

COLUMBIA NO. 17

"TWENTIETH CENTURY"

FINAL DRAFT

34

PLEASE RETURN THIS SCRIPT TO PRODUCTION MANAGER
WHEN PICTURE IS COMPLETED

WRIGHT-O

Received from Production Manager's Office

1 SCRIPT

34

Title COLUMBIA NO. 17

Signed

COLUMBIA #17

FADE IN:

1. EXT. THE JAFFE THEATRE - MED. SHOT

It is summer. The theatre is closed. Workmen are in the lobby. A sign is being set out in front of the theatre.

2. CLOSE SHOT
The sign reads:

OPENING SEPTEMBER 25
MR. OSCAR JAFFE HAS THE PLEASURE
OF ANNOUNCING A NEW PLAY TO BE
PRESENTED AT THE JAFFE THEATRE
ON SEPTEMBER 25

THE PLAY, "THE HEART OF KENTUCKY"
BY A.E. BURNS WILL BE STAGED BY
MR. JAFFE WITH A TYPICAL JAFFE
CAST.

"AN OSCAR JAFFE PRODUCTION IS A
GUARANTEE OF WIT AND GENIUS IN
THE THEATRE"

Percy Winters - New York Times.

(NOTE: The Sign is on a wooden frame blocking the front door - elegantly printed.)

3. MED. CLOSE TRUCK SHOT

We pick up Oliver Webb with his derby. He stops at the box office and greets the treasurer.

WEBB
How's the advance sale?

TREASURER
Hello, Mr. Webb. Mounting - mounting -
bound to be the first hit of the season.

WEBB
Has Mr. Jaffe come down yet?

TREASURER
Haven't seen him.

Webb enters the theatre.

CUT TO:

4. INT. THEATRE - MED. SHOT

We see a rehearsal on a bare stage. Max Jacobs is in a kitchen chair holding the script. An electric light on a stand at center front floods the stage. Actors in street clothes sit around in other kitchen chairs. We see Lily Garland holding her "part" smoking a cigarette, and going rather listlessly through the part.

CAMERA MOVES with Lily as she walks, she recites - very Southern.

LILY

But, Daddy, you all know Michael loves me and I love him. You can't call that a sin -- his feelings for me are more -

CAMERA STOPS ON

5. TWO SHOT

LILY

(turns to Jacobs)

My brother's supposed to cut in there, Mr. Jacobs.

JACOBS

Where's Mr. Johnson?

6. MED. SHOT

ACTOR

He's taking a smoke. I'll get him.

JACOBS

(irritably)

Everybody should be on their toes. Mr. Jaffe's taking over the rehearsal today. All right, Miss Plotka, skip that part. Get to the scene where you hear your father killed Michael. All right - come on.

ACTRESS

(who has risen from a chair)

Mary Jo - Oh, where are you all - Mary Jo.

LILY

What is it, Emmy Lou?

CONTINUED

6.

CONTINUED

ACTRESS

Your Daddy just met Michael.
They're on the lawn.

LILY

Oh - Emmy Lou - what are we all
goin' to do?

JACOBS

(interrupting)

All right. You hear a shot.

LILY

(to Jacobs)

Two shots, isn't it?

JACOBS

Yes -- boom - boom.

An actor rises and starts panting.

ACTOR

(a stout coon)

Oh Lawdy, Miss Mary Jo. Your
Daddy just killed Mr. Michael.

LILY

(to Jacobs)

That's where I scream.

JACOBS

(wearily)

There's goin' to be a lot of
screaming around here young lady -
and not by you either.

LILY

You said we were just walking
through, Mr. Jacobs.

7.

CLOSE SHOT

Webb has come up on the stage - watching the last minute.

WEBB

(sourly)

Max -

8.

GROUP SHOT

JACOBS

(to the cast)

Go right on - go on.

The Cast takes up rest of scene. Lily continues to
rehearses. Max and Oliver go to the wings.

9. MED. CLOSE SHOT - WEBB AND JACOBS

WEBB

Listen, Max. That hoboken cinderella ain't gonna do. That kinda acting is for pins in the basement.

JACOBS

You're telling me. She's hopeless. And he's gonna blame me for the fact that a \$15 a week lingerie model ain't turned out to be a Bernhardt. The more you direct her the worse she gets.

WEBB

(confidentially)

Well, Max - I've saved his bacon again. Francine Anderson is coming here in about an hour.

JACOBS

Anderson! Oliver, she'll be marvelous. That's real casting.

10. CLOSE SHOT

O'MALLEY

(a little drunk)

Hey, Max. Which one of these foul guinea hens is named Lily Garland?

11. MED. CLOSE SHOT - WEBB, JACOBS, O'MALLEY

As O'Malley joins them.

WEBB

Not so loud, Owen. We're discussing something.

O'MALLEY

Listen, you foul Corsican. These are orders from on high. I just encountered Mr. Jaffe in the lobby, all of a twitter. He wants the pulsing life story of this Lily Garland wench trumpeted through the press by tomorrow morning. Where is the little baggage?

CONTINUED

11. CONTINUED

WEBB

Who are you talking about?

O'MALLEY

(yelling)

Lily Garland, you business giant.

WEBB

(coldly)

There's nobody of that name connected with this production. Don't come around here when you've been drinking, please. It doesn't make for discipline.

O'MALLEY

(facing the cast)

Call the roll.

WEBB

Get off the stage.

O'MALLEY

(calling)

Lily Garland, front center.

(he slaps a girl on the rear)

Come on, 'fess up. Which one of you pretty witches is Lily Garland?

(no answer)

What is this wall of silence - a conspiracy?

JACOBS

Maybe you got the name wrong.

O'MALLEY

(starting for the phone)

Where's the phone? -- No, the master spoke with his usual clarity.

12. CLOSE SHOT - O'MALLEY

O'MALLEY

(into phone)

Hello, Myrtle, put the wizard on the wire. He's in the sanctum.

CUT TO:

13. CLOSE SHOT
Miss Schultz, a woman of fifty.

MISS SCHULTZ
(into phone)
I'll tell him you wish to speak
to him.

14. MED. TRUCK SHOT

As Miss Schultz walks into the main office. We see Oscar Jaffe in his Napoleon room, at work with a quill pen on a manuscript.

JAFFE
(without looking up)
I don't want to be interrupted, Miss Schultz, please. I'm mulling over some changes in the script - putting in a few Jaffe touches.

MISS SCHULTZ
Mr. O'Malley --

15. CLOSE SHOT

JAFFE
(grabbing phone; speaking
sibilantly and weightily)
I don't want to talk to you, Owen.
I gave you your orders. Carry them
out. Yes, Lily Garland. She's on
the stage.

CUT TO:

16. CLOSE SHOT

O'MALLEY
She is, is she. Well, send me down
your ouija board and I'll try and
get in touch with her.
(crackling on the receiver)
Listen, sire. There's only one blonde
roosting on this foul stage -
(to Lily, who stands nearby
adjusting her stockings)
Hey, you with the legs, what's your
name?

17. WIDER ANGLE

LILY
(looks at Jacobs and answers)
Mildred Plotka.

(Contd.)

17. (CONTINUED)

O'MALLEY

(into phone)

She claims her name is Mildred Plotka.

CUT TO:

18. CLOSE SHOT

JAFFE

(gently)

That's the one. That's her.

(beaming)

I forgot to tell you with all the things on my mind. Her old name didn't seem suitable. I had to change it to Lily Garland...Tell Mr. Jacobs he has exactly three minutes to get everybody assembled. I'm coming right down.

He hangs up and exits.

CUT TO:

19. THE STAGE
MED. SHOT

WEBB

What is it? What's the matter?

O'MALLEY

(putting up phone)

Hold your bonnets. The all-highest is on his way down amid a shower of meteors.

(to Lily)

When he gets here, don't forget you're Lily Garland -

LILY

Why not make it Gwendolyn De Vere?

O'MALLEY

Yours not to question why. Quick - before Beelzebub alights in our midst. Have you got any idea about how you would like to be revealed to a gaping world? Hey, give me a hand, Oliver - What does she look like to you? Sphynz or mad-cap? We'll toss a coin.

WEBB

(putting an arm about Owen and pulling him aside)

Come over here, Owen. You're being cruel.

(Contd.)

19. (CONTINUED)

O'MALLEY
What did I say?

WEBB
Miss Whozis isn't going to be with us
in about ten minutes.

O'MALLEY
Jaffe just told me -

WEBB
I know. Well, she represents another
one of his little pipe dreams that
turned out sour. She'll be back in
the underpants department in three shakes
of a lamb's tail, don't worry.

20. CLOSE SHOT
The Treasurer appears excitedly.

TREASURER
(to Jacobs)
O.J. is coming.

21. MED. SHOT

JACOBS
I know.

A Page enters scene.

PAGE
He's just getting out of the elevator.

JACOBS
(to the cast)
Now, you all know your lines and I
don't want anybody nervous when you
rehearse for Mr. Jaffe.

22. CLOSE TRUCK SHOT

Jaffe coming down the aisle, a one-man parade. He is helped
up on the stage by Jacobs and Webb.

23. MED. SHOT - FEATURING JAFFE

JACOBS
Good morning, Mr. Jaffe.

WEBB
Well, O.J., welcome to our midst. (Contd.)

JACOBS

I've broke the back of the play -
been through the three acts.

JAFJE

I don't like anybody chewing gum on
the stage. Please spit it out, Cliver.

(he is the soul of charm as
he turns to the cast)

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. I've
been looking forward to this little occasion
for some time. There's no thrill in
the world like launching a play--watching
it come to life little by little. Seeing
living characters emerging like geni from
the bottle. Now, before we begin, I want
you to remember one thing during our work.
No matter what I say or what I do on this
stage - I love you all - and those that
have gone through my battles with me can
bear me out, that above everything in the
world, I love the theatre and the charming
people in it. Oliver, call the rehearsal.

WEBB

They're all ready.

JAFJE

(regally)

Thank you, Max, for carrying the ball
this far.

(intimately rubbing his thumb
and finger together)

How does it feel to you?

JACOBS

(nervously)

I'd like to talk to you for a second
alone.

JAFJE

(smelling trouble)

Yes.

JACOBS

(sotto voce)

I'm afraid Miss Plotka isn't going
to do.

JAFJE

(looking around vastly puzzled)

Miss Plotka! Who is she?

(Contd.)

JACOBS

Mary Jo -- the lead - your latest discovery.

JAFJE

(stiffly)

Oh, you mean Lily Garland. What about her?

WEBB

(unable to keep the tidings to himself)

Let me explain O.J. I got to be brutally frank. This Plotka dame is a wash-out.

JAFJE

(ominous as an adder)

Oh, I see.

WEBB

Listen, O.J. I took a little liberty last night, but I think it was an inspiration.

JAFJE

(his nostrils widening)

Another one of your inspirations, eh? Well, out with it -

WEBB

I happened to run into Francine Anderson and we got to chinning about the show and I told her the truth. It slipped out.

JAFJE

(his eyes bulging)

What slipped out?

WEBB

About Plotka or Garland, or whatever her name is, being such a disappointment and - to make a long story short - I talked Francine into stepping into the part,

JAFJE

(the bellows of fury at work in him)

Oh, you did!

WEBB

It'll save the show, in my opinion.

(Contd.)

JAFJE

(Dracula)

Oh, it will, eh!

WEBB

Now listen, O.J., don't blow up.

JAFJE

(the charge of the light
brigade)

So that's what you've been doing
behind my back! Undermining me again.
Francine Anderson - that piece of human
tripe - in my play!

WEBB

(still retreating)

Now look here, O.J.

JAFJE

(tossing thunderbolts)

What do you know about talent, you
bookkeeper? What do you know about
the theatre, about genius, about any-
thing, you hill-billy!

WEBB

You'll find out what I know if you try
to jam that cherry sister down the
public's throat.

JAFJE

(in flame)

I've stood enough of your treachery.
Get out! This time I close the iron
door on you.

(he closes it slowly and majestically)

WEBB

(blanching but still a man)

O.K. I'll take that job with the Schuberts.

JAFJE

Leave my theatre, you gray rat.

WEBB

I'm leaving.

He exits up the aisle.

JAFJE

(bellowing after him)

And don't send your wife around again
to plead for you.

24. MED. CLOSE SHOT

Jaffe sits down, fixes the light, is given a pencil by Jacobs and speaks quietly, as if nothing had transpired, though his gentleness has a bit of a pant in it.

JAFFE

Let the rehearsal begin.

JACOBS

(calling to cast)

Act One - places.

JAFFE

(with a glance after Webb

and the smile of an actor)

No--we'll start with Miss Garland's entrance.

JACOBS

(interrupting)

Miss Garland and Mr. Johnson, ready for the entrance, Act One.

CUT TO:

25. CLOSE SHOT - O'MALLEY

O'MALLEY

(a Southerner)

That's you all, Mary Joe. Where shall we send the body?

26. MED. SHOT GROUP:

LILY

(nervously)

Where's my part?

JACOBS

(snarling at her)

Never mind the part. You know your lines - come on.

JAFFE

(unctuous)

I am at the tiller now, Mr. Jacobs.

(to Lily)

Don't be nervous, Child. You're not Lily Garland any more. You're little Mary Joe Calhoun. The scent of jasmine is floating through the window of a summer evening. You've just kissed your lover goodnight. You're full of

(Contd.)

JAFJE (Contd.)

vibrations. The scene is pure purple and you come drifting into this old Southern mansion - all right now. The old family retainer opens the door. All right, Uncle Remus. Ting-a-ling-a-ling.

Lily enters quickly. He watches and speaks gently.

JAFJE

No. Try that again. That's the way an iceman would enter the house. Not Mary Joe. Shyly, please. Ting-a-ling-a-ling.

Lily enters again,

LILY

(acting)

Daddy.

JAFJE

(softly)

Wait - you're in America, my dear. The old South don't yodel. Once more please. Ting-a-ling-a-ling.

LILY

(re-enters)

Daddy -- Oh, hello, Daddy.

JAFJE

Come on. Are you nailed to the floor, my dear?

JOHNSON

(the father, rising from his chair)

You all were talking to someone on the lawn. Who was it? It was Michael, wasn't it?

JAFJE

(to Lily)

Frightened and acting fright.

LILY

It was - was Michael, Daddy.

JOHNSON

I thought so.

(calls to brother)

Stanley!

LILY

Where are you going, Daddy?

(Contd.)

JAFJE

Where's the brother? Come on, brother.
(he rattles his feet in
imitation of a youth clattering
downstairs)
Down the stairs. Throw yourself into
the room.

BROTHER

(very Swanee River)
What's all the matter, Daddy?

JAFJE

Take out your pistol.

JOHNSON

(the Southern Colonel)
Take your sister to her room.

LILY

(acting)
No, no, Daddy - not that. You all
know Michael loves me and I love him.
You can't call that a sin - his feel-
ings for me.

The three actors have been colliding during the brief pass-
age.

JAFJE

Wait a minute -- wait a minute!
Where are you going? This is like
a scrimmage!
(he looks accusingly at Max,
who shrugs)
Got some chalk, Mr. Jacobs?

JOHNSON

Mr. Jaffe, I'm right. This is the
street door. That's the fireplace
where she's gone.

BROTHER

She was right in my way when I made
my entrance, sir.

JAFJE

Just a minute, brother.

LILY

I'm terribly sorry.

JAFJE

That's all right, Mary Joe. Where's
the chalk, Mr. Jacobs?

(Contd.)

26. (CONTINUED)-3

MAX

Here, sir.

JAFFE

Thank you. Now I'm going to lay
down tracks for you, Mary Joe--
Where's the door?

JOHNSON

(pointing to a space
between two kitchen chairs)

Here, sir.

27. CLOSE SHOT

JAFFE

(drawing a chalk line)

Now, Mary Joe, follow this line when
you enter--You stop right here and
say "Daddy".

(he makes a cross)

Now when Father enters, you move this
way.

(he draws a line)

Stop here. I'll mark it 2. When you
hear Brother coming downstairs--

(he rattles his feet)

--you move backwards to 3. Now when
Father rushes out, you won't be knocked
down like a nine-pin. Now, Mary Joe,
we'll start fresh. Entrance.

He resumes his place.

28. MED. SHOT - GROUP

LILY

(enters)

Daddy!

JAFFE

(who has been watching her
feet)

You're off the track.

29. CLOSE SHOT - O'MALLEY

O'MALLEY

Let's get her a trolley.

30. CLOSE SHOT - JAFFE

JAFFE
(to O'Malley)
Quiet, please. That's very distract-
ing--that muttering!

31. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - WEBB

Coming down aisle.

WEBB
Mr. Jaffe!

32. MED. CLOSE SHOT

JAFFE
Who's that?

WEBB
(comes into scene)
Excuse me, Mr. Jaffe --

JAFFE
What is it?

WEBB
(stiffly)
I thought you might want the combina-
tion of the safe. This is the only
copy and here's the petty cash
vouchers.

JAFFE
(he puts his arm around
Webb and beams)
Don't bother me now. I forgive you
this time.
(a smile)
You hot-head--Now sit down over there
and keep out of my way--All right,
Mary Joe--we'll take it from the
point where you hear your lover has
been killed. The chalk, please.

DISSOLVE TO:

33. MED. SHOT

Webb, Jacobs and cast sitting in chairs consuming milk,
coffee and sandwiches. They are all tired. Lily is stret-
ched out on three chairs; a coat over her as if she were a
cadaver. A character actress is rubbing cologne on her
head. The stage is marked up with chalk lines like a freight
yard. Jaffe is walking up and down scowling to himself,
still buzzing and bustling with energies undiminished.

34. MED. CLOSE SHOT

JAFFE
(eagerly)
Did you get more chalk?

O'MALLEY
(enters scene)
Be reasonable, O.J. Where are you
gonna get chalk in New York at mid-
night?

JAFFE
Go try the public schools. Borrow
some from a teacher.

O'MALLEY (patiently)
School has been out for some time now,
sire.

He sits down.

JAFFE
(an aside from his guardian
angel)
No cooperation from anybody. All right.
Never mind, I'll carry through alone.
Come on Mary Joe.

35. CLOSE SHOT

LILY
Mr. Jaffe, I'm afraid I'm all in.

She sits up groggy.

JAFKE

(patting her cheek)

Nonsense. You'll get your second wind in a minute.

(he summons his puppets)

Father! Uncle Remus! And where's your little chum Emmy Lou.

