

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

FADE IN

1 EXT. A QUIET STREET IN CONNECTICUT - LATE AFTERNOON

LAP DISSOLVE

2 EXT. THE BANTAM PRESS - LATE AFTERNOON

This is a small building - perhaps a converted barn.

LAP DISSOLVE

3 INT. THE BANTAM PRESS - LATE AFTERNOON

A quietly interesting press. Tom stands, together with two workmen. Just now they are taking a first impression from a press. It is a title page. Tom lifts up the page. As he regards the page happily -

INSERT

A TITLE PAGE FOR A BOOK CALLED

"THE ART OF PRINTING"

by

Tom Collier's
Bantam Press

TOM

That's a beauty --

(to the workmen)

- It calls for a celebration.

(remembering)

And I've the wherewithal!

(starting into a railed
enclosure)

Come along, fellows -- I got this for tonight. Champagne, mind you -- but if we drink it all, well - they can have beer. (1)

FADE OUT

FADE IN

4

EXT. TOM COLLIER'S HOUSE IN CONNECTICUT - NIGHT

LAP DISSOLVE

5

INT. HALLWAY - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Regan at the telephone.

REGAN

(into the phone)

No, I'm not Mr. Tom Collier. I'm
his sparring partner....Yes, spar--
oh, I'm his butler. I'll take the
message, if the words ain't too long..(2)

CUT TO

6

INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rufus, Owen and Cecelia sit, obviously waiting.

CECELIA

You're not awfully fond of your son,
are you, Mr. Collier? (3)

RUFUS

(turns to her)

Cecelia, if you had spent the time and
money and effort I have to make that
young man realize who he is and what he
ought to be doing in the world -- You
haven't known Tom long. (4)

CECELIA

No. (5)

RUFUS

(to Owen)

Perhaps, from longer experience, you
might enlighten her. (6)

CONTINUED

OWEN

I presume what Mr. Collier means is that on ordinary terms, Tom doesn't seem to have got very far. He's wasted his life from the cradle. (7)

CECELIA

It must have been pathetic to see him wasting it at three. (8)

RUFUS

I assure you, his genius for it showed even then. I send him to Harvard, and he lasts two years there. I send him to Oxford, and he commutes from Paris. I put him in the Bank, and he --
(he sighs profoundly)
- The whole world at the feet of that boy, the whole world. And all he's ever done is to run from it. (9)

OWEN

Tom has his own ideas about what he wants to do with his life.

Regan enters with the radio message.

OWEN (Cont'd)

Yes, Regan? (10)

REGAN

There's a radio-message came by phone for him. (11)

OWEN

You can leave it here. I'll tell him. (12)

CONTINUED

REGAN

(folds the message and places it
on the table)

Right.

(turns and beams on them)

Everything satisfactory? (13)

OWEN

Yes, thanks. (14)

REGAN

Comfortable, Miss? (15)

CECELIA

Quite, thank you. (16)

REGAN

Like a drink, anyone? (17)

RUFUS

(exasperated)

No! No! Nothing! We were talking! (18)

REGAN

(with a wave of his hand)

Go right ahead. Make yourselves to home.

He'll be along. (19)

(he goes out)

Rufus hovers anxiously about the radio message.

OWEN

(soothingly)

He'll be along soon. (20)

CONTINUED

RUFUS

If what I think is true, I hope he
never comes along. (21)

CECELIA

What? (22)

RUFUS

Well, I'll tell you what's in my mind -
Heaven knows I don't want it there. That
girl he's been living with for the last
three years -- (23)

OWEN

(glances quickly at Cecelia)
- Just a minute, Sir. (24)

CECELIA

It's all right, Owen. (25)

RUFUS

Good Jupiter, it's no secret, is it?
(to Owen)
Who is she, anyhow? What is she? (26)

OWEN

An extremely nice girl - hard-working,
talented. She draws for the fashion
magazines, and very successfully. She left
for her magazine's Paris office three
months ago, for an indefinite stay. (27)

RUFUS

Maybe she's coming back. (28)

CONTINUED

CECELIA

What of it, Mr. Collier? (29)

RUFUS

What of it -? Everything of it! It's like him to marry her - offers him the perfect opportunity to cut himself off finally and completely from the life he was born to. I'm surprised he has missed it as long as he has. Well - I've stood for his rowdy friendships, I've put up with his idleness, his ill-mannered insolence, his -- (30)

Cecelia rises and faces him.

CECELIA

I'm sorry, Mr. Collier, but I'll have to ask you to let it go at that. (31)

RUFUS

Ah? Why so? (32)

CECELIA

Because it so happens that I'm why we're here. (33)

RUFUS

How's that? (34)

CECELIA

It's me Tom's going to marry, and I've heard enough against him to last me quite a while. (35)

CONTINUED

Rufus stares. Owen excitedly crosses and takes Cecelia's hand.

OWEN

What are you talking about? (36)

CECELIA

Marrying. (37)

OWEN

C...I... (38)
(he stops)

CECELIA

Oh June first, to be exact. He asked you out here - to tell you -- and I imagine, to receive your good wishes. (39)

RUFUS

(embracing her warmly)

My dear - I congratulate Tom - and myself. And I hope it will work out for you. I hope he won't be utterly impossible as a husband - he has been at everything else I've wanted him to do. (40)

CECELIA

I don't agree with you. Tom is the most interesting, most attractive man I've ever known. I consider myself shot with luck. And you make me a little tired with your abuse of him. (41)

RUFUS

Very loyal. (42)

CONTINUED

CECELIA

Not at all. I simply believe in him.
Not in his so-called "past" perhaps -
I'm not quite a fool - but certainly
in what's to be. (43)

RUFUS

Faith is a beautiful thing. (44)

CECELIA

I think so. (45)

RUFUS

Well, if you can make a respectable
citizen of Tom Collier at this date,
you'll have nothing but praise from me,
my dear. (46)

(he picks up the radio message
and draws it through his fingers)

CECELIA

It seems not to occur to you that when
Tom has someone who really understands
him to work and care for -- (47)

OWEN

- Understands him! (48)

CECELIA

Yes. Completely.

(again to Rufus)

He'll make what you call a "citizen" of
himself. (49)

CONTINUED

RUFUS

(adjusts his spectacles and reads
the message)

You think? (50)

CECELIA

I know. And if what you laughingly refer
to as my "faith" is of any use to him -
(51)

RUFUS

"Love will conquer all." Yes, yes - of
course -

(he signs and refolds the message)
- But forgive me a few doubts. (52)

OWEN

(leans forward)

Oh? How's that, sir? (53)

RUFUS

(reading)

"Darling. Am coming back. Arrive on
'Paris' at eight tonight. Much love.
Daisy."

(he regards Cecelia quietly a
moment)

Well? (54)

CECELIA

I know - all about her. (55)

RUFUS

Did you know she was returning tonight? (56)

CECELIA

No. Neither did Tom. (57)

CONTINUED

RUFUS

I'd like a few words with you, Owen --
if Cecelia will pardon us. (58)

CECELIA

Certainly.

Rufus goes out. Owen follows, then stops by the door, turns and looks at Cecelia, hurt and wistfully sad.

CECELIA (cont'd)

I meant to tell you on the way over, Owen --
and then I couldn't. (59)

OWEN

C....How did it happen? (60)

CECELIA

Very suddenly....very sweetly. Yesterday.
(he turns away)
I'm sorry -- you asked. (61)

OWEN

(slowly)
I'll see what Mr. Collier wants, if you
don't mind. (62)

Owen goes out. Cecelia looks after him thoughtfully a moment, then crosses to the table and toys a moment with the wireless message, then shrugs her shoulders and smiles confidently.

CUT TO

7

INT. ENTRANCE DOOR - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom, his arms piled high with bundles, is ringing the doorbell with his elbow. Regan opens the door. Tom enters hurriedly.

CUT TO

8

INT. HALLWAY - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TOM

Hi, Red. (63)

REGAN

Hello.

Tom unloads his bundles to Regan, then puts his hat on Regan's head.

REGAN (cont'd)

They're in the living room. (64)

As Tom strides into the living room -

CUT TO

9

INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecelia stands waiting. Tom strides to her.

TOM

Darling, darling -- (65)
(he is about to kiss her, but she
averts her head)

CECELIA

No. You're late. I'm furious with you. (66)

CONTINUED

TCM

(blankly)
Late? (67)

CECELIA

(looks at him for a moment, then
smiles and kisses him lightly)
There....All right? (68)

TOM

Terrible. I've taken up with a thrifty
spinster. (69)

CECELIA

It's all you deserve. (70)

TOM

(laughs)
Where are they? Father? Owen? (71)

CECELIA

In the other room. (72)

TOM

Did you really say you'd marry me? (73)
(he slips her arm through his and
leads her to a chair)

CECELIA

I'm afraid I did. (74)

CONTINUED

9

CONTINUED

TOM

Heaven help us both. Just this one marriage, please, darling. I haven't been very good about marriage. I was exposed to a very bad case of it as a baby. We must make a grand go of it.
(75)

CECELIA

We shall, never you fear. (76)

TOM

Just do everything I say, and it will be all right. (77)

CECELIA

With pleasure. (78)

TOM

(gazes at her)
C, what a marvelous object you are.
(he draws her to him and kisses her)
I feel good... (79)

CECELIA

So do I.... (80)

He stands a little apart, regarding her intently. Her eyes fall to the floor. After a moment she looks up quickly.

CONTINUED

TOM

My lovely C... (81)

CECELIA

Stop it, Tom - ! You're really
embarassing me. I feel quite naked. (82)

TOM

That's fine. (83)

A pause, and then Regan enters.

REGAN

I'll have dinner ready in a few
minutes, Tom. (84)

TOM

Bring some glasses and ice - and run
all the way. (85)

REGAN

Aye, aye - and did you get your wireless?(86)
(he crosses and returns with the
message)

Tom walks part way to get it. Cecelia regards him
carefully. Tom reads the message, then turns to
Cecelia. He smiles in an uncertain, embarrassed
fashion, then regards the wireless again.

CONTINUED

CECELIA

Don't tell me if you don't want to,
Tom. (87)

TOM

But I do. I intended to at the first
opportunity anyhow, and -
(he glances at the radio-message
once again)
- And it seems that suddenly here it is.
(and puts it in his pocket)
O, for quite a long time I've known -
known intimately - a girl who's been
very important to me - (88)

CECELIA

Yes. (89)

TOM

C, Daisy has done more for me than
anyone in this world. She's the best
friend I've got. I believe she always
will be. I'd hate terribly to lose her.
It's been a queer sort of arrangement -
no arrangement at all, really. There's
never been any idea of marriage between
us. It's hard to explain what there has
been between us. I don't believe it's
ever existed before on land or on sea.
Well - (89-a)
(he hesitates again)

CECELIA

Is she attractive, Tom? (89-b)

CONTINUED

TOM

To me, she is. She's about so high,
and made of platinum wire and sand.
You wouldn't like me half so well,
if Daisy hadn't knocked some good
sense into me. (89-c)

CECELIA

Well, someone's done a good job. (89-d)

TOM

(laughs)
I'll tell her that.
(then seriously)
I sent her a long cable about us this
morning. She couldn't have got it,
because this -
(he taps his pocket)
- this is from the boat. She lands
tonight. (89-e)

CECELIA

I see. (89-f)

TOM

We've been - everything possible to
each other of course, and - (89-g)

CECELIA

Yes, Tom. (89-h)

CONTINUED

TOM

But at the same time, free as air.
There's never been any responsibility
to each other involved in it - (89-i)

CECELIA

I can understand that. (89-j)

TOM

Can you, C? Because I never could.
Anyhow, that's the way it's been.
We haven't been what you'd call "in
love" for quite a long time, now, so -
(89-k)

CECELIA

(smiling)
Does she know that? (89-l)

TOM

She knew it first. Well, I don't know
what more there is to say about it,
except that there's no reason at all
for you to worry, and - you won't,
will you? (89-m)

CECELIA

No, Tom. Not if you tell me I
needn't. (89-n)

TOM

I do. And finally, that I think she
ought to know the - news about us,
pretty promptly (89-o)

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

CECELIA

Yes. Probably. (89-p)

TOM

Is whatever I do -

Owen and Rufus enter.

