"THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"

April 9, 1946
Revised through July 16, 1946

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FADE IN

1 INT. WELBURN AIR TERMINAL - DAY

SHOOTING DOWN from a HIGH SET-UP at the floor of the terminal building, which is crowded with passengers, some standing, others walking through the scene.

GIRL'S VOICE
(over the public address system)
Your attention please. Announcing the departure of American Airlines Westbound Flight Nine. Flight Nine now loading at gate three for immediate departure.

At this announcement, most of the people in the SHOT exit, revealing a map of North America, favoring the United States, set mosaic-style with colored tiles, in the floor. For a moment the map of the United States is in the clear. Then, from the Atlantic Ocean steps a pair of legs in officers' pants and Air Force boots. The legs hit the United States in the New York area, and stop somewhere south of the Great Lakes. The owner of the legs is apparently not quite sure of where he wants to go. However, he sets down the well-used, bulging B-4 bag he's carrying. (There are six Hershey bars on his left sleeve.) We can see the stencilled lettering on the bag's canvas side: CAPT. FRED DERRY, and centered underneath, his serial number: O-727090 - As the bag is set down, CAMERA PULLS BACK AND COMES DOWN TO THE CONVENTIONAL LEVEL to DISCLOSE FRED DERRY, in full figure, as he stands in the air terminal, looking around. There's a lot of activity; people are busy; no one pays any attention to Fred, or to his fancy English cloth battle jacket, with embroidered wings and insignia, or to his ribbons: ETO with 4 battle stars, Purple Heart, Air Medal with 8 clusters, DFC with one cluster, the Silver Star and The British DFC.

2ND GIRL'S VOICE
(over the public address)
Incoming passengers on United Airlines Flight Six may claim their baggage on the street side of the terminal. Limousine service for downtown Welburn leaving in five minutes.

(CONTINUED)

1 (Cont.)

Fred looks at the several Airlines' ticket counters. He looks down at the map of the U.S. under his feet. It doesn't tell him anything. He picks up his bag and walking across Newfoundland and Iceland, stops north of England, asks a question of the girl behind the counter. (NOTE: We don't hear the details of the conversation.) The girl is very busy talking on a phone, making notes, and waiting on a passenger, so she answers Fred by pointing her pencil O.S. to her right. Fred smiles, picks up his bag and goes off scene, CAMERA left.

2 LONG SHOT - IN THE AIR TERMINAL

Fred comes into scene in the far background from CAMERA right, and walks through the busy crowd, toward the CAMERA. He's not quite sure of where to go: he's almost the only man in the room in uniform and feels out of his element in this busy civilian world.

GIRL'S VOICE
(over the public address system)
Announcing the arrival of Eastern Airlines Flight 102 -- from Miami, Jacksonville, Atlanta and Nashville.

He comes down to center f.g. then looks off to his left, apparently sees what he's after, and exits CAMERA right.

3 MED. SHOT - AT AIRLINES COUNTER

We are inside the counter SHOOTING PAST the busy airlines employees, TOWARD the passengers in the terminal. A middle-aged man carrying a leather dispatch case under his arm is arguing with one of the girls behind the counter. (During the following dialogue, Fred enters the scene from CAMERA left.) The girl is busy, talking on phone, making notes, answering questions, etc., but she has been trained to routine politeness.

Key 300
F. 6.
Dupont 3

MAN
(impatiently)
10:30? I'm supposed to be there in time for dinner --

GIRL
I'm sorry, sir.

MAN
-- and your downtown office just called and told me to come out here.

(CONTINUED)

3 (Cont.)

GIRL
I'm sorry, sir, the weather's delayed that flight. It's running two hours behind schedule.

MAN
(making no secret of his disgust)
Where are the phones? I'm going to find out who's responsible for this mess.

GIRL
(pointing)
Telephones right over there, sir.

As the man leaves Fred steps up to the counter.

FRED
(amiably, to girl)
He's going to find out who's responsible for the weather.

4 CLOSER SHOT - FRED AND GIRL

The phone rings. The girl gives Fred a "property" smile, and answers the phone.

GIRL
(to Fred)
Be with you in a moment, sir.
(to phone)
That's our EO 6 -- and the ticket number is 137,568, passenger Becker on the 14th. Yes, I'll call you back.
(to Fred)
Yes, sir.

FRED
Have you got anything going to Boone City?

GIRL
Boone City -- Three scheduled daily flights, sir, but there's no space available right now. Would you care to make a reservation?

FRED
Yes.

GIRL
(pencil poised)
Your name, please.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.)

FRED
Derry, D-E-R-R-Y, Fred, How long will it be?

GIRL
We could probably get you on Flight 37 on the 19th.

FRED
The 19th! Listen, sister - I can't wait that long. I'm just back from overseas, and I want to get home.

GIRL
I'm sorry, sir, there's a long waiting list.

FRED
I see --

As he stands there, not quite sure of where to go next, an impatient man leans over his shoulder and addresses the girl.

IMPATIENT MAN (Mr. Gibbons)
Say, my secretary arranged to have my tickets here at the airport. Name is Gibbons - George H. Gibbons.

The man has a rasping, unpleasant voice and Fred turns to look at him.

GIRL
Yes, Mr. Gibbons. They're right here. May we weigh your baggage please?

GIBBONS
(to Fred)
Excuse me.

FRED
I'm sorry.

He makes way for Gibbons who proceeds to maneuver a huge golf bag loaded with clubs to the scale, which is inset in the counter. Fred moves his B-4 bag away and stands staring thoughtfully at the golf clubs. As she tickets Mr. Gibbons, the girl looks up, sees Fred, and becomes human for a brief moment.

GIRL
You might try the ATC, Captain.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont. 1)

FRED
(his face lighting up at the sound of the familiar initials)
ATC! Sure - where are they?

GIRL
Out the terminal, to your right, across the field.
(to Gibbons)
You've got 16 pounds excess baggage, Mr. Gibbons.

Fred picks up his bag and walks out of scene, CAMERA RIGHT.

GIBBONS
Oh, that's all right, how much is it?

5 TRUCKING SHOT on Fred, in profile, walking L to R past series of windows through which we can see the field, with planes, etc. There are people walking between Fred and the CAMERA, and the general effect of busy-ness is given.

6 EXT. WELBURN AIRPORT - DAY

We PAN Fred, carrying his bags, past a Skymaster or Constellation, which is being boarded by a throng of civilians. The contrast between their position and his own is not lost on him. Fred stops as he sees:

7 MEDIUM - AIRLINES TRUCK

Of the panel type, or any other typical airport vehicle, coming TOWARD CAMERA.

8 MEDIUM - FRED

He whistles and waves at the truck, hoping for a ride. It comes into the SHOT and goes right on by. Fred gets a better grip on the B-4 bag, and starts walking again.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 EXT. ATC TERMINAL - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT - FRED

As he walks toward the terminal building, lugging his B-4 bag, which seems to have gotten heavier. The ATC building is designated by a sign bearing the usual ATC trylon and perisphere insignia, and the following lettering: ARMY AIR FORCES -- AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND -- "SNAFU AIRLINES". There are one or two GI's and a sailor out in front of the building, just killing time. Fred walks past them, and goes thru the door.

10 INT. ATC TERMINAL - DAY - MED. SHOT

TOWARD the door, as it opens and Fred enters. There is an immediate contrast with the elegance of the civilian passenger terminal. Here everyone is in uniform. Army, Navy or Marine Corps; and here the customers are in no hurry -- they've got the stolid resignation which comes from years of experience in learning how to wait. There aren't enough benches or chairs, so some men stand, and some lie on the wooden floor, using luggage or overcoats as pillows. As Fred walks into the room, he is greeted casually by one of the waiting GI's, a Sergeant.

SERGEANT
Hello, Captain --

FRED
Hi there, sarge.

Fred finds some clear space against a wall to set down his B-4 bag. In order to get to it, he has to step over a sprawled out sailor (Homer Parrish, Machinist's Mate, Second Class), who is leaning against a wall, with his hands in the pockets of his short blue coat. Fred puts his bag down, and drapes his overcoat on it. He obviously feels more at ease, more at home in these surroundings than he did in the flossy civilian airport.

ATC SERGEANT'S VOICE
Flight 93 for Denver, San Francisco - and Seattle. Flight 93 for Denver, San Francisco, and Seattle --

Fred sees several of the men near him start hopefully toward the ATC counter.

11 MEDIUM SHOT - AT ATC COUNTER

The ANGLE is PAST the ATC Sergeant who stands behind the counter, TOWARD the men in the waiting room. A corporal is at the counter, waiting to apply for a ride. We see several of the passengers for Flight 93 coming eagerly to the counter.

ATC SERGEANT
That flight has been cancelled until further notice.

The would be passengers turn around, dejectedly, muttering typical Army comments on the Snafu. The ATC Sergeant, unlike the chic, polite airline counter girls, is a tough little guy who sees no reason to rush things. He turns to the waiting corporal. (During the following dialogue, we see Fred approaching the counter.)

CORPORAL
Got anything for Detroit, Sarge?

(CONTINUED)

11 (Cont.)

ATC SERGEANT
Nope. How about Cleveland?

CORPORAL
Cleveland --
(thinking very quickly)
-- okay.

ATC SERGEANT
Fill this out.

The Corporal grins at Fred, who has reached the counter, and is waiting his turn.

CORPORAL
Guess I'm going to Cleveland.

FRED
That's a nice town.

CORPORAL
(philosophic)
Yeah -- but Detroit's where I live.

FRED
(to ATC Sergeant)
Hi, Sarge. What's the chances of a ride to Boone City.

SERGEANT
(eyeing Fred's ribbons)
Not right now, sir, but if you wanna fill this out, I'll call you if something comes up.

FRED
Okay -- guess I'll wait.

He starts to fill out his form. There is the SOUND of a plane going by outside. The corporal has finished his form and hands it back to the sergeant.

ATC SERGEANT
The service here stinks. Six months ago we owned this joint. Fifty Army planes goin' out to every civilian job. Now it's the other way around. Everything's re-converted.

FRED
(looking up and smiling)
You're not griping about that, are you?

ATC SERGEANT
Oh, no --
(taking Fred's form)
-- all I wanna know is when do I get reconverted.

12 TWO SHOT - FAVORING FRED

He laughs. The ATC Sergeant has looked over Fred's form.

ATC SERGEANT
Okay, Sir -- I'll call you.

FRED
Thanks, chum.

Fred starts back across the room to where he left his luggage. He looks off as he hears:

VOICE
Say -- you guys --

13 MED. GROUP SHOT

An ATC Technical Sergeant is standing near a bulky crate, marked for air shipments, and addressing several of the waiting GI's, including the sailor, Homer Parrish.

TECHNICAL SERGEANT
-- I need a couple of men to give me a hand with this out to a plane.

Three of the GI's get up and start for the crate, but the sailor stays where he is. One of the GI's, a private, looks back scornfully at him.

PRIVATE
What's the matter, sailor -- you tired or something?

Fred has come into the SHOT and looks curiously at the sailor, who stares straight ahead without answering.

14 CLOSER - FRED AND SAILOR

As Fred sits down, and starts to leaf through a magazine, he glances o.s. at the men carrying off the crate. WE HEAR SOUNDS of the o.s. action:

VOICE
You got it, Jack?

VOICE
Yeah, Take it up on your end.

T/SGT'S VOICE
Okay, men -- bring her through here.

VOICE
(with expression)
My aching back.

The sailor, through this, keeps staring straight ahead.

DISSOLVE:

15 INT. ATC TERMINAL - AFTERNOON - FULL SHOT

There is not much activity. Some men are writing letters at a table. Some are asleep. A few read.

ATC SERGEANT
(in a loud voice)
Derry --

16 MED. CLOSE - FRED

He is asleep, lying back on the floor, with his musette bag for a pillow.

ATC SERGEANT'S VOICE
Derry!
(pause)
Captain Fred Derry!

Fred wakes up, and responds, as though to a roll call.

FRED
Yo! Coming.

He gathers his luggage, and starts toward the counter. While he does this, we hear:

ATC SERGEANT'S VOICE
Parrish. Homer Parrish!

17 CLOSE SHOT - HOMER

Starting up.

HOMER
Here!

18 MEDIUM - AT ATC COUNTER

The ANGLE is PAST the ATC Sergeant, TOWARD Fred who steps up.

ATC SERGEANT
You, Derry?
(to Homer, who steps up)
You, Parrish?
(they say they are)
There's a B-17 that's loadin' out front now -- goin' to Boone City.
(they respond enthusiastically)
You'll probably have a long ride, because she's makin' quite a few stops -- but you'll get there by tomorrow afternoon. That suit you?

FRED
Hey, that's swell.

(CONTINUED)

18 (Cont.)

HOMER
(grinning)
Sure is.

ATC SERGEANT
Okay -- sign here, Captain.

Fred takes the pencil extended by the ATC Sergeant.

FRED
(as he signs)
Sure is great to be going home.
(hands pencil to Homer)
Here you go, sailor --

Homer lifts his right hand to take the pencil.

ATC SERGEANT
(pushing the paper toward Homer)
Sign on the dotted -- line.

He stops as he sees that Homer has no right hand. But Homer is learning to be expert at the use of his mechanical substitutes. Fred stares at Homer's hooks.

ATC SERGEANT
I'll do it for you --

HOMER
(taking the pencil, grinning amiably)
What's the matter. Do you think I'm illiterate? You think I can't spell my own name?

ATC SERGEANT
I -- I just thought that maybe --

HOMER
I know, Sarge. Thanks.

Homer then brings up his left hand to steady the paper. That too, is mechanical.

19 TWO SHOT - FRED AND HOMER

Fred has reacted strongly to Homer's hooks, partly because he'd thought badly of him for not helping with the crate, and partly because he'd just said, "Sure is great to be going home," which might not have been the best thing to say under the circumstances.

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.)

ATC SERGEANT'S VOICE
Better get right out there. She's takin' off soon.

FRED
(to ATC Sergeant)
Right. Thanks.
(as he and Homer pick up their luggage, he makes an attempt to be friendly.)
Boone City your home, sailor?

HOMER
Yes, sir, Captain.

FRED
Forget the rank, chum. I'm out.

He sees that Homer does not have an easy time picking up his sea bag, but has the good sense not to offer to help.

FRED (Con't)
Where do you live in Boone?

HOMER
Over on West 17th Street. You know where Jackson High is?

FRED
Sure.

HOMER
Well, it's just a couple of blocks past it.

The SOUND of their voices FADES as they go away from CAMERA toward the door.

WIPE TO:

20 EXT. B-17 - DAY

The B-17 is painted olive drab and has combat marking and battle scars -- presenting a marked contrast to the shining Constellation down the field. Fred and Homer come up to it. Fred looks at it fondly -- another veteran of the war against Germany.

FRED
This baby's had it all right! 93rd Group -- 15th Air Force -- based in Italy. We ran into them once on a shuttle raid to Russia. (Correct group number to be checked)

(CONTINUED)

20 (Cont.)

HOMER
You were in Italy?

FRED
No, England.

HOMER
Oh. I sure would like to see Europe some time.

Fred starts to help Homer climb in the plane.

21 INT. B-17 - WAIST

Fred and Homer climbing in. It is clear that Fred is on his own home grounds in a B-17. AL STEVENSON is lying on the floor, his head on part of his kit. He moves his eyes to contemplate Fred. He is a Technical Sergeant, 7th Division, wearing the combat infantryman's badge, Asiatic-Pacific Theater Ribbon with three battle stars, Philippine Liberation Ribbon with two battle stars, and the Bronze Star.

FRED
Hi-ya, Sarge. My name's Fred Derry.

AL
(sitting up)
Al Stephenson.

They shake hands.

FRED
This is Homer -- what is it, Homer?

HOMER
Parrish.

AL
Glad to know you.

HOMER
Glad to know you, Sarge.

Homer extends his hand. Al, with barely a glance at the hook, reaches out and grasps Homer by the forearm and shakes.

HOMER
You from Boone, too?

AL
I sure am.

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont.)

FRED
(to Homer)
Come on, chum. We'll sit in the radio compartment until after take-off, and then get in the nose for a nice view of the good old USA!
(to Al)
How long since you been home?

AL
Couple of centuries.

DISSOLVE:

22 AIRVIEW - U.S. COUNTRYSIDE

A lovely farmland panorama, idyllic in its simplicity, ploughed fields, dotted with houses and barns, cattle grazing, etc.

Sun 500
Key 325

23 INT. B-17 - DAY - MED. CLOSE - IN THE NOSE

f. 6
XX

Homer is at the plexiglass, looking down eagerly. Al comes up to him. Fred is just coming through into the nose. With the air of one who has been here before, he makes himself comfortable, lies down, and is set for a long ride.

HOMER
(looking down)
Boy -- oh boy! Hey! Look at that!

Al leans over and looks down. (NOTE: Al and Fred are unable, as yet, to react casually to the fact Homer has no hands. They are understanding enough not to embarrass Homer with over-concern, but nevertheless, are moved by his situation, especially in view of his bright, youthful enthusiasm for the airplane, the view below, and the business of coming home.)

AL
What is it?

HOMER
Look at that farm. You can see it so plain. The house -- the barn -- even the cows in the back yard.

Fred, lying back, smiles at Homer's naive excitement.

FRED
This your first ride in one of these things?

23 (Cont.)

HOMER
Yes. This is my first plane ride. Oh, I saw plenty of flying all right. I was on a CV -- that's a flat-top --
(turns back toward Fred)

24 REVERSE - THREE SHOT - (PROCESS)

PAST the three men, we see the unlimited view through the plexiglass nose of the B-17. It is as though we were suspended in space. (NOTE: The process plates obtained must include side ANGLES to show engines and wings.)

HOMER (Cont.)
(looking back toward Fred)
-- but I never knew things looked so pretty from up here.
(pauses, while he looks out again)
It sure is beautiful.

FRED
I never thought so. This used to be my office.

AL
Bombardier, weren't you?

FRED
Yeh.
(points)
That's where the bomb-sight used to be. I spent a lot of time on my knees over there.

AL
Praying?

FRED
(laughs)
That too.
(not anxious to talk about it, he produces a pack of cigarettes)
Cigarette, Homer?

Fred isn't sure whether Homer can take a cigarette with his hooks, so he holds the pack up toward Homer's lips.

HOMER
It's all right, I can get it.

He takes the cigarette with one of his hooks. Fred turns to Al and offers the pack.

AL
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont.)

Fred fumbles in his pocket for matches, but by the time he gets them out, Homer has a lighted match extended toward him.

HOMER
Here, I've got one, Captain.

He proceeds to light Fred and Al's cigarettes, then stops as he is about to light his own.

HOMER (Cont.)
Anybody superstitious?

AL AND FRED
(emphatically)
No, no! Of course not! Go ahead!

HOMER
(smiling)
Well, I am.

He shakes the burning match out, and lights another. Al and Fred watch him with admiration. Homer looks up at them and grins.

HOMER
Boy, you ought to see me open a bottle of beer.

AL
Well, you've got nothing to worry about.

HOMER
Thanks.

There's a pause. Fred looks at Homer's ribbons.

FRED
I guess you saw plenty of action.

HOMER
No -- I didn't see much of the war. I mean -- not the way you fellows did.

FRED
(smiles)
Are you trying to kid the Army?

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont.1)

HOMER
(seriously)
No -- I was stationed below decks in the repair shop. Oh, I was in plenty of battles all right, but I never saw a Jap, or heard a shell coming at me. When we were sunk, all I knew was there was a lot of fire, and explosions, and I was ordered topsides and overboard, and I was burned. When I came to, I was on a cruiser and my hands were off. After that I had it easy.

AL
Easy!

HOMER
That's what I said. They took care of me fine. They trained me to use these things. I can dial telephones -- I can drive a car -- I can even put nickels in juke boxes. I'm all right, but --

He seems embarrassed to continue.

FRED
But what, sailor?

HOMER
Well -- you see I've got a girl.

Homer looks down at his hooks.

FRED
She knows what happened to you, doesn't she?

HOMER
Oh, sure -- they all know. But they don't know what these things look like.

Fred and Al realize with all Homer's surface cheerfulness, there is in him a deep-rooted fear of his incapacity.

AL
What's your girl's name, Homer?

HOMER
Wilma. She and I went to high school together.

AL
I'll bet Wilma's a swell girl.

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont.2)

HOMER
She is.

FRED
Then it'll be okay kid. You wait and see.

HOMER
(tensely)
Yeah, wait and see. But Wilma's only a kid. She's never seen anything like these hooks --

He realizes he is talking far more personally than he had intended. Besides, he doesn't want to worry other people with his troubles, so he turns and looks out the plexi-glass nose.

HOMER
Boy, wait till I get home and tell the folks about this trip. You know, I'm the first one in my family that ever rode in an airplane.

As Al and Fred grin at this --

DISSOLVE TO:

25 EXT. B-17 IN FLIGHT - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

The B-17 is cruising steadily along.

26 INT. WAIST - B-17 - NIGHT - MED. CLOSE - HOMER

Fred/ 3/0
ac 250
Front 75

He is sleeping on the floor of the plane, using a parachute for a pillow. PAN SLOWLY TOWARD the radio compartment to a SET-UP which INCLUDES part of the bulk-head leading to it in the f.g., and Al and Fred in the b.g., in the radio compartment. They are as relaxed and comfortable as possible under the circumstances. A moving shaft of moonlight slices through the scene, from the astral dome overhead. As they talk, CAMERA MOVES IN TOWARD THEM.

Arc 125

FRED
(musingly)
Say, Al -- can you remember how it felt when you went overseas?

Prof. 180
Breathed

AL
About as well as I remember my own name.

FRED
Kind of tight and jittery --

(CONTINUED)

26 (Cont.)

AL
-- because you didn't know what to expect, and whatever it was, you knew it wouldn't be good.

FRED
If I say something funny, try not to laugh --

AL
It's a deal.

FRED
I feel the same way now, only more so.

There is a pause. Al looks curiously at Fred.

AL
I know what you mean.

FRED
(laughs)
Just nervous out of the service, I guess.

AL
The thing I'm most scared of is -- everybody's going to want to rehabilitate me.

FRED
(grins)
All I want's a good job -- with a mild future -- and a little house big enough for me and my wife. Give me that much, and I'm rehabilitated like that --
(snaps his fingers)

AL
Well, I'd say it's not too much to ask.

FRED
You married, Al?

AL
Yeh.

FRED
How long?

AL
Twenty years.

26 (Cont. 1)

FRED
(whistles)
Twenty years! We didn't even have twenty days before I went over. Married a girl I met while I was training in Texas.

Al looks at him, as if expecting more autobiography, but Fred lets it go at that.

AL
Well -- now you and your wife will have a chance to get acquainted.

FRED
Yeh --
(looks toward Homer)
-- I wonder how Homer will make out with that girl of his?

AL
Wilma. I hope Wilma <u>is</u> a swell girl.

He looks off toward Homer.

27 CLOSEUP - HOMER

As he lies asleep on the floor.

28 CLOSEUP - FRED

Thoughtful, serious, as he looks off at Homer.

29 CLOSEUP - AL

Also thoughtful and concerned, watching Homer. Then he turns back toward Fred.

AL
Well -- I guess I'll put in some sack time.

30 TWO SHOT - AL AND FRED

The SHOT INCLUDES as much of the radio compartment as practical.

FRED
Okay, Al. Good night.

Al makes himself comfortable. Fred reaches up and puts out the light over the desk. The only illumination comes from the shaft of moonlight. There is silence, then:

(CONTINUED)

30 (Cont.)

AL
(sighs)
Tomorrow night --

FRED
Don't say it.

31 AIRSHOT - NIGHT (ALREADY SHOT)

A spectacular formation of clouds.

DISSOLVE TO:

32 AIRSHOT - DAWN (ALREADY SHOT)

An equally spectacular formation of clouds with the sun coming up in the b.g.

R2 front 250 f7.
Arc. Broad-200
XX

33 INT. B-17 - DAWN

CLOSE-Homer, looking out at the dawn, wondering what the new day will bring. He is thoughtful and troubled, thinking about Wilma. (Note: This and the preceding scene will be double-cut.) Homer looks at Al and Fred, who are both asleep, then out at the sunrise again, and finally closes his eyes to try to get some sleep.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

34 AIR SHOT - BOONE CITY - AFTERNOON

A long perspective on the city which lies ahead. When we see it, we wonder why anyone should be emotional about it. Its main distinguishing feature is that it looks completely typical. Just average. Its population is between one and two hundred thousand, and it might be almost any other mid-Western American city of like size.

35 INT. B-17 NOSE - AFTERNOON - AL, FRED AND HOMER

They are watching their city come toward them. They are visibly moved.

36 AIRSHOT - BOONE CITY - AFTERNOON

The view ahead tilts, as the plane banks.

37 INT. B-17 NOSE - THREE SHOT - AL, FRED AND HOMER

They are looking down, absorbed, excited, as the landscape below becomes familiar. Fred puts on earphones, takes the intercom mike, and buzzes the pilot.

FRED
How soon are you going to let down?
(listens)
How about circling over the city so we can get a look at the old home town.
(listens briefly)
Thanks.
(to Al and Homer)
We're gonna get a sight-seeing tour before we land.

HOMER
Boy!

38 AIR SHOT

SHOOTING DOWN, from the Nose, as we approach the airfield, and then see rows of thousands of combat ships of all types -- lined up to be junked.

AL'S VOICE
Holy smoke!

HOMER
I never saw so many planes in my whole life!

FRED'S VOICE
They're being junked. Boy, what we could have done with those in '42. The pilot says its the last flight for this one too. Eighty-five missions over Europe, and now she goes to the graveyard.

39 EXT. B-17 - AFTERNOON

A FULL SHOT of the plane in flight.

40 THREE SHOT - AL, FRED AND HOMER

They are looking down. (This scene will be intercut with airshots of what they see.)

FRED
Look at that camouflage job! That's the Barton Aircraft factory.

AL
Where? I don't see it.

FRED
That's the point.

HOMER
(excited)
Hey! Look! Jackson High football field. I wish I had a dollar for every forward pass I tossed down there.

FRED
Not a single bomb hit! Not a building wrecked!
(pause)
There's the Country Club -- people playing golf -- just as if nothing ever happened.
(pause)
Everything is just exactly the same.

AL
(grimly)
I wouldn't want to bet on that.

Fred looks at Al, then looks down, and sees what he means. As they look down, and as the plane makes a left turn, in the b.g. of the SHOT we see the landing gear coming down out of its casing, into landing position.

FRED
C'mon -- we've got to get back in the waist while he lands --

DISSOLVE:

41 EXT. BOONE CITY AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

FULL SHOT of a B-17 landing.

DISSOLVE:

42 EXT. BOONE CITY AIRPORT - AFTERNOON 23

LONG SHOT - The ANGLE is from underneath the wing of the B-17, SHOOTING PAST the landing gear and one of the engines, TOWARD the Boone City Airport Terminal Building. Prominent in the SHOT is a sign over a gate in the wire fence in front of the Terminal Building. The sign reads: WELCOME TO BOONE CITY. As we come into this SHOT, through the DISSOLVE, we HEAR the SOUND of the last engine on the B-17 dying. We see the propellor come to a stop. Then from CAMERA RIGHT, we see Al, Fred and Homer, carrying their luggage, walking away from the plane, toward the Terminal. There is a taxi parked to the left of the Terminal, in the b.g. As Fred walks, he turns back to the B-17, and waves up to the pilot compartment, thanking the pilot for the ride.

DISSOLVE:

43 EXT. BOULEVARD - AFTERNOON

A taxi speeding along.

44 INT. TAXI - AFTERNOON - (PROCESS)

Fred, Al and Homer looking out the window with the same excitement with which they looked down from the bomber's nose. But now they are seeing the little things.

First, they come to the Aircraft Factory.

FRED
There's that camouflage job.

AL
Now I see it.
(pause)
Doesn't seem to be much going on there.

DRIVER
They made B-29's, but they closed up six months ago.

AL
What happened to the folks who worked there?

DRIVER
Don't ask me, Mac.

Second, the ball park, "Home of the Boone City Beavers".

HOMER
(to the driver)
Say! How are the Beavers doing this season?

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER
(sourly)
They're in sixth place.

FRED
Still in the Second Division. The old town hasn't changed.

Third, they come upon a cemetery.

AL
You forget people die here, too.

Fourth, a street, on which we see a good number of people on the lawns in front of their modest homes.

AL.
The natives appear friendly —

FRED
Yeh.. Fraternizing.

AL
— and nothing's off-limits!

From this point, there is no dialogue. As they pass various things, and stare hungrily, the MUSIC tells the story. Out of the score, we can recognize Home Sweet Home, and its sentiment comes through, without the orchestration being over-sentimentalized.

Fifth, the old fire station.

Sixth, an old guard at a cross-walk stops the cab to let the school children cross the street.

Seventh, a cut down Ford with a couple of wild high-school boys (and their girls) driving along.

Eighth, two bobby-soxers, aged 15 or 16, sitting on a bench waiting for a bus.

Nine, a shopping area, crowded with people buying groceries, dry goods, etc.

Tenth, we come into a downtown street, and Butch's Place.

HOMER
(suddenly, with great excitement)
Hey! There's Butch's Place!
(straining to see it, out the back window)
Gosh! Butch has got himself a Neon sign.

(CONTINUED)

HOMER (Cont.)
(to Al and Fred)
Have you ever been in Butch's Place?
(they shake their heads "No", and smile.)
Butch Engel that runs it, he's my Uncle. Only the family don't think he's respectable -- because he sells liquor. But that's the best joint in town.

FRED
We'll all get together there for a drink one of these days. How about it, Al?

AL
Swell.

HOMER
(to the driver)
You turn East on 17th Street.

DRIVER
(who knows what he's doing)
Okay.

The cab turns a corner.

HOMER
(to Al and Fred)
This is my street.

It is a quiet, tree-shaded street with modest old houses set back behind little lawns.

Homer's exuberance is fading. He seems nervous.

HOMER
I wonder if Wilma's home.

With a sudden impulse, he looks down at his mechanical hands. He is afraid.

Al
(pats his back)
Take it easy, kid.

The driver is slowing down, looking at the house numbers.

DRIVER
(reading)
1517.

(CONTINUED)

HOMER
It's the fourth house from here.

The cab drives on and stops. Suddenly Homer feels a sense of panic. He doesn't want to get out and have to face it now.

HOMER
Say! How about the three of us going back to Butch's Place and -- we'll have a couple of drinks. Then we can go home.

AL
(sympathetic)
You're home now, kid.

45 EXT. HOMER'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON - FULL SHOT

The number 1525 is painted on the curbstone. The Parrish house is a typical side-street, middle-class, frame house about thirty years old; it is yellow, somewhat in need of paint; with a wide front porch, foolish pointed gables at the side and front, high steps leading up from the yard to the porch. There is a gravel driveway marking the line between the Parrish property and the Cameron house next door. There is also a low hedge running the length of the driveway.

The Cameron house is very like the Parrish place, with a porch-swing visible, a few garments still hanging on a clothes-line near the side door, a flower bed with a few early tulips and jonquils pushing up their heads.

Nobody is visible around the Parrish house as Homer gets out of the cab. Suddenly Homer's kid sister, Luella, bursts out the front door. Her face is transfixed with delight as she sees Homer. (She's about nine or ten years old.)

LUELLA
It's Homer!
(she turns and screams into the house, at the top of her lungs)
Mama! Mama! Daddy! It's Homer -- Homer's here.

In a frenzy of excitement, she races down to the end of the porch and yells even louder toward the house next door.

