

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

by

ROBERT E. THOMPSON

Final Shooting Script

PRE-TITLE SEQUENCE

FADE IN:

EXT. PASTURE - DAY (PAST) - ANGLE ON STALLION

1

loping free and unhindered...turning, stopping, racing.

TRAVELING with the stallion. Its long mane now a lacy filigree printed against the sky, now a swirl of matted hues. Soft diffused sunlight singes the grass and sky. The pasture is set high so that there is no sense of constriction. The last fringe of grass seems merely to bend into an infinity of limitless time and space.

2

CAMERA loping rapidly through the tall grass towards the sun. The SOUND of waves lapping a distant shore.

3

EXT. BEACH - DAY (PRESENT) - EXTREME LONG SHOT

4

of Robert walking TOWARDS CAMERA. Behind him the grey, desolate, gull-flecked beach stretches on until sand and water seem to become one. We HEAR very faintly in the distance:

ROCKY'S VOICE

Okay! Now all you kids got a release form. You fill it out, you sign it...then you hand it over when you get your official entry numbers.

CLOSE TRAVELING

5

with Robert as he walks along the edge of the beach, inadvertently crossing and recrossing the constantly shifting boundary between sand and water. His trousers are rolled. A pair of scuffed and weathered cowboy boots are laced about his neck. In the further distance we HEAR band sidemen TUNING their instruments, RIFFING through a few practice bars of some period standard...and always in the foreground... the rhythmic systole and diastole of WAVES.

EXT. PASTURE - DAY (PAST) - LOW ANGLE

6

on the stallion rearing into a sudden glare of sunlight, its muscles rippling in long waves.

MOVE IN TO CLOSE ANGLE

7

of young boy. He watches the stallion with the kind of raptness peculiarly granted to the still innocent. He wears knickers and a cap. His features are obscured by the thrust of sunlight, but we sense that he is perhaps eight or nine years old. This is ROBERT AS A CHILD.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Only READ it first. You break a leg, we fix it. You catch a cold, there's free aspirin. But acts of God, the management is strictly not to be held to account.

FULL SHOT OF GRANDFATHER

8

Gnarled hands...slightly and very reluctantly stooped. Wearing overalls and a kerchief, he carries a canvas game bag and a shotgun crooked down through one arm. Like the boy, whom he stands beside now, his features are obscured, but we realize that he is far too old to be the boy's father. He touches the boy's shoulder to urge him along.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Fire, flood and double pneumonia, that's between you and Him. So read it, and then sign. But no release... no number. Understood? Okay. Now I know a lotta you been the circuit. Well, there's nothing that different here. Better maybe. But the same set up, the same kind of rules. For the benefit of first timers: We go round the clock.

EXT. BEACH - DAY (PRESENT) - MEDIUM SHOT OVER ROBERT

9

in f.g. toward BALLROOM. It is set at the end of a pier. In front of the entrance are several huge

REVISED

klieg lights and a trailered mule dynamo. The lights are aimed toward the sky but they are untended and unlighted. Strung across the entrance is a mammoth banner:

9
CONT'
(1)

1932

MARATHON DANCE

1932

Grand Prize.

\$1,500

Admission: 25¢

GALA OPENING TONIGHT!

REVERSE ANGLE ON ROBERT

10

He stares off towards the ballroom as the fringe of a spent wave scuds across his feet.

ROCKY'S VOICE

And around, and around. Ten minute break every two hours. Rollo!

We HEAR an UNDULATING SIREN BLAST. Its tone is sharp, piercing, urgent.

EXT. PASTURE - DAY (PAST) - PANNING SHOT ON STALLION

11

circling the unbounded pasture...loping...then cantering. Faster. Faster.

ROCKY'S VOICE

That's it! You hear that, it's break time. You hear it again, back on the floor. You dance an hour fifty minutes then you're off ten. Then ditto, ditto, ditto...straight on till there's one and JUST ONE couple left. You keep moving no matter what. All the time. Anybody stops: Rollo!

We HEAR the loud CLACK, CLACK of a hand CRICKET.

CLOSE ON BOY

12

moving off, but still watching the stallion over his shoulder. (ROCKY'S VOICE IS CONTINUOUS THROUGHOUT THE FOLLOWING).

ROCKY'S VOICE
That's the warning signal. If it's
YOUR PARTNER, you got exactly thirty
seconds to get him moving again.

12
CONT.
(1)

PANNING WITH THE STALLION

13

still circling. Tighter. Faster.

CLOSER ON BOY

14

Watching...breathless.

PANNING WITH STALLION

15

still faster. Wilder. Background beginning to blur
now.

ROCKY'S VOICE
No excuses! No explanations!
Thirty Seconds.

EXTREME CLOSEUP ON BOY

16

Watching even more raptly.

FLYING WITH THE STALLION

17

Still faster...faster...with a kind of abandoned
freedom, legs kicking high, mane swirling to the
wind, almost free of the ground itself, almost
flying...

LOW AND FAST MOVING

18

with the legs of the stallion. A design of blurred
and abstract motion until suddenly one of its hooves
catches and its whole body wrenches, twists in a
convulsion of knotted muscles.

ROCKY'S VOICE
If it's two knees: Rolla!

EXTREME CLOSE - BOY

19

crying out (silent). We HEAR the SHARP SCREECH of a
POLICE WHISTLE.

LOW ANGLE UP TO STALLION (SLOW MOTION)

20

falling. Falling again. Again.

ROCKY'S VOICE

That's it, out! Ohh...you...Tee!
We're going to run it as fair as
human nature allows, so when one
of the judges rules, that's it.
No appeals.

EXT. BEACH - DAY (PRESENT) - ACROSS ROBERT

21

out to the ocean. His boots are on now and we PAN
with him as he brushes sand from his trousers and
moves slowly towards the distant Ballroom.

ROCKY'S VOICE

(getting louder now)

When your partner's ruled out, you
can solo for twenty-four hours. If
you match up with another solo...
fair enough. Otherwise...that's it.

EXT. PASTURE - DAY (PAST) - HIGH ANGLE

22

DOWN TOWARDS fallen stallion. Boy and Grandfather.
The Boy tries to thrust his way past the Grandfather
and toward the stallion but is stopped. He refuses
to hear what his Grandfather is telling him. He
shakes his head back and forth violently and shouts
(silent) "No! No! No!"

ROCKY'S VOICE

There'll always be a trainer or
nurse on duty. And a doctor out
here twenty-four hours a day.
Okay food: Four regular meals
and three small ones each day.

MED. ON BOY AND GRANDFATHER

23

as he holds the boy aside with one hand. With the
other he levels the shotgun toward the stallion.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Now...the audience. Respect. That's
what I expect and that's what they'll

Cont.

ROCKY'S VOICE (Cont.) 23
 expect. They're paying: You're CONT
 performing. You strike up a friendly (1)
 back and forth; Okay. But coo-coo
 birds and smut artists; out!

TIGHT ON BOY 24
 raging helplessly against this sudden and first
 knowledge of death, fate...chance.

ROCKY'S VOICE
 Sponsors: first come, first
 served. After that you luck it
 or hustle one on your own.
 Naturally after we get rolling
 we'll throw in some wrinkles to
 hypo up the crowds. But I'll
 explain those when it's time.

TIGHT ON STALLION 25
 Feebly, impotently struggling to raise its head.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - SHOTGUN 26
 ROCKY'S VOICE
 (shouting)
 Hay! What the hell's going on
 over there!? Shut that door!!

The gun FIRES. It is the FIRST ON SCREEN SOUND from
 the PAST. As the SHOT begins to reverberate:

INT. BALLROOM - DAY - MED. ANGLE ON ROBERT 27
 slamming the door behind him. The light burns through
 the frosted glass, blurring his face.

ROBERT'S POV 28
 A group of a hundred-odd couples, dwarfed by the
 arching vastness of the empty, dimly-lit, cavernous
 ballroom. Final preparations for the Marathon going
 on in b.g.

(NOTE: Contestants all dressed in style of the period
 and nearly all carrying satchels or cardboard suitcases.)

CLOSE ON ROCKY GRAVO

29

Standing on a low platform facing the would-be CONTESTANTS. He is in his early forties. A little liverish, a little pouchy, but with all, still handsome. He wears faded "Balboa blue denims," a suede and wool cardigan and soft kid leather arch support cushioned shoes. He holds a paper cup. Several other cups are scattered at his feet. He stares across the heads of the CONTESTANTS in the direction of ROBERT'S interruption.

TRAVELING WITH ROLLO PETERS

30

the head floor judge. A man in his mid-thirties. Short, slightly banty-legged but moving gracefully, lightly -- like a dancer...or a fighter. He might have been either. He skirts the edge of a knot of CONTESTANTS and flashes ROBERT a warning gesture for silence, then impatiently waves him over toward the others.

MOVING WITH ROBERT

31

as he hesitates for an instant, unhappy at being the center of attention, then nods and starts forward. He tries to move soundlessly but his boots GRATE against the polished wood floor.

CLOSE - ROCKY

32

looking toward Robert. The quality of his annoyance is patient. Perhaps because if he feels contempt or bitterness (or for that matter desire or hope) it is always a generalized feeling, always one held with a little detachment. Rocky is someone who came to some early and unpleasant truths about human nature. Nothing has caused him to reassess that early evaluation.

SHOOTING THROUGH THE CONTESTANTS

33

as Robert melds himself to the outer edge. It has been a small, momentary ordeal for him...but he has accomplished the action and survived it.

ON ROCKY

34

who continues to stare for a LONG BEAT toward where ROBERT had been. A practiced smile:

ROCKY

Okay, kids. Couple of hours we
fling open the magic doors to
fame and fortune, so line up and
get your numbers.

34
CONT'I
(1)

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A STACK OF CARDBOARD PLAQUES

35

each with a number and a twine halter rope. PULL
BACK TO REVEAL a long table at other side of platform.
The CONTESTANTS are filing by in front of the other
FLOOR JUDGES, a NURSE, and a bored looking DOCTOR.
(DOCTOR is fifty-odd, slightly gaunt.) Fingers and
teeth somewhat nicotine stained. A week or two
past a haircut or has trimmed it himself. Though
he probably has a license its been some years since
he had an office wall to hang it on.

STARTING ON ROCKY

36

behind the table overseeing the check-through of
CONTESTANTS by ROLLO and OTHER JUDGES. MOVE ACROSS
TABLE TO SEE couples hand in the release, open their
suitcase, and submit to a cursory look-over by nurse
or DOCTOR. (NOTE: This is 1932; bottom of the
American depression.) As this business goes on
CAMERA restlessly roams the crowd and introduces:

SAILOR

37

A garrulous, easy-going essentially likeable guy.
In bell-bottom whites. The jacket is old and frayed
but freshly bleached, clean and pressed. The chevrons
have long since disappeared but their outlines are
still visible. Despite the fact that he dyes his
hair, he is noticeably older than the others. He
pinches out the loose coal of a brown paper cigarette
and tucks the stub into his blouse pocket.

SAILOR

Some system. Just like the
Fleet...line up and wait.
Only longer.

SHIRL

38

Sailor's partner. A cheaply peroxidized blonde of twenty-odd. Her print dress is a size too small on her. She smiles often, quickly...and, as she does now, without any particular reason.

BACK TO SAILOR

39

SAILOR

(craning his neck
toward desk)

How about goosin' it a little!?

ON ROLLO

40

at desk snapping his head up.

ROLLO

You'll get your turn. Just take
it easy, hunh?

He goes back to rummaging through the tin suitcase of a thin, slightly pock-marked young man. He pauses suspiciously over a couple of pharmacy bottles rolled up in an undershirt.

ROLLO

(indicating bottles)

What's this stuff...hootch?

POCK-MARKED YOUNG MAN

No. It's for my stomach. I got
a bad stomach.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE ROCKY

41

Rollo gestures to him and hands over one of the bottles. Rocky holds it to the light, shakes it, then hands it to the Doc.

DOCTOR

(uncorks, sniffs)

Paregoric.

(at Rocky's look)

Opium base.

ROCKY
(to Rollo)
No number.

41
CONT'
(1)

POCK-MARKED YOUNG MAN
It's medicine. I got to take it
for my stomach.

ROCKY
So take it somewhere else. I got
enough trouble without a hop head.

ROLLO shuts the tin suitcase with a SNAP!

ROLLO
You heard 'im, school's over.
Blow!

POCK-MARKED YOUNG MAN
You can't do that, it ain't fair.

ROLLO
Hire a lawyer. Next! Come on,
move it up.

ANOTHER SECTION OF THE LINE

42

Just in front of SAILOR is ALICE LE BLANC, immediately distinctive in a silver sequinned, full length sheath which clings to her body. Extremely and naturally beautiful with an attitude and manner curiously remote ...she never quite looks at anyone, never quite listens. English.

SAILOR
(to Alice, looking over
her tightly rounded back-
side)
One more to go.

He smiles through her blank look, then gestures to her dress.

SAILOR
You gonna dance in that? I
mean if we ever get aboard?

Alice smiles vacantly.

REVISED

ANOTHER ANGLE

43

to include ALICE'S partner, JOEL. Too handsome so that his features edge toward prettiness. That's his own private curse, because he's an actor and it's the wrong year for prettiness. The wrong decade. Still he's done bits. And while he's long between now, he knows another will turn up. That, and only that, make the present bearable.

JOEL

(answering Sailor
sardonically)

I can't see why not. It's quite comfortable, you know.

Sailor laughs, looks to SHIRL, then back to ALICE:

SAILOR

Wait, move up, wait! Once between hitches I worked a cattle boat out'a Galveston. Same thing. Know what I mean?

ALICE

I...No, I don't think so actually.

SAILOR

I mean, if you think about it, cattle ain't got it much worse than us.

GLORIA'S VOICE

They got it better. There's always somebody to feed 'em.

SAILOR turns to see:

MED. CLOSE ON GLORIA BEATTY

44

Pretty, young, hungry and essentially an outsider. She seems hard and hostile...compulsive. But we will discover that she is quite unpredictable, complex and strangely vulnerable...perhaps frightened. Her partner STANLEY ANTRIM is, like her, a cardless atomosphere extra in the movies. There is a slightly watery look to his eyes, and he tries desperately to hide the fact that he has a cold.

WIDER ANGLE

45

to include SAILOR. Delighted to have a new audience.

SAILOR

Yeah, sure...stuffin' em up
good for the slaughter pen.
Right down a chute, and some
big, dumb bohunk's standin'
there with a sledge hammer.
(imitates hammer)
Voomp!!

FLORIA

They don't know it's gonna
happen. That makes 'em one
up on us, don't it?

SAILOR

(he never saw it
that way)
Yeah, I guess...if you look at
it that way.

MED. ANGLE ON ROBERT

46

watching all this in fascination and trying to
remain inconspicuous.

BACK TO THE CONTESTANTS

47

filing by. As they shuffle forward, STANLEY muffles
a cough in his hand.

SAILOR

What's wrong with him?

GLORIA

(quickly)
Nothing.

AT TABLE

48

as ALICE and JOEL arrive and ROCKY is sizing up
ALICE. He glances at her bag, which contains
another gown identical to the one she is wearing
except that the color is gold.

REVISED

ROCKY
You got a specialty?

48
CONT
(1)

ALICE
I'm an actress.

ROCKY
What've you got? Like an act,
or a bit maybe? Let's see a
little.

CLOSEUP - ALICE

49

A beat, then she closes her eyes. She opens her
mouth slightly...but she says nothing. Silence.

CLOSEUP - ROCKY

50

Puzzled.

CLOSEUP - ALICE

51

Still a beat longer. Then:

ALICE
(stilted, yet passionate)
"Yes, they told me you were fools,
and that I was not to listen to
your fine words nor trust to your
charity."

FEATURING ROCKY

52

but including others. All surprised at hearing
these words. It's not quite what ROCKY bargained
for.

TIGHT CLOSEUP ON ALICE

53

She falters slightly. Then continues.

ALICE
If only I could still hear the
wind in the trees, the larks in
the sunshine, the young lambs...

53
CONT
(1)

CLOSE ON JOEL

54

JOEL
Ahhh...a...Alice.

FULL SHOT

55

to include ROCKY, ALICE, JOEL, ROLLO and group at
table.

ROCKY
...Heyy, that's great! I
really mean it. Shakespeare,
hunh?

ALICE
It's from "St. Joan."

ROCKY
Yeah, that's what I figured.
Ahh...the only thing is...maybe
it's a little highbrow.
(pats her arm)
You leave it to me. I'll work
up something just right for you.

JOEL and ALICE move o.s. with their things.

OVER ROLLO

56

as SAILOR and SHIRL step INTO SCENE.

ROLLO
Okay, next.

SAILOR watches ROLLO sort through his things, then
start to scan his filled-out questionnaire. SAILOR
betrays a slight apprehensiveness, but covers it
quickly.

SAILOR
(pointing to numbered cards)
Hey, what've you got left? How
about seven? That's my lucky

Cont.

REVISED

SAILOR (Cont.)
number. Not that we're...

56
COMM
(1)

He stops as he sees ROLLO react to something on the questionnaire. ROLLO turns and hands it to ROCKY pointing to an item. ROCKY stares at it, then to SAILOR, then back to questionnaire.

ROCKY
Thirty-one...?

SAILOR
Yeah, thirty-one. What do I need, a note from my mother?

ROCKY
(shrugs)
It's your feet, Sailor.

RAKING THE CONTESTANTS

57

as SAILOR and SHIRL move on and GLORIA and STANLEY move in front of the table. As they do, STANLEY tries to swallow down another cough. His very attempt to hide it makes it more evident.

TWO SHOT - ROCKY AND ROLLO

58

ROCKY
You sick or something?

GLORIA
He's all right.

ROCKY
Yeah...? Doc!!

He gestures for the old Doctor who sticks a swab down STANLEY'S throat. GLORIA is worried.

DOCTOR
(mumbling, to Stanley)
Open up...wider...wider.
(shrugs)
Bronchitis...maybe.

ROCKY
Yeah, or maybe the Mongolian
Crud.

Cont.

REVISED

ROCKY (Cont.)

(to Stanley)

No dice, kid. You infect the whole place, then I got the health department setting up a squawk. That's the way it is.

58
CUT
(1)

ROLLO hands STANLEY his satchel then motions for the next couple to move up. CAMERA DOLLIES into TIGHT TWO SHOT OF GLORIA AND STANLEY.

STANLEY

I'm sorry, Gloria.

GLORIA

That's a big help. You're the one talked me into this thing!

STANLEY

I'm sorry...Gloria..

ACROSS ROCKY AND ROLLO

59

to the next couple; RUBY and JAMES BATES. A country couple. He's a good deal older than his years, has knocked about for a long time and survived. She defers to him in a natural and simple way, depends upon him...looks up to him. And not merely because she is pregnant...though she is that, and noticeably. ROLLO begins to sort through their things when GLORIA pushes past them to the TABLE.

GLORIA

(to Rocky)

What about me?

ROCKY

I'm sorry.

GLORIA

That's what he said. I can't buy coffee and sinkers with it.

ROCKY

Look, if I start making exceptions --

GLORIA

(pointint to Ruby)

What about her? If she's not pregnant then I'm Nelson Eddy.

ROCKY
What's healthier than havin' a
kid? And it gives the audience
somethin' to root for.

59
CC
(1

GLORIA
So what'm I supposed to do --
run out quick and get knocked up?

CLOSEUP - ROCKY

60

ROCKY
We could discuss it...later.

CLOSEUP - GLORIA

61

This is an old story.

GLORIA
That soap's a little hard. What
else you got to suggest?

GROUP SHOT AT TABLE - ROCKY, ROLLO, JAMES, RUBY
AND GLORIA

62

ROCKY
Get another partner.

GLORIA
Yeah, where?

ROCKY waves off vaguely...then stops as he sees:

MED. ANGLE ON ROBERT
standing quietly aside.

63

ROCKY'S VOICE
Hey, cowboy.

ROBERT looks around...then points to himself.

ROCKY'S VOICE
Yeah, you, come'ere.

CAMERA DOLLIES WITH ROBERT as he crosses over to table.
Checking in continues in D.G.

REVISED

ROBERT
 (apologetically)
 Look...I was just out walking...
 I didn't come here to...

63
 CONT'
 (1)

ROCKY
 That a fact. What's your name?

ROBERT
 Robert. Robert Syverten. Back
 home they...

ROCKY
 (while examining other
 entry forms)
 Yeah. You got a partner, Robert?

ROBERT
 No, I just...No.

ROCKY
 (looking up, gesturing)
 There you are, Miss.

GLORIA
 How's he gonna dance in those
 things?

ROBERT
 You mean the boots? They're not
 mine. I roomed with another guy,
 but he went away and left them
 behind. They fitted me, so...

GLORIA
 (to Rocky)
 He'll break an arch.

ROCKY
 So dig him up a pair of shoes.
 (as she considers)
 Or maybe you'd rather wait for
 the Prince of Wales?

GLORIA
 Have I got a choice?

ROCKY
 (smiles pleasantly)
 Sure...take it or leave it.

CLOSEUP - GLORIA

64

weighing it. Over shot we HEAR, distantly at first,

REVISED

but then louder a DRUM ROLL. As it grows in intensity:

CUT TO:

64
CONT
(1)

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - TIGHT ON HANDS OF DRUMMER

65

continuing the roll. CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP and we BEGIN CREDITS. THE BAND (all Negro) segues into "Sweet Sue."

ROCKY'S VOICE

"Yowza, yowza, yowza...Welcome to the Dance of Destiny Ladies and Gentlemen.

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLBACK and we see ROCKY in a white double-breasted tuxedo jacket on the bunting decorated platform. He stands in front of a table with a mike on it. There is a bar stool behind. He sways just slightly in time to the music. On the platform with him is TURKEY. He wears wire rimmed glasses and has two expressions: blank and dour. He seldom reacts or speaks.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Around and around and around, AND we're only beginning, folks, only beginning.

CLOSE ON A GIANT CLOCK

66

A pastel light floods it. It shows:

HOURS ELAPSED.....0000
COUPLES REMAINING..... 102
HOW LONG CAN THEY LAST?

ROCKY'S VOICE

The clock of fate!

ANGLES ON THE AUDIENCE

67-
72

In the vast reaches of the ballroom they seem only a handful. Mostly middle-class and middle-aged. Some are simply curious, but most know what they seek in this place; spectacle, pain and superiority. They eat: popcorn and hot dogs, fried chicken, etc. (NOTE: This is the time of Prohibition and if there is any drinking it is done surreptitiously).

ROCKY'S VOICE

On and on and on. And when will it end, when will the clock stop...?

MOVING THROUGH THE DANCERS

73-
72

They dance easily. Still fresh and neat looking. Some are professional marathon dancers, easily spotted because they don't waste energy dancing, but sway from foot to foot. A handful of desperate farmers in bib-overalls lurch awkwardly with their women. MARIO PETRONE and JACKIE MILLER a young powerfully built couple with a professional look. CECIL and AGNES. She is huge, about forty-fiveish and wheezing already. He is terribly neat, balding, about sixty and wears a flower in his lapel.

