

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS

This is the story
of a man who wanted
to wash an elephant.
The elephant darn
near ruined him.

Date May 8, 1941

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS - Prod. 1304

NOTE:

In the script of SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS, wherever the title "FOR WHOM THE NIGHT FALLS" appears, please change it to "OH BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU?"

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.....Joel McCrea
THE GIRL.....Veronica Lake
MR. LeBRAND (Head of studio).....Raymond Walburn
MR. JONES.....William Demarest
MR. CASALSIS.....Franklin Pangborn
MR. HADRIAN.....Porter Hall
MR. VALDELLE.....Byron Foulger
PRETTY SECRETARY.....Margaret Hayes
THE DOCTOR.....Torben Meyer
SULLIVAN'S BUTLER.....Robert Grieg
SULLIVAN'S VALET.....Eric Blore
MR. CARSON, (the sheriff).....Al Bridge
MIZ ZEFFIE.....Esther Howard
URSULA.....Almira Sessions
TOUGH CHAUFFEUR.....Frank Moran
OLD BUM.....George Renevant

* * *

B I T S

Candid cameraman, young man with ear-
phones, colored cook, Bud, truck driver,
counter man, motor cops, police sergeant,
information clerk, 2nd counter man, big
R.R. shack, yardman, small-town judge,
sheriff, etc.

SEQUENCE "A"

After the Main Titles -

FADE IN:

A-1 LONG SHOT - A FREIGHT TRAIN ROARING TOWARD US
THROUGH THE NIGHT

There is snow in the foreground. As the train starts
past us -

A-2 THE SWAYING TOP OF A BOXCAR

It is shiny with sleet. A brutal battle is in prog-
ress between a railroad shack and a young vagrant.
They clinch, fall and roll to the end of the car.

A-3 HIGH CAMERA CLOSE DOWN - ON THE STRUGGLING MEN

We see the couplings and the shining rails below.
The young vagrant almost falls, catches himself,
and kicks out desperately. The shack falls back
onto the roof of the car OUT OF THE SHOT.

A-4 THE SHACK - FALLING ON THE TOP OF THE BOXCAR

He pulls a revolver and holds it close to his side.

A-5 THE VAGRANT

He crouches and comes forward.

A-6 LONG SHOT - OF A BRIDGE

The locomotive roars onto it.

A-7 THE SHACK

He raises his gun and fires.

A-8 THE VAGRANT - PAST THE SHACK

He clutches his belly, falters, then staggers forward.
The shack fires again as the vagrant closes with him.
The boxcar comes onto the bridge. The vagrant seizes
the shack's collar in a death grip as he starts to

A-8 (Cont'd)

fall sideways. The shack fires once more, than screams as he is dragged over the side of the car. As they disappear -

A-9 HIGH CAMERA SHOT - THE FALLING BODIES

The train whistles wildly. As the bodies strike the water -

A-10 CLOSE SHOT - THE BLACK AGITATED WATERS

The current is strong. The men rise to the surface, the vagrant rigid, the shack struggling and kicking. He fires twice more point-black then sinks below the waters with the man he has killed. The waters rush by for a moment, then slowly the words: "THE END" DISSOLVE IN under the water. The finale music swells.

A-11 MESSRS. LE BRAND, HADRIAN AND SULLIVAN - IN A DARK PROJECTION ROOM

Behind them we see the apertures opening into the projection room. The beam of light from the projector goes PAST US. The music ends in a shocking silence and the lights come on. Mr. LeBrand blows out his cheeks with relief.

MR. HADRIAN
(Wiping his forehead)
Phooey!

MR. SULLIVAN
(Getting to his feet
enthusiastically)
You see? You see the symbolism
of it? Capital and labor destroy
each other. It teaches a moral
lesson...it has social significance.
It...

MR. HADRIAN
Who wants to see that kind of
stuff? It gives me the creeps.

MR. SULLIVAN
(To Mr. LeBrand)
Tell him how long it played
the Music Hall.

A-11 (Cont'd)

MR. LeBRAND
(Reluctantly)
It was held over a fifth week.

He opens the door to his private office and the other two follow him.

A-12 MR. LeBRAND'S PRIVATE OFFICE

MR. HADRIAN
(Still in the pro-
jection room)
Who goes to the Music Hall?
Communists!

He and Sullivan enter the private office and close the door.

MR. SULLIVAN
(Explosively)
Communists! This is an answer
to Communists...it shows we're
awake and not dunking our heads
in the sands like a bunch of
ostriches! I want this picture
to be a commentary on modern
conditions...stark realism...
the problems that confront the
average man.

MR. LeBRAND
But with a little sex in it.

MR. SULLIVAN
A little, but I don't want to
stress it. I want this picture
to be a.....document. I want to
hold a mirror up to life. I want
this to be a picture of dignity...
a true canvas of the suffering of
humanity.

MR. LeBRAND
But with a little sex in it.

MR. SULLIVAN
(Reluctantly)
With a little sex in it.

MR. HADRIAN
How about a nice musical?

A-12 (Cont'd)

MR. SULLIVAN

How can you talk about musicals at a time like this? With the world committing suicide...corpses piling up in the street, grim death gargling at you around every corner...people slaughtered like sheep....

MR. HADRIAN

Maybe they'd like to forget that.

MR. SULLIVAN

(Jerking his thumb)

Then why do they hold this one over for a fifth week at the Music Hall... for the ushers?

MR. HADRIAN

It died in Pittsburgh.

MR. LeBRAND

Like a dog.

MR. SULLIVAN

(Contemptuously)

What do they know in Pittsburgh?

MR. LeBRAND

(Mildly)

They know what they like.

MR. SULLIVAN

(Sneeringly)

If they knew what they liked they wouldn't live in Pittsburgh! That's no argument. If you pandered to the public you'd still be in the horse age...

MR. HADRIAN

You think we're not? Look at Hopalong Cassidy, look at...

MR. SULLIVAN

You look at him. We'd still be making Keystone chases, bathing beauties, custard pie operas...

MR. LeBRAND

And a fortune.

A-12 (Cont'd)

MR. SULLIVAN
(Taking a new tack)
Of course I'm just a minor employee
here, Mr. LeBrand....

MR. LeBRAND
(To Mr. Hadrian)
He's starting that one again.

MR. SULLIVAN
I wanted to make you something out-
standing, something you could be
proud of, something that would
realize the potentialities of film
as the sociological and artistic
medium that it is, with a little
sex in it. Something like...

MR. HADRIAN
Something like Capra. I know.

MR. SULLIVAN
What's the matter with Capra?

MR. LeBRAND
Look: You want to make "For Whom
the Night Falls."

MR. SULLIVAN
Yes.

MR. HADRIAN
Now wait a minute.

MR. LeBRAND
Then go ahead and make it, at what
you're getting I can't afford to
argue with you.

MR. SULLIVAN
That's a fine way to start a man
out on a million dollar production.

MR. LeBRAND
(Crossly)
You want it? You've got it! I can
take it on the chin! I've taken it
before.

MR. SULLIVAN
Not from me, you haven't.

A-12 (Cont'd)

MR. LeBRAND

Not from you, Sully, that's true. Not with pictures like "So Long, Sarong," "Hey, Hey in the Hayloft", or "Ants in Your Plants of 1939"... but they weren't about tramps, and lockouts, and sweatshops, and people eating garbage in alleys and living in piano boxes and ashcans and... and...

MR. HADRIAN

And phooey!

MR. LeBRAND

They were about nice clean young people who fell in love, with laughter and music and...legs you take that scene in "Hey-hey in the Hayloft"....

MR. SULLIVAN

Yes, but you don't seem to understand conditions have changed. There isn't any work...there isn't any food...these are troublous times...

MR. HADRIAN

What do you know about troubles?

MR. SULLIVAN

(Indignantlly)

What do I know about trouble?

MR. HADRIAN

(Pressing the point)

Yes. What do you know about trouble?

MR. SULLIVAN

What do you mean, what do I know about trouble?

MR. HADRIAN

Just what I'm saying. You want to make a picture about garbage cans... what do you know about garbage cans...when did you eat your last meal out of one?

MR. SULLIVAN

(To Mr. LeBrand)

What's that got to do with it?

A-12 (Cont'd)

MR. LeBRAND

He's asking you.

MR. HADRIAN

You want to make an epic about misery. You want to show hungry people sleeping in doorways....

MR. LeBRAND

With newspapers around them.

MR. HADRIAN

You want to grind ten thousand feet of hard luck and all I'm asking you is what do you know about hard luck?

MR. LeBRAND

Yes.

MR. SULLIVAN

What do you mean, what do I know about hard luck? Don't you think I've....

MR. HADRIAN

No.

MR. SULLIVAN

What?

MR. HADRIAN

You have not. I sold newspapers till I was twenty, then I worked in a shoe store and put myself through law school at night. Where were you at twenty?

MR. SULLIVAN

I was in college, but...

MR. LeBRAND

When I was thirteen I was supporting three sisters and two brothers and a widowed mother. Where were you at thirteen?

MR. SULLIVAN

I was in boarding school. I'm sorry.

A-12 (Cont'd)

MR. LeBRAND

You don't have to be ashamed of it, Sully. That's why your pictures have been so light, so cheerful, so inspiring....

MR. HADRIAN

They don't stink with messages.

MR. LeBRAND

That's why I paid you five hundred a week when you were twenty-four.

MR. HADRIAN

Seven-fifty when you were twenty-five.

MR. LeBRAND

A thousand when you were twenty-six.

MR. HADRIAN

When I was twenty-six I was getting eighteen.

MR. LeBRAND

Two thousand when you were twenty-seven.

MR. HADRIAN

I was getting twenty-five then.

MR. LeBRAND

I was just opening my first shooting gallery. Three thousand after "Thanks for Yesterday."

MR. HADRIAN

Four thousand after "Ants in Your Plants."

MR. SULLIVAN

I suppose you're trying to tell me I don't know what trouble is.

MR. HADRIAN

Yes..

MR. LeBRAND

In a nice way, Sully.

A-12 (Cont'd)

MR. SULLIVAN
(Ruefully, after
a pause)

You're perfectly right...I haven't
the slightest idea what it is.
It's funny I never thought about
it from that angle.

MR. HADRIAN
People always like what they don't
know anything about.

MR. SULLIVAN
(Pensively)
I really had a lot of nerve wanting
to make a picture about human suffer-
ing.

MR. LeBRAND
You're a gentleman to admit it,
Sully...but then you are anyway.

MR. HADRIAN
How about making "Ants in your
Plants of 1941?" You can have
Bob Hope, Mary Martin...

MR. LeBRAND
Maybe Bing Crosby....

MR. HADRIAN
The Abbey Dancers...

MR. LeBRAND
Maybe Jack Benny and Rochester....

MR. HADRIAN
A big-name band and...

MR. SULLIVAN
(Coming out of a trance)
What? Oh, no...I want to make
"For Whom the Night Falls," but
I'll tell you what I'm going to
do first: I'm going to get some
old clothes and some old shoes
from wardrobe and start out with
ten cents in my pocket...I don't
know where...and I'm not coming
back till I know what trouble is.

A-12 (Cont'd)

MR. LeBRAND

What!

MR. SULLIVAN

You don't have to worry. You can take me off salary.

MR. LeBRAND

Who's talking about taking you off salary?

MR. SULLIVAN

(Shaking Mr. LeBrand's hand)

So long...and thanks for the idea.

MR. LeBRAND

Now wait a minute...don't be so impulsive. How long will you be gone?

MR. SULLIVAN

I don't know...maybe a week... maybe a month...I'll come back when I've had enough. Don't worry about me. So long -

He squeezes Mr. Hadrian's hand.

MR. SULLIVAN

So long, Dracula, you gave me a great idea.

He hurries out and slams the door.

MR. LeBRAND

(After a moment's silence)
Now look what you've done.

MR. HADRIAN

What I've done!

MR. LeBRAND

With your lies about selling newspapers.

MR. HADRIAN

I sold as many newspapers as you supported a family at thirteen.

A-12 (Cont'd)

MR. LeBRAND

Well, I opened a shooting gallery,
didn't I?

MR. HADRIAN

With money you borrowed from your
uncle.

(Then after a
pause)

We'd better insure him for a
million.

MR. LeBRAND

He's worth more.

MR. HADRIAN

(Looking toward
the door)

Bone-head!

MR. LeBRAND

But what a genius.

He crosses to his dictaphone.

MR. LeBRAND

(Into the dictaphone)

Get me a copy of that "For Whom
the Night Falls"...I guess I'll
have to read it.

He lets go the lever, looks at Mr. Hadrian, then
pushes the lever down again. Giving Mr. Hadrian
a dirty look he says:

MR. LeBRAND

(Into the dictaphone)

Make that two copies. Why should
I suffer alone?

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "A"

SEQUENCE "B"

FADE IN:

B-1 MRS. SULLIVAN - IN BED IN HER RESIDENCE (DAY)

MRS. SULLIVAN
(Unpleasantly into telephone)
I want to talk to Mr. Sullivan,
please...this is Mrs. Sullivan.

B-2 THE BUTLER - IN SULLIVAN'S PANTRY

Next to him there is a silver breakfast set and some
tomato juice in a bowl of ice.

THE BUTLER
(Into the telephone, his
face falling)
Ah, yes, Mrs. Sullivan.

He looks up at a calendar which says September 14th,
1941. He peels off a leaf and crumples it up.

THE BUTLER
I'll see if he's at home, madam.

MRS. SULLIVAN'S VOICE
(Through the phone)
He'd better be at home.

The Butler scowls at the telephone, then directs his
finger toward a button.

B-3 SULLIVAN AND HIS VALET - IN THE BEDROOM

Mr. Sullivan stands in front of a three-piece
tailor's mirror dressed in a fearful tramp outfit.

THE VALET
I think that's overdoing it a
bit, sir. There's no use breaking
their hearts.

The phone rings and the valet answers it.

THE VALET
(After a moment)
Your wife is on one, sir.

SULLIVAN
What does she want?

B-3 (Cont'd)

THE VALET

I was speaking to Jeffry, sir,
but I suspect it has something
to do with today's being the
fifteenth.

SULLIVAN

(Grunting)

Oh, yes...payday. Put her on.

THE VALET

(Into the telephone)

You may connect Mrs. Sullivan.

Sullivan takes the phone.

B-4 MRS. SULLIVAN - AT THE TELEPHONE

MRS. SULLIVAN

(With false sweetness)

You don't happen to remember what
day this is do you, dear?

B-5 SULLIVAN AND HIS VALET - IN THE BEDROOM

SULLIVAN

(Into the phone)

Yes..., I happen to remember
what day it is.....No, I haven't
forgotten anything, have you....
Well, maybe I could be a little
more polite, but somehow, Mrs.
Sullivan, when I talk to you I
just don't feel polite; I regret
it but that's the way it is.....
Maybe you'd better take it up
with the postal authorities.....I
don't know whether I signed it or
not...When I sign your checks I
always close my eyes; maybe I
signed the blotter.....

He hangs up roughly, then dials "one, one."

SULLIVAN

(Into telephone)

You make out the Panther Woman's
check yet?.....Well, you better
get it down to her before she shows
up with the sheriff....She has a
very peculiar sense of humor.

B-5 (Cont'd)

THE VALET

(Holding up a coat)

I think this one is sufficiently
seedy, sir. Why overplay it?

THE BUTLER

(Entering with the
breakfast tray)

Good morning...

(Now he stops in
astonishment, then
recovers his
equanimity)

...Sir.

SULLIVAN

Good morning, Burrows; how do
you like it?

THE BUTLER

I don't like it at all, sir.
Fancy dress, I take it.

He gives Sullivan the tomato juice.

SULLIVAN

(Taking the tomato
juice)

What's the matter with it?

(He starts drinking
the juice)

THE BUTLER

I have never been sympathetic
to the caricaturing of the poor
and needy, sir.

SULLIVAN

(Indignantly)

Who's caricaturing...

THE VALET

Burrows doesn't know about the
expedition, sir.

SULLIVAN

I'm going out on the road to
find out what it's like to be
poor and needy....and then I'm
going to make a picture about
it.

B-5

(Cont'd)

THE BUTLER

If you'll permit me to say so, sir; The subject is not an interesting one. The poor know all about poverty and only the morbid rich would find the topic glamorous.

SULLIVAN

(Exasperated)

But I'm doing it for the poor.

THE BUTLER

I doubt that they would appreciate it, sir. They rather resent the invasion of their privacy...I believe quite properly, sir. Also, such excursions can be extremely dangerous, sir. I worked for a gentleman once who likewise, with two friends, accoutred himself as you have, sir, and then went out for a lark.....They have not been heard from since.

SULLIVAN

That was some time ago?

THE BUTLER

1912, sir.

(Then after a pause)

You see, sir, rich people and theorists, who are usually rich people, think of poverty in the negative...as the lack of riches ...as disease might be called the lack of health...but it isn't, sir. Poverty is not the lack of anything, but a positive plague, virulent in itself, contagious as cholera, with filth, criminality, vice and despair as only a few of its symptoms. It is to be stayed away from, even for purposes of study....It is to be shunned.

Sullivan exchanges a look with his valet, then looks back at the butler.

SULLIVAN

Well, you seem to have made quite a study of it.

B-5 (Cont'd)

THE BUTLER

(Dryly)

Quite unwillingly, sir. Will that be all, sir?

SULLIVAN

Thanks.

He watches him exit, then turns to the valet.

SULLIVAN

He gets a little gruesome every once in a while.

THE VALET

Always reading books, sir.

SULLIVAN

Oh.

THE VALET

As a matter of fact, sir, I don't like the idea of a gentleman of your inexperience leaving with only ten cents in his pocket, so I...took the extreme liberty, sir, of having a studio identification card sewed in the sole of each of your boots...

Sullivan looks indignantly at his feet.

SULLIVAN

(Indignantly)

You must think I'm a child or something. The whole purpose of this expedition...

THE BUTLER

(Re-entering)

Mr. LeBrand, Mr. Hadrian, Mr. Casalsis and a Mr. Jones to see you, sir. I asked them to wait in the Blue Room but...

The four gentlemen brush past him in the order in which they were announced.

MR. LeBRAND

Good morning, Sully.

SULLIVAN

Hello.

B-5

(Cont'd)

MR. LeBRAND
I brought Casalsis and Mr. uh...
(He looks at Jones)

JONES

Jones.

MR. LeBRAND
...along to tell you...

SULLIVAN

All right, but before you all
get started I just want to tell you
one thing: my mind is made up.

MR. LeBRAND

Nobody's here to argue with you,
Sully. You know that your slightest
wish...

MR. HADRIAN

We talked it all over and there's
quite a lot to the idea at that.

MR. LeBRAND

There's a great deal to it.

Mr. Casalsis opens his mouth to speak.

MR. JONES

(Beating him to it)
It's a pip.

MR. CASALSIS

(After directing a frown at
Jones)
Stupendous.

He opens his mouth to speak again.

MR. LeBRAND

(Pointing to Mr. Casalsis)
Cassy has it all worked out:
it's as safe as a church, as
big as a cathedral and...

MR. CASALSIS

Bigger. This is the story of
the year, Sully. It'll break
the front page of every newspaper
in the country...THE WORLD!
It'll put the war back...

B-5

(Cont'd)

MR. JONES

...with the want ads...right next
to the lost dogs.

MR. CASALSIS

I'm sending five of my boys
with you...

MR. JONES

With me in charge.

MR. CASALSIS

An advance man in front, a
follow-upper behind...

MR. JONES

A cook and a still man.

MR. CASALSIS

I want lots of eight by tens.

SULLIVAN

Now listen.

MR. CASALSIS

I guarantee that no one will
be able to open a newspaper...

MR. JONES

...without staring right into
your kisser...

MR. CASALSIS

...and reading about "For Whom
The Night Falls." It's the topic
of the nation. Furthermore...

SULLIVAN

(Desperately)

Will you wait a minute?

MR. JONES

(Impatiently)

We're coming to that part of it.
We got everything figured out.

MR. CASALSIS

We're revamping that lovely
land-yacht DeMille used in
"Northwest Mounted," and it
follows you at a discreet
distance with...

B-5 (Cont'd)

MR. JONES
...hot coffee, sandwiches and
a little bar in the back.

MR. CASALSIS
It's connected directly to the
studio by short-wave and it
carries also...

MR. JONES
...a hot shower and a secretary.

MR. CASALSIS
...a physician...

MR. JONES
...and two strong-arm guys...

MR. CASALSIS
(Triumphantly)
...all dressed like tramps!
What a novelty! You see, we
have thought of everything.

SULLIVAN
Look: I'm looking for trouble
and I'm not going to find it
with six acts of vaudeville on
my tail...at least not the kind
I'm looking for.

MR. LeBRAND
(Gently)
Be reasonable, Sully.

MR. CASALSIS
I'm re-upholstering it from
stem to stern.

