

IT HAPPENED ONCE NIGHT

Screenplay by Robert Riskin

based on a story
by Samuel Hopkins Adams

FADE IN:

Part One The HARBOR at Miami Beach FADES IN, providing quick VIEWS of yachts, aquaplanes, and luxurious ship-craft lying at anchor in the calm, tranquil waters of tropical Florida. This dissolves to the NAME PLATE on the side of a yacht, reading "ELSPETH II," and this in turn to a YACHT CORRIDOR where a steward is standing in front of a cabin door, near a small collapsible table upon which there is a tray of steaming food. He lifts lids and examines the contents. A heavy-set sailor stands guard near the cabin door.

STEWARD

Fine! Fine! She ought to like this.

(to the guard)

Open the door.

GUARD

(without moving)

Who's gonna take it in to her?

You?

STEWARD

Oh, no.

(turning)

Mullison! Come on!

The VIEW WIDENS to include MULLISON, a waiter. His eye is decorated with a "shiner."

MULLISON

Not me, sir. She threw a ketchup
bottle at me this morning.

STEWARD

Well, orders are orders! Somebody's
gotta take it in.

(he turns to someone
else)

Fredericks!

The VIEW MOVES to another waiter, who has a patch of bandage
on his face.

FREDERICKS

Before I bring her another meal,
I'll be put off the ship first.

STEWARD'S VOICE

Henri!

The VIEW MOVES over to a Frenchman.

HENRI

(vehemently)

No, Monsieur. When I leave the
Ritz you do not say I have to wait
on crazy womans.

The VIEW MOVES BACK to include the Steward and the others
grouped around him.

ANOTHER WAITER (A COCKNEY)

My wife was an angel compared to
this one, sir. And I walked out on
her .

GUARD

(impatiently)

Come on! Make up your mind!

A petty officer approaches. He is blustering and officious,
but the type that is feeble and ineffective. His name is
Lacey.

LACEY

(talking

quickly—staccato)

What's up? What's up?

There is a fairly close picture of the GROUP featuring
Lacey and the Steward.

STEWARD

These pigs! They're afraid to take
her food in.

LACEY

That's ridiculous! Afraid of a
mere girl!

(he wheels on the
steward)

Why didn't you do it yourself?

STEWARD

(more afraid than

the

others—stammering)

Why—I—well, I never thought about—

LACEY

(shoving him aside)

I never heard of such a thing!

Afraid of a mere girl.

(moving to the tray)

I'll take it in myself.

They all stand around and watch him, much relieved. He picks up the tray and starts toward the door of the cabin.

LACEY

(as he

walks—muttering)

Can't get a thing done unless you

do it yourself.

(as he approaches

the door)

Open the door.

We SEE him at the CABIN DOOR as the guard quickly and gingerly unlocks it.

LACEY

Afraid of a mere girl! Ridiculous.

Lacey stalks in bravely, the tray held majestically in front of him, while the steward and waiters form a circle around the door, waiting expectantly. There is a short pause, following which Lacey comes hurling out backwards and lands on his back, the tray of food scattering all over him. The steward quickly bangs the door shut and turns the key as the waiters stare silently.

The scene DISSOLVES TO the MAIN DECK of the yacht, first affording a CLOSE VIEW of a pair of well-shod masculine feet, as they pace agitatedly back and forth. Then as the scene draws back, the possessor of the pacing feet is discovered to be Alexander Andrews, immaculately groomed in yachting clothes. In front of him stands a uniformed Captain, but Andrews, brows wrinkled, deep in thought, continues his pacing.

ANDREWS

(murmuring to himself)

On a hunger strike, huh?

(a grunt)

When'd she eat last?

CAPTAIN

She hasn't had a thing yesterday—or today.

ANDREWS

Been sending her meals in regularly?

CAPTAIN

Yessir. She refuses them all.

ANDREWS

(snappily)

Why didn't you jam it down her
throat?

CAPTAIN

It's not quite that simple.

(he shakes his head)

I've dealt with prisoners in my
time, but this one—

ANDREWS

Absurd!

(muttering)

All this fuss over a snip of a
girl.

(suddenly)

I'm going down to see her myself.

He leaves with determination, followed by the Captain, and
both are then seen walking in the direction of the cabin,
Andrews grim.

CAPTAIN

This is dangerous business, Mr.

Andrews. After all, kidnapping is
no child's play.

But Andrews ignores him and merely stares grimly forward.

They arrive in front of the cabin door, where Lacey is brushing himself off, and where a couple of waiters are picking up the last pieces of the broken dishes.

ANDREWS

What's this! What's happened here?

LACEY

(pathetically)

She refused another meal, sir.

ANDREWS

Get another tray ready. Bring it here at once.

(to the guard)

Open the door.

The Guard unlocks the door and Andrews enters. Then WE GET A VIEW of the CABIN at the door, as Andrews enters and closes the door behind him. He looks around and his eyes light on his prisoner, following which the VIEW SWINGS OVER to ELLIE, a beautiful girl in her early twenties. At the moment, she holds a small vase over her head ready to heave it, and her eyes flash angrily. At sight of her new visitor, however, she lowers the vase and sets it on a small table.

ELLIE

What do you want?

Andrews doesn't stir from the door.

ANDREWS

What's this about not eating?

ELLIE

(sitting)

I don't want to eat!

(raising her voice)

And there's one more thing I don't
want! Definitely! That's to see
you.

She lights a cigarette. Andrews watches her a moment.

ANDREWS

Know what my next move is? No more
cigarettes.

ELLIE

Why don't you put me in chains?

ANDREWS

I might.

ELLIE

(now seen at close
range)

All right! Put me in chains! Do
anything you want! But I'm not

going to eat a thing until you let
me off this boat!

She stares petulantly out at the blue sky, but Andrews
comes over and sits beside her.

ANDREWS

(tenderly)

Come on, Ellie. Stop being silly.

You know I'm going to have my way.

ELLIE

(moving away)

I won't stand for it! I won't stand
for your running my life! Why do
you insist on it!

ANDREWS

(still tender)

You ought to know why. Because—

ELLIE

(interrupting)

Yes. I know.

(she's heard it a
million times)

Because I'm your daughter and you
love me. Because you don't want me
to make any mistakes. Because—

ANDREWS

(joining in)

Because marrying that fool King
Westley is—

ELLIE

(snappily)

You're wasting your time. I'm
already married to him.

ANDREWS

(sharply)

Not so far as I'm concerned, you're
not.

(they are interrupted

by a knock at the

door)

Yes?

The door opens and several waiters parade in with trays of
steaming food.

ELLIE

(starting for them;

threateningly)

How many times have I told you not
to bring any food in here.

The waiters back up, frightened, but Andrews saves them.

ANDREWS

Wait a minute! Don't get excited!

This isn't for you.

(to the waiters)

Put it right here.

Ellie glares at her father, and wanders over to the window seat, while the waiters occupy themselves setting the table.

Andrews putters around the food, lifting the lids from which tempting aromas emanate. He shuts his eyes, murmuring "oohs" and "ahs."

A CLOSE-UP of ELLIE shows her, too, drinking in the inviting aromas; and for a moment she weakens. A CLOSE VIEW of ANDREWS shows him glancing toward Ellie to see her reaction; whereupon Ellie's face (again appearing in a CLOSE-UP) freezes. Then Andrews and the waiters come into VIEW.

FIRST WAITER

Anything else, Monsieur?

ANDREWS

No. Everything seems quite satisfactory. I may want some more of that delicious gravy. I'll ring.

WAITER

Very good, Monsieur.

The waiters bow their way out as Andrews pecks at the food.

ANDREWS

(making clucking

noise)

Heavenly!

Now Ellie appears in the foreground, with Andrews at the table in the background.

ELLIE

(disdainfully)

Smart, aren't you! So subtle.

ANDREWS

(chewing on a
mouthful of food)

If Gandhi had a chef like Paul, it
would change the whole political
situation in India.

ELLIE

You can't tempt me.

(shouting
unnecessarily)

Do you hear? I won't eat!

ANDREWS

(quietly)

Please. I can't fight on an empty
stomach. Remember what Napoleon
said.

ELLIE

I hope you're not comparing yourself

to Napoleon. He was a strategist.

Your idea of strategy is to use a
lead pipe.

Andrews eats silently while Ellie rants at him, walking
around and puffing vigorously on her cigarette.

ELLIE

(muttering)

Most humiliating thing ever happened
to me.

(shuddering)

A bunch of gorillas shoving me in
a car! That crowd outside the
justice of the peace—must have
thought I was a criminal—or
something.

A CLOSE VIEW of ANDREWS intercuts with part of Ellie's
speech. At the end of her speech he smacks his lips,
enjoying the food with too great a relish. Then the two
are seen together.

ELLIE

(after a

pause—strongly)

Where are you taking me?

ANDREWS

(carelessly)

South America.

ELLIE

(aghast)

South America!

ANDREWS

We leave Miami in an hour. Soon's
we get some supplies aboard.

ELLIE

(threateningly)

You'll have a corpse on your hands!
That what You'll have. I won't eat
a thing while I'm on this boat.

ANDREWS

(buttering bread)

In that event, we won't need so
many supplies.

ELLIE

(exasperated)

What do you expect to accomplish
by all this? I'm already married!

ANDREWS

I'll get it annulled.

ELLIE

You'll never do it! You can't do
it!

ANDREWS

(now seen CLOSE as

he speaks between

snatches of food)

I'll do it if it takes every penny

I've got. I'll do it if I have to

bribe that musical comedy Justice

of the Peace! I'll do it—if I have

to prove that you were dragged in,

staggering drunk. You probably

were.

(he smacks his lips)

Mmm—mmm. This filet mignon is

divine!

ELLIE

(seen with her father)

What've you got against King

Westley?

ANDREWS

Nothing much. I just think he's a

fake, that's all.

ELLIE

You only met him once .

ANDREWS

That was enough. Do you mind handing

me the ketchup?

ELLIE

You talk as if he were a gigolo—or
something.

ANDREWS

(rising—reaching
for ketchup)

Never mind—I'll get it myself.

(he falls back in
his chair)

Gigolo? Why, you took the word
right out of my mouth. Thanks.

ELLIE

(seen closer now,
with Andrews)

He's one of the best fliers in the
country. Right now he's planning a
trip to Japan.

ANDREWS

You're going to finance him, I
suppose.

ELLIE

Why not? Look what he's doing for
aviation. It takes courage to do
what he does. And character! At
least he's accomplished something
worthwhile. I suppose you'd like

to have me marry a business man.

Well, I hate business

men—particularly if you're a shining
example.

He grins, not at all offended, knowing she doesn't mean
it.

ELLIE

Your whole life is devoted to just
one thing. To accumulate more money.
At least there's romance in what
he's doing.

ANDREWS

(unequivocally)

He's no good, Ellie, and you know
it. You married him only because I
told you not to.

ELLIE

(strongly)

You've been telling me what not to
do since I was old enough to
remember.

(screaming)

I'm sick of it!

And as Andrews ignores her, she starts moving around the
table toward him.—Next she appears sitting on the edge of
Andrews' chair, and she throws her arm around his shoulder.

ELLIE

(pleading sweetly)

Aw, listen, Dad. Let's not fight
like this any more. I know you're
worried about me—and want me to be
happy. And I love you for it. But
please try to understand. You're
not being fair, darling. This isn't
just a crazy impulse of mine. King
and I talked about it a lot before
we decided to get married. Look—why
can't we give it a trial—let's
say—for a year or so. If it's wrong,
King and I will be the first to
know it. We can get a divorce,
can't we? Now, be a dear, and let
me off the boat. Keeping me prisoner
like this is so silly.

Andrews has been listening silently throughout the speech,
giving no indication of his feelings in the matter.

ANDREWS

(unimpressed)

You'll be set free when the marriage
is annulled.

A CLOSE-UP of ELLIE, her eyes blazing angrily, shows her
slowly edging away from her father, while he continues.

ANDREWS' VOICE

(carelessly)

So there's no use being a stubborn
idiot.

ELLIE

(hissing)

I come from a long line of stubborn
idiots!

ANDREWS

(again seen with

her; calmly)

A time will come when you'll thank
me for this.

ELLIE

(wildly)

I won't thank you! I'll never thank
you!

ANDREWS

Please don't shout.

ELLIE

I'll shout to my heart's content!
I'll scream if I want to.

ANDREWS

(reaching for it)

Ah! Coconut layer cake. Nice and

gooey, too. Just the way I like
it.

He is about to insert the first bite in his mouth when
Ellie, her temper vanishing completely, overturns the small
serving table, dumping its contents into her father's lap.
The movement is so unexpected that Andrews, the fork still
suspended near his mouth, stares at her stupefied. Then
realizing what she has done, his eyes flash in anger.
Dropping his fork, he rises and goes over to her, while
she stands facing him defiantly. Without a word or warning,
he slaps her a stinging blow across the cheek. For a moment
she doesn't stir, her eyes widening in surprise, and staring
at him unbelievably. Then turning abruptly she bolts out
of the door. Andrews remains motionless, his eyes shutting
painfully; it is the first time he has struck her, and it
hurts.

ANDREWS

(calling)

Ellie!

(and he starts for
the door)

Next on the DECK, at the open cabin
door, Andrews is seen, staring off
at something and an amazed,
frightened look comes into his
eyes. Then, as VIEWed from his
position at the cabin door, Ellie
appears standing on the rail; and
with a professional dive, she leaps

into the water.

A FULL VIEW of the DECK reveals the crew and the officers scurrying around, several of them shouting: "Somebody overboard!"

ANDREWS

It's my daughter! Go after her.

CAPTAIN

(shouting)

Lower the boats!

General excitement reigns; several of the crew dive into the water; others release the boat lines. Following this Ellie is seen swimming furiously against the giant waves. Next she appears as a small speck in the distance, while half a dozen of the crew are swimming in pursuit.

At the SIDE OF THE YACHT one of the boats has already been lowered, and two men jump in and grab the oars. The men seem to be gaining on Ellie. In the distance several small motor boats are anchored, and over the sides of the boats their owners are fishing. Ellie seems to be headed in their direction.

One of the motor boats appears closer. A middle-aged man sits on the stern, holding lazily to his line, his feet dangling in the water as the boat is tossed around by the turbulent waves. ELLIE is then again seen swimming. She looks back, and the next scene shows the men rowing toward

her, and gaining on her. Thereupon we see Ellie ducking under the water.

The middle-aged fisherman is suddenly startled by Ellie's face which appears from under water, right between his legs. Ellie puts her finger up to her lips, warning him to shush, and he is too dumb-founded to say anything. As the pursuing boats come near, Ellie ducks under the water again and the boats scoot right by the fisherman. Then Ellie's head bobs up; she peers ahead of her, and seeing that her pursuers have passed her, she smiles victoriously.

ELLIE

(to the fisherman)

Thanks.

(and she starts
swimming toward
shore)

The scene DISSOLVES TO the DECK of the YACHT as Ellie's pursuers clamber aboard, Andrews waiting for them.

A MAN

Sorry, sir. She got away.

ANDREWS

(disappointed but
proud)

Of course she got away—too smart
for you.

CAPTAIN

What a hell cat. No controlling
these modern girls.

(murmuring)

They're terrible!

ANDREWS

(resentfully)

Terrible! Nothing terrible about
her. She's great! Marvelous
youngster! Got a mind of her own.
Knows just what she wants.

(smiling)

She's not going to get it though.
She won't get very far. Has no
money.

CAPTAIN

What about that diamond wrist watch
she had on—she can raise some money
on that?

ANDREWS

(his face falling)

Holy Smoke! I forgot all about
that.

(to the officer by

his side)

Send a wireless at once, "Lovington
Detective Agency. Daughter escaped
again. Watch all roads—all

transports and railroad stations
in Miami. Have your New York office
keep tabs on King Westley. Intercept
all messages. Want her back at all
costs!"

OFFICER

Yessir.

The VIEW DRAWS IN to afford a CLOSE-UP of ANDREWS staring
out at the sea, his face wreathed in a broad smile; then
this fades out.

PART TWO

The RAILROAD STATION of an active terminal in Miami FADES
IN. The VIEW MOVES DOWN to the ENTRANCE GATE TO THE TRAINS,
passengers hurrying through it; then picks out two men,
obviously detectives, who have their eyes peeled on everyone
passing through. Then the VIEW affords a GLIMPSE of ELLIE,
who stands watching the detectives. This scene WIPING OFF,
we see an AIR TRANSPORT, with several planes tuning up in
the background. As passengers file through, several
detectives stand around in a watchful pose. This scene
WIPING OFF, the front of a WESTERN UNION OFFICE comes into
VIEW. Several people walk in and out. At the side of the
door, two detectives are on the lookout.

This scene also WIPES OFF, revealing the WAITING ROOM of a
BUS STATION. Over the ticket window there is a sign reading
"BUY BUS TICKETS HERE," and a line forms in front of it.

Here too there are two detectives.

FIRST DETECTIVE

We're wastin' our time. Can you
picture Ellie Andrews ridin' on a
bus?

SECOND DETECTIVE

I told the old man it was the bunk.

The VIEW MOVES from them to ELLIE, who stands behind a post and is watching the two detectives apprehensively. As the two (VIEWed from her position) stand by the ticket window, one of them turns toward her. Thereupon, we see her slipping behind a post, concealing herself. Just then a little old lady approaches her.

OLD LADY

Here's your ticket, ma'am.

ELLIE

Oh, thank you. Thank you very much.

(she takes the ticket
and change from
the old lady, and
hands her a bill)

Here.

OLD LADY

Oh, thank you. Thank you.

ELLIE

When does the bus leave?

OLD LADY

In about fifteen minutes.

ELLIE

Thank you.

She picks up a small overnight bag from the floor and hurries away. She crosses to the entrance of the waiting room and disappears through the doors. The VIEW then wings over to a TELEPHONE BOOTH near the entrance. Clustered around the booth are half a dozen men of varied appearance. The inside of the booth is lighted, and a young man, Peter Warne, waves his hands wildly as he shouts into the phone, although it is impossible to hear what he is saying. A close inspection of the men surrounding the booth (the scene contracting to a CLOSE VIEW) reveals them as being slightly and happily intoxicated. A short man approaches the door of the booth.

SHORTY

Hey, what's going on here? I'd like to use that phone.

FIRST MAN

(a reporter)

Shh! Quiet. This is history in the making.

SHORTY

What?

FIRST MAN

There's a man biting a dog in there.

SECOND MAN

(drunker than the
rest)

Atta-boy, Petey, old boy! Atta-
boy!—

PETER'S VOICE

I'm not going to stand for this
any longer. In a pig's eye, you
will!—

GROUP

Is that so? That's telling him,
Petey old boy.

A CLOSE VIEW of PETER WARNE in the telephone booth gives
evidence of his having also imbibed freely.

PETER

(shouting into the
phone)

Listen, monkey-face—when you fired
me, you fired the best newshound
your filthy scandal sheet ever
had.

And the scene CUTS TO a New York NEWSPAPER OFFICE where the night editor, Gordon, his sleeves rolled up, sits at his desk shrieking into the phone.

GORDON

Say, listen, you wouldn't know a story if it reached up and kicked you in the pants.

(listening)

Yeah? Sure, sure, I got your copy. Why didn't you tell me you were going to write it in Greek? I'd start a new department.

PETER

(again seen close at the phone)

That was free verse, you gashouse palooka!

GORDON

(at the phone in the newspaper office)

Free verse, huh?

(shouting)

What the dickens was free about it? It cost this paper a gob of dough. Well, I'm here to tell you, it's not gonna cost us any more.

PETER

(in his phone booth)

That's okay by me! 'Cause as far
as I'm concerned, I'm through with
newspapers! See? I'm through with
stupidity! I'll never write another
newspaper story, for you or anybody
else, if I have to starve.

(after a pause)

Yeah? What about my novel! When I
get through with that—

GORDON

(in his office)

When you get through with that,
I'll have a beard down to my ankles.

(at this point,

Gordon's secretary
enters)

SECRETARY

Mr. Gordon—

GORDON

(looking up)

Huh?

SECRETARY

Did you know he reversed the charges
on that call?

GORDON

What!

(into the phone)

Say, listen you! When you get
back to New York, take my advice
and stay f-a-r away from this
office—unless you don't care what
happens to that funny map of yours.

(he bangs down the

receiver viciously

and glowers at the

phone)

In the PHONE BOOTH Peter reacts to the phone being hung up
on him. But he goes right on for the benefit of the boys.

PETER

(into the dead phone)

Oh, so you're changing your tune,
eh? Well, it's about time. But
it's going to do you no good, my
tough friend. It's a little too
late for apologies. I wouldn't go
back to work for you if you begged
me on your hands and knees! I hope
this is a lesson to you!

He snaps up the receiver with a great pretense of outraged
pride, following which the VIEW EXPANDS to INCLUDE his
PUBLIC.

MEN

Atta-boy, Peter. That's telling
him, Peter.

The gang is full of admiration for the courageous way he
talked to the boss as Peter staggers out of the booth.

PETER

Give me any of his lip, will he?
Huh! I guess he knows now what I
think of his job!
(expansively)
Is my chariot ready?

FIRST MAN

Your chariot awaiteth withouteth,
oh mighty King.

MEN

Make way for the King. Long live
the King. Make way.

With head held high, he struts majestically out of sight,
followed by his admirers, following which the scene
DISSOLVES TO the BUS STATION. His inebriated admirers stand
around the entrance to a bus, while Peter stands on the
steps, his suitcase in his hand.

PETER

(making a grand
speech)

That's right, my friends. Cling to
your jobs! Remain slaves the rest
of your lives! Scum of the earth!
Newspaper men! Not me! When I'm
basking in the glorious arms of
the Muse—what'll you be doing?
Chasing news. You miserable worms.
For what? A mere pittance! My heart
goes out to you.

(with arms extended
and in tremolo
voice)

Good-bye.

(and with this he
turns his back and
enters the bus)

MEN

(in the same spirit)

Goodbye, Oh mighty King! Peace be
with you, Courageous One!

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

All aboard. Philadelphia, New York.
All aboard.

GROUP

Look out. Get back. Farewell.
Farewell.

PETER

Scram.

The scene CUTS TO the INTERIOR of the BUS as VIEWed from the front, the VIEW moving forward, passing the conglomerate of unprepossessing human beings who occupy the seats. Every space is taken and the occupants seem hot and uncomfortable, which adds to their uninviting appearance. Mothers cling to crying babies. A Swedish farm hand and his young wife are already busy opening their basket of food prepared for the long journey. A surly-looking hoodlum traveling alone is slumped in his seat, his cap drawn carelessly over his eyes. The moving VIEW passes these and other characters until it reaches one unoccupied seat in the car, unoccupied except for several bundles of newspapers.

Standing before the seat is Peter, his suitcase in his hand, speculating as to what disposition to make of the newspapers.

PETER

(calling)

Hey, driver! How about clearing
this stuff away!

Several passengers (SEEN FROM HIS POSITION IN THE BACK) crane their necks to scrutinize the intruder. Through a glass partition the driver can be seen receiving his last minute instructions from a superintendent, who stands on the running board, their voices indistinguishable. In answer to Peter's request, the driver glances back indifferently, and continues talking to the superintendent. A CLOSE VIEW

of PETER shows him arching his eyebrows, an amused acknowledgment of the disdainful attitude of the driver. He drops his suitcase and starts forward. Then we see him arriving at the glass partition, and Peter taps playfully on the pane with his finger-nails, whereupon the driver turns and pulls the window down a few inches.

