

"UNFAITHFULLY YOURS"

Preston Sturges

Released as: "UNFAITHFULLY YOURS"

"THE SYMPHONY STORY" by Prestor Sturgess

After the trade mark we:

DISSOLVE TO:

1 LONG SHOT - A SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PLAYING

The main titles DISSOLVE in over this and during them we PUSH IN straight toward the conductor's back so that, by the time we have given the last credit (and modesty forbids my mentioning whose that is) we are on the conductor's rear. In other words the screen is black.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 A BIG TRANS-ATLANTIC PLANE - ROARING TOWARD US THROUGH THE FOG...DAY

After a nice piece of this:

DISSOLVE TO:

3 A BLACKBOARD IN AN AIR TERMINAL

It is ruled in the customary way. It appears that Flight three forty-nine from London due at 9:00 A.M. is late because of poor visibility. Over and above the distant Abadabba of voices in the terminal we hear the Information Man's voice.

INFORMATION MAN'S VOICE

I tell you you don't have to worry....
the plane is perfectly safe....

By now the CAMERA has pulled enough away from the blackboard so that the Information Man is in the shot.

INFORMATION MAN

They just ran a little short on gas....
on account of all that fog, that's all...
so they put down in....

(he consults a paper)

....Arcostock.

4 CLOSE SHOT - HUGO HAMMOCK

He is a large gentleman in a black coat with a fur collar. We also PULL BACK on him, presently revealing

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.)

the fact that he is in the center of a group of five;
besides himself: Daphne, Barbara, Tony and August.

HUGO
(indignantly)
Aroostook!.....And where is Aroostook
supposed to be?

The CAMERA starts back. The Information Man's voice as
he is not yet in the shot.

INFORMATION MAN'S VOICE
In the general neighborhood of....
Nova Scotia.

HUGO
(with a fine sneer)
Is dot so!.....

By now we have seen the two beautiful girls who flank
him. The equally beautiful Tony and the somewhat prim
but very rich looking August are beginning to appear.

HUGO
And from dis general neighborhood
maybe you can tell me perhaps how
he is going on fifty-seventh street
to conduct a concert here tonight?
by television maybe!

DAPHNE
(very frightened)
Is it a bad fog?

INFORMATION MAN
(part of whose head
is now in the SHOT)
Of course it isn't....it's just a
friendly little fog hardly worth
mentioning....really the kind that
makes the motors run better.

DAPHNE
You're sure.

HUGO
(despairing)
Nova Scotia is up near the North Pole
some place.

5 INFORMATION MAN - PAST THE OTHERS

INFORMATION MAN

Now don't get your vowels in an up-
roar....remember the world is smaller
than when you came here by oxcart....
it may very well be.....

The 'phone rings and he picks it up and listens gravely.

6 CLOSE SHOT - DAPHNE

She puts her hand to her throat and licks her lips
nervously.

THE INFORMATION MAN'S VOICE

Ah splendid.

Daphne relaxes into a half smile.

CUT TO:

7 INFORMATION MAN - PAST THE OTHERS

THE INFORMATION MAN

(hanging up the
telephone - amiably)

Correction please....it was not
Aroostook....it was Antigonish.

CUT TO:

8 THE GROUP - PAST THE INFORMATION MAN

AUGUST

The same....only worse.

HUGO

(in a semi-snarl)

And where is Antigonish it shouldn't
happen?

THE INFORMATION MAN

(placidly)

In the general neighborhood of Nova
Scotia.

HUGO

What a neighborhood!

THE INFORMATION MAN

Now don't go working yourself up again....
remember the world is sm.....

(CONTINUED)

8 (Cont.)

HUGO

You already give us that one.

THE INFORMATION MAN

(slightly hurt)

I was going to give you a new one....

(he shrugs)

I'll give it to somebody else....but
don't worry about your friend....the
motors are motivating....the de-icers
are de-icivating....the rudders are
ruddering.....

HUGO

(finishing it for him)

....and the passengers are shuddering.....

THE INFORMATION MAN

(laughing in a
superior way)

Oh no no no they're not.....

(his 'phone rings.

He picks it up and
listens intently)

9 THE INFORMATION MAN - PAST THE OTHERS

THE INFORMATION MAN

Ah....superb....correction, please....
it wasn't Antigonish, it was Apohaqui,
yes in the general neighborhood of
Nova Scotia....and it didn't get there....
it left there two hours ago.

10 HUGO AND THE GROUP - PAST THE INFORMATION MAN

DAFENE

(quickly)

Then where is it?

HUGO

(looking sourly at
the Information Man)

In the general neighborhood of Nova
Scotia.

11 THE INFORMATION MAN

INFORMATION MAN

Far, far from it....

(CONTINUED)

11 (Cont.)

INFORMATION MAN (Cont.)

(he points)

I think I see it rolling in there
just behind you....what service!

12 HUGO AND THE OTHERS - PAST THE INFORMATION MAN

DAPHNE

(turning)

Is that it?

TONY

Yes, come on.

AUGUST

(to the Information
Man)

There's one very reassuring thing
about airplanes....they always come
down.

He hurries after the others and the Information Man
gives him a very slight double take.

13 TWO BIG HEADS - DAPHNE PAST SIR ALFRED

At the moment she is being kissed.

14 BARBARA, AUGUST AND HUGO

BARBARA

They can't do it much longer....
it's against the law.

HUGO

Am I glad to see you, Alfie!.....
Wolfgang with his intestinal flue,
again. Again he can't conduct.....
personally I think his trouble is
bratwurst....intestinal bratwurst!
.....so they move your concert for-
ward a whole week....TONIGHT....we
are giving it yet.....one more hour
and I had to start shovelling back
the money.

15 TWO BIG HEADS - DAPHNE PAST SIR ALFRED

They come up out of the kiss.

(CONTINUED)

15 (Cont.)

SIR ALFRED

And did you think of me every night?

16 BARBARA, AUGUST AND HUGO

HUGO

(indignantly)

He never heard a word I said.

BARBARA

Neither did anybody else.

AUGUST

(vaguely)

What did you say?

Hugo gives him a look.

17 TWO BIG HEADS - DAPHNE AND SIR ALFRED

DAPHNE

(tenderly)

Of course I did my love.

SIR ALFRED

And did you take my picture to bed with you?

DAPHNE

Of course I did, my darling....
every single night.

18 BARBARA, AUGUST, HUGO AND TONY

BARBARA

(after taking a
long look at her
sister)

Are they kidding? If she wasn't my
own sister I'd have a name for her
that'd make your hair curl.

August removes his pince nez, starts polishing it, and
opens his mouth to speak.

AUGUST

I uh....

BARBARA

(shutting him off)

Sh-h-h.

(CONTINUED)

18 (Cont.)

She returns her attention to the lovers and August continues polishing his pince nez.

19 TWO BIG HEADS - DAPHNE AND SIR ALFRED

SIR ALFRED

And did you dream of me after you went to sleep?

DAPHNE

Every single night, my love....
only....I didn't sleep very well.

SIR ALFRED

(in a very low tone)

Neither did I, my darling.

20 BARBARA AND AUGUST WITH PARTS OF TONY AND HUGO TIPPED
IN

BARBARA

Would somebody get me an icepack?
Why couldn't I have married a
member of the nobility instead of
Honest John here, the people's
friend?....Some people have all
the luck.

AUGUST

There are some American families
quite as aristocratic as anything
to be found even in the most dilapidated parts of Europe.

BARBARA

Yes, sweetie, but not yours.

AUGUST

(gently)

You mean "ours", don't you?

BARBARA

That's right....I'm always forgetting
I'm married to you....I wonder if
that's a bad sign.

HUGO

(to August)

You know I think underneath everything she really loves you dearly.

(CONTINUED)

20 (Cont.)

BARBARA

(to Hugo)

How can you be such a liar?

(then noticing August

polishing his pince nez)

Put them back on your nose and learn something.

21 TWO BIG HEADS - DAPHNE AND SIR ALFRED

DAPHNE

At least did you get some rest on the plane last night?

SIR ALFRED

Frankly not a particle.

DAPHNE

Then I'm going to take you right straight home and put you in a nice hot tub...and then rub you with alcohol....and then put you in some nice, clean, cool, silk freshly laundered pajamas....and then.....

SIR ALFRED

(clearing his throat)

And then what?

DAPHNE

And then....

22 BARBARA AND AUGUST

BARBARA

(after puffing out her cheeks in a big exhalation)

Will somebody kindly take me out of here and throw some air on me....

AUGUST

(disapprovingly)

I don't really think they ought to do this in public.

(CONTINUED)

22 (Cont.)

BARBARA

(giggling)

Of course it's better to do it in
public than not to do it at all....

(now she looks

straight at August

with much displeasure)

.....how much money do you have to
have to marry a duke?

AUGUST

Hunh?

(he removes his
pince nez)

BARBARA

Oh put them on....I think I'll marry
a duke after you die....that is if
you leave me enough money to.

AUGUST

I'll leave you enough money to marry
an emperor....if I happen to pass on
ahead of you....but I wasn't thinking
of passing just yet....don't rush me.

BARBARA

(to Hugo)

You see what I mean? Always thinking
of himself.

23 .TWO BIG HEADS - DAPHNE AND SIR ALFRED

DAPHNE

And then we'll have your little nap....
and then I'll wake you up with a nice
frosted bottle of Brut champagne....
I found some Bollinger '28....and
then.....

24 BARBARA AND AUGUST AND HUGO AND TONY

BARBARA

(pointing this out
to August)

Brut champagne...you see? Some men
just naturally make you think of
champagne....with others you think
of prune juice.

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont.)

August starts laughing merrily and then looks suspiciously at his wife.

BARBARA

You have nothing to laugh at.

25 TWO BIG HEADS - DAPHNE AND SIR ALFRED

DAPHNE

. and by then...it should be easily about 11:30....

26 BARBARA AND AUGUST

BARBARA

And then some.

27 TWO BIG HEADS - DAPHNE AND SIR ALFRED

DAPHNE

Thank you, darling...so then you'll go down and rehearse your men....

(she looks out

of the SHOT)

....oughtn't that to be time enough, Hugo?

28 HUGO AND THE OTHERS

HUGO

Why not? Look: so they pushed the concert up to today....so the boys didn't start taking fiddle lessons yesterday....the pieces they have played before....a few thousand times

29 TWO BIG HEADS - SIR ALFRED AND DAPHNE

SIR ALFRED

(putting his arm around his adored one)

Of course it'll be time enough.....

(he kisses her on the cheek)

30 HUGO AND THE OTHERS

HUGO

It ain't as if you was a rehearser anyway....

(CONTINUED)

30 (Cont.)

HUGO (Cont.)
(he turns to August)
....he's a hypnotizer.

31 TWO BIG HEADS - SIR ALFRED AND DAPHNE

SIR ALFRED
....it's the men who really count....
all I have to do is wave a little wand
a little...and out comes the music....

DAPHNE
(very sweetly)
A little magic wand, darling....dipped
in a little stardust.

As Sir Alfred turns to look into her eyes:

32 TWO NEWSPAPER REPORTERS AND THREE NEWSPAPER CAMERAMEN

FIRST REPORTER
Will you hold it please, Sir Alfred?

33 TWO BIG HEADS - SIR ALFRED AND DAPHNE

SIR ALFRED
(amiably)
I shall be honored.

Daphne smiles prettily as the flashes go off. They
close their eyes.

34 THE TWO REPORTERS AND THE THREE CAMERAMEN

SECOND REPORTER
Could you tell us something about
England, Sir Alfred? Could you give
us some kind of a lead, like: would
you say that England is hungry for music?

35 SIR ALFRED AND DAPHNE - PAST THE REPORTERS

He holds his wife tightly to him.

SIR ALFRED
I'm a little too happy at the moment
to be truly deepdish...but I would
say that England is hungry for every-
thing....and I would add that it is
a great pity in this world of plenty
....a very great pity.

DISSOLVE TO:

30 (Cont.)

HUGO (Cont.)
(he turns to August)
.....he's a hypnotizer.

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DISSOLVE TO:

- 36 CLOSE SHOT - AN ANTIQUE PORCELAIN CLOCK ON TOP OF WHICH ARE ANIMATED FIGURINES REPRESENTING A FOUR PIECE VILLAGE BAND LED BY A BAND MASTER WITH HIS BACK TO US

On the face of the clock we see that it was made by de Carter & Sons, Purveyors to His Majesty, or whatever they put on the face of old English clocks. The minute hand moves a fraction to show a quarter to eleven, there is a whirring sound and we hear the first seventeen notes of Jingle Bells stiffly punctuated by the leader's baton.

- 37 HUGO AND JULES - IN SIR ALFRED'S STUDY

Hugo is glaring at the clock, Jules is arranging some clothes in the background.

HUGO

(finishing the tune
with irritation)

Dah, dah, dah, dah, do! Don't that
drive you nuts...always hanging up
on the meat hook like that?

JULES

Except once an hour when it finishes,
it is quite irritating, sir.

- 38 TONY - COMING IN FROM THE FOYER

He closes the door behind him, but while the door was open we heard a little Abadabba.

TONY

(crossing to the desk)

Another guy with an all children's
orchestra... I don't know why he
sees all these jerks.

JULES

(looking around from
brushing a coat)

Because he would rather see ten
thousand jerks than miss one genius...
it said in the Sunday paper.

HUGO

Never believe what it says in the
Sunday paper because they print
them on Thursdays.

(CONTINUED)

38 (Cont.)

TONY

I suppose I ought to wake him up...
if he's going to see any of them
before the concert.

HUGO

(tolerantly)

Give him a coupla minutes more...
it ain't every day you fly home
from England...to a dame like he
flew home to.

(Tony starts typing
something)

You got any coffee to spare, Jules?

JULES

We have everything to spare, sir...
including love and romance.

DISSOLVE TO:

39

DAPHNE - BY THE RADIO-PHONOGRAPH - IN HER DARKENED
BEDROOM

Actually one shaft of sunlight has stolen through the curtains. The lovely girl in a very smartly tailored dressing gown is in the act of placing a stack of records on the automatic changer. As the soft romantic music is heard. She takes a bottle of champagne from a silver cooler, wraps the napkin tightly about it, then crosses to a position near the sleeping Sir Alfred. She smiles at him, then closes the bathroom door and lowers herself gently to the floor, very near her husband. Now she takes the safety wire off the champagne and, with the assistance of a few faces, starts loosening the cork very expertly. The bottle aims right straight at Sir Alfred. The cork starts to squeak. Sir Alfred opens one eye, then ducks violently as he sees what is menacing him.

DAPHNE

(pointing the bottle
right at him)

Hello.

SIR ALFRED

(holding a protective
arm over his face)

Do you need any help, darling?

(CONTINUED)

39 (Cont.)

DAPHNE

(calmly twisting
the cork)

Of course I don't...

She lifts the cork out with a very mild pop and happily fills a water tumbler she takes from the bedside table. She takes a sip, then hands it to him.

DAPHNE

There, my love.

SIR ALFRED

(after a swallow)

You do everything so well.

DAPHNE

(sweetly)

You taught me, darling.

(she takes another
sip of champagne)

SIR ALFRED

(dreamily)

Do you know why Porthole, Michigan is the most beautiful hamlet in all the United States?...and Michigan itself the most beautiful of the States...although very rainy.

DAPHNE

I suppose it doesn't rain in England.

SIR ALFRED

...and Genesee Street is the most beautiful of all thoroughfares?

DAPHNE

In the first place it's Porthaul... h-a-u-l, Michigan, which rhymes with Squishigan, and you know it perfectly well...and in the second place...

SIR ALFRED

(putting his arm
around her)

...because the most beautiful half of the most beautiful pair of the most beautiful sisters in all the world came from there...directly to me.

(CONTINUED)

39 (Cont.1)

DAPHNE

(dryly)

It's too bad bigamy is illegal in this country or you could have us both.

SIR ALFRED

Don't be immoral...how well do I remember it...we were on our way to Canada for the annual Music and Fur Trapping Festival...we didn't win that...when suddenly the train stopped with a jerk...and a jolly good thing it did as the tracks had just floated away.

DAPHNE

The way you've built this thing up.

SIR ALFRED

The local Baldwin man nailed me at once of course, there's one in every town and he always nabs me, and asked me if I would kindly listen to his small daughter play the sliphorn at the local high school concert...just to get my opinion of her talent, but you know the "now that you're 'ere Sir Alfred" approach, it would make me extremely 'appy...

DAPHNE

(taking him by the
throat to strangle
him)

It was not a high school concert, it was a charity concert...and it wasn't a sliphorn, it was a piano and you know it perfectly well...and whatever else my poor father does, he most certainly doesn't drop his aitches...like some people's fathers I've heard a few rumors about.

(CONTINUED)

39 (Cont.2)

SIR ALFRED

(ignoring all this)

...so we got into a punt to row over there and I said: "Cripes, Sir Alfred, we're in for it now all right, all right...there's no way out unless we swim for it."...and so we got there and the Baldwin sidled up dragging his brat behind him...and suddenly I looked up and straight into her eyes... and a hundred harps glissed into E Flat Major...and my heart flopped up and down in me and did a complete somersault...and the world began anew.

There is a knock on the door which neither of them hear. Daphne puts her lips against his and melts into his arms.

40 THE DOORWAY OF THE ROOM

Tony enters, looks toward the bed in some discomfiture, then turns to tiptoe out and knocks over the champagne cooler. As he stoops to pick it up:

41 SIR ALFRED AND DAPHNE

They turn and look at Tony.

SIR ALFRED

(good-naturedly)

Isn't it customary to knock before entering a bedroom...or am I just being old-fashioned?

42 TONY - BY THE CHAMPAGNE COOLER

TONY

I did knock, Sir Alfred.

43 SIR ALFRED AND DAPHNE

SIR ALFRED

I'm extremely sorry, I didn't hear you.

DAPHNE

(laughing)

It must have been those harps.

(CONTINUED)

43 (Cont.)

SIR ALFRED

Now that you're here would you care
for a glass of champagne?

44 TONY - NEAR THE DOOR

TONY

No, thank you... I just wanted to
make sure you were awake and ask
you what to do about the morning
delegation of crackpots...among
them a lady reporter wants to know
why you conduct with a stick.

45 SIR ALFRED AND DAPHNE

Daphne gets up, goes around the bed and opens the cur-
tains.

SIR ALFRED

What does she expect me to use, an
umbrella?

46 TONY - IN THE DOORWAY

TONY

She says Stokie just uses his hands.

47 SIR ALFRED AND DAPHNE

Daphne is getting a dressing gown for him out of the
closet.

SIR ALFRED

(lighting a cigarette)

Yes, but they're so beautiful...so
large and white...

(he looks at his own)

...mine look more like nutcrackers.

DAPHNE

(holding out the
dressing gown)

Here, darling...

Sir Alfred starts putting it on.

48 TONY - IN THE DOORWAY

TONY

She also wants to know why you con-
duct from a score.

49 SIR ALFRED AND DAPHNE

SIR ALFRED

Because I'm one of the few living conductors who can actually read music... I took lessons in it and paid good money for them... I also play an instrument: the flageolet... don't forget to tell her that.

DAPHNE

You fool.

50 TONY - LOOKING AT A PAD IN HIS HAND

TONY

Dr. Schultz, your concert master, would like to discuss the fingering in the fourth, fifth and sixth bar of the Tannhauser Overture.

51 SIR ALFRED AND DAPHNE

With a perplexed look on his face he rapidly goes through the fingering on an imaginary violin.

SIR ALFRED

The fingering is standard...what's the matter with him? .

52 TONY - NEAR THE DOOR

TONY

(looking at his pad)

He says it is the Paris version... do you want French fingering?

53 SIR ALFRED AND DAPHNE

SIR ALFRED

(laughing)

Of course...that old story... I'll walk to the hall with him and we'll discuss it on the way.

He gets up and crosses to the dressing table to brush his hair.

54 TONY - BY THE DOOR

TONY

Then there's a fellow who wants you to endow the de Carter Foundation for the Diffusion of Serious Music.

55 SIR ALFRED - BRUSHING HIS HAIR

SIR ALFRED

Throw him out...there's nothing serious about music...it should be enjoyed flat on the back... with a sandwich in one hand, a bucket of beer in the other... and as many pretty girls around as possible...it is a secondary art that adds to the joy of living...sandwich eating is a primary art.

DAPHNE

(to Tony)

If you repeat a word of this stuff...

56 TONY - IN THE DOORWAY

TONY

And then there's a man who wants you to conduct an all children's orchestra of a hundred and fifty pieces with no child over eleven.

57 SIR ALFRED AND DAPHNE

Sir Alfred clutches his head and groans and Daphne howls.

58 TONY - BY THE DOOR

TONY

This takes place in the open air among the giant redwoods.

59 SIR ALFRED AND DAPHNE

SIR ALFRED

You will tell the gentleman that I am broken hearted to have to decline, but I am allergic to them...they make me sneeze.

Daphne puts her hand over her mouth.

60 TONY - BY THE DOOR

TONY

The redwoods...

61 SIR ALFRED AND DAPHNE

SIR ALFRED
(delighted with
his joke)
No...musicians under eleven!

He and Daphne fall into each other's arms and roar with laughter.

62 TONY - IN THE DOORWAY

He opens his mouth to speak, then exits and closes the door after him.

63 SIR ALFRED AND DAPHNE

SIR ALFRED
(to Daphne)
The only trouble with you is: I
never feel like getting up... I
never feel like getting dressed...
I never feel like going out into
the world to wrestle it and bring
it to its knees... I think the
successful, energetic men must all
be married to women who look like
gargoyles...
(he tilts her
surprised chin
up and kisses
her on the cheek)
...I will now leap into a shower.

He exits rapidly. Daphne stares after him openmouthed.

DISSOLVE TO:

64 CLOSE SHOT - THE ANTIQUE CLOCK

The minute hand arrives straight up on eleven o'clock, and the little village orchestra plays the entire Jingle Bells ending in a whirring sound. Before it gets to the end we:

CUT TO:

65 HUGO - BEATING TIME WITH HIS CIGAR

HUGO

(happily)

At last.

We hear a buzzer. Hugo goes to the door to the hall and opens it revealing a little page boy with an enormous box of flowers.

THE BOY

Some flowers for Lady de Carter.

66 SIR ALFRED'S BATHROOM

His face covered with soap - a straight razor in his hand - he sticks his head out and speaks gaily:

SIR ALFRED

What is it, Hugo?

He comes further out and we see that he is dressed except for buttoning his shirt and putting on a tie.

67 HUGO AND THE BOY - AT THE DOOR

THE BOY

Some flowers for Lady de Carter,
Sir Alfred.

HUGO

(taking them)

I'll take 'em.

68 SIR ALFRED

Feeling for money he comes forward and the CAMERA PANS him into the group at the door.

SIR ALFRED

How nice.

(CONTINUED)

(Sturges)

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REVISED - "THE SYMPHONY STORY - 1/13/48

22.

68 (Cont.)

SIR ALFRED (Cont.)
(he feels in his
pockets and finds
nothing)
Give him a dollar, Hugo.

HUGO
A dollar!
(he pulls out his
money reluctantly)

SIR ALFRED
It's only sixty-two and one-half
cents you know...
(he takes a dollar
from Hugo and presses
it into the boy's hand)
...There's sixty-two and one-half
cents for you.