TOM (cont'd)

Hello, father - Owen. (89-q)

OWEN

Good evening, Tom. (89-r)

RUFUS

You said five o'clock. It's seven.
(89-s)

TOM

Did I? Is it? - Listen, you and
Owen. I want to tell you what this
is all about. (89-t)

CONTINUED

RUFUS

We know. We've heard. (90)

Tom looks to Cecelia.

CECELIA

He was abusing you so, I had to tell him. (91)

TOM

(laughs delightedly)
And it didn't discourage you? (92)

CECELIA

On the contrary. (93)

TOM

Stout heart.
(then, gravely, to Rufus)
Why, thank you very much, sir, but I think
I'm the one to be congratulated. Yes,
indeed we are. Yes, I'm sure we shall be.
(Regan comes in with a tray of
glasses filled with ice)
Oh - er - this is my father, Red. (94)

REGAN

Glad to meet you, sir. (95)

Rufus bows slightly. Regan undoes one of the
packages and produces a bottle of champagne.

TOM

And my fiancée, Miss Henry. (96)

CONTINUED

Bottle in hand, Regan stares at him, puzzled.

REGAN

Your - ? (97)
(then he goes to Cecelia, seizes
her hand and shakes it warmly)

Cecelia is amused. Refus frowns disapprovingly.

TOM

You haven't put the car away, have you? (98)

REGAN

Say, how many hands have I got? (99)

TOM

Don't. I'll need it.
(Regan goes out. Tom turns to his
father)
Father, I'm afraid I'll have to ask you
to do the honors at dinner. (100)

RUFUS

The - ? Why? How's that? (101)

TOM

I find I've got to go straight back to
town. (102)

RUFUS

Now you listen to me -- (103)

CONTINUED

TOM

(confronts him)

- And it seems to me extremely important that I should do it at once. In fact, I can't do otherwise. (104)

RUFUS

(bursts out)

You have the effrontery, the colossal bad taste, on the night of celebrating your engagement to a fine, trusting, loyal girl, to go from her - your fiancée - to your - to your -- (105)

TOM

(smiles)

- The same old difficulty with words, eh, sir? - Never mind. None of them would apply to Daisy. (106)

RUFUS

I suppose you know better. If you leave here tonight - (107)

TOM

(his smile vanishes)

- Yes. Much better.

(he returns to Cecelia, lifts her hand and kisses it lightly)

- Until tomorrow, my Angel. (108)

(he nods good night to Owen and Rufus and goes out)

RUFUS

(to Cecelia)

My poor child. (109)

OWEN

(with a gesture)

I'm sorry, Cecelia. (110)

CONTINUED

CECELIA

But I think he did exactly right. (111)

RUFUS

(stares, then sighs deeply and
pours himself a drink)

A beautiful thing, faith.

(he takes a swallow of it)

A beautiful -

(another swallow)

- beautiful thing. (112)

FADE OUT

FADE IN

10

EXT. DOORWAY - DAISY SAGE'S FLAT - NIGHT

A converted house in the Fifties near the river.

Tom stands before the door, pulls the keys from his pocket, regards them a moment, then detaches one from the ring, opens the door with it. He puts the key ring and the detached key in separate pockets.

(Note: A protection shot, in which Tom merely rings the bell, and without the key business, will be made.)

As Tom enters: -

LAP DISSOLVE

11

INT. HALL DOOR TO DAISY'S FLAT - NIGHT

In response to Tom's knock, Daisy opens the door. As he enters, there is a spontaneous embrace.

CUT TO

12

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAISY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Joe and Franc move up to greet Tom.

DAISY

You look good! (113)

TOM

You look good. (114)

DAISY

I've got a million things to tell you. (115)

TOM

I've some news for you. (116)

GG

CONTINUED

JOE

Hello, stranger! (117)

FRANC

We've missed you since Daisy's been away. Missed you, and the times we four have had together. (118)

DAISY

Where's he been? (119)

JOE

Search me. (120)

TOM

(evasively)
I've been busy. (121)

DAISY

Let me look at you. (122)

TOM

Let's look at each other. Can't
you throw them out? (123)

FRANC

She cannot. (124)

TOM

How's the book coming, Joe? (125)

JOE

It's begun to move. Ever since I
thought of the idea behind it, I -- (126)

DAISY

- You didn't think of it. Tom
thought of it. (127)

JOE

Tom - ? (128)

FRANC

Of course he did. (129)

JOE

Well, ever since we thought of the idea
behind it, it's become more and more
interesting. (130)

TOM

Good. (131)

FRANC

And that man Bristed you sent me to
is going to get me a concert. He
thinks I'm a great cellist. (132)

DAISY

Nothing but good news! (133)

TOM

And you? (134)

DAISY

Good. (135)

TOM

As soon as we get rid of them - we'll
talk ourselves to death. (136)

DAISY

You can stay the night, Tom. I've
got to work. Briggs met me at the dock.
I thought he would have to be caged.
I promised him twenty-four sketches
by nine tomorrow. (137)

TOM

Poor darling. (138)

JOE

Wish I could help. (139)

TOM

You can - by leaving us alone.
(sotto voce)
Get out. (140)

JOE

Well, I suppose I really must go.
I'll see you across the hall, my
Dutch darling, then I must run. (141)

FRANC

(to Daisy)

Goodnight, dear. It's good to have you back too, Tom. You are better than all of us - but Daisy. She is better than best. Between you, you stir up our lazy bones, you hold us together, you bind our wounds. You two are the - ach! - my blood is turned to beer. Auf wiedersehen. Goodnight. (142)

(she goes out)

JOE

I'll drop in tomorrow afternoon about five, if I can. (143)

DAISY

Fine. I ought to be up by then. (144)
(she follows Franc into the hall)

JOE

(to Tom)

Will you be here? (145)

TOM

I'm afraid I'll have to go to the country. (146)

JOE

Shun the country. Things come out of the ground there in Spring. (147)
(he goes out)

Tom is alone for a moment. Then Daisy re-enters. She puts her arms around him and looks up at him.

DAISY

Hello, my dear Tom. (148)

TOM

Hello, Daisy. (149)

DAISY

(kisses him lightly)

Now it seems I haven't been away at all.

(she leaves his arms)

Oh, Tom - two of the most exciting things
have happened to me! Not one - two!

(she moves toward the sofa)

Come - sit down - (150)

TOM

What are they? (151)

DAISY

I'm bursting with them.

(she makes room for him beside her
on the sofa, looks at him lovingly,
smiles contentedly, touches his arm.

Franc's cello begins to be heard)

That's Franc. She works very hard, and
she's coming along. (152)

SOUND

SOUND

Tom nods agreement. For a moment there is silence,
except for the sound of the cello. Then she raises
her head and they speak simultaneously.

TOM

Daisy - (153)

GG

CONTINUED

DAISY

Darling -
(she laughs)
- What? (154)

TOM

No - you tell me. (155)

DAISY

Well, my heavy sledding ought to be over
in a few weeks - by the first of June,
anyway. What have you got on the
fire - much? (156)

TOM

Yes. A great deal. The fact is - (157)

DAISY

(in a rush)

Work night and day until June. Then come
to Mexico for a month with Daisy. I'm
dying to go. Because - well, first --
Oh, I feel like a fool. You mustn't
breathe a word of it.

(he shakes his head)

Tom - I think I can paint. (158)

TOM

But that's no surprise. I've always
thought if only you'd - (159)

CONTINUED

DAISY

Then you've always been wrong! It's new. It's since these two months. I believe that if I work my eyes out, and my fingers to the bone, some day I may paint. You must be hard with me - no parties -- work. And you mustn't let me show until you know I'm ready to. Is that agreed? (160)

TOM

All right. (161)

DAISY

You have a funny instinct about such things. I count on you. As for the second thing -

(she hesitates)

- You know, suddenly I feel shy with you.

(she rises)

I don't like it. I don't like it a bit. (162)

TOM

We've - it's been a long time. (163)

DAISY

(goes again to the work table)

Too long. Perhaps I'd better wait to tell you the second thing. (164)

TOM

No. Tell me now. (165)

GG

CONTINUED

DAISY

Oh, my dear - what's wrong with us?
Come here to me.

(he goes to her, takes her
hands in his)

That's better. Now I don't feel it so much.

(But still she looks at him
anxiously; finally she releases
her hands, turns and fumbles among
her work-materials, picks up a
pencil, stares fixedly at it for a
moment, then puts it down and turns
to him)

You're a free man, Tommy. You always
have been, with me. No questions asked.
But please, Mexico in June together,
because, listen - No! Don't look at me.
Look the other way -

(he averts his head.)

She goes on, rapidly)

- On the boat, the sweetest small boy
about two - and I got crazy about him,
and I want one, I want one badly, and
would you please be good enough to marry
me like you used to say you wanted to
and I wouldn't let you, and -- (166)

TOM

- Daisy, I - (167)

DAISY

Oh, it needn't be terribly serious! It's
not a life-sentence. Just for a short
while, if you like. It'd be such a dirty
trick on him, if we didn't. After I get
my stuff through for the July issue - then
Mexico for a month -- I love you so much,
I was a fool ever to think I didn't, and -
ah, come on, Tom - be a sport -

(she is breathless)

Give me a cigarette - (168)

TOM

(does not give her the cigarette)

Daisy - (169)

DAISY

(quickly)
All right. Let's forget about it. What a
foul necktie that is. The colors are
awful. (170)

TOM

Daisy, I -- Oh, great Heaven - ! (171)

DAISY

Well, what is it?
(he covers her hand with his)
You're going to tell me something terrible.
What is it? (172)

TOM

I'm going to be married. (173)

DAISY

(incredulously)
To be -
(then silence. She averts her head)
- It must have happened pretty quickly.
(174)

TOM

It did. A month ago we hadn't even met.
It was - (175)

DAISY

You can spare me the details, please.
I don't even want to know who she is.
(A pause)
Who is she? (176)

SCUND

He moves away from her. Franc's cello begins to be heard again.

TOM

Her name is Cecelia Henry. (177)

DAISY

If I'd thought you were really in a marrying mood, I might have thrown my own -
(she picks up a small, limp hat from the table)

- Could you call it a hat? - in the ring a bit sooner.

(she drops the hat on the table)
Behold, the Bridegroom cometh - and no oil for my lamp, as usual. A foolish virgin, me - well, foolish, anyway. (178)

TOM

Oh, my dear - as if ever in this world I -
(suddenly, fearfully)

- Daisy! There's to be no nonsense about not seeing each other as friends again, or any of that, you know - (179)

DAISY

But there will be that nonsense. Oh, yes - there'll be that, all right. (180)

TOM

But I don't understand it. I don't see why we shouldn't. I thought for a long time we'd been out of danger so far as - well, so far as - (181)

(he cannot finish it, but Daisy can)

DAISY

- wanting each other goes? (182)

TOM

But haven't we? (183)

DAISY

Speak for yourself, Tom. (184)
(he looks at her, waits a
moment, then speaks)

TOM

You too, Daisy. You first, I thought. (185)

DAISY

(slowly, thoughtfully)
It's true, that side of it was never so
much to us, was it? Not in comparison -
not after those first crazy months. But
I thought that was natural. I was even
glad of it - glad to find it was - other
needs that held us together.

(she looks away)
Closely - without claims - not a claim -
but so closely.

(A moment, then suddenly, sharply)
Tom - do you have to marry her? (186)

TOM

I want to marry her. (187)

DAISY

I was just thinking - perhaps you simply
want her - want her most awfully. (188)

TOM

It's more than that, much more. (189)

DAISY

I don't see how you can tell quite yet.
For all our big talk, we still belong to
the animal kingdom. (190)

TOM

If you knew her - (191)

DAISY

But I dont, you see. (192)

TOM

(he gropes for her hand, raises
it to his lips, kisses it)
There's no one like you - never will be.
I know that. But this - I can't tell you -
(193)

DAISY

- So goodbye, you Tom Collier. (194)

TOM

(looks at her, puzzled)
"Goodbye" - Until when - ? (195)

DAISY

(so lightly)
Doomsday, my darling. (196)

TOM

Daisy, what are you talking about (197)

DAISY

Tell me goodbye! (198)

TOM

I'll do nothing of the sort. (199)

DAISY

Goodbye! (200)

TOM

Now you listen to me: If you think I'm going to allow two people as important to each other as you and I are, to be separated by any such false, ridiculous notion as this, you're mistaken. Just you try it. (201)

DAISY

Tell me goodbye! (202)

TOM

I'll do nothing of the sort. (203)

DAISY

Yes! You have to. Sharp, decent, clean - no loose ends between us two! (203-a)

TOM

But it's not decent! It's soft. It's sentimental. It's the sort of thing you've never had any use for - taught me never to. (203-b)

CONTINUED

DAISY

Goodbye! (203-c)

TOM

Daisy, dear - listen to me - (203-d)

LAISY

- And I want you to take some things of yours that are here. Franc got me a new maid before I landed. I let Harriet go when I left. Well, the new maid had a very fine hunch about us. Some shirts - and things of yours that were here - she packed up - in a neat little bundle. Well, she gets the gate for it, the big Swede. (203-e)

TOM

(stands gazing at her)
I don't believe in this. I don't believe in any of it. (203-f)

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

DAISY

(indicates the bedroom)
Go in and get them, will you? Fetch, Thomas. It's quite a neat, tidy little bundle. But if it stays around - well, I don't quite see myself crying into an old shirt, do you? - I have work to do, my son - a great deal of it.