(they rise)

We're in the sitting room now. And, Mary Joe, this time when you hear of Michael's death, remember what I told you about the scream. It comes from here -- your insides turn to jelly when you get the news. All right situation!

(he claps his hands)

A good pause after the shot - count two. Let's proceed.

CHUM

(acting)

Mary Joe -- Oh, where are you all, Mary Joe?

LILY

(acting)

What is it, Emmy Lou?

CHUM

Your daddy just met Michael. They're on the lawn.

JAFKE

(tensely)

Situation -

He gestures at his stomach; he carries the emotions of his faltering puppets on his face, in his fingers; breathes with them in a sort of psychic twinship.

LILY

Oh, Emmy Lou - what are we all going to do?

JAFKE

(acts a murder with a gun which he imitates going off)

Bang! Bang!

(counts calmly)

One, two -

(to Lily)

Sway, stand there swaying.

CONTINUED.

38. CONTINUED

UNCLE REMUS
(the coon)
Oh, Lawdy, Miss Mary Joe. Youah Daddy
just killed Mr. Michael.

Jaffe looks at Lily and raises his hands like an orchestra
conductor signalling a fortissimo.

LILY
(screams)
Oh! Oh! Oh!

JAFFE
(his hands drop in despair)
What was that?

LILY
What?

JAFFE
That squeak.

LILY
That's as loud as I could scream.

JAFFE
(calmly)
We're going to stay in this theatre
until Miss Garland learns to scream.
Dismiss the cast, Mr. Jacobs.

39. CLOSE SHOT - LILY

LILY
(hysterically)
I can't stand it! I've done it a
thousand times! You can't hammer at
me this way any longer - making a
fool of me in front of everybody!
(much of this is inarticulate)

40. MED. CLOSE SHOT - LILY AND JAFFE AND WEBB

JAFFE
(menacingly quiet)
You squalling little amateur! On
your feet!
(loudly)
Get up! Get that hump out of your
back! You're not demonstrating under-
wear any more!

CONTINUED.

40.

CONTINUED

LILY

(approaching him, coming
to a slow boil)
I've taken all the bullying from
you I'm going to --
(tears)

No man living can mop up the floor with
me - kick me around for eight hours
until I can't see straight. I'm a human
being, do you hear?

WEEB

(taking out his cigar to
intercede)
Now, Miss Garland ----

Jaffe, fascinated, waves Webb aside!

LILY

(screaming)
My name is Plotka -- it's a good name!
Just as good as Jaffe! I wanted to be
an actress -- but I won't crawl on my
stomach for any man! You - you find
somebody else!

She throws the manuscript at him and goes to get her wraps.
Jaffe watches her movements with fascination.

JAFFE

(softly to Webb)
She's marvellous - just as I thought,
Fire, passion - everything! The gold
is all there, but we've got to mine it.

CAMERA MOVES with him as he crosses to Lily and holds on.

41.

TWO SHOT

JAFFE

Dear Lily Garland. I only heard one
thing you said -- that you wanted to be
an actress.

(takes her tear-stained face in
his two hands; beams)
That's all I want, too. But you must
trust me. Look at me.

(touches her face gently
with a finger)
Bernhardt had that modelling.
(to Lily)

CONTINUED.

41. CONTINUED

JAFFE
(continued)
Now we're going to teach Mary Joe to
scream. I'm going to find the soul that's
in there and release it so it can fly,
soar to the top gallery - get up there,
Oliver - I want you to listen.

42. WIDER ANGLE

JAFFE
(to Lily)
(Webb exits)
You're going to lift Mr. Webb out of
his seat up there with your scream. Now -
I'll have to take the other parts.

JACOBS
Do you want the manuscript?

JAFFE
(witheringly)
I slept with that manuscript for six
months.
(to Lily)
Take off that coat now. We're going into
action. There's two thousand people out
there.
(he looks up at Webb)

43. CLOSE SHOT

of Webb, who is sitting down in the first row of the
balcony.

44. MED. CLOSE SHOT

JAFFE
All the way up I said, Oliver, Go
on now.
(to Lily)
We'll go back so when you come to
the scream you'll be in the mood.
Emmy Lou comes on.

He quickly goes to the entrance and becomes Emmy Lou.

JAFFE
(he recites girlishly)
Mary Joe, Oh, where are you all, Mary
Joe?

CONTINUED.

LILY

What is it, Emmy Lou?

JAFJE

Your Daddy just met Michael. They're on the lawn.

LILY

Oh, Emmy Lou, what are we all going to do?

JAFJE

(imitating gun)

Bang, bang.

(under his breath)

Remember the pause - sway.

(to himself)

Now come on, Uncle Remus, through the door --

He trots over and on his way picks a pin out of a flower that is attached to Lily's coat. He shuffles on with simulated panic and his eyes bulging. He imitates the negro servant.

JAFJE

Oh - Oh, Lawdy, Miss Mary Joe. You all's Daddy just shot Mr. Michael.

Lily is looking at him and he suddenly jabs her in the fanny with a pin. She lets out a shriek.

JAFJE

(transported)

Perfect. Marvelous.

He rushes to O'Malley and puts the pin down.

JAFJE

(calls to Webb)

How was it, Oliver?

WEBB

(from gallery)

O.K. up here.

JAFJE

(to O'Malley)

She's the new Bernhardt. Run out and get some mercurichrome.

(to Lily)

I want that scream every night during the run of the play. We'll go right on. Father comes in.

(calling to top gallery)

CONTINUED.

JAFJE

(continued)

Stay at your post, Oliver. All right,
entrance. I'm holding the smoking gun -
Daughter, I've avenged your honor -
You look at me with the face of a Medusa.
(he acts)
Daughter. You're my own little baby again!

LILY

(crying)

You've killed him. The one thing in
the world I loved. You did this to me.

JAFJE

(acting)

Daughter, the police will be here in a
moment.

LILY

(wildly crying)

Let them come. Oh, I hope they jail you.
I'll help them. You're nothing to me.
You're just somebody I hate. Oh, I hope
they hang you, hang you. I loved him.
Michael - Michael.

She crumples and falls to the floor.

JAFJE

(moving his arm down as if it
were a curtain)

Curtain. That was magnificent.

(he bends over her, and she
doesn't stir)

Get her some water, Owen. We'll rest
for a little while.

(as Lily stirs he claps his hands
in applause)

Congratulations, it was marvelous.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

47. INT. THEATRE
MED. SHOT

On a curtain, going up and on the applause, becoming deafening. The curtain rises and falls again and again. We see Lily in front of it and flowers being rushed down the aisle.

CAMERA FOLLOWS her back stage.

48. BACKSTAGE
MED. SHOT

CAMERA TRUCKING with Lily through the wings with electricians and stage-hands all smiling congratulations to her, the actors around her in costume, weeping and laughing. They ad lib as follows: "A knockout, Miss Garland." "Congratulations Miss Garland." "Look out. Gangway for Miss Garland." "You were marvelous, Lily" - etc.

49. MED. CLOSE SHOT

O'MALLEY

Kid, it's a smash. The mob is waiting to draw your carriage through the streets.

LILY

(hysterically to O'Malley)

Owen, where is he? Where is Mr. Jaffe?

O'MALLEY

It's the wizard's custom at such moments to seek solitude on the dark heights where the air is too fine for mortal noses.

(at door of dressing room)

Go on, get in - I'll find him for you.

CUT TO:

50. TRUCKING SHOT

Of Jaffe at the top of the theatre, coming palely down the iron circular staircase.

51. LONG SHOT

From his vantage we see the crowd on the stage.

CUT TO:

52.

LILY'S DRESSING ROOM
MED. SHOT

Outside the dressing room, O'Malley is holding back a tide of people.

O'MALLEY

You can't see her now. She's getting dressed.

MAN

We just want to talk to her.

O'MALLEY

When she's dressed.

(he sees Jaffe in back of crowd)

Hello, O.J.

(he gestures to the crowd
to stand back)

Just a second, there. It's Mr. Jaffe.

The crowd parts.

JAFFE

Pardon me.

Jaffe wends through the crowd.

CROWD

Congratulations, Mr. Jaffe. Garland
is a sensation. It was marvelous...
Superb. Can I see you a moment?

JAFFE

(almost to himself)

Thank you, thank you. Later, please.

He gains the opposite shore and pauses at the dressing room door. He enters the dressing room.

53.

INT. LILY'S DRESSING ROOM
MED. CLOSE SHOT

Inside, Lily is waiting for the verdict.

LILY

(avidly)

Was it what you wanted? Was I
all right?

Jaffe slowly closes the door, as she stands trembling with suspense. He crosses to her. He speaks simply, shyly, and kisses the hem of her dress.

CONTINUED.

JAFFE

I came to pay my respects to a great actress.

(Lily begins to cry)

Go outside, Sadie.

(Sadie leaves. Softly)

I came to apologize, to be forgiven for all the mean things I said during rehearsals, Lily.

LILY

(ecstatically)

Forgive you! Don't talk like that.

(she seizes his hand and kisses it. Her gown parts a little. She goes on talking.)

Everything they applauded was yours - everything they liked. I felt that it was you out there, going through the performance!

She has never let go his hand. She kisses it again.

JAFFE

That's very generous of you - but the diamond was there. I just supplied a little polish.

LILY

I'm so happy, I just -- And the scream, was it all right?

For reply, Jaffe kisses the fingertips of both his hands at her. Lily takes a pin out of cushion and laughs, slightly hysterical.

LILY

I've saved the pin for a souvenir.

JAFFE

(happily)

The sorrows of life are the joys of art.

A pause as he looks at her. She brings her dressing gown together.

JAFFE

I suppose you have a lot of engagements for this evening.

LILY

(happily)

I was going home and dream about everything that's happened tonight.

CONTINUED.

JAFFE

Tonight is only the beginning. You're
at the foot of the golden stair.

(taking her hand)

Lily Garland, I'm going to take you by
this little hand higher and farther than
any woman in the theatre has ever gone
before.

The sound of hammering is heard on the dressing room door.

LILY

What's that?

JAFFE

That's the carpenter with a little
surprise.

(rapturously)

The beauty and glamour that were mine for
a little while during those rehearsals when
you thought I was being cruel - belong to
the world from now on, forever and ever
more. Are you there, Mulligan?

VOICE

Yes, Mr. Jaffe!

Jaffe leads her to the door. He opens it. Lily looks at
it. A star hangs on it.

LILY

Oh.

JAFFE

It was once on Bernhardt's door.

(sighs)

I almost wish it weren't there. It's
the golden mark that henceforth sets
you apart from the world - beyond the
reach of any one man to have and to
hold.

LILY

Don't, don't say that. It frightens me.

CONTINUED.

JAFFE

Would you let me kiss you - goodbye?

LILY

(crying)

Oh, Oscar, don't leave me now -
alone.

(weeping, embraces him)

I'm nothing without you. I never
will be.

54.

CLOSE UP

Jaffe's foot closes the door and CAMERA MOVES UP to golden
star and we

FADE OUT:

55. FADE IN:
INT. LIVING ROOM - LILY'S APT. - MED. SHOT

Sadie, the maid, is tiptoeing across to the door as the doorbell rings continuously. Halfway there a door is flung open and Lily fires a question.

LILY
Where are you going?

SADIE
(indicating bell)
It's been ringing for ten minutes.

LILY
Let him ring. It's Mr. Jaffe and he can stand out there pushing that bell till he rots.

SADIE
Remember last year when you tried to keep him out - he had fits.

LILY
Fits! I'll give him fits.
(unbolts door saying)
Oscar, I'm going to - Oh!

56. CLOSE SHOT

O'Malley, reading paper - his cane pushed against the bell.

O'MALLEY
Playing possum, eh?

57. MED. CLOSE SHOT

LILY
So Oscar sent you up -- I wouldn't answer the phone so he gets one of his office boys to carry his under-handed messages.

O'MALLEY
Nothing of the kind. I was just passing by and saw your light twinkling in the window.

LILY
Well, I'll make your dirty work easy. I'm going out tonight - to the Ritz and have a good time. You can tell Mr. Jaffe. The first good time I've had in three years since the day I met him. Sadie, get me my ermine coat - the one with the silver lining.

58. CAMERA TRUCKS with Lily and O'Malley into Bedroom.

O'MALLEY
And her shepherd's crook.

59. INT. BEDROOM - LILY'S APT. - MED. CLOSE SHOT

O'MALLEY
What's the meaning of this?
(he sits down on a bed made
in imitation of a swan)
Skulking behind barricades?

LILY
(without turning from
dressing table)
Get off the bed. That's real lace.

O'MALLEY
(feeling the pillow)
How can you sleep in this contrivance?
It would be all right with a pair of
oars. Hey, Sadie, get me some gin.
I've only got an hour to live.

LILY
(pulling on a lovely dress)
I wish that were true.
(she turns)
Did he tell you what the fight was
about?

O'MALLEY
I gathered that in some obscure
way you've destroyed his career.

LILY
I'll tell you exactly what happened.
Mr. Whats This of the Mayfair Club
called me up and told me they were
having a Lily Garland night and would
I come. Oscar was right there beside
me.

(she points to the phone by
the bed)

60. CLOSE SHOT O'MALLEY
Eyeing the phone.

O'MALLEY
Rowing.

61. MED. CLOSE SHOT

LILY

Never mind. He heard the whole conversation - heard me accept and never said a word. I didn't think anything had happened and then I got to rehearsal and it's Miss Garland this and Miss Garland that all over the place, and he started making those awful faces.

(she turns her back toward
O'Malley facing the mirror)

62. MED. CLOSE SHOT

Shooting in mirror - O'Malley in background.

LILY

Simply because he doesn't want me to mingle with what he calls riff-raff. And that's everybody in the world except us two. We just sit here and discuss his genius. Well - I'm going out and have a look at some plain human beings tonight for once and act like one. I've got a new dress. The first in three years that doesn't make me look like a Quaker.

(she sees Webb in the doorway
through mirror in background)

63. CLOSE SHOT

Lily turns around.

LILY

(to Webb)

Oh, you too? Is he calling out the militia?

64. CLOSE SHOT

WEBB

(quietly)

Can I talk to you confidentially, Lily?

65. CLOSE SHOT

O'MALLEY

Go easy, Warden. She's got a case.

66. MED. SHOT

WEBB
Get out, Owen. It's a matter of
life and death.

O'MALLEY
I'll go to my cabin.
(he stretches out on the bed)

67. MED. CLOSE SHOT OF WEBB AND LILY

WEBB
Lily, it's up to you.

LILY
What is?

WEBB
I'm afraid for him. He's got that
look in his eye.

LILY
I don't care what he's got in his eye,

WEBB
Lily, you don't understand him.

LILY
Oh, I don't, eh?

WEBB
When he's wounded, he's capable of
anything.

LILY
He's not capable of keeping me from
going to the Mayfair Club -- if
that's what you're mumbling about.
Sadie, I'm ready. Call the car.

WEBB
Lily, personally, it's none of my
business, but after all he's done
for you, I'd go pretty slow.

LILY
He's made a million dollars off me,
if that's what you mean. I'm not
catering to his ranting, stupid,
senseless neurotic egomaniac jealousies
any longer. I'm no Trilby.

CONTINUED

67. CONTINUED

She starts toward Living Room, CAMERA MOVES with her.
Webb and O'Malley following.

LILY
Don't wait up for me, Sadie. I
won't be home till very late.

68. INT. LIVING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT

She sees Jaffe as she enters Living Room. She stares
open-mouthed at him.

LILY
Oh!

69. CLOSE SHOT

Jaffe is ominous, silent, his topcoat collar half up,
a Fedora on his head. All are quiet. Jaffe speaks softly
to Webb and O'Malley.

JAFFE
Get out, boys.

70. MED. SHOT - GROUP

WEBB
O.J., may I have a word with you
alone?

JAFFE
No.
(gestures to the door)

WEBB
What time shall I call rehearsal
tomorrow?

JAFFE
Tomorrow --
(he laughs with ironic
self-pity)
Goodbye, boys.

O'MALLEY
All right. D'Artagnan. We'll be
lurking on the draw-bridge if you
need us.

They exit.

LILY

Oscar, I don't want a scene. I'm all dressed up and I'm going.

(Jaffe looks at her with Svengali intensity. She looks at the door but is held by Jaffe's silence)

Stop making those awful faces. I'm not doing anything that you could possibly object to, Oscar. I won't have a scene. You can't bully me. For three years I've never read anything, done anything, worn anything, eaten anything without asking your permission twice. Never met anybody. I can't even see my own Mother. I can't even have the kind of bath-salts I want. That's not love. It's pure tyranny.

JAFFE

(softly)

Goodbye, Lily.

(he moves toward the window)

LILY

Oscar.

JAFFE

Our little comedy is ending just as I always knew it would. You remember that night when you won your spurs and we tacked up the golden star on your dressing room door --

(he talks gently at the air)

--and I told you you were not for one man to have and to hold. Go on, Lily - go dance in that lovely dress at that place. Let them paw the beauty and glamor that are mine - mine for a moment.

LILY

What are you talking about? I'm just going --

JAFFE

(interrupts sonorously)

Please. They're waiting for you. You'll be late.

CONTINUED

He opens the casement window.

LILY

What are you going to do?

JAFFE

Nothing while you're here.

(he chuckles sadly, looking
out of the window)

New York - ha! - it received me once
when I came here a little farm boy -
(quietly)

It will receive me again.

Lily tiptoes to the door as his back is turned. Jaffe
sees her as her hand cautiously starts turning the knob.

JAFFE

(almost a scream)

Lily Garland! Some night when the
curtain comes down and your little
world sits there applauding - remember
me - remember that I helped a little.
Goodbye.

(steps into window)

LILY

(crosses to him quickly)

Oscar!

(he waits, panting, thinking
he has won)

You horrible fake. Be a man. You're
not going to jump out of any window.
(she laughs)

Trying to make believe -- you fool.
You cheap ham.

JAFFE

You can't talk to me like that.
You forget who I am.

LILY

I'll tell you what you are -- a
fake - go on, jump. Kill yourself.
I wouldn't raise a fingertip -

JAFFE

You wash-woman's daughter!

LILY

What did you call me?

CONTINUED

JAFFE

Just what you are.

LILY

Let go of me.

JAFFE

You Broadway chippie. Soaking yourself with perfume like a hired girl. Seeing how naked you can get for other men. You don't fool me.

