



THE ETERNAL... TRIANGLE?

A PREFACE TO 'ARTISTS & MODELS' SCRIPT

By Zach Eastman

NOTE: Before I go any further I must state the following: There is all the possibility that the research I have done for this draft is missing pieces to the puzzle or that I have incorrect info. Anyone with any added information that can be contributed to understanding this piece of cinema history is highly encouraged to reach out via the IJBFC Facebook Group to myself or Garth.

Prefacing anything regarding the 1937 film 'Artists & Models' must begin with acknowledging how strangely accurate a summation Jack himself made about it. On his broadcast from June 20th, 1937 see's Jack in his dressing room surrounded by his gang. When asked to describe the story of the film he is making at Paramount, Jack describes an intricate web of character threads weaved in such a way that he summarizes facetiously as "The Eternal Triangle".

While the normal plot description of his films would often stray into non-descript or generic scenarios unrelated to the actual film, this moment proved to be a fair assessment of the final structure of 'Artists & Models', albeit exaggerated to lovely effect for the radio.

But even exaggeration itself carries a hint of truth in this case.

Spinning Don Wilson's magic radio dial, you must now find yourselves here at this draft of the script for Artists & Models, dated March 6th, 1937, a good month and change before filming was reported to have commenced per Weekly Variety. Acquired recently through auction for my research on Jack's film career, it was a chance to get a glimpse of an early pass before it went to camera and to uncover what was re-tailored for the Waukegan Wit. As it turns out, it was quite a lot.

Before that however, one might be wondering who the script belonged to. Well that's a reasonable question that can be answered..... right.....about.... now.

As readers will notice there are no listed names below the title (which could indicate that final credited writers had not been established or that this is merely a copy for one to scratch notes onto), but a name is written in pencil in the top left corner. While part of it is illegible, the names 'Henry' & 'Allard' are visible. The lead on who this 'Henry Allard' was is not foolproof, but the biggest clue comes not from the name, but where the pencil also finds itself scattered in the script: focused on the character of 'Toots', played by Judy Canova in the final film. A cursory search of Henry Allard led to a Henry 'Hank' Allard whose web bio claims to have Judy Canova listed as one of many shows/personalities he had written for. Additionally, the name appears to pop around credits surrounding later episodes of Judy's radio program (starting in the early 1940's). So the script is A) meant to work on polishing Toots to Judy Canova & B) belonged to Henry Allard who may have gone on to become a more frequent writer for Canova on radio. I

leave it to Judy Canova's many adoring fans to either affirm or reject this claim (if rejected, I do hope they do so while singing a rendition of Jesse James as the Canova trip does in the final film, as I wish to laugh through my potential failure.).

With that all being said, the script as whole paints a mixture of the story viewers will know mixed with a story that almost was. In reviewing the draft, there were key points of difference that stood out

- In the first Sequence listed, Sequence A, the majority of it has been gutted & re-written to transform the character of Mac Barton into Mac Brewster, who unlike Barton manages to resemble the qualities and traits we associate with his performer. This allows you to witness the material that other writers had to work with when tailoring this further for Jack. This also manages to re-write the entire subplot surrounding Gail Patrick's character.
- As a result of these many changes in Sequence A, the Sequences that follow (B through F) are molded into new scenes reflecting the change or have been lifted and re-arranged to balance the story between the happenings of Mac Brewster & the happenings of Paula (Ida Lupino).
 - For example, Sequence B & C are flipped in the final film
- Despite this being a draft for a writer to re-fashion the Toot's character, Canova's final performance matches much of what was on the page back in March of 1937. Much of her ultimate changes are more present in her scenes with Ben Blue and of her involvement in the 'Artists & Models Ball' finale (which includes a later added rendition of Jesse James by the Canova Family).
- The one's who suffer the most from the revisions are.... THE YACHT CLUB BOYS. Yes the boys, who still land great scenes in the final film, apparently were slated to have far more to do in the way of cut scenes and even listed involvement in the 'Public Melody No. 1' number with Louis Armstrong (In the script, Martha Raye is not even listed as part of this number, but the Yacht Club Boys are).

In those bullet points alone, one will feel as dizzy as they felt when hearing Jack describe the "Triangle" on radio.

I hope in reading this draft one can appreciate this unique look into the development of a film while also taking a moment to truly savor the impact that re-writing and re-tooling did. As this script was a property in Paramount's hands long before Benny was involved, it's remarkable to watch what that long dormant property could become when it found a distinct personality to layer into what would otherwise be a fair but unimpressive comedy. Jack's films may have been a regurgitation of his radio persona many a time, but there was good reason beyond box-office: Jack's characterizations worked for film characters, and in cases such as this managed to create a watchable and likable co-lead to balance the romantic angles of Lupino & Arlen. We need a sad sack, we need a man who is the faults and frailties of our collective hubris, our collective embarrassment, our collective scheming, and our collective naivete. Jack was Paramount's man. And as this script will show, they were lucky to have him aboard.

About the author: Zach Eastman is a writer, podcast host/producer, and a filmmaker. Having grown up immersed in cinema, Zach has devoted every waking moment to studying it from craft to criticism. Currently, he is the creator and host of YESTERYEAR BALLYHOO REVUE, a podcast dedicated to discussing the laughter and lessons from films of Hollywood's Golden Age which have included guests ranging from Leonard Maltin to filmmaking legend Lloyd Kaufman. He also serves as the producer and on-camera host for the Virtual Jack Benny Conventions since 2022. His observations on film have been used for Denver Critical Round-Up's. When not podcasting or producing virtual events he can be found working on a book about the history of Jack Benny's film career called "You Can't Film Jack".

Henry ...
S.F.8011

This Script is the personal property of
PARAMOUNT PICTURES INC. provided for your
use and convenience.

Please treat it as private and confidential
and make sure it is not lost or stolen or
left in any place where it may get into the
wrong hands.

If you do not care to place it in your
personal file when you have finished with
it, please return to Stenographic Depart-
ment, Second Floor Writers' Annex.

M. ...
ARTISTS AND MODELS

March 6, 1937

SEQUENCE "A"

After Main and Credit Titles and opening musical number sung by the Yacht Club Boys, artists and models (details of this number to come later) as the music ends -- we cut to --

A-1 INT. MAC'S OFFICE - MEDIUM GROUP SHOT - AT DESK

The Yacht Club Boys have just finished explaining their idea for the Artists and Models show. Mac's face registers no emotion whatever.

FIRST BOY

(Enthusiastically)

That's the show we're going to stage for your Artists and Models Ball.

SECOND BOY

Stupendous, isn't it?

THIRD BOY

Yes, but we're going to make it colossal.

FOURTH BOY

Super-colossal.

(To Mack)

How do you like it?

MAC

I think -- it stinks.

(He stands up)

FOUR BOYS

What!!

FIRST BOY

You mean you don't like it?

(He pushes Mac back
a step or two)

SECOND BOY

(Also pushing)

Say, this is no time to be kidding us.

THIRD BOY

(Another push)

Are you trying to hurt our feelings?

A-1 (Cont'd)

The fourth boy gives Mac another push which brings him up against the wall.

FOURTH BOY

What do you know about a show anyway?

MAC

I know I don't like what you showed me. I know I'm the General Manager of the Ball. I know you fellows are driving me crazy -- but I don't know how to get rid of you.

FIRST BOY

That's right -- we've got you there.
(Pulls contract from pocket)
We've got a contract to produce the show.

MAC

But not that show. Go out and get some good ideas -- and give me a little time to run my advertising agency.

FIRST BOY

Your advertising business isn't important.

SECOND BOY

No, the important thing is -- would you know a good show if you saw one?

MAC

(Wearily)

I know if you and I ever agreed on anything, I'd be wrong.

THIRD BOY

As usual. Well, goodbye.

The four boys start toward the door. Mac turns toward his desk, wiping his face with a handkerchief. The boys slam the door. Mac jumps, indicating his extreme nervousness. He whirls quickly and yells:

MAC

Get out!

A-2 CLOSE SHOT

A corner in what is apparently a fashionable restaurant. Paula Sewell, young, lovely, beautifully gowned, sits alone at a table for two. She holds an ebony cigarette holder with cigarette in one hand as she studies the menu -- a Park Avenue debutante, dining at the Ritz.

A waiter moves into the scene and holds for her approval a wine bottle wrapped in a serviette. Paula glances at it.

WAITER

Chateau Yquem, madame; 1924.

PAULA

(Smiles)

The perfect wine for a pheasant dinner.

The waiter tilts the bottle to fill the wine glass. Paula watches him. No wine comes out of the empty bottle. Paula and the waiter pay no attention as they hold the pose, motionless. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a photographer standing at his camera, photographing the set. He presses the bulb of the camera and nods, satisfied.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Okay; that's got it.

Paula and the waiter, at the table, break their pose. Paula slumps over the table, wearily.

A-3 ANOTHER ANGLE - AT TABLE

A young man, in his shirt sleeves, (Props), carrying a laundry basket, enters briskly to table; also a wardrobe woman.

PROPS

Props, please.

He takes the wine bottle from the waiter, who exits from scene.

WARDROBE WOMAN

(Sympathetically, to Paula)

Tired?

A-3 (Cont'd)

PAULA

I'm dead.

She stands up, turning her side to the wardrobe woman. Props is busily removing the props from the table and putting them in his basket.

PROPS

(To Paula)

The jewelry, please, Miss Sewell.

While the wardrobe woman unhooks Paula's gown, Paula removes several rings, a bracelet, and possibly a necklace and hands them to Props, who puts them in his basket.

PROPS

Thanks.

(He exits)

WARDROBE WOMAN

This frock might have been made for you, Paula.

PAULA

(With a smile)

You always tell me that.

WARDROBE WOMAN

I happen to know it cost the advertiser plenty -- but they'll let it go for a song.

PAULA

I have a closet full of things I've posed in -- and I'm all out of songs.

By this time Paula is out of the dress, and standing in her underthings. As she takes a kimona or negligee from the woman and throws it around her, the wardrobe mistress drapes the gown over one arm. She and Paula look at it admiringly.

PAULA

How much?

WARDROBE WOMAN

Five dollars takes it home.

PAULA

I really shouldn't -- but I'm too tired to resist.

A-3 (Cont'd)

WARDROBE WOMAN
I'll wrap it up for you.

PAULA
Thanks.
(She starts away)

DISSOLVE:

A-4 INT. RECEPTION OFFICE

DISSOLVE IN:

Paula entering the office, now dressed in street clothes -- and very becomingly. Stella is seated at her desk.

STELLA
Hello, Paula.

PAULA
Hello, Stella -- may I see the boss?

Mac's voice comes through from the private office, raised in nervous excitement.

MAC'S VOICE
No - no - not today!

We hear the bang of a telephone being slammed into place. Stella looks significantly at Paula.

STELLA
You're taking your life in your hands.
(She exits into the private office)

A-5 INT. PRIVATE OFFICE

Mac is seated at his desk, his hair mussed, trying to calm his ruffled nerves. He glances up as Stella enters.

MAC
Oh, it's you.

STELLA
Yes. Paula Sewell wants to see you -- I advised her against it.

A-5

(Cont'd)

MAC

(Querulously)

What right have you to advise
people not to see me? How do
you know how I feel?

STELLA

If you don't feel terrible, you
ought to be spanked for acting
this way. In fact, you ought --

MAC

(Interrupting)

Miss Cummings! Try to remember
I'm the boss!

STELLA

I'm trying to remember that I'm
the only secretary you've ever
been able to keep. Will you see
Miss Sewell?

MAC

Certainly. But nobody else.

Stella turns and motions off scene to someone. Paula
enters. Stella exits, closing the door.

PAULA

Hello, Mac. How is the Barton
Advertising Agency?

MAC

Hello, Paula.

(He gives her an admiring
once-over)

Why can't I look as fresh and
sparkling and cute as you do.

PAULA

(Laughs)

I'm glad you're in a good mood --

MAC

Am I?

PAULA

-- because I've a marvelous idea;
marvelous for me, I mean.

A-5

(Cont'd)

MAC

(Drily)

Um-huh. Listen, Paula; you've been a good little girl; you've been learning fast; you're going to be a very fine model some day --

Paula starts talking with Mac as though she had heard it many times before.

PAULA AND MAC

-- One of the best -- You've just got to wait for a break.

Paula smiles. Mac glares at her.

MAC

Fresh!

PAULA

You can give me that break right now, Mac; make me Queen of the Artists and Models Ball.

MAC

(Surprised)

Queen of the Ball! Queen of the --

(Interrupts)

-- a job that means thousands of dollars worth of publicity -- a fat modeling contract -- a job that every model in the United States would give her second husband to get! What made you think of such a modest little request?

PAULA

(Smiling)

Well, you've always said you'd do everything you could for me. Do you mean you can't make me the Queen?

MAC

Certainly I can, but --

PAULA

If I'm conceited, it's your fault. You've told me I can sing and dance; my figure is the kind they use in underwear ads --

(Change of tone)

A-5 (Cont'd)

PAULA (Cont'd)

And by the way, Mac, am I tired
of continually posing in scanties!

MAC

How about stockings?

PAULA

How about the Artists and Models
Ball?

(She strikes an attractive
pose for his inspection)

MAC

Mmm. Queen of the Ball, huh!
There's only one thing wrong with
the idea; I didn't think of it
myself.

PAULA

(Happily excited)

Mac, darling -- you mean you'll
do it? For me?

MAC

Can I help it if my heart inter-
feres with my judgment.

The dictograph buzzer sounds before anything else can
be said. Mac turns to answer it; Paula is delighted
at her good luck.

MAC

(Into dictograph)

Yes...Mr. Townsend? Townsend
Silver?....Of course, I'll talk
to him.

He hangs up the ear-piece of the dictograph and
reaches for the receiver of the telephone on his desk.

MAC

(To Paula; excitedly)

Old man Townsend himself.

PAULA

I didn't think the Townsends ever
talked to anybody less than an
Archbishop.

MAC

(Unwittingly talking
into phone)

I'm trying to sell him a million
dollar advertising campaign.

A-5 (Cont'd)

Evidently Mr. Townsend, overhearing this, says something. Mac's expression changes as he continues talking with some embarrassment.

MAC

Oh -- Mr. Townsend -- hello --
What's that?....Oh, I just said
how about that million dollar
advertising campaign? I mean,
if you'd allow me to come over
and talk to you personally --
What?...You've decided to give
it to me!

(His hand holding the
phone shakes violently)

Well -- I -- I --

(weakly)

Well!

A-6 INT. TOWNSEND OFFICE

It is the dark, heavy type one might expect of an old, conservative firm. Alan Townsend is seated at his desk, at the phone. In a chair nearby sits Cynthia Wentworth, silver-foxed, perfumed, aristocratic member of the Newport and Long Island Wentworths, and incidentally, a very beautiful girl. She is idly perusing the pages of a magazine while waiting for Alan to complete his business.

ALAN

(Into phone)

Yes, Mr. Barton, the account is yours.
There is just one little stipulation.

A-7 INT. MAC'S OFFICE - MEDIUM SHOT - MAC AND PAULA

MAC

(Into phone)

I was afraid of that. There's always
an Ethiopian in the chicken yard --
or somewhere. What is it?...You want
what?

A-8 INT. ALAN'S OFFICE - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - ALAN AND CYNTHIA

As Alan talks, we see that Cynthia is listening to the conversation with rising interest.

A-8

(Cont'd)

ALAN

I'll sign a contract, if you will promise to make the Townsend Silver Girl model the Queen of the Artists Ball. As a new advertiser, I think I am entitled to the added value of the publicity the Queen will get. You can arrange it easily, can't you?

A-9

INT. MAC'S OFFICE - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - MAC AND PAULA

Mac hesitates, a bit worried, before answering. He glances at Paula who, of course, does not know the subject under discussion.

MAC

I can arrange it, but -- what?
...Don't be silly, of course
I'll do it.

(Again he glances unhappily at Paula)

Er -- who is your model?...
You haven't one yet?....

