

"THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY"

PLEASE RETURN THIS SCRIPT TO PRODUCTION MANAGER
WHEN PICTURE IS COMPLETED.

March 15, 1946

171

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY

FADE IN

SCENES 1 through 7A OUT

1X A STORM AT SEA

A small sailing ship pitches and tosses on the crest of mountainous waves. The scene is one of indescribable violence.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Somewhere off the South China coast,
in the worst typhoon in forty years,
the little schooner India Queen
ploughed through an ocean gone mad...

2X DECK OF INDIA QUEEN - FULL SHOT

The gale is ripping and clawing at the rigging. Seamen stagger around trying to reef the sails and secure the deck cargo.

3X SHOT BELOW DECK

Showing pumping auxiliary engines.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Straining engines went "ta-pocketa-
pocketa-pocketa," driving the tortured
vessel forward. Up on deck Captain
Walter Mitty stood astride his bridge,
barking orders...

4X MED. SHOT ON BRIDGE - CAPTAIN WALTER MITTY (DANNY KAYE)

In sou'wester and oilskins, shouting through a megaphone.

MITTY

Reef the mizzen! Close haul the
spinnaker. Batten the hatches!
(he calls to helmsman
struggling with wheel)
Hard a-lee! Hard a-lee!

HELMSMAN

Aye, aye, sir.

(CONTINUED)

4X

(Cont.)

Before he can obey, a huge wave washes him right off the deck and knocks Mitty against the mast. He struggles to his feet and grabs the wildly spinning wheel, holding the ship to course with one hand, his other arm dangling. A GIRL fights her way to his side, her beautiful blonde hair tossing in the gale, her soaked dress clinging to the lissome lines of her figure.

MITTY

(gruffly to girl)

What are you doing up here? Get below.

GIRL

Can't I do something to help? You haven't had your clothes off in three days.

MITTY

Somebody's got to get the India Queen through. There's a half million dollars worth of rare spices aboard and I promised your father --

GIRL

(suddenly noticing his arm)

Captain Mitty -- you're hurt!

MITTY

It's nothing. Just a broken arm.

A second mate runs in agitatedly.

SECOND MATE

Captain, the bulkheads are going! We ought to send up distress flares if you ask me --

MITTY

I'm not asking you, Mr. Berg.

(he shouts off)

Man the pumps, lads -- lively! We'll ride this twister out and be in Bombay for breakfast.

The men cheer and bend to with new heart. The girl looks at Mitty through moist sapphire eyes.

GIRL

May I say, Captain Mitty, you're the bravest man I've ever met.

MITTY

Thank you, Miss Lee. May I say something to you?

(CONTINUED)

4X (Cont. 1)

GIRL

Anything.

MITTY

If we reach Liverpool safely, will
you be Mrs. Mitty?

GIRL

I'd be honored.

5X TWO SHOT - YOUNG SEAMAN AND OLD MARINER

The younger man is cowering, terrified.

YOUNG SEAMAN

We're done for -- we'll never make it.

OLD MARINER

Easy, son. The Old Man'll get us
through. The Old Man ain't afraid
of Hell!

6X DECK OF SHIP - FULL SHOT

As the mainmast splits and starts to fall to the deck.

6X-1 CLOSE SHOT - GIRL

Staring upward in horror. She opens her mouth to
scream.

MRS. MITTY'S VOICE

Watch out!

The girl's face

DISSOLVES INTO:

7X INT. FORD COUPE - TRANSPARENCY - DAY - CLOSE SHOT -
WALTER MITTY AND MRS. MITTY

At the wheel is Walter Mitty, our hero. He is thirty,
pleasant faced, gentle, anything but forceful looking.
Beside him sits his mother, MRS. EUNICE MITTY. She is
a firm-jawed woman who runs her home and Walter with an
iron hand.

There is a dreamy expression on Walter's face and his
mother is regarding him with alarm.

MRS. MITTY

Not so fast! You're driving too fast!
What are you driving so fast for?

(CONTINUED)

7X

(Cont.)

Walter comes out of the enchanted world of his day-dreams with a start.

WALTER

Hm?

MRS. MITTY

You were up to thirty-five. You know I don't like to go more than thirty. You were up to thirty-five. Walter, you're always doing something else and having your mind on something else. Red light, Walter.

Walter stops the car at an intersection.

WALTER

I'm sorry, mother.

MRS. MITTY

(irritably)

Besides, you haven't been listening to a single word I've said.

WALTER

(eyes straight ahead)

Yes I have, mother.

MRS. MITTY

What did I say?

WALTER

You said I was up to thirty-five and you don't like to go more than thirty.

MRS. MITTY

Not that! I said we're not going to have it in a church. Green light, Walter.

WALTER

(sticking his hand
out for a left turn)

Have what, mother?

MRS. MITTY

The wedding! You see, you weren't listening! Stop, Walter!

Walter slams on the brakes.

8

EXT. PERTH AMBOY RAILROAD STATION - MED. SHOT - PARKING
ZONE WITH WAITING TRAIN VISIBLE IN BACKGROUND

Walter has almost run into another car pulling out. He
swerves wildly and parks none too deftly. Walter and
his mother alight. He is burdened with a fat briefcase
and a sprinkling can wrapped in paper.

MRS. MITTY

Now did you write down all the things
I told you to write down?

CAMERA TRUCKING on platform, as they hurry towards the
waiting commuters' train.

WALTER

Oh -- I'll remember them, mother.

MRS. MITTY

Oh -- no you won't -- you just make
a list of everything in your book.

With difficulty, Walter extracts a little black book
from his pocket - and scribbles in it as she talks; his
briefcase under one arm, the sprinkling can under the
other.

MRS. MITTY

Number two thread - snapdragon seeds -
sock stretchers - a can of Gleamo
Floorwax --

(peering into book)

What's that S.S.?

WALTER

Sock stretchers.

(CONTINUED)

8 (Cont.)

MRS. MITTY

Well write it out -- and then the cheese grater, and don't forget to return the sprinkling can. I tried it this morning. The holes are too small. You tell them I have better things to do than stand all day and wait for the water to come out.

They have reached the train.

WALTER

All right, mother. Goodbye, mother.

She gives him a hurried peck on the cheek and he joins the crowd of commuters and climbs into the vestibule. Just in time, for the train starts to pull out.

MRS. MITTY

(shouting)

Oh -- and don't forget the cake!

9 INT. TRAIN VESTIBULE - CLOSE SHOT - WALTER & PASSENGERS

Walter, jammed in, starts to scribble in his book but the conductor, an impatient type, appears and begins taking tickets.

CONDUCTOR

Tickets, please.

He holds out his hand for Walter's ticket. Walter shifts his burdens, putting the sprinkling can under his arm awkwardly as he fishes vainly in his pocket for his ticket.

CONDUCTOR

Come on. Come on, Jack.

Walter unwittingly tips the sprinkling can and a little sprinkle of water drops into the conductor's open palm.

DISSOLVE TO:

10 EXT. PIERCE BUILDING - NEW YORK CITY - MED. FULL SHOT

The words PIERCE BUILDING are chiseled in impressive granite. We see Walter hurry in with the morning crowd of employees.

11 INT. LOBBY - MED. SHOT - AT ELEVATORS

Walter is the last one to get into a very crowded elevator. He greets two lady employees he's sandwiched between.

WALTER

Morning, Miss Peevy -- Miss Rumpmeyer.

In spite of his burdens, he tries to tip his hat but the elevator starter interrupts the action.

ELEVATOR STARTER

Back in the car, please.

(he pushes the extended
spout of Walter's sprinkling
can flat against Walter so
that the door can close)

Keep that thing in, Bud.

As the elevator doors close...

DISSOLVE TO:

12 FOYER

Double glass doors read "Pierce Publishing Company - Editorial Offices."

Walter and other employees enter from the elevator.

13 INT. MAIN EDITORIAL ROOM - MED. SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARDS ENTRANCE DOORS

Employees are entering the vast room - others are already at their desks.

The walls are lined with lurid posters and magazine cover blowups from recent issues of the company's string of pulp magazines. The posters are a motley pictorial assortment of murder, rape, arson and derring do.

We see first the two posters on each side of the doors. One reads: "RACY DETECTIVE STORIES - A PIERCE PUBLICATION," and it shows a beautiful terrified girl, bound and gagged in a chair, her dress strap torn to expose a bare white shoulder. Over her hovers a fiendish-looking individual with a long hypodermic needle.

The other reads: "FRONTIER STORIES - A PIERCE PUBLICATION." It shows a clean-cut-looking cowboy and a savage-looking villain shooting each other in the stomach. In the background is a beautiful girl bound and gagged in a chair.

Walter appears and CAMERA TRUCKS him across the room towards his office - affording us an opportunity to read other posters arranged on pillars at intervals along the aisle.

13

(Cont.)

A poster reads: "TERROR STORIES - A PIERCE PUBLICATION." It shows a terrifying black-hooded figure reaching for the throat of a beautiful girl chained to a wall and clad only in a torn slip.

Another poster shows a girl with an infant in her arms, holding out her hand pleadingly toward a handsome cad in a monogrammed dressing gown who has turned away from her to light a cigarette. The legend reads: COULD SHE REMOVE THAT SIN? Read the heart-tugging story of Ella Schwartzkopf in "WILD CONFESSIONS" -- plus another gripping installment of "I MARRIED MY UNCLE."

Another reads: "ASTOUNDING ADVENTURE STORIES - A PIERCE PUBLICATION." It shows a number of small green men with antennae growing out of their heads gathered around a beautiful terrified girl cowering on the ground. Her dress strap is torn, exposing a bare white shoulder.

Walter passes a row of artists starting work at their drawing boards, before them covers in various stages of completion. A little elderly artist has just finished a particularly gory one showing a half-naked young lady frantically defending herself with a bloody ax against several hairy sex-crazed assailants. Walter stops to look, admiringly.

WALTER

Oh -- that's pretty, Mr. Grimsby.

ARTIST

(critically)

Feels a bit mild. I think I'll tear the dress off her other shoulder.

WALTER

(appraisingly)

Yes, and you could put a little more blood on the ax.

The artist grunts in approval as Walter continues on, CAMERA TRUCKING, and we sight other magazine covers such as AIR ACES, EXOTIC LOVE STORIES and SENSATIONAL MURDER STORIES, and a final poster at Walter's office door reads:

PIERCE PUBLICATIONS

Good Taste and Good Reading
for Thirty Years.

Walter enters his office.

14 INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT

It is a small, rather dingy cubicle. Here, too, cover blowups decorate the walls. Most prominent is a poster captioned "SPICY SEA STORIES," showing a schooner on a storm tossed ocean.

Walter's desk is piled high with manuscripts, galley proofs and art, in addition to items like paste pot, shears and reading glasses. Also on the desk is a bottle of milk.

Walter enters, hangs up his coat and hat and dons a gray office coat that has various colored pencils in the breast pocket. He sits down at his desk, puts on his glasses, extracts a batch of proofs from his briefcase and starts to work studying them. He hears the cooing of pigeons, turns, glances towards the window and smiles to see a cluster of pigeons on the window ledge looking in at him expectantly. He removes his glasses, rises, goes to his coat, takes out a little brown paper bag full of toast, opens the window and kneels on the floor to feed the pigeons on the ledge.

15 CLOSE SHOT - AT WINDOW - WALTER AND PIGEONS

It is obvious that this is a morning ritual.

WALTER

Well, good morning, good morning,
everybody -- think I'd forgotten you?
I smuggled in some cookies today while
my mother wasn't looking...Hello, Emily.
Don't be so greedy, Elmer, you're fat
enough already.

16 WIDER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE DOOR

It is flung open by the office boy, who reacts at the sight of Walter on his knees with the pigeons.

OFFICE BOY

Hey -- dream boy!

Two passing stenographers glance in and snicker as they go by. Walter gets to his feet.

WALTER

Hmm?

OFFICE BOY

The old man is screaming for you --

WALTER

Oh, oh -- the conference!

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.)

He glances at his watch, and swiftly rummages through the file boxes on his desk, mumbling to himself.

WALTER

Air Aces...Spicy Sea Stories...No,
Terror Stories -- Here it is...

He scoops up a stack of galley proofs, starts to rush off, then rushes back and swallows a sip of milk,

OFFICE BOY

How's the ulcer?

WALTER

(hurriedly)

Doc says it's getting smaller. It's
down to the size of a dime,

(he knocks over the
bottle of milk,
straightens it, grabs
some more proofs and
smiles nervously)

You see, I'm learning to relax.

He hurries out past the office boy who watches him,
shaking his head.

17 INT. MAIN EDITORIAL ROOM

CAMERA TRUCKS with Walter as he comes out of his office and starts hurrying across the room, passing a couple of open office doors,

18 MED. LONG SHOT - SHOOTING THROUGH DOOR

A beautiful girl in a torn, shredded dress, is cowering against the wall, her eyes distended in horror as a creature with the body of a man and the head of a wolf reaches for her with long talons. A white-smocked photographer lifts a flash bulb,

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hold it!

The flash bulb goes off and the two models relax,

WALTER

(as he passes)

H'lo, Fred.

WOLF MAN

(waving back)

How's it goin', Walter?

19 FULL SHOT IN CORRIDOR

As Walter hurries through a door which reads: BRUCE W. PIERCE.

20 INT. ANTEROOM - FULL SHOT

An efficient and pretty secretary is seated at a desk.

SECRETARY

Step on it, Walter. He's waiting.

Walter nods uneasily and opens a mahogany-panelled door.

21 INT. PIERCE'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT

As Walter enters, We find ourselves in a large, well-appointed sanctum. Four men and a woman are draped around the room. The woman, an illustrator, wears a smock and holds a few large drawings. The others are the Business Manager, the Advertising Manager, the Circulation Manager and the Composing Room Foreman. Mr. Pierce is behind a tremendous walnut desk. He frowns as Walter closes the door behind him.

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont.)

PIERCE

(coldly)

Well -- Mitty! I see you finally chose to honor us with your presence.

WALTER

Yes sir, I --

PIERCE

(brusquely)

Where are the proofs to "Air Aces"?

WALTER

Right here, Mr. Pierce. All checked and ready to go.

He sets them on the desk. Without even glancing at them, Pierce transfers them to the compositor.

PIERCE

Put it to bed.

The make-up man nods and hurries out. Pierce lifts a freshly printed copy of "Terror Stories" from his desk and fixes Walter with an icy regard.

PIERCE

And what's the meaning of this, Mitty?

WALTER

(nervously)

The meaning of what, Mr. Pierce?

PIERCE

You let the Vampire Man be killed off in the first installment of "The Lady and the Vampire" -- and there are thirty-three issues to go.

WALTER

I - er - I beg to differ, Mr. Pierce. He isn't really dead.

PIERCE

What do you mean, he isn't dead? The villagers drove a stake through his heart, didn't they? Anybody knows that kills a vampire.

(CONTINUED)

21. (Cont. 1)

WALTER

Yec sir, but if you'll read
further on, you'll find that
the stake only went through his
loft lung.

(cheerfully)

You don't have to worry, Mr.
Pierce. He'll be back sucking
blood in the next issue.

Pierce coughs and changes the subject.

PIERCE

Well, sit down, Mitty. If you'd
been on time, you'd know why I
called this meeting.

Walter sits down as Pierce stands up and faces the
group dramatically.

PIERCE

To repeat, ladies and gentlemen:
I have called this meeting to
inform you that Pierce Publications
is forging a new link in its
chain. Ours is a great and
proud list of magazines -- Racy
Detective Stories, Astounding
Adventure Stories, Terror Stories,
Wild Confessions; Air Aces,
Frontier Stories - er - er --

WALTER

Exotic Love Stories.

PIERCE

Exotic Love Stories.

WALTER

And Sensational Murders.

PIERCE

And Sensational Murders;

(he frowns at
Walter)

Mitty, when I need your help;
I'll ask for it.

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont. 2)

WALTER

(meekly)

Yes, sir.

PIERCE

But a new and virgin field of fiction has come to my attention -- a rich and as yet untapped vein, embracing thousands of undiscovered readers, Gentlemen, and Miss Worth, starting the first of next month, we go to press with a new baby --

(leaning forward
reverently)

Hospital Love Stories!

His announcement is the signal for gasps of admiration. The others crowd around the desk, shaking his hand and ad libbing: "Brilliant, Chief" ... "It's a dilly, B.W." ... "You've done it again, Mr. Pierce."

PIERCE

(modestly).

Thank you...Thank you, gentlemen.

(he notices Walter sitting
quietly and frowns)

Well, what do you think, Mitty?

WALTER

Oh, I've always liked it, Mr. Pierce. Don't you remember, I suggested the idea in a memorandum last month --

PIERCE

Oh, that!

(he snorts)

I had this idea two years ago.

(briskly)

Now the type of stories we want -- you may take notes, gentlemen --

(everyone complies,
Walter producing his
memorandum book)

Well, now, let's see -- Hospital Love Stories -- what have we got to sell? Romance in the operating room! Handsome young internes -- I don't want any doctors over thirty -- beautiful blonde nurses -- you can't get too many nurses --

SCENES 22-23 OUT

24 CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

His pencil strays. A beatific half-smile comes over his face. He looks up at Mr. Pierce.

25 MED. SHOT - PIERCE - FROM WALTER'S ANGLE

His mouth is opening and closing, but no sound comes out.

26 CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

His expression becomes even more beatific, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

(NOTE: THE ABOVE HAS BEEN SHOT)

SCENE 27 OUT

28 INT. OPERATING ROOM - FULL SHOT

Three white-clad surgeons are bent over an operating table. Two nurses attend. An Anesthetist is busy at a huge complicated machine near the head of the table which is making the rhythmic hum of ta-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa. As Benbow and Mitty join the tense group:

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(fading in)

-- and Mitty, the surgical genius, entered the breathless hush of the operating room, the tense silence broken only by the sound of the huge anesthetizing machine going ta-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa...There were whispered introductions --

BENBOW

Dr. Remington, Dr. Renshaw, and this is Dr. Pritchard-Mitford of St. John's Hospital, London...Dr. Walter Mitty.

They exchange nods and keep working.

REMINGTON

Read your book on Streptothricosis. A brilliant performance, sir.

MITTY

Thank you.

PRITCHARD-MITFORD

Didn't know you were in the States, Mitty. Goals to Newcastle, bringing me up here for a Tertiary.

MITTY

You are very kind.

Suddenly the huge machine begins to whirl, and the sound becomes pocketa-pocketa-queep-pocketa queep.

(CONTINUED)

28

(Cont.)

INTERNE

The new anesthetizer is giving way!
There is no one in the East who knows
how to fix it!

MITTY

(coolly)
Quiet, man.
(he quickly fingers
the dials of the
machine)
Give me a fountain pen.

The interne hands him a pen. Mitty swiftly pulls a faulty piston out of the machine and inserts the fountain pen in its place. The sound returns to normal.

MITTY

That will hold for ten minutes. Get
on with the operation.

The blonde nurse murmurs in awe to the interne:

BLONDE NURSE

He is not only the greatest surgeon
in the world, but he is also a
mechanical genius!

RENSHAW

Good Heavens!

BENBOW

What is it?

RENSHAW

Coreopsis has set in!

PRITCHARD-MITFORD

Poor devil! If you would take over,
Mitty?

MITTY

If you wish.

Mitty stretches out his hands. The blonde nurse and another nurse immediately start slipping rubber gloves on him.

BENBOW

(stepping back)
It's hopeless.

Through following, the blonde nurse ties on Mitty's mask and slips a large surgeon's reflector on his head.

(CONTINUED)

28

(Cont. 1)

MITTY

There's one chance -- the Vienna
Trepán.

PRITCHARD-MITFORD

(aghast)

The operation Heinzleman performed
on a rabbit?

MITTY

(stepping to the table)

Precisely.

(to nurse)

Blood pressure, please.

BLONDE NURSE

(appearing at his side)

Thirty over eighty.

MITTY

(holding out hand)

Scalpel!

(she hands him a
scalpel, he uses it
and hands it back)

Sock stretcher!

(she hands him a
sock stretcher. The
routine is the same)

Sprinkling can!

(she hands him a
sprinkling can, he
sprinkles lightly and
hands it back)

Cheese grater!

(she hands him the
grater - he uses
it vigorously)

Number Two thread!

(he takes a quick
stitch)

Floor wax!

(she hands him
the can of wax)

He starts to peel off his gloves. The blonde nurse
looks up at him through moist, sapphire eyes.

BLONDE NURSE

Doctor, do you -- will he --

MITTY

(nods)

Your brother will play the violin again.
I grafted new fingers on him.

29

HEAD CLOSEUP - BEAUTIFUL BLONDE NURSE AND WALTER

She is looking at him worshipfully, her eyes shining.

BLONDE NURSE

You're wonderful, wonderful...

TRICK REVOLVING WIPE TO:

30

INT. PIERCE'S OFFICE - HEAD CLOSEUP - WALTER MITTY

His chin cupped in his palm, and a dreamy, faraway look in his eyes.

(SCENE 30 HAS BEEN SHOT)

31 FULL SHOT - IN OFFICE

Walter is the center of attention as Pierce scowls at him.

PIERCE

Mitty! I asked you a question,
I'd like an answer.

WALTER

(dreamily)
Ta-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa --

PIERCE

What's that?

WALTER

(coming to with a start)
Oh, I - er - I was just thinking,
we could put out a pocket-size
edition --

PIERCE

Pocket-size edition!

WALTER

(with a gulp)
For midgets.

PIERCE

(glares at him)
You weren't thinking at all -- you
were daydreaming again.

WALTER

No, sir. I was really thinking --
I was thinking about hospitals -
for Hospital Stories --

PIERCE

(pounding his desk)
I finished talking about Hospital
Stories ten minutes ago. The subject,
for your information, is the next
issue of Racy Detective.

WALTER

Oh.

PIERCE

I disapprove of the lead story -
the one you made me buy. I don't
believe that a blind jockey could
dope a horse in full view of twenty
thousand people.

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.)

WALTER

It's all explained on page twenty,
Mr. Pierce. He had the poisoned
needle strapped to his riding boot.

PIERCE

Oh, I see.

(clears his throat
and takes a pile of
manuscript from his
desk)

Well, never mind then. Get busy
on these proofs. I want them read
and corrected by tomorrow morning.

WALTER

Yes, sir.

He takes the pile of pages and goes out. Pierce looks
after him, tapping his fingers.

PIERCE

(half to himself)
Pocket-size edition. Not a bad
idea....

DISSOLVE TO:

32 EXT. SUBURBAN STATION - LATE AFTERNOON - MED. SHOT -
STATION SIGN - "PERTH AMBOY, NEW JERSEY"

33 FULL SHOT - STATION

Commuters are getting off the 6:45 to be greeted by
their women folk, waiting in lined-up cars. Walter
alights, his arms loaded with packages which include
his proof-laden briefcase and a large garden rake. He
looks around, sees someone OFFSCENE and CAMERA TRUCKS
HIM to --

34 MED. SHOT - THE MITTY COUPE

Mrs. Mitty is waiting at the wheel. She allows her
cheek to be kissed, then starts peering through the
packages in Walter's arms.

MRS. MITTY

You didn't bring it. You forgot
to bring the cake.

(CONTINUED)

34 (Cont.)

WALTER

What cake?

MRS. MITTY

Gertrude and her mother are coming
to dinner. I told you to stop at
Edling's and bring home a cake --

(she breaks off)

What's that thing?

WALTER

(sheepishly)

I thought you said rake!

Mrs. Mitty sighs as Walter enters the car.

MRS. MITTY

Walter, you're getting more
absent-minded every day. It's
all that daydreaming you do --

WALTER

I got everything else, Mother.

(pointing to

various bundles)

The Number two thread, the floor wax,
the sock stretchers, and -- and --

MRS. MITTY

Did you get the Snapdragon seeds?

WALTER

Well, they didn't have Snapdragons,
but the man in the store said
petunias were just as pretty.

MRS. MITTY

Oh, he did!

(severely)

Tell me, Walter, who has to look at
the flowers, the man in the store
or you and me?

WALTER

Well, I guess you and me, Mother.

MRS. MITTY

Exactly.

(CONTINUED)

34 (Cont. 1)

She is about to go on, when horns begin to honk impatiently behind them. She glances around, glares, then quickly drives off.

WIPE TO:

35 EXT. MITTY HOME

A two-story frame house that has been in the family for many years - chiefly because nobody else would want to buy it. Walter and his mother are mounting the front steps.

MRS. MITTY

-- So remember that, Walter, when I say Snapdragon seeds, I mean Snapdragon seeds.

WALTER

Yos, Mother.

They go inside.

36 INT. HALL - FULL SHOT

A staircase leads up to the second floor. Doors lead off to living room, dining room and kitchen. Mrs. Mitty grabs some of the packages and starts off toward the kitchen, calling back to Walter.

MRS. MITTY

Hurry and clean up now. They'll be here any minute.

WALTER

All right, Mother.

She hurries off to the kitchen. Walter hangs his hat on a hall-tree and starts up the staircase.

