

"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

11/25/41

PART I

FINAL

presents
JAMES CAGNEY
in
"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

James Cagney	as	George M. Cohan
Joan Leslie	as	Mary
Welter Huston	as	Jerry Cohan
Richard Whorf	as	Sam Harris
Irene Manning	as	Fay Templeton
George Tobias	as	Dietz
Rosemary DeCamp	as	Nellie Cohan
Jeanne Cagney	as	Josie Cohan
Frances Langford	as	Singer
George Barbier	as	Erlanger
S.Z. Sakall	as	Schwab
Walter Catlett	as	Theatre Manager
Douglas Croft	as	George M. Cohen, as a Boy of 13
Eddie Foy, Jr.	as	Eddie Foy
Minor Watson	as	Albee
Cheeter Clute	as	Goff
Odette Myrtil	as	Madame Bartholdi
Patsy Lee Parsons	as	Josie Cohan, as a Girl of 12
	and	
Capt. Jack Young	as	The President

Exec. Producer.....	Hal B. Wallis
Assoc. Producer.....	William Cagney
Director.....	Michael Curtiz
Original Story.....	Robert Buckner
Screenplay.....	Robert Buckner, Edmund Joseph
Photography.....	Jamee Wong Howe
Film Editor.....	George Amy
Art Director.....	Carl Julee Weyl
Makeup.....	Perc Westmore
Gowns.....	Milo Anderson
Arrangements(orchestral).....	Ray Heindorf
Music & Lyric.....	George M. Cohan

CAST OF CHARACTERS

GEORGE M. COHAN
The Boy GEORGE M. COHAN
JERRY COHAN (father)
NELLIE COHAN (mother)
JOSIE COHAN (sister)
SAM HARRIS
"MARY"
ERLANGER
DIETZ & GOFF (theatrical producers)
FAY TEMPLETON
SAM FORREST
PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Changes
"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

1/14/42
A.

PROLOGUE

FADE IN

A. FULL SHOT A HUGE ELECTRIC SIGN ON THEATRE (INSERT)

The biggest sign on Broadway, sparkling with a border of red, white and blue lights, proclaims to the world:

SAM H. HARRIS PRESENTS

GEORGE M. COHAN

In his triumphal return to the stage

in

"I'D RATHER BE RIGHT"

The Greatest Musical Comedy Hit in Years

CAMERA PANS
DOWN TO:

B. S.R.O. SIGN

on box office. PAN OVER TO large picture of George M. Cohan on easel or in frame.

DISSOLVE TO:

C. INT. COHAN'S DRESSING ROOM

Cohan, Mary, Harris and a group of friends are present. Cohan's back is to the audience as he talks to the back-slappers and well-wishers. Mary is opening a batch of telegrams. Harris is in the process of opening a bottle of champagne.

GEORGE:

It's all very well, but I'm still
worried. Lot of people won't like
it -- imitating the President of the
United States!

ONE OF THE BACK-SLAPPERS:

It's all in good, clean fun. And didn't
they love it in Boston?

(CONTINUED)

1/14/42
B.

C (Cont.)

MARY:

The greatest man in the United States played by the greatest actor. There's nothing wrong in that. Especially when the greatest actor is my husband.

George turns around. He looks just like F.D.R.

GEORGE:

Still -- it's war-time. It may be treason. I may get shot for this.

The friends laugh, start to leave.

ONE OF THE FRIENDS:

(as he goes)

Don't worry. I know a Dollar-a-year man who'll take care of you.

GEORGE:

I bet they'd love to shoot actors. It's good machine gun practice... Thanks a lot for dropping in.

The last of the friends are gone now.

George picks up a bunch of telegrams, goes through them.

MARY:

(as she reads a telegram)

Oh, here's the one I sent you. It's very clever.

George is smiling broadly now as he reads the congratulatory telegrams.

HARRIS:

(still opening the bottle)

Don't forget. Save the telegrams. The government needs the paper.

Suddenly, as George glances at another telegram, the happy grin vanishes from his face.

GEORGE:

(groaning)

Oh ---

MARY:

What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

1/14/42
C.

e (cont:1)

GEORGE:

(gulps)
Here - read this!

He hands her the wire.

D. CLOSEUP MARY

as she reads the wire aloud.

E. INSERT THE TELEGRAM IN MARY'S HANDS

It reads:

WASHINGTON, D.C.

GEORGE M. COHAN
ALVIN THEATRE, N.Y. CITY

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES REQUESTS
THAT YOU CALL UPON HIM AT YOUR EARLIEST
CONVENIENCE IN REGARD TO A PERSONAL MATTER.
KINDLY REPLY FOR DEFINITE APPOINTMENT AT
WHITE HOUSE.

SECRETARY TO
THE PRESIDENT

F. MED. CLOSE THREE SHOT GEORGE, MARY AND SAM HARRIS

All three of them are staring fixedly at the ominous
message and all completely oblivious of the excitement
around them. Slowly George looks up at Sam Harris.

GEORGE:

(trying to hide his
anxiety)

They can't shoot me. I've got a
run of the play contract.

At this moment Harrie opens the champagne bottle with a
loud "Pop!" George starts back with fright.

DISSOLVE TO:

G & H OMITTED

1/14/42
D.

I. EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE WASHINGTON, D.C. NIGHT

• Cohan, his coat collar turned up against the light drizzle of rain, and the brim of his hat slanted over one eye, is walking along the street. He stops when he comes to the gates of the White House. Of course there are fully armed soldiers guarding it. One of them immediately challenges George.

SOLDIER: ✓

Yeah? What do you want?

GEORGE:

I have an appointment.

SOLDIER:

What's the name?

GEORGE:

Cohan. George M. Cohan.

SOLDIER:

(the name means nothing
to him) ✓

You step back a minute. I'll call.

DISSOLVE TO:

J. INT. THE WHITE HOUSE FOYER FULL SHOT

Cohan's hat and coat are taken by an elderly, white-haired negro butler, and Cohan looks around him with respectful interest. This is one of the greatest moments of his crowded life. The negro butler returns from the cloakroom and starts toward the stairway. He is a very likeable character.

(CONTINUED)

K (Cont.)

NEGRO BUTLER:

(courteously)

Will you follow me, please, sir?

Cohan nods nervouely and the CAMERA PANS WITH THEM as they cross the foyer, then start up the broad marble stairway to the second floor. In the early evening hour the White House is impressively quiet and etill.

L. DOLLY SHOT UP THE STAIRWAY

As Cohan and the negro butler ascend the steps, Cohan glances at the rows of framed portraits which line the walls, the stern-faced American statesmen of the past, the heroic generals and admirals.

NEGRO BUTLER:

(hesitantly)

I was s'posed to be off duty tonight, Mr. Cohan, but when I heard you was comin', I --

(he grins)

-- Well, sir, I just wanted to see if you still looked the eame.

GEORGE:

(amused)

That eort of depends on when you saw me last, don't it?

NEGRO BUTLER:

(reflecting)

It musta been thirty-some years ago. I was valet for Mister 'Teddy' Roosevelt and he got me a seat up in the gallery... The play was 'George Washin'ton, Junior'. You was dancin' and eingin' about The Grand Ole Flag.

(chucklee)

Mister Teddy used to eing it in his bathtub.

Cohan smiles as they turn at the first landing and continue up the next flight of steps.

GEORGE:

That was a pretty good old song in its day.

(CONTINUED)

L (Cont.)

NEGRO BUTLER:

Yes, sir. And it's just as good
today as it ever was.

The CAMERA PANS WITH THEM as they go up to the door of the President's private study. A footman walks past, carrying several pieces of luggage up the hall.

NEGRO BUTLER:

(to George)

Mrs. Roosevelt has just come in from
Atlanta.

The butler knocks on the door and a VOICE from within the room replies for the caller to enter. The butler turns the knob and holds the door open for Cohan to enter.

M. MED. TRUCK SHOT COHAN FROM INT. STUDY

The CAMERA is inside the study, HOLDING on the doorway as Cohan enters. The CAMERA PULLS BACK with him as he approaches the desk, then pauses, waiting.

N. WIDER ANGLE THE STUDY

The President is seated at his desk, signing a sheaf of papers and smoking a cigarette in a black holder. On one corner of the desk a tray contains his unfinished dinner. The beautiful paneled room, oval in shape, its walls covered with old Naval prints, is softly lighted by a single lamp on the President's desk and also by the birch logs which are crackling cheerfully in the fireplace.

The President looks suddenly up from his work, smiles cordially at his nervous visitor and extends his hand across the desk.

(CONTINUED)

"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

Original Story

by

Robert Buckner

Screen Play

by

Robert Buckner

and

Julius & Philip Epstein

Supervisor:

William Cagney

PRESIDENT:

Well, hello there! How's my double?

GEORGE:

(embarrassed, shaking hands)

I - I wouldn't know how to answer that one, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT:

No?

(chuckles)

Why, I was told that you knew all the answers.

GEORGE:

(grins sheepishly)

I only wish I did.

PRESIDENT:

(sighs)

Yes, so do I.

(gestures to chair)

Sit down, Mr. Cohan.

GEORGE:

Thanks.

(starts to sit down, but in his nervousness bumps the chair)

I'm a little nervous.

The President laughs and Cohan relaxes under the power of the famous personality.

PRESIDENT:

I'm sorry I missed the opening. Tell me, Mr. Cohan, how do you feel about playing me on the stage?

GEORGE:

Well, right this minute, not so good. How do you feel about it?

PRESIDENT:

(laughs good-naturedly)

I'd like to see the show. I've always thought you were a great actor.

GEORGE:

Thanks. That's a great compliment coming from you.

(CONTINUED)

N (Cont.1)

The President takes this amusedly and looks over his glasses at George with kidding severity.

PRESIDENT:

Now see here - just how am I to take that?

GEORGE:

(flustered at his faux pas)

Oh, don't misunderstand me, Mr. President. I meant --

The President laughs and waves it aside, interrupting George's attempted explanations.

PRESIDENT:

Don't worry about it. We understand each other perfectly.

(he sits back and lights a cigarette)

You know, I remember you and your family very well -- the Four Cohans --

GEORGE:

(interested)

Do you, Mr. President? That was a long time ago.

PRESIDENT:

Yes, it was when I was going to school near Boston.

GEORGE:

(smiles)

I was a pretty cocky kid in those days - a regular Yankee Doodle Dandy. Always in a parade or following one.

PRESIDENT:

I hope you haven't outgrown the habit.

GEORGE:

Not a chance. Even if I tried to, I don't think the public would let me.

PRESIDENT:

That's one thing I've always admired about you Irish-Americans. You carry your love of country like a flag, right out in the open. It's a great quality.

(CONTINUED)

Changes

1/13/42
1.

"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

N (Cont. 2)

GEORGE:

I guess I got it from my father. He
ran off to the Civil War at thirteen
- the proudest kid in the State of
Massachusetts.

PRESIDENT:

(chuckles)

So you've spent your life telling
the other forty-seven States what
a great country it is.

O. CLOSEUP GEORGE

He smiles thoughtfully, hesitating a moment before
replying.

GEORGE:

Well, sir, I never thought of it
just that way - but I guess it's
true. Maybe it all started with
a funny thing that happened about
sixty years ago

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

FADE IN

1. EXT. STREET PARADE LONG SHOT DAY

The scene is a Fourth of July parade down the main street of a typical American city of sixty years ago. The sidewalks are lined with crowds watching the colorful but motley collection of marching men, who include the inevitable Local Fire Brigade with their red and brass pump engines, the Police Force with their "thunder-mug" helmets, and a considerable company of patriotic citizens, each carrying a small American flag. A large brass band, handsomely uniformed, is blaring forth a military march tune of the period. The store fronts are gaily decorated with large flags and red, white and blue streamers. Everyone is having a very good time.

OVER THIS SHOT comes Cohan's voice, as if continuing from the previous scene.

GEORGE'S VOICE:

It was the Fourth of July, 1878.....
in Providence, Rhode Island. . .

2. LONG DOLLY OR BOOM SHOT

The CAMERA MOVES STRAIGHT THRU THE PARADE to the opposite side of the street, and above the crowd on the sidewalk to the ornate front of an old-fashioned theatre, finally to HOLD on the billboard which bears the names of the various acts in the program being performed within. They include McIntyre & Heath, Trebor, the Man of Mystic Changes, Captain McCrosson's Zouaves, Ned Oliver & His Banjo and one or two other famous variety acts of the '70's. The SOUND OF THE BRASS BAND from the street and the cheering of the crowd CONTINUES OVER THE SHOT.

3. CLOSEUP THEATRE BILLBOARD INSERT

The top number on the bill reads:

MR. & MRS. JERRY COHAN

"The Irish Darlings"

OVER THIS SHOT we again HEAR Cohan's voice, with a note of genuine affection.

GEORGE'S VOICE:

My father was playing there in a variety theatre, and my mother should have been with him on the stage . . . but she was busy right then in a smaller production. . .

DISSOLVE THRU
BILLBOARD TO:

4. CLOSE PANNING SHOT JERRY COHAN'S FLEET ON STAGE
INT. THEATRE

Only the buckled shoes, white stockings and buttoned-top knee britches of a typical Irish trouper of the 1870's are visible in the SHOT. But they are dancing with considerable skill a lively jig, accompanied by the fast MUSIC OF A SMALL ORCHESTRA.

CAMERA PULLS
BACK TO:

5. FULL PANNING SHOT JERRY COHAN ON STAGE

George's father is a handsome young man of slightly above average height, with an immediately likeable face and manner. His costume, in addition to the items described above, consists of a braid-faced coat with a short cape attached, a fancy waistcoat and a jaunty Irish hat. Photographs available of this. His dance routine is very clever and amusing. Suddenly he "breaks" as the orchestra slides into his specialty song, "The Dancing Master".

As he pauses singing and does another brief jig, we HEAR a burst of appreciative LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE from the audience, off scene. No actual audience is needed for this scene.

6. CLOSE MOVING SHOT JERRY COHAN ON STAGE

This closer view of George's father reveals a strangely worried look in his eyes, an anxious distraction, as if his mind were not upon his act. He glances toward the wings as he hits the chorus. When he finishes, he flashes the audience a quick, automatic smile, and then without waiting for the APPLAUSE that follows, he runs hurriedly across the stage and disappears into the wings.

7. FULL SHOT BACKSTAGE PANNING

As Jerry Cohan runs into the wings he confronts tensely a colorful group that includes other actors, waiting for their turns on the stage, and the Stage Manager. The actors, both men and women, wear an interesting variety of costumes and makeups, all of the 1870 vintage.

JERRY COHAN:

(excitedly)

Has any message come for me?

(CONTINUED)

7 (Cont.)

AN ACTRESS:

Not a word yet, Jerry.

As the group looks at him with amused smiles, Jerry turns quickly to the Stage Manager.

JERRY COHAN:

Max - I can't wait! I've got to go and find out what's happening!

He runs toward stage door.

STAGE MANAGER:

You can't run through the streets in that outfit -- and with makeup on. They'll throw you into jail.

JERRY COHAN:

(wildly)

They'll have to catch me first.

He continues to race toward the stage door. The actors and the Stage Manager look after him with affectionate smiles.

ACTORS:

Good luck, Jerry!
Give her a kiss for me!
Bring us the news!

STAGE MANAGER:

(yells)

Remember -- you're on again at four fifteen, Jerry!

There is prolonged applause from the audience, off scene.

8. FULL SHOT JERRY COHAN AT STAGE DOOR

As he jerks open the door, he turns for a second and yells back.

JERRY COHAN:

Somebody take that bow for me!

He vanishes through the doorway.

9. EXT. PARADE IN STREET FULL SHOT PANNING

Still in his comical makeup, Jerry Cohan runs out of the theatre alley and into the crowd on the sidewalk, so solidly packed that they block his way. The CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM as he forces a path through them, his face filled with anxiety. Some of the crowd give him a startled look as he brushes past.

10. FULL TRUCKING SHOT IN THE PARADE

Right behind the band marches a blue-uniformed collection of Civil War veterans, men about forty-five years of age and strutting with patriotic pride. One is carrying a large gold-fringed American flag and behind him two others support a widespread banner with the sign:

VETERANS OF THE G.A.R.

LOCAL NO. 3

Right in back of the men is a Civil War cannon, the caisson being pulled by the usual team of artillery horses.

Jerry Cohan tries to cross the street directly through the parade, but gets caught between the lines of marching ex-soldiers, who look in surprise at his remarkable get-up.

JERRY COHAN:

(tensely)

Excuse me, boys. Can I get through here, please?

A VETERAN:

(points helpfully)

The Irish are up at the head of the parade -- as usual.

JERRY COHAN:

(struggling to get through)

I'm not in this parade! I'm --

But the band music flares up louder than usual and Jerry can't make himself heard. The veterans look at him blankly. Finally Jerry reaches up, shouts something into one of the veteran's ears.

VETERAN:

Oh! Why didn't you say so? We'll get you there in no time!

He lifts Jerry up, seats him on the artillery caisson.

VETERAN:

(to the horses)

Charge!

The horses dash away in very military fashion, as the onlookers stare.

DISSOLVE TO:

11. INT. THE BOARDING HOUSE FULL SHOT THE COHANS' ROOM

The room is large and comfortable, but old fashioned. A woman lies in the big double bed with a new-born baby swaddled in the curve of her arm. An elderly doctor and a woman nurse are packing up their medical equipment. The baby is crying in no uncertain manner. From the street outside the distant BAND MUSIC IS CONTINUOUS OVER THIS SCENE. Suddenly the door bursts open and Jerry Cohan rushes in, tensely excited and looking very amusing in his theatrical costume. His heavy Irish wig has slipped over one ear and he is holding the flag in his hand. His eyes go straight to his wife, in apprehension.

JERRY COHAN:

(softly)

Nellie! ...

12. CLOSE SHOT NELLIE COHAN IN BED

George's mother is a very good-looking young woman, though just now, of course, she is somewhat pale and drawn... She opens her eyes to look at her husband, and smiles faintly.

13. FULL SHOT CENTER OF THE ROOM

Jerry Cohan looks anxiously at the doctor and nurse, who are both smiling.

JERRY COHAN:

Is she all right?

The doctor nods and Jerry peers back at the stranger in his bed, too excited to know what he is saying.

JERRY COHAN:

What -- is it, Doc?

DOCTOR:

(drily)

Well -- all signs point to its being a boy.

Jerry Cohan's face beams at the good news and he walks in awe toward the bed.

14. MED. SHOT MOTHER AND BABY AT BED

Nellie Cohan's happy eyes follow her husband as he comes up INTO THE SHOT and stands beside the bed. He presses her hand silently but in a way that speaks his love, then for the first time he looks at his son, who is now sleeping soundly.

JERRY COHAN:

What? -- He's just got here --
Sleeping already?

NELLIE COHAN:

(softly)
All babies sleep twenty hours a day,
Jerry.

JERRY COHAN:

It's no wonder most of them never
amount to anything.

(looks down proudly
at his son)

What'll we call him?

The old doctor comes up slowly INTO THE SHOT and joins them, buttoning his starched cuffs.

DOCTOR:

Seeing that he arrived on the Fourth
of July, what about George Washington
Cohan?

The mother smiles, but the father is intrigued.

JERRY COHAN:

Mm -- nice, patriotic ring to it --
(to his wife)
What do you think, darling?

NELLIE COHAN:

(thoughtfully)
Well -- the George is fine -- but the
Washington -- may be too long for a
billboard --

JERRY COHAN:

Uh-huh. How about a good short Irish
name. -- Dennis -- or Michael?

Nellie Cohan looks down at the bundle containing her son.

NELLIE COHAN:

(slowly)
George -- Michael -- Cohan.
(she looks up
and smiles)
Yes -- I like that name.

(CONTINUED)

14 (Cont.)

Young George awakens and starts to bawl lustily.

NELLIE COHAN:

(reproachfully)

Oh, Jerry --

JERRY COHAN:

(straightens up suddenly)

Heavenly day, Nellie -- he's crying with a brogue!

