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1555

THE BOY WITH GREEN HAIR

Screen Play

by

Ben Barzman and Alfred Lewis Levitt

Changes

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THE BOY WITH GREEN HAIR

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THE BOY WITH GREEN HAIR

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PANORAMA SHOTS of rolling green hills, finally
NARROWING DOWN TO bright green foliage -- like a
Rousseau.

Finally the CAMERA SELECTS a single plant in
CLOSEUP which we later see in Gramp's room.

OVER this single plant are SUPERIMPOSED THE
CREDIT TITLES.

THE BOY WITH GREEN HAIR

Screen Play

by

Ben Barzman and Alfred Lewis Levitt

FADE IN

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

1 FULL SHOT - Peter and two cops. The only illumination in the room is provided by a lamp suspended from the ceiling. Its green shade throws a cone of light which spreads widely as it gets to the floor, enveloping Peter. The windows beyond the light area are covered by green shades and the atmosphere has a general grim quality to it. The room itself is bare and cavernous, and seems to have been designed so that it can swallow people like Peter who, seated on a bench, looks smaller and more forlorn and more bald-headed than he really is. The two cops stand over him, obviously weary, but patient and kindly.

FIRST COP (1)

(pleading)

It's not like we're askin' you somethin' hard. All we want to know is your name. Just your name.

SECOND COP (2)

Why, I tell people my name a hundred times a day. There's nothin' to it -- look --

(to first cop)

Go ahead. Ask me my name?

FIRST COP (3)

What's your name?

SECOND COP (4)

George Busby --

(to Peter)

See? That's all there is to it.

Now. What's your name?

Peter looks solemnly defiant and remains silent. The cops are troubled.

(CONTINUED)

FIRST COP (5)

Then just tell us what town
you're from?

Silence?

SECOND COP (6)

Just tell us what school you go to.

Silence. The two cops straighten and shrug behind
Peter's back.

FIRST COP (7)

Are you hungry, son?

Silence. The two cops step back, admitting failure.

SECOND COP

(with a good-
natured sigh)

Maybe he wants a lawyer before
he'll talk, or even eat.

There is a SOUND at the other end of the room. The
three turn. The door opens and Dr. Evans, carrying a
large paper bag, enters. He is a big man with a
comfortable, friendly, well-worn manner. The two
cops sigh in relief.

SECOND COP (cont'd) (8)

(grimly)

You're just in time.

Evans glances at Peter hastily, then back to the two
cops. The First Cop stops Evans halfway over from the
door and takes him aside. Indicates Peter with a
gesture.

FIRST COP (9)

Picked him up a couple of hours
ago. Must be from some
neighboring town because we
made a local check and he's
not from here. This is all
the identification he carried.

He points to nearby table.

2

CLOSE SHOT - table. On the table is spread a colored
handkerchief. On the handkerchief are: a bunch of
old keys, a whistle, a bicycle bell, a jack knife with
one stump of a blade, a couple of marbles and a ball
of tinfoil. The cop whisks the handkerchief off the
table.

3 FULL SHOT. The First Cop and Evans as they stand beside the table. The Cop speaks, he manipulates the handkerchief so that it changes color. Evans scrutinizes the objects on the table and nods. He and the First Cop approach Peter and the Second Cop.

SECOND COP (10)
(greeting him)
Evenin', Doc.

At the word "Doc," Peter quickly looks up. Second Cop sees his interest. Introduces them.

FIRST COP (11)
This is Doctor Evans.
(tiredly)
And this is Mr. Nobody, who lives
no place, doesn't go to school,
and has no mother and father,
nobody at all.

EVANS (12)
(quickly)
Thanks, gentlemen.

FIRST COP (13)
(with deep
feeling)
You're welcome.

The two cops leave. Evans looks around the room for a moment and then walks to the wall and flicks a light switch. The room is immediately flooded with a more general lighting. The menacing cone of light from the green shaded lamp pales, and Dr. Evans walks to it and turns it off altogether. The room has undergone a subtle transformation. It suddenly has become more friendly. On his way back to where Peter is sitting, Dr. Evans hooks a comfortable chair under his arm, and brings it over near Peter. He pulls up a chair, puts the bag on the bench near Peter.

DR. EVANS
(indicates the
comfortable chair)
Would you mind sitting in that
chair?

(CONTINUED)

Peter hesitates.

DR. EVANS (cont'd)
I'd like to have the bench
clear.

Peter suspicious at first, moves from the bench towards the comfortable chair. He studies Evans' face, but it is bland and innocent. Peter lets himself sink into the chair. Evans opens the bag, pulls out a carton, a couple of cups, some napkins which he spreads over the bench.

DR. EVANS (cont'd)
I hope you don't mind, but I
didn't have time for supper.
I'm starved.

He opens the carton and peers down at it.

DR. EVANS (cont'd)
Chocolate malted milk! I'm
sure I asked for strawberry.
Oh, well.

He pours the two cups full of the rich liquid, puts one near Peter. Then he pulls out two wax-paper wrapped packages, opens one and inhales its rich hamburger fragrance. Peter is by now fairly drooling. Evans puts down the two packages, takes a gulp out of his cup. His cup momentarily obscures his eyes. Then he lowers his cup. Peter has a huge malted milk moustache on his upper lip. Peter's cup is exactly where it was before. Evans, without looking at Peter, absently wipes the top of his lip. Peter, without realizing what he is doing, does the same, catches himself halfway through the gesture. Then, as there is no change on Evans' face, he completes it.

DR. EVANS (cont'd) (14)
With or without?

PETER (15)
With our without what?

DR. EVANS (16)
Onions.

(CONTINUED)

PETER (17)
(in a small voice)
With, please.

Evans opens the two packages, smells them both, then hands one to Peter. Peter bites into it fiercely, while Evans munches on his. Then Evans looks directly at Peter.

DR. EVANS
What happened to your hair?

Peter doesn't answer.

DR. EVANS (cont'd) (18)
I am not a policeman, I'm a doctor.

Peter considers this a moment.

PETER (19)
(slowly)
What kind of a doctor?

DR. EVANS
Just a regular doctor.
(smiles)
Well, as a matter of fact --
kind of an expert on --
(makes gesture)
-- boys.

Peter considers this a moment. Dr. Evans, beginning all over again:

DR. EVANS (cont'd) (20)
Now, what happened to your hair?

PETER (21)
Cut off.

DR. EVANS (22)
How?

PETER (23)
(between chews)
Barber.

DR. EVANS (24)
Why?

(CONTINUED)

PETER (25)

It's a long story.

DR. EVANS (26)

I like long stories.

PETER (27)

You won't believe it.

DR. EVANS (28)

I like long stories that are
hard to believe.

PETER (29)

(suddenly it
all pours out)

Well, I use'ta have regular hair.
And...they didn't have to stay
there...and they could'a come back.
And there wouldn't'a been any
letter. And I wouldn't'a had to
tear it.

EVANS (30)

(interrupting
him quietly)

Uh -- what letter?

Peter looks at him with a hint of impatience.

PETER (31)

Well -- There was this letter.
Everytime I went to live at a
new place I had to take this
letter with me to show it to
people. Like when I went to
live with Gramp and he put it in
a book and then I tore it and --

DR. EVANS (32)

(stopping him)

Now wait a minute. You'll have to
tell me this so I can understand
it. How about beginning at the
beginning?

PETER (33)

(dubiously)

At the very beginning?

EVANS (34)

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

Changes
"BOY WITH GREEN HAIR"

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7

3 (CONTINUED)

PETER

It's hard to remember, but I
remember. . .

As the CAMERA MOVES IN to CLOSEUP of Peter, OVER SILENT
CLOSEUP:

PETER'S VOICE

I remember a five-layer orange
cocoanut cake. . .

3a Cake appears, bearing four birthday candles in pink
holders.

PETER'S VOICE

And Mummy said blow -- and I
blew --

After three hard-trying but inadequate puffs, the
candles finally are all out.

PETER'S VOICE (cont'd)

-- then I cried because all the
candles went out.

The smoke of the candles hangs over the cake dismally.

DISSOLVE

3b Similar smoke. The CAMERA PANS DOWN slightly to reveal
flickering face of a jack-o'lantern on a typical back
porch.

PETER'S VOICE

Hallowe'en was scary but it was
fun. And all the kids in the
neighborhood got to stay out
extra late. But I was too little...
Thanksgiving I sat on some big
books...

3c A particularly luxurious turkey and trimmings, being
somewhat unsuccessfully carved by male hands wielding a
large, heavy silver carving set.

(CONTINUED)

Peter thinks this over for a moment -- then agrees.

PETER (35)

Okay, then. I was born.

DR. EVANS (36)

Do we have to go back that far?

PETER (37)

Well, it started then.

DR. EVANS (38)

Okay.

PETER (39)

(frowning hard with
the effort to recall)

It's hard to remember. But I
remember...

He gropes about in his mind. There is a blur as the
CAMERA TILTS ROLL OVER as though it were on its back,
looking up.

4 SHOT. Two faces are seen as though leaning over a
crib, playing with an infant. The frame is cut down
to the shape of an eye and the image is vague with an
aura of sweetness about it (as in the Gesell photograph,
LIFE, April 14, 1947, Page 100, upper left-hand
corner) as seen by the infant. Suddenly, a baby's
fist comes into sharp f.g. focus (see next picture,
LIFE) and then the mother's, or perhaps mother's and
father's hands join it in play.

PETER'S VOICE (40)

I remember hands that were soft
and smelled good. I think they
were my mother's.

Again the focus fuzzes and the frame

DISSOLVES

5 SHOT. CAMERA (subjective) TODDLING TOWARD the same
two faces, now full figure. It is Peter's first
attempt to walk. The scene is seen in somewhat the
perspective and focus of the picture Page 104, LIFE.

(CONTINUED)

PETER'S VOICE

Father carved the turkey but mother always said he didn't do it very well. . . And even when I woke up so early it was still last night ---

3d Sliding doors opening.

PETER'S VOICE

-- on Christmas morning Mother and Father would open the doors and there would be our Christmas tree.

Christmas tree, very German and large. Flexible Flyer and a woolly dog underneath it.

PETER'S VOICE (cont'd)

That Christmas I got a Flexible Flyer and a dog. Gee, I had a wonderful winter with Bosco and the sled.

3e Dog - which does action described below.

PETER'S VOICE

By Spring Bosco could sit up and play dead and roll over and everything. Father helped me teach him. But then I remember it got to be summer and they'd been gone a long time and then the telegram came. . .

3f A hallway and a door - SHOOTING FROM a child's ANGLE. The door opens, a telegram is signed for, opened, the reaction of the hands reveals shock. No faces are seen.

PETER'S VOICE

Of course, I know now the telegram was about my mother and father. . . They were war casualties.

The door of Peter's house shuts.

DISSOLVE

When the baby Peter (CAMERA) gets fairly near to the figures it makes a dash for the mother as her arms are held out. The child's hands and arms come into the frame from either side around the camera lens, reaching for and attaining the mother's hand.

PETER'S VOICE
That's all I really remember
about my mother and father.
They got all mixed up with
relatives and people.

Other vague figures appear and intermingle with the first two.

PETER'S VOICE (cont'd) (41)
(trying very
hard to recall)
But I remember one aunt and
uncle...

The figures merge into one man and one woman.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

6 MED. SHOT - the aunt and uncle are lighted and photographed in such a way as to conform with Peter's vague recollection of them. Little Peter is playing in a corner. The aunt is suddenly holding a telegram and reading it. Her hand flies to her mouth in a gesture of horror.

The uncle leans over her shoulder and reads. He reacts with shock. The telegram falls from the aunt's hand and flutters to the floor. The uncle and aunt look toward the child.

PETER'S VOICE (42)
Of course, I know now the telegram
was about my mother and father.
They were war casualties. I don't
know why, but I couldn't stay with
Aunt Lillian.
(sighs wearily)
I got a whole lot of aunts and
uncles and they don't like each
other much. I went to live with
Cousin Mary and Cousin Jack.

3g Another door. CUT BACK to the large, foreboding stucco house on Franklin, decayed grandeur. An iron deer in the yard.

PETER'S VOICE
I couldn't stay long with
Aunt Lillian. She said she just
wasn't equipped for children.
So then I went to stay with
Cousin Clarke and Cousin Isabelle.

DISSOLVE

3h A dull, pseudo-modern house. The people obviously have small, independent income. The house is shuttered.

PETER'S VOICE
But they traveled all the time. . .
Aunt Mary was nice. . .

3i Small white cottage.

PETER'S VOICE
(long sigh -
then, sadly)
Aunt Mary would have kept me.
Only Uncle Jim got out of work. . .
Aunt Phoebe and Aunt Gertrude --
gee, I bet I have more aunts and
uncles than anybody in the whole
world. . .

3j A big city apartment house.

PETER'S VOICE
They said the city was no place
for a child. Besides, I made
them nervous, they said. Then
my other uncle had me. . .

3k Small, modest house with FOR SALE sign out front.

PETER'S VOICE
Aunt Ellen got very sick and
they had to sell their house
and go away.

(Continue Page 9, Sc. 10, as is.)

INT. GROCERY STORE

a

MRS. FISHER (middle-aged)
Well, I know what you mean, Agatha.
There's just nothing you can depend
on any more. . . Your guess is as
good as mine.

MRS. CLARK (old)
I think we're headed straight for
war. I don't see any chance of
avoiding it.

MRS. FISHER
Did you see what he said in his
column yesterday?

MRS. CLARK
You can't believe everything you
read in the papers, Sophie.

MRS. HAMMOND (youngish)
No. But you can believe there'll
be a war, all right. Everybody's
talking about it.

MRS. HAMMOND (cont'd)
It's time we really got tough.
If it's necessary, let's take
an A-bomb over there and give it
to them proper.

MRS. FISHER
I'm afraid we'll always have wars.

MRS. FISHER (cont'd)
It's human nature, and you can't
change it. There's just
something inside of people makes
them want to kill each other.

MR. PIPER
One can of pork and beans.

MR. PIPER
One can of pork and beans,
Peter.

MR. PIPER
A pound of sugar.

MRS. CLARK

Well, Sophie, if that's human nature, we'd better change it. Or there won't be anything human left to change. Do you think anyone really wants war?

MRS. HAMMOND

None of us do.

MR. PIPER

A box of Mother's Best Cookies.

MRS. HAMMOND (cont'd)

But war will come anyway, want it or not.

MRS. CLARK

Well, I say we ought to stop talking about fighting each other and talk some about understanding each other again -- and I mean all of us -- Americans, Russians, Arabs, English, Chinese, Dutch and everybody else. When everybody all over the world talks about nothing but war, what do you think we'll get -- war!

MR. PIPER

A pound of butter.

MRS. FISHER

Phil says he won't go again. But then the next thing, I hear him telling Ed they'd better get ready to break out their uniforms.

MR. PIPER

Hurry up, boy!

MRS. HAMMOND

You can bet your bottom dollar it'll come...

MR. PIPER

A quart of milk.

MRS. HAMMOND (cont'd)

My brother-in-law, George, has connections -- and he says, war...The only question is -- when?

MRS. FISHER

Probably just in time to get the
next crop of youngsters.

(Milk bottle crashes.)

EXTRA OR ADDITIONAL SPEECH:

MRS. FISHER

It makes my heart sick every time
I see that Allen boy. You know,
Phil used to coach their baseball
team. Said there never was a
faster boy than Ted Allen. Of
course, he manages to get around
well enough---but---

7 CLOSE SHOT - Cousin Mary and Cousin Jack. They are two pleasant looking, ordinary people.

PETER'S VOICE (43)

(with a fond
sigh)

Cousin Mary made cookies
Saturdays -- with little hunks
of chocolate in them.

Cousin Mary now appears as the most radiantly beautiful woman who ever lived. She is baking cookies.

8 CLOSE SHOT

PETER'S VOICE

(with a sigh
of regret)

Then she went and had a baby --

A baby pops into Cousin Mary's arms.

PETER'S VOICE (cont'd) (44)

And I was kind of in the way.
And then...

9 CLOSE SHOT - Aunt Phoebe and Aunt Lois appear.

PETER'S VOICE

So then I went to live with
Aunt Phoebe and Aunt Lois.

The two figures wag their forefingers at Peter in back and forth movements, as though saying: "Don't do this - and don't do that!" The fingers increase in rhythm.

PETER'S VOICE (cont'd) (45)

They said I made 'em nervous.

DISSOLVE

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

10 CLOSE SHOT - Dr. Evans and Peter.

(CONTINUED)

DR. EVANS (46)

(quietly)
What's the matter?

PETER (47)

Nothin'. I was just thinkin'.
I sure lived in a lot of places.
(shrugs
wearily)

Then I went to live with Gramp.

DR. EVANS (48)

Gramp? Your Grandfather?

PETER (49)

No. He's not even my real
Grandfather, but he likes me to
call him Gramp. He's a very
famous man. He used to be in
show business.

For the first time a suggestion of a smile appears on
Peter's face, as he thinks of Gramp.

DR. EVANS (50)

(apparently
impressed)
Show business, eh? Actor?

PETER (51)

Yes, sir.

DR. EVANS (52)

(making
conversation)
What kind of an actor? A serious
actor -- or a funny actor?

PETER (53)

Oh, a very famous actor. I
remember once he told me about
a time in Europe when he met a
king.

DR. EVANS (54)

(nods head; very
impressed
apparently)
A real king?

(CONTINUED)

PETER (55)

Yes, sir. He was in his dressing room when the King came right in.

DISSOLVE

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

11 FULL SHOT - Gramp is shaking hands with the King, who is attired in royal robes, crown, and scepter. He is a European monarch. The dressing room bears little resemblance to any in existence. It has a grotesque magnificence that could only come from the imagination.

KING (56)

It was splendid, Gramp, splendid.
That was really a swell show.

GRAMP (57)

(modestly)
I'm glad you liked it, King.

