

## **MEET JOHN DOE**

Written by Robert Riskin

based on a story by Richard Connell and Robert Presnell

Ext. Bulletin Office - Sidewalk.

Close-up: Of a time-worn plaque against the side of a building. It reads:

### **THE BULLETIN**

"A free press for a free people."

While we read this, a pair of hands come in holding pneumatic chisel which immediately attacks the sign. As the lettering is being obliterated,

Dissolve to: Close-up: A new plaque on which the lettering has been changed to:

### **THE NEW BULLETIN**

"A streamlined newspaper for a streamlined era."

Cut to: Int. Bulletin outer office.

Full shot: Of a mid-western newspaper office.

Med. shot: At a door at which a sign-painter works. He is painting HENRY CONNELL's name on the door. It opens and a flip office boy emerges. The painter has to wait until the door closes in order to resume his work.

Full shot: Of the outer office. The activity of the office seems to suddenly cease, as all eyes are centered on the office boy.

Med. shot-panning: With the office boy—who has a small sheet of paper in his hand.

He walks jauntily to a desk, refers to his paper, points his finger to a woman, emits a short whistle through his teeth, runs a finger across his throat and jerks his thumb toward managing editor's office. The woman stares starkly at him while her immediate neighbors look on with sympathy. The office boy now goes through the same procedure with several other people. All watch him, terror written in their eyes.

Med. shot: Toward CONNELL's office door where painter works. It opens and three people emerge. Two men and a girl. The girl is young and pretty. All three look dourful. The painter again has to wait for the door to shut before resuming his work. The two men exit. The girl suddenly stops.

Close shot: Of the girl. Her name is ANN MITCHELL. She stands, thinking, and then suddenly, impulsively, wheels around. Camera pans with her as she returns to CONNELL's office door, flings it open and disappears. The painter remains poised with his brush, waiting for the door to swing back. There is a slight flash of resentment in his eyes.

Int. CONNELL's office. Full shot: CONNELL is behind his desk on which is a tray of sandwiches and a glass of milk, half gone. Near him sits POP DWYER, another veteran newspaperman. ANN crosses to CONNELL's desk.

**CONNELL**

(on phone)

Yeh, D. B. Oh, just cleaning out the dead-wood. Okay.

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**ANN**

(supplicatingly)

Look, Mr. Connell . . . I just can't afford to be without work right now, not even for a day. I've got a mother and two kid sisters to . . .

Secretary enters. (Her name is Mattie.)

**SECRETARY**

More good luck telegrams.

**ANN**

Well, you know how it is, I, I've just got to keep working. See?

**CONNELL**

Sorry, sister. I was sent down here to clean house. I told yuh I can't use your column any more. It's lavender and old lace![1]

(flicks dictograph button)

**MATTIE**

(over dictograph)

Yeah?

**CONNELL**

Send those other people in.

**MATTIE**

(over dictograph)

Okay.

**ANN**

I'll tell you what I'll do. I get thirty dollars a week. I'll take twenty-five, twenty if necessary. I'll do anything you say.

**CONNELL**

It isn't the money. We're after circulation. What we need is fireworks. People who can hit with sledge hammers—start arguments.

**ANN**

Oh, I can do that. I know this town inside out. Oh, give me a chance, please.

She can get no further, for several people enter. They are cowed and frightened. ANN hesitates a moment, then, there being nothing for her to do, she starts to exit. She is stopped by CONNELL's voice.

**CONNELL**

All right, come in, come in! Come in!

(to Ann)

Cashier's got your check.

(back to others)

Who are these people? Gibbs, Frowley, Cunningham, Jiles—

(to Ann at door)

Hey, you, sister!

Ann turns.

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**CONNELL**

Don't forget to get out your last column before you pick up your check!

ANN's eyes flash angrily as she exits.

Int. Outer Office. Med. shot: ANN storms out. The painter again has to wait for the door to swing back to him.

Int. ANN's office. Full shot: ANN enters her office and paces around, furious. A man in alpaca sleeve-bands enters. His name is JOE.

**JOE**

You're a couple o' sticks[2] shy in your column, Ann.

**ANN**

(ignores him, muttering . . .)

A big, rich slob like D. B. Norton buys a paper—and forty heads are chopped off!

**JOE**

Did you get it, too?

**ANN**

Yeah. You, too? Oh, Joe . . . oh, I'm sorry darling . . . why don't we tear the building down!

**JOE**

Before you do, Ann, perhaps you'd better finish this column.

**ANN**

Yeah. Lavender and old lace!

Suddenly she stops pacing. Her eyes widen as a fiendish idea strikes her.

**ANN**

Wait, Joe—wait!

She flops down in front of her typewriter.

**ANN**

(muttering)

Wants fireworks, huh? Okay!

She begins to pound furiously, her jaw set.

Close-up: Of ANN. Eyes flashing as she types.

Close-up: Of JOE, watching her. The wild look in her eye and the unnatural speed of her typing causes him to stare dumbly at her.

Med. shot: ANN bangs away madly. Finally she finishes. She whips the sheet out of the typewriter, hands it to JOE.

**ANN**

Here.

As JOE takes it, ANN begins to empty the drawers of her desk.

Close-up: Of JOE reading what ANN has written.

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**JOE**

(reading)

"Below is a letter which reached my desk this morning. It's a commentary on what we laughingly call the civilized world. 'Dear Miss Mitchell: Four years ago I was fired out of my job. Since then I haven't been able to get another one. At first I was sore at the state administration because it's on account of the slimy politics here we have all this unemployment. But in looking around, it seems the whole world's going to pot, so in protest I'm going to commit suicide by jumping off the City Hall roof!' Signed, A disgusted American citizen, John Doe.'"

JOE pauses to absorb this.

**JOE**

(continues reading)

"Editor's note . . . If you ask this column, the wrong people are jumping off roofs."

JOE glances up toward ANN, in mild protest.

**JOE**

Hey, Ann, this is the old fakeroo, isn't it?

Full shot: ANN has just about accumulated all her things. JOE stares at her, knowing it's a fake.

**ANN**

Never mind that, Joe. Go ahead.

JOE shrugs, shakes his head, and exits. ANN stuffs her things under her arm and also goes.

Int. Outer office: Med. shot: Voices ad lib—"Awfully sorry you're not going." "Good-bye." (Laughing)

ANN comes out. Suddenly, she stops, gets another idea, picks up a book from a desk, and reaches back to heave it.

Med. shot: At CONNELL's office door. The sign-painter has just finished CONNELL's name, and as he leans back, pleased, wiping his brushes, the book flies in. The painter lifts his head slowly, his wrath too great to find utterance.

Dissolve to: Int. GOVERNOR JACKSON's office: Close-up: Of two of GOVERNOR'S **ASSOCIATES**.

**MAN**

(reading newspaper)

" . . . and it's because of the slimy politics that we have all this unemployment here."

(agitated)

There it is! That's D. B. Norton's opening attack on the Governor!

**2ND MAN**

Why Jim, it's just a letter sent in to a column.

**JIM**

No, no. I can smell it. That's Norton!

While he speaks, the GOVERNOR has entered.

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**GOVERNOR**

Good morning, gentlemen. You're rather early.

**MEN**

'Morning. 'Morning, Governor.

**GOVERNOR**

You're here rather early.

**JIM**

(pushes paper over to him)

Did you happen to see this in the New Bulletin, Governor?

He emphasizes the word "new" cynically.

**GOVERNOR**

Yes. I had it served with my breakfast this morning.

**2ND MAN**

Jim thinks it's D. B. Norton at work.

**JIM**

Of course it is!

**GOVERNOR**

Oh, come, Jim. That little item? D. B. Norton does things in a much bigger way . . .

**JIM**

This is his opening attack on you, Governor! Take my word for it! What did he buy a paper for? Why did he hire a high-pressure editor like Connell for? He's in the oil business! I tell you, Governor, he's after your scalp!

**GOVERNOR**

All right, Jim. Don't burst a blood vessel, I'll attend to it.

(flips button on dictograph)

Get me Spencer of the Daily Chronicle , please.

Dissolve to: Int. SPENCER's office:  
Med. shot: SPENCER is on the telephone.

**SPENCER**

Yes. Yes. I saw it, Governor . . . and if you ask me that's a phoney letter. Why, that gag has got whiskers on it. Huh? Okay, I'll get the Mayor and maybe the Chamber of Commerce to go after them.

(into dictagraph)

Get Mayor Lovett on the phone!

Int. MAYOR's office: Med. shot: Of MAYOR's secretary.

**SECRETARY**

(picking up phone)

Hello? Sorry, the Mayor's busy on the other phone.

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Camera pans over to the MAYOR who is fatuous and excitable.

**MAYOR**

(into telephone)

Yes, I know, Mrs. Brewster. It's a terrible reflection on our city. I've had a dozen calls already.

SECRETARY enters scene.

**SECRETARY**

Spencer of the Chronicle .

**MAYOR**

Hold him.

(into phone)

Yes, Mrs. Brewster, I'm listening.

The SECRETARY lays down the receiver.

Dissolve to: Int. corner of a bedroom:  
Close shot: Of MRS. BREWSTER—stout and loud. She is propped up in bed—a breakfast tray on her lap—the newspaper by her side.

**MRS. BREWSTER**

I insist that this John Doe man be found and given a job at once. If something isn't done. I'll call out the whole

Auxiliary[3] -yes, and the Junior Auxiliary,  
too. We'll hold a meeting and see-

Cut to: Int. MAYOR's office: Med. shot:  
Of MAYOR. He lays the receiver down  
and we continue to hear MRS. BREWSTER's  
voice. MAYOR picks up SPENCER's phone.

**MAYOR**

Yes, Spencer. Who? The Governor? Well,  
what about me? it's my building he's  
jumping off of! And I'm up for re-election,  
too!

**SECRETARY**

Shh!

**MAYOR**

(to Secretary)

What are you doing? Get Connell at the  
Bulletin !

(to Spencer)

Why, he's liable to go right past my  
window,

(suddenly-to Sec'y-excitably)

What was that?!

**SECRETARY**

What?

**MAYOR**

Out the window! Something just flew  
by!

**SECRETARY**

I didn't see anything.

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**MAYOR**

(semi-hysterical)

Well, don't stand there, you idiot.  
Go and look. Open the window. Oh, why  
did he have to pick on my building?

The SECRETARY, telephone in hand, peers  
out window.

**MAYOR**

Is there a crowd in the street?

**SECRETARY**

No, sir.

**MAYOR**

Then he may be caught on a ledge! Look  
again!

**SECRETARY**

I think it must have been a sea-gull.

**MAYOR**

A sea-gull? What's a sea-gull doing  
around the city hall? That's a bad omen,  
isn't it?

(picks up Mrs. Brewster's phone)

**SECRETARY**

Oh, n-no, sir. The sea-gull is a lovely  
bird.

**MAYOR**

(into telephone)

I-it's all right, Mrs. Brewster. It  
was just a sea-gull.

(catches himself)

Er. nothing's happened yet! No, I'm watching. Don't worry. Ju-just leave it all to me!

The SECRETARY holds out another phone. The MAYOR drops MRS. BREWSTER's phone again, and her voice is still heard.

**MAYOR**

(into Spencer's phone)

Spencer, I'll call you back.

Secretary has gotten CONNELL on the phone—hands phone to MAYOR.

**MAYOR**

Hello! Connell! This is—

(to Secretary)

What are you doing?

(back to phone)

This is the Mayor.

Int. CONNELL's office: Full shot: CONNELL is on the phone. POP DWYER is draped in a chair nearby.

**CONNELL**

Yes, Mayor Lovett! How many times are you gonna call me? I've got everybody and his brother and sister out looking for him. Did you see the box I'm running?

**? 586 ?**

He picks up the front page of the Bulletin; we see a four column box on the front page.

**CONNELL**

(reading)

"An appeal to John Doe. 'Think it over, John. Life can be beautiful,' says Mayor. 'If you need a job, apply to the editor of this paper . . .'" " and so forth and so forth . . . Okay, Mayor. I'll let you know as soon as I have something! What? . . . Well, pull down the blinds!

(he hangs up)

The door opens and a man enters. His name is BEANY. Walks fast, talks fast and accomplishes nothing. Outside, we see the painter trying once more to get his sign painted. He reaches in—and pulls the door to.

**BEANY**

I went up to Miss Mitchell's house, boss. Boy, she's in a bad way.

**CONNELL**

Where is she?

**BEANY**

Hey, do you know something? She supports a mother and two kids. What do you know about that?

**CONNELL**

(controlling his patience)

Did you find her?

**BEANY**

No. Her mother's awful worried about her. When she left the house she said she was going on a roaring drunk. Er, the girl, I mean!

**CONNELL**

(barking)

Go out and find her!

**BEANY**

Sure. Hey, but the biggest thing I didn't tell you . . .

CONNELL picks up telephone.

**CONNELL**

Hello! . . . Yeh?

**BEANY**

Her old man was Doc Mitchell. You know, the doc that saved my mother's life and wouldn't take any money for it? You remember that? Okay, boss, I'll go and look for her.

BEANY exits, knocking over an ash-stand.

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**CONNELL**

(into phone)

Holy smokes, Commissioner. You've had twenty-four hours! Okay, Hawkshaw, grab a pencil. Here it is again. She's about five foot five, brown eyes, light chestnut hair and as fine a pair of legs as . . .

The door opens, ANN stands there—CONNELL sees her.

**CONNELL**

(into phone—staring at Ann)

. . . ever walked into this office.

Med. shot: At door. The sign painter is slowly beginning to lose patience. He again reaches in—pulls the door shut—

glaring

at ANN.

Close-up: Of ANN.

**ANN**

(innocently)

Did you want to see me?

Wider shot: CONNELL, without moving, stares at her.

**CONNELL**

(quietly-sizzling)

No. I've had the whole army and navy searching for you because that's a game we play here every day.

**ANN**

I remember, distinctly, being fired.

**CONNELL**

That's right. But you have a piece of property that still belongs to this newspaper. And I'd like to have it!

**ANN**

What's that?

**CONNELL**

The letter.

**ANN**

What letter?

**CONNELL**

The letter from John Doe.

**ANN**

Oh!

**CONNELL**

The whole town's in an uproar. We've got to find him. The letter's our only clue.

**ANN**

(simply)

There is no letter.

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**CONNELL**

We'll get a handwriting expert to—

(suddenly realizes what she has said)

What!

**ANN**

There is no letter.

He stares at her for a moment, flabbergasted—

exchanges

a look with POP—crosses to the back door—shuts it—then comes back to face her.

Close shot: ANN and CONNELL.

**CONNELL**

Say that again.

**ANN**

There is no letter. I made it up.

CONNELL looks at her a long moment and then up at POP.

**CONNELL**

(repeating dully)

You made it up.

**ANN**

Uh-huh. You said you wanted fireworks.

Wider shot: As he recovers from the shock, and then wheels on ANN again.

**CONNELL**

Don't you know there are nine jobs waiting for this guy? Twenty-two families want to board him free? Five women want to marry him, and the Mayor's practically ready to adopt him? And you . . .

As CONNELL glares at her the door springs open and BEANY enters.

**BEANY**

I just called the morgue, boss. They say there's a girl there—

**CONNELL**

Shut up!

Close-up: Of BEANY. He is startled by this—and then stares popeyed as he sees **ANN**.

**BEANY**

Ann! Say, why didn't yuh—

**CONNELL**

Beany!

Med. shot: At the door. The painter is beginning to grind his teeth. He pulls the door shut, viciously.

Wider shot: To include all.

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**POP**

Only one thing to do, Hank. Drop the

whole business quickly.

**CONNELL**

How?

**POP**

Run a story. Say John Doe was in here,  
and is sorry he wrote the letter and—

**CONNELL**

(jumps in quickly)

That's right. You got it! Sure! He came  
in here and I made him change his mind.  
"Bulletin editor saves John Doe's life."  
Why, it's perfect. I'll have Ned write  
it up.

(into dictograph)

Oh, Ned!

**NED'S VOICE**

Yeah?

**CONNELL**

I got a story I want yuh to—

**ANN**

Wait a minute!

She rushes over—snaps the dictograph  
off.

Med. shot: Of ANN, leaning on CONNELL's  
desk.

**ANN**

Listen, you great big wonderful genius  
of a newspaperman! You came down here  
to shoot some life into this dying paper,  
didn't you?

CONNELL blinks under the attack. POP

and BEANY move into the scene.

**ANN**

Well, the whole town's curious about John Doe and, boom, just like that you're going to bury him. There's enough circulation in that man to start a shortage in the ink market!

**CONNELL**

(thoroughly bewildered)

In what man!

**ANN**

John Doe.

**CONNELL**

What John Doe?

**ANN**

Our John Doe! The one I made up! Look, genius— Now, look. Suppose there was a John Doe—and he walked into this office. What would you do? Find him a job and forget about the whole business, I suppose! Not me! I'd have made a deal with him!

**? 590 ?**

**CONNELL**

A deal?

**ANN**

Sure! When you get hold of a stunt that sells papers you don't drop it like a hot potato. Why, this is good for at least a couple of months. You know what I'd do? Between now and let's say, Christmas, when he's gonna jump, I'd run a daily yarn starting with his boyhood, his schooling, his first job! A wide-eyed youngster facing a chaotic world. The problem of the average man, of all the

John Does in the world.

Two shot: ANN and CONNELL. Despite himself, he's interested in her recital.

**ANN**

Now, then comes the drama. He meets discouragement. He finds the world has feet of clay. His ideals crumble. So what does he do? He decides to commit suicide in protest against the state of civilization. He thinks of the river! But no, no, he has a better idea. The City Hall. Why? Because he wants to attract attention. He wants to get a few things off his chest, and that's the only way he can get himself heard.

**CONNELL**

So?

Full shot: Of the whole group. BEANY grins in admiration. CONNELL has leaned back in his chair, his eyes glued on **ANN**.

**ANN**

So! So he writes me a letter and I dig him up. He pours out his soul to me, and from now on we quote: "I protest, by John Doe." He protests against all the evils in the world; the greed, the lust, the hate, the fear, all of man's inhumanity to man.

Arguments will start. Should he commit suicide or should he not! People will write in pleading with him. But no! No, sir! John Doe will remain adamant! On Christmas Eve, hot or cold, he goes! See?

She finishes, takes a deep breath—awed, and at the same time proud of her accomplishment.

Close shot: Of CONNELL. He just stares

at ANN.

**CONNELL**

(after a pause—quietly)

Very pretty. Very pretty, indeed, Miss Mitchell. But would you mind telling me who goes on Christmas Eve?

**ANN**

John Doe.

**CONNELL**

(loses control—screams)

What John Doe?

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**ANN**

(screams right back)

The one we hire for the job, you lunkhead!

There is silence for a moment.

**CONNELL**

(breaking silence—speaks with a controlled patience)

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Lemme get this through this lame brain of mine. Are you suggesting we go out and hire someone to say he's gonna commit suicide on Christmas Eve? Is that it?

**ANN**

(nodding)

Well, you're catching on.

**CONNELL**

Who, for instance?

**ANN**

Anybody! Er, er—Beany'll do!