DRIVER

(annoyed)

Whadda you want!

PETER

(pleasantly)

If you'll be good enough to remove those newspapers I'll have a seat.

DRIVER

(irritably)

Okay! Okay! Keep your shirt on, young feller.

(with which remark

the driver turns

away from him)

PETER

(looking at the

back of the driver's

neck for a moment,

then confidentially)

Just between you and me, I never intended taking it off.

He wheels around uncertainly and swaggers jauntily down the aisle toward the empty seat. En route he bestows genial smiles upon several of his disgruntled fellow passengers, and he stops in front of a robust lady who at the moment is breast-feeding her baby while a lighted cigarette dangles from her lips.

PETER

Personally, I was raised on a bottle.

(as the woman looks
up at him, perplexed)

When I was a baby, I insisted on it. You know why?

(as the woman stares
up stupidly)

I never liked the idea of getting cigarette ashes in my eyes.

He moves forward, leaving the woman unable to make head or tail of it; and assuming that he's crazy, she shrugs her shoulders and turns her attention to the baby.

Now PETER arrives at his seat, and whistling softly, raises the window. Unhurriedly, he picks the newspaper bundles up one by one and flings them out of the window. They hit the sidewalk below with a dull thud. Thereupon a CLOSE VIEW of the DRIVER shows him reacting violently to Peter's unprecedented cheek, and starting down from his seat.

PETER has now cleared the seat of all the newspaper bundles and still whistling his favorite melody, he picks up his suitcase preparatory to placing it in the rack overhead. At this point, the driver enters the side door of the bus.

DRIVER

(pugnaciously)

Hey, wait a minute!

Peter, his arms holding the suitcase over his head, turns and glances at the driver, a quizzical look in his eyes.

DRIVER

(coming forward)

What do you think you're doing!

PETER

(turning)

Huh?

DRIVER

(bellowing)

The papers! The papers! Whadda you mean throwin' 'em out!

PETER

Oh—the papers—

He slowly lowers his arms and deposits the suitcase on the floor.

PETER

(now seen close,
with the Driver)

That's a long story, my friend.

You see, I don't like sitting on
newspapers. I did once and all the
headlines came off on my white
pants.

DRIVER

Hey, whadda you tryin' to do—kid
me?

PETER

Oh, I wouldn't kid you . On the
level, it actually happened. Nobody
bought a paper that day. They
followed me all over town and read
the news from the seat of my pants.

DRIVER

What're you gonna do about the
papers? Somebody's gotta pick 'em
up.

PETER

(turning to his
suitcase)

It's okay with me. I'm not arguing.

DRIVER

(pugnaciously)

Fresh guy, huh! What you need is a
good sock on the nose.

PETER

(turning back to
him)

Look here, partner. You may not
like my nose. But I do. It's a
good nose. The only one I've got.
I always keep it out in the open
where anybody can take a sock at
it. If you decide to do it, make
sure you don't miss.

During his speech, Ellie enters from the rear and plunks
herself into Peter's seat. Unseen by Peter, she places her
small bag beside her.

DRIVER

(answering Peter;
weakly)
Oh, yeah?

PETER

Now, that's a brilliant answer.
Why didn't I think of it? Our
conversation could have been over
long ago.

DRIVER

Oh, yeah?

PETER

(exhausted)

You win!

Smiling, he turns to sit down. But the smile dies on his face when he finds his place occupied by Ellie, who stares out the window.

PETER

(now at close range,

with Ellie)

Excuse me, lady—

(slowly)—

but that upon which you sit—is

mine.

Ellie glances up at him—then down at her buttocks.

ELLIE

(eyes flashing)

I beg your pardon!

PETER

Now, listen. I'm in a very ugly mood. I put up a stiff battle for that seat. So if it's just the same to you—

(gesturing with

thumb)

scram.

ELLIE

(ignoring him—calling)

Driver!

The driver, who has stopped to witness this new altercation,
returns.

ELLIE

Are those seats reserved?

DRIVER

(pleased to

discomfort Peter)

No. First come, first served.

ELLIE

(dismissing the

whole thing)

Thank you.

(Peter, thwarted

for a moment, just

glares at her)

PETER

(also calling)

Driver!

DRIVER

Yeah?

PETER

These seats accommodate two
passengers, don't they?

DRIVER

(hating to give in)

Maybe they do—and maybe they don't.

Peter lifts Ellie's overnight bag off the seat and drops
it on the floor. Part of her coat covers the small space
by her side. This he sweeps across her lap.

PETER

Move over, lady. This is a "maybe
they do."

He plops into the seat, the other passengers around them
heaving a sigh of relief. Ellie flashes him a devastating
look and deliberately turns her back on him. But Peter
suddenly looks down toward the floor, following which a
CLOSE-UP AT THEIR FEET reveals that Ellie's bag on the
floor annoys Peter. With his foot he slowly moves it over
to her, and Ellie's foot is seen pushing it back, whereupon
Peter viciously kicks it over to her side again. Next we
see Ellie glaring at him, picking up her bag, and standing
on the seat depositing it on the rack overhead. But just
then the bus starts forward with a lurch which unbalances
her, and she falls backward right in Peter's lap. Their
noses almost touch. Their eyes meet, and they glare at
each other hostilely. Ellie quickly scrambles off and gets

back in her seat, turning her back on him.

PETER

(amused)

Next time you drop in, bring your
folks.

This DISSOLVES TO a COUNTRY ROAD, and the bus sways
perilously as it speeds through the night, following which
the VIEW DISSOLVES TO the INTERIOR of the BUS, revealing
Peter slumped in his seat, his hat drawn over his eyes.
Ellie has her head thrown back, trying to sleep. But the
swaying bus causes her head to roll from side to side
uncomfortably, and finally she gives up.

ELLIE

(an order)

Tell that man not to drive so fast.

(at which Peter

just cocks his

head slightly)

PETER

Are you talking to me?

ELLIE

Yes. Tell that man to drive slowly.

Peter stares at her a moment, resenting her officious
manner.

PETER

(pleasantly)

Okay.

And much to her surprise, he sighs deeply and relaxes to his former position, shutting his eyes. She glares at him crushingly.

The scene DISSOLVES TO another VIEW of the BUS, disclosing the driver, and suddenly the bus comes to a stop.

DRIVER

(sticking his head

in to face the

passengers)

Rest station! Ten minutes!

The VIEW DRAWS BACK as some of the passengers rise. The men stretch their legs, and the women straighten out their skirts. A CLOSE VIEW of Peter and Ellie then shows her rising. Peter accommodatingly shoves his feet aside for her to pass, and Ellie starts up the aisle. But she suddenly stops; looks back, first at her bag and then at Peter; decides to take her bag with her, and returns to take it. She reaches for it on the rack, Peter watching her, amused.

The scene DISSOLVES TO the outside of the REST STATION with several passengers walking briskly back and forth. The place is dimly lit by one or two lamp-posts, and Peter can be seen leaning against one of these posts, smoking a cigarette. The scene moving in, a CLOSE VIEW of Peter shows

him stealing a glance in the direction of Ellie. And a VIEW, from his angle, reveals Ellie in the shadow of the bus, her bag at her feet. She slowly turns her head toward Peter and then quickly averts it.

PETER (SEEN CLOSE) speculates about her. He glances around the place, and the scene moves about, following his gaze. It takes in the other passengers, all obviously poor and uncultured. The MOVING VIEW reaches Ellie. The contrast is perceptible. Thereupon, we see Peter reacting with comprehension: No doubt about it! She doesn't belong with these passengers. Then suddenly he sees something which startles him, and we SEE what it is: Directly in back of her, the young hoodlum passenger slyly lifts her overnight bag from the ground and starts running with it. Ellie is oblivious of his actions. PETER springs forward.

Ellie sees Peter coming toward her and is perceptibly startled. But Peter whizzes by her, and this amazes her even more. She shrugs her shoulders, perplexed, and resumes her smoking. In a few seconds Peter returns, puffing breathlessly.

PETER

He got away. I suddenly found myself
in the middle of the brush and not
a sign of the skunk.

ELLIE (seen CLOSE with PETER) doesn't know what he's talking about. She looks at him, puzzled.

ELLIE

I don't know what you're raving
about, young man. And, furthermore,
I'm not interested.

PETER

(taken aback)

Well—of all the—well—

(hard)

Maybe you'll be interested to know
your bag's gone.

At this, Ellie wheels around and stares at the spot where
her bag had been.

ELLIE

Oh, my heavens! It's gone!

PETER

(sarcastically)

Yeah. I knew you'd catch on
eventually.

ELLIE

What happened?

PETER

That cadaverous-looking yegg who
sat in front of us, just up and
took it. Boy, how that baby can
run!

ELLIE

What am I going to do now?

PETER

Don't tell me your ticket was in
it?

ELLIE

(opening her purse)

No, I've got that, all right. But
my money. All I have here is four
dollars. I've got to get to New
York with it.

PETER

You can wire home for some money
when we get to Jacksonville.

ELLIE

Why, no—I—

(catching herself)

Yes . . . I guess I will.

PETER

(starting out)

I'll report it to the driver. About
your bag, I mean.

ELLIE

(quickly)

No. I'd rather you didn't.

PETER

Don't be a fool. You lost your
bag. The company'll make good.
What's your name?

ELLIE

I don't want it reported!

PETER

Why, that's ridiculous! They're
responsible for everything that—

ELLIE

(hotly)

See here, can you understand
English! I don't want it reported!

(she starts away)

Please stay out of my affairs! I
want to be left alone.

(with which she
disappears from
the scene)

A CLOSE-UP of PETER shows him
glaring after her.

PETER

(mumbling)

Why, you ungrateful brat!

The scene DISSOLVES TO the BUS, where all the passengers are scattering back to their seats; Peter is already seated, when Ellie arrives. A CLOSE VIEW then shows her standing uncertainly for a moment, speculating whether to cross over his legs to get her place by the window. Peter feels her presence by his side and glances up. She tosses her head and plants herself in the seat in front of him, vacated by the young man who stole her bag. Peter takes the affront with a shrug and slides over gratefully to the coveted spot near the window.

The scene DISSOLVES TO a CLOSE VIEW of Ellie and a recently arrived fat man next to her. She has her head thrown back in an effort to sleep, but the fat man, his hands clasped over his protruding stomach, snores disgustingly, and the rumble of the flying bus accompanies him. Suddenly the bus careens, the fat man falls against Ellie, and she awakens with a start and pushes him back. The fat man's snoring goes on uninterrupted, and Ellie relaxes again; but in a few seconds the procedure is repeated, and Ellie is beside herself. She looks around for somewhere to flee.

PETER, seated in back of her, in his customary slumped position, opens his eyes slightly. It is apparent he has been watching her for some time, for he grins at her discomfiture. Ellie's head turns in his direction and the grin leaves Peter's face. He shuts his eyes and pretends to be asleep. Ellie glances at Peter to make certain he is asleep. The fat man falls against her again and it is all she can stand. She starts to rise. Peter sees her coming and deliberately puts his hand on the seat next to him,

still pretending to be asleep. Just as Ellie starts to sit, she notices his hand and is embarrassed. Gingerly she picks up his limp hand and places it on his knee. She then slides into the seat, sighing with relief, whereupon Peter opens his eyes and is amused. Slowly his head turns—and he scrutinizes her, soberly and appraisingly. Ellie slowly turns her head for a glimpse of Peter—and is startled to find him gazing at her. She turns forward, her jaw set forbiddingly.

The scene DISSOLVES TO the VIEW of a ROAD. It is dawn, and in the distance, against the horizon, the bus, a mere speck, makes its lone way over the deserted country. This dissolves to a large SIGN, reading "JACKSONVILLE," and then into the BUS affording a CLOSE VIEW of ELLIE and PETER. They are both asleep, her head resting comfortably on his shoulder, Peter's topcoat thrown over her. Then the VIEW draws back. The bus is empty except for Ellie and Peter, the last few passengers are just leaving.

PETER's eyes slowly open. He looks down at the head on his shoulder and grins. With a sigh, he shuts his eyes again and resumes his slumber. Next, at the front of the bus, the DRIVER stands staring at Peter and Ellie in this intimate position and his mouth twists knowingly.

DRIVER

(murmuring)

Oh, yeah?

ELLIE stirs, squirms a little uncomfortably and with a

sleepy grunt shifts her position. Just as she settles down,
her eyes open. She stares out of the window with unseeing
eyes, and then closes them

Dreamily, giving the impression that, still half conscious,
she is trying to recall where she is. Apparently she does,
for her eyes suddenly snap open and she lifts her head.
Finally (in a scene including Peter), Ellie realizes that
she has been sleeping on his shoulder, whereupon she
straightens up, embarrassed.

ELLIE

Oh, I'm sorry—

(FEEBLY SMILING)

Silly, isn't it?

She looks around, and her finding herself alone with Peter
adds to her embarrassment.

ELLIE

Everybody's gone.

She lifts her arms to adjust her hat and becomes conscious
of his coat over her which slips. She stares at it
thoughtfully for a moment—then at Peter.

ELLIE

(realizing that he

put it there)

Oh, thank you.

(she hands him his

coat; ill at ease)

We're in Jacksonville, aren't we?

PETER

Yes.

ELLIE

(nervously)

That was foolish of me. Why didn't
you shove me away?

PETER

I hated to wake you up.

(she glances at him

speculatively)

How about some breakfast?

ELLIE

No, thank you.

(she rises, anxious

to get away)

Thank you so much.

Most uncomfortably, she edges away from him toward the
front of the bus, Peter watching her leave, his interest
definitely provoked.

The scene CUTS TO the STAND as Ellie emerges from the bus.
At the foot of the steps is the driver.

ELLIE

How much time have I?

DRIVER

About a half hour.

ELLIE

I'm going over to the Windsor Hotel.

Peter appears in the door of the bus in the background,
and a CLOSE VIEW then shows him stopping to listen as he
sees Ellie talking to the Driver.

DRIVER'S VOICE

The Windsor! You'll never make it
in time.

ELLIE'S VOICE

You'll have to wait for me.

DRIVER'S VOICE

(aghast)

Wait for you!

A smile flits across Peter's face; then a wider VIEW shows
Ellie leaving the driver.

ELLIE

(as she goes)

Yes. I may be a few minutes late.

She disappears from sight, leaving the driver staring at her, dumbly; and Peter, standing in back of the driver, shakes his head in amazement.

The scene DISSOLVES TO the BUS STAND later that morning—at the same spot where the bus had previously been. It is no longer there, however. A huge crowd fills the space, and the VIEW moving down through the crowd, singles Ellie out. She has just arrived and looks around helplessly. Finally she spots a uniformed terminal guard and approaches him.

ELLIE

(now next to the
Guard)

Where's the bus to New York?

GUARD

Left twenty minutes ago.

ELLIE

Why, that's ridiculous! I was on
that bus—I told them to wait!

GUARD

Sorry, Miss. It's gone.

(and he turns his
back on her)

Ellie's face clouds. The crowds
surge about her. She looks around
thoughtfully. Suddenly her eyes
open in surprise at something she

sees, and the VIEW then moves over
to Peter, who sits on his suitcase,
looking toward Ellie.

PETER

Good morning.

Peter is in the foreground, the GUARD is SEEN in the
background. Ellie stares at Peter, perplexed.

PETER

Remember me? I'm the fellow you
slept on last night.

ELLIE

Seems to me I've already thanked
you for that.

(turning to guard)

What time is the next bus to New
York?

GUARD

(turning)

Eight o'clock tonight.

ELLIE

Eight o'clock! Why, that's twelve
hours!

GUARD

Sorry, Miss.

The Guard leaves the scene, and Ellie's disappointment is apparent.

PETER

(sarcastically)

What's the matter? Wouldn't the
old meanies wait for you?

(Ellie glares at

him, disdaining to

reply—this angers

him, and he

continues hotly)

Say, how old are you anyway? Don't
you know these busses work on a
schedule? You need a guardian.

ELLIE

(starting away)

What are you excited about? You
missed the bus, too.

Peter looks at her a moment before replying.

PETER

(quietly)

Yeah. I missed it, too.

There is a CLOSE VIEW of the two. She turns to him. Her
interest is provoked by his tone of voice. She glances up
into his face.

ELLIE

Don't tell me you did it on my
account!

(pause)

hope you're not getting any idea
that what happened last night is—

(she interrupts
herself)

You needn't concern yourself about
me, young man. I can take care of
myself.

PETER

You're doing a pretty sloppy job
of it.

(he reaches in his
pocket)

Here's your ticket.

ELLIE

(surprised)

My ticket?

PETER

I found it on the seat.

ELLIE

(taking it)

Oh, thank you. Must have fallen
out of my pocket.

While she is putting the ticket away in her purse, Peter speaks:

PETER

You'll never get away with it,

Miss Andrews.

(this is a shock to

Ellie)

ELLIE

(weakly)

What are you talking about?

PETER

Just a spoiled brat of a rich man.

You and Westley'll make an ideal
team.

ELLIE

(bluffing it through)

Will you please tell me what you're
raving about!

PETER

You'll never get away with it,

Miss Andrews. Your father'll stop
you before you get half way to New
York.

ELLIE

You must have me confused with—

PETER

(interrupting)

Quit kidding! It's all over the front pages, You know, I've always been curious about the kind of a girl that would marry King Westley.

He pulls a newspaper out of his pocket and hands it to her. Ellie glances at the headline hurriedly.

PETER

(while she reads)

Take my advice—grab the first bus back to Miami. That guy's a phony.

ELLIE

(looking up at him)

I didn't ask for your advice.

(she hands the paper back)

PETER

That's right. You didn't.

ELLIE

You're not going to notify my father, are you?

PETER

(looking at her

squarely)

What for?

ELLIE

If you play your cards right, you

might get some money out of it.

(a disdainful

expression crosses

his face)

PETER

I never thought of that.

ELLIE

(frantically)

Listen, if you'll promise not to

do it, I'll pay you. I'll pay you

as much as he will. You won't gain

anything by giving me away as long

as I'm willing to make it worth

your while. I've got to get to New

York without being stopped. It's

terribly important to me. I'd pay

now, only the only thing I had

when I jumped off the yacht was my

wrist watch and I had to pawn that

to get these clothes. I'll give

you my address and you can get in

touch with me the minute you get

to New York.

PETER

(furious)

Never mind. You know I had you
pegged right from the start, you're
the spoiled brat of a rich father.

The only way you can get anything
is to buy it. Now you're in a jam
and all you can think of is your
money. It never fails, does it?

Ever hear of the word "Humility"?

No, you wouldn't. I guess it never
occurred to you to just say, "Please
mister, I'm in trouble. Will you
help me?" No; that'd bring you
down off your high horse for a
minute. Let me tell you something;
maybe it'd take a load off your
mind. You don't have to worry about
me. I'm not interested in your
money or your problems. You, King
Westley, your father, you're all a
lot of hooey to me.

He turns his back on her and leaves. A CLOSE-UP of ELLIE
shows her staring after him, her eyes blazing angrily.

In a TELEGRAPH OFFICE, Peter addresses a girl operator as
he drops a telegram on the counter, which she reads.

PETER

(brusquely)

You send telegrams here?

OPERATOR

(recognizing him

apparently,

sarcastically)

I'm just fine thanks, and how are
you?

(reading)

To "Joe Gordon, care of New York
Mail, New York. Am I laughing. The
biggest scoop of the year just
dropped in my lap. I know where
Ellen Andrews is—"

(looking up excitedly)

No, do you really?

PETER

(impatiently)

Go on. Go on send the telegram.

OPERATOR

"How would you like to have the
story, you big tub of—of—"

PETER

Mush. Mush.

OPERATOR

"Tub of mush. Well try and get it.

What I said about never writing
another line for you still goes.
Are you burning? Peter Warne."
Well, that will be \$2.60.

PETER

Send it collect.

OPERATOR

Collect?

PETER

(firmly)

Collect.

As the clerk takes the wire from him, scene FADES OUT.

Part Three The BUS TERMINAL FADES IN. It is night now, and
the rain comes down in torrents. People scurry around to
get into the buses as the voice of an announcer is heard:

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Bus for blah-blah-blah-
blah—Charleston—blah-blah-blah—and
all points North to New York!

This DISSOLVES TO the interior of a BUS, which is
practically filled. Peter is in his seat, reading a
magazine, while Ellie enters hurriedly from the rear door
and starts forward. As she approaches Peter, she hesitates
a second, and deliberately passes him, plunking herself

into a seat in the opposite aisle. Peter turns just as she gets seated. He glances at her indifferently.

A CLOSE VIEW shows Ellie seated next to a man who sits reading a newspaper which covers his face. Her eyes are fixed forward, her lips set adamantly. A CLOSE-UP of the MAN next to Ellie makes it plain that he is a typical drummer. At the moment he is absorbed in a serial story, but suddenly he becomes aware of something at his feet, and without lowering the newspaper, his gaze slowly shifts downward. At this, the VIEW moves down until it reaches Ellie's trim ankles. Her feet beat a regular tattoo on the floor; her extreme agitation is evident. The VIEW MOVES BACK SLOWLY, taking in Ellie's shapely leg as far as the knee. Then we see ELLIE and the DRUMMER as his gaze is still fixed on her leg. Slowly his face breaks into a lascivious grin, he lowers his paper, and turns for a scrutiny of her face. What he sees apparently delights him, for he drops his paper completely—and smiles broadly.

DRUMMER

Hi, sister—All alone? My name's
Shapeley.

(Ellie favors him
with a devastating
look which is wasted
on the drummer)

Might as well get acquainted. It's
gonna be a long trip—gets tiresome
later on. Specially for somebody
like you. You look like you got

class.

(he surveys her
from head to foot)

Yessir! With a capital K.

(he chuckles at his
own sally)

And I'm a guy that knows class
when he sees it, believe you me.

A CLOSE-UP of ELLIE, as Shapeley's voice continues, shows
her glancing back at Peter, expecting him to come to her
rescue.

SHAPELEY'S VOICE

Ask any of the boys. They'll tell
you. Shapeley sure knows how to
pick 'em. Yessir. Shapeley's the
name, and that's the way I like
'em.

Ellie again looks toward Peter. But PETER seems to have
found something of unusual interest in his magazine . . .
and we again SEE the harassed ELLIE and the irrepressible
SHAPELEY, who continues.

SHAPELEY

You made no mistake sitting next
to me.

(confidentially)

Just between us, the kinda muggs
you meet on a hop like this ain't

nothing to write home to the wife
about. You gotta be awful careful
who you hit up with, is what I
always say, and you can't be too
particular, neither. Once when I
was comin' through North Carolina,
I got to gabbin' with a good-lookin'
mama. One of those young ones, you
know, and plenty classy, too. Kinda
struck my fancy. You know how it
is. Well, sir, you could'a knocked
me over with a Mack truck. I was
just warming up when she's yanked
offa the bus. Who do you think she
was? Huh? Might as well give up.
The girl bandit! The one the papers
been writin' about.

(he pulls out a
cigar, and
continues—awed by
the recollection)

Yessir, you coulda knocked me over
with a Mack truck.

(he lights his cigar,
takes a vigorous
puff, and turns to
her again)

What's the matter, sister? You
ain't sayin' much.

ELLIE

(intending to freeze
him)

Seems to me you're doing excellently
without any assistance.

(this however only
brings a guffaw
from the drummer)

SHAPELEY

That's pretty good . . . Well,
shut my big nasty mouth!

