

THE NOTORIOUS BETTIE PAGE



**THE
NOTORIOUS**

**BETTIE
PAGE**

(aka - The Ballad of Bettie Page)

by

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INT. TIMES SQUARE BOOKSHOP, 1956 - DAY

A large, dimly lit store featuring racks and racks of "dirty" books and magazines. All the panorama of fifties illicit material is here, from rows of cheesecake magazines like *Wink* and *Titter* to the more risqué *Black Stockings*. The camera tracks across a rack of books, many of them pseudo scientific studies: *Private Letters from Homosexuals to a Doctor*, *Bestiality in Ancient and Modern Times*, *The History of Flagellation*. The camera stops on *Revelations of a Sexologist*, as a hand reaches out and takes it from the shelf.

The atmosphere is quiet and furtive. The customers have their hats pulled low to hide their faces, they do not look at each other or speak, and only the sound of rustling pages breaks the silence.

The OWNER sits on a very high stool, watching for shoplifters, and occasionally barking at the customers. Right now he has his eye fixed on a GAY MAN in the body building section, who is lost in the pages of *Muscle Man*.

OWNER

Hey you - this ain't a library. Are you reading or buying?

The man looks up, startled. He stuffs the magazine back in the rack and hurries out of the store.

As the man leaves, a TEENAGE BOY slinks in, managing to avoid the owner's eye. He glides along the racks, scanning the rows of bathing beauties, until he finds his prize. He seizes a copy of *Sunshine and Health*, and stares avidly at its proudly hygienic outdoor nudity - the only totally naked bodies that the store has on display.

A respectable looking BUSINESSMAN carrying an overcoat and a briefcase walks into the store, and briefly surveys the merchandise. He shuffles around, looking at magazines but mostly eyeing the owner. Finally he approaches the counter.

MAN

Do you have anything that's a little... different?

The owner looks him up and down, then around the shop.

OWNER

I'm not sure I get your drift.

MAN

Look, I'm here on business from Chicago... and I'm looking for stuff that's a - y'know, unique.

The owner stares at him, still checking him out. The businessman begins to sweat a little.

MAN (CONT'D)

Do you have anything with unusual footwear?

OWNER

(keeping his voice low)
High heels? Boots?

MAN

Leather boots... with laces?

The owner gives a quick glance around the room, then reaches behind the counter and brings out a copy of 'High Heeled Slaves Of Fashion'. He shows him a photo of a woman in thigh high lace-up boots and corset.

MAN (CONT'D)

Oh, very good. Yes, I'll take that.
Do you have any other material that shows... restraint?

The owner brings out a detective novel with a relatively mild photo of a woman with a rope tied around her hands. He is still looking around the shop carefully.

OWNER

Somethin' like that?

MAN

(disappointed)
Well, yes, but maybe even more,
umm, bizarre.

The owner brings out a copy of *Bettie Page In Bondage, Vol. 1* with a cover photo of Bettie PAGE, bound hand and feet, smiling radiantly.

OWNER

This is a big favorite among certain customers. This model is very popular...

The man leafs through the issue. He stops at a photo of Bettie bound, kneeling on a bench with a gag in her mouth.

MAN

Do you have any more pictures like this?

OWNER

(nervously)

I'll have to check the stock room-

MAN

(pulling out a badge)

Sir, I'm Detective Farrel from the New York Police Department, I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you a few questions about the material for sale here in you shop. We have reason to believe that you are selling obscene and indecent literature on these premises...

The other customers in the store slink out nervously.

INT. COURTROOM - SENATE HEARINGS - DAY

A wood-panelled committee room, decorated with oil paintings of 18th and 19th Century dignitaries. The room is crammed with desks and wooden office chairs. At one end of the room, two television cameramen stand on raised platforms.

The Senate Committee sits behind a long wooden table with microphones and water beakers: a set up familiar to us from the McCarthy Hearings. However, this room is more crowded and less formal than the one used for Washington hearings. The witnesses sit at a table below the Senators, opposite a small cluster of newspaper photographers.

The aspiring Presidential candidate and Senator from Tennessee, ESTES KEFAUVER, is chairman of the proceedings. He looks like a gangling farmer, but his Southern accent has been softened by Harvard and Washington, and his manner is courtly.

KEFAUVER

Since assuming the chairmanship of the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency in February of this year, I have become increasingly concerned during each passing week with the effect pornographic material has on American adolescents and juveniles, and with the widespread distribution of this insidious filth.

A COURT OFFICIAL hands out photographs of Bettie and other models in bondage to the member of the Committee. The camera scans the photographs as Kefauver speaks in the background.

KEFAUVER (CONT'D)

This subcommittee proposes to handle pornography in an adult, enlightened and restrained fashion. No evil can be cured by being ignored. I believe that the healthful sunshine of public opinion is the best cure for this problem or any other.

He pauses to let the newspaper photographers take his picture, and then nods towards the TV cameras at the back of the room.

KEFAUVER (cont'd)

Call the first witness.

VOICE (O.S.)

Father Daniel Egan.

INT. COURTHOUSE ANTEROOM - DAY

CLOSE on a woman's gloved hands, as she smooths her hair nervously.

PULL OUT to reveal BETTIE PAGE. She is dressed as if for church, in a respectable dress and coat and a small hat with a veil. Her black hair is cut into her signature bangs and shoulder length bob.

CUT TO an extreme W/S of Bettie to reveal that she is sitting on a bench outside the courtroom, a small figure lost in the vast judicial hallway. She is listening to the echo of the hearings through closed doors.

INT. COURTROOM - SENATE HEARINGS - DAY

FATHER EGAN, an older man of the highest moral indignance, dressed in priest's garb, is on the witness stand.

KEFAUVER

Father Egan, you think that this pornographic literature is having a substantial and degrading effect?

FATHER EGAN

One piece of this pornographic material allowed to circulate through one classroom or one school can do harm that we can't estimate. It is corrupting, it is rotting at the very roots of our Nation. Communism will never defeat America; it is something within the Nation that is going to rot and corrupt it.

INT. COURTHOUSE ANTEROOM - DAY

CLOSE on Bettie's feet in high-heeled shoes as she crosses and uncrosses her ankles and taps her feet nervously.

Bettie smooths her skirt. She looks up and sees the POLICE OFFICER who is guarding the hall staring at her. Their eyes meet and they both look away. She takes out a compact and then checks her lipstick.

Bettie looks intently into her own eyes in the mirror.

DRAMATIC FIFTIES MUSIC

TITLE SUPERIMPOSED: THE BALLAD OF BETTIE PAGE

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAPTIST COUNTRY CHURCH, NASHVILLE, 1940 - DAY

CLOSE on a young woman's face. Cut to wide to reveal her sitting with her family in a plain wooden country church.

Fifteen year old Bettie is sitting with her FIVE BROTHERS AND SISTERS and their mother, EDNA, a careworn woman of forty. All are dressed in their threadbare Sunday best. Bettie's younger brother JACK and baby sister LOVE are playfully kicking each other. Bettie, the oldest daughter, turns around and quiets the younger ones with a warning gesture.

The rows of church elders on benches facing them are faintly reminiscent of the Senate committee.

The camera roves around the rest of the congregation: a small farming community, dressed for Sunday.

PREACHER

I know that god's a-going to call me home some of these days, call me home I call it, and it is my eternal home.

CONGREGATION
 (several voices calling
 out)

Amen. Praise the Lord!

Her prayer book on her lap, Bettie listens to the preacher with a serious air. She is distracted for a moment when A BOY waves to her covertly from across the aisle. She smiles but looks away quickly. Her mother catches the exchange and swats Bettie on the arm. Bettie winces. She rubs her arm as she keeps her eyes fixed on the preacher, trying to take in every word.

PREACHER

You know he gives every man and woman a chance to seek Him. Every sinner man and sinner woman a chance to seek Him before he calls them home. And if there's any children, if there's any Christian people in the house tonight that's been born again, drink of that living water. Oh, you're away from home! I know you're not satisfied.

CONGREGATION

Amen.

PREACHER

I'd rather that we sing a song now. Brother Harry, will you lead us in "Why Must I Wear This Shroud"?

BROTHER HARRY comes to the front of the congregation to lead the hymn.

LEADER

And must I wear this shroud?

LEADER AND CONGREGATION

And must I wear this shroud?

LEADER

Time will rob you of your bloom.

LEADER AND CONGREGATION

Time will rob you of your bloom.

LEADER

Death will drag you to your tomb.

LEADER AND CONGREGATION

Death will drag you to your tomb.

The children are distracted. One child is asleep, another is toying with the hymn book, while the two older boys are checking out the girls. Bettie is lost in the hymn, awed and frightened by the words.

LEADER

Then you'll cry "I want to be

CONGREGATION

Then you'll cry "I want to be

LEADER

Happy in Eternity"

CONGREGATION

"Happy in Eternity"

LEADER AND CONGREGATION

Will you go to Heaven or to Hell?
 One you must and there to dwell.
 Christ will come and quickly too.
 I must meet him so must you.
 Then you'll cry "I want to be
 Happy in Eternity"

Bettie seems deeply moved as she repeats the words "Happy in Eternity."

EXT. FARMHOUSE - SAME DAY

The last words of the hymn are heard over a distant shot of the mother and the six children trooping home along a dirt road to a small ramshackle farmhouse.

EXT. PAGE FRONT LAWN - DAY

Bettie's old brother JIMMY is taking pictures of Bettie and her younger sister GOLDIE, a blonde who is even better looking than she is. Their little sister Love is watching in awe.

BETTIE

(piling her hair on top of
 her head)

I've gotta hide this nasty old
 \$1.50 permanent. Jimmy - do we look
 like Zeigfield girls?

JIMMY

(squinting through the
 camera)

(MORE)

JIMMY (cont'd)

I guess so - I ain't never seen one.

GOLDIE

Come on, Bettie, we're going on stage soon - right leg out!

They continue to pose, Jimmy egging them on, until a NEIGHBOR walks by with a raised eyebrow.

LOVE

Y'all - Mrs. Craddock is lookin'.

GOLDIE

Will let her get an eyeful!

Goldie sticks her tongue out at the neighbor and Bettie follows suit, and they bust up laughing. Their father, ROY PAGE, a weathered hard-looking man in his early forties, dressed in work overalls, emerges in the doorway of the house. The girls stop laughing immediately. He frowns at them.

ROY PAGE

You girls get back in the house.
And take of those damn shoes.

The kids file past him into the house. He follows.

INT. PAGE HOME - CONTINUOUS

As the girls file up the stairs, Roy calls out to Bettie. He speaks to her in a low voice, so that the others can't hear.

ROY PAGE

Bettie - I want to see you. Come here.

A look of dread and shame crosses her face. Bettie follows him reluctantly into the bedroom. The door closes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE ANTEROOM - DAY

Bettie's eyes, looking in the mirror. She puts the mirror down, and looks towards the courtroom door, straining to hear the voices that are coming from within.

INT. COURTROOM - SENATE HEARINGS - DAY

Inside the courtroom VINCENT GAUGHAN, a zealous Irish Catholic prosecutor from Buffalo in his mid-thirties, is interrogating DR. HENRY, a mild mannered, rather pedantic man in his late forties.

MR. GAUGHAN

Doctor, could you tell us, is there a growing tendency today toward sex deviation?

DR. HENRY

That is my impression.

MR. GAUGHAN

Can such deviation from the normal manifest itself in a number of forms?

DR. HENRY

Yes.

MR. GAUGHAN

Are people born with such perversions bred in them, or must they be taught and educated along this line?

DR. HENRY

I could scarcely imagine that anyone was born with these tendencies. There may be certain potentialities that can be trained, but I don't believe anybody would arrive at these various deviations unless they had some training...

INT. COURTHOUSE ANTEROOM - DAY

Bettie looks up to see a young POLICE OFFICER looking down at her. He is offering her a sandwich and a cup of coffee.

BETTIE

(surprised)

Oh! Why, thank you.

She notices him staring at her and quickly looks away. The Police Officer watches her for a moment longer, then approaches her.

POLICE OFFICER

(slightly flirting)

Ma'am, are you going to be alright waiting here like this on your own? Do you have a boyfriend, or... husband or something coming to keep you company while you wait? It looks like it could be a while.

BETTIE

Thank you for your concern, officer, but no, I'm not married.

(she smiles)

I'll be fine on my own.

She takes a lump of sugar from the saucer, drops it in the coffee and begins stirring.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK: INT'. BETTIE AND BILLY NEAL'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE on a spoon stirring a cup of coffee.

BILLY NEAL, a handsome Southern good 'ole boy, is sitting opposite Bettie at the breakfast table of a neatly tended kitchen. He and Bettie are both in their early twenties.

Billy is drinking coffee, wearing the jacket of his old naval uniform unbuttoned over an undershirt. Bettie is leafing through Good Housekeeping. She is remote and depressed. Billy is looking at her with pained adoration and an undercurrent of resentment. There is a long, awkward silence with only the sound of the pages flipping and his spoon clinking in his coffee cup.

BILLY NEAL

Why don't you put that down and talk to me?

BETTIE

(remote and formal)

What's on your mind?

BILLY NEAL

Nothing, I just want you to talk to me. I'm sitting right here, my own wife won't even look at me. Makes me feel like a damn fool.

BETTIE

It's no reason to curse at the breakfast table. (Pause) I'm just reading.

She continues to flip lethargically through the magazine.

BILLY NEAL

(reaching over and
grabbing the magazine out
of her hand)

Well now you'll have to look at me.

BETTIE

(very irritated)

What is it, Billy?

BILLY NEAL

I just wanted to see your face.

BETTIE

Well, here you go. Here's my face.
Do you want more coffee?

BILLY NEAL

Yes I would, thank you.

Bettie gets up and resentfully fills Billy's cup. Billy gets up from his chair and stands behind her, putting his arms around her.

BETTIE

(moving away from him)

Let me get you some cream.

BILLY NEAL

Aw come on Bettie, what's the matter with you? It's like you're not really here.

BETTIE

Nothing. I'm fine.

BILLY NEAL

How come you won't talk to me?

He moves towards her and starts kissing her neck. She shrugs him off. He turns her around and slams her against the cupboards.

BILLY NEAL

Lock here, if something's bothering you, you gotta tell me!

Bettie is stunned and frightened.

BETTIE

Leave me be.

BILLY NEAL

Or is it something else? Some other man?

BETTIE

No, Billy, it's nothing-

BILLY NEAL

It's a man you're thinking about isn't? A man you went with while I was away-

BETTIE

We've been over this - I told you, I never did anything wrong while you were away.

BILLY NEAL

You wanna tell me about that post card?

BETTIE

There's nothing more to say - he was just a friend.

He pulls a well worn postcard out of his back pocket.

BILLY NEAL

'Cause I got it right here Bettie, right here-

He waves it in her face.

BILLY NEAL

And I'm not stupid, you hear me?

Although Bettie is frightened, she is also sick of this conversation, and Billy can see that on her face.

BILLY NEAL (CONT'D)

You hear me?!

BETTIE

Well, you're acting stupid now.

He slaps her across the face. They stand there for a moment in complete stillness.

Billy goes back to the table and sits down. He butters a piece of toast. After a moment, Bettie goes to the sink and starts to do the dishes.