(he does not move)

No? Won't fetch? Then kindly permit me to - (204)

(she moves toward the bedroom)

CUT TO13 INT. BEDROOM - DAISY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Daisy enters, bitterly fighting back her tears. She stands before her mirror a moment, dabs her eyes with her handkerchief, clears them up as much as she possibly can. Meantime, covering her stay in the bedroom as she continues talking.

DAISY

And then you must say goodbye to me - you will, won't you? You've said it so many times, so brightly. Say it this time sadly. We'll make it an un-marriage ceremony, to keep it all quite regular. You must grasp my hand in yours - one splendid gesture - and murmur, "Good bye, my Daisy. Thanks very much. A charming association." (205)

CUT TO14 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAISY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Tom stands near the door, hat in hand. He murmurs -

TOM

Never goodbye, my darling. (206)
(then exits, softly. When he is out -)

CUT TO

15

INT. BEDROOM - DAISY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Daisy has gathered up the package containing Tom's belongings.

DAISY

- And may we never, never meet again
so long as we two shall live.
(she starts into the living room)
You will, won't you? (207)

CUT TO

16

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAISY'S FLAT - NIGHT

DAISY

(enters)

See? The wash is back. Here you are.
Now do as Daisy says, and - (208)

SOUND

She sees that he is gone. The bundle droops in her hand, drops to the floor. For a moment she stands rigid, then draws a deep breath and moves slowly to the work-table. There she seats herself, removes the first page from the workboard, props it up before her, and begins to sketch from her notes. From the distance Franc's cello is heard again, playing the scales. Daisy's pencil breaks. She stares at it a moment, fumbles among her things on the table for a knife, finds none and moves to a chair beside which the white bundle lies. She seats herself there, bends and opens the bundle upon the floor, takes a razor from it, removes the blade and begins slowly and carefully to re-sharpen her pencil. Once she stops and gazes at the loose pile upon the floor - shirts, socks, a tie or two - closes her eyes, turns away in her chair, reopens them and continues sharpening, intently.

GG

FADE OUT

FADE IN

17

EXT. OF THE CHATHAM GALLERIES - WINTER - DAY

It is snowing. Tom enters, walks along slowly, stops, and is suddenly interested as he sees -

CUT TO

INSERT

OF A CARD

The first showing of the work of
Miss Daisy Sage will occur Saturday -
8 P.M.

CUT TO

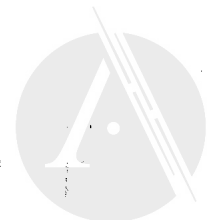
18

EXT. OF THE CHATHAM GALLERIES - DAY

Tom regards the announcement with genuine happiness. He seems gayer as he passes on up the street.

FADE OUT

(NOTE: It seems to me that a scene depicting Daisy's further suffering after Tom gets married would be a repetition of Scene 12)



FADE IN

19

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It is snowing. The lights are lighted.

LAP DISSOLVE

20

INT. SITTING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecelia and Grace sip coffee before the fire. Grace sets her cup down.

GRACE

My dear, I'm congealed. I can't say
I envy you the trip into town. (209)

CECELIA

It's not my idea. (210)
(she takes up a piece of needle-
point and begins to work on it)

GRACE

But why do you do it? It's so grim. (211)

CECELIA

It's her first showing, and he thinks for
some reason we ought to be there. (212)

GRACE

Who is she, anyway? (213)

CECELIA

Sage, her name is. Tom says she's good.
(214)

CONTINUED

GRACE

I suppose publishers have to hobnob with
all sorts of queer people. (215)

CECELIA

We see very few people of any description
any more. (216)

GRACE

Don't tell me about the hermit life you live!
I think the least you could do would be to
come to my Sunday breakfasts now and then.
Tomorrow's will be such fun. Do, C. (217)

CECELIA

Perhaps we shall. (218)

GRACE

Not if you go in tonight. (219)

CECELIA

Perhaps we shan't go in tonight. (220)

GRACE

(knowingly)
Ah - that's it! (221)

CECELIA

(innocently)
What? (222)

GRACE

(slyly)
Nothing.

CONTINUED

Tom enters on this. He carries two or three magazines which he is unwrapping.

GRACE (cont'd)

(brightly)
With us again. (223)

TOM

With you again.
(he looks at his watch)
Look here, C - hadn't we better be getting under way? (224)

CECELIA

We've got hours. (225)
(a silence, then:)

GRACE

(brightly)
I read the new book you published last week, Tom. (226)

TOM

(without interest)
Yes? What did you think of it? (227)

GRACE

Superlative, my dear. I was simply ravished!
(228)

TOM

Well, that's something, isn't it? (229)

GRACE

(laughs)
Isn't he beyond words?
(to Tom)
You're the world's funniest man. You couldn't possibly be funnier. (230)

CONTINUED

TOM

You don't know me. (231)

GRACE

Oh, yes, I do! Don't you adore it, C?
The book, I mean - (232)

CECELIA

I like it very much.
(she glances at Tom)
In fact, I'm afraid it was I who made
Tom take it. (233)

TOM

And I'm afraid I still think it's the
worst tripe the Bantam ever published. (234)

GRACE

But my dear! Everyone's simply devouring
it! (235)

TOM

There'll be a lot of sickness this winter.
(236)

CECELIA

You're so foolish about it, Tom.
(to Grace)
He'll make enough on that one book to
bring out two he really cares for.
(Tom unwraps a second magazine)
Oh - your father called today. (237)

TOM

What did he want? (238)

CONTINUED

CECELIA

He wants us to dine with him on Wednesday,
and spend the night. (239)

Grace pricks up her ears.

TOM

Get us out of it, won't you? (240)

CECELIA

Again? How can I? (241)

TOM

Oh, say I'm up to my ears in work, or
something else he won't believe. Say
the car is frozen stiff. (242)

GRACE

I could easily send you in, in the closed
car. Sammy and I might even join you. (243)

TOM

Thanks. We cannot accept your sacrifice.
(244)

GRACE

(rises)
Well, I guess I'd better be "barging along"
as they say. I'm sure it's getting colder
by the minute. (245)

TOM

It's cold enough to -- I think we'd best
bring in the brass monkeys tonight. (246)
(he turns to the magazine)

CONTINUED

Grace stares. Cecelia rises, quickly. Finally Grace turns to her.

GRACE

Goodnight, C. (247)

CECELIA

Goodnight, Grace. Must you, really? (248)

GRACE

(moving toward the door)
Yes, I'm afraid I must. (249)

They pass through the door.

CUT TO

21 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecelia helps Grace with her coat.

GRACE

And you will be over in the morning? (250)

CECELIA

Perhaps not tomorrow, Grace - but soon.
I promise you.

The door is wrenched open rather violently, and Regan lurches into the scene. He stops short at the sight of Cecelia.

CECELIA (cont'd)

Good evening. (251)

CONTINUED

Regan manages an elaborate bow, then passes on into the living room.

GRACE

That desperate butler must embarrass you no end. (252)

CECELIA

Not much longer. (253)

GRACE

No? (254)

CECELIA

Tom has promised to fire him tonight - if he's not completely insensible.

(she turns and looks toward the living room)

Tom, poor dear, hates to do it. (255)

CUT TO

22

INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom stands by the fireplace. Regan enters. As he starts across the room -

TOM

Hi, Red. (256)

REGAN

'Evening. (257)

TOM

You'd better get to bed. (258)

CONTINUED

REGAN

Just where I'm headed. (259)

Cecelia enters in time to hear Tom send Regan to bed. She regards Regan meaningfully, then Tom. She is apparently irritated. She exits into the hall.

TOM

(after an uncomfortable moment)
See here a minute first, Red - (260)

Regan turns. Tom goes to him and confronts him sternly.

REGAN

Yes? (261)

TOM

(hesitates, then:)
The fact is, that -
(he stops, and concludes)
- Bring a couple of bottles of beer,
will you? (262)

REGAN

Right. (263)
(he goes out)

Tom draws a deep breath of smoke, sinks down upon the sofa and exhales it slowly. Cecelia re-enters from the hall.

CECELIA

What did you say to him? (264)

CONTINUED

TOM

Why, I -

(he stops and smiles)

- I told him to bring some beer, but I expect he'll forget it. (265)

CECELIA

Oh, I see. (266)

TOM

Anyhow, I've been thinking: He never drinks on duty. Why shouldn't he have a right to get slightly mellow on his one day off? (267)

CECELIA

"Slightly mellow!" He can hardly stand. When I said good evening to him he didn't even answer. (268)

TOM

Maybe he couldn't speak. (269)

CECELIA

All he did was to bow like this, with a foolish grin, so low he nearly toppled over. (270)

TOM

It's pretty hard to gauge a bow under those conditions. (271)

CONTINUED

CECELIA

Of course I think it's selfish of us to
keep him. (272)

TOM

Selfish? (272-a)

CECELIA

We're certainly depriving him of any chance
he ever had to make anything of himself.
(272-b)

CONTINUED

TOM

But hang it, C - he broke his hand. He'll never fight again. (273)

CECELIA

I don't mean fighting. (274)

TOM

These are hard times; I don't know what else there is for him. (275)

CECELIA

(shrugs and rises)

All right. Do as you like about him. I'll leave it to you. (276)

TOM

And anyhow, I feel for some reason that Red's good luck for me. He's - I don't know - we understand each other. I'm awfully fond of him. (277)

CECELIA

You must be, to ruin whatever chance in life he might have. (278)
(a moment, then:)

TOM

I wouldn't do that, C. You know I wouldn't. (279)

CECELIA

You're doing it, though. What possibly could be more degrading to a man than housework? (280)

CONTINUED

TOM

You're making a regular Simon Legree of me. Where's my whip? (281)

CECELIA

No. It's simply that in your delightful, casual way you've never thought of his side of it. (282)

TOM

(thoughtfully)

I wouldn't do that to Red. I really wouldn't.

(a moment; then)

Ring for him, will you? (283)

CECELIA

Not me. I have nothing to do with it. (284)

Tom stares in front of him for a moment, then goes to a bell in the wall, presses it and returns to the fireplace. Cecelia, secretly very pleased, starts upstairs.

TOM

Do you have to change, or are you ready? (285)

CECELIA

It seemed to me you were unnecessarily rude to Grace. I have to change. Now we've simply got to go to her breakfast in the morning. (286)

TOM

Not me. (287)

CECELIA

But you'll have to make some gesture toward her. (288)

TOM

I only know one. (289)

CECELIA

Tom, please be serious. (290)

TOM

Darling, I've spent my life trying to get away from her kind of people. (291)

CECELIA

It takes all kinds to make a world, doesn't it? (292)

TOM

Yes - and then what have you got?
(they laugh. Tom moves toward her,
kisses her lightly)
Let's go get dressed. (293)

CECELIA

I suppose you feel we really must go into town tonight. (294)

TOM

Yes. Why? (295)


CONTINUED

CECELIA

An exhibit lasts several days, doesn't it?
(296)

TOM

Yes - but I'd like to go tonight. (297)

CECELIA

Have you seen any of your - old friends
lately? (297a)

TOM

No. (297b)

CECELIA

But why not, dearest? And the girl - the
one who is exhibiting tonight - you've seen
her? (297c)

TOM

No. (297d)

CECELIA

Why not? I thought you felt her friendship
was important to you. (297e)

TOM

She won't see me. (297f)

CONTINUED

CECELIA

(after a pause)

Not see you? (298)

TOM

No. Please get ready.
(she presses her temples)
What's the matter? (299)

CECELIA

Nothing. (300)

TOM

But dear - what is it? (301)

CECELIA

Just this blasted headache, that's all.
I've had it all day. (302)

TOM

What a shame! The cold air will fix you
up. (303)

CECELIA

It's that that gave it to me. I'm - honestly
Tom, I don't think I can face it. Why not
pick up the telephone and send a wire? Best
wishes, and all that. (304)

TOM

It wouldn't do. (305)

CECELIA

I'm sure she'd be every bit as glad to have
a telegram. (306)

CONTINUED

REGAN

Yo!