OVER THE SOUND TRACK COMES THE VOICE OF GEORGE M. COHAN, AS BEFORE, WHILE THE CAMERA HOLDS ON THE FAMILY GROUP.

GEORGE'S VOICE:

And probably the first thing I ever held was the American flag. It was six or seven years later before I realized they weren't celebrating my birthday on the Fourth of July ... I had a kid sister by then - Josie - who took after me in everything. We had the same love for show business - and gosh, how we both hated school. ---

DISSOLVE TO:

15. INT. A MOVING TRAIN DOLLY SHOT

Late at night on a "sleeper jump" a group of typical vaudeville actors are riding in an old-style red plush day-coach with swaying gas lights.

16. MED. GROUP SHOT THE FOUR COHANS

They sit in facing seats. Young George is apparently asleep beside his father, while Josie is curled up in her mother's lap, also asleep. Their battered luggage rests on the racks above their heads.

JERRY:

(worriedly)

But they won't stay in any school. We've tried it three times. They think any other life except show business is a form of punishment.

NELLIE:

That's because you've never been firm with George. It's the old story, Jerry. Spare the rod and spoil the child.

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.)

JERRY:

I agree with that absolutely -- but
I think it's the mother's place --

NELLIE:

(shocked)

Mother's place? Are you suggesting
that I raise a hand against a darling
child I brought into this world? You
know very well it's a father's duty --

JERRY:

(doggedly)

It's my theory -- the hand that rocks
the cradle should wield the rod.

NELLIE:

The trouble with you, Jerry Cohan,
is you're too soft-hearted --

JERRY:

(looks fondly down on
George)

Nellie -- how much have we saved this
season? 'Bout seven hundred dollars,
isn't it? That would do it.

NELLIE:

Do what?

JERRY:

(it's a big moment
in the Four Cohans'
lives)

Put our own show on the road!

NELLIE:

(dazed)

Our own show!?

JERRY:

(enthusiastically)

Yes - I've got a great idea! George
can do a violin act -- Josie can do
her skirt dancing -- and you and I'll
do a couple of sketches. For a finish
I'll write a one-act play for the four
of us.

Her eyes eager with excitement, Nellie is speechless
for a moment. But suddenly young George opens one
bright eye, then answers excitedly.

GEORGE:

Oh, boy! That's wonderful!

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.1)

His parents look down at him quickly, then at each other and burst out laughing. His father hugs him close as the train with its swinging gas lights rattles on through the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

17. MONTAGE

1. EXT. A THEATRICAL BILLBOARD (INSERT) CLOSE SHOT DAY

a 24-sheet stand of bills, amusingly illustrated in the old-time style, boldly proclaims:

AMERICA'S FAVORITE FAMILY OF ENTERTAINERS

"THE COHAN BIRTH-MAKERS"

The Celebrated Troupe of Singers,
Dancers and Comedians,
with their Silver-Plated Band.

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY IN PEORIA

OVER THIS SHOT COMES THE SOUND OF BAND MUSIC blaring out Sousa's "Gladiator March".

DISSOLVE TO:

2. INT. A THEATRE CLOSE SHOT AN "ACT SIGN" ON STAGE

The dazzling silvery letters on a blue velvet background read:

"MASTER GEORGIE"

VIOLIN TRICKS & TINKLING TUNES

CAMERA PANS AWAY to the stage where George, wearing a fancy white-embroidered suit, is playing "Carnival in Venice", no less, on a small violin -- not in the normal position, but above his head and then between his legs!

QUICK DISSOLVE
TO:

3. CLOSE SHOT THE "ACT SIGN" ON STAGE

As Master Georgie's banner is flipped back we read in spangly letters on the next sign:

"LITTLE JOSIE COHAN"

America's Youngest Skirt Dancer

(CONTINUED)

17 (Cont.)

CAMERA PANS AWAY to the stage where Josie, encrusted with curls and ruffles, is dancing a solo number with much skill and grace, and to much applause from the offscene audience.

DISSOLVE TO:

4. INSERT THE COHAN FAMILY ALBUM

As the pages turn with the passing years, we see Nellie Cohan's hands inserting new pictures of the family group, and of George and Josie. MUSIC IS BEHIND THESE SHOTS and we SUPERIMPOSE THE YEARS -- 1888 -- 1889 -- 1890. The last picture in the album is one of the new 13 year-old George and 11 year-old Josie in their amusing dancing doll costumes for "Goggles Doll House".

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

5. INT. A THEATRE TOWARD THE STAGE "DANCING DOLL" ACT

The Four Cohans are performing their "Goggles Doll House" act on the stage of an old-fashioned theatre, to the gay music of the piece. OVER THIS WE DOUBLE-EXPOSE THE NAMES OF FAMOUS OLD THEATRES -- "B.F. KEITH'S....THE HIPPODROME....AUSTIN AND STONE'S MUSEUM...THE FOUR COHANS IN 'GOGGLES DOLL HOUSE'".

GEORGE'S VOICE:

(comes OVER the above
montage)

It was a great life but a hard one -- year after year of one night stands, early jumps and bad hotels. We boiled in summer and froze in winter. But to a stage-struck kid like me it was Heaven on Wheels... In 1891 we were broke and stranded, when suddenly out of the blue came a great offer that saved our lives.....

DISSOLVE TO:

18. EXT. THE BROOKLYN THEATRE

DAY

A huge illustrated billboard which reads in bold letters:

THE FOUR COHANS
in
"PECK'S BAD BOY"

OVER THIS comes the SOUND of voices from the crowd and MUSIC.

19. INSERT A GILT STAR

- which is being nailed to a door.

JERRY'S VOICE:

(OVER insert)

What do they mean hammering on our opening night? I'll go blank -- I won't be able to remember a line...

The CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see George, dressed in his "Peck's Bad Boy" outfit on a stage ladder, hammering a gilt star on the door. As the door is yanked open he almost falls off the ladder.

JERRY:

(as he rushes to steady the teetering ladder)

What are you doing up there!

GEORGE:

I'm the star of this play, ain't I?

JERRY:

Well -- you've got the leading part.

GEORGE:

That means I'm a star. And if I'm a star, there should be a star on my dressing room door. That's the law of the theatre, Dad --

As Jerry is about to explode, Nellie intervenes.

NELLIE:

(smiling)

Yes, Jerry. Give the devil his due.

The stage manager comes into the scene.

STAGE MANAGER:

(at the top of his voice)

Places, please! Curtain going up!

George's calm and cockiness deserts him suddenly.

GEORGE:

(very nervous now)

Oh --

He sways and falls off the ladder into his father's arms.

NELLIE:

(she and Josie run forward)

George!

DISSOLVE TO:

20. THE "PECK'S BAD BOY" ROUTINE

THE PLAY IS COVERED WITH THE FOLLOWING MONTAGE SHOTS, INTERCUTTING between the actors and the reactions of the audience, to establish both George's and the play's success.

1. AT THE WINGS - the four Cohans are wishing each other Godspeed.

NELLIE:

(shaking hands with
George)

Good luck, George.

(she kisses Josie)

Josie!

JERRY:

Do your best, son -- and don't be nervous.

GEORGE:

Me, nervous?

(he is)

Josie and Nellie kiss. Josie tries to kiss George, but he pushes away from her.

GEORGE:

Aw!

2. DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Hands applaud over a program of "PECK'S BAD BOY".

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

3. THE PLAY INT. SCHULTZ GROCERY STORE

The irate Schultz is chasing Henry Peck around the store. Henry, to get away from him, jumps up on a flour barrel. Its top collapses. Schultz makes a lunge for him...Henry grabs him by the coat tail and spins him around. Schultz reels around the store and, to keep from falling, he grabs the window blind - it falls.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

4. SHOTS OF LAUGHING HEADS

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

5. ALBEE

- of Keith and Albee, who is taking in the show. (He is a tough New Englander, about 44 years old.) He looks through his program, then puts his finger on the name, "Geo. M. Cohan".

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

20 (Cont.)

6. THE PLAY (CONTINUED)

Schultz is still trying to lay his hands on Henry Peck. The Irish cop comes rushing in to try and help Schultz catch Henry. Henry goes over to a crate of tomatoes and starts pelting both of them with the over-ripe fruit. They give chase. Henry climbs up on several crates of eggs, takes one and dumps it on the cop and storekeeper... In order to keep from falling, Henry grabs at the shelving... the whole thing comes down and tin cans virtually cover the cop and storekeeper. Henry towers over them, a devilish grin on his face.

HENRY:

I can lick any kid in town.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

7. THE TOWN'S TOUGH KIDS IN THE BALCONY

They are watching intently, judging the badness of Peck's Bad Boy. They look at each other scornfully.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

21. FULL DOLLY SHOT BACKSTAGE

Flushed and excited from his personal triumph, George enters from his last curtain. The actors crowd around him.

ACTORS:

(ad lib)

Nice going, kid!

Congratulations!

That was a real piece of acting, Georgie!

I didn't know you had it in you, boy!

All of these congratulations naturally come together. George takes the back-slapping and hand-shaking with a look of amused wonder as the CAMERA FOLLOWS THE GROUP.

GEORGE:

(very chesty)

Thanks -- but what are you all so surprised about? You could've told during rehearsals that I'd be a sensation in this part.

(The family are thunder-struck -- stop dead in their tracks. The other actors and backstage crew glance at each other)

Listen, there's nothing to this acting business. I wonder what took me so long to become a star.

22. JERRY AND NELLIE

- in the wings. They are listening to George's speech.

NELLIE:

Jerry -- the time has come for
George's first spanking.

JERRY:

You're right, Nellie. I'll hold
him while you hit him.

NELLIE:

Not me. I don't hit hard enough
to make an impression.

JERRY:

Well, I can't do it. He'll think
I'm just jealous because he got
more laughs than I did --

(pause, smiles)

-- And don't think I'm not.

23. GEORGE AND ACTORS

George is still holding forth, going toward dressing
room.

GEORGE:

I think you boys could brush up a
bit on your performances. Maybe
we'd better rehearse tomorrow morning
and I'll put you through your paces --

The stage manager comes into the scene.

STAGE MANAGER:

(smiling queerly)

Several gentlemen to see you outside,
Mr. Cohan.

GEORGE:

Oh -- Gentlemen of the Press, I pre-
sume. It's starting already. Will
you excuse me?

He swaggers toward the stage door.

24. JERRY

- watching him, perturbed. Then he slams the dressing
room door shut behind him. The star, only half-nailed
on, falls to the floor.

25. EXT. THE THEATRE ALLEY

There is a group of boys lounging against a fence; the same six hoodlums we saw in the theatre gallery.

George comes out, looks around for the newspapermen. One of the hoodlums calls out:

HOODLUM:

Here he is, fellers. Let's see how tough he is!

Whereupon they all pounce upon him, fists swinging.

DISSOLVE TO:

26. INT. THE COHANS' DRESSING ROOM

SHOOTING INTO A MIRROR as George, seated in front of it, receives anxious first-aid from his mother and sister, Josie, who are trying to restore his ruined grandeur with water and cloths. George's nose is bloody, his lip cut and one eye is rapidly closing with the blue "mouse". His hair and clothes are badly disheveled and he is as fighting-mad as a bantam rooster.

NELLIE:

They ought to be arrested, every one of those hoodlums!

(turns on Jerry)

And it seems to me, Jerry Cohan, you're taking all this very calmly. When your only son is almost murdered in cold --

JERRY:

(calmly)

The way I look at it, it's a fine tribute to Georgie's acting. The way he plays it, every tough kid in America will want to take a punch at Peck's Bad Boy, just to see what happens.

GEORGE:

(excitedly)

What! Have I got to go through this every night!

JERRY:

And matinees, Wednesday and Saturday.

(quietly)

Georgie -- those boys did you a great favor -- and they saved me some trouble.

(CONTINUED)

26 (Cont.)

JERRY: (Cont.)

(George stares at his
father wonderingly, as
do his mother and sister)

Most actors give their whole lives to their profession without once scoring a hit. You're lucky; you're a hit at the age of thirteen. You're going to be a big star, there's no doubt about that. You're going to be surrounded by a lot of admirers and back-slappers -- but you're going to have very few friends. The way you treated your fellow actors a little while ago will take care of that. Those kids in the street gave you a good idea of what a performer means to the public. What friends -- real friends mean to a performer you'll have to find out for yourself. I've been in this profession a long time but I never ran across a performer who, in the long run, wouldn't rather be a great guy than a great actor. That is -- until I made your acquaintance.

GEORGE:

(shaken)

Can't -- c-can't I be both?

JERRY:

The chances are, that if you keep on the way you are, you won't be either. If the hoodlums won't get you, a committee of actors will! Actors are considered pretty bad risks by insurance companies, but an actor with a conceit like yours -- well, we couldn't afford the premium!

NELLIE:

(softening the blow)

What your father really means -- is that you're too sensitive, too anxious to make good -- you love the theatre too much. I know you can cure yourself, if you want to.

GEORGE:

(emotionally)

Sure I can. Just watch me. From now on I'm Peck's Bad Boy only from eight-thirty till eleven in the evenings.

JOSIE:

And Wednesdays and Saturdays -- two-thirty till five.

(CONTINUED)

26 (Cont.1)

GEORGE:

Yes, sir. The other twenty-one and a half hours I pattern myself after Pop.

(he extends his hand
to his father)

JERRY:

(taking his hand)

Well -- you can find a better example -- but that's the general idea --

Solemnly the two shake hands, and there are tears of happiness in Nellie's and Josie's eyes. Suddenly the door is flung open and one of the actors we saw backstage strides in.

ACTOR:

(in a great state
of excitement)

What do you know? Ed Albee is coming backstage to see you!

And he strides right out again. The news creates a sensation among the Cohans.

NELLIE:

Albee! That's B. F. Keith's partner!

JERRY:

That means Big Time Vaudeville. Nellie, we're in the Big Time!

NELLIE:

And he didn't send for us! He's coming here to see us!

GEORGE:

(importantly)

Dad, maybe it would be better if I spoke business to him.

JOSIE:

(reproachfully)

Georgie! I thought you said you were going to reform!

JERRY:

(to George)

I don't want to hear a word out of you when he's here.

(looks around)

Look at the condition of this dressing room!

A frantic cleanup starts.

NELLIE:

Get the cheap makeup off the table!

27. DOOR

as it is flung open again and another excited actor sticks his head in.

2ND ACTOR:
Albee'll be right in. He stopped
at the water cooler.

He bangs the door shut behind him.

NELLIE:
Jerry, if he offers you a cigar,
don't take it!

GEORGE:
I'll take it. It'll impress him
if he thinks I can smoke.

Father and mother turn to look at him.

JERRY:
(as approaching foot-
steps are HEARD)
Georgie -- get behind that curtain.
(he indicates curtain
which screens off the
women's side of the room)

GEORGE:
But, Pop --

JERRY:
(thrusting him be-
hind curtain)
If I hear one word out of you! If
you even breathe heavy --

The door is flung open by the stage manager.

STAGE MANAGER:
(like a herald announc-
ing a king)
Mr.E. F. Albee!

Albee strides in.

ALBEE:
I saw your show tonight, Cohan. Of
course, it's no good for vaudeville
but I've seen a lot worse -- right
here in Brooklyn.

28. CLOSE SHOT GEORGE

He burns at Albee's words. He pushes the curtain aside
to reply.

29. FULL SHOT DRESSING ROOM

Josie is standing right beside the curtain. As George flings it aside, she promptly pulls it back into position, silencing George with a warning glance.

ALBEE:

We're opening a new theatre in Philadelphia - "The Bijou" - on the Fourth of July. If you can fix up a good vaudeville act, we'll double your present salary, give you a ten-week guarantee and third or fourth billing.

The Cohans look at him as if stunned for a moment. In their wildest dreams they have never dared hope for such excellent terms.

JERRY COHAN:

(dazedly)

You'll double our salary!?

ALBEE:

(nods importantly)

You'll be with the best variety stars in the country --

(counts off on his fingers)

-- Vosta Victoria -- Eddie Foy -- Ward and Vokes -- Lottie Collins -- Charlie Case --

Suddenly the curtain is pulled aside and George slips out.

GEORGE:

Just a second.

(to Albee, imperiously)

I'm George M. Cohan. You said you were opening a theatre in Philadelphia on July Fourth?

ALBEE:

(looking at him, curiously)

That's right.

GEORGE:

(with an air of creating a sensation)

That's my birthday.

ALBEE:

(drily)

That isn't why we're opening the theatre.

The family pantomime pleading and threatening gestures to George, but he goes on.

(CONTINUED)

29 (Cont.)

GEORGE:

The salary is all right, but how've
you got the nerve to stick us way
down in third or fourth billing --
after my performance tonight?

His family stare at him in horror and panic. Albee re-
moves the cigar from his moustache and gives George a
slow once-over, as if trying to place him.

ALBEE:

(sarcastically)

Is this kid in your show?

George's eyes pop wide in astonishment and indignation.

GEORGE:

(shouting)

Am I in the SHOW! -- Who do you think
was PECK'S BAD BOY!!

There is an awful moment of paralyzing embarrassment as
all eyes fix on George, and his father's face looks like
a thunderstorm just ready to break. Albee tries to
avoid a family scene and smiles politely at George.

ALBEE:

I beg your pardon. I didn't quite
recognize you.

GEORGE:

(exploding)

You didn't! Then maybe you're not
the showman you're cracked up to be!

JERRY, NELLIE, JOSIE:

(together)

GEORGE!!!!

ALBEE:

Maybe I'm not. And maybe you're not
ready for the Big Time yet.

(to Jerry, Nellie
and Josie)

Goodnight.

He walks out.

30. EXT. DOOR

As Albee opens the door, a crowd of actors who have
been eavesdropping quickly disperse.

Changes
"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

31. INT. COHANS' DRESSING ROOM

Jerry wheels on Nellie.

JERRY:

Sae whet we get beceuee you
wouldn't ley e hand on him all
these yeers!

NELLIE:

(nervoualy)

A mother isn't euppoeed to do
the puniehing. She's just
euppoeed to give her permission.

JERRY:

(looks belefully at
George, then et Nellie)

All right. Heve I your permiesion?

NELLIE:

(with conviction)

You certainly heve!

Jarry edvencee on George, who retreete. Josie begine
to cry.

GEORGE:

Pop - don't you think you ought
to get my permieeion, too?

Jerry grebs him by the hend, ia about to rep him
eherply over the knucklea --

NELLIE:

Not on the hand, Jerry. He's --
he'e got to play the violin.

JERRY:

All right, not on the hend --

He lifte hie hand to hit George on the mouth.

NELLIE:

(crying out)

Not on the mouth, Jerry. He's
got to eing!

Jerry looks at her, fruetreted. Then, he sits
down, turne George over on hie lap.

JERRY:

(reieing hie hand to
etrike, ee he looks
at George's posterior)

This is ona plece without any telent!

Justice ie taking ita course, ee wa FADE OUT,

FADE IN

32. MONTAGE (WITH INSERTS)

OVER A DARK SCREEN WE SUPERIMPOSE THE BRIGHTLY LIGHTED SIGNS ABOVE THEATRES, flashing in various sizes which increase in importance, and often simultaneously in different corners of the screen, as we follow the Four Cohans through the dynamic decade that followed Peck's Bad Boy. This MONTAGE IS SCORED THROUGHOUT with such TYPICAL MUSIC OF THE PERIOD AS "TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DEE-AY", "DOWN WENT MCGINTY", "MY MOTHER WAS A LADY", "IN THE BAGGAGE COACH AHEAD" and other golden ballads of the Glittering Nineties. INTERCUT with these are SEVERAL OLD-FASHIONED PICTORIAL BILLBOARDS showing the four Cohans. The SUPERIMPOSED TITLES READ - IN RAPID SUCCESSION:

"KEITH & ALBEE'S BIJOU"

-

"ZIPP'S CASINO"

-

"THE CLEVELAND HIPPODROME"

-

"THE FOUR COHANS"

in

"THE JESTER"

-

"ORPHEUM THEATRE - SAN FRANCISCO"

-

"THE WISE GUY"

with

THE FOUR COHANS"

-

OVER THESE TITLES WE BRING COHAN'S VOICE with a tone of affectionate reminiscence, as the QUICK SHOTS OF THE LITHOGRAPHED BILLBOARDS show the Cohan family in various costumes and poses.