KING (58)

(hesitantly)
I wonder if you could do a couple of numbers at the Palace Saturday night? I'm having some kings and queens over -- and a couple of princes.

GRAMP

(regretfully)
I'm awfully sorry, King, but I'm booked up for Saturday night.

The King looks disappointed. Gramp puts his hand on the King's shoulder.

GRAMP (cont'd) (59)

(consolingly)
I'll tell you what though, King--
I've got a new number and I'll drop over to the Palace two weeks from Saturday and do it for you.

The King's face lights up joyously for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

KING (60)

(timidly)

Say, Gramp -- do you think --
maybe -- well, could I hear
the new number -- right now?

GRAMP (61)

(rubbing his
chin thoughtfully)

King -- I don't usually...

(with sudden
graciousness)

Okay, King, I'll do it for you.

KING (62)

(delighted)

Gee, Gramp, that's swell of you.

Gramp makes a gesture with his hand that indicates it's really nothing at all. He does a chorus of the number to the enthusiastic response of the King, who joins in. At the conclusion of the number, the King ecstatically takes his most lavish decoration and pins it on Gramp. Gramp is very touched by the decoration, and then the King takes off another decoration which is around his neck on a ribbon, gives that to Gramp, shakes both hands and kisses both cheeks in the French manner, and on that we

DISSOLVE

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

12

CLOSE SHOT - Peter and Dr. Evans. Peter looks at Evans out of the corner of his eyes, to see how much of this Evans believes.

PETER (63)

Anyway, that's what Gramp told me.

DR. EVANS (64)

Gramp sounds okay.

PETER (65)

Mmm -- well, anyway -- I came to
live with Gramp...

(NOTE: Read Peter's speech from Sc. 13 in 12 as protection.)

DISSOLVE

EXT. GRAMP'S HOUSE - EVENING

13 FULL SHOT - Peter and Gramp. The house is a second-floor flat with rather steep outside steps leading up it. Peter is carrying a large suitcase. He stops and looks up at the house. Gramp looks down at him anxiously, to see how he reacts to the house, but Peter's face is stony. He reaches inside his shirt and after some difficulty pulls out a large envelope which he hands the old man.

PETER'S VOICE

... I gave him the letter, the one I was tellin' you about.

Gramp opens the envelope, looks at it for a moment, then he quickly puts it in his own pocket. He smiles gaily and reaches down to take the grip.

PETER (cont'd)(66)

I can carry it.

Gramp looks helpless for a moment, then decides not to argue the point. He motions Peter to go ahead. The two begin the ascent up the stairs, Peter having to let the bag bump on the steps because of its weight, and the old man slyly helping by lifting up the rear of the bag when he thinks Peter isn't looking. Peter catches him, and the old man pretends innocence.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

14 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Peter and Gramp as they enter. It is dark, Gramp fumbles around in the darkness, finds the switch and turns on the light. The room is transformed into a wonderland. Peter looks around, trying not to seem too impressed. There are colorful billboards, photographs on the walls; at one end of the room a theatrical trunk plastered with stickers from every corner of the earth. On a little sideboard are batons, hoops, colored balls, and other juggling paraphernalia. On a small stand is a rather ordinary little green plant -- the plant of the Opening Titles b.g. The furniture is a far cry from this glamor; a plain battered rug, a table, a couple of chairs, an old sofa, and an old battered upright piano. Peter doesn't let himself react.

(CONTINUED)

PETER (67)

(coldly)

I think you better tell me right
now which rooms I'm not to go in,
and what I'm not to touch.

The old man looks at Peter for a long time.

GRAMP (68)

(softly)

Why laddie, this is your home.
There's not a room in the whole
house you're not to go in.

PETER (69)

In the whole house?

GRAMP (70)

What there is of it. And as for
touchin' things, why there's not
a single object in the whole house
that wasn't made especially to be
handled.

To illustrate this, the old man goes over to the
sideboard, picks up a varied assortment of articles
ranging from a ball to a piece of china, and juggles
them nonchalantly. Peter forgets himself for a moment
and watches goggle-eyed. The old man stops. Gramp
places the envelope which Peter gave him earlier into
one of the books on the shelf.

PETER (71)

How long am I to stay?

GRAMP

As long as you like, lad...

(with a
flourish)

And now if you'll just forget
your bag a moment, I'll conduct
you on a grand tour of the house.

The old man gestures grandly toward the kitchen and
leads the way. Gramp turns on the kitchen light.
Peter slowly follows. But the moment the old man's
back is turned, Peter feasts his eyes on the many
delights in the room. As a consequence, not watching
where he's going, Peter stumbles into the table. A
small vase on the table lurches and falls. Peter
makes a hasty grab for it, and manages to catch it
just before it hits the floor. The old man is (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

half way to the kitchen, and hasn't noticed anything. A calculating look comes to Peter's face. He lets the vase fall to the floor with a crash. At the SOUND, the old man turns, sees Peter and the broken vase. He snaps his fingers in irritation.

GRAMP (cont'd)(72)

Ah! I've been meanin' to take
that vase out of people's way!

He hurries off to the kitchen. Peter stands there, surveying the broken vase, staring after the old man who returns almost immediately with a broom and dustpan. The old man kneels and begins to sweep the debris into the dustpan. There is no expression on Peter's face.

PETER (73)

I did it on purpose.

The old man suddenly stops sweeping. He looks up at Peter. For a moment, he is thrown off balance. Then he nods his head slowly.

GRAMP (74)

I know what you mean, lad.

The old man rises and disappears into the kitchen with the broom and dustpan. Peter watches him for a moment

PETER (75)

(calling)

Gramp...?

The old man turns.

GRAMP (76)

Aye, lad?

PETER (77)

I think I'll stay --

GRAMP (78)

That's fine --

PETER (79)

'Course that's until my mother
and father get back.

PETER'S VOICE

Gramp -- will you write a letter
to Cousin Mary and tell her to be
sure to tell my mother and father
where I am -- 'cause they still
think I'm with her --

For a moment the old man is torn. Peter should be
told.

PETER'S VOICE (cont'd) (80)

Will you?

16 TWO SHOT - Gramp and Peter.

PETER (81)

I mean -- send the letter?

There is a silence. Gramp stares at the boy. He
hasn't the heart for the painful task. Not now,
anyway. Later, when he and Peter know each other
better.

GRAMP (82)

(softly)

Aye -- I will.

(trying to change
the subject)

Come, lad -- I'll show you to your room.

The old man walks out of the living room, with Peter
following him.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

17 TWO SHOT - Peter and Gramp are standing just inside
the doorway. Peter's eyes widen as he slowly examines
this most important part of his new home.

What he sees is a small room with bed and dresser
and other ordinary boys' room furniture. The walls,
however, are colorfully decorated with circus and
theatrical posters. In one corner is a beautiful
baseball bat resting on brackets fixed to the wall.
The bat is mounted in much the same way as one would
a ceremonial sword. Below the bat hangs a mitt. In
general, the room shows the effort that Gramp has gone
to in order to make it pleasing to a young boy. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

Peter's expression indicates a reluctance to accept what his eyes reveal to him. There's a too-good-to-be-true look upon his face. Gramp notices it and starts out of the room casually.

DISSOLVE

INT. PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

18 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Peter and Gramp. Peter is propped up in bed. Gramp is dressed in a somewhat worn tuxedo, the kind that is seen on waiters. Their attention is on one of the circus posters, showing a trapeze artist flying in the air (a woman).

PETER (83)

And did she die?

GRAMP (84)

(wistfully)

She died.

PETER (85)

Gee...

(looks at the
poster of the
trapeze artists)

I didn't think they ever fell.

GRAMP (86)

They fall.

Peter loses himself in thinking of the tragic fall of Gramp's golden trapeze lady.

PETER (87)

(sadly)

And then what did you do?

GRAMP (88)

Why then I came to America.

PETER (89)

All alone?

GRAMP

All alone.

(CONTINUED)

There is another silence as the two think their sad, sweet thoughts. Suddenly, from overhead, there is a roaring, vibrating NOISE which again shakes the house -- Peter is badly startled.

GRAMP (cont'd)
(soothingly)
That's only the evenin' mail
plane --

Peter and Gramp listen -- Peter turns, Gramp speculative. The SOUND of the plane is loud and low. Gramp considers it expertly.

GRAMP (cont'd)
Must have a heavy load of mail
tonight.

He listens as the NOISE diminishes, then shakes his head reassuringly.

GRAMP (cont'd)
He'll be all right.

At this reassurance, Peter relaxes.

GRAMP (cont'd) (90)
Peter -- you're not afraid of
bein' alone, are you?

PETER (91)
Me? Naw, I'm not afraid of being
alone. Why, I was alone for
three days, once. In a cave.
(pause)
With a tiger.

GRAMP (92)
(very interested)
You don't say -- what happened?

PETER
This tiger got loose from a
circus, and I was in a cave, and
it was a black tiger, and I could
hardly get out, and the tiger
was there, and --

He hesitates, kind of a little lost in this myth --
then he shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

PETER (cont'd) (93)

I had a terrible time getting
out of that cave.

GRAMP (94)

(nods head)

Yep -- that's what can happen when
you get mixed up with a tiger.

PETER (95)

Sure can.

GRAMP (96)

Well, glad to know about that,
Peter, because anybody ever
mixed up with a tiger wouldn't
be afraid of staying home alone,
but if you got any...

PETER (97)

(quickly)

I am not afraid of being alone.

GRAMP (98)

That's fine, lad, because I'm a
singin' waiter, and --

PETER (99)

What's a singing waiter?

GRAMP (100)

Well, now -- an ordinary waiter
just brings you food -- but a
singin' waiter gives you a bit of
a song with your meal.

PETER (101)

(impressed)

Gee!

GRAMP (102)

It's a fine profession, but it
requires a man workin' in the
evenin's, so I'll be out and --

PETER (103)

(in

consternation)

You mean I'll be left alone?
Just me in this whole dark house?

(CONTINUED)

GRAMP (104)

(with
considerable
feeling)

Now don't be sayin' "dark" like
it was somethin' bad. Why, I
remember the time, back home in
Ireland, we once voted to abolish
the dark entirely --

(darkly)

And do you know what happened?

PETER (105)

(intensely)

What?

GRAMP (106)

It was terrible. There we were
not knowin' night from day, up
from down -- not knowin' when to
sleep and when to get up, when to
work and when to play and we were
all fallin' on our feet.

Gramp shakes his head at the awful memories.

PETER (107)

What'd you do?

GRAMP (108)

Why, we signed a petition and
brought the dark back to its
rightful place.

(with feeling)

So don't be sayin' anythin' against
the dark. It's a fine thing --
especially at night.

Peter thinks it over.

PETER (109)

I don't mind it -- except when
I'm alone.

GRAMP

Ah -- so that's it, is it?

Now that he's found out what it is, he has the solution.

(CONTINUED)

GRAMP (cont'd) (110)
I'll tell you a secret. There's
nothin' in the dark that wasn't
there when the light was on --
 (pulls light out,
 then pulls it
 back on)
nothin' at all.

PETER
 (unconvincingly)
Okay, Gramp.

Gramp studies him. The old man is a little worried.

PETER (cont'd) (111)
I'm not afraid. There's nothing
in the dark that wasn't there
when the light was on.

GRAMP (112)
 (proudly)
Good night.

PETER
Good night, Gramp.

Gramp quietly leaves the room. Peter sits in the darkness and listens to the SOUNDS of the old man leaving, then the door opening and closing, then the old man's footsteps down the steps, singing as he goes. For a moment there is a complete silence. Then we hear the normal SOUNDS of the night; the house creaking with old age, a neighbor's door slamming.

PETER (cont'd)
There's nothing in the dark that
wasn't there when the light was on.

Another SOUND of CREAKING.

PETER (cont'd) (113)
 (with more
 emphasis)
There's nothing in the dark that
wasn't there when the light was
on...

He waits a moment, gets out of bed slowly in the darkness, then yanks a light on quickly. He surveys the lighted room as though memorizing the objects in it. He turns the light out quickly, stands in the (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

darkness for a moment, then turns the light on again, and again surveys the room. There seems to be some truth in Gramp's dictum -- the room is the same in the darkness as it was in the light. Peter reaches for the light, hesitates, then quickly walks over to a corner. He picks up the baseball bat, hefts it menacingly, nods in satisfaction, gets into bed, places the bat alongside of him in bed. Then he turns the light off.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET BEFORE GRAMP'S HOUSE - DAY

19 TRUCKING SHOT - Peter and Gramp. They are both well scrubbed looking and dressed in their sober best. Gramp takes a deep breath. He takes Peter's hand firmly and they start to walk along. A well-worn milk truck drives up and Mr. Davis, the milkman, bounces out with some milk and eggs.

DAVIS (114)

Good morning, Mr. Frye.

GRAMP (115)

Good mornin', Mr. Davis.

(indicates
Peter)

My grandson. We're startin'
school this mornin'...

Mr. Davis looks Peter over.

DAVIS

Fine lookin' boy.

Gramp beams.

DAVIS (cont'd) (116)

(leans toward
Peter)

Lemme give you some good advice,
young man. You study hard.
Wisht I had studied hard.

PETER (117)

Yes, sir.

DAVIS (118)

You can be anything you want to
be if you study hard -- Whatdya
want to be when you grow up?

(CONTINUED)

PETER (119)

A milkman.

Davis suddenly looks blank. Gramp tries to suppress a smile as he and Peter move on.... Mr. Hammond comes out of his house and joins them as they walk along.

GRAMP (120)

My grandson. Just startin' school.

Mr. Hammond tousles Peter's hair.

HAMMOND (121)

Nice looking boy.

Peter, once Mr. Hammond has turned away, almost defiantly pats his hair back into place. As they pass the barber shop, Gramp greets the barber.

GRAMP (122)

My grandson. Just startin' school.

BARBER (123)

Fine lookin' boy. Nice head of hair.

GRAMP (124)

We'll be comin' in for one of your superior haircuts.

BARBER (125)

Any time, Mr. Frye.

He tousles Peter's hair. When his back is turned, Peter a little grimly now, pats his hair back into place... Gramp greets Mr. Piper, the grocer.

GRAMP (126)

My grandson. Just startin' school.

Peter looks up at Mr. Piper defiantly, and his hands move halfway to his head in a defensive gesture.

MR. PIPER

Hello.

(looks down
at Peter)

If you asked me I'd much sooner
go fishing on a day like this....

(CONTINUED)

Peter stares at him without quite believing it, then heaves a deep sigh of relief. Peter's hands drop.

MR. PIPER (cont'd) (127)

Fine lookin' boy.

He tousles Peter's hair as he goes off. Peter gives up. The old man takes his hand as they go on... Peter and Gramp walk on. They come to a corner and Gramp indicates that they turn here.

20 FULL SHOT - SHOOTING FROM BEHIND Peter and Gramp. They turn a corner and up ahead is the schoolhouse. It is a small, bright cheerful building, sunny and well-lighted. The old man and the boy stop.

21 CLOSE SHOT - Peter.

GRAMP'S VOICE (128)

What a fine looking school!

Peter's face turns stony.

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

22 FULL SHOT - The schoolhouse as seen FROM Peter's ANGLE. It suddenly becomes a dark, frightening, ominous place.

EXT. STREET - DAY

23 CLOSE SHOT - Peter and the old man. Gramp looks a little worried.

PETER (129)

(it gushes
forth)

Hey, Gramp. I didn't tell you about it, but the last school I went to the teacher hit me with a stick; a big, fat stick, and --

GRAMP (130)

(shocked)

With a big stick, you say?

(CONTINUED)

PETER
(warmed up now)
Yeah. With nails in it. And...

He stops as he sees Gramp looking at him with a definitely fish eye.

PETER (cont'd) (131)
Not very big nails. Sort of
medium size nails.

GRAMP (132)
Na, lad. There's no thing like
that in this school...

He takes Peter firmly by the hand and they start off.

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

24 LONG SHOT - OVER shoulders of Peter and Gramp - the school looking ominous. CAMERA MOVES IN.

PETER'S VOICE (133)
I sure was scared that day.
'Course, Gramp was right. Miss
Brand, the teacher, never hit
nobody in her life.
(sighs o.s.)
She's pretty. About the prettiest
lady I ever saw...

DISSOLVE

25 CLOSEUP - Miss Brand, looking as radiantly beautiful as Peter imagines her to be. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Miss Brand in classroom.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

26 FULL SHOT - Peter steps into the room. Miss Brand approaches him protectively. She indicates an empty desk. The children stare. Slowly Peter, aware that every eye is on him, walks over to the desk and seats himself. For a fraction of a moment he looks stonily down at the top of the desk. Then he turns his head slowly and looks at the other children out of the corner of his eye. He finds that they have all been looking at him. Peter turns and looks at them boldly.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

27 HIGH FULL SHOT - Danny and Red are the two captains choosing their teammates for a ball game. Danny is a pleasant-looking youngster and Red is a long-shanked boy, same age, with, of course, a great shock of flaming red hair. One boy, already selected for Red's team, catches Peter's attention. He is considerably bigger and heavier than the others and wears very thick glasses which lend an incongruous note to his athletic build. This is Joey. Beside him is Timmy, much smaller than Joey, and obviously his crony. Peter stands a few feet away now. He surveys the candidates who are formed in an irregular line, waiting eagerly to be chosen. They are a somewhat motley group, ranging from small to large, from skinny to fat, from black-haired to blonde. It may be the way the light hits his thick lenses, but Joey appears to Peter, who is standing in the b.g., to be staring at him with hostility. Peter pretends to be kicking a little rock. He seems totally uninterested in the proceedings. The rock 'accidentally' rolls over near where sides are being chosen. Peter comes closer to that area.