And he rips at her dress. Lily socks him. He socks her back. She sails into him.

JAFFE

(holding up his arm)

Go on, I'm not stopping you.

Lily bursts into tears. She sinks to the floor. He gets down beside her and speaks tenderly.

JAFFE

Lily, you know I can't stand your crying. Don't. It just tears my heart. Please, my darling, forgive me.
(he begins kissing her shoulders)
I wouldn't hurt you for the world. Go where you want. Do anything you want, but just love me and tell me you'll forgive me.

She moans.

LILY

It's all right. Put your arms around me. Just hold me.

CUT TO:

EXT. LILY'S APT. - MED. CLOSE SHOT

O'Malley and Webb sitting on the curb.

WEBB

Listen, Owen, he was half-way out of the window. I'm going back.

CUT TO:

73.

LONG SHOT

Of the window as the light goes out.

CUT BACK TO:

74.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - WEBB & O'MALLEY

O'MALLEY

It's all right, Oliver. Mr.
Jaffe has been preserved to
us.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

75. BREAKFAST ROOM - LILY'S APT. - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Jaffe, with his newspaper propped up before him, is looking for his name in it, as usual, and eating. Lily enters and takes a last sip of coffee. Behind her in the b.g. is Sadie, also dressed for the street and holding a little satchel.

LILY

What a glorious morning - I'm so happy. Do you want me to wait for you, Sweet?

JAFFE

No, darling. I don't think so. You run along and rehearse without me for a few hours. I am going over the script again - polishing.

LILY

(smiling)

Oscar, you mean to say you're going to trust me to go to the theatre alone?

JAFFE

Lily, that's all changed. I meant every word I said. You'll see. I'm not going to be jealous any more.

LILY

When you're like this I don't want anything but you.

JAFFE

I've learned my lesson, Lily. Something happened to me last night - during that moment at the window, a sort of change of soul - You can come and go as you please, and no questions asked whatsoever. I trust you implicitly.

LILY

Goodbye, Sweet.

JAFFE

Goodbye, my lovely Lily.

He has risen. Closes the door after Lily and ducks to the phone.

76. CLOSE SHOT

Of Jaffe as he speaks into the phone.

JAFFE
Bleeker 7-8211.

He looks around nervously and goes to the window and comes back.

JAFFE
Hello, is this the McGonigle
Detective Agency? This is Oscar
Jaffe. I want to speak to Mr.
McGonigle personally, please.

CUT TO:

77. CLOSE SHOT

A fat man at the phone.

FAT MAN
Mr. McGonigle speaking. Who?
Oh, how do you do, Mr. Jaffe.
Glad to hear from you. What can
I do for you this time?

CUT TO:

78. CLOSE SHOT

Jaffe at phone.

JAFFE
There's an actress in my employ -
Miss Lily Garland - yes, that's
correct. I want her watched, every
move, day and night. Her mail, and
do you think you can tap the tele-
phone wire in her apartment?

CUT TO:

79. CLOSE SHOT

McGONIGLE
Yes, Mr. Jaffe. Tapping telephone
wires is our specialty...Yes, Mr.
Jaffe. You'll have every word -
yes, both sides of every conversation.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

80. INT. JAFFE'S OFFICE

INSERT: CLOSE UP of letter which Jaffe is reading.
The letterhead reads: "McGonigle Service.
The Eye That Never Closes."

"Mr. Oscar Jaffe
Jaffe Theatre
New York City

Dear Friend Jaffe:

Enclosed please find a full report of telephone conversations made by Miss X during the current week - summaries of which you have received. Also, a complete report of her activities. Although the report as yet contains nothing incriminating we will keep on until we are thoroughly satisfied one way or the other."

We see a huge heap of papers under this letter. CAMERA PULLS BACK to Jaffe who speaks to Miss Schultz as he thumbs through these.

JAFFE

Nothing incriminating! A forty minute conversation with a dressmaker. Didn't tell me anything about it. Take care of this bill, Miss Schultz. Twelve hundred dollars to Mr. Elias McGonigle - keep it confidential.
(he winks)

Jaffe hears Webb enter, covers reports.

JAFFE

Why aren't you at the rehearsal? You don't need me every minute.

81. MED. CLOSE SHOT

Webb enters scene.

WEBB

(confidingly)

O.J., just between us. Is Lily all right? I mean, has there been any trouble in the last week or two?

JAFFE

Certainly not. What's the matter? You've gotten her upset. I told you not to upset her. (Contd.)

81.

(CONTINUED)

WEBB

(acidly)

I was just wondering if there was any special reason for her not showing up at rehearsal today.

JAFFE

She was all right when I left her.

WEBB

Well, she sounded all right to me this morning.

JAFFE

Get her on the phone.

WEBB

I'd like to talk to her. There seemed to be some interference on her telephone --but I arranged for somebody to go over it from stem to stern.

JAFFE

You what?

WEBB

(beaming)

One of the vice-presidents of the phone company is a friend of mine, and he promised immediate attention.

JAFFE

You gray rat.

82.

WIDER ANGLE

Miss Schultz enters.

MISS SCHULTZ

Mr. McGonigle is outside, O.J. I think something's happened.

JAFFE

(hoarsely)

Show him in.

83.

CLOSE SHOT

Mr. McGonigle enters a bit cut up, a sleeve torn half off, a shiner on his eye, his face scratched.

(Contd.)

83. (CONTINUED)

McGONIGLE

Mr. Jaffe, I am resigning. I undertook this case in good faith under the seal of secrecy.

84. MED. CLOSE SHOT - JAFFE, McGONIGLE, WEBB

JAFFE

(hoarsely)

What happened? Where is she?

McGONIGLE

The trouble with you jealous people is that you soften up and tell everything that's going on.

JAFFE

Shut up! Where is she?

McGONIGLE

She was laying for me in the vestibule - jumped out with a stick in her hand just as I was collecting the mail. Who told her the phone was tapped?

Webb starts out nervously.

JAFFE

(screaming)

Stay where you are, Judas Iscariot.

(to McGonigle)

McGonigle, did you deny it? Quick. Did you throw the lie in her face?

McGONIGLE

I worked all my bag of tricks. I stuck to her until she almost tore my clothes off at the train.

JAFFE

Train? Train? What train?

McGonigle removes notebook from pocket and reads in a professional voice:

McGONIGLE

Train No. 8 - Car 127 - Drawing Room B.

JAFFE

(knocking the book out of his hand)

Where to? Where to?

(as McGonigle stands silent)

Man alive, didn't you even find out where the train was going?

Jaffe collapses.

WEBB

O.J., say the word and I'll kill myself.

85. CLOSE SHOT

JAFFE

Gone, gone, Lily. Let me alone. What
am I going to do?

(he stands up. He reels)

She's left me.

(he grabs her photograph and
talks to it)

Lily, how could you do it?

86. CAMERA MOVES with Jaffe and Webb as Jaffe staggers out and
walks tottering down the stairs. He mumbles as he goes,
followed by Sancho Panza Webb.

WEBB

Let me do something, anything, to redeem
myself.

(he is still behind Jaffe at
the second landing)

I'll go find her. I'll bring her back,
wherever she is.

JAFFE

(mumbling in pain)

No, no. Put me back in the bull ring,
Sew me up like a picador's horse.

Blind my eyes. Let life run over me.

Lily, Lily --

87. INT. LOBBY - THEATRE
MED. CLOSE SHOT

They have arrived in the lobby where Jaffe sees Lily's large
picture in the lobby frame. He cowers before it, hiding his
face and fleeing.

JAFFE

Mockery. Mockery.

He wiggles his fingers dramatically at it.

CAMERA MOVES with them outside.

88. EXT. LOBBY - THEATRE
MED. CLOSE SHOT

A painter is at work on a frame outside painting with gold
leaf the following legend:

(Contd.)

88. (CONTINUED)

INSERT:

OPENING SEMTEPMER 1
OSCAR JAFFE
PRESENTS
LILY GARLAND
In a New Play
BRIDE OF BAGDAD
(in tiny print)
By
Ben Hecht
and
Charles MacArthur

CUT TO:

89. MED. SHOT

On the marquee an electrician is at work putting up Lily Garland's name in an electric sign thirty feet high.

90. MED. CLOSE SHOT

Jaffe stares at the electrician and lets out a bellow.

JAFFE
Get down from there. Take those
lights down.
(he kicks at the ladder)

WEBB
O.J., look out, you'll hurt somebody.
We'll have a suit on our hands.

He pulls him away. Jaffe now rushes at the painter and grabs the brush out of his hand.

JAFFE
Take her name off.
(he smears the brush across
the name)
Take it off.

He smears at each name on each picture frame, with Webb running distractedly after him. Webb's derby falls off. He stops to retrieve it. Jaffe bellowing as he paints across Lily's name and face:

JAFFE
No more Lily Garland. Back into
oblivion Lily Garland - oblivion -
oblivion -- wipe her off the face
of the earth.

91. CLOSE SHOT

O'Malley appears and speaks to Webb.

O'MALLEY
What's Rembrandt up to?

92. MED. CLOSE SHOT

JAFFE
Owen, help me, come here. Rip
these signs down -- all of them.
Take them off - everyone.

WEBB
(to O'Malley)
Owen, grab him. I'll explain later.

JAFFE
(seizing O'Malley instead)
What time is it, Owen? The morning
papers gone to press yet?

O'MALLEY
We've got an hour.

Jacobs rushes out and listens in horror.

JAFFE
Where is your pencil?

WEBB
O.J., you're in no mood to talk for
publication. Lie down for half an hour.

JAFFE
(with a freezing look at Webb)
Are you still here? Get out!
(he turns to O'Malley)
Write out a statement for the press.
I've fired Lily Garland. I've thrown
her out of the theatre like a dead rat.

He tosses a rat by the tail and wipes his fingers on his
bosom after the gesture.

O'MALLEY
Take it easy, sire.

JACOBS
What are we going to do? The announce-
ments are all out for the opening, O.J.

JAFFE
We'll open.

CAMERA TRUCKS with them as they go into the theatre.

93. INT. THEATRE
MED. SHOT

JAFFE
We'll find somebody to replace her.

JACOBS
Who? Who, O.J.?

JAFFE
I don't need any Lily Garland.

JACOBS
There isn't an actress in town who
can hold a candle to her.

They have reached the stage.

94. ON THE STAGE
MED. SHOT

JAFFE
(to Jacobs)
Quiet!
(he points to a girl)
Come here, you.

JACOBS
O.J., you're mad. This girl can't act.
She's had no experience. She's just
out of stock.

JAFFE
Do you remember a little lingerie model
named Mildred Plotka who stood on this
stage once and also couldn't act--
(to the girl)
What's your name?

GIRL
Valerie Whitehouse.

JAFFE
Give Miss Whitehouse Miss Harland's
part.

GIRL
I know it.

JACOBS
O.J., I'm not going to let you do this.

(Contd.)

JAFFE

(appealing to the world in
horror)

What's that he said?

JACOBS

I can't help it. I'm not going to
let you make a fool of yourself.

JAFFE

Owen, take this office boy who came
to work for me as Max Mandlebaum and
now seems to be Max Jacobs and throw
him into the street.

JACOBS

Listen, Chief. --

JAFFE

By the scruff of the neck. I've had
enough treason for one day. We'll
start.

O'MALLEY

(taking Jacobs away)

Come on, Max, don't get him upset any
more than he is.

Max exits and Jaffe faces the actors on the stage.

JAFFE

Let the rehearsal begin. Your entrance
in Act One, Miss Whitehouse. Oliver,
get me some chalk.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

95. INSERT: of series of posters of plays with Valerie Whitehouse and end on a poster before the Chicago Theatre. It reads:

OSCAR JAFFE

presents

"JOAN OF ARC"
with
VALERIE WHITEHOUSE
at the
Chicago Theatre

96. EXT. CHICAGO THEATRE
MED. SHOT

It is midnight. We see electricians on tall ladders taking down electric signs from marquee. Simultaneously we see men carrying scenery flats out of the alley to a waiting moving van. We see several suits of armor being carried. There is snow on the ground. It is winter.

97. CLOSE SHOT

O'Malley, taking a drink out of a bottle, watches the dismantling, standing outside the grating of the box office window.

O'MALLEY
Chicago. What a town! They
should never have taken it away
from the Indians.

CUT TO:

98. INT. BOX OFFICE
MED. SHOT

Webb, derby on the back of his head, is poring over some bills, ticket stubs and figuring something out with a pencil. A sheriff is standing watching Webb.

TREASURER
(answering O'Malley through
grating)
It's a good town for a good show. The
World's Fair proved that.

O'MALLEY
Fan dancers and flea circuses.

CONTINUED.

98. CONTINUED

TREASURER

Well, I could never have predicted that a Jaffe production would only run four nights.

SHERIFF

Worst show I ever saw.
(he is counting money out of the till and putting it into an envelope)

WEBB

Just one minute, Sheriff. How much money you got there?

SHERIFF

\$975 including tonight's receipts. It's just a drop in the bucket. I got judgments for \$8700.

WEBB

I'll tell you what you do. You give me that cash and Mr. Jaffe will give you his check for the claims in full as soon as the banks open in the morning.

99. CLOSE SHOT

O'MALLEY

That's more business-like, Sheriff. One check, one transaction.

100. MED. SHOT

SHERIFF

(nudging the Treasurer)
New Yorkers.
(he chuckles)

TREASURER

Do you mind dropping me in Ravenswood?

SHERIFF

O.K.

TREASURER

Goodnight boys - better luck next time.

O'Malley enters Box Office and sits down by Webb.

101. MED. CLOSE SHOT

WEBB

Where'd you leave Jaffe?

O'MALLEY

At the Morrison Hotel under the name of Hemmingway that he's adopted in his grief.

WEBB

What are his plans - outside of going back tomorrow?

O'MALLEY

He's going to shoot himself - with a gun.

WEBB

(violently)

Listen, if he gets on that trapeze again I'm going to hand him a revolver.

O'MALLEY

(rising and exiting with Webb after him)

He won't ever kill himself. It would please too many people.

DISSOLVE TO:

102. INT. DRUG STORE
MED. CLOSE SHOT

Webb and O'Malley entering a drug store.

WEBB

(to clerk)

A double bicarbonate of soda.

(to O'Malley)

That's my fifth today.

INSERT: CLOSEUP

At right angles to the counter is a magazine rack with dozens of movie magazines. There are three different periodicals in the exhibit featuring a portrait of Lily Garland on their covers.

BACK TO SCENE

O'Malley sees the picture of Lily. He taps Webb on the shoulder and points.

O'MALLEY

Oliver -

CONTINUED.

102. CONTINUED

Webb looks at the magazines.

O'MALLEY

Oblivion.

WEBB

The biggest thing in pictures.

(he drinks)

We could use her.

O'MALLEY

Four flops in a row since she left him.

WEBB

(snarls)

Five.

(he looks at pictures)

I blame her for everything. When she left O.J. she took his genius with her. You know how much he spent in the last year on long distance calls alone? 1800 bucks. And she always hung up on him.

O'MALLEY

In some Humpty dumpty way - that was true love.

WEBB

(belches after finishing
bicarbonate; sincerely)

Romeo and Juliet.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

103. LA SALLE STREET STATION - CHICAGO
MED. CLOSE SHOT

O'Malley talking to the sheriff.

O'MALLEY

Listen, my fine feathered friend -
you're just wasting your time
patrolling this lonely coast. Mr.
Jaffe is not getting on this train.

SHERIFF

(grinning)

I'll say he ain't. I got four men
watching every gate. He ain't gonna
leave this State without paying up.

(he outs with a writ)

And if you're smart you'll stop making
a nuisance of yourself. This ain't
New York.

O'MALLEY

Oh. You're gonna get personal, eh?
Well, I'll cool you off in seventeen
shades of lavender.

WEBB

What's going on here, Owen?

O'MALLEY

This demi-god thinks he's in darkest
Russia.

WEBB

(briskly)

Just a moment.

(to Sheriff)

Who is your immediate superior?

SHERIFF

Never mind. See this picture?

He pulls out a "Chicago Theatre" program on the cover of which
we see a moody photo of Jaffe. It reads:

INSERT:CLOSEUP

"Oscar Jaffe Presents

'JOAN OF ARC'

For an extended run.'

SHERIFF

The minute I lay eyes on this fellow
Jaffe he's going right over to the
South Clark Street police station.

At this moment a Southern Colonel with a black hat and whiskered like a Kentucky bluegrass gentleman, appears. He is carrying a small, half-size suitcase.

COLONEL

I beg yo pahdon, suh. Could ah trouble
you foh a match?

SHERIFF

Sure thing, brother. Help yourself.
(gives him a match box)

COLONEL

(lighting a cheroot and exposing
on his briefcase the name "OSCAR
JAFFE" in gold letters)
Thank you kindly, suh. Ahm takin' the
20th Century. Ah hope ah ain't late.

SHERIFF

No. You can just make it.

O'MALLEY

(seeing Jaffe's name exposed)
Listen, Sheriff, can I talk to you in
private?

COLONEL

Good afternoon, suh. Thank you again.

SHERIFF

O.K.

Jaffe starts in through train gate.

WEBB

Owen, there's no use quarreling with
this gentleman. He's only doing his
duty. If he's gonna arrest Jaffe
he's gonna arrest him and we can't
prevent it.

VOICE

(calling)
All aboard. All aboard.

O'MALLEY

O.K.

CONTINUED.

104. CONTINUED

O'MALLEY
(continued)
(going into Southern
dialect to Sheriff)
Goodbye, suh. Thank you kindly foh
yo hospitality, suh. Come down and
have a julep with us some time.

O'Malley and Webb rush for the gate.

105. CLOSE SHOT

The Sheriff, peering up and down for Jaffe, and slowly
realizing from O'Malley's Southern talk that something is
rotten in Denmark.

DISSOLVE TO:

106. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR
MED. SHOT

O'Malley and Webb in the corridor of the train. Webb knocks
on the door.

VOICE
Come in,

They open the door and stand looking at Jaffe.

107. REVERSE ANGLE

Shooting past Webb and O'Malley. Jaffe is staring moodily
out of the window whiskers away. We see scenery of Chicago
out of the window.

108. INT. DRAWING ROOM A
MED. SHOT

Webb and O'Malley enter.

WEBB
(with rather feigned gaiety)
Very clever, O.J. You had us both
fooled for a minute.

JAFFE
I never thought I'd sink so low as
to be an actor. It was humiliating.