A CLOSE-UP shows ELLIE enduring more of this as Shapeley's
voice continues:

SHAPELEY'S VOICE

. . . Looks like you're one up on
me. Nothin' I like better than to
meet a high-class mama that can
snap 'em back at you. 'Cause the
colder they are, the hotter they
get, is what I always say.

Now Ellie and Shapeley are seen together, with Peter seen
in the BACKGROUND.

SHAPELEY

Take this last town I was in. I
run into a dame—not a bad looker,
either—but boy, was she an iceberg!
Every time I opened my kisser she

pulls a ten strike on me. It sure
looked like cold turkey for old
man Shapeley. I sell office
supplies, see? And this hotsy-
totsy lays the damper on me quick.
She don't need a thing—and if she
did she wouldn't buy it from a
fresh mugg like me. Well, says I
to myself—Shapeley, you better go
to work. You're up against a lulu.
Well, I'm here to tell you, sister,
I opened up a line of fast chatter
that had that dame spinnin' like a
Russian dancer. Before I got through
she bought enough stuff to last
the firm a year. And did she put
on an act when I blew town!

Ellie has scarcely listened to him, and has divided her
attention between glancing back at Peter and staring at
Shapeley as if he were insane—none of which bothers
Shapeley. He goes on with his merry chatter, blowing rings
of smoke in the direction of the ceiling.

SHAPELEY

Yessir. When a cold mama gets
hot—boy, how she sizzles! She
kinda cramped my style, though. I
didn't look at a dame for three
towns.

(quickly)

Not that I couldn't. For me it's
always a cinch. I got a much better
chance than the local talent.

(confidentially)

You see, they're kinda leery about
the local talent. Too close to
home. Know what I mean?

ELLIE has now reached the point where she could, without
any compunction, strangle him.

SHAPELEY'S VOICE

(continuing over

this glimpse of

her desperation)

But take a bird like me—it's here
today—and gone tomorrow. And what
happens is nobody's business.

At this time she turns helplessly toward Peter, but we see
PETER being deliberately oblivious of her presence,
following which the three are seen, with Peter in the
BACKGROUND.

SHAPELEY

But I don't go in for that kinda
stuff—much. I like to pick my
fillies. Take you, for instance.
You're my type. No kiddin' sister.
I could go for you in a big way.
"Fun-on-the-side Shapeley" they

call me, and the accent is on the
fun, believe you me.

(this is all Ellie
can stand)

ELLIE

(snappily)

Believe you me, you bore me to
distraction.

(But Shapeley merely throws his head back and emits his
characteristic guffaw)

SHAPELEY

(laughing)

Well, you're two up on me now.

(he holds up two
fingers)

PETER

(approaching them)

Hey, you!

Shapeley's laugh dies down. He looks dumbly up at Peter,
his two fingers still held in mid-air.

SHAPELEY

Huh?

PETER

(indicating his own

seat)

There's a seat over there for you.

SHAPELEY

What's the idea?

PETER

I'd like to sit with my—uh—wife—if
you don't mind.

(at which Shapeley's
face falls)

SHAPELEY

(puzzled)

Wife?

PETER

Yeah. Come on—come on!

SHAPELEY

(rising)

Oh, excuse me.

(edging away)

I was just tryin'—you know—to make
things pleasant.

And smiling sheepishly, he sidles over to Peter's seat,
his two fingers still poised in air. Peter plants himself
next to Ellie and totally ignoring her, opens his magazine,
and resumes his reading. Then Ellie and Peter are SEEN
CLOSE together. She looks up at him.

ELLIE

If you promise not to snap my head
off, I'd like to thank you.

PETER

(without turning)

Forget it. I didn't do it for you.

His voice got on my nerves.

She feels herself crushed, and ventures no further comment
as Peter resumes his interest in his magazine.

A FULL VIEW of the BUS follows, and there is silence for a
while as the bus slows down and comes to a stop. Almost
simultaneously a boy makes his appearance, selling magazines
and candy.

BOY

Here you are, folks.

Candy—popcorn—cigarettes—magazines—

As Ellie and Peter are seen again, she turns and calls to
the boy:

ELLIE

Here, boy!

PETER

(turning to her)

What'd you do? Wire one of your

friends for money?

ELLIE

(rummaging in her
purse)

No. It'd be useless. Father'd get
the wire before they would.

BOY

(as he enters)

Yes, ma'am?

ELLIE

A box of chocolates, please.

PETER

(to the boy)

Never mind, son. She doesn't want
it.

(he gestures with
his thumb for the
boy to leave)

BOY

(puzzled)

But the lady says—

ELLIE

Of course I do. What do you mean—

PETER

(to the boy)

Beat it!

(and the boy,
frightened by his
voice, leaves)

ELLIE

(resentfully)

You have your nerve!

(she starts to rise)

Here, boy—!

Peter snatches the purse out of her hand and takes the money out. Ellie stares at him dumbfounded.

PETER

A dollar sixty! . . . You had four dollars last night! How do you expect to get to New York at the rate you're going?

ELLIE

(vehemently)

That's none of your business.

PETER

(with finality)

You're on a budget from now on.

(He flings her purse back at her and pockets the money)

ELLIE

Now, just a minute—you can't—

PETER

Shut up!

He returns to his magazine, leaving her staring at him petulantly as the scene FADES OUT.

Part Four SOMEWHERE ON THE ROAD at night. This is apparently on the outskirts of a town. Two local policemen and our bus driver stand in the foreground near a police booth. The rain sweeps across their faces as they talk. The passengers in the bus, which stands in the background, stick their heads out, trying to hear what is going on.

FIRST POLICEMAN

You won't be able to pass till
morning.

SECOND POLICEMAN

Not even then, if this keeps up.

Peter approaches the group and is then seen with the officers and the driver.

PETER

What's up?

FIRST POLICEMAN

Bridge washed out—around Dawson.

DRIVER

Looks like we can't go through
till morning.

SECOND POLICEMAN

(his only
contribution)

Not even then, if this keeps up.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Any of your passengers want a place
to sleep—there's an auto camp up
yonder a piece.

PETER

(interested)
Yeah? Where?

FIRST POLICEMAN

(pointing)
Up yonder. See the lights?

PETER

Yeah.

FIRST POLICEMAN

That's it. Dyke's Auto Camp.

PETER

Thanks.

He dashes toward the bus. Then he appears at the side door of the bus.

PETER

(calling)

Hey, Brat—!

(he is about to

enter when he sees

Ellie)

The VIEW moves to the rear door of the bus. Ellie stands on the bottom step.

ELLIE

(haughtily)

Are you talking to me!

PETER

Yeah. Come on—we're stopping here for the night.

He disappears inside the bus through the side door. With an independent toss of her head, Ellie turns and also enters the bus, but through the rear door.

The scene DISSOLVES TO DYKE'S AUTO CAMP. Ellie stands alone on the porch of a small bungalow, sheltered from the rain. Over her head is a sign reading:

OFFICE-Dyke Auto Co.—P. D. Dyke, Prop.

She looks about her restlessly, giving the impression that she has been waiting for someone. Suddenly she is attracted by something and gazes in its direction. Then, as seen by Ellie in a LONG VIEW, there appears, about twenty yards away, a small cabin, lighted on the inside; and from it Peter emerges accompanied by a man—presumably Mr. Dyke. We cannot hear what is being said; from their movements, however, it is apparent that an exchange of money is taking place. Dyke waves his hand in departure and starts toward Ellie. At the same time, Peter calls to her:

PETER

(shouting)

Hey! Come on! We're all set.

(saying which he

enters the cabin)

Ellie hesitates a moment, then starts toward the cabin. Now she is hurrying across the open space. En route she passes Dyke.

DYKE

(as they pass)

Good evening. Hope you and your husband rest comfortably.

Ellie keeps on running, but suddenly she stops dead and looks back at Dyke, following which a CLOSE-UP of ELLIE shows her eyes opening wide with astonishment. Her impulse is to call Dyke back, to make him repeat what he said—to

make certain she heard him correctly. But Dyke is gone, and she turns and glances thoughtfully in the direction of the cabin. Then slowly the corners of her mouth screw up in an attitude of cynicism. So that's it, is it! He has given her no previous evidence of being "on the make"; yet now, with the first opportunity—. Her thoughts, however, are interrupted by Peter's voice:

PETER'S VOICE

Well, Brat—what do you say!

As she doesn't stir, there appears a CLOSE-UP VIEW of PETER standing in the doorway of the cabin, looking toward Ellie.

PETER

(impatiently)

Come on! Come on! What are you
going to do?

Stand there all night?

(he disappears inside)

For a long moment, ELLIE is lost in speculation as to how to proceed. Then, tossing her head defiantly, with her lips set grimly, she starts toward the cabin until she reaches it, stops in the doorway and peers in. As she does this, there is a VIEW OF THE INSIDE of the CABIN, as SEEN BY HER at the door. Except for two cots on either side of the room, a few sticks of cane furniture, a small table upon which stands an oil burner for cooking, the place is barren. At the moment Peter is attaching a clothes line across the center of the room. His suitcase is already

open. And now Ellie steps inside, surveying the place contemptuously. But Peter, with his back to her, is oblivious of her presence; and as he works, he hums his favorite melody. Ellie finally breaks the silence.

ELLIE

(sarcastically)

Darn clever, these Armenians.

PETER

(seen close as he
turns)

Yeah. Yeah, it's a gift.

(but he finishes
his hammering and
turns to his
suitcase)

ELLIE

(seen with Peter)

I just had the unpleasant sensation
of hearing you referred to as my
husband.

PETER

(carelessly)

Oh, I forgot to tell you. I
registered as Mr. and Mrs.

(the matter-of-fact
way in which he
says this causes

her eyebrows to
lift)

ELLIE

Oh, you did? What am I expected to
do—leap for joy?

PETER

I kind of half expected you to
thank me.

ELLIE

Your ego is colossal.

PETER

(blithely)

Yeah. Yeah, not bad. How's your's?

There is silence for a moment, and Peter proceeds with the
unpacking of his suitcase. As she watches him, Ellie's
mood changes from one of anger to that of sarcasm.

ELLIE

(appearing in a
CLOSE-UP, her face
disdainful)

Compared to you, my friend,
Shapeley's an amateur.

(sharply)

Whatever gave you an idea you can
get away with this! You're

positively the most conceited—

PETER'S VOICE

(interrupting)

Hey, wait a minute!

(appearing beside
her)

Let's get something straightened
out right now. If you've any
peculiar ideas that I'm interested
in you, forget it. You're just a
headline to me.

ELLIE

(frightened)

A headline? You're not a newspaper
man, are you?

PETER

Chalk up one for your side. Now
listen, you want to get to King
Westley, don't you? All right,
I'm here to help you. What I want
is your story, exclusive. A day-to-
day account. All about your mad
flight to happiness. I need that
story. Just between you and me
I've got to have it.

ELLIE

Now isn't that just too cute?

There's a brain behind that face
of yours, isn't there? You've got
everything nicely figured out, for
yourself, including this.

PETER

This? Oh, that's a matter of simple
mathematics. These cabins cost two
bucks a night and I'm very sorry
to inform you, wifey dear, but the
family purse won't stand for our
having separate establishments.

(he goes back to
the business of
laying out his
things)

ELLIE

(starting to leave)

Well, thank you. Thank you very
much, but— you've been very kind.

(but the rain outside
causes her to
hesitate)

PETER

Oh, yeah? It's all right with me.
Go on out in the storm, but I'm
going to follow you, see? Yeah.
And if you get tough I'll just
have to turn you over to your old

man right now. Savvy? Now that's
my whole plot in a nutshell. A
simple story for simple people.
Now if you behave yourself, I'll
see that you get to King Westley;
if not, I'll just have to spill
the beans to papa. Now which of
these beds do you prefer? This
one? All right.

While he speaks he has taken the extra blanket from the
cot and hung it over the clothes line. This manages to
divide the room in half.

A CLOSE VIEW at the door shows Ellie watching him with
interest.

ELLIE

(sarcastically)

That, I suppose, makes
everything—uh—quite all right.

PETER

(the previous scene
returning)

Oh, this?—I like privacy when I
retire. I'm very delicate in that
respect. Prying eyes annoy me.

(he has the blanket
spread out now)

Behold the walls of Jericho![4]

Maybe not as thick as the ones
that Joshua blew down with his
trumpet, but a lot safer. You see,
I have no trumpet.

(taking out pajamas)

Now just to show you my heart's in
the right place, I'll give you my
best pair of pajamas.

He flings them over to her, and she catches them and throws
them on her cot. Throughout the scene she hasn't budged
from the door, but Peter now prepares to undress.

PETER

Do you mind joining the Israelites?

ELLIE

You're not really serious about
this, are you?

PETER

(seen at close range,
going about the
job of undressing
very diffidently)

All right, don't join the
Israelites. Perhaps you're
interested in how a man undresses.

(and he hangs his
coat over the chair)

Funny thing about that. Quite a

study in psychology. No two men do
it alike.

(now his shirt is
coming off)

A CLOSE VIEW of ELLIE shows her standing stubbornly.

PETER'S VOICE

I once knew a chap who kept his
hat on until he was completely
undressed.

(chuckling)

Made a comical picture . . .

As the scene includes both of them, Peter spreads his shirt
over his coat.

PETER

Years later his secret came out.

He wore a toupee.

He lights a cigarette diffidently while she remains brazenly
watching him, her eyes flashing defiantly.

PETER

I have an idiosyncrasy all my own.

You'll notice my coat came
first—then the tie—then the
shirt—now, according to Hoyle,[5]
the pants should come next. But
that's where I'm different.

(he bends over)

go for the shoes first. After that

I—

ELLIE

(unable to stand it

any longer)

Smart aleck!

And thoroughly exasperated, she goes behind the blanket, and plops on the cot. She sits on the edge, debating what to do, feeling herself trapped. Her impulse is to leave, if only to show this smart aleck he's not dealing with a child, and she rises impetuously and moves to the window.

A CLOSE VIEW at the WINDOW shows her looking out. The downpour has not abated one bit, and the heavy raindrops clatter against the window pane in a sort of challenge to Ellie, whose jaw drops. She turns slowly back to the room, and as she does so her eyes light on the cot. It looks most inviting; after all, she hasn't had any rest for two nights. She falls on the cot again, her shoulders sagging wearily. Following this, the VIEW reveals both sides of the blanket. Peter is already in his pajamas.

PETER

Still with me, Brat?

(there is no answer

from Ellie)

Don't be a sucker. A night's rest'll

do you a lot of good. Besides,

you've got nothing to worry about.

The Walls of Jericho will protect
you from the big bad wolf.

A CLOSE VIEW shows ELLIE glancing over at the blanket.
Despite herself, the suggestion of a smile flits across
her face.

ELLIE

You haven't got a trumpet by any
chance, have you?

PETER gets the idea and smiles broadly.

PETER

Not even a mouth organ.

Pulling the covers back, he prepares to get into bed,
humming as he does so.

PETER

(humming to himself)

Who's afraid of the big bad wolf—
The big bad wolf, the big bad wolf.

(louder)

She's afraid of the big bad wolf,
Tra-la-la-la-la—

(he springs into
bed)

Ellie smiles, and wearily she pulls her hat off her head.

She sits this way a moment, thoughtfully; then, determined, she looks up.

ELLIE

Do you mind putting out the light?

PETER

Not at all.

(He leans over and
snaps it off)

The room is thrown into darkness except for a stream of light coming in the window from the night-light outside the camp. Visible are Peter's face and arms as he stares ceilingward, while on Ellie's side all we can see of her is her silhouette, except for such times as she gets in direct line with the window. There are glimpses of her as she moves around in the process of undressing, and we see, or rather sense, her dress dropping to the floor. She now stands in her chemise; this being white silk, it stands out more prominently against the darkness. She picks up the pajamas and backs into a corner, following which a CLOSE-UP of her head and shoulders shows her glancing apprehensively toward Peter's side of the room; and holding the pajamas in front of her with one hand, with the other she slips the strap off her shoulders. She flings her "slip" over the blanket.

PETER, on his side of the room, looks toward the blanket, and reacts to the "slip" coming into sight. Then other undergarments join the "slip" on the blanket.

PETER

(hoarsely)

Do you mind taking those things
off the Walls of Jericho?

(a pause)

It's tough enough as it is.

ELLIE'S VOICE

Oh, excuse me.

(and we see the
underthings flipped
off the blanket.)

Ellie's side of the room appears, showing her crawling quickly into bed, pulling the covers over her and glancing apprehensively in Peter's direction—following which a CLOSE VIEW shows PETER being very conscious of her proximity. The situation is delicate and dangerous; the room is a tingle with sex. He turns his gaze toward the blanket. The VIEW moves to the BLANKET, remaining on it a moment. It is a frail barrier. The VIEW then moves back to Peter, whose eyes are still on the blanket, his face expressionless. A CLOSE VIEW of ELLIE, next shows that she, too, has her eyes glued on the blanket, a little fearfully. She turns her head and gazes at the ceiling for a moment. Then suddenly her eyes widen—and she sits up abruptly.

ELLIE'S VOICE

(seriously)

Oh, by the way—what's your name?

PETER

(seen close; turning
his head toward
her)

What's that?

ELLIE

(both sides of the
blanket coming
into VIEW)

Who are you?

PETER

Who, me? Why, I'm the whippoorwill
that cries in the night. I'm the
soft morning breeze that caresses
your lovely face.

ELLIE

(interrupting)

You've got a name, haven't you?

PETER

Yeah. I got a name. Peter Warne.

ELLIE

Peter Warne? I don't like it.

PETER

Don't let it bother you. You're

giving it back to me in the morning.

ELLIE

(flopping back on

her pillow as she

mumbles)

Pleased to meet you, Mr. Warne ...

PETER

The pleasure is all mine.

There is silence between them for a few seconds.

PETER

I've been thinking about you.

ELLIE'S VOICE

Yes?

PETER

You've had a pretty tough break at

that. Twice a Missus and still

unkissed.

Ellie doesn't like the implication, and glares in his
direction as Peter's voice continues:

PETER'S VOICE

(meaningly)

I'll bet you're in an awful hurry

to get back to New York, aren't

you?

ELLIE

(hard)

Goodnight, Mr. Warne.

(she turns over)

PETER

Goodnight.

He also turns his head toward the wall, and the scene FADES OUT.

Part Five A LONG VIEW of the SKY, in the early morning, FADES IN. In the dim distance there is a speck, which, as it comes nearer, turns out to be an airplane. The drone of its MOTORS becomes LOUDER and LOUDER. Then the VIEW CUTS TO the CONTROL COCKPIT of the PLANE revealing TWO PILOTS.

FIRST PILOT

(shouting to other)

The old man's screwy!

SECOND PILOT

(who can't hear him)

What's 'at?

FIRST PILOT

(louder)

I said, the old man's screwy!

SECOND PILOT

(nodding his head
in agreement)

Yeah!

FIRST PILOT

(cupping his mouth)

The dame's too smart for him.

SECOND PILOT

(nodding again,
then leaning over)

How'd you like to be married to a
wild cat like that?

The First Pilot grimaces in disgust, grabs his nose between his fingers, and goes through the motion of ducking under water. And as they both laugh, the scene CUTS TO the CABIN of the plane, a privately built plane which has all the equipment of a passenger ship. Andrews and one of his secretaries, a conservative-appearing man of middle age, lean over a table. This being a closed cabin, the roar of the motors scarcely interferes with the dialogue.

SECRETARY

Here's another wire, sir. This
one's from Charleston.

(as there is a CLOSE
VIEW of the two)

"Checking every northbound train.
Also assigned twenty operatives to

watch main highways. No success
yet. Will continue to do everything
possible." Signed: Lovington
Detective Agency, Charleston.

ANDREWS

Any others?

SECRETARY

Yessir.

(holding up stack
of wires)

There's a report here from every
State along the East coast. Want
to hear them?

ANDREWS

(impatiently)

What do they say?

SECRETARY

They're practically all the same,
sir.

(he shrugs his
shoulders to
indicate there is
no news)

ANDREWS

(muttering)

Amateurs!

SECRETARY

They're the finest detective agency
in the country, sir.

Andrews doesn't answer him. He puffs furiously on his cigar,
glances out of the window, and turns irritably to a phone
by his side. He snaps up the receiver and presses a button,
following which the scene CUTS TO the CONTROL COCKPIT,
where a light flashes on the instrument board, and the
pilot picks up the receiver.

PILOT

Yes, sir?

ANDREWS

(seen in the cabin)

I thought I made it clear I was in
a hurry to get to New York?

(bellowing)

What are we crawling for!

In the control cockpit, the pilot reacts to the complaint
and glances at his speed indicator. We then see the SPEED
INDICATOR registering 180 miles an hour. The pilot looks
aghast.

PILOT

(yelling into phone)

We've got her wide open, sir.

ANDREWS

(irascibly)

Well, step on it! Step on it!

He bangs up the receiver and stares moodily out of the window. It is plain that he is worried. The VIEW then includes his secretary, Henderson.

HENDERSON

I hope she's all right, sir.

ANDREWS

(sharply)

Of course she's all right. What do you think can happen!

HENDERSON

(intimidated)

Nothing, sir!

ANDREWS

Then shut up about it!

Thereupon the VIEW CUTS TO a CLOSE-UP of an airplane motor in rapid motion, and this DISSOLVES TO the AUTO CAMP CABIN next morning, a CLOSE VIEW showing ELLIE peacefully sleeping. But the drone of the plane overhead disturbs her, and she moves restlessly.

ELLIE

(murmuring in her

sleep)

Darn planes—

She squirms around uncomfortably, and finding it impossible to resume her slumber, opens her eyes. The sun pouring in through the window causes her to squint. She sits up and stares outside, puzzled. Then remembering where she is she looks toward the other side of the cabin, listening for some sign of life. But there is none and she relaxes. She falls back on the pillow, pulling the covers over her.

Now PETER enters from the outside with an armful of foodstuffs, which he dumps on the table. He looks toward Ellie.

PETER

Hey—you not up yet? Come on—come on!

ELLIE'S VOICE

What time is it?

PETER

Eight o'clock.

He goes to the blanket which hangs between the two cots and throws something over it to Ellie.

PETER

Here—

ELLIE

(catching the package)

What is it?

(opening the package)

Why, it's a toothbrush! Thanks.

(noticing her dress

hanging freshly

pressed)

You—you had it pressed.

PETER

(getting things

ready for breakfast)

Come on! Hurry up! Breakfast'll be
ready in no time.

ELLIE

Why, you sweet thing, you. Where'd
you get it pressed?

(at this the VIEW

moves with him and

he goes to the

blanket)

PETER

Listen, Brat—I'm going to count to
ten. If you're not out of bed by
then I'm going to yank you out
myself.

A CLOSE VIEW of ELLIE shows her being stubborn, but alarmed.

PETER'S VOICE

(counting quickly)

ONE—TWO—THREE—FOUR—FIVE

ELLIE

(panic-stricken)

Why, you bully. I believe you would.

PETER'S VOICE

—six—seven—eight—nine—

ELLIE

(screaming)

I'm out! I'm out!

And she jumps out of bed, throwing the cover around herself,
following which Peter is SEEN going back to the table.

PETER

You'll find the showers—and
things—right back of the second
cottage.

(at this Ellie sticks
her head over the
blanket)

ELLIE

(aghast)

Outside!

PETER

Certainly, outside. All the best
homes have 'em outside.

ELLIE

I can't go out like this.

PETER

Like what?

ELLIE

Like this. I have no robe.