ROCKY'S VOICE

When...!? Only when the last two of these wonderful, starry-eyed kids are left. Only when the last two of these dancers stagger and sway, stumble and swoon across a sea of defeat and despair...to victory.

MED. ANGLE ON BLEACHERS

79

To feature MRS. LAYDON. She is about sixty-five, smiling, has a picnic basket and a pillow. Over her arm is a wool folded blanket. She is carefully examining a sheet with the names of all the contestants.

ROCKY'S VOICE

One couple, and only one, will waltz out of here over broken bodies and broken dreams carrying the Grand Prize of One Thousand Five Hundred Silver Dollars!

TRAVELING WITH ROLLO

80

and another tuxedoed FLOOR JUDGE as they swoop and glide on roller skates, whistles in mouths. ROLLO holds his ever-present HAND CRICKET.

ROCKY'S VOICE

I said the prize. Only two of these crazy, wonderful, aspiring kids will dance on to fame and fortune.

MED. ON ROCKY

81

the band in b.g.

ROCKY

Those who give up...those who give
out...those who give in -- OUT.
Tough rules, but these are tough
times. In the words of our great
leader, Herbert Hoover --

(waits for the boos)

What'a we say about the Depression?

(gives raspberry)

That's what we say about it.

(waving)

Come on! Let's hear it!

ON AUDIENCE

82

The response is mild. END CREDITS.

TWO SHOT - ROCKY AND TURKEY

83

Rocky, still smiling, covers the mike with his hand
and glances aside toward Turkey.

ROCKY

It's walking dead night. Pour
me a shot of water, Turkey.

Turkey hands him a paper cup. Rocky turns to face
the audience.

ROCKY

So pick your couple, Folks.
Struggle with them! Hope with
them! Cry with them! See if
you can pick out that one lucky
pair...and then cheer them on!
Let 'em hear you care!

(claps hands)

Let 'em know you're with 'em all
the way!

FULL ON AUDIENCE - FEATURE MRS. LAYDON

84

The APPLAUSE is scattered and half-hearted.

REVISED

CLOSE ON ROCKY

85

managing to beam.

ROCKY

(to dancers)

You hear that, kids? You hear
those wonderful people rooting
for you?

MED. DANCERS

86

Most of them trying to flash smiles into the play
of colored lights.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Now show 'em you care, kids.
A little sprint for the wonderful
folks out there.

FULL SHOT ON BAND

87

swinging into "Pop Goes The Weasel."

ON DANCERS - FEATURING SAILOR AND SHIRL

88

forced to pick up the pace.

TIGHT ON ROBERT AND GLORIA

89

dancing. Then, as the tempo of the music slows
again, they sag to a sort of two-step shuffle.

ROBERT

(after beat)

Why California?

GLORIA

(shrugs)

You don't freeze while you're
starving. And there's the movies.

Cont.

REVISED

GLORIA (Cont.)
 I've done four atmosphere bits
 since I been here. I'd have done
 more, except you can't get into
 Central Casting. They got it
 all sewed up.

89
 CONT'
 (L)

ROBERT
 I know.

GLORIA
 You in the movies too?

ROBERT
 Sort of. I was a dead French
 villager in "Fallen Angels."

A NEW ANGLE

90

as ROLLO skates INTO SCENE. He pirouettes around
 them before side-breaking to a stop.

ROLLO
 (sotto)
 Come on, kids, it's opening night.
 A little smile for the audience.

ROBERT starts to smile obediently, but:

GLORIA
 What audience?

ROLLO gives her a sour look, shrugs and skates o.s.

ROBERT
 (a gentle reprimand)
 He could get you disqualified.

CLOSE ON GLORIA

91

GLORIA
 I been disqualified by experts.

TWO SHOT - ALICE AND JOEL

92

ALICE dancing with JOEL...yet, essentially alone.

REVISED

She seems, even when she is moving, to be as still, as pale as a carefully positioned manikin. Her expression appears vaguely distant and aloof. She turns for a moment toward the bleachers, and peers searchingly across the rows of spectators. JOEL watches her with detached amusement.

92
CONT'
(1)

JOEL

You're wasting your time, kiddo.

(when she looks back)

The only thing casting's Von Sternberg's "Raw Earth." And that's strictly an all-peasant talkie. No dress extra bits.

ALICE

(very serious)

I could play a peasant.

JOEL

(indicating gown)

Not in that you couldn't.

ALICE

Do you like it?

JOEL

Does it matter?

ALICE

Not as long as they do.

She turns away from him again to look back toward the audience through one of the spotlight beams.

ALICE

(an honest assessment)

They all want me...don't they?

Joel raises an eyebrow, privately sighs.

ROBERT AND GLORIA

93

He gazes toward ALICE. GLORIA flicks a sideways glance toward ALICE, then looks up at ROBERT.

SAILOR'S VOICE

Hey, Sweetie, you got yourself another partner, hunh?

GLORIA and ROBERT turn to see:

NEW ANGLE TO INCLUDE SAILOR AND SHIRL

94

SAILOR makes a mock appraisal of ROBERT.

SAILOR

Only he don't look much healthier than the last one.

GLORIA

What're you, a doctor?

SHIRL

He don't mean nothin', honey.

SAILOR

Just tryin' to be helpful.

(peers at Robert)

Cod liver oil...you oughta take some maybe.

SHIRL

(to Robert)

He's just steaming cause you've got twenty years on 'im.

(looks at Sailor,
lovingly)

Or maybe more like thirty.

SAILOR

(piqued)

That's where you got your wires mixed up, Sweetie. Experience, that's what counts!

And SAILOR whirls SHIRL around in a swooping ballroom turn and moves in front of the bandstand. CAMERA FOLLOWING.

SAILOR

(winking and signaling
to leader)

Give me a little more beat.
And try to stay up with me.

He goes into a sort of buck-and-wing...not good, but energetic. The other dancers spread back to give him room.

CLOSE ON MARIO AND JACKIE

95

watching SAILOR.

REVISED

MARIO
Classy! I bet that killed 'em
in Roseland...back before the
Johnstown Flood.

95
CONT
(1)

LOW ANGLE ON SAILOR

96

He gives MARIO the Italian thumb.

SIDE ANGLE ON BLEACHERS

97

A small ripple of APPLAUSE starts up for SAILOR.
MRS. LAYDON consults her sheet to find out who is
insulting whom.

LOW ANGLE UP TO ROCKY

98

He looks toward SAILOR, then takes up the mike.

ROCKY
That's the kind of contestants
we've got for you, Folks.
(claps)
A hand for our very own Ancient
Mariner...
(checks list)
...Harry Klein! Yowza!

FULL SHOT ON SAILOR

99

taking bows while the band does an "Up-Finish."

ROCKY'S VOICE
You can all see that Harry used
to be in the U.S. Navy.

CLOSEUP - ROCKY

100

ROCKY
...but there's something you can't
see. I want to be serious for a
moment, folks, if you'll permit me.

Cont.

ROCKY (Cont.)

Harry Klein is one of those
brave young men who went
sailing off to beat the Kaiser.
That's right, a veteran of the
Great War...and let's hope
there'll never be another.

(holds up hand)

Harry was decorated in that War
...for wounds received in action.
But that's not all.

100
CONT'D
(1)

TWO SHOT ON SAILOR AND SHIRL

101

For just a moment SAILOR displays surprise...but
then, immediately he plays along, smiling humbly.

SHIRL

You ain't got no wounds
anywhere, Harry.

SAILOR

(sotto)

You want a sponsor, don't
you?! Shut up and keep
lookin' dumb.

ROCKY'S VOICE

I know Harry wouldn't
want me to tell you this,
but RIGHT NOW...at THIS
MOMENT, there are thirty-
two separate pieces of
shrapnel still embedded
in Harry's body. And
here he is, fighting another
kind of war, fighting to win.

CLOSEUP ON ROCKY

102

really playing it now.

ROCKY

Isn't that the kind of grit and
never-say-die spirit that's made
this the great country it is?
Isn't it? You bet it is! And
I really mean that sincerely...
from the bottom of my heart.

FULL SHOT - THE AUDIENCE

103

They respond with a patriotic burst of applause.

SAILOR AND SHIRL

104

She beams...he bows. He takes her hand ceremoniously
and they begin slowly to dance off.

REVISED

FULL SHOT

105

to TIGHTEN on GLORIA and ROBERT. They have been looking off at SAILOR.

GLORIA

I should've learned to tap dance.

SOUND of a large WAVE against the pilings below the pier.

ROBERT

Can you feel that?

GLORIA

What?

ROBERT

The ocean.

(indicates floor)

The waves...you can feel them right through the floor.

(then)

You know, even when you're a long ways away from the ocean, you can still feel it sometimes.

GLORIA

(looking around at the other couples)

Not where I come from.

ROBERT

Where's that?

GLORIA

Ohh...around. Kansas. Texas mostly. Dallas.

ROBERT

That must've been nice.

GLORIA

(swinging back to him)

Nice...!?

ROBERT

Well, I mean, I never been through there, but that's the way it always seemed to me... like you could look just about anywhere and see land...I mean without anything set down on it.

105
CONT'
(1)

GLORIA

Yeah! It's great. I'm a real sucker for dirt and cactus. That's how come I left.

CECIL AND AGNES

106

dance by executing a meant-to-be-fancy twirl. GLORIA darts a hard, appraising, sidelong glance at AGNES.

ROBERT

Why did you leave?

GLORIA looks back at him. A beat, then:

GLORIA

You ever sleep with a Syrian who chews tobacco?

ROBERT does a puzzled take.

GLORIA

Well, if anybody ever asks you, you can tell 'em there's no future in it.

ROBERT seems about to protest or change the subject when AGNES' backside slams into GLORIA during another attempted twirl.

GLORIA

Hey! What d'you want, the whole floor?!

CECIL

(as he propels Agnes away)

Terribly sorry.

GLORIA

(looking after AGNES)

The way she's throwing it around, her feet'll last longer than her rear-end.

Cont.

GLORIA (Cont.)
(turns back)
He was a butcher.

106
CONT
(1)

ROBERT
Who?

GLORIA
The Syrian. How's that for
the bottom of the barrel?

ROBERT
Hey listen...I didn't mean to
be personal. I was just...I
didn't mean to be personal.

GLORIA
Yeah? Then why'd you ask?

ROBERT
Well...just to make conversation.
I figure we're going to be stuck
together for a long time, so I
thought maybe it'd help the time
go...if I talked some, I mean.

GLORIA
Don't strain anything for me.

ROBERT
(hurt)
All right.

They continue to dance, but silently now...and with
a sense of strained distance between them.

FOLLOWING JAMES AND RUBY

107

Minimum of movement. RUBY shifts her weight slightly,
and JAMES helps her to reposition herself.

JAMES
Okay?

RUBY
(she smiles)
I hope I don't start lugging on
you.

JAMES
You ain't ever lugged yet.

She nods, still smiling, but looks down to her swollen belly. Then back to JAMES. 107
CONT'
(1)

JAMES
Just keep thinkin' about those
seven meals each day.

STARTING ON SAILOR AND SHIRL

108

and MOVING PAST MARIO and JACKIE on through CECIL and AGNES...around ALICE and JOEL, CAMERA comes to rest on ROBERT AND GLORIA. She realizes she has stepped a little hard on him, but forcing herself to patch it over is something else again. She cheats a couple of looks at him, then gestures off toward the bandstand.

GLORIA
Some band, hunh? They probably
pay 'em off in beer and peanuts.

ROBERT
Probably.

They dance another beat in strained silence.

GLORIA
(one more try)
I thought maybe you came from
Texas.

ROBERT
(distant)
No.

CLOSEUP - GLORIA

109

GLORIA
Oh, for crissake, stop sulking!!!

CLOSEUP - ROBERT

110

as his face suddenly opens into a wide, warm grin.

ROBERT
I guess that's what I was
doing, all right...I'm sorry.

REVISED

GLORIA

Forget it...Anyway, you're
right, we are stuck together.

(beat)

Where are you from, anyway?

IIG
CONE
(1)

ROBERT

Chicago. That's where I was
born. But I lived once for a
little while in Arkansas. After
my father died.

FULLER SHOT

III

as another one of the floor judges, JIGGS, skates
INTO SCENE and gestures to them.

JIGGS

Keep it movin'. Keep it movin'!

GLORIA

Where to?

ROBERT laughs. A beat. They move a little more
energetically.

GLORIA

I didn't like it much...Chicago.
I tried it once, but all I could
get was a job in a five-and-dime
sellin' sheet music on commission.
So I hitched back to Dallas. Boy,
was that ever a mistake. At least
in Chicago they got soup kitchens.
In Dallas there's nothing. I mean
nothing! Finally I figured, what
the hell, I might as well be in
jail...let them take care of me...
so I swiped somethin' from a store
and made sure I got caught.

ROBERT

(surprised at so much)

Jesus...

GLORIA

But the cop felt sorry for me and
let me go...and anyway he didn't
press charges...the Syrian. That's
how I met him, he's the one I
shoplifted from.

Cont.

REVISED

GLORIA (Cont.)

111
CONT
(1)

(beat)

I'll say one thing, I never ate
so much in my life. Steak for
breakfast.

ROBERT

How'd you stand it?

GLORIA

Steak...? Oh, the Syrian.
(beat, then directly
to Robert)
I kept my eyes shut.

OMIT SC. #s 112 - THRU - 120

CLOSE SHOT ON MOUTH OF THE SIREN

121

as it screeches signaling the rest period.

HIGH ANGLE DOWN

122

to the DANCERS. They stop abruptly, almost in
tableau, then they slump and start toward the rest
areas.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Ten minutes! And then they'll
be back. And the championship
marathon will go on. And on and
on...and on.

INT. WOMENS REST AREA - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOTS

123-
128

A beefy MATRON has pointed those who arrived first
to cots. But there aren't enough cots so the late
comers are forced to find spots along the floor.
A couple of NURSES (bad ones) pass among the women,
handing out towels, liniment, etc. A shower area
is at one end of the room, the toilets nearby. There
is a straggly line-up for the toilets. AD-LIBBED
dialogue and business.

ANGLE ON DOOR TO AREA

129

as GLORIA enters carrying her shoes. She looks across the filled cots to:

CLOSE ON ALICE

130

in front of a mirror, patiently, meticulously rolling mascara onto her eyelashes, while SILENTLY MOUTHING WORDS INTO THE MIRROR. She looks up for a moment and catches GLORIA's eye.

GLORIA

131

holding the gaze for just a beat and then looking away. She leans against the wall, and slides down it until she is sitting on the floor.

ANGLE ON DOOR

132

as ROCKY steps through. He looks around and catches ALICE's eye.

ROCKY

You got that Tanyakio bit down,
Miss Le Blanc?

ALICE

(nods)

I've memorized all of it, every
line.

ROCKY

Swell. Come by my office next
break maybe. We'll run through
it.

CLOSEUP - GLORIA

133

She laughs...a quick sardonic laugh.

REVISED

CLOSEUP - ROCKY

134

turns...looks challengingly at her for a beat...
and then EXITS.

FULL SHOT - GLORIA

135

rising. CAMERA FOLLOWS as she moves toward a
vacated cot. Before she reaches it she hesitates
a moment and looks down at:

GLORIA'S POV - RUBY

136

lying down, eyes closed, breathing heavily. Her
hands pressed against her womb-filled stomach.

TIGHT ON GLORIA

137

For a moment we cannot read her expression.

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT OF RUBY'S STOMACH

138

Moving laboriously up and down.

TIGHT ON GLORIA

139

Staring with a mixture of horror and fascination.
She pulls her sweater tighter.

CLOSEUP - RUBY

140

She opens her eyes and sees GLORIA looking. She
smiles.

TIGHT ON GLORIA

141

as she turns abruptly away but is stopped by:

REVISED

RUBY'S VOICE

You better get off your feet.

141
CONF
(1)

CAMERA HOLDS on GLORIA'S back. A beat - then she turns.

GLORIA

When's the baby due?

CLOSEUP - RUBY

142

Embarrassed.

RUBY

I don't know.

GLORIA'S VOICE

What'd the doctor say?

RUBY

James and I were...we've been...
you know...hitch-hiking...
riding in boxcars.

CLOSEUP - GLORIA

143

GLORIA

Nature's little miracle.
Christ!

TWO SHOT

144

to include OTHERS in b.g.

RUBY

(puzzled at her
vehemence)

...Why...?

GLORIA

You really are screwed.
(moving towards her)
Do you intend to keep it?

RUBY

(smiling)

Ohhhh...I couldn't...I mean...
James wants it...So do I.

144
CONT'D
(1)

GLORIA

Sure! Why not stick one more
sucker?

INT. MEN'S REST AREA - NIGHT - ~~ESTABLISHING~~

145-
148

Except that there are white-jacketed TRAINERS
instead of nurses, it is much the same as the
women's area.

AD LIBS

Hey, ain't there no hair plaster
in this place?...Boy, if I win,
I'm gonna take me that seven-fifty
and buy me a brand spankin' new
Hupmobile and...How come they ain't
got enough cots? There'll be
enough in a couple of days...

ANGLE ON ROBERT IN F.G.

148A

edging around cots, looking for a place to sit.
In NEAR B.G. a pimply HAYSEED KID is packing
and then closing his cardboard suitcase. As he
turns to leave, the older of the two TRAINERS
catches his arm.

OLDER TRAINER

You quittin' already, kid?

HAYSEED KID

This ain't for me. I got sensitive
feet.

The TRAINER lets him go, and shrugs as he watches
him move O.S. ROBERT has moved to the SIDE OF
FRAME and now flops down.

CLOSE ON ROBERT

149

seated on a pile of canvas and used towels. His

REVISED

shoes are off and he is rubbing his feet. He looks up to see:

149
CONT
(1)

MED. ON SAILOR

150

seated on a cot. He has wadded up some paper towels and is drying the inside of his shoes with them.

CLOSE - ROBERT

151

Looking around and picking up some paper towels. He begins to imitate SAILOR.

CLOSEUP - SAILOR

152

seeing ROBERT imitating him.

SAILOR

First one of these, hunh, kid?

MED. - ROBERT

153

He nods.

OVER ROBERT TO SAILOR

154

Activity criss-crossing between them.

SAILOR

(shrugs)

It ain't First Cabin...hell, it ain't even steerage. But it's better than nothin'.

ROBERT

Well...I figured I wasn't doing anything else real important so...

SAILOR

Hey...you know what I'd do if I was your age? I'd join up.

(Flicks sleeve)

All over again. The Fleet.

REVISED

ROBERT

I don't think I'd like it. I mean, I'd like to be able to move on if...

154
CONT
(1)

SAILOR

Bumming? That's all right for a while, but a man's got to belong somewhere, be part of something. I mean, that's human nature. Right?

CLOSEUP - ROBERT

155

ROBERT

I guess I've never thought about it much.

CLOSEUP - SAILOR

156

who starts rubbing the back of his neck.

SAILOR

Yeah, well, wait till you're my age...you will.

He looks up at ROBERT.

SAILOR

It's the muscles up here that count. More even than your legs.

He begins slowly twisting his neck about, hanging way back, turning to one side, then letting his head loll forward.

CLOSEUP - ROBERT

157

Beginning to imitate him. As he does a grid pattern of shadows cast by an overhead light fixture splays across his face.

FLASH FORWARD TO:

REVISED

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT - ANGLE THROUGH

158

a wire grill screen to ROBERT, alone in back seat of POLICE CAR. His wrists are handcuffed. He wears a splotted sweat shirt. Boldly lettered across it is JONATHONS IRON TONIC. His face is grey, pallid, and weary. For a moment we hear nothing. Then as the car jolts forward we HEAR the SIREN...softly at first, then swelling in volume, escalating in pitch. It continues over as we:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - EXTREME CLOSEUP - MARATHON SIREN

159

undulating piercingly.

OMIT SCENE #s 160 - THRU - 164

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - FROM BANDSTAND ACROSS COLEY JAMES

165

He starts "Easy Come, Easy Go." In b.g. we SEE a handful of SPECTATORS -- the lonely all-night crowd. In far distance, the JANITOR sweeps up discarded cartons, hot-dog wrappers, etc. ROCKY is gone for the night.

CAMERA PROWLs

166

among the DANCERS until it arrives to HOLD on JOEL and ALICE. JOEL is now wearing an ascot and a sports jacket. He scans the bleachers, then peers toward the ticket booth and entrance.

ALICE

(puzzled)

Is there someone I should recognize?

JOEL

No...But this is the time of night they might drop in -- late parties in Malibu. And Thelma Todd's doesn't close till three.

REVISED

ALICE
Thelma Todd...?

166
CONT'
(1)

JOEL
Silents. Now she runs a toney
speak up the Coast Highway. But
a lot of stars and directors go
there.

ALICE
(responding)
Oh...

As she turns to present herself to the scattered
audience, CAMERA PANS OFF and continues HUNTING
among the DANCERS until it comes to REST on

ROBERT AND GLORIA

166A

in one corner. They move very slowly. ROBERT'S
head is tilted back and he has canted his gaze up
toward the windows. We HEAR the WASH of WAVES
UNDER THE PIER.

GLORIA
Jackie says after the first
hundred hours you start getting
used to it.
(notices him)
What're you lookin' at?

ROBERT
There's a partly broken window
up there someplace. I was trying
to see if it was light out yet.

GLORIA
It's four in the morning!

ROBERT
Sometimes, down by the beach, it
gets light by four. It's like
that in Hawaii. You know...
because it's an island.

GLORIA
Sure, I know.

REVISED

ROBERT

Well...so you can see way out
over the ocean to where the
light is. You can stand in one
spot and watch the sun come up
on one side of the world and go
down on the other side. .

166A
CONT
(1)

GLORIA

How'd you happen to go out there
...Hawaii?

ROBERT

Well...I've never been there,
actually. But you can imagine
how it would be.

GLORIA

Yeah! Sure! And you imagine
you're Gary Cooper, I suppose.

ROBERT

No...I don't mean...

A HAND THRUSTS INTO FRAME and grabs ROBERT'S arm
spinning him around.

FULL SHOT

167

on JAMES and RUBY, GLORIA and ROBERT. JAMES lets
go of ROBERT'S arm then jabs a warning finger
toward GLORIA.

JAMES

You tell that twist to lay off
my wife!! She was at it again.
Every rest period she keeps dig-
gin' away at Ruby. "Whyn't you
get rid of it?...whyn't you have
it cut out?" She's givin' her
the jumps...and I ain't havin'
Ruby upset by no tramp like her.

GLORIA

You go to hell, you big ape!

ANOTHER ANGLE

168

JAMES starts toward GLORIA, but ROBERT steps in

REVISED

front of him. (NOTE: When he speaks it is
NOT aggressive, NOT pleading, no tough-guy or
hero-in-the-movies. Just straight forward).

168
CONT
(1)

ROBERT

Don't...

QUICK CUT TO GLORIA

169

Surprised.

CLOSEUP - JAMES

170

JAMES

(louder)

Listen, next time I'll do more
than holler so...

CLOSEUP - RUBY

171

She holds James' arm.

RUBY

(quietly)

Honey...please...

ROLLO'S VOICE

Hey! Knock it off!

FULL SHOT - THE GROUP

172

To include ROLLO braking his skates to a stop in
front of them.

