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MR. JOSEPH YOUNG OF AFRICA

REVISED SCRIPT 152
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MR. JOSEPH YOUNG OF AFRICA

REVISED SCRIPT

1779

MR. JOSEPH YOUNG OF AFRICA

Screen Play

by

Ruth Rose

CHANGES:

9-30-47

10-27-47

11-22-47

12-1-47 2-24-48

12-11-47

12-17-47

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REVISED SCRIPT 48

AUGUST 20, 1947

*Changes stapled in
this script.*

MR. JOSEPH YOUNG OF AFRICA

Screen Play

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Ruth Rose

FADE IN

- A. LONG SHOT African Coast Line. HOLD TO establish, then CAMERA ZOOMS IN OVER breakers. While still moving,

DISSOLVE

- B. ZOOM IN. Up the Congo.

DISSOLVE

- C. ZOOM IN. Up a smaller river, deep jungle and waterfall.

DISSOLVE

- D. ZOOM TO High jungle covered mountains in b.g.

DISSOLVE

- E. ZOOM THROUGH opening in jungle down to native village.

DISSOLVE

- F. ZOOM. FULL SHOT Native Village.

ZOOM DOWN TO group of natives standing around something on ground. SOUND: excited native chatter. ZOOM STOPS ON group filling screen.

- G. MED. LONG SHOT - Native Chief and attendants approaching. CAMERA FOLLOWS them to group of people. As Chief reaches them he SHOUTS. Two men with spears exit carrying basket.

FADE OUT

(All preceding scenes Africa location).

FADE IN

EXT. AFRICA - DAY

- 1 GLASS PAINTING - LONG SHOT - John Young's farmhouse and landscape. CAMERA MOVES IN

DISSOLVE

EXT. FARMHOUSE - AFRICA - DAY - (MATTE)

- 2 FULL SHOT from across trail. Jill, age 7, is hanging on gate, peering off right. In one hand she holds a crude wooden doll by one arm, so that it dangles outside gate.

JILL

(looks off right)

Look, Genevieve. Somebody's coming. Two men. I never saw them before. Did you?

Two Native Men enter from right. They wear loin cloths, and blankets folded over shoulder. On blanket each carries end of pole from which hangs a close-woven covered basket. Each man has small cloth-wrapped bundle of personal possessions in hand.

JILL

Jambo, watu.

(Greetings, men.)

The two Natives stop and touch their foreheads politely.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

- 3 CLOSER SHOT. Jill opens gate and comes out to them.

JILL

(points at basket)

Nini ule?

(What's that?)

The Men look blank.

JILL

Let me see.

(she peeks between basket and lid; ecstatic sigh)

OOOOH! Will you sell it? Nitakupa shillingi. (I'll give you money.)

Two Men still look blank.

JILL

Don't you understand Swahili?

The Men start to walk on. Jill clutches at basket to hold them back.

(CONTINUED)

FADE IN

EXT. AFRICA - DAY

- 1 Glass Painting. LONG SHOT. In distance, forested mountains and hills. Lower right, clearing suggesting farm, with white-washed thatch-roof farmhouse and outbuildings.

DISSOLVE

EXT. JOHN YOUNG'S HOUSE - DAY - (SET).

- 2 FULL SHOT - House in shape of broad U, with open end toward CAMERA. House is white-washed plaster with thatch-roof overhanging broad veranda along left wing. Right wing like left, minus veranda. Across f.g. a flowering hedge, with rough unpainted wooden gate.

From left, along trail which passes gate, come two tall black Natives. They wear loin-cloths, each has a folded blanket across shoulder and a small cloth-wrapped bundle in hand. Between them they carry a pole from which swings a close woven covered basket.

Jill, a small blonde girl of 6 or 7, is running from house across Courtyard toward gate, as two Natives enter from left. She wears a plain little cotton dress and sandals on bare feet.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

- 3 CLOSE SHOT - Gate. Jill runs down to gate just as the two Natives come level with her.

JILL

(as she hangs
on gate)

Jambo, watu. (Greetings, Men).

Natives politely touch their foreheads. Jill opens gate and comes out to them.

JILL (cont'd)

(points at basket
they carry)

What's that? Nini ule?
(What is that?)

As they look uncomprehending, she peeks through mesh of basket.

JILL (cont'd)

(a sigh of
rapture)

Ooohh! Will you sell it?
Nitakupa shillingi! (I'll
pay you.)

(CONTINUED)

3 (CONTINUED)

JILL
Wait! Ngoja! I'll get my father
to buy it.
(she gestures eagerly)
Wait! You sit down. You wait.

Men look at each other.

1ST MAN
Bremya das.
(We stop.)

The Men lift pole from their shoulders.

JILL
(delighted)
That's it! You wait. Just a minute --

She runs back through gate, dropping doll carelessly
just inside.

EXT. COURTYARD AND HOUSE - DAY

4 MED. SHOT. Kifa, Native Woman servant, comes from left
door of house, carrying broom and pail. Jill enters,
running.

JILL
Kifa! Nataka baba. Wapi baba?
(Kifa, I want papa. Where's papa?)

KIFA
Haya hapa.
(He's not here.)

JILL
(disappointed)
Oh, I forgot. He's gone over to
the new fields. What shall I do?

KIFA
Sijui yuko. Zina nafasi sasa.
(I don't know. Don't bother me.)

Kifa exits through door at right of house.

JILL
(pauses, then
looks determined)
Well -- then I'll have to buy it myself.

She runs in door at left of house.

INT. JILL'S BEDROOM - DAY

5 MED. SHOT. Jill runs in, snatches up her bank, which is
a gourd, puts it on floor and stamps on it. She kneels.

They look blank.

JILL (cont'd)
Don't you speak Swahili?

Natives grunt and start to go. Jill clutches basket and holds them back.

JILL (cont'd)
Wait! I'll get some money
from my father.

She gestures earnestly to make them sit down. They look at each other, grunt, and squat down in their tracks

JILL (cont'd)
That's it. You wait.

She dashes back through Gate toward house.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

4 MED. SHOT - Kifa is coming from right wing of house. She is a tall, gaunt African, very tribal looking in spite of the limp cotton gown that flaps about her bare feet. She has a bucket and a broom. Jill comes running in.

JILL
Kifa, Nataka baba. Wapi baba?
(Kifa, I want papa. Where's papa?)

KIFA
Haya hapa. (He's not here.)

JILL
(disappointed)
Oh, I forgot. He won't be back
till supper-time.

KIFA
Zina nafasi sasa. (Don't bother me.)

Kifa crosses Courtyard and exits into left wing of house.

JILL
Well -- then I'll have to do it
myself.

She runs across to left wing of house and up on veranda. As she goes to middle door -

INT. JILL'S BEDROOM - DAY

5 MED. LONG SHOT - Jill rushes in, snatches up her bank, which is a gourd, throws it on floor and stamps on it till it breaks. She squats down.

6 CLOSE SHOT - Jill picking three or four coins from broken gourd. She puts them in dress pocket.

CAMERA MOVES with her to bureau. She opens drawer, take out string of beads, peers into drawer, gets jack-in-the box and a yo-yo. She snatches towel from wash-stand, and puts her treasures in it. Then she pauses and looks at miniature piano music-box on bureau. She puts out her hand to take it, then stops and shakes her head. It is too much of a sacrifice. She gathers up ends of towel and runs out.

EXT. VERANDA - FARMHOUSE - DAY

7 MED. SHOT. Jill hurries from house. She looks up at big flashlight that hangs on veranda post. She climbs on chair and takes flashlight. Then she pauses. She knows she is doing wrong.

JILL

It doesn't belong to me --
(she decides to sin anyway)
Well -- maybe Father won't mind.

She jumps down from chair, pushes flashlight into towel with the rest of her trade-goods and runs out.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

8 SHOOTING TOWARD Gate and Farmhouse. The Two Native Men are squatting to right of gate, their basket is at left of gate. Jill runs across courtyard and out at gate with her bundle. She hunkers down opposite Two Men, puts bundle beside her.

CAMERA TRUCKS IN TO miss basket.

JILL

Nataka bishara.
(I want to trade.)

Two Men look blank.

JILL (cont'd)

Oh, dear.
(she brightens)
Well, never mind. I can make you understand.

9 CLOSE SHOT - Jill pantomiming.

JILL

(points to herself)
I --
(points to her bundle)
--got fine things --
(points to men)
-- you --
(points to their basket)
-- trade with me?

6 CLOSE SHOT - Jill picks up the few coins from broken gourd, stands up, puts them in dress pocket. CAMERA MOVES WITH her to bureau. She opens drawer, takes out string of beads and a little bracelet. She rummages and finds a small box (a jack-in-the-box).

7 MED. LONG SHOT - Jill runs to washstand, gets towel, runs to bed, spreads out towel and piles her treasure on it. She gathers up ends of towel and starts from room. Stops, turns and looks at table in window.

INT. TABLE IN WINDOW - (A square wooden box on it.)

8 CLOSE SHOT - Jill enters from other side of table and starts to pick up box. Then she pauses and decides not to take it. It is her most precious possession. She half turns away, stops, then deciding to make the sacrifice, she turns back, picks up box and runs out. CAMERA SWINGS WITH her as she runs out of bedroom.

EXT. VERANDA - YOUNG'S HOUSE - DAY

9 MED. LONG SHOT past veranda pillar to Jill's door. Jill hurries out from house, clutching her towel-wrapped bundle and the square box.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

10 SHOOTING TOWARD gate FROM trail. The two Natives are squatting in f.g. Jill with bundle and music box runs out from gate and squats opposite Natives like a merchant in the marketplace. She puts box and bundle beside her.

JILL

Nataka bishara.
(I want to trade.)

Natives look blank.

JILL (cont'd)

Oh dear. Well -- never mind. I
can make you understand.

11 CLOSE SHOT - Jill pantomiming.

JILL

(points to herself)
I --
(points to bundle)
got fine things --
(points to natives)
you --
(points to their basket)
trade?

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Two Native Men and Jill.
Natives get the idea, look at each other, nod
gravely, then turn to Jill.

1ST MAN

Takada.
(All right.)

He puts his folded blanket on the ground between them as a display table for her goods. Jill gets her four coins from dress pocket and puts them down one by one on blanket, watching the men's faces. When they see her hands are empty, they shake their heads. Jill fumbles inside towel, brings out beads, holds them up, turning them from side to side to make them sparkle.

JILL

(hopefully)
Very pretty.

The men are dead pan. Jill puts beads on blanket, pulls out yo-yo and throws it a couple of times.

JILL (cont'd)

This is lots of fun.

1ST MAN

(grunts disdainfully)
Agh!

She puts yo-yo on blanket, brings out jack-in-the box.

JILL

Here! Look! Very nice.
(passes box to 1st Man,
gestures eagerly for him
to open it)
You open it. Open!

1st Man examines box, pulls back hook, jack-in-the box flies out in his face. Both men nearly fall over.

JILL

(laughs eagerly)
Very funny. Make you laugh.

The Two Men are furiously angry. They stand up and scowl at Jill.

1ST MAN

Punya bas! Habima darun!
(That is bad. We shall go away.)

JILL

(in a panic)
Oh, my goodness! Don't be cross!
Don't go! Look!
(she hurriedly pulls out the big
flashlight and goes to 1st Man)
Look! Please look at this.

(CONTINUED)

12

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Natives and Jill. Natives get the idea, look at each other, nod. Jill feels in dress pocket, and brings out her three coins, and puts them down on ground one by one, watching their faces. Men look indifferent, when they see her hands are empty. they shake their heads. Jill feels in towel-wrapped bundle and brings out beads and bracelet, holds them up and turns them so sun will make them sparkle. No reaction from men.

JILL

(brings out
jack-in-the-box)

Here! Look! Very good.

(passes box
to one man)

You open. Open!

She gestures. Man examines box, pulls back little hook, jack-in-the-box leaps out. Both men nearly fall over backward.

JILL (cont'd)

(laughs eagerly)

Very funny! You like?

The men are very angry. They glare at Jill and rise, about to go.

JILL (cont'd)

Oh, no! Wait! Don't be cross!

Oh, my goodness!

Her last resort is the large square box. She hurriedly opens it and takes out a music box, which she winds feverishly.

JILL (cont'd)

(as she winds)

Look! Please! Look at this!

She sets music box on ground and it starts to play "Old Black Joe".

13

CLOSE SHOT - Men picking up their bundles. TINKLE of music box OVER. They hear, turn and look.

14. INSERT - MUSIC BOX

It has a little black-face figure on it, dressed gaily in stripes, and a straw hat. It carries a banjo. As music plays "Old Black Joe," the little figure strums at the banjo and shuffles its feet.

She demonstrates light on and off.

JILL
(anxiously)
This very good. Very useful.

Both men lean down and look, fascinated, as Jill turns light on and off.

JILL (cont'd)
You trade? All this --
(gestures to things on blanket)
-- for that?
(points o.s. to basket)

The Two Men look at each other.

2ND MAN
Welak?
(A deal?)

1ST MAN
Welak.
(It's a deal.)
(he nods vigorously)

JILL
(delighted)
Oh, good!

1st Man holds out his hand for the flashlight.

JILL (cont'd)
(hesitates)
Ooh.
(she looks up at him,
speaks confidentially)
I'm being very bad. It isn't mine.

1ST MAN
Lisab!
(Give it.)

JILL
I wonder what Father will say --

1ST MAN
(impatiently)
Lisab gana.
(Give it now.)

JILL
Well -- all right.
(she gives him flashlight)

(CONTINUED)

15

MED. SHOT - Jill winding at box. Natives come slowly back, staring at music box.

JILL
(winding madly)
Pretty! Nice! Good! You
trade? All this --
(she gestures)
for that?
(she waves at
their basket)

The two natives squat down and watch the little moving figure with eager interest. Then they look up at Jill and nod vigorously, motioning her toward their basket. Jill looks joyful.

16

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Jill pulls off rattan that fastens basket lid. Opens lid toward CAMERA and peers in eagerly.

AFRICA LOCATION

17

DOWN SHOT - Baby Gorilla in basket looking up.

EXT. VERANDA - LEFT WING OF HOUSE

18

MED. CLOSE - Kifa comes from house, stands on Veranda looking for Jill.

KIFA
(calls)
Kuja. Lala. Upesi.
(Come. Nap. Hurry.)

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

19

MED. CLOSE from across trail toward Gate. Kifa on Veranda, b.g. Jill in f.g. concealed from Kifa as she squats by hedge.

JILL
Oh my goodness. What will
Kifa say.

She looks around, picks up towel in which she brought her trade goods, reaches into basket with it and arranges it. Then picks up towel-wrapped Baby Gorilla (dummy) and cuddles it against her. She rises and calls over her shoulder without turning toward house.

JILL (cont'd)
Oh, Kifa. Do I have to take a
nap now?

KIFA
Wango ea nini? Upesi.
(What are you waiting for? Hurry.)

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA TRUCKS and PANS WITH her as she goes to basket and takes off lid.

JOHN YOUNG'S VOICE

(o.s. distant)

Oh, Jii--iil!

Jill jumps and with lid of basket in her hand, runs back to Two Men. They have picked up blanket with Jill's trade goods and are examining flashlight.

CAMERA TRUCKS and PANS WITH her as she runs to them.

JILL

Go away! Father's coming!

11 CLOSE SHOT - Baby Gorilla in basket. He crawls out and exits.

JILL'S VOICE

He mustn't see you! Maybe he
wouldn't let me keep it! Enda!
Hurry! Go away!

EXT. FARMHOUSE, GATE AND COURTYARD

12 SAME AS SC. 9. Jill is pushing the Two Men toward right.

JILL

Enda haraka!
(Go quickly!)
I don't want him to see you --

Two Men exit right. Jill turns, looks toward gate.

JILL (cont'd)

Oh, my goodness --

CAMERA TRUCKS, PANS, TILTS WITH her as she runs away from camera toward gate, bends and scoops up Baby and races through gate toward house and up on Veranda.

INT. JOHN YOUNG'S BEDROOM - DAY

13 MED. SHOT. Jill enters over f.g., clasping baby monk. She runs to bed, puts baby under sheet and tries to smooth it down to hide the lump. It heaves a couple of times.

JILL

Ssh! Be quiet!
(she giggles)
Won't Father be surprised!

JILL
Naja. (I'm coming.)

Kifa goes back into house.

- 20 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. Jill's face and corner of towel across her shoulder covering Baby Gorilla. She lifts corner of towel and peeks.

AFRICA LOCATION.

- 21 EXTREME CLOSE UP. REVERSE ANGLE down into Baby Gorilla's face as towel lifts up exposing it. (Jill's hand not seen.)

JILL'S VOICE OVER
(whispers)
You have to take a nap, too.
And be very quiet.

Towel comes down again, covering Baby Gorilla's face.

- 22 MED. CLOSE. Jill holding towel-wrapped Baby Gorilla.

JILL
Ooooh, won't Father be surprised.

She turns and goes through Gate toward house.

INT. JILL'S BEDROOM - DAY - (SET)

- 23 Jill is in bed, asleep. An open basket like a clothes basket, no lid, is beside bed.

- 24 CLOSE SHOT - Jill in bed, asleep.

AFRICA LOCATION

- 25 EXTREME CLOSE UP. Baby gorilla in basket asleep.

- 26 CLOSEUP, BASKET. AFRICA LOCATION, SHOOTING slightly DOWN. Baby Gorilla wakes and climbs out. FOLLOW SHOT as he goes to door and exits. B.g. plank floor. Doorway not essential so long as Baby definitely exits from shot.

EXT. YOUNG'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

- 27 SHOOTING TOWARD house from across trail. John Young rides in. He is about 40, close-cropped mustache, bush jacket, khaki trousers stuffed into laced boots, broad-brimmed felt hat. He dismounts at gate, opens it, leads horse in.

EXT. COURTYARD AND FARMHOUSE - DAY

- 14 John Young enters. He wears bush jacket, khaki trousers stuffed in laced boots, broad felt hat. He has basket and lid in one hand, Jill's doll in the other.

YOUNG
(pauses, calls)
Jill! Where are you? What's
this stuff?

He drops basket and lid under tree, goes to Veranda, pauses as he glances up and misses flashlight from its accustomed place. He looks around for it, shrugs, drops doll on chair and exits center door of house.

INT. YOUNG'S BEDROOM - DAY

- 15 MED. SHOT. Jill not seen; she is hiding behind curtain where Young's clothes are hung. Young enters, takes off hat and coat, starts to unfasten pistol belt, glance across the room and stiffens; reaches for revolver.

CAMERA PANS to Young's bed. Bedclothes heaving up and down. Young enters shot with drawn revolver and cautiously approaches bed. Takes edge of sheet in his hand.

- 16 CLOSE SHOT - Sheet is pulled back to disclose Baby Gorilla

YOUNG'S VOICE (o.s.)
What on earth --
(he shouts)
Jill! Jill!

- 17 MED SHOT shooting toward curtain. Jill jumps out from behind curtain, laughing.

JILL
Surprise, Father! Aren't you
surprised?

Young comes into shot.

YOUNG
Jill! Where did that come from?

JILL
(nervously)
Oh -- that's Joe, Father. Isn't
he sweet?

28

INT. STOREROOM - DAY

A corner of storeroom lined with shelves containing all sorts of house supplies. A bunch of bananas hangs from rafters, there are packages and tins and jugs galore. The Baby Gorilla is investigating and sampling everything and wrecking the place. Stay on him as long as it is amusing.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY - (SET)

29

John Young and Native Boy. The Boy is unsaddling horse. He leads it off right, as Young pulls off saddle and carries it over to Veranda left. He throws saddle down on Veranda.

AFRICA LOCATION

INT. STOREROOM - DAY

30

Baby Gorilla wrecking everything. SOUND- Saddle thumps down on Veranda. Baby Gorilla jumps and scuttles o.s.

INT. JILL'S ROOM - DAY

31

Jill wakes, looks over at basket, jumps up and hurries to it, finds it empty. She kneels and peers under bed and other furniture.

INT. YOUNG'S BEDROOM - DAY

32

MED. LONG SHOT. Young enters, pulls off jacket, tosses it and hat on chair, takes off pistol belt, and sits down. Unlaces boot and pulls it off. He glances across room and stares, very startled.

CAMERA SWINGS to Young's bed. A lump under the bedclothes is heaving up and down.

INT. YOUNG'S ROOM - DAY

33

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Young staring at bed, reaches for revolver without moving his eyes, rises and cautiously approaches bed, revolver ready. CAMERA FOLLOWS. He leans over bed, suddenly jerks back sheet.

AFRICA LOCATION.

34

CLOSE SHOT DOWN AT Bed from Young's ANGLE. Jerk top sheet down to DISCLOSE Baby Gorilla lying in bed, looking up at Camera.
(Note: show only lower edge of pillow and sheet under Baby, no other background.)

YOUNG'S VOICE (O.S.)

Joe? That's a baby gorilla

JILL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Two men had him. They didn't
speak Swahili.

MED. SHOT - Young and Jill, looking off scene at bed.

YOUNG

They must have brought him down
from the mountains. Gorilla
country is a long way from here.

(turns to Jill)

Really, Jill, you ought to have
more sense.

JILL

(anxiously)

Are you cross?

YOUNG

(drily)

For a tired man who's just found a
gorilla in his bed, I think I'm
behaving very well. You cannot
have a pet gorilla.

JILL

(hangs on his arm)

Please let me keep him. Please.
I bought him.

Young sits down and draws Jill to him.

YOUNG

How? What did you have to buy
him with?

JILL

(rapidly)

Oh, money and beads and toys --

(hesitates)

-- and -- er -- other things.

(looks away uneasily)

YOUNG

Other things?

(catches on)

Ah. Where's my big flashlight?

JILL

(wriggles, then

has inspiration)

Well -- that makes him partly
yours, too, doesn't it?

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG'S VOICE OVER
What on earth ----
(he shouts)
Jill. Jill.

INT. YOUNG'S ROOM - DAY

35 MED. LONG. SHOOTING FROM direction of bed at Young.
Jill runs in, in her nightgown.

YOUNG
(points at bed,
says sternly)
Where did that come from?

JILL
(nervously)
Oh-- that's Joe, Father.
Isn't he sweet?

AFRICA LOCATION. DAY

36 CLOSE SHOT. Baby Gorilla sitting up in bed.

YOUNG'S VOICE (o.s.)
Joe? That's a baby gorilla!

JILL'S VOICE (o.s.)
Two men brought him down the track.
I didn't know where they came from.
They didn't speak Swahili.

INT. YOUNG'S ROOM - DAY

37 MED. CLOSE. Jill and Young.

YOUNG
No wonder. They must have come down
from the mountains. Gorilla country
is a long way from here. Really, Jill,
you ought to have more sense.

JILL
(anxiously)
Are you cross, Father?

YOUNG
(dryly)
For a tired man who's just found a
gorilla in his bed, I think I'm
behaving very well. You cannot have
a pet gorilla. It isn't practical.

JILL
(hanging on his arm)
Please let me keep him. Please.
I bought him.

(CONTINUED)

19 (CONTINUED)

YOUNG
(suppresses a smile)
I don't know what to say to you,
I'm sure.
(shakes his head
at her)
I have worries enough trying to
run this farm --

20 CLOSE SHOT - Baby Gorilla walking about on bed.

YOUNG'S VOICE (O.S.)
-- and the idea of having this
creature for a pet is simply
preposterous -- what do you
think will happen when he grows
up --

21 CLOSE SHOT - Young and Jill.

YOUNG
It's impossible. I'm sorry but
you can't keep him. I will not
raise a gorilla.

DISSOLVE

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

22 Young sits under big tree, Jill leans on arm of his chair. Both looking down into basket. On table is the miniature piano music-box.

YOUNG
How the little fellow loves
his milk!

23 CLOSE SHOT - Baby Gorilla sucking bottle.

JILL'S VOICE (O.S.)
He'll go to sleep in a minute.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

24 Jill and Young. Jill picks up music box and winds it.

YOUNG
Does he always take his nap to
music?

JILL
Oh, yes. This is his favorite song.

Jill puts music-box on ground beside basket. It
tinkles out theme song.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG

With what?

JILL

Mostly it was my music box. That's why I call him Joe. Because that was the tune that bought him.

YOUNG

Now listen. I have plenty of things to worry about on this farm ---

AFRICA LOCATION.

- 38 CLOSEUP, SHOOTING DOWN ON Baby Gorilla sitting on the floor, playing with Young's discarded boot. Plank floor background.

INT. YOUNG'S ROOM - DAY

- 39 MED. SHOT - Young and Jill.

YOUNG

I'm sorry, Jill, but you can't keep him. I will not raise a baby gorilla.

DISSOLVE

EXT. COURTYARD - FARMHOUSE - DAY

- 40 Young is sprawled in a big chair, table beside him. Three-quarter SIDE SHOT. On ground beyond him is Joe's basket, but Young's position blocks this from Camera. Young has a glass in his hand. He finishes his drink, puts glass on table, calls over his shoulder past Camera.

YOUNG

Jill, where's that bottle?

Jill enters over f.g. from house, carrying whiskey bottle. She gives it to Young and stands beside and a little behind him. He does something with the bottle, Jill's position screens his hands. He might be opening it, but he is really fixing a rag stopper in it. Then he leans toward concealed basket. He straightens up, both he and Jill are looking down at hidden basket.

AFRICA LOCATION.

- 41 CLOSE SHOT Baby Gorilla in basket sucking at whiskey bottle full of milk. It has a rag stopper for a nipple.

JILL

(fondly)
I think he's grown already,
don't you?

YOUNG

He'll grow. That's the trouble.

JILL

But now I have someone to play with.

YOUNG

Jill, dear, please try to realize
that the time will come when we
can't keep Joe --

JILL

(firmly)
This is his home. We'll always
be friends.

YOUNG

But you have no idea -- This
helpless baby will grow up into
a huge, fierce animal --

Jill looks down into basket and puts finger to her
lips.

JILL

Ssh!

25 CLOSE SHOT - Baby Gorilla asleep in basket.

FADE OUT

26- OMITTED.
48

FADE IN

SUB-TITLE
NEW YORK TEN YEARS LATER

49 HIGH STOCK SHOT - NEW YORK. Preferably Times Square
District - DAY

DISSOLVE

50 CLOSE SHOT - office door. Painted on it:

MAX O'HARA PRODUCTIONS

CAMERA DOLLIES FORWARD.

DISSOLVE

51 Another door. CAMERA STILL MOVING FORWARD to legend
on door.

MAX O'HARA
Private

(CONTINUED)

EXT. COURTYARD - FARMHOUSE - DAY (SAME AS 40)

42

Young turns to Jill smiling.

YOUNG

How that little beggar loves his milk!

JILL

(fondly)

I think he's grown already, Father.
Isn't it fine, now I have someone to
play with.

YOUNG

Mmmm, yes. It's all very fine now,
but I'm afraid it can't last. When
Joe gets big ---

JILL

This will always be his home.

YOUNG

But Jill, you've never seen a
full-grown gorilla. You have
no idea ----

Jill looks down at basket.

JILL

(finger on lips)

Sssssh.

Young looks down.

AFRICA LOCATION.

43

CLOSE SHOT Baby Gorilla asleep beside bottle.
(Note: In these basket C.U's. if necessary
to show b.g., use plain dirt like trodden
earth of courtyard.)

DISSOLVE

EXT. JOE'S PARADISE - DAY

44

PAINTED GLASSES AND MULTIPLE MIN. PROJ. Distant b.g.
of rolling hills rising to forested mountains,
beautiful cloud effects, distant cascade tumbling into
valley. This is seen through a little open glade.
F.G. to left, a broad spreading tree; to right, a
tumble of mossy rocks down from higher ground o.s.
A scene of peaceful beauty. Baby Gorilla (animation
or dummy) sits against tree looking out over landscape.
Jill climbs down over rocks at right. She carries a
small covered basket.

JILL

Here I am, Joe!

Animated figure or dummy turns head toward her.

AFRICA LOCATION.

45 CLOSE SHOT - Baby Gorilla looking up past Camera; he is backed by dark tree root or trunk.

EXT. JOE'S PARADISE - DAY

46 LONG SHOT -

JILL
I brought the picnic.

She stops and holds up basket.

47 CLOSE SHOT - Jill against b.g. of mossy rocks. She is holding up basket, lowers it, leans over rock, looking down at Joe.

JILL
Isn't this a lovely place? This is our very own place forever. And we'll always be friends, no matter what happens, won't we, Joe?

48 LONG SHOT - Jill completes climb down to level ground.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SUB TITLE

NEW YORK TEN YEARS LATER

49 HIGH STOCK SHOT - NEW YORK. Preferably Times Square District. DAY

DISSOLVE

50 CLOSE SHOT - Office Door. Painted on it:

MAX O'HARA
PRODUCTIONS

CAMERA DOLLIES FORWARD

DISSOLVE

51 ANOTHER DOOR. CAMERA STILL MOVING FORWARD to legend on door.

MAX O'HARA
Private

SOUND: Typewriters CLACKING, BUZZ of voices

SWITCH BOARD GIRL'S
VOICE

(O.S.)

Max O'Hara Productions. Yes,
Mr. McCune. His lines are
busy. Will you wait?

CAMERA CONTINUES FORWARD

DISSOLVE

INT. O'HARA'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

52 MED. SHOT - Max O'Hara in shirt sleeves, sitting at modernistic desk cluttered with theatrical photos, scripts, etc., his coat on back of chair, giving orders, telephoning, looking at a model set, making notes. He is rather short and chunky, not at all fat, but a compact bundle of energy and dynamic drive. He is a Broadway boy who has fought his way to the top. He is about forty. He is a combination of rubber ball and bull-dozer - bounce and overwhelming drive.

An artist stands opposite Max, a portfolio of sketches open on desk. He is trying to hand a sketch to Max, who is talking on phone.

MAX

(on phone)

Well, get somebody who knows
what I want. Find an electrician
with ideas.

He slams down telephone. Another one on his desk RINGS. Artist hands him a sketch. Max takes it in his free hand and looks at it while telephoning.

MAX (cont'd)

(on phone)

Yes, Max O'Hara speaking. Yes.

Sure. That's what I said.

(to artist)

No, no! It isn't big enough!

(to phone)

No, no! Not you. What? Well,
look at your blueprints.

He hangs up phone. Artist hands him another sketch. Secretary brings letters for him to sign, puts pen in his hand. He scrawls signatures while looking at sketches.

53

CLOSE SHOT - Max.

MAX

It isn't big enough, I tell you.
Listen, I'm breaking into new
territory. I'm building a
night-club in Hollywood. This
has got to be something different.
It's got to knock 'em dead!

54

ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING ACROSS Max TOWARD door to
outer office. Greg Ford stands against wall to left
of Max, his eyes fixed on Max. He is about 24, tall,
lean, diffident, uncomfortable in his store clothes.
He clutches a letter of introduction, and whenever he
thinks there's an opportunity to present it, he tries
to approach, only to be swept aside by the turmoil
around the desk.

MAX

(to artist)

Go see the architect again.
Bring me some new sketches tonight.

He pushes sketches at artist across desk in one
direction, signed letters at secretary in another.

MAX (cont'd)

What about my steamer tickets?

SECRETARY

The Company is sending them over,
Mr. O'Hara.

Greg approaches desk as artist gathers up sketches and
turns away, colliding with Greg.

SECRETARY (cont'd)

(as she turns
from desk)

Here's Mr. Jones from the bank.

Jones, a worried banker, carrying a briefcase, comes
between Greg and desk, just as Greg gets around artist
and tries to speak to Max. Jones leans in front of him,
opening briefcase. Greg gives up for the moment,
and retires to the wall again.

55

MED. SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE - Max's desk.

MAX

Hiya, Jones.

(to secretary)

Get Bradley on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

JONES

The letters of credit, Mr. O'Hara.

He lays papers in front of Max and sits down beside desk, while Max signs.

JONES (cont'd)

You can draw on Mombasa, Durban,
Capetown, Johannesburg ---

Secretary brings doctor and nurse to desk. Doctor puts bag on desk and he and nurse pull out things to give shots. Secretary rolls up Max's left sleeve and exits. Max pays no attention except for a slight wince when hypo needle sticks him.

MAX

(brief glance up)

Hi, Doc.

JONES

(astonished)

What's this?

DOCTOR

Mr. O'Hara's last inoculations
before he sails.

Nurse hands doctor cotton; he swabs Max's left arm.

SECRETARY

(over doctor's
shoulder)

Los Angeles on the phone,
Mr. O'Hara.

Max picks up phone with right hand.

MAX

(into phone)

Max O'Hara -- what about that
plate glass?

(doctor sticks

hypo in him)

You've got the measurements --
quit arguing and get it!

He hangs up, doctor swabs his arm.

JONES

I suppose it's no use, Mr. O'Hara,
but I feel it my duty to protest
once more. This expedition of
yours is so expensive. You are
drawing too heavily on your
capital.

Doctor swabs Max's arm for the second hypo. White-coated boy enters, puts before Max tray with sandwich and malted. Max mechanically takes bite of sandwich,

(CONTINUED)

puts it down as phone RINGS, and picks up receiver.

MAX
(into phone)
Hello, Bradley. Well, how do
I know? That's your business.
(doctor gives
him second hypo)
Oh, make it strong enough to--
hold an elephant.

He hangs up, takes another bite of sandwich while
doctor swabs arm.

MAX (cont'd)
(to Jones, through
sandwich)
I'm not the cautious type,
Jones. You oughta know that.
And the more I spend, the
more I make.

DOCTOR
Goodbye and bon voyage,
Mr. O'Hara.

56 ANOTHER ANGLE, same as 54. Greg in b.g. Doctor and
nurse gathering ampules, etc., replacing in bag.
Greg hoping for his opportunity, moves forward a step.

MAX
(waves sandwich)
G'bye, Doc.
(to Jones)
Look at the record. Look at
the newspapers. That reminds
me.
(he presses button
on inter-phone)
Hey, Windy! Where are those
evening papers?

As doctor and nurse go away from desk, Greg comes
forward a tentative step, but is defeated by secretary
who walks in front of him bringing messenger to desk.

SECRETARY
Your steamer tickets, Mr. O'Hara.

MAX
Right. G'bye, Jones. Don't
worry about me. Max O'Hara
always puts it over.

Jones shakes hands and goes. Greg advances again a step.

(CONTINUED)

SECRETARY

(puts made-out
check and
messenger receipt
before Max)

The check for the tickets, please.
(as Max signs)

Mr. Fletcher is here, Mr. O'Hara.

MAX

(signing check)

Let him wait.

(secretary puts
receipt before
him; he signs)

Let everybody wait. I gotta
shake up my press agent.

Max sinks back in chair, takes sandwich in one hand,
glass of malted in the other and begins to munch and
gulp. Messenger exits with receipt and check.
Secretary follows him. Greg advances to desk eagerly;
this temporary lull is his chance; Max seems to have
lighted for a moment. Max is drinking, he looks over
rim of glass at Greg and pauses, then swallows, sets
down empty glass.

GREG

(he has a
slow drawl)

I got a letter of introduction,
Mr. O'Hara.

He tries to give it to Max, who pays no attention to it.

MAX

What d'ya want?

GREG

I - I thought maybe -- well,
I'd sure like to go to Africa.

MAX

So what?

SOUND - Opening Door.

MAX (cont'd)

(looks off)

Hey, Windy! Where you been?
Asleep?

57

ANOTHER ANGLE. SHOOTING ACROSS Max's desk to outer
office door. Windy just closing it behind him.

(CONTINUED)

Windy, a tired press agent, comes to desk. He has evening papers folded open at stories about Max. He puts them before Max, who glances at them, making disapproving comments.

GREG
(offers letter
again)
I gotta letter --

MAX
(ignores him)
Hmmm. Half a column on page 10.

WINDY
That's pretty good for the
"Times".

He drops into a chair, glancing at Greg.

GREG
It's a letter from Tex Wood --

MAX
(another
newspaper)
Three paragraphs! In the
theatrical section!

WINDY
Best I could do.

MAX
(grunts, picks
up another paper)
Hey! No picture of me!

WINDY
(wearily)
I planted a picture with the
story. They didn't run it.

MAX
(throws
down
paper)
This whole thing needs more
ginger. I want front page
space. Get in there and pitch,
Windy. These guys don't seem to
believe I'm going.

(CONTINUED)

WINDY

Do you blame 'em? I can't believe it myself. Max O'Hara going to Africa to bring 'em back alive. What for? Why, there's fifty animal acts begging for work right here in town.

MAX

(throws himself
back in despair)

And you call yourself a press agent!

WINDY

(sulkily)

It's a waste of time and money.

MAX

Money! Listen, I'll get a million dollars worth of publicity out of this expedition.

WINDY

Well, say you've gone to Africa and go off on a vacation somewhere. What difference does it make?

MAX

(with a groan
of exasperation)

Can't I get any cooperation?

He glances up as though appealing to heaven and his eye falls on Greg, still standing, holding his letter. Max jumps up and leans across desk to Greg.

MAX (cont'd)

Here, you! What do you say? Don't you think I ought to go to Africa?

GREG

Why, sure.

MAX

(triumphantly
to Windy)

There! See? There's a smart guy.

WINDY

(sourly)

He agrees with you. He must be.

GREG

(offers letter)

This (is from Tex Wood -

(CONTINUED)

Max pushes his chair back and paces up and down, frowning.

MAX

I don't see why you can't make the front pages, Windy. --
Think of a new angle. That's what we need.

He paces across the office, muttering to himself.

58 ANOTHER ANGLE - Windy and Greg. MED. CLOSE SHOT.
Windy twists around in chair and looks up curiously at Greg, who still holds his letter hopefully.

WINDY

Who are you, anyhow? What have you got to do with this rat race?

GREG

I gotta letter of introduction from Tex Wood --

WINDY

(drily)
Yeah, that I got.

GREG

(shyly)
Maybe you know Mr. Wood?

WINDY

Sure. He puts on the shows over at the Garden.

GREG

Yes, sir. Madison Square Garden.
Our show closed last week.

Max has paced back to desk. Stands gazing into space, trying for an angle.

WINDY

Oh, the rodeo?

GREG

Yes, sir.

WINDY

Cowboy, huh?

GREG

Yes, sir.
(He adds with shy pride)
Champion roper.

(CONTINUED)

WINDY

(bored)
So you make with the lasso.
Well, what d'ya want here?

GREG

(earnestly)
I saw in the paper how Mr.
O'Hara's going to Africa.

59 CLOSE SHOT - Greg.

GREG

Now there's a place I always
wanted to see. I'd take any
kind of a job if I could go.
I never been anywhere but Texas
-- and this trip to New York.

60 MED. SHOT - Greg and Windy. Max in b.g.

WINDY

(amused)
What d'ya think of New York?

GREG

(trying to
be polite)
Well -- I reckon New York ain't
my kind of country. But a funny
thing -- ever since I was a kid,
I wanted to see Africa. You
reckon there's any chance he'd
take me?

