

945

REVISED FINAL SCRIPT

VIVACIOUS LADY

Screen Play

by

J. Mollison and Ernest Pagano

DECEMBER 13, 1937

with changes thru 2/21/38

VIVACIOUS LADY

Screen Play

by

~~Ray Van Riper and [illegible]~~

FADE IN

- 1 SHOTS featuring the blinking lights of New York's Times Square District, at night. Follow with IMPRESSIONISTIC FLASHES of Fifty Second Street, at night. Lively background of SWING MUSIC throughout. Smartly-clad revelers enter and leave the night clubs, chatting and laughing.

DISSOLVE

EXT. CLUB VENDOME - NIGHT

- 2 SHOT - Flashing electric sign outside a small night club which reads: CLUB VENDOME.

CAMERA PANS DOWN SWIFTLY to show a taxi pulling up at curb, out of which steps a young man.

- 3 MED. CLOSE SHOT - at taxi. Peter Morgan's dignified manner, set expression and conservative lounge suit, worn with light Spring overcoat, look out of place in this atmosphere. Peter takes a quick inquiring look at entrance.

PETER

(to driver)

Wait for me.

TAXI DRIVER

Hey, Professor - better take a squint at the meter.

PETER

I've noticed it.

(after thought)

How did you know I was a professor?

He exits. Driver reacts dumbly.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN
INT. CLUB VENDOME - NIGHT

4 MED. SHOT at cloakroom. LOUD SWING MUSIC coming over.
Peter walks through crowded scene, following Head
Waiter.

PETER
I'm looking for a fellow who is
intoxicated.

HEAD WAITER
(not giving him too
much attention)
You mean - crooked?

CAMERA PANS them around into main part of crowded
ballroom. 150 people are on the floor.

HEAD WAITER
Here. You pick him out. They're
pretty nearly all croc-- intoxicated.

PETER
His name's Beston.

HEAD WAITER .
Oh -- Keith. Mr. Beston. He
hasn't been in since Monday. Try --
(he points off)

PETER
(interrupting him)
The next place.
(makes same gesture as
Head Waiter)

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

5 MED. SHOT Peter getting out of car.

TAXI DRIVER
Look pal. I don't want to be
nosey, but what are we doing --
making a government survey?

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. CLUB MORITZ - NIGHT

6 MED. SHOT at hat check counter. ORCHESTRA'S PLAYING LOUDLY. Peter is on. He tips his hat to girl.

PETER

I beg your pardon --

CHECK GIRL

(grins)

You done something wrong?

PETER

(indignantly)

Is Keith Beston here?

CHECK GIRL

Oh, no. We ain't seen him in four nights. We thought he was sick. You might try --
(she makes gesture)

PETER

(with same gesture
finishes speech for
her)

The next place.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

7 PROFILE SHOT Peter walking along street to save getting in and out of cab. The cab is following him.

DISSOLVE

INT. CLUB VELASQUEZ - CHECK ROOM - NIGHT

8 SWING MUSIC coming over. Several people getting out of coats. Peter strides rapidly up to the hat check girl, (a tired blonde) a dark frown on his face.

PETER

(desperately)

I beg your pardon -- have you
seen Keith Beston?

(CONTINUED)

(laughs)

We haven't seen nothin' but Mr.
Beston since last Monday. He's
in there.

Peter gives a sigh of relief, snatches his hat and coat, shoves them at the girl, and makes his way speedily into the club.

9 FULL SHOT - dance floor - MUSIC coming over, as a group of chorus girls do a clever number. It is a jungle number with DEEP DRUM BEATS, a moaning kind of melody distinctly of the flesh.

10 CLOSE SHOT - Keith Beston seated at table, in white tie and tails. He is drinking a highball, as a hand comes down on his shoulder with no great gentleness. Startled, he looks up. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS showing Peter looming over him.

PETER

(grimly)

I hope I'm not bothering you
too much, Keith.

KEITH

(grins back)

Why - Professor, you sound a
little bitter.

PETER

Keith, we've got to hurry. We
haven't any time --

KEITH

(pulls out a chair)

Aw, sit down, Peter --

(Peter starts to sit

down - Keith stops him)

Can't sit there. That's her
chair.

Peter slides into the next chair.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

(forcefully)

Do you realize what time it is?
Do you realize that you have to
go to your hotel and pack? Do
you realize the train for Old
Sharon leaves in less than an
hour?

KEITH

(comfortably)

Now, don't you worry --

PETER

(angrily)

This is the last time I act as
your nursemaid, when you
descend on New York for your
semi-annual frolic.

KEITH

(reproachfully)

Tsch - tsch - frolic! -- You
think I'm playing?

PETER

(looking around
with distaste)

That's your name for it; it
wouldn't be mine.

KEITH

I'm not going to budge from this
chair till a girl I've just
fallen in love with says she'll
marry me.

PETER

(look of amazement;
drily)

It's a good thing I found you.

KEITH

I've sat in this place for four
nights, and I'll sit for forty
more --- Peter, she's the most
beautiful, exciting ---

(CONTINUED)

ALREADY SHOT

10 (CONTINUED)

PETER
(scoffing)
You're not serious --

KEITH
(indignantly)
I am serious. You haven't any
monoply on seriousness!

PETER
(with great
sincerity)
The 4:00 A. M. train leaves at
4:00 A. M. I'm going to put
you on it. --You pay the check.
I'll get your things.

Peter exits.

11 TRUCKING SHOT - Peter, as he starts making his way
through tables. He looks a little embarrassed as he
looks off toward dancing girls and exits. The number
ends, the girls exit.

12 At hat check stand - as Peter walks in.

PETER (cont'd)
Mr. Keith Morgan's things,
please.
(he spots the
telephone and
picks it up)
May I use your phone?

HAT CHECK GIRL
Go ahead.

PETER
(into phone)
Long Distance, please.

Hat Check Girl reacts. Then she signals a big Bouncer,
who comes in and leans against counter, and waits for
Peter to "beat the charge."

(CONTINUED)

12 (CONTINUED)

PETER (cont'd)
(into phone)
Sharon, Pennsylvania, 242. I
want to speak to Peter Morgan,
Senior. If you can't get him
at that number, try the
University.

He pauses and looks up at the Hat Check Girl. Music has
started. Francie b.g. in center of dance floor starts
her number, "You'll Be Reminded Of Me".

PETER (cont'd)
(proudly, to girl)
He's the president, you know.

HAT CHECK GIRL
Then what's Roosevelt doing?

PETER
(shouting into
phone)
Hello - Hello! Dad! Hello - !

People stop to look at him but he continues:

PETER (cont'd)
Hello!... Yes - I found him!!

HAT CHECK GIRL
If you shout any louder you
won't need that phone.

Peter looks embarrassed; then lowers his voice.

PETER
I'm in a night club...
(pause)
Now don't get excited. I'm
leaving soon...
(pause)
What? - It's a girl this time.

HAT CHECK GIRL
How's the mother doing?

(CONTINUED)

PETER

She's fine -- er --
(into phone)
...What? - You're probably
right, Dad. That's the sort of
a girl you'd find in these
places... What? - If there's
any kind of entanglement, I'll
straighten it out.

He hangs up phone, gives Girl currency, and leaves check
stand, and moves toward supper room where Francis is
singing.

- 13 MED. CLOSE SHOT - of Peter, who stops a moment as he
sees and hears Francey - then he moves forward toward
camera in a CLOSE UP and stops again as he receives the
full impact of the girl's presence. His eyes widen for
an instant in something like amazement. It is definite
that a foreign sensation is taking place. He stares at
her, lost to the world.
- 14 CLOSE PAN SHOT - Francey, as she sings and moves along
floor.
- 15 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Peter, staring off at Francey as she
sings. He realizes suddenly that he must look like a
fool - shakes his head like a drowning man coming out of
deep water, looks around surreptitiously to see if
anyone has been watching, and with great dignity begins
to make his way again toward Keith's table.

(CONTINUED)

- Peter is making his way toward Keith's table in b.g., but unfortunately, a silver champagne cooler sneaks up on him and he trips - he doesn't fall, but there is a horrible crash. Peter wishes he were dead. He slinks into an unoccupied chair at a vacant table in f.g. He casts a sheepish glance in Francey's direction, who is still SINGING.
- 16 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Francey smiling gently in Peter's direction as she SINGS. CAMERA PANS over to Keith's table, who is laughing at Peter's discomfiture.
- 17 TRUCKING SHOT - Francey SINGING. She wanders over to Peter and sings the rest of the song to him. He smiles rather foolishly.
- 18 CLOSE UP - Peter, embarrassed and smiling foolishly like any human being in a similar spot, but as he looks at her his smile fades and that intense look comes into his face.
- 19 MED. SHOT - Francey FINISHES SONG. APPLAUSE. Peter sits there in a daze - does not applaud - Francey bowing and moving off scene. Peter gets up and starts for Keith's table.
- 20 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Keith, applauding like mad - then he sees Peter - gets up quickly and starts to tiptoe out of scene, unnoticed by Peter who is coming down from b.g. Peter enters to table, and again the frown creases his forehead as he starts looking around with annoyance for Keith. For the last time, he consults his watch.

INT. CLUB VELASQUEZ - ENTRANCE MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

21 Keith enters - turns and beckons to waiter captain, who enters, smiling. Keith takes out a five-dollar bill.

KEITH
(pressing the bill
into man's hand)
Tell the guy at my table I've
gone to my hotel to pack. He
can find me there.

WAITER CAPTAIN
(looking surprised
at the tip)
Certainly, sir.
(starts to leave)

KEITH
(catches him by
the arm)
Wait a minute -- I'm going to
be in here --
(nods toward the
men's room and
winks)
Let me know when he leaves --
and, say, tell him to hurry!

WAITER CAPTAIN
(smiling)
Good luck, sir.
(he walks out of scene)

INT. CLUB VELASQUEZ - DANCE ROOM - NIGHT

22 MED. SHOT - Keith's table. Peter is seated, looking around grimly for Keith. Francey, looking like a dream, drifts up to the table. CAMERA MOVES UP to a CLOSER SHOT.

FRANCEY
(smiling)
H'lio...

PETER
(scrambling to his
feet - amazed to
see her again)
H-how do you do --

(CONTINUED)

22 (CONTINUED)

FRANCEY
(calmly sitting down
beside him)
Where's Keith?

PETER
(politely)
I wish I knew. I ---
(he stops with a
thud; so this is
the girl)
--- oh ---
(looks at her intently)

FRANCEY
(amused)
What's the matter?

23 CLOSE UP - Peter, who is practically devouring Francey with his eyes.

PETER
(devouring expression)
Nothing ----

24 CLOSE UP - Francey.

FRANCEY
(chuckles suddenly)
Say, aren't you the guy who
tried to kill my act?

25 CLOSE TWO SHOT.

PETER
(seriously)
I don't know about that ---
(with awkward
simplicity)
I'm the one who fell over the
cooler. I'm extremely sorry ---

FRANCEY
(with a casual wave
of her hand)
Don't be. Some drunk does it
every night. ---
(adds politely)
I don't mean you're swacked, though. (CONTINUED)

PETER

(leaning a little
closer to catch
the words)

I beg your pardon?

FRANCEY

(a tone louder)

I said - I don't mean that
I think you're tight.

(looks at him, however,
as though she were
beginning to have her
doubts)

PETER

(reassuringly, with
a little laugh)

Oh, I'm not intoxicated.

FRANCEY

(thinks he's being
funny - kids back)

No kidding ---

PETER

(seriously)

Really. I'm just --- well,
the only way I can describe
it..... When I was a small boy
we had one of the first
automobiles in Old Sharon.

FRANCEY

(really interested
for first time)

You live there, too?

PETER

(as though one never
lived anywhere else)

Oh, yes. -- Well, my father was
driving along one day - and didn't
see me in the street -- he's a bit
absent-minded about small details --

Francey has all she can do not to laugh.

PETER (cont'd)

--and he ran over me. It wasn't
serious, but it was a blow. Well --
well, that's the way I feel now.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCEY

(smiling)

We say it a little different. We say we feel like we've been hit with a truck.

PETER

(considering this)

Yes. That's rather like it.

Francey looks at Peter, amused, but now a bit intrigued by such evident admiration. It's plain that Peter has fallen with a thud - and any woman would be a little pleased! She begins to study Peter with more interest, from this point on. Her eye is suddenly caught off scene.

26 CLOSE SHOT - Playboy at a nearby table. The playboy is waving at Francey off scene, then pantomimes, "Will you dance with me, baby?" He gets up and starts toward her.

27 CLOSE SHOT - Francey smiles back brightly - shakes her head regretfully and nods toward Peter as though to say, "I'm terribly sorry - there's nothing I'd like better than to dance with you -- but this next dance is taken."

28 TWO SHOT - Francey and Peter. Still smiling, she looks down at the table, and without moving her lips too obviously, so the drunk won't catch on, she says to Peter.

FRANCEY

Look - I'm in a spot - help me out.

29 WIDER ANGLE - Peter is flustered, but gets up immediately. Francey too gets up.

PETER

(getting up, flustered)

I'd like to very much. Only I must warn you -- I'm quite awkward.

FRANCEY

(chuckles)

I'll bet all you need is practice.

(CONTINUED)

As they start toward the dance floor, the Waiter Captain comes up - taps Peter - who pauses for an instant.

WAITER CAPTAIN

(confidentially)

Mr. Beston's gone to the hotel to pack, sir. He's waiting for you there.

PETER

(absently, politely)

Thank you.

He starts to follow Francey.

30 MOVING SHOT - Peter catches up with Francey and they move to dance floor. As he starts to put his arms around her, he takes a sudden quick breath. DANCE MUSIC.

31 CLOSE UP - Peter - holding Francey.

PETER

(wonderingly)

You're so little....

32 CLOSE UP - Francey - as she looks up at Peter ready to make some laughing wisecrack, because she thinks it's the preliminary of a "line," but sees how serious he is. She changes her mind, says nothing, and a perplexed look comes into her eyes. MUSIC.

33 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - as they dance. Francey keeps watching him, almost suspiciously, for the first indication of the "smooth" approach that she is used to. Peter was right about his dancing; but he dances with such painstaking care, and holds her with such boyish gentleness, that Francey is touched, and smiles at him unexpectedly with a warmth and a sweetness that surprises herself. MUSIC coming over.

FRANCEY

You and Keith good friends?

PETER

We're cousins.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCEY

Nice to have relatives. I'm an orphan, myself; guess that's why I'm so crazy about families -- Does Keith really own a coat-hanger factory?

PETER

(nods)
His father left it to him.

FRANCEY

(laughs)
I thought it was a gag.

A beam of light from the revolving spot playing over the dancers falls on them suddenly.

PETER

(looking down at her; softly-with a boyish smile)
"--What light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun..."

FRANCEY

That sounds pretty. Did you make it up?

PETER

(shocked for just a second, then smiles; shakes his head)
William Shakespeare.

Francey begins to LAUGH. Peter glances at her questioningly.

FRANCEY

(frankly)
A laugh on me.

(CONTINUED)

She looks at him with reluctant admiration, as he pilots their way carefully out of the line of a frontal attack of a couple doing something faintly derived from the "Susy Q." Peter unexpectedly catches her look, stares back, then unconsciously holds her masterfully close. Francey is startled. They dance on in silence. The dance ends - MUSIC STOPS. CAMERA PAUSES as they stop by the table, Peter mopping his forehead fervently. Each of them is a little hesitant, not knowing quite what the next move should be.

PETER

Do you sing again?

FRANCEY

I'm through for the night.

PETER

(a gleam of hope in
his eyes)

Oh.

FRANCEY

(trying to make it
easy)

I usually stick around - but
tonight, somehow I want to
get out in the air. It's a
wonderful night.

PETER

(fervently)

Oh, yes. A wonderful night.

FRANCEY

I saw the moon from my dressing
room.

PETER

Yes - a beautiful moon.

FRANCEY

(not moving a step)

Well - I guess I'll have to
be getting on home.

(CONTINUED)

PETER
(looks at her with
anguished face)

Oh.

FRANCEY
(laughs suddenly;
briskly)
Look -- do you want to take
me home -- or don't you?

PETER
(stammering)
I was hoping -- but I didn't
dare --

FRANCEY
Well, how about it?

34 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Peter taking Francey's arm masterfully
again and they start through the tables - CAMERA
TRUCKING in front of them.

PETER
(forcefully)
I would like to see someone
even attempt to stop us!
(turns to Francey;
diffidently)
I was wondering -- instead of
taking you right home --
how would you like to see
New York?

FRANCEY
(soberly, but with
a mischievous twinkle
in her eyes)
That would be swell.

They start to walk toward foyer. As they pass the
Waiter Captain, Francey gaily calls to him.

FRANCEY
G'night, Charley. I'm going to
see New York.

- 35 CLOSE SHOT - Waiter Captain as he reacts - then hurries, CAMERA TRUCKING with him, in a roundabout way, so that he will arrive in front of the MEN'S ROOM.

INT. CLUB VELASQUEZ - ENTRANCE TO MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

- 36 MED. SHOT - the Waiter Captain steams up to the door. CAMERA MOVES CLOSER, as Keith opens the door an inch, looks out anxiously.

KEITH

Hasn't he gone yet?

WAITER CAPTAIN

It's safe, Mr. Beston. He's gone.

He is about to add something else, but Keith rushes out.

- 37 MOVING SHOT - Keith starting toward the dance floor and his table, the Waiter Captain following.

KEITH

(grinning)

Oh, boy, did I give him the run-around!

Keith arrives at his table, the Waiter Captain close behind. CAMERA PAUSES.

KEITH (cont'd)

Oh, boy, will he be sore!

CAMERA PANS as Keith sits down - discovers the check propped up in front of him. The first dimming of his radiance. But he manages to keep some of his original enthusiasm, as once again he forestalls the Waiter Captain's remark.

KEITH (cont'd)

Oh, boy, did we get rid of him! --
Say, where's Francey?

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Keith and Walter Captain.

WAITER CAPTAIN

Yes, sir, oh, boy, you did get rid of him, but Miss Francey's gone with him.

KEITH

(without thinking)

Oh, boy --

(double take)

HUH?

WAITER CAPTAIN

(flicking an imaginary crumb gracefully off the table; smoothly)

He's showing her New York.

Keith exhibits an open mouth, indicating overwhelming surprise, high indignation, considerable anguish, bitterness, and the birth of distrust in all mankind. Peter - to play him a dirty trick like that!

FADE OUT

NOTE: PAGE 17 SHOULD BE A DISSOLVE INSTEAD OF A FADE
DISSOLVE IN

18

EXT. STREET - BROADWAY - NIGHT (STOCK)

39 LONG SHOT - Broadway, with its crowds, NOISES and bright lights..

40 MED. CLOSE MOVING SHOT - Francey and Peter walking down Broadway, CAMERA TRUCKING in front of them. They are completely engrossed in each other, entirely oblivious to the sidewalk passersby crowding, shoving, elbowing around them. It is Broadway at its NOISIEST - street car BRAKES GRINDING, policemen's WHISTLES BLOWING, TAXICAB HORNS, newsboys SHOUTING, etc.

PETER

--- Big broad streets with shade trees; flower gardens. --- Roomy old homes, with ivy climbing up the walls.

FRANCEY

It sounds swell.

The b.g. NOISES INCREASE, as they come to a crossing.

PETER

And so quiet, too.

FRANCEY

What?

PETER

(not hearing her)

Why, at night there's only the sound of the wind in the trees.

FRANCEY

(yells)

What did you say?

B.G. NOISE steps up another notch.

(CONTINUED)

PETER
(yells back to her)
I said it's so quiet in Old
Sharon!

FRANCEY
(yells back, smiling)
I'D LIKE THAT!
(she indicates the
noise, they both
LAUGH)

DISSOLVE

EXT. TOP OF A BIG DOUBLE-DECKER BUS - NIGHT (PROCESS)

41 CLOSE SHOT - Peter and Francey in seat. Incidentally
it is a beautiful night, complete with moon.

PETER
(concluding)
I can't imagine a finer place
to live.

FRANCEY
(wiping a soot smudge off
her hand)
It sounds faintly like a picture
of Heaven. I'll bet you don't
have soot there.

PETER
(seriously)
I don't believe we have. I've
never noticed.

FRANCEY
(chuckles)
By the way, what did you say
your name was?

PETER
(smiles boyishly)
I didn't say - but it's Peter
Morgan.
(looks at her
questioningly)

(CONTINUED)

FRANCEY

Mine's Francey Larache.

PETER

(honestly)
Even your name's pretty.

FRANCEY

(laughs)
I like it. Much better than
Smith -- that's what I was
baptized.

Peter has seen something that arouses his excitement.
He nods over Francey's shoulder.

PETER

Look!

Francey catches his excitement - turns to look.

EXT. BIG BUILDING - NIGHT (STOCK)

42 SHOT of big building they are passing...a big brick
one with two stone lions out in front.

EXT. TOP OF BUS - NIGHT (PROCESS)

43 TWO SHOT - Francey and Peter.

FRANCEY

(turning to Peter,
perplexed)
Did I miss something?

PETER

(lost in dreams)
That's an inspiration, isn't
it?

FRANCEY

(looking back doubtfully)
Those stone lions are sort of cute.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

(explaining)

It's one of the greatest universities in the country. Have you ever considered how important they are to our nation?

FRANCEY

(with extreme honesty)

Now you ask me - I don't think I have.

Peter sees something. CAMERA PANS to a highschool girl and her boy friend seated a short distance from them. The boy's arm is around the girl. CAMERA PANS BACK to Francey and Peter. Taking his cue from the young couple Peter unconsciously puts his arm around Francey. She is very amused.

PETER

(seriously)

We worry about our industries -- but very few people realize that it's our schools which are responsible for the degree of civilization our people attain.