LUELLA (Cont.)
Wilma! WIL-MA! Come on over! Hurry up, Wilma! Homer's here!

Then Luella tears down the steps and rushes to embrace Homer.

45 (Cont.)

Mr. and Mrs. Parrish come out of the house. The dog, Jinx, rushes out to join in the general excitement. Homer is engulfed in his family, who pay absolutely no attention to his hands at this moment.

46 CLOSE SHOT - JINX

The dog is wetting in her excitement at seeing Homer again. A little puddle trickles out behind her.

47 MEDIUM CLOSE - AT THE TAXI

Fred and Al, seated inside, are looking off at Wilma and Homer.

TAXI DRIVER
Where next?

AL
Just a minute, bud.

48 WILMA'S HOUSE

She comes running out of the house next door, coming TOWARD THE CAMERA. She is a slim, pale girl, of eighteen. She wears a sweater, and on it is a Navy pin -- worn in honor of Homer. When she reaches the Parrish lawn, quite CLOSE to CAMERA, she stops and stares off at Homer.

49 MEDIUM CLOSE - HOMER

He intended to pat Jinx, but instead he stares at his girl.

50 MEDIUM - WILMA AND HOMER

He stands, holding his hands at his sides. She comes up to him slowly. As they draw closer together,

WILMA
Hello, Homer.

HOMER
Hello, Wilma.

She is now close to him. They are looking into each other's eyes, but he is making no move toward her, nor moving his hands from their positions pressed close against his flanks.

Suddenly, Wilma moves to him, quickly, and throws her arms about him, and kisses him.

Homer keeps his hooks pressed close to his flanks.

51 CLOSEUP - WILMA

As she holds Homer.

52 CLOSEUP - HOMER

With Wilma's head resting against his shoulder. He keeps his hooks by his sides, unable to put his arms around her.

53 GROUP SHOT

Mr. and Mrs. Parrish and Luella looking on.

54 INT. TAXI - MED. CLOSE

Al and Fred are looking off at Homer and Wilma. After a brief moment, Al leans forward to the taxi-driver.

AL
Okay, let's go.

The driver starts his engine.

55 GROUP SHOT - HOMER AND FAMILY

The ANGLE is PAST Homer, TOWARD the rest of the family, with the taxi visible in the b.g. The SOUND of the cab engine makes Homer turn toward the taxi. He looks after it as it pulls away. There is a kind of desperation in his look -- as though the taxi represented his last link with a familiar world. He lifts his right arm and waves. It is the first time he has really exposed one of his hooks to the sight of his folks and Wilma. They all look at it with tense faces, then hastily look away -- all but Mrs. Parrish.

56 CLOSE - MRS. PARRISH

Her eyes fixed on Homer's hook.

57 GROUP SHOT - HOMER AND FAMILY

Mr. Parrish, in an attempt to break the strain of the moment, leans down to pick up Homer's gear.

HOMER
(sharply)
No! Don't. I'll carry it.

He bends down and picks up the sea bag with his hooks. This is too much for Mrs. Parrish. She has tried to maintain her composure, but her heart is breaking, and she is forced into a great sobbing release of tears.

58 MED. CLOSE - MRS. PARRISH

She cannot control herself. Homer, greatly disturbed, comes close to her, and tries to comfort her.

HOMER
It's all right, Ma -- don't cry.

MRS. PARRISH
(still crying)
It's -- it's nothing, Homer --

MR. PARRISH
(gently, taking Homer's arm)
It's just that your Ma is so glad to see you home.

DISSOLVE:

59 INT. TAXI - FRED AND AL - (PROCESS)

They are passing through a residential district. Neither of them has spoken since they left the Parrish house. Finally, Fred breaks the silence.

FRED
(rather self-consciously)
You've got to hand it to the Navy. They certainly trained him to use those hooks.

AL
They couldn't train him to put his arms around his girl -- to stroke her hair --

After a moment's grim silence, Al turns to Fred.

AL
You know -- we ought to keep track of that kid.

FRED
Yeh.

DRIVER
Say, Bud -- is it this next turn up here?

AL
Yes. Thirty seven - forty.

The cab makes the turn. Al is beginning to show signs of nervousness.

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont.)

AL
(turning to Fred)
Say, Fred -- maybe we'd better drop you first.

Fred looks at him, understands, and although he smiles slightly, speaks arbitrarily.

FRED
No! You're next.
(pause)
And we're not going back to Butch's for a drink, either.

AL
I feel as if I were going in to hit a beach.

60 EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - FULL SHOT

As the taxi drives up to the entrance and stops.

61 INT. TAXI - MED. CLOSE

Al opens the door, gets out, and pulls his barracks bag after him.

AL
(on the sidewalk)
This is it -- I'm home.

Fred cranes his neck up at the swanky building.

FRED
Some barracks you've got here. Say what are you -- a retired bootlegger?

AL
Nothing as dignified as that. I'm a banker.
(hand in pocket, to the driver)
How much do I owe you?

FRED
(sharply)
Take your hand out of your pocket, Sergeant. You're outranked. Report to your family for further orders -- and I'll take care of the cab.

AL
Yes, sir, Captain, sir!

FRED
(warmly)
Good luck, chum.

62 EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - MEDIUM

Al closes the taxi door, steps back and salutes. Fred returns it, and the taxi drives off. Al stands on the sidewalk, looking after it.

63 INT. TAXI - (PROCESS)

Through the back window, Fred can see Al, standing at the curb, looking after the departing cab. The whole apartment house comes into view, as Al gets smaller and smaller. Fred thinks that Al represents his last link with the Army -- and that since Al lives in a place like that, they aren't going to have much in common in civilian life.

The cab starts to turn a corner.

64 EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - MEDIUM

Al is waving ~~at~~ the cab as it turns the corner, and disappears. Then he turns and carries his bag to the entrance, and goes through the door.

65 INT. APARTMENT HOUSE LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Al is walking steadily toward the elevator doors at the rear of the lobby. A uniformed lobby attendant, behind a desk, rises, indignantly.

ATTENDANT
One moment, please.

Al keeps going toward the elevators.

ATTENDANT
(yelling)
One moment, please!

Al halts and turns, now realizing the Attendant is challenging him.

ATTENDANT
Just whom do you wish to see?

AL
(smiles)
Mrs. Stephenson.

He starts toward the elevators again.

ATTENDANT
(angrily)
Just a minute!
(firmly, as he starts to pick up the house phone)
I'll have to announce you first.

(CONTINUED)

AL
(barking a command)
Put that phone down! I'm her husband.

ATTENDANT
(gawking; incredulous and doubtful)
You're Mr. Stephenson?

AL
(correcting him)
Sergeant Stephenson. What did you expect?
(he laughs)
A Four Star General?

Al goes on toward the elevator. The Attendant stares after him in mixed confusion, but makes no further move to telephone.

WIPE:

66 INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Al comes down the hallway, and stops in front of his own apartment door. He hesitates, wipes his moist hand on his pants, gets himself set, and finally rings the doorbell.

The door is opened by ROB -- a stocky, intelligent boy of 13 or 14. ROB looks at his father. His eyes widen with recognition. He is about to yell -- but Al puts his hand over the boy's mouth, and steps into the apartment.

67 INT. STEPHENSON APARTMENT - MEDIUM SHOT IN THE ENTRANCE HALL

Arc thru window 240

Al looks down the narrow corridor.

AL
(in an undertone)
Where's Mom?

Key 325 f6. XX

Rob can only point. Al drops his bags and starts down the corridor.

PEGGY comes out of the kitchen. She is carrying a platter of meat-balls and mashed potatoes. She is a lovely girl - capable, courageous and naturally chic in her simple dress and apron.

Suddenly confronted by her father, Peggy almost drops the plate but Al, with a quick move, catches it. She too is about to yell out.

(CONTINUED)

AL
(stopping her)
Where's Mom?

Peggy, her beautiful eyes filling with sudden tears, gestures toward the living room. Al goes.

68 INT. LIVING ROOM

It is small, but attractively, comfortably furnished.

We are looking out through open French windows to a small terrace, where MILLY is setting the supper plates on a card table. It is just about sunset. There are three chairs. Milly looks young and alluring and very much alive.

MILLY
Who was that at the door?
(she turns to look in the living room)
Peggy! Rob! Who was.....

Suddenly, instinctively, she knows. Throughout these years, Al has always been there, in her mind, and she has been thinking of the moment when he would walk in that door.

She puts down a plate, hard, and goes to the French windows leading into the living room. She sees Al, as he comes through the door from the corridor on the other side of the room.

For a while, both of them just stand there, looking at each other, appraisingly, almost suspiciously, as though they were strangers. Their silence is strained, intense. Al's face is hard, set. In Milly's face is fear. At length, Al moves slowly across the living room, and out the French windows. Then he seizes her, almost roughly in his arms.

After a moment, Al holds her at arm's length, and looks at her. Nervously, she puts up her hands to straighten her hair. She gives a little, strangled laugh.

MILLY
I - I look terrible --

AL
Who says so?

MILLY
It isn't fair of you to bust in like this --

AL
(letting go of her)
I phoned you from Portland --

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.)

MILLY
Yes. But you said you wouldn't be home for --

AL
I was lucky. I got a plane to Welburn - then another one --

MILLY
Are you all right, Al?

AL
Sure. Are you all right?

MILLY
Of course I am.
(a nervous little laugh)
But - let me look at you, Al.

AL
Don't look now. I need a bath and a shave.

Peggy comes in. She gives a quick look at Milly and Al and senses the tension of the situation. She attempts to relieve it by going to Al and throwing her arms about him. Rob comes in, he looks curiously, thoughtfully at Al.

PEGGY
If you don't mind, Mom -
(she kisses Al fervently)

MILLY
I - I'd better call up the Kenworthy's and tell them we won't be over this evening.

AL
The Kenworthy's? Who are they?

MILLY
We met them last year. Charming people. Peggy and I were going over there to play bridge. You'll like them.

Al makes a mental note that he isn't going to like the Kenworthy's. Milly is at the telephone. Al looks long at Peggy, and then at Rob.

AL
My daughter - and my son. I don't recognize you. What's happened?

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont. 1)

PEGGY
(laughs)
Just a few years of normal growth... Don't you approve of it?

AL
I - I don't know yet.
(he is half kidding but half intensely serious)
I've got to have more time to get to know you.

MILLY
(at the telephone)
Hello?. . . Oh, Alice. . this is Milly . . I'm terribly sorry we can't be over.
(Al looks at her. She looks at him. She is confused)
I mean ... . I'm terribly happy ... You see .., Al ... my husband ... he's home. Just now. Yes... yes...yes...

There is a choke in her voice, as though tears are imminent.

DISSOLVE TO:

69 EXT. FULL SHOT - UNDER THE ARCHES

Fred is paying the Taxi. This completed, he picks up his musette and B-4 bags and starts walking. We PAN, showing the dreary scene which confronts Fred. The sordid environment of his father's home.

Perhaps, as he comes within view of PAT DERRY'S house, he pauses to shift the B-4 from one hand to another - and we SHOOT PAST him as he looks toward the house. Then he walks up to the house, ducking as he passes the flapping lines of laundry.

70 EXT. PAT DERRY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

Fred, scraping the mud from his shoes, rings the front door bell. From inside we hear HORTENSE'S somewhat shrill voice.

HORTENSE
(from off)
Oh - all <u>right</u> - <u>I'll</u> answer it.

(CONTINUED)

70 (Cont.)

The door opens and HORTENSE is flabbergasted to see Fred. She is a stout, blondish woman, about 55. She wears a sheer black dress - too short and too tight - and over it a dirty apron; she has been cooking supper. Her pathetic, faded face lights up with genuine joy at the sight of Fred.

FRED
Hello, Hortense.

HORTENSE
Freddy!
(she calls off)
Pat! It's Freddy! Freddy's come home.

Fred leans over and gives her a perfunctory kiss on the forehead. Then he walks into the living room, which opens onto the little front hall.

71 INT. LIVING ROOM - PAT DERRY'S HOUSE

Pat Derry is sitting in the one easy chair, reading the evening paper, which gives the latest baseball scores. He is a small, watery-eyed man of about 60. He is wearing dirty old pants, bedroom slippers and an undershirt. On a table by his side is a bottle of gin and a half empty glass.

Fred looks at his Father and thinks, "I'd forgotten what he looked like. I knew he looked bad - but I'd forgotten how bad."

FRED
Hello, Pop.

Pat looks at Fred. His dimmed eyes cannot readily communicate to his brain the reality of this magnificent young officer who, at some remote time in the past, was his son.

HORTENSE
Pat! Aren't you going to say anything to your own son?

PAT
Hello, Fred. Glad to see you, my boy.

Pat starts to cry. Fred is acutely embarrassed by this development. He thinks, "Why in God's name does he have to do that?" Hortense, however, enjoys the emotionalism of the moment. She bustles forward to Pat and reproves him in tender, motherly tones.

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.)

HORTENSE
Why, Patrick Derry - you sentimental old fool. Imagine! What must Fred think of you for crying like a baby. Look at him, Pat! Look at your hero son. Look at all those beautiful ribbons on his chest. Now, come on, Fred. You tell your father what all those ribbons mean.

Fred, however, has looked away, into the kitchen, where the neglected supper is being over-cooked.

FRED
Where - where is she?

HORTENSE
Where's who?

FRED
Marie. Is she out?

At the mention of Marie, Pat's tears are dried. He looks at Hortense, as though asking, "You explain it to him."

HORTENSE
She isn't here, Freddy.

FRED
Do you expect her back soon?

HORTENSE
You see, Freddy - she doesn't live with us here now. She took an apartment down town.

FRED
Why didn't anybody write me about it?

HORTENSE
We were all afraid it would just worry you, with you so far away and all. But it was very inconvenient for Marie, having to live in this out of the way place, after she took that job...

PAT
But we've been forwarding your letters and the allotment checks -

FRED
She took a job? Where?

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont. 1)

PAT
Some night club. I don't know just which one.

HORTENSE
The poor girl has to work till all hours.

FRED
Where does she live?

PAT
Grand View Arms -- 224 Pine Street.

HORTENSE
There's nothing to worry about, Freddy. Marie's fine. We saw her last Christmas. She brought us some lovely presents.

PAT
Marie's a good-hearted girl.

FRED
Do you know what time she goes out to work?

PAT
Along about supper time, generally.

Fred is acutely embarrassed to be discussing all this with Pat and Hortense. He glances at his wrist watch, then shoulders his musette bag.

FRED
Mind if I leave the big bag here? I'll pick it up later.

HORTENSE
Of course - you leave it here - and I've got your clothes all ready for you... But can't you stay for a bite to eat, Freddy?

FRED
No thanks, Hortense. Good-bye, Pop - be seeing you.

PAT
We're glad to have you home, my boy.

Pat seems on the verge of tears again.

FRED
It's good to be home.

Fred goes out, fast, before there can be another outburst of emotion.

(XX) Arc Key 200 f. 5.3 (f.5)
Fill 50

72 EXT. GRAND VIEW ARMS - DUSK close up Arc - 400 & fill 100 f.6.

The Grand View Arms is an ugly, frowsy-looking building, with a neon sign.

Fred comes into the scene and looks at the place despondently. He goes up to the entrance -- a glass door leading into the tiny, empty vestibule. He tries the door. It is locked. He looks about for a bell, then sees that it is one of those places with individual mailboxes and push-buttons. He cannot find a card for Marie. He looks again and finds a card marked SUPERINTENDENT. He rings that bell.

After a while, the Superintendent appears in the vestibule and opens the door. He is a mean, scrubby-looking, flabby man in shirt sleeves. A napkin is tucked in his baggy pants. He is not pleased about having his dinner interrupted, and goes on chewing through the scene, taking an occasional bite from a chicken leg he carries.

FRED
I'm looking for Mrs. Fred Derry.

SUPERINTENDENT
Derry? Marie Derry?

FRED
Yeh, that's it. I'm her husband.

The Superintendent stops chewing.

SUPERINTENDENT
(after a pause)
She ain't in.

FRED
Well, which is the button for her apartment?

SUPERINTENDENT
Three C.
(seeing Fred about to ring)
But it won't do you no good to ring. She went out.

FRED
What time does she usually get home from work?

SUPERINTENDENT
I don't know. The tenants here don't punch a time clock.

FRED
Where does she work?

SUPERINTENDENT
Don't ask me. You say you're her husband. You ought to know more than I do.

(CONTINUED)

72 (Cont.)

FRED
I just got back from overseas.

The Superintendent stops chewing again.

SUPER
(after a pause)
Oh.

His hostile expression changes to one suggestive of commiseration.

FRED
I'll be back later. And one other thing, my friend. I might take a notion sometime to poke you one in the kisser.

This time the Superintendent swallows abruptly. Then he hastily closes the door. Fred walks away from the Grand View Arms, annoyed as hell.

73 INT. DINER - DUSK

This is a crummy joint across the street from the Grand View Arms. SHOOTING THROUGH THE WINDOW, we can see Fred walking across the street, and up to the diner. He stands outside looking it over, then pushes through the door. PULL BACK as Fred comes into the place. He spots a battered telephone directory on a table near a wall phone. He takes the book, and carries it over to the counter.

COUNTER-MAN
(as Fred sits on a stool)
What's yours?

FRED
(opening the phone book)
What've you got?

The counter-man jerks his thumb toward the bill of fare, on the wall behind him. Fred looks at it.

FRED
Cream of corn soup. Corned beef hash with poached egg. Stewed tomatoes. Coffee. Buttered toast.

COUNTER-MAN
No butter.

FRED
(looking down at his phone book)
Okay. Skip the toast and make it a doughnut.

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont.)

Fred scans the D's: Denman - Denton - Depot. But he can't find anything under Fred or Marie Derry.

The attendant comes out with the soup, starts to put it where Fred had been sitting, sees he has moved. The attendant looks annoyed and puts the soup down in front of Fred.

As Fred starts to eat the soup, we see that he has turned to the Classified Section in the back of the Directory. He is looking at the names listed under "Night Clubs."

DISSOLVE:

74 INT. AL AND MILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Milly is fixing up the room for the night, having removed the day-cover from the bed, turned back the sheets, etc. She puts out Al's pajamas and slippers. She performs this ceremony with tender emotion. She starts toward the bathroom. Passing the dressing table, she catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror. She pauses to put some stray strands of her hair back in place. She looks at the many pictures of Al on the dressing table and stuck in the frame of the mirror. She has been looking at these from the depths of loneliness for years. But now Al himself is home. She smiles happily.

75 INT. LIVING ROOM

Al and Rob are in the living room. Al has got out some souvenirs he had brought for Rob.

AL
Here's a samurai sword, Rob.

ROB
Thanks very much, Dad.

It is evident that Rob is not tremendously impressed. Al notes this.

AL
And here's a flag, carried by a Jap soldier. All that writing on it are signatures and good luck messages, from his relatives --

ROB
I know. The Japanese attach a lot of importance to the family relationship.

AL
(looking at him)
Yes. They're entirely different from us.

(CONTINUED)

75 (Cont.)

Rob has laid down the souvenirs.

ROB
Did you get to Hiroshima, Dad?

AL
Yes.

ROB
What's it like there?

AL
Well -- it's just like any other bombed out city -- only more so.

ROB
But didn't you notice any effects of radioactivity on the people who survived the blast?

WE FAVOR Al as he listens to Rob with worried amazement. It should be emphasized that Rob is not precocious in an unpleasant way -- just an intelligent, modern boy, four years older than when Al last saw him, and infinitely wiser.

AL
No, I didn't. Should I have?

Milly comes in, and stands behind Rob, out of his line of vision.

ROB
We've had some lectures at school in atomic energy. Mr. MacLaggen -- he's our physics teacher -- he says we've reached the point where the whole human race must either find a way to live together, or else -- er --

AL
Or else!

ROB
That's right. Or else. Because when you combine atomic energy with jet propulsion, radar, guided missiles -- just think of what --
(he catches one of the looks being exchanged by Al and Milly)
Aw, listen, Dad -- you're kidding me. You've been all those places, and seen everything --

(CONTINUED)

75 (Cont. 1)

AL
(looking at Milly)
No. I've seen nothing. I should have stayed home and learned what was really going on.

Peggy comes in, brightly.

PEGGY
I've finished the dishes.

AL
Why do you have to do that? Is this the maid's night out?

PEGGY
(laughs)
Our maid took a night out three years ago and we haven't seen her since. But everything's all right. I took a course in domestic science, and even bought a cook book.

AL
What's happened to this family? All this atomic energy - scientific efficiency.

Peggy laughs and goes over and gives Al a hug and kiss.

PEGGY
It's nice to have you around, Dad. You'll get us back to normal.

AL
(dubiously)
Or maybe go nuts myself.

PEGGY
Come on, Rob. It's time to go to bed.

AL
(nervously)
This early?

PEGGY
Yes!

ROB
Good night, Dad.

(CONTINUED)

75 (Cont. 2)

He starts out.

AL
I don't see why you have to go now...

MILLY
Rob! Aren't you going to take those souvenirs that Dad brought you?

ROB
Oh, yes --

He picks them up and goes. Peggy kisses Milly with exceptional tenderness.

PEGGY
'Night, Mom.

MILLY
Good night, darling.

PEGGY
(to Al)
Don't you worry, Dad. We can handle the problems. We're tough.

She laughs and goes.

Left alone together, the constraint between Al and Milly becomes immediately more acute. He glances at her, uncomfortably, then gets up and walks around the room. Milly is sewing buttons on the shirts. There are some moments of awkward silence.

MILLY
(after a moment)
What do you think of the children?

AL
Children? I don't recognize them. They've grown so old.

(CONTINUED)

75 (Cont. 3)

MILLY
(smiles)
Don't blame me for that. I tried to stop them -- to keep them just as they were when you left. But they got away from me.

AL
(pacing)
I guess Peggy has a lot of boy-friends.

MILLY
She's very popular.

AL
Is she concentrating on anyone in particular?

MILLY
(casually)
I don't know. She doesn't tell me about those things.

AL
Have you told her any of the things she ought to know?

MILLY
What, for instance?

AL
Well -- I mean, the things she ought to know --

MILLY
She worked for two years in a hospital. She knows more than you or I ever will.

Al lights a cigarette, then thinks to offer one to Milly.

AL
Cigarette?

MILLY
(laughs)
Don't you remember, Al? I don't smoke.

AL
Oh, yeh - I'm sorry.

MILLY
It's all right, darling.

(CONTINUED)

75 (Cont. 4)

AL
(after a moment)
It's terrifying.

MILLY
What is?

AL
Youth!

MILLY
(smiles)
Didn't you ever run across any young people in the Army?

AL
(emphatically)
No! They were all old men, like me.

Milly glances up at him, furtively, from time to time - but trying always to appear busy with her sewing. She is deliberately, tactfully waiting for him to make the advances, knowing that the worst thing she can do in his present mood is to betray her tremendous desire for him.

MILLY
(sighs)
Yes - it's terrible to be old, isn't it! Why don't you sit down and relax?

AL
(a little sharply)
I'm perfectly relaxed standing up... Is there such a thing as a drink in this house?

MILLY
I'll see.

She gets up and goes to the kitchen. Al looks after her. He is frowning, perplexed, wondering what the hell is the matter with everything here, including himself.

76 KITCHEN

Peggy is looking in the ice-box, taking stock. Milly comes in.

PEGGY
You know, Mom - we haven't got enough eggs for Dad's breakfast, or bacon either. But I'll go out the first thing in the morning and get some.

(CONTINUED)

Milly has gone to a cupboard and got out an almost empty whisky bottle.

MILLY
Is this all the liquor we've got left?

PEGGY
That's all.

Milly empties the bottle into a glass.

MILLY
I certainly wish he'd given us some warning he was going to get here today --

PEGGY
(sympathetic)
Don't worry, Mom.

MILLY
I mean - so that we could have got in some supplies of things --

She is speaking with some irritability. Her superb patience is, for the moment, snapping. But Peggy is calm and maternal.

PEGGY
(smiles)
Mother! I know it's a little difficult -- but that's only because Dad's so crazy about you, and he's been away so long and missed you so terribly.
(Milly gives Peggy a questioning look)
He can't just walk in and immediately pick up the old life as if nothing --

Peggy stops suddenly. Both she and Milly look toward the door as they hear Al approaching. He comes in, to their great surprise, full of high spirits and good cheer.

AL
I've got a wonderful idea. Let's go out on the town -- the three of us.

PEGGY
To-night?

76 (Cont. 1)

AL
Yes, tonight. Right now. We'll celebrate the old man's home-coming.

He spots the drink Milly poured, and downs it.

PEGGY
Not me. You two go out together. I'm going to bed.

AL
(sharply)
No! You too. The three of us. I want to do something -- see something. I've been in jungles -- and around savages so long I've got to find out that I'm back in civilization again!

DISSOLVE:

77-88 MONTAGE

This will be a short series of DISSOLVES to capture the savage jungle spirit of Penrose Street, which is the West 52nd Street or "Strip" of Boone City. MUSIC and SOUND will be incorporated. THROUGH the DISSOLVE, we HEAR the SOUND of a swing tom-tom, and a slide trombone played in a raucus style. We will HEAR shrieks of women laughing, men shouting, etc., as well as various kinds of street noises, automobile horns, traffic whistles, etc. The MONTAGE should include:

a. A jazz drummer pounding away as though he were insane.

b. Semi-nude tootsies, shaking and shimmying in some cheap floor show.

c. A gaudy night club exterior with people going in. A bouncer tosses out a drunk.

d. Al, Peggy and Milly looking through a window into a circular bar, which surrounds a raised platform on which there is a FAT WOMAN, dressed in cheap evening clothes, shouting into a microphone in a fog-horn voice, to the accompaniment of a jazzy small band. Loud-speakers outside carry the SOUND of her singing: "I want every bit of it or none at all, 'cause I don't like it second-hand." Al is quite clearly startled by "civilization".

(CONTINUED)

77-88 (Cont.)

e. A shooting gallery, with lots of noise. He looks off as he hears the sound of gunfire.

f. Dancing couples, featuring Lindy Hoppers, leaping wildly about the floor.

g. Musicians' feet bouncing up and down to the same hot rhythm.

h. Al, Milly and Peggy huddled at a small table, in a terrific jam of people, continuously pushed from all sides. The hot music of the previous SHOTS is CONTINUED. Al looks around with amazement.

i. A girl in spangled skin-tight costume is turning back flips one after the other in the hot round disc of a spotlight. (Not necessary to show anything else by way of a set.) O.S. we HEAR thunderous applause.

j. The surface of a bar, with drinks, beer bottles and many small piles of money waiting to pay for the next drink. A bent elbow of a tippler in the extreme f.g.

k. Al, flanked by Milly and Peggy, looks around, and then philosophically, takes a drink.

(~~NOTE: Use stock~~ footage wherever possible.)

DISSOLVE:

89 INT. JACKIE'S HOT SPOT - HAT CHECK COUNTER

Fred goes up to the Hat-Check girl.

GIRL
Yes, sir?

FRED
Do you have a girl who works here named Marie Derry?

GIRL
Derry? I don't recognize the name. Hey -- Jackie!

She calls to the fat, beady-eyed, cigar-chewing proprietor of the joint.

JACKIE
Yeh?

(CONTINUED)

89 (Cont.)

GIRL
(to Fred)
Ask him. He knows the names of all the girls here, -- and telephone numbers.

FRED
Do you have a girl here named Marie Derry?

JACKIE
(eying him)
No. But, I'll tell you what, Captain -- if you're looking for a nice little date, we got some very lovely dancing partners. Very nice girls --

FRED
Thanks.

He turns and goes out.

DISSOLVE:

90 INT. PARRISH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In contrast to the noisy, violent gaiety of Penrose Street, the Parrish living room is quiet and strained. All we HEAR at first, is the irritating SOUND of Mr. Parrish scraping the bowl of his pipe. Mr. Parrish, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron (Wilma's parents), Homer, Wilma and Luella are sitting about, stiffly and ill at ease. Cameron is a rather stodgy, pompous man, and his wife is a mousy, fluttery little woman. No one knows exactly what to say. Although they try not to look at Homer's hooks, everything they say or do is dictated by their intense awareness of them.

MRS. CAMERON
(fanning herself)
It's been warm today, hasn't it?

No one replies.

91 TWO SHOT - HOMER AND MR. PARRISH

The ANGLE is PAST Homer, TOWARD his father, who continues to scrape the bowl of his pipe. He becomes conscious of Homer looking at him, and then becomes extremely self-conscious of his own hands. He feels guilty about them, stops cleaning his pipe, and tries to get rid of his hands by folding his arms across his chest. OVER this, we HEAR:

(CONTINUED)

91 (Cont.)

MR. CAMERON'S VOICE
(after a long pause)
I see in the papers where it says that taxes may be coming down next year.

Mr. Parrish, who now has his arms folded across his chest, turns to Mr. Cameron, feigning profound interest.

MR. PARRISH
Is that so -- coming down, eh? --

MR. CAMERON
Yep --

92 GROUP SHOT

Luella is staring at Homer's hooks. She is quite honest in her curiosity. Mr. Cameron, now that he has Mr. Parrish's ear, shifts pompously in his chair and then speaks:

MR. CAMERON (Cont.)
Well, I'll tell you -- as I see it -- we're headed for bad times in this country. Of course, we're in the back-wash of the war boom now, but the tide is running out fast. Next year, in my opinion, we'll see widespread depression and unemployment.
(he takes a cigar from his vest pocket)
Have a cigar?

PARRISH
No thanks, Mr. Cameron. I've got my pipe.

He holds it up.

CAMERON
Homer? Didn't you contract the tobacco habit in the Navy?

He smiles rather patronizingly at Homer as he offers him a cigar.

HOMER
Just cigarettes, Mr. Cameron.

Cameron bites off the end of the cigar and spits it elegantly into the fireplace.

MRS. CAMERON
(to Homer)
Wilma tells us you were in the Philippines, Homer.

(CONTINUED)

92 (Cont.)

HOMER
Well - I was around there, Mrs. Cameron but I never saw anything.

MRS. CAMERON
Did you meet General MacArthur?

HOMER
No - I didn't get to meet him.

Homer sees that Mr. Cameron is without a match, and jumps up.

HOMER
I got a light, Mr. Cameron.

MR. CAMERON
(nervously)
No, no!
(he hastily lights his own match, giving Homer no chance to show what he can do)

Homer sits down again. There is general embarrassment. Homer has been perfectly aware of all the attention he received. He feels miserable.

MRS. CAMERON
You know, I've always thought he's such a handsome man.

LUELLA
Who?

MRS. CAMERON
General MacArthur.

Mrs. Parrish comes in with a tray of glasses of lemonade. Wilma jumps up, glad of the interruption.

WILMA
Can't I help with that, Mrs. Parrish?

MRS. PARRISH
No - you sit right down, Wilma. Some lemonade, Mrs. Cameron?

MRS. CAMERON
Why - thank you.

Mrs. Parrish is passing the lemonade.

MR. CAMERON
Have you thought any about getting a job, Homer?

92 (Cont. 1)

HOMER
Well - I had all that training in the Navy as a machinist - but -

WILMA
Oh, Father - it's much too soon for Homer to be thinking about a job, he's just out of the hospital.

MR. CAMERON
I know - but - a few months from now there won't be the same opportunities that exist today. You might think about my business, Homer. Insurance. We've taken on a number of veterans - they make very good salesmen you know, - men who have suffered from some kind of - er - disability. Come down to my office one of these days and we'll talk it over.

Homer reaches out to take a glass of lemonade. All eyes are on him. - The glass slips from Homer's clutch and the lemonade spills on the carpet.

