE:

What brings him?

LIVINGSTONE:

This yellow fever business. We two stand together on what ought to be done about it -- so now it's busted loose, he's comin' back.

AUNT BELLE:

It's high time... I expect I know Julie like nobody ever will -- every crook and cranny of her....

LIVINGSTONE:

You ought to, Miss Belle -- She's more like you than you ever were.

AUNT BELLE:

(ignoring this interruption)

Maybe I love her most when she's her meanest, because I know that's when she's lovin' most.

The Doctor makes no answer. Aunt Belle rises.

AUNT BELLE:

I'll let you know about the plantation as soon as I can.

LIVINGSTONE:

(rising)

Do, Miss Belle.

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.2)
 He takes his leave. Aunt Belle watches him go, thoughtfully. Julie enters.

JULIE:
 I do believe Doctor Livingstone
 takes pleasure in frightening people
 -- particularly women.

AUNT BELLE:
 You don't remember the last outbreak -- you were too little. It was dreadful.

JULIE:
 I'm not afraid.

AUNT BELLE:
 I guess it's pretty serious. Pres Dillard's comin' home on account of it.

JULIE:
 Pres is coming home?
 (she smiles)
 Of course.

Aunt Belle looks at her puzzled.

AUNT BELLE:
 Did you know it?

JULIE:
 Certainly I knew it -- I knew all along. He had to come to me -- he couldn't help himself. He wouldn't know how to fight as hard as I have to keep from going to him. We shall be married...

(she weakens, begins to cry)
 I'm goin' to beg his forgiveness... I was vicious and mean and selfish -- and I'm goin' to tell him I hated myself for being like I was, even then -- I'll humble myself before him -- all that ever stood between us will be gone when he takes me in his arms.....

AUNT BELLE:
 There, there, child.....

JULIE:
 (her eyes hard and bright with excitement)
 Perhaps we'd better go to the plantation, now that Pres is coming. Of

(CONTINUED)

138 (Cont.3)

JULIE: (Cont.)

course... It's the place for our
meeting. We'd best start packing...

(calls the servants'
names)

Cato! -- Zette!

(to Aunt Belle)

We'll give a party -- we'll invite
everybody! -- a party to celebrate!

DISSOLVE TO:

139. INSERT A SHEET OF NOTE PAPER OF THE PERIOD

On it is written in a fine Spencerian hand the following
formal invitation:

--- and request the pleasure of your
company at Halcyon Plantation from
Friday to Monday.

Yours Sincerely,

Belle Flournoy Massie

As we IRIS DOWN on "Halcyon Plantation" -

DISSOLVE TO:

140. FULL SHOT EXT. JULIE'S PLANTATION HOUSE SUNSET

It is one of those imposing plantation houses that
gives the impression of well-bred luxury and wealth.
A wide driveway curves around a spacious lawn. It is
shaded by a great oak. Gros Bat and Ti Bat in the f.g.,
are standing on an elevation where they can see some
distance down the road. Their heads are cocked at
exactly the same angle. A black face appears in an
upstairs window.

ITS OWNER:

See any carriages?

GROS BAT AND TI BAT:

(together)

No carriages yet.

Out of scene singing -

CUT TO:

141. MED. SHOT JULIE (KITCHEN)

A group of Negroes. She is singing with them - a gay, tender song, light as laughter. After the chorus Julie nods delightedly.

JULIE:
Sounds like old times.

FIRST SINGER:
(in a kind of ecstatic
chant induced by the ex-
citement of the singing)
Old times come back!

ANOTHER SINGER:
Hard times fly away!

JULIE:
Good times come back to Halcyon!

FIRST SINGER:
Mist' Pres comin' back to Halcyon!
He gwine jine in wid we!

Julie nods, and smiles.

TWO OR THREE SINGERS:
(ad lib)
Good times come back!
Ole times come back!

The negroes laugh. Out of the dark laughter comes the song:

SONG:
Oh, Shoo my love,
my turtle-dove.
Oh, Shoo my love,
my turtle-dove.

(NOTE: Singing in a group excites a kind of chanting ecstasy in country negroes. The lines in the foregoing should be more chanted than spoken.)

Singing "Oh, Shoo my love", Julie runs out of the picture toward the house. CAMERA HOLDS on the singers. They make eyes at each other - giggle between phrases. We remain with the singers through a verse and chorus.

CUT TO:

142. MED. SHOT INT. PANTRY

Julie is sorting mint, putting the tender sprigs in a big bowl of cracked ice. Uncle Cato looks on, smiling.

JULIE:
You guess that's plenty?

UNCLE CATO:
I guess so, Miss Julie. If all 'at mint sticks in juleps, it's bound to be a powerful night fo' the gentlemen.

JULIE:
Remember, Uncle Cato --- A hard frost on the glasser!

UNCLE CATO:
(severely)
Miss Julie! When I ever serve a gentlemen a julep without the frost? Mist' Pres gwins know he's back home awright.

Julie runs out of scene.

CUT TO:

143. INT. HALLWAY

As Julie runs into the picture. Zette is climbing the stairs.

JULIE:
Any sight of 'em yet, Zette?

ZETTE:
Not exactly yet, Miss Julie...

Julie disappears through the drawing room door... re-appears immediatly.

JULIE:
Zette, dampen a napkin and run it over my mirror.

ZETTE:
Yes'm, Miss Julie.

JULIE:
And take my dress off the hanger. Lay it out. I'll be up in a minute.

CUT TO:

144. INT. DRAWING ROOM FULL SHOT

as Julie turns into the room from the doorway. She moves quickly from one vase of flowers to another, singing to herself while she is arranging them.

JULIE:

(singing)

Oh, shoo my love, my turtle-dove.

CUT TO:

145. CLOSE SHOT JULIE AT THE FLOWERS

Aunt Belle appears at the door in the b.g.

AUNT BELLE:
You're going to wear those flowers
without - fixing and fussing.

JULIE:
(laughs - then
seriously)
Everything's got to be right - just
right.

AUNT BELLE:
I guess everything is.
(observes Julie
steadily)
...and you, most of anything -- honey.

Julie embraces her impulsively.

AUNT BELLE:
Excited?

JULIE:
(takes Aunt Belle's
hand - puts it to her
own waist)
Feel my heart jumping.

The voices of Gros Bat and Ti Bat together are heard
offscene.

GROS BAT & TI BAT
(together)
Whee! H'ar comes a carriage! Carriage
comin'! Whee! Whee! Carriage comin'!

CUT TO:

146. MED. SHOT GROS BAT AND TI BAT

The big one flinging his arms about - the little one
jumping up and down.

GROS BAT:
Carriage comin'!

TI BAT:
Whee! Whee!

GROS BAT:
Man a-horseback, too. Whee!

TI BAT
Whee! Whee!

CUT TO:

147. INT. HALLWAY

Aunt Belle and Julie enter the scene hurriedly from the drawing room. Aunt Belle exits toward the main entrance. Julie runs up the stairs, her hands already working with the fastening at the back of her dress. Out of scene the shouts of Gros Bat and Ti Bat.

CUT TO:

148. MED. LONG SHOT EXT. HOUSE

As the carriage pulls up beneath the oak. Buck and Dick Allen follow the carriage on horseback. Aunt Belle is fluttering a handkerchief. Voices call from the carriage - Stephanie's, Mrs. Kendrick's, the General's. Buck and Dick make their horses prance.

CUT TO:

149. CLOSE SHOT INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM JULIE

before the mirror. Julie is halfway into her white dress, Zette helping her. Julie's head comes out of the neck - her hands and arms out of the sleeves. Zette smooths the skirt out over the hoops.

ZETTE:

Why you never wear this dress before, Miss Julie? It's the mos' prettiest dress you own.

JULIE:

I've been saving it for today.

ZETTE:

(understandingly -
grinning)

Yes'm. I don' have no hopes of ever fallin' heir to this dress, Miss Julie. I don'.

CUT TO:

150. MED. GROUP SHOT LAWN EXT. HOUSE

AUNT BELLE:

Guess, it's not much use telling you folks how glad we are to have you.

BUCK:

(a little stiffly)

Shucks, Miss Belle - I reckon none of us could forget the hospitality at Halcyon, never mind what!

(CONTINUED)

AUNT BELLE:

(easing the situation)

You haven't forgot your manners, Buck.

(with mock severity)

But you keep out of my kitchen! I haven't forgot the time you ate up my party pompano either.

BUCK:

(grinning)

Sho!, Miss Belle! Miss Julie and me, we'd been bird huntin' and we were hungry. And there was that elegant pompano --

AUNT BELLE:

You were both of you might reprehensible.

(she turns a little

anxious to the General)

Theophilus, have you heard from Preston?

GENERAL:

No, but I had a note from Ted. He said Pres would arrive on the packet about noon and he'd be responsible for bringing him on over.

AUNT BELLE:

Noon? - Then they should have been here by now.

STEPHANIE:

They might have had to wait for the Sheriff to pass them through the Parish line.

AUNT BELLE:

Pass them through?

DICK:

Armed guards are patrolling the roads as far up as Riverview and they're stopping everybody coming from the city.

GENERAL:

It is mighty bad in the city, Miss Belle - mighty bad. We're all mighty fortunate to be up here.

AUNT BELLE:

Are any gentle folks taken down?

BUCK:

Major Crandall's dead with it, for one. Ned Warrington's got it - and no telling how many others. There's talk about shipping everybody sick with it off to Lazarette Island where the lepers are. So where there's sickness in a house, they're keepin' it secret.

(CONTINUED)

150 (Cont.1)

AUNT BELLE:

Theophilus! We are safe up here aren't we?

GENERAL:

The Parish has always been above the fever line. They aim to keep it that way.

AUNT BELLE:

(with anxiety)

I wish Pres and Ted would arrive.

(remembering her guests)

Forgive me, please, keeping you all standing.

151. WIDER ANGLE

She herds them toward the front steps as she continues.

AUNT BELLE:

Do come in. I'll show you to your rooms - you can freshen up a bit.

STEPHANIE:

That must be Pres and Ted now!

CUT TO:

152. MED. LONG SHOT DRIVEWAY SHOOTING PAST GROUP ON STEPS

In the b.g. a closed carriage is coming toward the house. Aunt Belle comments a little puzzled as she watches it.

AUNT BELLE:

I wonder why the boys didn't ride?

BUCK:

(good naturedly)

Pres might have got a little soft at the North.

CUT TO:

153. MED. CLOSE SHOT GROUP AT STEPS AN ANGLE FROM DRIVEWAY

The carriage pulls up at the steps and stops so that the bodies of the horses and the coachman do not permit an unobstructed view of the occupants of the carriage.

As Pres gets out of the carriage and greets everyone with a cheery "Hello, there!" the CAMERA MOVES UP QUICKLY to a CLOSE SHOT as he sees Aunt Belle and embraces her fondly..

PRES:

Aunt Belle!...

AUNT BELLE:

(kissing him)

Pres, my dear boy!

(then looking off past him toward the carriage)

And Ted, and ...

She stops suddenly.

154. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT CARRIAGE

Ted is helping Amy out of the carriage. She hesitates a moment, smiling a little uncertainly as she looks off toward the group.

CUT TO:

155. MED. CLOSE SHOT PRES, AUNT BELLE, AND THE GROUP SHOOTING PAST TED AND AMY

They are all staring at her, frankly curious.

PRES:

(crossing to Amy)

Aunt Belle - everybody -

(beaming as he takes Amy's hand)

... This is Amy - my wife!

AUNT BELLE:

(almost incredulous)

Pres! Your -- ?

Aunt Belle tries to hide her dismay at this unexpected shock. The others show varying degrees of surprise. Buck recovers swiftly. A certain incredulous satisfaction shows in his face.

CUT TO:

156. ANOTHER ANGLE GROUP INCLUDING AMY AND TED

TED:

(enjoying their surprise)

Could have knocked me down with a feather.

(he grins at Buck)

There's your stem-winder!

AUNT BELLE:

(getting hold of herself)

Pres's wife!

(taking her hand)

My dear -- Pres's wife would naturally be welcome here. But you are for your own sake!

She embraces and kisses Amy.

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.)

AMY:
 (gratefully)
 Thank you! Pres's brother has been
 so gracious in his welcome that I
 really hoped the others he loves
 would be the same.

Aunt Belle looks at her a little troubled; then, recovering swiftly, she smiles pleasantly.

AUNT BELLE:
 Why, of course, we will. Let me
 present our friends --
 (as she begins the
 introductions)
 Mrs. Kendrick, may I present --

CUT TO:

157. INT. JULIE'S PLANTATION HOUSE MED. CLOSE SHOT
 JULIE'S BEDROOM SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR TO HALLWAY

Her room is much plainer than the one in her town house,
 but charming and feminine. The lighting is low-keyed,
 as the sun has disappeared.

Zette is standing in the half-open doorway, straining her
 neck to look down toward the front door in the lower hall-
 way, as OVER SCENE we hear Julie's voice tinged with
 excitement.

JULIE'S VOICE:
 Don't go talking! You do what I
 tell you -- keep your eye out for
 Mr. Pres.

ZETTE:
 Yas'm, Mis' Julie...

As Julie lights a couple of candles on her dresser and
 studies herself in the mirror.