INT. BETTIE AND BILLY NEAL'S APARTMENT - ANOTHER DAY

Billy is in the bedroom, carefully folding clothes and packing them in a small tourister suitcase. Through the other door we can see Billy Neal sitting slumped in an armchair staring into space.

Bettie walks past him, carrying two suitcases and goes out the front door. Billy Neal neither looks up or speaks to her. The door closes behind her.

EXT. DOROTHY DABNEY MODELLING SCHOOL, NASHVILLE - EARLY EVENING

Bettie and ANOTHER GIRL exit the building. The sign over the door reads: "Dot's Girls are Known Worldwide for Their Beauty, Glamour and Perfect Posture!" They laugh and joke as they try to balance books on their heads.

BETTIE

See you Monday!

The girls wave and walk in opposite directions. Bettie wanders down the street, stopping to look at shop windows as she goes. As she stares at a dress in the window, a HANDSOME YOUNG MAN stands next to her, looking at the dress as well.

YOUNG MAN

...and I bet it'd look good on you, too.

Bettie smiles at him, then keeps walking. He walks along next to her.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Beautiful night out, isn't it?

Bettie notices his engaging smile.

BETTIE

Yes, it is.

YOUNG MAN

Say, do you like dancing? My buddy and his girl are going dancing and they asked me along but I'm feeling like a third wheel. I really could use a date.

BETTIE
I do like dancing.
(she sizes him up)
Love to dance, in fact.

YOUNG MAN
Well my friends are just a few
blocks up the street - I'd be
thrilled if you'd come with us.

BETTIE
I think I will, if you don't mind.

YOUNG MAN
Great! My name's Scotty.

He shakes her hand enthusiastically.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - A LITTLE LATER

Bettie and Scotty sit in the back chatting. Another man drives and his girlfriend sits in the passenger seat. Scotty is animated, talking fast, never letting there be a moment of quiet.

SCOTTY
Have you been to the Victory
Ballroom? I love to go there on
Friday night - the band really
cooks.

BETTIE
No - I haven't-

SCOTTY
-and I'll just bet you can really
dance, can't you?

The car pulls over and two other guys jump in, squishing Bettie into the middle of the back seat as the car takes off.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)
This is Jake here, and Ray.

BETTIE
Pleased to meet you.

The car stops again at an intersection, and two more men jump in, piling into the front seat.

SCOTTY

Hi fellas! The more the merrier,
ain't that right?

CLOSE on Bettie, confused. She says nothing but her face shows a dawning alarm. She looks out the window.

BETTIE

(panicking)
Why are we leaving the city? Where
is this place?

EXT. DESERTED FACTORY - NIGHT

The car pulls into the yard of a disused factory. It is dark and ominously silent. As soon as the car stops the doors fly open and the original couple in the car run into the shadows, leaving Bettie alone with five men. She stares at them, as the men form a circle around her -- looking both awkward and threatening. A couple of the men are grinning. Bettie begins to cry.

Scotty is collecting money from one of the men. As he pockets the cash he turns to her and says:

SCOTTY

Don't try and run.

Bettie gets down on her knees, holding her hands in supplication.

BETTIE

Please. For the love of Jesus.

SCOTTY

(helping her to her feet
roughly)
Don't make trouble now. Can't
nobody hear you round here anyhow.
You know what we're here for - just
get into the back of the car.

One of the men is unbuckling his belt.

BETTIE

(crying)
Please - I can't. I - it's that
time of the month.

The men look alternately disgusted and angry.

MAN #1

Aw shit - you said we'd get some
tail here, Scotty.

The men shuffle awkwardly, unsure of the next move.

SCOTTY

Well, she'll have to give us some
kinda satisfaction.

Bettie looks up at the men surrounding her, weeping.

INT. CHURCH - LATER THAT NIGHT

Wearing the same clothes, Bettie sits in the back of the
church. Praying and crying softly.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

Bettie, dressed in a plain coat and hat, hands two suitcases
to a BUS DRIVER who shoves them into the baggage compartment
of a Greyhound bus.

BUS DRIVER

Any other baggage, Miss?

BETTIE

No, just these two here, thank you.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Bettie looking out the window, light and shadow flickering
across her face. Music: "Life is Like a Mountain Railroad."

SONG

Life is like a mountain railroad
With an engineer so brave
We must make this run successful
From the cradle to the grave
Watch the curves, the fills, the
tunnels
Never falter, never fail
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail

The images of Bettie looking out the window are blended with
B&W archive footage of the passing countryside: we see night
time images of billboards, gas stations, the lights of a
travelling circus.

LATER:

Bettie is asleep, her head resting against the window. An old man snores next to her as the bus travels through a dark landscape.

SONG (CONT'D)

Oh, blessed Savior, thou wilt guide
us
Till we reach that blissful shore
Where the angels wait to join us
In God's grace forever more

EXT. NEW YORK - (ARCHIVE)

Music continues over archive film of skyscrapers, busy office workers in midtown. In voice-over Bettie reads a letter home.

BETTIE (V.O.)

Dear Momma, Jack, Jimmy, and Love -
Everything is just fine here in New
York City. I got a job as a
receptionist in Rockefeller Center,
and everyone has been real
friendly.

INT. BETTIE'S APT. - DAY

Bettie dressed in dungarees, with her hair in a bandana, is tiling the bathroom floor of her apartment.

BETTIE (V.O.)

As you can see by the return
address on this envelope, I got an
apartment on 46th street. That's
right near Times Square, so I can
see movies whenever I want. I've
been painting and decorating the
little place - even tiled the
bathroom and the kitchenette
myself.

INT. BEAUTY CONTEST STAGE - DAY

Bettie lined up on stage with other girls in bathing suits.

BETTIE (V.O.)

I entered a beauty contest or two.
I won second prize in one which was
not too bad - a set of brand new
Revere pots and pans, which I
needed very much.

Bettie posing for a photograph, smiling graciously by a table spread out with her prizes.

BETTIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I hope this finds you all well and healthy, and you kids are staying out of trouble. Love to you all--
Bettie

She puts the last finishing touches on the curtains of her apartment, and looks pensively out the window.

EXT. CONEY ISLAND - DAY

Bettie, dressed in a sweater and slacks, is walking along the beach.

JERRY TIBBS, a muscular black man in his thirties, is doing exercises on the beach. Bettie walks past and stops to watch.

Hanging upside down in a gymnastic contortion, Jerry watches her watching him. He smiles at her. She smiles back, and starts to walk away.

JERRY

Excuse me, can I ask you a question?

Bettie stops and looks round to make sure there are people around. She is frightened and wary. But something in his manner reassures her.

BETTIE

(stops and turns round, wary)
Well--

JERRY

Don't be nervous - I'm a policeman!
Here, look.
(he rummages in his bag and pulls out a badge)
I was just curious - have you ever done any photographic modeling?

Bettie stares at the badge, considering its legitimacy. He offers another ID card and she examines that too.

BETTIE

Well - not for photographs, but I did some at a furriers in San Francisco. I worked there as a secretary but I used to model the coats for the buyers.

She scans his face to try and determine what kind of man this is.

JERRY

You look like a model. I'm a policeman, but I'm a photographer too.

(She looks sceptical)

On weekends, you know. I sell to lots of magazines. If you let me take your picture, I'll give you copies for free. How 'bout it?

BETTIE

Take my photo? Right here?

JERRY

Sure. Why not?

BETTIE

(indicating her casual pants and sweater)

Looking like this?

JERRY

Sure.

BETTIE

I don't know...

JERRY

You're a Southern girl, aren't you? I don't want to make you uncomfortable. It's OK.

BETTIE

Oh no, it's not that, don't get me wrong. I worked with a colored woman in San Francisco, and she was real nice. It's just... well...

(she stops, considers the situation)

Oh what's the harm in it!

EXT. CONEY ISLAND - LATER THAT SAME DAY

Bettie is posing on a different part of the beach, with the water as a backdrop. Several onlookers have gathered behind Jerry. They watch in silence, nudging each other, clearly shocked at the sight of a black man taking picture of a white woman.

Trying to ignore the whispers behind them, Jerry asks Bettie questions to put her at ease. Bettie for her part doesn't seem to care. She is enjoying the sun and air, and doesn't seem bothered by the attention they are attracting.

She seems almost exhilarated by it, as if the crowd's gaze is drawing her out of herself.

JERRY

So, where are you from in the South?

BETTIE

Nashville, Tennessee.

JERRY

Home of the Grand Ole Opry.

BETTIE

You know it?

JERRY

I hear it on the radio sometimes. My wife listens to it now and then. Just lift your chin up a little if you could, please... and turn your head to the left? I think your left might be your better side.

The crowd is larger now. Jerry continues to snap photographs. Bettie is really getting into the swing of posing, trying different attitudes.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Now lift your head up. To the right. A little more... a little more. That's it!

TWO OLD WOMEN have arrived. One of them stares at Bettie in disbelief.

OLD WOMAN

Disgusting!

Jerry looks behind him and sees a large and threatening looking crowd. He looks back at Bettie. She shrugs as if to say "don't mind about them". A policeman pushes his way through to see what the commotion is about. Jerry jumps and walks over to him, showing his own policeman's badge. The two men confer for a few moments and then Jerry walks over to Bettie.

JERRY

It seems some of the folks here aren't happy about me taking your picture.

BETTIE

(loud enough for the crowd
to hear)

Well they're just prejudiced. I
used to be when I was young, but I
grew up and learned better. All
we're doing is taking pictures.

JERRY

Maybe next time we should use my
studio.

INT. TIBBS' STUDIO - DAY

Bettie is standing on a platform in the middle of the room
dressed in home made lingerie -- white with red hearts. They
are both much more formal than they were on the beach. Both
Bettie and Jerry are cautiously polite- as if to counteract
the intimacy of the situation.

JERRY

Let's try some different
expressions - this is important for
models to be able to do. Give me
friendly.

BETTIE

(smiling brightly)

Like this?

JIMMY

That's it. You're a natural! Now
give me pert.

(Bettie looks coy)

Uh huh. Give me haughty.

(Bettie frowns)

A little more.

(she puts her hands on her
hips and her nose in the
air)

Great!

He continues to snap photos.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Could you turn to the side for a
moment? I just want to see your
figure in profile.

Bettie turns as he asks. Jerry walks over to a table, picks
up two handfuls of Kleenex.

JERRY (CONT'D)

This is a trick that a lot of models use. If you put these in your bikini top - it will enhance the bustline.

Jerry turns away to give Bettie privacy as she stuffs her bikini with Kleenex.

BETTIE

It's all lumpy.

Jerry turns around to look.

JERRY

You have to put it underneath.

BETTIE

Oh.

She corrects the Kleenex and he takes a few more shots.

JERRY

So, you did some modelling. Did you take a course?

Bettie falls silent. Her face goes stony. She does not want to think about the modelling school in Nashville.

JERRY (CONT'D)

You OK?

Bettie recovers her composure.

BETTIE

Oh sure. Yes, I did take a course. It cost me ninety eight dollars, and all I learned was how to walk with a book on my head...

JERRY

Excuse me, I have an idea.

He lifts her chin and scrutinizes her face.

JERRY

Would you mind if I changed your hairstyle? You have a high round forehead-- there's nothing wrong with it, but it catches the light. But if we cover it...

CLOSE on Bettie's hair as he begins cutting it into bangs.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I can't pay you for this session. But you can make a lot of money out of posing. Have you heard about the camera clubs?

Bettie shakes her head.

JERRY (CONT'D)

They're amateurs mostly. A bunch of guys get together and hire a model to take pictures. It's strictly on the up and up. No funny business. They pay \$10 an hour -- \$25 if you go outdoors.

Bettie's face brightens.

BETTIE

I like being outdoors.

He turns her head and examines her bangs critically. He takes a tiny pair of scissors and begins neatening them.

JERRY

Well, I think there are a lot of photographers out there who'd want to take pictures of a girl like you.

He stands back so that she can stare into the mirror. Her haircut has been changed into a bob with bangs: she has been transformed into the Bettie we know from all her famous photographs.

INT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER OFFICE - DAY

Bettie sits at the reception desk, sporting her new hairdo. A bunch of red roses land on the desk next to her. She looks up and sees CARLOS, a handsome Latin looking man, smiling down at her.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Bettie dances the tango with Carlos in a crowded nightclub, exhilarated as they swoop and twirl to the music.

INT. CARLOS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bettie and Carlos, half-undressed, entwined on his bed in a passionate embrace.

INT. BETTIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bettie is on the phone to her sister Goldie. On her bedside table we can see a bible. In front of her is a small Harlem magazine with one of Jerry's portraits of her on the cover. As Bettie talks, she is looking in the mirror, and then at the magazine, trying different angles, practicing her poses. We can see scattered around the mirror a few other of Jerry's photos of Bettie - she compares herself to them, figuring out how she looks best. Always the keen student, her attitude is serious and professional as she tries out her different looks.

BETTIE

...and it turned out he had a wife and a baby in New Jersey! Oh Carlos was a lowdown dirty dog. But he was the best dancer! And the best at you know what...

(she giggles)

Uh huh... no acting but I have a modelling job later today--

(pause)

Oh - I just wear a bathing suit or some little costume I made - it's real easy, and you know, I think I'm pretty good at it...

She lifts up a photograph and compares it to her face in the mirror.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Bettie stands on the doorstep of an anonymous suburban house. The door swings open to reveal ART, a pleasant looking balding man in his thirties, dressed in a sports shirt and slacks. Bettie smiles, clearly nervous.

BETTIE

Hi, I'm Bettie.

ART

Step this way.

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Art leads the way into a large suburban living room, with patterned wallpaper and an overstuffed armchair and settee with lace doilies on the arms. All the furniture has been pushed against the walls.

ART

Did Jerry tell you what the set up is? You can change in there. The other girl still has a half hour to go.

MAXIE, a slender blonde model, is standing on a platform, dressed in red satin lingerie. She is surrounded by a circle of photographers and tripods: the camera club. They are all men except for one woman with short hair, in a man's suit.

ART

(pointing to the model)
That's Maxie. You can learn from her. She knows all about the three essentials: Clothes, Pose and Expression.

BETTIE

(repeating the words like
a mantra)
"Clothes, Pose and Expression"...

CLOSE on Bettie as she watches Maxie.

Maxie is fluidly slipping from one pose into another as the circle of photographers ooh and ah, and toss out comments. When Maxie speaks she has a British accent.

PHOTOGRAPHER 1

Look over here!

PHOTOGRAPHER 2

Over here!

MAXIE

You'll get your turn.

PHOTOGRAPHER 2

Come on gorgeous, give us a smile.

She smiles and winks.

There is something intoxicating in her power over all these men, and Maxie seems to be getting an almost sexual charge from it.

PHOTOGRAPHER 3

Oh Maxie, we're dying over here.
Don't forget the boys in the corner.

PHOTOGRAPHER 4

Can you bend forward on one knee?

Maxie obliges.

PHOTOGRAPHER 4 (CONT'D)

No, this way.

He reaches out his hand and touches her leg, breaching the invisible barrier separating photographer and model.

MAXIE

Hey!

She looks like she is about to put her stiletto heel in his face. The man shrinks back. Art spots the confrontation from across the room.

ART

No touching the models! Do it again and you're out on your ear.

(turning to Bettie)

Don't worry, there's no funny business here. I make sure of that.

Maxie has slipped effortlessly back into posing. Art watches Bettie watching her.

ART (CONT'D)

Think you can do it?

