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Mr. Deeds Goes to Town

By Robert Riskin

FADE IN:

EXTERIOR - MONTAGE 1. QUICK SHOTS OF A CAR SPEEDING AROUND CURVES IN A MOUNTAINOUS REGION. THE CAR JUMPS A BRIDGE, HURTLES INTO SPACE, CRASHES IN A FIREBALL. FOLLOWED BY NEWSBOYS HAWKING SPECIAL EDITIONS, PEOPLE ON STREETCORNERS BUYING AND READING NEWSPAPERS WITH A SUCCESSION OF BANNER HEADLINES:

"MARTIN W. SEMPLE, FINANCIER, DIES IN ITALY,"
"CIVIC LEADER KILLED IN AUTO ACCIDENT,"
"DISCLOSURE OF BANKER'S WILL AWAITED" AND FINALLY "SEMPLER HEIR AS YET UNKNOWN"

DISSOLVE TO:

INTERIOR - EDITOR'S OFFICE, DAILY MAIL

2. CLOSE SHOT

of Mac, the editor, at his desk, barking into the telephone.

MAC

Say listen, Corny, who do you think you're talking to? If the Sempler attorneys don't know who the heir is, who does?

(listens)

Aw, come on Corny, I've done you a lot of favors. What do you say - who's getting the Sempler dough?

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - CEDAR'S PRIVATE OFFICE

3. CLOSE SHOT

Of Cornelius Cobb - a hardened ex-newspaperman, customarily impatient, grouchy and nervous - victim of the New York tempo. His friends call him "Corny."

COBB

(on the phone)

You're asking the wrong guy, Mac.

I'm only a press agent.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK GRADUALLY TO REVEAL a plush law office, leather chairs and shelves of books. Arthur Cedar, attorney, briskly enters scene and seats himself at his desk. Cedar is in the neighborhood of fifty - grey-templed -

dignified - sharp. Cobb is using the phone on his desk. Cedar glances at him.

CEDAR

Newspaperman?

COBB

(covering mouthpiece -
confidentially)

Wants to know who the heir is.

CEDAR

(firmly)

Hang up.

COBB

(returning to the
phone)

Sorry, Mac, I can't. Yeah, Mac.
Sure, but I ain't the attorney-

CEDAR

(more firmly)

Hang up.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK FURTHER TO REVEAL another attorney
at one end of the desk, reviewing a pile of papers.

COBB

(continuing)

Mr. Cedar is, and I haven't seen
him in two days.

(hangs up the phone)

Listen, Cedar, we've got to do
something about the newspapers.

CEDAR

(barely glancing up)

I'm not interested in the
newspapers.

COBB

But it's a great story. Somewhere
in this country a guy is walking
into twenty million bucks.

CEDAR

Yes, I know. My first concern is
to locate the lucky man. When I
do, it's your job to keep the
newspapers away from him.

COBB

(resignedly)

It's okay with me as long as my
weekly stipend keeps coming in.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO A FULL SHOT as two men rush in
with a flurry of excitement. One of them is Anderson, an
obsequious employee of Cedar's. With him is another lawyer,

one of the Cedar brothers.

ANDERSON

We located him, Mr. Cedar! We found out where he is.

CEDAR

Good!

FIRST BROTHER

Yes, John, we got him.

ANDERSON

Here's the report: Longfellow Deeds, single, 28, lives in Mandrake Falls, Vermont.

CEDAR

(glancing at the report)

Thank heaven.

FIRST BROTHER

Better wire him right away, John.

CEDAR

I'll do no such thing. I'm going there myself. You're going with me too, Anderson - and you too, Cobb.

He pushes a button on the intercom.

VOICE

Yes?

CEDAR

Make three reservations on the first train out to Mandrake Falls, Vermont.

VOICE

(skeptically)

Where?

CEDAR

Mandrake Falls.

(begins to spell as scene fades)

M-A-N-

CUT TO:

EXT. A STATION

4. MEDIUM SHOT

It is a pleasantly rural scene - with just a handful of local characters scattered about. At one end of the platform

some mail - newspapers - and a few pieces of freight are

being loaded. Cedar, Cobb and Anderson stand in front of a welcome sign. The three obviously are out of their element here - obviously "City folks."

Over their shoulders. We hear Cobb's voice as he reads:

COBB'S VOICE

Welcome to Mandrake Falls -Where
the scenery enthralls -Where no
hardship e'er befalls -
Welcome to Mandrake Falls.

5. MEDIUM SHOT

Cobb and Cedar exchange glances.

COBB

That's pretty.

CEDAR

Are you sure this is the town he
lives in?

ANDERSON

Yes sir, Mr. Cedar. This is the
town all right.

CEDAR

Well, I dropped everything at the
office - I hope it's not a wild
goose chase.

ANDERSON

No, sir. We checked it thoroughly.
He lives here all right.

COBB

Ah! I spy a native. Let's ask him.

CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM as they cross to a small, one-story old brick building, covered with ivy. This is the ticket and freight office combined. In front of it is a very old man, a stoop-shouldered rail agent with a face of a million wrinkles - pattering around some packages.

CEDAR

(as they approach)

Good morning.

AGENT

(glances up)

Morning, neighbors. Morning.

He picks up a package and disappears into the building. Cedar and Cobb look at each other.

COBB

That's an excellent start. At least
we've broken the ice.

The old man returns to his pile of packages.

CEDAR

I say, my friend, do you know a fellow by the name of Longfellow Deeds?

AGENT

Deeds?

CEDAR

Yes.

AGENT

Yes, sir. Yes, indeedy. Everyone knows Deeds.

CEDAR

Yes, I—

He again disappears.

COBB

Must be a game he's playing.

The old man shows up again.

CEDAR

We'd like to get in touch with him. It's very important.

AGENT

Who's that?

CEDAR

Deeds! Who do you think I'm talking about?

AGENT

Oh, yes - Deeds. Fine fellow. Very democratic. You won't have no trouble at all. Talk to anybody.

Whereupon the old man carries another package inside. Cobb is properly exasperated now.

CEDAR

I guess we'd better try somebody else.

COBB

No, we won't! The next time that jumping jack comes out, I'll straddle him while you ask him your questions.

The old man emerges from the building and looks up at them as if he's never seen them before.

AGENT

Morning, neighbors.

6. TWO SHOT - COBB AND AGENT (FEATURING COBB)

Cobb grabs the old man as he turns to head back into the building.

COBB

Remember us? We're the fellows who were here a minute ago.

AGENT

Oh, yes. Yes, indeedy. I never forget a face.

He turns again - but Cobb holds him by the arm and sets him down on a small packing case.

COBB

Listen, Pop, we've come all the way from New York to look up a fellow by the name of Deeds. It's important - very important!

AGENT

(releasing his arm)

You don't have to get rough, neighbor. All you got to do is ask.

COBB

Then please pretend, for just one fleeting moment, that I'm asking. Where does he reside?

AGENT

Who?

Cobb turns away in disgust. Anderson steps forward.
CLOSE SHOT - THE THREE

ANDERSON

Longfellow Deeds - where does he live?

AGENT

Oh, that's what you want! Well, why didn't you say so in the first place instead of beating around the bush? Those other fellows don't know what they're talking about.

(as he exits scene)

Come on, I'll take you there in my car. If they'd only explained to me what they wanted, there would be no trouble.

He leaves Cobb and Cedar staring after him killingly.

INT. LONGFELLOW'S LIVING ROOM

8. MEDIUM SHOT

A little old lady, Mrs. Meredith, answers a knock at the door. Cedar, Cobb and Anderson stand there, with the old man at their heels. Mrs. Meredith is a sweet, soft-voiced, timid and fluttery little creature.

MRS. MEREDITH

Oh, will you come in please,
gentlemen?

CEDAR

Is Mr. Deeds in?

MRS. MEREDITH

No - he's over to the park arranging
for the bazaar, so's to raise money
for the fire engine.

(to old man)

Mal, you shoulda knowed he was in
the park.

AGENT

Knew it all the time. But these
men said they wanted to see the
house.

(mumbling as he
exits)

Can't read their minds if they
don't say what they want.

9. GROUP SHOT

Cobb glares after him exasperatedly. Mrs. Meredith turns
to Cobb and Cedar.

MRS. MEREDITH

Come in, please. Come in. Can I
get you a cup of tea?

CEDAR

No, thanks.

MRS. MEREDITH

Sit down. Sure I couldn't get you
a glass of lemonade or something?

CEDAR

That's very kind of you. Are you
related to him?

MRS. MEREDITH

No, I'm his housekeeper.

CEDAR

Well, we'd like to find out something about him. What does he do for a living?

MRS. MEREDITH

He and Jim Mason own the Tallow Works. But that's not where he makes his money. He makes most of it from his poetry.

CLOSE SHOT - THE THREE

Featuring Cobb.

COBB

(skeptically)

He writes poetry?

MRS. MEREDITH

Oh, my goodness, yes. Longfellow's famous. He writes all those things on postcards. You know, for Christmas - and Easter - and birthdays. Sit down, please.

She reaches over to a desk and picks one up.

MRS. MEREDITH

Here's one - he got \$25 for this one.

CLOSEUP - MRS. MEREDITH

AS SHE READS - WITH FEELING:

MRS. MEREDITH

"When you've nowhere to turn - and you're filled with doubt - Don't stand in midstream, hesitating, For you know that your mother's heart cries out - 'I'm waiting, my boy, I'm waiting.'"

(she looks up)

Isn't that beautiful?

CLOSEUP - COBB

His eyes open unbelievably.

MRS. MEREDITH'S VOICE

Isn't it a lovely sentiment?

COBB

(flatly)

Yeah.

A dog enters, racing toward the door, scratching at it and whining.

MRS. MEREDITH

(as she heads toward
the door)

Here he is now.

She opens the door and goes out, with the dog racing ahead.

COBB

(to Cedar - sotto
voce)

I suggest you break it to him
gently. He's liable to keel over
from the shock.

Mrs. Meredith re-appears. We hear her voice as she comes
through the doorway.

MRS. MEREDITH

They've been waiting a long while.
Longfellow Deeds trails behind her.

LONGFELLOW

Who are they?

MRS. MEREDITH

I don't know.

CEDAR

(standing - formally)

Mr. Longfellow Deeds?

LONGFELLOW

Yes.

CEDAR

How do you do.

LONGFELLOW

(shaking hands)

How do you do.

CEDAR

(extending card)

I'm John Cedar - of the New York
firm of Cedar, Cedar, Cedar and
Budington.

CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

Featuring Cobb. He watches Longfellow who is glancing at
the card.

LONGFELLOW

(reads to himself)

Cedar, Cedar, Cedar and Budington.

(looks up; smiles)

Budington must feel like an awful
stranger, hmm?

Cobb's eyes pop at the nifty.[1]

CEDAR

Mr. Cornelius Cobb and Mr. Anderson.
They exchange greetings. Longfellow gestures to chairs.

LONGFELLOW

You gentlemen make yourselves
comfortable.

COBB AND ANDERSON

Thanks.

14. MEDIUM SHOT

Longfellow crosses to his tuba near a chair. He takes a
mouthpiece out of his pocket.

LONGFELLOW

New mouthpiece. Been waiting two
weeks for this. Kids keep swiping
them all the time. They use 'em
for bean shooters.

(he blows a note)

What can I do for you gentlemen?

MRS. MEREDITH

You gentlemen going to stay for
lunch?

CEDAR

(right to the point;
ignoring her)

I'd like to ask you a few questions.

LONGFELLOW

All right.

Longfellow looks at them strangely and sits down beside
his tuba.

CEDAR

Mr. Deeds, are you the son of Dr.
Joseph and Mary Deeds?

LONGFELLOW

Yes.

CEDAR

Are your parents living?

LONGFELLOW

Why, no.

CEDAR

Mr. Deeds, does the name of Martin
W. Semple mean anything to you?

LONGFELLOW

Not much. He's an uncle of mine, I
think. I never saw him, but my

mother's name was Semple, you know.

CEDAR

Well, he passed on. He was killed
in a motor accident in Italy.

LONGFELLOW

He was? Gee, that's too bad. If
there's anything I can do to—

While he speaks, he has been adjusting the tuba between
his legs and now sucks on the mouthpiece, preparatory to
playing.

CEDAR

I have good news for you, sir. Mr.
Semple left a large fortune when
he died. He left it all to you,
Mr. Deeds. Deducting the taxes, it
amounts to something in the
neighborhood of \$20,000,000.

CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW

His lips are over the mouthpiece of the tuba. His only
reaction to the startling news is to lift his eyes in
Cedar's direction.

16. GROUP SHOT

MRS. MEREDITH

How about lunch? Are the gentlemen
going to stay - or not?

LONGFELLOW

Of course they're going to stay.

(to the gentlemen)

She's got some fresh orange layer
cake. You know, with the thick
stuff on the top?

(to Mrs. Meredith)

Sure, they don't want to go to the
hotel.

Mrs. Meredith leaves. Cobb and Cedar have watched this by-
play, open-mouthed, and are now even more astounded to see
Longfellow blow into his tuba.

CLOSER SHOT - THE THREE

CEDAR

(over the noise of
the tuba)

Perhaps you didn't hear what I
said, Mr. Deeds! The whole Semple
fortune goes to you! \$20,000,000!

LONGFELLOW

Oh, yes, I heard you all right.
\$20,000,000. That's quite a lot,
isn't it?

COBB

Oh, it'll do in a pinch.

LONGFELLOW

(impressed)

Yes, indeed. I wonder why he left
me all that money? I don't need
it.

He resumes his 'Oom-pahs.'

18. CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR AND COBB

Staring, unbelievably.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AN ALCOVE

19. FULL SHOT

The three men sit around a table, having lunch. By
Longfellow's side is, as expected, the tuba.

CEDAR

Mr. Cobb here is an ex-newspaperman
associated with your uncle for
many years - as a sort of buffer.

LONGFELLOW

Buffer?

COBB

Yeah. A glorified doormat.

CEDAR

Yes. You see, rich people need
someone to keep the crowds away.
The world's full of pests. Then
there's the newspapers to handle.
One must know when to seek publicity -
and when to avoid it.

During Cedar's speech, Longfellow seems to have been lost
in his own thoughts.

20. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND COBB

Favoring Longfellow.

LONGFELLOW

Cedar, Cedar, Cedar and Budington.
Funny, I can't think of a rhyme
for Budington.

COBB

Why should you?

LONGFELLOW

Well, whenever I run across a funny name, I always like to poke around for a rhyme. Don't you?

COBB

Nah.

LONGFELLOW

I've got one for Cobb—

CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

LONGFELLOW

"There once was a man named Cobb,
Who kept Semple away from the mob.
Came the turn of the tide
And Semple - he died -
And now poor Cobb's out of a job!"

COBB

Sounds like a two weeks' notice to me.

LONGFELLOW

Huh?

COBB

I've gotten the 'sackaroo' in many ways - but never in rhyme.

LONGFELLOW

Oh, I don't mean that. I'm sure I'm going to need your help.

COBB

Oh, that's different if it's just poetry.

22. WIDER ANGLE

As Mrs. Meredith enters with coffee which she pours.

CEDAR

Are you a married man, Mr. Deeds?

LONGFELLOW

Who - me? No.

MRS. MEREDITH

No, he's too fussy for that. That's what's the matter with him. There are lots of nice girls right here in Mandrake Falls who're dying to be married—

LONGFELLOW

Don't pay any attention to her.

MRS. MEREDITH

He's got a lot of foolish notions -
about saving a lady in distress.

LONGFELLOW

Now you keep out of this!

CEDAR

(diplomatically)

Saving a lady in distress, eh?
Well, I suppose we all have dreams
like that when we are young.

(rising)

Incidentally, we'd better get
started. You'll have to pack.

LONGFELLOW

What for?

CEDAR

You're going to New York with us.

LONGFELLOW

When?

COBB

This afternoon - at four o'clock.

LONGFELLOW

I don't think we've got any
suitcases.

MRS. MEREDITH

Well, we could borrow a couple
from Mrs. Simpson. You know, she
went to Niagara Falls last year.

LONGFELLOW

I'm kind of nervous. I've never
been away from Mandrake Falls in
my life. Kind of like to see Grant's
Tomb, though.

CEDAR

(all business)

I can understand that.

(rises to go)

We'll take a walk around town,
meet you at the train at four
o'clock.

(shakes his hand)

Congratulations, Mr. Deeds. You're
one of the richest men in the
country. We'll see you later.

(to Mrs. Meredith)

Goodbye and thank you.

COBB

See you later, kid.

ANDERSON'S VOICE

(as he too exits)

Good day, sir.

They exit.

23. TWO SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND MRS. MEREDITH

LONGFELLOW

Hear what he said? You know how
much twenty million is?

MRS. MEREDITH

I don't care how much it is. You
sit right there and eat your lunch.
You haven't touched a thing.

Longfellow nibbles at some food, staring into space
thoughtfully.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STATION

24. LONG SHOT

The whole town is out. The band is playing "He's a Jolly
Good Fellow" - the crowd sings. It's a festive occasion. A
large, awkwardly painted sign looms over everyone's head.
It reads:

FAREWELL LONGFELLOW DEEDS THE PRIDE OF MANDRAKE FALLS

25. MEDIUM SHOT - CEDAR AND ANDERSON

They peer anxiously around, looking for someone, when Cobb
dashes in.

COBB

(breathlessly)

I can't find him.

CEDAR

You can't?

COBB

I looked everywhere. I even went
to his house. It's locked up.

ANDERSON

He probably had a change of heart.

CEDAR

He wasn't very anxious to come in
the first place.

COBB

(looking on)

Here comes the train.

Cedar glances off.

LONG SHOT (STOCK)

Of train approaching.

27. CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR AND COBB

The band has already begun and is now in the midst of "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow."

At this moment, as he looks off, a startled expression comes into Cobb's eyes. He grabs Cedar by the arm - who glances in the direction he points.

COBB

Look!

CEDAR

What?

COBB

That tuba player!

MEDIUM SHOT - THE BAND

With Longfellow, in his customary position, blowing on his tuba.

CONTINUATION SCENE 27

Cedar and Cobb stare, wide-eyed, as the song is finished.

COBB

Well, now I've seen everything.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STATION

29. LONG SHOT

In the b.g. is the train with Longfellow standing on the observation platform, clutching his tuba. On either side of him is Cedar and Cobb. In the f.g. the crowd yells its farewell. Several of them stuff baskets of fruit into his hands. The band plays "Auld Lang Syne."

30. CLOSE SHOT

Over Longfellow and Cobb's shoulders. As the train begins pulling out. Longfellow smiles wanly and waves.

LONGFELLOW

Goodbye, Mrs. Meredith! Goodbye,
Jim! Bye, Buddy! Goodbye, everybody!

(a pause)

Gosh, I've got a lot of friends.

Cobb looks up into Longfellow's face - affected by the scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRAIN DRAWING ROOM

31. FULL SHOT

Longfellow is slumped in his seat, his legs sprawled out,

his eyes ceilingward - in deep thought. Cobb sits across from him. Cedar enters, hangs up his coat, hat and cane.

COBB

(opening a snifter -
generously)

Have a drink?

LONGFELLOW

(distractedly)

No, thanks.

Cobb and Cedar exchange a look.

CEDAR

Will you have a cigar?

LONGFELLOW

No, thank you.

Cedar sits down.

CEDAR

(breaking the silence)

I wouldn't worry if I were you. Of course, a large fortune like this entails a great responsibility - but you'll have a good deal of help. So don't worry. Leave everything to me.

LONGFELLOW

Oh, I wasn't worried about that.

CEDAR

No?

LONGFELLOW

I was wondering where they're going to get another tuba player for the band.

Cobb has just finished taking a drink and can't help but nearly spit it out.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

32. LONG SHOT (STOCK)

The 20th Century crossing the Harlem River.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANOTHER STOCK SHOT

Of the 20th Century going under the street level on Park Avenue.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT OF OFFICE DOOR

Upon which we read: "CEDAR, CEDAR & BUDINGTON - ENTRANCE."

CAMERA PULLS BACK to take in Cedar, who opens the door and walks through.

INT. GENERAL OFFICE

CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT

With Cedar as he strides across the room - in business-like fashion. He comes to a door marked "PRIVATE OFFICES." He pushes this door opens and disappears.

MAN'S VOICE

(as Cedar passes by)

Hello, John. Where have you been?

CEDAR

(as he walks briskly)

I've been fishing.

In the background is typical office hub-bub.

CEDAR

(to a secretary as
he passes)

Good morning, Celia.

SECRETARY

Good morning, Mr. Cedar.

A chorus of "Good Morning, Mr. Cedar!" issues from the clerks. A secretary looks up.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICES

CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT

With Cedar - as he passes through the room - arriving at a door marked "JOHN CEDAR, PRIVATE." He goes through the door.

INT. CEDAR'S PRIVATE OFFICES - ANTEROOM

37. FULL SHOT

Cedar breezes in and speaks to a secretary.

CEDAR

Good morning. Where are they?

SECRETARY

Waiting for you in the other office.

He strides across the room to still another door marked "PRIVATE" and he disappears.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CEDAR'S PRIVATE OFFICE

38. FULL SHOT

A group of associates sit around in large leather chairs, as Cedar barges in.

CEDAR

(beaming)

Good morning. Hello, boys.

The men come to life. Some rise - others lean forward. Two of them are brothers of Cedar - tall and athletic. The third is a small, frightened-looking man. He is Budington.

MEN

(ad lib)

Hello, John.

What happened?

Well, what's he like?

CEDAR

We've got nothing to worry about.
He's as naive as a child.

BUDINGTON

John-

CEDAR

Close that door.