158. MED. LONG SHOT INT. LOWER HALLWAY SHOOTING TOWARD
 THE FRONT DOOR

We see Aunt Belle, with Pres and Amy, come into the hall-
 way followed by the others.

ZETTE:
 Yonneh he come wid de others!

(CONTINUED)

158 (Cont.)

JULIE'S VOICE:

(anxiously)

Watch where he goes, Zetta! I got
to see him alone first!!

CUT TO:

159. MED. SHOT INT. LOWER HALLWAY SHOOTING PAST STAIRWAY
TOWARD FRONT DOOR

The sun has set with tropical swiftness. It begins to be dusk. Gros Bat and Ti Bat, loaded with luggage, cross toward the stairway and go up, followed by Buck, the General and the others.

As Pres, his arms around Amy and Aunt Belle, walks with them toward CAMERA, he is smiling happily at Aunt Belle.

PRES:

It was mighty kind of you to ask us
-- though to tell you the truth I'd
have come anyhow.

AUNT BELLE:

(mechanically - as they
pause at the foot of
the stairs)

I should hope so --!

PRES:

But I've got to go back tomorrow -

AUNT BELLE:

(startled)

To the city? But, Pres!

PRES:

-- Things are at sixes and sevens at
the bank. The fever's left us short
handed. But I want to ask if Amy may
stay... I want her out of the city.

AMY:

But Pres! Perhaps it isn't convenient.

AUNT BELLE:

(her pleasantness a
little forced)

My dear, Halcyon belongs to its guests
- and Pres's wife is, of course, an
honored one.

(CONTINUED)

159 (Cont.)

Pres gives Aunt Belle's arm a grateful squeeze. Aunt Belle's thoughts are racing ahead -- she must get to Julie before Julie meets the other guests.

AUNT BELLE:

(to Amy)

I'll show you to your room, my dear --

(she looks away
from Amy)

Yours and Pres's.

(to the others)

You'll excuse us --?

CAMERA PANS with Amy and Aunt Belle as they go up the stairs.

CUT TO:

160. AUNT BELLE AND AMY AT HEAD OF STAIRS

AUNT BELLE:

(talking to conceal
her agitation)

Is it your first visit South?

AMY:

(nods)

It's beautiful -- strange and beautiful -- and a little frightening.

AUNT BELLE:

Frightening?

AMY:

Because of its strangeness and its beauty, I suppose.

Aunt Belle looks at Julie's door -- what if it should open? She touches Amy's hand.

AUNT BELLE:

This way, my dear...

CUT TO:

161. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. DRAWING ROOM PRES AND UNCLE CATO

On a serving table near the door is a tray full of mint juleps.

(CONTINUED)

161 (Cont.)

PRES:
(now he knows for
sure he is home
again)

Julaps!

Pres takes a sip, rolls it on his tongue, smiles, then
grins.

PRES:
MM-mm-- You haven't forgotten how.

UNCLE CATO:
(delighted)
Me, suh? De head might forget, but
de hand remembers. Anyhow, Mis'
Julie she right in behin' me all day
to fix 'em jus' how you used to like
'em.

CUT TO:

162. INT. JULIE'S ROOM MED CLOSE SHOT JULIE

She takes a last glance at the mirror -- exits from the
room.

CUT TO:

163. MED. SHOT INT. HALL

Julie goes toward the stairway. SOUND of Amy's door
opening.

AUNT BELLE'S VOICE:
(out of scene)
I hope you'll be comfortable, my
dear.

AMY'S VOICE:
(out of scene)
You're everything Pres said you were
-- Aunt Belle -- and all I ever heard
about Southern hospitality is true.

Julie listens, trying to place the strange voice. Then,
at the sound of the door closing, she draws quickly into
the shadow of an alcove. Aunt Belle crosses the picture,
hurrying toward Julie's room. Julie comes out of the
alcove, starts down the stairs.

CUT TO:

164. CLOSE SHOT PRES AND UNCLE CATO

PRES:

Uncle Cato, how is Miss Julie?

UNCLE CATO:

(with a helpless smile)

Mis' Julie? Why -- she's jes' --
Miss Julie!

PRES:

(smiling)

Just the same?

UNCLE CATO:

(a little at a loss
to express it)

Well -- I reckon Princesses, dey jes'
natchelly grows up to be Queens --
dat's all.

CUT TO:

165. WIDER ANGLE SHOOTING TOWARD ANOTHER DOOR

- leading out of drawing room. Pres, smiling at the aptness of Uncle Cato's expression, takes his arm.

PRES:

Uncle Cato -- we've known each other
a long time. I'm back now -- home.
It's a special occasion...

(lifting a julep from
the tray and extending
it to him)

... Will you join me?

Julie's figure is framed in the door leading on to the
drawing room. Now she enters, closing the door quietly
behind her.

UNCLE CATO:

(touched and flustered,
but with dignity)

Why -- why, Mist' Pres! 'At ain't
hardly proper.

(he sees Julie)

But I'll kinda tek one out in the
pantry -- an' bless you an' Mis'
Julie!

CUT TO:

166. CLOSE SHOT PRES

smiling after him. He turns quickly as Julie's voice comes OVER scene.

JULIE'S VOICE:

(quietly)

Pres!....

CUT TO:

167. REVERSE ANGLE PRES INCLUDING JULIE

Caught off guard by her sudden appearance, Pres can only stare at her. Mechanically, he sets his glass down.

JULIE:

Are you remembering the time you wanted me to wear white? -- Are you? Well -- until now I never have.

She moves toward him and stops before him with a sure understanding and delight in the evident effect she has made on him. Then as he remains silent --

JULIE:

Got got your tongue, Pres?

CUT TO:

168. CLOSER SHOT THE TWO

PRES:

(forcing a smile)

Julie --

JULIE:

(laughing)

You said that plain enough...
(then suddenly serious)
Oh, Pres! What fools we were!

PRES:

(with his own meaning)

Please! That's over, Julie...

JULIE:

(misunderstanding)

Yes, of course.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE: (Cont.)

(then with sudden
tenderness)

Pres - I can't believe it's you
here - I've dreamed it so long!
A lifetime -- no longer than that.

Pres does not answer. He looks at her, beginning to be
troubled. She takes his hand in both of hers.

PRES:

(trying to tell her)

But, Julie -- I....

JULIE:

Not! Don't say it yet! I put on
this white dress -- for you -- to
help me tell you how humbly I ask
you to forgive me....

(suddenly dropping on
her knees before Pres,
who stands troubled and
bewildered at the sin-
cerity of her emotion)

-- See, Pres, I'm kneeling to you -- !

PRES:

(trying to raise her)

Julie! Don't!

JULIE:

(disregarding him)

I want to, Pres! I must make you
forgive me -- and love me -- as
I love you!

PRES:

(almost sharply)

Julie, please!!....

She looks up to him a little hurt and bewildered. Julie's
eyes hold on something out of scene. The CAMERA PULLS
BACK to show Amy in the doorway. Amy comes forward.

OUT TO:

169. MED. CLOSE SHOT. JULIE AND PRES

Julie's first thought is one of impatience at an inter-
loper. Her next - that she has never seen the face of
the woman coming toward her before, a fact extraordinary
in itself.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont.)

PRES:

(after he has
followed Julie's
gaze to Amy -
tensely)

Julie -- this is Amy -- my wife....

JULIE:

Your wife?

Pres's words serve only to tangle her thoughts, create a jumble in her mind. She looks from one to the other, her face a blank. Then, her inherited grace comes to her aid. She rises as though in completion of a curtsy.

AMY:

(smiling)

And you are -- may I say --
Cousin Julie -- ?

(in acknowledgement
of the formal charm
of Julie's reception
of her)

You have such charming customs
down here...

JULIE:

You're Pres's wife?

(to Pres, as if
the meaning of the
words were to be
dispelled by a laugh)
-- You're funning!

PRES:

Hardly.

Amy extends her hand. Julie looks at it. She is desperately trying to give order to her thoughts.

JULIE:

Married...on such short notice...

(she takes Amy's
hand)

My felicitations, Pres --

AUNT BELLE'S VOICE:

(out of scene
calling)

Julie...

CUT TO:

170. INT. HALLWAY PAN SHOT AUNT BELLE ON STAIRS
coming quickly down.

AUNT BELLE:
(calls)
Julie...

The CAMERA HOLDS on the drawing room door as Aunt Belle starts past. The group in the drawing room are in the b.g.

JULIE:
In here, Aunt Belle.

Aunt Belle starts, then composes herself. She enters the drawing room slowly.

CUT TO:

171. INT. DRAWING ROOM MED SHOT GROUP
as Aunt Belle enters scene.

JULIE:
(to Aunt Belle)
I was just congratulating Pres
on his marriage...

Aunt Belle is vastly relieved. Julie looks at Amy -- from the crown of her head to the hem of her skirt -- as if in appraisal.

JULIE:
(to Amy)
You from the North, Mrs. Dillard?

AMY:
(smiles)
New York.

AUNT BELLE:
(doing her utmost)
She was Miss Bradford -- wasn't
that what you told me, my dear?

Amy nods.

JULIE:
(as though the words
were difficult for a
Southern tongue)
Bradford -- Amy Bradford -- from
New York....

(CONTINUED)

171 (Cont.)

JULIE: (Cont.)

(she pauses briefly -
then)

You may find our customs -- as
you call them -- quite different,
Mrs. Dillard, from your country's.
However, I'm happy to welcome you
to Halcyon.

AMY:

(trying to make
friends)

Thank you. I did want to meet
you -- Pres has told me so much
about you.

JULIE:

(looking at Pres)

Everything, I suppose...

AMY:

Are you very surprised at --

JULIE:

(interrupting)

We Louisianans are impulsive,
aren't we? I wouldn't be very
much surprised at anything Pres
did.

Amy is left a little at a loss. Her gesture of friend-
ship has been rejected, but does not know just how.
Aunt Belle, afraid that Julie might get out of hand,
deftly veers away from this dangerous trend of the
conversation.

AUNT BELLE:

Julie! The others will be coming
down.

JULIE:

(dangerously self-
possessed)

Of course! If you'll excuse me
a moment --

Julie and Aunt Belle exit.

OUT TO:

172. CLOSE SHOT PRES AND AMY

Amy looks at Pres. She is troubled. Pres takes her hand, presses it reassuringly.

CUT TO:

173. INT. HALL MED CLOSE SHOT AUNT BELLE AND JULIE

They have paused momentarily.

AUNT BELLE:

Julie, child... I'm so sorry.

JULIE:

(pulling her hand
away and turning on
Aunt Belle fiercely)

For Heaven sake, don't be gentle
with me now! Do you think I want
to be wept over?

(her voice hardens)

I've got to think -- to plan ---

AUNT BELLE:

(shocked)

You can't fight marriage.

JULIE:

(contemptuously)

Marriage! To that little washed-
out Yankee! Pres is mine -- he's
always been mine! If I can't
have him ---

She lets out a little hard laugh, crosses suddenly and
swiftly to the door to the hallway, leaving Aunt Belle
looking after her troubled and worried.

CUT TO:

174. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. HALLWAY
SHOOTING PAST DOOR TO DRAWING ROOM TOWARD STAIRS

As Julie comes through the door she sees Buck coming
down the stairs. She stops and greets him a little too
warmly.

JULIE:

Buck! You don't know how glad
I am to see you!

(CONTINUED)

174 (Cont.)

BUCK:

(coming down to her
and extending his
hand)

And I am most pointedly delighted,
Miss Julie! ... Most pointedly
delighted!!

They both laugh gaily as Julie takes his hand, shakes
it cordially, flashing him a provocative smile which
is not lost upon him.

FADE OUT.

PART IV TO FOLLOW

FADE IN

175. INT. DINING ROOM JULIE'S PLANTATION HOUSE
CLOSE SHOT A LARGE SILVER PLATTER THAT NIGHT

on which rests an elaborately moulded mound of floating island. A serving spoon in a woman's hand is scooping a helping from the mound. OVER scene we hear the General's voice soothingly.

GEN. BOGARDUS' VOICE:
William Lloyd Garrison is a fanatic.
Wendell Phillips is another. They've
made a mighty touché situation.
But I can't believe that the intelligent
men at the North are plotting to destroy
our sovereign rights.

During this, the CAMERA PULLS BACK along the table to a:

176. MED. SHOT THE TABLE

Julie sits at the head of the table, with Buck on one side of her and Pres on the other. Aunt Belle is at the opposite end of the table, with the General on one side and Amy on the other.

Stephanie, Dick Allen, and Mrs. Kendrick sit on one side of the table between Pres and the General. Molly and Ted are on the other side between Buck and Amy. They are all formally attired in evening clothes. Julie wears her white dress.

Aunt Belle is serving the floating island from the platter before her into plates which are placed before each guest by Uncle Cato.

As the CAMERA ARRIVES at this end of the table - Buck is disagreeing with the General and replies to him with smooth sarcasm...

BUCK:
You sound right calm now, sir. But
what they tell me, you were rarin' to
go when you joined up with Andy Jackson
to fight the British.

GENERAL BOGARDUS:
I was a lot younger then, Cantrell --
and a lot foolisher.

CUT TO:

177. MED. CLOSE SHOT JULIE, BUCK AND PRES

Pres sits preoccupied with his thoughts, paying no particular attention, as Julie, a wine glass in her hand, smiles admiringly at Buck.

