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Culver City, Calif. No.

8-23-49

NOTE:

Please see
inside of
cover for
changes and
additions.

NOTHING DOING

*For Bette and Priscilla
with much love
R. Sturges*

From:

Preston Sturges

8-23-49

**TEMPORARY
COMPLETE**

SUMMARY:

No. 1

NOTHING DOING

(Script dated: 8-23-49)

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

9-8-49

Total number of pages in script
including revisions to date, and
based on 63 lines per page: 129

Script completed: 9-8-49

NOTHING DOING

AFTER MAIN TITLES...FADE IN:
MONTAGE

1-10

Past a sign on a roof, we look down at the yards of a great Construction Company. Considerable earth-moving and concrete-mixing machinery is in evidence. The left hand corner of the sign is embellished with the capital 'K' enclosed in a square pulley or sheave block which is the trademark of the great Kimble Construction Company and its allied companies. Next to the trademark we read, of course, THE KIMBLE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY. This dissolves to a HIGH CAMERA SHOT of an oil cracking plant. The CAMERA PANS over the plant and comes to rest on a sign beginning, as before, with the 'K' trademark. The rest of the sign says: THE KIMBLE OIL COMPANY. We dissolve again, this time to a HIGH CAMERA SHOT of an oil tanker docking in a busy harbor. As its whistle blows lustily we cut to a CLOSE SHOT of the House Flag of the vessel. It consists of the capital 'K' enclosed in the pulley block. We PAN now to a SHOT of the building of a great bridge. A heavy truck grinds into the SHOT. On its side we SEE the 'K' in the square pulley block. Again we dissolve, this time to a test air field past a wind sock. As the CAMERA PANS we read, in huge letters on the roof: THE KIMBLE AIRCRAFT COMPANY. As a large plane roars off dissolve to: a tanker under construction in a shipyard. An arc-welding outfit is wheeled between us and the vessel. It bears the familiar 'K'. Dissolve to the same 'K' enclosed in the pulley block but this time in chromium and enamel. It moves away from us and we find that it was attached to a Kimble car on an assembly line. Another car takes the place of the one just gone and stops with its trademark in exactly the same place. Having by now made our point, I hope, we merely show THE KIMBLE NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY past its letterhead in an active typewriter and then, for the last time, go to a capital 'K' about a foot high, surrounded by its customary pulley block and stencilled on some canvas. As it pulls away from us we find ourselves looking at a helicopter in flight.

INT. HELICOPTER

11

Here we find Big Kim himself, yelling at Long Suffering Bamberger, the world's greatest secretary. As they argue, the pilot gazes stoically down through his fish bowl at the thousands of ants, a hundred feet below them, crawling over, under, and around the unbelievable Appohatchee Dam, his boss's latest onslaught upon the bosom of Mother Nature.

Big Kim (bellowing)
Friday! What do you mean it's Friday?

Bamby (shrugging)
What do I mean it's Friday? It's Friday.

He plays a few chords on his stenotype.

Big Kim
Quit taking your own dictation will you? How can this possibly be Friday when I'm supposed to be at a doctor's in New York on Tuesday.

Bamby
You're just making it worse.

Big Kim (to the pilot)
What day is today?

The Pilot (with distaste)
If it's all the same to you Boss settle it between you will you?

Big Kim (after a hunted look)
Take me back to the plane.

The Pilot
Yes sir.

DOCTOR ROTHMULLER IN A LONG WHITE COAT AND
HIS NURSE - MISS SIMPSON

12

Dr. Rothmuller (tapping his
wristwatch)
Who does he think he is, General...Grant?

Miss Simpson (soothing him
prettily)
General Grant is dead, Doctor...Mr. Kimble is a very busy man...President of so many corporations...

Dr. Rothmuller (indignantly)
And I am a pool room loafer, I suppose...with nothing to do but shoot a....a...pair of sevens in the...the
...side pocket!

Miss Simpson
I think you've got your games a little mixed up,
Doctor...you're probably thinking of ice hockey or...

12
CONT'D
(2)

Doctor Rothmuller (putting on
his hat)
I have no time for games...and nobody plays them on
me neither...nobody plays pussy in the corner with
me Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday if he is president
of twice so many corporations.

Miss Simpson
And Thursday, Doctor...today is Friday.

Dr. Rothmuller (stupefied)
Friday! You know what?

Miss Simpson
What?

Dr. Rothmuller (thoughtfully)
I'm getting more like my patients every day...maybe
I should see a doctor.

Miss Simpson
What do you mean "getting?"

BIG KIM'S OFFICE IN HIS PRIVATE PLANE

13

Through the window we see the helicopter,
its blades still turning slowly. In front
of this we see Mr. Kimble hurrying toward
us followed by Bamby and his stenotype.
Just outside the window Mr. Kimble mutters
"New York" to his pilot, then disappears.
We hear a door bang and Mr. Kimble comes into
the cabin, sits down and picks up the telephone
receiver. The pilot passes between him and
ourselves on his way into the nose of the plane.

Big Kim (into the phone)
This is N.C. 45163...that's right...45163...I want
New York...Butterfield 372721...I'll hold it.

A VERY PRETTY STEWARDESS IN THE DOORWAY OF THE OFFICE - BEHIND HER WE SEE BAMBY SORTING HIS PAPERS

14

The Stewardess (crossing to
Mr. Kimble)
Can I do anything for you, Mr. Kimble?

Big Kim (looking her over)
Plenty Baby...that's right Butterfield 372721...

Now noticing that the plane is beginning to move, he pulls the girl down into the seat beside him and puts his forearm over her lap.

14
CONT'D
(2)

Big Kim

You always want to put your belt on when taking off or landing...remember that.

(now into the phone)

I am holding it;

(now back to the girl)

What are you doing when we get to New York?

The Stewardess

Oh, are we going to New York? The kind of life I lead, how could I be doing anything?

Big Kim

Good, I'll tell you what I'll do I'll break a couple of business appointments.

The Stewardess (smiling faintly)

With the blonde...or that new Spanish girl?

Big Kim

What do you want to notice things like that for? I've just got to see a doctor for a few minutes... then we'll take in a little show...then go dancing... and then...

The Stewardess (after a slight

pause)

Don't you think we're high enough up now to take that belt off my knees?

Big Kim (looking at her knees)

I'm sorry...I was a little absent-minded...I'll tell you what you do...if you'll get a couple of glasses and some ice and a bottle of bourbon and hurry back see? Tell Bamby to take a sleep...he looks tired.

The Stewardess (rising and

smoothing her skirts as she exits)

Yes sir.

Big Kim (into the telephone)

Hello....hello....the Kimble Construction Company?... Who is this, Margie?

SWITCHBOARD OF THE KIMBLE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY

15

Manhattan gleaming behind her head, we see a very pretty phone operator.

Margie (into the telephone)

Well snap my garters if it isn't "C.K." himself. How are you, "C.K."...and where are you?

BIG KIM AT THE TELEPHONE IN HIS PLANE

16

Big Kim

I'm fine thanks...I'm on my way in...now I'll tell you what I want you to do...there's a brain guy on Madison Avenue...a doctor called Rothmuller. R for razzberry...O...T...H...M for Moses...U...double L...ER...you call him and tell him I'll be a little late...I'll make it as close to four this afternoon as I can...right now I'm passing Minnesota...and tell Jake to wait for me...I'll see him when I'm through at the doctor's.

MARGIE AT THE TELEPHONE

17

Margie

I've got it...anything else?

BIG KIM AT THE TELEPHONE

18

Big Kim (after making sure the stewardess is not within hearing)

Yeah...You know that certain blonde party at the Rhinelander number? Well, you tell her I've been delayed, see? Make it Oklahoma...I won't be in for several days, see? I'll call her when I get in...then call that room number at the Waldorf...you got it? Tell her I'm delayed in Mexico for a few days...then if that girl gets in from Hollywood...I'm in Texas, see? You don't know just when I'll be back...I guess that's about all, Honey...I'll be seeing you...save a date for me, will you?

(he laughs, hangs up, then notices the pretty stewardess arriving with the drinks)
Sit down, Baby, sit down.

He pulls her down beside him.

DR. ROTHMULLER AND MISS SIMPSON IN THE DOCTOR'S OUTER OFFICE 19

The wall clock indicates five minutes to five.

Dr. Rothmuller (tapping his wristwatch)

Four o'clock, huh.

Miss Simpson (soothingly)

He'll be here.

Dr. Rothmuller (putting on his hat and beginning to unbutton his coat)
But I won't...and if he ever should come...which he won't...which to me is a matter of total indifference...

19
CONT'D
(2)

He removes his white coat and puts on his overcoat, forgetting to put on his suit coat.

Dr. Rothmuller
Tell him to take his trade elsewhere...

Miss Simpson (handing it to him)
You forgot your coat.

Dr. Rothmuller (removing his overcoat)
What does it matter? Tell him to go to Hellman... or Wolfan...or Zimbalist...or to a chiropractor... they like to wait...Wait a minute I got a better idea: tell him to take his business over to a phrenologist on Third Avenue...in a vacant store with a picture of the bumps on the window...tell him that...that will fix him...good afternoon.

He turns and meets Big Kim face to face, the door still closing behind him.

Big Kim (pleasantly)
Good afternoon to you...I'm sorry to be a little late...my name is Kimble...there was quite a lot of traffic on the bridge.

Dr. Rothmuller (indignantly)
A little late! You happen to know what day this is?

Big Kim (laughing ruefully)
If I knew that I wouldn't be here.

Miss Simpson (very pleasantly, after looking him over)
Welcome to the club...the doctor thinks it's yesterday.

Big Kim
I hope you'll still be able to take me...I've just flown twelve hundred miles to get here.

Dr. Rothmuller (taken aback)
Twelve hundred miles! Well...if Miss Simpson is foolish enough to be late for her supper...I guess my soup will keep too.

Miss Simpson (warmly)
Miss Simpson is quite foolish enough.

Big Kim (confidentially)
You don't know how much I appreciate this, Miss Simpson...or you either doctor.

Miss Simpson (leading him off)
If you'll follow me, Mr. Kimble..I'll take your
history first,

19
CONT'D
(3)

Dr. Rothmuller (looking after
them sourly and beginning to put on his
white coat over his overcoat)
Millionaires...bah!

BIG KIM AND MISS SIMPSON IN A LITTLE CUBICLE

20

Miss Simpson (drawing a printed
form to her)
It's plain Charles Kimble, isn't it, or is there a
middle initial?

Big Kim (removing his hat)
Plain Charles, thank you...age thirty-nine...not
married.

Miss Simpson (smiling)
I see you've been to the doctors before...have you
ever been married?

Big Kim
What does that matter?

Miss Simpson
It might matter a great deal, Mr. Kimble...this is
a history for a psychiatrist...not an income tax
report...the seat of all your troubles...if you
have any...might lie in an early and mistaken union
with...your washlady.

Big Kim (grimly)
I married a...lady when I was nineteen...one day she
met a guy who was richer than me and seemed to be
going places, so she...went along for the ride...I
haven't tried the arrangement since.

Miss Simpson (busy writing)
A little gun shy, huh?

Big Kim (looking back over the
years)
There wasn't any gun play...I didn't even hit the
guy...he did me a favor.

Miss Simpson
It's always nice to look on the cheerful side of
things...now your occupation, please...I know you're
the famous Big Kim of course...with the big K on
everything but...

Big Kim
I'm a kind of a builder...dams...housing projects...
bridges...

20
CONT'D
(2)

Miss Simpson (rather pleased
with herself)
Masonry or suspension?

Big Kim (smiling faintly)
Masonry, suspension, cantilever, bascule, revolving,
jack-knife, draw, elevator, rolling span, swing
span, arch span, vertical lift, or what kind would
you like?

Miss Simpson (apologetically)
I'm sorry. There doesn't seem to be anything the
matter with your memory.

Big Kim
That's where you're wrong...that's why I'm here.

Miss Simpson
I see...we'll come to that presently...now: is
that all you do? Build bridges, dams and housing
projects?

Big Kim (almost with distaste)
No...we make a lot of the stuff we use to build with
...otherwise you're apt to run short sometimes or
get your throat cut...you have to have control...
so we started making tractors and our own earth-
moving machinery...and from there it was just a step
into automobiles...

Miss Simpson
Oh I've heard of the Kimble automobile...I even took
a demonstration...but I didn't like that phonetic
transmission or whatever you call it...I'm so sorry.

Big Kim (unenthusiastically)
It's all right with me...biggest car in the world
for the price...of course from automobiles and
tractors it was just one jump into planes and flying
equipment...everybody got into that...

Miss Simpson (slightly bug-eyed)
I see...airplane manufacturer.

Big Kim
Then the boys wouldn't let us have enough gas...wanted
to hog it all for themselves...so we gave them a little
run for their money...

Miss Simpson (looking up from her
writing)
The oil business?

20
CONT'D
(3)

Big Kim

That's right...only we didn't have any pipe lines like the big combines...so we had to bring ours around by boat, only we couldn't buy any boats...so I built some.

Miss Simpson (quite dazed)

You built some boats.

Big Kim

Yeah...naturally, once you got a ship yard you keep on building boats...so we wound up with a fleet.

Miss Simpson

I really feel sorry for you.

Big Kim

You should...we had so darn many payrolls and so darned many places...the next thing happened we had to open a little bank...and then that began to spread.

Miss Simpson (smiling)

You're really breaking my heart.

Big Kim

Oh I know...you're thinking how marvelous it must all be...but it isn't...besides all I've told you, there're a lot of little pains in the neck we had to get to keep the other ones going: little short line railroads...little ball bearing factories...little synthetic rubber plants that stink up the countryside...all kinds of little stuff.

Miss Simpson (obviously too
little to bother writing down)

...we'll just skip them...now where were you born please?

Big Kim

You better just put Zanesville, Ohio...I was really born in a rowboat on the Muskingum River the night the bridge washed out at Zanesville...they were trying to get my mother over to the hospital from the railroad yards...the lion tamer was rowing.

Miss Simpson

I beg your pardon?

Big Kim

My father was a razor-back with the Sells Floto Circus...Ulyssus S. Kimble. My mother was an equestrienne with the show who kinda married beneath her...the old man got a gander at her one night and followed the circus right out of town...been a book salesman, he said...but by the time I got to know him he was working very steady as a lush...till one morning about two o'clock he fell
(continued)

Big Kim (continued)
off the train going through Oklahoma...and we
never heard of him again.

20
CONT'D
(4)

Miss Simpson
Oh, I'm so sorry.

Big Kim
It didn't seem to bother anybody very much.

Miss Simpson
Then I won't worry about it either. Now: are you
aware of any nervous diseases in your family...such
as insanity, epilepsy or anything of that nature...
do you remember whether any of your relatives
suffered from dizziness for instance?

Big Kim (laughing)
Well my father sure suffered from it most of the
time...but my mother had to be very steady in her
line of work...so I'd say it was a kind of a stand-
off...you know, standing on a galloping horse with
a girl on your shoulders and another one on top of
her.

Miss Simpson
I should say she did! Now before we dispose of
him forever, would you say that your father was an
alcoholic?

Big Kim (with distaste)
I don't think a son ought to talk about his father
that way...I'd just say he was an exceptionally
heavy drinker...with his fair share of D.T.'s and
let it go at that.

Miss Simpson
Splendid. Now forgive this next question, but to
the best of your knowledge and belief, were you
ever dropped on your head as a child?

Big Kim (laughing)
I don't think so, but if they ever let the old man
hold me there's no telling what he might have
dropped me on.

Miss Simpson
Let's hope he didn't...Now: have you suffered any
severe falls or head injuries since childhood?

Big Kim (thoughtfully)
Well I got black-jacked one time in Arizona...but
that wasn't anything...and then there was that
time I was a bridge stiff in Quebec and the whole
thing fell down...

Miss Simpson (horrified)
Into the water, I hope.

Big Kim (laughing)
We reached the water all right, but we had to go
through quite a lot of ice to get to it.

20
CONT'D
(5)

Miss Simpson
Did you hit your head?

Big Kim
To tell you the truth I was really too busy to
notice...I had quite a swim.

Miss Simpson
You've had quite a life.

Big Kim
I've enjoyed it...I ran away when I was fourteen...
to go barnstorming with some kid flyers...everybody
said we'd wind up in jail...but instead of that we
wound up in the money...a few of us at least...we
kind of flew into a lot of different businesses.

Miss Simpson
I see...at least I think I see. Now tell me: how
do you sleep?

Big Kim (surprised)
Well, just in the tops of my paja...

Miss Simpson (hurriedly)
I mean how much...how many hours...how thoroughly.

Big Kim (laughing)
I never seemed to be around to find out...I guess
I sleep all right...I never thought much about it
...I can sleep if I've got the time...or not sleep
...it doesn't seem to make any difference.

Miss Simpson
I see...now this complaint...this trouble you're
seeing doctor about...how long have you had it?
When did you first notice it? If you can remember...

Big Kim
Just the other day...I was having a little confer-
ence with the Board of Directors of a little air-
plane parts firm we bought into out in Glendale,
California...

Miss Simpson (writing busily)
Yes?

Big Kim
I sat down with them at eleven o'clock on a Tues-
day morning...they started the usual stuff...and
a fellow got up and started pointing out the usual
graphs on the wall...about the usual prospective
business conditions...

Big Kim (he pauses a little
and his eyes close slightly)
The next thing I remember: I was playing roulette
...I was just raking in thirty-two thousand dol-
lars...it was ten o'clock at night...I was in Reno,
Nevada...and it was Friday.

20
CONT'D
(6)

Miss Simpson (bug-eyed)
Thirty-two thousand...dollars?

Big Kim
I lost it back later and more besides.

Miss Simpson
I see, you have all my sympathy...Now by any chance
...excuse my asking this, but it has to be asked,
had you been drinking heavily at the time this...
lapse occurred?

Big Kim (amused)
At eleven o'clock in the morning! No, no...I
never touch it till five o'clock in the afternoon
...except maybe a couple of shots when I first get
up...just as an eye-opener.

Miss Simpson
I see. Now were you ever able to find out what
happened between that Tuesday morning and that
Friday night?

Big Kim
That's what scares me...nothing happened! Every-
body saw me every day...I went right on dictating
letters...sitting in at conferences...signing
stock certificates...nobody noticed anything...
only I wasn't there...

Miss Simpson
You weren't...

Big Kim
No...that's what I'm here to find out...where was
I?

Miss Simpson (putting her
pages together and rising)
I see.

DR. ROTHMULLER'S EXAMINATION ROOM

21

Big Kim wears only a pair of shorts and a
short operating gown that ties in the back.
The doctor is examining and dictating. Miss
Simpson, in the background, takes the notes.

Dr. Rothmuller (feeling Big
Kim's left eyebrow)
Left supraorbital ridge overly prominent...did you
get kicked by a horse maybe?

21
CONT'D
(2)

Big Kim
I used to do a little fighting between jobs...I
even wrestled one time I was really broke...
Kangaroo Kimble.

Dr. Rothmuller (continuing
his examination)
Aha! Very natural...left ear slightly cabbaged...
posterior cervicle muscles prominent...nose broken
twice...

Big Kim
Three times.

Dr. Rothmuller
What's the difference? Now stick out your tongue,
to the left...to the right...back in the middle,
to the left again...in the middle, to the right...
normal...now close your eyes...stand up...put your
hands over your head and touch your toes...put
your feet together...raise your arms straight out
in front of you...keep your eyes closed...Romberg
negative. Stick your left hand out as far as you
can to the side...keep your eyes closed...now
touch the end of your nose with your left index
finger...now do the same with the right...negative.
Now open your eyes, sit down in this chair...cross
your legs...

With the edge of his hand he hits both of Big
Kim's knees, then, when they have jerked prop-
erly, he spins him around in the chair a few
times then looks into his eyes.

Dr. Rothmuller
No nystagmus.

Big Kim
Well, that's good news.

Dr. Rothmuller
How do you know?

Now he picks up a rubber hammer and hits Big
Kim's elbows and the sides of his wrists.

Dr. Rothmuller
Lie down.

First he raises each of the big fellow's legs high in the air, then raises one foot, and putting the point of the hammer against the heel, suddenly jerks it upward toward the toes.

21
CONT'D
(3)

Big Kim (exploding in giggles)
WOW!

Dr. Rothmuller
Nothing to laugh at.

He has a hard time catching the other foot, but finally succeeds and gives it the same treatment. This time Big Kim's reaction is so violent that he falls off the table and lands on the back of his neck.

Dr. Rothmuller (paying no
attention to the fall)
Babinski negative.

Miss Simpson (hurrying forward)
Did you hurt yourself?

Dr. Rothmuller (philosophically)
He's a wrestler...they like to fall.

Big Kim (coughing slightly)
I'm all right...thanks.

Dr. Rothmuller
You can get dressed now.

DR. ROTHMULLER LOOKS UP FROM THE HISTORY
as Big Kim enters, tying his tie.

Big Kim
You find out anything?

Dr. Rothmuller
Plenty...sit down.

Now he goes over to the big man, grabs his head and examines it carefully, with special reference to the profile, before continuing:

Dr. Rothmuller
So you have no recollection of anything from that Tuesday listening to those schnooks until Friday raking in the mazuma...and you have no idea where you were, except everybody saw you all the time and said you looked very natural?

Big Kim
That's right.

Dr. Rothmuller
I know where you were,

21
CONT'D
(4)

Big Kim
You do?

Dr. Rothmuller
Oh yes...you were taking a little vacation from
yourself...you bore yourself...you are a big bore.

Big Kim (surprised)
I am?

Dr. Rothmuller
The biggest...to yourself...maybe some women like
you...but from yourself you need a holiday...

He starts walking around the room.