Paula quickly pantomimes for Mac to suggest her as the model. Mac nods and continues enthusiastically.

MAC

Well, I know the perfect model for you, Mr. Townsend.

Paula strikes an effective pose, exaggerated slightly for comedy effect.

She's new -- very lovely -- enough experience to do a swell job --
Beg pardon?

A-10

INT. TOWNSEND'S OFFICE - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Alan at phone, Cynthia in a chair nearby.

ALAN

I've decided against professional models.

Cynthia, listening, glances up from the magazine and, as Alan continues, she opens her bag, removes a mirror and views herself in it complacently.

A-10 (Cont'd)

ALAN

The Townsend tradition is one of dignity. In keeping with the quality of our silver, the model must be a girl of quiet distinction -- an aristocrat. Actually, what I have in mind is a bona fide society girl.

In spite of the fact that Cynthia is nominating herself for the job, we realize that Alan is not even thinking of her.

A-11 INT. MAC'S OFFICE

Paula has assumed another pose, nose in air, superior in attitude -- somewhat humorous in its exaggeration.

MAC

(Frowning, into phone)

A girl like that will cost you a lot of money, Mr. Townsend.

PAULA

(Holding the pose)

A girl like this is worth it.

MAC

(Into phone)

You're paying the bills, Mr. Townsend...Okay with me, sir. Goodbye.

(He hangs up, scowling slightly)

PAULA

When does one take off what clothes to pose in a soup tureen?

Mac shakes his head sourly.

MAC

You don't. Townsend is going into the Social Register for his model -- a debutante -- solid gold -- with ancestors.

Paula reacts in terrific disappointment.

A-12

INT. TOWNSEND'S OFFICE

Alan is taking hat, overcoat, stick and gloves from an attendant.

ALAN

Thank you, Parks.

As Parks exits, Cynthia takes Alan's arm as they start walking toward the door.

CYNTHIA

One of the very nicest things about you, darling, is the adroit way you flatter me.

ALAN

(Smiling, but not understanding)

Do I, dear?

CYNTHIA

The ideal Townsend model -- and you perfectly described me! Don't tell me it was unconscious!

ALAN

(Smiles)

As a matter of fact, you would be ideal.

CYNTHIA

(Quickly)

It would be terribly exciting -- me on all the billboards -- with legs ten feet long and eyes as big as manhole covers!

(Alan smiles, but shakes his head)

Too undignified for the future Mrs. Townsend?

Alan looks at her; smiles enigmatically.

ALAN

And in the second place, you wouldn't really enjoy it.

Alan takes her arm as they start out of the office.

CYNTHIA

I don't know. The more I think of the idea, the better I like it.

A-13

INT. MAC'S OFFICE

Paula has worked herself up to a pitch of excitement. She is almost on the verge of tears as she paces up and down the office.

PAULA

Society! I'm sick of these gilded debs stealing our jobs. I have ancestors -- perfectly good, honest ancestors, who have been around a long time.

MAC

(Distressed)

Easy, honey. I did the best I could -- but my hands are tied. I promise you'll get the next big account -- on the word of an old publicity man.

PAULA

Maybe. I lost this job because my ancestors missed the Mayflower and came over on an excursion boat.

She turns away to hide a tear. Mac goes to her, turns her to face him.

MAC

(In surprise)

Say, are you crying?

PAULA

No.

Mac wipes a tear off her face with his finger, and looks at her.

MAC

What do you call this?

PAULA

I don't know; it just slipped.

MAC

(Arm about her shoulder)

Look; why don't you and I go somewhere and have a rousing breakdown together?

PAULA

Thanks, Mac -- but I'd be rotten company -- even for a breakdown.

A-13 (Cont'd)

She tries to smile, as she leaves Mac and walks to the door.

PAULA
(With a wave of
the hand)
'bye.

Paula exits. Mac is unhappy and depressed. He walks to his desk. There is a small radio on a stand behind his chair. Mac switches on the radio, and throughout the following scene we hear subdued music. Mac seats himself and looks at the half-smoked cigar in his hand. He places the cigar butt on a small ashtray, heaped with ashes, cigar and cigarette butts. Some of the ashes spill over onto the desk, which annoys Mac. He picks up the tray to throw its contents out through the open window behind him. Half turning, he tosses the contents of the ashtray through the open window. The wind immediately blows back a lot of the ashes into his office and over his clothes.

MAC
Yes, it's an ill wind -- and it's
getting iller.

Stella's voice comes over the dictograph.

STELLA'S VOICE
There's no such word.

MAC
Yes, there is. I just made it
up.
(Snaps switch on dictograph)

He closes the window and starts brushing himself off.

A-14 ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING ACROSS THE DESK TOWARD MAC

There is a bowl of tomatoes on the desk and a card lying against it, visible to the camera. The card reads:

"BELCAMP'S TOMATO KETCHUP"

MAC
(Annoyed)
An apple a day -- probably give
me apoplexy.

A-14 (Cont'd)

He reaches out, takes a tomato from the bowl, and bites into it. It is a fully ripe tomato and its juices squirt over Mac's face and clothes.

MAC

(In surprise)

A tomato!

Greatly annoyed, Mac turns to toss the tomato out of the window, forgetting he has closed it. The tomato spatters all over the window pane. With a handkerchief Mac wipes off his face. He sees the spot on the window. He closes his eyes, suffering. Suddenly the Venetian blind, which is pulled half way up, drops with a machine gun-like rattle. Mac's raw nerves drive him clean out of his chair. He starts pacing the office, his arms upraised towards heaven.

MAC

What next? A man can only stand so much.

He takes another cigar to soothe his nerves. Biting off the end, he puts it in his mouth, removes a Dunhill lighter from his pocket, flips the top up, twirls the wheel and ignites it. He lights the cigar. Then he takes it from his mouth to see that it is evenly lighted, meanwhile holding the flaming lighter so close to his tie that we realize the tie will catch fire in another moment or two.

A-15 MED. SHOT - TO INCLUDE DOOR FROM RECEPTION OFFICE

The door opens and Stella looks in, inquiringly. Her expression changes, as she walks quickly to the desk.

A-16 CLOSE SHOT - AT DESK

Mac's tie is smoldering; he is unconscious of it.

STELLA

Don't look now, but you're on fire.

Mac sniffs, smells the smoke, glances down at his smoldering tie. Quickly he grabs his tie, rolling it and patting it to extinguish it. Stella crosses to the radio and turns it off.

A-16 (Cont'd)

MAC

I don't know; somehow it's all very discouraging.

STELLA

What you need it to take a vacation.

MAC

I'll compromise -- and take an aspirin -- about a ton of them -- the good kind -- not the kind we advertise.

DISSOLVE:

A-17 INT. HALL IN APARTMENT HOUSE

Paula walks to a door, inserts a key in the lock and opens the door. Immediately we hear the sound of a woman's voice singing robustly and happily.

A-18 INT. PAULA'S APARTMENT

Paula enters from the hall and closes the door. CAMERA PANS HER across the room to a partly-opened door to the bathroom. Paula looks in; smiles.

A-19 INT. BATHROOM

Toots is in a bathtub filled with soapy water, scrubbing herself, and singing. She does not see Paula. A small phonograph is playing a record on a stool near the tub.

A-20 (SONG # 2)

A-21 INT. BATHROOM

CAMERA MOVES IN to closer shot of Toots singing, and bathing. Soap gets in her eyes. Raising one foot out of the water to wash it, she slips off balance and her head goes under. She comes up,

A-21

(Cont'd)

you pretty thing.

spouting a soap bubble, which floats to the ceiling. Still singing, finally she is ready to get out of the tub. She reaches for a huge bath towel and wraps it about her as she gets out of tub.

Still singing, Toots does a bit of a towel dance. CAMERA CRUCKS AHEAD OF HER as she skips out of the bathroom, to a chair or bed, where fresh clothing is laid out. Still singing, she starts to dress. When she has enough clothes on to satisfy the censors -- for example, undies, stockings, and a slip -- she nears the end of the song. Finishing it with a quick turn and an arm out-stretched to an imaginary audience, she sees Paula for the first time. It is a taken for Toots.

Paula - what's the idea taking a bath in a bathing suit?
Toots - I thought a combination bathing suit & forgot the combination.

TOOTS
Hello.

PAULA
(Amused)
Every move a picture, darling.

TOOTS
Thanks.
(Continues dressing)
Any luck today, kid?

Didn't it a dorb?
The salesman said it was guaranteed not to shrink.

Paula
Well he was half right

PAULA
Plenty of it -- all bad.
I lost the best job of the year -- Townsend Silver.

TOOTS
Never mind about that; what did Mac say about you being the Queen of the Ball?

PAULA
The Townsend Silver Model is going to be the Queen. Mac had to promise it -- to get the account. And Townsend turned me down without even seeing me.

A-21

(Cont'd)

you pretty thing.

spouting a soap bubble, which floats to the ceiling. Still singing, finally she is ready to get out of the tub. She reaches for a huge bath towel and wraps it about her as she gets out of tub.

Still singing, Toots does a bit of a towel dance. CAMERA TRUCKS AHEAD OF HER as she skips out of the bathroom, to a chair or bed, where fresh clothing is laid out. Still singing, she starts to dress. When she has enough clothes on to satisfy the censors -- for example, undies, stockings, and a slip -- she nears the end of the song. Finishing it with a quick turn and an arm out-stretched to an imaginary audience, she sees Paula for the first time. It is a taken for Toots.

*Paula - what's the idea taking a bath in a bathing suit?
Toots - I thought a combination bathing suit & forgot the combination.*

TOOTS
Hello.

PAULA
(Amused)
Every move a picture,
darling.

TOOTS
Thanks.
(Continues
dressing)
Any luck today, kid?

*Didn't it a barb?
The salesman said it
was guaranteed not
to shrink.*

*Paula
Well he was half right*

PAULA
Plenty of it -- all bad.
I lost the best job of the
year -- Townsend Silver.

TOOTS
Never mind about that;
what did Mac say about
you being the Queen of
the Ball?

PAULA
The Townsend Silver Model is
going to be the Queen. Mac
had to promise it -- to get
the account. And Townsend
turned me down without even
seeing me.

A-21 (Cont'd)

TOOTS

That's tough. Well, what do you care as long as I'm working.

PAULA

(Getting up)

Because I've been working myself dizzy for a year -- and getting nowhere. This would mean a contract -- security! Does that sound silly to you?

TOOTS

(Getting into her dress)

Not when you put it that way.

PAULA

(In bitter disappointment)

And now what? I'll chase around for another six months or a year -- undressing in lingerie shops -- picking up nickels and dimes -- posing for cheap accounts like --

(Her eye falls on an open magazine on the table)

-- like this Glossilk! You know I won't last forever; I can get wrinkles like anyone else.

TOOTS

Just so you don't get wrinkles in your tummy, baby. They hurt.

Paula's eyes fall again on a page ad in the magazine. She picks up the magazine in a swift gesture, and crosses to Toots.

PAULA

Here -- what do I look like to you?

3-6-37

*I want to get
somewhere socially - I
want security.*

*That's for me kid Social
Security.*

A-22 INSERT: MAGAZINE PAGE

It is an advertisement for Glossilk, and features Paula, beautifully gowned, at a swank garden party. Paula's arm is linked in that of a distinguished-looking French or British Army officer, whose tunic is sprinkled with medals and ribbons.

A-23 CLOSE SHOT - PAULA AND TOOTS

You look like you've joined the maines
 TOOTS

Lady Fussbustle -- Queen of
 the Ritz.

Stop clowning what I mean is
 PAULA

Haven't I always acted like a lady?

TOOTS

I can knock the teeth outta anybody says you ain't.

PAULA

Thousands of people all over this country pick up their magazines and accept me as a lady.

TOOTS

Yeah Children cry for it -- it's toasted
 -- Easy on the eyes and throat!

yes & eventually why not now.
 Paula suddenly gets an idea. She goes to the phone and starts dialing a number.

TOOTS

Ask him if he's got a boy friend for me.

PAULA

(Waiting for her number)
 I'm going to tell that old gray-haired fossil --

(Checks herself)
 Hello. May I speak to Mr. Townsend?
 It's in connection with his advertising campaign.

A-24 INT. TOWNSEND RECEPTION OFFICE

Miss Gordon, Alan's secretary, is seated at a phone in the foreground.

A-24 (Cont'd)

MISS GORDON

(Into phone)

I'm sorry. Mr. Townsend has gone home. He's leaving town sometime tomorrow -- to spend the week-end at the Westchester-Carleton

A-25

INT. PAULA'S APARTMENT - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

The ANGLE includes Paula at phone, and Toots.

PAULA

(Into phone)

Thanks.

(She hangs up)

~~Westchester-Carleton~~

TOOTS

Say, that's that swanky Four Hundred dump -- always knee-deep in society debbs and dames.

PAULA

(Absorbed in thought)

~~Yes.~~

TOOTS

My agent is trying to get me a couple of weeks there, singing in the floor show. Can you imagine me, soaking up gin bucks with Mrs. Astor's horse? I'll have to practice swinging my broad "A".

She starts across the room with an affected society saunter.

PAULA

(Coming to a decision)

So he wants a society girl, does he -- with silver trimmings on her ancestors!

A-26

ANOTHER ANGLE

Paula crosses quickly to a closet door. She opens it. We get a glimpse of a closet full of gowns, suits, etc.

MB

ARTISTS AND MODELS

A-21

A-26 (Cont'd)

PAULA

I've got the clothes -- and the
nerve -- I hope.

Paula glances at them, nods, and then quickly picks
up a suitcase. Putting it on the bed, she opens it,
then turns to the dresser drawer as though to start
packing.

PAULA

(Over her shoulder to Toots)

I'll meet you at the Westchester-
Carleton, darling.

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "A"

SEQUENCE "B"

FADE IN:

B-1 EXT. WESTCHESTER-CARLETON HOTEL - FULL SHOT

Followed by short Montage including shots on tennis courts, golf links, bridal path, and swimming pool, to indicate the character of the resort as a recreation spot for people of wealth and society.

DISSOLVE:

B-2 EXT. LANDING FIELD

It is a small field not far from the hotel. A fenced-in area near the small office building keeps the public from over-running the actual landing field -- an arrangement similar to that at Burbank. A score or more of well-dressed, chattering hotel guests have congregated to watch the arrival of the afternoon plane.

B-3 CLOSER SHOT - AT FENCE

A group, consisting of Mrs. Townsend, Mary, Marjorie, Alice, and Craig Sheldon, is standing talking. Mrs. Townsend is a lovely gray-haired matron; Craig Sheldon, a society sportsman of indeterminate age. Mary Townsend is a vivacious girl, possibly eighteen. Marjorie and Alice are well-dressed society girls, two or three years older than Mary.

As they chat and laugh among themselves, Paula strolls into scene, toward the fence; she is very chic in a smart sports outfit. She pays no attention to the Townsend group.

MARY

It would be just like Alan to miss the plane.

CRAIG

I never knew anyone who missed a plane.

(Brightly)

Now boats -- you meet the loveliest people missing boats.

3-10-37

(Continued)

B-3 (Cont'd)

MARJORIE

Let's all go somewhere and miss
a boat.

CRAIG

What would be the very best boat
to miss? Any suggestions, Mrs.
Townsend?

Paula overhears the remark and glances quickly at Mrs.
Townsend.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(Smiling)

The boat has never been built that
I wouldn't prefer to miss.

All laugh.

B-4 EXT. FIELD - LONG SHOT

The plane is seen at one end of the field, coming
down for a landing.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

B-5 CLOSER SHOT - AT PLANE

Passengers are disembarking, using the steps. We
notice a couple of women, and then a man.

B-6 MEDIUM GROUP SHOT - AT FENCE

Craig, Mrs. Townsend, Mary, Marjorie, and Alice are
lined along the fence in this order. Paula stands
next to Alice. All are looking at the plane, offscene.

MARY

(Excitedly)

There he is!

The others all shout ad lib "hello's" and "yoo-hoo's"
and wave their hands in the air.