MR. JONES
Wait'll you see...

SULLIVAN
I've already told you my mind
is made up.

MR. LeBRAND
Definitely?

SULLIVAN
Definitely.

Mr. LeBrand turns and looks at Mr. Hadrian.

MR. HADRIAN

In that case there's nothing
else to do...

SULLIVAN

You said it...

MR. HADRIAN

(Pulling it out
of his pocket)

...but serve you with this summons
to appear and show cause why you
should not be restrained from
jeopardizing your unique and
extraordinary services by will-
fully, recklessly and unnecessarily...

SULLIVAN

(Backing away from
the summons)

Now wait a minute.

MR. LeBRAND

(Gently)

We have all day, Sully...but
you must realize that we also
have minds...also made up.

MR. CASALSIS

If you saw that upholstery...

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "B"

SEQUENCE "C"

FADE IN:

C-1 THE BROW OF A HILL, U.S. HIGHWAY 99

The extraordinarily long shadows from left to right indicate very early morning looking south. In the distance we see a beautiful valley. Sullivan comes over the hill wearing his tramp outfit and carrying a little bundle over his shoulder.

C-2 CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - SULLIVAN

He walks along side of us long enough for us to see that he is unshaven and that his shoes are not entirely comfortable. After a moment Sullivan scowls back over his shoulder and the CAMERA PANS BACK ONTO a land yacht coming over the crest of the hill. As it moves TOWARD US -

C-3 TRUCKING SHOT - THE LAND YACHT COMPLETE

It is a magnificent looking outfit, its occupants visible through the windows.

C-4 THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF THE LAND YACHT

A very tough looking chauffeur is at the wheel. Next to him sits a strong-arm man, next to him sits a candid camera man with his camera slung around his neck, next to him sits Mr. Valdelle, binoculars in hand dictating to a pretty girl secretary who sits next to him.

MR. VALDELLE

(Dictating)

Thus begins this remarkable expedition into the valley of the shadow of adversity.

THE GIRL SECRETARY

The shadow of the what?

THE CHAUFFEUR

The valley of the shadow of adversity.... It's a paraphrase.

MR. VALDELLE

Alone and unattended,....

C-4 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL SECRETARY
With nine stooges!

MR. VALDELLE
... prey to passing prowlers, poverty
and policemen, with only ten cents in
his pocket, John L. Sullivan, the
Calef of Comedy, departed Hollywood
at four o'clock this morning...

THE GIRL SECRETARY
You said it!

C-5 INT. OF THE LAND YACHT

At the breakfast table we see the Doctor, Mr. Jones,
and the young man with the earphones fooling with
short-wave set. A colored cook is leaning over the
table.

COLORED COOK
Can I get you another stack, Doctor?

JONES
Get me some bicarbonate of soda and
don't call me "doctor".

THE DOCTOR
He was talking to me, I think.
(Then to the cook)
No, thank you.

COLORED COOK
You say you don't want any bicar-
bonate of soda, Doctor?

JONES
Don't call me "Doctor".

THE DOCTOR
(To the cook)
No, I don't want any bicarbonate
of soda.

THE COOK
I thought you said you did.

He walks out.

THE DOCTOR
This pace is very depressing.

JONES
So was the breakfast.

C-5 (Cont'd)

THE DOCTOR

Why doesn't he read a book if he wants to learn something?

JONES

Who, the cook? He could learn plenty.

THE DOCTOR

No, Sullivan.

JONES

Maybe he don't know how to read.

THE DOCTOR

The cook?

JONES

No, the... say, this is going to be a great trip.

THE YOUNG MAN WITH
THE EAR PHONES

I'm sorry, I must have the wrong number.

(He takes off his ear phones)

That was the lighthouse on San Clemente Island.

JONES

(To the doctor)

How about a little gin rummy?

THE DOCTOR

I don't drink, thank you. Never touch it.

C-6 TRUCKING SHOT - AHEAD OF SULLIVAN

Behind him we see the land yacht. We hear the toot of a horn and a low-cut Ford roadster comes around the land yacht and speeds toward Sullivan. He turns his head, then jerks his thumb. The Ford screams to a stop.

C-7 CLOSE SHOT - THE FORD - PAST SULLIVAN

It looks clumsily like a tank. At the wheel sits a rural youngster wearing a football helmet.

MR

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS

C-4
(24)

C-7 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

How about a lift, Bud?

BUD

If you don't mind goin' fast...
I'm studyin' to be a whippet
tanker.

Sullivan looks over his shoulder toward the land yacht, then steps into the car.

SULLIVAN

Go to it, lieutenant.

BUD

You're there, general.

He lets in his clutch and howls OUT OF THE SHOT.

C-8 THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF THE LAND YACHT

THE CANDID CAMERAMAN

(Pointing up ahead)

Hey!

MR. VALDELLE

(Raising his binoculars)

Step on it!

THE CHAUFFEUR

Hang on!

There's a roar of the big motor. As the car leaps forward -

C-9 INT. OF THE LAND YACHT

Jones, the doctor and the young man with the ear-phones pile onto the floor.

C-10 THE GALLEY OF THE LAND YACHT

The colored cook is sitting on the floor, removing a bowl of flapjack dough from his head.

C-11 AUTOMOBILE SHOT - AHEAD OF RACING FORD

Sullivan gets a better grip on the car.

5-2-41

C-12 DRIVER'S SEAT OF THE RACING LAND YACHT

The chauffeur grits his teeth with determination and the other four occupants hang onto each other, each around the other's neck.

C-13 LOW CAMERA SHOT - A SHARP CURVE IN THE ROAD

The Ford whizzes by us on two wheels, the land yacht does almost the same.

C-14 A MOTOR COP - READING A NEWSPAPER

He is in a little side road at its juncture with the main highway. Some mud and water from the side road has leaked onto the highway. He lowers his newspaper and turns his head in astonishment as the Ford races past and splatters him with mud. He throws his newspaper to the ground and his leg over the saddle. As he throws his weight up to start the motorcycle, the land yacht roars by and really gives him some mud.

C-15 CLOSE SHOT - THE MOTOR COP - SCOOPING THE MUD OUT OF HIS EYESC-16 CLOSE SHOT BEHIND THE HEADS OF SULLIVAN AND BUD

SULLIVAN

Can a whippet tank make a sharp turn?

BUD

What?

SULLIVAN

(Hollering)

Can a whippet tank go up a side road?

BUD

A whippet tank can go anywhere.
Hang on!

There is a terrible screeching, the car lurches and the background swings ninety degrees. Now the car bumps down a country lane.

C-17 THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF THE LAND YACHT

THE CHAUFFEUR

Hang on!

C-17 (Cont'd)

He takes a mighty grip and spins the wheel. As the four other occupants slide toward him -

C-18 INT. OF THE LAND YACHT

Jones, the doctor, and the young man with the ear-phones flop over to the side of the body then bounce back.

C-19 THE COOK - IN THE GALLEY

He is upside down on the floor. Another pile of dishes fall on him.

C-20 THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF THE LAND YACHT

It is listing badly as it completes the turn. The girl screams.

C-21 THE MOTOR COP - ROARING TOWARD US

He is scooping mud out of his eyes.

C-22 THE MOTOR COP - ROARING AWAY FROM US

As he disappears down the road the CAMERA PANS and LOOKS UP THE LANE. The land yacht is moving AWAY FROM US in a series of leaps.

C-23 THE FRONT SEAT OF THE LAND YACHT

The occupants bounce high, return to the seat and bounce up again.

C-24 INT. OF THE LAND YACHT

The doctor, Jones and the young man with the ear-phones are being turned over like potatoes in a skillet.

C-25 THE CHEF - IN THE GALLEY

He is catapulted toward the roof; we hear a crash but to our astonishment, instead of coming down he stays there.

MR

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS

C-7
(27)

C-26 CLOSE SHOT - THE CHEF'S HEAD - FROM OUTSIDE

His head protrudes through the splintered roof of the land yacht. He is hanging by his chin and looking very much surprised.

C-27 CLOSE SHOT - LOOKING BACK AT SULLIVAN AND BUD

Suddenly Sullivan points ahead in horror.

C-28 THE ROAD - AHEAD OF SULLIVAN AND BUD

A hay wagon is just pulling across the road. As we get within five feet of it we sheer off to the right.

C-29 THE FORD - BOUNDING AWAY FROM US IN AN OPEN FIELD.

It leaps like a hop toad.

C-30 THE FRONT SEAT OF THE LAND YACHT

With a screaming of brakes it comes to a stop.

C-31 THE OPEN FIELD

The Ford makes one bound INTO THE SHOT and stops. Sullivan gets out hurriedly and stands half bent.

SULLIVAN

Thank you, major. This is where I get out.

BUD

(Enthusiastically)
She's some tank, ain't she?

SULLIVAN

(Feeling his rear end)
In a class by itself, major. I never felt anything like it.

BUD

Well, I guess I'd better be gettin' to school now, anyway.

SULLIVAN

I guess maybe you better had... drive carefully.

C-31 (Cont'd)

BUD
(Happily)
You know me.

SULLIVAN
By the way, how old are you?

BUD
(Racing his motor)
Thirteen. So long.

His car bounds OUT OF THE SHOT.

SULLIVAN
(Feeling of himself
again)
What a future!

He limps a little toward the road.

C-32 THE LAND YACHT

The hay wagon has just worked its way by, by going into the field across the road and then coming back. The occupants of the front seat are helping each other to the ground, all except the chauffeur who leans dismally on his wheel. He looks back toward the hay wagon before speaking.

THE CHAUFFEUR
Wasn't for that thing he never
would a got away.

THE GIRL
Well, thank heaven something showed
up.

She starts to sit on the running board, then gets up again quickly. Now Mr. Jones, the doctor and the young man minus the earphones appear. A moment later the colored chef comes out on his hands and knees.

MR. VALDELLE
He got away.

MR. JONES
(Holding his kidneys)
What were you chasing, a jack
rabbit?

THE COLORED CHEF
Felt more like a kangaroo.

C-32 (Cont'd)

THE DOCTOR

Any broken bones... I mean seriously broken?

THE GIRL

(Looking up suddenly)

There he is.

C-33 SULLIVAN - LEANING AGAINST A TREE

SULLIVAN

(Laughing)

How'd you like it?

C-34 THE GROUP - PAST SULLIVAN

MR. VALDELLE

That was a dirty trick, Boss.

THE CHAUFFEUR

(Scowling)

I nearly lost my rear end -

C-35 SULLIVAN APPROACHING - PAST THE GROUP

SULLIVAN

I lost mine. Look: That was just to give you a rough idea ... unless you play ball with me. You know I can't do what I started out to do with you guys chasing me around... so I'll make you a fair proposition. You go on to some place you like; take it easy for a couple of weeks and I'll join you then or sooner. If the boss wants to talk to me, I'm just up ahead there bumming a lunch off a farmer's wife... you can see me but you can't get me on the phone. Is that a square proposition or isn't it?

C-36 THE GROUP - PAST SULLIVAN

THE CANDID CAMERAMAN

How about the pictures? I've got a job to think of, you know. I've got a wife, four children, a sister-in-law, my aunt...

C-37 SULLIVAN

SULLIVAN

We'll take all the pictures you like on the way back. I'll pose in every dump from here to Hollywood. This is on the level, kids... I want you to help me.

C-38 THE GROUP

THE GIRL

Well...I always wanted to see Boulder Dam.

SULLIVAN

You're there!

MR. JONES

(Indignantly)

Yeah, well if you think I'm going to look at Boulder Dam for two weeks...

THE DOCTOR

(Mildly)

How about Yellowstone National Park?

MR. JONES

(To the doctor)

And that goes for Yellowstone National Park.

MR. VALDELLE

Now, if you said Las Vegas....

MR. JONES

Then you'd be saying something.

THE GIRL

Well, that's only thirty miles from Boulder Dam.

THE CHAUFFEUR

You could take side trips.

THE DOCTOR

What do they do in Las Vegas?

THE CHAUFFEUR

Everything, doctor... It's an education.

C-38 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

(Cutting all this short)
All right... I'll see you in Las Vegas on or about the first... and thanks, kids...thanks sincerely.

He turns and starts up the road.

THE GIRL SECRETARY

You know, I have a feeling he's really on the level.

THE CANDID CAMERAMAN

And I have a feeling this is all going to turn out very badly.

He clicks a shot of Sullivan. The others frown at him.

THE CANDID CAMERAMAN

Just a personal observation.

A TINNY VOICE

Calling Mobile Station W - six - X - 0 - X ... Calling Mobile Station W - six - X - 0 - X. Come in, Station W - six - X - 0 - X.

The young man leaps into the land yacht and the others follow.

C-39 THE YOUNG MAN = AT THE PANEL

THE YOUNG MAN

(Into the microphone)

Yes, sir, Mr. LeBrand, how are you. He's right here....

He hands the earphones to Mr. Jones.

THE YOUNG MAN

It's Mr. LeBrand.

MR. JONES

Hello, boss....Yes...everything is lovely... I can just see him down the road there, asking a farmer's wife for a handout... Yes, it's very interesting... No, I don't think I'll be able to call him to the phone for some little while... You know

C-39 (Cont'd)

MR. JONES

(Continued)

how it is... You bet we've got our eye on him... Yes, sir!... wonderful stories! You'll be surprised at some of the things that are going to happen to him in the next few days. Yes, sir, Mr. LeBrand, don't you worry your head any... you let me do the worrying... Yes, sir.

(Wiping his head)

Yes, sir.

THE CANDID CAMERAMAN

Yes, I have a feeling this is going to be very depressing for all concerned.

They all look out of the land yacht down the road.

C-40

LONG SHOT - SULLIVAN, VERY SMALL, FRAMED IN THE ARCHING TREES

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "C"

SEQUENCE "D"

FADE IN:

D-1 A COUNTRY ROAD - (DAY)

a 1935 Ford coupe bounces gaily toward us. As it comes abreast of us ---

D-2 INT. OF THE COUPE - SULLIVAN AND MR. CARSON

MR. CARSON

(Sympathetically)

Is that a fact, tt-tt-tt. Thought Roosevelt had that all fixed up... with them airplane factories and all... I thought work was the one thing there wasn't nothin' else but.

SULLIVAN

That isn't the way I found it.

MR. CARSON

That just goes to show you can't believe nothin' you read in the papers... I read even where some people even went off relief...to accept jobs.
(He cackles happily)

Sullivan gives him a pitying look.

MR. CARSON

You sure you looked in the right places...while you were lookin' for all this work you couldn't find?

SULLIVAN

I sure did.

MR. CARSON

Where did you look?

SULLIVAN

(Slightly unprepared)

Why, uh... high and low... I walked up one side of the country and down the other...but you just can't find anything...no work, no food, no ... anything.

MR. CARSON

You sure you wasn't too choosy ... I mean about what you'd do?

D-2 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

A guy can't be choosy with only ten cents in his pocket.

MR. CARSON

Ain't it the truth.

(Then innocently)

Ain't it against the law to have only ten cents in your pocket?

SULLIVAN

I wouldn't know about that. All I know is I'm tryin' to get east ... there might be some work around the Great Lakes... Very kind of you to give me a lift.

MR. CARSON

Sure, sure. By the way, what do you do when you do work?

SULLIVAN

Who, me?

MR. CARSON

Yes, your hands look kinda soft for a worker, so I was just kinda figurin'... you wouldn't be a professional bum, would you?

SULLIVAN

(Chuckling)

No, no... it's just that I haven't worked in so long... conditions are so terrible.

MR. CARSON

Sure.

SULLIVAN

(After a pause)

What do you do?

MR. CARSON

Who, me?

SULLIVAN

Yes.

MR. CARSON

I'm the sheriff of this county.

SULLIVAN

(Startled)

Oh.

D-2 (Cont'd)

MR. CARSON

(Amiable)

That's right... that's how I come to know about the law agin havin' only ten cents in your pocket...that's what you call vagrancy...that calls for sixty days.

SULLIVAN

Oh!

MR. CARSON

But in hard times like you talk about we try to be as lenient as possible, and when we find a man is on the level about looking for work... we don't lock him up...

SULLIVAN

I see.

MR. CARSON

It's the next lane to the right.

SULLIVAN

What is?

MR. CARSON

This job I'm takin' you to.

SULLIVAN

(Startled, reaching for the door)

But, I'm not lookin' for a...

MR. CARSON

(Coldly)

You're not lookin' for a what?

SULLIVAN

I think I forgot to tell you that the one kind of work I'm absolutely unfamiliar with is any kind of agricultural work. I wouldn't know which end of the whiffle-tree you... whiffle with. I wouldn't know...

MR. CARSON

(Coldly)

Willing to learn, ain't you?

SULLIVAN

(With false indignation)

Certainly I'm willing to learn, but do you think at my age that I'm apt

D-2 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN (Cont'd)

to? Don't you think it's an imposition on these poor people to wish such an incompetent clunk...such an untalented oaf as...

MR. CARSON

You're quite a talker, ain't you?

SULLIVAN

Well, I mean, let's be fair about it. Let's not think of ourselves, let's think of them...

MR. CARSON

I ain't goin' to force you, brother, this is a free country. If you'd rather spend the next few weeks in the hoosegow...

SULLIVAN

Who's talking about hoosegows? All I say is... I am, by trade, a chauffeur...What possible good is a chauffeur going to be to these people?

MR. CARSON

But that's what they're looking for, Miz Zeffie and her sister, a chauffeur and handy man.

SULLIVAN

(Dying)

Oh.

MR. CARSON

She's a widow lady...They just can't seem to keep a man on the place.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-3

A SECOND-STORY WINDOW OF A PRETTY WHITE HOUSE

Miz Zeffie peers around the curtains coyly, then sticks her head out.

MIZ ZEFFIE

You-hoo!

D-4

HIGH CAMERA SHOT - DOWN ON SULLIVAN

He is in the middle of a big pile of wood, pausing in his chopping. He is nude to the waist and sweating freely.

5-2-41

(Continued)

D-4 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN
(Looking up)
Yes, M'am.

He swats a horsefly on the back of his neck.

D-5 CLOSE SHOT - MIZ ZEFFIE - IN THE WINDOW

MIZ ZEFFIE
Don't you try to run away, now, you
naughty boy, or I'll tell the sheriff
on you.

D-6 HIGH CAMERA SHOT - DOWN ON SULLIVAN

SULLIVAN
Yes, M'am.

He goes back to his chopping.

D-7 MIZ ZEFFIE AND HER THIN SISTER - IN THE SECOND FLOOR
BEDROOM

It is a prettily decorated room more suited to a woman than a man and certainly exceptional for a farmhand. Miz Zeffie is hollering out the window while her sister, dust cloth around her hair, is cleaning the room unenthusiastically.

MIZ ZEFFIE
(Out the window)
And don't get too tired.
(She turns in to her
sister and adds)
First day's work.

Now she feels of the softness of the bed and adds:

MIZ ZEFFIE (Cont'd)
I do hope he'll like everything here...
It's so hard to keep a man...
(She feels of her back hair)
D'you know what I need?

URSULA
Yes.

MIZ ZEFFIE
I need a permanent.

D-7 (Cont'd)

URSULA

A permanent what?

MIZ ZEFFIE

(Occupied with her thoughts)
You don't suppose we're overworking
him, do you... Oh, I doubt it...he
seems very strong.

(She takes a peek out the
window)

Did you notice his torso?

URSULA

I notice that you noticed it.

MIZ ZEFFIE

Don't be vulgar, dear... Some people
are just naturally more sensitive to
some things in life than some people
are... Some are blind to beauty,
while others... are not... even as a
little girl you were more of the
acid type, dear, whereas I, if you
will remember...

URSULA

I remember better than you do.

MIZ ZEFFIE

Well, forget it... and furthermore,
I have never done anything that I
was ashamed of, Ursula.

URSULA

Neither have I.

MIZ ZEFFIE

(Charmingly)

Yes, but nobody ever asked you to,
dear.

URSULA

(Burning)

Why Zeffie Kornhauser...

MIZ ZEFFIE

(All sweetness and light)
And now that you have had your attack
for the day, let us endeavor to re-
capture our good humor...and remember
our breeding. I was thinking of cele-
brating this day by taking in a pic-
ture show...and that brings up the
problem of clothes for the young man.

D-7 (Cont'd)

URSULA

It certainly does.

MIZ ZEFFIE

(Looking at a picture
on the wall)Do you think dear Joseph would mind
if we gave this poor young man some
of the clothes he has so little need
for now?

URSULA

Well...

(She looks at the pic-
ture on the wall)

D-8 INSERT - AN ENLARGED HAND-COLORED PICTURE OF JOSEPH

A piece of crepe is draped across the top of the
frame. Joseph looks rather displeased at the whole
situation. He seems to have been a man who went in
for stripes.

URSULA'S VOICE

...he's never minded before.