BETTIE

I can sure try.

LATER:

Now Bettie stands in the middle of the room, dressed in sexy underwear - an obviously home-made outfit, a black bra and panties trimmed with white and decorated with big white daisies. We see a ring of faces behind the cameras. From Bettie's POV, the ring of camera all flash at once.

Bettie strikes another pose. As the photographers get ready for a shot we wander among them. One of the men, on the pretext of keeping his hand in his pocket, is covertly masturbating.

The atmosphere is furtive and a little sordid, but at the center of it all Bettie is radiant. It is as if the camera flashes are the sun and she is a flower receiving their light. We have never seen her so sure of herself and her glowing confidence provides a kind of magic protective barrier between her and the men surrounding her.

PHOTOGRAPHER 1
Chin up a bit. Good girl.

PHOTOGRAPHER 2
Turn to your left. Yeah, just like that.

PHOTOGRAPHER 1
Could you move your leg up a little? Yeah... and higher?

There is a flurry of camera flashes and a murmur in the group.

PHOTOGRAPHER 2
(whispering)
I saw it! I saw beaver!

PHOTOGRAPHER 1
You're dreaming - it was a shadow.

PHOTOGRAPHER 2
I saw it! Hey, what's her name?

PHOTOGRAPHER 1
It's Bettie.

PHOTOGRAPHER 1 (CONT'D)
Hey Bettie - could ya bend over a bit? Let's see a little keister.

She hesitates for a moment, looking at the ring of eager faces around her, waiting. A decision is made: she bends over, butt to the camera. An appreciative chorus goes up from the circle. Bettie smiles for the camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER 1 (CONT'D)
That's it.

End of Bettie's perspective of a circle of cameras flashing.

INT. ACTING CLASS - DAY

Bettie and seven other students -- four men and three women -- and a male teacher sit on folding chairs in a sparse studio space. Bettie is listening intently. MARVIN, a handsome young actor, is sneaking occasional peeks at Bettie, trying to get her to laugh or smile.

TEACHER

To want or need a mask to hide
behind comes from a distrust in
ourselves. It comes from our fear
that we ourselves are boring, and
only the character in the play is
interesting enough to hold an
audience...

There is a long silence where the teacher gets up from his
chair and walks around them all, looking each in the eye
sternly.

TEACHER

Let's try the first object exercise
- recreating two ordinary minutes
out of life when you are alone.
Bettie? Would you like to show us
what you've been working on?
(Bettie is clearly
nervous)
OK. The curtain goes up, and you
are sitting on the stage.

He motions for Bettie to stand up and moves her chair away
from the rest of the group, facing them.

TEACHER

You are alone. You sit and sit and
sit...at last the curtain comes
down again. Nothing could be
simpler, could it?

Bettie is nervous as he leads her to the chair. Marvin winks
at her as she goes up. She sits in the chair.

TEACHER

The curtain rises!

Bettie sits for a moment, then pantomimes turning on the
radio. She taps her foot for a moment, then pantomimes
picking up some sewing, and sews, looking out the window. The
effect is amateurish, but very earnestly played.

TEACHER

...and curtains down.

Marvin leaps up from his seat.

MARVIN

(excited)
I'd like to try the exercise next,
if I may.

The teacher nods in agreement as Bettie returns to her seat, looking admiringly at Marvin. She is impressed with his energy and confidence.

Marvin strides to the stage and sits down in the chair in a confident relaxed posture. The group watches him in silence.

He smiles. He looks thoughtful. He looks at an object across the room with intense concentration.

TEACHER

...and curtains down.

Marvin steps off the stage in triumph. Bettie watches him in wonder.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

You see, Marvin sat and waited and did not "act" anything. To sit and wait may not be interesting to you as you do it, but it is life. If too much energy is exerted onto external action, the actor can lose focus on his

(gestures toward Bettie)

-or her inner life.

That's all for today. See you on Wednesday.

The others file out. Bettie stays in her chair, unhappy. Marvin comes up to her and puts his hand on her shoulder.

MARVIN

Don't worry, Bettie. Like he said, it's a very difficult exercise.

BETTIE

I was terrible - I couldn't concentrate. I felt silly.

MARVIN

You were fine. Anyway - breaking down the ego is an essential step in creative growth. How about a milkshake?

She nods, perking up a little.

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE COFFEESHOP - EVENING

Bettie and Marvin are sitting in a booth in a crowded Greenwich Village coffeeshop.

It's a mixed clientele: some bohemians, some old people from the neighborhood, some young couples on dates. Bettie and Marvin are deep in conversation. He has clearly been talking for some time.

MARVIN

...but that was when I was trying to write the great American novel.

(he laughs modestly)

It seems so juvenile now. Trying to be Ernest Hemingway, you know. But then a friend dragged me to Herbert's class and I don't know...acting felt just so vital. So transcendent -- I just can't explain it.

BETTIE

Oh, I know exactly what you mean. It's like when you're in church.

Marvin looks a bit taken aback.

MARVIN

Uh huh?

BETTIE

Sometimes with the preaching, and the singing and all you get lifted up. Up out of yourself. It's like you're taken to another place.

MARVIN

Taken to another place -- that's it! You know Bettie, I feel like I've been talking about myself for hours -- what about you? What drew you to acting?

BETTIE

Oh, I started in high school. I did all the plays. You could say it ruined my life.

MARVIN

How so?

BETTIE

Oh, it's a long story.

MARVIN

Tell me.

BETTIE

I was going to be our high school valedictorian...

(from her face we see that this memory is still painful for her)

Everyone said it was going to be me. The valedictorian gets a scholarship to Venderbilt university -- it's a real big deal. Well one day I had a dress rehearsal and I cut one class, one stupid art class. I got an A minus instead of an A, and Jimmy Finnigan got the scholarship. I got to be Salutatorian and a place at teacher training college. And I hated teaching, all the boys whistled at me and acted up and I just couldn't control the class. I wanted that scholarship so much...

She stops, lost in her bad memories.

MARVIN

I'm sorry, Bettie.

He places his hand on her hand. She looks down at his hand and says nothing, but she does not remove her hand. Nothing is said but it is clearly a first move.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

It seems so bitter at the time, but maybe it's fate telling you you're meant to do something else.

BETTIE

Well, I wonder. I hope you're right about that.

INT. MIDTOWN OFFICE - DAY

A room filled with the sound of a hundred staccato typewriters. We see rows and rows of neatly dressed young women typing under fluorescent lights. A flash of sunlight shining through green leaves at the window shows it is a beautiful day outside.

Bettie finishes a page and glances longingly at the window. She sighs with boredom, pulls the page out of her typewriter and inserts another.

INT. STATION WAGON - AFTERNOON

Bettie and two other models, PEGGY and MARION, are piled into a station wagon with three photographers, ART, FRANK, and CHARLIE, lots of photo equipment, and picnic supplies. They zoom down the country highway, all singing a round of "Red Red Robin". The wind whips the girls' head scarves around and they try to hold them on, laughing.

EXT. PICNIC SITE - DAY

A picnic among the models and photographers has just ended. The remnants of potato salad, paper plates and part of a watermelon are strewn around on a red and white checked table cloth. A transistor radio plays as Bettie and Marion clean up.

In the background we can see that Peggy is taking her top off. Art and Frank are whispering conspiratorially, and gesturing towards Bettie and Marion. Art heads towards them and Marion rolls her eyes.

MARVIN

Oh, here we go. I know what's coming.

ART

Listen, girls, I just want you to know - Peggy is going to do some semi-nude posing today. All very tasteful, of course. But that doesn't mean that you have to. If you're feeling shy about that, well, bathing suits are just dandy with us.

MARION

Art, I've told you before, my boyfriend would blow his top if I did anything like that.

ART

Of course, of course. It's up to you.

Bettie has her eyes fixed on Peggy who has begun posing topless. Bettie is fascinated.

BETTIE

Thank you Art, I appreciate you telling us.

EXT. FARM YARD - LATER

Bettie and CHARLIE, a tall, earnest nineteen year old, are walking on a path through the woods together, looking for a good place to shoot. They talk quietly as they walk, each carrying camera equipment. Charlie is thrilled to be alone with one of the models.

CHARLIE

You love the outdoors, don't you Bettie?

BETTIE

Yes, I really do. It's one thing I miss about back home - I used to take long, long walks alone in the woods. Sometimes when I'm homesick I just go to Central Park and walk around for hours.

CHARLIE

Gee, I like to do that too.

BETTIE

Some people think I'm funny for spending so much time alone.

CHARLIE

Oh no, Bettie - you're in very good company. Many of the world's greatest thinkers spent most of their time alone.

BETTIE

They did? Well, I'll be.

They have reached a clearing and Bettie dumps her equipment and sits down with a groan.

EXT. CLEARING - LATER

We see a close up of the camera lens as Charlie adjusts it slightly. Bettie has changed into a homemade bikini and is posing, both of them sweating a bit int he noon sun.

Charlie wipes his brow.

CHARLIE

I'm roasting - should we call it quits?

BETTIE

Oh no - I'm fine. I love the sun.

CHARLIE

We better move into the shade after these shots, though. You don't want to get marks from your bathing suit straps.

BETTIE

Thank you, Charlie, that's very thoughtful of you.

She moves into the shade and adjusts her bathing suit top slightly. Charlie is watching her with helpless admiration.

She catches his eye, and he blushes. She gets a naughty look in her eye.

BETTIE (CONT'D)

You know, I could take this little old bathing suit top off if you like-

CHARLIE

Really?

(stammering, hardly able to believe his luck)

Well um, sure, yeah, if that's OK with you.

BETTIE

Well, I've been thinking about it. What difference does it make - a little piece of cloth?

CHARLIE

(sweating slightly)

I agree. Absolutely.

Charlie snaps pictures frantically, afraid to stop lest this opportunity pass by.

CHARLIE

Do you know that you're the most popular model at our club?

BETTIE

Flattery is the devil's tool, Charlie!

(she demonstrates a new pose)

How about this?

CHARLIE

Oh, that's absolutely marvellous.
 Could you just raise your right arm
 a little? There's a shadow.

(she obliges)

Oh, thanks. I don't know how to say
 this but um -- don't be offended
 but --

(the shutter clicks)

You know, we've come this far -- do
 you think you could take off the
 bottom as well?

(he grins nervously)

Like you say, it's just a little
 piece of fabric.

BETTIE

Now don't you go throwing my words
 back at me!

CHARLIE

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked.

BETTIE

I'm just kidding you. Sure, I don't
 mind.

She slowly pulls her bikini bottom down a few inches.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Oh thank you!

He snaps another couple of pictures, then she takes off the
 bikini pants and flings them aside, as he continues to shoot.

Suddenly he stops and puts down the camera.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Bettie?

BETTIE

Yes?

CHARLIE

If we show too much I could get
 arrested.

BETTIE

What do you mean

CHARLIE

Your...

(embarrassed, he points at her pubic hair. Bettie immediately covers that area with her hands)

The top is OK but we have to hide that.

BETTIE

I'll just put the bottom back on.

CHARLIE

Oh no, don't do that! The back side is OK.

BETTIE

How about this?

She turns her back to the camera, and then swivels round from the waist, revealing her breasts.

CHARLIE

Oh thank you! That's perfect!

He continues to shoot.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You know, Bettie, there's a magazine that I bet would love to use an outdoor shot of you.

BETTIE

Really? You think so?

CHARLIE

Yes I do.

The image of Bettie standing confidently, almost triumphantly naked in the sun dappled clearing gradually turns into a tableau of a magazine cover, with a banner that reads:

MODERN SUNBATHING - THE NUDIST PICTURE News - Famous Physical Culturist says "Nudism gave me a second chance!"

As she smiles into the camera Bettie looks tanned, relaxed, wholesome -- and yet her smile seems endlessly inviting, offering a world of effortless, uncomplicated sex. This is the fantasy Bettie, who only lives in photographs. From this point on we will become aware that there are now two Betties: the real Bettie Page and the fantasy image that exists in the minds of her fans.

MAGAZINE SEQUENCE:

The following sequence recreates some of Bettie's famous pin-up covers, done not as still photographs, but as tableaux in which Bettie stands posed, while on screen graphics illustrate the magazine's headlines...

The MODERN SUNBATHING cover begins to spin, in the style of an old-fashioned movie device, and is replaced by another cover:

A pin-up of Bettie captioned STRIP the BANK - Bettie in stocking, with dollar bills covering the essentials.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Bettie Page, only 19, 127 pounds of
Wow! Is she pretty? Is Bettie
wearing fancy stockings? Would you
like a date with her? That's
enough, pal, don't be greedy!

This swirls into the image of Bettie in a bikini pin up pose, with the title FRONT PAGE NEWS.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Model Bettie Page, who's graced the
covers of so many magazines, has
recently been named the girl with
the perfect figure, which certainly
makes good news!

Then a series of Bettie on covers of magazines:

PHOTORAMA - The Forbidden Sex Rites of the Tropics (Bettie in frilly corset and fishnet stockings)

CHICK 'N' CHUCKles (Bettie standing in the ocean in a bikini posing with driftwood)

Bare - White girls Recruited for Singapore's Dens (Bettie naked except for a leopard skin drape with her back to the camera)

Finally, PAGE IS THE RAGE, a pin-up of Bettie in a low cut bikini, frolicking in the surf.

INT. MACHINE SHOP, NASHVILLE - DAY

Billy Neal has arrived at work for his first day on the job. As the SUPERVISOR shows him around, Billy spots the PAGE IS THE RAGE pin up of Bettie on the machine shop wall. He stares at her, speechless. Her image smiles back.

INT. MOVIE STAR NEWS - DAY

Movie Star News is a small cluttered bustling store with movie star pictures all over the walls. School girls scramble and giggle over pictures that they buy for 10 cents. In a secluded area at the back, a row of men on stools pore over catalogs, writing down numbers.

Bettie enters, dressed like a college girl, in a skirt and sweater. She approaches PAULA KLAU, who is smoking behind a cluttered desk. Paula is a tall thin woman in her 30s with her hair in an old fashioned pompadour style. She is clearly the empress of this environment.

PAULA

Yes?

BETTIE

Hi- I got your name from Maxie -
I'm Bettie Page. I'm a model -

Paula holds up a hand to cut her off.

PAULA

Yeah, I know who you are. Could you
wait one moment please?

She finishes her transaction with the school girls and they leave the store. She barks something at an employee, the phone rings, she answers it, holds up a finger to Bettie to wait. While she talks she is sizing up Bettie's figure.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Yeah, we got some nice William
Holden, color, 8 by 10... Stewart
Granger we got, sure. Just come
into the store - anything you want,
we've got.

Bettie looks around the store, admiring the hundreds of movie star and glamour photos covering the walls.

PAULA

(hanging up the phone)
So Maxie told you about us.

BETTIE

Yes. She said there'd be some
unusual costumes to put on -

PAULA

(cutting her off)
Good.

(MORE)

PAULA (cont'd)

OK, well, look - why don't you go right on upstairs and see my brother Irving while I close up here.

One of the men sitting at the back looks up and ogles Bettie. Then he turns back to his catalogue. The camera follows his gaze as he pores over girls in corsets and fetish gear.

INT. KLAU STUDIOS - DAY

The photo studio is upstairs from Irving Klaw's Movie Star News. It is a strange looking room because each of the four sides has a different wall paper and carpeting to provide four different sets. Each set has been furnished with the Klaw's cast-off furniture - a battered settee, a flowered carpet, an old divan with a quilted satin spread -- giving the place a curiously banal domestic feel.