PETER

Here—take mine.

He flings his robe over to her, and she disappears behind
the blanket.

PETER

But make it snappy.

Now Ellie has got into his robe, and appears on his side.
The robe is too large for her and she makes a comical
figure. As she enters, she tries to maintain her customary
dignity.

ELLIE

(dignifiedly)

Where'd you say the showers—and
things—were?

(Peter turns; when
he sees her he
laughs)

PETER
(appraisingly)
Hey—you're little, aren't you?

ELLIE
Where is the shower?

PETER
Your hair's cute like that. You
should never comb it.

ELLIE
(leaving haughtily)
I'll find it myself.

She slams the door viciously, but Peter rushes over to the window to watch her; and as VIEWED by him, Ellie appears next walking to the showers outside the cabin. She holds her head high and struggles valiantly to maintain as much dignity as she can muster under the circumstances. Then in the cabin, at the window, Peter watching Ellie, chuckles at her, shaking his head in amusement. He starts toward the table, and the scene CUTS TO a moving VIEW outside the cabins, with Ellie walking past several cottages on her way to the showers. Several people stop to stare at her until she reaches her destination. There are two wooden shacks adjoining, each having a sign on them; one reads,

"Showers—Men"—the other, "Showers—Women." In front of the women's shower there are several unappetizing-looking fat women waiting, and with them is a small girl. Ellie crosses over to the women's shower and disappears inside, the waiting women staring at her, puzzled. A moment elapses and Ellie backs out, being pushed by a woman, part of whose naked body is visible, and whose voice is heard in protest:

WOMAN

Can't a body have some privacy
around here?

The women who are waiting chuckle at Ellie's embarrassment as she stands aside. They certainly are making a monkey out of her decorum. The little girl keeps eyeing Ellie, fascinated.

LITTLE GIRL

(pointing)
Don't she look funny, Mama?

Ellie, wheeling on the little girl, crushes her with a devastating look, so that the little girl cringes against her mother's skirt. Ellie goes to the end of the line to await her turn, following which CLOSE-UPS show the LITTLE GIRL slowly turning her head to look at Ellie, and ELLIE noticing the little girl staring at her, whereupon Ellie sticks her tongue out at her. And, in a scene which includes both, the little girl retaliates by sticking her tongue out also.

This DISSOLVES TO a VIEW of ELLIE coming out of the showers.

At the same time Shapeley comes out of the men's shower,
and upon seeing Ellie, his face lights up.

SHAPELEY

Hello, sister.

Ellie ignores him, and walks toward her cabin. But Shapeley
falls into step with her.

SHAPELEY

Sorry about last night. Didn't
know you were married to that guy.
Shoulda told me about it right
off.

(he chuckles)

There I was, gettin' myself all
primed for a killin', and you turn
out to be an old married woman.

The scene CUTS TO the door of PETER'S CABIN as Peter comes
out, stands in the doorway, and is surprised to see Ellie
and Shapeley, who are then SEEN (FROM HIS ANGLE) talking.
Thereupon PETER is seen again as his lip curls up a little
jealously; he returns to the cabin, following which we
again see Ellie and Shapeley walking. He notices the robe
she is wearing, and he looks down toward her feet, the
VIEW moving down to show Ellie's legs and feet. The pajama
legs are seen protruding below the robe, the cuffs of which
she has turned up. Then the VIEW moving back up to Ellie
and Shapeley, he lifts her robe playfully.

SHAPELEY

Hey, what's this? Wearing Papa's
things? Now that's cute. That's
what I call real lovey-dovey.
Yessir.

ELLIE

(stopping—her eyes
blazing)
If you don't get out of here, I'll
slap that fresh mouth of yours.

SHAPELEY

(startled)
Sorry—I didn't mean to—

ELLIE

(sharply)
Get out!

SHAPELEY

Okay. I was just trying to make
conversation.

Ellie leaves him abruptly, and the scene CUTS TO the CABIN,
where Peter is now busy setting the small table. Ellie
enters after a moment, while Peter has his back to the
door.

PETER

(without turning)

High time you got back.

ELLIE

I met some very interesting women
at the showers. We got to chatting
about this and that. You know how
time flies.

She disappears behind the blanket, following which we see
Peter's side of the cabin, while Ellie's voice continues
from behind the blanket.

ELLIE'S VOICE

We must come back to this place
often. You meet the nicest people!

Her head bobs up over the blanket now and again as she
dresses.

ELLIE

I saw the little Pussinfoos girl.
She's turned out quite a charming
creature.

Peter ignores her chatter, except for an annoyed glance
once in a while.

ELLIE

Very outspoken, too. Said I looked
funny. Wasn't that cute?

PETER

Hurry up and get dressed.

ELLIE

(sticking her head
over blanket)

Why, Peter! Don't you want to hear
about our lovely friends?

PETER

If you didn't waste so much time
on that wise-cracking drummer—we'd
have been through with breakfast
by this time.

A CLOSE VIEW shows ELLIE in the process of buttoning her dress. She looks up, having recognized a tinge of jealousy in his voice, which intrigues her. She starts to the other side of the blanket. Then we see her joining Peter in his part of the cabin.

ELLIE

Well, I hope you're not going to
dictate whom I can talk to.

PETER

I know a couple of truck drivers
I'd like to have you meet sometime.

(setting a plate
for her)

Come on, sit down.

ELLIE

Thank you.

(sitting down to
the table; referring
to the food)

My, my! Scrambled eggs.

PETER

Egg. One egg—doughnuts—black coffee.

That's your ration till lunch. Any
complaints?

ELLIE

(cheerily)

Nope. No complaints.

PETER

I'd have gotten you some cream but
it meant buying a whole pint.

ELLIE

("sweetly")

Why, you don't have to apologize,
Mr. Warne. You'll never know how
much I appreciate all this.

PETER

(gruffly)

What makes you so disgustingly

cheerful this morning?

ELLIE

Must be the Spring.

PETER

I thought maybe—uh—"believe you
me" told you a couple of snappy
stories.

ELLIE

He apologized for last night.

(carelessly)

Said he didn't know we were married.

PETER

(passing her a
doughnut)

Just shows you how wrong a guy can
be. Doughnut?

ELLIE

Thanks.

(embarrassed)

You think this whole business is
silly, don't you? I mean running
away and everything.

PETER

(easily)

No. No. It's too good a story.

ELLIE

Yes, you do. You think I'm a fool
and a spoiled brat. Perhaps I am,
although I don't see how I can be.
People who are spoiled are
accustomed to having their own
way. I never have. On the contrary,
I've always been told what to do
and how to do it and where and
with whom. Would you believe it?
This is the first time I've ever
been alone with a man!

PETER

Yeah?

ELLIE

It's a wonder I'm not panic
stricken.

PETER

Um. You're doing all right.

ELLIE

Thanks. Nurses, governesses,
chaperones, even body-guards. Oh,
it's been a lot of fun.

PETER

One consolation; you can never be

lonesome.

ELLIE

It has its moments. It got to be a
sort of game to try to outwit
father's detectives. I—I did it
once; actually went shopping without
a body-guard. It was swell. I felt
absolutely immoral. But it didn't
last long. They caught up with me
in a department store. I was so
mad I ran out the back way and
jumped into the first car I saw.
Guess who was in it?

PETER

Santa Claus?

ELLIE

King—King Westley was in it.

PETER

Oh. Is that how you met him?

ELLIE

Um-hm. We rode around all afternoon.
Father was frantic. By 6 o'clock
he was having all the rivers
dragged.

(she has been
"dunking" her

doughnut throughout
this, Peter watching
her)

PETER

Say, where did you learn to dunk,
in finishing school?

ELLIE

(indignantly)

Aw, now, don't you start telling
me I shouldn't dunk.

PETER

Of course you shouldn't. You don't
know how to do it. Dunking's an
art. Don't let it soak so long. A
dip and plop, into your mouth. If
you let it soak so long, it'll get
soft and fall off. It's all a matter
of timing. I ought to write a book
about it.

ELLIE

Thanks, professor.

PETER

Just goes to show you. Twenty
millions and you don't know how to
dunk.

ELLIE

I'd change places with a plumber's
daughter any day.

But before he can answer, they are interrupted by voices
directly outside their window, and the VIEW MOVES WITH
PETER as he goes to the door, which he opens slightly.
Thereupon Dyke is SEEN in conversation with two men outside
the CABIN.

DYKE

(protesting loudly)

You can't go around bothering my
tenants. I tell you, there's no
girl by that name here. Besides,
how do I know you're detectives?

FIRST DETECTIVE

Show him your credentials, Mac.
I'll look around.

At this, Peter closes the door and turns to Ellie.

PETER

Detectives!

ELLIE

(petrified)

That's Father at work, What'll I
do?

(appealingly, to

him)

Peter, what'll I do?

PETER

Don't look at me. I didn't marry

King Westley.

Ellie runs around the room picking up her stuff and murmuring, "Oh, my goodness!" She reaches the window.

ELLIE

(now seen close, at

the window)

Maybe I could jump out of the window.

(tremulously)

Do you think they'd see me?

PETER'S VOICE

(suddenly)

Come here, you little fool!

She starts toward him. We then see him plunking her in a chair:

PETER

Sit down!

He rumples her hair and sticks a few hairpins in her mouth. He now stands aside and deliberately talks loud enough to be heard outside.

PETER

(practically shouting)

Yeah. I got a letter from Aunt
Betty. She says if we don't stop
over at Wilkes-Barre she'll never
forgive us.

ELLIE

(a CLOSE-UP showing

her staring at him

in bewilderment)

What are you talking about?

At this, Peter rushes over to her and clamps his hand over
her mouth.

PETER

(with his hand over

her mouth)

The baby is due next month—and
they want us to come.

Ellie looks up at him, and realizes what he's doing, she
nods to him that it's all right, whereupon he removes his
hand from her mouth. And now one of the detectives
approaches the FRONT DOOR of the cabin. When he hears
Peter's voice, he stops to listen.

PETER'S VOICE

She says she saw your sister Ethel

the other day, and she's looking
swell.

The detective knocks on the door. At this we again see
inside of the cabin as Peter whispers to Ellie to say "Come
in."

ELLIE
(calling)
Come in!

The moment she does, Peter rushes behind the hanging
blanket. He has his head stuck over it, waiting for the
detective to enter, and the moment the door opens Peter
ducks. The detective takes a step inside the room.

PETER'S VOICE
(from behind blanket)
I hope Aunt Betty has a boy, don't
you? She's always wanted a boy. I
think we'll stop over in Wilkes-
Barre this trip, darling. Give the
family a treat.

A CLOSE VIEW shows Ellie and the detective. They have been
staring at each other.

ELLIE
(very sweet, calling
to Peter)
There's a man here to see you,

Sweetheart.

PETER'S VOICE

Who—me?

(appearing from
behind the blankets;
pleasantly)

Want to see me?

DETECTIVE

(who hasn't taken
his eyes off Ellie)

What's your name?

ELLIE

(innocently)

Are you addressing me?

DETECTIVE

Yeah. What's your name?

PETER

(stepping in front
of him)

Hey, wait a minute! You're talking
to my wife! You can't walk in here
and—what do you want, anyway?

DETECTIVE

We're looking for somebody.

PETER

Well, look your head off—but don't
come bustin' in here. This isn't a
public park.

While Peter has been speaking, the second detective and
Dyke have entered. They walk over to Peter, the First
Detective, and Ellie.

PETER

I got a good mind to sock you right
in the nose.

FIRST DETECTIVE

Take it easy, son. Take it easy.

SECOND DETECTIVE

(crowding forward)

What's up?

The Second Detective's eyes fall on Ellie and he stops to
stare at her suspiciously. He takes a photograph out of
his pocket which he inspects.

DYKE

(explains)

These men are detectives, Mr. Warne.

PETER

(shouting)

I wouldn't care if they were the

whole police department. They can't
come in here and start shooting
questions at my wife!

ELLIE

(appearing very
domestic)

Don't get excited, Peter. They
just asked a civil question.

PETER

(turning on her;
very sarcastic)

There you go again! How many times
did I tell you to stop butting in
when I have an argument?

ELLIE

(sharply; entering
into the spirit of
the pretense)

Well, you don't have to lose your
temper!

PETER

(mimicking her)

You don't have to lose your temper!

(in his own voice)

That's what you told me the last
time too. Every time I step in to
protect you. At the Elk's dance[7]

when that big Swede made a pass at
you—

ELLIE

He didn't make a pass at me! I
told you a million times!

The two detectives and Dyke are seen watching the other
two, who are now out of sight.

PETER'S VOICE

(screaming)

Oh, no! I saw him! He kept pawing
you all over the dance floor!

ELLIE'S VOICE

He didn't! You were drunk!

PETER

(now seen with Ellie)

Oh, so now I was drunk!

ELLIE

Well, you were!

PETER

I'm sorry I didn't take another
sock at him.

ELLIE

Yeah, and gotten yourself arrested!

PETER

Aw, nuts! You're just like your
old man! Once a plumber always a
plumber! There isn't an ounce of
brains in your whole family!

ELLIE

(starting to cry)

Peter Warne, you've gone far enough.
I won't stand being insulted like
this another minute.

Ellie goes over to her cot, and starts picking up her hat
and things, whereupon Dyke, very much affected, turns to
the detectives.

DYKE

Now look what you've done!

FIRST DETECTIVE

(apologetically)

Sorry, Mr. Warne. But you see,
we're supposed to check up on
everybody.

SECOND DETECTIVE

We're looking for a girl by the
name of Ellen Andrews. You know—the
daughter of the big Wall Street
mug.

A CLOSE-UP of ELLIE appears as their voices are heard.

FIRST DETECTIVE'S VOICE

Your wife sure looks like her.

Don't she, Mac?

SECOND DETECTIVE'S VOICE

She sure does.

PETER

(the entire group

coming into VIEW)

Well, I hope you find her.

(to Ellie)

Quit bawling! Quit bawling!

The detectives start out, accompanied by Dyke, who is still concerned about the disturbing of his tenants. As they disappear out the door, we HEAR Dyke's voice:

DYKE'S VOICE

I told you they were a perfectly
nice married couple.

Their voices die. Peter stands in the middle of the room watching them go. From her side, where she has been stalling, Ellie peers out of the window until the detectives vanish. She starts toward Peter. Then they appear together, both staring out until the detectives are well out of sight. Finally, Peter closes the door and turns to her.

PETER

(seriously)

It'll be a dirty trick on Aunt
Betty if it turns out to be a girl
after all.

This brings laughter from them both. But Peter suddenly
sobers, and he looks at her thoughtfully.

PETER

Say, you were pretty good. Jumping
in like that. Got a brain, haven't
you?

ELLIE

You weren't so bad yourself.

PETER

We could start a two-person stock
company. If things get tough—we
can play some small town
auditoriums. We'll call this one
"The Great Deception." [8]

ELLIE

Next week "East Lynne."

PETER

After that "The Three Musketeers."
(he strikes a pose)

I'd make a great D'Artagnan.

ELLIE

How about Cinderella—or a real hot love story?

PETER

No mushy stuff. I'm running this troupe.

ELLIE

(fighting)

Oh, you are! Who made you the manager?

PETER

I did! It was my idea, wasn't it?

ELLIE

You always want to run everything.

PETER

If you don't like it, you can resign from the company.

ELLIE

I refuse to resign!

PETER

Then I'll fire you. I'll do all the parts myself.

They are interrupted by the door being flung open. Dyke sticks his head in the door.

DYKE

Your bus leaves in five minutes.

PETER

Holy jumping—! We haven't started
to pack yet!

And they both scurry around, throwing things carelessly
into Peter's suitcase, as the scene fades out.

Part Six GORDON'S OFFICE FADES IN, and Gordon is at his
desk as his secretary enters.

SECRETARY

Here's another wire from Peter
Warne.

GORDON

Throw it in the basket.

(as the secretary
starts to do so)

What's it say?

(reading)

"Have I got a story! It's getting
hotter and hotter. Hope you're the
same."

Gordon snatches the wire out of her hand and tears it viciously into bits.

GORDON

Collect?

SECRETARY

Yes.

GORDON

Don't accept any more.

The scene DISSOLVES TO ANDREWS' NEW YORK OFFICE—a richly appointed place, awe-inspiring in its dignified furnishings, which shriek of wealth. Andrews paces back and forth in back of his desk. Sitting before him is a man of fifty, with very rugged features. He is Lovington, head of the detective agency bearing his name. When the scene opens, Andrews is holding forth:

ANDREWS

Three days! Three whole days! And
what have you accomplished!—

(IN A CLOSE VIEW AT THE DESK)

All you've shown me is a stack of feeble reports from those comical detectives of yours. I want action, Lovington!

LOVINGTON

We can't do the impossible, Mr.

Andrews.

ANDREWS

What I'm asking isn't impossible.

My daughter is somewhere between
here and Miami. I want her found!

LOVINGTON

I've put extra men on, all along
the way.

ANDREWS

It's not enough!

(suddenly)

Are you certain she's not with
King Westley?

LOVINGTON

No. He's been trailed twenty-four
hours a day since this thing
started. He can't even get a phone
call we don't know about.

ANDREWS

(who has been
pressing several
buttons on his
desk)

I'm worried, Lovington. After all,
something might have happened to
her.

(he is interrupted
by the entrance of
several employees)

ONE OF THEM

Yessir?

ANDREWS

(seeing them)

Oh, Clark—want you to arrange for
a radio broadcast—right away—coast
to coast hook-up! Offer a reward
of ten thousand dollars for any
information leading to her
whereabouts.

CLARK

(leaving)

Yessir.

ANDREWS

Brown—

BROWN

Yessir?

ANDREWS

Send the story out to the
newspapers.

(he rips a picture
of Ellie on the

desk out of its

frame)

Some of the out of town papers may
not have a picture of her. Here—wire
this to them—I want it to break
right away.

As he hands the picture to Brown, the VIEW moves in to a
CLOSE-UP of the PICTURE which dissolves to a CLOSE-UP of
the same PICTURE in a NEWSPAPER, and as the VIEW draws
slowly back we see the headline over it, which reads

"DAUGHTER OF BANKER DISAPPEARS TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD"

The VIEW THEN DRAWS BACK to reveal SHAPELEY reading the
newspaper. He stares long and absorbedly at the picture.
Then slowly he turns his head toward the rear of the bus,
and the VIEW following his gaze passes a group of men
singing "The Man On the Flying Trapeze." They are huddled
together, and accompanied by a man who plays a guitar.
Then the VIEW CONTINUES MOVING until it reaches Peter and
Ellie who join in the song, and a CLOSE-UP of ELLIE shows
her eyes sparkling as she sings gaily.

SHAPELEY looks back at Ellie, and apparently comes to the
conclusion that his suspicions are correct, for he quickly
folds the newspaper, casting a surreptitious glance around
to make certain he is not being watched. A diabolical smirk
spreads over his face.

A FULL VIEW of the interior of the bus shows most of the

occupants joining in the fun, singing. They seem unmindful of the discomfiture caused by the rocking of the bus, which throws them against each other. Then the VIEW draws in to a front seat in which sit a woman and a small boy of ten. The woman's face is haggard and she sways uncertainly, her eyes half closed. Her small son's frightened face peers up at her.

BOY

(in a trembling
voice)

What'sa matter, Ma? Don't you feel
all right?

The woman struggles valiantly to recover her composure. She presses her son's small hand in a feeble effort at assurance.

A CLOSE VIEW of Ellie and Peter shows ELLIE singing more boisterously than the rest, doing the comical song with exaggerated gestures. But suddenly her face clouds, at something she SEES.

ELLIE

(touching Peter's
arm)

Peter!

(as he turns)

There's something the matter with
that woman. She looks ill.

Peter follows her gaze, whereupon we see the WOMAN. Her head rolls weakly, a pained expression on her face.

ELLIE

(again seen with

Peter;

sympathetically)

I better go over and see her.

PETER

Don't be silly. Nothing you can

do. Must be tough on an old woman—a

trip like this.

ELLIE

(worried)

Yes.

We SEE the OTHER PASSENGERS around Ellie and Peter enjoying themselves. One of them pokes her.

MAN

Hey, Galli-Curci,[9] come on—get

onto it!

(poking Peter)

You, too, McCormack.

Ellie and Peter snap into it; they are just in time for the long wail which precedes the chorus:

ELLIE AND PETER

(singing)

"O-o-o-oh—He flies through the air
with the
greatest of ease—
This daring young man on the flying
trapeze—"

At this the scene CUTS TO the ROAD. The bus is caught in a muddy road, full of ruts, and at the moment wavers dangerously at an angle. The left front wheel is stuck in a deep hole, and the engine roars and clatters as the driver feeds the gas. Finally the bus moves forward, extricating the wheel; but just as it does, the right front wheel falls into another mud hole on the other side, and this time the bus seems hopelessly stuck, a CLOSE-UP of the RIGHT WHEEL showing it revolving desperately, but in vain. The mud splashes in all directions, and the wheel seems to sink deeper and deeper. Thereupon this VIEW CUTS TO the inside of the BUS. The bus is tilted over at an extreme angle, which has thrown Ellie into a corner on the floor, where she now crouches in an undignified position. She looks like a turtle, her head being invisible.

ELLIE

(sticking her head
out)

Thank the man for me, Peter. This
is the first comfortable position
I've had all night.

Peter, amused, is assisting her to her feet. The guitarist

has continued his playing uninterrupted, and as Peter lifts Ellie, he sings:

PETER

(singing)

"She flies through the air with
the greatest of ease.
This darin' young maid on the flying
trapeze—

(GRUNTING)

Her movements are graceful—all men
does she please—"

A CLOSE VIEW of the WOMAN and the LITTLE BOY now shows the latter terrifiedly watching his mother, whose head sags wearily. Finally she topples forward in a swoon.

BOY

(with a moan)

Ma! Ma! What'sa matter with you?

(tears stream down

his cheeks)

Somebody help me! Somethin's
happened to her!

The MUSIC STOPS abruptly. Everyone looks up, startled. Ellie starts forward, followed by Peter. Passengers closely group around the woman and chatter. "She's fainted. Look how pale she is."

Peter and Ellie step up.

PETER.

Get some water, somebody.

(TO THE BOY)

Let me get in here, son.

Ellie goes out of sight to get water. The boy cries audibly, terror-stricken, but gets out of Peter's way, and Peter lifts the woman up and stretches her across the seat. Ellie comes back with water which she silently hands to Peter, who administers to the woman and when she slowly opens her eyes, makes her drink the water. The woman looks around, bewildered.

PETER

(consolingly)

That's better. You're all right
now. Just took a little nose-dive,
that's all.

He assists her in sitting up. The boy's wailing is heard, and he now rushes over and throws his arms around his mother.

BOY

(crying)

Ma—oh, gee, Ma—!

His mother clings to him, but still feeling faint, her

head sways. Peter looks up at Ellie and gives her a sign
to sit down beside the woman. ELLIE sits down beside her.
Peter takes the boy by the shoulders.

PETER

Come on, son. Better give your
mother a chance to snap out of it.

(as the boy emits a
heart-breaking sob)

It's all right, son. She'll be
okay in a couple of minutes.

He leads the boy away, while Ellie places her arm around
the woman.

ELLIE

You'd better rest. It's been a
hard trip, hasn't it?

The scene CUTS TO a CLOSE VIEW of SHAPELEY who has his eye
peeled on Peter, watching him, and we next SEE Peter and
the boy, who is still sobbing quietly. They are now standing
away from the other passengers.