D-9 MIZ ZEFFIE AND URSULA

MIZ ZEFFIE

(With a hand at her throat)

Do you suppose dear Joseph's clothes
would fit him?

URSULA

I hope they fit him better than they
fitted Joseph.

D-10 HIGH CAMERA SHOT - DOWN ON SULLIVAN

Sweating healthily, he is looking suspiciously up at
the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-11 LOW CAMERA SHOT UP AT - A RURAL THEATRE MARQUEEOn it we read: "Three Features Tonight - BEYOND
THESE TEARS - THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW - THE BUZZARD
OF BERLIN - Also Bingo."

DISSOLVE TO:

D-12 INT. OF THE THEATRE - SULLIVAN - BETWEEN MIZ ZEFFIE AND URSULA

We see a few spectators around them. All look bored to tears.

D-13 THE SCREEN

A Bund parade is marching toward us in the rain. An old professor type rushes out and tries to wrench the Nazi flag away from the flag bearer. He is killed in the ensuing melee. As they cart him away --

D-14 SULLIVAN - BETWEEN MIZ ZEFFIE AND URSULA

As they watch the scene dejectedly their attention is attracted by a snore. The three of them look to their right and the CAMERA PANS OVER TO the local drunk sleeping with his mouth open. The CAMERA PANS BACK ONTO Sullivan and the two ladies. Sullivan looks down at his hand nearest Miz Zeffie and scowls.

D-15 INSERT - THE TIPS OF MIZ ZEFFIE'S FINGERS ARE TICKLING HIS WRIST

D-16 CLOSE SHOT - SULLIVAN

He folds his arms, steals a look at Miz Zeffie, then glares at the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-17 JOSEPH - GLARING OUT OF HIS FRAME

A patch of light across his kisser makes him look unusually unpleasant. We hear three pairs of feet coming up the stairs.

URSULA'S VOICE

Good night, John.

MIZ ZEFFIE'S VOICE

And sleep tight.

SULLIVAN'S VOICE

Yes, M'am.

The CAMERA PANS OVER to Sullivan closing the door. He is nattily dressed in Joseph's clothes, including the hat.

D-17 (Cont'd)

MIZ ZEFFIE
(Leaning in the door)
And don't let the skeeters bite.

SULLIVAN
Yes, M'am.

MIZ ZEFFIE
You sure you have everything you
want?

SULLIVAN
Yes, M'am.

MIZ ZEFFIE
Absolutely sure?

SULLIVAN
Positive.

MIZ ZEFFIE
(Suddenly)
Oh, your bed isn't opened.

SULLIVAN
Oh, that's all right. I'll take
care of it.

MIZ ZEFFIE
(Forcing her way
into the room)
Nonsense. That is woman's work...
(She starts to sing)
Men must work and women must
weep, or however it goes.

The CAMERA PANS her to the bed.

MIZ ZEFFIE
(Opening and patting
the bed)
There. Would you like a hot
water bottle?

SULLIVAN
No, M'am.

MIZ ZEFFIE
And you haven't any pyjies!

SULLIVAN
Never use 'em.

D-17 (Cont'd)

MIZ ZEFFIE

Oh!

(Then after a moment)

Joseph wore a nightgown.

SULLIVAN

Is that a fact?

MIZ ZEFFIE

(Looking around)

Well...I guess there's nothing
else.

SULLIVAN

I guess not.

MIZ ZEFFIE

(Pointing)

I'll let you know as soon as
the bathroom is free...it's uh
...community.

SULLIVAN

Ah.

MIZ ZEFFIE

(Musically)

Well, then...Good night.

SULLIVAN

Good night.

He closes the door and gives it a dirty look, then
slips a bolt. Now he tears off Joseph's coat.

D-18 MIZ ZEFFIE AND URSULA - OUTSIDE SULLIVAN'S DOOR

URSULA

(In a whisper)

Do you think he'll stay?

MIZ ZEFFIE

I do, do hope so.

She turns the key in Sullivan's door, pulls it out
and takes it with her.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-19 A CLOCK - ON THE MANTELPiece

It strikes "One."

D-20 SULLIVAN - IN BED

He sits up, puts on the bed light and we see that he is in his underwear. Now he hurries out of bed, crosses the room and from a waste basket retrieves his tramp clothes. He hurries into them, then gets his bundle and his old shoes from the bottom of the bureau drawer. Holding his bundle and his shoes in one hand he starts for the door. He pauses to salute Joseph's enlargement, reaches the door and returns to put out the bed light. Now his shadow crosses to the door. We hear a couple of low bangs and the lights go on, revealing Sullivan with his hand on the switch, giving the door a very dirty look. He makes sure that the bolt is pulled back, tries the door again, then directs a foul look toward the bathroom. Now he crosses to this and opens the door cautiously. Very cautiously he opens the door on the far side of the bathroom and peeks through.

D-21 MIZ ZEFFIE - IN THE ROMANTIC LIGHT OF A NIGHT LIGHT

Her eyes are closed but she smiles sweetly.

MIZ ZEFFIE

(Languorously)

Who is it?

D-22 CLOSE SHOT - SULLIVAN

He closes the door hastily and the CAMERA TRUCKS AHEAD of him as he comes into his room, closes the door to the bathroom and stops, looking very irritated. After a moment he gives the window a long look, then crosses to it cautiously. He opens the window, looks back once over his shoulder, then looks out.

D-23 LOW CAMERA SHOT - UP AT SULLIVAN

This is from the ground and gives an idea of the height of the second-story window. It is a black night.

D-24 CLOSE SHOT - SULLIVAN - FROM OUTSIDE

We see him squinting around, trying to see something, then he goes back in the room and crosses

D-24 (Cont'd)

to the bed. The CAMERA MOVES TO THE OTHER WINDOW as he crosses and we see him take the two sheets from the bed, knot them together, tie one sheet to the foot of the bed, then come back to the first window. We MOVE WITH HIM. He lets the sheet down PAST US, picks up his bundle, grips it in his teeth, throws a leg over the window sill and starts down cautiously and somewhat clumsily. We GO DOWN WITH HIM. At one point, although he keeps descending, his pants remain stationary. With great difficulty he hangs on with one hand and reaches around to his rear with the other.

D-25 CLOSE SHOT - SULLIVAN'S PANTS CAUGHT ON A NAIL

His hand comes INTO THE SHOT and tries to free the pants, but for this he would have to hoist his weight up with one arm.

D-26 SULLIVAN - ON THE SHEET

He tries to hoist himself up with both hands now, but he is not as strong as he was, so he lets himself down and there is a slow dramatic ripping sound. As he moves OUT OF THE SHOT -

D-27 THE GRANNY KNOT HOLDING THE TWO SHEETS

It slips a little.

D-28 SULLIVAN - COMING DOWN THE STREET - DESCENDING CAMERA SHOT

After a moment he reaches the end of the sheet and damn near falls off. With a Herculean effort, he gets one hand back over the other and starts looking around to see what there is below him. The bundle in his teeth impedes his vision quite a lot. Now his feet start feeling around for something and the CAMERA MOVES DOWN to watch their futile efforts. After a moment he reaches one foot way down below the other, trying to reach ground. The CAMERA SLIDES DOWN A LITTLE and reveals the top of a rain barrel full of water. Sullivan's feet are doing a rather delicate ballet within a quarter of an inch of the water. Now the CAMERA MOVES UP again to Sullivan's upper half. He lets one arm go, takes

D-28 (Cont'd)

another look around and prepares to drop. He drops. There is a loud splash and a "Wow!" from Sullivan.

D-29 MIZ ZEFFIE'S ROOM

Ursula, in hair-curlers, comes in with a shotgun. The CAMERA PANS her to Miz Zeffie's bed.

URSULA

Did you hear something?

MIZ ZEFFIE

(Sitting up)

Yes, we'd better wake up...
John.

URSULA

This is no time for men...get
your gun.

We hear a crash outside as Ursula hurries out.

D-30 DARK SHOT - SULLIVAN - CRAWLING OUT OF THE TIPPED-OVER RAIN BARREL

A light goes on in a window behind him and he hurries, wetly, OUT OF THE SHOT. The CAMERA PANS ONTO a door which opens, revealing Ursula with a shotgun followed by Miz Zeffie with another shotgun.

URSULA

(Indicating)

You take that side; I'll take
this side.

D-31 SULLIVAN - IN THE DOORWAY OF A SHED

He hurries inside and we hear the wild cackling of hens.

D-32 URSULA - GOING AWAY FROM US

She swings and hurries back toward the cackling.

D-33 THE CANVAS WINDOW - IN THE BACK OF THE CHICKEN HOUSE

This tears in twain and the shadow of Sullivan comes through it. He jumps to the ground and dives into a low shed. Immediately we hear the oinking of pigs.

D-34 MIZ ZEFFIE - IN FRONT OF THE CHICKEN HOUSE

She hears a step and backs around the corner.

D-35 THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHICKEN HOUSE

Here Ursula hears something and backs stealthily around the chicken house.

D-36 THE FAR SIDE OF THE PIG SHED

Sullivan comes through on hands and knees, falls over some fencing and disappears in the darkness. We hear the wild cackle of guinea hens.

D-37 THE REAR OF THE CHICKEN HOUSE

Ursula comes around backwards on the qui vive, waving her gun from right to left. Around the other side of the chicken shed Miz Zeffie appears backwards, waving her gun from left to right. As the sisters approach each other we hear the mooing of a startled cow. The sisters bump, scream piercingly, fire their shotguns into the air and sit down simultaneously.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-38 A HIGHWAY

We hear a motor truck approaching. As its headlights begin to light up the road Sullivan comes out of the bushes, still dripping wet. He jerks his thumb for a ride. We hear a squealing of brakes, Sullivan is lit brilliantly by the headlights and the truck comes to a stop, blocking him from view.

D-39 SULLIVAN - TALKING TO THE DRIVER OF THE TRUCK

SULLIVAN

(His teeth chattering)

Say...clink, clink, clink...
could you give me a lift...click,
click, click....I'm freezing to
death.

THE TRUCK DRIVER

What did you fall into?

D-39 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN
Everything there was.

THE TRUCK DRIVER
Okay. Hop in the back...here.

He pulls an old blanket from a compartment behind his head.

THE TRUCK DRIVER
Drape that around you.

SULLIVAN
(Throwing the blanket
around himself)
Thanks a m-m-million, b-buddy.

THE TRUCK DRIVER
Okay.
(Then after a moment)
Y'all right?

SULLIVAN'S VOICE
F-fine.

THE TRUCK DRIVER
Okay.

He grinds his gears and the truck pulls away. The
CAMERA PANS WITH IT.

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "D"

SEQUENCE "E"

FADE IN:

E-1 THE TRUCK DRIVER AND SULLIVAN - INSIDE THE TRUCK -
(NIGHT)

The truck driver is shaking Sullivan to wake him up.

THE TRUCK DRIVER
Come on, buddy, wake up...this
is as far as I go.

SULLIVAN
(Sitting up sleepily)
Hunh? What?... Who are you? Oh.

THE TRUCK DRIVER
Come on, wake up... I don't want
the boss to see you. We ain't
supposed to give no lifts.

SULLIVAN
Oh... sure... thanks a lot.

As he moves toward the rear of the truck he sees the
houses for the first time.

SULLIVAN
What city is this?

He hops onto the ground.

THE TRUCK DRIVER
(Following him)
Hollywood.

SULLIVAN
(Surprised)
Hollywood! What state?

THE TRUCK DRIVER
Hollywood, California... How many
is there?... You'll get a chanst
to meet the moom-pitcher stars...
so long.

He hurries to the front of the truck. Sullivan is
too stupified to answer as the truck grinds away. Now
he rubs the sleep out of his eyes and looks around
angrily. If swearing were permitted he would do so

E-1 (Cont'd)

at this point. He shivers, notices an owl wagon, feels in his pocket for his ten cents, then crosses to the owl wagon. As he slides the door open -

E-2 INT. THE OWL WAGON

Sullivan comes in and rubs his hands.

SULLIVAN

Give me a cup of coffee and a...
doughnut, if that's enough for it.
(He puts his dime
on the counter)

THE COUNTER MAN

You want it plain or with powdered
sugar.

SULLIVAN

With a little cream.

THE COUNTER MAN

The sinker.

SULLIVAN

Oh, just any kind... or some rolls,
I don't care.

He shivers, rubs his hands again and climbs on the stool. The CAMERA PANS WITH him and brings the Girl into view. She is getting some cigarettes from a slot machine. She is young, dressed in evening dress with a coat over it. Now she turns, starts taking the cellophane off her cigarettes and looks at Sullivan pitifully.

THE GIRL

Give him some ham and eggs.

She takes thirty-five cents from her bag, walks next to Sullivan and puts the money on the counter.

SULLIVAN

(Embarrassed)

That's very kind of you, sister,
but I'm not hungry... a cup of coffee
and a... sinker will fix me fine.

THE GIRL

Don't be a sucker... give him some
ham and eggs.

E-2 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL (Cont'd)

(Then to Sullivan)

The way I'm fixed, thirty-five cents isn't going to make any difference...here.

She offers him a cigarette.

SULLIVAN

Thanks.

He lights her cigarette and then his own.

SULLIVAN (Cont'd)

Thanks....things a little tough, huh?

THE GIRL

I'm not sitting in an owl wagon for local color...they locked me out of my room.

SULLIVAN

Oh, that's too bad....Things are tough every place...The war in Europe...the strikes over here... There's no work...there's no food...

THE GIRL

Drink your coffee while it's hot.

SULLIVAN

Thanks.

(Then after a sip)

What did they lock you out of your room for?

THE GIRL

Did I ask you any questions?

SULLIVAN

I'm sorry.

THE GIRL

(Relenting)

That's all right.

SULLIVAN

You been in Hollywood long?

THE GIRL

Long enough.

E-2 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

Trying to crash the movies or something?

THE GIRL

Something like that.

SULLIVAN

I guess that must be pretty hard to do, hunh?

THE GIRL

I guess so...I never got close enough to find out.

SULLIVAN

I'm sorry.

THE GIRL

Say, who's being sorry for who? Are you buying me the eggs or am I buying them for you?

SULLIVAN

I'd like to repay you for them.

THE GIRL

All right, give me a letter of introduction to Lubitsch.

SULLIVAN

I might be able to do that too...
...Who is Lubitsch?

THE GIRL

Eat your eggs.

SULLIVAN

(His mouth full)
Can you act?

THE GIRL

What did you say?

SULLIVAN

(Swallowing)
I said, can you act?

THE GIRL

Sure I can act...Would you like me to give you a recitation?

SULLIVAN

Go ahead.

E-2 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL

(Not expecting to be
taken seriously)Skip it. My next act will be an
impersonation of a young lady going
home...on the thumb.

SULLIVAN

In that outfit?

THE GIRL

How about your own outfit?

SULLIVAN

(After a moment)

Haven't you got a car?

THE GIRL

No, have you?

SULLIVAN

Well...no...but...

THE GIRL

Then don't get Ritzie. And I'll
tell you some other things I haven't
got: I haven't got a yacht, or a
pearl necklace, or a fur coat, or a
country seat or even a winter seat...
and I could use a new girdle too.

(Protection: stockings)

SULLIVAN

I wish I could give you...a few of
the things you need.

THE GIRL

You're not trying to lead me astray,
are you? You big bad wolf!

Sullivan laughs sheepishly.

THE GIRL

You know the nice thing about buying
food for a man is you don't have to
laugh at his jokes...Just think, if
you were some big shot like a casting
director or something, I'd be staring
into your bridgework...(She rests her chin
on her hand)...saying: "Yes, Mr. Smearkase...
not really, Mr. Smearkase...Now
there's a funny one, Mr. Smearkase,

E-2 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL (Cont'd)

ha, ha, ha! How you carry on,
Mr. Smearkase. Stop it, that's
my knees!

(She laughs archly,
then speaks to the
counter man)

Give Mr. Smearkase another cup
of coffee...make that two.

(Then to Sullivan)

You want a piece of pie?

SULLIVAN

No, thanks, kid.

THE GIRL

Why, Mr. Smearkase, aren't you
getting a little familiar on such
short acquaintance?

SULLIVAN

(Seriously)

Look: If you wanted to stay in
Hollywood a little longer...

THE GIRL

(Bitterly)

Well, I don't want to stay in
Hollywood a little longer! I've
used up all my money and all my
going home money and my date got
fresh...and they locked me out of
my room and...

SULLIVAN

(Interrupting)

I was going to say I've got a
friend who's out of town and you
could use his place for a couple
of weeks and maybe by then things
would break a little better or he
might even be able to help you a
little.

THE GIRL

No thanks.

SULLIVAN

(Quietly)

They're no strings to this, kid.
You don't know who I am but I used
to know...a few people around here
and this guy is really out of town...

E-2 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL

... and you know the way in through a window or something. No thanks. The guy always comes back unexpectedly... or his wife drops in...or they take away the furniture or something.

SULLIVAN

I'm pretty sure that in this case...

THE GIRL

I'm going home, big boy. I'll get a ride out of here in the morning.

SULLIVAN

(After a pause)

I don't like to think of your asking a bunch of thugs for lifts along the highway.

THE GIRL

Then, don't think about it.

SULLIVAN

You just get in any car that comes along?

THE GIRL

Anything but a Stanley Steamer...my uncle blew up in one.

SULLIVAN

But, that's terrible. You can't tell what kind of a heel is apt to be...be-
hind the wheel.

THE GIRL

All heels are pretty much the same.

SULLIVAN

Say, look:

THE GIRL

(Archly)

Yes, Mr. Smearkase.

SULLIVAN

This friend of mine... this guy who's out of town... I don't think he'd mind if I borrowed his car.

THE GIRL

What is it, a street car?
(Cover with a Saxon)

E-2 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

(Rising)

It's a car. You wait here.

THE GIRL

(Anxiously)

You're just going to get yourself in trouble.

SULLIVAN

I'm not going to get myself in trouble and I want to repay you for that ham and eggs.

THE GIRL

(Touched)

That isn't necessary, big boy... Some day, when your ship comes in, buy somebody who's hungry some ham and eggs... and we'll be all square.

SULLIVAN

(Putting his hand on her shoulder)

You wait here... I'll be back here before you can say... what's that big director's name?

THE GIRL

Lubitsch.

SULLIVAN

(Raising a finger)

Lubitsch.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-3

INT. OF A HANDSOME COUPE - (DAY)

SULLIVAN

Now where would you like to go?

THE GIRL

Oh, well, uh...if you could just drop me off at uh... or maybe that would be too far for you.

SULLIVAN

That depends entirely on where it is.

THE GIRL

Well...would Chicago be too far?

E-3 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

Chicago!...You mean Chicago, Illinois?

THE GIRL

Yes.

SULLIVAN

Well, I wasn't actually thinking of driving as far as Chicago.

THE GIRL

That's all right. Just drop me anywhere...I just happened to say Chicago because it's a little better than halfway and I could hitch a ride out of there easily.

SULLIVAN

Where do you live, in Bermuda?

THE GIRL

(Vexed)

You don't have to get funny...You can drop me anywhere...I didn't ask you for a ride.

SULLIVAN

Well, you don't have to get on your high horse either...If I wasn't solicitous about your welfare I wouldn't have gone into this in the first place.

THE GIRL

(Indignantly)

You wouldn't have gone into it!...I suppose you bought me eggs.

SULLIVAN

Look: I'm not denying the eggs and I'm very anxious to repay you. I just haven't time to go rubber-necking all over the United States. I'm a busy man and...

THE GIRL

You are?

SULLIVAN

I mean, I'm not. Now..wait a minute... How's this: Suppose you drop me somewhere, drive home and I'll pick up the car later. Now, that's what you call an idea.

E-3

(Cont'd)

THE GIRL

(Looking at him slowly)
You don't happen to operate out of a boobyhatch, do you? You'd better drop me in the next town and then take this bus back where you stole it from.

SULLIVAN

Look: If there's one thing in the world you don't have to worry about it's this...

(He chuckles)

it would certainly be funny if they arrested me for taking it, though.

THE GIRL

A panic.

Sullivan laughs joyously.

THE GIRL

You have a very peculiar sense of humor. I can't think of anything funnier than a year in the cooler to remember you by.

SULLIVAN

Don't talk nonsense...I left a note saying I was taking the car...or did I?

THE GIRL

Time will tell.

SULLIVAN

(After a moment's thought)
I certainly meant to leave a note...
I must have left a note...but did I?

THE GIRL

That is the question. Who does it belong to?

SULLIVAN

Did I ask you any questions?
(Then after a moment
of triumph)
It belongs to a picture director...
a fellow called Sullivan.
(He gives her a quick
look)

E-3 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL

Oh.

SULLIVAN

You never heard of him.

THE GIRL

No.

SULLIVAN

(Airily)

He's made a few pictures: "Ants In
Your Plants Of 1939."