37 MED. SHOT - AT SECOND FLOOR LANDING

As Walter enters his bedroom, removing his coat.

38 INT. BEDROOM

The room contains an assortment of schoolday mementoes, including a baseball bat, fishing tackle, a framed diploma and a pennant reading: PERTH AMBOY HIGH. Walter hangs his coat on the back of a chair, sets the briefcase on a battered desk and starts into the bathroom, removing his shirt.

39 INT. BATHROOM

Another door leads off to his mother's bedroom. Walter closes both doors and proceeds to wash. He is just groping for a towel, when there is a KNOCK AT DOOR.

MRS. MITTY'S VOICE (o.s.)

Walter, don't touch the guest towels.
I just put them up.

Walter jumps at her voice, his hands an inch away from the guest towels. Soap in his eyes, he gropes blindly around the room till his fingers come in contact with a shirt hanging on a hanger. He buries his face in it.

MRS. MITTY'S VOICE (o.s.)

And put on that clean shirt I hung out
for you.

Walter opens his eyes and is startled to discover he's used the clean shirt as a towel.

WALTER

(gulps)
Yes, Mother.

He tries to rub out the soapy finger smudges with a handkerchief. Failing in this, he thrusts the clean shirt into a laundry hamper and puts on his old shirt. Leaving it unbuttoned, he hurries into --

40 INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM - FULL SHOT

Where he starts to comb his hair. Mrs. Mitty enters and looks on with maternal severity.

MRS. MITTY

Your part's crooked, Walter.

She takes the comb from his hand and combs his hair down over his forehead to make a new part.

MRS. MITTY

(as she works on his hair)
Did you talk to Mr. Pierce?

(CONTINUED)

40

(Cont.)

WALTER

About what?

MRS. MITTY

You know very well about what. You've been a proofreader for ten years. Isn't it time he made you an associate editor? You'll be thirty-one in a couple of months.

WALTER

(defensively)

We have proofreaders there who are fifty-two.

MRS. MITTY

That's no excuse. Stand still.
 (she makes another part, not
 satisfied with the first)
 The trouble with you, Walter, is you're weak. Your father was the same way.

The DOORBELL interrupts her.

MRS. MITTY

They're here!
 (she leaves the comb
 in his hair and rushes
 to the door)
 Hurry, Walter!

She goes out. Walter turns to the mirror and looks at the part his mother made. It is a jagged streak. He starts to re-comb his hair, as we go to --

41

INT. LOWER HALLWAY

Mrs. Mitty is greeting Walter's future bride and her mother. MRS. GRISWOLD, THE MOTHER, is an opinionated power-house, addicted to odd hats. GERTRUDE, HER DAUGHTER, is one of Perth Amboy's prettiest products, but not one of its brightest. She is carrying a small dog in her arms and continually talks baby talk to it.

MRS. MITTY

(effusively)

Irmagarde!

MRS. GRISWOLD

Eunice! How are you, dear?

The two women exchange kisses, their bosoms making the transaction somewhat difficult.

(CONTINUED)

41

(Cont.)

MRS. MITTY

My, what a sweet hat! And Gertrude looks too cute for words!

GERTRUDE

(too cute for words)

I hope you don't mind my bringing Queenie, Mrs. Mitty. She doesn't like to be alone --

(to the dog)

Do you, Queenie -- in that great big house?

MRS. MITTY

Not at all, darling.

(calls upstairs)

Wal-ter!

(gaily)

Someone's down here to see you.

42

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Walter hurries down the steps, buttoning his coat.

WALTER

Hello, Mrs. Griswold...Hello, Gertrude.

He kisses her. The dog growls jealously.

GERTRUDE

(chiding dog)

Now, now, Queenie. Say hello to your future daddy, Waltie Mittens.

She waves the little dog's paw at Walter. Walter stares in open dislike.

MRS. MITTY

Well, don't stand there like a stick, Walter. Wave back.

Walter does so, feeling a bit foolish. The dog promptly snaps at his hand, biting his finger.

DISSOLVE TO:

43

INT. DINING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - WALTER EATING

He wears a small bandage on the injured finger.

44

MED. SHOT - DINNER TABLE

Walter sits beside Gertrude, who has the dog on her lap. The two mothers are dominating the conversation.

(CONTINUED)

44

(Cont.)

MRS. GRISWOLD

(flatly)

Frankly, I don't approve of honeymoons,
All that packing and unpacking --

MRS. MITTY

But Walter's always had his heart set
on seeing Yellowstone Park.

MRS. GRISWOLD

(to Walter, aggressively)

Why?

WALTER

Well, I thought --

GERTRUDE

Do they let dogs in?

WALTER

Honey, you're not going to take
Queenie along?

The dog gives a vicious bark at Walter as though it
understands.

WALTER

(nervously, to dog)

I was only asking.

GERTRUDE

I wouldn't dream of leaving little
Queenie.

(fondles the dog)

WALTER

But Gertrude, all we've got is an
upper berth --

MRS. GRISWOLD

Well, let's face it. They just don't
trust each other. That's why they
don't get along.

WALTER

(indicating dog, pouting)

Well, she always starts it.

Walter starts to reach for the bread platter in front of
Gertrude. Queenie, on Gertrude's lap, emits a low
growl. Walter draws his hand back quickly.

WALTER

You see!

(CONTINUED)

44 (Cont. 1)

GERTRUDE

Queenie! You old cross-patch!
(explanatively)
She hasn't been feeling well.

MRS. MITTY

It's probably her stomach, poor thing.
Why don't you try those new Vitamin
Puppy Biscuits? Walter would be happy
to pick some up for you in town.

GERTRUDE

Oh, wonderful.

MRS. MITTY

Make a note of that, won't you,
Walter dear? Get the ten-pound
economy size.

Walter takes the small black memorandum book from his
pocket and makes a penciled notation.

MRS. MITTY

Walter, you haven't touched your nice
milk toast -- and you know the doctor
said it's good for your nervous stomach.

(to Mrs. Griswold)

That's why the Air Force turned him down.

Walter returns the memorandum book to his pocket and
picks up his spoon glumly.

GERTRUDE

It's cold in here. Queenie is
shivering.

MRS. MITTY

(sweetly)

Walter --

WALTER

(anticipating her)

Yes, Mother -- the furnace.
(he puts down his
spoon and rises)

Excuse me.

As he goes, Mrs. Griswold turns to Mrs. Mitty.

MRS. GRISWOLD

Walter's a very lucky man. You know
Tubby Wadsworth proposed half a dozen
times.

(CONTINUED)

44 (Cont. 2)

GERTRUDE
(snickering, pleased)
He's still doing it, Mother.

MRS. GRISWOLD
(archly)
Well, you've got to hand it to Tubby.
When he gets his teeth into something
he doesn't let go. I wish Walter had
his gumption.

45 INT. CELLAR

Walter is picking up some old newspapers to start a new fire. He rises and moves to the furnace but walks right into a clothesline which catches him under the chin. He retreats, ducks under it, gets to the furnace and starts to crumple one of the papers. A picture on a page catches his eye.

46 INSERT - PICTURE

It shows a grinning British pilot sitting in the cockpit of his plane. The caption reads: BRITISH ACE BAGS NINETEENTH.

47 CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

Looking at the picture. He sighs and holds a match to it, and stuffs it into the furnace with the poker. OVERSCENE, we begin to hear the drone of an airplane in a dive. As the fire consumes the page --

(NOTE: THE ABOVE HAS
BEEN SHOT)

DISSOLVE THROUGH THE
MOUNTING FLAMES TO:

48 MACHINE GUNS OF BRITISH SPITFIRE

Firing directly into CAMERA.

49 LONG SHOT - DOG FIGHT IN CLOUDS

And OVERSCENE, dramatically, the Narrator's voice:

NARRATOR'S VOICE
The Spitfire dived through the clouds,
its machine guns belching lead...

50 COCKPIT OF SPITFIRE - CLOSE SHOT - WALTER MITTY

In the uniform of the RAF, firing his machine guns.

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont.)

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Oblivious of the ominous ta-pocketa
ta-pocketa of his failing engines, Wing
Commander Walter Mitty, the most feared
man in the entire RAF Desert Patrol,
clung to the tail of the Messerschmitt.

51 EXTREME LONG SHOT IN THE SKY - (MINIATURE)

The skillful German pilot is outmaneuvered by the still
more skillful Walter Mitty, who uses every trick an
airman has up his sleeve--and some that he hasn't.

52 COCKPIT OF MESSERSCHMITT - CLOSE SHOT - GERMAN PILOT

GERMAN PILOT

(fearfully)

Gott im Himmel, it's Walter Mitty --
I'm a lost man!

53 FULL SHOT - DOG FIGHT IN CLOUDS

Mitty's tracer bullets are blasting his target.

54 COCKPIT OF SPITFIRE - CLOSE SHOT - MITTY

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Mitty's jaw was a grim, straight line
as he gave the Jerry three more lethal
bursts and watched him go down in
flames!

Mitty looks over the side, then picks up a piece of
chalk and marks another "X" beside a long line of "X's"
over his instrument panel.

WIPE TO:

55 INT. FRENCH-ARAB CAFE IN ABD-EL-FEZ

It is the typical atmosphere-laden desert cafe, with
French Legionnaires, British pilots, fezged Moroccans,
burnoosed Arabs, and a number of beautiful native girls
are circulating as barmaids. A brown-skinned, delectable
French-Arab girl, COSETTE (Virginia Mayo) is seen in
background serving beer to officers at a tiny table.
A group of young RAF flyers are grouped around a piano,
singing lustily.

Wing Commander Mitty enters, his uniform rumpled and
torn, a white silk muffler knotted carelessly at his
throat. As he crosses toward bar, the young officers
around the piano break off and greet him boisterously.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.)

BRITISH PILOTS

(ad lib)

I say, there's Wing Commander Mitty,
fellows!...He made it!...Good old
Mitty!...How many this time, old
chap?...

Mitty casually holds up five fingers. The pilots cheer
as he passes them and joins an RAF Colonel at the bar.

56 MED. CLOSE - MITTY AND COLONEL

COLONEL

Well done, Mitty!

MITTY

Thank you, sir.

COLONEL

That makes seventy-three, doesn't it?

MITTY

Seventy-one, sir. Two were only
probables.

COLONEL

(indicating bottle
on counter)

Spot of brandy?

MITTY

Quite.

He pours himself a drink rather awkwardly, his arm
appearing to be stiff and sore. The Colonel notices
his torn sleeve.

COLONEL

(anxiously)

I say, old man, you're wounded.

MITTY

(pouring another drink)

Just a scratch. I set the bone
myself.

COLONEL

Good chap. Wish there were more
like you.

SCENE 57 - OUT

57X MED. SHOT - GROUP OF AIRMEN AT THE TABLE

LIEUTENANT
(lowering his voice)
Mitty looks a bit done in, fellows.

CAPTAIN
He's got the courage of a lion,
though. Never gives up.

2nd LIEUTENANT
Delightful chap. I studied music
with him at the Royal Academy. Never
forget his imitation of old Professor
Gruenwald. Remember, Captain?

CAPTAIN
(laughing at the
reminiscence)
Rather! Drove the old Professor
balmy! Wish he'd do it now.

They all react as the voice of Professor Gruenwald is
heard.

MITTY'S VOICE
(imitating the Professor)
Silence! What is all the chatterboxing?

SCENES 58 through 63 OUT

58X CLOSE SHOT - MITTY

He glowers at the group, in the manner of the old
Professor.

59X FULL SHOT - GROUP OF AIRMEN AND MITTY

They laugh uproariously as Mitty approaches them. On
the way he borrows a pair of pince-nez glasses, takes
a waiter's alpaca coat and grabs a handful of papers.

MITTY
(in dialect)
The class will please come to order.

60X CLOSE SHOT - MITTY

As he arranges his papers and goes into the number.

61X NUMBER

At the conclusion of the number the men applaud. Mitty
is back in his uniform and the Colonel is slapping him
on the back.

COLONEL
Good show, Mitty.

As the Colonel tucks his swagger stick under his arm and exits scene, Cosette appears with a tray of drinks and gives Mitty a flirtatious look. The blouse she wears exposes one bare white shoulder.

MITTY
(with a laugh)
Ra-ther.

DISSOLVE TO:

Walter, still facing the open furnace door, the poker in his hand, is slowly coming out of the daydream.

MRS. MITTY

Walter!

(failing to win his
attention)

Walter!!

(he regards her
vacantly)

Will you please come up here! Your
milk toast is getting soggy!

Walter, still in the mood of the dream, uses the hot poker like a British officer's swagger stick and slips it under his armpit saying:

The poker burns him and he drops it and hollers. Mrs. Mitty stares, a strange look on her face.

(NOTE: SCENE 64 HAS BEEN SHOT)

FADE IN

65 EXT. PERTH AMBOY STATION - DAY - MED. SHOT - WALTER AND HIS MOTHER

She is rushing Walter to the train which is about to pull out. CAMERA TRUCKS WITH THEM as they hurry across platform. Walter, his briefcase under one arm, the garden rake and a bundle under the other, is trying desperately to scribble last-minute reminders in his little black memorandum book as his mother fires them at him.

MRS. MITTY
...Puppy biscuit, shoe polish, paper
dollies and -- and -- what else?

WALTER
(busy scribbling)
Snapdragon seeds.

He drops the rake and, as he bends to pick it up, drops the bundle. His mother retrieves them.

MRS. MITTY
If you'd gotten up on time, you'd
have made the 7:15.
(shoving bundle under
his arm)
There was no reason for you to
oversleep --

WALTER
I had to stay up and read those
proofs for Mr. Pierce.

MRS. MITTY
(pushing him toward train)
Take a cab from the station.
(as he boards)
Never mind the expense. I'll take
it out of your allowance.

66 WIDER ANGLE

As train starts to pull out. Mrs. Mitty discovers she is still holding the rake.

MRS. MITTY
(screaming up at him)
The rake! The rake!

(CONTINUED)

66 (Cont.)

She trots alongside the moving train and thrusts the rake up at Walter, who is standing on the platform with a few other commuters, still trying to scribble in his book.

MRS. MITTY

And don't forget the bird seed and
the unbleached muslin...

Walter, the rake at an odd angle under his arm, scribbles with difficulty. Beside him, a stout man is reading a newspaper. As Walter starts into the car, his rake neatly rips the center out of the newspaper, leaving the man holding the two ends. Unaware of this, Walter disappears into the coach.

DISSOLVE TO:

67 INT. MOVING TRAIN - CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

Seated, staring out the window, the bundles on the seat beside him. There is a relaxed expression on his face.

68 MED. SHOT - AT END OF CAR

A girl enters from the adjoining coach, glances back over her shoulder nervously, then proceeds down the aisle, searching for an empty seat. The girl, ROSALIND VAN HOORN, is strikingly beautiful, with sapphire eyes and golden blonde hair. She is wearing a dress of emerald green that enhances rather than conceals the lissome lines of her figure.

She stops at the empty seat beside Walter and looks down inquiringly at the bundles.

WALTER

Oh - pardon me.

He quickly switches the items to his lap and the girl sits down beside him.

69 CLOSE SHOT - ROSALIND

She again glances back over her shoulder nervously and starts at something she sees.

70 MED. SHOT - END OF CAR

A squat, unattractive man with pale grey eyes has just entered from the coach behind. Seeing no seat available, he opens his newspaper and stands reading.

71 MED. CLOSE - WALTER AND ROSALIND

Rosalind quickly turns her eyes straight ahead. Walter gets his first good look at her. He stares, open-mouthed. The girl, in some strange manner, bears a general resemblance to all the girls in his daydreams! She flushes under his intent regard. Walter realizes he is staring impolitely, turns toward the window, but slowly his eyes wander back to her face.

72 CLOSE SHOT - THE PALE-EYED MAN

Ever so slightly, we see his glance lift from the newspaper and go to the girl down the aisle. The train slows and we hear the conductor's voice OVERSCENE.

CONDUCTOR'S VOICE
Manhattan Transfer!

73 WIDER ANGLE

As the conductor passes the man and proceeds down the aisle.

CONDUCTOR
(calling)
Manhattan Transfer!

Several passengers rise as the train grinds to a stop.

74 MED. SHOT - ROSALIND AND WALTER

As the conductor passes, calling the station. Rosalind seems to make an impulsive decision. She rises swiftly, glances over her shoulder once more to see if the pale-eyed man is watching, then, for his benefit, turns a beaming smile on Walter, bends over and kisses him full on the mouth!

ROSALIND
(loudly to Walter)
Goodbye, darling. Have a nice day
at the office.

Walter is too stunned to speak. All he can do is gape.

ROSALIND
(patting his cheek)
See you at Mother's tonight.

(CONTINUED)

74 (Cont.)

With a wave, she heads down the aisle and disappears. Walter stares after her, open-mouthed. He touches his lips unbelievably.

75 CLOSE SHOT - THE PALE-EYED MAN

He hesitates a moment, folds his newspaper and sidles casually down the aisle after the girl in green.

DISSOLVE TO:

76 EXT, MANHATTAN RAILROAD TERMINAL - CAB STAND

Commuters are hurrying through scene. Among them is Walter, glancing nervously at his watch. Laden with briefcase, rake and packages, he starts for an unoccupied cab down the line, but stops as he comes abreast of one of the taxis. The girl in green is seated inside, looking anxiously out of the window, as Walter comes face to face with her.

WALTER

(startled)

Hello.

ROSALIND

(seeing him)

Oh - hello.

WALTER

I thought you got off at --

ROSALIND

(quickly)

Just pretended to. I was trying to avoid a masher.

WALTER

(flushing)

I'm terribly sorry if I gave the wrong impression -- I mean I --

ROSALIND

Oh, it wasn't you.

(brushing him off
with a prop smile)

But I appreciate your coming to my assistance. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

76 (Cont.)

WALTER

You're welcome.
 (he takes the small
 gloved hand she proffers)
 Well -- goodbye.

Rosalind scarcely hears him. She looks over his shoulder and suddenly stiffens.

77 LONG SHOT - FROM HER ANGLE

The pale-eyed man has just sauntered onto the taxi ramp and is looking about.

78 MED. CLOSE - ROSALIND AND WALTER

Walter releases her hand and is about to turn away, when she suddenly grabs his lapels and kisses him again.

ROSALIND

Oh, darling, you shouldn't have done it.

WALTER

Huh?

ROSALIND

(gushing)
 It's the loveliest bracelet in the world. Come on, we'll go to the dressmaker's together.

She opens the door and practically yanks the bewildered Walter into the taxicab.

78A CLOSE SHOT - THE PALE-EYED MAN

He sights Rosalind and Walter and starts moving towards them, then stops in frustration.

79 INT. MOVING TAXICAB (PROCESS)

It has pulled away, and Walter has landed beside Rosalind, still clutching the rake and his other burdens.

WALTER

(bewildered)

Another masher?

Rosalind doesn't answer. She is looking through the rear window. She turns and addresses the driver.

ROSALIND

Pier 47, North River, driver!

CAB DRIVER

Pier 47, yes ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

79

(Cont.)

WALTER

Excuse me, but I've gotta get to work. I'm late.

(glancing at watch)

It's a quarter to nine!

ROSALIND

I'll drop you off. Where do you go?

WALTER

Pierce Building. Forty-third and Madison.

ROSALIND

(to driver)

The Pierce Building first, driver.

As the driver nods,

WIPE TO:

80

EXT. CITY STREET - UNDER ELEVATED

The taxicab turns into the street and bowls along under the "L" pillars.

81

INT. CAB - WALTER AND ROSALIND

Rosalind is staring straight ahead, her face intent. Walter is stealing covert glances at her.

82

REVERSE ANGLE - SHOOTING OVER DRIVER'S SHOULDER THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Suddenly a truck cuts sharply from behind one of the "L" pillars. The cab driver swerves his wheel, trying to avoid it, but too late. The two vehicles sideswipe and there is a rending crash as fenders crumple.

83

EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT - BOTH VEHICLES

As the doors fly open and the two drivers emerge to survey the damage, yelling vituperations.

CAB DRIVER

(angrily)

Why don'cha look where you're going, ya blind pig! Of all the stupid --

TRUCK DRIVER

Take it easy, bud. We're insured.

84 INT. TAXICAB - WALTER AND ROSALIND

Walter has been thrown to the floor with all his paraphernalia. Rosalind is looking down at him.

ROSALIND
Are you all right?

WALTER
(feeling behind him)
I think my rake is broken.

ROSALIND
Your what?

WALTER
My rake!
(he produces two ends of
the broken rake ruefully)

Rosalind is too preoccupied to be amused. She looks through the window, sees another cab and hails it.

ROSALIND
Taxi!

84A CLOSE SHOT - DRIVER (VINCENT)

At wheel of waiting cab, standing at a corner. The driver acknowledges Rosalind's summons with a nod and puts the car in gear.

85 EXT. STREET - ANOTHER ANGLE - SECOND CAB

As the second cab pulls alongside and Rosalind emerges, followed by Walter, carrying briefcase, bundles and the two pieces of rake. She hands a bill to the driver who is surveying his mashed fender and hurries into the other cab. Walter follows, pausing only to direct the driver in an anxious voice.

WALTER
Pierce building, driver -- and please hurry.

He climbs inside.

86 INT. SECOND CAB - CLOSE - WALTER AND ROSALIND

Walter glances again at his watch.

WALTER
(agitatedly)
I hate to rush you like this, but I'm due at nine.
(he straightens his
rumpled collar)
Lucky we both weren't killed in that accident.

(CONTINUED)

ROSALIND

(Looking out rear window)

That was no accident.

WALTER

Huh?

ROSALIND

It was planned.

WALTER

(uneasily)

What do you mean, planned?

(he notices that she is
staring at him intently)

What's the matter?

ROSALIND

You've got a good face.

WALTER

(drawing back a little)

Well - er - you've got one too.

ROSALIND

(with a smile)

Don't be alarmed, I'm not going to
kiss you again.

WALTER

Oh, I wasn't thinking of that.

ROSALIND

I think I can trust you, Mr. - er -

WALTER

Mitty. Walter Mitty.

There is a pause.

ROSALIND

My name is Mary Smith.

(Walter reacts with suspicion)

No, I'll tell you the truth. I
don't know any reason why I shouldn't --
my name is Rosalind Van Hoorn.

WALTER

(even more suspicious)

That's a nice name.

ROSALIND

Mr. Mitty, I need your assistance.
Will you help me?

WALTER

Me? How?

(CONTINUED)

ROSALIND

I'm on my way to meet the Gripsholm.
I'm being followed and I'm frightened.
Please come with me.

WALTER

You're -- frightened?

ROSALIND

Yes.

WALTER

And you -- you want me to help you?

ROSALIND

Yes.

WALTER

(overcome)

Gosh.

ROSALIND

I'm sure I wouldn't have to worry
if you were along.

WALTER

(expanding)

Well, I guess I can handle myself in
a pinch. I do a little boxing at
the "Y" and, believe me, I'd like
to see any masher try to --

ROSALIND

You're very kind, Mr. Mitty.
(peremptorily to driver)
Never mind the Pierce Building,
Driver. Go right to the Gripsholm.

WALTER

(carried away)

Yes, never mind the Pierce Building --

(he breaks off abruptly
as reality floods back)

What am I saying! I can't, I'm late
for work! Stop! Stop, driver!
There's my office now!

(as the cab slows down,
he flings the door open
and rushes out, carrying
the rake and bundles)

WALTER

(over his shoulder)

Goodbye!

87

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE PIERCE BUILDING

Walter dashes toward the entrance, then stops and runs
back to the taxicab. He opens the door and thrusts a
bill at Rosalind.

(CONTINUED)

87. (Cont.)

WALTER

Here's my share of the cab ride.
I hope you get there all right.

He closes the door and watches the cab pull away. There is a wistful expression on his face, as though he might have liked to follow this strange encounter to its conclusion. He sighs, looks at his watch again and starts into the building making a motion to put his briefcase under his arm -- then reacts in consternation. The briefcase is gone! The elevator starter, smoking a cigarette on the sidewalk, watches Walter's agitation.

ELEVATOR STARTER

What's the matter, Walter?

WALTER

(panicky)

My briefcase -- I left it in that
taxicab! It had all the proofs to
Air Aces. Mr. Pierce'll kill me!

He thrusts the (broken) rake and bundles into the elevator starter's arms and motions to a waiting cab.

WALTER

Taxi, taxi!

(to driver, as
cab pulls up)

Pier 47, North River -- the
Gripsholm!

DISSOLVE TO:

88 EXT, STREET - AT ENTRANCE TO PIER 47

Walter's cab pulls up and he alights. He quickly pays the driver and rushes up to a uniformed taxi starter,

WALTER

(breathlessly)

Excuse me -- did you see a girl in
a green dress? She came here in a
cab to meet the Gripsholm and it had
my briefcase in it. I didn't see the
driver's face, but the back of his
head was sort of oblong.

(he illustrates with
his hands)

STARTER

Give me that again.