COHAN'S VOICE:

The next ten years rushed by like a cirous train, crowded with shows of every kind under the sun - and we played every town in America that had a theatre...Millions of people came to know The Four Cohans as a sort of family tonic, taken year after year - just for fun -

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.)

COHAN'S VOICE: (Cont.)

But in ell those ten years - beceuse
I had gummed up the works with Albee -
we had never played New York. Pop
eeemed content with the sticke, but
I waa atraining at the leash. We
were playing atock in Buffalo ...
Being versatile, I was playing my
mother's father --

SLOW DISSOLVE
TO:

33. SCENE ON STAGE NELLIE

Nellie is eitting on the floor, her heed on George'a
lap. We do not see George'a fece.

NELLIE:

(eobbing)

Oh, Duddy, I loved him sol
I loved him sol

33e. CLOSE SHOT MARY IN AUDIENCE

She is a young, attrective girl. She watches the
proceedings on the stage with the rapt attention of
e stage-etruck girl.

33b. STAGE

We eee Nellie, but not George. He epeaks and the
voice ie old and quavery.

GEORGE'S VOICE:

(offscene)

The road to happiness, my daughter,
ie paved with heertaches end stones.

As he epeaks the CAMERA PANS UP to his face. He
wears a corny, foot-long divided beard and his hair
ie powdered gray. His forehead is covered with
painted on wrinklee.

The curtein comes down to terrific applauee, from an
offecene eudience. When the curtain goes up, Georgie
end Nellie are teking bows. Joeie entera on curtain
for epecieltly.

DISSOLVE TO:

34. INT. GEORGE'S DRESSING ROOM

The door opens and George comes in, followed by Tommy, a page boy.

TOMMY:

(at door)

Oh, George -- there's a young lady -- one of those stage-struck kids -- would like to talk to you --

GEORGE:

(impatiently)

All right. Show her in. I'll make quick work of her.

Tommy, grinning broadly, opens the door. There stands Mary, a very nervous young lady. She is dressed in her Sunday best.

(CONTINUED)

34 (Cont.)

TOMMY:
 (holding out his hand)
 Mr. Cohan will see you, Mary.

MARY:
 (effusively)
 Oh, thank you.

She puts a coin into his outstretched hand.

TOMMY:
 (with a wave of his
 hand)
 He's all yours.

He beats it.

35. MED. SHOT MARY

as she steps diffidently into the dressing room. George looks at her inquiringly. She just looks back at him, too terrified to speak.

George clears his throat, preparatory to breaking the silence, when suddenly Mary bursts out -

MARY:
 (all in one breath
 and at a lightning
 speed, due to her
 nervousness)
 I'm eighteen - I sing and I dance and
 I'm going to New York, should I?

And having gotten this off her chest, she looks anxiously at George, who can only stare back at her very puzzled. Then -

MARY:
 (so nervous she is
 close to tears)
 Oh, Mr. Cohan, you're so old, so
 experienced in the theatre, so --
 so fatherly; do you think it's wise?
 -- I mean -- my being eighteen --
 singing -- dancing -- going to New
 York?

George's eyes twinkle as he realizes she thinks he is really very old. He decides to keep on with the deception.

(CONTINUED)

35 (Cont:)

GEORGE:

(very fatherly)

Well, my dear -- your being eighteen, that's very wise. And so far as New York, the four Cohans are going to break in there this Fall.

MARY:

Really? When are you leaving?

GEORGE:

Right after tomorrow night's performance.

MARY:

(her face falling)

I can't leave till Wednesday. I graduate from High School Tuesday.

The door opens and a very young, very pretty girl sticks her head in. She is a performer on the bill.

YOUNG GIRL:

You haven't forgotten we have a date tonight, have you, Georgie?

GEORGE:

I should say not. We're going roller-skating.

YOUNG GIRL:

Roller-skating? I should say not! There's a moon out! I'll be ready in five minutes.

She closes the door. Mary has been looking at George and the girl -- shocked at this byplay. This doddering old man and this young slip of a girl.

GEORGE:

(to Mary, forgetting himself)

Pipperino, isn't she?

MARY:

Ye-es. Is she your daughter?

GEORGE:

Oh, I'm not married.

MARY:

(still shocked)

Then -- your niece perhaps?

(CONTINUED)

35 (Cont. 1)

GEORGE:

No. Just a kid in the show.
We've been datin'.

MARY:

(horrified)

Isn't she -- isn't she a little
young for you?

GEORGE:

Oh, no -- she's all of seventeen.

Mary swallows her horror. After all, it's his life
and his own business.

MARY:

Well -- shall I sing for you?
I know I have talent -- even
though I'm from Buffalo.

GEORGE:

Well, there's no pisno hsndy --

MARY:

Then I'll dance.

She starts a buck and wing. Even for that day it is
pretty corny. As she dsnces she looks snxiously at
George for his opinion.

GEORGE:

(trying to be kind)

It's -- it's kind of old, isn't
it? Everybody uses that step.
You don't want to just imitate,
do you?

MARY:

Oh, no. Here's a step I msde up
myself.

And she goes into a dsnce which is really from hunger.
George atops her gently.

GEORGE:

On the other hand, you don't want
to be too original, either --

(CONTINUED)

35 (Cont.1)

GEORGE: (Cont.)

(she looks at him,
crestfallen)You just watch me a minute -- I'll
show you what I mean --

And he dances for her. It is a whirlwind dance that would tax the endurance of a boy of twenty. It is a strange sight, this bearded man, who looks eighty, nimbly performing these whirlwind capers.

MARY:

(looking at him
in alarm)

No! No!

GEORGE:

(still dancing)

What's the matter? Don't you like it?

MARY:

(concerned)

But so fast -- such excitement -- at
your age -- It can't be good for your
heart --(takes his arm, leads
him to chair)

Please sit down and rest.

George, seeing her concern, decides to build it up.

GEORGE:

(sinking weakly into
the chair, fingering
his heart)Yes -- perhaps I have -- overdone it --
a little.

Very casually he pulls her down on his lap. She thinks nothing of it. Such a tired old man.

MARY:

My! Look at that perspiration on
your brow --

She wipes his brow with her handkerchief. To her amazement the "wrinkles" on his brow come off on her handkerchief.

MARY:

(in amazement)

Your wrinkles! What happened to your
wrinkles?

(CONTINUED)

35 (Cont.2)

GEORGE:

Oh, I have to make up older than I am.

MARY:

(a little worried now)

How old are you?

GEORGE:

I can truthfully say that I am not yet seventy.

(he gives her cheek a very fatherly pinch)

MARY:

(relieved, but --)

You seem different than when I first came in. Even your voice seems younger --

GEORGE:

I have a gift. I am as young as the people I'm with --

(pinching her cheek again)

You've made me feel very young again. Very young.

MARY:

I'm glad.

GEORGE:

Now! We'll make plans. Let's see -- what managers shall I take you to see first?

(strokes the right side of his beard thoughtfully as he thinks)

Erlanger? Good old Abo -- (stroking the beard)

Maybe not right off -- (stroke)

Tony Pastor -- Yes, that's better -- (stroke)

Albee? Koster and Bial? Pactor? (stroke)

By this time Mary is looking at him with intense horror.

MARY:

Oh!

GEORGE:

What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

12/2/41
28.

35 (Cont. 3)

He follows her gaze to his right hand. The right portion of his beard has come off in his hand. While George looks at it, transfixed, Mary tugs at the remaining left portion of his beard. It comes off, as George howls "Ouch!"

Mary gazes a moment at the beardless youngster, then screams, jumps off his lap, rushes from the room. George looks after her regretfully.

GEORGE:

If I were only twenty years older.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

36. CLOSE SHOT A THEATRICAL BILLBOARD

A large and brilliantly colored poster which reads:

HYDE AND BEHMAN'S
- Special Labor Day Bill -

Then there is a list of about five star acts. About halfway down the poster we see:

THE FOUR COHANS
in
"GOGGLE'S DOLL HOUSE"

DISSOLVE TO:

37. INT. THEATRE THE FOUR COHANS ON STAGE

We see as much of their dance, "I Was Born in Virginia" as is desired. We note that it is going over very well with the audience.

38. MARY IN WINGS

dressed to go on. She is watching the Four Cohans intently -- with special attention devoted to George.

In back of Mary stands the Manager -- also giving his attention to the Cohans, and the audience's response is not lost upon him. He turns to his assistant....

MANAGER:

There's a contract on my desk - all typed --- Bring it to me. And if any of the Four Cohans should ask you how you liked their act --- say it's only fair.

39. FULL SHOT STAGE

The Four Cohans are exiting to loud applause. They pause at the side of the stage and George gives his famous response to a good audience. Each one of the family responds in turn with a smiling bow or a curtsy.

(CONTINUED)

39 (Cont.)

GEORGE:

My mother thanks you -- my father
thanks you -- my sister thanks you --
and I thank you!

With a quick grin and a bow he disappears into the wings.

40. BACK STAGE

as the Four Cohans come off. They are surrounded by congratulatory actors.

ACTORS:

(ad lib)

Nice going, folks ...
That's tearing 'em out of their
chairs
Hotter'n a pistol tonight, eh, George?

The four Cohans smile, murmur their thanks; but George is busy looking around for Mary. As Nellie, Jerry and Josie start for their dressing rooms they are hailed by the Manager, who is doing his best to sound non-committal and casual. George has spotted Mary and is off in her direction.

MANAGER:

Oh, Cohan -- just a minute ---
(walking towards
them, contract in
hand)
Not a bad act you've got there --

41. MED. SHOT GEORGE AND MARY

in one of the wings.

MARY:

You were wonderful, George! --
(smiling)
But -- I don't know -- I miss that
beard.

The orchestra strikes up a melody.

GEORGE:

Thanks -- but there goes the orchestra --
You're on.

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont.)

MARY:

But George -- that's not "Take Back Your Gold" ... That's your song -- the one we rehearsed all week.

GEORGE:

Sure. I fixed it with the orchestra. Now all you've got to do is sing it.

MARY:

(worried)

But the Manager expects me to sing "Take Back Your Gold". You know what he says about changing an act... It's strictly forbidden.

GEORGE:

(contemptuously)

'The Manager says!' Who are they applauding out there -- the Manager or me? Now go ahead --

Mary looks out towards the stage, then grows pale.

MARY:

(quavering)

Oh, George -- I can't move -- I can't go out there. It's -- it's so different -- from Buffalo!

GEORGE:

What are you worried about? You're singing a George M. Cohan melody and a George M. Cohan lyric!

MARY:

Ye - es, but it's my voice ---

GEORGE:

-- discovered by George M. Cohan!
(pats her shoulder)
Nobody ever had a better start...
Lots of luck, kid!

He practically pushes her on.

42. STAGE

as Mary makes a somewhat ungraceful entrance, due to George's push. She is very nervous, but there is no hint of it in her singing as she begins the verse of the song. We stay on her as long as desired, then --

43. CLOSE SHOT GEORGE IN WINGS

listening with satisfaction to Mary's rendition of his song.

44. MARY ON STAGE

singing with more confidence. She glances out of the corner of her eye to see if George is approving. When she sees that he is, she smiles delightedly.

45. BACKSTAGE JERRY, NELLIE, JOSIE AND THE MANAGER

Nellie, Jerry and Josie look at each other hesitantly.

JERRY:

(to Manager)

You see -- it's this way. I'm speaking for the four of us. We decided we'd try our luck in New York and I don't think we'd want to go on the road again -- in small time.

MANAGER:

Small time! You'd better read this contract. You play a full season in New York, and when you do go on the road it's the biggest houses in the biggest cities -- Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston -- !

The three Cohans stare at the Manager in open-mouthed amazement. Josie reels a little.

MANAGER:

(has suddenly stopped as, for the first time, he realizes what is being sung on the stage)

What's she singing? --

(reaches into his pocket, comes up with a slip of paper - looks at it)

She's supposed to be singing, "Take Back Your Gold!" Where does she come off -- ?!

(to the Cohans)

Will you excuse me? -- Just get your makeup off -- I'll be back in a minute.

He strides angrily away.

46. WINGS GEORGE

and a group of stagehands are gathered there. George's attention is centered on Mary. The Manager strides into the scene.

MANAGER:

(to stagehand)

Ring down the curtain on her!

George grabs the stagehand's arm as the latter is about to comply.

GEORGE:

Wait a minute -- be a sport -- she's only got another eight bars to go -- !

MANAGER:

(raging)

Where does she come off -- switching her song? We only put her on because the dog act got sick --

(whirling on George)

And come to think of it you recommended her!

GEORGE:

She can put a song over, can't she?

MANAGER:

(suspicion growing)

Say -- I'm beginning to get a pretty good idea who poisoned those dogs ---

GEORGE:

(defensively)

They'll be as good as new by morning.

MANAGER:

Ah - hah!

(to stagehand)

Ring down that curtain on her!

47. MARY ON STAGE

She bravely finishes the last of the song when Bang -- the curtain falls swiftly in front of her. Mary looks around, bewildered and anxious.

48. FULL SHOT AUDIENCE

a little mystified by the curtain's sudden fall, but showing their approval of the song and Mary by prolonged and enthusiastic applause.

49. BACKSTAGE GEORGE

is raging at the Stage Manager...

GEORGE:

Ring that curtain up again! You can't pull the curtain down on a George M. Cohan song!

MANAGER:

(more light dawning)

Oh, so, in the bargain, it's your song! You wrote it!

GEORGE:

You can tell that by the applause.
(Mary walks hesitantly into the scene)

Mary, I want you to go back for an encore -- sing another chorus -- milk 'em dry.

MANAGER:

You'll do nothing of the kind!
(to assistant)

Get the next act on -- quick!

A juggling act, two men and two women, rush onto the stage, glancing worriedly at the Manager as they do so. The Manager turns on Mary again...

MANAGER:

Young lady, you've sung your first and last song in vaudeville. If I were you I'd take my return ticket --

GEORGE:

(interrupting)

Listen, knucklohead -- If you've got any beefs unload them on me! -- I'm the one that started this.

MANAGER:

(whirling on George)

As for you, any more interfering and you'll be blacklisted in show business. You won't be able to get into a theatre -- your songs won't be able to get into a theatre --

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont.)

MANAGER: (Cont.)

(Mary, very close to
tears, starts away)Just a minute, young lady. I want
the key to your dressing room --(turns his back on
George as he faces
Mary)The dogs are going back in in the
morning!

This is all George can take. He lets go a roundhouse
kick that lands smack in the middle of the Manager's
seat, sending him headlong against the backdrop, which
totters.

50. STAGE THE JUGGLERS

are in the midst of a difficult feat. The curtain
swings, hits them -- they and their props go flying
as the backdrop comes down.

51. BACKSTAGE

All is confusion. The three Cohans have come out of
their dressing rooms. George, Mary by his side, is
looking towards the fallen backdrop, in the folds of
which the Manager is enmeshed -- indeed, almost
completely hidden. Actors and stagehands are running
around, shouting, trying to rescue the Manager.

52. CLOSE SHOT FALLEN BACKDROP

It moves violently as the hidden Manager tries to
extricate himself. Finally, his head comes into view.
He is flat on his stomach and speechless with rage.
The first thing his eyes fall upon is the contract
lying on the ground about two feet from him. He
reaches out, snatches the contract and -- still lying
flat on his stomach -- tears it into bits.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

36.

53. EXT. DIETZ AND GOFF OFFICES DAY
CLOSE SHOT ENTRANCE DOOR: (INSERT)

In an office building hallway the sign on a double door reads:

DIETZ & GOFF
THEATRICAL ENTERPRISES

DISSOLVE
THRU TO:

54. INT. DIETZ & GOFF'S RECEPTION ROOM TRUCKING SHOT

A busy theatrical office with three or four private rooms opening into the reception quarters. Thru one of these private doorways comes the SOUND of a pianist banging out Cohan's "HARRIGAN", one of the first coon songs.

The CAMERA TRUCKS THRU THE RECEPTION ROOM past a group of show people who are waiting for interviews, reading theatrical papers or talking to each other. The CAMERA HOLDS FOR A MOMENT on SAM HARRIS, also waiting. He is snappily dressed and is listening with interest to the lively piano music offscene. As he turns slightly and looks toward the doorway, the CAMERA MOVES ON PAST HIM to a doorway marked:

SAM DIETZ
-Private-

Still MOVING TOWARD THE DOOR, the CAMERA --

DISSOLVES THRU
TO:

55. INT. DIETZ'S PRIVATE OFFICE FULL SHOT PANNING

A typical theatrical producer's office of the 1900's, its walls plastered with framed photographs of actors and actresses. George is seated at an upright piano, playing "HARRIGAN", and Mary stands close by, singing it to GOFF and DIETZ, two typical Broadway showmen of the period, who are seated with cigars and blandly impassive faces. Mary is giving a swell job of selling the song and George comes in on the lines "Harrigan, that's me!"

(CONTINUED)

MARY:

(singing)

Who is the man who will spend
or even lend?
Harrigan, that's me!
Who is your friend when you find
That you will need a friend?
Harrigan, that's me!
For I'm just as proud of my name, you see,
As an Em-per-or, Czar or King could be.
Who is the man helps a man every time he can?
Harrigan, that's me!

GEORGE AND MARY:

(as they hit the
refrain together)

H - A - double R - I -
G - A - N spells Harrigan
Proud of all the Irish blood that's in me,
Divil a man can say a word agin' me!
H - A - double R - I -
G - A - N, you see,
Is a name that a shame never has been
Connected with,
HARRIGAN, THAT'S ME!

As they finish with a flourish George and Mary look
eagerly at the two producers.

GEORGE:

(eagerly)

Well, what do you think?

GOFF:

I didn't like it. Didn't appeal to me.

GEORGE:

(thunderstruck)

Didn't appeal to --

DIETZ:

(to Goff)

What do you mean it didn't appeal
to you?

(George looks at
Dietz hopefully)

I'm the senior partner around here.
I make the decisions.

GOFF:

Well, what did you think?

DIETZ:

It didn't appeal to me either.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE:

Didn't like it! It's evident you gentlemen have no ear for music.

DIETZ:

(agreeing as he
points to Goff)

He's got no ear for music. I'm
the senior partner -- I got a
wonderful ear for music.

MARY:

But what about the libretto? --
It's a wonderful story, isn't it?

GOFF:

I laughed all the way through it.

DIETZ:

That's my cue. If Harold laughs
then I know it isn't funny.

Goff nods in confirmation.

MARY:

(hastily, as George
is about to explode)

Why don't you let Mr. Cohan sing
the rest of the score for you?
Maybe you didn't like "Harrigan"
because I have no voice ...

GOFF:

Oh, I think you have a lovely voice --
(quickly)
Don't you, Mr. Dietz?

DIETZ:

(to Mary)

Yes, you have a very nice voice.
In fact, if you'd like a job answering
our phone ---

GEORGE:

Just a minute! Are you or are you not
going to produce "Little Johnny Jones"?

DIETZ:

If you think I'd put any of my wife's
money into that trash, you're crazy.

GEORGE:

(exploding)

That's enough, Mary! They've had
their chance!

Angrily he starts to collect his music.

56. OUTER OFFICE SAM HARRIS

rises from his seat, walks to the receptionist's desk. He has a script under his arm.

HARRIS:

Do you think I can get in soon?

RECEPTIONIST:

Have you an appointment?

HARRIS :

Yes. My name's Sam Harris. I'm here to see them about a melodrama I own.

Just at this moment the door to the private office is flung open. There is George, his back to the outer office, telling the partners off.

57. MEDIUM SHOT GEORGE

Mary is at his side, trying to "shush" him.

GEORGE:

(pointing the
finger of scorn)

You don't know it yet, but you've had your day, boys. You're making way for the likes of me!