Close-up: BEANY. He is petrified.

**BEANY**

Why sure—Who? Me? Jump off a—Oh, no!  
Any time but Christmas. I'm superstitious.

Full shot: BEANY backs away from them—and  
when he gets to the door—makes a dash  
for it.

Int. Outer office: Med. shot: At door.  
As BEANY comes dashing out, he almost  
upsets the painter from the stool. When  
the door is shut, the name of "Connell"  
which he has been printing is all smudged  
over. The painter stares at it, helplessly  
for a second, and then—unable to stand  
it any more, rises, throws his brush  
violently to the floor—after completely  
smearing the sign himself.

Full shot:

**CONNELL**

(sighing)

Miss Mitchell, do me a favor, will you?  
Go on out and get married and have a  
lot o' babies—but stay out o' newspaper  
business!

**POP**

Better get that story in, Hank, it's  
getting late.

**ANN**

(to CONNELL)

You're supposed to be a smart guy! If  
it was raining hundred dollar bills,  
you'd be out looking for a dime you  
lost some place.

**CONNELL**

Holy smokes! Wasting my time listening to this mad woman.

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He crosses to his desk just as NED enters from the back door.

**NED**

Look, Chief! Look what the Chronicle is running on John Doe. They say it's a fake!

CONNELL turns sharply.

Close-up: Of ANN. She was just about giving up, when she hears this—and her eyes brighten alertly.

Med. shot: At CONNELL's desk. CONNELL—reading the paper—becomes incensed.

**CONNELL**

Why, the no-good—low-down—

(reading)

"John Doe story amateur journalism. It's palpably phoney. It's a wonder anyone is taking it seriously." What do yuh think of those guys!

ANN has walked into scene while CONNELL is reading.

**ANN**

That's fine! That's fine! Now fall right into their laps. Go ahead. Say John Doe walked in and called the whole thing off. You know what that's going to sound like on top of this!

**CONNELL**

(doesn't like Ned hearing all this)

That's all, Ned. Thank you.

**NED**

All right.

NED, puzzled, exits. CONNELL comes away from his desk and walks around.

**CONNELL**

(fighting spirit)

"Amateur journalism", huh? Why, the bunch of sophomores! I can teach them more about—

But he is interrupted by the front door being flung open. On the threshold stands **BEANY**.

**BEANY**

Hey, boss. Get a load of this.

**CONNELL**

(joins him in the doorway)

What?

**BEANY**

Look!

Med. shot: Over their shoulders. In the outer office are a large group of derelict-looking men. Some standing—some sitting—some leaning. It looks like the lobby of a flophouse had been

transplanted.

Close shot: Beany and Connell.

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**CONNELL**

What do they want?

**BEANY**

They all say they wrote the John Doe letter.

Med. shot: POP and ANN have walked over and also peer out.

**CONNELL**

(amused, turns)

Oh, they all wrote the letter?

ANN pushes CONNELL aside—talks to BEANY.

**ANN**

Tell them all to wait.

She shuts the door and turns to CONNELL.

**ANN**

Look, Mr. Connell—one of those men is your John Doe. They're desperate and will do anything for a cup of coffee. Pick one out and you can make the Chronicle eat their words.

Close-up: Of CONNELL. A broad smile slowly spreads over his face.

**CONNELL**

I'm beginning to like this.

Med. shot: POP looks worried.

**POP**

If you ask me, Hank, you're playing around with dynamite.

**CONNELL**

No, no, no, the gal's right. We can't let the Chronicle get the laugh on us! We've got to produce a John Doe now.

(muttering)

Amateur journalism, huh!

(starts for door)

I'll show those guys.

**ANN**

Sure—and there's no reason for them to find out the truth, either.

(significantly)

Because, naturally, I won't say anything.

CONNELL turns sharply, stares at her a moment puzzled, then grins.

**CONNELL**

(grinning)

Okay, sister, you get your job back.

**ANN**

Plus a bonus.

**CONNELL**

What bonus?

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Close-up: Of ANN. She takes the plunge. She is a little frightened at her own nerve, but she is going to brazen it out.

**ANN**

(tries to drop it casually)

Oh, the bonus of a thousand dollars the Chronicle was going to pay me for this little document. You'll find it says, er: "I, Ann Mitchell, hereby certify

that the John Doe letter was created  
by me—"

Med. shot: As she speaks, she gets the  
"little document" out of her bag, hands  
it to CONNELL who glares at her, takes  
the paper and starts to read. Ann leans  
over his shoulder. POP peers over his  
other shoulder.

**CONNELL**

I can read. I can read!

**ANN**

Sorry.

She backs away. CONNELL continues reading  
her confession.

**CONNELL**

So you think this is worth a thousand  
dollars, do you?

**ANN**

(very carelessly)

Oh, the Chronicle would consider it  
dirt cheap.

**CONNELL**

Packs everything, including a gun.

(flings paper on desk)

Okay, sister, you've got yourself a  
deal. Now let's take a look at the

candidates.

The one we pick has gotta be the typical  
average man. Typical American that can  
keep his mouth shut.

**POP**

Show me an American who can keep his  
mouth shut and—I'll eat him.

**CONNELL**

(opens door)

Okay, Beany, bring 'em in one at a time.

(he steps back and rubs his hands in anticipation)

Wipe to: Montage: Half a dozen different types of hoboes appear—and in each instance ANN shakes her head, negatively.

Wipe to: Close shot: Of a TALL CHAP, head hanging shyly.

Two shot: Of ANN and CONNELL. They are impressed.

Full shot: ANN and CONNELL exchange hopeful glances and begin slowly walking around the new candidate.

Close-up: Of TALL CHAP. He feels awkward under this scrutiny.

Wider shot: CONNELL stops in his examination of the man.

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**CONNELL**

Did you write that letter to Miss Mitchell?

**TALL CHAP**

(after a pause)

No, I didn't.

ANN, CONNELL and POP evince their surprise.

**CONNELL**

What are you doing up here then?

**TALL CHAP**

Well, the paper said there were some jobs around loose. Thought there might be one left over.

They study him for a second, then ANN walks over close to him.

Two shot: ANN and TALL CHAP.

**ANN**

Had any schooling?

**TALL CHAP**

Yeah, a little.

**ANN**

What do you do when you work?

**TALL CHAP**

(slight pause)

I used to pitch.

**ANN**

Baseball?

**TALL CHAP**

Uh-huh. Till my wing[4] went bad.

**ANN**

Where'd you play?

**TALL CHAP**

Bush leagues mostly.[5]

Med. shot: To include the rest of them. They have their eyes glued on his face. ANN is very much interested.

**CONNELL**

How about family? Got any family?

**TALL CHAP**

(after a pause)

No.

**CONNELL**

Oh, just traveling through, huh?

**TALL CHAP**

Yeah. Me and a friend of mine. He's outside.

**? 596 ?**

CONNELL nods to the others to join him in a huddle. He crosses to a corner. They follow.

Close three shot: They speak in subdued voices.

**CONNELL**

Looks all right—

**ANN**

He's perfect! A baseball player. What could be more American!

**CONNELL**

I wish he had a family, though.

**POP**

Be less complicated without a family.

**ANN**

Look at that face. It's wonderful. They'll believe him . Come on.

Close-up: Of TALL CHAP. He is a strange, bewildered figure. He knows he is being appraised, but doesn't know why. He fingers his hat nervously and looks around the room. Suddenly he is attracted by something.

Close-up: Of tray of sandwiches on CONNELL's desk.

Close-up: Of TALL CHAP. He swallows hard. His eyes stare at the sandwiches hungrily.

Med. shot: Over his shoulder. Shooting toward the huddling group. It breaks up. They walk toward him.

Med. shot: Another angle.

**CONNELL**

What's your name?

**TALL CHAP**

Willoughby. John Willoughby, Long John Willoughby they called me in baseball.

**ANN**

Er, would you, er, would you like to make some money?

**JOHN**

Yeah, maybe.

NOTE: Henceforth in this script he shall be referred to as JOHN DOE.

**ANN**

Would you be willing to say you wrote that letter—and stick by it?

**JOHN**

Oh, I get the idea. Yeah, maybe.

There is an appraising pause, and CONNELL again signals them to join him in a huddle. They exit to their corner.

? 597 ?

Close-up: Of JOHN. His eyes immediately go to the sandwiches.

Close-up: Of tray, with sandwiches and milk, on desk.

Close-up: Of JOHN. His eyes riveted on tray. He glances, speculatively, over toward them and then back to the tray.

Med. shot: Of the huddled group.

**ANN**

That's our man. He's made to order.

**CONNELL**

I don't know. He don't seem like a guy that'd fall into line.

**ANN**

(it's significant to her)

When you're desperate for money, you do a lot of things, Mr. Connell. He's our man, I tell you.

Suddenly, they are startled by a loud thud: they all look around sharply.

**ANN**

He's fainted! Get some water quickly!

As all three rush to him.

**CONNELL**

Hurry up, Pop.

**ANN**

Oh.

**CONNELL**

(to John)

Right here. Sit down.

**JOHN**

Huh?

**ANN**

Are you all right?

**JOHN**

Yeah, I'm all right.

Dissolve to: Int. ANN's office. Close-up:  
Of JOHN—sitting at ANN's desk, just  
completing a meal—and still eating

voraciously.

Camera draws back and we find another  
bindle-stiff sitting beside JOHN, packing  
food away in silence. He is the friend  
JOHN referred to. He is much older and  
goes by the name of COLONEL.

Camera continues to pull back revealing  
ANN who sits nearby, watching them

sympathetically.

Close shot: JOHN and the COLONEL. They  
continue eating. JOHN glances up and  
catches ANN's eye. He smiles self-

consciously.

Close-up: Of ANN. She, too, smiles warmly.

Med. shot: They continue to eat silently.

? 598 ?

**ANN**

How many is that, six? Pretty hungry,  
weren't you?

**COLONEL**

Say, all this John Doe business is batty,  
if yuh ask me.

**ANN**

Well, nobody asked yuh.

**COLONEL**

Trying to improve the world by jumping  
off buildings. You couldn't improve  
the world if the building jumped on  
you!

**JOHN**

(to Ann)

Don't mind the Colonel. He hates people.

**ANN**

He likes you well enough to stick around.

**JOHN**

Oh, that's 'cause we both play doohickies.[6]  
I met him in a box car a couple o' years  
ago. I was foolin' around with my harmonica  
and he comes over and joins in. I haven't  
been able to shake him since.

Full shot: Suddenly, he starts to play  
the overture from "William Tell." The  
COLONEL whips out an ocarina and joins  
him. ANN stares, amused. The door opens  
and CONNELL and BEANY barge in, followed  
by half a dozen photographers.

**CONNELL**

All right, boys, here he is.

**ANN**

(jumping up)

No, no, no! You can't take pictures

of him like that—eating a sandwich—and with a beard!

She waves the photographers out, and shuts the door.

**CONNELL**

But, he's gonna jump off a building!

**ANN**

Yes, but not because he's out of a job. That's not news! This man's going to jump as a matter of principle.

**CONNELL**

Well, maybe you're right.

**ANN**

We'll clean him up and put him in a hotel room—under bodyguards. We'll make a mystery out of him.

(suddenly)

Did you speak to Mr. Norton?

? 599 ?

**CONNELL**

(nods)

Thinks it's terrific. Says for us to go the limit. Wants us to build a bonfire under every big shot in the state.

**ANN**

Oh, swell! Is that the contract?

(seeing paper in CONNELL's hand)

**CONNELL**

Yes.

(sees the COLONEL)

What's he doing here?

**ANN**

Friend of his. They play duets together.

**CONNELL**

Duets? But can we trust him?

**ANN**

Oh!

**JOHN**

I trust him.

**CONNELL**

Oh, you trust him, eh? Well, that's fine. I suppose he trusts you, too?

**ANN**

Oh, stop worrying. He's all right.

**COLONEL**

(insulted)

That's—

**CONNELL**

Well, okay. But we don't want more than a couple o' hundred people in on this thing. Now the first thing I want is an exact copy of the John Doe letter in your own handwriting.

**ANN**

I got it all ready. Here.

**CONNELL**

Well, that's fine. Now I want you to sign this agreement. It gives us an exclusive story under your name day by day from now until Christmas. On December twenty-sixth, you get one railroad ticket out of town, and the Bulletin agrees to pay to have your arm fixed. That's what you want, isn't it?

**JOHN**

Yeah, but it's got to be by Bone-Setter Brown.

**CONNELL**

Okay, Bone-Setter Brown goes. Here, sign it. Meanwhile, here's fifty dollars for spending money. That's fine. Beany!

? 600 ?

**BEANY**

Yeah, Boss?

**CONNELL**

Take charge of him. Get him a suite at the Imperial and hire some bodyguards.

**ANN**

Yeah, and some new clothes, Beany.

**BEANY**

Do you think we better have him de-loused?

**CONNELL**

Yeh, yeh, yeh.

**BEANY**

Both of 'em?

**CONNELL**

Yes, both of 'em! But don't let him out of your sight.

**ANN**

Hey, Beany, gray suit, huh?

**BEANY**

Yeah.

**CONNELL**

Okay, fellows.

**ANN**

Take it easy, John Doe.

JOHN and the COLONEL follow BEANY out.

**CONNELL**

(turns to Ann)

And you! Start pounding that typewriter. Oh, boy! This is terrific! No

responsibilities

on our part. Just statements from John Doe and we can blast our heads off.

**ANN**

(interrupting)

Before you pop too many buttons, don't forget to make out that check for a thousand.

**CONNELL**

(grimaces)

Awwwww!

Dissolve to: Int. Living-room of suite.

Full shot: The door opens and BEANY

enters. He is followed by JOHN and the COLONEL. JOHN glances around, impressed. The COLONEL looks glum.

Med. shot: At door. As JOHN exits scene into the room, tailed by the unhappy COLONEL. BEANY beckons someone out in the corridor.

**BEANY**

Okay, fellas.

? 601 ?

Three bruisers stand in the doorway.

**BEANY**

Now, lemme see. You sit outside the door. Nobody comes in, see. You two fellas sit in here.

As they reach for chairs,

Cut to: Med. shot: JOHN is pleased as his gaze wanders around the room.

**JOHN**

Hey, pretty nifty, huh?

**COLONEL**

You ain't gonna get me to stay here.

**JOHN**

Sure, you are.

**COLONEL**

No, sir. That spot under the bridge where we slept last night's good enough for me.

While he speaks, JOHN has managed to get a glimpse of himself in a mirror—admiring his new suit.

**BELL HOP**

Hey, what'll I do with this baggage?

**BEANY**

Aw, stick 'em in the bedroom.

**COLONEL**

Gimme mine. I ain't staying! You know we were headed for the Columbia River country before all this John Doe business came up. You remember that, don't yuh?

**JOHN**

Sure. I remember . . . Say, did your ears pop coming up in the elevator? Mine did.

**COLONEL**

Aw, Long John . . . I tell you—it's no good. You're gonna get used to a lotta stuff that's gonna wreck you. Why, that fifty bucks in your pocket's beginning to show up on you already. And don't pull that on me neither!

(as John brings out harmonica)

**JOHN**

Stop worrying, Colonel. I'm gonna get my arm fixed out of this.

Wider shot: As BEANY enters scene with box of cigars.

**BEANY**

Here's some cigars the boss sent up. Have one.

JOHN's eyes light up.

**JOHN**

Hey, cigars!

? 602 ?

He grabs one and stuffs it in his mouth.

**BEANY**

(to Colonel)

Help yourself.

**COLONEL**

Naw.

JOHN flops into a luxurious chair—and immediately ANGELFACE holds a light up for his cigar. JOHN looks up, pleased.

**JOHN**

Say, I'll bet yuh even the Major Leaguers don't rate an outfit like this.

**ANGELFACE**

(hands him a newspaper)

Here. Make yourself comfortable.

(turns to the Colonel)

Paper?

**COLONEL**

(sharply)

I don't read no papers and I don't listen to radios either. I know the world's been shaved by a drunken barber and I don't have to read it.

ANGELFACE backs away, puzzled.

**COLONEL**

(crosses to John)

I've seen guys like you go under before.  
Guys that never had a worry. Then they  
got ahold of some dough and went goofy.  
The first thing that happens to a guy-

**BEANY**

Hey, did yuh get a load of the bedroom?

**JOHN**

No.

BEANY beckons to him to follow, which  
JOHN does with great interest.

Int. bedroom: Full shot: As BEANY and  
JOHN puff luxuriously on their cigars  
and examine the room.

**COLONEL**

(in doorway)

The first thing that happens to a guy  
like that—he starts wantin' to go into  
restaurants and sit at a table and eat  
salads—and cup cakes—and tea—

(disgusted)

Boy, what that kinda food does to your  
system!

JOHN pushes on the bed and is impressed  
with its softness.

**COLONEL**

The next thing the dope wants is a room.  
Yessir, a room with steam heat! And  
curtains and rugs

? 603 ?

and 'fore you know it, he's all softened  
up and he can't sleep 'less he has a  
bed.

Close-up: Of BEANY. He stares, bewildered,  
at the COLONEL.

Wider shot: JOHN turns and crosses to  
window.

**JOHN**

(as he goes)

Hey, stop worrying, Colonel. Fifty bucks  
ain't going to ruin me.

**COLONEL**

I seen plenty of fellers start out with  
fifty bucks and wind up with a bank  
account!

**BEANY**

(can't stand it any more)

Hey, whatsa matter with a bank account,  
anyway?

**COLONEL**

(ignoring him)

And let me tell you, Long John. When  
you become a guy with a bank account,  
they got you. Yessir, they got you!

**BEANY**

Who's got him?

**COLONEL**

The heelots!

**BEANY**

Who?

**JOHN**

(at the window)

Hey. There's the City Hall tower I'm

supposed to jump off of. It's even higher than this.

**BEANY**

Who's got him?

**COLONEL**

The heelots!

Close-up: JOHN opens window and leans out.

Close-up: Of BEANY. His eyes pop; he's petrified.

Med. shot: JOHN stretches far out of the window, and quickly bounces back.

**JOHN**

Wow!

At the same time BEANY springs to his side and yanks him back.

**BEANY**

Hey, wait a minute! You ain't supposed to do that till Christmas Eve! Wanta get me in a jam?

? 604 ?

**JOHN**

(twinkle in his eye)

If it's gonna get you in a jam, I'll do you a favor. I won't jump.

He exits to the living room.

Int. living room: Full shot: As JOHN enters, flicking ashes from his cigar, grandly, the COLONEL leaves the doorway, still pursuing his point.

**COLONEL**

And when they get you, you got no more chance than a road-rabbit.

**BEANY**

(dogging the COLONEL)

Hey. Who'd you say was gonna get him?

**JOHN**

Say, is this one of those places where you ring if you want something?

**BEANY**

Yeah. Just use the phone.

The thought of this delights JOHN.

**JOHN**

Boy! I've always wanted to do this!

He goes to the phone.

**BEANY**

Hey, Doc, look. Look, Doc. Gimme that again, will yuh? Who's gonna get him?

**COLONEL**

The heelots!

**BEANY**

Who are they?