(CONTINUED)

88 (Cont.)

WALTER

Listen, I'm in an awful hurry. Which cab was she in?

STARTER

I don't know, but you're welcome to look.

(he points off)

89 LONG SHOT - LINE OF WAITING TAXICABS

Hundreds of them, all alike.

90 MED. SHOT - WALTER AND STARTER

Walter's face falls. Desperately, he turns and hurries toward pier entrance.

WIPE TO:

91 IMMIGRATION OFFICIALS' DESK - CLOSE SHOT - PASSPORT WALLET HELD IN OFFICIAL'S HANDS

The picture is that of a middle-aged Dutchman. The name reads: Carl Maasdam.

MAASDAM'S VOICE

(with an accent)

Carl Maasdam, Rotterdam.

91A MED. SHOT - OFFICIAL - ROSALIND AND CARL MAASDAM

Rosalind's companion walks with a little difficulty, indicating a convalescence of some sort. He wears a voluminous ulster, a knitted scarf and tinted glasses. She is holding him by the arm.

OFFICIAL

(taking declaration coupon from wallet)

Okay, Mr. Maasdam.

CAMERA TRUCKING, Rosalind and Maasdam leave the roped-off area, a porter wheeling luggage behind them. As they reach the street, Maasdam takes a monogrammed silver cigar case from his pocket and extracts a cigar. His fingers tremble slightly as he tries to light it. Rosalind takes the matches from him and holds one to his cigar.

MAASDAM

Thank you, my dear.

(he takes a satisfied puff and glances around)

So this is the United States of America.

(CONTINUED)

91 (Cont.)

ROSALIND

(smiling)

There's plenty more of it outside.

(taking his arm)

Come on, Carl. Uncle will be so glad to see you.

MAASDAM

No more delighted than I'll be to see him.

(shakes his head)

It's incredible. I can't believe he's living. When they bombed Rotterdam, everybody thought he was -- he was --

ROSALIND

You'll find Uncle Peter very much alive.

They exit through door to street.

92 EXT. STREET AT PIER ENTRANCE

As Rosalind and Maasdam emerge. Maasdam glances around rather apprehensively.

MAASDAM

You're quite sure you came here unobserved?

ROSALIND

(reassuringly)

Now, Carl, you mustn't trouble yourself any more. You're in safe hands now.

She motions off and the same taxicab she took to the pier pulls into SCENE. The driver hops out and holds the door as Rosalind helps Maasdam inside. Suddenly there is a shout from OFFSCENE.

WALTER'S VOICE

Hey -- wait!

Rosalind turns, startled, as Walter enters breathlessly.

(CONTINUED)

92

(Cont.)

WALTER

(panting)

My briefcase -- I left it in your
cab. I followed you all the way
down here --

ROSALIND

(relieved)

Oh, I'm sorry I put you to all
that trouble.

(as Maasdam looks
on questioningly)

Mr. Maasdam, this is Mr. Mitty.

MAASDAM

(holding up briefcase
from inside cab)

Is this what you're looking for,
young man?

WALTER

Yes, thanks.

He starts inside eagerly, but Rosalind has his arm.

ROSALIND

Please, we're in a dreadful hurry.
Would you mind helping the driver
with the luggage?

WALTER

But I -- I'm --

(he glances
at his watch
dubiously)

ROSALIND

We can drop you off.

WALTER

Okay, sure.

He picks up a couple of suitcases, Rosalind a small
handbag, and they proceed to rear of cab where the
driver and the porter are busy shoving a large steamer
trunk into the baggage compartment.

93 CLOSER SHOT - AT REAR OF CAB

The porter goes out of scene, leaving Walter and the driver to stow the final pieces of luggage. As they are thus engaged, with their heads thrust into the compartment, a strange sound is heard, a sort of "Click!"

WALTER

What was that?

DRIVER

What?

WALTER

That click.

DRIVER

I didn't hear nothin'.

Walter shrugs and passes it off.

94 INT. CAB - CLOSEUP - MAASDAM'S HAND

The hand slips a little black book into Walter's briefcase.

94A EXT. TAXICAB - ANOTHER ANGLE

Rosalind tips the porter, who exits. Walter joins her as they enter the cab, the driver taking the wheel. As the cab pulls away,

WIPE TO:

95 INT. MOVING CAB (PROCESS)

Maasdam is seated between Rosalind and Walter. Rosalind is still rather tense and keeps glancing out of the window. Walter is looking at his watch nervously. Maasdam seems to be tired and dozing, his chin sunk into his chest.

WALTER

Sorry to keep rushing you like this,
but our whole next issue is in here.

(indicating briefcase)

I'm in the publishing business.

(getting no answer)

We put out thirty magazines.

He still gets no answer. Maasdam's head droops onto his shoulder. Walter embarrassedly moves over.

WALTER

(to Rosalind)

He must be pretty tired.

ROSALIND

(busy glancing out window)

Yes, he's had quite a trip.

(CONTINUED)

95

(Cont.)

Maasdam's head still rests on Walter's shoulder. Walter squeezes further into his corner.

WALTER
(politely to Maasdam)
Am I crowding you?
(to Rosalind)
Guess he fell asleep.

Maasdam's heavy wool muffler is tickling Walter's nose. He tries to push the man's head away, but it falls back onto his shoulder. Walter is very embarrassed and, since there is no further space for him to squeeze into, he tries to straighten the man up. As he does, Maasdam slumps to the floor and lies inert. A stifled scream from Rosalind accompanies Walter's bewildered stare.

ROSALIND
Carl!

Walter's eyes half pop out of his head. A slowly widening crimson stain is spreading over the white shirt front of the man on the floor! Rosalind bends over the man, feeling his pulse. She looks up at Walter, white-faced.

WALTER
(paralyzed)
Is he -- is he --

ROSALIND
(nodding dumbly)
Stabbed.

WALTER
(panicky)
What are we going to do? It's ten o'clock. I've never been this late in my life. What are we gonna do?

For answer, Rosalind slides back the glass panel to the driver's compartment.

ROSALIND
Driver, take us to the nearest police station.

As the driver nods,

DISSOLVE TO:

96

EXT, POLICE STATION

Walter and Rosalind leave the cab and hurry up the stairs

97 INT. CORRIDOR OF POLICE STATION

They enter and hurry toward a large room at the end of corridor. Walter is so anxious, he is a step ahead of Rosalind. He doesn't see her dart into a public telephone booth.

98 INT. PHONE BOOTH

Rosalind quickly starts to dial a number.

99 INT. POLICE CHAMBERS

A desk sergeant looks up as Walter pushes into scene. A couple of cops loiter nearby.

WALTER

(excitedly)

Officer, officer, something terrible's happened! This young lady and myself --

DESK SERGEANT

What young lady?

Walter looks around and, for the first time, realizes that Rosalind is not beside him. He is startled, but continues bravely as the Sergeant stares at him.

WALTER

I want to report a murder, officer.
We have the body outside in a taxicab.

DESK SERGEANT

(leaping to his feet)

A murder!

He is beside Walter with a bound, and they start outside, the two cops joining them. CAMERA FOLLOWS the excited procession to --

100 EXT. POLICE STATION

WALTER

(as they rush down steps)

The body is right in that taxicab.
It all happened so suddenly. I was
sitting right next to him --

DESK SERGEANT

(stopping)

What taxicab?

Walter stares blankly.

101 REVERSE ANGLE - TO STREET

There is no sign of the taxicab!

102 MED. SHOT - GROUP

The desk sergeant is looking at Walter oddly.

WALTER

(weakly)

It was right here. I came in with a girl in green and we left a dead body outside in a taxicab.

DESK SERGEANT

(tolerantly)

A yellow taxicab?

WALTER

Yes, sir.

DESK SERGEANT

And a girl in pink?

WALTER

Green.

DESK SERGEANT

Just as I thought. A case for Scotland Yard.

The two cops laugh as Walter stands, dazed.

WALTER

No, really, officer, her name was Mary Smith, I mean Rosalind Van Hoorn. I remember it distinctly!

The desk sergeant pats his shoulder.

DESK SERGEANT

Look, young fellow, go home and sleep it off.

The cops grin and start back inside, leaving Walter standing on the sidewalk in utter bewilderment. Suddenly he glances at his watch and his expression changes to alarm.

DISSOLVE TO:

103 INT. MAIN EDITORIAL ROOM - PIERCE PUBLISHING COMPANY

Walter, carrying his bundles, his briefcase and the broken rake, is approaching his office. He glances up at the big clock on the wall. It reads 10:45. Walter hurriedly slinks past the row of desks and darts into his office.

104 INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - MED. SHOT

He drops his burdens into a chair and crosses to desk where his daily bottle of milk is in evidence. With trembling hands, he picks up the bottle and is about to pour it into a glass, when a bellow from behind him freezes his blood.

PIERCE'S VOICE

MITTY!

Walter turns to see Mr. Pierce standing on the threshold like an angry thunder cloud. Pierce is holding a batch of manuscript and some art work.

WALTER

(in a small voice)

Oh, hello, Mr. Pierce. Just pouring myself a glass of milk.

He starts to pour the milk, but his fingers are shaking so much, he gets it nowhere near the glass. Milk spatters on his coat and on the floor as Pierce watches.

PIERCE

When do you take over the First National Bank?

WALTER

What do you mean, sir?

PIERCE

(with heavy sarcasm)

Well, you seem to be keeping banker's hours!

WALTER

(stammering)

I have a good excuse, Mr. Pierce. I had to go and meet the Gripsholm to get my briefcase. I was with a beautiful girl and, coming back, a man was murdered right next to us in a taxicab...

(his voice trailing off under Pierce's stare)

And they all disappeared...

PIERCE

(sweetly)

And they all disappeared.

WALTER

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

104 (Cont.)

PIERCE

(roaring)

Why don't you tell the truth, Mitty --
you fell asleep on the train.

WALTER

(recoiling, frightened)

No, sir, I --

PIERCE

Mitty, I want to tell you something
for your own good. You've been with
this firm eleven years. But unless
you stop this incessant woolgathering,
I'll have to take drastic action.

WALTER

Honest, Mr. Pierce, this wasn't a
daydream --

(rather desperately)

I'm sure it wasn't.

PIERCE

(impatiently)

I have no time for your excuses.
Where are those proofs?

WALTER

Right here, sir. All read and
corrected.

He nervously empties the briefcase onto his desk. A
little black book tumbles out with the proofs.

PIERCE

What's that?

WALTER

This? Oh, this is my memorandum
book.

Walter thrusts the little black book into his pocket as
Pierce scoops up the proofs,

PIERCE

Okay, I'll send these to press. Here,
get busy on "Sensational Murders."

He hands Walter the fresh batch of manuscript and art
work.

WALTER

(a quaver in his voice)

Sensational Murders, yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

104 (Cont. 1)

PIERCE

I don't want to be bothered, I have an important board meeting this afternoon.

WALTER

Yes, Mr. Pierce.

PIERCE

Oh -- and tell Joe to doctor up that knifing story. Lord Cecil is only stabbed once. We've always given our readers their money's worth. Have him stabbed front and back and in the side...

(he illustrates. Walter reacts, sickishly)
and save the heart for last. Why should we stint on things like that?

Walter nods and, his hand trembling, he clips a fresh batch of proofs together, but in his nervousness, fastens them to his cuff. As he raises his arm, the pages dangle from his sleeve.

PIERCE

What's the matter with you, Mitty?

WALTER

(unfastening the papers from his sleeve)

Nothing. Nothing, Mr. Pierce.

Pierce grunts and starts for the door as Walter sits down at his desk and picks up the drawing for the new cover.

105 CLOSE SHOT - COVER DRAWING - SHOOTING OVER WALTER'S SHOULDER

It shows a man sprawled on the floor in a pool of blood, a dagger protruding from his chest. Walter lets out a quavering cry of terror and drops the poster.

106 WIDER ANGLE

As Pierce, at the door, jumps, startled.

DISSOLVE TO;

107 EXT. PIERCE BUILDING - AT ENTRANCE

It is the noon lunch hour and employees are coming out into the street, Walter among them. He starts to walk along the sidewalk, when he hears;

ROSALIND'S VOICE

Mr. Mitty!

108. ANOTHER ANGLE

Walter turns and sees a chauffeured limousine parked at the curb. The rear door is open and Rosalind is beckoning to him from inside the car. She is dressed in a suit and furs and looks more beautiful than ever. Walter has to look twice to make sure the girl is real.

WALTER
(approaching suspiciously)
Oh, it's you.

ROSALIND
Mr. Mitty, I want to apologize for this morning.

WALTER
What happened? Where'd you disappear to?

ROSALIND
I went to make a phone call. I was advised to leave. Uncle felt there was too much at stake for me to be mixed up in what happened.

WALTER
Uncle who?

ROSALIND
Uncle Peter. He told me to come here and get you.

WALTER
(drawing back a bit)
Get me?

ROSALIND
He wants to meet you.

WALTER
Look, I don't want to be mixed up in this thing either. I gotta do some shopping for my mother.

He starts away, but Rosalind rests a soft hand on his arm.

ROSALIND
Please come.

She looks up at him appealingly. Walter weakens perceptibly as the sapphire eyes gaze into his.

(CONTINUED)

108 (Cont.)

WALTER

(hesitantly)

But I -- I just have an hour for lunch. I have to be back in the office by one-thirty.

ROSALIND

It'll only take a few minutes. I promise.

Her hand is still resting on his arm. Walter starts away, but can't quite make it. It is almost as though the sapphire eyes were an electro-magnet. Involuntarily, he finds himself drawn into the car, seated beside her.

109 INT. LIMOUSINE

As it roars off, Walter is looking dreamily at the lovely creature beside him. All at once, he snaps out of it.

WALTER

Say, what happened to that taxicab? What happened to the -- the body?

ROSALIND

They took it away.

WALTER

They! Who is "they"?

ROSALIND

Uncle will explain everything.

DISSOLVE TO:

110 EXT. VAN HOORN HOME

An impressive old mansion on the Palisades, facing the Hudson River. Stately trees line the driveway which is entered through a grilled iron gate. The limousine drives up to the front entrance.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

111 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - MED. SHOT - AT FRONT DOOR

A butler is admitting Walter and Rosalind. Walter looks around, impressed with the richness of the interior.

ROSALIND

Hello, Tyler -- will you tell my uncle Mr. Mitty is here.

BUTLER

Yes, Miss Van Hoorn,

(CONTINUED)

111 (Cont.)

BUTLER
(continued)

Will you wait in here, please?

And the butler ushers Walter, Rosalind following, through a door off hall, into;

112 INT. LIBRARY - MED. SHOT

It is a richly appointed room; a large, handsome antique desk at the far end, the walls lined with books, and oil paintings about, a piano near the door.

Rosalind and Walter enter and stand waiting. There is an awkward pause. She smiles at him, he smiles back, but he is very embarrassed now, getting the full impact of her beauty. She tries to put him at ease.

ROSALIND
He'll only be a moment.

She smiles at him again, looking right into his eyes, and this time he nearly falls apart. He can't stand it just looking at her, so he turns and feigns interest in a picture.

WALTER
(turning back to her)
That's beautiful, isn't it?

ROSALIND
Yes -- it is.

WALTER
(all flustered)
Do you mind if I look at it?

ROSALIND
Not at all.

She smiles at him again and he grins back, foolish and self-conscious. Then he edges away to presumably admire the painting, standing much too close to it. Rosalind is waiting by the piano, and she runs the fingers of one hand idly over the keys, playing a few chords. Walter turns from the painting and sneaks a glance at her. She raises her eyes and looks into his. Flustered, he turns quickly back to the painting; then moves on to another one. This is a gory canvas such as "The Assassination of Prince Michael," and shows the Prince being brutally stabbed to death. Walter reacts at the grisly tableau.

From the piano comes the opening strains of "Beautiful Dreamer," which Rosalind is picking out with one finger. Still playing idly, she looks over and sees him staring at the painting. His hand, however, is beginning to keep time to the melody.

ROSALIND
Do you like it?

(CONTINUED)

112 (Cont.)

WALTER
(turning to her)
Oh -- I love it.

Rosalind stops playing and regards the painting with distaste.

ROSALIND
It's always frightened me.

Walter laughs, realizing his error.

WALTER
Oh -- I thought -- That's one of my favorite songs -- Beautiful Dreamer -- and I like the way you play it.

ROSALIND
(lightly)
It's better with a bass but that's as far as I ever got with my piano lessons.

The butler appears with startling suddenness.

BUTLER
Mr. Van Hoorn is waiting for you in the solarium.

Rosalind starts into the hall, nodding to Walter to follow. The romantic mood of the moment is gone - and Walter feels a growing nervousness as he follows.

112A INT. ENTRANCE HALL - WALTER AND ROSALIND

They enter scene from library and follow the butler across rear of entrance hall through doors that enter into;

113 INT. SOLARIUM - FULL SHOT

The room is filled with plants and presents a very attractive picture. Nearby in a wheelchair sits an elderly man, PETER VAN HOORN. He is arranging some tulip bulbs in a box, wearing gardener's gloves. He looks up as they come toward him.

ROSALIND
Uncle.
(she kisses him)
Uncle Peter, this is Mr. Mitty.

Walter and Van Hoorn exchange greetings.

VAN HOORN
You are the young man who was so kind to my niece this morning?

(CONTINUED)

113 (Cont.)

WALTER

Oh, I really didn't do anything --

VAN HOORN

You'll have a cup of tea with us.

WALTER

(looking at the tulips)

Gee, they're beautiful.

VAN HOORN

You like flowers?

WALTER

Well, mother likes them. We're raising snapdragons now -- only I brought back petunias instead. I have to exchange them today.

Rosalind is busy with tea things on the tea cart.

VAN HOORN

These bulbs were imported from Holland.

WALTER

We get ours from Gerber's Feed Store. Personally, I'd rather raise radishes -- they grow so fast and you can eat them.

ROSALIND

You like yours with cream, Mr. Mitty?

WALTER

No, just salt.

(realizing she
meant the tea)

Oh. No cream, thank you.

Rosalind passes him a cup of tea.

ROSALIND

Here, Uncle Peter.

Van Hoorn accepts the tea.

VAN HOORN

Thank you, my dear. Mr. Mitty, I asked Rosalind to bring you here because I wanted to tell you that your life is in danger.

Walter almost chokes on his tea.

WALTER

Danger?

(CONTINUED)

113 (Cont. 1)

VAN HOORN

You were present when poor Maasdam was murdered this morning.

WALTER

Yes, but it was only a coincidence. I went down to the pier --

ROSALIND

Just the same, Mr. Mitty, you were there. And they might try to kill you, too.

VAN HOORN

Mr. Mitty, I can see you're a man of great courage.

Walter's hand is trembling so that the spoon is clinking in the saucer.

WALTER

Huh?

(he gulps his tea)

ROSALIND

More tea?

WALTER

Yes, please.

She pours him another cup, then places a piece of toast in the toaster.

VAN HOORN

Since you have already become involved it may be necessary for you to face even greater danger.

WALTER

(gulping another cup of tea)

It may, huh?

ROSALIND

I think he should know all the facts, Uncle. You see, Uncle Peter was curator of the Royal Netherlands Museum in Rotterdam. He left just before the German invasion.

WALTER

Well, that seems like a sensible time to leave.

(CONTINUED)

113 (Cont. 2)

VAN HOORN

Yes. But before I escaped, I managed to see that all of our great art treasures were concealed in hundreds of obscure places.

WALTER

(relieved)

Oh, then there's nothing to worry about.

ROSALIND

Yes there is. The hiding place of each article is recorded in a little black book -- and the Boot will do anything to get it.

WALTER

The -- the Boot?

VAN HOORN

His real name is Wilhelm Krug. That's why Maasdam was killed today. Krug thought Maasdam had the book.

WALTER

Well, who has it?

VAN HOORN

Nobody knows. But if the Boot thought that you had it -- he'd cut your throat in a second!

Walter nervously fingers his throat.

WALTER

Let's -- let's call the FBI.

ROSALIND

Uncle has already notified them. They're working together with the Dutch Secret Police.

(CONTINUED)

113 (Cont. 3)

VAN HOORN

I can understand your alarm, Mr. Mitty -- but the police are very efficient. The minute you are killed they will redouble their efforts.

WALTER

Oh. That's nice...Well, I guess I'll be running along -- I've got a lot of shopping to do --

VAN HOORN

As a precaution, Mr. Mitty, say nothing about this matter to anybody -- not even your loved ones.

WALTER

Oh, you can trust me, Mr. Van Hoorn.

ROSALIND

Goodbye, Mr. Mitty.
(she looks into
his eyes)
You are very brave.

Walter swells perceptibly under her earnest compliment and assumes a very brave air. At that moment the toaster ejects a piece of toast about two feet into the air, making a very loud clang. Walter almost faints with fright.

DISSOLVE TO:

114 INT. STACEY'S DEPARTMENT STORE - MED. SHOT - WALTER

CAMERA TRUCKS WITH HIM as he passes under an arcade marked PET DEPARTMENT. Various people, some with their dogs on leash, are moving about, buying or examining pet supplies. As Walter crosses to one of the counters, he suddenly notices someone offscene and reacts.

115 MED. SHOT - WHAT WALTER SEES

The squat man with pale eyes is leaning against a pillar, reading a newspaper.

116 ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING WALTER

Something in the man's appearance strikes a responsive chord in Walter. He peers uncertainly, but the man gives no indication of being aware of him. Casting a backward glance over his shoulder, he steps up to the DOG FOOD counter.

SALESGIRL

May I help you, sir?

WALTER

(with a start)

Oh yes, I'd like some - er --
(he fumbles in his pocket, takes out the little black book and reads from it)

Three dozen Ming goblets --

He breaks off and stares at the little black book in his hand.

SALESGIRL

Crockery on the fifth floor, sir.

But Walter is scarcely listening. He is reading down the page with dawning horror.

WALTER

(half to himself)

One diamond-and-platinum royal sceptre... One jewelled crown...

SALESGIRL

Mister, this is the Pet Department.

(CONTINUED)

116 (Cont.)

She moves away to take care of another customer.

WALTER
(muttering)

Black book!

He quickly reaches into another pocket and his hand comes out with his own little memorandum book, almost identical with the other one. As he stares at the books, gulping nervously, he hears again the same ominous "click." He glances around, then reacts,

117 CLOSE SHOT - PALE-EYED MAN

He has moved closer, still apparently oblivious of Walter, but now engaged in paring his nails with a keen-bladed spring-knife.

118 MED. CLOSE - WALTER

Thoroughly frightened. He begins to look for a means of egress.

SALESGIRL
(returning)

Was there something else you wished?

WALTER
Wha- huh? -- Oh yes -- I'll take this.

He picks up a box of Dog Biscuit from the counter and quickly hands her some money. As she exits to make change, Walter again glances sideways.

119 CLOSE SHOT - PALE-EYED MAN

Still innocently paring his nails.

120 MED. SHOT - WALTER

He wipes perspiration from his forehead. His hand begins to shake. Not knowing what he is doing, he opens the box of Dog Biscuit, takes one out and begins to eat it.

121 WIDER ANGLE

As passing customers stare and several little dogs on leashes bark at Walter jealously, The salesgirl returns and stares at him, fascinated, as she hands him his change. Walter suddenly realizes what he is doing and gives a prop laugh.

WALTER
Always eat 'em.
(pointing to text
on box)
Contain vitamin B-1.

(CONTINUED)

121 (Cont.)

He hurries away, leaving the box on the counter. As he reaches the exit of the pet shop, he sights the pale-eyed man hovering about outside and, trapped and terrified, he hurries back to another section of the dog counter. In a futile attempt to conceal his face, he begins to examine a display of dog leashes hanging from a circular rack, by burying his head amongst the straps. The same salesgirl, somewhat perplexed, parts the leashes and peers in at him.

SALESGIRL
(nervously, handing
him money)
You forgot your change, sir.

WALTER
(unwilling to expose
himself)
Oh yes, yes -- thanks.

He accepts the change and remains where he is. The girl stares at him nervously.

SALESGIRL
These are lovely leashes, aren't
they, sir ?

WALTER
(peering around fearfully)
Fine -- fine. How much are these muzzles?

So saying, he picks up a large Great Dane muzzle off the counter and puts it on his face, hysterically hoping to mask himself from the pale-eyed killer.

SALESGIRL
(nervously, looking at
this apparition)
Two dollars -- and -- er -- two cents.
(staring weakly)
The two cents is tax.

He thrusts the money at her.

SALESGIRL
(backing away, convinced
he's a madman)
Shall I have it wrapped, sir?

WALTER
(backing away)
No thanks, I'll wear it home.

The salesgirl and other customers watch in astonishment as Walter, head down, the muzzle on his face, hurries from the pet shop cubicle into;

121A AISLE OUTSIDE PET SHOP

He passes the pale-eyed man nearby, hurries on down aisle and whisks off the muzzle, thinking he's deceived him.

122 TRUCKING SHOT - WALTER

He hurries through an archway into another department, glancing back nervously.