CONTINUED.

108. CONTINUED

O'MALLEY
It's too bad you didn't play Joan
of Arc.

JAFFE
(quietly)
Never mind that, Owen. You've been
drinking again. Go and order lunch.
See that they put me by myself at a
big table.

O'MALLEY
(irritably)
How do you suppose I'm gonna do
that. The diner's packed.

JAFFE
(soothingly)
Tell them it's for me. Now go on.

109. CLOSE SHOT
O'Malley at door.

O'MALLEY
(leaving in disgust)
If you want privacy, why don't you
travel in a balloon?
(he exits)

110. MED. CLOSE SHOT - WEBB, JAFFE

WEBB
Well, O.J., we might as well get it
over with. I got some unpleasant
figures here.

JAFFE
(broodingly)
Do you know what I was thinking on
my way to the train?

WEBB
Nothing morbid, I hope.

JAFFE
(softly)
I was thinking, Oliver, that of all
my 68 productions, the most artistic
was "Joan of Arc."

CONTINUED.

110. CONTINUED

WEBB

(sourly)

It would have been fine if the audience had known what it was all about.

JAFFE

(bristling)

The audience. I saw the play five times and cried like a baby every time. That fire effect was pure genius. I've never done anything better.

WEBB

Well, fire effect and all, we're in the hole for \$74,000 and a few pennies. Care to look it over?

He hands over a paper.

JAFFE

(Awed by his greatness)

What a magnificent failure. If I'm a genius, Oliver, it's because of my failures. Always remember that.

CUT TO:

111. INT. OBSERVATION CAR
MED. CLOSE SHOT

Mr. Clark is sitting pertly holding his little satchel.

PORTER

Do you want your bag in your room, sir?

CLARK

(fussily)

Just keep your hands off my bag and don't bother me. I don't want to see you again until we get to New York City.

PORTER

(exiting)

Yes, sir.

Another passenger also leaves.

Left alone, Clark rises and surreptitiously takes a sticker out of his bag and sticks it on near the water cooler. Pleased with his work, he exits.

112. INT. CORRIDOR
MED. CLOSE SHOT

As Clark passes out of scene, the Beard appears looking around for somebody. O'Malley enters scene and takes a drink out of a bottle. He looks up. He sees the Beard approaching him. He is very irritated. He is about to speak when the Beard, with a bow, addresses him in very heavy German accent.

BEARD
Oxcoose me. Do you know if Mr.
Oxgar Chaffe, deatrical produzer
is on dis train.

O'MALLEY
(angrily)
Now listen, Colonel, we've been through
all that. Unmask - it's 12 o'clock.

He pulls pleasantly and respectfully at the beard.

BEARD
(wildly)
Pleass. Pleass. Oxcoose me. Don't
do that.

He halts in terror.

113. CLOSE SHOT

O'Malley shakes himself and CAMERA MOVES with him to secretarial desk. He picks up a magazine and finds himself looking at the sticker put up by Mr. Clark, "REPENT FOR THE TIME IS AT HAND".

114. MED. CLOSE SHOT

O'Malley, finger on sticker is reading it out loud when the Conductor enters. O'Malley exits with a shake of his head. Conductor goes to sticker, looks at it and reacts.

CONDUCTOR
Porter, get Flannigan.
(he looks after O'Malley)

CUT TO:

115. INT. DRAWING ROOM A -
MED. CLOSE SHOT - JAFFE AND WEBB

CONTINUED.

WEBB

Listen, O.J. We get to New York at 9:45 tomorrow morning. The banks will open at 10. Three of them are holding your notes for \$221,000. I've done everything possible to stall them off.

JAFJE

Don't worry about money matters now. Do you mind?

WEBB

I've got to. The first thing they're going to do is land on the Jaffe Theatre tomorrow morning with a writ and take it away from you - and whiskers won't help you.

JAFJE

(Bulging his eyes)

They wouldn't dare.

WEBB

Listen, O. J. There's one way out. Not exactly a pleasant way but we can't be squeamish now. I got a telegram this A.M. from Little Max Jacobs.

JAFJE

(blowing up)

Communicating with Max Jacobs, eh? Treachery, eh?

WEBB

Listen, O.J. -- I know everything you're going to say.

JAFJE

Max Jacobs! My office boy that I fired.

WEBB

All right. Your office boy. But he's got a million in the bank. He's produced three straight smash hits in a row while you've been laying one bad egg after another. That's facts.

CONTINUED.

JAFFE

I forbid you ever to mention the name of Max Jacobs again. Besides, his real name is Mandelbaum. You know that. I fired him for stealing.

WEBB

You fired him because he said Valerie Whitehouse was going to be a flop. And she was. Now if you'll just swallow your pride and listen to this proposition.....

JAFFE

I've had enough of your treachery. Get out!

WEBB

Max Jacobs is the only man living who can save you.

JAFFE

You've shown your true colors at last, Now get out. You're fired!

WEBB

(hollering)

O.K. I've had enough.

JAFFE

Get out I said. Go to Mandelbaum or whatever his name is. You Judas. I close the iron door to you.

CUT TO:

CONDUCTOR

(fixing his glasses on his
nose)

Is it the same one?

PORTER

Yes, suh, "Repent for the time is
at hand."

WEBB

(jumping up)

What is this? An insane asylum?

CONDUCTOR

It's the work of that fellow with
you.

WEBB

Mr. Jaffe!

CONDUCTOR

No. The other one. And I'm going
to turn him over to the authorities.
It's pure vandalism.

O'Malley enters.

WEBB

(convinced of O'Malley's guilt)
Leave him alone. I can handle him.

O'Malley

Hello, Brutus. How goes the fray?

WEBB

(quietly)
Sit down, Owen.

O'MALLEY

(to Porter)

Listen, Redskin, me want fire water.
Plenty wampum. Quick. Ugh.

WEBB

Owen, I paid \$12 for this derby.
What's the idea of slapping a two
sheet all over it. That's kinder-
garten stuff.

O'Malley picks up derby and studies sticker.

116. INT. OBSERVATION CAR - MED. SHOT

Lockwood and Clark, conductor and brakeman, are in the car.

LOCKWOOD

I was sitting reading and didn't
notice anything till I took my
hat off, and there it was -

(he reveals a sticker on
his hat)

Clark exits furtively.

CONDUCTOR

I'm sorry, sir - I have a very
good idea who's been doing this.
There is a certain drunk on this
train. Get Flannagan.

Brakeman exits.

CAMERA PICKS UP Webb as he enters. He also has a sticker
on his derby and is very sour. He sits down and starts
chewing angrily on a cigar.

CONDUCTOR

(approaching him anxiously)
You're in Mr. Jaffe's party, too.

WEBB

What's biting you?

CONDUCTOR

(angrily reaching for derby)
We've got to take every one of these
things off with soap and hot water.

WEBB

(confused)
What things?

BRAKEMAN

(pushing Webb)
Oh you don't know about it, eh?

WEBB

What are you raving about?

CONDUCTOR

There's one on your hat now.

WEBB

(defending his top piece)
Keep your hands off me.

CONTINUED

117. CLOSER SHOT - Webb, O'Malley, Conductor.

CONDUCTOR

You're going right through this train with some soap and a pail of hot water and take every one of those stickers down.

O'MALLEY

You're screwier than a pretzel.
(he reads)

"Repent for the time is at hand."
Are you accusing me of circulating that foul propaganda?

118. ANOTHER ANGLE

WAITER

(appears excitedly)

Mr. Burton - somebody just went through the dining room, suh, and put them things up on all the windows.

WEBB

Well, I guess that exonerates Mr. O'Malley.

119. MED. CLOSE SHOT

O'Malley sits down.

O'MALLEY

What a trip. Join Jaffe and see the world.

WEBB

Don't mention Jaffe's name to me.

O'MALLEY

What's a matter now?

The train has stopped.

WEBB

Same old thing - Listen, he doesn't realize it yet, but I'm through. I've let that ego-maniac jump up and down on my stomach for sixteen years. This is the end. When he's hanging from the rafters with all of Broadway picking his eyes out, maybe he'll appreciate all I've done for him. I doubt it.

CONTINUED

119. CONTINUED

O'MALLEY
What's happened?

WEBB
Never mind. Englewood, eh?
Well, I'm getting out. Let him
face the banks alone.

Jaffe comes hurtling in, bursting with repressed
excitement.

JAFFE
Owen, Oliver. I'm depending on
you, quick. She's getting on here.
I just saw her. Lily - Lily Garland.
Look.

CUT TO:

120. MED. SHOT

Of Lily through the window. Photographers are snapping
her picture in a crowd.

CUT BACK TO:

121. MED. SHOT OF THREE

JAFFE
She mustn't see us. Owen, watch
where she goes. Don't startle her.
We've got to be Indians.

CUT TO:

122. INT. DRAWING ROOM B - MED. SHOT

Some Red Caps appear and start unloading a glamorous
assortment of Louis Voiton luggage in B.

Sadie, a buxom Cockney maid, middle-aged and dominant,
bustles on with the porter.

SADIE
'Ow many 'ave you got now? 'Ow
many pieces?

PORTER
Eight, Ma'am.

CONTINUED

122. CONTINUED

SADIE

Where's that bag with the zipper?
Oh, there it is. Those are the
silk sheets. When you go to make up
Miss Garland's berth, put them on, and
be sure your hands are well washed.

PORTER

Yes, Ma'am.

SADIE

(as Porter lifts bag to
baggage rack)
Careful of that. Those are face
lotions. Leave that cocktail hamper
in here - and the backgammon board.
(to Red Cap)
Here, you.

She pays them off. Red Cap exits into hallway.

In a fierce bustle, Sadie starts moving the bags into C,
assisted by the Porter. As she is about this, Lily
enters, followed by George Smith.

123. CLOSE SHOT

At door. Lily is breathless and excited. She carries a
Colonial bouquet.

LILY

(to the world)
Sadie, another compartment.
(to Sadie)
I told you to get a room with a
bed in it. So I can sleep.

124. MED. SHOT

As Lily comes in followed by George.

SADIE

They didn't have any beds.

LILY

You're a liar. Go ask the conductor.
(to George)
Just a minute, darling. This moron
is driving me crazy.

CONTINUED

124. CONTINUED

GEORGE
What's wrong now?

LILY
The Company promised me a bed.
Sadie, it's on the train somewhere.
Ask for the bed Louis B. Mayer
reserved for me.

GEORGE
(to Sadie)
Step on it, Sadie.

LILY
(vibrating)
Go on - please!

SADIE
There's no bed on the train.

LILY
Calling me a liar! Go on.

SADIE
I'm just sick and tired of this
whole trip.
(she exits)

LILY
(calling after her)
Oh, you're mad now, eh? All
right, you can stay mad.
(George throws his hat on
seat, and getting no answer,
Lily turns to George)
I despise temperament - George,
darling, goodbye. I'm going to
miss you so much.

125. CLOSE SHOT

Lily and George embrace.

GEORGE
(quietly, as they come
out of embrace)
It isn't goodbye. I'm not getting
of this train. I'm going to New
York with you.

CONTINUED

LILY

Don't be silly, darling. What would people think?

(Conductor's voice could be heard calling "All aboard")
"Famous film star smuggles young society man aboard train." Oh, I'll miss you so.

(cooingly)

Goodbye. Goodbye. I'm missing you already.

GEORGE

You don't have to be. I'm staying on the train.

Train starts.

LILY

(out of her mood in a flash)
What are you talking about?

GEORGE

Just that I'm coming with you.
That's all.

LILY

Oh, George - we're moving.

She grabs his coat and hat and tries to hand them to him and push him outside.

GEORGE

I don't care.

LILY

The train is moving.

GEORGE

I'm staying here, I told you.

LILY

George, do as I say.

GEORGE

I'm not going to get off. It's too late, anyway.

LILY

(witheringly)

This is fine, this is.

CONTINUED

125. CONTINUED-2

GEORGE

Go on. Keep it up. This is probably the real you I'm seeing at last.

LILY

Please, I can't stand fighting.
(melting)
George.

GEORGE

Do you think I was going to let you arrive in New York alone and meet all your old friends. I've read the "Loves of Lily Garland" in that magazine.

LILY

Lies. Lies. Press agent lies. What friends have I got. Who cares about me? Nobody. Not even Sadie - people I pay. Fame. Success. Empty words. What is there in life? Stop making those awful faces.

GEORGE

Stop acting.

CUT TO:

126. INT. CORRIDOR - MED. SHOT

Webb and O'Malley. O'Malley is peeking down the corridor.

O'MALLEY

(to Webb)

Come on, Hiawatha, they've pitched their wigwam right next door.

WEBB

Nothing doing. Mr. Jaffe has fired me once too often. I think it's time I taught him a lesson.

O'MALLEY

All right. Sit there and pout if you want to.

He enters Drawing Room A.

JAFFE

Where is she?

O'MALLEY

Next door.

JAFFE

I wonder if that's deliberate on her part.

O'MALLEY

I shouldn't think so, off hand.

JAFFE

Stranger things than that have happened. It was in the papers I was taking this train.
(gets inspiration)
Owen, it's a miracle.

O'MALLEY

What is?

JAFFE

Owen, I'm going to tell you a little secret about that young lady next door. I love her. I've tried to tear her out of my brain but she's eating at my heart like some gray rat. I've hidden it from the world because I didn't want them to know how hard I'd been hit. Owen, you're Irish - you'll understand when I love a woman I'm an Oriental - it never dies - it never goes away.

O'MALLEY

But, Sire - what's it all about?

JAFFE

She made the first move by being here.
(points next door)
I'll meet her halfway. Owen, I'm going to take down the bars and bare my soul to the world - make the supreme gesture.

O'MALLEY

You mean you're going to let Lily Garland work with you again?

CONTINUED

JAFFE

How did you guess? I'm going to forgive her.

O'MALLEY

Well, sire, I'll admit all our troubles would be over if you could get her name on a contract, but I kinda thought there might be some difficulties.

JAFFE

There was never any breach between us really. Where is Oliver?

O'MALLEY

You fired him.

JAFFE

Oh, he's taking advantage of that, is he? There are only two musketeers left. But we'll fight all the harder. Owen, I want you to wire Maurice the florist at Toledo to send all the gardenias he has in his shop to drawing room - what's the initial?

O'MALLEY

B as in bonnet.

JAFFE

Drawing Room B this car -- and I want those gardenias to contain a message. Let me think. Take out pencil, Owen. I want the message to read --

(to O'Malley, who is taking a drink)
Please don't do that, Owen.

(he quotes soulfully)
"From the grave of someone you loved
yesterday."

(triumphantly)
How's that?
(sighs)

O'MALLEY

A little on the sad side, isn't it?

CONTINUED

127. CONTINUED-2

JAFFE

It's perfect. Why can't I get
a few playwrights to write like
that?

O'MALLEY

Do you mind if I take a sip
now, O.J.?

JAFFE

So Oliver thought I was through.

O'MALLEY

Well, it had the earmarks of a
crisis.

128. CLOSE SHOT

JAFFE

That's when I'm at my best -
with my back against the wall -
with disaster staring me in the
face. "Joan of Arc," the "Bride
of Bagdad", "Desert Love" -- no
money, no credit. My theatre -
everything I have - gone. Every-
thing but the name of Jaffe.

(he acts)

They got me down. But I'm like a
prizefighter who gets up at the
count of nine, staggers for a moment
and then swings with the fury of a
wounded lion. But you've seen me
in action. I don't have to tell you.

129. CLOSE SHOT

O'MALLEY

(sourly)

It's been my privilege, sire, several
times.

130. MED. CLOSE SHOT

JAFFE
(putting his hand on
Owen's shoulders)
Now Owen, I'm depending on you.

O'MALLEY
What for?

JAFFE
I want you to brush into her
accidentally and drop a little hint
about a play I got for her. A
dramatic smash. Can't miss.

O'MALLEY
Listen, sire -- I'll admit if you
could get her name on a contract
we'd be in clover, but I under-
stood she was through with you.
Do you know the name of the play
by any chance?

JAFFE
Open that suitcase - the yellow
one. There a dozen manuscripts
in there. Gems.

O'MALLEY
You're not going to start wading
through that foul garbage again --

JAFFE
Don't always be tearing down,
Owen. All you need to tell her
is I got this gorgeous part for
her - half devil, half woman,
who makes a great sacrifice -
for love.

(pushes O'Malley out)
Come on, come on now. Over the
top.

O'MALLEY
All right, Captain. Forward the
tanks.

He exits.

131. INT. CORRIDOR
MED. CLOSE SHOT

As CAMERA follows O'Malley. He buzzes rhythmically. He opens the door and stands grinning at Lily.

O'MALLEY
Hello, you peculiar witch. How's
the Baby Bernhardt?
(walks into B)

132. INT. DRAWING ROOM B
MED. CLOSE SHOT - (GEATURING LILY & O'MALLEY)

LILY
(a new self)
Well, the foul Corsican himself. Who
let you on this train?

O'MALLEY
If you knew all the trouble you've
caused on this gondola. We've torn
it to shreds.

LILY
(apprehensively)
Who's we?

O'MALLEY
(owlishly)
Guess.

LILY
(divining)
Holy Moses!

133. CLOSE SHOT

GEORGE
Would you mind letting me in on
these riddles?

134. THREE SHOT

LILY
Mr. O'Malley - Mr. Smith.

GEORGE
How do you do.

O'MALLEY
(coldly and truculently)
I didn't get the name.... (Contd.)

LILY
(to O'Malley)
Is Oscar Jaffe on this train? You'd better tell me.

O'MALLEY
(nodding roguishly, points at door)
Next door. The little corporal is returning from another Moscow. His head bloodied - but still unbowed.

GEORGE
(accusingly)
Holy Mackerel! Jaffe, eh? So that's why you wanted me to get off --

LILY
(to George)
Shut up. I didn't know he was here. Owen -- does he know I'm on board?

O'MALLEY
(nods solemnly over a drink)
Well, what do you think?

LILY
Who told him?

O'MALLEY
Little White Feathers, his Navaho control.

LILY
Well, this is the limit.

GEORGE
(ominously to her)
Are you going to see him? I want to know now, Lily.

LILY
(with a very sarcastic laugh)
See him? Ha, ha. Do you think I'm out of my mind?
(to O'Malley)
Thank you for telling me. I don't step outside this room. He knew I was on the train. It was in Louella's column, but it isn't going to do him any good. Owen, I'm free from Mr. Jaffe and I'm going to stay free.