ROLLO

You know the rules. No fights
on the floor. What'a you think
this is, a joint or something?

RUBY

Come on, Jimmy. Don't bother
no more.

REVISED

Grudgingly JAMES lets himself be led away. Over her shoulder RUBY flashes back an "It'll be all right" look.

172
CON
(1)

ROELO

(turning back to Gloria)

I'm keepin' an eye on you.

GLORIA

Which one?

ROLLO

173

glares at her. Then nods as if to say, "Okay, if that's the way you want it," and skates off.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

174

as ROBERT and GLORIA begin slowly to dance again.

GLORIA

That was stupid. Didn't you see the arms on that corn pone? He'd have killed you.

ROBERT

(recognizing the truth of it)
Yeah, I guess.

GLORIA

(puzzled)
Then why'd you do it?

TIGHT CLOSEUP - ROBERT

175

ROBERT

(very simply)
You're my partner.

CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT ON GLORIA AND HOLDS

176

For that moment, perhaps in spite of herself, she is genuinely touched.

FLASH FORWARD TO

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - ANGLE ON ROBERT

177

sitting behind a plain table. His face is distorted and blurred by the raw light from a naked bulb that glares INTO CAMERA. He is still wearing the sweat-shirt with JONATHON'S IRON TONIC lettered across it. His expression is calm...yet intent, as if he is trying very hard to be understood.

REVISED

ROBERT

No, that's not the way it happened. It wasn't like that. We were very close...in a way. I was her friend. I guess maybe I was the only actual friend she had.

17
30
(1

DETECTIVE'S VOICE

Then why?

ROBERT

(beat; simply)

Because she asked me to.

INT. BALLROOM - NOON - ANGLE ON SIGN

178

It now reads:

DAY.....3
HOURS ELAPSED.....0068
COUPLES REMAINING.....74
HOW LONG CAN THEY LAST?

ON CONTESTANTS

179

grouped around tables eating. As they eat, they continue to rock from side to side.

INT. MEN'S REST AREA - AFTERNOON - SAILOR IN F.G.

178

on a cot. One cot over is JAMES. SAILOR starts to twist about on the cot to look toward a wall clock...then decides better. He glances toward JAMES.

SAILOR

How long we got left?

Without turning his head, JAMES shifts his eyes to one side to glance toward the clock.

JAMES

Four minutes more.

REVISED

INT. WOMEN'S REST AREA - AFTERNOON - NURSE

173

passing among the WOMEN handing out wet cloths to those who want them.

ANGLE ACROSS ALICE TO LILLIAN AND JACKIE

178

ALICE is using one of the wet cloths to wipe dust from her pumps.

LILLIAN is doubled up in a sort of foetal position on her cot. She MOANS slightly. JACKIE looks at her from the next cot.

JACKIE

What's the matter...?

LILLIAN

Wouldn't you know it -- I got the curse comin' on.

JACKIE

Well, don't let them give you any codeine, it'll pass you out.

ANGLE FAVORING GLORIA

178D

as she takes a wet cloth from the nurse. She presses the cloth against her eyes, then she holds it above her face and twists it, wringing out drops of water.

The SIREN sounds.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - EARLY EVENING - ON DANCERS

179

as CAMERA PANS across them. Those who are left are beginning to show clear signs of fatigue. None is actually dancing. The distinction between the pros and the amateurs is now clear. The pros put out a minimum of effort, take alternate turns at dozing. The amateurs just keep plodding along. A number of couples -- mostly pros -- are now sponsored. They are wearing shirts, blouses, jackets, sweatshirts --

REVISED

each with the name of the company sponsoring
 them: "KRUPP BAKERIES -- Fresh Every Day"...
 "ARNOLD'S DAIRY PRODUCTS -- Milk, Cheese, Butter"
 ... "GARVER'S BABY FOOD"... "ACME LOAN CO. -- \$10.-
 \$1,000"...etc.

179
 CONT
 (1)

AUDIENCE

180

It has grown somewhat, but not really changed in
 character. Between drinks and hot dogs, they watch
 with a kind of placid fascination. There are
 occasional SHOUTS of encouragement...and a few of
 derision. But, for the most part, they are simply
 waiting.

ON GLENN AND PAULA

180A

Not so fresh and well-scrubbed any longer. And no
 more fancy steps. They move now in a plodding,
 disconsolate manner.

PAULA

I thought it'd be more...well,
 fun.

GLENN

Some fun!
 (looks about)
 We'll never stand a chance of
 winning this thing.

PAULA

You want to quit.

GLENN

You want to...?

PAULA

If you do.

GLENN

Okay.

They start off. In b.g. ROLLO spots them, swoops
 about and skates up to them.

ROLLO

Hey, you can't leave the floor..
 or I got to eliminate you.

REVISED

GLENN
Don't bother.
(takes Paula's
hand, smiles)
Come on.

180A
CONT
(1)

They EXIT SCENE. JIGGS skates INTO SCENE beside
ROLLO.

JIGGS
I figured them two.

ROLLO
They'll never know what they
missed.

ON JAMES AND RUBY

181

clinging to each other. They glance off toward the
departing couple, enviously, then turn back to each
other.

ON ALICE AND JOEL

182

moving easily. Alice still seems impervious to
pain or exhaustion.

ON SAILOR AND SHIRL

183

Sailor seems older, tired, but he is still holding
out better than Shirl, who is starting to sag every
few steps.

SHIRL
Why didn't you tell me it was
gonna be this tough?

SAILOR
You're keepin' your knees too
stiff - it knots up the muscles.

ON ROBERT AND GLORIA

184

leaning on each other as they dance. Robert is
staring off. Gloria is looking toward the audience.

REVISED

GLORIA

She's there again.

184
CUT
(1)

Robert twists about to look.

POV - MRS. LAYDON

185

sitting in her regular box. She has her lunch basket
and she is wrapped as usual in her stadium blanket.
She smiles.

BACK TO ROBERT AND GLORIA

186

Robert acknowledges Mrs. Laydon's smile.

GLORIA

She must live here.

Robert nods.

ROBERT

...you want to sleep some?

GLORIA

No, I'm too tired to sleep.

ROBERT

Sailor told me you got to go
a long time, maybe five hundred
hours, before you get so you
can sleep while you're moving.

(studies her: gently)

You look tired.

GLORIA

No kidding!

ROBERT

Why don't you try sleeping on
my shoulder? I won't let you
slip. You can trust me.

GLORIA

That's what the last guy said.

ROBERT

What...?

REVISED

GLORIA
Forget it.

186
CONT
(1)

They continue to move slowly, dancing after a fashion until:

MRS. LAYDON'S VOICE
Gloria....!

Gloria turns with a start to look at:

OMIT SCENE #s 187 - THRU - 190

MRS. LAYDON

191

She waves them toward her.

BACK TO ROBERT AND GLORIA

192

ROBERT
(as Gloria holds back)
We really ought to be nice to her, Gloria. Rollo told me -- she's trying to get us a sponsor.

GLORIA
Nobody asked her to..

192
CONT'
(1)

ROBERT
What's that matter...?

GLORIA
(shrugs)
Okay.

CAMERA PANS as they "dance" over to Mrs. Laydon's box.
Robert smiles at her; Gloria manages a nod.

MRS. LAYDON
I'm Mrs. Laydon.

ROBERT
Yes, ma'am, I know. One of the
floor judges told us...about
your trying to get us a sponsor.

MRS. LAYDON
That's because you're my
favorite couple.
(points)
You're wearing my number:
sixty-seven.
(pretend whisper)
That's the year I was born.

Covertly, she holds out a small sack to them.

MRS. LAYDON
It's some divinity I made for
you myself. Take it, it'll
give you energy.

ROBERT
I'm not sure if we're supposed
to...

MRS. LAYDON
They won't notice..

ROBERT
Thank you then.
(to Gloria)
That's nice of Mrs. Laydon.
Isn't it, Gloria?

GLORIA makes a small gesture. Throughout this scene
she remains apart from MRS. LAYDON. Suspicious.
Careful.

REVISED

ROBERT
We're not supposed to stay too
long in one place, so...

192
CONT'
(2)

MRS. LAYDON
I understand. You go right on.
But don't give up. Because
you're going to win. I'm sure
you are.

NEW ANGLE ON ROBERT AND GLORIA

193

as they move off from MRS. LAYDON.

GLORIA
(after beat)
Sixty-five.
(at his look)
I figured it out. That's how
old she is. God, I hope I
never get to be that old.

INT. BALLROOM - AFTERNOON - MOVING WITH ROLLO

193A

CLICKING his hand cricket, he skates around and
past DANCERS to:

SAGGING COUPLE

193B

draped against a column. The WOMAN has passed
out and hangs limply in the arms of the MAN, who
has crooked one arm around the column to keep
himself up. He looks wearily at ROLLO...then
loosens his hold on the column and tries to hoist
his partner back to her feet. But the effort
is too much. He loses his footing. As the COUPLE
falls,

ROLLO

193C

BLOWS his whistle.

OMIT SC. #s 194 - THRU - 206

INT. BALLROOM - EVENING - ON GROUP OF CONTESTANTS

206A

surrounding a food cart...continuing to move while they grab for food.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Watch 'em eat, folks. It's all part of the show. Seven meals a day. Count 'em -- seven.

SAILOR

206B

shoveling in food with one hand, while handing on a sandwich to SHIRL with the other.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Believe me, these kids can actually stoke it away. After four days of continuous dancing these boys and girls may not be well heeled....

ON ALICE

206C

to SHOW her standing aside with her back turned on the cluster of dancers. She eats slowly, precisely, as though she were seated at a table. A smidgin of something from her plate -- a few grains of rice or a morsel of bread -- falls on her gown. She brushes -- needlessly -- at her gown until she is sure there is no stain...then she holds the remainder of her dinner over one of the trash cans and drops it in.

ROCKY'S VOICE

....but you can bet they're well stuffed.

FAVORING GLORIA

206D

eating -- but casually, almost apathetically. As she folds a piece of bread around some cheese, her gaze falls on:

RUBY

206E

eating frantically, grabbing for more food even as she is wolfing at a sandwich. She stops as she is raising another hunk of bread toward her mouth, when she notices GLORIA staring at her. A long beat. Then:

RUBY

(apologetically)

I have to.

GLORIA

Yeah. And how're you going to feed it after you got it?

JAMES steps INTO SCENE between them. He glares at GLORIA. She stares back at him unintimidated, then turns away...and tosses the rest of her sandwich into one of the garbage cans.

206E
CONT'
(1)

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON SIGN

207

It now reads:

DAY.....5
HOURS ELAPSED.....0101
COUPLES REMAINING.....53
HOW LONG CAN THEY LAST?

JOEL'S VOICE

(attempting Eng. accent)

No! I'm through.. Through!

ANGLE FROM BANDSTAND ACROSS JOEL AND ALICE TO AUDIENCE

207A

silhouetted in the circle of a spotlight. ALICE is clinging desperately to him. She wears a sheet, draped around her gown and tucked into the bodice so that it resembles a sarong. JOEL's jacket is off, his shirt collar open, his tie loosened.

ALICE

You not leave Tanyakio. Please.

(seductive movements)

Tanyakio make tiffin for you.

And night-night, when you lonely,
Tanyakio will --

JOEL

(finally forcing
himself free)

No, you brown devil! You shan't
lure me this time. I'm going back.
Back to my wife...to my family...
to the world I belong in.

JOEL pulls away. ALICE takes "centre stage," seems to reach after him, then turns directly into the spotlight to face the audience.

ALICE

He will come back to Tanyakio.
The petals of many flowers will
fall, but Tanyakio will wait.
(holds out arms)
Forever.....

207A
CONT'
(1)

REVERSE ANGLE - ROCKY

207B

bounding onto the bandstand, already cueing the
APPLAUSE.

ROCKY

(into mike)

Couple Number 66 in a scene
direct from the smash Broadway
hit, "Lost Paradise"...our own
Lunt and Fontanne: Mr. Joel
Girard...and Miss Alice Le Blanc.

Behind him, ALICE whips off her "sarong"....JOEL
cinches his tie...and they bow.

OMIT SC. # 208

ANGLE ON AUDIENCE

209

APPLAUSE... The audience is more crowded now. People
in better spirits. They begin to throw a small
shower of coins.

ON FLOOR

210

as coins land and (under a firm code of honesty
and Rollo's watchful eye) some of the other dancers
scoop them up.

BACK TO ROCKY

211

REVISED

ROCKY

(to audience)

Thank you. Alice and Joel will
be back with us again....IF
there's no Hollywood Talent Scouts
in the audience tonight.

(beat)

And now, in keeping with our
policy of letting you folks know
everything that happens in our
little family here, I'm pleased
to inform you that another sponsor
has come forward to back still
another pair of our spunky kids.

211
CCTV
(L)

He points toward the dance floor.

ANGLE ON SPOTLIGHT

212

as it PICKS OUT ROBERT and GLORIA on the dance floor
near the bandstand.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Couple Number Sixty-seven:
Gloria Beatty and Robert Syver-
ten.

MRS. LAYDON

213

enthusiastically CLAPPING.

ON ROCKY

214

ROCKY

Let 'em see the company that's
backing you to win, kids.

ON ROBERT AND GLORIA

215

GLORIA is wearing a sleeveless pull-over and ROBERT
a sweatshirt. On the front of each is lettered:
JONATHON'S IRON TONIC. CAMERA HOLDS ON LETTERING.

REVISED

ROCKY'S VOICE

Congratulations, kids! And who knows, folks, with a sponsor like that they just may win.

215
CONF
(1)

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SEE the spotlight go OFF them. They are left again in the normal tinselled light of the ballroom.

ROBERT

Maybe he's right...Maybe we can win.

She gives him a sour look.

GLORIA

Fat chance.

ROBERT

Well...a lot of couples've dropped out already. We could win.

GLORIA

Yeah...? Take a look around. Some of this bunch've been through ten of these things.

ROBERT

I know.... But suppose we did win. What would you do with it?

GLORIA

With what?

ROBERT

With the money....if we win.

GLORIA

(starts to shrug it off, then considers)

Maybe I'll buy some good rat poison. Last time I tried it all I got was sick.

ROBERT

I'm serious.

GLORIA

(long beat)

You think I'm not?

OMIT SC. # 216

ANGLE TOWARD BANDSTAND

216A

CAMERA PUSHES IN toward the \$1,500 sign.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKY'S OFFICE - DAY - ANGLE FAVORING COT

217

on which Rocky is dozing. The room is very dim. It could be night, except that there is a little seepage of light around the edges of a window drape. We can make out some of the furnishings of the room nevertheless: desk, Atwater-Kent table radio, a portable clothes rack with Rocky's various show outfits hanging from it, left-over things from the previous occupant which have been shoved into one corner.

A beat. No sound within the office, but from outside -- distantly -- are the sounds of the band, the audience, the waves. Then we HEAR the doorknob turning, and a crack of light from the hall corridor spills into the office and across the cot.

217
CONT'D
(1)

Rocky lurches up from the cot, knocking the quilt aside and slashing at the slab of light with his hand as if he could somehow knock it aside.

ROCKY

What the hell is it?!! Shut
it off!!

ANGLE TO INCLUDE TURKEY

218

standing inside the partially open door.

TURKEY

It's two hours. You said to
get you up in two hours, Rocky..

He crosses to the window and opens the drape, letting grey light from outside fill the room. Rocky sits up on the side of the cot resting his face in his hands. We see now that he is wearing an undershirt and trousers.

ROCKY

Shake me out a butt, Turkey.

Turkey hands him a cigarette from an open pack on the table next to the radio. Rocky lights it, inhales, pushes himself up from the cot. He looks enigmatically toward the still-open door, through which the NCISE of the crowd is heard.

ROCKY

Listen to 'em, Turkey. Those
wonderful, wonderful people.
Yowza!

(snarling)

Shut it! Shut the goddamned
door!

After Turkey closes the door, Rocky continues to stare at it for an instant. Then he turns, scuffs into his untied shoes, and crosses to a wall sink. He glances at himself in the mirror, considers shaving for a moment, but then settles for talcum powder.

ROCKY

Wonderful!...But you got to understand them is all. Now you take my old man, he never got out of the Fourth Grade. But people -- he didn't know his left elbow from his right nut about people.

218
CONT'
(1)

As he continues, he dresses; putting on a fresh shirt, tie, lacing his shoes, picking out a jacket, etc. Turkey functions more or less as his valet, handing him articles he has pointed to.

ROCKY

You know what he was, Turkey? He was a faith healer. I used to travel the circuit with him. I was the one he healed. I was his shill -- to get the crowd set up.

(hunches back,
"cripples" leg;
deepens voice)

Walk! When I lay my hand upon you, you will walk. You will walk! Walk!

He slowly straightens, and begins hesitantly -- then confidently, glowingly to walk again. Back to his normal posture, he stops and points toward the clothes rack.

ROCKY

The tux.

(takes it from
Turkey)

The sodden old bastard, he thought it was him they believed in. But it was me.

He turns to the mirror again, and starts adjusting his jacket.

CUT TO:

REVISED

INT. BALLROOM - DUSK - DOWN SHOT ON DANCERS 219
wending off the floor.

ON MUSICIANS 220
setting down their instruments and leaving the
bandstand.

ON ROBERT 221
ambling into the aisleway back of the bleachers
and starting slowly toward the men's rest area.

INT. EXIT CORRIDOR - DUSK - CLOSE ON PAIL OF GARBAGE 222
PULL BACK TO SHOW JANITOR holding the pail with both
hands while he wedges a fire-escape door open with
his back. As the door opens we SEE that it looks
out on the pier and beyond toward the ocean. JANITOR
EXITS through the door and it starts to swing shut
again - but not all the way. It is held slightly
ajar by a door stop.

REVERSE ANGLE ON ROBERT 223
behind the bandstand. He stares a moment toward
the slit of light from the outside, hesitates, then
starts toward the door, CAMERA LEADING him.

ANGLE ON ROBERT AT DOOR 224
as he opens it just slightly.

ROBERT'S P.O.V. - THE OCEAN
exploding in a cold, red diffusion where the sun
has fallen into the far edge of the water and begun
to melt across its crinkled surface. Gulls are
flapping upward, as if flushed from cover.

REVISED

BACK ON ROBERT

226

Stunned. Sucking his breath in. Suddenly the door is yanked open wide in front of him, REVEALING JANITOR who has come back for another pail. As Robert backs off, Janitor steps inside the closing door.

JANITOR

What you doin' here, boy? It's rest period. You're supposed to be off your feet. You better get yourself back.

Robert turns and starts off. Janitor picks up another of the pails and repeats the process of backing out the door.

ON ROBERT

227

moving down the corridor TOWARD CAMERA, but continuing to look back over his shoulder at the door.

ALICE'S VOICE

(whisper)

Here!

TO INCLUDE ALICE

228

standing in an alcove, as Robert turns toward her in surprise.

(NOTE: Alice's tone throughout the following is straightforward, casual, conversational.)

ALICE

You knew about the door too.

ROBERT

No.

ALICE

They open it about this time every day.

ROBERT

I didn't know.

ALICE
It's where I come -- to get
away from all that.
(indicates ballroom)

228
CONT'
(1)

ROBERT
That's funny, I almost thought
you liked it.

ALICE
God, no! I'm only doing it
because I have to.

ROBERT
I guess it's the same with
everybody -- at least they're
feeding us.

ALICE
I don't mean that --
(she holds her hands
out slightly)
I mean so I can be seen. Why
else do you think I'm wearing
something like this? - Have you
got a cigarette?

Robert starts searching through his pockets....

ROBERT
No. I don't smoke. I'm sorry.

ALICE
It doesn't matter.
(nods at door)
Did you go outside?

ROBERT
No. I was going to, but...
I didn't.

ALICE
Why not?

ROBERT
I'm not sure you'd understand...
I mean, I don't exactly under-
stand myself. But -- all of a
sudden it was like I was afraid.
Like I'd forgotten there was
anything out there at all.

Cont.

ROBERT (Cont.)

Like there was just all of us
inside here going around day
and night, night and day, till
you don't know which is which.

(drops voice)

And then when I looked out the
door...there wasn't anyone!
No one at all. No one on the
pier or out on the beach or...
And suddenly I had this terrible
thought that --

(abrupt laugh)

It's weird.

ALICE

(seriously)

No. I understand what you mean...
I really do.

SOUND of the exit door being pulled open. Robert
draws her back into concealment beside him in the
alcove. Alice looks at his hand on her arm. He
abruptly pulls his hand away. The shaft of murky
light fades from the corridor as the exit door is
HEARD closing again.

ALICE

(smiling)

Robert...?

ROBERT

(beat)

Syverton.

ALICE

What do you think of "Alice
LeBlanc"? It isn't my real
name, of course. I chose it
for the films. Do you like it?

ROBERT

(considers)

Yes, that's just right.

(looks up as if at
a marquee; nods)

Sure, if I saw it on a marquee
I'd go in to watch you. I
really would.

228

CONT'D

(2)

REVISED

ALICE

But it wouldn't be me you were
seeing, would it?

(then smiles)

I mean, actually, that's what
is so special, so different
about the films. It isn't you
they're looking at. It's only
a picture.

(giggles)

That's really half why I want to
be a star in films, I think --
so I can sit in the audience and
watch myself. Does that sound
terribly vain and silly?

ROBERT

No...it's just I never thought
of it exactly like that.

ALICE

But you do understand -- you're
in films too.

ROBERT

Well, sort of. I was a dead
French villager in "Fallen
Angels."

The SIREN screeches from the ballroom o.s.,
startling them. They leave the alcove guiltily
and turn to start out of the corridor. They stop
short as they see:

JOEL

standing at the head of the corridor staring at
them. He looks at Alice, and then stares at
Robert and smiles. It is a smile of both contempt
and pity.

ALICE

(to Joel)

Shut up! Shut up!

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - PANNING AUDIENCE

OVER SHOT we HEAR "Toot, Toot, Tootsie, Goodbye"
being SUNG off-key and in Hungarian.

228
CONT
(3)

229

229A

REVISED

HIGH ANGLE

229E

As the SONG CONTINUES OVER, CAMERA BOOMS down slowly and moves through the dancers to a dark haired young man spotlighted in front of the band. As he finishes singing the number to APPLAUSE, ROCKY bounces INTO SCENE beside him.

ROCKY

How about that, Folks? Each and every word in Hungarian! The boy from couple forty-three, JOHNNY...

(takes long build-up beat)

O'HOULLIHAN.

ANGLE ON DANCE FLOOR

229C

as some of the other CONTESTANTS pick up the coins thrown onto the floor.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Thank you. And I know Johnny and his lovely partner thank you.

BACK ON ROCKY

229D

ROCKY

There'll be more. AND...soon a very special attraction. Watch for the announcements. But, a gentle hint and a word to the wise, tell your friends and get your tickets early.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - EARLY MORNING - RAKING THE NEARLY EMPTY BLEACHERS

230

No families -- just a few left-over tipplers, insomniacs and one handsome and sardonically bored COUPLE in evening dress.

PANNING THE DANCERS

231

who are just going through the motions. Some of the WOMEN have their hair tied in rag curls; two or three couples are reading the Sunday color comic sections of the morning newspapers.