B-7 CLOSE SHOT - AT PLANE

Alan is descending the steps. A middle-aged, business

B-7 (Cont'd)

executive type of man stands framed in the doorway of the plane.

B-8 CLOSE SHOT - PAULA

She is looking off at the plane interestedly.

B-9 CLOSE SHOT - AT PLANE

The middle-aged man is now on the steps. Alan is not in the shot.

B-10 MEDIUM GROUP SHOT - AT FENCE

Alan runs into scene, to the group.

ALAN

Hello, Mims.

He affectionately kisses Mrs. Townsend over the top of the fence.

CRAIG

Smooth trip, old man?

ALAN

Perfect. Hi' sis!

He takes her face in both hands and kisses Mary.

MARJORIE

(Pursing her lips)

Me next.

ALAN

(Taking her ear, turning her face up)

Do I know you?

(He quickly kisses her)

ALICE

I'm Alice.

ALAN

(Takes her nose between his fingers, turning up her face)

And very nice, too.

B-7 (Cont'd)

executive type of man stands framed in the doorway of the plane.

B-8 CLOSE SHOT - PAULA

She is looking off at the plane interestedly.

B-9 CLOSE SHOT - AT PLANE

The middle-aged man is now on the steps. Alan is not in the shot.

B-10 MEDIUM GROUP SHOT - AT FENCE

Alan runs into scene, to the group.

ALAN

Hello, Mims.

He affectionately kisses Mrs. Townsend over the top of the fence.

CRAIG

Smooth trip, old man?

ALAN

Perfect. Hi' sis!

He takes her face in both hands and kisses Mary.

MARJORIE

(Pursing her lips)

Me next.

ALAN

(Taking her ear, turning her face up)

Do I know you?

(He quickly kisses her)

ALICE

I'm Alice.

ALAN

(Takes her nose between his fingers, turning up her face)

And very nice, too.

B-10 (Cont'd)

He quickly kisses her and turns to Paula. Paula has been paying no attention to this greeting, her attention focused entirely on the middle-aged man she has seen coming down the steps of the plane. Alan takes her chin in his fingers and raises her face.

ALAN

And this is for you, little girl.
(He kisses her)

Paula reacts strongly. Alan looks past her for another girl. There is none.

ALAN

What! -- the end of the line?
(He makes a move to
kiss Paula again)

PAULA

(With cold dignity)
Yes -- this is as far as you go,
Mr. -- Gable, is it?

Paula turns and walks away, leaving Alan properly squelched and abashed. As Paula exits, the Townsend group starts laughing, razzing Alan.

GROUP

(Simultaneously)
She told you!
I wish you could have seen your face.
Let this be a lesson to you!

CRAIG

(In comic disgust)
Mr. Gable -- and I was here all the
time!

MRS. TOWNSEND

(Coming to the rescue)
Alan, dear -- I thought you were
bringing Cynthia.

Alan is still looking off scene after Paula.

ALAN

She couldn't make it today.
I'll get my bags.
(He exits quickly)

B-11 MED. SHOT - NEAR GATE IN FENCE

The gray-haired man whom Paula has mistaken for Townsend, is about to come through the gateway. Paula also walking toward the gate from the other side, times her steps so that as they pass in the rather narrow gateway there is a slight collision. Paula's bag drops onto the ground.

MAN

I'm so sorry.

He stoops to retrieve the bag, which he hands to Paula.

MAN

Terribly clumsy.

Paula turns on her full equipment of charm, smile, and personality.

PAULA

Don't mention it, and thank you, Mr. Townsend.

MAN

I'm afraid there's some mistake.

My name is Currie.

(he points off)

That's Mr. Townsend -- the young chap.

Paula's expression changes swiftly as she turns to look off scene.

B-12 MED. CLOSE SHOT

Alan, with his mother on one arm and Mary on the other, is walking away from the field. They are laughing and chatting.

B-13 CLOSE SHOT - PAULA

Currie has left. Paula reacts strongly as she realizes she has snubbed the Prince Charming.

PAULA

(angrily)

From now on, I've got to know the name of every man that kisses me.

DISSOLVE:

3-10-37

B-14

INT. DINING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - PAULA AND WAITER

The pose exactly duplicates the advertising pose we have seen previously, including Paula's gown, cigarette holder and the bottle of wine, the waiter is holding deferentially for her approval. It is, of course, a different waiter.

WAITER

Chateau Yquem, Madame; 1924..

PAULA

(smiles)

The perfect wine for a pheasant dinner..

She has unconsciously lapsed into the mechanical voice of the advertising scene. She catches herself, shoots a quick glance about her, and then smiles. The waiter prepares to fill the wine glass. The CAMERA PULLS BACK AND SWINGS OVER to pick up a table at which are seated Alan, Mrs. Townsend, Mary, Marjorie, and Craig. Evidently they have been looking at and discussing Paula.

MRS. TOWNSEND

It can't be age -- but something has happened to my memory. I know I've seen that girl somewhere.

MARJORIE

I've the same vague impression; I seem to associate her with a boat -- girls in bathing suits -- on a sail boat.

MRS. TOWNSEND

It must have been in Switzerland -- last winter.

MARY

I can see her -- playing tennis!

ALAN

In the snow?

CRAIG

Perhaps it's my depraved imagination -- but I have a mental picture of her in lacey underwear.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(surprised, but not shocked)

Craig!

B-14

INT. DINING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - PAULA AND WAITER

The pose exactly duplicates the advertising pose we have seen previously, including Paula's gown, cigarette holder and the bottle of wine, the waiter is holding deferentially for her approval. It is, of course, a different waiter.

WAITER

Chateau Yquem, Madame; 1924.

PAULA

(smiles)

The perfect wine for a pheasant dinner.

She has unconsciously lapsed into the mechanical voice of the advertising scene. She catches herself, shoots a quick glance about her, and then smiles. The waiter prepares to fill the wine glass. The CAMERA PULLS BACK AND SWINGS OVER to pick up a table at which are seated Alan, Mrs. Townsend, Mary, Marjorie, and Craig. Evidently they have been looking at and discussing Paula.

MRS. TOWNSEND

It can't be age -- but something has happened to my memory. I know I've seen that girl somewhere.

MARJORIE

I've the same vague impression; I seem to associate her with a boat -- girls in bathing suits -- on a sail boat.

MRS. TOWNSEND

It must have been in Switzerland -- last winter.

MARY

I can see her -- playing tennis!

ALAN

In the snow?

CRAIG

Perhaps it's my depraved imagination -- but I have a mental picture of her in lacey underwear.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(surprised, but not shocked)

Craig!

B-14 (Cont'd)

CRAIG

And very nice, too.

MRS. TOWNSEND

Alan, you must find out who she is -- now.

ALAN

Now? How?

MRS. TOWNSEND

Ask her, if necessary. You owe her an apology; make it.

ALAN

But, Mims -- that simply isn't done.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(impatiently)

Oh, don't be so stuffy. Must you always remember you're a Townsend? I shan't enjoy another mouthful until I know where I've seen that superlative young person.

Alan hesitates. Craig starts to push back his chair and to rise.

CRAIG

If you're too timid, m'lad, --

Alan stops Craig with a gesture. He quickly rises, glances toward Paula, pulls down his coat and starts toward Paula's table, out of scene.

B-15 PAULA'S TABLE - CLOSE SHOT

Paula evidently sees Alan coming toward her. She opens her vanity case and inspects herself in its mirror. We see that she is preparing herself for the forthcoming scene, composing herself to appear the nonchalant, self-contained society girl she is impersonating.

When Alan enters to the table and speaks to her, she is able to regard him calmly and with a faint suggestion of superiority.

3-10-37

(Continued)

B-15 (Cont'd)

ALAN

Pardon me; I'm Alan Townsend. I --
I --

Paula's cool regard disconcerts him.

PAULA

You kissed me. Yes, I remember
you. And now you've decided to
apologize?

Paula is smilingly dominating the exchange, keeping
Alan embarrassed and off balance.

ALAN

There's something terribly uncom-
plimentary in apologizing for
kissing a beautiful woman.

PAULA

(Pleasantly)

That's a great deal smoother than
the usual, or street corner, approach.
Something about etchings, isn't it?

ALAN

(Further embarrassed)

Yes, but in this case --

(Glances over toward
his table)

--- it's my mother. She has been
admiring you. She'd like awfully
well to meet you.

PAULA

(Calmly)

Why?

ALAN

My dear lady - people don't ask
why where my mother's wishes are
concerned. They are practically
commands.

Paula glances out of scene toward the Townsend table.

B-16 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - TOWNSEND TABLE

Mrs. Townsend is looking toward Paula. She nods and
smiles.

B-17 CLOSE SHOT - PAULA'S TABLE

Paula smiles, glances up at Alan, picks up her vanity.

PAULA

Very well.

She rises from the table.

PAULA

I can honestly say I appreciate
this opportunity.

The CAMERA PANS THEM OVER to the Townsend table, and
MOVES UP TO A MEDIUM CLOSE GROUP SHOT.

ALAN

Mother, this is - - -
(He realizes he
doesn't know
Paula's name)
I'm sorry....

PAULA

I'm Paula Monterey, Mrs. Townsend.

MRS. TOWNSEND

Thank you. The name is familiar.

PAULA

(Watching her closely)
Perhaps you know the old Monterey
family -- of San Francisco and
Del Monte?

MRS. TOWNSEND

Only by reputation.
(With palpable respect
and cordiality)
My dear, do sit down. I know we've
been horribly rude.
(Performing intro-
ductions)
My daughter, Mary - - Miss Marjorie
Kendall, and Craig Sheldon.

There are ad lib acknowledgements of the introductions.
Alan has moved his chair closer to his mother and has
seated Paula therein. He now seats himself next to
Paula in a chair which a waiter brings.

B-17 (Cont'd)

MARY

Miss Monterey, were you at
St. Moritz last winter?

PAULA

(Smiling)

Not last winter.

MARY

I can see you -- just as clearly
-- in a plaid scarf and a woolly
jacket -- standing at the top of
a snowy hill on skis.

PAULA

(Shaking her head,
smiling)

I've only been on skis once
and it wasn't at St. Moritz
and I didn't stand up long.

There is a general polite laugh. The orchestra off
scene starts playing a number.

Song Number 3: "Whispers In The Dark".

This music continues throughout the balance of the
sequence.

Alan turns to Paula:

ALAN

Do you care to struggle with me?

PAULA

(Laughs)

Thank you.

(To Mrs. Townsend,
as she rises)

Will you excuse us?

Alan takes Paula's arm. CAMERA PANS THEM to the edge
of the dance floor where Alan puts his arm about her
and they start dancing.

B-18 MEDIUM CLOSE GROUP SHOT - TOWNSEND TABLE

The group at the table are looking off scene, apparent-
ly following Alan and Paula with their eyes. Craig
shakes his head.

3-10-37

(Continued)

B-18 (Cont'd)

CRAIG

I can still see her in undies.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(A slight frown of
worry)Umm; I wonder if Alan does.

MARY

Yes; I never saw him go so hard
- so fast.B-19 DANCE FLOOR - CLOSE SHOT - PAULA AND ALAN

They are dancing easily and with evident enjoyment. Paula starts singing. As Paula continues the song, we get different angles of the dancers on the floor and the orchestra. The lights have been lowered and a spot light swings lazily and erratically over the floor, picking up different couples.

As Paula finishes the chorus, we notice that Alan is holding her very closely, evidently affected by the music and her nearness. An off scene chorus of mixed voices picks up the song as Alan and Paula continue the dance. CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM as they dance out onto a veranda. They stand for a moment, admiring the beauties of the moonlit night - - and the music, coming through strongly.

Alan gestures an invitation to walk in the garden. Paula nods, slips her arm through his and they cross the veranda, descend the steps, and follow a path across the garden. The CAMERA MOVES with them in a CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT as they walk toward the swimming pool. After a moment or two, Paula speaks softly:

PAULA

Look -- all silvery -- trees
-- the grass, and the pool.
Solid silver.

ALAN

N-no.

(As if giving the
scene an expert's
appraisal)More like a night that's washed
with silver alloy.

B-19 (Cont'd)

PAULA
(Smiling)
You're much too exact.

ALAN
(Smiling)
Afraid I am -- about silver.
Habit.

PAULA
Habit?
(As if suddenly
struck with a
thought)
Oh, are you -- why! I never
thought -- you must be Town-
send's Silver.

ALAN
(With a deprecating
shrug)
And why not?

They have reached the pool.

B-20 CLOSEUP - PAULA

She is shocked, surprised - stops dead in her tracks.

PAULA
You're the --
(Covering quickly)
But you're so young!

B-21 CLOSE TWO SHOT - ALAN AND PAULA AT THE EDGE OF THE
POOL NEAR THE SPRINGBOARD

ALAN
And so beautiful, don't you
think?
(He turns so the
moon strikes him
full in the face,
posing)
See the big blue eyes and --
(Takes Paula's hand)
I'm afraid you're not giving
this matter your serious at-
tention.

Paula laughs, walks out onto the springboard, followed
by Alan.

3-10-37

B-22 CLOSE SHOT - SPRINGBOARD

Alan evidently sees something in the water of the pool near the springboard. He kneels down, motioning Paula to follow suit. He points to the water below them.

ALAN

Don't look now -- but there's a very beautiful girl down there with a handsome man.

B-23 CLOSE SHOT - ALAN'S AND PAULA'S REFLECTIONS IN THE WATER

Their voices come over the SHOT

PAULA'S VOICE

Easily the handsomest couple in the water.

ALAN'S VOICE

M-m-m -- she's flirting with him.

PAULA'S VOICE

I'll put a stop to that!

She leans over and blows into the water, blotting out the reflections.

B-24 CLOSE TWO SHOT

As Paula leans over to blow into the water, she drops her purse.

PAULA

My bag!

She reaches frantically for her purse, loses her balance, and tumbles in.

ALAN

Hey!

B-25 MEDIUM SHOT - POOL

Alan stands up. Paula comes to the surface immediately.

ALAN

Hold on -- I'll be right there.

PAULA

(Distressed)

Oh no -- I'm all right -- don't come in -- please --

B-25 (Cont'd)

ALAN

Class conscious, eh? Move over.

Alan does a beautiful dive into the water, tails and all.

B-26 CLOSEUP - PAULA

Taking quick advantage of Alan's being under the water for an instant, Paula catches hold of the edge of the pool with one hand and frantically attempts to pull her wet hair out becomingly around her face.

PAULA

(Furious at herself)

Clumsy dope!

B-27 CLOSE TWO SHOT

Alan and Paula in the pool.

ALAN

(Practically waterlogged)

I wish I'd worn my topcoat. I miss it.

PAULA

Think of me. I'm in my stocking feet.

ALAN

What -- no shoes?

(He holds onto edge of pool beside Paula)

Be right up.

He dives. While he's under water, there is the approaching sound of voices -- and laughter. As Alan emerges with Paula's slippers -- she quickly puts her hand over his mouth.

SOUND: VOICES - LAUGHTER

PAULA

Sh-h-h.

CAMERA PANS WITH THEM as they move into a shadowed corner of the pool, clinging to the side; the voices are an indistinguishable ad lib.

B-27 (Cont'd)

PAULA

(Whispering)

Imagine being caught in here --
with our clothes on.

ALAN

(Whispering)

Much simpler than being caught
in here -- with them off.

As the voices come closer, Alan and Paula shrink as low as they can. Their heads are very close together. Paula brushes at her face, down which trickle drops from her wet hair -- Alan pulls out his dripping breast pocket handkerchief and hands it to Paula with grave courtesy.

PAULA

(Elaborately)

Thank you.

She gravely wrings it out, mops her face, then his, and carefully tucks the kerchief back in his submerged pocket. The voices diminish. Alan lifts his head above the edge of the pool.

ALAN

They're gone.

Paula turns to start up the ladder.

B-28 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Paula climbs up the ladder, her wet clothes silhouetting the curves of her body against the moon. Behind her is Alan with her slippers. At the top Alan notices Paula is shivering and holding her arms tightly across her to keep warm.

