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The Notorious Bettie Page

By Mary Harron

Do you have anything
a little different?
I'm not sure
I get your drift.
Do you have anything
with unusual footwear?
High heels?
Boots?
Leather boots...
with laces?
Very good, yes.
I'll take that.
Um, do you have
any other material
that shows...
restraint?
It's a big favorite
among certain customers.
The model
is very popular.
Do you have any
more pictures like this?
I'll have to check
the stockroom.
Sir, I'm Detective Farrell
of the New York Police Department.
We have to ask you a few questions about
the material for sale in your shop.
We have reason to believe
you are selling obscene
and indecent literature
on these premises.
Any witness who feels
that he or she may be
embarrassed by the lights
or by the TV and movie cameras...
they will not be asked
to testify for television.
Because of the rules
of the building,
we cannot have smoking
in the courtroom.
That is difficult for some,
I realize...

including the chairman.
Since assuming the chairmanship
of the Senate Subcommittee
to Investigate
Juvenile Delinquency,
I have become
increasingly concerned
during each passing week
with the effect
pornographic material has
on American adolescents
and juveniles,
and with the widespread
distribution
of this insidious filth.
Father Egan, you think
this pornographic literature
is having a substantial
and degrading effect?
I certainly do.
It is corrupting.
It is rotting at the very
roots of our nation.
Communism will never
defeat America.
No, it's something
from within...
within the nation
that will rot and corrupt it.
Dear Bettie, how are things
in New York City?
We haven't heard
from you in a while.
I guess you must be real busy
with your modeling career.
Here's a picture of you
and me at Christmas after church.
It was nice
being together again.
Hope you visit soon.
All my love, Goldie.
"And they went forth
and preached everywhere.
The Lord working with them,

confirming the word
with signs."

Amen.

I know, friends,
that one of these days,
God's gonna call me home.
When he calls, I know it's gonna be...

praise God...
to my eternal home.

But before he calls,
he's gonna give you the chance
to come to him.

Yes, friends,
don't you know the Lord...
gives every sinner man
and every sinner woman
the chance to come
to him, seek him out?
I feel like singing an invitational
hymn now. Brother John?

If there be any unsaved
souls here tonight
Who feel like giving their hearts
to Christ, come seek him out.

Okay.

Y'all, Mrs. Craddock
is looking.

- Let her get an eyeful.

- Who cares?

Do we look
like Ziegfeld girls?

Girls, get on back
in the house!

- Come on and do your chores.

- Come on, let's go inside.

Bettie, I wanna see you.

Come on up.

Oh! Oh, why thank you.

Uh, ma'am,

Are you gonna be all right
waiting here like this on your own?

Do you have
a boyfriend or a husband
or something

to keep you company while you wait?

Well, thank you

for your concern, Officer,

But... no, I'm not married.

I'll be fine on my own.

"...The fundamental principles
of democracy is the people's right
- to be represented..."

- That's a pretty girl.

You wait here.

I'm gonna go ask her for a date.

Billy, you fool, that's Bettie Page.

Every guy in town wants

to date that girl,

but her mother won't allow it.

I'd sure like to meet you,

but if I can't,

I'd like to meet

one of your sisters.

Well, you can.

They're prettier than me.

That's hard to believe.

May I sit down?

Well...

Hey!

"One of the fundamental
principles of democracy
is the people's right..."

- Did you write that?

- Yes, I did.

I'm on the debating team.

Got to memorize it by Friday.

I'd like to debate you

sometime.

You're probably

a lot smarter than me,

- but I bet I could put up a good fight.

- That's very interesting.

I was never

much for studying.

They just passed me in school

so I could play ball.

Football?

Yeah, I've seen you play...

- against Hume-Fogg.
- That's right.
You're a good ballplayer.
Yes, I am.
I'm a good dancer too.
- How good are you?
- I know a few steps.
If you come out with me,
I'll show you.
- Well, I'd like to, but...
- Better hurry up.
You're gonna
run out of time.
- I signed up.
- You're going overseas?
That's right...
the army.
Well, my mother doesn't
approve of dating.
That's a shame.
That's a darn shame.
You tell your mother
Billy Neal would like to take you out.
Maybe I will.
I'm gonna marry
that girl.
No, you ain't gonna marry her.
Everybody wants that gal.
I don't know.
I'm gonna marry her.
Let's see
if I can get this right.
- Oh.
- Whoo.
See you Monday.
I bet it'd look
good on you too.
It's a beautiful
night out, isn't it?
Yes, it is.
Say, do you
like dancing?
My buddy and his girl
are going dancing,

and they invited me
along and I'm starting
to feel like a third wheel.
I really could use a date.
Well, I do like dancing.
Love to dance, in fact.
Well, my... my friends
are just up the block.
I'd be thrilled
if you'd come with us.
Yeah, I think I will
if you don't mind.
Great.

- My name's Scotty.

- Bettie.

- Nice to meet you.

- Nice to meet you.

Thanks so much.

Have you been
to the Victory Ballroom?

I love to go there
on a Friday night.

The band really cooks.

And I'd just bet you can really dance,
can't you?

Well, I like to dance.

If the music's good,
I like it.

- This is Jake.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- And Ray.

- Hi.

- Pleased to meet you.

The more the merrier.

Ain't that right?

Why are we...

leaving the city?

Where is this place?

Where are we going?

Where are we going?!

Don't try and run.

Oh, please,

for the love of Jesus.