O'MALLEY
(in Southern dialect)
What you-all so skeered of Mary Joe?

(Contd.)

135. (CONTINUED)

LILY

(to George)

That man belittled me and tortured me
for three years.

(to O'Malley)

Ran around telling everybody 'Where would
Lily Garland be without the great Jaffe?'
Well, I think I showed him. Right on top
of the ladder, kid - and going up.

(to George)

The lies he told about me - and my mamma.
Called hi self my Svengali. Svengali.

(she laughs)

136. CLOSE SHOT

LILY

(turns and sees Webb, who
has entered)

You too, eh?

137. CLOSE SHOT

Webb puts his arms around O'Malley, to O'Malley's astonish-
ment, as he addresses Lily, beaming.

WEBB

Hello, Lily. Hello - are you coming
back to the fold?

138. MED. SHOT - GROUP

LILY

(outraged)

Am I what? Did Oscar tell you to
ask me that?

WEBB

Now, Lily, don't fly off the handle.
Confidentially, I'm not with Jaffe any
more. Ask Owen. If that egomaniac was
in his grave, the way I feel right now,
I'd just as soon tie a rope around his
neck and take him on a Cook's tour.

(his voice trembling)

He's played his last dirty trick on me.

O'MALLEY

Hold her, Aramis, while I get D'Artagnan.

(Contd.)

WEBB

(to O'Malley)

I don't care what you do. I'm out of it.

O'Malley exits. Webb turns to Lily.

WEBB

I just wanted to tip you off to something, Lily.

(noticing George)

Can we talk in front of --

(jerks his head and thumb)

GEORGE

(drops down between Webb and Lily)

Listen, you can get yourself out of here. That's the main thing you can do.

WEBB

I happen to be calling on Miss Garland.

LILY

George, behave yourself. Just a minute, darling --

WEBB

Lily, I want you to listen a second. Oscar's broke. They're taking his theatre away from him.

LILY

Really? Well, that's kind of interesting.

WEBB

They got him over a barrel with his pants to his knees. I'm afraid he's going to do the Dutch act.

He pantomimes a gun at his temple, as is his habit, and clucks with his tongue to indicate the shot.

LILY

(laughing)

Still jumping out of windows, eh?
Old fainting Bertha.

WEBB

Don't laugh, Lily. Unless you come to his rescue - it's curtains for him. You're his one chance.

(Contd.)

LILY

Oliver, I'd rather drop dead where I'm standing than ever do another play with him.

WEBB

It would be a smart move for you.

LILY

What? Well, you go back and tell that fake Svengali, that I wouldn't wipe my feet on him if he was starving. And I hope he is.

WEBB

(flaring)

That's no way to talk. He made you!

LILY

He what? Get out of here! Sadie - Where's Sadie?

GEORGE

Never mind, Sadie.

(he rises)

You've said enough. Outside.

WEBB

(retreating)

I'm going.

(at door)

I thought you were a bigger woman than that, Lily. I see I was deeply mistaken.
(he exits)

LILY

(wildly to George)

Why do they do that to me? What do they think I'm made of? Iron? Hammering and hammering at me - wherever I go -- all of them.

GEORGE

It's all over. Please!

LILY

I'm all hot. I'll have a breakdown. I can feel it coming on...I won't be good for anything...

140. MED. CLOSE SHOT

GEORGE
(to Sadie)
Get out, Sadie. I can handle her.

SADIE
There's nothing the matter with her.
She's all right.

LILY
(flaring up at Sadie)
You did this. You wired Jaffe I was
taking this train. You're one of his
spies.

141. CLOSE SHOT

SADIE
Is Mr. Jaffe on the train? Holy Mackerel!

CUT TO:

142. INT. DRAWING ROOM A
MED. SHOT

As Jaffe, O'Malley and Webb enter excitedly.

JAFFE
What did she say? Tell me everything.

Jaffe starts unpacking a suitcase and removing a robe.
During the following he starts slipping it on. It is an
ornate seducer's toga of crimson silk, with a monkish hood.

WEBB
(practically)
You know her. Screamed like a fish wife.

JAFFE
(beaming)
That's a good sign. She blew up, eh?
Well, then, the battery isn't dead. You
didn't give her any false ideas about her
being in any way necessary to me?

WEBB
Not a word.

JAFFE
You're sure?

WEBB
I just talked some good horse
sense to her.

(Contd.)

142. (CONTINUED)

JAFFE

That's fine - you both deserve the
croix de Guerre for this, but I
haven't been idle -- I have the key
to her door.

(he stands before the door and
musses up his hair in the mirror.
He opens the door slowly, noiselessly
and peers into B. George is holding
Lily in his arms)

Don't interrupt us no matter what happens.

143. MED. SHOT - LILY AND GEORGE

GEORGE

Now listen, darling - pull yourself
together and remember that we love
each other.

144. CLOSE SHOT

at door - Jaffe is staggered. Closes door.

145. INT. DRAWING ROOM A
MED. CLOSE SHOT

JAFFE

Oh, who's that?

WEBB

(helpfully)

Who?

JAFFE

That fellow - kissing her.

(he turns on Webb, white; pants)

Well - that's the final irony. Mousing
around with boys, after what she's had;
(his hand on his heart)

I always knew she'd head for the gutter.
(in broken tones)

I can't stand it.

(the boys stand about in sympathetic
attitudes. O'Malley tenderly touches
the maestro's shoulder. He continues
to weave)

My heart's broken. Where's the conductor?

CUT TO:

146.

INT. OBSERVATION CAR
MED. SHOT

Discovering Conductor, Pullman Conductor, Train Secretary, and Flannagan: Sadie at desk. Jaffe hurries to Sadie.

JAFFE

Come here, you. Who is that with Lily?
Who is he? What's his name?

SADIE

I don't know.

JAFFE

Yes you do, you Mata Hari. Is he her lover?

SADIE

Is that my fault?

She has fought free.

CONDUCTOR

Mr. Jaffe!

Jaffe roars over to the harassed conductor.

147.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - JAFFE AND CONDUCTOR

JAFFE

Do you hear that? There's a law in
this country about riging on trains.
I call on you to invoke it -

CONDUCTOR

What?

JAFFE

Stop the train. I want that man in Draw-
ing Room B thrown off. Stop the train.

CONDUCTOR

(the passengers continue to pile in)
No one can stop this train.

JAFFE

Oscar Jaffe's telling you to stop the train.

CONDUCTOR

Oscar Jaffe or no Oscar Jaffe -
(to rest)

Fires or floods or blizzards - this
is the Twentieth Century! We get to
New York on time!

(Contd.)

147. (CONTINUED)

Conductor takes Jaffe's arm and starts to lead him out.
As Conductor turns his back to us we see he has a sticker
posted on his back.

DISSOLVE TO:

148. SHOT of engine wheels.

DISSOLVE TO:

149. SHOT of engine and train roaring along.

DISSOLVE TO:

150. SHOT of train whistle, which blows.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

151. INT. OBSERVATION CAR - NIGHT
CLOSE SHOT - OVERHEAD LIGHT

A hand strains up toward light, a "Repent" poster manages, somehow, to be pasted on it. PULL CAMERA BACK. Clark is mounted on a seat and is reaching toward light to smooth the sticker. CAMERA PICKS UP Conductor, Flannigan and Porter as they enter and tiptoe toward him.

152. WIDER ANGLE

Just as he finishes his job, he turns around, notices the men and is seized with fright. The Conductor and Flannigan close in on him.

CONDUCTOR

All right, Flannigan. Grab him.

CLARK

(raising hand meekly)

That's not necessary, gentlemen. I'm harmless. I'm a well-known business man.

(gives Conductor his card)

Laxo Paxo Fruit tablets. I'm president. I'll pay for anything I've done.

(mortified)

I feel so ashamed of myself I can hardly talk.

FLANNAGAN

Hey, what's the idea of running around pasting up all them stickers?

CLARK

(bashfully)

Did I put up many of them? ~~Tsck, tsck -~~
dear me, dear me.

CONDUCTOR

You Mathew J. Clark?

CLARK

(meekly)

Yes, sir.

CONDUCTOR

(taking out wire)

I've got a wire here concerning you.
(taking out his glasses)

CONTINUED.

152 CONTINUED

CLARK
(nervously)
Is it from my nephew?

CONDUCTOR
(referring to the document)
It's signed Harold Clark.

153. CLOSE SHOT

CLARK
Does it convey the fact that I'm a
little crazy but perfectly harmless,
and that he'll meet me in Cleveland?

154. CLOSE SHOT

CONDUCTOR
(consulting telegram - surprised)
That's right!
(looking at wire again)
It also says, "Accept no checks" - You
nearly caused a panic among the passengers
"The time is at hand". They got worrying
about a wreck.

154. MED. SHOT - GROUP

CLARK
(hanging his head)
Oh, that's terrible.

FLANNAGAN
What did you do it for?

CLARK
I - I don't know. It's sort of
spiritual call. But I'm entirely
normal now. If you'll just let me
go back to my room I'll give you my
word not to cause you any more trouble

CONDUCTOR
(hesitating)
Well - er - how do you - er - how do
you feel now?

CLARK (happily)
Fine. Entirely over it. It's quite gone
now. Here, this is to pay for the bother.
(he holds out money)

CONTINUED.

CONDUCTOR

We don't want ~~money~~. - I'm only sorry
you got this disease.

CLARK

Thank you very much. Here - let me give
you the rest of the stickers.

(he gets the suitcase)

It's all so humiliating. I just hope
we can keep it out of the papers.

He hands the suitcase to the Conductor, who dumps stickers
in wastebasket.

CONDUCTOR

I'll see to that. Not a word, boys.
Understand?

PORTER

Yes, suh.

CONDUCTOR

(about to leave)

I think you better go back to your
room now, Mr. Clark. We'll see you
are well taken care of.

CLARK

V Thank you. You won't regret it.
Porter, will you bring me a pillow,
please?

155. INT. CORRIDOR
MED. SHOT

By this time they are in the hall, walking past the drawing
rooms.

PORTER

Yes, suh.

CUT TO:

156. INT. DRAWING ROOM B. -
MED. CLOSE SHOT

George and Lily are in a wrangle. George is bitterly
slouched in his seat. Lily is screaming at him.

CONTINUED.

LILY

George, you know everything I've ever done in my life. And I swear to you on my honor Oscar Jaffe never laid a finger on me.

GEORGE

You're a liar and you know it.

LILY

(screaming)

I can't stand it. You and your stupid jealousy.

GEORGE

Why do you lie.

LILY

I don't. I swear to you, Oscar and I never --

GEORGE

(leaping up)

Oh, you still call him Oscar.

LILY

(throwing herself into her seat)

Why don't you leave me alone! You fool, you idiot, stop hammering and hammering at me.

GEORGE

(embracing her)

Why didn't you scream before? I never believe you unless you scream. I feel so small for doubting you, Lily, I love you.

157. ANOTHER ANGLE

Taking a mirror in background.

LILY

Baby, baby, baby. Mama loves him so.

While she is saying this she notices herself in the mirror and starts straightening her eyebrows.

GEORGE

And baby loves Mama. You happy?

LILY

Blissful. Let me go for a minute.

(she jumps up and moves to in front of the mirror)

CONTINUED.

157. CONTINUED

LILY
(continued)
Where did that darn Cockney hide
my makeup box.

CUT TO:

158. INT. DRAWING ROOM A -
MED. SHOT - FEATURING JAFFE

JAFFE
(to Webb, scraping sticker
off hat)
I want you to know why I took you
back, Oliver. It was on account of
your wife.

WEBB
(sourly)
I see, I see.

JAFFE
There's no need of making the innocent
suffer with the guilty. Now boys, I've
got to change my plan of campaign. Get
rid of the lover. Eliminate him.
(train whistle)
That concinual whistling isn't necessary.
The Century has the right of way.
(another whistle)
How do they expect me to think.
(whistle ends)
That's better. Stop scraping on that hat,
Oliver. You'll only put a hole in it.
Now take out your pencil. We're going to
draw up a contract between Oscar Jaffe and
Lily Garland. Draw it up in legal form.
She's going to sign it before she gets off
the train.

WEBB
If you'll allow me to presume, O.J., I
know this may cost me my job --

JAFFE
(eyes apop)
What now?

WEBB
What we need is a play. Something
she can read. See herself walking
around the stage in.

CONTINUED.

JAFFE
(omnipotently)
I'll find a play.

WEBB
Where, for the love of -- You ought to
know you can't pull plays out of a hat.
Not a real play.

JAFFE
(imitating an archer and raising
his leg like wing of Mercury)
I was born under the sign of Sagitarius.
That's the archer. Draw up that contract,
Oliver.
(the buzzer sounds)
Wait a minute. Maybe it's Lily. Come in.

159. CLOSE SHOT

At door as it opens and the two Beards appear.

FIRST BEARD
Exgoose me....

SECOND BEARD
Dot's him.....

160. MED. SHOT - GROUP

The First Beard comes forward and reverently kisses Jaffe's
hand. The Second Beard bows.

FIRST BEARD
Maestro! Maestro!

JAFFE
(softly)
What is it?

WEBB
Run along, we're busy!

JAFFE
(with fatherly reproach)
Please don't do that, Oliver. I
always see people.
(to the Beards)
What is it you wish?

FIRST BEARD
Herr Maestro, diss iss a grade, grade
honor --

CONTINUED.

SECOND BEARD

(pushing his friend aside)
Bitte Lasse mir! Ich spreche besser!

FIRST BEARD

Nein! er versteht mir!

WEBB

(exasperated)
Well, well - spit it out!

FIRST BEARD

(vibrantly)
Maestro!....I want to say -
(steps forward)

SECOND BEARD

(pompously to his companion)
Chust a minute! August
(winningly to Jaffe)
Maybee you have seen us somedime.

WEBB

Oh, actors!

SECOND BEARD

Nein, nein. Exgoose me. Ve are
pelonging to de Passion Play.

JAFFE

Oh, the Oberammagau Players. I should
have recognized you.....

He stands up and shakes hands with them, turning to Webb,
like a lecturer on the Holy Land.

JAFFE

The Oberammagau Players are the purest
branch of the theatre. Stand up, Oliver.

WEBB

(rises; sourly)
Hello, boys.

JAFFE

(warmingly)
They are the only true actors we
have left.....
(he puts his arm around the
First Beard)
Not like our cheap Broadway hams -
but these people are consecrated to
their art from infancy.

CONTINUED.

WEBB
(snarls)
I see.

FIRST BEARD
I am der Judas.

SECOND BEARD
(to his colleague)
Maestro - he is der Judas. I am
der lead.

WEBB
(with a false interest)
I see. How do you like the United
States?

Jaffe sits down, folds his arms, and throws himself into a
trance, pulling on his forelock. His eyes devour the pair.

FIRST BEARD
Ve don't like it so gudt. Ve had
lots of troubles. Our manager iss
got losst -- vit all de money dar.

WEBB
(always glad to belittle
O.J.'s friends)
I see. You come in here to borrow
money, eh?

SECOND BEARD
(lighting up)
Dank you. Ve got noddings to eat
till ve get on de boat.

WEBB
(snarling)
Ah, moochers! I thought so!

161. CLOSE SHOT

Jaffe, as he rises and moves impressively to the door, lead-
ing into the Corridor, he closes it and turns, brimming with
mystery and purpose.

JAFFE
Sit down, gentlemen.
(softly to himself)
Yes....it's an inspiration!

Webb's ears prick up unpleasantly. Jaffe looks at Webb and smiles triumphantly.

JAFFE

At the eleventh hour, Oliver. Just
when my back is against the wall.
(to the Beards)

How much money do you need, gentlemen?

Webb is now thoroughly alarmed.

SECOND BEARD

Fifty-four dollars.

JAFFE

(benevolently)

Give it to them, Oliver.

WEBB

What! We don't know these people!

JAFFE

While you were chatting over there,
my mind was active. The Passion Play!
The greatest drama in the world! At
last I've got something worthy of me!

WEBB

(coming out of the Beards,
in a panic)

May I see you alone, O.J.?

(to the Beards; irritably)

Get out of here!

(Beards rise)

(To Jaffe)

I've got to see you alone.

(pushing the Beards to door)

Now get out of here, boys. I'll take
care of you later.

JAFFE

What's the meaning of this? Are you
crazy?

WEBB

(losing control)

Never mind who's crazy!

JAFFE

Gentlemen!

WEBB

Get out!

The Beards remain in corridor, standing behind the closed
door.

WEBB

(panting, with his back
to the door)

I was afraid you were going to sign
them up!

JAFFE

(panting back)

Of course I am! Go get them back!
And apologize! You insulted them!

WEBB

(grimly)

I'm going to undertake a tremendous
responsibility.

(Webb pushes Jaffe)

You may not think it, O.J. -- but I'm
more than just your employee. I'm your
best friend on earth.

He is near tears. Jaffe lays a hand on Webb's shoulder.

JAFFE

(sympathetically)

Easy there, Oliver -- remember your
heart!

WEBB

(headlong - hysterical)

You've done enough. I'm not going to
let you get mixed up with any such
phoney art.

JAFFE

The trouble with you is, you don't
know what's happened to the theatre
public in the last three years.

(Webb, hands to head,
annoyed, sits)

Well, I'll tell you. I've had my ear
to the ground - like an Indian. This
is what the public has been waiting for
and I'm going to give it to them.

WEBB

(snatching at a bluebird's
shadow)

Well, at least we won't have to keep up
this wild goose chase with Lily Garland.
That's something.

JAFFE

(rises; benevolently)

Of course it's for her! Why else would
I do it?

CONTINUED.

WEBB
(dully)
The - Passion Play?

JAFFE
It fits her like a glove.
(starts for the door to
B and stops)
What a Magdelene she'll make! It's
perfect casting! Our troubles are over.
Now run along, Oliver, while I collect
the loose ends.
(starts to put his arm
in black sling)

164. INT. CORRIDOR
MED. CLOSE SHOT

As Webb comes out of Drawing Room A - takes a drink.

WEBB
I don't care if it kills me.

CUT TO:

165. INT. OBSERVATION CAR
MED. SHOT

Clark is seated in chair, his fingertips touching each other and he is staring benignly upward. He goes to wastebasket and unearths the posters. He sticks one on window, pulls down shade. He hears the Porter coming down hallway and quickly seats himself, innocently taking letter out of his pocketbook.