(to Dietz)

Someday, Mr. Senior Partner, you're going to come to me and admit you were wrong!

DIETZ:

(grandly)

In forty years in show business I have never once admitted I was wrong --

(pointing to Goff)

That's his department.

GEORGE:

(not through with
him yet)

And as for your wife's money -- !

But Sam Harris has come into the scene.

(CONTINUED)

57 (Cont.)

HARRIS:

(tapping George
on the shoulder;
quietly)

Excuse me, please. I have an
appointment.

And he goes into the private office, closing the door
in George's face. George looks angrily at the closed
door. The receptionist leaves to powder her nose.
George and Mary are alone in the office.

MARY:

(trying to sound
cheerful)

Well, there's just enough time
before dinner for us to see another
manager.

GEORGE:

(dejectedly)

Nope... This is the end of the list.
We've seen them all.

Pause.

MARY:

(it's getting a little
tough to be cheerful)

Well then, we'll start at the top
of the list again. By now, they've
had enough time to realize their
mistake.

GEORGE:

No -- it's no use.
(pause)

Gosh, I hate to go back to that
Boarding House and tell the folks.

MARY:

(ruefully)

You only have to go back to 45th
Street. I have to go back to Buffalo.

GEORGE:

(intensely)

No, you don't! They can keep throwing
me out of offices -- I'll keep coming
back! I can write songs and plays faster
than they can reject 'em. And once I
get one foot on Broadway, they'll never
get me out again. And if you'll stay
with me, you'll have your chance, too.
You'll go right to the top with me!

(CONTINUED)

57 (Cont.1)

Mary looks up at him. Her eyes are full of affection.

MARY:

(quietly, with a
smile)

I never thought of leaving, George.

George moves closer to her, but at this moment voices are HEARD from the inner office and the door flies open. We HEAR Dietz's voice...

DIETZ'S VOICE:

Just a minute. I'm the Senior
Partner. I do the throwing out!

There is the SOUND of a brief scuffle, and then Harris comes flying out of the office. He flies practically into George, almost upsetting him.

GEORGE:

Hey -- !

HARRIS:

(bending to pick up
the loost pages of
his script)

Excuse me --

(to the receptionist
who has come back)

Phone Klaw and Erlanger and tell 'em
I'm on my way over.

And in a flash he's out of the office. Mary and George look at each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

PART II TO FOLLOW

Changes

"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

57 (Cont.1)

Mary looke up et him. Her eyes ere full of affection.

MARY:

(quietly, with e
emile)

I never thought of leeving,
George.

George moves cloeer to her, but at this moment voices
ere HEARD from the inner office and the door flies open.
We HEAR Dietz'e voice...

DIETZ'S VOICE:

Juet a minute. I'm the eenior
pertner. I do the throwing out!

HARRIS:

(backing out of the
office, addreseing
Dietz and Goff)

That'e the laet time I'll ever
offer you a play...
(quickly)

See you in the morning.

As he ducke, he throws his hand up and a battered
script comes flying into hie hand.

Ae Harrie wheels eround he bumpe into George, almost
upsetting him.

DISSOLVE TO:

58. EXT. A THEATRICAL BOARDING HOUSE NIGHT

59. CLOSE SHOT A SIGN NEAR DOORWAY (INSERT)

Above the entrance a sign reads:

ROOM & BOARD

Special Rates to the Theatrical
Profession

DISSOLVE
THROUGH TO:

60. INT. BOARDING HOUSE DINING ROOM

with hallway and stairs visible in background.

Madame Bartholdi, the boarding house keeper, is supervising the evening meal before she rings the bell for the boarders to "come and get it". Fanny, the waitress brings in a heaping bowl of goulash.

MADAME BARTHOLDI:

(to Fanny)

The juggler just paid three weeks' back board -- put him at the center of the table so he doesn't have to reach for anything.

FANNY:

Where shall I put the magician?

MADAME BARTHOLDI:

Until he pays up, at the end of the table with the Cohans.

FANNY:

Oh, Starvation Corner.

Fanny starts to put the goulash a little too close to where the Cohans sit.

MADAME BARTHOLDI:

The goulash goes up at the other end of the table, I've told you that everything but the noodles and maple syrup is to be put out of the reach of the Cohans.

FANNY:

Noodles and syrup are just enough to keep 'em alive.

(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont.)

MADAME BARTHOLDI:

Anybody that owes me two months'
board bill I just keep elive. I
don't put weight on 'em.

During this convereation the five men and three women boardere, at the SOUND of the bell, have fairly bolted into the dining room and teken their regular seats. Jerry, Nellie end Josie sort of trail in behind them and elip into their chairs. George's chair at the end of the teble is empty.

The magician and the juggler both go for the center seat at the table.

MADAME BARTHOLDI:

(giving e pleasent emile
to the juggler)

From now on this ie your seat...

(turning to megician
with a cold stare)

And your seat ie et the foot of the
table with the Cohans.

MAGICIAN:

(glaring at her)

Some day I hope you will give me
the pleasure of sawing you in helf.

Ho goes to the deesigneted seat at the end of the table.

All the boerders are spoering medly at the various diehee of food. The Cohans take eparse portions of noodles end eort of mince at them.

1ST ACTOR:

Just hoard todey Hammerstoin ie
bringing over the Scotch actor, Harry
Lauder et twenty-five hundred bucks a
week.

WOMAN BOARDER:

Hammerstein's a emert ehowman...a lot
of people have never seen a Scotchman.

Jerry Cohan timidly reachos for the bowl of goulash the is elmost within his reach. Medamo Bartholdi, eeing this, fairly swoops down on the bowl of goulesh and starts eerving the juggler, who ie now the star boarder

MADAME BARTHOLDI:

(to Jerry)

Did you have that appointment with
thet gentleman this afternoon about
your bookings?

(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont.1)

JERRY:

The appointment -- oh yes --
he's going to have some work
for the act just any day now.

2ND BOARDER:

(to Jerry)

But I heard him offer you Boston.

JERRY:

I didn't take the offer -- it wasn't
just right.

MADAME BARTHOLDI:

Any act that's laid off as long as
you have - any offer would be right.

Madame Bartholdi exits into the kitchen.

NELLIE:

We just thought we'd rest a few
more weeks.

JOSIE:

George is writing us some new mat-
erial, we're really not ready to
open.

ANOTHER ACTOR:

(to Jerry)

You're not fooling anybody, folks.
Everybody knows you and Nellie could
get work tomorrow for the double and
Josie's single, but nobody wants
George.

61. INT. BOARDING HOUSE HALLWAY FULL SHOT GEORGE

He has entered from the street and is standing quietly
in the hall, hanging up his hat. The open doorway to
the dining room is close by and he has heard what was
said. Already low in spirits because of his failure
with the play, George's face tightens and he remains
motionless while the CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY TOWARD HIS FACE.

SAME ACTOR'S VOICE:

You can't lay off the rest of your
life because every manager in town
has black-balled Georgie.

The CAMERA is now CLOSE ON George's face as he listens,
soberly, seeing himself as the failure of the family.

62. DINING ROOM FULL SHOT

NELLIE:

(spiritedly)

His family hasn't black-balled him. We may have to take a lot of hard knocks and make a lot of sacrifices, but if they want our act they'll have to take him too. We're not breaking up our act or our family.

JERRY:

(with even more spirit)

And let the black-balls fall where they may!

There is a moment of silence. George walks into the room as if he has heard none of the conversation -- appearing breezily elated at something. Madame Bartholdi enters from the kitchen.

GEORGE:

(grandly)

Madame Bartholdi! Champagne for everybody!

MADAME BARTHOLDI:

(sarcastically)

Even if I had it, who would pay for it?

GEORGE:

Dietz and Goff! They're putting on 'Little Johnny Jones'!

There is a stunned moment as everyone stares at him excitedly.

NELLIE:

George... Not really!

GEORGE:

Yep. The book bowled 'em over and when Dietz heard the music he said the heck with his wife's money, he's gonna use his own!

JERRY:

(magnificently)

The second round of champagne is on me!

(to Madame Bartholdi)

If you had it.

(CONTINUED)

62 (Cont.)

JOSIE:

Think of those billboards...
 Book - lyrics - music - all by
 George M. Cohan. Oh, George!

Then, characteristically, she starts to cry into her
 soup.

GEORGE:

(patting Josie on
 the shoulder)

Take it easy, Josie -- there's
 enough water in the soup already.

(to Jerry)

Dad, I'll be all tied up in rehears-
 als the next few months, so I think
 you and Mom and Josie ought to take
 a job on the road to fill in.

NELLIE:

That's a good idea. You get tired
 from resting too long.

The juggler is just lifting the dish of goulash to take
 another helping when Madame Bartholdi, with a cold star
 grabs it out of his hand, runs with it towards George.

63. MED. CLOSE SHOT MADAME BARTHOLDI AND GEORGE

She is over-heaping George's plate.

MADAME BARTHOLDI:

(with a smile)

If there's a part in your play for
 a bicycle rider, I used to be known
 as 'Venus on Wheels'!

64. FULL SHOT BOARDING HOUSE TABLE

Fanny and the actors take the cue from Madame Bartholdi
 and with lightning-like speed start pushing food in the
 direction of the Cohans.

As the food passes the magician, he spears a carrot off
 a plate and, opening his coat, feeds it surreptitiously
 to a rabbit hidden inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

65. INT. RECTOR'S BAR

DAY

An establishing SHOT shows it to be a famous gathering spot of show people of that period. There is a bar running almost the length of one side of the room. Near it is a small group of tables. Directly across from the bar is an alcove or small dining room. In it is a baby grand piano, three gold bent-wood chairs and some artificial palms.

Seated at one of the small tables we discover Sam Harris and Schwab. Standing at the bar, within hearing distance, is George Cohan. He is listening to their conversation. Harris and Schwab are unaware of this.

66. MED. SHOT HARRIS AND SCHWAB WITH GEORGE IN B.G.

HARRIS:

(selling hard)

When the villain says to the boy, 'I'll tell the girl who you are unless you help me hold up the stagecoach...it's due in ten minutes...think fast...' you'll have the audience standing in their seats with excitement.

SCHWAB:

So the hero helps him... gets shot in the leg and the girl nurses him back to health.

HARRIS:

It's not his leg, Mr. Schwab...it's his arm. And then what do you think happens next....

SCHWAB:

I won't be in the theatre to find out. I'll be down the street watching a musical comedy. Before I put ten thousand dollars into a show it's got to have songs, dances, and a lot of girls.

HARRIS:

(undiscouraged)

... now the big scene is when the hero battles a forest fire to save the girl... It won't be expensive, Mr. Schwab, I know where I can get a cheap fire.

(CONTINUED)

66 (Cont.)

SCHWAB:

You don't need much of a fire...
Just enough to burn that manuscript.

67. MED. GROUP SHOT FAVORING GEORGE

CAMERA PANS with George as he crosses to table where Harris and Schwab are seated.

GEORGE:

(to Harris)

Oh, here you are. Been looking all over for you. Come on -- we've got to get going to Dietz and Goff's office and sign those papers.

HARRIS:

Wait a minute. What papers?

68. MED. GROUP SHOT GEORGE, HARRIS, AND SCHWAB

GEORGE:

(to Harris)

Oh I see, you don't want to talk in front of Mr. Schwab.

(pretending sudden alarm)

Say, I hope you haven't discussed our musical with Mr. Schwab. You know what we promised Dietz and Goff...

HARRIS:

(still astounded)

Believe me - I haven't said a word about a musical.

GEORGE:

That's good. Dietz says it's the best musical he ever read, and he allowed Goff to agree with him!

HARRIS:

(still not wise -
to George)

Just a minute, young fellow... Do you mind telling me --

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.)

George, realizing that Harris is about to give the whole thing away, quickly intercepts an approaching waiter...

GEORGE:

(to waiter)

Got the check for this table?

WAITER:

(handing it to him)

Yes sir.

GEORGE:

(handing check to Schwab)

Glad to have met you, Mr. Schwab.

(practically pulling Harris out of his seat - to Harris)

Come on -- we can't keep Dietz waiting.

SCHWAB:

(to Harris)

You're a fine guy. You've got girls up your sleeve and you don't tell me about it. What's it about?

GEORGE:

(quickly, to Schwab)

Haven't got time for details ... It's about Tod Sloan in London.

(to Harris)

Come on, partner.

HARRIS:

(finally catching on - addresses Schwab)

The famous jockey, you know.

Schwab's eyes light up. George and Harris stop and look at him hopefully.

SCHWAB:

Sounds swell.

(resignedly)

Just my luck to miss out on it.

Well, good luck, boys.

He turns his attention again to his coffee.

69. MED. CLOSE SHOT GEORGE AND HARRIS

George looks disappointedly at Schwab, who has gotten off the hook, but he makes a quick recovery.

GEORGE:

(to Harris)

Oh, before we sign up with Dietz and Goff ... I made a change in that "Yankee Doodle" lyric. I want you to hear it.

George starts to lead Harris toward the piano in the alcove.

HARRIS:

(playing it up -
reprovingly)

You shouldn't have touched it. It was perfect the way it was.

70. MED. SHOT GEORGE, HARRIS AND SCHWAB

SCHWAB:

(getting up from
his chair)

Say - you don't mind if I just listen --

Immediately George and Harris each grab him by an arm.

GEORGE:

(as he practically
drags Schwab toward
the piano)

If you promise to be quiet.

DISSOLVE TO:

71. ALCOVE OF RESTAURANT

George is at the piano, Schwab and Harris on either side of him.

GEORGE:

(singing)

'I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy,
A Yankee Doodle do or die,
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam
Born on the Fourth of July!

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.)

GEORGE: (Cont.)

I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart,
 She's my Yankee Doodle joy....
 Yankee Doodle came to town
 Just to ride the ponies....
 I AM A YANKEE DOODLE BOY!"

SCHWAB:

I've heard enough!
 (to Harris)
 I'll never forgive you for trying to
 palm off a forest fire on me when you
 had this musical all the time...

HARRIS:

But we gave our word to Dietz...

SCHWAB:

(angrily)
 Why is Dietz's wife's money any better
 than my wife's money? ... Must you give
 it to Dietz and Goff?

GEORGE:

(playing it up)
 Well - I don't know. I like Dietz -
 but I don't think much of Goff.

HARRIS:

I'm crazy about Goff ... I haven't
 got much use for Dietz.

SCHWAB:

(triumphantly)
 See? You're in perfect agreement.
 I'll make out a check to bind the
 deal.

As he starts to write, George and Harris wink at each
 other.

SCHWAB:

(as he writes -
 to Harris)
 What's your partner's name?

HARRIS:

I don't know ...

Schwab looks at him.

HARRIS:

(to George)
 What is your name?

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.1)

GEORGE:

George M. Cohan.
(winking)

And what is my junior partner's name?

Schwab stares again.

HARRIS:

Sam H. Harris. Shake.

They shake hands over the bewildered Schwab's head as the music of "Yankee Doodle Dandy" comes up strong.

DISSOLVE TO:

72. INT. THEATRE CLOSE SHOT A SLIDING TROMBONE
IN ORCHESTRA

The trombone is blaring out "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY" with the rest of the orchestra, and from it the CAMERA PANS UP to:

73. FULL SHOT THE STAGE ROUTINE OF "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

George is out front of the company on stage, wearing the sporty street clothes of the Jockey, and giving his famous rendition of "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY", singing and dancing. This routine of the hit number is given a good FULL PRODUCTION, INTERCUT from various ANGLES of George and the ensemble. Also SHOTS of Mary in the chorus line, singing and dancing and watching George perform with much interest.

This can be held for TWO CHORUSES OF "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY", then the entire company swings into the big dance number. The audience gives a burst of thrilled, spontaneous applause.

74. CLOSE MOVING SHOT WITH GEORGE AND MARY

As George dances back from the footlights and joins the rest of the company in the dance, he is next to Mary. While the MUSIC AND DANCING CONTINUE AT A FAST TEMPO. He glances at her with appreciation as he dances past her.

75. CLOSE MOVING SHOT GEORGE AND MARY

Still dancing, George looks at Mary from the corners of his eyes as if really seeing her for the first time. Mary smiles back at him, flustered for a moment.

76. FULL SHOT THE STAGE

SHOOTING TO INCLUDE THE FIRST FEW ROWS OF THE AUDIENCE. The Curtain begins to descend slowly on the still dancing company, and as it comes down the audience lets go with a great and prolonged applause.

QUICK WIPE TO:

77. FULL SHOT BACKSTAGE PANNING

Much hurried activity backstage during the scenery-change between acts, a general commotion of scene-shifters moving into action, orders being yelled to electricians and others, chorus girls running to make costume changes, etc. Grinning with elation, Sam Harris comes up to George in the midst of the milling activity. Outside the audience is still applauding.

HARRIS:

It's a panic, George! Listen to 'em! We've got 'em eating out of our hands!

GEORGE:

(anxiously)

I only hope the critics like it.

HARRIS:

(waves it aside)

Who cares about the critics? We've got a SMASH. It's in the air, kid-- it's in the air!

(he slaps George on the back and gives

the famous Harris slogan)

You can't stop anything that's in the air!

A call boy comes through, calling:

CALL BOY:

Second act -- Places, everybody, please.

Sam Harris leaves and George departs in the direction of his dressing room.

QUICK DISSOLVE
TO:

78. FULL SHOT ON STAGE

The curtain is up on the last act, A NIGHT SCENE AT A PIER, with a gangplank leading up to a ship that is ready to sail. The chorus and other principals are going up the gangplank, chattering gaily and waving to friends on the pier. DOWN CENTER OF THE STAGE George is standing with an older actor.

79. CLOSER SHOT GEORGE AND THE OTHER ACTOR

The other actor leans close to George with a "confidential" stage whisper, loud enough for the audience.

ACTOR:

Now remember, Jones - watch for the sky rocket. If it goes off, you'll know that I've obtained certain papers from Anstey's cabin that will prove you innocent of throwing the English Derby. It will mean complete vindication. So stick here on the pier and watch for the sky rocket.

GEORGE:

Thanks, pal.
(they shake hands)
I'll be watching.

CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM THEM AND PANS WITH THE OTHER ACTOR as he starts up the gangplank. The whistle blows on the ship.

JANE:

Goodbye, Johnny....and don't worry.
We still believe in you.

The whistle on the ship blows again.

GEORGE:

That helps a lot, kid. Goodbye.

He kisses the real Mary, then realizing his mistake, kisses Jano. George runs down the gangplank. CAMERA MOVES to George's face as he looks after Mary.

Orchestra begins "Give My Regards To Broadway".

GEORGE:

Yes -- !

(begins to sing)

'Give my regards to Broadway,
Remember me to Herald Square.
Tell all the gang at Forty-Second Street
That I will soon be there -- !

80. FULL SHOT STAGE ROUTINE "GIVE MY REGARDS
TO BROADWAY"

George sings a verse and first chorus, then the entire company comes in on the second chorus as the ship begins to move away from the pier. A good fast SONG AND DANCE ROUTINE TO "GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY" follows with the chorus on the deck of the ship, INTERCUTTING from George on the pier to Mary on the ship, and to the full company.

81. LONG SHOT THE STAGE HIGH ANGLE

for full effect of the "Give My Regards" number, at the end of which all on shipboard are waving and calling farewells to Little Johnny Jones on the pier, while the ship moves away.

QUICK WIPE TO:

82. TRICK SHOT ON STAGE

"Little Johnny Jones" is still on the dark pier, intently watching the ship, which by now appears to be far down the harbor in the moonlight, its tiny lights gleaming through the darkness of a moonlit night.... SUDDENLY A ROCKET ZOOMS UP FROM THE LITTLE SHIP in the distance, arches gracefully up into the top of the stage and explodes like a brilliant scattering of stars. In the dark theatre the effect is fascinating and thrilling.

83. CLOSE SHOT GEORGE ON STAGE

After giving the required reaction for the play, George cannot resist cutting his eyes toward the audience to see how the trick went over.