Danny and Red alternately point to one of the unchosen and say, 'Him.' The lucky little man rushes over behind his captain with relief and joy. By now, Peter has pretty much abandoned his rock-kicking. He watches openly as each man is chosen. His glance wanders to Joey, who still appears to leer at him in unfriendly fashion. There are only four potential ball players left now, and these are all, with the exception of Peter, pretty unlikely. Danny looks them over and turns to Peter. The two boys eye each other defiantly.

DANNY

Hey!

Peter looks at him directly.

DANNY (cont'd) (134)

You want to play?

PETER (135)

Me? I don't care.

(CONTINUED)

Danny understands this is an acceptance. With an imperious motion, he calls the rest of his teammates into a huddle. Peter moistens his lips and pretends to kick at the rock again. From the huddled group come fragments of whispers. The whispers get louder. Finally there are shouts.

During the burble of voices, Peter returns to his rock. His face shows an attempt to mask his anxiety, and his self-consciousness about being the center of the huddled group's discussion. Led by Danny, the entire little group moves over directly in front of Peter. The latter stands tense, expectant.

DANNY (136)

Okay, I choose you.

For a moment Peter seems stunned. Then his face lights up, and he runs over to the group with an expression of unmitigated joy, as the boys rush out onto the field, Peter among them. The ball is tossed to him. He throws it back with professional zeal.

PETER'S VOICE

And after that...

He loses himself in sweet memories.

PETER'S VOICE (cont'd) (137)

Boy!...

DISSOLVE

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

28 FULL SHOT - Peter, Danny and the boy. A high, white-washed wood fence surrounds the yard, protecting the wonderful apple tree within. Danny is on one side of the fence dangling a hot dog from a long string to distract a ferocious-looking dog. While this is going on, the third boy is in the tree, picking green apples and tossing them to Peter. Peter's rough-neck sweater bulges with apples. Suddenly the three of them scramble away.

DISSOLVE

EXT. RUSTIC BRIDGE - DAY

29 FULL SHOT - Peter, Danny and another boy running over the bridge.

PETER'S VOICE (138)

...I was really livin'!

The three boys spit into the stream as they cross.

DISSOLVE

EXT. A LOT IN BACK OF GRAMP'S HOUSE - DAY

30 LONG HIGH SHOT - Gramp and Peter. Gramp stands proudly and ceremoniously - like a ring master -- in the center of a wide circle made by Peter as he joyously pedals his new bicycle round and round.

PETER'S VOICE (139)

Gramp bought me a bicycle -- it was a very famous bicycle -- Gramp told me he bought it from a famous Belgium who was once a six-day bicycle rider -- and with it I got a job delivering groceries.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - DAY

31 FULL SHOT - Peter, riding his bike steadily now. There are baskets hooked onto it, which hold grocery bundles. A news carrier comes into the scene on his bike, from the other direction. The two boys stop and chat.

NEWSBOY (140)

Hi, Peter, how's business?

PETER

Well, not so good. Staples are selling pretty good.

(leans back kind
of expansively)

You know, staples.

The Newsboy nods his head.

(CONTINUED)

PETER (cont'd) (141)

But, some of the other things --
fancy groceries -- they are not
moving awful good.

(considers this
a moment)

I guess it's the high cost of
living.

NEWSBOY (142)

Well, I wouldn't worry about it.

PETER (143)

How's business with you?

NEWSBOY (144)

Pretty good. I got some new
subscriptions...I guess it's the
war talk.

PETER (145)

Well, gotta be on my way --

NEWSBOY (146)

Me, too. So long.

They get on their bikes, wave to each other seriously
and go about their business.

DISSOLVE

INT. GRAMP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

32 FULL SHOT - Peter and Gramp. They are standing
about the table on which Peter has spread some
money, his pay. A little bank sits on the table.

PETER (147)

- Let's open the bank and see
how much I've got.

GRAMP (148)

(cautiously)

I wouldn't do that, lad. Money
has a way of disappearing...

Gramp passes his hand over the table. As he does a
few bills disappear. He passes his hand again.
Some coins disappear. Peter is delighted.

(CONTINUED)

PETER (149)

(hopefully)

Can you make more of them come
back than we started with?

The old man scratches his head.

GRAMP (150)

That's somethin' I haven't
learned to do yet...

DISSOLVE

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

33 TWO SHOT - Gramp and Peter. Gramp is in his "work
clothes" --- his worn tuxedo. They say their good
nights to each other silently but cheerily. Gramp
walks out of the scene and Peter switches the light off.

34 MED. SHOT - Peter, as seen in the dim light of the
darkened room. CAMERA STARTS TO DOLLY IN SLOWLY on
Peter. He lies back in bed, comfortable and happy.

PETER'S VOICE

(contemptuously)

Staying all by myself didn't bother
me anymore. I wasn't even afraid
of the dark.

(the ultimate
in bravado)

I didn't even have to take the
baseball bat to bed with me when
I was by myself.

Peter's hand drops drowsily off the side of the bed
and touches the baseball bat lying on the floor.

PETER'S VOICE (cont'd)

'Course I kept it alongside of
the bed.

Peter twists around, making himself comfortable
as sleep approaches.

PETER'S VOICE (cont'd) (151)

Yep -- I was just beginning to
think...

- 35 CLOSE SHOT - of Peter's face. His eyes are closed and his face relaxes into the repose of approaching slumber.

PETER'S VOICE (152)

...that maybe Gramp and me would
work out okay.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TRUCK AND STREET - DAY

- 36 FULL SHOT - the truck, Peter and Gramp. Gramp is driving. Lettering on the truck reveals it to be "Gallagher's Shamrock Inn" pickup truck. A pile of old clothes is heaped in the open back.

PETER'S VOICE (153)

At school we were having a war
orphan drive. Gramp borrowed a
truck at the place where he
worked to help us collect clothes
to send to the war orphans, and ...

- 37 CLOSE SHOT - Peter and Gramp in the cab of the truck as they joggle along. Gramp is singing a song. Almost in rhythm with the song, the old man pulls up to a curb.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

- 38 FULL SHOT - Gramp, Miss Brand, Peter and the kids. Miss Brand and Gramp are merrily supervising the hectic, bustling unloading. The clothes are carried inside.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

- 39 FULL SHOT - Gramp, Miss Brand, Peter and the children. There are boxes around in which clothing is heaped. While Gramp and Miss Brand stand near-by chatting, the children scurry about placing the clothes neatly in appropriate boxes. Peter and a Classmate walk out of the room, each holding a poster, hammer, tacks, etc.

INT. ADJOINING GYMNASIUM - DAY

- 40 FULL SHOT - Peter and Classmate enter the scene. The walls are decorated with posters and pictures of children hurt by war. Each goes about his business purposefully, tacking up the two remaining posters in the space left for them among the others. Peter finishes his task first and stands back to survey the exhibit.
- 41 CLOSE SHOT - Peter as he gazes at the poster.
- 42 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Peter and the posters - SHOOTING FROM BEHIND Peter. We see him move sideways as he goes from poster to poster. They are the now too familiar posters which have been used in the many appeals for aid to war victims. There is the one which depicts a terrified Chinese baby screaming on a bombed out track; the poster of the Jewish orphans, bearing the legend: "That They May Live;" a poster showing two small boys pathetically and incongruously dressed in oversized G.I. discards; a tiny girl with emaciated legs protruding from a ragged flour-sack dress, an empty nipple in her mouth; a small boy, his head shaved, his face startlingly like that of a very old man; posters of English war orphans, French, Russian, Greek, etc.
- 43 MED. SHOT - Peter and his classmate. SIDE ANGLE - classmate finishes his task and steps back near Peter to look over his handiwork. Classmate looks at Peter quickly, then back at the poster. He looks at Peter again and again checks back with the poster.
- CLASSMATE (154)
He looks like you.
- 44 CLOSE SHOT - Peter. He turns to his Classmate, startled.
- CLASSMATE'S VOICE (155)
(repeats)
He looks like you.
- He looks at the poster, scrutinizing it carefully.
- 45 MED. CLOSE SHOT - OVER PETER'S SHOULDER - the poster. It is a picture of a little boy with a gaunt face
(cont'd)
(CONTINUED)

accentuating his two burning brown eyes. There is indeed a faint but definite resemblance between the boy on the poster and Peter.

PETER (156)

He doesn't look like me.

CLASSMATE'S VOICE (157)

Yes, he does.

46 TWO SHOT - Peter and Classmate. Both are looking at the poster under discussion.

PETER (158)

He's a war orphan.

CLASSMATE (159)

Well, you're a war orphan, too.

Peter tenses, whirls around directly facing the other youngster.

47 CLOSE SHOT - Peter. His face shows alarm and terror.

PETER (160)

I am not!

48 MED. SHOT - Peter and classmate. He speaks earnestly, trying to convince Peter.

CLASSMATE (161)

Yes, you are. We asked Miss Brand where your mother and father was and she told us they were killed in the war.

PETER (162)

That's a lie!

The classmate is frightened by Peter's intensity. He backs away but stubbornly argues his point.

CLASSMATE (163)

You are too a war orphan.

Peter lunges at the little boy. They both fall over and roll on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

PETER (164)

(shouting)

You're a liar!.....

CLASSMATE (165)

If your mother and father were
killed in the war, that makes
you a war orphan.

49 FULL SHOT - the open door of the gym. Down the hall
is the classroom. SOUNDS of scuffling can be heard,
and above them Peter's SCREAMING voice.

PETER'S VOICE (166)

...My mother and father are
away on a trip...

Miss Brand and Gramp appear at the door to the hallway
They see what is happening and quickly head toward the
scene of the disturbance, Miss Brand carefully closing
the door behind her.

50 TWO SHOT - Peter and Classmate rolling on the floor
flailing at each other.

PETER (167)

You're a liar!.....

CLASSMATE (168)

Miss Brand told us! Miss Brand
told us!

51 MED. SHOT - Peter and Classmate on the floor. Miss
Brand and Gramp hurry into the scene and pry the two
children apart.

GRAMP (169)

What's wrong, lad?

Miss Brand has a comforting hand on the arm of each of
the antagonists.

MISS BRAND (170)

(soothingly)

There now, what --

Peter tears his arm free of Miss Brand and looks
directly at her.

HIGH TWO SHOT - Peter and Miss Brand.

PETER (171)

Did you?

MISS BRAND (172)

Did I what, Peter?

PETER (173)

(with a great effort
at restraint)

Did you say that my mother and
father were killed in the war?

Miss Brand stands silently for a moment.

53

MED. SHOT - Gramp, Peter, Miss Brand and Classmate.
She looks from Peter to Gramp in consternation.
Gramp's pale and agitated face communicates to Miss
Brand. She is shocked by what she realizes. Gramp
shakes his head, mumbles, and tries to approach Peter.
The boy ignores him.

PETER (174)

Did you?

MISS BRAND

(to the Classmate;
soothingly)

You'll feel better if you wash
your face before you go back to
the classroom.

The boy walks o.s. and Miss Brand turns to Peter.

MISS BRAND (cont'd) (175)

Let's go into the office.

PETER (176)

I want to know now.

Miss Brand is silent, waiting. She turns to the old
man with a look that says: "It's up to you." Gramp
wipes his brow with the back of his hand.

54

CLOSE SHOT - Gramp. He is under great strain and
struggles with himself to achieve calm.

(CONTINUED)

GRAMP (177)

Na, lad, it's no fault of
Miss Brand's...you should've
been told the truth a long
time ago...and I should've
told you the first day you
came...

(pleading for
Peter's
understanding)

I...I... just wanted to wait
till we knew each other a
little better....

55 CLOSE SHOT - Peter. His face registers the initial
shock and then becomes stony.

GRAMP'S VOICE (178)

... Your mother and father are
dead... they were killed in
London... But you should be
proud of them, lad... they
could've got out but they
stayed behind...

56 CLOSE SHOT - Miss Brand. Her face is full of
sympathy and frustrated desire to help Peter.

GRAMP'S VOICE (179)

...They stayed behind and died
trying to save other little
boys and girls...

57 MED. SHOT - Gramp, Peter and Miss Brand.

GRAMP

(indicates
Peter)

...like you...

(points to
posters)

...and like them.

His finger inadvertently rests on the poster of the
little boy who looks like Peter.

GRAMP (cont'd) (180)

I should've told you sooner, lad.

(CONTINUED)

Peter shakes himself out of his stony mood and assumes an air of peculiarly bitter indifference.

58 CLOSEUP.

PETER

I knew all along that my mother
and father were dead...

Gramp is puzzled by Peter's statement.

PETER (cont'd) (181)

...I was just pretending they
were away on a trip, but I knew.

Gramp is anxious to seize upon this as a means of
easing the situation.

59 TWO SHOT.

GRAMP

(a little too
heartily)

'Course you knew, lad. You knew
all the time.

(grasping at
straws)

The letter you've been carrying
with you -- well, it was written
to you by your very own father
before he died. You'll be readin'
it one of these days.

There is a silent pause and the old man tries to
capture a casual, business-like manner.

GRAMP (cont'd) (182)

Well, I'd best be returnin' the
truck, or Gallagher'll have my
head.

(to Peter)

Would you like to come along with
me?

PETER (183)

(shaking his
head)

I've got to stay in school.

(CONTINUED)

The old man looks at Miss Brand, who gives him a slight negative sign.

GRAMP (184)

(uncertainly)

I guess you're right... Well, I must be off... I'll see you later, at home...

The old man awkwardly lumbers out of the scene.

60 FULL SHOT - Peter, Miss Brand. She looks at the boy, her heart full of desire to help him.

MISS BRAND (185)

Peter...

He doesn't look at her. Miss Brand exits. Peter stands silently for a moment; two tears glisten on his cheeks. He looks up at the poster of the boy whom he resembles. A moment of frustrated rage comes over him and he grabs the poster, ripping it down the center in such a way that the orphan boy's body is severed. The torn part of the poster hangs from the wall. Peter walks toward the adjoining classroom.

61 FULL SHOT - part of the adjoining classroom THROUGH the open doors - FROM Peter's ANGLE. Miss Brand and a few of the children can be seen. One of the children, a little girl, looks up at Miss Brand.

GIRL (186)

Miss Brand --

(points to
the posters)

-- are they real children or
they just made up?

MISS BRAND (187)

They're real.

62 CLOSE SHOT - Peter. He stops and listens.

GIRL'S VOICE (188)

Do you think the children in
the posters will get the
clothes we send?

(CONTINUED)

MISS BRAND (189)

They might.

Peter turns around and looks at the poster he has torn.

63 MED. SHOT - Peter walks back to the poster of the orphan boy whose body he has severed.

BOY'S VOICE (190)

Do you think they'll like the clothes?

MISS BRAND (191)

They need the clothes -- they'll like them.

Peter looking at the torn part of the poster hanging from the wall is overwhelmed with a sense of guilt, with a feeling of having done actual injury to the boy on the poster.

64 CLOSE SHOT - Peter and the poster. He tries to smooth the torn half into place, but it keeps dropping away, cutting the orphan's body again.

MISS BRAND'S VOICE (192)

If they could speak to you themselves, they would tell you how much these clothes really mean to them, and they would say, "Thank you for remembering us."

When his last frantic attempt to repair his injury to the boy in the poster fails, Peter rushes out of the classroom.

EXT. SCHOOL STREET - DAY

65 FULL SHOT - Peter running from school. A gusty wind is blowing and the day is bleak.

DISSOLVE

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DUSK

66 FULL SHOT - Peter wheeling his bike into scene. He's tired and his face shows strain.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DUSK

67 FULL SHOT - Peter quietly enters and walks to the counter. Three customers, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Hammond, and Mrs. Clark, are chatting away in the b.g., their backs to the camera. Mr. Piper, slightly harassed, is studying an order slip. He looks up over at Peter.

MR. PIPER (193)

(briskly,
to Peter)

You're just in time. Help me
fill this order.

PETER (194)

Yes, sir.

Mr. Piper studies the order slip again. In the momentary silence, Peter becomes aware of the women's voices.

MRS. CLARK'S VOICE (195)

I say, it's human nature and you
can't change it. We'll always
have wars.

68 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, shocked.

MR. PIPER'S VOICE (196)

One can of pork and beans.

MRS. CLARK'S VOICE (197)

There's just something inside of
us that makes us want to kill
each other.

Mr. Piper has to repeat before Peter hears him.

MR. PIPER'S VOICE (198)

One can of pork and beans.

MRS. FISHER'S VOICE (199)

I say if that's human nature, we
better change it, or there won't
be anything human left to change.

Peter shakes himself. CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he scans the shelves, finding a row of canned pork and beans, reaches for a can.

MR. PIPER'S VOICE (200)

Pound of sugar.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA FOLLOWS Peter as he looks for the sugar, finds a one pound package.

MRS. HAMMOND'S VOICE (201)

We ought to fight 'em right now
and get it over with.

MR. PIPER'S VOICE (202)

(calling to Peter)

Box of Mother's Best Cookies.

Peter spots the cookie shelf. There is a whole row of Mother's Best Cookies. Each box has a picture of a sweet, maternal woman on it. Peter pulls down a box and stares at the picture. CAMERA FOLLOWS Peter as he hurries toward Mr. Piper.

MRS. FISHER'S VOICE (203)

Well, I say we ought to stop
talking about fighting each
other and talk more about
understanding each other, and
I mean all of us -- Americans,
Russians, English, Arabs,
Chinese and Dutch. And
everybody else should just
stop talking about it -- it
seems to me that a sure way
to get into a war is to keep
talking about one. When
everybody all over the world
talks about war, what do you
think we'll get -- war!

MR. PIPER'S VOICE (204)

A pound of butter.

Peter puts the cookies, the can of pork and beans and the sugar down on the counter and hurries toward the refrigerator.

MRS. CLARK'S VOICE (205)

You can bet your bottom dollar
it'll come all right -- probably
in the next ten years --

MR. PIPER'S VOICE (206)

A quart of milk.

MRS. CLARK'S VOICE (207)

-- just in time to get the
youngsters.

