

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE

Revised Final Screenplay

by

RICHARD MORRIS

— PLEASE NOTE —

■ THIS SCRIPT IS INTENDED FOR USE BY  
STUDIO PERSONNEL ONLY. DISTRIBUTION TO  
UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS IS PROHIBITED. ■

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE

FADE IN (BEFORE MAIN TITLES)

- 1 INT. 12TH FLOOR HALLWAY (PRISCILLA HOTEL) - DAY - CLOSE TRAVELING DOWN SHOT - WICKER LAUNDRY BASKET ON WHEELS, MRS. MEERS' FEET  
The mood is mysterioso. O.s. we HEAR the muffled SOUND of a scratchy '20's (Rudy Vallee) record. The woman's boots are old and black with jet buttoned gray spats. Her dark skirt is long (early 1920's). One wooden wheel of the laundry basket emits an ominous CRY for oil. We FOLLOW the feet and the basket down the well-worn carpet. The feet leave the basket by the wall and stealthily cross to the threshold of the nearest closed door, pause. From within we HEAR a GIRL'S VOICE SINGING and PLUNKING a BANJO to the record.
- 2 CLOSE SHOT - DOOR KNOB & LOCK  
The woman's right HAND ENTERS SHOT, holding a large key. Quietly she inserts the key in the lock and eases the door open. Through the widening crack in the door, we can SEE the back of a blond GIRL (ETHEL PEASE) seated at the window looking out, pensively singing and strumming her banjo. A portable phonograph is on the desk beside her.
- 3 INT. ROOM - DAY - TRAVELING SHOT - MRS. MEERS' POINT OF VIEW - BACK OF ETHEL PEASE  
...inching closer and closer.
- 4 CLOSE TRAVELING SHOT - MRS. MEERS' LEFT HAND  
holding an odd-looking, dark glass bottle, its label hand-printed in bold Chinese characters. On the little finger of her left hand, she wears a huge silver dragon and onyx ring. The right hand ENTERS SHOT holding a square of folded cloth and removes the stopper from the ominous bottle -- then douses the cloth with liquid.
- 5 EXTREME CLOSEUP - ETHEL PEASE'S FACE  
singing...Mrs. Meers' HAND JUTS IN, smothers the girl's nose and mouth with the cloth. The girl struggles and SQUEALS.
- 6 CLOSE SHOT - MRS. MEERS' FEET  
The SOUNDS of the struggle continue o.s. The banjo drops to the floor. Then, silence. The girl's unconscious head and shoulders fall INTO SHOT. Mrs. Meers' HANDS APPEAR, one grabs the banjo, the other one the collar of the girl's dress and drags her OFF.

6-A CLOSE SHOT - DESK, PHONOGRAPH, DARK GLASS BOTTLE

The HAND grabs the bottle. WE HOLD ON the phonograph. The record comes to an end -- CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

7 INT. HALLWAY - DAY - CLOSE DOWN SHOT - WICKER LAUNDRY BASKET

The old basket CREAKS and sways as it is stuffed with the heavy load. From within the basket WE HEAR a high MUFFLED GRUNT and the TWANG of the BANJO. (INTERCUT CLICKING PHONOGRAPH THROUGHOUT SEQUENCE.)

8 CLOSE TRAVELING DOWN SHOT - WICKER BASKET, MRS. MEERS' FEET

The feet walk the SQUEAKING, CREAKING basket around and back down the hall they go. They pause. O.s., the SOUND of an iron elevator GATE sliding open. The feet and the basket enter a wooden-floored elevator.

9 thru 15 INTERCUT CLOSE SHOTS OF MRS. MEERS' FEET, MRS. MEERS' HANDS

The ringed left hand pushes the down button. The elevator WHIRRS - the motor stuck. She pushes the down button again. Again the sour WHIRR. She stomps her foot to jar the machinery. Nothing. She pounds the tin wall, pushes the down button, slaps the wall and stomps her feet, setting up an unconscious irresistible tap dance. The MOTOR STARTS TO PURR and the elevator starts down. The woman continues her snappy tap routine as her FIGURE PASSES DOWN THROUGH THE FRAME. WE now SEE Mrs. Meers' face for the first time. She smiles a barracuda smile as she DROPS O.S. FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE FRAME.

16 thru 19 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY - MILLIE'S WALKING FEET

They lower INTO FRAME on top of the descending elevator SHOT. OVER Millie's old-fashioned, booted feet and long swaying skirt we START THE CAST CREDITS. WE PULL BACK TO A FULL SHOT to meet MILLIE DILLMOUNT. CONTINUE CAST CREDITS OVER. Millie is a young lady with a full farm figure. She is more than pretty. She is shinybright and full of beans. Millie marches along the jammed sidewalk, head held high in determination. She is dressed in a modest long, dark afternoon frock. A sailor straw perched atop her mass of lustrous hair. She wears no makeup -- just the peaches and cream dished up by a generous Creator. However, her flushed cheeks are the brightest note in a city scene full of gray hustle and bustle. She pauses for a POLICEMAN directing traffic. In the f.g. is a small newspaper stand. Millie is oblivious to the big, dark headlines which read: "INNOCENT GIRLS SOLD INTO WHITE SLAVERY." Millie crosses the street, CAMERA WITH HER, and we PAN HER up to the front door of the MADCAP BEAUTY SPOT. She hesitates. Then turns to read the sign in the Madcap window: "TOSS YOUR CARES AND CURLS AWAY." This bolsters her courage and she

16 CONTINUED

thru  
19

charges into the salon. The revolving door no sooner turns than Millie EMERGES, hat in hand, her hair chicly bobbed close to her face...a bit of cheek rouge, lipstick and a triangular beauty spot on her quivering chin, tears rolling down her cheeks. MAIN TITLE FLASHES ACROSS MILLIE'S TEARSTAINED FACE:

## THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE

MUSIC: MILLIE'S VOICE O.S. STARTS TO SING THE TITLE SONG. She is about to cover her shorn head with her hat when TWO YOUNG BLADES wink and smile warmly in passing. She reconsiders. Hat in hand, she starts on her way, CAMERA WITH her. She ignores the stares of ladies still in possession of their locks. Millie marches up to the door of the JAZZ RAGS DRESS SHOPPE as TWO MODERNS come sailing out, wearing short skirts, beads. Wild, irresponsible, carefree, flat as boys. Old-fashioned LADIES on the sidewalk stare at the Moderns in disapproval.

20 CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

studying the Flappers thoughtfully.

21 FLASH OF BLACK CARD - WHITE PRINT

GEE, I WISH MY FRONT WEREN'T SO FULL...  
BREASTS SURE RUIN THE LINE OF YOUR BEADS.

22 FULL SHOT - JAZZ RAGS DRESS SHOPPE, MILLIE

Millie steps INTO the shop. A flash later, she STEPS OUT -- Jazz Rags from cloche to pump -- however, her beads do not hang straight. (A large Jazz Rags Dress box is tucked under her arm.) She studies her frontal problem with concern, then continues on her way.

22-A TRAVELING SHOT - MILLIE

She pauses in front of a CORSET SHOP -- THE PENCIL INN -- "WE DRAW THE LINE". Silhouettes of ladies flat as breadboards decorate the store front. Displayed in the window, the binding brassieres of the day. Full Millie STEPS INTO the shop -- flat Millie STEPS OUT of the shop, so happy.

23 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY - CLOSE, TRAVEL SHOT - MILLIE

Millie sashays up the crowded street. A Lucky Strike billboard of a most modern lady smoking, catches her attention. She stops at a sidewalk Tobacco-Newsstand.

RM

24 TWO SHOT - AT NEWSSTAND - MILLIE, NEWSMAN

The newspapers on display blare the same headline: "INNOCENT GIRLS SOLD INTO WHITE SLAVERY." Modern Millie states her business. The seedy NEWSMAN hands her a green pack of Lucky Strikes. As she reaches out, the binding pops under her new dress -- and she is once more her full, natural self. The newsman and Millie lock glances, motionless, speechless. Eye to eye, Millie shrugs. The newsman drops the pack in her palm and eye to eye, he shrugs. Millie shakes her head, starts to back away. The newsman shakes his head. Millie turns and runs. END CREDITS

PICTURE SEPARATES TO

25 EXT. NEW YORK SIDE STREET - DAY - PRISCILLA HOTEL - TAXI

The taxi pulls to a stop in front of the pedestrian-looking hotel. A sign on the old brick building reads:

THE PRISCILLA HOTEL FOR SINGLE YOUNG LADIES

The TAXI DRIVER, an odd-looking, tough little guy with a big handlebar moustache, hops out and around to open the back door of the taxi. He quickly unloads five pieces of matching alligator luggage. (A small hat box and four large bags.) Each bag is liberally sprinkled with travel stickers from the glamor spots of the world. The driver stacks the bags on the sidewalk.

26 CLOSE ANGLE - TAXI

MISS DOROTHY BROWN sticks her head out of the back of the taxi for a long wondrous look around. Slowly she alights, wearing a dimpled smile. Miss Dorothy is superbly outfitted. A real doll. Her baby face set in a mass of golden ringlets. Her clear blue eyes concentrate on the Priscilla Hotel with obvious delight. She is completely preoccupied with the thrill of adventure. In the b.g., Millie ENTERS walking toward the hotel, (carrying the jazz rags dress box.)

DRIVER  
(to Miss Dorothy)  
Thirty-five cents.

MISS DOROTHY  
(sweetly, still  
preoccupied)  
A pen please.

DRIVER  
A pen?

MISS DOROTHY  
To write a check.

26 CONTINUED

DRIVER

Thirty-five cents I said. Not  
thirty-five dollars. Who writes  
a check for thirty-five cents?!

MISS DOROTHY

(sunnily, opening  
her purse)

Oh, I do.

Millie, about to enter the hotel in b.g., pauses at the  
doorway to listen. Miss Dorothy searches her purse.

DRIVER

Awww come on, Miss. Get it from  
your desk clerk.

MISS DOROTHY

I don't live here...as yet...Oh  
look...a pen.

DRIVER

Come on, honey.

MISS DOROTHY

The date?

DRIVER

I'm telling you, I can't take no  
check....

MISS DOROTHY

But it's from the Gotham National  
Bank....

DRIVER

I don't give a hoot in....

MILLIE

(stepping up)

Could I help?

DRIVER

You got thirty-five cents...cash  
...American?

Miss Dorothy stands by, smiling. Millie deals with the driver.  
(Miss Dorothy acknowledges every kindness toward her with her  
dimpled smile. She is NOT snotty. She is sweet and lady-  
like at all times. An adorable rich girl who is simply used  
to having things done for her. She doesn't know any other  
way.)

26 CONTINUED - 2

MILLIE  
(opening purse)  
I'm sure...Yes. Ten...Twenty...  
Thirty-five.

MISS DOROTHY  
(to Millie)  
Thank you, Miss.

The driver keeps his palm out for a tip.

MILLIE  
(innocently)  
You did say thirty-five?

DRIVER  
(disgusted)  
Yeah yeah. It's not every day you  
meet a Vanderbilt and --  
(to Miss Dorothy)  
-- a Rockefeller.  
(opens door for Miss Dorothy)

MISS DOROTHY  
Thank you.

He starts back to his cab. Millie closes door.

MISS DOROTHY  
(protesting)  
My bags! My bags ---

The Driver ignores her.

MILLIE  
We can manage. I live here.

MISS DOROTHY  
Thank you.

Miss Dorothy picks up the hat box and eagerly hurries toward the hotel. The taxi speeds AWAY. Game Millie tries to pick up the remaining luggage. Miss Dorothy waits at the hotel entrance, peering in through the glass revolving doors. (At either side of entrance there are several tall, boxed trees spaced along the wall.)

MILLIE  
Allow me.  
(opens door)

26 CONTINUED - 3

MISS DOROTHY  
(thrilled)  
This is a middle-class hotel, isn't  
it?

MILLIE  
Yes.

Millie joins Miss Dorothy, juggling the four bags. She pushes the hotel door open with her shoulder and holds it for Miss Dorothy to pass.

MISS DOROTHY  
Oh, thank you.

Millie follows Miss Dorothy INTO the lobby.

27 INT. PRISCILLA HOTEL LOBBY - DAY - MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY, GIRLS

The lobby is stark and ugly, full of dark mohair furniture and sick potted palms. A few GIRLS here and there -- going, coming.

MISS DOROTHY  
(happily surveying  
the lobby)  
Perfect.

MILLIE  
(catching up)  
I'm Millie Dillmount.

MISS DOROTHY  
Perfect...I'm Miss Dorothy Brown.  
I do hope there's room for me.

Miss Dorothy floats across the lobby to the front desk, Millie on her heels with the luggage. She passes a dark-haired girl, RUTH.

RUTH  
Millie, you look peachy...You won't  
forget tomorrow evening?

MILLIE  
Foolish girl. A function like  
that!

Millie hurries after Miss Dorothy.

28 MED. CLOSE SHOT - FRONT DESK - MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY

Just as the girls reach the front desk, MRS. MEERS POPS UP from behind the counter. We now get a better look at her. She is a dark woman, striking but sinister. There are touches of the Oriental in her dress...a bit of jade, her onyx ring, her hair coiffed in great knots stuck with long, carved ivory pins. The wicker laundry basket is parked in a corner in back of the counter.

MRS. MEERS  
(spreading her barracuda  
smile)  
Yes...?

MISS DOROTHY  
(startled)  
Dear me.

MILLIE  
(fondly)  
This is Mrs. Meers, our housemother....

MISS DOROTHY  
How do you do...I'm Miss Dorothy,  
Miss Dorothy Brown from California.

MRS. MEERS  
How do you do.  
(facing Millie)  
And who are you, dear? Oh, Millie!  
It's you!

MILLIE  
The new me...Yes, Mrs. Meers. "Toss  
your cares and your curls away."

MRS. MEERS  
What can we do for you, Dorothy?

MISS DOROTHY  
(quietly correcting)  
Miss Dorothy. I'm looking for a room.

MRS. MEERS  
I have a lovely sunny one on the 12th  
floor.

MILLIE  
(puzzled)  
The 12th floor?

MRS. MEERS  
Yes, dear. Directly across the hall  
from you. Ethel Pease just checked out.

28 CONTINUED

MILLIE  
Ethel Pease?! But she just moved in.

MRS. MEERS  
(with finality)  
Miss Pease went back to Wyoming,  
Millie....

MILLIE  
Why? She has no family -- no one  
there.

There is a strange MUFFLED SOUND from the wicker basket, and  
another TWANG from the BANJO.

MRS. MEERS  
Just a restless girl...If you would  
register, Dorothy...Uh -- Miss  
Dorothy...The mail just came in --  
there's always some for you, Millie.

Mrs. Meers turns to the stack of mail waiting to be sorted. Two  
Oriental men, NUMBER ONE and NUMBER TWO, step up to the counter.  
They are dressed in white pants and black coolie coats; their  
heads are partly shaved and they wear pigtails. Number One is  
large and gross; Number Two, small with thick glasses. Number  
One fixes his dead eyes on beautiful, fair Miss Dorothy.

NUMBER TWO  
(to Mrs. Meers)  
Laundly, lady?

MRS. MEERS  
(looking up, nodding)  
Yu-yu -- Foo see changlee hung ge.  
(to Millie)  
Yes...There's one from brother in  
Chicago, two from mother, and one  
from sister in Detroit.  
(to Miss Dorothy)  
Millie has such a big, warm family.  
Are you from a big family, Miss  
Dorothy?

MISS DOROTHY  
I'm an orphan.

Mrs. Meers can not help but smile.

MRS. MEERS  
(handing Miss Dorothy  
her key)  
Sad to be all alone in the world.

28 CONTINUED - 2

Millie balances the luggage and leads Miss Dorothy OFF toward the elevators. Number One's eyes follow Miss Dorothy, an infinitesimal smile cracks his lips.

NUMBER ONE  
(tapping his chest)  
Miss Dorothy, Po hee'!

Mrs. Meers is about to answer when there is a SIGH from the basket. She takes the glass bottle with the Chinese writing from under the desk. WE PAN her TO the basket and she opens the lid. Inside WE SEE the top of Ethel Pease's blond head and the handle of her banjo.

MRS. MEERS  
(pouring a drop in)  
Gung ho, dear.

She closes the basket and summons the laundrymen.

MRS. MEERS  
Shou show, shou show.

Number One and Number Two run in to fetch the basket.

MRS. MEERS  
(jauntily)  
Heavy on the starch.

The Chinese stare at her blankly.

MRS. MEERS  
(dismissing them,  
disgusted)  
Oh, shou show, shou show.

The men trot OUT with the basket.

29 TWO SHOT - AT ELEVATOR - MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY

The two girls are waiting for the elevator.

MISS DOROTHY  
How long have you roomed here,  
Millie? You look sort of lived in.

MILLIE  
Three months. Yes, I'm getting  
quite hard.

MISS DOROTHY  
Well, I'm looking for life -- raw  
and real. I'm going to be an actress  
on the stage.

29 CONTINUED

MILLIE

An actress! How exciting!

MISS DOROTHY

Yes, but I've got to live a lot first.

The elevator doors open and the two girls ENTER.

MILLIE

(from under luggage)

You should do very well on the stage.

Pictures, too. You're very pretty.

(enters elevator)

Would you mind closing the door,  
Miss Dorothy? And press number 12.

MISS DOROTHY

Not at all.

Miss Dorothy presses Number 12. She works the button several times. Nothing happens.

MISS DOROTHY

It's broken.

MILLIE

Just temperamental. Try it again.

Millie goes into a time step. The MOTOR SPITS & COUGHS.

MILLIE

(tapping harder)

Some show girls used to practice  
their routines in here on account  
of the hardwood floor. I think it  
did something to the machinery.

The MOTOR STARTS TO HUM. The doors close.

30 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY - MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY

And UP they go.

MISS DOROTHY

(enthralled)

Oh I love it. In the Ritz elevator,  
all you do is go up and down.

Miss Dorothy joins in the tapping.

MISS DOROTHY

Is today your day off? I mean,  
all you girls here are working  
girls, aren't you?

30 CONTINUED

MILLIE

Oh yes. I just graduated from Belle Weatherrill's Girls' School of Business. I'm going to be a stenog. Tomorrow I start interviewing bosses.

MISS DOROTHY

I thought it was the other way around. Bosses interviewing you.

MILLIE

I can typewrite forty words a minute. I'm in demand. But I'm only going to stenog for an eligible bachelor. You see, I'm going to marry my boss, whoever he may be.

MISS DOROTHY

You're a Modern.

MILLIE

Thoroughly.

MISS DOROTHY

I must study you. The theatre today is full of ruthless women.

MILLIE

"Art reflects life."

(explaining)

That was in a speed test, but it's true. Women today are free. For the first time we're man's equal. We can go out into the world and make a life for ourselves...And I fully intend to.

MISS DOROTHY

So do I.

They reach the 12th floor. The elevator stops.

MILLIE

Will you open the door -- please -- Miss Dorothy?

They both grab the luggage and dance out into the hall.

31 INT. 12TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY - TRAVELING SHOT - MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY

MILLIE

Something tells me you're not purse poor. I'll bet you're well bred on both sides.

RM

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

MISS DOROTHY

Ask me no questions and I'll tell  
you no lies.

The girls dance UP to Miss Dorothy's door (1210). Millie  
sets down the luggage, looks at it.

MILLIE

Well, one thing I know for sure.  
You've traveled a lot.

MISS DOROTHY

(opening her door)

There's very little else for an  
orphan to do.

32 OMITTED

33 BLACK CARD - WHITE PRINT

AND HER BEADS HANG STRAIGHT

34 MED. SHOT - MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY

Millie starts for her door.

MILLIE

Miss Dorothy...Here we are. Don't  
forget...I'm right across the hall.  
By the way -- tonight there's a  
Friendship Dance in the dining hall.  
Want to go?

MISS DOROTHY

Perfect. Would you introduce me  
to the gang?

MILLIE

They're a pretty high spirited  
bunch.

MISS DOROTHY

Poor people usually are.

MILLIE

Careful of the Macy stock boys.  
They're pinchers.

The girls step into their rooms, closing the doors behind them.

PICTURE FLIPS OVER TO

35 INT. PRISCILLA HOTEL DINING HALL - NIGHT - FULL SHOT - BOYS,  
GIRLS, MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY, MRS. MEERS

The dining tables have been pushed to one side and the room made most festive with a rainbow assortment of crepe paper. Three couples are dancing their cares away to a scratchy phonograph record. Most of the Priscilla girls are along one wall perched on the dining room chairs. Most of the boys are standing along the opposite wall, talking, shuffling, staring, reading the labels on the stack of phonograph records. Millie is dancing with a stock boy from Macy's. Miss Dorothy is standing prettily by the crepe paper draped entrance. Mrs. Meers, in her best black, is attending the punch bowl.

36 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MRS. MEERS

as she stirs the punch, she stares fixedly across the room o.s. CAMERA PANS DIZZILY ACROSS the room ON to Miss Dorothy. She is wearing a dress more fitting for a ball than a kids' Friday night dance. The record comes to an end. Millie's partner deserts her for the boys and Millie joins her new friend.

MILLIE

Don't you worry, Miss Dorothy. The kids will soon forget your dress is real lace and ask you to dance.

MISS DOROTHY

(fondly)

Please don't be concerned about me, Millie. I'm having a most interesting time.

A YOUNG LADY carrying a small wicker basket joins them.

YOUNG LADY

(shaking basket)

Ten cents apiece girls...To pay for the decorations and refreshments.

MISS DOROTHY

Oh, I left my check book upstairs.

MILLIE

I've got it.

Millie takes a knotted handkerchief out of her belt, opens it, takes out twenty cents and drops it into the basket.

MISS DOROTHY

Thank you, Millie.

YOUNG LADY

(on her way)

Dip in -- get your money's worth.

36 CONTINUED

Ruth, the dark-haired girl, dances by in the arms of a dark-haired boy.

RUTH  
(calling aside)  
This is him, Millie.

MILLIE  
Terrif!

Millie follows Dorothy to punch bowl.

MILLIE  
Oh -- Delish!

A YOUNG MAN (JIMMY) wanders INTO the entranceway behind the girls. Miss Dorothy spots him first. Millie follows her gaze. He is tall, thin, wears tweeds, glasses and a smile. (Miss Dorothy might put the new boy down, but we can tell she likes him from the first.)

MISS DOROTHY  
(caught staring at  
Jimmy by Millie)  
Long drink of water.

MILLIE  
Pleasant looking.

MISS DOROTHY  
All glasses.

MILLIE  
Ready smile.

Jimmy Smith looks the room over carefully. He smiles at the girls. Millie smiles back.

JIMMY  
Evening.

MILLIE  
Can I help you?

JIMMY  
You couldn't hurt...by jingo!

MILLIE  
I mean, are you looking for some-  
one?

36 CONTINUED - 2

JIMMY

Not any more.

Jimmy hops over to the girl with the collection basket and drops in his dime. Millie and Miss Dorothy watch him.