WINDY

(laughs
scornfully)
For the love of Mike, why would
he? We're going to open a night
club, not a Wild West show!

Max suddenly gives a loud scream. Greg and Windy jump
and turn.

61 CLOSE SHOT - Max. Max has clapped both hands to his
head in a gesture of sudden inspiration.

MAX

I got it!
(shouting
reproachfully
at Windy)
What's the matter with you? What do
I pay you for? I get all the ideas.

62

MED. SHOT - Max, Windy and Greg.

WINDY

Now what?

MAX

Gotta new angle. It's great.
Just thought of it. I'll
take cowboys.

WINDY

Cowboys! Why?

MAX

To lasso lions, of course.

WINDY

Huuh?

(recovering)

But, good gosh. You can buy
all the lions you want in
California.

MAX

(with exasperation
pounds on desk)

But I'm going to send back
stories from Africa. I'm
taking a photographer. I'll
send back stories they'll fight
to get. All you have to do is
hand 'em out. Don't you
understand? I'm going to be in
terrible danger -- in Darkest
Africa -- with pictures!

SECRETARY

(suddenly
enters scene)

You're two hours late for the
dentist, Mr. O'Hara.

Max grabs his coat and struggles into it.

MAX

And who's the greatest publicity
man in the world? You or me?
Get the lead out of your pants.

He grabs the astonished Greg by the arm and rushes
him to the door. CAMERA SWINGS WITH them TO the door.

MAX (cont'd)

Come on, you. You're going
to lasso lions.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

(dazed)
I am?

MAX

Sure. Round up some of your
friends to help you. We'll talk
it over while I'm at the dentist's.

He rushes Greg out of the office.

63 REVERSE ANGLE - Windy and Secretary. Windy looks
after Max.

WINDY

Oh boy!
(he looks up
at Secretary)
Who do you think'll get the worst
of this deal, Maxie -- or Africa?

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. CAMP - AFRICA - DAY (LOCATION AND MATTE - SHERWOOD
FOREST)

64 LONG SHOT. In left f.g. two supply wagons partly in
shot, suggesting there are more. Three native boys, in
ragged shorts and singlets, bare-footed, unpacking
boxes from wagons and carrying them across f.g. A row
of four tents diagonally across from center b.g. down
to right f.g. The tent in right f.g. is Max's. Tent
has extension fly. Max sits on camp chair, a portable
typewriter on folding camp table. He is pounding out a
story.

In left b.g. four horses are tethered, three cowboys in
levis and 10-gallon hats are rubbing them down. Over
right f.g. two more cowboys lead two unsaddled horses
and across to left b.g. to group of horses and cowboys.
Two more native boys over right f.g. with buckets of
water, they go off left behind supply wagons.

EXT. CAMP - AFRICA - DAY - (LOCATION)

64A CLOSE SHOT - Max at typewriter. He is dressed for the
part of a big-game hunter, in topi, shorts, boots,
revolver, hunting-knife, all looking very strange on this
Broadway character. He is travel-worn, saddle-sore,
unshaven and sweaty. He stops typing for a moment,
shifts and groans as his blisters hurt. He rubs his
back, mops his face and doggedly resumes typing.

EXT. CAMP - AFRICA - DAY - (LOCATION)

65

MED. SHOT (PROCESS). A wagon with a caged lion on it in immediate f.g. Upstage and cutting in on right side line is another wagon with a lion or leopard in a cage, suggesting there are many more. Greg is inspecting the lion in f.g. He turns and takes a step toward camera.

GREG

(calls o.s.)

Hey! Ali! Bring water for this lion, will ya? Maji!

(he points)

Maji! Simba!

ALI'S VOICE

Ndio, Bwana.

Greg turns back to cage. Crawford strolls in from left. Crawford is an Englishman, 35 or 40. Physically hard as nails, he is very pleasant in a detached sort of way. He always gives the impression of being cool and neat. He wears slacks, a bush jacket and a double terai (African broad-brimmed felt hat).

CRAWFORD

He's a beauty, isn't he?

GREG

Sure is. And just as full of fight as he was two weeks ago.

CRAWFORD

Yes. After you roped him, I thought for a few minutes I'd have to shoot him.

GREG

Sure glad you didn't.

CRAWFORD

O'Hara ought to be satisfied. I think he's got the biggest lions ever captured.

GREG

(grins)

Nothing but the biggest would do for Mr. O'Hara. Guess this one's our last catch.

CRAWFORD

Yes, we're out of lion country now.

GREG

No animals around here?

(CONTINUED)

EXT. CAMP - AFRICA - DAY - (LOCATION)

65 MED. SHOT. A wagon with a caged lion on it in immediate f.g. Upstage and cutting in on right side line is another wagon with a lion or leopard in a cage, suggesting there are many more. Greg is inspecting the lion in f.g. He turns and takes a step toward CAMERA.

GREG

(calls o.s.)

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(he points)

Maji! Simba!

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Yes. After you roped him, I thought for a few minutes I'd have to shoot him.

GREG

Sure glad you didn't. Guess he's our last catch.

CRAWFORD

Yes, we're out of lion country now.

GREG

No animals around here?

CRAWFORD

(smiles)

Nothing big enough to interest Mr. O'Hara.

GREG

Oh well, he can dream up some more of them adventures.

Greg and Crawford grin at each other. Ali, a native boy, brings water bucket and pours through a bamboo into trough in lion's cage.

CRAWFORD

(smiles)

Nothing big enough to interest
Mr. O'Hara.

GREG

Oh well, he can dream up some
more of them adventures.

Greg and Crawford grin at each other. Ali, a native
boy, brings water bucket and pours through a bamboo
into trough in lion's cage.

(CONTINUED)

Red, one of the cowboys, enters from right, dragging his saddle.

RED

Say, Crawford. O'Hara's got all the lions and stuff. How long will it take us to get to the coast?

CRAWFORD

Ten days - but we'll have to make longer marches than we did today.

RED

O.K. by me. I've had enough.

CRAWFORD

It's practically over, Red. You'll soon be getting aboard a ship.

RED

That's a step in the right direction; but I'll still be an awful long way from Texas.

He exits. Greg looks after him.

GREG

They all want to get out of here fit to bust.

CRAWFORD

All but you.

GREG

That's right. I always kinda felt I'd like Africa. And I sure do.

CRAWFORD

Africa gets some people. It got me.

GREG

Won't you be glad to see the last of us? Reckon you think we're a lot of freaks.

CRAWFORD

(smiling)

Not at all. I must say it's the oddest safari I ever conducted, but it's been most interesting.

MAX' VOICE OVER

(yelling)

Crawford! Hey! Crawford!

RR

EXT. CAMP - AFRICA - DAY

66

Max's tent. Max is pulling sheet of paper from typewriter.
He calls again over shoulder.

MAX

(shouts)

Crawford! Come here!

He folds paper and puts it in envelope, gets up stiffly
with a groan, as Ahmed, a native boy, comes from tent
with another canvas chair which he sets by table.

MAX (cont'd)

(to Ahmed)

Take the machine away.

(he gestures at
typewriter)

Away!

Ahmed takes typewriter into tent.

MAX (cont'd)

(shouts)

Crawford!

He turns as Crawford walks in from left.

MAX (cont'd)

Oh, there you are. Look.

(he waves
envelope)

I got another story to send off.
Where's that place you said there's
a telegraph office?

CRAWFORD

At Livingstone. About 50
miles.

MAX

Have Greg or one of 'em ride
down with it.

CRAWFORD

They don't know the way. I'll
send a boy presently, after
they've eaten. Let's have a
spot of tea.

Ahmed comes from tent with another canvas chair.

CRAWFORD

(to Ahmed)

Lete chai.

(Bring tea)

(CONTINUED)

Ahmed exits right.

MAX

Tea! Hope this never gets back to Broadway.

(he limps around table to sit up-stage, his shoulder turned to left)

I wanna sit here.

(lowers himself gingerly into chair)

I don't even wanna see any horses.

Crawford sits at right at Max's left.

67

MED. TWO SHOT - Max and Crawford.

CRAWFORD

Well, we'll soon be saying goodbye. Are you satisfied with the results of the safari?

MAX

Oh, sure. Just like I said I got a million dollars worth of publicity.

CRAWFORD

I hope your night club will be a great success. As you've described it, it will certainly be unusual.

MAX

Unusual! Nobody's ever seen anything like what I'm going to give 'em.

Ahmed enters from right with three enamel mugs and teapot, puts on table. Crawford pours tea in three mugs.

MAX

(thoughtfully)

Gotta get back. Date's all set to open my place. But I wonder if I've overlooked anything out here to make it bigger.

CRAWFORD

(drily)

I've read the stories you've been sending back, and I really think you've made the most of everything.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

(brightens)

That's right. I sure made the front pages.

(pats envelope)

This is a great story I wrote today. How I escaped from pigmy cannibals.

CRAWFORD

(raises one
eyebrow,
politely
interested)

Pigmy cannibals? Did you really? Was that today?

MAX

Sure. They had me cornered. I'd lost my gun. They dropped a net over me out of a tree. There I was, fighting -- struggling, but there were too many of 'em. They were all over me like ants --

(he stops;
eyes Crawford)

How d'ya think I escaped?

CRAWFORD

(coolly)

I have no idea. Did I ever tell you about the mad elephant that seized me in his trunk and flung me one half mile?

(pause)

I went back and measured it afterward.

MAX

(laughs)

You're catching on.

Greg enters from left.

MAX (cont'd)

Hey, Greg! Have a spot of tea -- as we say in Africa.

GREG

Much obliged.

(he sits back to
left. Crawford
fills another mug)

I'm gettin' so I kinda like the stuff.

(CONTINUED)

Changes
"MR. JOSEPH YOUNG OF AFRICA"

69 (CONTINUED)

CRAWFORD

It is! I swear it is! But how
can it --

MAX

What is it?

Another roll and cough, quite near.

CRAWFORD

Ali! My gun! Big gun!

As he shouts, he runs out of scene off right. Max and
Greg jump up. A native boy runs in from left, stons and
points back left.

NATIVE BOY

Aka! Bwana! Nyani Kubwa!
(Master! Big monkey!)

He backs up a few steps, then breaks and runs off right.

SOUND: Captive lions ROAR.

Horses WHINNY.

Natives SHOUTING, and SCREAMING.

A group of seven natives stampede across, left to right,
yelling as they run.

MAX

What are they saying?

GREG

Durned if I know.

Max and Greg run off left.

EXT. CAMP - DAY - (LOCATION)

70

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Red's tent. Tent flaps closed.

SOUND: Horses, lions, natives, etc.

Red dashes out of tent just as ten panicking natives
run across from left to right, sweeping Red with them.

MAX
(to Crawford)
It took six months, but I
guess you're getting used to
me.

CRAWFORD
I'm rapidly reaching the point
where nothing can surprise me,
if that's what you mean.

He lifts his tea, then stops abruptly with it halfway
to his lips, and sits staring through Max. A pause.

MAX
What's the matter?

68 CLOSE SHOT - Crawford. He is listening intently, not
moving.

CRAWFORD
Hush...Listen.

A pause. Crawford relaxes and smiles.

CRAWFORD (cont'd)
Sorry. Must have imagined it.

He takes a drink of tea.

69 MED. THREE SHOT - FAVORING Crawford.

MAX
(reminiscently)
You sure thought I was a
screwball at first. But my
idea worked, didn't it?

CRAWFORD
Most successfully --

There is a reverberating roll, very short, from not far
away, followed by a deep COUGH or GRUNT. Crawford sets
down tea and stares wildly at Max.

CRAWFORD
It's impossible! We're a
hundred miles from that
country --

The roll again, quite a lot louder and nearer. Captive
lions begin to ROAR. Crawford stands up, his chair
falls over.

(CONTINUED)

CRAWFORD

It is! I swear it is! But how
can it --

MAX

What is it?

Another roll and cough, quite near.

CRAWFORD (cont'd)

Ali! My gun! Big gun!

As he shouts, he runs out of scene off right. Max and
Greg jump up. A native boy runs in from left, stops and
points back left.

NATIVE BOY

Aka! Bwana! Nyani Kubwa!
(Master! Big monkey!)

He backs up a few steps, then breaks and runs off right.

SOUND: Captive lions ROAR.

Horses WHINNY.

Natives SHOUTING, and SCREAMING.

A group of seven natives stampede across, left to right,
yelling as they run.

NATIVES

Ficha! Enda baraka!
(Hide! Run quick!)

Angalia! Yupu!

(Look out! He is coming!)

MAX

What are they saying?

GREG

Durned if I know.

Max and Greg run off left.

EXT. CAMP - DAY - (LOCATION)

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Red's tent. Tent flaps closed.

SOUND: Horses, lions, natives, etc.

Red dashes out of tent just as ten panicking natives
run across from left to right, sweeping Red with them.

(CONTINUED)

RED

Hey! What's the matter!

Natives run by, yelling.

EXT. CAMP - DAY - (KEY FOR MAX, GREG, RED - LOCATION)
(KEY FOR LION - LION FARM) (MIN. PROJ. O'BRIEN)

71 A wagon with a lion in cage left b.g. From right, Max and Greg run in, stop right f.g. They are masked from rest of scene by supply wagon piled with cases. As Max and Greg stop and stare, a full-grown gorilla rises from behind lion's cage. He inspects camo curiously, then beats his chest and GROWLS. Caged lion ROARS and throws itself against bars. Gorilla looks down at cage and beats on it with his fists.

72 CLOSE SHOT. Max and Greg staring in astonishment, past camera, left. Green backing. Heads and shoulders.

73 Lion's cage. Gorilla behind it. (MIN. PROJ. O'BRIEN) Just head room for gorilla, and not quite showing bottom of cage. Lion jumps around, SNARLING. Gorilla peers down, GROWLS.

SOUND: Snarling lion. Growling gorilla.

74 CLOSE SHOT - Max and Greg. (Same as Sc. 72)

75 MED. SHOT - (MIN. PROJ. O'BRIEN). Gorilla tips cage off wagon. It smashes on ground. Lion crawls out of wreckage. (Same as Sc. 71)

76 (MIN. PROJ. O'BRIEN) Gorilla in left f.g. Escaped lion in b.g., runs across scene right to left. (Lion Farm)

77 CLOSE SHOT - Max and Greg. (Same as Sc. 72)

RED

Hey! What's the matter!

NATIVES

(yelling as
they run)

Yupo! Enda Baraka! Upesi!
(He's coming! Run! Hide!
Hurry!)

EXT. CAMP - DAY - (KEY FOR MAX, GREG, RED - LOCATION)
(KEY FOR LION - LION FARM) (MIN. PROJ. O'BRIEN)

71 A wagon with a lion in cage left b.g. From right, Max and Greg run in, stop right f.g. They are masked from rest of scene by supply wagon piled with cases. As Max and Greg stop and stare, a full-grown gorilla rises from behind lion's cage. He inspects camp curiously, then beats his chest and GROWLS. Caged lion ROARS and throws itself against bars. Gorilla looks down at cage and beats on it with his fists.

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76 (MIN. PROJ. O'BRIEN) Gorilla in left f.g. Escaped lion in b.g., runs across scene right to left. (Lion Farm

77 CLOSE SHOT - Max and Greg. (Same as Sc. 72)

78

REVERSE ANGLE, SHOOTING past end of supply wagon. PROCESS. O'BRIEN. Gorilla walks away from camera in b.g. pursuing vanished lion. Max and Greg come cautiously to end of wagon, backs to camera, watch gorilla. As Gorilla goes out of sight behind trees, Red rushes in behind them.

RED

What was it?
Where is it?

79

REVERSE into Max, Greg, Red's faces, backed by supply wagon.

MAX

(comes out of his stupor,
yells)
Catch it! Greg! Get your men!
Grab it!

GREG

(runs back around wagon
and off, shouting)
Red! Boys! Get the horses!

Max and Red run after him.

EXT. CAMP - DAY - (LOCATION)

80

Tethered horses, two cowboys run in from right, dragging saddles, start saddling. Two cowboys enter upper left, leading 2 horses, grab saddles from ground, start saddling. Greg tears in from left with his saddle, throws it on his horse. Max and Red come running after him. Red runs up stage, starts saddling.

MAX

(shouting in a frenzy)
Hurry! Don't let it get away!

Crawford rushes in from right foreground. He carries rifle. He seizes Max's arm.

CRAWFORD

(shouts)
Are you crazy? You can't rope
a gorilla!

MAX

(wildly)
I know what I'm doing.
(sees rifle and grabs at it)
Lay off shooting!

(CONTINUED)

Greg in b.g. melee shouts.

GREG
Spread out! Head him off!

Three cowboys, already mounted, whirl their frantic horses around and gallop off right.

MAX
Get him! Get him!

Greg mounts and gallops off left, two remaining cowboys string out behind him.

CRAWFORD
(pulls away from Max,
yells after Greg)
Wait! Listen! You can't rope a
gorilla --

Crawford runs off left after Greg. Max is left all alone. He suddenly realizes it. His back to camera, he looks first one way, then the other.

81 CLOSEUP - Max.

MAX
(screams)
Hey! Where's my horse?

He looks wildly around, then rushes over f.g. past camera.

EXT. CAMP AFRICA - DAY - (LOCATION)

82 Three cowboys who rode off right in scene 80, gallop across set l. to r.

EXT. CAMP - AFRICA - DAY - (LOCATION)

83 Max's horse tethered to a small tree not previously seen. Max, carrying his saddle and tripping over trailing girth, stumbles into scene and rushes at horse. Alarmed horse plunges around the tree in a circle, Max pursuing.

MAX
Somebody help me! Hey!
Somebody!
(he grabs at halter)
Stand still, you schnuck!

EXT. OPEN SPACE and ROCKY LEDGE - AFRICA - DAY
Forty Acres (O'BRIEN - MIN. PROJ. - MATTE)

- 84 LONG SHOT - a bare open stretch of ground. b.g.
a long irregular rocky ledge, crowned with scrub and a
couple of gnarled overhanging trees. In f.g. a large
rock. (MINIATURE) Last time this rock ever seen, all
other SHOTS CLOSER to ledge.

The gorilla is on all fours between CAMERA and rock.
Greg and Red and two cowboys gallop from left toward
center b.g., as 2 other cowboys gallop in from right.
Gorilla suddenly stands erect and beats his chest.
Horses panic and go bucking o.s. except one that rears
and throws his rider. (Number One Cowboy) No. 1
cowboy crawls away as Joe starts toward him.

EXT. - LOCATION - DAY

- 85 Greg, Red, and Nos. 2, 3 and 4 cowboys milling around
on their frightened horses, getting ropes ready, etc.
No. Four cowboy dismounts and tightens cinch. No. 2
and 3 cowboys gallop OUT CAMERA right, ropes ready.

EXT. - FORTY ACRES - DAY -
(ROCKY LEDGE b.g. O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ.)

- 86 MED. LONG SHOT - Gorilla to right of screen. No. 1
cowboy scrambles up and runs off left as No. 2 cowboy
rides in from left, whirling lariat. He throws and
misses, as gorilla makes an angry swipe at him, he rides
o.s. right, between gorilla and ledge re-coiling his
rope, as No. 3 cowboy rides in from left, and ropes
gorilla. Gorilla seizes lariat and yanks. Saddle turns,
No. 3 cowboy sprawls on ground, horse gallops o.s.,
saddle under belly.

CLOSE SHOT - FORTY ACRES - DAY

- 87 No. 3 cowboy rolling over and over to get out of the
way.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - FORTY ACRES - DAY
(O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ.)

- 88 LONG SHOT - No. 3 cowboy scrambles up and runs after
horse as Greg (DOUBLE) rides in from right. Greg
ropes gorilla from behind and pulls him over backward.

89 CLOSE SHOT - FORTY ACRES - DAY

ROCKY LEDGE b.g. - Greg takes turn of lariat round saddle-horn as rope goes taut.

ROCKY LEDGE - FORTY ACRES - DAY
(O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ.)

90 Gorilla gets up, turns, grabs Greg's lariat and hauls in, hand over hand, horse sliding on its haunches. No. 4 cowboy rides in from left, whirling rope. Gorilla looks around at him, roars, goes back to his hauling. No. 4 cowboy's horse goes crazy with fright, bucks uncontrollably off set.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - FORTY ACRES - DAY

91 CLOSE SHOT - Greg on horse being dragged forward.

92 CLOSEUP FLASH - Greg on horse, dragged forward.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - FORTY ACRES - DAY - (SAME AS 90)
(O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ.)

93 Greg's horse has been pulled almost within gorilla's reach. Greg casts loose lariat, wrenches horse around and gallops o.s. right.

EXT. - LOCATION - DAY

94 No. 3 cowboy on foot hanging to bridle of rearing horse, saddle under its belly. No. 4 cowboy finishes re-coiling his lariat, gallops off right.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - FORTY ACRES - DAY
(O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ.)

95 MED. LONG SHOT - Gorilla stands erect, snarling, as No. 4 cowboy rides in from left, throws rope, Gorilla snatches it in mid-air and pulls it away. No. 4 cowboy gallops on between gorilla and ledge in b.g. Exits right as Red rides in from right and ropes gorilla. Gorilla turns, pulls hard on rope, Red and horse go over sideways.

96 CLOSE SHOT - FLASH - SHOOTING DOWN AT GROUND - FORTY ACRES - DAY

Red and horse on ground. Red kicks free and rolls. FOLLOW SHOT as he scrambles up and runs off left.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - FORTY ACRES - DAY - (O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ. - USE AS KEY FOR FULL PROCESS.)

97 Horse on ground, scrambling up. Gorilla grabs horse by tail, horse kicks. No. 4 cowboy gallops across IN FRONT OF PROCESS SCREEN, right to left, swinging his spare lariat and whooping.
(KNEE FIGURE F.G.)

Gorilla lets go of horse's tail. Horse gallops off right, as No. 4 cowboy rides in from left, whirling rope. No. 3 cowboy rides r. to l. across IN FRONT OF PROCESS SCREEN. No. 4 throws rope, gorilla jerks it away from him. No. 4 rides behind gorilla and off right. No. 3 rides in left, whirling rope, gorilla throws a rock at him. His horse bolts. No. 1 rides r. to l. IN FRONT OF PROCESS SCREEN. Red, on foot, runs in left f.g. in front of process screen, whirling his rope. Gorilla picks up a rock and heaves it at Red over f.g. and out of picture, as No. 1 cowboy rides in from left and ropes gorilla, Red ducks rock and falls out of picture as Greg gallops right to left IN FRONT OF PROCESS SCREEN. Gorilla turns to fight No. 1's rope, as No. 2 cowboy gallops right to left across IN FRONT OF PROCESS SCREEN. Greg rides into scene from left, crosses behind gorilla, whirls horse and ropes gorilla from right. Gorilla seizes a rope in each hand.

(This is the only FULL PROCESS SCENE in this sequence. It is used to give effect of cowboys circling and surrounding gorilla.)

98 CLOSE SHOT - LOCATION - BUSHES - DAY

Crawford bursts into scene on foot, panting. He has his rifle. He looks off CAMERA LEFT.

CRAWFORD

(shouts)

Stop, you fools --

He runs over f.g. CAMERA LEFT.

ROCKY LEDGE - FORTY ACRES - DAY - (O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ.)

99 Gorilla has No. 1's rope in his right hand, Greg's rope in his left. He tugs savagely in see-saw fashion on first one, then the other, as horses lurch back and forth on their haunches. No. 1 cowboy's horse suddenly sprawls over on ground, gorilla bites Greg's rope in two. Greg whirls and gallops off right as Gorilla turns and goes toward ledge, freeing himself from ropes as he goes.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - FORTY ACRES - DAY - EXTREME RIGHT END.

- 100 Crawford on foot, with rifle, runs in from right, yelling, as Greg gallops in from left. Greg's horse goes BETWEEN Crawford and CAMERA, knocks Crawford down. Crawford falls, knocked out, rifle flies out of his hand. Greg gallops off right. (DOUBLES: Greg, Crawford)

- 101 OMMITTED.

EXT. LOCATION - DAY - (SAME AS 83)

- 102 Max has at last succeeded in saddling his horse, and has one foot in stirrup, hopping wildly as he tries to mount excited horse. As he scrambles up, horse bolts off left, Max hanging to saddle and mane. (DOUBLE)

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - FORTY ACRES - DAY - (O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ.)

- 103 Gorilla right f.g., No. 1 cowboy stands flattened against rock, left b.g. No. 3 cowboy rides in from left, whirling lariat. Gorilla snarls, makes a pass at No. 3 cowboy, horse starts to buck, whirls and bucks off left.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE B.G. FURTHER TO LEFT - DAY - FORTY ACRES -

- 104 No. 3 cowboy on bucking horse goes across, right to left.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - FORTY ACRES - DAY - (O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ.)-

- 105 Gorilla f.g., No. 1 cowboy left b.g. cowering against rocks, looking to right at Gorilla. No. 1 cowboy creeps away to left one step, as gorilla picks up a rock and throws it at him, just missing his head. Grumbling angrily, gorilla starts to climb up ledge. No. 1 cowboy cowers, looking up at him.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - EXTREME RIGHT - FORTY ACRES.

- 106 Crawford lying unconscious, Greg gallops in from right, dismounts, runs to kneel by Crawford.

EXT. - LOCATION - DAY

- 107 Max clinging to bolting horse, topi over his eyes, bursts out of bushes PAST CAMERA LEFT, close.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - FORTY ACRES - DAY -(O'BREIN MIN. PROJ. - MATTE)

- 108 Gorilla crouched on top of ledge, one arm around gnarled tree, No. 1 cowboy cowering at foot of ledge, looking up. Gorilla reaches down at him, then hears something, turns head, looks off right.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE B.G. - DAY - FORTY ACRES, PAN FOLLOW SHOT.

- 109 Max (DOUBLE) on horse bolting blindly along foot of ledge, right to left. Max hanging on desperately on horse's neck.

MAX
(Yelling - WILD TRACK)
Catch him! Where is he?

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - FORTY ACRES - DAY -(O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ. - MATTE.)

- 110 LONG SHOT. Same angle as 105. No. 1 cowboy cowers against rock to left, gorilla crouched by tree, top of ledge. Max rides madly in right to left along foot of ledge. Gorilla reaches down and plucks Max from saddle, horse goes o.s. left, No. 1 cowboy runs limping off left.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - FORTY ACRES - DAY

- 111 Crawford on ground, Greg kneeling beside him, facing CAMERA. Greg has Crawford's head propped on his knee.

MAX'S VOICE OVER
(Yelling)
Help! Help!

Greg looks off left and upstage, drops Crawford, jumps up, grabs Crawford's rifle and runs off left.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - DAY - (STAGE)

- 112 CLOSE SHOT - Max hanging and kicking, held in mid-air by gorilla's hand. (FULL SCALE).

MAX
Help! Help!

Gorilla's hand starts to pull him up out of scene.

EXT. LOCATION - BUSHES - DAY

- 113 Jill, now 17 years old, comes suddenly through bushes, stops, looks off past camera with horrified expression as she sees:

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - DAY

- 114 O'BRIEN MINIATURE. Gorilla stands erect on top of ledge, holding Max by the back of the neck, shaking him like a rat. (Max: DUMMY MINIATURE)

EXT. LOCATION - BUSHES - DAY

- 115 Jill runs out camera left, calling:

JILL
Joe! Joe!

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - FORTY ACRES - DAY

- 116 FOLLOW SHOT - Jill running as fast as she can, left to right, along base of ledge.

JILL
(calling -
WILD TRACK)
Joe! Stop it! Stop!

CAMERA PASSES in f.g. a cowboy hanging to bridle of rearing horse, another cowboy getting up off the ground, a riderless horse, etc.

- 117 O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ. LONG SHOT. Gorilla stands erect on top of ledge. He lifts Max (MIN. DUMMY) in both hands over his head, ready to dash him down.

MAX'S VOICE
Help! Help!

Greg runs in from right with rifle, as Jill rushes in from left.

JILL
Joe! Stop!
Gorilla starts to lower Max.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - STAGE - DAY

118

MED. CLOSE SHOT, top of ledge not in. Greg at right with rifle, staring at Jill. She is looking up at Gorilla.

JILL

Joe! Drop it!

Gorilla's arm and hand, holding Max, comes slowly into scene from above.

JILL (cont'd)

Drop it, I say!

Hand releases Max, who drops to ground on all fours and scuttles over to Greg, right, collapses. Gorilla's hand withdraws. Jill whirls round, rushes at Greg and snatches rifle from him.

JILL

(furiously)

What are you doing?

119

CLOSE TWO SHOT - Jill and Greg.

GREG

(stammers in
astonishment)

Why, I -- my friend -- he was
getting killed --

JILL

Well, Joe is my friend and you
leave him alone. Joe wouldn't
hurt anybody --

120

CLOSE SHOT - Joe's head - MINIATURE - O'BRIEN SHOT.
Joe, looking down at people, growls angrily.

EXT. FOOT OF ROCKY LEDGE - DAY - STAGE

121

MED. LONG SHOT. Max sits on ground staring at Jill,
who confronts Greg.

JILL

-- he wouldn't if you treat
him right.

Crawford limps in from right rubbing his head. Jill
looks at them angrily as Red and No. 1 cowboy come
in behind Crawford and stop.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

Who are you, anyway?
What do you mean by this?

GREG

Why, that - it - he -
your friend - he came into
our camp and --

JILL

Your camp? If it's within
five miles of here, it's on
my land. This is all my
property. Get off it.
You big bullies!

She turns her back on them, looks up to top of ledge,
holds up her hand.

JILL

Come on, Joe.

Joe GRUMBLES.

JILL (cont'd)

(stamps
her foot)

Come on, I tell you.

Gorilla's - Joe's - hand (FULL SCALE) comes down from
above. Jill takes it in both hers.

JILL (cont'd)

All right.

Hand starts to lift her up.

122 CLOSE SHOT, SHOOTING DOWN into stupefied up-turned
faces of Greg, Max, Crawford. Their eyes travel up,
following Jill upward as she is lifted.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - FORTY ACRES - DAY

123 LONG SHOT - (O'BRIEN - DOUBLE MIN. PROJ.) at foot of
ledge, Max still sitting on ground, Greg, Crawford,
Red and No. 1 cowboy are staring up at top of ledge.
Jill walks o.s. behind tree left, Joe follows her.

EXT. FOOT OF ROCKY LEDGE - DAY

124 CLOSE SHOT - Max sitting on ground in a daze. Greg standing beside him, only legs.

MAX

(faintly)

Am I dreaming? Did I see a
gorilla? And a beautiful dame-

He suddenly comes out of his stupor, scrambles to his feet. CAMERA TILTS WITH him to CLOSE TWO SHOT - Greg and Max. Max grabs Greg's arm with both hands and shakes him urgently.

MAX (cont'd)

Hey! Where's she gone? Find out
where she lives! I gotta talk to
her!

DISSOLVE

EXT. FARMHOUSE AND COURTYARD - AFRICA- DAY

125 MED. SHOT - outside gate toward Farmhouse. Greg enters on trail from left. He carries rifle and looks about cautiously. Kifa, carrying a broom, enters from house, sees Greg. She stalks quickly to gate and bars his way, looking hostile, as he starts to open gate.

KIFA

Wenda wapi: Wataka nini?
(Where are you going? What do you want?)

GREG

(hesitantly touches his hat)
Er -- howdy.

KIFA

Wewe watu mbaya. Enda haraka.
(You are bad people. Go away.)

GREG

(blankly)
I reckon you're right. I want
to see the young lady.

KIFA

Enda Kwako. Sasa hivi.
(Go home. At once.)

GREG

I don't savvy the lingo. I want
to see the young lady ---

He starts to open the gate. Kifa gives an angry yell and brandishes the broom. Greg stops. He talks in concert with Kifa, who gets louder and more threatening, so that he raises his voice too. During the shouting, Jill comes from house, drawn by the noise.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. FOOT OF ROCKY LEDGE - DAY

124 CLOSE SHOT - Max sitting on ground in a daze. Greg standing beside him, only legs.

MAX

(faintly)

Am I dreaming? Did I see a gorilla? And a beautiful dame -

He suddenly comes out of his stupor, scrambles to his feet. CAMERA TILTS WITH him to CLOSE TWO SHOT - Greg and Max. Max grabs Greg's arm with both hands and shakes him urgently.

MAX

Hey! Where's she gone? Find out where she lives! I gotta talk to her!

DISSOLVE

EXT. FARMHOUSE AND COURTYARD - AFRICA - DAY

125 MED. SHOT - gate. Greg approaching gate from trail left. He is carrying rifle and enters cautiously, looking around. Jill comes across courtyard from house to gate.

JILL

What are you doing here?

GREG

I come to apologise, ma'm.

JILL

With a gun?

GREG

Well, after what just happened, I kinda feel safer.

JILL

(darkly)

You were going to shoot Joe!

GREG

But ma'm - he had Mr. O'Hara - if you hadn't come along -

JILL

You leave us alone and there won't be any trouble. What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Listen, I just want to speak to the lady. I can't understand. All I know is maji and simba and stuff like that ---

KIFA

Enda! Shika lako!

(Go away. Mind your own business.)

(she points to

Greg's rifle)

Weka tini! Wasikia?

(Put it down. Understand?)

Si sawasawa. Ni mambo gani haya?

(This is wrong. What do you mean by it?)

Umetoka wapi? Enda! Fanya upesi!

hivi!

(Where do you come from? Go. Hurry up. At once.)

Wango ea nini? Enda! Enda haraka!

Wasikia? Enda ---

(What are you waiting for? Go quickly. Understand? Go---)

Kifa is flourishing her broom menacingly, as Jill runs across courtyard to gate.

JILL

(calling)

Kifa! Basi kilele! Wafanyaje?

(Kifa. Stop yelling. What are you doing?)

Jill puts her hand on Kifa's broom and pulls it down.

JILL (cont'd)

Weka tini. Bada kidogo.

(Put it down. Wait a minute.)

Kifa stands aside reluctantly, but watches Greg with suspicion.

GREG

(pulls off his hat)

Afternoon, m'am.

(he grins disarmingly)

Seems like you always come just in time.

JILL

(coolly polite)

What do you want?

GREG

I'm Greg Ford, m'am. I come to apologize.

JILL

With a gun?

GREG

Well -- I kinda feel safer.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Mr. O'Hara wants to talk to you.
He sent me to find out if it was
all right.

JILL

He's afraid?

GREG

You can't blame him much.

JILL

I don't want to talk to any of
you. This is my farm and I told
you to get off it.

GREG

(leans elbow
on gate)

It's sure an awful pretty place,
ma'm. I reckon this is my kind
of country.

JILL

I know it's my kind. I've been
here all my life.

GREG

(glances around
into courtyard)

Excuse me askin' - but where's
your folks?

JILL

I haven't any.

GREG

You mean you run this farm alone?

JILL

It's not so hard. The servants
and the field hands all worked
for my father for years. He -
died. Six months ago.

GREG

That's tough. You sure got a
lot of spunk to stay on here.

JILL

There's really nothing else I
can do. And after all, it's my
home.

MAX'S VOICE (o.s.)

Psst! Greg!

JILL
(reproachful)
You were going to shoot Joe!

GREG
But m'am -- he had Mr. O'Hara ---
if you hadn't come ---

JILL
(shivers)
I was so frightened. Joe would
have ---

GREG
(fervently)
He sure would.

JILL
If you had let him alone, there
wouldn't have been any trouble.

GREG
But we didn't know he belonged
to anybody.

JILL
(quickly)
He doesn't belong to anybody.
He lives here. Goodbye.

She turns to go.

GREG
Wait, M'am. Mr. O'Hara -- the boss
-- he wants to talk to you. He
sent me to see if it's all right.

JILL
He's afraid?

GREG
You can't blame him much.
(pleading)
Don't be mad at us.

JILL
(relents)
I'm sorry. But you see, Joe's
the only friend I have.

GREG
(puzzled)
Excuse me askin' -- but where's
your folks?

JILL
I haven't any.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. A BUSH - DAY

126

CLOSEUP - Max peering through leaves, Crawford behind him.

MAX

What's she say? Is it all right?

EXT. GATE INTO COURTYARD - DAY

127

MED. SHOT - Jill inside, Greg outside gate.

GREG

Won't you please let him talk to you, ma'm?

JILL

I can't imagine why he wants to.
But I suppose you can come in --

She opens gate; Max and Crawford enter from left. Max is all cleaned up in a fresh white suit. He approaches eagerly. Crawford has rifle, Max a revolver holster.

JILL (cont'd)

(holding gate open)
-- unless you're too afraid of
Joe?

MAX

(looks nervously
over shoulder)
Is he around here now?

JILL

(laughs)
I won't let him hurt you. Come
in.

They start forward.

JILL (cont'd)

But no guns.

Greg hesitates, then leans his rifle against fence. Crawford shrugs and does the same with his. Jill looks significantly at Max's holster.

MAX

(pleading)
No guns?

JILL

(firmly)
No guns.

(CONTINUED)

GREG
(Incredulous)
You live here -- and run
this place -- alone?

JILL
It's not so hard. The servants
and field hands all worked for
my father for years.
(she looks away)
He -- died -- six months ago.

GREG
That's tough. Say, you got a lot
of spunk to stay here.

JILL
I didn't know what else to do.

GREG
It's sure an awful pretty place.
Reckon this is my kind of country.
But -- ain't you awful lonesome?

JILL
(defensively)
No. It's my home -- I've been
here all my life -- it's beautiful --
I love it -- I --

She looks down and after a second says almost to
herself.

JILL (cont'd)
-- sometimes I'm -- lonely.

MAX'S VOICE (o.s.)
Pst! Greg!

EXT. A BUSH - DAY

126 CLOSE SHOT - Max peering through bush, Crawford behind
him.

MAX
What's she say? Is it all
right?

EXT. GATE AND FARMHOUSE - DAY

127 MED. SHOT - Jill inside gate, Greg outside. Both
looking off toward Max.

JILL
(laughing, to Max)
Yes, of course. You don't need
to hide.

(CONTINUED)

Max looks resigned, unbuckles revolver belt and hangs it on gate post. He looks down, stoops, comes up with a horse shoe in his hand. Looks at it, rubs it, puts it in jacket pocket, goes through gate.

DISSOLVE

EXT. FARMHOUSE COURTYARD - AFRICA - DAY

128 B.g. is wing of house with veranda, a battered old upright piano on veranda. To left is a tree, in its shade a table and some rough but comfortable-looking chairs. Jill, Greg, Crawford and Max sitting. Greg and Crawford have glasses in their hands. A Native Boy, House Servant, in neat white shorts and tunic worn outside shorts, is putting two glasses from table on tray, and exits with them while Max speaks. Max is leaning toward Jill, earnestly selling his idea.

MAX

- don't you see what a great chance this is for you? I'm going to open the most sensational night club in the world. You'll be the star - the talk of the country. You'll meet famous people - they'll be crazy about you - you'll have beautiful clothes - get your hair fixed - say, you'll be a knock-out!