(CONTINUED)

Peter reaches inside the refrigerator for a bottle of milk. In a sudden panic, he lets it slip from his hand and fall to the floor. The bottle crashes, milk spilling everywhere. Peter recoils in fright. He looks over in the direction of Mr. Piper and the women.

69 FULL SHOT - Mr. Piper and the three women behind him. At the SOUND of the bottle crashing, they have all turned toward Peter. There is a sense almost as though awakening from a nightmare.

MR. PIPER (208)
(pleasantly)
Don't worry about it, Peter.
We'll clean it up later. Just
take another quart.

The three women as seen for the first time, are very ordinary, pleasant-looking matrons.

70 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, wiping the beads of sweat off his forehead.

PETER (209)
Yes, sir.

He hurries with the butter and milk, over toward the counter.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

71 FULL SHOT - Peter on his bike, pedaling through the darkened streets.

EXT. GRAMP'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

72 FULL SHOT - the staircase leading to the house. Peter enters scene and rushes up the stairs.

INT. GRAMP'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

73 FULL SHOT - Peter comes in the door. The blare of a radio is heard, and the hammering of iron on iron.
(cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

73 (CONTINUED)

He sees at a glance that Gramp is not there and his nervous, apprehensive manner is accentuated. On the table, propped against the vase is a note. He approaches it tremblingly and picks it up.

INSERT NOTE READS:

Peter, I'll be a bit late.

GRAMP

BACK TO SCENE. Peter walks about the room, his fear and loneliness oppressing him. From a radio comes the clear, penetrating tones of a self-impressed newscaster's voice.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE

Most qualified scientists agree that the outcome of atomic war provides little or no hope for the survival of the human race.

Peter stands rooted to the floor in panic as the words reach him.

(210)

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE (cont'd)

They say, such a war would threaten the complete destruction of the civilization that mankind has built.

Peter rushes to the back porch.

74

LONG SHOT - OVER shoulder - Peter. FROM the porch can be seen a car in the alley; its radio blares and a neighbor is changing a tire.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE (211)

Of course, what happens after this gloomy prediction takes place is anybody's guess, scientist or not. But the scientists believe that the world might be taken over by some other species better equipped for survival -- maybe the beetle. However, before leaving you with this dismal and unhappy picture, of a world blown up and everybody killed, I feel that it is, etc., etc. --

He sees at a glance that Gramp is not there and his nervous, apprehensive manner is accentuated. On the table, propped against the vase is a note. He approaches it tremblingly and picks it up,

INSERT NOTE READS:

Peter, I'll be a bit late.

GRAMP

BACK TO SCENE. Peter walks about the room, his fear and loneliness oppressing him. From a radio comes the clear, penetrating tones of a self-impressed newscaster's voice.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE

Most qualified scientists agree that the outcome of atomic war provides little or no hope for the survival of the human race.

Peter stands rooted to the floor in panic as the words reach him.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE (cont'd) (210)

Another war would threaten the complete destruction of the civilization that mankind has built.

Peter rushes to the back porch.

74 LONG SHOT - OVER shoulder - Peter. From the porch can be seen a car in the alley; its radio blares and a neighbor is changing a tire.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE (211)

Of course, what happens after this gloomy prediction takes place is, of course, anybody's guess, scientists or not. But the scientists believe that the world might be taken over by some other species better equipped for survival -- maybe the beetle. However, before leaving you with the dismal and unhappy picture, I feel that it is, etc., etc. --

- 75 CLOSE SHOT - Peter rushes indoors -- slams the door and then the windows, only partially closing out the SOUND of the radio. He stands in the middle of the room shaking. The hum of an approaching plane is heard. Peter reacts to it in terror. The roar grows.

PETER (212)

(whistling in
the dark -
terrified)

Must have a heavy load of mail
tonight.

The SOUND becomes a roar. Peter starts to run aimlessly about the room and as the plane SOUND builds to a terrifying din, shaking the house, Peter cowers in a chair. Suddenly, he rushes out of the house.

EXT. GRAMP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

- 76 FULL SHOT - the small figure of Peter scurries down the steps and runs up the street. (A gusty autumn wind is blowing.)

DISSOLVE

EXT. GRAMP'S PORCH - NIGHT

- 77 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, breathless, exhaustedly plodding up the stairs. He pauses at the door, leaning against the railing. Soft, sweet SOUND of Gramp's playing on the piano.

INT. GRAMP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

- 78 Gramp playing the piano. Peter opens the door quietly, listens for a moment, motionless.
- 79 FULL SHOT - Gramp, FROM Peter's ANGLE, seated at the piano, lost in the song. Peter tiptoes in and quietly sits behind Gramp, listening to the song.
- 80 CLOSE SHOT - Gramp, lost in his memories as he sings "Eileen Oge," a melancholy, nostalgic song. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

There is silence as the last sweet strains of the song die away. The wind has counterpointed the song. Gramp turns slowly and sees Peter.

GRAMP (213)

(awkwardly)

It's a song Kevin O'Connor wrote for Eileen. Oge means "my darlin'," but Eileen loved me. It was a terrible thing.

(softly,

controlling his
voice with
difficulty)

Peter, I was so worried...

PETER (214)

(trying to tell
it all at once)

You weren't home -- and it was dark, and ---

GRAMP (215)

(soothingly)

It's all right now. You're home.

PETER (216)

... I ran out.

GRAMP

(soothingly)

Sure you did.

His manner changes suddenly to one of great gaiety.

GRAMP (cont'd) (217)

And why do you think I was late? Because I was out shoppin' for somethin' special. And can you guess what there's for supper?

PETER (218)

Irish stew.

GRAMP (219)

(gaily)

Aye! Now come along, man. You're not goin' to keep Irish stew waitin', are you?

He hurries Peter into the living room, as he goes off into the kitchen.

INT. GRAMP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

81 FULL SHOT - Peter at the table, which has been set. Gramp comes in carrying a pot of Irish stew, waiter-like and with a grand gesture, he holds the pot under Peter's nose, whips off the lid, lets its rich fragrance waft up toward Peter.

PETER (220)

(in attempted
enjoyment)

Mmm!

Gramp ladles out a huge serving to Peter.

GRAMP (221)

Fall to, lad --

Peter starts eating as Gramp serves himself and seats himself opposite Peter. For a few seconds, they eat in silence, ostensibly deeply absorbed in the rich food. Then Peter stops eating, and suddenly the wind howls and smashes loudly against the house. There is a large crash o.s. like a sign falling or a garbage can being knocked over.

PETER (222)

(rises frightened)

What was that!

GRAMP (223)

Nothin'. Just the wind. Just
the wind announcin' that autumn
is coming any day now.

Peter seats himself, toys with his food for a moment.

PETER (224)

Gramp -- the world isn't going to
be blown up and everybody killed --
is it, Gramp!?

Gramp looks at him a long time before answering.

GRAMP

Many's the time I thought it might,
lad.... especially on a night like
this when everything was feelin' and
lookin' gray and sorry.

He gestures to the green plant. Peter turns, looks at it. Through the scene his fascination for the green plant grows.

(CONTINUED)

GRAMP (cont'd)

It's why I have a bit of green about always. It was my Eileen's teaching, it was. She could never stand to be without a plant or branch of evergreen. It kept her mindful, she'd say, on a lonely night that spring would come. And I remember she would turn to me and say "The wind don't know what I know -- stampin' around like a mad old bull and scarin' people to an early grave -- the wind don't know that spring is comin' again. But I know. I know." The bit of green helped her. It was the color of spring. It meant hope and the promise of new life.

The wind howls mournfully. Peter is staring with fascination at the plant.

GRAMP (cont'd)

Hush up wind! Hush up. You don't fool me either.

(smiles at
Peter)

Believe me, no matter what people say at the time -- the world will keep on goin' for a long, long while.

Peter crosses to the small plant, lifts it from its resting place and puts it on the table between himself and Gramp.

GRAMP (cont'd) (225)

And do you know what, me bucko, I forgot with all my blatherin' to tell you the most principal and best thing of all -- there'll be a gran' surprise for you in the mornin'!

Peter works hard and finally manages to muster a smile, but immediately he returns with fascination to the green plant. As the narration begins, the CAMERA MOVES IN ON the plant.

PETER'S VOICE (226)

It's the way Gramp was -- trying so hard always to take your mind off things with surprises... (cont'd)

hh

(CONTINUED)

GRAMP (cont'd)

It's why I have a bit of green about always. It was my Eileen's teaching, it was. It kept her mindful, she'd say, on a lonely night that her summer would come. And I remember she would turn to me lookin' all mystical and sweet and say "The wind don't know what I know - stampin' around like a mad old bull and scarin' people to an early grave -- the wind don't know that summer is comin' again. But I know. I know." The bit of green helped her. It was her way to hope and the new life the summer would bring.

The wind howls mournfully. Peter is staring with fascination at the plant.

GRAMP (cont'd)

Hush up wind! Hush up. You don't fool me either.

(smiles at Peter)

Believe me, no matter what people say at the time - the world will keep on goin' for a long, long while.

Peter crosses to the small plant, lifts it from its resting place and puts it on the table between himself and Gramp.

GRAMP (cont'd) (225)

And do you know what, me bucko, I forgot with all my blatherin' to tell you the most principal and best thing of all -- there'll be a gran' surprise for you in the mornin'!

Peter works hard and finally manages to muster a smile, but immediately he returns with fascination to the green plant. As the narration begins, the CAMERA MOVES IN ON the plant.

PETER'S VOICE (226)

It's the way Gramp was -- trying so hard always to take your mind off things with surprises... (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

PETER'S VOICE (cont'd)
But I just had a feeling something
terrible was going to happen.
(grimly)
And it did, all right. The next
morning...

DISSOLVE

INT. GRAMP'S BATHROOM - DAY

82 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, taking a shower. His head is
heavily lathered.

PETER'S VOICE (227)
...I was taking a shower -- and
that's when it happened...
(sighs)
...oh, well, what's the use...

THE FRAME FREEZES.

DR. EVAN'S VOICE (228)
What's the matter?

WIPE

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

83 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Peter and Dr. Evans. Dr. Evans is
leaning forward in an attitude of intense curiosity.

PETER (229)
You wouldn't believe it, anyway.

EVANS (230)
(trying to keep
exasperation out
of his voice)
Well -- what was it that happened?

PETER (231)
It's no use, you won't believe me.

EVANS (232)
(overly calm
and restrained)
I said I would.

(CONTINUED)

PETER (233)

Sure you did. Grownups say all kinds of things. I remember once when I was living at Uncle Jack's...

DR. EVANS

(still
terribly
calm)

You just tell me what happened --
just try me.

Peter hesitates and looks as though he's about to speak when a cop enters. Peter promptly stops and looks up at the cop. Evans glares at the cop in annoyance, but the cop comes right to Evans and leans over his shoulder.

DR. EVANS (cont'd)

(with an
impatient
gesture to
the cop)

Not now...

Cop whispers something in Evans' ear. Evans is interested.

DR. EVANS (cont'd) (234)

(points)
In there?

COP (235)

Right.

Evans nods. The cop leaves. Evans turns to Peter.

DR. EVANS (236)

You can go on now.

PETER (237)

Well -- I don't know --

DR. EVANS (238)

Now look -- you've eaten my hamburger and drunk my milkshake... if you think you're not going to tell me what happened, you're crazy.

There is a pause. Peter surveys Evans with a decidedly superior manner.

(CONTINUED)

PETER (239)

(drily)
You supposed to be an expert on
kids?

Evans looks crestfallen for a moment, then gulps.

DR. EVANS (240)

(apologetically)
You're right.
(with an
exaggerated
gesture)
Don't tell me a thing. I'm not
even slightly interested -- in
fact I probably wouldn't listen.

Peter nods. This is the proper psychology.

PETER (241)

Well, okay.
(frowns)
What was I talking about?

DR. EVANS (242)

(very, very
indifferent
and casual)
You were taking your shower.

PETER (243)

Oh, yes, I was taking my shower...

WIPE FROZEN FRAME BACK ON.

INT. GRAMP'S BATHROOM - DAY

84 CLOSE SHOT - Peter in the shower, as before. His head
is covered with lather, and he works vigorously with
the soap.

PETER'S VOICE

...and doing a good job, too.
I didn't want Gramp to come in
and say...
(imitates
Gramp's voice)
'Now don't be sparín' of the soap,
lad, the shortage is over.'

Peter washes his neck vigorously.

(CONTINUED)

PETER'S VOICE (cont'd)

(still an
imitation
of the
old man)
'Under the chin, man, under the
chin.'

Peter works on his ears.

PETER'S VOICE (cont'd) (244)

(again an
imitation
of the old man)
'The ears, man' --
(the soap gets
into Peter's eyes)
'And behind the ears.' I wasn't
expecting anything, when --

The soap stings. He ducks his head directly under the
stream of water.

85 CLOSE SHOT - the mirror which hangs directly opposite
the shower. The mirror is covered with steam. CAMERA
HOLDS ON mirror as we see the vague outline of the
upper half of Peter peering from between the parted
shower curtains. There is a big reflected blob of
green on the mirror. In the steamy mirror, we see Peter
step out of the tub. (It is an improvised shower which
has been built into the tub.) Behind him the shower is
still running. Peter stands in front of the mirror and
stares. His hand comes up, holding a rough towel and he
quickly wipes away a round area on the mirror free of
the steam. The hand withdraws and we see Peter's
reflection in the mirror clearly for the first time. He
has a beautiful head of green hair. Peter blinks in
open-mouthed amazement, leans forward closer to the
mirror to make sure his eyes are not playing tricks on
him.

86 MED. CLOSE. Peter pulls away from the mirror and looks
around suspiciously. On the wash basin he sees the bar
of soap he has used to lather his head. It is green
soap. Peter is greatly relieved; understanding crosses
his face. He pulls the curtains of the shower apart,
searches for white soap, rinses his head and re-lathers
it, sticks his head under the shower, dries furiously
with a towel and with a stealthy manner creeps up to the
mirror.

87 CLOSE SHOT - reflection in the mirror. The towel is still wrapped around his head. He then quickly whips the towel away. His hair is still a rich green. Now he rubs his hair with the towel, looks at the towel carefully. The towel is white. Peter looks at the image in the mirror. It is still green.

DR. EVANS' VOICE (245)

(cautiously)

Did you say green hair?

PETER'S VOICE (246)

(with a
cheerful
grinness)

That's what I said -- and I told
you you wouldn't believe it --

DR. EVANS' VOICE (247)

(hastily --
cutting
him off)

No -- No -- No -- It's just that
sometimes I can't hear right. ~
Please go on.

PETER'S VOICE (248)

(grimly)

Okay -- and then --

88 MED. SHOT - Peter opens the door of the bathroom.

PETER (249)

(calling
warningly)

How Gramp!

INT. HALLWAY AND KITCHEN - DAY

89 FULL SHOT - SHOOTING FROM Peter's ANGLE. We see the shadow of Gramp moving around on the kitchen floor.

GRAMP'S VOICE (250)

Aye, lad?

PETER (251)

I've got green hair.

(CONTINUED)

A moment's silence.

GRAMP'S VOICE (252)
(pleasantly)
You've what, lad?

PETER (253)
Green hair.

GRAMP'S VOICE (254)
That's nice.

90 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, as he reacts to Gramp's comments.

GRAMP'S VOICE (255)
Now hurry and get dressed.

91 MED. CLOSE SHOT - SIDE ANGLE. Peter moves in front of the mirror and stares at his reflection. He has left the door open.

PETER (256)
(impressed)
Boy -- some surprise! Gramp --
how many other people in the
world have green hair?

GRAMP'S VOICE (257)
Not another single one.

92 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, awed, staring into the camera. He whistles three times, each time with growing excitement.

93 MED. SHOT - Peter. He reaches up, gets a brush and comb and combs his hair about five different ways, parting it in the middle so that he looks like a green-haired bartender, combing it straight back, straight up, straight down over his forehead.

DISSOLVE

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

94 FULL SHOT - Gramp and Peter. Gramp is busy preparing breakfast and has his back to Peter as the latter enters. Peter stands in the doorway, waiting for Gramp to turn, but Gramp is very busy.

(CONTINUED)

GRAMP (258)

(with a good-
natured
fussiness)

Come, come, lad, we've already
done an uncommon lot of dallying.

PETER (259)

It's not every day your hair turns
green.

He watches the old man suspiciously. Gramp, however,
is in the process of making toast and still doesn't
turn around.

GRAMP

(accepting it
as a reasonable
excuse)

No, it's not at that.

There is a SOUND outside..

GRAMP (cont'd) (260)

That'll be the milkman.

Gramp's back is still toward Peter as the boy goes
toward the door, CAMERA MOVING WITH him.

PETER (261)

I'll get it.

EXT. PORCH OF GRAMP'S HOUSE - DAY

95 TWO SHOT - Peter and Mr. Davis, the milkman, Mr. Davis
stoops down for the empty bottles.

PETER (262)

(cheerily as he
waits for him
to see his hair)

Good morning.

Mr. Davis looks up, hands Peter a bottle of milk, and
quickly looks down at his order pad.

MR. DAVIS (263)

'Mornin', Peter...Let's see...

PEGGY'S VOICE (264)

Hi, Peter.

(CONTINUED)

Peter looks down from porch.

PETER (265)

Hi...

96 MED. LONG SHOT - CAMERA SHOOTING DOWN on Peggy. She is the little girl from next door. She stands near the bottom of the stairs, looking up at Peter and waving. Mr. Davis' voice is heard mumbling over his order pad.

PEGGY (266)

What happened to your hair?

97 TWO SHOT - Peter and Mr. Davis. Latter is still preoccupied with his order pad.

PETER (267)

No, no cream today...

(to Peggy)

It turned green during the night.

MR. DAVIS (268)

Just one quart of milk, then?

PETER (269)

That's right...