THE PAGE BOY
(happily)
Thank you, Sir Alfred, I'll pretend
it's a dollar.

Hugo closes the door and Sir Alfred takes the large box
from him and looks at it.

SIR ALFRED
(amiably)
Now I wonder who sent her these.

HUGO
Why don't you grab a look and treat
yourself to a surprise.

SIR ALFRED
(he starts slaving
and walks from
mirror to mirror)
I might have long ago...in fact I
did once...when I was very young and
the lord and master of my castle...
which is an Englishman's home, you
know...that lord and master role is
such a stupid ugly role and yet such
an easy one for a young man to por-
tray...I've whittled it off me bit by
bit with the ladies who've been in-
telligent enough not to marry me
down through the years until today
there's very little of it left on me...

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.1)

SIR ALFRED (Cont.)

I sincerely hope. I don't want to be the lord and master of that dream of loveliness dressing in the next room...I don't want moats and battlements and crenelations to hold her from the world...I just want to be her favorite man...the one she stays near by choice...you see, Hugo, when two magnificent girls like my beautiful wife and her lovely sister place their adorable futures in the hands of a couple of old doorposts like August Henschler and myself...admitting that we have millions and that one of us at least is reasonably well preserved...although modesty prevents my mentioning which one...

HUGO

If you want my opinion about marriage...

SIR ALFRED

(interrupting him)

I don't...the only emotion we have any right to display...is a large, well rounded three dimensional gratitude!

HUGO

For spending your money.

SIR ALFRED

(warmly)

For spending our money...precisely... for making our money young again... for us who have had so much for so long...we no longer have anything... for spending our money joyously, elegantly, charmingly and lavishly on their adorable little selves... for permitting us to bask in their fragrance...to stroke them...to feel their warmth...and then for allowing us to present them with still more money with which to repeat the whole charming process...and show us the world again...through new eyes.

- (CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.2)

HUGO

That's one way of looking at it,
but if you want my opinion...

SIR ALFRED

(interrupting him
and pointing to
the flowers)

Let us suppose that these are from
an admirer....a distant admirer....
some poor devil who nearly committed
suicide the day she married me...

HUGO

(taken aback)

He did?

SIR ALFRED

He should have...but then thought
better of it and removed himself to
a distant tea plantation in far
off...Ohio.

HUGO

A tea plantation in Ohio.

SIR ALFRED

(amiably)

Make it a camphor grove where he
lives in solitary confinement...
biting his nails as his sole past-
time and amusement...

HUGO

In Ohio.

SIR ALFRED

That's right.

HUGO

With habits like that he should be
in solitary confinement.

SIR ALFRED

Don't be harsh on him...you might
be in the same grove some day.

HUGO

Two will get you twenty.

(CONTINUED)

(Sturges)

217

REVISED - "THE SYMPHONY STORY" - 1/19/48

25.

68 (Cont.3)

SIR ALFRED

(waving this aside)

Once each year on the day that he
and little Daphne graduated together
from piano school, in Porthole,
Michigan...

HUGO

(crossly)

Such details.

SIR ALFRED

(indicating the
enormous box)

...he sends her this little bunch
of violets...or could it be Lillies
of the Valley.

HUGO

In that box it could be a skeleton
...he coulda' sent himself.

SIR ALFRED

Don't be cold blooded, Hugo...I'm
telling you a very warm story...now:
Am I to pry into this pitiful little
rite...uncover their pathetic little
secret...assert the largely debatable
prerogatives of a husband and drag
into the cold blue light of day, this
humble offering from a tear-stained
past?

HUGO

How do you know they're from him?

SIR ALFRED

I don't...all I know is...

69

TONY - COMING IN FROM THE FOYER

TONY

I see they came.

The CAMERA PANS him into the shot with the other two.

SIR ALFRED

What?

(CONTINUED)

(Sturges)

217

REVISED - "THE SYMPHONY STORY" - 1/19/48

26.

69 (Cont.)

TONY

The flowers you told me to send
Lady de Carter on the way in this
morning...I told them to have them
here by eleven.

SIR ALFRED

Oh yes.

(he turns to Hugo)

You see what I mean...nothing to
worry about at all...

(he hands the
razor to Tony)

Have this honed for me, will you?
It's as dull as one of my brother-
in-law's jokes.

HUGO

If you want my opinion?

TONY

(taking the razor)

Mr. Henschler is on his way up, by
the way.

SIR ALFRED

But I've already seen him once today.

(he puts down the
flowers and goes
to select a necktie)

I mean to say just because he married
my wife's sister...he seems to think
it gives him a passkey to my apart-
ment...I married his wife's sister
didn't I? But do I lounge around his
hotel always sending up messages that
I'm on my way up. What a bore he is.

HUGO

Look: He's got a hundred million
dollars...don't be expecting also
Jolly Miller.

TONY

He's got a hundred and four million
now...it grew while you were away.

SIR ALFRED

But he doesn't bring them with him
and let you roll in them...I have
a few million myself you know, but
mine are gayer.

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.1)

HUGO

You ain't got a hundred millions...
it's that last zither that cooks
your goose.

SIR ALFRED

What that beautiful girl could see
in that jellyfish...

HUGO

A hundred million dollars...that
ain't hard.

SIR ALFRED

But she doesn't get any of it...

HUGO

(philosophically)
It's nice to be around it.

SIR ALFRED

That miser...every fur coat he
gives her he inherited from his
grandmother...every diamond is
from his aunt...every pearl from
his...

HUGO

Stop, you're breaking my heart.

SIR ALFRED

I suppose I'm an ass to let him
annoy me so much...since I seem
to be stuck with him...

HUGO

The way to treat an in-law is like
he was an outlaw.

SIR ALFRED

Why are you such an expert...how
many times have you been married?

HUGO

Once.

(CONTINUED)

(Sturges)

217

REVISED - "THE SYMPHONY STORY" - 1/19/48

28.

69 (Cont.2)

SIR ALFRED

Then what do you know about it?...
you're like a fighter who has had
only one fight.

HUGO

But what a dilly.

SIR ALFRED

(to Tony)

When he's been here a few minutes,
remind me that the men are waiting
so that I can escape from this dull
thud and...

JULES

(opening the door
from the foyer)

Mr. August Henschler.

MR. HENSCHLER

Good morning again, Alfred.

SIR ALFRED

Good morning again to you, August...
do you want to see me alone or in
committee?

AUGUST

(smiling coldly from
Tony to Hugo)

Well, I uh...if it wouldn't be too
much trouble?

SIR ALFRED

(to Tony and Hugo)

Mr. Henschler probably wants to
borrow some money from me in which
case he would undoubtedly be more
at ease without witnesses...

HUGO

(starting for the foyer)

Remember you got a lot of jerks
waiting for you in the next room
when you get through in here.

TONY

(starting for the foyer)

I'll take the razor down to the
Barber Shop....

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.3)

SIR ALFRED

I won't be long.

AUGUST

I won't be either.

(he removes his pince-nez
and breathes on it)

SIR ALFRED

And now, August, what happy updraft
wafts you hither?

(he smiles perfunctorily)
If you don't mind I'll continue
dressing.

AUGUST

I don't mind at all...now let me
see the best way to begin.

SIR ALFRED

At the beginning.

AUGUST

(after a cool smile)

Quite so...you are no doubt aware,
Alfred, that I have a deep sense
of family obligation?

SIR ALFRED

(vaguely surprised)

I was not aware of it but I am
willing to accept your word for it.

AUGUST

Thank you...and we are brothers-in-
law, aren't we, Alfred?

SIR ALFRED

I'm afraid we are and there isn't
a blasted thing we can do about it.

AUGUST

(after laughing coolly
at this little joke)

It may come as quite a shock to you,
Alfred, but I don't relish being your
brother-in-law any more than, appar-
ently, you relish being mine.

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.4)

SIR ALFRED
(stupefied)

No!

AUGUST

Oh yes.

(he removes his pince-nez
and starts to polish them)
In the first place, I hate music
which does not relieve me from hav-
ing to snore through every blasted
concert you give.

SIR ALFRED
(surprised at himself)
I like you better for that.

AUGUST

(coldly)
In the second place I am embarrassed
about the product your family made
its money out of.

SIR ALFRED
(returning to a more
normal dislike)
I think it's quite as good as sucking
mortgages if you should ask me.

AUGUST

(pleasantly)
It may be but I prefer mortgages...
thirdly and lastly as a humble
American I not only have no use
for titles but despise them... the
only titles I have any use for are
in my vault in the Title Guaranty &
Trust Company.

SIR ALFRED
(chillily)

You have my deepest sympathy,
August, but I am a baronet, I am
a band leader, and my family's
product has kept England on time
since Waterloo...I regret it but
there you have it...now if I may
inquire again as to the reason for
this happy visitation...

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.5)

AUGUST

I will come to the point: when you returned home this morning you found...everything as you had left it...you believe?

SIR ALFRED

I'm not quite sure I understand your question...the piano is precisely where I left it...the windows I believe are where they were...the hotel itself...

AUGUST

I was not referring to inanimate objects...

SIR ALFRED

Then maybe you will refer...to what you are referring to...

AUGUST

When you left for England and asked me at the airport to keep an eye on your wife, Alfred...

SIR ALFRED

(blankly)

I asked you to keep an eye on my wife...

AUGUST

I naturally accepted in the same family spirit I would expect you to display if I asked you to keep an eye on my wife while taking off, let us say, for Zanzibar.

SIR ALFRED

When are you leaving?

AUGUST

I said "if."

SIR ALFRED

(disappointed)

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.6)

AUGUST

What I didn't know at the airport... and I don't see very well how I could have...was that my dear mother who is probably Public Hypochondriac No. 1, would wire for me the same day asking me to join her in Palm Beach because of a slight indisposition.

SIR ALFRED

(coldly)

I am distressed to hear it...I suppose she's related to me in some way.

AUGUST

Hardly.

SIR ALFRED

(slightly mollified)

Well, I'm sorry anyway.

AUGUST

Oh we're quite used to it...if it isn't one part of her that's ailing, it's another and she seems to have so many parts...for a woman of her age, that is...however, to return to our muttons: you asked me to keep an eye on your wife and I want you to know that had it been possible for me to do so personally I would gladly have done so.

SIR ALFRED

If it was too much trouble or inconvenient in any way...

AUGUST

Nothing is too much trouble for the busy man...if you ever want anything done always ask the busy man...because the others never have time...you asked me to keep an eye on your wife and...

SIR ALFRED

You keep repeating: "Keep an eye on your wife" as if it had some special meaning...I don't know exactly what you're leading up to but for some reason I feel my back hair rising.

- (CONTINUED)

69 (Cont. 7)

AUGUST

Well, you see, Alfred, being a little nearsighted I couldn't very well keep an eye on her from Palm Beach...

(he laughs coolly)

....nevertheless I did not fail you...

SIR ALFRED

(interrupting him)

Again something is happening to my back hair...I have no recollection of saying anything at all to you at the airport except possibly "Goodbye" or something of that nature, but if I did say: "Keep an eye on my wife for me" I meant find out if she's lonely sometime and if she is, take her to the movies some evening... you and Barbara.

AUGUST

But you didn't say that...you said: "Keep an eye on my wife for me."

SIR ALFRED

(exasperated)

Well suppose I did...how could you do it from Palm Beach?

AUGUST

(as if it were the simplest of all problems)

With detectives.

SIR ALFRED

(parrot-like at first as he does not understand)

With detectives...

(then suddenly understanding, at the top of his lungs)

...WITH DETECTIVES! You stuffed moron...

(he seizes August by the necktie and with the iron grip of a conductor nearly carries him into the corner of the room)

.(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.8)

AUGUST

(trying to free Sir
Alfred's hold on
his tie)

Control yourself, Alfred...this is
entirely uncalled for...kindly
release my scarf.

SIR ALFRED

(growling like a lion)

You dare to inform me you have had
these vulgar footpads in snap brim
fedoras sluicing after my beautiful
wife?

AUGUST

(desperately as he
is half strangled)

I believe it's called sleuthing,
Alfred...kindly let go of my shirt,
you're tearing it...there's nothing
to be so upset about, good Heavens...
I merely had her tailed and...

SIR ALFRED

(nearly bursting
with rage)

You merely had her what! I give
you my solemn word, August...if I
don't regain control of myself in
the next few seconds...concert or
no concert...I'll pick up that lamp
and beat this walnut you use for a
head into a NUTSERGER...I believe
they are called!

AUGUST

(strangling)

Please try to k-keep c-cool, Alfred.

SIR ALFRED

(furiouser and
furiouser)

K-keep c-cool, Alfred, my sainted
aunt...I AM OUTRAGED!

He gives August such a shaking that the collar comes off
his suit.

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.9)

AUGUST

P-please Alfred.

SIR ALFRED

Low as my opinion of you has always been, August...little as I have ever expected from you in the way of chivalry or even common dignity...

(August's coat starts parting over one of his shoulders)

...today you have surpassed even yourself...this is the sewer!.... the nadir of good manners!

AUGUST

I really think you're exaggerating a little, Alfred...I've always used detectives to some extent and so has my whole family...one of my aunts even married one of them although I must admit she was quite elderly at the time.

SIR ALFRED

Then your whole family is contaminated...no man who employs detectives should ever be disappointed...I hope every time you've engaged these vermin you've discovered you had antlers out to here...

(he indicates a pair of horns six feet wide)

...that you were the laughing stock of the city...and that you came crawling out of the agency with your face aflame...your briefcase stuffed with undeniable evidence of your multiple betrayal...and dishonor dripping from your ears like garlands of seaweed...

AUGUST

I forgive your insults on the ground that you are excited, Alfred.

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.10)

SIR ALFRED

I forbid you to forgive me anything on any grounds whatsoever and I may still punch you in the nose at any instant...now go away and never speak to me again unless it is in some public place where your silence might cause comment...and embarrassment to our wives.

August moves away then starts to pull a paper out of his ruined coat.

AUGUST

I don't suppose you'd be much interested then in this operative's report.

SIR ALFRED

(snatching it away from him savagely)

Oh yes I would!

(he glares at it)

AUGUST

...although it contained a couple of passages that I for one...

SIR ALFRED

That you for one what?

He tears the back of the document in two, then putting the halves together, tears it again and again into long strips which he drops into the wastebasket.

SIR ALFRED

Now go away before I do the same to you.

August looks at him uneasily for a moment, puts on his hat, crosses to the door, opens it and hesitates there.

AUGUST

(miserably)

I suppose I'll be seeing you at the concert...I've already bought the tickets.

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.11)

SIR ALFRED

I suppose you will...I'm usually
there on the nights I conduct.

AUGUST

I see...I uh...

He makes a hopeless gesture then exits and closes the door after him. Sir Alfred watches him go, then suddenly strides to the wastebasket, picks it up, throws open the door and drop-kicks the basket out into the hall. After this he bangs the door violently, breathes deeply, forces a smile which is far from genuine and goes toward his wife's apartment.

70

DAPHNE - NEARLY DRESSED FOR LUNCHE

DAPHNE

What was that noise, darling...
did you hear something just then?

SIR ALFRED

(coming into the shot)

That was your brother-in-law
departing upstage.

DAPHNE

That shmo.

SIR ALFRED

What is a shmo?

DAPHNE

He is.

SIR ALFRED

He certainly is...you didn't do
anything you shouldn't while I
was away, did you?...I mean like
falling in love with anybody...
or anything like that?

DAPHNE

How could I fall in love with
anybody when you took my heart
with you?

SIR ALFRED

(going close to her)

You really love me?

(CONTINUED)

70 (Cont.)

DAPHNE

(gently)

I don't know what I'd be doing
here if I didn't.

SIR ALFRED

I'm going to rehearsal now but I
wish you'd meet me at LaLotte's
about one o'clock on the way to
lunch.

DAPHNE

Why?

SIR ALFRED

Because you haven't a thing to
wear...would you do that for me?

DAPHNE

Silly!

SIR ALFRED

And then lunch with me?

DAPHNE

Of course I will...you're so sweet
I don't see how all those women you
almost married let you slip through
their fingers...

SIR ALFRED

All what women...you are practically
the only woman I have ever looked at.

DAPHNE

It says here in very small type.

SIR ALFRED

I'll see you at LaLotte's.

DAPHNE

Yes, my darling.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

71 TYMPANI PLAYER OF A GREAT ORCHESTRA

We are playing Rossini's Semiramide Overture and the gentleman is quite busy.

72 EIGHT DOUBLE-BASS PLAYERS

They bow wonderfully in unison (the word bow rhymes with dough, not cow).

73 HORNS

Thrillingly they sound the attack.

74 WOODWINDS

They do their part.

75 CELLI

They are as busy as the rest.

76 SECOND FIDDLES

in wonderful unison their bows rise and fall.

77 FIRST FIDDLES

Why are these the elite of the orchestra? Because the Concert Master is a first fiddle? Anyway they are playing beautifully.

78 SIR ALFRED

in his shirt sleeves. Singing at the top of his voice he leads the men with much gaiety, turns the pages of the score with a slap. Suddenly he looks out and across at the cymbal player.

79 CYMBAL PLAYER

with the rest of the drum section visible behind him. He is crashing the cymbals, but it is nothing spectacular.

80 SIR ALFRED

He raps for quiet.

(CONTINUED)

80 (Cont.)

SIR ALFRED

(after silence is gained)
Mr. Cymbals (check this with Alfred Newman) yours is one of the most ancient and, as far as I'm concerned at least, revered instruments in the orchestra. When Egypt was young, your instrument was old...I have been looking at you but I can't hear you.

81 THE CYMBALS PLAYER

THE CYMBALS PLAYER

I was afraid of being a little loud, Sir Alfred...I have a larger set...

82 SIR ALFRED

SIR ALFRED

Then get them out for Heaven's sake and let me hear that brazen laugh ...and since we've stopped anyway, may I remind the gentlemen that I like fortissimo fortissimo and pianissimo pianissimo...and that I like the crescendo from pianissimo to fortissimo and not half way up like some of my refined compatriots. I know it's vulgar but that's how I am and we must remember that Rossini's father was the town trumpeter and slaughter house inspector. Now: two measures before "C"...one, two, three, four.

Two halves of the orchestra start slightly off beat and Sir Alfred immediately raps for quiet.

SIR ALFRED

Once again please...two measures before "C"...if possible together but in any case with much fire...one, two, three, four.

He starts them off skillfully, then mops himself as he conducts happily. The piece comes to a strong end.

SIR ALFRED

Splendid, gentlemen, splendid... it's too good for them as a matter of fact.

(CONTINUED)

82 (Cont.)

SIR ALFRED (Cont.)
 (he looks at his watch,
 then speaks to the
 Concert Master)
 Shall we take five for the union,
 doctor?

DR. SCHULTZ
 (looking around)
 Take five, please.

Sir Alfred lights a cigarette and courteously extends
 the light to one of his musicians.

THE MUSICIAN
 Thank you, Sir Alfred.

SIR ALFRED
 You are very welcome, sir.

At this point we hear an oboe player trying out a new
 reed by playing a theme in Boogie Woogie. Sir Alfred
 places his hand on the musician near him to stop him
 from talking.

83 OBOE PLAYER

He plays a little more of the Boogie Woogie, then stops,
 adjusts his reed, then plays it again. As he plays a
 shadow falls on him. After an instant he feels the
 presence of someone, stops suddenly and looks up sheep-
 ishly.

THE OBOIST
 I'm sorry, Sir Alfred...I'm just
 breaking in a new reed.

The musicians near him burst out laughing.

84 SIR ALFRED

Past Oboist.

SIR ALFRED
 But it's perfectly magnificent.
 Do you suppose anyone has ever done
 the.....in Boogie Woogie before?

85 THE OBOIST

Past Sir Alfred.

(CONTINUED)

85 (Cont.)

THE OBOIST

I don't think so, Sir Alfred...
but I wasn't playing Boogie Woogie,
I was just breaking in a reed.

As the musicians burst out laughing:

86 SIR ALFRED

Past the Oboist.

SIR ALFRED

(enthusiastically)

But it's made to order for it...
is it possible that no one has
stumbled on this before...if only
I were Tony Martin...

There is a roar of laughter at this and Sir Alfred
looks around good-naturedly, now he laughs too.

DR. SCHULTZ

(apologetically as
the laugh subsides)

You mean Freddie Martin...he is the
one who played the Concerto.

SIR ALFRED

(laughing)

Of course I mean Freddie Martin...
Tony Martin is married to Louella
Parsons, of course.

This is greeted by a new whoop from the orchestra.

SIR ALFRED

(looking around)

Am I wrong again?

DR. SCHULTZ

(when the laughter
subsides)

Harry Martin is married to Louella
Parsons...

SIR ALFRED

(happily)

And Tony Martin is the baseball
player...now I have it straight.

As the orchestra starts to laugh once more:

(CONTINUED)

66 (Cont.)

SIR ALFRED

If I'm wrong again, just leave me
in my ignorance...

(then after a
moment)

I wonder if you would do me a little
favor...just for my private pleasure
...and, I suppose, ... 's
intense displeasure.

DR. SCHULTZ

(laughing)

Would you like to hear it in Boogie
Woogie?

SIR ALFRED

Enormously...if some of you would be
so kind. Have we all the Boogies
and Woogies we need?

DR. SCHULTZ

(walking back to
his desk beside
Sir Alfred)

If we can't do it, who is?

SIR ALFRED

I'll start you off and I suppose
the corruption will come in about
the beginning of Bar Four.

DR. SCHULTZ

With double bass.

SIR ALFRED

Right you are.

(he raises his
voice a little)

...Did you hear that, double basses?

87 FIRST DOUBLE BASS

FIRST DOUBLE BASS

(jovially)

It's about time we got a break.

He does a wonderful Boogie Woogie bass which is taken
up by the seven other double-bass players.

88 SIR ALFRED

SIR ALFRED

(rapping on his stand)

All right...here we go...and then
I am leaving you until tonight...

(CONTINUED)

88 (Cont.)

SIR ALFRED (Cont.)

(he looks at his
wrist watch)

...there is really nothing I can
teach you...now let us hope.....
can take a joke. One, two, three,
four.

With wonderful movements of the baton he starts the
orchestra. As he comes to Bar Four he stops beating
time, folds his arms and looks at the double-bass
players. They start the Boogie Woogie bass.

89 SIR ALFRED

watching them. He starts to laugh, then turns his head
rapidly toward the brass and woodwinds.

90 BRASS AND WOODWINDS

They go to town.

91 SIR ALFRED

He is laughing so hard he puts his hand over his eyes.
Suddenly he drops his hand and stares at the tympani.

92 TYMPANI PLAYER

He is in the groove and really giving out. His associ-
ate, the triangle player, is doing some fancy work on
the cymbals.

93 FIRST VIOLIN SECTION

As they start to bear down, Dr. Schultz steals a look
at Sir Alfred.

94 SIR ALFRED

He collapses into a chair with laughter.

DISSOLVE TO:

95 LOBBY OF THE CONCERT HALL

In front of an eight sheet of Sir Alfred we see the head
of the long queue buying tickets. Next to the head of
the queue an intruder has pushed his head into the
window.

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont.)