JULIE:

What Buck's been saying doesn't sound foolish to me. Most of it makes sense -- and I'll take the rest on faith.

She smiles meaningly at him over the rim of her wine glass.

BUCK:

(flattered)

Why -- Miss Julie, that's a compliment. First time you ever said I talked sense.

JULIE:

(gaily)

You don't -- much. But it's refreshing to see a man who knows his own mind.

(to Pres -- meaningly)

Don't you think so, Pres?

Pres has been sitting, occupied with his thoughts. As Julie turns to him, he raises his head.

PRES:

It's hard to know your mind some times... If only we could put away this stale old quarrel and give our energies to the Western development.

MRS. KENDRICK:

(nodding)

Exactly! I always say, 'Let sleeping dogs lie!'

She sits back with the air of one who has solved a whole national problem.

BUCK:

Trouble is, the Abolitionists don't act like sleepin' dogs. They're scratchin' their fleas all over the place. Looks to me we'll have to hang a few to get us any peace. This William Lloyd Garrison would look elegant that way.

AMY:

(a trifle shortly)

I'm afraid your troubles wouldn't be solved by hanging Mr. Garrison, Mr. Cantrell.

(CONTINUED)

177 (Cont.)

The others look a trifle startled at a young woman injecting herself into a political dispute.

BUCK:

(easily)

Why - there's plenty more, Mistress Dillard. I named Garrison because he's a traitor by his own say so.

JULIE:

And there's such meanness in a traitor!
(to Buck)

A man you put your whole trust in -
and who sells you out!

(to Pres)

Don't you think so, Pres?

Pres has been looking down at his plate and has not heard this. Molly touches him on the arm and he looks up startled.

MOLLY:

Julie spoke to you, Pres.

PRES:

(to Julie)

Oh, I beg your pardon.

JULIE:

(smilingly)

Oh, just "small talk". Don't trouble.

PRES:

(smiling apologetically)

I'm sorry to seem dull. It's - coming back to this house - all my childhood summers - there's so much to remember.

CUT TO:

178. MED. CLOSE SHOT PRES AND JULIE

JULIE:

(with brittle gaiety)

Remembering? A forward-looking young banker? I thought you were concerned with the future - not the past.

PRES:

(trying to play up)

Even a banker has memories.

179. MED. CLOSE SHOT AMY AND AUNT BELLE

Aunt Belle is watching Amy, who is looking off a bit apprehensive as Julie's voice comes over scene.

JULIE'S VOICE:

(laughing)

He ought to kill them then. Or
laugh at them. I do that myself.

Amy sees Aunt Belle watching her and dabs at her dessert.

CUT TO:

180. MED. SHOT JULIE AND BUCK FROM AMY'S ANGLE

JULIE:

(continuing - to Buck)

But I interrupted you, Buck. You were
just about to hang somebody for a
traitor.

BUCK:

Why -- for an Abolitionist, Miss
Julie.

181. MED. SHOT TO INCLUDE AUNT BELLE

JULIE:

(egging Buck on)

It's the same thing, isn't it?

AUNT BELLE:

(with a meaning glance
at Amy)

Please! Perhaps --

AMY:

Please, Aunt Belle!

(she smiles)

We're not all Abolitionists at the North,
you know. Most people I know are against
slavery - that's true. But we still feel
that the South can handle its own problems
without Northerners mixing in.

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

Bravo, Miss Amy!

(to the others)

Did you ever hear of the old
gentleman in Virginia? He made a
large fortune by minding his own
business.

BUCK:

(doggedly)

I still don't see why they don't hang
Garrison and those Abolitionist folks.

PRES:

(grinning)

I think it was Voltaire who said -
'I disagree with everything you say.
And I will defend to the death your
right to say it'.

BUCK:

(struggling with
the conception)

Pres - that don't make sense!

JULIE:

Maybe Pres has got a little beyond us,
Buck. We ignorant Southerners simply
expect a gentleman to go by his raising.

PRES:

(trying to ease
the situation)

I think we're all agreed on that.

BUCK:

(playing up loyally)

How I see it -

(a formula he has used
previously with success)

Cotton is King. Folks are bound to
ship cotton down river.

(opens his hands)

So how can New Orleans keep from
bein' the greatest city in America?
(enthusiastically)

Miss Julie, if I had cash to spare
from the racin', I'd put it right
into New Orleans bonds. They're
down now - 'count of the fever,
maybe.

JULIE:

Is that so, Buck! I wonder --

PRES:

(to Julie)

I don't like to disagree, but
there's more than fever the
matter...

(CONTINUED)

181 (Cent.1)

BUCK:
(sarcastically)
Being at the North seems to have
changed your point of view.

PRES:
(smiling)
Broadened it, maybe.

JULIE:
(simulating shock)
You aren't telling us, Pres, you
don't believe in New Orleans any
more?

PRES:
(deliberately
refusing her
challenge)
I've tried to study conditions.

JULIE:
(acidly)
Conditions...Buck, you never studied
conditions, did you?

BUCK:
I'm not much on studyin', Miss Julie.
But I'd like to see the book that told
Pres about how New Orleans was going to
be beat by any Yankee city.

PRES:
(still casual, but
willing to take up
the challenge)
Why, Buck - I wish it was in a book.
Be a lot easier to figure out.

182. WIDER ANGLE THE GROUP

PRES:
I've seen Boston -- it's bigger.
Chicago -- pretty near as big, and
come up in the past ten years. There
are plenty of others. It troubles
me about the South. We're dreaming -
and the dream is fading.

JULIE:
(quickly)
Why?

(CONTINUED)

182 (Cont.)

All eyes turn on Pres. He replies, hesitantly, but with conviction.

PRES:

I hate to say this - but in a war of commerce the North must win.

BUCK:

(nettled)

Win? That's a mighty curious thing for a Southerner to say.

Julie, who has been enjoying the clash between Pres and Buck, deliberately encourages it with:

JULIE:

Strikes me that way. But maybe Pres has learned why -- at the North.

PRES:

(to Buck)

If you must have it - it'll be the victory of machines over slave labor.

AUNT BELLE:

(shocked at this heresy)

Preston!

BUCK:

(a little ominously)

I don't know that I like that, Dillard.

PRES:

(coldly)

You're not expected to like it. And you're going to like it less when it happens.

BUCK:

You talk mighty like a black Abolitionist!

AUNT BELLE:

(anxiously)

Buck! Pres!

PRES:

(quietly)

I think you know I'm no Abolitionist. I believe the tide has turned against us. But I'll swim against that tide - just as far as you will, Cantrell.

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

Sho' we're all of one mind here. We hate an Abolitionist as we hate the devil!

PRES:

(pointedly)

Naturally! We claim the right to the customs we were born to, even some of us who question the value of those customs.

BUCK:

If you like mixed convictions.

(to Julie - casually)

Me, I'd as soon put cherries in a julep.

The two men eye each other.

CUT TO:

184. WIDER ANGLE

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(to Buck)

There are two sides to every question. I said that when we went into the war with Mexico --

JULIE:

Did you think about that when Torreon's lancers were charging, Uncle Thee?

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

No ma'am! I was plain scared!

A general laugh breaks the tension.

185. MED. CLOSE SHOT PRES, JULIE AND BUCK

JULIE:

(airily to Buck)

Frankly, I'm not impressed with Pres's nightmares. I've had dreams myself -- waking ones. But they don't come to much.

She turns to look full at Pres, who returns her look. She smiles scornfully and turns wistfully to Buck.....

JULIE:

They slip away from you -- and you wonder how you could have been so silly.

BUCK:

Sure is a fact, Miss Julie.

(CONTINUED)

185 (Cont.)

JULIE:
There was one mighty curious I had.

BUCK:
I'd certainly admire to hear it.

JULIE:
(smiling)
Oh, heavens! Nothing is as tiresome as
being told a dream! Shall we go into
the drawing room?

BUCK:
It wouldn't tire me any.

186. WIDER ANGLE

Everyone rises as Julie gets up and continues a little
sequestishly to Buck...

JULIE:
You're the only one who could make
sense of it, I think We will be
in the drawing room -- you gentlemen can
find us.

BUCK:
You can put ten to one on me, Miss Julie.

JULIE:
(to the others)
Gentlemen!

Julie, followed by the other ladies, makes a formal
half curtsy, and as the men bow, the ladies exit through
the door to the hallway.

CUT TO:

187. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. HALLWAY SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR
FROM DINING ROOM

The CAMERA MOVES with Julie and the others as they cross
from the dining room to the drawing room. Amy, trying
to break the strained silence, inquires of Julie.....

AMY:
Is this a real plantation house, Miss
Marsden? -- The kind I've read about?

Stephanie, glad to get a crack at Amy, chimes in before
Julie can reply.

(CONTINUED)

187 (Cont.)

STEPHANIE:
In that miserable book, I expect --
"Uncle Tom's Cabin" or whatever it's
called ---

MRS. KENDRICK:
(rubbing it in)
Stephanie! No Southern lady would men-
tion that book!

AMY:
(passing up the snub)
I've read it, Mrs. Kendrick. It's in-
teresting --
(then as if trying
to make peace with
Julie)
-- but perhaps Mrs. Stowe didn't know
all she was writing about.

JULIE:
(with a curt smile)
I'm sure she didn't!

Mrs. Kendrick plumps herself in a settee as she blithe-
ly proceeds to one of her adages....

MRS. KENDRICK:
Well, I always say, 'if you can't
write something elegant and elevating,
don't write at all'.
(then as she sees
Stephanie suppressing
a giggle)
Stephanie, what you giggling about now?

STEPHANIE:
(shaking her head)
Nothing, Mother.

CUT TO:

188. INT. DINING ROOM MED. CLOSE SHOT AT TABLE

Uncle Gato is serving the brandy as the men sit around
the table smoking their cigars and drinking.

GENERAL BOGARDUS:
(to Pres)
It's mighty good to have you back - the
times are unsettled...We need our good
men about us.

(CONTINUED)

188 (Cont.)

BUCK:

Looks like it, sir. If the Yankee nation don't let us be, we're going to have to go up there and teach 'em manners.

PRES:

I'm afraid facts are against your doing it as easy as that.

BUCK:

(rising impatiently)

And I think your 'facts' are mostly to scare women -- and sell Northern bonds.

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(sharply)

Cantrell!

BUCK:

I don't like hearing such stuff --

CUT TO:

189. WIDER ANGLE

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(rising)

One moment --!

All are looking anxiously at Buck and Pres. Pres sits at the table smiling slightly. The General crosses to Buck and continues....

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(to Buck)

--One thing you can't deny, Cantrell. We're the guests of a charming hostess -- In her house --

BUCK:

(easily)

Sorry, General!

(to Pres)

Most likely I misunderstand you, sir.

PRES:

(calmly, to Buck)

I don't think you misunderstood, sir. I expressed an opinion. There was nothing personal in it. Take it as you like.

BUCK:

(crossing away from Pres)

Why -- if it wasn't personal, I'm satisfied.

CUT TO:

190. MED. CLOSE SHOT PRES SHOOTING PAST BUCK AND
GENERAL BOGARDUS 108.

PRES:

(rudely)

Just understand, Cantrell that the question of your being satisfied with my opinions isn't of much importance to me.

Buck wheels on him.

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(intervening)

Gentlemen -- don't look like we're in the mood for political discussion tonight. Come! Shall we go in to the ladies?

DICK:

(relieved)

I am with you there, General.

TED:

(putting his hand on Buck's shoulder)

Shucks, Buck -- we're all friends here. Old friends.

CUT TO:

191. ANOTHER ANGLE GROUP SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR TO HALLWAY

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

Naturally we are! Come along, young man.

He takes Buck's arm and crosses with him toward the door.

BUCK:

Why General -- gentlemen! I wasn't meaning to offend.

As the General and Buck go through the door, followed by Dick, Ted drops behind, closes the door and crosses to Pres.....

CUT TO:

192. CLOSER SHOT TED AND PRES

TED:

Buck seems dead set to pick a quarrel with you!

PRES:

(smiling)

That's nothing new for Buck.

(CONTINUED)

TED:

(a little angrily)

And Julie -- she has set herself to fascinate Buck like a Gallatin St. girl!

PRES:

(with an acid smile)

Great ladies and Gallatin St. girls, my dear brother, have a lot in common.

TED:

(startled)

Look here! Has Julie -- ?

PRES:

(indulgent but firm)

The less you crack your teeth, the longer you'll have 'em, youngster.

CUT TO:

123. WIDER ANGLE SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR FROM HALLWAY

Stephanie opens the door and calls to Ted....

STEPHANIE:

Julie wants you both right away...Miss Massie is going to sing for us.

TED:

(seeing Pres preoccupied)

Coming, Pres?

PRES:

(snapping out of it)

Yes, of course --

As he rises, Ted goes out with Stephanie. Pres starts for the door but stops as Uncle Cato comes in to clear the table. As Pres stops and turns to speak to him, OVER SCENE we hear the introduction to a dreamy love song of the period played on a square piano and Aunt Belle's voice singing it, the others joining in.

PRES:

Uncle Cato....?

UNCLE CATO:

Yessuh, Mist' Pres?