MISS DOROTHY

Fresh as paint.

MILLIE

Just full of applesauce.

Jimmy bounces back to the girls.

JIMMY

May I introduce myself?

MILLIE

It's a friendship dance.

JIMMY

I'm Jimmy Smith.

MILLIE

I'm Millie Dillmount and this is my friend, Miss Dorothy Brown.

JIMMY

A pleasure to meet you both.

Jimmy offers his hand; in turn, Miss Dorothy takes it lightly; Millie shakes it warmly.

JIMMY

I was just passing the hotel. Going nowhere...killing time, and I heard your snappy music....

MILLIE

You mean you don't know anybody here?

JIMMY

Sure. You. Dance?

MILLIE

I took ballroom and tap back home. But I'm not up on the latest steps.

JIMMY

Good. I always make up my own anyway. Excuse us, Dorothy.

36 CONTINUED - 3

Miss Dorothy nods.

MILLIE  
(aside correcting)  
Miss Dorothy.

37 TRAVELING TWO SHOT - JIMMY, MILLIE

Jimmy takes Millie's hand and they start for the dance floor.

JIMMY  
Give me a name.

MILLIE  
For what?

JIMMY  
Our new dance.

MILLIE  
Gee whiz, I don't know. I never  
named a dance before. Or anything.

JIMMY  
What did you have for dinner?

MILLIE  
Franks, sauerkraut, tapioca pudding.

JIMMY  
Join me in the Tapioca.

Jimmy starts to dance, inventing as he goes along. Millie is quick to follow. Some of the other dancers stop to watch them. They are a show.

JIMMY  
Everybody do the "Tapioca."

The boy thinks its "a doozy" and joins. Millie learns the Tapioca.

38 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MISS DOROTHY

standing alone. The CAMERA PANS DIZZILY ACROSS the room TO Mrs. Meers, still stirring her brew, eyes on Miss Dorothy. She comes to a decision and pours two cups of punch.

## 39 CLOSE SHOT - CUPS OF PUNCH

Mrs. Meers' HANDS ENTER SHOT. She taps her large onyx ring and it springs open, REVEALING a small cache of white powder. Quickly she dumps the powder into the nearest cup, snaps the ring shut and picks up the cups -- the doped one in her left ringed hand.

## 40 MED. CLOSE SHOT - DANCE FLOOR - JIMMY, MILLIE, BOYS AND GIRLS

A few of the gang are trying to pick up the steps from Jimmy and Millie. Millie beckons o.s. for Miss Dorothy to join them.

## 41 CLOSE SHOT - MISS DOROTHY

She shakes her head "no thank you." Mrs. Meers APPEARS carrying the two cups of punch.

MRS. MEERS  
(offering the cup  
in her left hand)  
A cup of punch, Miss Dorothy?

MISS DOROTHY  
Yes, please.

She takes the cup.

MRS. MEERS  
(toasting)  
Welcome to the Priscilla.

MISS DOROTHY  
(toasting back)  
Thank you very much.

Mrs. Meers drinks her punch. Miss Dorothy lifts her cup to her lips. O.S. there is APPLAUSE from the dance floor catching Miss Dorothy's attention.

MISS DOROTHY  
Excuse me.

She EXITS.

## 42 TWO SHOT - JIMMY, MILLIE

doing a crazy fancy step. The kids are APPLAUDING.

## 43 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MISS DOROTHY, ETC.

Mrs. Meers ENTERS to Miss Dorothy.

43 CONTINUED

MISS DOROTHY

They are clever.

She puts her cup down on a nearby card table to join in the applause.

MRS. MEERS

(tightly)

Yes, aren't they?

MISS DOROTHY

(looking off)

Millie's a wonderful girl.

MRS. MEERS

(her concentration  
on the cup)

Sweet.

MISS DOROTHY

A good friend. I've never had a  
real friend before.

MRS. MEERS

Sad to be all alone in the world.

Mrs. Meers picks up Miss Dorothy's cup and offers it to her.

MRS. MEERS

My own recipe...fruit.

MISS DOROTHY

Thank you.

Miss Dorothy is about to take the cup when Millie and Jimmy come bouncing IN.

MILLIE

Mrs. Meers, I want you to meet a  
terrific dancer and a very nice  
person, Jimmy Smith. Jimmy, this  
is Mrs. Meers, our housemother.

JIMMY

A pleasure to meet you.

Jimmy offers his hand. Millie, the little helper, sees Mrs. Meers is handicapped by the two cups she is holding. She quickly takes both cups.

MILLIE

Allow me.

(aside to Miss Dorothy)

Darn nice manners and what a  
personality.

43 CONTINUED - 2

MISS DOROTHY  
(trying to be noncommittal)

Ummmm.

Jimmy shakes Mrs. Meers' hand. Mrs. Meers' eyes never leave the cups in Millie's hands, remembering which is which.

JIMMY  
Would you care to dance, Mrs. Meers?

MRS. MEERS  
Thank you, no, Mr. Smith.  
(taking cups  
from Millie)  
I believe this one is mine...Yes.  
And this one is yours, Miss Dorothy.

Mrs. Meers hands Miss Dorothy her cup.

JIMMY  
Dance, Miss Dorothy?

MISS DOROTHY  
No, thank you.

MILLIE  
Oh, yes, do, Miss Dorothy.

Millie takes the cup and sets it down on the card table.

MISS DOROTHY  
I shan't break up such a splendid  
dance team.

Mrs. Meers' eyes leave the cup for a flash during which a COUPLE passes the card table. The boy puts his cup of punch next to Miss Dorothy's. Mrs. Meers looks back to discover the two cups. Mentally she figures which is which.

JIMMY  
A delightful party, Mrs. Meers.

MRS. MEERS  
Please go, enjoy yourself.

Jimmy pulls Millie off to the dance floor. Another COUPLE pass, both putting their cups down on the card table. Facing the four cups, Mrs. Meers shows growing alarm. Suddenly, a large group on their way to dance, swarm about the card table, leaving their cups behind on the table. The sea of cups completely frustrates Mrs. Meers. A peppy GUY steps up to Miss Dorothy.

GUY  
Know the Tapioca?

43 CONTINUED - 3

MISS DOROTHY  
I believe not.

GUY  
It's the latest.

MISS DOROTHY  
I'm here to learn.

Miss Dorothy EXITS with the Guy. We PAN them to the dance floor.

44 CLOSE SHOT - MRS. MEERS

Surreptitiously she starts to empty all the cups from the card table into a nearby palm.

MRS. MEERS  
(foiled)  
Ding Foo!

45  
and  
46 OMITTED

47 FULL SHOT - DANCE FLOOR - FEATURING MILLIE, JIMMY

Jimmy starts the dancing couples, SINGING: "THE TAP, TAP, TAP, TAP, TAPIOCA."

48  
thru  
53 OMITTED

54 INT. PRISCILLA HOTEL DINING HALL - NIGHT - FULL SHOT -  
and  
55 JIMMY, MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY, GUY, BOYS AND GIRLS

The MUSIC is WILD. The gang has the Tapioca down pat... zany and carefree. WE PAN ON to Mrs. Meers leaning on the phonograph looking quite sour. She glares up at the big round wall clock. 10:00. She takes out a whistle from her pocket and BLOWS IT with a vengeance. The kids do not heed. She whips the arm off the record. The music stops, suspending the dancers in mid-air.

56 TWO SHOT - MILLIE, JIMMY

JIMMY  
Cinderella time?

MILLIE  
I'm afraid so.

56 CONTINUED

JIMMY

I've got my employer's red roadster outside. I'm keeping it for him while he's out of town. Like to go for a spin?

56-A MED. CLOSE SHOT - MRS. MEERS, POTTED PALM

She empties the last cup -- turns from the palm, smiling, the job well done -- The Palm wilts over her, and

PICTURE SPINS TO

57 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT - TWO SHOT - FRONT SEAT RED ROADSTER - MILLIE, JIMMY - PROCESS

roaring along in the breeze. The top of the spiffy roadster is down. The rumble seat open.

MILLIE

I have to be back by 10:30.

JIMMY

You betcha.

58 JIMMY'S & MILLIE'S POINT OF VIEW - STREET, TRUCKS, CARS

doing 65 mph in traffic. They meet car after car head on; then, with split-second timing, swerve around them. (NOTE: throughout the scene INTERCUT only their point of view of the horrendous drive -- near collisions with trucks, lamp posts, brick walls, driving on sidewalks, ash cans, etc.)

59 TWO SHOT - JIMMY, MILLIE

JIMMY

I love driving on the wrong side of the road, don't you?

MILLIE

(the sport)

Terrif!

JIMMY

Take the wheel.

MILLIE

I've never driven before.

JIMMY

So? You never named a dance before. Just another first...That's the starter...That's the gas...That's the brake.

59 CONTINUED

Jimmy puts an arm around Millie and pulls her to him. Millie bravely takes the wheel.

JIMMY

What other firsts ahead...Love?  
Have you ever been smitten, Kitten?

MILLIE

(play-acting)  
Love? Silly. You are old-fashioned.

DIRECT CUT TO

60 EXT. EAST RIVER BANK - NIGHT - ROADSTER - JIMMY, MILLIE

They are parked by the water. It is very quiet. The moon and stars are cooperating fully. Jimmy is moving in smoothly. He enfolds Millie expertly in his arms and kisses her but good. Millie comes out of it a wee bit faint. Jimmy comes out of it wearing Millie's triangular beauty spot on his chin, neither aware of it.

JIMMY

(apologetically  
about kiss)

Okay?

Millie nods weakly.

JIMMY

Not too old-fashioned?

Millie shakes her head "no." Suddenly she sees the beauty spot on Jimmy. Instinctively she grabs it and sticks it back on her chin. Jimmy pays no attention.

JIMMY

Gee, that's nice to hear. But I know I can do better.

He starts to kiss her again, but she stops him.

MILLIE

Jimmy, I'm going to marry my boss.

JIMMY

(surprised)

Oh? When?

MILLIE

Well, I don't know. I haven't even got one yet. I start looking for work tomorrow. But I have plans... and I think it only fair that you know I have plans.

60 CONTINUED

JIMMY  
(hiding his amusement)  
Terribly fair.

He grabs her and kisses her again. Longer this time. They break. The beauty spot is back on Jimmy's chin. Millie does not have the nerve to grab for it again. She is too embarrassed.

MILLIE  
(babbling)  
I'm going out into a man's world,  
and by gum I'm going to bend them  
to my will.

JIMMY  
You'll do it, Millie.

MILLIE  
Thank you. I'm your equal. I'm  
going to meet you men on your own  
terms. Cater to your craving for  
efficiency, learn to talk sports,  
tell jokes, smoke, drink, and yes,  
if I have to, I'll even kiss you  
back. You see, love has nothing  
to do with it.

JIMMY  
I see.

He peppers her mouth, nose, cheeks, and forehead with kisses.

MILLIE  
(talking through  
the love-making)  
Haven't we just fought the war to  
end all wars, for Heaven's sakes?  
Now's the time for fun. Especially  
for the new woman. The old rules  
are out and they haven't made up  
the new ones yet -- live! See what  
you want and take it. I'm hard,  
Jimmy.

JIMMY  
Gee, I never met a modern before.  
(kissing her)  
How am I doing?

MILLIE  
(very weakly)  
So-so.

60 CONTINUED - 3

Suddenly Millie plucks the beauty spot back, but it won't stick to her chin. It seems permanently glued to her finger. She sneaks her hand over the side of the car and shakes it furiously, trying to flick the beauty spot off.

MILLIE

(covering her action)

What do you do for your employer, Jimmy? I mean...what's your line of work?

JIMMY

I'm in steel...steel equipment... for offices....

MILLIE

Oh, paper clips, like?

JIMMY

Yeah...Paper clips like.

Gently, Jimmy takes Millie's hand and removes the beauty spot from her fingers. He then takes out his handkerchief and carefully deposits the beauty spot within its folds, and puts the handkerchief back in his pocket.

MILLIE

I must get back.

JIMMY

Where -- oh! Can I see you? That is, until you get married or engaged or whatever it is you do?

MILLIE

(brightly)

Oh, sure.

JIMMY

This Twentieth Century. I hope I'm up to it.

He starts the car and they roar away.

DISSOLVE TO

61 INT. PRISCILLA HOTEL 12TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT - CLOSE TRAVELING DOWN SHOT - WICKER LAUNDRY BASKET ON WHEELS, MRS. MEERS' FEET

(Mrs. Meers in spats.) As in the opening, the mood is mysterious. The laundry basket squeaks its way up to the threshold of a closed door, the feet following.

RM

62 CLOSE SHOT - DOOR KNOB AND LOCK

Mrs. Meers' right hand ENTERS, holding a key. She is about to insert the key in the lock when:

MILLIE'S VOICE

Why, Mrs. Meers....

63 TWO SHOT - AT MISS DOROTHY'S DOOR (1210) - MILLIE, MRS. MEERS

Startled, Mrs. Meers wheels around, caught with key in one hand, glass bottle with the Chinese label and the cloth in the other -- nose to nose with open-faced Millie.

MILLIE

(looking at bottle  
and cloth)

So late and still working.

Mrs. Meers gives the doorknob a quick swipe with the cloth and drops to her knees and scrubs away at an imaginary spot in the carpet.

MRS. MEERS

Yes, yes, very late...everyone is supposed to be tucked away by now ...just a nasty spot. You girls are always spilling.

Millie kneels down next to Mrs. Meers, looking for the non-existent spot.

MILLIE

Where? Gee whiz, what kind of cleaner is that? I can't see a thing.

Millie checks the Chinese label on the bottle.

MRS. MEERS

(thinking fast)  
Ah...soy sauce.

MILLIE

What! What do you know! I must write Mama.

MRS. MEERS

(hopping up)  
Do that!

And she ducks down the hall with the bottle and laundry basket.

MILLIE

(calling after)  
Good night. Soy sauce?

63 CONTINUED

Millie stands and turns to her door. Miss Dorothy, in frilly, beribboned negligee, opens her door and leans out.

MISS DOROTHY

Psst. Have a good time?

MILLIE

Sure. Why not. I mean he had his employer's red roadster.

MISS DOROTHY

Millie, machines, like gloves, should be either black or white... You sweet on him?

MILLIE

Oh, no! I mean...Holy Mackerel, Miss Dorothy. There's no time for puppy love. I start boss hunting in the morning.

MISS DOROTHY

That's right. Good night. Good luck. And give 'em hell!

PICTURE SPLITS TO

63-A  
and  
64

EXT. DOWNTOWN NEW YORK STREET - DAY - CLOSE SHOT -  
CORNER, SIDEWALK.

A tied bundle of newspapers is thrown in, landing on the sidewalk with a thud. The headline reads: EXHAUSTIVE SEARCH UNDER WAY -- Police Seek White Slavers...Millie's FEET pass the bundle of papers. We PAN UP to INCLUDE and TRAVEL WITH her. Hot, tired, thoroughly discouraged, Millie trudges down the busy sidewalk, wearing the new dress she bought at the Jazz Rags Shoppe, a fresh rose pinned on the shoulder. With little interest, she checks the typed job list in her hand.

65 INSERT - JOB LIST

Typed on Belle Weatherrill's Girls' School of Business stationery. Millie has crossed out the first six names on the list by scribbling across them: "MARRIED...ENGAGED... MARRIED...ROUNDER...MAMA'S BOY...PINCHER." The next name up: "MR. TREVOR GRAYDON, Assistant Office Manager, Sincere Trust Insurance Building, 20th Floor."

66 MED. SHOT - MILLIE

She looks up at the Gothic style skyscraper before her. Chisled in stone over the arched entrance of the imposing structure:

RM

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

THE SINCERE TRUST INSURANCE BUILDING

DIRECT CUT TO

67 INT. SINCERE TRUST INSURANCE BUILDING, 20TH FLOOR - DAY -  
MILLIE, OLD MISS FLANNERY

A scrawny woman in her mean 50's is scrutinizing Millie. This is OLD MISS FLANNERY. A few SECRETARIES dart by in the b.g. They are not "Moderns" but staid, spinsterish ladies.

OLD MISS FLANNERY  
Miss Flannery...Director of female personnel. I run a no-nonsense organization, Dillmount. Is that rouge?

MILLIE  
Yes, ma'am.

OLD MISS FLANNERY  
(her eyes narrow)  
Hmm --! Why did you call ahead to make sure Mr. Graydon was a single gentleman?

MILLIE  
(wearily)  
Ma'am, I just don't have any more time to waste.

OLD MISS FLANNERY  
Aha! You looked fast to me, Dillmount.

MILLIE  
Forty words a minute on my machine.

OLD MISS FLANNERY  
No nonsense girl. Mr. Graydon's door is at the end of the hall.  
(looking Millie up and down)  
The devil certainly stays busy.

Old Miss Flannery spins on her heels and is GONE. Millie continues on her weary way to the end of the hall and EXITS INTO the last door.

68 INT. TREVOR GRAYDON'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY - MILLIE, SECRETARY

She is knocking on the inner office door. The secretary busy typing.

68 CONTINUED

TREVOR GRAYDON'S VOICE  
(heartily)  
Front and center.

SECRETARY  
(looking up; flatly)  
He means come in.

Millie starts to open the door.

69 INT. TREVOR GRAYDON'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE AT DOOR

as the door opens and Millie ENTERS, she stops, catching her breath.

TREVOR GRAYDON'S VOICE  
(deep, rumbling)  
Hi, there, Miss Dillmount.

70 CLOSE SHOT - TREVOR GRAYDON (SOFT FOCUS)

He is standing by the sunlit window. TREVOR GRAYDON is the original Arrow Collar man. James Montgomery Flagg could take inspiration from his face and figure. He is wearing a Brooks three-piece flannel suit, smoking a pipe. You can almost see your reflection in his slick black hair. The sunlight haloes his perfect profile. O.s. we HEAR the "HALLELUJAH CHORUS."

71 CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

transfixed.

72 BLACK CARD - WHITE PRINT

MAKES YOUR MOUTH RUN CLEAR HOT WATER

73 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE, TREVOR GRAYDON

TREVOR GRAYDON  
(checking his  
pocket watch)  
Right on the old button, Miss Dillmount.

Trevor crosses to his cluttered desk, CAMERA PANNING. (Among the debris on desk: two telephones, a dictaphone, a typewriter, a humidior, matches, a dusty bud vase and a large golf trophy).

- TREVOR GRAYDON  
That's swell. Just swell. Punctuality. The pride of Princes.

RM

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED

MILLIE  
 (softly, exhaling)  
 ...beautiful.

TREVOR GRAYDON  
 How's that?

MILLIE  
 Ah...Your beautiful baseball trophy.  
 I love baseball.

TREVOR GRAYDON  
 Golf. I won it for golf.

MILLIE  
 Oh, I love golf, too.

TREVOR GRAYDON  
 Swell game. Play much?

MILLIE  
 Ohh....

TREVOR GRAYDON  
 Golf's my hobby. Insurance my  
 business. You come highly recommend-  
 ed, Miss Dillmount. Bolt the door.  
 Take off your things and let's have  
 a sample.

Millie is unsure of his meaning for one horrified second. Then she sits in front of his desk, takes a pad and pencil out of her pocketbook. Her pencil flies as he dictates. MUSIC OVER. Millie's VOICE starts to growl a sexy version of "BABY FACE," liberally laced with "BOOP-BOOP-BE-DOOPS."

GRAYDON  
 Take a letter...To Mr. Harold Hodgson  
 ...You'll find his letter in the file  
 for his address...and the shipping  
 invoice in the outer desk. Check  
 it...date it, cancel it...Mr. Hodgson,  
 Sir, the floor wax you sent us yes-  
 terday was rancid. I assure you we  
 here at Sincere Trust Insurance will  
 not accept office supplies of infer-  
 ior quality. Let alone spoiled. I  
 was shocked. I have been Assistant  
 Office Manager in charge of supplies  
 here at Sincere for two years and  
 three months and never has it been  
 my unpleasant experience to receive  
 rancid wax. Once we did receive  
 some ink that smelled most peculiar.  
 Needless to say, the ink was returned  
 post haste. The same will be done  
 with your wax....

Millie ENTERS, goes to big black typewriter and transcribes her notes. The carriage zips back and forth.

Graydon is standing by desk as Millie ENTERS and presents letter for his inspection. As he checks, work in choreographed scene.

GRAYDON

(puffing on his pipe)

Swell. Just swell. Put it there,  
Miss Dillmount. You've made the  
team.

He stands and shakes her hand. Millie is radiant. O.s. her  
VOICE SINGS the tag: "HALLELUJAH...BOOP-BOOP-BE-DOOP:"

IRIS IN AND OUT TO

75-A INT. PRISCILLA LOBBY - DAY - FRONT DESK - CLOSE SHOT - APPLE  
(FORMERLY SC. 89)

Mrs. Meers' hands pick up the apple and she shoots it with a long hypodermic needle. PULL BACK to INCLUDE Mrs. Meers. Suddenly she looks up o.s., then quickly disposes of the apple and the needle under the desk.

75-B TRAVELING SHOT - MISS DOROTHY - BY FRONT DOOR (FORMERLY SC. 90)

Pretty as a picture, but very downcast, Miss Dorothy is ENTERING the lobby. She starts for the elevators. As she passes the front desk, Mrs. Meers stops her.

MRS. MEERS

Miss Dorothy? -- No luck today,  
either, dear?

MISS DOROTHY

All producers want to do with me,  
is take liberties.

MRS. MEERS

Sinful. But cheer up, little lady  
...look what I have...  
(presenting it)  
A California apple -- for you.

MISS DOROTHY

(taking the apple)  
Why thank you, Mrs. Meers. It  
smells so fresh.

MRS. MEERS

(her eyes shining)  
I'll bet it's juicy.

75-B CONTINUED

MISS DOROTHY

We had apple orchards.

MRS. MEERS

Don't look back. Bite it, dear.

75-C CLOSE SHOT - MISS DOROTHY

She is about to bite into the apple when Millie's hand WHIPS INTO SHOT and stops her.

MILLIE'S VOICE

Don't, Miss Dorothy....

75-D THREE SHOT - MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY, MRS. MEERS

Millie takes the apple and places it on the desk. Mrs. Meers manages to control her fury.

MILLIE

You'll spoil your appetite and functions like we're going to set a doozy of a table. Hello, Mrs. Meers.

Millie hurries Miss Dorothy OFF o.s. A grim Mrs. Meers looks down at the apple. Slowly it shrinks into a poisonous-looking prune.

MRS. MEERS

(vehemently)

POOK!

FLIP TO

76 CLOSE SHOT - MAN'S FOOT, WINE GLASS

The man's foot stomps down, smashing the glass. O.s. we HEAR a merry group shout: "MAZEL-TOV."