HOMER
Oh, gee - Momma - I'm sorry - -

MRS. PARRISH
Now - that's perfectly all right, Homer. It won't hurt the carpet a bit. Luella - you skin out to the kitchen and get me a dish-rag.

LUELLA
Yes, Momma.

She runs out, thrilled by this event.

MRS. PARRISH
Here's another glass for you, Homer. Wilma - you hold it for him.

HOMER
(jumping up)
No, thanks - I - if you don't mind - I think I'll go out and walk around for a while.

He goes out. He is followed by a moment of blank silence. Luella returns, on the run, with the rag. She looks around.

LUELLA
Where's Homer?

(CONTINUED)

92 (Cont. 2)

MRS. PARRISH
He - he went out.

She bursts into tears, and hurries out. Mr. Parrish gets up and goes after her.

DISSOLVE TO:

93 EXT. PENROSE STREET - NIGHT - MOVING SHOT ON SIDEWALK

Again MUSIC comes jarringly through the DISSOLVE. Fred is walking along, still looking for the night club where Marie works. (This to be SHOT with CONCEALED CAMERA driving alongside.) We see lots of store windows, etc. in b.g.

94 SCENE OUT

95 EXT. HAWAIIAN GROTTO - NIGHT

Fred comes up to the entrance. The Hawaiian Grotto is a cheap night club, with pictures and decorations outside indicating that it features a South Sea Island motif. Fred pauses, looks at the girls in the pictures, then speaks to the doorman, a non-Hawaiian, dressed as one.

FRED
Do you know if there's a girl works here named Marie Derry?

DOORMAN
Wouldn't know, Mac. We got blondes -- brunettes -- red heads.
(confidentially)
We've even got one Hawaiian. Why don't you step in and look 'em over.

Fred decides against it and goes on.

96 EXT. PENROSE STREET - NIGHT

Peggy's car is driving along. From inside we hear Al's voice, singing the ageless Infantry song:

(CONTINUED)

92 (Cont. 2)

MRS. PARRISH
He - he went out.

She bursts into tears, and hurries out. Mr. Parrish gets up and goes after her.

DISSOLVE TO:

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94 MEDIUM SHOT - ON SIDEWALK

Two young girls come toward Fred. One of them is eating an ice-cream cone. They look at Fred with frank approval. They are not tarts -- just ordinary young, attractive girls who see nothing wrong in speaking to lonely service men.

We do not hear what the girls say when they smile at Fred and speak to him. He gives them an easy, impersonal greeting and walks on.

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(confidentially)
We've even got one Hawaiian. Why don't you step in and look 'em over.

Fred decides against it and goes on.

96 EXT. PENROSE STREET - NIGHT

Peggy's car is driving along. From inside we hear Al's voice, singing the ageless Infantry song:

(CONTINUED)

96 (Cont.)

AL'S VOICE
"It's home, boys, home ---
It's home we ought to be --
Home, boys, home --
Back in God's countree --"

97 INT. PEGGY'S CAR - NIGHT

Peggy is driving, and Al's in the middle, singing loudly. Milly and Peggy are smiling at each other, but both are pretty well fed up with this celebration.

AL
(sings)
"We'll raise Old Glory to the top of the pole,
And we'll all re-enlist in a --"

He stops suddenly and turns to Peggy.

AL
Hey, Driver -- there it is -- The Pick Up Cafe. Stop right here.

Peggy pulls over to the curb.

MILLY
Now listen, Al -- all kidding aside -- don't you think it's time to go home to bed and get some sleep?

AL
I agree with you absolutely. Bed! Sleep! A beauty-rest mattress! But not as of this moment. First - we've got to stop for one last little drink. -- And I don't want to hear any arguments about that. One drink is all you'll be allowed.

He reaches past Milly to open the door. As he does, Milly and Peggy exchange a look of humorous resignation.

98 EXT. PENROSE STREET - BUTCH'S PLACE - NIGHT

Homer is walking along, on his way to Butch's.

Butch's Place is a modest Bar and Grill with a gleaming Neon Sign. In the window is a frame containing the card announcing "Today's Special -- Yankee Pot Roast", etc. From inside comes the SOUND of a piano, playing jazz in the classical manner.

Homer looks up admiringly at the neon sign, then goes in the swinging doors.

AAC ON DOOR
KEY INSIDE → 400 f. 7.0

99 INT. BUTCH'S PLACE - NIGHT

This is a genial place, with a bar and tables, most of which are in booths. The food is good and so is the drink. The place is run on a take it or leave it basis, with no chi-chi, and sawdust on the floor. All of this is characteristic of BUTCH ENGEL, himself, a quiet, tough, lean, hard-bitten philosopher. Properly approached, Butch can reveal a tender heart; but, when necessary, he can flatten a heavyweight with one punch.

The place is not crowded, but all those present seem to be having a fine time. They are all personal friends of Butch's.

Butch is seated at the piano, rambling about idly from one tune to another and improvising whenever he feels in the mood. He looks up, sees Homer coming in.

BUTCH
Hey, Homer!

He puts out his cigarette, and goes over to greet him, with great excitement. They meet and go into a bear-hug. Then Butch holds Homer off and looks at him.

BUTCH
Hello, kid.

HOMER
Butch! My old Uncle Butch!

BUTCH
It's good to see you, kid.
(indicating Fred, who has been sitting back at the bar)
Your friend the Captain here told me you were back -- but I certainly didn't expect you in so soon.

Homer is over-joyed to see Fred, who comes over.

FRED
Homer! My old ship-mate!

HOMER
Hiya, Captain. So you took my advice and came to Butch's! C'mon, let's have a drink.

He leads Fred and Butch back to the bar. STEVE, the bartender, is there. Homer is delighted to see him. This is old home week, for him.

HOMER
Hiya, Steve.

(CONTINUED)

99 (Cont.)

STEVE
Glad to see you back, Homer - what'll it be?

HOMER
(repeating)
"What'll it be?" How many times have I dreamed of hearing that question.
(he turns to Fred)
You know, Fred - before I went into the Navy, Butch wouldn't ever let me drink any liquor. He used to read me lectures about the curse of drink, but it's different now. I'm a veteran!
(he turns to Steve)
Gimme a whiskey, Steve - straight.

Steve looks questioningly at Butch.

STEVE
Okay, Butch?

BUTCH
Draw a beer for the Navy!

HOMER
Aw, Butch - I ordered whiskey.

BUTCH
Beer!

HOMER
(looks at Fred)
I'm going to take my trade to some other joint where I don't have relatives.

While Steve is drawing the beer, Butch looks curiously at Homer.

BUTCH
Say, what are you doing here anyway? Why aren't you home with the folks?

HOMER
Aw -- they -- they went to bed -- and I wasn't sleepy -- so I thought "why not go down and see old Butch."

Steve serves the beer. Homer extends his hook to pick up the glass. Butch has been deliberately paying no attention to the hooks, but now he can't help watching, his face tense. Homer senses this. He lifts the glass.

100 TWO SHOT - BUTCH AND HOMER

The ANGLE FAVORS Butch.

HOMER
Here's to you, Butch.
(then)
How'm I doin'?

He drinks, sets the glass down, then looks at Butch and grins. During this time we see Butch - clenching his teeth - fighting to remain casual - and succeeding.

BUTCH
Say, kid, you're doing all right.

HOMER
Thanks.
(turns to Fred)
I told you you'd like it here.
Where'd you leave Al?

101 TWO SHOT - FRED AND HOMER

The ANGLE FAVORS Fred. In the far b.g. is the front door.

FRED
Oh, Al? He's home -- in the swankiest apartment house in town. We'll never see him again.

At this point, the door in the b.g. bursts open with a bang --

102 INT. BUTCH'S PLACE - AT DOOR - NIGHT

Al, Milly and Peggy enter. Al looks around approvingly.

AL
Say! This is the best place we've been yet.

Then he sees Fred and Homer. He lets out a whoop and goes forward to greet them as though they were old and treasured pals whom he hadn't seen in years.

103 MED. SHOT - FRED AND HOMER

As they see Al coming toward them. They rise to greet him.

104 MED. CLOSE - AT DOOR

Milly and Peggy are watching the hilarious meeting of the three men. (We HEAR their ad lib greetings o.s.)

(CONTINUED)

104 (Cont.)

MILLY
(grimly)
Buddies! Old buddies! That's all we needed.

AL'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Hey -- Milly -- Peggy! Step up and meet the gang!

Milly and Peggy go forward to the bar.

105 MEDIUM - AT BAR

Al presents Milly and Peggy as they come into the SHOT.

AL
This is Homer - this is Fred - my wife and daughter. Homer and I were together at the battle of Lingayen Gulf, only we didn't know it at the time.
(beams at everyone)
Now the party's really going to get started.

Milly winces at that, but is gracious in her greeting of Fred and Homer.

Fred looks at Peggy, goes forward and shakes hands with her.

FRED
You're Al's daughter?

PEGGY
(smiles)
Why not?

FRED
He didn't tell me about you.

PEGGY
He didn't know about me.

AL
Say, Fred - where's your wife - I want to meet her.

FRED
(without embarrassment)
I haven't been able to find her yet. She works in some night club. I've been to four or five places, looking for her, but -

(CONTINUED)

105 (Cont.)

AL
We'll find her, Fred, before this night is out. We'll deploy our forces and comb the town - won't we, Milly?

MILLY
Oh - by all means.

AL
(pointing to Homer)
We've got the Navy to convoy us. But, first, we've got to get one thing straight. Homer lost his hands and he's got those hooks instead. But they don't worry him. So they don't need to worry anybody else. That right, Homer?

HOMER
(grins)
Right!

We HEAR the telephone ring, o.s.

AL
Now -- let's all sit down and get seriously to work.

106 END OF BAR

The telephone on the bar is ringing. Butch picks it up.

BUTCH
Yeh?...Who wants him?... Oh - Wilma!

107 INT. WILMA'S HOUSE - HALL - NIGHT

Wilma is at the telephone, which is out in the upstairs hall, not far from her bedroom door. She speaks quietly because she doesn't want her folks to hear her.

WILMA
(very worried)
Butch, have you seen Homer?
(listens to Butch's reply which relieves her)
Oh, thank goodness. He got upset or something, and went out of his house suddenly. I'm sorry I bothered you, Butch, but --

108 INT. BUTCH'S PLACE - BAR

BUTCH
It's all right, Wilma. Everything's okay. I'll keep an eye on him, and I'll take him home myself personally. So you can go to bed now and stop worrying.

109 INT. WILMA'S HOUSE - HALL - NIGHT

WILMA
(at the phone)
Thanks, Butch. Thanks --

She hangs up, then goes quickly to her bedroom.

110 INT. WILMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wilma comes in. She looks at a photograph hanging over her bed. It is a picture of Homer, in High School football uniform, about to throw a forward pass. He had both hands then.

111 INSERT

The picture of Homer.

112 INT. BUTCH'S - TABLE IN BOOTH - NIGHT

From left to right are Homer (who is in a position somewhat similar to the one we just saw in the photograph), Fred, Peggy, Milly and Al. A waiter, Gus, is serving a round of drinks.

AL
(to Gus, sing-song)
Once again -- all around!

GUS
Okay, Sergeant.

He goes.

MILLY
What about that one drink?

AL
Who said anything about one drink?

MILLY
I forget who it was.

Butch comes up.

BUTCH
Hi, Homer -

He jerks his head and walks away. Homer gets up and follows him.

Arc Key 500
f. 7.0 (XX)

113 AT THE PIANO

Butch comes up to it and sits down. He starts to play quietly. Homer leans on the piano, and watches happily.

HOMER
Gee, Butch - it's swell to hear you banging that old box again. How about playing " ". (Title to be selected) Remember that?

BUTCH
(paying no attention)
Wilma phoned.

HOMER
(upset)
Wilma? What did she want?

BUTCH
You.

HOMER
Aw - why can't they leave a guy alone?

BUTCH
Because they're fond of you - that's why.
(he looks at Homer)
What made you leave the house and get 'em all worried?

HOMER
Well - they got me nervous.

BUTCH
How?

HOMER
Well -- they -- Butch it's nothing - I don't want to talk about it.

BUTCH
(insistent)
What do they do that makes you nervous?

HOMER
Oh -- they just keep staring at these hooks -- or else they keep staring away from them.

BUTCH
You mean whatever they do is wrong?

(CONTINUED)

113 (Cont.)

HOMER
Why can't they understand that all I want is just to be treated like everybody else. Take Pop, for instance, he was cleaning his pipe, like I've seen him do a million times. Then, all of a sudden, he got conscious that he had hands, and I didn't. So he stopped cleaning his pipe and tried to hide his hands, like he was guilty or something.

BUTCH
Give 'em time kid. They'll catch on. Your folks will get used to you, and you to them -- and everything will settle down nicely until the next war -- and then we'll none of us have to worry because we'll all get blown to bits the first day --
(he runs his hands down the piano keys)
So cheer up.

Al comes up.

ARC K 500 f. 7 (XX)

AL
Say, Butch, do you know "Somebody Loves Me"?

BUTCH
Sure.

He starts to pick it out. Al sighs, then turns and goes over to Milly.

AL
(as though he were in a Noel Coward play)
Shall we dance?

MILLY
Why - that's a charming idea!

They start to dance.

114 CLOSE - AL AND MILLY

As they dance, Al stops.

AL
Remember this tune?

Milly remembers - she nods - almost in tears. They resume dancing, clinging very close.

115 MEDIUM - PEGGY AND FRED

Peggy is watching the dancing. Fred is finishing a long drink, and looks off.

116 CLOSE - FRED

As he watches Al and Milly, he thinks that Al is a pretty lucky guy, and he thinks of his own wife, and what he'd give to be dancing with her at this moment.

PEGGY'S VOICE
It's nice to see the young folks enjoying themselves, isn't it?

Peggy's presence snaps him out of it, and he turns to her, smiling.

117 TWO SHOT - FRED AND PEGGY

FRED
You know -- I can't get over it.

PEGGY
Over what?

FRED
You're Al's daughter!

PEGGY
(laughs)
Yes -- I've been that for as long as I can remember.

FRED
You don't seem like Al's daughter.

PEGGY
What do I seem like -- somebody's aunt?

FRED
No -- it's just that you don't seem like infantry.

PEGGY
(leading him on)
More Air Force?

FRED
You guessed it -

PEGGY
(playing innocent)
Why Captain, that's the nicest thing anybody's ever said to me.

(CONTINUED)

117 (Cont.)

FRED
I mean it.
(looks at her admiringly)
You seem like a figment of dreams.
Do you know what a figment is?

PEGGY
No.

FRED
(overcome by his own eloquence)
Neither do I. But it's something you never encounter in reality - only in poetry, beautiful music, glamorous romance. It's something that's spun out of moonlight. You see it - you reach for it - you try to take it in your arms, but it isn't there.

PEGGY
(with an admiring smile)
You know that's very clever. You use it often?

FRED
(without thinking)
Only on very special occasions.

PEGGY
(sweetly)
I bet it always goes over big.

FRED
(looking at her deflated)
Well - it's gone bigger... What did you say your name was?

PEGGY
Peggy.

FRED
My name's Fred. How do you do?

He extends his hand. They shake. The music has stopped. We hear vigorous applause from Al.

118 AL AND MILLY

Al is applauding. Butch shifts into something schmalzy, like "Together".

(CONTINUED)

118 (Cont.)

AL
This is my dance, I believe?

MILLY
But what will people say?

AL
They'll just assume you're drunk, and forget it.

They start a slow waltz. Al looks into her eyes.

AL
You know - you're a bewitching little creature.
(he sighs, with nostalgia)
In a way, you remind me of my wife.

MILLY
But - you never told me that you're married!

Al is not moving about much - just standing and swaying.

AL
Oh, yes - I have a little woman - and two kiddies - back there in the States.

MILLY
But - must we think about them - now?

AL
No - you're so right. This night belongs only to us.

He sweeps her off in a series of dizzy spins.

119 FRED AND PEGGY

Fred is now frankly absorbed in Peggy, as he would be in any exceptionally attractive girl he met in a Red Cross canteen, or in the Savoy in London or the St. Regis in New York. Her attitude toward him is one of easy amusement but general indifference. She sees him as just another good looking Air Force boy with a confident manner and a moderately slick "line" - and if he got up and left now, she'd probably never give him another thought.

FRED
There's one thing I've been wanting to ask you, Peggy ---

(CONTINUED)

119 (Cont.)

PEGGY
What is it?

FRED
Have you ever figured out what it's like on the other side of the moon? You see - we get to see only one half of the moon - always the same - night after night. The other side is always hidden from us. What do you suppose it looks like?

PEGGY
(laughs)
Well - I - I must confess I haven't given that much thought.

FRED
You ought to! That's the type of thing people ought to be thinking about these days.

PEGGY
All right - I'll go to work on it... And there's something I've been wanting to ask you.

FRED
Ask it, Peggy. You mustn't feel shy with me.

PEGGY
(anything but "shy")
Why don't you go and call up your wife?

Al and Milly come up. Al is hot and panting. Etc.

FRED
I don't know the number. I couldn't find it in the phone book.

AL
(to Fred)
We don't need to do any telephoning. We're all set.
(he winks at Fred)
You need a drink.

He pours Fred a huge one.

FRED
Hey! Hold it!

(CONTINUED)

119 (Cont. 1)

AL
You've got a tough job ahead of you catching up with me.

Homer comes up, looking very disconsolate.

HOMER
Well, good night, everybody. I'm going home.

AL
Why?

Butch comes up.

HOMER
Butch says I've got to. He's driving me.

BUTCH
Don't any of you go. I'll be right back.

Butch and Homer go.

AL
Poor kid. Imagine! He's got to go home.

MILLY
Doesn't that put any ideas in your head?

AL
Yes.

He drinks, and pours one for Fred.

DISSOLVE TO:

120 INT. BUTCH'S

A couple of hours later. The place is closed and empty except for Al, Milly, Peggy and Fred, and Steve the bartender and Butch himself. Fred by now has caught up with Al. He and Al are at the piano, singing. Butch is playing. They come to the end of a song. Butch then picks out "Taps" on the piano.

AL
Hey! What's that?

FRED
Sounds to me like "Taps".

BUTCH
That's what it is, brother. It means - lights out - the joint is closed. Go home to beddy-bye.
(he jerks his thumb toward the entrance)
Outside!
(he gets up and speaks to Steve)
Lock it up, Steve.

AL
(to Fred)
Where do we go next - old pal, old pal?

Milly grabs Al by the arm.

MILLY
Just follow me - old pal.

She starts to lead him out.

DISSOLVE TO:

121 EXT. GRAND VIEW ARMS - NIGHT

Peggy's car drives up. Peggy and Fred are in the front seat, Al and Milly in back. Al is asleep.

PEGGY
Is this it, Fred?

FRED
(looks out and blinks)
It looks like it.
(he gets out unsteadily but is elaborately polite)
Good night, Milly - many thanks for a most enjoyable evening. Good night, Al - and the best of luck to you.

(CONTINUED)

121 (Cont.)

But Al is dead to the world.

MILLY
(laughs)
I'll give him your message.

FRED
And good night to you, Peggy. It has indeed been a pleasure.

PEGGY
(smiles)
Yes, yes -- we'll see you soon, Fred -- now, run along.

FRED
By all means.

He manages to come to attention and salutes in British fashion, then does a lurching about face and goes up unsteadily to the door.

122 INT. PEGGY'S CAR - NIGHT

Peggy puts the car in gear.

MILLY
I think we better wait to see if he gets in.

PEGGY
I guess we have to.

123 EXT. GRANDVIEW ARMS - MEDIUM CLOSE - NIGHT

Fred is trying to light his Zippo lighter to find Marie's card. He flicks it several times; finally he blows on it. It lights. He pushes the bell -- pushes it again, and again. Finally, wearied of this futile process, he slides down to the ground, and reaches out again to punch an imaginary bell. Then he relaxes, apparently decided to camp there for the rest of the night.

124 INT. PEGGY'S CAR - NIGHT

PEGGY
I don't think he even knows if this is the right place.

MILLY
Maybe we'd better scrape him up and take him home with us.

Peggy turns off the ignition, and follows Milly out of the car.

125 EXT. GRANDVIEW ARMS - NIGHT - MEDIUM

Milly and Peggy help Fred to his feet, and support him to the car.

FRED
(brightly)
Where we all going now?

MILLY
Don't ask. We want it to be a surprise.

She and Peggy shove him in the back seat with Al.

126 INT. PEGGY'S CAR - NIGHT

Peggy is driving. Milly, beside her, looks back. Fred has his arm about Al. Both are asleep.

MILLY
They make a lovely couple, don't they!

PEGGY
(laughs)
Yes - I think they'll be very happy together.

Al takes Fred's hand, lovingly.

DISSOLVE TO:

127 INT. STEPHENSON APARTMENT - ~~LIVING~~ Hall ROOM - NIGHT

Milly is handing Peggy some pajamas and a bathrobe.

MILLY
Here - these are for Fred. I'll get a blanket and pillow for you there on the couch.

PEGGY
Thanks.
(smiles)
How's Dad?

MILLY
He'll live. He always has.

Peggy goes out.

128 DOOR TO PEGGY'S ROOM

Peggy comes up and knocks. No answer. She knocks again. Then she opens the door very carefully and looks in.

(CONTINUED)

128 (Cont.)

Fred is lying on the bed, on his back, fully clothed and sound asleep. Peggy comes in, looks at him, and smiles. She goes into the bathroom, gets her bathrobe, night-gown, slippers and toothbrush.

She looks at Fred again, then puts down her night things on a chair by the door. She goes over to the bed and takes Fred's shoes off.

He opens an eye and looks at her, bewildered.

FRED
Who are you?

PEGGY
(laughs)
Don't you remember? I'm Peggy.

FRED
Peggy.
(he thinks that over for a moment, then smiles and tries to pull her down to him)
Ah, yes - Peggeee --!

PEGGY
(laughs)
I'm not that Peggy.

She frees herself. Fred looks at her, passes his hand over his eyes, decides to abandon the attempt to identify her.

He gets up, gets his musette bag, turns it upside down, gets a little leather case and goes into the bathroom.

Peggy picks up the stuff Fred has dropped on the floor. She sees a picture of Marie, with the inscription, "To my own darling Freddie with love forever from his own Marie." It is a regular Pin-Up picture of Marie looking alluring in a brief bathing suit.

129 INT. AL AND MILLY'S BEDROOM

Milly has got Al into his pajama pants and is now struggling to get his pajama top on. He is sitting on the edge of the bed, his eyes closed, a beatific smile on his face. She is handling him as if he were a sack of flour. If she lets go of him for a moment he just sways over.

As Milly fastens the buttons, Al suddenly begins to hum "Together" - or what ever the tune was that Butch had played - and sways to the waltz rhythm.

(CONTINUED)

129 (Cont.)

Milly laughs and pushes him back on the bed. Then she lifts his legs to pull the covers back, straightens him out, and pulls the covers over him. He lies flat on his back, Milly crosses his hands over his chest like a dead Crusader.

MILLY
(looking at him)
As I remember - everytime you lie flat on your back, you snore. Turn over!

She flops him over. He lies exactly as placed, one arm clutching the pillow, the other hanging over the edge of the bed. He is still smiling, but the humming has faded out.

Milly looks at him, laughs, then goes into the bathroom and arranges Al's toilet kit neatly.

130 INT. LIVING ROOM

Peggy is fixing the blanket and pillow on the couch. Milly comes in.

MILLY
Did you get Fred undressed?

PEGGY
As much as seemed respectable.

MILLY
(smiles)
Nice boy, Fred. I hope his wife will be good to him.

She goes to Peggy and kisses her.

MILLY
Good night, dear.

PEGGY
Good night, Mom.....

131 AL AND MILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Milly comes in. Al is in bed, sound asleep. Milly looks at him, tenderly. She leans over and touches his hair, very lightly. She kisses him, then starts to undress. She is thinking that perhaps Al is plastered - perhaps there is a certain understandable strangeness between them - but, the fact remains that her man is home - safe from the wars, and she is profoundly happy.

DISSOLVE TO:

Lights out 100 on Peggy
" on Key 200
f. 6.3

(XX)

132 INT. STEPHENSON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peggy is lying on the couch. The lights are out. She is asleep. Suddenly she hears vague shouts from the directions of her room, in which Fred is sleeping. She starts up, listens.

She switches on a light, then gets up, slips on her bathrobe and goes quietly to the bedroom door. Fred is shouting. Peggy cannot hear any words, but it is obvious nightmare raving. She knocks. The sounds continue. She opens the door.

133 INT. PEGGY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fred is lying back asleep, but with his eyes unnaturally wide open. He clutches his own throat as though he wore an intercom throat mike.

FRED
(wildly)
She's on fire! She's on fire! She's goin' down. Hey you guys, jump! - Get outa there! Bail out ! Gadorsky, get outa that plane! Two chutes open! C'mon the rest of you guys. C'mon get out! Get out! There's the tail gunner! Gadorsky, get out, she's burning up! Get out, get out --

Peggy goes over to him, shakes him.

PEGGY
Fred! Fred! Wake up! Wake up!

In the delirium of his nightmare, he thinks an enemy is trying to strangle him. He grabs her arms.

FRED
-- get out -- get out --

PEGGY
(scared)
Fred! It's all right. It's me, Peggy!

Their faces are close together. Fred looks at her crazily, as he struggles back to consciousness. Then he relaxes his hold on her.

PEGGY (Cont.)
Go back to sleep.

She strokes his head and talks to him soothingly. She knows what to do, and does it very well -- but is frightened nevertheless.

(CONTINUED)

133 (Cont.)

PEGGY (Cont.)
It's all right, Fred. There's nothing to be afraid of. All you have to do is go to sleep and rest - go to sleep and rest - go to sleep, Fred - go to sleep...

After a time, he relaxes completely and flops back on the pillow. Peggy leans over him for a moment, watching. Then she turns and tiptoes out.

134 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT Same as 132

Peggy enters, crosses to the couch, but the emotional impact of witnessing Fred's nightmare has shaken her too powerfully to let her sleep. She sits up deeply moved. Thoughtfully, she puts one hand to her face, then drops it again. As she looks back at Fred's door --

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

135 INT. PEGGY'S BEDROOM - DAY

It is the next morning. Fred is asleep in the one, single bed.

Peggy opens the door, very quietly. She is in her bathrobe. She looks at Fred, smiles, then tiptoes to the closet and takes out a dress.

She then goes to the chest of drawers and starts to open drawers, as silently as possible, to get out stockings and underwear.

Fred wakes up suddenly. He looks about him in utter bewilderment. Then he sees Peggy bending over a drawer. He rubs his eyes and his aching brow and looks again.

She turns and sees him. She smiles.

PEGGY
I'm terribly sorry I woke you up. I tried to be as quiet as possible.

FRED
That's all right. But --

PEGGY
I know - you were about to say, "Where am I?" I'll tell you later. Go back to sleep. You can sleep as long as you want, Fred.

She goes out. After considerable effort, Fred pulls himself together sufficiently to swing out of bed. He opens one door - it is the closet. He opens another door - it is the bathroom.

He sees that his clothes have been neatly arranged on a chair, including clean shirt, underwear and socks from his musette bag. Then he goes into the bathroom and turns on the shower.

DISSOLVE TO:

136 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Peggy is working. She has the coffee percolator going and is squeezing oranges, anticipating a big demand for orange juice. Rob is finishing the last of his breakfast, gulping his milk.

(CONTINUED)

136 (Cont.)

ROB
Did he fly 17's or 24's?

PEGGY
I don't know.

ROB
What Group was he with?

PEGGY
He didn't say.

ROB
Well, what <u>did</u> you two talk about?

PEGGY
Look, you'd better get along or you'll be late for school.

ROB
(looks at his watch)
Moses! See you later.

He dashes out.

137 INT. PEGGY'S ROOM

Fred is tying his tie. He looks at the pictures on the wall. There is one of Peggy and her Sorority at School - another of the Basketball Team - one of Al and Milly at their wedding - one of Al and Milly in the garden of their country house when both the children were little - one of Al when he first went into uniform.

These pictures - and the whole atmosphere of the room - remind Fred of what he saw and knew in England, which was so entirely different from anything he had ever known here at home before the war.

138 INT. HALL

Fred comes out of the bedroom and collides with Rob who is rushing out.

ROB
Oh! Excuse me, Captain.

FRED
(confused)
Huh?

(CONTINUED)

138 (Cont.)

ROB
(puts out his hand)
I'm Rob Stephenson. Peggy's brother. You'll find her in there --
(points to the kitchen)
-- getting your breakfast. You'll excuse me -- I've got to run.

He goes.... Fred looks after him, then bewildered, goes toward kitchen as directed.

139 INT. KITCHEN

Peggy looks up and smiles as Fred comes in.

PEGGY
(brightly)
Hello.

FRED
(not so brightly)
Hello.

PEGGY
Sit down.

She points to a chair by the linoleum-covered kitchen table.

FRED
Thanks.

He sits down and holds his head. She hands him a tall glass of orange juice.

PEGGY
Here - this may help.

FRED
Thanks.

He drinks the orange juice, bottoms up. Then he looks at her.

FRED
You're Peggy, aren't you?

PEGGY
(laughs)
For the last time - yes!
How do you like your eggs?

FRED
Do you think I could take eggs?

(CONTINUED)

139 (Cont.)

PEGGY
Certainly. They'll do you good.

FRED
All right, Peggy. Any way you cook 'em.

PEGGY
Scrambled?

FRED.
Fine.

Peggy starts to scramble the eggs. He watches her.

PEGGY
(after a second, casually)
Sleep all right?

FRED
Wonderful! Haven't slept in a bed like that in years.
(pause)
Could I help with any of that business?

PEGGY
(working on the eggs)
You could pour your coffee, if you want some. There's the percolator. The cream is in the ice-box.

He gets up and pours his coffee and gets the cream from the ice-box. She serves the scrambled eggs.

FRED
Do you mind if I ask a somewhat personal question?

PEGGY
Of course not.

FRED
Where did you sleep?

PEGGY
On the couch in the living room.

FRED
That's terrible.

PEGGY
What's terrible?

(CONTINUED)

139 (Cont. 1)

FRED
I should have had sense enough to go to a hotel, and not come around here bothering you.

PEGGY
You didn't bother anybody, Fred. We're very glad to have you here. And besides - you couldn't have got a room in a hotel.

Fred looks at her. He decides he never in his life saw a lovelier girl.

FRED
Did I get out of line?

PEGGY
Oh, no. You were so polite you were positively insulting.

FRED
That's good. You see, I - I'm married.

PEGGY
I know.

Peggy sits down at the table with him and pours herself some coffee. It seems as though it were a completely natural, accustomed thing for these two to be in a kitchen together, having breakfast.

Peggy is full of questions which she doesn't dare to ask! What about his wife? Why didn't he find her last night? Why does she work in a night club?

FRED
(smiles)
Gosh! I feel a lot better.

PEGGY
That's good.

FRED
I guess I got myself well plastered last night.

PEGGY
(laughs)
You had nothing on my Dad.

(CONTINUED)

139 (cont. 2)

FRED
Your Dad. Who's he?

PEGGY
Don't you remember Al?

FRED
Oh,yes - Al! Good old Al.
Where is he?

PEGGY
Still asleep, I guess.

Fred is talking easily, even cheerfully, as he eats.

FRED
So you're Al's daughter?

PEGGY
You've got it all straight now.

He looks at her again. She smiles, with some embarrassment.

FRED
Have you ever been married, Peggy?

PEGGY
No!

FRED
(smiles)
Guess you've hardly had time.
But you must have been engaged?