- Please.
- Don't make trouble now.
Can't nobody hear you
around here anyway.
You know what we're
here for.
Just get in the back
of the car.
Please, I can't.
Please, it's that time
of the month.
Shit,
I thought you said we were
getting some tail here.
Well,
she'll have to give us some kind
of a satisfaction.
"Dear Goldie,
I've decided to make a fresh start
in New York City.
I've found an apartment
just off Times Square
and painted
and decorated it myself.
I entered a beauty contest
or two.
I won second prize in one,
which was not too bad...
a set of brand new Revere
pots and pans,
which I needed very much.
I hope this finds y'all
well and healthy
and you kids
are staying out of trouble.
Love to y'all.
Bettie."
- Can I ask you a question?
- Well...
Don't be nervous. I'm a policeman.
Let me show you my badge.
See?
I was just curious...
have you ever done

any photographic modeling?
Well, not for photographs.
Well, you look like a model.
I'm a policeman,
but I'm a photographer too...
on weekends, you know?
If you let me take your picture,
I'll give you copies for free.
- Take my photo? Right here?
- Sure, why not?
- Looking like this?
- Sure.
I don't know.
You're a southern girl,
aren't you?
Well, I don't wanna
make you feel uncomfortable.
Oh, no no,
it's not that.
Don't get me wrong.
I worked with a colored woman,
and she was real nice.
It's just...
Well, I...
Oh, what's the harm in it?
- Come on, over here.
- Good.
I don't think
the kids should see this.
Good, Bettie.
So where're you from in the South?
Nashville, Tennessee.
- Ah, home of the Grand Ole Opry.
- You know it?
I hear it on the radio
sometimes.
My wife listens to it
now and then.
Could you lift
your chin up for me, please?
A little more.
Good.
Now, uh...
Head up and

to the right.

Great, Bettie.

Good.

Hey, Officer.

Uh...

well, it seems as if
some of the people here
aren't happy about me
taking your picture, Bettie.

Well, they're just prejudiced.

I used to be
when I was younger,
but I grew up
and I learned better.

- All we're doing is taking pictures.

- There's kids here.

Maybe next time
we should use my studio.

Let's go.

Good.

Good.

Uh, give me friendly.

Now, give me pert.

Good.

One more.

And give me haughty.

Good, Bettie.

Good.

Now, could you turn
to the side for me, please?
I'd like to see your figure
in profile.

Okay.

All right.

Now, this is a trick
that a lot
of photographic models use.

If you put this
in your swimming suit top,
it will enhance your bustline.

This is all lumpy.

Well, you have
to put it underneath.

Oh...

Oh.
Good.
Now give me saucy.
Good, Bettie.
Great, Bettie.
Great!
Yeah, the poses are great.
Now, I have an idea.
Would you mind
if I changed your hairstyle?
Come, please.
You have a high, round forehead.
There's nothing wrong with it,
but it catches the light.
But if we covered it...
it wouldn't catch the light,
and it frames your face.
Yeah, I see what you mean.
- Yeah? Shall we try?
- Sure.
Austin, Green & Dunleavey.
How may I help you?
Yes, sir.
I'll connect you right away.
- Hi, I'm Bettie.
- I'm Art. Step this way.
Did Jerry tell you
what the setup is?
You can change in there. The other
girl still has a half hour to go.
That's Maxie.
You can learn from her.
She knows all about
the three essentials...
clothes, pose
and expression.
- "Clothes, pose and expression."
- Over here, over here.
- Maxie, this way.
- And look over here.
- Over here.
- Down here to the right.
- You'll get your turn.
- Maxie, we're dying over here.

Don't forget us boys
in the corner.

- Oh.

- Very good, Maxie.

Can you bend over
on one leg?

- No, like this.

- Hey!

Hey, no touching!

Do it again and you're out on your rear.

You don't have
to worry about that.

There's no funny business here.

I see to that.

You think

you can do it?

I can sure try.

Let's see that smile, kid.

Turn to me.

Lift that leg a little bit.

Yeah. And higher.

- Mmm...

- That's nice.

I saw it. I saw beaver.

- You're dreaming. It was a shadow.

- I saw it.

- Mm-hmm.

- What's her name?

- It's Bettie.

- Hey, Bettie.

Can you bend over
for us a little bit?

- Please?

- Show us your keister?

- Hello, keister.

- Very nice.

Nice.

That's good.

To want or need
a mask to hide behind
Comes from a distrust
of ourselves.

It comes from our fear
that we ourselves are boring.

All right.
Now, let's try to go back
to that first
object exercise...
recreating two minutes
of ordinary life
when we're alone.
Bettie,
would you like to show us
what you've been working on?
The curtain rises
and you are sitting on stage.
You are alone.
You sit...
and sit. At last,
the curtain comes down.
Nothing could be simpler,
could it?
The curtain rises...
the curtain comes down.
Bettie, my angel,
it's not necessary
to remove your clothes.
I'd like to try the exercise next
if I may.
Okay, Marvin.
Ahem.
Curtain rises.
Curtain down.
You see,
Marvin sat...
and waited,
and did not act anything.
Now, it may not seem
interesting to you,
to sit and wait
as you do it,
but it's life.
Now, that's all for today.
I'll see you on Wednesday.
Thanks.
Hey, don't worry, Bettie.
It's like he said...
it was a hard exercise.

I was terrible.
I couldn't concentrate.
I felt silly.
No, no.
I liked what you did.
I thought it was really interesting
and very modern.
Don't feel bad.
Hey, how about a milkshake?
That was back when I was trying to write
a great American novel.
It all seems so juvenile.
You know, trying to be Ernest Hemingway.
But then a friend dragged me
to Herbert's class,
and, I don't know,
acting just felt so...
- inspiring.
- I know exactly what you mean.
- It's like when you're in church.
- Uh-huh.
Well, sometimes with the preaching
and the singing and all,
you get lifted up...
up out of yourself.
It's like you're taken
to another place.
Yeah! Taken to another place,
that's it.
Bettie, I feel like I've been talking about
myself for hours.
So what about you?
What drew you to acting?
Well, I started
in high school
and did all the plays.
I guess you could say
- it ruined my life.
- How so?
Well, I was gonna be our high school
valedictorian.
Everyone said
it was gonna be me.
The valedictorian gets a full scholarship to

Vanderbilt University.

