

THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH



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MARILYN MONROE

by

Billy Wilder
&
George Axelrod

FINAL DRAFT
August 10th, 1954

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C.D.

"THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH"

Screenplay

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Final Script
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RICHARD SHERMAN.....
HELEN SHERMAN.....
RICKY.....
THE GIRL.....
TOM MACKENZIE.....
DR. BRUBAKER.....
MR. BRADY.....
KRAHULIK.....
MISS MORRIS.....
NIGHT NURSE.....
ELAINE.....
YOGI BERRA.....
ED LOPAT.....
UMPIRE.....
PLUMBER.....
TWO WAITRESSES FROM THE
VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT.....

FADE IN

1 AN EARLY MAP OF MANHATTAN ISLAND

drawn on parchment. It is not too accurate but rather ornate.

RICHARD'S VOICE

The Island of Manhattan derives its name from its earliest inhabitants - the Manhattan Indians.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 AN INDIAN VILLAGE ON WHAT IS NOW MANHATTAN - DAY

A dozen or so teepees on the bank of a river which is now known as the Hudson. There is a great deal of activity. Indian husbands are loading their squaws and papooses together with their belongings into large canoes. There is weeping and wailing and screaming and kissing as the canoes are being launched, one by one, and the Indian wives begin to paddle off into the river.

RICHARD'S VOICE

They were a peaceful tribe - setting traps, fishing, hunting. And there was a custom among them - every July when the heat and the humidity on the island became unbearable, they would send their wives and children away for the summer. Up the river to the cooler highlands or - if they could afford it - to the seashore.

The husbands stand on the river bank, waving farewell to their loved ones in the canoes. In back of them, a lush Indian maiden slithers by. The husbands react and, after a last furtive glance at their departing wives and kids, begin stalking after her, en masse.

RICHARD'S VOICE

The husbands, of course, would remain behind on the steaming island to attend to business, setting traps, fishing and hunting.

DISSOLVE TO:

3 EXT. THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NEW YORK TODAY - DAY

Blazing summer heat. The exodus is on. An army of taxis disgorging wives, screaming kids, and husbands who are seeing their loved ones off. Sweating porters loading hand-dollies with mountains of luggage, tennis rackets, inflated rubber horses, fishing tackle, kayaks, and what have you.

RICHARD'S VOICE

Five hundred years later this same custom still prevails. Each July when the schools close, Manhattan husbands send their wives and kids to the country for the summer.

DISSOLVE TO:

4 INT. THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY

Pandemonium. A seething, sweating mass of parents and brats pushing toward the various gates. Trains being announced, lost children, misplaced luggage, tearful goodbyes.

RICHARD'S VOICE

I only mention all this because I am a husband, because we live in Manhattan and because my family's going away for the summer. That's us over here. My name is Richard Sherman - that's my wife Helen and my son Ricky.

Out of the melee the camera has picked up the Richard Shermans, a desperate little family fighting its way grimly toward one of the gates. There is Richard, the father, in straw hat and sweat-stained seersucker; Helen, the mother; and Ricky, aged six. A porter is pushing a dolly piled high with their luggage. On the very top of the pile is Ricky's kayak. Somehow in the scuffle, the kayak paddle gets knocked off. Richard picks it up and carries it from here on in. As for Ricky, he is wearing a plexiglass space helmet and is armed with a super-atomic-rocket-pistol which he is firing -- zapp-zapp-zapp -- at the perspiring porter.

RICHARD

(cracking under
the strain)

Ricky! What are you doing!

RICKY

He's an interplanetary spy and I'm blasting him into space dust!

Cont.

4 Cont.

RICHARD

Now cut it out! And take that thing off! You're going to New Hampshire, not to Mars!

They have reached the gate. Bracing himself against the onrushing hordes of other husbands, other wives and other kids, Richard (oblivious to the kayak paddle in his hand) kisses his wife.

RICHARD

Goodbye, Helen darling.

HELEN

Goodbye, Richard.

RICKY

But, Mommy, why can't Daddy come up with us?

HELEN

Poor Daddy has to stay in the hot city and make money.

RICHARD

Don't worry about me, Ricky. I'll be fine.

RICKY

You'll be fine - but how do I get my allowance?

RICHARD

I'll mail it to you.

HELEN

(to Richard)

Now remember, darling, you promised to eat properly and not smoke like Dr. Murphy told you.

RICHARD

I know.

HELEN

And you promised not to drink for a while like Dr. Summers told you.

RICHARD

I know. I know.

HELEN

And don't worry, I'll call you tonight at ten to make sure you're all right.

4 Cont.1

Over the P.A. system comes the train announcement. He kisses Helen again.

RICHARD
Goodbye, Helen. Goodbye, Ricky.
Come on, let me kiss you...

He tries to kiss him through the space helmet, but it is not easy.

RICHARD
Take that thing off!

He tries to remove it forcibly.

RICKY
(screaming)
Mommy! Mommy! He's shutting off
my oxygen!

Ricky shoots Richard with the gun.

HELEN
Come on, we'll miss the train!

The porter has moved off with their luggage. Helen and Ricky follow, Ricky firing the gun at Daddy as he goes. They are swallowed up by the surging crowd of wives and children.

Richard suddenly realizes that he is still holding the paddle.

RICHARD
(shouting after them)
Helen! Ricky! You forgot the paddle!
The paddle!

Wildly he plows after them through the crowd.

GATEMAN
Ticket, Mister.

RICHARD
No ticket. The paddle. I'm not going
any place. My son forgot the paddle...

GATEMAN
Sorry, Mister. Only persons holding
tickets permitted through the gate.

Richard is being elbowed and pushed out of the way. In desperation he stops a little old lady who is going through the gate. She is a tiny little old lady on the dignified Victorian side, loaded with packages, bag, umbrella and bird cage.

4 Cont.2

RICHARD

Madame, I wonder if you'd be kind enough...this is my little boy's paddle...you'll see him on the train ...just about so high...he's wearing a space helmet...like a goldfish bowl - only upside down... If you'd just take the paddle...we could tuck it under your arm here...

He is raising the lady's arm and trying to shove the paddle up under it.

LITTLE OLD LADY

How would you like a good punch in the nose?

She moves off through the crowd and he is left there with the paddle and the other husbands. They all stand there waving goodbye to their departing loved ones.

Crossing in back of them is a sensational-looking dame in a filmy summer dress. One of the husbands becomes aware of her. Then gradually the other husbands become aware of her. They react and after a furtive glance at the departing wives and children, they turn and stalk after her. Richard, caught in the general move, with the paddle still in his hand, stalks with them. After a few steps he stops himself short.

RICHARD

Oh, no. Not me. Not me. Not me!

Nervously, he frisks himself for a cigarette. Then he remembers Dr. Murphy.

RICHARD

And I'm not going to smoke either.

Richard watches disapprovingly as the other husbands stalk the dame.

RICHARD

Look at them. Isn't that awful? The train isn't even out of the station yet.

He looks at his watch.

RICHARD

Two-thirty. Got to get back to the office. Man, it's hot...

Wiping his neck with a handkerchief, Richard exits in opposite direction from the other husbands, carrying the paddle.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 EXT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY

A towering office building. One of the tallest in New York.

RICHARD'S VOICE

I'm in the publishing business. Book publishing, to be exact. The name of the firm is Brady and Company. It's a tremendously successful firm. As a matter of fact, we have our own building.

The camera has slowly panned off the skyscraper onto a small building next to it. It is tiny. Just three stories high. A brass plaque on the door reads: BRADY & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS OF POCKET CLASSICS.

RICHARD'S VOICE

That's our building. It's kind of small, but then again we publish small books. You know those pocket editions - two bits in any drugstore.

From down the street comes Richard Sherman, complete with paddle. He enters the building.

RICHARD'S VOICE

Mr. Brady is the boss - but to tell you the truth, I'm the key man. I keep the whole operation together.

DISSOLVE TO:

6 INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

A one-window job piled with pocket books, galley proofs, cover designs and Helen and Ricky's picture. In the corner there is a couch. Richard enters through a glass door on which is written: RICHARD SHERMAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR. He is followed by his secretary, Miss Morris, an efficient young lady, mezzo-attractive, glasses of course. Richard puts the paddle in the corner, takes off his hat and his coat, loosens his tie, and steps to the desk. Miss Morris puts a large cover design in front of him.

RICHARD'S VOICE

In the twenty-five cent book business, you can sell anything if you just have a little imagination. And I have a lot of imagination, if I do say so myself. You can sell a million copies of anything - even the old classics - no matter how dull and dreary they are. The trick is you've got to soup up the title a little and get yourself a cheerful and interesting cover...

Cont.

6 Cont.

Richard is scrutinizing the cover design that Miss Morris had brought in. It is a cover for LITTLE WOMEN, by Louisa May Alcott. It now bears a subtitle, an excellent example of Mr. Sherman's souping-up process: THE SECRETS OF A GIRLS' DORMITORY. And the cover design is cheerful indeed: Four broads in black nighties, with cigarettes dangling from their overpainted lips.

Richard, a man who knows exactly what he wants, takes a pencil and in firm strokes lowers each of the four necklines. He scribbles an O.K. in the corner and hands the design back to Miss Morris. Then, still in an editorial mood, he eyes Miss Morris herself, studies the neckline of her high-buttoned blouse and with an imperious sweep of the pencil indicates a lowering of her neckline. She smiles a little. He smiles back. Then he checks himself.

RICHARD

(the executive)

That will be all, Miss Morris.

She leaves. He looks after her.

RICHARD

Oh, no. Not me. Not me. Not me.

Nervously, he frisks himself for a cigarette and for the second time remembers Dr. Murphy.

RICHARD

And I'm not going to smoke either.

He starts organizing papers on his desk.

RICHARD

Some husbands think that because their wives are away for the summer, they can just run wild. Do any terrible thing they want... Like Charlie Lederer last summer - Annie hadn't been gone two days, when Charlie went out and got himself tattooed. A big green dragon on his chest - a butterfly on each shoulder... Not me!.. Oh, no! Work, work, work!

He seats himself behind the desk and picks up some galley proofs and a pencil.

RICHARD

I'm going to work here till six. Then I'll have dinner at the saloon on Third Avenue and...

Cont.

6 Cont.1

RICHARD (Cont.)

No. No saloon. No drinking - like Dr. Summers said. I know what I'll do. I'll try that Vegetarian Restaurant on the corner.

Health food. That's the stuff. The human body is a very delicate machine - a precision instrument. You can't run it on martinis and Hungarian goulash. Especially in this hot weather. Greens, that's what you need...roughage...the basic things...things that grow out of the soil...fed by the rain and ripened by the sun...

The last of his health lecture is over the next scene as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

7

INT. VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON

It is a six table deal, run by two shriveled-up elderly waitresses and patronized by gaunt, emaciated health addicts. There are signs on the wall like: PRIME RIBS OF CELERY - FOR A REAL TASTE THRILL TRY OUR SPINACH LOAF - 27 FLAVORS OF YOGURT 27 - DANDELION SALAD WITH OUR OWN MINERAL OIL DRESSING.

Richard is seated alone at a table. He has finished his dinner and is now dawdling over a second cup of peppermint tea. His hat and brief case are on a chair beside him and Ricky's paddle is propped up beside it.

RICHARD

(signaling waitress)

May I have the check, please?

WAITRESS

Yes, sir...

(taking out pad
and pencil)

Well, now. Let's see. We had the number seven special. The soya bean hamburger, with French fried soya beans, the soya bean sherbet and peppermint tea.

RICHARD

Don't forget I had a cocktail to start.

Cont.

7 Cont.

WAITRESS

Oh, yes - we had the sauerkraut juice on the rocks, didn't we? You will be proud to know your entire dinner with the cocktail was only 260 calories.

RICHARD

I am proud.

WAITRESS

That will be a dollar and twenty-seven cents.

RICHARD

(giving her a buck
and a half)

Keep the change.

WAITRESS

Oh, we don't permit tipping - but if you like, I can put it in the fund - for our nudist camp.

RICHARD

You do that.

WAITRESS

Thank you, sir. Nudism is such a worthy cause. We must bring the message to the people. We must teach them to unmask their poor suffocating bodies - so they can breathe again! Clothes are the enemy! Without clothes there would be no sickness - there would be no war! I ask you, sir, can you imagine two great armies on a battlefield - no uniforms - completely nude... no way of telling friend from foe...all brothers together...

RICHARD

Good night.

He picks up his hat and brief case and is trying to get away.

WAITRESS

Just a moment, sir.

He looks around, somewhat alarmed.

WAITRESS

You forgot your paddle.

7 Cont.1

RICHARD

Oh. Thank you.

He takes his paddle and hurries out.

DISSOLVE TO:

8 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - EAST SIXTIES - EARLY EVENING

It's a hot summer evening and still fairly light. Richard is strolling along, swinging his brief case and carrying the paddle.

RICHARD

Two hundred and sixty calories...I feel real good. What I can't understand is how some idiots go out and poison their systems with martinis and Hungarian goulash. I feel wonderful...I feel great...I feel proud.

His eye falls on a hot dog wagon on the street.

RICHARD

...I feel hungry.

He quickly buys a hot dog and starts eating it as he continues on toward his house.

9 EXT. FOUR-STORY HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

It is a remodeled brownstone with stoop. Richard goes up the steps, finishing his hot dog. He takes out the key and opens the front door. It is a door with translucent glass.

RICHARD

I like this house. Why does Helen keep talking about moving into one of those big enormous buildings that look like Riot In Cell Block Eleven.

10 INT. HALL OF APARTMENT HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Stairs lead up to the other apartments. Richard crosses to the door of his apartment and gets out a second key.

RICHARD

It's so much nicer here. Just three apartments. Ours. The Kaufmans upstairs. And then those two guys on the top floor - interior decorators or something...

He lets himself in.

11 INT. SHERMAN APARTMENT - SUMMER EVENING

The Sherman apartment is a floor-through in a remodeled brownstone house in the East Sixties. The rent (with two fifteen per cent increases) is still a modest hundred and sixty a month. A tiny open foyer leads into the living room. Off the living room is a sooty terrace giving onto the back court. The bedrooms and bath are on the front.

There are air-conditioning units in each window and the whole place has a summery look, with slip covers on the furniture.

Against one wall of the living room is a rather extraordinary staircase. What is extraordinary about it is that it rises to the ceiling where it stops. In one of the earlier phases of remodeling, this apartment and the one above it were a duplex. But now they are rented separately and the ceiling is boarded up.

Richard kicks the door shut behind him, switches on the lights, leans the paddle against a wall, drops his brief case on a chair and scales his hat to the couch.

RICHARD

It's peaceful here, with everybody gone. It sure is peaceful.

Passing an open TV set, he rather firmly shuts its doors.

RICHARD

No HOWDY-DOODY. No CAPTAIN VIDEO.
No smell of cooking. No --
(imitating Helen's
voice)

-- 'What happened at the office today, darling?' What happened at the office? I shot Mr. Brady in the head, made violent love to Miss Morris and set fire to three hundred thousand copies of LITTLE WOMEN -- that's what happened at the office. What can happen at the office? ... It sure is peaceful.

He wanders into -

12 THE KITCHEN - EVENING

He goes to the icebox, takes out a bottle of soda pop. He is about to get the cap off in the door jamb.

Cont.

12 Cont.

RICHARD
(imitating Helen's
voice)

'Use the opener, Richard!'

He laughs scornfully and with a flourish opens the bottle on the door jamb anyway. He goes back into -

13 THE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

He takes a large drink from the bottle of soda. He is somewhat awed by the taste. He looks curiously at the label and then reads it.

RICHARD
'Contains carbonated water, citric acid, corn syrup, artificial raspberry flavoring, pure vegetable colors and preservative.'

I would like Dr. Summers to explain to me why this stuff should be better for you than a little scotch, plain water and a twist of lemon. I'd really like to know.

(he looks at his watch)

Helen's going to call at ten. Well, I guess I'll do a little reading. I brought Dr. Brubaker's manuscript home with me and...

He is crossing toward the brief case when suddenly his legs go out from under him. He flies gracefully through the air and makes a hard, one-point landing. He has stepped on a roller skate.

RICHARD

Ricky!

He begins to crawl around the floor, searching for something.

RICHARD
Okay - where is it? Where is the other one? I know it's lurking here somewhere to get me..Where is Captain Video's other roller skate?

His search is interrupted by the sound of the doorbell.

RICHARD

Now who's that?

The doorbell rings again. Richard gets up, goes to foyer, opens the door and peers out.

14

INT. HALL OF APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Through the translucent glass of the front door, he sees for the first time, The Girl. Or rather the silhouette of The Girl.

RICHARD

Hello? Who is it?