JILL

I don't understand. What would I do?

MAX

Just walk on the stage. And let the people look at you. You and Joe. Don't you worry about that, honey.

He whips out a typed contract.

(CONTINUED)

RR
127 (CONTINUED)

Max looks resigned, unbuckles revolver belt and hangs it on gate post. He looks down, stoops, comes up with a horse shoe in his hand. Looks at it, rubs it, puts it in jacket pocket, goes through gate.

DISSOLVE

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JILL

I don't understand. What would I do?

MAX

Just walk on the stage. And let the people look at you. You and Joe.

CRAWFORD

Mr. O'Hara, you'll have to show him in a cage.

JILL

(angrily)

A cage? Joe's never been in a cage in his life.

MAX

(soothingly)

Now don't you worry about that, honey.

He whips out a typed contract.

(CONTINUED)

Max and Crawford enter from left. Crawford carries rifle. Max very spruce in fresh khaki. He has revolver in holster.

MAX
(looks around
cautiously)
Is he around here?

JILL
(amused)
Don't be afraid. I won't let
him hurt you.

Max, reassured, becomes very brisk and fast talking.

MAX
How are you: I'm Max O'Hara,
this is George Crawford.

JILL
My name is Jill Young.

MAX
Pleased to meet you -- and I mean
pleased. Greg's told you we
apologize.

JILL
And I told him I'm sorry I shouted
at you.

MAX
Don't mention it. Little
misunderstanding all around.
Everything's jake now, huh?

He offers his hand, Jill, puzzled, takes it, Max
shakes briskly and drops it.

MAX (cont'd)
I got great plans for you -- wait
till you hear -- tell you all about
it -- let's sit down.

Jill, run down by the O'Hara steam roller, obediently
opens gate.

JILL
Come in --

The three men start in, Max first.

JILL (cont'd)
-- but -- no guns.

Greg hesitates, then leans his rifle against fence.
Crawford shrugs fatalistically and does the same with
his rifle. Jill looks meaningly at Max's holster.

(CONTINUED)

MAX (cont'd)

Look, I got a contract all typed out. You'll find it's all right. A fair shake all round, that's Max O'Hara's motto.

He pulls out fountain pen, flattens contract on table while talking. Crawford leans over and looks at contract.

MAX (cont'd)

All expenses paid, everything de luxe. Year's contract with options. A year in California. You'll love it.

CRAWFORD

(turning to Jill)

Are you sure you can control this animal under all circumstances?

JILL

(smiles a little)

Where would Mr. O'Hara be now if I couldn't?

MAX

(shudders at memory)

Yipe!

JILL

I'll show you.

She rises.

MAX

(looks alarmed)

What are you going to do?

JILL

I'm going to call Joe.

MAX

(jumps up)

In here? With me?

JILL

(laughs)

Don't you want to see what he can do?

MAX

(shudders)

I know what he can do.

CRAWFORD

Look here, Miss Young. Do you think it's wise? What will the brute do when he sees us again?

(CONTINUED)

MAX
(pleading)
No guns?

JILL
(firmly)
No guns.

Max casts his eyes to heaven in resignation, unbuckles holster and hangs it on fence post. He looks down, stoops, comes up with a horse-shoe. He looks pleased and starts through gate. Kifa with broom looks ominous and takes a step forward. Max stops, looks at her apprehensively, rubs horse-shoe.

JILL (cont'd)
(to glowering Kifa)
Kifa! Lete chai.
(Bring tea.)

Jill leads way to house. Max stuffs horse-shoe in jacket pocket and goes through gate. Greg and Crawford follow.

DISSOLVE

EXT. FARMHOUSE COURTYARD - AFRICA - DAY

128 Jill, Greg, Max and Crawford sit at table between house and big tree. Jill and Crawford have cups in their hands. A Native Boy, house servant in neat white gown, red fez and sash, barefoot, stands at table, putting Greg's cup on tray with other tea-things. Max is gesticulating with his cup as he leans toward Jill, selling his bill of goods.

MAX
--don't you see what a great
chance this is for you? Hollywood!
You must have heard of Hollywood.

JILL
Yes, I've heard of it.

MAX
That's where I'm going to open
my night club.

He jumps up, puts cup on table, Boy puts it on tray and exits.

MAX (cont'd)
Listen, honey. I wantta make you
a star. You'll be the talk of the
town. Everybody'll be crazy about
you. You'll have beautiful clothes--
get your hair fixed up -- say, you'll
be a knock-out.

(CONTINUED)

Jill is enjoying their discomfiture. She is getting even.

JILL
(smiles pleasantly)
Let's find out, shall we?

She whistles a phrase of "Old Black Joe." There is a loud roar from Joe o.s. Max leaps for the veranda and backs as far as he can against wall of house.

CRAWFORD
(with a wry grin)
If you'll excuse me, I'll join
Mr. O'Hara.

Crawford goes up on veranda beside Max. Jill looks at Greg, who stands beside her.

JILL
Aren't you afraid of Joe?

GREG
(apprehensive, but
standing his ground)
I - I reckon it's like you say.
He's all right if you treat him
right.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

129 ANOTHER ANGLE to miss Max and Crawford on veranda.
CLOSE SHOT - Jill and Greg.

GREG
(drops his voice
confidentially)
I don't want to butt in, ma'm,
but you got an awful nice place
right here. Maybe you won't like
it - back there. Wish there was
somebody to advise you.

JILL
Like you?

GREG
Well - I reckon I know more about
it than you do.

JILL
(coldly)
I'm not a child. I can decide for
myself.
(turns from him
and calls)
Joe!

SOUND of an approaching grumbling and cracking of
bushes.

JILL

But -- I can't sing -- or
dance --

MAX

Phooey! Who cares? All I want
is you to walk out on the stage.
You and Joe. Don't worry about
that, honey.

He pulls chair nearer to her, whips typed contract
from pocket and sits.

MAX (cont'd)

Look, I gotta contract here.
All expenses paid, everything
de luxe. With options, of course.
Think of it -- bright lights --
music -- Hollywood ---
(he holds out pen)
---you'll love it. Come on. Sign!

Greg has been looking very worried through all this.
Now he speaks hesitantly.

GREG

Excuse me for buttin' in, Mr. O'Hara.
Maybe you'll be sore at me, But m'am--
(he turns to Jill)
-- you got an awful nice place right
here. Maybe you won't like it --
back there.

MAX

(indignantly)
Hey, you keep outta this. Sure
she'll like it. Why not?

JILL

It -- it sounds wonderful. I've
never been anywhere -- I'd like to
travel --

MAX

-- and go to parties - and have
pretty clothes - meet famous people--
be famous yourself --

GREG

Aw, quit rushin' her. You don't
give her time to think --

MAX

(jumps up and shouts)
What are you trying to do? Stab
me in the back?

Crawford looks off right, hears Joe, stands and tries
to attract Max's attention. Max ignores him and goes
on reproaching Greg at the top of his voice.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. VERANDA - DAY

130 CLOSE SHOT - Max and Crawford.

MAX
(calls off to Jill)
Honey! Don't bring him in here!

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY - GLASS & MIN. PROJ. IN FULL
PROCESS

131 Jill and Greg in right f.g. by table. Beyond, gate and hedge of courtyard (MINIATURE) there is a big stumpy crotched tree left. Background (PAINTING) is beautiful rolling country rising to forested mountains in distance.

From behind bushes beyond hedge, Joe rises up to stand erect. He sees Greg and others, beats his chest and roars.

JILL
(sternly)
Mind your manners, Joe! Come in.

Joe comes forward, approaching gate.

EXT. VERANDA - DAY

132 CLOSE SHOT - Max and Crawford. Max pulls horse shoe from pocket and rubs it.

MAX
(in a worried whisper)
Do you think he's still mad at me?

Crawford nudges him to be quiet.

EXT. COURTYARD - FARMHOUSE - DAY - O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ.

133 MED. LONG SHOT to miss piano on Veranda. Jill and Greg up stage left. Behind them, Max and Crawford on veranda. Joe enters over right f.g., stops, looks at men and rumbles.

JILL
(sharply)
Stop it! Friends, Joe. All friends.

Joe's grumbling subsides.

JILL (cont'd)
Want some music, Joe? Music?

(CONTINUED)

MAX (cont'd)
That's gratitude! Queering my deal!
I'm a straight guy.

CRAWFORD
(gestures off right)
Mr. O'Hara --

MAX
(pays no attention)
Nobody can say different. Ask
anybody.

Crawford backs out of scene, looking off right.

MAX (cont'd)
They all know I'm a straight
shooter --

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY (PROCESS)

129 SHOOTING TOWARD gate and tree. Max, Jill, Greg in
f.g.

MAX
My word's good. I never backed
down on a deal in my life --

With a roar and a rush Joe enters from behind big tree
left. Max runs like a rabbit out of scene past camera.
Greg leaps up, but then stands his ground. Joe rushes
toward right f.g.

MAX
(as he runs)
Yipe! Help!

GREG
(jumps up)
Look out!

CRAWFORD'S VOICE (o.s.)
Stop the brute!

JILL
(doesn't rise;
speaks sharply)
Joe! Be quiet!

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

130 REVERSE TOWARD HOUSE - MIN. PROJ. Jill standing,
Greg standing beside her. Joe enters left f.g.
pursuing Max, who has rushed up to veranda. Crawford
is already there; he has picked up a chair to defend
himself.

JILL
Stop, Joe! It's all right.
Friends.

Joe steps o.s. to right. People's eyes follow him.
SOUND of piano dragged off veranda.

Joe comes back from right, carrying upright piano, a hand on each side. He sets piano down in right f.g. in front of Jill at angle. Jill draws chair up to piano, and Joe leans on top of it, waiting expectantly. The three men stare.

JILL

He wants his own special tune.
He never gets tired of it. Do you, Joe?

She plays "Old Black Joe." She is not much of a pianist and the old piano is badly out of tune, but Joe loves it.

EXT. VERANDA - DAY

134 CLOSE SHOT - Max and Crawford.

MAX

(groans in ecstasy)
Oh, boy! What an act I can make outta this!

EXT. FARMHOUSE COURTYARD - AFRICA - DAY

135 (Same as 133.) Jill playing piano, Joe in f.g. Max, forgetting his fear, jumps down from veranda and rushes at Jill, contract in one hand, pen in the other.

MAX

Honey, it's wonderful! Just sign here -

Joe rumbles at him. Jill stops playing. Max hurriedly retreats to veranda again.

JILL

(rises, laughing)
You'd better go along, Joe.

Joe rumbles again.

JILL (cont'd)

Go along.

Joe exits over f.g. camera right, grumbling as he goes.

136 CLOSER to table, missing Jill and piano. Max and Crawford on veranda watch Joe go. Then Max comes forward and down stage, again, holding out contract. Crawford steps down from veranda and leans against pillar, watching.

(CONTINUED)

Joe stops, but rumbles menacingly.

JILL (cont'd)
Be quiet, I tell you.

EXT. VERANDA - FARMHOUSE - DAY

131 CLOSE SHOT - Max and Crawford backed up against house wall, Crawford holding chair.

MAX
(hoarsely)
Take him away! He's still
mad at me!

He fumbles in pocket, brings out horseshoe and
clutches it to his breast with both hands.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

132 MIN. PROJ. TOWARD HOUSE (Same as 130). Jill standing,
Greg standing, Joe staring menacingly at veranda.
Max and Crawford in b.g.

JILL
It's all right, Joe. Calm
down!

She whistles few bars of music box tune. Joe relaxes.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

133 MED. SHOT - Jill and Greg.

JILL
(turns to Greg)
Aren't you afraid of Joe?

GREG
(frankly)
Yes, m'am. But I don't want him
to know it.

JILL
(considers him)
I think perhaps you could make
friends with him.
(turns towards Joe)
All right, Joe. Go sit down.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY - MIN. PROJ.

134 (Same as 130) Jill, Greg, Joe.

JILL
Go on, that's a good boy.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Come on, honoy. Sign here.

Jill comes over right f.g. slowly to table. Max spreads contract on table and holds out pen.

MAX (cont'd)

Come on! What are you waiting for?
It's the chance of a lifetime! You'll love it!

137 REVERSE - PROCESS - SHOOTING OUT from courtyard. Table in f.g. with people around it. A big stumpy crotched tree in left b.g. Joe is relaxed comfortably in fork of tree, gazing out over beautiful rolling country, rising to forested mountains in distance.

MAX

You'll be happy. Joe'll be happy.
You don't wanta waste your life
out here in the woods! I'll show
you what the real world is like!

Jill reaches for the pen and starts to sign.

DISSOLVE

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

138 Forecourt with semi-circular driveway. MATTE AND SET. The building is a weird combination of modern, classical and imaginary African architecture, very garish and in the worst possible taste. The whole thin is dominated by an enormous glittering sign.

MAX O'HARA'S
GOLDEN SAFARI
starring
MR. JOSEPH YOUNG
OF AFRICA

Two broad, low steps lead up to bank of half-glass swing doors, entrance to night club. Ordinary emergency doors right and left. Cars are driving in and out of forecourt, pausing to deposit passengers. Two doormen, in Zulu costume, helping people out of cars. Men and women in evening dress going from cars up steps and into night club. In f.g. suggestion of staring on-lookers peering into forecourt.

DISSOLVE

Joe ambles out of scene.

EXT. VERANDA - DAY

135 MED. CLOSE - Same as 131. Max and Crawford. Crawford sets down chair, and wipes his brow. Max is so anxious to sign that he forgets his fear.

MAX

Oh, boy! What an act! I gotta sign her up.

He starts forward.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

136 TOWARD HOUSE. Max darts down steps, waving contract. Crawford comes to foot of steps.

MAX

Honey, you're wonderful. Please sign it.

He spreads contract on table and offers pen.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY - (PROCESS)

137 SAME AS 129. Jill, Max, Greg in f.g. Joe is in b.g. watching.

MAX

Please, honey. It's the chance of your life. What are you waiting for?

(he pulls chair
nearer table and
beckons her eagerly)
You'll love it. Joe'll be happy.
You don't wantta waste your life
out here in the woods, do you?
Let me show you what the real world
is like.

As Jill takes pen:

DISSOLVE

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

138 Forecourt with semi-circular driveway. MATTE AND SET. The building is a weird combination of modern, classical and imaginary African architecture, very garish and in the worst possible taste. The whole thing is dominated by an enormous glittering sign.

(CONTINUED)

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DISSOLVE

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

139

Foyer of club. MED. SHOT, DIAGONALLY across foyer toward stairs that lead up to balcony and Max's office. At right, entrance to main floor of club is masked by split bamboo stockade and foliage drooping in from above, so that nothing is seen of main floor.

Head waiter with reservation list stands between stairs and opening in stockade, directing guests either up to the balcony or onto main floor. Men and women in evening dress enter over f.g. from left. Men have now left hats and topcoats in checkroom presumed to be o.s.

SOUND: Wild drumming and shouting from act going on inside. Head waiter looks coldly at a party of four and waves them upstairs. One of the men in this party is apologizing to the women with him.

1ST WOMAN

Huh! You said every head-waiter in town knew you.

MAN

(defensively)

Well, it's better upstairs. You can see more.

Head-waiter sees another party of four approaching. He bows from the waist.

HEADWAITER

Good evening, Mr. Spiegel.
(he signals inside
to an unseen waiter)
Mr. Spiegel's table.

As Spiegel passes him, he slips a bill in head-waiter's hand. A girl passes in front of camera, looking about.

GIRL

Oooh, it's just like Africa!

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

140

Balcony, stage and part of main floor. SET AND PROCESS. LOWER PART OF PROCESS KEY IS SET FROM PART OF MAIN FLOOR NEAREST STAGE UP TO MATTE LINE which is 10-foot head room on curtain and proscenium. ALL SET ABOVE MATTE LINE IS MINIATURE.

Curtain is down. Proscenium framed by two tall prop trees, in each tree at upper corners of proscenium is an opensided tree house. From one tree house to the other, across top of proscenium, an African suspension bridge, made of prop vines. In tree house to right, suggestion of white dance orchestra (MINIATURE). They are not playing.

(CONTINUED)

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

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INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

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Balcony, stage and part of main floor. SET AND PROCESS. LOWER PART OF PROCESS KEY IS SET FROM PART OF MAIN FLOOR NEAREST STAGE UP TO MATTE LINE which is 10-foot head room on curtain and proscenium. ALL SET ABOVE MATTE LINE IS MINIATURE. Steps lead up to stage from each side.

(CONTINUED)

140 (CONTINUED)

On stage, in front of curtain, six big Negroes in savage costume, beating big native drums. Immediately below stage are two rows of tables, on each side of small clear space for dancing. Here a Negro couple in costume are doing a wild barbaric dance. Two zulus, beating small tom-toms whirl in and out among the tables. IN FRONT OF PROCESS KEY f.g. a section of balcony and the split bamboo stockade that forms railing. This set conceals all main floor of night club except portion of PROCESS SCREEN. Tables at railing, people are coming in right, being seated by waiters, ordering champagne, etc.

SOUND all through these scenes of drumming and shouting and laughing. Terrific din.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 141 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Negro couple dancing on main floor just below stage. Negro drummers on stage above them. CAMERA GUNNING DOWN so as not to OVERSHOOT 10 ft. height. of stage curtain backing. Suggestion of tables at each side of dance floor.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 142 CLOSE SHOT - Zulu drummers.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 143 Portion of left front side main floor. SET AND PROCESS. In f.g. several rows of tables with guests. Behind them the bar section, on a platform 60 ft. long. This is separated from main floor by bamboo stockade with artificial vines and flowers. On bar side of this division, one row of tables against stockade. People in balcony above bar - MIN. PROJ. Behind bar, there are glass-fronted lion cages, at intervals. These are divided from each other by jungle dressing. One of these is PROCESS SCREEN. The others are SET only, the animals concealed by set dressing.

Right side of screen beyond end of bar is return of jungle dressing, coming out to left edge of stage. This provides backing for ANGLE SHOTS at tables. Through this dressing, an opening leads to door backstage at main floor level. The bar is crowded and customers are coming and going. Three bartenders very busy. Among tables in f.g. three negro men in costume with small tom-toms slung around their necks, are weaving in and out among the tables, carrying the rhythm of drummers on stage and adding to the din and confusion.

Curtain is down. It is an elaborately painted African fantasy. Proscenium framed by two tall prop trees, in each tree at upper corners of proscenium is an open-sided tree house. From one tree house to the other, across top of proscenium, an African suspension bridge, made of prop vines. In tree house to right, suggestion of white dance orchestra (MINIATURE). They are not playing.

On stage, in front of curtain, six big Negroes in savage costume, beating big native drums. Immediately below stage are two rows of tables, on each side of small clear space for dancing. Here a Negro couple in costume are doing a wild barbaric dance. Two Zulus, beating small tom-toms whirl in and out among the tables. Overhead, suspended from ceiling, ABOVE MATTE LINE, six colored girls in scanty African costumes, swing in circle over heads of guests. They stand in stirrups on ropes disguised as vines. Only far side of this circling movement is seen. Girls swing in LEFT side of KEY and out RIGHT. IN FRONT OF PROCESS KEY f.g. a section of balcony and the split bamboo stockade that forms railing. This set conceals all main floor of night club except portion of PROCESS SCREEN. Two tables f.g. At table right, two men, two women. Table left is unoccupied. A girl on a rope swings across right to left, just outside balcony rail. (This represents near side of swinging circle of girls) As she swings past, she tosses some flowers to men and women at table right.

GIRL

(as she swings past)

Wheeeeee!

1ST MAN

(waves glass at her)

Wheeee to you!

Waiter enters from right, ushering three men to table left. As men are sitting down, second girl swings past on rope, tossing flowers.

MAN AT TABLE LEFT

Hey! Did you see what I saw?

2ND MAN

Waiter, bring a bottle.

As waiter exits left, third girl on rope swings in from right, tossing flowers. Third man at table left makes a lunge at her.

3RD MAN

Wait a minute, baby.....

She kicks gaily in his direction as she goes by throwing a handful of flowers.

SOUND all through these scenes of drumming and shouting and laughing. Terrific din.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

144 Bar and Lion cages.

WOMAN AT BAR

Gee, I hope that's a thick piece
of glass.

BARTENDER

Sure it is, lady.
(he wipes cage
front with bar
rag)

Mr. O'Hara had it made special.
That'll hold anything.

2ND WOMAN

(holds glass across
bar, giggles)
Poor kitty. Have a drink.
Kitty, kitty, kitty.

CAMERA MOVES to next group, Man and Woman.

MAN

Some joint.
(to Bartender)
Give us a drink.

BARTENDER

Want to try our new cocktail?
We call it King of Beasts.

WOMAN

(bitterly)
Ha; He doesn't need it.

MAN

Shut up, sugar, or I'll throw
you to the lions.

CAMERA ON to next group.

WOMAN

The one in the middle looks
like my boss.

MAN

Bet he can roar like your boss, too.

Next group, a haggard, gushing Southern Belle, and a
man, gigolo type.

(CONTINUED)

144

MED. LONG SHOT - SHOOTING along length of bar into green backing at right end of bar to miss PROJ. SCREEN. People and bartenders in b.g. Man and girl get up on stools in f.g. as first bartender comes to them.

MAN

Some joint!
(to bartender)
Give us a drink.

1ST BARTENDER

Want to try our new cocktail?
King of Beasts?

GIRL

(bitterly)
He doesn't need it.

145)

146)

147)

OMITTED

148

MED. CLOSE SHOT at bar. A man sitting between two women at bar. Beyond them lion in cage. (PROCESS).

1ST WOMAN

(looks uneasily
at lion)
Gee, I hope that's a thick
piece of glass.

(CONTINUED)

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 141 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Negro couple dancing on main floor just below stage. Negro drummers on stage above them. CAMERA GUNNING DOWN so as not to OVERSHOOT 10 ft. height. of stage curtain backing. Suggestion of tables at each side of dance floor.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 142 On stage, SHOOTING FROM BEHIND drummers, toward balcony and entrance to main floor of club. SET, PROCESS AND MINIATURE. F.g. backs of four zulu drummers on stage. They with their big drums and head dresses, mask a large part of main floor, so that people at tables are only seen between them. On right side of PROCESS SCREEN, end of bar platform seen. Balance of set in painting. MINIATURE girls on vines swing across in front of balcony, left to right.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 143 Portion of left front side main floor. SET AND PROCESS. In f.g. several rows of tables with guests. Behind them the bar section, on a platform 60 ft. long. This is separated from main floor by bamboo stockade with artificial vines and flowers. On bar side of this division, one row of tables against stockade. Clumps of banana trees at intervals along stockade. CAMERA GUNNING DOWN enough to miss people in balcony above.

Behind bar, there are glass-fronted lion cages, at intervals. These are divided from each other by jungle dressing. One of these is PROCESS SCREEN. The others are SET only, the animals concealed by set dressing.

Right side of screen beyond end of bar is return of jungle dressing, coming out to left edge of stage. This provides backing for ANGLE SHOTS at tables. Through this dressing, an opening leads to door back-stage at main floor level. The bar is crowded and customers are coming and going. Three bartenders very busy. Among tables in f.g. three negro men in costume with small tom-toms slung around their necks, are weaving in and out among the tables, carrying the rhythm of drummers on stage and adding to the din and confusion.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 144 MED. LONG SHOT - SHOOTING along length of bar into green backing, at right end of bar to miss PROJ. SCREEN. People and bartenders in b.g. Man and girl get up on stools in f.g. as first bartender comes to them.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Some joint!
(to bartender)
Give us a drink.

1ST BARTENDER

Want to try our new cocktail?
King of Beasts?

GIRL

(bitterly)
He doesn't need it.

INT. NIGHT CLUB BAR - NIGHT - SET AND PROCESS

145 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Another man and woman drinking at bar. Hyena in glass-fronted cage (PROCESS SCREEN use same as for lion). Lower edge of cage framed by bottles. Man and woman set down glasses. Second bartender comes into scene, wiping bar.

MAN

(pointing at hyena)
Whass that?

2ND BARTENDER

An African hyena.

He wipes his bar rag over glass of cage as he walks by o.s.

146 CLOSER SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE to miss hyena's cage.

MAN

(plaintively)
Why won't somebody tell me-- who
is this Mr. Joseph Young?

WOMAN

(ablowzy blonde)
Maybe he's a crooner. A cannibal
crooner!

She utters a harsh, cackling laugh.

147 CLOSE SHOT. Hyena in cage. Hyena laughs in perfect imitation of woman.

148 MED. CLOSE SHOT at bar. A man sitting between two women at bar. Beyond them lion in cage. (PROCESS).

1ST WOMAN

(looks uneasily at lion)
Gee, I hope that's a thick piece of
glass.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

I just love lions. They're perfectly darlin'.

GIGOLO

You know what lions love, don't you? Sweet little girls -- like you.

He takes her hand and pretends to bite it.

WOMAN

(pushes him coyly)

Now Dennis! Stop!

CAMERA on group of two producers and an agent.

1ST PRODUCER

(confidentially to Bartender)

Say, Bill, what's the low-down? Who is Mr. Joseph Young?

BARTENDER

(shrugs)

How would I know? That's O'Hara's big secret.

2ND PRODUCER

Maxie's sure got a new angle.

1ST PRODUCER

Yeah. He never ran a zoo before.

AGENT

(cranes over eagerly to get in his bit)

He says these are the biggest lions in the world.

1ST PRODUCER

(laughs)

Sure. They would be. Leave it to Max.

2ND PRODUCER

(turns and looks across night club)

What d'ya suppose this set Max back?

(CONTINUED)

1ST PRODUCER
(hopefully)
Boy! Suppose it's a flop!

AGENT
Oh, he'd bounce back. He always
has.

2ND PRODUCER
(turns back to
face bar again)
What's the Joseph Young gag?

AGENT
(impressed)
Ya know even Variety can't find
out who Joseph Young is.

145-
149 OMITTED

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

150 O'Hara's office. A simple L set, desk and chair up
center with telephone. Door in right wall leads out
to balcony, small door back wall left, leads to
back-stage. Drum beating comes OVER faintly. Max at
desk in shirt sleeves, very excited. Six reporters
in business suits clustered around desk, all holding
drinks. Windy in dinner jacket stands left of desk.

MAX
Come on, boys. Drink up. Go
out and look at the show.

1ST REPORTER
Aw, Maxie, come on--give! Who
is Mr. Joseph Young?

2ND REPORTER
Give us the dope, will ya, so
we can write our stories.

3RD REPORTER
Yeah, we got deadlines. Who
is Mr. Joseph Young?

MAX
(laughs)
You'll find out.
(looks at watch)
Go on out front. You know
where your table is.

(CONTINUED)

3RD BARTENDER
(serving them drinks)
Sure, it is, lady.

Third bartender taps on glass of cage.

Second man holds her glass across bar toward lion,
giggles foolishly.

2ND WOMAN
Poor kitty! Have a drink? Kitty,
kitty, kitty!

MAN
(to 3rd bartender)
Say, who is Mr. Joseph Young?

2ND BARTENDER
I don't know. That's Max O'Hara's
big secret.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (SET AND PROCESS)

149 MED. CLOSE SHOT. SHOOTING OUT from behind bar, small
section, wild. At maximum distance for width of night
club is seen right side of main floor. (Use original
set of left side of main floor to double as opposite
side, same as 143, masked at sides and across top with
banana trees, and across bottom with bamboo stockade,
tables in b.g.)

At bar in f.g. facing camera - an agent and two
producers. They have drinks before them. They are not
in evening clothes. First producer has swung round on
his stool to look over the premises. He turns toward
camera.

1ST PRODUCER
What do you suppose all this set
Max back?

2ND PRODUCER
(hopefully)
Boy, suppose it's a flop!

AGENT
(shrugs)
Well, he can always take it off
his income tax.

2ND PRODUCER
Maxie's sure got a new angle!

1ST PRODUCER
(looking past camera)
Yeah. He never ran a zoo before.

(CONTINUED)

3RD BARTENDER
(serving them drinks)
Sure, it is, lady.

Third bartender taps on glass of cage.

Second man holds her glass across bar toward lion,
giggles foolishly.

2ND WOMAN
Poor kitty! Have a drink? Kitty,
kitty, kitty!

MAN
(to 3rd bartender)
Say, who is Mr. Joseph Young?

2ND BARTENDER
I don't know. That's Max O'Hara's
big secret.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (SET AND PROCESS)

149 MED. CLOSE SHOT. SHOOTING OUT from behind bar, small
section, wild. At maximum distance for width of night
club is seen right side of main floor. (Use original
set of left side of main floor to double as opposite
side, same as 143, masked at sides and across top with
banana trees, and across bottom with bamboo stockade,
tables in b.g. (PROCESS).

At bar in f.g. facing camera an agent and two
producers. They have drinks before them. They are no
in evening clothes. First producer has swung round on
his stool to look over the premises. He turns toward
camera.

1ST PRODUCER
What do you suppose all this set
Max back?

2ND PRODUCER
(hopefully)
Boy, suppose it's a flop!

AGENT
(shrugs)
Well, he can always take it off
his income tax.

2ND PRODUCER
Maxie's sure got a new angle!

1ST PRODUCER
(looking past camera)
Yeah. He never ran a zoo before.

(CONTINUED)

150 (CONTINUED)

Reporters set their glasses on desk as they start
for door. Windy comes around desk and herds them out.

1ST REPORTER

(grumbling)

Oh, all right...

2ND REPORTER

(complaining)

You might give us a break...

(CONTINUED)

2ND PRODUCER

Nah. I mean all this secrecy.

Agent cranes over the bar so he can talk to both producers. He tries to be confidential, but has to shout over the general din.

AGENT

You know even Variety can't find out who Joseph Young is?

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

150 O'Hara's office. A simple L set, desk and chair up center with telephone. Door in right wall leads out to balcony, small door back wall left, leads to back-stage. Drum beating comes over faintly. Max at desk in shirt sleeves, very excited. Six reporters in business suits clustered around desk, all holding drinks. Windy in dinner jacket stands left of desk.

MAX

Come on, boys. Drink up. Go out and look at the show.

1ST REPORTER

Aw Maxie, come on--give! Who is Mr. Joseph Young?

2ND REPORTER

Give us the dope, will ya, so we can write our stories.

3RD REPORTER

Yeah, we got deadlines. Who is Mr. Joseph Young?

MAX

(laughs)

You'll find out.

(looks at watch)

Go on out front. You know where your table is.

Reporters set their glasses on desk as they start for door. Windy comes around desk and herds them out.

1ST REPORTER

(grumbling)

Oh, all right....

2ND REPORTER

(complaining)

You might give us a break.....

(CONTINUED)

150 (CONTINUED)

3RD REPORTER

Gosh, what's all the mystery?...

4TH REPORTER

Why don't you tell us what it is?...

5TH REPORTER

And then we wouldn't have to look at it...

WINDY

Go on, boys. I'll join you in a minute.

1ST REPORTER

(as he exits last)

I'm warning you, this better be good...

Windy gives him a gentle push and closes the door on all the reporters. He leans on closed door and looks disgustedly at Max.

WINDY

Holy smoke! I'm sick of keeping my lip buttoned! This isn't the way we used to put over a show.

151 CLOSE SHOT - Max. He leans back and strikes a pompous attitude.

MAX

(with burlesque solemnity)

You are looking at the new Max O'Hara. Dignified, restrained, artistic.

(suddenly,
from a corner
of his mouth)

Classy.

(he grins and
speaks naturally)

Watch me milk this. You might learn something.

152 MED. SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE - showing door to left of Max's desk. Door opens. Greg enters. He is in jeans and flannel shirt.

GREG

All right, Mr. O'Hara. Just about time.

Max rises, showing he is in white breeches and black boots. Puts on a white hunting jacket which hangs on chair back, opens desk drawer, takes out revolver in holster belt and straps it on, while talking.

(CONTINUED)

152 (CONTINUED)

MAX

Okay, Greg. Go on, Windy. Get
out there with your newspaper pals.

153 CLOSE SHOT - Windy at door.

WINDY

(bitterly)
Dignified -- restrained --
artistic. The shy type. Ha!

Windy jerks door open, exits, slams door.

154 Same ANGLE as 152. Greg and Max. Max strapping on
holster belt.

MAX

(to Greg)
All set back there? Jill ready?
How's Joe acting?

GREG

Just fine.

Max opens deep bottom drawer of desk, takes out big
white topi.

MAX

Good thing Joe likes you.

GREG

He sure does.

He and Max start for door through which Greg entered.

GREG (cont'd)

I can handle him durn near as
well as she can...

They exit, Max putting on topi.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

155 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Dancers on main floor below stage.
Zulu drummers on stage behind them. Same as 141.
Dancers finish dance and take bow. Zulu drummers
pick up drums and start for wings left.

SOUND: MODERATE APPLAUSE

MAX

Okay, Greg. Go on, Windy. Get
out there with your newspaper pals.

153 CLOSE SHOT - Windy at door.

WINDY

(bitterly)
Dignified -- restrained --
artistic. The shy type. Ha!

Windy jerks door open, exits, slams door.

154 Same ANGLE as 152. Greg and Max. Max strapping on
holster belt.

MAX

(to Greg)
All set back there? Jill ready?
How's Joe acting?

GREG

Just fine.

Max opens deep bottom drawer of desk, takes out big
white topi.

MAX

Good thing Joe likes you.

GREG

He sure does.

He and Max start for door through which Greg entered.

GREG (cont'd)

I can handle him durn near as
well as she can...

They exit, Max putting on topi.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (SET AND PROCESS)

155 Same as 140. Negro dance couple are now on stage working
up climax of their dance. Big Negro drummers behind
them. The six Zulu tom-tom beaters carry on shoulders
the rope-swinging girls. They run off r. and l. on
main floor. Negro dance couple does a final stomp and
tableau for applause. People at tables applaud.

156 Same as 144. SHOOTING ALONG length of bar. People
sitting at bar turn and look o.s. toward stage and
applaud. Bartenders applaud.

152 (CONTINUED)

MAX

Okay, Greg. Go on, Windy. Get out there with your newspaper pals.

153 CLOSE SHOT - Windy at door.

WINDY

(bitterly)
Dignified -- restrained --
artistic. The shy type. Ha!

Windy jerks door open, exits, slams door.

154 Same ANGLE as 152. Greg and Max. Max strapping on holster belt.

MAX

(to Greg)
All set back there? Jill ready?
How's Joe acting?

GREG

Just fine.

Max opens deep bottom drawer of desk, takes out big white topi.

MAX

Good thing Joe likes you.

GREG

He sure does.

He and Max start for door through which Greg entered.

GREG (cont'd)

I can handle him durn near as well
as she can...

They exit, Max putting on topi.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (SET AND PROCESS)

155 Same as 140. Negro dance couple are now on stage working up climax of their dance. Big Negro drummers behind them. From each side of stage, the six Zulu tom-tom beaters are running up the steps from main floor; each Zulu now carries on his shoulder one of the rope-swinging girls. They line up in front of curtain, as Negro dance couple does a final stomp and tableau for applause. People at tables applaud.

156 Same as 144. SHOOTING ALONG length of bar. People sitting at bar turn and look o.s. toward stage and applaud. Bartenders applaud.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 156 CLOSE SHOT - Reporters and Windy at table. Reporters, bored, don't applaud. Windy applauds, looking at them indignantly.

WINDY

You guys make me tired.

1ST REPORTER

(wearily)

Okay, okay. Where's this Joseph Young?

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 157 MED. SHOT. Passage through tree to back-stage. Dance couple run up steps, turn in door for final bow, and exit back-stage.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 158 Back stage and wings, with stairs up from cellar. Zulu drummers are coming from stage, stage-hands crossing the other way. Dance couple enter from left. Max and Greg enter. Stage manager comes toward them from direction of stairs.

MAX

(to drummers and dancers)

Go on, hurry. Get off.

STAGE MANAGER

Clear, everybody. No hanging around in the wings.

GREG

Good luck, Mr. O'Hara.

He runs down the stairs.

MAX

Same to you.

(he waves his arms at dancers and drummers as they push past him)

Go to your dressing rooms and stay there. I don't wantta hear a sound outta any of you.

- 159 Same as 143. Portion left side main floor and bar. People are stirring about. A couple or two rise from tables and start for bar. SOUND: A fanfare. Everybody stops and looks past camera right.

157 CLOSE SHOT - a table on bar platform, bamboo stockade across f.g. Bar in b.g. SHOOT to miss lion cages. Windy and reporters at table. Reporters look off past camera right. They don't trouble to applaud. Windy applauds, eyeing them indignantly.

WINDY

You guys make me tired.

First reporter leans head on hand, gazing wearily into space.

1ST REPORTER

Okay, okay. So where's this Joseph Young?

158 MED. SHOT - backstage, back of curtain suggested at camera left. SHOOTING INTO b.g. of scene -- flats, ropes, spotlights, etc. Negro drummers and girls are milling around. Max and stage manager ordering them off.

MAX

Go on, hurry. Get off.

STAGE MANAGER

Clear, everybody. No hanging around in the wings.

MAX

Go in your dressing rooms and stay there. Keep the doors shut. I don't wantta hear a sound outta any of you.

159 Same as 143. Portion left side main floor and bar. People are stirring about. A couple of two rise from tables and start for bar. SOUND: a fanfare. Everybody stops and looks past camera right.

160 MED. CLOSE SHOT - orchestra platform in tree -- SHOOTING UP. Light comes from below. Backing is plain, flat, in darkness. Orchestra leader standing holding hand make, looking down.

ORCHESTRA LEADER

Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Max O'Hara!

161 MED. LONG SHOT - center of stage and tables below. House lights dim, foots go up. Max in full regalia comes out center. He takes off his topi and bows to the applause. SOUND: applause.

CLOSE SHOT - a table on bar platform, bamboo stockade across f.g. Bar in b.g. SHOOT to miss lion cages. Windy and reporters at table. Reporters look off past camera right. They don't trouble to applaud. Windy applauds, eyeing them indignantly.

WINDY

You guys make me tired.

First reporter leans head on hand, gazing wearily into space.

1ST REPORTER

Okay, okay. So where's this Joseph Young?

158

MED. SHOT - backstage, back of curtain suggested at camera left. SHOOTING INTO b.g. of scene -- flats, ropes, spotlights, etc. Negro drummers and girls are milling around. Max and stage manager ordering them off.

MAX

Go on, hurry. Get off.

STAGE MANAGER

Clear, everybody. No hanging around in the wings.

MAX

Go in your dressing rooms and stay there. Keep the doors shut. I don't wantta hear a sound outta any of you.

159

Same as 143. Portion left side main floor and bar. People are stirring about. A couple of two rise from tables and start for bar. SOUND: a fanfare. Everybody stops and looks past camera right.

160

MED. CLOSE SHOT - orchestra platform in tree -- SHOOTING UP. Light comes from below. Backing is plain flat, in darkness. Orchestra leader standing, holding hand mike, looking down.

ORCHESTRA LEADER

Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Max O'Hara!