FRANCEY

(curiously)

Look here - what are you?

PETER

(surprised)

I'm a professor - English Literature.

Francey finally comprehends - and breaks into silent laughter, leaning helplessly against Peter, who tightens his hold on her, and with absent-minded tenderness leans his cheek on her hair.

PETER (cont'd)

(much as Francey has asked the same question)

What's the matter?

FRANCEY

(moving a little away from him)

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

(soberly)

When I see a place like that
university, a ---

(searches for word)

--- a thrill runs up my spine,
because --

(he stops, looks at
her anxiously)

FRANCEY

(gently)

Because what, Peter?

PETER

(quietly)

I would like to tell you --
except that you might think
I'm a braggart.

FRANCEY

(with a swift
reassuring smile)

I like people who think they're
good.

PETER

(quietly)

You see, my grandfather, Peter
Morgan, was President of Old
Sharon University.

FRANCEY

(her eyes widening;
murmurs)

Goodnight!

PETER

My father, Peter Morgan, is
President now. Some day I'm
going to be.

FRANCEY

(a little taken aback
by this information;
faintly)

Oh.....

PETER

(with low, quiet intensity)
Oh, Francey, it's a wonderful
responsibility -- to guide young
people through perhaps the most
important period in their lives --

45 CLOSE UP - Francey, who reacts as Peter continues.

PETER'S VOICE (cont'd)

-- To keep liberal thought burning
like a white flame in a lamp. To
work hard and give all that you
have in you -- to make the world
better for the next generation.
That's my dream.....

46 CLOSE SHOT - Francey and Peter. Francey is moved to
seriousness by this boy's shining idealism, is too
touched to manage words, at first. She shakes her
head, smiles a little, with tears far back in her
eyes, pats his hand reassuringly.

FRANCEY

(lambly)
It sounds - swell.

Peter's arm tightens around her for a second, then
looks over at young couple, CAMERA PANNING to them.
The girl is on the boy's lap, running her hands
through his hair as they embrace in a long kiss.
CAMERA PANS BACK to Francey and Peter. Shocked at the
young couple's demonstration, Peter takes his arm
instantly from Francey's shoulders, looks extremely
guilty, while Francey represses a laugh.

WIPEINT. CLUB VENDOME - NIGHT

47 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Keith, who enters, apparently looking
for two people - Francey and Peter. The outstanding
feature of this bit is that his facial expression is
amazingly similar to Peter's, when Peter was looking
for him. He is indignant as he stares around at the
milling mob, then he shrugs, indicating defeat, and
exits.

WIPE OUT

WIPE INEXT. STREET AT CURB - TAXICAB PARKED - NIGHT

48 CLOSE SHOT - Keith is just hopping in as he says:

KEITH

No luck here. Drive on to the
next place, my friend.

49 CLOSE UP TAXI DRIVER. It is the same one who drove
Peter around. He turns and looks at Keith with
distaste - two of 'em in one night!

DRIVER

(wearily puts car in
gear)

Yes, sir...

WIPEEXT. TOP OF BUS - NIGHT (PROCESS)

50 CLOSE UP - Peter and Francey sitting on top of the bus,
alone, lost in their thoughts. They are gazing
dreamily at the sky. The wind ruffles Francey's hair..
and they are holding hands.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

51 LONG SHOT - small figure of the bus driving into
the bus barn, going out of sight in the dark.

INT. BUS BARN - TOP OF BUS - NIGHT

52 MED. SHOT - as conductor comes down aisle, CAMERA
MOVING with him. He is a very unromantic looking man
about fifty, by the way he strides forward one would
expect him to be hard-boiled about throwing the last
two passengers off the bus. CAMERA PAUSES as he comes
up behind Francey and Peter.

53 CLOSE UP - Conductor, looking down. A happy smile
spreads over his face. Ah, romance, youth!

CONDUCTOR

I beg your pardon....

PETER
(yells back to her)
I said it's so quiet in Old
Sharon!

FRANCEY
(yells back, smiling)
I'D LIKE THAT!
(she indicates the
noise, they both
LAUGH)

DISSOLVE

EXT. TOP OF A BIG DOUBLE-DECKER BUS - NIGHT (PROCESS)

41 CLOSE SHOT - Peter and Francey in seat. Incidentally
it is a beautiful night, complete with moon.

PETER
(concluding)
I can't imagine a finer place
to live.

FRANCEY
(wiping a soot smudge off
her hand)
It sounds faintly like a picture
of Heaven. I'll bet you don't
have soot there.

PETER
(seriously)
I don't believe we have. I've
never noticed.

FRANCEY
(chuckles)
By the way, what did you say
your name was?

PETER
(smiles boyishly)
I didn't say - but it's Peter
Morgan.
(looks at her
questioningly)

(CONTINUED)

FRANCEY

Mine's Francey Larache.

PETER

(honestly)
Even your name's pretty.

FRANCEY

(laughs)
I like it. Much better than
Smith -- that's what I was
baptized.

Peter has seen something that arouses his excitement.
He nods over Francey's shoulder.

PETER

Look!

Francey catches his excitement - turns to look.

EXT. BIG BUILDING - NIGHT (STOCK)

42 SHOT of big building they are passing...a big brick
one with two stone lions out in front.

EXT. TOP OF BUS - NIGHT (PROCESS)

43 TWO SHOT - Francey and Peter.

FRANCEY

(turning to Peter,
perplexed)
Did I miss something?

PETER

(lost in dreams)
That's an inspiration, isn't
it?

FRANCEY

(looking back doubtfully)
Those stone lions are sort of cute.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

(explaining)

It's one of the greatest universities in the country. Have you ever considered how important they are to our nation?

FRANCEY

(with extreme honesty)

Now you ask me - I don't think I have.

Peter sees something. CAMERA PANS to a highschool girl and her boy friend seated a short distance from them. The boy's arm is around the girl. CAMERA PANS BACK to Francey and Peter. Taking his cue from the young couple Peter unconsciously puts his arm around Francey. She is very amused.

PETER

(seriously)

We worry about our industries -- but very few people realize that it's our schools which are responsible for the degree of civilization our people attain.

FRANCEY

(curiously)

Look here - what are you?

PETER

(surprised)

I'm a professor - English Literature.

Francey finally comprehends - and breaks into silent laughter, leaning helplessly against Peter, who tightens his hold on her, and with absent-minded tenderness leans his cheek on her hair.

PETER (cont'd)

(much as Francey has asked the same question)
What's the matter?

FRANCEY

(moving a little away from him)

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

(soberly)

When I see a place like that
university, a ---

(searches for word)

--- a thrill runs up my spine,
because --

(he stops, looks at
her anxiously)

FRANCEY

(gently)

Because what, Peter?

PETER

(quietly)

I would like to tell you --
except that you might think
I'm a braggart.

FRANCEY

(with a swift
reassuring smile)

I like people who think they're
good.

PETER

(quietly)

You see, my grandfather, Peter
Morgan, was President of Old
Sharon University.

FRANCEY

(her eyes widening;
murmurs)

Goodnight!

PETER

My father, Peter Morgan, is
President now. Some day I'm
going to be.

FRANCEY

(a little taken aback
by this information;
faintly)

Oh.....

PETER

(with low, quiet intensity)
Oh, Francey, it's a wonderful
responsibility -- to guide young
people through perhaps the most
important period in their lives --

45 CLOSE UP - Francey, who reacts as Peter continues.

PETER'S VOICE (cont'd)

-- To keep liberal thought burning
like a white flame in a lamp. To
work hard and give all that you
have in you -- to make the world
better for the next generation.
That's my dream.....

46 CLOSE SHOT - Francey and Peter. Francey is moved to
seriousness by this boy's shining idealism, is too
touched to manage words, at first. She shakes her
head, smiles a little, with tears far back in her
eyes, pats his hand reassuringly.

FRANCEY

(lame)
It sounds - swell.

Peter's arm tightens around her for a second, then
looks over at young couple, CAMERA PANNING to them.
The girl is on the boy's lap, running her hands
through his hair as they embrace in a long kiss.
CAMERA PANS BACK to Francey and Peter. Shocked at the
young couple's demonstration, Peter takes his arm
instantly from Francey's shoulders, looks extremely
guilty, while Francey represses a laugh.

WIPE

INT. CLUB VENDOME - NIGHT

47 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Keith, who enters, apparently looking
for two people - Francey and Peter. The outstanding
feature of this bit is that his facial expression is
amazingly similar to Peter's, when Peter was looking
for him. He is indignant as he stares around at the
milling mob, then he shrugs, indicating defeat, and
exits.

WIPE OUT

WIPE IN

EXT. STREET AT CURB - TAXICAB PARKED - NIGHT

48 CLOSE SHOT - Keith is just hopping in as he says:

KEITH

No luck here. Drive on to the next place, my friend.

49 CLOSE UP TAXI DRIVER. It is the same one who drove Peter around. He turns and looks at Keith with distaste - two of 'em in one night!

DRIVER

(wearily puts car in gear)

Yes, sir...

WIPE

EXT. TOP OF BUS - NIGHT (PROCESS)

50 CLOSE UP - Peter and Francey sitting on top of the bus, alone, lost in their thoughts. They are gazing dreamily at the sky. The wind ruffles Francey's hair.. and they are holding hands.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

51 LONG SHOT - small figure of the bus driving into the bus barn, going out of sight in the dark.

INT. BUS BARN - TOP OF BUS - NIGHT

52 MED. SHOT - as conductor comes down aisle, CAMERA MOVING with him. He is a very unromantic looking man about fifty, by the way he strides forward one would expect him to be hard-boiled about throwing the last two passengers off the bus. CAMERA PAUSES as he comes up behind Francey and Peter.

53 CLOSE UP - Conductor, looking down. A happy smile spreads over his face. Ah, romance, youth!

CONDUCTOR

I beg your pardon....

54

MED. CLOSE SHOT - as Peter and Francey give a start as the conductor comes around to side of seat. They are both embarrassed.

CONDUCTOR (cont'd)

(with regret)

I'm sorry - but this is as far as we go.

They scramble to their feet, as he keeps right on talking, all starting down aisle - CAMERA TRUCKING with them.

CONDUCTOR (cont'd)

(wistfully)

So few people ride to the end of the line; it's been real company for me - having you here.

They start down bus stairs, while conductor still talks.

CONDUCTOR (cont'd)

There's only one little thing -

(laughs apologetically)

I'm afraid you both owe me an extra nickel. The extra fare comes on at Piedmont street - but you were getting along so nice...

That was when you --

(nodding sympathetically to Peter)

-- started holding her hands.

(confidentially)

I could see she didn't mind, so I didn't want to disturb you just then.

PETER

(to Francey)

Was I holding your hands?

CONDUCTOR

Oh, yes!

During this speech they have come down on bus platform, near the fare machine.

55 CLOSE UP - Peter

PETER
(a brightcrimson, fishes
desperately through his
pockets, then turns to
Francey, saying very simply)
I wonder - will you lend me a dime,
please?

56 CLOSE UP - Francey, who is used to orchids and offers,
at least, of mink coats, blinks, a little, then it
strikes her funny, and she represses a smile, and opens
her evening bag.

57 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Francey taking out dime and handing
it gravely to Peter, who, as gravely, hands it over to
the bus conductor. While the conductor keeps burbling
on, Peter takes out a little notebook and pencil,
carefully records the transaction.

CONDUCTOR
(still apologetic)
If it was me, I'd overlook it -
but you know how bus companies are --
Always worrying, can they pay their
quarterly dividends and satisfying
the stockholders.

58 CLOSE UP - Francey and Peter, who react as they hear
conductor raving on.

CONDUCTOR'S VOICE (cont'd)
Personally, I'd let all young
people in love --
(Peter and Francey give
start)
-- ride free - especially on
nights when the moon's out.

59 MED. SHOT - on three.

FRANCEY
(beginning to have
mild hysterics)
Come on, Peter....

(CONTINUED)

PETER
(tips his hat as he and
Francey start to flee)
Thank you!

The bus conductor leans out after them, smiling
sympathetically.

CONDUCTOR
(leaning out)
If you'll just hail that bus at
the next corner, it'll take you
on another nice dark ride. Very
few passengers, too ---

We see Francey and Peter, grabbing each other's hands
like two kids, break out into an open run and disappear
into the night. The conductor sighs happily again,
turns back to cranking the fare machine, CAMERA MOVING
UP to CLOSE SHOT of him as he sings softly:

CONDUCTOR (cont'd)
(singing)
"The red rose speaks of passion,
The white rose speaks of love -
(looking watchfully left
and right, he picks a nickel
out for himself, conveying
the remarkable impression
that he, himself, is really
unconscious of what he is
doing)
For the red rose is a falcon -
(drops the nickel daintily
in his pocket, concludes
the song)
The white rose is a dove...."

DISSOLVE

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

60 MED. SHOT - Keith coming out of a cafe. He gets into a
cab in f.g., with same driver as before.

DISSOLVE

INSERT TAXI METER - showing fare to be about \$25.00.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. MORITZ CAFE - NIGHT

61 MED. SHOT at curb as cab pulls up. CAMERA MOVES UP.

CAB DRIVER

This is the last one.

Keith climbs out wearily. The driver leans out of the cab, obviously still more weary, and now puzzled.

CAB DRIVER (cont'd)

(puzzled)

Pardon me --

(as Keith stops impatiently)

I ain't a nosey guy - but might I ask you -- where do you hail from?

KEITH

Old Sharon.

(and exits quickly)

Driver winces - he knew it.

CAB DRIVER

(shouts after him)

I thought so! You Old Sharon boys sure have a flair for this sort of thing!

DISSOLVE

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - NIGHT (PROCESS)

62

CLOSE UP - top of kettle. A hand comes in, takes the cover off, and as the steam clears, we see a lot of luscious ears of corn. A fork stabs one and pulls it out of the kettle. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK we see an Italian character in a LUNCH CART, who with a big paint brush is lavishly painting an ear of corn with butter. He examines it discerningly, sees one spot he's missed and with a dash puts on the finishing touch. CAMERA PULLS BACK still further (disclosing GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE on which the cart stands) as with a gleam of satisfaction, the Italian passes the corn along in front of Francey. In her dainty evening dress, she's leaning on her elbows, busily munching a greasy ear of corn. This second helping goes to Peter. He throws away a cob, scrutinizes the second one and starts to work on it. It's excellent corn.

63 CLOSE UP - Peter, apparently continuing a speech:

PETER

For example, our agricultural department is working out a remarkable experiment, crossing maize with corn...

64 CLOSE UP - Francey

FRANCEY

(wiping butter off chin - grinning)

If that school of yours could cross corn with butter, you'd really have something.

65 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Francey and Peter - busy with corn and talking.

PETER

(laughs)

I've been talking too much, haven't I?

FRANCEY

(laughs)

Well, you've been holding your own - but I like it.

PETER

(smiles)

It's your turn now.

FRANCEY

(eagerly)

Did you see me dance?

PETER

(shakes his head)

I heard you sing.

FRANCEY

(disappointed)

Oh - you missed my big number - where I wear sequins and do a variation of the Suzy Q.

(CONTINUED)

65 (CONTINUED)

Peter looks a trifle bewildered at this, but tries valiantly to keep up with her.

FRANCEY (cont'd)
You come tomorrow night.

PETER
(smiling, really
kidding her)
Are you a good dancer?

FRANCEY
(indignantly)
Good! Why, I'm swell! I'm a
headliner -- Why, most of those
people came to see me.

66

DIFFERENT ANGLE - Peter and Francey, CAMERA PANNING from one to the other as they speak.

PETER
(heart-felt agreement)
I can understand that.

FRANCEY
(childishly)
They pay plenty to see me - and
like it!

PETER
(repeating, smiles)
Oh - you're good?

FRANCEY
(stoutly)
You bet I am!

PETER
(chuckles)
Now, who's bragging?

They laugh together, like two high school kids.
Francey holds out her hand.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCEY

Event

PETER

(taking it, reacting
to the softness; low)

Even.

There is a breathless second - then Peter turns to vendor.

67 REVERSE ANGLE - Peter turning to Italian vendor.

PETER

How much do I owe you?

The Italian looks down at the ground. CAMERA PANS DOWN to ground, where a lot of cobs are scattered around. CAMERA PANS BACK.

ITALIAN

(white-toothed smile)

For-titty cents!

68 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Francey demurely gets out her purse, counts out the change. Peter, turning to her hesitantly, sees her. A quick little embarrassed smile crosses his face; he takes the money solemnly, with a formal little nod of thanks to her. Francey returns the nod with pertness. He hands the change to the Italian, gets out the notebook, puts down the item. CAMERA MOVES BACK to WIDER ANGLE, as they get up - Francey takes his arm.

FRANCEY

(laughing, as they
exit)

My, do I have you in my power!

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - DAWN

69 MED. MOVING SHOT - Francey and Peter walking down street, swinging hands. They look tired, and they are dragging their feet. Francey stops Peter, by tugging on his hand.

70 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Francey and Peter pausing in front of building.

FRANCEY

G'bye...

PETER

(scared to lose her)

Why?

She smilingly indicates the apartment building in front of which they are standing.

FRANCEY

I live here.

PETER

(a wealth of disappointment)

Oh.

FRANCEY

(gaily)

All things come to an end, they say. So, our night had to.

71 CLOSE UP - Peter - refuses to let go of her hands; points to the sunrise.

PETER

(then softly, looking down at her)

"--- look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and
Jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

72 CLOSE UP - Francey.

FRANCEY

(softly)

You say such lovely things, Peter.
(for an instant her face
grows sad, lonely;
wistfully)
Not like anyone I've ever known.

(CONTINUED)

She starts to move away, then stops suddenly and turns. Francey quickly takes a dollar bill out of her bag. There is almost a look of maternal solicitude on Francey's face.

FRANCEY (cont'd)

(smiles)

Cab fare.

73 CLOSE SHOT - Peter (from Francey's angle).

PETER

(shakes his head,
smiling)

Such a beautiful morning.....
I'm going to walk.

74 CLOSE SHOT - Francey - smiles - starts to go in again, when she hears Peter calling out suddenly:

PETER

(off scene; gets his
courage)

Francey!

He enters.

PETER (cont'd)

(not daring to kiss her
yet; humbly, like a
little boy)

Could you spare me one more
nickel?

FRANCEY

(fishes it out, laughing
hands it to him)

Carfare?

He shakes his head again.

PETER

Secret.

75 MED. SHOT - (Sun coming up) The first brilliant rays strike Peter's face. It is evident he wants to kiss Francey. Francey stares at him, then swiftly she slides her hand around his shoulder, gives him a light sweet kiss. She smiles hurriedly, and turns and runs up the steps.

76 CLOSE UP - Peter - standing - dazed and happy for a second, then shouts after her, madly.

PETER

FRANCEY!

EXT. ENTRANCE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

77 CLOSE SHOT - Francey is unlocking the front door by this time, with her key, as Peter dashes up the steps, turns her around, and sweeps her into his arms and kisses her passionately. They separate, both a little breathless.

FRANCEY

(turning to go into
the house)

Goodnight.....

PETER

(breathlessly rushes
down the steps)

Goodnight.....

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

78 CLOSE SHOT - door as it is opened and Francey comes in, closes the door and leans against it. As her head goes back, there are tears in her eyes. She puts her hand to her lips. Then, in spite of herself, grins.

FRANCEY

(to herself scoffingly)

A softy, hum?.....

WIPE OUT

(END OF PART TWO)

INT. FRANCEY'S ROOM - MORNING

79 CLOSE UP - Francey, still in evening dress, dreamily combing her hair before a mirror. She plainly is unconscious that she is holding a comb in her hand or even that she is looking into the mirror. The phone rings. She gives a start, picks up receiver and answers it, a little crossly.

FRANCEY

(crossly)

H'illo!

INT. PHONE BOOTH - MORNING

80 Peter at phone.

PETER

(a little breathlessly)

Hello...

INT. FRANCEY'S ROOM - MORNING

81 CLOSE SHOT - Francey.

FRANCEY

(also a little
breathlessly)

Oh!...

INT. PHONE BOOTH - MORNING

82 CLOSE UP - Peter.

PETER

(floating on a
rosy cloud)

What are you doing?

FRANCEY'S VOICE

(who is also floating
on rosy cloud)

Nothing --

PETER

(seriously)

I was wondering - may I take you
to breakfast?

INT. FRANCEY'S ROOM - MORNING

83 CLOSE UP - Francey at phone.

FRANCEY

(fervently)

Why, Peter, I think that's grand!

PETER'S VOICE

How soon?

FRANCEY

Where are you?

PETER'S VOICE

(with simplicity)

Down at the corner.

FRANCEY

Give me five minutes!

She hangs up. CAMERA MOVES BACK as she tears into a wild burst of activity of getting out a street dress, wildly trying to find a hat, etc. etc.

DISSOLVE

INSERT

BIG WALL CLOCK - with the hands pointing to 11:00. Then CAMERA PANS DOWN to a blackboard on which are written train schedules, and PAUSES on one name: "Old Sharon...Westbound...Leaves 11:00 P.M." On SOUND TRACK comes call, "All Aboard!"

DISSOLVEEXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

84 SHOT of train wheels beginning to move, gathering momentum, sound of train whistle, engine and train noises.

DISSOLVE OUT

57

VIVACIOUS LADY

Screen Play

by

Ernest Pagano

(With few exceptions, this follows
the material already filmed.)

DISSOLVE IN

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

85 MOVING SHOT - Peter and the Conductor.

PETER

(as they walk)

He's got brown hair, brown eyes,
and about five feet ten inches
high.

CONDUCTOR

In his shoes or his stocking
feet?

PETER

In his stocking feet.

CONDUCTOR

I haven't seen him.