(he takes an old pack of cards
from his pocket)

- Seen this one? (314)

TOM

I don't think so. (315)

REGAN

(holds the pack up before him
and releases one card after
another with his thumb)

Tell me where to stop, and remember the card.
(316)

TOM

All right. (317)

REGAN

Got it? (318)

TOM

I've got it. (319)

REGAN

(makes a concealed pass, shuffles
the pack rapidly and hands it to Tom)

Where is it? (320)

TOM

(looks through the pack)

Gone, of course. (321)

REGAN

Feel in your pocket. (322)

CONTINUED

TOM
(feels in his breast-pocket)
Not this time. (323)

REGAN

No?
(he reaches into the pocket, draws
out a card and shows it to him)
That it? (324)

TOM

Marvellous. (325)

REGAN

(gloomily returns the pack to
his pocket)
I paid five dollars for that one. I'll
let it go for two ninety-eight. (326)

TOM

Not interested.
(a moment)
- Was it cold in town today? (327)

REGAN

I don't envy those guys selling apples
on the corners. (328)

TOM

(soberly)
No. - Not much of a job, that. (329)

REGAN

Women's work. (330)

CONTINUED

TCM

Pretty tough times, all right. (331)

REGAN

Some of 'em are down to selling those
white flowers that stink so.

(again he raises his glass)

Two hundred for steel! (332)
(they drink)

TCM

I'm feeling the pinch a bit myself. (333)

REGAN

Say, look here, Tom - (334)

TOM

What? (335)

REGAN

If I -

(but he thinks better of it
and concludes)

- nothing. (336)

(they finish their glasses.
Tom refills them)

TOM

(suddenly)

Red, I might as well tell you straight off -
(337)

REGAN

What? (338)

CONTINUED

TOM
(after a moment)
Nothing. (339)
(they drink)

REGAN

All goes to show you ought to put something
by. (340)

TOM

It certainly does. (341)

REGAN

Clean up while you're young and close your
mitts on it. (342)

TOM

That's it. (343)
(a silence, then:)

REGAN

How's your father these days? (344)

TOM

Never better. (345)

REGAN
(shakes his head)
Tsch-tsch-tsch. (346)

TOM

Red, do you ever think of your future? (347)

CONTINUED

REGAN

(ruefully)

I guess I'll burn plenty -

(Tom laughs)

Oh - you mean here. - Now that's a funny thing, because listen, Tom - (348)

TOM

What? (349)

REGAN

I've been thinking; maybe I -

(he falters and cannot go on)

- Oh, what's the use. (350)

TOM

But what? (351)

REGAN

(holds out his glass)

Fill her up, will you? (352)

TOM

(refills both glasses)

Not much future in buttling, eh, Red? (353)

REGAN

(with a deprecatory gesture)

Oh, well - (354)

TOM

I'm - I'm certainly very grateful for all you've done. (355)

REGAN

(uncomfortably)

Ah! - Be still, will you? (356)

CONTINUED

TOM

I am, though. (357)

REGAN

That's fine, from you. I'll never forget,
when I was - and you -
(he gulps)
I'll never forget it. (358)
(he sniffs and drinks)

TOM

Put it there, old man.
(they clasp hands across the table)
You're a fine fellow. (359)

REGAN

You're the top, boy. I don't know what
you'll think of me, when I - (360)
(again, he is unable to continue)

TOM

When you what? (361)

REGAN

When I - well, what would you say, for
instance, if I -
(he looks at Tom, then looks away)
Nope, it's no good. (362)

TOM

(anxiously)
You're not in trouble, are you? (363)

REGAN

Trouble? Me? What trouble? (364)

CONTINUED

TOM

(once more refills the glasses.
Then, steeling himself:
Then look here, Regan - (365)

REGAN

Well, Chief? (366)

TOM

(looks at him - the steel melts)
Good old Red. (367)

REGAN

(raises his glass)
Tom Collier for President. The People's
Choice. (368)

TOM

Listen a minute - (369)

REGAN

Wait!

(he takes another deep draught)
Tom, I've just got to tell you. I've - I've
(he grasps for Tom's hand and
misses it)
Don't hold it against me, Tom, but I'm
quitting you. I've took another job. (370)

TOM

(half-rises in astonishment)
You've - ?! (371)

REGAN

Oh, I know what you'll say! (372)

CONTINUED

TOM

(drops into his chair again,
and stares)

Holy cats, Red - (373)

REGAN

I couldn't stand it any longer. She don't like my ways. I mean the Missus. I get on her nerves. Last week Moe Winters told me he wanted to open a country gym and would I run it with him, on the order of Muldoon's, but with a little bar attached, and, well, Heaven help me, I give him my word. (374)

TOM

What's there in it for you? (375)

REGAN

Don't put it that way, Tom. (376)

TOM

But I really want to know. (377)

REGAN

Two hundred a month and a smell at the gate, if any. (378)

TOM

It sounds like a good deal. (379)

REGAN

Ah - let's let it go. I'll phone him. (380)

CONTINUED

TOM

(alarmed)

No!

(Regan looks at him)

When do you start? (381)

REGAN

He wanted me last Wednesday. I've been trying all week to get up the nerve to tell you. But -- (382)

TOM

How long will it take you to pack? (383)

REGAN

(grins)

Well, there's my hat-trunk and my shoe-trunk, and the trunk for my fancy-dress ball-clothes - (384)

TOM

(firmly)

You leave by noon tomorrow, you hear? Not a minute later. (385)

REGAN

(his grin fades)

Okay, Chief. I'm sorry you had to take it this way. (386)

TOM

Don't be a fool. I'm overjoyed for you. (387)

REGAN

(uncertainly)

Fact? (388)

CONTINUED

TOM

Absolute.
(he raises his glass)
Here's to the new job. (389)

REGAN

Take it from me, boy, you're the goods. (390)

TOM

You've got your points too, you know. (391)

REGAN

(rises, swaying slightly, and
raises his glass)
Anyhow - (392)

TOM

(rises and raises his)
Anyhow. (393)
(they drain their glasses, put
them down and again clasp hands)

REGAN

You'll explain to the Missus? (394)

TOM

Of course. (395)

REGAN

Tell her I'm sorry - hope no inconvenience -
but - (396)

TOM

I'll explain. (397)

CONTINUED

REGAN

So long, Tom. (398)

TOM

Goodbye, Red. (399)

REGAN

So long, Tom. (400)

TOM

Goodbye, Red. (401)

REGAN

I'll give you a ring how it goes. (402)

TOM

Do that. (403)

REGAN

Keep your bib clean. (404)

TOM

I will, old boy. (405)

REGAN

(suddenly sobers, looks at him
intently for a long moment, then
touches him on the shoulder)
Good luck, Tom. (406)
(turns abruptly and swiftly and
steadily goes to the door and out)

Tom takes a deep breath, then starts upstairs.

CUT TO

SOUND

Cecelia, dressed now in a filmy negligee, finishes touching up her hair and makeup. She regards herself with a satisfied smile. A knock.

CECELIA

Come in. (407)

Tom enters. She crosses swiftly to him.

TOM

Ready? (408)

CECELIA

Not quite. Did you tell him? (409)

TOM

I'll miss that guy. I'll miss having him around. (410)

CECELIA

(goes to him)

I know, dear. But it's for the best. I'm sure of it. (411)

TOM

I've got a feeling that my luck's going with him.

(Cecelia draws him into her arms)

You feel good, O. (412)

CECELIA

Do I, dear? (413)


CONTINUED

TOM

You haven't any clothes on. Go on, dress -
dress quickly -- we've got to run. (414)

CECELIA

(moves away from him, then
turns again)

Stay and help me?

He looks at her for an instant, then goes to her. She
turns into his arms. He holds her to him for a moment,
then she leans away from him, provocatively.

CECELIA (cont'd)

No, you'd better not.

(she glances down at the
negligee, arms out)

Look, - I came across it in the bottom
drawer, and my spine simply melted. Do
you remember it? (415)

TOM

(he picks up the edge of the
loose sleeve and kisses it)

Yes... Oh, C - darling - (416)

CECELIA

No - you'll make us late. (417)

TOM

What of it? (418)

CECELIA

It's late already. We might miss it. (419)

CONTINUED

23
CONTINUED
TOM

What if we do? (420)

Cecelia conceals her triumphant smile from Tom by holding him close to herself and smiling over his shoulder.

CECELIA

Tom, you're the limit. Ten minutes ago you said -

(softly)

- Tom - (421)

TOM

- Yes, darling? What? (422)

CECELIA

You go in alone. I've decided to stay here. (423)

TOM

You've - (424)

CECELIA

- Yes. It's too cold. I'm going to tuck myself into bed now - and - read. Goodnight, lover - I'll miss you -

(he is about to take her in his arms but she retreats and with the same provocative smile and an admonitory gesture)

- No, no. Goodnight, dear - and keep warm. (she exits into the bedroom) (425)

TOM

Goodnight, angel. (426)
(he exits slowly)

CUT TO

24

INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom enters down the stairs from Cecelia's boudoir; at the bottom of the stairs he pauses, arrested by the sound of Cecelia singing softly. He moves towards the entrance hall, then turns suddenly and crosses to the telephone.

TOM
(into phone)
I want to send a telegram.

CUT TO

25

INT. CECELIA'S BOUDOIR - TOM'S HOUSE - NEAR OPEN DOOR - NIGHT

Cecelia stands smiling in triumph. She begins to hum softly again and exits towards her bed.

CUT TO

26

INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TOM (Cont'd)
(dictating into phone)
To Miss Daisy Sage - (427)

FADE OUT

Tom enters and rings the bell. After a moment, Daisy answers the door. When she recognizes Tom, she is startled.

TOM

(eagerly)

Hello, Daisy -- it's grand to see you!
(428)

DAISY

Hello. (429)

TCM

Holy cats - talk to me! Am I a leper - ?
Invite me in. (430)

DAISY

Come in, Tom. (431)

Tom enters, past Daisy.

CUT TO

Tom enters the room first. He regards the scene fondly.