As Bettie walks in she sees IRVING KLAU, a benign looking, roly poly man in his 40's perched on an old office desk, eating a sandwich. He waves to her to come over.

The phone rings and Irving picks it up. As he talks on the phone he sifts through a pile of shoes and lingerie on the desk.

IRVING

Klaw Studios - featuring the largest variety of popular model photos in the world...
Well, what are you interested in, films, cartoons, pictorials? We've got some great new pictorials in, very high quality, Just a moment...
(he turns to Bettie)
Hi, I'm Irving Klaw.

Irving hands Bettie a pair of very high heels and some black lingerie.

IRVING (CONT'D)

You hungry? We got some sandwiches over there. Some beautiful sliced brisket.

BETTIE

Oh, I'm fine thanks.

IRVING

Dressing room's through there.
(he turns back to the telephone as Bettie heads for the dressing room)

(MORE)

IRVING (cont'd)

No more Boudoir Beauties in High Heels. What about some fighting girl movies? No?

(picks up a piece of paper)

Bound in Rubber, Pleasure Parade and Fearful Ordeal in Restraint Land. Now the last one's an excellent seller - because of the quality of the poses, which in my personal opinion are among the most strenuous bondage photos ever made.

INT. KLAU STUDIOS - SAME DAY

CLOSE on a pair of very high heeled black patent leather shoes moving very slowly and cautiously across the floor.

Bettie is teetering out of the dressing room, dressed in eight inch high heels and black lingerie. She stumbles a little.

BETTIE

How anyone walks in these old shoes is beyond me.

Paula is bent over a camera, set up on a tripod, adjusting the lens.

PAULA

(peering through the camera)

Well, ya don't have far to go. Hey Jack, give her a hand.

Paula's husband, JACK KRAMER, who is fixing a light in the corner, rushes over to help Bettie climb up onto the dais.

PAULA (CONT'D)

This is my husband Jack.

BETTIE

Pleased to meet you.

She wobbles to the front of the platform.

BETTIE (CONT'D)

These shoes are kind of unusual.

PAULA

Yeah, we get a lot of requests for them, don't we Irving?

Irving has a sandwich in one hand, and a letter in the other.

IRVING

Sure do.

(he references the letter)

"Eight inch stiletto heels, black seamed stockings. Twelve different poses." High heels are very popular.

PAULA

Can you move a few inches to the left, Bettie? Yeah, that's it.

Bettie walks in front of the camera and poses, smiling. All her tentativeness vanishes as soon as she gets in front of the camera, and she becomes completely at home and relaxed.

Irving walks up to Paula, whispering in her ear:

IRVING

Paula, I think we have a little problem. Something's peeking out.

Paula goes up to Bettie and inspects her pubic area scientifically.

PAULA

Yep! She better put another pair over 'em.

She hands Bettie another pair of black panties.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Put these over the ones you got on.

She walks over and gives Bettie her hand to support herself as she struggles into the panties.

PAULA

Careful, don't break your neck.

(she examines the new panties dubiously)

I guess they look OK. Not that the customers care. It's the shoes they want. Shoes and boots. Boots and shoes. Can't get enough of 'em.

BETTIE

Why?

PAULA

Don't ask. It takes all types to make a world.

She hesitates, and then decides to say something more .

PAULA (cont'd)

You see, the clients who want this stuff, they're very respectable, very high quality people. Doctors, lawyers, diplomats --- even a judge. They're not people like us. They're not your average joe. So what if they want something that seems a little strange?

Bettie isn't quite getting all this but she is reassured by Paula's tone.

BETTIE

Oh, sure.

PAULA

Sometimes they come in, and I can see they want something different. Irving says I can spot one a mile off.

IRVING

Oh she can! She's got an instinct.

PAULA

So if I think it's shoes they want I'll pull out a movie star -- Lana Yurner say -- with some nice high heels and I'll point to them and say "something like this, maybe?". Then I see that look on their face, like they're so relieved I understand. Then I start pulling out the special stuff.

She glances at her watch and snaps out of her reverie.

PAULA (cont'd)

Look at the time. OK, stand up Bettie.

Bettie stand up, displaying her new panties.

PAULA

Now turn your rear-end a little toward the camera so we can see the stocking seams.

BETTIE

Like this?

PAULA

Yeah. That's right. Here we go.

There is a flash as Bettie smiles and poses.

IRVING

You OK Bettie? Shoes hurting?

BETTIE

Oh, I'm fine. Just fine.

She smiles and the camera flashes again.

INT. BETTIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bettie is brushing her hair in front of the mirror. She is fully made up and dressed to the nines. Marvin is lying on the bed reading a copy of Stanislawski's "An Actor Prepares."

MARVIN

...Listen to this: "You have long stretches of nervous let-down in playing your part, complete artistic impotence...at such times your playing is lifeless, stilted-"

BETTIE

I think he was talking about me there-

MARVIN

No! Darling, no! He's talking about all of us. All of us when we are not able to tap into our unconscious creativity.

Bettie listens to him intently and admiringly.

MARVIN

When I read that passage for the first time, I wept.

BETTIE

(incredulous, but trying)
You wept?

MARVIN

You at least have the untrained, untamed spirit to work with. I...I'm tainted with too much training, too much thought...

BETTIE

I think you're a wonderful actor.
It's my own acting I'm worried
about. Now how do I look?

MARVIN

Ravishing. They're going to love
you.

He moves to kiss her.

BETTIE

Stop! My lipstick.

He kisses her hands instead.

BETTIE

I'm so nervous. They liked the
photographs I sent them but they've
never heard me speak.

MARVIN

(helping her into her
coat)

It's a Western right?

BETTIE

Uh Huh.

MARVIN

Well maybe they'll want a Southern
girl. Just remember -- acting is
about truth. Just find the truth
in the character and no-one will
give a damn that you come from
Tennessee.

INT. COLUMBIA PICTURES PRODUCER'S OFFICE - DAY

Bettie sits primly in a chair. A PRODUCER leans back in his
chair, smoking a cigarette. He's a small and unattractive
man who is pretty pleased with himself nonetheless.

PRODUCER

You're a very photogenic young
woman. We'd like to find something
for you in this new picture of
ours. I can see you in the part of
Loretta,

(he looks down at a sheet
of paper, reading)

(MORE)

PRODUCER (cont'd)

A plucky farmgirl who learned to shoot young who saves the Old Homestead from a pack of bloodthirsty Indians.

BETTIE

Well, thank you. I'd love to read for the part.

PRODUCER

No need for that.

(he pauses dramatically)

The picture shoots in California this summer - you think you could uproot yourself for a few months to come work for us?

BETTIE

Yes, of course I could, for a part like that!

PRODUCER

(leaning forward)

It's yours Bettie, and all you have to do is be nice to me.

Bettie smiles politely, not quite getting his meaning.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

That won't be too hard, will it?

BETTIE

No, uh, I don't think so.

PRODUCER

Well, are you free tonight? Why not start right away?

CLOSE on Bettie as his true intentions dawn on her. Glaring at him, she gets up, searching for her bag.

INT. COLUMBIA PICTURES RECEPTION AREA -- SAME DAY

Bettie slams the door behind her. The producer calls after her:

PRODUCER (O/S)

You'll be sorry!

The producer's SECRETARY looks up and gives her a knowing look. Bettie pulls her coat on as she walks out, fighting back tears.

INT. KLAU STUDIOS - EVENING

A long, obsessive close-up of a woman's feet pacing back and forth in black knee-high lace-up boots with white laces and six inch heels.

MAN'S VOICE (O/S)

They're still not tight enough.

A W/S of a photo session in progress. JOHN WILLIE stands behind the camera, giving instructions to Paula Klaw. Willie is a tall, skinny Englishman in his late forties with an upper-class accent, a military bearing and a dissipated air. There is a half-bottle of whiskey peeping out of the pocket of the shabby tweed jacket he wears over a pair of old army fatigues. He looks like a former Guards officer who has been thrown out of the army and gone to seed, which is exactly what he is.

In the background we see Bettie rushing in, late as usual.

In the foreground, Paula is examining the boots.

PAULA

I told ya, they won't go any tighter. The boots are too big and he only bought one pair. They cost a fortune.

She gestures across the room to LITTLE JOHN, a small round faced man in the corner with a pile of whips and leather garments beside him. He cannot take his eyes off JUNE, the model posing on the platform; he sits there with his arms wrapped tightly around his middle, as if trying to keep his excitement under control.

WILLIE

If you want to ruin the whole bloody thing because you're too mean to do it properly...
 (he is too outraged to finish the sentence)
 Just frame up the shot the way I told you to.

Paula is staring through the lens, listening to his instructions. Bettie hovers in the background.

PAULA

OK, I got it, I got it.

Little John makes a little sign to Irving, who hurries over to hear what he has to say.

From Irving's deferential manner, it is clear that Little John is controlling the shoot. Irving walks over to the model and offers her a different riding crop.

Bettie approaches Paula apologetically.

PAULA

Bettie! You were supposed to be here at 10:00 - you're not here, you're not on the clock. You're not on the clock, you don't get paid.

Little John watches Bettie avidly. He coughs politely from the corner to attract Irving's attention, and hands him a leather corset.

LITTLE JOHN

Perhaps the young lady would like to try on this?

INT. KLAU DRESSING ROOM - SAME DAY

Bettie dressed in the leather corset, is sitting in front of the mirror brushing her hair over and over. Maxie is struggling to get her stocking seams straight.

MAXIE

...and then he admitted that they paid Roz \$ 12 an hour and they gave me \$10. The cheek of it! I said to Irving, "pardon me, but who has been freezing her derriere off every Saturday for the past six months?" Not Roz Greenwood.

BETTIE

Gee that's not fair. And Roz is real nice, but you're a better model. Everyone says so.

Paula sticks her head in.

PAULA

You decent?

MAXIE

Yes, but we're cold. Can't we get another heater in here?

Paula walks into the room...

PAULA (CONT'D)

I'll see what we can do. Bettie,
if you brush your hair anymore
it'll fall out of your head.

She walks back and closes the door and approaches the girls,
speaking in a confidential tone.

PAULA

I just want to explain something to
you, Bettie. This is one of our
private sessions. John, we call him
Little John to tell him apart from
the other John, Big John -- he's
the photographer out there. Anyway,
Little John brought in some special
outfits he wants you to put on.

Maxie snorts with laughter.

MAXIE

I'll say they're special!

PAULA

Maxie! Well, some of them are a
real hoot. But he's a very nice
man.

MAXIE

(seriously)

Yeah. He's not normal, but he's
nice.

PAULA

And he's one of our best customers
so try and do what he says.

She exits, closing the door behind her.

Bettie turns to Maxie, bewildered and suspicious.

BETTIE

What does she mean?

MAXIE

Oh, it's nothing bad. You just
have to scare him and act mean.
Like this.

She demonstrates, pulling a haughty dominatrix pose.

MAXIE (CONT'D)

Actually it's kind of fun.

Bettie looks at her dubiously.

MAXIE (CONT'D)

You're lucky. Wait'll you see what
I have to do.

INT. KLAU STUDIO - SAME DAY

In the background on the other side of the room, Paula and John Willie are tying up Maxie.

Paula is standing across the room, in front of another backdrop, looking down at Maxie who has been trussed with ropes. With the air of a man who loves his work, John Willie is tying the final knot.

MAXIE

Ouch! That's too tight.

WILLIE

Well, that is rather the point, you
know. Tighter the better.

MAXIE

Paula!

For a moment Bettie is truly alarmed.

BETTIE

Maxie! Are they hurting you?

PAULA

Oh she's fine, aren't you Max?

MAXIE

No, I'm not, I'm getting rope
burns!

Paula bends down and loosens the knots slightly.

PAULA

Come on, lets get a move on. In
ten minutes we're off the clock.
Bettie, stand up there.

Bettie stands on the platform in her new outfit, holding a riding crop rather awkwardly in one hand. Bettie doesn't look even slightly mean or dominating; she's doing the cutesy poses she does for the camera clubs.

LITTLE JOHN

(to Irving)

Perhaps she could look a little more strict?

Irving hurries over to Paula and whispers in her ear. Paula calls across the room to Bettie.

PAULA

(to Bettie)

He wants ya to be more strict!

WILLIE

Come on my dear. More passion, more fire - more tigresse.

(he pretends to snarl at her. She snarls back and pretends to claw at him)

Oh, very good.

(he looks over at Little John, who nods excitedly)

Dominate the men who adore you. Crush them under your exquisite high heels.

PAULA

(to herself)

Oh for crying out loud.

The camera flashes as Bettie snarls and pouts at the camera.

It flashes again as Bettie brandishes the whip.

The camera flashes on a final tableau: Bettie wielding a hairbrush with mock ferocity as Maxie pretends to cower before her, as Little John settles back to watch.

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - THAT EVENING

Paula, Irving, Little John, John Willie, Bettie, Maxie and June are seated at a table where a lavish meal is being served.

BETTIE

So, John, what do you do?

Little John stammers, embarrassed both at being addressed by one of the girls and at being asked about his real identity.

LITTLE JOHN

I...uh...

PAULA
(in a tone that
discourages further
questioning)
He has a very successful legal
practice, with many distinguished
clients.

IRVING
How is business, John? Have you
been keeping busy?

LITTLE JOHN
Quite busy. But mother hasn't been
very well, so I've been spending a
lot of time at home with her.

Maxie, June and Bettie are eating heartily.

IRVING
Sorry to hear it. I wonder if you
can give me some advice on a little
legal problem. I had a letter from
the Postal Inspector warning me
about sending some of my pictures
through the mail. What do you know
about getting around that?

Little John thinks for a minute. He is more at ease talking
to Irving directly, particularly about legal issues.

LITTLE JOHN
The only court ruling that I know
of on that issue is the case of
this fellow Al Urban. The Post
Office tried to prevent him from
sending photographs of nude men
through the mail. They got the
Civil Liberties Union involved, and
the Chicago Court eventually ruled
that the materials were not obscene-

IRVING
We don't even have nudes!

LITTLE JOHN
He just had to be careful he was
only sending his stuff to adults.

IRVING
But I heard about another guy in
L.A.

(MORE)

IRVING (cont'd)

Who was even painting clothes on his nudes to send through the mail and they nabbed him and he did a year in a road camp, and after that the post office wouldn't leave the guy alone for love or money. I'm getting a little nervous about my whole mail order operation, John, I gotta tell Ya.

As he listens to Irving, Little John always keeps his eyes fixed on the girls, although he never speaks to them directly. Maxie and June are chatting about men they are dating and drinking wine.

Bettie is a little alarmed to be sitting next to John Willie, because he is drinking heavily.

WILLIE

I don't believe we've been properly introduced. I am John Willie.

BETTIE

How do you do? I'm Bettie.

WILLIE

(proffering the bottle of wine)

"Come, Fill the Cup and in the Fire of Spring, The Winter Garment of Repentance fling"

BETTIE

That's very nice, is it from a poem?

WILLIE

Not just from a poem my dear; it is from the poem: the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayam.

Willie goes to fill her glass.

BETTIE

Thank you, but I don't drink.

WILLIE

Come on, have a sip for me.