86 REVERSE SHOT - Peter looking down corridor. We see
the Porter at the end of the corridor removing the
ice from the cooler.

PETER

Never mind. I've found him.

The Porter enters the Men's Smoking Room. Peter and
the Conductor follow.

87

Keith stretched out on the bench. The Porter quickly wraps a towel around the ice and places it against Keith's head.

PETER
(shaking Keith)
Keith - Wake up!

KEITH
(in stupor)
All aboard - Oswego - Norwego -
Ithaca - Old Sharon - rye...

He stops a moment - tries to sit up, and repeats:

KEITH (cont'd)
...rye -

Suddenly it dawns on him that 'rye' is the name of a drink and he's thirsty.

KEITH (cont'd)
...rye - straight -

PETER
(shaking him)
Keith - Keith - I'm married!

KEITH
Good - make it two.

Then with a 'take 'em' he realizes what Peter has said.

KEITH (cont'd)
What'd you say?

PETER
I'm married.

KEITH
To who?

PETER
To a girl.

(CONTINUED)

KEITH
(through half-closed
eyes)
Well - that's nice.

He lies back on the bench. The Porter prepares to place the ice towel against Keith's head.

CONDUCTOR
Now that that's straightened
out, could I have the tickets?

PETER
Yes.

As he hands over the tickets -

PETER (cont'd)
(to Keith)
Keith - you wouldn't mind if
we used the drawing room. I'll
buy you another ticket.

KEITH
Not at all. I've always wanted
to be imposed upon by a bride.

Peter starts to pay for the extra ticket.

CONDUCTOR
Sorry - but there's no space
left..

KEITH
That's awright - I'll sleep
right here.

PORTER
That's mah bunk, sir.

Peter hands the bill to the wide-eyed Porter. The Conductor, who has been punching the tickets, now hands them back to Peter.

(CONTINUED)

PETER
(to Conductor)
Would you mind telling my wife
I'll meet her in Drawing Room A?

The Conductor nods and exits.

KEITH
Wife?
(he starts
singing)
Oh - promise me --

PETER
(shoving Keith
over and sitting
down next to him)
Keith - some people would say
it's a miracle. They'd say it
happens only once in a
lifetime -

KEITH
Don't pay any attention to
what people say - just idle
talk -

PETER
(trying to
convince
himself)
There's nothing particularly
miraculous about it. It's just
pure chemistry. Anodes attract
cathodes.

KEITH
How cozy -

PETER
We saw each other and our
chemicals started to work. But
I didn't let go of myself. Oh
no - not for one minute. I
studied her all night. And
studied her carefully. I finally
came to the conclusion that she
was the most wonderful girl in
the world.

(CONTINUED)

KEITH
(almost asleep)
Poor Cathode.

PETER
(getting up:
to Porter)
Take care of him.

KEITH
(half asleep)
Cathode... What a name for
a girl.

PETER
(at door)
Her name is Francie.

He exits.

KEITH
Oh, Francie - very pretty
name.

Suddenly it dawns on him and he leaps to his feet.

KEITH (cont'd)
Francie! Tha's my girl!

The porter restrains him at the door.

PORTER
(holding)
Wait a minute, boss. Take it
easy.

KEITH
Betrayed by my own family -
my own flesh and blood.

He begins to cry.

PORTER
Lots of other fish in the sea,
boss - lots of other fish.

(CONTINUED)

KEITH

(crying)
I don't want any fish - I want
a girl!

PORTER

Take it easy, Boss - take it
easy.

KEITH

(through his
tears)
This smile - don't let it fool
you. It hides a broken heart...

By this time he is against the porter, crying his heart
out. Then he eases his head to the porter's shoulder
and is fast asleep - snoring.

The porter carefully leans him against the wall, where,
standing, he continues to snore. The porter tiptoes
cautiously to the bench and lies down for his night's
sleep.

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

88

As Peter walks into Francie and the conductor. Each is
carrying a grip. Peter takes Francie's, and they walk
up to Drawing Room A. The conductor tries the door.
It is locked. While he unlocks the door -

FRANCIE

How did Keith react?

PETER

Well - he was a little
startled - at finding me
married.

The conductor unlatches the door and is about to
open it.

FRANCIE

(embarrassedly)
Please - do you mind -- You
see, we -- Well, he and I --
Do you mind - if we go in alone?

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Why, you've got claustrophobia.
You're afraid of crowds, the
same as I am.

FRANCIE

That's it - that's it.

CONDUCTOR

(wisely)

Now I know I've heard everything -

He turns and walks out of the scene. Peter reaches
for the door. Francie places her hand on his.

FRANCIE

You see, Pete - I've never
been married before - and -
and -

PETER

And you're frightened.

FRANCIE

(puzzled)

Frightened? -- Of what?

Peter looks at her.

FRANCIE (cont'd)

As a matter of fact - I'm never
going to be frightened again.
Now I have you, you're my wall -
to lean against -- my anchor -
to hold me fast...

Peter begins to draw himself to his full height.

PETER

Well - I've - always tried to
be a strong man -- in a
conservative way, of course.

She looks up at Peter adoringly.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCIE

(simply)

Well, my big strong conservative man, get your shoulders ready for a lot of dependence. And you can start by carrying me across our first threshold.

PETER

But, dear, that's a hangover from Medieval days.

He sees the look on her face, so he picks her up.

PETER (cont'd)

I don't know why we should be ruled by people who have been dead a thousand years.

She kisses him.

PETER (cont'd)

(coming out of
the kiss; softly)

They were wise men.

She leans down, opens the door. Peter kicks it open and they enter.

INT. DRAWING ROOM A - NIGHT

- 89 As Peter, with Francie in his arms, stands framed in the doorway. A horrified look comes over his face.
- 90 REVERSE ANGLE - showing a man in shirt and vest, a tooth brush in his hand. His wife sits on the bed, a mirror in her hand as she plucks her eyebrows with a pair of tweezers.
- 91 As Peter, after a few seconds, puts Francie on her feet.

PETER

Oh - I - I - beg your pardon.

(CONTINUED)

HUSBAND
(unconcerned)
That's all right, buddy. I
know just how it is.

WIFE
(to husband;
snarling)
Just how is it?

HUSBAND
(in disgust)
Ah - shut up. Can't a man
make a mistake?

WIFE
Well - he could knock first.

Peter starts to back out.

FRANCIE
(belligerently)
Wait a minute.

She turns to the occupants.

FRANCIE (cont'd)
Isn't this Drawing Room A?
Where are the tickets, Peter?

PETER
It's all right, dear - I'm
sure -

WIFE
(to husband)
Are you going to do something
about this traffic? - Why
don't you throw 'em out?

HUSBAND
Why don't you shut up?
Can't you see they're going
out?

FRANCIE
Oh no, we're not. This happens
to be our drawing room.

(CONTINUED)

WIFE

Then I'll get the conductor
to do what my husband is
supposed to do.

PETER

(to Francie)

Now, dear, I'm sure we can
straighten this out with the
conductor ourselves, and not
bother these people.

Francie deliberately sits down.

FRANCIE

This is our drawing room and
I don't budge.

HUSBAND

Good. I was wondering what we
were going to do all night.

FRANCIE

Peter - sit down.

He does so - reluctantly. The husband casually removes
his vest and shirt.

WIFE

(to husband)

I don't know why it is, every
time I take a trip with you
something happens.

The husband removes his pajamas from grip and spreads
them across the bed. Francie and Peter watch with
growing apprehension.

WIFE (cont'd)

And I bet every time I don't
take a trip with you, something
happens.

He looks at her and winks at Francie.

(CONTINUED)

WIFE (cont'd)

Oh - you don't have to smirk.
I know what I'm married to.
You haven't fooled me for a
minute. But I don't care.

HUSBAND

(quietly, patiently)

Now look, dear - Why don't you
be a nice girl and keep quiet?

(raises voice
and gestures)

- Before I pin your big ears back!

WIFE

(to Francie
and Peter)

You hear that? You're a witness -

The husband starts to slip off his suspenders as he
mutters:

HUSBAND

I wish you had a mother to go
back to.

He starts to undo his trousers. Francie gets to her
feet and takes Peter's hand.

FRANCIE

(to husband)

I'll bet when you grow up you're
going to be a nasty old man.

They exit.

HUSBAND

(taking off trousers)

I guess she got frightened.

His pants drop to the floor and he stands in his shorts.

WIFE

(looking him over;
then, with superb
sarcasm)

Frightened! Of what?

INT. CLUB CAR - NIGHT

92

As Peter and Francie, carrying their grips, come in. There are two men sitting on the only couch. One of the seats on the couch is empty. Peter sits Francie on the chair opposite, and then seats himself in the empty place on the couch. During the men's dialogue, Peter and Francie look hopefully at the couch, praying that the two men will soon leave so that they might, at least, sit next to each other. Neither is relaxed, but each sits rigidly.

FIRST MAN

So all the creditors got together - signed the papers - but before we could clamp down on the jury -
CHIT!...

(peculiar sound
to be described)

...he got away. Well, I swore I'd catch him. Got a detective who located him in a hotel in Toledo. When the dicks came in with their report - I got a plane and...

(peculiar sound)

... I was in Toledo. He flew the coop, but I knew he was still in town. I got on his trail and traced him to his boarding house. I made a play for his landlady and got in his room. Before he could get away - I -

(peculiar noise)

- locked the door. I called the dicks in and we started to work on him. Five hours we worked on him - then --

FRANCIE

(making same
peculiar noise)

... You had him.

The men look at her, get up and start for the door.

FIRST MAN

(to Francie)

Wise guy.

(CONTINUED)

SECOND MAN

Yeah - every time you get on
a train and look around...

(peculiar sound)

... you find one.

As they leave, Francie and Peter remain seated. Each studies the other from head to foot as though valuing what they've got. Convinced they both got a bargain, they grin, get up and meet in the center of the aisle. Peter reaches down and kisses her. Then he takes her by the hand, leads her to the door of the car. Instead of going through, he picks her up in his arms, kisses her again, and now steps across an imaginary threshold, and carries her to the couch, where she sits on his lap. As they snuggle close, the door opens with a bang, and in stamps the husband, in bathrobe - mad as hell.

Peter and Francie break and sit apart. The husband kicks a stool out of the way, then sits himself viciously in the chair opposite the two, and stares. Obviously, the old lady has pinned his ears back.

FADE OUT

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

93 CLOSE UP - Porter as he stands near the door of the car.

PORTER

Old Sharon two minutes -
Old Sharon two minutes.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include drawing rooms, compartments and Pullmans. Francie and Peter come down the aisle - B.G. - carrying their bags. They look exhausted and worn out. The Porter takes their bags and starts toward the vestibule.

As Peter reaches the Men's Smoking Room, Keith, looking as though he had stepped out of Esquire, comes into the scene. He is in high spirits as he spots Peter.

KEITH

(personality plus;
musically)

Peter - good morning!
Good morning!!

Then he sees Francie.

KEITH (cont'd)

Francie! What are you
doing here?

Before she can reply, he snaps his fingers.

KEITH (cont'd)

(rushing up to her)

I remember. I married you --
last night.

He puts out his arms.

KEITH (cont'd)

Darling!

PETER

Whoa - wait a minute, Keith.
I married her.

(CONTINUED)

KEITH
That's all right. Then
we're cousins.

He puts his arms around her and kisses her.

94 REVERSE ANGLE - showing the Drawing Room A door open.
Husband and wife stare.

HUSBAND
You and your cousins can use
this drawing room now - if
you wanna.

Francie is embarrassed. The train lurches to a stop.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

95 MOVING SHOT as people start pushing their way toward
the vestibule.

PORTER
All off for Old Sharon.

KEITH
(picking up grips)
Well - here we go.

PORTER
(with whisk-broom,
to Keith)
Brush you off, sir?

KEITH
No - I'll get off the usual
way.

The Porter starts brushing Francie.

KEITH (cont'd)
(looking out window)
There's your family, Pete.
The old man looks kind of
calm. I thought he'd be a
little bit excited when he
heard you were married.

(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED)

PETER

But I haven't told them yet.

KEITH

Oh, you haven't told them yet --
then save me two seats on the
fifty yard line.

PETER

Well - I - I didn't want to tell
them over the phone. You know
how excitable he is -- over the
phone.

KEITH

Don't limit him to the phone --
he throws a fit almost any place.

FRANCIE

(a little puzzled)
Sounds like I walked into
something.

KEITH

Right up to your beautiful
hips, lady.

PETER

(defensively)
It's just something everybody
has to face.

KEITH

Peter's father is Henry the
Eighth of Old Sharon. He cuts
the heads off of young brides.

PETER

I'll tell them right away. After
all, it's my life, and I'm old
enough to know what I'm doing.
It isn't as if I just ran off and
got married. I thought it all
over and considered it very
seriously before I made the step.
If he has anything to say, let
him say it to my face.

(CONTINUED)

KEITH

Don't worry - he will. He will.

FRANCIE

Peter, you go ahead. I'll go
someplace. I'll wait. You kind
of straighten things out.

KEITH

Come over to my place -- it's a
lovely place.

PETER

No - no.

FRANCIE

You can tell them - then I'll
come over later.

PETER

I don't like it, but as long as
you insist.

KEITH

We'll be at my apartment.

Peter reacts.

KEITH (cont'd)

(with a grin)

You know my telephone number.
Call us up if you manage to get
this straightened out.

He puts his arm through Francie's.

KEITH (cont'd)

Come along, Cousin Francie.

EXT. STATION PLATFORM - OLD SHARON - MORNING

96

As Keith and Francie step out and start to walk along
the platform. He smiles out of scene and waves as they
walk.

KEITH

Hi - Uncle.

97 GROUP SHOT showing Peter's father and Helen.

FATHER

(to Helen)

Who's that blonde thing with
Keith? And why is he sneaking
off? And where's Peter?

HELEN

(excited)

There's Peter!

She runs out of scene.

98

SHOOTING toward train as Peter steps out of car. Helen rushes in and throws her arms around Peter.

HELEN (cont'd)

Darling!

She kisses Peter.

EXT. NEAR STATION - AT PARKING PLACE - MORNING.

99

Keith and Francie watching scene.

FRANCIE

Who's that?

KEITH

Her name is Helen - just a girl he's engaged to.

FRANCIE

(surprised)

Why, he's a bigamist!

KEITH

Just in the second degree. She's something the old man whipped up. You know, blue blood and a black tongue - a thoroughbred.

Before Francie can reply he takes her arm.

KEITH (cont'd)

Come on.

FRANCIE

Wait a minute. I want to give her the once-over. After all, I don't want my husband engaged to just anyone.

As Peter and Helen come in to the Father.

PETER

Hello, dad.

The chauffeur takes Peter's bag.

PETER (cont'd)

Hello, Joseph.

CHAUFFEUR

'morning, sir.

PETER

Dad, I want to tell you something --

FATHER

You don't have to. I saw it with my own eyes. I don't know why it is - every time I send someone to do something for me, nothing is done. I sent you to bring Keith home --

PETER

But I did, Dad.

FATHER

I didn't expect you to be weak enough to allow him to bring that -- that -- blonde with him. Isn't that the girl you spoke to me about over the phone?

PETER

Yes -- but then I didn't know - I - Dad - she's a nice girl --

FATHER

(interrupting)

You're twenty-six years of age, Peter. When you were twelve I informed you - and you still don't know one woman from another.

(CONTINUED)

He turns.

FATHER (cont'd)

This is a subject which doesn't bear discussing now. You may use the car and take Helen home. I have a board meeting at the University.

He walks away as Peter looks after him. Helen slips her arm through his and, almost leaning on him, leads him toward the parking space.

101 MOVING SHOT - as they walk toward parking space.

HELEN

Now don't worry, Peter. I knew it wasn't your fault. I wonder whether Keith's predatory instincts are inherited or acquired.

PETER

What do you mean?

HELEN

You know, he is allergic to blondes. Every time he gets near one he breaks out in a rash.

PETER

(hopefully)

I may not know the difference between women but I hope Keith does.

HELEN

I'm afraid the only way to cure Keith is to send him back to the African bush.

PETER

Well - I trust him.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

I wouldn't, Peter. I didn't want to tell you this before, but he made a pass at me.

Peter is really getting worried about Francie.

HELEN (cont'd)

And, furthermore - you should listen to his best friends' wives --

As they now pass Francie, her back is turned and she is applying makeup on her lips.

KEITH

Hello, Helen.

Helen passes without speaking. Peter, convinced that Keith will make a pass at Francie, drops back one step - allowing him to deliver to the astounded Keith a swift kick on the shins. He then follows Helen.

Francie now turns around and watches the others off-scene.

FRANCIE

(to Keith)

Wait a minute -

She hurries out of scene.

EXT. PARKING SPACE - OLD SHARON - MORNING

102

At the Morgan car. Joseph opens the door of the open touring car for Helen and Peter. Francie runs into the scene and hops on to the running board.

FRANCIE

(gushingly)

Oh, Mr. Morgan - I just wanted to thank you for everything you've done. I had such a wonderful time. All I have to do is think of it and I break out in gooseflesh -- all over.

(to Helen)

Do you ever break out?

(CONTINUED)

102 (CONTINUED)

HELEN

(cold)
Not lately.

FRANCIE

(to Peter)
I'll always think of you,
Mr. Morgan -- as my cousin.

Francie reaches over and plants a long, long kiss on
Peter's lips. Helen reacts.

103 CLOSE SHOT of Keith as he watches the scene with great
amusement.

KEITH

(to himself)
Touchdown!

104 CLOSE SHOT at car - as Francie steps back from Peter.
There is a large imprint of her lips on Peter's.

FRANCIE

Thanks again.

She runs off.

PETER

(embarrassedly)
Helen, that girl is - is -

HELEN

We'll just consider her
your wild cat.

JOSEPH

(turning)
Directly home, sir?

His eyes open wide as he stares at the cupid lips' imprint.
Helen sees Joseph's reaction and she, too, looks at Peter.

(CONTINUED)

104 (CONTINUED)

HELEN
 (handing him
 handkerchief)
 Wipe your mouth, dear,
 before Joseph kisses you.

Peter does so. The car pulls out of scene.

DISSOLVE

INT. PETER'S ROOM - MORGAN HOME - DAY

105 He is pacing back and forth nervously, looking at the telephone, as Joseph, now doubling as a valet, unpacks - very deliberately - Peter's grips. As he removes a shirt he carefully refolds it and crosses to a bureau drawer.

PETER
 Look, Joseph - you - you run
 along - you look tired -

JOSEPH
 Never felt better in my life.

PETER
 I'm glad. But you just run
 along. I'll take care of that.

He leads Joseph to the door, and closes it after him. He runs back and picks up the phone.

PETER (cont'd)
 (into phone)
 Hilldale 3434...
 (pause)
 - Hello...
 (then almost
 frantic)
 Hello, Francie - Are you all
 right?... What's Keith doing?

At this point, a hatchet-faced, white maid opens the door and enters the room.

PETER (cont'd)
 (seeing her;
 into phone)
 Uh-uh- wrong number, dear.

(CONTINUED)

Phone rings.

FRANCIE

Hello.

PETER

Francis.

FRANCIE

Oh, hello.

PETER

What did you say Keith was
doing?

INT. KEITH'S APARTMENT - DAY

106 SHOT.

FRANCIE

He's gone out for a few
minutes.

Keith enters with cake.

107- SHOT
108

FRANCIE (cont'd)

Oh, no - here he is now!
(reacts to cake)

Oh -
(rises)

Oh -

Keith puts cake down.

FRANCIE (cont'd)

Oh -
(putting arms
around neck)

You're wonderful! Hmmm.
(steps back -
looks at cake)

Oh!
(puts arms around
his neck again)

Oh, Keith you're a darling -
Hm! Hm! Hm!

(CONTINUED)

PETER
Francie! -- Francie!

FRANCIE
(into phone)
Oh, hello.

PETER
What's happening?

FRANCIE
Oh - Keith just brought us
the most beautiful cake.
(dropping down
on knees)

PETER
I mean - what was all the
noise?

FRANCIE
It's wedding cake! -- Listen
to it.
(tinkles bell)

PETER
Well, - don't cut it until
I get there.

FRANCIE
No - we won't -
(rises)
Have you told your mother
and father yet?
(moving toward
lounge)

PETER
What?

FRANCIE
I said - have you told your
mother and father yet?
(sits down on
lounge)

PETER
No - but I'm perfectly sure
they'll take a reasonable
attitude.

(CONTINUED)

KEITH

Don't you worry about your baby, Mrs. Jones.

(leans back)

She can stay here as long as she wants to.

PETER

Francie!

FRANCIE

Yes.

PETER

Look, can't you send Keith out on some errand for you?

FRANCIE

Don't you worry about Keith - You worry about telling those people that your wife wants her husband. Hey! -- Come here!

(turns to Keith and turns his head away)

Don't look.

(she kisses into phone; she reacts drops phone)

He hung up!

KEITH

Helen probably popped in. I wouldn't worry about it much.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - MORGAN HOME - DAY

108

As Peter goes to the door and admits his Father, who carries a batch of papers.

FATHER

Peter, as you know, the Student Council meets tonight and, as a member of the Advisory Committee, you're going to be there, of course. There has been much too much smoking in the corridors.

(he hands the papers to Peter, who lays them on a desk)

And, furthermore, we're having the usual spring difficulties between our male and female students. (CONTINUED)

PETER

Dad, I want to explain
about that girl -

FATHER

I'm sure you will be happy
to know I've decided to give
it no more thought. As far
as you're concerned, I'll
take care of Keith in my
own fashion.

PETER

But, dad - I insist --

FATHER

The subject is closed.

He turns to leave. Peter, a little angry, stops him.

PETER

The subject is not closed.
It can't be closed.

FATHER

(raising his voice)

Really - the whole matter is
distasteful.