He presses the buzzer and releases the lock of the front door. The Girl enters. She looks delicious even though, or maybe because, the heat has made her summer dress cling a little. A lock or two of her blonde hair is stuck to her moist forehead. She carries a shopping bag and, in her other hand, a small, sad, drugstore-type electric fan with rubber blades. The cord is trailing behind.

RICHARD

Yes? What is it?

THE GIRL

I'm terribly sorry to bother you.
But I forgot my front door key.
So I had to ring your bell. I
feel so silly...

RICHARD

It's perfectly all right. Any time.

He suddenly becomes aware that this is the most luscious girl in the world.

RICHARD

Is there anything else I can do for
you?

The front door has closed behind her. She reaches the bottom of the stairs before she notices that the plug end of the fan cord has caught in the door.

THE GIRL

Would you mind pressing it again?

RICHARD

Press what?

THE GIRL

The button. My fan is caught in
the door.

RICHARD

Oh. Oh. Of course.

Cont.

14 Cont.

He presses the button again and she gets the cord loose and starts up the stairs.

THE GIRL

Thank you.

RICHARD

Do you live in our building?

THE GIRL

Yes. In the Kaufmans' apartment. I took it for the summer while they're in Europe.

She is going up the stairs.

RICHARD

(suddenly very
chatty)

Well, isn't that nice! I know you'll be happy here. It's a very charming little building. Very quiet. No dogs. No children. Just two interior decorators. And you. And of course - me.

He has been watching her as she climbs the stairs, craning his neck. At this point a vertebra gives with a resounding crack.

THE GIRL

(from the top
of the stairs)

Are you all right?

RICHARD

Oh, sure. Fine. Fine.

THE GIRL

Well, good night.

She disappears. He goes back into his apartment, still unable to straighten out his neck.

15

INT. SHERMAN APARTMENT - EVENING

Richard closes the door slowly. He struggles to unkink his neck. It snaps back with another loud crack.

RICHARD

Well, now!

(rubbing his neck)

Maybe I should have asked her in for a drink. Just being neighborly. Make her feel at home. After all, we're all one big family here...

15 Cont.

During this ramble he has wandered over to the table, opened a leather cigarette box, taken out a cigarette, put it in his mouth and struck a match. Suddenly he realizes what he is doing.

RICHARD

Oh, no. No. No.

He blows out the match. Puts the cigarette back in the box. Looks around. Takes the box to a chest of drawers. Opens a drawer. Puts the cigarette box in the drawer. Closes the drawer. Locks the drawer. Removes the key. Looks for a place to hide the key from himself. Finally he tosses the key behind the row of books on the top shelf of the bookcase.

RICHARD

Coffin nails. That's what Dr. Murphy calls them. Coffin nails.

(snapping out of it)

Got to get to work on the Brubaker book! Really got to! Going to talk to him about it tomorrow - so I better.

He opens the brief case and takes out a fat manuscript. He looks at it with great distaste.

RICHARD

OF MAN AND THE UNCONSCIOUS, by Dr. Ludwig Brubaker. Some title. Boy, we'll have to soup this one up, that's for sure.

He picks up the bottle of soda pop and walks out onto -

16 THE TERRACE - EVENING

He comes out and lies down on a rattan chaise.

RICHARD

Ten o'clock! Helen's not going to call till ten o'clock. I hope this thing keeps me awake till ten o'clock.

He opens the manuscript to Chapter 3. Reads.

RICHARD

'Chapter Three. The Repressed Urge in The Middle-Aged Male. Its Roots and Its Consequences.'

Cont.

16 Cont.

RICHARD (Cont.)

(yawns)

You know, Helen has a lot of nerve calling me at ten o'clock. It shows a very definite lack of trust. What's she think I'm going to do? Start smoking the minute she turns her back? Get drunk maybe? Or tattooed?

(chuckles a little)

Charlie...big green dragon... honest to...

(serious again)

I bet she thinks I'm going to have girls up here. You know, that's a terrible thing. Seven years we've been married and not once have I done anything like that. Not once! And don't think I couldn't have, either. Because I could have. Plenty. But plenty!

There is the sound of ghostly, mocking laughter.

RICHARD

Don't laugh, Helen.

(toward the living room)

For your information, I happen to be tremendously attractive to women.

17 THE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Seated on the couch, knitting an argyle sock is the translucent figure of Helen.

HELEN

(gaily)

You're attractive to me, darling. But then, of course, I'm used to you.

18 THE TERRACE - EVENING

Richard lying on the chaise.

RICHARD

Now wait a minute, Helen. This is not a thing that one likes to discuss with one's wife. But, you might as well know that women have been throwing themselves at me for years.

Cont.

18 Cont.

RICHARD (Cont.)
 (from off-scene, comes
 another of Helen's
 giggles)
 That's right, Helen. Plenty of
 'em. Beautiful ones. Acres
 and acres of 'em.

19 IMAGINARY HELEN - ON THE COUCH - EVENING

HELEN
 Name one.

20 RICHARD - ON THE CHAISE - EVENING

RICHARD
 Well, let's see...It's hard, I
 mean just offhand. There've
 been plenty of them.
 (Helen's laughter
 from off-scene)
 All right. You asked for it.
 Take my secretary, for instance.
 To you she is just nothing... a
 Miss Morris...a piece of office
 furniture...a dictaphone...ten
 fingers to type my letters...
 Well, let me tell you....

The camera has been pulling back slowly from Richard and
 now on the opposite side of the screen there appears -

21 DREAM BUBBLE (1) - RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Richard stands at the desk in his shirt sleeves, reading
 a letter. Miss Morris enters.

RICHARD
 (barely looking up)
 Miss Morris, did you type this
 letter?

MISS MORRIS
 (tensely)
 Yes, Mr. Sherman.

RICHARD
 There are six typographical errors
 in the first paragraph alone. What
 is the matter with you, Miss Morris?
 (pause)
 Come now, Miss Morris. What is the
matter with you?

21 Cont.

MISS MORRIS

I'll tell you what's the matter with me. I'm in love with you. That's what's the matter with me. I have been - since the first day I came here. Deeply...madly...desperately...all consumingly! And you - you've never even noticed me! To you I'm just nothing...a piece of office furniture... a dictaphone...ten fingers to type your miserable letters...

Suddenly, she tears off her glasses, rips the comb out of her hair so that it comes tumbling wildly down over her shoulders.

MISS MORRIS

(out of control)

Look at me, Mr. Sherman. I'm a woman! A woman, do you hear me? With flesh and blood and nerves and feelings! I love you, I need you, I want you, want you, want you, want you!

She grabs him around the shoulders and kisses him violently. There is the sound of cloth being torn. He stands there, quite cool about the whole thing. Finally, when her passion is spent -

RICHARD

(unruffled)

That will be all, Miss Morris.

He hands her back the letter. She runs out of the room, sobbing hysterically. He looks after her, slowly turning his back to the camera. The back of his shirt is torn. He flexes the muscles of his back. For a moment he is Marlon Brando in STREETCAR.

The camera has started moving in again. The Dream Bubble bursts and we are back on -

22

RICHARD - ON THE TERRACE - EVENING

He is lying on the chaise, grinning in delight over his little fantasy.

RICHARD

You remember that torn shirt, don't you, Helen? Well, now you know how it happened!

23 IMAGINARY HELEN - ON COUCH - EVENING

HELEN

(laughing tolerantly)

It got torn at the Chinese laundry,
that's how it happened! What an
imagination!

24 RICHARD - ON CHAISE - EVENING

RICHARD

Well, anyway...What you don't
realize, Helen, is this thing about
women and me. I walk into a room
and they sense it instantly. I
arouse something in them. I bother
them. It's a kind of an animal thing
I've got. It's really quite extra-
ordinary. It has something to do
with the glands, I think.

25 IMAGINARY HELEN - ON COUCH - EVENING

HELEN

Richard, I hate to disillusion you,
but your glands are completely
ordinary. The only extraordinary
thing about you is your imagination.

26 RICHARD - ON THE CHAISE - EVENING

RICHARD

Helen...last winter when I had my
appendix out, do you happen to
remember the nurse?

27 IMAGINARY HELEN - ON COUCH - EVENING

HELEN

The nurse? That sweet little old
lady with the gray hair? Richard,
she must have been seventy-five!

28 RICHARD - ON THE CHAISE - EVENING

RICHARD

That was the day nurse. But you
never saw the night nurse, did you?
A certain Miss Finch...poor Miss
Finch...she fought it as long as she
could...but then one night....

The camera has pulled back again. On the other side of
the screen there materializes -

DREAM BUBBLE (2) - HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is very white and very small. Richard lies flat in the bed, very still and very pale. The door opens and the Night Nurse bursts in dramatically, closing the door. She is very beautiful and very distraught. Her uniform is authentic except that it is skin tight and made of white satin.

NIGHT NURSE

(a passionate
whisper)

Richard!

RICHARD

(his eyes on the
ceiling)

Please, Miss Finch. Not again
tonight!

She rushes to the bed and starts cranking up the head of the bed.

NIGHT NURSE

We have so little time. Soon they
will be taking out your stitches
and I will have lost you forever.

RICHARD

(his head going up)

Miss Finch, please. There is such
a thing as ethics. Remember, you
are a Registered Nurse.

NIGHT NURSE

(a touch of Joan Crawford)

Ethics! Once I had ethics! Once
I was young! Once I had ideals!
Once I was Registered! Then -
you happened!

RICHARD

Miss Finch, for five nights now you
have been taking my pulse -

(holding up the
hand with his
wedding ring)

- I find it hard to believe that
you have never noticed this simple
band of gold.

He is now all cranked up. She sits next to him.

29 Cont.

NIGHT NURSE

(going, going)

You bother me! You've bothered me from the moment they wheeled you into that operating room! I don't understand it, but there's a kind of an animal thing about you...

RICHARD

Please, Miss Finch, my adhesions.

Their faces are very close together.

NURSE

Let's crash out of here! Let's steal an ambulance and make a run for the border!

RICHARD

Miss Finch, you're rotten to the core. You're not fit to wear that uniform!

It's fierce, it's basic, it's movie-movie. There is nothing for him to do but slap her across the face. He does so.

NIGHT NURSE

(gone)

Hit me! Hit me! Beat me till your arms ache! You know I'll only come crawling back for more!

RICHARD

(completely unruffled)

Miss Finch, you're forcing me to take measures to protect you from yourself.

He reaches behind his head, his hand finds the hanging buzzer. He presses the button. All hell breaks loose: sirens, bells, fog horns, police whistles - everything goes off. Instantly the room is filled with hospital personnel, male and female nurses, internes, stretcher bearers. They tear Miss Finch off Richard and drag her away as she screams hysterically. He looks after her - his eyes full of wisdom and compassion.

The Dream Bubble bursts and we are back on -

30 RICHARD - ON THE TERRACE - EVENING

where we left him, lying on the chaise.

RICHARD

The moth and the flame, Helen,
that's what it was...Poor Miss
Finch...I hope I didn't singe
her wings too badly...

31 IMAGINARY HELEN - ON THE COUCH - EVENING

HELEN

Richard, you read too many books
and see too many movies.

32 RICHARD - ON THE TERRACE - EVENING

RICHARD

Or, for instance now, you take
Elaine, your best friend - your
bridesmaid. Well, let me tell
you what happened with Elaine
and me that weekend in Westport
last summer...You were playing
canasta with the Lederers,
suspecting nothing...Elaine and
I went for a walk. Walk!? We
went swimming! Moonlight swimming!

The camera has withdrawn and on the opposite side of the
screen materializes -

33 DREAM BUBBLE (3) - BEACH AT NIGHT

Wild waves are crashing over a moonlit shore. Lying at
the edge of the water are Elaine and Richard in bathing
suits. The waves are breaking over them. Elaine is
covering his face with kisses.

ELAINE

(a touch of Deborah
Kerr)

What is this strange, animal thing
you have? -- It bothers me...It's
been bothering me since I first saw
you...and it will bother me always...
from here to eternity!

RICHARD

(pushing her aside)

You must fight it, Elaine. You
must be strong. You must remember
I belong to another...

Cont.

33 Cont.

He scrambles to his feet, a heroic figure in his two-piece bathing suit, with port holes under the arms.

ELAINE

Richard! Richard!

RICHARD

This can never be. As you know but too well I have a wonderful, devoted, trusting wife at home and a towheaded, freckled-faced little space cadet...

He walks away from her. A wave knocks him down. He gets to his feet again and keeps walking off, his head held high.

The Dream Bubble bursts. We are back on -

34

RICHARD - ON THE CHAISE - EVENING

RICHARD

So Helen, all I can say is - in the light of the circumstances I resent your calling me at ten o'clock to check up on me.

He gets up from the chaise and walks into -

35

THE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Richard enters and walks toward the couch where the imaginary Helen sits.

RICHARD

You don't have to worry about me. Just remember that although I have tremendous personal magnetism, I also have tremendous strength of character...

HELEN

...and tremendous imagination. Lately you have begun to imagine in CinemaScope...with stereophonic sound.

She laughs and her translucent figure disappears. Richard is alone in the room. He stares thoughtfully at the empty couch.

Cont.

35 Cont.

RICHARD

She is worried. I just know she is. She plays it cool, but she can't fool me. She's worried plenty. Why else would she be calling me...in the middle of the night. And she's got good reason to be worried too. She probably figures she isn't as young as she used to be. She's thirty-one years old. One of these days she's going to wake up and find that her looks are gone. Then where will she be? No wonder she's worried. Especially since I don't look a bit different than I did when I was twenty-eight. It's not my fault I don't. It's just a simple biological fact. Women age quicker than men. I probably won't look any different when I'm sixty. I have that kind of a face. Everybody'll think she's my mother...

The telephone rings. Richard glances at his watch, runs to the telephone and picks it up.

RICHARD

Hello, Mother - oh - oh - hello, Helen! I wasn't expecting you to call till ten. Is everything all right?...Everything's fine here... Seems pretty empty without you, though...Nothing much - just sitting around drinking - getting fractured on raspberry soda.

He carries the long cord phone out onto -

36 THE TERRACE - EVENING

As he continues talking into the phone, he seats himself back on the chaise.

RICHARD

Ricky okay?...He did? Well, he hasn't done that for a long time. It was probably just the excitement...No, I don't know...Who did you meet going up on the train?...Tom MacKenzie? What is he doing up there?...My advice to you is to avoid Tom MacKenzie like the plague... I don't care if he did help you with Ricky's kayak. I don't want him carrying Ricky's kayak. If anybody's going to carry Ricky's kayak, it's going to be you...How's the weather?...Cool?...It's steaming here...like an oven... Yeah, I'm pretty tired myself... Good night... Night, darling...Night!

Cont.

36 Cont.

He hangs up, yawns, picks up the Brubaker script.

RICHARD

Well, I guess I'd better read a little more of good old Dr. Brubaker before I hit the sack.

He takes a swig of the half-empty soda bottle, makes a face.

RICHARD

Maybe a twist of lemon would help this - or a shot of Worcestershire...

He gets up. He is barely clear of the chaise when from the terrace above a large tomato plant in a heavy iron pot comes plummeting down. With a sickening crash it lands on the chaise right where he was sitting, smashing the rattan like a blockbuster bomb. He ducks into the doorway, like a scared rabbit. Then he ventures slowly onto the terrace again, trying to figure out where it came from.

RICHARD

(shouting up toward the terrace above)

Hey, up there! What's the big idea! You want to kill somebody or something?!

From the terrace above, peering through some potted plants, The Girl's face appears.

THE GIRL

What's the matter?

RICHARD

(mad)

What do you mean, what's the matter? This great cast-iron chamber pot of yours practically killed me - that's what's the matter...

(he recognizes her)

Oh. Oh, it's you.

(suddenly honeysuckle)

Well, hello again!

THE GIRL

What happened? Oh, golly! The tomato plant fell over!

RICHARD

(grinning)

It sure did.

Cont.

36 Cont.1

THE GIRL

I'm terribly sorry...

RICHARD

Don't worry. It's nothing.

THE GIRL

Nothing! Look at that poor chair!
 I'll pay for it, of course. I just
 hope it isn't a priceless antique or
 something.

RICHARD

Forget it. It's just Early Sears
 Roebuck.

THE GIRL

If there's anything at all I could do -

RICHARD

Do? Do what? Really - there is
 nothing to worry about.

THE GIRL

Well, I'm certainly glad you're not
 mad. Now promise me you won't even
 touch it. I'll have the janitor come
 and clean up the mess in the morning.
 I'll give him fifty cents. Good night.

Her head vanishes through the plants.

RICHARD

Hey, up there! Wait a minute!

Her head reappears.

THE GIRL

Yes?

RICHARD

I'll tell you one thing you could do...
 that is, if you'd like to...I mean if
 you're not doing anything else more
 important...How would you like to come
 down here and have a drink with me...
 maybe...?