(into dictograph)

Will you get Mrs. Cedar on the
phone, please?

FIRST BROTHER

Come on, John. What happened?

CEDAR

(to associates)

The smartest thing I ever did was
to make that trip.

BUDINGTON

(anxiously)

John, did you get the - uh-

MED. SHOT - GROUP

Favoring Cedar.

CEDAR

(interrupting)

No, Budington, I didn't get the
Power of Attorney. But don't worry,
I will.

(beaming to his
brothers)

I asked him last night what he was
going to do with the money, and
what do you suppose he said?

THE TWO BROTHERS

(gathering around
him)

What? I can't imagine.

CEDAR

He said he guessed he'd give it away.

THE TWO BROTHERS

(laughing)

Give it away!? The boy must be a nit-wit!

Budington hasn't enjoyed the joke - his mind still on their problem.

ONE OF THE BROTHERS

Well, John, you had the right hunch!

BUDINGTON

John, if you don't mind my saying so - we can't afford to-

CEDAR

(irascibly)

I know, Budington. We can't afford to have the books investigated right now. You must have said that a thousand times already.

BUDINGTON

But what if they fall into somebody else's hands, why - uh-

CEDAR

Well, it hasn't happened yet - has it?

BUDINGTON

(wailing)

But a half million dollars! My goodness, where are we going to get-

CEDAR

(exploding)

Will you stop worrying! It was I who got old man Semple to turn everything over to us, wasn't it? And who got the Power of Attorney from him ! All right, and I'll get it again!

(pause - change of tone)

I'll take it easy. Those books'll never leave this office.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AN APARTMENT

40. MEDIUM SHOT

George Semple, a ne'er-do-well, prominent for the pouches under his eyes and a perpetual nose-twitch, is sprawled out in a chair reading a newspaper. A nagging wife walks around him.

WIFE

A yokel! Nothing but a yokel!
Your uncle must have been mad to
leave all that money to him! You're
as closely related to him as he
is, and what did you get?

She storms around the room. George merely twitches his nose but says nothing.

WIFE

(slaps the paper
George is reading)
I say, what did you get?

GEORGE

Stop yelling. Can I help it if my
uncle didn't like me?

WIFE

I told you to be nice to him. Ten
years we've been waiting for that
old man to kick off. And then we
were going to be on Easy Street.
Yeah - on Easy Street!

GEORGE

Oh, shut up! It's too late now,
and you're a nuisance!

WIFE

That's just what I'm going to be -
a nuisance. I'm going to be a
nuisance until I get hold of some
of that money!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE, DAILY MAIL

41. FULL SHOT

The editor stands in front of his desk. Four of five reporters in front of him - several photographers. In the b.g., leaning against the wall near the door, apparently indifferent, is Babe Bennett. The editor, Mac, is haranguing them.

MAC

(as he blows his
nose)

He's news! Every time he blows
his nose, it's news. A corn-fed
bohunk like that falling into the
Semple fortune is hot copy . . .
But it's got to be personal. It's
got to have an angle. What does he
think about? How does it feel to
be a millionaire! Is he going to
get married! What does he think
of New York! Is he smart? Is he
dumb? . . . A million angles!

CLOSE SHOT - BABE

She has a string in her hand which she keeps flicking,
trying to get a knot into it - in the manner of cowboys
with a rope. Mac's voice continues over scene:

43. MEDIUM SHOT

Of them all, as Mac continues:

MAC

He's been here three days, and
what have you numbskulls brought
in! Any halfwit novice could have
done better!

REPORTER'S VOICE

Yeah, we tried too-

MAC

Am I talking too loud? Or annoying
anybody?

REPORTER

You know Corny Cobb. He's keeping
him under lock and key.

MAC

Cobb, Cobb! Never mind about Cobb.
Use what little brains you've got!
Find out something yourselves, you
imbecilic stupes! Now get out of
here before I really tell you what
I think of you. Come on, get out!

They scramble to their feet. One of the reporters mumbles
something as he passes Mac on the way to the door.

REPORTER

(Mumbles.)

MAC

(alert)

What was that?

REPORTER

(thinking fast -
covering up)

Huh? I said you had dirty plaster.

MED. CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR

As Babe is still flicking her string, trying to get a knot. The reporters file past her on their way out. Just as the last one is approaching, she succeeds in doing the trick.

45. MEDIUM SHOT

As Mac turns to Babe.

MAC

You too! Thought I could depend on you, but you're getting as bad as the rest of them.

He grabs up a handful of papers and starts out.

BABE

(flicking the string)

Look, I can do it!

MAC

What's gotten into you, Babe? I remember the time when you'd blast this town wide open before you'd let Cobb get away with a thing like this.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

BABE

Oh, he's not getting away with anything.

MAC

(excited)

Listen, Babe - get me some stuff on this guy, and you can have-

BABE

Can I have a month's vacation?

MAC

With pay!

BABE

With pay!

MAC

Uh-huh.

BABE

(casually, as she

starts away)

Leave four columns open on the
front page tomorrow.

47. MEDIUM SHOT

As Babe crosses to door.

MAC

Now you're talking, Babe. I'll
keep the whole front page open.
What are you going to do?

BABE

(at door)

Have lunch.

She exits. Mac's face lights up happily.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESIDENCE

48. LONG SHOT

Of a large, imposing-looking residence.

INT. LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM

49. MEDIUM SHOT

Longfellow stands awkwardly between two tailors - who chalk
and pin a suit on him. After a few seconds of silence:

LONGFELLOW

It's the first time I ever had a
suit made on purpose.

The tailors smile accommodatingly as CAMERA PULLS BACK and
we discover that both Cedar and Cobb are present. Cobb is
slumped in a chair, and Cedar is carefully putting some
papers away in a portfolio.

CEDAR

It's merely a suggestion. I don't
wish to press the point, Mr. Deeds,
but if you'll give me your Power
of Attorney we'll take care of
everything. It'll save you a lot
of petty annoyances. Every shark
in town will be trying to sell you
something.

LONGFELLOW

Oh, yes, there've been a lot of
them around here already. Strangest
kind of people. Salesmen -
politicians - moochers - all want
something. I haven't had a minute
to myself. Haven't seen Grant's

Tomb yet.

CEDAR

Well, you see, your uncle didn't bother with that sort of thing. He left everything to us. He traveled most of the time, and enjoyed himself. You should do the same thing, Mr. Deeds.

LONGFELLOW

Besides wanting to be my lawyer, you also want to handle my investments too?

CEDAR

Yes. That is to say—

LONGFELLOW

Well, outside of your regular fee, how much extra will it cost?

CEDAR

(too quickly)

Oh - nothing. No extra charge.

LONGFELLOW

That involves a lot of extra work, doesn't it?

CEDAR

(generously)

Yes, but that's an added service a firm like Cedar, Cedar, Cedar and Budington usually donates.

LONGFELLOW

Budington. Funny, I can't think of a rhyme for Budington yet.

50. WIDER ANGLE

As a butler stands in the doorway.

BUTLER

The gentlemen from the opera are still waiting in the board room, sir. They're getting a trifle impatient, sir.

LONGFELLOW

They are? I forgot all about them.

(to Cobb)

What do you think they want?

CEDAR

Well, your uncle was Chairman of

the Board of Directors. They probably expect you to carry on.

COBB

(rising)

I'll tell those mugs to keep their shirts on, that you'll be right down.

LONGFELLOW

Thanks

(suddenly)

Oh, did you send that telegram to Jim Mason?

COBB

Jim Mason? Oh, yeah. Yeah. No, I didn't send it. I've got it written out, though. Here it is.

(reaches into his pocket and reads)

"Arthur's been with the Tallow Works too long. STOP. Don't think we should fire him. Longfellow."

LONGFELLOW

Fine. Send it right away. I don't want him to fire Arthur.

COBB

Oh, sure. Sure. We don't want to fire Arthur.

LONGFELLOW

He was the last baby my father delivered, Arthur was.

CEDAR

I think you ought to give this matter some thought, Mr. Deeds.

LONGFELLOW

Huh?

CEDAR

I mean, about the Power of Attorney.

LONGFELLOW

Oh, yes. Yes, I will.

Cobb has stalled long enough to hear Longfellow's decision before he goes out of the room.

LONGFELLOW

I'll give it a lot of thought. There was a fellow named Winslow

here a little while ago, wanted to handle my affairs for nothing too. It puzzles me why these people all want to work for nothing. It isn't natural. So I guess I'd better think about it some more.

51. MEDIUM SHOT

Longfellow, Cedar and the two tailors.

TAILOR

That's that.

LONGFELLOW

You go to an awful lot of work to keep a fellow warm, don't you?

TAILOR

Yes, sir.

A butler enters again.

BUTLER

A Mr. Hallor to see you sir.

CEDAR

(quickly)

Did you say Hallor?

BUTLER

Yes, sir.

CEDAR

Well, don't let him in.

LONGFELLOW

Why not? Who is he?

CEDAR

A lawyer representing some woman with a claim against the estate.

(to butler)

Tell him to see me at my office.

LONGFELLOW

Well, if he has a claim, we'd better see him.

(to butler)

Send him in.

The butler disappears.

CEDAR

He's capable of causing you a lot of trouble, Mr. Deeds.

LONGFELLOW

How can he make any trouble for me? I haven't done anything.

The butler reappears, followed by Hallor. The minute he appears, Cedar speaks up belligerently.

CEDAR

I thought I told you to take up
this matter with me, Hallor.

MED. CLOSE GROUP SHOT

HALLOR

I'm a little tired of being pushed
around by you, Mr. Cedar - I don't
care how important you are.

(to Longfellow)

Mr. Deeds, I represent Mrs. Semple.

LONGFELLOW

(eyebrows raised)

Mrs. Semple?

HALLOR

Yes. Your uncle's common-law wife.
She has a legal claim on the estate.

CEDAR

We'll let the courts decide what
her legal position is.

HALLOR

You wouldn't dare go into court
with a case like this - and you
know it!

He turns to Longfellow, who has listened to them studiously.

HALLOR

I leave it to you, Mr. Deeds. Can
you conceive of any court not being
in sympathy with any woman who
gave up the best years of her life
for an old man like your uncle?

LONGFELLOW

What kind of wife did you say she
was?

HALLOR

Common-law wife. On top of that,
there's a child.

LONGFELLOW

A child? My uncle's?

HALLOR

Yes, sir.

LONGFELLOW

That's awful. The poor woman should

be taken care of immediately.

HALLOR

(pleased)

I'm glad to see you're willing to be reasonable, Mr. Deeds.

LONGFELLOW

If she was his wife, she should have all the money. That's only fair. I don't want a penny of it.

He yanks his trousers off and hands them to the tailor.

CEDAR

Don't make any rash promises—

As the tailors exit, Cobb returns.

COBB

You'd better get right down there. That opera mob is about to break into the Mad Song from "Lucia." [2]

LONGFELLOW

(to Hallor)

Oh, I don't want to keep them waiting any longer. They're important people.

(to Cobb)

I wish you'd go along with me, Cobb. They're all strangers to me.

HALLOR

Well, what about it, Mr. Deeds?

LONGFELLOW

(getting into robe -
to Hallor)

You'll excuse me, won't you? I'll be right back.

He exits with Cobb.

INT. CORRIDOR

MED. TRUCKING SHOT

As Longfellow and Cobb come out and start down corridor.

LONGFELLOW

Gee, I'm busy. Did the opera people always come here for their meetings?

COBB

Uh-huh.

LONGFELLOW

That's funny. Why is that?

COBB

(wisely)

Why do mice go where there's
cheese?[3]

INT. BOARD ROOM

54. FULL SHOT

A group of eight distinguished-looking men sit around a long table, awaiting Longfellow's arrival. At the head of the table is a Mr. Douglas.

DOUGLAS

From what I'm led to believe, the young man's quite childish. I don't think we'll have any difficulty in getting him to put up the entire amount. After all, it's only a matter of \$180,000.

CHORUS OF VOICES

A drop in the bucket for him.

An excellent idea!

Why not? . . .

DOUGLAS

(slyly)

You know, gentlemen, we're really very fortunate the young man is so sympathetic toward music.

(winking)

He plays the tuba in the town band.

MAN

(who has been
watching at door)

Here he comes.

DOUGLAS

Good.

There is a shuffle of preparation.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DIRECTOR'S ROOM

55. SAME SCENE

With Longfellow and Cobb present. Longfellow looks around, completely awed.

DOUGLAS

Now, gentlemen, the first order of business will be the election of a new Chairman of the Board.

A MAN

(rising)

As a sentimental gesture toward the best friend opera ever had, the late Mr. Semple, I think it only fitting that his nephew, Mr. Longfellow Deeds, should be made our next Chairman. I therefore nominate him.

A VOICE

Second.

DOUGLAS

All those in favor . . .

EVERYBODY

Aye.

DOUGLAS

Carried.

(rises)

My congratulations, Mr. Deeds.

56. CLOSER SHOT

Featuring Longfellow.

LONGFELLOW

(self-consciously)

I'm Chairman?

DOUGLAS

(humoring a child)

Oh Yes, of course - you've just been elected.

LONGFELLOW

(to Cobb)

I'm Chairman.

COBB

(dryly)

Happy voyage.

DOUGLAS

Right here, Mr. Deeds.

57. WIDER ANGLE

As Longfellow is led to the president's chair. Douglas sits next to him.

DOUGLAS

Now, the next order of business is the reading of the Secretary's minutes . . .

A VOICE

Move we dispense with it.

ANOTHER VOICE

Second.

DOUGLAS

All in favor?

CHORUS OF VOICES

Aye!

Longfellow looks his surprise.

DOUGLAS

I think they can be dispensed with.
We're ready now for the reading of
the Treasurer's report.

A VOICE

Move we dispense with it.

ANOTHER VOICE

Second.

DOUGLAS

All in favor?

CHORUS OF VOICES

Aye!

DOUGLAS

Quite right! Now, gentlemen, the
next business will be—

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Featuring Longfellow, as he interrupts:

LONGFELLOW

Wait a minute. What does the
Chairman do?

DOUGLAS

Why, the Chairman presides at the
meetings.

LONGFELLOW

That's what I thought. If you don't
mind, I'm rather interested in the
Treasurer's report. I'd like to
hear it.

There is an uncomfortable shuffle. For a few minutes, no
one speaks. From the rear, a tall man rises.

59. CLOSE SHOT

Featuring treasurer.

TREASURER

The treasurer reports a deficit of
\$180,000 for the current year.

CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW

He is stunned.

LONGFELLOW

A deficit! You mean we've lost
that much?

61. WIDER ANGLE

To include all at table.

DOUGLAS

You see, Mr. Deeds, the opera is
not conducted for profit.

LONGFELLOW

It isn't? What is it conducted
for?

DOUGLAS

Why, it's an artistic institution—

LONGFELLOW

We own an opera house, don't we?

A VOICE

We do.

LONGFELLOW

And we give shows?

DOUGLAS

We provide opera.

LONGFELLOW

But you charge. I mean, you sell
tickets?

VOICE

Of course.

LONGFELLOW

And it doesn't pay?

DOUGLAS

That's impossible. The opera has
never paid.

LONGFELLOW

(conclusively)

Well, then, we must give the wrong
kind of shows.

Cobb smiles. The directors are stumped.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Featuring Douglas and Longfellow.

DOUGLAS

The wrong kind! There isn't any
wrong or right kind. Opera is opera!

LONGFELLOW

I guess it is. But I personally
wouldn't care to be head of a
business that kept losing money.

That wouldn't be common sense.
Incidentally, where is the \$180,000
coming from?

DOUGLAS

Well, we were rather expecting it
to come from you.

LONGFELLOW

Me?!

DOUGLAS

Naturally.

LONGFELLOW

Excuse me, gentlemen, there's
nothing natural about that .

He is suddenly startled. His ears prick up.

SHOT OF DIRECTORS

They all stare at Longfellow. Over scene comes the low
wailing cry of a siren, which increases in volume as it
gets closer to the building.

64. MEDIUM SHOT

Longfellow jumps up.

LONGFELLOW

Hey, a fire engine!

He rushes to the window and peers out. The others stare
unbelievably. The shriek of the siren finally dies down.
Longfellow turns back.

LONGFELLOW

(admiringly)

Gee, that was a pip![4]

(as he goes back to
his seat)

We expect we're going to have one
like that in Mandrake Falls pretty
soon - with a siren, too.

There is a pause while he gets seated.

LONGFELLOW

Now, where were we?

MED. CLOSE SHOT AT TABLE

DOUGLAS

You see, Mr. Deeds, the opera is
not conducted like any ordinary
business.

LONGFELLOW

Why not?

DOUGLAS

Because it just isn't a business,
that's all!

LONGFELLOW

Well, maybe it isn't to you, but
it certainly is a business to me,
if I have to make up a loss of
\$180,000. If it's losing that much
money, there must be something
wrong. Maybe you charge too much.
Maybe you're selling bad
merchandise. Maybe lots of things.
I don't know. You see, I expect to
do a lot of good with that money.
And I can't afford to put it into
anything that I don't look into.
That's my decision for the time
being, gentlemen. Goodbye, and
thank you for making me Chairman.

66. MED. SHOT - DIFFERENT ANGLE

He exits, followed by Cobb, whose eyes shriek his
admiration. The directors watch them leave, flabbergasted.
Cobb's head reappears in doorway.

COBB

Gentlemen, you'll find the smelling
salts in the medicine chest.

He disappears. The Board of Directors stare in dumb
stupefaction at the door.

WIPE OFF TO:

INT. LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM

67. MED. SHOT

As Longfellow enters. Hallor and Cedar rise.

LONGFELLOW

Sorry to keep you waiting so long.
Those opera people are funny. They
wanted me to put up \$180,000.

HALLOR

What about it, Mr. Deeds?

LONGFELLOW

Why, I turned them down, naturally.

HALLOR

No, I mean - about my client.

LONGFELLOW

Oh - we'll have to do something
about the common wife.

Longfellow's valet, Walter, enters and holds up a full dress suit.

WALTER

Tails tonight, sir?

LONGFELLOW

What - tails?

(turns and sees it)

Why, that's a monkey suit! [5] Do you want people to laugh at me? I never wore one of those things in my life.

WALTER

Yes, sir.

The tailors are leaving.

TAILOR

(shaking hands with Longfellow)

Goodbye, and thank you sir.

LONGFELLOW

Goodbye.

(turning to the others)

Wants me to wear a monkey suit.

Cedar and Hallor smile accommodatingly. Walter hands him a pair of trousers.

CLOSER SHOT OF GROUP

As Longfellow starts getting into the trousers.

HALLOR

Of course, we don't want to appear greedy, Mr. Deeds.

LONGFELLOW

Huh?

HALLOR

I say we don't want to appear greedy.

LONGFELLOW

Oh. That.

Walter has gotten down on his knees and holds the ends of the pants.

LONGFELLOW

What do you think you're doing?

WALTER

Why, I'm assisting you, sir.

LONGFELLOW

Get up from there. I don't want anybody holding the ends of my pants. Get up from there!

WALTER

(rising)

Yes, sir.

LONGFELLOW

(to others)

Imagine that - holding the ends of my pants!

Hallor smiles feebly - his impatience growing.

HALLOR

Mrs. Semple is entitled by law to one-third of the estate.

LONGFELLOW

(to Walter)

And don't ever get down on your knees again, understand?

WALTER

No, sir.

LONGFELLOW

(to Hallor)

Excuse me. What did you say?

HALLOR

Mrs. Semple is entitled to one-third of the estate.

LONGFELLOW

One-third? That's about \$7,000,000 isn't it?

HALLOR

(quietly)

Well, we didn't expect that much. I'm sure I can get her to settle quietly for one million.

CEDAR

If there's any talk of settlement, Hallor, take it up with me at the office.

HALLOR

I'll do no such thing-

LONGFELLOW

That's right. Don't you go to his office. There's only one place you're going, and that's out the

door.

Hallor looks up, surprised.

HALLOR

You're making a mistake, Mr. Deeds.

LONGFELLOW

Oh no, I'm not. I don't like your face. Besides, there's something fishy about a person who would settle for a million dollars when they can get seven million. I'm surprised that Mr. Cedar, who's supposed to be a smart man, couldn't see through that.

HALLOR

Now wait a minute, buddy-

69. MED. SHOT

Longfellow crosses to bell cord and pulls it.

LONGFELLOW

There's one nice thing about being rich - you ring a bell and things happen. When the servant comes in, Mr. Hallor, I'm going to ask him to show you to the door. Many people don't know where it is.

HALLOR

No use in getting tough. That'll get you nowhere, Mr. Deeds.

(strongly)

You know, we've got letters.

As a butler enters, Longfellow turns to him.

LONGFELLOW

Will you show Mr. Hallor to the front door?

BUTLER

Yes, sir.

CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR

As Hallor gets to it. Longfellow grabs him by the shirt front and half lifts him off the floor.

LONGFELLOW

And listen, there isn't any wife - there aren't any letters - and I think you're a crook. So you better watch your step.

He shoves Hallor violently and he stumbles out of scene.

Cobb enters to Longfellow, his hand extended.

COBB

I can't hold out on you any longer.

Lamb bites wolf.

(shakes his head)

Beautiful.

LONGFELLOW

Only common sense.

71. MED. SHOT

Cedar has been most uncomfortable through the scene, but now suavely assumes an admiring attitude.

CEDAR

(a forced smile)

I can't hold out any longer either,
Mr. Deeds.

(holds out his hand)

Being an attorney for you will be
a very simple affair.

LONGFELLOW

You're not my attorney yet, Mr.
Cedar. Not till I find out what's
on your mind. Suppose you get the
books straightened out quick so I
can have a look at them.