(with a touch of bitterness)

Most of the time in the last six months I seem to be drinking by myself or with strangers whom I don't like.

Bettie takes a little sip, smiling politely.

WILLIE

There's a sport. What do you think of all this tying up business? You seem to have a knack for posing, and I'm always on the look-out for comely wenches who don't mind a bit of rope and gag.

BETTIE

(cautiously)
Well, it certainly was different.

WILLIE

(making a whipping gesture)
I liked what you did with the riding crop. It's a treat to see a girl with so much spirit.

BETTIE

(flattered)
I enjoy acting very much. I've been taking lessons.

WILLIE

We should put you in a little film or something, shouldn't we?

Little John leans over to Paula to ask her if the girls want more wine.

PAULA

You girls gotta work tomorrow, or would you like some more wine?

JUNE

(awkwardly glancing at Little John)
Gee thanks, I'd love some.

IRVING

Maxie, you having more food? You look like you're gonna pop right out of that dress if you eat another bite.

MAXIE

I'll pop you, you old hound.

She shoves him playfully.

PAULA

Irving, Irving. Irving? You want
some more bread - we got the waiter
coming over.

WILLIE

(pointing to Bettie)
Little John, old cock, what say we
give this charming creature a role
in Sally's Punishment? I'll bet
she's a dab hand with the cords.

Little John glances furtively at Bettie and then lowers his
eyes, nodding enthusiastically.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

The scene opens with faded color Super 8 home movie footage
of Paula, her husband JACK KRAMER, Irving, John Willie, Bettie,
Maxie and a hard faced brunette model, ROZ, as they unload
costumes and camera equipment from two battered cars. Little
John greets them: it is his country house they are visiting.
A series of quick cuts shows them preparing to shoot the
short silent film 'Sally's Punishment'.

BLACK AND WHITE, SILENT 16 MM.

A clapper board with the name "Sally's Punishment".

The film begins on the porch as Bettie and Roz bind and gag
Maxie who is lying on a couch. All three girls are wearing
black underwear, garters and very high heels. They drag their
captive down a gravel driveway, teetering unsteadily on their
high heels.

Bettie is obviously enjoying herself immensely as she goes
through the motions of acting out a fierce villainess. They
stuff Maxie in the trunk of a car, drive to a nearby wood,
and then tie her to a tree and spank her. All three are
hilariously unconvincing in their performances. It is obvious
that when they are spanking Maxie they aren't even touching
her, and Maxie is curiously compliant while pretending to
struggle against them.

These scenes are interspersed with more color Super 8 home
movie footage of the Klaws, the girls, Little John and John
Willie larking around during filming.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE GARDEN - DAY

During a break in shooting, Bettie, Roz and Maxie sit under a
tree in their costumes, eating sandwiches, with a Thermos
next to them.

Roz and Maxie are wearing robes, Bettie has a plaid flannel shirt wrapped around her. Their shoes are kicked off. The rest of the crew can be seen in the background, arguing and changing film.

Maxie is flipping through a copy of McCall's, reading the recipes aloud.

MAXIE

Cream cheese and pineapple Jello mold... Never heard of such a thing!

(to herself)

One can pineapple chunks, one 8 oz block cream cheese - and a packet of lemon Jello...

BETTIE

Maxie - what do you know about Big John?

MAXIE

Well, he's an odd bloke. Willie's not his real name. You know what Willie means, don't you?

They shake their heads and she whispers it to them. They giggle.

MAXIE (cont'd)

He comes from money, but he's the black sheep of the family.

(to Bettie)

Coffee?

ROZ

Did you meet him back in England?

MAXIE

No, in New York when I came here after the war. I was a wartime bride -- for about ten minutes! Just like you Bettie.

BETTIE

(not wanting to talk about it)

Yeah, just like me.

Roz is still looking at John Willie.

ROZ

I don't care. It's a day's pay in the sunshine for me.

WILLIE

But my angel, don't you ever reflect on what our little works of cinema are used for? Think of those rows of sweaty men in darkened rooms, your image flickering before them. You are their Goddess and those poor onanists offer you their lonely sperm as sacrifice. "An expense of spirit and a waste of shame" as the Bard would say, although personally I've always had a lot of time for self-abuse.

PAULA

That's enough. We're not having any of that dirty talk around here.

MAXIE

What's he on about?

WILLIE

Paula, my dove, it was just a harmless flight of fancy.

Irving approaches wearing an apron, holding some food he has just grilled.

IRVING

Get it while it's hot!
(calling out to Bettie)
Hey Esther Williams! Come and eat!

EXT. BY THE POOL - LATER

Willie comes tumbling out of the house with a banjo in his hands.

WILLIE

Ladies - I've hidden talents that I've yet to reveal to you!

Bettie in particular is delighted by this. Willie weaves toward a chair by the pool and falls into it, beginning to play Bye Bye Blackbird and sing. Bettie is thrilled and begins to sing with him. Every one joins in drunkenly.

At the climactic moment in the song he struggles to his feet, singing and playing grandly as he walks backwards, eventually falling into the pool, banjo and all. He falls in and everyone screams. The most athletic and sober of the bunch, Bettie dives in after him, bringing him to the surface.

INT. MOVIE STAR NEWS - DAY.

Irving, his lawyer GANGEL and POSTAL INSPECTOR CHESTER BATTLE sit in Irving's office, watching "Sally's Punishment", which is projected onto a battered screen. There is only the sound of the projector whirring, and the Inspector clearing his throat uncomfortably. He is taking notes.

BATTLE

Could you stop there?

The projector stops whirring and an image freezes on screen. Maxie is bound and gagged inside the trunk of a car, as a smiling Bettie, looking faux-tough and dressed in black lingerie moves to close the trunk.

BATTLE

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

GANGEL

Sir, if I may...my client sells a number of photographs of stills from Hollywood films - take this one, for example, from "Tarzan and the Slave Girl." This scantily clad actress is tied up, and lash marks are visible on her back. This film passed the National Board of Review and was shown in theaters around the nation.

BATTLE

And what conclusions do you draw from this, Mr. Gangel?

GANGEL

Certainly you can't intend for my client to stop selling these Hollywood film stills, Inspector?

BATTLE

Those images represent a minute part of a feature length film intended as harmless entertainment. Mr. Klaw's films and photographs are created with the deliberate intention of inciting lust and lascivious thoughts, and should therefore be barred from being sent through the mails. If you do not cease and desist, this will become a matter for the courts.

Irving shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

INT. KLAU STUDIOS - DAY

Bettie is on stage performing a rather strange, awkward but charming little dance. She holds a clown doll in her hands and is dancing to the music of a little wind up record player. She is clearly making up the movements as she goes along.

Paula is behind an old movie camera, filming Bettie's performance.

Irving walks in and waves to Paula. He is clearly agitated.

IRVING

Hi girls! That looks very artistic. What's it called?

PAULA

'Bettie's clown dance'.

IRVING

Very nice.

(in a whisper to Paula)

I just had the meeting with the Post Office. Things don't look good.

PAULA

Irving, you look terrible. Is it your heart?

IRVING

No, no I'm fine..

Paula gives him a worried look and goes to shut off the little portable record player.

PAULA

OK, that's all for tonight.

IRVING

Listen Betts, I hope you don't mind. We need to take a little break from production. Maybe a couple of weeks.

BETTIE

Why sure, I don't mind at all

IRVING

Take off! Take a vacation! You know where I'd go if I could get away from here?

BETTIE

Where would you go?

IRVING

(dreamily)

Miami Beach. That's where I'm gonna go if I ever get to retire. Sun and fun, Bettie.

CLOSE on Bettie, considering.

EXT. - MIAMI BEACH - DAY

All Miami scenes are in color.

A dazzling blue technicolor wave hits the screen. Bettie, laughing rises out of the surf, and smiles at the camera, throwing her wet hair out of her eyes. She plunges black into the water like a dolphin, and then rises again, smiles and throws her hair out of her eyes.

Bettie walking alone along the sand, a beach bag slung over her shoulder.

INT. BUNNY YEAGER'S APT. - DAY

Dressed in a smart cotton sundress and headscarf, Bettie rings a doorbell. We hear footsteps, and the door opens to reveal BUNNY YEAGER, a tall blonde in her thirties with a commanding air.

BETTIE

Miss Yeager?

BUNNY

You must be Bettie. I've seen your picture many times. Step this way.

She leads Bettie down a hallway lined with framed 'glamor' shots and artistically posed nudes to a large airy room, a combination of studio and living room. It is in sharp contrast to the Klaw studio: impeccably neat and clean, decorated in light, bright colors and fifties modern furniture.

BUNNY (cont'd)

Would you like a glass of water?

BETTIE

Oh yes, thank you.

Bettie looks cautiously around the room, clearly somewhat intimidated by Bunny's commanding manner. On the wall is a framed magazine cover featuring the younger Bunny in a swim suit pose.

BUNNY

(handing her a glass of water)

That was taken in Hawaii. I was a model too. You brought some clothes with you?

Bettie opens her little valise and begins spreading costumes out on the sofa: some black satin lingerie, long black gloves, a black leather corset, black leather suspenders. Bunny is clearly taken aback.

BUNNY (cont'd)

I see. Is this what you usually pose in?

BETTIE

In New York I do a lot of work for Irving and Paula Klaw. I don't know if you've heard of them, but their clients ask for a lot of stuff like this.

Bunny picks through the clothes dubiously.

BUNNY

Maybe the gloves -- and the stockings. Not the garters.

(MORE)

BUNNY (cont'd)

I believe the female form can stand on its own. Let's have a look at you in the light. Stand over here by the window.

Bunnie examines her face against the light.

BUNNY (cont'd)

So what brings you to Miami, Bettie?

BETTIE

I don't know. I was restless. And I love the sunshine, I love the ocean.

BUNNY

(an idea is coming to her)
Do you?

EXT. FISHING BOAT - DAY

Naked, Bettie poses exultantly in the prow of a fishing boat, as Bunny's camera flashes. Bunnie's young male ASSISTANT hands Bettie a fishing rod, and Bettie examines it tentatively.

BUNNY

Balance it on your knee -- act as if you're reeling it in.

Bettie begins posing playfully with the fishing rod, laughing as a title is superimposed on screen:

NUDE BUT NOT NAKED

by Bunny Yeager

Photographs by the author

A series of live action tableaux follow of Betty posing naked on the boat, with a narration by Bunny. In all these tableaux Bettie's pubic hair is always artfully hidden, either by a shadow or a carefully placed leg.

First Bettie casts her reel over the side of the boat.

BUNNY (O/S)

Yes, she's been shot by just about every photographer in the country.

(MORE)

BUNNY (O/S) (cont'd)
 But I think I caught something
 something special in her
 personality when I photographed
 her.

Bettie looks astonished as she catches a fish.

BUNNY (cont'd)
 The first thing I noticed was that
 for some reason when she's nude she
 doesn't seem naked. Maybe it's her
 all-over coppery tan or maybe just
 her attitude.

Gingerly Bettie retrieves the fish and drops it in the boat.

BUNNY (cont'd)
 Whatever it is, it conveyed to me
 that here is a true nudist.

She holds up her catch in triumph.

BUNNY (cont'd)
 Bettie's attitude toward her lovely
 healthy body is the essence of
 nudism.

Bettie relaxes in the back of the boat, naked except for an
 artfully draped scarf. The image freezes and is transformed
 into a color postcard -- 'Welcome to Florida.'

The colors of the postcard fade into black and white.

INT. CAR, NASHVILLE - CHRISTMAS EVE - 1952

A woman's hand turns the postcard over.

BETTIE V/O
 Dear Goldie,
 Had a wonderful time at the beach
 here, and made some money too. Wish
 you could have been here with me.
 Hope to see you at Xmas. Can't wait
 to walk through those ole piney
 woods again!

Goldie is sitting in a battered old Ford, looking at Bettie's
 card as she watches the bus unload.

EXT. NSHVILLE BUS STATION - NIGHT

A bus stands waiting as passengers are let off to collect
 their luggage. plumes of exhaust rising in the winter air.

Bettie, bundled up in an overcoat, hat and mittens, is struggling with a hatbox and an armful of parcels. Her younger brother Jack struggles behind, dragging a heavy suitcase and more boxes.

JACK

What you bringin' us for Christmas - bricks? Hope you got somethin' good for me!

BETTIE

(pretending to swipe at him)

You won't get a thing if you don't stop belly aching.

INT. PAGE HOUSE - CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON

Bettie, Goldie, Jack, and Love are sitting around a Christmas dinner. Their mother Edna is saying grace.

EDNA PAGE

...and thank you for giving us this food when others are in want.

The children eagerly seize their knives and forks, but Edna has not finished.

EDNA PAGE (cont'd)

And we ask you Lord to watch over our family. Please shine your precious light on our son Jimmy in Mobile who can't be with us today, and cousin Sarah in the hospital. And thank you for bringing our Bettie back home to us for Christmas this year, may you keep her safe in New York City. And on this day of the birth of our precious Saviour let us say a prayer for Roy Page, and help us Lord to forgive him for abandoning his wife and family...

The children exchange glances at the mention of their father. Goldie rolls her eyes. Bettie looks stony faced.

EDNA PAGE (cont'd)

and please help him to find the path of righteousness. For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful. Amen.

Everyone says Amen and then attacks their food.

EDNA PAGE

Don't take all the mashed potatoes,
Jack. Leave some for the rest of
us.

JACK

So have you met Marilyn Monroe yet?

BETTIE

No, Jack, she lives in Hollywood -
I'm in New York.

LOVE

Man from the Tennesseean called -
says he wants to interview you.

BETTIE

He did?

LOVE

Says you were voted the 'pin up
queen of the universe'.

BETTIE

(laughing)

Oh my!

EDNA PAGE

(disapproving)

And how long can you make a living
out of that?

BETTIE

Oh you know Momma, I'll get by.

EDNA PAGE

All that teacher training -- seems
a shame to waste an education.

Bettie does not reply and continues to eat in silence, as
Jack and Love begin squabbling over the stuffing.

EXT. ROAD TO NASHVILLE CHURCH - NIGHT

The Page family walks along a country road towards a wooden
frame church. Light from the church windows spills out onto
the road, and the sound of hymns from a Christmas midnight
service can be heard through the open door.

CHOIR (O/S)

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
(MORE)

CHOIR (O/S) (cont'd)

Born of His Spirit, washed in His
blood.

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day
long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day
long.

Goldie and Bettie lag behind the rest of the family, talking
privately.

BETTIE

You know I hated teaching, I wish
Mama would just let that be.

GOLDIE

And you're famous now, Miss 'Pin Up
Queen of the Universe'!

BETTIE

Has Mama said anything to you about
my modelling?

GOLDIE

Not a word. But a few weeks ago I
was rooting around in her closet
for something and I found a whole
stack of magazines with you in 'em.

BETTIE

(whispering)
Not the nudist ones?

GOLDIE

Course not! Just glamor stuff. You
still look good in a swimsuit.

BETTIE

Oh, I was never as pretty as you.

They walk up the steps of the church. Bettie pauses for a
moment, in the doorway, clearly moved by the sound of the
choir within.

CHOIR

Perfect submission, perfect
delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my
sight;
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Bettie and Goldie stand in the lighted doorway, watching the choir. Bettie's lips move along with the words.