Two shot: The COLONEL finally levels off on BEANY.

**COLONEL**

Listen, sucker, yuh ever been broke?

**BEANY**

Sure. Mostly often.

**COLONEL**

All right. You're walking along—not  
a nickel in your jeans—free as the wind—

nobody

bothers you—hundreds of people pass  
yuh by in every line of business—shoes,  
hats, automobiles, radio, furniture,  
everything. They're all nice, lovable  
people, and they let you alone. Is that  
right?

Close-up: Of BEANY—nodding his head,  
bewildered.

? 605 ?

**COLONEL'S VOICE**

Then you get hold of some dough, and  
what happens?

BEANY instinctively shakes his head.

Two shot: The COLONEL takes on a sneering  
expression.

**COLONEL**

All those nice, sweet, lovable people  
become heelots. A lotta heels.

(mysterioso)

They begin creeping up on you—trying  
to sell you something. They've got long  
claws and they get a strangle-hold on  
you—and you squirm—and duck and holler—and  
you try to push 'em away—but you haven't  
got a chance—they've got you! First  
thing you know, you own things. A car,  
for instance.

BEANY has been following him, eyes blinking,  
mouth open.

**COLONEL**

Now your whole life is messed up with more stuff—license fees—and number plates—and gas and oil—and taxes and insurance—

Close shot: Of the LUGS at the door. One of them listens with a half-smile on his face. The other, more goofy, looks bewildered. He has been listening—and now, slowly rises, ears cocked, frightened by the harrowing tale. Camera retreats before him—as he slowly walks nearer to BEANY and the COLONEL. Meantime, we continue to hear the COLONEL'S voice.

**COLONEL'S VOICE**

. . . and identification cards—and letters—and bills—and flat tires—and dents—and traffic tickets and motorcycle cops and court rooms—and lawyers—and fines—

Wider shot: The LUG steps up directly behind BEANY—and the two horrified faces are close together—both staring at the **COLONEL.**

**COLONEL**

And a million and one other things. And what happens? You're not the free and happy guy you used to be. You gotta have money to pay for all those things—so you go after what the other feller's got—

(with finality)

And there you are—you're a heelot yourself!

Close shot: Of the two heads of BEANY and the LUG. They continue to stare, wide-eyed, at the COLONEL.

Wider shot: As JOHN approaches the COLONEL.

**JOHN**

(smiling)

You win, Colonel. Here's the fifty.  
Go on out and get rid of it.

? 606 ?

**COLONEL**

(as he goes)

You bet I will! As fast as I can! Gonna  
get some canned goods—a fishing rod,  
and the rest I'm gonna give away.

**ANGELFACE**

(aghast)

Give away?

**JOHN**

(calling)

Hey. Get me a pitcher's glove! Got to  
get some practice.

**ANGELFACE**

Say, he's giving it away! I'm gonna  
get me some of that!

**BEANY**

Hey, come back here, yuh heelot!

**JOHN**

(on the phone)

Will you send up five hamburgers with  
all the trimmings, five chocolate ice  
cream sodas, and five pieces of apple  
pie? No, apple, with cheese. Yeah. Thank  
you.

JOHN hangs up.

The COLONEL has just reached the door  
when it flies open and Ann comes in

with photographer EDDIE—she sees JOHN all dressed up.

**ANN**

Hello there. Well, well! If it isn't the man about town!

**EDDIE**

All set, Ann?

**ANN**

(coming out of it)

Huh? Oh, yes. Let's go.

(she backs away)

Now, let's see. We want some action in these pictures.

**JOHN**

Action?

**ANN**

Um-hum.

JOHN winds up in pitching pose—his left leg lifted up high.

**EDDIE**

That's good.

**ANN**

No, no, no. This man's going to jump off a roof.

**EDDIE**

Oh.

? 607 ?

**ANN**

Here. Wait a minute. Let me comb your

hair. Sit down. There. That's better.

Close shot: She combs his hair—straightens his tie—etc. He inhales the fragrance of her hair and likes it—winks to the others. She poses JOHN's face and looks it over.

**ANN**

You know, he's got a nice face, hasn't he?

**ANGELFACE**

Yeh—he's pretty.

JOHN gives him a look and starts to get up slowly.

**ANN**

Here. Sit down!

(to ANGELFACE)

Quiet, egghead!

(back to JOHN)

All right, now, a serious expression.

**JOHN**

(laughing)

Can't. I'm feeling too good.

**ANN**

Oh, come on, now. This is serious. You're a man disgusted with all of civilization.

**JOHN**

With all of it?

**ANN**

Yes, you're sore at the world. Come on, now.

**JOHN**

Oh, crabby guy, huh?

He tries scowling.

**ANN**

Yeah. No, no!

(laughing)

No! No, look. You don't have to smell the world!

(the men laugh)

**JOHN**

Well, all those guys in the bleachers think—

**ANN**

Never mind those guys. All right, stand up. Now let's see what you look like when you protest.

**JOHN**

Against what?

**ANN**

Against anything. Just protest.

**JOHN**

(laughing)

You got me.

? 608 ?

**ANN**

Oh, look. I'm the umpire, and you just cut the heart of the plate with your fast one and I call it a ball. What

would you do?

**JOHN**

(advances toward her)

Oh, yuh did, huh?

**ANN**

Yes!

**JOHN**

Why can't you call right, you bone-headed,  
pig-eared, lop-eared, pot-bellied-

**ANN**

Grab it, Eddie, grab it!

Eddie takes the picture.

A Montage: Of Newspaper inserts featuring  
John Doe's picture.

"I protest against collapse of decency  
in the world."

"I protest against corruption in local  
politics."

"I protest against civic heads being  
in league with crime."

"I protest against state relief being  
used as political football."

"I protest against County Hospitals  
shutting out the needy."

"I protest against all the brutality  
and slaughter in the world."

Close-up: Superimposed over all of the  
above is a circulation chart—showing  
the circulation of the Bulletin in a  
constant rise.

Dissolve to: Int. GOVERNOR's study:  
Med. shot: The GOVERNOR paces furiously.

In front of him are several associates.

**GOVERNOR**

publishing.  
I don't care whose picture they're

I still say that this John Doe person is a myth. And you can quote me on that. And I'm going to insist on his being produced for questioning. You know as well as I do that this whole thing is being engineered by a vicious man with a vicious purpose—Mr. D. B. Norton.

As he finishes saying this, Dissolve to: Ext. D. B.'s estate:

Close-up: Of D. B. NORTON. Camera pulls back and we find him on horseback.

Reverse long shot: We discover that he is watching the maneuvers of a motorcycle corps who are in uniform. They are being drilled by TED SHELDON.

? 609 ?

Med. shot: As a groom rides toward D. B.

**GROOM**

Mr. Connell and Miss Mitchell are at the house, sir.

**D. B.**

Oh, they are? All right, come on.

Dissolve to: Int. D. B. 's study: Med. shot—panning: As ANN, D. B. and CONNELL enter and cross to D. B. 's desk.

**ANN**

(as they walk)

Personally, I think it's just plain

stupidity to drop it now.

They reach D. B. 's desk and stop.

**ANN**

You should see his fan mail! Thousands!  
Why, it's going over like a house afire!

Close-up: Of D. B. He studies her a  
moment before he turns to CONNELL.

**D. B.**

What are you afraid of, Connell? It's  
doubled our circulation.

Wider shot: To include all three.

**CONNELL**

Yeah, but it's got everybody sore. Ads  
are being pulled—the Governor's starting  
a libel suit—what's more, they all know  
John Doe's a phoney—and they insist  
on seeing him.

**ANN**

Well, what about it? Let them see him!  
We'll go them one better. They can also  
hear him.

(to D. B.)

You own a radio station, Mr. Norton.  
Why not put him on the air?

Close-up: Of D. B. He admires her fight.

**CONNELL'S VOICE**

Watch out for this dame, D. B. She'll  
drive you batty!

**ANN**

Ohh!

? 610 ?

Wider shot: To include all three.

**CONNELL**

league

Look. We can't let 'em get to this bush-pitcher and start pumping him. Good night! No telling what that screwball might do. I walked in yesterday—here he is, standing on a table with a fishing pole flycasting. Take my advice and get him out of town before this thing explodes in our faces!

**ANN**

If you do, Mr. Norton, you're just as much of a dumb cluck as he is! Excuse me.

**CONNELL**

(to Ann—hotly)

No, you've got yourself a meal ticket and you hate to let go.

**ANN**

Sure, it's a meal ticket for me. I admit it, but it's also a windfall for somebody like Mr. Norton who's trying to crash national politics.

(she turns to D. B.)

That's what you bought the newspaper for, isn't it? You wanta reach a lotta people, don't you? Well, put John Doe on the air and you can reach a hundred and fifty million of 'em. He can say anything he wants and they'll listen to him.

Close-up: Of D. B. Fascinated by ANN.

Wider shot: CONNELL stares at her derisively. D. B. is completely absorbed.

**ANN**

All right, let's not forget the Governor, the Mayor and all small fry like that. This can arouse national interest! If he made a hit around here—he can do it everywhere else in the country! And you'll be pulling the strings, Mr. Norton!

Close-up: Of D. B. His eyes have begun to light up with extensive plans.

Wider shot: D. B. continues to study ANN with deep interest. Then he turns to CONNELL.

**D. B.**

Go down to the office and arrange for some radio time.

**CONNELL**

(protesting)

Why, D. B., you're not going to fall for—

**D. B.**

(interrupting sharply)

I want it as soon as possible.

**? 611 ?**

**CONNELL**

(shrugging)

Okay. I just came in to get warm, myself. Come on, let's go.

He starts out. ANN picks up her bag, prepared to follow CONNELL.

**D. B.**

Er, don't you go. I want to talk to

you.

CONNELL goes. ANN waits, somewhat nervously.

**D. B.**

(when CONNELL is gone)

Sit down.

Med. two shot: ANN and D. B. D. B. studies her for a moment.

**D. B.**

. . . Er, this John Doe idea is yours, huh?

**ANN**

Yes, sir.

**D. B.**

How much money do you get?

**ANN**

Thirty dollars.

**D. B.**

(probingly)

Thirty dollars? Well, er, what are you after? I mean, what do you want? A

journalistic

career?

**ANN**

Money.

**D. B.**

(laughs)

Money? Well, I'm glad to hear somebody admit it. Do you suppose you could write a radio speech that would put that fellow over?

**ANN**

Oh, I'm sure I can.

**D. B.**

Do it, and I'll give you a hundred dollars a week.

**ANN**

A hundred dollars!

**D. B.**

That's only the beginning. You play your cards right and you'll never have to worry about money again. Oh, I knew it.

ANN'S eyes brighten with excitement. They are interrupted by the arrival of TED SHELDON, in uniform.

**? 612 ?**

**D. B.**

(to TED)

Hello. Whenever there's a pretty woman around, er—

(laughing)

This is my nephew, Ted Sheldon, Miss Mitchell.

**ANN**

How do you do.

**TED**

How do you do!

**D. B.**

All right, Casanova. I'll give you a break. See that Miss Mitchell gets a car to take her home.

**TED**

Always reading my mind, aren't you?

**ANN**

(laughing)

Thank you very much for everything.

**D. B.**

And, Miss Mitchell—I think from now on you'd better work directly with me.

**ANN**

Yes, sir.

They exit. D. B. walks to the door, a pleased expression on his face.

Close-up: Of D. B. His face wreathed in a victorious smile.

Fade-out.

Fade-in: Int. ANN's living room: Close shot: Of ANN. She sits at a typewriter reading something she has written. Suddenly, impulsively, she yanks the sheet out of the machine and flings it to the floor. As she rises, camera pulls back. We find the floor littered with previously unsuccessful attempts to get the speech written. For a moment, ANN paces agitatedly, until she is interrupted by a commotion.

Med. Shot: At door. ANN's two sisters, IRENE and ELLEN, aged nine and eleven—and dressed in their sleeping pajamas, dash in, squealing mischievously. Camera pans with them as they rush to ANN and leap on her.

**ANN**

Oh! Hey! Oh, hey! I thought you were asleep!

**ELLEN**

We just wanted to say good night, Sis.

They embrace and kiss her.

**ANN**

Oh, oh! Oh, you little brats! You're just stalling. I said good night!

? 613 ?

Med. shot: At door. ANN'S MOTHER appears in the doorway. She is a prim little woman—her clothes have a touch of the Victorian about them—her hair is done up in old-fashioned style, her throat is modestly covered in lace.

**MOTHER**

(above the din)

Come, come, come, children. It's past your bedtime.

**ELLEN**

Oh, all right.

**MOTHER**

Go on!

**ELLEN**

Come on, Pooch! Come on, come on.

**MOTHER**

Now, keep Pooch off the bed.

The CHILDREN exit, squealing. ANN'S MOTHER goes to ANN's desk and searches for something.

**ANN**

Stick a fork through me! I'm done. I'll never get this speech right.

**MOTHER**

Oh, yes you will, Ann dear . . . you're very clever.

**ANN**

Yeah, I know. What are you looking for?

**MOTHER**

Your purse. I need ten dollars.

**ANN**

What for? I gave you fifty just the other day.

**MOTHER**

Yes, I know, dear, but Mrs. Burke had her baby yesterday. Nine pounds! And there wasn't a thing in the house—and then this morning the Community Chest[7] lady came around and—

**ANN**

And the fifty's all gone, huh? Who's the ten for?

**MOTHER**

The Websters.

**ANN**

The Websters!

**MOTHER**

You remember those lovely people your father used to take care of? I thought I'd buy them some groceries. Oh, Ann, dear, it's a shame, those poor—

? 614 ?

**ANN**

You're marvelous, Ma. You're just like Father used to be. Do you realize a couple of weeks ago we didn't have enough to eat ourselves?

**MOTHER**

Well, yes, I know, dear, but these people are in such need and we have plenty now.

**ANN**

If you're thinking of that thousand dollars, forget it. It's practically gone. We owed everybody in town. Now, you've just gotta stop giving all your money away.

Her MOTHER looks up, surprised at her tone.

**MRS. MITCHELL**

Oh, Ann, dear!

Close-up: ANN realizes she has spoken sharply to her MOTHER and immediately regrets it. Her face softens.

Med. shot: As ANN crosses to her MOTHER—and places an arm around her shoulder, tenderly.

**ANN**

Oh, I'm sorry, Ma. Oh, don't pay any attention to me. I guess I'm just upset about all this. Gee whiz, here I am with a great opportunity to get somewhere, to give us security for once in our lives, and I'm stuck. If I could put this over, your Mrs. Burke can have six babies!

**MOTHER**

Do you mean the speech you're writing?

**ANN**

Yeah, I don't know. I simply can't get it to jell! I created somebody who's gonna give up his life for a principle, hundreds of thousands of people are gonna listen to him over the radio and, unless he says something that's, well, that's sensational, it's just no good!

**MOTHER**

Well, honey, of course I don't know what kind of a speech you're trying to write, but judging from the samples I've read, I don't think anybody'll listen.

**ANN**

What?

**MOTHER**

Darling, there are so many complaining political speeches. People are tired of hearing nothing but doom and despair on the radio. If you're going to have him say anything, why don't you let him say something simple and real, something with hope in it? If your father were alive, he'd know what to say.

? 615 ?

**ANN**

Oh, yes, Father certainly would.

**MOTHER**

Wait a minute . . .

**ANN**

Huh?

MRS. MITCHELL crosses to a desk, finds

a key and unlocks a compartment. ANN watches her, curiously.

Close shot: MRS. MITCHELL extracts a diary from the compartment, which she handles very tenderly.

Camera pans with her as she goes back to ANN.

**MOTHER**

That's your father's diary, Ann.

**ANN**

Father's . . . I never knew he had a diary.

**MOTHER**

There's enough in it for a hundred speeches, things people ought to hear nowadays. You be careful of it, won't you dear? It's always helped keep your father alive for me.

**ANN**

(holds MOTHER's hand to her cheek)

You bet I will, Ma.

Her mother abruptly leaves.

Close-up: ANN turns her attention to the diary. As she opens it, her eyes sparkle expectantly. She becomes interested in the first thing she sees.

Dissolve to: Int. corridor of hotel.

Med. shot: At door of JOHN's suite. A crowd of people are around the door trying to crash it. The LUG on guard stands before the door.

**LUG**

Wait a minute. John Doe don't wanta

sign no autographs.

**INQUIRER**

Well, what does he do all day?

**LUG**

What does he do all day? He's writin' out his memories!

Cut to: Int. living room.

Med. shot: BEANY is on the telephone. He is apparently weary from answering them all day.

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**BEANY**

Sorry, lady. you can't see Mr. Doe. He wants to be alone. No, no, he just sits around all day and commutes with himself.

Camera swings around to JOHN. He stands in the middle of the floor, his pitcher's glove on, playing an imaginary game of ball. He winds up and throws an imaginary ball.

Close-up: Of the COLONEL. He wears a catcher's mitt—and smacks it as if he just caught the ball.

**BEANY**

(umpiring)

Ba-ll!

**COLONEL**

I don't know how you're gonna stand it around here till after Christmas.

Full shot: At the door are the two LUGS, watching the imaginary ball game. The COLONEL takes a couple of steps over home plate, and throws the "ball" back

to JOHN who picks it up out of the air.

**COLONEL**

(as he steps back behind the plate)

I betcha yuh ain't heard a train whistle  
in two weeks.

He crouches on his knees—and gives JOHN  
a signal.

**BEANY**

St-rike!

**COLONEL**

I know why you're hangin' around—you're  
stuck on a girl—that's all a guy needs  
is to get hooked up with a woman.

Close shot: Of JOHN. He shakes his head,  
and waits for another sign. When he  
gets it, he nods. He steps onto the  
mound—winds up and lets another one  
go. This is apparently a hit, for his  
eyes shoot skyward, and he quickly turns—

watching

the progress of the ball as it is flung  
to first base. From his frown we know  
the man is safe.

Close shot: Of the two LUGS, ANGELFACE  
and MIKE. ANGELFACE is seriously absorbed  
in the game. MIKE leans against the  
wall, eyes narrowed, a plan going on  
in his head.

**ANGELFACE**

(seriously)

What was that? A single?

Close-up: Of JOHN.

**JOHN**

(explaining)

The first baseman dropped the ball.

Close-up: Of ANGELFACE.

? 617 ?

**ANGELFACE**

(shouting at "firstbaseman")

Butterfingers!

(back to John)

That's tough luck, Pal.

Med. shot: JOHN disregards him completely. He is too much absorbed with the man on first. He now has the stance of a pitcher without the windup.

**COLONEL**

When a guy has a woman on his hands—the first thing he knows his life is balled up with a lot more things—furniture and—

Close shot: Of JOHN. He catches the "ball"—gets into position—nods to his catcher—raises his hands in the air, takes a peek toward first base—and suddenly wheels around facing camera, and whips the "ball" toward first base. Almost immediately his face lights up.

Close-up: Of ANGELFACE.

**ANGELFACE**

Did you get him?

Close-up: Of JOHN. He winks.

**BEANY**

(umpiring)

You're out!

Full shot: JOHN flips the glove off his hand so that it dangles from his wrist—and massages the ball with his two palms.