ALAN

Look here --- you're shivering.

PAULA

J-j-just a little.

ALAN

Come on -- on with the shoes --
(Indicating bench
beside pool)
-- and off to bed with a hot
toddy.

B-29 CLOSE SHOT - AT BENCH

Paula sits on the bench. Alan kneels to put on her slippers. He holds her foot in his hand, admiring it * and possibly the vista of ankle and leg above it. The music continues to come through. A deep-toned bell in the distance starts tolling the midnight hour. Paula, a bit conscious of Alan's admiration and the intimate position they are in, glances off.

B-30 CLOSE SHOT - A CLOCK IN A STEEPLE

The hands point to twelve o'clock.

B-31 CLOSE SHOT - AT BENCH

Alan now has one slipper on. He holds her foot a moment and then suddenly glances up at Paula.

ALAN

By George, now I know who you are!

PAULA

(In sudden fear,
chattering with cold)

Y-you do? W-who?

ALAN

Cinderella; a little damp and
dunked -- but still Cinderella.

Paula is relieved. Alan quickly puts on the other slipper, stands up and offers his arm. Paula slips her arm through his, and they start away, their shoes giving out a "squooshing" sound. Marjorie and a proper young man enter scene, coming toward them. Paula clings a bit closer to Alan, as Marjorie and the man stare at the soaking pair in astonishment. Alan smiles brightly as he passes them.

ALAN

If you're thinking of going in,
the water is delightful!

Paula and Alan continue walking away, leaving Marjorie and the man re-acting in astonishment as we

FADE OUT

END OF SEQUENCE "B"

SEQUENCE "C"

FADE IN:

C-1 INT. RECEPTION OFFICE - MEDIUM SHOT

Stella is at her desk, on the phone. The photographer we have seen previously, waits for her to finish.

STELLA

(On phone)

Lord and Early?...Underwear?....

Oh, a new account... Yes, Mr. Lord,
I'm sure Mr. Barton will look at
your underwear.

(She hangs up)

PHOTOGRAPHER

(Gesturing toward private
office)

Is the boss tied up?

STELLA

No -- but he ought to be. He's
not eating -- he's not sleeping --
he's not attending to business --
You'd think he'd been raised on
roller skates.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Paula Sewell, huh? Ain't anybody
heard from her yet?

Stella shakes her head. Mac's voice comes through,
loudly, hysterically.

MAC'S VOICE

No - no - no!C-2 INT. MAC'S OFFICE - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - MAC AT DESK

He has a telephone in hand.

MAC

Who do you want? The Chairman
of the Artists and Models Ball?
You've got the wrong number.

(Hangs up; suddenly
remembers)

No -- Wait! -- I'm the Chairman
of the Artists and Models Ball.

C-2 (Cont'd)

Removes phone from hook again.

MAC
Wait -- I -- Hello --
(Jiggles hook; gives
up)
Oh-h-h-h.
(Hangs up, and leans
back in his chair)

C-3 CLOSE SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE

As Mac leans back in his swivel chair, holding his head in his hands, we see that the back of the chair throws the switch of a radio, on a stand behind Mac. We hear a faint hum from the radio, then a man's voice snarls:

MAN'S VOICE
Stand up, you rat!

C-4 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE MAC AND THE RADIO

Mac, startled, leaps to his feet. The radio voice continues.

MAN'S VOICE
One phony move, and I'll let
you have it!

One of the telephones on the desk rings. Mac starts to reach for it. The radio voice snaps:

RADIO VOICE
Lay off that phone -- and reach
for the ceiling!

C-5 CLOSER SHOT - MAC

He quickly extends his hands above his head and furtively attempts to look around behind him.

C-6 FULL SHOT

RADIO VOICE

(Continuing)

Start for the door, and don't --
look -- around.

As Mac starts to move toward the door, the CAMERA
PANS WITH HIM.

MAC

(In a pleading tone)

Listen here, fellows, this is
my busy day.

RADIO VOICE

(Snaps)

Shut up!

Almost immediately another voice comes over the
radio very excitedly.

ANOTHER RADIO VOICE

He's trying to pull a knife --
Give it to him!

There is immediately a burst of machine gun fire
from the radio.

C-7 CLOSE SHOT - MAC

His eyes roll, and he starts into a swoon. His hands
are still extended over his head.

The ANGLE now includes Mac and the door leading to
Stella's office. At this point, Stella, entering
the office, opens the door and sees Mac. She
stares at him, puzzled. Timed with this, we hear
the Announcer's voice coming from the radio.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

You have just heard another instal-
ment of Detective Valentine's Radio
Adventures.

3-13-37

(Continued)

C-7 (Cont'd)

Mac shoots a quick look back toward the radio, realizes the situation, and in an attempt to cover his awkward position, snaps his fingers over his head and executes a little dance step back toward the radio, humming a snatch of some melody as he does so. The CAMERA PANS WITH HIM. Stella, following him, regards him rather suspiciously. The radio voice is continuing.

RADIO VOICE

This delightful little series will be continued tomorrow, at this hour.

Mac snaps the radio off, and drops into the chair at his desk. He shoots another quick glance at Stella to see if he has carried off his deception, and immediately becomes very busy with various papers on his desk.

C-8 CLOSE SHOT - STELLA

She favors Mac with a wise look.

STELLA

Would you care to attend to a little business now?

C-9 CLOSE TWO SHOT

MAC

Business? What business?

STELLA

Your advertising business. A new account wants an underwear model.

MAC

Paula Sewell doesn't model underwear.
(Puts his hand to his head)
Do I look as bad as I feel?
Any news of Paula?

STELLA

(Answering the questions
in turn)

They want a male model. Yes. No news.

The telephone bell rings. Stella answers.

C-9

(Cont'd)

STELLA

Barton Agency... Lord and Early?
(Hands phone to Mac)

MAC

Who are they?

STELLA

The new underwear account.

As Mac starts talking into the phone -

CUT TO:

C-10

ANOTHER ANGLE-TO INCLUDE DOOR FROM RECEPTION ROOM

As Mac takes the phone, and starts talking, Dr. Zimmer appears in the doorway, his black bag in hand. Stella sees him, and beckons him to enter. Throughout the following lines, the doctor comes into the office, removes his hat, places his black bag on Mac's desk, and begins to remove various paraphernalia - entirely unnoticed, or ignored, by Mac.

MAC

(Into phone)

Hello-- this is Mac Barton....

Underwear, eh?

(To Stella)

Make a note about laundry.

STELLA

Whose laundry?

MAC

Mine. It hasn't come back yet.

STELLA

Maybe you didn't send it.

MAC

(Frowns; then into
phone)

What do you want me to do?

DOCTOR

Take off your coat.

MAC

(Into phone)

What?

C-10

(Cont'd)

STELLA

Take off your coat.

MAC

(He hands the phone to
Stella, stands up, and
begins removing his coat)
Tell me what he says.

STELLA

He wants to know if he can get
a man to model for underwear.

MAC

Certainly.

The doctor takes the coat from Mac.

DOCTOR

Your shirt?

Mac starts removing his shirt.

STELLA

(To Mac)

He wants to know how much it will
cost him?

MAC

The usual rate.

STELLA

(Into phone)

The usual rate..What?

(To Mac)

He wants to talk to you.

MAC

Tell him to keep his shirt on.

The doctor takes the shirt from Mac.

DOCTOR

Trousers, please.

Mac starts removing his trousers, talking as he does
so.

MAC

Tell him to come over.

C-10 (Cont'd)

STELLA

(Into phone)

Mr. Lord, if you and Mr. Early
will come over here, Mr. Barton
will talk to you. Thanks.

(She hangs up, to Mac)

They'll be right over.

Mac has finished removing his trousers, and is now
holding them up in front of him.

MAC

Good. Get Eddie Brown, and --

He notices the trousers in his hand; he is puzzled
for a moment, then his frown disappears.

Have these pressed.

He hands the trousers to Stella, who takes them
without the slightest reaction.

STELLA

Yes, sir.

She turns to the door, and exits with the trousers.
Mac seats himself at the desk, presses the switch
on the dictograph. The doctor starts applying a
blood pressure rubber band to Mac's arm. Mac
continues not to notice the doctor, as, intent, he
talks into the phone.

MAC

Hello -- Hello --

C-11 CLOSE SHOT - MAC AT DICTOGRAPH

The ANGLE does not include the doctor applying the
blood pressure apparatus.

MAC

Is Eddie Brown there?

VOICE

No. He's in Studio four.

MAC

Thanks.

(He closes one switch
and opens another)

Studio four? Hello ... Hello....

C-11 (Cont'd)

There is no answer. Mac burns.

C-12 TWO SHOT - MAC AND DOCTOR

The doctor is examining the gauge of his blood pressure apparatus, and shaking his head dolefully.

DOCTOR

Young man, your blood pressure is very high.

MAC

When I want advice about my blood pressure, I'll see a doctor.

(Into dictograph)

Hello....

DOCTOR

I am a doctor.

Mac has a slow take, finally realizing that his clothes are off and that this stranger is doing things to him.

MAC

Say -- what is this?

DOCTOR

A little examination. Your secretary sent for me. Quiet, please.

(He looks at the gauge)

MAC

(Explosively, emphasizing every word by shaking his finger at the doctor.)

I don't need an examination. I'm all right.

Mac has been eyeing the gauge as he talks, and has noticed that the liquid in the gauge has been going up in short jumps. A bit frightened, Mac's tone starts down on a sliding scale, and he stops shaking his finger.

MAC

I -- maybe I'm a little bit -- nervous -- but really, doctor -- I'm well and strong.

(Almost a whisper)

How am I?

C-11 (Cont'd)

There is no answer. Mac burns.

C-12 TWO SHOT - MAC AND DOCTOR

The doctor is examining the gauge of his blood pressure apparatus, and shaking his head dolefully.

DOCTOR

Young man, your blood pressure is very high.

MAC

When I want advice about my blood pressure, I'll see a doctor.

(Into dictograph)

Hello....

DOCTOR

I am a doctor.

Mac has a slow take, finally realizing that his clothes are off and that this stranger is doing things to him.

MAC

Say -- what is this?

DOCTOR

A little examination. Your secretary sent for me. Quiet, please.

(He looks at the gauge)

MAC

(Explosively, emphasizing every word by shaking his finger at the doctor.)

I don't need an examination. I'm all right.

Mac has been eyeing the gauge as he talks, and has noticed that the liquid in the gauge has been going up in short jumps. A bit frightened, Mac's tone starts down on a sliding scale, and he stops shaking his finger.

MAC

I -- maybe I'm a little bit -- nervous -- but really, doctor -- I'm well and strong.

(Almost a whisper)

How am I?

C-12 (Cont'd)

DOCTOR
(Reading the gauge)
One hundred and thirty -- one
forty -- one fifty -- one sixty --

MAC
(Interestedly)
What's the record?

DOCTOR
Two hundred. We doctors have
a little joke about that case.
We say the man was disqualified.

MAC
Disqualified?

DOCTOR
Yes -- he died.

He chuckles in amusement. Mac chuckles with him -- a
very hollow chuckle.

MAC
Funny joke.

Then his eyes fall on the gauge, and even his phony
amusement evaporates.

C-13 INSERT: GAUGE

It registers one hundred and ninety-eight.

C-14 CLOSE TWO SHOT

Mac, apprehensive, calls the doctor's attention to
the gauge.

MAC
A hundred and ninety-eight!

DOCTOR
(Chuckling)
The gauge is a couple of points
off.

He starts removing the band from Mac's arm.

C-15 CLOSE SHOT - MAC

He smiles, relieved.

C-15 (Cont'd)

MAC

Well, that's better. I'm only
a hundred and ninety-six, or --

His expression changes as suddenly he realizes the
two point margin may be the other way.

C-16 MEDIUM CLOSE TWO SHOT

Mac stares ahead of him with unseeing eyes. The
doctor gives him the end of a stethoscope, the ear
pieces of which are in the doctor's ears.

DOCTOR

Hold this against the chest,
please.

Mac takes the end of the stethoscope, glances vaguely
at it, still absorbed in his own worries. The
doctor reaches over to pick up a stop watch from his
bag. Mac, his senses still dulled, puts the stetho-
scope against the doctor's chest. The doctor snaps
his stop watch and keeps his eyes on it for a moment
or two. Then he starts shaking his head dolefully,
and clucking his tongue.

DOCTOR

I don't want to alarm you, but --
(Clucks again)

MAC

Bad?

DOCTOR

Young man, you have led a very
dissolute life.

MAC

I -- I'll go on the water wagon.

DOCTOR

Too late. It's a wonder to me
you're still walking around.

Mac, in a wave of faintness, closes his eyes. In a
moment, he opens them, and sees something that
interests him. He realizes he is holding the
stethoscope against the doctor's chest.

3-13-37

(Continued)

C-16 (Cont'd)

MAC

(Joyfully)

But Doctor, you -- you're listening to your own heart.

DOCTOR

What?

(Glances down)

Me?

(Faintly)

Bless my soul.

All in a dither, the doctor takes the stethoscope from his ears, drops it, quickly and shakily pours himself a glass of water, and gulps it down. Mac takes the doctor's arm and solicitously seats him in a chair.

MAC

(Soothingly)

Feeling better, now?

DOCTOR

(Weakly)

I'll be all right in a minute.

MAC

Just take it easy; there's nothing to worry about; it may be a couple of points off.

(He smiles comfortingly)

DOCTOR

(Miserably)

I worry too much. Business -- you know.

MAC

Not I. My business is swell.

DOCTOR

Then what do you worry about?

MAC

Well -- just at present it's a girl.

DOCTOR

Ah-h-h-- a girl? You love her?

(Mac nods)

But she is distant?

(Mac nods)

Who is she?

C-16 (Cont'd)

MAC

One of my models -- the best.

DOCTOR

Emotional frustration --
undoubtedly the cause of your
nervous condition. My boy,
there's only one cure for you.

(He stands up)

Go to this girl -- take her in
your arms --

(The doctor puts his
arm around Mac)

Look into her eyes --

(The doctor looks soul-
fully into Mac's eyes)

-- and say --

C-17 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE THE DOOR

Stella opens the door, and looks in at the two men.

DOCTOR

(With fervor)

Darling -- I love you!

Stella reacts:

STELLA

Oh, excuse me.

Mac is very embarrassed. The doctor, his conscience
untroubled, turns to the desk.

STELLA

Lord and Early.

Two business men enter from reception office.

C-18 ANOTHER ANGLE

The doctor is at the desk putting away his instru-
ments. He picks up a long glass tube in which a
capsule is stuck, midway. He tries to shake it out,

C-18

(Cont'd)

unsuccessfully, as Lord and Early walk to the desk, critically regarding Mac.

LORD

(To doctor)

Good morning, Mr. Barton; Lord
and Early.

DOCTOR

(Intent on the tube)

Good morning.

Mac reacts. Early speaks to Lord, indicating Mac.

EARLY

Hardly the type we wanted, is he,
Mr. Lord?

LORD

No.

Lord speaks to the doctor, who has his back turned, trying to blow the capsule out.

LORD

We want someone with thick
shoulders and a narrow waist.

EARLY

Yes --

(Poking and patting Mac)

Not narrow shoulders and a thick
waist.

(He turns Mac around and
notices his baggy shorts)

Mr. Lord -- did you ever see such
a fit?

LORD

Awfully droopy.

EARLY

(Turning to the
doctor)

I say, Mr. Barton --

C-18

(Cont'd)

At this moment, the doctor takes a deep inhalation for another blow. But he puts the tube to his lips before he finishes inhaling. The capsule is sucked out of the tube -- the doctor swallows it. He reacts apprehensively, totters weakly to a chair nearby, and sinks into it.

LORD

Mr. Barton -- are you ill?

MAC

(Exploding)

Just a moment! I'm Mr. Barton --
and I'm iller than he is.

Lord and Early react in surprise.

C-19

ANOTHER ANGLE

The door opens and the four Yacht Club Boys run into the office, excitedly.