DIRECT CUT TO

77  
thru  
80

INT. MODEST HOTEL, SMALL BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT - FULL SHOT - MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY, RUTH (THE BRIDE), THE GROOM, WEDDING PARTY

A joyous Jewish wedding reception is in progress in the plain room. Millie is SINGING in front of the three-piece

CONTINUED

orchestra (an exuberant wedding song in Hebrew). Alone on the floor, Ruth is dancing with the groom to the lively tune. The Old-World, New-World guests start to clap out the explosive rhythm. Millie, singing and clapping, drinks in the Bride and Groom. For a FLASH, the dancing groom BECOMES Mr. Trevor Graydon, and the Bride in his arms -- Miss Mildred Dillmount. The exciting tempo accelerates. Miss Dorothy keeps looking around, enthralled at this new adventure. Everybody gets into the dance -- the very young, the very old. Even Miss Dorothy. The oldest, bearded papa of them all asks Millie to dance. To Millie's surprise, he turns out to be the most agile acrobat on the floor. It's a happy, athletic group. Millie can hardly wait for a wedding of her own.

FLIP TO

81 CARD

A WEEK LATER

82 INT. TREVOR GRAYDON'S OUTER OFFICER - DAY - MILLIE

She is at her desk, wearing a pretty new dress. Typewriting on her machine very seriously. The phone rings.

MILLIE  
(answering in her  
office voice)  
Good morning. Mr. Graydon's office.  
Who's calling, please?...JIMMY!

83 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY - JIMMY

JIMMY  
(on phone)  
Can you talk or are you sitting on  
his lap?

MILLIE'S VOICE  
(over phone)  
I've only been here a week.  
(anxiously)  
Where've you been?

JIMMY  
Out of town on business.

84 INT. TREVOR GRAYDON'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

MILLIE  
(on phone)  
Oh...I wondered...I spoke to my  
boss about your paper clips.

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED

JIMMY'S VOICE  
(disinterested)  
Oh?...Thanks.

85 TWO OVAL CUT OUTS - MILLIE ON THE PHONE IN THE UPPER OVAL  
and JIMMY ON THE PHONE IN THE LOWER OVAL  
86

Drawn in telephone poles and wires connect the TWO OVALS.

JIMMY  
How are the plans coming? Kiss him  
back yet?

MILLIE  
No.

JIMMY  
He hold your hand?

MILLIE  
No.

JIMMY  
He does have a pet name for you.

MILLIE  
Yes.

JIMMY  
What?

MILLIE  
John.

JIMMY  
John!? That's not very romantic.

MILLIE  
(convincing herself)  
But it's modern! Mr. Graydon's quite  
business-like. But not cold. Manly  
but not gruff. He calls me John because  
I'm so efficient. You know -- Johnny  
on the spot. But I'm wearing a new  
dress today, and....

JIMMY  
Fine. What time do you get off?

MILLIE  
Half day. Saturday.

85  
and  
86 CONTINUED

JIMMY  
Good. Like to go on an outing?

MILLIE  
(overjoyed)  
Oh, gosh -- that sounds grand.

87 A CENTER OVAL APPEARS BETWEEN MILLIE'S AND JIMMY'S OVALS  
IN THE CENTER OVAL, OLD MISS FLANNERY

Seated at a switchboard wearing headphones, obviously eaves-  
dropping on their conversation.

JIMMY  
Lunch and dinner. The sky's the limit.  
Ask Miss Dorothy to join us.

MILLIE  
(taken aback)  
Miss Dorothy?

JIMMY  
Yeah. She's still around, isn't she?

MILLIE  
Yeah...Sure. I'll ask her....

JIMMY  
Pick you up in front of your hotel  
quarter to one.

MILLIE  
(firm)  
Jimmy, I'm still going to marry my  
boss.

Old Miss Flannery yanks a plug from the switchboard and  
Millie's and Jimmy's OVALS GO BLACK.

OLD MISS FLANNERY  
Over my dead body!

QUICK FLIP TO

88 INT. TREVOR GRAYDON'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY - MED. CLOSE SHOT  
MILLIE

MILLIE  
(jiggling phone)  
Jimmy...Jimmy...  
(shrugging, she  
hangs up)  
Guess his nickle was up.

88 CONTINUED

Trevor Graydon strides INTO SHOT sucking his pipe. Millie straightens, touching the collar of her new dress. Graydon passes without notice of her, opens his door, then turns back.

TREVOR GRAYDON

John.

MILLIE

Yes, sir?

TREVOR GRAYDON

A memo to supply. That last batch of carbon paper they sent certainly was not up to snuff. A sorry lot. I'm not pleased. No. Not at all pleased. Pin their ears back. You know.

Millie takes out her unopened pack of Luckies from her desk, opens them and takes one out. She holds it up in her hand, professionally.

MILLIE

Yes, sir. Eat 'em out. Got you.

TREVOR GRAYDON

Ought to try a pipe, John. Really separates the men from the boys. Swell dress.

Playfully he cuffs Millie on the chin with his big fist. She is grateful for the attention.

MILLIE

Mr. Graydon, you're just a tease.

He EXITS INTO his office. Millie beams after him, then drops the cigarette and checks the condition of her jaw ever so slightly.

FLIP TO

89  
thru OMITTED  
92

93 EXT. SKY - DAY - FULL SHOT - WORLD WAR I FIGHTER AIRPLANE  
 JIMMY, MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY

full of fun. Millie and Jimmy are crammed into the open back cockpit. Miss Dorothy is in the open front Gunner's seat. They all wear leather helmets and goggles, and dust coats. The fighter plane has been painted bright red. Miss Dorothy does not join in the conversation as she cannot hear or be heard over the DRONE of the motor.

JIMMY  
 (shouting joyously)  
 I said the sky's the limit.

MILLIE  
 What a thrill!

JIMMY  
 My employer just got it. But he's out of town again so I can use it any time I want. I'll teach you to fly.

MILLIE  
 You're razzing me.

JIMMY  
 Another first.  
 (fondly)  
 We're facing a lot of them together, aren't we.

OVER, WE HEAR the ROAR of an APPROACHING PLANE and a MUTED DIXIE JAZZ BAND PLAYING "PLENTY OF MONEY AND YOU." They all turn to look back. The JAZZ grows LOUDER and LOUDER as a newer larger plane APPEARS and passes through in the b.g. The aviator, BARON RICHTER, in the front cockpit, nods formally, his handsome face stoic, Teutonic, scarred. He wears a tight black leather helmet, square dark glasses, a flowing black scarf, black leather gloves and jacket. The Baron salutes them with his leather hand. Now we SEE his passenger in the back cockpit. A fabulous woman, MUZZY.

eag #01983

94 CLOSE SHOT - MUZZY

Champagne glass in one hand, vintage bottle in the other. She is not wearing helmet or goggles, but a white fox cape. Her white blond bob dances around her rouged cheeks. She is as dazzling as the long diamond earrings that fly from her ears. She lowers one of her fabulous ebony-fringed eyes in a merry wink.

95 FULL SHOT - THE TWO AIRPLANES

Muzzy toasts the kids with her glass.

MUZZY

Razzberries!

And she is GONE...the JAZZ BAND MUSIC trailing after her. Millie practically falls out of the cockpit trying to keep the other plane in sight.

96 MILLIE'S POINT OF VIEW - LONG SHOT - MUZZY'S PLANE

Doing all sorts of loop-the-loops, spins, dives. OVER the WHINE of the MOTOR we can HEAR Muzzy SHRIEK in ecstasy.

97 TWO SHOT - MILLIE, JIMMY

MILLIE

Holy mackerel!...Who is that?

JIMMY

Mrs. Van Hossmere. Our hostess.  
The outing's going to be at her house.  
We're flying over it now.

Millie looks down.

98 EXT. VAN HOSSMERE ESTATE - DAY - POINT OF VIEW AERIAL SHOT

The house and grounds ramble for acres. Grass landing field, golf course, tennis courts, swimming pools, hot houses, polo field, etc.

99 THREE SHOT - JIMMY, MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY

Miss Dorothy is shouting something, but they do not notice as they are both peering over.

MILLIE

That's a house? I mean a person lives there?

99 CONTINUED

JIMMY

A mansion, really. But they call it the cottage. My father used to be Mrs. Van Hossmere's gardner. She's always been very nice to me.

Miss Dorothy finally draws attention by rapping on the windshield. Millie tries to explain to Miss Dorothy.

MILLIE

(screaming, pointing)

That is where...Down there...That's where we're going...the party...that lady is....

But Miss Dorothy cannot hear her. Millie pulls herself up by the windshield in order to lean closer. Her long beads catch on the ignition and turn it off. SILENCE. Jimmy looks horrified.

MILLIE

(to Jimmy, relieved)

Thank you...Oh and look. Terrif! A golf course. Mr. Graydon's very favorite.

(back to Miss Dorothy)

That's where we're going.

And the plane DROPS OUT of FRAME.

100 EXT. VAN HOSSMERE GRASS LANDING FIELD - DAY - FULL SHOT

The red plane glides IN with a dead motor, making a bump, bump, bumpy landing.

101 MED. SHOT - OTHER END OF GRASS FIELD - MUZZY, BARON RICHTER, MUZZY'S AIRPLANE

The Baron hops OUT of the front cockpit, reaches up for Muzzy. She throws back her white fox cape and the Baron lowers her to the ground. Muzzy is wearing a fabulous jumper and diamonds. She relaxes in his strong grasp. The pilot pushes back his square dark glasses and stares down at her hotly.

MUZZY

Those loop-the-loops are beginning to affect my inner ear. They really are.

The pilot kisses her passionately. OVER we HEAR -- POP, POP.

101 CONTINUED

MUZZY

Why, Baron Richter! You're perfectly marvelous! To think you were against us in the late war.

The Baron clicks his heels smartly and we PAN Muzzy over to Tea in the driver's seat of her waiting Rolls Royce, the Baron marching after her.

102 MED. SHOT - RED FIGHTER PLANE - JIMMY, MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY

Jimmy is helping Millie down. Next, he turns to help Miss Dorothy down. In b.g., the Rolls ENTERS, approaching across the grass field. Muzzy is hanging out the car window, waving.

MUZZY

Welcome! Welcome everybody! Hello, Jimmy...The grass needs cutting quite a lot.

JIMMY

(proudly)  
She thinks I'm the only one who can trim the lawns like my father used to.

103 CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

looking o.s., wide-eyed.

MILLIE

My, Mrs. Van Hossmere is glamorous and gay.

DIRECT CUT TO

104 INT. REAR OF MUZZY'S ROLLS ROYCE - DAY - MUZZY, MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY, JIMMY, BARON RICHTER - PROCESS

The interior of the car is like a small French salon. The back seat, a Louis IX sofa, upholstered in tapestry; the two side seats matching. There are crystal sconces and gold fittings. On the ceiling, hand painted cupids gambol in the sky. (NOTE: As the Interior and Exterior of the Rolls are never tied up in close enough SHOTS, the interior of the real car need not match or be similarly decorated.) Muzzy is on the sofa; Millie to her right; Baron Richter to her left, his black leather hand resting on her knee. Jimmy and Miss Dorothy occupy the side seats.

MUZZY

Muzzy. You must call me Muzzy, Millie. Likewise, Miss Dorothy. My flying instructor...everybody does. We're very friendly at the cottage.

RM

eag #01983

105 CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

Checking the ceiling in disbelief.

106 POINT OF VIEW SHOT - HAND PAINTED CEILING

Amid the fluffy clouds, the fat little cherubs do seem to be winking and pinching.

107 FULL SHOT

MUZZY

Jimmy, I am so proud of you. Two such delightful young ladies. I had no idea you had such a good eye...I really hadn't. Oh, I do hope you all have the most marvelous time. Anything you want you don't see... you just ring for it.

Muzzy slips her hand along the back of the sofa behind Millie.

MUZZY

Well now, just what is this we have here?!

Muzzy pulls a playing card out of the back of Millie's collar. She turns it over. It is the Ace of Hearts.

MUZZY

Corking! The Ace of Hearts!  
(she hands the card  
to Millie)  
Love is very very near.

Millie takes the card.

108 BLACK CARD - WHITE PRINT

IMAGINE HER KNOWING ABOUT MY AFFAIR  
WITH TREVOR GRAYDON

109 FULL SHOT

JIMMY

Don't believe everything you see and hear around this place. Muzzy's full of tricks.

BARON RICHTER

Ja wohl.

109 CONTINUED

MUZZY

(patting Baron's hand)

You know, Baron Richter, I'm going to need popping soon again...I really am.

110 EXT. BACK OF ROLLS ROYCE - DAY

as it zooms AWAY FROM CAMERA up the long, long drive to the mansion.

111 EXT. DRIVE IN FRONT OF MANSION - DAY - HIGH OVERHEAD SHOT SHOOTING DIRECTLY DOWN

The Rolls rolls IN and parks. The CHAUFFEUR helps the group out in turn. As they start for the entrance we ZOOM IN ON Jimmy, ISOLATE him in a circle and bring him INTO SHARPER FOCUS BLACKING OUT the rest of the PICTURE. The sighting hairlines of a telescope CROSS THE CIRCLE. The telescope swings FROM Jimmy ON TO Miss Dorothy. Then WHIPS ABOUT landing on the ace of hearts in Millie's hand, HOLDS steady for a moment, then JUMPS TO Millie, gawking about at the richness of it all.

112 EXT. TOP OF VAN HOSSMERE MANSION - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - CHINESE MAN (TEA)

The elderly Mandarin is spying down from a high balcony with a small, ornate telescope. He is very, very old and wrinkled with long, polished fingernails. He wears an elaborate embroidered silk Oriental robe, a satin hat and a flowing pigtail. As he lowers the telescope, his eyes narrow to slits and an inscrutable smile crosses his face.

PICTURE EXPLODES TO

113 EXT. VAN HOSSMERE GARDENS - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - MUZZY

MUZZY'S FACE swirls in (upside down), doing a backbend to the rhythms of her society ORCHESTRA. PULL BACK TO INCLUDE her partner, limber GREGORY HUNTLEY, who clutches her in a low dip.

GREGORY

(breathlessly; rhythmically)

Yeah, yeah!

PULL BACK TO FULL SHOT. The garden is a Maxwell Parish fantasy with tall Italian cypress mirrored in a Persian reflection pool.

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED

There are Japanese lanterns strung in the trees, over the dance floor, orchestra and the gazebo bar. Tea is relighting some of the candles in the lanterns with a taper on a long pole. The formally attired crowd is dancing. Muzzy and Gregory Huntley trick-step by Jimmy who is dancing with Miss Dorothy. Miss Dorothy has changed into a gossamer evening gown. She looks like five million dollars before taxes. Jimmy, of course, is still in his tweed suit.

JIMMY  
Sensational, Muzzy!

MISS DOROTHY  
Perfect.

MUZZY  
(introducing)  
My dancing instructor, Gregory  
Huntley.

GREGORY  
Yeah, yeah!

And Gregory glides Muzzy away.

114 MED. SHOT - AT ENTRANCE TO GARDEN - FEATURING MILLIE

Millie dressed in her simple attire, slowly ENTERS the garden from the house. She is speechless at the grandeur of her surroundings. She stands there in awe surveying this new world.

115 CLOSE SHOT - TEA

Partially hidden by greenery, he pauses in his work to observe Millie.

116 MED. SHOT - MILLIE, JIMMY, MISS DOROTHY

Jimmy and Miss Dorothy dance over to Millie. Millie eyes Miss Dorothy's dress in surprise.

MILLIE  
Where did you get that dress?

MISS DOROTHY  
I rang for it.

MILLIE  
Gee whiz! Great wealth is so  
classy! It's all perfect. Like

116

CONTINUED

MILLIE (Cont'd)  
in the films...Except me. At the  
very gates of real society...in a  
plaid dress.

JIMMY  
What's wrong with it?

MILLIE  
I feel unworthy.

JIMMY  
You look very worthy.

MILLIE  
But look at Miss Dorothy!

JIMMY  
I think she looks very worthy, too.

MILLIE  
You would, Jimmy. You're a pip.  
You like everybody and everybody  
sure likes you. Well, if you can  
take all this in stride, so can I.

JIMMY  
Who's better than we are?

In the b.g., a tall, willowy society type ENTERS and lingers  
to eavesdrop. She is a classic beauty costumed with elegance,  
and taste in a white dress. Her name is JUDITH TREMAYNE.

MILLIE  
Only in America could a gardener's  
son receive such spiffy treatment  
from such a fashionable crowd.

Judith SNICKERS. Millie, Jimmy, Miss Dorothy turn to dis-  
cover her. Judith joins them.

JUDITH  
Good evening.

JIMMY  
Oh, hello, Miss Tremayne...May I  
present....

JUDITH  
(nodding to Miss Dorothy)  
I've had the pleasure of meeting  
your "actress" friend, Jimmy...  
(facing Millie)  
But....

JIMMY  
Miss Millie Dillmount...Miss Judith  
Tremayne.

rr #01983

117 CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE  
examining the society girl.

118 BLACK CARD - WHITE PRINT  
WHY IS IT RICH GIRLS ARE ALWAYS FLAT CHESTED?

119 MED. SHOT - MILLIE, JUDITH, MISS DOROTHY, JIMMY

JUDITH  
I couldn't help overhearing your  
remark, Miss Dillmount, about the  
gardener's son. We all remember  
Jimmy's father. He had such a green  
thumb. We hoped Jimmy would take  
after him but so far there's been  
little evidence, and good gardeners  
are so hard to come by.

MILLIE  
(staunchly)  
Perhaps he prefers paper clips.

JUDITH  
Perhaps.  
(to Jimmy)  
That gross diamond ring on Muzzy...  
It took my breath away.

MISS DOROTHY  
(flatly)  
Not completely, Miss Tremayne.

JUDITH  
(threateningly)  
No. Not completely.

Judith EXITS.

MISS DOROTHY  
Bitch.

MILLIE  
(shocked)  
Miss Dorothy!

JIMMY  
(through his laughter)  
Miss Dorothy, I love you.

His remark does not go unnoticed by Millie.

RM

## 120 MED. CLOSE SHOT - BANDSTAND - BEARDED YOUNG FRENCHMAN (ADRIAN)

The distinguished gentleman addressing the party, mouths his words in a very French manner.

ADRIAN

Mesdames et monsieurs. Attention s'ils vous plait. Merci. I have persuaded my star pupil that she is ripe...after only six nights of study...to make her singing debut ce soire.

(summoning her)

Alons, Muzzy...She is miraculeuse!

## 121 FULL SHOT - FEATURING MUZZY, ADRIAN

Muzzy takes to the dance floor. The crowd SHOUTS its approval. Adrian leans to Muzzy and HUMS a pitch note. He then turns to the Band and gives them the downbeat.

## 122 TRAVELING SHOT - MUZZY - DANCE FLOOR

She sings and dances to the delight of her guests and instructors. ("I'M A JAZZ BABY"). Toward the end of the number, a solemn Tea marches out and presents Muzzy with a tenor saxophone for her finale. She BLOWS a fancy descending arpeggio. Then ECHOES the sax with her own amazing VOICE. The arpeggios descend lower and lower. It becomes a contest between horn and voice. The sax hits its lowest note. Muzzy comes through with one better. Her bass note reverberates through the group.

## 123 CLOSE SHOT - ADRIAN

It also reverberates through the champagne glass in his hand... shattering it.

ADRIAN

Miraculeuse!

## 124 MED. SHOT - FEATURING MUZZY, MILLIE, JIMMY, GUESTS, MISS DOROTHY, TEA

Muzzy takes a bow to great APPLAUSE. Then quickly turns to Jimmy and Millie standing on the sidelines. Miss Dorothy is nearby, surrounded by attentive young men. Tea, in b.g., his eyes sweeping the scene.

124 CONTINUED

MILLIE

-(applauding)  
Swell! Just swell! It's all swell...  
and you're swell, Muzzy!

MUZZY

(hugging Millie)  
Oh hell, let's be kissy right off.

125 TRAVELING THREE SHOT - MUZZY, JIMMY, MILLIE - TEA IN B.G.

Muzzy puts one arm around Millie, the other around Jimmy, and they start OFF in the direction of the gazebo bar. Tea, in b.g., watches them go with interest.

MUZZY

You like our place, do you?

MILLIE

It's dazzling. I can't wait to meet Mr. Van Hossmere.

MUZZY

Oh, he's gone to his reward, dear. Years ago.

MILLIE

I'm so sorry...You said our place... and I....

MUZZY

When I married Mr. Van H. he was a widower of many years. I came to all this as the second Mrs. Van Hossmere -- practically a child -- and I can tell you I felt like a crow's quill in Queen Mary's bonnet. Well, Mr. Van H., he swat me on the butt and said, "Hey, Baby, this is our cottage. Not my cottage. Not your cottage, but ours. And don't you ever forget it. And I never have. Unfortunately I enjoyed his company for a brief but very, very ecstatic period.

MILLIE

Sad.

MUZZY

Yes. And Mr. Van H. hated sad stories. He wanted our place to be filled only with good fun...and good friends.

RM We PAN THEM UP to the bar.

126 MED. SHOT - GAZEBO BAR - MUZZY, MILLIE, JIMMY, JUDITH,  
GREGORY HUNTLEY, BARON RICHTER, GUESTS, BARTENDERS

The prohibition crowd is belting them back. Gregory Huntley and Baron Richter are at the bar, their backs to us. Judith is sipping a Pink Lady.

MUZZY

(gaily to guests)

Well, despite the noble experiment there seems to be a sufficiency of gin. Drink up. You're all invited to spend the night. We've plenty of extra P.J.'s. Myself, I sleep in the altogether.

BARON RICHTER

(appreciative - at bar)

Ja wohl.

Judith steps up to Muzzy, casually eyeing Millie's and Jimmy's attire.

JUDITH

Muzzy, you're to be congratulated. You have gathered together the most enchanting grab-bag of people...So amusing to brush shoulders with all kinds.

Muzzy grits her teeth.

JUDITH

And, darling, your ring! Perfectly stunning...How big is it?

MUZZY

(with glee)

About two quarts.

127 CLOSE SHOT - RING - JUDITH'S FACE

The ring squirts a steady stream of water smack into Judith's face.

128 FULL SHOT

MUZZY

Razzberries! I've been waiting all evening for someone to ask.

She turns the ring over and WE SEE a rubber ball attached to the back. The guests laugh. Judith is too outraged to do anything but sputter. The water has streaked her makeup.

amc #01983

128 CONTINUED

MILLIE  
I thought it was real.

MUZZY  
(flashing ring)  
It is, dear. I had it drilled.

GREGORY  
(turning from bar)  
Yeah, yeah!

Judith notices a tiny black spot on the front of her white dress. It is really just a pin point.

JUDITH  
My mascara's run onto my dress!  
And it's brand new from Paris!...  
Look at that nasty spot!

MILLIE  
Where?...Don't you worry, Miss  
Tremayne. I know something cleans  
so you can't see a thing.

QUICK FLIP TO

129 EXT. AT ENTRANCE TO GARDEN - NIGHT - MED. SHOT - JUDITH,  
MUZZY, JIMMY, MISS DOROTHY, GREGORY HUNTLEY, BARON RICHTER,  
GUESTS.