TOM

Nice of you to ask me over. (432)

DAISY

I didn't. (433)

CONTINUED

TOM

Well, it's nice anyhow. (434)

DAISY

Whatever made you think I wanted to see you? (435)

TOM

Nothing, except I wanted to see you...
How's it going? (436)
(he calmly makes himself very comfortable on the divan)

DAISY

(stands and regards him, so coolly)
How's what going? (437)

TOM

(evasively)
The job. (438)

DAISY

I gave it up last winter. A trifle - shall we say quixotic - ? of me. (439)

TOM

Perhaps. How's Joe's book going? (440)

DAISY

Haven't you seen him? (441)

TOM

No. (442)

CONTINUED

DAISY

His book is doing all right. Of course, nothing like the books issued by your Bantam Press - "Indian Summer" or "Young Ecstasy". (443)

TOM

Ouch. (444)

DAISY

(sharply)
What the devil made you take them on? (445)

TOM

Money. But no more. Wait till you see The Bantam's new list. (446)

DAISY

I'm waiting. (447)

TOM

I hear Franc's a hit. (448)

DAISY

She is. (449)

TOM

(looks at her, then rises)
I - I saw your exhibition today. (450)

DAISY

Oh, really? - Funny I missed you.
What did you think of it? (451)

CONTINUED

TOM

Well - (452)

DAISY

(suddenly, eagerly)
- Tell me! (453)

TOM

I don't think you were ready to show yet.
How were the notices? (454)

DAISY

Appalling. (455)

TOM

I suppose their reasons were all wrong -
(456)

DAISY

- Of course. What are yours? (457)

TOM

(a moment, then:)
You've been painting less than a year -
(458)

DAISY

Yes. (459)

TOM

And yet you had about thirty canvases
to show. (460)

CONTINUED

DAISY
(now well on her mettle)
Thirty-two. (461)

TOM
That's a lot, Daisy. (462)

DAISY
So you didn't care for any of them. (463)

TOM
Oh, yes! (464)

DAISY
That's all right, then. (465)

TOM
Of course your drawing's a marvel. (466)

DAISY
Only what? (467)

TOM
It depends on what you want to be. I
thought it was a painter. (468)

DAISY
So did I. Goya painted pretty well,
too, I thought. (469)

CONTINUED

TOM

In the first year? I doubt it. (470)

DAISY

I wasn't aware it took a definite length of time. (471)

TOM

And living in cities all your life, you know. (472)

DAISY

Perhaps I'd better hie me to some sylvan dell. (473)

TOM

I don't think it would hurt a bit. (474)

DAISY

Listen, you: if you can show me a purer cobalt than the winter sky over the East River any afternoon at four -
(her voice is higher) (475)

TOM

Now you're being bull-headed. (476)

DAISY

(turning)
Bull-headed! Me bull - (477)

TOM

(with a gesture)
Well - (478)

DAISY

- Well? What more, Teacher? (479)

TOM

All I said and all I'm saying is, you can't expect, the first crack out of the box, to - you've got to work, Daisy. (480)

DAISY

Sweet heaven! What else have I been doing? What have I done but? (481)

TOM

But differently - with such pains. You're turning out too much - you know it. (482)

DAISY

(suddenly the fight goes out of her)

Maybe, maybe. - Anything's too much. (483)

TOM

Ah, darling - (484)

DAISY

No! - Don't soften on me, Stay tough!(485)

TOM

I do believe that's it, though. I believe it's the whole story: still hung over from the old job. Pressure, pressure all the time. Still rushing countless sketches through against a magazine's deadline. (486)

CONTINUED

DAISY
(she looks away from him. Her hand
gropes blindly for his and finds it)
Anyway, against some deadline - (487)

TOM
- Daisy - darling - (488)

DAISY
- Who but you, Tom?
(she points her finger at him)
Look: only you and strangers honest with
me ever. (489)

TOM
(he draws her down beside him
on the sofa)
This is a big day for me, do you know
it? (490)

DAISY
How? (491)

TOM
Well, I've been seeing the folly of my
ways here lately. I - suddenly, for some
reason, got off the track - my track. It
was pretty painful - but I'm getting
back on, I think. (492)

DAISY
I'm glad, Tom. You must, you know. (493)

TOM
Daisy. - Have you missed me, Daisy? (494)

CONTINUED

DAISY

You? Well, I'll tell you, it's this way:
I - (495)
(but she stops and looks at him,
drops her bantering tone and nods,
dumbly)

TOM

Much? (496)

DAISY

(again she nods, and adds, under
her breath)
- Skunk, skunk. (497)

TOM

Oh, and I you! - It's a lot of nonsense,
this. It's ridiculous. We need each
other, we two do. (498)

DAISY

You think? (499)

TOM

Most terribly. I'm convinced of it.
There never were such friends as you and me
It's wicked to give that up, to lose
everything so fine for no good reason.
Why you, of all people, for a shabby,
lowdown question of convention, fit only
to be considered by shabby, lowdown - (500)

DAISY

- Wait a minute! (501)

CONTINUED

TOM

A hundred times I'd have given my eyes
to see you, to talk to you - (502)

DAISY

- Well - here I am - (503)

TOM

(eagerly)

Daisy - may I come again? - Just now and
then, you know? (504)

DAISY

(after a moment)

If you like - just now and then. (505)

TOM

Oh, my sweet dear - thanks! (506)

DAISY

But don't say "sweet dear". That
belongs to another life, years ago. (507)

TOM

Oh - there are to be rules, are there?
(508)

DAISY

One or two - One strict one - (509)
(she hesitates)

TOM

What? (510)

CONTINUED

DAISY

Never secret, never hidden. (511)

TOM

Why should a friendship be hidden?
What's there to hide? (512)

DAISY.

It gets misunderstood. (513)

TOM

It won't - it can't - or the whole
world's rotten. (514)

DAISY

It's been pretty ripe for a long time,
Tommy. (515)

TOM

"Tommy!"
(he laughs exultantly and draws
her into his arms. They stand
rocking back and forth, laughing
in delight)
Oh, my darling, how grand this is!
Kiss the boy. (516)

DAISY

No - you've got to go. (517)

TOM

Why? Would it take long? (518)

CONTINUED

DAISY
(she laughs, and pecks his cheek)
There. (519)

TOM
Magnificent. All as before. (520)

DAISY
Yes. - But for one thing. (521)

TOM
What? (522)

DAISY
(she leaves his arms)
We aren't in love any more. - Now run.
(523)

TOM
How about lunch tomorrow? (524)

DAISY
It's fine with me. (525)

TOM
The old place? (526)

DAISY
I'd love it. (527)

TOM
One o'clock? (528)

DAISY

One o'clock. (529)

TOM

And we'll dine at John Donovan's. He's
opened a new place on Forty-eighth Street.
(530)

DAISY

Dine?

TOM

Why not? (532)

DAISY

All right. (533)

TOM

The next day's Wednesday, isn't it? I
said I'd drive out in the morning to see
Pat Atkins. He's been sick again. (534)

DAISY

Poor dear. I'm sorry. (535)

TOM

He's better now. - Come along with me,
Daisy. (536)

DAISY

Wednesday? - No - Wednesday, I -- (537)

CONTINUED

TOM

If it's a good day we'll take a picnic.
What do you say? (538)

DAISY

I - I guess so. (539)

TOM

Thursday I'm at the Press all day.
But Friday - (540)

DAISY

- Wait a minute, Tom - you said only
now and - (541)

TOM

- I'll bring Hal Foster in about four on
Friday. Will you be here? (542)

DAISY

I - I think so. (543)

TOM

Goodbye, then darling. Till tomorrow. (544)

DAISY

Goodbye, Tom. (545)

CONTINUED

TOM

(he takes her face in his hands,
kisses it several times, then her
mouth, briefly)
Sweet dear, sweet dear -
(he releases her. He looks at
his watch)
- I'll only be busy an hour. Couldn't
you meet me for a cocktail at Jean's
place at five o'clock? (546)

DAISY

You mean this afternoon? (547)

TOM

Sure. (548)

DAISY

(hesitates)
Well, Tom, I -- (549)

TOM

- Five o'clock.

Tom goes swiftly to the door, where he turns once
more.

TOM (Cont'd)

- Ten minutes to five! (550)

He hurries out. Daisy stands looking after
him, standing rigid, exalted. Then she is
suddenly terror-stricken. She looks about
wildly, then runs out.

CUT TO

29

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE FRANC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Daisy rushes out of her apartment, crosses the hall and rings Franc's doorbell, then knocks on the door and calls in a frightened voice -

DAISY

Franc! - Franc! (551)

After a moment the door opens hurriedly and Franc appears.

FRANC

Daisy - what is it? You frightened me!
(552)

Daisy drags Franc across the hall. As they cross:

DAISY

I am frightened. You must help me,
Franc. (553)

They enter Daisy's apartment.

CUT TO

30

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAISY'S FLAT - DAY

Franc and Daisy enter.

DAISY

Franc, I know you can hold your
tongue. (554-555)

FRANC

- What is not my business - (556)

CONTINUED

DAISY

- Tom's been here.
(she starts gathering things
together)
I'm going away, Franc - a long way
away. I love him, Franc - more than
I ever did! (557)

FRANC

(anxiously now)
But wait - think. Are you wise, Daisy?
(558)

DAISY

I'm going alone. (559)

FRANC

Yes, that is wise. (560)

DAISY

No one's to know where I've gone to. (561)

FRANC

No. (562)

DAISY

No mess - it's to avoid one I'm
going. (563)

FRANC

But compose yourself, Daisy. Be
calm. (564)

CONTINUED

DAISY

I can't! (565)

FRANC

He loves you, Daisy? (566)

DAISY

I don't know. I don't believe he knows. But -

(she looks up)

- Oh, Franc - he's so slim and brown and sandy - (567)

FRANC

Quick, Daisy! (568)

DAISY

(far away)

He'll always be like that - even when he's old. I know! - And the way he stands - that funny way - stiff - with his feet out - (569)

FRANC

- What they call duck-footed, eh? (570)

DAISY

(indignantly)

Not at all. It's a perfectly natural way to stand. It's a fine, strong way to stand. (571)

CONTINUED

FRANC

Hurry, darling. (572)

DAISY

Yes, yes, I must. In here. (573)

They go into the bedroom.

CUT TO31INT. BEDROOM - DAISY'S FLAT - DAY

Then enter rapidly.

DAISY

You're having cocktails with him in
an hour, at Jean's. (574)
(she pulls out a suitcase)

FRANC

So? (575)

DAISY

Franc - (576)

FRANC

- Yes, darling? (577)

CONTINUED

DAISY

(gathers up some personal
belongings)

When you see him - (578)

FRANC

- Yes, darling - (579)

DAISY

- Kiss him for me.
(she realizes what she has
said, and murmurs)

Kiss him for me -
(then hurls comb and brush
into the suitcase in fury)

- Kiss him for me! (580)

FADE OUT

INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - ABOUT EIGHT P.M.

Rufus, Owen and Cecelia are waiting. They are formally dressed, and seem impatient.

RUFUS

I'll give him another ten minutes. If he isn't here we'll go on without him. (581)

CECELIA

I'm worried - he's never stayed away all night before. (582)

OWEN

How was he when he left yesterday morning?
(583)

CECELIA

Fine - only -- he phoned about six last night, and said he didn't feel like coming home - said he'd be home about five today. (584)

RUFUS

Did you and he - have some kind of disagreement? (585)

CECELIA

(after a moment)

As a matter of fact, we did. (586)

RUFUS

What about? (587)

CONTINUED

CECELIA

I can't believe it was that. It couldn't have been more ridiculous. You see, the roof had to be fixed, and you know he went to Bermuda for the first time this winter, and he said he wanted a white roof.
(588)

RUFUS

I don't think I've ever seen a white roof hereabouts.

(to Owen)

Have you? (589)

OWEN

Not to my knowledge. (590)

RUFUS

Why, nobody has white roofs, here. (591)

CECELIA

That's what I told him. He said what did that matter? He wanted one. He thinks they're pretty. He thinks --
(her voice breaks) (592)

OWEN

There, O - it's all right. He'll be here in a moment. (593)

RUFUS

He was supposed to be here at five. It's eight-thirty. He could have called. He could -

(Tom enters slowly)

-- Ah. (594)

CONTINUED

TOM

Hello. (595)

CECELIA

Darling - we've been worried to death! (596)

TOM

Hello, Owen. (597)

RUFUS

I have a thing or two to say to you,
young man, and I think you can guess what -
(598)

TOM

- No, I'm hlessed if I can. (599)

RUFUS

Try -(599-a)

TOM

(after a moment)

Is it mineral -? Is it vegetable -?
Is it in this room? (600)

Rufus turns away in disgust.

CECELIA

Tom, don't you realize that your father
arranged this party especially so - well,
Mr. Williamson -- (601)

CONTINUED

RUFUS

Williamson-Warren are the biggest
publishers -- (602)

TOM

You all run along. I've some work to do.
(603)

RUFUS

It might be to your interest - (604)

CECELIA

- Please - let's go along, father. I
don't think Tom feels like going. (605)

RUFUS

I don't think he can feel.

Rufus, Cecelia and Owen start out. They call good-byes.
At the door, Rufus turns back into the living room.
Cecelia and Owen continue into the vestibule.

RUFUS (cont'd)

Could you manage to listen to sense for
one minute? (606)

CUT TO

32

INT. VESTIBULE - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecelia and Owen enter. Owen puts on his top coat.