THE GIRL

Why, thanks. I'd love to.

RICHARD

You would?

THE GIRL

Sure. It'd be fun. Let me just put
 something on. I'll go in the kitchen
 and get dressed.

36 Cont.2

RICHARD

The kitchen?

THE GIRL

Yes, when it's hot like this, you know what I do? I keep my undies in the icebox!

RICHARD

In the icebox?

THE GIRL

See you in a minute!

Her head disappears. He looks after her, open-mouthed, for a second or two. Then he realizes his neck is cricked again. He struggles and uncricks it with a crack. He frisks himself nervously for a cigarette. He hasn't got any. He dashes into -

37

THE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

He darts through the living room into the kitchen. A second later he comes out, dragging a small ladder. He puts it against the bookshelves, climbs up, finds the key to the chest of drawers, climbs down, opens the drawer, takes out the cigarette box, takes out a cigarette and lights it.

RICHARD

I really need it, Dr. Murphy. Honest, I do.'

He takes a deep puff and lets the smoke out slowly.

RICHARD

All those lovely injurious tars and resins. Don't worry, Dr. Murphy. Just one, that's all.

To prove that he means it, he puts the cigarette box back in the drawer, locks the drawer again and throws the key back behind the books on the top shelf.

RICHARD

Now a small concession from you too, Dr. Summers.

He crosses to a small built-in bar and opens it. He pours himself a small drink of scotch, belts it down. Then he pours another, larger one.

RICHARD

Now look, Dr. Summers...let's be reasonable! Can't fly on one wing - you know... Okay...okay...I'll put some soda in it.

He squirts a tiny dash of soda into the glass. He drinks.

Cont.

37 Cont.

RICHARD

(glancing upward)

'Would you like to come down for a drink?'

(imitating The Girl)

'Why, thanks. I'd love to.'

(delighted)

'Just like that.'

(he snaps his finger)

Beautiful girl, too. Must be a model or something!

He springs into action. He tightens his tie, puts on his coat, drags the ladder back to the kitchen, turns off a lamp, then another. Suddenly he catches himself.

RICHARD

What am I doing, anyway? This is absolutely ridiculous. The first night Helen leaves and I'm bringing dames into the apartment.

He turns the lamp back on.

RICHARD

Now take it easy. There is absolutely nothing wrong with asking a neighbor down for a drink. Nothing.

I just hope she doesn't get the wrong idea, that's all. Oh, if this dame thinks she's coming down here for some kind of a big time or something - well, she's in for a big surprise. One drink and out! That's all. I'm a happily married man, for Pete's sake.

(shifting gears)

Maybe we ought to have a little soft music...just for atmosphere.

He crosses to the phonograph and starts looking through the records.

RICHARD

(grinning)

She's probably getting herself all fixed up. She'll probably come down here wearing some kind of an ice-cold evening dress. Debussy...Ravel... Stravinsky - only scare her.

(comes up with a record)

Here's the baby! Rachmaninoff. Give her the full treatment. Come in like gangbusters.

37 Cont.1

RICHARD (Cont.)
 (putting on the
 record)
 Good old Rachmaninoff...The Second
 Piano Concerto! Never misses!

The music swells. His eyes wander to the door and there materializes -

38 DREAM BUBBLE (4) - DOORWAY OF SHERMAN APARTMENT -
 DIFFERENTLY LIGHTED - EVENING

Dramatically, the door swings open by itself. There stands The Girl. She wears a fantastic evening gown. She poses for a moment -

THE GIRL

I've come.

RICHARD'S VOICE

I'm so glad.

She moves slowly toward the piano, the door swinging shut behind her. Seated at the piano, playing the Concerto with all the virtuosity of a Horowitz, is Richard.

THE GIRL

Rachmaninoff?

RICHARD

The Second Piano Concerto.

THE GIRL

It's not fair!

RICHARD

Not fair? Why?

THE GIRL

Every time I hear it, I go all to pieces.

RICHARD

Oh?

THE GIRL

May I sit next to you?

RICHARD

Please do.

38 Cont.

She seats herself next to him on the piano bench. He plays on, his fingers flying over the keyboard. All the time, however, he is watching her crumble under the devastating effects of Rachmaninoff.

THE GIRL

It shakes me. It quakes me. It makes me goose-pimplly all over. I don't know where I am...or who I am...or what I'm doing...Don't stop! Don't stop! Don't ever stop!

Suddenly he does stop.

THE GIRL

Why did you stop?

RICHARD

You know why I stopped.

THE GIRL

Why?

RICHARD

Because - because now I'm going to take you in my arms and kiss you - very quickly and very hard...

He takes her in his arms and kisses her, very slowly and very hard. The Concerto sneaks in again and rises to a tremendous crescendo.

The camera pulls back. Richard stands outside the dream bubble where we left him, watching himself, fascinated.

The doorbell rings. It rings again. It jars Richard back to reality as the dream bubble bursts.

39 RICHARD - EVENING

looks at the door. The doorbell rings again.

RICHARD

One moment, my dear...

He goes back to the phonograph, sets the needle back to the beginning of the record, then humming with it and with tremendous assurance he goes to the door and opens it.

RICHARD

(romantically)

You came!

39 Cont.

Standing in the doorway is Krahulik, the janitor.

KRAHULIK

Yeah - I came for the rugs.

Krahulik is a big, unkempt, unshaven man in overalls. Richard stares at him blankly.

RICHARD

The rugs? What rugs? What is it you want, Mr. Krahulik?

KRAHULIK

The bedroom rugs. I promised Mrs. Sherman to take up the bedroom rugs.

RICHARD

Look, Mr. Krahulik...

KRAHULIK

For the summer. On account of the moths.

Krahulik takes a few steps in the direction of the bedroom. Richard stops him.

RICHARD

Forget the rugs, Mr. Krahulik!

KRAHULIK

Forget them? Your wife's going to come back from the country and find the rugs full of holes - big gaping holes - and who's going to be blamed? The janitor! Always the janitor!

RICHARD

If you're so worried, Mr. Krahulik, why don't you pick up the rugs tomorrow morning, while I'm at the office?

KRAHULIK

Can't do it, Mr. Sherman. Not tomorrow morning.

(joyfully)

Tomorrow morning I'm taking the missus and the kids to the train - they're going to the country for the summer!

RICHARD

All right, Mr. Krahulik. Pick 'em up tomorrow afternoon then.

Cont.

39 Cont.1

KRAHULIK

Not in the afternoon, Mr. Sherman.
 Can't do it in the afternoon.
 Going to the barber in the afternoon.
 Got to get a haircut...manicure...
 the works...maybe even a facial!

RICHARD

I couldn't care less, Mr. Krahulik.
 Come tomorrow evening. Come any
 time. Just not now!

KRAHULIK

Tomorrow evening!
 (nudging him
 confidentially)
 You know that maid from 680 Park?
 You must have seen her walking down
 the street with her big fat poodle...

RICHARD

What are you talking about?

KRAHULIK

Come now, Mr. Sherman. We're both
 summer bachelors! Don't let's be
 naive!

He gives out with a short, evil laugh.

RICHARD

Good night, Mr. Krahulik.

He pushes him out indignantly and closes the door.

RICHARD

Big fat poodle...he's got four kids...
 something happens to people in this
 town in the summer...it's disgraceful...

He goes to the phonograph and shuts off the Rachmaninoff
 Concerto.

RICHARD

Where is she? It's late. This is
 ridiculous! What is she doing?
 She could have been down here, had
 her lousy drink, and gone home
 already....Ice..ice..we'll need ice...

Cont.

39 Cont.2

He dashes into the kitchen and gets a bowl of ice.

The doorbell rings.

He freezes for a second, then rushes to the door, still carrying the bowl of ice. Halfway to the door, Ricky's second roller skate appears - it appears under his left foot. He does another terrific fall, ice cubes flying in all directions.

The doorbell rings again.

RICHARD

Coming. Coming.

In wild haste, he picks the ice cubes off the floor, gets them back in the bowl, kicks a couple of them under the couch and rushes to the door, unaware that he is holding Ricky's roller skate in one hand. He opens the door.

It's The Girl this time. She is in shorts with a pink Brooks Brothers shirt tied at the midriff. On her bare feet is a pair of high-heeled mules.

THE GIRL

Hi!

Richard stares at her, trying to reconcile the way she looks with the way he had imagined she would look.

THE GIRL

It's me! Don't you remember?
 (with her hand, she
 illustrates the
 plant falling)
 The tomato...from upstairs..!

RICHARD

Oh, yes, of course...the tomato!
 Come in, please, come in.

THE GIRL

Honestly, I just feel sick about it. I don't know how it happened. I was out there watering the plants. I promised the Kaufmans I would. They don't even have a hose, so I was using the cocktail shaker. That's the only thing I could find.

RICHARD

Cocktail shaker?

39 Cont.3

THE GIRL

Yes, a little silver one...Then suddenly there was this terrible crash. You know you could have been killed...It was probably criminal negligence or manslaughter or something. You could have sued somebody. Me probably. Well, not you. You'd have been dead. But your lawyers could have. Oh, I just feel awful.

RICHARD

Look - case dismissed. I'm still alive so what would you like to drink?

THE GIRL

Oh, I don't know. Anything.
(looking around)
This certainly is a nice place.
You live here alone?

RICHARD

Yes... I live here alone. All alone.

She sees the size four roller skate in his hand. He sees that she sees it.

RICHARD

It's a roller skate...mine, you know.

THE GIRL

Yours?

RICHARD

It's adjustable...I go roller skating a lot...in the park!

He quickly gets rid of the roller skate and changes the subject.

RICHARD

Now, really - what would you like to drink? You do drink, don't you?

THE GIRL

Oh, sure, I drink like a fish. Do you have gin?

RICHARD

Of course. You mean straight gin?

Cont.

39 Cont.4

THE GIRL

N-o-o-o...gin and soda, I guess.

RICHARD

Gin and soda?

THE GIRL

Oh, that's wrong, isn't it? It's scotch and soda. How do you drink gin?

RICHARD

Well, there's gin and tonic... except that I don't have any tonic. And then there's gin and vermouth...that's a martini...

THE GIRL

That sounds cool. I'll have a glass of that...a big tall one!

RICHARD

(half to himself)

Big...tall...martini...?

He throws her an unbelieving look and starts to fix the drinks.

THE GIRL

This is a much prettier apartment than the Kaufmans'. For instance, the Kaufmans have no stairs.

She studies the stairs for a moment.

THE GIRL

Hey, where do they lead to?

RICHARD

No place.

THE GIRL

No place? A stairway to nowhere... I think that's just elegant.

RICHARD

Oh, I wouldn't say elegant...You see, this used to be a duplex - this place and the Kaufmans'. So when the landlord made two apartments out of it, he just boarded up the ceiling - or in your case the floor.

Cont.

39 Cont.5

THE GIRL

Oh yes, I noticed the square patch
in the floor. The first day I dropped
a cuticle pusher down the crack.

RICHARD

Cuticle pusher...Uh-huh...Yeah...
Well...

(handing her the
tall glass)

Here you are. Big tall martini.

THE GIRL

(taking a big swig)

Very good. But maybe it needs a
little more sugar.

RICHARD

Sugar? No. No! I would strongly
advise against putting sugar in a
martini.

THE GIRL

You would? Why?

RICHARD

Well...you'll just have to take my
word for it - no sugar in a martini...
ever!

THE GIRL

That's funny. Back home they put
sugar in martinis a lot.

RICHARD

Back home - where?

THE GIRL

In Denver, Colorado.

RICHARD

Oh.

Having made her point, she takes another sip, relaxes
and looks around.

THE GIRL

Hey, you've got air conditioning!

RICHARD

Sure. In every room. Isn't the
Kaufman place air-conditioned?

Cont.

39 Cont.6

THE GIRL

Gee, no. It's just terrible up there. That's why I bought the electric fan.

She stands with her back to the air-conditioning unit, lifting the back of her shirt a little.

THE GIRL

Ooooo! That feels just elegant! I guess I'm not made for the heat. This is my first summer in New York and it's practically killing me. You know what I tried yesterday? I tried to sleep in the bathtub - just lying there up to my neck in cold water.

RICHARD

That sounds like a good idea.

THE GIRL

But there was something wrong with the faucet. It kept dripping...it was keeping me awake. So you know what I did? I pushed my big toe up the faucet.

RICHARD

I guess that's what they call American know-how.

THE GIRL

The only thing was - my toe got stuck. I couldn't get it back out again.

RICHARD

(fascinated)
You couldn't?

THE GIRL

No, but thank goodness, there's a phone in the bathroom, so I was able to call the plumber.

RICHARD

You - called the plumber?

THE GIRL

Oh, yes - he was very nice about it. Even though it was Sunday, when I explained the situation to him, he rushed right over.

RICHARD

Did everything come out all right?

Cont.

THE GIRL

Oh, sure. But it was sort of embarrassing.

RICHARD

I can see how it might of been.

THE GIRL

Honestly, I almost died! There I was with a perfectly strange plumber and no polish on my toenails!

(pause)

Do you have a cigarette around?

RICHARD

A cigarette? Sure. Coming up.

As if it were the most natural thing in the world to keep cigarettes in a locked drawer with the key hidden behind the top row of books in the bookcase, Richard goes briskly into the kitchen, gets the ladder, takes it to the bookcase, climbs it, gets the key, climbs down, unlocks the drawer, gets the cigarette box, opens it.

The Girl has been watching this curious performance with great interest.

RICHARD

(offering her a cigarette)

Here you are.

THE GIRL

You afraid of burglars or something?

RICHARD

No. I'm just trying not to smoke. With cigarettes, you know, the theory is - if you don't see them, you don't think about them, and if you don't think about them, you don't want them.

Of course, it's not one hundred percent foolproof. It's only a theory... there are certain flaws...In fact, about all it amounts to is - you spend half your life dragging ladders back and forth...climbing up and down...you could break a leg. Actually, the whole thing is just ridiculous.

(he takes a cigarette for himself and lights it)

Cont.

THE GIRL

At the club we had a girl - she smoked nothing but cigars! Personally, I think she only did it to make herself look older.

RICHARD

What club was that?

THE GIRL

This club I lived at before I moved in here. I hated it. You had to be in by one o'clock or they locked the doors. Now I can stay out all night if I want to. I was really glad when they kicked me out - I mean when they practically asked me to leave.

RICHARD

Why did they...practically ask you to leave?

THE GIRL

It was so silly. I posed for this picture and when it was published in U.S. CAMERA, they got all upset...

RICHARD

What was the matter with the picture?

THE GIRL

I was nude.

RICHARD

Oh.

THE GIRL

On the beach...with some driftwood. It got Honorable Mention. It was called TEXTURES. Because you could see the three different textures: the driftwood...the sand...and me. I got twenty-five dollars an hour. And it took hours and hours. You'd be surprised.

RICHARD

Sounds like a very interesting line of work.

THE GIRL

It was. But I don't do modelling any more. Now I'm on this television program - every other week. The Dazzledent Toothpaste Hour.

RICHARD

Oh, you're an actress then?

Cont.

THE GIRL

Sort of. I do the Commercial part.

RICHARD

Really?

THE GIRL

Honest. It's a very good part. First they put a little gray makeup on my teeth to show what happens if you use ordinary toothpaste. Then they wipe it off again to show what happens when you use Dazzledent. I kind of stand there like this...

(she shows her teeth)

for almost fourteen seconds. And I get to speak lines too.

(giving her dramatic all)

'I had onions at lunch. I had garlic dressing at dinner. But he'll never know...because I stay kissing-sweet the New Dazzledent way.'

RICHARD

You do that beautifully.

THE GIRL

Thank you. You know - people don't realize, but every time I show my teeth on television, I'm appearing before more people than Sarah Bernhardt appeared before in her whole career. It's something to think about.

RICHARD

It certainly is.

THE GIRL

I wish I were old enough to have seen Sarah Bernhardt. Was she magnificent?

RICHARD

I really wouldn't know. I'm not quite that old myself...

THE GIRL

I guess you're really not, are you?

RICHARD

I am thirty-nine. Or I will be in August. At the moment I'm still only thirty-eight.

Cont.

39 Cont.10

THE GIRL

Thirty-eight! I was twenty-two the day before yesterday! I didn't do anything about it, though. I didn't even tell anyone. Oh, I did one thing. I bought myself a bottle of champagne. I thought I'd sit up there and drink it all by myself...

RICHARD

That sounds absolutely sad.

THE GIRL

Oh, no! It would have been just elegant - lying there in the bathtub... drinking champagne...but I couldn't get the bottle open.

RICHARD

You couldn't? There's nothing to it, it's just a trick.

THE GIRL

You think you could get it open?

RICHARD

I'm pretty sure I could.