FIRST BOY

Hey, boss -- have we got a show
lined up for you!

MAC

(Dizzily)

Show?

SECOND BOY

The greatest Artists and Models
show ever put together.

THIRD BOY

Spectacular!

FOURTH BOY

Cataclysmic!

SECOND BOY

The three Bounding Basques!

Three acrobats run into the office and strike a pose.

C-19 (Cont'd)

THIRD BOY

Hit it.

With a yelp and a yip, the three acrobats go into a fast tumbling routine.

C-20 CLOSE SHOT - LORD AND EARLY

LORD

Now there's some models we could use.

C-21 CLOSE SHOT - DOCTOR IN CHAIR

His eyes are closed sleepily. Hearing the yelps and yips and thuds, he opens them, looks off scene, but is too sleepy to keep his eyes open.

C-22 CLOSE SHOT - AT DESK

Mac is seated, strumming his fingers on the desk in a supreme attempt to control his nerves and temper.

C-23 WIDER ANGLE

The acrobats are still tumbling. The Yacht Club Boys are gathered at the desk.

FIRST BOY

(To Mac)

They open the show.

SECOND BOY

Then come the Gypsies!

MAC

Gypsies!

THIRD BOY

Have we got Gypsies!

FOURTH BOY

(Yelling for an entrance)

Gypsies!!

C-24 ANOTHER ANGLE

Six or eight girls in abbreviated Gypsy costumes run into the office, laughing and chattering. With them enter a fiddler and an accordion player. They all immediately go into a very fast dance -- a Czardos -- crowding the acrobats aside.

C-25 CLOSE SHOT - AT DESK

The office is full of the sound of the fiddle, accordion, and cries of the girls as they dance. Mac sits at his desk suffering. He leans forward, removing the earpiece from the dictograph, and presses the switch.

MAC

(quietly)

Stella -- Stella -- Stella....
You can't hear me? Well, a few
people dropped in, informally --
there is a bit of confusion.

(he glances off,
sees something)

Just a moment -- a newcomer!

C-26 ANOTHER ANGLE

A magician, dressed in immaculate evening clothes with opera cape and silk hat, makes his way through the dancing Gypsies toward the desk. We get a glimpse of the acrobats, standing against the wall, scowling at the girls. Lord and Early are enjoying the show.

LORD

Odd business -- advertising.

The Doctor tries sleepily to open his eyes. The Yacht Club Boys are encouraging the dancers, stamping their feet and clapping their hands in time to the music.

C-27 CLOSE SHOT - AT DESK

As Mac looks up at the magician, the latter pulls a handful of playing cards out of the air and tosses them on the desk, face up. Mac glances at them -- they all are aces of spades.

C-24 ANOTHER ANGLE

Six or eight girls in abbreviated Gypsy costumes run into the office, laughing and chattering. With them enter a fiddler and an accordion player. They all immediately go into a very fast dance -- a Czardos -- crowding the acrobats aside.

C-25 CLOSE SHOT - AT DESK

The office is full of the sound of the fiddle, accordion, and cries of the girls as they dance. Mac sits at his desk suffering. He leans forward, removing the earpiece from the dictograph, and presses the switch.

MAC

(quietly)

Stella -- Stella -- Stella....
You can't hear me? Well, a few
people dropped in, informally --
there is a bit of confusion.

(he glances off,
sees something)

Just a moment -- a newcomer!

C-26 ANOTHER ANGLE

A magician, dressed in immaculate evening clothes with opera cape and silk hat, makes his way through the dancing Gypsies toward the desk. We get a glimpse of the acrobats, standing against the wall, scowling at the girls. Lord and Early are enjoying the show.

LORD

Odd business -- advertising.

The Doctor tries sleepily to open his eyes. The Yacht Club Boys are encouraging the dancers, stamping their feet and clapping their hands in time to the music.

C-27 CLOSE SHOT - AT DESK

As Mac looks up at the magician, the latter pulls a handful of playing cards out of the air and tosses them on the desk, face up. Mac glances at them -- they all are aces of spades.

C-27 (Cont'd)

MAC

Oh -- a cold deck, huh ?

The magician quickly shows Mac the inside of his silk hat, and then pulls a rabbit out of it.

MAC

(disgusted)

Now can you produce a dog to chase you and the rabbit out of here?

The magician smiles, puts his hand into his hat and pulls out a small puppy, which he puts on the desk. Smiling again he steps out of scene.

The Gypsy music is still going full blast.

Mac closes his eyes in weariness, then realizes he still has the earpiece of the dictograph. He speaks into the instrument.

MAC

Stella, will you kindly reserve a room for me in a sanitarium?

STELLA'S VOICE

I'm afraid they wouldn't let you out. How about a hotel? The Westchester-Carleton is nice.

MAC

The Westchester-Carleton? Do they take dogs there?

STELLA'S VOICE

If you're quiet, no one will object.

Mac has a sudden taken as he looks off scene.

C-28 CLOSE SHOT

The puppy, on the desk, is drinking out of the ink-well.

C-29 ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING MAC

Mac grabs the puppy, picks up a blotter, blots the

C-29 (Cont'd)

puppy's mouth and then gently places him on the floor, Stella's voice comes through the dictograph.

STELLA'S VOICE

Oh, Mr. Barton, there's someone here to see you.

MAC

Who is it?

STELLA'S VOICE

I may be wrong, but I think it's a horse.

MAC

A horse!

(looks off scene toward door)

C-30 ANOTHER ANGLE

A girl in ballet costume rides in through the door on a white horse. The dancers scatter about the room to get out of the way, but the fiddle and the accordion music still continues.

C-31 CLOSE SHOT - AT DESK

To Mac, the limit has been reached. As the girl rides by he jumps up on the desk for safety.

C-32 ANOTHER ANGLE

The girl jumps off the horse's back, pulls herself up again, slides down on the opposite side, and again pulls herself up.

C-33 CLOSE SHOT - THE DOCTOR

He is sleepily attempting to watch the performance.

C-34 ANGLE ON DESK

Mac raises and extends one arm, to protest.

C-34 (Cont'd)

MAC

See here fellows, no one can
accuse me of being a spoil
sport, or an ungracious host --
but after all --

C-35 ANOTHER ANGLE

As the girl rides up again on the horse, she reaches
out, grabs Mac's extended hand and gives it a jerk,
pulling Mac off balance. Mac lands on the horse
behind the girl.

C-36 CLOSE SHOT - MAC ON HORSE

MAC

(dizzily)

Folks, this is Lord Godiva,
signing off for the day.

C-37 ANGLE ON DOOR OF OFFICE

As the horse with Mac and the girl starts through the
doorway, the girl ducks her head to avoid the jamb.
Mac is still looking back into the room. The door
jamb smacks his head. Mac wilts, hanging on to the
girl as the horse continues on out.

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "C "

SEQUENCE "D"

FADE IN:

D-1

INT. PAULA'S ROOM - MORNING

Paula is in bed. The chirping of a bird outside the open window arouses her. She sleepily opens her eyes -- to find herself not in the apartment at home. Quickly she realizes where she is and, recalling the incidents of the night before, she smiles and stretches luxuriously. There is a knock on the door.

PAULA

Who is it?

TOOT'S VOICE

Never mind who it is -- open
the door.

PAULA

(Happily)

Toots!

She jumps out of bed, picks up a negligee, and throws it about her as she hurries to the door -- and opens it.

TOOTS

H'ya, Babe.

As Toots enters, the two girls embrace.

PAULA

Toots -- I'm so glad you're here.
I've a million things to tell you.

TOOTS

And I'm just bustin' with curiosity.
How's it going? Have you struck
silver yet? Any luck?

PAULA

Luck!

(Ecstatically)

We had dinner together -- we danced
together -- we even fell in the
swimming pool together!

TOOTS

Lady, you work fast. And how is
your private slice of High Society?

SEQUENCE "D"

FADE IN:

D-1

INT. PAULA'S ROOM - MORNING

Paula is in bed. The chirping of a bird outside the open window arouses her. She sleepily opens her eyes -- to find herself not in the apartment at home. Quickly she realizes where she is and, recalling the incidents of the night before, she smiles and stretches luxuriously. There is a knock on the door.

PAULA

Who is it?

TOOT'S VOICE

Never mind who it is -- open the door.

PAULA

(Happily)

Toots!

She jumps out of bed, picks up a negligee, and throws it about her as she hurries to the door -- and opens it.

TOOTS

H'ya, Babe.

As Toots enters, the two girls embrace.

PAULA

Toots -- I'm so glad you're here.
I've a million things to tell you.

TOOTS

And I'm just bustin' with curiosity.
How's it going? Have you struck
silver yet? Any luck?

PAULA

Luck!

(Ecstatically)

We had dinner together -- we danced
together -- we even fell in the
swimming pool together!

TOOTS

Lady, you work fast. And how is
your private slice of High Society?

D-1 (Cont'd)

PAULA

To put it mildly -- terrific!
Wait till you meet him.

TOOTS

I won't know how to act with a
gentleman. The kind I attract --
(She makes a gesture
of disdain)
I've been shadowed ever since I
left New York.

PAULA

Shadowed? By whom?

TOOTS

By a derby hat, an umbrella, and
and old straw suitcase. There
was some sort of a man attached
to them.

PAULA

Did he try to molest you?

TOOTS

He tried everything!

PAULA

Why didn't you call a policeman?

TOOTS

I did, but the waltzing mouse
disappeared -- and the cop wanted
to lock me up.

There is a knock on the hall door. Both girls turn
toward it.

PAULA

Come in.

There is a pause as the girls wait, but no one enters.
Paula takes a step to the door and opens it. Framed
in the doorway, we see the gent that Toots has been
describing, complete with derby, umbrella, and suit-
case. He is smiling.

D-2

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING BOTH GIRLS

Paula is rather surprised, but Toots is violently
excited.

TOOTS

There it is again!

3-19-37

D-3 CLOSE SHOT - PAULA AND TOOTS

PAULA
(Indignantly)
Why are you following this
young lady?

D-4 CLOSE SHOT - MAN

MAN
I guess because I love her.
(His voice goes in-
to a high pitched
laugh toward the
end of this line)

D-5 CLOSE SHOT - TOOTS

The laugh carries over this SHOT for a moment. Toots
burns.

TOOTS
What's so funny about that?

D-6 ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING THE THREE

MAN
It makes me feel so ridiculous.
Again he laughs in his peculiar high pitched manner.

TOOTS
(Frying, to Paula)
How do you like that? It makes
him feel ridiculous!

At this point the man leaves the scene so quickly
that he practically disappears.

TOOTS
(Grumbling)
He can't get away with a crack
like that.

Before Paula can stop her, she bounds into the hall
after the man.

D-7 LONG SHOT - HALLWAY

Toots tears down the hall. The man is just disappear-
ing around a corner at the far end.

D-8

EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS

The man runs out of a side door of the hotel and starts across the lawn. Toots coming out behind him and gaining rapidly.

D-9

MEDIUM SHOT - A SMALL VINE-COVERED ARBOR ON THE HOTEL GROUNDS

The man runs into the arbor, Toots on his heels.

D-10

INT. ARBOR - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

As there is only one entrance, the man is cornered. They are both breathing hard. Toots glares at him belligerently. The man smiles.

MAN

I thought so. You love me, too.

Toots leans her bosom against the man and, nose to nose, looks up at him.

TOOTS

Who are you?

MAN

I'm Jupiter Pluvius, the Second.

Toots steps back.

TOOTS

Don't tell me there are two of you.

The man lowers his eyes and an expression of sadness comes across his face.

JUPE

(Quietly)

My dear father has gone to his reward. He was drowned in the flood at Galveston.

TOOTS

(Contritely)

I'm sorry.

3-19-37

(Continued)

D-10 (Cont'd)

JUPE

(Regaining his
smiling composure)But I am following in his foot-
steps.

TOOTS

(Amazed)

You mean he chased people,
too?

JUPE

No. That was my idea. Father
was a rain maker.

Toots regards Jupe very suspiciously.

TOOTS

And you're --

JUPE

Yes, my dear, I, too, am a
rain maker.

Toots has had enough.

TOOTS

(Contemptuously)

A screw ball!

JUPE

(Politely)

I may be wrong, but I seem to
detect a faint doubt in your
mind regarding my ability.

With a magnificent gesture, he sweeps his old suitcase open, placing it on a table near him. We see that it contains a curious collection of various shaped cylindrical objects, some of them resemble sky rockets, and a rather intricate appearing instrument somewhat similar to a mariner's sextant.

D-11 CLOSE SHOT - TOOTS

As she looks at the contents of the suitcase. The CAMERA PANS DOWN TO A CLOSE SHOT. The objects carry such labels printed on them as "SUMMER SHOWERS," "LIGHT RAIN," "THUNDER STORM", "CLOUDBURST", etc.

D-12 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE BOTH

JUPE

(Smiling confidently)
Are you convinced, my dear?

TOOTS

By what?
(She points toward
the suitcase)
Firecrackers?

JUBE

(Still well composed)
Tch, tch, Father told me I'd
meet people like this.

He quickly opens another compartment of the suitcase and brings out a magazine. He extends it grandly to Toots.

D-13 INSERT: MAGAZINE

As Toots looks at it. It is the Scientific Journal. On the front page is a full page picture of Jupe, complete with derby, umbrella, and suitcase. The caption reads: "Rain Maker Breaks Kansas Drought."

D-14 CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

Toots starts to read aloud:

TOOTS

(Reading)
"Jupiter Pluvius, II, distinguished Rain Maker" --

She breaks off and regards Jupe suspiciously.

TOOTS

(Tossing the
magazine into
the suitcase)
So you broke the Kansas drought!

D-14 (Cont'd)

JUPE

Finally. That was a difficult job. I worked on it every day for six months.

TOOTS

(Sarcastically)

Six months!....Providence had nothing to do with it!

JUPE

Providence?

(He thinks a moment,
then continues:)

I delivered some small showers in Providence, but that was before the Kansas job.

(During this line he has been taking a scrapbook from the suitcase. He shows it to Toots as he turns a few of the pages)

My scrapbook.

D-15 INSERT: FLASH OF SCRAPBOOK

As the pages are turned. We see many items about the rain maker, Jupe, always with the full length photograph. The last item is a picture of Jupiter Pluvius, I. The caption reads: "Famous Rain Maker Visits Pennsylvania." The date of the paper included in the SHOT is 1898. Jupiter Pluvius, I, is complete with suitcase, derby and umbrella, differing only from Jupiter II in that he sports a spade beard.

JUPE'S VOICE

My father...

D-16 CLOSE SHOT - TOOTS AND JUPE

TOOTS

(Looking down at the picture)

So what?

Jupe turns the page of the scrapbook, and then proudly turns toward it.

3-19-37.

D-17 INSERT: SCRAPBOOK

An old newspaper, covering both pages of the book, carries a huge headline: "JOHNSTOWN FLOOD." Underneath this, in smaller type; "Greatest In History Of United States".

D-18 CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

Toots is astounded. Jupe closes the book.

JUPE

Father's biggest job.

D-19 CLOSE SHOT - TOOTS

TOOTS

(Doggedly)

I don't believe it. There ain't nobody that can make a single drop of rain -- let alone a flood.

D-20 CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

JUPE

(With resignation)

This pains me, my dear, however --

He quickly takes the sextant-like instrument and a small cylindrical object from the suitcase.

JUPE

Would you step outside, please?

D-21 FULL SHOT - EXT. ARBOR - ON THE LAWN

Toots and Jupe come out of the arbor. Toots is burning. Jupe looks through the instrument again.

D-22 INSERT: TOOTS

As seen through the instrument, and includes a small circle of the lawn around her.

D-23 FULL SHOT

Jupe finishes focusing. With an extravagant gesture, he throws the object he took from the suitcase to the ground. There is a small, insignificant puff of smoke. Nothing happens, as Jupe calmly starts to raise his umbrella. He holds it over his head.

D-24 CLOSE SHOT - TOOTS

TOOTS

I thought so; a fakir.

She is immediately deluged with the rain that falls exactly in the circle we saw through the instrument.