PEGGY
Well - not exactly ---

FRED
Why not? What's the matter with the guys around here.

PEGGY
(laughs)
I don't know. All the best of them are already married --

Fred looks at her, curiously. Milly comes in. She looks very young and attractive in a negligee.

MILLY
Good morning, Fred. You're up early.

(CONTINUED)

139 (Cont. 3)

FRED
Good morning, Mrs. - eh - -

MILLY
Have you forgotten? The name is Milly.

FRED
Thanks, Milly. When Al wakes up tell him how much I appreciate --

MILLY
You're not going?

FRED
I've got to get down town. Maybe now I can get into that apartment house where my wife lives.

PEGGY
I'll drive you, Fred. I'm going to the hospital. Be ready in a moment.

She goes out. Milly is getting her orange juice and coffee. Fred looks at her.

FRED
I acted pretty disgracefully last night --

MILLY
(cheerfully reassuring)
Oh, no. It wasn't your fault, Fred. You just fell in with bad company at Butch's and got stinking.

FRED
You see - the trouble was - I couldn't find Marie - that's my wife. I didn't know she had a job in a night club, and -

MILLY
It could have happened to anyone. If Al had come home a little later last night, we wouldn't have been in, and he wouldn't have known where to look for us.

FRED
How is Al?

(CONTINUED)

139 (Cont. 4)

MILLY
We don't know yet.

FRED
Well, when he wakes up, tell him for me he's a lucky guy.

MILLY
Thanks, Fred.

Peggy puts her head through the doorway.

PEGGY
Okay, Fred, I'm ready.

FRED
(shaking hands with Milly)
Goodbye, Milly -- and thanks for everything.

DISSOLVE:

140 INT. AL AND MILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Al is still in bed. He is in exactly the same position as when we saw him asleep last night. He opens an eye - wondering where he is. He feels the mattress with his hand - he feels the pillow and the sheets. He smiles with satisfaction. Then the thought strikes him with sudden impact that he's home. But he has been dreaming that for years. Maybe this is just another dream.

He starts up to a sitting position, and sees that the other half of the bed - or the other twin bed - has been slept in. He blinks.

He looks around the room. He sees familiar things - the pictures on the wall - Milly's silver set on the dressing table.

He goes to the dressing table. On it is a framed picture of himself as he appeared when he first went into uniform in 1940 - a handsome, young, smooth face. He compares this with his present reflection in the mirror. He smiles ruefully.

He picks up another framed picture of himself, a snapshot taken in New Guinea in 1943. In this one he is sitting, wearily, he is bearded, haggard, wearing a battered helmet and tattered shirt and pants and holding his sub-machine gun across his knees.

(CONTINUED)

140 (Cont.)

Al turns and looks at the bed. He scratches his head. His memory of the events of the previous night is none too clear. But he is reasonably sure of one or two items: he was drunk, he went sound asleep, and stayed sound asleep, completely unconscious of Milly's presence in the same bed, or the same room, or on the same continent. So this was the homecoming of which he had so often dreamed!

Al hears a murmuring of voices in the hall outside - it is Milly saying goodbye to Fred and Peggy, but Al can't distinguish the words. He goes over to the window, hauls up the venetian blinds, looks out despondently over the roofs of Boone City. The sunlight smites his aching eyes.

As he turns away from the window, the blinds fall with a crash. He jumps.

141 INT. HALL - DAY

Milly has heard the crash from the bedroom. She smiles, and goes toward the kitchen.

142 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Al looks toward the window. He has a sheepish look. Then he goes over to the door and listens. There is no sound from outside. He casts another furtive glance at the bed.

He goes into the bathroom.

He looks at Milly's toothbrushes. On a table by the washstand is his own GI kit, neatly laid out.

He turns on the cold water, feels it, until it is very cold, then starts dashing it on his face.

143 INT. KITCHEN

Milly is fixing a tray with orange juice and coffee.

There is a little vase of flowers on the window sill. She picks this up, considers putting it on the tray. But then she shakes her head. She figures - correctly - that Al is not quite in the right mood for flowers this morning. She puts the vase back.

She picks up the tray and goes out.

144 INT. BEDROOM

Al comes out of the bathroom. He finds his bathrobe and slippers neatly arranged. He starts to put them on. There is a knock on the door.

AL
Who's that?

MILLY
(from off)
It's me - Milly.

He hastily ties the cord of his bathrobe as she comes in with the tray.

MILLY
I've brought your breakfast.

AL
Oh - thanks.

He takes the orange juice off the tray. She takes the tray over and puts it on the bed or the bedside table.

MILLY
I didn't think you'd be up for hours.

AL
(sipping the orange juice)
I had a dream. I dreamt I was home. I've had that same dream hundreds - thousands of times before. I wanted to find out if this time it's really true... Am I really home?

MILLY
(briskly)
It looks that way. Now - get back into bed, Al.

AL
Why? I'm up.

MILLY
You're being royally treated. You're going to have your breakfast in bed.

Al takes another drink of orange juice, but he doesn't move.

AL
I seem to have a vague recollection - we had a couple of children. Is that right?

(CONTINUED)

144 (Cont.)

MILLY
(busy)
Yes. That's right.

AL
Whatever became of them?

MILLY
Rob's gone to school - Peggy's driving down town with Fred.

AL
Fred?
(he thinks)
Oh, yes -- Fred. A great guy - even if he was in the Air Force.

Al finishes his orange juice and sets the glass down on the dressing table. He again sees the pictures of himself, arranged by Milly as on a shrine. He sees Milly's dressing table set. He turns and sees Milly, standing there, by the bed. She looks lovely.

They are staring at each other, as though seeing each other really for the first time since he came home.

Milly tries to speak casually.

MILLY
Now - eat your breakfast, Al. I - I have to clean up in the kitchen.....

She starts to go. But Al steps forward and takes her in his arms and kisses her, passionately. She clings to him.

DISSOLVE TO:

145 INT. PEGGY'S COUPE - DAY - (PROCESS)

Peggy is driving. Fred is sitting next to her. He has been talking a blue streak. They are evidently on an intimate basis. (Fred's voice comes through the DISSOLVE)

FRED
You know, it seems funny, but just last week I was driving down to some friends, had a place out in the country -- in England.....and before I went overseas, I'd never been more than fifty miles from Boone City. Then, all of a sudden, I was seeing everything - New York, London, Paris, Germany, Russia -- even Texas. I had a wonderful chance to learn something about the world -- and now that I'm back, things are going to be different.
(with utmost sincerity)
I'm never going to get stuck in the old rut again.

PEGGY
What did you do before the war, Fred?

FRED
I was a "fountain attendant".

PEGGY
What's that?

FRED
A soda jerk.

PEGGY
(in spite of herself)
Oh.

FRED
Surprised?

PEGGY
A little. But I'll bet you mixed up a fine ice-cream soda.

FRED
You're darned right. I was an expert behind that fountain. I'd toss a scoop of ice cream in the air --
(he pantomimes with his hands)
-- adjust for wind-drift, velocity, altitude, and speed, and -- wham! In the cone every time.
(they both laugh)
I figure that's where I really learned to drop bombs,

(CONTINUED)

145 (Cont.)

PEGGY
Will you go back to the Drug Store, Fred?

FRED
(confidently)
No! Somehow or other, I can't picture myself getting excited about a root beer float... I don't know yet just what I will do - but I'm going to take plenty of time looking around.

PEGGY
(after a pause)
I guess after all the places you've been, Boone City looks pretty dreary to you.

FRED
(smiling at her)
Not from where I'm sitting now.
(he sees Peggy's questioning look)
No - that wasn't just a line, I really meant it.

146 EXT. GRANDVIEW ARMS - DAY

Peggy's car pulls up in front and stops.

147 INT. PEGGY'S CAR - DAY

Fred seems vaguely depressed that the ride has come to an end. He looks at Peggy.

FRED
It's been swell knowing you, Peggy.

PEGGY
That sounds as if you were saying a permanent goodbye.

FRED
Well - you never know...

PEGGY
You and your wife must come up to dinner.

FRED
That would be fine.

He starts to get out of the car, then hesitates and turns to her again.

(CONTINUED)

147 (Cont.)

FRED (Cont.)
One more thing -- about that dream I had last night -- I've had it before -- I'm sorry I had to bother you with it, but - you were very kind, and you never even mentioned it this morning. In fact you've been swell about everything.
(smiles)
I think they ought to put you in mass production.

He gets out of the car.

148 EXT. GRANDVIEW ARMS - DAY

Fred waves goodbye and starts toward the entrance. Peggy puts her head out of the car.

PEGGY
Maybe I'd better wait to make sure you get in.

FRED
(laughs)
Maybe that's a good idea.

He goes up to the door. - Peggy watches him as he rings the bell by Marie's card. Then he rings the bell again - and a third time.

There is no response. He turns to Peggy, smiles helplessly and starts to return to the car. Suddenly the latch release starts to rattle. He turns quickly and opens the door. He turns again to Peggy, waves and goes in.

For a moment Peggy looks after him. She wishes he had not met and married that girl in Texas. Then she starts the car and drives off.

149 DOOR MARIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Fred rings the bell. Marie opens the door. She is blonde and beautiful, but has obviously just been awakened from a sound sleep. She is prepared to bawl out whoever it is for having waked her up.

MARIE
Say! What's the idea of --- FREDDIE!

FRED
Hiya, Babe.

She rushes into his arms.

(CONTINUED)

149 (Cont.)

MARIE
(breathless)
Why didn't you let me know? You didn't even give me a chance to fix my face - or - or anything.

FRED
(holding her)
You look all right.

MARIE
Oh - Freddie, darling - I'm so excited - I can't believe it. I can't believe it's really you. But - come on in, honey, where I can look at you.

She drags him into the little living room. It is cheap and sordid. Marie has done everything she can to fix it up according to her ideas of what is "cute".

Fred looks around. He feels somewhat strange and ill at ease, but Marie is so excited she hardly gives him time to think.

MARIE
(surveying him)
You're marvelous, honey! All those ribbons! You've got to tell me what they all mean - but not now.
(she takes his cap off)
Let me look at you!

She throws her arms around him and kisses him again. Suddenly a thought strikes her.

MARIE
But - how did you know I was here?

FRED
Well - when I got back, yesterday - I went first to Pop's house --

MARIE
Yesterday? Then why didn't you --

(NOTE; All of this dialogue should be fast, breathless, overlapping.)

FRED
I came here - but it was too late - you'd already gone to work. I went from one night club to another.

(CONTINUED)

149 (Cont. 1)

MARIE
You were looking for me, honey?

FRED
I was looking for my wife.

MARIE
(pleased)
Oh, darling - you've found her now.

He looks into the bedroom.

MARIE
Don't you think it's kind of cute? It's our home - our very first home. I'm sorry it's in such a mess. But I was sound asleep when you rang..

FRED
I'm sorry I woke you up -

MARIE
(laughs)
Yeh - that was a terrible thing to do - wasn't it?

She leads him, by gravitation, into the bedroom.

150 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

MARIE
Not exactly a luxury palace - but we've seen worse places - haven't we, darling? Remember that room I had in San Antonio?

FRED
Do I!

MARIE
What a dump! But we had fun ...
(she looks at herself in the mirror)
Say - I look like an old hag. Sit down, honey. Make yourself comfortable.

He sits on the bed. She sits on the dressing table, doing a hasty job on her face, brushing her hair.

MARIE
Would you like a drink?

FRED
God forbid!

150 (Cont.)

MARIE
Did you stay with Pop?

FRED
No - with some friends of mine.

MARIE
Do I know them?

FRED
No. People named Stephenson.

He changes the subject.

FRED
Say, Marie - what do you do in that night club?

MARIE
Oh, the usual - hatcheck - cigarettes - gardenias - you know.

FRED
But you're going to quit that now, aren't you, Babe?

MARIE
If you want me to, darling.

FRED
Well - I don't exactly like the idea of my wife working nights, I mean - it's kind of inconvenient.

Marie is now brushing her hair. She smiles at him in the mirror.

MARIE
Freddie --

FRED
Yes?

MARIE
Are you mad at me because I left your father's house?

FRED
No --- forget it.
(he looks around)
As soon as I get going on a job, we'll find a better place to live. You know what I've been dreaming of? A little house in the country, with a garden - like an English garden - with roses growing all over the place.

(CONTINUED)

150 (Cont. 1)

Marie doesn't think much of this prospect.

MARIE
But you can't get a house for love or money.

FRED
(smiles)
Then we'll build one.

MARIE
You can't do that either.

FRED
Some day we will...Baby, I've got so many things to tell you -- things I didn't know how to write --

He has taken from the musette bag the picture of Marie in the bathing suit. He holds it up and shows it to Marie.

FRED
I had that picture stuck on the Plexiglass over the bomb-sight. You made a lot of trips over Europe.

MARIE
Why - that's sweet!

FRED
The guys used to kid me. They'd look at the picture and say, "Who's the dame?" and I'd tell them it's my wife and they'd say, "Aw, g'wan -- nobody's got a wife looks like that - what's her telephone number?"

Fred laughs. Marie stands up and turns to him.

MARIE
(sexy)
Now - do I look better, honey?

FRED
(after a second)
Babe - I haven't seen anything like you in three years.

Fred looks at her. She certainly presents an alluring sight. She laughs with embarrassment.

MARIE
Isn't it silly, darling - I - I feel like a bride! ...

Fred takes her into his arms and kisses her passionately.
FADE OUT

FADE IN

151 INT. STEPHENSON KITCHEN

Al is sitting at the table, completing the eating of an enormous breakfast. He is wearing civilian pants - now too large for him around the waist - a white shirt, socks and red bedroom slippers.

Milly is refilling his coffee cup from the percolator. As she does so, he leans over and kisses her arm. No more than a glance should be necessary to tell anyone that everything is going fine in this household.

The percolator is now empty and Milly takes it over to the kitchen sink to dump the grounds in the garbage pail. Al butters another piece of toast and slaps marmalade on it. But as he eats, he watches Milly.

AL
I wonder how Fred's getting along.

MILLY
(busy)
Fred looks to me as if he'd be able to take care of himself all right.

AL
I'm not so sure about that. It isn't easy for those Air Force glamor boys when they get grounded. Now, when you've been in the Infantry - any change is bound to be an improvement.
(he watches her for a moment as she works)
Say! Will you please stop fussing around over there and sit down and talk to me?

MILLY
All right - Sergeant.
(she comes over to the table)
Gosh - you've got tough.

She sits down. Al takes hold of her hand while he puts the sugar and cream in his coffee.

AL
Is that all the cream there is in the house?

MILLY
That's all.

AL
It's a fine situation when a man can't get enough to eat in his own home.

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont.)

Milly looks at the remains of his breakfast and laughs. Al straightens up and holds out the top of his pants.

AL
Look at these pants.

MILLY
What about them?

AL
They're too big. That gives you an idea what the war did to my waistline.

MILLY
Are you holding your stomach in?

AL
No! It's disappeared. I'll have to take all my old clothes down to Wyndham & Briggs and get them altered.

MILLY
(laughs)
I wouldn't be in too much of a hurry about that. Give yourself a couple of weeks of heavy eating and those pants will fit perfectly.

Al has resumed work on his toast and coffee. The telephone rings. Milly goes to it.

MILLY
Hello... Who?... Oh, yes - he's here....

AL
(startled)
Me? If it's the War Department, I'm out.

MILLY
It's Mr. Milton.

AL
Who?

MILLY
Mr. Milton - at the bank.

AL
(without enthusiasm)
Oh.

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont. 1)

MILLY
(to the phone)
He'll be right on...

Al takes his coffee cup with him to the telephone.

AL
Hello... Oh, yes, Mr. Milton... Well! It sounds good to hear yours....

He is assuming a tone of great affability, but he is in an awkward position, leaning over to talk, trying to drink his coffee.

Milly pushes his chair over. He sits down with a whispered, "Thanks, darling."

AL
(to the phone)
Yes, Mr. Milton... Why, of course... It's very kind of you to say that...

Mr. Milton is evidently doing a lot of talking and Al is evidently not absorbed with interest in the conversation.

He gestures to Milly and whispers "Cigarette!" holding his hand over the mouthpiece. Milly brings him a cigarette and lights it for him.

AL
(to the phone)
Yes, Mr. Milton...Yes, I'll certainly drop in... Oh, she's fine... Oh, yes - they're fine, too... Thank you, Mr. Milton... Goodbye.

He puts the telephone down with some vehemence.

AL
Mr. Milton.

MILLY
He's called up every day this week to see if you'd got home. I guess they want you back at the bank.

AL
He wants me to drop in and talk about it.

MILLY
You're not going to work right away?... You ought to rest for a while - take a vacation.

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont. 2)

AL
I've got to make money. Last year - it was "kill Japs". Now - it's "make money".

MILLY
We're all right - for the time being.

AL
Then why do they have to bother me with problems like that the first day I get home? Why can't they give a fellow time to get used to his own family? Why don't you come over here and sit down?

MILLY
Where?

AL
(indicating his lap)
Here.

MILLY
That chair is liable to break.

AL
We can't be worrying about chairs - not when they want me back in a nice fat job in a nice fat bank.

She sits on his lap, puts her arms around him.

MILLY
You don't seem very happy about it.

AL
I'm not.

MILLY
Why not, darling?

AL
Because I can't help thinking about the other guys -- all the ones who haven't got you.

He kisses her tenderly.

MILLY
You're crazy.

AL
No - too sane for my own good.

Their faces are together.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

152 EXT. STREET - DAY - CONCEALED CAMERA SHOTS - TIME LAPSE OF ONE DAY.

Fred, in uniform, walking along a crowded street. He is beginning to feel a sense of loneliness, which will increase during the days and weeks to come. He is beginning to feel that he is a stranger, unwelcome and unwanted, in his own home town. Not that people are hostile or even unfriendly. It is just that they are preoccupied and indifferent.

153 EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Fred comes around a corner and pauses at the curb. He is looking across the traffic-filled street at a big chain drug store - "MIDWAY DRUGS, INC." He gapes at it with worried amazement.

He looks up at the street sign to make sure he is at the right corner. He speaks to a man waiting for a bus.

FRED
Say - didn't that used to be Bullard's Drug Store across the street?

PASSERBY
Sorry, brother. I'm a stranger here myself.

The bus comes up. People get off. The Passerby gets on. The bus rolls away. Bewildered, feeling lost, Fred starts across the street. A taxi almost hits him.

TAXI DRIVER
Hey - you - can't ya look where yar goin'?

Fred can't think of an adequate answer to that. He goes on, across, dodging traffic.

400- f. b. 3 t (XV)

154 INT. MIDWAY DRUGS - DAY

It is a typical Chain Drug Store, garish, blatant, gaudy, with a kind of carnival atmosphere which has no relationship to the selling of supplies for sick people.

Most of the space is taken up by the soda fountain and luncheonette which spills over on to the floor of the store with little tables in little booths. Also on the floor are counters for perfumes and cosmetics, cheap reprint books, toys, novelties, knick-knacks of all kinds - possibly pin-ball machines.

The Tobacco Department and candy counter take up a lot of space. There is a rank of telephone booths.

(CONTINUED)

154 (Cont.)

At the back of the store, tucked away inconspiciously, is the smallest department: Prescriptions.

All the employees of the store wear uniforms bearing the name "Midway Drugs" in red script. The male clerks wear cream colored jackets to suggest clinical efficiency.

The place is crowded, mostly with bobby-soxed girls and loudly dressed youths.

Fred comes into this scene, feeling more than ever a stranger. He looks about for a familiar face, for a sign of the old drug store as it had been when he worked there.

He goes up to a Saleswoman behind a cosmetics counter.

FRED
Didn't this used to be Bullard's Drug Store?

SALESWOMAN
Yes, sir. But it was taken over last year by the Midway Chain. You've been away?

FRED
(looking about)
Yes. I've been away.

SALESWOMAN
Quite an improvement, isn't it?

FRED
(without enthusiasm)
Yes.

SALESWOMAN
Old Mr. Bullard's still here, in charge of prescriptions. That's back there, on your left.

FRED
Thanks.

SALESWOMAN
Not at all.

155 INT. MIDWAY DRUG STORE - DAY

Fred moves through the crowd back to the Prescription Counter. Mr. Bullard is handing a small parcel to a lady and ringing up her payment on the cash register. The store is full of the noise of cash registers mingling with the sounds of the malted milk mixers and the chatter of the bobby-soxers.

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.)

FRED
No -- I don't think so. I don't want my old job back.
(he laughs)

BULLARD
The Midway's a big outfit -- you never can tell -- come along.

He takes Fred's arm, and leads him off toward Thorp's office.

157 INT. MIDWAY DRUGS - AT CANDY COUNTER - DAY

The Assistant Floor Manager, Mr. Merkel, is talking to a girl behind the counter. He is a sallow, anaemic looking young man with glasses. Both are watching Bullard and Fred as they go toward Thorp's office.

MERKEL
Say, that's Fred Derry.

GIRL
Didn't he used to work here?

MERKEL
(thoughtfully)
Yes, he did.

158 INT. MIDWAY DRUGS - STEPS TO THORP'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Thorp's office is located up a half flight of steps, in the extreme rear of the store. A large plate glass window between his office and the floor of the store enables him to keep his watchful eye on the employees. As Bullard leads Fred up the steps, he points to a service flag, which consists of one large blue star with the number 709 and a large gold star with the number 37. The following legend is inscribed upon it: "The Midway Chain. We Did Our Part".

BULLARD
(pointing to the flag)
You haven't been forgotten, my boy. Every time I looked at that, I thought of you.

They go through the door.

159 INT. MIDWAY DRUG STORE - AT CANDY COUNTER - DAY

Merkel looks thoughtfully after Fred and Bullard.

MERKEL
I'll bet he's back looking for a job.

(CONTINUED)

159 (Cont.)

GIRL
And he'll get it, too -- with all those ribbons on his chest.

MERKEL
Nobody's job is safe with all these servicemen crowding in.

He walks away.

Ext. Arc 425 CUT TO: f. 56 (XV)

160 EXT. CORNBELT BANK

Al comes into the scene. He looks up at the imposing facade and hesitates. Anyone seeing him - well-dressed as he is - would never imagine that yesterday he had been an Infantry Sergeant. But Al does not feel at home in his fine suit. He knows that inside the Bank he will be a fish out of water. He adjusts the angle of his unfamiliar felt hat, gives a hitch to his over-size pants.

He goes in, slowly, but once in the revolving doors, he is catapulted in by a very busy business man who is coming out in a hurry.

Int. Key 325 - f. 6.0 (XV)

161 INT. CORNBELT BANK

RYAN, a guard in a gray uniform, is the first to see Al. His greeting is cordial.

RYAN
Mr. Stephenson!

AL
Hello, Ryan. Glad to see you.

To Ryan's surprise, Al extends his hand and they shake.

162 DESK OF L.L. LATHAM

He is the Mortgage Manager.

LATHAM
(looking up)
Why - there's Al Stephenson.

He rises to greet Al.

163 DESK OF W.F. STEESE

He's the cashier.

(CONTINUED)

163 (Cont.)

STEESE
Why - so it is!

He also rises to go forward.

164 DESK OF H.R. PREW

He's a Vice-President.

PREW
(looking off, smiling)
Miss Barbour! Call Mr. Milton and tell him Mr. Stephenson is here.

165 FLOOR OF BANK

Al is surrounded by Latham, Steese and perhaps others coming up to extend hearty greetings.

Al is bewildered and pleased and also disturbed by all this cordiality.

Prew comes up.

PREW
Well, well - good old Al!

AL
Glad to see you, Mr. Prew.

PREW
Why didn't you come down in your uniform? We wanted to see how you looked as a G.I.

AL
Well, I --

Miss Garrett comes up. She is a tall, angular, super-competent secretary. She smiles at Al.

GARRETT
Mr. Milton will see you now, Mr. Stephenson.

AL
Fine! Well -- see you all later, fellers.

He goes with Miss Garrett.

166 DOOR TO MILTON'S OFFICE

It is lettered L.D. MILTON - PRESIDENT. Miss Garrett ushers Al in. Through the open door we see Mr. Milton rising and coming forward to greet Al warmly.

MILTON
Al - it's wonderful to have you back, my boy.

Miss Garrett closes the door, drawing a curtain on the scene inside. The men who greeted Al are watching this. They look foolishly at each other - then return to their work.

CUT TO:

167 INT. MIDWAY DRUG STORE - THORP'S OFFICE - DAY

It is a small office, with a huge window overlooking the store below. On the walls are various framed licenses, and a large map of the United States showing with colored lines and circles, the continual radiations, both wholesale and retail, of the Midway Chain from the home office in Chicago.

Mr. Thorp is seated at his desk. He is a thin, sharp, precise, ultra-correct executive. From time to time, especially when Fred is talking, he looks watchfully at the employees below. Fred is seated by the desk. Mr. Bullard has taken a chair in an inconspicuous spot.

THORP
I can see that you've had a splendid war record, Derry.

FRED
It was just average, Mr. Thorp.

THORP
But, you'll understand that since this business has changed hands, the G.I. Bill of Rights does not apply. We're under no legal obligation to give you your old job back.

FRED
I wasn't thinking about my old job, Mr. Thorp. I hope for something better.

THORP
What are your qualifications - your experience?

(CONTINUED)

167 (Cont.)

FRED
I was two years behind the soda fountain - and nearly three years behind a Norden bomb-sight.

THORP
While in the Army, did you have any experience in procurement --

FRED
No, I --

THORP
-- purchasing of supplies - materials?

FRED
Yes, I know. I never did any of that. I just dropped bombs.

THORP
Did you have any experience in personnel work?

FRED
No, I didn't.

THORP
But - as an officer - you surely had to act in an executive capacity. You had to command men. You were responsible for their morale.

FRED
No, sir. I was just responsible for getting the bombs on the target. I didn't command anything.

THORP
I see. I'm sure that work required great skill - but, unfortunately, we have no opportunities for that with Midway Drugs.

Fred looks grimly cognizant of that obvious fact.

THORP (Cont.)
However, we might be able to provide an opening for you as assistant to Mr. Merkel, the floor manager.

FRED
"Sticky" Merkel?

(CONTINUED)

167 (Cont. 1)

THORP
Clarence Merkel.

FRED
That's the boy. He used to be my assistant behind the fountain.

THORP
He's a very good man. Incidentally, your work would require part time duties at the soda fountain.

FRED
At what salary?

THORP
$32.50 per week.

FRED
$32.50! I was getting four hundred a month in the Air Force.

THORP
The war is over, Derry.

FRED
(rising, controlling himself)
I think I'll look around, Mr. Thorp. And thank you very much.

Fred and Bullard leave.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

168 INT. MIDWAY DRUGS - SODA FOUNTAIN - DAY

We PAN with Fred as he leaves the store. He stops briefly to look at the soda fountain, as he passes it. His face is set - he is determined in his resolve never to go back to it again. Then he starts out.

CUT TO:

169 INT. CORNBELT BANK - MR. MILTON'S OFFICE - DAY

It is a large, dignified, panelled room, with portraits of former Presidents of the bank on the walls. These portraits go back to the President Grant era.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont.)

Al is seated in an easy chair, smoking a large cigar.

Mr. Milton is standing. He is a neat, well-tailored, well-barbered, roly-poly little man with an affable, cheery manner and a ruddy countenance. But there is an air of nervousness about him which betrays considerable inward doubt and confusion. It has been a Herculean job for him to keep up with the incredible changes in the world since the Golden Age ended in 1929.

MILTON
Conditions aren't too good right now, Al. Considerable uncertainty in the business picture. Taxes still ruinous... Do you like that cigar?

AL
Oh, yes, Mr. Milton. It's swell.

MILTON
Hard to get those during the war. But they're coming through regularly from Havana now. Things will readjust themselves in time... We want you back here with us, Al.

AL
That's very kind of you, Mr. Milton. But - I noticed Mr. Steese is sitting at my old desk. I wouldn't want to push him out.

MILTON
Steese will stay right there. You're moving up. What would you say to being Vice-President in charge of Small Loans, at a salary of $12,000 a year?
(he beams)
What would you say to <u>that</u>, eh?

AL
(dumbfounded)
I'd say - it can't be true!

MILTON
The job is there, Al. And you're the man for it.

AL
What makes you think I am, Mr. Milton?

169 (Cont. 1)

Al is trying to appear calm and business-like and also respectful. But he is instinctively suspicious of this offer - as he had often been suspicious when advancing through jungle which seemed utterly quiet and peaceful. He figures: "There must be a catch to this somewhere." He feels somewhat ashamed of himself for these doubts, since Mr. Milton is being cordial and friendly in the extreme. But Al didn't like that remark about the difficulty of getting Havana cigars in war-time.

MILTON
Your war experience can prove invaluable to us here. You see - we have many new problems - this G.I. Bill of Rights, for instance --
(there is in his tone just the faintest suggestion he is not over-enthused about the G.I. Bill, and Al notes this)
-- it involves us in consideration of all kinds of loans to ex-servicemen. We need a man who understands the soldier's problems and, at the same time, is well-grounded in the fundamental principles of banking. In other words -- you!
(Milton beams again)
What about it, Al?

AL
I'm overwhelmed.

MILTON
Of course.

He presses a button on his desk inter-office phone box.

MILTON
(to phone)
Will you bring them in now, Mr. Prew?

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont. 2)

AL
I'd thought of taking it easy for a while --

MILTON
(interrupting)
Naturally, my boy. After what you've been through. You need a vacation --

Prew enters and hands Milton a briefcase stuffed with papers.

MILTON (Cont.)
(to Prew)
Thank you.
(to Al)
-- you're entitled to enjoy life for a change before you come back to work.

AL
That's very kind of you, Mr. Milton.

MILTON
(handing him the briefcase)
And while you're resting, when you get a chance, er -- this contains reports with all the figures on our small loans department. They'll give you the whole picture. You can look them over -- in your spare time, of course. And the briefcase -- is a slight gift from the bank.

AL
Thank you.
(gets up)
Thank you very much, Mr. Milton.

They shake hands.

DISSOLVE:

170 MARIE'S APT. - LIVING ROOM

Marie, now fully and snappily dressed, is talking on the telephone. She is laughing. The radio is going - a hot number - and she is beating time to the rhythm as she talks.

(CONTINUED)

155 (Cont.)

Bullard is a gentle, elderly man wearing steel-rimmed glasses - a Druggist of the old school. His face, normally set with a quiet sadness, lights up when he sees Fred.

156 TWO SHOT - FRED AND BULLARD

FRED
Hello, Mr. Bullard.

Bullard takes Fred's extended hand in both of his and shakes it warmly.

BULLARD
Fred Derry! Oh, it's good to see you, Fred.

Behind them is a crowd of girls around a telephone booth in which another girl is conducting a giggling conversation with a boy-friend. The girls are wanting to know, "What did he say?", "What's the juice?" etc.

FRED
What happened?

BULLARD
(wistfully)
Well - I sold out. The Midway people had been after this location for a long time. Last year - when we got the news about Tommy --

FRED
What about Tommy?

BULLARD
Of course you didn't know - he was killed in Italy --

FRED
Tommy? Why he was only a kid.

BULLARD
(sadly)
Yes - he was.....
(he shakes off the memory)
But - it's great to have you back, Fred.

FRED
(affectionately)
It's good to see you again, Mr. Bullard.

BULLARD
Say, I'd like you to meet our new manager, Mr. Thorp.

(CONTINUED)

170 (Cont.)