CEDAR

Yes, of course, if you wish. But
you must be prepared. This sort of
thing will be daily routine.

(picks up his hat)

If it becomes annoying, you let me
know. Goodbye, Mr. Deeds. Goodbye,
sir.

Longfellow shakes his hand. Cedar exits. Longfellow stares after him disgustedly, wiping his hands with his handkerchief.

LONGFELLOW

Even his hands are oily.

Walter has entered and holds up a coat for Longfellow.

COBB

Well, how about tonight? What would
you like in the way of
entertainment?

LONGFELLOW

Entertainment?

CLOSE TWO SHOT

COBB

Your uncle had a weakness for dark ones, tall and stately. How would you like yours? Dark or fair, tall or short, fat or thin, tough or tender?

LONGFELLOW

What're you talking about?

COBB

Women! Ever heard of 'em?

LONGFELLOW

Oh.

COBB

Name your poison and I'll supply it.

LONGFELLOW

Some other time, Cobb. Some other time.

COBB

Okay, you're the boss.

(as he goes)

When your blood begins to boil, yell out. I'll be seeing you!

73. MED. SHOT

As Cobb exits. Longfellow turns to Walter, the valet.

LONGFELLOW

He talks about women as if they were cattle.

WALTER

Every man to his taste, sir.

LONGFELLOW

Tell me, Walter, are all those stories I hear about my uncle true?

WALTER

Well, sir, he sometimes had as many as twenty in the house at the same time.

LONGFELLOW

Twenty! What did he do with them?

WALTER

That was something I was never able to find out, sir.

WIPE OFF TO:

EXT. CORRIDOR

74. MED. SHOT

Longfellow, exiting his bedroom, wearing a coat and hat. He comes to the top of a grand staircase, looks around slyly and sees that no one is watching. He slides down the bannister and touches the statue at the bottom for good luck.

He starts for the door. When he gets there he finds his way barred by two husky-looking mugs. He looks up surprised.

FIRST BODYGUARD

Hey, you going out?

LONGFELLOW

Why yes. Isn't that all right?

2ND BODYGUARD

No. Don't ever want to go out without telling us.

LONGFELLOW

Who are you?

BODYGUARDS

We're your bodyguards.

LONGFELLOW

Oh, yeah.

2ND BODYGUARD

Yeah, Mr. Cobb said stick to your tail no matter what.

LONGFELLOW

That's very nice of Mr. Cobb - but I don't want anybody sticking to my tail no matter what.

FIRST BODYGUARD

Sorry, mister. Orders is orders.

LONGFELLOW

Is that so?

2ND BODYGUARD

Yes, sir. We gotta get you up in the morning - and we gotta put you to bed at night.

FIRST BODYGUARD

Only it's all right. No matter what we see - we don't see nuttin', see?

LONGFELLOW

(smiling)

That's going to be fun.

2ND BODYGUARD

Some people like it.

Longfellow glances around the room thoughtfully, then continues:

LONGFELLOW

Uh, will you do something for me
before we go out?

FIRST BODYGUARD

Sure!

The first bodyguard eagerly takes out a pistol. The second bodyguard slaps it away.

2ND BODYGUARD

(to first bodyguard)

Put that away, slug!

(to Longfellow)

At your service!

LONGFELLOW

I got a trunk in that room. Will
you get it out for me?

2ND BODYGUARD

Certainly.

FIRST BODYGUARD

With pleasure.

The two bodyguards accommodatingly enter a closet. The moment they are gone, Longfellow closes the door calmly and turns the key.

BODYGUARDS

(ad-lib)

Hey, hey! We're your bodyguards.

You can't do this!

Longfellow whistles as he exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Longfellow comes out, glances over the horizon. The air is filled with a slight drizzle and he sighs happily.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI CAB

76. CLOSE SHOT

Babe and two photographers, Bob and Frank, are huddled conspiratorially in the back seat of a taxi cab.

BABE

(pointing)

There he is. Yep, that's him.

BOB

That's who?

BABE

Get the cameras ready and follow me.

FRANK

What are you going to do?

BABE

Never mind. Follow me and grab whatever you can get.

BOB

I suppose it's going to be the same old thing.

FRANK

I tell you that dame's nuts.

BOB

Right.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Longfellow is exiting front gate.

78. MED. SHOT

From his angle. Out of the shadows a girl comes into view and staggers forward. She reaches a tree and clutches it weakly. Then her strength failing, she crumples to the ground.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Longfellow's eyes widen in apprehension as he starts forward

CAMERA FOLLOWING HIM. He reaches the girl and bending down, lifts her head. We see it is Babe Bennett. Her eyes are closed, apparently in a dead faint.

80. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND BABE - LOW ANGLE

Longfellow studies her face for a moment, then starts to lift her. As he does so, her eyes open and she looks up at him, feigning bewilderment.

LONGFELLOW

You fainted.

BABE

(feebly)

Oh, did I? I'm sorry . . .

She struggles to get to her feet.

81. WIDER ANGLE

Longfellow tries to assist her.

LONGFELLOW

Can I help you?

BABE

No, thank you. I'll be all right.

LONGFELLOW

Look, this is my house. I'd like
to-

BABE

Oh, no, really - I'll be all right.

LONGFELLOW

What happened?

BABE

Well, I guess I walked too much.
I've been looking for a job all
day. I found one, too. I start
tomorrow.

(backing away)

You've been awfully kind. Thank
you very much.

As she leaves him, Longfellow watches her, full of sympathy.

She takes a few steps and, again feigning weakness, falls
against the iron fence, clutching it. Longfellow rushes to
her assistance.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

LONGFELLOW

(looking around)

Hey, taxi!

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI CAB

83. CLOSE SHOT

BOB

(to driver)

Hey, stupe! Follow that cab they
just got into, will you? Hurry up!
Step on it!

FRANK

Come on, come on!

BOB

Hurry up!

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT: AN ELECTRIC SIGN:

"TULLIO'S - EAT WITH THE LITERATI"

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TULLIO'S

MED. CLOSE SHOT

A corner table, surrounded by ferns, at which Longfellow and Babe sit. She's still eating.

LONGFELLOW

Feel better now?

BABE

Mmm, it tastes so good. Mr. Deeds, I don't know how I can ever thank you.

LONGFELLOW

Tell me more about yourself.

BABE

Well, I guess I've told you almost everything there is to tell. My folks live in a small town near Hartford. I'm down here alone trying to make a living.

(hanging her head)

Oh, I'm really just a nobody.

Longfellow spots a strolling violinist. He furtively beckons

the fellow over. The musician leans into them with romantic strains.

BABE

(as the musician finishes and strolls away)

Oh, that was so lovely. Thank you.

LONGFELLOW

You were a lady in distress, weren't you?

BABE

(looks up)

What?

LONGFELLOW

Oh - uh - nothing.

85. WIDER ANGLE

As a waiter enters the scene and begins removing dishes.

LONGFELLOW

Waiter! Has anybody come in yet?

WAITER

Huh? On, no. Nobody important.

LONGFELLOW

Be sure and point 'em out to me,
won't you?

WAITER

Uh-huh.

LONGFELLOW

I'm a writer myself, you know.
The waiter throws Longfellow a sidelong glance of complete
boredom.

WAITER

Uh-huh.

LONGFELLOW

I write poetry.

WAITER

Uh-huh.

He exits.

86. CLOSE TWO SHOT - BABE AND LONGFELLOW

BABE

You've been having quite an exciting
time here, haven't you? All those
meetings and business deals and
society people - haven't you been
having fun?

LONGFELLOW

No. That is, I didn't—
(pause - while he
looks at her)

Until I met you. I like talking to
you, though—
(moodily)

Imagine my finding you right on my
doorstep.

87. WIDER ANGLE

The waiter enters again.

WAITER

Brookfield just came in.

LONGFELLOW

Oh, the poet? Where?

WAITER

Over at that big round table. The
one that looks like a poodle.

Longfellow stares off scene - his eyes full of worship.

LONGFELLOW

(to Babe)

Look - there's Brookfield, the poet.

BABE

(looks also)

Really?

88. MED. SHOT

From their angle, to show people at a table, engaged in conversation.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

At Longfellow's table. He stares off at them, awed. Babe watches his face.

MED. SHOT - AUTHOR'S TABLE

A group of five men, drinking - as the waiter enters.

WAITER

(confidentially -
indicating
Longfellow)

Pardon. Longfellow Deeds, who just inherited the Semple fortune, wants to meet you.

BROOKFIELD

Oh, yes. I read about him. He writes poetry on postcards.

HENABERRY

Let's invite him over. Might get a couple of laughs. Getting rather dull around here.

MORROW

It's always dull here.

BROOKFIELD

(rising)

I'll get him.

HENABERRY

Good.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT - ROUND TABLE

At which they are all seated now. Babe sits next to Longfellow, who is the center of attraction. Brookfield is just finishing introductions.

BROOKFIELD

Henaberry, Mr. Morrow, Bill - this is Mr. Deeds and his fiancée from Mandrake Falls.

THE GROUP

(ad-lib)

How do!

Hello!

Nice to meet you!

LONGFELLOW

Nice of you to ask us to come and sit with you. Back home we never get a chance to meet famous people.

BILL

(calling waiter)

Waiter! A little service here.

THE GROUP

(ad-lib)

Yes!

Mr. Deeds is a distinguished poet.

A drink for Mr. Deeds!

HENABERRY

He's a poet. Have a drink.

LONGFELLOW

No - I don't want it, thank you.

HENABERRY

Why, you must drink! All poets drink!

92. MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

BILL

Tell us, Mr. Deeds. How do you go about writing your poems? We craftsmen are very interested in one another's methods.

HENABERRY

Yes. Do you have to wait for an inspiration, or do you just dash it off?

LONGFELLOW

(self-consciously)

Well, I don't know. I-

HENABERRY

Mr. Morrow, over there, for instance, just dashes them off.

MORROW

Yes. That's what my publishers have been complaining about.

They all laugh superficially.

93. CLOSE SHOT GROUP - BABE AND LONGFELLOW

Babe glances up at Longfellow, to see if he's aware that he is being laughed at. But he apparently isn't.

LONGFELLOW

(laughing feebly)

Your readers don't complain, Mr. Morrow.

MORROW'S VOICE

Oh, thanks. Thanks.

BROOKFIELD

How about you, Mr. Deeds?

LONGFELLOW

Well, I write mine on order. The people I work for just tell me what they want and then I go to work and write it.

BROOKFIELD

Amazing! Why, that's true genius!

HENABERRY

Yes. Have you any peculiar characteristics when you are creating?

LONGFELLOW

Well, I play the tuba.

They all laugh.

MORROW

I've been playing the harmonica for forty years - didn't do me a bit of good.

CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

BROOKFIELD

You wouldn't have one in your pocket, would you, Mr. Deeds?

LONGFELLOW

(smiling)

What? A tuba?

They all laugh.

BROOKFIELD

No, a postcard - with one of your poems on it.

Longfellow is beginning to sense he is being kidded.

LONGFELLOW

(his face sober)

No.

HENABERRY

You mean to tell me you don't carry
a pocketful around with you?

BROOKFIELD

Too bad! I was hoping you'd
autograph one for me.

HENABERRY

I was too.

BILL

Quite right.

MED. GROUP SHOT

As they keep on. Longfellow has his eyes levelled on each
speaker in turn, obviously cognizant of their ill-concealed
jibes.

HENABERRY

Wait a minute, boys. Perhaps Mr.
Deeds would recite one for us.

THE OTHER'S VOICES

(ad-lib)

Yes!

BROOKFIELD

That's a very good idea. Nothing
like a poet reciting his own stuff.

ONE OF THE OTHERS

How about a Mother's Day poem, Mr.
Deeds?

HENABERRY

Exactly! Give us one that wrings
the great American heart.

THE GROUP

(ad-lib)

Yes.

Babe has been watching Longfellow, interested. Now, when
their voices die down - and they wait expectantly - he
speaks quietly.

LONGFELLOW

(deeply hurt)

I guess I get the idea. I guess I
know why I was invited here. To
make fun of me.

MED. SHOT - GROUP

SEVERAL VOICES

(ad-lib)

Oh, come now.

I wouldn't say that.

HENABERRY

Look, he's temperamental.

LONGFELLOW

(levelling off at
him)

Yeah, what if I am? What about it?
Henaberry's face sobers.

LONGFELLOW

(simply)

It's easy to make fun of somebody
if you don't care how much you
hurt 'em.

(to Brookfield)

I think your poems are swell, Mr.
Brookfield, but I'm disappointed
in you. I know I must look funny
to you, but maybe if you went to
Mandrake Falls you'd look just as
funny to us . Only nobody would
laugh at you and make you feel
ridiculous - 'cause that wouldn't
be good manners.

CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW

AS HE RISES, CONTINUING:

LONGFELLOW

I guess maybe it is comical to
write poems for postcards, but a
lot of people think they're good.
Anyway, it's the best I can do. So
if you'll excuse me, we'll be
leaving. I guess I found out that
all famous people - aren't big
people . . .

98. MED. SHOT

The group watches him silently as he leaves the table
accompanied by Babe. For a moment they are nonplussed -
then they break into raucous laughter - all but Morrow.

CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT

With Longfellow and Babe as they take several steps. Then
he abruptly stops.

LONGFELLOW

(turning to them)

There's just one thing more. If it
weren't for Miss Dawson being here

with me, I'd probably bump your
heads together.

BABE

(quickly)

Oh, I don't mind.

Longfellow stares at her for a moment.

LONGFELLOW

Then I guess maybe I will.

He starts back toward the table.

MED. SHOT AT TABLE

Protectively, Brookfield and Henaberry rise from their chairs. But they are too late, for Longfellow clips Brookfield on the chin first with his left fist - and with his right catches Henaberry on the jaw. The punches are almost simultaneous. The surprise attack catches the men off-guard and they fall backward. A waiter rushes forward to escort Longfellow and Babe out.

WAITER

(calling out)

Manager!

Morrow, who never budged from his chair, and who has watched

Longfellow with great admiration, now rises to catch up to him.

MORROW

(an outcry)

Eureka!

INT. FOYER OF TULLIO'S

101. MED. SHOT

As Morrow catches up to Longfellow and Babe, who are on their way out. The waiter is shooing people away.

WAITER

Step aside, step aside!

Morrow barges forward. Longfellow and Babe turn.

MORROW

(obviously groggy
with drink)

Say fellow, you neglected me - and
I feel very put out.

(points to his chin)

Look, sock it right there, will
you? Lay one right on the button,[6]
but sock it hard.

CLOSE SHOT - THE THREE

LONGFELLOW

That's all right. I got it off my chest.

MORROW

The difference between them and me is I know when I've been a skunk. You take me to the nearest newsstand and I'll eat a pack of your postcards raw. Raw!

Longfellow and Babe smile. As Morrow continues to speak, he sways drunkenly and would fall over backwards a couple of times in midsentence if the alert Longfellow didn't have a clutch on his collar.

MORROW

Oh, what a magnificent deflation of smugness. Pal, you've added ten years to my life! A poet with a straight left and a right hook - delicious! Delicious! You're my guest from now on - forever and a day - even unto eternity!

LONGFELLOW

Thanks, but Miss Dawson and I are going out to see the sights.

MORROW

Fine, fine. Swell, You just showed me a sight lovely to behold, and I'd like to reciprocate. Listen, you hop aboard my magic carpet-
(Longfellow catches him before he falls backward in his enthusiasm)

-thanks - and I'll show you sights that you've never seen before.

LONGFELLOW

I'd kind of like to see Grant's Tomb - and the Statue of Liberty.

CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

Favoring Morrow.

MORROW

Well, you'll not only see those, but before the evening's half through, you'll be leaning against

the Leaning Tower of Pisa - you'll
mount Mt. Everest. I'll show you
the Pyramids and all the little
Pyramidides, leaping from sphinx to
sphinx. Pal, how would you like to
go on a real, old-fashioned binge?

LONGFELLOW

(puzzled)

Binge?

MORROW

Yes. I mean the real McCoy. Listen,
you play saloon with me, and I'll
introduce you to every wit, every
nit-wit, and every half-wit in New
York. We'll go on a twister that'll
make Omar the soused philosopher
of Persia[7] look like an anemic
on a goat's milk diet.

Longfellow saves him - once again - from crashing over.

CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

Featuring Longfellow.

LONGFELLOW

(vaguely)

That ought to be fun.

MORROW

Fun? Say, listen, I'll take you
on a bender that will live in your
memory as a thing of beauty and
joy forever.

(to someone off)

Boy! Boy! My headpiece!

He exits from the scene. CAMERA FOLLOWING HIM.

MORROW

(to the world in
general)

Oh, Tempora! Oh, Moeraes! Oh,
Bacchus![8] He bumps into a woman,
who glares at him.

WOMAN

Oh, you're drunk.

MORROW

(unmindful)

Oh, you're right.

105. CLOSEUP - BABE AND LONGFELLOW

LONGFELLOW

(to Babe)

I guess if we go with him, we'll
see things, huh?

She looks up at his face, amazed at his innocence.

BABE

Yes, I guess we will.

FADE OUT:

INT. MAC'S OFFICE

106. MED. SHOT

Mac is reading the story, eyes sparkling. Babe is sprawled
in a chair, doing tricks with a coin.

MAC

(reads)

"'I play the tuba to help me think.'
This is one of the many startling
statements made by Longfellow Deeds -
New York's new Cinderella Man -
who went out last night to prove
that his uncle, the late M.W. Semple -
from whom he inherited \$20,000,000 -
was a rank amateur in the art of
'standing the town on its
cauliflower ear' . . . "

He looks up.

MAC

Cinderella Man! That's sensational,
Babe! Sensational!

BABE

It took some high-powered acting,
believe me.

MAC

Did it?

BABE

I was the world's sweetest ingenue.

MAC

Is he really that big a sap?

CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

Favoring Babe.

BABE

He's the original. There are no
carbon copies of that one.

MAC

Cinderella Man! Babe, you stuck a

tag on that hick that'll stick to him the rest of his life. Can you imagine Cobb's face when he reads this?

BABE

If we could sell tickets, we'd make a fortune.

She covers the coin with palm of other hand, and the coin disappears. But Mac is too excited to pay any attention.

MAC

How'd you get the picture?

BABE

Had the boys follow us.

MAC

Marvelous!

(reads again)

"At two o'clock this morning, Mr. Deeds tied up traffic while he fed a bagful of doughnuts to a horse. When asked why he was doing it, he replied: 'I just wanted to see how many doughnuts this horse would eat before he'd ask for a cup of coffee.'"

(laughs)

Beautiful! What happened after that?

BABE

I don't know. I had to duck to get the story out. He was so far along he never even missed me.

MAC

When're you going to see him again?

BABE

Tonight, maybe.

(looks at her watch)

I'll phone him at noon.

(explaining)

Oh, my lunch hour. I'm a stenographer, you know. Mary Dawson.

MED. SHOT - THE TWO

Favoring Mac.

MAC

(laughing)

You're a genius, Babe - a genius!

BABE

I even moved into Mabel Dawson's apartment - in case old snoopy Cobb might start looking around.

MAC

(all excited)

Good! Good! Stay there. Don't show your face down here. I'll tell everybody you're on your vacation. They'll never know where the stories are coming from. Stick close to him, Babe - you can get an exclusive story out of him every day for a month. We'll have the other papers crazy.

(starts for her)

Babe, I could kiss you!

109. WIDER ANGLE

BABE

(sidestepping)

Oh, no. No. Our deal was for a month's vacation - with pay.

MAC

Sure.

BABE

With pay! She is out the door.

MAC

(yelling after her)

You'll get it, Babe. You'll get it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM

110. CLOSE SHOT

Walter leans over the bed violently, shaking Longfellow, who is lost in drunken sleep.

WALTER

Mr. Deeds - Mr. Deeds, sir - you really must get up. It's late!

LONGFELLOW

(without budging -
without opening
his eyes)

You're Walter, aren't you?

WALTER

Yes, sir.

LONGFELLOW

I just wanted to make sure.

CLOSE SHOT - WALTER

He smiles.

WALTER

If you'll permit me to say so,
sir, you were out on quite a bender
last night, sir.

CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW

Longfellow opens one eye - and then the other, blinking.
As consciousness returns to him, he glances around the
room as if to get his bearings.

LONGFELLOW

Bender? You're wrong, Walter. We
started out to a binge but we never
got to it.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

Walter offers him a drink on a tray.

WALTER

(humoring him)

Yes, sir.

LONGFELLOW

What's that?

WALTER

A Prairie Oyster, sir.[10]

LONGFELLOW

(slow to comprehend
anything)

Prairie? Oysters?

WALTER

Yes, sir. It makes the head feel
smaller.

Longfellow takes it and downs it in one swig.

LONGFELLOW

(his face finally
reacting)

Oh. Oh!

(remembering)

Has Miss Dawson called yet?

WALTER

Miss Dawson, sir? No, sir. No Miss
Dawson has called, sir.

LONGFELLOW

She was a lady in distress. She wouldn't let me help her. Got a lot of pride. I like that.

WALTER

Oh, I do too, sir.

LONGFELLOW

I'd better call her up and apologize. I don't remember taking her home last night.

WALTER

I'd venture to say, sir, you don't remember much of anything that happened last night, sir.

CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

Favoring Longfellow.

LONGFELLOW

What do you mean? I remember everything! Hand me my pants - I wrote her phone number on a piece of paper.

WALTER

You have no pants, sir.

Longfellow looks up slowly. Walter goes on:

WALTER

You came home last night - without them.

LONGFELLOW

(after a double
take)

I did what!

WALTER

As a matter of fact, you came home without any clothes. You were in your - uh - shorts. Yes, sir.