Dr. Rothmuller
From yourself and all this hoking-pocus...in German
we call it qvatch...which has pushed you so high up
the income tax...but which has done so little else
for you. You see, Mr. Krumble-Krimble-whatever it
is...your soul has taken already a holiday from you
for a few days without any permission whatsoever...
like a dog jumping against the door to go out...it
could not tell you more clearly what it wants.

Big Kim
Now wait a minute Doc all that happened to me was...

Dr. Rothmuller (interrupting)
You wait...there is nothing the matter with you or-
ganically in any way, Mister whatever it is...all
your nerve centers and tracts are normal...you are
even a very fine specimen, my nurse tells me...but
you are not, unfortunately, the intellectual type...
that primitive, sloping forehead...those ears to
warn you of approaching danger...that prognathous
jaw...those prominent supraorbital ridges to protect
the eyes...they tell their own sad story...did you
ever hear of the Missing Link?

Big Kim (feeling his head)
Who?

Dr. Rothmuller (outlining Mr.
Kimble's profile with his finger)
Pithecanthropus Erectus, the dandy of the Stone Age
looked a great deal like you, Mr. Kimble...which is
why you should have remained a fighter, or a wrest-
ler, or a bear chaser, or a policeman...unfortunate-
ly you didn't...you decided instead to burden your
mind with thoughts...for which it was completely un-
suited...now you are beginning to pay the penalty.

Big Kim (not liking this
at all)
Now wait a minute...

21
CONT'D
(5)

Dr. Rothmuller
Look: the soup at my club is already curdling...
I don't want to wait even half a minute or enter a
debate with you...if you don't know a Neanderthal
skull when it looks back at you from the mirror...
it is too late for me to teach you.

Big Kim (looking for a mirror)
I see.

Dr. Rothmuller
You don't, but it doesn't matter...I am going to
give you my opinion and then go home...what you do
with it is of no interest to me. How long you live...
or don't live...how long your mind stays healthy...
or doesn't...is entirely your own business and I
have no interest in business...no scientific loss
is involved.

Big Kim
Thanks.

Dr. Rothmuller
You're welcome...now listen carefully: you probably
won't understand but I will try to tell you anyway...
your mind is divided into two parts...the prosence-
phalon in the front, which we will call Mr. A...and
the rhombencephalon in the back, which we will call
Mr. B...Mr. A is your conscious, Mr. B is your sub-
conscious...Mr. A decides that you need a new car and
buys it...but Mr. B drives it for you because he is
in much closer contact with your nerves, your muscles,
your glands and your whole body generally...a dog can
wiggle his ears but Mr. A can not...he has to ask Mr.
B to do it for him.

Big Kim
I can wiggle my ears...

Dr. Rothmuller
Naturally...exactly what I'm talking about...you
can probably hold onto a tree with your feet too...
everything primitive comes very natural to you be-
cause you are more B than A.

Big Kim
Like a dog.

Dr. Rothmuller
Exactly...and to business conferences you react
exactly like a dog...you look out the window...you
chew your pencils...you scratch yourself...you wish
you were chasing a chicken.

Big Kim

Is that so...

Dr. Rothmuller

Positively. Now: you understand, everybody is made up of Mr. A and Mr. B, but in the high intellectual type...

Big Kim

Is that in again?

Dr. Rothmuller

Oh yes...in the high intellectual type, Mr. A learns to control Mr. B...to hold him in check and use him to his advantage like a good partner. But in the low primitive type...

Big Kim

Like me, I suppose...

Dr. Rothmuller

Correct...Mr. B grows stronger than Mr. A...he can't stand what Mr. A is doing...he is bored to the point of insanity...he want OUT...

Big Kim

Huh.

Dr. Rothmuller

If your Mr. A were of the intellectual type he would understand the principles of delegating authority and the bigger his business became...the smaller his job would become...

Big Kim

You think so.

Dr. Rothmuller

I know so...but being of the suspicious primitive type...trusting no one because he thinks no one can do as well as him...which is horse nonsense because I can show you small children with a much higher IQ.

Big Kim

Huh...

Dr. Rothmuller

Oh yes...he exists in a vicious circle...slipping always further behind, left always full of thoughts half thought...deeds half done...correspondence half answered...because there aren't enough minutes in the day for him...his conscience packed with self accusations...details half remembered...he suffers from such an internal traffic jam that the place is uninhabitable for Mr. B...he screams so loud to go away...that one day he goes away...

Big Kim (distressed)
Now wait a minute, Doc, will you?

21
CONT'D
(7)

Dr. Rothmuller
What's the use. I have been trying to explain to you why it was imperative for Mr. A to stop doing what he is doing and give Mr. B a vacation before he takes you away forever...I didn't expect to make sense.

Big Kim (bitterly)
Naturally not...to a mind like a policeman's.... but this vacation idea is all wet in my case, you see...because I just can't get away.

Dr. Rothmuller (sarcastically)
Of course...you are too important...you think.

Big Kim (ignoring this)
Couldn't you just give me some medicine or some kind of treatment?

Dr. Rothmuller (smiling falsely)
You mean like cold baths and hot blankets? Not yet...that comes later!

Big Kim (irritably)
I didn't mean that at all! I meant...injections or something.

Dr. Rothmuller
Injections of what...applesauce?

Big Kim
You're supposed to be the doctor.

Dr. Rothmuller (pointing to the diplomas around the room)
Get a...load of those if you doubt it...look: Mister Millionaire...you are going away in any case...willingly...unwillingly...compos mentis or non compos mentis...who cares.

Big Kim (frightened)
You mean...the booby hatch?

Dr. Rothmuller (indignantly)
Who's talking from booby hatches? That would be the worst place...your whole life is a booby hatch anyway...you'd meet all your friends there and have conferences...and dictate memos to each other...to see how fast you can forget them. No, no, Mr. Krumble, when I say you are going away I mean this: the other day you woke up in Nevada...four days gone...the next time you might wake up in China...four years gone.

Big Kim (after a pause)
How long would this little...vacation have to be?

21
CONT'D
(8)

Dr. Rothmuller
Not long...maybe six months...

Big Kim (yelling)
Six months! Why I haven't any more chance of getting off for six months...

Dr. Rothmuller (raising a finger)
Six months minimum! Away from EVERYTHING...from everything you do and everybody you know...so that by yielding to this urge to get away...we may remove the urge...and triumph by weakness...like the Chinese.

Big Kim (very sourly)
If I wanted Chinese advice I could of gone to an herb doctor.

Dr. Rothmuller
And get a very nice recipe for bird's nest soup... look: I've already told you I don't care what you do with it afterwards...do you want to listen to my advice or don't you?

Big Kim
All right...pour it on.

Dr. Rothmuller
You find a little town some place...a village or what used to be called a hamlet...where you have no branches...no connections...no offices...not even one small factory...and you go to this hamlet by train...like everybody else...not by balloon or something...and when you get off this train you are alone...naked...

Big Kim (startled)
You mean a nudist camp?

Dr. Rothmuller
I mean without an oriental retinue...to remind you who you think you are and pump up your importance... no valets...no secretaries...no first, second and ninth assistants...no major domos, masseurs, private doctors or any other domestics...also you are not to use your name which is so unforgettable...and you are to take along just enough money to live, a man among men for six months...none of this giant among the pygmies business! How much could you stagger along on for six months?

Big Kim (with distaste)
I don't know...I don't spend much personally...maybe a hundred thousand...

Dr. Rothmuller (snorting)
 Hah! I will allow you six thousand and not one
 kopeck more.

21
 CONT'D
 (9)

Big Kim (horrified)
 For six months!

Dr. Rothmuller
 You won't starve...better people than you have lived
 sometimes even a year on six thousand dollars...
 sometimes even a lifetime or two! Nun alzo: when
 you get to this hamlet...incognito...try to forget
 who you are...become a member of the community...
 try to exchange your tempo for theirs...which is a
 much better one...try to learn to slow down...to
 change your pace...to give your poor head a chance
 to catch up with your feet...on this treadmill where
 you are running so fast...toward the undertaker.

Big Kim (sourly)
 What do I do when I get to this hog hollow...this
 Yap's Corners?

Dr. Rothmuller
 Find a porch with a rocking chair on it...sit down
 in it...light a pipe and learn to rock.

Big Kim (in horror)
 A pipe!

Dr. Rothmuller (complacently)
 A pipe and a rocking chair...they are the great
 allies of these psychiatrists...
 (he pulls a prescription pad toward him
 and starts to write.)
 I'll write them down for you so you won't forget...
 maybe we can throw in a little gardening.

Big Kim
 For six months!

Dr. Rothmuller (writing)
 A hamlet...six months...incognito, that means you
 don't mention your name...

Big Kim
 Thanks.

Dr. Rothmuller (writing)
 Only six thousand dollars and no more...positively
 no phone conversations, memos or letters to any-
 body in any of your organizations and...oh yes...
 and one thing more...

What now? Big Kim (narrowing his eyes) 21
CONT'D
(10) /

Dr. Rothmuller (stretching the words as he writes them)
No...women.

No women. Big Kim (in horror)

You heard me. Dr. Rothmuller

For six months. Big Kim

That's right. Dr. Rothmuller (amiably)
(he rises and places the prescription in Mr. Kimble's hand)

Nuts to you. Big Kim
(he slips the prescription in his pocket, picks up his hat and strides out of the office.)

And to you, Mr. Krumble...Miss Simpson. Dr. Rothmuller (looking after him)

Yes doctor? What did you have to scare the poor devil to death for...he's sort of cute in a kind of homely way. Miss Simpson (coming in)

You will kindly add five hundred dollars to my regular fee in this case...when these great men say nuts to me...it's two fifty per unit. Dr. Rothmuller (ignoring her)

Yes doctor. Miss Simpson

Suddenly she turns and gives him a look.

MARGIE, THE KIMBLE PHONE OPERATOR AND JAKE KRAMER, THE PARTNER IN CHARGE OF THE NEW YORK OFFICE

22

Behind them we see the glass entrance doors and through these the elevator landing on the seventeenth floor. Jake wears his hat and the look of a man who has wanted to leave for some time.

Jake (irritably)
Are you sure he said to tell me he'd be in this
afternoon? I've got a dinner engagement.

22
CONT'D
(2)

Margie
Who hasn't.

Big Kim (coming in the door
behind them, sullen and distraught)
Hello Jake...hello Margie...I'm sorry to keep you
waiting so long...but that doctor is quite a
blabber-mouth...come in the office a minute, will
you?

Jake (forcing a smile)
Why certainly, Kim...I certainly didn't have any-
thing more important to do...hahaha!

They start moving toward Kim's office and will
eventually pass through the huge combination
drafting room and business office, fortunately
deserted at this hour except for two young men
working overtime on a five foot model of a
hydro-electric plant. On the far side of the
office we see the bookkeeping and cashiers'
departments.

Big Kim (holding back to
speak to Margie)
Did that little uh...that new stewardess from my
plane call up?

Margie (with a faint smile)
Oh yes...she is on ice...and I took care of the
other ones...do you want me to wait a few minutes
in case anything went haywire?

Big Kim
Just a few minutes, Margie, thanks...I sort of
stranded her here...she didn't have any date.

Margie
If she looks like she sounds, that wouldn't be any
problem...all she'd have to do would be go down
to the lobby and cross her legs...

Big Kim (turning to go)
She might be an old dame with legs like a saw
horse.

He walks out of the SHOT.

Margie (beaming)
That's right, she might....or cross-eyed.

JAKE - WAITING FOR MR. KIMBLE

23

This is near a model two young men are working on.

aisle)
Beejack Project? Big Kim (coming down the

That's right. Jake (proudly)

I'll see it when it's finished. Big Kim (moving out of the SHOT)

In just a few mmminutes... One Young Man Working On the Model

Is that the big boss? The Other Young Man

Yyes... One Young Man

LONG SUFFERING BAMBERGER AT THE TELEPHONE
IN MR. KIMBLE'S OFFICE

24

But Miriam...listen once for a minute, will you...
who's trying to catch who? Gum shoeing! Who's gum
shoeing? Is it my fault if I work for a...I'll
call you later! Bamby (desperately into the
telephone)

This last as he looks over his shoulder.

THE PRIVATE OFFICE

25

Big Kim and Jake come in. The big fellow goes
directly to a double door, which, as he opens
it, reveals a complete clothes closet with
shelves for haberdashery, a bath and shower.

Go on out, Bamby, will you...I want to talk to Mr.
Kramer. Big Kim (starting to undress)

BAMBY - CROSSING WITH SOME PAPERS IN HIS HAND

26

Bamby

A Senora Madriga who says she's the mother of a
Senorita Madriga, Felice Consuella Guadalupe,
called from south of the border to say...

Big Kim (continuing to change
his clothes)

It's a lie...take it up with the legal department...
and go on out of here...I want to talk to Mr. Kramer.

Bamby (happily)

Can I have the whole night off?

Big Kim

Yeah...go on, will you?

Bamby (leaving the SHOT)

Now if I just had something to do for a whole night.

Big Kim (watching Bamby leave)

Jake: What would you do if I dropped dead for awhile?

Jake (startled)

For awhile.

Big Kim

Maybe six months.

Jake

What are you talking about, suspended animation?

Big Kim (irritably)

What are you talking about? I'm asking you a hypo-
thetical question...as the President of this outfit
I have a perfect right to ask you what you'd do if
I croaked all of a sudden.

Jake

That you have.

Big Kim (loudly)

All right, I just croaked...I'm stiff on the floor
...with my tongue hanging out...what do you do now?

Jake (after a few helpless
gestures)

Well, I...I'd...send for an embalmer I suppose...
or would you rather be cremated?

Big Kim (still louder)

I'm not talking about all that stuff...you're already
back from the graveyard...you can have had me stuffed
for all I care...or mold my ashes into a set of
souvenir...ash trays...WHAT DO YOU DO NOW?

Jake (after a slight pause)
Go home to dinner...I'm late already.

26
CONT'D
(2)

Big Kim (with forced calm)
Look: Jake...all I'm asking you is: Do you think you and the boys could hold things fairly well together if I had to disappear for say...six months?

Jake (confidentially)
You mean on account of that Spanish dame?

Big Kim (barking)
It has nothing to do with dames.

Jake (worried)
They didn't get you on that income tax thing?

Big Kim (loud again)
They did not get me on that income tax thing.
Because I don't horse around with that income tax thing...like some people I could mention!

Jake (relieved)
Then what do you mean can we run things while you're away? In the first place they practically run themselves...all except that lousy automobile company you started that'll run us into the ground!...in the second place who do you think has been running things while you were doing your little disappearing act? If I don't...

Big Kim (interrupting)
I'm not talking about little things, Jake...I know how competent you are...and the rest of the boys ...but what would you do if something big came along while I was away? Something big like...

Jake (thoroughly aroused)
Something big like what?

Big Kim (pointing toward the
outer office)
Maybe something like the Beejack Project! What would you do if something like that came along?

Jake (boiling)
Well exactly what I did...we were running into a penalty...you were flying around someplace with some new air hostess or other...so I broke ground yesterday!

Big Kim (somewhat displeased)
Oh you did.

Jake
Well what was I supposed to do...burst into tears?

Now they turn, as the two young men bang their way into the office with the model.

26
CONT'D
(3)

Big Kim (watching them scurly)
What's that supposed to be?

1st Young Man Working On The Model
Why the Bbbeejack Project...you said you'd look at it when it was finished...

Big Kim (bellowing)
All right, I've looked at it...TAKE IT OUT.

The Two Young Men (together)
Yyyes sir.

As they hurry out backwards the young man furthest from us catches his heel in the soft carpet and sinks gently to the ground, without injuring the model however.

Big Kim (glaring after them)
The Beejack Project.
(then to Jake:)

I'm going away for six months...doctor's orders... something the matter with my nut...or at least there could be if I didn't go away...I'm not supposed to write or talk to any of you and you're not supposed to get in touch with me...I'll leave you a power of attorney and get me six thousand cash in the morning...that's all I'm supposed to take with me...I hope there'll be a little something left here when I come back.

Jake (affectionately)
There'll be plenty left, Charlie...you see, you're an instigator...a starter-upper...the head guy on the camping trip who can start the fires by rubbing the sticks together or whatever they use but once those fires are started we can keep them going...you don't have to worry your head about that...and you have been getting a little irritable lately Charlie...I'll be frank with you.

Big Kim (narrowing his eyes)
Is that so!

Jake
Yes you have, Charlie...and if six months doesn't quite do it...take eight months...take a year!

Big Kim (growling)
That's really very generous of you.

Jake
Don't mention it, Charlie...I'll get you the money in the morning...now I'm really late for dinner... Good night.

He hurries out.

26
CONT'D
(4)

Big Kim (muttering after him)
You're late for dinner...you tramp...you didn't
have a pail to eat out of when I picked you up...
if it wasn't for me...

(suddenly he looks at his watch and
yells:)

You're late for dinner...Holy Mackerel!

Ceasing to be sorry for himself, he leaps
into his trousers, shoves a necktie and a hand-
kerchief into his coat pocket, a Western bank-
roll into his pants and hurries out to keep
his date with the pretty little stewardess.

DISSOLVE TO:

BIG KIM AND THE BEAUTIFUL STEWARDESS IN A
NIGHT CLUB

27

They are sitting on a banquette, a champagne
cooler on the table in front of them. He is
toying with her hand. The music is very
pretty. The lights are dim.

Big Kim (a little sorry for
himself)
I sure hate to leave all this...you'll probably be
married with nine children by the time I get back.

The Beautiful Stewardess (softly)
Would you like me to go with you, Kim?

Big Kim (with a helpless gesture)
This is supposed to be for a rest, Honey.

The beautiful girl gives him a double-take,
then busts out laughing.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

LONG, HIGH SHOT OF THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION -
DAY

28

The Information Booth in the middle is clearly
visible.

THE INFORMATION MAN IN GRAND CENTRAL STATION
PAST BIG KIM'S SHOULDER

29

Information Man
How was that again?

BIG KIM AND A NEGRO PORTER PAST THE INFORMATION MAN

30

Big Kim

I said...what have you got in the way of hamlets?

Information Man

Hamlets?

Big Kim

That's right.

INFORMATION MAN PAST BIG KIM

31

Information Man (after a moment's concentration)

To be, or not to be...that is the question...
whether 'tis nobler in the mind...

BIG KIM AND THE PORTER PAST THE INFORMATION MAN

32

Mr. Kimble is looking at the Information Man
with considerable displeasure.

The Information Man's Voice

...to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous
fortune...

As Big Kim opens his mouth to insult him, the
Porter picks up the soliloquy, and Mr. Kimble
glares at him instead.

The Porter (mellifluously)

...or to take arms against a sea of troubles...and
by opposing...end them...

Big Kim (glaring from one to
the other)

Give me that book over there...

(he reaches across the counter for a big,
fat book, flops it open at random and jabs
a pencil on the page)

What does that say, right there?

The Information Man (squinting)

I'll really have to put my glasses on for that one.

He begins to do so.

Big Kim (throwing some money
on the counter)

All right, that's a hamlet...get me a one-way ticket
to it...and meet me in the pipe shop over there.

money)
The Porter (picking up the
Yes sir.

32
CONT'D
(2)

Big Kim (departing)
And save your television skit for somebody who
likes television.

The Porter (looking after him)
Yes sir.
(then to the Information Man)
Probably got a stomach ache.

The Information Man (philos-
ophically)
Or a toothache...man is subject to many aches...now
let me see what we've got here.

They both bend their heads down.

DISSOLVE TO:

A WORM-EATEN RAILROAD SIGN ON TOP OF A
PASSENGER SHED. WE READ: WEST BISMARCK
ELEVATION 2 FT.

33

We hear a train coming to a stop.

COMBINATION PASSENGER AND FREIGHT TRAIN ROLLS
TWENTY FEET TO A STOP

34

Big Kim, suitcases beside him, magazines under
his arm, stands on the lowest step of the lone
passenger car. He looks around dubiously, then
steps to the ground and puts his suitcases
down beside him.

The Conductor's Voice
All aboard!

The locomotive answers with a pleasant whistle
and the train moves on.

Butch's Voice
Carry your bags, Mister?

CAMERA) Big Kim (looking past the
Huh.

A NICE LOOKING LITTLE BOY OF EIGHT IN FRONT
OF THE DESERTED AND DILAPIDATED STATION

35

His hair cut explains his name. The shadows
of the cars and the noise of the train continue
on during the first part of this scene.

Butch (coming forward to join
Mr. Kimble)
Can I help you carry your bags?

Big Kim (gravely)
Oh sure.

Butch (happily)
You a stranger in town?

Big Kim
Well, I didn't grow up here.

Butch (trying to lift the bags
without success)
You got bricks in there?

Big Kim
No...mantelpieces...I always carry a couple of
them around...you know, in case it gets cold.

Butch
I'll bet you're just teasing me.

Big Kim (laughing and picking
up the suitcases)
You carry the handle and I'll take the rest of it
and we'll be all right.

Butch
All right.

THE CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM

Big Kim
Now tell me about your fair city...where is it? I
don't smell it.

Butch (raising his nose)
Smell what?

Big Kim
The herring factory! I presume a town called
Bismarck has a herring factory.

Butch (puzzled)
I don't know what you're talking about...we don't
have any factories here any more...there used to
be a carriage works but that's closed now..

Big Kim (stamping his feet)
And just when I could use one too...how far is the
hotel in this boneyard? I suppose there's a choice
of one.

35
CONT'D
(2)

Butch (evasively)
Not very far.

Big Kim (a slightly suspicious
look)
About how far?

Butch
Well it might seem further to me because my legs
are shorter.

Big Kim (his suspicions deepen-
ing rapidly)
Never mind that stuff...I asked you a frank ques-
tion and I want an honest answer...I didn't happen
to wear my suitcase carrying shoes today.

Butch (reluctantly)
About two miles.

Big Kim
What!