THE GIRL

(Mildly interested)

Oh, did he do that?

SULLIVAN

You saw it?

THE GIRL

Yes.

SULLIVAN

Well, well...did you like it?

THE GIRL

Not much.

SULLIVAN

Ah. Some people thought it was pretty
good.

THE GIRL

I don't care for musicals...they hurt
my ears.

SULLIVAN

I see.

(Then after a pause)

Did you like uh..."Hey, Hey, in the
Hayloft"?

THE GIRL

(Brightly)

Oh, I was crazy about that.

SULLIVAN

Yes, I thought that would just...about
fit.

E-3 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL

Do you remember that scene where
the two are up in the hayloft...

SULLIVAN

Perfectly.

THE GIRL

...and she made him close his eyes
and count three before kissing
her...

(She starts to laugh
violently)

...and the pig came out and he
kissed the pig instead...

(She goes into a gale
of laughter)

SULLIVAN

Yes, that was on a very high plane.

THE GIRL

(Through her laughter)

...and then he fell through the
hole and sneezed at the horse?

SULLIVAN

(Dismally)

And the horse sneezed back at him.

THE GIRL

(Happily)

That was a wonderful scene, of
course it was stupid, but it was
wonderful. Who directed that pic-
ture?

Sullivan looks at her sternly for a moment before
speaking.

SULLIVAN

Don't you think with the world in
its present condition...with death
snarling at you from every street
corner...people are a little tired
of comedies?

THE GIRL

No.

SULLIVAN

(Taking a deep breath)

Perhaps I didn't make myself clear...

E-3 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL
(Suddenly suspiciously)
Say! How come you know a picture
director well enough to borrow his
car?

SULLIVAN
What about it?

THE GIRL
And you never even heard of Lubitsch?

SULLIVAN
(Uneasily)
Oh...I thought you said Von Stern-
berg.

THE GIRL
(With narrowed eyes)
Say, what is this?

SULLIVAN
(Uneasily)
Well, as a matter of fact, I used
to know...most of those boys.
Naturally, you don't like to mention
it in a suit like this.

He gives her a look and she gives it right back to
him.

SULLIVAN (Cont'd)
As a matter of fact, I used to be a
uh..picture director.

THE GIRL
(Almost with tears)
Oh, you poor kid.

SULLIVAN
Don't get emotional...I'll be all
right.

THE GIRL
What kind of pictures did you make?

SULLIVAN
More along...educational lines.

THE GIRL
No wonder. There's nothing like a
deep-dish movie to drive you out in
the open.

E-3 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

What are you talking about? Film is the greatest educational medium the world has ever known. You take "Hold Back Tomorrow"...

THE GIRL

You hold it.

Sullivan bares his teeth and looks away disgustedly.

THE GIRL

Did you ever meet Lubitsch?

SULLIVAN

Yes.

THE GIRL

I bet he wouldn't even speak to you now, hunh?

SULLIVAN

He spoke to me the day before yesterday.

THE GIRL

Gee, isn't that swell. Is Capra nice, or don't you know him?

SULLIVAN

Very nice.

THE GIRL

Is Hitchcock as fat as they say he is?

SULLIVAN

Fatter.

THE GIRL

Do you think Orson Welles is crazy?

SULLIVAN

In a very practical way.

THE GIRL

(After a moment)

Funny, isn't it...to meet your first picture director on the day you're leaving Hollywood...all washed up... even a washed up picture director.

SULLIVAN

Don't get sympathetic...I might make a comeback, you know.

E-3 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL

They all say that...the man had the room ahead of me in the hotel was always going to make a come-back...he was a picture director... then one day he shot himself instead.

Sullivan winces.

THE GIRL

They had to re-paper the room.

Sullivan winces again.

THE GIRL

(Putting her hand on his arm, very sympathetically)

You wouldn't ever do anything like that, would you, big boy?

SULLIVAN

(Firmly)

Not on your wall paper.

We hear the sirens of two motorcops.

THE GIRL

(After a look over her shoulder)

What do you suppose that is?

SULLIVAN

Well, it isn't a banshee...but whatever it is, there's absolutely nothing they can do...remember that!

DISSOLVE TO:

E-4 EXT. OF THE BEVERLY HILLS POLICE STATION - (DAY)

DISSOLVE TO:

E-5 SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL - IN ADJOINING CELLS

THE GIRL

What did you say?

SULLIVAN

I said there's absolutely nothing they can do.

E-5 (Cont'd)

The Cop appears and unlocks Sullivan's cell.

THE COP

All right, you.

SULLIVAN

(Passing the girl)

Don't give it a thought.

E-6 A DESK SERGEANT - BEHIND HIS DESK

Next to the desk stands Sullivan's butler and his valet. They are looking toward the door to the cells.

E-7 THE DOOR

Sullivan is brought in by the cop.

SULLIVAN

(Spying his servants)

Well...

(He starts forward)

E-8 THE SERGEANT, THE VALET AND THE BUTLER

THE VALET

Oh, good morning, sir, I'm so sorry.

THE BUTLER

(Sternly)

Good morning, sir.

THE SERGEANT

You ever seen this man before?

THE BUTLER

That is Mr. Sullivan, sir, the owner of the alleged hot car.

THE SERGEANT

Then what's all the hullabaloo?

E-9 SULLIVAN - WALKING INTO THE SHOT

SULLIVAN

(Coming into the shot)

That's what I'd like to know.

E-9 (Cont'd)

THE SERGEANT
You John L. Sullivan?

SULLIVAN
Yes.

THE SERGEANT
What is your occupation?

SULLIVAN
Motion picture director.

THE SERGEANT
(To the valet)
Is that right?

THE VALET
Yes, sir.

THE SERGEANT
(To Sullivan)
Let me see your driver's license.

SULLIVAN
I haven't got it.
(To the valet)
Did you bring it?

THE VALET
No, sir.

THE SERGEANT
Driving without your license, hunh?

SULLIVAN
Yes, isn't that terrible. That must
call for a dollar fine and ten
minutes in jail.

THE SERGEANT
(To the butler)
You sure this is Sullivan?

THE BUTLER
Oh, quite, sir.

THE SERGEANT
(Suddenly to Sullivan)
Then, what are you doing in those
clothes?

SULLIVAN
I just paid my income tax.

E-9 (Cont'd)

THE SERGEANT

(After looking around)

All right... case dismissed... but you don't drive that car without a license.

SULLIVAN

Okay, and let the girl out too, will you? She's getting bored in there.

THE SERGEANT

(Scowling)

How does the girl fit into this picture?

SULLIVAN

There's always a girl in the picture... haven't you ever been to the movies?

DISSOLVE TO:

E-10 SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL - IN THE BACK OF A LIMOUSINE

THE GIRL

(Nervously)

Where's he taking us now? Whose car is this?

SULLIVAN

The same guy. Sullivan.

THE GIRL

Where's he taking us?

SULLIVAN

Down to the depot to buy you a ticket and send you home and stop fooling around.

THE GIRL

Who's buying me a ticket?

SULLIVAN

Sullivan.

THE GIRL

What did I ever do for him?

SULLIVAN

You bought him some eggs.

E-10 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL

(After turning slowly
and looking at him)

Oh.

(Then after a pause)

So you're the washed-up director.

SULLIVAN

I exaggerated that part a little bit.

THE GIRL

What are you doing in those clothes?

SULLIVAN

I just pulled that one in the police station.

THE GIRL

Hunh?

SULLIVAN

I made up a joke.

(Then crossly)

Look: I'm not sore at you, I'm sore at those cops dragging me all the way back here. It doesn't matter where I go, I end up right in Hollywood. You're a very nice girl; as a matter of fact, I enjoyed meeting you and if ever there's anything I can do for you, at any time, I'll do it. Honestly.

THE GIRL

You mean that?

SULLIVAN

Sincerely.

THE GIRL

Then buy me some ham and eggs...
before I bite you.

Sullivan picks up the telephone, hesitates, looks at his clothes, then says:

SULLIVAN

Home.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-11 CLOSE SHOT - SOME HAM AND EGGS - COOKING IN A SKILLET

DISSOLVE TO:

E-12 SULLIVAN'S LIVING ROOM - LOOKING INTO THE HALL

We see some handsome stairs in the background. The girl comes in, followed by Sullivan. She looks rather sadly at the rich trappings of the room Sullivan looks slightly sheepish. As they walk toward us she touches a piece of satin here, a polished wood surface there.

THE GIRL

(As they get close to us)
Where is the swimming pool?... You must have a swimming pool.

SULLIVAN

(Pointing)
Out there.

As they LEAVE THE SHOT -

E-13 A BEAUTIFUL TERRACE - NEXT TO THE POOL

The girl comes out and Sullivan follows sheepishly. The CAMERA PANS them to the edge of the pool.

SULLIVAN

(Nearer the pool)
Pretty, isn't it?

The girl looks at it sourly.

SULLIVAN

(Pointing vaguely)
The barbecue is over there and the tennis court on this side.

Now he notices the ferocity of her expression.

SULLIVAN

What are you looking at me that way for?

With a squeal of anger the girl pushes Sullivan into the pool.

E-13 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL

(Leaning over the pool)
There, you fat-head, that's for
your swimming pools and your tennis
courts and your limousines and your
barbecues...

E-14 HIGH CAMERA SHOT - SULLIVAN - IN THE POOL

He sputters to the surface and hangs onto the gutter.

SULLIVAN

(Furiously)
What's the big idea?

E-15 LOW CAMERA SHOT - UP AT THE GIRL - PAST SULLIVAN

THE GIRL

That's for making fun of a poor
girl who only tried to help you,
you faker!

SULLIVAN

Who made fun of you?

THE GIRL

You did, you big clunk!... with your
stories of being a washed-up director...

SULLIVAN

Oh, I did, did I!

He half leaps out of the pool, grabs her ankle and
pulls back with all his might. With a scream, the
girl falls forward and there is a hell of a splash.

E-16 THE BUTLER - COMING OUT OF THE HOUSE WITH AN ENORMOUS
SILVER TRAY

He stops in amazement.

E-17 SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL - IN THE SHALLOW END OF THE POOL

The water comes to a little above her waist.

THE GIRL

You b...uzzard!

She hauls off and nails him with a terrific slap.

E-17 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

Oh, you will, will you!

He puts both hands on her shoulders and dunks her under water.

E-18 THE BUTLER

THE BUTLER

(Clearing his throat)

Breakfast is served, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-19 THE GIRL AND SULLIVAN - AT A GLEAMING BREAKFAST TABLE NEXT TO THE POOL

They each wear voluminous white terry-cloth bathrobes. They have already eaten the eggs. Sullivan pours the girl some more coffee. She crosses her legs which are sensational and picks up a cigarette. Sullivan lights it for her.

THE GIRL

You might have shaved.

SULLIVAN

I need these whiskers... for my experiment.

THE GIRL

Oh, yes... the noble experiment.

SULLIVAN

You don't have to make any cracks. I don't starve and suffer because I like it, you know.

THE GIRL

Neither does anybody else.

(Contrite)

... I'm sorry.

SULLIVAN

S'all right.

THE GIRL

I'm sorry I pushed you in the water, too.

SULLIVAN

I probably needed it.

E-19 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL

You certainly did.

SULLIVAN

(Worried)

Did I?

THE GIRL

I didn't mind you... as a matter of fact, I had kind of a yen for you...

SULLIVAN

(Surprised)

You have?

THE GIRL

(Pointing to his kimono)

Not in that thing... I liked you better as a bo.

SULLIVAN

Well, I can't help what kind of people you like.

THE GIRL

Maybe I'm vicious... it's funny... I suppose I ought to be very happy for you, as if you'd just struck oil or something... instead of that, I'm sore.

SULLIVAN

Don't frown, it'll make lines in your face.

THE GIRL

You've taken all the joy out of life... I was all through with this kind of stuff...

(She indicates around)

I mean I knew I'd never have it... there was no envy in my heart... I'd found a friend who'd swiped a car to take me home... and now I'm right back where I started.

SULLIVAN

(Crossly)

So am I.

THE GIRL

Just an extra girl having breakfast with a director... only I didn't use to have breakfast with them... maybe that was my trouble.

E-19 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

Did they ever ask you to?

THE GIRL

No.

SULLIVAN

Then don't pat yourself on the back.

The butler comes INTO THE SHOT and takes the coffee pot to a side table to refill it.

THE GIRL

Take me with you.

SULLIVAN

(Indignantly)

What?...

THE GIRL

I don't want to be sent home on the rattler.

SULLIVAN

(After a pause)

Don't be childish. I'll tell you what I'll do. You can stay here for a couple of weeks like I told you in the owl wagon... and when I come back I'll see what I can do for you... or I'll write you a couple of notes before I go.

THE GIRL

I don't want you to write me any notes... I don't want to start all that stuff again... take me with you and when you get as far as you're going we'll say goodbye and I'll go the rest of the way alone... it'll make a nice ending... and we'll finish what we started this morning.

SULLIVAN

That is absolutely out of the question.

The girl crosses and sits on the arm of his chair.

THE GIRL

Please. You don't know anything about... anything. You don't know how to get a meal; you don't know how to keep a secret... you can't even stay out of town.

E-19 (Cont 'd)

SULLIVAN

Thanks.

THE GIRL

I know fifty times as much about trouble as you ever will ... and besides, you owe it to me, you sort of belong to me... when you're a bum... I found you.

SULLIVAN

Piffle!

THE GIRL

(Leaning closer)

Please.

SULLIVAN

I tell you it's absolutely out of the...

THE GIRL

(Leaning still closer)

I'll throw you in the water.

SULLIVAN

You'd take my mind off my work.

THE GIRL

(Mockingly)

Ho, ho, the big director... who has all the girls panting for him...

SULLIVAN

(Wearily)

I tell you...

THE GIRL

(Inspired)

I'll follow you and tell everybody who you are... like a kid sister.

SULLIVAN

(Tauntingly)

You'll follow me!

THE GIRL

Yes I'll follow you, and I'll holler: this guy is a phoney, ladies and gentlemen... this is Sullivan, the big director from Hollywood, a phonus balonus, a faker, a heel who's just trying to...

E-19 (Cont'd)

THE BUTLER

(Coming into THE SHOT
with a pot of fresh
coffee)

If I may join in the controversy,
sir, I believe the young lady's
suggestion is an excellent one for
the reason ...

SULLIVAN

(Severely, looking
around the girl)

Yes, well you may not join in the
controversy, Mr. Burrows.

THE GIRL

(Bouncing up and down
on Sullivan's lap)

I will, I will, I will! I'm going
with you.

SULLIVAN

Well, you're not going to do any-
thing of the kind. Burrows, you
go down to the station and....

The Girl puts her hand over his mouth and Sullivan
starts to yammer.

THE GIRL

Will you get me some tramp clothes,
Mr. Burrows?

THE BUTLER

Certainly, Miss.

SULLIVAN

(Getting up with the
struggling girl in
his arms)

You go down to the station and get
me a ticket to...

(Then to the girl)

Where do you live?

THE GIRL

I won't tell you. I won't be sent
home, I'll...

She grabs Sullivan's ears and starts to kick her feet
up and down.

E-19 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

Stop that! ... grab her feet,
Burrows!

THE BUTLER

Yes, sir... now, Miss...

THE GIRL

I won't be sent home. You leave
me alone. Let go my feet.

THE BUTLER

Now, Miss.

THE GIRL

Oh, you will, will you!

She straightens out her legs and the Butler starts
teetering backwards.

SULLIVAN

Stop that!

The girl gets a death-grip around Sullivan's neck and
the Butler gets a death-grip on the girl's legs. The
result is inevitable and the three of them swan-dive
into the pool. At the splash --

E-20

THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE

The Valet comes hurrying out and stops in dismay.

THE VALET

(Under his breath)

Good God!

He hurries to the edge of the pool where Sullivan and
the girl are occupied in dunking each other.

THE VALET

(Seizing Burrows's hand)

My dear Burrows... here now, one,
two, three, PULL HARD!

With a tremendous effort on Burrows part the Valet
flies into the pool.

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "E"

SEQUENCE "F"

FADE IN:

F-1 THE BUTLER AND THE VALET - AT THE TELEPHONE IN THE PANTRY - (DAY)

They are both in rather loud dressing gowns and the valet is still wiping his back hair with a bathtowel.

THE BUTLER

(Into the telephone)

Union Depot? Information, please.
Hello, information? Have you any freight trains going east this afternoon or early this evening...five forty-eight? Thank you very much indeed, sir...oh, and could you tell me: does that train carry tramps and if so where do they get on? Tramps!

F-2 THE INFORMATION MAN - IN THE UNION DEPOT

THE INFORMATION MAN

(Bitterly into the telephone)

How would you like to take a flying...
(He hangs up the receiver and to his colleague says)
Wise guy.
(Now he moves forward wearily)
Yes, madam.

DISSOLVE TO:

F-3 AN OLD CLERK IN THE FREIGHT DEPARTMENT OF THE RAILWAY TERMINAL

THE OLD CLERK

Yes, this is the freight department...
What was that again?

F-4 THE BUTLER AND THE VALET - IN THE PANTRY

This time the Valet is at the telephone.

THE VALET

(Into the telephone)

I said, I wonder if you'd be kind enough to settle a bet for us...just a few of us here in the club...if a tramp were going to board your five-forty-eight this afternoon from where would he board it.

F-4 (Cont'd)

THE VALET (Cont'd)
(He holds up his finger
for silence)

I see, I see...but not within the yard
limits...I think that gives me the
complete picture. Thank you very much
for your trouble and, by the way, I
win, ha, ha. Good day.

(He hangs up)

Now he looks at the Butler.

THE VALET
Different approach to the same problem.

DISSOLVE TO:

F-5 A BIG FREIGHT LOCOMOTIVE - JUST PAST A SIGN READING:
"YARD LIMIT"

Behind it stretches a long row of cars ending with a
caboose. The engineer stands next to the engine oil-
ing the link mechanism. He looks toward the waiting
people, back to his mechanism, then to the waiting
people again.

F-6 LOW CAMERA SHOT OF THE RIGHT-OF-WAY

Here, on a slight embankment, we see about thirty men.
They are of all nationalities including Chinese,
Filipino and Negro.

F-7 HIGH CAMERA SHOT - SOME FREIGHT CARS - AT THE YARD
LIMIT

Sullivan's limousine comes around a freight car and
turns to the left across the tracks. Now it stops,
backs up and passes UNDER US. We see the butler and
the valet on the front seat.

F-8 A BROKEN-IN SHACK - NEAR THE WAITING PEOPLE

Sullivan's car comes out from behind it and stops.

F-9 CLOSE SHOT - THE VALET AT THE WHEEL AND THE BUTLER
BEHIND HIM

THE BUTLER
(Over his shoulder)
I think this is it, sir.

F-9 (Cont'd)

The CAMERA PANS to the rear of the car. Peeking out of the window we see Sullivan and the girl. Sullivan looks as he did before. The girl's hair is tucked up inside a boy's cap and her face is dirty.

SULLIVAN

Back up behind this shack.

As the car MOVES OUT OF THE SHOT -

F-10 LONGER SHOT - OF THE CAR BACKING TO A PLACE BEHIND THE SHACK

Sullivan, the girl and the butler get to the ground. The girl wears a turtle-neck sweater, a cap slightly sideways, a torn coat, turned-up pants and sneakers.

SULLIVAN

Why don't you go back with the car...
You look about as much like a boy as
Mae West.

THE GIRL

All right, they'll think I'm your
frail.

THE BUTLER

I believe it's called a beazle, Miss...
if memory serves.

SULLIVAN

(Shaking hands)

So long, Burrows, I'll see you in a
little while.

THE BUTLER

Goodbye, sir. Goodbye, Miss.

THE VALET

(Joining them)

Goodbye, sir. Goodbye, Miss.

SULLIVAN

Goodbye....goodbye.

THE BUTLER

May I close, sir, by reiterating the
fervent wish that you might abandon
the entire expedition which I en-
vision with deep apprehension and
gloomy foreboding.

F-10 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

Thanks.

We hear a whistle.

SULLIVAN

(To the girl)

Come on.

He takes her hand and runs OUT OF THE SHOT. The butler removes his derby tragically and holds it over his left forearm as for the passing of a funeral.

F-11 THE FREIGHT CONDUCTOR - NEAR THE CABOOSE

He snaps his watch, puts it back in his pocket, then gives the high-ball.

F-12 LOW CAMERA - THE LOCOMOTIVE

It snorts, jerks forward and we hear the distant bangings of the stretched couplings. The engine blasts again and moves PAST US.

F-13 SHOT LOOKING FORWARD - FROM THE ROOF OF THE FIRST BOXCAR

PAST the engine and the tender we see the waiting transients.

F-14 CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - PAST THE EMBANKMENT

Sullivan and the girl tear INTO THE SHOT and PAST US.