- It's a real big deal.

- Hmm.

Well, one day I...

I had a dress rehearsal

and I cut one class...

one stupid art class.

So I got an A-minus

instead of an A,

and Martin Murphy

got the scholarship.

And I got to be

salutatorian

and a place at a teacher

training college.

And I hated teaching. All the boys

whistled at me and acted up.

I just couldn't

control the class.

I wanted that

scholarship so much.

Jeez, I'm sorry, Bettie.

Hey, you know,

It seemed so bitter at the time,

but maybe it's fate telling you

you were meant

for something else.

Well, I wonder.

I hope you're right

about that.

Yes. Like this?

Look at that over there.

Here we go again.

I know it's coming.

Listen, girls,

I just want you to know

That Peggy is gonna

be doing

- some semi-nude posing today.

- All very tasteful, of course.

If you're feeling shy about that,

bathing suits are just dandy with us.

Although there's nothing more beautiful

than nude modeling in open air.

Art, I've told you, my boyfriend
would blow his top if I did that.
Of course, of course.
It's completely up to you.
Thank you, Art, Frank.
We appreciate
you telling us.
Beautiful.
You know, sometimes
when I get homesick,
I just go to Central Park
and walk around for hours.
Gee, I like
to do that too.
Some people think I'm funny
for spending so much time alone.
Oh, no, Bettie.
You're in very good company.
Many of the world's greatest thinkers
spent most of their time alone.
They did?
Well, I'll be.
I'm roasting.
Do you wanna call it quits?
Oh, no, I'm fine.
I love the sun.
Well, we'd better move into the shade
after these shots though.
You don't want get a mark
from your bathing suit straps.
Well, thank you, Charlie.
That's very thoughtful of you.
You know,
I could take this little old
bathing suit top off if you like.
Really?
Oh, sure, yeah.
- if you don't mind.
- Well, I've been thinking about it...
and what difference does it make,
a little piece of cloth?
I agree.
Absolutely.
Oh, thank you.

You know, Bettie,
You're the most popular
model at our club.
Flattery is the devil's
tool, Charlie.
How's this?
I don't know
how to say this,
and don't be offended, but...
well, we've come
this far...
Do you think you could take off
the bottom as well?
After all, it's just
a little piece of fabric.
Now, don't you go throwing
my words back at me, Charlie.
I'm... I'm sorry.
I shouldn't have asked.
Just kidding you.
It's fine.
Sure, I don't mind.
Um, um...
Bettie?
- Bettie?
- Yes?
If we show too much,
I could get arrested.
- What do you mean?
- The top is okay,
but you have
to hide that.
Oh...
Oh, I'll just put
the bottoms back on.
No no no, you don't
have to do that.
Um, the backside's okay.
How's this?
Oh, thank you.
That's perfect.

A copy of "She:
the Man's Picture Magazine."

Oh, Marvin.

A-ha, there she is.

- In roller-skates this time.

- I know, they're silly.

"Gals think men are beasts!

This doll thinks a gorilla
makes a safer boyfriend. You wolf!"

I'm not sure I like the idea
of other men seeing you like this.

It's a bathing suit, Marvin.

- You make it look so good.

- Come on.

Yeah, I know.

I know.

- Yes... yes?

- Hi.

I got your name from Maxie.

My name's Bettie Page. I'm a model.

Oh, yeah. She told me about you.

Just one minute.

Yeah, we got some
nice William Holden. Color 8x10.

Yeah, Stewart Granger
we got, yeah.

Just come into the store.

Anything you want, we got, okay?

- Thank you so much.

- All right.

- So Maxie told you about us?

- Yes.

She said there would be some
unusual costumes to put on.

Okay, great.

Why don't you go right upstairs
and talk to my brother

Irv while I close up here, okay?

Klaw Studios

featuring the largest variety
of popular model photos in the world.

Well, what are you
interested in?

Films, cartoons,
pictorials?

We got some great new pictorials in,

very high quality...

just a moment.

Hi, I'm Irving Klaw,

You hungry?

We've got sandwiches over there...

- some beautiful sliced brisket.

- Oh, I'm fine, thanks.

Okay.

Dressing room's

through there.

Uh, no more "Boudoir

Beauties in High Heels."

What about some

fighting girl movies? No?

"Bound in Rubber,"

"Pleasure Parade,"

and "Fearful Ordeal

in Restraintland."

Now, that last one's

an excellent seller,

because of the quality of the poses,

which in my personal opinion

are among the most strenuous

bondage photos ever made.

Whoa-whoa, how anyone walks

in these old shoes is beyond me.

You don't have far to go.

Jack, give her a hand.

- Oh, hello.

- Pleased to meet you.

- Nice to meet you.

- These shoes are kind of unusual.

We get a lot of requests

for them, don't we, Irving?

Sure do... 8" stiletto heels,

black seamed stockings,

High heels are very popular.

- There you go.

- Okay, sit her down there, Jack.

All right, Bettie.

Let's go.

Beautiful, Bettie.

Oh! I think we got a little problem.

Something's peeking out.

Oh, yep. We better put another pair over them.
Yeah, we gotta put these over the ones you got on. These will be okay, huh? As if the customers care. It's the shoes they want. Shoes and boots, boots and shoes...
- they can't get enough of them.
- Why?
Don't ask. It takes all types to make a world.
What kind of types?
You see, the customers who want this stuff, they're very respectable, very high quality people... doctors, lawyers, diplomats...
Even a judge.
They're not people like us. The pressures they've got... they're not your average Joe. So what if they want something that seems a little strange, right?
- If it makes them happy?
- Sure.
Sometimes they come into the store, and I can see they want something different. Irving says I can spot them a mile off.
- Oh, she can. She's got an instinct.
- If I think it's shoes they want, I'll pull out a movie star... Lana Turner, let's say, with a nice pair of high heels... and I'll point to them and say, "Hmm, something like this, maybe?"
Oh, the look on their face... like they're so relieved I understand. And then I start pulling out the special stuff. Look at the time.