BOY

We ain't ate nothin' since
yestidday.

PETER

What happened to your money?

BOY

Ma spent it all for the tickets.

She didn't know it was gonna be so much.

(with a new outburst)

We shouldn'a come, I guess, but Ma said there's a job waitin' for her in New York—and if we didn't go, she might lose it.

PETER

Going without food is bad business, son. Why didn't you ask somebody?

BOY

I was gonna do it, but Ma wouldn't let me. She was ashamed, I guess.

Peter reaches into his pocket for a bill, just as Ellie approaches them.

ELLIE

She'll be all right, soon's she gets something to eat.

Peter has extracted a single bill and dips in his pocket for a smaller one. Before he can find anything, however, Ellie takes the one he has in his hand and gives it to the boy.

ELLIE

Here, boy—first town we come to,
buy some food.

(Peter glances at the empty hand and then at Ellie)

BOY

I shouldn't oughta take this. Ma'll
be angry.

ELLIE

(confidentially)

Just don't tell her anything about
it. You don't want her to get sick
again, do you?

BOY

(a sob in his voice)

No-o. But I shouldn't oughta take
the money.

(to Peter)

You might need it.

PETER

Me? Forget it, son.

(rumples his
hair—smiling)

I got millions.

BOY

(also smiling)

Thanks.

ELLIE

(her arm around the
boy)

Come on. Let's go back to your
mother.

She leaves with the boy, Peter watching her a moment,
impressed by her display of humanness, before turning and
leaving the scene, following which a CLOSE-UP shot of
SHAPELEY watching Peter, then also rising and starting
out.

On the ROAD, the driver is now standing in front of the
mud-hole, staring at the sunken wheel dolefully, as several
people stray into the scene.

DRIVER

That storm sure made a mess outa
these roads.

PETER

(appearing, and
seeing the trouble)

Holy Smokes! You'll never get out
yourself! Better phone for some
help.

DRIVER

Phone for help?
(unhappily)

We're right in the middle of
nowhere. There isn't a town within
ten miles of here.

Shapeley is just entering the outskirts of the group. He stops, looks in the direction of Peter speculatively. He has the newspaper stuck in his pocket, which he caresses tenderly. The scene expanding, Peter is then seen leaving the group.

SHAPELEY

(as Peter approaches)

What's up?

PETER

Looks like we're going to be stuck
for a long time.

(he starts away)

SHAPELEY

(calling to him)

Say, Buddy—

Peter turns, and looks at him quizzically, and the two are then seen close together.

SHAPELEY

Like to have a look at my paper?

He has taken it out and has it opened as he hands it to Peter. The headlines concerning Ellie and her picture shriek

out at Peter. This startles him for a moment, but he manages to recover his poise.

SHAPELEY

Travelin' like this, you kinda
lose track of what's goin' on in
the world.

PETER

(guardedly)

Thanks.

(he glances from
the newspaper to
Shapeley, wondering
how much he suspects)

SHAPELEY

If you wanna get anywhere nowadays,
you gotta keep in touch with all
the news, is what I always say.

PETER

(eyeing him
expectantly)

That's right.

SHAPELEY

(pointing to paper)

Take that story there, for instance.
Be kinda sweet if we could collect
that ten thousand smackers.

PETER

(non-committally)

Yeah—wouldn't it?

SHAPELEY

It's a lotta dough. If I was to
run across that dame, you know
what I'd do?

PETER

What?

SHAPELEY

I'd go fifty-fifty with you .

PETER

Why?

SHAPELEY

Cause I'm a guy that don't believe
in hoggin' it, see? A bird that
figures that way winds up behind
the eight ball,[10] is what I always
say.

PETER

What's on your mind?

SHAPELEY

(hard)

Five G's—or I crab the works.

PETER

You're a pretty shrewd baby.

(looking around)

We better get away from this gang.

Talk this thing over privately.

And the VIEW MOVES WITH THEM as Peter leads the way toward a CLUMP OF BUSHES off the side of the road, Shapeley following. They are concealed from the rest of the passengers.

PETER

Lucky thing, my running into you.

Just the man I need.

SHAPELEY

(smiling broadly)

You're not making any mistake,
believe you me.

PETER

I can use a smart guy like you.

SHAPELEY

(expansively)

Say listen, when you're talkin' to
old man Shapeley, you're talking
to—

PETER

(suddenly)

Do you pack a gat?[11] A CLOSE
VIEW of the TWO shows the smile
dying on Shapeley's face. He looks
up quickly.

SHAPELEY

Huh?

PETER

A gat! A gat!

(feeling him)

Got any fireworks on you?

SHAPELEY

(weakly)

Why—no—

PETER

(carelessly)

That's all right. I got a couple
of machine guns in my suitcase.
I'll let you have one of them.

(Shapeley is beginning to realize he is in for something
he hadn't bargained for, and stares speechlessly at Peter,
who continues blandly)

Expect a little trouble up North. May have to shoot it out
with cops.

The perspiration starts appearing on Shapeley's brow (as we SEE him in a CLOSE-UP). Peter's voice continues:

PETER'S VOICE

(with emphasis)

If you come through all right,
your five G's are in the bag. Maybe
more. I'll talk to the "Killer"—see
that he takes care of you.

SHAPELEY

(finally finding

his voice)

The Killer?

PETER

(seen with Shapeley;

watching the latter

to gauge the effect

of his words)

Yeah—the "big boy"—the Boss of the
outfit.

SHAPELEY

(shakily)

You're not kidnapping her, are
you?

PETER

(tough)

What else, stupid! You don't think
we're after that penny-ante reward,
do you?

(contemptuously)

Ten thousand bucks? Chicken feed!
We're holding her for a million
smackers.

SHAPELEY

(stammering)

Say, look! I didn't know it was
anything like this, see—and—

PETER

What's the matter with you! Gettin'
yellow?

SHAPELEY

(raising his voice,
pleadingly)

But I'm a married man. I got a
couple of kids. I can't get mixed
up with—

PETER

(gripping his arm)

Sh-sh-sh—! Soft pedal, you
mug!—before I— What're you trying
to do? Tell the whole world about
it!

(low and menacingly)

Now listen, you're in this thing—and
you're staying in! Get me? You
know too much.

SHAPELEY

(frightened out of
his wits)

I won't say anything. Honest, I
won't.

PETER

Yeah ?—How do I know?

(he reaches into
his coat
threateningly)

I gotta good mind to plug you.

(arguing with himself)

I shouldn't take any chances on
you.

SHAPELEY

(breaking down)

You can trust me, Mister. I'll
keep my mouth shut.

PETER.

Yeah?

(he glares at
Shapeley a moment
silently, as if
making up his mind)

What's your name?

SHAPELEY

Oscar Shapeley.

PETER

Where do you live?

SHAPELEY

Orange, New Jersey.

PETER

Got a couple of kids, huh?

SHAPELEY

Yeah. Just babies.

PETER

You love them, don't you?

SHAPELEY

(sensing the threat;

horrified)

Oh, gee, Mister—you wouldn't—you

ain't thinkin' about—

PETER

(threateningly)

You'll keep your trap shut, all

right.

SHAPELEY

(quickly)

Sure—sure—I'll keep my trap shut.

you can depend on me, Mister.

PETER

If you don't—Ever hear of Bugs

Dooley?

SHAPELEY

No.

PETER

Nice guy. Just like you. But he
made a big mistake, one day. Got
kind of talkative. Know what
happened? His kid was found in the
bottom of the river. A rock tied
around its neck. Poor Bugs! He
couldn't take it. Blew his brains
out.

(Shapeley can't stand much more of this. He is ready to
keel over)

SHAPELEY

Gee! That musta been terrible.

(righteously)

I guess he had it coming to him
though. But don't you worry about
me. I don't talk. I never talk.

Take my word for it. Gee, I wouldn't
want anything to happen to my kids.

PETER

Okay. Just remember that. Now beat
it.

SHAPELEY

(grabbing Peter's
hand and shaking
it gratefully)

Oh, thanks, thanks, Mister. I always
knew you guys were kind-hearted.

PETER

(putting his hand
away)

Come on, scram! And stay away from
that bus.

SHAPELEY

Sure. Anything you say.

As he says this, he backs away from Peter, following which
a CLOSE-UP of PETER shows a twinkle in his eye and then,
AS SEEN BY PETER, Shapeley appears walking hurriedly away.
When he thinks the distance is safe he starts running. He
slips and falls in the mud, picks himself up, and continues
his race for life.

The scene DISSOLVES TO the ROAD, at night, with Ellie and

Peter walking along. It is apparent they have been trudging like this for a long time.

ELLIE

Poor old Shapeley. You shouldn't have frightened him like that.

PETER

At the rate he started, he's probably passed two state lines by this time. The exercise is good for him.

ELLIE

Yes, I noticed he was getting a little fat lately.

(she grabs her side)

Ouch!

PETER

What's the matter?

ELLIE

(grimacing)

I was never built for these moonlight strolls.

(protesting)

Why did we have to leave the bus?

PETER

I don't trust that chatterbox.

The scene DISSOLVES TO the banks of a narrow STREAM at night. Peter is bending over, removing his shoes, and we see the two closer as they talk.

PETER

First town we hit in the morning,
you better wire your father.

ELLIE

Not as long as I'm alive.

PETER

Okay with me, if you can stand the
starvation diet.

ELLIE

What do you mean—starvation?

PETER

It takes money to buy food.

ELLIE

Why, haven't you—?

PETER

(interrupting)

Not a sou. I had some before the
fainting scene.

ELLIE

You didn't give that boy all your money?

PETER

I didn't give him anything . You were the big-hearted gal. How about wiring your father now?

ELLIE

Never! I'll get to New York if I have to starve all the way.

PETER

(rising—uttering a deep sigh)

Must be some strange power Westley has over you women.

(he now has his shoes off and ties them to each other)

How do you expect to get there?

ELLIE

To New York?

PETER

Yeah.

ELLIE

I'm following you.

PETER

Aren't you afraid of me?

ELLIE

(confidently)

No.

PETER

(looking at her)

Okay. Hang on to these.

As he bends down in front of Ellie, he gets a firm grip around her legs and throws her over his shoulder like a sack. She squeals, terrified, but Peter ignores this; and with his right hand, which is free, he lifts the suitcase and starts walking across the stream. Ellie's first fright is gone and she now rather enjoys the sensation of being carried by Peter. She lets herself go completely limp, still clinging to his shoes, which she carries by the string. As they walk, the dangling shoes keep hitting Peter's backside.

PETER

I wish you'd stop being playful.

ELLIE

(thereupon holding

the shoes out at a

safe distance)

Sorry.

(Peter takes several

more laborious
steps before either
of them speaks)
It's the first time I've ridden
"piggy-back" in years.

PETER
This isn't "piggy-back."

ELLIE
Of course it is.

PETER
You're crazy.

ELLIE
(after a silence
for several seconds)
remember distinctly Father taking
me for a "piggy-back" ride—

PETER
And he carried you like this, I
suppose.

ELLIE
Yes.

PETER
(with finality)
Your father didn't know beans about

"piggy-back" riding.

ELLIE

(another silence
before she speaks
again)

My uncle—Mother's brother—had four
children . . . and I've seen them
ride "piggy-back."

PETER

I don't think there's a "piggy-
back" rider in your whole family.
I never knew a rich man yet who
was a good "piggy-back" rider.

ELLIE

That's silly.

PETER

To be a "piggy-backer" it takes
complete relaxation—a warm heart—and
a loving nature.

ELLIE

And rich people have none of those
qualifications, I suppose.

PETER

Not a one.

ELLIE

You're prejudiced.

PETER

Show me a good "piggy-back" rider
and I'll show you somebody that's
human. Take Abraham Lincoln, for
instance—a natural "piggy-backer."

(contemptuously)

Where do you get off with your
stuffed-shirt family?

(turning)

Why, your father knew so much about
"piggy-back" riding that he—

In his excitement he wheels around to speak to her,
forgetting that as he turns she goes with him. Not finding
her at his right, he swings around to his left. Naturally
he takes Ellie with him—and realizing his mistake he
mutters:

PETER

Aw, nuts!

He proceeds on his way, walking faster than before. They
continue this way silently for some time. Finally Ellie
breaks the silence.

ELLIE

(persistently)

My father was a great "piggy-

backer."

Peter raises his eyes heavenward in thorough disgust, then calmly hands his suitcase to her.

PETER

Hold this a minute.

Ellie takes the suitcase from him, and his hand now free, he delivers a resounding smack on her backside, so that Ellie lets out a yelp.

PETER

(taking the suitcase)

Thank you.

The scene DISSOLVES TO the edge of a cow PASTURE, at night, and Ellie and Peter are revealed climbing under a barbed wire fence, following which the scene DISSOLVES TO a HAYSTACK, in front. Peter sets his bag down and surveys the layout, Ellie watching him.

PETER

(to himself)

This looks like the best spot.

ELLIE

We're not going to sleep out here,
are we?

PETER

I don't know about you, but I'm
going to give a fairly good
imitation of it.

And he busies himself laying out a bed for her, pulling
hay from the stack and spreading it out on the ground.
Ellie wanders aim-lessly and then moves to a rock, where
she sits and watches Peter.

ELLIE

(after a pause;
coyly)

Peter—

PETER

(as a CLOSE VIEW
shows him still
arranging her bed;
grumbling)

What?

ELLIE'S VOICE

I'm hungry.

PETER

(without looking up)

Just your imagination.

ELLIE

(seen at the rock,
while Peter is out

of sight)

No, it isn't. I'm hungry and—and
scared.

PETER'S VOICE

You can't be hungry and scared at
the same time.

ELLIE

(insisting)

Well, I am.

PETER

(as both he and

Ellie are seen in

their respective

places)

If you're scared it scares the
hunger out of you.

ELLIE

(argumentatively)

Not if you're more hungry than
scared.

PETER

(impatiently)

All right. You win. Let's forget
it.

ELLIE

(after a pause)

I can't forget it. I'm still hungry.

PETER

(tearing his hair;

screaming)

Holy Smokes! Why did I ever get

mixed up with you!

This brings silence, and he goes on building a bed for her. Then a CLOSE-UP of Ellie shows her watching him. Her eyes soften. A very definite interest in him is slowly but surely blossoming, and the fact that he is making her bed adds to the intimacy of the scene. A CLOSE VIEW of PETER shows him concentrating on his task, but he pauses a moment and turns to glance at her. It is a devouring look, which he quickly dispels by working more feverishly on her bed.

PETER

(muttering while he

works)

If I had any sense, I'd have been

in New York by this time.

(he emphasizes his

feelings by yanking

viciously at the

hay as both of

them are now seen)

Taking a married woman back to her

husband. Hunh! What a prize sucker

I turned out to be.

(He has her bed
ready; without
glancing at her)
Come on—your bed's all ready.

She, watches him a moment, then rising slowly, starts toward
Peter. Then she stands over her bed, surveying it
speculatively.

ELLIE
I'll get my clothes all wrinkled.

PETER
(sharply)
Well, take them off.

ELLIE
(shocked)
What!

PETER
(shouting)
All right! Don't take them off. Do
whatever you please. But shut up
about it.

She flashes him a petulant, offended glance but it is lost
on Peter, who has his back to her, and meticulously, she
slips to her knees and proceeds to stretch out on the hay.
The hay bed is bumpy and hard and she has quite a difficult
time getting comfortable; her efforts to do so are

accompanied by painful sighs. A CLOSE VIEW shows PETER stopping to watch her, and his look is sympathetic and solicitous. Then while Ellie groans and sighs and pounds the hay with her palm, Peter steps out of sight. Ellie is unaware of his departure, so busily occupied is she with her makeshift bedding. She squirms around unhappily and finally stretches out, deciding to make the best of it. She lies on her back, her hands clasped under her head, looking up at the stars.

ELLIE

(seen CLOSE, as she
is lying back on
hay bed)

You're becoming terribly
disagreeable lately. Snap my head
off every time I open my mouth.

(She waits for a
reply, but receives
none)

If being with me is so distasteful
to you, you can leave.

(independently)

You can leave any time you see
fit. Nobody's keeping you her.

(martyr-like)

I can get along.

She waits a second and then turns to see what effect this has on him. The fact that Peter is gone doesn't quite register at first. She looks around calmly, then is puzzled,

and finally she becomes panicky. She sits up with a start.

ELLIE

(murmuring,

frightened)

Peter—

(there is a pause

while she listens,

but nothing stirs,

and there is more

apprehension in

her voice)

Peter!

Real terror comes into her face, and she is ready to cry.

She gets to her feet.

ELLIE

(with a terrified

outcry)

Peter!!

At this he comes running into the scene; under his arm he

has a watermelon.

PETER

What's the matter?

ELLIE

(relieved)

Oh, Peter—

(she throws her
arms around his
neck and sobs freely)

PETER

(hoarsely)

What's got into you?

ELLIE

(clinging to him)

Oh, Peter! I was so scared.

With his free hand he removes her arm from around his neck
and starts away.

PETER

(setting the
watermelon down)

I wasn't gone more than a minute.

Just went out to find you something
to eat.

ELLIE

(a sob still in her
voice)

know—but—

PETER

(kicking the melon
over to her)

Here. Eat your head off.

ELLIE

I don't want it now.

PETER

(vehemently)

Thought you were hungry!

ELLIE

was—but—

PETER

But what!

ELLIE

was so scared—that it scared—

PETER

(exasperatedly)

Holy Jumping Catfish! You can drive
a guy crazy.

He kicks the melon viciously out of sight, and without any particular preparation or fuss, he flops down on his bed, following which Ellie goes to her bed and lies down, too. Then a CLOSE VIEW of ELLIE appears, and at the moment she looks far removed from the spoiled, pampered, self-reliant brat of Alexander Andrews. Instead, she is a helpless baby, clinging to Peter's protective wing. She'd be ever so grateful right now for a little civility on his part, for a little tenderness and understanding, and she glances

over at him, hopefully. PETER, however, stares up at the stars, dreamily; and we then SEE ELLIE turning away from him, disappointed. Still, the minute Ellie turns her head, Peter looks at her out of the corner of his eye, and it's a long and steady gaze. Then suddenly he gets an idea and rises. He finds his topcoat and goes to her.

PETER

Might get chilly later on.

(he spreads it over
her)

Better use this.

As he bends down to tuck her in, their faces are SEEN in CLOSE proximity. Ellie, tremulous and fearful, has her eyes peeled on him. The situation is imminent with danger; anything is likely to happen at this moment; and she is frightened and expectant—she knows how weak she would be, if he suddenly crushed her in his arms. Peter avoids her gaze. He, too, is a bit shaky. The temptation is there and his resistance is waning. He tucks her in and quickly turns away. Ellie's eyes, however, never leave him. Immediate danger has vanished, and it leaves her a little regretful.

A CLOSE VIEW of PETER, as he walks over to a rock and sits down, shows him nervously taking out a cigarette and lighting it.

PETER

You've had a lot of men crazy about
you, haven't you?

ELLIE doesn't respond. She has the scrutinizing, speculative look of a girl who feels herself falling in love with someone who is practically a stranger to her, as a result of which she is frightened. Then a WIDER VIEW includes both of them and we see that Peter, too, fights valiantly against a mounting interest in this girl, who epitomizes everything he dislikes. He creates the impression in the following scene that in his analysis of her he is trying to dissuade himself from something he is bound to regret. His attack on her, consequently, is overly vicious.

PETER

I guess you've pretty much had
your own way with them. That's
your trouble mostly. You've always
had your own way. That's why you're
such a mess now.

He pauses a second, waiting for a protest, but Ellie offers none; she is too much absorbed in her own confusing emotions. A CLOSE VIEW then shows PETER taking a long puff on his cigarette and exhaling the smoke, watching it vanish before he speaks.

PETER

(suddenly)

You know what generally happens to
people like you? You get your values
all mixed up. You attach all the
importance to the wrong things.

Right now, for instance, there's
only one thought in your mind—to
get back to king Westley.

He waits for a reaction, but a CLOSE VIEW shows ELLIE
absorbed, and she remains silent. Peter's voice continues.

PETER'S VOICE

Comical part of it is, it isn't
what you want at all. In a couple
of weeks you'll be looking for the
nearest exit . . .

(now seen with her)

People like you spend all your
life on a merry-go-round. I guess
that's what makes you so dizzy.

(he rises and paces
a few moments)

You're always chasing after
something. At least you think you
are. Truth is, you're just running
away.

(emphatically)

From yourself, mostly. 'Cause you're
miserable. You hate yourself. The
world's full of people like you.
Don't know what they want.

ELLIE

Do you know?

PETER

Sure.

ELLIE

What?

PETER

(flatly)

Nothing.

(after a pause)

Nothing you'd give two cents for.

ELLIE

(seen CLOSE)

Try me.

PETER'S VOICE

I just want to be let alone, that's
all. Life's swell if you don't try
too hard. Most people want to get
a strangle-hold on it. They're not
living. They're just feverish.

(now appearing with
her)

If they didn't get themselves all
balled up with a lot of manufactured
values, they'd find what they want.
Peace and calm. When you get right
down to it, what's all the shootin'
for, will you tell me? After all,
you can only eat three meals a

day, only sleep in one bed—

(looking up)

Right now, that hay feels pretty
good to you, doesn't it? Sure it
does. 'Cause you were tired—and
it's the only thing around.

ELLIE

You sound like a hobo.

PETER

I am. I only work when I have to.
Two years ago I got a notion and
went to China. There was a war
going on. Swell! After a while it
got stale. I went down to Tahiti.
Just lay on the beach for six
months. What could be sweeter?

ELLIE

Doesn't sound very exciting.

PETER, seen CLOSE, looks at her for a long time before
speaking:

PETER

I guess not. I'd have given odds
it wouldn't mean anything to you.

(he goes over and

flops down on his

own side of hay)

There were moments when I had hopes.

When I—aw, I'm wasting time—You're
destined to be a dope the rest of
your life.

(contemptuously)

I pity you. Goodnight.

He turns over with a finality that precludes any further discussion, following which a CLOSE-UP of ELLIE reveals that her eyes are wide open, staring thoughtfully up at the sky. The scene fades out slowly.

Part Seven A ROAD FADES IN. It is day now, and Peter and Ellie are trundling along. Ellie limps, and wears an unhappy expression on her face.

ELLIE

What are you thinking about?

PETER

By a strange coincidence, I was
thinking of you.

ELLIE

(pleased)

Really?

PETER

Yeah. I was just wondering what
makes dames like you so dizzy.

ELLIE

What'd you say we're supposed to
be doing?

PETER

Hitch-hiking.

ELLIE

Well, you've given me a very good
example of the hiking—

(STRONGLY)

where does the hitching come in?

PETER

(amused at her)

A little early yet. No cars out
yet.

She spies a rock and heads for it. Then we see her seated
on the rock.

ELLIE

If it's just the same to you, we'll
sit right here till they come.

(Peter comes over,

sets his bag down,

and prepares to

wait)

Got a toothpick?

PETER

No. But I've got a penknife.

(he extracts one
from his pocket
which he snaps
open)

ELLIE

Hay—in my teeth.

She points to her front teeth, and Peter flicks the hay
out of her teeth.

PETER

There it is. Better swallow it.
We're not going to have any
breakfast.

ELLIE

Needn't rub it in.

(Peter takes a carrot
out of his coat
pocket and starts
nibbling on it;
Ellie looks up at
this)

What're you eating?

PETER

Carrots.

ELLIE

Raw?

PETER

Uh-huh. Want one?