Judith bursts out of the house, a big dark blob on her white bodice.

JUDITH  
(wailing)  
Soy sauce!...She has covered my  
Paris dress with SOY SAUCE!

Millie emerges behind her, clutching the bottle of soy sauce, muttering.

MILLIE  
Miss Tremayne...please...please,  
Miss Tremayne...I'm so terribly...

JUDITH  
(charging up to Muzzy)  
You...You...Inviting a stupid shop  
girl to a party.  
(turning on Millie)  
Idiot! Don't you know anything?...  
No. No, of course you don't. Well,  
I'll tell you something...I'll tell  
you what's going on around here,  
you boob...

RM

130 CLOSE SHOT - TEA

at edge of crowd.

TEA

Miss Tremayne.

We PAN Tea through the group up to Judith. Judith is afraid of the sinister old Mandarin, and shows it.

TEA

Tea will take care...of the dress.

JUDITH

No...No, I'm...going home.

TEA

(bowing)

Tea will show you out.

Judith spins and stalks OUT of the garden. Tea FOLLOWS at his own proud pace.

FLIP TO

131 EXT. BACK GARDEN IN SILHOUETTE - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

The garden -- black lace against a blue starry sky. (This entire scene is to be done in complete SILHOUETTE showing no detail). Jimmy ENTERS leading Millie far, far away from the lights and the noise of the party. They come to a little stream and cross an Oriental bridge. Millie is dejected. They pause on the bridge. CAMERA STARTS MOVING IN AT A STEADY SLOW PACE.

MILLIE

I thought it would clean it...  
Honest...I did...Mrs. Meers swears  
by it...I...I...wouldn't...Holy  
Mackerel, a dress from Paris, France!  
...Jimmy, please. Let's go home.

JIMMY

We're going to have to spend the  
night, Millie. It's ceiling zero  
over New York.

MILLIE

Oh, dear.

JIMMY

(lightly)

Now, now -- don't worry. You said it  
was just like the films. Well it is.  
Complete to the villainess, Judith  
Tremayne.

131 CONTINUED

MILLIE

You're laughing at me.

JIMMY

No.

MILLIE

I don't blame you.

They leave the bridge and head for a bench.

JIMMY

And like the films there's going to be a smash bang happy ending. I'll become the paper clip king and hire you for my stenog.

They sit on the bench.

JIMMY

Then I'd be your boss and you'd be after me to marry you. And I'd say sure, okay. Grand.

MILLIE

How are you going to become the paper clip king when you don't care a whit about work. You haven't once asked me about Mr. Graydon's interest in your paper clips. You can't be happy-go-lucky all the time. You've got to buckle down and make something of yourself. You're not getting any younger... Maybe you should try gardening.

JIMMY

Ah no. Gardeners don't have stenogs.

MILLIE

Be serious, Jimmy....

The CAMERA HAS MOVED IN TO TWO TIGHT PROFILES IN SILHOUETTE...  
The stream sparkling blue behind them.

MILLIE

What's to become of you?

JIMMY

Do you really care?

MILLIE

Well, of course I care. I like you.

JIMMY

And I like you, by jingo.

131 CONTINUED - 2

He kisses her. Millie responds.

MILLIE

(weakly)

You have to show some get up and go.

JIMMY

(romantically)

I promise I'll bring our paper clip models around to show your boss first thing next week.

He starts to kiss her again. Millie yields, then suddenly pulls away.

MILLIE

No. No, don't do that again.

JIMMY

What's the matter?

MILLIE

(fighting herself)

I don't know...I feel....

JIMMY

So do I, Millie. You've unlocked a room in my heart.

MILLIE

Please...No!

132 FULL SHOT (STILL IN SILHOUETTE)

Millie breaks from Jimmy and runs OFF into the garden. Jimmy watches her, annoyed; Stomps back toward the party. Up the path in the distance, WE SEE Miss Dorothy's SILHOUETTE waiting. Jimmy waves and joins her.

133 EXT. GARDEN CLEARING - NIGHT - EXTREMELY CLOSE SHOT - SPANISH BUTLER (JUAREZ)

It could be Rudolph Valentino, but it is Muzzy's butler, JUAREZ. His sleek, swarthy face is extremely intense, his smoldering eyes fixed o.s.

134 CONTINUED

MUZZY (Cont'd)

A sweetheart really...and quite the most wonderful butler. He's teaching me Spanish and rope tricks.

MILLIE

(near tears)

...Oh....

Seeing Millie is about to spill over, Muzzy slips a comforting arm around her.

MUZZY

Moderns don't cry.

MILLIE

No...No, of course not.

They start to stroll.

136 TRAVELING TWO SHOT - MUZZY, MILLIE

This part of the garden path is lined with very romantic statuary.

MUZZY

I must apologize for my guest. Judith is a rude and very spoiled young lady. You mustn't let her upset you.

MILLIE

Oh, Muzzy, I'm so mixed up...so confused...It's not only Miss Tremayne...although she did read me right...I am a shop girl...a working girl...And I am a boob.

MUZZY

There is certainly nothing wrong with being a working girl. I was a working girl...In the chorus. But I wasn't a boob.

MILLIE

(pausing to think)

No, you married well...Right. That's right. And that's exactly my plan. And I've got to stick to it.

Millie sinks down on a stone bench, by it, a stone table -- cigarettes and candy on the table. In the b.g., there is a large tree, a festive swing hanging from a lower limb.

RM

CONTINUED

136 CONTINUED

MUZZY

Cigarette?

MILLIE

(bluffing)

No thank you...I'm all smoked out.

Muzzy takes a cigarette, lights it with grace, inhales and puffs out glamorously. Millie watches in awe.

137 INSERT - CARD

SHE INHALES AND I CAN'T EVEN GET IT LIT

138 ANOTHER ANGLE - MUZZY, MILLIE

MUZZY

Jimmy told me your plans, Millie -- to marry your boss. Love has nothing to do with it.

MILLIE

Yes, Ma'am. I'm a Modern.

MUZZY

You're a boob.

MILLIE

(taken aback)

But you....

MUZZY

(crossing to swing)

You're not going to believe me, Millie, but when I first met Mr. Van H., I didn't know he was a real multi-millionaire. I really didn't. He was just one of those darling Daddies hanging around the stage door. True ...Cross my heart.

139 CLOSE SHOT - MUZZY - SWING

She sits and swings.

MUZZY

I mean, he didn't look like a real multi-millionaire to a girl. And he drank beer...Facts be known, I truly prefer beer...And he was a great old guy. Affection. That's what he had. Affection.

139 CONTINUED

MUZZY (Cont'd)

(she laughs, remembering  
with a tear)

We became engaged and he gave me this big ole green glass broach and I lent it to my girlfriend one night so she could impress a new beau. And as fate would have it, the new beau turned out to be a jeweler and the green glass turned out to be emeralds. Now, Honey, in this case I truly prefer emeralds. But I was heartsick. I thought Mr. Van H. had stolen it, so I begged him to take it back and go straight. He laughed...That dear laughed till I thought he was cuckoo. He then told me he really was a real multi-millionaire, even if he didn't look like one to a girl...And we became married right away...But like I said, while I truly do prefer emeralds, we could have made it on green glass.

MILLIE

(fighting it)

I know, while I've been in the bleachers looking at life, you've been a player on the big field... But still I just....

Muzzy stops swinging and WE PAN her back to Millie.

MUZZY

Honest, Millie, if it's marriage you've got in mind, love has everything to do with it. Follow your heart. No raspberries.

Millie is thoroughly confused.

LAP DISSOLVE TO

140 INT. VAN HOSSMERE MANSION, MILLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - ACE OF HEARTS

The red heart fills the SCREEN. WE PULL BACK TO INCLUDE Millie, contemplating the card in her dilemma. MUSIC OVER: MILLIE'S VOICE sings "JIMMY, JIMMY, JIMMY." The song starts slowly as Millie undresses for bed. The song builds. Millie makes her decision, puts her dress back on and rushes from the room.

RM

141 INT. UPPER GRAND HALLWAY - NIGHT - MILLIE, JUAREZ

Millie practically collides with Juarez as she steps out into the hall. He smiles and his black eyes flash at her in passing.

142 BLACK CARD - WHITE PRINT

MY THE SPANISH BUTLER WORKS LATE!

143 TRAVELING SHOT - MILLIE

She hurries down the dark, silent hall. Gregory Huntley passes by.

GREGORY

(to himself)

Yeah, yeah....

Then Adrian, the singing teacher passes, happily humming a pitch note. Millie rounds a corner. Baron Richter cuts across her path. He pauses, clicks his heels, hurries OFF. Millie looks after him.

144 BLACK CARD - WHITE PRINT

EVERYBODY WORKS LATE!

145 TRAVELING SHOT - MILLIE

as she sails down the long hall. MUSIC OVER:

MILLIE'S VOICE

(singing)

"Gimme gimme...  
A love like Jimmy...."

Millie starts to turn another corner, stops. Retreats. Peeks back around the corner.

146 MILLIE'S POINT OF VIEW - LONG SHOT - DOWN HALL TO JIMMY'S DOOR  
- JIMMY

in P.J.'s is leaning out his doorway, beckoning. Miss Dorothy, also in P.J.'s scoots IN to him.

JIMMY

Get in here, you little Miss Dorothy.

He slips an arm around her waist and pulls her into his bedroom, Miss Dorothy giggling softly.

147 CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

In a state of shocked bewilderment. Slowly she starts back down the hall.

148  
thru  
150

EXT. FOREST - MISTY MORNING (SOFT, DIFFUSED) - MED. SHOTS

The early sun filtering down through the trees onto the low-lying fog.

151 MED. CLOSE SHOT - SHOOTING UP TO SUN

flashing through the treetops. O.s. we HEAR rhythmic PANTING. We PAN DOWN TO SEE Muzzy sprinting through the forest, wearing knickers. She is followed by CRUNCHER, a burly Irish pugilist in a sweatsuit.

152 EXT. EDGE OF FOREST, GRASS FIELD - MORNING - MED. SHOT

Muzzy and Cruncher trot OUT of the forest into the grass field. Muzzy smiles and waves o.s. CAMERA WHIPS ACROSS the field to Jimmy's red fighter plane. The propeller is revving up. Millie, Jimmy and Miss Dorothy are by the plane, ready to board. Tight-lipped, Millie stands apart, withdrawn.

153 CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

studying Jimmy and Miss Dorothy for signs of decay.

154 MILLIE'S POINT OF VIEW - JIMMY, MISS DOROTHY

smiling, returning Muzzy's wave, in high spirits. Jimmy happens to catch Millie's odd look. He winks at her.

155 CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

Coolly, she ignores Jimmy, turns and waves to Muzzy.

156 PAN SHOT - MUZZY, CRUNCHER

as they trot up to the group. Cruncher stays in the near b.g., limbering up.

MUZZY  
(breathless)  
I wanted to say good-bye, darlings.

JIMMY  
We looked for you at breakfast.

MUZZY  
I was in the gym with Cruncher...  
(sparring)  
Mixing it up.

156 CONTINUED

MILLIE  
(in quiet admiration)  
Always searching.

MUZZY  
Cruncher, meet Millie, Miss Dorothy,  
Jimmy.

CRUNCHER  
(very short)  
Hi.

MUZZY  
Cruncher saves his breath for the  
last round.  
(hugging Jimmy)  
You're not to be strangers now.  
(hugging Miss Dorothy)  
The Country Club's having a Poor  
Mouth party the end of the month.  
We all get to wear rags. Should  
really be worlds of fun.  
(hugging Millie)  
Promise you'll come.

MILLIE  
Thank you, Muzzy...  
(for Jimmy's benefit)  
But I expect my weekends to be  
pretty much taken up with Mr. Trevor  
Graydon, my boss. Perhaps we could  
motor down of a Sunday, Trevor and  
I...for an inning of golf...He's very  
athletic. Also, a most mature gentle-  
man...In contrast to the flighty but-  
terfly boys one meets nowadays...And  
the best looking thing, ever.

MUZZY  
(glancing at Jimmy  
in surprise)  
Yes...Well...Of course, Millie,  
darling....

Jimmy shrugs.

CRUNCHER  
(impatiently)  
Okay, okay.

MUZZY  
(echoing him)  
Okay, okay...Good-bye, Millie. Don't  
forget your way back to this sea of  
booze and jazz.

156 CONTINUED - 2

MILLIE  
 (hugging Muzzy)  
 Muzzy, you're so worthwhile.  
 Good-bye.

Millie turns and we PAN her as she hurries TOWARD the airplane.

157 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MUZZY, CRUNCHER, JIMMY, MISS DOROTHY

looking after Millie, each in his own mind trying to fathom the change in her.

MISS DOROTHY  
 She's been so standoffish all morning.

MUZZY  
 Could be she has a hangover, Miss Dorothy...The ring of the bathtub was still on that gin.

JIMMY  
 She has depths I must plunge.

158 MED. SHOT - MILLIE, AIRPLANE

and  
159

Alone and miserable, Millie is climbing into the front gunner's seat. WE ZOOM IN, isolate her in a CIRCLE (BLACK-ING OUT THE REST OF THE PICTURE). The sighting hairlines of a telescope cross the circle. Millie folds her arms, lifts her chin gathering determination. WE PULL BACK. Millie's reflection is mirrored on the glass of Tea's telescope. Tea is standing behind a tree on the edge of the field. He lowers his telescope, his old head nodding thoughtfully.

LAP DISSOLVE TO

160 INT. PRISCILLA HOTEL - NIGHT - MISS DOROTHY'S ROOM - CLOUDS OF MIST

Out of the mist COMES Mrs. Meers, methodically pumping a hand spray-gun, filling Miss Dorothy's room with a fine grey mist. There is a bed doll on the bed that strongly resembles Miss Dorothy. Mrs. Meers gives the doll a special squirt. She pauses and leans on the back of a chair as she regards her villainy...she yawns and shakes her head to clear it.

161 EXT. PRISCILLA HOTEL, NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT - RED ROADSTER - JIMMY, MISS DOROTHY, MILLIE

Jimmy and Miss Dorothy up front, Millie, aloof, in the rumble

161 CONTINUED

seat. The roadster barely comes to a stop as Millie jumps down and strides off TOWARD the hotel entrance.

MILLIE  
(on her way)  
Good-bye, Mr. Smith. Thank you.  
It was an experience.

JIMMY  
(shouting after her)  
I'll call you...Hey, Millie....

We PAN Millie INTO the hotel.

162 INT. PRISCILLA HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT - MILLIE

She makes a beeline for the elevator and rings.

163 INTERCUT CLOSE SHOTS OF CHINESE EYES - NUMBER ONE, NUMBER TWO  
thru  
166 peering from the shadows of the lobby.

167 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MISS DOROTHY

ENTERING. We PAN her over to Millie who is waiting by the elevator.

MISS DOROTHY  
Millie -- are you feeling quite well?

MILLIE  
Quite.

MISS DOROTHY  
I thought perhaps your tummy was upset.

MILLIE  
No, my tummy isn't upset.

MISS DOROTHY  
Good.

168 CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

eyeing Miss Dorothy.

169 BLACK CARD - WHITE PRINT

I KNOW SHE'S LIVED THIS WEEKEND,  
BUT IT SURE DOESN'T SHOW THROUGH  
ALL THOSE CURLS.

170 BACK TO TWO SHOT - MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY

The elevator doors open. Millie ENTERS, Miss Dorothy FOLLOWING.

MISS DOROTHY

Is there something you'd like to tell me?...Something bothering you?

MILLIE

No...there's nothing on my conscience.

Millie goes into a nerve TAP. MACHINE GUN SOUND EFFECT OVER. The elevator doors close and up they go.

171 MED. CLOSE SHOT - CHINESE EYES

watching them ascend.

PICTURE SPLITS TO

172 INT. 12TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT - MED. SHOT - BY ELEVATOR  
MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY, TWO GIRLS

The elevator doors open. The girls are standing in strained silence. Millie and Miss Dorothy step out, mumbling good nights to the other girls. They start down the hall, CAMERA PULLING BACK with them. As the elevator doors shut in b.g. Millie immediately resumes the argument.

MILLIE

Perhaps there's something you'd like to tell me, -Miss Dorothy?...Something bothering you, perhaps?

MISS DOROTHY

Well...Millie...I...No...not now.

MILLIE

Yes. Go on.

MISS DOROTHY

Well...I am terribly upset about... about my career.

MILLIE

(incredulous)  
Your career!?!

MISS DOROTHY

The world of the stage doesn't seem to want me.

MILLIE

(accusingly)  
Because they don't know you. Cut your hair. Let them see how truly abandoned you are.

172 CONTINUED

The girls stop short -- their doors just o.s.

MISS DOROTHY  
Cut my hair! Never!

MILLIE  
People can't find the real you  
under all those curls. Good  
night.

Millie EXITS CAMERA LEFT. We HEAR her open and slam her door.

MISS DOROTHY  
...Good night.

She EXITS CAMERA RIGHT. We HEAR her open her door -- and let out a PIERCING SCREAM. The CAMERA JETS BACK TO INCLUDE the girls' doors as they fly through them into each other's arms.

MISS DOROTHY  
My room...my room...In my room....

Millie and Miss Dorothy start for Miss Dorothy's open door.

173 INT. MISS DOROTHY'S ROOM - NIGHT - HAND HELD CAMERA - GIRLS' POINT OF VIEW

The SHAKING CAMERA CREEPS INTO the little room, PANNING FROM the carpet up to the bed. On the bed, Mrs. Meers is stretched out, puffing happily. She clutches the bed doll in one hand, the spray gun in the other.

174 MED. SHOT - MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY, MRS. MEERS

MILLIE  
Mrs. Meers!

MISS DOROTHY  
Yes. In my room, asleep on my bed.  
Really!

Millie takes the spray gun and puts it aside.

MILLIE  
She works a very long day I know,  
poor dear. But everybody seems to  
be working late these days.  
(yawning)  
Well, good night.

Millie starts out, Miss Dorothy on her heels.

174 CONTINUED

MISS DOROTHY

But what am I going to...She....

Millie EXITS. Mrs. Meers rolls on her side, pulling the bedspread up over her -- and snuggles in. Miss Dorothy runs OUT.

175 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY

Both doors IN SHOT. Millie is just shutting her door.

MISS DOROTHY

(crossing)

Millie...please, could I spend the night with you? Please. It would give us a chance to talk. And if we're to save our relationship we do need to talk. Have I done something terrible to you? Tell me, please. A girl friend is something new and precious to me. I don't want to lose you.

MILLIE

(suddenly ashamed,  
confused)

No...No, Miss Dorothy...You haven't done anything terrible to me. After all, I have my plans, and...I...I'm sorry. And gee whiz; your friendship is precious to me too. Of course you can spend the night with me.

MISS DOROTHY

Thank you.

She runs back into her room for a moment.

MILLIE

But there'll be no more talk...I'm not my brother's keeper am I? ...You can have the bed, I'll sleep on the floor.

MISS DOROTHY'S VOICE

It will be just the other way around.

MILLIE

No. I insist...yes, I insist.

CONTINUED

MILLIE (Cont'd)

(almost to herself)

To make up for my lack of gypsy spirit. You can take the girl out of the small town, but you can't take the small town out of the girl.

Miss Dorothy switches off her lights, closes her door and crosses into Millie's room, carrying a smart overnight bag and a toothbrush.

MISS DOROTHY

(as she goes)

Most irregular. I don't care how middle-class a place it is.

We MOVE IN ON Millie, thoughtful in her doorway. MUSIC o.s. "THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE."

MILLIE

(to herself)

I really must callous up. Starting tomorrow I am going to be unspeakably fatal.

She shuts her door. WE HOLD ON Millie's closed door. O.s. WE HEAR the approaching SQUEAK, SQUEAK of the wicker laundry basket. WE PAN DOWN TO the floor and OVER to Miss Dorothy's door. The wicker laundry basket rolls IN followed by the white trousers and slippered feet of Number One and Number Two. They pause at the door, ease it open and tiptoe into the dark room, pushing the laundry basket ahead of them. WE HOLD ON the dark doorway. O.s. SOUNDS of LIFTING, STUFFING, HAPPY PUFFING and CREAKING wicker. Then once again, the SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK of the full laundry basket as it rolls out of Miss Dorothy's room back down the hall.

PICTURE SPINS TO

176

INT. 12TH FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING - FULL SHOT - MILLIE'S DOOR

MUSIC: MILLIE'S VOICE OVER sings "THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE" -- up, bright tempo. Millie throws open her door and twirls out into the hall, looking maybe not "unspeakably fatal" but certainly pretty jazzy, in a flapper outfit. WE PAN her sashaying down the hall.

177

INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING - MED. SHOT - MILLIE

MUSIC: MILLIE'S VOICE SINGING "TMM" OVER as the elevator descends.

178

INT. LOBBY - MORNING - FULL SHOT - MILLIE

RM

MUSIC: MILLIE'S VOICE SINGING "TMM" OVER. Millie fairly floats to the front door.

179 EXT. PRISCILLA HOTEL ENTRANCE - MORNING - FULL SHOT - MILLIE

MUSIC: MILLIE'S VOICE SINGS "TMM" OVER. Millie gaily spins through the glass revolving doors. As she starts up the sidewalk, a Chinese laundry truck screeches to a stop at the front curb. Number One and Number Two hop out and run around to the back. Millie pauses to watch. MUSIC: SUSPEND MILLIE'S VOICE OVER.

180 MED. CLOSE SHOT - BACK DOORS OF LAUNDRY TRUCK - NUMBER ONE, NUMBER TWO

They swing them open REVEALING a seething Mrs. Meers, seated on an upright chair in the back of the empty truck. She is slightly disheveled. She glares at the men. They look very chagrined. Number One offers his hand. She swats it away and scrambles down on her own.

MRS. MEERS  
(tightly addressing  
the men)

Tien-men kei jow' uo' si wi-tou.  
Nuie fong gie lie' wi.

A hint of a smile touches Number Two's lips. Seeing it, Mrs. Meers hauls off and belts them both a good one.

MRS. MEERS  
Ding foo! Pook Ding Foo!

She storms INTO the hotel.

181 CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

understanding the woman's anger.

182 BLACK CARD - WHITE PRINT

MRS. MEERS CERTAINLY INSISTS ON A SNOWY WASH

183 FULL SHOT - STREET - MILLIE

MUSIC: RESUME MILLIE'S VOICE SINGING "TMM" OVER. She turns and hurries OFF to work.

FLIP TO

184 INT. SINCERE TRUST BUILDING - DAY - TREVOR GRAYDON'S OFFICE  
TREVOR GRAYDON, MILLIE

UNDERScore "TMM" as a BLARING TANGO. Trevor Graydon is standing behind Millie, body to body, his hands at her waist. In place, he swings her hips to the sensuous swoop of the Tango. Millie gives with her whole being, dipping to and

RM

CONTINUED

184 CONTINUED

fro. (It looks like a dance but they are actually practicing golf). Their faces, in the true tradition of the Latin dance, are blank. Trevor's grip tightens. He handles Millie with more and more vigor as the MUSIC swells. Millie leans back against his chest, concentrating on romance, not golf.