LONGFELLOW

Oh, don't be silly, Walter. I couldn't walk around in the streets without any clothes. I'd be arrested.

WALTER

That's what the two policemen said, sir.

LONGFELLOW

What two policemen?

WALTER

The ones who brought you home, sir. They said you and another gentleman kept walking up and down the streets, shouting: "Back to nature! Clothes are a blight on civilization! Back to nature!"

Longfellow watches his face, fascinated. Slowly it is all coming back to him.

LONGFELLOW

Listen, Walter, if a man named Morrow calls up, tell him I'm not in. He may be a great author, but I think he's crazy. The man's crazy, Walter.

115. REVERSE ANGLE

Favoring Walter.

WALTER

Yes, sir. By the way, did you—
Longfellow slowly swings out of bed into a sitting position.

Walter kneels to put on Longfellow's slippers. Longfellow balks, points, silently reminding Walter that he has broken his promise not to kneel down in front of him.

LONGFELLOW

(pointing)

Please!

WALTER

But how'll I put on the slipper, sir?

Longfellow's expression begs no disagreement. Walter stands, fumbling with the shoes from a stooped posture.

WALTER

(continuing)

Yes, sir. I beg pardon, sir, but did you ever find what you were looking for, sir?

LONGFELLOW

Looking for?

WALTER

You kept searching me last night, sir. Going through my pockets. You

said you were looking for a rhyme
for Budington.

LONGFELLOW

(flatly)

Better bring me some coffee, Walter.

WALTER

Very good, sir.

(remembering)

Oh, I beg pardon. A telegram came
for you, sir.

(he hands the
telegram to
Longfellow)

I'll get you some black coffee,
sir.

116. MEDIUM SHOT

Following Walter's exit. Longfellow quickly opens the
telegram. His face clouds. At this moment, Cobb comes
bursting into the room - a newspaper in his hand.

COBB

(wildly)

Did you see all this stuff in the
papers?

LONGFELLOW

(holding out telegram)

Arthur wants to quit!

COBB

Arthur! Who's Arthur?

LONGFELLOW

He's the shipping clerk at the
Tallow Works. Wants a \$2 raise -
or he'll quit.

COBB

(he goes crazy)

What do I care about Arthur! Did
you see this stuff in the paper?
How'd it get in there? What'd you
do last night? Who were you talking
to?

He flings the paper on the bed. Longfellow glances at it,
and his face clouds.

COBB

(while Longfellow
reads)

And what'd you do to those
bodyguards? They quit this morning.
Said you locked them up.

LONGFELLOW

Oh, they insisted on following me.

117. TWO SHOT

COBB

(wildly)

What do you think bodyguards are
for?

LONGFELLOW

(glances up)

What do they mean by this -
"Cinderella Man!"

COBB

Are those stories true?

118. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND COBB

Longfellow has his eyes glued on the paper.

LONGFELLOW

I don't remember. "Cinderella Man!"
What do they mean by that?

COBB

They'd call you anything if you
gave them half a chance. They've
got you down as a sap.

LONGFELLOW

(calmly)

I think I'll go down and punch
this editor on the nose.

COBB

(quickly)

No, you don't! Get this clear:
Socking people is no solution for
anything.

119. TWO SHOT

LONGFELLOW

Sometimes it's the only solution.

COBB

Not editors. Take my word for it.
Not editors!

LONGFELLOW

If they're going to poke fun at
me, I'm going to—

COBB

(bends over,
earnestly)

Listen. Listen, Longfellow. You've got brains, kid. You'll get along swell if you'll only curb your homicidal instincts - and keep your trap shut. Don't talk to anybody! These newshounds are out gunning for you.

LONGFELLOW

(referring to paper)

But what about this "Cinderella Man"?

COBB

That's my job. I'll take care of that. I'll keep that stuff out of the papers - if you'll help me. But I can't do anything if you go around talking to people. Will you promise me to be careful from now on?

LONGFELLOW

Yes, I guess I'll have to.

COBB

(mopping his brow)

Thank you.

(as he goes)

If you feel the building rock, it'll be me blasting into this editor.

120. MED. SHOT

He exits. During the scene Walter has entered with a tray, which he has adjusted on Longfellow's knee.

LONGFELLOW

Cobb's right. I mustn't talk to anybody.

BUTLER

(entering)

Miss Dawson on the phone, sir.

LONGFELLOW

(alertly)

Who? Miss Dawson?

BUTLER

Yes, sir.

LONGFELLOW

Fine. I'll talk to her. Give me the phone, quick. She's the only one I'm going to talk to from now on.

As the butler scurries around for the phone,

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOP OF FIFTH AVENUE BUS - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

121. CLOSE SHOT - BABE AND LONGFELLOW

Longfellow looks around, absorbed. Babe watches him.

LONGFELLOW

It's awfully nice of you to show me around like this.

BABE

I enjoy it.

LONGFELLOW

The Aquarium was swell. If I lived in New York, I'd go there every day. I'll bet you do.

BABE

Well, I'd like to - but I have a job to think of.

EXT. STREET

MED. CLOSE SHOT - A TAXI

Directly behind the bus. A man's head is stuck out of taxi window. We recognize it as one of the photographers, Bob.

BOB

(to driver)

Hey, flap-ears![[11] You better keep following that bus!

DRIVER'S VOICE

Keep your shirt on!

INT. THE TAXI - PROCESS

123. CLOSE SHOT - BOB AND FRANK

Two photographers, with their equipment. They keep their eyes glued on the bus in front. They return to their seats.

BOB

It don't look as though we're gonna get any pictures tonight.

FRANK

Babe ought to get him drunk again.

EXT. TOP OF BUS

124. CLOSE SHOT - BABE AND LONGFELLOW

BABE

Got any news—

(CATCHES HERSELF)

I mean, has anything exciting been happening lately?

LONGFELLOW

Sure. I met you.

BABE

(laughs)

Oh. What's happening about the opera?

LONGFELLOW

Oh, that - well, we had another meeting. I told them I'd go on being Chairman if—

(EXPLAINING)

I'm Chairman, you know.

BABE

Yes, I know.

LONGFELLOW

I told 'em I'd play along with them if they lowered their prices - and cut down expenses - and broadcast.

BABE

What did they say?

LONGFELLOW

Gosh, you look pretty tonight.

BABE

What did they say?

LONGFELLOW

Huh? Oh. They said I was crazy. Said I wanted to run it like a grocery store.

BABE

What are they going to do?

LONGFELLOW

(leans over close
to her)

Do you always wear your hair like that?

125. WIDER SHOT

At this point, two girls pass by, chattering. One girl has a paper open.

FIRST GIRL

Isn't it a scream - "Cinderella Man!" The dope!

2ND GIRL

I'd like to get my hooks into that guy.

FIRST GIRL

Don't worry. Somebody's probably taking him for plenty.

They are gone. Longfellow glares after them. Babe is afraid to look up.

LONGFELLOW

(quietly)

If they were men, I'd knock their heads together.

Babe is silent. Longfellow watches her for a moment.

CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

Favoring Longfellow.

LONGFELLOW

Have you seen the papers?

BABE

Uh-huh.

LONGFELLOW

That's what I like about you. You think about a man's feelings. I'd like to go down to that newspaper and punch the fellow in the nose that's writing that stuff-

MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

She looks up, startled.

LONGFELLOW

-"Cinderella Man!" I guess pretty soon everybody will be calling me "Cinderella Man."

Babe has had an uncomfortable time of it - and quickly changes the subject.

BABE

Would you like to walk the rest of the way? It's so nice out.

LONGFELLOW

Yes.

BABE

Yeah, let's.

She jumps up from her seat, and Longfellow follows.

INT. THE TAXI

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Favoring the taxi driver.

DRIVER

Hey, wise guys. He's getting off.
This sets off a mad scramble.

BOB AND FRANK

(ad-lib)

Hey, come on!
Pull over to the curb!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE - GRANT'S TOMB

129. MED. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND BABE

He stands across the street from Grant's Tomb, looking solemn. His eyes moist. She is unaware of his emotion.

BABE

Come on, don't you want to see it?

INT. THE TAXI

MED. SHOT - BOB AND FRANK

FRANK

Feast your eyes. Grant's Tomb!

BOB

Is that it?

(to driver)

Hey, beetle-puss! The Tomb!

131. MED. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND BABE

As they approach the monument.

BABE

There you are. Grant's Tomb. I hope you're not disappointed.

LONGFELLOW

(throatily)

It's wonderful.

BABE

To most people, it's an awful letdown.

LONGFELLOW

(in awe)

Huh?

BABE

I say, to most people it's a washout.

LONGFELLOW

That depends on what they see.

BABE

(looks up at him)

Now, what do you see?

CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW

LONGFELLOW

Me? Oh, I see a small Ohio farm boy becoming a great soldier. I see thousands of marching men. I see General Lee with a broken heart, surrendering, and I can see the beginning of a new nation, like Abraham Lincoln said. And I can see that Ohio boy being inaugurated as President—

(dreamily)

Things like that can only happen in a country like America.

CLOSEUP - BABE

To intercut with above speech. During his recital, she watches his face, fascinated. Her impulse is to laugh, but she finds that she can't.

LONGFELLOW

(overcome - he almost chokes on his final words)

Excuse me!

FADE OUT:

INT. PRIVATE OFFICES

MED. CLOSE SHOT

A switchboard operator fielding calls.

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR

Sorry, Mr. Hopper. Mr. Cedar won't answer his phone. Sorry.

OFFICE CLERK

(passing by)

Say, what's going on in the boss's office?

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR

Search me. The three 'Cs' and little 'B' have been in there for over an hour.

INT. CEDAR'S PRIVATE OFFICE

135. FULL SHOT

Cedar paces the floor. His brothers look worried. Budington is enthroned at Cedar's desk.

BUDINGTON

don't want to be critical, John,
but here it is—

CEDAR

(pouncing on him)

Yes, I know. A week's gone by and
we haven't got the Power of Attorney
yet!

BUDINGTON

Yes, but you said—

CEDAR

(walking way from
him)

I don't care what I said. I can't
strangle him, can I!

FIRST BROTHER

It's ridiculous for us to have to
worry about a boy like that.

(crosses to desk)

Look at these articles about him!
"Cinderella Man!" Why, he's carrying
on like an idiot.

BUDINGTON

Exactly what I was saying to my
wife when this—

FIRST BROTHER

Who cares what you were saying to
your wife?

There is a moment's awkward silence. The silence is broken
by the buzzing of the dictograph. Cedar crosses to it and
snaps the button.

CLOSE SHOT AT DESK

As secretary's voice comes over dictograph:

CEDAR

Yes?

SECRETARY'S VOICE

Mr. and Mrs. Semple are still
waiting.

CEDAR

(irritated)

I can't help it. Let them wait!

He snaps the dictograph off.

MED. SHOT GROUP

FIRST BROTHER

Those people have been in to see me every day this week.

2ND BROTHER

Who are they ?

CEDAR

(dismissing it)

Relatives of old man Semple.

FIRST BROTHER

They keep insisting they should have some nuisance value.

CEDAR

Nuisance value?

FIRST BROTHER

They say if it hadn't been for Deeds, they'd have gotten all the money.

CEDAR

(suddenly)

Nuisance value.

(thinks a minutes -
crosses to door)

Maybe they have! Maybe they have!
Maybe they have!

(opens door)

Mr. and Mrs. Semple, please. How do you do?

The others all stand around - as the Semples enter.

MRS. SEMPLE

We've been trying to-

138. MED. CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR AND THE SEMPLES

CEDAR

(smoothly cutting
her off)

I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting. How are you, sir? I don't know what my secretary could have been thinking to keep you waiting this long.

(to one of his
brothers)

Will you bring the chairs? Quickly. Will you have a cigar, Mr. Semple?

MR. SEMPLE

Thanks.

Semple takes the cigar - rather flabbergasted at all the sudden attention showered upon him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROOF OF TALL BUILDING - NIGHT

139. MED. SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND BABE

From over their shoulders, looking down on the lights and teeming activity of Times Square.

BABE

There's Times Square.

LONGFELLOW

You can almost spit on it, can't you?

BABE

Why don't you try?

He does try. The wind blows it back on him. She laughs, takes out a handkerchief and wipes it off his coat.

BABE

(as she wipes)

Oh! It's breezy up here.

He doesn't say anything right away.

BABE

You're worried about those articles they're writing about you, aren't you?

LONGFELLOW

I'm not worrying any more. I suppose they'll go on writing them till they get tired. You don't believe all that stuff, do you?

A guilty look spreads over Babe's face.

BABE

Oh, they just do it to sell the newspapers, you know.

LONGFELLOW

Yeah, I guess so. What puzzles me is why people seem to get so much pleasure out of hurting each other. Why don't they try liking each other once in a while?

An awkward pause.

BABE

Shall we go?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

MED. TRUCKING SHOT

As Babe and Longfellow walk.

BABE

(spotting a park
bench)

Here's a nice place.

LONGFELLOW

Yeah. Anyway, there aren't any
photographers around.

EXT. PARK - BEHIND SOME BUSHES

141. MEDIUM SHOT

Bob and Frank, sneaking around in the bushes.

142. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND BABE

BABE

You know, you said something to me
when you first met me that I've
thought about a great deal.

LONGFELLOW

What's that?

BABE

You said I was a lady in distress.

LONGFELLOW

Oh, that—

BABE

What did you mean by that?

LONGFELLOW

Nothing—

There is a pause.

LONGFELLOW

Have you got a - are you - uh -
engaged or anything?

CLOSEUP - BABE

The corners of her mouth go up in sympathetic amusement.

BABE

No. Are you?

LONGFELLOW'S VOICE

No.

BABE

You don't go out with girls very
much, do you?

LONGFELLOW'S VOICE

I haven't.

BABE

Why not?

CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

Favoring Longfellow.

LONGFELLOW

Oh, I don't know.

BABE

You must have met a lot of swell society girls since you've been here. Don't you like them?

LONGFELLOW

I haven't met anybody here that I like, particularly. They all seem to have the St. Vitus Dance.[12]

(awkwardly)

Except you, of course.

(a pause)

People here are funny. They work so hard at living - they forget how to live

(thoughtfully; leans back)

Last night, after I left you, I was walking along and looking at the tall buildings and I got to thinking about what Thoreau said. They created a lot of grand palaces here - but they forgot to create the noblemen to put in them.

145. REVERSE ANGLE

Favoring Babe. She stares at him curiously.

LONGFELLOW

I'd rather have Mandrake Falls.

BABE

I'm from a small town too, you know.

LONGFELLOW

(interested)

Really?

BABE

Probably as small as Mandrake Falls.

LONGFELLOW

(finding a kindred soul)

Gosh! What do you know about that!

Babe leans her head back in a reminiscent mood. We get a

feeling that, for the moment, she has forgotten she is Babe Bennett, out on a story.

BABE

Ah, it's a beautiful little town, too. A row of poplar trees right along Main Street. Always smelled as if it just had a bath.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

Longfellow watches her face intently.

BABE

I've often thought about going back.

LONGFELLOW

You have?

BABE

Oh, yes. I used to have a lot of fun there when I was a little girl. I used to love to go fishing with my father. That's funny. He was a lot like you, my father was. Talked like you, too. Sometimes he'd let me hold the line while he smoked - and we'd just sit there for hours. And after awhile, for no reason, I'd go over and kiss him and sit in his lap. He never said very much but once I remember him saying: "No matter what happens, honey, don't complain."

LONGFELLOW

He sounds like a person worth while knowing.

There is a pause while Longfellow watches her, and she is lost in thought.

BABE

(continuing)

He played in the town band, too.

LONGFELLOW

He did? I play the tuba-

BABE

Yeah, I know.

LONGFELLOW

What did he play?

BABE

The drums. He taught me to play some.

LONGFELLOW

He did?

BABE

Yes. I can do "Swanee River." Would you like to hear me?

LONGFELLOW

(enthusiastically)

Sure!

147. MEDIUM SHOT

She picks up a couple of branches. With the two sticks she drums on the bench seat - and sings "Swanee River." When she is finished, though clearly delighted, he shows her a long face of mock-disappointment.

BABE

Oh, I suppose you could do better.

LONGFELLOW

Sure. I can sing "Humoresque."

BABE

"Humoresque"? I'll bet you don't even know how it goes.

LONGFELLOW

Sure. Look! You sing it over again, and I'll do "Humoresque" with you.

BABE

It had better be good.

She starts again, and he sings "Humoresque" in counterpoint to her drumming.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - BEHIND SOME BUSHES

148. CLOSE SHOT - BOB AND FRANK

They wait with their camera. When they hear the singing, they look up, and then at each other in surprise.

BOB

I wonder if they'd want to make it a quartet.

FRANK

Shhh!

149. MEDIUM SHOT

Longfellow and Babe. They are having a grand time with their singing. A policeman saunters into the scene and stands watching them for a few seconds, without their being conscious of his presence. He smiles, shakes his head and

passes on out of scene. Over the shot we hear the low moan of a siren in the distance.

CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

They reach the climax of their song - and laugh joyously. At this moment, the shrieking of the siren is nearer and louder. Longfellow looks up quickly. Excited, he jumps up and runs toward street. Babe looks up, surprised.

LONGFELLOW

(as he runs off)

Fire engine! Fire engine! I want to see how they do it. Wait for me, will you?

151. CLOSE SHOT - BOB AND FRANK BEHIND BUSHES

Frank grabs the camera.

FRANK

Looks like the evening is not going to be wasted!

152. MEDIUM SHOT

They dash by the policeman, who looks up, startled.

153. LONG SHOT

As the fire engine slows down - and people are beginning to gather. We see Longfellow running toward the truck and hopping aboard.

MED. SHOT AT FIRE TRUCK

As Longfellow jumps on.

FRANK

Hello - what do you want?

LONGFELLOW

(short salute)

Captain Deeds - fire volunteer - Mandrake Falls.

FIREMAN

(amused)

Hi, Cap! Boys, meet the Captain!

LONG SHOT - REVERSE ANGLE

Bob and Frank running with their cameras toward Longfellow.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM OF MABEL DAWSON'S STUDIO

156. CLOSEUP

Of typewriter carriage. It contains a paper upon which the following is typed:

"CINDERELLA MAN FIRE-EATING DEMON"

"Longfellow Deeds, 'The Cinderella Man,' last night threw a 'defy' into the teeth of the New York Fire Department,

that when it comes to extinguishing conflagrations - they had better look to their laurels--"

CAMERA PULLS BACK and we find Babe, staring at the sheet of paper in front of her. Her eyes have a distant look.

157. FULL SHOT

Several feet away from her Mabel Dawson stands in front of an easel, working silently on a painting. She dabs at it and turning, pauses a moment to watch Babe, who at the moment rests her forehead on the typewriter carriage.

MABEL

(softly)

What's the matter, hon?

BABE

(quickly)

Nothing.

Babe is too much absorbed to hear this. Getting no response,

Mabel turns and studies her for a few seconds.

MABEL

What's up, Babe? Something's eating you.

BABE

No. It's nothing.

MABEL

My unfailing instinct tells me something's gone wrong with the stew.

BABE

(murmuring)

Don't be ridiculous.

She again resumes her typing. Mabel crosses to her and looks over her shoulder.

MABEL

You haven't gotten very far, have you? That's where you were an hour ago. Come on, let's knock off and go down to Joe's. The gang's waiting for us.

BABE

(jumping up)

I can't write it, Mabel! I don't know what's the matter with me.

Babe lights a cigarette. Mabel studies her.

MABEL

(quietly)

Uh-huh. I think I can tell you.
The phone bell rings. Mabel picks it up.
CLOSE SHOT AT PHONE

MABEL

(into phone)

Hello . . .

(listens)

Yes, she's here. Who wants her?

(listens)

Who?

(listens)

Oh, yes. Yes, just a moment.

(her hand over the
mouthpiece)

It's him - whatcha-ma-call-him -
the "Cinderella Man." The
"Cinderella Man"!

Babe grabs the phone.

BABE

Hello.

INT. LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM

CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW

Who lies dressed in bed, phone in hand.

LONGFELLOW

(into phone)

Couldn't sleep. Kinda wanted to
talk to you. Do you mind?

INT. MABEL'S LIVING ROOM

160. CLOSE SHOT - BABE AT PHONE

BABE

(sincerely)

No - not at all. I couldn't sleep
either.

INT. LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM

CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW

At phone.

LONGFELLOW

I wanted to thank you again for
going out with me.

(listens)

Huh? Well, I don't know what I'd
do without you. You've made up for
all the fakes that I've met.

CONTINUATION SCENE 160

BABE

Well, that's very nice. Thank you.

CONTINUATION SCENE 161

LONGFELLOW

You know what I've been doing since
I got home? Been working on a poem.

(listens)

It's about you.

(listens)

Sometimes it's kinda hard for me
to say things - so I write 'em.

CONTINUATION SCENE 160

BABE

(touched)

I'd like to read it some time.

She listens for a moment, apparently moved by his sweetness.

CONTINUATION SCENE 161

LONGFELLOW

Maybe I'll have it finished next
time I see you.

(listens)

Will I see you soon?

(listens)

Gosh, that's swell, Mary.

(listens)

Good night.

He hangs up, and lies back - enthralled.

CONTINUATION SCENE 160

BABE

Good night.

INT. APT. LIVING ROOM

162. MED. CLOSE SHOT - AT PHONE

BABE

Mabel, that guy's either the
dumbest, the stupidest, the most
imbecilic idiot in the world - or
he's the grandest thing alive. I
can't make him out.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

MABEL

(knowingly)

Uh-huh.

BABE

I'm crucifying him.

MABEL

People have been crucified before.