84. QUICK SHOTS THROUGH THE AUDIENCE

They gasp in amazement and with wide eyes as they watch the extraordinary effect of the bursting rocket fade away. Then suddenly recovering their pose, they burst into enthusiastic applause - thrilled to the bone by Cohan's magic. The ORCHESTRA MUSIC SWELLS UP as the curtain rings down to a thunderous ovation from the audience.

QUICK DISSOLVE
TO:

85. INT. MARY'S APARTMENT

Modest, but in good taste. Mary sits in an easy chair listening to George who is pacing the room, reading from a manuscript.

GEORGE:

(reading)

'Then the train pulls out leaving Fred in the station. His uncle falls in the rain barrel. His aunt hides in the mailbag and gets mailed, special delivery to Cincinnati.... A carload of chickens breaks loose and the hens are laying eggs all over the station as the curtain falls.' ... That's the end of the first act. How do you like it?

MARY:

(enthusiastically)

It's even better and noisier than 'Little Johnny Jones'.

GEORGE:

What do you think of your part so far?

MARY:

I like it because it's small. I'd be afraid to try anything bigger.

GEORGE:

Don't forget you've got something on the leading lady. You've got the best song in the show. Do you know it yet?

MARY:

(fervently)

I know every word right down to the copyright number.

She starts to sing "Mary". George sits down at the piano and accompanies her casually. As she sings she walks into the kitchen, tends to the things on the stove without missing a note. She is back in the living room for the finish.

GEORGE:

Even in the kitchen you sound like Tetrazzini.

MARY:

(smiling)

In Buffalo they say I have - 'a nice little voice.'

(CONTINUED)

85. INT. WAITING ROOM RAILROAD STATION NIGHT

A small waiting room of a Middle Western railroad station. Jerry, Nellie and Josie are waiting for a train to take them to their next engagement. The telegraph operator is closed off from the waiting room in a glass-partitioned office. Seated in the background are two young actresses surrounded by a violin case, a banjo case, a piano-accordion and their personal baggage. They are sound asleep. Seated next to them is another actor reading a newspaper. Jerry is standing looking through the window into the darkness. A driving rain hits against the glass. He goes over to the old-fashioned stove, opens its door, takes the coal scuttle and pitches some coal into the dying fire. Nellie is knitting and Josie has turned up her suitcase and is using it as a writing desk. She is busily engaged writing a letter.

86. MED. SHOT

Jerry, after putting coal on fire, looks at his hands smeared with coal dust disgustedly.

JERRY:

(to Nellie)

There isn't one waiting room in the Midwest that has a clean coal scuttle. Remind me to write a letter to the railroad authorities.

NELLIE:

(still knitting)

You've been writing that letter for twenty years, but I'll remind you.

JOSIE:

(looking up from her letter writing)

Is it the robin that tells us it's the first breath of Spring?

JERRY:

How can you think of robins in the Spring when we're freezing to death in the Middle West?

The actor with the newspaper suddenly looks up.

ACTOR:

(handing Jerry the newspaper)

Look at the way they're billing you in Waukegan.

(CONTINUED)

86 (Cont.)

JERRY:

(reading)

'Jerry, Josie and Nellie Cohan, the family of George M. Cohan, the new Broadway sensation....'

NELLIE:

(hastily, before
Jerry can explode)

Well, that's true. He is the biggest thing on Broadway!

JERRY:

(breaking out)

No, sir! We built our reputation and we do a good act, and they'll bill us as The Three Cohans like we should be billed!

NELLIE:

(soothingly)

All right. All right. No need to excite yourself.

JERRY:

(to actor)

I don't want you to get the idea I'm jealous of George's success -- even though I'm a better dancer.

ACTOR:

(smiling)

Of course you're not jealous.

NELLIE:

(proudly)

There'll be no stopping George. All he needs is a little more experience and he'll be a genius.

JERRY:

We must never let him know that I'm the better dancer. It might interfere with his becoming a genius.

ACTOR:

Still -- it does seem a little funny -- George being the toast of Broadway and you folks just picking up crumbs in the tank towns.

Jerry and Nellie look at each other uncomfortably.

The telegraph operator slides a little glass panel and calls out:

(CONTINUED)

36 (Cont. 1)

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR:
Which one of you folks is Jerry Cohan?

JERRY:

I am.

Jerry walks over and takes telegram and reads it, a broad smile on his face, then reads it aloud to Josie and Nellie and the actor.

JERRY:

It's from George. 'Impossible to find three clever actors named Cohan for my new show anywhere in New York. Return immediately for rehearsals.'

NELLIE:

(excitedly)

Josie, did you hear that? The Four Cohans back together and on Broadway!

ACTOR:

(enviously)

Look can't you make me a member of the family. I'm half Irish.

The train whistle is HEARD. The two sleeping actresses arouse themselves, start getting their baggage together. The other actor grabs his suitcase; the Cohans prepare to leave the waiting room.

Josie folds her letter. It consists of about twelve sheets of paper.

JOSIE:

And I'm just getting started on this letter.

As they start out, Jerry trips over the coal scuttle, falls on his face.

JERRY:

(to Nellie, from the floor)

Remind me to write in about that coal scuttle.

As train whistle comes OVER again -

DISSOLVE TO:

PART III TO FOLLOW

85 (Cont.)

GEORGE:
(contemptuously)
What do they know in Buffalo!
(smiles teasingly)
In Buffalo they thought I was
an old man.

Mary smiles reminiscently.

MARY:
(sitting on the arm
of George's chair)
You know -- I never cared much
for my name -- kind of common --
there are millions of Marys
around -- But now ---

GEORGE:
(breaking in)
Listen. I didn't write that
song for the millions of Marys.
I wrote it for one particular,
special Mary --

MARY:
It's a wonderful feeling -- having
your name set to music.

GEORGE:
(right in character)
And it isn't bad music, at that.

MARY:
(eyes aglow)
I want everybody to know that this
song is my property, that it was
written for me, that I'm the Mary --

GEORGE:
That's easy. On the sheet music,
your picture on the cover --
practically the same size as mine.

MARY:
That won't do it --
(ruefully)
Becausee -- darn it -- I look
like the millions of other
Marys.....

86. CLOSE SHOT GEORGE
as he looks at Mary.

GEORGE:
(slowly)
They'll know all right. When they
look at you, singing that song --
and they look at me, looking at you --
(pause)
They'll know. They'll know all right.

86a. MED. SHOT MARY AND GEORGE
Mary looks at George affectionately.

MARY:
(gratefully)
George --

GEORGE:
(interrupting)
No. When you say 'George', say it
as if George were a grand old name too.

Pause.

MARY:
(with great affection)
George ---

Their heads are very close together when suddenly the
doorbell rings. Then, without waiting for the bell to
be answered, Sam Harris flings the door open.

86b. MED. SHOT AT DOOR
as Harris comes in.

HARRIS:
(to George)
I thought this is where I'd find you.
Come on, we've got to get to the Lyceum
before Fay Templeton goes on.

GEORGE:
(springing to his feet)
Fay Templeton! What does she want to
see us about?

(CONTINUED)

12/24/41
58a.

86b (Cont.)

HARRIS:

She doesn't want to see us, we want to see her. Her play's closing. We'll offer her the lead in your new show.

GEORGE:

(awed)

Fay Templeton! Do you think she'll take it?

HARRIS:

(hustling him
towards door)

Of course not. But it's a chance to see what she looks like without makeup.

86c. MED. SHOT AT DOOR

MARY:

(to Harris)

What do you think? George has written a number for me to sing in the show!

GEORGE:

(his usual modesty)

Not a number, the number.

MARY:

(to Harris, who has
the door open)

Do you think I'll be able to do it justice?

HARRIS:

Why not? You've got a nice little voice.

Mary and George look at each other, then Mary good-naturedly pushes Harris out of the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

87. HUGE SIGN OVER THEATRE

which reads:

ERLANGER AND KLAW
Present
FAY TEMPLETON
in
"A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING"

A paste-on strip in one corner proclaims:

"2nd Big Year"

And underneath:

"Last Week"

CAMERA PANS
FROM SIGN TO:

88. STREET TRUCKING SHOT GEORGE AND HARRIS

as they walk towards the stage door of the theatre.

HARRIS:

One thing in our favor, Erlanger is with us and he's got a lot of influence with Templeton.

GEORGE:

All right, you devote your time to Erlanger -- I'll tackle Templeton.

HARRIS:

(worried)

Please, George, you don't 'tackle' a star like Miss Templeton -- You 'approach' Miss Templeton. And very tactfully, too.

GEORGE:

Well, if it's tact that does it -- it's done.

They enter the stage door.

89. BACKSTAGE

as George and Harris enter they see Dietz, dressed to kill, a huge bouquet of flowers in his hand, talking to the stage doorman.

(CONTINUED)

89 (Cont.)

DIETZ:

(to the doorman)

If you'll see that I get in to
Miss Templeton, I'll give you --

(magnanimously)

--- two passes for my next show.

HARRIS:

Well, if it isn't Mr. Dietz.

GEORGE:

(to Dietz)

You look naked without Goff.

(takes the flowers

right out of his hand)

I'll see that Miss Templeton gets
your flowers.

(removes one rose,

hands it to Dietz)

My compliments to Mrs. Dietz.

(to Harris, as they

walk away)

How's that for tact?

Dietz stares after them.

90. INT. FAY TEMPLETON'S DRESSING ROOM

A large, well-furnished dressing room that includes
a small piano. Templeton, in the process of making
up for her performance, is arguing with Abe. Erlanger.

ERLANGER:

You've got to remember, Fay, that
we're having a tough time lining
up your next vehicle. You ought
to listen to his man. He's just
written a big hit.

TEMPLETON:

One hit. He may be a flash-in-the-
pan for all we know. And I saw
'Little Johnny Jones'. One act was
all I could stand. Of all the loud,
vulgar, flag-waving -- I'm looking
for a quiet, dignified musical play.
I want to perform in a theatre, not
a boiler factory....

There is a knock on the door.

ERLANGER:

Come in.

91. MED. SHOT AT DOOR

as Harris and George come into the room.

ERLANGER:

Hello, Sam. How are you, Cohan?

Harris and George say hello.

ERLANGER:

Fay -- may I present Mr. Harris?

TEMPLETON:

(matter-of-factly)

How do you do?

ERLANGER:

And Fay -- this is Mr. Cohan --
George M. Cohan.

Templeton barely nods in George's direction.

92. CLOSE SHOT GEORGE

He has decided to play the timid, bashful boy struck dumb by the sight of this beautiful, glamorous, temperamental creature.

GEORGE:

(all stops out)

Miss Temp--

(his voice sticks in
his throat, his eyes
go to the floor)

I -- that is -- I --

93. FULL SHOT ROOM GEORGE

is still playing "Charles Ray". Harris looks at him, amused...knowing what he is trying to do. Templeton, on the other hand, is flattered by this display.

GEORGE:

(suddenly bursting forth)

Oh shucks, Miss Templeton -- I've never
been at a loss for words before -- but --
but -- standing here in your presence --
(suddenly he thrusts the
bouquet of flowers towards
her like an awkward schoolboy)
Here -- let these speak for me!

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.)

TEMPLETON:

(touched)

Why, Mr. Cohan -- how sweet.

She reaches for the flowers -- but the effect is spoiled by the door suddenly bursting open to admit Dietz.

DIETZ:

(seizing the flowers)

I'll present my own flowers, thank you.

(handing them to

Templeton; reverently)

Miss Templeton, may I have the honor of drinking champagne from your slipper tonight?

Before the astonished Templeton can answer, Harris has shoved Dietz out of the door.

HARRIS:

(closing the door

on him)

Goff's the junior partner. He does the drinking.

As Templeton stares, still astonished, George, not the least perturbed, takes the flowers out of her arms.

GEORGE:

('reverently')

Miss Templeton, may I have the honor of putting these flowers in water for you?

Erlanger suppresses a smile. Templeton sits down before her dressing table.

TEMPLETON:

(not knowing whether to be angry or not)

Well, really. I --

She picks up her slipper to put on her foot.

94. MED. SHOT GEORGE

as he puts the flowers in a vase, he takes a look at the slipper. Its size is not altogether dainty.

(CONTINUED)

94 (Cont.)

GEORGE:

(in a stage whisper,
to Harris)

If that's the slipper he's going to
drink out of, he's going to have
quite a jag on in the morning.

HARRIS:

Sssh!

95. FULL SHOT ROOM TEMPLETON

has heard, or thinks she has.

TEMPLETON:

(getting to her
feet; sharply)Mister Cohan -- !

HARRIS:

(quickly)

Well, shall we get down to business?

TEMPLETON:

There's really no use discussing
anything.

(to George)

I'm afraid I would never please
the sort of people who revel in
your antics and fireworks.

GEORGE:

You're just modest, Miss Templeton.
I bet if you let yourself go you
could be just as noisy and enter-
taining as the rest of us. You
might even have some fun yourself.

Templeton turns her back on George, addresses Erlanger.

TEMPLETON:

Abe, isn't it time for the
curtain to go up?

HARRIS:

(pleading)

If we could have a few minutes
of your time after the show --

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont.)

TEMPLETON:

I'm sorry. After the show I'm going right home to New Rochelle. It's only forty-five minutes from here, but thank Heavens it's a thousand miles from all the noisy, neurotic people one has to associate with in our profession.

And with a pointed look at George, she sweeps out of the dressing room, followed by Erlanger.

ERLANGER:

(soothingly)

Now, Fay --

The door closes behind them. Harris turns on George.

HARRIS:

That tact of yours! That wonderful tact!

GEORGE:

(not even listening
to Harris; musingly)

Forty-five minutes from Broadway --

DISSOLVE TO:

96. WINGS

SHOOTING OUT towards stage. We see the curtain coming down. Erlanger is standing in the wings, waiting for Templeton to come off. He rushes to meet her.

ERLANGER:

Have you thought it over, Fay?

FAY:

I'm not interested in Mr. Cohan or his plays.

She starts for her dressing room.

97. TRUCKING SHOT TEMPLETON AND ERLANGER

- as they make for her dressing room.

ERLANGER:

(earnestly)

You're making a mistake, Fay. He's the most original thing that's ever hit Broadway. And do you know why?

(CONTINUED)

97 (Cont.)

ERLANGER: (Cont.)

(Templeton shrugs
indifferently)

Because he's the whole darn country,
squeezed into one pair of pants! His
writing -- his songs -- even the way
he walks and talks -- they all touch
something way down here in people!
(he lays a hand over
his heart)

Don't ask me why it is -- but it
happens every time the curtain goes
up. It's pure magic!

They are ascending the stairs now to her dressing room.

TEMPLETON:

I'm bored by magic. I know his
formula -- a fresh young sprout gets
rich between 8:30 and 11:00 P. M.

ERLANGER:

That's just it! George M. Cohan has
invented the Success Story, Fay. And
every American loves it because it
happens to be his own private dream.
He's found the mainspring in the Yankee
clock -- ambition, pride and patriotism.
That's why they call him the Yankee
Doodle Boy.

They are outside her dressing room now.

ERLANGER:

If you'll take my tip, Fay, you'll
do what I'm going to do -- hitch your
wagon to his star - right now.

TEMPLETON:

(dismissing the subject)

I've got to change for the second act,
Abe --

(she tries to open the
dressing room door; it
doesn't come open)

Who locked my door?

She tries again; it still won't open. From inside the
dressing room comes the SOUND of a piano.

(CONTINUED)

97 (Cont.1)

TEMPLETON:
 (knocking on the door)
 What's happening here?

The door is opened from the inside, Harris sticks his head out.

HARRIS:
 Sssh! He'll be through in a minute.

He closes the door. Templeton and Erlanger look at each other in amazement. Then the door opens again. Harris appears.

HARRIS:
 (apologetically)
 Oh, excuse me -- I didn't realize it was you. Come right in.

98. INT. DRESSING ROOM GEORGE

who is at the piano, gets up as Templeton and Erlanger come into the room.

GEORGE:
 (waving a piece of paper)
 It's all finished!
 (to Fay)
 And you gave me the inspiration!

TEMPLETON:
 (puzzled and annoyed)
 Do you mind telling me --

GEORGE:
 When you said you lived forty-five minutes from Broadway the idea hit me! The perfect title for my show -- and what an idea for a song! -- Here it is, Miss Templeton -- dedicated to you.

TEMPLETON:
 You mean to say that while I was on the stage just for one act you wrote an entire song?

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont.)

GEORGE:

(grinning)

I was working in strange surroundings -- that's what took me so long.

ERLANGER:

He worked so hard, Fay. The least you can do is listen to it.

TEMPLETON:

All right.

(steps behind a screen)

I'll dress here.

99. GEORGE

as he rushes to the piano, starts "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway." During the song we CUT to REACTION SHOTS of the others. Templeton, despite herself, is impressed.

When the song is finished, Harris, in his enthusiasm, steps behind the screen.

HARRIS:

(stepping back hastily)

Oh, excuse me -- Look, Miss Templeton, that's just a chorus number. But he's got one song -- "Mary" -- that's just perfect for you...

GEORGE:

(in sudden alarm)

Hey --!

(pulling at Harris' coat-tails)

Not "Mary" -- she doesn't sing that!

HARRIS:

(waving him aside; to Templeton)

Wait till you hear it -- It's the best thing he's ever done!

GEORGE:

No! She won't like it -- it's just a so-so number --

TEMPLETON:

(stepping from behind the screen)

If it's as good as "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" --

(CONTINUED)

99 (Cont.)

GEORGE:
It isn't! And besides --

The door opens; the call-boy sticks his head in.

CALL-BOY:
Curtain going up for second act.

TEMPLETON:
(to Erlanger)
You handle all the details, Abs.
I may have been wrong about Mr.
Cohan.

GEORGE:
(frantically)
But, Miss Templeton --

But she is already out of the dressing room.

GEORGE:
(desperately to Harris)
Ge - ho - sopath! How'm I going to
tell Mary about this!

HARRIS:
(expansively)
That tact of yours, George. That
wonderful tact!

DISSOLVE TO:

100. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MARY'S APARTMENT

George, staggering under the load of a huge bouquet of flowers and a tremendous box of candy, comes into the scene. He is about to ring the doorbell when, from inside the apartment, he hears Mary playing "MARY" on the piano. George winces, but rings the doorbell. After a moment the door is opened by Mary.

MARY:
(looking at the
flowers and candy)
A little early for Christmas isn't
it?

101. INT. APARTMENT

as George steps in.

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont.)

GEORGE:

(casually)

Oh, I just happened to be passing the florists. They threw in the candy.

MARY:

George -- I'm sure our song will live forever. I've been playing it ever since you left and the neighbors haven't complained once.

George laughs -- but uneasily.

MARY:

(eagerly)

What happened with Fay Templeton?

George sits down at the piano, casually picks out the notes of the score -- this while he fishes for a way to break the news.

GEORGE:

Oh, she's dying to play the part; but -- I don't know -- I haven't made up my mind yet ---

MARY:

(amazed)

You mean you're hesitating about having Fay Templeton in your show?

GEORGE:

We-ell -- you know how these big stars are -- temperamental -- lay down a lot of terms and conditions --

MARY:

I think you ought to give in to her.

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont.1)

GEORGE:

No matter what she asks?

MARY:

(firmly)

No matter what she asks.

GEORGE:

Say, why are you so concerned for Templeton?

MARY:

(earnestly)

I don't care for Templeton. I'm looking out for you. Think what it means for you to have a star like Templeton in your second show!

George looks at her.

GEORGE:

Always worrying about me, aren't you? Don't you ever think about yourself?

MARY:

(looking at George steadily)

Haven't had time. The minute I saw you without your beard I know here was a little boy who would need a lot of looking after --

(pause)

I gave myself that job. There are a lot of singers, but only a few really good looker-afters.

GEORGE:

(he takes both her hands into his and his heart is in his eyes)

Listen, darling -- How would you like to make it a life-time job? Leading lady - no options. There may be a little heartache in the show at times, but I'll guarantee you a million laughs, too ... How does it sound?