MARIE
Why, of course, sweetheart - I knew you'd be heartbroken. But - now, listen, you can get another blonde. What about Sylvia Mack?
(she laughs uproariously at the comment on that)
Why, you're crazy! I think her legs are cute.
(she laughs again)
Well - I'm sorry, too - but that's the way he wants it ... Oh, - he's wonderful...And how! Snappy uniform - a whole ribbon counter on his chest... Sure, I'll bring him in sometime...
(a bell rings)
Hey! The doorbells's ringing. I guess that's my Freddie... 'Bye now.

She hangs up, goes to the kitchenette and pushes the button for the latch. Then she goes to the radio and shuts it off. She reaches down and pulls her stockings up. Then she goes to the door to admit Fred.

Fred is wearing the old suit which is certainly too tight and wasn't much good when it fit - he still wears his Army shirt and shoes. He has his B-4 bag and an old suit-case.

FRED
Say, Marie - if you've got an extra latch-key - I'd like to have it --

Marie is gaping at him. She is not pleased by the change in his appearance.

FRED
What are you looking at, Babe?

MARIE
Holy smoke, honey! That's the first time I ever saw you in civilian clothes.

FRED
(laughs)
From now on, you'll never see me in anything else. I just got them out of the moth balls at Pop's house.

He puts the bags down and starts to open his B-4.

(CONTINUED)

170 (Cont. 1)

Marie is looking at him, critically, and is not pleased by the transformation.

MARIE
I called up the Blue Devil.
(he looks up questioningly)
That's the night club where I worked. I told 'em I'm through.

FRED
Swell!!

MARIE
But - let's go there for dinner, Freddie. I'd like to introduce you to the gang. They've heard me talk so much about you.

FRED
Sure, Babe - anything you say... Here's some perfume - and some other junk I bought in Paris. Hope you like it.

Fred is taking more stuff out of his bag while Marie is opening and exclaiming over the gifts he brought back: perfume, a scarf with the map of France on it, stockings, etc. Fred takes out a packet of photographs.

MARIE
Darling! It's Fleurette No. 5! And the scarf is cute! To think of having things from Paris! Freddie, honey, you're just a big hunk of heaven!
(she kisses him; then, looking over his shoulder)
What's that a picture of?

FRED
Bomb hits on Duesseldorf. That was one time when I was right on the nose.

He returns to his B-4 bag, taking out his uniform. Marie looks at it, wistfully.

MARIE
You've certainly got to get yourself some new clothes. That suit is awful.

(CONTINUED)

170 (Cont. 2)

FRED
Terrible! But they tell me you can't buy anything new now.

MARIE
I know a place where you can get some snappy suits made to order.

FRED
(surprised but amused)
You mean there's a black market?

MARIE
Oh - you can get lots of things, if you know the right people, and if you don't care how much you spend.

FRED
We're not worrying about that, Babe. I've got money - cash money - nearly a thousand bucks right out of the U.S. Treasury.

Marie has picked up his uniform.

MARIE
Listen, honey - when we go out tonight, will you please wear your uniform?

FRED
(smiles)
No!

(CONTINUED)

170 (Cont. 3)

MARIE
(softly)
For my sake --

FRED
I'm sorry, Babe - but --

MARIE
You look so handsome in it - and you'd make me so proud to be out with you. Won't you please, honey?

She is holding the uniform as though she were holding him. She looks very appealing.

FRED
(smiles)
All right, Babe -- seeing as it's you. But - this is the last time. From now on, if I can't get civilian clothes, then we'll just have to stay in here all the time.

MARIE
(with a provocative smile)
Would that be so bad?

He grins and goes into the bedroom... She goes over to the radio and turns it on. Sweet music emerges. She is very happy. She glances at the photograph of the bomb-hits, and the one of herself. She sees one of Fred and an RAF officer and an elderly English couple and a young girl in front of an English country house. She tosses it aside indifferently. Then she goes into the bedroom. Fred has put on his "pink" pants, and is now putting on his coat.

MARIE
Oh, darling - now you look wonderful - you look like yourself.

Fred glances at her. He is not grateful for that compliment. She leans against the side of the door and sighs, languorously.

MARIE
You know, honey - I can hardly believe it - it's so wonderful. Now we can have our real honeymoon - without a care in the world - just as if you'd never gone away - just as if nothing had happened. We - we're right back where we started.

(CONTINUED)

170 (Cont. 4)

To her amazement, Fred looks at her, as if she had hit him. He speaks sharply, harshly.

FRED
Don't say that, Marie!

MARIE
Don't say what? What are you...?

FRED
(tense)
"We're right back where we started."
We can never be back there again.
We never want to be back there.

MARIE
But why not? What is it, Fred?
What's the matter with you?

Fred is sorry he spoke that way.

FRED
Never mind, Babe. Skip it. I --
I've been to the drugstore where
I used to work -- and I just
suddenly got reminded of -- of
things.
(he smiles, with an
attempt at reassurance)
I guess it's just putting on this
uniform.
(he has put on his
jacket)
Come on -- we'll go out and have
fun.

He puts his arm around her and leads her out. But she is looking at him; she is worried, puzzled, and perhaps, in the back of her obvious mind, there is an element of suspicion.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

171 FRONT PORCH - WILMA'S HOUSE

Wilma is looking over toward Homer's house. Mr. Parrish is mowing the lawn. The repeated crack of a .22 rifle can be heard.

From inside the house, we hear the voice of Wilma's mother, Mrs. Cameron.

MRS. CAMERON
(from off)
Wilma?

WILMA
Yes, Ma.

MRS. CAMERON
Who's that shooting?

WILMA
I don't know.

MRS. CAMERON
Maybe it's Homer.

She comes out of the house. Wilma has started down the steps.

MRS. CAMERON
Where are you going, Wilma?

WILMA
(off-hand)
Oh - I just want to see what Homer's doing.

MRS. CAMERON
(worried, confused)
Don't you think you ought to leave that poor boy alone?

WILMA
(going toward the Parrish house)
I'm not bothering him.

Wilma cannot say that with any great degree of conviction. Mrs. Cameron looks after her, worried.

172 EXT. PARRISH AND CAMERON HOUSES - DAY

Wilma goes through a worn place in the hedge between the two houses. This is evidently her regular route. She continues around the side of the Parrish house.

173 PARRISH BACK YARD - DAY

Luella and several other children are looking toward the woodshed, a long low building. They have a conspiratorial air. Luella points and speaks in a whisper, mysteriously.

LUELLA
He's in there - but don't let him see you or he might get mad and shoot you.

They start to tip-toe toward the one window of the woodshed when Wilma comes around the house.

WILMA
Luella! What are you doing?

LUELLA
(quick-witted)
Oh - we're just playing.
(she turns to the other kids)

Luella watches Wilma out of the corner of her eye as she goes to the woodshed from which the sounds of shots are coming.

When Wilma is out of the scene, Luella leans over to the other kids.

LUELLA
That's his girl! They're engaged.

174 INT. WOODSHED

It is partly a tool-shop, partly a store-room, partly woodshed.

Homer is resting his elbows on a sort of work-bench, shooting at an improvised target which he has fixed up against the piles of wood at the end of the shed.

He is concentrated intently, but starts up sharply when Wilma opens the door. Automatically, as though alerted, he brings the rifle part way to Port Arms.

HOMER
Oh - hello, Wilma.

WILMA
Hello.

HOMER
Looking for something?

WILMA
No. Go right ahead.

(CONTINUED)

174 (Cont.)

He resumes shooting. Wilma watches him. When he has fired a couple of shots, he goes to the target, takes it down and looks at it.

WILMA
How did you do, Homer?

HOMER
Only fair.

He hands her the target and goes back to the bench to clean the rifle.

WILMA
You did fine, Homer.

HOMER
I'll do better.

He affects to be very much absorbed in cleaning his rifle. He is trying to avoid personal conversation with Wilma. He feels uncomfortable and unhappy in her presence. He wishes he could release her from any obligation to feel pity for him.

WILMA
(after a pause)
I've been wanting to have a chance to talk to you, Homer.

HOMER
(curtly)
What about?

WILMA
About us -- about everything...

Homer is cleaning his rifle, deliberately not looking at Wilma.

HOMER
What about us? We're all right, aren't we?

WILMA
(boldly)
No!

Homer now looks at her briefly, then resumes concentration on the .22.

WILMA
Listen to me, Homer --

HOMER
I'm listening.

174 (Cont. 1)

WILMA
You wrote me that when you got home, you and I would be married. If you wrote that once, you wrote it a hundred times. Isn't that true?

HOMER
Yes.

WILMA
Have you changed your mind?

HOMER
Have I said anything about changing my mind?

WILMA
No - that's just it. You haven't said anything about anything.

HOMER
Well - you see, Wilma - it seems kind of strange when you get home after all this time. I mean, coming up against all the people and things you've known all your life - well, you see them differently.

WILMA
Then - maybe you have changed your mind about us?

She is close to tears. Awkwardly, he holds the rifle up and peers through the muzzle into the barrel.

WILMA
That's not loaded, is it?

HOMER
(smiles at her)
Of course it isn't loaded. Don't you think I know how to handle a gun?

WILMA
I don't know what to think, Homer. All I know is, I was in love with you when you left, and I'm in love with you now. Other things may have changed but that hasn't.

She can't hold back the tears any longer. Homer looks at her. He is utterly miserable.

175 EXT. WOODSHED

Luella and the other children are at the window.

LUELLA
(whispering, excitedly)
Did you hear that? She said she's in love with him!

The other children crowd up to see and hear better.

176 INT. WOODSHED

Homer puts the gun down and crosses toward Wilma. It appears that he is going to say to her what's really in his heart. But then he sees Luella's and other small faces at the window. His face becomes contorted with rage.

He strides to the window and glares through it at the children. Terrified, the children retreat from the window.

Suddenly Homer thrusts his two hooks through the panes of glass.

HOMER
You want to see how these hooks work? You want to see the freak? All right, I'll show you. Take a good look!

He holds his hooks out. The other children break and run, in a state of panic. Only Luella remains, tearful, terrified.

LUELLA
I didn't mean anything, Homer! I was only --

HOMER
(softening)
I know, Luella, I'm sorry -- It isn't your fault. Go on and play with your friends --

He turns away from the window. He is ashamed of himself and miserable.

HOMER
I know - I was wrong, Wilma - I oughtn't to have acted like that. It wasn't her that burned my hands off. But --
(he looks at Wilma, pathetically. She is close to tears)
-- but - I'll be all right. I - I've just got to work it out with myself.

(CONTINUED)

176 (Cont.)

WILMA
I could help you, Homer - if you'd let me.

HOMER
(doggedly)
I've got to do it myself. All I've wanted is for people to treat me like anybody else - instead of pitying me. I guess it's hard for them to do that -- I've just got to learn to get used to it -- and pay no attention.

WILMA
Well, couldn't I --

HOMER
(sharply)
No! I've got to do it myself!

Wilma, hurt and confused, leaves.

177 CLOSE SHOT - HOMER

He looks after her, tortured with his own sense of inadequacy, and his own inner doubts and frustrations. Then he picks up his rifle, and forces himself to resume cleaning it.

178 EXT. WILMA'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Wilma comes into the SHOT, walking slowly. She is terribly upset, and doesn't know what to do.

Suddenly, she hears the SOUND of a shot from Homer's woodshed. She stops.

179 CLOSE - WILMA

Absolutely still, looking off toward the woodshed. Then she hears another shot. And then another.

MRS. CAMERON'S VOICE
(from off)
Is that you, Wilma?

WILMA
(close to tears, but without betraying her emotion)
Yes, Ma.

MRS. CAMERON'S VOICE
Did you see Homer?

WILMA
(in the same way)
Yes, Ma.

She breaks into tears, and goes into the house.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

180 INT. U.S.E.S. - STATE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

CLOSE SIGN: "REPORT HERE FOR UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE"

181 FULL SHOT - LINES OF CLAIMANTS

They are not composed exclusively of veterans. There are older men, women, girls, etc. There is a business-like atmosphere about the room, plain utilitarian furnishings, bare walls, over-worked and under-paid employees. We hear the SOUND of typewriters, and muted conversations.

182 CLOSER - FILE OF CLAIMANTS

We HOLD on shot which includes three or four men. At least one of them wears the "Ruptured Duck."

VET
Just to think - when I got out of the Army, I made myself a promise. I said to myself, "Brother - you'll never sweat out a line again."

The others laugh.

We MOVE on through the office, past Information Desks, benches where men are sitting, patiently waiting.

CUT TO:

183 STAFFORD'S DESK

Fred is seated across the desk from Stafford who is middle-aged, pleasant, competent and weary. He is looking at Fred's application form. Opposite the various categories of available jobs are written the repeated words, "No training." Fred is now wearing a good civilian suit.

STAFFORD
We've been making every effort to get you a job, Derry - - but - -

FRED
(smiles slightly)
I know, Mr. Stafford. "No bombardiers wanted in Boone City."

(CONTINUED)

183 (Cont.)

STAFFORD
I'll be frank. Right now, you're not ready to walk into a "good" job. You're like dozens of men I've interviewed -- men with fine war records of leadership-- and taking of responsibility. You aren't trained for anything of equal importance in civilian life. My advice would be to start low, and learn. And you'll find that the qualities which made you a good lead bombardier will make you a good something else if you're willing to work at it.

FRED
What do you suggest?

STAFFORD
Well, we've got openings where you could go in on an apprentice basis.

FRED
Apprentice? What sort of a deal is that?

STAFFORD
A chance to learn a trade -- a year or two of training. Of course the pay isn't much --

FRED
Oh, I can't fool around with that. Two years! You see, Mr. Stafford -- I've got a wife to support.

Fred gets up to go.

STAFFORD
You know, of course, you're eligible for twenty dollars a week unemployment insurance.

FRED
Thanks, Mr. Stafford -- but I'll be okay.

STAFFORD
Come back any time, Derry. The door's wide open.

Fred goes. Stafford looks after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

188 (Cont.)

new car in the driveway to the garage. There are figures of a happy young husband and wife, two healthy, ruddy children and a dog.

A dignified placard proclaims the fact that the bank is ready and willing to extend Home Loans to Veterans under the terms of the G-I Bill of Rights.

Fred gazes wistfully at this little bit of paradise in the Bank window - then he looks up and sees Al, in the Bank, signalling to him frantically to wait.

Fred is glad to see Al. He grins, and nods okay. He turns back to look at the dream house in the window.

Al comes out, wearing his hat, and carrying his briefcase.

FRED
How are you, Al? Say, look at you!

Al looks down at his civilian suit, then smiles.

AL
Pre-war. You're not bad yourself --

FRED
(holding his own lapels)
Post-war. Black Market. A hundred and fifty rocks.

AL
Whew --

He turns and looks at the house in the window.

AL
Like it?

FRED
I'll take a dozen.

AL
Try and get <u>one</u>. Try and get a <u>room</u> in one.
(laughs)
How about going over to Butch's?

FRED
Now you're talking.

They start to walk.

DISSOLVE TO:

189 SCENE <u>OUT</u>

190 INT. BUTCH'S - AFTERNOON

It is late afternoon, as Fred and Al come in. There are very few customers in the place. Butch is working behind the bar.

AL
Hiyah, Butch.

BUTCH
Greetings, gentlemen. Why - look at you.
(he is surveying their clothes)
Coupla civilians! How's the Missus, Al?

AL
She's fine.

BUTCH
And Miss Peggy? That's one swell daughter you got there.

AL
So they tell me.
(to Fred)
Incidentally, she's been asking about you. You must've handed her quite a line the other night - she thinks you're a nice guy.

BUTCH
What'll it be?

AL
A beer.

FRED
Likewise. Have you seen Homer?

(CONTINUED)

BUTCH
Not for a few days. He was spending too much of his time here. I told him to stay home for a while.

Butch moves away, to get the beers.

AL
(ashamed)
I've been meaning to call Homer up.

FRED
Me too. It's funny how quickly you lose track of people once you're out.

AL
(he turns to Fred, smiles)
I know. You forget to remember.

FRED
(serious)
When I think about Homer - I feel ashamed for stewing about my own troubles.

AL
Troubles?

Al looks at Fred, who is taking a drink of beer.

AL
What do you mean, Fred? Isn't everything all right with you?

FRED
Oh, sure. Marie and I have been having a swell time. We've visited every night club in town.

Al looks at him levelly. Butch arrives with the beers.

AL
Have you got a line on a job?

FRED
Well - no - not exactly - but I've got some very interesting prospects.

Al knows Fred is just talking big. He turns and calls off.

AL
Thanks - Butch. How about a couple more?

(CONTINUED)

FRED
(lightly)
Whenever I step up for a job - I mean a good job - they ask me, "what training have you had?" So I tell them--
(he laughs)
So they tell me they'll keep my name on file and let me know when something comes up...

AL
Listen, Fred - I'm sure I could be of some help - get you some introductions -

FRED
Thanks, Al - but I'm not asking for any help. I'll end up okay. You understand how it is - don't you?

They are speaking as one service-man to another.

AL
Sure. I understand. But -- any time --

Butch comes up with two fresh beers.

FRED
(looks at Butch and grins)
Say, Butch - do you happen to know any place where there's a good war on? I'm looking for employment.

BUTCH
(angry)
Listen to me, my friend - I don't like that type wisecrack. There's too many people around here talking about another war - yes, talking about it, and trying to promote it. I don't like it - see?

FRED
(laughs)
Take it easy, Butch. I was kidding.

BUTCH
It ain't any kidding matter. I was in a war once myself - see? But we didn't have any GI Bill of Rights in those days to give a guy a chance to learn a trade. Do you know how I learned my trade? By spending too much time on the other side of the bar. Until I finally got a job playing the

(CONTINUED)

184 EXT. STREET - DAY - (CONCEALED CAMERA SHOTS)

Fred is walking through hurrying, jostling crowds. He seems lost in his own home town. He looks off at:

185 EXT. MIDWAY DRUGS - DAY - MOVING CUT

A view of the Drugstore from Fred's ANGLE (across the street).

186 EXT. STREET - DAY - CLOSER ON FRED

He looks away from the drugstore, and continues walking, into the crowd.

187 EXT. STREET - DAY

Fred comes into the SHOT. Two enlisted soldiers pass him, and salute. Without realizing he is in civilian clothes, Fred salutes them. They look at him with some surprise. Fred turns around, and realizes that the two enlisted men were saluting a Lt. Colonel who had been walking behind him. Somewhat sheepishly, Fred goes on walking.

DISSOLVE TO:

188, 189, 190 SCENES OUT

191 MARIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Marie is standing at the window. She seems bored. The radio is playing. On the floor, by the couch, is a Movie Magazine, open.

Fred comes in, using his latch-key. He carries a large paper bag full of supplies from the Delicatessen.

FRED
Hello, Babe.

Marie turns and sees the bag.

MARIE
What you got there?

(CONTINUED)

It should soon be apparent from her tone and expression that the honeymoon is over.

FRED
Cream of corn soup, potato salad, salami, liverwurst -- I stopped at the Delicatessen. This is our supper.

MARIE
We're going to Jackie's Hot-Spot. I phoned and made a reservation.

FRED
We're eating home.

He takes his coat off, tosses it on the couch, and starts to take the food into the kitchenette. Marie looks at him, alarmed.

MARIE
What's the matter, honey? You sick, or something.

FRED
No, dear. We're broke.

MARIE
You mean - broke?

FRED
You've got it.

MARIE
But - what happened? Where did it all go to?

FRED
We spent it, Babe - That's what happened. I'm sorry it's so sudden. I didn't tell you the money was almost gone - because every day I was hoping and even believing that I'd land a good job. But - at last - it's got through my thick skull that I'm not going to get one. So we've got to cut out Jackie's Hot Spot - and the Blue Devil - and all the rest.

MARIE
But - why couldn't you get a job? Have you been really trying?

FRED
Oh, sure. But they all tell me I've got to spend a couple of years - as an apprentice - going to trade school.

191 (Cont. 1)

MARIE
A couple of years. With you going to kindergarten. And what would I be doing in the meantime?

FRED
(grins)
You could always help me with my home work.

He goes into the kitchenette and starts to pour water into the coffee percolator -- five cups full. Marie follows him.

MARIE
Fred --

FRED
Yes?

MARIE
Are you really all right?

FRED
Of course I am - why?

MARIE
I mean - in your mind. Is there anything --?

FRED
My mind!
(he laughs)
Do you think I've gone goofy?

MARIE
I've been wondering. What was Gadosky?

FRED
(startled)
Where did you hear about him?

MARIE
(with a note of scorn)
You talk in your sleep, honey. Sometimes you shout. Something's on fire! You want somebody to get out. You keep saying "Gadosky - Gadosky".

FRED
He was a buddy of mine. Pilot of a B-17. He got it over Berlin.

MARIE
Can't you get those things out of your system?

(CONTINUED)

191 (Cont. 2)

FRED
Oh, sure.

MARIE
Maybe that's what's holding you back. The war's over. You won't get anywhere 'til you stop thinking about it -- snap out of it.

FRED
Okay, honey, I'll do that.

He is spooning coffee into the percolator, and remembering Peggy had the good taste not to mention Gadorsky.

MARIE
(reluctantly)
I didn't tell you, Fred - But - I've got a little money saved. Dinner's on me to-night.

FRED
Keep on saving it, Babe -- it may come in handy sometime.
(turns on the little gas range, and puts the coffee percolator on it)
I appreciate your offer, but we're eating home.

Marie has been watching him. She's sore. Suddenly she turns and grabs her purse.

MARIE
I'm hungry. I'm going out by myself.

She starts for the door. Like a flash, Fred steps out from the kitchenette and grabs her arm roughly.

FRED
You're not going out. Get that? You're going to stay here and eat what I cook and like it.

MARIE
Let go of me!

FRED
When we got married, Babe, that Justice of the Peace said something about "for richer or poorer - for better or worse." Remember? Well - this is the "worse".

MARIE
And when do we get going on the "better"?

(CONTINUED)

191 (Cont. 3)

He releases her arm, looks down at her and smiles, grimly.

FRED
When I get wise to myself. When I begin to learn what the score is. When I wake up and realize that I'm not an "officer and a gentleman" anymore - I'm just another soda jerk out of a job. Now, go on and sit down and read a magazine and listen to the radio while I cook the soup. I'll fix you up a nice meal, Babe, just the way I used to do - behind the fountain - before the war.

Marie walks away from him. He looks after her, for a moment, then turns and starts to open the can.

DISSOLVE TO:

192 INT. BATHROOM - HOMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It is an old-fashioned bathroom, which serves the whole family.

Homer is finishing brushing his teeth. He has on his bathrobe, pajama trousers and slippers. He does not put on his pajama top until the last thing before going to bed because of the harness he wears.

He hangs up his toothbrush in the rack. He puts the cap back on the toothpaste tube. He dries his face and his hooks with a towel.

He goes out.

193 HALL - OUTSIDE LUELLA'S ROOM - NIGHT

The door is partly open. Homer comes up and listens. He goes in, very quietly.

194 INT. LUELLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is dark, except from the light from a street lamp through the window. Luella is sound asleep, on her stomach, her head twisted around on the pillow which she is clutching. There are two dolls and a toy polar bear in bed with her.

Homer leans over the bed, looks down at Luella with an expression of tenderness. He speaks to her, in a whisper.

HOMER
I'm sorry, kid. I didn't mean to get mad with you.

(CONTINUED)

194 (Cont.)

He pulls the covers over her. She has not awakened, but she starts to stir uneasily. He knows if she wakes up, she will be frightened. He tiptoes out, closing the door softly.

195 INT. HALL - NIGHT

He walks down the hall, to the door of his father's room. He knocks.

MR. PARRISH
(from off)
Yes?

HOMER
All right, Pop - I'm going to bed now.

MR. PARRISH
(from off)
Be right with you, Homer.

Homer crosses the hall into his own room.

196 INT. HOMER'S ROOM - NIGHT

On the walls are High School penants, pictures of football, baseball and basketball teams, and of Joe Louis, Joe Di Maggio, Bob Feller, Sammy Baugh, etc.

Homer enters, and goes to the lamp on the table next to his bed. By pressing down on a string which is tied to the lamp switch and to the bed post, he turns on the light. He then stands by the window, and looks across at the Cameron house. After a moment, Mr. Parrish enters.

MR. PARRISH
Ready, Homer?

Homer pulls down the shade.

HOMER
Just a minute, Pop.

He lights a cigarette. Then he undoes the cord of his bathrobe. Mr. Parrish steps between the CAMERA and Homer and helps him off with the bathrobe. Then Mr. Parrish starts to take off Homer's harness, but we cannot see this process.

We MOVE IN TO A CLOSEUP of Homer. He holds the cigarette in his lips, but he can't reach up to take it out. This is the moment when he knows with awful clarity that he lost his hands in the war.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

197 INT. MIDWAY DRUG STORE - PERFUME SECTION - DAY

Merkel, the Floor Manager, is briefing Fred on his duties. Merkel is quite serious about the things he says. Fred is wearing a cream colored jacket, with "Midway Drugs" lettered on it.

MERKEL
The Perfume and Cosmetics Department is now our outstanding feature. It accounts for thirty-four per cent of our gross intake and an even higher proportion of our profits. As you will readily surmise, our customers in this department are almost exclusively women.

FRED
(smiles)
Yes - I could surmise that much.

MERKEL
You must familiarize yourself with the correct pronunciations of all the perfumes and toiletries. For instance - here's a popular number - "Reve Romantique."

FRED
I know - that means Romantic Dream.

MERKEL
You speak French?

FRED
Well, Sticky, I'll tell you -- just enough to get around the Paris bars.

MERKEL
Let's get one thing straight, Derry -- the name "Sticky" is out.

FRED
Of course, Mr. Merkel. I understand.

MERKEL
(resuming his lecture)
This week we're pushing the new Champagne Bubble Bath preparation a dollar ninety-eight for the large jar....

(CONTINUED)

197 (Cont.)

At this point they go behind a glass perfume counter, and we HOLD on a SHOT which includes an array of jars and bottles in the f.g. Merkel's mouth can be seen quacking away, but the dialogue is lost in the general hubbub of the store. Fred is listening attentively.

DISSOLVE:

198 INT. CORNBELT BANK - MORNING

The ANGLE is from behind the tellers' cages, shooting PAST the tellers, PAST the piles of money they are handling, and PAST the metal bars which separate the customers from that money. Al has just hung up his hat in the rear of the bank, and is walking to his desk.

WE MOVE with him as he walks. He is being greeted with "Good morning, Mr. Stephenson" from the various tellers. He returns their greeting, but doesn't seem too happy about being at work. We sense something of his resentment at being part of the huge bank machine. He is carrying his brief case - his "badge of servitude."

199 INT. CORNBELT BANK - AL'S DESK - MORNING

Al sits down at his desk and contemplates the three timid rose-buds which his secretary, Miss Garrett, has placed in a slender vase on the desk.

Miss Garrett comes into the scene, carrying some papers.

GARRETT
Good morning, Mr. Stephenson.

AL
Good morning, Miss Garrett. The - er - roses are - exquisite. But can't we please omit flowers from now on.

GARRETT
They were Mr. Milton's orders, sir.

AL
Well, let's not bother with them any more.
(as she puts a stack of papers before him)
And what have we here, the Bretton Woods Agreement?

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont.)

GARRETT
There's a Mr. Novak waiting to see you.
(she points to the top paper)
I've filled out the basic form. He's applying for a loan under the G.I. Bill of Rights.

AL
(interested at the mention of the G.I. Bill)
I'll see him.

Garrett goes.

Al picks up the form and starts to read it as Novak comes into the scene. He is a husky, ham-handed young man in rough country clothes. He wears the Discharge Button in his lapel. His face is wide-open and honest, but there is a quick, friendly intelligence in his eyes.

AL
Sit down, Mr. Novak.

NOVAK
Thank you, sir.

AL
(looking at him)
Please don't "sir" me, Mr. Novak. I'm a Sergeant.

Novak grins appreciatively. Al looks back at the form.

AL
You were in the Navy, eh?

NOVAK
Yes, sir -- I mean - yes, I was - in the Seabees.

AL
Where'd you operate?

NOVAK
All over the Pacific. One little island after another.

AL
What did you do mostly?

199 (Cont. 1)

NOVAK
We went in before the landings, cleared the mines and the underwater obstructions. Then, when they'd taken ground enough for an air-strip, we'd build it.

AL
Fairly interesting work, wasn't it?

NOVAK
It got monotonous. Those islands all looked alike - until Iwo Jima. That was different.

AL
So I've heard.
(he is again looking at the form)
I see you have quite a family - wife and four children.

NOVAK
(beaming proudly)
Yes. There'd have been more if I hadn't been away three years.

AL
And you want to buy a farm?

NOVAK
Yes, sir. Got my eye on a fine piece of property - forty acres - out near Enton Corners.

AL
And what about collateral?

NOVAK
Collateral? What's that?

AL
Security for your loan. What can you put up in the way of property? Have you stocks or bonds, real estate, or valuables of any kind?

Al is being deliberately very business-like - the cold, analytical banker. But he is looking at Novak and liking what he sees.

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont. 2)

NOVAK
No, Mr. Stephenson - you see, the point is, I haven't got any property. That's why I want the loan - so that I can get the property.

AL
(smiles)
I see. No collateral. That makes things difficult.

NOVAK
I'm a good farmer, Mr. Stephenson. Even during the war, I kept my hand in. I used to spend my spare time on all of those islands working little truck gardens so that my outfit could have fresh tomatoes and green corn and all that. Before the war, I was a share-cropper, like my father before me. Now - I feel I'd like to have a little piece of my own to work.

AL
You like to grow things, eh - -

NOVAK
(eagerly)
Yes, sir - and with the food shortage all over the world, it seems to me that farming is about the most important work there is - I mean - - Don't you think so, Mr. Stephenson?

AL
(very moved)
Yes.

200 INT. ENTRANCE - BANK

Homer comes in. He looks around, bewildered. He does not seem to be at home in a bank. Ryan steps up to him looking somewhat suspicious.

RYAN
What can we do for you?

HOMER
I've got a check I want cashed.

Homer reaches in his pocket and takes out the check. He displays it with satisfaction. He is aware that Ryan is suspicious of his appearance.

HOMER
It's a Government check.

(CONTINUED)

200 (Cont.)

Ryan for the first time sees Homer's hooks.

RYAN
(respectfully)
Right over at that window there, sir.

HOMER
Thanks, Bud.

He goes toward a Paying Teller's window.

201 AL'S DESK

Novak is talking earnestly, nervously, as though fearful that Al is going to turn him down.

NOVAK
You see, Mr. Stephenson, I don't feel as if this is asking the Bank for a handout. I feel it's my right - at least that's what I've been told by other ex-servicemen. The Government guarantees loans to us if we want to buy --

AL
Your loan would be administered through this Bank, which would put up half of the six thousand dollars you require. That involves risk for this Bank, Mr. Novak...

Al sees Homer, stands up.

AL
Excuse me.

Al hurries down toward Homer.

202 HOMER AND AL

They meet as Homer is coming away from the Tellers' Windows with a sheaf of bills.

AL
Homer! What've you been doing - sticking up the Bank?

HOMER
(holding out the money)
Look at it, Al - two hundred leafs of cabbage. That's what I get every month from old Mr. Whiskers. Pretty soft, eh?

AL
Pretty soft! Sure we haven't short-changed you?

(CONTINUED)

202 (Cont.)

HOMER
(laughs as he puts the money in his pocket)
Oh, no - I kept my eye on that guy when he counted it out. I can retire on this... You know Fred Derry's got a job at the Midway Drugstore -- have you seen him?

AL
No -- I haven't --

HOMER
He introduced me to his wife.
(he whistles)
Some dish!

AL
We'll have to get together at Butch's - the three of us.

HOMER
Fine, Al.. I'll see you.