PORTER
Is it all right for you to be
out here, Mr. Clark?

CLARK
Yes, thank you, Porter. I'm quite
all right.

PORTER
Watch your step. The boys are having
an awful time getting those things down.

Webb comes in, hiccoughing violently.

WEBB
Porter, have you any bicarbonate of
soda?
(as he erupts)

CONTINUED.

165. CONTINUED

PORTER

Yes, suh! I'll get it.

He exits. Webb sits down by Clark.

166. CLOSE SHOT - WEBB & CLARK

CLARK

(passes Webb box of tablets)

If you are in distress, I have just
the thing - Laxo Paxo Fruit tablets.

Webb looks at him. Takes a tablet grumpily.

CLARK

I manufacture them.

(still gets no reaction)

They're really very good. Here's one
of our ads in the Saturday Evening Post.

Webb is impressed by the amount of space. Takes tablet and
changes attitude.

WEBB

Great little medium, this magazine.

CLARK

Yes, it is. Of course, I'd prefer the
newspapers -- but I can't reconcile
myself to Sunday advertising.

WEBB

Why, the Sunday papers are the only
ones worth buying space in.

CLARK

(smiling)

"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy."

(Webb is scraping hat embarrassedly.)

Clark recognizes his handiwork)

The only thing that will take it off is
Carbena.

He turns to window, raises shade, then pulls it down -
smiles.

WEBB

(conversationally)

I don't suppose the remedy business was
hit much by the depression. People are
always sick.

CONTINUED.

CLARK

Oh, we've been sailing right along. We've opened a lot of new territory and I think this year's going to be our high-water mark. In fact --

(anxiously)

Oh, I hope I'm not boring you.

WEBB

(heartily)

Not at all. It's a relief to talk to a business man.

(proffering a stogie)

Have one?

CLARK

No, thank you. I never use them.

Porter comes in with bicarbonate. He notices Webb's lighted cigar.

PORTER

Very sorry, sir, but you can't smoke in here.

WEBB

All right.

(to his new chum)

We can go to my compartment - in the next car.

PORTER

(to Webb)

Here's the bicarbonate of soda.

WEBB

Oh, never mind.

(to Clark)

That tablet of yours certainly fixed me up.

CUT TO:

167. INT. CORRIDOR

CAMERA TRUCKS with Webb and Clark as they come in corridor from Observation Car and walk towards next car.

WEBB

Going all the way to New York?

CLARK

No. I'm dropping off at Cleveland.

CUT TO:

168. INT. DRAWING ROOM B -
MED. SHOT

As George changes the record on the victrola, Lily paces up and down the floor. She stops in front of the connecting door. This reminds her of Jaffe. Her features become taut. She turns to George.

LILY
(after a pause)
George, why haven't you ever asked
me to marry you?

GEORGE
(completely surprised)
It never occurred to me you'd be
interested.

LILY
(with another look at
compartment door)
George - let's elope.

GEORGE
Why elope? Nobody's stopping us.

LILY
Oh, George, you don't understand.
Let's do it suddenly and beautifully.

GEORGE
You change your mind so often how
do I know what to think?

169. CLOSE SHOT - LILY

LILY
How little you know the real Lily
Garland, George. You just know the
actress - and I'm so tired of the
theatre. I don't live. I act. If
I was dying, I wouldn't believe it.
Oh, I've died so often and made love
so much....on the stage - that I've
lost track of what's real.

170. MED. CLOSE SHOT - GEORGE AND LILY

GEORGE
What is real?

LILY
A house - a home, with a little attic and
a cookie jar - and a doorstep - and little
feet pattering up and down.
(George is staring)

171. CLOSE SHOT

During this speech, Jaffe, his arm in a sling, opens the connecting door and stares with startled face on hearing Lily's bird call.

172. MED. SHOT

Lily feels his presence, turns her head slowly and sees him.

LILY

Oh!

George is seated. Lily on his lap. Jaffe enters scene.

JAFFE

(oblivious to her tone)

I thought I heard your voice.

(his voice becomes inaffably tender)

I just dropped in to say hello, Lily.

LILY

(enraged, but still quiet)

I don't want to talk to you, Oscar.

Please go. I have nothing to say to you and I don't want to hear anything you have to say to me.

173. CLOSE SHOT - GEORGE

Rising significantly - Lily rises, too.

GEORGE

I'm warning you about bothering Miss Garland. I mean it.

174. GROUP SHOT

LILY

(taking George's arm)

No violence, George, he'll go.

GEORGE

Let me handle this, Lily.

LILY

(firmly)

No. Sit down.

GEORGE

(belligerently)

He's going to get out.

CONTINUED.

174. CONTINUED

LILY
(a bit hysterically,
holding George back)
That would finish me. A public fight.
He'd like nothing better than splashing
our names on the front page.

Jaffe exposes his crippled arm meaningfully to George, as the
latter crowds forward. He speaks out of heart-break.

175. CLOSE SHOT

JAFFE
Let him throw me out, Lily. It would
be the final irony - I came in here
out of a gallant mood -- to congratulate
you.

176. MED. SHOT - THREE

GEORGE
Well, you can clear right out! You've
no right in here.

JAFFE
(with sudden surprise)
No rights! He doesn't know about - us?
I thought everybody knew.
(to George)
It was one of the great romances of our
time.
(holds his arm up to angry George)
I broke it in Chicago.

LILY
All right --
(coming to)
All right, Oscar. You've done your
usual slimy trick. You could never
stand to see anything sweet or decent
in my life. You couldn't wait to come
in here and blab everything.

JAFFE
(horrified)
Blab! I'm proud of every hour we spent
together! You ought to be! What's
happened to you, Lily? Are you trying
to hoodwink this child? Like some double-
dealing little chippie?

CONTINUED.

GEORGE
(hoarsely, to Lily)
I gave you your chance --

LILY
(to George, throwing herself
in seat)
Don't start hammering at me. I can't
stand it.
(she bursts into tears)

JAFFE
Comfort her, sir. That is your privilege...

GEORGE
(ignoring this and towering
over Lily in her seat, weeping)
So you were lying to me....lying to me....
with every breath.....

LILY
(sobbing)
Yes, I tried to save you pain. I lied.
Yes. Only to save you ----

JAFFE
(corroboratively. George turns
to look at Jaffe then front)
That's from Sappho.

LILY
(turning to Jaffe)
Get out!
(to George, holding his hand)
I hate him. I say it right to his face.
I loathe and despise him. He means nothing
to me. The dirt under my feet. He's
part of something horrible in my life.
George, don't leave me with him.

She breaks down. George tears his hand from her, says not a
word, and then turns on his heel and walks out of the
drawing room. Jaffe watches the weeping Lily without any
visible interest in her tears.

177. CLOSE SHOT - LILY AND JAFFE

JAFFE
What an exit! Not a word! That's
what we should have had in "Gypsy Heart"
---when Michael walked out on Mary Joe
in the first act.

CONTINUED

177. CONTINUED

LILY
(staring after George)
Go and crawl back under your stone,
or wherever you come from.
(she sobs)

JAFFE
(happily)
I'll be back in a minute! With a
little surprise for you!
(pausing in the doorway to A)
Something I've been promising you for
seven years!

Lily has sunk dejectedly into a seat. She shuts her eyes,
as Jaffe skips back into A, closing the door softly.

178. INT. DRAWING ROOM A -
MED. SHOT

Jaffe comes through door and addresses O'Malley, who has
returned, with pride.

JAFFE
Owen -- I've just played a scene -
Sardoo might have written it. Now,
where's Oliver with that contract?
I've got her in the perfect mood and
we've got to strike..

O'MALLEY
(punch nutty)
Oliver, huh?

JAFFE
Yes. Hurry.....come along.....The
contract!

He drags O'Malley with him. They exit to Corridor.

CUT TO:

179. INT. DRAWING ROOM C
MED. SHOT.

The door opens and George enters. Lily looks up to see him and says:

LILY
(triumphantly)
Oh! So you're back already to forgive me.

GEORGE
(Grimly)
No.

LILY
Well, I don't care to be forgiven by you.

GEORGE
You won't be. I just came for my hat.

LILY
Well, take it and get out.

GEORGE
It happens that you're sitting on it
She takes it and throws it on the floor.

LILY
Why can't I be left alone? Why don't people stop hammering and hammering at me!

GEORGE
You're hysterical.

180. CLOSE SHOT - LILY

LILY
It happens I'm as calm as a fish.

181. MED. CLOSE SHOT - LILY AND GEORGE

GEORGE
(savagely)
Lying to me. Swearing on your love and honor. What a fake you are!

LILY
(enraged)
I'm a fake!

(Contd.)

181. (CONTINUED)

She stops suddenly, looks at him and bursts into unexpected laughter.

GEORGE
(viciously)
What are you laughing at?

LILY
(controlling herself)
I'll tell you. I have lied to you.

GEORGE
(screaming)
What?

LILY
All those opera tenors, acrobats and that Italian bicycle rider I told you about. They're all lies. The only man in my life for three years was that chevalier in there, Oscar Jaffe.

GEORGE
What are you trying to tell me?

LILY
I was completely loyal to him.

GEORGE
Loyal?

LILY
Of course. He watched me like a hawk.

GEORGE
(bitterly)
And you wanted my respect!

LILY
Who cares about your respect? I'm too big to be respected. The men I've known have understood that.

GEORGE
(shouting)
Men you've known! Jaffe, you mean!

LILY
Yes - Jaffe. He'll tell you what I am - a first-class passenger entitled to privileges.

(Contd.)

181. (CONTINUED)-2

GEORGE

Oh --

(very sarcastically)
You're an artist.

LILY

You're darned tooting I am!
(very calmly)
George, you bore me.

GEORGE

(picks up hat)
I won't bore you for long!
(he exits - slams door)

182. CLOSE SHOT

LILY

My last words to you are that I hate
you. I despise you. Now get out of
my life.

(sees door is closed)
Why do they keep hammering at me?
Hammering and Hammering!

CUT TO:

183. INT. CAR OF TRAIN
MED. SHOT

Jaffe and O'Malley; Jaffe quickly adjusts sling as George
roars through.

JAFFE

(turns to O'Malley)
That eliminates the lover and now
Owen, with a little cooperation, we'll
win the day. Go find Oliver and that
contract.

184. CLOSE SHOT

O'MALLEY

(turning back)
I'll do my best, sire, but I'm having
a tough time. We've crossed a river
and I've lost the scene.
(he exits)

CUT TO:

185. INT. DRAWING ROOM B.
MED. SHOT

Jaffe opens the door of B and enters. It is empty. Sadie enters from C.

JAFFE

Hello, Sadie. I'm surprised you
haven't dropped around to see me.
Same old rosy cheeks.
(he pinches one of them)

SADIE

Miss Garland is taking a nap.

JAFFE

(talking loudly for
Lily's sake)
Poor child, nobody understands her.
Promise me, Sadie, you'll take good
care of her. She's very delicate.
If you don't mind, I'll just sit here
a moment -
(he sits)
--and breathe the air that surrounds
her -- look at her little possessions -
--and remember things.

LILY

(off stage)
Who is there, Sadie?

JAFFE

(rises)
Oh, I'm sorry I woke you up.

LILY

(enters)
Go in there, Sadie.

SADIE

He sneaked in through that door.
(she points)

LILY

I know. I'll call you - if I need
you.

Sadie exits into C. Lily turns to Jaffe.

186. MED. CLOSE - LILY AND JAFFE

LILY

What do you want? Scorpion!

(Contd.)

JAFFE

(benevolently)

If it makes you any happier to call me names, go ahead.

LILY

Oscar, you're complete. The most horrible excuse for a human being that ever walked on two legs.

JAFFE

(kindly)

You've always misunderstood me, Lily. Whatever I may have said, if he'd been a lover -- a real man -- he would have taken you in his arms. He would have been tender. It was a chance to show his love and what did he do? Walked out like the Reverend Henry Davidson in "Rain."

LILY

Your philosophy of love doesn't interest me, Mr. Jaffe.

JAFFE

(sits at her feet. He presses his aching heart)

I'm an oriental. Love blinded me. That was always the trouble between us as producer and artist.

LILY

Oh, that's what it was, was it? -- How about your name in electric lights bigger than everybody's?...Your delusions that you were a Shakespeare and Napoleon and Grand Lama of Thibet all rolled into one...

JAFFE

You're absolutely right.

LILY

What!

JAFFE

I'm big enough to admit it. I never appreciated your real greatness until I lost you. How small - how cheap I was! What egotism! Not to know it was Lily Garland and not Oscar Jaffe that mattered.

(Contd.)

LILY

When you were running all over town telling people that you had to put chalk marks on the stage so that I would know where to stand. That you had to teach me to talk -- like a parrot.

JAFJE

It was despicable. I could cut my throat. But I've paid for it, a thousand times.

LILY

Listen, Oscar, if all this adagio is by any chance preliminary to a contract, you can save your breath, because -

JAFJE

(leaping up, stung)

Who said anything about contracts? - Shame on you, Lily!

LILY

(sore)

What are you talking about? You'd do anything to get my name on a contract.
(she starts laughing)

Train Whistle.

JAFJE

(his voice dewey)

I came in here with a dream we both had, long ago. The thing we planned as the climax to your career. The last step on that golden stair -

(an awed whisper)

The courtesan. The great courtesan role.

LILY

What is it this time--that big drama about Hairpin Annie, the pride of the gas house?

JAFJE

(patiently)

No, Lily. This happens to be about the greatest woman of all time. Just her memory has kept the world weeping for centuries.

The train whistle blows. He seizes upon it as an orchestral accompaniment.

187. CLOSE SHOT - JAFFE

JAFFE
The Magdalene!
(He crosses himself reverently)

187-A. CLOSE SHOT OF TWO

LILY
You mean that play by Suderman?

JAFFE
(shocked)
Suderman! That German hack!
(he grabs her arm)
Listen to me Lily. I'm going to put
the Passion Play on in New York, with
Lily Garland as the Magdalene. I've
had it up my sleeve all this time...
waiting for the right moment. The
wickedest woman of her age...sensual,
heartless and beautiful. Corrupting
everything she touches. Running the
gamut from the gutter to glory! Can
you see her, Lily - this little wanton,
ending up in tears at the foot of the
cross!
(an inspiration)
I'm going to have Judas strangle himself
with her hair.

LILY
No, no, no - wait! Why not have Judas
drink the poison that was intended for
me...

JAFFE
Lily, that's an inspiration.
(he sits on stool)
Go on, while you're in the creative mood...

LILY
Well, I'll tell you how I can see the
whole thing. I can see the Magdalene
as a woman who was an aristocrat at
the beginning. And after being heart-
broken by some man she loved madly and
trusted - she went down, down, down.

JAFFE
Into the depths...

LILY
Hating and despising all men. Laughing
at them so cruel, so terrible.
(Contd.)

JAFFE

Yes, Lily; I'm going to make it my greatest production. Gamble every penny on it. I've brought over an entire troupe from Europe - it cost me my shirt - but I wanted them. Two of them are geniuses.

(he rises)

Lily, if the play runs for five years I won't make a dollar. You can have all the money. I only want to stagger New York. A desert scene with a hundred camels and real sand - brought from the Holy Land.

(starts pacing - gets excited in scene)

I'm going to have a Babylonian banquet - with your slaves all around you. You're covered in emeralds in that scene, from head to foot - but that's nothing to the finish, where you stand in rags and the Emperor Nero himself offers you half his empire. You answer him with a speech that's probably the greatest piece of literature ever written, with all the lights pouring down on you - transfigured with love and sacrifice - Nero cringes - and the last we see of you, is this pathetic little figure, selling olives in the market place.

(he concludes his performance and sinks exhausted on the seat)

It's sublime!

(he clutches her hand)

Tell me, I have reached the artist in you?

(Lily bursts into a loud laugh)

What is it?

LILY

(still laughing)

You're crazy.

JAFFE

(rises)

What do you mean?...

LILY

Coming in here with camels; and sand from the Holy Land. You're a scream. You're going to put on the Passion Play! Oh my heavens!

(she laughs)

You haven't a hundred dollars to your name...

(she slides to seat)

(Contd.)

JAFFE

(smiles)

I can raise a million - two million -

LILY

(furiously)

Yes, and I know just how you intend to raise it. Get my name on a contract and go out peddling it. Shake down some new angel on the strength of my reputation. Well, no thank you. I'm through being your meal ticket.

JAFFE

That's a lie. You've been listening to my enemies.

LILY

I've been listening to Mr. Oliver Webb, your so-called business manager, who broke in here with some big sob story about your going to commit suicide unless I took pity on you. Well, you go and commit it. It would be a blessing to everybody concerned.

JAFFE

What are you talking about? Mr. Webb is no longer with me - I fired him, for stealing -

LILY

(exasperatedly)

Oh, shut up! I've had enough of your lies.

JAFFE

I'm offering you a last chance to become immortal.

LILY

Thank you, but I've decided to stay mortal with a responsible management.

JAFFE

Who?

LILY

Max Jacobs.

JAFFE

(stunned)

I can't believe it.

(Cont'd.)

LILY

No? Read the papers tomorrow then -
Why do you think I left Hollywood?

JAFFE

Max Jacobs. He's a thief -- illiterate.
He can hardly write his name.

LILY

He writes it all right on checks. Great
big checks, too.

JAFFE

Oh, it's money. That's all you want.
Just another Broadway ham. That's what
you've become. If I jingled a miserable
ten or fifteen thousand at you, your mouth
would begin to water. You'd start drooling
and squealing: "Gimme, gimme"...

LILY

(cheerfully)

That's right, Oscar. Now, get out....
before I have the porter throw you off
the train.

JAFFE

(in a rage)

Look out who gets thrown off the train.
Traveling with a gigolo...

LILY

(rises)

Get out of here...you fake...you swindler.

She hits him. He defends himself by taking his arm from
its sling.

JAFFE

(standing his ground)

Stop that, you cheap little shop girl!

LILY

(pummeling him)

Get out before I call the conductor!

JAFFE

(as she rings the bell)

Go on, ring that bell! I'll tell the
world who's a fake. You are - I made you.
(she kicks him and he throws her
down the while she fights him)

I taught you everything you know -

(Contd.)

JAFFE (Cont'd.)

your voice -- your walk -- your cheap
little talent -- they're mine! I gave
them to you! I gave up everything to
breathe them into you! Even your name --
Lily Garland -- I gave you that!