ELLIE

(emphatically)

No!!

(as Peter smacks

his lips with

satisfaction)

It's a wonder you couldn't get me
something I can eat.

PETER

You don't think I'm going around
panhandling for you.

(he takes a bite)

Best thing in the world for
you—carrots. Had a tough time
getting them. If that farmer ever
caught me—goodnight!

ELLIE

I hate the horrid stuff.

While she speaks a car roars by at terrific speed. Peter
and Ellie both jump up.

PETER

I wish you wouldn't talk too much.

We let a car get away.

(Ellie goes back to
her rock,
despondently)

ELLIE

What if nobody stops for us?

PETER

Oh, they'll stop, all right. It's
a matter of knowing how to hail
them.

ELLIE

You're an expert, I suppose.

PETER

Expert! Going to write a book on
it. Called the "Hitch-Hikers Hail."

ELLIE

There's no end to your
accomplishments.

PETER

You think it's simple, huh?

ELLIE

(exaggeratedly)

Oh, no!

PETER

Well, it is simple. It's all in
the thumb, see? A lot of people do
it—

(WAVING)

like this.

(he shakes his head
sadly)

But they're all wrong. Never get
anywhere.

ELLIE

Tch! Tch! I'm sorry for the poor
things.

PETER

But the thumb always works.
Different ways to do it, though.
Depends on how you feel. For
instance, number one is a short,
jerky movement—

(he demonstrates)

That shows independence. You don't
care if they stop or not. 'Cause
you got some money in your pocket,
see?

ELLIE

Clever.

PETER

Number two is a wider movement—a
smile goes with that one—like this.

(he demonstrates)

That means you got a couple of
brand new stories about the farmer's
daughter.[12]

ELLIE

You figured that all out yourself,
huh?

PETER

Oh, that's nothing. Now take number
three, for instance. That's a pip.
It's the pathetic one. When you're
broke—and hungry—and everything
looks black. It's a long movement
like this—

(demonstrating)

—with a follow through.

ELLIE

Amazing.

PETER

Hm? Yeah, but it's no good if you
haven't got a long face with it.

In the distance a car is heard approaching, and Ellie looks

up quickly.

ELLIE

(excitedly)

Here comes a car!

PETER

(alert)

Now watch me. I'm going to use

Number One. Keep your eye on that

thumb, baby, and see what happens.

Peter steps forward into the road and does his thumb movement. The car approaches, but speeds right by, spreading a cloud of dust in Peter's face, leaving him staring at the departing car, nonplussed. Thereupon ELLIE (SEEN CLOSE) glances up at him, a satirical expression on her face.

ELLIE

(sarcastically)

I'm still watching your thumb.

Peter is still looking after the car.

PETER

Something must have gone wrong. I

guess I'll try number two.

ELLIE

When you get up to a hundred, wake

me up.

Another car is heard coming, and Peter steps forward, prepared to hail it. Then this dissolves to a LONG VIEW of the ROAD as a stream of cars of every description speeds forward ("TOWARD THE CAMERA") and vanishes. The VIEW MOVING IN TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, Peter is SEEN still in the same spot. He waves his arms, jerks his thumb, indulges in all sorts of gyrations, while Ellie remains slumped on her rock, completely worn out.

Now Ellie watches Peter out of the corner of her eye, her face expressionless. Peter continues his arm waving—but slows down like a mechanical toy which has run out. He finally gets down to just thumbing his nose at the passing vehicles; and then thoroughly wearied, he flops down on a rock near Ellie.

PETER

I guess maybe I won't write that
book after all.

ELLIE

Yes. But look at all the fun you
had.

(as he glares at
her)

Mind if I try?

PETER

(contemptuously)
You! Don't make me laugh.

ELLIE

You're such a smart aleck! Nobody
can do anything but you. I'll show
you how to stop a car—and I won't
use my thumb.

The scene widens as she rises and steps forward.

PETER

What're you going to do?

ELLIE

Mind your own business.

She lifts her skirt to above her knees and pretends to be
fixing her garter. Her very attractive leg is in full
display. Almost instantly, we hear the screaming and
grinding of quickly applied brakes, and Peter looks up
astonished.

The scene WIPING OFF, we then get a CLOSER VIEW of Ellie
and Peter sitting in the back of an open Ford. It is a
broken-down, rickety affair of the 1920 vintage. Ellie
grins victoriously up at Peter, who stares ahead of him,
glumly.

ELLIE

You might give me a little credit.

PETER

What for?

ELLIE

I proved once and for all that the
limb is mightier than the thumb.

PETER

Why didn't you take all your clothes
off? You could have stopped forty
cars.

ELLIE

We don't need forty cars.

Peter glares at her, and Ellie's eyes twinkle mischievously,
following which we get a wider VIEW which includes the
driver of the car, Danker. He is a man of about thirty, a
heavy set, loose chinned person; at the moment he is singing
an aria from some opera. He suddenly stops, turning to
Ellie and Peter in the back seat.

DANKER

So you've just been married, huh?
Well, that's pretty good. If I was
young, that's just the way I'd
spend my honeymoon—hitch-hiking. Y-
e-s s-i-r!

And for no reason except that he cued himself into it, he
bursts forth into song gustily.

DANKER

(singing)

"Hiking down the highway of love

on a honeymoon.

Hitch-hiking down—

Down-down-down the highway Down—."

Ellie and Peter in the back of the car react to the noise

Danker makes.

PETER

Hey, hey, aren't you afraid you'll

burn out a tonsil?

DANKER

Tonsil? Me? No! Me burn a tonsil?

(singing)

"My tonsils won't burn—

As life's corners I . . .

PETER

(giving up)

All right, let it go.

DANKER

(completing his

last line)

. . . turn."

The scene DISSOLVES TO the front of a LUNCH WAGON on a
deserted road, and Danker's car drives into the scene and

stops. Then we SEE Danker turning to Ellie and Peter.

DANKER

How about a bite to eat?

ELLIE

(quickly)

Why, I think that would be—

PETER

(stopping her)

No, thanks. We're not hungry.

DANKER

(sentimentally)

Oh, I see, young people in love
are never hungry.

PETER

No.

DANKER

(singing as he leaves
them)

"Young people in love Are very
seldom hungry.
People in love Are very seldom
hungry . . ."

When he is out of sight, Peter glares at Ellie.

PETER

What were you going to do? Gold
dig him for a meal?[13]

ELLIE

(defiantly)

Why not? I'm hungry.

PETER

Eat a carrot.

ELLIE

Never!

(she starts out of
car)

I'm going in and ask him—

PETER

(grabbing her arm)

If you do, I'll break your neck.

She looks up at his glowering face, realizes he means it,
and wilts under his dominant gaze.

PETER

Let's get out and stretch our legs.

Peter gets out, followed by Ellie, and they walk away from
the car. Both are silent. At the DOOR of the LUNCH WAGON,
then, Danker comes out and looks around furtively. Ellie
and Peter, as seen by him, appear, walking away, following

which the VIEW moves over to the Ford and drops down to a CLOSE-UP of Peter's suitcase. Now Danker looks about quickly and starts toward his car. He springs into the car, steps on the starter, and is off.

ELLIE and PETER hear the motor. They wheel around, and their eyes widen in surprise.

PETER

Hey!

He flings his coat at Ellie and dashes after the Ford. He is then seen running after it when the car turns around a bend in the road. Peter continues the pursuit. This scene WIPING OFF, the FORD now makes its appearance around the bend, and as it approaches, Peter is SEEN at the wheel. He looks like he's just been through a fight. And as Peter rides in, Ellie comes running toward him.

ELLIE

(a note of great
relief in her voice)

Oh, Peter! What happened? Are you
all right?

PETER

Come on—get in.

ELLIE

(noticing a gash in
his cheek)

Oh, you've been hurt! There's a
cut on—

PETER

(impatiently)

Come on! come on!

(at this she runs
around to get in
the other side)

ELLIE

(as she runs)

What happened?

PETER

(as we see them

CLOSER)

Just a road thief. Picks people up
and runs off with their stuff.

What a racket!

(by this time she
is in the car)

ELLIE

What'd you give him for the car?

PETER

A black eye.

(thereupon the car
moves out of sight)

A CLOSE VIEW shows Peter and Ellie driving along in the Ford. Peter looks ahead, uncommunicatively. Ellie glances up at him, and it is plain that something's on her mind.

ELLIE

(a little self-

consciously)

Look—uh—how are the—uh—carrots

holding out? Any left?

Peter glances at her. He knows what a concession this is on her part, and he smiles sympathetically.

PETER

(tenderly)

You don't have to eat the carrots.

(as she looks her

surprise)

Just passed a pond with some ducks

in it.

ELLIE

(with a cry of joy)

Darling!

She reaches up and kisses his cheek, and Peter beams happily.

PETER

(looking worried)

Haven't much gas left in this thing.

Got to start promoting some.

(throwing her his
coat)

Better take the things out of the
pocket of that coat. Ought to be
good for ten gallons.

The scene FADES OUT.

Part Eight ANDREWS' STUDY FADES IN, affording a CLOSE VIEW
of King Westley. He answers every description we have had
of him. He is a stiff, handsome, stuffed-shirt gigolo. He
sits in a chair, leaning on a cane, his gloves loosely in
his hand. The VIEW then MOVES BACK to reveal ANDREWS, who,
from the opening of the scene, is speaking as he paces
around the room.

ANDREWS

I haven't changed my mind, Westley,
I want you to understand that! I
don't like you! I never have! I
never will! That's clear enough,
isn't it?

KING

You've made that quite evident—with
all your threats of annulment.

(confident)

Well, it hasn't bothered me for a
minute. Ellie and I got married
because we love each other. And

she's proving it; as far as I'm
concerned there's going to be no
annulment.

ANDREWS

(hard)

You've got a good thing and you're
hanging on to it, huh?

(Andrews smiles in
a very superior
manner)

All right, You win. I'll just have
to get used to you. I admit I'm
licked. But only because I'm
worried. I've had detectives all
over the country searching for
her. I've seen thousands of
photographs. Fortune tellers, nuts,
every crank in the country has
written me.

(quietly)

Haven't slept one night this week.
If I don't find her, I'll go crazy.

WESTLEY

might have been able to help if it
weren't for you. I've been watched
so closely, I—

ANDREWS

(impatiently)

Yes. I know. Well, you can help
now. I issued a statement yesterday
that I've withdrawn my objections.
Begging her to come home. I haven't
heard from her. Apparently she
doesn't trust me.

WESTLEY

Why should she? After all—

ANDREWS

(interrupting)

All right. That's why I sent for
you.

(pointing to next
room)

There's a room full of reporters
out there. I want you to make a
statement—that you've had a talk
with me—that we've reached an
understanding—that if Ellen comes
home, I won't interfere with your
marriage. Will you do that?

WESTLEY

If you really mean it, I will.

ANDREWS

(strongly)

Of course I mean it! I don't care
whom she's married to—

(softly)

—as long as I can get her back.

(he starts out)

As Andrews opens the door, a number of reporters enter.

ANDREWS

Come in, boys. This is my—uh—this
is King Westley.

(Westley rises)

He has a statement to make.

REPORTERS

Hello, Westley . . . How do you
do.

(they group around
him)

The scene DISSOLVES TO the side of a lonely ROAD at night.
First there is a CLOSE-UP of a newspaper headline, which
reads.

ANDREWS WITHDRAWS OBJECTION

Magnate and Aviator Reconciled

"Everything all right. Come home,
darling," says Westley.

Then the VIEW DRAWS BACK revealing that the newspaper is
in the hands of Ellie, who sits in the car alone, gazing
at the headlines. Then Peter's voice is heard.

PETER'S VOICE

All right, Brat.

At the sound of his voice, she is startled, and she quickly folds the paper and throws it out of sight. She starts to get out of the car.

ELLIE

(as she scrambles
out of the car
just as Peter comes
up to her)

Any luck?

PETER

Yeah. He finally agreed to let us
have a room.

ELLIE

What about money?

PETER

Talked him out of it. He thinks
we're going to stay a week. I'll
have to think of something before
morning.

ELLIE

That's swell!

PETER

I'm glad you think so. If you ask
me, it's foolish. I told you there's
no sense in our staying here
tonight. We could make New York in
less than three hours.

ELLIE

I couldn't arrive in New York at
three in the morning. Everybody's
in bed.

PETER

(after a pause)

Okay.

(with a wave of his
hand)

Cottage Number Three.

As they start toward it, the scene CUTS TO the OWNER'S
CABIN. The owner of the auto camp and his wife are standing
at window, looking out. She is a hatchet-faced shrew. He
is meek and docile.

WIFE

There you go—trustin' people again.

How many times did I tell you—

OWNER

He looked like an upright young
feller to me, Ma.

WIFE

Yeah. They're all upright till
they walk out on you.

OWNER

Said he was gonna stay a week.

WIFE

Mebbe.

OWNER

Worst comes to the worst, we got
his car for security.

WIFE

(unconvinced)

I don't trust him.

The scene CUTS TO the inside of a CABIN not unlike the
previous auto camp cabin in which Peter and Ellie spent a
night. Peter's opened suitcase is on a chair, over which
he leans. Ellie walks around, puffing at a cigarette.

PETER

(without looking up)

Well, here we are on the last lap.

Ellie crosses to the window and stares out moodily. Peter
removes several things from his suitcase and lays them on
the bed. There is a strained silence between them, as both
are lost in their own thoughts. A CLOSE VIEW of PETER as

he putters abstractedly with the contents of his bag creates the impression that he empties it tonight rather ruefully. It somehow spells finis to their adventure.

PETER

(strangely)

Tomorrow morning, you'll be in the arms of your husband.

ELLIE (SEEN CLOSE) turns away from the window and looks at Peter. She stares this way for a long moment before speaking.

ELLIE

(in a still, small voice)

Yes. You'll have a great story, won't you?

PETER

(dryly)

Yeah, swell.

Peter takes the rope out of his bag. It is the one used for the "Walls of Jericho" previously. He lays it aside and then, remembering, retrieves it. For a moment he holds it in his hand, speculatively; then turning, proceeds to tack it up. The noise of the tacking attracts Ellie's attention, and Ellie (again SEEN CLOSE) turns and looks toward Peter.

ELLIE

Is that the Walls of Jericho going
up?

PETER'S VOICE

Yep! The Walls of Jericho.

(at which she turns
back to the window)

PETER (also SEEN CLOSE) stretches the rope across the room
and tacks the other side.

PETER

(then reaching for
blanket)

We certainly outsmarted your father.

(he throws the
blanket over the
rope)

I guess you ought to be happy.

There is no response from her, a CLOSE VIEW revealing that
she quite obviously isn't happy. They are now separated by
the blanket, and Peter gets her pajamas from his suitcase
and throws them over the blanket.

ELLIE

Thank you.

(there is silence
while Peter starts
undressing, suddenly)

Am I going to see you in New York?

PETER

(laconically)

Nope.

ELLIE

Why not?

PETER glances up at the "Walls of Jericho" and after a speculative pause, speaks quietly.

PETER

I don't make it a policy to run
around with married women.

A CLOSE-UP of Ellie, disclosing only her neck and shoulders, shows her slipping out of her clothes. She pauses—then looks up.

ELLIE

No harm in your coming to see us.

PETER'S VOICE

Not interested.

(at this Ellie's
face falls, this
is a definite rebuff)

ELLIE

(weakly)

Won't I ever see you again?

PETER (SEEN CLOSE) is now getting into his pajamas.

PETER

What do you want to see me for?

I've served my purpose. I brought
you back to King Westley, didn't
I?

(his mouth screws
up bitterly)

That's what you wanted, wasn't it?

ELLIE is already in bed, staring up at the ceiling.

ELLIE

Peter, have you ever been in love?

PETER crawls into bed.

PETER

I probably did the world a great
favor at that. Got two pinheads
out of circulation.

(he reaches over
and lights a
cigarette)

Cupid thinks he's doing something
when he brings two lovers together.

What good's that? I'm bringing two
pains-in-the-neck together. I think

I'll start an institution—hang out
a shingle.

The VIEW now WIDENS to include both sides of the blanket.

Ellie doesn't hear a word of Peter's attack. She is too
intent on her own thoughts.

ELLIE

Haven't you ever wanted to fall in
love?

PETER

Me?

ELLIE

Yes. Haven't you thought about it
at all? Seems to me you could make
some girl wonderfully happy.

PETER

(disdainfully)

Maybe.

(after a pause)

Sure—sure, I've thought about it.
Who hasn't? If I ever met the right
sort of a girl, I'd—

(interrupting himself)

Yeah, but where you going to find
her—somebody that's real—somebody
that's alive? They don't come that
way any more.

ELLIE'S disappointment is apparent.

PETER

(seen CLOSE)

I've even been sucker enough to
make plans.

(a long puff on his
cigarette)

I saw an island in the Pacific
once. Never been able to forget
it. That's where I'd like to take
her. But she'd have to be the sort
of a girl that'd jump in the surf
with me on moonlight nights—and
love it as much as I did.

(he loses himself
in his romantic
contemplations)

You know, those nights when you
and the moon and the water all
become one—when something comes
over you—and you feel that you're
part of something big and marvelous.

(sighing)

Those are the only places to live.
Where the stars are so close over
your head that you feel you could
reach right up and stir them around.

A CLOSE-UP of ELLIE at this point shows that she is affected

by his stirring description of a heaven—from which she is excluded, as she listens to him continuing.

PETER'S VOICE

Certainly I've been thinking about
it. Boy, if I could ever find a
girl who's hungry for those things—

PETER (again SEEN CLOSE) has disposed of his cigarette and now stares dreamily heavenward.

PETER

I'm going to Swim in the surf with
her—I'm going to reach up and grab
stars for her—I'm going to laugh
with her—and cry with her. I'm
going to kiss her wet lips—and—

Suddenly stopping, he turns his head slowly, sensing Ellie's nearness; and the VIEW, drawing back to include Ellie, SHOWS her standing at his bedside, looking down at him yearningly.

Then we SEE them CLOSE together: Peter's face is immobile. Ellie drops to her knees.

ELLIE

(fervently)

Take me with you, Peter. Take me
to your island. I want to do all
those things you talked about.

Peter stares at her lovely face. His heart cries out with
an impulse to crush her in his arms.

PETER

(after a long pause;

hoarsely)

Better go back to your bed.

ELLIE

(simply)

I love you.

PETER

(arguing with himself)

You're forgetting you're married.

ELLIE

(tensely)

I don't care. I love you. Nothing

else matters. We can run away.

Everything'll take care of itself.

(begging)

Please, Peter. You can't go out of

my life now. I couldn't live without

you.

(in a choked voice)

Oh, Peter—

Sobbing, she lays her head on his breast and throws her
arms around him. All is quiet for a moment as Ellie's head

rests on his breast, while Peter struggles with an overwhelming urge to pour out his heart to her.

PETER

(scarcely audible)

Better go back to your bed.

There is a lengthy pause, neither of them stirs. Then Ellie slowly raises her tear-stained face and gets to her feet.

ELLIE

(whispering)

I'm sorry.

She turns and disappears behind the blanket. Peter remains motionless. Then a CLOSE VIEW shows Ellie, as she gets into bed, sobbing quietly. She hides her face in the pillow to suppress her sobs. It is the first time in her life that she has been so deeply hurt. A CLOSE VIEW next shows Peter reaching over for a cigarette, which he lights. All his movements are thoughtful, meditative. He leans back and stares at the ceiling, until we see only the cigarette in his mouth as it emits slowly rising puffs of smoke. This dissolving, the cigarette is seen to be burnt three quarters down, a long, frail ash hanging perilously on. Peter is then seen as he removes the cigarette from his mouth and crushes it in a tray. He leans back on the pillow and for a moment he is quiet. Then glancing over in Ellie's direction, he calls to her:

PETER

(softly calling)

Hey, Brat—!

(a pause)

Did you mean that? Would you really
go?

(he waits for a
response, but none
comes. He tries
again)

Hey, Brat—

He listens—all is QUIET. He slips his covers off and crosses to the blanket, and peers over it. She is asleep. Her tear-stained face rests on the pillow, her arm extends over her head. It is a childlike posture.

PETER is watching her tenderly. He speculates whether to awaken her and decides against it. He starts away. Peter tiptoes around the room for a few moments, deep in thought. Then as an idea which he has been turning over in his mind begins to take form, he hastily begins dressing.

The scene DISSOLVING, Peter is seen completely clothed and starting for the door when he thinks of something. He turns back, grabs his suitcase, stops to throw a kiss to Ellie, and goes out into the night. Thereupon the scene WIPES OFF, disclosing a Gas Station along the road at night. Here Peter is talking to a station attendant.

PETER

All I'm asking is enough gas to

get me to New York. The bag's worth
twenty-five dollars.

MAN

(hesitatingly)

Yeah, but I got a bag. My wife
gave me one for Christmas.

PETER

("high-pressuring"
him)

Listen, man—I'll tell you what
I'll do. When I come back in the
morning, I'll buy it back from you
and give you ten dollars profit?
What do you say?

MAN

(looking at Peter's
hat)

ain't got a hat—

PETER

What?

MAN

I ain't got a hat.

PETER

(promptly putting
it on his head)

Well, you got one now. —Come on,
fill 'er up.

While he is still talking the scene DISSOLVES TO a VIEW of Peter driving furiously, a broad, happy grin on his face, following which several scenes wipe off in succession (denoting the passage of time) —scenes of Peter driving at high speed, causing several cows to amble out of the way; of the CAR driving into the Holland Tunnel, and of the BACK ROOM of a SPEAKEASY where Peter stands in front of a small desk upon which there is a typewriter. Near him is a swarthy Italian.

PETER

Fine! That's fine, Tony. Now get
me a drink and make sure nobody
disturbs me for half an hour.

ITALIAN

(going out)

Sure. Sure, Pete.

As Peter plants himself in front of the machine, the scene dissolves to a CLOSE-UP of the typewriter carriage upon which are typed the words:

"—and that's the full and exclusive story of Ellen Andrews' adventures on the road. As soon as her marriage to King Westley is annulled, she and Peter Warne, famous newspaperman—and undoubtedly the most promising young novelist of the present era—will be married."

The VIEW DRAWING BACK, Peter re-reads the last sentence, smiles contentedly, and as he yanks out the sheet, the scene WIPES OFF disclosing the outside of GORDON'S OFFICE, the sign on the door reading: "Office—Mr. Gordon." Gordon's secretary is at her desk as Peter breezes in.

PETER

(rumpling her hair)

Hello, Agnes.

AGNES

Better not go in. He'll shoot you
on sight.

PETER

(entering)

I haven't been shot at for days.

In GORDON'S OFFICE, Gordon is at his desk. He looks up when Peter enters.

GORDON

(rising to his full
height menacingly)

Get out of here!

PETER

(advancing)

Wait a minute, Gordon—I—

GORDON

(quietly)

Get out!

Peter reaches his side, and grabs him by the arms.

PETER

Joe, listen—

GORDON

Don't "Joe" me.

PETER

Okay, Joe. Listen—you know I've always liked you. Anytime I could do you a great turn—anytime I ran into a story that looked good—I always came running to you, didn't I? Well, I got one now. Those wires I sent you were on the level. It's the biggest scoop of the year. I'm giving it to you, Joe.

GORDON

You mean about the Andrews' kid?

PETER

That's it.

(tapping his pocket)

I got it all written up. Ready to go. All I want is a thousand

dollars.

Upon hearing this GORDON is ready to jump out of his skin.