MARY:

(starry-eyed)

I think I might like it, Mr. Cohan. Could I see some of the script?

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont.2)

GEORGE:

(beaming)

Well, here's how it starts --

He takes her into his arms and kisses her.

102. CLOSE TWO SHOT FAVORING GEORGE

as they hold each other tight, then slowly a troubled look crosses George's face, the terrible dread of complete confession.

GEORGE:

Honey -- there's just one little thing I forgot to tell you.

MARY:

(softly)

Yes, George?

GEORGE:

(takes a deep breath,
then the dive)

I - I gave your song to Fay Templeton tonight.

He holds his breath, waiting for the storm to break.

103. CLOSE TWO SHOT FAVORING MARY

Still in his arms, she smiles slowly, a Mona Lisa smile.

MARY:

(quietly)

I knew you did, dear -- when you brought the candy and flowers.

On George's bewildered take, we -

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

104. EXT. NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE NEW YORK NIGHT
FULL SHOT MARQUEE

The huge electric sign above the New Amsterdam Theatre entrance emblazons to the world:

(CONTINUED)

104 (Cont.)

COHAN & HARRIS PRESENT

FAY TEMPLETON

in

GEORGE M. COHAN'S NEW MUSICAL COMEDY HIT

"45 MINUTES FROM BROADWAY"

The gay and lively music of the theme song COMES OUT STRONGLY OVER THIS SHOT. (If story and production value warrant the point we might show or indicate the smart New York crowds that jammed the theatre throughout the run of this smash hit, and the S.R.O. sign which stayed out for months.)

DISSOLVE THRU TO

105. INT. THEATRE ROUTINE "45 MINUTES FROM BROADWAY"

NOTE: This has been shot.

DISSOLVE TO:

106. CLOSE SHOT FAY TEMPLETON ON STAGE LONG DOLLY

(NOTE: THIS HAS BEEN SHOT) Fay Templeton looks radiantly beautiful as she sings with much feeling and charm through the first verse of "MARY'S A GRAND OLD NAME"; then into the lovely refrain as the CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL BACK from her. She smiles tenderly up toward one of the boxes.

FAY TEMPLETON:

(singing)

'For it is Mary, Mary,
Plain as any name can be,
But with propriety, society
Will say Marie --
But it was Mary, Mary,
Long before the fashion came,
And there is something there
That sounds so square --
It's a grand old name!'

The curtain comes down to great applause from the audience.

107. MED. THREE SHOT IN BOX GEORGE, MARY, SAM HARRIS

George is sitting with Mary, and Sam Harris is sitting in the semi-darkness behind them. Both men are wearing full dress and Mary is in a lovely gown of the period with big puff sleeves and "The Gibson Girl" hair-do. George is holding Mary's hand gently on the arm of her chair, and they both look very happy. The APPLAUSE CONTINUES.

After a moment Sam Harris leans forward and pats George on the shoulder in a close, friendly gesture.

(CONTINUED)

107 (Cont.)

SAM HARRIS:

That's a great song, George - the best you've ever done. It'll live for years.

GEORGE:

(turns and smiles gratefully)

Thanks, Sam --

(he looks at Mary, as if still not sure that he's squared)

-- but I still think Mary should've had it.

The CAMERA MOVES UP CLOSER to them now as Mary smiles at George tenderly and shakes her head.

MARY:

It's all right. Fay has the song -- I've got the author.

She looks down at her hand. CAMERA FOLLOWS her gaze to the wedding ring on her finger.

DISSOLVE TO:

108. LONG SHOT STAGE SLOW DOLLY TOWARD TEMPLETON

(NOTE: This has been shot.) In another stage setting for the final act Fay Templeton is singing richly and tenderly the other great hit number from the show. The rest of the company is behind her in b.g.

FAY TEMPLETON:

(singing)

'So long, Mary,
Mary, we will miss you so...
So long, Mary,
How we hate to see you go.
We'll all be longing for you, Mary,
While you roam

The CAMERA is now CLOSER to her and she looks up with a smile of affection toward the box where Mary, George and Harris are sitting as she CONCLUDES THE SONG.

FAY:

(continuing)

'So long, Mary --
Don't forget to come back home.'

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

109. INT. WAITING ROOM RAILROAD STATION NIGHT

A small waiting room of a Middle Western railroad station. Jerry, Nellie and Josie are waiting for a train to take them to their next engagement. The telegraph operator is closed off from the waiting room in a glass-partitioned office. Seated in the background are two young actresses surrounded by a violin case, a banjo case, a piano-accordion and their personal baggage. They are sound asleep. Seated next to them is another actor reading a newspaper. Jerry is standing looking through the window into the darkness. A driving rain hits against the glass. He goes over to the old-fashioned stove, opens its door, takes the coal scuttle and pitches some coal into the dying fire. Nellie is knitting and Josie has turned up her suitcase and is using it as a writing desk. She is busily engaged writing a letter.

110. MED. SHOT

Jerry, after putting coal on fire, looks at his hands smeared with coal dust disgustedly.

JERRY:

(to Nellie)

There isn't one waiting room in the Midwest that has a clean coal scuttle. Remind me to write a letter to the railroad authorities.

NELLIE:

(still knitting)

You've been writing that letter for twenty years, but I'll remind you.

JOSIE:

(looking up from her letter writing)

Is it the robin that tells us it's the first breath of Spring?

JERRY:

How can you think of robins in the Spring when we're freezing to death in the Middle West?

The actor with the newspaper suddenly looks up.

ACTOR:

(handing Jerry the newspaper)

Look at the way they're billing you in Waukegan.

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont.)

JERRY:

(reading)

'Jerry, Josie and Nellie Cohan, the family of George M. Cohan, the new Broadway sensation....'

NELLIE:

(hastily, before
Jerry can explode)

Well, that's true. He is the biggest thing on Broadway!

JERRY:

(breaking out)

No, sir! We built our reputation and we do a good act, and they'll bill us as The Three Cohans like we should be billed!

NELLIE:

(soothingly)

All right.. All right. No need to excite yourself.

JERRY:

(to actor)

I don't want you to get the idea I'm jealous of George's success -- even though I'm a better dancer.

ACTOR:

(smiling)

Of course you're not jealous.

NELLIE:

(proudly)

There'll be no stopping George. All he needs is a little more experience and he'll be a genius.

JERRY:

We must never let him know that I'm the better dancer. It might interfere with his becoming a genius.

ACTOR:

Still -- it does seem a little funny -- George being the toast of Broadway and you folks just picking up crumbs in the tank towns.

Jerry and Nellie look at each other uncomfortably.

The telegraph operator slides a little glass panel and calls out:

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont.1)

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR:
Which one of you folks is Jerry Cohan?

JERRY:
I am.

Jerry walks over and takes telegram and reads it, a broad smile on his face, then reads it aloud to Josie and Nellie and the actor.

JERRY:
It's from George. 'Impossible to find three clover actors named Cohan for my new show anywhere in New York. Return immediately for rehearsals.'

NELLIE:
(excitedly)
Josie, did you hear that? The Four Cohans back together and on Broadway!

ACTOR:
(enviously)
Look, can't you make me a member of the family? I'm half Irish.

The train whistle is HEARD. The two sleeping actresses arouse themselves, start getting their baggage together. The other actor grabs his suitcase; the Cohans prepare to leave the waiting room.

Josie folds her letter. It consists of about twelve sheets of paper.

JOSIE:
And I'm just getting started on this letter.

As they start out, Jerry trips over the coal scuttle, falls on his face.

JERRY:
(to Nellie, from the floor)
Remind me to write in about that coal scuttle.

As train whistle comes OVER again -

DISSOLVE TO:

111. LARGE SIGN OVER THEATRE

COHAN & HARRIS PRESENT

THE FOUR COHANS

in

"GEORGE WASHINGTON, JUNIOR"

starring the author-composer

GEORGE M. COHAN

OVER THIS SHOT COLES THE MUSIC OF "THE GRAND OLD FLAG".

DISSOLVE THRU
SIGN AND ZOOM
UP TO:

112. INT. THEATRE FULL SHOT THE FOUR COHANS ON STAGE

Back together, Jerry, Nellie, Josie and George are dancing and singing to "THE GRAND OLD FLAG," while the chorus line dances behind them in b.g. The happiness on the Cohans' faces as they work together and smile at each other is something to see.

THE FOUR COHANS:

(singing as they
dance)

"There's a feeling comes a-stealing
And it sets my brain a-reeling,
When I'm listening to the music of a
military band!

Any tune like 'Yankee Doodle'
Simply sets me off my noodle,
It's that patriotic something that
no one can understand!

113. INTERCUTS ROUTINE OF "GRAND OLD FLAG" ON STAGE

As they hit the chorus with rousing effect, George produces the flag. We INTERCUT the number from the Four Cohans to Mary, dancing in the chorus and watching George with much affection, and also to Sam Harris watching from the wings.

COMPANY TOGETHER:

(singing and dancing)

"You're a grand old flag,
You're a high-flying flag,
And forever in peace may you wave.

(CONTINUED)

113 (Cont.)

COMPANY TOGETHER: (Cont.)

You're the emblem of the land I love,
 The home of the free and the brave!
 Every heart beats true
 Under red, white and blue,
 Where there's never a boast or brag --

ON THIS NEXT LINE WE GIVE A QUICK CUT TO THE FOUR COHANS
 as they smile at each other with shining eyes --

"But should old acquaintance be forgot --

THEN A FLASH SHOT OF MARY, who sees the Four Cohans'
 look and understands it, her eyes also shining.

"Keep your eye on the grand old flag!"

114. FULL SHOT THE STAGE

As George and the entire company swing into a fast ensemble dance number we CUT AROUND TO THE AUDIENCE FOR ITS ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE. Cohan & Harris have done it again.

SLOW DISSOLVE
 TO:

115. MONTAGE ROAD TOUR "GEORGE WASHINGTON, JR."

A fast series of overlapping DISSOLVES cover the triumphal tour of the Cohan & Harris smash hit. Against LONG STOCK SHOTS OF BOSTON, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, PHILADELPHIA AND SAN FRANCISCO we SUPERIMPOSE FLASH TITLES OF THE CITIES' NAMES. These are INTERCUT WITH QUICK SHOTS OF TRAINS, THE SHOW ON VARIOUS STAGES, and CUTS OF THE CAST RIDING IN PULLMANS, singing and laughing. The effect is one of hectic movement, success and gaiety: the "Great Golden Age" of the American Theatre, when "the road" was a fabulous gold mine, and show business was a warm human adventure. MUSIC FROM THE HIT NUMBERS OF THE SHOW UNDERSCORES THE MONTAGE THROUGHOUT.

Following this is a SERIES OF TITLES of more of George M. Cohan's hit shows.

OVER THIS MONTAGE we SUPERIMPOSE THE YEARS:

1906...1907...1908...1909...1910...1911...1912...
 1913...1914...1915

DISSOLVE TO:

116. COUNTRY HOUSE

on a knoll, overlooking a vast expanse of rolling hills. The CAMERA TAKES IN the beauty of the place, then -

CUT TO:

117. BARBECUE PIT ON LAWN

Nellie Cohan and Mary are setting six places on a tablecloth that is spread over the lawn. A few feet away Jerry Cohan and Sam Harris are trying to get a fire going in the barbecue pit. Even at this distance we can see that they are very inexperienced at it.

A cow ambles into the scene, steps on the tablecloth.

NELLIE:

Shoo! Get away from here, Little Johnny Jones --

"Little Johnny Jones" obediently turns and ambles away.

MARY:

(enviously)

My, what authority you have with cows! And you a farmer only three weeks.

NELLIE:

It's hard to believe that till I met Little Johnny Jones the only cows I'd ever seen were from a train window.

(looks towards

Jerry and Harris)

Jerry is still scared of the creatures.

118. MED. SHOT JERRY AND HARRIS

puttering around the fire. No flame is yet to be seen.

JERRY:

(disgustedly)

I should have played with matches more when I was a kid, then maybe I'd be able to start a fire now.

Smoke shoots up from the pit.

(CONTINUED)

118 (Cont.)

HARRIS:

(encouraging)

Well, we've got smoke. Fire can't
be far behind.

JERRY:

When George and Josie get in with the
wood I'll really show you something --

(looks cautiously

in the direction

of the women)

This is very humiliatin' -- especially
on my birthday.

119. MED. SHOT GEORGE AND JOSIE

Both are breaking twigs off trees. George is doing a
good job, but Josie's mind appears to be on something
else. After a moment she breaks the silence.

JOSIE:

George -- what did you get Dad for
his birthday?

GEORGE:

Nothing.

JOSIE:

Nothing?

GEORGE:

(very casual)

Practically nothing. I just wrote
him a letter.

JOSIE:

What kind of a birthday present is that?

GEORGE:

(carelessly)

Well, my signature should be worth
something.

JOSIE:

It's going to look awfully silly up
against what I got Dad.

(reaches into her
pocket)

Look at this.

(CONTINUED)

119 (Cont.)

She hands a watch case to George. He opens it, and dangles a beautiful gold watch.

GEORGE:

(impressed)

Wow! -- Tiffany's!

JOSIE:

(proudly)

With an engraved sentiment. That cost extra.

GEORGE:

Where did you get the money for this?

JOSIE:

Oh, I don't have to pay for ninety days --

(hesitates, steels herself, then says casually -)

But I'll be married by then -- I'll borrow the money from my husband.

George looks at her, astounded.

GEORGE:

You'll be what by when?

JOSIE:

(feeling better now that the leap has been taken)

Married -- as soon as Fred's road tour is over.

George is silent as the realization sinks in. Then -

GEORGE:

(slowly)

It's hard to realize -- Doesn't seem so long ago -- Mom and Pop on the road -- You and me in school in Syracuse --

JOSIE:

You were ten, I was seven.

(CONTINUED)

119 (Cont.1)

GEORGE:

(suddenly)

Josie! What does this do to the Four
Cohans?

JOSIE:

(just as affected as
George is, but trying
not to show it)

Oh, just a simple case of subtraction.
One from four leaves the Three Cohans.

GEORGE:

Do Mom and Pop know?

JOSIE:

(nodding)

Mom's been working on the wedding dress
for weeks --

George is silent, lost in thought.

JOSIE:

(gently)

What are you thinking about, George?

George looks at her, smiles.

GEORGE:

I've got an idea for the best goldarn
Wedding March that was ever written --

(looks at her,
scratches his head)

Say, are you sure I'm only three years
older than you are?

Josie smiles, kisses George affectionately.

DISSOLVE TO:

120. FULL SHOT GROUP AROUND FIRE

Jerry Cohan is the center of attraction. He has a pile
of gifts in front of him and is going through them. He
holds up the watch Josie has given him for all to see.

(CONTINUED)

120 (Cont.)

JERRY:

It's a very beautiful watch, but --
 (kidding around, he
 takes out his battered
 Ingersoll and compares
 its time with Josie's
 watch)
 -- it's three minutes fast.

Everyone laughs.

GEORGE:

Dad -- will you tell Josie that just
 because she's getting married is no
 reason to break up our act. The Four
 Cohans is just as sacred an institution
 as Marriage.

Jerry clears his throat.

JERRY:

I'm afraid, George, that your mother
 and I are breaking up the Four Cohans
 before Josie is.

George looks at him.

GEORGE:

(incredulously)
 You're just saying that. Wait till
 you read the part I've written for
 you in my next play. It's almost as
 good as my part.

MARY:

And wait till you hear the songs.

NELLIE:

(to George)
 It's been a forty year run, remember.
 All I ask now is to be allowed to
 spend the rest of my days on this
 beautiful farm.

GEORGE:

You can't put an actor out to graze,
 mother. The fresh air kills 'em.
 (to Jerry)
 There can't be just one Cohan on Broadway!

(CONTINUED)

120 (Cont.1)

JERRY:

With you writing, acting, produc-
ing, directing, singing and dancing
the public will think there are a
hundred Cohans on Broadway.

Pause.

GEORGE:

Dad -- are you really serious
about this retiring business?

JERRY:

Any actor giving up applause is
no joking matter. You'll find
that out.

GEORGE:

Well, then -- I think it's time
you read my birthday present.

JERRY:

I will -- as soon as I get my
glasses on.

(he takes out an
old pair of spec-
tacles from a case)

It's a wonder no one thought of
a new pair of glasses for a birth-
day present. I should have been
more definite in my hints.

(he has the letter
open now)

GEORGE:

(pointing to the
fire)

Step up front to the footlights,
Dad.

JERRY:

(doing so)

I'll indicate when I want applause.
(starts to read)

'Dear Dad --

This is your birthday and
God bless you. Maybe I've never
told you before but no one has ever
had a better Dad or one to be
prouder of -- '

Everyone has become very quiet. Jerry stops for a
moment, looks over the rim of his glasses at George.

(CONTINUED)

120 (Cont.2)

JERRY:

(back to the letter)
 'You and mother have always given me more love and understanding than I ever deserved, and all the luck I've had is due to the things you've taught me. Nothing I can do could ever begin to repay that debt and I know you don't expect it, Dad, but here's a little present for you and Mother -- '

Jerry stops, affected.

NELLIE:

(also affected,
 but trying to
 help Jerry out)
 Why me? It's not my birthday.

JERRY:

(reading again)
 'To begin with, I deed to you this farmhouse and everything in it. From this day on you and I are partners in every theatre and theatrical property I possess, one-half and equal. The Cohan theatre, the theatre in Chicago for which we broke ground last week -- and in all my plays and songs, as long as they or you and I will live -- '

Jerry has become more and more affected, his voice lower and lower. Finally he can go no farther.

JERRY:

(taking off his
 glasses)
 Those aren't my reading glasses --
 I'd better not go on --

George takes the letter from his hand.

GEORGE:

There isn't much more -- just --
 (reading very
 earnestly)
 'With all my love, your son and
 partner --
 George.'

Nobody speaks. All eyes are on Jerry and Nellie. Jerry makes a tremendous effort to control himself. Now, he is ready to speak.

(CONTINUED)

120 (Cont.3)

JERRY:
(with much emotion)
George -- George -- on behalf of
your mother and myself --

This is as far as he gets, for Nellie suddenly bursts
into tears.

JERRY:
(turning on
Nellie)
You would steal this scene from
me with an obvious piece of bus-
iness!

Everyone laughs, breaking the tension.

FADE OUT.

PART IV TO FOLLOW

FADE IN

121. EXT. THEATRE

Two bill poster men are engaged in putting up a huge bill poster on the side of the theatre. Other workmen are busy getting the outside of the theatre in shape for what is evidently opening night. When the bill poster is finally up we see that it reads:

COHAN AND HARRIS
Present
GEORGE M. COHAN'S BRILLIANT DRAMA
"POPULARITY"
With an all star cast

OVER this activity George's voice is HEARD:

GEORGE'S VOICE:

One success followed another. We built another theatre. But there was one challenge I hadn't met. People who were envious of my success -- and Broadway was full of 'em -- said that musicals and cheap comedies were all I could write. I could wave a flag, they said, and nothing else. I was determined to show 'em. I wrote a legitimate drama -- no music, no flag-waving. 'Popularity' it was called -- and no opening was so important to me. I had to show Broadway -- and myself. The night 'Popularity' opened I was playing in 'The Yankee Prince' and couldn't attend -- but my mind wasn't on my own performance ---

DISSOLVE TO:

122. BACKSTAGE THEATRE

Loud applause is HEARD offstage. George exits from the stage -- in his "Yankee Prince" costume. His manner is very pre-occupied. He makes for his dressing room. The stage manager accosts him.

STAGE MANAGER:

(with some surprise)

Oh, Mr. Cohan -- you're not going to your dressing room, are you? You're good for another five curtain calls.

GEORGE:

Let the curtain stay down. It's enough for tonight.

123. TRUCK SHOT GEORGE AND STAGE MANAGER

as they walk towards dressing room.

STAGE MANAGER:

(anxiously)

Mr. Cohan -- are you sure you're feeling well?