(she kicks him away)

(drawing a breath)

Well, as there is justice in heaven, Mildred
Plotka, you'll end up where you belong - in
the burlesque houses -

(he turns with the dignity of an
outraged cardinal and sweeps into A)

188. INT. DRAWING ROOM A
MED. SHOT - Taking in door.

JAFFE

Owen!

(roaring like a bull)

Where is that scoundrel Webb? I'm going
to kill him with my bare hands - I'll
strangle him! Selling me out ... behind
my back --

(raising his arms to a doubtless
just God)

So help me, if I go to the chair for it.

WEBB'S VOICE

O.J.

(the door suddenly opens and Webb
enters blinkingly)

O.J.

JAFFE

Come in, you gray rat. Close that door.

189. CLOSE SHOT

WEBB

(in a tremulous whisper)

I've been looking for you, O.J.

(tremendously excited)

Do you know who I've got with me? Matthew
J. Clark, the patent medicine king.

(approaching confidentially)

I've talked him into financing the Passion
Play from the religious angle. You can
write your own ticket. Millions!

190. MED. CLOSE SHOT

JAFFE
(dropping his arms. Hoarsely)
Where is he?

WEBB
Right outside.
(opens the door)
Come in, Mr. Clark.
(Clark enters)
This is Mr. Oscar Jaffe.

JAFFE
(he has again assumed the air of
a Cardinal. He bows with consummate
dignity)
How do you do, sir?

CLARK
(extending his hand)
Mr. Webb has told me all about you and your
work. I'm glad to meet a noble and pious man.

JAFFE
Thank you, sir.

CLARK (more easily)
It's unusual to find a man of your pro-
fession interested in religion. What
is your denomination?

Jaffe looks quickly toward Webb.

191. CLOSE SHOT - WEBB
He vainly tries to form the word "Baptist" with his lips.

192. CLOSE SHOT - JAFFE
JAFFE
(tenderly)
Sir?

193. CLOSE SHOT - WEBB
He has an inspiration. He seizes a full glass of water and
empties it over his derby hat.

194. MED. CLOSE SHOT - JAFFE, CLARK & WEBB
Jaffe reacts at once.

JAFFE
I'm proud and happy to say that I'm
a Baptist.

More graciously still, they shake hands.

Please sit down.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

195. INT. DRAWING ROOM A -

INSERT: CHECK for \$200,000. written by Clark.

PAN UP to MED. CLOSE SHOT

Jaffe and O'Malley sitting together. Train Secretary taking dictation.

JAFFE

Now take another to John Ringling. Say that I'm in the market for 25 camels, a few elephants and an ibes.

(to O'Malley)

That's the royal bird of Egypt.

(to Secretary)

Wire me your rock bottom price. Signed Oscar Jaffe.

O'MALLEY

Where are you going to house these monsters?

JAFFE

I'll construct a little zoo off the green room. I wish I knew the name of the Sultan of Turkey. Do you happen to remember, Owen?

O'MALLEY

Not off hand. What sort of didoes are you casting him for?

JAFFE

(fevered and a-dream)

I don't want him. I want his dervishes. The whirling ones. We'll need a dozen. Look up the address, Owen.

O'MALLEY

(rises)

I'll go ask the conductor.

JAFFE

I don't think you're educated enough for this sort of thing, Owen. I'll have to hire some professor.

196. CLOSE SHOT

O'MALLEY

Save your dough. I yield the lamp of learning to nobody, sir.

197. MED. CLOSE SHOT OF TWO

JAFFE
Did you talk to Lily?

O'MALLEY
Yes. I harped on that check for
a half hour.

JAFFE
Well, go get her, Owen. And don't
fail me.

O'MALLEY
I'll bring her in on a shutter.

198. CLOSE SHOT
Of Webb entering.

WEBB
(beaming)
Mr. Clark's coming in with
his Bible, O.J.

199. MED. SHOT
O'Malley starts for the door.

JAFFE
That's fine.

WEBB
Where are you going, Owen?

200. CLOSE SHOT

O'MALLEY
I'm detouring over the Alps
again.
(exits)

201. MED. SHOT
Buzzer sounds.

WEBB
That's Mr. Clark. Now go easy, O.J.

CONTINUED.

201. CONTINUED

JAFFE
(opening the door)
Still fretting about me --
(he opens the door)
Come in, sir. Mr. Webb tells me
you have a Bible.

WEBB
(proudly)
He knows it by heart, practically.

JAFFE
(taking the Bible)
I just want it for a few minutes to
refresh my memory.

202. CLOSE SHOT - CLARK

CLARK
If there's any particular
passage you want, I can find
it in a twinkling.

203. CLOSE SHOT - JAFFE

JAFFE
(studying the opened Bible)
There's nobody writing dialogue like
this any more.
(hears O'Malley enter)
Where's Lily?

204. MED. SHOT

O'MALLEY
She's on her way, purring like a
pussy cat.

CLARK
Who is Lily?

JAFFE
Lily Garland - an actress I'm
considering for one of the parts.

205. CLOSE SHOT - CLARK

CLARK
Not a professional actress?

206. CLOSE SHOT

At door as Lily opens it. Looks the compartment over and speaks a bit imperiously.

LILY
How do you do?

207. MED. SHOT - GROUP

JAFFE
Dear, lovely Lily --
(he rises)

LILY
How do you do? I've come, my dear Mr. Jaffe, because I want to put an end to these negotiations once and forever.

JAFFE
Whatever your reasons are, Lily, you turn this wretched little room into a palace. Allow me, the great Miss Garland, Mr. Matthew Clark.

LILY
(purring)
How do you do?

CLARK
(nervously eyeing his first harlot)
Won't you sit down, my child?

LILY
No, thank you.
(to O'Malley, very arch)
Owen, is this the gentleman you mentioned?

O'MALLEY
The same.

Jaffe looks at Owen - he drops his head.

LILY
(to Clark)
I dislike trains, don't you? They're so tiring...the noise.
(she imitates train sound)
Chook....chook...chook...chook...it beats on my head like a hammer.

CONTINUED.

207. CONTINUED

CLARK
(still fascinated by her)
You don't look at all as I expected....

LILY
Nor you.

She laughs. Clark sits.

LILY
So you're joining the theatre. Isn't that marvelous?

CLARK
Oh, I am merely financing the play.
Webb, aware he isn't wanted at the crisis, says:

WEBB
If you want me, I'll be in the Observation. See you later, Mr. Clark.

208. CLOSE SHOT

O'Malley rises and says to Lily from the doorway:

O'MALLEY
Don't haggle, Daisy. You're in the Halls of Montezuma.

Webb and O'Malley exit.

209. MED. SHOT - LILY, JAFFE & CLARK

JAFFE
(smiling - to Lily)
The same old musketeers, aren't they?
If you have time you might glance over this, Lily. It's a little agreement I've drawn up. I think it might interest you.

He shows the contract to Lily.

LILY
My dear Oscar -- you know I'm not playing for matches any more.

JAFFE
(indicating the contract)
Notice this. Ten thousand dollars down on signing.

Lily rises.

CONTINUED.

209. CONTINUED

CLARK

We'd like to have you with us
very much, Miss Garland.

LILY

Thank you.

(she looks at the
contract a moment)

Hmmm. Mr. Jaffe and I have had our
difficulties, Mr. Clark. But every-
thing is really a matter of business.
It usually comes down to ... to

JAFFE

Dollars and cents. Yes -- yes, that's
the language most people understand
best.

LILY

And now about my dressing room -- pure
white velvet curtains -- everywhere.

She gives him a quick look.

JAFFE

Yes, I know. Like Bernhardt?

LILY

Thank you.

(to Clark)

This is like old times. I am delighted
to know you, Mr. Clark.

CLARK

(he rises)

I hope I haven't been too boring.

LILY

Oh, no -- very interesting. Fascinating.
Bye, bye.

JAFFE

Goodbye -- you - you have made me
very happy.

LILY

Bye bye.

She exits. Jaffe closes the door.

210. CLOSE SHOT

CLARK

A very interesting type of woman.
Her pronunciation was very nice.

211. MED. SHOT

JAFFE

(chuckles)

I think you made quite an impression on her.

CLARK

Really? I did my best not to look at her in that way. Do you suppose she would be offended if I dropped in for a little chat?

JAFFE

Not at all.

Clark exits, as Webb enters.

WEBB

Well, O.J., how did it go?

JAFFE

I want you to hop off the train at Cleveland and get that check cashed, so I can give Lily her pound of flesh. Guard it with your life. Let me have your pen, Oliver, and I'll endorse it.

WEBB

I don't care to crow, O.J., but I'd just like to point out to you that little Oliver Webb delivers in a pinch.

JAFFE

I've been thinking of promoting you, Oliver. I think we'll get you a secretary. One that you can boss around all by yourself.

(he chuckles)

You're not bad-looking, you know, if you would ever burn that derby.

(picking up the Bible and opening it)

Now -- leave me alone. And give me your pencil.

He takes out a pencil as he starts reading the Bible.

JAFFE

I'm going to do a little editing.

CUT TO:

212, INT. OBSERVATION CAR
MED. SHOT

ANITA
(a wee bit tearful)
It's outrageous, that's all.

LOCKWOOD
It isn't the Conductor's fault, my dear.

CONDUCTOR
Tell me just what happened.

ANITA
Well, we were in the compartment and without warning at all this horrible old man rushed in with a sticker and pasted it on the window.....

PORTER
(entering on the run)
He's loose! He's loose again.....

CONDUCTOR
See him!

PORTER
No suh! He's just up and down with them stickers like a phantom.

Anita sits back. Lockwood comforts her.

CONDUCTOR
Don't worry, Madam. He's being taken off at Cleveland. We'll be there in ten minutes.

FLANNAGAN
(entering)
I can't find him anywhere, Cap.

CONDUCTOR
Keep on the job.

Flannagan exits.

CONDUCTOR
Porter, escort this lady and gentleman to their reservation and see they are made comfortable.

PORTER
Yes, suh.

Webb enters, beaming like a Chessy cat.

CONTINUED.

ANITA

Our lives aren't safe with that creature running loose.

CONDUCTOR

Oh, no. He's harmless...just a little crazy....that's all.....

Lockwood, Anita exit preceded by Porter. The Conductor says to Webb, who is humming "Happy Days".

213. CLOSER SHOT - CONDUCTOR & WEBB

CONDUCTOR

Is that a new one?

WEBB

Huh? Oh that - no. No. Just had it cleaned and blocked, last week. Personally, I prefer a derby.

CONDUCTOR

I mean the sticker.

WEBB

Huh? No - no - the same one.
(starts to hum "Happy Days")
On time, ain't we?

CONDUCTOR

Yes.
(consults his watch and then, apprehensively)
He hasn't been giving Mr. Jaffe any trouble, has he?

WEBB

Huh? Who?

CONDUCTOR

The gentleman in D.

WEBB

Oh, Mr. Clark?
(he chuckles)
None at all.

CONDUCTOR

Oh, you got his name, I see.
(he sits down)
You don't know where he's hiding, by any chance?

CONTINUED.

213. CONTINUED

WEBB
Hiding? Who are you talking about?

CONDUCTOR
Mr. Clark,

214. MED. SHOT

Flannagan and the Pullman Porter enter. Flannagan stands just at the entrance.

FLANNAGAN
I've looked over every inch of the train, Cap.

215. MED. CLOSE SHOT

WEBB
What's this all about? Mr. Clark hiding? From what? Who's after him?

CONDUCTOR
Well, we're trying to keep it under cover, so as not to alarm the passengers. It's a pretty sad case, all around.

WEBB
(rising)
Man, what are you talking about?

CONDUCTOR
This fella Clark. He's been putting those stickers up.

WEBB
It's an infamous lie.

CONDUCTOR
Well, now I don't want to argue with you, Mr. Webb. But we caught him red-handed. Took a whole satchelful away from him. Here - just read this telegram. Escaped from some asylum, poor fella...the authorities are picking him up at Toledo. That's his nephew you notice.

Webb is staring, frog-eyed, at the telegram.

CONTINUED.

215. CONTINUED

CONDUCTOR

If you run into him again, sort of engage him in conversation. Don't let on you know he's crazy. And don't be frightened. He's harmless.

(Webb takes telegram)

Come on, boys - we'll go over the train with a fine tooth comb. May I have that telegram, Mr. Webb?

He takes it from the benumbed Oliver.

216. CLOSE SHOT

Webb remains staring after the two employees as they hurry out. He starts to rise but slips and falls back into his chair.

WEBB

Oh!

He reaches into his pocket and takes out the tablets. Reacts violently and dumps them into basket.

CUT TO:

217. INT. DRAWING ROOM B
MED. SHOT

Here O'Malley, Lily and Sadie - Lily is pouring over the Jaffe papers, O'Malley is seated.

LILY

(studying the contract)

Look at this, Sadie. A car and a chauffeur and a maid and a secretary. How's that for a contract!

SADIE

I don't care what it says. He'll treat you just the same, as he always did.

O'MALLEY

Send that King's spy out of here.

LILY

Go on, Sadie. I'll call you.

SADIE

I hate to leave you alone in the company of a drunkard.

CONTINUED.

217. CONTINUED

O'MALLEY

This from a wench that's been ogling
me for a decade. Outside with you,
if you're gonna swoon.

He pushes her out.

SADIE

(entering C.)

I'll be listening.....

218. MED. CLOSE SHOT

O'MALLEY

Come on, now. Pull yourself together.
Here's the historic quill.
(he removes fountain
pen and shakes it)

LILY

Look out - you're ruining my dress.
I don't know, Owen. I don't know -
signing another contract with Oscar -
going through all that again...it's
like jumping off a cliff.

O'MALLEY

What're you talkin' about? That's not
a contract. It's a coronation. Barrels
of rubies, enormous carpets for your
pretty feet, foul onyx bath tubs, and
slews of mermaidons at your beck and call.

LILY

That's not what I mean.

O'MALLEY

Here - sign it now while the sap is
flowing.

LILY

(looks up)

I'm going to run through it again.

219. CLOSE SHOT

At door as Webb beckons from the corridor and O'Malley
joins him.

220. INT. CORRIDOR
MED. SHOT

WEBB

Owen, has she signed?

CONTINUED.

220. CONTINUED

O'MALLEY
No, but she's going to.

WEBB
(pouring another drink)
Owen, we have been fooled. This
fella Clark - he's a lunatic.

O'MALLEY
What fella is that, pal?

WEBB
Clark. Our backer. The detective
are on board trying to capture him.

O'MALLEY
Odds bodkins.

WEBB
(grabbing bottle from O'Malley)
I'm going to get plastered.

O'MALLEY
You're going to get plastered! Gimme
that!

They exit.

CUT TO:

221. INT. COMPARTMENT B
MED. SHOT

CONDUCTOR
(pointing toward toilet)
Look in there.

DETECTIVE
Nobody in there.

GEORGE
Say, what is this?

CONDUCTOR
Just a formality.

DETECTIVE
We're looking for a fella named Clark....

GEORGE
You got the wrong room.

SECOND DETECTIVE
What kind of a looking party is he?

CONTINUED.

221. CONTINUED

CONDUCTOR
Can't mistake him. Very religious
type - and a little eccentric

222. CAMERA TRUCKS WITH FIRST DETECTIVE as he exits into hallway.
George and Conductor's voices are heard.

GEORGE'S VOICE
Anybody in danger?

CONDUCTOR'S VOICE
No, but we want to get him off the
train before it starts.

CUT TO:

223. INT. DRAWING ROOM A.
MED. SHOT

The Detective opens door and sees Jaffe quietly reading his
Bible.

JAFFE
(looking up)
Yes? - I'm busy. I can't see you now.

DETECTIVE
Yeah? What are you don' there?

JAFFE
(stiffly)
I happen to be reading the Bible.

DETECTIVE
(loudly)
Here he is. Come on, everybody.

He leaps forward and grabs Jaffe.

JAFFE
(struggling)
What's the meaning of this? Help!
Owen! Oliver!

DETECTIVE
No, you don't.
(loudly and coarsely)
I got him!

Conductor, Flannagan, Porter and Second Detective appear.

CONTINUED.

JAFFE

Arrest this man, Conductor. He assaulted me.

CONDUCTOR

Let him go, you fool! That's Oscar Jaffe.

JAFFE

(bellowing)

Owen! Oliver!

O'MALLEY

(pushing valiantly through)

Say, what's going on here?

He stands ready to swing on anybody.

JAFFE

Kill that ruffian, Owen. He broke in and started strangling me.

CONDUCTOR

(to detective)

It's all right there, Detective. Go on, try the other rooms.

As Oliver and Lily enter, the Conductor speaks to Jaffe.

CONDUCTOR

You must forgive the mistake, Mr. Jaffe. There's a lunatic on board --

The Detectives exit - also Flannagan and Porter. O'malley follows them to hall.

CONDUCTOR

I'm sorry to say - and we're trying to track him down.

JAFFE

A lunatic. That's very interesting.

CONDUCTOR

A fellow named Clark. He had drawing room J.....in this car. But he's hiding - he's given us the slip. It's all right, Miss Garland - he's harmless.... Nothing to worry about.....

JAFFE

Clark - what Clark?

224. CLOSE SHOT

O'Malley in hallway disappears.

225. MED. SHOT

CONDUCTOR

Kindly overlook this inconvenience,
Mr. Jaffe.

Conductor starts out, Lily stops him.

LILY

Just a minute, Conductor. Is that
Mr. Clark the patent medicine man?

CONDUCTOR

Yes - it's a sad case. They've had
him away for a year or so. But he
escaped from the asylum....

Webb makes a quick exit. Conductor exits.

LILY

Oh!.....

She stares ragingly at Jaffe.

JAFFE

(with a moan)

Lily - this is all news to me...I've
been bamboozled.

LILY

(with cold ferocity)

Mr. Jaffe, this is the last time I
am ever going to speak to you. You
have insulted me like no man has ever
dared.

JAFFE

Listen to me, please, my beloved....

LILY

You have almost made a fool out of
Lily Garland. All right. If you ever
bother me again, I will get a gun and
shoot you.

JAFFE

(reeling and sinking into
the seat in a faint)

Wait a minute. I'm dizzy. It's going
around. Oliver, Owen, some water. I --

He collapses.

CONTINUED.