D-25 CLOSER SHOT - TOOTS

As she looks about her, astonished.

D-26 FULL SHOT

Jupe steps into the spot of rain with his umbrella. He holds it over himself and Toots.

JUPE

(With a nice smile)

Allow me!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

D-27 INT. COCKPIT BAR

It is a small cafe near the landing field, resembling the interior of a transport plane. At the tables are several guests - and the Yacht Club Boys

SONG #4.

As they sing, the Yacht Club Boys pour liquors from bottles on different tables into a large cocktail shaker in the shape of a plane. The shaker begins to smoke - the propeller on its end begins revolving. As the boys finish the number the drone of a motor is heard - increasing to a roar. The Boys and the Patrons look out, and up.

D-28 EXT. LANDING FIELD (STOCK SHOT)

A passenger plane is circling, making a landing.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

D-29 CLOSER SHOT - AT PLANE

Several passengers are disembarking, and join a group of people on the ground who have come to meet the plane. Cynthia appears in the door of the plane. Marjorie's voice comes through scene.

MARJORIE'S VOICE

Cynthia -- hello.

Cynthia glances down at the group on the ground.

D-30 REVERSE ANGLE

Marjorie is in the foreground, waving and smiling. Among the others in the shot we see the Yacht Club Boys. They are also looking off scene toward the plane.

D-31 CLOSE SHOT - AT PLANE

Cynthia has found Marjorie and calls, off, to her:

CYNTHIA

Hello, darling; be right with you.

She starts down the steps. Stella now appears in the door of the plane. She turns her head and calls back to someone.

STELLA

All right, Lindbergh -- we've landed.

D-32 INT. PLANE - CLOSE SHOT - MAC

He sits, a weebegone figure, one hand covering his eyes. He moves his fingers just enough to look out with one eye. The sight of the ground reassures him; he removes his hand from his eyes, and smiles.

D-32 (Cont'd)

MAC

Well, am I releived! Somehow I
felt positive I'd have an accident
before I got out of this plane.

He stands up briskly and cracks his head on the top
of the plane. Swaying dizzily and groggily, he grabs
the back of the seat.

D-33

EXT. FIELD

ANGLE on a bus marked "Palm Beach - Carleton." The
plane passengers and their friends are getting into
the bus. A porter is stowing away luggage. Cynthia
and Marjorie stand to one side, chatting.

THE CAMERA MOVES UP TO A CLOSER SHOT

CYNTHIA

(Trying to place the name)

Paula Monterey -- Paula Monterey --

(Shakes her head)

What does she look like?

MARJORIE

Like somebody you'd known for years.

CYNTHIA

Good looking?

MARJORIE

(Nods)

And style to burn.

CYNTHIA

I'm doing a bit of burning myself.

D-34 LONGER SHOT - TO INCLUDE BUS DRIVER

DRIVER

All aboard, please!

Cynthia and Marjorie start toward the bus.

CYNTHIA

What else do you know about this
mysterious Monterey man-snatcher?

D-34 (Cont'd)

As Cynthia and Marjorie enter the bus, Stella and Mac enter scene. She is supporting her weak and wabby boss. They also enter the bus.

D-35

INT. BUS

Stella assists Mac into a seat. He sinks into it, leans his head wearily against the back of the seat.

STELLA

There, now, relax. All the excitement is over. There's nothing to disturb your nerves here. Relax.

MAC

Ah - peace -- at last!

The motor of the bus roars loudly. Mac sits up quickly. At the same moment there is a chorus of male voices, shouting loudly.

MEN'S VOICES

Hold it - hold it!

D-36

ANOTHER ANGLE - INT. BUS

The four Yacht Club Boys and a young man run into the bus as it starts. They see Mac, surround him, crowding him.

FIRST BOY

Welcome to Palm Beach!

SECOND BOY

Good old Mac - our boss!

THIRD BOY

Boy - are you green!

MAC

I'd have found more peace and quiet at Coney Island.

FIRST BOY

(Excitedly)

Never mind Coney Island - we've got an act for you. Look at it.

(He points to young man)

SECOND BOY

Incredible.

3-19-37.

(Continued)

D-36 (Cont'd)

THIRD BOY

Inimitable!

FOURTH BOY

Stupendous!

Young man grins.

MAC

What does he do?

YOUNG MAN

(In perfect imitation of
Fred Allen)Hello, Mr. Barton; I'd like to
welcome you to Town Hall.Here follows a short imitation of Allen ribbing
Benny: Material that the imitator is familiar with.

FIRST BOY

(Enthusiastically,
to Mac)

Perfect, isn't he?

SECOND BOY

Amazing!

THIRD BOY

What do you think?

MAC

If I closed my eyes I'd probably
kick his slats in.

(Considers the thought)

That's not a bad idea.

DISSOLVE:

D-37 EXT. DECK OF YACHT

Paula and Alan are standing at the rail. There is
a subdued background of music from a small portable
radio. Paula is gazing out over the sea, appre-
ciating its beauty. Alan lights a cigarette, look-
ing at Paula and appreciating her. Paula is
unconscious of this.

PAULA

(Softly)

Beautiful.

ALAN

I was thinking the same thing.

D-37

(Cont'd)

PAULA

Let's not hurry back.

ALAN

That suits me.

The music comes more clearly. Paula sings a reprise of song #3.

The music stops. An announcer's voice is heard.

VOICE

When choosing your honeymoon accessories, go to The Big Store. Everything from powder puffs to perambulators. The Big Store, folks!

Alan laughs. The music continues. A steward wheels a tea wagon - or brings a tray - to a table under an awning nearby. Alan sees him.

ALAN

A spot of tea?

PAULA

Thank you.

Alan and Paula go to the table and seat themselves. The steward exits at a nod from Alan. Paula picks up a spoon with an appearance of casualness, and studies it for a moment as Alan reaches for the teapot.

PAULA

Interesting pattern, isn't it?

ALAN

(Pouring tea for Paula)

My great grandfather originated that design.

PAULA

Really? It has the Townsend touch -- dignified -- respectable --

ALAN

And old-fashioned. Cream or lemon?

B-37

(Cont'd)

Paula consciously strikes a very graceful pose featuring the silver spoon which she holds above the teacup. She holds the pose until Alan glances up and sees it. He is immediately impressed.

ALAN

Hold it!

PAULA

(Innocently)

What?

ALAN

Thanks. It's what I've been looking for.

PAULA

What in the world are you talking about?

ALAN

The Townsend Girl -- You!

Paula manages a look of blank amazement.

ALAN

Would you mind doing it -- posing for a set of photographs? You would be -- you are -- perfect.

PAULA

(In some confusion)

But, Alan -- this is so sudden!

ALAN

You have all afternoon to get used to the idea. When we return to the hotel. I'll wire Mac Barton.

PAULA

(Suddenly apprehensive)
Mac Barton?

ALAN

My advertising man. He'll have to okay you --

(Confidently)

-- but I can imagine what he'll say.

PAULA

I wonder!

DISSOLVE:

D-38 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The dinner guests are enjoying a performance of Russell Patterson's Personettes.

SONG #5.

Jupe Pluvius wanders into the scene, attracted by the marionettes. He watches the hand manipulations of the figures - and tries it himself-unsuccessfully. He makes himself a part of the number - to the amusement of the audience - but to the disgust of Toots. Trying to conduct himself creditably for her approval, Jupe only succeeds in getting himself wrapped up securely - and helpless - in yards of string.

At finish of number ---

D-39 INT. LOBBY

The angle is at the door of the veranda. The Yacht Club boys are standing in the doorway, depressed and discouraged.

1ST BOY

I only hope Mac Barton didn't see that - that flop.

SECOND BOY

Yeah, that was really terrible!

Mac appears on his way out of the lobby to the veranda. Stella is with him, carrying a scrap book, a note book and pencils. Mac is smiling and greatly pleased. He speaks to the Yacht Club boys as he passes them.

MAC

Say, that was great. That's the kind of acts I want. Nice work, boys.

He and Stella continue out of scene, onto veranda. The Yacht Club Boys stare after him, re-acting in bewilderment and relief.

D-40 EXT. VERANDA - MEDIUM SHOT

Stella is seated in a chair taking dictation from Mac who is pacing up and down in front of her.

D-40 (Cont'd)

MAC

-- and take a memo to Eddie Brown.
'Dear Eddie -- in regard to the
Star Millinery campaign, please
work out an idea similar to the
grouping of three girls as used
in our Style Plus ad in the
October magazines.'

STELLA

October of what year?

MAC

(Referring to page
of scrapbook)
1931. Grand idea!

STELLA

And new too.

Cynthia has entered the scene and heard the little
by-play. Evidently it amuses her, for she smiles.
Cynthia is very lovely and attractive in a beautiful
dinner gown. She now approaches Mac, smiles bewitch-
ingly as she speaks to him.

CYNTHIA

Pardon me, you're Mr. Barton,
aren't you?

MAC

Yes.

CYNTHIA

I'm Cynthia Wentworth. I was in
Alan Townsend's office the day he
phoned you about selecting a model.

MAC

Ah! You are the society girl model
he wants.

CYNTHIA

(Posing prettily)
Do you really think I'd do?

MAC

Do what?

D-40 (Cont'd)

CYNTHIA

(Smiling)

Do most anything to be selected.

MAC

(Now plainly interested
and attracted)

Have you a proposition?

CYNTHIA

(Indicating chair where
Mac has laid his scrap-
book)

May I sit down?

MAC

Yes.

(To Stella)

That's all just now.

STELLA

(Rising)

Unless you'll be needing me again
tonight, I'll go to bed.

MAC

(Absently)

Yes, go to bed -- but I'll not be
needing you again tonight.

Stella burns, but has no answer.

STELLA

Goodnight.

(She exits)

Cynthia has seated herself in the chair and is now
holding the scrapbook. Mac takes Stella's chair.
Cynthia leans toward him, exuding personality.

CYNTHIA

Mr. Barton, I imagine the final
choice of the Townsend Girl will
rest with you?

MAC

(Modestly)

We-ell --

CYNTHIA

Alan wants an amateur. Well --
I'm an amateur -- but if I had a
few little professional touches --
You see what I mean?

D-40 (Cont'd)

She smiles warmly at him. Mac reacts expansively to the smile.

MAC

Er -- yes. Just the way you're standing now. For instance -- I made a picture some time ago --

(Opens the scrapbook and starts turning pages)

Where is it? Here!

He hands Cynthia the book. She looks at the illustration.

CYNTHIA

(Admiringly)

Beautiful. Did you pose this?

MAC

(Trying to be modest)

Well -- it's a gift, I guess.

Cynthia turns a page and looks at a magazine clipping. Mac is not watching her as he takes a cigar from his pocket and prepares to light it.

D-41 INSERT: PAGE OF SCRAPBOOK

It is the Glossilk ad we have seen before, featuring Paula in a distinctive gown. The reading matter starts --

"Paula Sewell, former cafe chanteuse, wears an evening gown of Glossilk, the newest fine dress fabric --"

D-42 CLOSE SHOT - MAC AND CYNTHIA

After a moment of appreciation of the ad, which at the moment has no significance for her, Cynthia glances up at Mac.

CYNTHIA

You certainly know how to handle women.

D-42 (Cont'd)

MAC

Well -- I'm not exactly an amateur.

Cynthia smiles as she turns the page.

D-43 EXT. HOTEL DRIVEWAY

Alan drives his roadster toward the main entrance. He stops a car length behind another car, which is discharging passengers at the veranda steps.

D-44 INT. ALAN'S CAR - CLOSE SHOT

Paula is leaning back, relaxing and appreciating the beauties of the night.

ALAN

Tired?

PAULA

(Shakes her head)

It's been a marvelous day.

ALAN

Marvelous for me, too.

PAULA

(After a moment of close scrutiny)

Do you mean it?

Alan takes her hand in his.

ALAN

Why don't we have a lot more of them -- three hundred and sixty-five a year -- just as marvelous?

Paula swiftly realizes he is proposing; and it throws her into a wordless dither. She wants him to stop -- she wants him to continue.

ALAN

What -- no words? I'd like to teach you three little words -- they pop into my mind every time I see you. Paula, darling --

D-44 (Cont'd)

Paula looks up at him with brimming eyes.

PAULA

Alan, dear -- please --

A uniformed attendant hurries up to the car at this moment.

ATTENDANT

Good evening, Mr. Townsend.
Park your car for you?

ALAN

(Slowly coming to)

Er -- yes, please.

The attendant opens the door on Paula's side and then hurries around to the other side of the car. Paula gets out of the car, followed by Alan. The attendant jumps in behind the wheel, and throws the car into gear. He gives the horn a couple of toots as he starts forward.

D-45 EXT. VERANDA - CLOSE SHOT - MAC AND CYNTHIA

They are looking at a page in the scrapbook. The sound of the auto horn comes through again. They both look up, and off.

D-46 EXT. DRIVEWAY - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

Alan and Paula are approaching, or ascending the steps, from driveway to veranda.

D-47 EXT. VERANDA - CLOSE SHOT CYNTHIA

She stares off at Paula for a moment and then quickly turns back to the page she has seen in the scrapbook.

D-48 INSERT: OF PAGE

Showing Paula, just a flash.

D-49 CLOSE SHOT - CYNTHIA

She turns from the book to look intently off scene toward Paula. She allows herself a tiny smile as she closes the book, and rises.

D-50 CLOSE SHOT - MAC

He is looking off scene, also toward the driveway, his mouth dropped open, completely surprised.

D-51 EXT. VERANDA

ANGLE on Paula and Alan, as they reach the veranda and start to cross toward the hotel door. Cynthia's voice interrupts.

CYNTHIA'S VOICE

Alan!

Alan stops, glances off toward the direction of the voice. Cynthia enters scene quickly, and takes his hands in hers.

CYNTHIA

Alan -- how are you!

Alan is momentarily knocked off his mental and emotional balance. Paula looks on, realizing Alan's discomfiture but not understanding it.

CYNTHIA

(Laughing)

You look surprised.

ALAN

Well -- I -- I am.

CYNTHIA

Didn't you get my telegram?

ALAN

No. I went out early this morning with -- I beg your pardon --

D-51 (Cont'd)

ALAN (Continuing)
(Introducing the girls)
Miss Wentworth -- Miss Monterey.

CYNTHIA
Miss Monterey? How do you do?

PAULA
How do you do.

Mac enters the scene. Paula sees him.

D-52 CLOSE SHOT - PAULA

She is filled with sudden apprehension. How will Mac behave? Alan's voice comes through the scene.

ALAN'S VOICE
Oh, hello, Barton. I was just going to telephone you.

D-53 MEDIUM GROUP SHOT

Mac and Alan are shaking hands.

MAC
Hello, Mr. Townsend.

ALAN
Miss Monterey -- may I present Mr. Barton?

Mac looks at Paula with a dead pan. Paula speaks politely, as though to a complete stranger.

PAULA
How do you do, Mr. Barton?

MAC
(Still dead pan)
Did you say Miss Monterey?

D-54 MEDIUM CLOSE GROUP SHOT

Cynthia is looking on, a bit puzzled. Everything is not exactly Kosher.

3-19-37

(Continued)

D-54 (Cont'd)

PAULA

(Smiling)

Yes. Alan's told me about
you, Mr. Barton.

MAC

(To Alan)

You must tell me about someone,
some time.

Cynthia puts her arm through Alan's possessively.

CYNTHIA

Alan, I know you must want to
brush up a bit. Suppose we all
meet in the Casino, in half an
hour -- or whenever you feel
ready, Miss Monterey. Excuse us?

She starts away, taking Alan with her.

D-55 CLOSE SHOT - PAULA AND MAC

Paula is looking off intently after Alan and
Cynthia. Mac regards Paula, his expression becoming
more grim and determined momentarily.

MAC

And you and I will take a
little walk, too.

PAULA

(Turning to Mac)

Walk?

CAMERA STARTS TRUCKING as Mac takes Paula into the
lobby of the hotel, and crosses to the staircase.
The conversation continues as they walk and ascend
the staircase.