98 MED. SHOT - Peggy - CAMERA STILL SHOOTING DOWN on her. She is gazing up at Peter's hair with the same frank interest with which she would regard a new bicycle.

PETER'S VOICE (270)

Just one...

(in another
tone)

Pretty good, huh?

Peggy judiciously nods her approval.

PEGGY (271)

Oh, yes...

EXT. PORCH OF GRAMP'S HOUSE - DAY

99 TWO SHOT - Peter and Mr. Davis. The latter picks up his bottle carrier, looks straight at Peter, and makes a "So long" gesture. He starts down the steps, o.s.

(CONTINUED)

PEGGY'S VOICE (272)

I think it's super!

Peter looks somewhat satisfied and re-enters the house,
as Mr. Davis is heard descending the steps.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

100 FULL SHOT - Peter and Gramp. Peter enters scene,
carrying the bottle of milk. The old man is gingerly
touching the hot toast in the oven, his back to Peter,
when there is the sudden SOUND of crashing, clattering
metal and glass. The old man whirls around with a
piece of toast in each hand.

GRAMP (273)

What was that?

PETER (274)

(reflectively)

I think the milkman just fell
down the stairs.

101 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Gramp, FROM Peter's ANGLE. As he
faces Peter, the green hair registers for the first
time. At the same moment that his eyes begin to widen
at the phenomenon of Peter's hair, the heat of the
pieces of toast he holds in each hand penetrates. He
juggles them wildly.

GRAMP (275)

Peter lad! What've ye gone and
done to yer hair?

102 TWO SHOT - Peter and the old man. The boy watches his
grandfather's "antics" with half a smile and half
suspicion. Peter speaks as one who is willing to go
along with a gag, but is not too sure of himself.

PETER (276)

It turned green.

The old man stares at it incredulously.

GRAMP (277)

(his mouth is
still open)

All by itself?

(CONTINUED)

PETER (278)
(still willing to
play, although he
knows better)
All by itself...

GRAMP (279)
(shuts his mouth)
You went and dyed it!

PETER (280)
(just slightly
worried --
Gramp's reaction
is strange)
Uh-uh...

Gramp stares at him for a moment, then is suddenly
galvanized into action. He grabs Peter by the arm,
whips him out of the room.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

103 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Peter and Gramp. Gramp is rubbing
Peter's hair with the towel. He stares at the towel.
Gramp looks at Peter's head, then his own head in the
mirror. Then, regarding Peter quizzically, he takes
him by the hand and leads him out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

104 MED. SHOT - Gramp and Peter. The old man has the boy
near the window in a shaft of sunlight which hits Peter's
head.

As Gramp looks at the green hair, now radiant, a look of
troubled awe comes over his face. The hair has a beauty
strange, inexplicable, disturbing.

GRAMP (281)
(softly)
How're you feelin', lad?

PETER (282)
(growing more
worried at
Gramp's
reactions)
Fine --

(CONTINUED)

GRAMP (283)

You've no other symptoms? Pain
in the stummick, or burnin'
sensation, or fever?

PETER (284)

(beginning to
get frightened)
I feel fine.

The old man feels the boy's head to make sure. Peter's
head is cool as a cucumber. Gramp is completely
baffled.

105 TWO SHOT - Peter and Gramp.

PETER (285)

(very quietly)
Maybe you'd better change it
back, Gramp --

Gramp blin's at him.

GRAMP (286)

(puzzled)
Change it back?

PETER

To the way it was --

Gramp still doesn't understand.

PETER (cont'd) (287)

(points to
his hair)
This is the surprise you promised,
isn't it, Gramp?

106 MED. SHOT - Gramp and Peter.

GRAMP (288)

(very quietly)
Na, lad. Here's the surprise
I planned --

He reaches in his pocket and pulls out a magician's
handkerchief, the kind that changes colors as you pull
it. Peter takes the handkerchief and pulls on it. It
changes from yellow to green all right, but it couldn't
have been a greater anti-climax if it tried.

(CONTINUED)

PETER (289)

Gee -- Thanks, Gramp -- Just what
I always wanted.

He pulls the handkerchief absently. It changes color.
The full implications of the discovery that Gramp didn't
cause his green hair hit Peter suddenly. He looks
around weakly for a chair and sits. There is an
oppressive silence, while the two are lost deep in
thought.

107 TWO SHOT - Gramp and Peter. Finally Peter looks up at
Gramp.

PETER (290)

Gramp, please make it go away.

Gramp is disturbed by Peter's tone.

GRAMP (291)

(soothingly)

Now, maybe it will go away by
itself.

PETER (292)

I don't want green hair. I want
my own color hair back.

GRAMP

(anxiously)

Let's not be hasty, lad. It's a
grand color, and --

Gramp, as he sees Peter's eyes on him, changes his whole
attack.

GRAMP (cont'd) (293)

Now why are you always ready to
think the worst? Maybe this
hair is somethin' good --

PETER (294)

(hopefully)

Somethin' good?

GRAMP (295)

(groping)

Like a mark of somethin'...

(hits on an idea)

Like a medal.

(CONTINUED)

PETER (296)

What would I get a medal for?
I haven't done anything.

If the old man is thrown off balance by this, it's only for a moment.

GRAMP (297)

Ah, that's perfectly true, you haven't done a thing -- not a thing...

(with sudden conviction)

...but you're still young yet, and perhaps this is a medal for somethin' you're going to do.

108 CLOSE SHOT - Peter. He is interested and has emerged quite a bit from his mood of defeat.

PETER (298)

But what is it I'm going to do?

GRAMP'S VOICE (299)

That remains to be seen, and it'll be very interesting to find out. But it'll be somethin' grand, Peter -- mark my word.

Peter is torn between two moods, one of excited acceptance, and the other, a deep-dyed suspicion.

109 TWO SHOT - Peter and Gramp.

PETER (300)

You really think so, Gramp?

GRAMP

Certainly, -- certainly --
(heartily)
Now eat your breakfast.

Peter walks slowly over to the table.

GRAMP (cont'd) (301)

(most casually)

I've been thinkin', Peter. Let's pay a little visit to Dr. Knudsen this morning.

110 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, looking at the glass of milk he holds before him, studying the green cast imparted to it by the reflection of his hair.

PETER (302)

(immediately
suspicious)

What for?

111 MED. SHOT - Gramp and Peter. The old man is still playing it for casualness.

GRAMP

Why, to make sure that it's a
grand thing to have green hair.
And then we'll have nothin' to
worry about.

Before Peter can properly evaluate this, Gramp improvises a song while waiting upon Peter with elaborate singing-waiter courtesy.

GRAMP (cont'd) (303)

(singing)

The people came from here and
there, to see the boy with the
bright green hair.

Peter is not responding the way Gramp hopes. Gramp sets an ordinary kitchen kettle on the table, takes off the lid, lights a match, holds it to the kettle, the contents of which suddenly burst into a fine blue flame. Peter is amazed and fascinated. Gramp whips the lid back on the kettle, then whips it off, and inside is a fine white rabbit.

112 CLOSEUP of Peter, openmouthed.

113 FULL SHOT of Gramp and Peter, as Gramp puts the rabbit down and it thumps across the floor. Peter smiles.

DISSOLVE

EXT. GRAMP'S HOUSE - DAY

114 FULL SHOT - the stairs SHOOTING FROM above. Gramp and Peter enter scene and descend the stairs.

115 FULL SHOT - Gramp and Peter turn toward the street. Peggy and a group of other little girls scoot into view. Peter is wearing a cap.

PEGGY (304)

Hey, Peter, show 'em your hair.

PETER (305)

Aw -- whatta they want to see my hair for?

PEGGY (306)

'Cause they just want to.

Peter thinks about this for a moment, then decides to comply. He removes his hat, watches the girls intently. The wind blows his hair gently. The girls stop skipping about and "Oo" and "ah" in delighted amazement. As Peter studies them, he finds no reason to believe that the girls think his hair is anything but wonderful.

116 TWO SHOT - Gramp and Peter. Just as Peter is beginning to feel some reassurance, Gramp nervously replaces Peter's cap. Peter quickly looks up at Gramp's face, and suspects that Gramp doesn't really consider the green hair to be an unmitigated bit of good fortune. Gramp realizing that he has let Peter down, tries a hasty smile, as he urges Peter along. It doesn't quite come off.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DR. KNUDSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

117 MED. SHOT - Gramp and Peter. Dr. Knudsen's shingle is visible blowing gently in the wind. Peter is bare-headed. Gramp glances quickly behind him and, with a trace of self-consciousness, replaces Peter's cap. Peter turns and looks in the same direction.

EXT. NORTHMOUNT STREET - DAY - WINDY

118 MED. LONG SHOT - SHOOTING the length of the street, FROM Peter's ANGLE. The barber and a half-shaved customer with the barber's cloth around his neck, stand in front of the shop staring toward the camera. Beyond them is the milliner in front of her shop. Beyond her is Mr. Piper, the grocer, in front of his store. All are gaping in the direction of Peter.

EXT. DR. KNUDSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

- 119 TWO SHOT - Peter and Gramp. Gramp hastily tugs on Peter's sleeve, pulling him inside.

DISSOLVE

INT. DR. KNUDSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

- 120 FULL SHOT - Peter, Gramp and Dr. Knudsen. There is always something terrifying about a doctor's office to a small boy. Perhaps it is the white-coated doctor standing over him with a magnifying glass, peering at his cranium. As Peter looks up he catches a glimpse of Dr. Knudsen's face.

- 121 CLOSE SHOT - Dr. Knudsen's face, magnified and distorted through a corner of the glass.

Peter looks about the room -- he sees the instrument cabinet full of glistening glass and sharp, bright steel knives and scissors and forceps and long hypodermics -- all-in cold, menacing array.

Peter glances across the room to a shelf of jars bearing the label "Poison" and the skull and crossbones symbol.

His eyes wander to four steel tentacles gripping the floor. They are the base of a stand. Peter's eyes move up the thin column emerging from the base. Slowly there appears before him a weird, nightmarish collection of tubes, wires and glass. Suddenly the steel hood which crowns the contraption strikes at his eyes. Of course it's only an ultra-violet ray lamp, but to Peter it looks like something a mad scientist might have conjured up to plague small boys with green hair.

There is a distant, impenetrable quality about Dr. Knudsen's movements, as he peers over the microscope, as he drops something in a test tube. And then there is the waiting, with Gramp's face reflecting uncertainty, anxiety.

- 122 MED. SHOT - Dr. Knudsen finally turns from his test tube to Gramp. He has come to some conclusion. He approaches the old man and the boy, stares at them, remains silent.

123 TWO SHOT - Gramp and Dr. Knudsen from Peter's ANGLE.
The old man is unable to contain himself.

GRAMP (307)

Well? --

DR. KNUDSEN (308)

It's green.

GRAMP (309)

Green?

DR. KNUDSEN (310)

(puzzled)

Green -- yellow and blue make
green.

Gramp slumps into a chair.

GRAMP (311)

And what about the lad?

DR. KNUDSEN (312)

He has green hair.

124 MED. SHOT - Dr. Knudsen and Gramp, as they sit facing
each other. Peter enters scene.

GRAMP (313)

There's nothing wrong with him?

DR. KNUDSEN (314)

Nothing that I can find. And
I've given him every test I
could think of.

125 CLOSE SHOT - Peter. His face shows great concern.

PETER (315)

(in a small voice)

Have you got any medicine I can
take? Something that'll make my
hair come back like it was?

126 MED. SHOT - Dr. Knudsen, Gramp and Peter.

DR. KNUDSEN (316)

None that I know of.

(CONTINUED)

There is a heavy silence.

GRAMP (317)

Have you ever had a case anything like this before, Doctor?

DR. KNUDSEN (318)

(cheerfully)

No. And I don't know of anyone else who has, either. He's making medical history.

(to Peter)

Peter, you're making medical history.

PETER (319)

Yes, sir -- but I'd rather have my hair back the way it was.

GRAMP (320)

Now did you hear what the doctor said, lad? It's not everyone who gets a chance to make medical history.

(to the doctor)

It'll do him no injury?

127 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, reacting.

DR. KNUDSEN'S VOICE (321)

I don't think so. I don't know.

128 THREE SHOT - Peter, Gramp and Dr. Knudsen. Gramp is somewhat relieved that Peter is not the victim of some horrible disease, but is still concerned with the social problem. Dr. Knudsen is interested, but with a detached objectivity.

PETER (322)

(angry)

I want my hair back the way it was --

GRAMP (323)

We could dye it back.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

You mean paint it?

(angrily)

Nobody's going to paint my hair.

He looks at the two men defiantly.

PETER (cont'd) (324)

I want it back the way it was.

DR. KNUDSEN (325)

You could always cut it off.

129 CLOSE SHOT - Peter. He clenches his hands into fists.

PETER (326)

I won't cut it off. I want it
the way it was. I want to be
like everyone else.

130 MED. SHOT - Dr. Knudsen, Peter and Gramp.

DR. KNUDSEN (327)

(drily)

I'm sorry.

PETER (328)

I won't go to school with green
hair.

GRAMP (329)

But laddie --

(catches himself,
gets an idea,
and half turns
to Dr. Knudsen)

Perhaps you could stay home
for awhile. Perhaps the green
would go away?

DR. KNUDSEN (330)

Perhaps.

GRAMP (331)

(brightly)

That's what we'll do. And
who can tell, by morning you
might have your old color back.

131 VERY CLOSE SHOT - Peter.

PETER (332)

(with quiet
defiance)

Well, I'm not gonna cut my hair
and I'm not gonna paint it...

(his voice
trails off)

I want my hair the way it was.

132 MED. SHOT - Peter, Gramp and Dr. Knudsen. Peter and Gramp look to the doctor. He makes a gesture of helplessness.

GRAMP (333)

Ah, well then, let's go home and
see what happens by tomorrow
morning.

Peter starts to put his shirt on. Dr. Knudsen tousles Peter's hair.

DR. KNUDSEN (334)

Don't worry about this, Peter,
there's nothing the matter with
you.

PETER (335)

(looking up at
him seriously)

No, sir, nothing.

(starts to leave,
then turns angrily)

Except I've got green hair.

DISSOLVE

INT. PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

133 CLOSE SHOT - Peter standing in front of his tiny mirror, staring at the reflection of his green hair. He is in pajamas. Peter reaches over, pulls the light cord, turning the light off. He stands for a moment in the darkness, then pulls the light cord again, turning the light on. This time his face is averted from the mirror. He turns quickly to catch his reflection in the mirror. His hair is still green. Peter shakes his head disappointedly, gets his baseball bat, goes over to the bed and pulls the long string, which hangs near his bed, plunging the room into darkness.

DISSOLVE

INT. GRAMP'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

- 134 MED. SHOT - Peter, at the doorway from the hall. He waits a moment. Gramp carrying some breakfast dishes, comes in, turns and sees Peter.

PETER (336)

(in a small
voice)

It's still green.

Gramp nods in sympathy, as Peter seats himself at the breakfast table.

DISSOLVE

INT. GRAMP'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

- 135 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, at the window looking out.
- 136 MED. LONG SHOT - from Peter's ANGLE, some children passing on their way to school.

INT. GRAMP'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

- 137 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, looking wistful and forlorn. Gramp moves into scene. He watches Peter for a moment with a worried look. There is a heavy silence.

GRAMP (337)

(quietly)

You can't keep yourself cooped
up forever, lad.

Peter nods.

PETER (338)

I know.

Gramp immediately brightens. He leans toward Peter eagerly.

GRAMP (339)

It'll be nothin' at all. I'll
walk with you to school myself.
After the first few minutes, why
nobody'll pay the least bit of
attention to you. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

GRAMP (cont'd)

(thinks hard)

You know what it's like, lad --
it's like once when I had a patch
on the seat of my trousers and I
was afraid to walk down the street.
And do you know what the truth was?
People hardly noticed it at all.
You see, it's not the patch that
counts, it's what's under it.

Peter sighs.

PETER (340)

Okay, Gramp.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET BEFORE GRAMP'S HOUSE - DAY

138 MED. SHOT - Peter, wearing a cap, and Gramp, standing
hesitantly, facing the street ahead. Gramp squares
his shoulders, nudges Peter. Peter takes a deep breath
and the two push ahead.

EXT. STREET - DAY

139 FULL SHOT - Peter and Gramp walk silently past a row
of houses. In the b.g. the occupants of the houses
have come out to their front yards and porches, and
pretending to be engaged in picking up the morning
newspaper, etc., stare at Peter. Peter and Gramp in
turn pretend not to see them and hurry on.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MAIN STREET OF NORTHMOUNT - DAY - (WIND)

140 FULL SHOT - Peter and Gramp turn the corner.

141 MED. LONG SHOT - from Peter and Gramp's ANGLE - a group
of townspeople gather in front of the barber shop,
talking excitedly.

142 MED. SHOT - Peter and Gramp. They both hesitate.
Peter half turns, as if to retreat. Gramp takes his
hand firmly. The two go on.

EXT. STREET BEFORE BARBER SHOP - DAY

143 FULL SHOT - Gramp and Peter approach the group of men. For a moment the two are not seen. Among the townspeople are the barber, Mr. Hammond, Mr. Davis, the milkman and a few others. Peter's face is drawn, frightened. There is an awkward silence as the men suddenly notice Peter and Gramp standing there.

BARBER (341)

(lamely)

We were just talking about the new tax bill.

GRAMP

(sarcastically)

Were you now, indeed!

There is another silence.

GRAMP (cont'd) (342)

(with biting
sarcasm)

In reference to the new tax bill -- the lad did not dye his hair green, it's nothin' he ate, drank or caught. And if you have any questions, ask 'em straight up.

BARBER (343)

(abandoning
all pretense)

Didn't dye it?

GRAMP (344)

That's what I said.

(with
challenging
sarcasm)

You've heard of people's hair turning white overnight. Well, the lad's turned green.

BARBER (345)

Not contagious?