PETER

At the risk of proving myself
a fool, I insist on talking
about it.

Mrs. Morgan enters the room.

MRS. MORGAN

Do I hear voices?

PETER

Yes, mother, you do. I will
not be treated as an infant!

FATHER

(shouting)

Don't shout. Shouting is the
effort of a limited mind to
express itself!

(CONTINUED)

109 (CONTINUED)

MRS. MORGAN

(feeling for
her heart)

Oh - oh -

She begins to sink. Father takes her gently and leads her to a chair. Peter pats her hand concernedly:
"Mother - mother."

FATHER

See what you've done? Get the smelling salts!

He runs out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - MORGAN HOME - DAY

110 As Peter runs in to Jenny, the maid.

PETER

(excitedly)

Quick, Jenny. The smelling salts!

JENNY

(nonchalantly
holding up
bottle)

I got 'em.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - MORGAN HOME - DAY

111 As Jenny comes in and crosses to Mrs. Morgan. Peter stands in doorway.

MRS. MORGAN

(coming to)

I'm all right, dear -
I'm all right.

Peter ducks out of doorway.

112

PETER

Hilldale 4343 -- hello
Francie -- Darling I haven't
got this quite straightened
out yet, but listen, I have
an idea. Get yourself all
dressed up -- be as beautiful
as you are. Have Keith bring
you to the Prom tonight. My
folks will be there.

INT. KEITH'S APARTMENT - DAY

113

FRANCIE

Oh, I'll be even more beautiful
than I am.

(to Keith)

He wants you to take me to the
Prom tonight.

KEITH

Tell him we're doing something
else.

(takes phone)

Why bore Francie her first
night in Old Sharon.

PETER

Now listen, Keith, -- I want
her to be there while I
tell them -- it'll be a lot
easier with music, atmosphere
and everything. They're sure
to love her.

KEITH

Well, so far, everybody in
the family who's met her --
loves her.

PETER

Now you take --

(sees Mother and
Morgan coming
down hall)

You're all right, Mother?

(CONTINUED)

1/10/38
65

MOTHER

Yes, dear.

PETER

(in phone
again)

Now Keith you take good
care of her.

KEITH

Don't worry - I will. We'll
meet you in the locker room.

PETER

Thanks Keith. You stay out
of the locker room!

INSERT BRASS PLAQUE - reading:
WENDELL ARMS APARTMENTS

DISSOLVE

INT. SMALL LOBBY

114 Clerk at desk (Franklyn Pangborn) chewing on pencil and delicately writing in between bites. Peter, carrying a cellophane box of orchids, enters briskly and walks toward the self-operating elevator at the rear. He gets by the desk before the clerk sees him.

CLERK
(calling after
him)
Yea, sir...

Peter stops.

CLERK (cont'd)
...and where might you be
going, sir?

PETER
Apartment two-four-two --
Miss Frances Brent.

The clerk points delicately and annoyedly with his pencil toward a sign on wall. It is an old ritual. Peter looks at it.

INSERT CLOSE SHOT - SIGN - reading:
NO COOKING OR GENTLEMEN
ALLOWED IN THE APARTMENTS.

BACK TO SCENE.

PETER
(stammering)
But I'm her...her...cousin
Pete.

CLERK
Relatives are not exempt.

PETER
Will you tell her that I'm here?

(CONTINUED)

Clerk plugs in the telephone cord as Peter walks to the side and sinks into one of the upholstered armchairs.

CLERK

Miss Brent, your...er...
cousin Pete is waiting in
the lobby.

(pulls out the
plug; to Peter)

She'll be right down, sir.

Keith jauntily enters scene and, without seeing Peter, begins to walk past desk. He also has a cellophane box of orchids under his arm.

CLERK (cont'd)

(seeing him)

You, sir...where do you
think you're going?

KEITH

Apartment two-four-two ---
Miss Frances Brent.

Clerk, a little tiredly, points to sign. Keith reads.

KEITH (cont'd)

But I'm her cousin Keith.

Clerk takes it.

CLERK

(pointing to Peter)

Is that gentleman related
to you?

KEITH

(looking toward Peter)

Yes -- he's my father.

He walks across to Peter, who rises.

PETER

(suspiciously)

Now, look here, Keith --
what are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

Changes
"VIVACIOUS LADY"

114 (CONTINUED)

KEITH

Taking Francie to the movies.

PETER

(suspiciously)

What are the orchids for?

KEITH

I've got a crush on an usher.

PETER

(protesting)

It's not right. Instead of
coming here to make my excuses,
I should be taking Francie.

KEITH

(patting him on
the back)Why don't you run along home
and ask papa and mama if you
may?

PETER

That was a shabby remark.

KEITH

(his face sobers;
he apologizes)

It was, Pete, I'm sorry.

The elevator door opens. Francie steps out. She is being
watched keenly by the clerk and, being a little afraid of
him, she uses a casual, conversational tone.

FRANCIE

How do you do, Keith.

How do you do, Peter.

(she shakes hands
with both)

Keith holds out his box of orchids. Francie looks from
Peter's box to his. She reaches over and takes Peter's.

FRANCIE (cont'd)

Pin it for me, Peter.

(CONTINUED)

As Peter helps her pin the orchids, Keith crosses to desk and puts his box in front of the clerk.

KEITH

These are for you, sweetheart --
for mother's day.

Keith turns back and "takes it". From his angle, it looks as though Peter and Francie have disappeared. Instead, they are almost hidden by a large square upright post.

BEHIND THE POST - INT. LOBBY

115 CLOSE SHOT - as Peter pins the orchids on Francie. She has her arms around his waist.

FRANCIE

Can't we go out in the car
tonight, Pete? Lots of people
go out in cars.

PETER

I can't. I've got to take my
fiancee --

(catches himself)

- I mean the girl I'm engaged
to -- I - I mean -- I've got
to take Helen to the prom.

FRANCIE

Oh -

Before she can continue, Keith comes in.

KEITH

(extending his
arm to Francie)

Sorry, old man - if any mail
comes for us, we'll be at the
Central Theatre.

Francie takes Keith's arm and exits to street. Peter follows.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. CENTRAL THEATRE - (DARK)

116 Only a portion of the audience can be seen. All are intently watching the screen. A seat next to the aisle is empty. Next to it sits Francie, and next to her is Keith.

Peter comes down the aisle and sits in the empty seat. He slides as close to her as possible. Without looking she moves away. Peter moves in again. Now Francie is ready to take a slap at a 'masher'. She turns and sees Peter.

FRANCIE

(in a loud whisper)

Pete - darling!

KEITH

(looking at them)

Is that man annoying you?

Patrons look a little annoyed. One of them speaks:

PATRON

(loud whisper)

Sh-h-h....

Francie puts her head on Pete's shoulder. An Usherette, going toward the back of the house, stops and sees the position of Francie's head.

USHERETTE

(tapping Peter)

Sorry - but that's not permitted here.

They straighten up. Keith leans over and whispers:

KEITH

(very sincerely)

Pete - why don't you let me bring Francie to the prom tonight and give your folks a chance to know her?

PETER

(doubtfully)

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

PATRON

SH-H-H!...

FRANCIE

Please, Pete. I'll be good.
I'll be so good - I'll - I'll
make them love me.

KEITH

After they know her, it'll be
so much easier for you to tell
them.

PETER

(after a pause)

Well - all right...

PATRON

SH-H-H!...

Francie squeezes Peter's arm and again snuggles her head
against his shoulder. Again the Usherette comes into the
scene and taps Peter on the shoulder.

USHERETTE

Sorry - I'll have to ask you
to leave.

Rather than cause a scene Peter gets to his feet and
starts to go. Then, as an afterthought, he says to
Keith in a loud voice:

PETER

But stay out of the locker
rooms.

In the next breath, he turns round to the Woman Patron
who has been sh-sh-ing him all through the scene, and
quickly adds in a loud voice:

PETER (cont'd)

Yeah - I know - SH!...

FADE OUT

END OF PART III

FADE IN

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

117 The room is dimly lit. Peter (evening clothes) is looking around anxiously, hoping he doesn't find Keith and Francie. In the semi-darkness, Peter sees a couple - the man's back toward him. He takes a better look and is relieved to discover it is two other people. He walks down the aisle toward the door, sees several other couples, but none that he is interested in. He opens the door leading to the Foyer of the Country Club.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - FOYER - NIGHT

118 Groups of people, students and Faculty members, are gathered to exchange ad lib greetings. To one side, girls are going in and coming out of the Rest Room.

On the opposite side is a Check Room, around which there is a buzz of activity. In the background can be seen couples dancing to music which comes over the entire scene.

Near the door, in the foreground, a gentleman sits behind a desk and writes the names of guests as they arrive. Near him is a Newspaper Photographer and also a typical Female Reporter. As certain guests enter, the Cameraman flashlights pictures, and the Reporter makes notes of names, description of clothes, and so forth.

Keith and Francie enter the foyer (evening clothes), and step up to the Man behind the desk.

MAN BEHIND DESK

Good evening, Mr. Morgan.

He starts to write the name on a piece of paper.

119 CLOSE SHOT of the Reporter speaking to the Photographer, who flashes their picture.

REPORTER

(indicating)
Keith Morgan - He's head of
the Athletics of the University -
(whispers)
- when he's sober.

120 MED. SHOT - The Man behind the desk has finished writing Keith's name. Keith smiles affably, takes Francie's arm, and starts out.

MAN BEHIND DESK

(smiling)
Just a moment, Mr. Morgan -
(indicating)
Who's the young lady?

KEITH

She's my guest.

Peter pushes his way through a group of people, to join Keith and Francie.

MAN BEHIND DESK

I'm sorry, Mr. Morgan - but you know the rule: This is to be a closed affair - limited to Faculty and students only.

KEITH

(quickly)
That's all right - she's a student - Miss Francie Brent.

Francie reacts. Peter immediately joins the conversation.

PETER

Certainly she is -- My class - majoring in Botany - Class Forty.

Francie smiles genially at the Man behind desk.

(CONTINUED)

120 (CONTINUED)

MAN BEHIND DESK

Oh -

He starts to write the name. Keith, Peter and Francie walk over toward the Check Room.

FRANCIE

(quietly, as they
walk; to Keith)

What will happen if they find
out I'm not a student?

KEITH

(quietly)

One more on the WPA won't break
the Government.

FRANCIE

You'll lose your job? You
shouldn't have done it.

PETER

Now don't worry about it, dear.
Everything will be explained
tonight. And it'll be a great
joke on Dad.

KEITH

Or me!

There are several people checking their wraps, and so
the trio await their turn. Keith removes his top-coat,
hat, muffler and so forth.

PETER

(to Keith)

I was afraid you'd get here
before me.

KEITH

(ribbing)

We did - we've been here for
hours. You didn't, by any
chance, look for us in the
locker rooms?

(CONTINUED)

Peter throws him a look, but disregards the remark.

PETER

Mother and Dad aren't here yet.
I came ahead with Helen.

KEITH

(to Francie)

You remember her? Helen's the
girl Peter's going to marry.

FRANCIE

(to Peter; on the
verge of being angry)

Look - I don't want to be a
nag - but don't you think it's
about time that engagement was
broken.

PETER

(taking both
her hands)

Tonight.

(he looks at her
from head to foot;
then adds softly)

At twice the trouble we're
having, you'd still be a bargain.

FRANCIE

Do you think I'll pass?

PETER

Nothing like you ever
happened before to the Morgans.

KEITH

That's what I'm afraid of.

Completely entranced with each other, they ignore Keith
and everyone else. They seem to be completely alone.

PETER

Darling -

(CONTINUED)

120 (CONTINUED)

Darling - FRANCIE

In another second they would be in each other's arms.

KEITH
(pointing)
The locker rooms are right
over there....

Which brings Peter and Francie back to reality with a
start. Peter takes Francie's hands and leads her to a
chair.

PETER
Now you sit right there.
The folks will come through
that door - that's it.
Now open your coat - open
your coat.
(she does so.
He is almost
breathless at
the sight of
her dress)
Oh boy - that's great - !

KEITH
(genuinely)
What an optical illusion!
What a break for the Morgans!

HELEN'S VOICE
The corsage would look prettier
on the shoulder.

PETER
(preoccupied)
Yes - yes - thanks.

He is about to shift the flowers when he realizes whose
voice he heard. He turns quickly, as Helen walks in.

PETER (cont'd)
(nervously)
Oh - Helen - I want you to meet -

(CONTINUED)

120 (CONTINUED)

KEITH
(cutting in)
- Miss Francie Brent -

PETER
(cutting in)
She's in my class -

KEITH
(cutting in)
Taking a post-graduate course.

FRANCIE
(cutting in; same
tempo)
How do you do.

HELEN
(eyeing Francie
coldly)
Oh yes - I recognize you by
your goose-flesh.

FRANCIE
(eyeing Helen as
though saying;
'It's more than
you have.')

Yes, it is nice having
something that makes you
stand out from the crowd.

HELEN
(to Keith, as she
takes Peter's
arm; coldly)
Your platonic friendships are
a little irksome, Keith -
particularly in public.

Then she turns to Peter.

HELEN (cont'd)
Come, sweet.

She puts her arm through Peter's and forces him toward
the Ballroom. An older Gentleman is handing his cane to
the attendant. Francie takes the cane.

(CONTINUED)

120 (CONTINUED)

FRANCIE

(through her
teeth)

Sweet! Who does she think
she is...?

She is about to swipe Helen across the fanny.

KEITH

(trying to
stop her)

Not now, Francie. We'll get
her later, in a dark alley.

Francie, still in favor of carrying out her threat,
stops the cane in mid-air as she hears the Reporter's
voice talking to the Photographer:

REPORTER'S VOICE

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Morgan,
senior.

Keith quickly takes the cane and hands it to the
Attendant. Both straighten up, on their best behavior,
to face the Morgans.

121 FULL SHOT - as Mr. and Mrs. Morgan start in the
direction of Keith and Francie. Before they can reach
them, a group of students cross in front, separating
the Morgans from Keith and Francie. By the time all
the students have passed through to go up the stairs,
Mr. and Mrs. Morgan are talking to Faculty Members.

122 CLOSE SHOT

FRANCIE

Oh, dear - I've made a fine
impression -- I'd better go
home.

KEITH

Could have been worse.

FRANCIE

Yeh, I might have hit him.
Well, I hope he likes a girl
with spirit.

(CONTINUED)

KEITH

Come on. We'll get this over
with.

FRANCIE

(excited)

Where's Peter -- how do I look --
where can I fix myself?

KEITH

The little girl's room is right
over there.

123

MUSIC from Ballroom. As Francie comes in and walks over to a long mirror and starts primping herself. As she powders her nose, she notices her hand is shaking nervously. With a little shudder she pulls herself together, reaches into her bag and removes a cigarette from a case. She lights it and takes a deep puff - to help collect herself. Again she looks into the mirror as she adjusts her dress and garters. She lays the cigarette down, lifts her dress a little, and is in the act of straightening the seams of her hose when she hears a voice:

WOMAN'S VOICE

What lovely sheer hose! Where
did you get them?

Francie looks up, to face Mrs. Morgan, senior, who is smiling at her. She quickly puts the cigarette back of her and edges toward an ashtray, hoping she can dispose of it before Mrs. Morgan sees it.

FRANCIE

(as she backs up; starts
"putting on the dog")

They're from Livingstone's -
Fifth Avenue. I buy all my
hose there. They handle only
the best, and in the long run
it pays, don't you think - to
buy the best, I mean?

MRS. MORGAN

Naturally. I wish we had them
here in town.

Francie now has the cigarette in an ashtray. The smoke can be seen coming from behind her. Mrs. Morgan glances in the direction of the smoke. Francie pretends nonchalance, but is self-conscious.

FRANCIE

Oh, you can order them by mail.
I used to when I'd go away for
the winter.

MRS. MORGAN

If the occasion ever arises
that I can wear them, I'll
send for a pair.

(looking around to
see they are alone)

Have you a cigarette?

FRANCIE

(a little dumfounded)

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MORGAN

I said, have you a cigarette?

FRANCIE

Oh - oh - certainly - of
course...

She begins digging into her bag.

FRANCIE (cont'd)

(digging nervously)

...a cigarette...a cigarette -

She pulls out the case, and offers it to Mrs. Morgan.
There is only one left.

MRS. MORGAN

I couldn't take your last one.

FRANCIE

Go ahead - go ahead. I can
take it or leave it.Mrs. Morgan takes the cigarette, breaks it in half, and
hands one portion to Francie.

MRS. MORGAN

(sitting on divan)

Please join me.

FRANCIE

(taking half)

Thank you.

She reaches for her lighter; lights Mrs. Morgan's and her
own half, and sits alongside the older woman. Francie,
discovering they have something common, relaxes a
little and becomes suddenly honest.

FRANCIE

About these hose - I really
wouldn't send away for them.
They're no better than you can
buy any place for at least
fifty cents cheaper than you
can at Livingstone's. Just
because they're on Fifth Avenue
you have to pay twenty-five per
cent more. And, besides, they run.

MRS. MORGAN

(laughs)

We haven't met before. Are you
a new student?

(CONTINUED)

FRANCIE

Well - kinda -

MRS. MORGAN

I hope you're going to like us.

The Colored Maid Attendant comes in from the foyer and addresses Mrs. Morgan.

ATTENDANT

Mrs. Morgan - Mistah Morgan
you husban' said he is waitin'.

Mrs. Morgan gets to her feet quickly.

MRS. MORGAN

Thank you.

She starts for the door.

ATTENDANT

Mrs. Morgan -

Mrs. Morgan turns. The attendant points to the cigarette.

MRS. MORGAN

Oh - thanks -

She puts it in a tray.

MRS. MORGAN (cont'd)

(to Francie)

Good-bye, my dear.

She exits.

ATTENDANT

(to Francie)

If my husban' wouldn't let me
smoke I'd find me a way to get
me a husban' that would.

As she reaches for a cigarette, Francie smiles and starts to exit.

FRANCIE

(to Attendant)

It all depends on which you
enjoy the most.

She goes out the door.

124 MUSIC. Francie comes out of the Ladies' Room, sees Keith, and hurries over to him.

FRANCIE

(excitedly)

Keith - I met Peter's mother!

KEITH

(as they start
toward ballroom)

Did you tell her who you were?

FRANCIE

I didn't get a chance - but
I think she's wonderful.

KEITH

She is. She was my favorite
sunt until she married my
uncle. Now we'll find Pete
and tell him they're here.

They are now in the Ball Room and they start to dance.

FRANCIE

We'd better tell them quick -
I've got the shakes.

She looks off, to see Peter and Helen dancing.

FRANCIE (cont'd)

(contemptuously)

Huh -

Keith looks off.

125 ANOTHER ANGLE - Peter and Helen dancing. She is very
close to him.

126 Keith and Francis - as they look toward Peter and Helen.

KEITH

'Huh' is conservative.

FRANCIE

If she gets any closer to him
she'll be behind him.

Keith looks toward Peter and pantomimes that his folks
have arrived.

126a CLOSE SHOT - Peter and Helen dancing, as Peter nods his
understanding and looks off.

126b CLOSE SHOT - (near Foyer) - Mr. and Mrs. Morgan ad
libbing with a few Faculty Members.

126c CLOSE SHOT - dance floor - Peter and Helen.

PETER

Will you excuse me, Helen. I
want to speak to Dad and Mother.

HELEN

No.

PETER

(a little angry)
No what?

HELEN

No - I won't excuse you.

PETER

(angry)
Why not?

HELEN

Because it's my dance, and
because I think I'd better
start breaking you of any
high-handedness you've
inherited from your father.

(CONTINUED)

126c (CONTINUED)

PETER
(almost shouting)
My father's all right!

People start looking at him. He is a little embarrassed.

HELEN
(loud whisper)
Don't shout!

PETER
(in a loud hoarse
whisper)
My father is still all right!

Keith and Francie dance into the set. Keith taps Peter on the shoulder. Peter turns and, before a word is spoken Keith moves up to Helen and dances her out of scene, leaving Peter to dance with Francie.

HELEN
(to Keith; dancing)
Keith Morgan - what are you
trying to do?

KEITH
Don't you know, honey? It's
been with me for years. I'm
mad about you. Darling, give
me a hunk of your neck to
bite into - preferably around
the jugular vein...

He makes the gesture of the MGM lion. She moves quickly.

126d Peter and Francie dancing.

FRANCIE
I don't want to be prudish or
old-fashioned, but - but -
the way you were holding that
girl --

(CONTINUED)

126D (CONTINUED)

PETER

(a little angry)

As a matter of fact she was holding me.

FRANCIE

Darling -- do you think I'd be too much of a nag if I suggested you break off your engagement to that girl.

PETER

Now Francie -- the engagement is broken. It was broken yesterday, but she doesn't know about it, yet.
(his tone becomes harsher)

I just want to take one thing at a time.

(he looks at her)

Here we are quarreling in public and nobody but Keith knows we're married.

FRANCIE

Tsh - Tsh - fine thing - two people can't quarrel because everyone doesn't know they're married -- fine thing!

PETER

(taking her hand)

Come on.

They go out on balcony.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

126E (MUSIC). As Peter and Francie come on to balcony.

PETER

(angry with himself)

If we want to quarrel in public, why shouldn't we quarrel in public? All married people quarrel. That's one of the nice things about being married. I'll tell them now. Here, sit here - no - not there - over here - on this couch - under this tree -

(CONTINUED)

1962 (CONTINUED)

As he starts to seat her in a chair --

PETER (cont'd)
I want that speckled light
on your hair.

He fluffs out her skirt. She puts her hand over her
face and starts to sniffle.

PETER (cont'd)
I'm sorry, darling. I didn't
mean to be harsh.