CECELIA

(anxiously)
I hope they don't quarrel. (607)

CONTINUED

OWEN

They won't. I know that mood of Tom's.
You can't quarrel with him. (608)

CECELIA

(squeezing Owen's hand)
Dear Owen. You're such a comfort.
(a pause - coaxingly)
I do hope we can interest Williamson-
Warren in Tom's Press. He should have -
increased scope. (609)

OWEN

I don't think he wants it. (610)

CECELIA

He doesn't know what he wants. You
will try to influence them, won't you,
Owen? (611)

OWEN

But I'm counsel for Williamson-Warren -
(612)

CECELIA

- That's the point. (613)

OWEN

There's a thing called legal ethics. (614)

CECELIA

(intimately)
There's a thing called friendship... (615)

CUT TO

34

INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE

Tom stands by the fireplace. Rufus is on his way out again. He turns, at the door.

RUFUS

...And another thing- I think the idea of painting this roof white is idiotic. (616)

TOM

So do I. It's insane. Whatever made you think of it? (617)

Rufus stares at him a moment, then stalks out. Tom smiles after him.

FADE OUT

35

EXT. OF TOM'S HOUSE - WINTER

The ground is covered with snow. The trees are bare. Rufus' limousine drives away.

LAP DISSOLVE

36

EXT. OF TOM'S HOUSE - SPRING - LATE AFTERNOON

The trees are fully covered.

Rufus' limousine drives in. As Rufus starts into the house --

LAP DISSOLVE

37

INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Regan ushers Rufus into the room. Rufus hardly conceals his dislike of Regan.

REGAN

Grab yourself a chair. I'll tell the Missus you're here. (618)

RUFUS

(sarcastically)

Thank you, sir. (619)

REGAN

(chattily)

I ain't seen you since I been back. (620)

RUFUS

No. (621)

CONTINUED

REGAN

Been back a month. Gee, it's swell. (622)

RUFUS

I dare say. (623)

Regan continues on up the stairs.

LAP DISSOLVE

38

INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

A few moments later - Rufus paces the floor.
Cecelia sits quietly.

RUFUS

...His birthday is on the twenty-third.
I think it might be well to have it as a
surprise party - have all his old friends.
Give him a chance to see which of them
he's outgrown.

(Rufus pauses. Cecelia nods
agreement)

I hope also you can persuade him to move
into town with me this winter. It must
be uncomfortable for you out here. (624)

CECELIA

I:- I'm very contented - here - (625)

RUFUS

- There is something besides contentment.
(626)

CONTINUED

NOTE:

This "X" is on
the manuscript
and not an
indexer's mark.

CECELIA

Of course, father. (627)

RUFUS

(suddenly)

How did that desperado Regan get back here? (628)

CECELIA

Tom ran into him somewhere. The new job didn't pan out - Regan wasn't well - so Tom asked if he might bring him back, and I said he might. It seemed the diplomatic thing to do. (629)

RUFUS

(impatiently)

Why not just give him something? (630)

CECELIA

He won't take anything he doesn't earn.
(Rufus makes a gesture of annoyance.
Cecelia continues coazingly)
Never mind, father -- I'll work it out somehow. (631)

RUFUS

I have great confidence in you, my dear. (632)

CECELIA

Thank you, father. (633)

FADE OUT

It is after dinner. Regan passes brandy.

SOUND

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM about the room as he serves separate groups. Regan approaches Cecelia, Owen, Franc and Grace. The radio is playing.

GRACE

(to Franc)

...But we're so anxious to hear you play, Miss Schmidt. We - I'm sure you're better than the radio. (634)

REGAN

(serving)

She didn't bring her fiddle. (635)

GRACE

There's one around here -
(she stops, questioning)
- But is there any difference - ?
Yes, I suppose there is. (636)

Cecelia smiles a prop smile for Regan, as Regan turns away.

OWEN

He is quaint. (637)

CECELIA

((prop smile again)

Indeed. (638)

She turns, catches Tom's eye, and indicating Regan, glares. Tom hesitates, then steps part way to meet Regan. Tom speaks quietly.

GG

CONTINUED

TOM

Red, you're a pretty good actor -- try to act like a butler tonight. (639)

REGAN

(elaborately English)

Yes, sir. ~~HE~~ knows me place, sir. (640)

TOM

(taking his drink)

Don't lay it on. (641)

REGAN

Oh no, sir. 'Ow does it feel to be thirty-two, baby - er - sir? (642)

TOM

I'm bearing up. (643)

CUT TO40INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Daisy, standing nearby, amused by the above scene. She smiles at Tom.

CUT TO41INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Regan is serving Rufus, Tom following nearby.

REGAN

(to Rufus)

Brandy, sir? Thank you, sir. (644)

CG

CONTINUED

RUFUS
(regards Regan in astonishment)
No, tthanks. (645)

REGAN
Better try it, sir. I did. The results
were - satisfactory. (646)

RUFUS
No, thank you. (647)

Regan passes on.

CUT TO

42 INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SOUND Cecelia and Grace alone. During this scene, Regan serves several characters that are not identified during the sequence. The radio continues.

GRACE
Regan is the most unheard of butler
that I ever heard of. (648)

CECELIA
It may not be much longer - (649)

GRACE
Ah - (650)

CONTINUED

CECELIA

Mr. Collier has invited us to spend the winter with him in town. (651)

GRACE

In the big house - ? Old Rufus can be nice! (652)

CECELIA

Yes, very. And he gave Tom a check tonight. (653)

GRACE

A whopper, I'll bet. (654)

CECELIA

I didn't see it. (655)

GRACE

A check - ! That's wonderful. (656)

CECELIA

If Tom accepts. (657)

GRACE

Not accept a check - Why, C - (658)

She breaks off as she notices Cecelia smiling confidently. She smiles with Cecelia as if they shared a secret.

GG

CUT TO

Regan approaches Joe and Daisy. Daisy is examining
some galley. Joe looks over her shoulder. Regan
coughs loudly to attract their attention.

JOE
(looking up)
Get that fixed, will you, Red? (659)

REGAN
Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. (660)

JOE
Where did you get that accent?
In a trick store? (661)

Joe reaches for a glass. Regan moves on.

DAISY
Joe - (662)

JOE
- Yes? (663)

DAISY
This is awful tripe. (664)

JOE
Yes, I know. But it will make money. (665)

DAISY
Is that all Tom ever thinks about now? (666)

JOE

Yes. He probably thinks he's doing me a favor, publishing my book. (667)

DAISY

He doesn't - he couldn't. (668)

JOE

Well, he sort of gave us the works at dinner. (669)

DAISY

I think he felt we disapproved of him. (670)

JOE

We do. (671)

DAISY

We must do something. (672)

JOE

(helplessly)
Yeah. He sort of hinted that he might hook up with those pirates, Williamson-Warren. (673)

DAISY

No! (674)

JOE

Yes. (675)

Owen and Cecelia.

CECELIA

(coaxingly)

Do this one thing for me - (676)

OWEN

Tom doesn't want to sell. He's put his price out of all reason. (677)

CECELIA

(holds him with her eyes.

He wavers. She smiles. He weakens)
It might be a good thing - for them --

(he nods, slowly)

- And you will call them, first thing in the morning, before Tom gets there?

(678)

He nods again. She rewards him with a provocative smile.

CUT TO

45

INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joe and Daisy. Daisy regards Cecelia and Owen with interest. She turns to Joe.

DAISY

Why did she invite us out here?
To convince us we don't belong? (679)

JOE

Nonsense. I talked with her for quite a while. She's a nice, attractive woman. (680)

GG

CONTINUED

DAISY

So was Delilah. (681)

JOE

(staring)
So was Del-- (682)

Grace joins them.

GRACE

(brightly, to Joe)
Have you made a plot tonight? (683)

JOE

A plot? (684)

GRACE

I know you writer men! (685)

Tom joins them.

TOM

(notices Daisy idly thumbing
the galley)
Read any of it? (686)

DAISY

A little. (687)

CONTINUED

GRACE

(noticing)

Isn't it too divine? It's going to be a sensation. I'm practically a collaborator, aren't I, Tom? (688)

Daisy stares.

TOM

(easily)

Grace is my reaction agent. She submits to tests. (689)

GRACE

I love to! (690)

Regan, serving highballs, joins the group.

REGAN

(to Tom)

If I may say so, sir - (691)

TOM

Yes? (692)

REGAN

Life reminds me of a sailboat. As good riding as there is anywhere when it's calm - but the very deuce in a storm, sir. (693)

TOM

(laughing)

On your way, son. (694)

GG

CONTINUED

REGAN

(leaving stiffly)

Thank you, sir. (695)

GRACE

(turns to Joe)

Oh, Mr. Fiske, I want you to meet my sister. She loves to meet writers!

(she firmly tugs Joe away)

He looks back a little helplessly, but goes. Daisy and Tom smile after them, then Tom turns and regards the galleys for a moment. He picks them up, then sets them down.

TOM

Didn't care for it, eh? (697)

DAISY

(evasively)

Well, Tom -

(then severely)

- No, I didn't. (698)

TOM

You can't please everybody. (699)

DAISY

Never mind --.it doesn't matter. (700)

OUT TO

46

INT. DINING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A SECLUDED CORNER. Cecelia makes a pretense of fixing a drink for Owen. Unless someone enters through the arch to the living room, they are out of sight.

GG

CONTINUED

CECELIA

Why did she come? (701)

OWEN

I thought you asked her. (702)

CECELIA

First she said she couldn't. Then she telephoned back she would. (703)

OWEN

Well? (704)

CECELIA

You know, I'm not the least bit jealous any more. I'm even inclined to like her. (705)

OWEN

That's big of you, C. (706)

CECELIA

I really don't know any reason now why Tom and she shouldn't be as good friends as - well, as you and I are. (707)

OWEN

Their history is a little different. (708)

GG

CONTINUED

CECELIA

(turns to him)

Why? Don't you like our history? (709)

OWEN

What there is of it. A trifle uneventful,
don't you think? (710)
(a miment; then)

CECELIA

You've been so strange lately. So
remote, Owen. (711)

OWEN

(advances toward her)

C - :

(and stops, regards her for a moment,
then speaks again, this time bitterly)
Good Heaven, C - what am I to you, anyway?
An ace in the hole. (712)

CECELIA

(gazes at him, eyes wide, shocked)

Oh!

(then leans back against the table,
head bowed)

Oh, how could you - (713)

OWEN

Well, if - (714)

CECELIA

- How could you say such a thing to me?
(715)

OWEN

I simply meant - (716)

CECELIA

- Think such a thing - (717)
(she begins to cry, softly)

OWEN

(advancing)

- Oh, C, please don't - (718)

CECELIA

- No - don't come near me. (719)

OWEN

C, darling - please - (720)

CECELIA

- No! You meant it - (721)

OWEN

- I didn't! I swear I didn't. (722)
(his arm is around her shoulder now)

Daisy enters in the background.

CUT TO

47 INT. DINING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

FROM DAISY'S POINT OF VIEW. She sees Cecelia closely held by Owen. They do not notice her.

GG

CUT TO

CLOSEUP OF DAISY, as she stares at them. She is almost tempted to call out, then suddenly turns and almost runs into the living room.

CUT TO

49

INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Daisy joins Joe and Franc.

DAISY

Will you go back to town now? (723)

JOE

We're supposed to spend the night. (724)

DAISY

I've got to get out of this house. (725)

JOE

But Daisy - (726)

FRANC

(firmly)
We are going. Get your things together.
(727)

Joe shrugs and starts out. Franc follows. Daisy looks about for Tom.

OUT TO

GG

Cecelia and Owen.

CECELIA

(smiles, and thrusts her
handkerchief at Owen)

Smell - (728)

OWEN

Delicious. (729)

CECELIA

(brushes her hair back from one
ear and turns her head to him)

And here.

(for a long moment his cheek is
against hers. Finally she laughs)

That's enough, greedy!

(and moves away from him)

Isn't it divine? (730)

OWEN

(now not so sure of his voice)

Marvelous. What is it? (731)

CECELIA

All my own. I had it made for me. (732)

OWEN

It's like you, all right. (733)

CECELIA

Oh, no. It's distinctly naughty,
and I'm not. (734)

(she covers his hand with hers and
turns grave eyes to his, never more
innocent, never more appealing)

I'm really not, Owen.

CECELIA

Goodbye. I must say your leaving seems
very strange.