BABE

Why? Why do we have to do it?

MABEL

You started out to be a successful newspaper woman, didn't you?

BABE

Yeah, then what?

MABEL

(shrugging)

Search me. Ask the Gypsies.

BABE

Here's a guy that's wholesome and fresh. To us he looks like a freak. You know what he told me tonight? He said when he gets married he wants to carry his bride over the threshold in his arms.

MABEL

The guy's balmy.

BABE

Is he? Yeah, I thought so, too. I tried to laugh, but I couldn't. It stuck in my throat.

MABEL

Aw, cut it out, will you? You'll get me thinking about Charlie again.

BABE

He's got goodness, Mabel. Do you know what that is?

MABEL

Huh?

BABE

No - of course you don't. We've forgotten. We're too busy being smart-alecks.

(sits at her typewriter)

Too busy in a crazy competition for nothing.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

SERIES OF INSERTS:

"CINDERELLA MAN FIRE-EATING DEMON-
Punches Photographer."

DISSOLVE TO:

"CINDERELLA MAN TO REFORM OPERA-
Must be put on paying basis - or else - says post-card
poet."

DISSOLVE TO:

"Madame Pomponi, Famous Opera Singer, To Launch Deeds on
Social Career"

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM

164. MEDIUM SHOT

Longfellow is in bed in his pajamas, playing the tuba.
Walter enters.

WALTER

I beg pardon, sir. I beg pardon,
sir.

Longfellow stops, looking daggers at him.

WALTER

Madame Pomponi is on the telephone,
sir.

LONGFELLOW

Who?

WALTER

Madame Pomponi. She says everything
is all set for the reception.

LONGFELLOW

What do you mean by coming in here
when I'm playing?

WALTER

But she's on the telephone-

LONGFELLOW

Get out.

(pointing)

The evil finger's on you. Get out!

Walter hurries out. Longfellow jumps up and chases him
down the grand staircase. Longfellow stops at the top of
the stairs, struck by an idea.

INT. GRAND STAIRCASE

165. WIDE ANGLE

Showing Walter at the bottom of the stairs and Longfellow
at the top.

LONGFELLOW

Stop!

Walter halts. Longfellow gives a shout from the top of the stairs. There is a discernible echo.

LONGFELLOW

Hey, did you hear that?

WALTER

What, sir?

Longfellow gives another shout. There is another echo. He tries it again - louder. Another echo. It is all very satisfactory.

WALTER

(pleased)

Why, that's an echo, sir!

LONGFELLOW

You try it.

WALTER

(timidly)

Me, sir?

LONGFELLOW

(an order)

Yeah.

Walter gives a bird-like hoot. There is an echo.

LONGFELLOW

(firmly)

Louder.

Walter gives a louder hoot. And louder. Each time, an echo. A butler in a bathrobe emerges to see what all the hullabaloo is about. Longfellow spots him.

LONGFELLOW

(to butler)

You try it.

BUTLER

Me, sir?

But the butler clearly relishes the opportunity. He gives a little high-pitched squeak.

LONGFELLOW

Louder!

The butler tries it again - much better. Another man-servant has emerged. Longfellow points to him.

LONGFELLOW

You try it!

The man-servant tries it - very raspy, another tone altogether.

LONGFELLOW

(waving like a
conductor)

All together!

A symphony of hoots, shrieks, barks and echoes.

LONGFELLOW

Again!

The household staff do it again.

LONGFELLOW

(surveying the scene - then,
dramatically)

Let that be a lesson to you.

With that, Longfellow spins on his heel and returns to his
bedroom.

There is a pause. The butler takes command of the other
two.

BUTLER

(gesturing
imperiously)

Go back to your room, both of you!

Walter and the man-servant hasten to exit.

The butler waits until nobody is looking, then gives one,
final hoot. He murmurs to himself with satisfaction as he
exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONGFELLOW'S HOME - NIGHT

166. LONG SHOT

Limousines arriving - from which guests emerge - in full
evening dress.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

MED. SHOT AT DOOR

Madame Pomponi greets a group of guests. Ad-lib chatter is
heard. From inside music emanates.

AD-LIB CHATTER

Oh, hello darling. So good of you
to come.

Sweet of you to ask me.

Where is he?

I'm just dying to see the

"Cinderella Man."

CAMERA MOVES SWIFTLY among groups of people picking out
vignettes of conversation. Longfellow is the hot topic.

A husband and a wife whispering:

A HUSBAND

Shh! - he may hear you.

A WIFE

Even if he heard you, he wouldn't understand.

MAN AND A WOMAN GOSSIPING:

A MAN

I hear he still believes in Santa Claus.

A WOMAN

Will he be Santa Claus? That's what I want to know.

Another man holding forth to two elegantly-dressed women:

ANOTHER MAN

Have you all got your slippers ready for the "Cinderella Man"?

WOMEN

(ad-lib)

Yes, I have.

Everybody laughs.

FIRST WOMAN

With \$20,000,000, he doesn't have to have looks!

2ND WOMAN

He won't have it long with that Pomponi woman hanging around him.

Two women in evening dress twittering like birds:

FIRST WOMAN

(to other woman)

My dear, I hear he can't think unless he plays his tuba!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MABEL'S BEDROOM

168. FULL SHOT

Babe is listlessly packing her few things in a small handbag. She slowly and meticulously folds a silken undergarment, wrapping it in tissue. Her eyes have a distant

look. Mabel watches her, concerned. There is a long pause before either of them speaks.

MABEL

(breaking the silence)

You're a fool, Babe.

BABE

I just couldn't stand seeing him

again.

MABEL

Running away is no solution.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

Babe is unresponsive.

MABEL

(after a pause)

What'll I tell him if he calls up?

BABE

Tell him I had to leave suddenly.
I got a job in China - some place.

MABEL

You're acting like a school girl.

BABE

(suddenly - tensely)

What else can I do? Keeping this
up is no good. He's bound to find
out sometime.

(softly)

At least I can save him that .

They are suddenly startled by the boisterous entrance of
Bob and Frank, whose voices are heard as they barge in.

170. MEDIUM SHOT

Babe, not wishing to explain to them, hides her bag - and
follows Mabel to greet them in the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

MED. FULL SHOT

The boys cross to a table and drop their cameras.

BOB AND FRANK

Say, where is everybody? Come on,
Babe - the artillery's ready.

Mabel enters. Babe stands in doorway.

MABEL

(by way of greeting)

It's those two sore spots again.

BOB

You shoulda been down to the office
today, Babe.

FRANK

Yeah. Mac threw Cobb out again.

BOB

Boy, was he burning.

FRANK

(reaching for a

bottle)

Just one little drink - and then
we're ready to shoot.

MABEL

(grabbing it away)

Just a minute. No, you don't.

BABE

We're not going out tonight.

BOB

Thought you had a date with him.

CLOSE SHOT - BABE

BABE

It's off. He's having a party at
his house.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Frank, Bob and Mabel.

FRANK

Say, what's the matter with her
now !

MABEL

You wouldn't know if I drew you a
diagram. Now, run along and peddle
your little tin-types.

BOB

What is this? Throwing us out of
here's getting to be a regular
habit.

There is a knock on the door. They all look up.

CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR

As Mabel opens the door slightly. We see Longfellow. Mabel's
eyes open in surprise.

LONGFELLOW

Is Mary Dawson here? I'm Longfellow
Deeds.

175. CLOSE SHOT - BOB AND FRANK

They stand - stupefied.

CLOSE SHOT - MABEL

She waves her hand back of her, for them to hide.

MABEL

(loud - for the
boys)

Oh! Oh, yes, of course. Longfellow
Deeds. Come in. Step in, please.

177. CLOSE SHOT - BOB AND FRANK

They duck behind the sofa, CAMERA PANNING WITH THEM.

178. FULL SHOT

Longfellow enters. Mabel closes the door behind him, watching him speculatively. Longfellow turns to Mabel.

LONGFELLOW

You're Mabel - her sister - aren't you?

MABEL

(flustered)

Huh? Oh, yes - yes, of course. Her sister. Yes, I've been her sister for a long time.

LONGFELLOW

Is she home?

MABEL

Yeah. What?

LONGFELLOW

Is Mary home?

They look at each other stupidly - smiling feebly.

CLOSE SHOT ON TABLE

Featuring the camera. A hand comes in from behind the sofa and yanks the camera out of sight.

180. MEDIUM SHOT

Mabel and Longfellow still standing, looking at each other.

MABEL

Oh, Mary? Yes, of course. Well, I don't know whether she's home or not. I'll see.

As she turns, Babe appears in doorway.

MABEL

Why there she is! Of course she's home.

(feebly)

Stupid of me . . .

BABE

Hello.

LONGFELLOW

Hello, Mary. I waited in the park for you over an hour. I thought maybe you'd forgotten.

181. MED. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND BABE

Mabel in b.g.

BABE

I didn't think you could come with
the party and everything.

LONGFELLOW

Oh, I wouldn't let them stop me
from seeing you. So I threw them
out!

BABE

You threw them out!

182. CLOSER SHOT

MABEL

You mean—

(gesturing with
hands)

—by the neck or something?

LONGFELLOW

Sure. They got on my nerves, so I
threw 'em out.

Mabel raises her eyebrows.

LONGFELLOW

I guess that'll be in the papers
tomorrow. It will give 'em something
else to laugh at.

CLOSEUP - BABE

Her face clouds - miserably.

LONGFELLOW'S VOICE

(lightly)

I don't mind though. I had a lot
of fun doing it.

BABE

(quickly)

Would you like to go for a walk?

MED. CLOSE SHOT

LONGFELLOW

Yes, if it isn't too late.

BABE

(going to bedroom)

I'll get my hat.

She disappears, leaving Mabel and Longfellow again staring
at each other, self-consciously. Mabel smiles, ill-at-ease.

LONGFELLOW

Nice day out - er, nice night -
wasn't it? - isn't it?

MABEL

(tremulously)

Yes, lovely. We've had a lot of nice weather lately.

LONGFELLOW

(after a pause)

It would be a nice night to go for a walk, don't you think?

MABEL

Oh yes, I think it'd be a swell night to go for a walk. A nice long one.

CLOSE SHOT - BEHIND SOFA

Bob and Frank, holding their breaths.

186. MEDIUM SHOT

Babe comes out of bedroom.

BABE

Ready?

LONGFELLOW

Gosh, she looks better every time I see her.

BABE

(vaguely)

Thank you.

She crosses to the door.

LONGFELLOW

(to Mabel)

Goodnight. Don't worry. I won't keep her out late.

MABEL

Thank you so much. Good night.

They exit. Mabel sighs relievedly. The boys jump from their crouching positions.

FRANK

(wobbling forward)

Ow! My foot's asleep!

BOB

(grabbing camera)

Come on - let's go!

Frank grabs his camera and both bolt toward the door. Mabel gets there one step ahead of them, and blocks their path.

MABEL

No, you don't. Just a minute. No more photographs.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT OF BABE'S HOME

CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT

As they walk slowly down the front steps.

LONGFELLOW

The reason why I wanted to take a walk, Mary, is 'cause I wanted to talk to you.

BABE

Let's just walk, okay?

LONGFELLOW

All right.

CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT

As they walk along a foggy street, on their faces.

LONGFELLOW

Mary, I'm going home.

BABE

Are you? When?

LONGFELLOW

In a day or so, I think.

BABE

I don't blame you.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

Continuing on them, as they slowly walk around the block.

LONGFELLOW

A man ought to know where he fits in. I just don't fit in around here. I once had an idea I could do something with the money, but they kept me so busy here, I haven't had time to figure it out. I guess I'll wait till I get back home.

There is a long pause. Both lost in their own thoughts.

LONGFELLOW

Do you mind if I talk to you, Mary? You don't have to pay any attention to me.

BABE

No, I don't mind.

LONGFELLOW

All my life, I've wanted somebody to talk to. Back in Mandrake Falls, I always used to talk to a girl.

BABE

A girl?

LONGFELLOW

Oh, an imaginary one. I used to hike a lot through the woods and I'd always take this girl with me so I could talk to her. I'd show her my pet trees and things. Sounds kind of silly but we had a lot of fun doing it.

(SMILING)

She was beautiful.

(then moodily)

I haven't married 'cause I've been kinda waiting. You know, my mother and father were a great couple. I thought I might have the same kind of luck. I've always hoped that some day that imaginary girl would turn out to be real.

They have arrived back at the front steps of Babe's home.

LONGFELLOW

Well, here we are again.

BABE

Yes, here we are again.

(after a pause)

Good night.

LONGFELLOW

(then, quickly -
his voice faltering)

Mary - I - excuse me-

CLOSE TWO SHOT

Favoring Babe. She cuts him off, her voice shaking.

BABE

Goodbye, darling. Don't let anybody hurt you again - ever. They can't anyway. You're much too real. You go back to Mandrake Falls. That's where you belong - goodbye!

191. WIDER ANGLE

She runs up the steps.

LONGFELLOW

Mary-

She stops and turns. He walks up close to her.

CLOSER SHOT - THE TWO

LONGFELLOW

You know the poem I told you about?

It's finished.

His hand goes to his breast pocket - and then slowly is withdrawn - without bringing out the poem.

LONGFELLOW

Would you like to read it? It's to you.

BABE

(scarcely audible)

Yes, of course.

He now takes the poem out. The paper is folded. He hands it to her and she slowly unfolds it. Just as she is about to read Longfellow lays a hand on her arm.

LONGFELLOW

(a little frightened)

You don't have to say anything, Mary. You can tell me tomorrow what you think.

She looks into his eyes, but does not respond. Then she holds the paper up and begins reading. Longfellow watches her anxiously.

CLOSEUP - BABE

READING SOFTLY:

BABE

"I tramped the earth with hopeless
beat - Searching in vain for a
glimpse of you. Then heaven thrust
you at my very feet, A lovely angel -
too lovely to woo."

The last words come with difficulty. Babe's eyes are slowly welling up.

CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

BABE CONTINUES READING:

BABE

"My dream has been answered, but
my life's just as bleak, I'm
handcuffed and speechless in your
presence divine - for my heart
longs to cry out, if it only would
speak, 'I love you, my angel - be
mine, be mine.' "

Her voice is choked when she finishes. She does not look up until she refolds the paper. He stands close to her, waiting expectantly. Finally, she glances up. Her cheeks are moist, and her face clouded. Impulsively, she throws

her arms around his neck, kissing him.

BABE

Oh, darling!

Longfellow's arms encircle her and for a few moments they remain in an emotional embrace.

LONGFELLOW

(huskily)

You don't have to say anything now. I'll wait till tomorrow - till I hear from you.

CLOSEUP - BABE

Her eyes are beset with fears. She loves him - but knows how hopeless it all is. She slowly starts freeing herself from his embrace.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

As Babe, weeping softly, frees herself from his embrace. Longfellow gives a yelp of joy and leaps down the steps. He trips over a garbage pail and bumps into passersby, making a racket as he zigzags down the street and out of scene.

A VOICE

(shouting)

Hey, what's the big idea?

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE SHOT - MAC

Behind his desk.

MAC

Stop it, Babe! Stop it! What do you mean, you're quitting! You might as well tell me I'm quitting.

As he speaks, CAMERA DRAWS BACK to reveal Babe near a window, peering out moodily. Mac crosses over to her side.

MAC

What's bothering you, huh?

BABE

(after a pause)

Last night he proposed to me.

MAC

Proposed to you! You mean he asked you to marry him?

BABE

Yes.

MAC

(alert)

Why, Babe - that's terrific!

(sees it in print)

"Cinderella Man Woos Mystery Girl!

Who is the Mysterious Girl That--"

BABE

Print one line of that, and I'll
blow your place up!

MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

MAC

Sorry, Babe. Sorry. It would have
made a swell story. I just got
carried away. That's too bad. So
he proposed to you, huh?

(intrigued)

What a twist! You set out to nail
him - and he--

BABE

(bitterly)

Yeah. Funny twist, isn't it?

MAC

(suddenly)

Say, you haven't gone and fallen
for that mug, have you?

Babe's silence is eloquent.

MAC

Well, I'll be--

He places an arm tenderly around her shoulder.

MAC

That's tough, Babe.

Babe smiles wryly.

MAC

(interested)

What're you going to do?

BABE

(walking away)

I'm going to tell him the truth.

MAC

Tell him you're Babe Bennett?

Tell him you've been making a stooge
out of him?

BABE

I'm having lunch with him today.

He expects an answer. It's going to be pretty.

MAC

You're crazy! You can't do that!

MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

Over their shoulders, from behind, as Mac comforts her.

BABE

He'll probably kick me right down the stairs. I only hope he does.

MAC

I'll put you on another job. You need never see him again, eh?

BABE

That's the rub.

MAC

Oh, as bad as that, huh?

BABE

(far-away)

Telling him is the long shot - I'm going to take it.

He watches her sympathetically. Babe sighs resignedly.

BABE

(looking around)

Well, it was fun while it lasted, Mac. I'll clean out my desk.

She leaves him. Mac is deeply moved by her problem.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRAND STAIRCASE

200. WIDE SHOT

As Longfellow, in a buoyant mood, emerges from his room and slides down the bannister of the grand staircase.

INT. INTIMATE DINING ROOM

201. MEDIUM SHOT

Table is set for two. Two butlers putter around. Longfellow enters full of expectant enthusiasm. He is in his shirt sleeves. He hovers over them, checking their preparations.

LONGFELLOW

How's it going? Okay?

BUTLER

Yes, quite all right. Thank you, sir.

LONGFELLOW

(picking up a salt shaker and examining

it)
Gold, eh?

BUTLER

(as he continues
his puttering)

Yes, sir.

LONGFELLOW

Fourteen carat?

BUTLER

Yes, sir.

LONGFELLOW

Is that the best you've got?

BUTLER

Oh, yes sir.

LONGFELLOW

(seizing on another
detail)

Those flowers are too high. Won't
be able to see her.

(lifts a bowl of
flowers off)

Get a smaller bowl, will you?

BUTLER

(repeating his
command as he hands
the bowl to the
other butler)

A smaller bowl of flowers.

2ND BUTLER

(exiting with flowers)

Yes, sir. A smaller bowl of flowers.

LONGFELLOW

(to butler)

Did you get that stuff I was telling
you about?

BUTLER

Stuff, sir?

LONGFELLOW

That goo. That stuff that tastes
like soap.

BUTLER

Oh, yes, sir. Here it is, sir. The
pate de fois gras, sir.

LONGFELLOW

Yeah, that's fine. Have a lot of
it because she likes it.

BUTLER

Yes, sir.

The other butler returns with a small bowl of flowers which
he places in the center of the table.

LONGFELLOW

Now you got the idea. Fine.

He sits in one of the chairs and leans forward in an
imaginary conversation with Babe - his lips move but we
hear nothing.

LONGFELLOW

(motions to butler)

Sit over there, will you?

BUTLER

Me sir?

LONGFELLOW

Yes.

The butler sits.

LONGFELLOW

Yes. You're too tall. Slink lower,
will you?

The butler does it.

LONGFELLOW

More. Now forward.

They are practically nose to nose over the flowers.

BUTLER

(seriously)

How is this, sir?

LONGFELLOW

(rising)

Perfect! Perfect!

BUTLER

I wish you luck, sir.

LONGFELLOW

Thank you. Now don't touch a thing.

Leave everything as it is.

He hurries toward his bedroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM

202. FULL SHOT

Longfellow enters.

LONGFELLOW

(yelling)

Walter! Walter! Walter, where are you?

Walter enters, panic-stricken.

WALTER

Yes, sir. What is it, sir? Anything happened?

MED. CLOSE SHOT

LONGFELLOW

Anything happened? I've got to get dressed! I can't meet her like this!

WALTER

But she isn't due for an hour, sir.

LONGFELLOW

An hour? What's an hour! You know how time flies, Walter. My tie? Get it.

WALTER

Yes, sir. Very good, sir. Here it is right here, sir. There, sir.

While putting it on, he sings "Humoresque" loudly and gaily.

204. MEDIUM SHOT

At this moment, Cobb bursts in - his face grim:

COBB

Just as I suspected, wise guy! I don't mind you making a sap out of yourself - but you made one out of me, too.

LONGFELLOW

(to Walter - merrily)

Will you tell the gentleman I'm not in?

COBB

Mary Dawson, huh? Mary Dawson, my eye. That dame took you for a sleigh ride that New York will laugh about for years. She's the slickest, two-timing, double-crossing-

At the mention of the name, Longfellow turns for the first time.

CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW

His face goes livid, as Cobb's voice continues:

LONGFELLOW

(between clenched
teeth)

What are you talking about?

206. MEDIUM SHOT

Longfellow has started out toward him. In two long strides, Longfellow has grabbed Cobb by the shirt-front, ready to strangle him.

COBB

All right. Go ahead. Sock away,
and then try to laugh this off.

With his free hand, he reaches into his coat pocket. He unrolls a newspaper. Longfellow shifts his glance over to the photograph in the newspaper Cobb holds up, and slowly his grip on Cobb relaxes. He takes the newspaper.

CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW

As he looks at the picture.

INSERT: PICTURE OF BABE BENNETT

UNDER WHICH IS THE FOLLOWING:

"Louise (Babe) Bennett - wins Pulitzer Prize for reportorial
job on Macklyn love triange."

BACK TO SCENE

Longfellow stares long and unbelievably at the picture.

208. MED. CLOSE SHOT - COBB AND LONGFELLOW

COBB

(adjusting his
clothes)

She's the star reporter on The
Mail. Every time you opened your
kisser, you gave her another story.
She's the dame who slapped that
monicker on you - "Cinderella Man."
You've been making love to a double
dose of cyanide!