123 LONG SHOT - PALE-EYED MAN

Sauntering after him,

124 CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

Panicky, he darts through a curtained doorway.

125 INT. LADIES' FITTING ROOM

An attractive young model is posing in a lacy corset for the inspection of a group of women customers. [The model screams as Walter enters. She quickly ducks behind a placard which reads: CORSETS ARE FASHIONABLE AGAIN.

Walter ducks by the model, but becomes embarrassed. He backs
Flustered, Walter quickly slinks [through another curtained doorway into --

126 INT. WRAPPING ROOM

The girls are busy wrapping mountains of feminine apparel for delivery. They are too preoccupied to notice Walter enter and cross to another exit. He peers out anxiously.

127 MED. SHOT - FROM WALTER'S ANGLE

The squat, pale-eyed man is not more than ten feet away, leaning against a nearby notion counter. He looks straight at Walter with no expression.

128 INT. WRAPPING ROOM

Walter hastily closes the door and leans against it, trembling. He reaches into his pocket and extracts the little black book. Seeing a pile of various colored, filmy lace corsets on the counter, he impulsively inserts the book between the stays of one of the corsets - a black one.

Just then, the Head Saleswoman hurries in.

SALESWOMAN

Haven't you wrapped these yet? They're to go out to Mrs. Follinsbee at once.

(She sees Walter and stares quizzically.

(CONTINUED)

128 (Cont.)

WALTER
Is - er - is this the hardware
department?

SALESWOMAN
(coldly)
No. This is not the hardware department.

WALTER
That's funny -- the fellow told me --
I was walking along -- Goodbye.

He rushes back to --

129 INT. FITTING ROOM

The model screams again and ducks behind the same sign,
as Walter dashes for the exit.

130 FULL SHOT - OUTSIDE FITTING ROOM

The squat, pale-eyed man is still at the notion counter,
watching the door. A large dowager comes out and starts
in the opposite direction. It is only when she is a good
distance away that we see Walter behind her, crouching in
her protective wake. The squat man moves after him.
Walter looks back and breaks into a run.

DISSOLVE TO:

131 EXT. PIERCE BUILDING

Walter has just alighted from a cab and is paying the
driver. He is breathless and dishevelled. He starts
into the building, then looks off and reacts as he sees --

132 LONG SHOT - ANOTHER CAB

It has just pulled up some distance away and the pale-
eyed man is alighting.

133 MED. SHOT - WALTER

He rushes into the building.

134 INT. LOBBY

Walter hurries for an elevator, but the doors close as
he reaches it. He crosses to a door marked FIRE STAIRWAY
and darts through.

135 FIRE STAIRWAY - MOVING SHOT - WALTER

He is flying up the stairs, three at a time. At the
third floor landing, he pauses to listen, his breath now
a series of wheezing gasps.

136 SECOND FLOOR LANDING

A door opens and out comes a CHARWOMAN, carrying a mop and pail. She starts clumping up toward the next floor.

137 MED. SHOT - WALTER ON FLOOR ABOVE

He hears the ominous footsteps approaching, and takes off again like a rocket.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

138 UPPER FLOOR LANDING

Walter comes tearing into scene, pausing again to hear the footsteps coming closer. He turns to a door marked: PIERCE PUBLISHING CO. -- SERVICE ENTRANCE, tries the door, but it is locked! Terrified, he casts about for a means of escape. The footsteps are getting nearer. In a panic, he crawls through an open window onto a broad, stone ledge.

139 EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING

As Walter, on his hands and knees, creeps along the ledge to an adjoining open window.

140 INT. PIERCE'S OFFICE

A Board of Directors meeting is in progress. A half dozen pompous-looking individuals are listening stiffly to Bruce W. Pierce who stands behind his desk, much in the manner of Lincoln delivering the Gettysburg Address.

PIERCE

...This idea for pocket-size editions came to me about two years ago, and I've given it considerable thought. There are three values to pocket-size editions. One, they fit into the pocket.

(the directors nod, impressed)

Two, because the stories will be shorter, we can pay the writers less.

(again the directors nod)

Three, I have behind me a well-gearred organization of sober, industrious employees who --

He breaks off as, through the open window behind him, legs appear, then a torso, then the head and shoulders of Walter Mitty. Walter is glancing back through the window nervously and doesn't see Pierce watching him, first with amazement, then with anger.

PIERCE

(roaring)

Mitty!

(CONTINUED)

140 (Cont.)

Walter turns for the first time, and realizes where he is. A pigeon flies in through the window.

WALTER

(stammering)

Oh -- good afternoon, Mr. Pierce.

Pierce waves his papers at the pigeon, trying to shoo it out.

PIERCE

Get that thing out of here! What in thunderation do you think you're doing?

The pigeon keeps flying around the room as the startled directors stare.

WALTER

(blurting it out)

I'm trying to get away from somebody, Mr. Pierce. There was a man following me. He had terrible pale eyes and a long knife --

(he starts to back toward door -- the pigeon lights on his head)

I'll tell you all about it later, Mr. Pierce.

(to pigeon)

Go way, Elmer, go way!

(he shoos the pigeon and it flies out the window)

I know how busy you are and I don't want to disturb you --

In his eagerness to get to the door, he backs into one of the seated directors, almost knocking the man off his chair.

WALTER

Pardon me.

He assists the man to regain his balance, then continues backing to the door.

WALTER

Sorry. See you later, Mr. Pierce.

He bumps right into the water cooler near the door, nearly knocking the bottle over, catching it just in time. He beats a hasty retreat and slams the door. Pierce glares after him, clears his throat, picks up his sheaf of notes and resumes.

(CONTINUED)

140 (Cont. 1)

PIERCE

Four, even if pocket-size editions are a failure, we will only have used excess profits that would have gone to the stockholders...

His speech is interrupted by the cooing of the pigeon sitting on the window ledge, apparently heckling Pierce. Pierce angrily brandishes his notes in an effort to shoo the pigeon away. The pigeon leaves, but so do Pierce's notes, flying out of his hand and out of the window.

141 INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

He is at his desk phoning, an open telephone book before him.

WALTER

Hello...Is Mr. Van Hoorn at home -- or his niece? This is Mr. Mitty.

142 INT. VAN HOORN HOME - BUTLER AT PHONE

BUTLER

No, neither of them are at home, sir... No, I don't know what time they'll be back. I'll tell them you called, sir.

143 INT. WALTER'S OFFICE

He hangs up, troubled. A solemn voice speaks from behind him.

THE VOICE

I know of a way to kill a man and leave no trace.

Walter whips around to see a gaunt-looking man, dressed in somber black, regarding him mournfully. The man carries a black-bound manuscript.

WALTER

Who -- who are you?

HOLLINGSHEAD

I am Dr. Hugo Hollingshead and I have a manuscript that might be of interest to your firm. It contains a most ingenious method for the perpetration of homicide.

Walter breathes a sigh of relief and sits down at his desk.

WALTER

I'm afraid you're in the wrong office, Dr. Hollingshead. Mr. Pierce buys all stories.

(CONTINUED)

143 (Cont.)

HOLLINGSHEAD

I've seen Mr. Pierce and he told me to see you.

WALTER

Oh -- well, have a chair, doctor.

HOLLINGSHEAD

I don't wish to take up your valuable time reading my story --

(he indicates manuscript)

But did you know that an icicle inserted into the brain will melt slowly, leaving no trace?

WALTER

It's been done. Sorry.

HOLLINGSHEAD

Oh...Well, then, perhaps you might be interested in another method I came upon in my medical researches? The sensory nerve at the base of the brain is particularly vulnerable to an assassin. One simply presses thus, with the thumb --

Walter pulls a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe his overheated brow. His little black memorandum book pops out with it onto his desk. He doesn't notice the hesitation of a fraction of a second in Hollingshead's voice, the flicker of an eyelid in the somber face.

HOLLINGSHEAD

(quickly resuming)

-- The resultant brain hemorrhage produces instantaneous death without a clue.

WALTER

Good idea, doctor, but we used the sensory nerve in "The Gland Specialist's Revenge."

He mops his brow again and gets up to open a window. His back is to Hollingshead as he rolls it wide. Hollingshead eyes the little black book on the desk, rises silently and stalks up behind Walter.

HOLLINGSHEAD

(softly)

But what you don't know is that the base of the brain is a very sensitive place --

He is now directly behind Walter, his hands extended to shove him out of the window. Walter turns and starts.

(CONTINUED)

143 (Cont. 1)

HOLLINGSHEAD

(covering up with a gesture)

As you can see, the only weapon is the human hand...

Walter shrugs, annoyed with this character, and moves away to open the adjoining window, Hollingshead quickly picks up the book from the desk and thrusts it into his pocket. Walter turns and catches the movement.

WALTER

Hey, what is the idea? Put that book --

Before he can get the words out, the man in black springs at him fiercely and shoves him toward the open window.

WALTER

(terrified)

Hey, look out!

He clutches desperately at Hollingshead's coat as he falls. The coat comes off with a ripping sound as Walter, with a cry, plunges through the window.

144 CLOSE SHOT - HOLLINGSHEAD

Shirt-sleeved now, his coat torn from his back, with the black book in its pocket, he stares over the window sill in frustration.

145 EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - MED. SHOT - WALTER

He is clinging precariously to the projecting stone ledge, Hollingshead's coat covering his face. Unable to see, he gropes blindly for a firmer hold, when the wind blows the coat off his face onto his shoulders. He looks up in terror to see Dr. Hollingshead leaning over the sill. Hollingshead is trying to retrieve his coat, but Walter, fearing that the bony fingers are going to push him to the pavement five stories below, scrambles hand over hand out of reach.

146 INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - MED. SHOT - HOLLINGSHEAD

Foiled, he turns away from the window and hurries out of the room.

147 EXT. STONE LEDGE - MED. SHOT - WALTER

He has managed to get his legs onto the ledge and, still clutching the coat, crawls around a corner of the building. He comes face to face with his pigeon friends. They seem happy to see him.

148 INT. PIERCE'S OFFICE

The Board of Directors meeting is still in session,
Pierce presiding.

PIERCE

...In Hospital Love Stories, as in all
the other of our publications, action
will be the keynote. Action! Thrills!
The unexpected --

On the word "unexpected," the rear end of Walter Mitty
appears in the window, followed by the rest of him as he
slithers backward into the room. He doesn't notice the
startled stares of the conferees or the black, astonished
glare of Mr. Pierce.

PIERCE

Mitty!

Walter wheels, shaking like an aspen, to find himself
staring into the purple face of Mr. Pierce. The pigeon
comes flying in again.

PIERCE

What in confounded tarnation are you
and that pigeon trying to do?

WALTER

(half hysterical)

Mr. Pierce, Mr. Pierce, you've got to
listen to me. I was out there hanging
by my hands. A tall doctor pushed me
out of the window.

PIERCE

What is this insane -- What tall doctor?

WALTER

That fellow you sent in to tell me a
story. He didn't come in to tell me
a story. He just came in to push me
out of the window...

PIERCE

I didn't send in anybody to push you
out of the window. I've got more
important things to do.

WALTER

Here's his coat.

PIERCE

Whose coat?

WALTER

That fellow -- the one you sent in --

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont.)

PIERCE

Mitty, I don't know whether you're
drunk or crazy --

WALTER

But, Mr. Pierce --

The pigeon flies right past Mr. Pierce's face.

PIERCE

Throw that pigeon out! And you get
out of here! I'll talk to you later!

Walter backs hurriedly toward the door, almost knocking over the same old gentleman he bumped into earlier. In trying to steady the man's chair, Walter's derriere hits the hall-tree, scattering hats and coats all over the floor.

WALTER

I'm terribly sorry.

He starts to pick up the hats and coats, and in doing so, bumps into the water cooler. This time it starts to fall. He makes a frantic grab for it and catches the bottle in his arms, but the stand crashes to the floor. Walter stands there hugging the inverted bottle which starts pouring onto the floor, splattering the hats and coats. Wildly clutching the bottle in one arm, he rights the stand with his free arm and puts the bottle back in place. He starts to pick up a soggy derby and Homburg.

PIERCE

Get out, Mitty, GET OUT!

Walter obediently drops the hats, swings the door open hurriedly and slams it behind him. There is a CRASH as the glass in the door shatters, revealing Walter's startled face looking in at Pierce. As the pigeon comes flying into the room again --

DISSOLVE TO:

149 INT. MITTY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Two bridge tables occupy the center of the room and Walter, wearing a small tea apron, is helping his mother set out plates of dainties, a pitcher of lemonade, etc., on one of them. Walter is troubled and preoccupied. His mother is hammering at him again.

(CONTINUED)

149

(Cont.)

MRS. MITTY

-- You know very well, Walter Mitty,
if you're going to get married, you'll
just have to ask for a raise...Put the
flowers in the vase.

(suddenly)

What was that?

WALTER

(picking up loose,
cut flowers)

What was what?

MRS. MITTY

(looking over at
mantel clock)

The clock didn't strike. I definitely
heard it not strike. Will you please
take it in to Kudner's on Sixth Avenue.
He fixed Gertrude's Metronome -- he can
fix anything. But don't say you'll do
it and not do it...

WALTER

(absently)

I'll do it tomorrow, Mother.

MRS. MITTY

...And if you don't go in and ask for
it, nobody's going to give you a raise
on a silver platter.

Walter absently starts to put the stems of the flowers
in the pitcher of lemonade. His mother snatches them
out of his hand.

MRS. MITTY

Walter! Not in the lemonade! What in
Heaven's name is the matter with you?
You've been in a daze all evening.

WALTER

Well, I -- I --

(he suddenly turns)

Mother, if a fellow was a witness to a
mur-- to foul play -- and he was asked
not to say anything about it because of
his loved ones, what should he do?

MRS. MITTY

(bustling about)

Walter, can't you forget those stories
of yours for a moment?

The DOORBELL gives several merry rings to the rhythm of
"Shave and a Haircut."

149 (Cont. 1)

MRS. MITTY

(excitedly)

Oh, they brought Tubby Wadsworth!

WALTER

(distastefully, as his
mother goes to the door)

Tubby Wadsworth!

Mrs. Mitty opens the door to admit Gertrude, Mrs. Griswold and TUBBY WADSWORTH. Tubby is a stout, moon-faced young man -- two hundred pounds of "good-time-Charlie."

MRS. GRISWOLD

(coily)

Anybody home?

MRS. MITTY

(effusively)

Irmagarde! What a stunning hat!

And Gertrude, darling!

(she kisses her cheek)

TUBBY

Gertrude left Queenie home and brought me. How do I look as a lap dog?

(he dangles his hands
like paws and barks)

MRS. MITTY

(screaming with laughter)

Oh, Tubby!

TUBBY

(slapping Walter
on the back)

Hiya, Walt, old boy.

(he takes a small book
from his pocket and
hands it to Walter)

Brought you a present -- a first edition.

WALTER

Gee, thanks, Tubby.

He lifts the cover of the book. Instantly there is a "BANG" and a stream of flour shoots up into his face. Tubby laughs heartily.

GERTRUDE

(giggling)

Oh -- Walter, you look so silly.

(CONTINUED)

149

(Cont. 2)

TUBBY

(taking the book back)
Little gadget I picked up in a magic
store. It's a howl, isn't it?

WALTER

(wiping his face)
Sure is.

MRS. GRISWOLD

(excitedly)
Guess what, Eunice?

MRS. MITTY

What?

MRS. GRISWOLD

(dramatically)
We have Reverend Thomas for Saturday!

MRS. MITTY

No!

MRS. GRISWOLD

Took him right out from under Mrs.
Sanderson's nose -- thanks to Tubby.

TUBBY

I told the Reverend it was gonna
hurt me more than it would him.

He laughs and they all join in.

GERTRUDE

(going into Walter's arms)
Oh, Waltie --
(she looks up at him)
Wasn't that sweet of Tubby?

WALTER

(still wiping his face)
Sure was.

MRS. GRISWOLD

If ever a man was a good loser, it's
Tubby Wadsworth.

TUBBY

Well, you know what they say -- unlucky
in love, lucky at cards,
(crosses to bridge table)
What are we waiting for?

MRS. MITTY

You four play the first rubber.

149 (Cont. 3)

The others start to seat themselves at the bridge table. Mrs. Mitty, busy with the lemonade, hands a plate to Gertrude.

MRS. MITTY
Pass these, dear.

GERTRUDE
(passing plate to Tubby)
Care for some lady fingers, Tubby?

TUBBY
Just yours, Juliet.

He kisses Gertrude's hand passionately. Everyone laughs at this hysterical by-play, except Walter.

TUBBY
(jovially)
You know, this calls for a celebration.
How about throwing a little party in
town tomorrow, Walt?

WALTER
Party?

MRS. MITTY
(enthused)
We could all meet in town and eat at
some nice place!

MRS. GRISWOLD
There's that Chinese restaurant,
Eunice! The Red Dragon.

MRS. MITTY
Oh, that's a wonderful idea, Irmagarde!
Chinese places are so exciting, like a
trip to the orient.
(to Walter)
Make a reservation for six o'clock,
dear. Call from the office.

(CONTINUED)

149 (Cont. 4)

TUBBY

How're you doing at that jute mill,
Wally? Did they make you an editor
yet?

WALTER

Well, no -- not yet --

TUBBY

(shuffling the cards)
Guess you don't know how to play the
game, Walt. It's all office politics.
You got to polish the old apple. Take
your boss out for a drink somewhere.
(suddenly)

Hey, why not invite him to the party?

WALTER

(shocked)

Invite Mr. Pierce?

MRS. MITTY

Tubby, that's a brilliant idea.
(to Walter)

Why not, Walter? You told me Mr.
Pierce likes Chinese food.

WALTER

Well -- er -- Mr. Pierce doesn't go
out very often with his employees.

MRS. GRISWOLD

(indignantly)

Well, he certainly can't refuse you
on an occasion like this.

MRS. MITTY

Walter, I'll have no more of your
stubbornness. You march right up
and ask Mr. Pierce to dinner tomorrow.

TUBBY

Just slap him on the back --
(he illustrates by
clouting Walter on the back)
-- and say, J. P. --

WALTER

B.P.

(CONTINUED)

TUBBY

B.P., I'm getting hitched this weekend. How's about putting on the feed-bag with me and the bride-to-be? Get palsy with him. Make him laugh. Tell him a joke.

WALTER

I don't know any jokes.

TUBBY

I've got hundreds of them. I'll give you a dilly about two canaries --

MRS. MITTY

You'll ask him, won't you, Walter?

WALTER

All right, Mother.

MRS. GRISWOLD

Well, I'm glad that's settled. Let's play bridge. One diamond.

WALTER

(assorting his cards)

Er -- one spade.

TUBBY

(impressively)

Six no-trump.

GERTRUDE

Pass.

Mrs. Griswold lays her hand down as Walter leads a card. Tubby takes it with the king, glances at the dummy and spreads his hand confidently.

TUBBY

Six no-trump -- as advertised. You could have beaten it, Walt, if you led a heart.

MRS. MITTY

(as Mrs. Griswold starts new deal)

Walter's trouble is that he doesn't concentrate.

TUBBY

Card sense is like business sense. If you haven't got one, you haven't got the other.

(CONTINUED)

149 (Cont. 6)

MRS. MITTY

Exactly what I've told you, Walter.
Now concentrate.

Walter tries to concentrate. He furrows his brow, picks up his cards, and looks over sulkily at Tubby, who is confidently examining his hand. Walter's eyes wander to a picture on the wall in back of Tubby.

150 CLOSEUP - WALTER

A dreamy, faraway look begins to take the place of resentment on his countenance.

151 CLOSEUP - PICTURE ON WALL

It is a copy of an old Currier and Ives showing a Mississippi River sidewheeler paddling down the moonlit river. CAMERA TRUCKS UP to the picture until the steamer FILLS THE SCREEN and becomes the real thing! The paddle wheels make a pocketa-pocketa sound in the water as the boat churns along the moonlit river. The subdued sound of pocketa-pocketa can be heard under the ensuing scene.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

152 INT. SALON - MISSISSIPPI RIVER BOAT - NIGHT - CLOSEUP - TUBBY

But an entirely different Tubby. He is dressed as a Southern dandy of the old Civil War South. Beads of perspiration stand out as he mops his pale, weak face. His trembling fingers hold a poker hand. He pushes his last stack of chips forward.

TUBBY

Raise.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to:

153 MED. SHOT - THE CARD TABLE

Opposite Tubby, cool and implacable, sits Gaylord Mitty, the gentleman gambler. Beside him, on the table, rests a heaver top hat and gold-headed cane. He holds his cards with an easy grace, one finger looped over a long, thin cigar. A cluster of onlookers watch tensely.

MITTY

(pushing three
stacks forward)

Once again, suh,

(CONTINUED)

153 (Cont.)

Tubby, sweating, takes a document from his inner coat pocket and throws it into the pot.

TUBBY

The deed to my plantation. Call,
(spreading his hand)
Three kings.

MITTY

(laying down three aces)
I believe I have three bullets, suh.
(pulling chips toward him)
Lady Luck hasn't been smiling on you,
Colonel Wadsworth.

Tubby pours a stiff drink from the bottle of bourbon beside him and gulps it.

TUBBY

(desperately)
One more hand, Mitty.

MITTY

(coolly, fingering his chips)
With what, Colonel? Ginger snaps?
(he starts to rise)

TUBBY

Wait -- I know you're in love with
my fiancée. I'll play you one hand
for her.

MITTY

(scornfully)
You'd pluck a star from the Heaven
and fling it on the soiled cloth of
a gaming table?

TUBBY

If I lose, I'll go North. Is it a
wager?

MITTY

(quietly)
It's a wager, suh.

Pushing all his chips into the center of the table, Mitty picks up the deck and, with great dexterity, flutters the cards in the air and telescopes them. Then, performing a one-hand shuffle, he deals with the same hand. Tubby gulps down another bourbon, mops his forehead and picks up his cards.

MITTY

Your pleasure, suh?

154 CLOSE SHOT - TUBBY

He furtively conceals three cards in his sleeve and pulls out three others.

TUBBY

(with a gleam of triumph)
I'll play these.

155 MED. SHOT - TABLE

Mitty nods and deals himself two cards.

TUBBY

This is one hand you won't win,
(spreads his cards)
Three aces.

MITTY

Strange. I have four.
(he spreads his hand)

TUBBY

(pulling out a large pistol)
You Yankee dog --

With a lightning gesture, Mitty seizes his gold-headed cane and flips the gun from Tubby's hand. It sails into the air and Mitty catches it nonchalantly. He hands it back.

MITTY

Careful, Wadsworth. These things
have been known to go off.

With complete disdain, he turns his back on Tubby and saunters through the awed crowd. CAMERA TRUCKS HIM OUT to:

156 EXT. STERN DECK OF SHIP - TRUCKING SHOT - WALTER

As he moves along the deck, passing groups of Negro deckhands on cotton bales, singing a medley of Southern airs, and strumming softly on banjos.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

The scent of honeysuckle was strong
in the air; the plink of banjos could
be heard over the gentle lapping of
the paddle wheels as they went pocketa-
pocketa-pocketa in the moonlit waters.

The CAMERA STOPS at the stern rail. Standing there is a lovely Southern belle in a hoop skirt. She wears two large magnolias in her hair.

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.)

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Gaylord Mitty squared his enormous shoulders, and called her name softly. It was a touching moment --

MITTY

Miss Gertrude...

The girl turns and we see that it is Rosalind!

ROSALIND

(haughtily)

Oh, it's you.

MITTY

(bowing low)

I have the honor to inform you, ma'am --

ROSALIND

(coldly)

I have already been informed. I suppose you've come to collect your bet, you unspeakable river-boat gambler!

MITTY

(bowing again)

Honor, ma'am, is something that is not the exclusive property of the Southern aristocracy. Naturally, I have no intention of holding a lady to any such bargain.

(handing her the document)

Here is the deed to the plantation stolen from your father.

ROSALIND

Oh, Gaylord --

MITTY

I know I'm what you might call a gambler, but try to think kindly of me when I'm away.

ROSALIND

(with a catch)

Away?

MITTY

(nodding)

Fort Sumter has been fired upon. My regiment leaves at dawn.

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont. 1)

Tears fill Rosalind's eyes and she bites her lip.

ROSALIND

Oh, Gaylord, how I've misjudged you.

She melts into his arms. OVERSCENE, we hear the plink of banjos and the voices of darkies singing "Dixie." A Negro deckhand is taking a river sounding and calling out the plaintive "Ma-ark Twain."

ROSALIND

(softly)

Listen! They're playing our song.

157 DECK NEARBY - MED. SHOT - TUBBY

Skulking, pistol in hand, hatred in his face, along the wall. He raises his gun to fire.

158 CLOSE SHOT - WALTER AND ROSALIND

WALTER

If you'll excuse me, ma'am --

He whirls, pulling a dagger from his gold-headed cane. With unerring aim, he flips it through the air.