THE GIRL

I've got a wonderful idea. Why don't I go up and get it? It's just sitting there in the icebox with the potato chips and my underwear. You have champagne glasses?

RICHARD

I think so.

THE GIRL

Good - I'll be right back! We'll have a wonderful time - it's very good champagne, the man said.

She runs to the door.

THE GIRL

(at the door)

Should I bring the potato chips too?

Cont.

39 Cont.11

RICHARD

Sure! Let's shoot the works!

She runs out. He stands looking after her, a bemused smile on his face. Then he goes to the bar and gets from the shelf two somewhat dusty champagne glasses. He blows the dust off them.

RICHARD

(thoughtfully)

U.S. CAMERA...

He puts down the glasses and with great casualness wanders to the bookcase. After a brief search, he finds what he is looking for: a copy of the new U.S. CAMERA. He takes it down and nonchalantly riffles through the pages.

RICHARD

News Events...Children and Animals...
The Human Body...

Suddenly, there it is. Driftwood and all. He does a take - you can see by his face why the picture won Honorable Mention. After a few seconds he can't take it any more. He slams the book shut and puts it back on the shelf. He pours himself some scotch and belts it down. Then he goes back to the bookcase, gets down U.S. CAMERA again, and studies the driftwood once more.

The phone rings. He quickly puts the book back on the shelf and picks up the phone.

RICHARD

(assuming it's the girl)

Hi, there! Oh. Oh, Helen. Well, Helen, this is a surprise - and a very pleasant one, if I may say so. How are you?

Sure. Sure, I'm all right. Why shouldn't I be all right? In what way do I sound funny? Everything is just fine here.

Now, what's your problem? Did I know that Ricky forgot his paddle? I've been dragging that thing all over New York! Sure, I will. Absolutely. I'll send it off the first thing in the morning... Well, good night!

Who? Who dropped in after dinner? Tom MacKenzie? Good old Tom! How is he?

Cont.

RICHARD (Cont.)

Drinking? Who, me? Whatever gave you that idea? I was just sitting here reading a book...about drift-wood... We may publish it... It's very interesting... Some of the formations are absolutely....

(the doorbell rings)

I think I better hang up now, Helen. The bathtub is running over. Good night. Night!

He hangs up, sweating a little. The doorbell rings again. He runs to the door and opens it. It is The Girl, carrying a bottle of champagne and an enormous bag of potato chips. She has changed her clothes and is now wearing a sophisticated cocktail-type dress.

RICHARD

I'm sorry... I was on the phone... Long distance...a friend of mine in the country...calling about a kayak paddle...

(he notices her dress)

Oh!

THE GIRL

I figured it just isn't right to drink champagne in shorts.

(she hands him the bottle)

You really think you can open it?

RICHARD

(smugly)

I've opened one or two before in my life...

(he begins to work on it)

It's simply a matter of pressure and counter pressure. There she goes...

THE GIRL

(admiringly)

Boy, you sure have powerful thumbs.

RICHARD

I used to play a lot of badminton.

The cork pops and the champagne comes gushing out.

Cont.

39 Cont.13

RICHARD

Quick, quick! The glasses!

She runs for the glasses. Meanwhile he thrusts the index finger of his left hand into the bottle to check the flow. She scurries back with the glasses.

THE GIRL

Okay - pour it!

He tries to get his finger out of the bottle, but he finds he can't. He tries harder.

RICHARD

(with a nervous laugh)

It seems to be stuck...

THE GIRL

That's silly! Just give it a good yank!

He gives it a good yank. Nothing happens.

RICHARD

This never happened before. It must be the vacuum...the suction of the bubbles creates a vacuum...and...

THE GIRL

Here, let me see if I can do it.

She takes hold of the bottle to pull it off his finger and suddenly notices his wedding ring.

THE GIRL

Oh, you're married!

RICHARD

Yes, I am...

THE GIRL

I knew it! I could tell. You look married!

RICHARD

Actually - my wife and I are separated...

THE GIRL

(sympathetically)

Ohhhh!

RICHARD

What I mean is - separated...in the sense that...well...she went away for the summer.

39 Cont.14

THE GIRL

(pulling on the
bottle)

Oh. Any children?

RICHARD

Children? No. No children...

(conscience
getting to him)Well, just one...little one...very
little...hardly counts...(indicating finger
in bottle)It's cold in there...awfully cold.
Finger's getting numb...

THE GIRL

I could call the plumber. He's very
good at getting things out of things.

RICHARD

No - no - let's keep the plumber out
of it...To get more leverage, she puts her foot on his stomach
and starts to pull.

RICHARD

Careful...I had my appendix out last
year...

THE GIRL

Hold onto the door now! Here we go!She gives a mighty yank and the bottle finally comes off.
She begins to pour the champagne.

RICHARD

Are you sure you want to waste your
champagne...now that you know that
I'm...(he indicates the
wedding ring)

THE GIRL

Oh, I think it's just wonderful that
you're married! I think it's elegant!

RICHARD

You do?

Cont.

THE GIRL

Of course! I mean I certainly wouldn't be alone with some man in his apartment in the middle of the night drinking champagne if he wasn't married!

RICHARD

(slowly)

That's a very interesting line of reasoning.

THE GIRL

Sure! With a married man, it's all so simple - I mean it can't possibly get drastic...Have a potato chip!

RICHARD

Drastic?...In what sense can't it possibly get drastic?

THE GIRL

Well, you may not believe this, but people keep falling desperately in love with me...

RICHARD

I believe it.

THE GIRL

Then suddenly they get this strange idea in their heads...

RICHARD

I believe that too.

THE GIRL

Yes, they start asking me to marry them...all the time. I don't know why they do it.

RICHARD

I think maybe it's a kind of nervousness.

THE GIRL

Maybe. All I know is, I don't want to get married. Not yet, anyway. Getting married - that would be worse than living at the club! Then I'd have to start getting in by one o'clock again.

Cont.

39 Cont.16

RICHARD

Very true. You probably would.
At least occasionally.

THE GIRL

That's the wonderful part about
being with a married man. No matter
what happens, he can't possibly ask
you to marry him. Because he's mar-
ried already. Right?

RICHARD

Right. And you certainly don't have
to worry about me. I'm a married man.
Oh, am I ever a married man. I am
probably the most married man you
will ever know. And I give you my
solemn promise - I will never under
any circumstances ask you to marry me...
come what may!

(pause)

Well, how about some music?

THE GIRL

Fine.

He goes to the phonograph and begins to look through the
records.

RICHARD

(so innocently)

Let's see...let's see what we've got
here...Debussy...Ravel...Stravinsky...
hey - how about this one -

Rachmaninoff! The Second Piano
Concerto!

You look to me like a big Rachmaninoff-
girl!

THE GIRL

I do? That's funny. Because I don't
know anything about music.

RICHARD

(putting on the
record)

You don't have to know anything about
music. Just listen to it, that's all.

Richard watches her closely, waiting for Rachmaninoff to
take effect.

Cont.

39 Cont.17

THE GIRL

This is what they call classical music, isn't it?

RICHARD

Yes.

THE GIRL

(brightly)

I could tell - because there's no vocal.

RICHARD

(puts his finger to his lips)

Shh...don't talk...don't fight it... relax...go limp...let it sweep over you!

She lets it sweep over her for a moment or two.

THE GIRL

You know, I've just got the biggest thing for Eddie Fisher.

RICHARD

Very frequently people go all to pieces listening to this.

THE GIRL

No kidding?

RICHARD

Yes. It quakes them...it shakes them...it makes them goose-pimplly all over.

She dunks a potato chip in her glass of champagne and tastes it.

THE GIRL

Hey, did you ever dunk a potato chip in champagne? It's real crazy. Here, let me fix one for you...

She dunks another potato chip, brings it over and puts it in his mouth.

THE GIRL

Isn't it crazy?

RICHARD

(munching potato chip)

Yeah...pretty crazy...Maybe we better send Rachmaninoff to the showers.

Cont.

39 Cont.18

RICHARD (Cont.)

(he shuts off the
phonograph)I'm afraid this wasn't such a good
idea...

THE GIRL

Don't worry! Everything is fine!
A married man...air conditioning...
champagne and potato chips...it's
just a wonderful party!She twirls around the room past the bookcase. Something
catches her eye.

THE GIRL

Hey, look! You've got U.S. CAMERA!

RICHARD

I do? How about that...I've got
U.S. CAMERA...

THE GIRL

(taking it down)

I bet I bought a dozen copies of
this. But I don't have a single
one left. Boys and people used to
keep stealing 'em.

RICHARD

Why would they do a thing like that?

THE GIRL

(finding the place)

That's me. Right there on the beach.

(they study the picture)

My hair was a little longer then, did
you notice?

RICHARD

No, actually - I didn't.

(long pause)

Let me ask you something...when
they took this picture...I mean
there must have been some passers-
by...I mean some other people
around...I mean how did they keep
the crowd back?

THE GIRL

Oh, it was taken very early in the
morning. Nobody was even up yet.
Except -

Cont.

39 Cont.19

THE GIRL (Cont.)

(pointing at a corner
of the picture)- you see this shadow right over
here?

RICHARD

What is it - a sea gull?

THE GIRL

No. The Coast Guard helicopter.
He kept buzzing the beach. Maybe
you'd like me to autograph this
before I leave. People keep
asking me to.

RICHARD

Sure. Sure. But you're not leav-
ing yet, are you?

(he puts the book down)

How about some more champagne?

THE GIRL

Love some. And we should have
some music, though...do you play
the piano?

RICHARD

Well, not really...not any more...
I used to...just a little...as a
child...

THE GIRL

Go ahead. Play something.

RICHARD

Well, all right.

He goes to the piano and sits down.

RICHARD

Let's see if I remember this.
It's a little tricky.

He starts to play Chopsticks.

THE GIRL

Hey, Chopsticks! I can play that
too! Shove over!She sits next to him at the piano bench and they play
Chopsticks four-handed. She squeals with delight as
they play on. They play faster and faster until finally
they are racing each other.

Cont.

39 Cont.20

THE GIRL

I don't know about Rachmaninoff
with that 'shakes you and quakes
you' stuff...but this really gets
me!

RICHARD

It does?

THE GIRL

And how! I can feel the goose-
pimples!

He looks at her intently. His fingers slow down and
his face begins to take on the expression of the Dream
Bubble Lover.

THE GIRL

Don't stop! Don't stop!

He does stop. He looks at her. His nostrils flare.

THE GIRL

Why did you stop?

RICHARD

(the lover)

You know why!

THE GIRL

Why?

RICHARD

Because. Because now I'm going to
take you in my arms and kiss you -
very quickly and very hard!

He reaches over and takes her in his arms.

THE GIRL

Hey, wait a minute!

There is a short skirmish. He loses his balance and
still holding onto her, both topple off the bench and
land on the floor in a tangle of arms and legs.

THE GIRL

What happened? I kind of lost
track...

RICHARD

I don't know. This is terrible.
And there's nothing I can say...
except that I'm...terribly sorry.
Nothing like this has ever happened
to me before in my life.

39 Cont.21

THE GIRL

Honest? It happens to me all the time.

By this time he has scrambled to his feet and is helping her up.

RICHARD

It is unforgivable. The only possible excuse is that I'm not myself tonight. So maybe it would be better if you would just...go!

THE GIRL

Why? You're being silly!

RICHARD

Please go! I must insist!

THE GIRL

All right. If that's what you want.

RICHARD

Go. Take your potato chips and go!

She picks up the potato chips, goes to the door and opens it.

THE GIRL

Good night. I think you're very nice!

RICHARD

(tersely)

Good night!

She closes the door behind her. He is alone. He stands there dazed, completely motionless. Then, suddenly his thumb begins to twitch. He brings his hand up to observe his twitching thumb more closely.

RICHARD

Nice? You're not nice...you're crazy, that's what you are..!
You're running amok. Helen is gone for one day and you're running amok!
Smoking...drinking...picking up girls...
playing Chopsticks! You're not going to live through the summer...not like this you're not!

Cont.

39 Cont.22

He steps to the mirror and studies himself.

RICHARD

Look at those bloodshot eyes...
Look at that face...ravaged...
dissipated...evil! One of these
mornings you're going to look in
the mirror and that's all,
brother...THE PORTRAIT OF DORIAN
GRAY!

He stands there staring at himself. To his horror, his
image slowly becomes ravaged...dissipated...evil - THE
PORTRAIT OF DORIAN SHERMAN.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

40

EXT. BRADY & COMPANY BUILDING - DAY

It is the next morning and it looks like another scorcher. Richard, with straw hat and brief case, comes down the street toward the building. He starts through the door, pauses to inspect his face in the shiny brass BRADY & COMPANY plaque. He looks tense and haggard from a sleepless night, but not quite Dorian Gray yet. Thus reassured, he goes on into the building.

DISSOLVE TO:

41

THE OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Four secretaries at work. Among them, Miss Morris. Richard passes the desks swiftly, trying to get to his own office as inconspicuously as possible. His secretary catches him.

MISS MORRIS

Good morning, Mr. Sherman.

RICHARD

Good morning, Miss Morris. Mr. Brady get in yet?

MISS MORRIS

Oh, yes, Mr. Sherman. He was in bright and early.

RICHARD

I want to see him.
(handing her his brief
case and hat)
Put this on my desk, please.

MISS MORRIS

All righty. Would you like me to send down for some coffee, Mr. Sherman...and maybe a nice jelly doughnut?

RICHARD

No, thank you, Miss Morris.

He is crossing toward a door marked PHILIP H. BRADY, PRESIDENT.

MISS MORRIS

I just thought maybe you hadn't had any breakfast - with the family away and everything...

Cont.

41 Cont.

RICHARD

(with dignity)

I am perfectly capable of fixing my own breakfast, Miss Morris. As a matter of fact, I had a peanut butter sandwich and two whiskey sours.

He knocks on Mr. Brady's door and enters.

42

MR. BRADY'S OFFICE - DAY

The President, in his pants and undershirt, stands before a small basin, his face covered with lather, shaving himself with an old-fashioned straight razor. Considering the hour of the day and the temperature, Mr. Brady is repulsively jovial.

Richard edges into the room.

RICHARD

Mr. Brady...

MR. BRADY

Oh, Sherman. Come in. What is it?

RICHARD

Mr. Brady, I have been with this company for many years and I have never asked for a favor. But I am going to ask for a favor now.

MR. BRADY

You had a raise in February.

RICHARD

I'm not talking about money, Mr. Brady. This is much more important than money. I want two weeks off. My wife and young son are in the country...and I want to join them...

MR. BRADY

Impossible, Sherman. This is our busy season. We're preparing the fall list.

RICHARD

I'm very tense, Mr. Brady, and upset. I'm on the verge of some kind of a nervous breakdown or something. And I thought if I could just get back with my wife...

42 Cont.

MR. BRADY

How long have you been married,
Sherman?

RICHARD

Seven years, Mr. Brady.

MR. BRADY

Wait till you've been married as long as I have - you'll be delighted to get rid of them for the summer. Take me - shipped Mrs. Brady and the kids off to Nantucket yesterday afternoon and I haven't been to bed since. Drank bourbon, smoked cigars and played poker with the boys till quarter of nine this morning. Came directly to the office. Never felt better in my life. Matter of fact, I may not go to bed at all till the family gets back in September.

RICHARD

If I stay here in New York alone, Mr. Brady - there is a very good chance that I will not live to see September.

MR. BRADY

That's ridiculous, Sherman. You're just a little lonely. I'll take care of you. How about the two of us teaming up tonight? See if we can get lucky. And it doesn't have to be just poker, either! We'll cut loose and have us a real hootnanny!

RICHARD

It's very kind of you, Mr. Brady...but I don't think...I mean, I'm really not up to...no hootnannies...no...no...no...

MR. BRADY

Suit yourself, Sherman. And while you're here, one more thing. I've been thinking about the fall list and I came up with a little notion. What would you think of a twenty-five cent reprint of THE PORTRAIT OF DORIAN GRAY?

RICHARD

(paling)
...THE PORTRAIT OF DORIAN GRAY?

42 Cont.1

MR. BRADY

It's a natural, Sherman. Look what we give them for their quarter: Vice, lust and corruption - the story of a young man - on the surface, clear-eyed and healthy like you, Sherman. But underneath, dry-rot - the termites of sin and depravity gnawing at his soul! How does it strike you, Sherman? Do you feel it?

Mr. Brady has been shaving throughout this blurb. He does not see that a distraught Richard has been backing slowly toward the door and out of the office.

43 THE OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Richard slinks out of Mr. Brady's office, closes the door quietly and heads for his own office. Passing Miss Morris, he sees a pack of cigarettes on her desk.

RICHARD

May I steal one?

MISS MORRIS

Help yourself. Dr. Brubaker just called. He'll be here at five-thirty sharp.