(then to Daisy)

And when we've so loved having you. (746)

DAISY

You were kind to ask us. (747)

CECELIA

Well, if you insist, I suppose there's
no help for it. Goodbye. Do come again
when you can really stay. (748)

FRANC

Goodbye, Mrs. Collier. (749)
(she starts out)

CECELIA

(murmurs)

I don't know whether the car has been
called. (750)

(she goes out with Franc, into the
vestibule and presumably on outside)

JOE

Give me a ring sometime, Tom. (751)

TOM

Right. (752)

Joe looks at Daisy. She nods her head in the
direction of the door. He goes out.

51

CONTINUED

TOM

What? (741)

RUFUS

My driver can take them to the station.
(he is quite pleased) (742)

CUT TO

52

INT. CORNER OF THE GUEST ROOM

Franc tossing things into a suitcase. Daisy paces the floor.

LAP DISSOLVE

53

INT. LOWER HALL - TOM'S HOUSE

Daisy stands near the stairs, Cecelia nearby; Franc, Joe and Tom near the exit.

DAISY

I'm terribly sorry, but it can't be helped.
(she turns to Joe) (743)

JOE

(to Cecelia)
Goodbye. Thanks very much. (744-745)

CONTINUED

OWEN

(murmuring under his breath)
I wish you were. (735)

CECELIA

(pretends not to have heard)
What, dear?
(she laughs gently)
Maybe it's just as well I didn't
hear that! (736)

As they smile -

CUT TO

51

INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Daisy joins Tom. He is with his father.

DAISY

Tom - I just thought of something. I must
go straight into town. You don't mind,
do you? (737)

TOM

(slowly)
I mind, of course, Daisy, but if you
must, you must. (738)

DAISY

Thanks. (739)
(she hurries away)

RUFUS

Let my car take them to the station. (740)

GG

CONTINUED

53

CONTINUED

Tom looks after him a moment, idly clinking the ice
in his highball glass. Daisy stares fixedly at him.

TOM

So solemn - all so solemn.
(he puts down his glass,
unfinished)
I'm so sorry you don't like my friends. (753)

DAISY

Your - ? (754)

TOM

They are, however. Sorry you don't
like the book I'm publishing. Not
sufficiently solemn, I suppose. (755)

DAISY

Not half! - And so cheap, Tom! Oh,
how can you? (756)
(a moment, then:)

TOM

You can't please everybody. (757)

DAISY

Never mind. It doesn't matter. (758)

TOM

(drops his cynical tone and speaks
genuinely)
Doesn't it, Daisy? (759)

CONTINUED

53

CONTINUED

DAISY

Tom, ever since I got home I've heard
from all sides how you've changed.
I came here to find out if it was true,
and if so why. (760)

TOM

Well, is it? (761)

DAISY

Tom - (762)

TOM

And if so why? Why? (762-a)

DAISY

(a sudden cry)
Oh, Tom - I pity you with all my heart!
(762-b)

TOM

(he is at her side in an instant,
her wrists in his hands)
Pity me! What are you talking about? (762-c)

DAISY

I came to find out. I've found out.
Now I'm going. (762-d)

TOM

Found out what? Pity me why? (762-e)

CONTINUED

DAISY

(looks down at her wrists)
Would you mind?
(he releases her. A moment.
They gaze at each other. Her
eyes soften)

TOM

(brokenly)
Daisy, I -
(he recovers himself, and with the
recovery the cynical smile returns,
He advances, one hand out, his
voice coaxing)
Give us a kiss, Daisy. (762-g)

DAISY

(she takes a step back from him
in horror. After a moment:)
Goodbye, Tom. (762-h)

TOM

Once I wouldn't say it, would I? (762-i)

DAISY

Once you wouldn't - (762-j)

TOM

Well, goodbye. (762-k)

DAISY

This time you do - (762-l)

CONTINUED

53

CONTINUED

TOM

Goodbye. (762-m)

Daisy gestures helplessly and goes out. For a moment he is alone. A door is heard to close, then Cecelia re-enters.

CECELIA

Honestly! If that wasn't the crudest thing!

(he is silent)

I presume you agree, don't you? (762-n)

TOM

I don't know what it was.

(he stares in front of him, (762-o)
unseeing)

FADE OUT

TOM

I don't know what it was. (760)
(he stares in front of him,
unseeing)

CECELIA

Well, I know that is the last time we
invite a promiscuous little - I'm
sorry I said that. (761)

TOM

It doesn't matter. (762)

GG

FADE OUT

54

EXT. STATION PLATFORM - A VILLAGE IN CONNECTICUT -

NIGHT

Daisy is crying softly. Franc comforts her. Joe regards them without understanding the tears. After a moment:

JOE

What are you crying about? (763)

Franc silents him with a look. He shrugs.

DAISY

Don't you realize what's happening to Tom? (764)

JOE

(easily)
He's going to Hades, all right - but what of it? (765)

DAISY

(softly)
Everything of it. (766)

FADE OUT

55

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The last car before the house starts to pull away. Tom and Cecelia stand in the door.

LAP DISSOLVE

56

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom and Cecelia in the doorway. Tom looks thoughtfully off. Cecelia with her broadest prop smile waves and calls -

CECELIA

Goodnight, father! (767)

The car door slams. Cecelia drops her smile instantly and turns into the house. Tom follows her slowly.

CUT TO

57

INT. HALLWAY - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecelia stops at the bottom of the stairs.

CECELIA

Why you declined to spend the winter in town with your father is - (768)

TOM

- Is what? (769)

CECELIA

You must simply wish to be disagreeable. (770)

CONTINUED

TOM

(approaching her, gently)
That isn't true, C. Come - forget it. (771)

CECELIA

As if that were so easy. (772)

She stalks up the stairs. Tom follows closely.

LAP DISSOLVE

58 INT. OUTSIDE CECELIA'S SITTING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE -
NIGHT

Cecelia enters, stops, speaks off to Tom.

CECELIA

And I suppose you'll refuse to sell the
Press, even if Williamson-Warren are
willing to pay twice what it's worth. (773)

TOM

(joining her)

I don't know. Can't we talk about -
something else - tonight? (774)

CECELIA

I'm afraid not. (775)

She enters her room. Tom hears the key inside
turn, tries the door, finds it locked, then
thoughtfully turns away.

FADE OUT

FADE IN59INT. WILLIAMSON-WARREN PRINTING PLANT - DAY

This is a huge press. The rows of machines are manned by disinterested morons. A SERIES OF SHORT DISSOLVES follows, showing the purely mechanical routine of the work.

SOUND

Concentrate for a moment on one workman. He illustrates the routine of his work. It is painfully simple. A whistle sounds shrilly. The workman stops dead in the middle of whatever it is he is doing.

(NOTE: His task will probably be pasting paper labels on books)

CUT TO60INT. WILLIAMSON-WARREN PRINTING PLANT - DAY

A LONG VIEW. The employees racing out.

CUT TO61INT. WILLIAMSON-WARREN PRINTING PLANT - DAY

Tom, as he regards the scene. He seems to dislike the place intensely. Two men, Williamson and Warren, stand with him.

WARREN

Wonderful plant, eh? (776)

TOM

Appalling, Mr. Warren. (777)

WILLIAMSON

The best of machinery. Mr. Warren and I look forward to the day when we can do without human help at all. (778)

CONTINUED

TOM

And after we get to the point when
we do without human beings, who will
be left to read the books? (779)

Williamson and Warren both laugh as if this were a
great joke. Tom regards them in some wonder. His
reasoning seems sound enough to him.

LAP DISSOLVE

62

EXT. WILLIAMSON-WARREN PRINTING PLANT - LATE

AFTERNOON

Tom exits from the great Press. It looks
ugly. After regarding the plant thoughtfully
for a moment, he climbs into his car and drives
away.

LAP DISSOLVE OUT

LAP DISSOLVE IN

63

EXT. QUIET VILLAGE STREET IN CONNECTICUT - DUSK

Tom drives in.

LAP DISSOLVE

64

INT. BANTAM PRESS - DUSK

Now a series of parellel and contrasting scenes, contradicting those of the Williamson-Warren Press. The quiet contentment of the printers should be obvious. They are splendid craftsmen, proud of their craft.

Tom thoughtfully looks about the place. He is at first happy, reassured, then rather sad.

TOM

(to a nearby workman)

It's getting late. Don't you think it's time to knock off? (780)

WORKMAN

Hello - I didn't notice you.

(a pause)

I don't want to stop until I've set this page. (781)

Tom smiles, then turns thoughtfully into a small enclosure that seems a sort of office.

FADE OUT

FADE IN6.5EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom drives in, lets the car sit out in front of the house. He climbs out of the car slowly, hesitates a moment before he enters the house, regarding his surroundings as if they were strange to him. When he starts into the house -

LAP DISSOLVE6.6INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecelia sits quietly. She rises as Tom enters.

CECELIA

You're frightfully late. (782)

TOM

I stopped at the Bantam. (783)

CECELIA

What made you do that, silly? (784)

TOM

I wanted time to think - to clear my mind of pounding machines - the vision of millions of cheap books - and Williamson's recital of the glories of the machine age.

(she stares at him)

And I kept remembering - my press...and how happy the fellows were...when a book was finished...and how happy those workmen at Williamson's were when the whistle blew... (785)

CECELIA

(unable to restrain herself,
anxiously)

Everything went all right, didn't it? (786)

CONTINUED

TOM

Oh, yes, perfectly.
(a moment, then)
In fact, it's settled. (787)

CECELIA

Not already! (788)

TOM

Yes. They've signed. All I have to do
is to dig up a notary in the Village and
write my name under theirs. (789)

CECELIA

Oh, Tom! (790)

TOM

Are you pleased? (791)

CECELIA

Aren't you? (792)

TOM

I think something's happened to my
nervous system. I feel awfully light. (793)

CECELIA

You're famished. Come and eat. I'll -
(softly)
- Would you like to eat in my sitting room?
(794)

CONTINUED

TOM

Yes.

C - (she rings for Regan)
(795)

CECELIA

- Yes, dear? (796)

TOM

I think it's time we had a child or two.
(797)

CECELIA

We'll talk about that. (798)

REGAN

(enters)
Hello, Tom. (799)

TOM

Good evening, Red. (800)

CECELIA

Regan, will you serve supper in my
sitting room? (801)

REGAN

Yes, ma'am. (802)
(he starts out)

TOM

Those buttons on your coat - They're
terribly bright. (803)CONTINUED

REGAN

I'll try to bring 'em down. (804)

TOM

Do. It's essential. (805)

CECELIA

Hurry, please, Regan. (806)

Regan exits quickly. Cecelia hurries upstairs.
Tom looks after.

LAP DISSOLVE

67-68 INT. CECELIA'S SITTING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecelia hurries about the place making it as
attractive as possible. Regan enters with a tray.

CECELIA

- And champagne, Regan. (807)

He regards her with interest.

LAP DISSOLVE OUT

69

INT. CECELIA'S SITTING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecelia has finished her preparations. She has changed into a filmy negligee. Regan stands waiting. Tom enters. He regards first Cecelia, then the table, then the fireplace.

CECELIA

I - I thought it would be so - cozy -
us dining here. (808)

TOM

So it is. It seems to remind me of
someplace. (809)

CECELIA

What place? (810)

TOM

I don't remember.
(he exchanges questioning looks
with Regan. Regan's face is a
mask. Tom notices the champagne)
Champagne, is it? (811)

CECELIA

I thought you might feel like celebrating.
(812)

TOM

Well - (813)

CECELIA

- A little wine won't hurt you, Tom. (814)

CONTINUED

TOM

(to himself)

- The little more, and how much it is -
(seating Cecelia and himself)

- Fill them, Mr. Regan.

(Regan looks at him oddly, then
fills the glasses. Tom raises
his and squints at it)

Infinite riches, in a little room. (815)

CECELIA

(laughs)

You've got the quotes badly. (816)

TOM

Little lamb, who made thee? - Regan - dost
thou know who made thee?

(he holds out the glass to him)

- And a little more, old son.

(Regan refills the glass and
goes out. Tom watches him,
curiously)

The discreet withdrawal - I've seen that
before, too.