HEAD OF THE QUEUE
How about taking your turn, buddy?

SECOND IN LINE
That's what I would like to know.

HOTEL DETECTIVE
(pulling his head out
of the window)
Keep your hair on, willya...I ain't
takin' your place, I'm lookin' for
somebody.

HEAD OF THE QUEUE
Why don't you go and look some place
else?

HUGO'S VOICE
Just a moment.

The detective looks out of the SHOT and the CAMERA PANS
over to Hugo who is standing in the treasurer's door.

HUGO
Come with me.

96 HOTEL DETECTIVE AND QUEUE

HOTEL DETECTIVE
(looking back)
You see what I told you?

HEAD OF THE QUEUE
Go fry a fish.

The detective starts toward Hugo and the CAMERA PANS
him over.

HUGO
You're sure it's as important as
you say.

DETECTIVE
Would I ankle all the way down here
at this time of day if it wasn't?

HUGO
Probably.

DETECTIVE
That's where you're wrong, see?...
I wouldn't.

* (CONTINUED)

96 (Cont.)

HUGO

All right, come along.

The CAMERA PANS them to the door of the auditorium. As Hugo opens the door a blast of Boogie Woogie freezes him in his tracks.

HUGO

(after a moment)

Am I crazy or...what does that sound like to you?

DETECTIVE

(after listening carefully)

Church music, ain't it?

HUGO

(after passing his hand over his eyes)

Come on.

The door closes behind them.

97

SIR ALFRED AND ORCHESTRA

As they near the end of the Marche Militaire in Boogie Woogie he picks up his baton and brings them in safely. At the last chord he puts down the baton and laughs heartily at the same time he applauds.

SIR ALFRED

(laughing)

Thank you, gentlemen...thank you immensely....I hope we haven't started something...but you have only to amuse the audience tonight as much as you have entertained me this morning and our success will be assured. That is all for now...thank you, doctor.

As he walks off the stage he comes face to face with Hugo and the detective.

HUGO

You pulling a fast one.

(CONTINUED)

97 (Cont.)

SIR ALFRED
(jerking his thumb
back over his shoulder)
That? Oh no, it was for my private
pleasure...
(he looks at his watch)
I'll have to hurry.

HUGO
(pointing to the
detective)
This man is from your hotel, Alfred
... says he has something for you.

DETECTIVE
(nodding)
Sir Alfred?

SIR ALFRED
(suspiciously)
Oh yes... I think I've seen you
skulking around there, haven't I?

Before the detective can answer, Sir Alfred jabs him
in the chest.

SIR ALFRED
You're the house detective.

DETECTIVE
That's right. Can I see you alone
for a minute?

SIR ALFRED
(not too amiably)
I suppose so...but only for a moment
...come along.

As they walk away from us:

98

SIR ALFRED'S DRESSING ROOM - BACKSTAGE

Sir Alfred opens the door and comes in followed by the
detective.

SIR ALFRED
(wiping himself with a
large bath towel he has
just picked up)
Now, what do you want?...I'm sorry
to be sharp with you...but I'm not
very sympathetic to detectives
today.

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont.)

DETECTIVE

It's all in the line of duty with me, boss...it just shows you the kind of service you're gettin' that's all...we don't know just how it got out into the hall...but we found it and saved it for you... I glued it together myself...

He hands Sir Alfred a somewhat mutilated operative's report.

SIR ALFRED

(looking at it
with much cold-
ness)

You read it, I suppose?

DETECTIVE

Just enough to glue it.

SIR ALFRED

You have concluded that when I tear things up in small bits...throw them in wastepaper baskets...and throw the wastepaper basket outside my door...it is because I am trying to save the documents?

DETECTIVE

(uneasily)

Well, we didn't know, Sir Alfred... the head maid seen this basket come flying out and she called me and I just used my own judgment, that's all.

SIR ALFRED

Very astute! Do you customarily shove your nose this deep into other people's business?

DETECTIVE

Look boss, as far as I'm concerned...

SIR ALFRED

Have you a match at least?

DETECTIVE

Hunh?

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont.1)

SIR ALFRED

(irritably)

A match! One of those little wooden things you scratch on the side of a match box.

DETECTIVE

Yes sir.

He pulls a large kitchen match out of his pocket.

SIR ALFRED

Will you light it, please?

DETECTIVE

Yes sir.

He lights it with his thumbnail.

SIR ALFRED

Now, get it going well...that's fine...now hold it steady...

He holds the operative's report to the match until it is burning brightly.

SIR ALFRED

You see?...it was very important to me...I hope you don't know any way of bringing it back to life this time.

DETECTIVE

No sir.

SIR ALFRED

(after throwing the torch into a metal wastebasket over by the window)

In that case, why don't you get back to your work at the hotel...there may be some very important things you have to do...such as spying on decent people by looking through keyholes or standing on ladders...or reflecting things with mirrors.

DETECTIVE

(miserably)

Look, boss...I'm sorry...all I meant to do was...LOOK OUT!

(CONTINUED)

.17

98 (Cont.2)

He spins Sir Alfred around and points to the curtain over the wastepaper basket which is going up in flames.

DETECTIVE

Cheezit!

Now he shoves Sir Alfred out of the room.

DETECTIVE

Fire!

99 BACKSTAGE - OUTSIDE OF SIR ALFRED'S ROOM

100 STAGE DOORMAN

Leaping to his feet.

STAGE DOORMAN

Huhh?

DETECTIVE'S VOICE

Fire!

The stage doorman hurries to the wall, seizes a little hammer on a chain and breaks the glass to a firebox. He pulls the plunger, then hurries to a box containing folded white firehose and a nozzle. He yanks this out and starts unscrewing the water valve.

101 DETECTIVE

standing in doorway of Sir Alfred's dressing room. The glow of the fire and the smoke are visible behind him. His arms are spread to prevent anyone's entrance into the room.

DETECTIVE

Keep cool, folks...everything's going to be all right...the most we can lose is this side of the building...if the company gets here in time which they probably...

102 DOORMAN

rushing toward us, dragging limp hose. Suddenly he seizes the nozzle more firmly and the hose stiffens like an angry snake and a powerful jet of water shoots past the camera, while a leak where the hose joins the nozzle, sends a cloud of spray up in the doorman's face.

103 DETECTIVE

in the doorway. He stands like Horatio at the bridge.

DETECTIVE
Keep coo...

At this he gets the water right in the face. It knocks him backwards into the smoking room.

104 DOORMAN

holding hose nozzle. Blinded by the spray, he starts to lose his balance from the power of the water. Sir Alfred hurries to his assistance, and also gets a face full of spray.

105 DOORWAY OF SIR ALFRED'S ROOM

The detective appears and tries to come out.

106 SIR ALFRED AND DOORMAN

Squinting through the spray, Sir Alfred aims the nozzle a little differently as a couple of violinists come to help hold the hose.

107 DOORWAY OF SIR ALFRED'S DRESSING ROOM

The detective who has almost managed to get out, now gets the stream again and goes down like so much pig iron. We hear the fire sirens arriving outside. The detective reappears on hands and knees and starts out under the stream.

108 SIR ALFRED, STAGE DOORMAN AND TWO VIOLINISTS

holding hose. Ducking the spray, Sir Alfred starts bending the hose downwards, both eyes closed. The doorman helps him do it.

109 DETECTIVE - IN DOORWAY

Slowly he is slid back into the smoking room.

DISSOLVE TO:

110 A CORNER OF LALOTTE'S SHOWROOM

In the foreground we see some full-length mirrors reflecting doors to dressing rooms. Beyond the mirrors we see more of the very elegant shop. Daphne's reflection advances toward the mirror wearing a dazzling evening gown. Madame Lalotte and a saleslady and a young assistant come with her. Some models come toward us from beyond the mirrors.

DAPHNE

How does it look?

MADAME LALOTTE

It's marvelous, what do you tink....
you tin girls....what you get away
wit.

(she slaps Daphne
on the hips)

DAPHNE

(pointing to one
of the models)

I wonder if that one would look
better? How much is it?

SALESLADY

Six hundred.

MADAME LALOTTE

Way don't you take 'em both?

DAPHNE

Who do you think I am, my sister?

MADAME LALOTTE

Your sister should have a husband
like you got....dat cucumber...why
don't you take de tree of dem?

DAPHNE

(loyally)

You just don't understand him, Lollie
....he's very nice in his own way....
and very generous too...in his own way.

MADAME LALOTTE

Yeah....in reverse.

DAPHNE

I'm not going to take any of them
until my husband gets here...it was
all his idea anyway....I told him I
didn't need anything.

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont.)

MADAME LALOTTE

(indignantly)

What are you trying to do, throw me
in de street? Any woman who's got
all de clothes she needs don't need
no clothes where she's going...
'cause she ain't going anywhere,
baby.

A YOUNG GIRL

(joining the group)

Will you take the telephone, Lady
de Carter? It's Sir Alfred.

The saleslady immediately picks up the telephone and
hands it to Daphne.

DAPHNE

Hello, sweetie love...where are you,
you're late?

MADAME LALOTTE

What a doll he is.

111 SIR ALFRED - IN A PHONE BOOTH BACKSTAGE OF CONCERT HALL

We are SHOOTING from the wall's side so that through the
glass behind him, we see firemen with axes and policemen
and excited musicians. Sir Alfred is quite wet and
looks like hell, but his good humor is unchanged.

SIR ALFRED

(into the telephone)

I'm dreadfully sorry, darling, there's
been a little excitement down here,
and I'm a bit wet around the edges,
but I've told Tony to pick you up
and take you to lunch, and I'll join
you as soon as I get into some dry
trousers. Some silly ass set fire to
my dressing room...did you find some
pretty dresses?

112 DAPHNE - IN THE MIDDLE OF ROOM AT LALOTTE'S

DAPHNE

(excitedly)

Never mind the dresses....what do you
mean somebody set fire to your dress-
ing room?

(CONTINUED)

112 (Cont.)

MADAME LALOTTE

(hastily)

What do you mean "never mind the dresses?" Never mind the fire! Hah!

DAPHNE

Sh! Who did you say set fire to it?...No!...

(then putting her hand
over the phone)

...he set fire to it himself.

MADAME LALOTTE

(as if to herself)

Oh ho...insurance.

DAPHNE

Sh...

(then into telephone)

I can't hear you, darling, with all those bells going off.

113 SIR ALFRED - IN PHONE BOOTH

Just outside the phone booth is the fire chief in a white hat knocking at the door.

SIR ALFRED

I said if you see anything pretty be sure to buy it.

He flaps the door open.

THE CHIEF

Are you the party that started this conflagration?

SIR ALFRED

Yes, and I'll be with you in just a second.

He flaps the door closed.

SIR ALFRED

I have to answer some questions now, darling, there's a bloke in a white hat waiting outside the booth for me.

114 DAPHNE - IN GROUP AT LALOTTE'S

DAPHNE

You didn't get in any trouble, my love?...I'll come right over...you didn't get burned?

115 SIR ALFRED - IN PHONE BOOTH

The chief in the white hat waits patiently outside.

SIR ALFRED

(laughing)

Quite the contrary...I'm squirting wet and I don't think I'm in the slightest trouble.

(he flaps open
the door)

I'll be with you in one second.

(he flaps the
door closed)

It's not like Germany or France when I was a student there. Whenever a house caught fire, the proprietor was automatically thrown in the Bastille. You'd be astonished how few fires they had as a result ...is Madame LaLotte handy? Let me speak to her...

(he flaps the
door open)

I'll be with you in just one second, General.

(he flaps the
door closed)

Hello, Lollie...

116 MADAME LALOTTE AT TELEPHONE

MADAME LALOTTE

(after a moment)

We found tree...and in each one she looks twice as sweet as in de udder two.

DAPHNE

(trying to take the
phone away from her)

No I don't at all, darling.

MADAME LALOTTE

(in mock threat)

Vill you shut up, vill you?

(then into the
telephone)

Not you, sweetie, I'm talking to your child bride...she looks gurgles ...if it were me myself I'd take de tree.

(CONTINUED)

116 (Cont.)

 DAPHNE
 (trying to take
 the telephone)
No, Lollie, that's just...

 MADAME LALOTTE
 (turning away from her)
For you, sweetie, notting but de
bast...at rock bottom, and even the
bast is none too goodst.
 (she hangs up and
 turns to Daphne)
What a doll! Do I love dat man...
wrap up de tree of dem.

 DAPHNE
But Lollie, really...how much were
they?

 MADAME LALOTTE
Dat is a little secret exclusively
between Sir Alfred...what a lollypop
...and myself.

 TONY
 (coming in from in
 front of the shop)
Hello, Daphne, I've come to take you
to lunch.

 DAPHNE
 (after an imper-
 ceptible pause)
Oh, hello, Tony...I'll be ready in
a minute.

 MADAME LALOTTE
 (looking suspiciously at
 Tony then back at Daphne)
Who's the canary?

DISSOLVE TO:

117 SIR ALFRED

entering a fashionable restaurant. He has changed his
clothes and carries gloves and stick. We see the street
or Rockefeller Plaza or something like that behind him.
He hands his hat and stick to an attendant.

(CONTINUED)

117 (Cont.)

A MAITRE D'HOTEL
(bowing)
Sir Alfred.

SIR ALFRED
Hello, Louie, is my bride here?

118 DAPHNE AND TONY - AT A TABLE

Daphne, wearing a very smart tailored suit, is waving violently. Apparently she and Tony have almost finished lunch.

119 SIR ALFRED AND HEAD WAITER

SIR ALFRED
There she is.

LOUIE
(snapping his fingers
to someone ahead of
Sir Alfred)
Une chaise pour monsieur.

The CAMERA PANS with Sir Alfred as he crosses toward Daphne. Suddenly he stops as he finds himself passing August and Barbara.

SIR ALFRED
(surprised)
What are you doing here?
(he indicates
Daphne and Tony)
Why aren't you all lunching together?

AUGUST
(coldly)
We didn't wish to intrude...

BARBARA
(witchily)
...they looked so cute together.

SIR ALFRED
(looking at his
wife and Tony)
They do look cute together... I'm
the one who feels like an intruder...
(then to Barbara)
I'll see you later, pretty one...

(CONTINUED)

119 (Cont.)

He pats her cheek, then moves toward Daphne and Tony and the CAMERA ROLLS with him, passing by people who stare at and whisper to each other about this celebrated and handsome man.

SIR ALFRED

(as he reaches his
wife and kisses her
hand)

My darling, I'm terribly sorry...
thank you so much, Tony, for bring-
ing her.

DAPHNE

I was just famished, sweetie love,
I had to eat...I hope you don't
mind.

SIR ALFRED

I don't mind in the slightest.

DAPHNE

(pointing to her suit)
This is it...this is one of the
three you bought me...isn't it
lovely?

SIR ALFRED

Entrancing...why aren't Barbara and
August sitting with you?

DAPHNE

They seemed very cool.

SIR ALFRED

They seemed very cool or he seemed
very cool.

DAPHNE

They both seemed very cool.

SIR ALFRED

What has she to be cool about?

DAPHNE

Maybe because you married me and
not her...

(CONTINUED)

119 (Cont.1)

SIR ALFRED

(playing the other
half of the game)
She's had time to recover from that
great disappointment...usually they
commit suicide right away but if
they don't...

DAPHNE

Then I haven't the faintest notion
what's the matter with her...have
you, Tony?

SIR ALFRED

Why should Tony have a faint notion?

TONY

(with the trace
of nervousness)
I haven't...I haven't the faintest
idea either.

DAPHNE

(happily)
Then let's forget about her...after
all she's only my sister...it isn't
as if we were closely related...now
tell me about setting fire to the
hall...did you burn it all down or
just the back half?

SIR ALFRED

I'm dreadfully sorry to disappoint
you, but it was just a curtain...
and a venetian blind...and part of
a window...glasse you know breaks so
easily...then the water probably wet
the carpet a bit...it was nothing
really...it made a noise all out of
proportion to its importance.

DAPHNE

(laughing)
How did you set it on fire?

SIR ALFRED

(after a slight pause)
I would like to say that I started
thinking about you..and then stood
too near the curtains...

(CONTINUED)

119 (Cont. 2)

SIR ALFRED (Cont.)

(he laughs)

...actually I set fire to a piece of paper I did not care to have in the world...and it set fire to the curtains.

DAPHNE

What was it, darling...a bad review, or something like that?

SIR ALFRED

Something like that...it was very unimportant...

(he glares across the room at his brother-in-law)

...after all it takes all kinds of things, I suppose, to make a world... you have to take the sour with the sweet.

120 CLOSE SHOT - AUGUST AND BARBARA

With a forkful of food almost in his mouth August recoils from Sir Alfred's glare, then looks nearsightedly at the forkful of food and recoils from it.

BARBARA

(coolly)

Are you going to eat it or just hold it there.

AUGUST

(coming back to life)

Oh...

He pops the forkful of food into his mouth.

121 SIR ALFRED - DAPHNE AND TONY

SIR ALFRED

(suddenly and furiously)

By Jove!

He slaps the table and rises to his feet.

DAPHNE

(startled as she grabs his sleeve)

What's the matter, darling?

(CONTINUED)

121 (Cont.)

SIR ALFRED

Excuse me just one second...I'll
be right back.

He strides out of the SHOT. Daphne and Tony exchange
a worried look.

122 AUGUST AND BARBARA

August rises to his feet as if hoisted up by a rope as
he sees the approaching Sir Alfred.

SIR ALFRED

(first to Barbara)

Excuse me, Barbara...I have just had
a revolting thought, August: would
those people who shall be nameless
be apt to have additional copies of
that which I did you know what with
this morning...because I will not
have them around!

AUGUST

(after sneaking a
look at his wife)

Why don't you forget the whole thing
and concentrate on your music, Alfred.
I will tell them to dispose of those
things at the earliest opportunity.

SIR ALFRED

(viciously)

I will tell them myself...give me
their card...I suppose you carry
them around with you in case of
emergency...

AUGUST

(opening his wallet)

I...may have one.

BARBARA

What's all the mystery?

SIR ALFRED

(pretending to make
a joke)

The mystery is that you are married
to a square from Delaware...if you
are familiar with the appellation...

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

That's no mystery...the whole world knows it.

AUGUST

(producing a card and
laughing at the joke
at the same time)

There you are, Alfred...but I still think...

SIR ALFRED

(glaring at the card)

Thank you very much indeed.

He nearly spits on it, then tears it in four, puts it carefully in his pocket.

SIR ALFRED

Thank you.

He stamps out of the SHOT

BARBARA

What's the matter with him...he's getting nuttier than you are.

AUGUST

Probably something he didn't eat...
since he merely entered and exited.

123

DAPHNE AND TONY

Sir Alfred enters the SHOT and sits down.

DAPHNE

(grabbing his sleeve)

You weren't challenging August to a duel? I saw you passing cards around.

SIR ALFRED

(scornfully)

A duel! I would take him by the back of the neck and drop him in a dust bin! I've just remembered something, darling, that I wish to attend to at once so if you'll be kind enough to excuse me...you take care of the lunch, Tony.

DAPHNE

But you haven't had anything to eat, darling.

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont.)

SIR ALFRED

I don't feel like anything to eat
just at the moment...maybe you'll
be kind enough to have a sandwich
at the hotel later.

DAPHNE

(soothingly)

Of course I will...you're all ner-
vous, darling...it's that plane
flight... you come back to the hotel
and I'll have a lovely sandwich all
ready for you and some beautiful
very old scotch...then you'll take
a nice hot shower and eat the sand-
wich and then we'll take a nice long
nap until it's time to dress for the
concert...and then you'll feel a lot
better...

SIR ALFRED

(kissing her hand
and arising)

I feel a lot better already...I'll
see you in a little while, my love.

He hurries out.

TONY

(after quite a
long pause)

For one terrible moment I wondered
what he and August were talking
about.

DAPHNE

(after a pause and
without changing
her expression)

Ask for the bill.

Now she gives Tony a long look.

DISSOLVE TO:

124 DOWN SHOT ON SIR ALFRED - STEPPING OUT OF TAXICAB

This SHOT is through a first floor plate glass window in the type of New York building which was formerly a brown-stone front but now has plate glass store windows on two levels: the basement and the first floor. Backwards on the glass we read (that is those of us who can read backwards, like printers) Sweeney's Detective Agency... Investigations... Secret Service... Special Information. The CAMERA PANS Sir Alfred half way across the sidewalk. Now he stops, reads and turns his head further to one side.

125 LOW CAMERA SHOT - UP AT SWEENEY'S WINDOW

The CAMERA holds the lettering for a moment then PANS to one side onto a sinister face looking down at us while eating a sinister looking sandwich in a rather sinister way.

126 DOWN SHOT - ON SIR ALFRED

He reacts to this face, then sets his jaw and comes up the stairs. The CAMERA FOLLOWS him through the glass front, takes him past the tailor shop on the same landing and brings him into the agency, through the buzzer-ringing door.

SIR ALFRED
(after a long
accusing look)
You are Mr. Sweeney?

He spits out the word Sweeney as if it meant snake.

127 SANDWICH EATER

He looks Sir Alfred up and down in a sinister way before replying with a slight accent.

SANDWICH EATER
Who me? Why not O'Brien?

128 SIR ALFRED

While speaking he advances into a TWO-SHOT with the sandwich eater.

SIR ALFRED
Is Sweeney about?

He indicates the name with his stick.

SANDWICH EATER
What do you want to see him about?

(CONTINUED)

128 (Cont.)

SIR ALFRED

I suppose about...business... I
suppose you call this...a business?

SANDWICH EATER

(truculently)

Well what would you call it?

He takes a large bite of his sandwich which nearly
strangles him as he reacts to the violence of Sir
Alfred's answer.

SIR ALFRED

(furiously and
oratorically)

I would call it a criminal invasion
of the rights of decent people...an
assault upon the very privacy which
is the cornerstone of self-respect...
an infamous pursuit without shame or
ethics, dedicated to the destruction
of honor and the substitution for it
of all that is low, bestial and
despicable in the human heart...

SANDWICH EATER

(waving his sandwich
in a token of surrender.)

Look, mister.

SIR ALFRED

...a vile calling, masquerading in the
cloak of respectability, but actually
sprung from the cesspools of humanity
...the seepage of civilization...

The sandwich eater puts down his sandwich.

SIR ALFRED

Does that answer your question?

SANDWICH EATER

And how!

SIR ALFRED

(during this final diatribe
the Sandwich Eater, unable
to get a word in, waves No,
No, with his finger)

You have introduced into the world of
decent folk, and for their entrapment,
the methods of rogues, knaves and black-
legs, the standards of traitors and spies
...the scruples of jackals, vultures
and other scavengers...

- (CONTINUED)

128 (Cont.1)

SANDWICH EATER

(rising)

Look, mister, I'm the tailor from
next door...I'm just here to eat my
lunch... I mean I was trying to eat
my lunch... and answer the telephone...
a favor that's all...

(he starts for
the door)

...with much of what you got to say...
and believe me whatever you are
doing you are wasting your time,
you should be in Congress...confi-
dentially I agree....but what good
is that going to do you... about a
blue serge suit my opinion is worth
something...but about ethics?

(he gets one
hand on the
door knob)

SIR ALFRED

(defeated)

Then where is the director of this
enterprise?