ON CECIL AND AGNES

232

She is droopy. He - incongruously - is reading the sports section over her shoulder.

CECIL

Gehrig hit a home run. Four hundred feet.

Agnes gives a slight indifferent nod of her head.

SAILOR AND SHIRL

233

He is reading the comics. When he LAUGHS, she twists her head about to look at him.

SAILOR

The Katzenjammer Kids -- they put a motor on the Captain's rocking chair, see, so when he started rocking --
(at her bored look)
Forget it.

JAMES

234

reading from a Bible to Ruby.

JAMES

"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven."

INT. PALM GARDEN - ON ROCKY

235

perched casually on an end stool, drinking black coffee and fiddling with an unlighted cigar. In B.G., a NIGHT BARMAN is cleaning up. He stops to offer Rocky a refill on his coffee. Rocky waves him aside, and continues staring off at:

GLORIA

236

shuffling along with Robert in the ballroom. They are "dancing" side-to-side, neither of them talking. As she stretches a kink from her neck, she sees:

ROCKY

237

continuing to stare appraisingly at her.

ON GLORIA

238

flatly returning the look.

BACK TO ROCKY

239

As he turns, Rollo, who is standing around the curve of the bar, looks speculatively at him. He nods off in the direction of Gloria. Rocky answers with an enigmatic shrug.

INT. BALLROOM - AFTERNOON - CLOSE ON A WHITE LINE

240

being painted to follow the oval contour of the dance floor. PULL BACK TO SHOW several painters, working at various sections of the floor.

SAILOR DRAGGING SHIRL

241

She dozes fitfully on his shoulder. His look toward the white line on the floor is grim.

SAILOR

(to no one)

Uh...oh.

ALICE AND JOEL

242

She is in her stocking feet and carrying her high-heeled pumps. His tie is loosened, his shirt partially undone, and his cuffs rolled back.

ALICE

Whatever is all that for?

JOEL

(watching the painters)

Not for fun. You can bet on that.

MARIO AND JACKIE

243

barely moving.

JACKIE

Christ! Here it comes!

RUBY AND JAMES

244

He supports her. She lifts her head from his shoulder and looks at him.

RUBY

I can't. I don't think I can.

JAMES

Yes you can. Don't think about it yet.

GLORIA AND ROBERT

245

He has a slight stubble now. She looks completely exhausted. She's also been watching the painters.

GLORIA

(quietly)

That sonofabitch.

Robert is puzzled.

REVISED

FLASH FORWARD TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT - ROBERT

245A

being fingerprinted, still wearing his JONATHON'S
IRON TONIC sweat shirt and seeming bewildered and
dazed.

OFFICER'S VOICE

(reverb)

Left thumb.

(beat)

That's it. Step back. In front
of the screen.

ROBERT moves back until he is positioned in front
of a portable white screen.

A beat...and then the flashbulb of a camera explodes
into ROBERT'S face.

CUT TO:

REVISED

INT. WOMEN'S REST AREA - AFTERNOON - FOUR NAKED WOMEN. 246

taking ice-cold showers. Their backs are to us, but they jump up and down and gasp as the water splays over them.

GLORIA

247

lying on the floor with her legs propped up, trying to get the blood to run back to her head.

RUBY

248

lying on her cot taking deep rhythmic breaths.

JACKIE MILLER

249

rubbing baby oil on to the bottoms of her feet.

SHIRL

250..

snoring loudly...her mouth open.

LILLIAN

251

massaging her calves slowly upwards, over and over.

DOLLY WITH THE NURSE

252

as she moves through the aisle, checking the various girls. She passes:

ALICE

253

standing off by herself. She is wearing sheer silk step-ins and a chiffon bandeau. She is shaking out her gown, brushing it, smoothing it. Now she turns and unlatches her multi-stickered valise.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - ALICE

254

as she stares down into the valise with a puzzled, confused expression.

ALICE'S P.O.V.

255

Her hands in the valise pawing meticulously at first, then with a growing frenzy...among the contents. (NOTE: An evening bag, lace handkerchiefs, a syringe rolled in a towel, a comb and brush set with cheap imitation mother-of-pearl handles, a sachet, a curling iron, and a few loose hairpins.)

CLOSE REVERSE ANGLE ON ALICE

256

She stops searching. For a moment she remains utterly immobile...then abruptly she whirls about.

ALICE

(SHOUTING)

Matron!!!... Someone!... It's gone! MATRON!

ON GLORIA

257

as she starts up at Alice's shrieking. In b.g. a NURSE and some of the other women turn and begin to move toward Alice. Gloria stands up and WE PAN with her and the GROUP as they cluster about and stare with a kind of indifferent, lethargic confusion.

ALICE

It's gone.

(clutching at Nurse)

It's gone!

NURSE

What is it? What's gone?

ALICE

My gown.

The Nurse gestures toward the gown Alice is clutching.

ALICE

No, no! My other gown...and the chemicals for my hair...and my rouge and mascara and -- They're gone! They're all gone! Someone's stolen them out of my valise.

257
CCNY
(1)

NURSE

No one's stolen anything. You've probably just --

ALICE

No!
(points at the other women)
They did it. One of them stole my things.

She starts to lunge blindly toward the other women, but the Nurse stops her.

NURSE

Stop it! Get back!

AD LIBS

DOUSE HER!...Tie her up!... You touch me and I'll claw your eyes out!

ALICE

Give it back to me!! GIVE IT BACK TO ME!!

The SHRILL BLAST of the SIREN slices through the uproar, startling everyone into momentary silence.

ANGLE TO REVEAL ROLLO

258

pushing and elbowing his way through the cluster of women.

ROLLO

What the hell's goin' on here?!
You heard the siren. Come on!!
Come on!! Finish up and get out there.

The other WOMEN, some grudgingly, some indifferently, move off screen. Rollo stares for a moment at Alice, and then turns to go. Alice reaches out around the folds of her gown and clasps his arm.

ALICE

Please...You must help me.

ROLLO

(to Nurse)
She squirrely?

NURSE
I don't think so.

258
COME'
112

She EXITS. Rollo checks his watch, then starts off.

ROLLO
Better shake it up. You only
got a coupla seconds left.

Alice tries to cling to him.

ALICE
Wait! You have to help me.
Please.

ROLLO
Later. You just hustle your
fanny out there.

Rollo wrenches away from her and strides off.
CAMERA PUSHES IN CLOSE on Alice.

ALICE
(calling)
Wait!

LONG SHOT - ALICE

259

Alone...still holding the folded gown in front of
her.

ALICE
(quieter)
Wait...

CAMERA PULLS FARTHER AWAY.

ALICE
(a whisper)
Wait...

INT. CORRIDOR FRONTING REST AREAS - EARLY EVENING
FULL SHOT OF CONTESTANTS

260

grouped about...some lying down, some leaning
against the walls, facing Rocky, who stands on
a straight-backed chair.

REVISED

ROCKY

260

The thing to remember, kids, is this is the kind of stunt that packs 'em in. Listen, we'll even get some of the Hollywood crowd out there tonight. Now... everybody get one of those uniforms they're passing out make sure you tie your numbers.

CCNT

(1)

The attendants move among the crowd handing out shorts and tank tops. Some of the contestants hold them up to themselves measuring the sizes. A woman near the front who wears a jacket with "KRUPP BAKERIES" lettered on it is stretching the uniform top to see if it will fit her.

ROCKY

Hey, Krupp Bakeries! Easy on the goods.

(to all)

Listen, kids, we're renting these track outfits for one time and one time only -- so any rips, tears or malicious damage, you get charged. Okay...?

CLOSEUP - ROCKY

261

ROCKY

We'll have the nurses and the doctor on hand so nobody has to worry. Now...you kids that're pros already know how it works...

CROWD NOISES BEGIN ON SOUNDTRACK. Then...A BRASS SECTION INTRO.

CLOSER ON ROCKY

262

ROCKY

...and I'm sure the rest of you've all heard about it...

THE BRASS INTRO and CROWD NOISES begin to be HEARD LOUDER.

2/18/69

71A.

REVISED

EXTREME CLOSEUP - ROCKY

263

smiling as he SHOUTS above the FULL SOUND of
ORCHESTRA and CROWD.

ROCKY

Well now...NOW you're going to
see it. Yowza! THE DERBY!!

A CLASH of CYMBALS as CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SHOW
that ROCKY is now wearing his white tuxedo and
that the SCENE IS:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

264

The painted white line forms an oval in the center of the floor creating the effect of a track. The Doctor and attendants and nurses as well as trainers and judges all stand at attention inside the line. The bleachers are very full now and the whole Ballroom has a "dressed up" quality.

ROCKY

The supreme test of energy and endurance. Ten solid, wrenching minutes of wrack and ruin! The Derby!

THE AUDIENCE

265

responding. They CLAP, STOMP THEIR FEET, WHISTLE. Some hold up home-lettered signs in support of their favorite couple.

ROCKY

266

holding up his hand for attention.

ROCKY

Good! Because you're in for an exciting extravaganza. Yowza. The Derby! And - if I may be permitted to share a little thought with you -- there's a lesson for all of us in it, ladies and gents, Contestants - if you hear me out there...

(looks o.s.)

You don't need to be Number One as you amble down Life's Highway. But don't be last. Round and round and round they'll go - for ten little minutes. Who'll set the pace? Who'll win the race? Everybody ...excepting the last three couples.

He studies his watch and raises one hand.

ROCKY

And now.....here they are!

He slashes a signal with his hand.

ON TRUMPETER 267
shrilling out a RACING CALL.

ON COLORED BALLOONS 268
being cut free and floating upward.

ON CONTESTANTS 269
streaming out onto the floor in their track suits.
Lagging at the rear and being urged on by Joel is
Alice.

ROCKY'S VOICE
And looky, looky, looky, folks...
they've got knees!

RAKING SHOT - CONTESTANTS 270
as they RUN by CAMERA. Their glaringly naked arms,
legs, knees, elbows seeming to flail out at CAMERA.
Their nakedness seems lumpy, swollen, wobbly,
weird. Over, we HEAR the audience LAUGH.

SECTION OF AUDIENCE 271
pointing and laughing. Some wave to their favorites.

ON ROCKY AND CONTESTANTS 272
Some contestants wave to audience.

ROCKY
Everybody here? Okay.
(pointing off)
Take a good look.

UPSHOT ON SIGN

273

It reads:

DAY..... 17
HOURS ELAPSED.....403
COUPLES REMAINING..... 33
HOW LONG CAN THEY LAST?

ROCKY

274

grins, addresses the audience.

ROCKY

Get your hankies ready, folks,
because three couples are about
to go bye-bye!

CONTESTANTS

275

as they watch Rocky, hitch uncomfortably at their
scanty clothing. An assistant wheels out a brass
starting cannon, hands the lanyard to Rocky.

ROCKY

Floor Judges ready?

ROLLO AND JIGGS

276

wave O.K.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Nurses and House Physician?

NURSES AND DOCTOR

277

wave back self-consciously.

FULL SHOT - FLOOR

278

as the contestants group behind the broad white
start-finish line at the foot of the stage.

ROCKY
(amplified - echoing)
Audience?

278
CONT
(1)

A ROAR from the audience.

ROCKY
(to Band Leader)
Mr. Rhythm?

Cymbal crash. Rocky looks down at the contestants.

THE CONTESTANTS

279

ready, in pairs. The men wear leather belts bande-
lero fashion: the women grip the belts with one hand.

ROCKY

280

He waves in the direction of the band and they break
into a tension arrangement. Then Rocky pulls the
lanyard.

CLOSE ON BRASS CANNON

281

as it goes off. CAMERA PANS with the smoke as it
belches out, delineated against the dark auditorium,
over the heads of the contestants, who begin moving
counter-clockwise.

ON CONTESTANTS

282

jostling for position. All of them move in the
awkward, jerky heel-and-toe fashion, which is one
of the rules of the race. They are allowed to fall
and then rise and resume the race...if they are
back up within a count of ten.

ROLLO AND JIGGS

283

skate continuously in and out of the pack.

THE AUDIENCE

284

responds in direct measure to the pace.

THE CLOCK

285

Like a stadium scoreboard clock, it will tick off the ten-minute race period.

VARIOUS ANGLES ON DERBY CONTESTANTS

286

thru
296

as they jostle for position, jumble together, elbow their way free again. We should be aware of pulsing veins, clenched fists, flailing arms, eyes smarting from an ooze of sweat, uniforms staining and blotching -- and faces...sometimes blurred, sometimes sharply etched in pain. We should hear MOANS, SHOUTS, GUTTURAL CRIES. Above all, we should sense that, after the first few turns, the Derby contestants are no longer aware of the audience. Ultimately, they will pass through the barrier of exhaustion and achieve a kind of hysterical single-mindedness. They will be aware only of the race itself -- time, place, sight, sound, pain, hope and despair will all be blurred from their immediate consciousness.

ROCKY

297

will spiel out a color commentary throughout the Derby and call the race.

ROCKY

Hold your hats, folks, here come the leaders and they are actually lapping, yes, they are actually lapping the pack! Floor judges, keep your eyes on the last three couples! The last three couples will lose!

ON THREE TRAILING DERBY CONTESTANTS

298

fighting to keep pace. Jiggs skates backward among them.

ROCKY'S VOICE

298
CONT
(1)

How about that, folks?
Exciting? Well, I want to
tell you! OOOOoops! Whoah,
Nellie! There's a pileup.
There's a pileup in the far
corner of the track!

ON PILEUP

299

where a knot of Derby contestants are shoving and
elbowing each other in an attempt to get around the
curve. We HEAR YELLS, CURSES, SHOUTS from the
audience. Other Derby couples swing up behind the
pileup, strain to skirt clear of it.

CLOSER ON PILEUP

300

A swirl of legs, arms...sweat, grime...spectators
in the adjacent boxes leaning over the railing,
shouting, calling, urging, their faces LOOMING
INTO FRAME...

ON ROBERT AND GLORIA

301

approaching the pileup, which is now beginning to
sort itself out and thus spread across even more of
the track.

ROBERT

Hang on! Both hands! Get
behind me.

Robert swings sharply, like a halfback cutting back
in an open field run, and dodges inside the pileup.
The abruptness of his turn, however, threatens to
fling Gloria away from him. He reaches back, and
grabs on to her.

ROBERT

Okay...?

GLORIA

(nods)
Keep going.

JAMES AND RUBY

302

as Robert and Gloria move up next to them. Robert looks over at James, who grimly returns the look.

Now Robert and Gloria move ahead of them and o.s. Ruby darts a worried glance after them. James notices it, and grins reassuringly at her.

JAMES

(breathless)

Don't worry, honey -- I'm keeping count.

MOVING WITH ROLLO

303

as he zigzags on his skates, then whirls about to point warningly at Shirl, who is straining - even with Sailor's help - to keep up.

ROLLO

(to Sailor)

Come on, Chief -- heel and toe, or she's out.

With Sailor guiding her, Shirl forces herself back into the heel-and-toe pattern.

ON ROCKY

304

ROCKY

The Management cautions that no wagering is permitted. But ...you can always cheer on your favorite couple. And all these wonderful kids deserve your cheers, folks. Because each one of them is fighting down pain, exhaustion, weariness... struggling to keep going... battling to win. And isn't that the American Way, folks?

ALICE AND JOEL

305

being passed by two other couples. She is suddenly frightened, starts to pull ahead. Joel shakes his head grimly, won't increase his pace.

REVISED

JOEL
(through clenched
teeth)
Mervyn LeRoy is here.

305
CONT
(1)

ALICE
Whom?

JOEL
Don't look, you silly bitch!

ALICE
(breathless)
Whoever is Mervyn LeRoy?

JOEL
Only the most brilliant young
director at Warner Brothers,
that's who.

He indicates general direction of MERVYN LeROY.

THE AUDIENCE

306

The spotlight shines in the general direction of
one of the bleachers. There is a stir of twisting
heads surrounding a white-suited man who takes one
of the seats.

ROCKY'S VOICE
Added to our list of celebrities
for the night - Mr. Mervyn LeRoy!

CLOSE ON MRS. LAYDON

307

waving to:

ROBERT AND GLORIA

308

as they heel-and-toe past her box.

ROCKY'S VOICE
What about it, Mr. LeRoy. Al-
most as much excitement here as
in "Little Caesar," right?

REVISED

INSERT ON CLOCK

309

It shows that just over half the Derby race has gone by.

ANGLE ON MAX AND MURIEL

310

among the Derby contestants. Heaving, panting, they hurry into a turn. The GIRL swings wide, and throws the BOY off stride. He skids, grasping wildly...then he falls. The girl manages to retrieve her balance and then leans unsteadily over her partner.

MURIEL

Get up!!

MAX

(trying)

Ohhhh!!!

ROCKY'S VOICE

Oh-oh!! Trouble at the turn.
That's the boy from Couple
Number 71.

CLOSER ON FAT COUPLE

311

as the girl tries to tug at the boy's slippery arms.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Floor Judge!...Get a Floor
Judge over there.

ROLLO

312

skating up to the struggling couple...SNAPPING his HAND CRICKET as he brakes. Immediately he raises his arm and starts COUNTING -- prizefight referee style -- over the fallen boy.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Remember, folks -- ten seconds.
Ten seconds to avoid being
disqualified.

MURIEL

Hurry!

MAX

Help me!

REVISED

ROLLO
...Six...seven...

312
CONT
(1)

No!
MURIEL

She tries vainly to pull free, but merely falls heavily on all fours.

MURIEL
(raging)
Damn you! Damn you! Damn you!

ROLLO'S VOICE
...Nine...TEN!

EXTREME CLOSEUP OF ROLLO
as he BLOWS his WHISTLE.

313

ANGLE ON CLOCK
It shows two minutes left.

314

ON ROCKY
glancing down from clock.

315

ROCKY
Less than two minutes left,
folks!

He signals toward the band.

ON BANDLEADER
upping the beat with his baton. The band begins
PLAYING faster.

316

MOVING WITH GLORIA AND ROBERT
Their eyes are glazed now. They stare ahead with
a fixed blankness. They breathe in steady, wheezing
GASPS.

317

ROBERT
Are we behind?

317
CONT
(1)

GLORIA
I don't know.

ROBERT
(only hearing it now)
Two minutes...? Did he say
two minutes?

GLORIA
I don't know.

ROBERT
(giggling)
Only two minutes! Only --

EXTREME CLOSEUP ON ROBERT

318

as his face suddenly contorts in pain.

WIDER ANGLE TO SHOW ROBERT

319

pulling up sharply. He hunches over, clutches at
his right leg. Gloria takes the weight of his body
on hers to keep him from falling.

GLORIA
What is it? What's wrong?

ROBERT
My leg...! I can't move it!

ANGLE TOWARD MRS. LAYDON

320

She strains forward. In the section of audience
behind her, spectators are leaping to their feet,
beginning to SHOUT.

ROCKY'S VOICE
Couple Number 67 are in trouble,
Folks! No fooling! They're in
trouble! Floor Judge!

REVISED

ROBERT AND GLORIA

321

as other couples move past them.

GLORIA

Try! Lean on me and try to
move!

ROBERT

I can't!

GLORIA

Try...TRY!

He makes an effort to grit down the pain and hobble forward. Immediately his leg goes out from under him and he falls.

Jiggs skates INTO SCENE, WHISTLE ready, hand raised to start the count.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Oh-oh!! He's down! The boy
from Couple Sixty-seven is
down.

JIGGS

(starting count)

One...two...

TIGHT ON ROBERT AND GLORIA

322

She is kneeling over him now.

GLORIA

Hold on to me! Like this!
Hold on to me!

He grips her shoulders and she tries to pull him up...but he CRIES OUT in pain and slips back.

JIGGS' VOICE

...FOUR...FIVE...

ROBERT

Go on. I can't! I can't!

GLORIA

Yes, you can!

She digs her fingers into his cramped leg and begins kneading it. He writhes, cries out.

322
CONT'
(L)

JIGGS' VOICE

...six...seven...

GLORIA

(shouting at him)

Bend your knee!!! Stretch
your leg out!!!

CLOSE ON GLORIA

323

She hammers on his thigh with both fists...

GLORIA

You can!... You can!...

Suddenly, the knotted muscle in Robert's thigh snaps free. His leg kicks out. He begins to LAUGH giddily, wildly -- even as Gloria is struggling to get him back to his feet.

TO INCLUDE JIGGS

324

still counting even as Robert starts to regain his feet.

JIGGS

...eight...nine...

GLORIA

Shut up, goddamn you! Shut
up!

ROCKY

325

Milking it to the end.

ROCKY

He's up! The boy from Couple
Sixty-seven is up! But will
they make it...? They've lost
ground.

(glances at clock o.s.)
Forty seconds left! Can they
make it?

ROBERT AND GLORIA

326

He holds her arm, still in pain...but still grinning. Gloria is grimly determined.

SAILOR AND SHIRL

327

moving even with Robert and Gloria.

SAILOR

(wheezing)

Hey, that was the greatest,
Gloria! You got real guts.
I mean it.

GLORIA

Save your breath.

SAILOR

(pulling ahead)

I hope you make it, baby.

CLOSE ON MRS. LAYDON

328

Her knuckles, bent across the railing in front of her, are white. Her lower lip is sucked in between her teeth. Unconsciously, she is holding her breath.

ROBERT AND GLORIA

329

struggling the last few yards toward the finish line. A couple passes them...another couple. Gloria twists her neck to look back at more couples closing in on them. She turns back, tugs harder at Robert.

GLORIA

Stop laughing, for Chrissake!!

He doesn't.

ANOTHER COUPLE

330

edges up almost even with Robert and Gloria. She cheats a sideways glance at their straining faces... turns back to Robert...thrusters the last of her strength into pulling him on...

ROBERT AND GLORIA

331

move ahead of the challenging couple...lunge on...
and cross the finish line.

ANGLE ON ROCKY AND CANNON

332

He closes his eyes, yanks the lanyard, the cannon
fires, music stops, and he points at the finish line:

ROCKY'S VOICE

And there's the finish!
Hittum with the spot!

DOWNSHOT - THREE LOSING COUPLES

333

The men are stunned and exhausted: the women are
hysterical and angry. Whistles shrilling: audience
roaring: rest of the contestants glad to be alive.

INT. CORRIDOR FRONTING REST AREAS - ROBERT AND
GLORIA

334

Drained, exhausted, spent -- both of them breathing
heavily, slowly. Robert leans back against a pillar
with his eyes closed. In b.g. other couples drag
past them toward the rest areas.

GLORIA

You all right now...?

ROBERT

(nods)

...Thanks.

Gloria's face goes suddenly soft and she looks as
though she might reach out to touch his leg, to
touch him; instead, she tugs at her uniform top,
pulling at where the sweated jersey has stuck
against her skin.

ROBERT

(pause; then)

You know what I feel like? I
feel like I was way out in the
water somewhere drowning, and
then --

Cont.

REVISED

ROBERT (Cont.)

334
CONT'
(2)

(beat)
You should've left me. You
could've got disqualified
staying with me.

GLORIA

I know.

ROBERT

Why did you?

GLORIA

(wondering)
I don't know.