AL
Good luck, kid.

Homer goes. Al turns and goes back to his desk.

203 AL'S DESK

Novak is still sitting there, nervously fingering his hat. Al comes up.

AL
As I said, Novak, there's an element of risk involved. But - you'll get the loan.

NOVAK
(jumping to his feet)
Say, Mr. Stephenson - I don't know how to begin to thank --

AL
Don't try, pal. You look like a good risk to me. And when these tomato plants start producing, I'll come out for some free samples...

He extends his hand. Novak shakes it warmly.

AL
Come around in the morning and we'll have the papers all ready for you to sign.

(CONTINUED)

203 (Cont.)

NOVAK
(emotional)
Thank you, Mr. Stephenson. Thank you - and God bless you.

Novak goes. Al stands for a moment, looking after him.

AL
(murmuring)
God bless me!

Al turns to Miss Garrett. He seems buoyed up by Novak.

AL
Who's next, Miss Garrett?

DISSOLVE TO:

204 INT. MIDWAY DRUGS - DAY

Fred is on duty, wearing the standard cream-colored coat with Midway Drugs in red script on the upper left-hand pocket. He is attending a rather shrill woman, MRS. TALBURT, who has her small son,DEXTER, with her. Mrs. Talburt is about 35, rather elegant and considerably less attractive than she fancies herself. She is inspecting perfume, but Dexter is interested primarily in the adjacent counter which has toys and novelties.

Bullard, behind the Prescription Counter, is wrapping up some medicine, but watching Fred out of the corner of his eye.

Mrs. Talburt holds up a bottle.

MRS. TALBURT
I've seen advertisements of this one - "Night of Bliss". Is this all they say it is?

FRED
Well - just what do they say about it?
(he examines the box container and reads:)
"Haunting - Provocative - Languorous". I'm sure it's all of that.

He smiles. Mrs. Talburt smiles back. But Dexter has got hold of a mechanical toy and is winding it up, noisily.

FRED
Now, please - Bud - please don't touch those toys.

(CONTINUED)

204 (Cont.)

DEXTER
(aggressively)
My name isn't Bud!

MRS. TALBURT
Dexter! Put that back. Do you hear me?

DEXTER
Ah - I want to see what.....

MRS. TALBURT
You hear what Mommy said.

Dexter puts the toy back on the counter. It starts to rush about crazily, knocking over other toys.

205 MED. CLOSE - THORP

SHOOTING through the glass window into his office. He is dictating to a secretary in the b.g. As he talks, he walks a circle around the room. When he passes the window, he looks out at the store below - and keeps right on dictating.

206 MED. CLOSE - FRED

Conscious of Thorp's scrutiny, he tries to appear smiling and good-natured as he straightens things out.

Mrs. Talburt looks at other perfumes.

MRS. TALBURT
What's this? Is it French?

FRED
Oh yes, Madam - very French. It's called "L'Amour - C'est Tout." That means "Love is All." Sort of sums things up, doesn't it?

MRS. TALBURT
Is it imported?

FRED
Oh yes, indeed -
(he looks at the label)
Yes - imported from Jersey City.

DEXTER
Mummy! Can I have a Banana Split?

MRS. TALBURT
No, dear. You'll spoil your lunch.

DEXTER
Ah - I don't want any old lunch I wanna Banana Split.

(CONTINUED)

206 (Cont.)

Peggy has come into the store. She sees Fred in the throes of his struggle with Mrs. Talburt and Dexter, but remains unobtrusively in the background.

Mrs. Talburt is sniffing another bottle.

MRS. TALBURT
How much is this one - "Seduction"?

FRED
That is a rather expensive one, Madam. $16.50. But it's a good safe bet.

MRS. TALBURT
Just what do you mean by that?

FRED
I mean - it's a perfume that fits any mood.

He smiles. She likes him, and smiles back.

MRS. TALBURT
All right. I want that charged.

FRED
Very good, Madam.

He takes out the book to record the name and address.

207 PEGGY

She looks from Fred and Mrs. Talburt to Dexter, who is back at the toy counter. She watches him, fascinated.

208 DEXTER

Seeing his Mother and Fred are otherwise engaged, he seizes the opportunity to grab a toy, paper airplane - a glider. He hurls it into the air. It circles about over the heads of the crowd in the store.

DEXTER
Mommy! Mommy! Look!

He produces an imaginary anti-aircraft gun and starts firing at the circling glider.

DEXTER
Tok-tok-tok-tok-- BANG - BANG - BANG!

The glider dives to earth behind the Soda Fountain.

DEXTER
(wild with excitement)
Look! Look! I shot it down. I shot it down in flames.

208 (Cont.)

Fred raises a hand, furtively, as if about to smack Dexter. But he suddenly sees Peggy. She smiles at him, understandingly. He turns quickly to Mrs. Talburt.

FRED
Dexter's a lively little fellow, isn't he? You must have a lot of fun with him.
(he hands her the package)
Thank you so much, Madam. Do come in again.

Mrs. Talburt smiles at him. She is completely charmed.

FRED
And bring Dexter for a banana split.

Mrs. Talburt and Dexter go. Fred turns to Peggy.

PEGGY
(laughing)
You were wonderful!

FRED
If you hadn't come in just them, I'd have smacked him.

Peggy laughs.

FRED
(showing her a bottle)
It's against the rules for the help here to chat with customers - unless it's a sale.

PEGGY
All right - I'll buy something. What's this?

FRED
"Youth Recaptured!" That's a complexion cream.
(he glances at her)
But you don't need any of that phony stuff. How about some of this lotion. Two-ninety-eight and you'd be overcharged at half the price.

PEGGY
Why haven't you called us up, Fred?

FRED
(reaching for another jar)
Well - I - you know how it is. One thing and another... Now this bubble bath not only refreshes but cleans as well...

(CONTINUED)

208 (Cont.)

PEGGY
I'll take it.

FRED
You really want it.

PEGGY
No - but I'll take it.

She starts to open her purse. Fred takes the bubble bath and puts it back on a counter.

FRED
I'm very sorry, Madam - we may get some in next week.

PEGGY
(laughs)
Thanks. I didn't really come in to buy anything, Dad told me you're working here. I just dropped by to say hello.

FRED
(offering another jar)
I get an hour off at one o'clock. Are you doing anything for lunch?

PEGGY
(delighted)
Why -- no.

FRED
Thank you, Madam. I'll meet you outside in twenty minutes.

He turns to put the jar back on the counter.

Key-Arc 400f DISSOLVE TO:
f. 6.3 (XX)

209 INT. MEXICANO CAFE

It is small, dark, not too clean and redolent of "atmosphere", but with undeniable charm. There are few tables and even fewer customers, who are sitting about eating, drinking red wine, playing cards. The proprietor himself, in shirt sleeves and white apron, is playing cards with some cronies. The one waiter is kibitzing this game. He is whistling some air like "La Paloma". When a play is made which interests him particularly, he converts his whistle into a comment.

210 CLOSE SHOT - FRED AND PEGGY

They are sitting at a small secluded table in the back. They have finished their lunch, except for the coffee.

(CONTINUED)

210 (Cont.)

Fred is talking with animation and ease, and Peggy is listening as though this were the most absorbing conversation of all time.

FRED
Of course, Peggy - like everybody else - I was always thinking about what I'd be doing when I got out. I never had any very clear ideas - but there were two things I was sure of. One --
(he smiles)
-- I knew I would never go back to that drug store.

PEGGY
What was the second?

FRED
Oh, well - that --
(he laughs; being with Peggy, he can afford to laugh at his own predicament)
-- that I'd have a home of my own - just a nice little house out in the country - or, anyway, in the suburbs... That's the kind of thing you think about when you're overseas.

PEGGY
You don't have to be overseas to think that way.

FRED
(looking at her)
I guess not. You can get crazy ideas right here at home.

PEGGY
(looking at him)
And sometimes they work out - in the craziest ways. The other day I got a letter from a friend of mine - one of those nice , Junior League girls who didn't seem able to think of anything beyond the next cocktail party. Well - last year she suddenly married a boy just out of the Marines. And now they have a baby, He's taking a course at Ohio State, and they're living in a trailer. She has to take care of the baby, and do the cooking and she helps by working as a waitress in one of the college lunch rooms. She's having a tough time, all right. But - she loves it. She wrote me, "The funny part of it is - until now, I never knew myself."

(CONTINUED)

210 (Cont. 1)

FRED
Does she think it's worth it - just to find out what she's really like?

PEGGY
Of course she does. You see - she happens to love the guy.

Fred looks into her eyes for a moment. Then, with some embarrassment, she takes a drink of coffee. Every look they exchange, every word that they speak (however seemingly irrelevant), is charged with the emotion that they are trying not to express.

FRED
I've heard there were girls like that - I even saw some of them in England - and Russia - girls who did men's jobs on farms, and in flak batteries, but --

PEGGY
(indignantly)
Oh! I suppose you thought there weren't any like that here in your own country.

FRED
(smiles)
Maybe I did have some such idea until I --
(she looks at him curiously)
- well, until you told me about this friend of yours.

PEGGY
She isn't the only one.

FRED
(looking at her)
I know that.

She looks at him - then she looks at her watch.

PEGGY
You said you had to be back at two o'clock sharp.

FRED
(far from thought of the Midway Drug store)
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

210 (Cont. 2)

PEGGY
Then - hadn't you better --?

FRED
(turns, calls off)
Check, please.

CUT TO:

211 GROUP AT CARD TABLE

The waiter, not wanting to leave his kibitzing, turns and calls off to Fred:

WAITER
Eighty five cents apiece for lunch plus tax that's a dollar ninety.

He immediately resumes his attention to the card game. He reaches over and points to a card in the hand of one of the Proprietor's opponents.

WAITER
(excitedly, in Spanish)
Why don't you play that card? With that one, you'll take the trick and get the lead. Then you've got him.

PROPRIETOR
(angrily, also in Spanish)
You keep out of this - you and your advice. Who's playing that hand - you or Catalino? I pay you to wait on the customers, not to be a Bureau of Information, you son-of-a-pink-eyed-Jackass!
(to his opponent)
Come on - play a card!

We MOVE the CAMERA BACK to show Fred and Peggy standing up. He is putting money on the table. Then they come forward through the cafe. As they pass the card table, Peggy pauses and smiles at the Proprietor.

PEGGY
Good-bye, Mr. Perez. We had a lovely time.

PROPRIETOR
Thank you, Senorita - Senor. Come see us again.

(CONTINUED)

211 (Cont.)

FRED
We'll do that.

The waiter has gone reluctantly back to clear off their table. He is now singing "La Paloma", or something like it.

212 EXT. CAFE - DAY

It is on the corner of a mean empty street and a narrow alley. Surrounding it are warehouses, dead-storage lofts, etc.

Fred and Peggy come out and walk around the corner to the alley, where Peggy has parked her car near the back entrance of the cafe.

By the car, Peggy turns to Fred. They are facing each other, close together.

PEGGY
When am I -- when are we going to see you, Fred?

Fred suddenly takes her in his arms roughly, and kisses her. For a while, they cling to each other, silently. Then Fred relaxes his hold. From the Cafe kitchen, we hear the waiter singing.

FRED
(in a harsh, strained voice)
That shouldn't have happened. But - I guess it had to.

She looks up at him desperately. She knows all too well that it shouldn't have happened. She knows that this couldn't be dismissed as just an ordinary off-the-record kiss. She knows that she loves him and that he loves her. For once, her superb self-possession has deserted her.

The singing waiter comes out of the kitchen door. He carries a pail of garbage which he dumps into a can. He smiles at Peggy and Fred with the Latin's professional appreciation of young love.

PEGGY
Good-bye, Fred.

FRED
Good-bye, Peggy.

She gets into the car and starts it. He turns and walks quickly away. The waiter looks at them surprised at this abruptness. Then he returns to the kitchen, still singing.

DISSOLVE:

213 EXT. STREET - DAY

Fred is hurrying along (in about the same spot we saw him in Scene 153.) He comes around the corner and pauses at the curb, looking across the traffic-filled street at the Midway Drug Store. Then he starts to cross.

DISSOLVE:

214 INT. DRUG STORE

Fred comes out from the back, hastily. He is wearing his Midway Drugs coat. Thorp and Merkel are together. They look at Fred and then at the clock. Fred tries to pass them unnoticed.

THORP
Derry!

FRED
Yes, Mr. Thorp?

THORP
(pointing to the clock)
You're late.

FRED
I know, Mr. Thorp. I'm sorry.

THORP
Remember - you're here on a trial basis, and our rules regarding punctuality are inflexible. Be careful not to let this happen again.

Sorely tempted to swing on Thorp - Fred controls himself and speaks meekly.

FRED
I'll be careful, Mr. Thorp.

THORP
And another thing - I notice you aren't wearing your discharge emblem.

FRED
You mean the "sympathy button"?

THORP
The regular pin, with the eagle. I suggest you wear it while on duty. It's good for the store, and it's good for you.

He goes. Fred stands looking after him, not sure he heard what he just heard.

DISSOLVE:

215 INT. BANK - AFTERNOON

The last customers are leaving. The armed guards closing up after them.

216 CLOSE SHOT - AL

He is at his desk, distractedly going through masses of papers.

Steese, the elderly cashier, passes him.

STEESE
I'll see you at the banquet tonight, Mr. Stephenson.

AL
(without enthusiasm)
Oh, sure.

The telephone rings.

AL
Yes, Mr. Milton....I'll be right in.

He mutters a curse at this summons, but goes to the back of the Bank.

217 INT. MILTON'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON P.7.0. (XX) Arc Key 500

Prew is showing Milton the papers relevant to the Novak case.

PREW
You'll observe that this man Novak has no collateral whatsoever. I gather he comes from a family of share-croppers.

MILTON
And Al has approved the loan?

PREW
Yes - three thousand dollars -

Al comes in. Both look up at him. Milton smiles cordially, but Prew looks ominous.

MILTON
We were discussing this loan to -- what's his name?
(he consults the papers)
John Novak.

AL
Yes. I approved it.

(CONTINUED)

217 (Cont.)

MILTON
May I ask, Al - on what basis?

AL
The basis of my own judgement. Novak looked to me like a good bet.

PREW
The man has no collateral - no security.

MILTON
(ameliorating)
Evidently you saw something in this man Novak...

AL
Yes, Mr. Milton.

MILTON
What was it?

AL
Security - Collateral! You see, Mr. Milton - in the Army I've had to be with men when they were stripped of everything in the way of property except what they carried around with them, and inside them. I saw them being tested. Some of them stood up to it - some didn't. You got so that you could tell which ones you could count on. I tell you this Novak is okay. His collateral is in his heart and his hands and his guts - it's in his right as a citizen.

PREW
(truculent)
Nobody's denying him his rights.

AL
(angrily)
Oh yes we are - if we deny him his chance to work his own way --

MILTON
Now please, gentlemen. There's no need to raise our voices.
(to Al)
Of course, since you have approved this loan, the incident is closed. However, in the future, Al --

Milton rises, signifying the interview is terminated.

(CONTINUED)

217 (Cont. 1)

AL
I understand, Mr. Milton. In the future - I must exercise more caution.

Milton walks Al and Prew to the door.

MILTON
(dismissing him)
Thank you, Prew.

Prew goes. Milton takes Al's arm in a fatherly way. He has put on his false face - a benign countenance - for his standard "charm" speech to headstrong young employees.

MILTON
Al, you know how I feel about you - and always have. Why, I've always considered you one of the family, so to speak. Like my own son --
(remembers this would make him too old)
-- well -- like a younger brother. I picked you personally for this job. I know you'll make good....and we do have every desire to extend a helping hand to returning veterans - wherever possible. But - we must all remember that this is not our money we're doling out. It belongs to our depositors - and we can't gamble with it.

AL
I'll remember, Mr. Milton.
(he turns to go)

MILTON
(smiles)
We'll meet at the Union Club at 7:30 - and give my best to your charming wife.

AL
Thank you, Mr. Milton.

He starts to go --

DISSOLVE:

218 INT. MARIE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Fred lets himself in with his latchkey. Marie is in the bedroom. Fred goes in there.

219 INT. MARIE'S BEDROOM

Fred sees Marie ironing an evening dress. Relat. ns between them are not on an affectionate basis.

FRED
Hello.

MARIE
Hello.

FRED
(watching her)
What are you doing?

MARIE
We're going out.

FRED
What?

MARIE
We're going out to dinner at the Embassy Club. Oh - don't worry - it won't cost us a nickel. We got invited.

FRED
Who invited us?

MARIE
Miss Peggy Stephenson.

As Marie gives the details, the CAMERA should remain on Fred. He is naturally startled - and then angry.

MARIE
She called up a little while ago. She sounded like a nice kid. She's going out with some boy friend of hers and asked us to come along on a double date - as guests.

FRED
(tense)
You told her we could go?

MARIE
(giving him a look)
You bet I did.

(CONTINUED)

219 (Cont.)

FRED
(furious)
Call her up and tell her we can't go. Tell her I made another engagement - anything --

Marie looks at him, amazed.

MARIE
What's the idea?

FRED
There isn't any idea. I just don't want to take any favors from Miss Stephenson - that's all.

Marie subjects him to intense scrutiny. A keen and experienced student of human nature - at least of that large segment of human nature concerned with the relations of the two sexes - she is immediately suspicious.

MARIE
Say! Who is this Peggy Stephenson?

FRED
She's a girl.

MARIE
I didn't think she was a kangaroo. What's she to you?

FRED
She's the daughter of a friend of mine.

MARIE
Where did you meet her?

FRED
I told you - the night I got back, and you weren't here, Al Stephenson and his wife took me home. I'd never seen them before.

MARIE
Or since?

Fred looks at her and laughs, unpleasantly.

FRED
Listen, babe - if you think you're going to make anything out of this you're due for a big disappointment. I just don't want to go out this evening - with anybody.

(CONTINUED)

219 (Cont. 1)

MARIE
You certainly have changed. You certainly aren't the same guy you used to be.

FRED
Maybe not.

MARIE
Rembember what the girls in Texas used to call you - "Daredevil Derry, the Winged Wolf". Remember the night we got married and you stole the milk wagon and drove us out to the Half Moon Inn? And now all you wnat to do is sit around and mope about your tough luck.

FRED
I don't like to be accepting hand-outs when we're broke. It makes you feel like a charity patient.

MARIE
Well, if that's it, you'd better get used to it. Because I don't see how we'll get much fun for ourselves on your $32.50 a week.

She resumes ironing.

Fred goes into the living room. He looks at the telephone, but he doesn't pick it up.

DISSOLVE TO:

220 INT. BEDROOM - STEPHENSON APARTMENT - NIGHT

Al and Milly are dressing to go out to dinner. Al is struggling to button the collar of a semi-starched evening shirt. Al is in an ugly mood. He gives another heave to his collar, but he can't make it. He turns to Milly, exasperated.

MILLY
I suppose it would be all right for you to wear your uniform.

AL
Anything but that! Have you got a button hook?

MILLY
There's one there on the dressing table.

(CONTINUED)

220 (Cont.)

Al fishes around and finds the button hook. He inserts it awkwardly through the button hole, hooks it on to the button, then gives a tremendous wrench, as though he were trying to boost a jeep out of a mud-hole. He almost strangles himself, but he buttons the collar. He smiles painfully with relief. He puts on his dinner coat. But then the button bursts. He curses silently. Milly laughs.

AL
I'll admit it's screamingly funny.

MILLY
Let me tie your necktie around it anyway. Nobody will know the difference.

Milly starts to fix his tie and continues through the following dialogue:

MILLY
Peggy's going out dancing with Woody Merrill.

AL
Who's he?

MILLY
You know - Bill Merrill's son.

AL
Oh, yes. Fine people, the Merrills. They're strickly TCR - That means Top Credit Rating at the bank. Are his intentions honorable?

MILLY
I doubt it. But - they're going to be properly chaperoned by Fred Derry and his wife.

AL
Fred, eh? Some chaperone!

MILLY
I think Peggy's crazy about him.

AL
Who - Merrill?

MILLY
(she finishes his tie, then)
No - Fred.

Al looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

220 (Cont. 1)

AL
Have you got any evidence to support that amazing statement?

MILLY
No - just a hunch.

AL
(as if that settled it)
Oh!

He turns away, and goes out of scene. We HOLD on Milly.

MILLY
But my hunches are pretty good.

221 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peggy comes in with a cocktail shaker, containing martinis, and two glasses on a tray. She puts them down on a table. She looks beautiful in a short dinner dress. Al comes in.

AL
Ah - cocktails!

PEGGY
I made these for Woody Merrill. He's coming to pick me up.

AL
(pouring one)
Surely you wouldn't deny your poor old father a drop on a bitter cold night like this.

He drinks.

AL
I hear you're going to see Fred.

He is looking at her, sharply.

PEGGY
Yes.

AL
(pouring himself another cocktail)
What's his wife like?

PEGGY
I don't know. I'll tell you later.

Milly comes in.

221 (Cont.)

MILLY
Are you drinking already?

AL
Yes, darling.

MILLY
You'll get cocktails at the Union Club.

AL
I know the kind Mrs. Milton serves - pink, sweet and nauseating. I was just asking Peggy about Fred's wife.

Milly gives him a quick, sharp look, as much as to say, "Lay off!" But Peggy notices this.

PEGGY
Never mind, Mom. I know what you're both thinking.

AL
What are we thinking?

PEGGY
You're afraid that I may be in love with Fred.

AL
Why - I never had such an idea - -

MILLY
Shut up, Al!
(to Peggy)
Are you in love with him?

PEGGY
(simply)
Yes, but I don't want to be. That's why I asked him and his wife to go out with us this evening. It ought to have a healthy effect on me. Once I get to know her -- I guess I'll stop being silly about the whole thing and acting like a school girl with a crush --

The doorbell rings.

PEGGY
There's Woody. I'll go.

(CONTINUED)

221 (Cont. 1)

She goes out into the hall. Milly looks after her. Al is pleased by Peggy's speech.

AL
(in an undertone)
We don't have to worry about that child. She can take care of herself.

MILLY
That's what she thinks.

Al looks at Milly - then starts to pour himself another cocktail. Peggy returns with WOODY. He is a very attractive, cheerful, gay young playboy, with easy good manners. He has been a Navy j.g., and wears a discharge emblem.

WOODY
Good evening, Mrs. Stephenson -- Mr. Stephenson.

AL
Delighted to know you, Mr. Merrill. Have a drink.

WOODY
Thank you.

MILLY
(moving toward door)
Come on, Al.

AL
(handing Woody a cocktail)
I've played a lot of golf with your father.

WOODY
Yes -- I know.

MILLY
(at the door)
I said -- come on -- we'll be late.

AL
Coming, darling...Well -- have a good time, children.
(to Peggy)
And give my best to Fred.

Al and Milly go. Woody looks fondly at Peggy, then goes over and leans over to kiss her. She pushes him away, roughly.

(CONTINUED)

221 (Cont. 2)

PEGGY
Don't be a bore, Woody.

She walks away to pour herself a cocktail. Woody looks at her admiringly.

WOODY
You think you're a pretty tough baby, don't you?

PEGGY
Yes.

WOODY
But -- one of these days --

PEGGY
(smiles)
All right, Woody -- let's drink to that, "One of these days"!

She lifts her glass.

DISSOLVE:

222 SCENE OUT

Arc Key - 600 - f. 8.0
(L.S. f. 6.0 - 400 key)

(XX)

223 BANQUET AT UNION CLUB - NIGHT

Three long tables have been arranged in the standard "U" formation.

Mr. Milton, the toastmaster, is speaking. Also at the Speaker's Table are Al, Milly, Mrs. Milton, Mr. Prew and various dignified-looking ladies and gentlemen. Al and Milly are not seated together, but Milly has been watching Al and keeping count of the number of glasses of wine he has gulped. She is doing this with a fork on the table cloth. Waiters are standing in the background, with napkin-clad wine bottles, and whenever Al's glass is empty, he catches a waiter's eye and signals for a refill. Milly is obviously nervous about his condition - and with good reason - but Al has reached the stage of somewhat glassy-eyed resignation to his fate.

MILTON
We have passed through a soul-searing test - a period of war and of economic disruption.
(he glances at his notes)
But our country must stand today where it has always stood - the citadel of individual initiative - the land of unlimited opportunity for all.
(applause - in which Al belatedly joins)
It is therefore peculiarly appropriate that tonight we gather here to honor one who has fought gallantly for that freedom. Ladies and gentlemen - we greet our friend, our co-worker and our hero - Al Stephenson.

Loud applause - in which Al somewhat dazedly joins. Milly gives him a despairing look. But Milton, chuckling, nudges him and mutters:

MILTON
Come on, Al - on your feet.

Al rises, somewhat uncertainly.

AL
Ladies and gentlemen - I'm very happy to be here. In fact, I'm very happy to be anywhere. In fact, I'm very happy.
(he turns to the waiter)
Perhaps it would be a good idea if you just put that bottle down here in front of me - save yourself quite a number of trips.

The waiter does so. There is a general forced laughter.

(CONTINUED)

223 (Cont'd)

MILTON
(chuckling)
Good old Al!

Milly is not joining in the merriment. Her expression indicates she is saying: "Hold on to your hats, here we go." Al drinks and continues.

AL
I would like to begin by telling a humorous anecdote. I know several humorous anecdotes, but I can't think how to clean them up.
(looks around at the guests)
I'm glad to see you've all pulled through so well. As Mr. Milton so perfectly expressed it, our country stands today where it stands today - wherever that is. I know you would all agree with me if I said that now is the time for us to stop all this nonsense, face facts, get down to brass tacks, forget about the war, and go fishing. But I'm not going to say it. I'm just going to sum the whole thing up in one word.
(he looks at Milly. She shakes her head. He turns to the crowd)
My wife doesn't think I'd better sum it up in that one word.

Mr. Milton chuckles. Mr. Prew looks at Mr. Steese. They exchange glances, eyebrows raised.

AL (Cont.)
I want to tell you all that the reason for my success as a Sergeant is due primarily to my previous training in the Cornbelt Loan and Trust Company. It was in the good old Bank that I learned about collateral. I learned that you never lend anybody a nickel unless he can put down a dollar's worth of gilt-edged securities. Sound practice! I applied that to my problems in the Infantry. For instance - one day on Okinawa a Major comes up to me and says, "Stephenson - do you see that hill?" "Yes sir," I said, "I see it." "All right," he said, "you and your platoon will attack said hill and take it." So I said to the Major, "But that

(CONTINUED)

223 (Cont'd)

AL (Cont.)
operation will involve considerable risk. We haven't sufficient collateral." "I'm aware of that." said the Major, "But the fact remains, there is the hill, and you are the guys who are going to take it." So we took it. Now I think that little story has considerable significance - but I've forgotten what it is.

Milly smiles. But the others look somewhat bewildered. Al gulps another drink. It should be evident that, despite his original reluctance, he is now enjoying himself. He sees an opportunity here to get something over, and he doesn't want to miss it.

AL
There's something else I learned as a Sergeant in the Infantry.

Prew, Steese and the others look at each other as much as to ask, "What's he getting at now?" Milly is watching Al, fascinated. She knows that Al is getting at something.

AL
You've all heard that old question - "Am I my Brother's keeper?" Well - I learned the answer to that question.
(he speaks his first sober line)
The answer is "Yes". And that leads us to another question - "Who is my brother?"

Al mops his neck with his handkerchief, further disarranging his unbuttoned collar and his tie. He glances at Milly nervously, but to his surprise she smiles encouragement.

AL
I'll tell you who he is. He is anyone who is in trouble - anyone who is sick - anyone who is broke - anyone who is in danger -- and you don't stop to ask - "Have you got sufficient collateral?" No! You just whip out your first aid kit and start to bandage the guy's wounds.

Al looks around the room. It is evident that his audience is not with him heart and soul.

AL (Cont.)
And finally let me assure you that any opinions expressed on this program do not necessarily reflect the views of my sponsor. I thank you.

He bows to Mr. Milton and sits down. Milly is the first to applaud vigorously. The others join in, but not with much enthusiasm. Al bows and smiles in acknowledgment of the applause.

DISSOLVE:

224 INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

It is the most expensive place in Boone City - the local Mocambo or Stork Club. The dance floor is a solid jam of swaying couples, among whom are Peggy and Woody, and Fred and Marie. The dance floor is very small, and ringed solidly by tables.

225 CLOSER - PEGGY AND WOODY - DANCING

He is a nice looking boy of twenty-four or five. He has been a Navy j.g., and wears a discharge button. He and Peggy can't really dance - they are surrounded by a solid wall of human flesh.

PEGGY
Woody - I can't take it any more. Let's sit down.

WOODY
I can't get out. We're trapped.

They suffer on for a moment. Suddenly a naked elbow appears between them, bouncing up and down slightly to the rhythm of the music.

WOODY
(to the elbow)
How do you do?

He bares his teeth as if he were about to take a bite out of the elbow. At that point, the elbow hits him in the nose.

WOODY
(to the elbow)
I beg your pardon.

The elbow withdraws. Woody and Peggy are crushed closer together. She looks up at him despairingly.

WOODY
(to Peggy)
Anyway, we can't fall down.

226 FRED AND MARIE - DANCING

Marie loves it. As they dance by, the headwaiter comes into the SHOT, followed by a busboy carrying a table over his head. The headwaiter clears some of the dancing couples off part of the dance floor to make room for the table. He then bows a rich old guy and a gorgeous dame to it. The already overcrowded floor is now impossibly overcrowded.

227 WOODY AND PEGGY - DANCING

By Herculean effort, Woody manages to get Peggy off the floor.

228 PEGGY'S TABLE

Peggy and Woody come into the SHOT, and sit down. He looks at her with undisguised adoration.

WOODY
I can't understand it -

PEGGY
What?

WOODY
Why you aren't mad about me. I think I'm attractive.

PEGGY
(laughs)
You are, Woody. You're irresistible.

WOODY
Then why do you go on resisting me?
(in a low tone)
You know - all marriages don't have to be like that one.

PEGGY
Which one?

WOODY
Your friends - Fred and Marie.

Now for the first time, Peggy is interested in Woody's conversation.

PEGGY
What's wrong with their marriage?

WOODY
Oh, there's nothing wrong with it, except for one slight detail -- they just don't like each other.

Peggy looks off.

229 MEDIUM SHOT - GROUP

As Fred and Marie come up to the table. Marie is happy, flushed and excited. (NOTE: We don't HEAR the following dialogue clearly. There is too much noise from the orchestra, etc.) A waiter walks through the scene.

MARIE
Boy! It's murder on that dance floor. Whew - it's awful.

(CONTINUED)

229 (Cont.)

WOODY
(kidding)
You mean you don't want to dance any more.

MARIE
(to his surprise)
Sure - I'd love it!
(to Peggy)
You don't mind if I borrow him for a while, do you?

PEGGY
(embarrassed)
No - not at all.

Marie and Woody go off to dance.

230 CLOSER - FRED AND PEGGY

They look at each other. The electricity which was generated between them at the Mexican joint is now more potent than ever. If they were only alone, Fred would be taking her in his arms.

FRED
(in a low, terse tone)
That was a terrible thing to do, Peggy --

PEGGY
What was terrible, Fred?

FRED
Calling up Marie - going out like this - together -

PEGGY
(with a suggestion of defiance)
I did it deliberately.

FRED
Why?

PEGGY
To prove to myself that what happened this afternoon didn't really happen.

Fred is looking straight into her eyes.

FRED
And how is the proof working out?

(CONTINUED)

230 (Cont.)

PEGGY
(looking at him)
I - I don't know.