We gotta go.

- Jack, let's put some music on.

- Okay.

Let's put some music.

You like music, Bettie?

- Oh, yeah.

- You okay, Bettie? The shoes hurting?

I'm fine. Just fine.

Turn your backside to us

so we can see the stocking seams.

Nice nice.

Wonderful, Bettie.

To me, turn to me.

Great!

It's nice, right?

Just get into it, feel it.

Gorgeous gorgeous.

Oh, you're so happy.

She's great.

Oh, that's right, honey.

Do that cha-cha,

give me that.

Great, Bettie.

Gorgeous.

Listen to this..."you have
long stretches of nervous letdown
in playing your part,
complete artistic impotence.

At such times your playing
is lifeless, stilted."

I think he was talking
about me there.

No, no, he's talking
about all of us.

I'm just so nervous. Uh, they liked
the photographs I sent them,

- but they never heard me speak.

- It's a western, right?

- Uh-huh.

- Well, maybe they'll need
a good Southern girl.

Just remember, acting is about truth.

You find truth in the character
and no one will give a damn

- that you're from Tennessee.

- Settle down.

Okay, start from here.

Come on, turn.

Not... slowly

slowly, not so quick.

And look at me

with your beautiful eyes.

Now, this way.

Straight.

Now, say something nice.

Um...

I don't know know what to say.

Come on, we're recording sound

so you can say something.

- I'm sorry.

- Don't be so sorry, okay?

You're behaving

like a six-year-old, okay?

Come on, look at me

with your beautiful eyes.

And?

Ahem...

hi, I'm Bettie Page.

Um...

I'm from Nashville,

Tennessee.

Right. Okay, that's it.

You're all done, sweetie.

I thought you looked really great

under the lights.

You're a knockout.

Real star material.

Uh, you think so?

I was awfully nervous.

You'll have to work

on that accent, of course,

But it would be no fun

if you were perfect.

Say, why don't you have

dinner with me tonight?

I could give you a few pointers.

We could get to know each other better.

Oh, I'm sorry, but I can't.

I already have a boyfriend.
Oh, come on.
It'll be fun.
It's always an advantage
to know the producer personally.
I really have to go.
You try and do
a girl a favor...
Still not tight enough.
I told you, it won't go any tighter.
I've been trying for 20 minutes.
You'll ruin the whole thing because
you're too lazy to do it properly.
Oh, come off it.
- Set the shot up the way I told you.
- Okay, I got it, I got it.
Bettie, you're supposed
to be here at 10:00.
You're not on the clock, you don't
get paid. Irving, you're in the shot.
- Okay.
- Ahem.
Give it in the eyes.
Give it in the eyes, darling.
- Beautiful.
- Can we see a bit of heel maybe?
- A little bit of heel.
- Uh, that's good,
A little bit of bum.
I really like bum.
- That's perfect.
- Lovely bum, darling.
See, she's one of our best.
And then he admitted
that he paid Roz 12 bucks an hour,
And they gave me 10.
Cheek of it!
So I says to Irving,
"Pardon me,
but who's been freezing
her derriere off
every Saturday for the past six months?
Not Roz Greenwood.
Gee, that's not fair. Roz is real nice,

but you're a better model.

- Everyone says so.

- Hey, girls, how you doing?

Yeah, we're cold.

Can we get another heater in here?

I'll see what I can do.

Bettie, if you keep brushing your hair,
it'll fall out of your head.

Let me explain something to you.

This is one of our

private sessions... John.

We call him "Little John" to tell him
apart from the other John, "Big John."

He's the photographer
out there.

Anyway, Little John has some
special outfits he'd like you to put on.

- I'd say they're special.

- Maxie.

Yeah, all right, some of them are
a real hoot, but he's a very nice man.

Yeah, he's not normal,

- but he's nice.

- he's one of our best customers,

So will you try

and do what he says?

- What does she mean?

- Oh, it's nothing bad,

You just have to scare him
and act mean. Like this.

Actually,

it's kind of fun.

You're lucky.

Wait until you see what I have to do.

Hey! Ouch, that's too tight.

Well, that is rather the point, my dear.

The tighter the better.

- Paula.

- Maxie, are they hurting you?

- She's all right. Aren't you, Maxie?

- I am not.

- I'm getting rope burns.

- All right. Let's get a move on.

Bettie, stand over there.

I'd like this young lady
to look very strict.
He'd like her
to look very strict.
He'd like you to look
very strict.
Come on, my dear,
more passion. Fire.
More... tigress,
huh?
Whoa, very good.
Dominate the men
who adore you.
Crush them with
your exquisite high heels!
"Come, fill the cup.
And in the fire of spring
the winter garment
of repentance fling."
Oh, that's very nice.
Is that from a poem?
Not just a poem, my dear, the poem...
"The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."
Whoa... oh, no, thank you.
I don't drink.
Come on,
have a drink with me.
Most of the time these last six months,
I seem to be drinking by myself
or with strangers
whom I don't much like.
Might I tempt you
with a mushroom cap?
Oh. So what do you do,
Little John?
He has a very successful
legal practice
- with many distinguished clients.
- How is business, John?
- You been keeping busy?
- Uh, quite busy,
But mother hasn't
been very well
So I've been spending

a lot of time at home with her.
Sorry to hear it.
And what about those legal
difficulties you mentioned?
I had a letter
from the postal inspector warning me
about sending some of my pictures
through the mail. What do you know
- about getting around that?
- The only court ruling
that I know of
on that issue
is the case of this fellow,
Al Urban.
The post office tried
to prevent him
from sending photographs
of nude men through the mail.
They got the Civil
Liberties Union involved
And the Chicago court
eventually ruled that the materials
- were not obscene.
- We don't even have nudes.
He just had to be careful he was
only sending his stuff to adults.
Tell me, what do you think
of all this tying-up business?
You seem to have
a knack for posing.
And I'm always on the lookout
for comely wenches
who don't mind a bit
of the old rope and gag.
Well, it certainly
was different.
I liked what you did
with that riding crop.
It's a treat to see a girl
with so much spirit.
Oh, I enjoy acting
very much.
I've been taking lessons.
Oh... we shall have

to put you
in a little film
or something, shan't we?
Little John old cock,
What say we give
this charming creature a role
in "Sally's Punishment"?
I bet she's a dab hand with the cords.
Could you stop there,
please?