161

MED. LONG SHOT - left side of stage and tables below. House lights dim, foots go up. Max in full regalia comes out from wings. He takes off his topi and bows to the applause. SOUND: applause.

160

MED. CLOSE SHOT - orchestra platform in tree --
SHOOTING UP. Light comes from below. Backing is
plain, flat, in darkness. Orchestra leader standing
holding hand mike, looking down.

ORCHESTRA LEADER

Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Max
O'Hara!

161

MED. LONG SHOT - center of stage and tables below.
House lights dim, foots go up. Max in full regalia
comes out center. He takes off his topi and bows
to the applause. SOUND: applause.

CLOSER SHOT missing audience. Max on stage.

MAX

Ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to the Golden Safari. I am sure you have all read of my thrilling adventures in Darkest Africa. But I have never given out the story of the greatest experience of all. That was the moment when I first met face to face the gentleman you are about to meet. But first you must meet his life-long friend.

Max lifts his hand toward orchestra o.s. SOUND: Fanfare the curtain rises, disclosing Jill standing by a gilded grand piano. She wears beautiful evening dress, looks extremely pretty and very shy. Max steps back and takes her hand.

MAX (cont'd)

It is my privilege to introduce this charming young lady.

Jill makes an awkward little bow. She is very frightened.

MAX (cont'd)

It is she alone who can perfectly control the amazing power of the personage whose name appears in lights outside.

He turns to Jill.

MAX (cont'd)

If you please ...

Max seats Jill at piano with elaborate courtesy, turns to audience.

MAX

This is a song which is a special favorite of Mr. Joseph Young.

He bows to Jill. She timidly picks out "Old Black Joe." Her amateurish tinkling is forlorn and feeble in the puzzled silence.

162 CLOSER SHOT missing audience. Max on stage.

MAX

Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome to the Golden Safari. It is the result of my exploration of Darkest Africa. I am sure you have all read of my thrilling adventures. But I have never given out the story of the greatest experience of all. That was the moment when I first made the acquaintance of the gentleman you are about to meet. In him you will see amazing strength, dauntless courage, deep ferocity -- indeed the very spirit of the Dark Continent. At first sight you may be alarmed, but I assure you there is no occasion for it, because he is completely subject to his loyalty, to his devotion to his childhood friend.

Max goes to wings and leads out Jill. Two or three people applaud feebly. Max relishes audience's surprise. Jill bows awkwardly. She wears beautiful evening dress and looks lovely.

MAX (cont'd)

It is my privilege to introduce to you this charming young lady. It is she, and she alone, who can perfectly control the incredible force and power of the personage whose name appears in lights outside.

Max leads Jill across stage in front of curtain. CAMERA TRUCKS WITH them TO stage center. There is now a gilded grand piano there.

MAX (cont'd)

There is a song which is the special favorite of Mr. Joseph Young.

He seats Jill at piano with elaborate courtesy, then steps back and waves his topi.

MAX (cont'd)

If you please...

Jill timidly picks out "Old Black Joe." Her amateurish tinkling is forlorn and futile in the puzzled silence.

RR
163

CLOSE SHOT - reporters and Windy at a table on bar platform, bamboo stockade across f.g. Bar in b.g. Same as 157.

1ST REPORTER

For the love of Mike, what's this supposed to be?

2ND REPORTER

Has Max gone nuts?

164

CLOSE SHOT - two tables on main floor. Backing, bamboo stockade separating main floor from bar level. Bascombe's table. Bascombe, Pierson, Gloria, Alice at table. They are over-dressed, overweight and underbred. Another table at right partly in shot, two fat women seated there. All people in set looking off camera right, with expressions of disgust and bewilderment. SOUND: faint piano tinkle.

GLORIA

For heaven's sake! What goes on?

BASCOMBE

I'm sorry, honey. I thought it was going to be good.

FAT WOMAN AT 2ND TABLE

She isn't even pretty.

ANOTHER WOMAN AT 2ND TABLE

Good night! Let's get out of here.

165

CLOSE SHOT - Max and Jill on stage. Jill still feebly playing Old Black Joe. Max turns to face the audience, and puts all he's got into his full-armed sweep and shout.

MAX

(at the top
of his voice)

Ladies and gentlemen! Mr. Joseph
Young of Africa!

Every light in the place goes out. The orchestra suddenly CRASHES into "Old Black Joe," as a brilliant cone of light from above focuses on Jill still playing.

166

Same as 140. Balcony f.g. (SET AND PROCESS) MATTE line in KEY is now at front edge of stage. House dimly lighted, people at tables in f.g. dimly seen. On stage, Jill at piano. A circular section of stage, just large enough to hold piano and Jill, starts to rise slowly. Two big hairy hands come into view, supporting platform, which continues to rise, disclosing arms, then head, then whole body of Joe. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

166 (CONTINUED)

He is lighted from below, Jill from above, ORCHESTRA CRESCENDO as platform rises till Joe's platform reaches stage level. Girl, piano and Joe all MINATURE. SOUND: Orchestra drowns piano. Murmurs of astonishment from audience. A couple of women in f.g. cry out in alarm.

- 167 CLOSE SHOT - LOW CAMERA - MATTE SHOT - MATTED at edge of stage. SHOOTING UP PAST two men f.g. table. They are recoiling in terror as they look directly up at Joe towering over them on stage. Top line of picture is underside of piano platform, so Jill at piano not seen.
- 168 HIGH SHOT FROM stage ANGLE - SHOOTING DOWN on bar platform and tables on main floor. Bar on left side of set, dressing on platform conceals Process Screens. Same as 143, but rearrange people and turn film over to double as opposite side of night club. Audience showing astonishment and fright.
- 169 SET AND O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ. MED. SHOT. Joe carefully balances piano and takes a few steps around, so that he makes a complete turn without ever stepping off his platform. SCREEN SPLIT at piano platform line. Jill still playing, orchestra drowning her.
- 170 MED. CLOSE SHOT - balcony - GUNNING UP to show only front row of tables, seated people leaning over bamboo rail, others standing behind them, all looking well off camera right, to indicate this is balcony at side of club.
- 171 SET AND O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ. MED SHOT. Same as 169 - as Joe completes his turn so as to face audience again.
- 172 Bar - SHOOTING DOWN bar to miss lion cages. A drunk at bar staring at Joe o.s. He turns to bar with a shudder, tosses off his own drink and that of the man next him, and then looks cautiously at stage again.
- 173 Balcony, stage in b.g. Same as 166. (SET AND PROCESS) People at tables f.g. leaning over bamboo rail staring at stage. Joe on stage holding Jill and piano (MINIATURE). MUSIC comes to a big finish, and front curtain comes down (MINIATURE). SOUND: great applause. House lights go up.

He is lighted from below, Jill from above. ORCHESTRA CRESCENDO as platform rises till Joe's platform reaches stage level. Girl, piano, and Joe all MINIATURE. SOUND: Orchestra drowns piano. Murmurs of astonishment from audience. A couple of women in f.g. cry out in alarm.

- 167 CLOSE SHOT - LOW CAMERA - MATTE SHOT - MATTED at edge of stage. SHOOTING UP PAST two men f.g. table. They are recoiling in terror as they look directly up at Joe towering over them on stage. Top line of picture is underside of piano platform, so Jill at piano not seen.
- 168 HIGH SHOT FROM stage ANGLE - SHOOTING DOWN on bar platform and tables on main floor. Bar on left side of set, dressing on platform conceals PROCESS SCREENS. This is a REVERSE ANGLE on 143, doubling for opposite side of night club. Audience showing astonishment and fright.
- 169 SET AND O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ. MED. SHOT. Joe carefully balances piano and takes a few steps around, so that he makes a complete turn without ever stepping off his platform. SCREEN SPLIT at piano platform line. Jill still playing, orchestra drowning her.
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- 173 Balcony, stage in b.g. Same as 166. (SET AND PROCESS) People at tables f.g. leaning over bamboo rail staring at stage. Joe on stage holding Jill and piano (MINIATURE). MUSIC comes to a big finish, and front curtain comes down (MINIATURE). SOUND: great applause. House lights go up.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

174 Portion of left front side main floor - Bar - Same as 143. House lights are up. Lights in lion cages go up. People looking off right, applauding.

QUICK DISSOLVE

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

175 LONG SHOT - toward stage, missing sides of proscenium. Tables below stage, MIN. PROJ.

SOUND: ORCHESTRA - FANFARE

MIN. CURTAIN RISES, DISCLOSING platform 6½ ft. high at each side. Between and below platform is a tank, edge of which is 3 ft. above stage level. CAMERA just below top of platform level. On platform at left stand ten hulking wrestlers in leopard skins. On stage Max is standing below platform at right. A heavy rope is stretched across tank, ends lying on platforms.

176 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Max.

MAX

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your applause. You have seen one demonstration of the strength and intelligence of Mr. Joseph Young. But you will now witness an amazing test of his true power.

(he gestures toward wrestlers)

Here you see ten men.

177 CLOSE SHOT - Ten wrestlers - CAMERA TRUCKS ALONG line, each wrestler flexes muscles and expands chest as his name is spoken.

MAX'S VOICE

I have combed the country to find these men - Mastodon Murphy - Trebinski, the Tiger's Son - The Bronx Bulldozer - Terrible Jones - The Cherub - The Iron Man - Crusher O'Brien - Handsome Harry - Monster M'Gee - and last and greatest -

(CAMERA STOPS on last wrestler)

the man who needs no introduction -

(Note to casting director;

Try to get the most famous nationally-known wrestler.)

(CONTINUED)

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

174

CLOSE SHOT - Max and Greg in left wings, looking off right. Backing of flats and ropes. Max is mopping his brow nervously. SOUND: applause and orchestra muffled from beyond curtain.

MAX

We got 'em so far.

GREG

(anxiously)

Hope this goes all right. Jill's wonderful.

Max speaks over shoulder to switchboard man o.s.

MAX

Orchestra signal.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - ORCHESTRA TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

175

CLOSE SHOT - UP AT orchestra leader, lighted from below. He stops orchestra, taps his baton, and leads into "Volga Boatman."

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

176

LONG SHOT - stage. (O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ.) People at tables f.g. Front curtain (MINIATURE) rises to disclose ten burly wrestlers in leopard skins lined up left side of stage. They hold a heavy rope which stretches across a sunken tank of water, stage center. On right side of tank, Joe holds other end of rope. To right and upstage is Jill. The wrestlers start to pull on rope. Joe, not much interested, obligingly gives a little and advances a step toward tank.

177

MED. CLOSE SHOT - stage and tank. Wrestlers and side of tank - GUNNING DOWN ENOUGH to show that it is full of water. Wrestlers pulling hard and gaining a little rope. They are grinning.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT - (O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ.)

178

Joe holding rope casually, giving ground a little. Jill beside him.

JILL

(protesting)

Joe! Pull!

Joe looks at her, then gives rope a jerk.

MAX'S VOICE (cont'd)

Look at them. Every one a champion. Look at those brawny arms, those massive chests.

178 MED. SHOT - MIN. PROJ. Max on stage below right platform - missing wrestlers and audience.

MAX

I ask you, is there any one creature powerful enough to overcome this combination? That is the question to which we seek an answer.

Joe enters from right on platform above Max. Jill follows him.

MAX

That is the test we are about to make.

Joe sees Max down there, stops and crouches to peer down at him. Max is oblivious of Joe.

MAX

When I give the signal, the fearless little lady will bring my friend, Mr. Joseph Young --

Joe, hearing his name, RUMBLES inquiringly. Max stops short, and turns to look up.

179 CLOSE SHOT - Max - looking up at Joe o.s. He forgets his speech.

MAX

Er - yes - my friend -

INT.

180 MED. SHOT - Same as 178.

JILL

(quietly to Joe)
Joe. Stop it.

MAX

(backing toward wings)
Er - ladies and gentlemen - we -
I - thank you.

He exits hurriedly.

JILL

(picks up rope and
holds it out to Joe)
Here, take it, Joe.

INT. NIGHT

181 MED. CLOSE SHOT - wrestlers on their platform. They pick up rope and brace themselves.

SOUND: ORCHESTRA STARTS VOLGA BOATMAN.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

182 LONG SHOT TOWARD stage, same as 175. Joe on one end of rope, wrestlers on the other, pulling. Joe, not much interested, just holds the rope with one hand, while wrestlers pull.

INT. STAGE

183 MED. CLOSE SHOT - stage and tank. GUNNING DOWN TO SHOW tank is full of water. Wrestlers pulling and gaining a little rope. They are grinning.

INT. STAGE - MIN. PROJ.

184 Jill and Joe. Joe holds rope casually, lets it slip a little.

JILL

(protests)

Joe! Pull!

Joe looks at her, then gives rope a jerk.

185 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Wrestlers, same as 183. Wrestlers are abruptly jerked forward as Joe pulls. They recover, brace themselves and settle down to earnest hauling.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

186 LONG SHOT - MIN. PROJ. Same as 175. Wrestlers digging in their heels and hauling. Joe briskly pulls hand over hand, and wrestlers start to plop into tank one after another.

SOUND: ORCHESTRA THROUGHOUT pulling scene keeps time to jerky tempo, and accompanies each splash with drum and cymbals. Audience LAUGHING. Wrestlers flounder in water, and struggle over side of tank to stage, then run off left.

Wrestlers and tank - same as 177. Wrestlers are all abruptly jerked forward as Joe pulls. They recover their footing and settle down to earnest hauling.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

180 LONG SHOT - stage and tanks - same as 176. (O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ.) Wrestlers digging their heels and really working, as Joe does one hand over hand pull, dragging wrestlers forward two or three steps. Joe then briskly hauls in, and first three wrestlers drop into tank in rapid succession. SOUND: orchestra accompanies each splash with drum and cymbals. Audience laughing.

181 MED. SHOT FROM stage level DOWN INTO faces of people at tables laughing.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT - (O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ.)

182 Joe holding rope, looking inquiringly at Jill.

JILL

Go on! Pull!

183 Wrestlers and tank. Same as 177. Wrestlers sweating and grimacing as they strain on rope. They are pulled forward inexorably.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

184 Stage, tank, tables in f.g. - same as 176. Wrestlers straining, Joe pulling fast hand over hand. One by one wrestlers plop into tank, going faster as their number diminishes. Joe carelessly flips the last and biggest wrestler into tank. SOUND: orchestra and audience all through splashing scenes.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT

185 GUNNING DOWN INTO tank full of wrestlers, floundering in the water.

186 MED. SHOT - (O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ.) - Joe's side of tank, not showing water. Joe looking curiously down into tank. Jill beside him. He reaches in, lifts up a dripping wrestler and inspects him.

JILL

(sharply)

Joe! Drop it!

Joe lets go, and wrestler drops back into tank with a mighty splash.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

187 Left front side, main floor. Bar platform in b.g. Same as 143. People at tables and at bar all looking off camera right, laughing and applauding.

187 CLOSE SHOT - in tank. Wrestlers falling in, floundering and scrambling out, to intercut with Scene 186.

188 MED. SHOT - from stage level down into faces of people at tables, LAUGHING.

189 MED. LONG SHOT - MIN. PROJ.

Joe and Jill on platform right. All wrestlers have been pulled into tank except the last one, the biggest and ugliest of all. He has feet braced on edge of platform left. Joe holding rope, looks around at Jill for orders.

190 CLOSE SHOT - the last wrestler scowls, takes a turn of rope around his own body, and yanks suddenly on rope, to take Joe by surprise.

190A MED. LONG SHOT - MIN. PROJ.

Jill and Joe, platform right. Last wrestler, platform left. Same as 189. Joe's arm is jerked forward as last wrestler yanks, Joe with one easy flip jerks last wrestler into tank and drops rope.

190B CLOSE SHOT - last wrestler floundering in tank.

190C MED. LONG SHOT - MIN. PROJ.

Same as 191. Joe crouches, looks down curiously at floundering wrestler, Joe reaches down, lifts dripping wrestler and inspects him.

JILL

(sharply)

Joe! Drop it!

Joe lets go, wrestler drops back into tank with a mighty splash.

190D CLOSE SHOT - into tank. Wrestler looking fearfully up at Joe, freeing himself from rope as he splashes toward front edge of tank.

190E Same as 191. Joe crouches, watches wrestler scramble out of tank to stage. Joe leans over and gives him a light slap on his rear that sends wrestler sprawling. Wrestler gets up and runs off right, directly under Joe's platform.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

190F Same as 143 - Left front side, main floor and bar. People looking off right, LAUGHING and APPLAUDING. House lights dim, lion cages dark.

190G LONG SHOT. Same as 175. MIN. PROJ. Jill on platform right with Joe, she turns toward audience, Joe looks o.s. after wrestler. MIN. CURTAIN FALLS.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

191 LONG SHOT - REVERSE - at audience LAUGHING and APPLAUDING.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (Same as 157).

192 Windy and reporters at table. Reporters are rising preparing to leave.

FIRST REPORTER

O'Hara's put one over again.

WINDY

What did I tell you?

SECOND REPORTER

How about interviewing the gal?

THIRD REPORTER

(wolf whistles)

FOURTH REPORTER

Yeah, I could use some of that.

WINDY

She's a sweet kid. And a great story. I'll fix you up.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

192A PROCESS. ALL MIN. SET. Front of Joe's steel-barred cell. Door open. Greg enters from right, followed by Joe. Greg stops by cell door. Joe enters cell, slumps down on straw.

193 MED. SHOT from cell toward Greg. He closes and locks door. Looks past camera.

GREG

Poor old boy. Sorry I have to lock you up.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (O'BRIEN MIN. PROJ. Same
as 176.)

188 LONG SHOT - STAGE. Dripping wrestlers are clambering out of tank and running off-stage left. Jill at right of tank bows to audience and indicates Joe. Max comes tearing out of wings, dodging wet wrestlers, and starts across stage toward Jill.

SOUND: THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

MINIATURE curtain comes down.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (Small section balcony - SHOOTING UP. Same as 170.)

189 People at tables and standing people crowded behind them, all laughing and applauding.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (Same as 181.)

190 MED. SHOT from stage level DOWN into faces of people laughing and applauding.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - STAGE AND CURTAIN

191 MED. CLOSE SHOT - center of curtain parts, Max comes through.

SOUND: APPLAUSE.

Max bows, then leads Jill through curtain.

SOUND: LOUDER APPLAUSE.

Jill and Max take bows, and exit.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (Same as 157.)

192 Windy and reporters at table. Reporters are rising preparing to leave.

FIRST REPORTER

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What did I tell you?

SECOND REPORTER

How about interviewing the gal?

THIRD REPORTER

(wolf whistles)

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Yeah, I could use some of that.

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as 176.)

188 LONG SHOT - STAGE. Dripping wrestlers are clambering out of tank and running off-stage left. Jill at right of tank bows to audience and indicates Joe. Max comes tearing out of wings, dodging wet wrestlers, and starts across stage toward Jill.

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INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (Small section balcony - SHOOTING UP. Same as 170.)

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INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - STAGE AND CURTAIN

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SOUND: APPLAUSE.

Max bows, then leads Jill through curtain.

SOUND: LOUDER APPLAUSE.

Jill and Max take bows, and exit.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (Same as 157.)

192 Windy and reporters at table.

FIRST REPORTER
O'Hara's put one over again.

WINDY
What did I tell you?

SECOND REPORTER
How about interviewing the gal?

THIRD REPORTER
(wolf whistles)

FOURTH REPORTER
Yeah, I could use some of that.

(CONTINUED)

193A CLOSE SHOT - MIN. Joe slumped wearily on straw.

GREG'S VOICE OVER
You did fine, Joe.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

194 Toward foot of stairs, Greg and Joe not seen. Jill runs down stairs and along corridor calling.

JILL
(very excited)
Greg! Greg!

Greg comes into scene to meet her. She clutches his arm with both hands. She is half laughing, half crying.

JILL
Was I all right? Oh - I was
so frightened --

(CONTINUED)

WINDY

She's a sweet kid. And a great story. I'll fix it up.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

In left back corner of set a steel-barred cell for Joe. In left wall of cell a small barred window at Joe's eye level. This looks out on back area of club. In left wall of set, downstage from Joe's cell, a metal-sheathed door which leads to back area. (This door is never seen open.) Joe's cell has full-length steel-barred door in front wall. To right of set, a doorway (no door) opens on a corridor leading off right to foot of stairs up to stage level. Stairs are built against end wall of corridor, and masked from CAMERA by a solid sloping concrete wall at waist level.

The harsh light comes from ceiling bulbs. The set is dreary as a prison, in contrast to the gaudy club upstairs.

193 MED. SHOT. At cell door. Greg is just closing and locking steel-barred door. Joe in cage, slumped down on pile of straw.

GREG

(to Joe)

Poor old boy, sorry I have to lock you up.

JILL'S VOICE OVER

(very excited)

Greg! Greg!

Throughout this sequence, APPLAUSE faintly heard OVER.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

194 MED. SHOT TOWARD foot of stairs. Jill running down stairs.

CAMERA TRUCK and PAN WITH her as she runs along corridor to Greg as he comes forward to meet her. (Corner of cell in as truck ends. Joe not seen.)

Jill is very excited and out of breath. She runs to Greg and clutches his arm with both hands, half laughing, half crying.

JILL

(breathless)

Oh, was I all right? I was awfully frightened.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

You were just fine. And you
look awful pretty.

JILL

Wasn't Joe wonderful? I - I was
so scared -- must have been stage
fright --

SOUND: Max FOOTSTEPS GALLOPING down stairs and along
corridor, SHOUTING as he comes.

MAX'S VOICE OVER

Jill! Greg! Oh boy, oh boy,
oh boy -

He bursts into scene, egot with triumph. (No topi.)
Max hugs Jill, slaps Greg's shoulder, talking as fast
as he can.

MAX

- oh boy it's a wow! They're
crazy about it! Listen to 'em!
Boy, did I knock 'em dead! Greg,
you did noble! Jill, you were
swell! Come on upstairs. Bascombe
wants to meet you --

He takes her arm and tries to hustle her off. Jill
hangs back.

JILL

Who!

MAX

(impressively)
Taylor Z. Bascombe!

GREG

Who's he?

MAX

Who? Hah! Just the biggest shot
in town, that's all.
(he pulls Jill
toward corridor)
And he sent me to get you.

JILL

(pulled along
reluctantly)
But I ought to give Joe his supper.

GREG

Go on. I'll give it to him.

Jill gives in and Max takes her briskly along corridor
toward stairs.
CAMERA FOLLOWS them.

(CONTINUED)

194 (CONTINUED)

MAX

Sure, let Greg. Bascombe asked specially to meet you. You've made a hit with him. You're lucky. The parties he throws! You're in --

Max and Jill start upstairs.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - (PROCESS) - (Same set-up as 193.)

195 Joe in cage, Greg standing right, looking off right after Jill. Greg turns and stands with hands in pockets, looking at Joe.

GREG

(slowly)

Well, Joe, I don't like it any more than you do, but I reckon that's the way it's going to be,

(changes to a
brisk tone)

Cheer up. I'll get your supper.

He starts out CAMERA left.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

196 MED. SHOT - Green backing at left side of stage. Edge of tables suggested f.g. Through opening which leads backstage, Max brings Jill. She hesitates, looking PAST CAMERA. Max urges her forward.

SOUND: DANCE ORCHESTRA, BUZZ OF VOICES, LAUGHTER, ETC.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

197 MED. FOLLOW SHOT along bamboo stockade at edge of bar platform. Tables in f.g., people coming and going. Max leads Jill r. to l. dodging among tables and people. People stop and stare, turn from tables and tell each other to look, everyone pointing and nudging. No lines heard in DIN of ORCHESTRA and CHATTER.

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(changes to a brisk tone)
Cheer up. I'll get your supper.

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INT. NIGHT CLUB - BASCOMBE'S TABLE - NIGHT

198 MED. SHOT - Bascombe, Pierson, Gloria, Alice at table. Max enters right with Jill.

(CONTINUED)

Bascombe's table. Bascombe, Pierson, Gloria,
Alice at table. Flashlight photographer is focusing
on them. He pops the flashlight and starts to prepare
another.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Just one more, Mr. Bascombe ----

Max enters with Jill.

MAX

Here she is, Mr. Bascombe.
Here's Jill Young.

BASCOMBE

Sit down. Have a drink.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Miss Young! A big smile, please.

As Jill looks at him, not understanding, headwaiter
enters left, looks significantly at Max.

HEADWAITER

Mr. O'Hara, could you come out
to the foyer?

Max turns and looks at him, headwaiter makes a slight
gesture of throwing something aside. Max catches on.

MAX

Sure. Be right there.
(turns to Bascombe)
I'll be back in a minute.
Excuse me.

As he exits, he clears the way for the photographer,
who explodes his flashlight at Jill and Bascombe.
Jill jumps and gives a little involuntary cry, then
looks apologetic.

JILL

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to
jump.

BASCOMBE

(eyes her
approvingly)
You're a cute little monkey.

GLORIA

(sharply)
Well, her name is Young, too.
It must run in the family.

Bascombe and Gloria laugh, Jill looks from one to the
other then tries to smile.

(CONTINUED)

MAX
Here she is, Mr. Bascombe.
Here's Jill Young.

Bascombe doesn't bother to rise or introduce anyone.

BASCOMBE
Sit down. Have a drink.

Max pulls up a chair for Jill. She sits between Bascombe and Alice smiling uncertainly. Max pulls up another chair for himself, but before he can sit, Windy comes from left, speaks across table.

WINDY
You're wanted in the office,
Maxie.

MAX
(to Bascombe)
Excuse me. See you later.

He crosses in front of table, exits past Windy, left.

BASCOMBE
(glances up)
Sit down, Windy.

Windy crosses behind table, to right, sits between Alice and Pierson. Gloria is between Pierson and Bascombe. Jill is very polite, and bewildered by the bad manners of these people.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

199 CLOSE SHOT - Bascombe's table. Bascombe between Jill and Gloria.

BASCOMBE
(eyes Jill
approvingly)
You're a cute little monkey.

GLORIA
(sharply)
Well, her name is Young, too.
It must run in the family.

Bascombe laughs loudly, GLORIA GIGGLES. Jill looks incredulous, then tries to smile.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

200 MED. SHOT - Bascombe's table. From behind Pierson looking across at Jill.

(CONTINUED)

PIERSON
I was in Africa once.

JILL
(brightens)
You were? Where?

PIERSON
Cairo.
(wiggles a
hoothchy-coothchy)
Ta-ta-dee-dee-dum ----

The others laugh, Jill looks puzzled, then tries to take part in the conversation.

JILL
I'm from Rhodesia.

PIERSON
Rhod-whosia? Never heard of it.

JILL
That's where my farm is.

BASCOMBE
Mean to tell me there are farms
in Africa?

Greg enters with Jill's coat, stands behind her chair.

JILL
Oh yes. And my farm is beautiful ---

ALICE
Why, sure, I've heard of you.
You're the farmer's daughter!

They all laugh loudly at this devastating wit, Jill, completely baffled, smiles uncertainly. Greg scowls angrily. Bascombe suddenly notices Greg.

BASCOMBE
Well, what do you want?

JILL
(turns and
sees Greg)
Oh, Greg. I didn't see you.

Jill addresses Bascombe very politely.

JILL (cont'd)
This is Mr. Johnson. He's come
to take me to the hotel. I
think perhaps ---

(CONTINUED)

PIERSON
I was in Africa once.

JILL
(brightens)
You were? Where?

PIERSON
Cairo.
(he nudges Windy
at his left, and
wriggles a
hootchy-kootchy)
Ta- da- da- de- da --

Jill looks puzzled as others laugh. Then Jill tries to take part in the conversation.

JILL
I'm from Rhodesia.

PIERSON
Rhod- who- sia?
Never heard of it.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

201 ANOTHER ANGLE - Bascombe's table - to give standing head-room for Greg against bar level stockade. Suggestion of people at bar.

JILL
That's where my farm is.

BASCOMBE
You mean to say there are farms in Africa?

Greg enters from right and stands behind Jill's chair. He has her coat over his arm.

JILL
Oh yes. My farm is beautiful --

ALICE
I've heard of you! You're the farmer's daughter!

There is a burst of laughter at this devastating wit. Jill looks from face to face, smiling uncertainly, completely baffled. Greg scowls angrily. Bascombe suddenly notices him.

BASCOMBE
Well, what do you want?

(CONTINUED)

She tries to rise. Beascombe puts his hand on her arm and pulls her down in chair.

BASCOMBE
No, no. Shank of the evening.
Tell your boy friend to sit
down and have a drink.

GREG
(scowls at him)
No thanks.

ALICE
(eyeing Jill)
Where did you get that dress?

JILL
(innocently)
Isn't it pretty! Mr. O'Hara
bought it for me.

ALICE
(jerks her
head at Greg)
And the boy friend doesn't mind?

BASCOMBE
(laughs)
Maxie can pick 'em!

Bascombe takes unopened champagne from bucket on floor beside him.

BASCOMBE (cont'd)
(twisting wire)
Let's have a drink for the
farmer's daughter!
(to Jill)
Want to see me shoot a lion?
(points bottle
across in front
of her)
I'm the biggest hunter in Hollywood.

ALICE
(to Pierson)
Chaser, he means.

Cork blows out of bottle, drenching Jill. She starts up, almost crying. Greg looks furiously angry.

JILL
Oh! Oh, my lovely dress!

(CONTINUED)

JILL

(turns and sees Greg)
Oh, Greg, I didn't see you.
(politely to
Bascombe)
This is Mr. Ford. He's come
for me.
(she tries to rise)
I think perhaps....

Bascombe puts a large hairy hand on her arm and pulls
her down in chair.

BASCOMBE

No, no, - shank of the evening.
Tell your boy friend to sit
down.

GREG

(scowls)
No, thanks.

ALICE

(eyeing Jill)
Where did you get that dress?

JILL

(innocently)
It is pretty, isn't it. Mr.
O'Hara bought it for me.

ALICE

(jerks head
toward Greg)
And the boy friend doesn't mind?

BASCOMBE

(laughs)
Maxie can pick 'em.
(he lifts unopened
bottle from bucket
beside him)

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

202 CLOSE SHOT - Bascombe's table. Bascombe and Jill at
table.

BASCOMBE

(twisting at wire on
champagne bottle)
Let's have a drink for the
farmer's daughter.
(to Jill)
Want to see me shoot a lion?
(he points bottle
across in front of
her, aiming off
scene right)
I'm the biggest hunter in Hollywood.

Bascombe laughs, pulls her back into chair and dabs at her with napkin.

BASCOMBE
Forget it! Get another.
Anything you like. Charge it
to me.

GLORIA
Well! I wish you'd pour champagne
on me!

Bascombe puts his arms round Jill with mock solicitude.

BASCOMBE
There now, Daddy's pretty baby
mustn't cry ---

Greg suddenly leans over and shoves Bascombe away.

GREG
That's no way to talk to a lady.

BASCOMBE
(sputters
incredulously)
What -- What are you --

GREG
And if you weren't old enough
to be my father, I'd sock you.

Pierson starts to get up.

PIERSON
Look here, you hick ---

GREG
And that goes for you, too.
(shoves Pierson
down)
Sit down.
(turns to Jill)
Come on, Jill.

He tucks her under his arm and shoulders his way out.

BASCOMBE
(looks after him,
gasping in fury)
Why, that impudent young squirt ---

GLORIA
(pats him
consolingly)
Don't you care, honey. You'd
never get along with her family,
anyhow.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

203 CLOSE SHOT - Bascombe's table - Alice, Windy.

ALICE
(to Windy)
Chaser, he means.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (Same as 201)

204 Bascombe's table. Bascombe pointing bottle across Jill, cork blows out, champagne foams into her lap. She starts up, almost ready to cry. Greg looks furiously angry.

JILL
Oh! My lovely dress.

BASCOMBE
(laughs, pulls
her back in
chair, dabs at
her with napkin)
Forget it. Get another. Charge
it to me.

GLORIA
I wish you'd pour champagne on me.
Bascombe puts his arms round Jill with mock solicitude.

BASCOMBE
There now, daddy's pretty baby
mustn't cry.
Greg leans over and shoves Bascombe away.

GREG
That's no way to talk to a lady.
Bascombe falls back, astonished. Windy jumps up and hurries behind Alice to Greg, pulls him around.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

205 CLOSEUP - Bascombe's table - Greg and Windy.

WINDY
(horrified undertone)
You can't talk to Bascombe like that!

GREG
(stonily)
Why not?

WINDY
(exasperated)
Because he's got too much money,
you sap!

INT. NIGHT CLUB - FOYER OF CLUB - NIGHT (Same as 137)

208 Five guests pass across foyer, one group of two men and a woman come through bamboo stockade from main floor of club and exit PAST CAMERA RIGHT to checkroom. A man and a woman come down stairs from balcony and exit left. This is b.g. action for scene:

Greg and Jill come through stockade from main floor, right. Greg is looking very grim, and Jill is looking up at him rather timidly. He stops and holds her coat for her. Max runs down stairs from balcony.

MAX

(surprised)

Hello, where you going?

GREG

(gruffly)

She's tired. I'm taking her
back to the hotel.

(CONTINUED)

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (Same as 201.)

206. MED. SHOT - Bascombe's table. Greg pulls his arm away from Windy and leans over a little to speak directly to Bascombe.

GREG

And if you weren't old enough to be my father, I'd sock you.

(he looks down
at Jill)

Come on, Jill.

She rises, he takes her arm, crosses in front of table and exits left, shouldering Windy out of the way. Bascombe looks after him with incredulous fury.

BASCOMBE

Why that impudent young squirt --

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

207 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Bascombe's table - Bascombe, Gloria beside him at left, Windy at right, sits in Jill's chair:

WINDY

(anxiously)

I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Bascombe.
He just isn't civilized.

GLORIA

(pats Bascombe
consolingly)

Don't you care, honey. You wouldn't ever get on with her family, anyway.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - FOYER OF CLUB - NIGHT - (Same as 137)

208 Five guests pass across foyer, one group of two men and a woman come through bamboo stockade from main floor of club and exit PAST CAMERA RIGHT to check room. A man and a woman come down stairs from balcony and exit left. This is b.g. action for scene:

Greg and Jill come through stockade from main floor, right. Greg is looking very grim, and Jill is looking up at him rather timidly. He stops and holds her coat for her. Max runs down stairs from balcony.

MAX

(surprised)

Hello, where you going?

GREG

(gruffly)

She's tired. I'm taking her back to the hotel.

(CONTINUED)

MAX
(exuberant)
Well, Jill honey, everything's
happened just like I promised you.
You're on top of the world.

JILL
(hesitantly)
How - how long do you think you'll
want us, Mr. O'Hara?

MAX
(beaming)
Don't you worry about that. Your
contract's good. You and Joe
will be working for me from now
on!
(he pats
her shoulder)
Goodnight.

He exits through stockade to main floor. Jill and
Greg look after him with sober faces.

JILL
(tries to smile)
Well - that sounds like a long
time, doesn't it?

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - DAY

209 Painting only. Sign on top of night club, gaunt and
ugly by daylight on its steel frame. It now reads:

MAX O'HARA'S

GOLDEN SAFARI

starring

MR. JOSEPH YOUNG

TENTH COLOSSAL WEEK

(Last line takes place of "of Africa")

SOUND: Traffic noises.

As CAMERA DOLLIES IN TO feature 10th colossal week.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY - (STOCK SET)
(30 ft. of sidewalk set sufficient)

210

MED. SHOT. People on street passing. Jill enters right, in simple street dress and hat. A small boy trots beside her, tugging at her sleeve.

SMALL BOY

How big is he, hey, how big is
he --

Two boys of 14 enter from left.

1ST BOY

Hey, that's Jill Young!

2ND BOY

Hey, Jill! Gimme your autograph!

1st and 2nd boys bar her way. Man and woman enter, stop. Woman has camera.

WOMAN

Oh look! It's that girl from
Africa -

MAN

You mean the one with the gorilla -?

The woman is trying to focus her small camera on Jill, blocking her way. Two teen age girls enter right, stop.

1ST GIRL

Oh look! That's Jill Young!

They crowd up to her.

2ND GIRL

Gimme your autograph -

She pulls at a button on Jill's coat.

WOMAN WITH CAMERA

Stand still! Smile, won't ya!

Two men enter from left, stop and stare.

1ST MAN

Say, that's the girl has
the gorilla --

They move into the group.

1ST MAN (cont'd)

(to Jill)

Hi, how about a pass to the show --

Jill is unable to move as the knot of people push and shove around her.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - DAY - (PROCESS)

211 (Same setup as 193) Joe's cage, etc. Daylight comes in through small window high up in left wall of Joe's cell. Joe is sitting gloomily in his cell. Greg stands looking at him. There is a big pan of untouched food inside cell. Greg is rolling a cigarette.

GREG

Go on, eat your dinner.

Joe turns his head, looks at food, turns head away.

GREG (cont'd)

Lost your appetite, haven't you.
(he puts cigarette in his mouth,
takes it out, looks
at it)

Guess I have, too.

Greg drops cigarette and turns away right, as Joe gets up and goes over to high barred window left.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - DAY - MIN. PROJ.

212 Inside Joe's cell, looking out of small barred window at ground level. Back of Joe's head and his hands clutching the bars, as he peers out at back premises of night club, surrounded by high board fence and littered with rubbish and over-flowing garbage cans.

GREG'S VOICE OVER

Poor old Joe. I don't blame you.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - DAY

213 MED. SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE SHOOTING TOWARD corridor doorway, corner of cell at left. Joe not seen. Jill enters quickly from corridor right, straightening her hat and adjusting her coat. She is a little breathless. Greg enters at left.

GREG

Hello.

(he takes in her
dishevelment
and looks angry)

Been mobbed again?

JILL

(getting her
breath)

Yes.

GREG

(dryly)

Well, O'Hara said he'd make you famous.

(CONTINUED)

Jill smiles ruefully, then looks o.s. left.

JILL
How's Joe today?

GREG
He won't eat.

JILL
I was so stupid. I never realized he'd have to live in a cage.

GREG
Too bad. But he's just too big for 'em.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - DAY - MIN. PROJ.

214 Inside Joe's cell, same as 212. Back of Joe's head, f.g. in b.g. a man in soiled white apron comes from right with pail of garbage which he throws in general direction of garbage cans. Most of it goes on the ground. Man exits right.

JILL'S VOICE OVER
My poor Joe!

Joe looks around at sound of his name, then peers out of the window again.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - DAY -

215 Same as 213, toward corridor, Joe not seen. Jill and Greg looking o.s. at Joe.

JILL
He's so unhappy --

Her voice breaks and she covers her face with her hands.

GREG
Oh gosh! Don't, Jill --

He awkwardly puts his arm around her.

JILL
(brokenly)
I know just how he feels. That sign outside -- ten weeks -- it seems like ten years --

She turns her face against Greg's shoulder and sobs. Greg puts both arms around her.

GREG
Please, Jill - don't cry --
(he sets his jaw)
Listen. You come upstairs to O'Hara's office. We've had enough of this.