RICHARD

Five-thirty sharp. Good. Give me a chance to finish his miserable book. Call the Art Department and have Peterson rough in a cover with the new title.

He starts toward his office, almost puts the cigarette in his mouth. He reconsiders.

RICHARD

I better not.

He goes back to Miss Morris' desk and neatly puts the cigarette back in the pack. He walks swiftly into his office.

44 RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Richard enters. He takes off his coat, opens his brief case and takes out the Brubaker script, seats himself behind the desk. During all this, he is grumbling to himself.

44 Cont.

RICHARD
 OF MAN AND THE UNCONSCIOUS...I
 don't know why every psychiatrist
 in America feels he has to write
 a book. You're lying there on
 the couch pouring your soul out
 at fifty dollars an hour, and the
 psychiatrist is sitting behind you
 with plugs in his ears...writing
 a book.

He has opened the manuscript to his place and starts reading.

RICHARD
 'Chapter Three. The Repressed
 Urge in Middle-Aged Male: Its
 Roots and Its Consequences.'

He skims rapidly through the chapter.

RICHARD
 Dull, dull, dull, dull, dull...
 'Chapter Six. The Brubaker-
 Steichel Theory of the Sporadic
 Infidelity Pattern in the Married
 Male or The Seven Year Itch!'

For some reason, he finds this less dull and begins to read.

RICHARD
 'A thorough study of eighteen
 thousand marriages, conducted by
 Dr. Steichel and myself, leads
 us to believe that the Urge-Curve
 in the middle-aged husband rises
 sharply during the seventh year of
 marriage. Dr. Steichel, equally
 well known as a raconteur and wit,
 refers to this phenomenon somewhat
 humorously as THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH.
 However, far from being humorous,
 this unfortunate urge which strikes
 84.6 per cent of the married male
 population rises to an alarming
 91.8 during the summer months...'

Tiny beads of sweat have broken out on Richard's forehead. He rises and rushes out into -

45 THE OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Richard heads straight to Miss Morris' desk and takes back the cigarette.

45 Cont.

RICHARD
 (forcing a smile)
 Changed my mind.

He darts back to -

46 RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

He lights the cigarette and takes a couple of deep inhales and then continues reading, panic creeping into his voice.

RICHARD
 'Case History A: Gustaf Meyerheim,
 the Mad Lover of Leipzig.

'A rather extreme, but by no means a typical case of THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH occurred in Leipzig, Germany, in the year 1912. Gustaf Meyerheim, a middle-aged businessman, happily married for seven years, suddenly and to the intense horror of the entire female population of Leipzig...'

He grinds out his cigarette and continues to read to himself, mumbling unintelligibly. He is badly shaken. Suddenly he gets up, dashes out of the office and returns a moment later, carrying the whole pack of Miss Morris' cigarettes. He lights one, sits down and resumes reading.

RICHARD
 '...and was finally apprehended working as a second gardener in a girls' finishing school in the town of Breslau - a ravaged, dissipated, broken man at the age of forty-one.'

Richard's eyes pop as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

47 THE OUTER OFFICE - DAY

start on electric clock above entrance door. It is 5:15. Pan down as Dr. Brubaker enters briskly. He is a round, somewhat messy, imperious man in his middle fifties. He is perspiring profusely in his dark, heavy suit and black velour hat. He carries a batch of scientific periodicals under his arm.

Cont.

47 Cont.

DR. BRUBAKER

I am Dr. Brubaker. To see Mr. Sherman.

MISS MORRIS

Good afternoon, Doctor.

(glancing at
the clock)You're a little early...fifteen
minutes.

DR. BRUBAKER

I know. My three o'clock patient
jumped out of the window in the middle
of his session, so I've been running
fifteen minutes ahead of schedule ever
since. Which is the door?

MISS MORRIS

(pointing at
Richard's door)

That one.

She looks after Dr. Brubaker with alarm as he sails into -

48

RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is smoky. Scattered on the desk is the
Brubaker manuscript, an empty coffee container and the
remnants of a sandwich.Richard stands at the window, his hands behind his back,
his thumb twitching.

Brubaker enters.

BRUBAKER

Good afternoon, Mr. Sherman.

RICHARD

(wheeling around)

Oh, Dr. Brubaker...

BRUBAKER

I see you've been working on my little
book...OF MAN AND THE UNCONSCIOUS...

RICHARD

Yes! It's a wonderful book, Doctor...
very important...it has something in
it for everyone...

BRUBAKER

I think so.

Cont.

48 Cont.

RICHARD

You'll be happy to know, Doctor, that we're giving it a big promotion...the full treatment. Two months from today, you'll see this cover in every drugstore in America.

He picks up a large cover design which has been leaning, face in, against the wall. He shows it proudly to Dr. Brubaker. The title now reads OF SEX AND VIOLENCE by DR. LUDWIG BRUBAKER. The illustration depicts a wild-eyed man terrorizing a young and luscious girl. For some reason or other, she wears a negligee although the background is a Leipzig street in broad daylight.

BRUBAKER

(stunned)

OF SEX AND VIOLENCE...?!

RICHARD

Well, we had to soup up the title a little...

BRUBAKER

(pointing at the illustration)

And what, may I ask, sir, is this supposed to represent?

RICHARD

It represents Gustaf Meyerheim... you remember...The Mad Lover of Leipzig...terrorizing one of his victims...Isn't that just sensational?

BRUBAKER

May I remind you, sir, that Gustaf Meyerheim was a very small man with a large red beard.

RICHARD

Doctor, you're quibbling. Nobody knows that.

BRUBAKER

They know it in Leipzig! And furthermore, sir, let me point out that all of Meyerheim's victims were middle-aged women...

Cont.

48 Cont.1

RICHARD

Now really, Doctor, don't you think it's much more effective to show a man terrorizing a young and beautiful girl...sales-wise, I mean?

BRUBAKER

Mr. Sherman, I am not a salesman. I am a scientist. A doctor. I heal sick minds. I try, in my small way, to root out the insecurities, neuroses, inner tensions...

He has been watching, with professional interest, the twitch in Richard's thumb.

RICHARD

What is it, Doctor...what are you looking at?

BRUBAKER

Nothing...nothing...

They both stare with great interest at Richard's thumb, which continues to twitch as if it had a life of its own.

RICHARD

Does that mean something, Doctor?

BRUBAKER

Not necessarily...although we do regard the thumb as something of a barometer...a weather vane...telling us which way the emotional wind is blowing...

RICHARD

(in rising alarm)

You really think...?

BRUBAKER

Oh, nothing serious...a storm warning, perhaps...dark clouds gathering on the psychic horizon...

RICHARD

That's preposterous! A little twitch in the thumb...a nerve or a muscle, probably...and you psychiatrists start making a federal case out of it...Of all the ridiculous...Tell me, Doctor, are you very expensive?

Cont.

48 Cont.2

BRUBAKER

Very.

RICHARD

I'm sure you occasionally make exceptions...

BRUBAKER

Never.

RICHARD

I mean, once in a while a case must come along that really interests you...

BRUBAKER

At fifty dollars an hour, all my cases interest me.

RICHARD

I mean, if you should run into something really spectacular. For instance, another Gustaf Meyerheim... You wouldn't believe this, Doctor, but last night I found myself...terrorizing a young lady...

BRUBAKER

That could, of course, account for the thumb.

RICHARD

Actually, it wasn't that bad. I'm exaggerating. I just made a little Boo-Boo...

BRUBAKER

Psychoanalysis does not recognize the Boo-Boo as such. Everything we do has its roots in the unconscious.

He seats himself in a chair at one end of the couch, takes out a small notebook and pencil.

RICHARD

Believe me, Doctor, I was completely conscious. I told her to go! I told her to take her potato chips and go!

BRUBAKER

(writing)

Po-ta-to chips.

Richard throws himself onto the couch, and the session is on.

Cont.

48 Cont.3

RICHARD

Doctor, I'm in terrible trouble!
I'm married!

BRUBAKER

So far, absolutely normal.

RICHARD

I've been married for seven years...
and I'm afraid I'm coming down with
what you and Dr. Steichel call The
Seven Year Itch...What am I going to
do?

BRUBAKER

When something itches, my dear sir,
the natural tendency is to scratch.

RICHARD

I scratched last night...You see...
there was this young lady...then sud-
denly everything went black and I...
terrorized her...that is, I attempted
to terrorize her...

BRUBAKER

From the way you phrase it, I assume
the attempt was unsuccessful.

RICHARD

Oh, definitely. All I did was knock
us both off the piano bench...

BRUBAKER

Let me understand this - you attempted
to terrorize a young lady on a...piano
bench?

RICHARD

Yes.

BRUBAKER

And on whose person was this obviously
maladroit attempt committed?

Richard jumps up, goes to brief case and takes out copy
of U.S. CAMERA.

RICHARD

I brought this with me. I didn't
want to leave it lying around the
house.

Cont.

48 Cont.4

He opens book to the picture and shows it to the Doctor.
They both study it for a moment.

RICHARD

That's her. Her hair was a little longer then. It's called TEXTURES. Because you can see the three different textures: the driftwood...the sand...and her...It got Honorable Mention!

BRUBAKER

Splendid...I congratulate you on your good taste...Interesting driftwood formation too...

(tearing himself away
from the photograph)

However, you ask for my advice. I give it to you. Do not attempt it again.

(he re-examines the
picture, then -)

If you should, however, give yourself plenty of room to work in. In any case, do not attempt it precariously balanced on a piano bench. Such an attempt is doomed from the start.

RICHARD

Look, Doctor, I love my wife!

BRUBAKER

Don't we all?

(a professional
glance at his watch)

I see your time is up. If you find that you are in need of any further analysis...

RICHARD

I'm desperate, Doctor!

BRUBAKER

...simply call my office. The nurse will arrange an appointment. As for my book, we will resume our discussion at such time as your...

(he wiggles his thumb)

...has subsided.

RICHARD

Suppose this girl tells somebody about this...! Oh, if she tells anybody about this - I'll kill her! I'll kill her with my bare hands!

Cont.

48 Cont.5

BRUBAKER

(at the door)

A possible solution. However, I submit that murder is the most difficult of all crimes to commit successfully. Therefore, until you are able to commit a simple act of terror - I would strongly advise you to avoid anything so complex as murder. One must learn to walk before one can run. Thank you and goodbye.

He exits briskly. Richard is left alone. He is in a state of panic.

RICHARD

Maybe I shouldn't kill her. Maybe I should just call her...beg her not to tell anybody...plead with her...reason with...No good! How can you possibly reason with a girl who keeps her underwear in the icebox!

He slumps in a chair, looks for a cigarette. The pack is empty. He selects one of the longer butts from the ash tray and lights the butt.

RICHARD

I'm in big trouble! I know girls like her - they just can't keep their mouths shut. This is going to be all over New York! I bet right this minute she's telling somebody about it...ya-ta-ta, ya-ta-ta, ya-ta-ta...

As he sits in the chair, a desperate man, there appears on the other side of the screen -

49

DREAM BUBBLE (5) - THE GIRL'S BATHROOM - DAY

The Girl is in the bathtub taking a bubble bath. Only her head and shoulders and one foot can be seen. Her toe is stuck in the faucet. An elderly, shriveled Plumber in overalls is trying to free her toe, working on the faucet with a large monkey wrench.

THE GIRL

So he lured me down to his apartment
...he made me sit on the piano bench
...he made me play Chopsticks...then
suddenly he turned on me...his eyes
were bulging...he was frothing at the
mouth...he was just like THE CREATURE
FROM THE BLACK LAGOON...

50

RICHARD - IN HIS OFFICE CHAIR - DAY

He is watching The Girl and the Plumber. He is in agony.

RICHARD

I knew it! I knew it! That's how
these stories get started! Big
blabber-mouth!

The Girl-Plumber Bubble disappears. But there is a new
one now -

51

DREAM BUBBLE (6) - INT. VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

The restaurant is crowded. Start on Our Plumber. He
is seated at a table eating yogurt and stewed rhubarb.
He is talking to the Waitress.

PLUMBER

(dishing the dirt)

...so then he lured her down to his
apartment, pretended he wasn't
married, forced her to sit on the
piano bench and...

WAITRESS

(her eyes bulging)

I know him very well. He had dinner
here only last night. Two hundred
and sixty calories.

PLUMBER

...so as I was saying, he forced her
to sit on the piano bench - and then
do you know what he did? He made
her play Chopsticks for him!

With a gasp of shock, the Waitress rushes to the next
table and begins to whisper the gory details she just
heard. The camera pans around the restaurant. The room
buzzes with health-food addicts discussing this outrage.
Out of the buzz we can pick out an occasional word or
two: "Grabbed her" - "Piano bench" - "Chopsticks." The
Waitress is now telling the story to her colleague, an
elderly woman with a hearing aid, who is seated behind
the cash register.

FIRST WAITRESS

...then, once he had her on the piano
bench, he made her play Chopsticks!

SECOND WAITRESS

Chopsticks? What's Chopsticks?

The First Waitress pantomimes Chopsticks and hums the tune.

SECOND WAITRESS

Why, that dirty old man!

52 RICHARD - IN HIS OFFICE CHAIR - DAY

RICHARD

(grimly)

The word is spreading...it's like
jungle drums! Everybody knows about
it! Everybody's talking about it!

And there is a new bubble again -

53 DREAM BUBBLE (7) - THE YANKEE STADIUM - DAY

A game is in progress, the Stadium packed to the rafters.
The Pitcher (say, Lopat) pitches a ball. The Catcher
(Berra) calls time and walks to the mound, taking off his
mask and rubbing the ball. On the mound there is a short
conference. The camera moves in close so we can hear the
conversation.

BERRA

...the old lady's gone to the country,
see - and he's got this dame on the
piano bench, see...and all of a sudden,
he grabs her...

LOPAT

No kidding?

BERRA

I feel kinda sorry for him. The
poor guy's got The Seven Year Itch!

UMPIRE

(who has joined the group)

I heard about it in the Vegetarian
Restaurant. Anybody know who the
poor girl was?

BERRA

I don't know her name - but she's on
the Dazzledent Program. The one with
the crazy teeth...on television..!

54 RICHARD - IN HIS OFFICE CHAIR - DAY

He is bathed in sweat. He jumps out of the chair.

RICHARD

Television! I forgot she's on
television!

The Baseball Bubble bursts.

RICHARD

Forty million television sets in
America...and now, with the coaxial
cable...

As he stares off in horror, there materializes -

55

DREAM BUBBLE (8) TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Television cameras pointing at The Girl. She is doing her commercial.

THE GIRL

I had onions at lunch. I had garlic dressing at dinner. But he'll never know...because I stay kissing-sweet the new Dazzledent way. And at this time...

The camera moves in close until her face fills the bubble.

THE GIRL

...while I have your attention, I would like to warn all you girls and women in New York about an evil, dangerous, perfectly dreadful married man who lives downstairs in my building...

The camera pulls back and The Girl's face is now on a small portable television set. The set is resting on a sunny lake shore. Ricky, Richard's son, is glued to it. In the background Helen is setting up a picnic.

THE GIRL

...his name is Sherman. Richard Sherman.

(spelling it)

S-H-E-R-M-A-N. While his lovely wife and son are in New Hampshire for the summer, this monstrous man is terrorizing...

RICKY

(calling off)

Mommy! Mommy! Come quick! They're talking about daddy on television..!

Helen drops the plate and rushes to the television set.

56

RICHARD - IN HIS OFFICE - DAY

He can't stand it any more. He smashes his fist on the top of the desk. The bubble bursts.

RICHARD

Well, I might as well face it. She knows everything. She knows. She knows. She knows.

Then again, maybe she doesn't. Maybe there isn't even any television way up there in New Hampshire...

Cont.

56 Cont.

RICHARD (Cont.)

I can't go on torturing myself like this! Why don't I call Helen on the phone? If I just called her...why the minute I heard her voice, I could tell if she knew anything.

All right. I'll call her.

With a tremendous effort, he makes himself pick up the phone and dial the long distance operator.

RICHARD

Long distance? I want to talk to Peterborough, New Hampshire.

(glancing at the desk pad for the number)

Peterborough 4-2831-J. Yeah.

What's taking so long? Maybe the line is busy. Maybe she's talking to the lawyers already.

Hello? Hello, Helen? Who? Who is this? I want to talk to Mrs. Richard Sherman. Who is this, anyway? Oh... the baby sitter! Look, this is Mr. Sherman, Where is Mrs. Sherman? What do you mean, she's out on a hay ride? With whom is she out on a hay ride? Mr. MacKenzie and some people? What people?

She did leave a message for me? What was the message?

(relaxing)

Oh. Oh. Ricky's paddle! No, I forgot...something came up...but tell her I'll send it...the first thing in the morning!

(tense again)

Look, I want to ask you something. How did Mrs. Sherman seem? I mean... did she seem upset in any way? Like she'd heard some bad news maybe?