These films include bondage,
spanking and flagellation,
all illegal to send
through the U.S. mails.
I will need you
to sign a stipulation
stating that you will
agree not to sell
any films, photographs
or drawings depicting these acts.

Sir, if I may,
my client sells
a number of photographs
of stills from Hollywood films.
Take one, for example,
from "Tarzan and the Slave Girl"...
a scantily clad actress
is tied up.

Lash marks are
visible on her back.
Now, this film passed
the National Board of Review.

What is your point,
Mr. Gangel?

Well, certainly, you can't
intend for my client to stop selling
these Hollywood
film stills, Inspector.
Those images represent a minute part
of a feature-length film
intended as harmless
entertainment.

Mr. Klaw's films
and photographs are created

with the deliberate intention
of inciting lust
and lascivious thoughts,
and should therefore be barred
from being sent
through the mails.

If you do not cease
and desist,
this will become a matter
for the courts.

Hi, girls.

That looks
very artistic.

- What's it called?

- "Bettie's Clown Dance."

- Very nice.

- How'd it go?

- Not good.

- You look terrible. Is that your heart?

- Did you get the fluttering again?

- Ah, no no no, I'm fine.

- Bettie, that's all for today.

- Listen, Bettie,

I hope you don't mind...

we need to take
a little break from production,
maybe a couple of weeks.

- Sure.

- Take off. Take a vacation.

You know where I'd go
if I could ever get away from here?

- Where would you go?

- Miami Beach.

That's where I'm gonna go
if I ever get to retire.

Sit in the sand
and watch the waves.

Sun and fun, Bettie.

Dear Goldie, guess what.

I decided to take
a vacation.

I've been spending
loads of time on the beach.

The water is so clear

and so blue.
Now I've been working too.
A friend gave me
an introduction
to a photographer
who takes beautiful
artistic pictures.
I hear she's one of the top
glamour photographers working today.
Her name is
Miss Bunny Yeager.
- Miss Yeager?
- You must be Bettie.
Please step this way.
- Would you like some water?
- Yes, I would. Thank you.
- Is this you?
- Yes.
That was taken in Hawaii.
I was a model too.
You brought
some clothes with you.
I made this.
Is this what
you normally pose in?
Yes.
What do you think?
Well, maybe the bathing suit
and the stockings.
Not the corset.
I believe the female form
can stand on its own.
In fact, I'd like
to see you in the light.
Do you mind standing
over here by the window?
And what brings you
to Miami, Bettie?
I don't know.
Well, I love the sunshine,
love the ocean.
Well, that's perfect.
I do some of my best work outdoors.
Yes, she's been shot

by just about every
photographer in the country,
but I think I caught
something special
in her personality
when I photographed Bettie Page.
The first thing I noticed was
that for some reason,
when she's nude,
she doesn't seem naked.
Maybe it's just her all-over
coppery tan,
or maybe just her attitude.
Whatever it is,
it conveyed to me
that here is
a true nudist.
Bettie's attitude
towards her lovely healthy body
is the essence of nudism.
"Dear Goldie,
yes, they made
a postcard of yours truly...
a bunch of them,
in fact.
I had a wonderful time at the beach here,
and made some money too.
Wish you could have
been here with me.
Hope to see you
at Christmas.
I can't wait to walk through those
old piney woods again.
Love, Bettie."
What are you bringing us
for Christmas, bricks?
Hope you got
something good for me.
You won't be getting a thing
if you don't stop bellyaching.
And thank you for giving us this food
when others are in want.
And thank you, Lord,
for the blessing of family.

Please shine your precious light
on our son Jimmy,
who's in mobile and can't
be with us today.
And on this day of celebration,
let us say a prayer for Roy Page
And, Lord, help us
to forgive him
for abandoning
his wife and family.
For what we are about to receive
may the Lord make us truly thankful.

- Amen.

- Amen.

Jack, don't take
all the mashed potatoes.
Save some
for the rest of us.
So have you met
Marilyn Monroe yet?
No, Jack. She lives in Hollywood.
I'm in New York.

A man from

"The Tennessean" called.

- Says he wants to interview you.

- He did?

Says you were voted "Pin-Up
Queen of the Universe."

Oh my.

How long are you gonna
make a living doing that?

Uh, you know, Mama,

I'll get by.

All that teacher training.

It just seems a shame
to waste an education.

You know I hated teaching.

I wish mama would
just let that be.

Has mama said anything to you
about my modeling?

Not a word. But a few weeks ago,
I was rooting around in her closet.
Suddenly, I came across a whole

stack of magazines with you in them.

- Not the nudist ones.

- Of course not.

Just the glamour stuff.

You still look good in a swimsuit.

Oh, I never was
as pretty as you.

Madam, as I live
and hope for salvation...

- Ha!

- Aye, I am as like to be saved as thou
that believes naught save some
black magic of words and verses.

Oh, madam, if you would
know what misery is,
listen to this man who is more
than man and less at the same time.

He will tie you down
to anatomize your very soul,
he will wring tears of blood
from your humiliation,
and then he will heal the wound
with flatteries no woman can resist.