DISSOLVE TO:

ARCHIVE ESTABLISHING SHOT - 1950'S NEW YORK STREET, WINTER - EVENING

INT. ACTING STUDIO - EVENING

Bettie, Marvin and a young actress, SHIRLEY, are in the center of the room performing a scene from Shaw's 'Dark Lady of the Sonnets'.

Bettie, as the Dark Lady, is kneeling in supplication in front of Queen Elizabeth (Shirley) as Marvin, playing Shakespeare, looks on. Bettie is totally absorbed in the scene, and seems less self-conscious than we have seen in her previous attempts at acting. Her Southern accent is less pronounced.

THE DARK LADY

Madam: as I live and hope for
salvation-

SHAKESPEARE

(sardonically)

Ha!

THE DARK LADY

(angrily)

Ay, I'm as like to be saved as thou
that believest naught save some
black magic of words and verses -

(turning to the Queen)

Oh madam, if you would know what
misery is, listen to this man that
is more than man and less at the
same time. He will tie you down to
anatomise your very soul: he will
wring tears of blood from your
humiliation; and then he will heal
the wound with flatteries no woman
can resist.

Bettie speaks fervently, as if she is drawing on some inner pain.

SHAKESPEARE

Madam: she is jealous; and, heaven
help me! not without reason.

(MORE)

SHAKESPEARE (cont'd)

For how can I ever be content with
this black-haired, black-eyed,
black-avised devil now that I have
looked upon real beauty and real
majesty?

THE DARK LADY

(wounded and desperate)

Oh, he is compact of lies and
scorns. I am tired of being tossed
up to heaven and dragged down to
hell at every whim that takes him.
I am of all ladies most deject and
wretched ...

As she speaks, the camera wanders over the faces of the other students, who are watching intently. The TEACHER looks on approvingly. As the scene ends, he steps forward to address the class.

TEACHER

A very good scene. We know from
Stanislavsky that "there can be no
true art without living", and to
reproduce feelings, you must be
able to identify them out of your
own experience. Bettie, can you
tell the class what you did to find
the truth of the lady-in-waiting's
emotions?

BETTIE

(hesitantly)

I tried to think of something that
would make me really scared.

There is a pause and the room is silent.

TEACHER

And what was that, Bettie?

BETTIE

(still shy)

I thought of what Jesus might do to
me for all my sins.

TEACHER

(pauses, confused for a
moment, then bursts out)

Marvellous!

The other students look at each other, bewildered.

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Panting a little from exertion, Bettie and Marvin are walking up the stairs of a dilapidated Greenwich Village apartment building. They are in mid-argument.

MARVIN

Herbert tells me they're holding auditions for 'Li'l Abner' on Broadway. There's a part in it, a country girl named Moonbeam McSwine - you'd be perfect for it. You have to audition.

She is clearly intimidated by this.

BETTIE

Broadway? Oh I couldn't.

MARVIN

But why won't you just try? What have you got to lose?

BETTIE

I could make a fool out of myself, that's what. Broadway is such a big deal.

MARVIN

Bettie, this is a great chance for you!

They are almost at the top floor.

BETTIE

Don't worry, honey. I will audition -- soon. I just need to take a few more classes first.

MARVIN

Bettie Page, you are a complete mystery to me.

Music and laughter are floating from an apartment at the top of the stairs. Marvin bangs on the door. No-one can hear. He bangs again. The door swings open. It is Frank, one of the photographers from Bettie's picnic shoot. He is very tipsy.

FRANK

Bettie! Love of my life!
(Marvin glares at him.)
Come on in..

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE APT - NIGHT

Frank leads the way into an extremely crowded smoky apartment, lit by candles tucked in old wine bottles. The furniture is old and battered and the walls are crammed with paintings and photographs.

The guests are a mixture of models, artists, actors, comedians and bohemians as well as wannabe bohemians.

Frank leads the way into the kitchen. A raised bathtub stands next to the sink in the middle of the room. Several of the guests have climbed into it and are lolling there, drinking and laughing.

FRANK

What's your poison?

MARVIN

Whiskey.

BETTIE

Orange juice, please.

FRANK

Bettie, you kill me. You're such a square.

(to Marvin)

Say, would you mind getting some ice from over in that bucket?

Marvin moves to the bucket to retrieve the ice. A drunken woman ashes her cigarette into the bucket, to Marvin's horror. She stumbles into him, grabs onto him to steady herself and then looks into his eyes.

DRUNKEN WOMAN

Did anyone ever tell you you look exactly like Montgomery Clift?

MARVIN

Happens all the time.

As Marvin rinses ashes off the ice cubes Frank leads Bettie into the other room.

FRANK (cont'd)

Bettie - there's someone you've got to meet - he'll kill me if I don't introduce you.

They walk into the next room as we find Marvin coming through the crowd with cups full of ice. He sees two men talking to each other excitedly.

GUY #1

Hey - do you see that girl, that black-haired job over there? That's Bettie Page.

His friend cranes his neck to get a glimpse of Bettie as she leaves the room.

GUY #2

No! Really? That's her? She looks different with her clothes on.

Marvin beams to himself, proud that Bettie is with him. Frank is introducing Bettie to HOWIE, a fast-talking press agent, in the next room.

HOWIE

So listen - I've got this sensational new nightclub opening next week - I'd love it if you and some of your friends could come down and see us-

BETTIE

Why sure--

HOWIE

We've got a full orchestra, a floor show, a juggling act - we're pulling out all the stops.

Marvin is struggling through the crowd, trying not to spill the drinks. Bettie notices him and waves. Howie has moved on to the next person.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME PARTY -- LATER

The party has become more drunken and chaotic.

Bettie has been cornered by a shaggy haired, bespectacled bohemian type who speaks passionately about his work.

BOHEMIAN

It's a tone poem, inspired by 'Thus Spake Zarathustra'. If you'd come to my apartment I could show you some of my compositions...

BETTIE

That sounds very nice. Do you know where the ladies room is?

Disappointed, the bohemian points to a door across the room. Bettie makes her way through the crowd, watched by Marvin. He has been cornered by a brassy blonde who is whispering in his ear.

BLONDE

...but I wouldn't. He tried to get me to show bare backside and I said "No sir, that's not my kind of modeling."

Marvin smiles politely.

BLONDE

Girls, do though. Some girls do.
(conspiratorial)
See that girl over there, the one in the striped sweater?
(she points to Bettie)
I've heard she doesn't mind taking it off top and bottom.

MARVIN

(detaching himself)
Excuse me.

Marvin heads back to Bettie, who has been cornered outside the bathroom by a thin, NERVOUS MAN in his mid-thirties. He is quite good looking but has a furtive manner, and is clutching a magazine of some kind to his chest. He is both shy and aggressive: he is subtly blocking Bettie's path, and standing uncomfortable close to her, but he will only make eye contact for a millisecond at a time.

NERVOUS MAN

You're Bettie Page, aren't you

BETTIE

Yes, I am.

NERVOUS MAN

I'm really sorry to bother you. I have a lot of your pictures.

He thrusts forward his magazine which is now revealed to be a copy of the 'Movie Star News' catalogue. He points to a picture of Bettie in high black leather boots and whip, giving her best dominating look, with a cigarette dangling out of her mouth in a most unconvincing way.

NERVOUS MAN (cont'd)

If you don't mind, do you think you
could sign this for me?

He takes a pen out of his pocket and hands it to her. She signs, trying to be polite, but glancing around the party for Marvin or anyone she knows.

NERVOUS MAN

Could you tell me something? Does
it just make you sick to see guys
like me grovelling like this...

BETTIE

Why no - it's fine, I mean
flattering--

NERVOUS MAN

Doesn't it just make you want to
crush us? Punish and humiliate us?

He is talking much too close to her.

BETTIE

No sir. I'm sure you're a very nice
person.

She sees Marvin, who pushes his way towards her. He puts his arm around her.

MARVIN

There you are, donut!
(turning to the nervous
man)
Hello there.

Marvin notices the photo in the man's hand, the pen in Bettie's.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Signing autographs, are you? Can I
see.

He takes the catalogue. The man looks uneasy. Marvin's face registers a little shock at the photo.

NERVOUS MAN

Thank you.

He slinks off, leaving the catalogue behind. Marvin's eyes scan the catalogue and fix on one of the ads:

'DOMINANT BETTY DANCES WITH WHIP'

A series of photographs shows Bettie posing radiantly with a whip in front of one of the Klaw's classic backdrops -- a curtain, a second hand stuffed armchair, an old piece of patterned carpet. Marvin reads the caption aloud:

MARVIN

"Our new Whip Dance movie stars lovely Betty Page and is called 'Dominant Bettie Dances With Whip'. In this movie Betty poses and prances around with a whip, and Betty is attired in black Bra and Pantie outfit, wearing dark opera length rolled stockings and 6 inch high heeled patent leather shoes..."

Marvin looks up at Bettie, surprised.

MARVIN

Bettie, what is this?

BETTIE

Oh it's just some silly little movie I did for Irving and Paula.

He continues to flip through the catalogue. He pauses on some more intense bondage photographs: girls trussed up in strange contorted positions, girls in leather hoods and masks, girls with ball gags and handcuffs and leather straps..

Marvin pulls Bettie into a corner so that they can speak confidentially.

MARVIN

Bettie, I don't think you understand what this is. This is just...it's just wierd.

BETTIE

There's no harm in it. No-one ever sees this stuff. It's just for a few special people.

MARVIN

Bettie, I'm concerned about this.

BETTIE

Marvin, I want to dance.

She flounces off into the other room, leaving Marvin staring at the catalogue. The camera moves in on a still photograph.

It gradually comes to life as a grainy BLACK AND WHITE SUPER 8 MM FILM LOOP, as Marvin stares at it.

Bettie Page and two other women -- one dark, one fair (June and Maxie) -- are lying on a shag carpet in what looks like a suburban living room, but is in fact a corner of the Klaw studio. Bettie and Maxie are in black satin underwear, stockings and suspenders; June is in white. Bettie has a ball gag in her mouth and her arms and legs are bound with rope.

The action has been slowed slightly, which gives it a dream-like quality. The women crawl around each other on the floor. Sometimes two of them wrestle clumsily, while Bettie watches; sometimes they turn on Bettie. The awkwardness is comic, and the women themselves are probably on the verge of giggles. But viewed as a silent film loop the images take on a wierd erotic power.

SUPER 8 MM FILM LOOP- INT. MOVIE STAR NEWS - DAY

Marvin's voice over continues as the live action image slowly freezes and becomes a still photograph in the catalogue again.

MARVIN V/O

"The price is 14.00 for the complete movie. Roz is attired in Black Chemise, Black stockings, and wearing six inch high heels."

The page flips over. A customer is furtively bent over the catalogue. He takes a pencil and writes down the number of 'Bettie Page In Chains'.

In the background we see Irving cross the room and head quickly up the stairs.

INT. KLAU STUDIOS - SAME DAY

Irving hurries into the studio, clearly agitated about something. As he arrives he sees that John Willie is in the middle of demonstrating some bondage techniques to Paula, using Bettie as a model.

Surprisingly, Paula is dressed in high heels and black lace underwear, although her attitude is as businesslike as ever, Paula is watching Willie intently, trying to follow how he does the knots, as she drags on a cigarette.

Bettie is being tied by her wrists and ankles to a wooden frame. She has a ball gag in her mouth.

WILLIE

This is quite an elegant knot,
really, as the more the subject
pulls, the tighter the knot
becomes.

PAULA

Uh huh.
(looking up and seeing
Irving)
What did the lawyer say?

IRVING

It's not good. Why Paula, you're
all dressed up!

PAULA

(secretly rather proud of
herself)
June called in sick and you weren't
here so I filled in.

John Willie snorts at this.

IRVING

Can we have a word in the office?

PAULA

Sure.
(to John and Bettie)
You carry on. We're off the clock
at nine.

John Willie seems amused to be left alone with Bettie, who
watches him warily.

He pulls at one of the ropes, shakes his head in
disatisfaction, and walks across the room to fetch another.
Willie is in high spirits: as he works he sings an old World
War II song to himself, doing a jaunty little dance around
the room.

WILLIE

(singing)
My girl's the queen of all the
acrobats
To see her perform would give you
the fucking shits!

He looks back at Bettie, who glares at him, unable to speak
because of her ball gag. Her disapproval only encourages him
as he begins tying the new rope.

WILLIE (cont'd)
She can run, jump, fuck,
Roll a hoop or push a truck,
And that's the kind of great big
bitch
Who's gonna marry me!

This is too much for Bettie, who makes protesting noises under the gag. He stops, looks at her in mock concern, then very carefully unties the gag so that she can speak.

WILLIE (cont'd)
What's the matter Bettie?

BETTIE
It's your language, Mr. Willie.

WILLIE
It's just an old army ditty.
Helped keep our spirits up while
fighting the beastly Hun. Don't you
find it amusing?

Willie's tone is flirtatious and could be taken as predatory. But even though she is tied up, Bettie's attitude keeps her from seeming vulnerable.

BETTIE
I believe in Jesus.

Willie is taken aback by the force of her conviction. When he answers her he does so with renewed respect.

WILLIE
Of course you do my dear.
(showing her the gag)
If you don't mind?

He carefully replaces the gag, then steps back and begins to take pictures. The camera flashes several times and we see Bettie caught in her bondage pose. Then he stops and looks at her quizzically.

WILLIE (cont'd)
May I ask you a question, Bettie?

Bettie nods.

He walks over to her to remove the gag.

WILLIE

(genuinely curious)

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

The gag is off but Bettie still can't speak - the question has hit home. She thinks for a moment, and then chooses her words carefully.

BETTIE

Well, Mr. Willie, I've thought
about this quite a bit. And I'm
really not sure anymore. I think
God wants all of us to use our
natural abilities -- that's why he
gave them to us.

She stares back at Willie, her arms still tied over her head in her sacrificial pose.

BETTIE (cont'd)

Mr. Willie, would you mind untying
my hands? It's hard for me to think
like this.

WILLIE

Certainly.

He unties her wrists as she talks.

BETTIE

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

(almost pleading for
reassurance)

That can't be a bad thing, can it?

WILLIE

Not to me it's not. But what does
God think?

CLOSE on Bettie's face, troubled.

BETTIE

Well I can't say for certain. I
can't speak for Him. I worry
sometimes about...about some of the
things I've done.

WILLIE

What things?

Bettie is embarrassed.

BETTIE

I've posed naked for photographs.

John Willie is completely taken aback. This is not the answer he was expecting, particularly as Bettie is at this moment tied up in a severe bondage pose. At this moment he realizes - - perhaps for the first time -- how little she understands of what they are doing.

WILLIE

Have you my dear? Oh you naughty girl!

BETTIE

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

WILLIE

(adjusting the lens)

So they were.

BETTIE

I don't know what God thinks about all this. I hope that if He is unhappy with what I'm doing He'll let me know.

WILLIE

I'm sure He will, my dear. I'm sure He will.

She sighs and lifts up her hands to her hair.

The camera flashes. The image freezes, and becomes the cover of John Willie's fetish magazine 'Bizarre' -- a beautiful head and shoulders shot of Bettie with her arms raised, showing her long black gloves.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

This sequence will match black and white archive of Times Square in the early fifties - neon signs, car lights in foggy streets, theatre marquees, the faces of passersby illuminated by lurid store windows - with images of Bettie walking alone through the streets at night.