(relaxing again)

Just about the paddle? Fine... fine! Tell Mrs. Sherman I'll send the paddle tomorrow. Good night. Good night!

Cont.

56 Cont.1

He hangs up the phone, lets go with a mighty sigh of relief. The door opens and Miss Morris comes in.

MISS MORRIS

Mr. Sherman?

RICHARD

(gaily)

Yes, Miss Morris? What can I do for you, Miss Morris?

MISS MORRIS

It's five after six, Mr. Sherman. I just wondered if you'll be needing me any more today?

RICHARD

(high as a kite)

No, Miss Morris, no! We've come to the end of a perfect day. Let us go home now and enjoy the simple things in life...the good things...the real things...the laughter of a child... a distant church bell...a flight of swallows winging their way back to Capistrano! Life can be beautiful, Miss Morris.

MISS MORRIS

(somewhat baffled)

Are you all right, Mr. Sherman? You seemed so tense all day.

RICHARD

Me, tense? I'm just fine and dandy!
(putting on his
coat and his hat)

Don't worry about me, Miss Morris. I shall go home...take a shower... poach myself an egg...rinse out my orlon shirt...and crawl into my clean white bed for a night of untroubled slumber...So, don't worry about me, Miss Morris...I'm fine and dandy.

Singing FINE AND DANDY, he off-to-Buffalo's out of the office. Miss Morris looks after him, bewildered.

DISSOLVE TO:

57

EXT. SHERMAN APARTMENT HOUSE - EVENING, BUT NOT YET DARK

Richard comes down the street, whistling FINE AND DANDY. He is still dancing a little as he starts up the stoop. Suddenly he is stopped by -

THE GIRL'S VOICE

Hi!

Richard looks up. The girl stands IN THE WINDOW OF HER APARTMENT, working a hand dryer on her hair.

RICHARD

(suddenly very formal)

Good evening.

THE GIRL

(big news)

I just washed my hair.

RICHARD

That's nice.

(he tips hat)

Goodbye.

He opens the door and ducks quickly into the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

58

INT. SHERMAN APARTMENT - EVENING

Richard enters the apartment and closes the door firmly behind him.

RICHARD

Oh, no. Not tonight, Josephine. Got away with it once - why press my luck!

Humming FINE AND DANDY, he takes off hat, coat, tie, and unbuttoning his shirt he wanders into -

59

THE BEDROOM - EVENING

He kicks off his shoes.

RICHARD

It's going to be Quietsville around here tonight, I promise you that. Take a shower, poach an egg, rinse out a shirt, hit the sack and that's all.

He is taking off his clothes.

59 Cont.

RICHARD

If she was washing her hair for me...
is she kidding?!

DISSOLVE TO:

60 THE BATHROOM - EVENING

Richard stands under the shower, the cool water cascading off his head and shoulders. He is soaping himself and humming exuberantly FINE AND DANDY.

RICHARD

(improvising lyrics)

Fine and dandy...I'm fine and dandy...
everything is fine and dandy...Ricky
is fine and dandy...Helen is fine and
dandy...

Oh, Helen...what a wife! How lucky
can you get? I'm so glad she's hav-
ing a good time up there...people to
go out with...take her on hay rides
...gee...

(those doubts again)

One thing I can't figure out, though
...what is she doing on a hay ride
with Tom MacKenzie? I wish she
wouldn't hang around with people
like him!

A man like Tom MacKenzie is perfectly
capable of making a pass at her. And
she'll probably like it. She's getting
older. She's used to me. In many
ways, I'm probably very dull. And
Tom MacKenzie's a writer. Well; he
happens to be a lousy writer. That
last book of his! All that inwardly,
downwardly, pulsating, and afterwards
her hair spilled across the pillow
malarkey!

No woman is safe around a guy who
writes stuff like that. Especially
not on a hay ride!

By now Richard is oblivious to the water coming down on
his head. His imagination is off and running and there
appears -

61 DREAM BUBBLE (9) - MOON-DRENCHED NEW HAMPSHIRE LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

Down a sleepy lane rolls an enormous hay wagon, drawn by a pair of horses. Nestled in the hay are just two people: Helen and Tom MacKenzie. She rests her head on his arm as they both stare dreamily upward at the incurious stars.

Tom leans over to kiss her. She draws away.

HELEN

No, Tom, please! The other people...

TOM

I have a confession to make...Look around!

HELEN

(looking around,
then with slight
alarm)

There are no other people!

TOM

Don't be angry.

HELEN

I should be...

Again he tries to kiss her.

HELEN

Tom, what about the driver?

TOM

There is no driver.

HELEN

No driver?

She looks down. The driver's seat is empty, the reins are tied.

TOM

I thought of everything. Even the horses are wearing blinkers!

HELEN

Oh, Tom, you swine. You scheming, relentless, adorable swine!

TOM

(seizing her by
the shoulders)

Helen, darling, has anybody ever told you that you're a very beautiful woman?

61 Cont.

HELEN

No. Not recently, anyway.

TOM

But surely Richard...

HELEN

Richard? He is getting older...he rather takes me for granted now.

TOM

That blind, utter fool!

He kisses her fiercely. She pushes him away.

HELEN

No, Tom, please. I'm afraid.

TOM

Afraid? Of me?

HELEN

(her lips are
ice cold)No. Of me.

TOM

(his vocal chords
, throbbing)Oh, darling! Inwardly, downwardly,
pulsating, striving, now together,
ending and unending, now, NOW, NOW!

62 RICHARD - UNDER THE SHOWER - EVENING

watching the Hay Ride Bubble, bug-eyed.

RICHARD

What a cornball!

The bubble bursts.

RICHARD

Okay, good luck! If that's the way
you want to play it...I can play it
like that too! No holds barred!Dripping wet, he jumps out of the shower, grabs a towel
and dashes into -

63 THE BEDROOM - EVENING

Towel wrapped around him, he races out into -

64 THE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

With great purpose, he dashes to the telephone, grabs the phone book and thumbs quickly through it.

RICHARD

Kaufman, Kaufman, Kaufman...

(he finds number,
dials and waits)

Hi! This is Gustaf Meyerheim...I mean
this is Richard Sherman.

(with great charm)

Did you know you left your tomato
plant down here last night? I'd be
glad to bring it up...or maybe if
you'd like to have dinner...and then
maybe go to an air-conditioned movie...

DISSOLVE TO:

65 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD MOVIE HOUSE - NIGHT

The marquee says THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON. The late show is over and the last die-hard fans are leaving the theatre, among them Richard and The Girl. Richard wears a bow tie and is very jaunty. She takes his arm and they walk slowly down the dark, empty street.

THE GIRL

Didn't you love the picture? I did.
But I just felt so sorry for the
Creature...at the end.

RICHARD

Sorry for the Creature? What did
you want him - to marry the girl?

THE GIRL

He was kind of scary looking, but he
wasn't really all bad. I think he
just craved a little affection...you
know...a sense of being loved and
needed and wanted...

RICHARD

That's a very interesting point of
view.

(changing the
subject)

Well - what do you think would be
fun to do now?

THE GIRL

I don't know. It's pretty late.

Cont.

65 Cont.

RICHARD

It's not that late.

THE GIRL

The thing is - I have a big day tomorrow. I really have to get to sleep.

They have walked onto a grilled section of the sidewalk. Underneath a subway train roars by. The breeze from it billows her skirt a little. She stops.

THE GIRL

Do you feel the breeze from the subway? Isn't it delicious?

RICHARD

It sort of cools the ankles. Now, what's the big day you have tomorrow?

THE GIRL

Tomorrow I'm on television. You remember, I told you about it...the Dazzledent Hour!

Another train thunders underneath, stirring up another breeze.

THE GIRL

Oh, here comes another one! This is even cooler...must be an express. Don't you wish you had a skirt? I feel so sorry for you with those hot pants.

He stands there for a moment, watching her, planning his next move.

RICHARD

(thoughtfully)

Dazzledent Toothpaste...it's funny... you know I don't think I've ever tried it.

THE GIRL

Oh, you should! It's excellent toothpaste.

RICHARD

Is it?

THE GIRL

Oh yes, I use it myself.

RICHARD

Then you do recommend it? I mean, off the record...between friends.

65 Cont.1

THE GIRL

Definitely. It costs just a few pennies more than ordinary toothpaste, but a recent survey shows that eight out of ten oral hygienists -

RICHARD

Now you sound like a commercial again. If I believed every commercial I heard -

THE GIRL

You can believe this one. Every word of it.

RICHARD

What's that you say on the program? '...he'll never know, because I stay kissing sweet the new Dazzledent way...!' Now, really!

THE GIRL

It's true! I'll prove it to you...

She kisses him.

THE GIRL

Well?

RICHARD

My faith in the integrity of American advertising is somewhat restored.

THE GIRL

You see!

RICHARD

However...before I abandon Dr. Lyons Tooth Powder forever, I would like to make absolutely certain.

He kisses her.

RICHARD

Now look, we don't want to stand here for the rest of the night...why don't we go have a drink in some quiet bar?

THE GIRL

Gee, I'd love to. But with the show and everything tomorrow, I think you'd better take me home.

Cont.

65 Cont.2

RICHARD

All right, I'll take you home. Take myself home, too. After all...it's the same address. Let's go.

THE GIRL

In just a minute. Let's wait for another train. Just one more - for the road.

Another train rumbles beneath them, billowing her skirt as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

66

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SHERMAN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Richard and The Girl come in from the street. She is damp and uncomfortable and is fanning herself with his straw hat. During the following dialogue they slowly pass his door, start climbing the stairs toward her apartment.

RICHARD

...I just cannot understand people like the Kaufmans. He must make fifteen thousand a year from Life Magazine alone. He spends a fortune collecting African sculpture...but he will not put in air conditioning...

THE GIRL

I'll bet it was 95 in the bedroom last night. Like an oven.

RICHARD

Poor kid. It's just awful...Of course, if you wanted to stop by my place for a few minutes...just to cool off before you face that Turkish bath up there...

THE GIRL

Well...

RICHARD

I left the air conditioning on full blast. It's cool in there...probably too cold!

THE GIRL

Well, maybe just for a few minutes...

RICHARD

Sure...to bring the body temperature down a little!

They have turned and he is now gently leading her toward his apartment.

Cont.

66 Cont.

RICHARD

(selling hard)

The way I feel about air conditioning is...no matter how much it costs...if there is no bread in the house...if you have to sell the kids' bonds...I always say - in the summertime in New York City, you've got to have air conditioning!

He has opened the door. The cool air from the apartment wafts over her.

RICHARD

Just feel that!

She takes a deep breath and waltzes in. He follows her.

67

THE LIVING ROOM - SHERMAN APARTMENT - NIGHT

They enter. He closes the door and snaps on the lights.

RICHARD

(indicating the air-conditioning unit)

I don't know if I told you, but I have these in every room...not just the living room...but the kitchen, the bathroom...the bedroom..!

In one motion she drops into a chair, kicks off her shoes, and props her feet on the window sill underneath the air-conditioning unit.

THE GIRL

(revelling in the cool air)

Oh, this is really the most!

RICHARD

You just relax. I'll fix us two Tom Collins and we'll have a nice, quiet, serious talk.

As the scene progresses, Richard will be busy fixing the drinks, moving between the kitchen and the little bar in the living room. The Girl is limp in the chair.

Their nice, quiet, serious conversation will be of a rather peculiar nature with Richard pitching at The Girl and The Girl concentrating on her own problems.

RICHARD

What shall we talk about? How about psychoanalysis? I don't know how much you know about psychoanalysis...but it's sort of a hobby of mine...I like to wander through the labyrinth of the human mind.

Cont.

67 Cont.

THE GIRL

What gets me is spending three ninety-five for that miserable fan. It's absolutely useless. I'm going to take it back to the drugstore tomorrow and tell them to give me my money back. I just hope I didn't lose the sales slip...

RICHARD

Most interesting - psychoanalysis. Take us, for instance. Forty-eight hours ago we were strangers and now you're here, alone with me in my apartment. How did it happen? Why did we meet? Why? Why? The answer, of course, lies in the unconscious...

THE GIRL

Now if they won't take back the fan, I'll just pay another three dollars and get the larger size. But that's tomorrow - what about tonight? I've just got to sleep...

RICHARD

The layman, of course, would say we met because of an accident...because a tomato plant fell down...just a simple accident...a Boo-Boo...Well, my dear girl, we Freudians do not recognize the Boo-Boo as such...

THE GIRL

Maybe if I took the little fan and put it in the icebox and left the icebox door open...and then left the bedroom door open...and soaked the sheets and the pillowcase in ice water...No, that's too icky...

RICHARD

Do you actually think that tomato plant fell down by accident? There are no accidents! Nothing happens by itself. We make it happen. You didn't accidentally brush against the tomato plant...you pushed it!

THE GIRL

I suppose I could try to sleep in the bathtub again...but that's dangerous...I read about a girl in Newark who tried it and almost drowned. They had to give her artificial respiration...

67 Cont.1

RICHARD

I don't want to bore you with a lot of scientific jargon...but the pattern of your behavior is completely obvious. You pushed the plant down because you wanted to kill me. And why do you suppose you wanted to kill me? Could it be - could it possibly be...because you...love me?

THE GIRL

Of course, I could just simply ask him if...I'm sure he wouldn't mind...he's such a nice man...

RICHARD

There's nothing to be ashamed of! Under this thin veneer of civilization, we're all savages...Man...Woman... hopelessly enmeshed! We're on a great toboggan. We can't stop it, we can't steer it, it's too late to run...the Beguine has begun...

Richard has finished mixing the drinks. He comes over to her, hands her a drink dramatically. She suddenly becomes aware of him.

RICHARD

What are we going to do?

THE GIRL

I've been thinking about it and I...
I...

RICHARD

Yes?

THE GIRL

I'd like to stay here with you tonight.

RICHARD

You what?

THE GIRL

I would like to sleep here.

RICHARD

Are you sure?

THE GIRL

That is...if you don't mind.

RICHARD

It's not a question of minding, my dear girl. It's just that we don't want to rush blindly into something... Look, when I said we were all savages... well, there are savages and savages...

Cont.

RICHARD (Cont.)

and this may be a little too savage...
Now, if you want to stay here for an
hour or so...

THE GIRL

Please don't make me go back up to
that hot apartment. I haven't slept
in three nights and I want to look
good on my show tomorrow...I'll just
sleep right here in this chair...I
don't even need a pillow...I'll be as
quiet as a mouse...you won't even know
I'm around...Please!

RICHARD

(very relieved)

Oh...oh...Well! That's different!
Of course, you can sleep here - why
not? We're not savages...we're
civilized people.

THE GIRL

Oh, thank you! What time do you get
up in the morning?

RICHARD

About eight, I guess.

THE GIRL

I'll fix your breakfast before I
leave.

RICHARD

Oh, that would be...

(a new attack of panic)

Now, wait a minute! Suppose somebody
sees you leaving this apartment at
eight in the morning...there's a lot
of people in the building...just one
person has to see you and we're dead!

THE GIRL

All right then, I'll get up at six
and sneak upstairs.

RICHARD

Sneak...that's even worse! Suppose
somebody sees you sneaking out of
here at six in the morning!

THE GIRL

But we're not doing anything wrong...

Cont.

RICHARD

Certainly not! But there's such a thing as society, you know...laws...rules...I don't mean I necessarily believe in them - but after all, no man is an island!

The doorbell rings. He freezes. The doorbell rings again. He signals The Girl to be quiet.

RICHARD

(his voice cracking)

Who is it?

KRAHULIK'S VOICE

It's me. Mr. Krahulik.

Richard gestures to The Girl to duck out of sight.

He goes to the door and opens it a crack. Outside stands Mr. Krahulik. He has had his facial and haircut and looks pretty snazzy in a repulsive sort of way. He has clearly had a large evening and is a little loaded.

RICHARD

What is it, Mr. Krahulik?

KRAHULIK

I was just coming home...been calling on the lady I told you about...the one with the big fat poodle...Saw your light, so I thought maybe it would be a good time to pick up the rugs...

RICHARD

(blocking the door)

At one-thirty? Are you out of your mind, Mr. Krahulik?

KRAHULIK

I promised your wife, Mr. Sherman. Those moths are probably in there right now chewing away - big gaping holes...

RICHARD

Stop worrying, Mr. Krahulik! I give you my solemn word of honor, the moths are not eating anything - they are asleep. Why don't you come back tomorrow morning - early - before they have their breakfast?

Cont.

67 Cont.4

KRAHULIK

You can't trust a moth, Mr. Sherman. Sometimes they get hungry in the middle of the night...so they start looking for a little snack and then...

His voice trails off. Over Richard's shoulder, he has suddenly seen -

The Girl's leg - it reaches out from behind the chair, trying to retrieve one of her shoes which lies on the floor nearby.