Madam, she is jealous,
and heaven help me,
not without reason,
for how can I be content
with this black-haired,
black-eyed,
blackavised devil
now that I have looked
upon real beauty and real majesty?

Oh, he is compact
of lies and scorns.

I'm tired of being
tossed up to heaven
and dragged down to hell
with every whim that takes him.

I am, of all ladies,
most deject
and wretched.

We know from Stanislavski
that there can be
no true art without living.

To reproduce feelings,
you must be able to identify them
out of your own experience.
Now, Bettie,
would you tell the class
what you did
to find the truth
in the lady-in-waiting's emotions?
Well, I tried to think of something
that would make me really scared.
And what was that, Bettie?
I thought of what Jesus might do to me
for all my sins.
Marvelous.
Are you sure?
Okay, I'll get back to you.
This is quite
an elegant knot, really.
The more
the subject pulls,
the tighter
the knot becomes.
- What did the lawyer say?
- Not good. It's not good. Can I have
- a word with you in the office?
- Of course.
Carry on.
You're off the clock at 9:00.
What's the matter, Bettie?
Watch your language,
Mr. Willie.
Oh, it's just
an old army ditty.
It helped keep
our spirits up
while we were fighting
the beastly Hun.
Don't you approve?
I believe in Jesus.
But of course
you do, my dear.
Of course you do.
Do you mind if I ask
you a question, Bettie?

What do you think Jesus would say
about what you're doing now?

Well, Mr. Willie...

I've thought about this
quite a bit.

I'm not really sure
anymore.

I think God has
given each of us
some kind of talent
and he wants us to use it.

That's why
he gave it to us.

Mr. Willie, would you mind
untying my hands?

- It's hard for me to think like this.

- Certainly.

God gave me the talent
to pose for pictures,
and it seems to make
people happy.

Well, that can't be
a bad thing, can it?

Not to me, it's not.

But what does God think?

Well, I can't say
for certain.

I can't speak for him.

I do worry sometimes
about some of the things

- that I've done.

- What things?

I posed naked
for photographs.

Have you, my dear?

You naughty girl.

But is that really bad? Adam and Eve
were naked in the Garden of Eden.

So they were.

Oh, I don't know what God
thinks about all this.

I hope that
if he's unhappy
with what I'm doing,

he'll let me know
somehow.

I'm sure he will,
my dear.

I'm sure he will.

Did you love it?

Bettie, you love
of my life!

Oh, come on in.

- What's your poison? Whiskey?

- Orange juice, please.

Oh, Bettie, you will kill me.

You're such a square.

Hey, would you do me
a favor and grab those?

Bettie, come on, there's somebody
you gotta meet. He'll murder me
if I don't introduce you.

Did anyone ever tell you you look
like Montgomery Clift?

No.

Howie, Howie.

- I'd like you to meet Bettie Page.

- Hi.

Howie Lippman.

Pleasure. Listen,

I've got this sensational
new nightclub opening next week.

We've got a full orchestra,
a floor show,

comedians, a juggling act...

we're pulling out all the stops.

I'd love it if you

and some of your friends

would come down

and and see us.

Did you see that girl?

The black-haired job over there?

- That's Bettie Page.

- No, really?

That's her? She looks different
with her clothes on.

There will be a lot of press.

You could wind up in Winchell's column,

- and "Hello, career," right?
- You're Bettie Page,
- aren't you?
- Yes, I am.
I'm really
sorry to bother you,
I heard you might
be here. Um...
I have a lot
of your pictures.
If you don't mind, do you think
you could sign this for me?
- Sure.
- And could you tell me something?
Does it just make you sick
to see guys like me grovel like this?
Oh, no, it's fine.
It's flattering.
Don't you just wanna
crush us, humiliate us,
punish us?
No, sir. I'm sure you're
a very nice person.
Hey, there you are, doughnut.
Hello, there.
Here you go.
- Thanks.
- Hey, are you signing autographs?
- Can I see?
- Thank you.
Hmm...
"Long black stockings,"
hmm...
"200 excellent poses."
"Bound and gagged"?
"Rubber masks"?
- Bettie, what is this?
- Oh, it's just some silly photographs
I did for Irving
and Paula.
Bettie, I...
I don't think you
understand what this is.
It's just...

- weird.
- It's just costumes, Marvin.
We're just dressing up.
There's no harm in it.
Bettie, doctors
write books
about this sort of thing.
It's...
- it's abnormal.
- For goodness sake, Marvin,
- I'm not nude.
- Bettie,
Do you understand what kind of man
buys these pictures?
They're for special customers
who like these kinds
of costumes...
high-quality people.
I met one of them.
He's a lawyer. He's very nice.
Wouldn't hurt a fly.
These people you work for...
is this what they ask
you to do?
Who are these people?!
They're very nice people,
Marvin.
Look... this thing
in your mouth,
- what is this?
- It's just a prop, Marvin.
It's just silliness.
We're laughing all the time
- when we're doing this stuff.
- Bettie,
it... it's disgusting.
I'm gonna
go get some air.
- Hi.
- Hi.
Will you take
a picture of me?
- Yeah.
- It's silly.

People take pictures
of me all the time,
but I don't know
how to take one of myself.

Shall I just stand
right here?

Yeah.

You just press
the little button there.

Okay.

Here's your camera, Miss.

- Where are you going after the beach?

- Home.

Would you like
to go out with me?

Uh-huh.

- I'm Bettie.

- Hi.

- I am Armand.

- Oh...

- it's nice to meet you, Armand.

- Nice to meet you too.

Don't think for a minute
that the jungle abounds
with cuties like this.

That pretty hairdo
and that naughty
little leopard skin
are products
of a complex civilization.

Of course,
what lies underneath
is both civilized
and primitive...
depending on her mood.