PRES:

(trying to be casual
as he crosses to him)

How has Miss Julie been this winter?

Has she seen lots of people? .. I mean --

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE CATO:

Maw suh -- she ain't.

CUT TO:

194. CLOSER SHOT PRES AND UNCLE CATO

UNCLE CATO:

(continuing)

She ain't see nobody much. Jes' stay
in the house -- or ride the hawse --

(breaking off, worried

at having said too much)

Mist' Pres -- Yo' lady, she tek tea or
coffee in the mawnin'? I hears folks
eats mighty curious at the North.

PRES:

Coffee....Uncle Cato -- has Mr. Cantrell
been up here -- I mean before today?

CATO:

Why, no suh! All day today Miss Julie been
singin' with her folks -- down to the quar-
ters.

PRES:

Singing?

UNCLE CATO:

Jes' the ole songs, like we always sings
when Miss Julie come back. She was pick-
in' out yo' 'special ones -- say we gwine
sing 'em all together -- like always. She
say good times is back again!

PRES:

(troubled)

She said that?

UNCLE CATO:

Yessuh! She mighty happy like.

PRES:

(more to himself)

I see....

CUT TO:

195. WIDER ANGLE

Pres, absorbed in his thoughts, walks slowly to the door
and goes through it... The music and singing continue
OVER scene.

CUT TO:

196. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. HALLWAY
SHOOTING PAST DOOR TO DRAWING ROOM

Pres crosses slowly from the dining room door, to the
drawing room, pausing in the doorway. The music continues OVER

197. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. DRAWING ROOM
SHOOTING PAST PRES IN DOORWAY

The General stands by the piano, turning the music as Aunt Belle plays and sings. The others are grouped around.

CUT TO:

198. CLOSER SHOT JULIE AND AMY FROM PRES'S ANGLE

Julie stands a little behind the chair in which Amy is seated. Her face is tense and anxious in contrast to the composed calm of Amy's. Feeling someone's eyes on her, Julie turns to look off.

CUT TO:

199. MED. SHOT PRES IN HALLWAY SHOOTING PAST JULIE

She sees Pres crossing from the doorway to the door leading out onto the veranda. Unobserved by the others, she starts out of the room after him.

CUT TO:

200. EXT. PLANTATION HOUSE NIGHT
MED. CLOSE SHOT AT VERANDA

The scene is drenched in moonlight; the air is filled with the monotonous chirp of crickets, the croak of bullfrogs; and from the drawing room comes the sound of the music and the singing.

VOICES FROM THE
DRAWING ROOM:

(singing -- muted by distance)
Many months have passed, Lorena --

As Pres is coming down the veranda steps we see Julie come from the house and cross behind him. Pres stops, startled, turns and sees Julie with the moonlight on her face.

201. CLOSER SHOT PRES AND JULIE

JULIE:

(she comes nearer and puts
a hand on his arm, where it
rests on the gallery rail)
Pres! Why did you do it?

(CONTINUED)

Pres does not answer.

JULIE:

(continuing)

Why -- Pres?

PRES:

(not too convincing)

Because I loved her.

JULIE:

(shaking her head as
she searches his face)

No! You're not a fool, Pres. You'd
had my love!

PRES:

(looks at her - bitterly)

And lost it.

JULIE:

Wasn't that memory more real than
anything she had to give you?

(as Pres looks away)

Don't be like that, Pres - just tell
me.

Pres remains silent.

JULIE:

(continuing)

You must!

PRES:

(quietly firm)

Please don't, Julie!

CUT TO:

202. CLOSE SHOT JULIE PAST PRES

JULIE:

Shall I cry for you? Nobody but you
ever made me cry, and that was only
twice...And both times you gave me
what I wanted --

(looking at him hopefully)

-- do you remember?

PRES:

Yes.

JULIE:

(taking his hands tenderly)

How much do you remember?

CUT TO:

PRES:

Everything you ever said or did. And
it's past now, Julie. Done -- finished.

JULIE:

(getting closer to him)
I ought to have come to you. I wanted
to so terribly. It was because I wanted
to so much that I couldn't. You under-
stand that, don't you, Pres!

PRES:

(a little under the
old spell)
I didn't understand -- I only knew
what you did.

JULIE:

(seizing her opportunity)
I didn't understand, myself. But I
do now -- and you do! You do!

204. CLOSER SHOT THE TWO

JULIE:

That's what brought you back, Pres!
You had to come back to the country
you know -- you belong here! Nothing
can change that!

205. WIDER ANGLE

JULIE:

Look, Pres -- listen!
(she sweeps her hand out
toward the starlit dark)
Can you hear them -- The night noises?
Do you see the moon among the eypresses?
Can you taste the night on your tongue?
You an't get away from these things,
Pres -- They're in your blood.

Pres is silent.

JULIE:

(continuing)
You don't know what it is, Pres, but it's
part of you. It's the mocking bird in
the magnolias. It's the blue haze on a
spring morning, when the air's so soft
it presses on you like a kiss. It's a
red flower over a grey wall. It's the

(CONTINUED)

JULIE: (Cont.)

River --- rolling down and down. Rolling forever! It's the country you were born to -- the country you know and trust.

PRES:

(almost pleading - fascinated by her vivid nearness)

Please! Julie!

JULIE:

Oh, it isn't tame and easy like the North. It's quick and dangerous! But you trust it! Remember how the fever mist smells in the bottoms -- rank and rotten? But you trust that, too. Because it's part of you, Pres -- just as I'm part of you! And we'll never let you go!

With that, she is in his arms, her lips on his, in a passionate kiss. Pres frees himself and looks on her with contempt that she has stooped to the cheap trickery of her body. He pushes her away and whacks her, open-handed across the face.

206. CLOSE SHOT JULIE

She stares at Pres. Slowly an ecstatic triumph dawns in her face.

JULIE:

(hardly breathing the word)

Pres!

(triumphant)

Pres! You're afraid of me!

207. MED. CLOSE SHOT THE TWO

PRES:

(startled)

No!

JULIE:

(pouncing on it)

You are!... No -- you're afraid of yourself!

(ecstatically)

You're afraid because it's pulling you! It's got you, Pres! You're part of it -- you can't get away from it!

(CONTINUED)

207 (Cont.)

She turns in the moonlight, her hands on his arms.

JULIE:

(as Pres's hands go up involuntarily to catch her arms, Julie triumphantly overplays it)

This is your country -- Pres. Amy doesn't understand. She thinks there'd be snakes!

The words snap Pres back to himself. He looks directly at Julie, his face suddenly grim.

PRES:

(stepping back)

Yes! And she'd be right!

(slowly and grimly)

You talk about trust! Amy has put her life and her happiness in my hands. And they're going to be safe there.

(he turns and bows)

I'm going in now.

CUT TO:

208. WIDER ANGLE SHOOTING TOWARD VERANDA

OVER scene Aunt Belle finishes her song to polite applause. As Pres mounts the steps he meets Buck coming out. The two men exchange looks, then Pres goes past him into the house without a word. Buck then sees Julie and hails her as he crosses to her....

BUCK:

Miss Julie? Thought we'd lost you!

209. CLOSER SHOT JULIE AND BUCK

BUCK:

(coming closer)

That's a right nice little Yankee -- pretty as a red wagon. But tryin' to talk to her!

(he makes a hopeless gesture)

JULIE:

(suddenly gay and tender)

Poor Buck! It must have been something!

(CONTINUED)

209 (Cont.)

BUCK:

I tried her on hawses; she told me about a policeman's hawse she used to feed sugar to back Hawth! Tried her on hounddawgs - she thinks a Walker hound is one that walks! My zing -- don't they educate women at the Hawth? She's just plain ignorant.

JULIE:

(as though her mind
were on something
else)

Northern girls are just educated differently. She probably knows calculus.

BUCK:

She! -- any flower-wench knows Calculus. By Calculation, out of Siderial Maid. Won the Ranger Stakes in '47 --
(breaking off suddenly
and looking closer)

Look here, Miss Julie! What's the matter with you? You ache anywhere?

Julie makes a sudden, calculatedly involuntary motion toward her heart.

JULIE:

It's nothing.

BUCK:

(worried)

It is! You weren't off your feed any -- I noticed that at dinner.

(he pauses, staring
at her)

Look here -- you were out here a mighty long time with Pres Dillard!

It is working! From now on the moves are simple chess.

JULIE:

(pitifully proud)

Please, Buck! Pres had been punishing the brandy --

BUCK:

(contemptuously)

My back teeth! Did he lose his capacity to drink like a gentleman at the Hawth, too? What does he think a lady's house is -- a river-boat bar? What did he do?

JULIE:

(with apparent anxiety)

Buck! Forget it -- please!....Please, Buck -- this is a secret between us --

209 (Cont. 1)

BUCK:

(grimly)
 Why -- sure, Miss Julie! I'll forget
 anything you want me to forget.

JULIE:

Buck! Please! I wouldn't have some
 silly thing I said be the cause of --

BUCK:

(smoothly)
 Miss Julie -- depend on it! You ain't
 the cause of anything.
 (with a touch of meaning)
 You can depend on me, Miss Julie.

Buck offers his arm, as OVER scene we hear the dull boom
 of a cannon that has been fired in the distance.

JULIE:

(curiously)
 What was that?

BUCK:

(looking in the direc-
 tion of the sound)
 Oh, just the cannon from New Orleans.
 You can hear it when the wind's right.

210. MED. CLOSE SHOT VERANDA SHOOTING TOWARD BUCK AND JULIE

Aunt Belle, Pres, Ted, the General, Amy and the others
 have come from the drawing room onto the veranda, attrac-
 ted by the booming of the cannon that comes again OVER
 scene.

TED:

There it goes again! Wind's
 shifted to the south.

AMY:

What is it?

TED:

It's the fever cannon -- down in the
 City.

AMY:

(puzzled)
 Fever cannon?

(CONTINUED)

210 (Cont.)

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(explains - as Buck and
Julie come into scene)At night they set tar barrels blazing
on every street corner and the
Washington artillery fire cannon to
fight the plague.

AMY:

(not understanding)

But what good does that do?

CUT TO:

211. CLOSER SHOT GROUP

BUCK:

(a little condescending
to Amy)Why -- everybody knows it starts air
currents that carry the fever away.

PRES:

(resenting Buck's
attitude)They might better drain up the swamps
and clean up the city.

BUCK:

(looking for trouble)

Well -- maybe they do that in Yankee
land.

CUT TO:

212. CLOSE SHOT JULIE

She looks almost hopeful as Pres and Buck continue to
clash OVER scene....

PRES'S VOICE:

They do. And there are quite a lot
of other customs at the North that
will bear copying.

BUCK'S VOICE:

(persistent)

Eatin' hawse beans, maybe? Everybody
to his own taste.

OTHER ANGLE

PRES:

(ominously to Buck)
I'll remind you, sir, that my wife is
a Northerner, and a stranger here.

BUCK:

(pointedly)
You talk like you are the same.

TED:

(impatiently to Buck)
Now see here, Buck --

AUNT BELLE:

(to Ted)
Ted, please!!
(then to Buck)
I am sorry Buck, but this subject
is an unwelcome one.

ck bows to Aunt Belle. She turns and continues to Julie...

AUNT BELLE:

Pardon me, Julie...As Mistress of the
house, you agree with me I'm sure.

JULIE:

(with deliberate
casualness)
Why, Aunt Belle, I wouldn't think of
forbidding any subject to my guests.

eryone turns, a little shocked, at Julie's deliberate
preval of the growing quarrel between Buck and Pres.

CUT TO:

this sudden
ested, as

OTHER ANGLE GROUP

e tension is broken as Gros Bat approaches from the
lveaway with a man in riding clothes and calls to Pres...

GROS BAT:

Mist' Pres, huh! Hyeah come a white
gen'lemun lookin' for you.

the man steps forward, Pres recognizes and greets
anxiously.

PRES:

Hello, Jenkins -- What is it?

TO:

(CONTINUED)

217. WIDER ANGLE

Pres is calling after the departing Gros Bat...

PRES:
Hurry along, Bat! Tell Ti Bat to
saddle.

GROS BAT:
(accelerating his pace)
Yassuh, Mis' Pres.

Amy worried at Pres's going to the fever-ridden city
and a little fearful of remaining without Pres, pleads
with him....

AMY:
Pres -- I ought to go with you!

PRES:
(hurriedly)
Now, honey, this won't take long.
I'll send a carriage for you.
(then to Ted)
I'll go and change my clothes.

As Pres and Ted start for the house, Pres turns to
Aunt Belle.

PRES:
You'll take care of her until I
can send?

AUNT BELLE:
Surely, Pres!

Pres exits.

CUT TO:

218. ANOTHER ANGLE GROUP SHOOTING TOWARD DRIVEWAY

ERRONEUS, a boy, and ERRATA, a girl, cute little colored
twins of about seven, are bashfully approaching the group.
Erroneus finally gets enough courage to call to Julie...

ERRONEUS:
Mis' Julie, please, Mis' --

JULIE:
(smiling as she
sees him)
Why, Erroneus! What are you doing
here?

CUT TO:

219. CLOSER SHOT JULIE AND TWINS

Erroneus, a little scared, manages to explain...