INT. O'HARA'S OFFICE - NIGHT CLUB - DAY

216

Same as 150. MED. SHOT - Max sitting on front edge of desk (in business suit), Windy sitting right at end of desk. Max looking at account sheets, very happy.

MAX

My biggest hit! Better'n
anything I ever had on Broadway.

WINDY

Sure is, Maxie. It'll run for
years.

Door left opens, Greg and Jill enter, pale and determined.

MAX

Hello, children! We sure struck
gold in California!
(he waves account
sheets at them)
Look at these figures! Business
is great! What can I do for you?

GREG

Jill's quitting.

MAX

Huuh?

JILL

Mr. O'Hara, Joe and I are going
home -- to Africa.

MAX

(stunned)
Are you crazy?

WINDY

(cynically)
Like a fox. It's a hold-up for
more money, of course.

JILL

No! It's nothing to do with
money! I want to take Joe home.

MAX

(jumps to
his feet)
You signed a contract --

GREG

(quietly)
You know that contract's no
good. She's under age.

WINDY

(swings round
to look at Greg)
Did you put her up to this?

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Keep outta this, Windy.
(tearfully to Jill)
Look honey. You're throwing good
money away. You're killing me!

217 CLOSE SHOT - Jill, Max. Jill puts her hand on Max's arm.

JILL

Mr. O'Hara, I'm sorry to seem
ungrateful. You've been very
kind. You think all this is
wonderful. I thought it was
going to be. But Joe can't
live in a cage. And neither
can I.

MAX

Oh honey, talk sense --

JILL

It is sense. We're not going
to kill Joe.

MAX

(hesitates,
then shrugs)
Well, if that's the way you feel --
(he tries stalling)
But I gotta get an act to take
your place. You'll give me a
little time, won't you? I
gotta protect my investment.

JILL

Why - of course I - I want to
do - whatever's right.

Max puts an arm around her shoulder.

MAX

Sure you do -

INT. O'HARA'S OFFICE - DAY

218 MED. SHOT TOWARD door in right wall, missing Greg. Windy
unobtrusively slips ahead of Max and Jill as Max walks
Jill toward door, arm on her shoulder.

MAX

(soothingly)
--sure you do, honey, you wouldn't
let old Maxie down. Now don't you
worry about it. You just think it
over for a while and if you still
feel the same way, I'll see that
you and Joe get back home in
first-class style --

(CONTINUED)

By this time Max has walked Jill out into the hall. Greg enters scene from left, to follow them out, but Windy quietly closes the door.

INT. O'HARA'S OFFICE - DAY

219

MED. CLOSE SHOT at door - Greg and Windy.

WINDY

Congratulations, pal. And I thought you were dumb!

GREG

What?

WINDY

You've been making a play for the gal so you could swipe the act.

Greg just looks at him. Then he takes a long breath.

GREG

Listen Windy. You ain't a bad guy. But there's things you don't understand --

WINDY

(laughs)

I understand what you're up to. But see here, you don't know show business.

GREG

(struggles to
express himself)

I can't figure a guy like you --
I oughtta be sore -- gosh, wish
I was a talker --

WINDY

(laughs)

Because I caught on? But you'll
never be able to swing this.

GREG

(sighs regretfully)

Sorry I ain't a talker. Here's
something I can swing.

He gives Windy a hearty sock on the jaw. Windy staggers back and falls o.s. Greg looks down at him o.s. gently rubbing his knuckles.

GREG (cont'd)

(sadly)

Sure wish I was a talker.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

220 Painting only. Sign on top of club now reads:

MAX O'HARA'S

GOLDEN SAFARI

starring

MR. JOSEPH YOUNG

17TH COLOSSAL WEEK

CAMERA DOLLIES IN to feature 17TH. COLOSSAL WEEK.

DISSOLVE

FADE IN

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

220 Painting only. Sign on top of club now reads:

MAX O'HARA'S

GOLDEN SAFARI

starring

MR. JOSEPH YOUNG

17TH COLOSSAL WEEK

CAMERA DOLLIES IN to feature 17TH COLOSSAL WEEK.

DISSOLVE

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

221 LONG SHOT - Stage - from main floor, tables in f.g. same as 176 MIN. PROJ. Stage center, where tank was located in Scene 176, there is a pedestal, top of which is higher than people's headroom. Everything above top line of pedestal, holding a long steel rod across his shoulders. Cables from each end of rod run down across split line to small platforms on stage. On each platform a jeep. Jill in one, Greg in the other. Joe slowly lifts rod, and jeeps are lifted a few feet above stage. Then he slowly lowers them to stage again. Greg jumps out of jeep, runs across and helps Jill to jump down, she takes a bow.

CURTAIN FALLS to audience APPLAUSE.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

222 MED. SHOT. Left portion, main floor. End of bar where it joins green backing between bar and stage. Door backstage through green backing. Stage not shown. A table with two drunks, Smith and Jones, in f.g. They are in business clothes, gross, fat and ugly. They are looking off right at stage and APPLAUDING vaguely. There are bottles of whiskey on table. A few people are seen sitting at bar, they occasionally pass in and out. (Do not shoot over bar.)

SOUND: DANCE ORCHESTRA STRIKES UP. Brown, an ugly drunk like Smith and Jones enters left and staggers to table f.g.

(CONTINUED)

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

221 LONG SHOT - High Angle from stage. Bar section seen at right, people at tables f.g. laughing, waiters distributing big fake money clackers to tables.

SOUND: ORCHESTRA PLAYING
"Down In Jungle Town."

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

222 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Left portion, main floor, end of bar where it joins green backing between bar and stage. Door back stage through green backing. Stage not shown. A table with three drunks, Smith, Brown, Jones in f.g. They are gross, fat, and ugly. They wear business suits. Bottles of whiskey on table. A waiter is putting a pile of big fake money clackers on table. These are made of heavy cardboard, 8 or 10 inches in diameter, marked "One Penny".

Golden Safri, and each has a large number on it.

SMITH
(stares foggily)
What's that?

WAITER
(briskly)
Big money for the big monk, sir.

He exits. Orchestra stops.

ORCHESTRA LEADER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Ladies and gentlemen -

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

222A MED. CLOSE SHOT - Orchestra platform in tree. SHOOTING UP SAME AS 160. Orchestra Leader talking into hand mike, looking down.

ORCHESTRA LEADER
When the music starts, start throwing your money. One table has a lucky number. If Joseph Young picks it up, it means free champagne. Ready?

He signals orchestra, which plays in imitation of a hand-organ.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

222B MED. LONG SHOT - (MATTE and MIN. PROJ. SHOOTING

(CONTINUED)

222K CLOSE SHOT - Jill. She is almost crying and her voice breaks.

JILL

Your cap, Joe.
Take off your cap.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

222L MED. SHOT - MIN. PROJ. Toward stage - Jill and Joe, same as 222E. More and more fake money is hitting Joe. He suddenly throws down the tin cup, snatches off his silly cap, and with a menacing growl stands up to his full height.

222M CLOSE UP - Joe - MIN. He is bristling and growling.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

222N MED. CLOSE SHOT - Smith, Brown and Jones standing up at table. Jones throws last piece of fake money. Smith looks around for something to throw, snatches up an empty bottle and with a guffaw pitches it at Joe o.s.

222P MED. SHOT - MIN. PROJ. Stage, Jill and Joe, same as 222E. Bottle hits Joe. Jill drops hand-organ with a crash, as Joe gives a menacing roar.

JILL

(to Audience)

Stop!

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

222Q Back stage - same set as 174. Greg, scared, signals to electrician.

GREG

Curtain!

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

222R MED. SHOT - MIN. PROJ. Stage - Jill and Joe, same as 222E. Joe beats his chest and roars, Jill starts toward him. Min. Curtain falls. Fake money still hitting it.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

222S MED. SHOT - Smith, Jones, Brown at table f.g., same as 222.

SOUND: DANCE ORCHESTRA STRIKES UP.

toward stage, people at tables in f.g. Jill is on stage in Italian peasant costume, turning the handle of a one-legged prop hand organ.

SOUND: ORCHESTRA imitating hand-organ, Joe, with a silly little round red cap on his head, like a hand-organ monkey, and a huge tin cup in his hand, stands on her left nearest stage center. He looks bewildered and forlorn. People at tables laughing. They start to throw the fake money at Joe.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

222C MED. LONG SHOT. SHOOTING from stage angle at group of people at tables, laughing and throwing fake money. Some men stand up to get a better throw.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

222D MED. SHOT. Small section balcony, same as 170. SHOOTING slightly up at people laughing and throwing fake money.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

222E MED. SHOT - MIN. PROJ.- toward stage, missing people at tables. Jill and Joe. A few pieces of fake money come flying into scene, one or two hit Jill and the rest fall around Joe.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

222F Back stage in Wings. Same set as 174. Greg looking anxiously o.s. at Jill and Joe on stage.

SOUND: ORCHESTRA - AUDIENCE LAUGHING

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

222G MED. SHOT - MIN.PROJ. Toward stage, missing people at tables - same as 222E. Jill and Joe. Fake money is showering around Joe faster. Joe stands more erect and bristles angrily.

222H CLOSE SHOT - Jill with set teeth she is watching Joe with angry sympathy, as she mechanically turns handle of organ.

JILL

Pick it up Joe.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

222J MED. SHOT - MIN. PROJ. Stage - Jill and Joe, same as 222E. Joe picks up a piece of fake money, looks at Jill:

The people seen in b.g. are laughing, seating themselves, a few pass to and from bar.

BROWN

Who got the lucky number?

SMITH

Aw, the monkey never picked it up.

JONES

It's a gyp. O'Hara stopped the act so he wouldn't have to give away a drink.

Cigarette Girl, in Hollywood African costume, comes down steps from bar to table between Smith and Brown.

CIGARETTE GIRL

Cigars? Cigarettes?

BROWN

(looks at her
approvingly)

Hi, babe. Sit down. Join the party.

He tries to pull her down on his knee. She resists but continues to smile mechanically.

CIGARETTE GIRL

No thank you, sir.
Cigars? Cigarettes?

BROWN

(puts arm around
her)

Come here. Sit down!

223 TWO SHOT - Brown and Cigarette Girl.

CIGARETTE GIRL

(struggles away and
tries to push his
arm off)

I can't do that, sir.
Cigarettes?

He scowls at her and deliberately empties his glass into her tray of smokes. She cries out in dismay.

(CONTINUED)

SMITH
Hey there, you're late.

Brown sits down with a thump between Smith and Jones.

BROWN
Where's show?

JONES
(pouring him
a drink)
You're late. You missed it.
'S all over.

Cigarette girl in a Hollywood African costume comes down steps from bar, to table between Smith and Brown.

CIGARETTE GIRL
Cigars? Cigarettes?

SMITH
(to Brown)
It's a greeeat big monkey --
you missed it.

CIGARETTE GIRL
Cigars, sir?

Brown turns and stares at her.

223 TWO SHOT - Brown and Cigarette Girl.

BROWN
You - go tell 'em do it again.

CIGARETTE GIRL
(with
professional
smile)
Yes sir, cigars? Cigarettes?

BROWN
I wantta see that monkey --
unnerstand?

He shakes her arm in emphasis.

CIGARETTE GIRL
I can't do anything about it,
sir.

(she tries to
free her arm)
Cigarettes?

Brown scowls at her, then deliberately empties his glass into her tray of smokes. She gives a cry of dismay.

(CONTINUED)

BROWN

Nex' time do what I tell you.

He releases her and holds out his glass for a re-fill.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

224 Same as 222 - Table, Smith, Jones, Brown, f.g. Bar and green backing b.g.

CIGARETTE GIRL

But look - you've spoiled - say,
I'll have to pay for these.

BROWN

(snarls at her)
Shut up! Get out!

SMITH

Scram, will ya!

During this, Max has come down steps from bar level, as though he had been watching from above. He is in dinner jacket. He comes quietly to table, and puts his hand on cigarette girl's shoulder.

MAX

(quietly)
Run along, kid. It's O.K.

She exits left. Max leans confidentially over table between Brown and Smith.

MAX (cont'd)

(very gently)
Listen, boys. Be nice, see? Any more funny business and you souses will go right out on your -- ears.

He straightens, smiling amiably, then adds:

MAX (cont'd)

And the kid's cigarettes will be on your check.

He waits a second; they have nothing to say.

MAX (cont'd)

(smoothly)
The rough stuff is out. Enjoy yourselves -- gentlemen.

He strolls off left. Smith, Jones and Brown sit in sulky silence until he has gone.

SMITH

Who's he think he is?

JONES

Insulted us -

(CONTINUED)

BROWN
This joint's dead. 'Less get
outta here --

He starts to rise. Smith pulls him back.

SMITH
Wait a minute. I gotta great
idea --

BROWN
I wantta have some fun --

SMITH
'Less buy that big monkey a
drink! Where's O'Hara?

Jones looks around o.s.

JONES
He's gone.

SMITH
(giggles)
Come on. Back there. Everybody
bring a bottle.

BROWN
Great idea. That grouch O'Hara!
Show him we can have some fun.

Each man tucks a bottle under his coat.

JONES
Poor old monkey! Bet O'Hara
never bought him a drink.

SMITH
(makes elaborate gestures
for secrecy)
Ssh! Jus' follow me.

They all stagger to their feet and start toward door
backstage.

DISSOLVE

EXT. FRONT OF SMALL CHOP SUEY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

225 STOCK SHOT. (If not available, use hanging electric
sign Chop Suey.) SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES.

DISSOLVE

INT. CHOP SUEY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

226

Set consists of one booth, Chinese lantern overhead. Jill and Greg in booth, facing each other across table, both in street clothes. Greg is eating chop-suey, Jill, very depressed, sits looking at her untouched plate.

GREG

(looks up at her)

You better eat something.

JILL

(pushes plate
away)

I can't.

(she bursts out
suddenly)How could I let Mr. O'Hara talk me
into doing that new act tonight!

GREG

He's a fast talker.

JILL

To think of me letting Joe stand up
there and be a - a target - a clown -
for all those awful people! I'll
never do it again.

GREG

You bet you won't. It's too
dangerous. Joe won't take much more
of that.

JILL

I did it to him - to Joe. He was
free and happy - how could I be so
stupid!(she thumps her closed
hand on the table in
helpless anger)Mr. O'Hara's got to set a date when
I can take Joe back home.

GREG

Don't kid yourself. He'll never
set it. He's stalling. You've got
to set it. You go back to the club
tonight. You tell him you're through.

JILL

Will you come with me?

GREG

I sure will.

JILL

(looking determined)

We'll both tell him!

DISSOLVE

INT. CHOP SUEY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

226 Set consists of one booth, Chinese lantern overhead. Jill and Greg in booth, facing each other across table. They are both in street clothes. They are eating chop suey.

JILL

(puts down her fork and sighs)

Well, one more show is over. I wonder how many more --

Chinese waiter enters with fresh pot of tea and plate of rice cakes.

CHINESE WAITER

(smiling)

Rice cakes. Tell you fortune.

He takes empty teapot and exits.

GREG

Open one.

Jill crumbles a cake, takes out slip of paper and reads.

JILL

(reads)

"A small dark man obstruct your way to happy."

They both laugh.

GREG

That sure sounds like O'Hara.

JILL

(soberly)

When will he set the date when I can go?

GREG

Listen, Jill, don't kid yourself. He'll never set it. He's stalling.

JILL

But - then what can I do?

GREG

You've got to set it. Why don't you go back to the club tonight and tell him in two more weeks you're through.

JILL

(helplessly)

It won't work. He talks so much!

(CONTINUED)

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - MIN. PROJ.

227

SHOOTING FROM inside Joe's cell, Joe in right f.g. drinking from whiskey bottle. Smith, Jones, Brown seen through barred cell door. They are laughing wildly.

(SOUND: DISTANT DANCE MUSIC all through sequence.)

SMITH

Look at him pour it down -

JONES

He likes it --

Joe drops the empty bottle and sits staring at the men. Smith pulls out bottle from his coat and uncorks it.

SMITH

(waves bottle
toward Joe)

Here's looking at you --

Joe starts to reach through bars.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

228

MED. CLOSE SHOT, across front of cell right. Joe's body not seen. Smith, Jones, Brown at left. Smith tipping bottle to drink, Joe's hand and arm (full scale) sticking out between bars of cell, reaching for Smith's bottle.

JONES

(guffaws)

Thass a smart monkey. He's
practically human.

BROWN

(to Smith)

Go on, don't be stingy. Give
it to him.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

All right then. I'll tell him!

JILL

You will? Truly?

GREG

If that's what you want - sure
I will.

DISSOLVE

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - MIN. PROJ.

227 SHOOTING FROM inside Joe's cell, Joe in right f.g.
drinking from whiskey bottle. Smith, Jones, Brown
seen through barred cell door. They are laughing
wildly.

(SOUND: DISTANT DANCE MUSIC all through sequence.)

SMITH

Look at him pour it down -

JONES

He likes it --

Joe drops the empty bottle and sits staring at the men.
Smith pulls out bottle from his coat and uncorks it.

SMITH

(waves bottle
toward Joe)

Here's looking at you --

Joe starts to reach through bars.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

228 MED. CLOSE SHOT, across front of cell right. Joe's
body not seen. Smith, Jones, Brown at left. Smith
tipping bottle to drink, Joe's hand and arm (full
scale) sticking out between bars of cell, reaching
for Smith's bottle.

JONES

(guffaws)

Thass a smart monkey. He's
practically human.

BROWN

(to Smith)

Go on, don' be stingy. Give
it to him.

(CONTINUED)

SMITH

Oh all right -

Smith puts bottle in Joe's hand, hand withdraws.
Smith, Jones and Brown stare after it, watching
Joe drink o.s.

JONES

Jumpin' catfish, what a thirst!

229 SHOOTING INTO Joe's cell. CLOSEUP - Joe seen through
bars, drinking. Entirely MINIATURE.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (MIN. PROJ.)

230 Same as 227. SHOOTING FROM inside Joe's cell. Men in
b.g. Joe in f.g. finishes second bottle, drops it,
tries to stand up, staggers and sits down again.
Smith, Jones and Brown howl with laughter.

SMITH

You know what I think? He's drunk!

BROWN

I'd like to see O'Hara try to
throw him out!

They all laugh wildly.

INT. CHOP SUEY BOOTH - NIGHT

231 MED. SHOT, Jill and Greg at table, same as 226.
Chinese waiter is taking their empty plates away. As
waiter clears scene,

GREG

Stop worrying! I won't let
O'Hara talk you out of it.
(he smiles at her)
And just to make sure, I'll
stand on the pier until your
ship is out of sight.

JILL

(with relief)
That's wonderful! I wish I
could make Joe understand we're
really going home!

Her expression suddenly changes. She looks at
Greg, startled.

JILL

But - aren't you coming too?

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Huuh?

JILL

(reproachfully)

That will spoil everything. You're always saying what a wonderful place my farm is - you mean you don't want to go back?

Greg looks at her in a sort of daze. Then he rises and starts around table to her side of booth.

232 CLOSE SHOT - Jill, Greg. Greg slides in beside Jill.

GREG

(soberly)

Listen, Jill. You can't go around asking guys to go to Africa with you.

JILL

I don't. I'm asking you.

GREG

(groping for words)

You - I -- of course I want to go -- any place you go -- But I - I never figured you felt -- do you?

JILL

(gravely)

Of course I do.

Greg looks at her intently for a second.

GREG

(awe-struck tone)

Great day in the mornin'!

He takes her in his arms, they kiss.

INT. CHOP SUEY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

233 MED. SHOT, booth, same as 226. Greg, Jill kissing, Chinese waiter enters f.g. right with check, stops short.

CHINESE WAITER

Oh oh! Excuse please!

He exits quickly. Greg and Jill break embrace quickly, and smile at each other.

(CONTINUED)

JILL
Greg darling! Everything is
wonderful now.

GREG
It's even better than that.
(he looks very determined)
And now we'll go talk to O'Hara!
(he calls o.s.)
Waiter!

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (MIN. PROJ.)

234 Joe's cell. Smith, Jones, Brown outside. Same as 227.
Joe drinking third bottle of whiskey. He drains it and
smashes it on floor.

BROWN
Looka that!

SMITH
Wish I could do that.

JONES
He drinks like a gentleman -
Joe starts to reach for more.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

235 Across front of cell right, same as 228. Joe's hand
(full scale) reaching out through bars.

JONES
Thass all there is!

Brown is drunkenly trying to light a cigarette with a
pocket lighter.

SMITH
(to Joe)
You drank it all, big boy.

BROWN
I'll teach you to drink all my
liquor --

He deliberately holds lighter against Joe's hand.
Hand is snatched back into cell. A roar of pain
from Joe.

236 CLOSEUP - Joe in cell, seen through bars. All
MINIATURE. Joe roaring and wrenching at bars.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

237 CLOSE SHOT - REVERSE into frightened faces of Smith, Jones and Brown as they recoil against wall.

SMITH
He's getting out -

BROWN
He can't --

JONES
Look out --

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

237A Similar set-up to 192A. PROCESS. Front of Joe's cell. Joe wrenching door off hinges, Smith, Jones, Brown stumbling and crowding backward, from left to right, toward corridor opening. Joe yanks door off. Smith, Jones, Brown exit right, yelling.

JONES
Look out -

SMITH
Run --

BROWN
Help --

Joe heaves the door after them.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

238 End of corridor and foot of stairs. Smith, Jones and Brown run down corridor and stumble up stairs as FULL SCALE cell door crashes down from above, just behind them.

SOUND: Crash of steel door falling on concrete.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

238A Back stage and wings, with stairs up from cellar. Smith, Jones and Brown run up stairs, yelling, and panic off left.

SOUND: Joe ROARS in cellar.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

239 MED. LONG SHOT. From floor of night club toward passage to backstage. Tables in f.g.

(CONTINUED)

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (MIN. PROJ.)

237 SHOOTING FROM INSIDE Joe's cell, men seen beyond barred door, Joe wrenching door open, Smith, Jones, Brown staring horrified.

SMITH

He's tearing the door off!

BROWN

He can't -----

JONES

Look out ----

The door starts to come off hinges, Smith, Jones, Brown run off left, screaming.

JONES (cont'd)

Look out ----

BROWN

Run ----

SMITH

Help ----

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (MIN. PROJ.)

238 SHOOTING ACROSS front of Joe's cell, left f.g. DOWN corridor to foot of stairs leading up to stage. LOW CAMERA, bottom line of picture just missing floor as far as foot of stairs. Smith, Jones, and Brown run away from camera down corridor and upstairs as Joe bursts from cell with torn-off door in his hands, and staggers in pursuit. Joe heaves the door after them, and chases them as far as foot of stairs.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

239 LONG SHOT - At stage. Tables with people around edges of dance-floor, which is jammed with dancing couples. (Not shooting over actual set curtain.)

SOUND: Dance orchestra.

Curtain is fumbled open at center split. Smith, Jones, Brown stumble out onto stage, yelling.

SMITH

He's out ----

JONES

He's coming ----

BROWN

Run! Run!

(CONTINUED)

SOUND: DANCE ORCHESTRA

Smith, Jones and Brown stumble out of back-stage entrance, yelling.

SMITH

He's out ---

JONES

He's coming ---

BROWN

Run! Run!

Smith and Jones rush down steps and exit among tables, bumping and pushing and screaming. Brown stumbles and falls on steps, picks himself up and scrambles wildly up over tree roots at right toward stage. People at tables laugh.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

240 MED. LONG SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE TOWARD tree and left side of stage, over dancers jammed on dance floor. They are dancing, and looking and laughing at Brown in b.g. as he slips and scrambles over tree roots to stage.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

241 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Corner of stage as Brown climbs over tree roots to stage.

BROWN

(yelling)

Help! He's coming --

He slips and falls flat on stage.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

242 MED. SHOT - SHOOTING DOWN bar, missing lion cages. People at bar turning to look off left, laughing at Brown's antics. A few stand up to see better.

A MAN

(laughing, to companion)

What kind of a gag is this?

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

243 MED. SHOT - MIN & MIN. PROJ. Steps and passage backstage, one table, with people, right f.g. People looking o.s. right, laughing at Brown.

(CONTINUED)

Dancing couples slow down and stop, looking up at stage. Smith and Jones jump over footlights and tangle in the jam on dancefloor, trying to struggle out and escape. Brown runs off on stage right.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

240 MED. SHOT. Base of tree at stage right, with ladder leading up to orchestra Tree House. Brown, gibbering with terror, rushes in from left and starts to climb ladder.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

241 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Orchestra in Tree House. SHOOTING UP, same as 160.

Orchestra Leader peering down at ladder, which shakes as Brown (o.s.) climbs. Orchestra is getting mixed up and slowing down.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

242 HIGH SHOT FROM stage. ANGLE SHOOTING DOWN ON bar platform at left doubling for opposite side of night club. Same as 168. People at bar and at tables looking and laughing at Smith, Jones, and Brown, not seen.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (MIN. PROJ.)

243 LONG SHOT at stage from main floor, people standing on dance floor, people at tables, all looking up and off right, laughing at Brown (o.s.)

SOUND: Orchestra stops. People laughing.
SOUND: Joe ROARS behind curtain.

People all turn and look at curtain which shakes, then is suddenly torn down and collapses over people close to stage. Joe is revealed stage center.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (MINIATURE ONLY)

244 GUNNING UP at Joe, standing on stage. He ROARS, and beats his chest.

FLASH - COLLAPSED CURTAIN

245 MED. CLOSE SHOT. About 15 ft. spread. SHOOTING DOWN. Curtain heaves wildly and people crawl screaming out from under.

SOUND: Joe ROARS.

Joe smashes his way out through passage. Stands at top of steps, ROARS and beats chest. People in f.g. panic and rush off.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

244 MED. LONG SHOT - PROCESS. STRAIGHT-ON SHOT at bar, missing balcony. Lions in cages leaping about excitedly. People in f.g. panic-stricken, rushing about.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

245 MINIATURE. Toward back-stage passage, same as 243. Joe looks off right, sees Brown o.s., snarls, starts to climb after him over tree roots.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

246 MED. LONG SHOT. MIN. PROJ. Toward left side of stage, as much spread as curtain will allow. (MIN. PROJ.) People just below stage overturning tables and panicking out, as Brown sprawled on stage, sees Joe coming, clutches curtain to scramble up, and staggers off right, as Joe enters left. Joe has piece of broken root in his hand. He stops and throws it after Brown, then exits right in pursuit.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

247 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Right Proscenium tree and foot of ladder. (Use left-hand tree set. Turn film over to represent right-hand tree)

N.B. Intercut shots people panicking, lions leaping about in cages, throughout this sequence, until Joe smashes lion cage.

Brown staggers in from left and climbs tree ladder up out of set.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

248 LONG SHOT - MIN. AND MIN. PROJ. MED. HIGH CAMERA, GUNNING DOWN slightly at right-hand proscenium tree and night club floor. People on floor stampeding toward camera and out. Foot of right-hand tree in b.g. (Use left-hand tree, turn film over for MIN. PROJ. KEY) Everything above footlight level, MINIATURE.

(CONTINUED)

INT. NIGHT CLUB - BAR - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

- 246 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Lions in cage. Same as 148. Lions in b.g. jumping around excitedly. People rushing panic-stricken left to right along bar, f.g.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 247 MED. CLOSE. Section of tree trunk and ladder. GUNNING UP at Brown, trying to climb, looking over his shoulder, yelling in terror.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (MINIATURE ONLY)

- 248 GUNNING UP at Joe. Same as 244. Joe looks up and off right at Brown, o.s. exits right.

SOUND: PANIC NOISE. All through sequence.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (MINIATURE ONLY)

- 249 Base of Tree and Ladder Up. Joe enters left, looking up, takes hold of ladder and shakes it violently.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 250 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Section of Tree Trunk and Ladder, GUNNING UP at Brown, trying to cling to ladder as it is violently shaken.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 251 LOW SHOT, toward Proscenium Tree, missing Tree House. PROCESS. KEY in MINIATURE. People panic across f.g. Brown (Miniature) climbing ladder, b.g. Joe starts up after him.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 252 Tree House and End of Rope Bridge across Proscenium. Same as 160. Brown climbs ladder into scene as Orchestra Leader and Violinist lean over and pull him over rail. Musicians are running from Tree House across Bridge. Brown, Orchestra Leader and Violinist follow.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 253 Foyer. Same as 139. People are jamming down the stairs Max is in the midst of the crowd, trying to make himself heard over the screams and shouts.

(CONTINUED)

Joe runs in to foot of ladder, looks up, shakes ladder. Brown (MINIATURE) part way up ladder, is shaken violently against tree.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

249 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Section of tree trunk and ladder. GUNNING UP at Brown, looking down and clinging to ladder as it is violently shaken.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

250 LONG SHOT - MIN. AND MIN. PROJ. Same as 248. Right-hand tree (use left-hand tree, turn film over). Last people on floor picking themselves up from overturned tables and chairs, running off left. Brown (MINIATURE) climbs up ladder out of scene. Joe is starting to climb after him.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

251 Tree house and end of rope bridge across proscenium. Brown climbs ladder into scene, orchestra leader leans down and pulls him over rail. Other musicians running from tree house across bridge. Brown and orchestra leader follow.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

252 Foyer. Same as 139. Screaming people jammed on stairs and in foyer trying to get out. Max in crowd, trying to make himself heard.

MAX

Take it easy!
Don't panic --

Another mob sweeps in from main floor between bamboo stockade and prop tree right. Max, struggling, is swept with them off left.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

253

MIN. AND MIN. PROJ. Tree house. In b.g. other end of rope bridge seen sloping up to opp. Tree house. Joe climbs into tree house f.g. He looks and sees Brown and orchestra leader running across bridge. Other musicians climbing down ladder of opp. proscenium tree. Center of bridge concealed by f.g. tree house. As Brown, last man across, reaches opp. tree house, Joe tears loose the rope bridge at his end, and in b.g. rope bridge falls. (Original tree house doubles for this opposite one, rest of b.g. painted)

254

CUT

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

255

GUNNING UP at Small 15 ft. Balcony Section, same as 170. People jammed, fighting to get from right to left, almost at a standstill. Stunt Man, pushed against railing, climbs over and drops down o.s.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

256

STEEP ANGLE DOWN SHOT FROM Parallel onto main floor. People rushing among over-turned tables and chairs. Stunt Man drops into set from above, upsetting another table as he falls.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

257

MED. CLOSE - MIN. only. Joe in Tree House. Joe grabs a decorative festoon of vine which is tied to bandstand and tears it loose as he hangs on it.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

258

L.S. PROCESS, OBY b.g. KEY SHOOTING over f.g. balcony section. People jammed and struggling to get out. Joe swings from R. bandstand to balcony and tips it up. People and tables dumped toward camera.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

259

L. Side Proscenium Tree. MIN. & MIN. PROJ. Similar Set-Up to 248. MED. HIGH Camera, Gunning down slightly at right-hand proscenium tree and night club floor. Use base of left-hand tree for key b.g. turn film over to represent right-hand tree. Everything above stage level. MINIATURE. People panicking back toward stage, away from balcony crash, as Joe swings in over them from above camera, hits right-hand tree, and swings out again across screen, from R to L in direction of lion cages.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 260 Foyer, shooting toward entrance to main floor of club, MIN. MATTE.
People jammed in opening struggling out. Beyond and above them, in upper part of set seen through opening, Joe on vine swings in from left off right, then swings back again from right off left.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 261 Section of Bar and Lower edge of balcony only - MIN. Lion Cage - MIN. PROJ. SHOOTING straight on. Joe swings in over right f.g., grabs balcony rail and pulls out a piece of it. Lets go vine, which swings out of picture. Lions leaping and snarling. Joe smashes glass of lion cage with fist, as lions retreat o.s. each side. Joe staggers o.s. brandishing piece of rail like a club.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 262 CLOSE SHOT - Brown peers from under wrecked tables near stage.

SOUND: Crash of smashing tables. Brown ducks back.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 263 CLOSE SHOT - ALL MIN.
Joe flailing about with his club.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 264 Entrance to club. People struggling out, Max f.g. trying to buck the mob to get back inside.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 265 CLOSE SHOT - LION CAGE, with piece of broken balcony. (Lion Farm) Lions jump out of broken cage, two climb up broken beam to balcony, others run off left.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 266 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Wreckage of balcony - A corner with three women and two men trapped against wreckage, staring o.s. horrified.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 267 GUNNING UP at group of lions on balcony wreckage, (Lion Farm) looking down, snarling.

MAX

Take it easy!
Don't panic!

Another jam of People trying to get off main floor,
squeezing between bamboo stockade and prop tree right.
Max is swept along by crowd off left.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - TREE HOUSE - NIGHT - (MIN. PROJ.)

- 254 Joe tearing down tree-house in f.g. In b.g. other end
of rope-bridge sloping up to other Tree House. Orchestral
Leader and Brown running across to opposite Tree House.
(Original Tree House doubles for this opposite one,
rest of b.g. painted.)

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 255 GUNNING UP at Small 15 ft. Balcony Section, same as 170.
People jammed, fighting to get from right to left,
almost at a standstill. Stunt Man, pushed against
railing, climbs over and drops down o.s.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 256 STEEP ANGLE DOWN SHOT FROM Parallel onto main floor.
People rushing among over-turned tables and chairs.
Stunt Man drops into set from above, upsetting another
table as he falls.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (MINIATURE ONLY)

- 257 Joe in Tree House. Joe sees looped-up vine that
chorus girls swing on, reaches for it and swings out
over left f.g.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 258 Balcony, stage, and part of Main Floor. Same PROCESS
Set-Up as 140 but Background Key entirely MINIATURE.
Tables overturned in f.g. as People rush across left to
right. Joe on vine swings from wrecked Tree House
across the whole main floor. People on balcony scream
and duck as Joe swings up to Balcony Rail. As he hits
it, Balcony and Rail smash upwards dumping people and
tables toward CAMERA.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 259 Base of Proscenium Tree and Ladder Up. PROCESS. People
in f.g. ducking and SCREAMING as Joe on vine swings in
over their heads, kicks the tree and takes off again in
a swing off left.

268 TWO MIN. PROJ. People trapped (Cont. of 266 as key) Lions on balcony wreckage right (Lion Farm) Rest of set, MIN. Joe enters in f.g. Lion springs from balcony right at people left. In midair lion is covered by Joe. Lion then becomes miniature. Joe seizes lion in midair, whirls him around and throws him o.s. left.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

269 SPLIT SCREEN. Shooting toward Bar at right side of club. (Same set as 143, doubles for left side) Split Line at top of bamboo stockade. Inclined floor below split line (Lion Farm) Lion slides away from Camera, knocking over tables and chairs. Above Split Line, four men run across, terrified, left to right.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

270 CLOSE SHOT - GUNNING UP at a lion on balcony wreckage. He looks down, snarls, jumps down over CAMERA. (Lion Farm)

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

271 TWO MIN. PROJ. Same as 268. People trapped against wreckage at left, MIN. PROJ. Joe in f.g. Lion springs from balcony, Joe catches it by the neck. Another lion charges in on floor, Joe steps on it.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

272 CLOSE SHOT - FULL SCALE. Joe's leg and foot - standing on lion.
(Jackie on stage)

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

273 TWO MIN. PROJ. Same as 268. People against wreckage left. MIN. PROJ. Joe, f.g. A third lion jumps down, grabs Joe's leg. Joe hurls away lion he's holding, pulls third lion off his leg.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

274 CLOSE SHOT - BROWN, crawling from under table, looks o.s. terrified, scrambles o.s. left.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 260 Left Front Portion Bar, Small Section, Lion on Process Screen, rest of set, MINIATURE. Lion jumping around, wildly. Joe on vine swings in, grabs edge of balcony, Balcony sags. Joe lets go of vine, peers down at lion and kicks at glass front of cage. Glass breaks. Joe drops to floor on bar level.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 261 Miniature Bar and Joe, MIN. PROJ. SHOOTING ALONG miniature bar TO wrecked back balcony, (MINIATURE KEY) wreckage hanging down to main floor. People scrambling down wrecked pieces of balcony and running across right to left. Balance of set, MINIATURE. Joe reaches overhead and wrenches loose a timber support of balcony overhead, and swings wildly about him. He smashes bar, tables, and demolishes front of lion cages o.s. right.

SOUND: CRASHING GLASS, SPLINTERING TIMBER and Tables, People SCREAMING, Lions ROARING, Joe GRUNTING and SNARLING.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 262 CLOSE SHOT - Base of Proscenium Tree - Left of Stage. Brown peers around from behind tree.

SOUND: Terrific CRASH of Wood and Glass.

Brown ducks back out of sight.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 263 Entrance to Club. Terrified Guests shoving through doors, men supporting women, etc. Max in f.g. struggling to get back into club.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 264 CLOSE SHOT. Broken front lion cage above wrecked Bar. (Lion Farm.) Fifteen feet of wreckage. Four Lions jump out of broken cage. Two jump down and off left, two climb up broken beam toward balcony, above.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 265 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Wreckage of Balcony hanging down to main floor. (Redress Wreckage from 261.) Three Women and Two Men trapped against wreckage, staring horrified up and off right at lions.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

275 TWO MIN. PROJ. Same as 268. Joe lifts Third Lion above his head and heaves it o.s. left.

276 INCLINED SET. (Lion Farm) SHOOTING DOWN to show only floor and tables. Lion slides straight toward CAMERA and past it, knocking over tables.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

277 People fighting to get out - Max trying to get in. Greg and Jill rush in to scene. Greg seizes Max.

GREG

What's happened -

MAX

Joe's loose - he's gone crazy --

JILL

Help me get in --

Max and Greg together buck the mob. Jill behind them.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

278 Lions on balcony wreckage - (Lion Farm) - They spring down.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

279 TWO MIN. PROJ. Same as 268. Two more Lions jump on Joe, he throws them away, then kicks away Lion he is standing on. Three women and two men scramble desperately over wreckage off left.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

280 GUNNING DOWN on wrecked bar terrace. Brown creeping cautiously forward crouching and looking past CAMERA left.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

281 ALL MIN. Joe turns around, looking for more lions.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

282 CLOSE SHOT - Brown stops, looks o.s. at Joe, recoils and starts to creep backward along foot of bar.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 266 TWO MIN. PROJ. People trapped against wreckage left (same set as 265). Lions on balcony wreckage right (Lion Farm). Rest of set, Miniature. Joe enters in f.g. Lion springs from balcony right at people left. In mid-air lion is covered by Joe. Lion then becomes Miniature. Joe seizes lion in mid-air, whirls him around and throws him o.s. left.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 267 Split Screen. SHOOTING TOWARD Bar at right side of club. (Same set as 143, doubles for left side.) Split Line at top of bamboo stockade. Inclined Floor below Split Line. Lion slides away from CAMERA, knocking over tables. Above Split Line, Four Terrified Men running across, left to right.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 268 TWO MIN. PROJ. Same as 266. People trapped MIN. PROJ. left. Joe in f.g. is standing on one lion, has another by the neck. A third lion jumps off bar and grabs Joe by the leg. Joe hurls away the lion he is holding, grabs lion off his leg, raises it up in both hands and heaves it o.s. past CAMERA.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 269 Inclined Set, SHOOTING DOWN so as to show only floor and tables. Same Floor as 267, (Lion Farm) Lion slides straight toward CAMERA and PAST, knocking over tables and chairs.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 270 MED. SHOT. Front Entrance, People fighting their way out, Max still struggling to get back in. Jill and Greg rush in over f.g. Greg grabs Max.