(CONTINUED)

1260 (CONTINUED)

FRANCIE

(half crying)

I'm not crying because of that.
I'm just scared. I've got the
shakes. I know I'm going to
make a mess of everything.
And now my mascara is running.

He takes her hand.

PETER.

Why, you poor thing - you are
shaking. There's nothing to
be afraid of. They're just
my father and mother, they'll
understand.

FRANCIE

Then why are you shaking?

PETER

(caught, but trying
to duck)

Sympathetic action. Just
hold your breath and count ten.
Come on, take a deep breath.

She does so. Then exhales. She still shakes.

FRANCIE

It's no use.

Peter grabs her up in his arms and gives her a warm,
long kiss.

PETER

(anxiously)

How's that?

FRANCIE

Bring your folks - quick.

Peter goes to the door rapidly. He turns and looks at
her.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Hold your head high - the way
you did when I first saw you.

Francie does so. He looks at her a moment - goes back
and kisses her again. She is in his arms:

PETER (cont'd)

(whispering)

Darling, darling, darling,
darling...

FRANCIE

(patting his cheek
and in a whisper)

That will come later. Peter,
what are you going to say to
them?

PETER

(in a whisper)

I'll say: Dad, Mother, remember
once or twice in my sedate and
short childish lifetime I
wanted to put on armour and
ride a white horse and tilt a
lance, or slay a dragon or two -
but reason told me that in
summer it was too warm for a
steel suit, and in winter it
was too cold to roam the
countryside looking for goblins -
and, anyway, it was just fairy
tale stuff and an offshoot of
man's superstition and ego -
Well, Mother and Dad, we were
wrong, because there are goblins
and dragons and knights in
armour. Oh, don't worry, I
won't give up my classes at the
University. I'll just slay a
few dragons on Wednesdays and
Saturdays when I have no class.
I'm reasonable.

FRANCIE

Always stay as reasonable as you
are right now.

(CONTINUED)

126e (CONTINUED)

She kisses him. He goes to the door; turns and looks at her significantly. She raises her head high. He grins and exits.

126f ANOTHER ANGLE - as Helen enters and sees Francie, her head held high.

HELEN

(crossing)

I wouldn't try that in a high wind - you might take off.

FRANCIE

Very funny. I'm practically in the aisle.

HELEN

I wonder if you could stand the shock of my saying I dislike you intensely?

FRANCIE

(without moving
a muscle)

When I have more time I'll sit down and brood over it. Now go 'way.

HELEN

Not before I've had a few words with you.

FRANCIE

Well, make them few.

HELEN

Peter and I are to be married next month.

FRANCIE

Is that so?

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Not that I think knowing that
would make any difference to
you.

FRANCIE

No - no.

Helen gives her a look and starts to fry a little.

HELEN

You see, Peter needs protection
against a certain type of
woman.

FRANCIE

(significantly)
Yes, that's true.

Helen gives her another look.

HELEN

(trying to control
herself)

Are you going to leave town,
or are you going to force me
to scratch your eyes out?

FRANCIE

(fed up)

Aw - will you stop being a
dope?

Helen's eyes open wide with amazement, and she hauls off
and slaps Francie full across the face.

FRANCIE (cont'd)

(calmly)

That was a silly thing to do.
It won't change my relationship
to Peter.

Helen slaps her again.

Helen

(ad libbing)

Ouch! Why you contemptible little nothing! Who do you think you are slapping me! You do that once more I'll tear your hair out! Of all the nerve! You can't get away with this! You can't do this to me! I'll show you! I'll show you! I'll show you! I'll show you!---

(slaps Francie)

There! How do you like that? That isn't half of what you'll get if you try pulling any more stunts on me.

(Francie slaps her)

Why how dare you -- How dare you! You awful, awful, awful awful, awful -- that's what you are. And let me tell you no one can treat me like this. You or no one else - you can't - you can't - you can't --

(slap from

Francie again)

I just said you can't do that! Stop smushing me! I won't be quiet! I don't care who hears me! If you think you can come in here and do anything you want to you've got another think coming. I'm the one that can do it.

(kicks her shin)

1266 Morgan talking to Noble - Peter enters to them.

PETER

Dad, I'd like to see you for
a moment --

MORGAN

(patting his
shoulder)

How are you, Peter -
(to Noble)

My boy! -- Mr. Noble, this
is my son, Peter.

PETER

(shaking hands
with Noble)

How do you do.

MORGAN

(shaking Peter's
shoulder)

All right, isn't he?

PETER

I wonder if you would excuse
Dad --

MORGAN

You know, Peter, Mr. Noble is
going to surprise us by endowing
a new library for the college --
if I can talk him into it.
Better than losing everything to
us on the golf course.

PETER

Dad, I'd like to talk to you --

MORGAN

So you want to talk to the old
man --

(to Noble
again)

Young and healthy - but he has
to come to the old man. Chip
off the old block -- What's the
matter? Is he too big for you?

(getting ready
for fight)

Well, he can't beat us both! --
You don't mind, Mr. Noble?

(CONTINUED)

Not at all. NOBLE

PETER
Thank you very much, Mr. Noble.

Peter and Morgan start thru doorway to ballroom.

INT. BALLROOM COUNTRY CLUB

126G-1 Peter and Morgan as they walk toward balcony door.

MORGAN
Well, son - you've got
something up your sleeve.
What is it?

PETER
(standing back
to balcony doors)
Now you just wait a minute.
I've sent Keith for Mother --
I want you both to be here.

MORGAN
Well, it had better be good.

PETER
Dad, it's good!

Peter opens the balcony doors and they go side by side
on to balcony.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

126h As Francie and Helen go for each other.

FRANCIE
(grabbing Helen's
hair)
Let go of my hair or I'll
tear your wig off!

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

(raging)

He's mine and you can't take
him away from me!

FRANCIE

(screaming)

This isn't at all nice!
Control yourself - Be a
lady!

HELEN

(sobbing)

I'll kill you for this!

Morgan and Peter separate the women, who try to continue
their fight. Others join the crowd now on the balcony.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN

(horrified)

Helen - Helen! - Stop it -
Stop it - I say!

FRANCIE

(yelling; trying to
break from Peter)

I'll scalp her! Who does
she think she is -- the
college educated termite!

Keith pushes his way through the crowd.

MORGAN

(to Keith; points
to Francie)

Take that woman out of here!
Take that woman out of here!.

Keith starts to pull Francie out of the scene.

KEITH

Come on Francie. You'll
get the decision.

Mrs. Morgan pushes her way through the crowd, to see
Helen crying on Morgan, senior's shoulder.

MORGAN

(screaming)

Take her out of here!

MRS. MORGAN

Do I hear voices?

With which she promptly faints into Peter's arms.

PETER

(concernedly; pats
her hand)

Mother - mother...

He looks off toward Francie.

PETER (cont'd)

(looking back and forth)

Francie - Mother... Francie - Mother...

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. KEITH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

127 Francie and Keith enter.

FRANCIE

I - I certainly messed things
up.

KEITH

Don't be silly. Helen was a
mess before you ever got to
her. Boy - oh, boy - if they
had only let that fight go
another round -- boy, oh, boy!

FRANCIE

Keith! What'll happen to you?
They'll find I'm not a student,
and you'll lose your job!

KEITH

We'll worry about that tomorrow.
We'll fix something. In the
meantime -- we'll just worry
about tonight.

(puts bridegroom
from cake beside her)
I'll kiss your husband
goodnight for you.

Keith exits, leaving Francie with doll bridegroom beside
her.

INT. HALLWAY - MORGAN HOME - NIGHT

128 Keith comes down the hallway - stops and knocks at
Peter's door. Peter's voice from within, roughly:

PETER'S VOICE

Come in!

Keith opens the door.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

129 REVERSE ANGIE CLOSE UP - Keith at door. His eyes open wide in amazement at what he sees.

130 FULL SHOT of the room which has now been converted into an Old Sharon version of a French boudoir. Peter sits up in bed, his chin resting on his hands and elbows. He stares at Keith.

131 CLOSE SHOT - Keith. He breaks out in a laugh.

PETER

You want to make something of it?

KEITH

Oh no - very sweet - of course, you don't want to be disturbed.

(reaches into pocket)

Here, I brought you a little something.

(hands over the little candy bride from the wedding cake; starts back toward the door)

Bless you, my children!

Peter picks up a book and heaves it at Keith, who ducks out of the doorway just in time to keep from being hit.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. MORGAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE - MORNING

132 Keith is walking back and forth, flipping a coin and imitating Mr. Morgan's walk.

KEITH

(as he walks, a
la Morgan)

Now - what about that girl?

He tries it several ways, each time emphasizing different words.

KEITH (cont'd)

Now - what about that girl?

Now - what about that girl?

Now - what about that girl?

Now - what about that girl?

The door opens and in steps Morgan, senior. Before Keith can even say 'good morning' Morgan speaks:

MORGAN

Now - what about that girl?

Keith smiles and hands the coin over to Morgan. Morgan looks at him questioningly.

KEITH

I lose, I bet me you would say
it another way.

Morgan throws him a dirty look.

MORGAN

(pocketing the coin)

I am not in a playful mood.
And I resent your customary
procedure of beating around
the bush. You know I always
get to the point immediately.

KEITH

I accept that as a tradition
of the Morgans. But I'd make
another wager you lose a lot
of fun.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN

No loose terms, Keith - no loose terms. I sent for you because I wanted to discuss that girl.

Keith's face becomes serious.

KEITH

Uncle - that girl happens to be -- a very good friend of mine.

MORGAN

Keith - I'm not Victorian - but why must your emotions always become involved?

KEITH

(very seriously)

I'll have a heart-to-heart talk with them and find out.

MORGAN

I'll not have it, Keith - bringing your fling home with you. Get her out of town.

KEITH

I can't, Uncle. I - I - She's here because - she heard that Old Sharon gave a great course in Botany.

MORGAN

(angrily)

I can't dictate the character of your companions, but I can dictate whom we accept as students.

KEITH

It seems a pity that education should be limited because of first impressions.

MORGAN

(angrily)

Keith Morgan - I will not tolerate your complete insensibility to responsibility or your sarcasm.

(CONTINUED)

132 (CONTINUED)

KEITH

And I should like to remind you of what you have often said: Quote: This is a liberal institution devoted to bringing into view every latent virtue and perfection which, without education, are never able to make their appearance. Unquote.

Morgan feels a little foolish. He clears his throat; then regains his composure.

MORGAN

Keith Morgan - I've watched you go to perdition in your own inimitable dipsomaniac way at least twice this semester, and I've never made an issue of it. I'm even willing to overlook this present situation. But, if that girl makes one more misstep, like last night, it will be too bad for everyone concerned. Now get out.

KEITH

(as he walks out)

What a hot shot you'd have been in the French Revolution!

DISSOLVE

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE MORGAN'S OFFICE -DAY

133 Francie seated on bench. Keith enters from Morgan's office to her.

FRANCIE

How did he treat you?

KEITH

Like I had trained you for the fight. Here's your registration card. Duck into Peter's classroom and he'll watch out for you.

(CONTINUED)

133 (CONTINUED)

CAMERA MOVES IN AND FOLLOWS THEM to door of Peter's classroom.

KEITH (cont'd)

Now remember, dear -- this is your first day of school. I want you to be a good little girl and make Mother very proud.

FRANCIE

(baby-talk)

Goodbye, Mama -- I'll be home just as soon as papa learns me all about the flowers.

Francie exits to Peter's classroom.

INT. CLASS ROOM (BOTANY LABORATORY) - DAY

134 Aisles are down the sides and centre of the room. Along the walls are benches, on which are microscopes. At the head of the class is a built-up platform on which rests the Professor's desk.

Professor Morgan and his Associate Professors walk up and down the aisles, keeping an eye on the students.

135 MED. SHOT of Francie as she steps through the class room door and looks around. She has a slip of paper in her hand. An Associate Professor sees her and advances to her.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR

(smiling; talks with
deep Southern
accent)

Yes, miss?

FRANCIE

Is this - Professor Morgan's
class?

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR

Yes.

FRANCIE

I'm a new student. Is Professor
Morgan here?

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR

Yes.

(reaching for
the slip)

I'll take that.

FRANCIE

(withholding it)

Oh no - I was told to report
to Professor Morgan.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR

(pointing)

Down the centre aisle.

As she starts to walk --

136 At a Bench in the class room Peter is leaning over a microscope. Next to him is a luscious brunette student.

PETER
(excitedly, as he
sees something
through the
microscope)
There it is! There it is!

The brunette puts her eyes to the microscope.

PETER (cont'd)
(excitedly)
See it? See it?

BRUNETTE
(eyes glued to
the microscope)
See what?

PETER
(pointing)
That one!
(with both hands
he pantomimes the
motions of an
octopus)
That one!

BRUNETTE
(staring through
the microscope)
No.

Peter puts his head very close to hers, so that they are now both looking through the twin-head of the microscope. Francie comes into the scene and watches with interest.

PETER
There! - See the tentacles?

BRUNETTE
Oh yes! Cute - aren't they?
What are the tentacles for?

PETER
(very seriously)
My dear - what are your legs for?

(CONTINUED)

136 (CONTINUED)

BRUNETTE

To get about.

FRANCIE

(tapping Peter on
the shoulder)

Oh, Professor Morgan ---

PETER

(without looking at
her; very crisply)

I'll get to you soon.

(to Brunette)

Now, that's the lowest form
of plant life. Yet each one
is a distinct plant - perfect
as far as it goes - yet with
its general business of life
reduced to the simplest
possible terms. Now, if we
take ---

His eyes fall upon Francie and he stops cold.

BRUNETTE

(to Peter)

You were just about to take
something.

FRANCIE

(soberly)

I was told to report to you,
Professor Morgan.

PETER

(stumbling)

Yes - yes - of course...

Another Associate Professor now steps in, all eyes for
the new and beautiful student.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR

I can show her to her work-
bench, Professor.

PETER

It's quite all right, Jenkins.
I'll show her myself.

(CONTINUED)

TRUCK SHOT as Peter leads Francie toward an empty bench.

FRANCIE

(as they walk)

I've got a lot of things to catch up on, Professor. Do you think you can help?

PETER

Yes, dear ---

He catches himself and looks around cautiously. Then, as they arrive at the bench, he picks up a slide.

PETER (cont'd)

(for the benefit
of the other
students)

We're studying the lowest form of vegetable life - the protooccus.

He drops a spot of water on the slide.

PETER (cont'd)

Now, if you take a drop of water from the gutters of a roof - water that has been standing...

He leans over to put the slide in the microscope. Francie leans over and whispers in his ear:

FRANCIE

(whispering)

Peter - what are we going to do about last night?

Peter squirms and tries to be nonchalant.

PETER

You will observe the green coloring --- that is a multitude of these small green bodies...

(CONTINUED)

136 (CONTINUED)

FRANCIE

(whispering)

I didn't know you were this wonderful.

PETER

(nervously)

Just examine them. And, if you run into any difficulties, you may call me or one of my associates.

FRANCIE

(whispering)

Please come back soon, dear.

PAN with Peter as he embarrassedly walks away over to his desk, where he sits for a moment and mops his brow with a handkerchief. He looks at the slip of paper, places it on the desk, then walks over to the blackboard and starts to draw a diagram of protoplasm. On his face we see confusion as he tries to draw and look at Francie simultaneously.

137 Francie at her desk as the Associate Professor walks up to her. He smiles and starts to adjust her microscope.

138 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, at the blackboard. He is drawing and has his ear cocked at the same time, hoping to hear any conversation between Francie and the Associate. Unable to hear, he draws furiously. The Associate comes into the scene and walks up to Peter.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR

(quietly)

That new student - Nothing up here but blonde hair probably -- but -

(whistles his admiration)

PETER

(indignantly;
without thinking)

How dare you!

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR

(surprised)

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

138 (CONTINUED)

PETER

(catching himself)

I mean - I don't like to have
new students maligned. They --
haven't had the benefit of
early lectures.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR

Sorry, sir. I'll bring her up
to date.

At this moment, the bell rings and, before Peter can
reply, the Associate Professor walks out of the scene
back toward Francie.

The students, ad libbing their "So long, Professor,"
etc., file out.

Peter, now at his desk, makes believe he is working on
papers when, in reality, he has his eyes on the
Associate Professor and Francie.

139 CLOSE SHOT - Francie at her desk.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Botany is really the romance
of life.

FRANCIE

Is that so?

She looks off in the direction of Peter.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR

Before you're through in this
class, you'll never again want
to walk on a blade of grass.
You'll know how it breathes -
it lives - it loves...

FRANCIE

(looking toward
Peter)

Is that so?

140 CLOSE SHOT - Peter at desk. He is burning.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR'S VOICE

Why, plants are just like human beings. They are playfully young, and they grow up and become a little more serious --

Peter squirms in his seat. Then, unable to stand it any longer, he slaps his pencil down with precision and rises.

PETER

Jenkins - do you mind going out and getting the slides for tomorrow?

141 Francie's desk. Jenkins looks off in the direction of Peter.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR

Yes, sir.

As soon as he walks out of scene, Peter rises from his desk, hurries to hall door and closes it. Francie rises from her table and goes back to meet him at storage room door.

PETER

Darling, I've been so anxious to talk to you.

FRANCIE

Can't we ever be alone?

PETER

(looks around;
indicating
storage room)
Right here ---

He takes Francie into storage room.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

141-A Peter and Francie enter.

PETER

Are you all right? Did Helen hurt you much?

FRANCIE

Not much. About last night. I was so frightened I just raised my skirts and ran. If Keith hadn't had the wind behind him, he'd never have caught me. -- And then I was so lonesome.

PETER

I worried about you all night. For a man of Dad's intelligence he was a little primitive about the whole thing. He insisted on remaining upset. So I decided the best thing to do was let him sleep it off.

FRANCIE

I hope I haven't ruined everything for us.

PETER

Now, try not to worry, dear. I know it's enough to drive you crazy. But remember: bad beginning -- good finish.

FRANCIE

Then I'm due for a load of happiness.

PETER

No -- we.

FRANCIE

We --- Keith said that tonight....

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Oh, Keith -- we can't impose on his good nature any longer. I want you to leave his place right away and find an apartment -- for us. You see --

(stalling)

We're having a quiz tomorrow -- visiting professors -- and you don't know anything about botany --

FRANCIE

If it's anything like us I do.

PETER

Well, not exactly. -- It's a little different -- But I thought maybe I could come over tonight and give you the questions and the answers.

FRANCIE

Good.

PETER

Now you go over to the Martha Gregory Apts. -- It's a nice quiet place -- much better for our lesson.

FRANCIE

All right, teacher.

Peter kisses Francie -- then they exit through door to classroom.

INT. CLASSROOM

141-B Peter and Francie enter from storage room. The students are entering for the next class.

PETER

(severely for the
benefit of the
students)

You may expect no consideration
for your late entrance to the
class - You'll only have to work
twice as hard --

(opens hall door
for Francie)

Twice as hard --

Francie exits thru door to hall - Peter closes door
then turns to students--

PETER

Any questions?

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PETER'S CLASSROOM

141-C MOVING SHOT - As Francie starts down hall from Peter's
classroom, June meets her --

JUNE

He's cute, isn't he?
(starts to enter
Peter's classroom)
Woo - woo!

A few steps farther Francie meets a boy and girl on way
to class - the boy almost takes Francie's nose off in
passing.

FRANCIE

Woo - woo!

The boy stops - to watch Francie go on down hall --
reacts -- pleased.

BOY

Woo-woo!

The girl seeing the boy with his eyes on Francie -- comes
back and takes him by the shoulder. They both exit on
down the hall.

DISSOLVE OUT

FADE IN

BRASS PLAQUE - reading:

"Martha Gregory Hotel Apartments" -

DISSOLVE

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

142 The Clerk behind the desk is chewing on a pencil and delicately writing in between bites. Peter, carrying a square brief-case, enters briskly and walks toward the elevator at the rear. He gets by the desk before the Clerk sees him.

CLERK

(calling after him)

You - sir.

Peter stops.

CLERK (cont'd)

And where might you be going,
sir?

PETER

Apartment three-o-seven - Miss
Francie Brent.

CLERK

I beg your pardon - but this
hotel is for ladies -
exclusively.

PETER

(brightly)

Oh, I know that - that's why I
sent her - I mean I - I'm her
Botany Professor. See?

(he holds up

the brief-case)

Books.

143 CLOSE SHOT - showing a pajama leg sticking out of the
brief-case.

144 CLOSE SHOT of the Clerk as he "double takes" what he sees. Then he points to a sign:

CLERK

Read...

INSERT CLOSE SHOT of the sign, reading:

"During evening hours gentlemen
will visit guests only in the
lobby."

BACK TO SCENE:

PETER

All right - tell Miss Brent
I'm here.

The Clerk plugs in the phone.

INT. FRANCIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

145 MED. SHOT. Maid is just finishing making the Murphy
bed. Francie is sitting in chair watching her.

MAID

There you are, dearie. I've
given you an extra quilt. Our
young ladies are...
(she starts putting
bed up - Francie
rises to help her)
...always complaining about the
chilly nights.

They get the bed up in the wall and start back toward
the door --

MAID (cont'd)

If there 's anything else you
want, just call me.

FRANCIE

Thank you, Mrs. Wickett.

(CONTINUED)

The maid opens door -- wind from hall blows it wide open and the Murphy bed falls down with a crash. The maid starts running to put it back up.

MAID

(laughing)
There goes Walter!
(starts to put
bed up)
Always falling down just like
him!

FRANCIE

(helping her
with bed)
What do you mean, 'Walter'?

They get bed up - Maid turns toward Francie.

MAID

Walter is a gentleman to whom
I was married -- Very unreliable
-- never could be depended upon.

Phone rings - Francie reacts.