KRAHULIK

...oh, I wish I was dead!

RICHARD

What's the matter, Mr. Krahulik?

KRAHULIK

(with obnoxious discretion)

I'm sorry, Mr. Sherman...I didn't quite understand the situation... In a situation like this, who cares about moths!

RICHARD

(coldly)

Situation, Mr. Krahulik? What situation?

Richard turns. He too sees The Girl's foot.

KRAHULIK

Moths! Let 'em eat! Let 'em eat the rugs! Let 'em eat the curtains! Who cares!

Krahulik is halfway out the door. Then he shoves his head back in again and winks at Richard with disgusting familiarity.

KRAHULIK

Go, man, go!

RICHARD

Just a minute, Mr. Krahulik! I would like to explain...This may seem unusual to you... but actually it's the most natural thing in the world...

KRAHULIK

I'll say. Summertime and the living is easy...fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high...!

Cont.

67 Cont.5

RICHARD

That will be enough, Mr. Krahulik!
The plain fact is that the young
lady lives in this building...and
there's been a terrible accident...

The Girl rises in the chair, turns toward Krahulik, and
waves her hand.

THE GIRL

Hi!

KRAHULIK

(to the girl)

Well - hello!

(to Richard)

Isn't she a living doll..!

RICHARD

This young lady's tomato plant fell
down...I'm sorry to disappoint your
moth-ridden mind, Mr. Krahulik...
but that's all there is to it. As
a matter of fact, I'm glad you
dropped in...because you can help
her take the plant back upstairs...
it's right on the terrace.

THE GIRL

I was 'just up there watering the
garden...with the cocktail shaker...

RICHARD

That's right...a little silver cock-
tail shaker...so, Mr. Krahulik, you
can see how preposterous your insinu-
ations were...

KRAHULIK

A natural mistake, Mr. Sherman.
And my apologies to you, dear lady...
(to himself)

What a doll!

He steps out onto the terrace and lifts the plant out of
the ruins of the chair.

KRAHULIK

Look at this shambles!

RICHARD

It's all right. I'm completely
covered. We have a floater policy.
(easing them both
to the door)

Good night, Mr. Krahulik...and good
night, Miss - whatever your name is...

Cont.

67 Cont.6

RICHARD(Cont.)

(to Krahulik)

Be careful. It's heavy. Don't strain anything.

KRAHULIK

I'm strained already...from carrying that big fat poodle around all night... I wish I was dead...I wish I was dead...

Krahulik carries the plant out and grunts his way up the stairs. The Girl pauses at the door.

THE GIRL

Well, good night...

RICHARD

Good night...I'm so sorry...but you can see how it is...

THE GIRL

(tenderly)

I understand. No man is an island...

She blows him a little kiss and runs quickly upstairs. Richard closes the door gently behind her.

He is alone in the apartment. He is limp...he is drained...he is too beat-up to notice that his thumb is twitching again.

RICHARD

Disaster. Complete, utter, irrevocable disaster.

He crosses to the table and takes a cigarette from the box. He picks up his drink. Then - with great decision - he puts them both down. Dramatically, he raises his right hand, his thumb still twitching.

RICHARD

I, Richard Sherman, husband of a devoted wife, father of a wonderful boy, do solemnly swear that from this moment on...I shall...I shall...

(his noble intentions collapsing)

...I shall have just one more drink and one more cigarette and that's all!

(he belts the drink and lights the cigarette)

Normal. Normal. Normal. Normal. Everything is absolutely normal. Sleep. Go to sleep. How can I possibly sleep!... What'll I do?... Helen. Write a letter to Helen. Write a long letter to Helen!

Cont.

67 Cont.7

RICHARD (Cont.)

(his eyes fall on
Ricky's paddle leaning
against the bookcase)

Paddle. That's it. Got to send the
paddle. Little Ricky out there in
the middle of the lake without a paddle.

(he picks up the paddle)

Wrap the paddle and send it off the
first thing in the morning. Little
Ricky needs the paddle. Got to have his
paddle...going to get his paddle!

(facing the problem)

How do you wrap a paddle, anyway?

Paper and string, what else!...Where do
you get paper the shape of a paddle?

Maybe two pieces...What I really need
is a long, thin box...now, where can I
get a...

(his eyes drift
toward the ceiling)

Sleep down here tonight? Lady, you must
be out of your mind!

Now that it's all over...realistically
speaking...what would have been so
terrible?...She suffers from the heat
and I have air conditioning...

Maybe, after Krahulik is asleep...
she'd be as quiet as a mouse...
beautiful girl...the most beautiful
girl I ever saw in my life...

His face is beaming. Then - sudden panic again. He dashes
to the door and bolts it, puts on the chain.

RICHARD

Flip, flip, flip, flip, flip. Oh, no!
(noticing Ricky's
paddle in his hand)

Paddle. Got to get this thing wrapped
and go to bed. That's all.

Let's see...maybe I could take a sack...
some burlap...and just kind of sew it
in...That'd work fine - except who has
burlap?

Paper. Paper. There's a reason why so
many people use paper.

The way to handle this is in sections -
start with a paper bag on each end...

He crosses into -

68

THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Richard enters with the paddle, puts it on the kitchen table, picks up a paper bag full of lemons and dumps them in the sink. He tries to slip bag over the end of the paddle. The bag is too small - it tears.

RICHARD

All right. Nothing. Maybe if I...
There is some gauze in the bathroom.

He walks back into -

69

THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Richard enters with the paddle in hand.

RICHARD

...I could bandage the whole thing,
put on some adhesive tape and...
and what?

(sarcastically)

Send it up in an ambulance?!

(new thought)

Why don't I just saw it in half, put
it in a suitcase and ship it Railway
Express? Ricky could put it together
again...nail it or something...

No. Definitely not.

This is ridiculous! People send paddles
every day. The mails are full of paddles!

(blowing his top)

How do they do it?!

He sees a stack of old newspapers. He spreads them on the table and starts very clumsily to wrap the paddle.

RICHARD

That's it - old newspapers! Big deal!
Old newspapers...a lot of string...
slap it together...put a tag on it and
get it out of the house..!

He is absorbed in this clearly hopeless operation, unaware of what is happening at the top of the blind staircase. The square patch is being lifted out and a moment later The Girl appears. She tiptoes slowly down the stairs. She wears pajamas, mules and carries a glass with toothbrush and toothpaste in it. In the other hand she has a hammer. When she reaches the bottom of the stairs -

THE GIRL

(softly)

Hi.

Cont.

69 Cont.

He whirls around. It takes him a beat or two to fully comprehend how she got there.

THE GIRL

We forgot about the stairs. Isn't that silly! It was so easy - I just pulled out the nails...

RICHARD

(his throat dry)

Oh...

THE GIRL

It's perfectly safe! Nobody will ever find out. Well, where do I sleep? Do I take the chair or the couch?

RICHARD

(coming slowly to)

Chair...couch...No...no...take the bed.

(pointing at bedroom)

In there...and close the door.

THE GIRL

The chair is fine.

RICHARD

Please don't argue! Just go in there...go to sleep! Good night!

THE GIRL

I really shouldn't...but thanks.

She stops at the bedroom door and points at the open patch in the ceiling.

THE GIRL

Isn't that just elegant? We can do this all summer!

RICHARD

Good night.

She closes the bedroom door behind her.

He stares at the closed bedroom door. Then suddenly he turns back to the paddle on the table and begins to wrap it. There is a tornado of flying newspapers, arms and hands as Richard wraps away, wildly, furiously, crazily.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

70 INT. LIVING ROOM - SHERMAN APARTMENT - MORNING

Ricky's paddle is lying on the table. It is all wrapped now. It must have taken Richard hours. The package is enormous. Miles of cord and tons of paper. What started as a small paddle now looks like a 2,000 pound bar bell.

Richard is asleep on the couch. His shoes are off, and his tie is loosened. His sleep is troubled. His thumb is twitching. The morning sun streams through the window and hits him in the face. He groans and, with a supreme effort, opens one eye. He sees the twitching thumb. He closes the eye again. He opens both eyes and watches the twitching thumb in mounting alarm. Then he remembers, and looks quickly up at the ceiling. There it is - the open hatch at the top of the stairs.

He sits bolt upright and stares over at the bedroom door.

He lifts himself off the couch. Controlling his panic, he tiptoes in his stocking feet to the bedroom door. He hesitates for a moment and then nervously opens it a crack.

71 THE BEDROOM - MORNING

The morning sun filters through the blinds. In the bed lies The Girl, very blonde, very still and very real.

72 THE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Richard quickly closes the door. He tiptoes to the front door, listens intently. The coast seems clear. He unlocks the door, but does not unfasten the chain. He opens the door as far as he can with the chain on, kneels down, sticks his hand through the crack and finally succeeds in hauling in the morning paper and a bottle of milk. He closes the door, locks it again and carries the paper and the bottle of milk to the bar. He opens the bottle, pours himself a glass of milk and drinks half of it. He looks at his watch, goes back to the bedroom door, knocks gently. No response. Knocks again a little louder. Nothing. Very gingerly he opens the door a few inches.

RICHARD

Miss...young lady..!

(he clears his throat)

Quarter of eight...got to take a shower...got to get to the office... please, lady...get up...go home...so I can go to the office...please, lady..!

73 THE GIRL - IN BED - MORNING

No reaction. She does not stir.

THE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Richard closes the bedroom door again.

RICHARD

How can she possibly sleep like that?

He goes back to his glass of milk.

RICHARD

Maybe she's sick or something. Maybe she's dead!

Quickly he pours a big slug of brandy into the milk and drinks.

RICHARD

Maybe the air conditioning was too much for her and she caught pneumonia and passed away in her sleep!

And you know what that means! That means the police! And the reporters!

TELEVISION STAR FOUND DEAD IN PUBLISHER'S APARTMENT!

Richard is in despair again. He looks wildly around the room. He sees the stairs and the hole in the ceiling. A look of animal cunning comes into his eyes.

RICHARD

I know what I'll do! I'll just haul the body upstairs...right back upstairs...nail up the floor again and that's all. Nobody would ever suspect me! Not in a million years!

Of course, I'll have to kill Krahulik too. Just...

(he makes slashing gestures)

...and down the incinerator. Then I kill the big fat poodle...to throw them off the track...

I'll wear gloves, of course. They'd never prove a thing.

Having outwitted the law, Jack-the-ripper sneers contemptuously. He stops himself in mid-sneer.

RICHARD

Hysteria. Pure, simple hysteria. Nothing else.

She isn't dead - she's asleep!

74 Cont.

RICHARD (Cont.)

(looks at his watch)

It's not even eight o'clock. Of course, she's asleep. She hasn't slept in three nights. She's tired. She's in there sleeping like a baby and right away you start a crime wave. Gloves...I mean, honest to...!

Breakfast. I'll fix her some breakfast. Orange juice. Coffee...

As he talks, he wanders into -

75 THE KITCHEN - MORNING

He puts on water for coffee, finds the bread, finds the butter, starts setting up a tray, takes oranges and cuts them in half.

RICHARD

...toast...maybe cinnamon toast...
raspberry jam...make her feel good...

Poor kid, working in New York in this heat...and on television... standing there under those hot lights...She must need money real bad...Lives in a big expensive apartment...dresses nicely...I know what clothes cost...she buys imported champagne...how can she possibly afford - she must have some other source of income...

(his imagination perking
along with the coffee)

There are plenty of ways for a pretty girl to get her hands on money...if she's unscrupulous enough...

A girl like this could get a hold of some foolish, well-to-do married man, trap him into some kind of a situation...then put the screws on... bleed him white...squeeze him till he's dry...

(he has been squeezing
an orange in an unconscious demonstration -
his hand freezes - so
does his face)

They have a word for this...they
call it - blackmail!

629

He stands transfixed. There appears -

DREAM BUBBLE (10) - THE LIVING ROOM - DREAM LIGHTING

The bedroom door opens and The Girl slinks out. She is all in black. Her skirt is slit and she wears black mesh stockings. She smokes a black cigarette with a gold mouthpiece. There is no mercy in her black heart.

THE GIRL

Hi, Itchy!

Richard is seated on the couch, primly reading the NEW YORK TIMES and sipping a glass of milk.

RICHARD

Good morning, my dear. I trust you slept well. I was just about to fix your breakfast...I was going to make toast...cinnamon toast...

THE GIRL

Cinnamon toast? You can do better than that, Itchy.

RICHARD

Well, if you'd care for something a little more elaborate...we could go to the drugstore...they have an excellent sixty-five cent breakfast...two eggs any style...

THE GIRL

Sorry, Itchy. Wrong style. I'm more like champagne and caviar.

RICHARD

(with a nervous laugh)
Rather expensive tastes...for a little girl from Denver.

THE GIRL

(mockingly)
Denver? Uh-uh. Chicago, Itchy. Detroit. And in between, a stretch at Leavenworth.

RICHARD

All right, what is it? What do you want? What's your game?

THE GIRL

What do you think, Itchy? I'm going to squeeze you like an orange. I'm going to bleed you white.

RICHARD

I didn't do anything!

Cont.

76 Cont.

THE GIRL

Aw, now, Itchy. Didn't you have a guest here last night? All night?

RICHARD

Okay, so I made one mistake...one little mistake...I put in air conditioning...

THE GIRL

Itchy, this is going to cost you plenty!

RICHARD

It's blackmail! I'm not going to pay! I'll call the police!

THE GIRL

Itchy, if there's going to be any phone calls around here, I'm going to make 'em.

(she picks up the phone)

Long distance. Get me New Hampshire. I want to talk to Mrs. Richard Sherman.

RICHARD

You can't do that!

THE GIRL

(into phone)

Mrs. Sherman...

(spelling it)

...S-H-E-R...

With a flick of the wrist, he rips the phone wires out of the wall.

THE GIRL

What do you think you're going to do, Itchy?

RICHARD

I'm going to do every foolish, well-to-do married man in America a favor. I'm going to kill you! Then I'm going to haul the body upstairs, nail up the floor again and that's all. I'll wear gloves, of course.

From behind him comes the cold and menacing sound of a -

NEW VOICE

I wouldn't do that if I was you, Itchy..!

Cont.

76 Cont.1

Richard whirls around.

The voice belongs to Krahulik. He is leaning casually against one of the bookcases. He is very bored, which makes him seem even more sinister. A cigarette dangles from his evil lips. He is leafing idly through U.S. CAMERA.

RICHARD

Mr. Krahulik! I'm glad you've come. Get her out of here!

The Girl sidles over to Mr. Krahulik.

THE GIRL

Yeah, honey. Get me out of here.

RICHARD

Mr. Krahulik, I insist that you throw this lady out!

KRAHULIK

That's no lady, Itchy, that's my wife.

RICHARD

Your wife!

THE GIRL

We were married two years ago - by the Warden at Leavenworth.

The Girl kisses Krahulik.

RICHARD

Then you're in on this together! You framed the whole thing!

KRAHULIK

It was like taking candy from a baby. You fell for everything... fan caught in the door...that old tomato plant gag...air conditioning... U.S. CAMERA...a new tenant in the upstairs apartment while the Kaufmans are in Europe...

RICHARD

What have you done with the Kaufmans?

KRAHULIK

They're perfectly fine. They're bound and gagged in the basement.

Cont.

76 Cont.2

THE GIRL

You poor, foolish, well-to-do
married man.

RICHARD

Now, look...I may be foolish and
I may be married...but I'm certainly
not well-to-do...

KRAHULIK

We know exactly what you got, Itchy,
and we want it all. Four hundred
and eighty dollars in the savings
account...

THE GIRL

...eleven dollars and sixty cents
in the checking account...

KRAHULIK

...nine hundred dollars worth of
Government bonds...

RICHARD

They belong to Ricky! For his
college education!

THE GIRL

Let him go learn a trade.

KRAHULIK

We're also taking the kid's stamp
collection.

THE GIRL

Three pair of cuff links...

KRAHULIK

...the one with the pearl missing,
get it fixed first...

THE GIRL

...two wrist watches and his wife's
earrings...

KRAHULIK

Now let's see...you ought to get at
least five hundred on the furniture.

THE GIRL

What about the chopstick piano?

KRAHULIK

That we sell outright. The man will
be here in an hour. And of course
you're signing your insurance policies
over to us - including your share in
the Brady & Company Employees Group
Health Plan.

76 Cont.3

THE GIRL

I guess that's all, honey. I don't think there's anything else.

KRAHULIK

I don't think so. Hey, wait a minute...We almost forgot...he's a paid-up member of The Fruit of the Month Club. He's got five more baskets coming.

THE GIRL

There'll be pomegranates in September!

77 RICHARD - IN THE KITCHEN - MORNING

He has been watching the Blackmail Bubble in a cold sweat. Suddenly, he can stand it no longer.