He dumps the heavy suitcases on the ground
and glares down at the little boy.

Butch
Walking is good for you.

Big Kim
When I want any health advice from you I'll ask for
it...is there a cab in this graveyard?

Butch
You mean like a taxicab?

Big Kim (vehemently)
Any kind of a cab...at this point I'm not fussy.

Butch
No sir...Mr. Richardson used to have one...but the
bottom fell out of it...he takes care of the ceme-
tery.

Big Kim
Well, I'm certainly glad to hear it...I mean that
they bury the people around here...I was afraid
they just left them sitting on the front porch...
rocking.

Butch (laughing)
Gee you're funny.

Big Kim (picking up the suit-cases)
Well...let's get going.

35
CONT'D
(3)

Butch
Yes sir.

Big Kim (stopping suddenly and looking past the CAMERA)
Say...

Butch (following his gaze)
What?

A SURPLUS JEEP ACROSS THE STREET

36

It is battered but complete down to the shovel on the side and the winch on the front.

BIG KIM AND BUTCH - LOOKING AT THE JEEP

37

Big Kim
Does that look as cozy to you as it does to me?

Butch (happily)
It looks super.

Big Kim (stamping his feet)
Then follow me.

DISSOLVE TO:

BIG KIM AND BUTCH IN THE JEEP AS IT DRIVES DOWN THE STREET

38

Big Kim (listening to the terrible motor noise)
Sure purrs like a kitten, don't she?

Butch (laughing)
You make me laugh all the time...what's your name?

Big Kim (stalling for time)
Oh, my name...let me see now: Jones.

Butch (delighted)
No fooling! That's my mother's name and my father's name too...what's your first name?

Big Kim (disgustedly)
Smith...what's yours?

Butch

Butch...my real name is Ocla E. Jones, Junior...
but they call me Butch because my hair is cut that
way.

38
CONT'D
(2)

Big Kim

I see...what does your father do...I suppose his
name is Ocla E. Jones, Senior.

Butch (a little evasively)

He's still in the army on an island some place...
he hasn't come back yet.

Big Kim

What's the name of the island?

Butch (looking straight ahead)

Tarara...

Big Kim (after looking at the

little boy out of the corner of his eye)
That's down in the South Pacific some place, isn't
it?

Butch (looking straight ahead)

That's right.

Big Kim

I see....

(then suddenly looking past the CAMERA)
Holy Moses! Look at that joint.

Butch (a little worried)

That's the Ogden House...the hotel I'm taking you
to.

LONG SHOT - A RAMSHACKLE SMALL TOWN HOTEL

39

It is complete with gingerbread work, broken
railings and missing balustrades. The jeep
pulls up in front of it and dies a quivering
death. Big Kim and Butch start to get out.

LONG SHOT - THROUGH THE DOORS OF THE HOTEL
AT BIG KIM AND BUTCH GETTING OUT OF THE JEEP

40

As they come toward us with suitcases, the
CAMERA pulls them into the ancient lobby.

Big Kim (looking around with
very little pleasure)

You sure this is the best hotel in town?

Butch
 You didn't say anything about the best hotel...
 besides it's the only hotel...it has to be the
 best. MO...THER!

40
 CONT'D
 (2)

Big Kim (suspiciously)
 Your family connected with this?

Butch (brightly)
 Oh yes...we own the hotel...grandma does the cook-
 ing.

Big Kim
 I got you...and you certainly got me...
 (he puts down his suitcases)
 I'll try the porch before I make up my mind...I got
 to have rocking chairs.

Butch (leading the way)
 I'll show you the good one.

THE PORCH OF THE OGDEN HOUSE

41

Mr. Kimble and Butch come out and stop at a
 rocking chair.

Butch
 Here it is.

Big Kim (looking at it dubiously)
 You say this is the good one?

Butch
 Some of the others came off the rockers a couple
 of times.

Big Kim (lowering himself
 tenderly into the chair and trying it
 gingerly)
 Six months of this and I'll be a little off my own
 rocker.

Butch (happily)
 You going to be with us six months?

Big Kim (rising)
 That's the theory.

Butch
 We never had anybody for six months before except
 Mr. Stone...I think he gets special rates...would
 you like the room next to him?

Big Kim
 You say he plays the cornet?

Butch
Oh no...he's just a friend of my mother's...he
lends money, I think.

41
CONT'D
2

Big Kim
Good! I'll put the bite on him for a few C's...
now let's take a look at the cells - the rooms.

Butch (leading the way)
Yes sir.

Now there is pounding on iron.

Big Kim (clocking his head)
Blacksmith shop upstairs...or is that a rock
crusher?

Butch
I guess my mother's trying to fix the bathroom
again.

Big Kim (gallantly)
Ah...may her efforts be attended with success...
let's go.

The CAMERA PANS with them as they walk into
the lobby and together, as before, pick up
the suitcases.

DISSOLVE TO:

BIG KIM AND BUTCH COMING INTO ROOM
NUMBER SEVEN IN THE OGDEN HOUSE

42

It contains an iron bed, a night table, a
bureau, a wash stand with a pitcher, chipped
basin and slop jar, and a rocking chair.
Across the door to the adjoining room there
is attached a pole for hanging clothes. Next
to the hall door a speaking tube complete with
whistle comes up from the floor. Under the
window, a bucket contains some twenty feet
of knotted rope, one end of which is attached
to a big ring in the frame.

Big Kim (putting down suitcases)
Very neat...neat but not gaudy.

He puts down his suitcases and crosses to
the speaking tube into which he whistles.

Big Kim
Where does this go...to the engine room?

Butch
That goes to the lobby...in case you need something.

Big Kim

I see...and they pump it up to you through this...
like hot soup or something.

42
CONT'D
(2)

Butch

Oh no, you just ask for it.

Big Kim

What will they think of next!

Now he crosses to the bucket under the window
and lifts up an end of the rope. The CAMERA
PANS him over.

Big Kim

And this is to hang yourself with, I suppose...
after eating one of the hotel's dinners.

Butch

It's to shinny down in case of fire...it's lots of
fun.

Big Kim

I'll be looking forward to it.

He laughs and goes to the bureau and unpacks
his bags functionally but unfussily by turn-
ing them upside down and dumping their contents
into the drawers. Three suits he hangs on
the rod. The cans of tobacco he puts on the
top, next to them a few pipes, cleaners,
lighters and pipe tools.

Big Kim

You a pipe smoker?

Butch

No sir.

Big Kim

You're missing something.

Butch laughs and Mr. Kimble picks up the two
suitcases and tries to shove them under the
bed. One of them strikes an obstruction.
Now he exchanges a look with Butch, then
reaches under the bed and pulls out a wire,
cage trap about two feet long by ten inches
square.

Big Kim

What's this for? Gophers, I hope...

Butch

No sir...my mother says all old hotels have rats...
that some hotels are just more honest than others.

Big Kim

Then this is the most honest hotel in the world...
bar none...and your mother must be a very remarkable
woman...I look forward to meeting her.

42

CONT'D

(3)

Butch

Oh she is...I'll tell her you're here.

Big Kim

Good...you do that.

He watches the little boy go, laughs at the room, then crosses to the bureau. Here he puts on a golf cap and from a box full of new pipes, tries several in his face to see how they look. After this, he opens a number of tobacco pouches, including one in which each opening of a zipper reveals more zippered compartments until the whole thing hangs loosely in a dilapidated chain of leather pockets, and one of those Englishman's, made of magnificent tie silk, which unwinds almost to his knees before giving up its tobacco. He fills this from a pound can, spilling only a little of it on the floor, then loading all his pockets with pipe cleaners, pipe scrapers, special blowtorch lighters for pipe smokers, and all the other apparatus of an apprentice pipe smoker, he picks up two Book-of-the-Month novels, provided with paper cutters, and gets ready to go downstairs. He reacts once more to the pounding.

DISSOLVE TO:

BUTCH BEHIND THE HOTEL DESK

43

He is trying to put a ten cent airplane together. Now he looks up and smiles.

Butch

Hello.

Mr. Kimble coming downstairs with his books and smoking equipment. This is to the accompaniment of pounding from above.

Big Kim

Must have that horse almost shod by now...or are they building a boiler?

The CAMERA PANS him over to the desk.

Big Kim

Going to do a little reading...

(he points to the toy airplane)
What's that?...a P-31?

Butch
No, Aeronda...but it doesn't go together very well.

43
CONT'D
(2)

Big Kim (pointing)
I think that fits on to there..Where's the cement?

Butch
Here.

Big Kim (working)
That's better...then this fits on to here...and
that folds over like that on the dotted line....

Butch (delighted)
Oh gee...

Big Kim
Then this slips under here...and we put a little
cement there...and there we are.

Butch
Were you a flier one time when you were young.

Big Kim (after a slight pause)
Yeah...I've done a little flying.
(now he looks with displeasure at his
bocks, then at his wristwatch)
I don't suppose there's a little brokerage office
in this town.

Butch (innocently)
A what? Wheeeee!
(this last as he pretends that his plane
is flying)

Big Kim
How about a little gambling house?...although I
suppose that's a silly question...is there a bowling
alley?

Butch (vaguely)
A bowling alley?

Big Kim
Where they bowl! Recreation Center? Shuffleboard...
Ping Pong...Turkish Bath...Pool Parlor...There's
gotta be a Pool Parlor.

Butch
There used to be one I think.
(then as Mr. Kimble turns away dejectedly)
We have baseball.

Big Kim
When?

Butch
Fourth of July.

Big Kim (turning to go)
 Okay...the books...
 (he sighs as he looks at them and exits)

43
 CONT'D
 (3)

Butch (flying his plane)
 Wheeee...brrrrrrr...

MR. KIMBLE ON THE PORCH OF THE OGDEN HOUSE

44

He counts the chairs to find the good one, then sits in it cautiously. Now, spreading out his apparatus, he goes to work on a pipe. He fills it too tightly so that when he tries to light it with the blow torch lighter it won't draw. Now he takes it apart, sucks through it and on the third suck is rewarded by a mouthful of tobacco he has considerable trouble getting rid of. The pipe being still plugged up, he blows through it as hard as he can and the tobacco sprays all over the porch, except what gets in his eye, leaving the bowl as clean as a whistle. Having wiped his eye and sneezed, he starts again. Unwinding the pouch to the floor, he fills the pipe, lights it with the blow torch and when it is going well, inhales a great cloud of smoke which nearly strangles him. Recovering from this, he puts his apparatus neatly away and starts cutting the pages of his novel with a dull paper cutter. At one point, the paper proves to be so strong and the cutter so dull, a whole chapter comes out in his hands rather than submit to having its pages cut. Now he discovers that the pipe has gone out and this time the blow-torch lighter refuses to work. He takes it apart with the screwdriver that came with it, retrieves the parts that fall and roll on the porch, and re-assembles it in a slightly new form. This time it lights and shoots a long thin flame straight at his nose, rubbing his nose, he twists part of the lighter around, holds it horizontally and sets fire to his cap.

MRS. LANE IN THE DOOR OF THE HOTEL

45

She is a somewhat severe looking lady in her middle fifties, at the moment slightly disheveled and marked with grease. She holds a Stillson wrench in her hands and a wad of oakum. She watches Mr. Kimble in surprise.

MR. KIMBLE BEATING OUT THE SPARKS FROM HIS CAP 46

MRS. LANE IN THE DOORWAY OF THE HOTEL 47

She looks back over her shoulder and her daughter, Mrs. Jones, peeks out. The latter carries a hammer, pliers, more oakum and a faucet, but despite wearing overalls and being also covered with grease, she is a lovely thing to behold. After a look at Mr. Kimble, she examines herself in a pocket mirror and immediately retires to repair her appearance.

Mrs. Lane (to Mr. Kimble)
You got a bee in your bonnet?

MR. KIMBLE WORKING ON HIS CAP 48

Big Kim
Oh hello...no I just had a little...misunderstanding with this thing...I'm Mr. Jones the new guest here... your little boy shanghaied me at the station...I'm in Number Seven.

MRS. LANE IN THE DOORWAY 49

Mrs. Lane
And I hope you'll be very happy with us Mr. Jones...
I'm Mrs. Lane, Butch's grandmother, and...
(seeing her arrive out of the corner of her eye:)
This is my daughter, Mrs. Jones

Mrs. Jones (looking even prettier than before)
How do you do, Mr. Jones...
(THE CAMERA PANS her over to him)
This is quite a coincidence...I hope it doesn't start a scandal...I'm Butch's mother.

Big Kim (shaking hands warmly)
Well what do you know.

Mrs. Jones
Won't you sit down?
(she seats herself in the good rocker)

Big Kim (seeing the whole six months through entirely new eyes)
With great pleasure.

He sits.

Mrs. Jones (rocking)
It really is strange, our both being called Jones...
my name could just as easily have been Brown.

49
CONT'D
(2)

Big Kim (laughing)
Mine too.

Mrs. Jones
Are you going to be with us long? Butch said something about six months but I'm sure he misunderstood.

Big Kim (charmed)
Well that was kinda the idea...and the more I look over the...prospects here the better they look.

Mrs. Jones
I'm so glad...I hope you're not looking for work because I'm afraid...

Big Kim
No, no...nothing like that.

Mrs. Jones
Were you thinking of opening a business maybe?

Big Kim
Anything but.

Mrs. Jones
Or buying a farm? There are lots of them for sale.

Big Kim
I'm just here for a...a kind of a slowdown...I'm supposed to take it sort of easy for about six months...you know: a rocking chair...a pipe...
(he glances at the prescription from his pocket)
...a little incognito...I mean gardening and...uh...
(he scowls at the paper and puts it away)
that's about all...just a kind of a slow-down.

Mrs. Jones (happily)
Well we'll certainly take the best care of you...
I'll take your temperature...and see that you smoke your pipe...and put a little rug over your knees while you're in your rocker...and you certainly could go a long way before you'd find a town any slower than this one.
(she puts her hand on his forehead:)
You don't feel hot.

Big Kim
Lock: I think I gave you an entirely false impression...it's just this doctor's idea...

Mrs. Jones (interrupting
soothingly)

49
CONT'D
(3)

I know, I know...and I can tell just what kind of a patient you're going to be just by looking at you... but there isn't any sense in going to a doctor and paying him a lot of money and then not doing what he tells you to do...now did you think to bring your slippers and a bathrobe, and a hot water bag?

Big Kim (firmly)

I did not.

Mrs. Jones

Naturally...I'll get you some in Peruvia...now how would you feel about breakfast in bed?

Big Kim

Well that all depends...

Mrs. Jones

It would be very good for...I'll bring it up myself.

Big Kim

Then I want it.

Mrs. Jones (laughing)

Yes, I can tell exactly what kind of a patient you're going to be...What did you do before you were sick?

Big Kim (scowling)

I'm not sick...I just...I was a kind of a builder, I guess you'd call it...in a small way naturally.

Mrs. Jones (hopefully)

You mean like a carpenter?

(then her face falling:)

Not that you can do anything like that now, of course.

Big Kim (violently)

What do you mean I can't do any? If I can do garden-
ing, I can do carpentering can't I? It's the same
thing...you don't think I'm going to spend six months
in a rocking chair just with a pipe in my kisser, do
you?...

Mrs. Jones (calculatingly)

Can you plumb too?

Big Kim (almost gruffly)

I've done a little plumbing in my time...and a little
plastering too.

Mrs. Jones (ecstatically)
 Oh how heavenly...to have a plumber-carpenter-plasterer living right here in the hotel with me...you don't know what it's like being a woman.

49
 CONT'D
 (4)

Big Kim (laughing gaily)
 I think you got something there.

He rocks back roaring with laughter, the chair collapses into so much kindling wood and Mr. Kimble lands on the flat of his back.

Mrs. Jones (hurrying to his assistance)
 Oh dear! I'm so sorry Mr. Jones...did you hurt yourself?

Big Kim (sitting up and laughing)
 No...I just didn't pick the good one that time.

Mrs. Jones helps him to his feet, without either of them noticing that one of the rockers is still attached to the seat of Mr. Kimble's pants.

Mrs. Jones (distressed)
 I can't tell you how sorry...

Big Kim
 Forget it...I'll buy a little glue and fix these up for you.

Mrs. Jones
 Oh that is so kind of you

Butch's Voice
 Mommie.

Mrs. Jones (turning)
 Yes Darling...

BUTCH IN THE DOORWAY

50

Butch
 Grandma says now the water's running all over the kitchen.

He exits hurriedly

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

51

Mrs. Jones (defeated)

Oh...rats!

Mr. Kimble (laughing)

Maybe I can help you.

Mrs. Jones (ecstatically)

Oh would you Mr. Jones?

Big Kim

Sure.

(he takes a step, then discovers the
rocker attached to the seat of his pants)
Wait a minute...I'm taking some of the furniture
with me.

Mrs. Jones (hurrying behind him)

Oh dear.

She tries unsuccessfully to loosen the rocker.

Big Kim (directing the maneuver
over his shoulder)
Try to unhook it...it's probably pinched in there...
in a crack in the wood or something...just give it
a little yank...

Mrs. Jones (worried)

There might be a nail.

Big Kim (manfully)

There wouldn't be a nail in that part of the chair...
Just yank it a little...not too hard...but a little
harder than...

(there is a loud tearing sound and the
seat of Mr. Kimble's trousers comes down
in a flap.)

Mrs. Jones (nearly in tears)

Oh now look what I've done.Big Kim (holding himself to-
gether)

Oh that's all right...I never cared much for this
suit anyway...it was always a little...

Mrs. Jones

You're such an angel...I'll pin you up.

She does so.

Big Kim (laughing)

Not let's take a look at the plumbing.

Mrs. Jones
Do you want to change your trousers first?

51
CONT'D
(2)

Big Kim
Maybe I'd better change after the plumbing.

MRS. LANE AND BUTCH - IN THE KITCHEN

52

The handle has just come off the cold water faucet in the sink and a strong stream of water is splashing merrily from the sink onto the floor. Butch and his grandmother are trying to pound the handle back onto the faucet

Mrs. Lane
It just won't do it...the teeth are all gone.

Butch
Hit it again...why don't you?

Mrs. Lane
We'll just break it like we did that other one... what did you do with the screw that's supposed to hold it on?

Butch
I lost it.

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES COMING INTO THE KITCHEN

53

Big Kim (the portrait of self assurance)
Well, well...what's our little problem here?
(the CAMERA PANS him over to the sink and he spins the useless handle)
The first thing to do in a case like this is find the shut-off valve...it's usually under the sink
...
(he dives through the spray and squats under the sink)
Here it is...anybody got any pliers?

Mrs. Jones (bending a little and ducking the spray)
Where are the pincers mother?

Mrs. Lane
What did you do with the pincers, Butch?

Butch
I don't remember.

Mrs. Lane (taking a Stillson
wrench off the table)
Would a monkey wrench do?

53
CONT'D
(2)

She hands it to him.

Big Kim (laughing)
This is called a Stillson wrench...it'll do fine.

He starts adjusting it.

Mrs. Jones (kneeling close to
him)
I tried twisting that thing one day but I couldn't
budge it.

Big Kim
I'll budge it....
(He gives a yank and nothing happens.)
...but it's a little rusty at that...
(He readjusts his wrench)
...you ought to have a plumber look over all your
pipes.

Mrs. Jones
He won't come any more.

Big Kim (grunting and trying
again)
Why not?

Mrs. Jones
He wants to be paid in cash.

Big Kim (indignantly)
In advance.

Mrs. Jones (meekly)
No...for the other times...besides he says my pipes
are past repairing.

Big Kim
That's just a racket...we'll have this fixed in no
time.
(He heaves hard on the wrench without results)
It's rusty all right...but that's why you have wrenches
with long handles...

Mrs. Jones
You're terribly kind.

Big Kim (bracing his foot
against the foot of the sink)
With enough leverage it has to come... nothing
can resist leverage.

53
CONT'D.
(3)

He arches his back and grunts with the effort.
He is quite right about the leverage because
the shut-off valve comes out of the pipe by
the roots. A geyser of water shoots out from
under the sink and Mr. Kimble falls flat on
his back. Butch jumps up and down in glee
but Mrs. Jones manages to suppress her laugh-
ter. The water is now shooting across the
kitchen at a great rate.

Mrs. Jones (helping Mr. Kimble
to his feet)
Did you hurt yourself?

Big Kim (popping his thumb
into his mouth)
Not at all... now give me a...a towel or some-
thing... a couple of towels.

Mrs. Lane (handing them to him)
Here.

Big Kim
And some wire.

Mrs. Jones
Get some wire, Butch... there's some in the back-
yard.

Big Kim
I don't know how much good this'll do but...

He dives under the sink and, partly with his
body and partly with the towels, momentarily
controls the stream of water.

MR. STONE COMING THROUGH THE DOOR FROM THE
LOBBY

54

He is a large rurally-prosperous looking man,
a little older than Mr. Kimble.

Mr. Stone
What's the trouble, Peggy... the pipes again?
(he starts for the sink)
Let's find the shut-off valve... Who's that?

He bends down to have a better look at the
stranger under the sink.

Mrs. Jones
Oh Mr. Jones, this is Mr. Stone.

54
CONT'D.
(2)

CLOSE SHOT MR. KIMBLE UNDER THE SINK -
REVERSE

55

Water is spraying in his face as he wrestles
with the broken pipe. Mr. Stone's face ap-
pears behind him as he bends low.

Big Kim (without looking around)
What did you say?

Mr. Stone (stretching forth a
big hand)
My name is Stone... how are you?

Mr. Kimble turns to look at him, then takes
his hand off the pipe to shake. A solid stream
of water hits Mr. Stone right between the eyes.

FULL SHOT - THE KITCHEN

56

Mrs. Jones
Look out, Lucas, you'll get all wet.

Mr. Stone (wiping his glasses)
Too late to tell me now... Where did you find this
plumber?