MILLIE

My Graydon...my friend -- my new friend...She's really, really quite delightful,..And well, she has this....

GRAYDON

Yes, yes. You've got to loosen up your swing there, John. Think about power...drive...wham and zoom. Now you've got the rhythm..

MILLIE

Studied ballroom and tap back home.

GRAYDON

Swell...just swell.

MILLIE

My friend has this golf course of her very own.

GRAYDON

Always keep your eye on the ball.

MILLIE

I see -- I see.

GRAYDON

No wonder your golf was off this weekend.

MILLIE

Like I told you...and, well, it would be perfectly acceptable to her if...  
OUCH.

Millie's PHONE in the outer office starts to RING. Trevor unhands her and starts for his desk. The DANCE MUSIC STOPS. Frustrated, Millie hesitates.

TREVOR GRAYDON

Your phone, John.

MILLIE

Oh...Yes, sir...Like of a Sunday?  
I asked her and if you'd like....

Sternly, Trevor looks at her, questioning her lingering.

184 CONTINUED

MILLIE  
(on the run)  
Yes, sir.

She darts OUT of the office.

185 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY - MILLIE

She shuts Mr. Graydon's door after her and whips up the phone.

MILLIE  
Mr. Graydon's off ---  
(wild)  
Jimmy! You are always interrupting  
my life! Stop it! Just stop it!

186 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - JIMMY

JIMMY  
What'd I do what'd I do?

187 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

MILLIE  
I have work to do. I presume you  
have work to do. Do it and leave  
me alone!

She slams down the earphone on the hook.

188 TWO SHOT - MILLIE AND OLD MISS FLANNERY

The harpy is standing in the hall doorway.

OLD MISS FLANNERY  
A day's work for a day's wage.

MILLIE  
I didn't ask him to call. I don't  
want him to call. I never want to  
see Jimmy Smith again.

OLD MISS FLANNERY  
Good. Forget the boys. Get yourself  
a canary, Dillmount.

Old Miss Flannery EXITS. Millie opens her desk drawer and whips out her lipstick, her rouge, her beat-up pack of Luckies, and a tiny Five and Dime bottle of "French perfume." She snaps open the rouge...and daubs her knees and elbows.

188 CONTINUED

MILLIE

...Forget the boys...Get yourself  
a man, Dillmount!

Millie marches back to Mr. Graydon's door and taps.

189 INT. TREVOR GRAYDON'S OFFICE - DAY - TREVOR GRAYDON

Trevor is at his desk, engrossed in his work.

TREVOR GRAYDON

Front and center.

The door opens and Millie leans in provocatively.

MILLIE

(purring)  
Do you have a mo?

TREVOR GRAYDON

A what?

Millie ENTERS, determined to sex Trevor Graydon.

MILLIE

A moment...I would just love to get  
a man's opinion of Rudolph Valentino.

TREVOR GRAYDON

(frowning)  
Umm?

MILLIE

I mean, in The Shiek, he takes Agnes  
Ayres by brute force and she enjoys  
it.

(making bad movie eyes)

She enjoys it a lot. What is your  
opinion of brute force, Mr. Graydon?

Trevor takes a long time to gather and ponder his thoughts  
on the subject. Finally, feeling qualified he speaks in  
earnest.

TREVOR GRAYDON

Well, I'm not for it. No, I'm not  
for it at all. No, no. That is not  
what women really want today. Give  
them a virtuous, clean, honest hero.  
The late War has upset them.

189 CONTINUED

TREVOR GRAYDON (Cont'd)  
Now they are disillusioned. They  
yearn for truth. Yes, give them a  
young man they can trust...Tom  
Sawyer at twenty.

MILLIE  
(the vamp)  
I never read Tom Sawyer...was he  
sexy?

TREVOR GRAYDON  
He was only twelve!

MILLIE  
(flip)  
So? If you got it, you got it.

TREVOR GRAYDON  
(taken aback; stern)  
Why, John!

MILLIE  
(retreating)  
...Yes, sir....

190 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY - JIMMY, MILLIE

Millie ENTERS to find Jimmy posed, smiling, leaning on her  
desk. She quickly shuts Mr. Graydon's door.

JIMMY  
Take you to lunch?

MILLIE  
Mr. Smith, you are not going to take  
me again. Ever. Anyplace.

JIMMY  
What did I do? Tell me please --  
what's happened. Millie, at least  
explain yourself!

Old Miss Flannery marches IN and kicks Jimmy's foot out from  
under him, sending him crashing to the floor.

OLD MISS FLANNERY  
Not on company time, Mr. Smith.

JIMMY  
(looking up)  
Why, Miss Flannery...what pretty  
elbows you have.

Thrown off guard, Old Miss Flannery melts for a moment and fiddles with the bun at the back of her head, giving Jimmy a better look at her elbows.

OLD MISS FLANNERY

From my mother's side of the family.  
The Bogg girls were noted for  
their elbows....

Catching herself, she grabs Jimmy by the ear.

OLD MISS FLANNERY

Out! Out!

And she drags him OFF. Millie sinks into her chair. Trevor Graydon sticks his head out of his office, straining and stretching.

TREVOR

Be a swell old scout, John. Ring  
my Club and reserve a handball  
court for six fifteen. Got to work  
up a good sweat.  
(on a wink)  
Edgy in the gut. You know.  
(he EXITS)

MILLIE

Yes, sir. Edgy in the gut.

PICTURE FLIPS TO

191 EXT. NEW YORK STREET IN FRONT OF SINCERE TRUST INSURANCE  
BUILDING - DAY - MILLIE, CITY CROWD

The clock on the building reads 6:09. Millie hurries OUT of the entrance, pulling on her gloves. She searches the crowded sidewalk. A taxi pulls up. Miss Dorothy is the passenger. Millie waves and starts toward the cab. The Chinese Laundry truck ENTERS and parks a short ways behind the taxi; One and Two in the front seat of the truck.

192 MED. CLOSE SHOT - TAXI - MISS DOROTHY, DRIVER, MILLIE

Millie steps up to the taxi as the driver addresses Miss Dorothy who is in the back seat.

DRIVER

You want a pen?!

MILLIE

(resigned, to Driver)

How much?

DRIVER

(to Millie, in surprise)

Twenty-five.

192 CONTINUED

Millie opens her purse.

193 CLOSE SHOT - TAXI WINDOW - MISS DOROTHY

MISS DOROTHY  
Thank you, Millie.

Gorgeous Miss Dorothy smiles her beautiful smile.

194 MED. SHOT - ENTRANCE TO SINCERE TRUST BUILDING - TREVOR GRAYDON

Trevor Graydon is striding down the stairs. He looks to the curb. WE ZOOM IN TO A CLOSE SHOT as his athletic form freezes. TREVOR GRAYDON'S VOICE SINGS OVER.

TREVOR GRAYDON'S VOICE  
(legitimate baritone)  
"Ah sweet mystery of life at last  
I've found thee...."

195 TREVOR GRAYDON'S POINT OF VIEW - CLOSE SHOT - MISS DOROTHY

She is about to open the cab door, stops, her shining eyes looking o.s. MISS DOROTHY'S VOICE SINGS OVER:

MISS DOROTHY'S VOICE  
(legitimate soprano)  
"Now at last I know the meaning of  
it all...."

195-A TWO SHOT - MILLIE AND DRIVER

Millie is counting out change to driver.

MILLIE  
Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-  
four, twenty-five.

196 FULL SHOT - MISS DOROTHY, MILLIE, TREVOR GRAYDON, DRIVER

Trevor is slowly drawn to Miss Dorothy. CAMERA MOVES IN as Trevor moves in. Miss Dorothy emerges from the cab, helpless to avert her eyes from Trevor's.

TREVOR'S & MISS DOROTHY'S VOICES  
(SINGING OVER - in duet)  
"For tis love and love alone the  
world is seeking...  
And tis love and love alone that  
rules the world...."

With great reverence, Trevor slowly removes his hat. Millie finishes with the Driver. The taxi PULLS AWAY. Millie is puzzled by the strange look in Miss Dorothy's eyes. She turns to see Trevor Graydon standing there, hat in hand, looking down on Miss Dorothy; Millie between them. CAMERA HOLDS CLOSE THREE SHOT.

MILLIE

(startled)

Oh, Mr. Graydon...Did I forget something....?

Trevor Graydon and Miss Dorothy are aware only of each other. Millie looks on, unsure. Trevor's and Miss Dorothy's VOICES RESUME DUET OVER:

TREVOR'S & MISS DOROTHY'S VOICES

"For tis love and love alone that rules the world...etc...."

MILLIE

(talking OVER song)

...Mr. Graydon? Uh...this is my friend, Miss Dorothy Brown...from the Priscilla hotel....

Millie runs down, realizing she has no audience. Miss Dorothy blushes and lowers her beautiful eyes. Trevor appreciates the blush.

MILLIE

(rapidly explaining)

Yes...Well...we're just on our way over to the Madcap Beauty Spot. Miss Dorothy is going to have her hair smartly bobbed.

The SINGING STOPS. Trevor looks horrified -- in a manly way, of course.

TREVOR GRAYDON

Bobbed!? With your beauty?!

MISS DOROTHY

Mr. Graydon, behave!

TREVOR GRAYDON

I'll bet you could even make the moon and stars behave.

Miss Dorothy blushes again.

MILLIE

Miss Dorothy is an actress, Mr. Graydon, and the way the theatre is today, so rotten...well, we talked it over and she feels she might have a....

Again Millie stops because she is talking to herself. Trevor and Miss Dorothy are locked eye to eye.

196 CONTINUED - 2

TREVOR GRAYDON

(huskily)

You wouldn't rob some lucky stiff  
of playing with all those adorable  
curls.

MILLIE

Well, I thought if she....

TREVOR GRAYDON

Chuck it, John. Just chuck it.

MILLIE

Mr. Graydon calls me John, you see,  
because I'm....

She is still talking to herself.

TREVOR GRAYDON

(his eyes on Miss Dorothy)

John, you and I are going to take  
Miss Dorothy to dinner and try our  
best to talk her out of doing man-  
kind such a disservice. May I take  
the liberty of asking you to dine,  
Miss Dorothy?

MISS DOROTHY

(softly)

You may.

MILLIE

(the good secretary)

Oh, what about your sweat, Mr.  
Graydon?

TREVOR GRAYDON

Cancel it.

TREVOR GRAYDON

(back to Miss Dorothy)

Swell. Just swell. We'll have  
dinner and after, a bit of vaudeville  
at the Hippodrome. If the comics  
aren't on. Their humor can get  
altogether too ribald for a lady's  
ear.

MILLIE

(concerned)

I hate for you to interrupt your  
plans. What with your gut so edgy.

Graydon shoots Millie a withering look.

196 CONTINUED - 3

MILLIE

(beaming)

On the other hand, dinner and a show certainly would be a treat...wouldn't it, Miss Dorothy?

Miss Dorothy is smiling at Trevor.

MISS DOROTHY

Perfect...although I would feel more comfortable in a suitable frock.

TREVOR GRAYDON

"'Twill be gilding the lily," Miss Dorothy...but of course, we'll stop at your hotel.

He bows slightly to Miss Dorothy and steps over to the curb to hail a cab.

TREVOR GRAYDON

Taxi!

MILLIE

(delighted, to Miss Dorothy)

Terrif! My first date with Trevor Graydon.

197

ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE THE CHINESE LAUNDRY TRUCK

Trevor stops a cab. As the girls start toward it, Millie recognizes Number One and Number Two and gives them a friendly wave.

MILLIE

Hi there....

Startled at being recognized, the two Chinese quickly duck beneath the dash.

MILLIE

The mysterious East.

As they climb into the cab,

DISSOLVE TO

198

INT. BOX. HIPPODROME THEATRE -- NIGHT - MISS DOROTHY, MILLIE, TREVOR GRAYDON, AUDIENCE

Millie is seated in the middle, perched on the edge of her seat, leaning on the box rail, having such a good time, laughing and applauding the Dog Act o.s. Miss Dorothy, on one side, is done up like a candy box -- twice as sweet. She gazes

198 CONTINUED

shyly down through her long lashes at her little folded hands. Trevor, on the other side, is staring front, seeing nothing, a slight pained expression on his brow. The MUSIC and SOUNDS from the stage ("Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone" and intermittent BARKING) FADE as Trevor leans back in his seat to sneak a look at Miss Dorothy across Millie's back. Trevor's head slowly turns to Miss Dorothy. WE HEAR OVER his deep VOICE HUMMING the first four bars of "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life." Miss Dorothy's head lifts ever so slightly as her eyes steal over to meet Trevor's and WE HEAR OVER in answer her HUMMING the second four bars of the song. Millie bounces in her seat, enthralled with the dog act o.s. Miss Dorothy and Trevor force themselves back to reality and, as they turn front, the normal SOUNDS COME BACK. The ORCHESTRA o.s. PLAYS the CHASER MUSIC for the dog act. APPLAUSE.

199 LONG SHOT FROM BOX - HIPPODROME STAGE - DOG ACT

As dog act EXITS, the ACT CARDS at either side of the stage are changed. The new cards read:

THE BERNINI BROTHERS  
HUMAN YO-YO'S

The FIVE big BERNINI BROTHERS bounce ON, fairly bursting their tights. They tumble and twirl and like all Italians, make a great deal of noise, clapping their hands and shouting -- "ECCO! ECCO!"

200 CLOSE SHOT - LIT FUSE

CAMERA PANS TO mouth of a cannon. It fires. A body is catapulted from the mouth.

201 CLOSE TRAVELING SHOT - MUZZY

As she sails through the air over the audience toward the stage, she SHRIEKS in ecstasy.

202 MED. CLOSE SHOT - BOX - MISS DOROTHY, MILLIE, TREVOR GRAYDON

MISS DOROTHY  
My God, it's Muzzy!

She is immediately sorry for having taken the Lord's name in vain in front of Mr. Trevor Graydon.

MILLIE  
(looking up)  
What a full life she leads.

RM

CONTINUED

sure Muzzy has her practicing to do.  
Hadh't we best be leaving? I'm  
MISS DOROTHY

I'm learning.

MUZZY

Perfect.

MISS DOROTHY

You were swell. Just swell.  
TREVOR GRAYDON

They're so very, very sweet. Before  
I met them at a Charly Circus, I was  
quite sure Baron Richter's loop-the-  
loops had done permanent damage to  
my inner ear...The Bernint Brothers  
have worked miracles.

MUZZY

Oh, Muzzy, we loved you and the  
Human Yo-Yo's.

MILLIE

INT. MUZZY'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT - MED. SHOT - MUZZY,  
MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY, TREVOR GRAYDON

205

Searching...searching...searching.

MILLIE

APPLAUDING.

THREE SHOT - TREVOR, MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY

204

She dives from the pinnacle. Three of the brothers catch her  
and they perform their famous yo-yo maneuver. Muzzy and  
the Bernints take their bows in the grand manner of circus  
acrobats. There is great APPLAUSE.

MUZZY  
(clapping her hands)  
Ecco! Ecco!

as the Bernint Brothers catch Muzzy. They spin and toss her  
from one man to the next. Muzzy sings: "OH, DO IT AGAIN,"  
covered with Bernint hands. At the end of her song, the  
boys form a human pyramid with Muzzy posing at the top. She  
looks fabulous in her glittering tights.

FULL SHOT - STAGE - MUZZY, FIVE BERNINI BROTHERS

203

MUZZY

Oh, I'm through for tonight. You can take just so much yo-yo.

MISS DOROTHY

Well, we must be on our way.  
(smiling up at Trevor)  
Tomorrow is a working day. Good night, Muzzy.

Miss Dorothy LEAVES the dressing room. Trevor is quick to FOLLOW her. Muzzy watches them with a keen eye. Millie starts to bring up the rear.

MUZZY

(indicating back  
of costume)  
Millie, dear, would you mind assisting me for a second with these nasty little hooks?

MILLIE

Oh, surely.  
(calling out)  
Be right with you, kids.

Millie starts to unhook the back of the tights.

MUZZY

He is divine.

MILLIE

Thank you. I'm falling in love with him like you said was so important.

MUZZY

I had no idea Miss Dorothy and Mr. Graydon were such good friends.

MILLIE

Oh, they're not. They just met.

There is a KNOCK, and one of the Bernini Brothers ENTERS. He immediately looks very upset.

BERNINI BROTHER

(protesting)  
Ciao, Muzzy! Stasera sono io che ti voglio bene.

He stomps his foot and EXITS.

MUZZY

Such a baby. It was his turn to undo me.

TREVOR GRAYDON

(in exquisite agony)

That Miss Dorothy. Oh, great scott,  
that Miss Dorothy...Pretty as a  
peach and skin to beat the band. A  
perfect little pippin.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE Millie solemnly seated with open  
steno book.

MILLIE

(subdued)

...Perfect.

TREVOR GRAYDON

What a dandy little bundle for a  
fellow to cuddle.

MILLIE

(standing)

...Dandy.

TREVOR GRAYDON

Imagine all that sweet softness in  
your arms.

MILLIE

Umm, well...I'll type up this survey  
report right away, Mr. Graydon.  
Original and five.

TREVOR GRAYDON

Don't forget the dinner reservation  
at the Plaza. The Candle Nook Room.  
A quiet corner table for two. I  
think Miss Dorothy's for the Plaza,  
don't you?

MILLIE

(flatly)

Umm....

TREVOR GRAYDON

And flowers, John.

MILLIE

There's a florist just around the  
corner from the hotel. I'll order  
from them.

TREVOR GRAYDON

Roses. Pink. Plump. Long stemmed.  
Two dozen in a vaze.

Millie nods and EXITS.

207 INT. OUTER OFFICE - MILLIE

Crestfallen, she closes the door behind her.

MILLIE'S VOICE

(OVER singing)

"Poor butterfly neath the blossoms  
waiting, Poor butterfly for she  
loved him so..."

Standing by her desk, she picks up the phone.

MILLIE

(on phone)

Plaza Hotel, please. Candle Nook  
Room.

MILLIE'S VOICE

(OVER singing)

"The minutes pass into hours. The  
hours pass into years."

MILLIE

(on phone)

Candle Nook Room. Mr. Trevor Graydon  
would like a quiet corner for two.  
Tonight. Seven-thirty.  
(she hangs up)

MILLIE'S VOICE (OVER)

"And as she sang through her tears,  
she murmured low. The moon and I  
know he'll be faithful, And that  
he'll come to me bye and bye."

She sinks down at her desk, opens her desk drawer and takes out the Ace of Hearts. Slowly, she tears the card into little pieces and drops them into the wastebasket. She spreads a hankie out on the desk and from the drawer takes her lipstick, her rouge, her Lucky Strikes and the tiny bottle of perfume. She wraps them in the hankie, then looks back to the phone. SUSPEND SINGING OVER.

MILLIE

(on phone)

Flower Box, please.

MILLIE'S VOICE

(OVER singing)

"But if he won't come back, Then  
I'll never sigh and cry."

MILLIE

(on phone)

Flower Box, Mr. Trevor Graydon would  
like to order some roses. Two dozen.  
Long stemmed, pink.

MILLIE (Cont'd)  
 (her only mean moment)  
 On the fat side.

MILLIE'S VOICE  
 (OVER singing tag)  
 "I just must die. Poor butterfly."

IRIS IN AND OUT TO

208 INT. MISS DOROTHY'S ROOM - DAY - CLOSE SHOT -- BED DOLL

Miss Dorothy's bed doll is languid on the bed. O.s. WE HEAR the PUMPING of the spray gun and the gray mist floats in. WE PAN UP FROM the doll to the night stand by the bed where the mist is enveloping two dozen, pink, long stemmed roses in a vase. The mist thickens. WE PULL BACK and Mrs. Meers EMERGES OUT of the gray, spray gun in hand...This time protected by a World War I gas mask.

DISSOLVE TO

209 INT. TWENTIETH FLOOR HALLWAY - SINCERE TRUST BUILDING - DAY  
 - MED. CLOSE SHOT - EXIT DOOR TO STAIRWELL

The door opens a bit and Jimmy sticks his head into the hall. Old Miss Flannery's HAND SHOOTS IN, grabbing him by the ear.

OLD MISS FLANNERY  
 Oh no you don't. I run a no-nonsense  
 organization, boy.

She drags him into the elevator.

PICTURE LOWERS TO

209-A EXT. ENTRANCE SINCERE TRUST BUILDING - DAY - MISS FLANNERY -  
 JIMMY

She pulls him out of building by his ear.

OLD MISS FLANNERY  
 Try to sneak by me once more, I'll  
 set the law on you. This is not a  
 hayloft. Besides, she never wants  
 to see you again.

And she sends Jimmy sailing down the steps.

OLD MISS FLANNERY  
 Youth today...going to hell in a  
 basket.

A very distinguished-looking older Gentleman starts up the steps. Old Miss Flannery fiddles with her bun, giving the gentleman a splendid view of her elbows. In passing, he nods in appreciation, holds the door for her and the two EXIT INTO the building.

210 MED. SHOT - JIMMY  
and  
211

He turns back to the building and looks up. The CAMERA PANS UP the face of the building, up, up, up, HOLDS and ZOOMS IN on a window and ledge of the 19th floor. Jimmy's HANDS reach IN from the bottom of the FRAME and grab the ledge. Slowly, he pulls himself up on to it. He is having a daredevil of a good time. Jimmy looks through the window into an office.

212 INT. 19TH FLOOR OFFICE - SECRETARY - JIMMY IN B.G.

A secretary is busy typing at her machine. Jimmy raps on the glass. The sharp sound startles the secretary and she strikes a wrong key. Through the window we can read Jimmy's lips.

JIMMY  
(mouthing)  
Millie Dillmount?

SECRETARY  
(testy, erasing)  
What?

JIMMY  
(mouthing)  
Millie Dillmount. I'm looking for  
Millie Dillmount.

Annoyed, the Secretary stands and marches over to the window. The window is constructed with a pin in the middle. The secretary unlocks the top and pulls it down toward her. The bottom swings out, knocking Jimmy off the ledge. The secretary leans over, looking down.

SECRETARY  
What is it you want?

213 EXT. BUILDING FLAG POLE - SECRETARY'S POINT OF VIEW - JIMMY  
precariously clutching the pole, traffic below.

JIMMY  
(shouting up)  
I'm looking for Millie Dillmount.

214 JIMMY'S POINT OF VIEW - SECRETARY AT WINDOW

SECRETARY  
She's on the twentieth floor.

She slams the window shut and returns to correcting her typo.

215 CLOSE SHOT - FLAG POLE - JIMMY

He shimmies out to the end of the pole to count the floors.

JIMMY

(mumbling)

Fifteensixteenseventeeneighteennine-  
teen.

(looking up to next floor)

Twenty...going up.