He continues to stare questioningly.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - EARLY EVENING - ANGLE FAVORING
COLEY JAMES

335

He is NOODLING INTERMISSION MUSIC. Behind him the
regular band members are filtering in to take their
places, just coming on for the night.

BANDLEADER

(to Coley)
How's it been?

COLEY

Slow.

The SAX PLAYER arrives, climbing onto the bandstand.
He waves to Coley.

SAX PLAYER

Coley.

(in general)

Man, that traffic on Pico --
gets worse every day.

TRUMPETER

You ought to take Olympic, it's
wider.

He pauses as he glances out toward the contestants.
Smiles at Coley.

TRUMPETER

(shakes head)

They're crazy.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - EVENING - THE DANCERS

individually shuffling their way back onto the floor
to resume the grind.

GLORIA AND MRS. LAYDON

as Mrs. Laydon calls her from her usual box.

MRS. LAYDON

How are you tonight, Gloria?

GLORIA

Okay.

MRS. LAYDON

(studies her)

You're not eating enough, you
know. You have to force your-
self. I know, if I were your
mother...

GLORIA

My mother's dead.

MRS. LAYDON

Oh...

She smiles sympathetically at Gloria, then offers
her some gum. But Gloria shakes her head.

335
CONT'
(1)

336

337

MRS. LAYDON
Take it. You can give it to
Robert.

337
CONT.
(1)

Gloria shrugs and takes the gum.

MRS. LAYDON
You're so lucky...you and...

GLORIA
Why do you come here every day,
Mrs. Laydon?

MRS. LAYDON
(surprised)
Why...to watch you.

GLORIA
(seriously)
But why?

MRS. LAYDON
(thinks a moment)
Because...because...I like you.
And then, it's so important to
have someone cheering for you
...you're all working so hard.

She leans forward and pats Gloria's arm protectively.

MRS. LAYDON
But it'll all be over soon,
and then you and Robert can
go...

GLORIA
Mrs. Laydon... We're just dancing
together. That's all.

MRS. LAYDON
Oh, I've watched you. I can
tell.

Almost pensively, Gloria turns and moves slowly off.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

338

through the dancers toward the bandstand where Alice
and Rocky are holding an animated conversation. Rocky
holds his hand clamped over the mike so that Alice's
consternation will not be made public. He nods and
smiles mechanically. We do not hear their conversation

but we know from her gestures that it is about her stolen dress.

338
CONT'
(1)

ON ROBERT AND GLORIA

339

as he looks toward Alice.

ROBERT

I wonder why anybody'd steal her dress like that.

GLORIA

She probably left it under one of the bleachers.

(as Robert looks back at her)

Why! -- you think I copped it on her?

ROBERT

No. I didn't say that. I didn't even think it.

(then)

You mad at me or something today, Gloria?

GLORIA

Why the hell should I be mad at you? You think we're married or something?

They continue dancing in stiff silence. Then Robert reaches into his back pocket and takes out a folded section of a newspaper. He unfolds it and holds it out to one side to read.

GLORIA

(after a beat)

Is the world still there?

ROBERT

(smiles)

It's yesterday's paper.

GLORIA

It's all the same.

ROBERT

I guess.

(scans paper)

The President vetoed a relief

Cont.

ROBERT (Cont.)

bill... And there was a fire
in Long Beach -- in a hotel.
But nobody was killed:

"Miraculous Escape Credited
to Hero Nightclerk!"

(reading)

"Doctors today were continuing
their around-the-clock battle
to save the life of Arnold Es...
cudo, night duty clerk at the
Majestic Hotel, where late last
night -- "

GLORIA

What're they saving him for?
He's just going to die anyway.

ROBERT

(a beat)

You wanta read the funnies?

GLORIA

No.

He turns another page, and now finds something that
engrosses him.

ROBERT

That'd be nice.

(holds page out
to Gloria)

Look.

INSERT OF HALF-PAGE ADVERTISEMENT

It shows an expensively dressed couple leaning over
a confetti-strewn ship railing. The copy reads:
FOLLOW THE SUN. FIVE WEEK CARIBBEAN CRUISE. ALL
INCLUSIVE. \$95.

BACK TO SCENE

ROBERT

Maybe that's what I'll do.
Something like that.

GLORIA

Sure, why don't you?

FLASH FORWARD TO:

239
CONT'
(1)

340

341

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

342

Robert steps INTO FRAME. He still wears the sweat-shirt with the sponsor's lettering. He looks around at the new surroundings. The shadows of the bars crisscross his face and body. There is SILENCE for a moment as he stands very still. Then the SHADOWS of the bars begin to move and we HEAR the RASPING SOUND of the metal door being closed. On the CLANG of it closing:

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S REST AREA - NIGHT - EXTREME CLOSEUP
OF SHIRL

343

as she lurches up from a cot. She is SCREAMING, her hands thrashing wildly, her eyes staring off in terror.

WIDER ANGLE TO INCLUDE OTHER WOMEN

344

turning on their cots, poking their heads in from the shower room to stare at her.

SHIRL

GET THEM OFF ME!!!...GET THEM
AWAY!!!

She begins clawing at her skin...violently shaking her stringy hair.

ALICE

345

turns from the mirror to stare at the berserk woman.

SHIRL

346

violently thrusts aside one of the other women and runs into Gloria.

GLORIA AND SHIRL

347

Shirl clutches desperately at Gloria's arm.

GLORIA
What is it?... What's the
matter with you?

347
CONT'
(1)

SHIRL
(whispering)
They're crawling all over me.
(shouts again)
Please! Please! Get them off
me!!

Jackie pushes INTO SCENE. She wrenches ShirL's hand
from Gloria.

JACKIE
(shakes her)
You're all right! There's
nothin' crawling on you.

The Matron rushes INTO SCENE with a vial of smelling
salts.

MATRON
Hold her!

Jackie and Gloria pin ShirL's arms while the Matron
forces her to inhale the smelling salts. GASPING
from the sharp stench of the ammonia, she seems
momentarily to subside.

GLORIA
What's wrong with her?

JACKIE
She's squirreling.

ANGLE ON ALICE

348

She has drawn back, away from the other women
watching. She stares at the berserk woman with
a very private horror.

SHIRL

349

suddenly SCREAMS again, and lurches out explosively,
knocking the smelling salts vial away from the Matron
and breaking partially loose from Gloria and Jackie.

REVISED

ROCKY AND ROLLO

350

burst into the rest area. Rocky immediately turns back to Rollo.

ROCKY

Get back out there and tell
'em to turn up the Victrola.

Rollo quickly EXITS.

Shirl begins to YELL and THRASH about again. Gloria grabs up the smelling salts bottle and starts as if to thrust it under the woman's nose. But Rocky immediately knocks the bottle out of Gloria's hand.

ROCKY

No! That won't stop her now.

ANGLE FAVORING ROCKY AND SHIRL

351

He grips her shoulders with gentle, almost compassionate firmness.

ROCKY

(softly; hypnotically)
Listen to me...Shirl...Shirl...
Listen to me...Listen to me...
(as she quiets
slightly)
Where are they? Show them to
me.

SHIRL

They're crawling on me.

REVISED

ROCKY

Where? On your arm...?
(pantomimes brushing
off bug)
It's gone now. Where else?
Your shoulder...?

351
CONT'
(1)

He continues to play out the pantomime of scraping,
brushing, plucking insects off her. Finally:

ROCKY

That's all of them.

SHIRL

They're all gone...?

ROCKY

That's right, they're all gone.
(to Matron)
Better douse her in the shower.

The Matron nods, and then leads the now docile :
Shirley toward the showers.

ALICE

352

as she watches the woman being led toward the
showers. She averts her gaze, turning abruptly
toward the mirror. She stares at herself for a
moment, then closes her eyes.

GLORIA

353

looking at Rocky, who stares after the woman and
then turns abruptly to start out.

GLORIA

That's quite a technique.

Rocky turns back, starts to smile.

GLORIA

Only I'm surprised you didn't
put her out on display. Charge
a little extra.

ROCKY
(thinks a beat;
then, seriously)
No. It's too real.

353
SCN
(1)

He turns and quickly leaves. CAMERA HOLDS ON GLORIA, who watches his EXIT and then turns back towards the other women.

GLORIA'S P.O.V. - THE OTHER WOMEN

354

exhausted, sweaty, grimy, rank. Swollen legs, pendulous breasts, straggly hair. They are sprawled about in grotesque shapes.

BACK TO GLORIA

355

She stares a moment longer, then pulls her sweater tightly about her and crosses out of the rest area.

INT. CORRIDOR FRONTING REST AREAS - TRUCKING WITH GLORIA

356

as she walks through the dark shadows beneath the bandstands. She hugs herself and moves slowly. As she passes the open door of Rocky's office CAMERA HOLDS ON ROCKY glancing up. Gloria continues on out of FRAME.

ROCKY
(calling softly)
Gloria...

ON GLORIA'S BACK

357

as she stops, holds still a beat, then turns and CAMERA PANS HER into the doorway of Rocky's office where she leans slowly against the sill.

OVER GLORIA TO ROCKY

358

ROCKY

I hope that little episode
in there didn't shake you
up too much.

GLORIA

(simply)

No.

A LONG BEAT, as they continue to look at each
other.

CLOSE ON ROCKY

359

ROCKY

Cigarette....?

CLOSE ON GLORIA

360

GLORIA

(quieter)

No.

CLOSEUP - ROCKY

361

CLOSEUP - GLORIA

362

GLORIA

(beat; then very
softly)

No.

She turns slowly and walks away. CAMERA HOLDS on
ROCKY.

CUT TO:

REVISED

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - FULL ON DANCERS

363

trudging under the lights.

AUDIENCE

364

Larger now, and with a sprinkling of well-dressed "slummers."

ANGLE TOWARD ROCKY

364A

Looking toward a section of the audience to which Turkey is nodding. He gestures to the BANDLEADER to play softer.

ROCKY

(into mike)

Ladies and gentlemen....if I may... I've just been informed that we have a very, verrrry special guest with us tonight.

(pointing o.s.)

That dancing darling of the silver screen, MISS RUBY KEELER.

ANGLE ON SECTION OF STANDS - LONG SHOT OF GROUP

364B

in evening dress being led down an aisleway, as a spot light flickers over them.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Won't you wave to all the folks Miss Keeler? They're all your fans.

A CLOCHE-HATTED WOMAN in the group waves....and several spectators start pushing forward to get autographs.

BACK ON ROCKY

364C

ROCKY

Thank you, Miss Keller. Thank you.

REVISED

ALICE AND JOEL

364D

She has drawn in on herself and stands back of Joel,
as though to shrink from view.

ALICE

(in whisper)

Are they looking this way?

JOEL

I can't see. There're people
around them.

ALICE

Let's go to the other side.

JOEL

Why....?

ALICE

You don't think I want them to
see me looking like this, do you?

JOEL

Don't be an idiot -- they can't
help seeing you?

ANGLE FAVORING ALICE

364E

She considers this seriously. Then:

ALICE

Yes, that's true, isn't it.

OMIT SC. # 365

ARTHUR AND JEAN

366

Jean is propping up Arthur who is dozing. She keeps
shaking her head while reciting, over and over, the
lyrics to a song. (She does NOT sing; and the song
is not the same as the one being played by the band.)

JEAN

Five feet two. Eyes of blue.
Oh what those five two can do.

REVISED

ANGLE ON ROLLO

367

skating in and out.....watching...checking.

AGNES AND CECIL

368

Sagging, but Agnes is in much worse shape. Drifting in and out of consciousness, while Cecil tries to keep her awake and moving.

CECIL

Please, Agnes. We've come so far.

AGNES

Le' go me...Tired...Want to sleep.

Her knees buckle. He struggles to hold up her dead weight.

368
CONT'
(1)

ROCKY'S VOICE

Oh-oh, folks! There's a couple in danger.

A spotlight hits Cecil and Agnes. .

ROLLO

369

He circles them like a referee at a wrestling match.

AUDIENCE

370

Straining forward to watch.

ON CECIL AND AGNES

371

Agnes sags farther down.

CECIL

Please, Agnes...!

She slips further. Her feet now drag limply along the floor.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Two knees! If both knees touch the floor she's disqualified!

CECIL

You just have to wake up, Agnes!

ON AUDIENCE

372

Reacting.

AUDIENCE AD LIBS

Shake her!...She's finished,
throw her out!...Get up!
Get up!...Tickle 'er.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Will she make it...? Hold
your breath, folks.

REVISED

Agnes slips closer to the floor. Rollo kneels to gauge the clearance still left between the floor and her knees. NOW HER KNEES TOUCH. ROLLO BLOWS his WHISTLE.

372
CONT
(1)

ON ROCKY

373

ROCKY

Tough luck! But that's the rules. Get a nurse out there to help that gallant little lady.

The Band begins "'Til We Meet Again." Turkey SNAPS his fingers and nods off. Rocky covers the MIKE with his hand.

ROCKY

Let him solo for a while... we'll find someone for him. He's too good to lose.

INT. WOMEN'S REST AREA - DAY

373A

SILENCE. All the women are asleep; there is no movement except at the far end of the room. There ALICE stands over a sink dabbing at her dress. CAMERA moves slowly closer and around and we see tears streaming down her face. She makes no sound. A beat and the SIREN sounds.

INT. MEN'S REST AREA - DAY

374

The men rise, groggy, stupified...they shake themselves awake. ROBERT is still sound asleep. SAILOR notices and stops to shake his shoulder.

SAILOR

Come on, kid...break's over.

Robert barely stirs.

SAILOR

(calling)

Trainer!

REVISED

Sailor looks reluctantly back at Robert and then exits. CAMERA follows as Trainer comes to stand over Robert.

374
CONT'
(1)

TRAINER

Hey, Frank! We got a dead one!

Frank steps into scene and watches Trainer bend over and begin rhythmically slapping Robert's face. Still no response.

TRAINER (cont'd)

Give me the ammonia!

374
CONT'D
(1)

Frank hands him a large bottle of household ammonia. He pours some onto a towel...then presses the towel into Robert's face.

CLOSE ON ROBERT

375

Coughing, hacking, waving with his hand to knock the towel away. He lurches up, literally jerking back into consciousness. Trainer grips Robert's shoulders and stares close into his face.

TRAINER

You know where you are...?

ROBERT

What...?

FRANK

Better give 'im another dose.

Trainer starts to pour more into the towel. At the smell of it, Robert starts to pull back. Frank restrains him, while Trainer shoves the ammonia-drenched towel at him again.

GLORIA'S VOICE

NO!!

ANGLE TO REVEAL GLORIA

376

standing just inside the open doorway.

GLORIA

Leave him alone!!

She crosses to Robert, edging Trainer aside.

GLORIA

You all right?

ROBERT

Yeah, I'm...

(nods with effort)

Yeah.

She helps him unsteadily to his feet and starts to walk him out, but after a couple of steps he almost buckles.

REVISED

GLORIA
You sure you can make it?

375
CON
(1)

TRAINER
He's okay now.

GLORIA
I asked him, not you!

ROBERT
(to Gloria)
I'm all right. Really.

He smiles. She studies him a moment, then turns and starts helping him off again.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - NOON - HIGH ANGLE ON FOOD CARTS

377

being wheeled off the floor. They are littered with the remains of half-finished sandwiches, apple cores, broken stalks of celery, torn pieces of bread, etc.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON - DANCERS SOLOING

378

They move separately, indifferent to the scattered spectators and to each other. Some of the women are darning, sewing, knitting, plucking their eyebrows... etc. Some of the men are clipping their hair... reading pulp magazines, rolling and storing Bull Durham cigarettes...etc.

MARIO

379

has a chair draped over his neck and is using the flat surface of the seat as a desk on which to scribble out a letter.

GLORIA

380

off to herself in a corner, cupping a cigarette.

REVISED

SHIRL

381

bleary-eyed and worn. She seems always on the verge of tipping over and falling.

SAILOR

382

watching her worriedly, using body english to tip her back on center each time she sways too far.

ON ALICE

383

in an open area at one side of the bandstand, alone and circling slowly. Her gown is more soiled, stained and rumpled. The black is more evident at the roots of her hair. Her face is chalky. She is gazing fixedly toward...

ROBERT

384

alone at one side of the floor, swaying within the triangular boundaries of a shaft of sunlight through a broken window near the rafters. His head is tilted back into the sunlight. His eyes are closed.

ON ALICE

385

continuing to stare.

ON ROCKY

386

sipping from his paper cup.

DUSTY

387

alone - but keeping an eye on her partner.

REVISED

DUSTY'S PARTNER

388

Sagging, then slowly...slowly dropping to the floor unconscious.

DUSTY

389

CAMERA follows as she darts across the floor and begins shaking her fallen partner.

DUSTY

Get up, you bastard!!! You're
not gonna do this to me after 864
hours!!

ON ROCKY

390

ROCKY

And still another valiant contestant down!

ON DUSTY

391

as a couple of Trainers and Jiggs move quickly in and wedge her away from her partner before she can kick him in the ribs.

DUSTY

Come on, you lousy creep bastard!!!

JIGGS

SHUT UP!

(to Trainers)

Drag 'im off.

Dusty struggles to get in one more blow on her seemingly unconscious partner.

JIGGS

Keep it down.

DUSTY

Go to hell!

(pulls away)

REVISION

JIGGS
Cut it out! Or I'll throw
you out, too.

391
CONT'
(1)

DUSTY
Try it!

ROCKY'S VOICE
Is that loyalty, folks? The
little lady is still fighting,
struggling to help her stricken
partner.

Dusty elbows Jiggs aside, and looks across the
floor. She sees:

CECIL
solong, forlorn,

392

DUSTY
measures Cecil...then starts advancing on him.
Already intimidated, Cecil backs off a little.

393

ROCKY
watching.

394

ROCKY
(to Turkey)
Beautiful! Beautiful! It's
faggola time!
(to audience)
Take notice, Miss Dorothy Dix:
Boy meets girl.
(sly look)
Or is it the other way around
in this case?

ON DUSTY AND CECIL

395

A spotlight focuses on them as Dusty takes him into
her arms, and they start dancing.

ROCKY'S VOICE

And there they go -- Miss Cecil
Houghton and Mr. Dusty Bell...
dancing freak to -- er...cheek
to cheek.

395
CONT
(1)

ON ROCKY

396

He waits for the knowing SNIGGERS from the audience.
Then:

ROCKY

There's something happening
all the time, folks, at the
Monster Marathon.

ON ALICE

397

who seems oblivious to what has happened. She still
stares fixedly at:

ROBERT

398

still in the sunlight. But now slowly...slowly the
focus of sunlight begins to lift and narrow. He
rises on tiptoe, stretching toward the light...until
finally it is gone completely.

CUT TO:

INT. EXIT CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON - ANGLE TOWARD
EXIT DOOR

399

slowly swinging shut. Light from the outside momen-
tarily falls across several buckets of trash, slop
and garbage set inside the corridor. Something in
one of the buckets flashes and glitters until the
light is gone.

REVERSE ANGLE TO SHOW ROBERT AT END OF CORRIDOR

400

looking toward the buckets. He hesitates a moment,
then crosses to them.

ON ROBERT'S HAND

401

reaching out to pry loose a piece of sequined cloth.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ROCKY'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON - CLOSE ON
ROCKY'S HAND

402

as he tosses the piece of sequined cloth onto the
top of his desk. CAMERA PULLS BACK to SHOW that
Robert is confronting him from the other side of
the desk.

ROCKY

Yeah...it looks kind of like
her dress.

ROBERT

It is. You can see just looking
at it.

ROCKY

(nodding)

Yeah.

Robert stares at him expectantly.

ROCKY

Well, even if it is her dress,
it's ruined now. There's
nothing I can do.

ROBERT

But aren't you going to try to
find out? Somebody stole it
and ripped it all up.

Rocky offers a gesture of mild agreement.

ROBERT

Maybe you ought to call everyone
together and try to find out who
did it.

ROCKY

It wasn't one of the kids.

ROBERT

(puzzled)

How do you know?

ROCKY
(a long beat; then
flatly:)
Because...I took it.

402
CONT'
(1)

Robert is stunned. He looks at the piece of torn cloth on the desk and then back to Rocky.

ROBERT
But...why? Why??

ROCKY
(sincerely)
For the good of the show. That's
what we're all interested in,
isn't it?...the show.

ROBERT
It's a contest. Isn't that
what it's supposed to be??
Isn't that what you advertised
-- a contest?!

Rocky smiles charitably, and points out towards the audience.

ROCKY
Not for them. For you, maybe.
But not for them. You think
they're laying out two-bits a
throw just to watch you poke
your head up into the sunlight?
Or Alice look like she just
stepped out of a beauty parlor?
They don't care whether you win!
OR James and Ruby, or Mario and
Jackie, or the Man-in-the-Moon
and Little Miss Muffet. They
want to see a little misery out
there so they can feel a little
better maybe. They're entitled
to that.

ROBERT
But...but...look!
(indicates himself)
We're all like this now. Dirty
and swollen feet and no sleep.
Isn't that enough without making
it seem worse?

ROCKY

She was breaking the spell.
Now she looks like she's
supposed to -- so now they can
believe in her. Simple enough?

402
CONT'
(2)

It's all too much for Robert. He merely stares at Rocky trying to assimilate what he's just heard.

ROCKY

(quietly)
You better go sack out while
you got some break time left.

Robert nods numbly and EXITS. CAMERA HOLDS on Rocky as he flicks the piece of dress into the wastebasket.

INT. OUTSIDE ROCKY'S OFFICE - DAY - ROBERT

403

standing uncertainly. Then he looks off and sees:

ALICE

404

standing by the exit corridor. They look at each other for a moment. Then Robert crosses to her.

ALICE

Take me outside...Please.

A beat, then: Robert gently takes her arm and begins leading her toward the exit door.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. PIER - LATE AFTERNOON - ROBERT AND ALICE

405

hurrying down a rough ladder stairway slanting down to the beach. The sun is obscured by a haze, and the light is harsh, glaring, metallic.

EXT. BENEATH PIER - ROBERT AND ALICE

406

as they drop down onto the sand. Alice takes his hand and draws him back of the ladder and under the pier. They skirt around several empty trashcans. The sand beneath the pier is damp and cool. Behind them, slabs of sunlight are wedged among the symmetrical forest of creosoted pilings.

CLOSER ANGLE

407

For an instant, Alice stares intently at him -- as if she might be trying to memorize each of his features. Then she reaches out to him...gently at first, hesitantly -- but then demandingly, desperately, pressing him back toward one of the pilings.

ALICE

Robert??

He stares back at her uncertainly, silently.

ALICE

Robert...? Talk to me. Tell me something.

She contorts her body to slip free of one of the straps of her gown.

ALICE

The other strap! Pull it down.
(as he tries mechanically to loosen the strap)

Talk to me. Please.

ROBERT

What...? What about?

ALICE

Just talk to me. Tell me about yourself. Tell me what you did when you were a child.
(twisting)

The hook -- undo it! Tell me where you were born.

ROBERT

(numbly fumbling at hook on gown)
Chicago...I was born in Chicago.

ALICE

Chicago. I've never been there. The zipper! At the side! What was your family like? What did your father do?

ROBERT

He died. He was a pharmacist. But he died. It's caught! He got flu in the epidemic and he died. I think it's caught in the dress. What should I do?