159 CLOSE SHOT - TUBBY

The dagger pins his upraised arm to the wall. As his face contorts in fear, the SCENE SHIMMERS and then COMES INTO FOCUS AGAIN, revealing Tubby Wadsworth back in -

160 INT. MITTY LIVING ROOM - GROUP AT CARD TABLE

Tubby and the others are looking at Walter in annoyance. Walter still has a faraway expression on his face.

TUBBY

Come on, Walt, come on -- you don't even make a good dummy!

MRS. MITTY

Walter! What's the matter with you?
It's your deal.

Walter, startled out of his reverie, grabs the cards and unconsciously tries a dextrous shuffle. He fumbles them all over the table as the others stare.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

161 INT. PIERCE'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Pierce is bent over his desk writing. The door opens and Walter enters with a forced brightness and joviality. Following Tubby's suggestion, he strides right over to the desk to slap Pierce on the back. He succeeds only in giving him an awkward pat. Pierce looks up startled and annoyed.

WALTER

Good morning, Mr. Pierce.

Pierce stares at his employee with incredulous eyes.

WALTER

(with a prop laugh)

Have you heard the story about the two canaries?

PIERCE

(boiling)

Canaries! Today it's canaries! Yesterday it was pigeons -- and a man in a black coat that kept pushing you out a window -- right into the most important board meeting of the year!

WALTER

Oh, I'm terribly sorry about yesterday, Mr. Pierce, but really I --

PIERCE

See here, Mitty -- I don't know whether it's liquor or hallucinations or what it is -- but if you don't pull yourself together --

(he stops, gives Walter
a penetrating look)

Are you all right now?

WALTER

Oh, yes, sir -- I'm fine.

PIERCE

Well, then get back to work.

Pierce starts to write again, then notices that Walter is standing there uncertainly.

PIERCE

Anything troubling you?

WALTER

(blurting it out nervously)

Yes, sir -- I'm getting married on Saturday --

(CONTINUED)

161 (Cont.)

PIERCE

Ohh -- I see...Congratulations. That
might be just what you need, Mitty,

WALTER

Thank you, sir -- and I thought --
well --

Pierce's secretary enters.

SECRETARY

Mrs. Pierce is calling on two,

She exits. Pierce picks up the phone.

PIERCE

Hello, dear -- Not at all...Oh, just
a second --

(to Walter)

Anything else on your mind, Mitty?

WALTER

Well, you see, we're having a little
dinner party tonight at the Red Dragon,
and I thought -- I mean, my mother
thought --

(he blurts it out)

Well, would you and Mrs. Pierce like
to come along? It's Chinese food,

PIERCE

Chinese food, eh?

(he turns back to phone)

Darling, one of my employees, Walter
Mitty, is getting married and they're
having a little Chinese dinner tonight
to celebrate. We're invited...

(a pause as he listens)

Mitty -- a proofreader -- he's been
with us eleven years.

(another pause. He
turns away and whispers
into phone)

I know, dear -- but how dull can it be?

Walter shifts from one foot to the other.

PIERCE

(puts his hand over the
mouthpiece and turns to
Walter)

Mrs. Pierce says she'd be delighted,

(CONTINUED)

161 (Cont. 1)

WALTER

(relieved and excited)

Oh -- that's very nice of Mrs. Pierce,
Mr. Pierce. I'd better tell you how
to get there. You go down -- you know
where eighth runs into --

(he starts illustrating
with his hands)

PIERCE

You can give me the details later.

He shoos Walter out with a gesture and Walter exits,
elated.

PIERCE

(into phone - pleadingly)

Now, honeybunch, it isn't just because
I like Chinese food, but Mitty is really
a most valuable man...Why, some of my
best ideas occur to him first.

DISSOLVE TO:

162 INT. LOBBY OF PIERCE BUILDING - DAY

The large clock on the wall reads five o'clock as the
elevator doors open and office employees stream out.
CAMERA PICKS UP Walter and TRUCKS WITH HIM. He is
carrying his mother's mantel clock, partially covered
by a newspaper wrapping.

163 MED. SHOT - CIGAR STAND IN LOBBY

Nearby, a phone booth and a magazine rack. Beside it
stands Rosalind, her eyes searching the crowd anxiously.
She suddenly sees Walter and calls:

ROSALIND

Mr. Mitty!

Walter turns, stares at her, and a dreamy look comes over
his face. He shakes himself as though in a daydream and
is about to continue to the street, when she calls to him
again, urgently.

ROSALIND

Mr. Mitty!!

Walter moves slowly towards her.

WALTER

Oh! It's really you...

ROSALIND

You phoned yesterday.

163 (Cont.,)

Walter glances around apprehensively and leads her behind the magazine stand.

WALTER

(excitedly)

Yes, I called because I found that book you were looking for. It was on me!

ROSALIND

(fervently)

Thank Heavens! ... Where is it?

WALTER

I stuck it in a lady's corset.

ROSALIND

What!

WALTER

I mean, a lady's corset that was being delivered -- from Stacey's Department Store. The lady's name was Follinsbee.

ROSALIND

(stunned)

You -- had the book and -- you let it out of your hands?

WALTER

(desperately)

I had to. A man was chasing me with a long knife -- and another fellow pushed me out of the window. I've been through a lot since I left you.

ROSALIND

(very upset)

We must find it, we must! Come and show me where you put it.

WALTER

I can't, I've got a dinner party at six-thirty --

(glancing at watch)

I have to meet my boss and my mother and my-- and a lot of other people at the Red Dragon Restaurant in Chinatown -- and by the time I drop mother's clock off at Kudner's on Sixth Avenue...

His voice trails off as Rosalind suddenly puts a handkerchief to her mouth and begins to cry softly.

(CONTINUED)

163

(Cont. 1)

WALTER

(uncomfortably)

It's -- got to be fixed -- it won't strike. It keeps mother awake -- she's used to hearing it -- strike...

He looks at the weeping girl miserably, not knowing what to do or say, putting a hand out to touch her, then drawing it back.

WALTER

Gee, Miss Van Hoorn -- don't cry.

ROSALIND

(through her tears)

I -- I'm sorry. It's -- just that I'm so alone in all this. Uncle is helpless and -- I don't know where to turn.

WALTER

(shifting unhappily)

Well, gosh, it shouldn't be too hard to find. I'll do whatever I can to help.

ROSALIND

(looking up at him,
eyes shining)

Would you?

WALTER

Sure.

(expanding under her gaze)

How many Follinsbees can there be?
We'll look in the phone book...

He crosses to phone directory on stand and, with Rosalind beside him, starts riffling through the pages, as we

DISSOLVE TO;

164

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF TWO-STORY HOUSE

Rosalind's car has just pulled up to the curb. She and Walter sit looking up at the house. Walter has the torn page of the phone book in his hand.

WALTER

This looks like it.

ROSALIND

Run up and check.

She alights, Walter following. He picks up the clock.

ROSALIND

You won't need that.

(CONTINUED)

164 (Cont.)

WALTER

But this was grandmother's. I mustn't let anything happen to it.

ROSALIND

I'll keep an eye on it.

She takes the clock from him and puts it back on the seat.

ROSALIND

Hurry up. I'll stay down here in case anything happens.

WALTER

Okay --

(reacts)

What do you think will happen?

ROSALIND

(looking up and down street)

Please hurry.

Hesitantly, Walter starts up the front steps, CAMERA TRUCKING WITH HIM. On the porch, he peers at the name plate which is under a brass knocker on the door. He turns and yells down to Rosalind.

WALTER

It's Follinsbee all right.

ROSALIND

(calling back impatiently)

Well, knock on the door.

165 MED. SHOT - WALTER ON PORCH

Still facing Rosalind, he doesn't see the door open behind him, revealing a burly man standing there, annoyed at the yelling. Walter nods to Rosalind and raps on the spot where the door was. It happens to be the man's thick chest. Walter jumps nervously.

WALTER

Oh, I -- I'm terribly sorry. Is your name Follinsbee?

MAN

Yeah, what do you want?

WALTER

(flustered)

Would you - er - mind very much if I looked in your wife's corset?

(CONTINUED)

165 (Cont.)

MAN

What's that!!

WALTER

I mean -- yesterday I slipped something in her corset.

A young woman in a bathrobe appears beside the man.

MAN

(to his wife)

Do you know this guy?

WIFE

I never saw him before.

The door is slammed brusquely in Walter's face. He hesitates, then knocks again.

166 INT. LIVING ROOM - MAN AND WIFE

The man swings the door open angrily, revealing Walter. Follinsbee looks at his wife suspiciously.

WIFE

So help me, Jake, I never saw the guy before in my life.

MAN

(to Walter)

You get out of here or I'll knock your teeth in!

He slams the door with a bang.

167 EXT. PORCH - MED. SHOT - WALTER

He turns toward Rosalind and shrugs helplessly.

168 FULL SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARD SIDEWALK

Rosalind is motioning excitedly to indicate a Stacey delivery truck which has pulled up at the curb, the driver mounting the steps with a package.

169 MED. SHOT - ON PORCH

The Stacey delivery man passes Walter and knocks on the door. As Walter is about to warn him, the door suddenly swings open and the fist of the burly man shoots out, catching the driver on the jaw. He goes sprawling as, from within, we hear the woman's voice.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont.)

WIFE'S VOICE
(hysterically)

Please, Jake! I swear he doesn't
mean a thing to me!

The door slams and, as Walter starts to help the dazed driver to his feet, Rosalind rushes up the steps and seizes the package. She grabs Walter's wrist and they run down the steps, and around the corner of the house.

170 CLOSE SHOT - WALTER AND ROSALIND

With trembling fingers, they tear open the package, then stare at the contents disappointedly.

ROSALIND
This isn't a corset.

WALTER
What is it?

ROSALIND
It's a nightgown.

WALTER
I'd better take it back to that fellow,
I've caused him enough trouble.

Clutching the lacy nightgown in his hand, together with what's left of the box, he starts around the corner.

SCENES 170X thru 174X OUT

171 MED. SHOT - PORCH

The dazed driver is sitting up, shaking his head. Walter hurries up the steps and knocks on the door. It flies open to reveal the now livid face of the burly occupant.

WALTER
Sorry to trouble you again, but I
thought I'd better return your wife's
nightgown.

The man lunges at Walter and chases him down the steps, his wife running after them screaming, "Jake, Jake!" Walter dashes into the car beside Rosalind, who is seated at the wheel. She steps on the gas and the car pulls away.

WALTER
(breathlessly to Rosalind)
Wrong Follinsbee!

DISSOLVE TO:

172 EXT. FIFTH AVENUE DRESS SALON - LATE AFTERNOON

The entrance bears the name, "Marcel Bendoux & Cie."
Smartly attired patrons are entering.

173 MED. SHOT - ROSALIND'S CAR

It has pulled up at the curb and Rosalind and Walter are checking the address with the page from the phone book.

ROSALIND

(reading)

Mrs. Letitia Follinsbee, 949 Fifth
Avenue. She must work here.

She steps out on sidewalk.

WALTER

You forgot your keys.

He extracts them from the ignition, picks up his clock and joins her, holding up a decorative key chain. A tiny gold pair of Dutch Wooden Shoes dangle from the chain. Walter looks at the ornament admiringly as CAMERA TRUCKS them to the shop entrance.

WALTER

These are pretty. Wooden shoes, eh?

ROSALIND

I've had them for years. They're
supposed to ward off evil.

WALTER

I should have been carrying them
yesterday.

ROSALIND

(with a smile)

Carry them now.

She detaches the shoes from the chain and puts them in his hand.

WALTER

Oh no. These are gold. Why should
you give them to me?

ROSALIND

(smiling up at him)

Because you've been so kind...Walter.

WALTER

(swallowing, touched
and embarrassed)

Walter.

And she takes his arm and ushers him into:

174 INT. ENTRANCE FOYER - MARCEL BENDOUX - MED. SHOT

A colored doorman is admitting patrons. Prominently displayed on an easel is a huge sign reading:

TODAY
Marcel Bendoux et Cie present
an exclusive showing
Original Chapeaux
of
Anatole of Paris
Introduced by
Anatole Himself!
At The Cocktail Hour

Walter and Rosalind enter and pause for a second to orient themselves. Seated waiting in the background are five pretty girl models in street clothes, with the ever-present hat boxes. A woman floor manager hurries up to them.

WOMAN FLOOR MANAGER
Oh -- hurry, girls! I didn't know
you were out here -- Mrs. Follinsbee
is waiting for you.

Rosalind and Walter exchange significant glances at the name 'Follinsbee.' The models rise.

WOMAN FLOOR MANAGER
Come -- you'll have to rush to change.
You're terribly late.

She leads the models toward one of the curtained doorways off foyer. Rosalind takes Walter's arm and falls in a few paces behind them.

175 CLOSE SHOT - WALTER AND ROSALIND - CAMERA TRUCKING

ROSALIND
(sotto voce)
What did the corset look like?

WALTER
(embarrassed)
Well, it was black and sort of filmy
and - er - lacy around the --
(his hand wanders
awkwardly over
his torso)
-- the neck...with little yellow ribbons,
or red, or green, or some color...

176 MED. SHOT - AT CURTAINED DOORWAY LEADING TO DRESSING ROOMS

The floor manager leads the five models through the doorway. Right behind them are Walter and Rosalind.

ROSALIND

You wait here...

And Rosalind disappears after the other models, leaving Walter standing there helplessly.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Right over here, sir.

Walter looks off.

177 MED. SHOT - AT ENTRANCE TO STYLE SHOW SALON

An elegantly gowned store official is smiling and beckoning to Walter, who joins her hesitantly.

178 INT. SALON

An audience of chattering women wait expectantly for the show to begin on the stage. The store official walks Walter to a seat in the rear, and he feels the eyes of the women upon him as he seats himself and shifts his clock embarrassedly.

179 INT. DRESSING ROOM

Models in various stages of deshabille are donning new creations they are going to display. Hats, evening gowns, bathing suits, sports clothes, etc. MRS. FOLLINSBEE, a bustling little woman, claps her hands for attention and addresses Rosalind and the five new girls who have just entered. The corsets from Stacey's are prominent in the scene, hanging from a long rack. Rosalind anxiously eyes them.

MRS. FOLLINSBEE

(as seamstress wheels
up a rack of dressing
gowns)

You twelves wear these --
(indicating dressing
gowns)

And these go on underneath --

She indicates the rack of corsets. With that, Mrs. Follinsbee disappears down the dressing room. Rosalind now turns to see one of the other 'twelves' reaching for the black corset with the yellow ribbons! Rosalind makes a frantic grab for it, snatching the precious undergarment away from the startled model.

(CONTINUED)

179 (Cont.)

ROSALIND

Oh -- I'm sorry, but black helps
bring out the best in me.

Triumphantly, she turns away to search the corset. A
fitter carrying a maribou dressing gown hurries by,
grabbing the black corset right out of Rosalind's hand.

FITTER

Get down to your skin, honey, and
I'll pour you into these things.

Rosalind reacts, with fresh frustration, then grimly and
determinedly starts to undress.

180 INT. SALON - MED. SHOT - WALTER AND WOMEN IN B.G.

Walter is now considerably more relaxed, the conversa-
tional murmur of the females serving to lull him as he
sits there waiting in the shadows.

181 FULL SHOT - STAGE - WALTER'S ANGLE

Mrs. Follinsbee walks on and signals for quiet.

182 MED. SHOT - WALTER - WOMEN IN B.G.

MRS. FOLLINSBEE'S VOICE

Welcome, ladies --

Walter reacts in embarrassment, but is relieved to find
that the women are paying all their attention to the
stage.

MRS. FOLLINSBEE'S VOICE

-- we of Marcel Bendoux are thrilled to
present a man who has done more for hats
than any other single living human being.
I cannot tell you how proud I am to
present --

183 FULL SHOT - STAGE - WALTER'S ANGLE

MRS. FOLLINSBEE

Anatole of Paris!

She starts to applaud as ANATOLE himself swishes out
through the curtains and bows to the enthusiastic
applause of the females. Anatole is dainty and dis-
tinguished in striped trousers, cutaway coat, a gardenia
in his lapel. He smirks Gallically at the accolade and
bows again and again.

184 CLOSEUP - WALTER

The applause ringing loud in his ears, that old dream-like expression comes back into his face, his head nodding ever so slightly, almost in rhythm with the bowing head of Anatole. His eyes have that faraway look as he gazes at the stage.

185 STAGE - CLOSE SHOT - ANATOLE

The face of Anatole DISSOLVES INTO that of Walter Mitty! He is attired in the identical costume of Anatole. Simultaneously the curtain behind him fades away, and he is revealed standing in a:

186 STYLIZED VERSION OF A FRENCH HATMAKER'S SHOP IN PARIS

NARRATOR'S VOICE
(fading in at DISSOLVE)
Completing last minute preparations
for the greatest show of his dazzling
career, Anatole Mitty, known wherever
hats are worn as Anatole of Paris,
flitted about his world-famous salon
in the Rue de la Blanc Mange!

On Anatole's signal, two ornately epauletted doormen open the door, admitting a deluge of beautiful Parisian women who proceed to swoon over Anatole and his hats, and Anatole Mitty goes into:

187 NUMBER - ANATOLE OF PARIS

At conclusion of the number, as Walter bows to the applause of the women in his dream, they FADE OUT in background and his face DISSOLVES INTO that of:

188 ANATOLE HIMSELF - ON STAGE - IN FRONT OF CURTAIN

Still bowing to the applause of Marcel Bendoux patrons.

ANATOLE
Merci -- Merci...And as you say in
your country -- thank you. My
subject will be a simple one...I
call it "Myself and My Hats"...

189 CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

Blinking as he comes out of his daydream, startled back to reality by Anatole's voice which comes as a drone in background throughout scene. Suddenly ANGLE WIDENS as Rosalind rushes to Walter's side. She is now wearing the dressing gown, the black corset underneath, and her mood is frantic. She has the black book in her hand and thrusts it into his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

189 (Cont.)

ROSALIND
(in a frightened whisper)
Get out of here, hurry! Take it to
uncle's!

WALTER
But -- but the Red Dragon is waiting --
I mean Mr. Pierce --

But Rosalind has already disappeared. As Walter stands there gaping after her, suddenly the clock in his arms starts to chime loudly.

190 FULL SHOT - WALTER'S ANGLE

All the feminine heads turn towards Walter, and the Frenchman on stage registers annoyance and stops speaking. Everyone is glaring at Walter. Women start to ssh- him.

191 MED. SHOT - WALTER

Mortified, he tries to cover the clock with his coat to smother the sound, then hurriedly begins backing out. He shakes the clock in a vain attempt to silence it, but it keeps chiming loudly. CAMERA MOVING WITH HIM, he makes his way through the audience, stumbling over feminine feet in his frantic effort to get out.

192 INT. FOYER - TRUCKING SHOT - WALTER

As he hurries across towards the door, the clock chiming merrily, women shoppers stare, amused at his predicament. Reaching the door, the grinning doorman opens it for him.

WALTER
(to doorman - apologetically)
It's funny -- it won't chime for my mother.

And Walter exits as the doorman reacts.

193 EXT. MARCEL BENDOUX - MED. SHOT - AT CURB

Walter comes out, his burden still clanging, dashes to the curb and signals to a passing cab which pulls up. Walter gets in. The clock can still be heard chiming as the cab drives away.

DISSOLVE TO:

194 EXT. STREET IN CHINATOWN - NIGHT

A large neon Red Dragon is silhouetted against the sky.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

194A INT. RED DRAGON RESTAURANT - CLOSEUP - THE FACE OF AN ELDERLY CHINESE IN CANTONESE GARB

CAMERA PULLS BACK to:

194B MED. SHOT - BAR

The elderly bearded Chinese is the bartender and is shaking a Martini. He pours it into the glass which he sets on a drink-laden tray held by a Chinese waiter in similar costume. CAMERA PANNING, the waiter crosses the room and enters one of the booths.

195 INT. RED DRAGON RESTAURANT - CURTAINED BOOTH - GROUP - MED. SHOT

Composed of Mrs. Mitty, Mrs. Griswold, Tubby, and Mr. and MRS. PIERCE. Mrs. Pierce is a fashionably dressed society woman who has a condescending smile. There is an empty seat for Walter beside Gertrude.

TUBBY

-- and the customer says, "Hey, this canary has a broken leg." So the proprietor says, "Well, what do you want -- a singer or a dancer?"

Everybody laughs. Gertrude is convulsed.

GERTRUDE

Oh, Tubby, you crazy thing!

She hugs his arm in delight.

MRS. PIERCE

(to Pierce)

Oh, Bruce, don't they make a sweet couple?

(to Tubby and Gertrude)

I do hope you'll be so happy!

(to Mrs. Mitty)

When is the wedding?

MRS. MITTY

(uncomfortably)

Saturday.

PIERCE

But it's not to him, dear.

TUBBY

(laughing it off)

A natural mistake, Mrs. Pierce.

(his arm around Gertrude)

I'm the jilted party.

(he sighs)

Ah yes, I was doing all right until Walter came along with his jewels, and furs and false promises.

195

(Cont.)

MRS. GRISWOLD
(laughing with the rest)
Tubby's such a good loser.

A Chinese waiter in Oriental garb has entered and starts serving exotic drinks to the group. He holds up a glass of milk questioningly. Mrs. Mitty indicates the empty place next to Gertrude.

MRS. MITTY
Right here, please.

The waiter sets the milk down.

MRS. MITTY
I wonder what's keeping Walter.

TUBBY
Probably met a blonde. There's still time to change your mind, Gertrude -- and what's more I'll take over the payments on the ring.

He pats her hand and they all laugh again.

TUBBY
(sotto voce to Gertrude)
I'm not kidding, baby.

195A CLOSE SHOT - UNDER TABLE

As Tubby squeezes Gertrude's hand surreptitiously, and she withdraws it reluctantly.

195B MED. SHOT - THE GROUP

Gertrude is obviously flattered by Tubby's attention.

WAITER
Would you like to order now?

PIERCE
Well - er --

MRS. MITTY
Please do, Mr. Pierce. It takes so long anyway, and Walter's only having boiled rice.

PIERCE
(happily grabbing a menu)
Oh. Well, all right. Now, let's see.
Err -- we'll want some of the Cantonese subgum --
(to waiter)
Three orders. No, better make that four.

195B (Cont.)

MRS. PIERCE
(to women)
Bruce so loves Chinese food!

PIERCE
Oh, and we must have some sweet-and-sour
spareribs. Four - er - no, five orders
of that. Better make it six.

196 INT. LOBBY - RESTAURANT - MED. SHOT

Walter enters breathlessly, carrying the clock under his
arm. The Chinese headwaiter appears.

WALTER
I'm Mr. Mitty -- Is my party --

HEADWAITER
They're waiting for you in Booth Six.

(CONTINUED)

196 (Cont.)

He indicates nearby aisle of booths. CAMERA TRUCKING, Walter starts towards booth six. Reaching the booth he parts the curtains and enters.

197 INT. BOOTH SIX - SHOOTING TOWARDS CURTAINS

As Walter enters and sits down apologetically,

WALTER

Sorry I'm late.

His expression suddenly freezes.

198 REVERSE ANGLE

Across the table sit Dr. Hollingshead and the pale-eyed man! - who will henceforth be known by his name, HENDRIK.

WALTER

Oh, pardon me. Wrong booth.

He starts to rise, but there is that blood-chilling "click" and a knife flashes in Hendrik's hand. The blade descends, pinning Walter's left sleeve to the table.

DR. HOLLINGSHEAD

I believe you have something we're interested in.

WALTER

(gulping in terror)

Oh -- yes.

He tries to reach into his right-hand breast pocket with his free right hand, but can't make it. Hendrik withdraws the knife.

WALTER

Thanks.

(he reaches into his pocket and hands Hollingshead the black book)

Well -- have to be running along, I --

He starts to rise, but Hendrik's blade whips out again, pinning his coat collar to the wall.

DR. HOLLINGSHEAD

Sorry to detain you, Mr. Mitty. Remove your shoes.

WALTER

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

198 (Cont.)

Hendrik snarls impatiently, grabs one of Walter's ankles and thrusts it savagely up onto the table. With the next swift movement he slashes the laces with his knife. Walter, blue with terror, removes the shoe, then quickly puts up his other foot and starts to untie the laces. His fingers are so shaky, however, that he gets the laces hopelessly knotted. Hendrik takes his knife and again slashes the laces.

WALTER

Thanks.

And Walter slips off the shoe.

DR. HOLLINGSHEAD

Now your socks.

Walter quickly obeys, removing his socks. He offers the shoes and socks to Hollingshead. Hollingshead doesn't take them, but opens the small booth window.

DR. HOLLINGSHEAD

Throw them out.

WALTER

(startled)

Out -- the window?

Hendrik, who has closed his knife, now opens it again with that menacing click. Walter instantly flings his shoes and socks out the window.

DR. HOLLINGSHEAD

Just a safety precaution, Mr. Mitty.
Please don't try to follow us.

They exit, leaving Walter standing rooted to the spot in terror.

199 MED. SHOT - BOOTH CONTAINING MITTY PARTY

They are having their second drink and two glasses of milk are set in front of Walter's empty spot.