I'm gonna send these pictures
to a new magazine.

It's called "Playboy."

Do you know of it?

- No, ma'am, I don't think I do.

- Well, it's new...

very tasteful magazine,
printed on beautiful paper.

It's very classy.

Look towards me, please.

- Like this?

- Perfect.

Now, Bettie, the magazine wants to know how old you are.

- I'm 32.

- Oh...

well, I never

would have guessed.

I don't think you should

tell them that, though.

No magazine wants

a model who's over 25.

Smile, Bettie.

Okay, I need you

to lift your knee up.

I'm seeing

a little bit too much.

You know what's funny?

Irving Klaw

Would never let me pose

with my top off.

- Irving Klaw?

- Yeah, you know him?

No. I think I heard his name on TV last night, though.

- Some government investigation.

- Irving on television?

Yeah, I think he's

in a little bit of trouble

- What kind of trouble?

- I'm sure it's nothing.

It's probably just some senators

blowing a lot of hot air.

Eyes to the camera,

please.

How about a wink?

We shall show

by these hearings

that a large portion

of the market for this material

is with inquisitive

and impressionable teenagers.

There is a peculiar resemblance

to narcotics addiction
in exposure of juveniles
to pornography,
but there is one difference,
however...

the injection of heroin
into the veins of an addict
stops with the addict,
but the contaminative
effects of pornography
in the hands
of just one minor
are incapable
of measuring.

Irving says they
can't shoot anymore
- until they sort this out.
- Yeah.

Maybe it's time
I stopped modeling
and just worked hard
at my acting.
People are getting tired
of taking pictures of me anyhow.
Never.

What are you gonna do?
- I got a plan.
- You do?

You know Frank and Charlie
from the camera club?
- Yeah.
- A couple of months ago,
they asked to borrow my apartment
for a private session.

So I said,
"What's in it for me?"
So they paid me
a little something,
And then it became
a regular thing every Thursday.
Then another couple of guys
asked, and I thought,
"Why not go into business
- for myself?"

- How?

Well, I got myself
a white fur rug.

- Nice.

- Well, not real fur,
but good enough
for pictures.

And a couple of pillars.

That's on one side.

And on another wall, I'm gonna
get a mural painted of an Italian lake;
And maybe a fake fireplace on another
wall, so I can shoot three sides
and get the most
out of the space.

Do you think Paula
will be upset?

- Maybe. It's competition.

- Mmm...

But you got to look
after yourself in this world.

And you can't be
a model forever.

I was reading
the theater section
of the goddamned "New York Times"
today, and a drawing of this guy,
Petruccio, swinging a whip
in "The Taming of the Shrew"...
the play by Shakespeare...
is all over the first page.

- Nobody cares.

- They're all hypocrites.

Then, I see this illustration
in the "New York Times Magazine"
Of "Kiss Me Kate," a Broadway musical.

What does it show?

Spanking!

They wanna shut me down for distributing
images almost identical to these.

Shh. Don't say too much.

Remember what the lawyer said.

I'm beginning to get
a persecution fear complex.

Don't.

- You are Mr. Klaw?

- Yes.

Mr. Klaw, were you...

Sir, in accordance
with your suggestion,
we don't want
any pictures.

Thank you very much.

We appreciate your cooperation.

Uh, Mr... Klaw,
were you requested
to bring any
books or records?

- Yes.

- do you have them, sir?

I decline to make
them available
under the 5th amendment
of the constitution,
that they may tend to degrade
or incriminate me;
and under the 4th amendment
of the constitution
that the subpoena
is vague and illegal.

Do you wish to make
any statement as to why
you think producing any books
or records called for here
might tend
to incriminate you?

I decline to answer under the 5th
amendment of the constitution,
that an answer
may tend to incriminate me.

Dr. Henry, I direct
your attention
to a booklet entitled
"Cartoon and Model Parade,"
published by Irving Klaw
of 212 east 14th street.
I specifically call
your attention

to the movie
"Negligee Fight."
The heading reads
that this 16mm movie
shows the terrific battle
that ensues
when both girls
claim a black negligee.
Is this
the masochistic type
of perversion to which
we just referred?
- It is.
- Is there a sexual deviation
known as "bondage,"
where a person
- is trussed up with rope and chains?
- Yes.
- That is fairly common.
- You say that...
that bondage
is fairly common?
Fairly common
in this particular group...
that is, the group
of sexual deviants.
Tell us more
about that...
uh... bondage being
fairly common.
Among those
that are familiar
with this variety
of sexual deviation,
it is a matter
of common knowledge to them.
You mean they like to see
someone who is bound up...
- Yes, they do.
- Pictures of them?
- Some of them do.
- Now I direct your attention
to a series of photographs
called "New Specially Posed."

"Bettie can only feel fear
as she is unable to see
her captors.
Now that the pole
was bound to her body,
Bettie had to crawl
on all fours like an animal.
The floor made
Bettie's knees red and sore.
The unwieldy steel brank
kept slipping back and forth,
Irritating the tender flesh
at Bettie's neck,
thus making the cold steel
an added menace.
It was most exhausting,
But Bettie's strength and endurance
were equal to the task."
Doctor, could I ask you...
could... could...
could children
be sexually perverted
- by looking at photos of this nature?
- Yes.
Would you say it is
a fair statement
that suicide, murder
and psychosis
is the result
of this type of trash?
In some instances, yes.
Mr. Grimm,
I want say as Chairman
of this Subcommittee...
I know the embarrassment
and the distaste
you have
in coming here
to talk about the tragic
happening to your son
on August 20th
of last year.
We appreciate
your cooperation.