ALICE
Pull at it! Harder!

407
CONT
(1)

He does. It slides free. Alice writhes loose of the gown, shedding it as if it were an outer skin.

ALICE
Did you have brothers and sisters?

ROBERT
No...No. Should we... I mean,
what if --

ALICE
I had a brother. But he was
much older. He died at the
Somme. I hardly remember him.
Hold me, Robert. Close. Please.
You'd never guess his name.

ROBERT
Who...?

ALICE
My dead brother. Try to guess.
Try! Try!!

ROBERT
George...? Albert...?

ALICE
No.

ANGLE FAVORING ROBERT

408

He freezes suddenly as he HEARS the SOUND of FOOT-
STEPS on the pier above them.

JANITOR ON PIER ABOVE

409

dragging a can of trash to the edge of the pier.

JANITOR
Luke...! Luke!

EXT. BEACH - SECOND JANITOR (LUKE)

410

He pokes his head into sight around the corner of the ballroom understructure. He is carrying a rake.

LUKE

Yeah.

BACK TO ROBERT

411

He gestures Alice to silence and presses her back into the shadows.

JANITOR'S VOICE

(calls down)

Last one! Comin' down!

UP ANGLE TOWARD JANITOR

412

as he tips the can of trash over the side of the pier.

ANGLE PAST ROBERT AND ALICE

413

as the shower of garbage cascades down past them and onto the wet sand of the beach. A piece of nondescript trash flutters against Alice. She cringes back against Robert and GASPS.

ON LUKE

414

He stands with a rake. He has dug a pit in the wet sand and he starts raking the load of garbage into it.

CLOSE ON ALICE AND ROBERT

415

pressed back against a creosote-covered piling. Alice's eyes are closed, and she now holds herself rigidly apart from him.

ON LUKE

416

as he finishes raking and crosses out.

ANGLE FAVORING ALICE

417

She opens her eyes, looks up and seemingly into some far distance.

The SIREN BLARES out from inside the ballroom.

ROBERT'S VOICE

(softly)

Alice...?

ALICE

. Shhh...!!!

She steps slowly into her dress, brushing the sand off meticulously. Then she starts carefully towards the stairs.

INT. BALLROOM - LATE AFTERNOON - CONTESTANTS

418

are slowly moving back onto the dance floor to take up their next stint. The MUSICIANS are settling back into their places...picking up their instruments ...arranging music.

ON GLORIA

419

searching for Robert.

JOEL

420

looking about casually for Alice. He notices Gloria, smiles at her.

JOEL

Shall we dance?

GLORIA

Go to hell.

Joel shrugs elegantly, and starts to turn away. As he does, he sees:

ALICE

421

coming toward the floor from the direction of the exit corridor o.s. There are still a few flakes

REVISED

of clinging sand among the sequins of her dress.
Her expression is calm, self-possessed, almost
blank, as she crosses into Joel's arms.

421
CONT
(1)

GLORIA

422

stares a moment longer toward Alice, then turns and
starts in the direction from which she had come.
CAMERA FOLLOWS her as she moves into the isolated
area behind the bandstand.

ON ROBERT

423

framed in the light of the open exit corridor door.

CLOSE ON GLORIA

424

staring at him -- not immediately in anger, but
rather in surprise, shock...and pain, then a kind
of granite resignation.

CLOSE ON ROBERT

425

helplessly looking toward her.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - LATE AFTERNOON - ON COLEY JAMES

426

ROCKY'S VOICE

And now our own Russ Columbo --
Coley James.

(claps)

COLEY begins "Easy Come, Easy Go."

AUDIENCE

427

Scattered. A few APPLAUD halfheartedly. Most go
right on eating, drinking, talking, gazing hypnoti-
cally at the contestants.

ON DANCERS

428

trudging along.

ON ROBERT AND GLORIA

429

There is a strained silence between them. Robert steals several quick glances at her, but she pointedly refuses to respond to him.

MRS. LAYDON

430

looking toward Robert and Gloria with slightly confused concern.

BACK ON ROBERT AND GLORIA

431

He seems on the verge of saying something to her, but then gives up.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - ROBERT AND GLORIA

432

The BAND NUMBER has changed, but they have not altered their own tempo. Gloria's mouth is grim, set. Robert is pained, frustrated.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE ON ROBERT AND GLORIA

433

Still the painful, strained silence between them. Again the MUSICAL NUMBER is different.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE ON ROBERT AND GLORIA

434

The silence between them now is like a third partner. Robert has given up even his tentative attempts to force himself to break through it. Gloria's attitude and expression are unchanged.

The SIREN wails, and they stop in mid-step, sagging in simple relief until the SIREN STOPS BLOWING. Then Gloria turns abruptly and starts to move off.

434
CONT
(1)

ROBERT
(calling softly)
Wait....

ANGLE FAVORING GLORIA

435

as she stops and turns slowly about to look at him.

ROBERT
(after a beat)
I'm sorry.

Gloria continues to stare at him a moment longer, then she turns again and moves o.s. CAMERA HOLDS on Robert staring after her.

INT. ROCKY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

436

Rocky is lying on the couch. A paper is tented over his face. The table radio is on, crackling a Commercial Jingle of the period. There is one small low light burning.

ANGLE ON DOOR

437

as Gloria steps through. She waits till Rocky looks up from the newspaper. Then she nudges the door. It swings closed but does not latch.

ON ROCKY

438

as he lets the newspaper slide off to the floor. Then he starts to rise slowly off the couch.

ON GLORIA

439

as she sees him move.

GLORIA
(viciously)
Don't touch me!!

REVISED

ON ROCKY

440

startled, but lying back slowly...staring up at her
...waiting.

ON GLORIA

441

slowly, precisely unbuttoning her blouse.

ON ROCKY

442

continuing to stare at her as we HEAR a RUSTLE of
clothing dropped to the floor. Her shadow falls
across him. He slowly stretches out one foot and
TAPS it against the office door, forcing it shut with
a SHARP CLICK. On the CLICK, Gloria drops swiftly to
her knees and reaches her hand towards the RADIO.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

This is fifty thousand watt,
clear channel KFI.

(Gong)

And now KFI's nightly weather
Reporter.

As Gloria's fingers fumble for the knob to turn it
off, Rocky's wristwatch-clad hand intrudes.
Struggles with hers...and slowly brings it back.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

(continuing)

Temperatures in Pomona, Oxnard,
Azusa and eastern sections of
the San Gabriel Valley generally
will approach freezing after mid-
night. Smudge pots are recommended
in...

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - ROBERT

443

standing alone near the bandstand. Other DANCERS
coming out of the rest areas. His expression
changes as he sees

GLORIA

443A

seeming to move toward him. He crosses to her, but she turns aside to JOEL who is standing idly in near b.g. She holds herself out to him in an invitation to dance.

GLORIA

I changed my mind.

JOEL is mildly surprised. He considers a moment... then smiles thinly and shrugs.

JOEL

Why not?

ROBERT is confused, bewildered, stunned -- he looks after her. GLORIA stares back at him, then nods off.

GLORIA

Your partner's waiting for you.

ROBERT'S POV - ALICE

443B

coming onto the floor.

FLASH FORWARD TO:

INT. PRISON VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY - ROBERT

444

Dressed in standard prison denims. He sits behind a plain table. In a plate glass divider in front of him we see the vague reflection of a man listening.

ROBERT

...she was leaning against the railing. She was completely relaxed -- completely comfortable. I didn't have a perfect view... but I could see enough of her face and lips to see that she was smiling...almost like she was happy...for the first time.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - ANGLE ON ROCKY

445

He stands at the mike -- one hand holding his stopwatch.

ROCKY

...four...three...two...ONE
THOUSAND HOURS!!!

The BAND does CELEBRATION NUMBER. CROWD CHEERS and APPLAUDS. Confetti streams down from the rafters onto:

THE DANCERS

446

overlapped by spotlights. They are fewer now, and much wearier. Eyes are red-rimmed and heavy lidded, faces puffy, legs and feet swollen.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Yowza!!! One thousand hours of continuous dancing! Forty-one days of grueling, grinding, gravity-defying gyrations! And there they still are. Twenty-one courageous couples still dancing. And how long before one of them, and just one, will survive to win the mammoth, monster marathon prize...? Another thousand hours?...Another two thousand hours? HOW LONG CAN THEY LAST?

ON ROCKY

447

ROCKY

HOW ABOUT IT, KIDS...? Let's show the Folks out there that you're all a long, long way from giving up yet.

(looks toward
BANDLEADER)

The BANDLEADER cues the musicians into "Pop Goes The Weasel."

PANNING THE DANCERS

448

as they pick up the pace -- but not much...and only for a moment.

MRS. LAYDON

449

in her regular box. She watches quietly for a moment, then she leans forward.

MRS. LAYDON

(calling)

Gloria....

ON JOEL AND GLORIA

449A

MRS. LAYDON'S VOICE

Gloria....

It is obvious that Gloria has heard her, but she merely stiffens slightly.

JOEL

Who's that?

GLORIA

No one.

ANGLE FAVORING ROBERT

450

looking off toward GLORIA. ALICE studies him coolly.

ALICE

Why don't you go back to her?

Robert starts, looks back sheepishly at Alice, and then shrugs.

ROBERT

I couldn't. She thinks you and I...

ALICE

(decisively)

That....never....happened.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE REST AREA - NIGHT - ROCKY

451

watching the contestants drag themselves toward the respective rest areas. He nods pleasantly to SEVERAL as they pass by.

ROCKY
(calling softly)
Gloria....!

ANGLE TO INCLUDE GLORIA

452

turning near the women's area to look back at ROCKY. He crosses to her.

GLORIA
Yeah...?

ROCKY
Haven't seen much of you lately.

GLORIA
Have you looked?

ROCKY
I've looked.

GLORIA
Good.

She turns and EXITS into the women's rest area.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY - ANGLE ON FOOD CART

453

surrounded by CONTESTANTS. They are eating slowly and as if by rote rather than desire.

ANGLE FAVORING ROBERT

454

Chewing slowly at a carrot stick, he sidles around the circle of other dancers to move up behind Gloria.

ROBERT
Gloria.

She turns to look at him over her shoulder. He
digs into his pocket and brings out a small bottle.

454
CONT'
(1)

ROBERT

(continuing)

They're vitamin pills, Mrs.
Laydon gave them to me for you.

She takes the pills. He smiles at her.

ROBERT

How are you? I mean, you all
right?

GLORIA

Sure I'm all right.

She offers nothing more. Finally, he smiles again.

ROBERT

I'm glad.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - PANNING DANCERS

455

as they plod endlessly on. MARIO is sleeping draped
over JACKIE's back, his wrists locked across her
chest. CECIL is teetering over onto DUSTY. SHIRL
is lugging badly, and SAILOR has to hitch her up
with almost every step.

SHIRL

I'm sorry...

SAILOR

You're gonna make it.

As they pass OUT OF FRAME, CAMERA MOVES IN on

JOEL AND GLORIA

456

moving slowly, silently. After an extended beat:

JOEL

You want to talk?

GLORIA

No.

Again a beat.

456
CONT'
(1)

JOEL
You want to sleep?

GLORIA
No.

JOEL
Want to move to the other side,
up by the band?

GLORIA
No.

JOEL
Well, what the hell do you want?

GLORIA
How about a couple of yachts and
a Pierce Arrow?

JOEL
Did anyone ever tell you that --

GLORIA
Yeah, they told me.

Long beat.

JOEL
How about switching back -- maybe
that's what you want to do?

GLORIA
What difference would it make?

JOEL
I thought the point was that you
wanted to be with me.

GLORIA
Did you?

He meets her stare for a minute, then shrugs and
looks away.

INT. BALLROOM - AFTERNOON - FULL SHOT ON DANCE
FLOOR

457

It's the solo period. It takes all the reserve
energy most of them still have just to stay erect.
CAMERA HOLDS on GLORIA.

MRS. LAYDON'S VOICE

Gloria...

She opens her eyes, but she does not turn.

457
CONT'D
(1)

ANGLE ON MRS. LAYDON

458

MRS. LAYDON

Gloria...

ON GLORIA

459

A beat...then she turns about to look toward Mrs. Laydon. Another beat...then she forces herself to move slowly toward Mrs. Laydon's box.

MED. SHOT - MRS. LAYDON AND GLORIA

460

Mrs. Laydon smiles warmly at her.

MRS. LAYDON (Cont.)

Do you want to tell me what happened? Do you want to talk about it?

GLORIA

No.

Gloria turns and moves off. CAMDRA HOLDS on Mrs. Laydon looking after her.

CLOSE ON ROBERT

461

watching Gloria "dance" away.

MOVING WITH JIGGS

462

as he skates around the corner of the bandstand to

ALICE

463

in the shadows at the edge of the floor.

JIGGS

Hey, come on! Get out in the center. That's what they're paying for -- so they can see you.

463
CONT'D
(1)

ALICE

No.

(beat)

No.

Jiggs hesitates a moment, then gives up and moves off.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - ANGLE ON SECTION OF AUDIENCE

464

twisting about to look toward

AN EXPENSIVELY DRESSED COUPLE

465

signing autographs as they move down an aisleway.

ON ROCKY

466

at mike.

ROCKY

It's celebrity time again, folks.
A welcome for Miss Madge Evans
and that rising young star, Mr.
Ross Alexander. Yowza!

AUDIENCE

467

continuing to peer while CLAPPING.

ROCKY'S VOICE

But every night is celebrity night
at the Mammoth Marathon.

ON JOEL AND GLORIA

467A

Joel is craning about to look, but Gloria is not.

GLORIA

I'm getting sick of all these introductions.

467A
CONT'
(1)

JOEL

It'd be different, though, if you were the one being introduced.

Either she ignores or does not pick up the sharp note of sarcasm in Joel's tone, and her response is uncharacteristically subdued and mild.

GLORIA

Yeah...I used to think that.

Joel cranes about and seems to peer searchingly across another part of the audience, while Gloria continues staring toward the celebrity couple, who are still signing autographs. Then, after a beat:

GLORIA

She looks like her kind of.

JOEL

Who...?

GLORIA

Like my aunt.

JOEL

Oh...

He turns his attention back to searching another part of the audience.

JOEL

You seen a sort of a short fellow anywhere? Kind of balding in front... horn-rim glasses, and pits like from acne. He said he was going to come. He's an assistant director, and he's supposed to go on a ten-day western at Monogram. He said maybe he could get me something in it... Maybe he was just stringing me -- the crum.

GLORIA

God, she was a bitch! I mean if there was a prize for bitches, she'd have won hands down. Christ, you should've heard her scream: 'You get that mangy mutt out of here! You ain't bringing no animals into my boarding house.' And I never brought him back there anyway. He just followed me is all. I wouldn't have kept him -- except she started screaming.

Joel trails off and looks back at Gloria. He puzzles at her, as if trying vaguely to pick up the threads of her story.

467A
CONT'D
(1)

GLORIA

I said I'd tell her husband she was screwing one of the boarders. She probably was, too. Only he was sick inside with something.

JOEL

Her husband....?

GLORIA

No.

JOEL

Oh...the boarder.

GLORIA

No, for Cris'sake -- the dog. And it kept gettin' worse, so he'd shake all the time and dirty himself all over and whine and cry all night. The stupid damn thing, it'd just keep whimpering and howling, and it wouldn't shut up. I mean, what the hell's God doing sitting around up there? What the hell good is He, if He can't even keep one lousy, sick dog from crying and waking up all her goddamned boarders?

(shrugs; then, after a beat, smiles)

So, you know what I did? After everybody was in bed, I carried it down to the parlor -- the dog. I fixed it a place on her best mohair sofa. Then I sneaked into the kitchen, and...

She trails off. Her faintly lingering smile vanishes completely. She shrugs.

GLORIA

What the hell... Forget it.

For an instant, Joel continues to stare at her with blank, weary ~~incomprehension~~...then he turns his attention again to searching through the faces in the audience.

INT. WOMEN'S REST AREA -- DAY -- ALICE

468

staring into a mirror...immobile...silent.

A NURSE

469

She moves among the cots, checking the women, all of whom are sleeping -- except for Gloria. She sits on the upper edge of her cot, her feet tucked up under her skirt and her head resting against the wall. She is smoking a cigarette.

NURSE

You should be sleeping.

GLORIA

I'd only wake up.

NURSE

You need anything? Something for your feet??

GLORIA

A saw, maybe.

NURSE

I mean anything the doctor can give you. Something to make you feel better.

GLORIA

What's he got?

NURSE
(shrugs)
Some aspirin.

469
CONT'
(1)

GLORIA
That's what I figured.

She turns her head again toward the wall. The SIREN sounds.

CORRIDOR FRONTING REST AREAS

470

Contestants stagger listlessly back toward the dance floor. Robert crosses along the corridor to where Gloria is standing alone.

MED. SHOT - ROBERT AND GLORIA

471

Silence for a moment, then Robert smiles at her and nods. She doesn't smile back.

GLORIA
Yeah....?

ROBERT
Nothing. I just... Nothing.

He nods again and moves o.s. CAMERA HOLDS on Gloria, as she continues to stand alone looking at the passing line of other dancers.

GLORIA'S POV - OTHER DANCERS

472

as the last of them move out of the corridor.

BACK ON GLORIA

473

She frowns slightly.

ROLLO

474

comes out of the Men's Rest Area. He seems preoccupied and annoyed. Gloria catches his arm.

GLORIA
You seen Joel?

474
CONT'D
(1)

ROLLO
(jerking thumb towards
Men's Room)
Yeah, I seen him all right. That's
a real sweetheart you picked this
time around. Just like that -- and
now I'm the one's got to tell Rocky.

GLORIA

475

moves rapidly towards the Men's Rest Area.

INT. MEN'S REST AREA - JOEL

476

packing the last of his things into his club-style
bag. He has shaved, slicked his hair back, changed
his ascot. Gloria comes INTO SCENE and pushes past
a Trainer to confront him.

JOEL
(smile and a wave)
Cheers.

GLORIA
Don't give me any of that song
and dance crap! What's going on?

JOEL
Exactly what appears to be going
on. I have shaved. I have changed.
And I am now packing.

GLORIA
For what!

JOEL
I have a job. Not much of a job,
but a job. Ten days in a Monogram
Epic to be entitled --

He clasps his bag, hoists it and starts to turn.
Gloria grabs his arm.

GLORIA
You bastard! You're not running
out on me!

JOEL

No....?

(pries her hand
away)

Just stand there and watch, kiddo.

He turns and EXITS.

476
CONT'I
(1)

CLOSE ON GLORIA

477

staring after him. CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN. MUSIC
and CROWD NOISES filter up slowly from b.g.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Will she make it....?

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON SIGN

478

It reads:

DAYS.....	47
HOURS ELAPSED.....	1144
COUPLES REMAINING....	14
SOLOS.....	1
HOW LONG CAN THEY LAST	

ROCKY'S VOICE

After over eleven hundred hours
of incredible endurance, there
she is -- alone, but still
fighting, still trusting, still
hoping: GLORIA BEATTY.

CAMERA PANS to show Rocky.

MED. LONG SHOT - GLORIA

479

A spotlight tracks her on the dance floor. She is
very much alone, and we sense something more than
simply physical isolation. Her eyes flicker over
the other couples, as if gauging each woman in
turn. And they, like wary prey, have instinctively
drawn away from her.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Seventeen hours -- that's all she has left. Will she find a new partner before those hours slip away? Will fortune reward her pluck and spirit?

479
CONT'
(1)

VERY CLOSE ON GLORIA

480

ROCKY'S VOICE

Will she make it...?

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S REST AREA - EARLY MORNING - GLORIA

481

pacing at the rear of the room, her sweater strung around her shoulders. She is the only one on her feet. She is keyed-up...hypertense...broodingly kinetic.

JACKIE

482

looks up at her.

JACKIE

I'm sorry.

GLORIA

Sure.

JACKIE

I mean it.

Gloria moves on past Shirl.

SHIRL

Gee, honey, I guess that's just the breaks is all.

GLORIA

Yeah.

She continues on.

RUBY

483

She meets Gloria's look straight on -- but with understanding rather than defiance.

RUBY.

I'm not going to quit, Gloria.
I'm not going to give up.

Gloria stares flatly at her a moment longer, then moves on and continues out of the rest area into:

INT. CORRIDOR FRONTING REST AREAS - GLORIA

484

alone. She leans against the wall. She digs into her sweater pocket for a cigarette, and finds that the pack is empty. She wads up the empty pack, tosses it on the floor, and starts pacing again.

INT. ROCKY'S OFFICE - ROCKY AND TURKEY

485

Rocky sits behind the desk, counting the night's take. On the desk top is a steel cash box, and beside it a snub-nosed .38 revolver.

ROCKY

How're the tabs?

TURKEY

(indicating receipts)

About the same -- food's down,
cleaning's up.

Rocky nods and turns back to the box on his desk. He is about to lock it with a key, when he REACTS to a shaft of light slicing into the office.

ANGLE TO REVEAL GLORIA

486

staring at him from the partially open doorway.

WIDER ANGLE

487

Rocky and Gloria stare at each other as if each is waiting for the other to speak first. Finally:

ROCKY

Yeah...?

487
CONT'
(1)

GLORIA

What happens if I don't get a partner?

ROCKY

You still got eleven, almost twelve hours left.

GLORIA

I can count. What happens?

ROCKY

You know the rules.

GLORIA

You could change them.

Rocky slowly shakes his head.

ROCKY

The crowd's got to have something they believe in. If they ever quit believing, they'd quit coming.
(shrugs)

Anything else... But not that.

Gloria stares at him a moment longer, then turns and EXITS back into the corridor. The SIREN sounds.

INT. MEN'S REST AREA

488

All the men have left...except for Sailor, who is still asleep. The First Trainer -- and behind him the Second Trainer -- come into scene. The First Trainer bends over Sailor, slaps his face lightly, shakes his shoulders. There is no response.

FIRST TRAINER

Dead one.

He unbuttons Sailor's pants. The Second Trainer then pulls Sailor's pants off, leaving him in undershorts and undershirt. One takes Sailor's legs, and the other catches him under the shoulders. They hoist him up, carry him over to the ice-water tank...and dump him in.

CLOSE ON SAILOR

489

splashing up out of the freezing water, eyes wide open and staring wildly.

SAILOR

JESSSSSUS!!!!

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - DOWN ANGLE ON ROLLO

490

counting over Shirl, who is collapsed in a limp, half-conscious exhaustion on the floor. Sailor huddles over her. Most of the other remaining contestants surround them in a ragged circle.

ROLLO

...three...four...

SAILOR

Don't! Give 'er a chance! She'll get up.

(tugging at her)

Shirl! Come on, Shirl!

WIDER ANGLE TO REVEAL GLORIA

491

standing alone and back from the scene.

ROCKY'S VOICE

She's trying! She's trying!
But can she make it back up?

CLOSE DOWN-SHOT ON SHIRL

492

She lies still huddled like a wounded thing that has finally been run to ground. Her eyes are glazed and thick-lidded, as she stares up toward Sailor and Rollo. Her lips move -- but no words form...no sound emerges.