GREG

What's the matter?

MAX

Joe's loose -- he's gone crazy --

JILL

Help me get in --

Greg and Max together buck the crowd.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

283

CLOSE SHOT. SHOOTING at bar toward broken lion cage. From behind bar a lion springs up on bar and looks down at Brown o.s. (Jackie on stage)

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

284

Wrecked section - Bar Terrace - SHOOTING DOWN from behind Brown (Lion Trainer doubles for Brown.) Jackie on stage. Lion crouched on bar. As Brown backs up, Lion springs down on him, they roll off terrace and over behind wreckage.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

285

ALL MIN. Wrecked bar and smashed tables. Joe enters over f.g., reaches down into mess of broken furniture, picks up MIN. Lion and heaves it high off left.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

286

Corner of bamboo stockade. (Lion Farm) Several Lions crouching and snarling. Last Lion drops down among them from above.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

287

Brown crawls out from under wrecked tables and o.s. left.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

288

Corner of bamboo stockade MIN. PROJ. masked with corner of balcony above, and MIN. Tree on each side. Several Lions crouching snarling. Two more Lions run in from left. Joe comes in over f.g., reaches up, pulls down MIN Balcony in a cascade of tables and chairs. This completely blocks off Lions. Joe beats his chest in triumph, then staggers off left f.g.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

289

FOYER. Max, Greg, Jill rush in from left, as Brown runs limping in right from main floor.

BROWN

(gasps)

He tried to kill me - He --

He staggers off left.

SOUND: Sirens

(CONTINUED)

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 271 MED. SHOT. Wreckage hanging down from Balcony. Same as 265. Three Women and Two Men, saved from lions by Joe, panic off left.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 272 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Base of Proscenium Tree, left side of stage. Brown peers out from behind Tree and cautiously starts forward.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 273 MED. SHOT toward end of wrecked Bar nearest stage. Brown scuttles in and up steps to Bar level. FOLLOW SHOT as he crouches along behind bits of broken bamboo stockade, looking terrified, off left.

SOUND: Joe and lions SNARLING and ROARING, SMASHING TABLES.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (ALL MINIATURE)

- 274 Joe, back turned, smashing tables, he turns as though he might see Brown.
- 275 CLOSEUP. Brown stops, looks up in Joe's direction, recoils and starts to crawl backward along foot of bar.
- 276 Wrecked section of bar. (Lion Farm) Brown not seen. A lion springs up onto bar from behind it, looks down.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (ALL MINIATURE, same as 274)

- 277 Joe sees Brown, o.s., drops a table and staggers forward.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- 278 Wrecked section - bar, (Lion Farm - Lion Trainer doubles for Brown).

SHOOTING AT Brown's back as he backs up, watching Joe o.s. Lion is crouched on bar, watching Brown, lion springs down on Brown, they both roll over behind wreckage.

GREG
Hear that? Police. They'll
shoot Joe....

JILL
Keep them out!...
(as she runs
for main floor)
Give me just a minute....

She exits. Max and Greg turn back and bolt outside
doors.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

290 CLOSE FOLLOW SHOT - Jill. Wrecked bar terrace in b.g.,
masked by wreckage, foliage, etc. Jill runs l. to r.
calling:

JILL
Joe! Joe! Stop!

291 Any pile of wreckage for b.g. MIN. PROJ. Joe is about
to heave a table. Ground Line masked by wreckage. Jill
rushes in left f.g.

JILL
Joe! Stop it!

Joe pauses, table over his head, turns and looks at her.

JILL (cont'd)
Stop it, I say!

Joe sets table down gently and sways.

SOUND: Sirens louder.

Jill crosses behind Joe, coaxing him to follow her,
trying to sound calm.

JILL (cont'd)
Come on now! Come Joe!
Hurry along! Come....

He staggers unsteadily after her.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

292 EXCITED CROWDS milling around entrance doors. Police
cars heard.

SOUND: Dying sirens, squealing brakes.

Police rush in with guns.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - LION FARM - NIGHT

279 CLOSE SHOT DOWN - among smashed tables. Lion and Brown (trainer) roll over and over in wreckage.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT.

280 SHOOTING TOWARD wrecked bar. MIN. PROJ. MINIATURE smashed tables f.g. Joe enters over f.g. reaches down into bunch of smashed tables, picks up MINIATURE lion and throws it o.s. right.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

281 MED. SHOT - Main floor - Wrecked tables. Brown crawls out from under tables, gets to his feet and runs o.s. left

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT.

282 MED. CLOSE SHOT, SHOOTING ACROSS doors into club. Crowd milling around outside. As last few guests rush out, Max, Greg, and Jill push through, dodge outcoming people and run in.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT.

283 FOYER. Max, Greg, Jill rush in from left, as Brown limps in right from main floor.

SOUND: Joe SMASHING furniture.

BROWN

(gasps)

He tried to kill me --

He limps hurriedly off left.

SOUND: SIRENS

GREG

Hear that? Police. They'll shoot him --

JILL

Keep them out --

(she runs for main floor)

-- give me a minute --

She exits. Greg and Max turn back to bolt outside doors.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

293 FOYER. Max and Greg push down prop tree, which crashes across entrance doors in a tangle. Police banging on bolted doors.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

294 Police breaking glass in doors.

EXT. STOCK SHOT - NIGHT

295 Police hold back crowds.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

295A Similar shot to that in which Joe broke out of cell. PROCESS SHOT - looking toward cell. Jill enters right across f.g. followed by Joe slightly up-stage (in Key) Jill crosses to left of cell door and tries to urge him in.

JILL

Go in, Joe! Hurry! Please hurry!

Joe collapses in door of cell, half in, half out.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

295B FOYER. Three policemen climbing through tangle of prop tree and vines, left. Max and Greg right.

MAX

Now just a minute - hold on - wait...

Greg rushes off right.

1st POLICEMAN

(struggling to extricate himself)

Out of the way....

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

295C Joe collapsed at cell door, Jill frantically urging him.

JILL

Get up! Go in! Please!

Joe staggers up and into cell where he slumps again.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT.

284

MED. SHOT - TOWARD wrecked end of bar and door backstage. MIN. PROJ. Joe in right f.g. He has picked up a table and is about to heave it across at bar, left.

JILL'S VOICE OVER

Joe! Joe! Stop!

Joe pauses, with table poised overhead, as Jill runs in left.

JILL

(breathless)

Joe! Stop it!

Joe sets down table gently and weaves groggily as he stares at her.

JILL

(trying to keep her
voice steady)

Now come on!

She moves sideways toward door backstage watching Joe all the time.

JILL

Come on, Joe! Hurry along!

Joe starts unsteadily to follow her.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT.

285

Excited crowd milling around entrance doors.

SOUND: SIRENS DRONE to stop. SQUEALING brakes.

Policemen come running in, pushing through crowd. They carry riot guns.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

286

FOYER. Max and Greg run up three steps of balcony stairs, brace themselves and heave on prop tree at foot of stairs, left. Police are shaking at bolted doors. Prop tree crashes down across doors, bringing a tangle of vines with it.

RR

Changes
MR. JOSEPH YOUNG OF AFRICA

1/9/48
100-101

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

295D SAME SHOT as used for Jill's running shot among wreckage on main floor. Several policemen enter, guns drawn, looking about cautiously.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

295E Toward corridor. Joe not seen. Jill in f.g. Greg runs downstairs and along corridor, Jill runs to meet him.

SOUND: Shots from upstairs.

GREG
They're shooting the lions!

295F CLOSE SHOT - Jill cries out.

JILL
NO!

DISSOLVE

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

296 A small one-way set. Judge at bench on 2 ft. platform center. Witness chair right, on platform. Brown in witness chair. City Attorney stands in front of bench.

BROWN
...and we were just standing there, looking at him, and he broke out and attacked us.

CITY ATTORNEY
Without any provocation?

BROWN
Certainly. We weren't doing anything. He tried to kill me.

(CONTINUED)

RR

10/27/47
100-101

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

295D SAME SHOT as used for Jill's running shot among wreckage on main floor. Three policemen enter, guns drawn, looking about cautiously.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

295E Toward corridor. Joe not seen. Jill in f.g. Greg runs downstairs and along corridor, Jill runs to meet him.

SOUND: Shots from upstairs.

GREG

They're shooting the lions!

295F CLOSE SHOT - Jill cries out.

JILL

NO!

DISSOLVE

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

296 A small one-way set. Judge at bench on 2 ft. platform center. Witness chair right, on platform. Brown in witness chair. City Attorney stands in front of bench.

BROWN

...and we were just standing there, looking at him, and he broke out and attacked us.

CITY ATTORNEY

Without any provocation?

BROWN

Certainly. We weren't doing anything. He tried to kill me.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT.

287 SHOOTING ACROSS entrance doors. Police are smashing glass upper halves of doors, they reach in to draw bolts.

EXT. STOCK SHOT - NIGHT.

288 Police holding back curious crowds.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT -(MIN. PROJ. Same set up as 193 and 211)

289 Joe's cell. Jill standing right b.g. Joe staggering at wrecked doorway, f.g.

JILL
(low, urgent voice)
Go on! Hurry. Please hurry!

INT. NIGHT CLUB FOYER - NIGHT

290 Police have opened doors and are climbing over tangle of prop tree and vines, left. Max and Greg at right.

MAX
Now just a minute, -- hold on--
wait --

1ST POLICEMAN
(untangling himself)
Out of the way!

Max and Greg dash off right to main floor. First two policemen get past obstacle and run after them.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT.

291 Corner of wrecked bar and door back-stage. Max and Greg run in over f.g. and dodge around smashed tables. They exit door back-stage.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (MIN. PROJ. Same set up as 193 and 211 and 289.)

292 Joe's cell. Jill in right b.g. Joe, f.g. holds to edge of wrecked doorway to cell, slumps down groggily outside cell.

JILL
Get up! Go in!

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

293 Corner of wrecked bar and door backstage - Same as 291. Three policemen run in over f.g., dodging around tables to door back-stage.

1ST POLICEMAN
(stops, shouts)
Get those lions!

2nd and 3rd policemen check, whirl toward right, guns ready.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (PROCESS. Same set up as 193 and 211).

294 Joe's cell. Jill stands beside wrecked doorway. Joe staggering into cell. He collapses, as Greg and Max rush in.

SOUND: Several shots upstairs.

GREG
They're shooting the lions!

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT.

295 CLOSE SHOT - Jill. She looks terrified, looks off, left.

JILL
No!

DISSOLVE

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

296 A small one-way set. Judge at bench on 2 ft. platform center. Witness chair right, on platform. Brown in witness chair. City Attorney stands in front of bench.

BROWN
-- and we were just standing there, looking at him, and he broke out and attacked us.

CITY ATTORNEY
Without any provocation?

BROWN
Certainly. We weren't doing anything. He tried to kill me.

(CONTINUED)

CITY ATTORNEY

The defense has made a great point of empty whiskey bottles found in the animal's cage. Did you or your friends take any liquor down there?

BROWN

We did not.

CITY ATTORNEY

You may step down.

Brown gets up and goes o.s.

CITY ATTORNEY

I re-call Miss Young.

297 CLOSE SHOT - Greg, Jill, Max, seated against small section,, wild wall. She rises, as Max pats her shoulder encouragingly, and Greg squeezes her hand. They all look very worried. She goes o.s.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

298 Judge's bench and witness chair - same as 296. Jill steps up to witness chair and sits.

CITY ATTORNEY

Miss Young, as owner of this animal, don't you know he is a terrible danger - a menace to civilization?

JILL

Those men - it's their fault - they made him drunk --

CITY ATTORNEY

Can you prove that the previous witness gave the animal liquor?

JILL

No. But that's what must have happened.

CITY ATTORNEY

Your Honor, I submit that any further examination of witnesses is a waste of the Court's time. How and why the brute escaped is beside the point. I submit that the order to destroy it should be carried out.

JILL

Judge - please - please let me say something?

JUDGE

Very well. What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CITY ATTORNEY

The defense has made a great point of empty whiskey bottles found in the animal's cage. Did you or your friends take any liquor down there?

BROWN

We did not.

CITY ATTORNEY

You may step down.

Brown gets up and goes o.s.

CITY ATTORNEY

I re-call Miss Young.

297 CLOSE SHOT - Greg, Jill, Max, seated against small section, wild wall. She rises, as Max pats her shoulder encouragingly, and Greg squeezes her hand. They all look very worried. She goes o.s.

298 Judge's bench and witness chair - same as 296. Jill steps up to witness chair and sits.

CITY ATTORNEY

Miss Young, as owner of this animal, don't you know that he is ferocious - a menace to civilization?

JILL

He didn't know what he was doing. Those men - it's their fault - they gave him -

CITY ATTORNEY

Answer the question.

JILL

If he'd been let alone -

CITY ATTORNEY

Can you prove that the previous witness gave your animal liquor?

JILL

I can't prove it, but that's what must have happened.

CITY ATTORNEY

(to Judge)

Your Honor, I submit that any further questioning of witnesses is a waste of the Court's time. How and why the brute escaped is beside the point. I submit that the order to destroy it should be carried out.

(CONTINUED)

City Attorney sits down.

JILL

I want to try to explain -- they call Joe an animal - and a brute -- but you see, he's my friend. I brought him here. He doesn't belong here. It's my fault. I didn't know how it would be --

She pauses, struggling to suppress her tears, and groping for words.

JUDGE

(not unkindly)

Have you anything more to say?

299 CLOSE SHOT - Jill.

JILL

Yes - please. About Joe -- when I was a little girl, he was brought to my house. You can't imagine it, but he was very small and helpless then. Now he's so big - and so strong -- and he did all those bad things -- so you think he's bad, too. But he wouldn't have acted like that if people had let him alone. They made him drunk. It wasn't Joe's fault. He didn't know. You think he's just an animal, and it doesn't matter if you kill him. But if a man did what Joe did, you wouldn't kill him. Of course you'd punish him. You'd lock him up. But Joe is punished already. He's locked up in a cage. Don't be more cruel to him than you would be to a man. Don't kill Joe -- please don't kill Joe --

She breaks down completely. A slight pause.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

299A Judge's bench and Witness Chair - same as 296.

CITY ATTORNEY

(rises)

Your Honor, I am not unsympathetic to Miss Young. But in view of the destruction and panic already caused by this dangerous animal, I cannot allow sentiment to influence me. Again I submit that the court order should be carried out. I rest my case.

JILL

Judge -- please! Please let me say something -- to you.

JUDGE

Very well. What is it?

Jill leans toward the Judge, twisting her hands together desparately.

JILL

If I could only explain to you -
you all keep calling Joe an animal.
But, you see, he's my friend.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

299 CLOSE SHOT - Jill

JILL

When I was a little girl, he was brought to my house. You can't imagine that he was very small and helpless then. You only see that now he's big and strong, and because of the bad things he did, you think he's fierce and terrible. But he wouldn't have behaved like that if he'd been let alone.

(she rises and
leans toward the
Judge, gripping the
rail in front of witness
chair)

These people talk about civilization. They say Joe is a menace to it. But it was those civilized men who gave Joe whiskey and made him drunk. That wasn't Joe's fault. Were they trying to civilize him, when they made him drunk so he didn't know what he was doing?

(she turns and
looks o.s.)

You think he's just an animal and it doesn't matter if you kill him. But if a man did what Joe did, you wouldn't kill him for it. Of course you'd punish him.

(she turns
back to Judge)

You'd lock him up. But Joe is already punished, because civilization keeps him in a cage. Don't be more cruel to him than you would be to a man -- who ought to know what he's doing --

She breaks down and can't go on.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

300 TWO SHOT - Judge and Jill.

The Judge considers for a moment. Then he turns to Jill.

JUDGE

I am very sorry, Miss Young. But he must be shot.

DISSOLVE

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (MIN. PROJ.)

301 Inside Joe's cell, new door, Joe right f.g. Jill outside. Same set-up as 221. Jill has Joe's hand, but Joe's body covers hands.

JILL

--and Greg and I were going to take you back home. We had it all planned--

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

302 SHOOTING TOWARD corridor, cell door left. Joe not seen. Full scale hand is thrust out between bars. Jill is holding it. A policeman armed with a rifle sits left of corridor doorway.

JILL

It was nice back there - at home - wasn't it? Nobody hated us - nobody wanted to kill --

She breaks down and turns away toward corridor. Joe's hand withdrawn.

POLICEMAN

(as she passes him)
Now, lady, you don't want to act like that --

Jill leans on wall at corridor doorway, sobbing. Policeman rises.

POLICEMAN

(uneasily)
You don't want to be down here when they come to shoot him. Look, you go find O'Hara and the young feller. They're likely upstairs in the office. Go on now.

(CONTINUED)

300 TWO SHOT - Judge and Jill.

CITY ATTORNEY'S VOICE
Your Honor, this is mere
sentimentality. I rest my case.

JUDGE
I'm sorry, Miss Young. He must
be shot.

DISSOLVE

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - (MIN. PROJ.)

301 Inside Joe's cell, new door, Joe right f.g. Jill
outside. Same set-up as 221. Jill has Joe's hand, but
Joe's body covers hands.

JILL
--and Greg and I were going to
take you back home. We had it
all planned--

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

302 SHOOTING TOWARD corridor, cell door left. Joe not seen.
Full scale hand is thrust out between bars. Jill is
holding it. A policeman armed with a rifle sits left of
corridor doorway.

JILL
It was nice back there - at home -
wasn't it? Nobody hated us -
nobody wanted to kill --

She breaks down and turns away toward corridor. Joe's
hand withdrawn.

POLICEMAN
(as she
passes him)
Now, lady, you don't want to
act like that --

Jill leans on wall at corridor doorway, sobbing.
Policeman rises.

POLICEMAN
(uneasily)
You don't want to be down here
when they come to shoot him.
Look, you go find O'Hara and
the young feller. They're likely
upstairs in the office. Go on
now.

(CONTINUED)

Jill goes slowly down the corridor.

POLICEMAN

(watching
her go)
That's a good girl --

EXT. PARKING PLACE - REAR OF SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Set is section of brick wall, one lighted iron-barred window. Enough for backing for car.

303 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Three deputies. First deputy is at wheel of car. Second and third deputies, armed with heavy rifles, stand beside car. Second deputy trying bolt of his rifle.

THIRD DEPUTY

(looks at
his watch)
Say, it's after eight o'clock.
Where's Schultz and his court
order?

FIRST DEPUTY

He's on his way.

SECOND DEPUTY

I don't like this job much.

THIRD DEPUTY

For Pete's sake! It's just
like shooting a mad dog.

FIRST DEPUTY

(at wheel)
Why sure. This ape's a man-killer.
He's gotta be shot.

Schultz enters around car.

SCHULTZ

All right, let's get started.

THIRD DEPUTY

Got the court order?

SCHULTZ

Sure. Come on.
(as he gets
in car)
Let's get it done. I gotta
date tonight.

Second and third deputies get in, as first deputy starts motor. SOUND motor starting.

INT. O'HARA'S OFFICE - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

304 Jill and Windy. Windy is leaning on the wall behind desk, watching Jill, as she paces up and down.

JILL
(desperately)
But where did they go?

WINDY
(looks at
watch)
If they're going to do anything,
they'd better hurry.

JILL
Those men are coming! They'll
shoot Joe!

She drops into chair beside desk and hides her face.
Windy comes around behind desk and pats her shoulder.

WINDY
Chin up, kid. Max has a scheme.
I don't know what, but we're not
licked -- yet.

INT. O'HARA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

305 MED. SHOT TOWARD door at right. Max and Greg rush in.
CAMERA with them as they cross to desk, Jill comes to
meet them.

GREG
We've got a plan, Jill.

MAX
We'll get Joe away, honey.

WINDY
Going to get him outta the state,
huh?

MAX
Outta the state? Outta the
country. Joe's going back to
Africa.

JILL
Oh! You mean it?

MAX
(for once he is
playing straight
as sincerely as
he knows how)
Listen, honey, I did a lotta
thinking these ten days. If
Joe gets shot, it's my fault.
You and Joe don't belong here.

(CONTINUED)

MAX (cont'd)

I talked you into it and it's
up to me to get you out. I'll
get you back home if I go to
jail for it.

JILL

Oh----

(she throws her
arms round him
in a big hug)
How are we going?

GREG

Mr. O'Hara's paid the captain
of a freighter down at the
harbor. He's promised to put
off sailing till morning.
He'll wait for us till six
o'clock.

JILL

How can we get Joe out? There's
a policeman ---

MAX

I gotta plan. Split second timing.
We all got to work together --
and fast. Now listen ---

The four huddle, heads together.

DISSOLVE

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

306 SHOOTING TOWARD corridor, cell at left, Joe not seen.
Same set-up as 302. Max coming down corridor from
stairs. He is acting for all he's worth.

MAX

(mournfully,
to Policeman)
Hello, McMannus.

He comes to f.g. and stands looking into cell.

MAX (cont'd)

Just came down to take my last
look at poor old Joe.

POLICEMAN

Okay by me. Just keep the girl
outta here. They'll be here to
shoot him any minute.

MAX

(shakes his
head)
Too bad.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

307

Inside Joe's cell, SHOOTING THROUGH bars, Joe in f.g. same as 227. Max in b.g. talking to Joe.

MAX

I gotta lotta dough tied up in you.

(he sighs
heavily)

Well, - goodbye, Joe. I oughta left you in Africa where you belong.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

308

SHOOTING FROM corridor past policeman toward Max as cell door right b.g. Max turns from cell and plods dejectedly toward CAMERA. As Max passes policeman and reaches f.g. Max suddenly does a terrific dramatic stagger, clutches his heart and reels against the wall.

MAX

(gasping)

Aaah!

(he groans)

Policeman jumps up, leans rifle against wall and runs in behind Max, supporting him.

MAX

My heart! The strain! My
medicine! Help me -- upstairs --

Policeman pulls Max's arm over his shoulder to lift him along as they move over f.g.

POLICEMAN

There now! There now! Take
it easy. I got you --

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

309

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Stairs up to stage.

Max and policeman stagger in over f.g. Policeman half-dragging Max up stairs, Max groaning dismally.

POLICEMAN

Come on now - I got you --

INT. NIGHT CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

310 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Top of stairs up from basement. Stair well enclosed on three sides by concrete wall, backing of scene flats. Policeman supporting Max staggering up to stage level, left to right.

MAX
(clinging to
policeman)
My office - medicine -

POLICEMAN
Sure now - go easy -

They exit right to left over f.g. A moment's pause.
SOUND Max GROANING.

POLICEMAN'S VOICE
There now.

Door SLAMS. Jill rises cautiously from behind concrete stair wall, peers o.s. after Max, then darts down the stairs.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

311 Glass entrance doors to wrecked club, boarded up. Sign "Closed for Repairs". Smaller solid door at side still usable.

Windy sits in an open roadster, parked in front. Schultz's car drives in from right, parks behind roadster. Schultz and 2nd and 3rd deputies with rifles get out and start for entrance to club. First deputy remains at wheel.

EXT. ALLEY - REAR OF NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

312 SHOOTING TOWARD rear wall of club. Sign:

GOLDEN SAFARI

DELIVERY ENTRANCE

A curb at ground level conceals ramp down to basement. Garbage cans at right. A large furniture van backs in over left f.g. Greg at wheel. He shuts off motor, gets down, runs to rear of van, starts to open rear double doors.

INT. O'HARA'S OFFICE - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

313 MED. SHOT. Max sprawled at his desk, pretending collapse. Policeman rummaging in desk drawer.

POLICEMAN
I can't find any medicine.
Better call a doctor --

He reaches for phone. Max with a groan falls across phone.

MAX
No - no - medicine - find it --

INT. O'HARA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

314 MED. SHOT TOWARD door right. Schultz and 2nd and 3rd deputies enter, with rifles. CAMERA SWINGS with them over to desk.

SCHULTZ
Evening, O'Hara -- what's the matter?
(to policeman)
Why aren't you in the basement guarding the ape?

POLICEMAN
He took sick. I had to help him.

MAX
(weakly)
My heart. Sit down.

SCHULTZ
No thanks.
(pulls out legal paper)
Here's the court order.
(he puts it on desk)
We'll go down and get the job done.

MAX
No - no! Wait -- don't go yet --

SCHULTZ
I gotta date --

MAX
But I haven't read the court order -

(CONTINUED)

SCHULTZ
(impatiently)
There's nothing wrong with it.
You coming with us?

MAX
Oh no - my heart - the strain --

SCHULTZ
All right.
(to policeman
and deputies)
Come on.

POLICEMAN
(opens door
left)
This way's shorter.

As 2nd and 3rd deputies and policeman exit left.

SCHULTZ
(to Max)
This won't take long.

He follows the others out. As the door closes behind Schultz, Max leaps up, takes scissors from desk, cuts phone cord, CAMERA SWINGS WITH him as he starts for door right. He stops, takes small strip map from coat pocket, lays it carefully on carpet between desk and door, and rushes out right.

EXT. ALLEY - REAR OF NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT (MIN. AND MIN. PROJ.)

315 Right f.g. side of van doors open backed up to ramp down to basement. At left, rear wall of club. Entire set and van, MINIATURE. Between van and wall, and beyond curbing around MINIATURE ramp, Jill and Greg stand (MINIATURE PROJ.) Backing is alley wall sufficient to cover their head-room. CAMERA high enough to see upper part of ramp slope. Joe is coming up ramp from basement.

JILL
(urgent low voice)
Hurry, Joe. Get in!

Joe climbs in van. Springs sag. Greg reaches forward to close van door, as Jill runs off right behind him, disappears behind MIN. van.

EXT. ALLEY - REAR NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

316 MED. CLOSE SHOT. ACROSS driver's seat, van. Small portable radio on seat. Small dark backing. Jill is climbing to seat on far side. She slides across under wheel, picks up portable radio, holds it in her lap. SOUND: Rear doors of van closing. Greg runs in, jumps under wheel, starts motor and drives out right.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

317 SHOOTING DOWN corridor, front of Joe's cell at left. Schultz, and policeman, coming toward camera, moving briskly about their business. 2nd and 3rd deputies with rifles just coming down stairs. Policeman's rifle leans on wall where he left it to help Max. Schultz glances at rifle as he comes through corridor doorway.

SCHULTZ

Pretty careless, aren't you,
McManus?

(he picks up
rifle and hands
it to policeman)

2nd and 3rd deputies come through corridor doorway.

2ND DEPUTY

(looks toward
cell left)

Hey!

(he starts forward)

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

318 SHOOTING TOWARD empty cell in b.g. Schultz, 2nd and 3rd deputies and policeman all come in from right, crowd up to cell door.

SCHULTZ

He's gone!

2nd deputy rushes to dummy basement door down left.
CAMERA SWINGS WITH him as he tries to open it.

2ND DEPUTY

This door's locked!

3RD DEPUTY

(comes in and
tries door)

My gosh, maybe he's loose in here!

SCHULTZ

Search the building! Get O'Hara --

They all stampede across and exit right.

EXT. ENTRANCE - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

319 Windy's Roadster and Schultz's car parked. 1st deputy at wheel of Schultz car. Back of Windy's Roadster in b.g. Windy leaning against fender, smoking. Max comes through one usable door of wrecked club, goes briskly to Schultz' car.

(CONTINUED)

MAX
(to 1st deputy)
Schultz wants you inside.
Right in here.

1st deputy gets out, Max takes him up to door, as he goes in, Max closes and locks door from outside. The moment 1st deputy is in, Windy opens hood of Schultz car.

320 INSERT - CLOSE SHOT - TOP OF MOTOR.

Windy's hand yanking off wires and distributor.

EXT. ENTRANCE - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

321 SHOOTING ACROSS Windy's Roadster. Max getting into Roadster, Windy runs in, jumps behind wheel, they drive off left.

INT. O'HARA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

322 MED. SHOT. Door left bursts open. Schultz and 2nd deputy rush in.

SCHULTZ

O'Hara!
(sees Max gone,
grabs phone on
desk)
Police Headquarters!

2nd deputy rushes off right.

SCHULTZ

(remembers he must
dial, whirls dial
once, yelling)
Operator! Police headquarters!

Third deputy and policeman rush in through door left.

POLICEMAN

Nobody in the building!

SCHULTZ

(banging phone book)
Operator! Wake up -

INT. O'HARA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

323 SHOOTING TOWARD door right. 2nd deputy picking up map that Max dropped.

(CONTINUED)

2ND DEPUTY

Schultz! Here's a tip-off!

Schultz rushes in from left, still with receiver at ear. Suddenly realizes he ought not to be able to do that, takes phone from ear and holds it out to show dangling cut wire. With an angry yelp he throws it across room. First deputy enters door right.

1ST DEPUTY

Here I am, Schultz -

SCHULTZ

What? Why?

1ST DEPUTY

O'Hara said you wanted me -

2ND DEPUTY

Look! A map. Las Vegas. They're getting out of the state!

SCHULTZ

I'll get that guy! Get to a phone --

He runs out door right followed by three deputies and policeman.

EXT. STREET - DRIVER'S SEAT - VAN - NIGHT - (PROCESS - RUNNING B.G. - STOCK)

324 Van going left to right. SHOOTING ACROSS Jill and Greg, Jill nearest CAMERA. She holds portable radio.

GREG

(glances in
rear-view mirror)

There's a car catching up with us.

JILL

The police?

SOUND: Fancy auto horn.

GREG

(relieved)

It's Max. He made it.

Beyond Greg, Windy's Roadster comes alongside, Windy at wheel, Max standing up. As Roadster comes even with van, Max jumps to running-board beside Greg, hangs on with both hands and speaks over his shoulder.

MAX

O.K. Windy. Go do your stuff.

Windy waves, and Roadster falls back, as Max swarms into van.

EXT. ENTRANCE - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

325 Schultz car parked as before, same as 319. The one usable door is shaking under furious kicking from inside. SOUND: Muffled shouts and thuds. Door gives way. Schultz, three deputies, policeman tumble out and rush to parked car. 1st deputy gets in first, tries to start car while others are scrambling in. SOUND - whirring starter. Policeman, not yet in car, lifts hood.

POLICEMAN

Look at this --

He holds up loose wires.

SCHULTZ

(getting out
of car again)

Where's a phone! Turn in a
general alarm --

Policeman drops car hood with a crash, as the other men tumble out of car and run off left.

EXT. DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

326 Windy in Roadster drives in, jumps out, runs in drugstore.

INT. DRUGSTORE PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

327 CLOSE SHOT - Windy closing door of booth, drops nickel, dials.

328 CLOSEUP - Windy at phone.

WINDY

(assumes
dialect)

Police-a! Da beeg-a monk!
Break-a da door! Come-a
queeck! Huh? Dees-a Tony!
Nine-a hondred east-a Tracy
Street --

(he screams)

Aaaaah! Help -

He bangs receiver and bolts out.

EXT. DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

329 Windy runs out of drugstore, jumps in Roadster, drives out.

EXT. FILLING STATION - NIGHT

330 MED. SHOT. Van drives in, left to right, stops.

EXT. FILLING STATION - NIGHT

331 SHOOTING ACROSS driver's seat of van, Max holding portable radio, Jill between Max and Greg at wheel. Attendant comes from station in b.g. to side of van.

GREG

Give us some air in the left front, bud. Got a slow leak.

ATTENDANT

Want I should change the wheel?

GREG

No, I'm in a hurry.

Attendant exits right.

MAX

Listen.

(he turns the
radio up a
little)

RADIO

Calling all cars. General alarm.
Escaped gorilla reported at 900
East Tracy. Investigate. That
is all.

MAX

(chuckles)

Good work, Windy.

EXT. FILLING STATION - NIGHT

332 MED. SHOT ACROSS rear of van and toward corner of filling station. From behind station a ragged old bindlestiff comes out cautiously. He sneaks over to rear doors of van. Stealthily opens one door, climbs in, closes door. Short pause. Then with a SHRIEK the bindlestiff catapults out, slams door behind him and runs SCREAMING off left.

EXT. FILLING STATION - DRIVER'S SEAT - VAN - NIGHT

333 CLOSE SHOT - Max, Greg, Jill jump at bindlestiff's scream and door slam. Greg quickly throws in gear and drives off, right.

EXT. FILLING STATION - NIGHT

334 LONG SHOT at right front wheel of van. Van drives off right, exposing astonished attendant, squatting on ground, air-hose in hand, looking first one way and then the other.

EXT. DRIVER'S SEAT - VAN - NIGHT - (BURNING B.G. STOCK)
(SAME SET-UP AS 324)

335 Jill is peering through small window into body of van.

JILL

He's all right.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - (STOCK SHOT)

336 Police car (different type from Schultz car) SIREN
WAILING, pulls up, police pile out, drawing guns.

EXT. HOUSE FRONT AND DOOR - NIGHT

337 MED. SHOT. Police rush in and hammer on door. A
gentle little old lady in black opens door.

OLD LADY

(in a feeble voice)

What is it....

POLICEMAN

Where's that gorilla?

OLD LADY

(in a harsh tough
scream over her
shoulder)

Scram, Pete! They're after you!

SOUND - Running feet, crashing glass. Policemen rush
into house.

338 CLOSEUP. Windy in another phone booth.

WINDY

(high-pitched voice)

Police! Help! There's an ape
in my bedroom! What? No, not my
husband! Mrs. Thompson - Westwood -
hurry --

QUICK FLASHES - (STOCK) - NIGHT

339 Police cars - motorcycles - right to left and head on -
general confusion. SOUND - Sirens and motors.

EXT. FILLING STATION - NIGHT

334 LONG SHOT at right front wheel of van. Van drives off right, exposing astonished attendant, squatting on ground, air-hose in hand, looking first one way and then the other.

EXT. DRIVER'S SEAT - VAN - NIGHT - (RUNNING B.G. STOCK)
(SAME SET-UP AS 324)

335 Jill is peering through small window into body of van.

JILL
He's all right.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - (STOCK SHOT)

336 Police car (different type from Schultz car) SIREN
WAILING, pulls up, police pile out, drawing guns.

EXT. HOUSE FRONT AND DOOR - NIGHT

337 MED. SHOT. Police rush in and hammer on door. A
flashy-looking Blonde in kimona opens door.

POLICEMAN
Where's that gorilla?

Police start in, blonde tries to hold door.

BLONDE
(screams over
shoulder)
Scram, Pete! They're after you!

SOUND - Running feet, crash of glass.

338 CLOSEUP. Windy in another phone booth.

WINDY
(high-pitched
voice)
Police! Help! There's an ape
in my bedroom! What? No, not my
husband! Mrs. Thompson - Westwood -
hurry --

QUICK FLASHES - (STOCK) - NIGHT

339 Police cars - motorcycles - right to left and head on -
general confusion. SOUND - Sirens and motors.

340 CLOSE UP - Windy at another phone.

WINDY

(being Chinese)

Charley Wing Laundry - very large
monkey my place - all same King
Kong - You come quick please -
North Hollywood --

SERIES OF QUICK FLASHES - NIGHT (STOCK)

341 LOW SHOTS - Motorcycles OVER. CAMERA - Police cars
whizz past - anything for confusion.

SOUND: Sirens and motors.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

342 MED. SHOT - Desk. Sergeant in f.g., with feet on his
desk. A patrolman enters from right, up-stage side of
desk, dragging the old bindlestiff, who is limp and
incoherent with terror, muttering wildly to himself in
Polish. Sergeant doesn't bother to take his feet down.

SERGEANT

What you got?

PATROLMAN

Something for the tank. Boy,
has he got the horrors! Runnin'
down the road yellin' like a
banshee.

SERGEANT

Take him back. I'll book him
when he's sober.

Patrolman starts to push bindlestiff toward left.

BINDLESTIFF

(yells in Polish)

He nearly got me. The biggest
monkey in the world --

SERGEANT

(sits up)

Hey! Hold on!

Patrolman stops.

SERGEANT (cont'd)

That's my old man's lingo.

(to bindlestiff,

in Polish)

What did you say?

BINDLESTIFF

(jabbers wildly
about his horrible
experience)

(CONTINUED)

Sergeant picks up phone.

SERGEANT
(into phone)
Get me headquarters.
(to bindlestiff,
in Polish)
What did you see? Where was it?

BINDLESTIFF
(jabbers and gestures)

SERGEANT
(into phone)
Captain O'Toole? This is
Obrinski. We got a report
on the gorilla. This is the
real thing --

EXT. DRIVER'S SEAT - VAN - NIGHT (Same set-up as 324.
SHOOTING ACROSS driver's seat.)

343 Max holding portable radio to his ear to listen over
van noise. He lowers radio to his knee and chuckles.

MAX
Windy's sure got the cops crazy.
They're going every direction
but the right one.

EXT. SCHULTZ CAR - NIGHT

344 LOW SHOT, l. to r. Car rushes by.

EXT. SCHULTZ CAR - NIGHT (STOCK RUNNING B.G. Car
going l. to r.)

345 Front seat, 1st deputy at wheel, Schultz beside him.

1ST DEPUTY
What's the sense of going south?
No reports from this direction.

SCHULTZ
Well, all the reports have turned
out phony. I'm playing a hunch.

CAR RADIO
Calling all cars. Disregard earlier
reports on escaped gorilla. It
is now definitely known to be in
large furniture van. Last seen on
truck boulevard headed south --

SCHULTZ
My hunch was right --

(CONTINUED)

CAR RADIO

--animal very dangerous.
Approach with caution. Shoot
on sight --

EXT. DRIVER'S SEAT - VAN - NIGHT (STOCK RUNNING B.G.
Same set-up as 324.)

346 Max holding radio to his ear, he lowers it.

MAX

(in dismay)

Oh - oh! We're spotted! They
know we're in a van - and
headed south.

GREG

This thing won't go any faster.

MAX

(worried)

Speed won't do us any good. We
need a different car --

GREG

(suddenly yells)

Look out!

Greg grabs for the brake.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

347 LOW SHOT - Van slowing abruptly.

SOUND: BRAKES SQUEALING.

EXT. DRIVER'S SEAT - VAN - NIGHT

348 STRAIGHT ON SHOT at driver's seat. No b.g. but van body.

FLASH - as Greg, Jill and Max brace themselves for a
crash.

SOUND: BRAKES SQUEALING.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

349 GUNNING DOWN slightly, as seen from Greg's view-point.
A canvas-covered truck at road intersection, broad-side
on, headed to right, toward intersecting road. At right
corner of intersection, a sign-post (not legible).
Truck just stopping. This scene is shot from about 60
ft. distance, and lighted by arc-lights from below frame
line, to represent glare of van's headlights. Everything
else dark, no set required except 60 ft. of road.