ERRONEUS:

Zette done say for us to make
enquirements when we all is to
sing wid you' and Mass' Pres.

JULIE:

(as Amy looks at Pres)
Just an old custom, Mrs. Dillard.
Your husband has probably fargotten
about it.

(to twins)

Tell Zette they can come up any time.

ERRONEUS:

(starting off)

Yas'm...

ERRATA:

(hanging back)

What time, Miss Julie?

ERRONEUS:

(with masculine
impatience)

Ain't you hear? She done say
"anytime".

ERRATA:

(with feminine per-
sistence)

Dat don' mean nothin'!

ERRONEUS:

(trying to drag her off)

It so do!

JULIE:

(to Errata)

Of course it does! Just you
tell her!

ERRATA:

(a little reluctantly)

Yas'm, Mis' Julie.

They all laugh as the kids go off. Pres returns in
riding clothes. Ted comes from the house with Pres, as
Gros Bat brings up the horses.

CUT TO:

220. CLOSER SHOT GROUP INCLUDING HORSES

PRES:

(to group - as Ted
helps him into his
coat)

I hope you will all forgive me --

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

We understand perfectly, my boy.

PRES:

(taking Amy's hand)
Now, darling -- please don't fret
about me.

AMY:

(with a brave smile)
I'll try not to.

Pres kisses her affectionately. With his arm still
around Amy he turns to Ted and, looking past him at
Julie, speaks a little pointedly...

PRES:

You'll look after Amy, won't you,
Ted?

TED:

You needn't have asked.

Pres starts for the horses.

CUT TO:

221. CLOSE SHOT JULIE

Her face is set in a thin, hard smile at Pres's obvious
meaning.

OVER SCENE we hear the ad lib voices speeding Pres on
his way.

CUT TO:

222. WIDER ANGLE PAST JULIE TOWARD DRIVEWAY

Pres waves back to the group as he and Gros Bat ride out
of scene. There is a moment's silence, as some of the
group find seats on the veranda. It is broken by Amy,
who voices her anxiety...

(CONTINUED)

222 (Cont.)

AMY:

Oh, I do hope everything will be
all right!

CUT TO:

223. MED. CLOSE SHOT THE GROUP

Julie crosses to Amy and reassures her with an acid
sweetness...

JULIE:

Oh, it always is. Of course it's
a pity Pres had to leave now...

(then with a
veiled thrust)

But I suppose his Bank comes first --

AMY:

(with a resigned smile)

Well -- Pres is devoted to the Bank.

JULIE:

(curtly)

Yes -- rather unfortunately so.

AMY:

(coldly, as she begins
to get Julie's meaning)

You don't find that admirable, Miss
Marsden?...

JULIE:

(a little mockingly)

Oh, admirable, I suppose. It just
seems to me there are other things
more interesting.

(then with her best
smile - Buck)

I imagine Buck finds it so.

Buck, disarmed by her smile and not realizing her purpose
voices his usual opinion.

BUCK:

Why, Miss Julie, I never go into
a bank if I can help it. Seem
like they're mostly studyin' how
they can get something away from
somebody.

CUT TO:

224. ANOTHER ANGLE GROUP PAST BUCK TOWARD JULIE, AMY,
TED AND OTHERS

Julie tries not to show how much she enjoys Amy's obvious hurt and Ted's resentment, as he replies to Buck a little ominously...

TED:

I wouldn't say that, Buck.

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(to Amy - as he tries
to smooth things over)

All Mr. Cantrell meant to say -- is
that most folks down here prefer
other pursuits -- like planting and --

Amy looks directly at Buck as she interrupts the General
acidly...

AMY:

You need not apologize for Mr. Cantrell!
I'm sure he is capable of defending his
own insinuations.

CUT TO:

225. REVERSE ANGLE

BUCK:

(a little surprised
at Amy's anger)

Why -- Mistress Dillard, ma'm, I surely
didn't mean to offend. I was just
talking' --

TED:

(laughing sarcastically)

Of course, Amy! Buck didn't realize
what he was saying..!

(then to Buck)

Why he doesn't even realize how
Julie's using him.

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(intervening)

Now, Ted --

AMY:

(frightened)

Ted -- please! --

CUT TO:

226. CLOSER SHOT BUCK AND TED

BUCK:
 (stung, but genial)
 How you mean that, son? I don't get
 the sense of it, but it don't sound
 polite.

TED:
 (flinging it at him)
 You know right well what I mean! --
 Julie's been egging you on -- first
 against Pres and now his wife.

227. WIDER ANGLE TO INCLUDE JULIE

Julie is suddenly aghast at the turn which events are
 taking. This is not what she intended.

JULIE:
 Ted! Be quiet!

TED:
 I meant what I said.

BUCK:
 (with deadly geniality)
 Let's just figure I didn't hear it,
 then. And -- boy -- I'd keep Miss
 Julie's name out of your conversation.

228. CLOSER SHOT BUCK AND TED

TED:
 (tauntingly -- facing
 him)
 You're fool enough to defend what you
 don't even understand?

BUCK:
 (with a glance toward
 Julie)
 I don't see anybody that needs any
 defense. If I did -- I'd make out
 to defend 'em -- yes.

TED:
 (trying to be casual)
 Let's put it this way then, Mr. Cantrell --
 all evening I thought you coarse and loud
 and not a gentleman!

(CONTINUED)

228. (Cont.)

BUCK:

(bowing -- covering his
anger with an icy smile)
That's better!...Very well, Mr. Dillard,
sir!

(turning to Dick Allen)
I'd be glad of your kindness, Dick.

(bowing again to Ted)
Happy to do you the honor -- you young
jackass!

CUT TO:

229. WIDER ANGLE

AUNT BELLE:

(aghast)
Buck -- surely you don't mean to --

Buck turns from her to the other ladies, but he is looking
at Julie.

BUCK:

(easily)
Why, Miss Belle, don't mean anything
at all. Just talkin'.
(he bows, nods to Dick
and starts into the
house)

CUT TO:

230. CLOSER SHOT GROUP

AMY:

(distractedly to Ted)
Ted, you can't do this! You can't!

JULIE:

(to Ted, as if he
were a child)
Of course not, Ted! -- Naturally you'll
apologize.

She crosses away from him.

TED:

(quickly to the General --
after a venomous look
at Julie)
General Bogardus, may I put myself in
your hands, sir? If you'll make the
arrangements.

(CONTINUED)

230 (Cont.)

He turns on his heel and exits, in the opposite direction from Buck.

CUT TO:

231 ANOTHER ANGLE GROUP SHOOTING TOWARD DRIVEWAY

AUNT BELLE:

(appealing to the
General)

Theophilus! You can't let this go on!

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(shaking his head)

Mighty little I can do about it now,
Miss Belle.

(starting for the house)

Still -- maybe an older head --

OVER SCENE, during the above, we hear in the distance a mixed chorus of negro voices singing the first verse of "Aunt Dina Drunk", a primitive Louisiana blues -- (See "Negro Folk Rhymes" by Thomas W. Talley, published by MacMillan Company).

As the General goes into the house we see Zette and the slaves coming down the driveway toward the veranda, singing in chorus:

THE SLAVES:

(singing)

---Yest I won't get drunk an'
kick up a chunk
I won't get drunk an' kick up
a chunk
I won't get drunk an' kick up
a chunk
Way down yonder on de old
plank road.

CUT TO:

232. CLOSE SHOT JULIE AND AUNT BELLE

The singing continues OVER SCENE as Aunt Belle speaks sharply to Julie...

AUNT BELLE:

Tell that crowd to go away!...

JULIE:

(a little savagely)

No! I promised them they could sing
for me...

CUT TO:

233. MED. CLOSE SHOT THE SLAVES

They continue singing;

THE SLAVES:

Oh shoo my love!
My turtle dove
Oh shoo my love!
My turtle dove!

CUT TO:

234. CLOSE SHOT JULIE

She joins in the singing with a false gaiety...

JULIE:

(singing)
Oh shoo my love
My turtle dove!
'Way down yonder on the old
plank road.

CUT TO:

235. MED. CLOSE SHOT SLAVES SHOOTING PAST JULIE

Zette leads off with the next verse:

ZETTE:

(singing)
Oh, Aunt Dinah she got drunk
She fell in de fire and kick up
a chunk.
Dem embers got in Aunt Dina's shoe
An' dat old gal she up
an flew!

As the others join in the chorus -

CUT TO:

236. MED. CLOSE SHOT JULIE, AUNT BELLE AND AMY

As Julie is singing wildly with the slaves, Amy, in complete panic, turns to Aunt Belle...

AMY:

We've got to do something! You --
you've got to step it!

(CONTINUED)

236. (Cont.)

AUNT BELLE:
(desperately to Julie)
Julie!!

CUT TO:

237. CLOSE SHOT JULIE

Julie turns, her face flushed, her eyes bright with an almost sadistic pleasure.

JULIE:
Come on -- sing, Aunt Belle!!
(then with a mocking
laugh at Amy)
Get the little Yankee to join in!
We have such charming customs down
here! That's why I wore my white
dress tonight! I'm being baptized!!

CUT TO:

238. MED. CLOSE SHOT THE SLAVES SHOOTING PAST JULIE

They are singing in a wild abandonment...

SLAVES:
Oh shoo my love!
My turtle dove
Oh shoo my love!
My turtle dove!

CUT TO:

239. CLOSE SHOT JULIE

She is singing with them...

JULIE:
Oh shoo my love!
My turtle dove!
'Way down yonder on the old
plank road....

She is trying desperately not to break; but hot, bitter tears well up in her eyes.

FADE OUT.

(PART V TO END TO FOLLOW)

PAGE IN

240. MED. SHOT A CLEARING IN A WOODED GROVE
NEAR JULIE'S PLANTATION HOUSE

In the misty dusk of early morning we see Buck and Dick standing some distance apart from Ted and the General. Between them is a doctor kneeling over his bag, laying out his bandages and instruments.

The CAMERA MOVES UP to a:

241. MED. CLOSE SHOT BUCK AND TED

Buck, cool and grimly humorous, is casually inspecting his duelling pistol as Dick pleads tensely ... (NOTE: These pistols are the American type, not the French type.)

DICK:

You can't blame him for getting hot-headed over what you said about the bank.

BUCK:

Sho', I apologized for that.
(shrugging)

I reckon he's actin' about the way he has to act.

DICK:

You'd no business to take him up, then -- and so I tell you! A youngster that's never been out before!

BUCK:

(easily)
If he goes talkin' man-size, he's got to act man-size.

(with a reassuring smile)
Why, Dick, he's lucky -- all I aim to do is clip a wing. Fix him so he don't fly too high.
(he glances off-scene)

242. MED. CLOSE SHOT TED

He examines his pistol with a look as taut as a violin string. He tries the hammer and lets it down.

243. MED. TWO SHOT BUCK, DICK

BUCK:

(grinning a trifle wistfully)
Mighty nervous feeling, first time

(CONTINUED)

243 (Cont.)

BUCK: (Cont.)
you face shot. Wish I could tell him --
but, that'd be highly irregular! ... Any-
how, might hurt his feelings --

244. MED. CLOSE SHOT TED AND THE GENERAL

Ted, his face set with a deadly determination, examines his pistol, only half listening as the General tries to reason with him ...

GENERAL BOGARDUS:
(a little impatiently)
Don't be a fool, Ted. Buck has offered
twice to accept an apology. He doesn't
want to fight you ...
(he sees that it is
no use)
You'll both be satisfied with an ex-
change of shots, of course?

TED:
(facing him)
Whatever's customary, General Bogardus.
I've got nothing against Buck Cantrell --
understand?

GENERAL BOGARDUS:
(eyeing him steadily)
You realize what you're up against?

TED:
(with a bitter little
smile)
I've had the benefit of Buck Cantrell's
skill and experience ... I'll use it the
best I can.

The General, realizing that Ted cannot be persuaded,
turns and calls off to Buck and Dick ...

GENERAL BOGARDUS:
Gentlemen -- will you take your places?

CUT TO:

245.

WIDER ANGLE

The General crosses with Ted to the center of the clearing where they meet Buck and Dick who have come from the opposite direction. Ted and Buck turn and stand back to back, pistols at 'ready' as the General gives them the final instructions. (NOTE: The pistol is held at shoulder, muzzle up.)

CUT TO;

246.

CLOSER SHOT AT GROUP

In contrast to Ted's grim determination we see Buck's almost nonchalant calm, as they listen to the General ...

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

--- and remember, gentlemen, you turn
and fire at the count of ten!
(then squaring himself
for the ordeal)
Are you ready?

BUCK:

(with a lazy smile)
Why -- at your service, General.

He cocks his pistol with his free hand.

TED:

(between clenched teeth --
cocking pistol)
Ready, sir!

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(counting)
One -- two -- three --

Buck and Ted step off to the count and go in opposite directions.

CUT TO;

247.

MED. CLOSE SHOT BUCK

He walks directly toward the CAMERA in his typical indolent manner, completely at ease, his pistol poised to fire. As he comes into the f.g. of the SHOT we see the indulgent little smile on his face. Once, despite his situation, he glances back at Ted.

OVER scene the General's voice continued to count ...