**ANGELFACE**

That's swell! What's this—the end of the eighth?

**JOHN**

Ninth!

He steps into the "pitcher's box".

Wider shot: Just as they take their positions, the LUG, from outside, partly opens the door.

**LUG**

Hey, Beany! There's a coupla lugs from the Chronicle snooping around out here!

BEANY immediately comes from background.

**BEANY**

Come on, Angelface! Gangway!

As they reach the door, the LUG speaks to ANGELFACE.

**LUG**

What's the score, Angelface?

**ANGELFACE**

Three to two—our favor.

? 618 ?

**LUG**

Gee, that's great!

Close-up: Of JOHN. He has heard this and grins mischievously. He starts winding up for another pitch.

mischievously,

Close-up: Of MIKE. He looks around then turns to JOHN.

**MIKE**

You've got swell form. Must have been a pretty good pitcher.

Wider shot: JOHN is just receiving the ball.

**JOHN**

Pretty good? Say, I was just about ready for the major leagues when I chipped a bone in my elbow. I got it pitchin' a nineteen-inning game!

**MIKE**

Nineteen!

**JOHN**

Yep. There was a major league scout there watching me, too. And he came down after the game with a contract. Do you know what? I couldn't life my arm to sign it. But I'll be okay again as soon as I get it fixed up.

**MIKE**

(picks up newspaper—sighing)

That's too bad.

**JOHN**

What do you mean, too bad?

**MIKE**

(pretending distraction)

Huh? Oh, that you'll never be able to play again.

**JOHN**

Well, what are you talking about? I just told you I was gonna get a-

**MIKE**

(interrupting carelessly)

Well, you know how they are in baseball—if a guy's mixed up in a racket—

**JOHN**

(walking over)

Racket? What do you mean?

**MIKE**

Well, I was just thinking about this John Doe business. Why, as soon as it comes out it's all a fake, you'll be washed up in baseball, won't you?

? 619 ?

**JOHN**

Y-yeah. Gee, doggone it, I never thought about that. Gosh!

**MIKE**

And another thing, what about all the kids in the country, the kids that idolize ball players? What are they gonna think about you?

(shakes his head)

Close shot: Of the COLONEL. He has dropped his glove—flopped into a chair—and has taken out his ocarina.

**JOHN'S VOICE**

Hey, did you hear that, Colonel?

The COLONEL nods, disinterestedly, and

begins to play.

Wider shot: JOHN ponders his dilemma for a second.

**JOHN**

I gotta figure some way out of this thing!

**COLONEL**

The elevators are still runnin'.

**MIKE**

(carelessly)

I know one way you can do it.

**JOHN**

How?

**MIKE**

Well, when you get up on the radio, all you have to do is say the whole thing's a frame-up. Make you a hero sure as you're born!

John thinks this over, but something troubles him.

**JOHN**

Yeah, but how am I gonna get my arm fixed?

**MIKE**

Well, that's a cinch. I know somebody that'll give you five thousand dollars just to get up on the radio and tell the truth.

**COLONEL**

(eyes popping)

Five thousand dollars?

**MIKE**

Yeah. Five thousand dollars. And he gets it right away. You don't have to wait till Christmas.

**COLONEL**

Look out, Long John! They're closing in on you!

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**JOHN**

(ignores COLONEL)

Say, who's putting up this dough?

**MIKE**

Feller runs the Chronicle .

(takes it out of his pocket)

Here's the speech you make—and it's all written out for you.

JOHN takes it.

Close-up: Of the COLONEL.

**COLONEL**

(eyes heaven-ward)

Five thousand dollars! Holy mackerel! I can see the heelots comin'. The whole army of them!

**MIKE**

It's on the level.

Close-up: Of JOHN.

Dissolve to: Int. broadcasting station:

Close shot: TELEPHONE OPERATORS.

**1ST GIRL**

No, I'm sorry. Tickets for the broadcast are all gone. Phone the Bulletin.

**2ND GIRL**

Sorry. No more tickets left.

Med. shot: Crowd chattering—they recognize JOHN DOE coming in.

Close shot: At a side door in broadcasting station. As the COLONEL and MIKE take their places.

Int. office in broadcasting station:  
Full shot: JOHN is led by BEANY into the office. They are immediately followed by several photographers.

**BEANY**

Here he is.

**ANN**

Hello, John. All set for the big night?  
Swell!

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

Turn around.

**2ND PHOTOGRAPHER**

One moment—hold it! Now stand still,  
Mr. Doe.

**ANN**

Okay, Beany, take them outside.

Two shot: JOHN and ANN.

? 621 ?

**ANN**

Now, look, John. Here's the speech.  
It's in caps and double-spaced. You  
won't have any trouble reading it. Not

nervous, are you?

**JOHN**

No.

**ANN**

Of course not. He wouldn't be.

**JOHN**

Who?

**ANN**

John Doe. The one in there.

(pointing to speech)

**BEANY**

Hey, don't let your knees rattle. It picks up on the mike!

**ANN**

Oh, Beany! You needn't be nervous, John. All you have to remember is to be sincere.

Wider shot: Man pokes his head in.

**MAN**

Pick up the phone, Miss Mitchell. It's for you.

**ANN**

(takes phone)

Hello? Yes, Mother. Oh, thank you, darling.

Full shot: While she speaks on the phone, MRS. BREWSTER barges in, accompanied by two other ladies.

**MRS. BREWSTER**

Oh, there he is, the poor, dear man!  
Oh, good luck to you, Mr. Doe. We want  
you to know that we're all for you.  
The girls all decided that you're not  
to jump off any roof a'tall. Oh, we'll  
stop it!

ANN completes the phone call—crosses  
to MRS. BREWSTER.

**ANN**

Sorry, ladies. Mr. Doe can't be bothered  
now. He's gotta make a speech out there,  
and—

While she gets them out—MIKE slips into  
the room.

Close shot: MIKE and JOHN.

**MIKE**

Have you got the speech I gave you?

**JOHN**

(taps breast pocket)

Yeah.

? 622 ?

**MIKE**

Now, look. I'll give this money to the  
Colonel just as soon as you get started.  
We'll have a car waiting at the side  
entrance for you.

**JOHN**

Okay.

Full shot: ANN turns away from the door.

**ANN**

(to MIKE)

How'd you get in here?

**MIKE**

Huh? Oh, I just came in to wish him luck.

**ANN**

Come on, out. Out!

(turning to John)

Mother says good luck, too. John, when you read that speech, please, please believe every word of it. He's turned out to be a wonderful person, John.

**JOHN**

Who?

**ANN**

John Doe, the one in the speech.

**JOHN**

Oh. Yeah.

**ANN**

You know something? I've actually fallen in love with him.

Full shot: They are interrupted by the arrival of CONNELL. He is accompanied by several photographers—and a beautiful girl in a bathing suit. A banner across her front reads: "Miss Average Girl".

**CONNELL**

All right, there he is, sister. Now, come on—plenty of oomph!

The GIRL, all smiles, throws her arms around JOHN's shoulder—and strikes a languid pose. The flashlights go off.

**ANN**

What's the idea?

**CONNELL**

No, no, no. Now that's too much!

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

One moment, please.

**ANN**

This is no time for cheap publicity,  
Mr. Connell!

? 623 ?

**CONNELL**

Listen. If that guy lays an egg. I want  
to get something out of it. I'm getting  
a Jane Doe ready!

**ANN**

(trying to get rid of them)

That's fine, honey. Now, get out!

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

All right. I need one more.

**ANN**

Go right ahead.

While there is this confusion, the COLONEL  
pushes in and stands in the doorway.

**COLONEL**

How're you doin'?

**CONNELL**

(calls to Beany outside)

All right, Beany—bring 'em in!

While CONNELL speaks, two MIDGETS push the COLONEL out of the way and enter the room. The COLONEL glances down—and nearly jumps out of his skin. BEANY follows them in.

**COLONEL**

Holy smoke! A half a heelot!

**BEANY**

There you are, Boss, just like you ordered. Symbols of the little people.

**CONNELL**

Okay. Get them up.

BEANY lifts them and places them, one on each of JOHN's arms. The flashlights go off.

**ANN**

This is ridiculous, Mr. Connell! Come on, give him a chance. The man's on the air!

While she speaks, she tries to shove the photographers out.

**BOY MIDGET**

(to girl midget)

Come on, Snooks—you better bail out.

**GIRL MIDGET**

(coquettishly)

Goodbye, Mr. Doe!

BEANY lifts her off—and ANN pushes them all out—just as the STAGE MANAGER reappears.

**STAGE MANAGER**

Better get ready. One minute to go!

**? 624 ?**

Two shot: JOHN and ANN. ANN turns quickly to JOHN.

**ANN**

Wow! One minute to go, and the score is nothing to nothing! Now, please, John, you won't let me down, will you? Will you? 'Course you won't. If you'll just think of yourself as the real John Doe.

Listen. Everything in that speech are things a certain man believed in. He was my father, John. And when he talked, people listened. They'll listen to you, too.

Funny—you know what my mother said the other night? She said to look into your eyes—that I'd see Father there.

**STAGE MANAGER**

Hey—what do you say?

**ANN**

Okay! We're coming. Come on!

**ANN**

Now, listen, John. You're a pitcher. Now, get in there and pitch!

(kisses his cheek)

Good luck.

For a moment he just stares at her, under a spell. Then, turning, he exits. After a second of watching him, ANN follows.

**STUDIO OFFICIAL**

Give him room, let him through. Come on.

Int. broadcasting stage: Med. shot: Camera retreats in front of JOHN and the official, as they leave the office and proceed to the microphones. Everyone stares curiously at JOHN—whispering to each other.

Med. shot: Shooting through glass partition, toward control booth. We see the two men at the board. They glance nervously at their watches—then at the clock on the wall.

Close shot: Of ANN. She has taken a position at a table near the mike. Next to her sits CONNELL. ANN watches JOHN with intense interest.

The COLONEL has followed JOHN up to the microphone.

**COLONEL**

(to John)

Hey. Let's get out o' here. There's the door right there.

**M.C.**

Hey, what're you doing here?

**COLONEL**

That's what I'd like to know!

**M.C.**

Come on, out. Out.

? 625 ?

**JOHN**

Say, he's a friend of mine.

**ANN**

(at John's elbow)

Never mind. Let him alone. He's all right. I'll be right over there pulling for you.

JOHN starts to follow ANN away from mike. ANN leads him back to mike again.

**ANN**

No, John—over here.

**2ND M.C.**

Stand by.

surreptitiously

Med. shot: At door. The COLONEL

tries the door, to see that it opens readily. Standing near him is BEANY and the others.

Med. shot: Group around SPENCER. They wait expectantly. Their eyes sparkling with excitement.

**SPENCER**

Phone the Chronicle . Tell 'em to start getting those extras out.

Med. shot: Toward control booth. The man with the earphones on has his hand up ready to give the signal. He listens a moment, then abruptly drops his hand.

Close-up: The man near the announcer throws his hand up as a signal to someone off scene.

Med. shot: An orchestra in a corner. The conductor waves his baton—and the orchestra blasts out a dramatic fanfare.

Close shot: ANNOUNCER and JOHN. ANNOUNCER holds his script up and the moment the music stops he speaks dramatically.

**ANNOUNCER**

(rapid-fire)

And good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Kenneth Frye, speaking for the New Bulletin . Tonight we give you something entirely new and different. Standing beside me is the young man who has declared publicly that on Christmas Eve he intends to commit suicide, giving as his reason-

quote:

civilization."

"I protest against the state of

End quote. Ladies and gentlemen, the New Bulletin takes pleasure in presenting the man who is fast becoming the most talked-of person in the whole country, **JOHN DOE!**

The man next to him waves his hand—there is an outburst of music.

A flash: Of ANN—she looks at JOHN intently.

Med. shot: Group around BEANY. They all applaud, except for MIKE and the COLONEL. MIKE, with his hand hanging down, nudges the COLONEL.

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Close shot: Of their hands meeting and we see the envelope change hands. Camera pans up to the COLONEL's face which is twisted into a miserable grimace.

Close-up: Of JOHN. He glances around, uncertainly.

Close shot: Of MIKE and the COLONEL. MIKE elbows the COLONEL to throw his signal. The COLONEL looks toward JOHN and nods his head.

Close shot: Of JOHN. He catches the COLONEL'S signal and quickly his hand goes to his pocket. Just as he is about to bring it out, his hand pauses. He turns and looks at ANN.

Close-up: Of ANN. A warm, pleading look in her eyes.

Med. shot: Around JOHN. He is still staring at ANN, when the ANNOUNCER reaches over and nudges him—pointing to the mike. JOHN snaps out of it—turns his face to the mike—pushes the paper back in his pocket—and starts reading ANN'S speech.

**JOHN**

(reading speech)

Ladies and gentlemen: I am the man you all know as John Doe.

(clearing his throat)

I took that name because it seems to describe—because it seems to describe

(his voice unnatural)

the average man, and that's me.

(repeats, embarrassedly)

And that's me.

Med. shot: The COLONEL and MIKE. The COLONEL realizes JOHN is not going to make SPENCER'S speech, and his face breaks into a broad grin. He takes MIKE'S hand and slaps the envelope into his palm. Over the shot we hear JOHN'S voice.

**JOHN'S VOICE**

Well, it was me—before I said I was gonna jump off the City Hall roof at midnight on Christmas Eve. Now, I guess I'm not average any more. Now, I'm getting all sorts of attention, from big shots, too.

Med. shot: To include JOHN and ANN.

Med. shot: Around SPENCER, as MIKE enters to him and hands him envelope.

**MIKE**

(whispering)

We've been double-crossed!

SPENCER stares at the envelope, frothing at the mouth.

**SPENCER**

We have!?

? 627 ?

Med. shot: Featuring JOHN and ANN.

**JOHN**

The Mayor and the Governor, for instance. They don't like those articles I've been writing.

Suddenly they are startled by SPENCER's voice.

**SPENCER'S VOICE**

You're an imposter, young fella! That's a pack of lies you're telling!

Quick flashes: Of reaction from audience, CONNELL and others.

**SPENCER**

Who wrote that speech for you?

(pointing accusing finger at JOHN)

**CONNELL**

Beany, get that guy!

Med. shot: Around SPENCER. It is as far as he gets. Several attendants,

BEANY among them, have reached him and start throwing him out.

Cut to: Int. D. B. NORTON's study: Med. shot: D. B. and TED SHELDON are listening to JOHN's speech over the radio. D. B. is astonished at the disturbance in the program.

**D. B.**

(recognizing the voice)

That's Spencer!

Cut to: Int. broadcasting stage:

Close shot: Of ANNOUNCER.

**M.C.**

Ladies and gentlemen, the disturbance you just heard was caused by someone in the audience who tried to heckle Mr. Doe. The speech will continue.

Med. shot: Featuring JOHN and ANN.

**JOHN**

Well, people like the Governor

(laughing—ad libs)

People like the Governor and that fella there can—can stop worrying. I'm not gonna talk about them.

ANN smiles admiringly.

Close-up: Of JOHN. He is becoming strangely absorbed in what he is saying.

? 628 ?

**JOHN**

I'm gonna talk about us, the average guys, the John Does. If anybody should ask you what the average John Doe is

like, you couldn't tell him because he's a million and one things. He's Mr. Big and Mr. Small. He's simple and he's wise. He's inherently honest, but he's got a streak of larceny in his heart. He seldom walks up to a public telephone without shoving his finger into the slot to see if somebody left a nickel there.

Close-up: Of ANN. Her eyes are glued on JOHN.

**JOHN'S VOICE**

He's the man the ads are written for. He's the fella everybody sells things to. He's Joe Doakes, [8] the world's greatest stooge and the world's greatest strength.

(clearing throat)

Yes, sir. Yessir, we're a great family, the John Does. We're the meek who are, er, supposed to inherit the earth. You'll find us everywhere. We raise the crops, we dig the mines, work the factories, keep the books, fly the planes and drive the busses! And when a cop yells: "Stand back there, you!" He means us, the John Does!

Cut to: Int. D. B. 's study:

Med. shot: D. B. and TED listen near the radio. TED's eyes flash angrily.

**TED**

Well, what kind of a speech is that? Didn't you read it?

D. B. stops him with a gesture of his hand. He doesn't want to miss a word.

Cut to: Int. broadcasting stage:

Med. shot: Toward JOHN.

**JOHN**

We've existed since time began. We built the pyramids, we saw Christ crucified, pulled the oars for Roman emperors, sailed the boats for Columbus, retreated from Moscow with Napoleon and froze with Washington at Valley Forge!

(gasping)

Yes, sir. We've been in there dodging left hooks since before history began to walk! In our struggle for freedom we've hit the canvas many a time, but we always bounced back!

Med. shot—panning: Around audience—to get a variety of interested faces.

**JOHN'S VOICE**

Because we're the people —and we're tough!

Close-up: Of JOHN.

? 629 ?

**JOHN**

They've started a lot of talk about free people going soft—that we can't take it. That's a lot of hooey! . . . A free people can beat the world at anything, from war to tiddle-de-winks, if we all pull in the same direction!

Med. shot: To include radio announcer and other radio officials. Their interest centers on JOHN.

**JOHN**

I know a lot of you are saying "What can I do? I'm just a little punk. I don't count." Well, you're dead wrong! The little punks have always counted because in the long run the character of a country is the sum total of the

character of its little punks.

Int. D. B.'s study. Med. Shot. D. B.'s expression of disturbance has vanished. It is now replaced by one of thoughtfulness and interest. He looks off toward the foyer, and impulsively goes in that direction.

Cut to:

Int. foyer.

Med. shot: D. B. crosses to a pantry door and pushes the swinging door open slightly.

Int. pantry: Med. shot: All we can see through the slightly open door is one side of the room. Clustered around the radio on a table are all the household help. They listen, fascinated.

Int. foyer: Closeup of D. B. His eyes begin to brighten with an idea. Meantime, over the foregoing shots, JOHN's voice has continued.

#### **JOHN'S VOICE**

But we've all got to get in there and pitch! We can't win the old ball game unless we have team work. And that's where every John Doe comes in! It's up to him to get together with his teammate!

Cut to: Int. broadcasting station:

Med. shot: Closeup: Of JOHN.

#### **JOHN**

And your teammates, my friends, is the guy next door to you. Your neighbor! He's a terribly important guy, that guy next door! You're gonna need him and he's gonna need you . . . so look him up! If he's sick, call on him! If he's hungry, feed him! If he's out of a job, find him one! To most of you,

your neighbor is a stranger, a guy with a barking dog, and a high fence around him.

Med. shot: Somewhere in audience.

? 630 ?

**JOHN'S VOICE**

Now, you can't be a stranger to any guy that's on your own team. So tear down the fence that separates you, tear down the fence and you'll tear down a lot of hates and prejudices! Tear down all the fences in the country and you'll really have teamwork!

Med. shot: Around BEANY and the LUGS. They, too, are interested.

**JOHN'S VOICE**

I know a lot of you are saying to yourselves: "He's asking for a miracle to happen. He's expecting people to change all of a sudden." Well, you're wrong. It's no miracle. It's no miracle because I see it happen once every year. And so do you. At Christmas time! There's something swell about the spirit of Christmas, to see what it does to people, all kinds of people . . .