MRS. GRISWOLD

He might at least have telephoned.

MRS. MITTY

I wonder what could have happened? Did you tell him how to get here, Tubby?

TUBBY

Yeah -- but he's probably on the Chinatown sightseeing bus.

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont.)

PIERCE

As a matter of fact, Walter has been acting strange of late.

200 INT. BOOTH SIX

The barefooted Walter is now standing on the table. He starts to climb out through the window.

201 EXT. DIMLY LIGHTED ALLEY - MED. SHOT - WALTER

As he comes slithering out of the window and drops to the ground. He reconnoiters, finding both shoes, but only one sock. He looks down the alley to see:

202 CLOSE SHOT - A MONGREL DOG

Standing looking at Walter, the other sock hanging out of his mouth.

203 MED. SHOT

As Walter beckons to the dog, then approaches him cautiously.

WALTER

Here, boy -- Come on, fellah...

Walter starts to give chase but the hound darts out of the alley into the main street.

204 EXT. STREET - AT MOUTH OF ALLEY

As Walter comes dashing out, barefooted, after the dog. The dog disappears down the street and Walter stands, frustrated. Some passing Orientals react at the sight of Walter's bare feet. A cop appears on the scene and is similarly startled. Walter, not knowing what else to do, folds his arms like a Chinese and shuffles back into:

205 INT. ALLEY - TRUCKING SHOT - WALTER

He selects what he thinks was the window of his booth and goes over to it. He sits beneath it and puts on his one sock and both shoes.

206 INT. RESTAURANT - BOOTH - MITTY PARTY

There are now three glasses of milk in front of Walter's place. The table is loaded with Chinese dishes and Pierce has his fork upraised for the first mouthful.

MRS. MITTY

(defensively)

-- I'm not saying it just because I'm his mother, but there's one thing about my Walter. He may be inclined to be nervous -- but he's certainly got his feet on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

206 (Cont.)

At that moment, through the partially opened window, Walter wiggles in feet first. The group at the table sit and stare, aghast! Walter turns, and is so shocked at the sight of his party that his foot shoots out, upsetting the table. The whole uneaten Chinese dinner slides into the lap of Mrs. Pierce. As she screams:

DISSOLVE TO:

207 EXT. DARK NEW YORK STREET

A yellow cab approaches with the headlights shining into the CAMERA.

208 CLOSE SHOT - CAB DRIVER - SHOOTING THROUGH RAINY WIND-SHIELD

When the windshield wiper clears the glass momentarily, we see that the driver is the same one who drove the cab Maasdam was murdered in!

209 INT. BACK SEAT OF MURDER CAB - CLOSE SHOT - DR. HOLLINGS-HEAD AND HENDRIK

Dr. Hollingshead glances through the rear window, then flips on the dome light. He takes the black book from his pocket and exhibits it triumphantly.

DR. HOLLINGSHEAD

The end of a long journey, Hendrik.

(riffing through pages)

There's treasure enough here to buy us a continent --

(he breaks off --

suddenly, frowning)

Johnson's Puppy Biscuit! -- What's this?

(reading further)

Sea Drift Soap Chips, Snapdragon seeds!

Bathroom plunger! Return rake!

(he leafs through the

book hysterically)

This is not the book! We've been tricked!

He tricked us! He's still got the book!

Hendrik's face twitches as he seizes the book and looks at it. Dr. Hollingshead starts pounding on the glass partition to get the driver's attention.

DISSOLVE TO:

210 INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM - IN MITTY HOME - NIGHT

The rain is beating against the window panes. Walter has just gotten into his pajamas and is hanging up his clothes.

(CONTINUED)

210 (Cont.)

His mood is one of melancholy and it is obvious that his thoughts are still with Rosalind. As he takes his trousers off the bed to put them in the closet, a black book drops out onto the rug, along with some small change. He puts the change and the book on his bedside table, goes to the window, opens it an inch to admit some air, gets into bed, reaches out to turn off his bed lamp, when his eye falls on the open black book! He reacts in terror at what he sees and grabs the book and stares at it.

211 INSERT: THE BLACK BOOK - IN WALTER'S HANDS

Entries read: "One jeweled crown -- One diamond and platinum royal sceptre..."

WALTER'S VOICE
(a terrified whisper)
One -- jewelled -- crown...

212 MED. SHOT - WALTER

He drops the book like a hot potato, leaps out of the covers, runs to the window, shuts it and locks it. He picks up the book from the bed, then starts to tremble. He scans the room for a hiding place. Looking at the mattress, he decides to hide it there. He changes his mind and decides on the bathroom. He hurries into:

213 INT. WALTER'S BATHROOM

Walter enters, opens the medicine cabinet over sink and inserts the book behind a row of bottles on the top shelf. The crowding causes a toothbrush to fall from the shelf to the sink. He replaces the toothbrush, making room for it by rearranging the bottles. Each time he makes room another object starts to fall and he has to catch it. Finally, everything is precariously in place. Walter closes the cabinet door gingerly. He starts back to the bedroom, but then, slightly worried, he returns to make sure that the book is well-concealed. He opens the medicine cabinet door and the entire contents avalanche into the sink with an ungodly racket.

214 INT. MRS. MITTY'S BEDROOM ADJOINING

Mrs. Griswold is in the act of donning one of Mrs. Mitty's robes, and it's a skin-tight fit. Mrs. Mitty, attired in nightclothes, is entering from the hall carrying a glass of milk and a hot water bottle. Both women react to the racket next door.

MRS. MITTY
(with a false
reassuring smile)
He's just getting ready for bed.

(CONTINUED)

214

(Cont.)

From next door we hear the last bottle dropping with a resounding clatter. Both women start. Gertrude comes out of a clothes closet, wearing a pair of Walter's pajamas, and a frightened look.

GERTRUDE

What's he doing in there, mother?

MRS. GRISWOLD

We're going to give him some of those green pills.

(to Mrs. Mitty)

They're simply wonderful to calm a person down.

(she rummages in her bag)

Tubby's uncle's been taking them for twenty years and he's a nervous wreck, too.

She extracts the bottle containing the green pills.

MRS. MITTY

I'll have to slip them in his milk. Walter has a terrible phobia about medicines.

There is a SOUND of hammering from Walter's bathroom.

GERTRUDE

(nervously)

I don't think we ought to stay over tonight, mother. I have some letters to write. We should have gone home in Tubby's car.

MRS. GRISWOLD

Well, we can't leave Eunice alone with that --

(catching herself)

It's coming in buckets and our road'll be flooded anyway.

(to Mrs. Mitty)

I still think you should go in and have a talk with him, Eunice. He certainly owes us an explanation.

GERTRUDE

(pouting)

It's no use, mother. He wouldn't tell Mr. Pierce why he climbed in his window and he wouldn't even tell me -- his own fiancée.

(CONTINUED)

214 (Cont. 1)

MRS. MITTY

(airily)

What's so wrong with climbing? Some people walk for miles when they're nervous but Walter always climbs.

Mrs. Griswold pours two pills into Mrs. Mitty's hand, obviously not satisfied with the explanation.

MRS. MITTY

He'll be all right in the morning if I can get these green pills into him tonight.

Smiling, she slips the pills into the milk and it churns and fizzes. Suddenly there is a hideous scraping noise from next door. The three women react apprehensively.

215 INT. WALTER'S BATHROOM

Now we discover the reason for the noises. Walter has pried loose one of the bathroom wall tiles and is now placing the book in the aperture and replacing the tile on top of it. The tile won't stay and he uses toothpaste to cement it in. When he finally gets it to stick, there is a KNOCK on the bedroom door. Walter jumps, terrified, and goes into:

216 INT. BEDROOM

WALTER

(voice trembling)

Wh-who is it?

The door opens and Mrs. Mitty enters, glass of milk in one hand, hot water bottle in the other.

MRS. MITTY

It's me...who did you expect?

(hands him the milk)

Here, get into bed and drink it while it's warm.

Walter gets into bed, starts to drink, his hand shaking. Mrs. Mitty slips the hot water bottle under the covers, then kisses his cheek.

MRS. MITTY

Goodnight, dear. And - er - try not to dream of climbing.

WALTER

Goodnight, Mother.

She exits, switching off the top light as she goes.

SCENES 217 thru 226 OUT

227 CLOSE SHOT - WALTER IN BED

Walter starts to relax as he feels the sedative effects of his nerve medicine and the warm milk. He turns out his bed light and pulls up the covers around him, listening to the rain beating against the window panes. There is a lightning flash, then a long roll of thunder. He is about to doze off, when from somewhere below comes the opening strains of "Beautiful Dreamer" being played softly on the piano. Walter, his eyes closed, starts dreamily beating time with a tired finger, but upon a second repetition of the opening strains of "Beautiful Dreamer," sits bolt upright in bed. He snaps on his bed light fearfully, and listens. The strain starts again, and he jumps out of bed and opens the door a crack. He slips on his robe with trembling fingers as he stands listening. The musical phrase comes again, this time louder and more insistent. Walter ventures into the hall.

228 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL AND STAIRCASE

Walter comes out of his room and tiptoes fearfully down the dark stairs, CAMERA PANNING.

At the foot of the stairs, the piano strain is heard again, coming from the living room. He marshals his courage and peeks into:

229 INT. LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - WALTER'S ANGLE

Lightning illumines the darkness and suddenly Rosalind can be seen standing at the upright piano, her fingers picking

(CONTINUED)

229 (Cont)

out the melody which she has used as a means of summoning him. Behind her is an open window and it is evident she used this as a means of entry. The curtains are fluttering in the storm, and the rain is pouring in. Rosalind is soaking wet, having been caught in the downpour.

WALTER'S VOICE
(in a startled whisper)
Miss Van Hoorn!

230 INT. HALL - CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

As he reacts in astonishment. CAMERA PANNING, he hurries into:

231 INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT - ROSALIND AND WALTER

He quickly closes the window and fastens it.

WALTER
What are you doing here? They'll hear you!

He closes the lid over the keyboard.

ROSALIND
(indicating piano)
It was the only way -- I didn't know which door was your bedroom...Where's the book? Why didn't you bring it right to Uncle?
(she sneezes)

WALTER
Ssh -- Those two killers -- they took it from me with a long knife --

ROSALIND
(terribly chagrined)
Oh, no!
(she sneezes)

WALTER
Ssh -- But they didn't really take it. They took my mother's shopping list.
(she stares at him puzzledly)
It's a little black book too!

ROSALIND
(with tremendous relief)
Oh, then you outwitted them! Walter, you're wonderful, wonderful!

(CONTINUED)

231 (Cont.)

She looks up at him with shining eyes, and he forgets everything as he looks down at her. Then she starts sneezing violently and can't stop. Walter puts his finger under her nose to stop the sneeze and hurries her, CAMERA PANNING, through the dark DINING ROOM into:

232 INT. KITCHEN - MED. SHOT - ROSALIND AND WALTER

As he turns on the light. Rosalind stands there in her sodden clothes and shivers violently, having a sudden case of the chills. She sneezes twice.

WALTER

(alarmed)

You're getting double pneumonia! I --
I'd better get you something.

(he sights a kettle
on stove)

Some hot tea!

He slides the kettle onto a burner and turns on the gas. But then he reacts in chagrin to hear:

MRS. MITTY'S VOICE

(calling)

Walter! Walter!

Walter flies out of the kitchen and CAMERA PANS with him as he dashes through DINING ROOM and LIVING ROOM and into:

233 HALL - FULL SHOT - MRS. MITTY ON STAIRCASE, GERTRUDE AND MRS. GRISWOLD AT HEAD OF STAIRS.

All looking alarmed. Mrs. Griswold is wearing one of Mrs. Mitty's wrappers and it's a skin-tight fit. Gertrude is in a pair of Walter's pajamas. The lights are on, and Mrs. Mitty is half way down the stairs when Walter comes running into scene and up the stairs to join them.

MRS. MITTY

What in the world are you doing? Where was that music coming from?

WALTER

The music? Oh -- I was just playing the piano...

MRS. GRISWOLD

Playing the piano?? You can't play the piano.

234 MED. SHOT - HEAD OF STAIRS

WALTER

I know, but it sort of helps me relax when it's lightning and thundering and things.

(CONTINUED)

234 (Cont.)

MRS. MITTY

Well, you just march right into bed
and do your relaxing there.

WALTER

Goodnight, Mother -- Goodnight, Gertrude.
Goodnight, Mrs. Griswold.

And Walter enters his room, closing the door. The
Griswolds look at Mrs. Mitty questioningly.

MRS. MITTY

Well, a lot of people play piano
when they can't sleep. It's a well
known fact.

The three women start back into their rooms - mother and
daughter Griswold sharing the same bedroom.

235 INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE SHOT - ROSALIND

Shivering in her sodden dress. She decides to slip it
off and hang it on the stove to dry. She starts to do so
but the wet dress gets caught as she pulls it over her
head. At that moment the boiling teakettle begins to
whistle shrilly.

236 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MED. SHOT

Again in darkness. The whistling can be heard from below
as Walter comes out of his room, reacts to the sound and
starts hurriedly tiptoeing down the hall. When he reaches
the head of the stairs, the two doors fly open and the
three women pop into the hall; Mrs. Mitty switching on the
light. Walter, frantic to cover up the sound of the tea-
kettle, starts to whistle, imitating the long, high shrill
note in the exact key. The three women stand staring at
him.

237 INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE SHOT - ROSALIND

Managing finally to get the dress off, she moves the
kettle from the flame and the thing stops whistling.

238 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - WALTER AND THE THREE WOMEN.

Walter is still whistling, but rapidly petering out. He
takes a big breath to resume the deception, then realizes
the teakettle has stopped, so he stops, smiling at the
women foolishly.

GERTRUDE

Walter, what are you doing out here?

WALTER

Whistling...The rain is making too
much noise to whistle in there.
(indicating his room)

(CONTINUED)

238

(Cont.)

WALTER (Cont.)

I was - er - just trying to remember
how our old high school song went --

(starts to sing)

"Fight on for Perth Amboy High --"

(he begins to
whistle the rest)

MRS. MITTY

(interrupting)

Walter -- will you please go back
to bed.

WALTER

(going to his door)

Goodnight, Mother -- Goodnight, Gertrude.
Goodnight, Mrs. Griswold.

And Walter disappears into his room, the stunned
Griswolds looking after him.

MRS. MITTY

(very off-hand)

It's funny, Walter can never sleep
when he tries to think of something
and can't remember. His father was
the same way, up half the night.
Goodnight.

Without giving them a chance to speak, she switches off
the light and goes back into her room. In the semi-
darkness, the Griswolds start back to their room.

GERTRUDE

(whispering)

Mother, what if he acts that way after
we're married?

MRS. GRISWOLD

Oh -- we'll handle him...It's just that
he wasn't raised properly.

GERTRUDE

Tubby keeps on proposing -- maybe I'm
making a mistake...

MRS. GRISWOLD

Hush.

GERTRUDE

Besides, Tubby gets along so well with
Queenie -- and you know how she hates
Walter --

(CONTINUED)

238 (Cont. 1)

MRS. GRISWOLD
Well, they'll just have to get used
to each other.

And they enter their bedroom, closing the door.

CAMERA PANS to Walter's door. It opens and Walter peeks out, sees the coast is clear and starts scurrying softly across the hall and down the stairs. He is now in his bare feet.

239 INT. KITCHEN - MED. SHOT - ROSALIND

She is finishing a cup of tea. Her dress has been draped over the oven, which she has lighted. Walter enters and reacts to see her in her slip. They converse in whispers.

WALTER
Gee -- you brought another dress with
you. It looks pretty.

ROSALIND
(smiling)
It's my slip.

WALTER
Oh -- it looks like an evening gown
on you.
(suddenly embarrassed)
Would you - er - have another cup
of tea?

ROSALIND
Oh, no thanks -- I must hurry and get
the book to uncle. May I have it,
please?

She starts slipping the now dry dress on over her head.

(CONTINUED)

239 (Cont.)

WALTER

It's upstairs -- I'll get it. Only --
Will you be all right -- you weren't
followed or anything?

ROSALIND

(adjusting her dress)
I'll be all right.

WALTER

I wouldn't want you to run into those two
fellows -- you should see that knife...
(even the thought makes
him sick - but he screws
up his courage)
I'd better go with you.
(he goes to the kitchen
door, unlocks it)
You leave this way -- I'll meet you out
front.

ROSALIND

Oh, no, Walter -- that's sweet, but
you've done enough for me as it is.

WALTER

Oh, anybody would have done the same
thing in my shoes.

He suddenly looks down at his bare feet with embarrassment.

240 SECOND FLOOR HALL - MED. SHOT - AT WALTER'S DOOR

The hall is in darkness and a worried Mrs. Mitty is coming
out of Walter's room. She sneaks by the Griswolds' door
towards the stairs.

241 INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE SHOT - WALTER AND ROSALIND

WALTER

(flustered)
I'd -- I'd better go get my shoes, and
I'll get the book too.

He hurries out.

242 INT. DARK LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT - WALTER

As he comes in from the dining room and crosses room
towards hall.

243 STAIRCASE - MED. SHOT - MRS. MITTY

Leaning over the banister and hissing down:

MRS. MITTY

Walter, what in the world are you
doing now?

244 INT. LIVING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

In a panic to alibi his third descent to the living room, he runs to the mantelpiece and moves the hand of the clock to the hour of twelve, picks up the clock and hurries to the stairs as the clock starts to chime.

245 STAIRCASE - MED. SHOT - MRS. MITTY AND WALTER

She stops her descent and stands staring as her son ascends, the chiming clock in his arms.

WALTER

See, Mother, I told you it strikes
when you carry it.

246 SECOND FLOOR HALL - MED. SHOT

Walter ascending into scene, his mother following anxiously. The Griswolds' door flies open and the lights go on. The mother and daughter are flabbergasted at the sight of the barefooted Walter carrying the chiming clock.

MRS. MITTY

Yes -- I see what you mean, dear --
Here, I'll take it.

(she takes the chiming
clock out of his arms)

Now, will you please go to bed, Walter.

Grabbing his arms, she ushers him past the astonished Griswolds to his room.

WALTER

Goodnight, Mother -- Goodnight, Gertrude.
Goodnight, Mrs. Griswold.

MRS. MITTY

(as Walter enters his
room -- sotto voce)

Don't you dare get up again. You hear me?

She closes his door, locks it and takes the key.

247 INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM - MED. SHOT - WALTER

For a second he is chagrined at being locked in, but then he galvanizes into action. He runs to the bathroom, takes the book from its hiding place, returns, drops it on the bed, grabs his clothes from the closet and starts with great speed to don them.

248 SECOND FLOOR HALL - MED. SHOT - MRS. MITTY AND THE GRISWOLDS

Walter's mother, still holding the chiming clock, is smiling reassuringly at the astonished Griswolds.

(CONTINUED)

248 (Cont.)

MRS. MITTY

(loudly, over the
chiming)

His grandfather, on his father's side,
was an inventor, you know, and they could
never get him to bed until he made whatever
he was working on work. Walter just had
to prove to me that the clock would chime,
(cheerily)
Goodnight.

And she switches off the light and exits into her room
with the strange clock that now refuses to stop chiming,
the Griswolds looking after her, stunned and speechless.

249 INT. MRS. MITTY'S BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. MITTY

She puts the clock on her chaise longue and starts cover-
ing it with pillows and bedclothes to deaden the chiming.
Suddenly her attention is violently arrested by something
she sees through the nearby window. She stands staring in
helpless horror at:

250 EXT. SIDE OF MITTY HOME - MED. SHOT - WALTER - MRS.
MITTY'S ANGLE

Now dressed and wearing his raincoat, he is climbing out
of his window and down the rainpipe.

DISSOLVE TO:

251 EXT. VAN HOORN HOME - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

Rosalind's car pulls up and she and Walter hurry through
the rain to the door.

252 INT. LIBRARY - MED. CLOSE - VAN HOORN

In his wheelchair, he is seated at his desk, examining
miscellaneous articles: leather correspondence case,
letters, wallet, keys, collar box, etc. Hearing the front
door slam, he quickly sweeps the articles into a desk
drawer - just as Rosalind and Walter enter excitedly.

ROSALIND

Uncle! We have it -- we have the book!

VAN HOORN

(almost overcome)

The book! Rosalind!

ROSALIND

And we've got Walter to thank. He
outsmarted two killers the Boot sent
after him!

(CONTINUED)

252 (Cont.)

WALTER

Oh -- it was nothing.

VAN HOORN

(earnestly)

Mr. Mitty, I -- I don't know what to say. I don't know how to repay you. Holland will be eternally grateful.

ROSALIND

(laughing as she remembers)

Walter has been magnificent! Uncle, you should have seen him climbing out of his window in the pouring rain. His mother had locked him in! It's a lucky thing I --

She breaks off as she sees something on the desk.

253 CLOSE SHOT - CARL MAASDAM'S PASSPORT

It lies open, the face of the murdered man looking up at Rosalind! The passport is shielded from Van Hoorn's view by the clutter of books on his desk.

254 TWO SHOT - ROSALIND AND VAN HOORN

Rosalind's heart skips a beat, but her eyes betray nothing. She continues speaking, almost without a break.

ROSALIND

It -- it's a lucky thing I found out where Walter lived.

VAN HOORN

Very fortunate. You don't know what this means to me, my dear.

255 CLOSE SHOT - ROSALIND

She has moved toward a potted plant in a jardiniere on a low end table.

ROSALIND

I think I do.

Her back to the plant, she drops the book into the jardiniere, unseen by Van Hoorn.

256 MED. SHOT - THE THREE

VAN HOORN

Now, where is it? We must get it to the Consul General immediately.

ROSALIND

Yes -- Give Uncle the book, Walter.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER
(starts to reach into
pocket, then stops)
I gave it to you -- in the car.

ROSALIND
Yes, you did, but I returned it.

WALTER
Oh, no, don't you remember? I said,
"Here's the book." And you said, "Thank
you, Walter." And I said --

ROSALIND
(with a nervous glance
at Van Hoorn)
Look through all your pockets, Walter.
You must have it somewhere.

257 CLOSE SHOT - VAN HOORN

He shoots a penetrating look at Rosalind.

258 MED. SHOT - THE THREE

Walter has removed his coat and is fishing through the
coat lining.

WALTER
I -- I can't understand it. I thought I --

ROSALIND
(quickly)
You must have left it in the car, Walter.
We'd better go out and look.

She takes Walter's arm, anxious to leave.

VAN HOORN
Wait, Mr. Mitty. It's a chilly night
and you've been through a great deal,
(he wheels over and
lifts a brandy decanter
from a table)
Have a little brandy first.

WALTER
I can't understand what happened to it...
He takes the drink and swallows it abstractedly. He is
not prepared for the brandy and coughs explosively.

ROSALIND
(taking his arm)
Come, Walter. We'd better start looking --

(CONTINUED)

258 (Cont.)

VAN HOORN

Have another.

WALTER

No, thanks. Have to keep my head clear.
 (he sways, feeling
 strangely giddy)

ROSALIND

Hurry, Walter.

WALTER

(thickly)
 Okay, Okay, I'll just put my coat on.

He picks up his coat and, muddled, thrusts his arm in the wrong sleeve. Rosalind tries to lead him out, sensing something wrong, but Walter struggles with the coat, pulling the sleeves inside out and getting it on backward.

WALTER

(muttering)

Don' worry 'bout me...Anybody tries
 anything on ol' Walter Mitty, give 'em
 the ol' jujitsu...

Half in a fog, he illustrates, throwing an imaginary man over his shoulder. In the middle of the gesture, he suddenly keels over backward and falls to the floor, inert!

ROSALIND

(with a scream)

Walter!
 (she kneels beside him)

259 CLOSE SHOT - ROSALIND AND WALTER

She frantically tries to feel his pulse. Suddenly her wrist is pinned to the floor by a heavy, thick-soled shoe! A thick-soled shoe covering a club foot! Rosalind looks up in terror.

260 ROSALIND'S ANGLE - SHOOTING UPWARD

Van Hoorn, out of his wheelchair, stands towering above her, looking down with a hard, merciless expression.

261 CLOSE UP - ROSALIND

She puts a hand to her mouth.

ROSALIND

(a terrified whisper)

The Boot!

262 MED. SHOT

As Dr. Hollingshead and Hendrik come out of the adjoining room and join their evil leader --

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SCENES 263 through 268 OUT

263X INT. LIBRARY, VAN HOORN HOME - DAY - HEAD CLOSEUP -
WALTER

His heavy-lidded eyes are still half-closed, and his lips
work as he mumbles unintelligibly.

WALTER
(muttering)
Rosalind...Rosalind.

He opens his eyes and sees:

264X MED. CLOSE SHOT - VAN HOORN (BLURRED EFFECT)

Van Hoorn is seated in his wheelchair, peering at Walter.
The scene comes into focus.

VAN HOORN
He's saying something.