GENERAL BOGARDUS' VOICE:

-- four -- five -- six -- seven --
eight --

DISSOLVE TO;

248. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. DRAWING ROOM IN JULIE'S PLANTATION HOUSE

Amy is standing tense and nervous at a window bathed in the growing light of the rising sun. Aunt Belle sits in a nearby chair, staring, troubled and worried. Mrs. Kendrick, Stephanie and Mollie sit about the room, glum and silent.

As we come into the scene, Amy turns suddenly on Aunt Belle ...

AMY:
-- Pres couldn't bear it if --
if -- anything happened to Ted!

AUNT BELLE:
(with a tired sigh)
We women can start the men quar-
reling often enough -- We can't
ever stop them.

AMY:
(crossing to her)
She could!

CUT TO:

249. CLOSER SHOT AMY AND AUNT BELLE

AUNT BELLE:
(with a tinge of
bitterness)
No Amy -- she couldn't.

AMY:
(flaring)
Are you savages, you Southerners!?

She freezes as OVER scene come the gay, laughing voices of Julie and Zette through the windows from outside, followed by Julie's voice ...

(CONTINUED)

249 (Cont.)

JULIE'S VOICE:

Zette! Quit your foolishness, you hear me? That's nothing but a little ole garter-snake.

ZETTE'S VOICE:

I fix 'um so he don't garter 'round me no mo'!

250. WIDER ANGLE

All have turned as Julie and Zette come through the doors from the garden. Julie is radiant in an elaborate morning dress, and carries flower shears and a garden basket filled with cut roses. Zette follows behind her with another basket of cut flowers. She is giggling and smoothing her skirt.

Julie greets everyone with a studied gaiety as she crosses to a vase on a table that backs one of the sofas ...

JULIE:

What brought you all out so early? --
It's a grand morning! I couldn't
resist it! Where are the gentlemen?
(then casually she
starts to fuss with the
flowers)

AMY:

(ominously -- as she
crosses to her)
You know very well where they are
and what they are doing ...

CUT TO:

251. CLOSER SHOT JULIE AND GROUP

JULIE:
(as she arranges flowers)
Yes -- a silly custom, but a part
of what we Southerners call our
chivalry ...
(turning to Amy)
Do you know sometimes I envy them --
to face what you hate -- to kill or be
killed -- to settle something! We
can't do that, we women!

AMY:
(slowly shaking her
head -- her eyes
riveted on Julie)
It doesn't mean anything else? To you?

JULIE:
(with a little shrug)
Why should it? --
(then to Zette, as she
surveys the flowers)
Look, Zette, aren't they beautiful!

ZETTE:
(with forced
enthusiasm)
Right nice an' pretty, kis' Julie!

AMY:
(beginning to break)
Right nice and pretty -- pretty
enough for --

She turns away, fighting desperately to choke back her
sobbing. The others, hearing sounds in the hallway,
turn slowly to look off fearfully.

CUT TO:

252. WIDER ANGLE SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR FROM HALLWAY

Ted, Dick and the General are standing in the doorway.
Ted, his duelling pistol still in his hand, held muzzle
end, is staring with grim accusation at Julie, who
forces herself to continue with the flowers.

Amy, seeing Ted, rushes to him ...

AMY:
Ted! --

Still staring at Julie, he grips Amy's arm reassuringly
and then crosses slowly to Julie.

CUT TO:

253. CLOSER SHOT JULIE AT TABLE

Ted tosses the pistol on the table before her. He bows and speaks with a dull bitterness, his voice charged with suppressed emotions ...

TED:

Buck's dead. I never saw a man die before ... He knew what you'd done -- before he died -- he told me so.

(then with quivering lips)

Julie -- you're a --

He chokes up, turns suddenly and hurries out of the room.

CUT TO:

254. ANOTHER ANGLE

The painful silence is broken by the General, who speaks quietly to Amy ...

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

Miss Amy, we're leaving. If you'll get ready --

AMY:

Thank you, General.

JULIE:

(attempting to
braken it out)

Uncle Theo, the invitation was for the weekend!

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(gravely)

Yes, ma'am. But we're going.

JULIE:

Very well -- I quite understand.

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

(crossing to her)

I aim to be sure you do. All your life, Julie, you've done as you pleased -- at any cost to yourself or to anyone about you -- but last night you went beyond yourself. You put yourself outside the pale. I'll arrange to turn my guardianship over to the bank. My respects, ma'am!

He bows to Julie, offers Amy his arm, and they go out together. Taking their cue from the General, Mrs. Kendrick

(CONTINUED)

254 (Cont.)

Stephanie, Molly and Dick prepare to follow. As they move toward the door without a glance at Julie, Stephanie starts from the group with impulsive loyalty.

STEPHANIE:

Julie!

MRS. KENDRICK:

(sharply)

Stephanie!

Mrs. Kendrick's voice brings Stephanie to heel. She goes out with the others. Only Aunt Belle remains. She stands looking gravely at Julie.

JULIE:

Aren't you going with them, Aunt Belle?

AUNT BELLE:

No - I'm your closest kin - naturally I'm staying.

255. CLOSE SHOT THE TWO

Julie, feeling Aunt Belle's eyes on her, turns suddenly on her ...

JULIE:

(in a hard, reckless tone)

Well -- say it! What are you thinking?

CUT TO:

256. CLOSE SHOT AUNT BELLE

AUNT BELLE:

(her eyes still on Julie)

I am thinking of "a woman called Jezebel, who did evil in the sight of God".

(2nd Version for England)

AUNT BELLE:

I am thinking of a woman who did evil in the sight of God.

CUT TO:

257. OMITTED

258. CLOSE SHOT JULIE

As she sees the pistol on the table and stares at it.

WIPE TO:

259. MED. CLOSE SHOT THE EXT. OF JULIE'S PLANTATION HOUSE
SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Amy, Ted, Molly, Mrs. Kendrick and Stephanie are already in the carriage. The General and Dick are superintending the loading of the baggage by Uncle Gato and several other servants.

Gros Bat holds the horses the General and Dick will ride.

We hear suddenly OVER scene, from outside, several staccato shotgun blasts and the muffled shouting of men.

260.) OMITTED
261.

262. MED. SHOT EXT. JULIE'S PLANTATION HOUSE
AN ANGLE FROM THE VERANDA TOWARD DRIVEWAY

In the b.g. we see several roughly dressed men, armed with shotguns, running toward the body of a man lying face-down on the driveway. Several large hound-dogs circle the body, barking at it furiously.

During this, Aunt Belle and Zetta emerge from the house and hurry toward the carriage.

CUT TO:

263. MED. CLOSE SHOT BODY ON DRIVEWAY

One of the men is bending over the body. After a quick examination he calls back over his shoulder, offscene ...

HAN:

Looks like he's to bury, Sheriff!

CUT TO:

264. MED. CLOSE SHOT SHERIFF

He is standing with some more of his armed deputies not far from the carriage. He replies to the man who called to him ...

SHERIFF:

(a little tiredly)

All right, Dan ... We'll fetch him back to the Parish.

(then seeing the General,
Dick and Ted approach him)

Serpy, gentlemen! Case of had to.

(nodding off)

We're bound to keep the Yellow Jack out this time. He was just crazy enough to try sneakin' past the fever line.

TED:

(quickly)

Has it spread this far?

CUT TO:

265. MED. CLOSE SHOT JULIE WOMEN IN CARRIAGE
SHOOTING PAST SHERIFF AND GROUP

They listen anxiously as the Sheriff's voice comes OVER scene ...

(CONTINUED)

265 (Cont.)

SHERIFF'S VOICE;
 Spreadin' like a cane-fire all along
 the river! Folks are gettin' panicky.
 That's why we're stoppin' everyone
 comin' an' goin'!

CUT TO;

266. MED. CLOSE SHOT SHERIFF AND THE GENERAL

GENERAL BOGARDUS;
 (worried)
 You mean no one can get down river to
 New Orleans? --

THE SHERIFF;
 (shaking his head)
 Not a one! That's the law and I can't
 change it 'cept on a written order from
 the Governor -- and he's goin' to need
 a powerful lot of persuadin'! ...
 (with a nod to his men)
 Come on, boys!

He leaves with his men. The General turns helplessly to
 the grim Ted and Dick.

CUT TO;

267. ANOTHER ANGLE JULIE AND GROUP

Julie breaks the embarrassed silence as she instructs
 Uncle Cato with icy politeness ...

JULIE;
 Uncle Cato -- you can bring the baggage
 back into the house ... I believe my
guests have decided to stay a little
 longer.

As the men help the women out of the carriage -- and
 Aunt Belle, on her way back into the house with Zetta,
 passes Julie in stony silence --

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

268. A MONTAGE OF DISSOLVES

In CLOSE SHOTS of booming cannons, served by cannoneers in the uniform of the Washington Artillery of the period; the dead-carts winding through deserted night streets, lit by flaming tar barrels; hands hurriedly knocking together rough pine-board coffins; we get over the condition in plague-stricken New Orleans.

DISSOLVE TO:

269. MED. SHOT EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE BAR OF A NEW ORLEANS HOTEL PRES, DR. LIVINGSTONE NIGHT

OVER scene, from inside the bar, comes a burst of wild laughter, the strains of a jig-time fiddle, and drunken singing.

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

(cocking an ear)

Boys are tunin' up. Puts me in mind of '30... I'd hoped I'd never live to see a time like that again.

As he speaks there are OVER scene sounds -- the squeal of ungreased wheels, the whack and clatter of iron on cobbles, the patient, solid clunk of hoofs. Pres turns and stares off-scene.

PRES:

Is this as bad as '30?

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

Son -- it's worse.

270. FULL SHOT THE STREET NIGHT

SHOOTING from behind Pres and Doctor Livingstone, we see (between the flaring tar barrels on the corner) a pitiful procession of carts, cabs, ox-wagons, victorias bearing sheeted forms.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S VOICE:

There goes today's crop of sick folks for Lazarette Island.

PRES'S VOICE:

(violently)

So New Orleans has come to that?

(CONTINUED)

270 (Cont.)

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S VOICE:
I saw it in '30, Pres. Folks'll do
mighty near anything, son -- let 'em
get scared enough.

271. CLOSE SHOT PRES, DR. LIVINGSTONE

SHOOTING past the two, the procession in b.g.

PRES:
It's murder! You know nobody ever
comes back alive from that place.
What are you doctors for -- to save
folks or kill 'em?

DR. LIVINGSTONE:
(wearily)
Opinions differ. Maybe if we get rid
of the fever patients, the rest of
us'll have a chance. I don't know --
do you?

(he grips Pres's arm)
Son, this is Yellow Jack. We do what
we can -- that's all.

As he speaks, there is a burst of singing and yelling
laughter.

272. MED. GROUP SHOT THE BARROOM DOORWAY

as half a dozen drunks surge out. At sight of the sick-
wagon procession, still passing, they are sobered for an
instant. Then one of them breaks loose.

FIRST DRUNK:
Mighty sad sight. Here's Doct' Living-
stone -- an' they takin' all his patients
off to Lazarette Island!

SECOND DRUNK:
Shut up, Jack. That ain't funny!

FIRST DRUNK:
Nemmine, Doct' Livingstone, sir! Be
plenty mo' patients tomorrow.

There is a yell of laughter. The crowd starts up the
street.

273. MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT PRES, DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE

Pres starts forward, his face grim.

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

(catching his arm)

No sense resenting things now, son.
Two hundred more down today.

(turning him toward
the bar)

What we need's a ball.

274. MED. SHOT INT. BAR OF HOTEL NEW ORLEANS NIGHT

The place is jam-packed. A crowd mills around the bar, drinking hard, singing and laughing, all in a spirit of reckless abandon and desperate gaiety.

The CAMERA MOVES UP to a:

275. MED. CLOSE SHOT DR. LIVINGSTONE AND PRES

as they come up to the bar. Pres, haggard and drawn, is ordering a drink. Doctor Livingstone stands with his back to the bar, looking off. He comments a little ironically to Pres...

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

Tunin' up! Folks always do at a time like this.

(then with a little
shrug)

Well, they might as well while they can. Good a way as any!

During this Pres is only half listening. He seems worried and preoccupied as he blinks and passes his hand over his eyes and shakes his head to clear it. He sways a little unsteadily and grips the bar to hold himself. He mutters quickly to one of the bartenders...

PRES:

Bourbon! Make it double.

(then to the doctor)

Yours, sir!

CUT TO:

276. CLOSER SHOT THE TWO SHOOTING FROM ACROSS THE BAR

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

(turning to him)

Single, thanks.

(then seeing the bartender pouring Pres's double drink)

Look here, son -- ain't that kind of unusual for you?

PRES:

(with abrupt violence)

Are you telling me what I can drink?

(stopping short with sudden consternation)

Lord! Doctor Livingstone! I don't know why I said that!

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

(with quick concern)

Don't you feel right, boy?

PRES:

(uncertainly)

Why -- kind of edgy, maybe.

(a little quickly)

Been a tough day. And I got chilled walking up.

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

(startled)

Chilled? Pres, you ought to be easin' down. With La Cour gone, we're lookin' to you to see the Bank through this mess.

They both turn to look off as OVER scene we hear a sudden excited babble of voices.

MAN'S VOICE:

I tell you it's a fact -- I saw him --

277. ANOTHER ANGLE BAR (SHOOTING TOWARD STREET DOOR)

as Huger and two or three companions come in. They are all pretty drunk.