216 EXT. TWENTIETH FLOOR - DAY - JIMMY

His HANDS REACH INTO SHOT and grab hold of a stone Gargoyle.  
He hoists himself up, coming face to face with the Gargoyle.

JIMMY

Why, Judith Tremayne! Fancy meeting....

His hands slip, but he secures another hold with some effort,  
stands on the ledge of the twentieth floor. During his acro-  
batics, Jimmy loses his glasses. He peers into the nearest  
window.

217 EXT.-INT. TREVOR GRAYDON'S OFFICE - ANGLE OVER JIMMY'S SHOULDER  
- TREVOR

Trevor, at his desk, is puffing his pipe, working. We ZOOM IN  
ON the golf trophy, then PAN TO A CLOSE SHOT of Trevor's per-  
fect profile.

218 EXT. TWENTIETH FLOOR - DAY - JIMMY

He shrugs in a "What's so hot about him" gesture and swaggers  
off.

JIMMY

"I'm a better man than you are,  
Gunga...."

However, he slips and almost ends it all, but manages to right  
himself again and continue to the next window. He looks in.

219 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY - MILLIE

moping at her desk, her belongings tied up in her hankie. O.s.  
there is a TAP at the window. Millie looks up, startled.

MILLIE

Jimmy!

(running to window)

What in the world...You crazy kid!  
Get in here!

Millie stands on a chair to unlock the top of the window and pushes out. The window pivots on its pin. Millie DISAPPEARS OUTSIDE as Jimmy is pushed inside. He looks about, puzzled.

JIMMY

Millie?...Millie?...Millie Dillmount....

He returns to the window and looks out.

219-A EXT. BUILDING - JIMMY'S POINT OF VIEW - MILLIE, FLAGPOLE

She is hanging from the pole, clutching for dear life.

219-B CLOSE SHOT - JIMMY AT WINDOW

JIMMY

What in the world...You crazy kid.  
Get in here...Don't go away....

Jimmy runs for the office door.

219-C INT. HALLWAY, 20TH FLOOR - JIMMY, OLD MISS FLANNERY

Jimmy runs down the hallway, past Old Miss Flannery at her switchboard, to the door marked: "STAIRS." He scoots down the stairs.

219-D MED. CLOSE TRAVEL SHOT - OLD MISS FLANNERY

well plugged into the telephone board. She does a delayed take, realizing that boy just passed. She jumps up. The plugs pop from the board. Old Miss Flannery starts for the stairs, wires, plugs trailing.

219-E INT. 19TH FLOOR HALLWAY - JIMMY

Jimmy runs along, opening office doors, checking. He ENTERS the middle office.

219-F INT. 19TH FLOOR OFFICE - SECRETARY, JIMMY

The testy secretary is still typing away. Jimmy's sudden entrance startles her and she strikes another wrong key. Annoyed, she concentrates on erasing the typo completely unconcerned with Jimmy who is climbing out the window.

219-G EXT. 19TH FLOOR LEDGE - MILLIE, JIMMY

Millie is still hanging from the pole.

219-G CONTINUED

MILLIE  
(gamely)  
...Hi.

Jimmy, to the rescue, starts to shimmy out the pole.

219-H INT. 19TH FLOOR HALLWAY - OLD MISS FLANNERY

looking in doorways for Jimmy, tripping on her wires as she goes.

219-J EXT. BUILDING 19TH FLOOR - MILLIE, JIMMY - LEDGE

Jimmy helps Millie back onto the ledge. Millie hugs him, terribly grateful.

MILLIE  
Thank you.  
JIMMY  
(hugging her closer)  
Oh, you're welcome.

Jimmy looks through the window into the office.

219-K INT. 19TH FLOOR OFFICE - JIMMY'S POINT OF VIEW - SECRETARY, MISS FLANNERY

Through the door we can SEE Old Miss Flannery stalking the doorway. She juts her head into the office, her sharp eyes searching.

219-L EXT. 19TH FLOOR LEDGE - JIMMY, MILLIE

Jimmy ducks.

JIMMY  
(whispering, pointing)  
Old Elbows.

Jimmy pulls Millie down. Trapped, they sit on the ledge. Jimmy studies Millie.

JIMMY  
The old witch said you never wanted to see me again.

MILLIE  
Well...I did say that, Jimmy, but I am glad to see you. I was feeling awful blue.

JIMMY  
(leaning closer)  
You're a strange little bird, Millie.

NM

CONTINUED

MILLIE  
(suddenly puzzled)  
You look different.

JIMMY  
I lost my glasses.

MILLIE  
You have nice eyes.

JIMMY  
(batting them)  
You should catch them by candlelight.  
Have dinner with me?

MILLIE  
Well...All right...but Dutch treat.  
At the automat. I'm leaving my job,  
Jimmy. Mr. Graydon isn't available  
any more.

JIMMY  
(jubilant)  
Corking!

MILLIE  
Jimmy...he's lost his heart...to a  
friend of ours.

JIMMY  
Miss Dorothy?

MILLIE  
(aghast)  
How did you guess?

JIMMY  
Who else do we both know? Unless  
it's Muzzy.

MILLIE  
Don't be bitter, Jimmy. Don't blame  
Miss Dorothy. I really don't. Mr.  
Graydon either. Love swamped them.  
We're too young to live a life of  
hate.

JIMMY  
(laughing)  
Millie, you're the one who should  
be on the stage. You're good!

MILLIE  
(incredulous)  
You don't seem to care.

JIMMY  
I don't.

MILLIE  
(flaring)  
Fickle Freddie!

219-L CONTINUED

JIMMY

What!?

TREVOR GRAYDON'S VOICE

(o.s. from the window above)

John....

JIMMY

Your ex-lover.

MILLIE

Coming, Mr. Graydon.

Millie tries to scramble to her feet. Jimmy tries to help her. He cups his hands and gives her a big boost. She struggles to reach her window ledge above.

219-M INT. MILLIE'S OFFICE - TREVOR GRAYDON

He ENTERS the empty office, puffing his pipe, preoccupied with business.

TREVOR GRAYDON

There's a new British typewriting machine. The Atlas. Like to see their local representative.

219-N EXT. BUILDING - CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

climbing. Her face squashed to the cement.

MILLIE

Yes, sir. Got you. The Atlas. I keep a cross-file of all manufacturers -- foreign as well as domestic....

219-P INT. MILLIE'S OFFICE - TREVOR GRAYDON

TREVOR GRAYDON

That's using the old bean, John.

He EXITS, never aware that Millie's chair is quite empty. Millie's head pops over the window ledge.

MILLIE

...Yes, sir.

She climbs in. Jimmy's head APPEARS at the window.

JIMMY

I may never go back to elevators...  
Whoops....

And he falls OUT of SIGHT. Millie screams and flies back to the window.

220 EXT. SIDE OF SINCERE TRUST BUILDING - DAY - MILLIE'S WINDOW -  
JIMMY, MILLIE

Millie leans out the window to see Jimmy, once again swinging from the flag pole. He looks up, smiling.

JIMMY

Pick you up at seven. And we are not dining Dutch treat at the automat, Miss Dillmount. I am taking you over to Park Avenue and you are going to have the best fed picnic you ever put to your bee-stung lips. Lobster. Steak. Cherries jubilee. Nothing but the best for my date, by jingo.

PICTURE FLIPS TO

221 INT. PARK AVENUE RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT - MED. CLOSE  
SHOT - SINKS, DISHES - JIMMY, MILLIE

in aprons. Jimmy washing; Millie drying in stony silence, and her best dress.

JIMMY

(tenderly)

The lights have gone out of you.

MILLIE

(exploding)

You pulled the switch..."by jingo."

JIMMY

You don't think having to wash dishes in the most expensive restaurant in New York a lark?

MILLIE

(spitting it out,  
building to tears)

You want to know what I think? I think we should have gone to the automat. I think it's stealing when a person knows what he has in his pocket and doesn't spend accordingly. I think in his dealings with his girlfriends, a person should be honest. I think you should work for a living...I think you are the most irresponsible dabbler. Playing fancy free and loose with everyone. Living moment to moment. Never getting involved. Throwing yourself away. Burning yourself up when you could be something -- thundering.

221 CONTINUED

JIMMY

All right, all right...Call Miss Dorothy at the Candle Nook Room. Ask her to come bail us out.

MILLIE

(aghast)

I'll do no such thing.

JIMMY

She has the money. She's rich, very rich -- isn't she?

MILLIE

A fortune hunter to boot.

JIMMY

I'll pay her back.

MILLIE

How? In paper clips?!

JIMMY

(firmly)

Well, I'm going to call her. You're not having a lark, so I'm going to call her...Uh...You got a nickle?

MILLIE

(big)

No.

A WAITER barges IN with a tray stacked high with dirty coffee cups and saucers. On the run, he shouts to Millie:

WAITER

Hey, honey, the coffee klatch in back's runnin' low on cups. Tote'm that tray and make it snappy. Hop hop hop.

Intimidated, Millie grabs up the tray of clean coffee cups and hurries off in her apron.

WAITER

No, no, not the restaurant, honey. The back room...that way.

222 INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT - DOLLY SHOT - CUSTOMERS

The room is small, wood-paneled, dark and smokey. We MOVE from booth TO booth along the wall. On each table there are only candles and coffee cups. The well-dressed diners, however, seem to be having one hell of a time, talking, laughing, smoking gulping from their cups. The atmosphere is that of a party. A GIRL is singing the blues and TINKLING the PIANO. (MUSIC: ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE) We END ON the steel door and a

husky BOUNCER stuffed into a too-small tuxedo. There is a hesitant KNOCK on the door. Muscles draws open the peephole. Millie's FACE FILLS the OPENING.

MILLIE

Good evening, sir. Are you the klatch  
in need of cups?

The bouncer slams shut the peephole and slides open the steel door. Ogling, Millie enters with her tray of cups.

BOUNCER

Dump 'em over there, Baby.

MILLIE

Thank you.

We PAN Millie OVER TO the service stand indicated by the bouncer. She puts her tray down then takes a good look at the jolly GROUP.

223 MILLIE'S POINT OF VIEW - PAN SHOT

We PAN BY the singer at the piano -- by the racy couples enjoying their coffee, PAST a lone man, ON TO another group of merry makers, then WHIP BACK TO the lone man. It is Trevor Graydon! He is looking very despondent; and for Mr. Graydon, a bit unkempt. He holds his coffee cup in both hands and drinks.

224 TRAVELING SHOT - MILLIE

She hurries across the crowded room to Mr. Graydon's side. She stands there a moment but he doesn't seem to see her.

MILLIE

(at a loss)  
Mr. Graydon?

Trevor's reflexes are off. Slowly he turns and tries to focus on Millie.

MILLIE

(puzzled)  
Good evening...I thought you were at  
the Candle Nook Room.

Trevor's speech is a little thick.

TREVOR GRAYDON

(in misery)  
She stood me up...I went to the  
Priscilla to call for her...The lady  
at the desk said she checked out. That's  
it. No note. No forwarding address.  
John, where is she?

224 CONTINUED

MILLIE  
 (stunned)  
 I don't know. How very strange.

Trevor Graydon drains his cup, sets it down, hangs his head and sighs. Millie picks his cup up.

MILLIE  
 (compassionately)  
 Let me get you some more coffee,  
 Mr. ---

The fumes from the cup hit her.

MILLIE  
 Strong spirits!

TREVOR GRAYDON  
 Not strong enough.

MILLIE  
 Now you stop this, Mr. Graydon!  
 Why, you'll upset that lovely system  
 of yours.  
 (starting him up)  
 Come meet Jimmy. Maybe he can figure  
 it out.  
 (perplexed)  
 Dear Miss Dorothy. Why would she  
 slip away like that?

225 INT. PARK AVENUE RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT - MED. SHOT -  
 BY SINKS - JIMMY, MILLIE, TREVOR GRAYDON

Jimmy and Millie are back doing the dishes. The three wear deep frowns. Millie stops to refill Trevor Graydon's cup with more black coffee.

JIMMY  
 (upset)  
 She wouldn't. Dorothy wouldn't just  
 leave without telling anyone her plans...  
 and I spoke to her late this after-  
 noon.

MILLIE  
 So did I.

JIMMY  
 Damn! I'm sorry, Millie. But some-  
 thing's up.

226 CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE  
 looking at Jimmy.

227 BLACK CARD - WHITE PRINT

RM

HE MAY BE A ROUNDER BUT HE REALLY DOES CARE FOR HER.

TREVOR GRAYDON

(sobered)

You suspect foul play, Jim?

JIMMY

I don't know...Could you come up with the jack to spring us from this kitchen, Mr. Graydon?

TREVOR GRAYDON

(reaching for his wallet)

Good as done, boy.

JIMMY

I want to get right over there and search her room. Mrs. Meers isn't telling the whole story.

229 INT. PRISCILLA LOBBY AT FRONT DESK - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. MEERS

MRS. MEERS

(graciously)

No, sir. That's all I know. Miss Brown checked out a little after seven this evening. She left nothing.

230 TWO SHOT - TREVOR GRAYDON, MRS. MEERS

Mrs. Meers couldn't be more charming. She likes Trevor's looks.

TREVOR GRAYDON

(baffled)

But my appointment with her was important...I thought.

MRS. MEERS

(so worldly)

I am sorry. Here, we see so much of this. Young girls are so skittish -- so undependable. They often take it into their heads to suddenly home to Mama.

TREVOR GRAYDON

She is an orphan.

MRS. MEERS

(glibly)

Or slip into oblivion with some

230 CONTINUED

MRS. MEERS (Cont'd)  
 forbidden love her friends knew  
 nothing about.

This does it for Trevor.

TREVOR GRAYDON

(steely)

I think, Madam, I had best call  
 the police in on this. A well-bred  
 young lady like Miss Brown certainly  
 would have left a thank you note for  
 the flowers I sent her.

MRS. MEERS

(alarmed but  
 controlled)

True...I wasn't on the desk at the  
 time she left, sir. Let me check  
 once again for you. Excuse me.

She starts toward the back office.

TREVOR GRAYDON

(trying to detain her)

Oh, I'm sure you searched thoroughly.  
 And I did want to talk to you about ---

MRS. MEERS

(on her way)

No, no. The young clerk is so care-  
 less. A letter could be anywhere.  
 No one takes pride in their work any-  
 more.

She smiles at Trevor and slips AWAY.

231 INT. BACK OFFICE - NIGHT - NUMBER ONE, NUMBER TWO

They are playing Mah Jong in the small room. They look  
 up from the game as Mrs. Meers pops IN.

MRS. MEERS

(hoarsely, urgently)

See we gire' cow nu-nu-ng ti'.

The men hop to their feet.

PICTURE LIFTS TO

232 INT. MISS DOROTHY'S ROOM - NIGHT - JIMMY

climbing through the window. He darts across the dark room,  
 CAMERA WITH HIM, and opens the hall door. WE SEE out.

RM

CONTINUED

232 CONTINUED

Millie is waiting in her room, peeking around her door. Jimmy beckons her and she darts across INTO Miss Dorothy's room. He shuts the door after her.

MILLIE

You made it!

JIMMY

Easy. I'm really a second story man.

Millie ponders this a moment. Jimmy switches on the lights. The pink plump roses are on the night stand. Millie and Jimmy make a quick survey of the room. Millie finds the check book on the desk.

MILLIE

Her check book. She can't be far.

Jimmy looks in the closet.

JIMMY

All her clothes...suitcases...shoes!  
...and she checked out without a word?  
A girl just doesn't do that.

MILLIE

(a flash)

Ethel Pease did...and Fanny did...and  
another girl when I first moved in.  
All of them here one day, gone the  
next, without a word to anyone...ex-  
cept Mrs. Meers....

Millie and Jimmy freeze as they HEAR the APPROACHING SQUEAK SQUEAK SQUEAK of the laundry basket -- and MUFFLED CONVERSATION in Chinese.

MILLIE

Mrs. Meers....

JIMMY

Drat! Graydon was supposed to keep  
her occupied downstairs -- Quick --  
under the bed.

Millie dives under the bed. Jimmy jumps to the lights and switches them off. As he ducks under the bed next to Millie, we HEAR the KEY in the lock.

233 TWO SHOT - MILLIE, JIMMY - UNDER BED

JIMMY

(snuggling closer)  
Another first.

233 CONTINUED

Millie shoots him a look of extreme annoyance and scoots away from him. In the b.g., WE can SEE the door open and the lights flash on. We HEAR Mrs. Meers give some orders in Chinese, then SEE her feet, the laundry basket, and the slippered feet of Number One and Number Two. Millie is petrified and scoots back as close to Jimmy as she can get.

234 MED. SHOT - MISS DOROTHY'S ROOM - MRS. MEERS, NUMBER ONE, NUMBER TWO

The men empty the closet and dump the clothes into the laundry basket. Mrs. Meers yanks the pink roses out of their vase, and stuffs them, blooms down, into the wastebasket by the bed.

235 TWO SHOT - UNDER BED - JIMMY, MILLIE

The wastebasket is by Jimmy's head. He sniffs. Almost coughs. Sniffs again. Shakes his head to clear it and moves away from the wastebasket. WE SEE the feet of Mrs. Meers and the laundrymen go to the door with the laundry basket. The lights go out, the door closes and we HEAR the LOCK CLICK. Millie looks to Jimmy.

MILLIE

Oh, Jimmy....

JIMMY

Something fearful is happening...those roses are doped!

FLIP TO

236 EXT. ALLEY OFF NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT - RED ROADSTER - MED. CLOSE SHOT - JIMMY, MILLIE, TREVOR GRAYDON

The three are in a desperate huddle. Jimmy, at the wheel, Millie in the middle.

MILLIE

The laundrymen have been following Miss Dorothy. I realize that now. Remember, Mr. Graydon? Yesterday when you met us in front of the office? The laundry truck parked just up the street?

Brief MUSIC OVER: "AH SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE."

TREVOR GRAYDON

...I'm afraid I only saw Miss Dorothy.

236 CONTINUED

JIMMY

(probing, in troubled  
thought)The Chinese are working for Mrs. Meers.  
She's got something big going.

(to Millie)

What do all the missing girls have  
in common? Money?

MILLIE

Oh, no. Ethel Pease didn't have any-  
thing. No family, no friends...  
nothing. Neither did Fanny. I for-  
get about what's her name. No; she  
was all alone in the world too, poor  
thing...Jimmy, Mrs. Meers is always  
saying that. She said it to Miss  
Dorothy when she found out she was  
an orphan.

JIMMY

What?

MILLIE

"Sad to be all alone in the world."

Jimmy and Trevor Graydon exchange grave looks.

TREVOR GRAYDON

Sad for the victim but very convenient  
for a vampire like Mrs. Meers.Jimmy talks man to man with Trevor Graydon, Millie in the  
middle, her head pivoting.

JIMMY

You think that ---

TREVOR GRAYDON

I do.

JIMMY

You don't mean ---

TREVOR GRAYDON

I'm afraid ---

JIMMY

But by now then, she ---

TREVOR GRAYDON

Yes.

MILLIE

(her hands over  
her mouth)

Oh dear!

236 CONTINUED - 2

TREVOR GRAYDON

Yes, Millie...truel but crue...If  
a girl is all alone in the world and  
she -- "checks out"...who's to ques-  
tion her fate?

JIMMY

(with fervor)

But Miss Dorothy isn't all alone in  
the world. She has us.

DISSOLVE TO

237 EXT. PRISCILLA HOTEL, NEW YORK SIDE STREET - EARLY MORNING  
FULL SHOT - TAXI, LIGHT TRAFFIC

The taxi pulls to a stop in front of the Priscilla and the driver gets out. He is the odd-looking tough little guy with the big handlebar moustache, who first delivered Miss Dorothy to the hotel. He opens the back door and helps Jimmy out. Jimmy is wearing Millie's "unspeakably fatal" flapper dress and hat, gloves, high heels, and makeup complete to Millie's old triangular beauty spot. He carries a small suitcase.

DRIVER

That will be twenty, Miss.

JIMMY

(falsetto)

Twenty?

(at a loss)

Oh, yes, indeed...My, my. Twenty.

DRIVER

(flatly)

Cents...Money...Another Miss Rocke-  
feller. What is it with you dames  
at this place?

JIMMY

Well, I seem to have forgotten a  
purse...but I think maybe I can....

The red roadster ENTERS, Trevor Graydon driving, Millie next to him. They park in back of the cab.

DRIVER

Forget it -- Invest it for me.

He jumps back in his cab and roars OFF. Jimmy gives Millie and Trevor a surreptitious glance, touches the beauty mark on his chin and ENTERS the hotel.

238 TWO SHOT - RED ROADSTER - MILLIE, TREVOR GRAYDON

tense.

TREVOR GRAYDON

All right, John. Snap to. Let's  
get organized.

MILLIE

(getting out)

Yes, sir.

Nervously, she crosses to the hotel, CAMERA PANNING, and ENTERS.

239 INT. PRISCILLA LOBBY - EARLY MORNING - MILLIE

We PAN her OVER to the desk. Jimmy is registering, Mrs.  
Meers officiating.

MRS. MEERS

Right there, dear.

MILLIE

(stiffly)

Is there any mail for me, Mrs. Meers?

MRS. MEERS

Too early for the mail, you know that,  
Millie.

MILLIE

Oh...

(to Jimmy, well-rehearsed)

Hello. My name is Millie Dillmount.

JIMMY

Hello. Mine's Mary James...I'm new  
here.

MILLIE

Yes...I hope we'll be friends.

JIMMY

Oh, so do I. I don't know a soul in  
New York. I don't know a soul anywhere.  
(directly to Mrs. Meers)  
Except back at the orphanage.

MRS. MEERS

(smiling gaily)

Oh?

(handing Jimmy a key)

Sad to be all alone in the world.  
Twelfth floor, dear.

MILLIE

I'll show you the way.

Millie and Jimmy EXIT toward the elevators.

240 ANOTHER ANGLE - MRS. MEERS - TREVOR GRAYDON IN B.G.

Mrs. Meers is about to duck back into her office, when through a front lobby window, she notices the inquisitive, handsome man from last night, sitting in a red roadster, casually smoking a pipe, eyeing the hotel. His return disturbs her a lot. She hurries to the front door.

241 EXT. PRISCILLA HOTEL, FRONT DOOR - EARLY MORNING - MRS. MEERS, TREVOR GRAYDON

She opens the door, steps out and takes position behind one of the tall boxed trees by the entrance, hiding her from Trevor's view.

242 CLOSE SHOT - MRS. MEERS

She opens her ring.

243 INSERT - RING

It is now filled with tiny darts.

244 CLOSE SHOT - MRS. MEERS

She pulls out one of the long, straight pins from the twist of hair at the top of her head. WE SEE it is a hollow, ivory tube. She inserts a dart from her ring into the tube. Then squints off through the tree, draws a bead, looks around. The side street is empty. She fills her cheeks with air, puts the ivory blow gun to her pursed lips and blows.