LONGFELLOW

(an outcry)

Shut up!

Longfellow, stunned, crosses to the bed - CAMERA PANNING
WITH HIM. He slumps down and continues staring at picture.

209. MEDIUM SHOT

Cobb crosses to phone and picks up receiver.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSPAPER OUTER OFFICE

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Babe is at her desk. She has just finished rummaging through her desk. Many articles are on top. Mac is by her side. Babe flicks the pages of a small loose-leaf book, and hands it to Mac.

BABE

This is for you , Mac. The names of all the headwaiters in town. You can always buy a bit of choice scandal from them at reasonable prices.

MAC

Aw, listen Babe, I can't let you quit now. You're not going through with this thing, are you?

Babe shakes her head with finality, as the phone bell rings.

MAC

(picking up receiver)

I've seen 'em get in a rut like you before - but they always come back.

(into phone)

Hello . . . Yes. Just a minute.

He holds the receiver out to her.

MAC

It's for you. In a couple weeks you'll get the itch so bad, you'll be working for nothing.

BABE

(into phone)

Hello . . .

INT. LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM

211. MEDIUM SHOT

Cobb is at the phone.

COBB

Babe Bennett? Just a minute.

He listens and hands phone to Longfellow.

LONGFELLOW

(into phone)

Hello, Mary?

INT. NEWSPAPER OUTER OFFICE

CLOSE SHOT - BABE

BABE

(at phone)

Oh, hello darling.
Her face goes dead as she realizes she is speaking to
Longfellow.

INT. LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM
CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW

LONGFELLOW
(at phone; strained)
Is it you who's been writing those
articles about me?

INT. NEWSPAPER OUTER OFFICE
CLOSE SHOT - BABE
At phone.

BABE
Why - uh - I was just leaving -
I'll be up there in a minute-
(listens)
Look - uh, yes, I did - but I was
just coming up to explain-
The words die in her throat. She looks dully at the
receiver.

INT. LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM
CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW

BABE'S VOICE
(coming over phone)
Oh listen, darling, wait a minute!
Please! Listen-
He hangs up. His face is a dead mask, every illusion
shattered. Slowly, a wry smile appears on his face and,
rising, he wanders around the room in deep abstraction.
Cobb and Walter watch him sympathetically.
Longfellow is silent a long time.

216. MEDIUM SHOT
As a butler enters.

BUTLER
I beg pardon, sir. Shall I serve
the wine with the squab, sir?
Longfellow doesn't hear him.

BUTLER
(tries again)
I beg pardon, sir.

CLOSEUP - COBB
His face softens.

COBB
If I knew you were going to take

it so hard, I woulda kept my mouth shut. Sorry.

218. MEDIUM SHOT

As finally Longfellow speaks, without turning.

LONGFELLOW

(quietly)

Pack my things, Walter. I'm going home.

WALTER

Yes, sir.

He immediately busies himself.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

219. WIDE SHOT

Longfellow emerges from his bedroom, walking briskly toward the staircase, immediately followed by Cobb and Walter. Walter is loaded down with suitcases. Longfellow is wearing coat and hat.

COBB

(trying to keep up
with Longfellow)

You shouldn't be running away like this. What's going to happen to the Estate?

LONGFELLOW

They can have the Estate.

As they approach the staircase, a commotion is heard from stairs. Cobb hurries ahead to see what is going on.

INT. GRAND FOYER

220. MEDIUM SHOT

Two butlers are struggling with a wild-eyed man of middle age. They shout in unison.

BUTLERS

(simultaneously)

You can't come up here!

FARMER

Let me go! I wanna see him!

BUTLERS

He's not home, I tell you!

FARMER

I wanna see that guy!

BUTLERS

We'll send for the police!

FARMER

Let me go!

They continue to struggle as Cobb reaches them.

COBB

What's going on here?

The man yanks himself free.

FARMER

There he is! I just wanted to get
a look at him.

He sees Longfellow over Cobb's shoulder.

FARMER

There you are! I just wanted to
see what kind of a man you were!

He struggles to thrust Cobb aside.

221. FULL SHOT

Favoring Longfellow, who has reached the bottom of the
staircase and watches the man warily.

FARMER

(wildly)

I just wanted to see what a man
looks like that can spend thousands
of dollars on a party - while people
around him are hungry! The
"Cinderella Man," huh? Did you
ever stop to think how many families
could have been fed on the money
you pay out to get on the front
pages?

Cobb forcibly restrains the man.

COBB

Come on! Take him out of here!

FARMER

Let me go!

LONGFELLOW

(an order)

Let him alone.

FARMER

Let me alone!

(threateningly)

If you know what's good for you -
you'll let me get this off my chest!

(to Longfellow)

How did you feel feeding doughnuts
to a horse? Get a kick out of it,

huh? Got a big laugh?

(sarcastically)

Did you ever think of feeding
doughnuts to human beings! No!

Longfellow stares at him.

WALTER

(quietly)

Shall I call the police, sir?

LONGFELLOW

No!

(to man)

What do you want!!

FARMER

Yeah - that's all that's worrying
you. What do I want? A chance to
feed a wife and kids! I'm a farmer.
A job! That's what I want!

LONGFELLOW

A farmer, eh! You're a moocher,
that's what you are! I wouldn't
believe you or anybody else on a
stack of bibles! You're a moocher
like all the rest of them around
here, so get out of here!

FARMER

Sure - everybody's a moocher to
you. A mongrel dog eating out of a
garbage pail is a moocher to you!

COBB

(starting to push
him towards the
door)

This won't do you any good—

The man shoves him away, suddenly whips out a gun and levels
it at him.

FARMER

Stay where you are, young feller.
Get over there.

Cobb backs away and the man points the gun at Longfellow,
who remains staring at him, immobilely.

FARMER

(tensely)

You're about to get some more

publicity, Mr. Deeds! You're about to get on the front page again! See how you're going to like it this time!

(voice rises)

See what good your money's going to do when you're six feet underground. You never thought of that, did you? No! All you ever thought of was pinching pennies - you money-grabbing hick! You never gave a thought to all of those starving people-

(his voice wavers)

-standing in the bread lines-

(huskily)

-not knowing where their next meal was coming from! Not able to feed their wife and kids.

(voice breaks)

Not able to-

He can't go on. A sob escapes. He reaches up and brushes away a tear with a rough hand. It seems to bring him to his senses. He glances down and seeing the gun in his hand - stares at it in surprise. He realizes what he was about to do.

FARMER

(scarcely audible)

Oh!

MED. SHOT - THE GROUP

The man slumps into a chair and the gun drops to the floor. Cobb bends quickly and picks it up. Longfellow never moves.

FARMER

(dead voice - staring into space)

I'm glad I didn't hurt nobody.

Excuse me.

He turns his head slowly and peers at them with non-seeing eyes, then suddenly he hides his face in his hands and sobs.

FARMER

(muffled)

Crazy. You get all kinds of crazy

ideas.

Longfellow watches him pityingly.

FARMER

Sorry. I didn't know what I was
doing.

The rest of it seems to come out of him effortfully - his
voice breaking.

FARMER

Losing your farm after twenty years'
work - seeing your kids go hungry -
a game little wife saying
"Everything's going to be all
right."

(stridently)

Standing there in the bread lines.
It killed me to take a handout.

(pathetically)

I ain't used to it.

(resigned)

Go ahead and do what you want with
me, mister.

(scarcely audible)

I guess I'm at the end of my rope.

He sobs openly. While he was speaking, Longfellow was
peering into the man's face intently. As the man finishes

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INTIMATE DINING ROOM

223. CLOSE SHOT

At the table that was all set for Babe. The man sits,
eating. He seriously bends over his food. Longfellow sits
opposite him - his eyes glued on the man, absorbed in
profound thought.

MAN

(tentatively)

Can I take some of this home with
me?

Longfellow nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT: NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

"LONGFELLOW DEEDS TO GIVE FORTUNE AWAY Huge farming district

to be divided into ten acre farms - fully equipped - at a
cost of eighteen million dollars."

WIPE OFF TO:

INSERT: SECOND NEWSPAPER HEADLINE "DEEDS' PLAN STARTLES
FINANCIAL WORLD"

WIPE OFF TO:

INSERT: THIRD NEWSPAPER HEADLINE "STAFF OF WORKERS
INVESTIGATE APPLICANTS"

WIPE OFF TO:

INSERT: FOURTH NEWSPAPER HEADLINE "THOUSANDS OF UNEMPLOYED
STORM DEEDS HOME FOR FARM DONATIONS"

WIPE OFF TO:

EXT. LONGFELLOW DEEDS' HOME

224. LONG SHOT

A mob of shouting men and women clamor at the gates, being
jostled around by the police.

INT. LONGFELLOW'S DRAWING ROOM

225. FULL SHOT

It has been transformed into an office. Longfellow sits at
one end of the room. Clerks are at several desks. On one
side and leading out into the hall, is a long line of men
waiting to be interviewed.

VOICE

Go on. Step lively.

226. MED. SHOT

At Longfellow's desk. He has a two days' growth of beard
and looks worn. Next to him is a clerk. In front of him is
an applicant.

LONGFELLOW

(as the camera moves
in on him)

Are you married?

APPLICANT

Yes, sir.

LONGFELLOW

Any children?

APPLICANT

No, no children.

LONGFELLOW

All right, Mr. Dodsworth. I think
you'll qualify.

(he hands him a
form)

Take this to that desk over there
for further instructions.

APPLICANT

(gratefully - exiting)

Thank you very much.

LONGFELLOW

Next, please.

A man steps forward and stands in front of his desk.

MED. CLOSE SHOT AT DESK

Longfellow, clerk and applicant.

LONGFELLOW

(to clerk)

How many does that make?

CLERK

You've okayed 819.

LONGFELLOW

(wearily)

Is that all?

CLERK

That's all.

LONGFELLOW

It's going awfully slow. We need
1100 more.

(phone rings)

Hello . . . oh, yes. Yes. The water
development seems okay - but I
don't like the road layout yet.
Come up tonight about ten and bring
the maps. Right.

He hangs up.

228. WIDER ANGLE

As the farmer in previous sequence approaches.

FARMER

Here's the order for the plows. We
got a good price on them.

LONGFELLOW

That's fine. Thanks. I'll look 'em
over later.

FARMER

Oh, Mr. Deeds—

Longfellow looks up. Farmer goes on:

FARMER

—my wife wanted me to tell you
she—

(hesitates)

—she prays for you every night.

LONGFELLOW

(embarrassed)

Well, thanks, I - uh-

(to applicant in
front of him)

How do you do? What is your name?

RANKIN

George Rankin, sir.

WHILE LONGFELLOW WRITES-

CLOSE SHOT AT A DESK

Cobb is on the phone.

COBB

(into phone)

No! No! We're not buying any bulls.

What's that?

Listen, fellow, bull's what I've been selling all my life!

He slams down the receiver.

INT. CEDAR'S OFFICE

230. MEDIUM SHOT

Cedar behind his desk. In front of him is Henry Semple and his nagging wife. Cedar shoves a paper in front of Semple.

CEDAR

We have very little time. He's ordered me to turn everything over to him immediately. We have to work fast before he disposes of every penny.

WIFE

See! I told you something could be done. I knew it all the time. Sign it, dear.

SEMPLE

(hesitating)

We may get into trouble.

WIFE

Oh, don't be so squeamish.

CEDAR

There are millions involved. After all, you have your legal rights. You're his only living relatives.

CLOSE SHOT AT DESK

As Semple picks up the paper.

SEMPLE

What's it say?

WIFE

That's your agreement with Mr.

Cedar, if we win.

CEDAR

You see, my end is going to be rather expensive. I have a lot of important people to take care of. I have the legal machinery all set and ready to go. I've been working on nothing else for the last week. You say the word, and we'll stop this yokel dead in his tracks.

WIFE

Sign it!

SEMPLE

Oh, all right.

With the perturbed expression still on his face, Semple reaches over to sign the document. Simultaneously, Cedar flicks a button on his dictagraph.

CEDAR

(into dictagraph)

Charlie, we're off! Papers all set?

VOICE

All set.

CEDAR

Okay, then. Go to it.

(afterthought)

And, Charlie—

VOICE

Yeah?

CEDAR

Find out who wrote those newspaper articles and subpoena them right away.

VOICE

Okay.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LONGFELLOW'S DRAWING ROOM

232. MEDIUM SHOT

A large, raw-boned Swede stands before Longfellow.

LONGFELLOW

What is your name?

SVENSON

Christian Svenson.

LONGFELLOW

Farmer?

SVENSON

Yes, ma'am.

LONGFELLOW

Where is your farm?

SVENSON

South Dakota north.

LONGFELLOW

South Dakota - north?

SVENSON

South Dakota - but on the top.

LONGFELLOW

Oh. Oh!

233. WIDER ANGLE

Cobb enters, very businesslike.

COBB

What about your knocking off for lunch?

LONGFELLOW

Not hungry. I want to get through this work in a hurry, and then I want to go home. What price did you get on those trucks?

COBB

Come on, come on. What are you trying to do, kid? Keel over? You haven't been out of this house in two weeks.

LONGFELLOW

(tired)

Well, maybe I will have a sandwich.

(to Swede)

Do you mind waiting a few minutes?

SVENSON

(undoing paper
package)

Oh, sure, sure. If you like to have a sandwich, I can give you one, please.

He brings out two huge sandwiches, and hands one to Longfellow.

LONGFELLOW

(smiling)

Thanks. Thank you. Never mind,

Cobb.

He takes it, and he and the Swede silently eat. Longfellow looks up.

LONGFELLOW

Good.

The Swede smiles. Longfellow nibbles his sandwich, then glances around the room. His gaze rests on:

234. LONG SHOT

Of the long line of applicants waiting for an audience.

235. MEDIUM SHOT

LONGFELLOW

(calls to Cobb)

Cobb! Get lunch for the rest of them.

COBB

(entering)

What? There must be 2000 of them out there.

LONGFELLOW

Well, that doesn't make 'em any less hungry.

COBB

Okay, Santa Claus. 2000 lunches.

He exits. Longfellow glances over at the line, smiling.

236. FULL SHOT

In front of the line there is a slight scuffle, as a man is being pushed forward by some others. He mumbles a protest, tries to get back into position, but the men push him forward again.

GROUP

(ad-lib)

Go on, say something. Say something!

CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW

He looks up inquiringly.

238. MED. CLOSE SHOT - MEN IN LINE

The man finally is resigned, and stands shifting, ill-at-ease, his head hanging bashfully.

MAN

Mr. Deeds, the boys here wanted me to say a little something. They just wanted me to say that—

(clears his throat)

Well, they wanted me to say that—

(quickly gets it

out)

We think you're swell - and that's
no baloney.

MAN'S VOICE

Say something more!

CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW

He smiles self-consciously.

MED. CLOSE SHOT OF MEN

The spokesman apparently has not finished yet. Directly
behind the line, three officious-looking men have made
their appearance and wait for him to conclude.

MAN

Give me a chance, fellas. We're
all down and out - but when a fellow
like you comes along, kinda gives
us a little hope - and they just
wanted me to say-

It's as far as he gets - as the three strangers break their
way through the line and approach Longfellow's desk.

ONE OF THE SHERIFFS

(ad-lib)

Break it up.

MED. SHOT AT DESK

FIRST DEPUTY SHERIFF

(pointing to
Longfellow)

That's him.

2ND DEPUTY SHERIFF

Are you Longfellow Deeds?

LONGFELLOW

(looks up)

Yes?

FIRST DEPUTY SHERIFF

Sheriff's office.

(shows paper)

We've got a warrant to take you
into custody.

LONGFELLOW

(without moving)

A what?

FIRST DEPUTY SHERIFF

A warrant for your arrest. You'll
have to come along with us.

Cobb enters.

COBB

What's up? What do you mugs want?

FIRST DEPUTY SHERIFF

I don't know nothing, buddy. All I know is the Sheriff gives me an insanity warrant to execute.

COBB

Insanity! Who's says he's insane? They all turn to Charlie, who comes forward.

CHARLIE

The complainant is a relative of the late Martin Semple. The charges are that Mr. Deeds is insane and incapable of handling the Estate.

COBB

Oh, somebody got panic-stricken about his giving his dough away, eh?

(to sheriff)

Where do you think you're going to take him?

FIRST DEPUTY SHERIFF

To the County Hospital.

CHARLIE

Of course, that's only temporary. A hearing will follow immediately.

CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW

As he speaks quietly.

LONGFELLOW

That's fine. Just because I want to give this money to people who need it, they think I'm crazy.

(cynically)

That's marvelous. That makes everything complete.

243. WIDER ANGLE

To include group.

FIRST DEPUTY SHERIFF

Let's get going!

COBB

Wait a minute! Not so fast. We're going to get a lawyer. I'll call Cedar.

LONGFELLOW

(thoroughly
disillusioned)

No, don't bother.

CHARLIE

As a matter of fact, I'm from Mr.
Cedar's office. He represents the
complainant.

COBB

Oh.

Longfellow glances up at him and smiles bitterly.

FIRST DEPUTY SHERIFF

Well, let's go. We're wasting a
lot of time.

He goes to one side of Longfellow, and his partner to the
other. They take Longfellow by the arms. He glances down
casually and, suddenly, violently pushes the deputies away
from him. They are thrown backward; their eyes widen in
surprise.

LONGFELLOW

(calmly rising)

All right, I'll go. But get your
hands off me!

244. MEDIUM SHOT

Longfellow starts to walk forward, accompanied by Cobb -
and the two deputies and Charlie fall in behind them.

THE SHERIFFS

(ad-lib)

Make way! Make way!

CLOSE SHOTS OF CLERKS

To be intercut with above scene. They stare, petrified,
and mumble to each other.

246. MEDIUM SHOT

Of the farmers and other applicants. The line has fallen
out and they stand in a bunch, staring pathetically and
hopelessly at the departing group.

CLOSEUP OF THE FARMER

Who stands in f.g. of bunch. What is taking place has slowly
penetrated his befuddled brain. The disappointment he feared
is here. His body imperceptibly sags, his eyes dim - all
hope having gone out of them.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INSERT: SIGN READING: "COUNTY HOSPITAL"

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

INT. CORRIDOR OF HOSPITAL

248. MEDIUM SHOT

A guard sits at a desk near a door, talking on the telephone.

GUARD

(on phone)

Yes, most everybody in town has been here to see him. Yes, sir. I won't. Goodbye—

Babe rounds the corner quickly, heading for the door. The guard hurriedly hangs up and stands to block her.

GUARD

Sorry, lady—

(RECOGNIZES HER)

Oh, it's you again.

BABE

Oh, please! I've got to see him.

GUARD

Now listen, sister, for the fourteenth and last time he don't want to see nobody.

BABE

(pleading)

Will you just give him my name?

GUARD

(confidentially)

Listen, toots, just between us, there ain't a thing in the world the matter with that guy till I mention your name, then he goes haywire!

Babe winces under the blow.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

249. MEDIUM SHOT

Longfellow is seated by the far wall, peering moodily out the window. Cobb paces about. Suddenly, he wheels on Longfellow.

COBB

What are you going to do - just sit back and let them railroad you? It's as pretty a frameup as ever hit this rotten town! If you'd

just let me get you a lawyer!
Longfellow pays no attention to him.
MED. CLOSE SHOT
As Cobb continues.

COBB

(raises his voice)

You can't walk into that courtroom
without being ready to protect
yourself in the clinches. Cedar's
too smart. With the array of talent
he's got lined up against you -
you're cooked!

Longfellow is still unresponsive. Cobb thinks a moment,
watching him studiously; then pleading tenderly:

COBB

Listen, pal - I know just how you
feel. A blonde in Syracuse put me
through the same paces. I came out
with a sour puss - but full of
fight. Come on, you don't want to
lay down now.

Longfellow is still unresponsive.

COBB

Do you realize what's happening?
They're trying to prove that you're
nuts! If they win the case, they'll
shove you in the bughouse. The
moment they accuse you of it, they
have you half licked. You've got
to fight!

Longfellow disregards him and Cobb sighs, resignedly.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR

MED. CLOSE SHOT

The guard is reading his paper. Babe is still waiting,
pacing.

GUARD

Go on, sit down, won't you?

MED. CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR

As Cobb comes out. The guard gets up to check the door is
locked.

GUARD

So long, Mr. Cobb.

Cobb, in a troubled frame of mind, doesn't respond and
starts down corridor - CAMERA TRUCKS WITH HIM. Babe catches

up with him.

BABE

Corny!

Cobb doesn't stop. Babe grabs his arm:

BABE

Corny!

Cobb stops.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

Cobb glares at Babe belligerently.

BABE

I've got to see him! I've got to talk to him!

COBB

Haven't you done enough damage already?

BABE

(ignoring his attack)

Somebody's got to help him! He hasn't got a chance against Cedar. Look, I've been all over town talking to everybody. I've got Mac all lined up - and the paper's behind him. And I can get him Livingston, too. With a lawyer like Livingston, he's got a fighting chance.

COBB

(coldly)

You're wasting your time. He doesn't want any lawyers. He's sunk so low, he doesn't want help from anybody.

(bitterly)

You can take a bow for that.

(huskily)

As swell a guy as ever hit this town, and you crucified him! For a couple of stinking headlines! You've done your bit - now stay out of his way!

He exits abruptly, leaving Babe staring despairingly at his disappearing back, his brutal diatribe ringing harshly in her ears.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INSERT: NEWSPAPER HEADLINES "DEEDS SANITY HEARING TODAY!
Semple Heir Charged With Incompetency! 'Should Be Confined
To An Institution,' Declares Cedar.

"Longfellow Deeds Refuses Counsel; Remains Incommunicado."