(CONTINUED)

CAR RADIO

--animal very dangerous.
Approach with caution. Shoot
on sight --

EXT. DRIVER'S SEAT - VAN - NIGHT (STOCK RUNNING B.G.
Same set-up as 324.)

346 Max holding radio to his ear, he lowers it.

MAX

(in dismay)
Oh - oh! We're spotted! They
know we're in a van - and
headed south.

GREG

This thing won't go any faster.

MAX

(worried)
Speed won't do us any good. We
need a different car --

GREG

(suddenly yells)
Look out!

Greg grabs for the brake.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

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SOUND: BRAKES SQUEALING.

EXT. DRIVER'S SEAT - VAN - NIGHT

348 STRAIGHT ON SHOT at driver's seat. No b.g. but van body.

FLASH - as Greg, Jill and Max brace themselves for a
crash.

SOUND: BRAKES SQUEALING.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

349 GUNNING DOWN slightly, as seen from Greg's view-point.
A canvas-covered truck at road intersection, broad-side
on, headed to right, toward intersecting road. At right
corner of intersection, a sign-post (not legible).
Truck just stopping. Sam, its drunken driver, in
overalls, staggers out from driver's seat in glare of
approaching van's headlights. He weaves about, trying
to read sign-post. This scene is shot from about 60 ft.
distance, and lighted by arc-lights from below frame
line, to represent glare of van's headlights. Everything
else dark, no set required except 60 ft. of road.

(CONTINUED)

SHOT ZOOMS UP and stops at about 25 ft. from truck.
(Optical printer)

SOUND: Brakes squeal and stop.

EXT. DRIVER'S SEAT - VAN - NIGHT

350 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Greg jumps down and exits over right
f.g.

EXT. CANVAS-COVERED TRUCK - NIGHT

351 Side of truck lighted by van's headlights o.s. Sam,
a large belligerent truck driver, at wheel. Greg runs
in over left f.g.

GREG

(shouts)

What d'ya think you're doing?
Want to get us all killed?

Sam climbs out of truck, ready for a fight.

SAM

Who are you yellin' at?

GREG

Get off the road....

SAM

I don't take orders from nobody.

GREG

I'm in a hurry. Get out of the
way....

SAM

Says who?

GREG

Look, I don't want to fight.
Move your truck or I will.

SAM

O.K. buster, you asked for it....

He swings at Greg, who ducks under the swing and comes
up with a swing of his own to Sam's jaw, Sam staggers
back and half turns as he collapses. Greg catches him
under the arms. Max enters left, and runs toward truck.

(CONTINUED)

SHOT ZOOMS UP and stops at about 25 ft. from truck.
(Optical printer)

SOUND: BRAKES SQUEAL AND STOP.

EXT. DRIVER'S SEAT - VAN - NIGHT

350 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Greg jumps down and exits over right f.g.

EXT. CANVAS-COVERED TRUCK - NIGHT

351 Side of truck lighted by van's headlights o.s. Sam weaving and staring off at sign-post. Greg runs in over left f.g. and seizes Sam's arm.

GREG

What do you think you're doing?

SAM

Wantta go home. Which way's home?

Max enters left.

GREG

Get your truck out of my way--

He has a sudden idea. He shouts o.s.

GREG (cont'd)

Jill! Get Joe out!

MAX

What's the idea --

GREG

See how much gas there is in the truck.

MAX

What? -- Oh, I get it --

He leans in, looks at dash-board of truck.

SAM

(looks fondly
at Greg)

My frien' --

MAX

(turns back to Greg)
Tank's half full.

GREG

Help Jill.

Max runs off over left f.g.

SAM

(throws arms round
Greg)

Take me home --

Greg struggles toward van o.s. with Sam clinging to him.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

(as he
enters)

I'll move the truck...

GREG

(gets sudden
idea shouts o.s.)

Jill! Get Joe out...

MAX

(turns
to him)

What's the idea...

GREG

How much gas has he got?

MAX

What? -- Oh I get it.

He leans into truck to look at gas gauge. Greg starts to drag Sam off left.

MAX (cont'd)

(turns
to him)

Tank's half full.

GREG

Help Jill.

Max runs off over left f.g. Greg struggles after him, dragging Sam.

GREG (cont'd)

(calls)

Hurry up, Jill.

EXT. SCHULTZ CAR - NIGHT

352

STOCK RUNNING b.g. Car going l. to r. Same set-up as 345. 1st Deputy at wheel, Schultz beside him.

SCHULTZ

(peering
ahead)

They can't make time in a
furniture van.

1st DEPUTY

We'll catch 'em all right.
Wonder who's driving.

SCHULTZ

Well, step on it! They can't
be far ahead.

Schultz starts car siren.

EXT. CANVAS-COVERED TRUCK - NIGHT - (MIN. PROJ.)

353

Rear end of truck, tail-gate down, Jill stands beside it, Joe climbing in. Light effect: Van headlights o.s.

SOUND: Distant siren.

JILL

Oh, hurry, Joe. Hurry! Get in!

Joe climbs in.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

354

MED. CLOSE SHOT - right side of van. Max in seat nearest camera, Greg stands looking up at him.

SOUND: Distant siren.

MAX

(points
off right)

Take that road. It's a back
road to the harbor.

GREG

See you at the ship.

MAX

I hope.

He slides over under the wheel, and starts motor, as Greg runs off right.

GREG
(trying to free
himself)
Hurry up, Jill --

EXT. SCHULTZ CAR - NIGHT

352 STOCK RUNNING B.G. Car going l. to r. Same set-up as
345. 1st Deputy at wheel, Schultz beside him.

SCHULTZ
(peering ahead)
They can't make time in a
furniture van.

1st DEPUTY
We'll overhaul 'em all right.
Wonder who's driving.

SCHULTZ
Well, step on it! They can't
be far ahead.

Schultz starts car siren.

EXT. CANVAS-COVERED TRUCK - NIGHT (MIN. PROJ.)

353 Rear end of truck, tail-gate down, Jill stands beside
it, Joe climbing in. Light effect: Van headlights o.s.

SOUND: Distant siren.

JILL
Oh, hurry, Joe. Hurry! Get in!
Joe climbs in.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

354 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Right side of van. Max in seat
nearest CAMERA, Greg stands looking up at him.

SOUND: Distant siren.

MAX
(points off right)
Take that road. It's a back
road to the harbor.

GREG
See you at the ship.

MAX
I hope.

He slides over under the wheel, and starts motor, as
Greg runs off right.

EXT. CANVAS-COVERED TRUCK - NIGHT (Same as 351)

355 Greg runs in over right f.g., jumps to seat, slides over under wheels, starts motor. Meanwhile Jill at back of truck slams tail-gate, runs to front of truck and gets in beside Greg.

SOUND: approaching siren.

JILL

Put out the lights!

Greg turns off headlights and drives off right.

EXT. ROAD INTERSECTION - NIGHT - (MINIATURE)

356 LONG SHOT. SHOOTING TOWARD main road. Side road leads from main road over left f.g. Truck, headlights off, comes from main road toward Camera. As truck pulls into side road, van in b.g. crosses intersection and exits right on main road. Truck stops. Then Schultz car shoots along main road, l. to r. in pursuit of van. Truck turns on headlights and passes over f.g. left.

SOUND: siren.

EXT. DRIVER'S SEAT - VAN - NIGHT

357 SHOOTING ACROSS driver's seat, same set-up as 324. STOCK RUNNING B.G.

Max at wheel.

SOUND: siren approaching.

Max pulls hat down and collar up. Schultz car draws alongside on far side of van. Schultz leans out and shouts.

SCHULTZ

Pull over, you! Pull over!

(he brandishes

revolver)

Pull over or I'll shoot!

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - (MINIATURE)

358 LONG SHOT from right side of road. Van and Schultz car. Van stops. Schultz car skids around in front of it.

SOUND: brakes squeal.

EXT. ROAD - POLICE CAR - NIGHT

359 MED. CLOSE SHOT, toward side of Schultz car in glare of van's headlights o.s. left. Schultz and three deputies scrambling out and running off left to van. Dark b.g.

EXT. ROAD - VAN - NIGHT

360

SHOOTING ACROSS driver's seat and hood of van from right side. Max at wheel. Schultz and three deputies running in from right.

SCHULTZ

(astonished)

O'Hara! What are you doing --

MAX

(innocently)

Was I going too fast?

SCHULTZ

(enraged)

Come outta there!

He grabs Max's arm and pulls him down off van.

EXT. ROAD - VAN - NIGHT

361

Left side of van, SHOOTING TOWARD rear. Schultz holds Max by arm.

SCHULTZ

Thought you'd put it over on me,
didn't you?

MAX

(with dignity)

I demand an explanation --

SCHULTZ

Aw, shut up.

(to deputies)

Open those doors --

Max pulls loose and runs off to end of van left.
Schultz and deputies follow.

SCHULTZ (cont'd)

(as they go)

Be ready to shoot --

EXT. ROAD - VAN - NIGHT

362

SHOOTING TOWARD rear of van. Max runs around from left side and takes heroic pose with arms flung out across closed doors of van. Schultz and deputies, rifles ready, run in.

MAX

(dramatically)

Stop! What are you going to do?

SCHULTZ

Shoot that gorilla.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Gorilla? What gorilla?

SCHULTZ

Cut it out. You know we got an order --

MAX

Order? What order?

SCHULTZ

The court order - in your office -

MAX

What office?

SCHULTZ

Get outta the way --

MAX

And you left the order on my desk.
You can't proceed without -

SCHULTZ

Get away, I tell you --

MAX

Besides, there's nothing in here.
Don't look -- it's empty --

SHERIFF

(grabs him and
drags him away)

Get out - Quick, Jim!

1st deputy comes to doors of van.

MAX

(struggling in
Schultz grip)

Look out -- it's dangerous -- you'll
get hurt --

SHERIFF

Ready, boys!

2nd and 3rd deputies raise rifles. 1st deputy throws
van doors open and jumps back to one side. They all
stand transfixed.

MAX
Gorilla? What gorilla?

SCHULTZ
Cut it out. You know we got an
order --

MAX
Order? What order?

SCHULTZ
The court order - in your office -

MAX
What office?

SCHULTZ
Get outta the way --

MAX
And you left the order on my desk.
You can't proceed without -

SCHULTZ
Get away, I tell you --

MAX
Besides, there's nothing in here.
Don't look -- it's empty --

SHERIFF
(grabs him and
drags him away)
Get out - Quick, Jim!

1st deputy comes to doors of van.

MAX
(struggling in Schultz'
grip)
Look out -- it's dangerous -- you'll
get hurt --

SHERIFF
Ready, boys!

2nd and 3rd deputies raise rifles. 1st deputy throws
van doors open and jumps back to one side. They all
stand transfixed.

363 CLOSE SHOT - Through open doors of van. Sam the drunken
truck driver is on his hands and knees, blinking vaguely
at the group before him.

SAM
(plaintively)
I wantta go home.

RR

9/30/47

125A

363

CLOSE SHOT - through open doors of van. Sam the truck driver, just coming to, lying on floor, rolls over.

SAM

(mutters vaguely)

You asked for it....

He suddenly sees rifles pointing at him, does a double take as he gets on hands and knees.

SAM (cont'd)

Cops! Don't shoot...

He holds up his hands but as his weight was resting on them, he promptly collapses on his face.

EXT. ROAD - VAN - NIGHT

364 Rear of van, doors open on Sam, Schultz holding Max, deputies, all staring at Sam, who stares back.

SCHULTZ

(blankly)
Who's that?

MAX

(haughtily)
Can't I see a friend home
unmolested?

SCHULTZ

(choking with rage)
You double-crossing smart aleck --
(to deputies)
He's hidden the gorilla somewhere.
We'll go back.
(he drags Max along
as he starts right)
You come with me.

1ST DEPUTY

(points at Sam)
Want him, too?

SCHULTZ

What for? Listen, O'Hara, you're
obstructing justice -

They all troop off right.

364A CLOSE SHOT - Sam lying on floor of van. He rises on one elbow and peers cautiously after Schultz.

SAM

(bitterly)
Cossacks!

He falls down again.

EXT. ROAD - POLICE CAR - NIGHT (Same as 359)

365 Schultz car. 1st and 2nd deputies are getting into car, as Schultz enters, pulling Max, followed by 3rd deputy.

SCHULTZ

Where's that gorilla? You'd
better talk, O'Hara.

MAX

(hanging back)
I'm going to have a heart attack --

SCHULTZ

Fine! Have it in there.
Schultz shoves Max into back seat, 3rd deputy gets in
back after Max.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. ROAD - VAN - NIGHT

364

Rear of van, doors open on Sam, Schultz holding Max, deputies, all staring at Sam, who stares back.

SCHULTZ.

(blankly)

Who's that?

MAX

(haughtily)

Can't I see a friend home
unmolested?

SCHULTZ

(choking with rage)

You double-crossing smart aleck --

(to deputies)

He's hidden the gorilla somewhere.

We'll go back.

(he drags Max along

as he starts right)

You come with me.

1ST DEPUTY

(points at Sam)

Want him, too?

SCHULTZ

What for? Listen, O'Hara, you're
obstructing justice -

They all troop off right. Sam cranes his neck after
them, smiling benignly.

SAM

Good-night, all!

He collapses in instant peaceful slumber.

EXT. ROAD - POLICE CAR - NIGHT (Same as 359)

365

Schultz car. 1st and 2nd deputies are getting into car,
as Schultz enters, pulling Max, followed by 3rd deputy.

SCHULTZ

Where's that gorilla? You'd
better talk, O'Hara.

MAX

(hanging back)

I'm going to have a heart attack --

SCHULTZ

Fine! Have it in there.

Schultz shoves Max into back seat, 3rd deputy gets in
back after Max.

(CONTINUED)

SCHULTZ
(getting into front
seat as motor starts)
Turn around, Jim. We're going to
find that ape.

DISSOLVE

EXT. COAST ROAD - ORPHANAGE - NIGHT (MIN. AND MATTE)

366 LONG SHOT SHOOTING ACROSS a cove and high coastal cliffs. The road leads up and across f.g. from right to left, curving back on top of promontory. On this stands old-fashioned four-story building among trees at edge of sheer drop down to the sea.

Canvas-covered truck enters from right to left going up-hill across f.g. Surf at foot of cliff MATTED IN. Balance of set and truck, MINIATURE. The orphanage is on fire.

EXT. GATE - ORPHANAGE - NIGHT - (MINIATURE AND MIN. PROJ.)

367 LONG SHOT. Orphanage grounds separated from road across f.g. by a high hedge. In hedge to left, gate and driveway. Burning orphanage seen through trees, b.g. Over gate, iron arch with sign.

SEACLIFF
CHILDREN'S HOME

Truck drives in from right, stops.

EXT. DRIVER'S SEAT - TRUCK

368 No b.g. but body of truck. Greg at wheel, Jill beside him.

JILL

Go in!

GREG

But we have to keep going --

JILL

No! They may need help --

EXT. GATE - BURNING ORPHANAGE - (MIN.) (Same as 366)

369 Truck swerves in gate and up driveway.

SCHULTZ
(getting into front
seat as motor starts)
Turn around, Jim. We're going to
find that ape --

DISSOLVE

EXT. COAST ROAD - ORPHANAGE - NIGHT (MIN. AND MATTE)

366 LONG SHOT. SHOOTING ACROSS a cove and high coastal cliffs. The road leads up and across f.g. from right to left, curving back on top of promontory. On this stands old-fashioned four-story building among trees at edge of sheer drop down to the sea.

Canvas-covered truck enters from right to left going up-hill across f.g. Surf at foot of cliff MATTED IN. Balance of set and truck, MINIATURE. The orphanage is on fire.

EXT. GATE - ORPHANAGE - NIGHT - (MINIATURE AND MIN. PROJ.)

367 LONG SHOT. Orphanage grounds separated from road across f.g. by a high hedge. In hedge to left, gate and driveway. Burning orphanage seen through trees, b.g. Over gate, iron arch with sign

SEACLIFF
CHILDREN'S HOME

Truck drives in from right, stops.

EXT. DRIVER'S SEAT - TRUCK

368 No b.g. but body of truck. Greg at wheel, Jill beside him.

JILL

Go in!

GREG

But we have to keep going --

JILL

No! There are children in there --

EXT. GATE - BURNING ORPHANAGE - (MIN.) (Same as 366)

369 Truck swerves in gate and up driveway.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT - (SET AND MIN.)

370 LONG SHOT. Front portion - front door. SET - front door and windows to left, as high as 2nd floor. Building to right of door in flames, MINIATURE. Windows on left, and front door have smoke pouring out. Three nurses in nightgowns and kimonas each carrying two babies (dummies) in blankets and herding before them groups of small children in pajamas, are rushing out from front door and off left. About 24 children, seven or eight years old, among them a few colored children.

SOUND throughout sequence as necessary: crackling flames, crying children, screaming nurses.

EXT. PATH TO BEACH - NIGHT

371 Looking down steep trail, right to left, leading down to beach. Nurses and children stumbling and crying on their way down.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT (Same as 370)

372 Truck drives in right to left and stops left f.g. (Joe not seen). Greg and Jill jump down from truck and dodge through groups of nurses and children toward front door.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

373 MED. SHOT - foot of steps, front door b.g. As Jill and Greg rush in from left, the fourth nurse, carrying two babies (dummies in blankets) staggers out of door and down the two steps. She collides with Greg and half-collapses, so that he must support her.

FOURTH NURSE

(coughing
and gasping)

More children - upstairs -

Jill instantly dashes into smoke-filled door.

GREG

(shouts as he
holds nurse)

Jill! Stop!

Another nurse runs in from left and takes over Fourth nurse from Greg. He runs for the door.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT - (SET AND MIN.)

370 LONG SHOT. Front portion - front door. SET - front door and windows to left, as high as 2nd floor. Building to right of door in flames, MINIATURE. Windows on left, and front door have smoke pouring out. Three nurses in nightgowns and kimono's each carrying two babies (dummies) in blankets and herding before them groups of small children in pajamas, are rushing out from front door and off left. About 24 children, seven or eight years old, among them a few colored children.

SOUND throughout sequence as necessary: crackling flames, crying children, screaming nurses.

EXT. PATH TO BEACH - NIGHT

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EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT (Same as 370)

372 Truck drives in right to left and stops left f.g. (Joe not seen). Greg and Jill jump down from truck and dodge through groups of nurses and children toward front door.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

373 MED. SHOT - foot of steps, front door b.g. As Jill and Greg rush in from left, the fourth nurse, carrying two babies, (dummies in blankets) staggers out of door and down the two steps. She collides with Greg and half-collapses, so that he must support her.

FOURTH NURSE

(coughing and
gasping)

More children - upstairs -

Jill instantly dashes into smoke-filled door.

GREG

(shouts as he
holds nurse)

Jill! Stop!

Another nurse runs in from left and takes over Fourth nurse from Greg. He runs for the door.

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

374 Front hall and stairs - very smoky.

(CONTINUED)

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

374 MED. LONG SHOT - FRONT HALL STAIRS - very smoky. Jill races up stairs toward 2nd floor and disappears.

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

375 FULL SHOT - FRONT HALL STAIRS. Greg rushes in over f.g. just as right wall falls in with a burst of flame and smoke and stairs collapse.

376 CLOSE SHOT - REVERSE - Greg. He looks up.

GREG

(shouts)

Jill!

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

377 FULL SHOT - FRONT HALL AND STAIRS. Greg turns and runs back over f.g.

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

378 MED. SHOT. Corner of smoke-filled room. Jill is groping through smoke, calling.

JILL

Children! Where are you?

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

379 MED. CLOSE SHOT - left side of truck. Joe not seen. Greg runs in, grabs coil of rope from side of truck, runs out.

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE- NIGHT

380 MED. SHOT. Corner of smoke-filled room - same as 378. Jill opens closet door. Two small terrified children huddled inside. Jill pulls them out, snatches blankets from bed, exits right, pushing crying children ahead of her.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

381 MED. SHOT - Front of building to left of front door. Greg whirls rope and throws up and out of scene.

382 INSERT. Rope catches on fancy trimming over 3rd floor window.

Jill is racing up the stairs. Just as she disappears on 2nd floor landing, right wall falls in with a burst of flame and smoke, and stairs collapse.
(BREAKAWAY STAIRS AND O'BRIEN FLAMES). Greg rushes in over f.g. just as stairs fall.

GREG

(shouts)

Jill!

He turns and rushes o.s.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT (Same as 370)

375 Greg runs out front door, flames behind him. He wheels around to look up at burning building above him. A nurse runs in from left.

NURSE

(screaming)

The children -- up there --

Greg turns and runs to truck.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

376 CLOSE SHOT - side of truck. Greg dragging big coil of rope from its fastening, he turns toward building, looking up and coiling rope in his hand.

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

377 MED. SHOT. Corner of smoke-filled room. Jill groping through smoke, calling.

JILL

Children! Where are you?

She hears a faint CRY. She gropes around and opens a closet door. Three small terrified children are huddled there. Jill pulls them out and pushes them off right.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT (Same as 370)

378 Greg (DOUBLE) throws rope to ornamental projection over 3rd floor window, second from left of entrance. He starts to climb rope.

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

379 MED. SHOT - Second floor landing. Jill comes from thick smoke left, pushing the three children ahead of her. Flames from corridor right, smoke and flames up stairwell. Jill and children start up stairs to 3rd floor.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

383 MED. SHOT. Greg jerks rope to test it, and starts to climb.

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

384 MED. SHOT. 2nd floor hall at stairs. Jill with two children. Flames flare out from left, she and children start upstairs to 3rd floor.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

385 CLOSE SHOT - Second floor window, smoke coming out. Greg climbs into scene on rope from below, pauses with knee braced on sill. Smoke and flames seen inside.

GREG

(shouts)

Jill! Jill!

He climbs on up out of shot.

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

386 MED. SHOT - Third floor landing. Smoke and flames from below. Jill is wrapping one child in blanket.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

387 Third floor window. Greg climbs up rope into window, shakes rope loose and pulls it in.

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

388 Third Floor Landing - Jill is wrapping second child in blanket. Greg bursts in from left, coughing and choking, he picks up the two swaddled children, hands coiled rope to Jill. They start up stairs to 4th floor.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT - (MIN. AND MIN. PROJ.)

389 EXTREME LONG SHOT - Front of building. Truck stands in f.g. Right wing of building collapses and front wall of stair well falls out. Jill and Greg, carrying children (dummies) are seen, climbing stairs to Fourth (Mansard) Floor. As the walls collapse, Joe climbs out of truck, looks up at Jill and Greg, starts to climb big tree at left corner of building.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

380 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ext. of second floor window. Greg climbs rope which hangs down from 3rd floor o.s. and braces his feet on window-sill. Room beyond impenetrable swirling smoke.

GREG

(shouts)

Jill! Jill!

He climbs on up out of shot.

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

381 MED. SHOT - Third floor landing - Jill is now carrying the smallest of the three children, as she struggles up last few steps from 2nd floor, the other two children stumbling ahead of her. As she reaches landing, from floor above

SOUND: children crying.

She looks up, holding child, two clinging to her, as two children come stumbling and wailing down stairs from 4th floor.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

382 Ext. window on 3rd floor. (2nd floor window doubles for 3rd).
Greg just climbing over window sill, he reaches out and up, shakes rope loose and pulls it in.

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - 3RD FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

383 Jill carrying one child, 2 others clinging to her, as last 2 children stumble down last few steps from 4th floor and run to her. As she looks desperately around her, Greg rushes in from left through smoke, coughing and choking. His rope is coiled in his left hand. He takes child from Jill's arms.

GREG

Upstairs!

The gasping group start upstairs to 4th (mansard) floor.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - (MIN. AND MIN. PROJ.)

384 LONG SHOT - Showing entire height of building and truck left in f.g. Entire blazing right wing collapses, carrying with it front wall of central stair well, up to lower edge of cupola which stands above 4th (mansard) floor.

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

- 390 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Landing on Fourth (mansard) Floor. Greg with the two children (dummies) wrapped in blankets over his shoulders, Jill carrying rope; smoke and flames from below and both sides.

GREG

Get to the roof --

They start up.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

- 391 EXTREME LONG SHOT - MIN. AND MIN. PROJ. Same as 389. Greg and Jill struggle up last steps to Cupola. Joe climbs from tree onto roof.

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

- 392 Inside Cupola Greg carrying children, and Jill enter. Jill runs to door leading to roof and tries to open it. It is locked. Greg puts down children, goes to help her. She runs to lowered window and pounds on it.

JILL

(screams)

Joe! Joe!

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

- 393 LONG SHOT - MINIATURE. Joe crosses roof to cupola and starts to smash in left side of it.

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

- 394 Inside Cupola - Joe's hand (full scale) smashes in wall, Greg helps by wrenching away smashed timber, Jill holds children.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

- 395 MIN. PROJ. SHOOTING FROM roof TOWARD left side of cupola. Joe in f.g. rips open side of cupola, leaving most of front standing. Greg, Jill and children seen inside. Jill and Greg wrap children again in blankets. Greg picks up children and starts forward, Jill follows with coil of rope.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT - MIN. AND MIN. PROJ.

- 396 EXTREME LONG SHOT, showing cliff and orphanage on top. Climbs down to mansard coping and goes along it to big tree at corner. Jill and Greg carrying children (dummies in blankets) and rope, come from right from behind standing front wall of cupola and run along roof toward tree.

Greg, Jill and 5 children seen in MIN. PROJ. climbing exposed stairway from 3rd to 4th (mansard) floor. A steep stair is seen reaching from 4th (mansard) floor up into cupola. As the wall crashes Joe climbs from truck and looks up.

SOUND: Jill screams.

Joe starts to climb rapidly up left wing of building. Smoke comes from windows. Window in 4th (mansard) floor nearest cupola is all in flames.

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

385 Landing on 4th (mansard) floor. Steep stair to cupola in f.g. Greg, Jill and five children at foot of stair. Greg is pushing the children up steep stair.

GREG

We'll get on the roof --

Jill starts up.

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

386 Inside cupola - unfinished beamed sloping walls, SHOOTING INTO corner. In right wall, door to roof. Left wall, a circular louvred window, cannot be seen through. Five children climbing through square floor opening, followed by Greg and Jill. Greg dashes to door. It is locked. He tugs at it and throws his weight against it. Jill runs to louvred window and pounds on it.

JILL

(screams)

Joe! Joe!

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

387 MED. SHOT - Edge of roof, cupola at right. MIN. Joe climbs up to roof at left, crosses above blazing mansard window to cupola and smashes at it with his fists, smoke and fire b.g.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT (MIN. PROJ.)

388 CLOSER SHOT - Cupola. Joe at left smashes in curved side of cupola, disclosing Jill, Greg and children inside.

397

MED. SHOT - (MIN. PROJ.) at left corner of roof and coping. Big tree at left. Joe, facing camera, straddles between tree and coping. Above, on flat roof, Greg puts down children, takes rope from Jill, ties one end to ornamental railing and tosses coil of rope down to coping. He then slides down to the coping. Jill hands first one child, then the other down to him. Greg reaches up and hangs the children on Joe's back, talking all the time, as long as scene requires.

GREG

Hold on, kids.
Hang on tight.
You'll be O.K.
Don't be scared.
Just hang on.
Joe won't hurt you.
He'll take you down.

Joe quickly slides down tree and out of scene, as Jill starts to climb over rail.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

398

MED. SHOT. MIN. PROJ. Big tree and corner of roof, SHOOTING STRAIGHT ON TO corner of roof and coping. Tree (Min) left f.g. Greg helps Jill slide down to coping, slips loop of rope around her and lowers her out of scene.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

399

LONG SHOT - MINIATURE. Joe sliding down tree, Jill on rope reaches ground, Greg slides down rope after her.

(This scene may be needed to correct timing of preceding and following scenes.)

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

400

MED. SHOT - MIN. PROJ. Foot of tree and corner of building. Joe with children on his back slides down tree to ground, steps away from tree. Jill reaches ground, throws off rope, takes one child from Joe's back. Greg slides down rope into scene, grabs second child from Joe's back. Jill and Greg, each carrying a child, rush off right. Burning rope falls into set from above. Joe looks up.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

401

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Smoking Dormer Window. A small child in pajamas crawls out of window to coping.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT - (MIN. AND MIN. PROJ.)

- 389 EXTREME LONG SHOT GUNNING STEEPLY UP from beach, foot of cliff. Looking up cliff at left side of orphanage. At left corner of building a tall tree at cliff edge. Right side of picture (front of orphanage and cupola) hidden by smoke and flame. Joe comes out of smoke, climbs down to mansard coping and goes left along it past dormer windows to last dormer left nearest tree. He looks in window. Meanwhile, Jill, Greg and five children come from right through smoke and run along edge of roof to left corner. Smoke from upper windows, flame from lower windows.
- 390 Left corner of roof, including slope of mansard and dormer windows. MINIATURE tree, left f.g. Joe standing on mansard coping, he reaches in dormer window and pulls out bassinet (MIN.) puts it up on roof, as Jill, Greg and five children run in from right on roof above.
- 391 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Corner of roof - Joe not seen. Jill is bringing children into scene, Greg kneels beside bassinet, tying rope through handles. Jill lifts three smallest children into bassinet, showing them how to crouch and hold on. Greg finishes tying knots, tests them.
- GREG
That's all it'll take --
- JILL
All right, Joe -- !
- 392 Corner of roof, slope of mansard and dormer window. Same as 390. Joe on coping, lifts MIN. bassinet and MIN. children (3) from roof and lowers them. Jill and two remaining children stand on roof right. Greg beside them, is kneeling tying end of rope to ornamental railing around roof edge.
- 393 EXTREME HIGH LONG SHOT - (ALL MINIATURE). Burning building, people on roof, Joe lowering bassinet which sways dangerously.
- 394 Foot of tree and corner of building - Set.
- 395 INSERT -
Rope passing window - flames lick out and rope starts to burn.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

402 DOWN SHOT from above coping. SET, MATTE and MIN. PROJ. In f.g. small child crawls along coping from l. to r. toward big tree. Below Greg, Jill, group of Nurses and children are looking up. At one side we see past the edge of cliff to the surf far below.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

403 MED. SHOT - MIN. PROJ., same as 400. Foot of tree and corner of building. Joe starts back up tree, burning debris falls into scene from above.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

404 CLOSE SHOT - MINIATURE. Joe on swaying tree, burning debris falls from above, Joe continues climb.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

405 CLOSE SHOT - GUNNING UP at small child on coping looking down.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

406 LONG SHOT - MINIATURE Tree and corner of blazing building. Joe climbs up as piece of wall collapses, and flames scorch Joe.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

407 MED. SHOT - MIN. PROJ. Tree and edge of coping. Small child clinging to coping. Joe climbs into scene. Flames and smoke from below, Joe tries to reach small child but tree sways out dangerously and Joe cannot reach far enough.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

408 MED. SHOT - GUNNING DOWN into faces of Greg, Jill, Nurses and children as they watch in terror.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

409 MED. SHOT - MIN. PROJ. Tree and edge of coping, same as 407. Joe on swaying tree manages to reach small child and lifts it from coping, just as coping and corner of building fall away. More flames come up, Joe is forced to climb higher.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

410 CLOSE SHOT - DOWN into faces of Jill and Greg looking up. They react.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

- 396 Tree and corner of building. Bassinet with three children reaches ground, a nurse runs in, lifts children out, as end of burning rope falls into picture from above.
- 397 Edge of roof, slope of mansard, etc. Same location as 390, but slightly different angle and closer. Set and MIN. PROJ. Mansard coping and tree, MINIATURE. Rest, real set. Joe stands on coping, looking down. He has let go of rope, which is tied to rail behind and above him. Jill, Greg and two children on roof, looking down, as Greg pulls burned-off rope up an arms-length, drops it and pantomimes "no use" to Jill. Jill picks up one child and lifts it over rail to Joe's back. Greg does the same with the other child, then helps Jill over rail. She puts her arms around Joe's neck.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT - (ALL MIN.)

- 398 EXTREME LONG SHOT. From foot of cliff up at burning building. Same as 389. All MIN. Joe climbs down tree, Jill and two children on his back. Greg on roof leans over, watching.
- 399 Section of roof, mansard slope and dormer window. MIN. tree not seen. SET. Greg on roof, slides down rope to coping. He pauses and looks down. SOUND - baby wailing. Greg looks around, peers in dormer, then starts edging along coping to right.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

- 400 STEEP DOWN SHOT SHOOTING FROM edge of roof down to coping, far below edge of cliff and below that, beach and people looking up. FULL PROCESS - B.G. Key of ocean and beach, LOCATION; Edge of cliff. PAINTING. Greg inches along coping from one dormer window to the next one. He looks into second dormer.
- 401 CLOSE SHOT - second dormer window (first window doubles for second). Greg climbs into smoky room.

INT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

- 402 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Corner of smoky room, a crib in corner, colored baby in it, crying. Greg gropes to crib, gathers up corners of bed-clothes and ties in a handy package.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

- 411 EXTREME HIGH SHOT - MIN. PROJ., from above top of tree. Joe climbs as high as he can, clutching small child to him. Foliage is catching fire around him. Far below, surf on beach. Tree sways as though it were going to fall over cliff.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

- 412 MED. SHOT - GUNNING DOWN at driveway. Schultz car rushes in, stops, Schultz, Deputies, Max, scramble out, Max struggles to get away from Schultz as all look up past camera to left, and Deputies start to raise rifles.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

- 413 MED. SHOT - MINIATURE - GUNNING UP at Joe on top of swaying, blazing tree, trying to shield small child by clutching him against his chest so child is scarcely visible.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

- 414 MED. SHOT - GUNNING DOWN at Schultz and Deputies with raised rifles aiming past, CAMERA LEFT. Max struggling with Schultz, Greg rushes in, knocks aside Deputies' rifles.

GREG

(shouts)

He's got a child --

Blazing debris (bi-pack) falls between them and CAMERA. Schultz and Deputies dodge back out of scene. Max breaks loose and runs off right with Greg.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

- 415 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MINIATURE. Joe in top of burning tree trying to shield small child, and looking around in desperation.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

- 416 LONG SHOT - MIN. PROJ. Corner of furiously blazing building and tree at right. Truck at center. Greg, Jill, Max, Nurses and children in left b.g. backed by shrubbery (MIN.KEY). The rest of building collapses in a tremendous crash of flaming rubble. The burning tree falls right to left, crushing down on the truck. (MIN.) People in left b.g. react and rush off left.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

- 403 CLOSE SHOT - Second dormer - Same as 401. Greg climbs out of window with baby.
- 404 STEEP DOWN SHOT - (PROCESS) - Greg carrying baby inches along coping left to right, people far below on beach. Same as 400.
- 405 Foot of tree and corner of building - (Min. Proj.). Joe at foot of tree, Jill and one child standing, Jill just taking second child from Joe's back. She looks up and sees:
- 406 Section of roof. Mansard and dormer window. Same as 399. MIN. Tree not seen. Greg on coping puts baby down and looks down at ground.
- 407 Foot of tree and corner of building, same as 405. MIN. PROJ. Joe at foot of tree, Jill with two children, she is looking up at Greg.

JILL

Go back and help him, Joe!

Joe starts to climb tree. Jill takes two children's hands and runs with them off right.

- 408 Section of roof, mansard slope and dormer. Same as 399. Baby on coping. Greg lets himself over edge of coping on rope tied to rail above. He braces one knee against coping and reaches for baby.

EXT. RAIL AROUND ROOF - NIGHT

- 409 CLOSE SHOT - Rail suddenly gives and bends downward.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

- 410 Section of roof, mansard and dormer. Same as 399. Greg reaches for baby, as rail bends outward. He falls back, and out of picture, clutching rope which catches on knobbed rail so that he does not fall free.
- 411 MED. CLOSE SHOT - A second story window - smoke and flames coming out. End of rope hangs in just over top of window. Greg (double) half falling, half sliding on rope, falls in from top of screen, checks himself for an instant with feet braced against building, and pushes himself out and away from blazing window in a desperate leap.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

417 CLOSER SHOT - MIN. PROJ. Top of tree slopes across top of screen. Jill and Greg rush into scene as Joe's hand (full scale) comes in over top line, holding small child. Jill reaches up and takes child, as Nurse runs in from left. Joe's hand withdraws as Jill turns and gives small child to Nurse. Nurse runs off left, as Max runs in from left. Joe climbs down from tree into f.g.

EXT. BURNING ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

418 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Jill, Greg, Max, all looking o.s. at Joe.

MAX
Don't worry, honey.
Everything's going to be all right.

419 CLOSE SHOT - MINIATURE b.g. fallen tree and ruined smoking building. Joe in f.g. rubbing his scorched eyes and blistered.

GREG'S VOICE
Show me the guy who'll shoot Joe now.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. JOE'S PARADISE - DAY (PAINTED GLASSES AND MULTIPLE MIN. PROJ.)

420 Same as 44. The same scene of peaceful beauty where Jill and Joe used to picnic when they were small. Now Joe sits in the same place, looking out over the landscape. SOUND: Jill whistling "Old Black Joe". Joe turns his head and looks up at the mossy rocks, right. Jill and Greg enter from above right. They stop and look down. Jill holds up a basket.

JILL
Here we are, Joe! We brought the picnic.

Joe makes a pleased sound.

EXT. ROCKS - DAY

421 CLOSE SHOT - Jill and Greg looking down and o.s. at Joe. Jill turns and smiles at Greg. He kisses her.

JILL
(with a long
happy sigh)
This is our very own place -
forever.

424 Same as 422. Joe's Paradise. Jill and Greg continue
climb down over rocks toward Joe, who watches them.
MUSIC: "Old Black Joe" in crescendo with variations.

FADE OUT

THE END

Nurse runs in from left, Jill gives her the baby and they see it is uninjured. Joe slowly sits up and rubs his hand across his eyes. Nurse exits with baby, as Schultz and three deputies run in from right. They raise their rifles. Max enters and rushes to Jill. Jill sees Schultz and deputies aiming. Jill SCREAMS. Greg puts his arm around her. Max, Greg and Jill stare at Schultz.

420 CLOSE SHOT - Schultz and three deputies. Schultz has drawn his gun and is aiming at Joe. The deputies have raised their rifles but they are watching Schultz, not Joe. Schultz slowly lowers his gun, and the deputies' rifles go down too. Schultz suddenly rams his gun back in its holster.

421 Same as 419. Schultz turns on his heel and marches off right, the three deputies straggle off after him. Joe rubbing his eyes in f.g. Jill in Greg's arms b.g. Max beside them.

MAX

Don't worry, honey, I'd like to see the guy who'd shoot Joe now.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. JOE'S PARADISE - DAY - (PAINTED GLASSES AND MULTIPLE MIN. PROJ.)