MR. HAMMOND (346)

Do you think it could be the milk?

(CONTINUED)

MR. DAVIS (347)

(quickly, as
though he'd
been struck)
The milk! People've been
drinkin' my milk for years.
(he splutters
in fury)
More likely it's the water!

MR. HAMMOND (348)

(angrily)
The water! Let me tell you
something. I've been in charge
of the water supply --

GRAMP (349)

(cutting them
both off
impatiently)
It's not the water, and it's not
the milk! The lad's in fine
health! And it's not contagious
or anything else!

There is a silence.

BARBER (350)

Well, well, well.

GRAMP (351)

Well, well, what?

BARBER (352)

(backing
down)
Well nothing, I guess.

GRAMP (353)

(addressing them all;
challengingly)
You're thinkin' it's a strange
thing that happened... You're
not sure you like it... Perhaps
somethin' should be done about
it...

HAMMOND (354)

Well, it is a little peculiar --

BARBER (355)

Mighty strange --

(CONTINUED)

GRAMP (356)

(militantly)

Oh, is it, now? Well, let me tell you -- my grandson's hair turned green as natural as the sun comes up in the mornin' -- and if it ever goes, it'll go the same way...

(to Peter)

Right?

PETER (357)

(with grave doubts)

I guess so.

GRAMP (358)

Come, lad.

With a cursory nod, he and Peter walk off.

144 MED. CLOSE - Peter and Gramp. As they walk along, Gramp is carried away by his own indignation.

GRAMP (359)

It's enough to make the blood boil. Don't like it indeed! And the doctor sayin' it was medical history. Why, now I'm sure there's a grand reason for your green hair, and I'm sure it's a reason'll make us all proud! Am I right?

PETER (360)

(grimly)

Sure -- only, Gramp --

GRAMP (361)

Aye?

PETER (362)

If it wants to go away all by itself -- we won't stop it, will we?

DISSOLVE

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

145 LONG SHOT - the playground, full of children.

MED. SHOT - SLIGHT WIND - Peter and Gramp.
Gramp puts his arm around Peter, pats his shoulder affectionately. Peter nods, squares his shoulders and enters the playground. SOUND of kids playing, shouting, etc. As the SOUND gets louder, Peter stops and suddenly turns around toward Gramp. Gramp in the b.g. waves to him encouragingly. Peter goes on. As Peter walks toward the children, the SOUND gradually subsides.

147 FULL SHOT - Peter and the children. Those that are closest to him approach him slowly, gradually crowding around him in silence. Then the children on the outer fringe of the playground, aware that something unusual has happened, join the others.

AD LIB SHOUTS (363)

Peter Frye's got green hair!
Does it hurt?
Does it feel funny?
Gee, green hair!
Etc.

Peter finally sees Danny and a couple of the other boys he has known.

148 MED. SHOT - Danny and a few other boys - Joey ominously in the rear. There is a look of derision on Joey's face. Timmy, Red and a couple more of Joey's cohorts join the group. Suddenly Peter does not feel up to facing them.

The sight of little Peggy provides Peter with a chance to get out of an unpleasant situation. He moves toward her and greets her with more warmth and cordiality than any little boy ever showed to any little girl before.

PETER (364)

Hi, Peggy --

Peggy shrinks back.

PEGGY (365)

(quickly)
Mother is awful worried --
Mother said it might be catching
and I shouldn't get too close.

Timmy has come up close to Peggy and Peter.

(CONTINUED)

TIMMY (366)

(to Peggy,
with a scowl)
Aw, tell your mother she doesn't
have to worry. He can't go to
school anyway.

PETER (367)

(belligerently)
Why can't I?

TIMMY (368)

'Cause you can't.

149 TWO SHOT - Timmy and Peter. Peter's defiance is
betrayed by an occasional trembling of the lip.

PETER (369)

Oh, yeah?

TIMMY (370)

Yeah!

150 OVER SHOULDER SHOT - Peter facing Timmy and the other
children. In the b.g. are classroom windows. Miss
Brand comes into the scene at one of them. She raises
it and stands there, watching and listening.

TIMMY (371)

They won't let you in school
with green hair. You'll have
to cut it off.

PETER (372)

(fiercely)
I won't!

151 MED, SHOT - Peter and Timmy stand glaring at each other.
Joey stands a little behind Timmy, giving a sense of
support to him. The school bell rings. The group
breaks up as the children start toward school. Joey
and Timmy finally walk off and Peter follows slowly.

EXT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE - DAY

152 FULL SHOT - the excited children pouring into school
building. Peter lags behind.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

- 153 FULL SHOT - the children moving into Miss Brand's room. Peter hesitates at the door. Miss Brand comes up. He looks at her expectantly. Miss Brand nods in encouragement and communicates to Peter a feeling that she understands and that she will make things right. Peter's face lights up with real hope.

DISSOLVE

INT. MISS BRAND'S CLASSROOM - DAY

- 154 FULL SHOT - Miss Brand and the children. Miss Brand stands behind her desk. The children have already seated themselves. Peter's green hair is painfully noticeable. There is an unnatural silence, tense and expectant, in the room as Miss Brand faces the children.

MISS BRAND

How many children have black hair?

For a moment the children are taken completely aback, then two hands are raised and held in the air. She writes something down on a piece of paper.

MISS BRAND (cont'd)

How many children have brown hair?

Several children raise their hands and Miss Brand counts them.

MISS BRAND (cont'd)

Blond?

A few more raise their hands. Miss Brand counts them and writes again.

MISS BRAND (cont'd)

Green?

Peter falteringly raises hand. Miss Brand writes it down exactly as she did before.

MISS BRAND (cont'd) (373)

Red hair?

Red raises his hand. Miss Brand notes it and picks up the piece of paper.

155 FULL SHOT - Miss Brand and class - SIDE ANGLE.

MISS BRAND

(reading)

Two children have black hair.
Twelve children have brown, ten
have blond, one has green hair,
and one has red hair.

She puts the piece of paper back on the desk and looks challengingly in the direction of Timmy and Joey.

MISS BRAND (cont'd) (374)

Are there any questions?

156 CLOSE SHOT - Peter. He sits watching Miss Brand, unmoving, waiting.

157 CLOSE SHOT - Miss Brand. It can be seen that Miss Brand has her fingers on both hands crossed. There are no questions. Miss Brand uncrosses her fingers.

MISS BRAND (375)

We'll go on to our history
lesson.

158 MED. SHOT - part of the class, favoring Peter. Books are brought out, and Peter looks at Miss Brand as though expecting something more. A look of troubled uncertainty crosses his face.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

159 FULL SHOT. Timmy looks over at Peter darkly. A few of the boys drift over to Timmy until all except Peter have gathered in a huddle. Peter stands a few feet away. He hears snatches of shrilled sentences. The faces of the speakers become large, slightly distorted. They speak with the exaggerated seriousness of little boys engaged in a significant discussion.

RED'S VOICE (376)

You can't tell -- it might be
catching --

TIMMY'S VOICE (377)

Maybe it'll rub off on you --

(CONTINUED)

DANNY'S VOICE (378)
Aw, what's wrong with green hair?

TIMMY'S VOICE (379)
How'd you like to have your
sister marry somebody with green
hair?

ANOTHER VOICE (380)
Maybe we'll turn green all over --

STILL ANOTHER VOICE (381)
You can get warts from touchin'
a frog, can't you?

TIMMY'S VOICE (382)
(loudly)
I won't play with people who've
got green hair.

160 CLOSE SHOT - Peter. He pretends to be calm, but it is
obvious he is deeply disturbed.

PETER (383)
(shouting)
Who said I wanted to play anyway?
Besides -- I've got to go home.

161 MED. SHOT - Peter. He turns and walks slowly away.
The CAMERA MOVES WITH him, FOLLOWING him in a MED.
LONG SHOT as he leaves the school grounds.

DISSOLVE

INT. GRAMP'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

162 MED. SHOT - Peter, sadly looking about the room. He
sees some books and rushes to them, pulls a couple of
books down, and riffles through the pages; then he
pulls down a third and the letter slips out of the
pages and slides to the floor. Peter picks it up,
tears open the envelope and reads:

PETER (384)
(fiercely
contemptuous)
"To my son, Peter. To be read
on his sixteenth birthday!"

(CONTINUED)

He throws the letter down angrily. It falls on the couch, and he stands above it, in a rage. In a climax of resentment, Peter picks up the letter and furiously tears it. He stands there for a moment holding the pieces in his hand.

DR. EVAN'S VOICE (385)

(gently)
Why did you tear the letter,
Peter?

PETER (386)

(defensively)
They didn't care about me. They
just cared about saving other
children. They didn't care what
happened to me.

He throws the torn pieces of the letter to the floor angrily and rushes out of the house.

DISSOLVE

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - DAY - WIND

163 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, looking toward town.

164 MED. SHOT - the fringe of houses that represent the outskirts of town.

165 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, grim and determined, turns his back to the town and runs on.

EXT. TOP OF HILL - DAY

166 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, panting, bursts into scene and looks down from the top of the hill.

167 LONG SHOT - the town - FROM Peter's ANGLE. It has a sleepy, peaceful, sheltered quality. MUSIC is a soft reprise of Gramp's song. All is bright and airy, and the vague movement of people and cars that can be seen is pleasant and desirable.

168 CLOSE SHOT - Peter. His eyes are tearful. Reluctantly he turns to look in another direction.

- 169 LONG SHOT - the road leading down the other side of the hill - FROM Peter's ANGLE. It is dark and menacing, with a lonely, threatening quality. The MUSIC is harsh and frightening.
- 170 CLOSE SHOT - Peter. He takes a faltering step in that direction. The MUSIC growls at him. He clenches his fists, and his face hardens in determination. Angrily he brushes the stinging tears out of his eyes and goes on.
- 171 OVER SHOULDER SHOT - Peter on the road. He takes another step forward. Huge, dark shadowed areas seem to leap at him. The vista suggests lurking monsters waiting to pounce upon unwary travelers and runaway boys. He forces himself to take another step forward. The MUSIC becomes more and more ominous. Peter backs away, then whirls around, facing the camera.
- 172 LONG SHOT - the town - FROM Peter's ANGLE. It is sweet and inviting, the MUSIC warm and beckoning.
- 173 CLOSE SHOT - Peter - REVERSE ANGLE. He slowly turns from the town and looks in the other direction. What he sees is obviously not pleasant, but he forces himself to take a step in that direction.
- 174 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the dark road ahead - FROM Peter's ANGLE. Peter enters the scene in the f.g., pushing himself forward into the shadows, fearfully, falteringly.
- EXT. PATH ON OTHER SIDE OF HILL. - DAY
- 175 FULL SHOT - Peter, forcing himself on. Over on the other side of the hill is home, but he can't go back. He plunges deeper and deeper into the path, getting more and more frightened with each step. He finds himself in the thick of a wooded area, without knowing how he got there. He whirls around, tries to break through in all directions, but he can't. Then, in a panic, he fights through some brush and finally bursts into a glade.

EXT. GLADE - DUSK

176 MED. SHOT - as Peter stumbles and falls into the leaf-shadowed glade. It's as though he's stumbled into a world of shadow and half-light. The accumulation of all that has happened to him suddenly becomes too much, and Peter breaks into uncontrollable sobs. He buries his head in the ground. The sobs reach a climax, and begin to taper off. Lying on the ground, Peter suddenly notices a bright green blade of grass near his nose. Despite his sobs he is fascinated by it, as children in the midst of their worst troubles can be distracted by some odd trifle. The sobbing diminishes rapidly, as Peter becomes absorbed in watching the blade of grass sway under the weight of one teardrop. He is just sniffing now.

INSERT THE BLADE OF GRASS. A slight breeze makes the grass yield gracefully, and the teardrop rolls slowly down its length.

BACK TO SCENE. Suddenly there is the o.s. SOUND of a baby crying. Peter cocks his head attentively, puzzled. From the SOUND of it he realizes the baby must have been crying for some time. It was only that with his own sobs filling his ears, Peter had not heard. He turns his head. His eyes widen in awe.

177 FULL SHOT - the glade - FROM Peter's ANGLE. The SWEEP OF CAMERA reveals the vista that meets Peter's eyes. For a moment, Peter might well believe he is seeing the posters that were displayed in the school gym.

All the children, the war orphans, are standing at one end of the glade, momentarily motionless, looking like inanimate posters.

- (1) Closest to Peter is the gaunt, hungry, brown-eyed boy whom he resembles.
- (2) Beside the boy is the Jewish girl, Eva, of the Palestine poster, her face still telling of great sorrow, her arms sheltering her little brother.
- (3) Near them are two little old men, five years of age. One's head is shaved, and both are wearing the cut-down, but still oversized G.I. clothes, and the look of incredible wisdom hunger gives them.

(CONTINUED)

- (4) Then there is the little girl who always cries, now weeping inaudibly to herself.
- (5) Beside her is the little boy holding up his frail sister, who leans heavily against him.
- (6) Then a tiny girl, solemn, silent, sucking on an empty nipple.
- (7) And last is the little Chinese baby sitting on a bombed-out track, crying in terror.

The Jewish girl lets go of her brother and goes to the Chinese baby. She picks him up tenderly, and holds him close. The baby stops crying. The children now seem motionless again.

178 CLOSE SHOT - Peter. He blinks. Peter rises and pulls off his cap. His tear-stained face reflects awe and amazement. He wipes his eyes and his nose with his cap.

179 FULL SHOT - Peter and the war orphans. At the sight of Peter's green hair there is a faint thrill of movement among the children. Michael, the boy who looks like Peter, turns to the others.

MICHAEL (387)

Look! It's the boy with the green hair.

The others accept this as a necessary statement.

180 MED. SHOT - the war orphans and Peter. They all move toward him, except the little four-year-old girl who always cries. Peter looks at her inquisitively. Michael glances at the little girl, then at Peter.

MICHAEL (388)

She always cries.

181 CLOSE SHOT - Peter.

MICHAEL'S VOICE (389)

We were waiting for you.

Peter looks at them in bewilderment.

(CONTINUED)

PETER (390)
You mean -- I was supposed to
come?

182 MED. SHOT - Michael, Peter, Eva and some others.

MICHAEL (391)
We were hoping you would.

PETER (392)
(suspiciously)
What for?

EVA (393)
Your green hair is very beautiful.

PETER (394)
(almost
scornfully)
Beautiful!

EVA (395)
Yes, green is the color of
spring. It means hope --

Peter thinks about this and it strikes a responsive
chord.

PETER (396)
(suddenly
remembering)
-- and the promise of new life
to come.

MICHAEL (397)
About your hair.
(solemnly)
Do people take notice of you?

PETER (398)
(outraged)
Do people take notice of me!

Michael turns to the others and nods solemnly.

MICHAEL
(with
satisfaction)
We thought they would.

(CONTINUED)

PETER (390)

You mean -- I was supposed to
come?

182 MED. SHOT - Michael, Peter, Eva and some others.

MICHAEL (391)

We were hoping you would.

PETER (392)

(suspiciously)

What for?

EVA (393)

Your green hair is very beautiful.

PETER (394)

(almost
scornfully)

Beautiful!

EVA (395)

Yes, green means summer will
come again. Green means hope
and new life.

Peter thinks about this and it strikes a responsive
cord.

PETER (396)

(suddenly
remembering)

Oh sure, it's like Gramp's bit
of green.

MICHAEL (397)

About your hair.

(solemnly)

Do people take notice of you?

PETER (398)

(outraged)

Do people take notice of me!

Michael turns to the others and nods solemnly.

MICHAEL

(with
satisfaction)

We thought they would.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (cont'd) (399)

(suddenly
puzzled)

But why were you crying?

Peter flushes with embarrassment, and his embarrassment makes him angry.

PETER (400)

Because --

Michael doesn't understand.

MICHAEL (401)

Why?

PETER (402)

(defiantly)

Just because.

(his bravado

suddenly

melts away)

Wouldn't you cry if you woke up
one morning and for no reason
at all you had green hair?

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL (403)

(quietly)

No...I would not cry.

PETER (404)

(incredulously)

You wouldn't?

MICHAEL (405)

No...because there is a reason
for your green hair.

Peter stares at the others, then turns back to Michael.

PETER (406)

(awed)

A reason?

MICHAEL (407)

Yes.

PETER (408)

A real reason?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (409)

(to the
others)
He didn't know.

PETER (410)

(hopeful now)
Can you tell me?

MICHAEL (411)

It's a -- a mark of something
good...like a medal.

PETER (412)

A medal?

MICHAEL (413)

(nods)
There's no one else in all the
world with green hair.

PETER (414)

(grimly)
I know -- I'm making medical
history.

MICHAEL (415)

Everywhere you go people will
say -- they'll say 'There's
the boy with green hair.'

183 CLOSE SHOT - Peter. He is listening to Michael
attentively, but not too hopefully. So far Michael
has not told him anything he does not know.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

And then people will ask 'Why
does he have green hair?'

As Michael pauses, Peter shrugs, indicating that
that's a question he would like answered.

MICHAEL'S VOICE (cont'd) (416)

So you will tell them: "Because
I am a war orphan and my green
hair is to remind you that war
is very bad for children..."

A spark within Peter has been ignited.

MED. SHOT - Michael, Peter and the war orphans.
Peter's face reflects a growing excitement, as
Michael's words fan the spark to a flame.

MICHAEL (417)

...and there mustn't ever be
another one.

PETER (418)

(impressed)

Gee!

MICHAEL (419)

(softly)

If enough people believe you,
there never will be another
war....and there never will be
any more war orphans.

There is a silence. Peter is completely overwhelmed.
He looks at the other faces, in high excitement. The
others nod their agreement.

PETER

(with real
conviction)

The world doesn't have to be
blown up, and...

(hastily puts his
cap on and points
over the hill)

They don't know that! They
think everybody has to get
killed....I gotta hurry --

Peter runs off. Before he has gone many paces, he
stops as impulsively as he began. He starts back
toward the children.