SANDWICH EATER

(pointing)

Here he is now climbing...good day.

SIR ALFRED

(stonily)

Good day.

He watches the tailor go out and Mr. Sweeney come up:
a large man in his fifties.

SIR ALFRED

(watching him
come through
the door)

You are at last Mr. Sweeney, I trust?

MR. SWEENEY

(expansively)

And you are Sir Alfred de Carter.

He seizes Sir Alfred's reluctant hand and crushes it
in both of his.

(CONTINUED)

128 (Cont.2)

MR. SWEENEY

(dreamily)

How I've looked forward to this moment, Sir Alfred! How I have longed to do you a little favor in exchange for the hours of bliss you've given me! Why I'd just as soon miss my own funeral as one of your concerts.... I was to your maiden concert in this country...your dee-but...down there at Aeolian Hall...people said 'What do you want to hear that limey for? What does he know about music? It takes an Eyetalian or a Rooshian or one of them Polskis to bring it out good,' but something inside of me said give the limey a chance...and was I rewarded!

SIR ALFRED

(involuntarily)

You were?

MR. SWEENEY

That hunch has paid off in golden dividends! I haven't missed one of your concerts...within the metropolitan area of course...I don't follow you to South Dakota...wild horses couldn't keep me away...usually I have my tickets the minute they're printed...the ink is hardly dry on them...only tonight with your change in schedule...the rats double-crossed me and I couldn't get any...but I'll get in somehow...haven't you never seen me down there in front...a little to the left usually since my right ear is my good one...?

SIR ALFRED

(dryly)

I have not.

MR. SWEENEY

(philosophically)

Well, the important thing is that I seen you...the WAY you handle Handel! For me nobody handles Handel like you handle Handel...there's you way up here...

(his hand nearly

touches the ceiling)

...and then...there's nobody...no second, no third...maybe way down here Arturo: a poor fourth.

(CONTINUED)

SIR ALFRED

That is largely debatable, in any case what I came to see you about...

MR. SWEENEY

(carried away)

And your Delius...

(he closes his eyes
and shakes his head
from side to side)

...delirious.

SIR ALFRED

I am bitterly sorry to hear that you are a music lover...

MR. SWEENEY

(shocked)

Hunh? I'm an organist...I live for music...why without music...

SIR ALFRED

(interrupting icily)

...as I had always liked to believe that music had moral and antiseptic powers quite apart from its obvious engorgement of the senses which elevated and purified its disciples, lifting them out of and above professions like yours.

MR. SWEENEY

(terribly hurt)

Sir Alfred.

SIR ALFRED

So spare me your compliments...the flattery of a footpad is an insult in itself!

MR. SWEENEY

(shocked)

A footpad! You mean a flatfoot, don't you, Sir Alfred?

SIR ALFRED

(emphatically)

I mean a footpad! And now that I know you like them...I will probably cut Handel and Delius out of my programs forever.

(CONTINUED)

128 (Cont.4)

MR. SWEENEY

(as if Sir Alfred had
threatened to cut out
his liver)

Now don't talk like that, Sir Alfred.

SIR ALFRED

So kindly refrain from telling me
anything else you like...and poison-
ing that for me also! .

MR. SWEENEY

(very sympathetically)

You're just hurt...I can see it...
you read that report and naturally
it's upsetting...Ah we fall for these
little dames and hope they're in love
with us...when every morning our
shaving mirror yells they can't be....
then one day we find out youth belongs
to youth...like you just done...it's
a law of nature, Sir Alfred, and them
laws are kind of tough to break... I
sure am sorry it had to happen to you
though...

(he drops a consoling
hand on Sir Alfred's
shoulder)

SIR ALFRED

(bristling)

Take your hand off me! I came here
for one thing and one thing alone...

MR. SWEENEY

(holding wide his arms)

You got it...anything I got is yours...
that's how I feel about you...but don't
be sore at me! Look: Was it me that
went down to thirty-four oh six in the
middle of the night wearing only a
negligee and stayed for thirty-eight
minutes...I suppose that's the part
that bothered you...it usually is...

SIR ALFRED

(startled)

Thirty-four oh six!

MR. SWEENEY

I think that was the number of the
room...I got it here someplace...

(CONTINUED)

128 (Cont.5)

He unlocks the file and starts looking for the report without stopping his conversation.

MR. SWEENEY

...but that's only circumstantial evidence...why don't we give her the benefit of the doubt...maybe she couldn't open her toothpaste...you was in England...so she goes down and gets this guy to do it for her...maybe she seen a mouse in her room...and it upset her and she wanted company...o'course that one's kind of thin...BUT LET'S GIVE HER THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT ANYWAY...maybe she woke up out of a bad dream...and without thinkin' where she was goin...she slipped into a negligay and...

He makes a helpless gesture and puts on a pince-nez, and pulls out the correct report.

SIR ALFRED

Are you presuming to discuss the Lady de Carter, my wife?

MR. SWEENEY

(innocently)

Well, didn't you read it? I thought that's why Mister Henschler said he took the copy...

(he hands him
the report)

...here...sit down some place.

SIR ALFRED

(in a dead voice as
he takes the copy)

This is the only copy?

MR. SWEENEY

Yeah...that's the original.

Slowly Sir Alfred tears it to bits.

(CONTINUED)

128 (Cont.6)

MR. SWEENEY

You're a wise man...I been through it...only I wasn't as smart as you are...so I lost my piano...and my savings...and a little shack I had down to the beach...and her...so what have I got now...maybe I shouldn't be saying this, but if it was me I'd never have 'em tailed...I'd never try to find out nothin'...I'd just be grateful for whatever they was willing to gimme... a year...a week...an hour...

During this Sir Alfred has stood quietly tearing the remains of the report into ever and ever smaller bits. Now he turns and crosses to the door, he pauses here for a second and Mr. Sweeney looks at him compassionately. Now Sir Alfred reaches into the inside of his coat pocket, takes out a dozen tickets, separates two from the rest, and returns to a position near Mr. Sweeney, then throws the two tickets on the desk.

SIR ALFRED

For tonight.

He turns, goes through the door and lightly down the steps. Mr. Sweeney picks up the two tickets and quite sadly waves them after the retreating Sir Alfred.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

129 DAPHNE - AT TELEPHONE

She is partly and attractively dressed. Her dressing table is visible behind her, and beyond that the open door to her bathroom.

DAPHNE

I just thought he might be, that's all.

130 BARBARA - IN HER BEDROOM

She is also half dressed and her maid (white) is busy in the background.

BARBARA

(into the telephone)

I'm sure he isn't...but wait a minute...I'll go and ask Casanova.

She gets up, crosses to a door and opens it.

131 AUGUST - AT HIS DRESSING TABLE

He is in evening clothes but still in shirt sleeves. At the moment he is busy counting his roll. We see the door opening and Barbara appears in the mirror beyond him.

BARBARA

Daphne wants to know if you've seen anything of Alfred...he seems to have disappeared.

AUGUST

(after jumping slightly to the unexpected voice)

No, I haven't...but we're not on the best of terms anyway, so...

132 BARBARA - IN HER ROOM

BARBARA

O.K.

(she closes the door and returns to the telephone)

No, he isn't, sweetie...there's nobody here but Sitting Bull...counting his money in the other room... what time do you want me to pick you up?

133 DAPHNE - AT TELEPHONE

 DAPHNE

Well, if he doesn't show up pretty soon, there may not be any concert...

 (while she said
 this a wedge of
 light fell upon her
 and she turned and
 looked out of the
 picture)

...wait a minute...the great man is just coming in...make it about seven-thirty, darling...unless we just want to pick up some hamburgers on the way...you do whatever you like.

 (then, as a quick
 afterthought)

What fur are you wearing so I won't wear the same...all right, sweetie.

She hangs up.

134 SIR ALFRED - SILHOUETTED IN DOORWAY TO HIS STUDY

Daphne's last words come over him.

135 DAPHNE

Getting up from the telephone.

 DAPHNE

What happened to you, darling?
Tony and I were terribly worried...
I finally sent him to get dressed
anyway.

She walks toward him and the CAMERA PANS her over to him.

 DAPHNE

I've had your sandwich all ready...
I've had the ice all ready for your
drink...I've had the bed all ready
for your nap...where have you been?...
I bet you've been out with some girls!

 SIR ALFRED

Girls! Hah!

 DAPHNE

 (putting her arms
 around his neck)

Where have you been, sweetie? I've been awfully worried about you.

 (CONTINUED)

135 (Cont.)

SIR ALFRED
I have been to the movies.

DAPHNE
(stupefied)
The movies!

SIR ALFRED
I saw a long picture about a dog,
the moral of which was that the
dog is man's best friend, and a
companion feature which questioned
the necessity of marriage for nine
reels and then concluded that it
was essential in the tenth.

DAPHNE
(soothingly)
Alfred.

SIR ALFRED
There was also something about
Time Marching On and a newsreel
of the British Royal Family
christening something or other
and a lot of people saved from a
sinking freighter and a picture of
a cat that had its kittens in a
harmonium...which made ghostly
music and frightened a harlem con-
gregation nearly out of its wits.

DAPHNE
(putting her hand
on his forehead)
You feel quite hot.

SIR ALFRED
I am anything but quite hot.

DAPHNE
Why didn't you take me to the
movies....I love the movies.

SIR ALFRED
There are times when a man wishes
to be alone....this was one of those
times...any further questions?

(CONTINUED)

135 (Cont.1)

DAPHNE

Well, of course not, darling...
would you like...would you like
me to run a nice hot bath for you?

SIR ALFRED

Do I appear to need one?

DAPHNE

(nearly in tears)

Well of course you don't, darling,
I, I just...

SIR ALFRED

If I decide that I need, "A nice
hot bath," I will draw one...if I
don't, I won't.

DAPHNE

You're going to make me cry...Won't
you take your sandwich anyway,
darling?

(she picks it up
and puts it in
his hands)

You can't go all day and all night
without eating.

SIR ALFRED

(gruffly)

Thank you.

He steps into the study and closes the door. Daphne
looks at the door for a second, puts the back of her
hand to her mouth, bursts into tears, staggers blindly
toward her bed and throws herself upon it.

136 SIR ALFRED - IN HIS STUDY

He stands quietly in the middle of it for a moment, then
goes to the door and opens it. He steps into the hall,
pulls the door within six inches of closing.

137 SIR ALFRED - IN HALL

He walks down this and the CAMERA PRECEDES him. As he
passes the doors he takes note of the numbers: 3425,
3423, 3421, 3419...presently he stops and looks grimly
at the number.

138 INSERT - NUMBER ON THE DOOR

It is 3406.

139 SIR ALFRED - LOOKING AT DOOR

He looks at it for a long moment, then knocks firmly three times.

TONY'S VOICE

Come in...

Slowly Sir Alfred opens the door.

140 INSIDE OF DOOR

It opens slowly and Sir Alfred comes in. Now he closes the door behind him.

141 TONY - AT HIS CHIFFONIER

He is already dressed in a very well-fitting tail coat, and has paused in the act of brushing his hair. He is so surprised at Sir Alfred's visit that he says nothing.

142 SIR ALFRED - IN FRONT OF DOOR

He advances into the room and the CAMERA PANS him PAST Tony as he crosses to the window, looks out of it, looks into the bathroom, looks at the bed, then goes to the door, opens it and leaves without a word.

143 TONY - IN FRONT OF CHIFFONIER

He watches Sir Alfred go without betraying the slightest emotion. Now he resumes brushing his hair but changes implements after a moment as he finds he is trying to do it with a shoehorn.

DISSOLVE TO:

144 TRUCKING SHOT - AHEAD OF SIR ALFRED - IN HALL

After a moment he reenters his apartment.

145 SIR ALFRED - IN HIS STUDY

He closes the door and goes to the window and looks out. After a moment he looks at his wrist watch and removes his coat, tiepin and necktie. While unbuttoning his shirt, he stops suddenly, crosses to his desk and opens the right-hand upper drawer.

146 INSERT - CLOSE SHOT OF A REVOLVER

147 SIR ALFRED

Looking down at the revolver. Suddenly he looks up and closes the drawer hastily.

148 DOOR TO DAPHNE'S ROOM

It is opening. She comes in, in a lovely evening gown, carrying a big whiskey and soda.

DAPHNE

(hesitantly)

I don't know what's the matter with you...and I don't know what's the matter with my zipper either... will you see if you can close it?

149 SIR ALFRED

He looks at his wife sourly for a moment, then speaks.

SIR ALFRED

Come to the light.

150 DAPHNE

She comes forward. As she passes the desk she puts the whiskey and soda down on it next to the sandwich, and the CAMERA PANS her into the SHOT with her husband. Sir Alfred puts on his glasses, examines the problem, gives three yanks on the zipper, then zips it up so hard that the zipper and the top back of the dress remain in his hand.

DAPHNE

(turning and clutching her dress together)

Well that's a fine thing...what's the matter with you...now I'll have to put on something else.

SIR ALFRED

Then put on something else...you certainly are not suffering from any shortage...the women of England are lucky to have one dress.

DAPHNE

(dismayed)

What's that got to do with me?

SIR ALFRED

You are after all married to an Englishman.

(CONTINUED)

150 (Cont.)

DAPHNE

Well, I didn't ask you to buy me all these dresses...I can't stop you from buying me dresses... you're always saying I'll meet you at so and so's and buy you a dress... you know you do...if you're so worried about how English women are dressed there's nothing to stop you from sending them all to them instead...it wouldn't bother me any... I don't like clothes!

SIR ALFRED

I have sent the women of England plenty.

DAPHNE

Then shut up about it.

SIR ALFRED

That is a fine way to speak to your husband.

DAPHNE

It's a fine way you have of speaking to your wife.

SIR ALFRED

I am the best judge of that...I've had wives before, you know.

DAPHNE

And I may have a few husbands after... give me that zipper.

She snatches it out of his hand and stands close to him. Sir Alfred scowls at her.

DAPHNE

(after a moment)

That's right, strike me, you brute!

(she waits a moment but

nothing happens)

So you don't dare.

SIR ALFRED

Go away and get dressed for the concert...this really should be a magnificent concert.

(CONTINUED)

150 (Cont.1)

 DAPHNE
 (starting out)
Maybe I will go to the movies
instead.

 SIR ALFRED
You might be better off.

 DAPHNE
And I thought my sister had married
the jerk!

She exits and slams the door after her.

151 SIR ALFRED

Looking after her. He snorts and continues unbutton-
ing his shirt. Suddenly he stops, crosses the room
violently to the desk containing the revolver, snatches
the sandwich off the plate and bites into it viciously.
He washes it down with a big gulp of whiskey and soda.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

- 152 HIGH CAMERA SHOT - FROM MIDDLE OF STREET - DOWN ON EXT.
OF CONCERT HALL - NIGHT.

We look over the cars into the lobby. We see the queue at the box office, the doorman and the policeman controlling the traffic. As the cars discharge their fashionable cargoes and are hurriedly shooed away:

- 153 NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHERS

At corner of lobby one of them steps forward and raises his camera.

- 154 AN OLD DOWAGER AND PARTY OF FOUR

Expert at this sort of stuff the old lady beams toothily as the flashlight goes off.

- 155 HUGO - IN THE LOBBY

He bows happily as the dowager goes by from a position near the ticket takers.

- 156 MR. SWEENEY AND THE TAILOR

marching quietly into the lobby, proud of their tickets and showing it. They are wearing tuxedos. As they hand in their tickets:

- 157 BACKSTAGE - CONCERT HALL

Sir Alfred comes in, his hat turned low over his eyes, and his overcoat collar turned up.

STAGE DOORMAN

Good evening, Sir Alfred.

SIR ALFRED

(almost inaudibly)

Evening.

A CELLIST

(with cello - hurry-

ing in after Sir Alfred)

Evening, maestro...I'ma terribly sorry
I'ma little late.

SIR ALFRED

(gloomily)

No importance.

(CONTINUED)

157 (Cont.)

CELLIST

Thank you, maestro, thank you.

He hurries by. From force of habit Sir Alfred starts into his blackened dressing room. At the last moment he notices a piece of molding that has been tacked across the door with a hand-lettered sign: "Please Keep Out." He looks around in perplexity than roars at the top of his voice:

SIR ALFRED

Jules! Where are we?

158 A DOOR

It flies open and reveals a little old English valet.

JULES

Right in 'ere, Sir Alfred...it's a bit of a squeeze but our regular room 'ad a bit of a blitz.

SIR ALFRED

Quite all right.

He enters the room and Jules closes the door behind him.

159 MR. SWEENEY AND THE TAILOR

coming down a side aisle in auditorium. An usherette (check this) is leading them. With each step toward the front seat they look prouder but there is a spatter of applause (check this) as the musicians come on the stage.

160 STAGE OF CONCERT HALL

The orchestra comes on from the wings. Most of the instruments have already been tuned off stage (I believe) but there is still some tuning to be done.

161 MR. SWEENEY AND TAILOR

They are now in their seats. They open the programs and look at them with great anticipation. It is possible that the cover of the programs bears the same shot of Sir Alfred that we saw as an eight-sheet in the lobby.

162 HIGH CAMERA SHOT - DOWN ON EXT. OF CONCERT HALL

August Henschler's magnificent automobile (possibly a 1948 Rolls Royce) pulls into the curb. As the doorman throws open the door:

163 CLOSE SHOT - INTO CAR - PAST DOORMAN

First Tony, then August, then Barbara, then Daphne are helped out. The jewels and furs on the two girls are the best. Also they are not similar.

164 NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHERS

They all hurry forward..

165 TRUCKING SHOT - AHEAD OF DAPHNE, TONY, BARBARA AND AUGUST

The two girls smile prettily as the bulbs flash. Tony does nothing. August smiles a little phonily.

166 TRUCKING SHOT - TOWARD HUGO

HUGO

(happily)

Good evening, good evening.

(then in a slightly lower tone)

What a house...did you deliver the maestro in the back?

DAPHNE

Yes and he's as cross as a bear with a sore paw.

BARBARA

(to her sister)

I'd rather have yours sore than mine all smiling.

DAPHNE

From the way he was tonight you can have him.

BARBARA

It's a deal.

HUGO

It's nothing but talent...he'll sweat it all out before he gets to the end of intermission.

DAPHNE

(fervently)

Well I hope so.

BARBARA

Mine doesn't even sweat...he doesn't do anything.

(CONTINUED)

166 (Cont.)

The girls go past us as Tony and August get close to us.

AUGUST
(speaking confidently)

Music!...let's hope it isn't a long one anyway.

167 SIR ALFRED

sitting glumly in his dressing room. His coat is off and Jules is massaging the back of his neck.

SIR ALFRED
Are you in love Jules?

JULES
Oh devotedly, sir.

SIR ALFRED
What would you do if you found out your wife was untrue to you?

JULES
(bursting out laughing)
Untrue to me? I think it's most unlikely...first of all where would she find anybody...and in the second place if she'd wanted someone better than me she could've had him so easy...I was awful ugly when I was young, sir...what would you do, sir, since we're asking questions...

SIR ALFRED
You mean if...my wife...

JULES
Yes sir...purely supposititious and 'hypothetical naturally...

SIR ALFRED
(after a pause)
I don't know...
(he narrows his eyes)
I really don't.

There is a knock on the door and in the mirror behind Sir Alfred we see the door open and a head appear.

-(CONTINUED)

175 DAPHNE AND BARBARA

Without having looked at him Barbara has nevertheless seen the guy. With a faintly amused look and an imperceptible jerk of the head she tells her sister to take a gander at the mug. Daphne turns frankly and the CAMERA PANS with her as she looks right in to the fat-head's tonsils. The latter yanks his head back, snaps his mouth closed and looks out over the audience. Daphne explodes with laughter and the CAMERA PANS back to include Barbara who laughs also but not so wholeheartedly. Now there is a thunder of applause and the lights dim (check this). The girls look toward the stage. Barbara, Tony and August start clapping perfunctorily. Daphne looks at the stage and she looks as if she is about to cry, then as if it were wrung from her she applauds wholeheartedly.

176 BOOM SHOT - STAGE RIGHT AND PART OF MUSICIANS

Sir Alfred is striding toward the podium, superb in his London made Hammerclaw. The CAMERA BOOMS in to him as he crosses the stage so that we are in a tight full length SHOT by the time he has reached the podium and taken his third bow. Before turning around to his music he looks grimly at his box.

177 DAPHNE, BARBARA, TONY AND AUGUST

All are applauding. Daphne stops applauding and surreptitiously blows her husband a little kiss.

178 HIGH CAMERA SHOT - SIR ALFRED

He turns his back upon us, picks up his baton and raps on the metal shade. The applause dies out except for that from two pairs of hands which comes out very sharply. Sir Alfred looks back over his shoulder for a quick glance and gives a slight double take.

179 MR. SWEENEY AND TAILOR

They are beating their palms enthusiastically. Now they nudge each other and stop a little lamely. The tailor's collar flies open again and he grabs it desperately.

180 SIR ALFRED

He looks sourly down at this, lifts his eyes for one second to his wife, then turns, raps quickly on the light shade, raises his arms high and brings them down to the thunder of the opening measure of a bloody, militaristic piece. The CAMERA BOOMS back slowly to include the entire orchestra.

181 THE BOX - CONTAINING BEAUTIFUL SISTERS, TONY AND AUGUST
They watch spellbound.

182 CLOSE SHOT - SIR ALFRED FROM BACK

We stay on him for a moment then PAN on to the Concert Master, and the first two stands of first fiddles. Now the CAMERA TRUCKS along the first fiddles until it enfildes the double basses.

183 CELLI

At the proper moment we:

184 SECOND FIDDLES

After watching their beautiful work we:

185 WOODWINDS

After a little of these we:

186 BRASS

Just as they raise their instruments. After this we:

187 TRICK SHOT ON SIR ALFRED

about twenty feet away and on level with his eyes. We start PUSHING IN as he conducts the martial music. We come closer and closer until we are on a big head of him. The suffering in his face is very obvious from this distance. Now after a pause the CAMERA PUSHES IN until his eyes, eyebrows and nose fill the screen. After this we PUSH IN still closer until one eye fills the screen and finally so close that the pupil of one eye, which is to say blackness, fills the screen. Now that we are in Sir Alfred's mind a very, very slow FADE IN begins and we find ourselves in Sir Alfred's study on a CLOSE-UP of the antique village orchestra clock. It comes to 11:30. There is a whirring sound and the leader beats out the first eleven notes of Jingle Bells. The sound of the orchestra is not abated much but the bells probably cut through all right. Now the CAMERA PANS over to the door leading to the foyer. This door is open and at the end of the foyer we see the door to the hall open and Sir Alfred comes in preceded by his wife. They walk slowly toward us and into the study. Daphne comes to a stop a foot ahead of her husband and looks ahead nervously...probably a little guiltily. Sir Alfred, behind her, rolls his eyes toward her without

(CONTINUED)

187 (Cont.)

turning his head, like an actor playing an Oriental. Daphne does not look quite the same as she did the last time we saw her. Her make-up is a little more obvious... Her eyes more heavily beaded. She seems to have very much less character than before. She speaks only when spoken to. She does not seem to move of her own volition. She looks cheaper. She looks like an unfaithful wife. Sir Alfred, on the other hand, looks, if anything, handsomer than before. Any little defects he may have had are gone. Slowly he removes his coat and muffler then takes Daphne's fur coat from her shoulders. This seems to bring her to life.