FIRST DRUNK:

(owlishly stubborn)

Couldn't be! Saw him myself, day 'fore yes'day!

CAMERA FOLLOWS the group as they move past Pres and Dr. Livingstone, arguing excitedly.

(CONTINUED)

277 (Cont.)

HUGER:

Well, I saw him an hour past! You think I don't know a dead man when I see one? An' him layin' in his coffin! His folks brought the body down --

278.

MED. GROUP SHOT HUGER AND OTHERS
(SHOOTING PAST PRES AND DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE)

Huger's group has joined another group further down the bar,

A MEMBER OF GROUP:

(applying himself to
his drink)

What's happened now?

FIRST DRUNK:

Huger here claims Buck Cantrell's dead.

279.

ANOTHER ANGLE THE GROUP (SHOOTING TOWARD PRES)

We see a look of incredulity on Pres's face. Startled, the group are plying Huger with questions.

MEN:

(ad lib)

Buck, dead?

Fever?

Sho', Huger -- you're crazy!

HUGER:

(slightly exasperated)

I'll give twenty to one Buck Cantrell's to bury. I'll give ten to one Ted Dillard shot him in a duel.

MEN:

(ad lib)

Li'l Ted Dillard?

Always followed Buck around like a hound pup!

Ted Dillard? And Buck the best pistol shot in Louisiana! What's the catch, Huger?

There is a general laugh.

HUGER:

(stubbornly)

Twenty to one! Any takers?

ONE OF THE MEN:

(nudging Huger)

Psst! Huger!

280 MED. SHOT PRES, HUGER, OTHERS IN B.G.

as Pres moves up the bar, his face set and grim. Huger, taken aback, can only gape at him.

PRES:
(with cold politeness)
I believe I heard you make a private matter that concerns my family the subject of a bet.

HUGER:
(gulping -- at a loss)
Why -- why, Dillard -- I'm might sorry!

PRES:
It's not a thing to bet on.

HUGER:
(apologetically)
Why -- I reckon you're right, Dillard.
Just -- there's been so many dead folks lately --

As Huger speaks, Pres suddenly sways and grips the bar.

HUGER:
(staring)
Dillard!

281. MED. CLOSE SHOT PRES (SHOOTING PAST DR. LIVINGSTONE)

Pres pulls himself steady with a determined effort.

PRES:
Why, I --
(with a sudden cry)
Doctor!

He lurches forward and collapses to the floor. Dr. Livingstone rushes toward him.

282. WIDER ANGLE

A deathly silence has fallen on the place as the crowd, immediately recognizing in Pres's collapse the dreaded symptoms of yellow fever, have dropped back in a wide circle, watching fearfully as Dr. Livingstone kneels beside Pres and examines him.

CUT TO:

283. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT CROWD SHOOTING PAST DR. LIVINGSTONE

One of the men, his eyes wide with suppressed fear, inquires tautly of Dr. Livingstone...

MAN:

Doctor -- is it --

Dr. Livingstone looks up grimly and slowly nods his head. As the men draw back a little in horror, Huger helps the Doctor lift Pres from the floor.

HUGER:

Reckon I'm better fixed against it than most!

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

One of you call a cab!

One of the crowd hurries out. As they start to carry Pres toward the door to the street, the crowd drops back to make a path for them.

CUT TO:

284. MED. SHOT THE CROWD AT THE BAR AN ANGLE PAST THE DOOR

There is a dull silence as the two support Pres through the lane in the crowd and out the door.

The crowd stands rooted, staring at the door. The silence grows more tense and painful. The CAMERA MOVES up the lane of the crowd and we see the fear and anxiety on every face -- STOPPING on the man who had questioned Dr. Livingstone before. He is on the point of breaking, but saves himself by shouting a little wildly at one of the bartenders...

MAN:

Don't stand there gaping! Set up drinks -- Drinks for everybody! --
(he tosses coins recklessly on the bar)

This breaks the tension. The crowd joins him in a mad clamor for drinks.

As the CAMERA PULLS BACK the drunken singing and laughing starts again and the place is once more a noisy hubbub as before, only wilder and more desperate.

DISSOLVE TO:

285. MED. SHOT INT. DINING ROOM OF JULIE'S PLANTATION HOUSE
THE NEXT NIGHT

In contrast to the animation of the previous dinner scene Julie and her "guests" eat in a strained silence, their noses in their plates. Julie sits at one end of the table, Aunt Belle at the other. Molly, Ted and Amy, in the order named are on Julie's right; Mrs. Kendrick, Dick, Stephanie, Molly and the General on her left.

The CAMERA MOVES UP SLOWLY to a:

286. MED. CLOSE SHOT JULIE AT THE TABLE
SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR FROM PANTRY

Julie is forcing herself to eat with relish. The others pick listlessly at their food.

They all look up and turn as Uncle Cato, troubled and worried, hurries through the pantry door and crosses to Julie ...

UNCLE CATO:

Mis' Julie -- please, ma'm, Bat he
just come. He say Dost' Livingstone
send him back --

(then a little
reluctantly)

-- Mist' Pres -- he got de fever bad.

JULIE:

(aghast)

The fever?!

AMY:

(rising anxiously)

Pres! It can't be --

The others are equally shocked as Uncle Cato continues ..

UNCLE CATO:

He tek him to yo' house, Miss Julie,
'cause de hotel folks won't tek him
in. And he say for you all to get
there right away quick -- afore they
hustle him off to dat leper place!

CUT TO:

287. ANOTHER ANGLE GROUP AT TABLE

Julie sits staring with horror as Amy asks a little
frantically ...

(CONTINUED)

Leper place!! -- What does he mean!!

STEPHANIE:
(blurring it out)
That leper island where they send the
fever victims to die!

AMY:
(frantic)
They can't! .. Pres -- I've got to get
to him!
(wildly)
Do something!

288. NED. SHOT FAVORING JULIE SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR TO
PANTRY

She sits listening with growing impatience.

TED;
 (tensely)
 Amy, please! —
 (then quickly to
 Uncle Caté)
 Get our carriage!

DICK:
But, Ted! -- We can't get through!
You heard the Sheriff --

Julie, a sudden decision crossing her face, rises and, unobserved by the others in their excitement, slips through the door to the pantry.

GENERAL BOGARDUS;
(taking command)
My name still means something in
these parts!
(snapping at Uncle Cato)
Cato -- have a couple of horses sad-
dled! -- Ted, you come with me. Miss
Amy, I can't promise, but I'll do what
I can to get that pass, short of killing.
(then to Aunt Belle)
You and Miss Amy be dressed and ready --
We'll be back as soon as we can!

He starts out of the room with Ted.

CUT TO:

289. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. KITCHEN OF JULIE'S PLANTATION
HOUSE SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR FROM PANTRY NIGHT

It is a typical plantation kitchen of the period. The darky help, including Zette, are gathered wide-eyed around Gros Bat who, bedraggled and mud-smeared, sits at a table wolfing his food.

GROS BAT:

(with a mouthful
of food)

Had to hide me in de cane brake till
dark sfore I could get goin' again --

He stops and rises as Julie comes through the pantry door and calls to him ...

JULIE:

Bat! --

GROS BAT:

(bolting down
his food)

Yas'm, Mis' Julie ...?

JULIE:

-- How come they let you through the
fever line?!

CUT TO:

290. CLOSER SHOT THE TWO

GROS BAT:

Dey never, Mis' Julie ... I jus' kinda
oozed th'ooo...

JULIE:

(quickly)

How?!

GROS BAT:

Why, when 'em white genlemens stop me,
jes' out o' town, I leave de hawse wid
some folks I knows, an' I go walkin'
across de back parishes, -- 'cause I
bound to get back to Halcyon. I kin'a
squinch thoo de cane by the bayou --

JULIE:

(incredulously)

You swam that bayou?!

(CONTINUED)

290 (Cont.)

GROS BAT:

(with a guilty grin)

No ma'm, Miss Julie. I skeered o' de 'gator! I jes' kin'a find me a double-end pee-rogue -- it ain' like it was stealin', Miss Julie! I fixin' to tek it back.

JULIE:

(with a grim smile)

You are! You're taking it right back now! -- and I'm going with you!

CUT TO:

291. WIDER ANGLE

GROS BAT:

(in alarm)

But Mis' Julie -- !

Julie disregards him and calls to Zette ...

JULIE:

Zette, get me a cloak -- and hurry!
We'll meet you by the springhouse.

Zette hurries out. Gros Bat protests again ..

GROS BAT:

It's too risky fo' a white lady, Mis' Julie! No, I kin'a mixes wid de night. But dem sheriff folks ain't foolin'! Dey shoots fust an' asks afteh --

(then with fear)

-- An' de yellow-jack outtin' folks down like straw back in New Orleans!

JULIE:

(with her own meaning)

That's why I've got to be there.

(turning on him fiercely)

Bat, you hear me! -- We're going!!

GROS BAT:

(as he starts for
the back door of the
kitchen with Julie)

Yas'm, Mis' Julie. But I ain' figure
it's fitten fo' no white lady --

DISSOLVE TO:

292. MED. CLOSE SHOT EXT. SHORE OF A BAYOU SWAMP NIGHT

The dim light of a shrouded moon reflects on the brackish waters of the swamp that is overgrown with a tangle of vegetation, through which grows the tall sugar cane in thick masses. Only the sound of crickets and bullfrogs breaks the eerie silence.

As we come into the scene, Julie, a cloak over her dress, comes through the brush, preceded by Gros Bat. They make their way a little furtively to a small pirogue tied to the shore. Gros Bat helps Julie into the boat, unties it and, pushing it off the shore, scrambles in.

As he poles the boat toward the cane-brake and they disappear in the shadows -

293. MED. CLOSE SHOT EXT. ANOTHER SHORE OF BAYOU SWAMP NIGHT

Several sheriff's deputies, armed with shotguns and carrying lanterns, are patrolling a path along the shore. Several large hound-dogs (positively not bloodhounds) precede them. The deputies stop to peer through the darkness as one of the dogs cocks his head off toward the swamp and begins to bark furiously. The other dogs take up the cry as they run toward the water's edge.

1ST DEPUTY:

Sounds like someone cuttin' through the brake!

(then suddenly
as he points off)

Yep! -- Look yonder, Lem!

(calling off)

Hi, there! Stop! -- It's the law!

Getting no reply, he fires his shotgun. As his partner blasts away with his gun -

DISSOLVE TO:

294. MED. CLOSE MOVING SHOT A STREET IN NEW ORLEANS
JULIE, GROS BAT NIGHT

The street is flickeringly lighted with flaring tar-barrels. OFF SCENE there is an occasional boom of cannon. Julie hurries along the sidewalk, in bedraggled cloak and hood with Gros Bat behind her.

295.
296. OMITTED
297.

298. INT. JULIE'S NEW ORLEANS HOUSE
MED. CLOSE SHOT DRAWING ROOM

MIDNIGHT

The house, having been closed for the summer, is still dismantled. The carpets are up from the floors and the furniture swathed in dust covers.

In the dim candle-light we see Dr. Livingstone asleep on one of the settees, as OVER scene comes the loud, insistent banging of the front door knocker. This finally wakes the Doctor. He rises wearily and makes his way to the hallway, grumbling irritably at the persistent knocking...

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

All right! Coming! ---

CUT TO:

299. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. HALLWAY
(SHOOTING TOWARD FRONT DOOR)

Dr. Livingstone crosses to the door and opens it, disclosing Julie, disheveled and rumpled from her trip. The Doctor gazes at her a little.

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

Miss Julie! --

JULIE:

(almost afraid to
ask)

Doctor -- is Pres still here?

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

Why yes, but --

(CONTINUED)

299 (Cont.)

JULIE:
(relieved)
Thank heaven....!

CUT TO:

300. CLOSER SHOT JULIE AND DR. LIVINGSTONE

She steps through the door and then turns to inquire quickly of the doctor:

JULIE:
How is he?

DR. LIVINGSTONE:
(hedging as he closes
the door)
As well as can be expected....He's
up in your room, Miss Julie.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS them as Julie immediately starts
for the stairway, followed by Dr. Livingstone, who
continues:

DR. LIVINGSTONE:
I had to bring him here. No hotel
would take him, of course.

JULIE:
(brushing that aside)
Naturally, his place is here.
(opening up the
fear in her mind)
Doctor! He's got to stay here.
They mustn't take him to that
island! You've got to stop them!
He'd die -- !

DR. LIVINGSTONE:
(trying to soothe her)
Now, my dear --
(then none too sanguine)
I'm doing what I can!

Julie, hardly reassured, hurries up the stairs followed
by the doctor.

DR. LIVINGSTONE:
Miss Julie - I wouldn't go up there.

CUT TO:

301. MED. CLOSE SHOT INT. BEDROOM IN JULIE'S NEW ORLEANS
HOUSE SHOOTING PAST BED TOWARD DOOR FROM HALLWAY

Pres, gaunt with fever, is being nursed by a slovenly
old negress who, obviously frightened, is bungling the
job of putting a cold compress to his head. He flares
irritably.

PRES:

- Hurts my head!