Close-up: Of ANN. Her eyes go from JOHN to the audience—as she watches their reaction.

Full shot: Shooting toward audience over JOHN's shoulder.

**JOHN**

Now, why can't that spirit, that same warm Christmas spirit last the whole year round? Gosh, if it ever did, if each and every John Doe would make that spirit last three hundred and sixty-five days out of the year, we'd develop such a strength, we'd create such a tidal wave of good will, that no human force could stand against it.

Close-up: Of JOHN. He has become visibly affected by the speech himself.

**JOHN**

Yes, sir, my friends, the meek can only inherit the earth when the John Does start loving their neighbors. You'd better start right now. Don't wait till the game is called on account of darkness! Wake up, John Doe! You're the hope of the world!

He has finished—but does not move. He drops his head to conceal the moisture in his eyes.

Close-up: Of ANN. She, too, remains seated. Her moist eyes riveted on JOHN.

Med. long shot: Of Audience. There is no outburst of applause. All continue to stare forward, emotionally touched.

Med. shot: Of ANN. She runs over to John.

**ANN**

John! You were wonderful!

Med. shot: Of the audience. They too realize it is over—and gradually they rise and applaud him wildly, and the radio station rings with cheers.

? 631 ?

Med. shot: JOHN and ANN. JOHN stares at ANN, then turns to COLONEL.

**JOHN**

(as he reaches COLONEL)

Let's get out of here.

They exit through the door at which the COLONEL has been on guard.

**COLONEL**

Now you're talking!

Med. shot: At side door. The COLONEL opens it, and a little crowd of autograph hounds wait for JOHN.

**COLONEL**

Gangway, you heelots!

They push their way to a taxi waiting at the curb.

Close-up: Of ANN. She stares at them leaving, follows and tries to stop them, but her efforts are unsuccessful.

Dissolve to: Ext. under a bridge: Med. shot: JOHN and the COLONEL are in a secluded spot. The lights of the city can be seen in the distance. The COLONEL is building a fire.

**COLONEL**

I knew you'd wake up sooner or later!  
Boy, am I glad we got out of that mess.

Close-up: Of JOHN. He reaches around and pulls his pitcher's glove out of his back pocket, and starts pounding his fist into it.

**JOHN**

I had that five thousand bucks sewed up! Could have been on my way to old Doc Brown!

(imitates Ann)

"You're a pitcher, John," she said,  
"Now go in there and pitch!"

(self-beratingly)

What a sucker!

Wider shot: To include the COLONEL, who has quite a mound of twigs built, under which he lights a match.

**COLONEL**

Yeah, she's a heelot just like the rest of them. It's lucky you got away from her.

**JOHN**

What was I doin' up there makin' a speech, anyway? Me? Huh? Gee, the more I think about it the more I could . . .

**COLONEL**

Tear down all the fences. Why, if you tore one picket off of your neighbor's fence he'd sue you!

**JOHN**

Five thousand bucks! I had it right in my hand!

Dissolve to: Int. D.B.'s study: Close-up: D.B. on telephone.

? 632 ?

**D.B.**

What do you mean, he ran away? Well, go after him! Find him! That man is terrific!

Dissolve to: Ext. a box car (process).  
Close shot: Of JOHN and the COLONEL.  
They play a duet on their instruments.

Fade out:

Fade in: Ext. a small town street—day:  
Med. shot: As JOHN and the COLONEL come from around a corner. Camera pans with them as they enter "Dan's Beanery".

Int. DAN's Beanery: Full shot: They enter and flop down on stools. Half a dozen other customers are present.

Med. shot: Kids dancing to phonograph.

**COLONEL**

Jitterbugs.[9]

Close shot: JOHN and the COLONEL.

**JOHN**

Yeh. Say, how much money we got left?

**COLONEL**

Four bits.

**JOHN**

Better make it doughnuts, huh?

**COLONEL**

Yeh.

**DAN**

What'll it be, gents?

**JOHN**

Have you got a coupla steaks about that big and about that thick?

(measuring)

**COLONEL**

Er, yeh, with hash-brown potatoes and tomatoes and—and apple pie and ice cream and coffee—

**DAN**

And doughnuts! I know. Hey, Ma! Sinkers, a pair!

**MA'S VOICE**

Sinkers, a pair, coming up.

**COLONEL**

Glad he took the "T" out of that.

**JOHN**

(sees something off-nudges the Colonel)

Hey look!

**? 633 ?**

Long shot: Shooting from their view through the store window. In the street outside, a delivery wagon is passing. On its side is a sign reading "JOIN **THE JOHN DOE CLUB**".

Int. DAN's beanery: Close-up: JOHN and the COLONEL.

**COLONEL**

Join the John Doe Club.

**JOHN**

John Doe Club?

Close shot: Of the WAITER standing near the coffee urn. From back of it he has taken a local paper-on the front page of which is JOHN's picture. The WAITER looks at it and then turns his head to JOHN.

Two shot: JOHN and the COLONEL. They turn and see the waiter watching them peculiarly.

**COLONEL**

Oh-oh.

Wider shot. As the WAITER approaches them.

**WAITER**

Are you John Doe?

JOHN lowers his head.

**COLONEL**

Who?

**WAITER**

(pointing to paper)

John Doe.

**COLONEL**

You need glasses, buddy.

**WAITER**

Well, he's the spittin' image of-

**COLONEL**

Yeah, but his name's Willoughby.

**DAN**

Oh!

**JOHN**

Long John Willoughby.

(takes glove out of pocket)

I'm a baseball player.

**COLONEL**

Sure.

**DAN**

(eyes brightening)

Oh, no. I'd know that voice anywhere.  
You can't kid me! You're John Doe! Hey,  
Ma! Ma! That's John Doe!

? 634 ?

John Doe?

**DAN**

Yeah. Sitting right there, big as life.

**CUSTOMER**

Who'd you say it was?

**DAN**

John Doe! The big guy there! Picture's in the paper!

JOHN gives the COLONEL the office and they hastily exit. Several customers, who had gathered around, now evince interest. DAN identifies JOHN as JOHN DOE, and the people follow JOHN out into the street. DAN hastily seizes the phone.

**DAN**

Hey, Operator? Dan's Beanery. Look. Call everybody in town. John Doe was just in my place. Yeh. He ordered doughnuts.

Long shot: Shooting out of window toward street. We see JOHN and the COLONEL as they hurry away, being followed by the crowd which is gradually growing larger . . . as we see people crossing the street to get to them—

**TOWNSPEOPLE**

There he is!

John Doe!

There he is! Come on!

Gotta see John Doe!

Dissolve to: Ext. sidewalk: Med. shot:

Millville City Hall. The sidewalk is crowded with people. Those near the entrance are trying to force their way in. MAYOR HAWKINS guards the door.

**MAYOR HAWKINS**

I know, you all voted for me and you're all anxious to see John Doe. We're all neighbors, but my office is packed like a sardine box.

**GIRL**

What does John Doe look like, Mr. Mayor.

**MAYOR HAWKINS**

Oh, he's one of those great big outdoor type of men. No, you can't see him.

MAYOR notices one member of the crowd particularly.

**MAYOR HAWKINS**

You didn't vote for me the last time. Shame on you—get off my front porch!

(turning)

Mr. Norton come yet? What's keeping him? He should of been here fifteen minutes ago. Oh, there he comes now. Now, everybody on your dignity. Don't do anything to disgrace us. This is a little town, but we gotta show off.

**? 635 ?**

Wider shot: Of curb. From off-scene we hear the wail of sirens, and as the crowd on the sidewalk turn they see two motorcycle cops drive in, followed by a limousine.

Two shot: ANN and D. B.

**ANN**

Better let me talk to him.

**D. B.**

All right, but present it to him as  
a great cause for the common man.

ANN nods as they start toward building.  
Camera pans with them as the cops break  
through the curious mob.

Med. shot: MAYOR HAWKINS endeavors to  
assist them.

**MAYOR HAWKINS**

Ah, here he comes! Give him room down  
there! Give him room, folks! How do  
you do, Mr. Norton! I'm the Mayor—

**COP**

(to Mayor)

Come back here!

**MAYOR HAWKINS**

(to cop)

Let me go, you dern fool! I'm the Mayor!  
Mr. Norton! I'm Mayor Hawkins. Your  
office telephoned me to hold him.

Int. City Hall: Med. shot: As they walk  
toward MAYOR'S office.

**D. B.**

(to Mayor Hawkins)

Well, that's fine. How is he?

**MAYOR**

Oh, he's fine. He's right in my office

there. You know, this is a great honor having John Doe here, and you too. Haven't had so much excitement since the old city hall burned down.

(chuckling)

People were so excited, they nearly tore his clothes off.

(turns to secretary)

Oh, Matilda darling, phone the newspapers. Tell them Mr. Norton is here. Step right inside, Mr. Norton—my office is very comfortable here, Mr. Norton. Just had it air-conditioned. Gangway, please. Make room for Mr. Norton. Gangway, gangway. Here he is, Mr. Norton, well taken care of. The neighbors are serving him a light lunch.

Int. MAYOR's office. Full shot: JOHN and the COLONEL are surrounded by a room full of people, including the SHERIFF in full uniform and several policemen. JOHN sits at the MAYOR'S desk, which is filled with edibles. D.B., ANN and the MAYOR enter. JOHN, upon seeing ANN, gets to his feet.

? 636 ?

**ANN**

Hello, John.

**JOHN**

Hello.

**D. B.**

Mister Mayor, if you don't mind, we'd like to talk to him alone.

**MAYOR**

Why, certainly, certainly. All right, everybody, clear out.

They all start to shuffle out—the MAYOR

excitedly egging them on.

**MAYOR'S WIFE**

Quit pushing.

**MAYOR**

Don't argue with me here. Wait till we get home.

**WIFE**

Don't you push me around like that! Even though I'm your wife, you can't push me around—

**MAYOR**

Ohhhh!

They all shuffle out, and D.B. shuts the door. JOHN watches him, doesn't like his proprietary manner.

**JOHN**

Look, Mr. Norton, I think you've got a lot of nerve having those people hold us here.

**D. B.**

There's nobody holding you here, Mr. Doe.

(laughing)

It's only natural that people—

**JOHN**

Well, if there's nobody holding us here, let's get going. Incidentally, my name isn't Doe. It's Willoughby.

**ANN**

(gets in front of him—pleads)

Look, John. Something terribly important's happened. They're forming John Doe Clubs.

We know of eight already and they say that there's going-

**JOHN**

(interested despite himself)

John Doe Clubs? What for?

**ANN**

Uh-huh. To carry out the principles you talked about in your radio speech.

? 637 ?

**JOHN**

(regains his former attitude)

I don't care what they're forming. I'm on my way and I don't like the idea of being stopped either.

**ANN**

Oh, but you don't know how big this thing is. You should see the thousands of telegrams we've received and what they're saying about you.

**JOHN**

Look, it started as a circulation stunt, didn't it?

**ANN**

Uh-huh . . .

**JOHN**

Well, you got your circulation. Now, why don't you let me alone?

**ANN**

Oh, it started as a circulation stunt, but it isn't any more. Mr. Norton wants to get back of it and sponsor John Doe Clubs all over the country. He wants

to send you on a lecture tour.

**JOHN**

Me?

**ANN**

Uh-huh.

**D. B.**

Why, certainly. With your ability to influence people, it might grow into a glorious movement.

**JOHN**

Say, let's get something straight here. I don't want any part of this thing. If you've got an idea I'm going around lecturing to people, why you're crazy! Baseball's my racket, and I'm sticking to it. Come on, Colonel, let's get out of here.

**ANN**

John!

The beaming COLONEL starts to follow him to the door. When they get there, the door suddenly flies open and a crowd of townspeople push their way in—with the MAYOR and the SHERIFF trying to hold them back.

**MAYOR**

Please, please! I just got rid of one crowd.

**WOMAN**

Oh, but please. Mr. Mayor, tell him the John Doe Club wants to talk to him.

Close-up: Of D. B. He gets an idea. These people might influence JOHN.

? 638 ?

**D. B.**

Let them in, Mr. Mayor. Let them come in.

Full shot: As the MAYOR and the SHERIFF back away.

**MAYOR**

Okay, folks, but remember your manners. No stampeding. Walk slow, like you do when you come to pay your taxes.

Med. shot: Of the group. They shuffle forward grinning happily. Those in the rear rise on tiptoes for a better look. The men doff their hats as they come forward.

Med. shot: Of JOHN, the COLONEL, ANN and D.B. John glances around nervously. The COLONEL is worried.

Med. shot: Of the townspeople. They just stand there, awkwardly, some grinning sheepishly, others staring at JOHN. Finally someone nudges a young man in the foreground and whispers.

**SOMEONE**

Come on, Bert.

**BERT**

Okay. All right, give me a chance.

**WOMAN**

(making room for him)

Come right in.

Wider shot: As the group around JOHN wait expectantly.

**BERT**

(clearing throat)

My name's Bert Hansen, Mr. Doe, I'm the head soda jerker at Schwabacher's Drug Store.

Close shot: Of BERT—as he plunges into his story.

**BERT**

Well, sir, you see, me and my wife, we heard your broadcast, and we got quite a bang out of it, especially my wife.

Wider shot: To include JOHN and the others.

**BERT**

Kept me up half the night saying "That man's right, honey. The trouble with the world is—nobody gives a hoot about his neighbor. That's why everybody in town's sore and cranky at each other."

And I kept saying, "Well, that's fine, but how's a guy gonna go around loving the kind of neighbors we got? Old Sourpuss for instance!"

(laughing)

You see, Sourpuss Smithers is a guy who lives all alone next door to us. He's a cranky old man and runs a second-hand furniture store. We haven't spoken to him for years. I always figured he was an ornery old gent that hated the world cause he was always slamming his garage door and playing the radio so loud he kept half the neighbors up.

(laughing)

**? 639 ?**

Close-up: Of BERT.

**BERT**

Well, anyway, the next morning I'm out watering the lawn and I look over and there's Sourpuss on the other side of the hedge straightening out a dent in his fender and, er, my wife yells to me out of the window. She says, "Go on. Speak to him, Bert." And I figured, well, heck, I can't lose anything—so I yelled over to him "Good morning, Mr. Smithers." He went right on pounding his fender, and was I burned! So I turned around to give my wife a dirty look and she said, "Louder, louder. He didn't hear you." So, in a voice you could of heard in the next county, I yelled. "Good morning, Mr. Smithers!"

Med. shot: Featuring JOHN and BERT. JOHN is very interested.

**BERT**

Well, sir, you coulda knocked me over with a feather. Old Sourpuss turned around surprised like, and he put on a big smile, came over and took my hand like an old lodge brother, and he said. "Good morning, Hansen. I've been wanting to talk to you for years, only I thought you didn't like me." And then he started chatting away like a happy little kid, and he got so excited his eyes begin waterin' up.

Med. shot: Of a group of neighbors. They smile sympathetically.

**BERT'S VOICE**

Well, Mr. Doe, before we got through, I found out Smithers is a swell egg, only he's pretty deaf, and that accounts for all the noises.

Wider shot: To include BERT, JOHN and others.

**BERT**

And he says it's a shame how little we know about our neighbors, and then

he got an idea, and he said, "How's about inviting everybody some place where we can all get together and know each other a little better?" Well, I'm feeling so good by this time, I'm ripe for anything.

Close shot: Of ANN and D. B. They listen, amused and excited.

**BERT**

So Smithers goes around the neighborhood inviting everybody to a meeting at the school house and I tell everybody that comes in the store, including Mr.

Schwabacher,

my boss.

(laughing)

Oh, I'm talking too much.

Med. shot: JOHN and BERT.

? 640 ?

**BERT**

Well, I'll be doggoned if over forty people don't show up. 'Course none of us knew what to do, but we sure got a kick out of seeing how glad everybody was just to say hello to one another.

**BERT'S WIFE**

Tell him about making Sourpuss chairman, honey.

**BERT**

Oh, yeah. We made Sourpuss chairman and decided to call ourselves The John Doe Club. And, say, incidentally, this is my wife. Come here, honey.

His WIFE comes forward and stands beside him.

**BERT**

This is my wife, Mr. Doe.

MRS. HANSEN nods her head shyly—and  
JOHN acknowledges the introduction by  
a half wave of his hand.

**WIFE**

How do you do, Mr. Doe . . . Er, Sourpuss  
is here, too.

**BERT**

(turns around)

Oh, is he?

**WIFE**

(pointing)

Uh-huh.

Med. shot: Of a group around SOURPUSS.  
He is as described, except when he smiles,  
his whole face warms up. Those around  
him push him forward. At first he looks  
bewildered, then, understanding, he  
starts toward BERT, grinning sheepishly.

Med. shot: Around BERT—as SOURPUSS comes  
forward.

**BERT**

This is Sourpuss. Er, excuse me. Er,  
Mr. Smithers, Mr. Doe.

**SOURPUSS**

Th—that's all right. If you didn't call  
me Sourpuss, it wouldn't feel natural.

(laughing)

There are snickers from the background.

**BERT**

Well, anyway, I-I guess nearly everybody in the neighborhood came, except the DeLanays. The Delaneys live in a big house with an iron fence around it and they always keep their blinds drawn, and we always figured that he was just an old miser that sat back counting his money, so why bother about inviting him? Until Grimes, the milkman spoke up and he said, "Say, you've got the Delaneys all wrong." And then he tells

**? 641 ?**

us about how they cancelled their milk last week, and how, when he found a note in the bottle he got kinda curious like and he sorta peeked in under the blinds and found the house empty. "If you ask me," he says, "they're starving."

#### **SOURPUSS**

Old man Delaney has been bringing his furniture over to my place at night, one piece at a time, and selling it.

Close shot: Of JOHN. Profoundly impressed by this.

Wider shot: BERT clears his throat.

#### **BERT**

Yeah. And, well, sir, a half a dozen of us ran over there to fetch them and we got them to the meeting. What a reception they got. Why, everybody shook hands with them and made a fuss over them, and, well, finally, Mr. and Mrs. Delaney just sat right down and cried.

He smiles, embarrassed, and JOHN, as well as the others, clear their throats.

#### **SOURPUSS**

And then we started to find out about a lot of other people.

**BERT**

Yeah, sure. Er, you know Grubbel, for instance.

**BERT'S WIFE**

Grubbel's here. See?

(pointing)

**BERT**

Yeah. That's—that's him. Of course, you don't know Grubbel, but he's the man that everybody figured was the worst no-account in the neighborhood because he was living like a hermit and nobody'd have anything to do with him. Er, that is until Murphy, the postman told us the truth. "Why, Grubbel," he says, "he lives out of garbage cans because he won't take charity. Because it'd ruin his self-respect," he says.

**BERT'S WIFE**

Just like you said on the radio, Mr. Doe.

**SOURPUSS**

Well, sir, about a dozen families got together and gave Grubbel a job watering their lawns. Isn't that wonderful? And then we found jobs for six other people and they've all gone off relief!