SAILOR'S VOICE

...Try, Shirl... Try!

ROLLO'S VOICE

.....Eight.....Nine.....

NEW ANGLE ON SCENE

493

Shirl tries to cling feebly to Sailor's hands as Rollo's extended finger SLASHES INTO FRAME.

ROLLO

.....TEN!!

ANGLE WIDENS as the Doctor and one of the nurses push through and start helping Shirl up.

ROCKY

494

signals the band, which segues into "TILL WE MEET AGAIN."

ROCKY

MISS SHIRLEY CLAYTON. We're gonna miss you, Shirl. Isn't that right, folks?

THE AUDIENCE

495

claps ---- respectfully.

ON SHIRL

496

On her feet now, though still unsteady, and being helped off by the Doctor and Nurse. Tears have welled up in her puffy eyes. She stops...turns to look at the audience, and waves feebly.

ON ROCKY

497

waving back to Shirl.

ROCKY

So long, Shirl. But don't despair. Every heart in this room is with you. And that's what really counts.

(turns solemnly to audience)

It's hard on all of us, after we've lived all of these hours and days and weeks together, to see one of these wonderful, courageous kids

Cont.

REVISED

ROCKY (Cont.)

fall out, but...life still goes on...

(cues band)

AND SO DOES THE MARATHON!!

497
CONF
(1)

The band breaks into "I FOUND A MILLION DOLLAR BABY."

FULL SHOT - DANCE FLOOR

498

The remaining couples move back together...leaving Sailor and Gloria each standing alone. They look across the floor toward each other.

ANGLE FAVORING SAILOR AND GLORIA

499

as they move toward each other.

TIGHT TWO SHOT - SAILOR AND GLORIA

500

Sailor smiles wanly at her.

SAILOR.

I guess it's you'n me now, Gloria.

She puts one arm around his back.

GLORIA

(softly)

Yeah.

OVER SCENE we HEAR a SINGLE TRUMPET screeching out the RACING CALL.

REVERSE ANGLE - EXTREME CLOSEUP OF SAILOR AND GLORIA 501

heads bobbing, faces sweat-streaked and strained. As they MOVE INTO CAMERA and then BLUR PAST, we see SCENE is:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - FULL SHOT - DERBY 502

(Note: The contestants wear their normal clothes, not track suits.) Racing around the white oval line on the dance floor are the

remaining couples -- among them: MARIO AND JACKIE, JAMES AND RUBY, ROBERT AND ALICE, DUSTY AND CECIL, ARTHUR AND JEAN, TOMMY AND LILLIAN, SAILOR AND GLORIA...AND FOUR OTHER MISCELLANEOUS COUPLES.

502
CONT'
(1)

There is no precision left to their movements now. They stagger, stumble and cling to each other. Though each of them seems to exert the last fiber of energy, they are all moving slowly. In fact, they seem to race in a kind of painful, wrenching slow motion.

ROCCY'S VOICE

Three minutes left!... Three minutes of harrowing, heartbreaking hustle...

PANNING THE AUDIENCE

503

The bleachers are filled to capacity, and the spectators are more visually involved in this slow pain-wracked race than in the earlier derby.

PULL SHOT - DERBY

504

The couples blindly plodding ahead...hanging on to their partners.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Yowza!!... Almost 1500 hours of continuous dancing -- and yet they're still out there, each one of them fighting... struggling to stay in the race.

ON ROCKY

505

at the microphone.

ROCKY

But the last three contestants will lose. The last three will be eliminated!

MOVING WITH SAILOR AND GLORIA

506

Sailor is straining, puffing, wheezing. Gloria is slightly ahead of him. She grips his bandolier belt, and half pulls him along.

GLORIA
(through clenched
teeth)
We can make it.

SAILOR
Maybe -- but we sure ain't going
to win.

GLORIA
Just so we don't lose. I'm sick
of losing.

MOVING WITH JAMES AND RUBY

507

He has one arm cinched tightly about her waist, and she has looped her hand through the front of his bandolier belt. She leans on him for support and moves in rhythm with his steps, letting him take the brunt of her weight. Even so, the exertion shows in her face. He questions her with a look. She nods, and manages a thin smile.

ANGLE ON ROCKY

508

looking down from the clock.

ROCKY
Two minutes!... Two minutes left!
And remember, folks - if one falls
out, both are disqualified. They
must cross the finish line together.
That's the rule.
(looks)
Oh-oh! Looks like there could be a
spill at the turn!

ANGLE ON ALICE AND ROBERT

509

At one turn of the track, Alice's heel has turned under. Robert is trying to keep her from falling,

but she slips from his grasp and drops to the floor. Robert bends over Alice, and circles his hand around her waist -- tugging at her. As he is struggling to get her back to her feet, JIGGS SKATES INTO SCENE.

509
CONT'D
(1)

ROBERT

(to Jiggs)

She's getting up! You don't have to count, she's getting up!

JIGGS

Okay, okay.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SAILOR AND GLORIA

510

swinging around the turn just in front of Robert and Alice.

GLORIA

Get out of the way!!

She shoulders past Robert, while struggling to keep Sailor moving straight ahead.

MOVING ON WITH SAILOR AND GLORIA

511

Sailor is puffing harder now, gasping at each breath. His eyes are glassy, his face is grey and drained of color. His breath catches -- seems almost to stop. And then, as he desperately sucks in a gulp of air again, he utters A GRUNT OF PAIN.

GLORIA

What's wrong?!

SAILOR

My chest.

ROCKY'S VOICE

One minute!... One final furious minute left!!

GLORIA

You hear that, Sailor? You hear that? One minute! That's all we got left. All we got to do is get to the finish line now. Lean on me! That's right. Listen, Chief. Listen. We're gonna make it. I'll...

Cont.

GLORIA (Cont.)
(sucks in breath)
...count! 59...58...57...56.
Show me where it hurts. Your
chest? Is that where it hurts?

511
CONT
(1)

With her arm circled about him she presses against
the side of his chest.

GLORIA
40...39...38...
(squeezing his side)
That help? That feel better now?

Sailor is incapable of answering, but he tries to
nod.

ROCKY'S VOICE
It looks like our seafaring man and
our little hardluck lady are in deep
trouble!... They're slowing down!...
They're falling back!

CLOSE ON MRS. LAYDON

512

straining forward, her fingers laced together.

ON ROCKY

513

pointing the crowd's attention to Gloria and Sailor.

ROCCY
There's another couple moving
past them!... Can they make it?...
Can they make it?...

ON GLORIA AND SAILOR

514

She is keeping him up by sheer will now, forcing him
to move with her one step at a time.

GLORIA
The finish line is just up ahead.
Can you see it? -- Just a little
ways now. 28...27...26... Listen,
you salty old bastard, you can make
it. Where's the fight? Just a
little more, that's all. For God's
sake, just hang on a little more!
Just... 17...16...15...14...

Sailor -- wheezing, rasping desperately for each breath now -- starts to slip. Immediately Gloria hunches her body under him, and draws one of his arms across one of her shoulders. Now she clutches his entwined wrists in front of her. She carries all of his weight now, letting him half stumble along behind her.

514
CONT'
(1)

GLORIA

12...11... Damn it. Damn it,
don't stop now.

ANGLE FAVORING SAILOR

515

Suddenly his whole body wrenches in a shuddering spasm of pain. His eyes roll under. His legs sag. His body goes limp across Gloria's back.

ANGLE FAVORING GLORIA

516

She is aware of the paroxysm that has quivered through Sailor's flesh into her own. She desperately twists her head about to stare into his blank sightless face. But if she does see that he is passed beyond consciousness, she refuses to recognize that face.

GLORIA

(whispering: almost
crooning)

We're gonna make it, Sailor.
8...7... We're gonna make it now.

She looks ahead again towards the finish line.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE ROBERT AND ALICE

517

as they move past Sailor and Gloria. Robert twists to stare back at Gloria...and he goes on staring back at her -- even though he continues hypnotically moving on toward the finish line with Alice.

AUDIENCE

518

Violently excited.

INTERCUT - THE CLOCK

519

showing only seconds to go..

INTERCUT - DOCTOR

520

waiting near the finish line, his bag gripped in one hand. Near him are some of the Trainers and Nurses.

BACC ON SAILOR AND GLORIA

521

She continues on with him -- one step...another... another...

GLORIA

(whispering)

We're almost there now.

(shouting at Sailor)

WALK!! WALK!! WALK, GOD DAMN IT!

(whisper again)

Just a little... Just a little...

ANGLE ON ROBERT

522

staggering across the finish line with Alice -- then stopping and looking toward Gloria.

ANGLE ON ROCKY

523

His hand is poised in the air.

ROCKY

4...3...2...ONE!

He signals with a drop of his hand.

CLOSE ON CANNON

524

going off.

ANGLE FAVORING GLORIA

525

Staggering to a stop across the finish line, laughing, trembling, half sobbing all at once, Gloria squiggles around under Sailor's locked arms so that she can look at him.

EXTREME CLOSEUP OF SAILOR

526

His head lolling, his eyes open and staring. He looks dead. We can't be sure that he isn't.

CLOSE ON GLORIA

527

For an instant she stares in shock at the death mask that is now Sailor's face -- then she seems to reject what she sees.

GLORIA

We made it! We made it, you old fishbait.

(smiles)

You hear?

(starts shaking him)

You hear me?! You hear me? -- we made it.

(shakes harder;

SHOUTS)

WE MADE IT!!!

ON SAILOR

528

slipping from Gloria...sagging forward, collapsing -- but slowly, because his fall is cushioned first by Gloria and then by Robert. On his knees, at the end of his plunge, his hands flop out against Alice and seem to entangle themselves in the skirt of her dress.

ALICE

529

yanks at her dress, finally rips it free. Holding rigidly to herself, she begins to back away.

GLORIA

530

staring down incredulously at Sailor, then bending over him.

GLORIA

Sailor?... Sailor?...

FULL ON SCENE

531

Several of the Contestants and Marathon Personnel have edged around Sailor's body. Rollo fights for a vantage point on the periphery.

THE AUDIENCE

532

strains to see, unable to make out yet exactly what has happened. They buzz and whisper among themselves.

ON DOCTOR

533

pushing his way through the other Contestants to reach Sailor, but Gloria flares out at him -- trying to push him away.

GLORIA

Leave him alone!! He's all right!

The Doctor gestures to the Nurse, who pulls Gloria away.

GLORIA

(softly; not resisting the Nurse)

He's getting up. Why don't they leave him alone?

The Doctor quickly checks Sailor, then fumbles a hypodermic and a sterile bottle out of his bag. He starts to plunge the hypodermic needle into the bottle...misses the first try...then succeeds.

ON ROCKY

534

waving a reassuring hand to the audience.

ROCKY

Looks like our Ancient Mariner
may have taken a little spill.
But nothing to worry about. The
House Physician's with him. Just
routine.

(clamps hand over
mike; to Turkey)

Find out what the hell's going on.

(back to mike)

How about a little hand for our
Sailorman? Let's show him we
appreciate the kind of determination
he showed us out there.

He starts the clapping.

CLOSE ANGLE ON DOCTOR AND SAILOR

as the Doctor injects the hypo of adrenalin into
Sailor. A beat...then Sailor's body moves slightly.

ON ROCKY AND TURKEY

Rocky is leaning over the stand toward Turkey.

ROCKY

Tell 'em to get him out of here.
The back way.

As Turkey moves off, Rocky turns back to the mike.
He smiles.

ROCKY (Cont.)

I've just had a message from our
House Physician -- a little touch
of heat prostration. Nothing in
the least serious. I understand
that Harry, crusty old salt that
he is, wants to stay on in the
Marathon. But...the Doc says No.
And when it comes to something
like this, the Doctor's word is
law.

534
CONT'
(1)

535

535A

GLORIA WATCHING THE TRAINERS

536

lifting the still unconscious, now blanket-covered Sailor on a stretcher and starting to move off with him through the parting onlookers.

ROCKY'S VOICE

So long, Sailor...but we know you'll be back to see us and to cheer the other kids on.

The band starts PLAYING "TILL WE MEET AGAIN."

ROBERT

537

staring at Sailor as he edges along behind the stretcher.

MOVING WITH STRETCHER

538

until it rounds a shadowed corner at the rear of the ballroom and passes.

ALICE

539

standing completely alone, drawn in upon herself. As she watches Sailor move past, she begins wiping compulsively at the portion of her skirt where Sailor's hands had momentarily caught. CAMERA MOVES IN on her. Suddenly she stops. She stares down at her hands, at her dress. For a long instant, she remains rigid, silent, stock-still...then abruptly she turns and begins running o.s., as the SIREN begins to SOUND.

ANGLE ON ROBERT AND GLORIA

540

standing silently, as the SIREN CONTINUES OVER SCENE. Some of the other contestants push past them toward the rest areas. After a moment, they turn and start off with the others toward the rest areas.

INT. WOMEN'S SHOWER STALL - NIGHT - CLOSE ON ALICE'S HAND

541

turning on a shower faucet. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO HOLD for a beat on her face, then continues back to see

that she is FULLY CLOTHED. Her lips move as if in a remembered litany, and the harsh stream of water drenches over her hair, splatters off her upturned face and soaks her faded gown. She takes the soap and methodically and slowly begins to wash her face, her arms...her gown.

541
CONT'
(1)

REVERSE ANGLE

542

as several of the women begin to come in to use the toilet or wash. One by one they stop...stand still...stare as a hush comes over the entire women's rest area. The Matron starts forward to turn off the shower but Alice's hand darts forward and covers it. Alice looks as though she could be dangerous as she stares in defiance at the Matron, who turns on her heel and exits.

BACK TO THE WOMEN

543

Ruby averts her eyes. The rest stare silently.

ON ALICE

544

continuing to wash. Carefully...thoroughly. The dress begins to come apart slowly and pieces of it fall to the floor of the shower stall.

ANGLE TO REVEAL ROCKY

545

ENTERING the shower area with the Matron. He pushes his way through the women, moving them aside until he sees Alice -- alone, cowering in the stream of water, clinging to shreds and pieces of her gown.

ROCKY

(to women, quietly)

Go on.

(when they edge back,
but too slowly, he
SHOUTS)

Go on, I said! Get the hell out
of here!

The Matron and the other women scatter off, EXITING
SCENE.

MED. SHOT - ROCKY AND ALICE

546

He stands just inside the stall. For a long moment, he looks at her...then he holds his hands out to her. She is silent. Her eyes flicker warily.

ROCKY (Cont.)

(gently)

You can come out now. No one's going to hurt you. Don't you want to come out now? You might catch cold in there. You don't want to do that, do you?... Please.

He takes a step toward her. She tenses, draws back. He steps.

ROCKY (Cont.)

I only want to help you. I want to turn off the water. That's all. You see?

(extends hand)

I'm just going to turn the handle, that's all.

Slowly...steadily he moves his hand toward the faucet handle. She watches...watches -- then thrusts out her own hand and clamps it over the faucet handle before he can reach it. He draws back.

ROCKY

That's all right. I won't turn it off, if you don't want.

He edges closer to her. His clothes now are soaked and dripping. Water splatters across his arms and back. As they look at each other the stream of water becomes for them both a barrier and something they share.

Finally:

ROCKY

Tell me. Whatever it is, you can tell me.

ALICE

(after a beat)

He touched me.

ROCKY

Who...?

ALICE

He touched me.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MATRON

547

edging around the corner of the shower stall to peer toward Alice. Behind her is a small cluster of the others.

ROCKY

(turns; glares)

Get the hell away!!

They quickly move back o.s.

ROCKY AND ALICE

548

as he turns back to her.

ALICE

Is he dead?

ROCKY

Sailor? You mean Sailor? No, you got my personal word, he's going to be fine.

She nods slowly as if trying to understand. Rocky touches her hand...waits...then his hand gently moves to her arm, enfolds it. He starts slowly to draw her to him, and she seems on the point of surrender...when the SIREN BEGINS BLARING.

ANGLE FAVORING ALICE

549

SCREAMING -- though the sound of her voice is completely smothered by the SIREN. She clings to Rocky's arm -- unaware that with his free hand he has reached across her and turned off the shower. The SIREN STOPS. For just an instant, ALICE'S SCREAMS are heard, echoing in the narrow stall. Then she stops abruptly. Her mouth is still open. She stares closely into Rocky's face. Then:

ALICE

. Someone was screaming.

ROCKY

That was you, Alice.

ALICE

Alice...?....Alice...? That's not my name. Don't call me that.

ROCKY

Sure...

(starting to lead
her out)What do you want me to call you?
What's your real name?She stops...peers at him as he is wrapping a dirty
blanket around her shoulders.

CLOSE ON ALICE

ALICE

(a long beat)

I don't know.

INT. CORRIDOR, FRONTING REST AREAS - ROBERT AND
GLORIAstanding near each other. They are alone in the
corridor, but they are staring off in the direction
of FOOTSTEPS at:

ALICE

a tiny figure huddled in the dirty blanket, being
led off by Rocky...

BACK ON ROBERT AND GLORIA

They continue to look off. Silence -- except for
the diminishing ECHO OF FOOTSTEPS, then the SOUND
of a door opening and swinging shut.

Then silence again.

GLORIA

Well, at least she's out of it.

ROBERT

(agreeing)

Yeah.

549
CONT'D
(1)

550

551

552

553

ANOTHER ANGLE ON ROBERT AND GLORIA

554

Robert turns to her. She still looks off after Alice.

GLORIA

(quietly)
I'm too tired to go on any more
...but I can't make myself quit.
Like I'm afraid.

ROBERT

I know what you mean. I know
just what you mean.

GLORIA

Do you...?
(then)
Yeah.

A long beat as they look at each other. Then she
takes his arm. They turn AWAY FROM CAMERA.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - VERY CLOSE ON ROCKY

555

at the mike.

ROCKY

Boy meets girl...boy loses girl...
boy...gets girl. Yowza! That's
the story of our Sweetheart Couple:
(points off)

ANGLE ON ROBERT AND GLORIA

556

as spotlights sweep in on them.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Gloria Beatty and Robert Syverson!!!!

CLOSE ON MRS. LAYDON

557

beaming.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Now, I'm no Hollywood scenario
writer, but I can guess what the
end of this little story should be.

ANGLE FAVORING GLORIA

558

looking past Robert's shoulder and away from the bandstand.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Right, Robert?... Right, Gloria?...

GLORIA

Wrong.

FLASH FORWARD TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - ROBERT

559

sitting in the witness chair. He wears a double-breasted blue serge suit. His hair is neatly combed and he has shaved closely.

ROBERT

No, sir, I do remember. I remember everything about it -- almost every word. I was the only one. There wasn't anyone else she could turn to... I couldn't have just left her there alone like that. I had to help her.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON ROCKY

560

A sustained drum roll behind him. The spotlight on his face.

ROCKY

The doctor's decision is:

(a long beat)

Lillian Cramer stays in the Marathon!!!

(leads applause)

ANGLE ON DANCE FLOOR - LILLIAN AND TOMMY

561

surrounded by the doctor and trainers. The trainers hold cold compresses against Lillian's forehead.

ROCKY'S VOICE

The Doctor assures me that Lillian just has a slight sinus headache...

ANGLE FAVORING GLORIA AND ROBERT

562

They are looking casually toward Lillian.

GLORIA

Headache!!!!... For all that
quack knows, it could be a brain
tumor.

ROBERT

No. I mean, I don't think so.

She turns a puzzled glance towards him.

ROBERT

I'm not sure exactly, but I think
maybe it's different with a brain
tumor. Different symptoms.

GLORIA

Yeah...? How do you know?

ROBERT

I saw it in a movie. With Anita
Louise and Richard Cromwell.
That's what she died of, Anita
Louise — a brain tumor, but it
was different. Everything just
got dim for her one day, and
finally she couldn't see at all.
She couldn't even see Richard
Cromwell when she kissed him
goodbye.

GLORIA

Yeah, and then she just died?

ROBERT

Kind of. She just drifted off
listening to their favorite song,
and then she was dead.

GLORIA

(mulling it over)

No pain or anything...

(shrugs)

But they probably lied.

INT. MEN'S REST AREA - EARLY MORNING - ON ROBERT

563

sitting on an upended box. His head is resting in the bowl of a sink. The cold-water tap is turned on full, and the water splatters across the side of his face. His eyes are closed. He is asleep. The SIREN sounds over scene,

A beat...and then the younger TRAINER COMES INTO SCENE -- poking his head around the corner of the shower area.

YOUNG TRAINER

Hey, sixty-seven! Come on. The period's over.

Robert shows no sign of responding. He crosses to the sink. He shakes Robert, then turns off the water and raises Robert's head. Robert opens his eyes now and peers blearily at the Trainer.

YOUNG TRAINER

You all right now?

(slaps him)

You all right?

CLOSE ON ROBERT

564

He nods...then, slowly, a wide, blissful, and rather silly grin spreads across his face.

ROBERT

I'm fine. I'm just fine.

INT. BALLROOM - EARLY MORNING - ON ROBERT AND GLORIA

565

Robert talks rapidly and excitedly. He seems euphoric and giddy. Gloria is puzzling at him with weary detachment.

ROBERT

I'll remember! Wait a minute, wait a minute. I'll remember it! ...Lennie! That was his name.

(giggles)

Leonard Cormack. He was kind of a fat kid -- and short. He's the one I went with -- Lennie Cormack.

GLORIA

Yeah...?

565
CONT.
(1)

ROBERT

It was after summer, maybe like October... But you know how it is there in Chicago, the way it gets so hot sometimes, so it feels like the sky is burning right through your clothes. And everything sticks to you, and you can hardly breathe. So what happened, we got halfway to school, and all of a sudden we heard a whistle from one of the coal barges on the lake.

(imitating: loudly)

Hhuweeeeee!!! Hhuweeeeee!! Hhuweeeeee!!!!

(lowers tone)

Like that, and right then both of us decided to ditch school, and we turned around and lit off for the lake.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE ROLLO

566

skating quickly up to them.

ROLLO

(semi-whisper)

Hey, hey! What's all the shouting about?

He peers closely at Robert, then looks aside confidentially to Gloria.

ROLLO

What's wrong with him? -- he starting to squirrel?

Gloria gives an indifferent half shrug in answer... and Rollo looks again toward Robert.

ROLLO

You okay, kid?

ROBERT

I'm fine.

(silly grin)

I'm absolutely fine.

ROLLO

Yeah?... You know who I am?

ROBERT

Sure. You are the head floor
judge. You are Rollo Peters.
And this is —

566
CONT'
(1)

ROLLO

Yeah, okay, but keep it down, huh?
(to Gloria)
I think you'd better watch him.
(exits scene)

Robert looks after Rollo for a moment. When he
turns back, all of his giddiness seems to have
evaporated. His expression is crestfallen and
hurt.

ROBERT

I guess he doesn't want me to
talk any more.

GLORIA

He's nobody, he can't tell you
what to do.

ROBERT

I guess I should be quiet.

ANGLE FAVORING ROBERT

567

For a long moment he is sober, solemn, silent.
Then again the wide, silly grin — and then soft,
happy laughter.