CUT TO:

302. CLOSER SHOT THE TWO

JULIE:

(going to him)

Pres --

PRES:

(only half his words
are clear. They are
jumbled by the fever
into an odd rhythm)

Underneath the river you trust it's
part of you rolling down forever to
remember because it's in the blood
Buck's his blood and made you cry
twice and struck you because we're
a part of it and struck after she
cried twice remember twice white
white never wore white and trust you...

Julie looks slowly around to the doctor.

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

You oughtn't to be in here, Miss
Julie. Yellow Jack's mighty catchin'.

JULIE:

Catchin' is it?

(she kisses Pres)

PRES:

(doesn't know her)

... In the blood like underneath the
river to strike twice in white...

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

(accepting)

Just keep applyin' the compresses.
That's all we can do now.

(CONTINUED)

12/8/37
158.

302 (Cont.)

JULIE:
(to old negress)
Get more ice. Be quick.

Julie bends over Pres with tender compassion, starts to mop his fevered face.

DISSOLVE TO:

PART VI TO FOLLOW.

Changes

"JEZEBEL"

(NOTE: THE FOLLOWING SCENES CUT IN
BETWEEN THE NIGHT AND THE DAY SHOTS
OF JULIE ATTENDING THE FEVER STRICKEN
PRES.)

MED. LONG SHOT EXT. LOUISIANA COUNTRYSIDE MORNING

A carriage wheels along a road. Two armed men appear
on the road, blocking the path of the carriage. It
breaks to a halt.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT THE CARRIAGE

as the guards approach the carriage door. Inside the
carriage are Aunt Belle, Ted and the General.

GUARD:

You can't pass -- nobody can pass
the carriage line.

GENERAL:

You're mistaken, sir. We have the
permission of the Governor.

He holds out a document. The guard studies it sus-
piciously.

GUARD:

It's his name all right -- but how
do I know he wrote it?

TED:

You let us pass, or there'll be a
killin'!

GENERAL:

Now, now, Ted --
(points to the docu-
ment in the guard's
hand)
That's his seal...

GUARD:

My orders are not to let anybody
pass -- noways. But this looks
mighty legal...

(CONTINUED)

(Cont.)

GENERAL:
It is, sir -- it is.
(to the driver)
Drive on, boy!

The carriage wheels on out of the picture.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM JULIE AND PRES

Julie is nursing him. Pres is wandering in his fever.
Out of scene, a knock. Julie hears it, listens.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY DAY

Dr. Livingstone goes to the door, opens it. Two men
stand there. One is armed.

FIRST MAN:
(surprised at seeing
the Doctor)
Howdy, Dr. Livingstone --

DR. LIVINGSTONE:
What can I do for you?

FIRST MAN:
Excuse it, sir, but there's talk
about yellow-jack bein' in this
house...

DR. LIVINGSTONE:
Well --?

FIRST MAN:
Just you say one way or the other
whether there is or not. We haven't
got it in mind to search any house
you're in.

SECOND MAN:
Sure, Dr. Livingstone -- your word's
good enough for us.

DR. LIVINGSTONE:
(after a pause in which
he has made a decision)
When will you be coming for him?

CONTINUED)

12/30/37
C.

(Cont.)

FIRST MAN:

Then it's true --?
(Livingstone nods)
Tonight sometime.

The Doctor nods again briefly, closes the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE ON OUTSIDE OF DOOR

The second man is painting a large "Y" on the door.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM

Julie has heard the conversation, goes on nursing
Pres.

303. EXT. JULIE'S NEW ORLEANS HOUSE
FULL SHOT THE FRONT ENTRANCE

BEFORE DAWN

A big "Y" is crudely painted on the door of the house. A carriage hurries down the deserted street, with its flaming tar barrels at regular intervals, pulls up in front of the house. Ted and the General get out and help Aunt Belle and Amy. They cross to the steps and go quickly up.

CUT TO:

304. MED. SHOT INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM

Julie is ministering to Pres. He is quieter, only now and then murmuring something which cannot be understood. OUT OF SCENE from downstairs comes the SOUND of voices. Julie listens. The voices come nearer as the arrivers climb the stairs. Amy enters followed by the Doctor, then Ted, Aunt Belle and the General. They see Julie. She is wringing out a compress. Amy goes to the bed. Julie puts the compress on Pres's forehead, then rises and gives Amy her place by Pres.

AMY:

Pres, dear...

PRES:

(his mutterings slowly
becoming more under-
standable)

...and not ever to get away from
it...underneath the river in you --
in your blood-red...to wear white
--white...and struck the white....
and twice cry...

Julie has moved to the doorway. Now she turns out of the room into the hall.

AMY:

Please, Doctor -- you must tell me.

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

I wish there could be some gentle
way....

AMY:

(steeling herself)

Then it's true -- they're going to
take Pres away to --

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

(nodding slowly)

There wasn't anything I could decently
do.

305. CLOSE SHOT JULIE IN THE HALLWAY AT OPEN BEDROOM DOOR

listening, her face full of anxiety and despair.

TED'S VOICE:

(out of scene -
desperately)

I'll be to kill, first!

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S VOICE:

(out of scene - wearily)

There's been enough o' killin', son.
Pres is a fever patient. I've had
to report him so.

CUT TO:

306. INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM MED. CLOSE SHOT DR. LIVINGSTONE,
TED AND AMY, AND THE OTHERS

TED:

(shocked and
incredulous)

You -- you reported him? You'd
send Pres out to die?

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

(earnestly)

I've seen two wars, Ted, and two
epidemics. The worst thing of both's
demoralization -- when folks begin to
let go. You got any idea what would
happen in New Orleans now if folks
got to thinkin' there was one law for
the rich and another for the poor?

GENERAL BOGARDUS:

He's right, Ted -- this is a war.

The CAMERA DOLLIES UP to a CLOSE SHOT of Dr. Livingstone.

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

Mistress Dillard, I put Pres on his
first horse. I caught his Daddy out
of his saddle when he died at Buena
Vista -- ahead of his men -- Tom
Dillard, the finest friend ever a
man had, do you think that if there
was anythin' I could do....

CUT TO:

307. MED. GROUP SHOT

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

(continuing)

Pres is beyond talkin' for himself,
but I know him and his breedin', and
I know what he'd say -- he's a man
of honor.

AMY:

You're right, Dr. Livingstone --
Pres would want it like you say.

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

Now I've got to get to the wharf.

AMY:

I'll see you out, Doctor.

CUT TO:

308. MED. SHOT INT. HALLWAY

Julie is listening tensely. Dr. Livingstone and Amy
come out of the bedroom, start down the stairs.

AMY:

(quietly)

When they come for Pres, I'm
going with him.

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

(pauses, looks at her)

Mistress Dillard! -- It's unthinkable!

CUT TO:

309. MED. SHOT STAIRWAY AMY AND DR. LIVINGSTONE

coming down the stairs toward the CAMERA

AMY:

(heedlessly)

Someone must be there with him.
You must arrange it so that I can
go with my husband.

DR. LIVINGSTONE:

But it's a death house!

AMY:

Will you arrange it? You must,
Doctor!

309 (Cont.)

DR. LIVINGSTONE:
 (he cannot help but
 show his admiration
 for her courage)
 You're askin' a mighty terrible
 thing, Mistress Dillard -- but --
 yes, if you want it.

CUT TO:

310. MED. SHOT INT. HALL DR. LIVINGSTONE AND AMY
 before the door.

AMY:
 Thank you, Doctor -- thank you.

DR. LIVINGSTONE:
 It will be as you wish, Ma'am.

He goes out the door. Amy turns to go back up the
 stairs -- sees Julie coming toward her down the stairs.

JULIE:
 (quietly)
 Amy --

Amy looks at her briefly, then starts to pass her on
 the stairs. Julie blocks her path.

JULIE:
 I heard....

Amy watches Julie defiantly.

JULIE:
 Of course, it's your right to go --
 You're his wife... But are you fit
 to go? Loving him isn't enough.
 If you gave him all your strength,
 would it be enough?

AMY:
 I'll make him live, or die with him.

JULIE:
 Amy, do you know the Creole word
 for fever powder -- for food and
 water -- how to talk to a sullen
 over-worked black boy and make him
 fear you and help you? Pres's life
 and yours will hang on words you
 can't say, and you will both surely
 die.

310 (Cont.)

OUT OF SCENE, from the street, comes the SOUND of cart wheels. Both women listen.

CUT TO:

311. LONG SHOT EXT. STREET THE "PROCESSION"
approaching.

CUT TO:

312. CLOSE SHOT INT. HALLWAY ANOTHER ANGLE AMY AND JULIE

AMY:

- Then it must be that way.

JULIE:

But it isn't a question of proving
your love by laying down your life
for Pres -- nothing so easy... Have
you the knowledge and the human
strength to fight for his life and
your own, as one will have to fight?
Amy, it's no longer you or I...

AMY:

What do you mean?

313. CLOSE SHOT JULIE AND AMY

JULIE:

I will make him live... I will!
Whatever you might do, I will do
more -- because I know how to
fight better than you.

AMY:

I'll fight -- to the death
itself!

From OUT OF SCENE the SOUND of cartwheels has grown
steadily louder. Now the procession is passing the
house.

(CONTINUED)

313. (Cont.)

JULIE:

(desperately)

Amy, if you knew the horror of that place! It's not a hospital, Amy, it's a desolate island haunted by death. They'll put Pres in an open shed with a hundred others. You must be there with him day and night, watching every breath he draws -- you must bathe him, give him drugs -- you will have to fight for his food and water -- you must keep the living away from him, and the dead -- be there by him, with your body between him and death....

There is a loud knock at the door. Neither woman moves to open it. The knock is repeated, then the door is opened from outside.

CUT TO:

314. MED. SHOT INT. HALL AND THE DOOR

as the door opens from the outside. Two men carry an improvised litter, a third holds a gun. All wear bandannas over their mouths.

MAN WITH GUN:

Where is he?

Amy cannot stifle a cry. Julie takes Amy's hand, holds it tightly.

JULIE:

Upstairs.

The men walk out of the picture toward the stairs.

AMY:

I'm not afraid.

JULIE:

No, you're not afraid. YOU'RE the bravest woman I ever saw. I believe you even have the courage to save him by giving me the right to go in your place. You are not afraid to die -- I boldly ask a greater sacrifice in Pres's name -- his life.

AMY:

And for yourself?

CUT TO:

315. CLOSE SHOT ON THE TWO

JULIE:
-- I ask you humbly for the chance
to give proof that I can be brave
and strong and unselfish. Help me,
Amy -- let me make myself clean again --
like you are clean....

AMY:
(she looks at Julie)
You love him -- even more than I
believed was in your power.

JULIE:
Let me prove myself worthy of the
love I bear him.

316. CLOSEUP AMY

AMY:
Julie, tell me -- something which
only you can tell me -- does Pres
still love you? He himself mightn't
know, but you would. Tell me....

317. CLOSE TWO SHOT FAVORING JULIE

JULIE:
(trying desperately to
escape Amy's question)
Amy -- it must be me!

AMY:
Tell me --

JULIE:
What does it matter who Pres loves? --
It's his life that matters!

Amy has taken Julie by the hand with her two hands.
Julie, avoiding the demand in Amy's eyes, looks at
Amy's straining hands. In her strength she would
withdraw from Amy, cry at Amy that Pres loves her--
Julie -- and only her. But something stronger than
Julie's will speaks out of her.

JULIE:
We both know -- Pres loves his wife.
Amy wants to believe the words, and does at the instant.

(CONTINUED)

Changes

"JEZEHEL"

317 (Cont.)

JULIE:
(encouraging Amy's
belief)
Whom else would Pres love? -- Not me,
surely.

318. CLOSE SHOT ANOTHER ANGLE JULIE AND AMY
Amy watches Julie intently. Her eyes cloud.

JULIE:
(continuing)
I've done too much against him, and
you are gentle and brave as I never
knew how to be... Had there been
any love in his heart for me, I'd
have taken him from you -- I tried,
and failed because he loves only you.

OUT OF SCENE, from above, voices.

Amy is now holding Julie's hand for support. The
agitation has gone out of her hands, and her eyes are
no longer questioning.

CUT TO:

319. ANGLE SHOT ON THE STAIRS

Amy and Julie in f.g. The litter bearers are carrying
Pres down.

AMY:
I'm grateful to you for telling me
-- in your own way -- what I had to
know. Goodbye...

CUT TO:

320. MED. SHOT IN THE HALL AMY AND JULIE

The litter bearers carry Pres into the scene.

AMY:
I believe you've earned whatever
right was mine... God protect you
and Pres -- Go with him.

Julie wants to express her gratitude, cannot, turns
quickly, opens the door for the man with Pres, follows
them out. Amy turns away from the open door, goes

(CONTINUED)

320 (Cont.)

slowly toward the stairs. The CAMERA PANS UP as she climbs the stairs. On the balcony are Bogardus, Aunt Belle and Ted.

DISSOLVE TO:

321.

EXT. STREET

MORNING

MOVING SHOT ON A WAGON CARRYING PRES

Julie walks beside the wagon. The sun is just breaking. Tar barrels flame palely. As the procession comes to a turn in the street, the CAMERA, DOLLYING BACKWARD, PANS to a FULL SHOT of the procession -- the decks toward which it is headed in the b.g.

FADE OUT.

THE END