MAID (cont'd)

For instance, one day --

FRANCIE

(interrupting)
Do you mind, Mrs. Wickett?
(moves to telephone
on table)

Francie picks up phone and the maid moves back toward the door still talking.

MAID

He was such a pretty man!
(turns to face
Francie from
doorway)
I never thought I'd come to
making fun of him. Life's
like that -- you'll find out!
(exits through door,
closing it as:)

(CONTINUED)

FRANCIE

Thank you! -- I hope not.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHTINT. FRANCIE'S APT. - NIGHT

Telephone conversation.

145-A In lobby, clerk plugs phone in to call Francie for Peter.
146 In Francie's room -- Francie answers phone.

FRANCIE

Hello - darling!

CLERK

Hello, dear --

(catches himself)

Miss Brent -- gentleman to see
you -- or rather -- a Botany
professor.

FRANCIE

Oh -- tell him to come up.

CLERK

No - he can't come up!

FRANCIE

What? -- Why not?

CLERK

No gentlemen are allowed upstairs
after six o'clock.

FRANCIE

Oh -- you tell him I'll be
right down!

In Lobby: Clerk turns to Peter.

CLERK

She'll be right down.

In Francie's apt: She hangs up phone, starts to run
out of room -- then stops.

FRANCIE

My coat! -- My hat!

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

147 As Peter and Francie, in Peter's car, drive into the scene and stop.

148 CLOSE SHOT of Francie and Peter in the car -- as Peter pulls on brake - Peter reaches in back of him for briefcase.

PETER

I'd better give you this question for tomorrow. I want you to know the answers.

FRANCIE

Oh, darling -- you're so clever.

PETER

(looking in book)
Now this question has to do --
let's see --

FRANCIE

You know, whenever I'm alone with you I get the same sensation I got when I rode in a roller coaster for the first time.

PETER

(puts his arm
around her
shoulder)
The question concerns itself
with cleavage in primary plant
life --

(turns to her)
Sinking or up in the clouds?

(CONTINUED)

FRANCIE

Sinking or up in the clouds
what?

PETER

The roller coaster.

FRANCIE

Oh, -- up in the clouds.

PETER

You know, Francie this Botany
is very simple if you don't
let the terminology confuse
you.

FRANCIE

Do you feel that way about me?

PETER

What way?

FRANCIE

Up in the clouds!

PETER

(nods yes)

Now - primary plant life has a
peculiar method of propagating
itself. We know no reason for
this, but suddenly a one-cell
plant....

FRANCIE

Well, if you feel that same way,
why don't you tell me?

PETER

...will begin to show indentations --
Oh, Francie - I love you so.

FRANCIE

You know - we are married!

They start to kiss -- Headlights from car off-scene
flare in their eyes -- They both react.

(CONTINUED)

148 (CONTINUED)

PETER
Could I interest you in boats?

FRANCIE
What kind of boats?

PETER
Any kind -- There's the school
boathouse over there!
(points off-scene)

FRANCIE
I'd love to see your boats!

They get out of the car and start for the boathouse.

EXT. STREAM AND BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

149 LONG SHOT - Francie and Peter enter from woods -- as
they cross bridge on way to boathouse --

PETER
Quiet, isn't it?

FRANCIE
Yeh.

PETER
Gets quite a play from the
students in the springtime.
Not a bit crowded this time
of year.

They have crossed bridge -- and are moving toward
boathouse.

FRANCIE
Come to think of it -- it was
pretty easy for you to find this
place. Do you have very many
backward students?

PETER
You mean Helen -- She was never
my student.

(CONTINUED)

149 (CONTINUED)

FRANCIE

Nor backward.

They have reached boathouse -- Peter steps into canoe tied at boathouse.

PETER

Watch yourself!
(Francie follows
him into canoe)
Hold on to me!

Peter steps out of canoe into boathouse -- Francie close at his heels is struggling to keep her balance -- she grabs at cord which rings bell, breaking the silence.

FRANCIE

All's well! Shhh!

INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

149A MED. SHOT as Peter and Francie come forward through lines of canoes.

FRANCIE

Listen, how quiet it is!

Peter stops at motorboat -- indicates to Francie to get in. They both get into motorboat, sitting down side by side in front seat. As Francie settles back against Peter's shoulder --

FRANCIE

Alone at last!

Couple lean forward from back seat of boat. The boy taps Peter's shoulder. Francie and Peter react shocked.

BOY

Say, Professor! We don't mind you using the front seat, but will you kindly settle down!

(CONTINUED)

Peter and Francie quickly struggle to their feet and start to get out of the boat. Peter reaches up and grabs cord on outboard motor. The motor starts with a bang -- making a terrific racket. Peter is trying to turn off the motor as Francie finally gains her footing and gets out of the boat. As she steps out she falls against a canoe stored in an upper rack. She grabs at it - tipping it over. A boy and girl fall out. The boy in falling grabs the cord on the light.

Lights go up disclosing couples in all the canoes. A mixed chorus of voices ad lib:

AD LIB

Hey! Turn out the light!
What's the idea!
What are you doing here? Etc.

Francie and Peter run out of scene excitedly. Peter leaves brief-case -- dashes back into scene for it, then hurries after Francie.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

149B MOVING SHOT as Francie and Peter run through woods on way back to Peter's car.

FRANCIE

If that thing had been on a boat it never would have started.

PETER

Anybody'd think I wasn't your husband! -- Including me!

FRANCIE

If ever a girl felt unmarried -- I do! Peter, do you think your father might be cooled off enough now so that we could tell him?

PETER

Hot or cool, we're going to tell him tonight! He's over at the University now making a speech!

(CONTINUED)

FRANCIE

I'd better wait outside --
it would be just my luck to
sneeze and kill his point.

As they run out of scene --

DISSOLVE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

150 FULL SHOT - Cop waiting at Peter's car as Francie and
Peter crawl under fence from woods --

FRANCIE

This isn't the way we came.

PETER

That's all right -- it's a
short cut --
(he stoops to go
under wire)

FRANCIE

Be careful!

Peter crawls under wire -- holds up wire for Francie.
As she crawls under she sees Cop waiting for them. With
a gesture she indicates Cop to Peter. They both move to
retreat toward woods again.

COP

Just a minute!

Peter and Francie come on through fence and straighten,
Peter hiding the suitcase back of him.

PETER

We've been studying.

COP

Studying what?

FRANCIE

Botany. I'm in his class.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Class two-o-seven.

FRANCIE

I'm a backward student and he's
been coaching me -- I'll prove
it to you.

Francie grabs suitcase from Peter and crosses to cop
with it. Peter freezes.

FRANCIE (cont'd)

(suitcase on bumper
of car - takes out
book)

Look -- Here's the book -- see?

The cop looks at the book, then hands it back to her.
His eye is caught by the pajamas tucked in the case.
He slowly pulls them out.

151 CLOSE SHOT - Francie reacts to pajamas - turns to Peter

152 CLOSE SHOT - Peter, embarrassed.

153 MED. GROUP SHOT.

COP

(holding pajama
pants up)

Well, this is a new wrinkle!
All the comforts of home.

PETER

Officer - now wait a minute --
Believe me -- I know you'll
understand this -- Now -- I
haven't had a chance to tell
anyone this before, but I'm
going to tell you right now...

(puts his arm around
Francie's shoulder)

This little girl and I are
married!

COP

Then why don't you go home?

(CONTINUED)

He advances toward Peter and Francie -- they back away. They get into care and drive off. The cop turns and crosses to his own car parked nearby.

153-A MOVING SHOT as cop approaches his own car. He opens door, disclosing a girl waiting for him.

COP

Now, my little lambie pie --
where were we?

GIRL

Oh -- you know Popsie!

As she snuggles in his arms,

DISSOLVE OUT

INT. MORGAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

154 As Morgan, Sr., dressed in cap and gown, mutters a portion of his speech.

MORGAN

"And all for what. For nothing!
For applause! What is applause
to him, or he to applause, that
he should weep for it."

Peter comes into the room

MORGAN (cont'd)

Why aren't you with the faculty?

PETER

Dad, will you sit down a moment?

MORGAN

Didn't you get the notice I sent?

PETER

Dad, you'd better sit down -- I
have something very important
to tell you.

MORGAN

Mr. Noble is endowing us with
a new library. The least we can
do is honor him with our presence.
Please get your cap and gown.

PETER

It just happens that this is much
more important to me than Mr.
Noble.

MORGAN

At this moment your problems
are secondary...

(starts speech)

"What is applause to him, or he
to applause, that he -- that
he..."

(CONTINUED)

PETER

"That he should weep for it."
Dad - you know that girl you
think is Keith's girl -- Well,
she's not Keith's girl --

MORGAN

I must go in now.

Morgan opens door to Auditorium and starts to leave.

PETER

She's my wife!

Morgan reacts -- then exits through door closing it.

- 155 As Morgan, Sr., walks to the centre of the platform.
He seems to have been struck between the eyes. He stands
a moment.

MORGAN

Friends, students and faculty,

I...

(he stops, at a
loss for words)

...I - this day...

(he stops again;
then in a quiet
voice)

Will you please excuse me.
I'm not feeling very well.
Please go on without me.

He goes out door - back to his office and Peter.

- 156 SHOT of Mrs. Morgan and Helen. As they look at each
other.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

- 157 As Morgan, Sr., enters and locks door after him. Peter
hands him a paper cup filled with water which he has
drawn from the cooler in the corner of the room.

PETER

I thought you'd need this, sir.

Morgan drinks it.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

- 158 As Helen and Mrs. Morgan try door and find it locked.
They leave to enter the office through the other door.

INT. MORGAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

- 159 Morgan finishes drink and turns to Peter.

MORGAN

Thank you.

(his voice changes)

Now, what was it you said?

(CONTINUED)

159 (CONTINUED)

PETER

I said, "That girl is my wife." And I'll add, she's the finest wife any man could have.

MORGAN

Are you mad, Peter?

PETER

Completely, sir - and I hope it's a permanent condition.

MORGAN

(almost shouting)

I won't have you toss your life away.

PETER

(shouting)

It's my life and you might let me do as I please with it. That's just a courtesy you must concede to any ordinary human being.

MORGAN

Aren't you confusing courtesy with license?

PETER

Wait a minute, Dad.

MORGAN

You're a professor in this University -- with a future that might eventually lead to its presidency. Mind you, I said "might"!

The door opens, and Mrs. Morgan and Helen enter.

MRS. MORGAN

Father! Are you all right? What happened?

MORGAN

I'm all right! It's this boy!

(CONTINUED)

159 (CONTINUED)

MRS. MORGAN
(crosses to chair
and sits down)
I was so frightened!

PETER
Mother, I'm glad you're here,
and you too Helen!

MORGAN
Be quiet! You know your mother
has a weak heart!

Mrs. Morgan hand to head.

PETER
I won't be quiet! I've been
quiet long enough!

Helen realizes that Mrs. Morgan is faint -- She crosses
to her.

HELEN
Mother! What's the matter?

Peter and Morgan rush to her both ad libbing.

HELEN
Get some water -- get a doctor!
Get something!

Peter exits to Morgan's outer office.

MORGAN
Mother, are you all right?

MRS. MORGAN
I will be in just a moment.

Morgan follows Peter to outer office.

INT. ANTEROOM ADJOINING OFFICE - NIGHT

160-64 As Peter is getting cup of water Morgan enters to him.

MORGAN

You'll kill your mother.

PETER

Dad, this is something you can't change!

MORGAN

Until we can discuss this further, I wish you wouldn't say anything about it to your Mother.

PETER

But Dad -- I've got to --

MORGAN

If you don't care about her welfare, I do.

Morgan exits to his office with cup of water.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT (PROCESS)

184A

CLOSE TWO SHOT - Peter and Francie in Peter's car as they drive along. Francie has her head on his shoulder, his arm is around her.

PETER

We've always had to be so careful of Mother. She's been ill for such a long time. We never could do anything unexpected -- not that marrying a woman is unexpected -- but -- it's just that Dad has always been so -- so --

FRANCIE

I'm sorry about your Mother, Peter. Really I am -- but why should I be a shock?

PETER

You wouldn't, darling. But Dad's afraid on top of her breaking down over his miffing that acceptance speech of his -- I hope Mr. Noble isn't annoyed -- I'd hate to see the University lose that endowment over me.

FRANCIE

Over me, you mean.

PETER

You had nothing to do with it, Francie.

FRANCIE

Peter, ever since I came here I've been ducking corners, sneaking about, hiding places -- and if loving you means ducking, and sneaking some more, I'm willing to do it --

PETER

I don't want you to.

(CONTINUED)

164A (CONTINUED)

FRANCIE

But it looks like that isn't
going to be quite enough.

PETER

Don't you ever say that again!
That's my first order as head
of this family.
(he pulls on brake)

EXT. FRANCIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

164B

MED. SHOT - As Peter drives car up to curb and stops.
Francie gets out of car and goes around to Peter's side.
As he starts to open door to get out Francie stops him.
She leans over and kisses him.

PETER

What's that?

FRANCIE

That's goodbye.

Francie starts for front door of apartment house.

PETER

(getting out of car)
Francie! Wait a minute!

Peter follows Francie into apartment house.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

165

FULL SHOT - Francie enters thru entrance door and passes clerk at desk. Peter is close on her heels.

PETER

Francie! -- Francie!

Francie gets in the elevator and the clerk runs to Peter to stop him.

CLERK

Look here you! Remember our house rules!

Francie goes up in elevator and Peter turns to clerk.

PETER

(menacing tone)

Yeh!

Clerk backs away from Peter toward desk.

CLERK

Now don't you try anything rough. And besides I wear glasses. I always wear them. I haven't got them on. They're being fixed. And it's against the law to hit a man with glasses on.

During above speech Peter has crossed to entrance door. He gets idea of fire-escape. He exits thru door to street.

DISSOLVE

INT. FRANCIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

166

Francie at phone.

FRANCIE

Hello -- Would you get me a compartment on the one A.M. train for New York -- and please send up for my bags. Yes -- I'm leaving.

EXT. WINDOW OF FRANCIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

166A Peter, on outside, opens window. Wind blows in.

INT. FRANCIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

166B As closet door slams shut because of wind. Murphy bed begins to come down. Francie grabs it. Peter steps into the room.

PETER

Now, Francie -- I know you ought to be angry with me and leave, but please don't go.

FRANCIE

I'm not angry.

PETER

Well, you ought to be, I know if I were you and you were me, I'd be angry and leave you; but don't leave me.

(CONTINUED)

166B (CONTINUED)

He tries to put his arms around her. She gently pushes him off and moves back to window.

FRANCIE

No -- darling -- please don't.
(going back to window)

It's darned difficult as it is.
Please go back down the fire-
escape before someone sees you
here.

Peter has followed her back to window.

PETER

If you don't stop that, I'm
going right out that window and
shout that I'm here, let them
all hear it. I've a right to be
here!

(tries to put
arms around her)

Now -- let's stop a little while
and talk this over.

Francie moves away from him back of chair.

FRANCIE

I can talk much more lucidly,
this way --- with you over there!

PETER

All right -- but you might as
well know, I'm going to say 'no'
to everything -- that is, if it
has anything to do with leaving.

FRANCIE

I've made up my mind.

Peter moves around chair to her.

PETER

How about our mind? We're not
supposed to have separate minds.

Francie moves away from him again.

(CONTINUED)

186B (CONTINUED)

FRANCIE

Please stay where you are, Peter.
(stops and turns
to him)

Darling, I married you and was so
proud -- and I still am proud of
it. But I want you to be proud
of me, too.

Peter, hurt -- sits down on arm of chair. Francie
starts back to him.

FRANCIE (cont'd)

Don't you see it's not working
out? It can't work out going
along this way.
(sits down on his
knee - her arm
around his shoulder)
Why don't you let me go, for a
while anyway? -- It's all my own
fault.

PETER

It isn't.

FRANCIE

I started off on the wrong foot.
So far, I've perfect score for
hurting everyone: you, your
family, even the University --
(she rises)
I'm leaving -- and maybe sometime
later --

Peter rises --

PETER

If you go, -- I'm going with you.

FRANCIE

No -- I think too much of your
mother to do that, even if you
don't think enough of her not to.
(Peter reacts)
There I go, hurting you again!

(CONTINUED)

PETER

No -- you haven't hurt me. But it suddenly strikes me, I was the one who had everything figured out and you were the one that did things blindly -- but now all I want is to go ahead -- blindly or any other way -- as long as it's us.

FRANCIE

I wish we hadn't started this way. It was done so quickly.

PETER

I'd do it again.

FRANCIE

I guess I would, too -- and then I'd have to do what I'm doing now -- too. -- You said you want to go ahead blindly or any other way -- as long as it's us. Well, it can't be us as long as I stay and explode a bomb every time I make a move. I'll go. Things can straighten out; then it can really be us. Do I make any sense, Peter?

PETER

Unfortunately -- I guess you do.

FRANCIE

Goodbye, dear.

Peter moves a few steps away from her then stops and turns to her.

PETER

Can't I just sit down and watch you till you leave? I promise I won't say anything or do anything. I'll just sit here.

He sits down on window seat.

FRANCIE

All right.

(CONTINUED)

Peter watches Francie as she packs suitcase. Francie finishes packing, picks up bags, coat, etc., and crosses to door — She stops, drops everything and turns to Peter.

FRANCIE (cont'd)
Please kiss me goodbye, dear.

Peter takes her in his arms.

FRANCIE (cont'd)
We try to be alone and can't be;
and now, when we're saying
goodbye, we're alone, and we
have to say goodbye.

PETER
Do we have to, dear?

FRANCIE
You know we do.

PETER
Yes.

FRANCIE
Goodbye, darling.

PETER
Goodbye.
(kisses her)

FRANCIE
Will you write to me?

PETER
Every day --

FRANCIE
Please make it twice a day.

PETER
Three times a day.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCIE

What will you say?

PETER

I'll say: "Dear Francie..."

FRANCIE

Please make it stronger.

PETER

"Francie, Darling --"

FRANCIE

Yes, dear.

PETER

"Francie, darling, -- I'm
miserable without you...."

FRANCIE

Three times a day ---

PETER

Yes ---

FRANCIE

Goodbye, darling.

PETER

Goodbye.

Francie crosses to door. She picks up her coat,
suitcase, etc. She opens door -- the wind from the
hall blows in. The Murphy bed in f.g. falls --
Francie stops.

FRANCIE

Walter!

She drops everything again and runs to catch the bed.

167-172 FULL SHOT

Francie running forward.

FRANCIE
There he goes again!

Peter closes hall door.

PETER
Who's Walter?

FRANCIE
The maid calls it Walter 'cause
it's just like her husband --
always falling down unexpectedly.

PETER
Wait a minute!
(comes forward to
Francie who is
putting bed up)
I'll help you.
(too late to help -
gives bed a tap)

FRANCIE
Once I just opened the desk drawer
and it fell down.

PETER
Oh, it comes down easily.

FRANCIE
I'd better hurry.
(she goes back
toward hall door)
If I don't hurry, I'll miss my
train.
(Peter follows
her back)
You'll be careful going down the
fire-escape, won't you?

PETER
Yes -- yes -- Course there was a
policeman there when I came up --
I'll take a chance.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCIE

But he might mistake you for a
burglar and shoot you.

PETER

Oh, sure, that's all right -- I
think maybe I'd better stay here
till he goes.

FRANCIE

I have a few minutes before train
time. I'll stay here too for a
while.

PETER

Why don't you - there's no sense
in waiting at the station till
the train leaves.

(he pulls chair from
radio for her)

FRANCIE

No - no sense at all.

Francie sits down in chair. Peter opens hall door to
try its effect on wall bed.

FRANCIE (cont'd)

(covering up)

You know how they are -- the
minute you check out they send
a maid up to see if you've
stolen the towels.

Peter crosses to chair and pulls it toward Francie.

FRANCIE (cont'd)

It would be awful if she found you
here and it got around that you
were found in a woman's room.

PETER

(sitting down)

Without a woman.

FRANCIE

They'd never believe you.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Are you all packed? Think you
have everything?

FRANCIE

Yes, I think so.

Peter rises and crosses to table at mantel.

PETER

I always forget things at a
hotel -- leave them in drawers.

He opens two lower drawers which are empty, then opens
top drawer.

PETER (cont'd)

Nothing in there!

He slams drawer closed -- then looks at wall-bed hoping
it will fall. Then he starts back for window --

PETER (cont'd)

I wonder if that policeman has
gone yet.

(looks out window,
then opens window
and looks out)

There are two of them now.

(he slams window
down and looks at
bed again)

FRANCIE

Try the desk -- er, I mean I left
my books in the desk. Would you
mind returning them for me?

Peter opens desk drawer and takes out books.

FRANCIE (cont'd)

The University has so many books --
would it be all right if I took
one of those books along to
remember everything by -- they'd
never miss one little book.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Sure -- I'll make it good.

FRANCIE

Would you autograph it for me?
(she rises and comes
forward to Peter at
desk)

PETER

But I'm not the author --

FRANCIE

You're better than the author.

Peter starts to sit down at desk.

FRANCIE (cont'd)

Ink's in the kitchen.

Peter slams desk drawer closed - looks at bed again
hopefully - then exits to kitchen. Francie runs back
to chair and sits down. Peter enters from kitchen with
book. He reacts to bed which is falling out a few
inches from the wall. Francie rises and comes forward
to him for book. She takes it and moves away from
Peter, reading it.

FRANCIE (cont'd)

"Francie, darling -- I love you --
please never read beyond this
page." Oh, Peter --
(she runs to him)
I can't go!

Peter takes her in his arms.

PETER

Now you really make sense.

Peter takes book from her hand and tosses it back of
him. It hits the kitchen door which swings closed and
the wall bed falls down with a crash. As they jump
back out of way of bed there is a knocking at the door.