Music: Miles Davis version of 'Moondreams'

She stops outside a small, seedy looking travel agency. Inside the window is a poster of a beach with palm trees and a girl in a bathing suit tossing a beach ball high in the air.

CLOSE on Betty as she stares at the poster.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION - DAY

Bettie and Marvin stand at the bus station. Bettie has a suitcase in her hand.

MARVIN

Bettie, are you mad at me? Is that why you're leaving? Is it something I said?

She shakes her head.

BETTIE

I just...I just need to see the sun. It's so cold and dark here and I feel so low. I'll be back soon, I promise.

The bus door swings open and Bettie leaps up the steps. The doors close as she waves goodbye.

Marvin stands looking after her, disconsolate.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

Bettie is sitting next to an OLD LADY, who is in the window seat.

OLD LADY

Going far?

BETTIE

All the way to Miami.

OLD LADY

Visiting family?

BETTIE

No. I'm going to the beach, maybe look for work.

OLD LADY

Are you moving there permanently?

BETTIE

Oh, goodness no. At least, I don't think I am.

(as if this this thought
had just occurred to her)

I don't seem to plan much past next week.

OLD LADY

And what is it that you do, dear?

BETTIE

Well I'm an actress, but I do some photographic modelling sometimes.

OLD LADY

Oh, how nice! Would I have seen you in the magazines?

BETTIE

Oh, I don't think so -- they're just little magazines.

OLD LADY

You look tired -- would you like to use this sweater as a pillow for your head?

BETTIE

Why thank you.

She accepts the sweater gratefully, leans her head on it, and through half closed eyes watches the scenery rushing past.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - DAY - COLOR

A blue wave crashes along the shore. Bettie is walking along the beach, enjoying the sun and salt air.

She stops when she sees ARMAND, a handsome dark-haired young man of 21, dressed in an open neck white shirt and white trousers. He is sitting on a wall reading a book. He looks up.

Betty is standing in front of him, holding out a little Brownie camera.

BETTY

Hi.

ARMAND

Hi.

BETTY

Would you take a picture of me?

Armand is too surprised to speak. She moves toward him and gently puts the camera in his hand.

BETTY

It's silly. People take pictures of me all the time, but I don't know how to take one of myself. How about if I stand over here?

She stands in front of him and strikes a modified version of one of her glamour poses. Armand stares at her, unable to move.

BETTY

You just press the little button.

Close up of the image Armand sees through the view finder. His hands are shaking so much that he has trouble holding the camera straight. The sound of a click -

On screen is the finished snapshot: a shaky, blurred portrait of Betty smiling into the sun.

CUT back to Armand, holding the camera. Shyly he gives it back to her.

ARMAND

Here's your camera, Miss.

He turns to go.

BETTY

Wait - where are you going?

ARMAND

Home.

BETTY

Would you like to go out with me?

CLOSE on Armand, nodding, speechless.

EXT./BEACH - NIGHT

Betty and Armand dance around and around in the moonlight. A little transistor radio is lying on a blanket in the sand; Armand has his face buried in Betty's neck.

EXT. 'AFRICA USA' SAFARI PARK - DAY

A lush tropical landscape, filled with palm trees, thick vegetation and exotic flowers. Silence, except for the chattering of birds.

A woman dressed in a leopard skin bathing suit swings past us, clinging to a tropical vine. It is Bettie, looking like Sheena Queen of the Jungle..

She disappears from screen and then swings back.

BUNNY (O/)

Stop!

Bunny Yeager is crouched down in front of her, squinting through a camera lens. Armand is crouched beside her, holding a light stand steady.

BUNNY (cont'd)

I need to reload.

A series of camera flashes catch Bettie in various jungle pose.

A title (in a 'Gilligan's Island' style font) is superimposed on the screen, as if we are looking at the title page of a magazine story. It reads: BLITHE SAVAGE.

As the camera flashes end we find her posed between two leopards. As Bunny sets up her shot Bettie glances at the animals nervously. One of them growls.

ARMAND

This looks dangerous, Miss Yeager.

BUNNY

(briskly)

Don't worry, they're gentle as kittens.

She steps back and begins to fiddle with the lights.

BUNNY (cont'd)

I'm going to send these photographs to a magazine called Playboy. Do you know of it?

BETTIE

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

BUNNY

It's new. It's a very tasteful magazine printed on beautiful paper. It's very modern. Look toward me. Now put your hand -- no, no, the other one -- on the leopard's neck.

Bettie gingerly shifts her pose.

BETTIE

Like this?

BUNNY

Perfect. Bettie, Playboy wants to know how old you are.

BETTIE

I'm 32.

Armand and Bunny both looks surprised at this.

BUNNY

Oh my goodness! I would never have guessed. Well don't tell them that. No magazine wants a model who's over 25.

Bettie is visibly shaken by this.

BUNNY (cont'd)

Smile, Bettie.

Bettie perks up for the camera.

BUNNY

What did you say the name of your New York studio was?

BETTIE

Irving Klaw, Movie Star News.

BUNNY

That's what I thought. I think your friend Irving might be in a little trouble. I heard his name on television last night. Do you know who Senator Estes Kefauver is?

BETTIE

Sure, he's from Tennessee.

BUNNY

He's doing some big investigation. They mentioned Irving Klaw's name several times. Turn your left shoulder towards me, please. What kind of photographs did you do for him?

BETTIE

Silly stuff. A lot of crazy costumes. What kind of trouble is he in?

BUNNY

I don't know, but I think it's bad. Eyes to the camera, Bettie. Turn, turn - stop!. How about a wink?

Bettie winks and the camera flashes.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - EVENING

In black and white, the neon lights of Times Square.

Bundled up in a winter coat and scarf, Bettie is walking through the streets. She turns a corner towards her apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Bettie opens her mailbox and draws out a sheaf of mail. She pulls out an official looking letter from the Justice Dept. Looking concerned, she opens the letter and begins to read. It is a summons to appear before the Senate Committee. As she reads we begin to hear Sen. Kefauver's voice from the following scene.

INT. SENATE HEARINGS - DAY

This is a continuation of the hearings seen at the beginning of the film, with the Senate Committee members and banks of photographers.

KEFAUVER

Many people are under the impression that pornographic movies, so-called party records, pictures showing unnatural sexual activities, and other material of this sort is produced primarily for stag parties and men's smokers.

(MORE)

KEFAUVER (cont'd)

We shall show by these hearings that a large portion of the market for this material is with inquisitive and impressionable teenagers.

Rows of onlookers, many of them women, listen raptly.

KEFAUVER (cont'd)

This means that after young people have been exposed to these pornographic pictures and movies showing all type of perversion, they may tend to regard these things as normal. Indeed the influence is to lead them to embrace the abnormal and thus mar youthful lives.

Reporters scribble furiously in their notebooks.

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - EVENING

Irving, Paula and her husband Jack, Bettie and Maxie are sitting in the same French restaurant that they visited earlier in the film. Irving seems tired and worn; Paula is fretful. Everyone is eating.

IRVING

I was reading the theater section of the goddamn New York Times today, and a drawing of this guy Petruccio swinging a whip in The Taming of the Shrew - a play by Shakespeare - is all over the first page! Nobody cares.

JACK

They're all hypocrites..

IRVING

Then I see this illustration in the New York Times Magazine of Kiss Me Kate, a Broadway musical- and what does it show - *spanking!*

Paula pats his hand, trying to calm him down.

PAULA

Now don't get yourself in a state.

IRVING

(on a roll)

Meanwhile I, Irving Klaw am no longer permitted to receive mail for distributing images almost identical to these! I'm beginning to get a persecution fear complex.

JACK

They're trying to put you outta business.

BETTIE

Do you really think so?

PAULA

Listen, they're telling us that we're 'purveying obscene material to children', turning them into juvenile delinquents.

BETTIE

But that's not true.

IRVING

We do have kids on our mailing lists, but all we send them is pictures of movie stars. They're trying to railroad me. Bettie, you're not eating. That onion soup is one of my favorites.

PAULA (cont'd)

Listen, we just wanted to let you girls know that we appreciate all the work you've done, and we'll stay in touch.

MAXIE

Thanks Paula.

IRVING

The thing is, we're not going to be able to shoot until we can straighten this out. I think it'll be fine but we gotta keep kind of a low profile for a bit, for safety. I hope that isn't gonna be too hard on you.

BETTIE

Maybe it's time I stopped modelling and just worked hard at my acting.

(MORE)

BETTIE (cont'd)

I've had my picture taken so many times I think people are getting sick of me.

A chorus of disapproval echoes around the table.

IRVING

Never, Bettie. You're our best seller.

(to Maxie)

Of course you're very popular too.

PAULA

What about you, Maxie? You gonna be OK?

Maxie looks down at her plate, embarrassed.

MAXIE

There's something I've been meaning to tell you.

IRVING

You're getting married!

MAXIE

No, no, no. You know Frank and Charlie from the camera club? A couple months ago they asked to borrow my apartment for a private session.

PAULA

Hmph. They could've asked us.

MAXIE

I know. I'm sorry. So I said 'What's in it for me?'. So they paid me a little something, and then it became a regular thing, every Thursday. Then a couple other guys asked -- and I thought why not go into business for myself? So I got a white fur rug --

IRVING

(impressed)

Oh, very nice!

MAXIE

Well, not real fur, but good enough for pictures. And a couple of pillars. That's on one side.

(MORE)

MAXIE (cont'd)

And on another wall I'm going to get a mural painted of a Italian lake, based on a postcard this guy sent me.

IRVING

Good. It's important to get all you can out of the space. What about a fake fireplace on the other side?

MAXIE

Yeah, why not? Gee thanks for being so nice about it. I know it's competition.

IRVING

No, no we're happy for you. Aren't we, Paula?

Paula grunts.

IRVING (cont'd)

Just don't send anything through the mail.

(lifting his glass)

Well, here's to you Maxie!

Maxie nudges Bettie and they lift their glasses

BETTIE AND MAXIE:

To Irving and Paula!

The glasses clink. Paula looks down, on edge of tears.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT.COURTROOM, SENATE HEARINGS - DAY

The camera pans across a series of still photographs that are being passed around the Senate Committee. They are the same images we saw in the early Klaw photo shoots:

Bettie dressed in a leather corset, brandishing a whip and snarling at the camera

Maxie tied up, looking beseechingly at the camera

Bettie spanking Maxie with a hairbrush

However, the images now seem colder, more distant, more eroticised. We see these black and white still photographs the way they look in the eyes of the Senate committee -- as evidence.

In the background Vincent Gaughan is examining Dr. Henry.
(This interrogation is a continuation of the scene with
Dr. Henry at the beginning of the film.)

GAUGHAN

Doctor, is there such a thing as
leather and rubber fetish?

DR. HENRY

Yes, that is true.

GAUGHAN

Is there also a fetish known as
bondage, in which people are
trussed up?

KEFAUVER

What do you mean by leather and
rubber fetish?

DR. HENRY

There are various devices that are
manufactured for enclosing parts of
the body , and that are used for
the purpose of exciting people
sexually.

GAUGHAN

In other words, certain leather
type of shoes and boots and so on
can be used as a substitute for a
sexual outlet by persons who are
trained along that line, who so
enjoy it?

DR. HENRY

That is correct. Almost anything
can become a fetish, even a violin.

There is surprise and wonderment in the courtroom as the
audience registers this.

INT. BETTIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The opening lines of the following Senate testimony are heard
in voice over while Bettie brushes her hair compulsively and
stares at her face in the mirror as she gets dressed to go to
court.

INT. SENATE HEARINGS - DAY

GAUGHAN

Is there a type of sexual deviation known as bondage where a person is trussed up with rope and chains?

DR. HENRY

Yes, that is fairly common.

KEFAUVER

You say bondage is fairly common?

DR. HENRY

Fairly common in this particular group, that is the group of sexual deviants.

KEFAUVER

Tell us more about that bondage being fairly common.

DR. HENRY

Among those who are familiar with this variety of sexual deviation, it is a matter of common knowledge to them. It is not common knowledge to the general public.

KEFAUVER

You mean they like to see someone who is bound up?

DR. HENRY

Yes, they do.

KEFAUVER

Pictures of them?

DR. HENRY

Some of them do.

CLOSE on pictures from the Klaw studios bondage sessions as they are examined by Kefauver and members of the Committee.

BLACK & WHITE SUPER 8 mm

We see the text that they are reading and then hear it in voice over, as the photos come alive in seedy grainy super 8 footage. Examined in the cold light of the courtroom, divorced from the atmosphere of the Klaw studios, the bondage pictures seem much more sinister than they have before.

MAN'S VOICE

Bettie can only feel fear as she's bound tightly to the chair, unable to see her captor. Her body is bent uncomfortably to the contours of the steel dentist's chair, causing the ropes to cut sharply into her tender thighs and upper arms.

Bettie is bound to a complicated device, with a pole attached to her neck and running between her legs. :

MAN'S VOICE (cont'd)

Now that the pole was bound to her body. Bettie had to crawl on all fours like an animal...

The other end of the pole is attached to a steel table on wheels, on which a model sits, pointing a gun at Bettie, who is acting as a kind of carthorse, dragging the other girl around the room. Both models are in lingerie, and Bettie is in elbow-length leather gloves.

MAN'S VOICE (cont'd)

The floor made Bettie's knees red and sore. The unwieldy steel brank kept slipping back and forth, irritating the tender flesh at Bettie's neck, thus making the cold steel an added menace to her well-being. It was most exhausting, but Bettie's stamina and endurance were equal to the task.

INT. COURTHOUSE ANTEROOM - DAY

Irving and Paula Klaw are now seated on the bench opposite Bettie. They are dressed very formally, as if for a funeral. Paula holds Irving's hand. No-one speaks, and when Irving catches Bettie's eye, he looks away, as if ashamed.

INT. SENATE HEARINGS - DAY

KEFAUVER

You are Mr. Klaw?

IRVING

Yes.

KEFAUVER

Irving Klaw?

IRVING

Yes.

Irving leans over and whispers in his attorney's ear.

GANGEL

According to your suggestion we don't want any pictures.

KEFAUVER

(addressing the cameramen)
Mr. Klaw said he didn't want any lights or pictures...

They cameramen switch off the lights.

KEFAUVER

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

IRVING

Yes.

KEFAUVER

Do you have them, sir?

IRVING

(obviously very nervous
and overwhelmed by the
proceedings)

I decline to make them available under the Fifth Amendment of the Constitution; that they may tend to degrade or incriminate me and under the Fourth Amendment of the Constitution, that the subpoena is vague and illegal.

KEFAUVER

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

IRVING

I decline to answer under the Fifth Amendment of the Constitution, that an answer may tend to incriminate me.

INT. ANTEROOM - DAY

Irving and Paula are being escorted out of the courtroom after testifying. Bettie still waits. They exchange looks.

INT. SENATE HEARINGS - DAY

Back in the courtroom, MR. GRIMM, a grey haired man in his forties has taken the stand. He seems somewhat overwhelmed by the judicial surroundings.

KEFAUVER

Mr. Grimm, I want to say that as chairman of this subcommittee I know the embarrassment and the distaste that you have in coming here to talk about the tragic happening to your son on August 20th of last year. We appreciate your cooperation. We know that you would like to do anything you could to try to see that the kind of mania of which your son was the victim is removed from our society. Mr. Gaughan, you may proceed.

Gaughan approaches the bench.