245 PERFECT PROFILE SHOT - TREVOR GRAYDON

The tiny dart sticks in his big neck just above his high Arrow collar. He freezes, the pipe smoking in his hand.

245-A CLOSE UP - MRS. MEERS

after blowing dart.

MRS. MEERS

Pity!

246 INT. PRISCILLA 12TH FLOOR HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING - MED. SHOT  
BY ELEVATOR - MILLIE, JIMMY, GIRLS

Jimmy and Millie are just stepping out of the car. There are other GIRLS in the elevator. Several get off after Jimmy and Millie and follow them down the hallway -- CAMERA PULLING BACK with them. Jimmy stops at 1210, CAMERA HOLDS.

JIMMY  
(pointedly)  
Thank you, Miss. I'll see you.

MILLIE  
(at her door)  
Yes. Fine. All right.

They ENTER their rooms.

247 INT. MISS DOROTHY'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING - JIMMY

His feet are killing him. He kicks off the high heels and throws his cloche on the bed, then crosses to the window, looks down to check Trevor Graydon.

248 JIMMY'S POINT OF VIEW - LONG SHOT - SHOOTING DOWN TO STREET  
RED ROADSTER, TREVOR GRAYDON

seated, motionless; apparently a man with nerves of steel, holding his pipe.

249 INT. 12TH FLOOR HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING - MILLIE

Millie looks out her door. She is about to cross over to see Jimmy when a young lady stops at his door. She is a really gorgeous, big-busted GAL in sweater and skirt. The gal adjusts her sweater and knocks. Millie frowns, ducks back and shuts her door. The gal knocks again.

250 INT. MISS DOROTHY'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING - JIMMY

jamming his cloche and heels back on.

JIMMY  
(falsetto)  
Millie?

GAL'S VOICE  
No.

Jimmy goes to the door, CAMERA WITH him, and opens it. There stands the beauty.

250 CONTINUED

GAL  
Oh...Isn't Miss Dorothy here?

JIMMY  
No...sorry...She's moved.

GAL  
Gee, too bad.  
(expanding chest)  
I wanted to show her how they turned out.

JIMMY  
Apparently just splendid.

GAL  
Not bad.

JIMMY  
No, no...not bad. Not bad at all.

GAL  
Not stylish, I know.  
(leaning closer)  
But Dickie, my new flame, likes Jazz Babies with fronts. As soon as the cluck proposes, out comes the cotton.  
(as she EXITS)  
See you in the shower.

JIMMY  
(his faith shattered forever)  
Cotton?

In b.g. Millie peeks out. Some GIRLS pass. Quickly, Millie and Jimmy shut their doors. Jimmy runs back to the window, opens it and leans out. He WHISTLES softly and waves.

251 POINT OF VIEW SHOT - RED ROADSTER, TREVOR GRAYDON  
having not moved a muscle.

252 INT. MISS DOROTHY'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING - JIMMY  
Jimmy WHISTLES and waves again. There is a KNOCK at the door. CAMERA FOLLOWING, Jimmy runs to answer.

JIMMY  
(opening door)  
Millie ---

252 CONTINUED

But it is Mrs. Meers standing there, smiling her barracuda smile.

JIMMY

Mrs. Meers.

In b.g. across the hall, Millie peeks out. As Mrs. Meers ENTERS the room, Jimmy winks at Millie and shuts the door. Jimmy turns to Mrs. Meers. She displays a badge in her hand. The badge is a round button edged with ribbon. Printed in the center of the button: "MARY JAMES." Mrs. Meers goes to Jimmy and pins the badge on the shoulder of his dress.

MRS. MEERS

For you, dear. I make them up myself for our new girls...so I'd feel very badly if you didn't pin it right on.

To Jimmy, the badge has a peculiar odor.

JIMMY

(bright falsetto)

Oh, I can't wait to get acquainted... not having folks or friends like I told you.

MRS. MEERS

Yes, of course.

(circling the room)

Well, Mary, everything seems to be in order.

(checking desk)

Stationery...envelopes....

253 CLOSE SHOT - DESK - INK WELL

Mrs. Meers' HAND ENTERS SHOT and drops a small pellet into the ink, causing it to bubble and smoke for a flash.

254 MED. SHOT - JIMMY, MRS. MEERS

Jimmy's back is to Mrs. Meers. He is trying to figure out the mystery of the name badge. As Mrs. Meers starts to leave, he turns to face her.

MRS. MEERS

I'll leave you now, dear, so you can -- relax.

Smiling, Mrs. Meers LEAVES, not quite closing the door all the way after her. Jimmy quickly unpins the badge to examine it.

255 INSERT - BADGE

Attached to the back of the button, hidden in the folds of the ribbon, there is a tiny open vial of liquid.

256 MED. SHOT - JIMMY

He runs to the sink in the corner and empties the vial. The sink gurgles noisily as it drains. Pleased with himself, Jimmy pins the now harmless badge back on as he returns to the open window. He leans out, SOFTLY WHISTLES and waves.

JIMMY  
(falsetto)  
Yoo hoo....

257 JIMMY'S POINT OF VIEW - SHOOTING DOWN TO STREET - LONG SHOT  
RED ROADSTER, TREVOR GRAYDON

The great stone image, he is seated in the parked car staring front.

258 INT. MISS DOROTHY'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING - JIMMY

He WHISTLES louder and louder, finally blasting shrilly through his teeth. Exasperated, he shouts out in his natural voice:

JIMMY  
Hey, Graydon!

Jimmy gives up and goes to the door, CAMERA WITH him. He opens it a mite. In b.g. across the hall, Millie is trapped in a conversation at her door with the big-busted gal, now in a robe and carrying a towel.

GAL  
(gabbing to Millie)  
Dickie's no Rah Rah boy. He's a healthy young animal. But he has some instincts of a gentleman. So I said, Dickie, you're on your honor with a lady and he said, nuts, he was going to take a kiss anyway, and I said take a kiss you'll lose a lip.

Jimmy shuts his door, ponders a moment, goes to the desk, sits, takes the pen, dips it in the ink and starts to scribble a note.

259 INT. 12TH FLOOR HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING - MILLIE'S DOORWAY  
MILLIE, GAL

The gal is still gabbing.

259 CONTINUED

GAL

So I pecked him pertly on the cheek,  
said see you in Church and turned  
on the lights...Well, see you in the  
shower.

The gal EXITS DOWN the hall. Millie watches her go, then  
slips across the hall INTO Miss Dorothy's room.

260 INT. MISS DOROTHY'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING - MILLIE, JIMMY

Jimmy is slumped over the desk. Millie runs to him. She  
tries to rouse him but he is lifeless. Seeing the note,  
she grabs it up to read.

261 INSERT - NOTE HELD IN MILLIE'S HAND

DEAR MILLIE: I AM GOING TO PRETEND  
TO BE DOPED SO MRS. MEERS WILL "CHECK  
ME OUT" AND LEAD US TO MISS DOROTHY.  
THOUGHT I OUGHT TO LET YOU KNOW TO  
AVOID ANY ROMEO-JULIET KIND OF MIXUP.  
YOU SEE I LOVE YO.....

The writing falls away.

262 TWO SHOT - MILLIE, JIMMY

Joyously, Millie hugs Jimmy's limp neck.

MILLIE

And I love you, you funny mutt.

She looks at Jimmy. He puffs rhythmically in his doped  
state.

MILLIE

Jimmy?...Jimmy?...You're not pretending!

Millie runs to the open window, CAMERA PANNING, and looks  
out.

263 EXT. PRISCILLA HOTEL WINDOW - EARLY MORNING - CLOSE SHOT  
MILLIE

MILLIE

Psst...psst...Mr. Graydon....

264 POINT OF VIEW SHOT - RED ROADSTER, TREVOR GRAYDON

(IF THE ANGLE INCLUDES the curb directly in front of the  
hotel, the laundry truck would be parked there in this CUT

264 CONTINUED

-- rear doors open). Trevor is frozen in the same position as before.

265 EXT. PRISCILLA HOTEL WINDOW - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

Frustrated, she snaps her fingers for attention. She stops, her ears picking up something o.s. Quickly she withdraws from the window.

266 INT. MISS DOROTHY'S ROOM - DAY - MILLIE, JIMMY

Millie listens. O.s. the SQUEAK, SQUEAK of the approaching laundry BASKET. She runs to the desk and tries to lift Jimmy but cannot budge him. There is a KNOCK at the door. Frantic, Millie darts under the bed, note in hand. Mrs. Meers ENTERS briskly, FOLLOWED BY Number One and Number Two pushing the laundry basket. They cross directly to Jimmy. Number One lifts the "New Girl's" face.

NUMBER ONE

(frowning)

Kee-Kee.

Mrs. Meers, studying Jimmy.

MRS. MEERS

She's not much...

(jauntily)

But in a dark corner on the late,  
late shift....

She laughs. The Chinese stare at her blankly.

MRS. MEERS

(disgusted)

Oh, Shu-show, shu-show.

She LEAVES the room and the men stuff Jimmy into the laundry basket.

267 CLOSE SHOT - UNDER BED - MILLIE

Her heart is pounding in her mouth as she watches the slippered feet push the laundry basket OUT. We HEAR the DOOR CLOSE O.S. Millie puts the note down her front and crawls OUT.

268 MED. SHOT - MILLIE

She darts to the open window, CAMERA WITH her.

268 CONTINUED

MILLIE  
(calling out)  
Mr. Graydon...They've got Jimmy in  
the laundry basket...Mr. Graydon,  
the laundry men....

269 INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING - NUMBER ONE AND NUMBER TWO

The laundry basket parked between them. Number One gives the downbeat and the two glide into a graceful, slow soft-shoe to MUSIC: "JUST A JAPANESE SAND MAN." The elevator descends.

270 INT. BACK OFFICE - MORNING - MRS. MEERS

on phone, standing, her back to the open door. In b.g. WE SEE the front desk and lobby.

MRS. MEERS  
(urgently)  
I must speak to the Buddha...Mrs.  
Meers....

In b.g. Number One and Number Two soft-shoe THROUGH SCENE pushing the laundry basket.

MRS. MEERS  
Would I call this number if all hell  
were not breaking loose? Let me speak  
to him!

271 INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING - CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

Tapping her heart out. Her feet fly faster and faster, accelerating the speed of the car's descent.

272 EXT. PRISCILLA HOTEL - MORNING - BACK OF LAUNDRY TRUCK -  
ENTRANCE TO HOTEL IN B.G. - NUMBER ONE AND NUMBER TWO

The laundry basket has been loaded into the back. They slam the back doors shut as Millie RUNS OUT of the hotel. We PAN HER TO the red roadster.

273 TWO SHOT - MILLIE, TREVOR GRAYDON - RED ROADSTER

Trevor, as we left him, pipe in hand. Millie scrambles in next to him.

MILLIE  
Act natural, Mr. Graydon, but oh don't  
lose that truck!

274 MILLIE'S POINT OF VIEW - LAUNDRY TRUCK  
as it pulls AWAY.

275 TWO SHOT - MILLIE, TREVOR GRAYDON

MILLIE  
They're getting away!  
(shaking him)  
Mr. Graydon!

Trevor Graydon falls forward like a log -- onto the horn  
-- the HORN SOUNDS, SHRILL and STEADY.

MILLIE  
(beside herself)  
Mr. Graydon...  
(looking after truck)  
Jimmy...Oh, Jimmy! Mr. Graydon...  
(seeing dart)  
You need a doctor!

TREVOR GRAYDON  
(on horn, mumbling)  
Find Miss Dorothy....

276 INT. BACK OFFICE - MORNING - MRS. MEERS

The SOUND of the HORN BLARING FAINTLY O.S.

MRS. MEERS  
(on phone)  
Buddha -- Meers here...In front of  
the hotel, a dark man in a red roadster...  
Remove him...Carefully.  
(purring -- tapping  
her chest)  
Po Hee.

As she hangs up she turns an ear to the horn. Her brows  
knit. The HORN STOPS. She runs INTO the lobby toward the  
front door.

277 EXT. PRISCILLA HOTEL - MORNING - RED ROADSTER - MILLIE,  
TREVOR

Now Millie is seated at the wheel, scared stiff. Trevor  
Graydon is folded in the seat next to her.

MILLIE  
That's the starter...that's the gas  
...that's the brake...I hope.

She fiddles with the machine. Suddenly it leaps forward  
as Mrs. Meers pops THROUGH the revolving doors

278 FULL SHOT - THE RED ROADSTER

It swerves from left to right in hot but unsteady pursuit.

279 CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

Holding to the wheel for dear life.

MILLIE  
(through clenched teeth)  
Just another first.

280 MED. CLOSE SHOT - PRISCILLA HOTEL - MRS. MEERS

She panics. Hatless, coatless, she starts to run up and down, calling:

MRS. MEERS  
Taxi! Taxi! Oh, this town! You  
never can find a cab when you need  
one!

281 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY - LAUNDRY TRUCK, ROADSTER, TRAFFIC

Millie manages to scoot through the traffic until she catches up and is safely tailing the truck. Then abruptly the roadster zooms out of control past the truck. Millie applies the brakes at a stop light. She is now in front of the truck in full view of the Chinese. She tries to be as inconspicuous as possible.

282 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

MILLIE  
(disgusted)  
That's the gas. That's the brake.

She peeks into her rear view mirror at the truck. CAMERA PANS to INCLUDE Trevor as he stirs.

TREVOR GRAYDON  
(mumbling)  
Pretty as a peach...skin to beat the  
band....

Millie looks at him, then back to the Chinese in the mirror. Suddenly she grabs the plaid blanket from across the back of the seat and hurriedly hides Trevor Graydon under it. The stoplight changes. Millie watches the truck in the mirror, waiting for it to pass. As it does, Millie ducks her head, hoping to be invisible.

282 CONTINUED

NUMBER ONE  
(leaning out)  
Hi there.

Millie smiles up at him sickly, as the truck roars ahead.  
Millie follows.

283 EXT. PRISCILLA HOTEL - MORNING - MRS. MEERS - TAXI

The taxi is approaching along the opposite side of the street.  
Frantically, Mrs. Meers hails it. The taxi starts to slow  
down.

284 CLOSE PAN SHOT - TAXI DRIVER

He hangs out the window. Once again it is the tough little  
guy with the handlebar moustache.

DRIVER  
(taunting)  
Oh? Now it's Mrs. Rockefeller! Or  
is it Mrs. Vanderbilt? Where's your  
purse, moneybags?!

285 MED. SHOT - MRS. MEERS, TAXI

The cab drives on. Shocked, she checks. Of course, no  
purse. She runs back INTO the hotel.

PICTURE SPLITS TO

286 EXT. NEW YORK CHINATOWN BACK STREET - DAY - FULL SHOT -  
LAUNDRY TRUCK - ORIENTAL TRAFFIC

The cluttered street is lined with parked wagons, carts,  
trucks, produce, etc. There are a few scattered Chinese  
on foot and bicycles, but mostly the area is quiet. The  
laundry truck pulls into a tight parking space by an alley.  
Next to the alley there is an old three-story brick factory.  
One and Two get out of the truck, take the basket out of  
the back, set it down and pull out a full (of Jimmy) laundry  
bag. They hurry past the brick building INTO the alley,  
carrying the bag.

287 EXT. ALLEY - DAY - NUMBER ONE, NUMBER TWO

Running up the alley with the bag. About halfway they pause,  
face the side of the brick building and lean heavily on  
the wall. Slowly a portion of the bricks swing inward,  
making a doorway. Through the opening, in b.g., WE can  
SEE a brick stairwell. The men step through the wall with  
the laundry bag, get behind the brick door and start to  
inch it shut.

288 EXT. NEW YORK CHINATOWN BACK STREET - DAY - RED ROADSTER

The roadster is making its way unsteadily down the little street. Spying the parked laundry truck, its back doors still open, Millie abruptly spins the steering wheel and the auto careens up into the alley. Millie leaps out and dashes back to the sidewalk.

289 TRAVELING SHOT - SIDEWALK - MILLIE, CHINESE

She runs to the parked, empty truck, checks it and the empty laundry basket. Frustrated, she runs from the basket, up and down the row of dilapidated buildings that line the street, darting from one open doorway to the next, questioning the Chinese.

MILLIE

(on the run)

Have you seen...I beg your pardon...  
but I'm looking for a young man wear-  
ing a black and white dress and a  
big red bloom....

The Chinese stare at her blankly.

290 INT. BRICK STAIRWELL - DAY - NUMBER ONE AND NUMBER TWO

Puffing; they have carried their heavy bundle up the steep, narrow rickety stairs. At the top there is a closed door. Number One opens it.

291 INT. STOREROOM - DAY - MED. CLOSE SHOT - DOORWAY

Number One and Number Two ENTER. A little light filters down from the dirty skylight. They set the laundry bag down and catch their breath. Number Two looks o.s. through his thick glasses. He grins.

292 PAN SHOT - STOREROOM - GIRLS, CHINESE WORKMEN, ENGLISH SAILOR

Along the sides of the dim dank storeroom, crude bamboo jail cells have been put up. In the cells a strange cargo -- pretty young girls, gagged and bound. They sit on straw mats or stand staring out through the bars in hopeless despair. A couple of Chinese are building heavy wooden shipping boxes; each big enough for a girl. They drill air holes in the tops of the boxes. An old, white, bearded ENGLISH SAILOR with a wooden leg, is printing on the shipping boxes already completed. Printed on one is:

SHIP TO: MRS. MEERS TEA ROOMS - HONG KONG; on another,  
BIG MARY'S TART SHOP - PEKING

RM

293 FULL SHOT - NUMBER ONE, NUMBER TWO, CHINESE, GIRLS, ENGLIS  
SAILOR

They hoist the laundry bag and EXIT the storeroom by a far door. The girls draw back as they pass their cells.

294 INT. ORIENTAL DEN, MAIN HALLWAY - DAY - NUMBER ONE, NUMBER

The narrow hallway is dark, hazy and mysterious. The walls covered with dazzling Chinese tapestries and elaborate carvings. The many archways that lead off the hall are curtained with long strands of brilliant beads. A Chinese record is playing in the distance "LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES" sung in Chinese. Number One and Two pitty-pat down the hall with the bag and DISAPPEAR THROUGH one of the curtains of beads.

295 INT. RED DEN - DAY - NUMBER ONE, NUMBER TWO, MISS DOROTHY

Number One and Number Two ENTER. The cubicle is very dark and very red. We can make out two low Chinese beds. On low tables next to them -- opium pipes. Miss Dorothy is sleeping fitfully on the far bed. Her movement makes Number One grin. The men dump the laundry bag on the near bed.

296 CLOSE SHOT - BED - JIMMY

as the bag hits the bed, Jimmy's head flops out onto the pillow. He has lost his hat. His makeup is smudged, partly wiped away.

297 MED. CLOSE SHOT - NUMBER ONE, NUMBER TWO, MISS DOROTHY

Number One looks down at Miss Dorothy, desirously.

NUMBER ONE  
(tapping chest)

Po Hee.

Number One reaches for Miss Dorothy, notices his dirty hands and eyes them with distaste.

NUMBER ONE  
Ting jing kow sue-kee now.

Number One HURRIES FROM: the room, Number Two FOLLOWING.

298 CLOSE SHOT - MISS DOROTHY

Her eyes open slowly. She looks around blankly...confused. Fear creeps into her face. She stares o.s.

299 CLOSE SHOT - JIMMY

His face sticking out of the bag.

300 CLOSE SHOT - MISS DOROTHY

Blinking...searching for reality, she stares around. Her eyes begin to focus.

MISS DOROTHY  
(groggily)  
Jimmy?...Jimmy?....

301 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MISS DOROTHY, JIMMY

She staggers over to his bed, looks down, cries out and falls next to him.

MISS DOROTHY  
Oh, Jimmy, darling.

She takes him in her arms and hugs him.

302 CLOSE SHOT - MISS DOROTHY

She pulls back from the embrace, the triangular beauty spot now on her chin. Miss Dorothy listens to Jimmy's heart. She shakes him.

MISS DOROTHY  
Wake up, dear, wake up.

CAMERA WITH her, she stands, helplessly looking around, moves to the beaded curtain, gingerly peeks out, then EXITS THROUGH the beads.

303 EXT. NEW YORK CHINATOWN BACK STREET - DAY - TRAVELING SHOT  
MILLIE

Nervously running from building to building, looking into the open doorways of the strange shops. She passes a little fortune cookie factory, looks in.

MILLIE  
Please, have you seen two Chinese....

304 INT. FORTUNE COOKIE FACTORY - DAY - TWO OLD CHINESE WOMEN

The women ignore Millie. One is seated at an ancient type-writer, pecking out fortunes with one finger on a long narrow sheet of paper. She cuts one off, hands the strip to her friend who reads it, gets hysterical and stuffs it into a cookie.

She runs on. As she passes the brick building we catch a mere glimpse of a weathered sign: "WOO FIREWORKS FACTORY." Despondent and out of breath, she pauses in the entrance to the alley. Her attention is drawn across the street.

306 MILLIE'S POINT OF VIEW - ALLEY ACROSS THE STREET

A very beautiful but menacing-looking CHINESE GIRL is leaning against the alley wall, watching Millie intently. She puffs a dark cigarette. A SECOND exotic GIRL ENTERS. The first girl stops her and points out Millie across the street. Both girls lean back against the wall, smoking, eyeing Millie suspiciously.

307 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

She becomes frightened, under the girls' hostile stares. Trying to appear casual, she whips out her battered pack of Luckies, leans against the brick wall and with shaking hands, starts to take one out.

308 INT. RED DEN - DAY - NUMBER ONE, JIMMY

Number one bursts through the beaded entrance, hands scrubbed, hair plastered, resplendant in a satin robe. His smile fades when he sees Miss Dorothy's bed empty. Yelping, he leaps back through the curtains into the hall.

309 INT. SIDE HALLWAY - ORIENTAL PHONE BOOTH - MISS DOROTHY

In the dim light we can see Miss Dorothy talking intently into the phone.

310 INT. PHONE BOOTH - MISS DOROTHY

MISS DOROTHY  
(exasperated whisper)  
I don't have a nickle! I  
don't even have my check book.  
Borrow?! Operator, you have  
obviously never been in a  
Chinese opium den!

Number ONE ENTERS the booth, clamps one hand over Miss Dorothy's mouth, the other rips the cord from the phone. Miss Dorothy looks up at him petrified.

311 EXT. ALLEY - DAY - MILLIE

Lighting her first cigarette, she coughs. Her eyes smart. It tastes horrible. She immediately yanks it from her mouth and tosses it and the pack away.

312 CLOSE SHOT - BRICK WALL - WINDOW - CIGARETTE

The cigarette sails through the open window.

313 INT. FIREWORKS FACTORY - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - FLOOR, CIGARETTE

The lit cigarette lands on a huge pile of Chinese fireworks.

314 INT. SIDE HALLWAY - DAY - MISS DOROTHY, NUMBER ONE

As Number One eagerly pulls Miss Dorothy to him, from the phone booth, all HELL EXPLODES around them.