PAULA

(Sincerely)

Mac, you're an ace not to
spoil everything.

MAC

I'm still in the dark - at the
bottom of the deck.

D-55 (Cont'd)

PAULA

(Without enthusiasm)

The Townsend contract is practically in my pocket. That -- that sort of makes everything -- all right -- doesn't it?

MAC

I take it you made love to him? For business reasons, of course.

PAULA

(Hesitantly)

Well --

MAC

It's all right. Some passes have just been made at me. Smart girl.

PAULA

Not so smart.

MAC

What you ambitious girls won't do to --

(A delayed realization of Paula's remark)

What did you say?

PAULA

Nothing -- except I feel like a heel.

MAC

Nonsense; it's all been in the spirit of good clean competition. (Regards her keenly)
Or hasn't it?

They now start down a hallway.

PAULA

Mac, I'd like to get away - go somewhere -- before he finds out why I came.

MAC

That fits in with my plans perfectly.

Paula glances at Mac in surprise.

D-55 (Cont'd)

MAC

I've been hoping you'd be free
to go with me on my honeymoon.

PAULA

(Bewildered)

Honeymoon?

MAC

My doctor prescribed it.

PAULA

Prescribed -- a honeymoon?

They are now standing in front of a door.

MAC

He said to me, "Mister, is it
love that is undermining your
body and soul?" I said, "Yes,
doctor." And he said, "My boy,
there's only one cure. Go to this
woman, take her in your arms --"

(Mac takes Paula
in his arms)

"-- look deep into her eyes" --

(Mac looks deeply into
Paula's eyes)

"-- and say, I love you."

(Slight pause)

and then my secretary came in.

Paula nudges Mac. He turns.

D-56 ANOTHER ANGLE - DOORWAY OF ROOM

Stella stands in the doorway, looking at Mac and
Paula. Her hair is in curlers. She wears a shapeless
negligee, or dressing gown. Her customary expression
of disfavor is intensified as she turns to close the
door.

D-57 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - MAC AND PAULA

Mac is greatly embarrassed. He quickly opens the
door for Paula. As she enters the room, Mac glances
back again over his shoulder, and then follows her in.

D-58

INT. PAULA'S ROOM

Paula tosses her hat, gloves, and bag on the bed, or on a chair. Mac comes to her.

MAC

Well, that's settled. I've always figured that some day, when we both could spare the time, and we'd get married.

Paula turns away, shaking her head slightly, unhappily.

PAULA

I'm afraid not, Mac. It's -- Alan Townsend.

MAC

(Upset and disgruntled)

Alan Townsend -- a guy that already has everything in the world. Humph!

D-59

INT. CYNTHIA'S ROOM

Alan sits unhappily near a table, smoking and scowling. Cynthia stands near him, herself somewhat distressed. She regards him for a moment in silence.

CYNTHIA

Alan, dear -- we've always been pals. If you thought I was being hoodwinked and -- defrauded -- you'd warn me, I hope.

ALAN

Of course -- but --
(Decides to come clean)

You may as well know now -- I've fallen in love with the girl.

D-59 (Cont'd)

CYNTHIA

(Quietly)

Oh.

(Slight pause)

Oh, that's too bad, Alan.
I'm sorry.

ALAN

Forgive me, Cynthia --

CYNTHIA

Of course; but that makes
it much more difficult
to --

(She hesitates)

ALAN

To what?

Cynthia hesitates a moment, then she turns to the table, picks up the scrapbook, opens it to a page and, without a word, gives it to Alan. Alan glances at the page.

D-60 INSERT: THE GLOSSILK AD

Featuring Paula.

D-61 CLOSE SHOT - ALAN AND CYNTHIA

Alan looks up from the page; he is shocked, hurt, unwilling to believe the evidence of the ad. Cynthia has turned away, and is looking out the window.

D-62

INT. PAULA'S ROOM - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - PAULA AND MAC.

Paula has been standing at a window, looking out. Now she turns and addresses Mac who has been watching her. uneasily.

PAULA

Tell me something. You're a man.

MAC

The kind that girls forget.

PAULA

If you were Alan, would you want me to tell you what I've done?

MAC

Positively no; look at all the marriages that have been called off because the silly bride confessed a hay ride or two in her youth. It's a mistake. Woman should never tell, and if she does, she should never tell the truth.

PAULA

(Shakes her head)

It's no use, Mac; I've got to tell him -- everything. He's too nice -- too decent. I could never look myself in the face again.

(She starts toward the telephone)

MAC

(Shrugs)

I guess you're right; he'd be sure to find out sooner or later anyway. Make it any easier if I told him for you?

Paula is now at the phone, the receiver to her ear.

PAULA

Mr. Alan Townsend's room, if you please.

There is a knock on the door. Mac goes to the door and opens it. Alan stands there. He has the scrapbook. With just a nod at Mac, Alan looks past him to Paula as he enters the room.

MAC
(Surprised)
Come in.

Paula hangs up. Alan reaches her, opens the scrapbook, shows her the Glossilk ad.

ALAN
(Holding himself in
cold control)
Would you care to explain this?

Paula is terribly upset, not so much because Alan has discovered her real identity, as by his manner. He now clearly regards her, angrily, as an enemy -- a double-crosser.

PAULA
(Quietly)
Alan, wait, please -- you must
know that --

ALAN
(Interrupting)
Sorry; all I want now is the
truth! Is this you?

PAULA
Yes, but --

ALAN
Then you are a professional
model?

PAULA
Yes. And I'm not a socialite;
I work for a living. And my
name is not Monterey -- it's
Paula Sewell.

Alan turns from Paula, and drops the scrapbook on a table. He turns as though to walk out of the room. Mac stands by, unhappy, helpless.

PAULA
And here's more of the truth.
I wanted the Townsend Girl
contract more than anything else
in the world.

D-63

CLOSE SHOT - MAC

He is genuinely unhappy -- and he fears that he may lose the Townsend Account. Paula's voice comes through.

PAULA'S VOICE

The way you dismissed professional models - arbitrarily -- made me angry.

D-64

CLOSE THREE SHOT

Paula is trying to explain her viewpoint to Alan.

PAULA

What did the job mean to any one of your society girls? Nothing but a lark -- an adventure. But to me it meant food - clothes -- being Queen of the Artists' Ball.

ALAN

And so you came here, under an alias; you maneuvered an introduction and made yourself as attractive as possible.

(To Mac, sarcastically)

Were you a part of the plot?

PAULA

(Quickly)

No. He didn't even know I was here. He's done nothing to lose your account.

ALAN

(Slight pause)

He won't. I don't break my word.

MAC

(Relieved)

Well, thanks, Mr. Townsend.

ALAN

(To Mac)

It seems I've been fooled in more ways than one. However, regarding a model -- I think my original decision was correct. I chose Miss Monterey --

VP

ARTISTS & MODELS

D-33

D-64

(Cont'd)

PAULA

(Interrupting)

FADE IN: Sewell.

ALAN

(The first indication
of irritability)

What's the difference.

(Quiets himself; to Mac)

You know what I want. I'll have
a check sent to your office
tomorrow. I'll probably be away
for several months -- but you won't
need me.

There is a moment's pause. He glances at Paula and
continues rather significantly.

I think -- that is all.

With a brief nod toward Paula and Mac, he turns and
exits.

D-65

CLOSE SHOT - MAC AND PAULA

Paula looks after Alan, trying to mask her heartbreak.
Mac puts an arm about her shoulder.

MAC

(Comfortingly)

Gee, kid, I'm sorry.

Paula lifts her head, makes a valiant attempt to
carry it off.

PAULA

Sorry? What about? I got
what I came for, didn't I?

Tears start to well into her eyes, as we --

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "D"

ARTISTS AND MODELS

E-1

SEQUENCE "E"

FADE IN:

E-1 STOCK SHOT - A LARGE STEAMER

docking at New York.

DISSOLVE:

E-2 CLOSE SHOT - RAIL OF STEAMER

Alan stands at the rail, hemmed in by other passengers. He is looking down, apparently at the dock, smiling and waving his hand. Tugboat whistles and harbor noises drown out everything except incoherent shouts of greeting, etc.

E-3 CLOSE SHOT - DOCK

Mrs. Townsend and Mary are looking up, apparently at the steamer, waving and smiling.

DISSOLVE:

E-4 INT. LIMOUSINE - (TRANSPARENCY BACKGROUND)

The car is evidently threading its way through the traffic of New York. Alan sits on the rear seat, between his mother and Mary. His arms are linked loosely through theirs.

MRS. TOWNSEND

It's fine -- having you home again, Alan.

MARY

Swell trip, I suppose.

Alan smiles.

ALAN

Just between you and me, I was bored stiff all the time.

The car pulls to a stop at an intersection. Alan glances off through the window. A set expression comes to his face.

E-5

CLOSE SHOT - A LARGE BILLBOARD

Paula, in a bridal costume, looks radiantly down out of a Townsend Silver advertisement.

E-6

INT. CAR

Mrs. Townsend and Mary are now looking off at the billboard. Mrs. Townsend glances at Alan, watching for his reaction. The car starts on.

MRS. TOWNSEND

First one you've seen?

Alan tries to be non-committal but he is not entirely successful in hiding the fact that the sight of Paula is upsetting him.

ALAN

Well -- I've seen the magazine ads.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(Quickly)

The business has been leaping and bounding to an enormous extent.

MARY

Why not? Everywhere you turn, you see a Townsend ad.

ALAN

And the Townsend Girl!

Alan's tone causes Mary to glance at him quickly, but she does not say anything.

DISSOLVE:

E-7

EXT. TOWNSEND SHOP - ANGLE INCLUDES THE SIDEWALK AND CURB

The limousine draws up to the curb. The old doorman hurries to open the car door.

E-8

CLOSER SHOT - AT CURB

As Alan gets out, the doorman welcomes him with a big smile.

E-8 (Cont'd)

DOORMAN

Welcome home, Mr. Townsend.

ALAN

Thank you, Mike. How's your wife?

DOORMAN

Oh, she's fine, sir.

Alan nods and turns to speak to his mother and sister, inside the car.

ALAN

I'll be home early for dinner, darlings.

MARY

Okay.

Alan turns to cross the sidewalk to the shop. Suddenly he stops as he sees something.

E-9

EXT. SHOP - THE ANGLE INCLUDES A SHOW WINDOW AND THE DOOR

A life-size cutout of Paula stands in the show window, backgrounding a silver display. Alan comes into the scene. He looks at the cutout for a moment, scowling, his jaws clamped tightly. Then, he continues on into the shop.

DISSOLVE:

E-10

INT. RECEPTION OFFICE

Brown, the general manager, Miss Gordon, Alan's secretary, and Frank, a member of the staff, stand inside the door, looking off, apparently waiting for Alan to enter.

The room has been decorated with advertising posters, featuring Paula. There is a row of these suspended from a string stretched along one wall. There are also cutouts of Paula, and framed pictures of her, all giving an idea of the comprehensive extent of the advertising campaign. We hear a man's voice, off scene.

MAN'S VOICE

I'm very happy to see you back again, Mr. Townsend.

E-10

(Cont'd)

ALAN'S VOICE

It's nice to be back - thank you.

Alan enters and is immediately greeted by the three in the room.

E-11

INT. ALAN'S PRIVATE

BROWN

Welcome home, sir.

FRANK

You're looking splendid, Mr. Townsend.

MISS GORDON

Did you have a pleasant trip?

E-12

INSERT:

ALAN

(Shaking hands)

Hello, Brown -- Miss Gordon, you're looking well -- and how are you, Frank?

FRANK

We're all quite excited, Mr. Townsend. Just look at this sales report.

He hands a sheet of paper to Alan. Alan takes the report but puts it in his pocket without looking at it.

E-13

CUT TO SHOT - ALAN

ALAN

Thanks.

He has been looking around the room at the posters and pictures of Paula. Now he indicates them with a gesture of irritation.

E-14

INT. MAC'S PRIVATE

ALAN

Miss Gordon, will you please have all these removed?

MISS GORDON

(Amazed)

Removed! I -- we thought you'd like to see what --

ALAN

(Interrupting)

I've already seen many of them.

(He looks at the three troubled faces staring at him; irritably)

They have magazines on the boats, you know.

VW

E-10 (Cont'd)

He turns and walks quickly toward the door of his private office. Brown, Frank and Miss Gordon exchange wondering and dismayed glances.

E-11 INT. ALAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE

Alan enters and comes foreground to his desk. On the desk is a stack of correspondence. Also a morning newspaper has been opened and folded to an article for his inspection. Alan looks at it.

E-12 INSERT: A TWO OR THREE COLUMN CUT OF PAULA

It bears the legend:

HAIL THE QUEEN OF THE
ARTISTS AND MODELS BALL

A headline under the photograph reads:

"Galaxy of girls and gaiety
at Tonight's Ball"

E-13 CLOSE SHOT - ALAN

He makes a move to drop the newspaper in the waste basket but, in the very act, checks himself. He seats himself at the desk and, frowning in uneasiness of mind, stares at the picture.

E-14 INT. MAC'S PRIVATE OFFICE

Cynthia and Mac are entering from the reception office. Mac hangs his hat and the light overcoat he is carrying on a hall tree as Cynthia chatters gaily.

CYNTHIA

I'm terribly sorry we missed Alan
at the dock. But the way I feel
today, I can explain anything.

Mac looks at her and grunts a bit sourly. Cynthia has gone to a divan and perched herself on the end of it. Mac goes to his desk nearby and glances at the correspondence stacked up for him.

CYNTHIA

Don't you think I'm fairly shining
with happiness today?

E-14

(Cont'd)

MAC

You can fix that with a little powder.

CYNTHIA

But I feel like shining. I have a job -- posing for your little advertisements -- I have an object in life, and a man I'm crazy about. What more could a female ask?

MAC

(Still at desk)

A nickel to telephone with. Women never have nickels

CYNTHIA

Honey lamb, you have a lot to learn about life.

MAC

I guess so. Father was always going to have a talk with me, but he kept putting it off.

CYNTHIA

You're so dumb -- and so fascinating. Come here.

MAC

Me?

(He starts crossing to her)

CYNTHIA

Yes. Look at me. You've never seen me before.

MAC

What?

CYNTHIA

Darling -- a purifying passion has made a new woman of me.

MAC

What are you talking about?

CYNTHIA

Me. I was just an idler - a social butterfly and then, I met you; something inside me snapped. Suddenly I knew what I wanted. I became a tigress -- a man-eater.

E-14

(Cont'd)

MAC

(Edging away)

Please.

CYNTHIA

You roused something in me
that --

(Genuinely)

Oh, darling, can't you guess?
Doesn't your heart tell you?

MAC

(Genuinely embarrassed)

Why, Cynthia, you mean --

CYNTHIA

(Interrupting)

I haven't been able to get you
out of my mind for months. You're
the dearest thing in the world.
Darling, will you marry me?

MAC

(Flabbergasted)

But -- this is so -- sudden!

Cynthia takes his face in her hands and kisses him.

CYNTHIA

Will you?

MAC

(Happily, in a daze)

Well -- of course -- and very
pleased, too.

Mac puts his arms around Cynthia and kisses her.

E-15

CLOSE SHOT - AT DOORThe door opens and Stella looks in. Evidently she
sees Mac with Cynthia in his arms. Stella reacts.
He's at it again.

Mac puts his arms around Cynthia and kisses her.

E-16

CLOSE SHOT - AT DOORThe door opens and Stella looks in. Evidently she sees
Mac with Cynthia in his arms. Stella reacts. He's
at it again.

E-17

INT. OFFICE - THE ANGLE INCLUDES STELLA, MAC, AND CYNTHIA

Mac sees Stella. Releasing Cynthia, he reacts. That woman again. Cynthia sees Stella, and smiles.

MAC

(To Stella)

Well, have you anything to say?

STELLA

Yes; the Yacht Club Boys are here.

(She turns and exits,
closing the door)

CYNTHIA

(Picking up bag and
gloves)

Darling, I won't keep you. I
know it's business. I'll pick
you up for lunch. Isn't it
wonderful?