F-15 HIGH CAMERA SHOT - SHOOTING FORWARD ALONG THE TRAIN

We see the vagrants swarming on the train.

F-16 SHOT FROM INTERIOR OF A CATTLE CAR

There is some straw on the floor. A typical old Weary-Willie flips on board expertly and is joined a moment later by another one. Now Sullivan and the girl appear. She gets aboard with considerable

F-16 (Cont'd)

difficulty and boosts from Sullivan. Eventually he lands flat on his stomach on the floor of the car with his legs hanging out. She grabs him by the seat of the pants and yanks him on board.

F-17 THE TWO OLD WEARY-WILLIES - IN THE CORNER OF THE CAR

They watch this exhibition with disgust but no comment.

F-18 SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL - BRUSHING EACH OTHER OFF

SULLIVAN
(Seeing the Weary-
Willies)
How do you do.

One of the Weary-Willies grunts in reply.

SULLIVAN
(After a moment)
Beautiful weather.

THE GIRL
If it doesn't rain.

To this the Weary-Willies do not reply.

SULLIVAN
How do you feel about the labor
situation?

The Weary-Willies gather their bindles sourly and go to the door of the car. The first one reaches expertly for the ladder and disappears. As the second one starts out:

SULLIVAN
(In surprise)
Where are you going? I hope we
didn't disturb you.

In reply, the Weary-Willie spits richly onto the right-of-way and disappears.

THE GIRL
Very interesting couple.

F-18 (Cont'd)

She sits down and Sullivan sits beside her. After a moment he inhales deeply, then speaks.

SULLIVAN
Do you smell anything?

THE GIRL
I certainly do.

SULLIVAN
What does it smell like to you?

THE GIRL
Hogs.

SULLIVAN
That's what I was afraid of.

THE GIRL
I'm getting hungry.

SULLIVAN
How can you be hungry...when you just ate?

THE GIRL
I'm not a scientist. All I know is I'm hungry.

Sullivan sneezes.

THE GIRL
You'd better tell the porter to close the window.

SULLIVAN
(Gently)
I didn't want to bring you in the first place...so now that you're here....
(He sneezes)
.....don't start baking wise cracks.

THE GIRL
Do, sir.

SULLIVAN
Blasted draft id here ad thad.

F-18 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL

Where does this train go?

SULLIVAN

I don't know.

THE GIRL

Well, how long is it going to take to get there?

SULLIVAN

I didn't ask you to come along.

THE GIRL

I think that's a perfectly reasonable question.

SULLIVAN

Look: Haven't you got enough imagination to pretend that we're broke, hungry, homeless....drifting in despair.

THE GIRL

That doesn't take much imagination as far as I'm concerned....especially about the hungry part.... but I'd still like to know where the train was going. Suppose it was going to Mexico.

SULLIVAN

Well, suppose it was....now let's sit here and try to feel like a couple of tramps.

THE GIRL

(After a moment)

Where do you suppose they took those hogs?

SULLIVAN

Probably Kansas City, I wish you'd stop talking about them. Do you want to try to climb to another car?

F-18 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL

(Looking out)

No thanks. Do you know what they
make out of hogs?

SULLIVAN

Tooth brushes.

THE GIRL

They make hams...Boy, what I could
do to a ham...with some rye
bread and dill pickles. Do you
suppose we're going to Kansas City?

SULLIVAN

Maybe, I don't know.

THE GIRL

How long does it take to get
there?

SULLIVAN

I don't know.

THE GIRL

You don't suppose they all died
in here on the way, do you?

SULLIVAN

Who?

THE GIRL

The hogs.

Sullivan sneezes.

THE GIRL

This is a nice airy car you
picked.

Sullivan gets up and slides the slatted door closed.

THE GIRL

That ought to make a big difference.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

F-19 VERY LONG SHOT - THE MOON - IN THE SKY

The clouds are silver-edged around it. We hear a train whistle and the freight train in silhouette creeps across the BOTTOM OF THE SHOT, very small.

DISSOLVE TO:

F-20 THE CATTLE CAR IN THE MOONLIGHT

Sullivan has the girl in his arms to keep her warm.

SULLIVAN

Are you cold?

THE GIRL

I'll be all right.

SULLIVAN

It's the desert.

THE GIRL

I'll be all right.

SULLIVAN

As soon as this blasted thing comes to a town some place I'll send for a car and have you takid hobe. This is a lot of hoky-baloky. This is a terrible way to travel...with a girl.

THE GIRL

It's better with a girl than without one...you would have frozen to death. If I go back will you go back with me?

SULLIVAN

Dod sense.

THE GIRL

Then, I won't go back either. You're so simple, you're apt to get into a lot of trouble.

F-20 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

Whud you thig I'bout here for?

THE GIRL

I like that in you. You're
like those knights who used to
ride around looking for trouble.
Who was it that rode on the pure
white horse?

SULLIVAN

Lady Godiba.

THE GIRL

(Chuckling)

She must have been a nut. I bet
her husband was sore... are you
jealous?

SULLIVAN

Why don't you shut up and try
to get some sleeb?

THE GIRL

Will you sleep with me?

SULLIVAN

I'll try.

THE GIRL

Try counting the hogs jumping
over a hedge.

He sneezes and narrowly misses her.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

F-21 LONG SHOT - THE FREIGHT TRAIID - (EARLY BORDIG)

In the distance we see a towed. The locomotive
whistles.

F-22 CLOSE SHOT - THE ENGINEER - IN HIS CAB

He whistles again.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

F-23 SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL - ASLEEP IN THE HAY

We hear the whistle a third time. Sullivan sits up, blinks, looks around in some surprise, takes a good look at the girl, remembers and opens his mouth to sneeze. Slowly he closes it again. He opens it again, lingers longer on the brink, then relaxes and starts to close his mouth. Just as he is about to close it he opens it rapidly and sneezes like a cannon shot. The girl sits up frightened.

THE GIRL

What was that?

SULLIVAN

Dothing...just be.

THE GIRL

What?

SULLIVAN

I sdeezed.

THE GIRL

You what?

SULLIVAN

I....
(His mouth begins
to work)

His mouth works more and he explodes like a bomb.

SULLIVAN

....sdeezed.

THE GIRL

Oh, you poor darling. Have you
got hay fever?

SULLIVAN

I thing ids hog fever.

He taps his chest, opens his mouth and wheezes at her gruesomely.

THE GIRL

Oh, you poor lamb.

SULLIVAN

I'll be all right as sood as the
sud cubs ub ad id geds a liddle
warber.

F-23 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL

Are you huggry?

(She laughs)

You've god be doig id. Have we
got any eating money?

SULLIVAN

Ted seds.

THE GIRL

Can we spend it for breakfast or
are you saving it for something?

SULLIVAN

(Sourly)

Loog, I've already told you: I'll
sed for a car ad...

THE GIRL

I can't help it if I'm good-natured...
I like to be with you and it puts me
in a good humor. You take lots of
girls and you made them sleep in a
hog sty all night and then didn't
tell them where their breakfast was
coming from in the morning...they
wouldn't take it lying down.

SULLIVAN

We'll fide sub breakfast subwhere.

THE GIRL

In some swill pail, I suppose.

SULLIVAN

(On the defensive)

Well, whad do the other bubs do?

THE GIRL

(Forcefully)

They steal chickigs...chickens,
and roast them over campfires with
baked potatoes and green corn-on-
the cob roasted in the ashes with
melted butter and...

SULLIVAN

Shud ub!

(Then after a pause)

Where do they ged the budder?

THE GIRL

They steal it.

F-23 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

Well...they doadt. It isnit as easy as all that...there is a lot of suffering id this world that ordidary people don'd know anythig about.

The girl sniffles.

SULLIVAN

What's the badder?

THE GIRL

I'm hungry.

Two tears roll down her cheeks.

SULLIVAN

Well, there's a towd up ahead... We'll ged off ad...see whad happeds.

THE GIRL

What town is it?

SULLIVAN

I don't know. I suppose it's Hollywood.

THE GIRL

Lock, there's a lunch stand.

SULLIVAN

All right, come on.

He jumps off and runs alongside the car. The girl hesitates.

SULLIVAN

Well, come on. I can't keep ruddig along here all day.

She takes a wild jump into his arms. Sullivan staggers, falters for about three steps, then the two of them go down in a heap.

F-24 CLOSE SHOT - SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL - ON THE GROUND

They untangle from each other like a pair of wrestlers.

THE GIRL

Did I hurt you?

F-24 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

Well, you didit do be any good.

He chuckles and opens his mouth preparatory to a sneeze. She opens her mouth sympathetically and closes it slowly as he does.

SULLIVAN

Cub od.

At this point he sneezes like a depth bomb. She clutches her heart.

DISSOLVE TO:

F-25 THE COUNTERMAN OF A ROADSIDE LUNCH STAND

He looks up with his best smile which freezes on his face.

F-26 SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL COMING IN

They look pretty dilapidated.

SULLIVAN

Coffee and sinkers for one.

The girl looks at him quickly.

SULLIVAN

I dever eat before dood; it gives
be idigestion.

THE GIRL

(To the counterman)

Just make that two coffees.

F-27 THE COUNTERMAN - PAST SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL

THE COUNTERMAN

That'll be ten cents.

SULLIVAN

That's all right.

He starts looking in his pockets and the girl blimps on a stool. The counterman picks up two cups and pauses as he sees Sullivan feeling in another pocket. Now the girl looks uneasily at Sullivan.

F-27 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

It's right here sub place.

He keeps looking, then lets his hands fall at his side.

SULLIVAN

Holy Boses! I bust have spent it id that owl wagon.

F-28 CLOSE SHOT - THE GIRL

She turns slowly away from Sullivan and gives a slight double-take to something below her.

F-29 INSERT - A GLASS BELL COVERING A MOUNTAIN OR DOUGH-NUTS AND CRULLERS

Some are plain, some smeared with jam and some snowy with powdered sugar.

F-30 CLOSE SHOT - THE GIRL

Two big teas roll down her cheeks. The CAMERA PANS ONTO Sullivan. He looks at her in great embarrassment.

F-31 THE COUNTERMAN

He looks at them sourly with the empty coffee cups in his hand. Now with a furious look, he fills the coffee cups and bangs them down in front of Sullivan and the girl. Looking still more angry he slaps a plate down in front of each, lifts the bell from the sinkers and gives them each a doughnut.

THE COUNTERMAN

I'll never get rich.

F-32 THE GIRL AND SULLIVAN - PAST THE COUNTERMAN

THE GIRL

Oh, gee.

SULLIVAN

Well, you're a little richer than you were. Hudreds of biles frub everythig...cut off frub the world ...I taste of hubab kideness. I'll dever forget this as long as I live. What towd is this?

F-32 (Cont'd)

THE COUNTERMAN
Las Vegas, Nevada.

SULLIVAN
(Repeating)
Las Vegas, Nevada. And this is
the Busy Bee.
(Then with a sharp
rise in inflection)
LAS VEGAS! You mean Las Vegas?

THE COUNTERMAN
What about it?

SULLIVAN
(Scowling)
Is there a land yacht waiting here?

THE COUNTERMAN
A land yacht?
(He points out back)
You mean that thing?

DISSOLVE TO:

F-33 THE LAND YACHT - IN A TRAILER CAMP

The CAMERA PUSHES IN TO A CLOSE SHOT of a window.
Through it we see Sullivan and the girl at the break-
fast table, surrounded by the gang. The colored
cook forces his way in to place another stack of
wheat cakes on the table.

F-34 INT. OF THE LAND YACHT

SULLIVAN
Just down there by the tracks.
Give him a hundred dollars. Never
bide who frub.

THE GIRL
That's swell.

MR. JONES
A great human interest story.

THE GIRL SECRETARY
It'll probably ruin him....He'll
give turkey dinners to every bum
who comes in and never hit the
jackpot again.

F-34 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

All right, all right. Buy a few clothes for the kid here, and beet be in Kansas City, sub place near the station...I'm going the hard way.

(He gets to his feet)

So long, gang.

THE DOCTOR

(Rising)

Just a minute.

SULLIVAN

Hunh?

THE DOCTOR

(After feeling of Sullivan's forehead)

Sit down a second.

SULLIVAN

Hunh?

He sits down. The doctor sticks the thermometer in Sullivan's mouth, puts a finger on his pulse and takes out his watch. As Sullivan looks at him sourly,

DISSOLVE TO:

F-35

THE COUNTERMAN - AT THE LUNCH STAND - PAST THE
CHAUFFEUR OF THE LAND YACHT

THE CHAUFFEUR

Just sign there.

THE COUNTERMAN

What is it?

THE CHAUFFEUR

(Handing him a flat envelope)

It's Christmas. So long.

He hurries out and slams the door. The counterman tears open the envelope and takes out an assorted wad of bills. We hear the heavy door of the land yacht slam and the grinding of its gears as it crunches away on the gravel. The counterman hurries around the counter and looks out the door.

F-36

LONG SHOT - THE LAND YACHT PULLING AWAY FROM US

DISSOLVE TO:

F-37 THE BATHROOM OF THE LAND YACHT

The shower is steaming. The girl secretary comes in with a kimono over her arm.

THE GIRL SECRETARY

(Hollering)

Here's a wrapper for you and some slippers.

THE GIRL

(Sticking her head
out of the shower)

What? Oh, thanks. Boy, this water's good.

THE GIRL SECRETARY

There's some makeup in the medicine cabinet.

THE GIRL

Thanks, I can use it.

THE GIRL SECRETARY

You sure can.

F-38 SULLIVAN - IN A BERTH IN A STATEROOM - PAST THE DOCTOR

SULLIVAN

But lissid, Doc....

THE DOCTOR

(Picking up a hypodermic
needle)

You listen: It's three days in bed,
minimum....This is just a cold shot.
You won't even feel it.

(He bends over Sullivan
and we do not see injection)

SULLIVAN

(Hollering)

Ouch!

(Then rubbing his arm)

I havud got tibe to sped three days
id bed.

THE DOCTOR

(Picking up an atomizer)

You'll take the time. You'll get
to Kansas City just as soon, and
you can imagine that you went there

F-38 (Cont'd)

THE DOCTOR (Cont'd)
on the cow-catcher or whatever you
use. What have you got an imagina-
tion for?

SULLIVAN
(Opening his mouth
wide)

But...

The doctor pops the atomizer in his mouth and gives
him a thorough squirting.

SULLIVAN

Hey!

The doctor gives him a quick shot up each nostril.
Sullivan sneezes.

DISSOLVE TO:

F-39

MR. JONES - AT THE SHORT-WAVE SET

MR. JONES

Yes, sir, Mr. LeBrand...he's right
here in the next stateroom, taking
a little snooze....He looks great...
this whole thing is doing him a
power of good. Getting the feel of
humanity, the stink of sweat...the
sound of the symphony of suffering...
but in a nice way, you understand.
He'll come out of this a bigger
man...immensely bigger. And what
human interest stories we're getting:
Let me tell you about a little inci-
dent this morning at the Busy Bee
lunch room...it'll tear your heart
out. What a story!

DISSOLVE TO:

F-40

THE GIRL - IN THE BATHROOM

She finishes her makeup in front of the mirror, ties
the kimono more tightly around her and exits.

F-41

SULLIVAN - IN HIS BERTH

There is a knock on the door.

F-41 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN
(Sourly)
Cub id.

He looks toward the door.

F-42

THE GIRL - COMING IN

She looks very lovely in the kimono.

THE GIRL
(Closing the door after her)
Hello.

The CAMERA TRUCKS BACK WITH HER as she comes forward.

THE GIRL
Do you feel better now?

SULLIVAN
Do, I'b sore. There's dothig the
batter with be except a little fever...
and even if I did get sick I could
have gone to some free hospital or
somethig...wherever they take you...
It would hâve been very interestig..

THE GIRL
They give you a nice free burial
too...in potter's field.

SULLIVAN
A free burial! Why does everybody
exaggerate everythig so much. I've
got a little cold in the head...You
take a dose of salts and there you
are.

THE GIRL
Because you're a very valuable person.

SULLIVAN
Bushwa.

THE GIRL
You make lovely, funny pictures that...

SULLIVAN
Phooey!

THE GIRL
Well, you do, and...

F-42 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

It's a funny thing the way everythig keeps...shovig be back...to Holly-wood...or Beverly Hills..or this monstrosity we're ridig in...albast like.. like...gravity..as if some force way sayig: "Get back where you belong..don't you try stickig your nose out here, you don't belong to real life, you phoney."

THE GIRL

(Putting her hand on his forehead)

You're a little feverish.

SULLIVAN

Baybe there's a universal law that says: "Stay put..as you are, so shall you remain." Baybe that's why tramps are always in trouble. They don't pay taxes...they don't vote... they violate the law of nature...you look very pretty in that outfit... that's why they don't want trailer colonies...or ab I gettig a little bit profound?

THE GIRL

(Putting her hand on his forehead)

You're getting a little bit hot.

SULLIVAN

Your hand is very cool...but dothig is going to stop be: I'b going to find out how it feels to be alone... in trouble..without friends...with-out credit...without check book and without name.

THE GIRL

And I'll go with you.

SULLIVAN

How can I be alone if you're with be?

DISSOLVE TO:

F-43 MONTAGE WITH MUSIC - THE SLUMS OF A BIG CITY (NIGHT)

1. TRUCKING SHOT OF SULLIVAN AS HE WALKS DOWN THE STREET COLDLY

5-5-41

As he passes a cop.

(Continued)

F-43 (Cont'd)

2. THE COP

He watches Sullivan pass, then turns his head toward somebody following Sullivan. As the cop watches he frowns slightly.

3. TRUCKING SHOT - ALONGSIDE THE GIRL

As she goes by the cop.

4. TRUCKING SHOT - AHEAD OF SULLIVAN SHAMBLING ALONG

We see the girl following him. Suddenly he stops and picks up a cigarette butt. He examines it for a moment before putting it in his mouth, then feels for a match. The girl catches up to him, takes the cigarette out of his mouth, tells him not to be disgusting, throws the cigarette in the gutter, and offers him a fresh cigarette and a match. He orders her away as the brother does the kid sister. She hangs her head but does not move. He starts to get more eloquent but the approach of a cop stops this and they move down the street. Now the cameraman steps out and takes their picture with a flash bulb. Sullivan walks on disgustedly, followed by the girl. The cop walks inquiringly up to the cameraman who takes his picture.

DISSOLVE TO:

5. A LOT OF BUMS - IN FRONT OF A SOUP KITCHEN

Near them is a Salvation Army Band. As Sullivan and the girl come INTO THE SHOT there is a flash.

6. THE CAMERAMAN - GETTING DOWN OFF A BOX

DISSOLVE TO:

7. SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL - IN A HOBO JUNGLE

They are eating out of a can of beans in the light of a fire. Sullivan stops eating to scratch himself.

DISSOLVE TO:

F-43 (Cont'd)

8. SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL - LYING IN A PIANO BOX
IN THE HOBO JUNGLE

We see them in the light of the fire. Sullivan sits up suddenly and starts scratching the small of his back. The girl watches him with big eyes. Now he tries to scratch himself between the shoulders. The girl starts to laugh, then yanks her shirt tail out of her pants and starts scratching herself. It is Sullivan's turn to laugh. At this point a fearful looking vaudeville tramp sticks his head into the piano box. His beard doesn't quite fit. He removes a handkerchief from the package he bears and flashes their picture.

DISSOLVE TO:

9. SULLIVAN - IN THE FUMIGATION ROOM OF A MISSION

He is lathering himself with soap.

10. THE GIRL - IN THE WOMEN'S FUMIGATION DEPARTMENT

Action to be devised later.

DISSOLVE TO:

11. A MEEK LOOKING ORATOR - ADDRESSING THE BUMS
IN A MISSION12. SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL - SNOOZING DURING THE
LECTURE

The bums around them rise and start out. Sullivan and the girl wake up.

DISSOLVE TO:

13. SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL - AT A LONG TABLE -
EATING SOME SLOPS OUT OF A CAN

All around them wolf it greedily. Sullivan passes his to the man next to him and the girl does likewise.

DISSOLVE TO:

14. SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL - LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO
SLEEP ON THE PACKED FLOOR OF THE MISSION

The CAMERA TRUCKS WITH THEM. They step on a few people's hands and finally arrive at a

F-43 (Cont'd)

14. (Cont'd)

damp place near the swinging doors of the toilet. They arrange themselves and Sullivan gallantly gives the girl his arm as a pillow. As they try to compose themselves to slumber, a drunk comes roaring out of the toilet singing merrily. He steps on Sullivan's face, apologizes profusely, steps on somebody else's stomach while doing so, then stretches out next to Sullivan and immediately goes to sleep.

15. CLOSE SHOT - THE HEADS OF SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL

They exchange a look, then Sullivan turns distastefully and takes in the bum from his feet to his head.

16. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - ALONGSIDE THE SNORING DRUNK

We begin with a horrendous pair of feet; the toes stick out through the gaping shoes which have brass eyelets and hooks (so that we will remember them.) Now the CAMERA MOVES UP the torn clothes, the shredded shirt, to the horrible face of the big man. Here all the mechanism of a snore is exposed. We are reminded of a CLOSE SHOT of Hippopotamus at feeding time.

17. SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL

Sullivan jerks his head back from an overpowering snore, pulls his coat up over his head, pulls the girl close to him and covers her also. A second later his rump moves. He grabs for the small of his back, scratches himself again, then pokes his head up from under the coat and looks around in despair.

18. CHOKER SHOT - OF THIS SNORING DRUNK

Through his snores he smiles happily.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

19. A FROWSY SLEEPY-LOOKING MISSION COOK - BEATING A FRYING PAN WITH A BIG SPOON

20. FULL SHOT - THE MISSION FLOOR - (IN THE GRAY LIGHT OF DAWN)

The cook goes PAST US, beating his frying pan and the rabble wakes up slowly. As they start sitting up here and there -

F-43 (Cont'd)

21. CLOSE SHOT - SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL - CUTTING THEM OFF AT THE KNEES

Sullivan sits up stiffly and rubs his eyes. Suddenly he looks down OUTSIDE THE SHOT and scowls. The CAMERA TRUCKS BACK and we see that he is barefooted. He looks around in alarm, then again fixes his gaze on something OUTSIDE THE SHOT. The CAMERA PANS OVER to the space occupied by the big snoring drunk. It is empty, but in the middle of it we see the revolting shoes with the brass eyelets and hooks. Sullivan looks at his bare feet, then back at the shoes, once more at his bare feet, then reaches daintily for the shoes.

DISSOLVE TO:

22. TRUCKING SHOT - ALONGSIDE AND SLIGHTLY AHEAD OF SULLIVAN'S FEET IN THE SHOES WITH THE BRASS EYELETS AND HOOKS

They are walking on a sunny sidewalk. Now the CAMERA PULLS SLIGHTLY AHEAD AND ANGLES UP. We see that Sullivan is encased between a pair of sandwich boards, the front one of which reads:

"WHY LOOK LIKE A TRAMP?

MOE'S SLIGHTLY DAMAGED

MISFITS ON YOUR OWN TERMS"

The CAMERA PANS ONTO the girl who is following Sullivan closely. She carries a sign which reads:

"MOE UNFAIR TO

UNITED PANTS MAKERS"

DISSOLVE TO:

23. SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL - IN AN ALLEY - (NIGHT)

It is raining. They are looking at a garbage can. Now the girl looks at Sullivan to see if he is really going to make her eat it. Suddenly he takes her arm and they hurry out of the alley.

DISSOLVE TO:

F-43 (Cont'd)

24. A SHINING SILVER COFFEE SET - ON A SNOWY TABLE CLOTH

Here we see also some flowers and a candle stand. The CAMERA TILTS UP and we see Sullivan in a dinner jacket and the girl in a lovely dinner dress. They smile at each other. Sullivan stops smiling and sniffs pleasantly toward her. He says: "You smell very nice," and smells of her shoulder. She points to behind her ear and says that it's here. She toys with a swizzle stick. He takes a whiff at this spot and seems to be smelling the spices of Araby. Now he sighs with content, puts a bill on his plate and looks at his watch. The girl frowns at him, then says: "Just one more dance." Sullivan looks at her, then back at his watch and says: "All right." They rise and start toward the dance floor..

DISSOLVE TO:

25. CLOSE HIGH CAMERA - ON THE GIRL AND SULLIVAN DANCING

She seems to enjoy this enormously. She almost seems to be in love with him.

DISSOLVE TO:

26. SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL - IN BUMS' OUTFITS AGAIN - WALKING ALONG THE RIVER'S EDGE - RAINING - (NIGHT)

DISSOLVE TO:

27. A SMALL FIRE - UNDER A BRIDGE

A one-legged bum is tending the fire. Sullivan and the girl come INTO THE SHOT, nod to the bum and sit near the fire. They stretch their hands toward its warmth. Their shadows dance behind them. Now Sullivan takes a sniff at the girl. He scowls at her. She toys with a swizzle stick and points behind her ear. After a moment's hesitation he takes a whiff of it, then reacts to the look of the one-legged bum,

F-43 (Cont'd)

28. THE ONE-LEGGED BUM

He inhales of the perfume and looks blearily toward his guests.

29. SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL - PAST THE OLD BUM

She takes off her cap, shakes her hair, puts the cap back on, arranges her head on Sullivan's shoulder and prepares to sleep.

FADE OUT:

END OF MONTAGE

FADE IN:

F-44 A BANK TELLER - COUNTING OUT TWO HUNDRED NEW FIVE-DOLLAR BILLS TO MR. VALDELLE

DISSOLVE TO:

F-45 MR. JONES - AT THE TELEPHONE - IN A KANSAS CITY HOTEL SUITE - (DAY)

MR. JONES

Yes, sir, Mr. LeBrand, it's all finished...The greatest expedition of modern times...almost the greatest sacrifice ever made by human man...He's suffered everything from adenoids to eczema...He's had lice, fleas, bedbugs, colds, chills, fever, chilblains, corns, boils, hookworm, pellagra, the colic, tonsillitis and the epizootic, but in a nice way, you understand... He is the past-master of poverty... he knows everything...yes, sir, Mr. LeBrand, I agree with you. He is all washed up except tonight he's just going through for a quick tour...and do you know what for?...it'll tear your heart out. He calls it the payoff...he's taking a thousand dollars in five-dollar bills and

F-45 (Cont'd)

MR. JONES (Cont'd)
he's going to hand them out to
these bums...in gratitude for
what they did for him...Now is
that a story...does that give
you a lump in your throat or
does that give you a lump in
your throat?

DISSOLVE TO:

F-46 A WASTE PAPER BASKET CONTAINING THE GIRL'S TRAMP
CLOTHES

The girl secretary is writing on a typewriter. The
CAMERA ANGLES UP and we see the girl fixing her make-
up. She turns, crosses and knocks on the door to
the adjoining room.

F-47 SULLIVAN - SNORING ON TOP OF A BED

He wears a dressing gown, under it shorts and an
under shirt. The knock is repeated, then the door
opens and the girl comes in.

SULLIVAN
(Waking up a little
late)
Oh, hello.

THE GIRL
Hello.

She crosses and sits on the edge of the bed.

THE GIRL
Tired?

SULLIVAN
No, no...I was just thinking.

THE GIRL
(Laughing)
You were thinking out loud.

SULLIVAN
Well, here we are at the end of
the adventure...and the funny
part is I don't know any more
about trouble than when I started...

F-47 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN (Cont'd)

I mean about how to cure it...
and what's wrong with the world
and all that stuff. It's like
Shaw said: The trouble with
the poor seems to be poverty...
and what we're going to do about
it I don't know.

THE GIRL

Well, you tried....they can't
say we didn't wallow in it.
(She scratches her hip)

SULLIVAN

I'll go down and give them a little
money tonight and that winds it
up.

(He pats her hand)

You were a big help too.....
several times there I wouldn't
have got in any trouble at all
if it hadn't been for you.

THE GIRL

Are you sorry you took me?

SULLIVAN

Far from it.

(He smiles at her)

Now what do you want to do, go
home...or take another crack at
Hollywood...with a letter to
Lubitsch.

THE GIRL

(Looking away)

I want to go where you go.

Sullivan gives her a long look.

THE GIRL

(Avoiding his glance)

I mean...I hoped maybe you'd...

F-47 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL (Cont'd)
I mean we got along so well,
I hoped maybe you'd, well...
I mean...I hoped maybe you'd
want us to keep on together...
a little longer...

(She looks up at him)
...now that we're kinda used
to each other.

SULLIVAN
(Taking her hand)
Of course I would...

THE GIRL
Oh, gee.

SULLIVAN
..if I wasn't married.

THE GIRL
(Startled)
Who's married?

SULLIVAN
Didn't you know that? I thought
everybody had heard of my mis-
fortune.

THE GIRL
(Indignantlly)
Of course I didn't.

SULLIVAN
(Resenting the tone)
What do you mean: "Of course
I didn't"? As if I'd swan-
dangled you away from your
loving grand-mother or something.

THE GIRL
Are you in love with her?

SULLIVAN
That vulture?

THE GIRL
Then, why did you marry her?

SULLIVAN
(Sourly)
Income tax.

THE GIRL
Income tax!

F-47 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

It was to save twenty-four thousand dollars a year. It's what you call a joint return...it's a California law. Each one pays half and the total is less than the aggregate sur-tax or the surtax is less than the something-or-other...it was an idea of my business manager's.

THE GIRL

I think it's disgusting.

SULLIVAN

It was practical. I wasn't in love and she agreed to give me a divorce if ever I fell, and in the meantime she got twelve thousand a year which was better than the eighteen bucks a week she was getting from the business manager.

THE GIRL

I still think it's revolting.

SULLIVAN

(Irritated)

It was not supposed to be romantic! It was supposed to save me twelve thousand dollars a year.

THE GIRL

Huhh!

SULLIVAN

But it didn't...it turned out that she couldn't live on twelve thousand a year.

THE GIRL

Good!

SULLIVAN

Lovely! She needed twenty-four thousand a year to live.

THE GIRL

That took care of the profit.

SULLIVAN

I'm not finished. Then I got a raise and she heard about it, and she demanded half of that.

THE GIRL

Good!

F-47 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

Don't keep saying "good" all the time or I'll poke you in the nose. So I cut her off without a cent and she moved into my house...and wouldn't get out until I settled with her.

THE GIRL

Good!

SULLIVAN

(Threateningly)

Now, listen...so I demanded the divorce she'd promised me...

THE GIRL

And she told you to go fry an egg.

SULLIVAN

She said it would break her mother's heart.

THE GIRL

Your business manager certainly gave you some fine advice.

SULLIVAN

I found out why...He was getting half of it.

THE GIRL

(Unbelievably)

And you really can't get a divorce ...ever?

SULLIVAN

Never...you can't get a divorce without collusion...she won't collude.

THE GIRL

How about you?

SULLIVAN

She said she'd overlook it.

THE GIRL

I suppose I ought to go home now.

SULLIVAN

You could still have the letter to Lubitsch.

THE GIRL

Could I come and push you in the pool sometimes?

SULLIVAN

Of course you could.

(Continued)

F-47 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL

Well...it's better than nothing.

She starts to cry and puts her arms around his neck.

SULLIVAN

There, there, there...my gracious.

He pats her on the back. There is a knock on the door and the girl sits up.

SULLIVAN

Come in.

F-48 THE DOOR OPENING

MR. VALDELLE

(Entering)

Here are the five-dollar bills,
Mr. Sullivan.

He goes OUT OF THE SHOT.

F-49 SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL

SULLIVAN

Thanks....

Valdelle comes INTO THE SHOT.

SULLIVAN (Continued)

...and get me two tickets on
the midnight plane.

MR. VALDELLE

Yes, sir.

SULLIVAN

(Examining the money;
to the girl)

Pretty, aren't they? You want one?

THE GIRL

(Impulsively)

Yes!

SULLIVAN

Here, you can have two of them.

She smiles through her tears.

DISSOLVE TO:

5-5-41

F-50 AN OLD WOMAN - IN A DOORWAY - (NIGHT)

She is examining a new five-dollar bill. Now she looks in the direction just taken by Sullivan.

F-51 FULL SHOT - SULLIVAN - WALKING AWAY FROM US

He turns toward another doorway.

DISSOLVE TO:

F-52 A YOUNG MAN AND A LITTLE GIRL

He is looking after Sullivan in astonishment.

F-53 SULLIVAN - COMING TOWARD US

He comes INTO THE SHOT FROM RIGHT TO LEFT, goes to a dark hallway where we see only a pair of feet, then goes OUT OF THE SHOT, CAMERA LEFT. The CAMERA TRUCKS IN TO A CLOSE SHOT ON THE FEET, THEN PANS UP onto the revolting head of the old bum who stole Sullivan's shoes. He looks at the five-dollar bill, then glares after Sullivan like a maniac. Now he rises and follows.

F-54 TRUCKING SHOT - ALONGSIDE SULLIVAN'S FEET

He overtakes some shuffling feet walking ahead of him and there is a pause. A five-dollar bill drops to the sidewalk. The man scoops it up hurriedly and Sullivan's feet go OUT OF THE SHOT. We STAY ON the man's feet. Now the old bum's feet COME INTO THE SHOT and the CAMERA PANS WITH THEM as they go after Sullivan. Presently we see the old bum following Sullivan down the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

F-55 A DARK ALLEY

Sullivan comes INTO THE SHOT and enters this. The old bum appears, looks after Sullivan, then breaks into a run and goes past the alley.

F-56 ANOTHER ALLEY

The old bum comes tearing around a corner and lopes past us. He is feeling his hip pocket for something.

F-57 THE LOADING PLATFORM SIDE OF A WAREHOUSE

A couple of empty freight cars stand on the spur track. The old bum hurries INTO THE SHOT, looks over his shoulder, then pulls his hat over his eyes and seats himself in an attitude of sleep against a couple of barrels.

F-58 CLOSE SHOT - HIS RIGHT HAND

It holds a blackjack which he hides in a fold of his coat. The CAMERA ANGLES UP ONTO the old bum's face. In the shadow of the brim of his hat his eyes narrow.

F-59 SULLIVAN - FROM NEAR THE OLD BUM'S POINT OF VIEW

He comes out of the alley and starts past the loading platform, then looks almost straight toward us.

F-60 LONG SHOT - THE OLD BUM APPARENTLY ASLEEP NEAR THE FREIGHT CARS

F-61 CLOSE SHOT - SULLIVAN

A look of compassion passes over his face and he starts forward. The CAMERA TRUCKS BACK as he climbs onto the loading platform and PANS WITH HIM AS HE takes out a five-dollar bill and FOLLOWS HIM as he approaches the old bum.

F-62 CLOSE SHOT - THE OLD BUM - LOOKING UP THROUGH NARROWED EYES

F-63 LOW CAMERA SHOT - UP AT SULLIVAN APPROACHING

F-64 SULLIVAN - BENDING OVER THE OLD BUM

He crumples up a five-dollar bill and tucks it in the limp left hand. Suddenly he is seized by the lapel and pulled forward. Holding him struggling, the bum hits him a terrible blow on the back of the head. Sullivan falls limp. After a pause, the bum hits him once more for good measure, then scrambles to his feet, looks all around and drags the limp form of Sullivan into the open boxcar. He disappears in the shadows.

F-65 SWITCH ENGINE APPROACHING WITH BELL CLANGING LAZILY

A brakeman stands on the front platform, a lantern in his hand. As it bangs onto the nearest boxcar -

F-66 THE DOORWAY OF THE BOXCAR CONTAINING SULLIVAN AND THE OLD BUM

Clutching a handful of five-dollar bills the old bum appears and looks toward the engine in horrible anxiety. We hear the banging of the safety chain.

A MAN'S VOICE

Okay!

There is a low toot on the whistle and the cars start to move. The old bum slides the door to within fifteen inches of closing and peers out. The train squeaks away and grinds around a corner.

DISSOLVE TO:

F-67 PANNING SHOT - THE END OF THE FREIGHT CAR WHICH CONTAINS SULLIVAN

A brakeman hangs onto this, signalling with a lantern. The car bangs into another car, the brakeman drops to the ground, hooks the safety chain, then goes back toward the engine. The CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM as FAR AS the partly opened door of the freight car. One eye of the old bum appears as he watches the brakeman hurry away. Now we see all of him. Clutching the money in both hands, he jumps to the ground and the CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he ducks under a freight car on another track.

F-68 LONG SHOT - BETWEEN TWO LINES OF STATIONARY CARS

The old bum comes dancing towards us, casting long shadows from the arc lights. As he passes us --

F-69 A FENCE - BETWEEN THE FREIGHT YARDS AND THE MAIN LINES

The shadow of the old bum precedes him INTO THE SHOT. He gets over the fence, drops a bill, picks it up, then starts hurrying across the main lines. The CAMERA PANS WITH HIM. Suddenly he stumbles and falls. The money flies in the air.

F-70 CLOSE SHOT - THE OLD BUM

He is almost in silhouette as the arc source is from behind him. He sits up, rubs his knee in pain, then makes a dive for one of his bills. Almost hysterically he starts pecking at the money. We hear a wild whistle. The old bum looks up vaguely, then dives back for more bills. The headlights begin to flicker across him. He looks up blearily, moves between the tracks, then in the improving light makes a dive for some bills between the next set of rails. The light gets stronger and the old bum looks up. Now he squints toward the headlight.

F-71 AN APPROACHING STREAMLINER - ON ONE OF THE MANY CURVED TRACKS

F-72 CLOSE SHOT - THE OLD BUM

He looks down to see if he's on the tracks or between them. Blinded and in a panic now, he jumps onto the next set of tracks and peers toward the locomotive. He can't tell what track the light is coming from. Now, like a rabbit between the moving headlights of a car, he jumps from side to side and starts to run away.

F-73 CLOSE SHOT - THE OLD BUM - LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER
ONE-FOOT DISSOLVE THROUGH THIS TO:

F-74 BROKEN-MIRROR SHOT - OF AN APPROACHING STREAMLINER

There is a wild whistle as the mirror breaks.

F-75 THE NEXT TRACKS

A shoe falls heavily into the THE FIELD OF THE CAMERA and is followed by some drifting five-dollar bills as the window-squares flash by. Now we hear the whining of the brakes.

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "F"

SEQUENCE "G"

FADE IN:

G-1 THE CLOCK - ON THE MANTELPIECE OF THE KANSAS CITY
HOTEL SITTING ROOM - (DAWN)

It reads a few minutes past "five." The CAMERA PANS FROM THE CLOCK DOWN ONTO THE GIRL who looks white and worried. Next to her is an ash tray full of cigarette snipes.

THE GIRL

Did you cancel the plane tickets?

The CAMERA PANS ONTO Jones who sits next to a telephone. Beyond him we see the short-wave operator at another telephone and next to him the girl secretary, asleep.

MR. JONES

They canceled themselves. I'm going to give him just fifteen minutes more.

G-2 THE GIRL

THE GIRL

(Falteringly)

I'm sure he's all right...He probably got interested in a revival meeting or something and...

A phone rings. She presses her hand to her heart and hurries to Jones' side. The CAMERA PANS WITH HER.

MR. JONES

Yes, Doc...not in the hospitals, huhh?...Sure...I guess that's all you can do.

(He hangs up)

Anyway, he didn't have an accident.

The other phone rings.

THE SHORT-WAVE
OPERATOR

Yeah?...He isn't huhh?

(Now he speaks to
Jones)

Val has covered the police stations.

G-2 (Cont'd)

MR. JONES

Okay.

THE SHORT-WAVE
OPERATOR

(Into the telephone)

I guess you can come back now.
So long.

(He hangs up)

THE GIRL

I should have gone with him...
I knew he'd get in trouble with-
out me. I told him...

MR. JONES

I'm going to give him just twelve
minutes more, and then I'm going
to lay it in LeBrand's lap and let
him figure it out.

THE GIRL

Sully'll be awful sore if you
raise a big holler and then he
walks in for br....

MR. JONES

Well, let him be sore. I got a
job too, you know. If LeBrand ever
found out...

THE GIRL

He came back the other time.

MR. JONES

He didn't have reservations on
a plane, or people waiting for
him...You don't know him like
I know him.

THE GIRL

That's what you think. I guess
I know him better than...

The phone rings and the girl clutches her heart again.

MR. JONES

(Into phone)

Yeah?

VG

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS

G-3
(114)

G-3 THE LAND YACHT CHAUFFEUR - AT A WALL TELEPHONE

THE CHAUFFEUR

Say, I'm down here to the morgue
...they got a guy in a basket
you can't tell who he is...did
the boss have any...any identi-
fication..you know, like a cut
or something?

G-4 THE GIRL AND JONES

MR. JONES

Did he have any identification
that you know of?

THE GIRL

Well, he had...I think he said
he had...

(Suddenly she points
accusingly to the
telephone)

Who's that? Have they found him?

MR. JONES

Take it easy, willya...We got
to check everywhere...What iden-
tification did he have?

THE GIRL

In his shoes...I think there
was a... card...between the
soles of his shoes.

She puts the back of her hand to her mouth.

MR. JONES

(Into the telephone)
Look in the soles of his shoes
...between the leather.

G-5 THE CHAUFFEUR - AT THE WALL TELEPHONE

THE CHAUFFEUR

(Into the telephone)
If I can find them...hold the
wire.

He lets the ear-piece dangle and goes OUT OF THE
SHOT.

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G-6: THE GIRL AND JONES

She watches him rigidly for approximately twenty seconds.