GEORGE:

(tersely)

I'm all right -- any word from 'Popularity' yet?

STAGE MANAGER:

(looking at his watch)

Nope. They should be ringing down just about now.

GEORGE:

(irritably)

You'd think Sam or my folks would have run over between acts and let me know what's happening.

He goes into dressing room.

STAGE MANAGER:

(as he follows him in)

That's a good sign. They're too engrossed in the play.

124. INT. GEORGE'S DRESSING ROOM

STAGE MANAGER:

I've got the reports here from Detroit on your Minstrel Show. Rave notices again.

GEORGE:

(getting out of his costume)

Rave notices -- that's bad. How much did it lose on the week?

STAGE MANAGER:

Ten thousand, more or less.

GEORGE:

(shaking his head)

The better the notices you get on Minstrel Shows these days, the more you lose. What's our total loss so far?

(CONTINUED)

124 (Cont.)

STAGE MANAGER:

Just a few dollars under two hundred thousand.

GEORGE:

(ruefully)

Is that counting the cost of the red ink? Boy -- 'Popularity' better be a hit tonight. We've got plenty sunk in that too. Not to mention my ego.

STAGE MANAGER:

(drily)

Oh, everybody mentions your ego.

GEORGE:

(not ill-naturedly)

Get out of here, wise guy, and turn out the footlights. We've got to start saving money.

As the stage manager starts out, the door opens to reveal Sam Harris, Mary and Jerry and Nellie Cohan. They are a pretty solemn-looking lot. The stage manager looks at them, and they look back at the stage manager without saying a word. The stage manager nods understandingly and slips by them. George, in the meantime, has been waiting impatiently.

GEORGE:

All right -- speak up -- yes or no -- which is it?

Nobody speaks. Finally Mary blurts out.

MARY:

(loyally)

I loved every minute of it! I don't care what the others thought!

NELLIE:

(backing her up)

The ending of the second act was the funniest -- I laughed myself sick and so did the rest of the audience!

GEORGE:

(ruefully)

But, Mom, the end of the second act is very dramatic. You weren't supposed to laugh.

(CONTINUED)

"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"
Changes

1/6/42
91.

124 (Cont.1)

NELLIE:
(crestfallen)

Oh.

JERRY:
(right from the shoulder)
No use beating about the bush, son.
It was ghastly.

HARRIS:
(gloomily)
It wasn't that good.

JERRY:
The smartest thing to do is forget
it -- Everybody's entitled to one
mistake.
(he smiles and holds
out his hand)
Now come on and let'a have our party -
just as if the show waa a hit.

The CAMERA PANS TO FAVOR GEORGE as all of them look
at him. He is still too dazed by his failure to
react normally.

GEORGE:
Yeah -- sure -- sure, we'll have the
party.
(pauses, looking at them)
Dad, you and Forrest take the girls
on over to Delmonico's.
(looks at Harris)
Sam and I'll join you in half an hour.

With uncertain glances and not yet sure why George
hasn't exploded, the others agree to the suggestion
and withdraw from the dressing room.

DISSOLVE TO:

125. EXT. BROADWAY SIDEWALK (PROCESS) NIGHT
MED. FULL TRUCK SHOT GEORGE AND HARRIS

They are walking thru the crowds on the sidewalk,
wearing dark hats and topcoats over their dinner
clothes. George still looks fighting mad and Harris
deeply concerned. The NOISE AND TRAFFIC OF BROADWAY
CONTINUES THRUOUT THE SCENE.

(CONTINUED)

1/6/42
92.

125 (Cont.)

GEORGE:

(angrily, inspired)
Listen -- we'll put an ad in all
the papers -- "Popularity, the
biggest smash hit in town! Seats
sold out ten weeks in advance!"

HARRIS:

(alarmed)
Hold on, kid -- you can't do that!

GEORGE:

(belligerently)
Why can't I?

HARRIS:

Because I don't want you to!
(earnestly)
It wouldn't be on the level, George.
We've got too big a reputation to
try and fool the public by plugging a
flop. They'd never forgive us for it.

GEORGE:

(snaps back sulkily)
Don't keep calling it a "flop", will
you? I don't like that word!

HARRIS:

Okay -- I'll call it anything you say
-- except a hit.

They walk on in silence for a few steps, thru the
hurrying Broadway throng. Finally Harris glances
at George and smiles.

HARRIS:

Come on - stick your chin out, kid.
Show 'em you can take it.

George cuts an eye at him but says nothing, walking on,
as the CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK WITH THEM. But
he is thinking now, calming down. His eyes become
shrewd.

GEORGE:

(suddenly)
You're right, Sam -- everybody in
New York will be waiting tomorrow
to see if I can take a licking.
They'd love to see me squawk - yell
murder - pull a crybaby act. That's a
just what they expect from me . . .

(CONTINUED)

1/6/42
93.

125 (Cont.1)

GEORGE: (Cont.)

(he pauses in front of
a Western Union office,
turns to Harris with a
glam of sly excitement)

But I'm going to pull a twist on 'em!
Come on in here!

He grabs Harris's arm and hustles him into the tele-
graph office.

QUICK DISSOLVE
TO:

126. INT. THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE

George and Harris are standing at the counter. George
rips off the top sheet of the pad and hands it to
Harris.

GEORGE:

I want to wire this ad for tomorrow
to every paper you can catch. Here's
the copy . . .

Harris takes the paper, looks puzzledly at George,
then reads what George has written.

HARRIS:

(reading)

To the Theatre-Going Public of New
York City -- I humbly apologize and
beg forgiveness for writing and pro-
ducing so poor a play as "Popularity"
-- Last 5 performances -- PLEASE MISS
IT -- George M. Cohan.

Harris laughs with enthusiasm and George smiles,
tosses a bill on the counter, and they walk out of
the telegraph office.

127. EXT. SIDEWALK BROADWAY TRUCK SHOT NIGHT

As George and Harris emerge onto the sidewalk from
the telegraph office and start to walk, an excited
newsboy suddenly rushes past, waving an "extra" and
shouting:

(CONTINUED)

1/6/42
94.

127 (Cont.)

NEWSBOY:

Extra -- Lusitanis sunk without
warning! -- Over one thousand
killed! --

George and Harris stop, as do others on the sidewalk,
staring after the newsboy. Farther down the street
other boys take up the cry.

GEORGE:

(in a subdued tone)

And here's me thinking the failure
or success of a show was important.

All down the crowded, brightly lighted street news-
boys are running and yelling the startling story to
excited crowds.

NEWSBOYS:

Lusitania sunk by German U-boat! --
Twelve hundred lost on Lusitania! --
124 Americans killed, including
75 women and children! --

QUICK FLASHES OF GROUPS eagerly scanning the news-
papers on the sidewalks, of George and Harris poring
over a copy with grim-set faces. Underneath these
shots BEGINS THE ANGRY ROAR OF AN ENRAGED PEOPLE,
building in volume and tempo. The SCORING IS FAST
AND EXCITING, like a storm approaching and ready to
burst. . . Now AROUND THE ELECTRIC NEWS-BAND OF THE
TIMES BUILDING at 42nd Street runs the blazing news
item:

GERMANY PROCLAIMS UNRESTRICTED
SUBMARINE WARFARE . . . THREATENS
U.S.A. IN SHARP NOTE . . .

DISSOLVE THRU
TO:

128. NEWSPAPER HEADLINES (INSERT) MONTAGE EFFECT

ZOOMING UP over STCCK SHOTS of huge American crowds
in city streets, come NEWSPAPERS WITH BOLD HEADLINES:

UNITED STATES DECLARES WAR ON GERMANY!

"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

129. FULL SHOT EXT. ARMY BUILDING WHITEHALL STREET DAY

A sign reads:

U.S. ARMY RECRUITING OFFICE

a brass band is playing as a come-on and already a long line of volunteers in civilian clothes are waiting to get in. A couple of Recruiting Officers are strutting around, soliciting trade. It is a gay, noisy, typical 1917 scene.

WIPE TO:

130. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM PANNING

THE BAND MUSIC OUTSIDE CONTINUES THROUGH THIS SCENE. A half dozen recruits are stripped to the waist and undergoing examinations by Army doctors, while Recruiting Sergeants assist, hurrying the men along. Among the volunteers is George, also stripped to the waist and barefooted. He looks very sager and patriotic. The CAMERA MOVES UP TO HIM AND AN ARMY DOCTOR who is inspecting his feet. After a moment the doctor lets George's foot drop, looks up and shakes his head.

ARMY DOCTOR:

No -- eorry, but we can't use you,
Mister.

GEORGE:

(amazed as the
doctor turns away)
Hey, what's wrong with me!?

DOCTOR:

You've got flat feet. In fact, two
of them.

131. CLOSEUP GEORGE

He stares at the doctor a second, then explodes with righteous indignation.

GEORGE:

WHAT! Me? -- the best hooper in
show business! You're crazy!

132. FULL SHOT GROUP

As the other recruits and soldiers look toward George he points to them excitedly, making quite a scene.

GEORGE:

I'll walk against any of these guys --
from the Battery clear up to the Bronx
-- and guarantee to beat 'em by three
miles! -- Whaddya mean 'flat-feet'?
Why, I can --

Suddenly an Army sergeant, a big burly fellow, comes up behind the irate, arguing George, half lifts him by his belt and starts away with him.

SERGEANT:

(kindly but firm)

Listen, buddy -- we're trying to
get an Army together -- so move on,
will ya?

(he takes George's
shirt off a peg and
passes it to him)

Here's your shirt -- compliments
of Uncle Sam.

The other recruits and soldiers laugh at George's flushed face, as mumbling darkly, he pulls on his shirt.

WIPE TO:

133. OMITTED

134. EXT. ARMY BUILDING TRUCK SHOT GEORGE

As George comes out, looking very dejected at being
turned down, the recruits still waiting in line look at
him without recognition. One of them, a big truck
driver, grins sympathetically and calls out to him,

TRUCK DRIVER:

Tough luck, pal -- but don't worry --
we'll take care of 'em over there!

THE CAMERA MOVES WITH GEORGE'S FACE as he walks by
the line of men, with a smiling glance toward the
well-wisher. Then after a few steps further he
suddenly gets a thoughtful look. In b.g. the brass
band is still playing.

GEORGE:

(quietly, tasting the words)
... over there

(CONTINUED)

1/9/42
96a.

134 (Cont.)

In the b.g. a bugler with the braes band slips out and blows a military call on the bugle. The first three notes are very similar to whst is later to be the opening three notes of "Over Thers."

George is struck by these three notes. He walks to the bugler.

GEORGE:
(to the bugler)
Do you mind repeating that?

BUGLER:
(blankly)
What?

GEORGE:
That! Da -ds-da!

BUGLER:
Oh that! Sure.

He blows the military call again.

GEORGE:
Louder!

The bugler looks at George out of the corner of his eyes, but complies.

DISSOLVE TO:

135. MONTAGE

of TRICK SHOTS of bugles -- all blowing thsse thematic three notes. From a CLOSE SHOT of a bugle -

DISSOLVE TO:

135a. CLOSE SHOT BUGLE

being blown by Sam Harrie. The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the ecene as George's office. George is in his ehirtslssvss working hard with ons hand and jotting down the notee of the nsw song with the other. At the same time he keepe motioning to the very livid Sam Harris to keep blowing on the bugle.

(CONTINUED)

1/9/42
96b.

135a (Cont.)

GEORGE:
(worriedly)
'Over there... over there,
Send the word, eend the word...'

135b. CLOSE SHOT GEORGE'S HANDS
as he plays the notes.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

136. CLOSE SHOT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS PANNING NIGHT

CAMERA STARTS ON TWO PIANOS, side by side, with four hands at the keyboards, playing ... all around them are other instruments of a complete orchestra, all playing "OVER THERE". CAMERA PANS UP TO GEORGE at one of the pianos. It is still impossible to tell just where this scene is. THEN SLOWLY THE CAMERA PANS UP FROM GEORGE TO THE PLATFORM, draped in American flags. Fay Templeton, beautifully dressed, is singing.

FAY TEMPLETON:

(sings with orchestra
accompanying)

'Over there, over there --
Send the word, send the word, over there,
That the Yanks are coming,
The Yanks are coming! -- !

137. LONG SHOT ENTIRE SCENE INT. AN ARMY CANTEEN NIGHT

The platform upon which Fay Templeton is singing is in the center of an Army Camp, and it is surrounded by a crowd of American soldiers, listening tensely to the new song being heard now for the first time anywhere.

GEORGE:

(to Templeton)

Let's go, Fay.

(to the soldiers)

Everybody together!

With a roar of eager applause the soldiers' voices join Templeton's in a surging choral effect. Clearly George's song is an instantaneous hit.

TEMPLETON & SOLDIERS:

(singing)

'Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word, over there -
That the Yanks are coming!
The Yanks are coming!
The drums tum-tumming everywhere!
So beware, so beware!
Send the word, send the word, to beware!
We'll be over,
We're coming over --
AND WE WON'T COME BACK
TILL IT'S OVER OVER THERE!!

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

138. MONTAGE "OVER THERE"

This fast Montage should be the most exciting and colorful part of the entire picture, and wants a careful routining for highest effects. BEHIND ALL THE SCENES THERE CONTINUES A STRONG CHORUS OF MALE VOICES SINGING "OVER THERE" in a marching, military manner.

- (1) SHOTS OF U.S. SOLDIERS MARCHING and singing "OVER THERE".
- (2) BANDS PLAYING IT EVERYWHERE, and orchestras, individuals, people of all ages and types - a nation united with one great song.
- (3) ARMY CAMPS - thousands of tents and barracks - swarms of soldiers. NAVAL BASES - SHIPYARDS with the workers riveting on ships and singing "OVER THERE".
- (4) ARMY PARADE DOWN FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y. - the regiments in war packs, infantry, artillery, cavalry, leaving for France.
- (5) SOLDIERS MARCHING UP GANGPLANKS TO THE TRANSPORTS, all singing. Cheering thousands are seeing them off, the women with tear-dimmed eyes, calling out, "Goodbye - good luck!"
- (6) THE CONVOYED TRANSPORTS AT SEA.
- (7) A FLASH SHOT OF N.Y. PAPER with the headline:
 CONGRESS CALLS COHAN'S "OVER THERE"
 THE AMERICAN HYMN OF VICTORY!
 Composer Congratulated by President Wilson
- (8) WAR SHOTS - THE FIGHTING IN FRANCE - BATTLE SCENES.
- (9) INSERTS OF NEWSPAPER HEADLINES:
 ARMISTICE DECLARED! . . . GERMANY
 DEFEATED!
- (10) PARADE UP FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y. OF THE RETURNING AND VICTORIOUS AMERICAN TROOPS.
- (11) TRUCKING SHOT OF GEORGE - IN THE PARADE - still the irrepressible kid who loved a parade, the bands, the flags - he marches along beside the soldiers with other civilians - proud and happy, carrying a small flag over his shoulder.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

139. EXT. BROADWAY LONG SHOT PANNING NIGHT

OVER A NIGHT SHOT of Broadway's theatrical district, flashing with innumerable signs of new shows, theatres, we HEAR ON THE SOUND TRACK A FAST MEDLEY OF "JAZZ AGE" MUSIC: then -

COMMENTATOR'S VOICE:

Nineteen hundred and twenty -- "The Roaring Twenties!" -- Broadway is ablaze with lights and life and music -- in the sensational boom of show business that followed the war! ... America wanted to laugh and sing and dance -- and one man spoke for all -- George M. Cohan!

140. LONG TRICK DOLLY SHOT DOWN BROADWAY WITH MONTAGE EFFECTS

The CAMERA IS MOVING CONTINUOUSLY THROUGHOUT THIS SHOT as if down the crowded center of Broadway. As it passes the many brilliantly lighted theatres we HOLD BRIEFLY ON THE ELECTRIC SIGNS to show the famous run of Cohan & Harris hits that followed the War. THIS MOVEMENT IS FAST but ON EACH TITLE WE SUPERIMPOSE THE YEAR - AND HOLD LONG ENOUGH FOR A SNATCH OF THE HIT MUSIC FROM EACH SHOW. The effect is of a great continuous MEDLEY, perhaps with voices singing the lyrics of the best-loved numbers.

One after another on the THEATRE FRONTS we read beneath the line "COHAN & HARRIS PRESENT:"

1919 - "THE ROYAL VAGABOND" ... 1920 - "MARY," with its great Harbach-Hirsch song "Just a Love Nest" ... 1921 - "THE O'BRIEN GIRL" ... 1922 - "LITTLE NELLIE KELLY," with "Nellie Kelly I love you," and "You Remind Me of My Mother" ... "GEORGE M. COHAN in 'THE SONG AND DANCE MAN'" ... "I Guess I'll Have to Telegraph My Baby" ... 1927 - "THE MERRY MALONES" with the great hit "Easter Sunday Parade" and "Blue Skies, Gray Skies" ... "BILLIE" with "Where Were You - Where was I" and "Billie" ... 1931 - "THE TAVERN"....

And finally - 1934 - "THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS - GEORGE M. COHAN in "AH, WILDERNESS!" by Eugene O'Neill."

DISSOLVE TO:

PART V TO FOLLOW.

141. EXT. COHAN FARMHOUSE

NIGHT

There is a light burning in an upstairs window. A dim light is also visible in a hall.

DISSOLVE TO:

142. UPSTAIRS HALL IN FARMHOUSE

NIGHT

The hall is empty. Then the bedroom door opens and two doctors and a nurse come out. Their expressions are very grave.

1ST DOCTOR:

(to nurse)

Give him two more C.C.'s. We might as well try to make him as comfortable as possible.

NURSE:

Yes, Dr. Anderson.

She goes back into the bedroom, closes the door quietly behind her. The doctors speak in hushed tones.

DR. ANDERSON:

(to his colleague)

If you have to get back to town, Dr. Llewellyn -- I'll be here all night --

DR. LLEWELLYN:

That's all right. I'll wait till George M. gets here from the theatre.

Dr. Anderson nods, opens a cigarette case, offers one to Dr. Llewellyn.

DR. LLEWELLYN:

Thanks.

(lights cigarette;
musingly)

I remember I was a kid in Medical School when I saw the Four Cohans. They were a great act.

DR. ANDERSON:

(nodding)

I always thought George M.'s sister was the loveliest dancer I had ever seen.

DR. LLEWELLYN:

(looking toward the
bedroom)

I can't help thinking -- a theatrical era is dying in there. The sister and

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont.)

DR. LLEWELLYN: (Cont.)
 mother gone -- now the old man -- In
 some ways I think he was the best
 performer of the lot...

DR. ANDERSON:
 Well, I'll settle for his age -- There
 was nothing dull about his life, either.
 And he's lived to see his son an
 American institution. I'd settle for
 that, too.

The door is HEARD opening and closing downstairs. Then
 the SOUND of footsteps on the stairs. In a moment George
 followed by Mary and Sam Harris, comes into the scene.

GEORGE:
 (anxiously)
 Doctor --

DR. ANDERSON:
 Hello, Mr. Cohan.

DR. LLEWELLYN:
 (to George)
 I think you'd better go in alone.

The doctor's tone tells George the bad news. His face
 sets, then quickly he goes to the bedroom door, opens it,
 and goes in.

143. INT. BEDROOM

as George comes in. The nurse, who has been sitting by
 the bedside, gets up, nods understandingly to George --
 then tiptoes out of the room.

George looks anxiously and lovingly at his father.

144. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

The tossing of his head and the mumblings of his lips
 tell us that the first faint stages of delirium have
 set in. George comes into the scene.

GEORGE:
 Pop --

Jerry looks at him with glazed eyes.

(CONTINUED)

144 (Cont.)

JERRY:

(half making sense
half in delirium)

Oh, here you are -- where you been? --
Not every kid gets a chance at Peck'a
Bad Boy -- Are you nervous? -- Do you
know your lines?

His cover has slipped down.

GEORGE:

(fixing the cover)

Sure I do. I can lick any kid in town.