Without waiting for a reply, he goes over
and bends down behind Mr. Kimble.

Mr. Stone
If you can't shut that valve off, there's porbably
another one in the cellar.
(in reply he gets a solid stream which
splashes off the end of his nose)

MR. KIMBLE - UNDER THE SINK FROM THE BACK

57

Big Kim (coming out from under
the sink)
If you'd like to take a crack at it brother... it's
all yours.

The CAMERA brings him in to a position opposite
Mr. Stone. The two big men look at each other
like strange male dogs.

Mrs. Jones (hastily)
This is Mr. Stone, Mr. Jones... who has been so very
kind to us all.

Big Kim (looking him over)
Oh yes... the cornet player.

57
CONT'D.
(2)

Mr. Stone (puzzled and faintly
irritated)
How's that?

Big Kim (snapping his fingers
and laughing)
Oh no...I remember: the money lender!

Mrs. Jones (in hasty response
to Mr. Stone's look)
I don't know what Mr. Jones is talking about, Lucas..
(then to Mr. Kimble)
Mr. Stone has been very, very kind...
(then to Mr. Stone)
Mr. Jones is the new guest in the hotel, Lucas.

Mr. Stone (looking him over
sourly)
Oh...practicing without a license, huh?

Big Kim (narrowing his eyes)
I've already told you it's all yours...if you need
a little practice.

Butch (rushing in full speed
with some wire)
Here's all the wire I could find.
(he slips onto the wet floor into a
sitting position)

Big Kim (yanking him to his
feet)
You hurt yourself?... 'course you didn't.
(he takes the wire)
Thanks, now unless Mr. Stone wants to take over...
Where is the cellar? We'd better find that other
valve before the joint floats away.

Mrs. Jones (stooping over to
open a trap door)
It's right here, Mr. Jones.

Mr. Stone (to Mrs. Jones)
Let me help you.
(he moves forward and bends over. Mr.
Kimble having had the same idea at the
same time, does the same thing and the
two gentlemen crack their heads together
like two billy goats.)

Big Kim (recovering first)
You're a big help.
(he goes down three steps)
We got a flashlight?

Mr. Stone

I got one in my car...only my battery's weak.

57
CONT'D
(3)

Mrs. Jones (picking up a box)

I'll hold matches for you.

(she follows him down the steps)

Big Kim (disappearing into the
cellar)

All right you'd better start scratching.

And after one nervous smile at Mr. Stone,
Mrs. Jones disappears also.

Mr. Stone (to Mrs. Lane)

Fellow going to be here long?

Mrs. Lane (nervously)

I don't suppose so, Lucas...just over night, I guess.

Mr. Stone

Paid in advance?

Mrs. Lane

I don't really know...I don't suppose so.

Mr. Stone

Better be careful...that's a very low type...notice
them ears?

Mrs. Lane

No I didn't, Lucas.

Mr. Stone

Like a gangster...I seen 'em in the movies...could
be a fugitive from justice.

Mrs. Lane (putting her hand to
her heart)

Oh my gracious.

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES - IN THE CELLAR

58

This contains apple barrels with and without
apples, potatoe bins, old crates, a coal bin
and lots of preserves in Mason jars on rickety
shelves. Water is coming through the floor
above in several places including the edge of
the trap door opening.

Big Kim

We'll find the pipe and follow it and someplace
there has to be a valve.

Mrs. Jones (lighting a match)

Of course there has to be, Mr. Jones.

Big Kim (starting over a barrel)

I think I can see it.

Butch (appearing at the top of
the stairs)

Can I come down too, Mummy?

Mrs. Jones (turning to her son
match in hand, so that Mr. Kimble is
deprived of all light)
No, darling, not now. You go back up to Grand-...

58
CONT'D
(2)

Big Kim (disappearing behind
the barrels)
WOW!

Mrs. Jones (coming forward,
match in hand)
Mr. Jones, are you all right? You go back upstairs
this very instant, Butch! Mr. Jones!
(a stream of water puts out her match)
Darn it!
(now she lights another match)
Mr. Jones, did you hurt yourself?

Big Kim (rising from under a
pile of detritus which falls to all sides
of him)
Well....I didn't do myself any good, but...
(he chuckles)
Now where's that wrench?...There it is.

He bends over to pick it up and we HEAR a long
tearing sound.

Mrs. Jones (distressed)
Did you tear your suit again?

Big Kim (in the darkness)
At this point it really doesn't matter.

Mrs. Jones (struggling with the
wet matches)
Can you see what you're doing?

Big Kim
No!

Mrs. Jones
Well, wait till I get a match going.

Big Kim (panting)
I'm all right. I've got a hold of...

His sentence is not completed because of a new
CRASH eight times worse than the first one.

Mrs. Jones (terrified)
Mr. Jones! Are you all right? Help! Mother!

Mrs. Lane (coming down the steps
with an old stable lantern)
For heaven's sakes, Peggy, what are you doing down
here...taking the hotel apart?

Mr. Stone (appearing with his
weak flashlight)
Amachoor!

58
CONT'D
(3)

Butch follows behind him.

Mrs. Jones (taking the lantern
from her mother)
Hurry up!

The CAMERA PANS them forward as they peel
away the wreckage, finally REVEALING Big
Kim, black with coal, streaming wet, his
suit torn to shreds, but otherwise unhurt.

Big Kim (laughing)
I couldn't answer you...I had a mouthful of tomatoes...
(he spits and makes a face)
I guess they were quinces...you got quite a supply
down here.

Mrs. Jones
I'm terribly glad you're all right.

Big Kim
I'm fine...now let me have that lantern.

He reaches over for it, then bends down to get
the wrench and again bumps heads with Mr. Stone,
who gets the wrench first and with his flashlight
shuts off the valve.

Butch (who had run up the stairs
to see what was happening)
It's off! It's off! It's stopped!

Mr. Stone (modestly)
It's nothing...no trouble at all when you know what
you're doing.

Big Kim
Why you...

A small stream of water squirts him in the eye.

DISSOLVE TO:

MR. KIMBLE SEATED IN AN OLD-FASHIONED BATH
TUB WITH WOODEN SIDES

59

He is scrubbing his hair with soap. Now he
ducks down into the water to rinse himself,
then reappears. After this he turns on the
faucet to add some hot water. Having enough
hot water he tries to turn the faucet off. It
will not turn, of course. Mr. Kimble merely

gives it a pitying look, however, then reaching down to the floor beside the tub, INVISIBLE UNTIL THE CAMERA TIPS with him, he picks up the wrench and turns off the water.

59
CONT'D
(2)

DISSOLVE TO:

MRS. JONES - IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR IN HER BEDROOM

60

She now wears a very pretty cotton frock. She puts the finishing touches to her make-up, thinks for a moment, then goes to a closet and from a moth bag takes first two and finally three men's suits. With the suits over her arm, she leaves the room.

MR. KIMBLE IN HIS BEDROOM

61

He has just put on another suit and at the moment is arranging his tie rather carefully. Now he puts his bank roll in his pants pocket, then frown slightly at the paper he has picked up.

INSERT: DR. ROTHMULLER'S PRESCRIPTION

62

It is rumpled, but still readable, especially the last item: NO WOMEN. There is a knock on the door.

Big Kim's Voice

Yeah?

MRS. JONES COMING IN CARRYING THE SUITS

63

The CAMERA PANS her over to Mr. Kimble

Mrs. Jones

I can't tell you how sorry I am about your lovely suit, Mr. Jones...

(she picks it up from the foot of the bed, then drops it like a dead cat)

...I just don't know what to say...

Big Kim (laughing)

Forget it, will you? I never liked that suit anyway, and...

of tears) Mrs. Jones (nearly on the verge
You're just being terribly kind but...my insurance
has expired along with everything else...and I
want you please to take these to make up, at least
a little bit, for your beautiful one. Of course,
they're not exactly the latest style...but they're
not a bit of good to me...and he was about your
size...or almost your size...I believe.

63
CONT'D
(2)

Big Kim (embarrassed)
I appreciate your great honesty, Mrs. Jones, but
you've got to believe me...

Mrs. Jones (putting the suits
on the bed)
But I really don't need them, Mr. Jones...the
moths will have them long before Butch can ever
get any use out of them...and it's just sentimental
nonsense anyway...when you've got something to face
...the sooner you face it and wash it out of your
heart the better off you are.

Big Kim (indicating the suits)
Butch's father?

Mrs. Jones
That's right...he was killed at Tarawa...Butch
doesn't know of course.

Big Kim
I'm sorry.

Mrs. Jones
Thank you...I bough this hotel with the ten
thousand they give you...It seemed a good idea
at the time...then the Carriage Works closed...
and everybody went away...but I certainly didn't
mean to thrust my troubles upon you.

Big Kim
The joint in hock?

Mrs. Jones (smiling ruefully)
Oh yes.

Big Kim
That schmo downstairs who's been so very, very,
kind...got the mortgage?

Mrs. Jones
That's right, but he's been very patient...he's
waited and waited so long for his money...I don't
suppose he really can wait much longer.

Big Kim
Why not...is he going someplace?

Mrs. Jones (laughing)
I'm afraid I sort of took him over the jumps a little bit...while he was making up his mind about the mortgage...I think he sort of thought he was going to marry me some day...I'm afraid I sort of let him think so.

63
CONT'D
(3)

Big Kim
Well, that's natural.

Mrs. Jones
A widow with a little boy doesn't stop at much I guess...
(she laughs into his eyes)
Be careful if you ever meet one.

Big Kim
Thanks for warning me.

Mrs. Jones
You're welcome. I'll see you at dinner...I hope.

Big Kim
Yes, Mam...It's the only place anyway, isn't it?

Mrs. Jones
I'm afraid so.

Big Kim
I'll see you at supper.

DISSOLVE TO:

MR. KIMBLE AND MR. STONE - IN THE OGDEN HOUSE 64
DINING ROOM

They are at either end of a nine foot table. Mr. Stone has already finished and is picking his teeth. He glares at Mr. Kimble and hiccups. Mr. Kimble takes another mouthful of a peculiar looking dish, chews it pensively, swallows and also hiccups.

Mrs. Jones (coming brightly into the SHOT near Mr. Stone bearing coffee and pie)
Did you enjoy your supper Lucas?

Mr. Stone (gravely)
Very tasty...I think.

Mrs. Jones

I'm so glad.

(she starts toward Mr. Kimble, then
pauses and looks back at Mr. Stone,
who is still shaken from a tremendous
hiccup)

64
CONT'D
(2)

Mr. Stone (apologetically)
Something I et no doubt...OOIP!

Mrs. Jones (moving on)
No doubt.

The CAMERA takes her to Mr. Kimble's end
of the table.

Mrs. Jones (sweetly)
I hope you enjoyed your first supper with us, Mr.
Jones.

Big Kim (charmingly)
Very....unusual...OOIP...excuse me...what were they
called again...those little things we had.

Mrs. Jones (sweetly)
Mock snipe...they're made out of pork rind and beef
heart.

The smile freezes on Mr. Kimble's face and
he smothers a hiccup in his napkin.

Mrs. Jones (trying to ignore
the hiccup)
They're what you call an economy dish...Mother
got them out of the Woman's Constant Companion...
she made the beaks out of toothpicks.

Big Kim (lowering his napkin)
They sure fooled me.

Mrs. Jones
I'll tell her.

Big Kim (raising and lowering
his napkin)
You have them often?
(he puts the napkin back up)

Mrs. Jones (slightly apologeti-
cally)
Only about once a week...Butch is very fond of them.

Big Kim
Good.

(he puts his napkin back up)

MR. STONE AT HIS END OF THE TABLE

65

Mr. Stone

Had 'em twicet last week...what did you say them
beaks was made cuten?

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

66

Big Kim (before Mrs. Jones
can answer)

Pork hearts! Pork hearts and beef gizzards!
(he puts his napkin to his mouth)

MR. STONE AT HIS END OF THE TABLE

67

Mr. Stone (sourly)

Very funny...ha...ha...ha.
(suddenly he puts his napkin to his
mouth)

BIG KIM AND MRS. JONES

68

Mrs. Jones (hurt)

Didn't you like it at all?

Big Kim (gallantly)

Well of course I did...you know how it is when you
eat something for the first time...

Mrs. Jones

Mother's always finding little things like that...
you know...little novelties?

Big Kim (dismally)

You say she's always finding them?

MR. STONE AT HIS END OF THE TABLE

69

Mr. Stone

'Bout six times a week...the other day I eat out.

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

70

Mrs. Jones

You know that isn't true, Lucas...she just finds
a little something every so often.

MR. STONE AT HIS END OF THE TABLE

71

Mr. Stone
Every too often if you ask me.

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

72

Big Kim
Have you ever considered installing a professional cook in this institution?

Mrs. Jones (sitting down
dejectedly and lighting a cigarette)
We were going to do all things like that when the hotel grew but...

Big Kim (with finality)
Nothing will grow on mock tripe.

Mrs. Jones
Snipe.

Big Kim
That's right...did the hotel ever do well? I mean since you bought it?

Mrs. Jones
It started to...we had as many as four in a bed... I don't mean all at once...you know...two on the day shift and two on the night shift...

Big Kim
That must have been a little rough on the springs.

MR. STONE AT HIS END OF THE TABLE

73

Mr. Stone
You'll find out...you're lucky you're leaving in the morning.

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

74

Big Kim
Who's leaving in the morning?

Mrs. Jones
Mr. Jones is going to be with us for six months, Lucas...Isn't that wonderful?
(then to Mr. Kimble)
Oh everything was really buzzing around here... till the Carriage Works closed.

MR. STONE AT HIS END OF THE TABLE

75

Mr. Stone (alarmed)
What's he going to do here for six months?

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

76

Big Kim (to Mr. Stone)
What's that got to do with you?
(then to Mrs. Jones)
What kind of carriages were they making?

Mrs. Jones (smiling)
Oh they haven't made carriages there since before
I was born...They made gun stocks for the army...
and some caisson wheels I think...These hills are
full of good hardwood...that's why my grandfather
...I mean my great-grandfather started the works
here in the first place...He was a German coach-
builder.

Big Kim
No fooling.

MR. STONE AT HIS END OF THE TABLE

77

Mr. Stone
A Heinie.

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

78

Mrs. Jones
His name was Herman Oppenschlopper...That's why
the town is called Bismarck...Bismarck was some-
body very important in Germany when my great-grand-
father left there...I don't remember exactly what
he did.

MR. STONE AT HIS END OF THE TABLE

79

Mr. Stone (sourly)
Was a musician...I hear lot of his pieces....

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

80

Big Kim
Who owns the works now...any of it come down to
you...or to Butch?

ment)
Mrs. Jones (In some embarrass-
Oh no...that all went a long time ago...I believe
Mr. Stone owns them now...don't you Lucas?

80
CONT'D
(2)

She rises and starts gathering some dishes.

MR. STONE AT HIS END OF THE TABLE

81

Mr. Stone
Yep...for all they're worth...got 'em for the taxes.

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

82

Big Kim
That's too bad...why don't you make something down
there?

MR. STONE AT HIS END OF THE TABLE

83

Mr. Stone
Something like what? I'm no manufacturer.

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

84

Big Kim
How do I know? If these hills are full of hardwood...
make something out of hardwood.

Mrs. Jones
Wouldn't that be wonderful?

MR. STONE AT HIS END OF THE TABLE

85

Mr. Stone
Don't use it no more...all they want now is tin and...
and...coronmium.

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

86

Big Kim
What are you talking about? How about...chairs...
tables...baseball bats...nut bowls...clocks...
butcher blocks...axe handles...motorboats...pianos...
xylophones...ZITHERS!

Mrs. Jones (laughing)
Mother used to have a zither.

86
CONT'D
(2)

She exits toward the kitchen.

MR. STONE AT HIS END OF THE TABLE

37

Mr. Stone
Look...you want to start a zither factory...I'll
rent you the place nice and cheap.

MR. KIMBLE AT HIS END OF THE TABLE

88

Big Kim
I don't want to start a zither factory...I don't
want to start any kind of a factory...I'm here
for a rest...I'm just trying to give you an idea.

MR. STONE AT HIS END OF THE TABLE

89

In the background we see Mrs. Jones come back
into the dining room.

Mr. Stone
Don't need no ideas...we're getting along all right.

Mrs. Jones (coming up behind
him)
You want some more coffee, Lucas?...or you Mr. Jones?

Mr. Stone (shaking his head)
Keeps me awake.

MR. KIMBLE AT HIS END OF THE TABLE

90

Big Kim
You want to take a run out to the Works and show it
to me?

MR. STONE AND MRS. JONES

91

Mrs. Jones (slightly nervously)
You mean me...or Mr. Stone?

MR. KIMBLE AT HIS END OF THE TABLE

92

Big Kim

I certainly don't want to go for a ride in the moonlight with Mr. Stone...I thought since your great-grandfather built the place...he might let you show it to me.

MR. STONE AND MRS. JONES

93

Mrs. Jones (still more
nervously, stealing a look at Mr. Stone)
Well I...uh...

Mr. Stone

No concern of mine...but it seems to me the daylight's the best time to see things.

Mrs. Jones (still nervously)
Maybe some...other time, Mr. Jones...but thank you very much for asking me.

Mr. Stone (in a better humor)
Want to play a game of checkers?

MR. KIMBLE AT HIS END OF THE TABLE

94

Big Kim (somewhat sourly)
Never played it...How does it go?

MR. STONE AND MRS. JONES

95

Mrs. Jones (happily)
I'll show you...and we'll play against Lucas.

She walks to the wall behind her to get the board.

MR. KIMBLE AT HIS END OF THE TABLE

96

Big Kim (rising)

Okay.

The CAMERA PANS him to Mr. Stone's end of the table, where he arrives at the same time as Mrs. Jones with the checkers.

Mrs. Jones (noticing his cigarette)
Shouldn't you be smoking your pipe?

Big Kim
I can't smoke it all day long...my mouth feels
like a cuspidor now.

96
CONT'D
(2)

Mrs. Jones (laughing as she sits
down and starts arranging the checkers)
You only smoked it once today.

Big Kim (sitting next to her)
Once was enough...
(he fingers one of the checkers then addresses
Stone:)
How much are we playing for?

Mr. Stone (horrificed)
You mean money?

Big Kim
Certainly I mean money...You don't think I'm going
to sit here all evening and look at your kisser for
nothing do you? I might play with a pretty woman...

Mr. Stone (severely)
I never gamble for money.

Big Kim
Then let's forget it...I'll get a book

Mr. Stone (narrowing his eyes)
Besides...how can you play for money if you've never
played before?

Big Kim
She's played before...probably plays better than
you do.

Mrs. Jones (hastily)
Oh no I don't...he's very good.

Big Kim
I'd still take a chance on you...anyway I never
gamble for free...It's like swimming in an empty
swimming pool.

Mrs. Jones (disappointed)
I'm sorry.

Mr. Stone (looking Mr. Kimble
over shrewdly)
How much do you want to play for?

Big Kim (instantly)
Make it easy on yourself brother...how much have
you got?

Mr. Stone (virulently)
About as much as you've got, I guess...and then
some.

Big Kim

Okay...we'll shoot a thousand...shuffle up the...
things.

96
CONT'D.
(3)

Mrs. Jones (stupefied)

A thousand dollars.

Mr. Stone

Don't let him bluff you, Peggy...he never seen a
thousand dollars.

Big Kim

Have it your way.

(he shoves the board away and turns to Mrs.
Jones)

How about a cup of coffee?

Mrs. Jones (relieved)

You were just joking, weren't you?

She pours his coffee and looks into his eyes
and smiles.

Big Kim (smiling at her)

I guess so.

Mr. Stone (completely out of
the party)

You want to play for a thousand dollars, huh?

Big Kim

I don't want to play at all...you started this
project.

Mr. Stone (incensed)

You drive in here in a fifty dollar jeep...

Mrs. Jones (shocked)

Lucas!

Mr. Stone (too far gone to
stop)

...and right away you start talking big...Mr. Big
in Littleville...givin' advice...Why don't you
build factories...Why don't you...

Mrs. Jones (worried)

Lucas! Mr. Jones is a guest in the hotel the
same as you.

Mr. Stone

Oh no he ain't! Who loaned you the money to
keep goin'? Who paid your taxes for you? Who
brought groceries to you?...Before the govern-
ment come through with that...blood money?

Mrs. Jones (aghast)

Lucas, Mr. Jones is a stranger here...

Mr. Stone
Yeah...a stranger putting on the dog...You want to
gamble for a thousand dollars, huh? Put up your
money.

96
CONT'D.
(4)

Big Kim (quietly)
Not now I don't.

Mr. Stone (triumphantly)
I'll bet you don't!

Big Kim
Now it's two thousand...You missed the boat.

Mr. Stone (with a snarling
laugh)
You think you can bluff me, huh?

Big Kim
I know I can bluff you.

Mrs. Jones (trying to make
peace)
Mr. Jones is only joking, Lucas.

Mr. Stone (albeit a little
nervously)
He never even saw two thousand dollars.

Big Kim (amused)
Just for that, it's three thousand.

Mr. Stone
For a game of checkers!

Big Kim
For a game of checkers...

Mr. Stone (shrewdly)
And I suppose if I said "yes" to three, it
would jump up to four.

Big Kim
Why don't you say "yes" and find out.

Mr. Stone (again cautious)
Because I ain't seen the color of your money yet.

Big Kim (mimicking him)
I ain't seen yours, neither.

Mr. Stone
Yeah...but everybody knows I got it...I ain't no
fly-by-night that blows into town and talks big
...What I got I can prove.

Big Kim (with a semblance of
dejection)
I guess you win.

96
CONT'D.
(5)

Mr. Stone (slightly mollified)
I guess I do.

Mrs. Jones (sighing with
relief)
Now let's all have a cup of coffee...and talk
about the weather.