- Mr. Gaughan, you may proceed.
- Can you, Mr. Grimm,
tell the subcommittee how it was
that your boy met his sudden end
on the evening
of August 20th, 1950?
Now, I realize
it is an unsolved murder,
but tell us
what you know.
He'd worked all day for me,
come home dirty and tired
in his work clothes.
He was away all evening,
which was unusual.
He never left the house
without telling us.
I found him the next morning
in a very...
grotesque, weird situation
that I've never been able
to cope with
or understand yet.
He was um...
trussed up
in a very unnatural position.
Looked like it had
been planned in some way.
He wasn't hung like
most people hang themselves
by the neck from a rope.
And the fact that he didn't
have any clothes on...
he was a modest boy...
led me immediately to believe
that there was
some sex angle to it.
Mr. Grimm, do you recognize, sir,
that booklet,
entitled
"Cartoon and Model Parade,"
published by Irving Klaw
the Pin-up King?
- Yes.

- Would you tell the Subcommittee how you first came across a copy of this book? Through a mutual friend who was interested in the case. I found very similar pictures of tying people up in this book that reminded me of my son's case. I've never come across anything like that before. I was looking for a clue. Sir, let me direct your attention specifically to page four. That picture illustrates a model named Bettie Page. Does that accurately reflect how your boy was found? It's more or less the same... a very similar position. I haven't had the police into it. They let the case rest. They said it was some sort of accident due to some impulse on the part of the boy. I-I don't care what the police think. The way he was tied... it wasn't anything any youngster like him with his character could concoct himself. There wasn't any history of that, no similar action on his part. He led an outdoor life. He was active in the boy scouts from the time he was a little bit of a fellow. He had only been home for two days from boys' camp in Tennessee when... when I found him.

I feel he could not
have put himself
into this position
of his own making.
It... it had to be
brought to his attention
either by someone else
showing him how
or he saw
a picture of it.
I do feel there is
a definite connection
between this sort of thing
and his death.
And I also feel there is
a definite evil to this,
and I'm bound and determined
to do what I can to suppress it.
This is not
a healthy situation!
It's not wholesome.
There's nothing cultural about it.
It's just no damn good!
And that's all I got
to say about it.
- Miss Page?
- Yes, sir?
Your testimony is no longer necessary.
You can go now.
What do you mean?
I've been sitting here for 12 hours.
Why is it no longer
necessary?
They didn't give
an explanation, ma'am.
Do I have to come
back tomorrow?
No, ma'am.
They said they won't need you anymore.
You can go.
Our girls had fun doing this.
A fetish?
Do you got a fetish?
I don't got a fetish.

All we were interested in
was taking pictures and making money.
We gotta burn them...
burn up those negatives
- and they'll get off our backs.
- Are you crazy?
After all that work?
Years and years of work.
I've had it. Come on,
there's no point anymore.
The lawyers, the money...
I'm gonna get out of here
and retire to Florida,
sit in the sun
and enjoy life.
All this stuff's
wearing me out.
"You needn't try
to comfort me.
I haven't come here
on any but equal terms.
You said, 'Let's talk truthfully.'
Well, let's do.
Unsparingly, truthfully,
even shamelessly then.
It's no longer a secret
that I love you. It never was.
I loved you as long ago
as the time I asked you
to read the stone angel's name
with your fingers.
Yes, I remember the long
afternoons of our childhood,
when I had to stay indoors
to practice my music
and I heard the playmates
calling you...
'Johnny! Johnny!''
Not bad. Not bad at all.
Thanks for coming in.
It's quite a treat to meet
the notorious Bettie Page.
Send the next one in.
Let's get out of here,

make a fresh start.

Look at what this life
is doing to you.

Hey, Bettie.

Bettie!

Bettie?

Bettie?

Bettie.

Sweetheart, do you
want something to eat?

Oh, my God...

tonight, I know that
first things come first
and the most important
thing of all

is that men and women
and young people
surrender their lives
to Christ.

God, don't let
a mother's boy

who heard me preach here tonight
go to hell.

Don't let a mother's girl
who heard me tonight go to hell.

Don't let a daddy or a mother
who heard me preach tonight go to hell.

- Save them!

- Amen.

Save them tonight...

from all their sins.

May they be born again,
washed in the blood,
saved through and through
without the loss of any,
I pray.

Amen.

Amen.

Did you get
saved tonight?

Didn't quite make it,
but you came up
and made a stand,
didn't you?

- What's your name?

- Bettie.

Are you ready for me
to pray for you, Bettie?

- Yes, sir.

- Good.

O, Father,
we ask You that You deliver
this woman from sin.

Destroy it
by the spirit of God.
Heal her through and through,
including her heart.

Make her a new creature
in Christ.

What did you say?

A wonderful...

- a wonderful feeling.

- Did it come then?

Yes, sir.

I believe it did.

- What did it feel like?

- It was, uh...

- a lifting up.

- You felt a lifting up?

Well...

amen.

"And God shall wipe
all tears from their eyes
and there shall be
no more death,
neither sorrow,
nor crying,
neither shall there be
any more pain,
for the former things
are passed away.

And He that sat
upon the throne said,

'Behold, I make
all things new.'"

- You're Bettie Page, aren't you?

- Yes, I am.

Bettie Page the Pin-Up

Queen of the Universe?

What, what

happened to you?

I've turned my life
over to the Lord.

- No kidding.

- I left all that behind me.

God doesn't want me
to pose anymore.

Oh, no offense meant.

Your pictures were pretty tame.

The stuff they sell now on
the newsstands'll make your hair curl.

You don't have to be ashamed
of what you did.

I'm not ashamed.

Adam and Eve were naked
in the Garden of Eden, weren't they?

When they sinned,
they put on clothes.

"And He said unto me,
'It is done.

I am Alpha and Omega...
the beginning and the end.
I will give unto him that
is athirst of the fountain
of the water
of life freely.

He that overcometh
shall inherit all things
and I will be his God,
and he will be My son.

But the fearful,
and unbelieving..."'

- How's it going?

- Oh, fine, almost finished.