FRED
I do. It did happen - it had to happen. And - if we go on seeing each other, Peggy - it will happen again.

He looks at her with intense seriousness. There is a note of appeal in his tone, as though he were urging her to help him to prevent it happening again. It is, for Fred, a confession of weakness - and at the same time a demonstration of strength.

DISSOLVE:

231 INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

The orchestra is now playing something in a jump tempo. The place is crowded, noisy, and full of cigarette smoke.

232 NIGHT CLUB LOBBY

Peggy and Marie are on their way to the Powder Room. As they walk, Marie is addressed by a young man.

YOUNG MAN
Hello, Marie.

MARIE
(haughtily)
Good evening.
(then, to Peggy)
You've got to watch yourself in this town. More wolves!

PEGGY
(smiles, sympathetically)
I know.

They come to a door marked "Ladies".

MARIE
You know, I pay no attention to the sign - I go right in.

233 AT THE TABLE - FRED AND WOODY

They are waiting for the girls to come back.

WOODY
You know, Fred - for years I've been studying the problem of why it is that when one girl goes to the powder room, another girl always goes along with her.

FRED
And have you figured that one out?

WOODY
It's still only guess work. I've never been able to eavesdrop. But the way I figure it - they want to review the situation - talk about us.

FRED
(without enthusiasm)
I guess you're right.

He looks off in the direction of the Powder Room - a little worried.

234 INT. POWDER ROOM - NIGHT CLUB

Peggy and Marie are sitting at the long, mirror-topped dressing table. Peggy is applying some routine powder and lipstick, but Marie is giving her face the works. Marie is talking rapidly in the manner of "just between us girls".

MARIE
Woody's a cute boy. He's a lot of fun. Got plenty of dough, too. His family own half the city, practically. He certainly has a terrific yen for you, Peggy....I don't want to butt into your personal affairs - but if you take my advice, dear, you'll grab Woody, but quick.

PEGGY
(laughs)
Somehow or other, I couldn't picture myself getting romantic with Woody.

MARIE
Never mind the romantic part of it. That takes care of itself. And I'm speaking from experience! They'll tell you that money isn't everything. Maybe it isn't - but - Boy, how it helps!

She slaps on some more pancake make-up. Peggy is watching her and listening to her with absorbed interest. She is now getting the real low-down on Marie.

MARIE
Do you know that while Fred was away I was drawing over five hundred dollars a month - I mean, from his Army pay and from the job I had. And now - the two of us have got to live on what he gets for being a drug store cowboy --
(confidentially)
-- thirty-two fifty a week.

235 CLOSE - PEGGY

She watches Marie, and listens to her ramble on.

MARIE'S VOICE
Poor Fred! I guess you think he's an awful sour-puss. But he didn't use to be that way. The Army had an awful effect on him - knocked all the life out of him.

(CONTINUED)

235 (Cont.)

PEGGY
(gives Marie a penetrating look)
But Fred's never going to be satisfied with that job in the drug store. He'll get something better.

236 TWO SHOT

There is a note almost of defiance in her tone as she says that. But Marie doesn't notice it.

MARIE
Oh, sure - maybe in five years time he'll be drawing down forty or fifty bucks.
(she looks levelly at Peggy)
You can't have happy marriages on that kind of dough.

They have stood up, to go. Marie surveys Peggy, appraisingly.

MARIE
You're cute, but if you don't mind a personal suggestion- you could stand a little more make-up, and I think you could get yourself a better hair-do. I'll give you the name of my hair-dresser. But you've got nothing to worry about, dear. You'll get Woody and live happily ever after. It's in the bag.

She smiles at Peggy with the air of a best pal. Peggy smiles back, but behind the smiles, as they leave the Powder Room, is an expression suggestive of the war path.

DISSOLVE TO:

237 INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - MEDIUM

Posing for a photograph, being taken by a pert little night club camera girl, who is loaded down with camera equipment. Reading from left to right, facing the camera, are Woody, Marie, Peggy, Fred. Marie is directing.

MARIE
Now - everybody get in close together. We're all palsy-walsy. We put our arms around each other.
(sees Fred hasn't got his arm around Peggy)
Come on Fred, I don't mind --

(CONTINUED)

237 (Cont.)

Peggy, laughing, puts her left arm around Fred's shoulders. He is not laughing as he puts his arm around her.

MARIE
(to girl)
Wait a minute! I'll tell you when.

She reaches over and moves the vase of flowers so that it doesn't mask her breasts. Then she speaks in a gay manner, trying very obviously to get everyone to look happy for the picture.

MARIE
Now -- everybody happy! Let's all be talking. What a marvellous party! We'll have to do this again right away.
(without looking at the girl, but speaking to her)
Okay! Shoot the picture!

She smiles artificially as the flash goes off.

238 TWO SHOT - FRED AND PEGGY

They look at each other. In the look it is clearly written that Peggy's party has been a failure. She had intended to put an end to the love story between her and Fred, and achieved the opposite effect.

DISSOLVE:

239 INT. BATHROOM - STEPHENSON APARTMENT - NIGHT

Al is behind the shower curtain, taking a cold shower. He can be heard groaning and shuddering. Milly, in her nightgown and bathrobe, is getting a bottle of Bromo Seltzer, a glass and a spoon from the medicine cabinet. She puts them down on the wash-stand. Al's pajamas and bathrobe are hanging on a hook.

AL
(chattering)
Oh - it's cold -- it's freezing -- I'm turning blue.

Milly goes over and feels the water which is splattering beyond the shower curtain.

MILLY
Stop groaning. It isn't so bad.

(CONTINUED)

239 (Cont.)

AL
That's all right for you to say - you're on the outside.

She laughs and goes out. Al sticks his head around the shower curtain, sees that she has gone. He reaches off to turn off the water.

240 INT. AL AND MILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Milly, hearing the shower turned off, calls through the door.

MILLY
I left the Bromo on the wash-stand. Take a good, stiff shot.

She goes over to the dressing table and gets out the cold cream and kleenex. There is a knock on the door.

MILLY
Yes.

PEGGY'S VOICE
(from off)
It's me - Peggy.

MILLY
Come in, darling.

Peggy comes in. She does not look as well groomed as she did before she started out on this evening's party. Milly looks at her - appraisingly, expectantly. Peggy sits down wearily on the bed.

MILLY
Have a good time?

PEGGY
Not very.

Al comes out of the bathroom, wearing his bathrobe and pajamas. He carries the glass of Bromo Seltzer - fizzing. He sees Peggy.

AL
Well - what's all this? The children's hour?

He drinks the Bromo, holds his stomach, then belches.

AL
I beg your pardon.

Al is obviously feeling better.

(CONTINUED)

240 (Cont.)

MILLY
(to Peggy)
Well - - What's she like?

Peggy is silent for a moment, as if she hadn't heard. Al and Milly look at her, curiously.

PEGGY
I'm glad I went out with them - even though it was a pretty disagreeable experience.

AL
(serious, sympathetic and sober)
It took guts, Peggy - but you've got plenty.

PEGGY
I'll need 'em. I've made up my mind.

AL
Good girl!

MILLY
(worried)
To do what?

PEGGY
I'm going to break that marriage up.

Peggy looks at her mother with a mixture of defiance and pathetic appeal. Al stares steadily at Peggy with uncomprehending amazement and mounting anger, while Milly takes charge of the preliminary inquisition.

PEGGY
I can't stand it, seeing Fred tied to a woman he doesn't love, and who doesn't love him. It's horrible for him;it's humiliating. It's killing his spirit. Somebody's got to help him - -

MILLY
You're sure he doesn't love her?

PEGGY
Of course I am!

MILLY
Did he tell you so?
(Peggy shakes her head)
Did <u>she</u>?
(another emphatic negative)

(CONTINUED)

240 (Cont. 1)

AL
So you just jumped to conclusions?

PEGGY
(tears in her eyes)
He doesn't love her! He hates her! I know it! I know it!

AL
And who are you - God? How did you get this power to interfere in other people's lives?

MILLY
(quickly)
Is Fred in love with you?

PEGGY
(defiant)
Yes!

MILLY
You've been seeing him?

PEGGY
Only once - today. Oh - it was all perfectly respectable. But - when we were saying good-bye - he took me in his arms and kissed me and I knew -

AL
(hotly)
And you think that a kiss from a smooth operator like Fred - do you think that means anything?

Al has got up and is standing over Peggy.

PEGGY
(with equal heat)
You don't know him! You don't know anything about what's inside him. And neither does she - his wife. That's probably what she thought of him, when they were married - "a smooth operator" with money in his pocket. But now he isn't smooth any longer, so she's lost interest in him.

AL
Whereas you're possessed of all the wisdom of the ages - you can see into the secret recesses of his innermost soul -

(CONTINUED)

240 (Cont. 2)

Peggy is on the verge of tears.

PEGGY
(desperately)
I can see because I love him.

AL
So you're going to break this marriage up! And have you decided yet how you're going to do it? Are you going to do it with an axe?

PEGGY
It's none of your business what I'm going to do! You - you've forgotten what it's like to be in love!

AL
Do you hear that, Milly? I'm so old and decrepit I've forgotten how it feels to want somebody, desperately -

Milly comes forward and stands by Al.

MILLY
Peggy didn't mean that - did you, darling?

PEGGY
No - I - I don't know what I do mean. It's just that -
(she speaks passionately)
- everything has always been perfect for you. You loved each other, and you got married in a big church, and you had a honeymoon in the South of France, and you never had any trouble of any kind. So how can you possibly understand how it is with Fred and me?

MILLY
We never had any trouble?
(she looks at Al tenderly)
How many times have I told you that I hated you - and believed it, in my heart? How many times have you said that you're sick and tired of me - that we're all washed up? How many times have we had to fall in love all over again?

Al takes Milly's hand and holds it tightly, their fingers intertwined.

(CONTIN UED)

240 (Cont.3)

Peggy looks up at them. She bursts into convulsive sobs and buries her face in the counterpane of her parent's bed.

Milly looks at Al and signals to him to get out. Al looks down miserably at Peggy, then lets go of Milly's hand, which he has been clutching tightly, and goes out.

Milly sits down on the bed and takes Peggy in her arms and holds her as if she were again a small child. After a moment, Peggy speaks, brokenly.

PEGGY
(through her sobs)
I'm sorry, Mom - - I'm sorry I've - -

MILLY
(calmly)
Never mind about that, darling. We love you. Remember that, - no matter what happens, you must always remember that.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

241 INT. BUTCH'S - DAY

Fred comes in. It is a little past four, and the "trade" hasn't started coming in yet. Butch is behind the bar, checking his cash register. He turns as Fred comes up.

FRED
Hi, Butch - is Al here?

BUTCH
(pointing)
Back there - waiting for you.

FRED
See you later.

He starts off toward Al.

242 AL'S BOOTH

Al is sitting alone, waiting. Fred comes into the SHOT. He is not as friendly as he would be normally - he's slightly alerted. Al is easy and casual with Fred, as though he had nothing on his mind.

FRED
Hi, Al.

AL
Sit down, Fred. What are you drinking?

FRED
Cup of coffee. Got to have a clear head for soda jerking.

Gus, the waiter comes up.

AL
(to Gus)
One cup of coffee and a Scotch and plain water.

GUS
Okay, Mr. Stephenson.

He goes.

FRED
Well - what's on your mind, Al? Want to borrow some money, or something?

Fred laughs. He is trying to appear off-hand about it, but he is curious as to why Al called him.

(CONTINUED)

242 (Cont.)

Al looks at him, levelly.

AL
I called you to ask you a question.

FRED
Roger! Shoot!

AL
Are you in love with Peggy?

Fred looks at him. They are eye to eye.

FRED
(coldly)
Is there any law compelling me to answer that one?

AL
No. Nevertheless - I repeat - are you in love with Peggy?

FRED
Yes.

AL
I thank you for a short and honest answer.

FRED
You're welcome.- - Now - what do we take up next?

Throughout this, Al and Fred are two tough guys facing each other and facing up to a disagreeable situation.

AL
Your wife. What about her? Where does she fit in this romantic situation?

FRED
Is that any of your business?

AL
That's what Peggy said - that it's none of my business.

FRED
Oh - so you've had her on the carpet, too.

(CONTINUED)

242 (Cont. 1)

AL
She volunteered some information to her mother and me. You see - we have a rather unusual relationship in our family - it may seem kind of corny and mid-Victorian - but we tell each other things. I happen to be quite fond of Peggy, and --

FRED
-- and you don't want to see her get mixed up with a heel like me.

AL
I haven't called you a heel - yet. I just don't want to see her get into this mess.

The waiter, Gus, comes up with the coffee and the Scotch, and serves it. Al and Fred wait until he goes - then:

FRED
Okay, chum - what do we do now? -- Step out and settle this thing in the alley?

AL
I wouldn't want to recommend that as a solution. I've learned a lot of tricks in fighting dirty. If I got tangled up with you, I might forget myself and break your neck. I wouldn't like that. You see, Fred - I'm quite fond of you too.

FRED
Thanks.

AL
(continuing)
But I don't like the idea of you sneaking around corners to see Peggy - to take her love on a bootleg basis, and I give you fair warning, I'm going to do everything I can to keep her away from you, to help her forget about you - and get her married to some decent guy who can make her happy.

Fred looks at him. He knows Al is sincere in stating he is fond of him, and his belligerent anger fades. But his sense of hopelessness and bitterness remains.

(CONTINUED)

242 (Cont. 2)

FRED
(after a moment, with finality)
Then I guess that's it, Al. I don't see Peggy any more. I'll put that in the form of a guarantee. I won't see her any more. I'll call her up and tell her so.
(looks at Al, steadily)
That satisfy you?

AL
Yes.

FRED
Anything else on your mind?

AL
No.

FRED
Okay, chum. So long.
(he puts a dollar on the table)
The drinks are on me.

Fred walks off. Al watches him.

243 MEDIUM SHOT

SHOOTING TOWARD the front door. Fred walks steadily on his way out. Near the door he sees a phone booth. He stops, and takes some change out of his pocket. He selects a nickel, and goes into the booth.

244 CLOSE - AL

He is watching Fred. He HEARS the SOUND of the telephone bell as Fred's nickel goes into the phone. He's got what he wants, but he hates this moment. He takes a long drink. The SOUND of the front door opening is HEARD. Al looks off.

245 MEDIUM SHOT - HOMER AT FRONT DOOR

He enters. He's in a good mood. He doesn't see Fred in the phone booth, but he spots Al.

HOMER
Al!

He goes toward him.

246 AL'S TABLE

SHOOTING TOWARD Homer, PAST Al. Homer feels quite talkative.

HOMER
(coming up)
Well - I haven't seen you in a long time. How've you been?
(they shake hands)
How's your family?

AL
Fine thanks.

HOMER
Say, I want to show you something - come on.
(urging Al toward the piano)
Hey, Butch! Come on over here and let's show Al that new routine.

Homer is leading Al over toward the piano. Al follows without much enthusiasm.

247 AT THE PIANO

The SET-UP INCLUDES Fred in the telephone booth in the b.g. Homer leads Al into the SHOT. Butch comes in.

HOMER
(doing all the talking)
Wait 'till you hear this, Al.
(he sits down)

BUTCH
(sitting down next to him)
You all set, kid.

HOMER
I'm ready when you are.

BUTCH
Okay - one, two.

He starts to play. After a few bars he nods to Homer, who fills in with a kind of obligato. They play a duet in swing style on a tune like "Tea For Two" or "Honeysuckle Rose". Homer is enjoying himself.

Al listens, but he's unable to keep from looking toward Fred in that phone booth, which we can see in the b.g.

248 CLOSE - AL

He looks off at Fred.

249 CLOSE - FRED IN PHONE BOOTH - SHOOTING THRU THE GLASS

We don't hear him, but he is saying - "Goodbye, Peggy." Then he hangs up the phone, gently - and stands motionless, with his hand still holding the receiver in the hook. The SOUND of his nickel clinking into the coin box is HEARD. Off scene, the MUSIC FINISHES.

250 INT. BUTCH'S - DAY - AT THE PIANO

The same SET-UP as Scene 247, with Fred in the telephone booth in the b.g., and the group at the piano in the f.g.

HOMER
(to Al)
Well - Didn't you like it, Al? -
We've been working for weeks --

AL
(looking at Fred)
Sure, Homer. It was swell.

In the b.g. the door of the telephone booth opens and Fred comes out. He heads for the door.

HOMER
(sees Fred)
Fred!

Fred goes out the front door.

HOMER
(surprised, bewildered)
That was Fred...

AL
Yeah.

HOMER
(further surprised that
Al knew Fred was there
all the time)
What's the matter? Anything wrong?

AL
(quietly)
No - he had to go back to the drug store.
(before Homer can say
anything)
C'mon, Homer - buy me a drink.

As they go to the bar, Homer is very confused, and worried about what has happened between Fred and Al.

251 INT. STEPHENSON APT - HALL - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

Peggy is in the b.g., at the phone (which should be prominent in the SHOT). She has hung up, but still has her hand on the phone. She is dazed - but composes herself, and then comes down the hall (TOWARD CAMERA) and goes into the kitchen.

252 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Peggy comes in. Milly is there, at the stove in b.g. Evidently Peggy was helping Milly prepare supper before Fred's phone call. She returns to the kitchen table, to resume preparing the roast.

MILLY
Who was it?

PEGGY
(without expression)
Fred.

Milly looks questioningly at Peggy. She senses something is wrong, but says nothing, goes on working..

PEGGY
(after a moment, in a dead tone)
He said he's sorry for what happened - but it was just one of those things. He said it wouldn't be fair to his wife for us to see each other any more, because I'm obviously the kind of girl that takes these things too seriously. Then he said "Good-bye", very politely, and hung up.

Milly looks at her for a moment. Peggy resumes the work she was doing.

PEGGY (Cont.)
Well - I guess you and Dad don't have to worry any more. That's the end of my career as a home-wrecker.

Milly is wise enough to know that she shouldn't extend any sympathy or pursue the subject any further.

MILLY
Is that roast ready for the oven?

PEGGY
Yes, Mom. Here it is.

She hands it to Milly. For a moment their eyes meet. The sympathy flows from Milly, but Peggy turns away. She has tried to remain dry-eyed and be a Spartan girl - but she can't. She goes out of the room.

Milly looks after her. We HEAR the SOUND of the door to Peggy's room being closed. Milly sits down and continues her work -- mechanically shelling peas. We HEAR the SOUND as she drops the shelled peas in a saucepan. She cries very quietly.

DISSOLVE:

253 INT. MIDWAY DRUG STORE - SODA FOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Fred is working behind the fountain, performing his duties with grim efficiency. A boy's voice hollers at him.

BOY'S VOICE
Hey!

254 MED. CLOSE - AT COUNTER

The boy is of high school age. He has a girl with him, and is trying to impress her.

BOY
How about a little service here?

Fred comes into the scene.

FRED
Yes, sir. What can we do for you?

He puts out paper napkins for the boy and his girl-friend.

BOY
Two chocolate sodas.

FRED
Two black and whites - on the way.

255 MED. CLOSE - END OF COUNTER

A man named Mollett comes up and sits down. His most distinguishing feature is that he looks "average." He wears an enamelled American flag pin in his lapel. He speaks in a faintly patronizing way, as though he were always right, and the people to whom he talks don't know much.

MOLLETT
(calls off)
What about a ham and cheese on rye, without any mustard...

FRED'S VOICE
Ham and cheese dark - save the mustard - coming up.

Mollett takes a newspaper out of his pocket. He looks with satisfaction at the screaming headlines: CRISIS IN MIDDLE EAST - U.S. Warned International Unity Threatened By Foreign Aggression.

256 MED. SHOT - IN DRUGSTORE

PAST Fred, who is working, mixing sodas for the kids, and fixing Mollett's sandwich, TOWARD the front door, as Homer comes in. Fred sees him.

FRED
Hello, Homer. Draw up a chair and sit down.

Homer sits between the boy and girl, and Mollett.

HOMER
Say - Fred --

FRED
(busy)
Yeh?

HOMER
What happened at Butch's?

FRED
What do you mean?

HOMER
I mean - you and Al. Was there any trouble?

FRED
Oh, no. We were just having a friendly talk. What's yours, Homer?

HOMER
Oh - I don't care. Gimme a chocolate sundae.

Fred, conscious of Thorp's surveillance, does not like to get into personal chats with customers.

The two kids look at Homer's hooks with horror. They will finish their sodas quickly and go out. Mollett looks at the hooks and at Homer's discharge button with great interest. He gets up and sits down next to Homer.

257 HOMER AND MOLLETT

Homer turns to Mollett and smiles amiably.

HOMER
Hiyah.

MOLLETT
Hello, soldier.

HOMER
Sailor!

(CONTINUED)

257 (Cont.)

MOLLETT
Oh - excuse me!

Fred comes into the SHOT with Mollett's sandwich and Homer's sundae. In the b.g. a group of young people have come in and sit at the other end of the counter. Fred moves off to attend to them.

MOLLETT
Mind if I ask you a personal question?

HOMER
I know what it is - How did I get these hooks and how do they work?
(he laughs)
That's what everybody says when they start out "Do you mind if I ask you a personal question?" Well, I'll tell you. I got sick and tired of that old pair of hands I had. Awful lot of trouble washing them and manicuring my nails. So I just traded them in for these latest models. They work by radar. Look!
(he demonstrates picking up the spoon and eating the ice-cream)
Pretty cute, eh?

MOLLETT
You got plenty of guts. It's terrible when you see a guy like you that had to sacrifice himself -- and for what?!!

Homer eats his sundae casually. He hasn't taken offense. He assumes that Mollett is getting off some elaborate kind of gag. Fred comes up.

HOMER
"And for what?" - I don't get you, Bud.

FRED
(to Mollett)
Anything else?

MOLLETT
Check.

Fred goes off to punch the cash register.

(CONTINUED)

257 (Cont. 1)

MOLLETT
(to Homer)
Well, we let ourselves get sold down the river. We got pushed into war...

HOMER
Sure - by the Japs and the Nazis, so we --

MOLLETT
--the Japs and the Germans had nothing against us. They just wanted to fight the Limeys and the Reds - and they'd have whipped them, too - if we hadn't got deceived into it by a bunch of - radicals and jew-lovers in Washington.

Fred comes up and tosses Mollett's check on the counter.

HOMER
(amazed)
What are you talking about?

MOLLETT
(to Homer)
We fought the wrong people, that's all. Read the facts, my friend,
(he points to his newspaper)
Find out for yourself why you had to lose your hands - and then go out and do something about it.

FRED
You'd better pay your check, brother, and go home.

MOLLETT
Say! Who do you think you are - -

FRED
(pointing)
You pay the cashier over there.

He walks away to serve other customers.

MOLLETT
(to Homer)
And there's another thing! Every punk of a soda jerk in this country has got the idea that he's somebody!

He snatches up his check and goes out of the SHOT toward the cashier's counter. Homer gets down off his stool and goes after him.

258 MED. SHOT - AT CASHIER'S COUNTER

As Mollett reaches for his money, Homer comes up behind him and pokes him in the shoulder. Mollett turns, startled.

HOMER
Look here, mister - what are you selling, anyway?

MOLLETT
I'm not selling anything - except plain, old-fashioned, Americanism --

HOMER
Some Americanism! So we're all a bunch of suckers, eh?
(gets madder)
So we should have been on the side of the Japs and Germans, eh?

MOLLETT
(waiting for his change)
Again I say - just look at the facts.

HOMER
I've seen a couple of facts. I saw a ship go down and over eight-hundred of my ship-mates went with it. Were those guys suckers?

MOLLETT
That's the unpleasant truth - and the sooner we get wise to it --

HOMER
(outraged)
If I only had my hands -- I'd --

Homer has his hooks up, deliberately scaring Mollett. He is so successful in this that Mollett jumps at him, terrified that Homer is going to put one of his eyes out. Mollett grabs Homer by both of his arms.

HOMER
Let go of me, you --

One of the girls at the soda fountain screams. Fred, seeing Mollett manhandling Homer, vaults over the counter, grabs Mollett and socks him.

FRED
Take your hands off that kid.

Mollett swings on Fred.

259 MED. SHOT - IN THE DRUGSTORE

Fred and Mollett fighting.

260 MED. SHOT - THORP'S WINDOW

He has been working late in his office. He hears the fighting, and comes to the window to see what's going on. He is horrified.

261 MED. SHOT - AT THE PERFUME COUNTER

Fred hits Mollett hard - so hard he knocks him back against the perfume counter, shattering the glass case and wrecking the contents. Mollett goes down and doesn't get up.

Thorp rushes into the SHOT.

THORP
Bring some aromatic spirits of amonia - and iodine and bandages.

Thorp bends over Mollett who is dazed but all right. Thorp then looks up at Fred.

FRED
Don't say it, chum. I socked him - and the customer is always right. So I'm fired. But this customer was not right.
(to Homer)
I'll meet you outside, kid.

He goes toward the back.

DISSOLVE TO:

262 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Fred and Homer are walking along.

HOMER
Gee - I'm sorry, Fred. I lost you your job. But that guy - why he insulted my shipmates that are dead.

FRED
I know. I caught some of his conversation. You read about people like that, but you seldom see 'em, luckily.

HOMER
You're a real pal, Fred.

(CONTINUED)

262 (Cont.)

FRED
Forget it.... How's your girl friend - Wilma?
(looks at Homer)
You and she going to get married?

HOMER
Well -- I -- I don't know....

FRED
Why don't you know? Doesn't she want to get married?

HOMER
Oh - it isn't Wilma's fault. She's been swell about it.

FRED
So then it's your fault?

HOMER
I guess it is.

They have come to a corner with a sign BUS STOP. Fred stops on the corner, looks at Homer and smiles. He speaks from the heart.

FRED
Do me a favor, will you, Homer?

HOMER
Sure, Fred - what is it?

FRED
I'm a hot one to be giving advice to the Lovelorn -- but I'm telling you to go and see Wilma - now. Take her in your arms. Kiss her. Ask her to marry you. Then marry her - tomorrow, if you can get the license that fast. And if you want me to stand up with you at the wedding --
(he looks off)
Here's my bus -- so long kid.

The bus comes up. When it goes, Homer is alone, looking after Fred. After a moment, Homer turns and starts home.

DISSOLVE TO:

263 EXT. HOMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Homer comes into the SHOT. He is filled with indecision about following Fred's advice to talk to Wilma at once. He looks toward the Cameron house, and sees:

264 EXT. CAMERON HOUSE - NIGHT

The windows in the downstairs front room are lit.

265 EXT. HOMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CLOSE - HOMER

He looks back toward the Cameron kitchen, and sees:

266 EXT. CAMERON HOUSE - NIGHT

Through the kitchen window, Wilma is visible. She is finishing cleaning up the after dinner dishes.

267 EXT. HOMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MED. CLOSE - HOMER

He wants to go to Wilma and talk to her - but he makes the somewhat cowardly decision to wait until tomorrow.

He goes up the steps to his own house. As he goes, he looks off once more toward Wilma. After he has gone, the light in Wilma's kitchen goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

268 SCENE OUT

269 INT. HOMER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Homer, in his bathrobe and pajamas, is alone. He is looking out the window across to the window of Wilma's room.

(CONTINUED)

263 EXT. HOMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Homer comes into the SHOT. He is filled with indecision about following Fred's advice to talk to Wilma at once. He looks toward the Cameron house, and sees:

264 EXT. CAMERON HOUSE - NIGHT

The windows in the downstairs front room are lit.

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He looks back toward the Cameron kitchen, and sees:

266 EXT. CAMERON HOUSE - NIGHT

Through the kitchen window, Wilma is visible. She is finishing cleaning up the after dinner dishes.

267 EXT. HOMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MED. CLOSE - HOMER

He wants to go to Wilma and talk to her - but he makes the somewhat cowardly decision to wait until tomorrow.

He goes up the steps to his own house. As he goes, he looks off once more toward Wilma. After he has gone, the light in Wilma's kitchen goes out.

268 INT. CAMERON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron are there. He is sitting in an easy chair, absorbed in his evening paper. (NOTE: This is the same paper we saw Mollett carry in the previous drugstore scene.) He is smoking a cigar.

Mrs. Cameron is knitting - -

Wilma comes in from finishing up in the kitchen. She goes to the window which looks out toward Homer's house, and as she sits, she looks off through the window.

Mr. Cameron notices this.

Wilma gets up, restlessly, and crosses to a table where she picks up a magazine. She settles herself in another chair.

MR. CAMERON
Homer home yet?

WILMA
Yes - he must have just come in.

Wilma puts down the magazine, and goes over to the radio.

MR. CAMERON
Wilma...

(CONTINUED)

268 (Cont.)

WILMA
Yes, Father?

MR. CAMERON
Come over here and sit down.

Wilma comes over and sits near her Father. Mr. Cameron folds his paper deliberately. He has something he wants to say, but doesn't quite know how to begin.

MR. CAMERON
Wilma - your Mother and I have been talking...

WILMA
Yes, father?

She glances toward her Mother, who has abandoned her knitting. Mrs. Cameron looks unhappy about the whole thing.

MR. CAMERON
We feel - it's extremely difficult for me to say it, but - we're concerned about you - and your happiness - -

WILMA
I know. You're worried about me and Homer. You never did like him.

MRS. CAMERON
That's not so, Wilma. We've always been very fond of Homer, but --

MR. CAMERON
We felt there was a certain wildness - a certain tendency toward instability in his character. We hoped, when he entered the Navy, that he would respond to discipline - that he would come back a fine, upstanding, self-controlled young American.

WILMA
Instead of which - he came back without any hands.

MR. CAMERON
(with complete sincerity)
It was a horrible tragedy - for all of us - and we felt in view of the sacrifices the poor boy had made, we'd make every effort - we'd show all possible patience, to help him to --

Wilma jumps up. She is tormented and angry.

(CONTINUED)

268 (Cont.1)

WILMA
What are you getting at, Father? What are you trying to say to me?

MR. CAMERON
We feel you ought to go away from here. You can go and visit your Aunt Vera up at Silver Lake.

WILMA
(wildly)
Why?

CAMERON
To get away from all this unhappiness. It's awful for you to be subjected to this heartbreak and humiliation.

WILMA
(fiercely)
And what about <u>him</u>? What about <u>his</u> heartbreak?

MRS. CAMERON
If you go away, darling - if Homer knows that you're not right here, next door - it may help to straighten him out --

WILMA
No! No! Don't say any more. I --

She rushes out of the room. Mrs. Cameron turns, agonized to her husband.

MRS. CAMERON
You shouldn't have said it to her! You shouldn't have said it so brutally!

MR. CAMERON
(tortured)
Brutal? I didn't say half of what I felt about this. Can't he act like a man - even without hands? Why does he have to make our little girl suffer for what happened to him?

269 INT. HOMER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Homer, in his bathrobe and pajamas, is alone. He is looking out the window across to the window of Wilma's room.

(CONTINUED)

269 (Cont.)

He turns away from the window and looks at the framed pictures of himself as a High School athlete - and an enlarged snapshot of himself with Wilma, they are both laughing as he holds the dog, Jinx, with the hands that he had then.

He goes out into the hall.

270 INT. HALL - NIGHT

Homer walks quickly toward the stairs, but the boards of the floor squeak. The door of his parents' bedroom opens and Mr. Parrish appears, in his night-shirt.

MR. PARRISH
You all right, Homer?

HOMER
Yes, Pop. I - I just thought I'd go down to the kitchen and get a glass of milk.

MR. PARRISH
Well - you knock on the door when you want me.

HOMER
Okay, Pop.

Homer goes on down the stairs. Parrish looks after him, unhappy, then closes the door of his room.