Mr. Stone (pursuing his victory
a little further)
And let this be a lesson to you, Peggy...when
strangers come around and start talking big.

He starts sipping a cup of coffee.

Big Kim (laughing, to Mrs.
Jones)
I was going to shoot him for your mortgage.

Mr. Stone starts strangling on his coffee.

Mrs. Jones (laughing and
patting Mr. Stone on the back)
That was terribly sweet of you but...

Mr. Stone (recovering his
voice with wheezes and also his fury)
WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT'S TERRIBLY SWEET OF HIM!
(he coughs)
He never even saw fifty-two hundred dollars.
(he strangles again)
Sure! He says: "I'll bet you fifty-two hundred
dollars"...and if he wins, he wins! But suppose
he loses? Where do I come out?

Mrs. Jones (again trying to
make peace)
Lucas! Mr. Jones is only...

Mr. Stone (interrupting with
renewed fury)
Listen Mister! You like to bet, huh? Well I'll
bet you fifty-two hundred dollars you haven't
GOT fifty-two hundred dollars.

Mrs. Jones
Lucas, please.

Lucas
Try that on your harmonium.

Big Kim (with a great
semblance of nervousness)
You mean all in...cash?

Mr. Stone (triumphantly)
YES I MEAN ALL IN CASH! We don't take no checks
from no strangers.

96
CONT'D.
(6)

Big Kim (looking overly
embarrassed)
That's quite a lot of cash.

Mrs. Jones (sympathetically)
Well of course it is Mr. Jones, this has all...

Mr. Stone (having another
thrust at his victim)
It's quite a lot of cash for them as ain't got it.

Mr. Kimble (reluctantly to
Mrs. Jones)
You heard him make that bet?

Mr. Stone (answering for her)
YES SHE HEARD ME!

Big Kim
I don't like to do this to this poor hick...

Mr. Stone
I ain't so poor...and you'll find out how much of
a hick I am...Put up or shut up!

Big Kim (stirring his coffee
in simulated embarrassment)
It's like taking candy from a child...

Mrs. Jones (gently)
I really think the joke has gone far enough.

Big Kim
You do?
(then after a look at Mr. Stone)
You got any smelling salts in the house?

Mr. Stone (slightly tense)
Don't pay no attention to him, Peggy...This is
all part of the bluff.

Mrs. Jones (putting a hand on
Mr. Kimble's shoulder)
Mr. Jones...

Big Kim (smiling)
Of course I changed my trousers this afternoon...
(he feels the outside of his pocket and
frowns)
I might have left it on the bureau...

Mrs. Jones (embarrassed)
Or you might have mislaid it.

96
CONT'D
(7)

Mr. Stone
Watch him sweat! If he left it on the bureau we'll
give him two minutes to go and get it, won't we Peggy.
(he cackles)
He left it on the bureau all right...a bureau about
nine thousand miles from here...a bureau nobody ain't
ever seen.

Big Kim (putting his hand in
his pocket)
No by gally...I didn't leave it on the bureau...

Mrs. Jones (putting her hand
on her heart)
Mr. Jones you're just killing me.

Big Kim (quietly)
I'm really not trying to...now before I take my
hand out of my pocket, I want you to remember three
things: That he suggested the bet...that he made
the terms...and that there's a sucker born every
minute...You got that?

Mrs. Jones (her teeth chattering)
Yyyyes....

Big Kim
Now I'm going to give him one last chance to eat
crow, apologize and call off the bet.

Mr. Stone (highly nervous)
Put up your dough and, stop talking so much.

Big Kim (shrugging)
You asked for it...
(he pulls a huge roll of bills out of his
pocket and throws it on the table in front
of Mr. Stone.)

Mrs. Jones (startled)
Lucas!

Big Kim
Count it yourself.

He lights a cigarette. Mr. Stone stares dumbly
at the money...still too stunned to understand
what has happened to him. With limp fingers
he scatters the money a little, then examines
one note a little more closely, although with-
out much hope.

Big Kim (reading his thought)
If you think they're queer, take 'em to the bank.

Suddenly Mrs. Jones breaks under the strain.
She buries her face in her hands and starts
to sob.

96
CONT'D
(8)

Big Kim (patting her on the back)
What are you crying about?

Mrs. Jones (lifting her face,
streaming with tears)
I...I don't know.

Mr. Stone gives her a blank look.

DISSOLVE TO:

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES IN THE JEEP - NIGHT 97

She looks very pretty with a fluttering scarf
around her head and seems somewhat recovered.
Mr. Kimble's arm is protectingly around her
shoulders.

Big Kim
Feel better now? Nothing like a little air.

Mrs. Jones
Oh so much...I don't know why I behaved like such
an idiot...I've never seen anything like that thing
that just happened before...don't I really owe
Lucas anything anymore...or am I just dreaming?

Big Kim
Well that all depends on how you feel about certain
things...he lost all right...only you're not sup-
posed to bet on a sure thing...that is if you're
a gentleman you're not...and I sure knew how much
I had in my pocket.

Mrs. Jones
I see.

Big Kim (cheerfully)
Of course, on the other hand, I'm not a gentleman...
so that leaves the whole matter open again.

Mrs. Jones
I think you're very much of a gentleman.

Big Kim
Who me?...no no...my head is in the wrong shape...
you ever hear of Pithecanthropus Erectus?

Mrs. Jones
That's a kind of a melon, isn't it?

Big Kim

97

No....that's me...I'll tell you all about it sometime. CONT'D
...it turns out I've got two heads...with a Mr. B. (2)
in the back one who doesn't like Mr. A who lives
in the front one and is always complaining to the
janitor or something...it's all very scientific.

Mrs. Jones (ignoring that which
she does not understand)
Where did you get all that money?

Big Kim

All what money? Oh all that money! I uh...I won
it in a crap game.

Mrs. Jones

I see.

Big Kim

That's how I can afford to take six months off.

Mrs. Jones (slightly puzzled)
But you didn't expect to spend all that in just
six months, did you?...at least not around here.

Big Kim (hastily)

Of course not.

Mrs. Jones (pursuing her thought)
But you told me you were a kind of a carpenter...

Big Kim

Can't a carpenter get in a crap game? Besides I
didn't say I was a carpenter...I said I was a
kind of a builder.

Mrs. Jones (still with her own
thought)
I knew you weren't of course...your hands were too
soft...are you a gambler?

Big Kim

What do I look like to you.

Mrs. Jones

...a traveling salesman maybe...or, possibly a
dentist.

Big Kim

Cash or credit?

Mrs. Jones (looking into the
distance)

They say confidence men are awfully attractive too...
they have to be in their line of business.

Big Kim (amused)
Have I got your confidence?

97
CONT'D
(3)

Mrs. Jones
Except you wouldn't ever have come here in the first place...there isn't anything in the whole town worth taking.

Big Kim
You looked in a mirror recently?

Mrs. Jones
Now you sound more like an ice man.

Big Kim
I carried a little ice in my time.

Mrs. Jones
You're still carrying it...
(then after a laugh)
Would you like to see the carriage works? It's just down the street here to the left.

Big Kim
But I thought you said you didn't want to go tonight.

Mrs. Jones
That was on account of Lucas...I didn't think it was wise to upset him...it's been that way for quite a little while...I used to have quite a few callers...they'd come over from Peruvia...and even further...you know: we'd all sit around on the porch and talk...

Big Kim
I know.

Mrs. Jones
But after talking to Lucas for a while...they all sort of faded away...

Big Kim
He has a very warm personality...like a muskrat.

Mrs. Jones (laughing)
Poor Lucas...it's the next turn to the left.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTERIOR THE OLD BISMARCK CARRIAGE WORKS -
IN THE MOONLIGHT

98

Beside the name on the front of it, there is a Prussian Eagle and the date 1881. To one side we see the gleaming millpond. Now we hear the sound of the jeep and the CAMERA PANS to catch it as it comes to a stop in front of the shadowy works.

Big Kim
So this is it, huh? Very spooky!

98
CONT'D
(2)

Mrs. Jones
Would you like to go inside?...I think it's open.

Big Kim
Sure.

He gets down from the jeep and goes around to the other side to help Mrs. Jones down.

Mrs. Jones (leading him to the door)
It all works by water...a big paddle wheel...and they say it works just as well right now as when my great-grandfather built it.

Big Kim
No fooling...

He swings open the door, which sounds like a sound effect in a radio ghost story. She takes his hand and leads him in. We follow them a little bit and see behind them cob-webbed draped vistas, ancient work benches and much machinery on either side of moonlit alleys.

TRUCKING SHOT AHEAD OF MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES 99

They wander through the plant looking overhead and right and left.

Mrs. Jones
Can you picture this all full of wood shavings... and the men making beautiful carriages for elegant ladies all over America...and my great-grandfather in the middle...hollering at everybody with that accent he had?

Big Kim (mildly interested)
Too bad they're not making anything here now... with all this floor space and that wood growing all over...even the machinery's all right... probably as good as the Romans had...and they conquered the world.

Mrs. Jones (pointing)
There were still a couple of old carriages here... the last time I was here...there they are!

AN OLD BUGGY AND A TALLY-HO

100

They are very dry and cracked at the joints
but their elegance is still apparent.

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES COMING TOWARD US

101

He raises a cigarette lighter.

Mrs. Jones (pointing to the
buggy)
Think of all the families that started in that
buggy...the lovers didn't have to keep their eyes
on the road...the old mare did it for them.

Big Kim (without thinking)
A plane is very nice that way, too.

Mrs. Jones (giving him a long
look)
Is it?

Big Kim
I mean as far as not having to keep your eye on the
road...it don't bring you back by itself.
(now he points to the tally-ho)
What's that thing?

The CAMERA PANS them over to it and he examines
it by sticking the lighter through the glassless
windows.

Mrs. Jones
They were called tally-hos, I think...People used
to go to the races in them and have their lunch on
top...or to picnics...if the weather was good they
rode on top and if it started to rain...

Big Kim (beginning to be
interested)
...they moved inside! Quite a gag at that! Look
at those seats...

Mrs. Jones
I think they made into a bed...in case of a long
trip or something.

Big Kim (almost to himself)
Sure...you could have double steering and controls...
a roller canvas over the top...

Mrs. Jones
What did you say?

Big Kim
I was just thinking outloud...you'd have good
vision, too...
(then suddenly opening a compartment
in the back)
Say what do you know? An ice box.

101
CONT'D
(2)

Mrs. Jones (proudly)
Great-grandfather seems to have thought of everything...

Big Kim
He sure did...you know what? I'd like to have one
of these.

Mrs. Jones
Well you can probably have that one awfully cheap.

Big Kim
I didn't mean that...I don't suppose there're any
of the old carpenters still around...coach builders...
or whatever you call them?

Mrs. Jones (surprised)
Plenty of them...Mother's known them since she was
a little girl...of course I don't actually think
they're great-grandfather's men...probably their
sons and grandsons...

Big Kim
But they'd still know the craft...it would have
been passed on to them...and then I'd need a
designer...

Mrs. Jones (interrupting)
Oh, but there is one! Old Bob Zooky who actually
worked with my great-grandfather...or maybe it
was only my grandfather...he makes colored post-
cards of the old carriages now...all by hand.

Big Kim
You know where he lives?

Mrs. Jones (thoughtfully)
I think out by the air port someplace...

Big Kim (astonished)
What air port?...

Mrs. Jones (proudly)
Oh we had one during the war...for important people
to fly in and out...it's just a field on the other
side of town really but they called it the air port...
we even had a general at the hotel once.

Big Kim (amused)
No fooling.

Mrs. Jones (sorry to say it)
I'm afraid he's in jail now.

101
CONT'D
(3)

Big Kim
No fooling.

Mrs. Jones
There wasn't any fooling about it at all.

Mr. Kimble starts to laugh. Suddenly a roaring is heard and Mrs. Jones jumps into the protection of his arms. The roaring is followed by a great swish, which is followed by slapping noises and screaming like sirens as the rusty overhead jackshafts begin to turn and the old plant comes to life.

THE HUGE UNDERSHOT WATERWHEEL

102

It gains momentum in the moonlight and throws silver sparks high into the air.

MOVING SHOT UP AT THE SHAFTHING IN THE OLD WORKS

103

We go from side to side then pan DOWN onto some of the humming machinery. The PANNING SHOT ends on Mr. Kimble holding a protective arm around Mrs. Jones as they watch all this. Suddenly Mrs. Jones looks past the CAMERA and screams. Mr. Kimble follows her gaze and holds her tighter.

A HUGE BLACK FIGURE WALKING TOWARD US AGAINST THE MOONLIGHT

104

As it gets close, its face is suddenly illuminated by a slanting ray and we recognize Mr. Stone.

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES - PAST MR. STONE

105

Mrs. Jones (frightened)
Lucas!

MR. STONE - PAST MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

106

Mr. Stone (coldly)
Thought while you were down here...you'd like to see how everything works...

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES - PAST MR. STONE

107

Mrs. Jones

Well, that was very thoughtful of you, Lucas.

MR. STONE - PAST MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

108

Mr. Stone (taking a paper out
of his pocket and handing it to Mrs. Jones)
And here's your mortgage... I'll be movin' out
tomorrow... thought you'd better take it.

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

109

Mrs. Jones

Hadn't we better talk it over, Lucas? There's no
hurry about anything and...

MR. STONE - PAST MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

110

Mr. Stone (bitterly)
Nothing to talk over...your friend here pulled a
fast one on me...and I'm paying off...it'll all
come home to roost.

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES - PAST MR. STONE

111

Mrs. Jones (tendering Mr. Stone
the mortgage)

I don't want you to feel that way, Lucas...I don't
want to take this from you.

Big Kim (taking the mortgage
from her and forcing it into Mr. Stone's
hand)

Look; I was just kidding you, see?...I knew how
much I had in my pocket so there was no guess work
about it...and a bet is supposed to be a guess...
you give Mrs. Jones six months to catch up on her
payments...and the use of this place for six months...
with an option to buy for what you paid for it plus
six per cent on your money for the time you held
it...and that thing is all yours and nobody's been
hurt and we'll all feel better.

Much better Lucas. Mrs. Jones

111
CONT'D
(2)

MR. STONE

112

Mr. Stone (suspiciously after
looking at the mortgage in his hand)
What she want the works for?

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES - PAST MR. STONE

113

Big Kim (aggressively)
What do you care what she wants 'em for? Maybe
to give a tea party in... they're not doing you
any good are they? And you're still getting the
squarest shake any sucker I ever saw get.

MR. STONE

114

Mr. Stone (indicating the
mortgage)
How do you feel about this Peggy?

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES - PAST MR. STONE

115

Mrs. Jones
I'd feel a great deal better about it, Lucas.

Mr. Stone
Well then... if you really think it's only right
and proper... and the bet really shouldn't have been
made anyway... and you'll be careful not to burn
this place down... why I guess...

Big Kim (interrupting)
Oh! And one thing more: You can't move out of the
hotel... you've got to stay there at full rates...
that's part of the deal... and from now on we serve
mock tripe twice a day!

Mr. Stone
You the manager there now?

Mr. Kimble (starting out with
Mrs. Jones)
No... the janitor... and don't stay out too late...
we don't want to give the joint a bad name!

They pass out of the picture and the CAMERA
rests on Mr. Stone, who looks after them with
an expression of deep puzzlement and suspicion.
An ancient piece of machinery chooses this
moment to make a SOUND which starts like the
chattering laugh of a South American monkey,
then changes into a sort of Bronx cheer. Mr.
Stone acknowledges this by a look off to one
side, then looks back straight into the CAMERA.

115
CONT'D
(2)

DISSOLVE TO:

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES DRIVING ALONG IN THE
MOONLIGHT

116

Mr. Kimble appears to be in deep thought.

Mrs. Jones (after looking at
him a couple of times)
What did you want the carriage works for?

Big Kim
Just a little idea I got... you can't tell how it
might work out... our principal problem is to get
some guests into that hotel of yours...

Mrs. Jones (ruefully)
Wouldn't that be something!

Big Kim (frowning)
I wonder if a nice little... but I don't suppose
gambling is legal in this state is it?

Mrs. Jones
Oh my no.

Big Kim
Naturally... anything that adds to the joy of living...
what we need is some kind of an attraction... it does-
n't matter what it is... just something to bring people
close to the hotel... it could be a balloon ascension
or a two headed calf... we'll get that lot next to the
hotel and put something on it they have to come to see...
wrestling bears... a pie baking contest... a night in a
Turkish harem... I dunno... we'll buy a billboard and see
what's available.

Mrs. Jones
What kind of a billboard.

Big Kim

116
CONT'D
(2)

That's a trade paper for showpeople.. my mother used to be with a circus... we'll pick out a sure-fire attraction... or wait a minute: we might put in a whole bunch of 'em.. permanent pitch concessions with booths in between for the farmers... ring men.. Madame Zaza the fortune teller knows all sees all and tells all...a little fun house.. a shooting gallery... have your picture taken with Harry Truman... a baseball pitch.. and then every other booth: the jams, the jellies, the pickles, the green tomatoes... and all that kind of stuff the rubes are always putting up in glass jars... when the concessions get stale you change 'em.

Mrs.Jones (delighted)

A county fair!

Big Kim

That's right... a sort of little county fair.. what's the matter with that? You put in a little pony ride.. a little real steam railroad...

Mrs.Jones

Oh wouldn't Butch love that!

Big Kim

So would everybody else.. a merry-go-round...

Mrs.Jones (fearfully)

But wouldn't that all cost a terrible lot of money?

Big Kim

They pay you... that's why they're called concessions... and you hold out a few of the good ones for yourself... the beer.. the soda pop and the hot dogs!

Mrs. Jones

And hope they'll get thirsty.

Big Kim

You sell 'em salted nuts! And keep 'em standing around in the sunlight! Then we wangle one of the bus lines to go through here instead of wherever they're going... and things will really begin to crackle.

Mrs.Jones (frightened)

I...I... it still sounds awfully expensive...

Big Kim

You never want to think that way... or nothing would ever get done. Do it first and look for the money afterwards... like the government does!

Mrs.Jones

It makes me a little dizzy.

Big Kim 116
So is the government... anyway we'll do most of the work ourselves.. we'll find some third grade lumber and some second hand bricks..for the barbecue... CONT'D (3)

Mrs.Jones (happily)
I know where there're some.. from an old bakery that burned down.. and Hutch has a wheelbarrow.

Big Kim
That's the spirit.. or we can use this thing.. then we'll slap a little paint on the hotel... fix up the chairs.. and there you are! Now where's that air field? I want to take a look at it.

Mrs.Jones
Tonight?

Big Kim
Look Honey.. I'm only going to be here for a short time... I've got to work fast.

Mrs.Jones
You haven't forgotten you're here for a rest have you?

Big Kim (in surprised indignation)
Well what else am I doing?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SECOND FLOOR WINDOW - THE OGDEN HOUSE 117

It is slightly open and Mr. Stone is peering down past the CAMERA.

HIGH CAMERA SHOT OF WHAT MR. STONE SEES 118

The Jeep comes to a stop in front of the hotel. Mr.Kimble gets out and comes around to help Mrs.Jones. As he holds his arms out to her, they pause, their faces quite close together.

EXT. MR. STONE'S WINDOW 119

He leans forward and glares bitterly.

CLOSE SHOT - MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

120

Mrs. Jones (looking into his
eyes)
I don't know why but...when you blew into town...
you seemed to bring a lot of fresh air in with you.

Big Kim (amused)
Might be hot air.

Mrs. Jones
I don't think so...anyway all I know is...I'm
terribly happy.

Big Kim (huskily)
Are you?

Mrs. Jones
I am.

In reply, Mr. Kimble leans forward and kisses
her fully on the lips for a kiss of the legal
length.

EXT. MR. STONE'S WINDOW

121

He opens it jerkily to see better.

CLOSE SHOT - MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

122

They break out of the kiss.

Mrs. Jones (breathlessly)
Well that was a nice thing to do!

Big Kim (helping her out of
the Jeep)
I'm sorry...you got a little too close to the machinery
that time...you want to watch that.

Mrs. Jones
I will...I wouldn't want anything to happen to you.

Now she laughs, forgives him, and takes his
arm as they walk into the hotel and disappear
into the shadows. The CAMERA FOLLOWS them.

MR. STONE LEAVING OUT OF THE WINDOW

123

He snatches his head back inside, bumps it
violently, then tries to close the window
which now sticks. He starts pounding it

outwards with the heels of his hands to loosen it. On the fourth pound the window flies out past the CAMERA and lands crashingly in the street.

123
CONT'D
(2)

DISSOLVE TO:

VERY PRETTY SHOT OF BUTCH SLEEPING IN THE
MOONLIGHT

124

A wedge of light falls on the child.

MRS. JONES IN THE DOORWAY FROM HER ROOM

125

She is lit from the back, and her negligee although probably not a very rich one, looks very lovely. The CAMERA PANS her over to the far side of the little boy's bed and goes down with her as she kneels quietly and looks at him. She smooths his hair, then kisses him on the forehead. The child smiles in his sleep.

Mrs. Jones (in a whisper)
Everything is going to be all right, little man...
everything is going to be all right.

Her eyes glisten as if with tears. The child moves, sighs contentedly, then opens his eyes and speaks sleepily.

Butch

Good night, Mommie.

Mrs. Jones (taking him in her
arms)

Good night, my darling.

She holds him close to her bosom and rocks him to sleep.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

A BIRD SINGING IN A TREE - MORNING MUSIC

126

DISSOLVE TO:

A VERY PRETTY SHOT OF MRS. JONES IN BED

127

She smiles languorously. From below we hear

muffled pounding and the cracking of breaking wood.

127
CONT'D
(2)

Mrs. Lane's Voice (sharply)

Peggy!

The smile fades on Mrs. Jones' face.