DAPHNE

(with a big smile)

Thank you, darling.

SIR ALFRED

It's nothing, I assure you...I might do much more for you than that, in fact I will...

He laughs as if this were a very funny joke.

DAPHNE

How witty you are.

SIR ALFRED

Not as witty as some people probably, who shall be nameless, but reasonably witty for an old musician.

DAPHNE

But you're not old, darling...I'm always telling you that...when I get to be twenty-one you'll only be sixteen years older than I am... and even right now you're only seventeen years older...

SIR ALFRED

I am sixteen years, five months and two days older than you. I am never at any time seventeen years older.

DAPHNE

That is correct, I understand it now.

(CONTINUED)

187 (Cont.1)

SIR ALFRED

I understand many things also...
which I did not understand before.

DAPHNE

(becoming rigid)

Really?

SIR ALFRED

(quickly)

Nothing for you to worry about...
just little things.

DAPHNE

(relaxing)

Oh...

(then after a pause)

Are you going to take me dancing
tonight?

SIR ALFRED

Of course...that was it...I knew
there was something I had to remem-
ber...I will not be able to take
you dancing tonight, much as I
would like to, because I have to
meet Hugo and discuss with him a
long and very profitable tour in
Central America.

He watches her carefully to see if she believes this.

DAPHNE

(with secret
amusement)

Oh...will you be gone long?

SIR ALFRED

(looking at her
through eyes
like slits)

You mean tonight or in Central America?

DAPHNE

(rolling her eyes back
toward him but not
turning her head)

Both.

SIR ALFRED

(watching her
carefully)

I'll be home about...two I suppose.

(CONTINUED)

187 (Cont. 2)

DAPHNE

(with a faint smile
of satisfaction)

I'll miss you.

SIR ALFRED

I'm sure you would...but as a
matter of fact I don't want you
to stay home waiting for me...all
alone...I want you to go out...
and enjoy yourself.

DAPHNE

(overdoing the
shock)

Without you!

SIR ALFRED

(watching her
closely)

I know it would be very difficult
for you to enjoy yourself away from
me, nevertheless, it is my desire
that you try to do so. I told you
when I married you that my intentions
were not to clip your wings and close
you in a golden cage but rather to
leave you freely by the window...
your love and your conscience as your
only guardians.

DAPHNE

(lowering her
eyes)

It was a very sweet thought.

SIR ALFRED

(his smile and his
look contradict each
other)

And it has worked very well, hasn't
it?

DAPHNE

(smiling into
the distance)

Very well.

SIR ALFRED

Probably the reason you have never
looked at another man is because
there was nothing to stop you from
doing so.

(CONTINUED)

187 (Cont. 3)

DAPHNE

(with secret
amusement)

Probably.

SIR ALFRED

Well now that we understand each other and that you have my full confidence will you go and telephone to Tony and ask him to take you dancing with my full permission...and at my expense.

DAPHNE

(rigidly)

Tony! Why do you mention Tony?

SIR ALFRED

Why, is there somebody else?

DAPHNE

(very nervously)

I don't know what you're talking about...I...

SIR ALFRED

(interrupting)

I suggested Tony because he is my secretary...because he is a very fine looking young man and you look so well together...especially dancing...because being seen with him, since it is known he is my secretary, will cause no raised eyebrows or remarks behind the napkin...and finally because he has my complete confidence.

DAPHNE

But he's such a bore.

SIR ALFRED

Obviously he is not as amusing as I am...

(he laughs uproariously, and so does his wife)

...but I'm not asking you to fall in love with the young man...I'm only asking you to let him take you dancing.

(CONTINUED)

187 (Cont. 4)

DAPHNE

Well if you really want me to...

SIR ALFRED

I really want you to.

DAPHNE

...I don't suppose there could be much harm to it.

SIR ALFRED

(archly amused)

How could there be?

DAPHNE

I'll go and call him then.

SIR ALFRED

(quickly)

Do you know his room number?

DAPHNE

(rigidly)

I can get it...from the operator...
I guess.

SIR ALFRED

Of course...and what will you wear?

DAPHNE

(pointing to her
dress)

You think I should change...just
for Tony?

SIR ALFRED

Tony is a very handsome young man...
you mustn't talk about him that way.

DAPHNE

I've never noticed it.

SIR ALFRED

I'm sure you haven't...nevertheless
I'd wear something a little younger...
a little less...conservative...not as
if you were going out with...me.

DAPHNE

You mean like that purple one...with
the plumes at the hips?

(CONTINUED)

187 (Cont. 5)

SIR ALFRED

Yes. Why not the one with the plumes
at the hips? You go and call Tony
and tell him to pick you up in...

(he looks at his watch)

FIFTEEN MINUTES EXACTLY...then put on
the purple dress...with the plumes at
the hips.

He licks his lips a little nervously after saying that.

DAPHNE

(happily)

All right, darling.

She kisses him on the cheek, picks up her fur coat and practically skips out of the room. Sir Alfred smiles after her and the music grows louder as his smile hardens. The instant her door closes he becomes the man of action. Swiftly, surely without a superfluous movement, he removes from a cupboard, sets up, complete with microphone, plugs into the wall and loads with record ready for receiving a message, a portable, automatic record changing, thirty-three and one-third of seventy-eight R.P.M. recording unit. Now after looking over his shoulder to see that he is unobserved he slides the unit into the bathroom enters the bathroom and closes the door after him.

188 SIR ALFRED - IN BATHROOM

Partly in the mirror, partly directly, we see him reach for a switch on the machine.

189 INSERT - CLOSE SHOT - RECORDING UNIT

Sir Alfred's hand comes into the SHOT and turns a switch to "Loud." Now his hand goes to a knurled knob which has attached to it a little pointer. The little pointer is at seventy-eight R.P.M. Sir Alfred's hand turns it to thirty-three and one-third R.P.M. Now his hand goes to the "On" and "Off" switch, twists it to "On" and the record begins to rotate.

190 CLOSE SHOT - SIR ALFRED - PICKING UP MICROPHONE

SIR ALFRED

(into the microphone -
stretching the words)

He-e-l-p! He-e-e-l-l-p!

(CONTINUED)

190 (Cont.)

Worried about the loudness of his own voice he stops, unhooks a large terry cloth robe and puts it over his head, practically obscuring himself and the microphone from our view. Now he continues to record.

SIR ALFRED

(stretching the
words)

H-e-e-l-p! H-e-e-l-p! H-e-e-l-p!
H-e-e-l-p!...St-o-o-p, T-o-o-ny...
St-o-o-p...O-o-o-h...O-o-o-h...
A-h-h-h...A-h-h-h...H-e-e-l-p...
H-e-e-l-p...Please have pity. What
did I ever do to you except love
you...take my jewels if you want
them, but spare me for the love
of Heaven...Help, help...

Now he pulls back the terry cloth robe, lifts the recording arm off the record and puts down the playback arm. Now he turns a little knob and immediately we hear in Sir Alfred's own voice: Help, help...(a long pause) help, help, help, help, stop, Tony, stop. Now Sir Alfred reaches for the knurled knob.

191 INSERT - KNURLED KNOB

Sir Alfred's hand comes into the SHOT and twists it so that the little pointer moves from thirty-three and one-third to seventy-eight.

192 SIR ALFRED

Instantly the voice rises in a howling portamento and lands shrilly in the upper register. We hear the desperate callings of anguished woman.

THE RECORDER

O-o-o-h, O-o-o-h, Ah-h-h, Ah-h-h,
Help, Help. Please have pity...
what did I ever do to you except
love you...take my jewels if you
want them...but spare me for the
love of Heaven...help...help...

Sir Alfred smiles insanely at the recorder as it comes to the end of the message, then stops it, turns the knurled knob back to thirty-three and one-third, removes the playing arm, and puts the cutting arm back, placing the needle carefully in the right groove, and then after putting the terry cloth robe over his head again, picks up the microphone, turns on the machine and continues his recording in long stretched words:

* (CONTINUED)

192 (Cont.)

94.

SIR ALFRED

Help, help, stop, Tony...murder...
 police...murder...A-a-a-a-a-a-h.

This last as a gurgling sound reminiscent of that made by Chaliapin at the death of Boris Godounoff. It is a cheerful sound like someone drowning just under the surface of his own blood.

193 DAPHNE - IN HER BEDROOM

She is at the telephone. Her cheerful confidential tone is made a little more confidential still by the fact that she has already removed her dress and is in a very pretty slip. While talking she squirts a little perfume on herself with a one-hand atomizer. Her smile at this point is slightly lewd.

DAPHNE

(into the telephone)

You're sure you don't mind, Tony...
 you're sure it won't be too, too much
 trouble? All right, honey...he says
 in fifteen minutes exactly...but
 that was about two minutes ago...so
 if you're in a hurry...all right.

She hangs up, does a little dance step, then reaches into her closet for the purple dress with the plumes at the hips. As she starts to get into it:

194 CLOSE SHOT - SIR ALFRED'S BATHROOM - DOOR

It opens and he looks around it cautiously. Reassured he opens the door rapidly and comes out with a record. The CAMERA PULLS AHEAD of him as he carefully places the record in the drawer of his desk. Now he hurries back into the bathroom and we notice that the recording unit has been taken apart and put back into its traveling arrangement. Sir Alfred picks it up and glides lithely with it to the cupboard from which he first got it. He puts it all away without a superfluous movement, then hurries back to his bathroom, opens the medicine cabinet, removes his straight razor from the lower shelf, glares maniacally toward his wife's bedroom, then starts sharpening the razor on a strop hooked under the medicine cabinet. After a moment he closes the door a little and we see only his hands, the strop and the razor.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

195. DAPHNE

in the purple dress with the plumes on the hips. We see her full length before her mirror as she preens herself. Now she picks up a lipstick and moves closer to the mirror as she starts doing her lips. At this the CAMERA PANS slowly toward the door. The music grows frighteningly in volume and excitement during the PAN. Arrived at the door, we see that it is opening very slowly. At first there is just a crack of light and we see one of Sir Alfred's eyes, then both eyes and his face as he looks into the room with a suggestion of a superior smile. After watching Daphne for a few seconds he starts opening the door further.

196 FAIRLY CLOSE SHOT - DAPHNE AND HER REFLECTION IN MIRROR

This is shooting down over her left shoulder. As she moves a little we see Sir Alfred's reflection in the mirror about two seconds before she does. Now she sees him too, and her pleased smile fades first into a look of puzzlement and then into one of vague alarm. Lipstick in hand, she turns slowly and stands with her back to us looking at her husband. The CAMERA has naturally pulled back with her.

197 SIR ALFRED - AT DOOR .

The latter continues to open slowly until Sir Alfred is fully revealed to us, his left hand on the doorknob, his right hand hidden behind his back. Now he drops his left hand limply to his side.

198 DAPHNE - AT DRESSING TABLE

She puts her left hand to her throat and her fingers play nervously. Now she looks at the lipstick in her right hand as if she had never seen it before, then puts it on the dressing table behind her. She points questioningly with her left hand toward Sir Alfred's hidden right arm then puts her left hand to her mouth and bites her fingernails.

199 SIR ALFRED - IN DOORWAY

Still wearing his mysterious smile, he puts his left hand behind him, then closes the door with his right. After this, with both hands behind him, he comes forward in the small purposeless steps of a man walking up and down in a waiting room. He seems in no hurry.

200 DAPHNE - BY HER DRESSING TABLE

She backs away a little as Sir Alfred comes into the SHOT, his hands behind his back. As the light comes from the dressing table, we do not see too well what he has in his hand. Suddenly his left hand shoots out and tears her beautiful dress from her shoulders, her pearls from her neck. Now his right hand flies up through the SHOT and out of it. Daphne has seen what he has in his hand. She starts to yammer and points weakly to his hand. Now she opens her mouth to scream. His left hand seizes her by the hair, and the CAMERA PANS with her as she is bent back on the bed. Still her fascinated eyes fix upon the one object. Suddenly she closes her eyes and winces to avoid seeing what she is about to see.

201 CLOSE SHOT - UP AT SIR ALFRED'S FACE

His expression is maniacal as, almost rhythmically, he does some jerky violent movement with his arms.

202 DAPHNE'S HAND - CLOSE SHOT

It jerks spasmodically on the bed, the fingers crisped in pain. Now the little hand relaxes, shudders once more, then slowly dies.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

203 SIR ALFRED'S HANDS

drying each other with a towel. The CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see that we are in Daphne's bathroom. Sir Alfred finishes drying, then in a most businesslike way picks up his straight razor and wipes the finger prints off it with his pocket handkerchief. Now, after examining it closely, he picks it up carefully with the handkerchief and goes through the door into Daphne's room, the CAMERA PRECEDING him. He looks down out of the SHOT for a moment, sneeringly.

204 CLOSE SHOT - DAPHNE'S FOOT - ON BED

The little high-heeled slipper is partly off.

205 SIR ALFRED - LOOKING DOWN AT DAPHNE'S FOOT

He looks at his wrist watch, then turns quickly and switches on a late model radio-phonograph combination with record changer. As the dial dims a little after its first brightness, Sir Alfred leaves the room, carefully holding the razor on the handkerchief.

206 SIR ALFRED'S STUDY

He enters quickly, puts the razor carefully on his desk, gets the razor case from the bathroom and puts it next to the razor, then opens the drawer and takes out the phonograph record. With this he hurries back into Daphne's room.

207 DAPHNE'S ROOM

Sir Alfred comes in with the phonograph record and goes directly to the radio-phonograph combination.

208 INSERT - RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION AND SIR ALFRED'S HANDS

The hands arrange a stack of nine phonograph records. Now the top six records are lifted up and the home recording, which looks quite different, is placed so that it will be the fourth record to play. After this the six records are replaced and the switch turned from "radio" to "phono."

209 SIR ALFRED - AT RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

Certain that this is all ready he crosses to the telephone which has a long cord, avoids looking at the bed, then puts the telephone on a little table and practices going out the door and placing the little table with the telephone on it against the inside of the door so that it will be knocked over when the door is opened. Having assured himself that this can be easily done and that two of his three props are now ready, Sir Alfred looks at his watch, then goes out to his study.

210 SIR ALFRED'S STUDY

Sir Alfred enters, goes to his desk, arranges some papers, looks at his watch again, then picks up a magnifying glass and the razor with the handkerchief and examines it once more for fingerprints. He finds one place that displeases him and is in the act of polishing it when the buzzer sounds. He puts the razor back on his desk, his handkerchief back in his pocket, puts on his glasses and picks up some papers from his desk before going to the door and admitting Tony.

SIR ALFRED

(jovially)

There you are my boy...

(CONTINUED)

210.(Cont.)

SIR ALFRED (Cont.)

(he slaps him
on the back)

...it's extremely kind and devoted
of you to take my place for tonight
with Daphne...which I hardly pre-
sume amuses you as no doubt you
like older women...

(he laughs merrily)

...but you know what I told you
when I first engaged you...twenty-
four hours a day and not a minute
less would be the least I would
need you.

TONY

(with a faintly
amused look)

I'm very glad to be of service, Sir
Alfred...any service...any time...

SIR ALFRED

I don't doubt it for an instant, my
boy...maybe I can do something for
you some day...who knows?

He laughs a trifle insanely, then calls toward his wife's
bedroom.

SIR ALFRED

Darling, Tony is here.

He cocks his head, listens for a moment, then speaks
smilingly.

SIR ALFRED

Ah, she didn't hear me...but you
know what girls are like...when
they're dressing...and putting on
something extra special...to go
dancing with such a handsome young
man as you.

He winks at him gayly and pats him on the shoulder.
Tony smirks a little conceitedly.

SIR ALFRED

I do wish I didn't have to talk
business with Hugo...how lucky you
are...however...

(CONTINUED)

210 (Cont.1)

He takes off his glasses and starts putting his papers in his pockets. Then quite offhandedly:

SIR ALFRED

By the way, I don't think that barber did an awfully good job on that razor...you did ask him to hone it, didn't you?

TONY

(looking down at the razor without touching it)

Of course I did...have you tried it?

SIR ALFRED

Well not actually, but...

He stops talking as Tony reaches slowly for the razor and picks it up.

TONY

Of course I don't know much about these old-fashioned razors...

SIR ALFRED

(beaming contentedly)

Naturally not.

TONY

Isn't there something about taking a hair from your head.

SIR ALFRED

(yanking a hair out of his head)

Here...have one of mine.

TONY

(taking it)

Thank you.

SIR ALFRED

(as Tony begins the experiment)

No, no...hold the blade in your hand...that's right...hold it firmly...that's right...now draw the hair along the razor's edge.

(CONTINUED)

210 (Cont.2)

TONY
(surprised)
It cut it.

SIR ALFRED
(pleased)
Well, by Jove, I am surprised...
(he laughs ruefully)
...that ought to be sharp enough
for almost anything...just put it
back in the case and not a word to
the barber...I don't want him to
cut my throat the next time I go
down there...

He laughs happily and Tony does likewise while returning
the razor to its case.

SIR ALFRED
(taking the case
from him)
I'll be off now. I don't want to
keep Hugo waiting...maybe I'd bet-
ter just tell Daphne you're here...
otherwise these girls keep you wait-
ing all night.
(he calls toward
the bedroom)
Darling...

And walks out of the study.

211 DAPHNE'S BEDROOM

Sir Alfred enters smilingly. The instant he is out of
Tony's view his expression becomes maniacal. He glares
back once toward Tony, then opens the razor case, pours
the razor out onto his handkerchief, opens the blade by
holding it with a handkerchief, then with a cat-like
tread crosses to the bed. The CAMERA PANS no further
than Daphne's feet. Holding the razor gingerly Sir
Alfred reaches outside the SHOT and seems to manipulate
it for an instant. Now he comes back into the SHOT and
examines his hands very carefully including under the
nails. Reassured he hurries to the radio-phonograph
combination and reaches inside.

212 INSERT - WORKS OF THE RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

Sir Alfred's hand comes into the SHOT and pushes a but-
ton. The turntable begins to spin, the tone arm raises
of itself, the first record falls onto the turntable and
the tone arm settles upon it. Gay music begins.

213 SIR ALFRED - AT RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

He looks at his watch, then picks up and closes the razor case, then hastens to the door. He takes the doorknob in his left hand, looks at the bed one last time and waves at it.

SIR ALFRED
Good night, darling.

Now he picks up the little table with the telephone on it and as he closes the door reaches around and places the table in front of it. He now removes his arm, leaving the door about six inches open.

214 SIR ALFRED'S STUDY

SIR ALFRED
(entering with the
razor case)
Now she's playing music...but she
won't be long...and she's put on
a wonderful gown for you, Tony...
purple with plumes at the hips.

TONY
I am lucky.

SIR ALFRED
(putting the razor
case in his medi-
cine cabinet)
Yes...I think you'll be quite bowled
over...when first you see it on her
...don't be impatient...it's really
quite worth waiting for...good night.

TONY
Good night.

Sir Alfred puts on his hat, looks once more at his watch and exits cheerfully. As he closes the door:

DISSOLVE TO:

215 BRONZE FLOOR INDICATOR

above an express elevator. It moves slowly, as an elevator coming down from the thirty-fourth floor takes quite a little while. As the indicator points to the elevator's imminent arrival the CAMERA PANS down and the doors open. Glancing surreptitiously at his watch Sir Alfred comes out and walks toward the hotel desk.

216 HOTEL DETECTIVE

lolling near the desk.

THE DETECTIVE
Good evening, Sir Alfred.

SIR ALFRED
(coldly)
Good evening...have you seen any-
thing of my manager, Mr. Hugo
Hammock?

THE DETECTIVE
No, I ain't, boss.

SIR ALFRED
(looking at his watch)
I will ask the operator...maybe he
has called.

He walks out of the SHOT.

217 HOTEL SWITCHBOARD

Two operators sit here side by side. The near one looks
up as Sir Alfred enters.

FIRST OPERATOR
Good evening, Sir Alfred.

SIR ALFRED
Have there been any calls for me?
I've been expecting my manager,
Mr. Hugo Hammock...

THE OPERATOR
I haven't had any, Sir Alfred.
(she turns to the
other girl)
Maizie, did you have any calls for...

Suddenly Sir Alfred's muscles tighten, his eyes narrow,
and he pulls his wrist watch up close to his face.

218 TONY - IN SIR ALFRED'S STUDY

He is smoking a cigarette and idly looking at a magazine.
As he turns a page we hear a terrible scream. The high
voice from the next room: "Help, help!" Tony staggers
to his feet and drops the magazine. The high voice from
the next room: "Help, help!" Tony runs toward Daphne's
bedroom.

219 DAPHNE'S BEDROOM

The door flies open, the table falls, the telephone crashes to the floor with its bells jingling and Tony trips over the wire and falls headlong toward the bed. The high voice: (piercingly) "Help, help, Stop, Tony, Stop, O-o-h, O-o-h, A-h-h, Ah-h-h."

TONY'S VOICE

Daphne, where are you...Ah - Oh-h-h!

This last is to indicate the scream of a man.

220 SIR ALFRED AND TELEPHONE OPERATORS

and presently the house detective.

FIRST OPERATOR

(wildly excited)

It's your apartment, Sir Alfred...
it's Lady Daphne...she's calling
for help...she said: "Tony, Stop,
Tony."

Suddenly she screams out of sympathy with the screams from upstairs.

SIR ALFRED

(nearly in tears)

Do something! Do something!

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(weeping)

Stop, Tony, Stop!

221 HOUSE DETECTIVE

running toward us. He is followed by some guests. CAMERA PANS then into the SHOT with Sir Alfred and the telephone operator.

DETECTIVE

What's the matter!

SIR ALFRED

(to telephone operator)

Call the police!

(then to detective)

Upstairs, quick, follow me!

FIRST OPERATOR

Send the police quick...I want a
policeman...this is the Hermitage
Towers...there's been a murder!

(CONTINUED)

221 (Cont.)

MAIZIE, THE SECOND OPERATOR

(also weeping)

Now there's just music playing...
she must be dead.

DISSOLVE TO:

222 DAPHNE'S BEDROOM

It is dimly lit. The phonograph is still playing gayly. Tony, disheveled, torn, and bloody from his fall, faces us past Sir Alfred, the house detective and the guests.

TONY

(hysterically)

I tell you I had nothing to do with it! You know that, Sir Alfred...
I was just where you left me waiting for her, then I heard her scream and ran in here.

HOUSE DETECTIVE

Will somebody turn off that blasted music?

SIR ALFRED

Oh, Tony, Tony, what have you done?

He crosses to the radio-phonograph, then reaches into it.

223 INSERT - RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION

Sir Alfred's hands into the SHOT pick up the six top records and lift them up.

224 SIR ALFRED - AT PHONOGRAPHE

He smashes the records to the floor, then reaches into the phonograph again.

225 INSERT

Sir Alfred's hands pick up the home recording, and break it in pieces.

226 SIR ALFRED - BY RADIO-PHONOGRAPHE COMBINATION

SIR ALFRED

There's something on the floor,
there...Oh, Tony! It's the razor.

(CONTINUED)

226 (Cont.)