(CONTINUED)

167-172 (CONTINUED)

FRANCIE

Who's there?

CLERK'S VOICE

The clerk -- I've got your
tickets for New York -- your
train leaves in fifteen minutes.

PETER

Never mind -- go on! Beat it!
She's not going -- you can
return the tickets back too;

CLERK'S VOICE

Who's in there with you? --
Open the door! You know it's
against the rules -- open the
door!

Francie hushes Peter -- they hurry to window. Francie
opens window for Peter. He kisses her.

FRANCIE

See you tomorrow!

Peter climbs out fire-escape. Francie closes window.
She waves goodbye to Peter, then crosses to hall door.

172A CLOSE TWO SHOT - Clerk opens door just as Francie
reaches it.

CLERK

Where is he? Where is he?

FRANCIE

(in fake hoarse voice)
What he? -- What do you mean he?

CLERK

(reacts to voice)
What's the matter with you?

FRANCIE

I have a cold -- makes my voice
hoarse. Decco!

(CONTINUED)

CLERK

Oh, - that's too bad. Now you
take hot tea, lemon, molasses
honey and butter and you put
them all together....

FRANCIE

(interrupting)

And they spell 'Mother'.
(shoves door against
him forcing him out)

CLERK

(agreeing)

Yes! -- Er, I mean no! No!

Francie closes door - then turns and looks at bed
off-scene.

FRANCIE

Walter!

DISSOLVE

EXT. FRANCIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

173

MED. LONG SHOT. Peter climbs out of window to fire-
escape. He starts down; Helen drives around corner and
sees him. She pulls up to curb and stops. Peter
continues down fire-escape. When he reaches last rung,
Helen honks. Peter turns and sees her, then drops to
ground.

PETER

Good evening, Helen.
(comes forward to
Helen's car)

HELEN

If Miss Brent were a lady, she'd
at least see you to the ladder.

PETER

(pulling papers
out of pocket)

I was giving her some homework!
-- See! Goodnight!

CAMERA PANS with him as he walks along sidewalk in wrong
direction -- away from his own car. He realizes what
he's doing, stops and turns back in right direction. As he
passes Helen again:

PETER (cont'd)

(mumbling, embarrassed)

Parked my car over here!
Peter gets in car; Helen, still burning, drives out.

FADES OUT

FADE IN

INT. MRS. MORGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

174 Mrs. Morgan in bed, doctor is alongside as Morgan enters.

MORGAN

(as he enters)

Well -- how's Mother this morning?

DOCTOR

She's going to be all right.

MORGAN

That's fine. That's fine.

DOCTOR

What she needs is rest and quiet. I believe her condition is largely a matter of nerves.

MORGAN

Then it's all right if I go to school this morning?

DOCTOR

I think that'd be a good idea.

MORGAN

(relieved)

Fine. Fine.

The doctor looks at him significantly and exits. A worried expression crosses Mrs. Morgan's face.

MORGAN (cont'd)

(concernedly)

Hold on now. Take it easy.

MRS. MORGAN

It's not that, dear. I'm worried.

MORGAN

You'll be all right, dear - the doctor just said so.

MRS. MORGAN

I'm worried - about our son.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN

You are? About what?

MRS. MORGAN

For the first time I don't know.

MORGAN

He's just concerned about his work. Peter's a young fellow to be where he is.

(looking at
his watch)Hum! It's ten minutes to nine.
Have to hurry.

MRS. MORGAN

Peter? What would happen if you were ever late for school?

MORGAN

(going toward door)

Be the first time in thirty years. Have to set an example, you know.

MRS. MORGAN

(quietly)

Yes - I know - for old Sharon.

The door opens. Jenny and Helen enter the room. Helen carries a book.

HELEN

(to Morgan)

How's Mother?

MORGAN

Fine.

HELEN

I'm going to read to her.

MORGAN

You're very considerate.

(then to Jenny, in
a loud voice)The doctor says Mrs. Morgan
needs rest and quiet.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

I didn't do nothin', did I?

MORGAN

(loudly)

Well, would it be asking too much to break your life-long habit of slamming doors?

Jenny just looks at him wide-eyed. Morgan goes out of the room, slamming the door after him!

DISSOLVE

INSERT

LARGE CLOCK - showing it to be a few minutes past nine. (The clock can be either on the school tower, or the conventional class room clock).

DISSOLVE

INT. CLASS ROOM - DAY

175 CLOSE SHOT - Peter at his desk. Having remained up half the night before with Francis, he is now almost asleep. Near him, Instructor Culpeper is calling off the names of students, each one answering to his name:

CULPEPER

June Barton -
Frank Thompson -
Marion Morris -
Francie Brent...

There is no answer. He repeats the name:

CULPEPER

Francie Brent...

A beatific expression comes over Peter's face. Suddenly he snaps out of it and opens his eyes.

PETER

(almost to himself).
Probably over-slept.

He gets up and goes into the Storage Room, as Culpeper marks Francis absent and goes on with the roll-call:

(CONTINUED)

CULPEPER

Kathleen Bolton -
Mayme Williams -
Sylvia Wilkinson -
Joseph Reed -
James Young -

176- INT. PETER'S CLASSROOM - STORAGE ROOM - DAY) PHONE
182 INT. FRANCIE'S APT. - DAY } CONVERSATION

In Storage Room - Peter enters from classroom - closes door, and dials --

In Francie's Apt. - Francie, still in bed, wakes up as phone rings --

PETER

Hello, Francie --

FRANCIE

Hello, dear --

PETER

Hey, you're late -

FRANCIE

Where are you?

PETER

Why, I'm just commencing class --

FRANCIE

All right, darling - I'll get
dressed right away..... you
hold everything.

PETER

I'm afraid I can't do that --
you know, everything works
on schedule here --

FRANCIE

You're my closest relation.
Write me out an excuse.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Un-huh -- I can't write
you out an excuse -- I
wouldn't if I could. I
want to see you --

In storage room students begin to troup in from
classroom to get supplies -- they linger, - pick out
microscopes, etc., and troup out --

FRANCIE

All right. Then I'll be over
right away -- that is, just
as soon as I get up, have my
bath, my breakfast and tell
you how much I love you.

Peter looks pleased.

FRANCIE (cont'd)

Do you love me, darling?

PETER

Um? Yes --

FRANCIE

Yes, what?

PETER

I - well, I do.

FRANCIE

You do what? Tell me....

PETER

I love you --

(in still lower
voice)

There are a lot of people
around here.

FRANCIE

Who do you love? Well,
tell me!

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Well, there's
(in business-like
voice)
If you will submit a sample,
I --
(covers receiver
with his hand)
would --
(uncovers receiver)
love --
(covers receiver)
to make a test of it for --
(uncovers receiver)
you..... Get it?

At this point, one of the female students is on her way
out the door with a microscope.

STUDENT

I get it!

PETER

(thinking that
Francie has said
it)

Fine!

(reacts as he
realizes the girl
said it)

He kicks door closed, turns back to phone.

183 Francie at phone.

FRANCIE

All right, dear - I'll bring it
over right away -

DISSOLVE

INT. MRS. MORGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

184

MRS. MORGAN

I must have missed a point.
Would you read that last again?

HELEN

(cries)

Oh, Mrs. Morgan.

MRS. MORGAN

What's the matter, dear?

HELEN

It's that girl. The girl we
thought was Keith's. She's not
Keith's. She's Peter's.

MRS. MORGAN

Helen, you must be mistaken,
dear.

HELEN

She practically admitted it
that night at the prom.

MRS. MORGAN

It's probably nothing. A silly
flirtation. It doesn't sound
like Peter --

HELEN

Would you call leaving a woman's
apartment in the middle of the
night a silly flirtation?

MRS. MORGAN

Gossip. I wouldn't pay any
attention to what I heard.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

I saw him sneaking out of her apartment early this morning -- with my own eyes. Something must be done.

MRS. MORGAN

Something will be done. There's only one way to handle a woman like her, Helen. I'm getting up.

INT. FRANCIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

185

MRS. MORGAN

May I come in?

FRANCIE

Why yes. Please do. -- Won't you sit down.

MRS. MORGAN

Do you mind if I remain standing?

FRANCIE

Not at all, Mrs. Morgan.

MRS. MORGAN

Since you know who I am, it simplifies what I have to say. -- Young lady -- I know everything about you and Peter.

FRANCIE

Mother -- I'm so glad. You know, -- we've been frightened to death to tell you we were married. -- It's worked out so easy -- I've been so worried -- thinking of what might happen -- I began to think I might lose him. It's pretty hard to think about giving up something you're so -- so crazy about. -- I know it sounds silly to fall so completely for anybody in a couple of days -- but -- I did -- one look -- and I knew he was the guy. Well -- he's -- just -- wonderful -- and intelligent too. Well, -- you know -- you're his mother -- What did he tell you about me?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MORGAN

This is the first I've heard --
I think I'll take that chair.

(sits down
in chair)

FRANCIE

They didn't tell you? -- Oh, I'm
so sorry, I wouldn't have done
this for anything -- How's your
heart -- can I get you a glass of
-- How do you feel?

MRS. MORGAN

I think I'm going to feel fine --
just give me a cigarette.

FRANCIE

(gets cigarettes -
continues talking)

Yes. And here I begin by scaring
you to death. And I wanted to
begin so differently - There's so
much I want you to tell me -- What
Peter likes -- what to do when
he's mad -- how to make him happy.

MRS. MORGAN

Listen, dear, in the first place:
don't ever worry about making a
man happy. They always seem to
manage it for themselves. May I
have the cigarette?

Francie hands her the cigarette -

FRANCIE

Oh, no!

(grabbing cigarette
out of her hands)

Your heart!

MRS. MORGAN

Nonsense!

FRANCIE

Peter told me you had heart
trouble.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MORGAN

Well, maybe I have heart trouble
when it's convenient --

(Francie lights
cigarette)

When my husband raises his voice
it saves such a lot of bother --
You don't have to listen to a lot
of boring details about running
a university. They even bring
your food to you in bed. It's
quiet -- and it's lovely -- really
lovely. The best years of my
married life have been spent in
bed - with heart trouble.

Keith enters.

KEITH

Good morning, Francie. I'm late --
(turns to go
then stops)

Oh - Aunt Martha - I - I came to
drive Miss Brent to school.

FRANCIE

Not Miss Brent! Mrs. Peter Morgan
the second, to you! -- Oh, Mrs.
Morgan -- I'm so proud. -- Keith,
our troubles are all over. Mrs.
Morgan knows all about our
marriage.

KEITH

Uh-huh. How do you feel, Auntie?

MRS. MORGAN

Better than that! -- I don't mean
to be one of those enquiring
relatives, dear - but what did
you do before you married my son?

KEITH

What! You never heard of Miss
Francie Brent? The divine singing,
dancing Venus! -- Tch-tch - Fine
thing! Well, don't you tell her,
Francie - we'll show her. Auntie,
did you ever hear of the Big Apple?

MRS. MORGAN

I know it's a delicious fruit --
but I never heard of any particular
one.

(CONTINUED)

KEITH

Come on, Francie -- Let's give
her a chunk.

(pulling Francie
to her feet)

FRANCIE

No, no, Keith - no.

Francie and Keith do "Big Apple". They coax Mrs.
Morgan into joining them.

INT. APT. LOBBY - DAY

185-A As Peter Morgan, senior, comes in and starts across
toward elevator.

CLERK

Hey, you -- Where do you think
you're going?

MORGAN

I want to see Miss Brent -

CLERK

Three-o-Seven.

(then stops him)

We prefer our young ladies to
meet their boy friends in the
lobby.

MORGAN

(indignant)

I happen to be Peter Morgan --
President of the University!

CLERK

That doesn't make you the
exception. And besides -- why
aren't you in school?

MORGAN

(super-sarcasm)

Because I'm playing hookie!

He stalks into the elevator.

CLERK

Shame! --

185-B Mr. Morgan walks in in the middle of the fun. Francie and Keith, seeing him first, truck into kitchen. When Mrs. Morgan finally realizes he's there, she goes into a fake faint.

MRS. MORGAN

Oh, my heart!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

186

KEITH

And toward the dawn, the stranger turned his face to the wall and died.

FRANCIE

Now or never!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

187

MORGAN

Feeling better, dear?

MRS. MORGAN

Much better, thank you.

Francie enters from kitchen.

MORGAN

Just one surprise after another.

FRANCIE

Mr. Morgan, there will be no more surprises. When you came in we were really celebrating Mother knowing about Peter and me.

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Morgan steps toward her, takes her hand.

MORGAN

How utterly domestic! You'd better sit down, my dear.

(Mrs. Morgan sits down - he goes back to table, puts hat down)
Miss Brent, you look like a practical young lady.

MRS. MORGAN

Peter, please --

MORGAN

Don't interrupt!

FRANCIE

I'm practical enough to see that Mr. Morgan doesn't approve of me.

MORGAN

Did you expect to be approved of?

FRANCIE

Why shouldn't I be approved of?

MORGAN

Well -- a girl out of a night club -- a dancer!

MRS. MORGAN

Peter, you're impossibly narrow.

MORGAN

I asked you not to interrupt, my dear.

(to Francie)

Just why did you marry my son?

FRANCIE

For a very simple reason: I love him. I want to be his wife.

MORGAN

Miss Brent, do you know what it is to be a university professor's wife?

(CONTINUED)

FRANCIE

Yes, I do. Your wife just told me.

MORGAN

Then you must realize that your talents run in another direction.

FRANCIE

But -- Mr. Morgan -- you don't know anything about me!

MORGAN

I know my son met you in your dance hall and before he had a chance to catch his breath -- I'll put it so you understand it -- you hooked him.

FRANCIE

That's right -- I hooked him. I hooked him for his very desirable, but very underpaid job -- or his social position -- I can't remember which -- That's what you mean, isn't it?

MORGAN

Exactly.

FRANCIE

Dance hall!!

(going back
of chair)

Why, if the same things happened in our night club that go on in your locker room, we'd be raided! Hooked him! Mr. Morgan,

(coming forward
to Morgan again)

do you happen to know that I was doing pretty good before I met Peter? I walked out on a good job and I had friends who thought a lot of me!

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN

(Francie goes back
toward fireplace)

But in marrying you Peter is
throwing away everything he
worked for. And in the end it
will make you as unhappy as it
will him. The simplest solution
to an unfortunate situation
like this is a quiet divorce --

FRANCIE

(turns toward him)

Mr. Morgan -- you're not
grading papers or dismissing
class. He's my husband.

MORGAN

Very well --

(goes back for hat)

If you insist on being
unreasonable I'm going to be
forced to ask Peter for his
resignation.

FRANCIE

You can't do that!

MORGAN

Come, my dear! I have to get
back to the university.

(crossing to door -

stops and turns

toward Mrs. Morgan)

Come on!

MRS. MORGAN

Come on! --

(whistles)

Come here - go there! -- Thirty
years I've had of it. -- All for
Old Sharon - our Alma Mater --
laugh when you want to cry, and
when you laugh, don't laugh too
loud -- Don't wear a red dress --
You love red, but red is too
conspicuous. And all for Alma
Mater! Alma Mater, your sons
and daughters are true, we love
you through and through - even
though you break my son's heart,
I still love you through and
through....

Well, you can have your Alma
Mater, but here is one of her
daughters who won't love her true
blue - and through and through -
anymore! --

(CONTINUED)

187 (CONTINUED)

MORGAN

Coming, my dear?

MRS. MORGAN

Coming? -- I'm going!

Mrs. Morgan storms through the door. Morgan reacts, then follows her, stopping at door.

187A MED. SHOT - Morgan standing in doorway and Francie standing at mantle -- Francie turns to Morgan.

FRANCIE

I'm going, too, Mr. Morgan.

MORGAN

Thank you.

Morgan exits -- closing door.

187B FULL FIGURE - Francie exits to kitchen.

INT. FRANCIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

187C FULL FIGURE - Keith is filling water bottle with water from hydrant in sink. He puts cork in bottle and goes back to window. As he is about to toss it out, Francie enters from living room.

FRANCIE

Keith! Keith -- what in the world are you doing?

KEITH

Shh! If Uncle Peter turns to the left I'm going to hand him my resignation!

FRANCIE

Come on, now - this is no time for nonsense!

(CONTINUED)

2/16/38
150A

187C (CONTINUED)

KEITH

I'm not kidding!

FRANCIE

I've got to catch that train.

KEITH

Let's shove him under it!

FRANCIE

No -- that's too good for him.
It would be over too quick.

KEITH

Not the four o'clock train.
That's a slow train!

FRANCIE

Come on, now -- put this back
in the hanger.
(indicating water
cooler)

FADE OUT

INT. PETER'S CLASSROOM - DAY

188 FULL SHOT - Culpeper watering plants - Peter questioning class.

PETER

Gynaeceum -- the aggregate of carpels in the flower of the plant seed pistils collectively. Very good, Miss Adams --

(addresses another student)

Now, Miss Barton, your word is 'Leptosporangiate.' I want you to define the word -- giving its origin as well as its full meaning. Leptosporangiate --

During the above, Culpeper, seeing that the sprinkling can is empty, walks to sink -- holds can under faucet and turns faucet on. The spurt of water makes a terrific racket.

PETER (cont'd)

(looks over at Culpeper)

Culpeper -- stop playing.

CULPEPER

(turns faucet off)

Yes, sir.

Culpeper crosses to chair on platform and sits down.

JUNE

(trying to think of the meaning of the word)

Leptosporangiate --
leptosporangiate --
leptosporangiate -- ?

PETER

(patiently)

Miss Barton, that should be very simple -- just think of the etymology of the word --

The girl shakes her head hopelessly.

(CONTINUED)

PETER (cont'd)

Lepto -- delicate -- Spora --
seed -- Angiate -- case,
vessel -- Leptosporangiate --
having each seed case form from
a single, delicate cell.

Keith enters through hall door and crosses to chair on
platform beside Peter's desk.

JUNE

Oh --
(she sits down)

PETER

Now is that quite clear?

JUNE

(rises)
Yes -- but I still don't
understand. In the
reproduction of ferns, which
matures first -- the male or
the female?

Peter reacts to Keith sitting in chair.

PETER

(to Keith,
quietly)
Keith - what are you doing here?

KEITH

Drowning your sorrows.

PETER

Breathe the other way --

JUNE

Oh, Professor -

PETER

(to June)
I beg your pardon - I didn't
get the question.

JUNE

I said in the reproduction of
ferns, which matures first -
the male or the female?

(CONTINUED)

While she is talking, Peter speaks to Keith.

PETER

(quietly)

You better go and hide some place - go home -- Dad is escorting Mr. Noble and his million dollars around the school. They'll be here any minute.

JUNE

Oh - Professor --

PETER

(trying to
cover up)

Oh yes, Miss Barton - repeat the question please.

JUNE

I said in the reproduction of ferns which matures first - the male or the female?

At the same time, Peter speaks to Keith.

PETER

I'm surprised at you, Keith - this is the first time you've ever done this.

KEITH

This is the first time your wife ever left you.

PETER

(loud to Keith)

What did you say?

JUNE

(upset)

I said in the reproduction of ferns, which matures first - the male or the female?

(CONTINUED)

188 (CONTINUED)

KEITH

(quietly)
I said - your wife - is
leaving you - on the four
o'clock train ---

Peter rushes into the storage room. Keith follows.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

189 As Peter grabs phone and starts to dial. Keith enters.

KEITH

That won't do you any good.
She made up her mind and I
don't blame her.

PETER

(misses his
dialing)
Will you shut up!
(he redials the
number)
What happened?

KEITH

Henry the Eighth just cut
your bride's head off -- on
account of she was blackening
your name. He told her so.

PETER

If he weren't my father I'd...
I'd...

KEITH

If you had any backbone, you
would anyway.

<u>INT. PETER'S CLASSROOM - STORAGE ROOM - DAY</u>	) Phone conversa- tion
<u>INT. FRANCIE'S APARTMENT - DAY</u>	

190 In Storage Room: Peter dials phone to call Francie.
Keith watching him.

In Francie's Apartment: Francie is just leaving. The
maid is helping her with her bags.

(CONTINUED)

MAID
(taking suitcase)
Let me take this, dear.

Phone rings. Francie stops maid from answering it.

FRANCIE
Let it ring.

Francie exits to hall - then quickly comes back into room and dashes to phone.

FRANCIE (cont'd)
Hello.

PETER
Hello, Francie!

KEITH
Tell her I'll see her in New York.

PETER
Look -- Keith just told me -- you can't do this, Francie!

FRANCIE
I thought it would be easier this way, dear. I was afraid if I talked to you I wouldn't go.

PETER
I thought we had talked this thing all over, darling. Well - just give me this afternoon --

FRANCIE
I'm leaving this time. There's nothing you can do.

PETER
No -- but -- all right, you go ahead and leave on the four o'clock train. And if I don't have everything straightened out by four o'clock, you just go ahead and leave on the four o'clock train! But I'll have everything straightened out by four o'clock!

(CONTINUED)

190 (CONTINUED)

FRANCIE

I love you, Peter. Goodbye!

Francie hangs up phone. She starts to leave the apartment. The Murphy bed falls down. She turns and looks at it -- she's almost in tears as she exits.

INT. CLASS STORAGE ROOM - DAY

191 Peter at phone.

PETER

I won't say goodbye.
(he hangs up)

KEITH

Now you've spoiled everything.
My boy, don't toss away
everything you've worked for
on a girl who'll only succeed
in blackening your good name
of Morgan.

(he begins to take
a drink)

PETER

(angrily)

Blackening my good name.

(grabbing the
bottle)

As if I couldn't blacken it
myself.

KEITH

(trying to
restrain Peter)

Wait a minute - that's my last
bottle --

(CONTINUED)

PETER

(pulling away)

When I get through he'll
think Francie is too good
for me.