MRS. LANE SHAKING HER DAUGHTER - IN THE LATTER'S BEDROOM 128

Mrs. Lane (ominously)

Peggy...wake up!

Mrs. Jones (opening her eyes)

Good morning, Mother...what's the matter?

Mrs. Lane (sharply)

Good morning...though I don't know what's good about it...if you want to save your hotel, you'd better come downstairs quick...you hear that?

Mrs. Jones (sitting up in vague alarm as she hears the pounding)

What's that?

Mrs. Lane

Your new boarder is taking the hotel apart.

Mrs. Jones (swinging her legs out of bed)

Oh, how wonderful! When did he start?

During the rest of the scene she dresses and possibly takes a quick shower, the cutting back and forth between the two women taking care of the propriety of the SHOTS.

Mrs. Lane

Wonderful! He got me up at the crack of dawn to find old Bob Zooky your grandfather's designer for him who's been in his third childhood for twenty years... then Zooky dug up old Jim Tandy for him, the old foreman with the red nose...then they took Butch and all got into the Jeep of his and all went over to Peruvia to buy tools..wheelbarrows...I don't know what all... and a motorcycle for Butch he'll probably break his neck on.

Mrs. Jones (in horror)

A motorcycle!

Mrs. Lane (grudgingly)

Well, it isn't a real one...but it's dangerous enough!

Mrs. Jones (severely)

You shouldn't do things like that to me.

Mrs. Lane

Then the whole parade came back from Peruvia with a truckload of lumber behind them...and a couple of old tramps they found in the lumber yard sitting on top of it pretending to be some of your grandfather's old carpenters...that I don't think would know a saw from a corkscrew!

128
CONT'D
(2)

Mrs. Jones (enthusiastically)

But this is all part of a plan, Mother...

Mrs. Lane (snorting)

A plan to land us all in the street! You know what they are planning right now?

Mrs. Jones (laughing in anticipation)

What?

Mrs. Lane

Moving my kitchen into the backyard!

Mrs. Jones (delighted)

Whatever for?

Mrs. Lane (hissing the words)

Because they want to put a saloon in its place... they bought old man Schultz' that was a disgrace to the community...complete with brass rails and spit-toons!...and probably a chute to slide the drunks out on.

Mrs. Jones

Won't that be gay?

Mrs. Lane

Gay! Your father would roll over in his grave.

Mrs. Jones

Probably do him good...and grandfather would be sliding down the chute all day.

Mrs. Lane (darkly)

I don't know what's come over you Peggy but wait til Lucas sees all this!

Mrs. Jones

Hasn't he seen it yet?

Mrs. Lane

He walked through the lobby like a man in a nightmare ...looking neither to right nor to left.

Mrs. Jones

What did he say?

Mrs. Lane (ominously)

Nothing.

Mrs. Jones
And you know what he's going to say?

128
CONT'D.
(3)

Mrs. Lane (challengingly)
What?

Mrs. Jones (with great force)
Nothing!

DISSOLVE TO:

OLD BOB ZOOKY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DINING ROOM 129

He has arranged himself a temporary drawing table and is serenely making free hand drawings in the bedlam of pounding and a cloud of plaster dust. He wears a large, old-fashioned hearing aid with a head set like a wireless operator's.

INSERT: OLD BOB'S HANDS WORKING ON A DRAWING OF A MOTORIZED TALLY-HO. 130

Around the one he is working on are several others, some completed, some abandoned, half-finished.

OLD BOB 131

He looks up from his drawing board and squints around the room, looking for someone.

MR. KIMBLE AND JIM TANDY 132

Mr. Kimble is on the last lap of sawing a nine-foot archway through the wall of the dining room. Jim Tandy is working just ahead of him with a small sledge hammer, knocking off the plaster in the path of the saw. This is where the plaster dust and most of the noise is coming from.

TWO OLD CARPENTERS - WITH WRECKING BARS 133

They are breaking out another archway already sawed by Mr. Kimble in the end of the dining room giving on the side toward the vacant lot. A few seconds after we come to them, their efforts are rewarded by the whole section falling out with a crash.

MR. KIMBLE AND JIM TANDY

134

Big Kim (back over his shoulder)
Nice work, boys.

Jim Tandy
We got a little life left in us yet...special for
building bars.

Old Bob Zooky (coming into the
SHOT)
You want a compound curve on the tonneau or just a
plain simple one? Compound is twicet as elegant.

Big Kim (to Tandy)
What's he talking about?

Jim Tandy
The curves of the body...I think you'd be happier
with compound.

Big Kim (to Old Bob)
All right, make it compound.

Old Bob
You're the boss, but I think you're making a mistake.

Big Kim (hollering)
I SAID COMPOUND.

Old Bob
How was that?

Jim Tandy (indicating the double
curve with a hand movement, but speaking
softly)
Compound.

Old Bob (who has understood the
hand movement)
Why didn't he say so in the first place?

Big Kim (pointing to a huge micro-
phone on the old gentleman's vest)
You got any batteries in that thing?

Old Bob (after looking down)
Perfect... 'course, it ain't the latest model...
(he cackles happily)
But come to think of it, I ain't, neither...when do
I get that chassis to measure?

Big Kim
I'll get it for you today...meanwhile figure on a
hundred and forty-four inches.

Old Bob
What'd he say?

Big Kim
Write it out for him, will ya?

134
CONT'D.
(2)

In pantomime, Jim Tandy tells old Bob he will write it for him.

Old Bob (grumbling)
All right, but all you have to do is speak in a low clear voice...this thing could hear a pin drop.

He looks from one to the other suspiciously.

Jim Tandy
He's a little deefer on some days than others, but wonderful with a pencil.

Big Kim
I wonder where we could find a good ear trumpet...

Butch's Voice (like a bugle)
Here he is! Here's Mr. Peabody.

Old Bob (turning)
Which Peabody is that...Ed? Hello, Ed.

They all turn and look at the new arrivals.

BUTCH AND MR. PEABODY

135

They are coming through the new opening in the end of the room. Butch is riding his motorcycle by pushing his feet along on the floor.

Butch (happily)
I went to get him on my motorcycle...Brrrrrrrrr...
putt-putt-putt...Brrrrrrrrr...putt-putt-putt...
squawk, that's the horn.

By now the CAMERA has brought them into the SHOT with the others.

Old Bob
Sounds just like one, too...you got a nice, clear voice.

Big Kim
Like a steam whistle.

Jim Tandy
There's your ear trumpet.

Big Kim
Sure.

(then, to Mr. Peabody)
How are ya? My name is Jones. I believe you own this vacant lot next door here, don't you...the one with all the tin cans on it?

Mr. Peabody
That's right...finest lot in town...been kep' up
nice, too.

135
CONT'D.
(2)

Big Kim
Maybe you ought to have your glasses checked...I'm
thinking of renting that one...or the one on the
other side of the hotel...or any one of those in
back for six months to a year with an option to
buy...you own them all?

Mr. Peabody (worried)
No...all I own is this one...but it's the best one...
finest lot in town.

Big Kim
That's too bad...well, I'll get in touch with the
other owners and find out which one will give us
the best deal and then contact you later.

Mr. Peabody
How much you willing to pay? Might be gold under
that dirt.

Big Kim
Yeah...and oil under the gold and diamonds under the
oil...maybe way down at the bottom, some uranium...
I'll tell you what I'll do...

A HUGE OLD COLORED MAN AND HIS BOY - IN THE
DOORWAY TO THE LOBBY

136

The Colored Man
Anybody here expecting a saloon?...We got it on
the truck.

MR. KIMBLE AND HIS GROUP

137

Big Kim
Bring it in.

THE COLORED MAN IN THE DOORWAY

138

The Old Colored Man
Gonna need a little help...I ain't had my Wheaties
yet today.

BIG KIM AND HIS GANG

139

Big Kim
All right, front and center, everybody out!

What'd he say?
Old Bob

139
CONT'D
(2)

Butch
He said "everybody out"...they need some help.

Old Bob
Glad to give 'em a hand.

Big Kim (to Butch)
You stick around, boy.

They all start out.

DISSOLVE TO:

MRS. JONES COMING DOWN THE STAIRS

140

She looks very lovely in her cotton morning frock. She stops a few steps from the bottom and claps her hands with glee.

Mrs. Jones (ecstatically)
Good morning!...wherever did you find it?

HIGH CAMERA SHOT - THE LOBBY - SHOOTING
TOWARD THE FRONT DOOR OF THE HOTEL

141

Here we see Mr. Kimble, Jim Tandy, Old Bob, Mr. Peabody, the two old carpenters, the two colored men, and a screaming Butch, struggling in with a medium sized old-fashioned bar, complete with brass rail. In the street behind them we see a dilapidated horse truck bearing the rest of the equipment: a back bar, some swinging doors, some old saloon tables and a dozen Douglas chairs. Half visible between the legs of the chairs we see the traditional oil painting of a nude lady.

Big Kim
Easy does it, boys...up she comes... don't strain yourselves.

Old Bob
What did he say?

Butch (well into his role of
interpreter)
He said, "don't strain yourself."

Old Bob
Never fear...I'm as strong as a horse.

MRS. JONES ON THE STAIRWAY

142

The CAMERA brings her forward as she takes a place next to Mr. Kimble and also helps.

Mrs. Jones

Good morning.

Big Kim (happy and sweating)

Hello there...getting a little head start.

Mrs. Jones (happily)

I should say you are.

Butch (noticing his mother)

Mommie, Mommie, wait 'til you see what Mr. Jones got me.

He rushes out to the hotel porch.

Mrs. Jones

Everything is so exciting...I'm sure my grandfather must have stood at this one half his life.

Big Kim

Then it ought to be lucky.

Mrs. Jones

I think anything you do will be lucky.

Butch (riding into the SHOT)

Mommie, look...Brrrrrrrrr...putt-putt-putt...
Brrrrrrrrr...putt-putt-putt...

Mrs. Jones (getting on one

knee beside her son as the bar moves on)
It's just lovely, darling...so real looking.

Suddenly she stands up, looks past the CAMERA,
and speaks severely:

Mrs. Jones

Mr. Jones!

MR. KIMBLE HELPING WITH THE BAR

143

Big Kim

Yes, Mrs. Jones? By the way, where are those bricks you said you knew about? I want to start moving them over here and then I've got to get over to Petunia to see about...

MRS. JONES AND BUTCH

144

She comes forward accusingly and the CAMERA brings her into the SHOT with Mr. Kimble.

Mrs. Jones

Have you had any breakfast yet?

Big Kim

To tell you the truth I don't remember...now we'll bring the rest of the stuff...

Mrs. Jones (taking his hand)

The rest of the stuff can wait...you come with me and have your breakfast.

Big Kim (after a slightly sheepish look around)

Yes, mam.

He starts away.

Old Bob

What'd he say?

DISSOLVE TO:

MR. KIMBLE, MRS. JONES AND THE TWO COLORED MEN - OUTSIDE THE OGDEN HOUSE

145

The Jeep is near one of the new openings in the hotel dining room and they are unloading from it the last of some brick. Mrs. Jones wears a big pair of canvas gloves. We HEAR much hammering and sawing from the hotel.

Big Kim

Don't hurt yourself now.

Mrs. Jones

This is fun.

Big Old Colored Man

Yes mam...you wouldn't be needin' a bartender for this new cocktail loungy y'all is buildin'? You gimme the job and I'll lay this brick for you awful cheap.

Big Kim (sweating at his work)

We'll talk about it later...we really ought to have a truck for this...

(he snaps his fingers as he remembers something:)

...pile those up right along side the hotel...I'll be right back...

(then to Mrs. Jones:)

You want to ride over to Petunia with me?

Mrs. Jones
I'd love to...it's called Peruvia.

145
CONT'D
(2)

Big Kim
Hop in.

The Jeep zizzes out of the SHOT.

The Old Colored Man
Hot dog! Ain't he a ball of fire?

His Boy
Yeah man...makes me weary just a'lookin' at him.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE KIMBLE DISTRIBUTOR IN PERUVIA

146

Behind him we see a window with a big KIMBLE written backwards. Through the window we see a lot full of Kimble chassis. He is a desperate looking little man with a round face that wrinkles up like a baby about to burst into tears.

The Distributor (whiningly)
Why do you want to borrow a Kimble one and a half ton chassis...why don't you want to buy one? Why doesn't anybody want to buy one? They're cheap... they got four wheels...they run good...they got everything every other car has plus phono-pusic transmission...but nobody never wants to buy one... do they smell bad or something...is there scmething their best friend ought to tell them?

Big Kim (severely)
I happen to be working on a body idea...
(the Distributor takes a quick look at Mrs. Jones)
...that might come out all right and do you a lot of good...I won't drive it...I won't hurt it in any way...you can chain it to the floor if you like...

Distributor (shaking his head)
Nobody will want to steal it.

Big Kim (frowning at him)
I'll even pay you a little rent if you like but I don't want to sink any dough in it because I got a lot of other things to sink it in.

The Distributor (really looking
as if he were blubbering)
Always the same answer! People sink money in Cadil-
lacs don't they...and Buicks and Fords and Chevviess...
even in Lincolns! But nobody never sinks nothing in a
Kimble...with that big "K" on the front of it! Go
ahead...help yourself...take one! They're not doing
me any good...or anybody else either! They just sit
there getting older and older and stiffer in the joints
...and the next thing that happens I have to buy a
batch of new ones...to hold on to my distributorship!

146
CONT'D
(2)

Big Kim (sourly)
You have all my sympathy...thanks...make out a re-
ceipt will you?...and tie a box on it...I'll take it
right now.

The Distributor
You do it...I don't even want to look at one.

Mrs. Jones
Why do you want a Kimble, Mr. Jones?

The Distributor (before Mr.
Kimble can answer)
You see what I mean? Even for nothing she don't
want you to have it.

DISSOLVE TO:

A HAND HOLDING AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE BILLBOARD 147

It reads:

MIDWAY CONCESSIONS WANTED
Permanent pitches for small
county fair-type attraction.
No grifters!
Write or wire Mrs. Jones
The Ogden House
West Bismarck

The reader's thumb hides the state.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE TWO COLORED MEN BUILDING THE BARBECUE GRILL 148

It is about three-quarters done. They look
quite happy at their work.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE TWO OLD CARPENTERS

149

They are panelling the wall behind the bar with random width knotty pine.

DISSOLVE TO:

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

150

He is sawing a piece out of the porch railing to give access to the steps to the fair ground. In the background Jim Tandy and a new carpenter are starting the erection of some booths. Still behind them a man with a small bulldozer is leveling the midway.

DISSOLVE TO:

MR. STONE AND MRS. LANE - IN THE LOBBY OF THE
OGDEN HOUSE

151

They look around sourly at what is going on, then exchange a look.

DISSOLVE TO:

A BEAUTIFUL WASH DRAWING LABELLED: THE CROSS-
COUNTRY

152

Over this are projected the shadows of Mr. Kimble, Old Bob and a stranger. Mr. Kimble's hand points out various parts of the drawing.

Big Kim's Voice

You get the idea? We've slid the engine back to here and it's accessible through these louvers and of course through a big hatch on the flying bridge...

MR. KIMBLE, OLD BOB AND A SHARP LOOKING STRANGER
- IN THE CARRIAGE WORKS

153

They are bending over Old Bob's drawing board. About five old carpenters are visible and the overhead shafting is spinning merrily.

Big Kim

...dual controls, of course, inside and on top...then down here breakfast nook...seats forming double bed ...kitchen and ice box...The Cross-Country Car.

The Stranger

Remarkably interesting idea...gets around the trailer laws...you can ride in it.

Old Bob
What did he say?

158
CONT'D
(2)

Big Kim
Nothing.

The Stranger
Certainly a design patent...and possibly more...
possibly much more...the upper and lower controls
would cinch it...they would cinch it but good!
(now he looks past the CAMERA)
And this is it in the flesh...

Big Kim (leading the way)
That's right.

The CAMERA takes them over to the gleaming
nearly finished Kimble Kross-Kountry Kar.

Big Kim
Beautiful wood in these hills...coming out very very
nice.

The Stranger
It certainly is...what make of car is that?

Big Kim
A Kimble.

The Stranger
That lemon...it wouldn't do them any harm to get
hold of an idea like this...

Big Kim
I might sell it to them.

The Stranger
They should be very grateful...
(he pulls a notebook out of his pocket)
Now what name do you want this taken out under Mr.
Jones?...just your own?

Big Kim
That's right.

The Stranger
And the initials?

Big Kim (laughing)
Oh yes...let me think a minute...

The Stranger
Sir?

Big Kim (with an effort)
Make it...Ocla E. Jones...Junior...

Old Bob
What did he say?

153
CONT'D
(3)

Big Kim (shaking his head)
He never opened his kisser.

Old Bob
Well, if he don't like it...there's plenty of people
that will...yes sir!

DISSOLVE TO:

MRS. JONES AND BUTCH PAINTING ONE OF THE
BOOTHS ON THE MIDWAY

154

Butch is none too skillful. Behind them we
see a medium amount of activity: farmers and
their wives tacking bunting and arranging
homemade preserves...pitch men working on their
set-ups...some men assembling a merry-go-round
in the distance. The local general store
owner is talking to Mrs. Jones.

The Store Owner
But I already got a store Peggy...what do I want to
open another one here for...and give you part of the
profits?

Mrs. Jones
Because this is where the people are going to come,
Ezra...and once they're here Mr. Jones says...it
isn't that they want to buy...they have to buy...
you just put in a little hardware and a couple of
tractors...and you'll find out.

At this moment an elderly village spinster
and a dark Oriental lady covered with spangles
come into the SHOT

The Spinster (nearly in tears)
Peggy...I had my booth all picked out for my crochet
work and when I got here Madame Zaza had already
moved into it with a stuffed owl and a lot of dirty
old cats and things!

Madame Zaza (very profession-
ally)
I should sweat on the sunny side from morning till
night? Look, dearie, I've been in this game too
long.

Mrs. Jones (embarrassed,
holding her head)
There must be some friendly way of....

154
CONT'D
(2)

She is interrupted, and turns at the SOUND of an automobile horn followed immediately by the bawling of all kinds of farm animals.

A LARGE DILAPIDATED TRUCK PULLING A TRAILER

155

It is grinding up the midway. On the side of it we read: Finnegan's Famous Farm Freaks. The rest of the space is taken up by naively painted animals: a two-headed chicken, a six-legged calf, Siamese pigs, a unicorn, etc., etc. A cow with reindeer's antlers sticks its head out of the window and whinnies. A handsome blonde lady, looking something like Mrs. Abe Lastvogel, starts wedging herself out of the front seat.

Mrs. Finnegan
Well, we made it...and not a minute too soon...one more day in that truck and you could put me in the show....

(a calf bawls behind her and she turns her head ferociously)
Shut up!

MRS. JONES, BUTCH, THE SPINSTER & MADAME ZAZA

156

Mrs. Jones
How do you do, Mrs. Finnegan...I hope you'll be very happy with us...I suppose you'll be wanting a room in the hotel like all the other concessions...we're making professional rates...

Madame Zaza
Hello, Minnie...

MR. AND MRS. FINNEGAN IN THE TRUCK

157

Mrs. Finnegan
Well now ain't that handy...right next to the pitch.

Mr. Finnegan
Super! I hope there's a little bar in the joint.

MRS. JONES, BUTCH, THE SPINSTER & MADAME ZAZA

158

Mrs. Jones

Oh my yes.

Butch (pointing suddenly to
the side of the truck)
Look at the two headed chickens!

THE TRAILER BEHIND THE TRUCK

159

A cow with reindeer's antlers sticks its
head out between the curtains and whinnies.

MRS. LANE IN THE LOBBY OF THE HOTEL

160

She is behind the desk and we are SHOOTING at
her past a group of carnival people all talking
at once. There is also much hammering and
sawing.

Mrs. Lane (pushing her hair back)
One at a time, please...everybody will be taken care
of...there's room for everybody!

A Woman (pushing into the SHOT)
Where are the sheets for room fourteen...what do we
sleep on the linoleum?

Mrs. Lane
Everything will be taken care of...
(she hollers past the CAMERA)
We're out of sheets.

MR. KIMBLE AND A PRINTER

161

The letter is holding a big tack card against
the wall of the lobby for the haggard Mr.
Kimble's approval. The card reads:

The Bismarck County Fair
Come One Come All!
Bring The Kiddies!
Door Prizes! Free Gifts!
Farmers' Exchange
Opening Sunday

Big Kim (looking back at Mrs. Lane)
All right I'll get some...

Mr. Finnegan (coming into SHOT)
Excuse me, brother...but where could a party get a
little shot around here...my tongue is hanging out!

Big Kim
The bar won't be open for three days...

161
CONT'D
(2)

Mr. Finnegan (in horror)
Three days!

Big Kim
I'll take care of you in a moment.

Mr. Finnegan
Thank you brother.

Big Kim (turning to the printer)
Okay...now can you get me somebody to tack 'em
around?

Mr. Finnegan
I'll give you a hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

MR. KIMBLE ON THE MIDWAY - NIGHT

162

By the light of a gasoline lantern, he is hammer-
ing away on the construction of still another
booth. Some slight activity is going on in the
background...and other gasoline lanterns flicker
in the darkness. A calf bawls.

MRS. JONES - LOOKING AT HIM

163

She looks worried. She has a little shawl over
her shoulder and is carrying a cup of coffee.
Now the CAMERA takes her over into the SHOT with
Mr. Kimble.

Mrs. Jones
I brought you some coffee, Jonesey...but you've really
got to come to bed...you're wonderful, but you're sup-
posed to be here for a rest...I'm afraid you're going
to drop dead.

Big Kim
I never felt better in my life...I've just got to
get this blasted thing finished...

Mrs. Jones (softly)
Well you don't have to get it finished tonight.

Big Kim (ominously)
Well...I darn near have to get it finished tonight.