RICHARD

(yelling)

No, no, no! You can't do that!
You can't! I've been looking forward to the pomegranates all year!

He throws the half-orange that he has been squeezing at the Dream Bubble. The Dream Bubble bursts.

He looks around, worried. Maybe there is something to all that blackmail business.

He runs out into -

78 THE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Richard comes scooting out. He looks around. There is no Girl, no Krahulik, no nothing. He is enormously relieved.

RICHARD

(grinning)

Blackmail! The Girl in cahoots with Krahulik! Man - what an imagination!

She's sleeping in there like a baby.
If you don't believe it, go ahead,
take a look!

He goes to the bedroom door, knocks. There is no answer. He knocks again and then he opens the door and looks in.

79 THE BEDROOM - MORNING

The bed is empty. Richard storms into the shot and stands by the empty bed.

79 Cont.

RICHARD

(scared)
Where is she?! She's with Krahulik...
they're down at the bank going through
my safe deposit box..!

Suddenly he becomes aware of the sound of the shower
running in the bathroom. He rushes to the bathroom
door and knocks on it.

RICHARD

Hello! Hello! Are you in there?

THE GIRL'S VOICE

(feeling good)
Hi! Good morning! Just taking a
shower! I'll be out in a minute!

RICHARD

Hi.
(then to himself, relieved)
She's just taking a shower. She'll
be out in a minute. That's all!
(moving toward the closet)
Maybe I should get one of the new big
towels and take it in to her...
(stops short)
Uh-uh. Boo-Boo. That would very
definitely be another Boo-Boo.

Richard shuts the closet and goes out into -

80 THE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

He crosses toward the kitchen.

RICHARD

Boy - if anybody were to walk in
here right now, would they ever get
the wrong idea! Cinnamon toast for
two...strange blonde in the shower..!
You go explain that to someone. Go
tell 'em you spent the whole night
wrapping a paddle!

He smiles, amused, as he enters the -

81 KITCHEN - MORNING

Richard picks up where he left off with the breakfast
preparations.

Cont.

81 Cont.

RICHARD

Anybody walk in here! Who's going to walk in here? J. Edgar Hoover? Arthur Godfrey And His Friends? Helen, maybe?

(this really tickles him)

Helen! She's in New Hampshire! How could she get here?

(not so funny any more)

On the train - that's how! On the early morning train.

Now, why would she be coming back to New York? Why? Because she knows something. Because somebody tipped her off. Who could have tipped her off? Krahulik, that's who! He saw the girl here last night...called Helen long distance...reversed the charges, of course...and told her everything.

She's on the train. I know it.

(looks at his watch)

The early train's in already. She's in a cab...she's on her way here in a cab..! She'll be here any second..!

He stands there, horror-stricken. He can see it all.

82 DREAM BUBBLE (11-A) - INT. TAXI - DAY

A cab racing through New York streets. Helen is in the cab. She sits on the edge of the seat, a mad look in her eye, her hair flying in the wind. In her hand is a revolver.

HELEN

(to the driver)

Faster! Faster! Faster!

The tires scream as the cab careens around a corner.

DISSOLVE TO:

83 DREAM BUBBLE (11-B) - INT. LIVING ROOM - SHERMAN APARTMENT - DAY - DREAM LIGHTING

Start on the locked door. From the corridor outside, shots are fired, shattering the lock and chain. The door bursts open.

Helen stands in the doorway, the smoking revolver in her hand.

Cont.

83 Cont.

HELEN

There is a woman in this apartment!

Richard stands heroically barricading the bedroom door with his outstretched arms.

RICHARD

No, no, Helen, it's not true!

HELEN

Don't lie to me, Richard! Don't lie to me!

RICHARD

Who told you? How did you know?
Was it Krahulik?

HELEN

That's right. I've had him watching you for months.

RICHARD

(bitterly)
Krahulik!

HELEN

His name is not Krahulik! He happens to be a private eye - named Johnny Dollar!

RICHARD

What are you going to do?

HELEN

I'm going to shoot you dead!

RICHARD

Helen, I can explain everything... the cinnamon toast...the shower... everything...You see this girl is from Denver...

HELEN

Save your breath!

RICHARD

(backing toward the staircase)

...you see the Kaufmans have no air conditioning...spend a fortune on African sculpture, but won't put in air conditioning...

Cont.

83 Cont.1

RICHARD (Cont.)
 (backing up the stairs)
 ...and not only that - but the drugstore
 wouldn't take back the little fan be-
 cause she lost the sales slip...so I
 let her sleep in our bed, because it's
 too hot up there...Honest, Helen, I
 was just wrapping the paddle..!

HELEN
 Richard, at least have the decency
 to keep the paddle of an innocent
 child out of this sordid mess!

RICHARD
 Helen, you're mad! You'll never
 get away with this!

HELEN
 Oh, yes, I will! There is such a
 thing as the unwritten law!

RICHARD
 They'll give you the chair!

HELEN
 They'll give me a medal! The
 wives of America will give me
 a medal! Goodbye, Richard!

She fires. He crumples. She continues to pump lead into
 him as he tumbles, head over heels down the staircase.
 He lands at her feet. He is not long for this world.

RICHARD
 (gasping)
 Helen...I'm going fast...give me
 a cigarette...

HELEN
 (always the wife)
 A cigarette! You know what Dr.
 Murphy told you about smoking!

He looks at her in agony, his pain-wracked eyes pleading.

The Dream Bubble bursts.

84 THE KITCHEN - MORNING

Richard, still in the grip of his fantasy, clutches his
 bullet-ridden belly with one hand. With the other, he
 grabs the kitchen ladder and drags it out into -

85 THE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Richard drags the ladder toward the bookcase.

RICHARD

Just one more cigarette, Dr. Murphy...
one more for the road...for the long,
long road...

The bedroom door opens and The Girl comes out. She is wearing Richard's bathrobe and looks clean, bright and ready for a new day. She watches Richard, a little perplexed, as he staggers toward the bookcase, dragging the kitchen ladder.

THE GIRL

Hi!

He stops in his tracks, looks around and groans.

THE GIRL

(concerned)
What's the matter?

RICHARD

Shot. I'm all shot.

THE GIRL

Oh. It's because I took your bed
and you had to sleep on the couch.
I knew I should have taken the
couch...I feel just terrible.

RICHARD

It's not the couch - it's my wife.
She found out about us and shot me.

THE GIRL

She what?

RICHARD

Five times. In the belly.

He slumps into the chair.

THE GIRL

Aw, you just had a bad dream.

RICHARD

Yeah, I guess so...I guess so.

THE GIRL

Come on now, you're fine.

85 Cont.

RICHARD

It's just my imagination. Some people have flat feet...some people have dandruff...I have this appalling imagination...

THE GIRL

I think it's just elegant to have an imagination. I just have no imagination at all. I have lots of other things, but I have no imagination.

RICHARD

It was awful! I was just standing there in the kitchen...fixing breakfast...then suddenly it occurred to me that if my wife came walking in...with you in the shower and me making the cinnamon toast...she'd probably shoot me!

THE GIRL

Of course, she would! I know if I were married and I came in on my husband making cinnamon toast for some blonde in the shower, I'd shoot him.

RICHARD

You would?

THE GIRL

Bang! Bang! Bang! Right in the head!

Richard grabs his head and lets go with another groan.

THE GIRL

Now relax. Come on. You're making this all up.

RICHARD

That's right...And actually, I don't suppose, if she had come in that she'd go as far as to shoot me. Oh, she'd be mad...and cry...and maybe throw an ash tray or something...

THE GIRL

Just throw an ash tray?

Cont.

85 Cont.1

RICHARD

She probably wouldn't even do that... If Helen came in here and found you in the shower, you know what she'd probably think? She'd probably think you were the plumber!

THE GIRL

A blonde plumber?

RICHARD

Absolutely. She trusts me implicitly.

THE GIRL

What's the matter with her - doesn't she love you?

RICHARD

Oh, sure - she loves me. You know - she worries about me. I had an awful cigarette cough and she made me stop smoking. Oh, she loves me all right.

THE GIRL

But isn't she jealous?

RICHARD

You know, once you've been married for seven years, you don't get jealous...you don't go around shooting each other...you're more mature...

THE GIRL

I just hope I never get that mature!

RICHARD

Really now, why should Helen be jealous of me? How can you be jealous of somebody with a brief case...who's getting a little pot... who gets so sleepy by nine-thirty he can't keep his eyes open...

She trusts me! It would never even occur to her that I...like last Christmas I came home from an office party with lipstick on my collar... You know what Helen said? She said, 'Darling, what's that on your collar? Cranberry sauce?'

Cont.

85 Cont.2

THE GIRL

That's bad.

RICHARD

You know who kissed me? Old Mrs. Brady! Let's face it - no pretty girl in her right mind wants me. She wants Gregory Peck.

THE GIRL

Is that so?

RICHARD

Well, isn't it?

THE GIRL

How do you know what a pretty girl wants?

RICHARD

Well, I don't really know, but I imagine...

THE GIRL

You and your imagination...you think every girl is a dope...you think a girl goes to a party and there is some guy - a great big lunk in a fancy striped vest, strutting around like a tiger - giving you that 'I'm so handsome, you can't resist me' look - and from this she is supposed to fall flat on her face. Well, she doesn't fall on her face.

But there's another guy in the room... way over in the corner...maybe he's kind of nervous and shy and perspiring a little...First you look past him; but then you sort of sense that he is gentle and kind and worried and that he'll be tender with you and nice and sweet, and that's what's really exciting!

If I were your wife, I'd be jealous of you...I'd be very, very jealous!

She kisses him. A real kiss. Then -

THE GIRL

(very sincere)

I think you're just elegant.

Cont.

85 Cont.3

RICHARD
 (with a little smile)
 Thank you.

The doorbell rings. He doesn't hear it. It rings again.

THE GIRL
 Don't you think you better answer it?

RICHARD
 Answer what?

THE GIRL
 The doorbell. Go ahead. I'll put
 the cinnamon on the toast.

He watches her go into the kitchen and close the door behind her. Then he goes to the front door, presses the button. He wipes the lipstick off his face. He unchains and unlocks the door. Tom MacKenzie breezes in from the hall, leaving the door open.

TOM
 (disgustingly cheerful)
 Morning, Dickie-boy! Morning, morning,
 morning!

RICHARD
 What are you doing here? And don't
 call me Dickie-boy!

TOM
 Just drove in from the country -
 got a date with my agent. Is that
 coffee I smell?

RICHARD
 No.

TOM
 Well. Glad I caught you before you
 left for the office. I've got some
 very important family business to
 discuss with you. Are you sure that
 isn't coffee?

RICHARD
 I am positive...What family business?
My family?

TOM
 Sure, your family. I was driving down,
 so Helen asked me to stop by and ask
 you...

RICHARD

Oh, she did! Well, I'm glad she did. Because I want to talk to you!

TOM

What's the matter, Dickey-boy? You're acting mighty peculiar.

RICHARD

You think you're pretty fancy...with the blinkers on the horses!

TOM

What are you talking about? What blinkers? What horses?

RICHARD

And no driver and no other people!

TOM

Are you drunk or something?

RICHARD

No, I am not drunk! You took Helen on a hayride last night, didn't you?

TOM

No, as a matter of fact, I didn't. She went with the other people. There were sixty-four of them. And there were no horses, it was more like a bus.

RICHARD

That's your story!

TOM

I was afraid to go. Because I have this terrible hay fever.

RICHARD

Oh, yeah?

TOM

Yeah. It's sort of a sinus thing, really. I've had it ever since the Army. This Doctor - a Second Lieutenant -

(demonstrating the operation)

- he took a great big wad of cotton and he went in and down...

Cont.

85 Cont.5

RICHARD

Inwardly, downwardly, pulsating, striving, now together, ending and unending, now, NOW, NOW! I know all about it!

TOM

You are drunk!

RICHARD

You get out of here and you tell Helen if she sent you to get her a divorce...

TOM

A divorce?!

RICHARD

I absolutely refuse!

TOM

Helen didn't send me for a divorce! She sent me for Ricky's paddle!

RICHARD

Tell her I'll fight it in every court in the country! Because I can explain everything! The stairs! The cinnamon toast! The blonde in the kitchen!

TOM

(trying to calm him down)
Now, wait a minute, Dickie-boy - just take it easy! What blonde in the kitchen?

RICHARD

Wouldn't you like to know! Maybe it's Marilyn Monroe!

TOM

Drunk! Blind, stinking drunk - at eight-thirty in the morning!

RICHARD

I'll get six lawyers! I'll bribe judges! I'll do anything. But no divorce!

It is too much for Tom MacKenzie. In utter frustration, he jumps up and down, screaming at the top of his lungs.

TOM

Listen to me! Listen! Helen-doesn't-want-a-divorce! All-she-wants-is-Ricky's paddle!

Cont.

85 Cont.6

RICHARD

(it finally penetrates)
Ricky's paddle!

TOM

(too wound up to stop)
All the other kids are out on the lake
paddling in their kayaks - but poor
Ricky has to stay on the dock because
he has a kayak, but you wouldn't send
him his paddle!

RICHARD

Oh! So she wants you to take back
Ricky's paddle! Well, get this - if
anybody is going to take back Ricky's
paddle, it's going to be me! And
what's more, I got a good mind to
punch you right in the nose!

TOM

(almost crying)

Why?

RICHARD

Because you're a big lunk, that's why!
Strutting around in your fancy vests
with that 'I'm so handsome, you can't
resist me' look! Well, let me tell
you something! Helen loves me!

TOM

Sure, she loves you!

RICHARD

(bellowing)

And you know why she loves me? She
loves me because I'm sweet and gentle
and worried and nervous and shy and
tender!

He slugs Tom on the chin, knocking him cold.

Just then The Girl comes out of the kitchen with the
breakfast tray.

THE GIRL

(from no place)

Breakfast is ready.

RICHARD

(picking up the
wrapped paddle)

Ricky needs his paddle...I'm taking
him his paddle!

85 Cont.7

Through the open door, Krahulik barges in.

KRAHULIK

Would this be a good time to pick up the rugs?

(he sees The Girl,
turns in his tracks
and starts to go)

I wish I was dead!

RICHARD

Wait a minute, Krahulik! Come back here. If you want to pick up something, pick up this!

He points at MacKenzie, who is out cold on the floor.

KRAHULIK

Okay, Mr. Sherman. What do you want me to do with him?

RICHARD

I don't care what you do with him! Put him in moth balls! Do anything you want with him! Just get him out of here!

KRAHULIK

(picking up MacKenzie)

Boy, I'm telling you...lug the big fat poodle...lug the tomato plant...now lug this...I'll almost be glad when everybody's wife gets back and things settle down a little.

He hauls MacKenzie out.

RICHARD

(looking at his watch)

The eight-forty-seven! I can still make the eight-forty-seven! I don't think I can stay for breakfast. I'm sorry.

THE GIRL

Don't ever be sorry.

RICHARD

(putting on his coat)

Look, do me one favor - call Brady & Company - it's in the book - and tell Mr. Brady I'm taking two weeks, whether he likes it or not! Tell him I'm going off on a hootnanny! And why don't you stay right here...it's all yours...you've got your own duplex. Air conditioning...big tall martinis...anything you want.

85 Cont.8

THE GIRL

Thank you.

RICHARD

Well, I guess that's all.

THE GIRL

Just one more thing.

RICHARD

What?

THE GIRL

I have a message for your wife.

She goes up to him and kisses him, big, leaving a flaming lipstick mark on his mouth.

THE GIRL

Don't wipe it off. And if your wife asks you what it is - tell her it's cranberry sauce!

They look at each other for a second. They dig each other. Then he quickly grabs the wrapped paddle and his hat, and dashes out.

The girl is alone. She looks after him, smiles. Slowly she turns back to the breakfast tray. Her eyes fall on Richard's loafers. She picks them up and runs into the bedroom.

86 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING AND STREET - DAY

Richard comes running out with the paddle. He is in his stocking feet, but he doesn't know it. He starts running down the street until he hears -

THE GIRL'S VOICE

Hey!

He stops and looks up.

87 EXT. BEDROOM WINDOW - SHERMAN APARTMENT - DAY

The Girl stands in the open window - holding up his shoes.

88 RICHARD - DAY

He sees The Girl. He sees the shoes. Then he looks down at his stocking feet.

89 STREET - THROUGH THE WINDOW - DAY

The Girl stands in the window. Richard is looking up at her from the street. She tosses him the shoes, one at a time. He catches them and puts them on. He salutes with the paddle. The girl waves. He runs down the street like a bat out of hell.

As he runs, the wrapping job on the paddle starts disintegrating. He begins to look like a one-man Charge of the Light Brigade - with banners flying.

FADE OUT

T H E E N D