PETER (cont'd) (420)

But that means I'll have to
keep my green hair.

Michael nods. Peter is stunned by the realization.
He sits down. There is a silence, finally broken when
the girl holding the Chinese baby comes close to Peter.

GIRL (421)

(softly)

It is hard to have green hair?

(CONTINUED)

PETER (422)
(striving for
defiance, but
achieving
petulance)
I don't want to be different!
I want to be like everyone else!

Michael thinks for a moment, then he motions for the others. They gather in a little circle a few feet away from Peter. There is a whispered consultation among them. Then, led by Michael, they return to Peter.

MICHAEL (423)
If it is too hard to have green
hair, you don't have to.

PETER (424)
You mean I can get my old color
back?

MICHAEL (425)
If you want to.

The frail little girl leaning against her brother
straightens up angrily.

LITTLE GIRL (426)
But then, of course, nobody will
notice you, nobody will ask why
you have green hair.

Michael motions her back impatiently.

MICHAEL (427)
(scowling
at her)
Peter knows all that.

185 CLOSE SHOT - the little girl, from Peter's ANGLE. She
hops away from her brother and we see for the first
time that she has only one leg.

186 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, a struggle going on inside of him.
He stands up.

(CONTINUED)

PETER (428)
(pleadingly)
I want to be like everyone else.

187 MED. SHOT - Michael and the war orphans, FROM Peter's ANGLE. There is a silence, then Michael nods to the others and they start to walk away.

PETER'S VOICE
Wait!

They all stop.

PETER'S VOICE (cont'd) (429)
(weakly)
Can't I do it some other way?
They start to move again, silently.

188 FULL SHOT - Peter, anguished, watching the war orphans move away from him.

PETER (430)
(in a burst
of strength)
I'll do it!...I'll keep my
green hair!

They stop again at Peter's words and turn towards him. There is a solemn hush. The four-year-old who always cries, has stopped crying.

189 CLOSE SHOT - Peter. He is gripped with a sense of the importance of what he has learned.

PETER (431)
I'll tell 'em... I'll tell
everybody!...

He turns and starts to run off as fast as he can, the CAMERA MOVING WITH him. He looks back and waves as he runs. What he sees causes him to hesitate for a moment.

190 MED. LONG SHOT - the war orphans FROM Peter's ANGLE. They are as he first saw them, almost motionless, poster-like.

191 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, REVERSE ANGLE. He looks at them, then turns and continues running.

DISSOLVE

(THE FOLLOWING SCES. 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, ARE ALL PART OF A MONTAGE BASED ON A MUSICAL THEME.)

INT. GRAMP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

192 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Gramp and Peter. Gramp is nodding in agreement with Peter's excited outpourings a little too enthusiastically. There is a look of great concern lurking in the old man's eyes. The musical theme comes up strong.

DISSOLVE

INT. DR. KNUDSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

193 TWO SHOT - Peter, sweating and excited, speaking to Dr. Knudsen, who studies him coolly. Dr. Knudsen nods soothingly, reaches into his drawer and hands Peter some pills. The musical theme fades.

The musical theme comes up again as Peter takes the pills and rushes out of the doctor's office, Dr. Knudsen staring after him, shaking his head slightly.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

194 TWO SHOT - Peter and Miss Brand in the empty classroom. Peter is speaking to her with great fervor. Miss Brand takes his hand and looks at him with compassion. The musical theme fades.

Musical theme comes up again as Peter hurries away with Miss Brand looking after him lovingly.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

195 MED. SHOT - Mr. Piper, two customers, and Peter. The four adults are in a half-circle, Peter in front of them, talking rapidly. Mr. Piper and the three women back away under the onslaught, then all nod in exaggerated agreement. Peter looking very pleased, rushes out of the store.

Changes
THE BOY WITH GREEN HAIR

3/9/48
89

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

196 TWO SHOT - Peter and the barber. Peter talks to him earnestly.

MUSIC comes up again. The barber nods in agreement, as Peter talks animatedly, but backs away. Peter is in too much of a hurry to notice.

EXT. STREET - DAY

197 TWO SHOT - Peter and Mr. Hammond. Mr. Hammond's gesture assures Peter that he, too, believes, although he immediately hurries away.

198 TWO SHOT - Peter and the newsboy. The newsboy nods thoughtfully. He really believes.

DISSOLVE

EXT. PORCH OF GRAMP'S HOUSE - EVENING

199 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, as he opens the door.

PETER'S VOICE

I was just beginning to feel like
I was doing a good job...

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

200 FULL SHOT - Peter comes in gaily. Dr. Knudsen is seated, Mr. Davis is standing and in movement, as if he has been pacing. Gramp gets up as he sees Peter.

PETER

Hello, Gramp..
(nods to other men)
How do you do, Doctor? Hello,
Mr. Davis..

DAVIS

Hello, Peter.
(to Dr. Knudsen)
Think I'll be going...

KNUDSEN

Just a minute..

PETER

Are you sick, Gramp?

(CONTINUED)

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

196 TWO SHOT - Peter and the barber. Peter talks to him earnestly.

MUSIC comes up again. The barber nods in agreement, as Peter talks animatedly, but backs away. Peter is in too much of a hurry to notice.

EXT. STREET - DAY

197 TWO SHOT - Peter and Mr. Hammond. Mr. Hammond's gesture assures Peter that he, too, believes, although he immediately hurries away.

198 TWO SHOT - Peter and the newsboy. The newsboy nods thoughtfully. He really believes.

DISSOLVE

EXT. PORCH OF GRAMP'S HOUSE - EVENING

199 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, as he opens the door.

PETER'S VOICE (432)

I was just beginning to feel like
I was doing a good job...

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

200 FULL SHOT - Peter enters and sees that Gramp has visitors. Dr. Knudsen and Mr. Davis, the milkman, are present. Peter has a sense of something wrong. He looks at them, then at Gramp.

PETER (433)

What's the matter, Gramp?

GRAMP (434)

(uneasily)

Matter, lad?

Peter probes the old man's face. The milkman shifts uncomfortably.

(CONTINUED)

GRAMP

Never felt better in my born days.

PETER

(cheerfully)

Did you come to talk about what
I've been telling everybody?

DR. KNUDSEN

In a manner of speaking....

This alarms Peter.

PETER

Anything wrong?

DAVIS

There's no sense in my staying --

DR. KNUDSEN

It seems to be the color of your
hair that's wrong.

DAVIS

(apologetically)

People've been saying that it's
the milk and I've been losing
customers right and left --

Peter stares at Mr. Davis incredulously, then looks at
Dr. Knudsen.

DR. KNUDSEN

(drily)

Of course it's not the milk --
but that doesn't matter. What's
important is that Mr. Davis has
been losing trade.

There is an awful silence. Peter gets up and stares from
one face to another, as a sad realization comes to him.

PETER

(to Gramp)

You want me to cut my hair off --

GRAMP

(uncertainly)

Not if you don't want to, lad...
But the doctor here said if you
cut it off, it'll come back to
its original color....

(CONTINUED)

MR. DAVIS

I think I'll be running along...
(makes a move
as if to go)

Dr. Knudsen looks at him with a trace of a sneer on his face.

MR. DAVIS (cont'd) (435)

(apologetically)

There's no sense in my staying --

He quails under the doctor's mocking look.

PETER (436)

What's wrong?

Gramp makes a fluttering, helpless gesture.

DR. KNUDSEN (437)

It seems to be the color of
your hair that's wrong.

MR. DAVIS (438)

(apologetically)

People've been saying that it's
the milk and I've been losing
customers right and left --

Peter stares at Mr. Davis incredulously, then looks at Dr. Knudsen.

DR. KNUDSEN (439)

(drily)

Of course it's not the milk --
but that doesn't matter. What's
important is that Mr. Davis has
been losing trade.

There is an awful silence. Peter gets up and stares from one face to another, as a sad realization comes to him.

PETER (440)

(to Gramp)

You want me to cut my hair off --

GRAMP (441)

(uncertainly)

Not if you don't want to, lad...
But the doctor here said if you
cut it off, it'll come back to
its original color....

(CONTINUED)

DR. KNUDSEN (442)
Might come back. I didn't --

PETER (443)
(vehemently)
I don't want to cut it off! I want
it the way it is!....It's important...
it has a meaning....

GRAMP (444)
(definitely on
Peter's side now)
All right, gentlemen -- that's the
way it'll be...

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

201 MED. SHOT - Peter, wheeling his bike, is lost in
thought. It is a lonely part of town near a park and
the street is full of shadows.

PETER'S VOICE (445)
That's when I knew that grown-ups
don't always believe everything
they say they believe...

Suddenly Peter hears a SOUND. He stops, tenses as he
listens. He has a sudden sense of foreboding. He
whirls around and looks behind him, and sees only
shadows. There is no SOUND: he goes on a few steps.
He hears the SOUND again. Peter is now thoroughly
frightened, but there is still nothing to be seen
except shadows. He increases his pace and suddenly
stops. From out of the shadows, all about him, come
moving figures, closing in on him from all sides. A
stray beam of light picks up a glint from Joey's
glasses. The figures gradually emerge as Joey, Timmy
and a half dozen of Joey's cohorts.

TIMMY (446)
(in hushed tones
that make them
even more
frightening)
Who's got the scissors?

JOEY (447)
I have.

(CONTINUED)

There is a glint of bright steel. Peter looks about desperately as the boys move in. Behind him is the brush, dark and frightening. The boys move in closer. Peter lets go of his bike and plunges wildly into the brush, the boys after him.

202 MED. CLOSE SHOT - of the silent chase, Peter pushing himself desperately, the boys behind him with Joey directly in pursuit. Peter bursts onto a path.

203 CLOSE SHOT of Peter fighting the brush, panting as he hurries on.

204 MED. CLOSE SHOT of Peter, in a more thickly wooded section, moving slowly. SOUNDS of the boys stalking him from all sides. Branches reach out to whip and tear at him. Peter, exhausted, trips and falls, creeps on.

205 CLOSE SHOT of Peter in a glade. He is surrounded on all sides by leafy monsters made by the pattern of the evening light on the trees. The crashing SOUND comes closer and closer, then passes, going on ahead. Peter waits a long time, his breath coming in sobs. A sudden SOUND of crashing near him, he tries to stifle the SOUND of his breathing.

JOEY'S VOICE

(calling
plaintively)

Help!

Peter tenses, the SOUND is nearby.

JOEY'S VOICE (cont'd)

I lost my glasses -- I can't see.

Peter moves slowly away. He steps on a twig, there is a crackling SOUND.

JOEY'S VOICE (cont'd)

(obviously
terrified)

Who's there? I can't see
without my glasses. Help me!

(CONTINUED)

Peter gropes cautiously forward, his hand encounters something hanging on a branch. His hand closes on it and he peers at it carefully. It is Joey's glasses.

JOEY'S VOICE (cont'd) (448)

Help!

Dead silence:

206 MED. LONG SHOT - Joey FROM Peter's ANGLE. His figure is vaguely visible in the dark. The CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY and GROPINGLY TOWARD him.

JOEY (449)

Who is it?

(pleading)

Help me find my glasses! I
can't see!

There is a quality of real terror in Joey's voice. He suddenly becomes visible in the glade. The CAMERA STOPS.

207 FULL SHOT - Peter. He remains motionless, looking at Joey. From the distance, vague, muffled shouts are heard, and beside Peter the SOUND of Joey stumbling about.

208 CLOSE SHOT - Joey FROM Peter's ANGLE. He holds his arms helplessly in front of him, protecting himself from what he can't see.

JOEY (450)

(in complete
panic)

Help! Don't leave me alone.
Where are you?

209 MED. SHOT - Peter and Joey, several paces apart. It is obvious that Peter sees Joey, although Joey can't see him. Peter doesn't move.

PETER (451)

(quietly)
I'm here.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY (452)

Peter! I lost my glasses!

PETER (453)

I've got 'em.

JOEY (454)

Give 'em to me! Please give
'em to me. Petie -- I won't
hurt you -- I won't do nuthin'!
-- Honest...

Peter approaches Joey slowly. He places the glasses in Joey's outstretched hand. Joey takes the glasses and as he whisks them on, grabs Peter's wrist with his other hand. Peter tries to wriggle out of his grasp, but can't. Joey swings out and hits Peter across the face. Peter gasps, hurt.

PETER (455)

You promised.

JOEY (456)

(furiously)
You thought just because I wore
glasses I was a sissy. You
thought I'd let you go.

He strikes Peter again. Peter kicks out at him fiercely.

210 FULL SHOT - the black foliage that surrounds the glade in which Peter and Joey are struggling.

JOEY (457)

(bellowing)
Hey, I've got 'im! I've got
'im!

SOUND of crashing in the distance, then Timmy's voice.

TIMMY'S VOICE (458)

Hold him!

Crashing SOUNDS from all sides as Peter fights desperately to break loose, Joey holding him in an implacable grip. As the SOUNDS grow close, Peter, with a desperate effort, lashes out and breaks loose; then plunges into the brush.

211 MED. SHOT - Peter throwing himself headlong through the brush. Behind him, Joey and the others.

212 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, running along the path.

213 FULL SHOT - Peter bursts onto the street, looking around wildly for his bike as the others dash into view from behind. Peter gets on his bike as they rush toward him. For a moment he almost loses his balance, then pedals away from them.

214 SHOT of Peter pedaling through the dark streets, terrified.

EXT. GRAMP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

215 FULL SHOT - Peter, arriving in front of the house, jumping off his bike, letting it fall and rushing wildly up the stairs, three at a time.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

216 CLOSE SHOT - Peter stumbling into the hallway and bolting the door behind him and leaning against it to hold it shut, panting deeply. He turns toward the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

217 FULL SHOT - FROM Peter's ANGLE. Gramp is standing halfway across the room, as though he had just been in the act of rushing to the door to see what the frantic footsteps meant. Peter enters, still gasping.

GRAMP (459)

(frightened)

Peter lad! What is it --

PETER (460)

(gulping for
breath)

They were after me -- They tried --
they tried to cut my -- hair off!

(fiercely)

But I ran away!

(CONTINUED)

GRAMP (461)

Who was it?

PETER (462)

(gasping)

Timmy and Joey -- and --
they chased me with a scissors --
and -- But I didn't let them!

GRAMP

(calmly)

You'd better sit down and catch
your breath.

Gramp leads Peter to a chair. Peter sits down and
Gramp wipes his face with a napkin. Peter's breathing
gradually subsides to normal. As Gramp watches the boy,
his own face shows a struggle going on within him.

GRAMP (cont'd)

(softly)

Seems Doctor Knudsen was right.

Peter looks up at Gramp questioningly.

GRAMP (cont'd) (463)

(uneasily)

He was sayin' before -- in that
strange manner of speakin' he's got
-- he was sayin', "Peter will learn
that it's dangerous for a man to
have green hair. It can't be done."

PETER (464)

(wounded)

Gramp -- do you want me to cut my
hair off?

GRAMP

(anguished)

Na, lad, I don't know what's right.
But people have been sayin' all
manner of things, like it's the
milk an' the water, and the parents
have been complainin' to the school
board.....

Gramp hesitates. He can't endure Peter's pained eyes
on him.

(CONTINUED)

GRAMP (cont'd)

Peter, Peter! You know it's the last thing in the world I'd want to do, to hurt you...

Gramp is completely torn.

GRAMP (cont'd) (465)

(painfully)

But people are talkin' and...

(wheedling)

Peter, the doctor said if you cut your hair off, it'll come back -- might come back -- to its original color...

Peter slumps. The light has gone out of his eyes.

PETER (466)

You didn't believe me, either.

GRAMP

You've had such strange fancies clutterin' up your heart... I want you to be happy and carefree like other boys your age.

(with forced
gaiety)

The barber's promised to keep his shop open. We'll get it done and --

(trying hard)

It'll make a world of difference, Peter. Why, you'll feel like a new man.

Peter stares down at the floor.

GRAMP (cont'd) (467)

(hastily)

It's really a small thing. Why when I was a lad, I'd have my head shaved smooth as ivory every summer...

There is silence.

PETER (468)

Nobody believed me. Nobody listened.

GRAMP (469)

Don't take it that way, lad... it's only --

(CONTINUED)

PETER (470)
(defeatedly)
All right... I'll go...

GRAMP (471)
(brightening)
It'll be for the best --

PETER (472)
(stonily)
All right... I'll go...

There is an awkward, painful silence.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET BEFORE BARBER SHOP - NIGHT

218 FULL SHOT. Gramp and Peter approach. They hesitate. There is a group of townspeople standing in front of the barber shop, silent, expectant. Danny and a few other boys are among them.

219 FULL SHOT - SHOOTING INSIDE the barber shop. The barber and another group of townspeople are waiting inside.

220 MED. SHOT - Peter and Gramp. Gramp is suddenly frightened, uncertain. He stops and mops his brow and looks around for support. The latter has the same indifferent, almost mocking, look on his face. Gramp squares his shoulders. He leads Peter toward the barber shop.

INT. BARBER SHOP - NIGHT

221 FULL SHOT - Peter, Gramp and the others. There is a complete silence. Peter's face is wooden as Gramp leads him to the chair. The barber helps him up, lifts him onto a board which has been placed across the arms of the barber chair. With slow, deliberate movements, as though having some sense of the great solemnity of the moment, the barber flourishes his cloth, wraps it about Peter's neck. He reaches down for his electric clippers.