Mrs. Jones (sensing danger)
Why?

Big Kim (avoiding her eye)
You'll get a big laugh out of this...

163
CONT'D
(2)

Mrs. Jones (still more frightened)
Out of what?

Big Kim (laughing)
This'll kill you...we're out of dough.

Mrs. Jones (seizing his arm)
Jonesey! You mean all that big roll...of hundred
dollar bills...

Big Kim (laughing)
And then some...I owe a little too.

Mrs. Jones
Then what are you laughing about?

Big Kim (still laughing)
Struck me kinda funny, that's all...we'll have to
hock something...

Mrs. Jones
What is there left to hock?
(Mr. Kimble does not answer)
I told you this was going to cost a lot of money...
but you wouldn't listen to me...you said "do like
the government does...spend it first...and look for
it afterwards"...now we're afterwards and you see...

Big Kim (interrupting politely)
Lucas in?

Mrs. Jones (astonished)
Lucas! He's usually in by this time...but I should
hardly think that...

Big Kim
Look: you've got to get it from where it is...you
can't get it out of a turnip...Stone owns that air-
field, doesn't he?

Mrs. Jones
I-I think so...I think he got it for the taxes...

Big Kim
Like he got everything else...come on...

He takes her hand and drags her toward the
hotel so rapidly she spills half the coffee.

DISSOLVE TO:

MR. STONE IN HIS BEDROOM

164

He wears a ratty looking bathrobe over his night shirt. He is sitting on the bed.

Mr. Stone (looking past the CAMERA)

How do you know I want to sell the air port?

MR. KIMBLE PAST MR. STONE

165

He is leaning on the chiffonier.

Big Kim

Because you're a smart business man and you own the land around it...which will increase in value... also because I'm going to take an option at three times what you paid for it.

Mr. Stone

Huh! What do I have to do to get paid this time?

Big Kim

I'm going to give you a great opportunity...instead of just exercising the option on the works and shutting you out forever...I'm going to let you become a part of this great expansion...a founder...a useful man...a bond holder...

MR. STONE - PAST MR. KIMBLE

166

Mr. Stone (narrowing his eyes)

Go on...

Big Kim

Instead of allowing outside capital to come in and complete this venture...strangers who have taken no risk but who now move in for the cream...I'm going to let you...

(Mr. Stone turns to ice)

...put up the completion money...

MR. KIMBLE - PAST MR. STONE

167

Big Kim

And increase your sale price on the works to fifteen thousand dollars...which does not begin to represent its value!

MR. STONE HOLDING ONTO THE BED

168

Mr. Stone

Wait a minute...are you trying to borrow fifteen thousand dollars from me on something that I own... that only cost me twenty-seven hundred in the first place?

MR. KIMBLE

169

Big Kim (pleasantly)

What you paid for it has nothing to do with its value...I don't think you appreciate the potentials of that plant...its nearness to the hardwood stands ...its unlimited free power...its machinery built to last FOREVER!

MR. STONE HOLDING ONTO THE BED

170

Mr. Stone

You don't have to sell it to me...I own it!

MR. KIMBLE

171

Big Kim

Only technically because I own the option...which I will most certainly exercise...what I'm offering you is a magnificent big mortgage at six per cent.

MR. STONE - ON THE BED

172

Mr. Stone (beginning to yell)

On my own property!

MR. KIMBLE

173

Big Kim (gently)

But it won't be your property any more because the first thing I'm going to do is pay you off!

MR. STONE - ON THE BED

174

Mr. Stone (yelping and tapping

his chest)

With my own money!

MR. KIMBLE

175

Big Kim (a little more
forcefully)

Well what's the matter with your own money...it's just as good as anybody else's and look what you get: a big mortgage on a going concern...a tremendous increase in the safety of your hotel mortgage...and three times what you paid for the air field...a huge profit!

MR. STONE ON THE BED

176

Mr. Stone (rubbing his chin)

I think you're batty.

MR. KIMBLE BY THE CHIFFONIER

177

During this scene the CAMERA takes him over to Mr. Stone so that he can shake a forceful finger under his nose.

Big Kim (beginning pleasantly)
Maybe you're right...but when you see that long line of bodies rolling out of that old carriage works... and all that machinery spinning and the joint jumping with workmen...and men sleeping four in a bed in this hotel again...it's nearly full right now... and the bar downstairs three deep with business... and the midway pulling them in like flies from all over the state...don't forget I've got options on all the ground around the hotel too...you'll think you were batty not to come in on the ground floor while I was here holding the door open for you...
ANYTIME AFTER TONIGHT YOU'LL HAVE TO COME UP THE FIRE ESCAPE!

Mr. Stone (sweating slightly)

Is that so...how do you know all these things are going to happen like you say?

Big Kim (delivering the final
thrust)

Because they're happening right now all around you... haven't you got any eyes in your head...don't you realize what that cross-country body means to the American motoring public? You've certainly sneaked down there enough times at night to find out! DON'T DENY IT! Now I'm just going to ask you one question: Do you want in or out? This is your last chance!

Mr. Stone opens his mouth to speak...his lips move...but nothing comes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

MRS. JONES IN HER BEDROOM

178

She has put on a dressing gown and is visible through the half open door, twisting her hands nervously. Now she looks up at the SOUND of a door closing and rises slowly and looks past the CAMERA.

THE DOORWAY OF MRS. JONES'S ROOM

179

Mr. Kimble appears out of the darkness, leans against the doorjamb and looks at her in amusement. Now he winks.

MRS. JONES PAST MR. KIMBLE

180

Her lips are trembling slightly as she comes forward.

Mrs. Jones
Don't tell me...you got it...

Big Kim
Why not?

Mrs. Jones
Oh Jonesey!

She bursts into tears of relief and sobs against his chest.

Big Kim (putting his arm around
her and patting her)
There there there...

From outside one of Finnegan's freaks lets out a doleful moo. Mr. Kimble turns slowly in the direction of the SOUND.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

LONG SHOT THE LITTLE MIDWAY IN FULL BLAST

181

The SOUND is a mixture of calliope music, a village band, the cracks of rifles, gongs being hit by pellits, the whistle and bell of the miniature railroad, the hoarse voices of barkers and the little bell used by Madame Zaza. All this is interlarded with a strident police whistle.

A SERIES OF SPOT SHOTS OF THE VARIOUS
CONCESSIONS

182-
186

When we have seen enough come-ons, jellies,
vegetables, homemade bread, pies and cakes,
crochet and quilt work and children flying
by on the little train and the merry-go-
round...

THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL

187

The village constable, whistle in mouth, is
having one hell of a time with the traffic.
This is not aided by the presence of a large
bus.

MRS. JONES IN FINNEGAN'S FREAK SHOW

188

She is looking at her son who is looking at
a two-headed calf which is looking at her son.

Mrs. Jones

Why don't you go and look at something else, darl-
ing? You've been looking at this one all day...
you'll wind up with four eyes.

The double-headed calf moos at Butch who moos
back at it. Mrs. Jones sighs and starts look-
ing at somebody else. She starts threading her
way through the crowd, toward the hotel.

THE BAR OF THE OGDEN HOUSE

189

It is jammed with people and noise.

THE COLORED BARTENDER IN A BEAUTIFUL WHITE
COAT - NEXT TO HIM PERSPIRES HIS SON IN
ANOTHER WHITE COAT

190

The Bartender

(in response to a blast of incomprehen-
sible orders)

Yassuh...yassuh...comin' right up...

(he mops his head with a bar towel)

Willie...we didn't know when we was well off...

Willie (without expression)

Hot dawg...

MR. KIMBLE AND MR. STONE - SIDE BY SIDE AT
THE BAR

191

They are surrounded by activity of which they
are totally unconscious. They are stiff as
planks.

Mr. Stone (punctuating with
hiccups)
Yes sir...Ooip...the most remarkabole...I mean re-
markabule...thing I ever seen...

Big Kim (staring straight ahead)
S'nuthing...

Mr. Stone (looking at him
indignantly)
What duya mean...s'nuthing? S'th'mos'remarkabule...
remarkabole thing I ever...s'wonderful!

Big Kim (straight ahead)
S'nuthing...make mine with plain water this time...

Mr. Stone (looking around in-
dignantly)
What duya mean it's...s'nuthing? S'th'mos'remarka-
abule...Ooip...why with your brains and my money...
we could set the world on fire!

(Mr. Kimble turns jerkily to look at him
then looks back at the bartender)
Ya hear me?...

Big Kim (to the bartender)
Where's the ice?
(the bartender's hand comes into the
SHOT and shakes his glass to show the
ice in it)

Oh...
(now he turns slowly to Mr. Stone)
You talkin' to me?

Mr. Stone
I don't care what they say about you...I know every-
body thinks you're a crook...but all I gotta say
is...if you're a crook...what we need in this world
is more crooks.

He slaps the bar and knocks his glass over.

Big Kim (turning slowly)
Like you?

Mr. Stone (emphatically)
Exactly!

Big Kim (turning slowly away)
S'nuthing...

MRS. JONES COMING THROUGH THE CROWDED BAR

192

Suddenly she is accosted by a little man in spectacles.

The Little Man

Oh Mrs. Jones I'm the new bookkeeper....we're falling rapidly behind and I have a few questions... Mr. Jones is hardly in a condition...

Mrs. Jones (urging him away)

I'll see you in a few minutes...I've got to take care of something.

The Little Man (departing)

Certainly Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Jones now comes forward and the CAMERA pulls her into the shot with Messrs. Kimble and Stone.

Mrs. Jones (putting a hand on

Mr. Kimble's shoulder)

How do you feel now Jonesey?

Big Kim (turning slowly to her)

S'nuthing...

Mrs. Jones

How would you like to come and sit in a nice rocking chair...and get a little air...it's about time you sat in that rocking chair...

Big Kim (making a feeble joke)

Rocking chair! The whole joint is rocking...

(he laughs feebly and looks at Stone)

You hear that one?

Mr. Stone (on the verge of

tears)

Nobody offers me rocking chairs...I could be out all alone in the snow and...

Mrs. Stone

I'll take care of you in a minute Lucas...

(now she helps Mr. Kimble off the stool)

Suppose we have a nice little nap?

Big Kim

Zat a promise?

Mrs. Jones (leading him away)

Nice and easy now....just lean on me a little...

As they move away the CAMERA centers on Mr. Stone.

Mr. Stone (looking after them
indignantly)
Rocking chairs! Rocking chairs my...

192
CONT'D
(2)

He does not get to say the word "foot" because he falls off the bar stool at this point and disappears behind the bar like so much pig iron.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE DOOR INSIDE MRS. JONES'S DARKENED ROOM

193

About all we can see is that it is a bedroom. There is a KNOCK on the door, then a wedge of light falls on the bed and the CAMERA goes up to Mrs. Jones bearing a breakfast tray which also contains a few pill bottles.

Mrs. Jones (sitting on the bed
with the tray in her lap)
Good morning...good morning!

There is a movement among the pillows, a couple of dolls are pushed to one side and Mr. Kimble appears.

Big Kim
What? Huh...000000h!

He sticks his tongue out, makes a face, then clutches his head.

Mrs. Jones (sweetly)
How do you feel now?

At this point we get a blast of the calliope music as the merry-go-round gets its morning oiling.

Big Kim
Oh nooooo...say what did I toss into myself last night...or did I fall out of a window on my head?

Mrs. Jones (laughing and putting
some pillows gently under his head)
You gave the bar quite a start...in fact I think it's almost paid for...everything's going wonderfully...we don't know how much we took in yesterday...the bookkeepers are days behind...now here's some coffee...and some bromoseltzer...and some anacin...and some alkabrom...and if that isn't enough...

Big Kim (suddenly worried)
Say...where am I?

Mrs. Jones (laughing)

Oh this is my room...you were bound and determined you were going to sleep in it...and you were so sweet about it...I just let you sleep in it...

(then in reply to a look)

I slept with mother...oh you were all wound up... you said I was the prettiest girl you'd ever seen in your whole life...that you'd been in love with me from the first moment you laid eyes on me... and that one day I would have millions...tens of millions...

Big Kim (chuckling)

The things a guy will say.

Mrs. Jones (back to normal)

Yes, they're really something aren't they...and there are four gentlemen downstairs from the Kimble Automobile Compay to see you.

Big Kim (sitting bolt upright and spilling his coffee)

Huh?

Mrs. Jones (grabbing a napkin)

Now look what you've done!

DISSOLVE TO:

THE PORCH OF THE OGDEN HOUSE

194

Four strangers, young and with brief cases, are waiting: Messrs. Kempenard, Shook, Coblentz and Jaffney, the brain trust of the Kimble Automobile Company.

THE DOOR FROM THE LOBBY

195

Mr. Kimble, somewhat hastily dressed, and wearing his golf cap down to his nose, peers around the doorjamb and squints suspiciously at the young men. Deciding that he has never seen them before, he comes out slowly and the CAMERA takes him over to a position behind them where he takes another look.

Mr. Kempenard (noticing him suddenly)

Oh...Mr. Jones I presume?

Big Kim (suspiciously)

Yeah...

Mr. Kempenard (rising and shaking hands)
Mr. Jones...I am Mr. Kempenard...Dick Kempenard...
in the engineering department of the Kimble Automobile Company...you've heard of the Kimble Automobile I trust.

195
CONT'D
(2)

Big Kim
I certainly have...you mind if I sit down?
(he sits in Mr. Kempenard's chair and touches his head slightly)
That's that lemon nobody wants isn't it?

Mr. Shook (jovially)
Far far from it, Mr. Jones. Those are just rumors put out by jealous rivals...I'm Mr. Shook of the sales department.

Mr. Jaffney
Rumors we are going to make them eat, Mr. Jones.
I am Mr. Jaffney of the advertising department.

Mr. Coblentz
And without any salt and pepper either...I am Mr. Coblentz of the new projects department, Mr. Jones.

Big Kim
How are ya...well the company seems to be well represented...what's this Kimble like anyway?

Mr. Kempenard (laughing confidentially)
To tell you the truth I don't think there is any such person.

Big Kim (startled)
Huh?

Mr. Shook
We think he's just a figment of the advertising department's imagination...

Mr. Coblentz
A legendary figure...

Mr. Jaffney
A trade mark...

Big Kim
You mean you've never even seen him?

Mr. Kempenard
I don't think anybody's ever seen him.

195
CONT'D
(3)

Big Kim (removing his cap and
looking around)
Well what d'ya know...what brought you boys to
Bismarck?

Mr. Kempenard (looking to the
others politely)
Shall I do the talking gentlemen?

Big Kim (holding his head)
Is this going to be a long talk?...because I've
got a little headache this morning...

Mr. Kempenard
I can make it as long or as short as you like,
Mr. Jones...you have made a little invention...
the Cross-Country Car that we know everything
about...we at Kimble want it...and we are going
to have it!

Mr. Coblentz
Right...

Big Kim (looking around)
Is that so!

Mr. Kempenard (firmly)
That is so...we don't mean by bludgeoning methods,
Mr. Jones, such as some firms who shall be nameless
use...

Mr. Coblentz
Mr. Kempenard is the man who put the pope's noses
on the Cadillacs...they swiped it.

Mr. Kempenard (mildly)
Let's say they purloined it...but by the weight of
sheer logic...the future of the Kimble Car...

Big Kim (interrupting)
How did you know about this gag of mine.

Mr. Coblentz
It's very simple really: any man who's interested
in a Kimble...we're interested in...

Mr. Shook (jovially)
After all there aren't so many of you.

Mr. Kempenard (warningly)
Arthur...

Mr. Coblentz

So we sent a little man over from Peruvia to find out what was happening to our little chassis...and then a few more of us dropped in from time to time...

195
CONT'D
(4)

Big Kim

By parachute?

Mr. Jaffney

By plane...there's a little field about a quarter of a mile from here.

Big Kim

Oh you know about that too do you...

Mr. Kempenard (pleasantly)

Oh we know about everything...the hardwood stands...the old coach builders...how much you optioned the plant for...and just about how good your patent is...which happens to be fairly good.

Big Kim

You know something?

Mr. Kempenard

What?

Big Kim

You're not a bad bunch of boys at that...you might do something with that car yet.

Mr. Coblentz

You'll find out.

Big Kim (taking command of the situation)

Okay...you can have the plant for what I paid for it plus fifty thousand dollars...I've got a few other things to pay off.

Mr. Coblentz (interrupting)

Now just a minute...

Mr. Kempenard

If you don't mind...

Big Kim (also interrupting)

You just listen to me for a minute, buddy...I've got a little headache...fifty grand profit on the plant...twenty-five dollars royalty on each body...and I want them made right here in West Bismarck.

Mr. Coblentz
Well now there Mr. Jones...

195
CONT'D
(5)

Mr. Kempenard
It presents a little problem in transportation.

Mr. Jaffney
We've talked it over pretty thoroughly.

Mr. Shook
Very thoroughly....

Big Kim
Oh you have...well it presents no problem in transportation which is why I just bought that air field... which you are going to buy back from me at a slight profit...because I have still a few other things to take care of.

Mr. Kempenard (laughing politely)
You seem very sure of yourself.

Big Kim
You'd be surprised how sure I am of myself! Now I'll tell you why there's no transportation problem... you ever hear of the Kimble Airplane Company?

Mr. Coblentz
Well certainly...although we are not actually closely allied...

Big Kim
You're closer than you think! Now in case you don't know it the Kimble Airplane Company builds freight planes...and in case you're not familiar with planes... freight planes have to get a test flight just like any other plane...the test flights will be to here...on the way down they bring a few chassis for local distribution...on the way back they carry a load we have built flat...in panel form...with just that in mind.

Mr. Coblentz (stupefied)
You seem to have made quite a study of the problem...

Big Kim (suddenly snapping his fingers and getting to his feet)
Wait a minute!
(the four young men rise and gather around him)

We might be able to connect the air field directly to the plant...so you wouldn't have to transship... the planes would come in over there, land...and taxi right through the town...to the front door of the works!

The four young men exchange looks as if they were listening to a lunatic.

Mr. Kempenard (gently)

Excuse me but you're a little ahead of us there...
just how would you get the planes through the town?
They're very big you know.

195
CONT'D
(6)

Big Kim (pointing to it)

By building an airway...I think Stone owns most of
the land between here and the field anyway...and
this village green isn't doing anybody any good...

Mr. Kimble and the four young men start FADING
very slowly, and their figures are replaced by
SHOTS of the building of the airway. Mr.
Kimble's voice continues as we see the arrival
of some earth-moving machinery at the station,
a crane lifting a big tree, houses moving left
to right, houses moving right to left, thirty
workmen with tool boxes and suitcases getting
off the train, steamrollers and concrete mix-
ers at work, a cavalcade of trailers crawling
into town, the construction of a market, more
workmen getting off a train, more bulldozers
at work, a SHOT of great activity in the
Carriage Works and finally a large freight
plane, bearing the Kimble K, coming in for a
landing.

Big Kim

....all we need is room enough down the middle for
the flying box cars...and we're in...just means
moving a few trees...a couple of dozen houses and
putting in a few safety gates...then you roll it
down...it doesn't even have to be very flat because
nobody's going to take off from it...put a light
surface on it...and there you are! And I'll tell
you something else it'll do it'll be the first town
in America you can come right into the middle of
with an airplane...to go to the movies or do your
shopping!

His voice is replaced by MUSIC until the end
of the construction MONTAGE.

DISSOLVE TO:

MR. KIMBLE ON THE PORCH OF THE OGDEN HOUSE

196

At last he is sitting in the rocker and smoking
his pipe. He seems quite peaceful and contented
due no doubt to the fact that there is hammering
and sawing to the right of him, calliope music
and the noise of a shooting gallery to his left,
and airplanes in front of him. An unusually
loud jazzing of a motor attracts his attention.

FULL SHOT THE AIRWAY

197

The street in the foreground is full of traffic: Pedestrian and automotive. A small building on one side of the SHOT sells ice cream and novelties, another building is in process of erection from the other side of the shot, a handsome small plane is taxiing by on the airway, four or five still smaller ones are taxiing around like water bugs in the background. A field master is directing the taxiing airplane traffic with a whistle. A couple of gasoline trucks shoot by. A porter comes toward the hotel leading some guests and carrying their hand baggage.

MR. KIMBLE ON THE PORCH

He watches all this placidly, but he does not seem quite as cheerful as we would expect.

I'm glad...

Big Kim (smiling wanly)

198
CONT'D
(2)

Mrs. Jones (uneasily)
What's the matter Jonesey?

Big Kim

Nothing...

(he points to the papers in her hands)
...what you got there?

Mrs. Jones (looking down)
Oh it's just about the new wing on the hotel...d'you want me to see about financing it through that bank that's coming in...or shall I ask Lucas to increase the mortgage? He said he'd be delighted to...he's made so much money he doesn't know where to put it.

Big Kim (avoiding her eye)
I'll tell you what I'll do Peggy...I'll make you a present of that new wing...

Mrs. Jones (astonished)
A present of it! I don't think you have any idea how much it's going to...

Big Kim (interrupting gently)
Oh yes I have...and I'd like very much to make you a present of it...a sort of going away present...it'll cheer us both up...

(Mrs. Jones turns and looks at him miserably)
...they called me this afternoon...that was that long distance call I got...they're coming to get me...

Mrs. Jones (alarmed)
Who's coming to get you? Did you do something that...

Big Kim (laughing a little)
No...no...just some of my partners and Bamby...I guess...my secretary...probably with a bunch of mail that high...I suppose they had to find out where I was sooner or later...

Mrs. Jones (still stunned)
But I don't understand...

Big Kim (explaining gently)
My six months are up honey...I've got to get back to work...I've got income tax...I've got...I've got a lotta pains in the neck...

Mrs. Jones (nearly on the verge of tears)
And you're going away?