422 Same as 411. The same scene of peaceful beauty where Jill and Joe used to picnic when they were small. Now Joe sits in the same place, looking out over the landscape. SOUND: Jill whistling "Old Black Joe". Joe turns his head and looks up at the mossy rocks, right. Jill and Greg enter from above right. They stop and look down. Jill holds up a basket.

JILL

Here we are, Joe! We brought the picnic.

Joe makes a pleased sound.

EXT. ROCKS - DAY

423 CLOSE SHOT - Jill and Greg looking down and o.s. at Joe. Jill turns and smiles at Greg. He kisses her.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

(with a long
happy sigh)This is our very own place -
forever.

422

Same as 420. Joe's Paradise. Jill and Greg continue
climb down over rocks toward Joe, who watches them.

MUSIC: "Old Black Joe" in crescendo with variations.

FADE OUT

THE END

412 Foot of tree and corner of building. Greg falls and rolls right to left. Jill runs in from right, as he picks himself up, she runs to him. They both look up.

JILL

Joe!

GREG

Look out! Get away!

He drags her off right, as a burning timber falls from above.

413 CLOSE SHOT - Baby lying on coping, crying.

414 Section of mansard slope, MIN. tree and dormer - ALL MIN. Joe climbs up tree in left f.g., reaches over, picks up MIN. baby from coping.

415 Lower part of tree and building. A big section of the wall falls out with a CRASH and hits the tree in a burst of flame.

416 ZOOM SHOT - ALL MINIATURE - Joe clinging in tree, holding baby in one hand, as tree totters and starts to fall toward beach. Follow down as tree falls.

417 EXTREME LONG SHOT UP from beach at tree which falls and catches momentarily at edge of cliff. Another piece of burning building CRASHES down, and tree continues fall more slowly, till in a cascade of flaming debris it lands top downward on beach. Joe in upper branches.

EXT. TOP OF CLIFF AND TRAIL TO BEACH

418 LOW SHOT. Schultz car rushes in l. to r. Heavy smoke b.g. Schultz, Max, three deputies pile out, look o.s. and down.

SCHULTZ

(points)

There!

They rush o.s.

EXT. FOOT OF CLIFF - NIGHT - (LOCATION AND MIN. PROJ.)

419 Fallen tree top suggested upper left corner (MIN.). Joe lies in a heap in f.g. Jill and Greg run in behind him, Jill stoops and picks up the colored baby from behind Joe. (cont'd)

MR. JOSEPH YOUNG OF AFRICA
CHASE SEQUENCE

1 EXT. CLOSED CLUB - boarded-up doors, etc.

MOVE IN TO sign "Closed For Repairs."

DISSOLVE

2 INT. BASEMENT - Front of Cell, which now has new door and chains on it. A policeman, holding rifle, is looking in at Joe, as Jill enters.

POLICEMAN

He'll never break out again, lady.
Them bars'll hold anything.

Policeman exits right, as Jill approaches cell.

JILL

Joe.

(she puts her hands on
the bars)

There isn't anything I can do, Joe.
I tried. But they wouldn't listen.

(she pauses to control
her voice)

Greg and I were going to take you back
home. We had it all planned----

3 (SHOT) CLOSE SHOT - Jill at Cell.

JILL

It was nice back there -- at home --
wasn't it? Nobody hated us -- nobody
wanted to kill ---

She breaks down and turns away.

4 (SHOT) BASEMENT - Policeman, as Jill passes him.

POLICEMAN

Now, lady, you don't want to act
like that ---

Jill leans against wall, sobbing.

POLICEMAN

You don't want to be down here when they
come to shoot him. Look, you go find
O'Hara and the young feller. They're
likely upstairs in the office. Go on now.

(CONTINUED)

Jill goes slowly down the corridor.

POLICEMAN
(watching
her go)
That's a good girl --

5 (SHOT) EXT. PARKING PLACE - REAR OF SHERIFF'S OFFICE -
NIGHT

Set is section of brick wall, one lighted iron-barred window. Enough for backing for car.

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Three deputies. First deputy is at wheel of car. Second and third deputies, armed with heavy rifles, stand beside car. Second deputy trying bolt of his rifle.

THIRD DEPUTY
(looks at
his watch)
Say, it's after eight o'clock.
Where's Schultz and his court
order?

SECOND DEPUTY
I don't like this job much.

THIRD DEPUTY
It's just like shooting a mad dog.

Schultz enters from building.

SCHULTZ
(as he gets
in car)
Let's get it done. I gotta
date tonight.

Second and third deputies get in, as first deputy starts motor. SOUND motor starting.

6 (SHOT) INT. O'HARA'S OFFICE - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Jill and Windy. Windy is leaning on the wall behind desk, watching Jill, as she paces up and down.

JILL
(desperately)
But where did they go?

WINDY
(looks at watch)
I don't know but you can count
on Max.

(CONTINUED)

JILL
Those men are coming! They'll
shoot Joe!

She drops into chair beside desk and hides her face.
Windy comes around behind desk and pats her shoulder.

WINDY
Chin up, kid. Max has a scheme.
I don't know what, but we're not
licked -- yet.

7 (SHOT) INT. O'HARA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

MED. SHOT TOWARD door at right. Max and Greg rush in.
CAMERA with them as they cross to desk, Jill comes to
meet them.

GREG
We've got a plan, Jill.

MAX
We'll get Joe away.

WINDY
Going to get him outta the state,
huh?

MAX
Outta the state? Outta the country.
Joe's going back to Africa.

JILL
Oh! You mean it?

MAX
(for once he is
playing straight
as sincerely as
he knows how)
Listen, honey, I been doin' a lotta
thinking these ten days. If Joe gets
shot, it's my fault. You and Joe
don't belong here. I talked you into
this, and it's up to me to get you out.
I'll get you back home if I go to
jail for it.

JILL
Oh-----
(she throws her
arms around him
in a big hug)

GREG
We paid the captain of a freighter
down at the harbor. He's promised
not to sail till six o'clock.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

How can we get Joe out? There's
a policeman down there.

MAX

I gotta plan. It'll take split
second timing. We all got to work
together--and fast. Now listen---

The four huddle, heads together.

DISSOLVE

8 (SHOT) INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

SHOOTING TOWARD corridor, cell at left, Joe not seen.
Same set-up as 302. Max coming down corridor from
stairs. He is acting for all he's worth.

MAX

(mournfully,
to Policeman)

Hello, Moran.

He comes to f.g. and stands looking into cell.

MAX (cont'd)

Just came down to take my last
look at poor old Joe.

POLICEMAN

Okay by me. Just keep that girl
outta here. They'll be here to
shoot him any minute.

MAX

(shakes his head)

Too bad.

9 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Inside Joe's cell, SHOOTING THROUGH bars, Joe in f.g.
same as 227. Max in b.g. talking to Joe.

MAX

I gotta lotta dough tied up in you.
(he sighs heavily)

Goodbye, Joe. I oughta have left
you in Africa where you belong.

10 (SHOT) INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

SHOOTING FROM corridor past policeman toward Max as
cell door right b.g. Max turns from cell and plods
dejectedly toward CAMERA. As Max passes policeman and
reaches f.g. Max Suddenly does a terrific dramatic
stagger, clutches his heart and reels against wall.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

(gasping)

Aaah!

(he groans)

Policeman jumps up, leans rifle against wall and runs in behind Max, supporting him.

MAX

My heart! Help me --

Policeman pulls Max's arm over his shoulder to lift him along as they move over f.g.

POLICEMAN

There now! There now! Take it easy. I got you --

11 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Stairs up to stage.

Max and policeman stagger in over f.g. Policeman half-dragging Max up stairs, Max groaning dismally.

MAX

Upstairs - my office.

POLICEMAN

Easy now - you'll be all right.

12 (SHOT) INT. NIGHT CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Top of stairs up from basement. Stair well enclosed on three sides by concrete wall, backing of scene flats. Policeman supporting Max staggering up to stage level, left to right.

MAX

(clinging to
policeman)

My office - my medicine -

POLICEMAN

Take it easy - I've got you.

They exit right to left over f.g. Door SLAMS. Jill rises cautiously from behind concrete stair wall, peers o.s. after Max, then darts down the stairs.

13 PAN SHOT with Jill down corridor and to Cell.

14 PROCESS - FRONT OF CELL - Use same key as Jill's goodbye speech to Joe. Jill gets key from pocket and starts to unlock padlock.

15 CLOSE SHOT - Jill struggling to unwrap chains from cell door.

16 (SHOT) Max's Office - Max sprawled on desk, pretending collapse. Policeman rummaging in desk drawer.

POLICEMAN

I can't find any medicine. Better call a doctor ----

He reaches for phone. Max with a groan falls across it

MAX

No -- no -- medicine -- find medicine ---

17 EXT. NIGHT CLUB - Schultz and Three Deputies with rifles drive in, get out of car and exit into club.

18 INT. BASEMENT PROCESS NEW KEY - New cell door open - Jill coaxes Joe out left.

19 ADDITION TO GATE SHOT - Greg backs Van into rear entrance of club.

20 (SHOT) INT. O'HARA'S OFFICE - NIGHT
MED. SHOT TOWARD door right. Schultz and 2nd and 3rd deputies enter, with rifles. CAMERA SWINGS with them over to desk.

SCHULTZ

Evening, O'Hara-- What's the matter, Moran?

(to policeman)

Why aren't you in the basement guarding the ape?

POLICEMAN

He took sick. I had to help him.

MAX

(weakly)

My heart. Sit down.

SCHULTZ

No thanks.

(pulls out legal paper)

Here's the court order.

(he puts it on desk)

We'll go down and get the job done.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

No - no! Wait -- don't go yet --

SCHULTZ

I gotta date --

MAX

But I haven't read the court order -

SCHULTZ

(impatiently)

There's nothing wrong with it.
You coming with us?

MAX

Oh no - my heart - the strain --

SCHULTZ

All right.

(to policeman
and deputies)

Come on.

POLICEMAN

Let's go this way. It's shorter.

As 2nd and 3rd deputies and policeman exit left.

SCHULTZ

(to Max)

This won't take long.

He follows the others out. As the door closes behind Schultz, Max leaps up, takes scissors from desk, cuts phone cord, CAMERA SWINGS WITH him as he starts for door right. He stops, takes small strip map from coat pocket, lays it carefully on carpet between desk and door, and rushes out right.

21 (SHOT) EXT. ALLEY - REAR OF NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT
(MIN. AND MIN. PROJ.)

Right f.g. side of van doors open backed up to ramp down to basement. At left, rear wall of club. Entire set and van, MINIATURE. Between van and wall, and beyond curbing around MINIATURE ramp, Jill and Greg stand (MINIATURE PROJ.). Backing is alley wall sufficient to cover their head-room. CAMERA high enough to see upper part of ramp slope. Joe is coming up ramp from basement.

JILL

(urgent low
voice)

Hurry, Joe. Get in!

22 (SHOT) INT. BASEMENT - Schultz, policeman, and deputies come toward Joe's cell. Schultz glances at rifle leaning against wall.

SCHULTZ

Pretty careless, aren't you, Moran?
(hands rifle to Moran)

He continues on to cell door, discovers that Joe is gone.

SCHULTZ

Hey! He's gone!

One Deputy rushes to door down left. He tries to open it.

DEPUTY

This door's locked!

23 EXT. REAR OF CLUB - MINIATURE - Joe climbs into van.
SOUNDS: COPS HAMMERING ON BASEMENT DOOR.

24 INT. BASEMENT - Deputies trying to open basement door. Schultz goes into cell, looks out Joe's window.

SCHULTZ

Hey, you! Stop!

25 EXT. REAR OF CLUB - PROCESS - NEW KEY
Greg slams van doors on Joe, exits left.

26 INT. BASEMENT - Schultz dashes out of cell.

SCHULTZ

They've got him in a big white van.
Get to a phone - O'Hara's office.

Schultz and Deputies exit right.

27 EXT. REAR OF CLUB - FRONT OF VAN. Greg climbs in, Jill already in. Van pulls out right.

28 (SHOT) EXT. FRONT NIGHT CLUB - Windy's roadster and Schultz' car parked. First Deputy at wheel of Schultz' car. Max comes from wrecked club, goes briskly to Schultz' car.

MAX

(to 1st deputy)
Schultz wants you up in my office.
Right in here.

(CONTINUED)

28 (CONTINUED)

1st deputy gets out, Max takes him up to door; as he goes in, Max closes and locks door from outside. The moment 1st deputy is in, Windy opens hood of Schultz car. Max joins Windy at roadster. They get in and drive away.

29 (SHOT) INT. O'HARA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Door left bursts open. Schultz and 2nd deputy rush in.

SCHULTZ

O'Hara!

(sees Max gone,
grabs phone on
desk)

Police Headquarters!

(remembers he
must dial,
whirls dial
once, yelling)

Operator! Police headquarters!
(banging phone book)

Operator! Wake up -

2nd deputy picks up map that Max dropped.

2ND DEPUTY

Schultz! Here's a tip-off! Look!
A map. Las Vegas. They're getting
out of the state!

Schultz rushes in from left, still with receiver at ear. First deputy enters door right.

1ST DEPUTY

Here I am, Schultz -

SCHULTZ

What? Why?

1ST DEPUTY

O'Hara said you wanted me -

Schultz suddenly realizes he ought not to be able to do that, takes phone from ear and holds it out to show dangling cut wire. With an angry yelp he throws it across room.

SCHULTZ

I'll get that guy! Got to a
phone --

He runs out door right followed by three deputies and policeman.

30 (PROCESS) SEAT OF VAN GOING LEFT TO RIGHT. Greg and Jill.

GREG

O'Hara ought to catch up along here somewhere - watch out for him.

31 (SHOT) EXT. ENTRANCE NIGHT CLUB - Schultz' car parked. Door shaking from furious kicking from inside. Door gives way - Schultz and cops tumble out - rush to parked car. Find motor won't start.

SCHULTZ

Where's a phone? Turn in a general alarm.

Schultz, policeman and one deputy run off left. First Deputy still at wheel - second deputy working on motor.

32 (SHOT) STREET - Max and Windy drive in and stop.

MAX

Hope the kids made it all right.
I'll look for 'em.

He gets out of car, runs to mouth of alley, runs back and gets in car.

MAX

Here they come.

Windy starts car, Van passes mouth of alley. Windy follows.

33 (SHOT) PROCESS - Max gets from Windy's car to Van.

MAX

So long, Windy. Be seeing you.

34 STRAIGHT ON SHOT - SEAT OF VAN - Max, Jill, Greg.

MAX

Step on it, Greg.

GREG

Gotta get some air in that front tire.

35 PHONE BOOTH - CLOSE SHOT - Third Deputy at phone.

3RD DEPUTY

...in a big white van. Probably headed for Las Vegas.

POLICEMAN

Calling all cars. Escaped gorilla in large white van, headed north. Animal very dangerous. Shoot on sight. Watch all north roads. Calling all cars...

- 37 (SHOT) EXT. FILLING STATION Van drives in and stops. Attendant comes out to them.

GREG

Give us some air in the left front. Got a slow leak.

ATTENDANT

Want I should change the wheel?

GREG

No, I'm in a hurry.

Attendant exits to front wheel.

- 38 DRIVER'S SEAT OF VAN - Greg, Jill and Max. Max listening to portable radio.

CAR RADIO

Calling all cars. Escaped gorilla in white van headed north.....

MAX

(chuckles)

Fine. It worked. They think we're going north.

- 39 NEW PROCESS - Bindlestiff scared by Joe. Van pulls out.

- 40 (SHOT) FILLING STATION - Van drives off, exposing astonished attendant looking first one way and then the other.

- 41 (NEW PROCESS) DRIVER'S SEAT OF VAN. Jill opening window to look back inside van.

MAX

What happened? What was that?

GREG

I don't know.

JILL

(Peering back into van)

I don't know - but Joe's all right.

- 42 FRONT ENTRANCE OF CLUB - SCHULTZ' CAR. Second Deputy gets motor repaired and drops hood as Schultz and

Third Deputy enter from left.

2ND DEPUTY

Okay, Schultz. We go north, huh?

SCHULTZ

No. That map may be a trick.
We'll go south.

43 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

(SHOT) MED. SHOT at desk - Sergeant at desk. A patrolman enters on other side of grill opening, dragging an old bindlestiff, incoherent with terror, muttering wildly to himself in Polish.

SERGEANT

What you got?

PATROLMAN

One for the tank, Sergeant. And has he got the horrors. Runnin' up and down the road yellin' like a banshee.

SERGEANT

Take him back. I'll book him when he's sober.

Patrolman starts to push bindlestiff toward left.

BINDLESTIFF

(yells in Polish)

The monkey nearly got me. The biggest monkey in the world --

SERGEANT

Hey! Hold on! That's my old man's lingo.

(to bindlestiff)

What did you say?

BINDLESTIFF

(jabbers about his experience)

SERGEANT

(picks up phone)

Get me headquarters.

(in Polish)

What did you see? What was it?

Be quiet!

BINDLESTIFF

(jabbers and gestures)

SERGEANT

(into phone)

Captain O'Toole? This is Obrinski.
We got a report on the gorilla.
This is the real thing --

44

(SHOT) RUNBY of Van - L to R.

CAR RADIO

Calling all cars. Escaped gorilla
reported at service station - Duane
and Tilford --

SCHULTZ

Hey - that's not far from here...

CAR RADIO

...large white van headed south - animal
very dangerous - shoot on sight... repeat...
escaped gorilla reported at service
station - Duane and Tilford...

46 (SHOT RUNBY OF Van - L to R.

47 (SHOT) PROCESS on seat of Van. Max puts down radio.

MAX

Oh, oh! We're spotted. They
know we're headed south.

JILL

What can we do?

GREG

(yells)

Look out!

48 (SHOT) EXT. CROSSROADS - A canvas-covered truck stopped
across the road. ZOOM UP fast on truck and stop.

49 (SHOT) Side of truck lighted by van's headlights os.
Sam, a large belligerent truck driver, climbs down as
Greg runs in to him.

GREG

What d'ya think you're doing?
Want to get us all killed?

SAM

Who are you yelling at?

GREG

Get off the road!

SAM

Hey, look - I take orders from nobody.

GREG

I'm in a hurry. Get out of the way!

SAM

Says who?

GREG

Look, I don't want to fight, but if you
don't move this truck, I will.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Okay, buster, you asked for it.

They exchange blows. Greg knocks Sam out, and Max runs into scene.

MAX

I'll move the truck...

GREG

(yells os)

Jill! Get Joe out!

MAX

What's the idea?

GREG

How much gas has he got?

MAX

What?... Oh, I get it.

(he looks at gas gauge)

Half a tank.

GREG

Help Jill.

Max and Greg exit fg, Greg dragging Sam with him.

50

EXT. FILLING STATION - CLOSE SHOT

Schultz' car drives in, stops by pump where attendant stands.

SCHULTZ

Seen a big white van?

ATTENDANT

(eagerly)

Sure did - something funny about that outfit...

SCHULTZ

Going south?

(CONTINUED)

ATTENDANT

Yah. Say, what goes on...

Schultz' car drives out.

51 (PROCESS) BACK OF TRUCK - Joe climbing in. Jill closes canvas.

53 (PROCESS) SCHULTZ' CAR -

SCHULTZ

(yells)

There it is!

Schultz starts siren.

52 (SHOT) SIDE OF TRUCK - Jill getting in, Greg at wheel. Max beside truck, closes door. SOUND: DISTANT SIREN.

MAX

(points off right)

Take that road - back way to the harbor.

GREG

See you at the ship.

MAX

I hope.

He runs back to van, climbs up and starts the motor.

54 (SHOT) CROSSROADS - Greg in truck, drives toward camera stops, turns off headlights. In b.g. Max drives van off right. SOUND: APPROACHING SIREN. Schultz' car drives across b.g. left to right, pursuing van. Greg turns on headlights, drives truck over f.g. and out CR.

55 SHOTS of Van and Schultz' car past camera.

56 (SHOT) Van down road toward camera. Schultz' car draws alongside and pushes it off the road. Van and Schultz' car stop, Schultz and Deputies pile out and run back to van.

57 (SHOT) FULL PAN SHOT at Schultz' car and Van. Schultz and deputies stop as they recognize Max on seat of van.

SCHULTZ

O'Hara! What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

MAX
(innocently)
Was I going too fast?

SCHULTZ
(enraged)
Come outta there!

He pulls Max out of van. The group proceed along the road to rear of van.

SCHULTZ
Thought you'd put it over on me,
didn't you?

MAX
I demand an explanation... this
is a great indignity.

SCHULTZ
Aw, shut up!

They have reached the end of van.

SCHULTZ
(to deputies)
Open those doors.

Max pulls loose and runs to stand with back against the doors at rear of van.

SCHULTZ
Be ready to shoot!

MAX
(arms wide)
Stop! What are you going to do?

SCHULTZ
Shoot that gorilla.

MAX
Gorilla? What gorilla?

SCHULTZ
Cut it out. You know we got an order...

MAX
Order? What order?

SCHULTZ
The court order - in your office...

MAX
What office?

SCHULTZ
Get away from there!

(CONTINUED)

MAX

But you left the order on my desk.
You can't proceed without --

SCHULTZ

Get away, I tell you...

MAX

There's nothing in here. Don't
open it -- it's empty...

SCHULTZ

(pulls Max away from doors)
Get out - Quick, Jim!

MAX

(struggles in Schultz' grip)
Look out - it's dangerous - you'll
get hurt!

SCHULTZ

(to deputy at doors)
Ready, boys! Open the door!

Deputies raise rifles. 1st Deputy throws open the
doors and jumps back to one side. They all stand
transfixed.

58 (SHOT) CLOSE SHOT on open doors of van. Truck driver
gets up on hands and knees.

59 (SHOT) REAR OF VAN - Schultz holding Max. Deputies
lower rifles.

SCHULTZ

(blankly)
Who's that?

60 (NEW SCENE) CLOSE SHOT - Sam in Van.

SAM

Hey! Where's my truck?
Somebody swiped my truck!
(he collapses)

61 (NEW SCENE) CLOSE SHOT AT REAR OF VAN. Schultz and Max.

SCHULTZ

You double-crossing smart aleck!
So now the gorilla's in a truck!

MAX

What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

SCHULTZ

Where did they go?

MAX

None of your business.

62 (SHOT) REAR OF TRUCK AND PAN ALONG ROAD to Schultz' car - Schultz dragging Max.

SCHULTZ

You come with me. Listen, O'Hara... you're obstructing justice. Where's that gorilla? You better talk, O'Hara.

MAX

Aaah! I'm going to have a heart attack.

SCHULTZ

Fine! Have it in there.
(he shoves Max into car)

SCHULTZ (NEW LINE TO BE SCORED)

Turn around. Back to that crossroad.
That's where they went.

63 (PROCESS) SEAT OF TRUCK - Greg and Jill.

JILL

How long can Mr. O'Hara stop them?

GREG

I don't know, but we better get off
this road.

64 COFFEE STAND AT INTERSECTION - Owner and one customer. Truck swings off at corner onto secondary road, exits right to left past camera.

65 CLOSE SHOT - AT COFFEE STAND.

OWNER

Where's that fool think he's going?

66 DIRT ROAD LOCATION - Truck comes around clay bank - R to L. past camera.

67 LONG SHOT - MINIATURE - Van down road into ditch, sticks in sand. OVERLAP with real truck, goes down into ditch and sticks.

68 CLOSE SHOT - Wheels spinning in sand.

- 69 TRUCK SEAT - JILL JUMPS DOWN, runs to rear of truck.
- 70 (PROCESS) REAR OF TRUCK - Jill opens canvas, disclosing Joe. Jill exits right.
- 71 SIDE OF TRUCK - MINIATURE KEY. Joe goes out. Jill orders him to push. He does.
- 72 COFFEE STAND AT INTERSECTION - Schultz' car stopped in front. Second Deputy runs out of coffee stand and gets in car.
- SECOND DEPUTY
(shouting as he runs)
He says a truck turned off here!
- SCHULTZ
Maybe that's it.
- 73 LONG SHOT INTERSECTION - Schultz' car makes turn and follows truck.
- 74 ALL MINIATURE - Truck stuck in sand, Joe pushing, Jill watches Greg at wheel. SOUND: APPROACHING SIREN.
- 75 DIRT ROAD LOCATION - Schultz' car rounds clay bank.
- 76 (PROCESS) SCHULTZ' CAR - CLOSE SHOT
- SCHULTZ
There! There he is! SHOOT!
- The second deputy in the back seat leans out and shoots. Max beside him, lurches against him to spoil his aim.
- 77 LONG SHOT - Joe pushing truck out. Deputies coming in b.g. shooting.
- 78 CLOSE SHOT - SIDE OF TRUCK - Jill runs in, climbs to seat with Greg.
- 79 LONG SHOT - ALL MINIATURE - Truck pulling out as Joe climbs in. Truck exits right, as Schultz' car comes down bank and sticks in right.
- 80 CLOSE SHOT - Schultz' car sticking in sand.
- 81 CLOSE UP - Wheels spinning in sand.

SCHULTZ' CAR STUCK, Schultz and Deputies scramble out and start shooting. Max after them, grabbing at their guns.

MAX

You'll hit the girl.

SCHULTZ

Get the tires.

They shoot.

83

TRUCK LURCHING ACROSS FIELDS, canvas back hanging open. Sand spurts from bullets.

84

TRUCK TURNS across ditch and onto tree-screened lane.

85

ON LANE, as truck leaves field and gets onto lane left to right.

86

SCHULTZ' CAR STUCK, First Deputy gunning motor. Schultz and other deputies start to push.

SCHULTZ

(to Max)

You! Come on, push!

MAX

No, thanks - I'd rather watch.

87

(PROCESS) SEAT OF TRUCK - Same key as for Schultz' car along bank.

JILL

Can't we close that canvas?

GREG

(he peers back)

No, we can't stop --

(he turns back, suddenly yells)

Hang on!

He swings the wheel desperately.

88

O'BRIEN SHOT - THROUGH WINDSHIELD ZOOMING UP ON BROKEN BRIDGE AND DETOUR SIGN.

89

MINIATURE TRUCK - swerves and tips, knocking into bank. Truck tips over, as rocks fall behind it.

90

MINIATURE PROJECTION - CLOSE SHOT - Greg and Jill climb out of overturned truck and run to the front of it.

- 91 LONG SHOT - Use same key. Continue action as Joe climbs out of truck, goes behind it, and tries to right it. Greg and Jill demonstrate what to do.
- 92 SCHULTZ' CAR - out of sand. Deputies throw Max in and drive off.
- 93 MINIATURE PROJECTION - Joe struggles to get truck upright.
- 94 SCHULTZ' CAR - bumping across field onto tree-screened lane.
- 95 MIN. PROJ. - Joe gets truck upright and climbs in.
- 96 FRONT OF TRUCK - Greg and Jill climb in.
- 97 LONG SHOT - MINIATURE - Truck drives off through detour around broken bridge. As truck exits right, Schultz' car enters left, is stopped by fallen rock.
- 98 CLOSE SHOT - Missing ground. MIN. PROJ. Rock barricade in miniature right, front of Schultz' car left. Schultz out of car, looks at rock barricade.

SCHULTZ

Get back to the coast road!
They're headed for the harbor.

INTO ORPHANAGE SEQUENCE.

2/3/48

MR. JOSEPH YOUNG OF AFRICA
PICK-UP SHOTS FOR CHASE SEQUENCE

1 PROCESS - Greg and Jill on Van seat.

GREG

O'Hara ought to catch up along here
somewhere. Watch out for him.

2 SHOT - O'Hara's Office - Schultz and Deputies in.
Phone and map business, they rush out.

3 SHOT - Max and Windy in alley. Van passes, they follow.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

4 2nd Deputy working on Schultz' car, 1st Deputy at wheel
gets motor started. 2nd Deputy drops hood of car and
gets in, as Schultz and 3rd Deputy run in from left,
get in car and drive out.

EXT. DRIVER'S SEAT - NIGHT-(PROCESS)

5 Greg driving fast, Jill opening window to look back
at Joe.

MAX

What happened? What was that?

GREG

I don't know ---

JILL

I don't know, but Joe's all right.

EXT. DRIVER'S SEAT - VAN - NIGHT

6 Max holding radio to his ear, he lowers it.

MAX

Oh - oh. We're spotted. They know
we're in a van. And headed south.

GREG

We got to get off this boulevard--

MAX

Take the next side road ---

GREG

There's one ---

MR. JOSEPH YOUNG OF AFRICA
PICK-UP SHOTS FOR CHASE SEQUENCE

EXT. ROAD INTERSECTION - NIGHT

- 7 Open front lunch stand at corner, Owner and one customer. Van swings off truck boulevard onto secondary road, toward camera. Exits right to left past camera.

LUNCH STAND-NIGHT

- 8 LUNCH STAND OWNER
(peers after Van)
Hey. Maybe that's the van the police are looking for.

EXT. FILLING STATION - NIGHT

- 9 CLOSE SHOT - Schultz' car drives in, stops by pump. Attendant stands beside it.

SCHULTZ
Seen a big white van go by?

ATTENDANT
(eagerly)
I sure did. Something funny about that outfit---

SCHULTZ
They going south?

ATTENDANT
Yeah. Say, what goes on ---

Schultz' car drives out.

SECONDARY ROAD CURVE - NIGHT

- 10 Van run-by right to left.

EXT. SCHULTZ' CAR - NIGHT

- 11 SHOT -

SCHULTZ
They can't make time in a furniture van.

1st DEPUTY
(at wheel)
We'll catch 'em. Wonder who's driving.

SCHULTZ
Well, step on it. They can't be far ahead.

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EXT. SECONDARY ROAD DIPS INTO DRY WASH. MIN.

12 Van drives down into dip, sticks in sand.

13
INSERT VAN WHEELS SPINNING in sand.

SIDE OF VAN - DRIVER'S SEAT -

14 CLOSE SHOT. Max jumps down, helps Jill, they run to back of Van.

15 PROCESS - Shooting at Van doors. Max and Jill open doors wide and exit right.

SHOT - SCHULTZ CAR - (PROCESS)

16 Car left to right, siren going (SOUND)

ALL MINIATURE.

17 Van stuck in sand, Joe pushing, Max and Jill watching, beside Van.

EXT. INTERSECTION AND LUNCH STAND

18 Siren heard approaching. Owner of Lunch Stand runs out into road, flagging down Schultz car as it drives in.

19 SCHULTZ CAR' - Lunch Stand owner pointing.

OWNER
Big Van - white one - turned off -
going fast ---
(he gestures)

EXT. INTERSECTION - Same as 18.

20 Schultz' Car goes down secondary road.

21 ALL MINIATURE - Van stuck in sand - Joe pushing it out - Max and Jill watching.

SECONDARY ROAD - Same as 10.

22 Schultz' Car, SIREN going run-by camera right to left.

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23 CLOSE SHOT - Schultz' car - PROCESS.

SCHULTZ

There they are.

Second Deputy in back seat leans out and shoots.

24 Side of van - driver's seat - Greg at wheel. SOUND:
shot as Max and Jill run in from left.

JILL

Get in, Joe.

(she starts back-
Max stops her)

Never mind the doors ---

Max pushes her up to seat, scrambles after her.

25 Van pulls out of sand, Joe climbs in, van gathers speed
and exits, as Schultz' car comes from b.g., goes down
into wash, and sticks in sand.

26 CLOSE SHOT - Schultz' car stuck. Second and third
Deputies tumble out and start shooting.

27 Van lurching across fields - sand spurts from bullets
at tires. Doors are swinging open.

28 CLOSE PROCESS SHOT. Max, Jill, Greg on seat react to
shots.

29 Schultz' car stuck in sand. Deputies and Schultz look
after van, shoot again. First Deputy at wheel trying
to force car out by gunning motor.

30 Van - doors swinging open - bumps across ditch onto road
again.

31 Schultz' car stuck. Schultz and second and third
deputies struggling to push car.

32 PROCESS - driver's seat of van - Max leaning out to look
back.

(CONTINUED)

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32 (CONTINUED)

MAX

I hope it's quicksand --

JILL

Can't we stop and close the doors --

GREG

Not yet --

EXT. ROAD

33 Van RUN-BY left to right - doors swinging open.

34 PROCESS - driver's seat, van, Greg, Jill, Max.

GREG

(suddenly yells)

Hang on!

35 O'BRIEN SHOT - through windshield, broken bridge and
detour sign.

36 QUICK PROCESS FLASH - Greg, Jill, Max react.

37 O'BRIEN SHOT. Van swerves and tips over.

38 MIN. PROJ. - side of van. Max, Jill, Greg climb out and
exit left behind Min. van.

39 MIN. PROJ. - Joe out of van, goes behind it, struggles
to right it. Max, Jill, Greg against rock set.

40 Schultz' car stuck. Schultz and Deputies pushing car out
of sand.

41 MIN. PROJ. - same as 39. Joe rights van.

EXT. FIELD

42 Schultz' car bumps across field onto road.

43 MIN. PROJ. - same as 39. Jill points to overhanging rock.
Joe pulls it down, blocking road behind van. Climbs
into van.

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- 44 PROCESS - Joe in van. Jill and Greg slam doors and run for front seat. Max and Jill to right. Greg to left.
- 45 Bridge and detour set - rock b.g. - driver's seat - van - rock backing. Max, Jill, Greg climb up and drive off.
- 46 LONG SHOT - MIN. van drives off on detour.
- 47 Same as 33. Schultz' car RUN-BY left to right.
- 48 MIN. - Same as 39. Schultz' car comes to road blocked by rock, stops.
- 49 Driver's Seat - PROCESS B.G. - van, Max, Greg, Jill.

JILL

Do you think we'll get away?

MAX

(looking very
worried)

Don't worry, honey. We'll make it.

GREG

This van is so blamed easy to spot -

(he yells)

Look out!

Greg grabs for brake.

- 50 Sequence of truck driver fight and transfer of Joe to truck. (SHOT)
- 51 MIN. O'BRIEN - Schultz' car maneuvering to get around rock. Same as 39. Car gets around obstacle and goes on.
- 52 Schultz' car - driver's seat.

SCHULTZ

(peers ahead)

We've got 'em now!

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PICK-UP SHOTS FOR CHASE SEQUENCE

53 Greg and Jill on truck.

JILL
They'll catch Mr. O'Hara.

GREG
Yeah. But he'll stall 'em as
long as he can.

54 WHIP SHOT - at curve in road, as van speeds around
curve.

55 Same as above, as police car follows van.

RETAKES & PROCESS SEQUENCE - DRUNKS & JOE IN BASEMENT

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

227 LONG SHOT (Without bars) - Joe sitting, rises during scene. Brown, Smith, Jones enter right.

SMITH

There - see? Tol' you I could
fin' him.

JONES

Look at him! Very sad. Isn't
havin' any fun!

BROWN

He needs a drink. Then he'll
feel good. Like us. Come here,
fella.

(holds out bottle)

SMITH

Won't you join us, Mr. Young?

BROWN

's good for you. Forget your
troubles. Come on. That's a sport.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

228 CLOSEUP at bars - Brown and Joe.

BROWN

This is good stuff. Watch me.
(takes a swig)

Mmm. Good. See? Now you take it.
Come on. Don't you wanta feel good?
Try it. Grow hair on your chest.

(Joe puts hand
through bars)

Thass right. Here you are.

SMITH (o.s.)

Think he'll like it?

BROWN

Why, sure he will. Jus' what
he needs.

(Joe sits and looks
at bottle)

Go on. Try it.

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INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

229 LONG SHOT - Joe sits looking at bottle.

JONES

He doesn't know what to do with it.
Hey - watch me!
(he drinks from his bottle)

Joe starts to drink.

SMITH

He's caught on. Look at that.
Drinks like a gentleman.

JONES

Look at him pour it down.

BROWN

He likes it all right.

SMITH

(waves his bottle)
Here's lookin' at you, Mr. Joseph Young.
(he drinks)

BROWN

Hey, I wanta drink...

Joe reaches for second bottle.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - (MIN. PROJ.)

230 OVER Joe's shoulder.

SMITH

He wants some more.

JONES

Thass a smart monkey. He's
pra'ti'cly human.

BROWN

(to Smith)
Go on, don't be so stingy. Give
it to him. He got mine.

JONES

He knows what he wants.

SMITH

Oh - all right.
(gives Joe his bottle)

BROWN

If we hadn't come along, he never
woulda had a drink.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

234 CLOSEUP - Joe has bottle, looking at it.

SMITH

We're showin' him a good time.

BROWN

Sure. We're good sports. An' Mr. Young's a good sport. Thass right, Mr. Young?

Joe drinks second bottle.

JONES

Look at that! Two bottles!

BROWN

(tries to sing)

"We won't go home till morning..."

SMITH

Can you imagine the size of his hangover?

Joe starts to rise.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

235 LONG SHOT - Joe rises.

BROWN

Oh, brother! What a headache he's goin' to have!

Men laugh.

SMITH

You know what I think? I think he's drunk!

They laugh again.

BROWN

I'd like to see O'Hara throw him out!

They try to sing: "Won't go home till Morning!"

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - (MIN. PROJ. OVER JOE'S SHOULDER)

236 Joe reaches for third bottle.

JONES

Wheee! He wants more!

SMITH

Well, you oughta let him have it. I gave him mine.

(CONTINUED)

236 (CONTINUED)

JONES

Okay, big boy.

Joe takes third bottle.

BROWN

(scowls)

He doesn't know when he'd had enough.

SMITH

Go to it, brother.

Joe drinks.

JONES

Skol!

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

237 LONG SHOT - Joe drinking.

JONES

Jumpin' catfish! What a thirst!

SMITH

Don't you wish you could do that!

BROWN

He's just a hog. He doesn't leave any for us. Thass gratitude.

SMITH

Bet you he could drink all the liquor in this joint.

BROWN

Well, I'm not goin' to buy him any more. He's drunk. Disgusting.

SMITH

Listen, Mr. Young - if you can't handle your liquor, you shouldn't drink.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - (ALL MINIATURE)

237A SIDE ANGLE - Joe looking through bars. Men speak o.s.

BROWN (o.s.)

You drank all our good liquor.
You big moocher. Y'oughta be
ashamed --

Joe reaches through bars.

BROWN (o.s.)(cont'd)

What - again?

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

237B CLOSEUP - Joe's hand through bars. Brown lighting
cigarette.

BROWN
Ah, lay off, will ya?

SMITH (o.s.)
You drank it all.

BROWN
I'll teach ya!
(he burns
Joe's hand)

Joe retreats, looks at hand.

BROWN (cont'd)
Drink all our liquor, will ya!

JONES (o.s.)
Serves him right.

Joe turns, snarls.

BROWN
(retreats)
Hey - quit that!

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

237C LONG SHOT - Joe beats on bars.

BROWN
He'll get out!

SMITH
Look out!

JONES
Help! Run!...

They panic out right, yelling, "Help!" etc., etc.