222 CLOSE SHOT - Peter. He is looking at his reflection in the mirror.

- 223 CLOSE SHOT - the mirror, reflecting Peter, and behind him the barber. Below the mirror, the rows of faces of the men watching. To one side, Gramp. The barber starts the clippers -- BUZZ of clippers. The barber hesitates, looks uncertain.
- 224 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the barber looks at the other faces. They remain tense, expectant, waiting.
- 225 TWO SHOT - Peter and the barber. The barber raises the clippers. The BUZZING grows louder. With an almost defiant gesture, the barber applies the clippers' edge to the back of Peter's neck, cutting a wide swathe.
- 226 CLOSE SHOT - Peter. Suggestion of tears in his eyes, although his face remains stony.
- 227 FULL SHOT - Peter, the barber, Gramp and the others. There is a vague, uneasy movement as the green hair clippings fall about Peter's shoulders.
- 228 CLOSE SHOT - barber working on Peter's head. The clippers shear relentlessly. The green hair falls away to make wide paths of wide scalp.
- 229 MED. SHOT - barber shop entrance, from Peter's ANGLE. There is a slight movement outside. A moment later Miss Brand is framed in the doorway. A look of horror is on her face. Miss Brand approaches.
- 230 FULL SHOT - Miss Brand, the barber, Peter, and the others. Miss Brand looks at Peter. His head is completely shaven now. She looks at the others. There is silence.

MISS BRAND

(restraining
herself)

Why?

Her eyes rest on Gramp, then move to the others. There is no answer. When she looks back at Peter, her face is compassionate.

(CONTINUED)

MISS BRAND (cont'd) (473)

(softly)
They didn't know. They didn't
understand. The Truth has never
had an easy time -- never -- not
even two thousand years ago --

She fumbles for Peter's hand and squeezes it. Then,
not trusting herself to continue -- her eyes brimming
with tears -- she hurries out.

- 231 CLOSE SHOT - Peter and the Barber behind him. Peter's
face remains stony. The barber mechanically dusts
powder behind Peter's ears and around his neck. He
looks around, as if for some word.
- 232 FULL SHOT - the faces of the others, favoring Gramp.
They turn away from the barber's glance. The barber
unfastens the cloth around Peter's neck, carefully
removes it, and shakes it out.
- 233 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Peter gets up and stands in front of
the chair. Instinctively he passes his hand over the
top of his head to feel its smoothness. Then he looks
around at the barber, at Gramp.
- 234 MED. SHOT - others in barber shop, FROM Peter's ANGLE.
Suddenly they seem ashamed, guilty. They avoid Peter's
eyes.
- 235 FULL SHOT - when Peter again turns to the barber, all
the others focus their attention on the barber, too.
Their eyes are accusing. The barber shifts about
uneasily. He reaches down and picks up a lock of green
hair and offers it to Gramp.

BARBER (474)

Want it for a keepsake?

Gramp recoils.

GRAMP (475)

No.

(CONTINUED)

The barber turns to the others.

BARBER (476)
(hopefully)
Anybody want a souvenir?

Silence. The barber sheepishly lets the lock fall to the floor.

236 MED. SHOT. The barber looks at the others, whose silent but accusing faces are directed toward him. Suddenly, as though in answer to the unspoken charges:

BARBER (477)
It wasn't my idea...

He turns appealingly toward Peter.

237 TWO SHOT - Gramp and Peter. Gramp puts Peter's cap on, and Peter starts for the door.

EXT. STREET BEFORE BARBER SHOP - NIGHT

238 FULL SHOT - Peter, Gramp, and the others. He comes face to face with Danny, takes his cap off. In the b.g. Joey hovers uneasily. Danny looks at his bald head. There is an almost imperceptible nod of understanding from Danny. SOUND of cash register in the b.g. as barber rings up payment for the haircut. There is a slight movement, and Joey pushes his way to Peter's side.

239 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Peter and Joey. The latter looks at Peter for a long time, then reaches into his pocket and comes up with a beautiful jackknife. He extends his hand toward Peter. Peter doesn't make a move. Joey pockets his knife. He looks hurt.

JOEY (478)
Everybody makes fun of me
because I wear thick glasses.

He blinks at Peter for a moment, then hurries off. Peter starts slowly down the street.

(CONTINUED)

GRAMP

(with forced
gaiety, to
Peter)

Well, lad, it's done. Things
will be different now. We'll
do all manner of great things
together.

Peter doesn't listen, walks away. Gramp looks after
him, bewildered.

DISSOLVE

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

239A Peter is crouched on the floor, abstractedly toying
with the propellor of his model airplane. Door opens
in the background and Gramp's feet are seen entering.
He comes forward and stops by Peter. Peter does not
react.

GRAMP

(trying to
be firm)

Peter, I want you to drink this
warm milk -- and get some sleep.

Peter pays no attention. Gramp crouches beside him.

GRAMP (cont'd)

You've got to talk to me, Peter.

Peter ignores him.

GRAMP (cont'd)

It isn't that you're not eatin',
or that you're not talkin' to me....
It's just knowing that you're not----
(shakes his head)
Maybe it's too late, but.....

All this comes through agony on Gramp's part.

GRAMP (cont'd)

It's that I'm sorry -- I'm sorry
I had anything to do with cutting
off your hair, Peter. . . . I feel
ashamed, and I --

(lamely)

I wanted you to know that . . .

(he beckons to milk)

You can drink the milk or not --
just as you please.

(CONTINUED)

GRAMP (479)

(with forced
gaiety, to
Peter)

Well, lad, it's done. Things
will be different now. We'll
do all manner of great things
together.

Peter doesn't listen, walks away. Gramp looks after
him, bewildered.

DISSOLVE

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

240 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, fully dressed, listening. SOUND
of Gramp's snores in the silence. Peter picks up the
baseball bat, at the end of which has been tied the
colored handkerchief containing his belongings. Peter,
the bat and bundle over his shoulder, tiptoes out of
the room.

DISSOLVE

EXT. GRAMP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

241 MED. SHOT - Peter, as he hesitates at the bottom step.
CAMERA MOVES into a FULL SHOT - Peter walking down the
street.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HIGHWAY CROSSING - NIGHT

242 MED. SHOT - Peter, very tired, looking up at a signpost
which points in the direction opposite to the one he
is traveling. The sign reads: "NORTHMOUNT - 10 MILES."

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

243 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Evans and Peter.

(CONTINUED)

He gives Peter one more searching look; gets up and exits.

DISSOLVE

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

240 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, fully dressed, listening. SOUND of Gramp's snores in the silence. Peter picks up the baseball bat, at the end of which has been tied the colored handkerchief containing his belongings. Peter, the bat and bundle over his shoulder, tiptoes out of the room.

DISSOLVE

EXT. GRAMP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

241 MED. SHOT - Peter, as he hesitates at the bottom step.
CAMERA MOVES into a FULL SHOT - Peter walking down the street.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HIGHWAY CROSSING - NIGHT

242 MED. SHOT - Peter, very tired, looking up at a signpost which points in the direction opposite to the one he is traveling. The sign reads: "NORTHMOUNT - 10 MILES."

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

243 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Evans and Peter.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

(looks at
Dr. Evans
thoughtfully)
That was last night. Gee --
it feels like longer ago.

Dr. Evans makes no response, but sits there as though
waiting for more.

PETER (cont'd) (480)

(challengingly)
Well -- do you believe it?

DR. EVANS (481)

(after a moment)

No.

Peter gets up and starts to walk toward the door.

PETER (482)

(with grim
satisfaction)
That's what I thought...

DR. EVANS (483)

(a corner
of his eye
on Peter)

How do you expect me to believe
it?...You don't believe it
yourself.

Peter stops and looks at Evans angrily.

PETER (484)

'Course I believe it!...It
happened to me!

DR. EVANS

(scoffing
at this)

When someone really believes
something, he doesn't get
discouraged and run away just
because he hasn't convinced
everybody the first try.
(he sighs)

(CONTINUED)

Peter pauses, trying to find an answer to Evans' accusation.

DR. EVANS (cont'd)
Thanks for telling me the story...

Peter's hand is on the doorknob. He hesitates.

DR. EVANS (cont'd) (485)
Where are you going?

PETER (486)
Away.

DR. EVANS (487)
Away?...It gets dark and cold there...

Peter looks at him skeptically.

PETER (488)
You gonna let me go?

DR. EVANS (489)
(pleasantly)
No.

Dr. Evans opens the door.

INT. ANTEROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

244 FULL SHOT - FROM Peter's ANGLE - Gramp, Miss Brand, and Dr. Knudsen. They have been seated, waiting. You can tell they haven't done much talking. They all turn. Gramp rises.

245 CLOSE SHOT - Peter and Evans. Peter backs away, then looks up at Evans with a scowl.

246 MED. SHOT - Gramp, Miss Brand and Dr. Knudsen. Gramp brushes away a suggestion of a tear from the corner of his eye.

GRAMP
(his voice
shakes)
Dr. Knudsen drove us down. Now,
that was nice of him, wasn't it?...

(CONTINUED)

Peter doesn't answer. He looks at Dr. Knudsen. Miss Brand rises. The three of them are separated from Peter by a distance of a few feet. They wait for Peter to make a move toward them, but he doesn't. Gramp looks around awkwardly. Dr. Evans is poised at the door. Peter makes a slight move toward the door leading out of the anteroom, away from the four adults.

GRAMP (cont'd)

Peter, lad!

Peter stops. Shakily the old man takes some torn pieces of paper from his pocket. He sits down and carefully fits the pieces of paper together on his lap.

GRAMP (cont'd)

It's the letter from your father... He wanted you to have it on your sixteenth birthday, but I think you're old enough now...

There is a rustle of movement from Dr. Knudsen and Miss Brand, that connotes agreement and approval.

GRAMP (cont'd)

Do you want to hear it?

Peter doesn't answer. Gramp accepts his silence as acquiescence.

GRAMP (cont'd) (490)

(reads)

"Dear Peter, your mother isn't here, and I will not be for long. She had many things to say to you. I will try to say them for both of us. We left you, Peter, because we had to. We had a job to do. Try and understand it was because of our great love for you and all the world's children."

247 CLOSE SHOT - Gramp.

GRAMP (491)

"You are old enough now to know that death is a sad thing because it takes away the great gift of life, but it need not be sad if the gift has been well used. (cont'd)"

(CONTINUED)

247 (CONTINUED)

GRAMP (cont'd)

"Don't be sad for us, Peter.
Remember us as having died with
millions of other people for
something fine and worthwhile.
It will have been fine -- it
will have been worthwhile -- if
those who did not die will not
forget..."

248 TWO SHOT - Peter and Gramp. Peter is deeply stirred.

GRAMP

"...if they forget...remind
them. Remind them, Peter -- "

Gramp looks up, the letter still in his lap.

GRAMP (cont'd)

(softly)

The letter ends here, Peter.

Peter stands still for a moment, deeply moved by the
letter. There is a heavy silence.

PETER

Do you believe what the letter
said, Gramp?

GRAMP

(quietly, with
deep feeling)

I do, lad. I do.

There is another silence. Gramp is obviously
restraining his impulse to smother Peter in an embrace.
He doesn't want to "push" the boy. Suddenly, he
stands up as though he can restrain the impulse no
longer.

As he stands, the torn parts of the letter flutter to
the floor. Both Peter and the old man hesitate for a
second, then, simultaneously, both fall to their knees
and begin to pick the pieces up, carefully matching
them together on the floor to be sure that they have
them all.

Don't be sad for us, Peter.
Remember us as having died with
millions of other people for
something fine and worthwhile.
It will have been fine -- it
will have been worthwhile -- if
these who did not die will not
forget..."

248 TWO SHOT - Peter and Gramp. Peter is deeply stirred.

GRAMP

"... if they forget... remind
them. Remind them, Peter --"

Gramp looks up, the letter still in his hand.

GRAMP (cont'd) (492)

(softly)

The letter ends here, Peter.

Peter stands still for a moment, deeply moved by the
letter. There is a heavy silence.

PETER (493)

Do you believe what the letter
said, Gramp?

GRAMP (494)

(quietly, with
deep feeling)

I do, lad. I do.

Peter looks at the adult faces quizzically and then
with a gentle note of challenge:

PETER (495)

When my hair grows back, it's
going to grow back green.

Miss Brand and Dr. Knudsen nod.

DR. KNUDSEN (496)

(softly)

We wouldn't have you any other
way.

There is a silence. Gramp is obviously restraining his
impulse to smother Peter in an embrace. He doesn't
want to "push" the boy. Suddenly, he stands up as
though he can restrain the impulse no longer. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

249 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Dr. Knudsen, Miss Brand and Evans. The three watch the old man and the boy on the floor, but refrain from helping them. They understand that this is the affair of Peter and Gramp. Peter and Gramp have matched all the pieces of the letter together, and the boy gathers them up.

PETER

I'll save it, Gramp. I'll put it together and save it.

Dr. Evans hands him the color-changing handkerchief. Peter carefully places the pieces of the letter in it. He and Gramp straighten up, and Peter puts the handkerchief containing the torn letter in his pocket.

Peter takes a few steps toward the door, Gramp following him. Peter stops when he is beside Miss Brand. He turns and looks at Dr. Evans.

DR. EVANS

(extending
his hand)
Good-bye, Peter. It's been very nice knowing you.

Peter is silent as they shake hands solemnly. He releases Dr. Evans' hand, half turns a moment, then looks back at him.

PETER

(with a gentle
note of challenge)
When my hair grows back, it's going to grow back green.

Miss Brand squeezes Peter's arm.

MISS BRAND

(tenderly)
We wouldn't have you any other way.

Gramp and Miss Brand nod good night to Evans, and leave the room with Peter. Dr. Knudsen hangs back a moment. He eyes Dr. Evans whose gaze follows the departing child.

(CONTINUED)

As he stands, the torn parts of the letter flutter to the floor. Both Peter and the old man hesitate for a second, then, simultaneously, both fall to their knees and begin to pick the pieces up, carefully matching them together on the floor to be sure that they have them all.

249 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Dr. Knudsen, Miss Brand and Evans. The three watch the old man and the boy on the floor, but refrain from helping them. They understand that this is the affair of Peter and Gramp.

DR. KNUDSEN (497)

Thank you for your trouble,
Dr. Evans.

DR. EVANS (498)

(he nods)
No trouble at all.

MISS BRAND (499)

I'm Miss Brand. I'm....

DR. EVANS (500)

I know. He told me.

By this time Peter and Gramp have picked up the pieces.

PETER (501)

I'll save it, Gramp. I'll put
it together and save it.

Dr. Evans hands Peter the color-changing handkerchief. Peter carefully places the pieces of the letter in it. He and Gramp straighten up, and Peter puts the handkerchief containing the torn letter in his pocket.

DR. KNUDSEN (502)

It is very late now, Peter. We
all ought to be getting home.

PETER (503)

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

DR. KNUDSEN
Bright boy, isn't he?

DR. EVANS
Very.

DR. KNUDSEN
Interesting case.

DR. EVANS
(laconically)
Very.

DR. KNUDSEN
(clears his throat)
Any -- any questions?

DR. EVANS
(thinks about
it a moment)
No.
(smiles)
Doctor, I am really not concerned
whether the boy's hair was green
or not.
(pause)
I believe in what he is trying
to tell us.

DR. KNUDSEN
I guess I do too.

DR. EVANS
Then that's all that really
matters.

DR. KNUDSEN
Good night.

DR. EVANS
Good night, Doctor.

Dr. Knudsen exits. Dr. Evans looks after him a moment. He lifts a glass of water which is on the table, takes a sip of it, starts to put it down, then notices a green plant on the stand at one side of the office. He crosses over and pours water on the plant.

DISSOLVE

He turns and looks at Dr. Evans. He takes a step or two toward him.

DR. EVANS (504)

(extending
his hand)

Good-bye, Peter. It's been
very nice knowing you.

PETER

Good-bye, sir.

(he hesitates
a moment, then
with a wan smile)

I am very pleased to meet you
too, Doctor.

They shake hands solemnly. Peter then releases Dr.
Evans' hand, half turns a moment, and then looks back
at Dr. Evans.

PETER (cont'd) (505)

Thanks for the hamburger, Doctor.

GRAMP (506)

Good-night, Doctor.

He and Peter, followed by Miss Brand, nod good-night to
the Doctor and leave the room. Dr. Knudsen hangs back
a moment. He eyes Dr. Evans.

DR. KNUDSEN (507)

Bright boy, isn't he?

DR. EVANS (508)

Very.

DR. KNUDSEN (509)

Interesting case.

DR. EVANS (510)

(laconically)

Very.

DR. KNUDSEN (511)

(clears his throat)

Any --- any questions?

(CONTINUED)

EXT. GRAMP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

2/18/48
109

250 LONG SHOT. Peter and Gramp enter. As they reach the foot of the steps, Gramp pats Peter's bald head with the same gesture others once used to tousle his hair. Peter, with a reflex action, pats his "hair" back into place, and smiles at Gramp. Gramp begins to sing "Eileen Oge."

As Gramp and Peter continue up the steps, the CAMERA TILTS UP, taking in the beauty of the night. MUSIC swells as we

FADE OUT

THE END

DR. EVANS (512)

(thinks about
it a moment)

No.

(he smiles)

Doctor, I am really not concerned
whether the boy's hair was green
or not.

(pause)

I believe in what he is trying
to tell us.

DR. KNUDSEN (513)

I guess I do too.

DR. EVANS (514)

Then that's all that really
matters.

DR. KNUDSEN (515)

Good-night.

DR. EVANS (516)

Good-night, Doctor.

Dr. Knudsen exits. Dr. Evans looks after him a moment.
He lifts a glass of water which is on the table, takes
a sip of it, starts to put it down, then notices a
green plant on the stand at one side of the office. He
crosses over and pours water on the plant.

DISSOLVE

EXT. GRAMP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

250

LONG SHOT. Peter and Gramp enter. As they reach the
foot of the steps, Gramp pats Peter's bald head with
the same gesture others once used to tousle his hair.
Peter, with a reflex action, pats his "hair" back into
place, and smiles at Gramp.

As Gramp and Peter continue up the steps, the CAMERA
TILTS UP, taking in the beauty of the night. MUSIC
swells as we

FADE OUT

THE END