265X FULL SHOT - GROUP

Composed of Van Hoorn, Mrs. Mitty, Mr. Pierce, and Tyler,
the butler. Mrs. Mitty is watching her son anxiously.
Pierce is nervously chewing a dead cigar. Walter sits
up groggily and stares at Van Hoorn.

WALTER
Mr. Van Hoorn!
(then, as remembrance
floods back)
Did you get it?

VAN HOORN
Get what?

WALTER
The black book. Where am I? Where's
Rosalind?

VAN HOORN
(blankly)
Black book? Rosalind?

WALTER
Your niece.

Van Hoorn exchanges a worried glance with the others.

VAN HOORN
Young man, I have no niece.

(CONTINUED)

265X (Cont.)

MRS. MITTY

(anxiously)

Walter dear, come home with me and
I'll fix you some nice oatmeal.

WALTER

(foggily)

No niece...

PIERCE

(to Van Hoorn)

How long had he been crawling around
your front lawn?

VAN HOORN

Might have been for hours. Tyler --
(indicating the
butler with a nod)
-- found him at seven this morning.

TYLER

Eating the tulip bulbs.

Mrs. Mitty emits an anguished sob.

PIERCE

(taking out his wallet)

I'll take care of all the damage,
Mr. Van Hoorn...

Walter suddenly sits bolt upright.

WALTER

(yelling)

Mother!

(pointing an accusing
finger at Van Hoorn)

He says he has no niece!

MRS. MITTY

(on the verge of tears)

Well, if the man says he has no niece,
he should know.

WALTER

(desperately)

But he has! Her name is Rosalind,
and she's got blonde hair, and she's
very pretty!

MRS. MITTY

Walter! How can you talk like that
when you're being married Saturday
to a lovely girl like Gertrude?

(CONTINUED)

265X

(Cont. 1)

VAN HOORN

(to Mrs. Mitty)

I'm afraid your son seems to be
suffering from some hallucination.

WALTER

I'm not suffering from anything!
There is a black book, and a man was
murdered in front of my eyes and --
and on Tuesday you invited me to
lunch to tell me all about it --

VAN HOORN

(coldly)

I have never set eyes on you before
in my life.

MRS. MITTY

Walter, dear, please don't make any
more trouble. I got Mr. Pierce out
of bed --

PIERCE

Now pull yourself together, Mitty --
we've got four magazines going to
press this morning, and you haven't
even checked over The Screaming Skull --

WALTER

(now on his feet
and shaking Pierce
by the lapels)

I don't care -- they'll kill her! I
know, because he doped my brandy!
(points to Van Hoorn)

VAN HOORN

(coldly)

Young man, you're beginning to exhaust
my patience. You've trespassed and
destroyed property of mine. I could
prefer charges and have you arrested.

MRS. MITTY

Arrested?!

PIERCE

Now, Mr. Van Hoorn. We can settle
everything amicably. I'll pay for the
tulips and -- and I'm sending you a
life subscription to Terror Stories.

WALTER

I gotta find Rosalind -- and don't pay
him for any tulips, Mr. Pierce, because
I didn't eat a single one.

(CONTINUED)

265X (Cont. 2)

Walter starts for the door yelling "Rosalind!" and Pierce restrains him.

PIERCE
(struggling with
him, excitedly)
Now don't get excited! We'll get you
right to a doctor!

MRS. MITTY
I'll phone Dr. Renshaw in East Orange --
He took out Walter's tonsils...

VAN HOORN
If I may suggest, Madame, the boy needs
not a physician but a psychiatrist. I
happen to know a very good man.

PIERCE
(struggling with Walter)
Name him, sir, money is no object.

Walter breaks from his grasp and runs from the room.

WALTER'S VOICE
(yelling)
Rosalind! Rosalind!

PIERCE
(to butler)
Catch him!

The butler takes out after Walter.

MRS. MITTY
(breaking down, crying)
I can't understand what's happened to
Walter! He's never run away from home
before, not even when he was little.
He's such a quiet boy!

There is a terrific CRASH off stage. They all react
and run into the entrance hall.

265X-1 MED. SHOT - ENTRANCE HALL

Walter lies half-way up the staircase knocked unconscious
by an urn that he has crashed into and which now lies on
top of him. Tyler bends over him trying to revive him.
Mrs. Mitty bursts into tears.

PIERCE
(to Van Hoorn)
What's the name of this psychiatrist?

VAN HOORN
Dr. Hugo Hollingshead.

DISSOLVE TO:

266X INT. DOCTOR'S RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

A nurse in a starched white uniform appears, holding open the door to a private office.

NURSE

The doctor will see you now.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Walter, flanked by his mother and Pierce. Walter's clothes are disheveled and his hair is mussed.

MRS. MITTY

(soothingly)

Come along, Walter.

She and Pierce lead him toward the door.

WALTER

I tell you, I'm all right, Mother.
I'm not crazy. I don't want to --

He suddenly breaks off as he stares through the door.

266X-1 REVERSE ANGLE - SHOOTING INTO OFFICE

Dr. Hugo Hollingshead, gaunt and funereal as ever, stands behind his desk, clad in a long grey medical coat.

HOLLINGSHEAD

How do you do? Won't you come in?

266X-2 GROUP SHOT - WALTER, MRS. MITTY AND PIERCE

Walter emits a quavering cry and points a finger.

WALTER

That's him! That's Dr. Hollingshead!

MRS. MITTY

Sh-h -- of course it's Dr. Hollingshead.

WALTER

(struggling to break
away)

He's the one who pushed me out of the
window!

He tears loose, runs behind a sofa in the reception room and crouches there, peering over the edge.

WALTER

(yelling)

Look out! He's a killer! He's one
of the gang!

(CONTINUED)

266X-2 (Cont.)

MRS. MITTY
(almost in tears)
Walter -- please!

PIERCE
(coaxingly)
Now, now, my boy, the doctor isn't
going to harm you.
(to Hollingshead,
who enters)
I'm Mr. Pierce.

HOLLINGSHEAD
(pleasantly)
Oh yes, how do you do, Mr. Pierce?
And Mrs. Mitty, I take it.

WALTER
(yelling from behind sofa)
Don't let him touch you, Mother!
Call the police!

The three go on with their conversation, ignoring Walter.

PIERCE
You've got to help us, Doctor. Mitty
there is one of my key men. He was
all right up to forty-eight hours ago,
when -- well, you can see for yourself.

He indicates Walter behind couch.

WALTER
(pointing over the
sofa edge)
He pushed me out of a window, I tell you!

MRS. MITTY
Sh-h, quiet, dear.
(to Hollingshead)
Doctor, do you think he's starved for
vitamins?

HOLLINGSHEAD
Calm yourself, Mrs. Mitty. We'll give
him a thorough examination.
(he crosses to the
couch and peers down
at Walter, speaking
in his gentlest tones)
What's the matter, feller? Why don't
you like me?

WALTER
Because you pushed me out of a window.

(CONTINUED)

266X-2 (Cont. 1)

HOLLINGSHEAD

But I've never seen you before.
Possibly you're mistaking me for
someone else.

WALTER

Nobody could look as much like you
as you do.

As Hollingshead tries to move closer, Walter backs
around the couch where his mother and Pierce take his
arms and hustle him into:

267X INT. HOLLINGSHEAD'S OFFICE

MRS. MITTY

Now, Walter, you've got to get well.
You're going to be married on Saturday.

PIERCE

(to Hollingshead)

The boy's got a good mind, Doctor.
There's no reason why he can't be back
at his desk by tomorrow morning.

HOLLINGSHEAD

I'd prefer to talk with him alone.
Would you mind?

He indicates the door. Pierce and Mrs. Mitty release
Walter and start out.

WALTER

Don't leave me, Mother! Stay here,
Mr. Pierce!

(he embraces them
alternately)

HOLLINGSHEAD

(taking his arm gently)

Now, now, young man. There's nothing
to be afraid of. Your mother will be
right outside.

Walter, somewhat mollified by the kind voice, subsides
uneasily, as Pierce and his mother exit. He looks at
the doctor, confused and uncertain. The doctor gives
him his best smile.

WALTER

(timidly)

Are you sure you -- didn't come to my
office and push me out of the window?

(CONTINUED)

267X (Cont'd)

HOLLINGSHEAD
(soothingly)
Of course I didn't.

267-1X ANOTHER ANGLE

Hollingshead leads the apprehensive Walter toward a couch. On a nearby wall, clearly visible, is a large portrait of Whistler's Mother.

HOLLINGSHEAD
(indicating couch)
Now just lie down here and make yourself comfortable.
(Walter hesitates)
Go ahead.

WALTER
(nervously)
Can't you examine me standing up?

HOLLINGSHEAD
It's necessary for you to be completely relaxed.
(indicating couch)
Please.

Walter lies down but remains suspiciously rigid.

HOLLINGSHEAD
Now, my boy, close your eyes -
(Walter closes one eye)
The left one too.
(Walter closes his left eye but opens the right one)
Now tell me just what is troubling you.

267X-1 CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

He hesitates, then sighs and speaks haltingly.

WALTER
Well -- the day before yesterday I met a girl. She looked like all the girls I've ever dreamed about...

268X INT. DOCTOR'S RECEPTION ROOM

Mrs. Mitty is dabbing at her eyes, and Pierce is pacing nervously, worrying a dead cigar. Tubby, Gertrude and Mrs. Griswold have arrived and the scene is one of great agitation.

GERTRUDE
-- But Mother, if he's thinking all those things maybe we shouldn't get married so soon...

(CONTINUED)

268X (Cont.)

MRS. GRISWOLD

(comforting her daughter)

Oh, nonsense -- He might be curable.
We'll wait and hear what the brain
doctor has to say...

Mrs. Mitty starts to cry. Tubby puts a consoling arm
around her shoulder.

TUBBY

There, there, Mother Mitty. He'll
be all right. I don't think there's
a thing wrong with Walter.

PIERCE

You don't! Then you're crazier
than he is.

(mouthing angrily)

Black book! Rosalind!

MRS. MITTY

(wailing)

He isn't crazy! I'm going to get
Dr. Renshaw from East Orange -- he
took out Walter's tonsils and he
understands him. And don't you go
saying he's crazy, because he isn't!

TUBBY

Of course he's not. He isn't
imagining anything. There's
nothing mysterious about a black
book -- it's just full of telephone
numbers.

(shoots a look
at Gertrude)

That proves he's normal.

MRS. GRISWOLD

Telephone numbers!

TUBBY

And that Rosalind he keeps screaming
about. One of the numbers.

MRS. MITTY

Tubby, don't say those things.

TUBBY

(much too innocently)

Why not? A man goes on a bender
and has a little fling before he
gets married -- and everybody
gets upset -- needlessly!

Pierce glowers at him.

268X-1 INT. HOLLINGSHEAD'S OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT - HOLLINGSHEAD

Looking down at Walter.

WALTER'S VOICE

...And when I woke up, he said he
had no niece. She was gone.

HOLLINGSHEAD

What about the black book?

268X-2 MED. SHOT - THE TWO

WALTER

That was gone too.

HOLLINGSHEAD

Was it in your possession when
you came to the house?

WALTER

Well, I thought I gave it to
Mr. Van Hoorn's niece -- but he
says he has no niece.

(he opens his eyes
suspiciously)

Why are you asking me these
things?

HOLLINGSHEAD

Because, as a psychiatrist, I
must know your innermost mental
processes.

(he crosses to
his desk as

Walter sits up)

Tell me, Mr. Mitty, what business
are you in?

WALTER

I'm a proofreader -- at the Pierce
Publishing Company.

HOLLINGSHEAD

I see. Well, I think I can diagnose
your trouble. You're suffering from
a romantic delusion, aggravated by
overwork and incessant daydreaming.

WALTER

(slowly)

You mean -- I dreamed the whole
thing?

(CONTINUED)

268X-2 (Cont.)

HOLLINGSHEAD

(nodding)

Don't you see, Mr. Mitty? You've obviously been affected by all those pulp magazines you're continually proofreading.

WALTER

I have?

HOLLINGSHEAD

You've been frustrated all your life, so you live in your daydreams. You imagine yourself the hero about to rescue the heroine from the villain. Just like those lurid covens, you get fantastic ideas. The heroine is always in danger. She is tied to a chair, bound and gagged --

WALTER

(wistfully)

But she was so -- so real. She had the prettiest mouth and -- when she touched me I -- I got hot and cold --

He suddenly breaks off as the door to an adjoining room swings ajar.

268X-3 WALTER'S ANGLE - SHOOTING INTO ADJOINING ROOM

Rosalind is tied to a chair, bound and gagged! She is struggling to free herself.

268X-4 CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

His jaw sags.

WALTER

Rosalind!

268X-5 MED. SHOT

The door to the other room swings closed. Walter rushes to the door, flings it open and stares into the other room.

268X-6 INT. ADJOINING ROOM - WALTER AT DOOR

It is empty. There is no trace of Rosalind or the chair she sat in.

268X-7 MED. CLOSE - WALTER

He is stunned. Hollingshead joins him at the door.

HOLLINGSHEAD

(kindly)

What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

268X-7 (Cont.)

WALTER

I - I just saw her. She was --
sitting over there.

(almost sheepishly)

She was bound and gagged.

Hollingshead shakes his head and sighs, leading him
back to:

268X-8 INT. OFFICE

HOLLINGSHEAD

I'm afraid, my boy, you're in love
with a girl who doesn't exist.

He gives Walter's shoulder a consoling pat. Walter
stands looking back pathetically at the spot where
Rosalind was.

WALTER

(almost inaudibly)

They were right. I day dream too
much.

(THE ABOVE HAS ALREADY BEEN SHOT)

RETAKE

NOTE: We will establish earlier, in a retake of the
couch scene, a large portrait of Whistler's Mother
hanging on the wall.

HOLLINGSHEAD

Exactly, my boy. And this can lead
to all sorts of serious complications.
Why I had a patient in here last week
suffering from the same type of romantic
delusion.

WALTER

You did?

HOLLINGSHEAD

The poor man was in bad shape. No
matter how a woman was dressed, he
fancied he saw her in a bathing suit.
Scopophilia -- an extreme case, of
course.

WALTER

(nervously)

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

268X-8 (Cont.)

They have crossed back to desk by this time. Hollingshead presses a buzzer. A beautiful nurse enters, clad only in a scanty bathing suit. Walter stares wide-eyed as the nurse goes to the desk. Hollingshead doesn't react at all.

HOLLINGSHEAD

Miss Appleby, bring me those Wilcox charts, will you please.

NURSE

Certainly, Doctor.

As she starts to leave, Hollingshead regards her sternly.

HOLLINGSHEAD

Oh, Miss Appleby, there's a spot on your uniform.

NURSE

Sorry, Doctor. I'll change immediately.
(she goes out.
Walter is staring)

WALTER

(uncertainly)

Doctor, did - did she really have a spot on her uniform?

HOLLINGSHEAD

You saw it, didn't you?

WALTER

Well, I - er --
(laughs nervously)
Sure I saw it. An ink spot.

HOLLINGSHEAD

Mercurochrome.

WALTER

Oh yes, mercurochrome. Looked like red ink.

(fumbling)

I - er - it was hardly noticeable --

HOLLINGSHEAD

(leaning forward tensely)

You didn't see any uniform!

Walter breaks down completely and blubbers.

WALTER

You're right. I saw her in a bathing suit. Oh Doctor, Doctor, I've got Scopophilia! What shall I do?

268X-8 (Cont.1)

HOLLINGSHEAD

My boy, what you need is a good long rest.

WALTER

Well - I'm getting married tomorrow.

HOLLINGSHEAD

Capital! Go home and marry your Gertrude and forget everything. I'm sure you'll be a changed man.

WALTER

I - I feel better already.

As Hollingshead leads him to the door, he looks up at the portrait of Whistler's Mother and reacts with great shock.

268X-9 CLOSE SHOT - PORTRAIT

The grey-haired old woman seated in the rocking chair is clad in a scanty bathing suit.

268X-10 CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

His jaw falls open as we,

DISSOLVE TO:

268A INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM - LATE EVENING

Walter, in bathrobe and slippers, is seated on window seat, eating oatmeal despondently from a small table before him. Mrs. Mitty is bending over him solicitously, but eyeing him warily.

MRS. MITTY

(with forced cheerfulness)

Eat it all up, Walter, and promise you'll get right into bed because the psychiatrist said you need plenty of rest.

WALTER

You don't think I'm crazy do you, Mother?

(CONTINUED)

268A (Cont.)

MRS. MITTY

Of course not. Dr. Hollingshead says
you're perfectly normal now.

She is standing at the window, and now she looks down
and covertly nods to:

268B LONG SHOT - SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF MITTY HOME - MRS.
MITTY'S ANGLE - A COP

Who has obviously been posted. He looks up and nods
reassuringly to Mrs. Mitty, indicating to her that he's
on the job.

268C INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM - WALTER AND MRS. MITTY

Mrs. Mitty, satisfied that Walter is well guarded, kisses
him.

MRS. MITTY

Goodnight, dear. Go right to bed.

She leaves. Walter shoves the oatmeal away and sits
staring out the window. Then he reacts at sight of:

268D EXT. MITTY HOME - THE PACING COP

268E CLOSEUP - WALTER

As the meaning of the cop dawns on him. He's being
guarded! Angrily he jumps up, flattens himself against
the wall as the cop looks up at the window, then he
stealthily peeks down at the cop. He stares bitterly,
resentfully, a strange look in his eye.

268F EXT. MITTY HOME - THE PACING COP - WALTER'S ANGLE

The cop, as he walks, BLURS and DISSOLVES INTO:

268G EXT. DUBLIN SIDEWALK - NIGHT - AN IRISH POLICEMAN

A lantern glowing dimly on his belt, he plods along
through the murky, drizzly night. CAMERA TRUCKS with
him and he passes without seeing;

268H WALTER - LEANING AGAINST THE LAMP POST

Walter is a Dublin tough and wears a cap pulled down over
one eye, a turtleneck sweater, and a grimy jacket. A lit
cigarette dangles from his lip. As soon as the policeman
passes, he takes a swift drag on the cigarette, hurls it to
the ground and sidles off furtively in the other direction,
CAMERA PANNING with him as he slinks along the street.

(CONTINUED)

268H (Cont.)

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(fading in)

-- and even while the sirens were still screaming at Bleakmoor Prison, Walter O'Mitty, the hunted, had eluded the entire Dublin police force in a final mad desire to reach the side of his beloved Molly --

268I EXT. TINY HOUSE IN SLUMS

Only the three white-washed steps and the front door are visible in the fog. A mourning wreath hangs from the knocker. Walter comes into scene and starts up the steps, when he sees the wreath.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(continuing)

-- only to find --

Walter's body is shaken with one grief-convulsing sob. The door opens. An old, silver-haired IRISH LADY stands there wiping away her tears with her apron.

OLD LADY

(staring)

Walter! They're looking for you!

WALTER

(in Irish brogue)

Mother Macree -- she isn't -- they didn't -- Molly isn't --?

She cries into her apron again.

WALTER

(with an angry Irish oath)

Oh, the black dogs!

Blindly he turns away and rushes through the foggy street, CAMERA TRUCKING with him. Suddenly ahead is another policeman, flashing his light around! Walter flattens against a lamp post, and the cop goes by out of sight. Walter savagely lights another cigarette in the drizzle and leans against the lamp post. Passing hucksters cry out their wares in background. Smoking sadly, Walter sings:

268J NUMBER: MOLLY MALONE.

At end of number,

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SCENES 269 through 280 OUT

269X INT. SMALL CHURCH - DAY - FULL SHOT

Wedding guests are seated in the pews, and down near the altar the MINISTER stands waiting, book in hand. In front of him are Walter, Tubby, Mrs. Mitty and Mrs. Griswold. The strains of the Wedding March are heard.

270X CLOSE SHOT - WALTER AND TUBBY

As Tubby slips him the ring.

271X FULL SHOT - CHURCH - WALTER'S ANGLE

Gertrude, in her wedding dress, on the arm of Mr. Pierce, slowly walks toward the minister.

272X CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

As he stares at the approaching Gertrude, that dreamy, faraway look comes into his eyes.

273X MED. SHOT - GERTRUDE - WALTER'S ANGLE

She reaches his side and stands there. The minister begins the ceremony and as he says the opening words a strange expression comes over Walter's face.

274X CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

As he stares at his bride.

275X CLOSE SHOT - GERTRUDE

A strange thing happens. Slowly she DISSOLVES into ROSALIND. The minister's voice is lost in a beautiful symphonic arrangement of carrillon chimes and cathedral bells.

276X TWO SHOT - WALTER AND ROSALIND

The beautiful dream bride and the unbelievably happy groom. The bells gain in volume and then begin to diminish. Now the minister's voice begins to take form again.

MINISTER'S VOICE

-- take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?

277X CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

WALTER
(happily)

I do.

(CONTINUED)

277X (Cont.)

He looks at his bride once again - and can't believe his eyes.

278X TWO SHOT - WALTER AND ROSALIND

As ROSALIND DISSOLVES back into GERTRUDE. Walter stares at her in amazement.

MINISTER

Place the ring upon her finger.

Walter, in a daze, continues to stare at Gertrude unheeding.

MINISTER

(gently)

The ring.

Walter reaches into his vest pocket, but the ring isn't there. He starts to search through the other pockets. Suddenly he pulls his hand out of his coat pocket and opens it. Resting in his palm are the tiny golden Dutch shoes Rosalind gave him!

279X MED. CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

He stares - then all at once the fog lifts.

WALTER

(with a shout)

She's alive!

Gertrude and Tubby react.

280X WIDER ANGLE

To include only Mrs. Mitty, Mrs. Griswold and Mr. Pierce. They are startled.

WALTER

(yelling)

It's true! It wasn't a dream! She's alive! These are her shoes!

The others stare as though he were insane.

WALTER

(suddenly)

I was right -- he's a crook. Van Hoorn's a crook!

Walter, in his excitement, is shaking Pierce.

WALTER

He's got her in that house! We've got to rescue her!

(CONTINUED)

280X (Cont.)

He rushes down the aisle to the consternation of the assembled guests. Walter dashes out the front door as all heads turn to watch him go.

MRS. MITTY
(frantically, to Pierce)
Oh, Mr. Pierce, we'll have to stop him! He's going back to molest that poor old man!

PIERCE
Somebody get Dr. Hollingshead!

280XA EXT. CHURCH - MED. SHOT - ON SIDEWALK

A flower truck is standing at the curb as Walter rushes into scene. The driver is at the rear unloading wedding flowers. Seeing no other vehicle handy, Walter leaps into the front seat and puts the car in gear. As it pulls away, the startled driver hurries from the rear to see what's going on. He is carrying a large horseshoe-shaped floral arrangement reading: GOOD LUCK.

As the truck roars away,

WIPE TO:

(NOTE: Scene 281 HAS ALREADY BEEN SHOT)

281 EXT. STREET EN ROUTE TO NEW YORK - DAY

A parked police car is at the curb. A jack is under the front axle and two policemen are changing the wheel, obviously having just had a flat tire. The inside front wheel is off. The flower truck, with Walter driving, enters scene and pulls alongside to an abrupt stop. Walter leaps out and rushes up to the cops.

282 CLOSE SHOT - AT POLICE CAR - WALTER AND TWO COPS

The radio is on and police reports are coming over.

WALTER

Officer, I need help. A girl is being held captive. They might kill her. You've got to help me.

Before the surprised cops can answer, the radio blares a fresh report.

RADIO VOICE

Attention all cars! Watch out for a stolen flower truck, driven by a young man in a cutaway coat. The man is unbalanced and might be dangerous!

OFFICER

(to Walter)

What were you saying?

WALTER

Me? Oh -- I just thought I'd like to buy a couple of tickets to the Policemen's Ball!

He hurries away as the two cops stare after him.

283 WIDER ANGLE

As Walter's flower truck whizzes by, The two policemen react.

OFFICER

That's him! The flower truck!

The cops jump into the police car, start the motor and slam it in gear. The car leaps forward and lands with a crash on the axle, which is minus its wheel.

DISSOLVE TO;

284 OUT

285 INT. VAN HOORN HOME - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - DUSK

Rosalind is lying on the bed, fully clothed. Her eyes are shut and her face has a still pallor. Hollingshead is bending over her with a stethoscope. As he straightens up,

PULL BACK TO;

286 FULL SHOT

Disclosing Van Hoorn, Hendrik, Dr. Hollingshead, and VINCENT, the driver of the murder cab, grouped around the bed. Since Van Hoorn's identity is now known to us, he will be called Krug from here on.

KRUG

(impatiently)

Well?

HOLLINGSHEAD

There's nothing I can do. She's still suffering from shock.

Krug limps around the room, then whirls angrily,

KRUG

Well, get her out of it, you pig of a doctor! She's hidden that book somewhere in this house! How can we get information from a girl who can't even open her mouth?

The butler enters excitedly.

BUTLER

Mynheer!

He crosses to window and pulls back curtain, pointing outside. The others join him, peering into the garden.