**BERT**

Yeh. Er, and my boss, Mr. Schwabacker made a job in his warehouse for old man Delaney—

? 642 ?

**WIFE**

And he gave you that five dollar raise.

**BERT**

Yeah! Wasn't that swell!

(laughing)

Med. shot: Around MAYOR HAWKINS. He steps forward.

**MAYOR**

Why, Bert, I feel slighted. I'd like to join but nobody asked me.

Med. shot: Around BERT and SOURPUSS.

**SOURPUSS**

Well, I'm sorry, Mayor, but we voted that no politicians could join.

**BERT'S WIFE**

Just the John Does of the neighborhood. Cause you know how politicians are.

(becomes embarrassed)

Close-up: Of the MAYOR—completely deflated.

**SOURPUSS**

Yeah . . .

Med. shot: Around JOHN. As they smile, amused at the MAYOR'S discomfiture.

Med. shot: Around BERT. He looks over at JOHN, hesitates a moment, and then speaks.

**BERT**

Well, er, the reason we wanted to tell you this, Mr. Doe, was to give you an

idea what you started. And from where I'm sitting, I don't see any sense in your jumping off any building.

**GROUP**

No!

**SOURPUSS**

No!

**BERT**

Well, thank you for listening. Goodbye, Mr. Doe. You're a wonderful man and it strikes me you can be mighty useful walking around for a while.

Close-up: Of JOHN. Deeply touched. Shifts awkwardly, unable to say anything.

Med. shot: As D. B. and ANN watch his face to see the effect.

**GROUP**

Well, goodbye.

**SOURPUSS**

Goodbye Mr. Doe.

**? 643 ?**

BERT has turned to go, and the rest follow suit. They all shuffle silently out.

Med. shot: Of an old couple who remain looking up at JOHN, as those around them leave. The old lady takes the old man's arm and starts toward JOHN. Camera pans with them until they reach him.

**OLD LADY**

I'm Mrs. Delaney, Mr. Doe . . . and God bless you, my boy.

(she gently kisses his hand)

The two OLD PEOPLE leave.

Close-up: Of JOHN. He swallows a lump in his throat. He watches the old people until they have left, then with a quick glance at his hand—and self-consciously in front of the others, stuffs his hand into his pocket.

Full shot: As they all watch him, without speaking. JOHN runs his hand through his hair, stealing a fleeting glance at the others, and grins awkwardly.

Close shot: Of D. B. as he signals to the MAYOR and the SHERIFF, who have remained, to leave.

Med. shot: Of the MAYOR and the SHERIFF, who receive the signal and discreetly exit.

Full shot: They wait for JOHN to speak, but JOHN begins walking around, profoundly thoughtful.

Close-up: Of the COLONEL watching him, concerned.

Two shot: Of D. B. and ANN. Their eyes glued on him, expectantly.

Full shot: JOHN still paces, disturbed by clashing emotions. He stops, glances at the door, a soft, thoughtful expression in his eyes. Then, as his thought shifts, he runs his left hand over his pitching arm.

**JOHN**

Gee, whiz—I'm all mixed up—I don't get it. Look, all those swell people think I'm gonna jump off a building or something.

He looks toward the door.

**JOHN**

I never had any such idea. Gosh! A fella'd have to be a mighty fine example himself to go around telling other people how to—Say, look, what happened the other night was on account of Miss Mitchell, here. She wrote the stuff.

ANN walks over to JOHN.

Two shot: ANN and JOHN. She faces him, looking up into his face.

**? 644 ?**

**ANN**

Don't you see what a wonderful thing this can be?

(softly)

But we need you , John.

Close-up: Of the COLONEL. He stares at JOHN, sees him weakening, and grimaces disgustedly.

Wider shot: The COLONEL watches JOHN as he continues to turn it over in his mind.

**COLONEL**

(suddenly)

You're hooked! I can see that right now.

They all look up, startled.

**COLONEL**

They got you. Well, I'm through.

(crosses to door—stops, turns)

For three years I've been trying to get you up to the Columbia River country. First, it was your glass arm. Then it was the radio. And now it's the John Doe clubs. Well, I ain't waiting another

minute.

He opens the door and when he sees the townspeople still gathered outside, he yells to them.

**COLONEL**

Gangway, you heelots!

He pushes his way out.

**JOHN**

(calling)

Hey, Colonel! Wait a minute!

He starts after the COLONEL, but when he gets to the door, the townspeople surge toward him and block his way.

**JOHN**

Hey, Colonel!

**CROWD**

Oh, please, Mr. Doe-

Close-up: Of JOHN.

**JOHN**

(calling futilely)

Hey, Colonel!

He tries to peer over the heads of the townspeople who go on chattering. There is a trapped look on JOHN's face.

Two shot: D. B. and ANN. They exchange victorious glances:

Dissolve to: Int. office of headquarters.  
Close shot: Of large map of the U.S. over the top of which we read: "John Doe Clubs." There are a dozen pegs scattered over the map, indicating where the clubs

are. We hear D. B.'s voice.

Camera draws back and we find D. B. talking to a group of men in front of him.

**? 645 ?**

**D. B.**

I want you personally to go along with John Doe and Miss Mitchell and handle the press and the radio.

**CHARLIE**

(an experienced promoter)

Me?

**D. B.**

Yes. I don't want to take any chances. And Johnson?

**JOHNSON**

Yes. D. B.

**D. B.**

Your crew will do the mop up job. They'll follow John Doe into every town, see that the clubs are properly organized and the charters issued.

**CHARLIE**

Right.

**D. B.**

There are only eight flags up there now. I want to see that map covered before we get through!

Med. shot: D. B. is still speaking as camera moves down to the map again, which constantly remains a background for the montage following. As the montage proceeds, pegs begin to appear in abundance on the map.

A montage: Accompanied by a fanfare of music.

1. Flashes of banners reading:

**"JOHN DOE COMING"—"JOHN DOE TONIGHT"**

**"GOODBYE JOHN DOE, CALL AGAIN"**

2. Close-ups of JOHN speaking—superimposed over long shots of audiences of various types.

3. Flashes of ANN typing.

4. Flashes of sheets of paper being ripped out of a typewriter.

5. Flashes of JOHN on the radio—with ANN by his side.

6. Flashes of people listening.

7. Flashes of people applauding.

8. Series of signs being nailed up:  
**"JOHN DOE CLUB—BE A BETTER NEIGHOR."**

9. Superimposed shots of JOHN and ANN riding in trains, planes and automobiles.

10. Against stock shots of these cities, the names zoom up to the fore-ground of Kansas City, Chicago, Buffalo, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York.

11. Superimpose map over the above titles, showing the states they are in being covered with pegs.

12. A picture of JOHN DOE on front page of Time magazine, with a caption under it reading: "MAN OF THE HOUR."

**? 646 ?**

13. Conference Room.

**SPEAKER**

This has been growing like wildfire!  
If they only made demands, but the John  
Does ask for nothing!

14. A man sits at a desk on which is  
a nameplate reading: "Relief Administrator."

**MAN**

People are going off relief! If this  
keeps up, I'll be out of a job!

15. Stock shot—of Capitol Hill.

16. Corner of a club smoking room. A  
group of legislators—some sit—some stand.  
The room is filled with smoke.

**MAN**

As soon as he gets strong enough, we'll  
find out what John Doe wants! Thirty  
every Thursday—sixty at sixty—who knows  
what!

17. Insert: Sign reading: DEMOCRATIC  
HEADQUARTERS. A man reports to the boss  
behind the desk.

**MAN**

I'm sorry, boss. they just won't let  
anybody talk politics to them. It's,  
it's crazy.

18. Insert: Sign reading: REPUBLICAN  
HEADQUARTERS. A man at a desk talks  
to several in front of him.

**MAN**

We've got to get to them! They represent  
millions of voters!

Dissolve to: Insert: Of Map. Nearly  
every state in the union have pegs in  
them, varying in volume. Camera pulls  
back and we find the map is on a stand

near a door, the sign on which we see in reverse. It reads: "OFFICE OF JOHN DOE HEADQUARTERS."

Int. JOHN DOE headquarters. Med. shot: D.B. standing behind his desk, speaking to a group of people in front of him. We recognize the MAYOR, and the President of the Chamber of Commerce. Representatives of several other branches of the City Administration are also present. CONNELL sits near D. B.—scrutinizing him

thoughtfully.

On the other side of D. B. is TED SHELDON.

**D. B.**

I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, this thing has been nothing short of a prairie fire. We've received so many applications for charters to the John Doe Clubs we haven't been able to take care of them.

**MAYOR LOVETT**

I'd hate to have that many pins stuck in me!

Group laughs.

**D. B.**

This John Doe convention is a natural. It's gonna put our city on the map. Why, over twentyfour hundred John Doe clubs are sending delegates. Can you imagine that? You, Mr. Mayor, will be the official host. You will make the arrangements for decorating the city, parades and a reception for John Doe when he gets home! And—don't wear your high hat!

? 647 ?

**MAYOR LOVETT**

(disappointed)

No high hat?

**D. B.**

No high hat. And from you, Connell,  
I want a special John Doe edition every  
day until the convention is over.

(dismissing them)

And now, if you will please just step  
into the outer office and look your  
prettiest because there are photographers  
there to take pictures of this committee.

They start to exit. The MAYOR is full  
of excitement.

**MAYOR**

Don't worry, D. B. Everything'll be  
taken care of!

**D. B.**

Good.

**COMMITTEE WOMAN**

Isn't it all too wonderful?

The group, chattering, exit into outer  
office.

**PHOTOGRAPHER'S VOICE**

(from the outer office)

Oh, Mr. Mayor, would you step right  
in the front row, please? Will you ladies  
get close to him? That's it!

Close-up: Of CONNELL. To inter-cut with  
above speech. He has been watching D.  
B.—deeply disturbed about something.

Wider shot: All have left except CONNELL,  
TED, and D.B. CONNELL rises from his  
chair—with a deep sigh.

**CONNELL**

(shaking his head)

Well, I don't get it.

**D. B.**

Huh? Get what?

**CONNELL**

Look, D. B. I'm supposed to know my way around. This John Doe movement costs you a fortune. This convention's gonna cost plenty.

**D. B.**

(annoyed)

Well?

**CONNELL**

Well, I'm stuck with two and two—but I'm a sucker if I can make four out of it.

(cocking his head)

Where do you come in?

**D. B.**

Why—uh—

(suddenly smiles)

Why, I'll have the satisfaction of knowing that my money has been spent for a worthy cause.

**? 648 ?**

Close-up: of CONNELL. He stares at D. B. a moment. He realizes he has been told to mind his own business.

Two shot: CONNELL picks up his hat.

**CONNELL**

I see. I'd better stick to running the paper, huh?

**D. B.**

I think maybe you'd better. And Connell—I'd like to have the John Doe contract, all the receipts for the money we have advanced him and the letter Miss Mitchell wrote, for which I gave her a thousand dollars.

**CONNELL**

Yes. Sure.

CONNELL leaves.

Dissolve to: Int. a hotel living room—night.  
Full shot: ANN's luggage is packed and ready to be taken out. She stands near a desk stuffing papers into a manuscript case. She seems lost in worried thought. The door opens as CHARLIE, high pressure exploitation man, enters.

**CHARLIE**

Well, we leave for the airport in half an hour. Is that Johnny-boy's room? I'd better hustle him up!

**ANN**

He'll be ready on time. He's packing now.

**CHARLIE**

Ah, good!

(crosses to Ann)

Did you see his picture on the cover of Time ?

**ANN**

Yeah.

CHARLIE drops the magazine on the desk in front of her. ANN glances at it, unenthusiastically. CHARLIE goes to a table where there are several bottles of coca-cola and starts to pour himself a drink.

**CHARLIE**

I gotta give you credit, Annie-girl. I've handled a good many big promotions in my time . . . everything from the world's fair to a channel swimmer, but this one has certainly got me spinning. And now a John Doe Convention! Wow! Say! If you could only get him to jump off the City Hall roof on Christmas Eve, I'd guarantee you half a million people there.

**ANN**

Charlie!

ANN is lost in troubled thought.

**CHARLIE'S VOICE**

Huh?

**ANN**

(nods toward door)

What do you make of him?

? 649 ?

Two shot: CHARLIE and ANN.

**CHARLIE**

Who, Johnny-boy?

ANN nods.

**CHARLIE**

Well, I don't know what angle you want, but I'll give it to you quick. Number one, he's got great yokel appeal; but he's a nice guy. Number two, he's beginning

to believe he really wrote that original  
suicide letter that you made up. Number  
three, he thinks that you're Joan of  
Arc or something!

Close-up: Of ANN. This is definitely  
troublesome to her.

**ANN**

(hoarsely)

Yeah, I know.

Wider shot: ANN walks away—pacing

perturbedly.

**CHARLIE**

Number four, well, you know what number  
four is. He's nuts about you. Yeah,  
it's running out of his ears.

ANN runs her hand through her hair.  
Suddenly she wheels around to CHARLIE.

**ANN**

You left out number five. We're all  
heels, me especially.

She returns to her packing. CHARLIE  
watches her a second.

**CHARLIE**

Holy smoke!

They are interrupted by a knock on the  
door.

**ANN**

(calling)

Come in.

JOHN enters, carrying a suitcase.

**JOHN**

I'm all packed.

**CHARLIE**

(starts out)

Good. I'll go and get Beany-boy.

**JOHN**

(kidding him)

Okay, Charlie-boy!

? 650 ?

**CHARLIE**

Huh?

(laughing) [10]

CHARLIE winks good-naturedly and exits.  
JOHN turns to ANN, who concentrates  
on her packing.

Med. shot: He looks at ANN with great  
interest, and walks toward her, camera  
panning with him. ANN feels him coming,  
but does not turn.

**JOHN**

(after a pause)

Can I help you pack?

**ANN**

No, thank you.

JOHN wanders over to a chair and sits  
on the edge—watching her.

Close-up: Of ANN. She is conscious of  
his eyes on her and fumbles with her  
packing. Finally she turns.

Close-up: Of JOHN. He stares at her,  
a warm smile on his face.

Close-up: Of ANN. She becomes self-conscious and resumes her packing.

Med. shot: JOHN.

**JOHN**

Do you care if I sit down out here?

**ANN**

No.

A broad smile appears on JOHN'S face.

**JOHN**

(laughing)

You know, I had a crazy dream last night. It was about you.

**ANN**

About me?

**JOHN**

(laughing)

Sure was crazy. I dreamt I was your father.

Close-up: Of ANN. The fact that he has seen himself in the image of her father disturbs her. She turns slowly.

Two shot: JOHN clears his throat nervously.

**JOHN**

There was, there was something I was trying to stop you from doing. So, er, so I got up out of bed and I walked right through the wall here, right straight into your room.

(laughing)

You know how dreams are.

ANN stares at him—fearful of the trend his dream is taking.

? 651 ?

**JOHN**

And there you were in bed.

(quickly apologizing)

But you—you were a little girl. You know—about ten.

He pauses and recalls the scene.

**JOHN**

And very pretty, too. So, I shook you, and the moment you opened your eyes, you hopped out of bed and started running like the devil, in your nightgown.

You ran right out the window there. And you ran out over the tops of buildings and roofs and everything for miles, and I was chasing you.

(laughing)

And all the time you were running you kept growing bigger and bigger and bigger—and pretty soon you were as big as you are now. You know—grown up. And all the time I kept asking myself, "What am I chasing her for?" And I didn't know.

(laughing)

Isn't that a hot one? Well, anyway, you ran into some place, and then Iran in after you and—and when I got there, there you were getting married.

Close-up: Of JOHN. He suddenly becomes aware he is treading on sensitive grounds.

**JOHN**

(awkwardly)

And the nightgown had changed into a beautiful wedding gown. You sure looked pretty, too.

(laughing)

And then I knew what it was I was trying to stop you from doing.

Close-up: Of ANN. She, too, begins to feel uncomfortable—not quite knowing how to handle it.

Two shot: JOHN glances at her.

**JOHN**

Dreams are sure crazy, aren't they?

ANN smiles, noncommittedly.

**JOHN**

Well, would you like to know who it was you were marrying?

**ANN**

(forced lightness)

Well, a tall handsome Ubangi, I suppose.

**JOHN**

No, not that bad. It was a fella that sends you flowers every day. Er, what's his name? Mr. Norton's nephew.

? 652 ?

Close-up: Of ANN. She recognizes the significance in this.

**ANN**

(quietly)

Ted Sheldon.

**JOHN**

Yeah, that's the one.

ANN turns back to her packing.

Wider shot: JOHN starts to chuckle.

**JOHN**

But here's the funniest part of it all.  
I was the fella up there doing the marrying.  
You know, the Justice of the Peace or  
something . . .

**ANN**

You were? I thought you were chasing  
me?

**JOHN**

Well, yes, I was. But I was your father  
then, see? But the real me, John Doe,  
er, that is, Long John Willoughby, I  
was the fellow up there with the book.  
You know what I mean?

**ANN**

(amused)

I guess so. Then what happened?

**JOHN**

Well, I took you across my knee and  
I started spanking you.

ANN turns and stares at him, eyes widening.

**JOHN**

(quickly explaining)

That is, I didn't do it.

(correcting himself)

I mean, I did do it, but it wasn't me. You see, I was your father then. Well, I laid you across my knee and I said: "Annie, I won't allow you to marry a man that's, that's just rich, or that has his secretary send you flowers. The man you marry has got to swim rivers for you! He's got to climb high mountains for you! He's got to slay dragons for you! He's got to perform wonderful deeds for you! Yes, sir!"

BEANY enters and stands back of him, listening.

**JOHN**

And all the time, er, the guy up there, you know, with the book, me, just stood there nodding his head and he said, "Go to it, Pop, whack her one for me, because that's just the way I feel about it, too."

So he says, "Come on down here and whack her yourself." So I came down and I whacked you a good one, see? And then he whacked one—and I whacked you another one, and we both started whacking you like . . .

? 653 ?

He demonstrates by slapping his knees, first with one hand and then with the other. Suddenly he becomes aware of BEANY and stops, embarrassed.

**BEANY**

(interrupting)

Well, if you're through whacking her, come on, let's get going.

(to bell boys)

Okay, fellows, right in here.

(to JOHN)

You go out the side entrance. There's a bunch of autograph seekers out front. We'll be down with the bags in a minute. Come on!

(speaking to boys)

Don't make a government project out of this!

The bell boys have lifted her luggage and all exit.

Close-up: Of JOHN. He has been left with his proposal unfinished.

Dissolve to: Int. airport lunchroom—night. Med. shot: Scene opens with BEANY entering airport lunchroom to end of counter at which CHARLIE is seated.

**CHARLIE**

How're you, Beany?

**BEANY**

When does our plane take off again.

**CHARLIE**

In a couple of minutes.

Camera moves down counter to pick up JOHN and ANN at table. They sit silently for a moment. We hear the strains of music from a "juke" box.

**JOHN**

(after a pause)

How many people do you think we've talked to already, outside the radio, I mean?

**ANN**

I don't know. About three hundred thousand.

**JOHN**

Three hundred thousand? What makes them do it, Ann? What makes them come and listen and, and get up their John Doe Clubs the way they do? I've been trying to figure it out.