GAUGHAN

Mr. Chairman, I would like at the outset to state that in our investigations of this terrible tragedy, I myself was singularly impressed by the type of young man that met this tragic end. He was an Eagle Scout, a B-plus student and a model young man in every sense of the word.

The camera tracks along the faces of the courtroom, solemn and attentive. Gaughan turns to the witness.

GAUGHAN (CONT'D)

Can you, Mr. Grimm tell the subcommittee how it was that your boy met his sudden end on the evening of August 20, 1954? I realize it is an unsolved murder, but tell us what you know.

MR. GRIMM

Well, I don't know how to go about telling it.

(MORE)

MR. GRIMM (cont'd)

He had worked all day for me, and come home dirty and tired in his work clothes. He was away all evening, which is unusual. He never left the house without telling us. I found him the next morning in a very grotesque, weird situation that I have never been able to cope with or understand yet.

INT. COURTHOUSE ANTEROOM - DAY

Bettie is waiting and listening to the testimony that she can hear coming through the wooden doors.

INT. SENATE HEARINGS - DAY

Mr. Grimm hesitates, finding it difficult to go on.

MR. GRIMM (cont'd)

He was trussed up in a very unnatural position. It looked like it had been planned in some way. He wasn't hung like most people hang themselves by the neck from a rope. The fact that he didn't have any clothes on, and he was a modest boy, led me immediately to believe that there was some sex angle to it, either with the help of someone else or through retaliation on the part of someone else. It is still a mystery to me.

Gaughan hands him a booklet.

GAUGHAN

Mr. Grimm, do you recognise, sir, this booklet which I hand you, entitled "Cartoon and Model Parade", published by Irving Klaw, "the Pin-Up King" ?

MR. GRIMM

Yes.

INT. COURTHOUSE ANTEROOM - DAY

Bettie lifts her head, startled.

INT. SENATE HEARINGS - DAY

GAUGHAN

Would you tell the sub-committee how you first came across a copy of this book?

MR. GRIMM

Through a mutual friend who was interested in the case. I found very similar acts of tying people up in that book that reminded me of my son's case. I had never come across anything like that before, and I was looking for a clue.

GAUGHAN

Sir, let me direct your attention specifically to page 4. This picture here illustrates a model known as Bettie Page. Does that accurately reflect how your boy was found?

He shows him the photograph of Bettie. She is tied up in the pose we saw in her last photo shoot with John Willie.

MR. GRIMM

It is more or less the same. It is a very similar position; there is a resemblance to the way I found him.

INT. COURTHOUSE ANTEROOM - DAY

CLOSE on Bettie, listening. She looks confused and distressed.

MR. GRIMM

As I say, I have been looking for some clue to this thing. I haven't had the police into it. They let the case rest as some type of accident due to some impulse on the part of the boy.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

MR. GRIMM

I don't care what the police think-- the way that he was tied, it wasn't anything that any youngster like him, with his character could concoct himself.

(MORE)

MR. GRIMM (cont'd)

There wasn't any history of that; no similar action on his part. He led an outdoor life. He was active in the Boy Scout from the time he was a little bit of a fellow. He had only been home 2 days from a boy's camp in Tennessee when this happened. He was a counsellor there this year, and I don't think they would have selected him and invited him to be a counsellor if there was anything questionable about his actions.

INT. COURTHOUSE ANTEROOM - DAY

Agitated, Bettie twists a handkerchief in her hands.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

MR. GRIMM

Therefore I feel he could not have worked himself into this position of his own making. It would have had to have been brought to his attention by either someone else showing him how, or he saw a picture of it - I don't know. I feel there is a definite connection between this sort of thing and his death.

INT. COURTHOUSE ANTEROOM - DAY

Bettie sits slumped on the bench, head in her hands.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

MR. GRIMM

I also feel there is definitely an evil to this, and I am bound and determined to do what I can to suppress it. It is an unhealthy situation. It is not wholesome. There is nothing cultural about it. It is just no damn good. That's all I can say about it.

INT. COURTHOUSE ANTEROOM - DAY

A COURT OFFICIAL approaches Bettie. She looks up at him, very distressed.

COURT OFICIAL
Miss Page?

BETTIE
Yes, sir?

COURT OFICIAL
Your testimony is no longer
necessary. You can go now.

BETTIE
What do you mean. I've waited
sixteen hours! Why is it no longer
necessary?

COURT OFICIAL
They didn't give an explanation,
ma'am.

BETTIE
Do I have to come back tomorrow?

COURT OFICIAL
No, Ma'am. They said they won't
need you anymore. You can go.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

Bettie walks down the long wide steps of the courthouse, and
disappears into the darkness.

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - DAY

Bettie is standing on a bare stage, delivering a monologue
from 'Our Town'. The DIRECTOR and TWO PRODUCERS sit in the
front rows of the empty theater.

BETTIE
(Delivers speech)

She looks up expectantly. The director gets up and crosses to
her.

DIRECTOR
Not bad. Not bad at all.

Bettie stands there awkwardly, not knowing what to do next.
The director calls out to an ASSISTANT at the back of the
room.

DIRECTOR (cont'd)
 Send the next one in.
 (to Bettie)
 Thanks for coming in.

She walks towards the wings. As she goes he calls out:

DIRECTOR (cont'd)
 It's quite a treat to meet the
 notorious Bettie Page!

She stops in her tracks, and glances back, obviously crushed by his remark.

INT. COFFEESHOP - LATER

Bettie and Marvin are in a booth, drinking coffee. Marvin is delivering what is obviously a prepared speech, that he has been turning over and over in his mind.

MARVIN
 Bettie, I was so happy when you called. I know you were angry with me. I want you to know that it's not that I'm stuffy or puritanical. It's just that I respect you very much -- it's more than respect, I -
 - Bettie what's wrong?

He has noticed that Bettie is holding one one hand up to block her face.

MARVIN
 What are you doing - why are you doing that?

BETTIE
 I guess I'm just a little tired -
 I'd like to go home-

MARVIN
 But we just got here!
 (trying to catch her eye)
 Bettie - what is it?

BETTIE
 (lowering her voice)
 Please - let's just go-

Marvin realizes she's avoiding something, or someone, looks around the coffeeshop. He notices three guys at the counter who are looking at them - they look away as he glares.

MARVIN

Are those men bothering you - do you know them?

BETTIE

(quietly)

They know me.

MARVIN

What?

BETTIE

Everyone's staring at me - let's get out of here.

MARVIN

They're not. You're imagining things.

Bettie refuses to be consoled. He takes her hand.

MARVIN (cont'd)

Bettie, what's wrong?

Bettie says nothing.

MARVIN

Was it the audition?

BETTIE

I don't want to talk about it.

MARVIN

Did someone make a pass at you?

BETTIE

It's not that. The director didn't want to see me act. He just wanted to get a look at me. He said I was 'notorious'!

MARVIN

What a heel...

BETTIE

(despairing)

But it's true. I am notorious. I think God might be angry with me, but I don't know. I haven't been to church in a while.

MARVIN

Oh Bettie...I can't bear to see you
so upset.

(hesitates for a moment as
if making a decision,
then leans across the
table)

You need someone to take care of
you.

Bettie just sighs.

MARVIN

Yes, you do. Look what this life is
doing to you. Why don't you come
and stay at my parents house in New
Jersey for a few weeks - until
things die down a little.

BETTIE

Oh, that's very kind of you, but...

MARVIN

(looking up at her sadly)
Don't say no.

Bettie looks at him unhappily.

INT. BETTIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bettie sits in the window seat of her apartment, staring out
the window. She is surrounded by packing cases, and is
clearly in the last stage of moving out.

A whistle floats up the stairs.

INT. STAIRCASE, BETTIE'S APT. BUILDING - NIGHT

It is Marvin, whistling as he climbs the stairs

INT. BETTIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We hear footsteps, and then a knock at the door. Bettie
doesn't answer. The knocking becomes more insistent.

INT. STAIRCASE, BETTIE'S APT. BUILDING - NIGHT

MARVIN

Bettie? Bettie?

INT. BETTIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bettie sits there in silence, listening to him knock. She listens until he stops knocking and the sound of his footsteps dies away.

INT. KLAW STUDIOS, BACK OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE on a pile of photographs spread out on the desk before Irving and Paula. As they talk, they are taking pictures out of the filing cabinets, looking at them.

PAULA

Look at those. Pornography! There isn't a single pubic hair showing. Not one hair! In any photograph. We took care, Irving - you took care - we had those girls in three pairs some days, making sure.

IRVING

They're putting Irving Klaw out of business, kid.

PAULA

Our girls had fun doing these Fetish? I don't got a fetish. Do you got a fetish? All we were interested in was taking pictures and making money.

IRVING

We gotta burn 'em. Burn up those negatives and they'll be off our backs.

PAULA

That's crazy. All that work - years and years of work.

IRVING

I've had it. Come on! There's no point anymore - the lawyers, the money - I'm gonna get out of here and retire to Florida. Sit in the sun. Enjoy life. All this stuff is wearing me out.

He closes the file drawer.

EXT. MIAMI BUNGALOW - NIGHT - COLOR

A modest bungalow, surrounded by tropical plants.

Caption: 'New Year's Eve, 1957'

INT. BETTY AND ARMAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Armand is watching television, eating a hamburger. Betty walks out of the bedroom and slumps down on the other end of the couch, looking away from the television and lost in depression. Armand looks at her curiously and then back at the TV.

ARMAND

Sweetheart, do you want something
to eat?

Betty looks at him emptily and shakes her head. Armand shrugs.

ARMAND

(laughing at the TV)

This is good stuff. You're not
even watching - don't you like it?

She doesn't respond at all.

ARMAND

Is there something I can do for
you, doll? You haven't said a word
for hours.

Betty gets up from the couch as if in a daze and wanders out the front door.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

It is the same beach that we saw on Bettie's first visit to Miami. Palm trees are silhouetted against the night sky. Bettie stands on the shore looking at the moonlight reflected on the waves as they lap against the sand.

EXT. WHITE STREET, MIAMI, NEW YEAR'S EVE - NIGHT

Bettie walks down the street, dejected and very alone. She looks up suddenly and sees a small church with a white neon cross. She moves towards it as if compelled to do so. As she gets closer, she can hear singing from within the church. As if someone is leading her, she walks into the open door.

INT. WHITE STREET CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Bettie stands at the back of the church, very moved. The church is filled with a mixed black, white and hispanic congregation. A choir is singing on the stage.

CHOIR

Abound by sin no hope was in sight.
 He promised that He'd set me free.
 So I brought all my rags to the Old
 Rugged Cross.
 He lifted the veil, now I see.

The congregation join in the chorus, there are occasional yells of ecstasy and everyone is very fervent.

CHORUS:

Just as I am, just as I am,
 He took me just as I am
 With all of my problems, doubts,
 and my fears
 He took me just as I am.

CHOIR

Oh, yes, He took me just as I am.
 Now my past is forgotten, and all
 things are new,
 I place all my life in His care.
 What a joy just to know I'll be
 living with Him,
 Forever in Gloryland.

The choir finishes their hymn, and the MINISTER steps forward to continue his sermon. Bettie stands at the back of the hall listening intently.

MINISTER

Oh my God, tonight I know that
 first things come first and the
 most important thing of all is that
 men and women and young people
 surrender their lives to Christ...

The congregation murmurs in assent.

MINISTER (cont'd)

God, don't let a mother's boy who
 heard me preach tonight go to hell.
 Don't let a mother's girl who heard
 me tonight go to hell. Don't let a
 daddy or a mother who heard me
 preach tonight go to hell.

Bettie has tears in her eyes.

MINISTER (cont'd)

Save them, Jesus, save them tonight
from all their sins and may they be
born again by Thy Spirit, washed in
the blood and saved through and
through, without the loss of any, I
pray. Amen.

A young hispanic man gets up, tears in his eyes and stumbles toward the front. A white middle aged woman follows. Haltingly, as if she is half-unwilling but is being drawn by an irresistible force, Bettie walks toward the preacher. He looks down at her.

PREACHER

Did you get saved tonight?

Bettie doesn't know what to say.

PREACHER

Don't think you quite made it yet,
but you came up and made a stand
didn't you? What's your name?

BETTIE

Bettie.

PREACHER

Are you ready for me to pray for
you Bettie?

Bettie is overcome by emotion and nods, breaking down a little.

BETTIE

Yes, sir.

The preacher lays his hands on Bettie.

PREACHER

Good. Oh Father, we ask that this
woman be delivered from sin.
Destroy it by the spirit of God,
and heal her through and through
including her heart. Make her a new
creature in Christ.

Her eyes closed, half in a trance, Bettie whispers something to herself.

PREACHER (cont'd)

What did you say?

BETTIE
 (choking on tears)
 Wonderful, wonderful feeling.

PREACHER
 Did it come then?

BETTIE
 Yes, sir, I believe it did.

PREACHER
 What did it feel like?

BETTIE
 It was...a lifting up.

PREACHER
 You felt a lifting up. Well, Amen.
 We are so proud you came tonight.
 (addressing the room)
 Now I want you, friends, to get
 over to the prayer room - get on
 your knees and pray until you are
 saved.

EXT./RIVERFRONT - DAY

A choir sings off screen as we see Bettie and several other figures dressed in white, slowly emerging from the water.

EXT./CHICAGO STREET CORNER, 1961 - DAY

Bettie is passing out religious tracts in the street. She is wearing a conservative high-necked dress (which still shows her figure in a tight bodice and full skirt) and sensible shoes. Her hair is still in bangs, but tied back neatly, and she is fervently reading from a copy of the King James Bible.

BETTIE
 "... and I count all things but
 loss for the excellency of the
 knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord:
 for whom I have suffered the loss
 of all things, and do count them
 but dung, that I may win Christ,
 and be found in him, not having
 mine own righteousness, which is of
 the law, but that which is through
 the faith of Christ..."

A man approaches to take a tract from her, barely looking at her, then turns around and looks again.

MAN

You're Bettie Page, aren't you?

BETTIE

Yes, I am.

MAN

Bettie Page, the Pin-Up Queen of the Universe! What happened to you?

BETTIE

I've turned my life over to the Lord.

MAN

No kidding.

BETTIE

(turning away, as she offers her tracts to passers by)

I've left that behind me. God doesn't want me to pose anymore.

MAN

No offense meant. Your pictures were pretty tame. The stuff they sell now on the newsstands would make your hair curl! You don't have to be ashamed of what you did.

She turns back, clearly offended by this.

BETTY V/O

I'm not ashamed. Adam and Eve were naked in the Garden of Eden, weren't they? When they sinned they put on clothes.

She turns away and continues reading from her Bible.

BETTIE

"...the righteousness which is of God by faith: That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto his death..."

EXT. KLAU BACKYARD - DAY

With tears in her eyes, Paula is burning hundreds of stills, negatives, correspondence from the Klaw mail order operation. We see her hold several strips of negatives up to the light - they're pictures of Bettie. She is about to throw them in the flames, but hesitates. She looks around to see if anyone is watching, then stuffs them in her jacket.

Off camera, we can hear Irving calling.

IRVING (O/S)

How's it going?

PAULA

Oh just fine. Almost finished.

She finds another strip and holds it up to the light. The camera closes in on the negative image of Bettie, and as it does so the image begins to dance her awkward, charming 'clown dance'. As she dances, the CREDITS ROLL.