LILY

(standing over him and screaming)
Look who's fainting. You fake. You lunatic.
Oh, I can't stand it. Open the window.
Oh, I'm hot. I can't stand it. I'm going
to break down.

She sinks into a seat. The Door opens and Max Jacobs appears.

MAX JACOBS

Hello, Lily.

JAFFE

Max Jacobs,

Lily leaps to her feet and throws her arms wildly about Max's neck. Her voice immediately loses its competitive faintness. She is all joy and health.

LILY

Maxie - Maxie - Max, my darling, my
sweetheart, my angel --

JACOBS

I got a Somerset Maugham play for you.
Came out by plane.

DISSOLVE TO:

226. INT. DRAWING ROOM B.
MED. SHOT

Max Jacobs' face is pinned onto a cigar. George, highball glass in hand, is standing at door connecting Drawing room C.

GEORGE

See here, Darling.
(starts to go into C.)

JACOBS

Leave her alone. Let her finish
reading the play. Sit down and relax.

George, evidently not in the calmest of moods, sighs and sits. Jacobs continues idly.

JACOBS

So I said to myself, 'Max, get on
that train by hook or crook'.
(he chuckles)
Let me tell you something. If Jaffe
should ever get her in a show again
you'll lose her, and I'll lose her too.
I know 'em both.

227. CLOSE SHOT

Lily attired in exotic pajamas enters from C, holding manuscript in her hand.

LILY

She's just starting to die,
(tremulously)

Oh, this is marvelous.

(She starts reciting from the script as if she were the character acting. The 'character' by the way is on her death bed)

'What is there to life, that I have not had too much of? Throw all those silly medicines out of the window. I'd like the room to look a bit more like it used to.'

(she lapses into a hurried monotone, reading the hero's part in a mumble, as being of no importance to her.)

'Jimmie, no....No, forgive me.... I can't endure it, and so on and so on and so on....
(in a vibrant voice, when she comes to her own lines)

'Darling.'

(she resumes her mumbling of the hero's lines)

'Jimmie, no, no. You can't die. Hold me. Let me, so on and so on.'
(her voice rises)

'Oh, it is raining. Rain - softly falling, and a sad heart calling...Jimmy how did that little poem go?'

(these are her 'last words' in the Maugham play. Uttering them, she dies where she sits. Her hand falls, her arms fall, the script falls. After a pause she looks: starey-eyed at Jacobs as if not yet recovered from her 'death'.)

What a perfect death. So simple. Asking that heart-breaking little question about a poem.

228. MED. SHOT - JACOBS, LILY, GEORGE

JACOBS

Can you imagine when you sink
your teeth in it?

LILY

(crying for the first time in our drama)
I haven't been so moved in years.
Well, George -

CONTINUED.

LILY

(continued)

(with a sudden sneer, tapping
the manuscript and staring at
George, angrily)

There's a lover for you. He knows,
he feels, he understands.

GEORGE

That's just too bad. A guy with three
women - the perfect lover, eh?

LILY

(wearily)

Look at that bourgeois's face.

GEORGE

(angrily)

Oh, I thought we'd made up.

LILY

(Kissing him)

Darling. Come over here.

(he comes with her lips
against his cheek)

JACOBS

Well, what's the verdict? Do we go
into rehearsal, or not?

LILY

I feel the play was written for me.
It is my own life. But the second act
curtain has to be changed. You know
that. It is I who must make that speech
about his wife and children, not Jimmy.

JACOBS

O.K. Somerset'll fix it up. Listen,
Darling, tomorrow we'll go straight
from the train to the lawyer's office
and draw up the contract.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

229. INT. DRAWING ROOM A
MED. CLOSE SHOT

Jaffe is getting a revolver from bag - wraps it in handkerchief and places gun and handkerchief in the pocket of his robe as the buzzer sounds.

230. CLOSE SHOT

At door as Webb and O'Malley enter, both tight.

O'MALLEY
The Black Watch, Sire. With their
bag pipes.

231. MED. SHOT

JAFFE
(softly)
I suppose you're both drunk.

WEBB
(snarling)
Drunk or sober, I'm here, ain't I?

O'MALLEY
Listen, O.J., I'm in no mood for a
lot of fuzzy lamentations.

JAFFE
I won't keep you long, Owen. Just a
few words.

WEBB
(with sudden anger)
There's nothing more to say. I've eaten
dirt and crawled on my face till I'm
sick! I got some pride, you know!
(he sneezes)
You see, that's the final touch, pneumonia!

JAFFE
It's typical of my career that in the
great crises of life I stand flanked by
two incompetent alcoholics.

Jaffe pulls the handkerchief out of his robe pocket and the
gun falls to the floor. Picks it up. Webb rises, tries to
get the tun.

(Contd.)

WEBB
(hoarsely)
Heh! What's that!

JAFFE
(picking the gun up slowly and
eyeing it with a sad smile)
I'm sorry. I didn't mean for you to
see it.

WEBB
(hoarsely)
Give me that.

JAFFE
(pushes Webb to seat)
I can see you've guessed what I called
you for.
(he beams tenderly)
Yes - to say goodbye...

WEBB
Owen - he's got a gun.

JAFFE
Ssh! He's asleep.
(turns to Webb)
That's like the Irish. Always fail
you in a pinch.

O'MALLEY
(rallying heavily out of his
liquor and sleep)
Listen, you foul Corsican, I've been
skinned alive forty times under your
banner.

WEBB
Cut it out, Owen.

JAFFE
Do you remember the day not long ago
when I was Oscar Jaffe?

WEBB
(plaintively)
Cut it out, will you?

O'MALLEY
Zounds, what a trip!

(Contd.)

JAFFE

(the gun in his lap)

My outer office crowded with celebrities.
Cabinet ministers.

O'MALLEY

I ain't listening to a word of this Oscar,
till you put that fowling piece away.

WEBB

Please! Let's act like grown-ups for a
change.

JAFFE

(he raises his voice)

Yesterday Oscar Jaffe, the Wizard of
Broadway. Tomorrow - a foolish old pest
haunting the theatre lobbies on other
manager's first nights.

(he grows soft)

You wouldn't want to see me that, boys?

(the train whistles)

You'll remember me whenever you hear that
wild sound in the night.

O'MALLEY

This is nuts.

WEBB

I can't stand any more joking.

(he has pulled O'Malley toward

the door. Turning, his nerves

a-quiver, he lets loose on Jaffe)

You've made a drunkard out of me.

JAFFE

(holding out his hand and speaking
with great feeling)

Goodbye.

(Webb hysterically pulling O'Malley
out of the door. Jaffe takes pistol
in hand. Clark opens washroom door
and peers at Jaffe)

Pale messenger of death - cold passport
to the great unknown.

CUT TO:

232. INTERIOT CORRIDOR
MED.CLOSE SHOT

O'Malley and Webb coming out of Drawing Room A into cor-
ridor. CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM.

(Contd.)

232. (CONTINUED)

WEBB

Don't worry. Just an act. He'd keep
it up for three weeks if we stuck around.

The train whistles.

O'MALLEY

(drunkenly)

You hear those banshees. I don't
like that.

WEBB

Shoot himself. Ha! He'll outlive us
all. They always do.

Train whistle.

O'MALLEY

It's a black night full of unfortunate
sounds.

(they are about to enter Observation
Car when a shot is heard. They turn)
What was that?

WEBB

(hysterically)

He's faking.

CAMERA PICKS UP JAFFE who comes running through Corridor
toward Observation. He is followed by Mr. Clark who
brandishes a gun.

JAFFE

I'm shot. He did it. The lunatic.

CLARK

Excuse me.

CAMERA TRUCKS with O'Malley and Webb as they seize Jaffe
and lead him to the couch in the Observation Car.

233. INT. OBSERVATION CAR
MED. SHOT

O'MALLEY

(turning to Clark)

Gimme that gun!

WEBB

(over Jaffe)

Where'd he get you?

JAFFE

I don't know. I'm bleeding.

(Contd.)

CLARK

I did it in self-defense. He had the gun and was pointing it at me. It was his life or mine.

WEBB

I'll get a doctor -- don't move.
(he rushes out)

JAFJE

(groaning)

Owen, I was aiming at myself and he grabbed the gun away and shot me. That's the final irony. Killed by a lunatic.

CLARK

It was self-defense.

O'MALLEY

Shut-up.

(he adjusts a pillow. To Jaffe)

Lie still now. Listen, Oscar, is there anything we can do?

JAFJE

Nothing - no prayers.

O'MALLEY

(hysterically in his own way)

Don't talk like that! They can't stop you. You'll be on your feet, you old wounded lion. You'll be up at the count of nine. Let's hear that old Jaffe war whoop.

WEBB

(entering on the run)

I got a doctor. He's coming. How is he? Breathing?

(Clark slides over for a peek at his victim)

Keep away from him, you!

O'MALLEY

Stay put or I'll crack you.

CLARK

Gentlemen, It was a mistake...

JAFJE

Oh, don't go away from me now...

(Contd.)

233. (CONTINUED)

O'MALLEY

Never.

WEBB

Anything in the world you say - I'll do...

CUT TO:

234. INT. CORRIDOR
MED. SHOT

Flannigan comes through.

FLANNIGAN

Where is he?

The Beards follow in flannel nightgowns.

SECOND BEARD

Vot's going on?

As Flannigan and Beards approach door leading into Observation Car.

235. ANOTHER ANGLE
Webb at door of Observation Car.

WEBB

Don't let them in.

FIRST BEARD

Maestro!

Lockwood appears in corridor.

LOCKWOOD

What's the matter?

CUT TO:

236. INT. OBSERVATION CAR
MED. SHOT

O'Malley turns to Flannigan, who is now just standing inside of door.

O'MALLEY

Keep everybody out.

PULLMAN CONDUCTOR

(pushing his way through
followed by Dr. Johnson)

Here's the doctor -

WEBB

Quick, Doc. He's dying.

CUT TO:

237. MED. SHOT

Shooting from inside Observation Car towards door leading into Corridor. The Beards try to follow Dr. Johnson but are stopped by Flannagan.

FIRST BEARD
Maestro! Maestro!

FLANNAGAN
Stay here. Keep out of the way.

SECOND BEARD
He's our friend. We have a contract with Mr. Jaffe.

LOCKWOOD
(craning)
What is it? What happened to Mr. Jaffe?

ANITA
Who shot him?

PULLMAN CONDUCTOR
Hold everybody back. Keep the hall clear. Take him out of here Flannagan, and tie him up.
(indicating Clark)

238. CLOSE SHOT

CLARK
(being removed)
Now they'll never believe I'm harmless.

CUT TO:

239. INT. OBSERVATION CAR
MED. CLOSE SHOT

Dr. Johnson is finishing bandaging Jeff's wound. O'Malley and Webb stand anxiously by, giving her assistance. During the following scene a hubbub is heard continually from hall.

DR. JOHNSON
That's often the case. Lots of fright and no damage.

WEBB
Then it's not serious?

DR. JOHNSON
Barely penetrated the surface.

(Contd.)

JAFJE

What are you talking about? I feel weak. Must be internal injuries.

WEBB

This is the worst I've been through yet. Give me a drink, Doc.

CONDUCTOR'S VOICE

(from hall)

Keep back, I told you. The Doctor's in there. Everything's being done that can be.

DR. JOHNSON

You can go back to bed--you'll be good as new in the morning.

The Doctor exits.

WEBB

Come on, we'll help you back to the drawing room.

JAFJE

(faintly)

No, No.

O'MALLEY

(sourly)

Come on now. The Doc says you were in fine fettle.

JAFJE

Oliver. Owen. I got an inspiration. Overwhelming.

O'MALLEY

O.J., no more shinanigans.

JAFJE

Go get the contract.

WEBB

What?

JAFJE

She's going to sign it this time. She loves me. I could tell through her screaming. I've got to reach that love somehow. Bring her to her senses. Boys it's the last thing I'll ever ask you. Go. Tell her I'm dying. Don't overact.

(Contd.)

O'MALLEY

Stand by. I'll get her Daisy. It's a Jaffe Production.

JAFJE

See that chair center. No - just a little more this way. And fix the lights.

CONDUCTOR'S VOICE

Keep back. Nobody can come in.

O'MALLEY

Here she is. It's all right, Mr. Jaffe wants to see her. It's his last request. Make way for Miss Garland.

WEBB

Let 'em through.

Lily and O'Malley enter and all kneel around Jaffe.

LILY

(weeping)

Oscar.

JAFJE

(faintly)

Who is that?

O'MALLEY

It's Lily.

JAFJE

Bring her to me.

LILY

I'm here. Oh, my poor Oscar. My dear friend. What do I see. Oh, speak, speak to me. I'm going to go mad.

WEBB

The Doctor says it's right through the heart. He can't talk much.

JAFJE

Who is that crying?

LILY

It's me... Lily... Lily Garland.

JAFJE

(the mists of 'death' about him)

Lily - Lily. Where is your hand. Give me your hand.

(Contd.)

LILY

(giving him her hand)
Why did you do it? Why did you do
this terrible thing?

JAFKE

It's for the best, Lily. There was
nothing left. They all went away.
Those I loved and needed. It's getting
dark. Stay just a little while longer.

LILY

Oscar, I did it. I drove you to it.

O'Malley pats Lily's head, as she cries hysterically.

JAFKE

Dear, lovely Lily. No tears, please.
It's not your fault. I only wish I
could have seen you just once more,
held you just once. Oliver--

WEBB

Yes.

JAFKE

Where's that contract? The last one
I drew up for Lily Garland.

WEBB

Here it is.

JAFKE

Boys, can you hear me? I want you to
bury this with me, when I'm dead. Put
it on my body next to my heart when it
has stopped beating.

LILY

No, no, no!

JAFKE

Where is she?

(O'Malley points three times at
Lily, then a fourth time for good
measure)

Is she still here?

LILY

I'm here. Beside you.

(Contd.)

JAFJE

Oh, it's so hard to die here.

(train whistle - faint)

Between nowhere and nowhere. I should
have waited until I was back in the
theatre - among the dust and echoes
that I loved. Oliver -

WEBB

Yes -

JAFJE

Where's the contract?

WEBB

Here it is.

JAFJE

Ask her if she would care to write
her name on it.

WEBB

Go on, Lily. It's his last request.

LILY

Yes, yes, give it to me.

WEBB

Here.

O'Malley unscrews pen.

O'MALLEY

Here's the pen.

They give her the contract. Lily is signing it.

JAFJE

Hurry. Hurry. Give it to me while I
can still see. I want to see her name
on it. That will be my monument.

CUT TO:

JACOBS' VOICE

Let me in there. I'm Max Jacobs.

(rushes in)

Lily, look out what you're doing.

241. CLOSE SHOT

JAFFE
(putting the contract on his
breast and falling back)
You're too late, Max Jacobs.

242. CLOSE SHOT

O'MALLEY
D'Artagnon rides again.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

243. EXT. JAFFE THEATRE
MED. SHOT

There is a long line of customers in front of the box office,
as Jaffe rolls up in a Rolls and alights.

244. INT. LOBBY
MED. SHOT

The lobby is filled with large pictures of Lily and several
signs:

INSERT: Sign

OPENING soon
LILY GARLAND
IN
A New Play
"The Courtesan"

(and then in very small letters)

by
Ben Hecht & Charles McArthur
AN OSCAR JAFFE PRODUCTION

245. MED. CLOSE SHOT

CAMERA MOVES with Jaffe as he starts in the theatre. Webb
meets him at the door.

JAFFE
(a little pompously)
Good morning, Oliver.

WEBB
(tipping his hat)
Like old times, O.J., eh?

Jaffe, smiling and cocky passes him, stops and speaks.

JAFFE
Oliver - ahem - slip this vanity case
to Miss Garland - she left it at the
house.

246. INT. THEATRE
CLOSE SHOT

He enters the theatre and stops dead. His happy glow
vanishes at what he sees going on up on the stage.

247. MED. SHOT - STAGE

It is filled with photographers. Flash lights going, a general hullabloo. O'Malley is directing the scene. 'This way Miss Garland, Once more.' etc.

CUT BACK TO:

248. MED. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT

of Jaffe as he takes it big. He turns to Webb, who is following him.

JAFFE

What's all this, Mr. Webb?

WEBB

(pleased)

I took the liberty of inviting the press here. You know the greatest name in pictures returning to the stage makes a big story.

JAFFE

This is the theatre- not a circus. Giving her a false idea of her importance. Kick them out.

249. CAMERA moves with Webb who climbs the stage.

WEBB

Come on, Owen. We'll have to clear the stage. Mr. Jaffe's here. Come on, hurry!

250. MED. SHOT

O'MALLEY

All right. You Horace Greeleys. Clear out, like good fellows. Mr. Jaffe's coming.

THE PHOTOGRAPHERS

Just one more. All right, Miss Garland. Hold it, etc.

O'MALLEY

(among them)

Shake it up -

They begin to clear out.

CUT TO:

251. CLOSE UP

Jaffe, standing half way back. CAMERA MOVES with him as he starts majestically down the aisle and makes the same entrance as he did at the beginning of the opera. He stands surveying the case.

JAFFE

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen.

(he is once more the
soul of charm)

I've been looking forward to this little occasion for some time. There's no thrill in the world like the first rehearsal of a new play. Now I just want you to remember one thing during our work - no matter what I say or what I do on this stage I love you all. Let the rehearsal begin....We'll start with Miss Garland's entrance in act one...Places.

(Lily takes her place)

Now, Miss Garland, you're Betty Ann, you're this ragged little thing they found wandering in the cotton field and Colonel Merryweather has brought you into this beautiful mansion.... Make your entrance.

252. CLOSE SHOT

Lily enters in her tailored suit and silver foxes.

LILY

(acting Southern dialect)

Colonel Merryweather, why you always look at me so strange?

253. MED. CLOSE SHOT

JAFFE

(interrupting)

Stop! Stop!...Just a minute. You've been in Hollywood too long I guess. You've forgotten a lot of things...

(he reaches in his pocket
and gets piece of chalk)

(Contd.)

253. (CONTINUED)

JAFFE (Cont'd.)
Now let me show you how it's got to
be done on the stage...When you come
in I want you to follow this line....
(he starts drawing the
chalk line)

CUT TO:

254. CLOSE SHOT

O'Malley and Webb. Webb grasps Owen's arm as the
ominous words come over them.

O'MALLEY
Here we go again Oliver...with
Livingston through darkest
Africa.

FADE OUT:

T H E E N D.