271 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Homer comes in and switches on the light. He goes to the window and looks over toward the Cameron house. He pulls down the shade.

Then he goes to the ice-box, opens it and studies the situation inside. He takes out a bottle of milk and a plate on which are some pieces of cold fried chicken left over from supper.

He hears a knock on the glass of the back door. Surprised, he goes to the door, unlocks it and opens it. Wilma opens the door and comes in.

HOMER
Wilma! What are you doing out this time of night.

WILMA
(nervous)
I saw you were up, Homer. I saw you there at the window. I - I've got to talk to you.

(CONTINUED)

271 (Cont.)

HOMER
(embarrassed)
All right. Come on in. Want some milk?

WILMA
No thanks.

HOMER
(pouring a glass)
There's some fried chicken there, too.

WILMA
No thanks, Homer.

Homer takes the milk bottle back and puts it in the ice-box.

HOMER
Sit down, Wilma.

Wilma sits on a hard kitchen chair by the table. Homer comes back, picks up a drumstick and starts to gnaw it. He sits on the edge of the table.

WILMA
(intensely, urgently)
Homer - I - my family want me to go away, tomorrow -

HOMER
Where?

WILMA
Up to Silver Lake. My Aunt Vera's got a place up there. They want me to go and spend the summer with her.

HOMER
Well - that ought to be nice.

WILMA
But I don't want to go. I want to stay here.

Homer looks at her, questioningly, worried. He knows that she is going to get to subjects personal to them both - that the scene which he had tried to dodge is coming up anyway.

(CONTINUED)

271 (Cont. 1)

WILMA
You see - the reason they want me to go away is so I can forget about you. They figure that you don't want to see me - you don't want me around - and if I stay up at the Lake for awhile, maybe I'll get all this out of my mind...

HOMER
(miserable)
Maybe that's a good idea. Maybe you ought to do that, Wilma.

WILMA
(passionately)
Do you want to get rid of me?

Homer puts the chicken bone down, gets off the table, walks away.

WILMA
Tell me the truth, Homer! Do you want me to forget about you?

HOMER
(slowly)
I want you to be free, Wilma - to live your own life. I don't want you to be tied down, forever, just because - - because you've got a kind heart - -

WILMA
(touches him)
Oh, Homer - why can't you see the way it really is - the way I really feel... I try to tell you --

HOMER
(interrupting - it is an ordeal for him to say this - he has to tear the words out of his soul)
-- but you don't know, Wilma - you don't know what it would be to have to live with me - to have to face this every day, every night --

WILMA
I can only find out by trying. And if it turns out that I haven't got the courage - we - we'll soon know it.

Homer comes close to her and looks into her eyes. Sweat has broken out on his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

271 (Cont. 1)

HOMER
Wilma - you and I have been close to each other for a long time, haven't we? Ever since we were kids.

WILMA
Yes, Homer.

HOMER
I - I'm going upstairs to bed. I want you to come up and see for yourself what happens.

WILMA
(wide-eyed)
All right, Homer.

He goes to the door. Wilma goes out. She is frightened, but determined. He follows her.

WIPE TO:

272 INT. HOMER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wilma faces Homer as he starts to take off his bathrobe. She is terribly scared, but she is fighting with everything she's got to reveal no trace of it.

Homer wriggles out of his bathrobe. He is wearing pajama pants but no top.

He then shows Wilma the harness and the mechanism. He explains it in plain, matter-of-fact, routine terms, as though he were giving an indoctrination lecture.

As he talks, Wilma listens with absorbed interest. Her fear evaporates in the face of Homer's courage.

HOMER
I've learned how to take this harness off.
(he takes it off and drops it)
I can wriggle into my pajama top.
(he does so)
But I can't button it.

WILMA
I'll do that, Homer.

She buttons his coat.

HOMER
I can switch off the light with my elbow.

(CONTINUED)

272 (Cont.)

He does so. Light comes in from the street lamp outside. He gets into bed, keeping the stumps of his arms under the covers.

HOMER
But this is when I know I'm helpless. My hands are down there on the floor. I can't get 'em on again, without calling to somebody for help. I can't read a book, or smoke a cigarette. If the door blows shut, I can't even open it and get out of this room. If the house caught on fire - - - I'm as dependent as a baby that doesn't know how to do anything but cry when it wants something.
(he looks up at Wilma)
Well - now you know, Wilma. Now you've got an idea of what it is. And I guess you don't know what to say, you poor kid. Go on home, Wilma. Go away, like your family said - - -

He turns away from her to hide from her that his eyes are full of tears.

Wilma kneels beside him. She smiles at him.

WILMA
I know what to say, Homer. I love you. I'm never going to leave you - never!

He looks at her as though he were trying to search her for the horror and the revulsion he felt sure she would reveal.

HOMER
You mean you didn't - mind?

WILMA
(shakes her head, smiles)
Of course not - I told you I loved you.

In searching her face, Homer sees nothing but her love and courage. He half shakes his head, as though he couldn't believe it.

HOMER
Wilma - I - I love you. I always have and I always will.

(CONTINUED)

272 (Cont. 1)

With a little cry, she leans over and kisses him.

Then, she moves back and looks at him. She adjusts the covers, pulling them up over his chest. He looks at her, as she rises, goes toward the window, and opens it. She pulls down the shade then walks toward the door. He keeps watching her as she goes to the door. She stands there just a minute, looks back and smiles at him..

WILMA
Goodnight, darling - sleep well.

HOMER
Goodnight, Wilma.

She closes the door gently behind her -- leaving it ajar in case Homer should want to get out of the room.

273 *CLOSE - HOMER*

As he looks after her.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

274 U.S.E.S

CLOSE SIGN: "Report Here For Unemployment Insurance."

275 FULL SHOT - FILE OF CLAIMANTS

There is a hopelessness about the men and women, old and young, in this line-up - although it is covered in most instances by a kind of desperate gaiety. These people are either the wilfully idle or the complete failures or the frustrated victims of circumstance who, in a time of presumable plenty, are out of work and on the dole.

276 CLOSE SHOT - FRED

He is looking straight ahead of him, moving mechanically forward as the line steadily advances.

We must feel here the tragic humiliation of Fred's position. If music can help to produce this effect, it should be used.

DISSOLVE TO:

277 INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSE - MARIE

She is at her dressing table, putting on a diminutive but cute hat. She is fixing herself up to go out. She looks wonderful. On the dressing table is some cheap costume jewelry, some money in bills and change and her handbag.

The radio is going in the adjoining room. We hear Cliff's voice from the living room.

CLIFF (from off)
Hey, sugar - you better step on it - or your husband'll be home.

MARIE
Ah - don't worry. He's job-hunting. He won't come home for another hour.
(she smiles)
And what if he does!

278 LIVING ROOM

Cliff, holding a drink, strolls over to the mantelpiece to look at the photographs. He is well-built, dark and handsome. His coat is off. He contemplates a picture of Fred in uniform with all his ribbons.

CLIFF
I can't understand it - a guy like that, with all this money lying around, and he can't get into it. What's the matter with him?

MARIE
Oh, I don't know -- I guess he just isn't very bright.

Cliff turns quickly at the sound of a key in the lock of the front door. The door opens and Fred comes in. Fred looks at Cliff, and Cliff looks at him, coolly.

CLIFF
How do you do?

FRED
(calmly)
Fine, thanks. And who are you?

Marie comes out of the bedroom, quickly. She is dressed to go out. She wears a diminutive but cute hat. She rises to the occasion.

MARIE
Oh, Freddy - I want you to meet Cliff Scully - he's an old friend of mine.

FRED
(looks at Cliff)
Glad to know you, Scully.....
Get out.

CLIFF
Oh? A tough guy!

Cliff appears to be perfectly capable of taking care of himself. Fred nonchalantly disposes of his hat.

MARIE
Now listen, Fred. You're not going to get anywhere with that kind of attitude. I told you, Cliff's an old friend of mine and he's asked me out to dinner and I'm going out and if you don't like it you know what you can do.

(CONTINUED)

278 (Cont.)

FRED
(calmly, to Cliff)
You heard me, chum. Get out!

CLIFF
(to Marie)
What do I do next - sock him?

FRED
Why ask her? Can't you think for yourself?

MARIE
Go on, Cliff. I can handle this. Wait for me downstairs.

CLIFF
Okay.

He picks up his coat off the couch. Fred notices the Discharge Button in the lapel. He smiles slightly.

FRED
(casually)
Another ex-serviceman, eh! Greetings, brother. Have you had any trouble getting readjusted?

CLIFF
(suavely)
None in particular. It's easy, if you just take everything in your stride.

FRED
That's what I've heard.

CLIFF
(at the door, to Fred)
Well - be seeing you.

FRED
I doubt it.

Cliff has gone.

FRED
When did you pick him up?

MARIE
I told you - he's an old friend -- he just dropped in for a friendly drink.

FRED
You knew him when I was away?

(CONTINUED)

278 (Cont.1)

MARIE
I knew lots of people. What did you think I was doing all those years?

FRED
I don't know, babe - but I could guess.

MARIE
Go ahead and guess your head off - and I could do some guessing myself. What were you up to in London - Paris - and all those places. I suppose you're gonna tell me you acted like a saint with wings!

FRED
No, I didn't. So what.

MARIE
So what! So we're even. I've given you every chance to make something of yourself. I gave up my own job when you asked me. I gave up the best years of my life. And what have you done? You've flopped! You couldn't even hold that job in the drug store. So I'm going back to work for myself - and that means I'm going to live for myself, too. And what have you got to say to that?

He turns from her and goes to the closet.

FRED
Go on, babe, don't keep Cliff waiting.
(he is getting out his B-4 bag)
And tonight, when you come back, don't worry - bring him right in, for another "friendly drink". Because I won't be here.

MARIE
Where are you going?

FRED
Away. As far away from Boone City as I can get.

She looks at him, with a gleam of satisfaction. He is hauling stuff out of the closet.

MARIE
That's a good idea. You'll find a good job some place else ... There are drug stores everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

278 (Cont. 2)

She turns and goes out.

Alone, he looks around the sordid room. He goes to the mantelpiece to get his photographs. He picks up the flashlight picture taken in the night club. He looks at Peggy, who has her arm around him in the picture. He takes out his knife and cuts the photograph in two, down the middle. He tears up the half on which are Woody and Marie. He looks at the other half - at Peggy - then tears it up and throws it in the trash basket.

DISSOLVE

279 INT. BEDROOM - PAT DERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Fred is packing his B-4 bag. Hortense and Pat come in.

HORTENSE
Here's an old sweater - remember you wore it when you were in high school? You might need it, sometime.

FRED
Sure. Thanks, Hortense.

HORTENSE
I'll put it in your bag.

Pat has been looking over a sheaf of papers and photographs which Fred has left on the dresser. He is bewildered by his son's decision to leave, but in his befuddled way, wants to be helpful.

PAT
You forgot these, son --

FRED
No, I don't want 'em, pop.

PAT
(looking through them)
What are they?

FRED
(as he packs)
Just some fancy words that don't mean anything. You can throw 'em away.

PAT
(glancing through the papers, becoming surprised)
Say, these are citations for your medals --

HORTENSE
Why, Freddie - you never showed them to us.

(CONTINUED)

279 (Cont.)

FRED
Those things came in the packages of K-rations.

PAT
We'll treasure 'em, my boy.

HORTENSE
(going out)
I'll get those socks I washed for you. They'll be dry by now.

She has gone. Fred is attending to the final details of his packing.

PAT
Do you think you're doing the right thing, son?

FRED
You mean going?
(Pat nods)
Who can tell in advance what's the right thing or the wrong thing? It just means - a fresh start.

PAT
Well - I don't see why you're in such a rush to quit Boone City. It ain't such a bad place either. There's plenty to do here - plenty of opportunity and room for improvement. There's a need here for young fellers like you that fought and won the war. I know you haven't had the best of the breaks since you got back - but, it seems like you ought to give the old town more of a chance - you ought to stick here and slug it out a while longer on your own home grounds.

Fred looks at his father, smiles and gives him an affectionate slap on the shoulder.

FRED
You're all right, Pop. But - the trouble is - I know when it's time to bail out.

Fred slings his musette bag over his shoulder, picks up his B-4.

(CONTINUED)

279 (Cont. 1)

FRED
I've got to get going.

He goes into the living room. Pat follows, still holding the sheaf of papers.

280 INT. DERRY LIVING ROOM

Hortense comes out of the kitchen as Fred and Pat enter from the bedroom.

HORTENSE
Here's your clean socks, Fred.

FRED
You can put 'em in the musette bag.
(she does so)
Take good care of the old man, won't you Hortense.

HORTENSE
(tearful)
I'll do my best. But we'll miss you, Fred.

FRED
I guess you've become accustomed to that by now.

He leans over and kisses her. Then he shakes hands with his father, and heads for the door.

FRED
(at the door)
Goodbye.

He leaves.

281 MED. CLOSE - POP AND HORTENSE

They stand looking after him. The old man, bewildered, looks down at the sheaf of papers in his hand. Then he sits at the wooden table in the center of the room, slowly puts on his glasses and starts to read Fred's citations.

282 EXT. DERRY HOME - DAY

Fred walks steadily under the concrete arches, carrying his heavy B-4 bag. The dismal surroundings accent his complete defeat.

DISSOLVE TO:

283 INT. ATC SHED - BOONE CITY AIRPORT - DAY

This is just a small, temporary building. The only people in it are Fred and a Corporal, the latter behind a counter. The Corporal has been looking at Fred's AGO card. He looks up and speaks in a confidential manner. (He has a Southern drawl.)

CORPORAL
Well, Captain, we might get you a ride tonight -- there's a plane leaving at eight.

FRED
Where's it going?

CORPORAL
Springfield.

FRED
Which state is that?

CORPORAL
North Dakota.

FRED
Okay. That'll be fine.
(looks at his watch)
I'll hang around the field 'till then.

He turns to go. The Corporal looks at him and grins.

CORPORAL
Say - you don't seem to care where you're goin'.

FRED
That's right, chum - I don't.

Fred goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

284 INT. DERRY HOME - DAY

Pat Derry is seated at a wooden table in the living room, reading through the papers Fred left behind. He stops and takes off his glasses, to wipe his tired eyes.

PAT
Hortense -- listen to this.

(CONTINUED)

284 (Cont.)

Hortense comes over and sits down at the table with him.

PAT
Look - War Department stationery --

He starts to read the formal, precise language of a citation for the Distinguished Flying Cross. The record of Fred's heroism and courage as lead bombardier on a very difficult mission is read slowly by the old man, who hesitates occasionally over an unfamiliar word. (NOTE: The text of the citation will be supplied.) As Pat reads:

DISSOLVE

285 EXT. BOONE CITY - AIRPORT - DAY

PAT DERRY'S VOICE READING THE CITATION CONTINUES OVER THE FOLLOWING:

Fred is walking along the line of B-17's which are in process of being junked. Some men are working on one of them with acetylene torches, under the direction of Karney, a tough, stalwart ex-Colonel, who wears a khaki shirt, flannel pants and an old felt hat. Fred glances at this mutilation of a B-17 and walks on.

He comes to a particularly battered veteran bomber. Its name - "Old Bill" or "Galloping Gertie" - is still visible, painted on the nose. There are also four or five Nazi flags, and several rows of bomb symbols, records of missions. The engines have been taken out. Fred stops to look at this emasculated plane with nostalgic affection.

He looks around, then climbs up into the fuselage.

(All of this scene requires music and highly imaginative pictorial treatment. Perhaps there may be strains of the Air Force song, in a weird, minor key. Or there might be some theme which was introduced in the B-17 scenes at the start of the picture, when Fred, Al and Homer first came home.

286 INT. B-17 NOSE

Fred crawls in and kneels in the bombardier position. He looks down, as if there were a Norden bomb-sight there.

(CONTINUED)

286 (Cont.)

Pat Derry's voice finishes reading the citation, which has told how Fred, even though he was wounded, managed to lead the mission in a successful job of bombing. The citation ends with the words, "thereby reflecting the highest credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States."

Fred looks off to the side.

287 EXT. FIELD - LONG SHOT

From Fred's ANGLE we see a string of B-17's lined up with the ship he is in. The propellerless engines are prominent in the SHOT. The SHOT becomes slightly diffused and then, suddenly the roaring SOUND of a formation of B-17's is heard.

288 INT. B-17 - CLOSE - FRED

He looks down, through an imaginary bombsight.

289 INT. B-17 - SHOOTING DOWN THRU THE PLEXIGLASS

We see the dead earth of the field DISSOLVE INTO a slowly moving SHOT of runway slipping past, as it would seem to one in the nose of a B-17 on a take off. The runway moves faster and faster until it is going by so swiftly that it blurs into nothingness.

290 CLOSE - FRED

His face is in flickering light, as though the motion of the plane were casting shadows across him. He stares off, not conscious of where he is at the moment.

Then we gradually hear the SOUND of an air battle, as we would hear it from a B-17 on a mission. We hear the faint bursts of flak, and the sharp, short bursts of machine gun fire. And we hear the Voices of the bomber's crew, as they report the action on the intercom.

CO-PILOT'S VOICE
There's four of 'em coming in - two o'clock low.

BALL TURRET'S VOICE
I'm on 'em.

SOUND of machine guns.

PILOT'S VOICE
Pilot to bombardier. We're approaching the IP. Can you see the IP?

(CONTINUED)

290 (Cont.)

FRED'S VOICE
Bombardier to Pilot. I see it okay.

PILOT'S VOICE
Turning onto the target. Coming out of the turn. Straight and level. Center your PDI.

FRED'S VOICE
PDI centered.

PILOT'S VOICE
It's all yours, Fred.

Heavy SOUNDS of flak and fighters and machine gun fire, through which the B-17 and the huge formation fight ahead.

FRED'S VOICE
Bombs away!...Bomb-bay doors closed.

PILOT'S VOICE
Ball turret -- doors closed?

BALL TURRET'S VOICE
Closed.

FRED'S VOICE
Bombs hit! Right on the nose!

PILOT'S VOICE
Tail gunner -- you see it?

RIGHT WAIST'S VOICE
Murphy didn't see it. He's dead.

LEFT WAIST'S VOICE
I saw it. Right on the nose.

CO-PILOT'S VOICE
Number One's on fire.

PILOT'S VOICE
Feather Number One.

CO-PILOT'S VOICE
Number One feathered.

PILOT'S VOICE
Check my ailerons. Not getting any reaction on my right aileron.

RIGHT WAIST'S VOICE
You ain't getting any because you ain't got any.

(CONTINUED)

290 (Cont. 1)

More bursts of flak, more fighter fire.

PILOT'S VOICE
Roger.

BALL TURRET'S VOICE
Number three is smoking badly and I'm getting a lot of oil all over the turret. Shall I come out or stay in?

PILOT'S VOICE
(intercom)
Stay in a little longer and keep watching.

BALL TURRET'S VOICE
They're comin' in five o'clock low.

RIGHT WAIST'S VOICE
Get you're sights on 'em, Tom.

BALL TURRET'S VOICE
Okay....say, Chief, can I have a three day pass.

PILOT'S VOICE
No!

SOUND of machine gun fire.

CO-PILOT'S VOICE
Oil pressure zero on number three.

PILOT'S VOICE
Feather it. Pilot to crew. We are approaching the North Sea now, two engines are out.

FRED'S VOICE
What are your plans, Skipper?

PILOT'S VOICE
I'm going to try to pull her through. But the rest of you can bail before we get to the water. You know what happens to you if you hit the North Sea in Winter.

LEFT WAIST'S VOICE
I'm for getting home tonight. I got a date.

(CONTINUED)

290 (Cont. 2)

NAVIGATOR'S VOICE
Only three missions to go and we'll all go back to the States. Let's try it.

FRED'S VOICE
It's okay, Chuck. We'll stick with it.

PILOT'S VOICE
You're all nuts.
(pauses)
All right - Let's get rid of the excess baggage.

The voices trail off. Only the SOUND of the engines CONTINUES, together with the MUSIC. They rise to a crescendo, then all SOUND breaks off sharply as we hear:

KARNEY'S VOICE
Hey, Bud -- what are you doing in that airplane?

Fred doesn't hear Karney. He is still in his reverie.

291 EXT. B-17 - MED. CLOSE - KARNEY

He is on the ground, looking up at Fred in the nose.

KARNEY
You -- what are you doing in there?

Fred hears him. He looks down at Karney, startled. Then he grins sheepishly and starts to crawl back out of the plane.

292 MED. SHOT - AT HATCH

Fred is climbing out. Karney looks at him.

FRED
I used to work in one of those things.

KARNEY
Reviving old memories, eh?

FRED
(smiles)
Or maybe getting some of them out of my system.

(CONTINUED)

292 (Cont.)

KARNEY
Well - it's your last look at these airplanes. We're breaking 'em all up.

FRED
I know. You're the junk man. You get everything, sooner or later.

KARNEY
(taking no offense)
This is no junk. We're using this material for building pre-fabricated houses.

Fred starts to walk away, then turns back.

FRED
You don't need any help, do you?

Karney looks at him shrewdly.

KARNEY
Out of a job?

FRED
That's it.

KARNEY
I see.
(he laughs)
One of the fallen angels of the Air Force! Pardon me if I show no sympathy. While you glamor boys were up there, in the wide blue yonder, I was down in a tank.

Fred goes close to him and looks him in the eye.

FRED
Listen, chum - sometime I'll be glad to hear the story of your war experiences. But - what I asked you for is a job. Have you got one?

KARNEY
Know anything about building?

FRED
No. But there's one thing I do know - I know how to learn - the way I learned that job in there.

(CONTINUED)

292 (Cont. 1)

Fred points to the nose of the B-17. He is talking harshly, earnestly. Karney is looking at him with the shrewd appraisal of a seasoned officer. In the BG the workmen are going at the B-17 with blow torches.

KARNEY
It may take you years to get anywhere in this business.

He says it as a test, studying Fred for his reaction.

FRED
Okay.

KARNEY
Provided you haven't been fired in the meantime.

FRED
I've got plenty of time.

KARNEY
Want to work hard?

FRED
Yes.

KARNEY
You interested in money?

FRED
No.

KARNEY
You're a fool.

Karney is being deliberately rough with Fred, watching him steadily, and liking what he sees - although he doesn't show it.

FRED
My last job paid thirty-two-fifty a week. But I can live on less.

Karney smiles slightly, then to a foreman.

KARNEY
Hey - Gus.

FOREMAN
Yes, Mr. Karney?

KARNEY
See if you think this guy can be of any use to us.

He looks again at Fred, then walks away toward the B-17, as Gus comes up.

DISSOLVE TO:

293 EXT. CAMERON HOUSE - DAY

Relatives and guests all in their Sunday best, are gathering happily for the wedding of Homer and Wilma. Some are bringing cakes and other contributions to the wedding breakfast. There is a nice, warm small town American atmosphere about this social gathering. Everybody knows everybody else. Particularly excited are Luella, in a lacey white dress, and the dog, Jinx, with a white bow in his collar, which he is continually trying to scratch off, under the impression that it is a big flea.

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294 INT. CAMERON LIVING ROOM - DAY

This has been fixed up for the ceremony, with home-made floral decorations and an improvised altar in front of the fire place at the end. At the other end, by the main door, is a piano at which Butch is ceremoniously seated. He is wearing his best black suit and has a large flower in his button-hole. Surrounding him are several children whom he has organized into a choir.

BUTCH
Now - get this, kids -- I strike a chord - like this, see?
(he strikes the first chord of "Here Comes The Bride")
Then I give you the old nod - like this, see?
(he nods)
Then you start singing - "HERE COMES THE - " and etcetera. Get it?

CHILDREN
Yes, Butch. Yes, Uncle Butch.

BUTCH
Okay. Let's have a dry run.

He strikes the chord, then nods.

CHILDREN
(singing lustily)
"Here - comes -

BUTCH
That's swell.

295 EXT. CAMERON BACK PORCH - DAY

Homer and Fred - the former very nervous.

HOMER
Gee, Fred - you had me worried. I heard you were leaving town. I was scared you wouldn't be able to stand up for me.

(CONTINUED)

295 (Cont.)

FRED
(laughs)
I'll stand up for you, kid - t.ll I drop.

HOMER
Here's the ring. Don't lose it.

He is handing over the ring as Al comes though the door from the dining room. He is carrying a glass of punch.

AL
I've been sampling the punch. I presume it was made for the kiddies. Will you have some, Homer?

HOMER
I better hadn't, Al. I might give the wrong answers.

Homer laughs. Al turns to Fred.

AL
How about you, Fred?

For a moment, Al and Fred look each other in the eye for the first time since Butch's. It is evident that Al wants to be friendly. Fred is polite but unresponsive.

FRED
No thanks. Maybe later.

AL
Well -- if I must be a solitary drinker --

He lifts the glass toward Homer, with a courtly gesture.

AL
Good luck, kid.

He drinks. Milly and Peggy come out through the screen door.

MILLY
Al! You promised me you wouldn't --

AL
(going toward Milly, with Homer)
Now listen, darling -- just take a sip of this and you'll realize that there isn't a headache in a barrel of it.

Fred has remained behind. He and Peggy are looking at each other. Peggy's expression is cold and hostile. Fred's expression is tense.

(CONTINUED)

295 (Cont. 1)

HOMER
Don't you worry about Al, Mrs. Stephenson. He can take it.

MILLY
(looking at Al)
He certainly can!

During this - which is just B.G. conversation - Peggy has come over to Fred. She is deliberately calm - trying to prove that she is completely cured of any emotional feelings for him.

296 CLOSE SHOT - PEGGY AND FRED

PEGGY
(hypocritically casual)
Hello, Fred -- nice to see you again.

FRED
Hello, Peggy. Nice to see you.

They have shaken hands, quickly dropping each others' hands after the shake.

They are being very polite and casual with each other, but under the surface are plenty of resentment and other things.

PEGGY
Well -- what have you been doing with yourself lately?

FRED
Oh -- I've been working.

PEGGY
(flatly)
Really.

FRED
Oh, yes -- I'm in the junk business -- an occupation for which many people feel I'm well qualified by training and temperament. It's fascinating work.

Peggy is looking at him, levelly.

PEGGY
(after a moment)
Dad told me he'd heard you were in some kind of building work.

FRED
Well -- that's a hopeful way of putting it. Even junk can be converted into something else.

(CONTINUED)

296 (Cont.)

They are looking at each other, through the haze of strained formality, each wondering desperately what the other is really thinking.

HOMER
(from off)
Hey! Fred! Wilma's ready. Come on.

FRED
(to Peggy)
Excuse me --

He goes through the screen door into the house.

DISSOLVE:

297 INT. CAMERON LIVING ROOM - DAY

Relatives and guests, including Al, Milly and Peggy, are arrayed at either side of the room, leaving an aisle from the stairway to the minister, who stands behind an improvised altar. The minister is wearing a plain black suit, high stiff collar and white tie. (Note: It is not intended to identify the minister with any particular denomination.)

Homer comes in from a side door, followed by Fred.

Butch, taking his cue from the minister, strikes his prearranged chord, and nods to the children, who start singing, "Here Comes the Bride".

298 AT THE STAIRWAY

Luella, as flower girl, precedes Wilma coming down the stairs, who is being escorted by her father. Wilma looks lovely in her white dress and an heirloom bridal veil.

They come to the foot of the stairs, and start toward the altar, Luella making long, slow, flat-footed strides. Her bouquet is trembling.

299 CLOSE - HOMER

He looks off at Wilma, whom he has never seen looking so beautiful.

300 AT THE ALTAR

Wilma takes her place beside Homer. They do not look at each other. The minister, somewhat nervous himself, begins to speak.

(CONTINUED)

300 (Cont.)

MINISTER
Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony.
(pauses)
Homer, wilt thou have Wilma to thy wedded wife, to love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, keep thou only unto her so long as ye both shall live.

HOMER
I will.

MINISTER
(to Wilma)
Wilma, wilt thou have Homer to thy wedded husband, to love him, comfort him, honor and keep him, in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thou only unto him, so long as ye both shall live.

WILMA
I will.

MINISTER
Who gives this woman to be married to this man?

MR. CAMERON
I do.

MINISTER
(quietly to Homer)
Now, Homer, will you take Wilma's right hand in yours, and say after me:
(reading from his book)
I Homer, take thee Wilma, to my wedded wife -- to have and to hold from this day forward -- for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer -- in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death do us part.

Homer repeats each phrase after the minister. His voice is clear and firm. He is standing erect, with great presence and dignity. He is quite possibly the least visibly nervous person in the room.

(CONTINUED)

300 (Cont. 1)

MINISTER
(quietly to Wilma)
Now Wilma, with your right hand, take Homer by his right hand, and say after me:
(reading from his book)
I Wilma, take thee Homer, to my wedded husband -- to have and to hold, from this day forward -- for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer -- in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death do us part.

Wilma, to whom each of these words has a more intensely personal meaning, repeats them in a low voice, barely audible. There are tears in her eyes.

The minister indicates they loosen their hands.

MINISTER
(to Fred)
Do you have the ring?

Fred takes it out of his pocket nervously and hands it to Homer, who takes it carefully with his right hook. Everybody is watching fearful that he will drop it.

MINISTER
You will place it upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand.

There is tension everywhere as Homer nervously performs this operation.

NOTE: During the entire ceremony, and especially at this moment, we will go to CLOSE SHOTS of Fred, Peggy, Al, Milly, Mr. Parrish, Mrs. Parrish, Luella, Mr. Cameron, Mrs. Cameron, and Butch.

Wilma's left hand is trembling so violently that Homer extends his left hook to steady her hand.

The Minister is staring at Homer's hooks.

Fred is sweating with apprehension.

Milly clutches Al's hand.

Homer places the ring on Wilma's finger with complete calm and assurance. Then he turns with a smile to the minister - as though he were saying, "Okay - I've completed that operation. What next?"

There is an almost audible sigh of relief on all sides.

(CONTINUED)

300 (Cont. 2)

MINISTER
Repeat after me - with this ring I thee wed.

HOMER
With this ring I thee wed.

MINISTER
Now join your right hands together.
(then to Wilma and Homer)
Those whom God has joined together, let not man put asunder.
(then to the company)
For as much as Homer and Wilma have consented together in holy wedlock, and have declared the same by giving and receiving a ring, and by joining hands; I pronounce that they are man and wife.

There is complete silence in the room.

During this previous speech Fred and Peggy have been deliberately not looking at each other, but after the ring ceremony Fred steps back from Homer and his eyes meet Peggy's. Now they are not thinking of Homer and Wilma, but of themselves. Fred's expression is set and grim and hopeless as he looks at Peggy. But her eyes are filled with tears.

Homer takes Wilma in his arms and kisses her.

Then the Minister shakes hands with the happy couple - and there is general relaxation and gurgles of excitement as people surge forward to kiss the bride.

But Fred and Peggy remain alone in the SHOT, fixed, staring at each other, oblivious of everything else. O.S. we hear SOUNDS of the guests congratulating Wilma and Homer.

Then Fred walks across, like a somnambulist, and seizes Peggy in his arms and kisses her, fiercely.

301 CLOSE SHOT - FRED AND PEGGY

In each other's arms. They cling together for a moment, then Fred starts to speak, in a voice shaken with emotion.

(CONTINUED)

301 (Cont.)

FRED
You know what it will be - don't you, Peggy? We'll have no money - no decent place to live - we'll have to work and sweat and get kicked around --

PEGGY
(exultantly, triumphantly)
We'll be together.

She kisses him.

Al comes up and taps Peggy on the shoulder.

AL
Hey, buddies - whose wedding do you think this is, anyway?

FADE OUT

T H E E N D