GORDON

A thousand dollars!

(furiously)

Get out of this office before I
throw you out bodily.

PETER

Don't get sore, Joe. This is
something you got to do for me. I
need a thousand dollars—and I need
it quick. I'm in a jam.

GORDON

(softening)

What's the thousand bucks for?

PETER

To tear down the Walls of Jericho.

GORDON

What!

PETER

Never mind . . . Listen—suppose I
should tell you that Ellen Andrews
is going to have her marriage
annulled.

GORDON

Huh?

PETER

That she's going to marry somebody
else.

GORDON

You're drunk.

PETER

Would an exclusive story like that
be worth a thousand bucks to you?

GORDON

If it's on the level.

PETER

Well, I got it, Joe.

GORDON

Who's she gonna marry?

PETER

(taking out the
story from his
pocket)

It's all right here. Give me the
thousand and it's yours.

GORDON

(skeptically)

I wouldn't trust you as far as I
could throw that desk.

PETER

Wait a minute, Joe. Use your bean.

I couldn't afford to hand you a
phoney yarn, like that. I'd be
crazy. There isn't a newspaper in
the country'd give me a job after
that! I could go to jail!

GORDON

I'd put you there myself.

PETER

Sure. I wouldn't blame you, either.

GORDON

Who's the guy she's gonna marry?

PETER

I am, Joe.

GORDON

(his eyes widening)

You!

PETER

Yeah.

GORDON

Now I know you're drunk.

(he grabs his hat)

I'm going home. Don't annoy me any more.

PETER

(running after Gordon

as the latter starts

out)

For heaven's sake, Joe—stop being an editor for just a minute.

(he grabs his arm)

We've been friends for a long time, haven't we? You ought to know when I'm serious. This is on the level.

Gordon is affected by the sincere note in Peter's voice.

PETER

I met her on a bus coming from Miami. Been with her every minute.

(hoarsely)

I'm in love with her, Joe.

GORDON

Well, I'll be—

PETER

Listen, Pal—you've got to get this

money for me. Now. Minutes count.

She's waiting for me in an auto
camp outside of Philadelphia. I've
got to get right back. You see,
she doesn't know I'm gone.

(self-consciously)

A guy can't propose to a girl
without a cent in the world, can
he?

While Peter has been speaking Gordon stares into space
thoughtfully.

GORDON

What a story!

(picturing it)

On her way to join her husband,
Ellen Andrews falls in love with—

(alert—grabbing
paper out of Peter's
hand)

Lemme see that a minute.

He moves to his desk excitedly, and Peter, a gleam of hope
in his eyes, joins him, following which the scene CUTS TO
the SHACK of the camp owner and wife in the early morning.
The owner is suddenly startled out of his sleep by the
voice of his wife calling, "zeke! zeke!" He looks up,
just as she rushes into the room.

WIFE

I told you! I told you, you couldn't
trust him! He's gone!

OWNER

Who?

WIFE

That feller last night, that's
who! He was gonna stay a week,
huh? Well, he's skipped. Took the
car with him, too. We wouldn't
have known a thing about it until
morning if I hadn't took that
magnesia.

(pulling at him)

Come on, get up, don't lay there.

Let's do something about it.

Thereupon the scene CUTS TO the AUTO CAMP CABIN affording
a CLOSE VIEW of ELLIE tossing restlessly in her sleep.
Suddenly there is a loud banging on the door, and Ellie,
startled, awakens. The pounding continuing, Ellie looks
around, frightened. The door suddenly bursts open, and the
owner and wife enter. They both glance over at Peter's
side.

WIFE

See that. They're gone!

OWNER

(timidly)

Looks like it, don't it?

(suddenly he sees

Ellie)

Here's the woman, ma.

WIFE

(full of

fight—glaring at

Ellie)

Oh!!

In a CLOSE VIEW at Ellie's Bed as the owner and his wife
come up to her.

WIFE

(timidly—sitting up)

What's the matter? Where's your
husband, young lady—

ELLIE

Husband?

WIFE

Yes—if he is your husband.

ELLIE

Isn't he here?

WIFE

No, he ain't! And the car's gone,
too.

ELLIE

(bewildered)

Why, he'll be back.

WIFE

Yeah? What makes you think so! He
took his suitcase and everything.

(Ellie is perceptibly

startled by this

piece of news)

Kinda surprised, huh? It's just
like I told you, Zeke. They ain't
married a'tall . . .

There is a CLOSE VIEW of ELLIE as the wife's voice continues
uninterruptedly:

WIFE'S VOICE

. . . could tell she was a hussy
just from the looks of her.

Ellie is lost in thought, trying to adjust herself to the
idea of Peter's leaving her like this. She scarcely hears
what is being said.

OWNER'S VOICE

Hey! You! Got any money?

ELLIE

(snapping out of

her trance)

Why—no.

WIFE

(the three now seen
together)

Then—you'll have to git !

OWNER

Yeah, you'll have to git .

ELLIE

Why, you can't put me out in the
middle of the—

WIFE

Serves you right. Oughta be careful
who you take up with on the road.
You can't go plyin' your trade in
my camp.

ELLIE

But can't you wait until morning—

WIFE

Ain't gonna wait a minute.

OWNER

Not a minute!

WIFE

Better start gettin' into your
clothes.

OWNER

Yeah.

WIFE

(glaring at him)

Zeke.

(he looks up startled)

Git!

OWNER

(disappointed)

Yes, Ma.

As Zeke leaves, the Wife plunks herself in a chair, grimly
determined to wait until Ellie gets dressed and out.

ELLIE

Can I use your telephone? I want
to talk to New York.

WIFE

You ain't gonna stick me for no
phone calls. You can go down to
the Sheriff's office.

The scene thereupon CUTS TO the EXTERIOR of the AUTO CABIN
as Ellie emerges, the Wife standing in the doorway. In the
foreground several people are scattered around the

courtyard. One woman washes stockings under a pump. A man is changing the tire on his car. Ellie comes down the steps and crosses the courtyard.

WIFE

(shouting to her)

And listen, next time better keep
away from here. I run a respectable
place.

Ellie does not turn, but walks straight forward, trying to maintain her poise. The people in the courtyard turn to stare at her, and one of them snickers.

The scene DISSOLVES TO GORDON'S OFFICE as Peter is pocketing the money. Gordon is fondling the story.

PETER

Thanks, Pal. You saved my life.

GORDON

(waving the story)

Okay, pete.

(he drops the story
on the desk and
escorts peter out,
his arm around his
shoulder)

FOR MY DOUGH,

(smiling)

you're still the best newspaperman
in the business.

They reach the door, which peter opens. Then they appear
at the DOORWAY. Through the open door the secretary stares
dumbfounded at their friendliness.

GORDON

S'long, kid. And good luck.

Outside GORDON'S OFFICE, peter kisses the secretary as he
passes through.

PETER

'Bye, Agnes. You're beautiful. All
women are beautiful!

(he goes out)

Gordon is immediately electrified
into action.

GORDON

Oh, boy! What a yarn! What a yarn!

(suddenly)

Get me Hank on the phone. Gotta
hold up the morning edition.

While he speaks he dashes back to his desk. We then see
him in his office.

SECRETARY'S VOICE

There's Hank.

GORDON

(grabbing phone)

Hank! Listen. Hold the morning
edition. Break down the front page.

Gonna have a completely new
layout—Send a couple of re-write
men in here. Don't do a thing—I
got a story that'll make your hair
curl.

During his speech, his other phone has been ringing
persistently. He has ignored it until now. He picks up
receiver:

GORDON

(into the second
phone)

Yeah. Yeah. Don't annoy me. I'm
busy.

(he bangs up
receiver, and turns
back to the first
phone)

Listen, Hank! Dig out all the
Andrews pictures. Get Healy out of
bed. I want a cartoon right away.

(the second phone
rings impatiently,
but Gordon ignores
it)

With King Westley in it. He's
waiting at the church. Big tears
streaming down his face. His bride
hasn't shown up. Old Man Andrews
is there, too. Laughing his head
off. Everything exaggerated. You
know—Now snap into it!

(he bangs up the
receiver, and grabs
the second phone,
speaking into it
impatiently)

Yeah. Yeah. What is it?

A CLOSE VIEW of GORDON, as he listens, shows his eyes
widening with amazement.

GORDON

What!—Ellen Andrews! You're crazy!

This CUTS TO a TELEPHONE BOOTH where a reporter is seen
speaking excitedly.

REPORTER

Yeah. She just phoned her father
from an auto camp to come and get
her. He's getting a police escort.
Westley's going along, too. She's
been traveling by bus. The moment
she read that her father and Westley
made up, she phoned in.

Back in GORDON'S OFFICE Gordon is seen still at the phone.

GORDON

You sure that's right! Say, you
haven't been drinking, have you!
Okay—grab a car—and stay with them.

(he hangs up the
receiver and grabs
the first phone)

Put Hank on.

(shouting)

Agnes!

(as the secretary
hurries in)

Get me a doctor. I'm about to have
a nervous breakdown.

(she stares at him
dumbly as he speaks
into the phone)

Hank—forget everything I just told
you. I was just having a nightmare!

(he hangs up—and
turns to Agnes)

Call up the police department!

Tell 'em to find Peter Warne. Send
out a general alarm. I want the
dirty crook pinched.

He picks up Peter's story and flings it viciously into the
wastebasket.

AGNES

(starting out)

Yessir.

(two re-write men

come in, passing

Agnes)

MEN

You want us?

GORDON

(wheeling around)

Yeah. Shove everything off the
front page. Ellen Andrews just
phoned her father—she's coming
home. The moment she heard the old
man withdrew his objections, she
gave herself up. Spread it all
over the place. Here's your lead:
"Love Triumphant!" Step on it!

MEN

(leaving)

Yessir.

Gordon goes to his desk, mumbling to himself. His eye lights
on the waste basket containing Peter's story, and he is
about to kick it when he stops. He stares at it
thoughtfully, reaches down, lifts it out—runs through it
hastily—and then stares into space, deep in thought.

The scene DISSOLVES TO an open ROAD, in the morning, as Peter flies over it in his Ford. He beams happily. He passes a gasoline truck and waves cheerily to the driver. This DISSOLVES TO a CLOSE-UP of an AUTO SIREN accompanied by a prolonged wail, then to a ROAD, that morning, as four motorcycles, two abreast, speed forward, followed by a luxurious limousine, which in turn is trailed by a car filled with reporters. Next, in the LIMOUSINE, Andrews is seen in the back seat. He is accompanied by King Westley—Henderson—Lovington, and a police inspector.

HENDERSON

I knew she was safe.

LOVINGTON

(sighing)

Certainly gave us a run for our money.

(but Andrews is too
overwhelmed with
joy to listen to
any of this)

ANDREWS

(anxiously)

Can't you get them to go any faster?

(at this the
Inspector leans
over to talk to
chauffeur)

This dissolves to a deserted ROAD,
Peter at the wheel of his car. His
high spirits find expression in
his efforts to sing.

PETER

(singing)

"I found a million dollar baby—"

He is interrupted by the song of a meadowlark, whistling
its strange melody. Peter listens to it a second time,
then answers its call by imitating it. The meadowlark
whistles again, and peter is highly amused.

PETER

(waving his hand—to
the meadowlark)

Okay, pal. Be seein' you.

Just then the sound of sirens is heard in the distance.
Peter glances back, and as the sirens come nearer, he pulls
over to the side of the road. There follows a FULL VIEW of
the ROAD, with peter in the foreground at the side as the
police cavalcade whizzes by accompanied by the shrieking
sirens. Thereupon PETER (SEEN CLOSE) gets an idea.

PETER

(to his Ford)

Come on, Dobbin, old boy. We got a
police escort.

He applies the gas and shoots out of sight, following which a FULL VIEW of the road shows Peter's car trying to catch up with the parade. It outdistances him, however, and we SEE PETER in the Ford pressing his body forward to help the car make time. His foot pushes the accelerator down to the floor. But the police cars are now out of sight, and Peter gives up.

PETER

(seen CLOSE; to the
car—with exaggerated
dramatics)

Dobbin, me lad. You failed muh.

I'm afraid you're gittin' old.

Thereupon the scene DISSOLVES TO a small town ROAD, where at the door of a Sheriff's office a policeman is standing on guard. The reporters hang around in front of him. Several yokels look on. The limousine and motor cycles are at the curb. And now, in a CLOSER VIEW, at the DOOR the policeman on guard steps aside as the door opens and Ellie, her father, and King Westley emerge. King has his arm around her. The moment they appear in the doorway, cameras click and several reporters surround them.

REPORTERS

Will you make a statement Miss
Andrews? Was it an exciting
experience? How did you travel?

ANDREWS

(brushing them aside)

Later, boys, later. See her at
home.

They cross the sidewalk—to the waiting limousine, as cameras
click.

The scene DISSOLVES TO a ROAD, with Peter still driving.
He is, however, as before, in excellent form, and is singing
lustily. Suddenly, however, his eyes widen and he pulls on
his brake; the car screeches and moans—and comes to a stop.

PETER

Take it easy, Dobbin. Remember
your blood pressure.

We find Peter directly in front of a slow moving freight
train. Several hoboes stick their heads out of a car, and
Peter waves to them. The hoboes look puzzled for a minute
and then wave back. The VIEW then swings over to an opening
between the cars affording a FLASH of the POLICE PARADE on
the other side, apparently on its way back.

PETER amuses himself by talking to an old flagman.

PETER

Better get that toy train out of
here. I'm in a hurry.

The Flagman grins at him in reply. By this time the last
car is in sight, and Peter gets all set to move. He stops,

however, to wave to a couple of brakemen on the rear platform.

In the meantime, the motorcycles have started forward, and the sirens begin their low, moaning wail. Peter, attracted, turns, and over Peter's shoulder we see the parade starting.

As the limousine passes, we get a glimpse of the inside.

Ellie lies back on King Westley's shoulder. He has his arm around her as they pass out of sight. Thereupon a CLOSE VIEW of PETER shows him reacting to what he saw. He turns his head quickly to stare at the disappearing car, a look of astonishment and bewilderment in his eyes. Slowly he turns his head forward, staring ahead of him blankly; he can't quite make it out. Then gradually the significance of it all strikes him—and his mouth curls up bitterly.

The scene WIPING OFF, a series of NEWSPAPER HEADLINES come into VIEW:

"ELLEN ANDREWS RETURNS HOME."

"MARRIAGE HALTED BY FATHER TO BE RESUMED"

"ELLEN ANDREWS AND AVIATOR TO HAVE CHURCH WEDDING"

"LOVE TRIUMPHS AGAIN"

"PARENTAL OBJECTION REMOVED IN FAVOR OF LOVERS"

"CANNOT THWART LOVE SAYS FATHER OF ELLEN ANDREWS"

"GLAD TO BE HOME SAYS ELLEN"

This DISSOLVES TO the anteroom of a NEWSPAPER OFFICE. The place is alive with activity, and copies of newspapers are lying around, bearing headlines relating to the Andrews story. Peter, a bewildered, stunned expression on his face, enters and crosses funereally toward Gordon's office. Several people standing around look up.

PEOPLE

Hi, Pete—Didya see this? Ellen
Andrews is back. Gonna marry that
Westley guy after all—What a dame!
What a dame!

Peter pays no attention to any of this. He reaches Gordon's door, which is open. He walks directly past Agnes and enters the office. She looks up at him, puzzled. Then in GORDON'S OFFICE, Peter walks to Gordon's desk and lays the roll of bills on it. Agnes enters, watching him anxiously.

AGNES

Gordon's out back some place.
(seeing the money,
she looks up,
surprised)

PETER

See that he gets that, will you,
Agnes? Tell him I was just kidding.
(he goes out)

As Agnes stares after him, puzzled,
Gordon dashes in from a back door.

GORDON

You can't get a thing done around
her unless—

AGNES

Peter Warne was just in.

GORDON

Huh? What?

AGNES

Left this money. Said to tell you
he was just kidding.

GORDON

(looking at the
money)

Where is he?

The scene CUTS TO the OUTER OFFICE and CORRIDOR, as SEEN
OVER GORDON'S SHOULDER through the open door. Peter is
seen walking out. Gordon hurries after him.

GORDON'S VOICE

Hey, Pete!

At the sound of Gordon's voice, Peter turns, and Gordon
comes over to him.

PETER

Hello, Joe. Sorry. Just a little
gag of mine. Thought I'd have some
fun with you.

GORDON

(understanding)

Yeah. Sure. Had me going for a
while.

PETER

Wouldn't have made a bad story,
would it?

GORDON

Great! But that's the way things
go. You think you got a swell
yarn—then something comes
along—messes up the finish—and
there you are.

PETER

(smiling wryly)

Yeah, where am I?

GORDON

(slipping a bill in
his coat pocket)

When you sober up—come in and see
me.

PETER

(a whisper)

Thanks, Joe.

He leaves, Gordon watching him sympathetically, and the scene FADES OUT.

Part Nine The LAWN of the ANDREWS ESTATE FADES IN. It is morning and at the moment the place is a beehive of activity. Dozens of butlers and maids hustle around setting tables. Floral decorations are being hung by men on ladders. In the background on a platform, a twenty-piece orchestra is getting ready, accompanied by the scraping of chairs, adjusting of music stands, unpacking of instruments.

The scene CUTS TO ANDREWS' STUDY: King Westley is seated, and Andrews walks around him. They are both dressed in striped trousers, frock coat, etc.

ANDREWS

Well, here we are; it's all set.

You're finally going to be married properly.

(he waves toward
the window)

With all the fanfare and everything.

(SHAKING HIS HEAD)

I still don't know how it
happened—but you're going to be my

son-in-law whether I like it or
not. I guess you're pleased.

KING

Why; naturally, I—

ANDREWS

(drily)

Naturally.

(with vehemence)

You're going to become a partner
in a big institution. It's one of
the largest in the world.

KING

You talk as if—

ANDREWS

Someday perhaps, you might even
take charge.

A CLOSE VIEW of ANDREWS shows him looking around his study
despairingly.

ANDREWS

(murmuring)

The thought of it makes me shudder.

KING'S VOICE

(confidently)

You might be surprised.

ANDREWS

I hope so. However, that'll take
care of itself.

(taking a new tack)

There's another responsibility
you're taking on. One that I'm
really concerned about.

KING'S VOICE

What's that?

ANDREWS

My daughter.

KING

(the two now seen
again; lightly)

Ellie? Oh, she's no responsibility.

ANDREWS

No? Say, listen—I've devoted a
whole lifetime trying to tame that
wildcat. Toughest job I ever
tackled. Ever hear of J.P. Clarkson?
Biggest man in the country, isn't
he? Well, I tamed him. Got him
eating out of the palm of my hand.
I've browbeaten financiers,
statesmen, foreign ministers—some
of the most powerful people in the

world—but I've never been able to
do a thing with her. She's been
too much for me. I'm glad you think
it's easy.

(he bends over him)

Now listen—if you'll do what I
tell you, perhaps I might develop
a little respect for you. You never
can tell.

KING

What would you like to have me do?

ANDREWS

Sock her!

A CLOSE VIEW of KING shows him looking up, surprised, as
Andrews' voice continues.

ANDREWS' VOICE

Sock her at least once a day. Do
it on general principles. Make her
know you're the boss and never let
her forget it. Think you can do
that?

KING

It's quite an assignment—

ANDREWS

Try. Do me a favor. Try. It's your

only chance. And hers, too. Do
that for me—and maybe we'll be
friends—

(muttering)

Maybe.

(he holds out his
hand)

Do we understand each other?

KING

(taking his
hand—rising)

Yes, sir.

ANDREWS

(dismissing him)

Fine. I'll see you at the reception.

He withdraws his hand, which he looks at disgustedly—the
result of a jellyfish handshake.

KING

Oh, by the way, Mr Andrews, I
thought of a great stunt for the
reception.

(as Andrews looks
at him quizzically)

I'm going to land on the lawn in
an autogyro.[14] What do you think
of that!

A CLOSE VIEW of ANDREWS shows him staring off at King in complete disgust.

ANDREWS

You thought that up all by yourself,
huh?

KING

(unabashed)

Why, it'll make all the front pages.
A spectacular thing like that—

ANDREWS

(hard)

Personally, I think it's stupid!

(humoring a child)

But go ahead. Have a good time. As
long as Ellie doesn't object.

KING

Oh, no. She'll be crazy about it.

Well, see you later. I'm going out
on the lawn and arrange for landing
space.

(holding out his
hand)

Goodbye.

(but Andrews turns
his back on him)

ANDREWS

We've done that already.

KING

(smiling)

Yes, of course.

He turns and leaves; Andrews watching him go, shaking his head sadly.

ANDREWS

Autogyro! I hope he breaks his leg.

Andrews starts out, and the scene CUTS TO the HALLWAY as Andrews enters from the study. A maid coming down the stairs, he calls to her:

ANDREWS

Oh—Mary—

MARY

Yes, sir?

ANDREWS

How is she?

MARY

(hesitantly)

Why—uh—she's all right, sir.

ANDREWS

What's the matter? Anything wrong?

MARY

Oh, no, sir. No different than—

ANDREWS

Yes. I know. Still in the dumps,
huh?

MARY

Yes sir. If you'll excuse me,
sir—she sent me for a drink.

(she leaves)

Andrews stands a moment thoughtfully
and then starts up the stairs,
following which the scene dissolves
to the UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR in front
of Ellie's door. Andrews enters
and knocks several times. Receiving
no response, he gingerly opens the
door.

Next Andrews enters ELLIE'S BEDROOM and looks around. The
VIEW SWINGS AROUND THE ROOM, following HIS GAZE. It focuses
on Ellie, who reclines on a sofa, in her bridal outfit,
her head resting on the back. She stares moodily, unhappily
up at the ceiling. The VIEW then expanding to include BOTH
FATHER AND DAUGHTER, Andrews is seen staring at her a moment
sympathetically. He senses something is wrong.

ANDREWS

(after a pause)

Ellie—

ELLIE

(jumping up with a
start)

Oh, hello, Dad.

ANDREWS

(a CLOSE VIEW as he
goes over to her)

I knocked several times.

ELLIE

Sorry. Must have been day-dreaming.

(to hide her
confusion, she
reaches for a
cigarette)

ANDREWS

(with forced
lightness)

Well, everything's set. Creating
quite a furor, too. Great stunt
King's going to pull.

ELLIE

(in a faraway voice)

Stunt?

ANDREWS

Landing on the lawn in an autogyro.

ELLIE

Oh, yes. I heard.

ANDREWS

(noting her
listlessness)

Yes. Personally, I think it's silly,
too.

As he continues talking, the VIEW MOVES WITH ELLIE, who
wanders over to a WINDOW OVERLOOKING THE LAWN and stares
out, lost in thought.

ANDREWS' VOICE

(he goes over the
Ellie)

You look lovely. Are you pleased
with the gown?

(as Ellie does not
seem to hear him,
he becomes worried)

Ellie!

ELLIE

(turning and looking
at him blankly)

Huh?

(it just penetrates)

Oh—the gown—

(distantly)

Yes, it's beautiful.

ANDREWS

(tenderly)

What's the matter, Ellie? What's
wrong?

ELLIE

Nothing.

(she walks over to
table and crushes
her cigarette)

ANDREWS

You've been acting so strangely
since you returned. I'm—I'm worried.
I haven't bothered to ask you any
questions—I—

(waving his hand
toward the lawn)

Isn't all this what you wanted?

(receiving no answer
from Ellie)

You haven't changed your mind about
King, have you?