"Farmers Aroused At Efforts to Balk Their Benefactor."

"Police Surround Courthouse In Anticipation Of Outbreak."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE

254. LONG SHOT

Of an unruly mob - being jostled by the police.

INT. CORRIDOR OF COURTHOUSE

255. LONG SHOT

The corridor is jammed with curious public endeavoring to
gain entrance. Perspiring police fight to keep them back.

INT. COURTROOM

256. FULL SHOT

It is practically full. The few empty seats are being
quickly filled. People stumble over each other to find a
seat. The judge is not yet at his bench. There is a general
chatter of excitement and anticipation.

257. MED. SHOT - FRONT OF COURTROOM

Among the spectators Babe sits beside Mac. She stares,
expression-less. Mac glances at her sympathetically.

258. MED. SHOT

Featuring the farmer who broke into Longfellow's house.
Near him is the Swede we saw - and others.

SHOT INSIDE RAILING

Cedar and his assistants arrange their papers. Two dignified

gentlemen, psychiatrists, await action, arms folded. Near
them is Henry Semple, the complainant, his nose twitching
nervously. By his side is his wife, sparkling expectantly.

SHOT AT LONG TABLE

At which sit a dozen newspaper reporters.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

From a side door Longfellow enters, accompanied by his
guard. Immediately the place is astir. As he advances to a
chair in front of a table-

262. MED. FULL SHOT - COURTROOM

Necks crane for a glimpse. Whispered conversations take
place.

CLOSE SHOT - HENRY SEMPLE

He looks guilty, nose twitching more violently than ever.

SEMPLE

(to Cedar)

Here he is!

CLOSE SHOT - BABE AND MAC

Babe sits up, her eyes riveted on Longfellow. Impulsively she starts to rise, but Mac puts a restraining hand on her.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Longfellow turns neither to left nor right. He is slumped low in his chair, staring solemnly into space. Cobb breaks into scene and sits down beside him.

COBB

(full of excitement)

Cedar just sent for me. Wants to make a settlement. Here's your chance to get out of the whole mess. What do you say?

He gets no response from Longfellow.

There is a stir in the courtroom.

MED. LONG SHOT

The bailiff calls out as the Judge proceeds to his bench.

BAILIFF

Quiet, please! The Supreme Court of the State of New York, County of New York, is now in session, the Honorable John May, Judge, presiding. Be seated.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

To include Judge and Longfellow.

JUDGE

The court wishes to warn those present that it will tolerate no disturbances.

(to Longfellow)

Regarding the sanity hearing of Longfellow Deeds, are you represented by counsel, Mr. Deeds?

Almost imperceptibly, Longfellow shakes his head no. The Judge looks troubled. There is a stir in the courtroom.

JUDGE

I understand that you have no counsel, Mr. Deeds. In fact, that you have no intention of defending any of these charges. Now, if you

wish to change your mind, the hearing can be postponed. Getting no response from Longfellow, the Judge shrugs his shoulders.

JUDGE

Proceed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM

268. MEDIUM SHOT

Cedar is on his feet.

CEDAR

(addressing the court)

-and in the interests of my client, the only other living relative of the late Martin W. Semple, we cannot permit a fortune so huge to be dissipated by a person whose incompetency and abnormality we shall prove beyond any reasonable doubt.

269. PANNING SHOT OF SPECTATORS

CEDAR'S VOICE

I have before me a series of articles written by a newspaper woman who was an eye-witness to his conduct ever since he came to New York.

CAMERA STOPS on Babe and Mac. Cedar's voice goes on:

CEDAR

She tells how, in the midst of a normal conversation, he would suddenly begin playing his tuba. She tells of his attacks upon several of our eminent writers - for no apparent reason. In fact, there are many instances not recorded in these articles in which Mr. Deeds satisfied an unnatural desire to smash people up without provocation.

270. MED. SHOT - FRONT OF COURTROOM

CEDAR

I, myself, unable to keep pace

with his mental quirks, and constantly fearful of assault, turned down an opportunity to represent him as his attorney. This newspaper woman, whom we have subpoenaed to testify, tells how he tied up traffic for an hour feeding doughnuts to a poor horse. And by his own statement, waiting for that horse to ask for a cup of coffee.

There is laughter in the courtroom - which quickly subsides when the Judge pounds his gavel.

CEDAR

We have photographs to substantiate this little episode, and other photographs showing Mr. Deeds jumping upon a fire engine. This scarcely sounds like the action of a man in whom the disposition of twenty million dollars may safely be entrusted. This writer of these articles - a woman whose intelligence and integrity in the newspaper world is unquestioned - held him in such contempt that she quite aptly named him "The Cinderella Man."

CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW

CEDAR'S VOICE

We have witnesses here from Mandrake Falls, his own home town, who will tell of his conduct throughout his lifetime, proving that his derangement is neither recent nor a temporary one.

Longfellow's interest is only slightly aroused. He lifts his eyes in a casual glance around him.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Featuring Cedar.

CEDAR

We have others who will tell of his unusual behavior when he invited the great leaders of the musical

world to his home, and then proceeded to forcibly eject them. Only recently when he was in the County Hospital for observation, he not only refused to be examined by these gentlemen, the state psychiatrists, but he actually made a violent attack upon them.

CLOSE SHOT - THE JUDGE

As Cedar continues talking, CAMERA PULLS BACK to WIDER SHOT.

CEDAR

In these times, with the country incapacitated by economic ailments, and endangered with an undercurrent of social unrest, the promulgation of such a weird, fantastic and impractical plan as contemplated by the defendant, is capable of fomenting a disturbance from which the country may not soon recover. It is our duty to stop it! Our government is fully aware of its difficulties and can pull itself out of its economic rut without the assistance of Mr. Deeds, or any other crackpot.

MED. PANNING SHOT

Of farmers, the Swede and others.

CEDAR'S VOICE

His attempted action must therefore be attributed to a diseased mind afflicted with hallucinations of grandeur, and obsessed with an insane desire to become a public benefactor.

275. CLOSE SHOT AT FRONT OF COURTROOM

Featuring Cedar.

CEDAR

(suddenly)

Your Honor, at this time, we would like to call our first witness: Miss Louise - Babe - Bennett.

276. FULL SHOT

There is a mild stir, and all wait expectantly for Babe to appear.

CLERK

Miss Bennett, please.

Babe, eyes on Longfellow, slowly walks to the stand.

CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW

He has his face averted and doesn't look at her.

278. MEDIUM SHOT

Babe continues to rivet her eyes on Longfellow, as she is sworn in.

CLERK

Raise your right hand, please.

She does so.

CLERK

Do you solemnly swear the testimony you may give before this court to be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

BABE

I do.

CLERK

State your right name, please.

BABE

Louise Bennett.

CLERK

Take the stand.

279. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT WITNESS STAND

As Cedar steps up to question Babe. Judge in f.g.

CEDAR

Miss Bennett, are you employed by the Morning Mail?

There is no answer. Babe continues to stare off at Longfellow, hoping he will look up. Cedar speaks to her again:

CEDAR

I must ask you to direct your attention to me.

But Babe's attention remains focused on Longfellow.

BABE

(appealing to Judge)

Your Honor, this is ridiculous!

JUDGE

Please answer the questions.

BABE

(wildly)

The whole hearing's ridiculous!
That man's no more insane than you
are.

The suddenness of her outbreak is startling. The Judge
pounds his gavel.

280. WIDER ANGLE - FRONT OF COURTROOM

The Judge pounding his gavel.

JUDGE

Miss Bennett please!

CEDAR

This is outrageous!

BABE

(rising to stand)

It's obviously a frameup! They're
trying to railroad this man for
the money they can get out of him!

CEDAR

Your Honor!

The Judge pounds his gavel throughout her speech.

JUDGE

(highly)

Young lady, another outburst like
that and I shall hold you in
contempt! We're not interested in
your opinion of the merits of this
case. You're here to testify. Sit
down and answer the questions.
Proceed.

Cedar beams victoriously.

CEDAR

Thank you, Your Honor. Are you
employed by the Morning Mail?

BABE

(sharply)

No!

Cedar's eyes widen in surprise. There is a light stir.

CEDAR

(threateningly)

You are under oath, Miss Bennett.
I ask you again - are you employed
by the Morning Mail?

BABE

(irritably)

No! I resigned last week!

CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW

As Cedar proceeds without interruption.

CEDAR'S VOICE

Well, prior to that time - were you employed by the Morning Mail?

BABE'S VOICE

(laconically)

Yes.

282. CLOSE SHOT AT WITNESS STAND - BABE AND CEDAR

CEDAR

Were you given an assignment to follow the activities of Longfellow Deeds?

BABE

Yes.

CEDAR

Did you subsequently write a series of articles about him?

BABE

Yes!

CEDAR

(holding them up)

Are these the articles?

BABE

Yes!

CEDAR

Were you present when all these things took place?

BABE

Yes!

CEDAR

Are they true!

BABE

NO!!

CEDAR

But they did take place?

BABE

They're colored! Just to make him look silly!

CEDAR

And you saw them happen?

BABE

Yes, but I-

CEDAR

(preemptorily)

That's all, Miss Bennett.

BABE

(half shrieking)

It isn't all! I'd like to explain-

CEDAR

(brusquely)

That's all, Miss Bennett. That's all.

283. MEDIUM SHOT

A bailiff takes Babe by the arm.

BAILIFF

Come on, miss - come on!

CEDAR

(simultaneously, to
Judge)

Your Honor, I'd like to submit
these articles as evidence.

Babe struggles away from the bailiff.

BABE

(frantically)

Let go of me!

(steps up to Judge;
wildly)

What kind of hearing is this? What
are you trying to do - persecute
the man? He's not defending himself.
Somebody's got to do it!

Throughout her tirade, the Judge has been angrily pounding
his gavel.

JUDGE

Miss Bennett, please!

284. CLOSER SHOT

Featuring Babe and Judge.

BABE

I've got a right to be heard!
I've attended dozens of cases like
this. They're usually conducted
without any formality at all.
Anybody can be heard! My opinion
is as good as these quack
psychiatrists. I know him better

than they do.

JUDGE

Miss Bennett, if you have quite finished, I should like to inform you that one more utterance from you and I shall place you under arrest.

(leans back)

I'm willing to hear anything anyone has to say - but I insist on it being done in an orderly fashion. When you have learned to show some respect for this court, you may return.

(dismissing her)

Until then, you'd better go back to your seat and calm down.

BAILIFF

This way, miss.

285. WIDER ANGLE

As Babe is led away, there is another courtroom stir.

BAILIFF'S VOICE

Order in the court!

When Babe is out of sight, the Judge turns to Longfellow.

JUDGE

Mr. Deeds, have you anything to say in defense of these articles?

286. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND COBB

Longfellow shakes his head. Cobb glances to him helplessly.

CLOSE SHOT - JUDGE

He shrugs.

JUDGE

Mr. Deeds?

(again no reply)

Mark these Exhibit A for the plaintiff.

CLERK

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Proceed.

CLOSE SHOT - BABE

As she sits down beside Mac - who places an affectionate arm around her shoulders.

DISSOLVE TO:

289. MED. SHOT - FRONT OF COURTROOM

Two old ladies are being led to the witness stand. Their eyelids flutter excitedly as they go.

CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW

He looks up, sees the old ladies and smiles at them friendly.

291. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT JUDGE'S BENCH

Against the drone of the clerk, who swears witnesses in:

CEDAR

The Falkner sisters are rather timid, Your Honor, and wish to be together. If the court pleases, I will only have one of them testify.

JUDGE

(impatiently)

Yes! Yes! Let's get on with it.

Cedar turns to them.

292. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT WITNESS STAND

As Cedar addresses one of the old ladies.

CEDAR

What is your name, please?

JANE

Jane Falkner. This is my sister, Amy.

AMY

(agreeing)

Yes - Amy.

CEDAR

I'll direct my questions to you, Miss Jane. You can answer for both. Do you know the defendant, Mr. Longfellow Deeds?

The two old ladies look at each other, then in the direction in which Cedar points.

JANE

Oh yes, yes - of course we know him.

CEDAR

(a little nervously)

How long have you known him?

Jane turns to her sister, and they whisper to each other.

JANE

(turns to Cedar)

Since he was born.

AMY

Yes. Elsie Taggart was the midwife.

JANE

He was a seven-months baby.

CEDAR

Thank you, that's fine. Do you see him very often?

The two old ladies have their whispered conference again.

JANE

Most every day.

AMY

Sometimes twice.

JUDGE

(irascibly)

Must we have the echo?

CEDAR

Suppose you just answer, Miss Jane. Now, will you tell the Court what everybody at home thinks of Longfellow Deeds?

The two old ladies consult each other once more.

JANE

They think he's pixilated.

AMY

Oh yes, pixilated.

JUDGE

(leaning forward)

He's what?

CEDAR

(concerned)

What was that you said he was?

JANE

Pixilated.

AMY

Uh-huh.

CEDAR

(patiently)

Now, that's a rather strange word to use, Miss Jane. Can you tell the court exactly what it means?

While the two ladies go into a huddle:

293. CLOSE SHOT - PSYCHIATRISTS

As one of them speaks up.

PSYCHIATRIST

Perhaps I can explain, Your Honor.
The word pixilated is an early
American expression - derived from
the word 'pixies,' meaning elves.
They would say, 'The pixies had
got him,' as we nowadays would say
a man is 'balmy.'

294. MEDIUM SHOT

The Judge nods his understanding. The Falkner sisters nod
in pleasant agreement. Cedar sighs victoriously.

CEDAR

Is that correct?

JANE

Uh-huh.

AMY

Uh-huh.

JUDGE

Now tell me, why does everyone
think he's - uh - pixilated? Does
he do peculiar things?

295. MED. SHOT TOWARD WITNESS STAND

JANE

(after conferring
with Amy)

He walks in the rain, without his
hat, and talks to himself.

AMY

Sometimes he whistles.

JANE

And sings.

CEDAR

Anything else?

JANE

Recently he gave Chuck Dillon a
thumping.

AMY

Blacked his eye.

CEDAR

And why?

JANE

For no reason, I guess. He always
does it. We always run into the
house when we see him coming.

AMY

Never can tell what he's going to do.

JANE

He sure is pixilated.

AMY

Oh, yes - he's pixilated all right.

CEDAR

Thank you, ladies. That's all.

Cedar beams. The old ladies leave to resume their seats.

DISSOLVE TO:

296. CLOSE SHOT IN WITNESS STAND

A policeman in uniform.

POLICEMAN

They kept hollering: "Back to Nature! Back to Nature!" I thought they looked harmless enough so I took them home. I never thought he was cracked.

WIPE OFF TO:

297. CLOSE SHOT IN WITNESS STAND

The waiter at "Tullio's."

WAITER

I'm a waiter. He kept pressing me to point out the celebrities, and so help me Hannah I'm coming out of the kitchen a coupla minutes later and there he is moppin' up the floors with them. I never figured he was a guy looking for trouble.

WIPE OFF TO:

298. CLOSE SHOT IN WITNESS STAND

Mme. Pomponi.

MME. POMPONI

(expostulating)

He threw us out bodily! But bodily!

WIPE OFF TO:

299. MED. CLOSE SHOT IN WITNESS STAND

Of one of the bodyguards on witness stand.

BODYGUARD

We was hired as his bodyguard, see? Well, the first crack out of the box, he throws us in a room

and locks the door, see? Now, if a thing like that gets around in our profession, we'd get the bird - see? So I says to my partner, "Let's quit this guy, he's nuts!"

WIPE OFF TO:

300. CLOSE SHOT IN WITNESS STAND

A Cockney cabman.

CABMAN

I'm very fond of Clara, sir. She's a nice 'orse. And when this bloke 'ere started feedin' 'er doughnuts, I yelled down to him, "Mind what you're doin' down there! Mind what you're doing'!" Of course I wouldn't mind, sir, but Clara won't eat nothin' but doughnuts, now.

WIPE OFF TO:

301. WIDE SHOT[13]

Of one of the photographers (Bob) and enlarged photographs of Longfellow's antics.

BAILIFF'S VOICE

Come to order.

CEDAR

Your Honor, I wish to call your attention to these exhibits. Mr. Davis, do you recognize these reproductions?

BOB

Sure, they're good enlargements. Where'd you have them made?

CEDAR

Did you make the originals of them?

BOB

Sure. I took the originals. Taking pictures is my business. I photograph a lot of nuts.

WIPE OFF TO:

As Cedar speaks.

CEDAR

And now, Your Honor, if the court pleases, I shall call upon Dr. Emil Von Holler, if he will be good enough to give us his opinion.

Dr. Von Holler, as you know, is the eminent Austrian psychiatrist - probably the greatest authority on the subject in the world. At present he is in this country on a lecture tour, and has graciously volunteered his services. Dr. Von Holler?

While he is still speaking,

VOICE OF BAILIFF

Dr. Von Holler!

DISSOLVE TO:

302. WIDER ANGLE

As the clerk finishes swearing Dr. Von Holler in.

CLERK

Do you solemnly swear the testimony you are about to give in the cause now pending before this court shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God? State your right name, please.

VON HOLLER

(a slight Austrian accent)

Emil Von Holler.

CLERK

Take the stand.

303. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT WITNESS STAND

On Von Holler and Cedar.

CEDAR

Now Dr. Von Holler, will you kindly tell the court what your opinion is on this case?

VON HOLLER

This is purely a case of manic depression. In cases of this kind, patients sometimes go on for years before being detected.

He turns to one of the psychiatrists, sitting with the Judge.

VON HOLLER

You remember, Dr. Fosdick, in my last book there are some very fine examples.

DR. FOSDICK

(nodding)

Uh-huh.

VON HOLLER

Especially, the one of the young nobleman, you remember?

DR. FOSDICK

Oh, yes. Yes, of course Dr. Von Holler. Very interesting.

VON HOLLER

It reminds me very much of this one. Nicht wahr?

DR. FOSDICK

Ja.

VON HOLLER

It takes so long to detect them—

(to Judge)

—because their mood changes so often and so quickly. Now, Your Honor, may I show you? May I use the chart?

JUDGE

By all means.

He moves to a blackboard. There are chalk marks on it. A straight line runs diagonally across the center. Other lines run zig-zag over and below this center line.

VON HOLLER

(indicating chart)

Below here, they are extremely depressed, melancholy, impossible to live with, and often become violent.

(running a line up)

From this mood the manic depressive might gradually change until they reach this state.

(he reaches the center line)

Here is lucidity. Here they are perfectly normal. As normal as you or I—

(smiling)

—assuming, of course, that we are normal.

(he starts up with

chalk)

Then, the mood changes again until-

(chalk reaches top)

-they reach this state, a state of highest exaltation. Here everything is fine. Here the world is beautiful. Here they are so elated - how do you express it?

(quickly, as it comes to him)

-they would give you the shirt off their backs!

CEDAR

Dr. Von Holler, how would you say that applied to Mr. Deeds's case?

VON HOLLER

The symptoms are obvious.

(points to top line)

When he was here, on top of the wave, he felt nothing but kindness and warmth toward his fellow-men. He wanted them around him. So he decided he would give a big reception. But in the meantime, his mood has changed.

(chalk goes down)

He is now at the bottom of the wave - depressed - melancholy. So, when his guests arrive, he throws them out. They are now his imaginary enemies.

CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW

As Von Holler's voice continues:

VON HOLLER'S VOICE

Other instances of high elation are when he plays his tuba, when he writes his poetry, when he chases fire engines in his desire to help humanity. This is contrasted with his present mood, which is so low that even the instinct for self-preservation is lacking.

305. MED. SHOT FRONT OF COURTROOM

VON HOLLER STILL CONTINUES:

VON HOLLER

Oh, the man is verruckt. Your Honor,
this is decidedly a case of a manic
depressive.

CEDAR

Thank you, Dr. Von Holler.
Dr. Von Holler returns to his seat.

CEDAR

Your Honor, we rest.

FULL SHOT - COURTROOM

There is a shifting of bodies, and a renewed interest, as
they wait for the next move. The Judge and his own two
experts go into an inaudible huddle.

307. CLOSE SHOT - COBB AND LONGFELLOW

Longfellow is slumped in his seat, head down.

COBB

Come on, what're you going to do?
Let them get away with it? They
got you cooked.

Longfellow does not budge.

There is an expectant stir in the courtroom among the
spectators and rows of reporters.

308. MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE JUDGE AND HIS EXHIBITS

Judge comes out of his huddle and glances at Longfellow.

JUDGE

(leaning forward)

Mr. Deeds, before the court arrives
at a decision, isn't there anything
you wish to say?

309. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND COBB

Longfellow shakes his head slightly.

COBB

(whispering)

Come on - don't be a sap!

CONTINUATION SCENE 308

The Judge watches him a few moments, hesitatingly, and
then turns to his experts.

310. MED. SHOT - NEWSPAPER REPORTERS

A REPORTER

He's sunk.

311. CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR AND HIS CLIENTS, ASSISTANTS ETC.

They smirk confidently.

CLOSE SHOT - BABE AND MAC

She stares, panic-stricken.

313. MED. SHOT

Of the Swede, the farmer, and others. Their faces show their resentment.

314. MED. SHOT FRONT OF COURTROOM

JUDGE

(to the two experts)

You both concur?

EXPERTS

(ad-lib)

Oh, positively.

The Judge emerges from his consultation with his experts and addresses Longfellow.

JUDGE

Mr. Deeds, in view of the extensive testimony and your continued silence and upon recommendation of the doctors, the Court considers it advisable for your own safety that you be committed to an institution as prescribed by law. You need medical attention, Mr. Deeds.

(shrugs)

Perhaps in a little while—

Suddenly the air is rent with the shrill voice of Babe.