**ANN**

(in an effort to disillusion him)

Look, John—what we're handing them are platitudes. Things they've heard a million times: "Love thy neighbor," "Clouds have silver linings," "Turn the other cheek." It's just a—

? 654 ?

**JOHN**

(sincerely)

Yeah, I've heard them a million times, too, but—there you are. Maybe they're like me. Just beginning to get an idea what those things mean.

ANN is deeply concerned. She watches him, helplessly.

**JOHN**

(continuing)

You know, I never thought much about people before. They were always just somebody to fill up the bleachers. The only time I worried about them was if they—is when they didn't come in to see me pitch. You know, lately I've been watching them while I talked to them. I could see something in their faces. I could feel that they were hungry for something. Do you know what I mean?

ANN nods.

**JOHN**

Maybe that's why they came. Maybe they were just lonely and wanted somebody to say hello to. I know how they feel. I've been lonely and hungry for something practically all my life.

ANN forces a smile. The moment threatens to become awkward—until they are saved by the pilot's voice.

**PILOT**

All aboard, folks!

They suddenly snap out of their mood—and as they rise:

Fade out.

Fade in: Int. D. B.'s dining room. Full shot: As D. B., ANN and TED SHELDON enter and cross to table. ANN starts to sit and notices a fur coat flung over the back of the chair.

**ANN**

Oh, somebody else sitting there?

**D. B.**

No, no, no—that's your seat.

**TED**

And this is your coat.

**ANN**

Mine?

**D. B.**

A little token of appreciation.

Ann pauses a moment, glances toward D. B.—while TED throws the coat over her shoulders.

? 655 ?

**ANN**

(glances into a mirror)

Oh! Oh, it's beautiful, D. B. Well—I don't quite know what to say . . .

**D. B.**

Well, don't say anything at all. Just sit down.

Close-up: Of ANN. She sits down, picks up her serviette—and something she sees suddenly makes her look with surprise at D. B.

Camera pans down to a jewel box which had been under the serviette.

Camera pans back to ANN. She glances up at D. B. somewhat bewildered.

**ANN**

Oh!

**D. B.**

Go ahead, open it, open it.

ANN opens the box and holds up a lovely diamond bracelet. Her eyes dance.

**ANN**

Oh! Oh, it's lovely!

**TED**

And a new contract goes with it.

Wider shot: D. B. and TED exchange satisfied glances. ANN admires the bracelet on her wrist—and then turns to D. B., looks directly at him.

**ANN**

(shrewdly)

Well, come on, spring it! You've got something on your mind.

D. B. laughs.

**ANN**

Must be stupendous.

Wider shot: As D. B. roars with laughter.

**D. B.**

You know, that's what I like about her. Right to the point, like that! All right, practical Annie, here it is.

He leans forward. ANN waits. TED watches her face.

Two shot: ANN and D. B.

**D. B.**

Tomorrow night, before a crowd of fifteen thousand people, and talking over a nation-wide radio hook-up, John Doe will announce the formation of a third party.

? 656 ?

**ANN**

(eyes widening)

A third party?

**D. B.**

Yes. The John Doe Party.

Wider shot: TED watches ANN, expectantly.

**D. B.**

Devoted entirely to the interests of all the John Does all over the country. Which practically means, ninety per

cent of the voters. He will also announce the third party's candidate for the presidency. A man whom he, personally, recommends. A great humanitarian; the best friend the John Does have.

**ANN**

(in an awed whisper)

Mr. D. B. Norton!

D. B. verifies her guess by leaning back, a pleased grin on his face, his huge chest expanded.

**D. B.**

Yes.

Ann looks from one to the other, a little awed by the size of the project.

**ANN**

(on her breath)

Wow!

Dissolve to: Int. broadcasting booth—ball park—night. Med. shot: The place is a bee-hive of activity. Announcers walk about with "mikes" in their hands—all speaking at once—as they describe the scene below.

Close shot: Of N.B.C. ANNOUNCER

**N.B.C. ANNOUNCER**

And although the opening of the convention is hours off, the delegates are already pouring into the ball park by the droves, with lunch baskets, banners and petitions, asking John Doe not to jump off any roof . . .

Camera pans over to KNOX MANNING.

**KNOX MANNING**

It is still a phenomenal movement. The

John Does, or the hoi polloi as you've heard people call them, have been laughed at and ridiculed but here they are, gay and happy, having traveled thousands of miles, their expenses paid by their neighbors, to come here to pay homage to their hero, John Doe.

Camera pans over to JOHN B. HUGHES.

? 657 ?

**JOHN B. HUGHES**

And in these days of wars and bombings, it's a hopeful sign that a simple idea like this can sweep the country, an idea based on friendliness, on giving and not taking, on helping your neighbor and asking nothing in return. And if a thing like this can happen, don't let any of our grumbling friends tell you that humanity is falling apart. This is John B. Hughes, signing off now and returning you to our main studio until nine o'clock when the convention will officially open.

Dissolve to: Int. ANN's living room.  
Med. shot: At Door. ANN's MOTHER opens it and JOHN stands on the threshold. He has a small box of flowers in his hand. Water drips from his hat.

**MRS. MITCHELL**

Oh, John. Come in.

**JOHN**

Say, I'm kinda—it's raining out a little—

**MRS. MITCHELL**

That's all right.

Wider shot: MRS. MITCHELL lays his hat down somewhere. John takes a few steps inside the room, not quite knowing what to do.

**MRS. MITCHELL**

(turning to him)

It's good to see you. Sit down.

**JOHN**

(mumbles)

Thanks.

He sits on the edge of a sofa, still clinging to the little box. Then holds box out awkwardly.

**JOHN**

(awkwardly)

It's for Ann . . .

**MRS. MITCHELL**

(taking the box)

Oh, how nice! Thank you very much.

**JOHN**

Flowers.

**MRS. MITCHELL**

I'm terribly sorry she isn't here.

**JOHN**

She isn't?

**MRS. MITCHELL**

No, she just left. I'm surprised you didn't run into her. She went over to Mr. Norton's house.

**JOHN**

Oh!

? 658 ?

**MRS. MITCHELL**

Did you want to see her about something important?

**JOHN**

Yeah. I, uh, well . . . No. It'll wait.

(suddenly)

Say, he's a nice man, isn't he? Mr. Norton, I mean. He's, er, he's done an awful lot for the-

Close-up: Of MRS. MITCHELL. She watches him, amused.

**JOHN**

Say, my coat's pretty wet. I'm afraid I might have wet the couch a little.

Wider shot: JOHN is still struggling to find conversation.

**JOHN**

Well, I guess I'll see her at the convention later.

**MRS. MITCHELL**

Yes, of course. I'll see that she gets the flowers.

He rises and looks around for hat on the floor and back of the chair.

**JOHN**

Thanks. Good night, Mrs. Mitchell.

**MRS. MITCHELL**

(finds his hat and gives it to him)

Good night, John.

Close-up: Of JOHN. He starts away and suddenly stops, speculatively. He glances out of the corner of his eye toward **MRS. MITCHELL.**

**JOHN**

(going back to her)

Say, Mrs. Mitchell, I, er, I'm kinda glad Ann isn't here. You see, I was, I came over here hoping to see her alone and kinda hoping I wouldn't, too. You know what I mean? There was something I wanted to talk to her about. But, well, I-It'll wait, I guess. Good night.

Close-up: Of MRS. MITCHELL. She begins to sense what is on his mind, and her face becomes serious.

Close-up: Of JOHN. He smiles helplessly. Starts toward door.

**MRS. MITCHELL'S VOICE**

Good night, John.

Two shot: JOHN and MRS. MITCHELL. He stares at her a second.

**JOHN**

(suddenly)

Say, look, Mrs. Mitchell, have you ever been married?

**? 659 ?**

(catches himself)

Oh, sure you have.

(grins sheepishly)

Gosh! That's pretty silly! I guess you

must think I'm kinda batty!

JOHN shakes his head at his own stupidity.

**JOHN**

(can't get over it)

Well, I guess I'd better be going at that!

He bows again, and starts for the door. When he gets there, he is stopped by MRS. MITCHELL's voice.

**MRS. MITCHELL'S VOICE**

John. My husband said: "I love you. Will you marry me?"

**JOHN**

(whirls)

He did? What happened?

**MRS. MITCHELL**

I married him.

JOHN comes right back to her.

Two shot: JOHN and MRS. MITCHELL.

**JOHN**

(full of excitement)

Oh, yeah. That's what I mean. See? It was easy as all that, huh?

**MRS. MITCHELL**

Uh-huh.

**JOHN**

Yeah, yeah, but look, Mrs. Mitchell, you know I love Ann and it's gonna be awfully hard for me to say it because, well, you know, she's so wonderful,

and, well, the best I ever was was a bush-league pitcher.

Close-up: Of JOHN.

**JOHN**

And you know, I think she's in love with another man, the one she made up. You know, the real John Doe. Well, that's pretty tough competition.

Two shot: JOHN and MRS. MITCHELL. She is terribly fond of JOHN and deeply sympathetic.

**JOHN**

I bet you he'd know how to say it all right. And me, I get up to it and around it and in back of it, but, but I never get right to it. Do you know what I mean? So the only chance I've got is, well, if somebody could kinda give her a warning sort of, sorta prepare her for the shock!

? 660 ?

**MRS. MITCHELL**

You mean you'd like me to do it, huh?

**JOHN**

Well, I was thinking that—Yeah, you know, sort of break the ice.

Close-up of MOTHER. She doesn't know how she can, with her present strained relationship with ANN, but JOHN's sincerity touches her.

**MOTHER**

Of course I will, John.

Two shot: JOHN's face lights up, gratefully.

**JOHN**

Gee whiz! Thank you, Mrs. Mitchell.

(grabs her hand)

Gee, you're-uh-you're okay!

He exits from scene-but almost immediately he is back. He plants a kiss on her cheek and goes.

Cut to: Ext. sidewalk. Front of ANN's apartment. Med. Shot: An automobile stands at the curb, in front of which is BEANY. Also waiting, are four motorcycle policeman.

**BEANY**

(to the other men)

This John Doe meeting is gonna be one of the biggest things that ever happened.

As JOHN appears in the doorway of the apartment house, he pretends to throw a baseball at them.

**BEANY**

Why, they're coming from all over; trains, box cars, wagons-

(sees JOHN)

look out!

Med. Shot: Reverse angle. As BEANY holds the door open for JOHN.

**JOHN**

Hello, bodyguards! Hey, had your dinner yet?

**BODYGUARD**

Not yet.

**JOHN**

Well, look. No. Go ahead and have your dinner. I'll-

He is about to enter the car when a voice from off-scene stops him.

**CONNELL'S VOICE**

Wait a minute, John.

Camera pans over to a taxicab which has just driven in. CONNELL hands the driver a bill and walks, rather unsteadily toward JOHN.

Med. shot: Around BEANY's car. CONNELL ambles into the scene.

**? 661 ?**

**JOHN**

Hello, Mr. Connell.

**CONNELL**

Hiyah, John.

(broad wink)

John, I want to have a little talk with you.

(lurches—John holds him up)

What's the matter—are you falling? Come here.

Takes his arm to lead him off.

**BEANY**

(protesting)

Hey, Boss.

**CONNELL**

Oh, quiet, quiet, quiet.

(to John)

Say, tell me something did you read that speech you're gonna make tonight?

**JOHN**

No, I never read the speeches before I make them. I get more of a kick out of it that way.

**CONNELL**

(wisely)

Uh-huh. That's exactly what I thought. Beany, go on down to the office, tell Pop to give you the speech. There's a copy on my desk.

**BEANY**

(protesting)

Gee whiz, Boss, you know Mr. Norton told me not to leave him, not even for a minute.

**CONNELL**

(shooing him away)

Go on, go on, go on. And we'll be at Jim's Bar up the street.

He points in the general direction and again takes JOHN's arm. JOHN watches him, rather amused to see CONNELL off his milk diet, and allows himself to be led away.

Wipe to: Int. a barroom. Close shot: In a corner booth, JOHN and CONNELL sit, close together, drinks in front of them. JOHN's drink has remained untouched. CONNELL is just taking a long swig. From off-scene we hear the strains of an old-fashioned torch ballad, coming from an automatic piano.

**CONNELL**

(after a pause)

You're a nice guy, John. I like you.  
You're gentle. I like gentle people.  
Me? I'm hard-hard and tough.

(shakes his head-disparagingly)

I got no use for hard people. Gotta  
be gentle to suit me. Like you, for  
instance.

**? 662 ?**

JOHN smiles, amused at him. CONNELL  
starts to light his cigarette, which  
is bent. He hold the match up, but it  
never reaches the tip of the bent cigarette.  
He puffs, satisfied.

**CONNELL**

Yep, I'm hard. But you want to know  
something? I've got a weakness. You'd  
never guess that, would you? Well, I  
have. Want to know what it is?

JOHN nods.

**CONNELL**

The Star Spangled Banner.

(looks directly at John)

Screwy, huh?

(turns back to his glass)

Well, maybe it is. But play the "Star  
Spangled Banner"-and I'm a sucker for  
it. It always gets me right here-

(thumps his diaphragm)

You know what I mean?

Close-up: Of JOHN. His face has become  
serious.

**JOHN**

Yeah.

(points to back of neck)

It gets me right back here.

Two shot: JOHN and CONNELL. CONNELL speculates about this with his head cocked.

**CONNELL**

Oh, back there, huh?

(shrugs, dismissing it)

Well, every man to his own taste.

JOHN smiles at him. CONNELL tries lighting his bent cigarette again—with the same result—while JOHN watches, amused.

**CONNELL**

You weren't old enough for the first world war, were you?

JOHN starts to answer, but CONNELL goes right on.

**CONNELL**

Course not. Must have been a kid.

He pours JOHN's drink into his own glass.

**CONNELL**

I was. I was just ripe. And rarin' to go.

(takes drink)

Know what my old man did when I joined up? He joined up too.

Close-up: Of JOHN. He finds himself intensely interested.

**CONNELL'S VOICE**

Got to be a sergeant.

? 663 ?

Two shot: JOHN and CONNELL.

**CONNELL**

(as he raises his glass)

That's a kick for you. We were in the same outfit. Funny, huh?

Close-up: Of CONNELL. He lifts his glass to his lips, and without drinking, lowers it.

**CONNELL**

(voice lowers)

He was killed, John.

Close-up: Of JOHN. His face enveloped in an expression of sympathy.

Two shot: CONNELL stares down at the glass which he revolves between his palms.

**CONNELL**

I saw him get it. I was right there and saw it with my own eyes.

Without glancing at JOHN, he lifts the glass and drains it.

**CONNELL**

(turns to JOHN)

Me? I came out of it without a scratch. Except for my ulcers. Should be drinking milk.

(picks up his glass)

This stuff's poison.

As he holds up his glass, he realizes it is empty.

**CONNELL**

(yelling to bartender)

Hey, Tubby!

**BARTENDER'S VOICE**

Yes, Mr. Connell?

**CONNELL**

(indicates the empty glass)

Whadda you say?

**TUBBY**

All right.

Close shot: JOHN and CONNELL. CONNELL looks around guardedly, to make certain he is not overhead.

**CONNELL**

(confidentially)

Yessir. I'm a sucker for this country.

(gets a little sore about it)

I'm a sucker for the Star Spangled Banner—and I'm a sucker for this country.

(taps table with his middle finger)

I like what we got here! I like it!

**? 664 ?**

(emphasizes each point)

A guy can say what he wants—and do what he wants—without having a bayonet shoved through his belly.

Med. shot: As he leans back and nods his head, satisfied he made his point.

**CONNELL**

Now, that's all right, isn't it?

**JOHN**

You betcha.

The BARTENDER comes in with drink and departs.

**CONNELL**

All right. And we don't want anybody coming around changing it, do we?

JOHN shakes his head.

**JOHN**

No, sir.

Two shot: JOHN and CONNELL.

**CONNELL**

No, sir. And when they do I get mad! I get b-boiling mad. And right now, John, I'm sizzling!

JOHN looks at him, puzzled.

**CONNELL**

I get mad for a lot of other guys besides myself—I get mad for a guy named Washington! And a guy named Jefferson—and Lincoln. Lighthouses, John! Lighthouses in a foggy world! You know what I mean?

**JOHN**

(huskily)

Yeah, you bet!

CONNELL takes a drink and looks at JOHN a moment before he speaks.

**CONNELL**

(leans on the table)

Listen, pal—this fifth column stuff's pretty rotten, isn't it?[11]

**JOHN**

Yeah. It certainly is.

**CONNELL**

And you'd feel like an awful sucker if you found yourself marching right in the middle of it, wouldn't you?

JOHN glances up sharply.

? 665 ?

**CONNELL**

And you, of course you wouldn't know it because you're gentle. But that's what you're doing. You're mixed up with a skunk, my boy, a no-good, dangerous skunk!

JOHN'S resentment vanishes—and is replaced by puzzlement.

**JOHN**

Say, you're not talking about Mr. Norton, are you?

Two shot: JOHN and CONNELL.

**CONNELL**

(emphatically)

I'm not talking about his grandfather's pet poodle!

CONNELL again makes an effort to light

his bent cigarette—and again is unsuccessful.

**JOHN**

You must be wrong, Mr. Connell, 'cause he's been marvelous about the John Doe Clubs.

**CONNELL**

(sarcastically)

Yeah?

(suddenly)

Say, you're sold on the John Doe idea, aren't you?

**JOHN**

Sure.

**CONNELL**

Sure. I don't blame you. So am I.

Close-up: Of CONNELL.

**CONNELL**

(sincerely)

It's a beautiful miracle. A miracle that could only happen right here in the good old U.S.A. And I think it's terrific! What do you think of that! Me! Hard-boiled Connell! I think it's plenty terrific!

Two shot: John is rather pleased to hear him say this.

**CONNELL**

All right! Now, supposing a certain unmentionable worm, whose initials are D. B., was trying to use that to shove his way into the White House. So he could put the screws on, so he could turn out the lights in those lighthouses.

What would you say about that? Huh?

? 666 ?

**JOHN**

Nobody's gonna do that, Mr. Connell. They can't use the John Doe Clubs for politics. That's the main idea.

**CONNELL**

Is that so? Then what's a big political boss like Hammett doing in town? And a labor leader like Bennett? And a lot of other big shots who are up at D. B.'s house right now? Wolves, John, wolves waiting to cut up the John Does!

(snorting)

Wait till you get a gander at that speech you're gonna make tonight!

**JOHN**

You're all wet. Miss Mitchell writes those speeches and nobody can make her write that kind of stuff.

**CONNELL**

(cynically)

They can't, huh?

(then barking)

Who do you think writes 'em? My Aunt Emma? I know she writes them.

Close-up: Of JOHN. His jaw stiffens, angrily.

**CONNELL'S VOICE**

And get a big bonus for doing them, too. A mink coat and a diamond bracelet.

JOHN glares at him, his rage mounting.

Close-up: Of CONNELL. Unaware of JOHN's wrath.

**CONNELL**

Don't write 'em? Why, that gold-grabbin' dame would double-cross her own mother for a handful of Chinese yen!