JERRY:

(same as before)

Good boy -- if you upstage your mother
I'll beat the livin' tar out of you --
Nellie -- you hit him -- I'll hold him ---

He leans his head against his pillow, exhausted. George
smooths the cover.

JERRY:

(his eyes opening again)

Madame Bartholdi -- champagne for
everyone -- Book, lyrics - songs,
dances - everything by my son, George --
No sir, we've always been billed as the
Four Cohans and we're not splitting up
the act --

(he is silent a
moment, then)

Stop it! Stop it, Nellie -- Don't steal
my scene with an obvious piece of business!

Jerry shows signs of becoming excited.

GEORGE:

(soothingly)

Take it easy, Pop.

145. CLOSE SHOT JERRY

He relaxes, his eyes closed. When, after a moment, he
opens them again it is plain that for the moment he is
lucid.

JERRY:

(feebly, in greeting)

George --

146. MED. SPOT JERRY AND GEORGE

JERRY:
How -- how did it go tonight?

GEORGE:
Fine. Six curtain calls.

JERRY:
Six -- not bad for a drama.

Silence.

JERRY:
(eyes a trifle
glazed again)
Did you -- did you thank them for all
of us?

GEORGE:
I sure did -
(trying to keep his
voice steady)
'My mother thanks you - my father
thanks you - my sister thanks you --
and --
(voice breaking slightly)
- I thank you.'

147. CLOSE SPOT JERRY

He smiles faintly. His eyes close. His expression is peaceful.

148. HALL MARY, HARRIS AND THE DOCTORS

They stand about silently. All heads turn quickly towards the bedroom as the door opens slowly.

George comes out. His expression tells the story. Mary goes to him quickly, puts her arms around him.

DISSOLVE TO:

149. INSERT FRONT PAGE OF "VARIETY"

The bible of show business carries in bold headlines, and with their pictures, the biggest theatrical news story of the year:

(CONTINUED)

149 (Cont.)

BOMBSHELL HITS BROADWAY!
COHAN AND HARRIS PART COMPANY!

Famous Partnership Dissolved
After Decades of Sensationally
Successful Play Producing

DISSOLVE TO:

150. INSERT CLOSE SHOT A BLOTTER

The blotter carries the firm name COHAN & HARRIS
Theatrical Producers, with one half carrying a picture
of George and the other half one of Harris. Slowly a
man's hands tear the blotter into exact halves.

CAMERA PULLS
BACK TO:

151. INT. COHAN & HARRIS OFFICE MED. TWO SHOT AT DESK

George and Harris are sitting casually on the edge of
a large desk in Harris' private office. George takes
the half-blotter with his picture and hands it to
Harris, then takes the half with Harris' picture and
tucks it into his wallet. Then they smile at each
other with the deep understanding of two old friends.
There is a note of regret and kindly affection in their
voices.

GEORGE:

(nods to the half-
blotter)

It was a great firm, Sam.

HARRIS:

Yep. -- Now that it's all over -- who
was the Senior partner and who was the
Junior partner?

GEORGE:

(smiling)

You mean -- who was Dietz and who was
Goff?

(Harris nods smilingly)

Well, I guess we were the only one
combine in existence with two Senior
partners.

(pause)

You understand, don't you? About
my leaving ---

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont.)

HARRIS:

Sure -- I don't blame you a bit.

GEORGE:

When Pop died that was the last link to the Four Cohans. There just doesn't seem to be anybody to play to any more. The old thrills, the applause, the back-slapping -- somehow, they don't seem important any more. Not with Dad, Mom and Josie gone. Mary and I are going to travel -- have some fun -- forget we ever saw a theatre -- meet people who never even heard of me.

HARRIS:

You'll have to go to Timbuctoo.

GEORGE:

As a matter of fact, it's on the tour.
(sticking out his hand)
Goodbye, Sam.

HARRIS:

(taking his hand;
earnostly)

You're the one with the words, George. I don't know how to say things -- We did more than just make a lot of money together -- and now and then, lose a little -- We were partners, but friends. Lots of times people drift apart -- let's not let it happen to us, George.

GEORGE:

Sam -- I don't care how legally our partnership is dissolved -- fifty percent of me will always be here -- in this office.

HARRIS:

(smiling faintly)

Thanks. I'll remember that when the rent comes due.

GEORGE:

I know you're going to be a greater success than ever, Sam, but -- if the rent ever does come due and you can't meet it --

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont.1)

He looks steadily at Harris.

HARRIS:

(trying not to show
how much he is affected)
Okay. I'll wish you collect in Tim-
tuctoo. Now, get out of here before
that old boat sails without you.

Arm in arm, they go into the ante-room.

152. ANTE-ROOM

The room is buzzing with reporters in a great state of
excitement. They are besieging the girl at the re-
ception desk. We HEAR: "We've got to see them." "I
know they had a fight. It's all over town!" "Then why
is Cohan sailing for Europe?"

But they stop short, and all the conversation dies as
they see George and Harris come into the room arm in arm.

REPORTERS AD LIB:

What's this?
We thought you guys weren't speaking to
each other.
Can we have a picture of you and Mr.
Harrie tearing up your contract?

HARRIS:

That's impossible. We never had a
written contract.

GEORGE:

(taking Harris' hand
and shaking it)
This is the only contract we ever had.

REPORTER:

(snapping photograph)
Hold that pose. We want to show it
to our legal department.

The several photographers crowd up to snap the shot with
flashes, but George and Sam are still looking at each
other. As they smile and the flashing lights continue -

DISSOLVE TO:

152a. MONTAGE SHOTS

showing George and Mary on the various stages of their
trip around the world. London, Paris, Cairo, Buenos
Aires, Etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

Changes
"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

1/13/42
106s.

152b. ORCHARD GEORGE

a few years older now; is stretched out on a hammock reading a copy of "Variety".

A jalopy pulls up bearing two couples of high school age. A column of steam is erupting from the radiator.

BOY:

(calling to George)

Hey, Mister --

(George looks up)

Our radiator needs some water. Can we use your well?

GEORGE:

Sure. Help yourself.

They pile out of the car, make for the well.

GEORGE:

(to one of the boys
as he goes past)

What's wrong with your radiator?

BOY:

Varicose veins.

He and his girl go on to the well. The other couple stay behind.

GEORGE:

(looking at the jalopy,
amused)

What'll you use for tires when these are gone?

BOY:

Oh, it'll run much smoother on the rims.

George laughs, goes back to his "Variety". The other couple see the headline:

"STIX NIX HIX PIX"

BOY:

(to girl)

I bet that's Grook talk.

GIRL:

No. It's Swedieh or Ruseian.

(repeats puzzledly)

Stix nix hix pix.

(CONTINUED)

1/13/42
106b.

152b (Cont.)

George lowers "Variety", looks at the boy and girl, then laughs.

GEORGE:

No - that's show business talk. Here, I'll translate it for you --

(he puts his finger on each word in turn)

It means that the small towns don't like pictures about rubea. They want glamor - high-hat stuff.

The young couple glance at each other in surprise, then look back at George.

BOY:

I thought it was jive talk.

GEORGE:

(puzzled)

Jive which?

GIRL:

(eagerly)

Are you an actor, sir?

GEORGE:

(modestly)

Well - I used to be - in a way.

GIRL:

What were some of your pictures?

George's "take" is very amusing.

GEORGE:

I was on Broadway, young lady - the legitimate theatre.

152c:

MED. THREE SHOT ANOTHER ANGLE

GIRL:

Oh ... what is your name, sir?

GEORGE:

Cohan ...

(pauses for a reaction, but doesn't get it)

George M. Cohan.

(CONTINUED)

152c (Cont.)

The youngsters look at each other blankly, not recognizing the name. They shake their heads.

BOY:

I guess you must've been before our tims.

152d. CLOSEUP GEORGE

He sits up a little, cocking one eyebrow defensively. Are these kids ribbing him? He tries to sound casual.

GEORGE:

Didn't you ever see 'Mary'? -- 'Little Nellie Kelly'? -- 'The Tavern'? -- 'Ah, Wildorness'?

152e. MED. THREE SHOT FAVORING GEORGE

The young pair shake their heads.

GIRL:

No, sir. Were you in them?

George looks at them suspiciously, unable to believe his ears.

GEORGE:

Where were you kids brought up -- in a vacuum bottle?

(then he smiles)

I'll bet your parents have seen me plenty of times.

BOY:

They may have, but they don't talk about it.

GEORGE:

(he plays his ace)

Do you remember a song called 'Over There'?

The youngsters glance at each other, trying to recall it, but cannot.

GIRL:

N-no, sir. Who sang it?

GEORGE:

(amazed and hurt)

Who SANG IT!!!

(CONTINUED)

152o (Cont.)

BOY:
Was it the theme song of something?

GEORGE:
(excitedly)
You bet your life it was! Ten million --

BOY:
Was that a follow-up to 'Boat Mo, Daddy,
Eight to the Bar'?

GIRL:
Or 'Flat Foot Floogio with A Floy Floy'?

152f. CLOSEUP GEORGE

He is speechless. All he can do is wince.

152g. JALOPY

The couple at the car have finished pouring the water
into the radiator.

BOY:
(calling out)
Okay. Sho'll behave now.

152h. GEORGE AND THE OTHER COUPLE

BOY:
Well, we've got to scram now -- swing
session.

GIRL:
(to George)
Thank you very much, Mr. -- Mr. --
What was your name again, sir?

COHAN:
(thoroughly deflated,
his voice is barely
audible)
Cohan ---

George starts slowly back towards the house. Offscreen
the jalopy can be HEARD starting with rips and snorts.

DISSOLVE TO:

1/13/42
106e.

152i. INT. FARMHOUSE BEDROOM GEORGE AND
MARY

The startling discovery at the well is still irritating George's pride, but he tries to sound casual.

GEORGE:

Can you imagine that? They'd never even heard of me!

MARY:

(tries to keep a straight face)

But you've been away from the theatre for years, George. A new generation has grown up since then. Naturally they don't remember you.

GEORGE:

(disappointed)

Why not? On the Keith Circuit they remembered my mother and father for forty years!

MARY:

That's because they were real troupers. They never had time to sit around an orchard and listen to their arteries harden.

GEORGE:

What do you mean? There's nothing wrong with my arteries.

MARY:

(laughs)

No - not right now - because those kids got you all worked up.

George cocks his head slightly to one side, eyeing her sagily.

GEORGE:

(slowly, suspiciously)

Mary, you're trying to get a rise out of me for some reason. Come on - out with it.

152j. MED. SHOT GEORGE AND MARY

There is a tense moment's pause as they look at each other in the mirror, then Mary turns slowly to face him.

(CONTINUED)

152j (Cont.)

MARY:

I got a long distance call from Sam Harris this afternoon.

GEORGE:

Well, what about it?

MARY:

He's producing a new show by Kaufman and Hart.

GEORGE:

(puzzledly, as she
pauses again)

They're good writers. I couldn't improve one of their plays.

MARY:

Sam thinks you could -- if you played the lead.

152k. CLOSEUP GEORGE

His eyebrows cock in surprise, then he frowns firmly as if annoyed.

GEORGE:

ME? No, eir! I've retired, and Sam knows it. The nerve of that guy! What's he trying to do, spoil our fun?

152L. MED. SHOT THE TWO

MARY:

(quietly)

But are you having fun, dear?

(as he hesitates she
shakes her head)

When we were in Europe you haunted every theatre - not knowing a word that was said on the stage - just to smell the greasepaint again.

GEORGE:

(it's a good act)

Why, that's ridiculous! The only reason I see a show now and then is - well - it keeps me out of the night air. Fun? I'm having a wonderful time! To heck with Broadway!

(CONTINUED)

1/13/42
106g.

152L (Cont.)

Mary isn't fooled by this at all. She sticks to her point with a wife's calm persistence and surgical skill.

MARY:

Sam said it's a great part and no other actor in the world but you could do it.

GEORGE:

(after a second)

Hmm -- did he really say that?

MARY:

(nods)

Yes -- and he needs you, George. He's in a spot. After all you've been to each other I think you ought to help him out -- for old times' sake.

The CAMERA MOVES UP TO GEORGE as he looks at her uncertainly for a moment, then steps closer to the mirror and looks at his face, moves the muscles this way and that, as if trying out an old instrument, while Mary watches eagerly, waiting for his decision. Finally he turns around.

GEORGE:

(with resignation)

Well, if Sam's in trouble -- okay.
Let's pack up.

With a happy cry, Mary jumps up and embraces him.

152m. CLOSE SHOT TWO GEORGE AND MARY

with their arms around each other.

MARY:

(smiles)

I already have, darling!

(George looks at her)

And I've got one more confession -- I told Sam I'd try my best to talk you into it.

GEORGE:

(nods with a chuckle)

I knew you did, dear... I listened in on the downstairs phone.

(CONTINUED)

1/13/42
106h.

152m (Cont.)

Mary's mouth opens in amazement, then with a wife's amused indignation:

MARY:

Why, you devil! You knew all the time!

GEORGE:

(nods, with a big grin)

And now I've got a little confession, sweetheart... I called Sam back and told him I'd do the show.

Mary is utterly speechless. Then suddenly both of them burst out laughing and hug each other tightly.

DISSOLVE TO:

152n. FULL SHOT A HUGE ELECTRIC SIGN ON THEATRE (INSERT)

The biggest sign on Broadway, sparkling with a border of red, white and blue lights, proclaims to the world:

SAM H. HARRIS PRESENTS

GEORGE M. COHAN

In his triumphal return to the stage

in

"I'D RATHER BE RIGHT"

The Greatest Musical Comedy Hit in Years.

CAMERA PANS
DOWN TO:

152o. EMPTY LOBBY

CAMERA PANS
OVER TO:

152p. PICTURE OF GEORGE

pointing his finger in a pose from the show.

DISSOLVE TO:

152q. INT. THEATRE GEORGE

doing the "Off the Record" number on the stage. At the end of the number, amid the applause of the audience--

DISSOLVE TO:

153. INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE GEORGE AND PRESIDENT

GEORGE:

.... And then came your wire. I --
(stops suddenly,
springs to his
feet)

Gosh!-- I've got a lot of nerve, taking
up your time with the story of my life
-- Why didn't you stop me, Mr. President?
Gosh, I'm sorry --

PRESIDENT:

Why, I wanted to hear the story of your
life. It has a direct bearing on my
sending for you --

(he reaches into his
desk, takes out a box,
opens it, holds up a
medal)

Do you know what this is?

(CONTINUED)

153 (Cont.)

GEORGE:
 (peering at it)
 It's the Congressional Medal of
 Honor --

PRESIDENT:
 (turning the medal
 over)
 Let's see what the inscription says --
 (reads)
 'To George M. Cohan, for his contribution
 to the American Spirit.' I congratulate
 you, Mr. Cohan.

154. CLOSEUP GEORGE

He stares at the medal, then at the President and back
 at the medal, speechless. There are almost tears in
 his eyes.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE:
 I understand you're the first person
 of your profession to receive this
 honor. You should be very proud.

GEORGE:
 (beginning to come
 out of the daze)
 Oh, I am, Mr. President - but I'm
 sort of flabbergasted! I - I don't
 know what to say!
 (he looks at the
 medal again)
 Are you sure there hasn't been some
 mistake?
 (the President chuckles
 and nods)
 But this medal's only for people who've
 given their lives to the country - or
 done something big. I'm just a song-
 and-dance man. Everybody knows that.

155. REVERSE ANGLE FAVORING THE PRESIDENT

He smiles with amusement, but also with genuine liking
 for his visitor's modesty, and shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

155 (Cont.)

THE PRESIDENT:

(with quiet sincerity)

A man may give his life to his country in many different ways, Mr. Cohan. And quite often he isn't the best judge of how much he has given. Your songs were a symbol of the American Spirit. 'Over There' was just as powerful a weapon as any cannon, as any battleship we had in the first World War. Today, we're all soldiers, we're all on the Front. We need more songs to express America. I know you and your comrades will give them to us.

GEORGE:

(determinedly)

Mr. President -- I'm just going to begin to earn this medal --
(holds up the medal)
It's quite a thing.

PRESIDENT:

(smiling)

Well, it's the best material we could find, what with priorities and all --

GEORGE:

Goodbye, Mr. President --

(smiles faintly)

My mother thanks you, my father thanks you, my sister thanks you -- and I thank you.

(the President grins)

And don't worry about this country, Mr. President -- where else in the world today could a plain guy like me sit down and talk things over with the head man?

THE PRESIDENT:

(quietly)

Well, that's about as good a definition of America as any I've ever heard.

(taking George's hand)

Goodbye, Mr. Cohan -- and good luck.

GEORGE:

Good luck to you, sir.

He turns away and starts down the corridor.

156. MED. TRUCKING SHOT GEORGE DOWN THE CORRIDOR

As George walks the negro butler passes him, bearing several suitcases.

NEGRO BUTLER:

(to George)

Mrs. Roosevelt -- she's leaving for
San Francisco --

George grins, walks on down the long corridor of the White house. He looks up at the portraits of all the great Americans of the past, hung along the walls. The CAMERA PULLS BACK with him, past the pictures of Washington -- Jefferson -- Franklin -- Lincoln -- Woodrow Wilson -- and his shoulders straighten up serenely in their distinguished company. His steps become almost a strut.

157. STREET OUTSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE

A company of soldiers is parading by. As they march they are singing "Over There." The people on the sidewalk cheer them and join in the song. As the music fills the air --

CUT TO:

158. GEORGE

coming out of the White House grounds. As he sees and hears the soldiers singing his song he stops short. He is so greatly affected that all he can do is stand and look. A man standing next to him is singing. He turns to George.

MAN:

(to George)

You look like an old-timer. Don't
you remember this song?

GEORGE:

(smiling queerly)

It's -- it's coming back to me now.

He starts to sing with the soldiers. Singing, he unconsciously starts down the street in step with the soldiers. The words grow very loud and distinct --

"AND WE WON'T COME BACK
TILL IT'S OVER, OVER THERE!"

FADE OUT.

THE END

"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

Sosne in Dietz and Goff's Office

a. GEORGE AND MARY

as they emerge from Dietz and Goff's office.

MARY:

(self-reproachfully)

I spoiled everything. I was terrible --
I was off-key.

George, who is burning up, catches sight of the
receptionist who is sitting calmly at her desk with
rather a vacant stare on her face.

b. TRUCK SHOT GEORGE

as he wrathfully makes his way to the receptionist's
desk.

GEORGE:

(letting out his anger
on the poor receptionist)

A fine pair of shosstring producers you
work for! If you had any self-respect
you'd walk into their office and throw
your resignation in their faces! Why,
if I were you, I'd scrub floors; I'd
dance in a saloon before I'd take a
penny from those guys!

RECEPTIONIST:

(calmly)

I practically don't. They owe me three
weeks' salary now.

GEORGE:

(snatching up the
phone in his anger)

I'll call Klaw and Erlanger! They'll
know a play when they see one!

RECEPTIONIST:

No use trying the phone. They haven't
paid the phone company either.

GEORGE:

Why --

But he stops short as the SOUND of sniffing is HEARD
offstage.

c. MARY ON BENCH NEAR WATER-COOLER

She is trying to stifle sobs. George comes into the scene, sits down beside Mary.

GEORGE:
(sympathetically)
Why -- what's the matter, Mary?

MARY:
(tearfully)
Buffalo -- is -- such --
(sniff)
-- a beautiful city.
(sniff)

GEORGE:
Is that what you're crying about?

MARY:
(still tearful)
It's a beautiful city -- but -- but --
I hate to go back to it.

GEORGE:
(with grim determination)
Don't worry. You won't have to. I'll show them yet. I'll have all these sour-greps birds bowing and scraping before long -- I'll make this whole theatrical business sit up and holler for help, that's what I'll do. I'll show 'em! They'll all hear from me. Every one of them. They'll all hear from me!

d. MED. SHOT RECEPTIONIST

RECEPTIONIST:
You just raise your voice an octave and they'll hear you right now!

e. HARRIS

being thrown out of the office.

1/14/42
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