BABE

No! No! No! Wait a minute!

All are startled and look up. Babe runs right to the Judge.

BABE

You can't do it! You've got to make him talk.

CEDAR'S VOICE

Your Honor, I object!

She turns directly to Longfellow - leaning over close to him.

315. CLOSE SHOT - BABE AND LONGFELLOW

BABE

(pleading softly)

Oh, darling, please. I know everything I've done. I know how horrible I've been. No matter what happens, if you never see me again, do this for me.

JUDGE'S VOICE

Miss Bennett, please!

BABE

(frantically)

You said I could speak! You said I could have my say if I were rational. I'm rational. Please, let me take the witness chair.

316. WIDER ANGLE

BABE

He must be made to defend himself before you arrive at a decision.

JUDGE

Very well. Take the stand.

Babe goes up to the witness stand and sits down.

BABE

Oh, thank you!

CEDAR

(shouting)

Your Honor, what she is saying has no bearing on the case. I object.

JUDGE

Let her speak.

BABE

I know why he won't defend himself! That has a bearing on the case, hasn't it? He's been hurt! He's been hurt by everybody's he met since he came here, principally by me. He's been the victim of every conniving crook in town. The newspapers pounced on him - made him a target for their feeble humor.

CLOSE SHOT - BABE

BABE

I was smarter than the rest of them! I got closer to him so I could laugh louder. Why shouldn't he keep quiet? Every time he said anything it was twisted around to sound imbecilic.

CLOSEUP - BABE

As she continues.

BABE

He can thank me for it! I handed the gang a grand laugh. This is a

fitting climax to my sense of humor.

319. WIDER ANGLE

As Cedar protests.

CEDAR

But Your Honor - this is
preposterous!

The Judge waves him down with a dismissing gesture of his
hand.

BABE

Certainly I wrote those articles.
I was going to get a raise - and a
month's vacation! But I stopped
writing them when I found out what
he was all about! When I realized
how real he was.

CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW

As Babe's voice continues:

BABE'S VOICE

He could never fit in with our
distorted viewpoint because he's
honest and sincere - and good. If
that man is crazy, Your Honor, the
rest of us belong in straight-
jackets.

321. MED. SHOT

Cedar jumps up.

CEDAR

Your Honor, this is absurd. The
woman's obviously in love with
him.

BABE

What's that got to do with it?

CEDAR

(shouting)

Well, you are in love with him,
aren't you?

BABE

(shouting back)

What's that got to do with it?

CEDAR

(louder)

You are , aren't you?

BABE

(just as loud)

Yes!!!

CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW

To be intercut during her speech. At first he merely glances up at her speculatively. Finally, he begins to show some interest.

323. MED. SHOT FRONT OF COURTROOM

Cedar turns to the Judge.

CEDAR

Your Honor, her testimony is of no value. Why shouldn't she defend him? It's a tribute to American womanhood - the instinct to protect the weak. I'm not saying that nobody likes the boy. I cherish a fond affection for him myself. But that doesn't mean to say--In the middle of his speech, Mac - the editor - appears at his elbow.

MAC

When the windbag here gets through, Your Honor, I'd like to verify what Miss Bennett said. I'm her editor. When she quit her job, she told me what a swell fellow this man was. And anything Babe Bennett says is okay with me.

JUDGE

If you have anything to say, you will take the stand.

MAC

I've already said it, Your Honor. I just thought I'd like to get my two cents in.

As he starts to go, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM, he passes Longfellow. He nudges him.

MAC

Don't be a sucker, pal. Stand up and speak your piece.

He disappears to his seat.

COBB

Your Honor, I've got a couple of cents I'd like to put in--

JUDGE

Sit down!

COBB

I've been with this man ever since
he came to New York—

324. MED. SHOT

Shooting toward the Judge. He pounds his gavel, interrupting

Cobb.

JUDGE

Sit down! There will be no further
interruptions.

Almost simultaneously with the Judge's speech, the farmer,
somewhere in the audience, rises to his feet.

FARMER

How about us, Mr. Deeds!

325. MED. SHOT

Shooting toward audience. As the farmer finishes, a dozen
others are on their feet.

CROWD

(ad-lib)

Yes! What about us, Mr. Deeds!

You're not going to leave us out
in the cold!

They're trying to frame you, Mr.

Deeds!

The turmoil is general, with bailiffs running to quiet
them. The Judge pounding his gavel, incensed.

BAILIFF'S VOICE

Order! Order!

JUDGE

(when quiet reigns)

In the interest of Mr. Deeds, I
have tolerated a great deal of
informality. But if there is one
more outburst, I shall have the
courtroom cleared.

LONGFELLOW

Your Honor—

JUDGE

(surprised)

Yes?

LONGFELLOW

I'd like to get in my two cents'
worth.

JUDGE

Take the stand!

There is a general stir of excitement - and whispering.

CLOSE SHOT - BABE

Her eyes sparkle happily.

327. CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR AND CLIENTS

The clients look up at Cedar, concerned. Cedar comforts them with a confident grimace.

328. MED. SHOT

To include Longfellow, Judge, and others around them. Longfellow hesitates.

JUDGE

Proceed.

LONGFELLOW

Well, I don't know where to begin.

There's been so many things said about me that I-

329. CLOSE SHOT AT WITNESS STAND

LONGFELLOW CONTINUES:

LONGFELLOW

About my playing the tuba. Seems like a lot of fuss has been made about that. If a man's crazy just 'cause he plays the tuba, then somebody better look into it, 'cause there are a lot of tuba players running around loose. Of course, I don't see any harm in it. I play mine whenever I want to concentrate. That may sound funny to some people - but everybody does something silly when they're thinking. For instance, the Judge here is an O-filler. . .

330. WIDER ANGLE

Front of courtroom.

JUDGE

A what?

LONGFELLOW

An O-filler. You fill in all the spaces in the O's, with your pencil.

(points to desk)

I was watching you.

The Judge looks down at a paper in front of him.

INSERT: OF A PRINTED DOCUMENT

Of some sort. All the O's and P's and R's have the white spaces pencilled in.

CLOSEUP - JUDGE

As he looks up from the document. He is a trifle self-conscious. Laughter comes from the courtroom.

LONGFELLOW'S VOICE

That may make you look a little crazy, Your Honor, just sitting around filling in O's - but I don't see anything wrong 'cause that helps you to think. Other people are doodlers.

JUDGE

Doodlers?

332. MED. SHOT - FRONT OF COURTROOM

LONGFELLOW

That's a name we made up back home for people who make foolish designs on paper when they're thinking. It's called doodling. Almost everybody's a doodler. Did you ever see a scratch pad in a telephone booth? People draw the most idiotic pictures when they're thinking. Dr. Von Holler, here, could probably think up a long name for it, because he doodles all the time.

Dr. Von Holler, who is in the middle of some doodling, flinches. A roar of laughter comes from the spectators. Longfellow reaches over to where Dr. Von Holler sits and picks up a piece of paper.

LONGFELLOW

(to Dr. Von Holler)

Thank you.

(returning to the stand)

This is a piece of paper he was scribbling on.

(scrutinizes it)

I can't figure it out. One minute it looks like a chimpanzee - and the next minute it looks like a picture of Mr. Cedar.

(hands it to him)

You look at it, Judge.

The Judge, with a serious mien, takes the paper.

INSERT: OF PAPER

It is a doodle face.

BACK TO SCENE:

Dr. Von Holler is somewhat uncomfortable.

LONGFELLOW

Exhibit A - for the defense.

(after a pause)

Looks kind of stupid, doesn't it,
Your Honor? But I guess that's all
right if Dr. Von Holler has to
doodle to help him think. That's
his business. Everybody does
something different. Some people
are-

(demonstrates)

ear-pullers - some are nail-biters-

(pointing)

That Mr. Semple over there is a
nose-twitcher.

333. CLOSE SHOT - SEMPLE AND HIS WIFE

He looks up, startled, his nose twitching more violently
than ever. The courtroom rocks with laughter.

His wife, in her nervousness, pulls at her fingers.

LONGFELLOW'S VOICE

And the lady next to him is a
knuckle-cracker.

Mrs. Semple quickly drops her hands in her lap, as the
courtroom again fills with laughter.

CLOSE SHOT - COBB

He swings a key-ring around his forefinger. Suddenly he
realizes Longfellow might get to him, and he hastily palms
the keys and shoves them in his pocket.

335. MED. CLOSE SHOT - NEWSPAPER REPORTERS

One is leaning forward, listening intently - biting the
end of his pencil. The one next to him nudges him and
silently points to the pencil in his mouth. The reporter
gets the idea and, smiling sheepishly, yanks it out of his
mouth.

336. MED. CLOSE SHOT - FRONT OF COURTROOM

LONGFELLOW

So you see, everybody does silly

things to help them think.

(in conclusion)

Well, I play the tuba.

CLOSE SHOT - MAC

As he bursts forth.

MAC

Nice work, toots!

The crowd echoes him with shouts and laughter.

CLOSE SHOT - JUDGE

He glares off scene at Mac, reprimandingly.

CLOSE SHOT - BABE

She is amused at the embarrassment Longfellow has caused them all.

340. CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR AND HIS CLIENTS

They squirm uncomfortably.

341. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT WITNESS STAND

Longfellow in chair - Judge at bench, b.g.

JUDGE

Mr. Deeds, do you recall forcibly ejecting people from your home?

LONGFELLOW

Oh, yes. Yes. About my throwing those people out of my house. Mrs. Pomponi told the truth. I did throw them out because I didn't want the party in the first place. I didn't invite anybody. Mrs. Pomponi did all that. They just came to see what kind of a freak the "Cinderella Man" was. I don't know how people like that are supposed to act, Your Honor, but if that Pomponi woman is an example, I'll stick to simple folks. She just came in, talked my ear off, and took charge of everything. If I were a friend of hers, I'd have her examined.

MED. SHOT OF COURTROOM

Featuring Longfellow. Cedar, who cannot stand it any longer, jumps to his feet.

CEDAR

Your Honor, this is becoming farcical. I demand that Mr. Deeds

dispense with side remarks and
confine himself to facts! Let him
explain his wanderings around the
streets in underclothes, his feeding
doughnuts to horses!

JUDGE'S VOICE

Proceed.

LONGFELLOW

Mr. Cedar's right. Those things do
look kind of bad, don't they? But
to tell the truth, Your Honor, I
don't remember them. I guess they
happened, all right, because I
don't think a policeman would lie
about a thing like that, but I was
drunk. It was the first time I was
ever drunk in my life. It's probably
happened to you, some time. I mean,
when you were younger, of course.

The Judge clears his throat in embarrassment. Several women
giggle. The Judge sternly pounds his gavel.

CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW

LONGFELLOW

It's likely to happen to anybody.
Just the other morning I read in
the paper about Mr. Cedar's own
son - about how he got drunk and
insisted on driving a taxi-cab,
while the driver sat inside. Isn't
that so, Mr. Cedar? Isn't that so
, Mr. Cedar?

MED. SHOT OF COURTROOM

All eyes have turned to Cedar.

CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR

His eyes are beginning to blaze angrily.

CEDAR

Your Honor, I object.

JUDGE

Proceed.

346. MEDIUM SHOT

LONGFELLOW

Now about the Falkner sisters.
That's kind of funny. I mean about
Mr. Cedar going all the way to

Mandrake Falls to bring them here.
Do you mind if I talk to them?

JUDGE

Not at all.

Longfellow turns. Everybody stretches to get a better look at them.

LONGFELLOW

Jane, who owns the house you live in?

CLOSE SHOT - THE SISTERS

The girls consult with each other.

JANE

Why, you own it, Longfellow.

AMY

Yes, you own it.

LONGFELLOW'S VOICE

Do you pay any rent?

JANE

(after conferring
with Amy)

No, we don't pay any rent.

AMY

Good heavens, no! We never pay rent.

348. WIDER ANGLE

As Longfellow continues questioning:

LONGFELLOW

Are you happy there?

JANE

Oh, yes.

AMY

Yes, indeed.

LONGFELLOW

Now, Jane, a little while ago you said I was pixilated. Do you still think so?

JANE

(after the usual
conference)

Why, you've always been pixilated, Longfellow.

AMY

Always.

LONGFELLOW

(smiling)

That's fine. I guess maybe I am.

(seriously)

Now tell me something, Jane. Who else in Mandrake Falls is pixilated?

Jane turns to her sister and this time they go into a prolonged huddle. It is apparently a difficult thing to figure out. Finally they come out of it.

JANE

Why, everybody in Mandrake Falls in pixilated - except us.

AMY

Uh-huh.

MED. SHOT OF SPECTATORS

There is an outburst of laughter which the Judge quickly quells with his gavel.

350. MED. SHOT - DIFFERENT ANGLE

LONGFELLOW

Now, just one more question. Do you see the Judge here? He's a nice man, isn't he?

JANE & AMY

Uh-huh.

LONGFELLOW

Do you think he's pixilated?

JANE

(quickly)

Oh, yes.

AMY

Yes, indeedy.

There is more laughter. More pounding of the judiciary gavel.

CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR

He feels his case slowly crumbling.

CLOSE SHOT - BABE

She can scarcely conceal her elation.

353. MED. SHOT - FRONT OF COURTROOM

JUDGE

Mr. Deeds, you haven't yet touched upon a most important thing. This rather fantastic idea of yours to want to give away your entire fortune. It is, to say the least, most uncommon.

LONGFELLOW

Oh yes, I was getting to that,
Your Honor.

CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSER SHOT, featuring Longfellow and Judge,

as former continues:

LONGFELLOW

Suppose you were living in a small town and getting along fine, and suddenly somebody dropped \$20,000,000 in your lap. Supposing you discovered that all that money was messing up your life, was bringing a lot of vultures around your neck, and making you lose faith in everybody. You'd be a little worried, wouldn't you? You'd feel that you had a hot potato in your hand, and you'd want to drop it. I guess Dr. Von Holler would say you were riding on—

(points to chart)

—those bottom waves, 'cause you wanted to drop something that was burning your fingers.

354. MEDIUM SHOT

Cedar springs to his feet.

CEDAR

(shouting)

If this man is permitted to carry out his plan, repercussions will be felt that will rock the foundations of our entire governmental system!

The Judge has pounded him into silence.

JUDGE

Please, Mr. Cedar!

(to Longfellow)

Proceed.

355. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT WITNESS STAND

LONGFELLOW

Personally, I don't know what Mr. Cedar's raving about. From what I can see, no matter what system of

government we have, there will
always be leaders and always be
followers.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Farmers in audience, as Longfellow's voice continues:

LONGFELLOW'S VOICE

It's like the road out in front of
my house. It's on a steep hill.
Every day I watch the cars climbing
up. Some go lickety-split up that
hill on high—

357. FULL SHOT

LONGFELLOW

—some have to shift into second -
and some sputter and shake and
slip back to the bottom again.
Same cars - same gasoline - yet
some make it and some don't. And I
say the fellows who can make the
hill on high should stop once in a
while and help those who can't.

358. MEDIUM SHOT

LONGFELLOW

(making his point)

That's all I'm trying to do with
this money. Help the fellows who
can't make the hill on high.

CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW

LONGFELLOW

(hotly)

What does Mr. Cedar expect me to
do with it? Give it to him - and a
lot of other people who don't need
it?

(rising;
sarcastically)

If you don't mind, Your Honor,
I'll ride on those top waves for a
minute.

(calls out)

Hey, all you fellows out there!
All those who applied for a farm,
stand up!

360. REVERSE ANGLE

Showing most of the audience struggling to their feet.

361. MED. CLOSE SHOT - WITNESS CHAIR

LONGFELLOW

See all those fellows? They're the ones I'm trying to help. They need it!

(pointing)

Mr. Cedar and that Mr. Semple don't need anything. They've got plenty! It's like I'm out in a big boat and I see one fellow in a rowboat who's tired of rowing and wants a free ride - and another fellow who's drowning. Who would you expect me to rescue? Mr. Cedar, who just got tired of rowing and wants a free ride? Or those men out there who are drowning? Any ten-year-old child will give you the answer to that.

(to farmers etc. in courtroom)

All right, fellows. Thank you. Sit down.

362. MEDIUM SHOT - FRONT OF COURTROOM

LONGFELLOW

Now, my plan is very simple. I was going to give each family ten acres - a horse, a cow and some seed. And if they work the farm for three years, it's theirs. Now, if that's crazy, maybe I ought to be sent to an institution. But I don't think it is. And what's more, Mr. Cedar doesn't either.

(vehemently)

Just before the hearing started, he offered to call the whole thing off if I made a settlement with him. So you see, he wouldn't think I was crazy if he got paid off.

CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR

He jumps to his feet, highly incensed.

CEDAR

It's a lie!

JUDGE

Mr. Cedar!

CEDAR

Mr. Deeds is drawing on his warped
imagination!

CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW

As he listens to Cedar, watching him antagonistically.

CEDAR'S VOICE

I've never heard anything so
colossally stupid in my life!

Longfellow's eyes narrow resentfully.

365. WIDER ANGLE

To include Longfellow, Cedar and Judge.

CEDAR

It's an insult to our intelligence
to sit here and listen to his
childish ravings.

Throughout his speech the Judge has been pounding his gavel.

Longfellow has his eyes levelled off on Cedar.

JUDGE

(when quiet reigns)

You will please permit Mr. Deeds
to finish.

CEDAR

But your honor—

JUDGE

Mr. Cedar!

Cedar, grumblingly, remains standing. Judge asks Longfellow:

JUDGE

Anything else, Mr. Deeds?

LONGFELLOW

(eyes still on Cedar)

No.

(changes his mind;
turns to Judge)

Yes. There's just one more thing
I'd like to get off my chest before
I finish.

JUDGE

Proceed.

LONGFELLOW

Thank you, Your Honor.

He rises to his feet, takes one step forward, and clouts Cedar flush on the jaw. As Cedar falls into the arms of an associate, pandemonium breaks loose.

BAILIFF'S VOICE

Order! Order! Order in the court!

FULL SHOT OF COURTROOM

THE JUDGE POUNDS HIS GAVEL. THERE ARE CRIES OF APPROVAL FROM THE SPECTATORS. IN THE MIDST OF THE COMMOTION—

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM

MED. PANNING SHOT

Showing spectators, waiting breathlessly for a decision. All eyes are on the Judge.

CLOSE SHOT AT BENCH

The Judge holds a whispered conversation with his experts.

CLOSE SHOT - BABE

She is apprehensive.

CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW

He glances furtively at Babe, off scene.

MED. SHOT OF FARMERS

Leaning forward. Their entire future hangs in the balance.

MED. CLOSE SHOT AT BENCH

The Judge comes out of the huddle; his face is very stern.

BAILIFF'S VOICE

Remain seated and come to order.

The Court is again in session.

JUDGE

Before the Court announces its decision, I want to warn all who are here that the police have orders to arrest anyone creating a disturbance.

373. QUICK FLASHES

Of Babe - Cobb - Longfellow - Mac - the farmers.

374. INSERT: CLOSE SHOT - JUDGE

The Judge's preface augurs ill.

CLOSEUP - CEDAR

His mouth curls up in a contented grimace.

FULL SHOT - COURTROOM

All eyes are upon the Judge, who clears his throat.

JUDGE

(serious mien)

Mr. Deeds, there has been a great deal of damaging testimony against

you. Your behavior, to say the
least, has been most strange.

An audible gasp is heard from audience. Judge goes on:

JUDGE

But in the opinion of the Court,
you are not only sane, but you are
the sanest man that ever walked
into this courtroom. Case dismissed!

The shout that greets this is tumultuous. The Judge smiles warmly, and clasps Longfellow's hand. Immediately, Longfellow is surrounded by a crowd of people who come running down the aisles.

377. CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR AND GROUP

They sit, stunned, disappointed. Mrs. Semple turns to her husband and slaps him.

MRS. SEMPLE

You nose-twitcher!

Budington rises to confront Cedar.

BUDINGTON

Oh, I knew it! I knew it! You,
you—

Cedar disgustedly pushes him in the face, aside.

CLOSE SHOT - BABE

She smiles ecstatically, too excited to move. Suddenly she rises.

379. MEDIUM SHOT

As Babe tries to get to Longfellow, but finds herself on the fringe of a jubilant crowd in the center of which is Longfellow. She tries to break through, but finds it impossible. Desperately, she jumps on a chair and tries frantically to get a glimpse of him. At that moment, several

farmers have lifted Longfellow on their shoulders.

FULL SHOT - COURTROOM

As jubilantly, Longfellow is carried out on the shoulders of the excited crowd.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

As Babe frantically tries to reach Longfellow, but is jostled aside. The parade envelops her.

LONG SHOT FROM REAR

The shouting mob is heading for the door at end of courtroom. Everyone crowds forward.

CLOSE SHOT IN REAR

Babe is left helplessly out.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT OF COURTROOM

Empty - except for the Falkner sisters, still whispering to each other, and Babe, sitting helpless and forlorn.

CLOSE SHOT - BABE

Her eyes are filled. Dismally she starts forward. We hear a rising commotion from the outside, at this moment.

386. WIDER ANGLE

Longfellow running toward camera with the mob, shouting, back of him. He reaches courtroom, slams the doors shut behind him. Babe, attracted by the noise, looks up. He runs toward her, and swoops her up in his arms.

CLOSE SHOT - JANE & AMY

JANE

He's still pixilated.

AMY

He sure is.

388. CLOSE SHOT - BABE AND LONGFELLOW

She kisses him over and over again. He looks around and over his shoulder at the mob, a little dazed. Finally, he notices her effort, and gives her one passionately back. All that is heard is the cheering of the crowd outside and the Columbia music.

FADE OUT:

THE END