ROBERT

It felt so...so good, I mean
coming out of the lake with water
still in drops all over your body,
and then falling down in the sand
...and rolling over and just looking
up at the sky. It felt so good...
But then a truant officer saw us and
we ran... But —
(puzzles)

What did I say his name was?

GLORIA

Who? Oh — I don't know. Lennie.

ROBERT

That's it! Leonard Cormack. He was
kind of a fat kid and short.

GLORIA

You said.

567
CONT
(1)

ROBERT

(accelerating)

So he couldn't run as fast as me. And finally he fell down: But I kept running and running and running. I didn't stop until I was way, way away from the lake. But I didn't have any money, so I snatched a ride in the back of an ice wagon. And you know what the guy did? He let me ride right up front with him. He even let me hold the reins. And when we stopped he let me feed sugar to his horse. He licked my hand for more sugar, the horse. And I remember I said to him, just like he could understand, "I don't have any more." And he looked at me and looked at me just as if I could...

He breaks off abruptly — and his euphoric mood slips almost tangibly away, as he becomes lost in another and different memory.

ROBERT

(quietly)

But I couldn't do anything. It was just lying there in the grass where it fell. And it couldn't move at all — except for its head just a little. It could only raise its head just a little bit and it kept looking up at me and looking up at me, as if there was something I could do. But there wasn't anything.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - ROBERT

568

A long beat.

ROBERT

There wasn't anything I could do at all.

INT. BALLROOM - EARLY EVENING - PANNING DANCERS

569

as they plod endlessly on. Arthur is sleeping draped over Jean's back, his wrists locked across her chest. Cecil is teetering over onto Dusty, but each time he sways against her she gives him a shoulder and props him back up. Tommy and Lillian stagger sideways. They slide a step...drag their feet together.

JAMES AND RUBY

570

swaying together, each with his arms around the other's neck. After a moment, James reacts slightly and pulls back to smile down at Ruby.

JAMES

I felt it. I sure enough did.
I felt it kick me a good one.

RUBY

(reassuring)

That's just normal.

JAMES

I ain't sayin' different. We used to have an old vet. Drunk half the time and shook something fierce with the palsy -- but he knew whelpin'. If they don't fight some to get out, they ain't worth keepin', that's what he'd say.

RUBY

(smiles)

Well...he is fightin'.

CAMERA MOVES PAST them to FOLLOW:

ROBERT AND GLORIA

571

Gloria is sleeping on Robert's shoulder, her face pressed lightly against his shirt. He moves slowly with her, exerting himself at every step to keep her from slipping. He glances down at her partially upturned face.

VERY CLOSE ON GLORIA

572

Sleeping, her expression is relaxed, soft -- almost vulnerable. Perhaps she is dreaming. More likely, she is simply existing for this moment in a kind of numb, unconscious peace. One stray lock of hair has fallen across her forehead, and it somehow makes her seem even that much younger.

FAVORING ROBERT

573

Very lightly he blows at the lock of hair across Gloria's forehead. She stirs slightly, and -- very softly, almost inaudibly -- cries out.

ROBERT

(whisper)

Gloria...?

Still sleeping she turns her face slowly across his chest until she is resting on the other cheek...and then she drifts back into some deeper retreat from memory.

WIDER ANGLE - FAVORING ROBERT

574

As he continues slowly plodding across the floor with Gloria, he stares off idly, wearily toward the bandstand...the rafters...the windows...the audience...until:

REACTION - ROBERT

575

peering off intently...squinting slightly as if to make certain of what he sees.

ROBERT

(essentially to himself)

She's not there.

TWO SHOT - ROBERT AND GLORIA

576

Gloria has dimly heard him, and looks up fuzzily at him now.

GLORIA
What?

576
CONT.
(1)

ROBERT
Mrs. Laydon -- she's not there.

GLORIA'S POV - MRS. LAYDON'S SEAT

577

Empty.

BACK TO GLORIA

578

She continues to stare off for a moment, then:

GLORIA
(flat, simple)
She's dead.

FLASH FORWARD TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - ROBERT

579

Still dressed in his blue serge suit (though with a different shirt and tie), he stands -- seeming somewhat awkward and uncertain -- beside the defense table.

JUDGE'S VOICE
Does the prisoner wish to make
a statement to the court before
sentence is passed?

A long, strained pause as Robert seems to be thinking desperately of what more he can say. Finally he looks up and shakes his head.

ROBERT
No,...No, sir.

INT. BALLROOM - EVENING - TRUCKING FAST WITH JIGGS

580

as he skates past and around dancers.

JACKIE'S VOICE
(howling)
He's killing me!!! He's killing
me! Stop 'im! Somebody stop 'im!!

TO INCLUDE MARIO AND JACKIE

581

He is shouting muttered threats and curses while alternately hitting and choking her. (NOTE: Given his weary, half-conscious state, his blows are utterly ineffectual.) Jackie is on her knees, shielding her face with one arm, while hammering and clawing at Mario's legs with the other. Jiggs is joined by Rollo from the other side, and together they struggle to part Mario and Jackie.

MARIO	ROLLO	JACKIE
It was my turn to sleep, not hers!	Shut up!... Both of you.	Get 'im away from me! Get 'im away!

THE AUDIENCE

582

drinking it all in.

	ROCKY'S VOICE
She's down!	The girl from Couple 34 is down.

THE DANCERS

583

some of them sleeping, the others only vaguely and disinterestedly aware of the fight.

	ROCKY'S VOICE
The floor Judges will rule. They have final jurisdiction.	

ON JIGGS IN P.G.

584

BLOWING his whistle. Just behind him, Jackie -- all the fight out of her now -- has collapsed. Mario stands over her. Tears are rolling down his cheeks. All his anger has evaporated. The Doctor and Nurses are crowding INTO SCENE,

MARIO	JACKIE	DOCTOR
I'm sorry.	It doesn't matter anymore.	Let me through.

	ROLLO
(to Mario)	
Watch out! Let the Doc take care of her.	

MARIO

No! I'll take care of her,
(helping her up)
Come on, Jackie.

584
CONT'
(I)

ROLLO

You go with her, you're out
too.

MARIO

.It don't matter.

Not letting the Doctor or Nurses near Jackie,
Mario starts hobblingly leading her off the floor.
From o.s. the band begins "Till We Meet Again."

ON ROCKY

ROCKY

You've seen a little slice of
life, folks. A moment of
intense drama -- right here
on the Marathon floor. You've
seen love and loyalty overcome
pain and despair.

585

ON ROBERT AND GLORIA

watching Mario and Jackie leave the floor.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Goodbye, Mario... Goodbye, Jackie.
I don't know what's waiting for
you beyond these doors...

GLORIA

I do.

ROCKY'S VOICE

...But I wish it to be peace and
plenty, hope and happiness.

586

ANGLE FAVORING GLORIA

GLORIA

Nothing -- that's what's waiting.

587

FLASH FORWARD:

INT. PRISON - DAY - DOWN ANGLE ON ROBERT

588

as he climbs up narrow scaffold steps. He wears a white collarless shirt. His hands are tied behind his back. Behind him we hear other footsteps...and a chaplain's voice droning the Lord's Prayer in semi-whisper.

INT. ROCKY'S OFFICE - NIGHT - ON DOOR

589

It opens abruptly to reveal:

ROBERT AND GLORIA

590

Behind them in the corridor is Rollo, who has escorted them to the door. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Rocky.

ROCKY

Come on in, kids. Come on.

When they stagger wearily into the office, Rocky waves Rollo off and then closes the door again.

ROCKY

Sit down, kids. Just rest -- like usual.

After Robert and Gloria collapse on the sofa, Rocky sits down behind his desk -- the top of which is covered with his ledgers, account books, receipts, etc.

ROCKY

(after a beat)

I had a little notion, kids. Something could help the show, and benefit all of us. --And it in particular could benefit you two. And at the same time give the crowd something to get worked up about.

GLORIA

Whatta you going to do -- lock us up in cages and let them throw peanuts to us?

ROCKY

All kidding aside.

GLORIA
Who's kidding?

590
CONT'
(1)

ROCKY
(ignoring this)
The thing I want, is I want you
two kids to get married. Right
here. Right on the dance floor --
a public wedding. I mean -- you
get divorced right after the
show...if you want. What do you
say to that, Robert?

ROBERT
Well, I don't know... I guess if --

GLORIA
He says No.

ROCKY
Does she do all the talking for
you, Robert?

GLORIA
That's right.

ROCKY
(considers; then
to Robert)
Maybe it would be better if just
her and me discussed it. Okay,
Robert?

ROBERT
Sure, I guess.

Rocky crosses to the door and opens it for Robert.

ROCKY
Coupla minutes, that's all.
(holding Robert
in door)
But the idea is okay with you,
Robert -- that's what you said,
right?

ROBERT
No, sir, I didn't say that
exactly. All I said was...

ROCKY
Same thing.

-- ANOTHER ANGLE

591

as Rocky closes the door behind Robert, then turns back to face Gloria. For an instant, he seems on the verge of moving close to her. Gloria is aware of his shift in attitude. She studies him sardonically. He skirts around her back to his desk.

ROCKY

What's the problem? You afraid of gettin' married...?

GLORIA

Why the hell should I be afraid?

ROCKY

That's exactly what I mean. What's gettin' married -- a coupla words and a piece of paper, that's all.

GLORIA

Then why don't you fix it for me to get married to Gary Cooper or some big-shot producer or director, if that's all it takes?

ROCKY

You don't get the angle. There's something in it for you, you know. Some new clothes. Maybe a bridal gown. And plenty of free gifts -- toasters, waffle irons, silverware, that kind of stuff.

GLORIA

What am I supposed to do with crap like that?

ROCKY

Sell it...hock it.
(flaring)

Look, for Chris'sakes, I'm trying to help you a little. I mean, maybe you clear a hundred, even two hundred bucks. That's something, isn't it? But suit yourself. You want to come out of this whole thing with nothing, that's up to you.

GLORIA

Yeah, and what if just maybe we win?

ROCKY

Okay, you win, that's a little extra.

591
CONT'D
(1)

GLORIA

What do you mean "a little"!!!

ROCKY

What the hell you think I'm running here -- a charity?

(points desk)

I got bills stacked up. Every day. This marathon don't run itself, you know. Not with what you kids are costing me. It's all right there.

ANGLE FAVORING GLORIA

592

She shuffles among the papers on his desk, sees her name on one, then pulls it out.

GLORIA

What the hell is this?

ROCKY

It's the tabs on you and Robert.

ANGLE ON GLORIA

593

as she runs a finger down one of two ledger columns on the paper, until she reaches the subtotal. Finally she looks up at Rocky with a shocked, numbed expression.

GLORIA

Three hundred and forty-seven dollars and ninety-two cents...?
...you're charging me that?
\$347.92?

ROCKY

(flaring)

What the hell do you think it cost me for those track suits? -- and new shoes -- all the extra meals? -- your laundry bills -- newspapers, magazines? -- I mean, it all adds up -- there it is!

Cont.

ROCKY (Cont.)

(a beat; then more
quietly)

Of course, you don't win you don't
pay. I'm not out to cheat nobody.

593
CONT'D
(1)

Gloria begins laughing -- very softly at first...
but then louder and louder and more violently till
her laughter nears a kind of hysteria.

ANGLE TO REVEAL ROBERT

594

as he pushes open the office door. He stands framed
in the open doorway watching.

GLORIA

Oh God, oh Christ, oh Jesus!...
Oh God, oh God, that's funny!...
It's all for nothing! Nothing.
Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.

She starts laughing again -- the SIREN WAILS. When
the siren stops, the room is still. Rocky stares
at her in confused uncertainty. Gloria, for a
moment, is absolutely silent...absolutely rigid...
Then abruptly she turns and moves past Robert, in
the doorway. He hesitates, then follows her into:

INT. CORRIDOR FRONTING REST AREAS - CONTESTANTS

595

slowly dragging themselves back toward the floor.
Gloria pushes her way in front of them, grabbing
desperately at one of them after another...trying
to stop them...trying to turn them back.

She clings for a moment to:

LILLIAN

596

who looks back numbly, ~~uncomprehendingly~~ at her.

GLORIA

Lillian! There's no prize!
There's no point!... You can't
win. No one can win!

Lillian pulls free, and Gloria tries to stop Cecil.
But he pushes past her. She reaches out at Dusty...
and then at:

ARTHUR AND JEAN

597

GLORIA

Don't you understand...? Don't
you hear what I'm telling you?!
There's nothing, nothing!
(whirls, points)
Ask him!!

ANGLE TO INCLUDE ROCKY

598

standing in the doorway of his office. He seems
detached, even slightly bemused.

GLORIA'S VOICE

Ask Rocky!!! Make him tell you!...

ANGLE PAST ROBERT

599

as he watches Gloria turn back toward the last of
the contestants.

GLORIA

Please? Please! Listen to me!!
For God's sake, listen to me! You
don't have to keep going on and on
and on. There's no point. There's
no reason.

One after another they have skirted away from her...
pushed her aside...pulled free of her grasp -- and
continued on at their mechanical shuffling pace
towards the dance floor.

ANGLE BEHIND GLORIA

600

as she looks after the last of the contestants.

GLORIA

(shouting)
You idiots!
(then whispering)
You stupid, silly idiots.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE ROBERT

601

as he moves wearily to Gloria and puts his arm about her, as if to restrain her from following them.

ROBERT

(quietly)

They're not going to quit.

MED. SHOT - ROBERT AND GLORIA

602

alone now in the shadowed corridor. From the dance floor o.s. we hear -- in perspective -- the music, the dancers, the crowd, and later the drone of Rocky's voice.

A long moment, then Gloria turns and starts into the Women's Rest Area.

ON ROBERT

603

staring uncertainly after her for a beat, then following her. He stops in the doorway to:

INT. WOMEN'S REST AREA - NIGHT - GLORIA

604

The room is empty, shadowed, silent. It is littered with sweaty, stained clothing. Dirty towels are strewn about the cots, the floor, the basins. For a moment, Gloria stands absolutely still in the center of the room, as if suddenly uncertain of why she is there or what she meant to do. Then, abruptly, she turns and crosses toward the lockers. She knocks some suitcases aside until she finds her own cheap cardboard case. She sets it on a bench, and flips the top open. Inside the case are a few of her meager possessions: rollers, rouge, stockings, walking pumps. Hanging on the locker front are some dresses and coats, and strewn over a rope line strung between the lockers are bras, slips, silk stockings, etc. She shoves through the dresses, knocking and flinging the others aside, until she finds hers. She pulls it down and, without bothering to fold it, tosses it into her open case. Then she turns to the things draped over the rope line, and as ruthlessly as before she brushes aside the other women's things to pick out her own. She grabs a frayed bra, a pair of step-ins, and a slip with one strap fastened by a

safety pin. She wads them together and drops them into the case. She then sorts brusquely through a line of dangling stockings -- some mesh, some cotton lisle, some silk -- until she finds one of hers.

604
CONT'
(1)

GLORIA
(frowning; annoyed)
Where the hell's the other one?!

TO INCLUDE ROBERT

605

He has crossed into the room, and now moves to stand behind her. He watches as she starts pawing among the stockings hanging over the line. She interrupts her search to glare at him.

GLORIA
Well, what the hell're you just standing there for?! Help me.

He starts probing among the stockings with her, then stops and turns a confused glance toward her.

ROBERT
What's it look like exactly?

GLORIA
(holding up other stocking)
Like this. What the hell you think it'd look like, a necktie?

Robert nods, and turns back to the search.

GLORIA
I'll tell you one thing, I'm not leaving this goddamned stink hole without it. That's the last pair I got, and I cut out streetcars for a month to buy them.

Robert holds up one stocking by the toe, looping it out from the rope line for her to see.

GLORIA
No, for Chris'sakes -- it's silk.

They continue rummaging, pawing, sorting...until:

ROBERT
(holds out stocking)
I found it!
(happily)
Look! Here it is.
(then suddenly doubtful)
Isn't it...?

605
CONT'
(1)

Gloria peers critically at the stocking, then nods.

GLORIA
Yeah, that's it.

Robert smiles with relief -- and starts to pull the stocking off the line. But as he does, it catches. The top snags, and a run cascades down the length of the stocking.

ANGLE FAVORING ROBERT

606

holding the ruined stocking.

ROBERT
Oh, Jesus, I'm sorry. I just --
I'm sorry.

ANGLE FAVORING GLORIA

607

A beat, as she stares at the torn stocking still dangling limply in his hand. Then she reaches out and takes it from him. She stands quietly looking at the ruined stocking, until slowly, soundlessly, she begins crying.

ROBERT
(after a moment of
awkward uncertainty)
Don't...
(reaches out ten-
tatively)
Maybe you can fix it or something.
~~See it~~ up sort of... Gloria?...
Let me see it. Maybe --

He reaches out as if to take the torn stocking, but she snatches it away from him.

ROBERT

(fumbles change
from pocket)

Look, I still got...
(counts)

...seventy-six cents left.
Maybe I can --

GLORIA

Oh, shut up!
(then)

It's not the goddamned stocking
anyway...

(then)
What the hell difference does
it make? Forget it.

A beat. She looks at the torn, wadded silk stock-
ing in her hand...uncrumples it...carefully, pre-
cisely, folds it.

GLORIA

Maybe you're right. Maybe I
can get it sewed up somewhere.

A beat. Then she just shakes her head and drops the
folded stocking into a trash box.

EXT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - ANGLE ON DOOR

608

opening to reveal Robert and Gloria. Behind them
we see the Marathon. The band is playing, the
contestants are still trudging around the dance
floor. Gloria is wearing her coat and carrying
her cardboard case. Robert is still wearing his
Johnathan's Iron Tonic sweatshirt. They let the
door close behind them and then cross out onto the
pier.

EXT. PIER - ROBERT AND GLORIA

609

They wait until an elderly woman with a homemade
fishing pole passes in front of them, then they
cross to the railing. Beyond a pool of light under
a lamp post is a NECKING COUPLE. The couple glance
toward Robert and Gloria and then pull back into the
darkness and move further down the pier and finally
o.s.

TWO SHOT - ROBERT AND GLORIA

610

standing over the railing. Robert is looking toward the ocean.

ROBERT

It used to be I loved to look at the ocean. Walk by it. Just sit and listen to it. Now I don't care if I ever see it again.

GLORIA

That...or anything else.

Robert turns toward her.

ROBERT

What are you going to do now -- try the movies again?

GLORIA

No. I'd never make it. And maybe it wouldn't make no difference even if I did. Maybe it's just the whole damn world's like one big Central Casting -- and they got it all rigged before you ever show up.

ROBERT

I know what you mean. I know just what you mean.

GLORIA

Yeah...? Do you?

ROBERT

What are you going to do?

GLORIA

I'm going to get off this merry-go-round. I'm through with the whole stinking thing.

ROBERT

What thing?

GLORIA

Life -- and don't give me no sunshine lectures. Okay?

ROBERT

I wasn't going to.

GLORIA

(then)

What are you looking at me that way for?

610
CONT'D
(1)

ROBERT

I'm not. It's so dark I'm just trying to see you, that's all.

GLORIA

Well, keep looking and stick around for the end.

ANGLE FAVORING GLORIA

611

She fumbles in her purse for a moment and then draws out a snub-nosed .38 revolver. Gloria closes her eyes and raises the pistol slightly... She wraps both hands about the handle of the pistol. Robert watches her quietly -- not saying anything...not moving to stop her.

A long beat of silence...and then Gloria opens her eyes and lowers the pistol. She turns slowly and looks into Robert's eyes.

GLORIA

Help me.

ROBERT

How?

GLORIA

You do it.

ROBERT

Shoot you....?

GLORIA

Please. I...

(thrusting the pistol
on him)

Do it. Please, Robert. Please,
please.

Robert looks down at the pistol now resting in his hand. A long beat...then slowly he closes his hand about the pistol.

ROBERT

All right.

(long beat)

Tell me when.

GLORIA

(beat)
I'm ready.

611
CONT'
(1)

ROBERT

(beat)
Where?

GLORIA

(beat)
Right here. In the side of my
head.

She turns her face slightly away from him and looks
off.

ROBERT

Now?

GLORIA

Now.

Robert raises the barrel of the gun toward her
temple.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - REVOLVER

612

FIRING.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - GLORIA

613

as the bullet thuds into her temple. Her eyes are
still open. She still seems to be staring off.

ANGLE ON ROBERT

614

watching Gloria fall.

REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL ROLLO

615

standing in front of the closed door to the ballroom.
We HEAR the SOUNDS of a MOTOR IDLING...doors OPENING,
CLOSING, OPENING...RADIO STATIC...FOOTSTEPS...WHIS-
PERED AD LIBS -- jumbled, faint, overlapped, only
barely audible: "What happened?... There was a shot...

He killed her... Dispatch CQ, 420 answered, one DOA... Why'd he do it?..." Rolly continues smoking a cigarette as he looks at:

615
CONT'
(1)

ROLLO'S POV - GLORIA'S BODY

616

being lifted into the back of an ambulance. Nearby a hushed, disparate group of onlookers watch. A white-jacketed INTERN follows the blanket-covered body into the ambulance and closes the doors from the inside. The ambulance gears O.S. revealing:

ROBERT

617

handcuffed...standing near the open back door of a police car. Two COPS stand next to him as he looks off after the ambulance carrying Gloria's body away.

1st COP

Why'd you do it, kid?

ROBERT

She asked me to.

1st COP

You hear that, Ben?

2nd COP

Ain't he an obliging bastard, though.

1st COP

Is that the only reason you got, kid?

A long pause, as CAMERA MOVES into an

EXTREME CLOSEUP - ROBERT

618

ROBERT

They shoot horses, don't they?

ANGLE BEHIND ROBERT TOWARD ROLLO

619

as the Cop shoves Robert into the back seat of the police car and slams the door after him. The Cop

gets into the front seat of the car. The motor turns over. The car's SIREN begins its escalating whine.

619
CONT'
(1)

As the police car starts up and OUT OF FRAME, CAMERA BEGINS MOVING SLOWLY IN TOWARD ROLLO. The MARATHON SIREN begins its screech, drowning out the siren on the police car. Rollo tosses away his cigarette, turns and opens the door to the ballroom.

We hear the band starting to play again and we see dancers in the MED. B.G. moving out onto the floor. A vendor, a nurse and two or three spectators cluster behind Rollo trying to peer past him.

AD LIBS

Something happen?... What was it?

ROLLO

Nothing. It's all over.

ROCKY'S VOICE

Yowza! Here they are again, these wonderful, wonderful kids...

CAMERA FOLLOWS Rollo inside the ballroom and PASSES him as he is closing the door.

ROCKY'S VOICE

...still struggling, still hoping...

BOOM SHOT

620

as CAMERA SLOWLY RAISES over the floor, the dancers, the bandstand.

ROCKY'S VOICE

(diminishing)

...while the clock of Fate ticks away. While the Dance of Destiny continues.

(fainter)

While the Marathon goes on and on and on and on.

CAMERA CONTINUES RAISING - HIGHER, HIGHER.

2-26-69

177.

ROCKY'S VOICE
(faint, distant —
even though he is
shouting)

620
CONT'D
(1)

How long can they last?!

CAMERA HOLDS a beat longer as beneath us the last
few couples continue dancing on and on and on.

FADE OUT

#