287 GARDEN WALL - FROM THEIR ANGLE

Walter is climbing over the wall. He drops to the ground and finds himself in the middle of a rose garden. His coat catches on the thorns of a bush. He frees it and advances, only to have his pants catch on another.

288 INT. BEDROOM - THE GROUP

Hendrik, staring out over Krug's shoulder, opens his spring-knife and starts for the door.

KRUG

(thoughtfully)

Wait!...Wait, I have a better idea. Our impetuous young friend has come to rescue his lady in distress.

(to Hollingshead)

Doctor, do you think that seeing the man she loves might bring her out of it?

HOLLINGSHEAD

It might.

KRUG

Good. Then we will let him rescue her!

The others nod approvingly as Krug parts the curtains with a finger and looks out.

289 EXT. GARDEN - MED. SHOT - WALTER

135

He has just extricated himself from the roses and is holding a pricked finger in his mouth. He looks toward the house and hositates uneasily.

290 FULL SHOT - THE HOUSE

Silhouetted against the darkening sky, it presents an oerie picture.

291 TRUCKING SHOT - WALTER

He shivers, but pulls himself together and bravely continues. Avoiding the front door, he moves around the side of the house and surveys it for a means of entry.

292 LONG SHOT - HIS ANGLE - SECOND FLOOR WINDOW

It is open and the curtains are fluttering in the evening breeze.

293 MED. SHOT - WALTER

He starts to climb up a vine trellis. Halfway up, one of the slats breaks and his foot dangles wildly in mid-air. From a window below, a hand reaches out and gives Walter's groping foot a support. Walter scrambles up a little higher, then reacts and glances downward. Seeing nothing, he shrugs and clambers through the second story window.

294 INT. SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM

As Walter comes through the window. In the semi-darkness, he walks straight into an end table with a vase on it. They go over with a crash, taking Walter and a floor lamp with them. He picks himself up and listens again, expecting the worst. There is no sound in the house. Growing bolder, he tries a door, but it is locked. He puts his shoulder against it, but it still won't give. He backs up a few paces to try a running smash.

295 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CLOSE SHOT - OTHER SIDE OF DOOR

The hallway is lighted. We see a hand come in, unlock the door and turn the knob.

296 INT. BEDROOM - MED. SHOT - WALTER

He goes plunging into the door, which swings open easily.

297 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - FULL SHOT

Walter comes plummeting through head first, skids along the floor, crashes headlong into a giant brass jardiniere at head of stairs. Both Walter and the brass jardiniere go rolling down the stairs with a terrific clatter.

298 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - AT FOOT OF STAIRS - MED. SHOT

Walter sits up groggily on the bottom step and almost passes out! Standing in front of him, knife in hand, is Hendrik, the killer! Walter leaps to his feet, thrusts a hand into his coat pocket to simulate a gun.

WALTER
(teeth chattering)
Don't come any closer. I've got a
Luger and I'll drill you!

To Walter's utter astonishment, Hendrik drops the knife and raises his hands. Walter gains confidence and takes what he thinks is a Humphrey Bogart stance, wiggling his gun-finger in his pocket.

WALTER
(completely Bogart)
All right, Hophead. Talk fast.
Where is she?

Hendrik maintains a sullen silence. Walter's lip curls, and, carried away by his new-found strength, he thrusts his "Luger" under Hendrik's nose, only of course it's merely his finger.

WALTER
Start singing, Lardface -- or I'll
fill you so full of lead...

Walter stops, realizing it's only his finger. He doesn't know what to do, so he grits his teeth, closes his eyes and slaps Hendrik. The killer slips to the floor and lies inert! Walter, startled by his apparent success, looks at his hand, then sights an open door across entrance hall. He steps over the body and hurries to the open door. He glances into the brightly lit room and reacts.

299 REVERSE ANGLE - SHOOTING INTO STORAGE ROOM OFF LIBRARY

In the center, tied to a chair, is Rosalind! Her eyes are closed and she is still in her trancelike state.

300 CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

He stares in disbelief, passes a hand over his eyes - then looks again. Rosalind is still there.

WALTER
(calling)
Rosalind!

He gets no answer and enters:

301 INT. STORAGE ROOM - FULL SHOT

Rosalind still makes no sound. Walter advances and touches her cheek tentatively.

WALTER
(softly)
Rosalind...

Rosalind stirs and opens her eyes. For a moment she looks around dazedly - then suddenly she recognizes Walter.

ROSALIND
Walter!..., Oh, Walter, it's you,

WALTER
I knew you were alive. I knew it.
(fiercely)
Did they hurt you?
(he starts to untie her)
I'll kill 'em all -- just like I
did that Lardface outside...

ROSALIND
(incoherently)
Walter...my uncle...

WALTER
You don't have to tell me. Uncle!
What an uncle!

ROSALIND
But he isn't my uncle. He's the Boot!

WALTER
The -- Boot!

ROSALIND
(almost incoherent)
I didn't know, because I'd never
seen my uncle...It was the Boot that
killed Maasdam --

WALTER
(fumbling over her bonds)
Why? When he was bringing the book
here anyway.

ROSALIND
(whispering, terrified)
Because the Boot knew Maasdam would
have recognized him as an imposter.
Please hurry, Walter.

WALTER
I don't understand. If I had an uncle
I'd ask him for references --

(CONTINUED)

301 (Cont.)

ROSALIND

His credentials were perfect -- he even fooled the Dutch legation where I was working --

WALTER

Why that's just like the serial we've been running, "Lucy's False Uncle."
It was --

He stops in terror as he hears the steady clump, clump of the approaching Boot!

ROSALIND

The Boot!

Walter frantically pulls the last rope off. Freed, Rosalind rises unsteadily, with Walter's help. They hurry into:

302 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - FULL SHOT

Walter holding Rosalind by the hand, they speed towards the front door. The sound of the approaching Boot growing louder. Walter yanks the door open. Standing, smiling, on the threshold is Dr. Hollingshead.

HOLLINGSHEAD

Congratulations, Mr. Mitty, you wake the sleeping beauty.

Walter and Rosalind recoil and dash off in the opposite direction across the entrance hall.

ROSALIND

This way -- the wine cellar --

Walter and Rosalind reach a door under the staircase and disappear through it.

303 INT. CELLAR - CLOSE SHOT - WALTER AND ROSALIND - ON TOP STEPS

Walter turns the key in the door. Then, sighting an electric wire stapled to the wall, he yanks the end free and rapidly winds it around the metal doorknob. Rosalind stares in bewilderment and panic.

WALTER

(working)
This'll hold 'em. It worked in "The Shocking Case of the Mad Electrician."
I just turn on this switch --
(turns on wall switch)
And when they grab the knob like this --
(he grabs the knob to demonstrate)
Owwwwwwww!

(CONTINUED)

303 (Cont.)

The current hits him and he's frozen to the doorknob. Rosalind snaps off the switch. Walter removes his palsied hand from the knob and turns on the switch again. Together they fly down the stairs.

304 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - MED. CLOSE SHOT - AT DOOR TO CELLAR -
HENDRIK AND DR. HOLLINGSHEAD

Hendrik grabs the knob and the juice flows through his body. He is frozen to the door. Hollingshead kicks Hendrik loose and charges at the heavy door.

305 INT. MAIN ROOM OF CELLAR

Walter and Rosalind dash to the door of the wine closet at the far end. The sounds of Hollingshead splintering the upstairs door are heard.

ROSALIND

(breathlessly)

There's another way out through the coal bin.

Walter looks back towards the rapidly disintegrating door and feels that he must delay the villains. His panicky eye falls on a coil of rope. He grabs it, glances up at the ceiling, and tosses one end over the water pipes, leaving a loop on the floor.

ROSALIND

What are you doing?

WALTER

The Malay Tiger Trap! It works on tigers -- it should work on people!

As he talks he swiftly sets up the trap, counterweighting it and securing one end.

WALTER

We used it in "The Elephant Boy Strikes Back."

At that moment the door splinters in and Hollingshead and Hendrik come hurtling down the stairs. Walter and Rosalind dash to the security of the wine cellar. Walter pauses at the door to watch the success of his tiger trap. Hollingshead and Hendrik stop at the bottom of the stairs and look around.

WALTER

(in line with his trap,
confidently calling)

Here I am, Lardface!

(CONTINUED)

305 (Cont.)

Hendrik's face contorts with fury, and he and Hollingshead dart across the cellar floor after Walter. Their running feet never touch the trap on the floor.

306 INT. WINE CELLAR - WALTER AND ROSALIND AT DOOR

Walter, terrified, slams the door in the face of his pursuers. Rosalind leads the way into:

307 COAL ROOM ADJOINING

Walter and Rosalind enter scene and open a creaky old door that leads to the garden area. They are about to start up the steps when the ominous "clump clump" of the Boot is heard descending. They stand rooted to the spot. Suddenly, the club foot of the Boot comes into scene! In pure panic, they turn and run through another coal room door into:

308 INT. MAIN ROOM OF CELLAR

Walter's feet encounter the loop of the tiger trap. There is a twang and he is yanked to the ceiling. He hangs, dangling upside down from the water pipes. Hendrik, Dr. Hollingshead, and the Boot with drawn gun, converge on Rosalind.

309 EXT. VAN HOORN HOUSE - FULL SHOT - FLOWER TRUCK AT CURB

A patrol car pulls up and the two policemen we saw earlier hop out with drawn guns and cover the front seat of the stolen flower truck. Finding it unoccupied, they hurry to the rear of the truck and fling open the doors. The back is full of undelivered flowers,

FIRST POLICEMAN

Well, he blew. Let's phone and have it picked up.

They start away.

SECOND POLICEMAN

(stopping, pointing to flowers with gun)

Hey, Joe, look at them big ranunculus. Why can't a guy grow 'em that big in his own garden? Mine always look puny.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Well, what kind of fertilizer do you use? The whole secret is in your fertilizer. I had chrysanthemums last year as big as your head...

A blast from the police car radio interrupts.

(CONTINUED)

309 (Cont.)

VOICE ON RADIO
Additional information! Stolen
flower truck, C-O-M-seven-one-two-
five-o-six, suspect last seen climbing
garden wall at four-o-eight Hudson
River Drive. May be armed.

The cops turn, look up at the Van Hoorn house and
start grimly toward it.

310 INT. LIBRARY - MED. SHOT - THE BOOT AND HENCHMEN

As they drag in the struggling Walter and Rosalind.

KRUG
(to Rosalind)
For the last time, Rosalind --
where is the book?

ROSALIND
(hysterically)
I'll never tell -- never!

At a gesture from Krug, Hollingshead grabs Rosalind
and twists her arm. As she cries out in pain, Walter
sees red. He picks up a bronze ornament from the
mantel and hurls it at Hollingshead, striking him in
the chest. Hollingshead staggers back. Krug, enraged,
issues a guttural order to Hendrik who advances toward
Walter.

WALTER
Stay where you are! I'm warning
you -- I took care of you once and
I can do it again...

His voice breaks on the line. The expressionless
Hendrik is almost upon him.

WALTER
Okay -- you asked for it!

He crashes his fist with all his might against Hendrik's
jaw. The man doesn't even break step. Walter is
startled and swings again. He lets out a yell of pain
as his knuckles crack. Hendrik flips his knife open.
He closes in for the kill. As Rosalind screams, he
raises his knife, and is about to strike.

The French doors from the terrace burst open, admitting
the two policemen who cover the others with drawn guns.

FIRST POLICEMAN
Drop it, bud!

(CONTINUED)

310 (Cont.)

SECOND POLICEMAN

Okay, what's goin' on? What about that truck?

WALTER

I told you I had to rescue the girl. These men are crooks!

ROSALIND

They're murderers! They killed a man named Carl Maasdam, and they've been torturing me.

WALTER

(pointing to Krug)

He's the leader. The Boot!

ROSALIND

(crossing to end table)

This is what he wanted! It belongs to the Dutch Government.

She extracts the book from the desk drawer and holds it out.

KRUG

(in awed whisper)

The black book!

His eyes aflame with desire, Krug wrests the book from her and dashes through the door.

311 INT. ENTRANCE HALL

Krug is hurrying toward the door, when the angry figure of Walter tears after him and nails him with a vicious tackle. Both land with a heavy thud and Walter, now fighting mad, starts to hammer Krug's head on the floor.

WALTER

(panting)

Twist her arm, will you?...

The front door swings open and Mr. Pierce bursts in. He reacts in amazement.

WALTER

I'll show you who's crazy.

PIERCE

(bellowing)

Mitty! You fool! Leave that poor old man alone!

As Pierce starts to pull Walter off the now groggy Krug, Dr. Hollingshead enters scene from library. Pierce doesn't notice that the cop is covering the doctor with his revolver.

PIERCE

(yelling to doctor)

Don't just stand there -- help me!
It's all your fault, you quack!

Walter stands panting as Pierce solicitously helps Krug to his feet. Pierce begins brushing him off as the policeman comes over to them.

(CONTINUED)

311 (Cont.)

PIERCE

(to cop)

Now, officer, I can straighten this out -- He didn't mean it --

FIRST POLICEMAN

Mean it or not, he's headed for the electric chair.

PIERCE

(stunned)

The electric chair!

(he turns on Dr.

Hollingshead, enraged)

My best man! I was going to make him an editor. You cured him, all right, you charlatan! He's going to the electric chair!

WALTER

Not me, Mr. Pierce -- him!

Walter points to Krug as the policeman snaps handcuffs on the glassy-eyed Boot. The other cop enters with the wounded, stumbling Hendrik in tow.

SECOND POLICEMAN

(to Walter)

Nice work, sonny. Looks like we hit the jackpot.

The policemen cross to the door as Pierce looks on bewildered.

WALTER

(almost incoherent)

You see, Mr. Pierce, this is why I left the wedding. They were really crooks -- and you thought I was crazy all the time...

PIERCE

(pumping Walter's hand joyously)

Not for a second, my boy. I knew it was only temporary, thanks to our good Dr. Hollingshead here.

His voice shakes with emotion as he pumps the hand of Dr. Hollingshead. In his enthusiasm he turns to the passing handcuffed Hendrik, indicating Dr. Hollingshead.

PIERCE

Finest psychiatrist in all New York!

(CONTINUED)

311 (Cont. 1)

At the door the cops turn toward Walter.

SECOND POLICEMAN
See you in headquarters.

PIERCE
Fine -- I'll have the boy there right
after he's married,

FIRST POLICEMAN
(with a nod
towards library)
And bring your girl friend.

PIERCE
Yes, and --
(reacts)
Girl friend?

The two policemen exit through the front door with their
captives, as Rosalind comes out of the library, dis-
heveled but more beautiful than ever. She rushes up to
Walter and throws her arms around his neck.

ROSALIND
Walter, are you all right?

WALTER
(embarrassed)
Sure -- I -- I'm fine, thanks..This
is my boss, Mr. Pierce.

PIERCE
(brushing Rosalind)
How do you do? Well, better be getting
back. They're waiting for you, Walter.
(pointedly, to Rosalind)
The boy's being married, you know.
Good day.

ROSALIND
Married?

Pierce grabs Walter's arm and starts hustling him out.
Walter takes Rosalind's hand and she follows.

WALTER
Wait a minute, Mr. Pierce, I can't
leave Rosalind here.

PIERCE
(propelling Walter doorward)
Oh. Oh all right, we'll give the young
lady a lift.

They reach the door.

(CONTINUED)

311

(Cont. 2)

PIERCE

(suddenly taking out
his wallet)

Where's that Dr. Hollingshead? I
want to reward him.

WALTER

They took him to jail. He's a killer,
Mr. Pierce.

PIERCE

He is! Well, it doesn't surprise me.
I hope they revoke his license.

(NOTE: THE ABOVE HAS ALREADY BEEN SHOT. New scene
picks up from here. Old scenes 312 through 330 OUT.)

Just as the trio is about to leave, an anxious group
bursts in through the door, causing them to back in to
the hall. The newcomers are made up of Tubby, Mrs.
Mitty, Mrs. Griswold, and Gertrude, who is now wearing
a coat over her bridal gown, having discarded her veil.
Tubby, Gertrude, Mrs. Griswold and Mrs. Mitty react at
sight of Rosalind.

WALTER

(to group)

Oh, I'm glad you came.

(indicating Rosalind
excitedly)

You see, Gertrude, she does exist.
Now do you understand why I ran out
on the wedding?

Gertrude stares horrified.

TUBBY

(stepping forward
belligerently)

I understand, you two-timer! You see,
ladies, I was right all along.

He jabs an accusing finger at Rosalind, who reacts in
surprise.

MRS. MITTY

(terribly upset)

Oh, Walter, how could you?

WALTER

(going to Mrs. Mitty)

Wait a minute, Mother. Rosalind can
explain everything -- she was with me
every minute --

(CONTINUED)

311

(Cont. 3)

MRS. GRISWOLD

So! All the time you've been making advances to my daughter and carrying on with this -- this Jezebel!

ROSALIND

(angrily)

Jezebel! Walter, what is this all about?

WALTER

(trying to pacify

Mrs. Griswold)

Mrs. Griswold, you don't understand. It was entirely innocent. Remember the time I was out all night? -- And you thought I was crazy...

(triumphantly)

Well, I was with her --

(he indicates Rosalind)

All react in horror at Walter's ill-advised explanation.

MRS. MITTY

(starting to sob)

Oh, Walter, to think that we should hear these things on your wedding day!

WALTER

(going to Mrs. Mitty)

Mother, you've got it all wrong...

ROSALIND

(to Mrs. Mitty)

Mrs. Mitty, this is all very embarrassing. Walter never even told me he was being married.

GERTRUDE

(furiously, to Walter)

Oh, you didn't! Walter Mitty, you're nothing but a two-faced, sneaking -- thing!

PIERCE

(holding up his hands for silence)

Quiet! It's all very simple. Fortunately this has been harmless. The girl has been living here with a gang of crooks --

MRS. GRISWOLD

A gun moll!

ROSALIND

But I didn't realize it --

(CONTINUED)

Tut, tut -- PIERCE

(continuing)
Walter was being used while the girl
was in trouble, and I'm sure she has
no further designs on him.

TUBBY
(putting his arm
around Gertrude)
Why don't you let him do his own
alibiing?

ROSALIND
(furiously)
How dare you! All of you!

Mortified, she runs out the front door.

WALTER
Rosalind, wait!

He starts after her. Pierce takes his arm.

PIERCE
(aside)
Let her go. You're well rid of her.

MRS. GRISWOLD
(to Walter)
Go on, run after her, you -- you
milk drinking Casanova!

TUBBY
Milk? I'd like to see what he drinks
when he's out with that blonde.

GERTRUDE
She's a bleached blonde!
(to Walter)
You filthy drunkard!

MRS. MITTY
Oh, why did you do it, Walter? I've
always tried to bring you up well --
I've always tried...

MRS. GRISWOLD
(snorting)
You can't make a lily out of a ragweed.

Suddenly Walter squares his shoulders. He turns toward
his tormentors with jaw thrust forward.

WALTER
SHUT UP -- ALL OF YOU!

(CONTINUED)

311 (Cont. 5)

A shocked silence falls over the group.

MRS. GRISWOLD
Well!...I never thought I'd be insulted
on my daughter's wedding day! Oh, I
could hide my face in shame!

WALTER
If I had your face, I'd hide it too!
And while you're at it, do the same
thing with those hats.

They all gasp. Mrs. Mitty looks stunned.

MRS. MITTY
Walter!...I'm absolutely speechless!

WALTER
Congratulations, Mother --

TUBBY
(advancing on Walter
belligerently)
I ought to punch you right in the nose!

WALTER
(disdainfully)
Oh, pipe down, Lardface.

And Walter, with an open hand, shoves Tubby in the face
and sends him sprawling to the couch where he lands,
astonished and cowed. Gertrude lets out a scream and
rushes to Tubby to protect him.

WALTER
(quietly - confidently)
Now you're all going to listen to me.
For years I've been listening to you,
and you almost had me in a strait-
jacket. Your small minds are all
muscle-bound with suspicion. That's
because the only exercise you get is
jumping to conclusions. You ought
to be ashamed of yourselves -- every
one of you!

PIERCE
Now, hold on, Mitty! I don't think --

WALTER
You never think, brother.

PIERCE
(roaring)
What!

(CONTINUED)

311 (Cont. 6)

WALTER
(his nose right
under Pierce's)
The only good idea you ever had was to
hire me to do your thinking for you!

As all eyes look in astonishment at the new Walter,

DISSOLVE TO:

312X INT. PIERCE PUBLISHING COMPANY - CLOSE SHOT - GLASS
PANELED DOOR

A workman is lettering on the door the words: "WALTER
MITTY - ASSOCIATE EDITOR." He is adding the last "R."

WALTER'S VOICE
Associate Editor.

313X MED. SHOT - DOOR TO WALTER'S NEW OFFICE

Mr. Pierce is displaying it to the proud and happy gaze
of Walter. He opens the door with a grand gesture,
allowing Walter to enter ahead of him.

PIERCE
Go ahead, take a look at it, Walt.

314X INT. WALTER'S NEW OFFICE

It contains an impressive mahogany desk with a name
plate on it; shiny filing cabinets, glistening water
pitcher, glasses, etc. Walter beams.

PIERCE
Well, "Cowboy Stories" has to meet
its deadline...
(smiling, he indicates
the galley proofs on desk)
Let's get on the ball, Walt, old man.

WALTER
(briskly)
Right you are - er - Bruce.

And Pierce exits.

315X CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

He rubs his hands together briskly and sits down in
the leather chair at his desk. Beside the proofs, a
copy of the last issue of "Cowboy Stories" looks up
at him. The cover shows a grim-faced Texas sheriff
shooting it out with a bearded outlaw. Walter pulls
the mound of proofs toward him and lifts a pencil.

(CONTINUED)

315X (Cont.)

Then he leans back in the leather chair and experimentally puts his feet on the desk. He sighs and clasps his hands behind his head...

DISSOLVE TO;

316X EXT. SALOON OF WESTERN STREET - MED. SHOT - AT ENTRANCE

Out of the swinging doors come Toledo Tubby (Tubby), in black coat and hat, struggling with the fair Rosalind, who is fighting for her honor. A frightened henchman runs into scene.

HENCHMAN

(breathless)

The Perth Amboy Kid is in town and he's out to get you!

He nods off scene. For reaction, Tubby savagely throws Rosalind into the dust and moves his hand towards his holster.

317X FULL SHOT - STREET IN FRONT OF SALOON

Walter "Slim" Mitty, attired as a clean-cut cowboy in fancy boots, ten-gallon hat, six-shooters, etc. CAMERA TRUCKS with him as he strides towards Toledo and the girl grimly.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

And Slim Mitty, the Perth Amboy Kid, strode grimly toward his sworn enemy, Toledo Tubby, the lowest varmint west of the Pecos...

WALTER

(with a slow drawl)

I wouldn't do that if I were you, Toledo.

TOLEDO TUBBY

I'm mighty glad to see you, Slim, because Texas is too small for the both of us.

WALTER

Start prayin', Toledo. There's a bounty for killin' rattlesnakes in these parts and I'm a-aimin' to claim my share.

TOLEDO TUBBY

Why you --

Tubby draws with a lightning gesture, but Slim Mitty's gun roars first and the revolver is shot out of Tubby's hand. Tubby instantly grabs the girl and uses her as a shield. With magnificent disdain, Walter tosses away his six-shooter, pulls Rosalind away and the fight is on.

(CONTINUED)

317X (Cont.)

Walter gives him an unholy beating, and as Tubby lies battered in the dust, Walter turns coolly to Rosalind, removing his Stetson gallantly.

ROSALIND

(tearfully)

Oh Slim, Slim. I knew you'd come.

WALTER

(easily)

Dry your eyes, ma'am. There'll be no more trouble at the Circle Bar Q.

DISSOLVES BACK TO:

SCENE 318X - OUT

319X INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - MED. SHOT - WALTER

Someone is knocking on the door and Walter is startled out of his reverie. He puts his feet down, bends over his work and calls:

WALTER

Come in.

The door opens and the office boy stands meekly on the threshold.

OFFICE BOY

(with great humility)

Er - pardon me, Mr. Mitty --

WALTER

Yes? What is it, son?

OFFICE BOY

Your wife - er - Mrs. Mitty is here to see you, sir.

(CONTINUED)

319X (Cont.)

WALTER

Oh. Well, show her right in.

The office boy holds the door open and Rosalind enters smiling and radiantly beautiful as always.

WALTER

(rising)

Darling!

ROSALIND

I hate to bother you at the office, sweetheart, but the Parole Board called and wants to know how it is working out.

WALTER

Oh, wonderful, wonderful. We'll sell a million copies this month. Look --

He goes to a side door and flings it open revealing:

320X MED. SHOT - SHOOTING BETWEEN WALTER AND ROSALIND INTO ADJOINING ARTIST'S STUDIO

Dr. Hollingshead (Boris Karloff) is posing in Frankenstein makeup, framed in a blown-up magazine cover headed:

"TERROR STORIES"

As Walter and Rosalind exchange adoring looks, we

FADE OUT

THE END