ELLIE

(too quickly)

Oh, no.

ANDREWS

If you have, it isn't too late.

You know how I feel about him. But
I want to make you happy. You gave
me such a scare—I—when I couldn't
find you.

(smiling
feebly—meaning his
heart)

You know, the old pump isn't what
it used to be.

ELLIE

(her hand on his
arm)

Sorry, Dad. I wouldn't hurt you
for the world. You know that.

She moves away from him and sits on the sofa, and Andrews
watches her a moment and crosses over to her. He sits beside
her, placing an arm affectionately around her shoulder.

ANDREWS

(tenderly)

Ellie—what is it? Aren't you happy,
child?

At this point she finally breaks, and impulsively buries
her face on his breast.

ANDREWS

(after a pause,
hoarsely)

I thought so. I knew there was
something on your mind.

(there are audible
sobs from Ellie)

There—there!

They remain thus quietly for some time. Finally Andrews
breaks the silence.

ANDREWS

What is it, darling?

(receiving no answer)

You haven't fallen in love with
somebody else, have you?

As this brings an audible sob from Ellie, Andrews lifts up
her chin.

ANDREWS

(looking into her
eyes)

Have you?

(Ellie turns her
head away, a little
ashamed of her
tears)

Ellie now rises and walks miserably away from him, dabbing

her eyes. Andrews, watching her, realizes he has hit upon the truth. He walks over to her.

ANDREWS

I haven't seen you cry since you
were a baby. This must be serious.

(Ellie is silent)

Where'd you meet him?

ELLIE

On the road.

ANDREWS

(trying to cheer
her)

Now, don't tell me you fell in
love with a bus driver!

ELLIE

(smiling)

No.

ANDREWS

Who is he?

ELLIE

I don't know very much about him.

(in a whisper)

Except that I love him.

ANDREWS

(the great executive)

Well, if it's as serious as all
that—we'll move heaven and earth
to—

ELLIE

(quickly)

It'll do no good.

(wryly)

He despises me.

ANDREWS

Oh, come now—

ELLIE

He despises everything I stand
for. He thinks I'm spoiled and
pampered, and selfish, and
thoroughly insincere.

ANDREWS

Ridiculous!

ELLIE

He doesn't think so much of you
either.

ANDREWS

(his eyes widening)

Well!

ELLIE

He blames you for everything that's wrong about me. Thinks you raised me stupidly.

ANDREWS

(smiling)

Fine man to fall in love with.

ELLIE

(whispering)

He's marvelous!

ANDREWS

Well, what are we going to do about it? Where is he?

ELLIE

(sadly)

I don't know.

ANDREWS

I'd like to have a talk with him.

ELLIE

It's no use, Dad. I practically threw myself at him.

(she shrugs futilely)

ANDREWS

Well, under the circumstances,

don't you think we ought to call
this thing off?

ELLIE

No, I'll go through with it.

ANDREWS

But that's silly, child. Seeing
how you feel, why—

ELLIE

It doesn't matter.

(tired)

I don't want to stir up any more
trouble. I've been doing it all my
life. I've been such a burden to
you—made your life so miserable—and
mine, too. I'm tired, Dad. Tired
of running around in circles. He's
right, that's what I've been doing
ever since I can remember.

A CLOSE-UP of ANDREWS shows him watching Ellie, as her
voice continues.

ELLIE'S VOICE

I've got to settle down. It really
doesn't matter how—or where—or
with whom.

ANDREWS

(seriously—impressed)

You've changed, Ellie.

ELLIE

(seen with Andrews;

sighing)

Yes, I guess I have.

(sincerely)

I don't want to hurt anybody any more. I want to get away from all this front page publicity. It suddenly strikes me as being cheap and loathsome. I can't walk out on King now. It'll make us all look so ridiculous.

(she shrugs

resignedly)

Besides, what difference does it make?

(inaudibly)

I'll never see Peter again.

ANDREWS

Is that his name?

ELLIE

Yes. Peter Warne.

She starts to walk away when she is attracted by her father's surprise at the mention of the name.

ANDREWS

Peter Warne!

(his hand has
instinctively gone
to his inside pocket)

ELLIE

(noticing this)

Why? Do you know him?

(but Andrews
withdraws his hand.
Apparently he has
changed his mind)

ANDREWS

(evasively)

Oh, no—no.

ELLIE

(suddenly anxious)

You haven't heard from him, have
you, Dad?

ANDREWS

(obviously guilty)

Why, no . . . Don't be silly.

ELLIE

Oh, please, Dad—

She has reached into his pocket and has extracted a letter,

which she hurriedly opens and reads, following which we
SEE a LETTER in Peter's handwriting. It is addressed to:
"Alexander Andrews, 11 Wall Street." It reads:

"Dear Sir:

I should like to have a talk with you about a financial
matter in connection with your daughter.

Peter Warne."

Ellie is then SEEN READING and RE-READING the note. Her
face clouds and then slowly changes to an expression of
complete disillusionment.

ELLIE

(her voice strident)

Looks like that was his only
interest in me. The reward.

ANDREWS

(taking the note
from her)

I'm sorry you read it.

ELLIE

Are you going to see him?

ANDREWS

I suppose so.

ELLIE

(hard)

Certainly! Pay him off. He's
entitled to it. He did an excellent
job. Kept me thoroughly entertained.
It's worth every penny he gets.

She paces agitatedly, Andrews watching her silently. He
knows what an awful blow to her pride this must be. Mary
now enters with a cocktail tray which she sets on the table.

ELLIE

Thanks, Mary. That's just what I
need.

(she pours herself
a cocktail)

MARY

Mr. King Westley is on his way up.

ELLIE

Fine—Fine! Have him come in.

ANDREWS

(mumbling)

I'll be going.

(he goes out behind
Mary)

Ellie swallows her drink and starts
pouring herself another, as King
enters.

ELLIE

(upon seeing him)

Well, if it isn't the groom himself!

You're just in time, King.

A CLOSE VIEW of the Two shows King taking her in his arms.

KING

How are you, Ellie?

(he gives her a

kiss, which she

accepts

perfunctorily—but

he insists upon

being ardent)

Are you happy?

ELLIE

(releasing herself)

Happy? Why shouldn't I be happy?

I'm getting the handsomest man in

captivity.

(handing him a drink)

Here you are, King. Let's drink.

(she holds her glass

out)

Let's drink to us .

(She drains the

glass; pouring

another, as she

continues)

We finally made it, didn't we?

KING

You bet we did.

ELLIE

It's up to you now. I want our
life to be full of excitement,
King. We'll never let up, will we?
Never a dull moment. We'll get on
a merry-go-round and never get
off. Promise you'll never let me
get off? It's the only way to live,
isn't it? No time to think. We
don't want to stop to think, do
we? Just want to keep going.

KING

Whatever you say, darling.

ELLIE

I heard about your stunt. That's
swell, King. Just think of it—the
groom lands on the lawn with a
plane. It's a perfect beginning
for the life we're going to lead.
It sets just the right tempo.

(handing him a drink)

Come on, King. You're lagging.

(they both drink)

In ANDREWS' STUDY, Andrews walks around the room, perceptibly affected by his visit with Ellie. He keeps turning Peter's letter over in his hand, apparently debating in his mind what to do with it. He finally gets an idea—and determinedly crosses to the phone. Then the scene CUTS TO a HOTEL ROOM. First there is a CLOSE-UP of a NEWSPAPER—a tabloid bearing a heading which reads: "LOVE TRIUMPHANT."

"Interrupted Romance of Ellen Andrews and King Westley Resumed, as Father Yields. Wedding Reception to be Held on Andrews' Lawn."

Below this is a page of pictures, and the VIEW turns to each photograph. The first picture is of Ellie and King on a beach. The title over the picture reads: "Where they met." The second picture shows them in the cockpit of a plane, the heading reading: "Where they romanced." The next picture is of a small frame house with a shingle on it reading: "Justice of the Peace." Over the photograph is a caption: "Where they were married." The next picture is of the Andrews Yacht, and the title reads: "Where she was taken." Finally, the VIEW moves down to the bottom of the page to a picture of Ellie and King, with her father between them, in front of Sheriff's office. Caption reads: "Where love triumphed." Over these pictures the phone bell has been ringing.

And now PETER is seen staring, expressionless, at the newspaper. Suddenly he becomes conscious of the phone ringing; he looks up—then goes to it.

PETER

(into the phone)

Hello . . . Yes? . . . Who? . . .

Oh . . . Why can't I see you at
your office?

The scene CUTS TO ANDREWS' STUDY, affording a CLOSE VIEW
of ANDREWS at the phone.

ANDREWS

I leave for Washington tonight.

May be gone several weeks. Thought
perhaps you'd like to get this
thing settled.

This CUTS TO the HOTEL ROOM where PETER is at the phone.

PETER

Yeah, but I don't like the idea of
walking in on your jamboree . . .
Just between you and me—those things
give me a stiff pain.

ANDREWS

(seen in his office)

You needn't see anybody. You can
come directly to my study. I'd
appreciate it very much if—

PETER

(at his phone)

No—no. What the deuce do I want

to—

His eyes fall on something, and there follows a CLOSE VIEW
of a tabloid newspaper, featuring the heading: "Love
Triumphant" and containing the pictures of Ellie and King.
The VIEW then moves down to feature headline reading "Groom
to Land on Bride's Lawn."

"King Westley plans to drop in an autogyro on the lawn of
Andrews estate . . ."

Peter's mouth screws up disdainfully.

PETER

(into the phone)

Yeah, wait a minute. Maybe I will
come over. I'd like to get a load
of that three-ring circus you're
pulling. I want to see what love
looks like when it's triumphant. I
haven't had a good laugh in a week.

(he is still at the
phone as the scene
dissolves)

Then the LAWN of the ANDREWS ESTATE
dissolves in. It is now filled
with guests, who wander around,
chattering gaily. The orchestra
plays. A captain of waiters in the

foreground instructs his men.

CAPTAIN

I want everything to be just so.

When the ceremony starts, you stand

on the side—still . No moving

around—no talking, comprenez ?

The VIEW CUTS TO a ROADWAY leading to the estate, and Peter is seen driving up in his Ford and squeezing in between two Rolls-Royces. The uniformed chauffeurs glare at him. But Peter springs nonchalantly out of his car.

PETER

(blithely, as he

passes them)

Keep your eye on my car when you're

backing up, you guys.

And as he goes, the chauffeurs look at each other, surprised. The scene DISSOLVES TO ANDREWS' STUDY, where a butler stands in front of Andrews who is seated at his desk.

ANDREWS

Show him in.

The Butler leaving, a CLOSE VIEW shows ANDREWS reaching over and snapping on a dictograph concealed somewhere on his desk. The OFFICE coming into VIEW again, we SEE Andrews rising and awaiting Peter's entrance. After a moment Peter

comes in, removes his soft felt hat, and tucks it under his arm.

ANDREWS

Mr. Warne?

PETER

Yeah.

ANDREWS

Come in. Sit down.

Peter advances into the room, looking around curiously. His air is frigid, contemptuous as Andrews studies him, and he makes no move to sit. Andrews waves to a chair and sits down himself. Peter flops into the nearest chair.

ANDREWS

(seen CLOSE with
Peter; after a
pause)

I was surprised to get your note.
My daughter hadn't told me anything
about you. About your helping her.

PETER

That's typical of your daughter.
Takes those things for granted.

(too restless to
sit, he jumps up)

Why does she think I lugged her

all the way from Miami—

(vehemently)

for the love of it?

ANDREWS

Please understand me. When I say
she didn't tell me anything about
it, I mean not until a little while
ago. She thinks you're entitled to
anything you can get.

PETER

(bitterly)

Oh, she does, huh? Isn't that sweet
of her! You don't, I suppose.

ANDREWS

(shrugging)

don't know. I'd have to see on
what you base your claim. I presume
you feel you're justified in—

PETER

(seen CLOSE now)

If I didn't I wouldn't be here!

(he reaches into
his pocket)

I've got it all itemized.

(And he throws the
paper on Andrews'
desk)

ANDREWS picks up the paper and glances at it. After a moment, he looks at Peter, studying him interestedly; then he returns to the paper, and reads its contents:

"Cash outlay

TOPCOAT

Suitcase

HAT

3 shirts

TOTAL

39.60"

Andrews looks up from the paper. This is a twist he hadn't anticipated, and he doesn't quite know how to handle it.

PETER

(now seen closer

with Andrews)

I sold some drawers and socks,
too; I'm throwing those in.

ANDREWS

And this is what you want—thirty-
nine dollars and sixty cents?

PETER

Why not? I'm not charging you for
the time I wasted.

ANDREWS

Yes, I know—but—

PETER

What's the matter? Isn't it cheap
enough? A trip like that would
cost you a thousand dollars!

ANDREWS

Let me get this straight. You want
this thirty-nine sixty in addition
to the ten thousand dollars?

PETER

What ten thousand?

ANDREWS

The reward.

PETER

(sharply)

Who said anything about a reward!

ANDREWS

(smiling)

I'm afraid I'm a little confused.

You see, I assumed you were coming
here for—

PETER

(impatiently)

All I want is thirty-nine sixty.

If you'll give me a check I'll get
out of this place. It gives me the
jitters.

ANDREWS

You're a peculiar chap.

PETER

(irritably)

We'll go into that some other time.

ANDREWS

The average man would go after the
reward. All you seem to—

PETER

Listen, did anybody ever make a
sucker out of you? This is a matter
of principle. Something you probably
wouldn't understand.

(he burns at the
thought)

When somebody takes me for a buggy
ride I don't like the idea of having
to pay for the privilege.

ANDREWS

You were taken for a buggy ride?

PETER

Yeah—with all the trimmings. Now,
how about the check. Do I get it?

A CLOSE-UP indicates that ANDREWS has been studying Peter throughout the scene. He is now completely won over.

ANDREWS

(smiling)

Certainly.

(he opens a checkbook
and writes it out)

While Andrews writes, Peter wanders around the room in an attitude of bitter contempt. Andrews rises and goes to him.

ANDREWS

Here you are.

(as Peter takes the
check)

Do you mind if I ask you something
frankly?

(Peter just looks
at him without
responding)

Do you love my daughter?

PETER

(evasively, while
folding the check)

A guy that'd fall in love with
your daughter should have his head
examined.

ANDREWS

That's an evasion.

PETER

(putting the check
into a wallet)

She grabbed herself a perfect
running mate. King Westley! The
pill of the century!

(pocketing wallet)

What she needs is a guy that'd
take a sock at her every day—whether
it's coming to her or not.

A CLOSE VIEW of the TWO shows Andrews smiling: Here is a
man!

PETER

If you had half the brains you're
supposed to have, you'd have done
it yourself—long ago.

ANDREWS

Do you love her?

PETER

(going for his hat

as he replies)

A normal human being couldn't live

under the same roof with her,

without going nuts.

(going to the door)

She's my idea of nothing!

ANDREWS

I asked you a question. Do you

love her?

PETER

(snapping it out)

Yes!

(as Andrews smiles)

But don't hold that against me.

I'm a little screwy myself.

He snaps the door open and goes out, following which ANDREWS is seen watching the door, his eyes twinkling, and the scene CUTS TO the DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY as Peter comes through, moving on to the front door. But just as he reaches it, Ellie enters, accompanied by half a dozen men and holding a cocktail in her hand. They see each other almost simultaneously, and both stop, glaring.

PETER

(looking her over
contemptuously)
Perfect! Now you look natural.

At this Ellie leaves her group and comes toward Peter, and
a CLOSE VIEW shows them together, glaring at each other.

ELLIE
(icily)
I hope you got your money.

PETER
You bet I did.

ELLIE
Congratulations.

PETER
Same to you.

ELLIE
Why don't you stay and watch the
fun? You'll enjoy it immensely.

PETER
I would. But I've got a weak
stomach.

He wheels around and goes through the door, Ellie looking
after him, her eyes blazing. The drone of a plane motor
outside is heard, and several people rush down the stairs,

all excited.

GUESTS

Here comes King! He's just coming
down! Hurry up, everybody! Come
on, Ellie!

Immediately there is a general excitement, as guests hurry through the hallway on the way to the lawn. But Ellen does not move—she remains staring blankly at the door through which Peter went until Andrews enters from his study.

ANDREWS

I just had a long talk with him.

ELLEN

(her voice breaking)

I'm not interested.

ANDREWS

Now, wait a minute, Ellie—

ELLIE

(sharply)

I don't want to hear anything about
him!

She walks away from him, and Andrews, frustrated, looks at her helplessly. Thereupon the scene dissolves to a FULL VIEW of the LAWN. The orchestra is playing Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The lawn is crowded with guests. In the

background we see the autogyro idling. A CLOSER VIEW shows a small platform, serving as an altar. Over it there is an arbor of roses. Back of the altar stands a minister, ready. A REVERSE VIEW reveals a long, narrow, carpeted pathway leading to the house. Both sides are lined with guests, who are murmuring excitedly. At the moment, King Westley and his best man are marching solemnly toward the altar. Back of the altar we SEE a high platform upon which are several newsreel men who are grinding their cameras.

The guests, of whom close glimpses are caught, are now peering over each other's shoulders. King and his best man have reached the altar, and the music of the wedding march comes to a stop. The orchestra leader is looking around, apparently waiting for a signal. At the DOOR of the HOUSE a very "prissy" middle-aged man waves his handkerchief and nods his head to the orchestra leader. The orchestra leader acknowledges the signal by nodding his head—turns to his men—waves his baton, and the orchestra starts playing, "Here Comes the Bride."—The guests whisper to each other excitedly. A great deal of stirring takes place.

The door of the house slowly opens—and a parade of small flower girls emerges. They march, taking each step carefully, while they strew flowers along the path. They are well out of the way when Ellie, on the arm of her father, appears in the doorway. A VIEW of the guests shows that they cannot contain themselves. Murmurs of "Here she comes," and "Doesn't she look beautiful?" are heard. The newsreel men on their platform behind the altar bestir themselves. This is what they've been waiting for!

ELLIE and her FATHER (SEEN CLOSE) now make their way to the altar. Ellie's face is solemn, and her jaws set.

ANDREWS

(whispering out of
the side of his
mouth)

You're a sucker to go through with
this.

Ellie glances at him out of the corner of her eye—and quickly turns forward again.

ANDREWS

That guy Warne is O.K. He didn't
want the reward.

Ellie keeps her eyes glued in front of her, remaining expressionless.

ANDREWS

All he asked for was thirty-nine
dollars and sixty cents . . . that's
what he spent on you. It was a
matter of principle with him—says
you took him for a ride.

This registers on Ellie and she raises her eyes—but her reaction is only slightly perceptible.

A CLOSE VIEW of a GROUP OF GUESTS shows two girls looking enviously in the direction of the bride.

A YOUNG GIRL

(whispering)

I wish I were in her shoes.

SECOND GIRL

Yes. She certainly is lucky.

ELLIE and her FATHER are seen again, and ANDREWS is still whispering to her.

ANDREWS

He loves you, Ellie. Told me so.

This brings a definite reaction, which she quickly covers up.

ANDREWS

You don't want to be married to a
mug like Westley.

At this there is a CLOSE VIEW of Westley—there is a satisfied smirk on his face.

ANDREWS

I can buy him off for a pot of
gold, and you can make an old man
happy, and you wouldn't do so bad
for yourself. If you change your

mind, your car's waiting at the
back gate.

Ellie gives no indication of her intentions. Her face
remains immobile. And now Ellie and her father have reached
the altar. The "prissy" man is placing them in position.
The big moment has arrived. The guests are all atwitter.
But a CLOSE VIEW of ELLIE shows that she realizes that her
fate is closing in on her. She looks around for a means of
escape.

MINISTER

(starting the
ceremony)

Dearly beloved, we are gathered
together here in the sight of God
and in the face of this company to
join together this man and this
woman in holy matrimony. If any
man can show just cause why they
may not lawfully be joined together,
let him speak now or else hereafter
forever hold his peace. King, wilt
thou have this woman to be thy
wedded wife? So long as ye both
shall live?

KING

I will.

MINISTER

Ellen, wilt thou have this man to
be thy wedded husband so long as
ye both shall live?

Then, SEEN at the ALTAR, Ellie makes her decision. She reaches down, takes a firm hold on her train and, pushing several people aside, runs out of the scene. Those at the altar look up, surprised, and the most startled of all is KING himself.

KING
(calling after her)
Ellie!

He starts to go after her—but finds Andrews in his way while the outcries of the guests rise in chorus.

GUESTS
What's happened? Where's she going?

On the platform, the newsreel men, a look of astonishment on their faces, decide to follow Ellie.

A MAN
Get her, Mac! She's ducking!

And, as VIEWed by the newsreel men, Ellie is seen in the distance dashing through the gates. The guests stare dumbfounded. Following this, Andrews and King are SEEN TOGETHER in the CROWD.

KING

(helplessly)

What happened?

ANDREWS

(blandly)

I haven't the slightest idea.

But his mouth twitches as he tries to keep from smiling.
As King runs out of sight Andrews gets out a cigar and
lights it—a happy smile on his face which he now doesn't
try to conceal.

Outside the FRONT GATE Ellie is seen in a fast roadster,
as she starts away with a plunge. Her eyes sparkle. A crowd
of people dash up, headed by King. They stop dead when
they see the car disappear. On the LAWN the commotion runs
high, and the guests chatter their amazement. A CLOSE VIEW
of ANDREWS shows him smiling with satisfaction.

The scene DISSOLVES TO ANDREWS' OFFICE, where Andrews is
regaling himself with a whiskey and soda. He is in a
pleasantly inebriated mood when his SECRETARY enters.

ANDREWS

(as he picks up the
phone that has
started ringing)

Don't want to talk to—don't want
to talk to anybody. Don't want to
see anybody.

SECRETARY

But it's King Westley on the phone.

ANDREWS

Ooooooh.

(into the phone)

Hello my would-be ex-son-in-law.

I've sent you a check for a hundred

thousand. Yes. That's the smartest

thing you ever did, Westley, not

to contest that annulment. That's

satisfactory, isn't it? Yeah. Well,

it ought to be. Oh I'm not

complaining. It was dirt cheap.

(as he hangs up)

Don't fall out of any windows.

SECRETARY

(placing a telegram

on the desk)

There's another wire from Peter,

sir. They're in Glen Falls,

Michigan.

ANDREWS

(reading it)

"What's holding up the annulment,

you slow poke? The Walls of Jericho

are toppling."

(to the Secretary)

Send him a telegram right away.

Just say: "Let 'em topple."

This DISSOLVES TO the exterior of an AUTO CAMP very much like the other camps at which Peter and Ellie stayed. The owner's wife is talking to her husband.

WIFE

Funny couple, ain't they?

MAN

Yeah.

WIFE

If you ask me, I don't believe
they're married.

MAN

They're married all right. I just
seen the license.

WIFE

They made me get 'em a rope and a
blanket, on a night like this.

MAN

Yeah?

WIFE

What do you reckon that's for?

MAN

Blamed if I know. I just brung 'em
a trumpet.

WIFE

(puzzled)

A trumpet?

MAN

Yeah. You know, one of those toy
things. They sent me to the store
to get it.

WIFE

But what in the world do they want
a trumpet for?

MAN

I dunno.

The scene moves to the cabin occupied presumably by Peter
and Ellie. The windows are lighted. There is a blast from
a trumpet, and as the lights go out a blanket is seen
dropping to the floor, and the scene FADES OUT.

THE END