315 EXTREME CLOSE TWO SHOT - NUMBER ONE, MISS DOROTHY

The CAMERA SHAKES.

NUMBER ONE

(oblivious -- passionate)

Dorothy.

Savagely she pushes him away.

MISS DOROTHY

(screaming)

Miss Dorothy!

A SKY ROCKET shoots THROUGH the scene between them and Miss Dorothy escapes, SCREAMING.

316 EXT. ALLEY - DAY - MILLIE, CHINESE WORKERS

Confusion and fireworks reign. Millie is running toward CAMERA through Chinese workers. She applies her brakes having heard Miss Dorothy SCREAM.

MILLIE

(looking up to  
second story)

Miss Dorothy!

317 FULL SHOT - ALLEY - MILLIE, CHINESE WORKERS

The workers are jumping OUT of the windows of the brick building into the alley, chased by fireworks. Millie runs back up the alley, her eye on the second floor. The brick door in the wall opens and a stream of older, well-dressed CHINESE MEN come tumbling OUT, amid pinwheels and smoke bombs. Millie charges the doorway and forces her way in through the exodus of CHATTERING Chinese merchants.

318 INT. BRICK STAIRWELL - DAY - MILLIE, RICH CHINESE

She fights her way past the last of the fleeing customers. Alone, she climbs the narrow steep stairs to the open door at the top.

319 INT. STOREROOM - DAY - FULL SHOT - MILLIE, GIRLS

The room is full of smoke. In the doorway, Millie falls back at the sight and sounds that greet her. The jailed, gagged girls are near panic at the smoke and noise. Millie runs to the nearest cell.

320 MED. SHOT - MILLIE, LOVELY BLONDE - GIRLS IN B.G.

Millie throws the bamboo latch and ENTERS a lovely blonde's cell, immediately attacking the bindings on her wrist.

MILLIE

(shouting over din)

It's not a fire...just a...  
Well -- it's not a fire!

A gorgeous display sparkles through the storeroom and out the skylight.

MILLIE

Just fireworks...It'll bring  
the police...I hope.

Millie questions the blonde as she bites and yanks off the bindings.

MILLIE

Two Chinese laundrymen with a  
boy -- uh -- a girl -- a very  
tall girl -- or Miss Dorothy --  
beautiful -- blonde -- curls...

The girl grunts and nods her head, her eyes indicating the far door.

321 INT. SPEEDING TAXI - DAY - BACK SEAT - MRS. MEERS

bouncing at the edge of her seat, clutching a big purse.

MRS. MEERS

Shu-show, shu-show.

322 INT. STOREROOM - DAY - FULL SHOT - MILLIE, LOVELY BLONDE, GIRLS IN B.G.

Millie has freed the blonde's hands. The girl starts to remove her own gag and leg ties.

322 CONTINUED

LOVELY BLONDE  
Thank you. Oh thank you,  
thank you.

MILLIE  
(on the run)  
Untie the others...Hide till  
the police come.

Millie runs from the cell and EXITS the storeroom, through  
the far door.

323 INT. ORIENTAL DEN - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY - MILLIE

Colored smoke fills the hallway. Millie hugs the wall to find  
her way. She opens doors, checks -- squints through beaded  
curtains...

MILLIE  
Jimmy...Miss Dorothy...Holy  
mackerell!

Groping along the wall she hits a hidden panel. It slides  
open. She is aghast at what she sees. Ethel Pease' VOICE  
O.S. SINGING and PLUNKING her banjo.

MILLIE  
Ethel Pease! Get up! Run for  
your life!

ETHEL PEASE'S VOICE  
Hey...Shut the door, will ya,  
honey...I'll catch a cold.

MILLIE  
Don't despair, I'll be back.

Quickly, Millie shuts the panel and continues her search.

324 ANOTHER ANGLE - MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY

They startle one another as they emerge out of the smoke face  
to face. SCREAMING for joy they embrace, near tears.

MILLIE  
Did they?...Have their way  
with you?

MISS DOROTHY  
Really, Millie!

Millie sees the triangular beauty spot on Miss Dorothy's cheek.

324 CONTINUED

MILLIE

My beauty spot. Don't tell me  
you weren't busy. Where is he?

They start OFF.

SPARKLING PINWHEEL CUTOUT TO

325 INT. BRICK STAIRWELL - DAY - MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY, JIMMY

The girls are staggering down the steep stairs, carrying  
Jimmy still in the laundry bag. Millie is good and miffed.

MISS DOROTHY

I do hope he won't be an addict...  
I mean -- after all that dope.

MILLIE

(hard)  
Didn't hurt Sleeping Beauty or  
Snow White.

They reach the bottom of the stairs.

326 EXT. ALLEY - DAY - TRAVELING SHOT - MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY,  
JIMMY, CHINESE WORKERS

The girls ENTER the alley which is swarming with noisy Chinese  
workers, running to and fro with buckets of water. The girls  
carry Jimmy in the bag, toward the roadster, Chinese jostling  
them as they go.

327 MED. CLOSE SHOT - ROADSTER - MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY, JIMMY

MILLIE

The rumble seat!

Trevor Graydon's VOICE from under blanket, HUMS ("AH SWEET  
MYSTERY OF LIFE").

MISS DOROTHY

(looking at blanket)  
Trevor!

MILLIE

The front seat's taken...

She shoves Miss Dorothy to the back of the car.

328 EXT. FRONT OF FIREWORKS FACTORY - DAY - FULL SHOT - NUMBER ONE, NUMBER TWO, CHINESE WORKERS

Everyone is careening about carrying water buckets, Number One and Number Two trapped in the middle of the confusion. A taxi pulls UP. Mrs. Meers leaps out and beats her way with her big purse to the laundrymen.

329 EXT. ALLEY - DAY - ROADSTER, MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY, CHINESE WORKERS, JIMMY

Miss Dorothy is climbing into the rumble seat next to Jimmy. Millie takes the wheel.

TREVOR GRAYDON'S VOICE

(mumbling under blanket)

...I bet you could even make the moon and stars behave.

Miss Dorothy blushes. Millie gives the blanket and Miss Dorothy a sour look, jerks the controls and the car takes off -- in reverse.

MISS DOROTHY

(directing)

No, darling, forward...forward.

330 FULL SHOT - ALLEY

The roadster backs to the entrance of the alley, bumps to a stop smack between Mrs. Meers on one side, Number One and Two on the other. Miss Dorothy is surprised and happy to see Mrs. Meers.

MISS DOROTHY

Milly, look who we've run into...  
Mrs. Meers.

As Mrs. Meers, One and Two start for the car doors, Millie shifts something and the roadster takes OFF forward.

MISS DOROTHY

(shouting, confused)

But maybe she'd like a liff... .

The roadster travels down the alley like a rocket, scattering the Chinese and their buckets.

330-A CLOSE UP - ROADSTER - PROCESS - MILLIE, TREVOR, JIMMY AND MISS DOROTHY

Millie drives furiously. Coming to, Trevor throws back his blanket and sits bolt upright.

330-A CONTINUED

TREVOR GRAYDON

All right now, snap to. Let's get organized.

330-B ALLEY - MRS. MEERS, NUMBER ONE AND NUMBER TWO

They EXIT for the laundry truck. The Chinese pick themselves and their buckets up just as the laundry truck ENTERS with Mrs. Meers, One and Two. It barrels down the alley, upturning the Chinese once again.

331 OMITTED

332 EXT. LOWER EASTSIDE NEW YORK STREET - DAY - RED ROADSTER

It streaks down the street and around the corner.

MISS DOROTHY

(hollering as they go)

Faster, dear, faster! Release the brake!

A second later the old laundry truck comes charging along, taking the corner on two wheels.

333 EXT. ANOTHER LOWER EASTSIDE STREET - DAY - MED. SHOT - ROADSTER, LAUNDRY TRUCK

The laundry truck is gaining.

334  
thru  
338 OMITTED

339 CLOSE SHOT - LAUNDRY TRUCK WINDOW - MRS. MEERS - NUMBER ONE AND TWO IN B.G.

Number One is driving, Two seated in the middle. Mrs. Meers leans out the window putting the ivory blow gun to her lips. She takes aim.

340 MRS. MEERS' POINT OF VIEW - REAR OF RED ROADSTER - MISS DOROTHY

All that is visible over the back of the open rumble seat is the top of Miss Dorothy's head. It sinks OUT OF SIGHT.

341 EXT. LAUNDRY TRUCK WINDOW - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. MEERS; NUMBER ONE AND TWO IN B.G.

MRS. MEERS

(foiled)

Pook.

She takes aim again.

342 MRS. MEERS' POINT OF VIEW - REAR OF RED ROADSTER

We ZOOM IN ON rear right tire.

343 EXT. TRUCK WINDOW - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. MEERS - NUMBER ONE AND TWO IN B.G.

She fills her cheeks with air. The truck hits a bump, jostling the passengers. Mrs. Meers' head snaps back, she gulps. She turns and gives the big driver a scathing look...She HICCUPS. Then she hunches forward, intense.

MRS. MEERS

Ah hah...heading for Long Island and their rich society friend. The Four Hundred's going to be missing a few.

This amuses her. She laughs. One and Two watch her, poker-faced.

MRS. MEERS

Oh God, you two are dreary.  
(she HICCUPS again)

FLIP TO

344 OMITTED  
thru  
352

(X)

353 EXT. VAN HOSSMERE GARDEN (BY HOUSE, AWAY FROM POOL) - NIGHT - MUZZY, MILLIE, JIMMY, MISS DOROTHY, TREVOR GRAYDON

Muzzy is holding court, looking like the Queen of the world, reclining on an ornate garden chaise, sipping champagne. She is wearing a long Grecian gown gathered at the waist with a cord. Millie is seated on an ottoman, the center of attraction, Jimmy standing proudly over her wearing borrowed sweater and slacks. Trevor is posed against a short marble pillar that supports a bit of statuary, puffing his pipe. Miss Dorothy is curled on the grass at his feet, holding his free hand. Trevor wears a strip of adhesive on his neck. Muzzy lifts her glass to Millie. (Note: The garden furniture should all be constructed with springs and canvas so it can be used as trampolines in the Bernini finale.)

MUZZY

Well, your adventure sends a chill over my heart. It really does. To think of such ungentlemanly behavior in my darling New York. Millie, I lift my glass in humble tribute. A miracle, the way you rebuffed those fatheads.

They applaud Millie, who blushes.

353A MED. CLOSE SHOT - BACK OF GARDEN - MRS. MEERS, NUMBER ONE  
AND NUMBER TWO

(X)

approaching the mansion. Popping behind trees, spying.

MRS. MEERS  
"Fatheads!"...Everyone of them must  
die!

She prepares her blowgun -- HICCUPS.

MRS. MEERS  
(thumping her  
chest)  
My those darts are rich!

354 FULL SHOT - FEATURING MISS DOROTHY, TREVOR GRAYDON

In b.g., Muzzy and Jimmy start to SING "FOR SHE'S A JOLLY GOOD  
FELLOW."

MISS DOROTHY  
(looking up)  
How do you thank a hero?

TREVOR GRAYDON  
(looking down)  
I saved you selfishly for myself.

Miss Dorothy and Trevor join the singing.

355 CLOSE SHOT - MRS. MEERS

Putting the blowgun to her lips.

MRS. MEERS

First, that interfering Dillmount girl.

She blows.

356 CLOSE SHOT - TREVOR GRAYDON

as the dart finds the wrong target -- his big neck. He freezes. No one notices the difference, of course.

357 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MRS. MEERS, NUMBER ONE AND NUMBER TWO

MRS. MEERS

Ding Foo!

O.s. WE HEAR Muzzy, Jimmy, Miss Dorothy SINGING "For She's A Jolly Good Fellow." Mrs. Meers starts to load up again when:

TEA'S VOICE

(soft, polite)

Ting gow'ie fa.

Mrs. Meers and the men whip around.

358 ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING TEA

They are hidden from Muzzy and others by trees, pillars, house, etc. Tea bows. His hands hidden in his sleeves.

TEA

Chow, chow.

Tentatively, Number One and Number Two bow.

NUMBER ONE AND NUMBER TWO

Chow, chow.

Tea steps closer, smiling at Mrs. Meers.

TEA

Chow, chow.

They pause. Mrs. Meers bows.

TEA

You are most welcome.

(whipping out gun)

Shall we join the others? Please.

Facing the gun, Mrs. Meers smiles and bows again. Out of

358 CONTINUED

habit, Tea bows again and Mrs. Meers gives him a sharp knife-like karate blow on the back of his neck. As Tea crumbles, Mrs. Meers relieves him of the gun.

MRS. MEERS

Thank you.

(bowing to One and Two)

We are most welcome...Shall we join the others, please?

Holding the gun, Mrs. Meers marches through the trees, across the patio, and up to the group, One and Two flanking her. CAMERA PANS with them.

359 FULL SHOT - MRS. MEERS, NUMBER ONE AND TWO, MUZZY, MILLIE, JIMMY, MISS DOROTHY, TREVOR GRAYDON

MRS. MEERS

Good evening.

The intruders interrupt the singing, startling everyone. That is, everyone but Trevor Graydon who remains manly and unruffled by the pillar, pipe in hand.

360 CLOSE SHOT - MUZZY

smiling, she slowly sets her glass down and stands facing Mrs. Meers.

MUZZY

(with relish)

Razzberries!

361 FULL SHOT - FEATURING MUZZY

Millie runs to Jimmy, Miss Dorothy takes refuge behind stony Trevor Graydon. Jimmy starts to make a move. Muzzy stops him with a firm gesture, then turns front and HUMS a PITCH TONE like her singing instructor and lets go a FOGHORN NOTE. Number One and Two stop agog.

MRS. MEERS

Obviously mad...Thin-blooded aristocrats...Shu-show.

362 CLOSE SHOT - MUZZY

She hits descending bass notes reverberating the trees.

363 CLOSE SHOT - NUMBER TWO

Also reverberating the lenses of his glasses -- CRACK, CRACK. He is blind without them.

## 364 MED. CLOSE TRAVELING SHOT - MUZZY

Muzzy twitches her shoulder like her dancing instructor, shouts "YEAH, YEAH" and shimmies over to Number One. The big man is momentarily confused and frightened by this demented white devil. She dances around him getting in some good Charleston kicks, crippling him. Number One raises his arms to destroy her.

MUZZY  
(imitating Cruncher)  
Okay, okay -- K.O.

She flattens Number One with an uppercut.

## 365 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MRS. MEERS, NUMBER TWO

MRS. MEERS  
Get her...Get the mad thing!

Blindly, Number Two fumbles after Muzzy.

## 366 FULL SHOT

Jimmy, Millie and Miss Dorothy run to Muzzy's side as Number Two APPROACHES.

MUZZY  
(clapping her hands)  
Ecco, ecco.

BERNINI MUSIC OVER. Like the bouncing Berninis, Muzzy leads Jimmy, Millie and Miss Dorothy in the human yo-yo maneuver with tiny Number Two, taking advantage of all the garden furniture to bounce on. Miss Dorothy takes a moment from the fun to run over to stiff Trevor Graydon.

MISS DOROTHY  
(apologizing)  
Please don't think us frivolous.

And she runs back. Muzzy, Jimmy, Millie and Miss Dorothy wind Number Two up for the finale, sail him through the air, but no one catches him and Number Two LEAVES us, sailing over the tree tops. Muzzy, Millie, Jimmy and Miss Dorothy face Mrs. Meers to take the elaborate Bernini circus bows. Mrs. Meers fires the gun. Out of the muzzle pops a flag, written on it the word: "BANG." Mrs. Meers gives up, and starts to flee.

367 CLOSE SHOT - MUZZY

She rips the long cord from her waist. On each end of the cord there are heavy gold ball tassels. Muzzy swings the gold balls like a bolas and lets it fly o.s.

368 CLOSE SHOT - BY POOL - MRS. MEERS

The cord is wrapped around and around, pinning her arms and legs to her body. As she topples forward like a plank INTO the o.s. pool, she swears.

MRS. MEERS

Ding Foo! Pook pook pook Ding Foo!

Mrs. Meers DISAPPEARS -- there is a loud SPLASH.

369 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MUZZY, JIMMY, MILLIE, MISS DOROTHY, TREVOR GRAYDON

MUZZY

(imitating Juarez)  
(Those) Esas son las bolas, Senora.  
(These) Estas

370 CLOSE SHOT - MRS. MEERS

sitting bolt upright in the shallow reflection pool, thoroughly foiled.

MRS. MEERS

( HICCUPS again)

Sad to be all alone in the world.

(X)

371 MED. SHOT - MUZZY, MILLIE, JIMMY, MISS DOROTHY AND TREVOR GRAYDON

Muzzy brushes her hands.

MUZZY

And that's that....

WE HEAR APPROACHING POLICE SIRENS.

MUZZY

Ah, my law instructors have arrived.

371-A CLOSE SHOT - MISS DOROTHY AND TREVOR GRAYDON

Miss Dorothy is hanging onto the immobile Trevor Graydon's strong arm.

MISS DOROTHY  
(snuggling)  
My rock.

FLIP TO

372 INT. VAN HOSSMERE HALLWAY - NIGHT - MILLIE

Dressed in borrowed, striped P.J.'s, Millie swings down the hall.

MILLIE'S VOICE  
(singing OVER)  
Gimme, gimme, a LOVE like Jimmy....

She takes a corner, retreats. Peeks back around the corner.

372-A MILLIE'S POINT OF VIEW - JIMMY

in P.J.'s is leaning out his door, beckoning o.s. Miss Dorothy scoots IN past him INTO his room.

372-B CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

This does it. She turns to leave.

JIMMY'S VOICE  
Psssst....

Millie turns back.

372-C MILLIE'S POINT OF VIEW - JIMMY

He is beckoning again, o.s. Muzzy, in negligee, scoots IN. He pulls her INTO his room and SHUTS the door.

JIMMY  
(whispering)  
Get in here, you Muzzy you.

372-D CLOSE SHOT - MILLIE

wild.

372-E TRAVELING SHOT - MILLIE

She charges down the hall to Jimmy's door and bursts through.

RM

372-F INT. JIMMY'S ROOM - MILLIE, MUZZY, JIMMY, MISS DOROTHY

Millie bursts IN. Standing there hugging and laughing, Jimmy, Miss Dorothy and Muzzy!

MILLIE  
(furious)  
Muzzy, too!

They turn to face Millie. Jimmy is in the middle. One arm around Muzzy, the other around Miss Dorothy.

JIMMY  
Sure. Wanna join me?  
(hugging Miss Dorothy)  
...and my sister...  
(hugging Muzzy)  
And my stepmother.

MILLIE  
(incredulously)  
Stepmother!

JIMMY  
Yes. Even though she is not old enough to be.

Fabulous Muzzy lowers her eyes, acknowledging the compliment.

MILLIE  
I've been blind.

MUZZY  
No, no, dear...Jimmy's just like his father. He doesn't look very much like a real multi-millionaire to a girl, either.

MILLIE  
You're not in paper clips?

MISS DOROTHY  
That isn't too far from the truth, Millie...The fortune was founded in steel.

MILLIE  
I don't understand.

CONTINUED

378 ANGLE FEATURING JIMMY AND MILLIE

JIMMY  
(pulling Millie to him)  
Tea practically raised me, so that  
does it...almost.

He kisses Millie fully. As they kiss, a CIRCLE CLOSES IN AROUND THEM, BLOCKING OUT the rest of the picture. During the embrace, their CLOTHES DISSOLVE INTO WEDDING ATTIRE.

JIMMY  
What would you like for a wedding  
present, Mrs. Van Hossmere?

MILLIE  
A check book, by jingo. Rich  
people can nickle and dime you to  
death.

THE CIRCLE WITH JIMMY AND MILLIE DIMINISHES IN SIZE AS IT FLOATS UP TO A POSITION IN THE UPPER RIGHT CORNER OF SCREEN.

379 A NEW LARGE CIRCLE FADES INTO CENTER SCREEN -- IN IT, MISS DOROTHY AND TREVOR GRAYDON

Trevor has adhesive strips on both sides of his neck. Locked in a kiss.

TREVOR GRAYDON  
Swell.

MISS DOROTHY  
Just swell.

The CIRCLE WITH MISS DOROTHY AND TREVOR FLOATS UP TO A POSITION IN THE LEFT HAND CORNER OF SCREEN.

380 A THIRD LARGE CIRCLE FADES IN CENTER SCREEN -- MUZZY IS SEEN OVER A MAN'S BROAD SHOULDER

He is kissing her. She pulls back and faces CAMERA.

MUZZY  
(introducing)  
My...uh....  
(looking up at man)  
What is it you teach?

The couples look down at Muzzy from their hearts above.

MILLIE  
(marveling)  
Like a squirrel, storing the nuts  
of life.

373  
thru  
375

OMITTED

376 TRAVELING SHOT - MUZZY

She goes to Millie.

MUZZY

Well, now, that Judith Tremayne was sniffing around Jimmy quite a lot and every fortune hunter in this hemisphere was after Dorothy....

Muzzy takes Millie's arm and draws her to Jimmy and Miss Dorothy.

MUZZY

So I sent the kids out into the real world with high hopes they'd find really really sweet partners like you and Trevor Graydon...And they did...Your father would be so proud of you.

The four are now standing together. Jimmy takes Millie's hand.

JIMMY

I'm first vice president of Van Hossmere World Wide Enterprises ...be my stenog?

MILLIE

Oh no, thank you. I don't want to be your equal any more. I want to be your woman -- a dandy little bundle for a fella to cuddle. I'm going back to hoop skirts and flirting fans. You think Miss Dorothy has curls? Wait.

JIMMY

(looking o.s.)  
What's the final word, Tea?

377 MED. CLOSE SHOT - TEA

in doorway, his neck in a brace.

TEA

I have been watching her most close. I approve. A good old-fashioned girl.

380 CONTINUED

MUSIC: "T.M.M."

381 OMITTED

382 THE THREE CIRCLES

(X)

thru

385

as they maneuver into a straight line across the SCREEN.  
Millie and Jimmy, Miss Dorothy and Trevor Graydon, and Muzzy  
(OVER the man's broad shoulder) SING:

GROUP

(singing)

Good-bye good goodie girl  
You're changing and how  
So beat the drum  
Cause here comes  
Thoroughly Modern Millie now....

At the TAG of the song, the three remaining CIRCLES DANCE OFF,  
EXITING SCREEN LEFT. THE SCREEN IS BLANK FOR A SPLIT SECOND.  
Then MILLIE'S and JIMMY'S CIRCLE BOUNCES BACK FOR THE TAG.  
Millie locked in Jimmy's arms, feasts her eyes on her beau and  
sings:

MILLIE

(singing)

Hallelujah....  
Boop boop be doop....

THEIR CIRCLE is chased OFF with RUNNING MUSIC.

(ALL THE CIRCLES COULD DART BACK ON FOR QUICK VAUDEVILLE BOWS)

FINAL FADE OUT

THE END