(She quickly kisses him,
walks to the door. There,
she has an idea. She turns
excitedly to Mac)

Mac -- an idea; we'll announce our
engagement at the Ball tonight.

MAC

(Venting his exuberance)

Wow!

Cynthia laughs, blows him a kiss, opens the door and
walks out.

Immediately, through the open door come the Yacht
Club Boys. We see that they are worried, low in
spirits, and apprehensive.

FIRST BOY

'Morning, boss.

SECOND BOY

Listen, Mr. Barton, about the
show tonight ----

E-17

(Cont'd)

THIRD BOY

It looks bad.

FOURTH BOY

The flop of the ages.

FIRST BOY

We don't want to worry you, but --

SECOND BOY

Now please don't fly into a
tantrum, boss -- don't start
throwing things --

MAC

(Smiling good-humoredly)
Me? Why, boys, nothing will ever
annoy me again. Nothing but
sunshine from now on.

BOYS

(Amazed)

What?

MAC

Look at me; you've never seen
me before.

The four boys exchange glances, suspecting Mac's
sanity.

MAC

A purifying passion has made a
new man of me.

FIRST BOY

(sotto voce)

He's bugs.

SECOND BOY

Cuckoo.

The four boys start edging away from Mac, toward
the door.

E-17 (Cont'd)

MAC

As the poet says, 'One touch of
love skins the whole world' --
Well, maybe that's not quite
what the poet said, but --

(Notices the boys near-
ing the door)

Are you going? Well, don't
worry, boys, don't fret your-
selves. Some day you, too, may
slide down a rainbow and land
in the pot. Goodbye.

The four boys quickly exit.

Mac walks over to a mirror on the wall. He looks at
his reflection complacently. He brushes back his
hair, touches his tie, pulls his coat about him,
and after a glance, pulls in his tummy. Suddenly
he apparently sees something that disturbs him
slightly. He leans closer to the mirror to examine
a spot on his chin where he is holding his finger.
Still not satisfied he moves his face even closer
to the mirror. Then, relieved, he takes his hand-
kerchief and brushes off a spot on the mirror
itself.

There is a knock on the door.

MAC

(Blithely)

Come in.

E-18

CLOSE SHOT - ANGLE ON DOOR

The door opens to reveal Paula dressed in a beauti-
ful bridal gown, with all the trimmings. The only
thing missing in the ensemble is a smile.

PAULA

Good morning, Mac.

3-20-37

E-19

ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE MAC

As Paula comes into the office.

MAC

And a very good morning it is --
A morning for scented breezes,
little birds, and beeses.

Paula eyes him a moment a bit envious of his good
humor.

PAULA

I hate to break you idyllic
mood with business -- but am
I okay in this dress?

MAC

My pet, you're okay in that
dress, or out of it. What is
it for?

PAULA

The last of the Townsend Silver
ads.

MAC

To be sure. By the way, did you
know he's back in town?

Paula lowers her gaze and busies herself with arrang-
ing the folds of her dress.

PAULA

Yes. What difference does that
make to anyone?

MAC

Well --

PAULA

(Interrupting)

Today is the last of the Townsend
Girl -- and I'm glad of it.

(Continued)

E-19

(Cont'd)

PAULA

(Continued)

(Her shoulders droop)

I -- I guess I'm tired, Mac.

MAC

(Sympathetically)

Sure -- you've been working too hard.

(Puts hands on her shoulders)

What would you like to do? Just tell me and I'll see that it's done.

PAULA

You're the best friend I ever had. I mean it. Always so gentle, considerate and loving --

MAC

That's my nature. I can't help it.

PAULA

I'm not joking. I -- I never appreciated you. I know I've disappointed you, and hurt you -- But, darling, if you still want me, I'd love to become Mrs. Mac Barton.

She raises her face to his. Mac is absolutely stunned for a moment.

MAC

(Stammering)

You -- you -- you'd love -- to be --

PAULA

Yes, dear.

MAC

It never rains but it pours.
(He leans against the desk, weakly)

E-19

(Cont'd)

PAULA

Mac, don't keep me waiting --
please. I know it's embarrassing --

MAC

Yes. I'm practically married now.

PAULA

You mean it's -- yes?

MAC

(Unable to refuse her)

Well -- er -- yes.

Paula quickly kisses him. Mac tries to smile.

MAC

Paula -- nobody's going to know
about this -- are they -- for a
while?

PAULA

(Misunderstanding)

Of course; I want everybody to
know. We'll announce it tonight
at the Artists and Models Ball.

She gives him a quick kiss, hurries to the door and
exits.

Mac gropes his way along the desk to the dictograph
and throws a switch on it.

MAC

Miss Cummings!

STELLA'S VOICE

Yes, sir?

MAC

Tell me -- which is cheaper --
breach of promise or bigamy?

DISSOLVE:

E-20 INT. BALLROOM - FULL SHOT

Couples, all in costumes that run from comedy to beauty, are dancing merrily to the strains of an orchestra. It is a colorful, interesting scene. CAMERA MOVES UP to a

E-21 CLOSER SHOT - AT ENTRANCE

A man and a woman appear, dressed as Mickey and Minnie Mouse. A flunky stands at the door with a large megaphone. He nods to the couple, and announces them.

FLUNKY

Mr. and Mrs. James Montgomery
Gatto, as Mickey and Minnie
Mouse!

A group of people, standing around chatting near the entrance, smiles and applauds.

E-22 CLOSER SHOT - AT DOOR

As the Mouses exit, Jupe appears. The flunky sizes him up and down, and bends toward him.

FLUNKY

Who is it?

Jupe whispers in the flunky's ear.

E-23 LONGER SHOT - TO INCLUDE THE GROUP CHATTING NEAR ENTRANCE

FLUNKY

Jupiter Pluvius, as Sunshine
and Showers.

Jupe smiles; executes a fancy dance step, and prepares to bow to a reception -- but there is none; he is totally ignored. Jupe burns. He makes a move as though to open his suitcase, but he decides to wait until later.

E-24 CLOSER SHOT - AT DOORWAY

As Jupe exits from the scene. A man appears in the doorway and whispers something to the flunky, who immediately becomes quite excited.

E-25 CLOSE SHOT - FLUNKY

He raises his megaphone and announces loudly and impressively.

FLUNKY

Ladies and gentlemen -- attention!
Our Chairman of the evening, Mr.
Mac Barton -- and Miss Wentworth --
as Romeo and Juliet!

E-26 LONGER SHOT

People standing in the vicinity of the doorway, stop chatting as they face the door. Couples dancing by, stop dancing as they face the door to welcome their chairman. Into the entrance come Cynthia and Mac. Cynthia is very alluring in a moderne interpretation of the traditional Juliet robes. Mac wears the tights, doublet, and velvet cap of Shakespeare's lover. A burst of applause greets them. They stand, acknowledging it, for a moment and then come on into the room. As the two of them start walking through the crowd, exchanging ad lib greetings with friends, the CAMERA TRUCKS WITH THEM. Mac notices another gentleman wearing a Romeo costume. Mac is annoyed. He nudges Cynthia, calling her attention, as they pass the second Romeo.

MAC

(Publicly sarcastic)
Wouldn't you think some people
could get an original idea?

CAMERA TRUCKS WITH MAC AND CYNTHIA as they continue walking, Mac has a sudden takem.

CAMERA PANS ON AHEAD TO PICK UP a very distinguished, handsome, well-proportioned gentleman, also wearing a Romeo outfit. This third Romeo sees Mac as Mac enters, passing him. The third Romeo snorts his contempt -- and then starts laughing in open derision.

THIRD ROMEO

Romeo! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

CAMERA CONTINUES TO TRUCK WITH MAC AND CYNTHIA as they continue walking. Cynthia pats Mac's arm comfortingly.

E-26 (Cont'd)

CYNTHIA

Cheer up, dear. He looks goofy,
too.

MAC

Too!

CAMERA PICKS UP a middle-aged Englishman and his wife, in medieval costumes of King and Queen. The King eyes Mac, and hastily screws a monocle into one eye.

KING

(To Queen)

I say, my dear, the fellow forgot
his trousers.

The King and Queen walk away, leaving Mac standing, still more embarrassed and uncomfortable.

MAC

(Depressed)

Let's go home and go to bed.

CYNTHIA

(Virtuously)

What!

MAC

(Tardily realizing his
slip)

I mean -- you know -- I'm not
going to have any fun here.

This only makes it worse, but before Mac or Cynthia can gather their scattered wits, they are interrupted by a man in full dress clothes who enters to them.

MAC

Hello, Mac. Good evening, Miss
Wentworth. Listen, Mac, I'm doing
the announcing tonight you know.

Mac nods.

Just how do you want your gag
handled?

MAC

(Not understanding)

Gag?

E-26 (Cont'd)

The Man shows Mac a schedule he carries.

MAN

I've been instructed to announce
your engagement to Miss Wentworth
at ten-thirty.

MAC

Yes.

He glances at Cynthia who smiles and nods.

MAN

And then at eleven-thirty, I'm to
announce your engagement to Paula
Sewell.

Mac is horribly upset and confused for a moment,
not daring to look at Cynthia.

MAC

Yes -- Well -- better make it at
eleven forty-five -- I mean --

He finally summons enough courage to glance at
Cynthia who is regarding him inscrutably.

I -- I meant to tell you about that,
dear.

CYNTHIA

(Phoney smile)

I know you've been so busy.

(To Man)

Neither of those announcements
will be necessary, thank you.

MAN

(Glad to get away)

Okay -- okay.

(He quickly exits)

Mac looks at Cynthia uncomfortably.

CYNTHIA

(Calmly)

Paula and I had a long talk this
afternoon. We understand each
other perfectly.

E-26 (Cont'd)

MAC

That's fine -- but how about
me?

CYNTHIA

We understand you, too.

MAC

Yeah, -- but which one of you
am I going to get -- if any?

CYNTHIA

(With a maddening smile)
Wouldn't you like to know.

She turns and walks away. There is a fanfare of
trumpets off scene. Mac looks up, and off.

NUMBER "PUBLIC MELODY NUMBER ONE"

The announcer climbs up into a picture frame; the crowd surrounds him. He explains that the Committee has prepared an elaborate show but has neglected to supply a stage, an auditorium with seats, and an orchestra pit. He asks the crowd to stand on the white stripes which cover the floor, alternating with black stripes. As the crowd obeys the black stripes rise from the floor forming curved rows of benches, facing the announcer. The picture frame starts to expand upward and outward until it forms a proscenium arch. And here we use the wide film effect. From an opening, Andre Kostalanetz and his orchestra swing into a semi-circular platform. They are playing the introduction to the number.

(NOTE: This, as well as the other numbers in this sequence, have been worked out in detail. For the sake of brevity the details of these numbers have not been included in this script.)

This is a hot number designed to end all hot numbers. It is planned to use the Yacht Club Boys, Louis Armstrong, and others.

Finish of number.

E-27 REVERSE ANGLE - FULL SHOT

Audience applauding.

E-28 CLOSER SHOT - CYNTHIA

She is seated with some friends, all of whom have evidently enjoyed the number greatly, to judge from their applause and ad lib comments. Cynthia glances off scene and suddenly stops applauding at what she sees.

E-29 CLOSE SHOT - OF DOOR

Alan Townsend is presenting his admittance card to the flunkey we have seen in previous scenes. Alan is looking off scene, evidently searching for someone.

FLUNKEY

I hope you can find a seat, Mr. Townsend.

ALAN

Thank you. Is -- Miss Sewell here?

FLUNKEY

No, sir. She won't appear until twelve o'clock. She's the Queen of the Ball you know.

ALAN

Yes, I know.

Cynthia enters the scene.

CYNTHIA

Hello, Alan.

ALAN

(Smiling)

You look lovely, Cynthia. I got your message.

CYNTHIA

I hoped you'd come.

E-30 CLOSE SHOT - THE ANNOUNCER

He announces the Buck Benny number, and the curtains are opened.

This is a combination song and skit number staged in the manner of a revue sketch, the scene a Western locale, and will feature Jack Benny, Judy Canova, and Jerry Bergen, among others.

Finish of skit.

E-31 INT. LOUNGE ROOM - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - ALAN AND CYNTHIA

Cynthia has evidently been trying to persuade Alan of some situation which, judging by Alan's slightly frowning face, he has not yet accepted.

CYNTHIA

It's so silly. You're still mad about her. Even the sight of her pictures throws you into emotional somersaults.

ALAN

(Shaking his head)
Any girl who would deliberately plan what she planned.

CYNTHIA

(Interrupting)
Don't be stuffy! She didn't plan to fall in love with you.

Alan looks quickly at Cynthia. Apparently this angle is new to him. There is a moment's silence.

ALAN

Do you know what you're saying.

CYNTHIA

I should; I spent most of the afternoon with Paula.

Alan continues to look at her for a moment.

E-30 CLOSE SHOT - THE ANNOUNCER

He announces the Buck Benny number, and the curtains are opened.

This is a combination song and skit number staged in the manner of a revue sketch, the scene a Western locale, and will feature Jack Benny, Judy Canova, and Jerry Bergen, among others.

Finish of skit.

E-31 INT. LOUNGE ROOM - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - ALAN AND CYNTHIA

Cynthia has evidently been trying to persuade Alan of some situation which, judging by Alan's slightly frowning face, he has not yet accepted.

CYNTHIA

It's so silly. You're still mad about her. Even the sight of her pictures throws you into emotional somersaults.

ALAN

(Shaking his head)
Any girl who would deliberately plan what she planned.

CYNTHIA

(Interrupting)
Don't be stuffy! She didn't plan to fall in love with you.

Alan looks quickly at Cynthia. Apparently this angle is new to him. There is a moment's silence.

ALAN

Do you know what you're saying.

CYNTHIA

I should; I spent most of the afternoon with Paula.

Alan continues to look at her for a moment.

E-32

CLOSE SHOT - ANNOUNCER

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, the bewitching hour of midnight approaches -- the hour when Paula Sewell, as Cinderella, the Queen of the Ball, is due to arrive and rule over us all from now until dawn.

He waves his hand in a signal.

CINDERELLA NUMBER

The curtains draw on a spectacular set of a Palace with a ball in full swing. There is an archway in the set which gives a view of the carriage drive. As the music comes to the end of the first movement, a coach-and-four drives to the entrance. Paula, as Cinderella, is escorted from the coach. The courtiers gather about her begging for a dance. She chooses one and starts to dance. A clock begins striking twelve. Cinderella stops dancing and starts to run away, dropping her slipper. Her name is called; she stops and turns. Prince Charming, his back to the camera, approaches Cinderella carrying her glass slipper. As he kneels to fit it to her foot --

E-33

CLOSE SHOT - PAULA AND PRINCE CHARMING

whose face is still turned from the camera. Paula is looking out over him at the others. We recognize Alan's voice when he speaks.

ALAN

I distinctly remember doing this before.

E-34

ANOTHER ANGLE

Paula looks down at Prince Charming and is startled to recognize Alan.

ALAN

A girl and I had just fallen into a swimming pool.

PAULA

(Gasping)

Alan!

E-34 (Cont'd)

ALAN

Your Highness!

Paula is greatly flustered. She glances off, forcing a smile to the applauding audience, and then speaks in low tones so that only Alan can hear.

PAULA

You -- will you disappear --
along with the coach and horses
-- at daybreak?

ALAN

No, dear; I've learned I can't
be happy without you.

The slipper is now on. As Alan stands up, so does Paula. They are oblivious of the others singing and dancing about them.

E-35 CLOSE SHOT - MAC AND CYNTHIA

Both are looking off toward the stage. Cynthia is smiling, satisfied.

CYNTHIA

In case you're interested, darling,
I arranged it.

MAC

Thanks. I don't see how I ever got
along without you.

CYNTHIA

From now on you're not going to.

E-36 CLOSE SHOT - ALAN AND PAULA

in each other's arms.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show the entire stage setting,
as we --

FADE OUTTHE END