MR. JONES

He's coming now... I can hear his footsteps.

G-7 THE WALL TELEPHONE - IN THE MORGUE

The receiver is swinging just a little bit now. We hear the footsteps of the chauffeur ringing on the marble. He comes INTO THE SHOT, looking at a card in his hand.

THE CHAUFFEUR

(Into the telephone)

There's a card here that says...

(He squints at it)

... It's kinda hard to read...

G-8 NEWSPAPER HEADLINE:

"STRANGE DEATH OF HOLLYWOOD
DIRECTOR"

Below this in small letters:

"Under circumstances cloaked in mystery, the remains of John L. Sullivan, Hollywood ace comedy director, were found today on the right-of-way..."

DISSOLVE TO:

G-9 SULLIVAN - ON THE FLOOR OF A MOVING FREIGHT CAR -
(DAY)

A patch of sunlight comes through the nearly closed door. He lies immobile on his face. We hear the click of the rails and the panting of the locomotive. The locomotive whistles for the yards and there is a slight jolt and bang as the train slows down. At this, Sullivan moves, rolls over part way and looks around through half-opened eyes. Now, with an effort, he sits up, closes his eyes in pain and feels of the back of his head. He winces and licks his lips several times thirstily. Now he staggers to his feet

G-9 (Cont'd)

and immediately loses his balance and falls down again. He gets on his hands and knees and crawls to the door and pulls it open about two feet. About this time the train is entering the yards. It slows down and we flash past a few railroad employees.

G-10 THE TRAIN - IN THE YARDS - EXT.

It comes to a jolting stop.

G-11 CLOSE SHOT - SULLIVAN

With great difficulty he starts to let himself down. As he hits the ground and braces himself --

G-12 A BIG MEAN-LOOKING RAILROAD SHACK WATCHING SULLIVAN

Now he walks slowly toward him and the CAMERA PANS WITH HIM until Sullivan is also IN THE SHOT.

THE SHACK

What's the idea of riding into the yards, bo?

SULLIVAN

(Stupidly)

Hunh?

THE SHACK

I said, what's the idea of riding into the freight yard, you drunken scum?

SULLIVAN

Lay off, willya?

THE SHACK

I got a good mind to run you in for trespass.

SULLIVAN

Go soak your head, you dumb cluck; can't you see I'm sick?

He turns and staggers away.

G-13 A COUPLE OF YARD MEN - LOOKING ON.

They laugh.

G-14 THE SHACK

THE YARDMAN'S VOICE

That's tellin' him, bo.

THE SHACK

(Furiously)

Get out of this yard, you dirty
rat!

He hurries behind Sullivan and gives him a terrible
mule kick. Sullivan flies OUT OF THE SHOT.

G-15 SULLIVAN - LANDING NEAR THE BOGIE OF A FREIGHT CAR

Sick unto death, he feels the back of his head, then
looks back toward his aggressor.

THE SHACK'S VOICE

Come on, get out of here, you
bum!

Sullivan's hand fumbles for a rock.

THE SHACK'S VOICE

Come on.

His foot kicks Sullivan. Rigid with fury, Sullivan
straightens to his feet and we see him PAST the
railroad shack.

THE SHACK

(Slapping him on
the back of the
head)

Come on!

Sullivan brings up his right fist which contains the
rock and hits the shack full in the face. As the
shack staggers, Sullivan hits him again. The shack
falls OUT OF THE SHOT and Sullivan looks down at his
fist which is dripping with blood. Now he clutches
the back of his head with his left hand and pitches
forward on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

G-16 MRS. SULLIVAN - AT A TELEPHONE

Near her stands the business manager.

MRS. SULLIVAN
(Furiously)
What do you mean, he's dead?

G-17 MR. LeBRAND - AT THE TELEPHONE IN KANSAS CITY

MR. LeBRAND
(Resenting the tone)
Well, what do you think it means?
Do you think I like it any better
than you do?

G-18 MRS. SULLIVAN - AT THE TELEPHONE

MRS. SULLIVAN
Well, what do you send him on
jobs like that for....I've got
a good mind to sue you...in
fact I will sue you....I'll
teach you to....Operator!
(She clicks the
phone up and down)
Operator!....I was talking to
Kansas City.

G-19 MR. LeBRAND - HANGING UP THE TELEPHONE

He walks over to Hadrian and in the background we
see Jones, Valdelle, the doctor, the girl secretary,
the chauffeur, the short-wave operator and the cook.

MR. LeBRAND
(To Hadrian)
She's going to sue me.
(He shrugs his
shoulders and
looks at the group)
I suppose I ought to fire the whole
bunch of you...but somehow I don't
feel like firing anybody. Well...
There's no use hanging around here.
Get your things together and leave
this afternoon...I'll fly back.

Nobody answers except the cook.

THE COOK
Yassuh.

G-20 THE GIRL - IN HER ROOM

She seems far away. Mr. LeBrand comes in, followed by Mr. Hadrian.

MR. LeBRAND

(Very gently)

And I'd like you to come with us, my dear.... Jones has explained to me... you were his last discovery ... his last gift to the world. We'll take care of you always.

HADRIAN

(After a pause)

She didn't hear you.

After a second, the girl sobs.

DISSOLVE TO:

G-21 PERPENDICULAR SHOT OF A BIG PLANE OVERHEAD

As it flies away WE ANGLE DOWN WITH IT, DOWN A TREE AND ONTO the rear of the land yacht which grinds AWAY FROM US.

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "G"

SEQUENCE "H"

FADE IN:

H-1 A LITTLE COURTHOUSE - SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH - (DAY)

DISSOLVE TO:

H-2 SULLIVAN - CLOSE SHOT - LISTENING TO THE VOICES
AROUND HIM

Occasionally he rubs the back of his head and looks
around woozily.

H-3 THE COURTROOM - FROM SULLIVAN'S POINT-OF-VIEW

Everything is blurred and swimming: The Judge at the
bench, the Clerk of the Court, the Yard Bull in band-
ages, the Public Defender, the Sheriff and Deputies,
the few spectators.

VOICES

Trespass, resisting arrest, atro-
cious assault and battery with
intent to kill...

We object, your honor, my client
had been injured and denies all
knowledge...

Objection over-ruled, proceed....
Trespass, resisting arrest...

Object, your honor, the man was
a railroad employee and not an
officer of the law...

Sustained...trespass and atrocious
assault...

Objection, your honor...

Objection over-ruled, get down to
business...prisoner at the bar!
PRISONER AT THE BAR!

H-4 SULLIVAN

A Deputy nudges him.

H-4 (Cont'd)

THE DEPUTY
Answer when you're spoken to.

SULLIVAN
(Vaguely)
Hunh?

He tries to focus on the Judge.

THE JUDGE'S VOICE
Do you plead guilty or not guilty?

SULLIVAN
Hunh?

THE JUDGE'S VOICE
Guilty or not guilty to trespass and
atrocious assault with a rock upon
the person of the employee of the
railroad.

SULLIVAN
(Vaguely)
I guess I must have hit him all right...
(He looks at his hand)
... the way my hand feels.
(He looks around for
the bandaged Yard Bull)
I'm very sorry... I'll be glad to
make it up to you...

H-5 SWIMMING SHOT OF THE BANDAGED YARD BULL

SULLIVAN'S VOICE
... give you any damages you like...

H-6 SULLIVAN

SULLIVAN
(Looking toward the
Yard Bull)
Very sorry.

THE JUDGE'S VOICE
So you still refuse to give your
name?

SULLIVAN
'll come to me in a minute... I've
got such a headache... all mixed up.

H-7 SWIMMING SHOT OF THE PUBLIC DEFENDER

PUBLIC DEFENDER

We plead guilty, Your Honor, with
extenuating circumstances due to
temporary insanity and throw our-
selves upon the mercy of the Court.

H-8 SULLIVAN

SULLIVAN

(To the Deputy)

What'd he say?

(He sits down)

THE JUDGE'S VOICE

Stand up!

Sullivan is jerked to his feet by the Deputy.

THE JUDGE'S VOICE

Prisoner at the bar...

H-9 SWIMMING SHOT OF THE JUDGE

THE JUDGE

These are parlous times and we
have no desire to be severe.
Vagrancy is rampant in the country
and the railroads and municipalities
have been more than indulgent and
sympathetic with our present condi-
tions.

H-10 SULLIVAN - TRYING TO FOCUS ON THE JUDGE

THE JUDGE'S VOICE

On the other hand, the line must be
drawn somewhere... property must be
protected...

SULLIVAN

Just a minute.

There is a rap of the gavel.

THE JUDGE'S VOICE

Silence!

H-11 SWIMMING SHOT OF THE JUDGE

During this shot the focus becomes sharp at the moment of sentence.

THE JUDGE

When confronted with violence and hoodlumism this Court has no alternative... since you still refuse to remember your name but have pleaded guilty to trespass and atrocious assault...having heard the arguments of your counsel and weighed his plea of self-defense and temporary insanity... mindful also of the fact that you have waived trial by jury and thrown yourself on the mercy of this court, thus saving the tax-payers the expense of long litigation, I will be as lenient as my conscience permits and will not impose upon you the maximum penalty that your crimes ordinarily permit... Richard Roe: I sentence you to six years at hard labor as prescribed by the laws of our sovereign state.
(He bangs the gavel)

H-12 SULLIVAN

SULLIVAN

(To the Deputy)
What's he talking about?

THE DEPUTY

You got off easy.

SULLIVAN

(With mounting panic)
But wait a minute... get me a telephone... I want to send a

THE DEPUTY

(Dragging him away)
Come on.

SULLIVAN

But wait a minute... wait a minute...
I'm all mixed up here!

DISSOLVE TO:

H-13 THE HANDS OF A BLACKSMITH - FORGING THE ANKLET ON
SULLIVAN'S ANKLE

(Check research for correct way of doing this.)

DISSOLVE TO:

H-14 EXT. A CONVICT BARRACKS - AT NIGHT

Sullivan is dragged out of a car and toward the barracks, by the Sheriff and his Deputy. Waiting to receive are the Chief Guard and a Trusty.

SULLIVAN

Wait a minute, boys; I wanta...
I wanta.....

The receiving guard slaps him hard across the face.

THE "MR."

You speak when you're spoken to...
and not before, see? You raise
your arm and wait.

SULLIVAN

Listen, you.....

The guard socks him a gain and hard.

THE "MR."

You say "Mister."

Sullivan tries to pull loose of his handcuffs.

H-15 CLOSEUP - HIS HANDS

They strain until a drop of blood runs out from
under a handcuff.

H-16 THE GROUP

THE "MR."

(To his assistant)

Take him to the can, then find him
a bunk.

THE TRUSTY

Come on.

SULLIVAN

But...

H-16 (Cont'd)

The Trusty shakes his head violently in the negative.

THE SHERIFF

Wait a minute... those cost me
sixteen-fifty.

He chuckles and takes the handcuffs off Sullivan. As they enter the barracks, the "Mr." turns to the Sheriff and his Deputy before following Sullivan.

THE "MR."

How's everything up to the house,
Charlie?

THE SHERIFF

Fine, Jake.

THE "MR."

Give my regards to the Mrs.

THE SHERIFF

I'll do that little thing...so long.

He walks into the barracks.

H-17 INT. THE CONVICT BARRACKS - SULLIVAN - BEING LED
ALONG BETWEEN THE BUNKS, BY THE TRUSTY

SULLIVAN

I got to get outta here.

THE TRUSTY

Take it easy, boy.

SULLIVAN

(Raising his voice
a little)

Listen: I'm John L. Sullivan, a
Hollywood director. Somebody slugged
me... I've got to get out of here.

THE TRUSTY

(Lowering his voice)

Take it easy, will you... you're going
to lose your privilege... no letters,
no writin', no smokes... you don't
want that.

SULLIVAN

(Excitedly)

I want a lawyer... I want a telephone..
you can't do things like this to people!

5-5-41

(Continued)

H-17 (Cont'd)

THE TRUSTY

Will you pipe down before he hears you.

SULLIVAN

(Loudly)

I want a lawyer... I demand my right to have a lawyer... you take me to a telephone.

As he started talking, the "Mr." came in and stood behind him. He reached for something in his hip pocket. Now he speaks.

THE "MR."

You startin' in again? You're goin' to be here a long time, see, so you gotta learn and learn quick.

The CAMERA TRUCKS UP ON HIM as he speaks.

SULLIVAN'S VOICE

I want a lawyer and I want him quick. I want to get to a telephone....

The "Mr." steps PAST THE CAMERA, raising his arm. We hear a crack, a cry of pain and two more cracks. Then the dragging of a body.

H-18 THE "MR." AND THE TRUSTY - CHUCKING SULLIVAN ON A BUNK

As he is released Sullivan clutches his head and rolls on his face.

THE "MR."

All right, chain him in.

While the Trusty is fastening Sullivan's leg chain to the end of the bunk (check this with research), the "Mr." speaks.

THE "MR."

No privilege... fresh guy.

FADE OUT:END OF SEQUENCE "H"

SEQUENCE "J"

FADE IN:

J-1 SULLIVAN AND THREE OTHER CONVICTS - NEAR THE BANK OF A RIVER

This has been piled with sandbags and they are occupied in filling more. Sullivan fills the sandbags which are suspended to a chute or rack to hold the mouth of the bag open. An old convict fits a new bag to the chute and ties up the filled bag. The other two convicts drag the bags to the water's edge and pile them up. More convicts are doing the same work IN THE BACKGROUND. It is very hot where Sullivan is working. The men are stripped to the waist. The "Mr." is sitting under a tree reading a newspaper. The Trusty circulates among the men with a pail of water and a dipper. He speaks to the "Mr." in the background. The "Mr." finishes the paper and gives it to the Trusty. Now he strides away. The Trusty sticks the newspaper in his hip pocket, gives drinks to men on the way and eventually reaches Sullivan who takes a dipper of water.

THE TRUSTY

(In a low, excited voice)

Goin' to a pitcher show Sunday. They asked us over again.

SULLIVAN

(Sourly)

When can I write a letter?

THE TRUSTY

When you get your privilege back.

SULLIVAN

How long is that going to take?

THE TRUSTY

That all depends on the "Mr." He's all right if you take it nice and quiet.

SULLIVAN

(Raucously)

Well how long does it take him to make up his mind?

THE TRUSTY

Take it easy, will you, or you'll never get it.

Sullivan resumes his work. The Guard gives a dipper of water to one of the men behind him, which brings the newspaper in his hip pocket into view. We see part of the headline concerning Sullivan's strange death. The CAMERA MOVES CLOSE on the newspaper.

J-2 CLOSE SHOT - SULLIVAN

He takes the paper out of the Trusty's pocket and opens it.

J-3 INSERT: THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

Through this, DISSOLVE Sullivan looking at the paper in astonishment.

THE TRUSTY'S VOICE

Look out!

J-4 THE "MR." - WATCHING SULLIVAN

THE "MR."

Who give you leave to read the paper...
you won't learn, hunh?
(He starts forward)

J-5 SULLIVAN AND THE TRUSTY - PAST THE "MR."

SULLIVAN

(Desperately)

It's about me... I just happened to
see it and...

THE "MR."

(Interrupting)

Shut up and turn around.

Sullivan turns.

THE "MR."

Put your hands behind your back.

Sullivan does so. The "Mr." puts handcuffs on him.

THE "MR."

Put him in the sweatbox.

THE TRUSTY

For how long, "Mr."

THE "MR."

Till I tell you to take him out...
You goin' to start now?

THE TRUSTY

No, sir... I mean yes, sir; I mean
no, sir.

THE "MR."

Well get movin'.

DISSOLVE TO:

J-6 SWEATBOX IN THE WOODS

It is a little structure not quite high enough to stand up in, not quite wide enough to sit down in. There is a small door within the door to give the man water.

J-7 THE TRUSTY - APPROACHING WITH A LONG-SPOUTED OIL CAN AND A PAIL OF WATER

He fills the oil can from the pail, looks over his shoulder, then opens the little door and sticks the spout of his oil can in it.

J-8 CLOSEUP - SULLIVAN

His eyes are wild and the sweat is streaming down his face. The spout of the oil can squirts water in his mouth and he licks it greedily.

J-9 THE TRUSTY - SQUIRTING THE WATER IN TO HIM

THE TRUSTY

Tastes good, don't it? I'll try to get him to let you off early.

He fills his oil can again, looks over his shoulder guiltily, then squirts Sullivan's face with the cold water.

THE TRUSTY

There.

He closes the little door and hurries away.

DISSOLVE TO:

J-10 THE SWEATBOX IN THE WOODS - (NIGHT)

We hear running shuffling footsteps and the Trusty comes INTO THE SHOT with a lantern. He fumbles at the door, has some difficulty, then yanks it open. For a moment we see Sullivan, knees bent, head lolling on his shoulders. He tries to speak but just mutters gibberish. Now he falls forward into the Trusty's arms. The Trusty seats him gently to the ground.

J-10 (Cont'd)

THE TRUSTY

(Almost tenderly)

You'll be all right... you got to learn,
that's all... it ain't so easy at first
... but after while you don't mind...
We ain't so bad off... He ain't bad...
accordin' to his lights...has to deal
with pretty tough hombres...got us
chicken last Thanksgivin'...and some
turkey wunst...for Christmas...and there
ain't another Mister takes his gang to
the pitcher show... Maybe.. Maybe if I
ask him...he'll let you go to the pitcher
show on Sunday... hunh?

Sullivan pants hoarsely.

DISSOLVE TO:

J-11 A NEGRO CHURCH - (NIGHT)

We see its reflection in the bayou and we hear some-
what off-key harmonium music. We hear the shuffling
of feet and the clanking of chains. Now BETWEEN US
and the church march the silhouettes of the convicts.

DISSOLVE TO:

J-12 CLOSE SHOT - THE COLORED PREACHER - BEFORE A RUDE
ALTAR

THE OLD PREACHER

(To somebody out of sight)

Now let it down easy, Charlie.

A sheet tacked to a piece of wood descends INTO THE
SHOT.

J-13 THE CONGREGATION

It is all negro, and for the most part very poor.
There are some very old and some very young. They
smile in anticipation of what's coming. The first
two rows are roped off. Two members of the flock
are carrying an antique motion picture projector to
a table in the middle of the aisle.

J-14 THE PREACHER

The sheet finishes descending about two feet from the
floor and the harmonium piece comes to an end.

J-14 (Cont'd)

THE OLD PREACHER

Once again, brethren and sisters, we're goin' to have a little entertainment... I don't have to tell you what 'tis.

There is a laugh from the congregation.

THE OLD PREACHER

The sheet kinda gives it away.

There is a little more laughter.

THE OLD PREACHER

(Solemnly)

And once again, brethren and sisters, we are goin' to share our pleasure with some neighbors less fortunate than ourselves... and when they gets here I'm goin' to ask you once more, neither by word, nor by action, nor by look to make our guests feel unwelcome... nor to draw away from them or get high-tone.

(Now he thunders)

For we is all equal in the sight of God and He said: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone... and their chains shall be struck from them... and the lame shall leap... and the blind shall see... AND GLORY IN THE COMING OF THE LORD.

There is a chorus of "Amens" and "Hallelujahs" from the congregation.

THE OLD PREACHER

Now let's rise and give them a little welcome.

He turns toward the harmonium player and mentions the name of a spiritual. He lifts his hands and starts the singing.

J-15 THE CONGREGATION SINGING

After fifteen seconds of music, the door at the back of the church opens and the convicts shuffle in, followed by the Trusty and the "Mr.", a revolver strapped to his side. As they reach the first pew and start moving in --

J-16 TWO COLORED BOYS OUTSIDE THE CHURCH STARTING A PORTABLE GENERATOR PLANT ON WHEELS

As it sputters off --

J-17 SULLIVAN - TAKING HIS SEAT

The "Mr." sits alone in the row behind him. The old Preacher is walking up the aisle toward the projection machine. In passing he nods gravely to the "Mr."

J-18 SULLIVAN - LOOKING FROM RIGHT TO LEFTJ-19 THE PREACHER AND THE MOVIE OPERATOR

The song comes to an end.

THE OLD PREACHER

Will those of you nearest the lights
kindly turn them low.

J-20 A SISTER TURNING A LIGHT LOWJ-21 THE PREACHER AND CHARLIE

THE OLD PREACHER

Let her go, Charlie.

He smiles in anticipation toward the screen.

J-22 THE HARMONIUM PLAYER

She looks toward the screen and lifts her hands to start. Now she bangs out the beginning of some very gay music, the type that was played long ago with silent one-reelers.

J-23 SULLIVAN AND THOSE AROUND HIM

The wriggling beam of light shoots PAST US from the projector. Suddenly there is a yell of laughter from everybody except Sullivan. He looks to his left, up at the screen, then to his right and glumly up at the screen.