(takes a big
slug)

KEITH

Shades and Merciful saints
preserve us! -- today you
are a man!

(stopping him)

Wait a minute. Take it easy!
The first coat is the hardest
to apply.

Peter stops - pauses - hands back empty bottle - shrugs
his shoulders. Keith stares in amazement.

PETER

Got any more?

KEITH

(starting)

I'll get another bottle.

PETER

We haven't got time -- Sh-l-l--
I'll make some --

He winks at Keith - reaches for a couple of bottles on
the shelf.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

192 As Morgan, Sr., Mr. Noble and a couple of other dignified
gentlemen stop at the classroom door.

MORGAN

(with a chuckle)

I saved this until the last -
(laughs)

My son's class -- you know -
pardonable pride - but even
if it was somebody else's son
- it would still be the best
conducted class --

NOBLE

(slyly)

Listen, Morgan - I know you -
you probably tipped the boy off --

They go into the classroom.

193

As Morgan, Sr. and guests come in. Culpeper is at the head of the class.

CULPEPER

(lecturing)

Don't look at plants just as vegetables -- they're friends -- when everybody turns against you, you've still got flowers -- treat them tenderly. They are sensitive and emotional, given to sudden fits of temper -- you know -- moments of ecstasy and moments of depression.

(he pauses
embarrassed)

MORGAN

Go right ahead, Culpeper.

CULPEPER

Yes, sir.

Morgan and the men seat themselves.

CULPEPER (cont'd)

The blues. Then, in the Autumn, a young flower's fancy gradually turns to love, aided by the bees and the breeze. Falling willy-nilly, some of them are unfortunate enough to get involved with hay-fever victims. I have no sympathy or compassion for those so-called victims of hay-fever. My sympathy is with the pollen. Imagine your own predicament under similar circumstances. You see -- I feel we all owe a debt of gratitude to our flowers. If you-all just take time to cultivate their friendship -- as I have -- you'll learn -- as I did -- how wholly unselfish they are -- and I think that's a mighty fine lesson for all of us -- don't you?

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

194 Peter and Keith both in their cups.

KEITH

Don't drop any of it on you.
Might disfigure you for life.

PETER

(gulps it down)

I hope it doesn't stunt my
growth.

KEITH

(becoming very
serious)

Peter - we're pals, aren't we? --
I'd do anything for you. You'd
do anything for me. Wouldn't you?

PETER

(looking at
watch)

Sure. If it don't take longer'n
four o'clock.

KEITH

All right. Do me a little favor.
Divorce Francie - so she can
marry me. I told her if she'd
divorce you, I'd marry her. Now
give me your answer quick.

PETER

(calmly)

O.K.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

195

GULPEPER

(lecturing - looking
toward storage room)

So in contemplating plant life
one is inclined to give credence
to the legend of Jack and the
beanstalk --

196 CLOSE SHOT - Morgan and guests. Noble is staring at Morgan. Morgan is avoiding Noble's look.

CULPEPER'S VOICE (cont'd)

After all beans haven't been
altogether the enemy of man --

197 DIFFERENT ANGLE - as the terrific crash is heard, from within the storage room. After a long pause the door to the storage room opens and Peter comes out. He is very dignified.

PETER

(to class)

Open discussion. Any questions?

June gets up.

JUNE

I'd like to know in the
reproduction of ferns, which
matures first - the male or
the female?

PETER

(gesturing)

Come up, my dear, come up.

June goes up to him.

PETER (cont'd)

Now - that's better, isn't it?
What did you want to know?

JUNE

In the reproduction of ferns,
which matures first - the male
or the female?

PETER

What difference does it make,
silly?

He pinches her cheek. She looks at him.

198 CLOSE SHOT - Morgan, Noble et al reacting to Peter.

199 DIFFERENT ANGLE.

PETER (cont'd)
(teetering on
edge)
Any more silly questions?

With a silly grin he looks over his audience.

PETER (cont'd)
(generally)
Come, come now -- you must have
oodles and oodles of questions
that need answering. I know I
have --
(his eyes fall
on Culpeper
who is staring
at him)
-- and I know Culpeper has --
haven't you, Culpeper?

Culpeper, frightened, doesn't answer.

PETER (cont'd)
(encouragingly)
Speak up, Culpeper, speak up.

GULPEPER
Well yes -- I have --
(he looks toward
Morgan and Noble)
-- but at the moment -- I
don't think I could make it
clear.

PETER
(most dignified)
Any man who can't make himself
understood is an idiot --
understand?

GULPEPER
No.

The classroom snickers. Peter throws them a dirty look,
then continues.

(CONTINUED)

PETER
(to Culpeper)
You're from Texas, aren't you?

CULPEPER
(with great pride)
Yes, suh, I am -- bless her!

A silly expression comes over Peter's face. Then he extends both arms into the air and yells at the top of his voice:

PETER
YIPPEE! YIPPEE!

Morgan rises.

MORGAN
I beg your pardon, Peter --
(to class)
Class dismissed.

The class starts to leave. Noble and the other men rise.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Please excuse us, gentlemen --
you can see Peter isn't feeling
well.

NOBLE
Isn't feeling well? I bet he
never felt better in his life.
(they cross to
door)
Don't take it so hard, Peter --
nothing like a liberal education --
I know you'll get the library
new --

Noble follows the other men out door, laughing.

NOBLE (cont'd)
(yells)
YIPPEE!

Morgan strides to Peter's desk.

MORGAN

(severely)

Peter, what are you trying to do?

PETER

Be a blackguard, sir. How'm I doing?

MORGAN

-- in front of your class! It's unforgivable. What explanation can we make for it?

PETER

I figured if I did a little blackening of the family name, she might fit right in.

MORGAN

So that's it.

PETER

Dad - you catch on fast.

MORGAN

(angrily)

Which convinces me all the more that you don't know what's good for you.

PETER

One of us must be wrong.

MORGAN

(shouting)

While you are a member of my faculty, you'll do as I say!

PETER

(very quietly)

Then you may consider me no longer a member of your faculty.

MORGAN

(completely shocked)

Now - now, Peter - you don't have to resign.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

(quietly)

Surprised, aren't you? You didn't think a Morgan could place anything above this University.

Morgan, Sr., stares at Peter, dumbfounded, unable to believe his ears.

PETER (cont'd)

(softly)

I love it - as much as you do. There's nothing in the world I'd rather be than a professor right here -- other than being my wife's husband. And, if you'll excuse a drunk's maudliness, I refuse to sacrifice one moment of my wife's happiness for the University -- as much as I love it. What time is it? Never mind.

(looks at his

wristwatch;

reacts)

Oh-oh! I just have five minutes to make the station!

He crosses to edge of platform hurriedly.

MORGAN

I won't let you go, Peter -- you're not responsible for what you're saying.

PETER

(pauses; turns to him)

I haven't got time to talk --

The full force of the liquor suddenly hits him; he weaves a bit, then without warning falls off the platform. Morgan reacts - hurries to him saying:

MORGAN

Are you hurt, Peter?

Peter crosses his arms under his chin and makes himself comfortable.

(CONTINUED)

200 (CONTINUED)

MORGAN (cont'd)

There, there, Peter - you're
all right, you've just had
one too many.

Door to storage room swings open, revealing Keith out.
Morgan reacts to his predicament --

FADE OUT

(END OF PART VI)

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**REVISED FINAL
PART VII**

3/1/38

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165
(SCENES 201, 202, 203 ALREADY SHOT)
FADE IN

EXT. OLD SHARON STATION - DAY

201 FULL SHOT Francie sitting on bench waiting for train. She is hoping Peter will arrive in time to stop her. She glances from clock which indicates it is almost 4:00 toward street back of her.

At two minutes of four she picks up her bags and starts toward train. A bus pulls in b.g. Francie stops and turns hopefully -- She reacts disappointed. She continues on her way to the train and gets on.

DISSOLVE

INT. OBSERVATION CAR OF TRAIN

202 MOVING SHOT. Starts with CAMERA shooting from observation car thru window toward clock on station wall which indicates 4:00. Train starts moving and CAMERA PANS RIGHT to include CLOSE SHOT of a very sad Francie looking thru window toward station. She gives up hope that Peter will come.

As train moves along a sign appears in b.g. which reads:

"WELCOME TO
OLD SHARON"

Francie watches the sign passing b.g. -- She looks down at her wedding ring -- then waves off to something in b.g.--

CAMERA PANS LEFT and SHOOTING thru window of rear door of observation car DISCLOSES another sign (reverse side of first one). This sign reads:

"GOODEBYE
OLD SHARON
Come again"

As this sign diminishes in background we,

DISSOLVE

INT. COMPARTMENTS "B" AND "C" - NIGHT

203 MED. SHOT Francie seated in her compartment ("B"). She is crying.

Knock at door. Francie straightens - dries her eyes and fixes her hair.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCIE

Come in.

The door opens and the porter enters carrying a tray.

PORTER

(as he puts
sandwich, etc.
on table)

Here you is -- Nice ham
sandwich. Just caught the cook
before he closed up the kitchen.
Been a minute later and that
ham would have spent the night
in the cold ice box.

Francie is trying to eat her sandwich - still sobbing.

PORTER (cont'd)

(as he moves
toward door)
Is everything all right?

FRANCIE

(sobbing and
eating)
Oh, yes -- It's very nice.
Thank you.

Porter reacts - then exits thru door, closing it.
CAMERA PANS LEFT across feather edge to Mrs. Morgan's
compartment ("C"), which is right next door to Francie's.
Mrs. Morgan is seated at table -- with her back directly
to Francie who is off-scene by now. Mrs. Morgan is also
sobbing.

Knock at door. She straightens.

MRS. MORGAN

Come in.

The door opens and the porter enters with tray.

PORTER

(putting sandwich,
etc. on table)

Here you is, ma'am. Nice ham
sandwich. Just caught the cook
on his way out the door. I said
there's a nice hungry lady who
craves ham.

(he reacts worried -
Mrs. Morgan crying)
Would you prefer whole wheat?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MORGAN

(picks up sandwich)

Oh no -- This is really very nice.

(sobs even harder)

The porter starts to back toward door. Bell rings from Francie's compartment - porter reacts.

PORTER

I'm glad you like it.

Porter exits thru door to corridor - closing door. CAMERA MOVES BACK AND PANS RIGHT to include Francie in her compartment - still HOLDING Mrs. Morgan on left side of screen.

Porter opens door and enters -- Francie is still sobbing.

PORTER (cont'd)

Yes'm.

FRANCIE

May I have some mustard, please?

PORTER (cont'd)

(feeling sad
himself)

Yes'm.

He exits thru door, closing it. CAMERA PANS LEFT to Mrs. Morgan - still HOLDING Francie on right side of screen.

Door opens and porter enters. He is practically in tears.

PORTER (cont'd)

Could I borrow the mustard,
please?

MRS.

MRS. MORGAN

(moving mustard
toward him)

Yes - there it is.

(porter picks up
mustard. Mrs.

Morgan shoves plate
away from her)

Oh, -- I can't eat!

PORTER

(backing toward
door)

I know just how you feel, lady.

He exits thru door - leaving it open a few inches.

CAMERA MOVES RIGHT AND IN passing Mrs. Morgan's compartment to Francie in her compartment. Francie is still sobbing. The door opens and the porter enters with the mustard. He comes forward and puts it down on table.

PORTER (Cont'd)

(very sweetly)

Here's your mustard, please.

FRANCIE

(crying very hard)

Oh, I don't want it now.

(porter picks
up mustard)

I can't eat anything.

PORTER

(also sobbing)

Right now I couldn't eat nothing
either.

He starts to leave - Francie stops him.

FRANCIE

Would you get me some cigarettes,
please.

PORTER

I'm sorry. But the bar's
closed.(more sobbing
from Francie)But I'll get you one - somehow --
if I have to steal it!

He exits thru door, closing it.

CAMERA MOVES LEFT passing Francie's compartment to Mrs. Morgan's compartment.

(CONTINUED)

PORTER'S VOICE

Mister, could I borrow a
cigarette from you, please?

Mrs. Morgan reacts.

MRS. MORGAN

Porter! --

Porter enters thru door. He has package of cigarettes
with one cigarette in it.

MRS. MORGAN (cont'd)

(looking in
purse for money)

Porter, will you get me a
package of cigarettes, please?

PORTER

I'm sorry. But the bar's closed.

MRS. MORGAN

Now look here, Porter -- I've
just left my husband because of
things like that. I don't want
to have any trouble with you.

PORTER

I just borrowed the last
cigarette the gentleman had for
the lady next door. She's awful
low. But you're awful low in
misery - You better take it.
(he hands her
cigarette)

MRS. MORGAN

Oh no -- I couldn't take the
last --

(she stops)

Well --

She takes cigarette and tears it in two. She puts half
back in package and indicates for him to take it to
lady next door.

PORTER

That's awful sweet of you.

Porter exits thru door -- closing it.

CAMERA MOVES RIGHT passing Mrs. Morgan to Francie's compartment. Francie is still sobbing. Door opens and porter enters.

PORTER

I borrowed the last cigarette the gentleman had. And the lady next door -- She is awful low in misery. She said she just left her husband. She took one end of the snipe and sent you the other.

Francie takes half of cigarette. She reacts.

FRANCIE

Mother!

Francie rises - porter steps back - reacts. She exits thru corridor door.

INT. MRS. MORGAN'S COMPARTMENT ("C") - NIGHT

204 MED. SHOT. Mrs. Morgan still crying. Door opens - Francie standing in doorway -- She dries her eyes.

FRANCIE

Mother!

Mrs. Morgan turns and sees her.

MRS. MORGAN

Why, Francie!

Mrs. Morgan rises and Francie comes forward to her. They embrace.

MRS. MORGAN (cont'd)

Oh, my dear. -- Sit down.

Francie sits down. Mrs. Morgan looks in mirror. Both drying their eyes.

MRS. MORGAN (cont'd)
I've left my husband, you know.

FRANCIE
Me, too -- I've just left my
husband, you know.

MRS. MORGAN
(sits down
opposite Francie)
I'm so glad to see you. I was
so hungry. I just had to have
a bite to eat.
(breaks sandwich
in two)
Have part of this sandwich.
(hands Francie
half)

FRANCIE
How lovely! -- All this for me?

Porter enters thru door which connects Francie's
compartment.

PORTER
Would you all feel better with
this containing door open?

MRS. MORGAN
Yes.

Porter starts to exit.

FRANCIE
Oh, Porter. Would you get the
mustard, please? I'm as hungry
as a wolf.

MRS. MORGAN
Me too -- I guess it's this
freedom. I feel so free!
(reacts to porter still
standing there watching
them)

PORTER
Yes'm.

He exits to Francie's compartment.

FRANCIE
Doesn't one feel free?

MRS. MORGAN
New York's going to be so much
fun.

FRANCIE
So many gay places.

MRS. MORGAN
We can go where we want to -
(reacts to
porter standing
in corridor)

PORTER
I'm going after the mustard.
(he exits down
corridor)

FRANCIE
Do what we want to --

MRS. MORGAN
And wear what we want -- with
no husbands to --

FRANCIE
To watch out after us.

MRS. MORGAN
Bother us --

FRANCIE
Mother, you don't feel good
about leaving --

MRS. MORGAN
I know I don't, Francie.

FRANCIE
(starting to cry)
Neither do I.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MORGAN

But what was I to do -- I just
had to go through with it.

FRANCIE

It's all my fault --
(she rises and
crosses and sits
down beside Mrs.
Morgan.)

You were married so long. And I
had to come along and cause all
this trouble.

MRS. MORGAN

Don't worry about me. You've
got troubles enough of your
own.

FRANCIE

It doesn't matter about Peter
and me. I hardly knew him.

Porter enters thru corridor with mustard.

PORTER

Here's your nice little mustard,
ma'am.

(puts mustard
down on table)

He reacts to Francie and Mrs. Morgan who are still
sobbing. He picks up mustard, thinking the mustard
is the cause of the downpour. As he moves back toward
door.

FRANCIE

Porter! -- Make up our berths,
please.

PORTER

Yes'm.

Porter exits thru door to Francie's compartment and
Francie rises.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MORGAN
Goodnight, dear.

FRANCIE
Goodnight.

Francie starts to follow porter to her compartment.
The train comes to a sudden stop.

(END OF PART VII)

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(To be shot)

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PART VIII-THE END

3/2/38

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VIVACIOUS LADY

**REVISED FINAL
PART VIII-THE END**

FULL SHOT - Francie and Mrs. Morgan in their respective compartments. They react to lurch of train - Then both go to doorways. People moving excitedly in corridor. Conductor comes down corridor between them.

MRS. MORGAN
(to Conductor)
What's happened?

CONDUCTOR
Hit a car!

MRS. MORGAN
(shocked)
Goodness!

FRANCIE
Anyone hurt?

CONDUCTOR
Nobody seems to have been in it.

MRS. MORGAN
Thank goodness!

CONDUCTOR
We'll be on our way as soon as
the track is cleared.

MRS. MORGAN
Goodnight, dear.

FRANCIE
Night, Mother.

Both Francie and Mrs. Morgan come back into their compartments -- close their doors and sit down.

EXT. OBSERVATION PLATFORM AND
INT. OBSERVATION CAR - NIGHT

208

As Peter climbs over the railing. He helps his father over. CAMERA MOVES BACK as they walk forward thru observation car.

MORGAN

(protesting)

I see no necessity for placing the car across the track and having it wrecked. There must have been some more sane and less expensive method of stopping the train.

PETER

(heaving Morgan up)

Next time your wife leaves you, I'll let you figure out one by yourself.

MORGAN

I was going to trade that car. The Blue Book value was two hundred dollars.

PETER

Well, my wife's worth a lot more than that. And I'm not turning her in.

MORGAN

Now, Peter, this nonsense must stop.....

Peter enters car, followed by Father. At the end of the car they confront the Porter.

PETER

There's a lady on this train, I want to see. I'll describe her to you: she's blonde...

PORTER

- And has left her husband.

PETER

Right.

(CONTINUED)

PORTER

Next car - Compartment "B".

MORGAN

There's a lady....

PORTER

(interrupting)

- Next car, Compartment "C".

MORGAN

Thank you.

They exit.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

207 As the men enter, each one stands in front of his respective wife's compartment. Mr. Morgan knocks. The door opens.

MORGAN

(officially)

Now, my dear, I've come to take you home. This nonsense must stop....

The door slams in his face. The Porter passes -- points to sign:

"QUIET - FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE
WHO HAVE RETIRED."

PETER

(to his father)

Looks like you've got a decision to make.

MORGAN

Nonsense!

PETER

And if I were you, I'd drop that word out of my vocabulary forever -

(his voice softens)

Dad, it's just a question of what you want most: Mother or the University.

(CONTINUED)

His father doesn't answer

PETER (cont'd)

Dad, you weren't always like this. There must have been some time when you thought about Mother the way I do about Francie; there must have been some times in your life when you wanted to do crazy things.

MORGAN

That's youthful non -- I mean foolishness!

PETER

Is it foolish to do the things that make you very happy? Right now, you want to walk through that door, but you don't know how because you've practised too long being austere, being President of the University. Dad, when you grow up, you're in a fair way of becoming a crab.

MORGAN

(softening)

Well, what would you suggest?

PETER

I'd suggest, sir, that you forget everything, but what your honeymoon was like.

Morgan looks at his son; then raps on the door.

MRS. MORGAN'S VOICE

Who's there?

MORGAN

It's I.

MRS. MORGAN'S VOICE

Go away!

Morgan is nonplussed for a moment; then -

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN

(clutching his
heart)

I was in that wreck. The train
struck me -- Oh, oh, my heart...
my heart...

He begins to reel. The door flies open. Mrs. Morgan
grasps him.

MRS. MORGAN

Peter - why didn't you tell me?
Oh, my dear --

He staggers in.

INT. MRS. MORGAN'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

208 As Morgan staggers, helped by Mrs. Morgan.

MRS. MORGAN

Here, lie down -- I'll get some
water.

She turns to sink.

MRS. MORGAN (cont'd)

We'll get you right back to a
doctor.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

209 As Peter looks into the compartment. Mr. Morgan takes
glass from eye and winks to boy; then replaces glass.
Peter softly closes the door. He goes to Francie's
door and knocks.

FRANCIE

Come in.

Peter enters.

210 As Peter enters. Francie rises, not believing her eyes.
They stand facing each other.

FRANCIE
How did you get here?

PETER
(softly)
Now what sort of a honeymoon
would this be - without me?

FRANCIE
Peter, I'm going back to my
job. Please go back to yours.

PETER
That's what I'm doing.

FRANCIE
Please, -- I'm miserable enough
as it is.

PETER
Good - I was afraid you wouldn't
be.

FRANCIE
Your father --

PETER
Father's on his honeymoon.

FRANCIE
(comprehending)
Oh!
(then softly)
I hate New York.

PETER
How about Niagara Falls? I
could see the engineer about
it.

FRANCIE
(a little excitedly)
And we'll take those funny
pictures -- stand on the bridge--
do everything everyone else does!

(CONTINUED)

210 (CONTINUED)

PETER

(softly)
Certainly.

Francis seems embarrassed.

FRANCIS

Well, here we are.

PETER

Yes, here we are.

FRANCIS

(stalling)
You said it would all end right.

PETER

I certainly did.

FRANCIS

You certainly did.

Suddenly the train starts with a jerk, slamming the door.
The upper berth slowly descends.

FRANCIS AND PETER

Walter!

As door swings open again, PULL CAMERA THROUGH IT—
PAN CAMERA (Mournful whistle of train) - as CAMERA STOPS
on sign reading:

" Q U I T "

"FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE
WHO HAVE RETIRED"

The train whistle gives a sharp - Woo-woo....

QUICK FADE OUT

THE END