While everybody is looking at the razor, he slips the remains of the home recording into his pocket. As one of the guests goes near the razor, the house detective speaks sharply:

HOUSE DETECTIVE

Don't touch that...it might have fingerprints on it.

DISSOLVE TO:

227 NEWSPAPER - WITH PHOTOGRAPHS OF DAPHNE, SIR ALFRED AND TONY

We read "Sentenced Today in Love Triangle Murder Case."

DISSOLVE TO:

228 A JUDGE

sitting on a bench.

THE JUDGE

...and to be taken to the place of
execution and there electrocuted
until dead.

(Look up an English sentence for here as that is prob-
ably the kind Sir Alfred would be more familiar with).

229 TONY

standing before the judge. Over him we hear the end of
the sentence. As it is finished there is a wild peal
of laughter. Tony turns apathetically.

230 JUDGE

He turns and looks with a mildly shocked expression.

231 SIR ALFRED

He is doubled up with laughter, as he holds his sides.
Under this the background music begins to get very loud.

232 CLOSE UP - SIR ALFRED

laughing. The lighting is a little different but not
very much so. The music is still louder. The CAMERA
FULLS away from him, and we see him laughing and con-
ducting violently as he approaches the end of the first
piece in the concert hall. He flips the pages insanely
and redoubles his laughter.

233 CONCERT MASTER AND FIRST VIOLIN

They are laughing without knowing just why they are
laughing.

234 DOUBLE BASS PLAYERS

They grin ferociously as they saw their terrible beat.

235 TYMPANIST AND CYMBAL PLAYER

They laugh as they help bring the piece to its crashing
climax.

236 MR. SWEENEY AND TAILOR

Showing all their teeth, they are helping Sir Alfred
bring the piece in in tempo.

237 DAPHNE - BARBARA - TONY AND AUGUST

The beautiful girls watch and listen ecstatically, their lips parted, their bosoms heaving. Tony sits excitedly forward in his chair. Even August is beating time in a conservative manner and showing his teeth a little.

238 SIR ALFRED

With tremendous gestures he brings the piece in under the wire. The last sixteen bumps shake the building. As he finishes, he bows his shoulders as if to receive the shock of the tremendous applause.

239 TAILOR AND MR. SWEENEY

They are on their feet applauding and yelling.

240 DAPHNE - BARBARA - TONY AND AUGUST

The girls and Tony are on their feet jumping up and down and yelling "Bravo!" The boxes near them are similarly caught up in the wave of enthusiasm.

241 SIR ALFRED - FROM BACK

Still bowed he turns and looks unhappily at the audience. Now with an infinitesimal nod of the head he acknowledges the audience's acclaim. Slowly as the applause redoubles he looks up at his beautiful wife.

242 CLOSE SHOT - DAPHNE IN BOX

Her eyes are filled with tears and her little hands don't make noise any more as they applaud.

243 HIGH CAMERA SHOT - ON SIR ALFRED

Slowly he lowers his eyes. Now he breaks the bow in his hands, throws it on the stage, then turns and motions his musicians to their feet. As the applause continues, he hurries off stage. The violinists applaud him with their bows on the backs of their fiddles as he passes.

244 MR. SWEENEY AND TAILOR

They applaud excitedly. The tailor starts standing on the seat better to see, but Mr. Sweeney shakes his head in the negative and helps him down.

245 DAPHNE - BARBARA - TONY AND AUGUST

Daphne blows her cheeks out, indicating that she is exhausted, then sits down and fans herself with her program.

246 SIR ALFRED'S DRESSING ROOM

Jules is waiting with a bath towel over his shoulder. Sir Alfred hurries in, untying his tie. Jules helps him strip to the waist, throws some alcohol on him, then dries his back while Sir Alfred takes care of the front. Now Sir Alfred starts into a dry shirt. The door flies open and Hugo appears.

HUGO

(emphatically)

Never!

SIR ALFRED

(quietly)

What?

HUGO

Never in the history of music... never since the invention of that most beautiful of all instruments: the symphony orchestra...has it been played like you just done...Toscanini would die of jealousy...Koussevitsky would shoot himself...Stokowski would enter a convent...and all the others would dry up and blow away.

SIR ALFRED

Don't flatter me.

HUGO

(indignantly)

Flatter you! Compared to the truth I am insulting you...what did you have in your head? What visions of eternity...Armageddon...the final battle of the planets and the end of creation...was you looking at...to bring music like that out of that bunch of cat stealers?

SIR ALFRED

(dryly)

You'd be enormously surprised if you knew Hugo...thank you, Jules. Well, here we go.

He exits, putting on his tail coat.

247 AN ELECTRICIAN AT A DIMMER BOARD - BACKSTAGE

As Sir Alfred approaches, he dims his house lights.

248 SIR ALFRED

walking out onto apron and starting across stage. He turns and smiles a little sadly at the explosive applause that greets his appearance.

249 MR. SWEENEY AND TAILOR

They rise, beat their palms and holler "Bravo!"

250 TRUCKING SHOT - BESIDE SIR ALFRED

He does a slight double-take upon recognizing them, then despite the mood he is in, he evinces some lugubrious amusement. Now, dropping the smile from his face, he looks up at Daphne.

251 DAPHNE - BARBARA - TONY AND AUGUST

Daphne and Barbara are doing their lips, unconscious or disdainful of the crowd below. Suddenly Barbara sees Sir Alfred. She nudges Daphne who leaps to her feet to applaud, dropping, naturally, her lipstick and vanity case over the edge of the box.

252 A VERY BALD-HEADED GENTLEMAN BELOW

He is also slightly deaf, apparently, since he wears a hearing aid. He reacts slightly to the vanity case nicking him on the dome. Then places his hand on the top of his head and looks straight up. The old lady next to him, sitting under an enormous pompadour scooped out on top like a nest, removes Daphne's lipstick from it, looks at it with displeasure, and also looks straight up.

253 DAPHNE - BARBARA - TONY AND AUGUST

DAPHNE
(mouthing the word
very distinctly)
I'm terribly sorry.

TONY
(rising)
I'll go down.

AUGUST
(leaning way forward
and looking down)
What happened?

His pince-nez falls off.

254 BALD-HEADED GENTLEMAN AND OLD LADY

From the nest on top of her head the old lady removes the pince-nez, looks at them with displeasure, tries them to see if they suit her eyes, then looks straight up.

255 SIR ALFRED

reaching the podium. The applause becomes deafening and he turns and bows perfunctorily. The applause gets stronger and Sir Alfred invites the musicians to rise. As they do so:

256 TONY

hurrying down main stairs. The CAMERA PANS him down and around, then follows him a little way on the lower level.

257 SIR ALFRED

waving the musicians down. The house lights dim a little further and Sir Alfred looks at the audience patiently as they quiet down. Now he turns, opens the music, picks up a fresh baton, and is about to raise it when we hear the very bald man's voice:

THE VOICE
(nervously and with a
slight German accent)
How do I know it's yours?

Sir Alfred throws down the baton, turns slowly and looks into the audience. At what he sees his eyes narrow.

258 BALD MAN - OLD LADY AND TONY

Tony is talking so softly that he cannot be heard at all. Mostly he points to the box above them in explanation of his presence. He moves his lips but we hear nothing.

THE BALD-HEADED MAN
(to the old lady)
What did he say... I can't hear a
word he says.

OLD LADY
He says he's sent down from up there
for the...stuff.

BALD-HEADED MAN
Yes, but he might be a crook who...

There is a roar of laughter from the audience.

259 SIR ALFRED

He watches the goings on with some displeasure. Now he looks up above at Daphne.

260 CLOSE SHOT - DAPHNE

Almost in tears of embarrassment. She explains in pantomime that she dropped something and is terribly sorry.

261 SIR ALFRED

SIR ALFRED

(after looking at Daphne balefully, addresses the bald-headed man and the old lady)

The young man is my secretary...you will be quite safe in giving him whatever he asks for... thank you.

262 TONY

bowing as he receives jewelry and glasses. He hurries out the side door.

263 SIR ALFRED

looking after him coldly. Now he turns, raps on the shade, then lifts his baton high and starts the second offering of the evening: his sentimental love theme. We stay on this SHOT almost long enough for Tony to get back to the box.

264 DAPHNE - BARBARA AND AUGUST

Tony enters with the recovered jewelry and gives it back to Daphne and August. Now Barbara starts to whisper something in Tony's ear and Daphne shushes her ferociously.

265 TRICK SHOT - ON SIR ALFRED

As he leads and follows the score we again push into his mind.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

266 CLOSE UP - ANTIQUE VILLAGE ORCHESTRA CLOCK

It comes to eleven-thirty and there is a whirring sound and the leader beats out the first eleven notes of Jingle Bells. Now the CAMERA PANS over to the door leading to the foyer. This door is open and at the end

(CONTINUED)

of the foyer we see the door to the hall open and Sir Alfred comes in preceded by his wife. Now they come into the study. Daphne stops and looks dismally into the distance. Sir Alfred removes her fur coat, puts his hands on her shoulders and talks past her ear.

SIR ALFRED

Poor baby.

Slightly startled, Daphne starts looking back over her shoulder.

DAPHNE

Wh-why?

SIR ALFRED

(quietly)

Because you know...that I know...
you can feel it...and it's made
you all small and ashamed...and
unhappy...as if we could control
our love...lead it by the hand
like an obedient child...and order
it to do our bidding...

DAPHNE

(very nervously)

I don't know what you're talking
about.

SIR ALFRED

(quietly)

Yes you know what I'm talking about
...because Love took you by the hand
and led you, albeit shyly and reluc-
tantly, into the presence of this
beautiful young man and said: See,
little Daphne, what I had intended
for you?...gaze upon your destiny...
see how gently the tendrils of his
lustrous hair curl behind his ears...
see how respectfully he lowers his
silken lashes when addressing you...
but notice the spark that leaps
from his skin to yours when acci-
dentally your hands meet...notice
the way your poor heart skips its
beat when his eyes at last are
raised and come to rest in yours...
feel the warm blood tingling and
spreading inside you as it rushes
upward when your nostrils reach
the warm perfume of his breath and
deeply draw it in to mix with your
yours...

(CONTINUED)

266 (Cont.1)

DAPHNE

(anguished)

No, no...

SIR ALFRED

(gently)

I don't blame you, darling...you
 didn't want to...I am the one to
 blame...entirely and alone...and
 I'm deeply ashamed, Daphne...for
 what I have done to you...

DAPHNE

You...ashamed...

(she starts to weep)

I'm the one.

SIR ALFRED

No, darling...

(he seats her in
 a sofa beside him
 and pats her hand)

...the one who knows the most carries
 the responsibility. He and he alone
 must judge the chances of success...
 or failure...a union between a man
 of the world...a seasoned traveler
 and a child from Porthole, Michigan...

DAPHNE

(weeping)

P-Porthaul...

SIR ALFRED

I'll never remember it...a baby with
 bows in her hair...

(Daphne puts her
 nose under his ear)

...that wonderful night...

DISSOLVE TO:

267

BELL-CLANGING AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE - NIGHT

It is moving about one mile an hour in a torrential rain.
 The engineer is holding a lantern outside, trying to see
 the tracks which are invisible. Now he shakes his head
 in the negative and brings the engine to a stop.

(CONTINUED)

267 (Cont.)

ENGINEER

(to the fireman who is
peering over his shoulder)
It's no soap...as far as I'm con-
cerned I've been as far as I'm
going...what they need here is a sea
captain...

FIREMAN

(laughing oafishly)
Ha, ha, ha, that's a good one, Jake.

ENGINEER

I'm going to take her back to the
station.

He blows a long blast on the whistle, reverses his link
mechanism and opens the throttle a little. The engine
starts to move backwards. The CAMERA STAYS with him.

DISSOLVE TO:

268 SIR ALFRED - HUGO - A FEW MUSICIANS AND A PORTER -
IN VESTIBULE OF A PULLMAN CAR

The door is open, but the trap that fits over the steps
has not been raised. The porter holds his arm across
the opening.

SIR ALFRED

Now we seem to be going backwards.

HUGO

We got to go forwards...we are giving
a concert!

PORTER

(politely)
Yes suh, you sure are...but not to-
night...unless you is givin' it right
here.

HUGO

(indicating the rain)
What is the name of this swamp?

PORTER

This heah is Porthaul, Michigan...
it enjoyed the highest precipitation
of rainfall last year of any town of
its size in the North Central States.

* (CONTINUED)

268 (Cont.)

SIR ALFRED
(politely)
I can see how it might have.

PORTER
(proudly)
Yes suh, I seen one old street...
the houses and all...slowly float
away...

SIR ALFRED
You better send some telegrams,
Hugo.

HUGO
Do you suppose the telegraph office
floated away, too?

PORTER
No suh, it's made of brick.

Now a stout, cheerful party is PANNED into the SHOT.
He immediately starts to move to keep opposite Sir
Alfred.

THE BALDWIN MAN
Sir Alfred de Carter...are you Sir
Alfred de Carter?

SIR ALFRED
(mildly)
Yes...

269 THE BALDWIN MAN
past Sir Alfred.

BALDWIN MAN
(moving along
in the wet)
Well doggone if I ain't glad to see
yuh...I am the Baldwin man...the
local representative of your exclu-
sive piano.

He seizes the hand rails, swings himself up to the
platform and nearly falls out backwards.

SIR ALFRED
(grabbing him)
Look out!

(CONTINUED)

269 (Cont.)

THE BALDWIN MAN

(shaking Sir Alfred's
hand)

This is an unexpected surprise, a pleasure and an honor. While you're here my house is yours and you got to be here tonight anyway...everything's washed out ahead and behind you...and you know, Sir Alfred, they say great opportunities make great men and normally I wouldn't ask you a favor, I wouldn't even get to meet you probably even though I am the Baldwin man and you do use our piano exclusively...but I got a daughter playing at the high school concert tonight...on the Baldwin naturally and I said to myself if I can just swamdangle Sir Alfred de Carter...Baronet...himself in person...chin whisker and all...just like he appears in the advertisements...to my daughter's concert...she's made...she can give lessons the rest of her life as the prodigy of Sir Alfred de Carter, Baronet, and she might even give a real concert sometime...

HUGO

(clutching his head)

Gevalt...are you crazy or something?

BALDWIN MAN

(crushed)

I suppose I'm asking a lot...well, you can't say I didn't try...

SIR ALFRED

(quietly)

I shall be delighted to attend.

BALDWIN MAN

(seizing his hand
deliriously)

You mean that, Sir Alfred?

SIR ALFRED

(very graciously)

I have never meant anything more.

DISSOLVE TO:

270 SIR ALFRED - HUGO AND BALDWIN MAN -

in a collapsible duck hunter's boat.

The Baldwin man is rowing. Sir Alfred holds an umbrella over himself.

BALDWIN MAN
(enthusiastically and
at the same time
apologetically)
It's just this last part is a little
wet...I didn't think we ought to risk
it in the car.

HUGO
(indignantly)
In a car! A submarine! What did
you say this joint was called?

BALDWIN MAN
(happily)
Porthaul, Michigan.

HUGO
(looking around)
You mean Lake Michigan.

He makes a move and the boat rocks violently.

BALDWIN MAN
(warningly)
Look...out! Or we might get a little
wet.

HUGO
A little wet! You should feel where
I'm sitting.

DISSOLVE TO:

271 CLOSE SHOT

A fat, seventeen-year-old coloratura. She is accompanied by her mother, also very fat, who is giving the Baldwin quite a thumping. Before each high note her face takes on a desperate expression.

272 SIR ALFRED, HUGO AND BALDWIN MAN

in a mass of steaming humanity. The three of them assume the same desperate expression as the coloratura, as they try to help her over the hard passages. In the middle of this Hugo looks at Sir Alfred with an expression of such horror that the latter explodes into his handkerchief. Even the Baldwin man looks a little ill-at-ease and applauds gratefully when the piece ends. Now he gets to his feet and goes over by the piano.

BALDWIN MAN

And now, ladies and gentlemen, and distinguished guests...Sir Alfred de Carter, Baronet, and Sir Hugo... I mean Mr. Hugo...ahem...

He clears his throat.

273 SIR ALFRED AND HUGO

Sir Alfred is still having a little trouble with his handkerchief.

HUGO

Hammock!

274 BALDWIN MAN - BY PIANO

BALDWIN MAN

Hunh?

275 SIR ALFRED AND HUGO

HUGO

Hammock...like you swing in.

276 BALDWIN MAN - BY PIANO

BALDWIN MAN

Mr. Hammock like you swing in!
(he gives Hugo
a little hand)

...it is my great pleasure to introduce for your approval and edification... my own daughter: Miss Daphne Harrington.

277 SIR ALFRED AND HUGO

Sir Alfred is still bent over into his handkerchief. He is shaking with laughter. Now he wipes his eyes, looks up vaguely and suddenly does a double-take and becomes rigid.

278 A TALL YOUNG GIRL

in a white, lace dress with a little train. Her long, dark hair falls to her shoulders where it curls under slightly. With the echo of a smile and perfect poise she bows her head, kicks her train back and curtsies as if she were being presented at court.

DAPHNE

Sir Alfred.

279 SIR ALFRED AND HUGO

Gravely, almost grimly, and to Hugo's astonishment Sir Alfred rises to his feet as if lifted by all the laws of chivalry. Now he bows slightly, comes forward, takes the young girl's hand and lifts her to her feet.

SIR ALFRED

I can only say that...
(the words fail
him and he finishes lamely)
...please play for me.

He leads her to the piano, then, instead of resuming his seat, he arranges himself in the curve of the piano.

280 DAPHNE

From Sir Alfred's position. She smiles faintly, then with perfect poise plays, and very well too, a Chopin Nocturne.

281 CLOSE SHOT - SIR ALFRED

As he listens to her. This is the love of his life and he knows it.

282 DAPHNE - PLAYING PIANO

From Sir Alfred's point of view. Slowly, she raises her eyes and looks at him with quiet assurance. This is the love of her life...and she knows it.

DISSOLVE TO:

283 SIR ALFRED AND DAPHNE - ON PORCH OF HER FATHER'S HOUSE

Behind them are the rain and the mist and some shrubbery.
A little light comes from inside the house.

SIR ALFRED

(choked with emotion)

It is ridiculous...it is absurd...
you don't know me at all...I have
been married five times already and
I might be the ogre of ogres seduc-
ing you away for my own foul purposes
...but I want you to marry me tonight
or tomorrow or whenever the preacher
next performs...and then come away
with me, my love.

DAPHNE

(quietly)

Of course.

Sir Alfred takes her hand and covers it with kisses.
Softly she smooths his hair.

DISSOLVE TO:

284 SIR ALFRED AND DAPHNE

On couch in his study. Her nose is still under his ear.

SIR ALFRED

And so you see, we tried our best...
no two people ever started out with
more confidence in each other or
faith in the power of love...don't
cry...I want you and Tony to be
wonderfully happy...neither of you
has done anything wrong...and I want
you to be rich and not to worry
about rents and dresses and food
and other silly things that should
always be provided for you...those
little hands were never made for
work...

(he picks one up
and kisses it)

...only to love.

He pats her head and rises gently, then crosses to his
desk. From the drawer he takes out a large checkbook,
opens it, and from a very beautiful marble apparatus on
the desk, removes a long pen of elegant shape. Sadly
he starts to write the check.

285 INSERT - CHECK

Already written we see: Daphne de Carter. The pen now traces in numerals 50,000. then writes out fifty thousand dollars.

286 SIR ALFRED - SIGNING CHECK

He turns and looks at Daphne.

SIR ALFRED

I couldn't understand music so well
if I didn't understand the human
heart a little...don't cry, dry your
tears...I would rather have had these
wonderful two years with you than a
lifetime with anyone else.

He walks over to her and pats her hair.

SIR ALFRED

Don't cry, little lady...beyond
these tears there are wonderful days
ahead of you...when I was a little
lad I had an old Scottish nanny, and
whenever I'd hurt myself and cry
she'd recite something I've always
remembered:

Beyond these tears, Sweet Bairn
So useful to a better ken
Of light and shade and happiness and pain
We'll scamper down a bonnier glen.
Your eyes aspark...
Your lips are like roses in the rain.

287 DOWN SHOT - DAPHNE CRYING

288 CLOSE SHOT - SIR ALFRED LOOKING DOWN

The lighting is a little different. He is also crying.
The CAMERA PULLS back and we see him finishing the
second piece of the evening.

289 CONCERT MASTER

The tears are rolling down his nose and his partner at
the first stand is having a little duct trouble also.

290 OBOIST

The tears are rolling down his cheeks as he plays the
last sad notes.

291 MR. SWEENEY AND TAILOR

Mr. Sweeney is crying into his handkerchief. The tailor wipes his nose with his finger.

292 DAPHNE - BARBARA - TONY AND AUGUST

Daphne's eyes are glazed with tears. She holds a small handkerchief close to her mouth. Even August removes his pince-nez and examines the steam on them with some surprise.

293 SIR ALFRED - FROM BACK

He brings the piece quietly to a close. There is a little silence before the applause comes rolling down the aisles, like thunder in the Catskills. Quietly he turns and bows, looks quickly at his wife, then walks off the stage.

294 DAPHNE - BARBARA - TONY AND AUGUST

DAPHNE
(to Tony)
Come on.

Followed by Tony she hurries out of the box.

295 AUDIENCE APPLAUDING

296 SWEENEY AND TAILOR APPLAUDING

297 STAGE RIGHT

From audience's point of view. Sir Alfred comes out reluctantly and bows. Before leaving, his eyes automatically find Daphne's box. He stops and stares rigidly.

298 BARBARA AND AUGUST - IN BOX

Daphne and Tony are conspicuous by their absence.

299 SIR ALFRED - LOOKING UP

He turns and goes backstage.

300 BACKSTAGE

Sir Alfred walking away from us toward his dressing room.

DAPHNE'S VOICE
Darling...

Sir Alfred turns.

301 IRON STEPS

Coming up from auditorium level. Daphne is hurrying toward us followed by Tony.

DAPHNE

(enthusiastically)

I just couldn't wait until the end...
I had to tell you now how wonderful
it is...it's just wonderful.

TONY

Wonderful!

SIR ALFRED

(as they reach him)

I am relieved to hear it...I thought
it was slightly overdone...every
emotion exaggerated...every forte
and fortissimo...every piano and
pianissimo...every tutti a boiler
factory.

DAPHNE

(putting a hand on
his shoulder)

It was just wonderful.

SIR ALFRED

Yes, you've already said that...
both of you. Now if you'll forgive
me a moment...there's a towel
waiting...

DAPHNE

Can I help you, darling?

SIR ALFRED

I have Jules waiting for that...
excuse me.

He turns and walks toward the open door of his dressing room where Jules is visible with a towel.

302 DAPHNE AND TONY

They exchange a look and Daphne shrugs and, considerably hurt, they start back toward the auditorium.

DISSOLVE TO:

305 BARBARA AND AUGUST

BARBARA

What'd d'you say?

AUGUST

I said you look exceptionally pretty tonight.

BARBARA

I can't imagine why I should.

AUGUST

Maybe it's the music.

BARBARA

With me music goes in one ear and out the other.

Daphne and Tony come in.

BARBARA

Did you go back...how is he?

DAPHNE

I don't know what's the matter with him.