Big Kim (slightly on the defensive)
Well you always knew I was...I told you all about it the first day I got here...that it was just for a six months...rest...I never made any secret about it.

Mrs. Jones (miserably)
I know you didn't...but I...people can change their
minds sometimes can't they? At least you've got
the right to...hope they will anyway...

198
CONT'D.
(3)

Big Kim
Hope they will anyway what?

Mrs. Jones
Change their minds...

Big Kim
You mean about staying here? Peggy I haven't got
any more chance of staying here than...than...

Mrs. Jones (defensively)
Oh I'm not a romantic girl of sixteen you know I...
I know how wonderful you've been...taking this poor
miserably little town and this poor miserable little
hotel...and turning them into...you've only got to
look around! But even so...I don't think you have
the right to just...

Big Kim (slightly aroused)
What do you mean I haven't got the right? I've
got to get back to work...you mean because...I
kissed you that time?

Mrs. Jones (coldly)
Which time...you've been kissing me for six
months...
(now she loses her calm)
...and I...I wish you'd kissed me a lot more!

Big Kim
So do I...but that doesn't...I mean you're a very
very pretty girl...

Mrs. Jones (working herself up)
And now after six months of of of...

Big Kim
Of what?

Mrs. Jones
Well of...having breakfast...and dinner...and sup-
per together...and working side by side all day...
and...and...going for rides in the moonlight
together...you just want to give me a...wing on
the hotel...and beat it! Well let me tell you some-
thing Mr. Jones...there are some women you don't
treat like that...and I'm one of them...I wouldn't
have been trying to run this poor broken-down ex-
cuse for a hotel with just my mother and my son...
and trying to do my own plumbing and everything...
if I was the type of girl you can just...believe me
Mr. Jones...mink coats aren't hard to get...they're
hard to avoid!

Big Kim
Who's talking about mink coats?

198
CONT'D.
(4)

Mrs. Jones (aroused)
I am...I suppose you've bought quite a few of them
in your time...as little going away presents...

Big Kim (coldly)
In every style...wrap-arounds...double-breasteds...
stoles...capas...muffs...brown ones...blue ones...
and for all I know maybe some green ones...

Mrs. Jones
Well you're not going to buy me one...and I just
wish I could figure out some way to put everything
you've given me in one big pile and then hit you
over the head with it...in my family, Mr. Jones...
the women don't accept expensive presents from
gentlemen!

Big Kim (indignantly)
Well this is a nice time to tell me...after I've
worked eighteen hours a day for six months...
horsing around with your plumbing fixtures...
electricuting myself on your lousy fuses, carpen-
tering, wall papering...I've done everything but
make the beds!

Mrs. Jones (snuffling)
I thought those were...engagement presents...

Big Kim (in righteous indignation)
Engagement presents! You mean a janitor service!
A guy who gets engaged buys a ring, doesn't he,
with a sparkler in it? And then he comes around
in a hard collar and says something doesn't he...
some exact words?

Mrs. Jones (miserably)
I suppose so...

Big Kim
Did I ever say those words?

Mrs. Jones (weeping lightly)
I thought you were too busy...

Big Kim
You can say that again!

Mrs. Jones (through her tears)
I thought we were building all this for us...to
share together...you...and Butch...and I...I
thought...Butch was going to have a father...

Big Kim (in mounting indignation) 198
Now let's be fair about this: Butch is going to get CONT'D
twenty-five dollars royalty on every Cross-Country (5)
body we build...and we're going to build thousands
of them...I took out the patent in his name...he
needs a father like he needs a hole in his head...
you've got your hotel free and clear...practically
speaking...in good shape...and all the ground around
it...you've got money in the bank...you've got an
automobile...even your mother has one...so now it
turns out I'm behaving like a heel...a cheap drummer
...a welsher...and a fly-by-night...

Mrs. Jones
That's your own description...

Big Kim
You've made it clear enough...all right! You win...
get ahold of old doctor ~~whats~~-his-name and we'll
get spliced before I go...

Mrs. Jones
You really mean that?

Big Kim
I really do...of course when you'll be seeing me
the next time is something else again...

Mrs. Jones (coldly)
I'm really touched...that's as pretty a proposal as
any woman ever had...thank you very much...

Big Kim (with the same reading)
You're entirely welcome...

Mrs. Jones (beginning her diatribe)
Only I wouldn't marry you, Mr. Jones...

Big Kim
My name happens to be Charles Kimble.

Mrs. Jones (wound up)
Whatever it happens to be...I suppose you have some-
thing to do with that lousy car...but I wouldn't
marry you if you were the last chance in pants...
and it was either you or life in a women's club!

Big Kim (somewhat relieved)
Well...you can't say I didn't ask you...

Mrs. Jones
No...you're entirely in the clear.

Big Kim (gently)
Look, Peggy...now that you know who I am...the whole
thing ought to be much easier for you to understand
...I have to move around so much...I have to go to so
many con...

Mrs. Jones (interrupting)
I never heard of you...except your name is the
same as...

198
CONT'D
(6)

Big Kim
Never mind the car...you ever hear of the Octogan
Building in Washington...the biggest in the world?

Mrs. Jones
No...

Big Kim
Well...I built it...you ever hear of the Alexander
Hamilton Bridge over the Delaware Water Gap?

Mrs. Jones (resentfully)
Should I have?

Big Kim (not making much head-
way)
I built that too...how about the Appohatchee Dam
that makes the Appohatchee River run backwards?

Mrs. Jones
Does it? I didn't even know it ran forwards...

Big Kim (controlling himself
admirably)
The...uh...Kimble Oil Company? That sails its
own tankers all over the world...and builds them
besides?

Mrs. Jones
Besides what?

Big Kim
Well you've certainly seen the Kimble Aircraft!
That's what's flying in and out of here every day!
There's one coming for me in a few minutes! Then
there's the Kimble First National Bank and Trust
Company...the Kimble Rubber and Novelty Company
that makes hot water bags...you've got one in your
bed.

Mrs. Jones
Is that supposed to be a novelty?
(then after a pause)
Look, Jonesey...or Mr. Kimble...or whoever you are
...I don't care who you are...it was you that I
liked...of course I understand now that you're a
big shot...a very big shot...and that a widow with
a little boy...in a little town...is very small-time
stuff to you...
(she points out to the airway)
...here come your friends, I guess.

MR. KIMBLE'S PRIVATE PLANE

199

It bears the familiar K and is taxiing toward us.

MR. KIMBLE AND MRS. JONES

200

Mrs. Jones (getting up)
I don't know enough words to thank you for everything you've done...Jonesey...so I won't try to... Goodbye...and God bless you.

She bursts into tears and hurries away. Mr. Kimble starts to rise then sits down again and rocks despondently. After a moment of self-justifying thought, he starts to rock furiously. On the third rock the chair explodes into kindling and he lands heavily on the flat of his back.

DISSOLVE TO:

MISS SIMPSON IN A CORNER OF DR. ROTHMULLER'S EXAMINATION ROOM

201

She is writing down the notes she hears.

Dr. Rothmuller's Voice (rapidly)
NORMAL! Now close your eyes...stand up...put your hands over your head and touch your toes...put your feet together...raise your arms straight out in front of you...keep your eyes closed...ROMBERG NEGATIVE.

Miss Simpson makes a note.

MR. KIMBLE AND DR. ROTHMULLER

202

Mr. Kimble wearing only a pair of shorts has his arms stretched out toward the doctor like a somnambulist.

Dr. Rothmuller
Keep your eyes closed...now stick your left hand out to one side...further...now touch the end of your nose with your index finger...good...now do the same with the right...NEGATIVE! You learned to smoke a pipe?

Big Kim

A little bit.

Dr. Rothmuller

Now sit down and cross your legs...the other way...
(he hits Mr. Kimble under both knee
caps, then spins him around in the
chair a few times and peers into his
eyes)

...NO NYSTAGMUS.

202
CONT'D
(2)

Big Kim

Don't you ever get tired doing that?

Dr. Rothmuller (picking up a
hammer)

Very...

(he hits Mr. Kimble's elbows and the
sides of his wrists)

...now lie down...

(he draws the point of the hammer handle
under each of Mr. Kimble's feet, from the
heel to the toes)

...control yourself...

Big Kim

You ought to try it yourself sometime.

Dr. Rothmuller (wiping his
hands on a towel)

BABINSKI NEGATIVE...okay...as usual you are in per-
fect health.

Big Kim (lighting a cigarette)

I'm glad to hear it...because there's just one minor
little thing that happened.

Dr. Rothmuller (not greatly
interested)

So tell it...

Big Kim

I got back here one month ago...March fourteenth to
be exact...just in time to sign my tax returns...

Dr. Rothmuller

So?

Big Kim

Then we went into a little conference...I sat down
with a tableful of my partners...including one of
our bank presidents who began a little chat...

Dr. Rothmuller (shaking his head)

Those bank presidents...

Big Kim (accusingly)

...the next thing I remember...I was shooting craps
with the American Consul in Punta Arenas...I was in
Chile, South America...it was the twelfth of April...

Big Kim (cont'd)
and I had just rolled a pair of snake eyes!

202
CONT'D
(3)

Dr. Rothmuller (vaguely)
Some kind of South American game...

Big Kim (ignoring this)
I just got back this morning.

Dr. Rothmuller (lacking a better
word)
Aha!

Big Kim
Aha is right!

MISS SIMPSON AT HER LITTLE TABLE

203

Miss Simpson (sympathetically)
Oh I'm so sorry....

MR. KIMBLE AND DR. ROTHMULLER

204

Dr. Rothmuller (pensively)
Very...very...interesting...

Big Kim (like an angry dog)
Yeah..lovely scenery down there...a little high up
but...

Dr. Rothmuller
Maybe you rested too much.

Big Kim (shaking his head)
I watched it.

Dr. Rothmuller
Nun alzo...all the time you were in this dust bowl...
this Bismarck..nothing similar to this in any way
happened...Mr. B. was dormant...not a word from him...

Big Kim
Not even a postcard...

Dr. Rothmuller
Aha! From this we deduce there must be something
in Bismarck that Mr. B likes...that smooths him...
that gives him a feeling of purring contentment...
what you would call: Gemütlichkeit!

Big Kim
That isn't what I'd call it...

Dr. Rothmuller (ignoring this,
looking to the ceiling)
Maybe down there...in some rustic farmyard...he
found his, who knows, his...Lebens Gefährtin...

204
CONT'D
(2)

Big Kim (sourly)
No fooling...

Dr. Rothmuller
Like you would say his...only English is so thin...
life's sweetheart-other half for always helpmeet-
partner...in one word...

Big Kim
That would be quite a trick...

Dr. Rothmuller (waving jokes
aside)
Nun alzo...did you expose Mr. B...I mean did you
take him near anybody who smelt nice...he might
have fallen in love with?

Big Kim (avoiding his eye)
Well there's always somebody around I suppose...
that...

Dr. Rothmuller (pointing a finger
like a district attorney)
But you, Mr. Kimble...I mean Mr. A...you didn't fall
in love of course...with any lady of the opposite sex...

Big Kim
I never fall in love...I got too much to do...I
don't mean I don't like people...and do anything
I can for them...

Dr. Rothmuller
...naturally...being of the low suspicious type...
you are afraid to give yourself...to trust yourself...
you fear love like the wolf fears the trap...no wonder
B hates you...you are denying him everything that is
his by right...he should hate you!

Big Kim (anxious to change subject)
Thanks...now could we...

Dr. Rothmuller
I don't mean it personally...the whole thing is im-
material to me...but men like you are the scourge of
mankind...you go constantly backwards...you revert to
type...you defeat progress...

Mr. Kimble turns toward Miss Simpson for a
sympathetic look.

MISS SIMPSON - AT HER DESK IN THE CORNER

205

She smiles and shrugs her shoulders a little.

DR. ROTHMULLER AND MR. KIMBLE

206

Dr. Rothmuller

...you become great conquerors...great dictators...
great emperors...you build and build empires...
monopolies...little kingdoms of all kinds...but
everything you build always finishes the same...in
a blaze of nothing...because you never have the
most important quality of all: a heart with which
to love...and understand.

(he rises and walks around a little)

There is no hope for you at all, Mr. Kimble...you
were condemned a long time ago...you were useful in
the Ice Age...but on Fifth Avenue? You fit like a
Sabre Tooth Tiger...I don't know how you lasted as
long as you did...you should have been dead long
ago...there will be no fee, Miss Simpson...I don't
like taking money from corpseses.

Big Kim (worried)

Now wait a minute...

(he looks to Miss Simpson and then
back to the doctor)

You mean there isn't any hope at all?

Dr. Rothmuller

Hope! While there's life there's hope...for an
intellectual man there wouldn't even be a problem
...but for you...maybe a few...

Big Kim (grasping at straws)

Maybe if I what?

Dr. Rothmuller

Maybe if you tried that place again...you might
get another six months respite...or maybe if you
could find out what Mr. B really wants and GIVE IT
TO HIM...it might complete his pattern...fulfill...
and give you both...emotional stability.

Big Kim

Yeah...but I'd have to go along on that deal...
and at this point of my life...I'm not much of a
bargain to anybody...

Dr. Rothmuller

I wouldn't let that part of it bother me too much...
if you are talking about a woman...because women
from the beginning of time have had to put up with
such a collection of schnooks...no man is very far...
below standard...

Big Kim (rising)

Thank you, doctor.

He starts out.

Dr. Rothmuller (suppressing a
grin)
You are welcome...Mr. A!

206
CONT'D
(2)

MISS SIMPSON - IN THE CORNER

207

She rises indignantly and the CAMERA takes her
over to Dr. Rothmuller.

Miss Simpson
What did you have to tell that poor devil all that
hogwash for...you know it isn't true...all he's got
is a mild neurosis...a kind of battle fatigue that...

Dr. Rothmuller (amiably)
Because in dealing with tigers you got to use hot
pokers! He's already cured...the six months proves
it...all he's got to do is keep on what he's been
doing which I suspect has to turn into a marriage...
which is exactly what a man like him needs! Quod...
Erat...Demonstrandum!

Miss Simpson (slightly mollified)
Then why don't you try it...if you think so well of
the institution?

Dr. Rothmuller (pointing to him-
self in surprise)
Me!...because I am of the high intellectual type...
what do I need anything like that for?

Miss Simpson puts her hands on her hips and
just looks at him.

DISSOLVE TO:

MRS. JONES - IN THE TAVERN ROOM OF THE OGDEN
HOUSE

208

She wears a very pretty, although simple dinner
dress. She looks rather dejected and does not
seem to be paying much attention to Mr. Stone's
voice, only half audible anyway over the bar
NOISES.

Mr. Stone's Voice
...three more air clubs starting the first...The Sky-
way...The Jolly Weekenders and The Cubs...

Mrs. Jones (coming to)
I'm sorry, Lucas...I didn't hear just what you said
...my mind wandered I guess.

MR. STONE AND BUTCH - PAST MRS. JONES

209

Behind their table we see much activity in the Tavern Room. The old black bartender is shaking them high.

Mr.Stone (gently)

I was saying Peggy that three more air clubs are going to start to use our field...that means they'll be here for the dances on Saturday nights... The Skyway... The Jolly Weekenders.. and The Cubs... there're going to be some hot times around here.

Mrs.Jones (quietly)

I'm so glad Lucas.

Butch

Who's coming Mommie?

Mr. Stone

A lot of men in little airplanes...to spend their money.

Butch

Can I be a pilot when I grow up Mommie? I want to be a pilot and fly Pipers and Mustangs and Aeroncas... I think they're super.. don't you like airplanes Mommie?

MRS. JONES - PAST BUTCH AND MR. STONE

210

Mrs.Jones (ruefully)

Well if I said I didn't... I guess I'd be pretty ungrateful... so I think I'll just say...

The words die on her lips as she sees something past the CAMERA. Butch and Mr. Stone turn and look in the same direction.

A FRENCH WINDOW - GIVING ON THE PORCH

211

Mr. Kimble stands here in a leather jacket. He looks at Mrs.Jones for a moment then comes slowly through the window and starts for her table.

MRS. JONES, BUTCH AND MR. STONE - AT THE TABLE

212

Mrs.Jones gets slowly to her feet. Her lips are slightly parted. Her eyes are full of tears.

Mr. Stone (not too
enthusiastically)
Hello there.

212
CONT'D
(2)

Butch (suddenly shrieking)
Jonesey!

He rushes across the room past the CAMERA.

MR. KIMBLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM

213

He bends down to receive the little boy and
lift him safely into his arms.

Big Kim (patting the child)
Hello there soldier.

Now he continues toward Mrs. Jones and the
CAMERA pans him over to her.

Mrs. Jones (as they meet)
Oh Jonesey.

She puts her left arm around his neck and
moves very close to him in the little space
left free by her son. Her right arm is
around Butch. She hugs them both.

MR. STONE - STILL AT THE TABLE

214

He looks at this family group for a second,
then shrugs, drinks his bitter coffee and
puts the cup down.

CLOSE SHOT MR. KIMBLE, MRS. JONES AND BUTCH

215

Mrs. Jones (crying)
You came back to me Jonesey.. you came back to me!

Butch
What's the matter with Mommie?

DISSOLVE TO:

MR. KIMBLE'S LEGS - FROM THE WAIST DOWN

216

They are marching up and down in front of the
window of his old bedroom, Number Seven.

BUTCH SITTING ON THE EDGE OF THE BED

217

His legs dangle and his head turns slowly from right to left as he watches the big man by the window.

MR. KIMBLE - BY THE WINDOW

218

He marches up and down once or twice, then stops.

Big Kim

I don't know exactly how to start this... but as the man of the family... I thought I ought to speak to you first.. we might as well dive in and get it over with.. what do you say?

BUTCH ON THE EDGE OF THE BED

219

Butch

I don't think I... understand exactly, Jonesey...

MR. KIMBLE BY THE WINDOW

220

Big Kim

I'm not sure I do either... but it sort of boils down to this: how would you like to go fishing and hunting with me up in the North Woods... I don't mean just once in a while... I mean from now on and it doesn't just have to be the North Woods.. it can be Canada... Alaska...South Africa...almost any place...

BUTCH ON THE EDGE OF THE BED

221

Butch (stupefied)

Oh gee!

MR. KIMBLE BY THE WINDOW

222

Big Kim

All right... that's settled... now how about camping... snow shoeing...skiing... you're still a little young to fly... but we could get a nice little sailboat... and get sick together in it.. how does that sound?

BUTCH ON THE BED

223

Butch

Oh gee!

MR. KIMBLE BY THE WINDOW

224

Big Kim

Good! I've been trying to tell you some of the nice things first...because there are certain times in our lives...not too many thank God...when we just have to stick out our chins...and take it...because there isn't any other way to take it...I've discussed this with your Mommie and we both know it's going to come as a terrible shock to you...but there isn't any way around it.

BUTCH ON THE BED

225

Butch

What's going to be a shock to me Jonesey?

MR. KIMBLE BY THE WINDOW

226

Big Kim

What I'm going to talk to you about...because it brings up the matter of your father...at Tarawa...and believe me I hate to be the one to have to bring it up...but I've got to...because I'm going to ask your Mommie to marry me...Butch...you understand?

BUTCH ON THE BED

227

He looks at Big Kim for a moment, then over his shoulder like a conspirator. After this he gets down off the bed and crosses to Mr. Kimble. The CAMERA PANS him over.

Butch (after another look at the door)
Come down closer, Jonesey.

Mr. Kimble sits on the window ledge and looks at the little boy in perplexity.

Butch (after another quick look over his shoulder)
My father is dead, Jonesey...he's never coming back from Tarara...another kid told me a long time ago...only I didn't want Mommie to know...

Big Kim (after a moment's stunned silence)
But your Mommie knows Butch...she thought you didn't know...

Butch
Everything's all right then.

227
CONT'D
(2)

Big Kim (after another little
pause)
Would I be all right for you...do you think...as
your father?

Butch (solemnly)
Oh yes....I think Nommie would like that very much
too.

Big Kim
You do?

THE DOORWAY OF THE ROOM

228

Mrs. Jones is standing just inside...silhouetted
against the open door.

Mrs. Jones (who has been eaves-
dropping)
She most certainly would...Oh my darling!

Crying a little she hurries forward and the
CAMERA takes her over to the little group.

Mrs. Jones (getting on one knee)
You bet she'd like it very much too.

Big Kim
Then everything's all set up...we've got a deal on
here...Butch and I Canada and Alaska...

Butch
And South Africa...in a sailboat!

Mrs. Jones
That's what you think.

Big Kim
But we'll drop in to see you every once in a while...
won't we?

Mrs. Jones
You won't have to...because I'll be right there...
with a big chain on you...so you'll know where you
are...and who you belong to...

Big Kim (serious for one second)
You know what I told you...I may snap out of this...
and I may not...you're not getting any bargain...

Mrs. Jones
You let me be the judge of that.

The love theme swells then modulates into
big city music.

228
CONT'D
(2)

DISSOLVE TO:

A FIFTH AVENUE TRAFFIC POLICEMAN

229

He is squinting past the CAMERA in astonishment.
Now his look goes slowly up.

MR. KIMBLE, MRS. KIMBLE AND BUTCH

230

They are waving from the top deck of a Kimble
Kross-Kountry Kar. It is covered with streamers
and accompanied by the SOUND of cow bells. They
wave at the cop and a colored man in a chef's
hat waves from a window of the lower deck.

The CAMERA PANS the big vehicle past us. We
see the K on the back of it get smaller in the
distance. The cop watches it for a moment,
then turns back, looks straight into the lense
and scratches his head. The MUSIC swells because
we have reached:

THE END

SUMMARY:

No. 1

NOTHING DOING

(Script dated: 8-23-49)

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

9-8-49

Total number of pages in script
including revisions to date, and
based on 63 lines per page: 129

Script completed: 9-8-49

THE END