(looks around him again, then
cries, suddenly)

I know! The Florentine! - A private room
at the Florentine. (817)

CECELIA

What's that? (818)

TOM

A kind of a hotel. Flora Conover's place.
(819)

CECELIA

It sounds wicked. (820)

TOM

It used to be the best twenty-guinea house
in London. (821)

CONTINUED

CECELIA

Twenty-guinea? What are you talking about?
(822)

TOM

In advance, of course. (823)

CECELIA

(glances at him)
Rather expensive, wasn't it? (824)

TOM

But one went to Flora's to celebrate. And
the food was good, the waiter discreet, the
wines excellent, the lady most artful. (825)

CECELIA

I don't care to hear about it, thank you.
(826)

TOM

Very well, my dear.
(a moment - he stares at his
glass, then:)
Williamson-Warren and Company have absorbed
the Bantam Press, formerly owned by - (827)

CECELIA

* Absorbed! (828)

TOM

Yes. Like a sponge. I quashed that. For
"absorbed" read "bought controlling interest
in." (829)

CONTINUED

CECELIA

Well - that's more like it. (830)

TOM

Poor little Bantam. For "Bantam" read
small little, plucked little capon. (831)

CECELIA

Oh, don't, Tom! You know it's a good thing
for you - it's a grand thing for you. (832)

TOM

Williamson-Warren Books Girdle the Globe.
Hear the eagle scream. Poor little Bantam -
peep - peep - (833)

CECELIA

- And I thought you'd be beside yourself
for joy. (834)

TOM

(looks at his plate)
C - (835)

CECELIA

- Yes, dear? (836)

TOM

Little love is no love. (837)

CECELIA

Meaning what, precisely? (838)

CONTINUED

TOM

It wasn't necessary to lock your door
against me last night. (839)

CECELIA

(a moment, then:)

But I didn't. I mean - not against - (840)

TOM

- Then why? (841)

CECELIA

I'm - it's just that sometimes I'm afraid,
alone at night. (842)

TOM

I don't believe you.
(she averts her head)
Only I'd like you to know that that isn't
necessary, ever. (843)

CECELIA

Very well. (844)

TOM

(suddenly he reaches for her
hand and takes it)
Why was it? Tell me instantly why it was.
(845)

CECELIA

(with difficulty)

You mean - why I - why I didn't want you
near me - ? (846)

CONTINUED

TOM

Yes. (847)

CECELIA

You'd been so - consistently disagreeable,
that's all. (848)

TOM

About what? Regan? (849)

CECELIA

That's one thing. Not important. (850)

TOM

What, then? (851)

CECELIA

Your father, chiefly. (852)
(she rises and goes to the serving-
table, returns shortly)

TOM

I don't know whether to send the check
back, or just not to cash it. (853)
(he finds a check among the
letters in his pockets, and
looks at it, frowning)

CECELIA

Of course you simply can't allow yourself
to show any kind of graciousness toward him.
(854)

lb
CONTINUED

TOM

No. (855)

CECELIA

As a way of telling you how pleased with you he is, he gives you a small check, and you have the extraordinary bad taste to -

(he holds the check out for her to see - her eyes widen)

- What! Good Heavens - I don't believe it!
(856)

TOM

There it is. (857)

CECELIA

But there isn't that much money in the world!
(858)

TOM

In father's world there is. He feels he can afford it, to get us to come and live with him. (859)

CECELIA

Of course, I don't understand your attitude about that, either. (860)

TOM

Don't you, C? (861)

CECELIA

He knows how inconvenient it is here in winter - and having that great, huge, lovely house in town, it's perfectly sweet and natural of him to - well, to ask - (862)

CONTINUED

TOM

- Yes, you - to preside night after night at his deadly dinner, me to listen eternally to his delphic advice on what to do and how to live - in short, to allow him to own us. Of course, he's willing to pay. He always is.
(863)

CECELIA

To my way of thinking, if a person can't -
(864)

TOM

Let's drop it. (865)

CECELIA

(coldly)
Very well. We shall. (866)

TOM

(he looks up)
Now you've gone from me again - (867)

CECELIA

A lot you care. (868)

TOM

Oh, C - my lovely C - where are you?
What's become of you? (869)

CECELIA

There's something you call your integrity -
(870)

TOM

(rises from his chair -
suddenly, sharply:)
That's the word! (871)

CONTINUED

CECELIA

(also rises)

I see it's no use talking. (872)

TOM

(a silence. He looks
at her intently)This is what you call "being disagreeable."
(873)

CECELIA

Yes. Very. (874)

TOM

(returns to her)

But how to be otherwise, when - (875)

CECELIA

(in a burst)

- Possibly by being the fine, kind,
generous man you ought to be! (876)

TOM

To father? (877)

CECELIA

You might begin there. (878)

TOM

Accept the check with thanks - and go to
live with him - (879)CONTINUED

CECELIA

- It's only for a few months. I think to refuse his present would be extremely bad manners - just about in a class with those of your little lady of easy virtue -
(she sees she has gone too far)
- I'm sorry to have said that about her. I didn't mean - (880)

TOM

- Never mind.
(a long moment, then:)
Suppose I should do as you say about father - (881)

CECELIA

Oh, Tom - do be the darling I know you are! (882)

TOM

Would you like me better? (883)

CECELIA

Much. (884)

TOM

How much? (885)

CECELIA

Oh - very much. (886)

TOM

(he leans forward, watching her,
hardly believing it possible)
No locked doors, any more? (887)

CONTINUED

CECELIA
(low voice)
Not one - ever - (888)

TOM
- That sounds - most inviting. (889)

CECELIA
(smiles)
Does it? (890)

TOM
(again he seats himself
at the table)
And suddenly I'm beginning to see with
an awful clearness - (891)
(he stops)

CECELIA
(smiling)
What? How stupid you've been? And what
I am to you? (892)

TOM
(after a moment)
Yes. (893)

CECELIA
And so you are going to be nice again? (894)

TOM
You'll see. (895)

CECELIA
(she brings her chair closer
and sits at his side)
I want so to feel - I don't know -- together
again, as we used to be. (896)

TOM

(once more incredulously looks
around him at the room, then:)
You're very pretty, you know - (897)

CECELIA

Why, thank you, sir. (898)

TOM

Very exciting, too. (899)
(his manner has changed. From
now on, he is no longer the
husband sitting beside the fire
with his wife, but a host at
supper with a pretty girl, whom
later he will know better)

CECELIA

I don't know whether it's you or the wine
speaking. (900)

TOM

Me. (901)

CECELIA

Shall we have a little more? (902)

TOM

Why not? (903)

CECELIA

(presses the button)
It's a party, then. (904)

TOM

It's a party. (905)

CECELIA

Sometimes you're so thrilling, Tom. (906)

TOM

You think?
(a moment, then Regan comes in)
Another small bottle. (907)

Regan goes out. Cecelia laughs a little throaty,
excited laugh.

CECELIA

We shouldn't. You know we shouldn't. (908)

TOM

But we seem to be - (909)

CECELIA

I feel - all at once terribly naughty,
somehow. (910)

TOM

I suppose you're the prettiest girl
I've ever seen - (911)

CECELIA

(archly)
So nice of you to think so, sir. (912)

CONTINUED

TOM

So very attractive - (913)

CECELIA

I like to be attractive - (914)

TOM

- So very seductive - (915)

CECELIA

- There, there! That's enough. (916)

TOM

(he has found it. Coldly
he salutes it)
You're a strange woman. Your lips drip
honeycomb. Your mouth is smoother than oil.
(917)

CECELIA

Now what are you quoting? (918)

Regan comes in with the wine.

TOM

Give the lady some wine, waiter.
(Regan fills Cecelia's glass,
then Tom's, without a word)
You can leave the bottle.
(Regan places it on the table,
near him)
And that will be all.
(Regan bows and goes out. Cecelia
raises her glass and smiles in-
vitingly. He raises his, murmuring:)
To the pleasant ways of life. (919)
(she drinks. He does not)

CONTINUED

CECELIA

Such pleasant ways. (920)
(she smiles at her glass)

TOM

Is it good? (921)

CECELIA

So good. - I'm feeling it a little. (922)

TOM

That's what it's for, eh? (923)

CECELIA

It must be. (924)

TOM

"Champagne, the friend of lovers - " (925)
(her face inclines to him,
then she averts her face)

CECELIA

(softly)
No - not yet. (926)

TOM

Artful child. (927)

CECELIA

You think? (928)

TOM

Lovely, alluring thing - (929)

CECELIA

- I like you too, now. (930)

TOM

Pleasant here, isn't it? (931)

CECELIA

So pleasant.

(she refills her glass and
finds that his is still full)
But you aren't taking any - (932)

TOM

It makes me see almost too clearly. (933)

CECELIA

Take a little more, and everything will
get so - lovely and vague - and the way
I feel now. (934)

TOM

A good feeling, is it? (935)

CONTINUED

CECELIA

(a whisper)

Delicious -

(she gropes for his hand, holds it against her breast)

- Oh, Tom -

(he looks at her. She smiles again)

- One last toast?

(he draws her to her feet, glass in hand)

But to what - what to? (936)

TOM

You name it. (937)

CECELIA

To love -

(she comes against him, steadies her glass in both hands against his breast, bends her head and takes it. He raises his glass, holds it for a moment near his lips, then sets it down, untouched, upon the table. She replaces her glass beside Tom's, and murmurs:)

- Darling - (938)

TOM

- Yes? (939)

CECELIA

You - you are going to be an angel about - about things, aren't you? (940)

TOM

You'll see. (941)

CONTINUED

CECELIA

Oh, I knew you would. I'm so happy.
(she smiles provocatively at him)
I want you - close - to me.

They move toward the bedroom, stand for a moment at the open door. She moves slowly into the bedroom. He stands in the threshold.

CECELIA (cont'd)

Don't be long. (942)

TOM

No. (943)

She enters the bedroom and gently closes the door. Tom walks quickly to the bell and pushes it.

CUT TO

20 INT. CECELIA'S BEDROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cecelia stands a moment inside the door, triumphant, then moves briskly toward her dressing table.

CUT TO

21 INT. CECELIA'S SITTING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom stands by the table. Regan enters.

TOM

See here, Red, I - (944)

CONTINUED

REGAN

(sharply)

- Never mind!

(Tom looks up. Regan gestures)

All I mean is - well, I'm leaving. (945)

TOM

Why? (946)

REGAN

I just don't like it here, that's all. (947)

TOM

When do you want to go? (948)

REGAN

As soon as I can. (949)

TOM

Tonight, then. (950)

REGAN

That's all right with me. I'm packed. (951)

TOM

Wait downstairs.

(Regan turns to go)

Have you got a fountain pen?

(Regan finds a pen and gives it to him)

Don't let me forget to return it. (952)

CONTINUED

Regan goes out. Slowly, methodically, Tom opens the pen, shakes it, spreads the check upon the table and writes upon its back.

INSERT

OF THE CHECK. TOM ENDORSES
THE CHECK - PAYABLE TO
CECELIA COLLIER

Then, as carefully, Tom replaces the top of the pen, picks up the check and waves it back and forth, to dry it. After a moment he sets the check on the mantelpiece, carefully placing it to be secure and easily seen. Then he exits slowly.

LAP DISSOLVE

72

INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Regan stands waiting, suitcase in hand. Tom enters and hands him back his fountain pen.

TOM

Thanks. (593)

REGAN

Okay.

(he fumbles a moment)

Keep your bib clean, old son.

(Tom nods)

Well - goodbye - (594)

TOM

Bring my coat and hat, will you?

(Regan does not stir)

Will you bring my coat and hat, please? (595)

CONTINUED

Regan puts down his bag and goes into the hall for Tom's overcoat and hat. He then re-enters with them. Tom puts on the hat. Regan holds the coat for him. Tom gets into it. He takes a cigarette from the pocket and puts it in his mouth.

REGAN

What's the idea? (956)

TOM

Light, please -

(Regan holds a match for him -

Tom pulls on his gloves)

Now, then - (957)

REGAN

- I can walk. (958)

TOM

Not at all. We'll drive in. (959)

REGAN

We will - ? (960)

TOM

(very gently)

I'm going back to my wife, Red. (961)

REGAN

To your - ? (962)

(puzzled, Regan looks toward the doorway at the top of the stairs)

CONTINUED

alb

< LACUNA >

TOM

To my wife, I said. (963)

Regan picks up his bag and goes out into the hall. Tom looks once more around him, draws a deep breath of smoke, exhales it slowly, then turns and follows him.

FADE OUTTHE END

"Characters"

Tom Collier

Red Regan

Rufus Collier

Cecelia Henry

Owen

Daisy Sage

Joe Fiske

Franc Schmidt

Grace