AUGUST

Too much temperament...give me the simple viewpoint.

BARBARA

(coldly)

You got it, boy...you don't have to ask for it.

Now they look out of the SHOT as there is a burst of applause.

304 SIR ALFRED

Coming out onto apron. He crosses to the podium, bows twice in response to the applause, then starts the third piece of the evening. This time he plays at least for two minutes, and we intercut shots of the band before we go to the trick shot.

305 TRICK SHOT ON SIR ALFRED

We go into his mind again...(it might be interesting at some point to see the whole orchestra from the conductor's viewpoint reflected on something black and shiny then PULL BACK and see it is the pupil of the conductor's eye).

DISSOLVE TO:

306

VILLAGE ORCHESTRA CLOCK

It strikes eleven-thirty, the CAMERA PANS over and again we see Sir Alfred and Daphne coming into their apartment, only this time Tony comes with them. As they come into the study, Daphne exchanges a frightened look with Tony.

DAPHNE

(looking at her husband)

What is it, Alfred?

SIR ALFRED

First of all I want to apologize to you both for being so abrupt with you backstage at the concert...I know that your visit was inspired by only the kindness motive...but somehow when you've just looked for your wife in her box and you find that she is gone and then you notice that your young secretary is gone also, and you happen to be perfectly aware of the fact that your wife is your secretary's mistress ...it takes you by surprise...it takes you a little by surprise, that's all.

DAPHNE

(clutching her throat)

Alfred!

TONY

(moving into a position
behind Daphne)

Sir-r-r...Alfred.

SIR ALFRED

Oh, didn't you know I knew? Did you really think you had deceived me and been so clever about it I had noticed nothing? Did you think you had been sighing at each other...and making sheep's eyes and stealing little hand squeezes all this time without my perceiving anything? I, who can detect a quarter tone error in the pitch of a wood-wind in an andante cantabile?... Don't try to hide behind Daphne, Tony... you will never hide from me.

TONY

(livid)

I don't know...what you're...talking about.

(CONTINUED)

SIR ALFRED

You know precisely what I'm talking about, both of you...you have been dreading this moment...hoping against hope it would never come...but knowing inside your secret hearts that it would, and now that the moment has arrived...that you know that I know every single step you've taken...Daphne's long visits to your room are the least of my information, Tony...

(they both start guiltily)

you are wondering what I'm going to do... knowing that I hold all the cards...that the game is all mine...and that the unwritten law will protect me to the hilt... I thought of killing you, my dear...ah, what a relief to hear that in the past tense, isn't it...I killed you with my razor...your head nearly came off...

(he turns to Tony)

...but it was your fingerprints they found on the razor, and you they burned...screaming your innocence...

(he sneers - then

turns to Daphne)

then...I forgave you...

(Daphne clutches her

hands hopefully)

I lived again that awful night in Porthaul, Michigan...once more your dreadful parent, the Baldwin man, rode me to that sweating soiree in the gymnasium of the local academy given for the local cads and boors, by graduate cads and boors... there you appeared in virgin white... bony...anxious...your stringy hair dangling pathetically to your sexless shoulders...then you played...so badly that I, who am used to good music...was touched, I suppose, by your clumsy gropings and wondered how it would feel to do something for you...to lavish upon you such treasures as your father could not even pronounce...to give you that which the world had denied you...little as you deserved it...to let you feel you had done as well as your gold-digging sister...that strumpet of a sister of yours...men get caught up, sometimes, in these noble roles...so I yielded to this...charitable impulse... then when I found out about you and this...

(CONTINUED)

SIR ALFRED

You know precisely what I'm talking about, both of you...you have been dreading this moment...hoping against hope it would never come...but knowing inside your secret hearts that it would, and now that the moment has arrived...that you know that I know every single step you've taken...Daphne's long visits to your room are the least of my information, Tony...

(they both start guiltily)
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(he turns to Tony)
...but it was your fingerprints they found on the razor, and you they burned...screaming your innocence...

(he sneers - then turns to Daphne)
then...I forgave you...
(Daphne clutches her hands hopefully)

I lived again that awful night in Porthaul, Michigan...once more your dreadful parent, the Baldwin man, rode me to that sweating soiree in the gymnasium of the local academy given for the local cads and boors, by graduate cads and boors... there you appeared in virgin white... bony...anxious...your stringy hair dangling pathetically to your sexless shoulders...then you played...so badly that I, who am used to good music...was touched, I suppose, by your clumsy gropings and wondered how it would feel to do something for you...to lavish upon you such treasures as your father could not even pronounce...to give you that which the world had denied you...little as you deserved it...to let you feel you had done as well as your gold-digging sister...that strumpet of a sister of yours...men get caught up, sometimes, in these noble roles...so I yielded to this...charitable impulse... then when I found out about you and this...

(CONTINUED)

SIR ALFRED (Cont.)

(he points a
finger at Tony)

...cake-eater...I forgave you...such
is human idiocy...I didn't want you
to feel sad...I wanted you to be happy
...with this...

(he indicates
Tony again)

contemptible cur...so I wrote you a
beautiful check...for fifty thousand
dollars...and no cents...but now I
feel quite differently...we are going
to let fate decide which man you are
to have, Daphne...

(he reaches into the
drawer of his desk and
takes out his revolver.
While talking he breaks
it and empties the six
bullets into his hand)

...and also we'll find out how much
of a man...you're going to get...this
is called Russian Roulette, Tony...
it's a very amusing game, invented by
some Russian extroverts...who cared
very little for their lives...but much
for bravery and the conquest of emotion
...the ideal is to play the game with
a perfectly steady hand...of the six
bullets you see...I remove five...one
only goes back into the cylinder...
which I spin like this...for the
lucky winner...the odds as you can
easily compute, Tony...are one to
five for...five to one against...not
bad really...better odds than I have
had in many a casino...so you see it
is not really dangerous at all, Tony,
and you will have this opportunity to
show Daphne how brave you are...how
icy cool in the face of this...small
danger. Now I'll spin it once more...

(he does so)

...in case you have peeked, and then...

(he forces the revolver
into Tony's hand)

...as the seducer of my wife and the
destroyer of my home...you shall have
the honor of playing the first hand
of this amusing little game: Russian
Roulette...exciting, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

306 (Cont.2)

TONY

(inarticulately - his
eyes starting from his
head - his mouth jam-
mering)

No-o...

DAPHNE

(seizing Tony's
coat sleeve)

Stop, Alfred, stop.

SIR ALFRED

But what a fuss you are making...

(then suddenly seiz-
ing the barrel of
the revolver)

...No, no, Tony...not at me...at
your temple...

(he forces the gun
up to Tony's temple)

...like this: NOW...cool and collect-
ed...with nerves of steel...with
steady hand and cheerful eye,
Mr. Anthony Trowbridge, the celebrated
wife stealer...plays the first hand.

TONY

(jammering cravenly)

No-o, no-o...., Sir Alfred, please.

DAPHNE

(nearly fainting)

Alfred...I beseech you...

SIR ALFRED

(with heavy
sarcasm)

Can it be that I detect a seam of
saffron in this otherwise perfect
fabric?...come, come, Tony...you
the fearless cavalier...you hesitate?
...then watch me closely while I show
you how it's done...I spin the wheel
of fortune once more, you see, and
then...with a rigidly steady hand...
...and without quaverings or snivel-
ing jammerings...I will ask you to
notice, Daphne...I place the muzzle
here...

(CONTINUED)

306 (Cont.3)

SIR ALFRED (Cont.)

(he puts it to his
temple)...and with a simple godspeed in case
I should be...

(he smiles sweetly)

...unfortunate...I pull the trig...

There is a deafening explosion. The side of his forehead becomes black and shiny and he slumps into the arms of the screaming Daphne and the yammering Tony. The music swells as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

307 SIR ALFRED

finishing last piece of his concert. He seems weak and nerveless. He clutches the lecturn to hold himself erect.

308 CONCERT MASTER

He nudges his partner to look at Sir Alfred, then looks behind him at the next desk to see if they have observed Sir Alfred's condition.

309 MR. SWEENEY AND TAILOR

looking greatly alarmed. Mr. Sweeney raises half out of his seat, as if to go to the assistance of a friend.

310 DAPHNE - BARBARA - TONY AND AUGUST - IN BOX

Daphne also has felt the alarm. Her hand is on her sister's shoulder as she stands looking at her husband.

311 MED. CLOSE - SIR ALFRED

as he leads the last bars he regains control of himself.

312 DAPHNE - BARBARA - TONY AND AUGUST - IN BOX

Reassured by his appearance, Daphne slowly sits down and fans herself.

313 SIR ALFRED - FROM BACK

He brings the piece to a glorious finale and turns to the applause and waves his men to their feet. The deafening applause continues.

314 CLOSE SHOT - SIR ALFRED

He looks at the audience, up once at the box, and strides offstage. The CAMERA PANS with him. The audience which thinks he is taking bows continues to applaud.

315 JULES - IN WINGS NEAR DOUBLE BASS PLAYER

He is applauding from a stepladder or something. Below and behind him we see Sir Alfred hurry into his dressing room and emerge a second later putting on his hat and coat. He starts for the stage door.

316 MR. SWEENEY AND TAILOR

They applaud violently but they are beginning to wonder why it takes Sir Alfred so long to come out and take his bow.

317 DAPHNE - BARBARA - TONY AND AUGUST

They also look worried.

DAPHNE
(to the rest of them
although this prob-
ably cannot be heard)
Let's go backstage.

They start out.

318 MR. SWEENEY AND TAILOR

Their applauding is beginning to run down. The tailor examines the palms of his hands and blows on them, then he and Sweeney exchange a glance and loyally redouble their applause. We leave them beating their mitts violently.

DISSOLVE TO:

319 SIR ALFRED

coming into the dark foyer of his apartment. His hat is turned down, the collar of his coat turned up, as he looks over his shoulder like a conspirator, comes forward a few steps, then says:

SIR ALFRED
Is anybody here?

He looks into the empty living room as he passes it and comes into his study, and turns on the desk lamp. Now the first notes of Jingle Bells come to startle him. He turns guiltily and looks at the clock.

320 VILLAGE ORCHESTRA CLOCK

It shows eleven o'clock and so, for the first time, we see the leader play out the entire piece.

321 SIR ALFRED

He looks at the clock in a somewhat sinister manner, then crosses to his bathroom with a catlike tread and looks behind the door to make sure there is no one there. After this he looks longly toward Daphne's room, then starts toward it.

322 DAPHNE'S ROOM

It is dark. Sir Alfred appears and stands silhouetted in the doorway. He looks toward the bed with some

(CONTINUED)

322 (Cont.)

distaste, then crosses to the radio-phonograph combination and turns it on. Instantly he snaps his fingers in irritation at his stupidity. In the light of the dial he looks at the knob he has touched to see if any fingerprints show on it, then examines the fingerprint side of his fingers. Now he looks for a handkerchief. In doing so he reveals his wet and rumpled shirt. He feels it for dampness and pulls his coat tightly together again. After this he picks up the tail of his coat and starts wiping the knob with this, but as it does not seem very practical, he crosses to the door of Daphne's bathroom. As he is about to grab the knob of the door and leave still more fingerprints, he suddenly remembers and snatches his hand back as though the knob were red hot. He picks up the tail of his coat again, seizes the knob through it, and in a very sure and efficient manner silently yanks the door open. He is instantly rewarded by a beam of brilliant light and a piercing woman's scream. He is blown back into a sitting position on the bed.

323 HOTEL MAID

sitting on a laundry receptacle. Startled by Sir Alfred's appearance, she has fallen back on this, clutching her heart and a large stack of face towels. She is a stout, elderly party in uniform, a ring of keys chained to her waist. At the moment she is flushed, breathing heavily and looking past the CAMERA very indignantly.

324 SIR ALFRED

sitting on bed where he landed.

SIR ALFRED

(accusingly)

What are you doing in there?

325 MAID - IN BATHROOM

MAID

(with a strong

Irish brogue)

I'll give you three guesses, Sir Alfred.

She rises panting, but still clutching her heart.

MAID

Sure and it's the likes of me that could be layin' here dead at this moment with the likes of you creepin' up on them in long black overcoats.

326 SIR ALFRED

getting up from bed.

SIR ALFRED

Yes, will you tell me what color overcoat you like, and I'll wear it... What are you doing in there, anyway, at this time of night?

327 MAID - IN BATHROOM

MAID

Sure and I remembered I'd forgotten to remember the face towels when I come in at seven so thinkin' everybody was out...

328 SIR ALFRED

SIR ALFRED

I see...well I'll have one of them, please.

As he reaches for it, the radio, now warmed up, comes crashing in.

RADIO

(in four part harmony)

Are you rosy? Are you pink?

Are you frisky like a mink?

If you're not,

Try a tot

Of Woolfan's LAX-A-TEA.

Sir Alfred takes the towel, crosses to the radio-phonograph and switches it off with the towel.

OLD MAID

(going past him)

Goodnight, sir.

SIR ALFRED

(shortly)

Goodnight.

He watches her until he hears the outside door click, then gets back into his mood. He wipes the fingerprints off the knob, then, not quite sure how well this method wipes off fingerprints, does it again with a little spit. While cleaning off the knob, he has rested his left hand on the edge of the console. Realizing this just in time, he cleans the whole top of it off with spit. After this, with one backward glance into the room, he goes out.

329

SIR ALFRED'S STUDY

He comes in, looks at his hands, and crosses to a chiffonier, opens one of the top drawers with his towel and removes a pair of thick fur-lined gloves. After putting these on, he takes one look around to make sure that he is alone and crosses to the cupboard we have seen before, opens the door, and reaches for the recording unit which happens not to be there. Now he gets on a chair to look higher, but there is no more recording unit than feathers on a fish. Absentmindedly he picks up one of a pair of Christmas present book ends in the form of a nude mother, shaped like an alligator but with a face like a gargoyle, suckling her egg-shaped child. He reacts unpleasantly to this, puts it back in the cupboard, then looks at a cupboard on the other side of the room. He gets down from the chair, crosses to the other cupboard, puts the chair below it, climbs up and opens the cupboard. No more recording unit than feathers on a flute (just to give you a little variety). Idly he frowns at an opened gross of conductor's batons, lying there like a package of noodles, seizes one and tries it out, then sticks it back with the others, gets down from the chair and looks very pensive. Suddenly his face shows that an idea has come to him. He coughs slightly, looks at his wet shirt, pulls his coat tighter, then strides rapidly out of the study toward the living room.

330

DARKENED LIVING ROOM

Sir Alfred appears silhouetted against the foyer, feels for the switch which does not seem to work with the big gloves, then comes blindly toward a lamp on a little table next to a chair. His knee finds the table just before his hands find the lamp, and the lamp falls to the floor with a heavy crunch. The light goes on.

331

SIR ALFRED

with his hand still in a standing lamp next to piano. He examines the slight wreckage, then with one efficient double movement, sets the table on its feet and the lamp on it at the same time. He starts to move away but as the table has now only three legs, the lamp crashes to the floor again, landing this time on the marble hearth and really fixing itself up. Sir Alfred looks at it crossly, then continues toward a high cupboard next to the mantelpiece. He opens this and steps back to look. There at last is a heavy black case with a handle and about a hundred feet of assorted cables and plug-ins on top of it. Without a second's hesitation, he places a small antique cane-bottomed chair under the cupboard, steps nimbly upon it, reaches the handle of the black suitcase. It is apparently very heavy. He starts yanking it.

332 SIR ALFRED'S FEET ON CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR

With one more yank, the feet go ripping through the seat.

333 SIR ALFRED'S UPPER HALF

He is clinging to the handle of the suitcase and the edge of the shelf, looking anything but pleased. Now his movement upset the hundred feet of cable which drape themselves around his neck.

334 SIR ALFRED'S FEET

They have some difficulty locating the edge of the chair around the missing seat. However, they finally do so.

335 CLOSE SHOT - SIR ALFRED AND BLACK SUITCASE

As we are a little higher than he is, we can see into the cupboard much better than he can. For instance, we see another black suitcase behind the one he has a hold of. We see, also, a rather ornate flower vase, which is moved along with the suitcase and also some light bulbs along the front of the suitcase, concealed from Sir Alfred by the fact that his eyes are below the shelf. He looks down to make sure that his feet are safe, then inches the suitcase toward the front of the shelf with little jerks. The vase and bulbs move right along, of course.

336 CLOSER SHOT - SIR ALFRED

Noticing that his nose has come in contact with the edge of the shelf below (or some object sitting upon it), he stops and wipes off the nose print with a little spit applied to a finger of a glove. Now he seizes the handle above him, grunts as he gives an extra hard yank and ducks as the vase flies past him.

337 THAT PART OF FLOOR

where vase is about to land. Far from disappointing us, it lands explosively.

338 LOW CAMERA SHOT UP AT SIR ALFRED

as he looks down at the flower vase cursing silently. Now he gives another yank on the suitcase and receives a shower of light bulbs which explode like French Seventy-Fives as they reach their various destinations.

339 SIR ALFRED'S FEET

on edges of little chair. To the music of the exploding bulbs, one foot slides through the seat. The other one starts to wobble.

340 SIR ALFRED'S UPPER HALF

Clutching desperately to the heavy suitcase, he starts to go. The suitcase shoots out horizontally, parting from the handle and Sir Alfred goes down vertically to the crackling of the disintegrating chair.

341 A FRENCH WINDOW

This is just beyond the piano and leads to a little balcony. The black suitcase minus its handle flies through the glass and lands on the balcony.

342 COLLAPSING CHAIR WITH A LARGE BULB UNDER IT

Sir Alfred comes through the remains of the chair, explodes the bulb and sits for a second still holding the handle of the suitcase. The cable is still around his neck and his hat now sits sideways. During this fall the glass has been tinkling musically on the balcony. Now Sir Alfred rises crunchingly, removes part of the bulb from the seat of his overcoat and goes to the French window. As he opens this he steps back hurriedly as one of the upper panes, no longer held by its cross-bar, falls to the stone. Now Sir Alfred opens the window, brushes the broken glass off the top of the suitcase, then picks it up minus its handle with both hands, puts it on a low table in the room. After this he removes the cable from around his neck, plugs one end into a wall outlet, then looks for a receptacle on the side of the suitcase into which to plug the other end. He does not see any, so feels with his gloved finger for one. As there is none on the side, he puts the wire between his teeth and feels underneath. There does not seem to be any here either. Now he tries pushing the button catch release. He tries in four different directions but nothing happens. After this he remembers to flip up the U-shaped safety hasp, then again tries opening the suitcase by pushing the button catch in four different directions, but nothing happens. Beginning to show his teeth, Sir Alfred grabs a corner of the suitcase and worries it a little. He now finds that the top was damaged in the fall, and by breaking off the edge of the top he is able to get his gloved hand under the top. He yanks on this a few times, then puts his foot on the table and exerts all of his strength. There is a loud splintering and the top comes off revealing, to his horror, a roulette wheel, hundreds of chips, a cribbage board, checkers, chessmen, plain and poker dice, casting cups and a Mah-Jong set. He is unable to move for a moment, then picks up the heavy box and starts back toward the cupboard with it. Unfortunately, the fall has damaged the case a little more than he has realized, and half way to the cupboard the bottom falls out depositing everything already mentioned on the floor, plus a few loose packs

(CONTINUED)

342 (Cont.)

of cards, scoring pads, pencils, chess and backgammon boards. (At this point we are four minutes and fifty seconds from Sir Alfred's entrance into the apartment. His trip in a taxicab from the hall to the hotel could have been accomplished in about four minutes. The trip from downstairs to the thirty-fourth floor, or 340 feet, in about 20 seconds, at a half a second per floor. Presuming it took Daphne and her party five minutes to reach Sir Alfred's dressing room through the crowd and that she allowed another five minutes to elapse before being persuaded he was not in the building, she should be calling up about now.) Sir Alfred glares wolfishly at this mess, then, determination strong upon his face, he places another small cane-bottomed chair under the cupboard, but this time, having learned his lesson, tries his weight on it before getting up. He is not disappointed because his foot goes through it at first trial. Now he puts the chess board over the cane and steps up on it. The CAMERA GOES UP with him as he steps to the ledge of the cupboard in order to see still higher. Up here at last he sees the second black suitcase and grabs its handle.

■ SIR ALFRED

So there you are.

He starts pulling it out to the edge. The 'phone rings. As Sir Alfred stares evilly toward the study, his wet shirt at last begins to do its work and he is seized by a desire to sneeze. He fights this for a few seconds, then gingerly climbs down and hurries to the study.

343

STUDY

Sir Alfred comes in and picks up the telephone and again is seized by this desire. His lip twitches, his nose wiggles and the only sound that he can make is an idiotic jammering.

DAPHNE'S VOICE

(tinnily through
the 'phone)

Hello, hello...

344

DAPHNE - IN SIR ALFRED'S DRESSING ROOM IN CONCERT HALL.

Beyond her we see Barbara, Tony, August and Hugo. Beyond them are crowds of well wishing spectators and hurrying musicians.

(CONTINUED)

344 (Cont.)

DAPHNE

(worried)

Hello...who is this...it sounds
like a talking dog...

JULES

(hurrying in)

The stage doorman said he left while
they were still applauding.

HUGO

(tapping his
forehead)

He's nuts...

DAPHNE

Hello!

345 SIR ALFRED - AT TELEPHONE

His lip twitching violently he makes a ghastly gasping
sound, a sort of a cross between a snore and the sounds
of whooping cough and the croup.

DAPHNE'S VOICE

(tinnily)

Hello, hello...

Now Sir Alfred's lungs are full. He opens his mouth
cavernously.

346 DAPHNE AT TELEPHONE

She has just time to say one more hello before the ex-
plosion comes through and startles her so she drops the
instrument on the floor.

BARBARA, TONY, AUGUST,
HUGO AND JULES

(together)

What's the matter?

DAPHNE

(wiggling her finger
in her ear)

It was like an explosion.

HUGO

(picking up the
telephone)

Hallo...hallo, Alfie...where are you?

347 SIR ALFRED

SIR ALFRED
(crossly into
the telephone)
Well where do you think I am since
I'm here answering the 'phone?

348 HUGO - AT TELEPHONE

HUGO
(into the 'phone)
What happened to you?

DAPHNE
(terribly worried)
Is he all right?
(she takes the
'phone away from
Hugo)
Darling, are you all right...
what happened to you?

349 SIR ALFRED AT TELEPHONE

SIR ALFRED
Yes, I merely felt a slight...
yak...yak...yak...

350 BARBARA - AT TELEPHONE

BARBARA
I can't understand him...

AUGUST
(taking the telephone)
Let me try.

He gets the sneeze full in the ear and it shoots the
glasses off his nose and onto the floor.

HUGO
(taking the 'phone
away from him)
Hello...Alfie?...we'll be right up...

351 SIR ALFRED - AT TELEPHONE

SIR ALFRED
I don't want you up here...you might
just...send my wife home...if she has
nothing better to do...goodbye.

He hangs up and hurries out of the study toward the
living room.

352 HUGO AND OTHERS IN DRESSING ROOM

HUGO
(into the dead
telephone)
Hallo, hallo...
(then, hanging up)
He don't want nobody but Daphne.