J-24 THE SCREEN - PAST SOME SILHOUETTES

On it we see a silent comedy, possibly Chaplin in "The Gold Rush," possibly a Laurel and Hardy two-reeler. As each funny thing happens we hear a roar from the audience. After a while --

J-25 SULLIVAN - AMIDST THE LAUGHING AUDIENCE

Alone he is glum.

J-26 CLOSE SHOT - SULLIVAN

Imperceptibly, as he watches the screen, his expression softens and he smiles very faintly.

J-27 A VERY FUNNY BIT ON THE SCREEN

J-28 CLOSE SHOT - SULLIVAN

As if it pained him, he snorts a couple of times.

J-29 ANOTHER FUNNY PIECE ON THE SCREEN

J-30 SULLIVAN

He laughs outright. Now there is a roar from the audience; Sullivan throws back his head and laughs with them.

J-31 A GOOD PIECE OF THE FUNNY BUSINESS ON THE SCREEN

J-32 A FULL SHOT OF THE AUDIENCE LAUGHING

DISSOLVE THROUGH:

J-33 SUPERIMPOSED CLOSE SHOT - BIG HEAD OF SULLIVAN LAUGHING SEEN THROUGH THE ENTIRE AUDIENCE

DISSOLVE TO:

J-34 THE LITTLE NEGRO CHURCH REFLECTED IN THE LAGOON

We hear the music and the distant laughter.

FADE OUT:

SEQUENCE "K"

FADE IN:

K-1 A GRAVESTONE MARKED: "JOHN LLOYD SULLIVAN 1909 -
1941"

In light intaglio behind these words we see the silhouette of the Academy Oscar resting on his sword. A hand comes INTO THE SHOT and jabs some flowers into a tin flower container. The CAMERA PANS UP and we see the heavily weeded Mrs. Sullivan and Sullivan's ex-business manager.

MRS. SULLIVAN

(Narrowing her eyes)

You don't suppose this is a trick,
do you?

THE BUSINESS MANAGER

He'd have to be a Houdini.

MRS. SULLIVAN

Well.....I wouldn't put it past him.

They walk OUT OF THE SHOT and the CAMERA PANS SLOWLY to a little bench in an alley. The Girl sits here quietly.

DISSOLVE TO:

K-2 SULLIVAN AND THE TRUSTY - UNDER A TREE

It is the lunch hour. Sullivan is smoking a cigarette, and the Trusty is finishing a sandwich.

SULLIVAN

Don't you understand, they think
I'm dead but I'm not dead.

TRUSTY

Well, that's fine, just think what
a nice surprise they'll have when
you get out.

SULLIVAN

You don't seem to understand: I
haven't got the time to spend six
years here.

THE TRUSTY

But you were sentenced.

K-2 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

(Patiently)

I know that but I still haven't got
the time.

THE TRUSTY

You'll have to find the time.

SULLIVAN

Don't you understand: They don't
sentence people like me.... to
places like this for a little....
disagreement with a Yard Bull.

THE TRUSTY

Don't they?

SULLIVAN

They do not.

THE TRUSTY

(Tactfully)

Then maybe you ain't a pitcher director
....maybe that idea just come to you
when you got hit on the head.

Sullivan feels of his head and gives the trusty a
searching look.

THE TRUSTY

(Apologetically)

Maybe.

(Then after a pause)

We used to have a fellow here thought
he was Lindbergh...used to fly away
every night...but he was always back
in the morning.

SULLIVAN

(Scowling)

Don't I look like a picture director?

THE TRUSTY

'Course I never seen one...to me you
look more like a soda jerk...or maybe
a plasterer.

SULLIVAN

(After a pause)

If ever a plot needed a twist, this
one does.

THE TRUSTY

Hunh?

K-2 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

I've got to get my picture in the paper.

THE TRUSTY

(Amiably)

That would be swell...you could paste it over your bunk.

SULLIVAN

What kind of people get their pictures in the papers?

THE TRUSTY

Ball players?

Sullivan shakes his head in the negative.

THE TRUSTY

(Sadly)

Girls? They take 'em with their legs crossed. I cut one out; she was sittin'...

Sullivan shakes his head.

THE TRUSTY

When you die...if you was important enough....

SULLIVAN

I've had that.

THE TRUSTY

Murderers.

Sullivan starts to shrug his shoulders, then becomes rigid.

THE TRUSTY

There was a swell pitcher of a friend of mine...he was a lodge brother... they called him "The Blowtorch Killer."

SULLIVAN

(Forcefully)

That's it! You tell the "Mr." I'm ready to make a full confession.

THE TRUSTY

(Drawing away nervously)

Hunh?

SULLIVAN

There isn't a minute to lose... my conscience has got me...I'm ready to confess...I want to confess about killing somebody!

DISSOLVE TO:

MR

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS

K-4
(137)

K-3 NEWSPAPER HEADLINES:

"SULLIVAN'S MURDERER CONFESSES!"

"ASSASSIN ADMITS CRIME!"

"RAIL YARD MYSTERY CLEARED!"

"SULLIVAN'S SLAYING SOLVED!"

K-4 THE GIRL - STARING AT A NEWSPAPER

She is in costume on a picture set.

K-5 THE HEADLINE:

"I KILLED SULLIVAN" --
CONFESSES CONVICT

Now she turns to the bottom of the paper where we see a large photograph of Sullivan in a Kansas City jail. The caption reads:

"CONFESSED SLAYER OF PICTURE ACE"

K-6 THE GIRL

She screams jubilantly and runs PAST THE CAMERA.

DISSOLVE TO:

K-7 A LONG HALL - IN THE PICTURE STUDIO

The Girl gallops down this in nothing flat. People flatten against the walls as she flies by.

K-8 MR. LeBRAND'S OUTER OFFICE

The girl knocks three people down as she tears through this and into the door marked "PRIVATE".

K-9 MR. LeBRAND'S PRIVATE OFFICE

He is talking to Hadrian as the girl rushes in, shoves the picture under his nose, then throws her arms around his neck and starts dancing with him. Mr. Hadrian picks up the newspaper, yells and grabs a phone. Mr. LeBrand grabs another phone. The girl grabs a third phone.

MR

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS

K-5
(138)

K-10 MR. CASALSIS - AT A TELEPHONE

He lets out a yell and walks right up on the top of his desk from where he starts issuing instructions.

K-11 THE STUDIO SWITCHBOARD

We see an UNDERCRANKED SHOT of pandemonium.

K-12 MR. LeBRAND - AT THE TELEPHONE

He hollers:

MR. LeBRAND

Get me the governor of California...
GET ME THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED
STATES!

K-13 MR. HADRIAN - AT A TELEPHONE

MR. HADRIAN

Get me Cohen, Cohen, Kirshbottom
and Cohen!

K-14 THE GIRL - AT A TELEPHONE

THE GIRL

Get me Crestview eight - one, four,
nine, two!

K-15 MRS. SULLIVAN - IN A TWIN BED

Her breakfast tray is on her lap. As she listens to the phone her eyes widen. She issues a piercing scream, the breakfast tray flies in all directions. The Business Manager sits up from the depths of the other bed. She breaks a lamp over his head.

K-16 UNDERCRANKED SHOT - MR. LeBRAND, THE GIRL, MR. HADRIAN, MR. CASALSIS, MR. VALDELLE, MR. JONES, SULLIVAN'S BUTLER, HIS VALET, THE GIRL SECRETARY, THE DOCTOR AND THE CHAUFFEUR OF THE LAND YACHT - PILING INTO A LARGE PLANE

DISSOLVE TO:

K-17 THE HOTEL SUITE IN KANSAS CITY

We hear an eight-cylinder Hubub approaching. The double doors burst open as a crowd of photographers and reporters comes in backwards. In the middle of the group of all our friends we see Sullivan with his arm around the girl. Light bulbs flash and the conversation becomes deafening.

K-17 (Cont'd)

MR. CASALSIS
(Shouting to a camera-
man)

Get a picture of him with Sullivan
and the book.

THE CAMERAMAN
(Hollering)

What?

MR. CASALSIS
A picture with Sullivan and the
book!

He produces a copy of "Oh Brother, Where Art Thou?",
places it in the hands of a dignified official, then
looks around.

MR. CASALSIS
Where's Sullivan?

K-18 CLOSE SHOT - SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL - IN THE MIDDLE OF
THE CROWD

THE GIRL
I'm so happy.

SULLIVAN
What did you say?

THE GIRL
I said: "I'm so happy."

SULLIVAN
Thanks, so am I.

THE GIRL
I said: "I'm so happy."

SULLIVAN
What?

THE GIRL
Your wife got married last week.

SULLIVAN
Who got buried last week?

(Continued)

K-18 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL

She got married last week.

SULLIVAN

Who got married last week?

THE GIRL

Your wife.

SULLIVAN

My wife!

(Now he adds hopefully)
You say they buried her?

THE GIRL

(Screaming)

SHE GOT MARRIED!

(She points to her
wedding finger)

She married your business manager.

SULLIVAN

(Not daring to believe
his ears)She married him?

THE GIRL

(Screaming)

Yes!

SULLIVAN

He married her?

THE GIRL

Yes!

SULLIVAN

(Still not daring to
believe his ears)

But how?

THE GIRL

BECAUSE YOU WERE DEAD.

SULLIVAN

Dead?

THE GIRL

Dead.

Sullivan looks to heaven with gratitude, throws his arms high, then stoops and picks up the girl and does a wild Indian dance with her in his arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

K-19 INT. A COMMERCIAL PLANE (DAY)

Sullivan and the Girl are jammed next to the window. Next to them sit Mr. Hadrian and Mr. Casalsis. Opposite them, Mr. LeBrand and Mr. Jones. IN THE BACKGROUND are placed Mr. Valdelle, Sullivan's Butler, his Valet, the Girl Secretary, the Chauffeur of the Land Yacht and the Doctor. On the table are several copies of "Oh Brother, Where Art Thou?" Glasses, whiskey, cigarettes and ashtrays are also in evidence. Everybody seems to be talking at once.

MR. CASALSIS

...tell you it's going to be the most dynamic tragedy in the history of film. I further predict...

JONES

(Simultaneously)

...in the history of the industry. We got more free publicity...
(He picks up a book)
...more coverage, more picture breaks than Hitler's funeral.

MR. LeBRAND

(Simultaneously)

No man in history has gone to such lengths...
(He picks up a volume)
...overcome such obstacles...
(He waves the book at Sullivan)
run such risks, made such sacrifices.
(He puts the book back on the table and pats it fondly)

SULLIVAN

Thanks very much.
(He turns back to the Girl)

K-20 TWO BIG HEADS - SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL

Sullivan turns back to the Girl in this also.

SULLIVAN

Don't you understand, she'll have to! Otherwise it's bigamy, unfaithfulness, alienation of affections and corpus delicti.

The girl smiles up at him.

K-21 THE PREVIOUS SHOT

MR. JONES

If he'd a done it on purpose
he couldn't a done it as good.

MR. HADRIAN

(Simultaneously)

It will be sensational.

MR. CASALSIS

It will be monumental.

MR. JONES

(Simultaneously)

The greatest drama since the
Johnstown flood.

K-22 TWO BIG HEADS - SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL

THE GIRL

(Looking up at Sullivan)

And then you'll be free.

SULLIVAN

(With eyes only for her)

And then I'll be free...but not
for very long...I hope.

THE GIRL

(Looking up)

You don't hope it any sooner than
I do.

SULLIVAN

And you know where we'll spend
our honeymoon?

THE GIRL

In a hog car, I suppose.

He laughs at her.

K-23 THE PREVIOUS SHOT

MR. CASALSIS

Furthermore, with a hookup of
the syndicates, a forty-nine
cent edition of a million copies,
and...

(Continued)

MK

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS

5-8-41

K-10
(126)

K-23 (Cont'd)

JONES

(Simultaneously)

Hookup with every brotherhood,
every lodge, every benevolent
association, a club in every
city over ten thousand...

MR. LeBRAND

(Rapping for silence)

Just a moment, gentlemen.

He gets silence, picks up a copy of the book and turns
to Sullivan.

MR. LeBRAND

Sully, I just want to tell you
that "Oh Brother, Where Art Thou?"
is going to be the greatest tragedy
ever made! The world will weep!
Humanity will sob when you...

JONES

It'll put Shakespeare back with the
shipping news.

MR. LeBRAND

Quiet!

(Then again to Sullivan)

Your personal courage...your sacri-
fice...the lengths to which you
went to sample the bitter dregs of
vicissitude will make "Oh Brother,
Where Art Thou?" positively and
beyond dispute the greatest...

SULLIVAN

I'm sorry to disappoint you.

MR. LeBRAND

(Politely)

You're sorry to disappoint me...

SULLIVAN

Yes...and I say this with some
embarrassment...but I don't want
to make "Oh Brother, Where Art
Thou?".

MR. LeBRAND

(Dully)

You don't want to make "Oh Brother,
Where Art Thou?"

(Continued)

K-23 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

And I say it with some embarrassment. I want to make a comedy.

MR. LeBRAND

(Monotonously)

And you say it with some embarrassment?

(Now he turns to Mr. Hadrian)

He doesn't want to make "Oh Brother... Where Art Thou?", he wants to make a comedy.

JONES

He don't mean that, Boss, he's still a little stir-crazy.

SULLIVAN

Oh, yes I do... oh no, I'm not.

MR. LeBRAND

(Smiling a sickly smile)

You're joking, aren't you, Sully? It's in bad taste, but it's a joke.

SULLIVAN

(Firmly)

No.

MR. CASALSIS

But it's had more publicity than the Johnstown flood! What are we going to do with all that publicity?

MR. JONES

(Clutching his head)

Oh Brother!

MR. HADRIAN

(Gently)

Why don't you want to make "Oh Brother, Where Art Thou?", Sully?

SULLIVAN

Well, in the first place I'm too happy to make "Oh Brother, Where Art Thou?"

(He takes the Girl's hand in his)

In the second place, I haven't suffered enough to make "Oh Brother, Where Art Thou?"

MR. HADRIAN

You haven't suffered enough?

(Continued)

K-23 (Cont'd)

MR. LeBRAND

He hasn't suffered enough. What does he want?

SULLIVAN

In the third place, I never will have suffered enough to make "Oh Brother, Where Art Thou?" Besides, it's already been done... they made it a couple of thousand years ago and I don't believe in re-makes. There's nothing like original material.

His listeners look at each other goggle-eyed.

MR. LeBRAND

(Despairingly picking up the book)

But, Sully...

SULLIVAN

(Gently)

And I'll tell you something else: there's a lot to be said for making people laugh... did you know that's all some people have? It isn't much... but it's better than nothing in this cockeyed caravan...

(He shakes his head
reminiscently)

Boy!

The Girl looks up at him and he chuckles as what he thinks about. We hear the echo of distant laughter, and ON THE SCREEN, SUPERIMPOSED ON THE IMAGES OF SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL we see THE LAUGHING CONVICTS, what they are laughing at, and THE LAUGHING NEGROES IN AN AIR-RAID SHELTER we see the people laughing at a singing comic. BEHIND THE LINES we see soldiers laughing at a vaudeville act. We see a HOSPITAL WARD with the patients laughing at a Punch and Judy show. We see children in a BOMBED STREET laughing at an organ grinder's monkey. To this the PREVIOUS MONTAGE SHOTS ARE ADDED: SOLDIERS, REFUGEES, CONVICTS, WOUNDED CHILDREN AND NEGROES SHARE THE SCREEN. The sound builds into wild and deafening laughter. ON THE SCREEN appear the words:

"THE END"

K-15 MRS. SULLIVAN - IN BED IN SULLIVAN'S BEDROOM

Her breakfast tray is on her lap. As she listens to the phone her eyes widen. She issues a piercing scream, the breakfast tray flies in all directions, and she falls in a dead faint. The Business Manager sits up from the depths of the bed.

K-16 UNDERCRANKED SHOT - MR. BRAND, THE GIRL, MR. HADRIAN, MR. CASALSIS, MR. DEL VALLE, MR. BRADFIELD, SULLIVAN'S BUTLER, HIS VALET, THE GIRL SECRETARY AND THE CHAUFFEUR OF THE LAND YACHT - PILING INTO A LARGE PLANE

DISSOLVE TO:

K-17 THE HOTEL SUITE IN KANSAS CITY

We hear an eight-cylinder Hubub approaching. The double doors burst open as a crowd of photographers and reporters comes in backwards. In the middle of the group of all our friends we see Sullivan with his arm around the girl. Light bulbs flash and the conversation becomes deafening.

MR. CASALSIS

(Shouting to a cameraman)

Get a picture of Sullivan with the governor! then Mr. Brand with the governor!

THE PHOTOGRAPHER

I can't hear you.

K-18 SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL

THE GIRL

I'm so happy.

SULLIVAN

What did you say?

THE GIRL

Your wife got married last week!

SULLIVAN

(Thunderstruck)

What!

K-18 (Cont'd)

THE GIRL

She married your business manager.

SULLIVAN

(Round-eyed)

But how could she?

THE GIRL

Because you were dead.

DISSOLVE TO:

K-19

INT. A COMMERCIAL PLANE

It contains Mr. Brand, Mr. Hadrian, Mr. Casalsis, Mr. Del Valle, Mr. Bradfield, Sullivan's butler, his valet, the girl secretary and the chauffeur of the land yacht, plus Sullivan and the girl.

K-20

THE BUTLER, THE VALET, THE CHAUFFEUR OF THE LAND YACHT AND THE GIRL SECRETARY - AT A TABLE

THE BUTLER

I predicted every word of this. I remember as if it were yesterday: He said, "How do you like it, Burrows?" and I said, "I don't like it at all, sir... fancy dress, I take it," and he said...

K-21

SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL - AT A TABLE

Behind them we see Mr. Brand, Mr. Hadrian and Mr. Casalsis.

SULLIVAN

(In the middle of an argument)

She'll have to... otherwise it's bigamy, adultery, alienation of affections... the whole menu.

She looks slowly and inquiringly toward him.

THE GIRL

Then you'll be free?

K-21 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN

Not for long.

He takes her hand and kisses it.

K-22 MR. BRAND, MR. HADRIAN AND MR. CASALSIS - AT A TABLE

MR. CASALSIS

I tell you it's going to be the greatest tragedy in the history of the industry. It'll put Shakespeare back with the shipping news. We got more free publicity, more coverage, more picture breaks than the addition of Henry the Eighth.

MR. BRAND

You mean Edward the Seventh.

MR. CASALSIS

Whoever it was.

MR. HADRIAN

If he'd done it on purpose he couldn't have done more.

MR. CASALSIS

(Quick to see a chance)
Maybe we did...but that's our secret. Anyway: No man in history has gone to such lengths...overcome such obstacles...run such risks...made such sacrifices.

SULLIVAN'S VOICE

What are you talking about?

K-23 SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL - LOOKING OVER THE BACK OF THE SEAT OCCUPIED BY BRAND AND HADRIAN.

MR. CASALSIS

I'm talking about "For Whom the Night Falls"...It's going to be the greatest tragedy since the Johnstown Flood.

MR. BRAND

It can be very great.

K-23 (Cont'd)

MR. HADRIAN

Very big.

SULLIVAN

(Gently)

I'd like to make a comedy....
if I still can.

MR. BRAND

A comedy!

MR. HADRIAN

Now he wants to make a comedy!

SULLIVAN

There's a lot to be said for
making people laugh.

The CAMERA STARTS MOVING IN ON HIM.

SULLIVAN (Continued)

Quite a lot.

The girl looks up at him and smiles gently.

SULLIVAN (Continued)

I've already got the prologue
for it. It says: "To the
memory of those who made us
laugh..."THE MONTAGE BEGINS HERE. First we hear the echo of
distant laughter, then ON THE SCREEN, ADDED TO THE
IMAGES OF SULLIVAN AND THE GIRL, we see SHOTS OF
THE LAUGHING CONVICTS, what they were laughing at,
and THE LAUGHING NEGROES.

SULLIVAN (Continued)

"...the motley mountebanks,
the clowns, the buffoons in all
times and in all nations..."IN AN AIR-RAID SHELTER we see the people laughing
at a singing comic, then we see soldiers laughing
at a vaudeville act BEHIND THE LINES.

SULLIVAN (Continued)

"...whose efforts lightened our
burden a little..."We see a HOSPITAL WARD with the patients laughing
at a Punch and Judy show.

K-23 (Cont'd)

SULLIVAN (Continued)

"... in this cock-eyed caravan...

We see CHILDREN IN A BOMBED STREET laughing at an organ grinder's monkey.

SULLIVAN (Continued)

"...this picture is affectionately dedicated."

The laughter mounts into a roar, convicts, negroes, soldiers, refugees, wounded children share and SPLIT THE SCREEN IN A WILD MONTAGE. The SOUND becomes deafening and ON THE SCREEN APPEAR the words:

"THE END"