DAPHNE
(taking Tony's arm)
Then take me home quickly, Tony...
we'll grab a cab...

HUGO
(after they leave)
Is there any insanity in his family?

BARBARA
I don't know...there's plenty in
mine...

She looks mildly at her husband. Suddenly August gets
it and, minus his pince-nez, gives her a near-sighted
double take.

353 CLOSE SHOT - HUGO

HUGO
We'd better go over...you never
can tell widja musician...it's
de vibration!

DISSOLVE TO:

354 SIR ALFRED AND RECORDING UNIT

He's working against time now and he constantly looks at his wrist watch. The recorder is open, and from a receptacle in the cover he takes a disk and puts it on the turn-table. Now he lifts out the small microphone and picks up a booklet of instructions, takes it over to a better light and with some difficulty gets his glasses out of his pocket and puts them on his nose.

355 INSERT - BOOKLET

We read: Directions for thirty-three and one-third - seventy-eight R.P.M. simplicitas home recording unit. "First thing to remember about the simplicitas home recording unit is that it is so simple a child can operate it successfully. Merely follow the instructions to the letter and you cannot go wrong. Remember what goes in must come out. At seventy-eight RPM the record will play brilliantly for two minutes and fifty-six seconds. At thirty-three and one-third RPM it will play nearly seven minutes but the quality will not be quite so brilliant. You must be the judge. To change from seventy-eight RPM to thirty-three and one-third RPM merely lift the cam dog A-1-a-3 (see simplified diagram Page 6)

356 SIR ALFRED - LOOKING AT BOOKLET

With difficulty he turns to page six.

357 INSERT - SIMPLIFIED DIAGRAM ON PAGE SIX

If this is the simplified one we are glad they didn't print the other one. The drawing represents a smear of partly drawn gear wheels, dotted lines, symbols for electrical wiring with little tags attached to different places variously labeled A-1, A-2, A-3, A-4, etc. A-1-a, A-2-a, A-3-a, A-4-a; A-1-b, A-2-b, A-3-b, A-4-b; A-1-a-1, A-1-a-2, A-1-a-3, A-1-a-4, etc. Sir Alfred's thumb comes into the SHOT near the A-1-a-3 label.

358 CLOSE SHOT - SIR ALFRED PAST BOOKLET

Now with difficulty he goes back to the first page where we read the continuation of the instructions:

359 INSERT - INSTRUCTIONS

...and holding it between the thumb and index finger of the left hand...

360 SIR ALFRED PAST BOOKLET

He reaches into the recorder and seizes something between the gloved fingers of his left hand. Now he returns to the booklet.

361 INSERT - BOOKLET

...push the sliding spindle shaft bell crank rotator (B-1-a) in and over.

362 SIR ALFRED - PAST BOOKLET

He wets his gloved finger and goes again to page six. He now goes back to the first page, then back to page six, now placing the booklet on the table he seizes a knob near him in the recorder between the index and thumb of his left hand, then carefully watching the instructions of the book he reaches his right hand over his left, grabs something in the machine and looks back at the instructions. Needing to see the diagram, he releases his left hand and passes it under his right armpits, wets the index finger and turns the page. Now he moves his left hand back into the machine and puts his right on the instruction book. With some dismay he finds the sliding spindle shank bell crank rotator between the thumb and index finger of his right hand. Suddenly he reacts to a click and light starts flashing intermittently in the machine. Seizing the microphone Sir Alfred starts hollering into it: Help, help...Oh-h-h...Ah-h-h-h...Sto-o-p... what did I ever do to you... (now he realizes what he has done...) ... take it again from the beginning...realizing the absurdity of this, he removes the record, turns it over and gingerly puts the cutting arm down again. The machine still flashes so it is apparently still working.

SIR ALFRED

(after looking over
his shoulder and
consulting his watch)

He-e-e-l-p, he-e-e-l-p, murder, police,
he-e-e-l-p...he-e-e-l-p...spare me, spare
me...what did I ever do to you, Tony,
that you should do this to me...
he-e-e-l-p, he-e-e-l-p, Oh-h-h, A-h-h-h.

He lifts the cutting arm off, looks at his watch again, looks nervously toward the door, then wets his finger, turns the book of instructions back to Page One.

363 INSERT - BOOKLET OF INSTRUCTIONS

Directions: To change from thirty-three and one-third RPM to seventy-eight RPM is merely the reverse of the previous operation. Seizing cam dog A-1-a-3 between the index finger and the thumb and holding it out of gear grasp the sliding spindle shaft bell crank rotator (B-1-a) and pull it out and under.

364 SIR ALFRED - READING BOOKLET

He looks over to the table, picks up the sliding spindle shank bell crank rotator (B-1-a) and looks at it. Now he reaches back into the machine and somehow gets rid of it. After this he goes back to Page One, turns to Page Two, then, consulting the booklet carefully, twists a knob which causes the flashing light to go off and a loud hum to go on. He turns another knob which reduces the hum somewhat, then still consulting the booklet, places the playing arm on the record, then braces himself for the piercing screams which are to issue forth. There is a long surface sound during which he clenches his fists and watches the machine diabolically. Suddenly, like a clap of thunder, a voice, obviously that of the mountain god, Jehovah, two and a half times deeper, growlier and more resonant than any basso ever heard comes out in room shaking volume. The windows rattle and a last loose piece of glass falls to the stone balcony. As Sir Alfred glares at the machine in open mouthed disgust:

365 FOYER

We hear the sound of the turning lock and Daphne hurries in with Tony behind her. They stop in dismay at the voice of Doom which at the moment is saying:

VOICE OF THE MOUNTAIN GOD

(very loud)

H-e-e-e-l-l-l-p, h-e-e-l-l-l-p...

Daphne lets out a wild scream and rushes past the CAMERA followed by the stupefied Tony.

366 SIR ALFRED - AT RECORDING UNIT

Gloved, overcoated, his hat on sideways, sitting in a mass of broken glass, broken bulbs, broken chairs, with chips, playing cards, Mah-Jong symbols and general flotsam and jetsam, not to mention the curtain flapping in the broken window behind him, his appearance would be frightening enough even without the voice of Doom which at the moment is croaking out:

VOICE OF THE MOUNTAIN GOD

Spare me, spare me, what did I ever
do to you...

Sir Alfred turns and looks in startlement at the doorway.

367 DOORWAY OF LIVING ROOM

Daphne appears and lets out a piercing scream. Tony appears behind her.

368 SIR ALFRED - IN MIDDLE OF HIS MESS

He grabs the tone arm in a powerful grip, rips it off the machine entirely and throws it into the fireplace. Now he seizes the record, breaks it in pieces, throws the pieces in the fireplace and sneezes.

369 DAPHNE AND TONY - IN DOORWAY

Quite frightened, Daphne comes forward, Tony follows after. The CAMERA PANS them into the SHOT with Sir Alfred.

DAPHNE

Are you all right, dear?

SIR ALFRED

(majestically)

Why shouldn't I be all right?

He removes his hat, starts pulling off his gloves.

DAPHNE

(pointing to the
disaster on the
floor)

What were you...

SIR ALFRED

(icily)

I was making an experiment...
people do you know...without them
there would be very little progress
in this world...I believe I am well
within my rights...in doing what I
like...in my own house...am I not?
We say in England that an English-
man's home is his castle...

DAPHNE

Well of course you have, darling.

(she begins to be
seized by a desire
to laugh)

...but you've made a kind of a
mess out of your castle.

Tony sniggers.

SIR ALFRED

(instantly)

And what are you laughing at?...did
I invite you here...do you have to
be in my house morning, noon and
night...kindly wait in thirty-four...
oh...six until I send for you.

(CONTINUED)

369 (Cont.)

TONY

(nonplussed)

Well, certainly, Sir Alfred...
I was only...

SIR ALFRED

(violently)

And spare me your explanations
until I ask for them!

DAPHNE

(coming to Tony's
defense)

What has he done? You're acting
like a bear with a sore...

SIR ALFRED

(narrowing his eyes)

That's right, defend him!

DAPHNE

(bravely)

Well, why shouldn't I defend
him?

TONY

I'll be in thirty-four oh six.

He does a quick fade.

SIR ALFRED

(after him)

Craven...

DAPHNE

Let me feel your head.

SIR ALFRED

(starting out of
the room to get
away from her)

I don't wish my head felt, thank
you...except for marrying you my
head has functioned quite well for
quite some time.

He exits toward his study, tripping slightly over a
cable. Daphne looks after him in stupefaction, then
follows him slowly, kicking little things out of her way.

(Sturges)

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370 SIR ALFRED - COMING INTO STUDY

He looks around malevolently, then, just as Daphne comes in behind him, he lets out a terrific sneeze.

DAFNE

What you need is a good hot bath.

SIR ALFRED

Why are you always trying to put me into a hot bath...I begin to find it sinister.

DAFNE

Would you like a hot toddy?

SIR ALFRED

(exasperated)

I don't want anything hot at all...
I am sweating now.

DAFNE

You mean perspiring, darling.

SIR ALFRED

(raising his voice)

I don't mean perspiring...if I say
I'm sweating, I'm sweating...

He peels off his overcoat and reveals himself in his, by now, terribly wrinkled evening clothes, lamentable shirt, and concertina pleated collar.

SIR ALFRED

Now if you would be kind enough to go to your room...I would like to disrobe.

DAFNE

With pleasure, Sir Alfred.

With her nose in the air she marches out of the room.

SIR ALFRED

(looking after her)

Hah!

Now he peels off his coat, collar and tie and after looking toward her bedroom he stamps into the bathroom, throws open his medicine cabinet and starts looking for his razor. There is a reprise of the razor-killing music while he lifts out half the contents of the lower shelf.

(CONTINUED)

370 (Cont.)

He raises his eyes thoughtfully to the top shelf, reaches into the shelf over and behind the bottles and knocks into the washbasin only two small glass vials as he brings down the razor case. Now he opens it, looks at it fiercely, then strops it. After this, he examines the blade again and puts the edge against his thumb to see how sharp it is. At this the music stops abruptly.

371 DOORWAY TO DAPHNE'S ROOM

It opens and she speaks gently.

DAPHNE

Darling.

Sir Alfred reacts as if jabbed by a trident, nicks his thumb and lets the razor fly high in the air and clatter into the bathtub as he pops his thumb into his mouth.

372 DAPHNE

hurrying in. The CAMERA PANS her into the bathroom.

DAPHNE

Did you hurt yourself, darling?

SIR ALFRED

(taking his thumb
out of his mouth)

Nothing of the slightest importance,
thank you.

(he pops his thumb
back into his mouth)

DAPHNE

(dismayed)

You cut yourself...I'll bandage it
for you.

SIR ALFRED

(reaching for a
box of band-aids
but not taking his
thumb out of his
mouth)

I'll bandage it myself, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

372 (Cont.)

Of course not a syllable of this is clear.

DAFNE
(all concerned)
What did you say, dear?

SIR ALFRED
(taking his thumb
out of his mouth)
I said I'll manage quite nicely,
thank you.

He takes the top off the box, puts his thumb back in his mouth and shakes the band-aids out. They all fall into the washbasin.

DAFNE
(taking charge)
Oh, here...

Very expertly she puts some alcohol on a piece of cotton, wipes the little wound and says:

DAFNE
Hold that.

Now she peels the gauze from a band-aid, removes the cotton from Sir Alfred's thumb and quickly applies the band-aid all around his thumb.

DAFNE
(gently)
There... does it hurt very much?

SIR ALFRED
No.

DAFNE
I'm glad.

Now she holds the dressing gown out for him, pushes him into it, then arranges a hand towel around his neck in the shape of an ascot.

DAFNE
If you won't take a bath, at least
don't catch your teeth of cold.

The middle or check-writing lady now comes softly over us.

(CONTINUED)

372 (Cont.1)

SIR ALFRED

(hesitantly)

You do like to do little things
for me, don't you?

DAPHNE

Not when you're like this I don't.

The soft music stops as suddenly as it had begun.

SIR ALFRED

(after looking at
her for a moment)

I will forgive you, anyway.

The music starts again.

DAPHNE

(indignantly)

Forgive me for what?

The music stops.

SIR ALFRED

(beginning to get
angry again)

You know what I'm forgiving you
for, so just hold your tongue...

He pulls open his desk drawer and slaps his great check
book on the desk.

SIR ALFRED

...lest I change my mind.

DAPHNE

Well, go ahead and change your mind.

SIR ALFRED

(reaching for the
long fountain pen
in the ornate stand)

I'll change my mind if I wish to
change my mind...

(he struggles with
the pen which is
stuck in the swivel
holder)

...and if I don't wish to change
my mind...

(CONTINUED)

372 (Cont.2)

SIR ALFRED (Cont.)

(he succeeds in
getting the pen
out, slaps the
check book open
and starts writing
a check)

...I won't change my mind...

(he shakes the pen
to try to coax some
ink out of it)

...is that clear?

Now he writes again but with no results.

SIR ALFRED

(with thinly dis-
guised fury)

If it were possible just for once
to have a little ink in the fountain
pens in this house...as they do in
well run houses!...

DAPHNE

I know...like in England.

SIR ALFRED

Precisely...like in England.

DAPHNE

(pointing)

Try the other one...we drive on
the right-hand side over here.

SIR ALFRED

That's a bright remark.

He seizes the right-hand pen which is also stuck. With much twisting, he works it loose and starts to write. Now he looks down at his checkbook which is covered with ink, then at his hand which is covered with ink, then at the pen, the end of which is missing...only a rubber stump being evident.

SIR ALFRED

(rising and throwing
down the second pen)

Very well...I will not forgive you.

He pulls open the right hand drawer. Now the third music reprises as he lifts out his revolver, looks at Daphne and sneers.

(CONTINUED)

372 (Cont.3)

DAPHNE

(a little frightened
for the first time)

What's the matter with you?

She points nervously at the revolver.

SIR ALFRED

You're not laughing quite so hard
now.

DAPHNE

(pointing to the
revolver)

What are you going to do with that?

SIR ALFRED

(breaking the
revolver)

Have you ever heard of Russian
Roulette?

DAPHNE

Certainly...I used to play it all
the time with my father.

SIR ALFRED

(irritated)

I doubt that you played Russian
Roulette all the time with your
father.

He discovers the cylinder of his revolver is empty.

SIR ALFRED

Where are the....

DAPHNE

Well, I certainly did...you play
it with two packs of cards...and
we used to play it for a cent a
game and whoever gets the card on
the other card first...

SIR ALFRED

That is Russian Bank. Russian
Roulette is a very different
amusement which I can only wish
your father had played continuously
...before he had you.

(CONTINUED)

372 (Cont. 4)

DAPHNE

What are you talking about?

SIR ALFRED

Where are the bullets for this revolver?

DAPHNE

You told me to get rid of them.

SIR ALFRED

I told you to get rid of them?

DAPHNE

Don't you remember? You said it was dangerous to have them around the house...that somebody might shoot himself?

Sir Alfred throws the revolver into the wastepaper basket. He looks so pathetic that Daphne puts a sympathetic hand on his shoulder.

DAPHNE

I don't know what's the matter with you, darling...I suppose something went wrong in England, but I wish you weren't like this just now...because I'm really terribly worried.

SIR ALFRED

You should be.

DAPHNE

(surprised)

Well, I am...

(then suddenly)

What do you know about it?

SIR ALFRED

(ominously)

Much, much more than you think, probably.

DAPHNE

Then you can imagine how I feel.

SIR ALFRED

I can imagine nothing of the kind... and I don't wish to.

(CONTINUED)

372 (Cont.5)

DAPHNE

That's just because you don't
like him.

SIR ALFRED

(indignantly)

Yes, well, if you can tell me
any reason why I should like him...
the drinks are on me...

DAPHNE

Oh, I know he's a jerk, but still
...you feel a little sorry for him
...he called me one night while
you were in England...about one-
thirty in the morning.

SIR ALFRED

Oh, he did.

DAPHNE

He wanted to know if Barbara was
with me.

SIR ALFRED

How was that his business?

DAPHNE

(simply)

Well, he's married to her.

SIR ALFRED

Who is married to her?

DAPHNE

August.

SIR ALFRED

What does he have to do with it?

DAPHNE

(as if talking to
a child)

He's her husband.

SIR ALFRED

Who's her husband?

DAPHNE

August...you ought to know him...
he's your brother-in-law.

(CONTINUED)

372 (Cont.6)

SIR ALFRED

Wait a second...you mean August
called you up...

DAPHNE

At one-thirty in the morning.

SIR ALFRED

...to ask if Barbara was here?

DAPHNE

That's right...but she wasn't.

SIR ALFRED

Then why did he call you?

DAPHNE

Because she told him...she was
here...he was checking on her.

SIR ALFRED

Well, where was she?

DAPHNE

(looking away)

I had a suspicion...that I didn't
want to have...you know she's always
so frank about not liking August and
everything...that you begin to think
she really does like him and is just
saying these things because that's
her way of being funny...but I really
think she doesn't like him...and when
she says these things, she means
them...only we're expected to copper
them twice...that's one of my father's
expressions...

SIR ALFRED

I'm afraid he has the advantage of me.

DAPHNE

Anyway, I didn't dare tell August she
wasn't here...and I didn't dare call
her where I thought she was...because
the kind of a man who checks up on
his wife is the kind of a man who
hires detectives...and has telephones
tapped.

SIR ALFRED

You are entirely correct.

(CONTINUED)

372 (Cont.7)

DAPHNE

So, I told him that she'd been with me and just left...and then I hurried down there...just in case...

SIR ALFRED

(rigidly)

You hurried down where?

DAPHNE

You won't tell anybody?

SIR ALFRED

Why would I advertise these things?

DAPHNE

To Tony's room.

SIR ALFRED

(in a strange voice)

Thirty-four oh six!

DAPHNE

That's right...when I got there I was about to knock and then I noticed the door was open about an inch...almost as if I had been expected...I knocked anyway...but there wasn't any answer so I went in...there wasn't anybody there...but I had the feeling somebody had been there...a very short time before...I don't know whether it was cigarette smoke...or perfume... or just the warmth of human bodies... anyway there wasn't anybody there now so I started for the door to go back to our apartment...and then suddenly I realized how terrible it would look... if anybody saw me coming out of Tony's room...you know, because he's about my age and to anyone who didn't understand how I feel about you it would look... you know how dumb some people are...so just before I went out I took a little mirror...I forgot to tell you there was a handbag in the room... Tony told me afterwards Barbara had forgotten it at lunch and he hadn't had a chance to return it yet...

(CONTINUED)

372 (Cont.8)

DAPHNE (Cont.)

(she looks at her
husband a moment
before continuing)

...so I took this little mirror and
held it over my head like this...so
I could look out the transom and
make sure there wasn't anybody in
the hall...and right there...just
near the freight elevator...I saw
this big jerk peeking around the
corner.

SIR ALFRED

What big jerk?

DAPHNE

I don't know...a great big old
gorilla...with a face like an
orangutang...looking right straight
at my door.

SIR ALFRED

(loudly and
rapturously)

Sweeney the detective!

DAPHNE

(surprised)

What?

SIR ALFRED

Nothing darling...not worth remember-
ing...just an English joke.

DAPHNE

(not understanding
but too interested
in her own story
to care)

I thought he might be a detective...
except you'd never expect anybody
who looked that much like a detective
to actually be one...anyway I waited...
and he waited...and I waited...and
we waited.

SIR ALFRED

(triumphantly)

Thirty-eight minutes!

(CONTINUED)

372 (Cont.9)

DAPHNE

(unaware of the
meaning in his mind)

I don't know how long it was...
it seemed more like thirty-eight
years...I began actually to feel
guilty...I don't know why...I've
never been in a man's room before...
except yours...and that old baboon
just stood there as if he was nailed
there...finally I heard some people
coming down the hall and he must
have heard them too because he went
slinking back toward the elevator...
his rubber shoes creaking...what a
jerk...so I slipped out without a
sound and I was starting to run when
I heard a tearing sound...and there
was the train of my negligee caught
in the door...and the baboon heard
it too because suddenly he stuck his
kisser around the corner...so I just
gave him a haughty stare...tore the
train off and went home.

SIR ALFRED

(stifling his
laughter)

And so now, you wonderful child,
you tell me...

DAPHNE

Tell you what, darling? I have
no secrets from you.

SIR ALFRED

(quietly)

Would you do me a great big favor?

DAPHNE

What?

SIR ALFRED

Would you put on your lowest cut
and most vulgarly ostentatious gown
...and the largest and vulgarest
jewels that you possess.

DAPHNE

Huh? But I thought that you didn't
feel...

(CONTINUED)

372 (Cont.10)

SIR ALFRED

(gaining in voice)

And then would you accompany me to the vulgarest, most ostentatious, loudest and hardest to get into establishment this city affords?

DAPHNE

But your cold, darling?

SIR ALFRED

There is nothing the matter with me that a couple of magnums of champagne won't cure...I happen to feel like celebrating...I want to be seen in your exquisite company...I want the whole world to know that I am the most fortunate of men...in the possession of the most magnificent of wives...I want to swing in champagne and paint the town not only red but red, white and blue...I want everybody to see how much I adore you...

(he takes her

in his arms)

...always have adored you...revere you and trust you...also how much, I hope, you have of warmth for me.

DAPHNE

(very simply)

But, my darling, I worship you.

SIR ALFRED

(pushing her away)

Then let's not waste time in words... go put on your most outrageous dress...

DAPHNE

Shall I wear the purple with the plumes at the hips?

SIR ALFRED

(as if he had been struck with a crowbar)

The purple with the plumes at the hips?

(CONTINUED)

372 (Cont.11)

DAPHNE

(illustrating it)

You know...it's cut down on one shoulder...and the coq feathers shoot up off the left hip...like the tail of a comet?

SIR ALFRED

(gravely)

Wear the purple with the plumes at the hips...like the tail of a comet...and let it be a purple lesson to me...

DAPHNE

(happily)

All right, my darling.

She starts to hurry out then pauses in the doorway.

DAPHNE

What was the matter with you tonight?

SIR ALFRED

Something so vulgar...so utterly contemptible and unworthy of a love like yours...that I beg of you never to make me tell you.

Daphne comes close to him and the CAMERA STARTS PUSHING IN.

DAPHNE

(softly)

But of course I won't, my darling... I know what it's like to be a great man...that is I don't really...but... having so many responsibilities and so much tenseness...and watching out for and...protecting so many people...

Sir Alfred pulls her tightly to him and kisses her devotedly. As her hands tighten behind his neck:

373

BARBARA, AUGUST, HUGO AND TONY - COMING TOWARD US IN THE FOYER

We see the door to the hall open behind them... They slow down at what they see.

374 TWO BIG HEADS - SIR ALFRED AND DAPHNE

They come out of the kiss. Daphne's eyes are still closed.

SIR ALFRED

(huskily)

A thousand poets dreamed a thousand
years...and then you were born...
my love.

As they start to kiss again:

375 BARBARA, AUGUST, HUGO AND TONY - IN AS TIGHT A FOUR AS
POSSIBLE

They are watching fascinated. August removes his pince-
nez and polishes it.

BARBARA

(passing the back of
her hand lightly over
her forehead)

Would somebody kindly take me out
of here and get me a glass of ice
cold beer?...this is getting very
monotonous.

FADE OUT

T H E E N D