**JOHN**

(in an outraged outcry)

Shut up! If you weren't drunk I'd-

Simultaneously his hand comes in and grabs the startled CONNELL violently by his shirt front, lifting him out of his seat. Camera pulls back to include JOHN—who towers over CONNELL.

Wider shot: JOHN is still holding CONNELL, glaring down at him, enraged, when BEANY runs into the scene.

**BEANY**

(holding out the envelope)

Hey, Boss! Here's the speech, Boss.

Suddenly he sees what's happening, and stares open-mouthed.

**BEANY**

Hey!

? 667 ?

Med. shot: As JOHN pushes CONNELL back into the seat, snatches the envelope from BEANY, and exits.

**CONNELL**

Go on and read it, John, and then start

socking!

Wider shot: As JOHN exits from place.  
BEANY suddenly realizes he has gone—and  
chases after him.

**BEANY**

Hey, wait a minute, Mr. Doe!

**CONNELL**

. . . Tubby?

**BEANY'S VOICE**

Yes, sir?

**CONNELL**

Better bring me a glass of milk.

Close-up: Of CONNELL. He stares at his  
unlighted cigarette—grimaces unhappily.

**CONNELL**

(mumbling)

I'm smoking too much.

He grinds out the unlighted cigarette  
in the tray.

Dissolve to: Int. D. B.'s dining room.  
Close shot: Of D. B., who is at head  
of table, talking on phone.

**D. B.**

(into telephone)

. . . Yes, Charlie? You've got everything  
all set? Fine! Has John Doe been taken  
care of? Good! How many people do you  
think will be there?

A pleased expression comes over his  
face.

**D. B.**

Fifteen thousand? Oh my, that's fine.  
Now, listen, Charlie, as soon as John  
Doe stops talking about me, I want you  
to start that demonstration. And make  
it a big one, you understand?

As D. B. hangs up.

Wider shot: Including TED SHELDON.

**TED**

Don't worry about that, D. B. My boys  
are there. They'll take care of it.

**D. B.**

(into telephone)

What? yes, I'll be there fifteen minutes  
after I get your call.

Camera draws back as he speaks. We see  
that dinner has been concluded. His  
listeners, besides TED and ANN, are  
half a dozen distinguished looking men,  
some with cigars stuck in their mouths,  
others sip from champagne glasses. ANN  
sits to D. B.'s right.

Cut to: Int. foyer: Med. shot: At D.  
B.'s front door. A butler is opening  
the door for JOHN.

? 668 ?

**BUTLER**

Why, Mr. Doe . . .

**JOHN**

Where are they?

**BUTLER**

In the dining room, sir.

JOHN strides toward the dining room.

Camera pans with JOHN, who is dripping wet, as he crosses the foyer until he comes within sight of the open door of the dining room. JOHN stops.

Cut back to: Int. D. B.'s dining room.  
Wider shot: D. B. addressing the group at the table.

**D. B.**

Well, gentlemen, I think we're about ready to throw that great big bombshell—

**SOMEONE'S VOICE**

Yeah, well it's about time.

**D. B.**

Even a conservative estimate shows that we can count on anywhere between ten and twenty million John Doe votes. Now, add to that the labor vote that Mr. Bennett will throw in . . .

He indicates BENNETT who nods, importantly.

**D. B.**

. . . and the votes controlled by Mr. Hammett and the rest of you gentlemen in your territories—

(emphatically)

and nothing can stop us!

Close-up: Of ANN. She seems distressed. She apparently has been listening to things that have caused her considerable anxiety.

Wider shot: WESTON leans forward and speaks to D. B.

**WESTON**

As I said before, I'm with you—providing you can guarantee the John Doe vote.

**D. B.**

Don't worry about that.

**BENNETT**

You can count on me under one condition.  
Little Bennett's gotta be taken care  
of!

**D. B.**

Didn't I tell you that everybody in  
this room would be taken care? My agreement  
with you gentlemen stands!

**BARRINGTON**

I'm with you, D. B., but I still think  
it's a very daring thing we're attempting!

? 669 ?

**D. B.**

These are daring times, Mr. Barrington.  
We're coming to a new order of things.  
There's been too much talk going on  
in this country.

**SOMEONE'S VOICE**

Exactly—

ANN glances up at D. B., a startled  
look in her eyes.

Close shot: D. B.'s audience beams with  
satisfaction as he continues.

**D. B.**

Too many concessions have been made!  
What the American people need is an  
iron hand!

**WESTON**

You're right!

**BENNETT**

That's true. You're quite right, D.  
**B.!**

**D. B.**

Discipline!

**GROUP**

Quite right! Exactly!

There are cries of: "Hear, hear!" and  
applause.

Close-up: Of ANN. She is completely  
seized by panic—and although she attempts  
applauding, it is feeble.

Med. shot: Shooting through open door  
toward dining room. Prominently in view  
is ANN, still lost in troubled thought.  
D. B. is still on his feet.

**D. B.**

And now—

(lifting champagne glass)

may I offer a little toast to Miss Ann  
Mitchell—the brilliant and beautiful  
lady who is responsible for all this!

The men rise.

**GROUP**

Miss Mitchell! Miss Mitchell!

**ANN**

Mr. Norton, I'd like to talk to you  
alone for a moment.

**D. B.**

Oh, oh.

(chortling)

Miss Mitchell has something to say to us.

**GROUP**

Well, that's fine. Speech! Speech!

Ann spots John.

? 670 ?

**D. B.**

(spotting John)

Hello?

**ANN**

John! I'm so glad to see you. I-I was terribly worried.

**JOHN**

(showing her a copy of the speech)

Did you write this?

**ANN**

Yes, I did, John. But I-I had no idea what was going on.

**JOHN**

You didn't?

Close-up: Of JOHN. His mouth screws up bitterly.

**JOHN**

(quiet contempt)

That's a swell bracelet you're wearing.

He leaves her, abruptly.

Int. dining room: Full shot: JOHN enters and looks the men over appraisingly as he goes toward D. B. They all stare at him.

**D. B.**

John—

(concerned)

Why aren't you at the convention?

JOHN doesn't answer.

**D. B.**

Is there anything wrong?

**JOHN**

(after a pause)

Oh, no. Nothing's wrong. Everything's fine! So there's gonna be a new order of things, huh? Everybody's gonna cut himself a nice, fat slice of the John Does, eh?

(turns toward D. B.)

You forgot one detail, Mr. Big Shot—you forgot me, the prize stooge of the world. Why, if you or anybody else thinks he's gonna use the John Doe clubs for his own rotten purpose, he's gonna have to do it over my dead body!

**D. B.**

Now, hold on a minute, young man! Hold on! That's rather big talk! I started the John Doe clubs with my money and I'll decide whether or not they're being properly used!

**JOHN**

No you won't! You're through deciding anything!

D. B. cannot believe his ears.

? 671 ?

**JOHN**

And what's more, I'm going down to that convention and I'm gonna tell those people exactly what you and all your fine-feathered friends here are trying to cook up for them!

He looks up at ANN—and starts tearing the speech in his hand.

**JOHN**

(strongly)

And I'll say it in my own words this time.

He flings the torn paper toward ANN—and starts out.

**HAMMETT AND OTHERS**

Stop him, somebody! He'll ruin us, D. B.!

Med. shot: At Door. As JOHN reaches it, TED steps up in front of him.

**TED**

(menacingly)

Wait a minute, young feller—my uncle wants to talk to you.

D. B. walks up to JOHN.

**D. B.**

Listen to me, my son! Before you lose your head completely, may I remind you that I picked you up out of the gutter and I can throw you right back there again! You've got a nerve accusing people of things! These gentlemen and I know what's the best for the John Does of

America, regardless of what tramps like you think!

Get off that righteous horse of yours and come to your senses. You're the fake! We believe in what we're doing! You're the one that was paid the thirty pieces of silver! Have you forgotten that? Well, I haven't!

You're a fake, John Doe, and I can prove it! You're the big hero that's supposed to jump off tall buildings and things! Do you remember? What do you suppose your precious John Does will say when they find out that you never had any intention of doing it? That you were being paid to say so? You're lucky if they don't run you out of the country!

Why, with the newspapers and the radio stations that these gentlemen control, we can kill the John Doe movement deader than a doornail, and we'll do it, too, the moment you step out of line! Now, if you still want to go to that convention and shoot your trap off, you go ahead and do it!

Full shot: D. B. leaves JOHN and returns to his chair. JOHN stares at him, unbelievably.

Close shot: of JOHN.

? 672 ?

**JOHN**

(after a pause)

Do you mean to tell me you'd try to kill the John Doe movement if you can't use it to get what you want?

**D. B.'S VOICE**

You bet your bottom dollar we would!

**JOHN**

(cynically)

Well, that certainly is a new low. I guess I've seen everything now.

contemptuously

Wider shot: As JOHN's lips curl up and he steps up to the table.

**JOHN**

(throwing his hat on the table)

You sit there back of your big cigars and think of deliberately killing an idea that's made millions of people a little bit happier! An idea that's brought thousands of them here from all over the country, by bus and by freight, in jallopies and on foot—so they could pass on to each other their own simple little experiences.

Close-up: Of ANN. Her eyes light up happily.

**JOHN'S VOICE**

Why, look, I'm just a mug and I know it. But I'm beginning to understand a lot of things. Why, your type's old as history. If you can't lay your dirty fingers on a decent idea and twist it and squeeze it and stuff it into your own pocket, you slap it down! Like dogs, if you can't eat something, you bury it!

Close-up: Of JOHN. His voice is pleading.

**JOHN**

Why, this is the one worthwhile thing that's come along. People are finally finding out that the guy next door isn't a bad egg. That's simple, isn't it? And yet a thing like that's got a chance of spreading till it touches every last doggone human being in the world—and

you talk about killing it!

Full shot: They listen to him—unmoved.

**JOHN**

Why, when this fire dies down, what's going to be left? More misery, more hunger and more hate. And what's to prevent that from starting all over again? Nobody knows the answer to that one, and certainly not you, with those slimy, bolloxed-up theories you've got! The John Doe idea may be the answer, though! It may be the one thing capable of saving this cockeyed world! Yet you sit back there on your fat hulks and tell me you'll kill it if you can't use it!

**? 673 ?**

Well, you go ahead and try! You couldn't do it in a million years, with all your radio stations and all your power! Because it's bigger than whether I'm a fake! It's bigger than your ambitions! And it's bigger than all the bracelets and fur coats in the world!

Wider shot: ANN runs to JOHN.

**ANN**

(sincerely)

You bet it is, John!

JOHN starts to exit.

Med. shot: Shooting toward door.

**JOHN**

(turning to them)

And that's exactly what I'm going down there to tell those people!

As JOHN reaches door, TED SHELDON jumps in front of him.

Close shot:

**TED**

Wait a minute, you ungrateful rat! My Uncle's been too good to-

While he speaks, JOHN looks down at the fist clutching his shirt, and then, with a suddenness that startles TED, he steps aside and clips TED on the jaw. TED's knees buckle and he goes down. JOHN exits.

Wider shot: As several men rush to TED's assistance. D. B. does not move.

**MAN**

He's getting away!

**ANN**

John!

Ext. entrance to D. B.'s house: Med. shot: As JOHN hurries out. He goes by half a dozen members of TED SHELDON's motorcycle troops who wait around to escort D. B. to the convention.

Int. Dining room: Full shot: The room is full of commotion. ANN is running out of the room, going after JOHN. Several men bend over TED. D. B. glares toward door, his face hardening. HAMMETT is barking at him.

D. B. reaches under the table, lifts up two phones. Hands one to HAMMETT.

**D. B.**

Get the Bulletin !

He, himself, dials the other phone.

**ANN**

John!

? 674 ?

**BARRINGTON**

I've always told you, D. B. you're playing with dynamite!

**D. B.**

(calling to men)

Don't let that girl get away!

The butler rushes out.

**WESTON**

Before he gets through tonight he'll ruin us all!

**BENNETT**

You've got to stop him, D. B.!

**D. B.**

I'll stop him! I'll stop him cold! Don't worry, I've been ready for this!

Cut to: Ext. D. B.'s entrance—at gate.  
Med. shot: As ANN runs alongside JOHN.

**ANN**

John! Oh, John, please listen to me!  
Please—I can explain everything, John.  
I didn't know what they were going to do! Let me go with you, John! John, please!

JOHN gets into taxi—slams door—ANN runs beside cab as it starts off.

**JOHN**

Go ahead, driver! Ball park!

**ANN**

John, please let me go with you! Please,  
John!

Several troopers grab ANN.

**TROOPER**

Mr. Norton wants to see you.

**ANN**

Oh!

As the men get a firmer grip on her  
and ANN fights to get loose: Cut to:  
Int. D. B.'s study: Med. shot: D. B.  
is on the phone. The others pace around,  
perturbedly. HAMMETT has the second  
phone in his hand.

**D. B.**

(into phone)

Listen to me, Mayor Lovett, you do as  
I say. I want them both arrested. You  
tell the police department to pick up  
Connell. I've got the girl here.

**HAMMETT**

(holds out phone)

I've got the Bulletin !

? 675 ?

**D. B.**

(hotly)

I don't care what you charge them with!  
If you're worried, let them go in the  
morning, but keep them in jail over  
night!

He bangs up the receiver. Grabs another  
phone from HAMMETT.

**D. B.**

Hello, Bulletin ? Put Pop Dwyer on.

Dissolve to: Ext. entrance to ball park:  
Med. shot: Over the entrance gate a  
huge banner reads:

**WELCOME TO**

**JOHN DOE CONVENTION**

People come from all directions and  
pour through the gates. Some carry umbrellas  
over their heads, others have their  
coat collars turned up. Women hold newspapers  
over their heads to protect their hats.  
It is a misty, drizzling rain.

Ext. ball park: Long shot: Shooting  
from ANNOUNCER's view down at the Speaker's  
platform which has been erected on "Home  
Plate." On it, in the rear, is a brass  
band. In front of it is a speaker's  
table, over which dangles the microphone  
of a public address system. Attached  
to the table are several microphones  
with names of broadcasting stations  
on them.

Med. shot: Shooting toward audience.  
They sing: "Oh, Susanna."

Med. shot: Toward people seated in  
grandstand.  
They join in the singing.

Another angle: Toward a third section.  
They also pick up the song.

Long shot: Taking in as many as possible.  
Everyone sings, and the volume has risen  
considerably.

Med. shot: Shooting down an aisle. A  
stream of people take up the song, as  
they march to their seats.

Med. shot: At entrance to Park. Crowds  
are coming in—and they, too, begin singing.  
They are also joined by the policemen  
posted at the gates.

Med. shot: A second entrance to Park.

Another crowd is entering, also singing.

Med. shot: Of BERT and SOURPUSS in the foreground of a group on platform, all of whom sing. BERT has a large rolled-up scroll in his hand.

Close-up: Of the COLONEL. Sitting in a corner somewhere, looking around

speculatively,

with a stubborn mental reservation that they are still all heelots.

Several close shots: Of small groups—with their wet faces held high, singing lustily, eyes sparkling.

Long shot: Shooting from the platform down toward the audience. The song finally comes to a climax—and immediately, lusty cheering starts, as they see JOHN coming on platform.

Med. shot: Toward platform. JOHN goes to the microphone of the public address system.

? 676 ?

**MAN**

Three cheers for John Doe!

**JOHN**

Listen, ladies and gentlemen!

Before he can go any further, the band strikes up the strain of "AMERICA" and immediately the large assembly begins singing it.

Close-up: Of JOHN. As his lips form the words. His expression is solemn.

Various shots: Of groups, singing.

Long shot: As people sing. Finally the song is ended, and an enthusiastic cheer

is emitted by the crowd.

Med. shot: On platform. JOHN again steps toward the microphone and makes another effort to speak, but the CLERGYMAN places a detaining hand on his arm.

**CLERGYMAN**

Just a moment, John. We begin with a short prayer.

Longer shot: Shooting over the heads of the audience toward the platform in the background. Gradually the cheering subsides.

**CLERGYMAN**

(speaking into public address system)

Quiet, please. Ladies and gentlemen—let us have a moment of silent prayer for the John Does all over the world . . . many of whom are homeless and hungry. Rise, please. Everybody rise.

The CLERGYMAN and JOHN, standing next to him, immediately bow their heads.

Long shot: Shooting toward audience. As far as the Camera eye can see, heads are bowed in prayer. The reflection on the wet umbrellas creates a strange and mystic light.

Several close shots: Of small groups—in silent prayer.

Close-up: Of the COLONEL. Rather grudgingly, he has his head lowered.

Close-up: Of JOHN. His eyes are shut—his face wreathed in an expression of compassion.

Med. shot: At press section. They, too, bow respectfully. The reporters are quiet for the first time.

Ext. street: Long shot: Directly in front of entrance to ball park. A stream of news trucks pull up, filled with newsboys—they immediately alight.

Ext. street: Med. shot: In front of another entrance. More trucks arrive—packed with newsboys.

Ext. street: Med. shot: Shooting toward entrance. As an army of newsboys, each carrying a stack of newspapers, run toward us yelling:

**? 677 ?**

**NEWSBOYS**

Extry, extry! Read all about it!

Med. shot: Toward another entrance. Another swarm of newsboys dash in, also shouting.

**NEWSBOYS**

Extry! John Doe a fake!

Long shot: Of audience with their heads still bowed. Slowly, they begin turning around, puzzled, as from all directions and down every aisle, boys are running, waving papers in the air.

**NEWSBOYS**

(shouting)

Here you are! John Doe a fake! Read all about it! John Doe movement a racket!

Close shot: Of JOHN. He looks up, terror-stricken.

Med. shot: At press section. Great excitement prevails here.

**ANNOUNCER (JOHN B. HUGHES)**

Newsboys! Hundreds of yelling newsboys are swarming into the park like locusts! They're yelling, "John Doe's a fake! Fake!"

Med. shot: Of audience. As newsboys are distributing papers to the baffled people.

**NEWSBOYS**

Here you are! No charge! John Doe a fake!

Med. shot: Of a second group. Some already have papers and peer, unbelievably, at the headlines. Others grab papers from newsboys' hands.

**MAN**

(reading)

"Federal investigation urged by Chamber of Commerce."

Med. shot: Speaker's platform. SOURPUSS and BERT, reading paper.

**SOURPUSS**

How could he be a fake?

(laughing)

**BERT**

It must be some kind of a gag.

**SOURPUSS**

A what?

**BERT**

A gag. A gag!

Ext. : Somewhere inside ball park: Long shot: We hear the shrieking of sirens and almost immediately a limousine, escorted by Sheldon's motorcycle troops, pulls up. Directly behind it is a string

of cars.

? 678 ?

immediately

Med. shot: The door of the limousine  
flies open and D. B. comes out. He

heads for the platform.

Camera pans over and we see troopers  
pouring out of the cars with TED SHELDON  
directing them.

**TED**

Come on, come on, step on it! Step on  
it! Step on it! You all know your places  
now, so let's get going! Wait for the  
signal!

Med. shot: DRUNK with a balloon. He  
holds balloon up to TED, getting in  
TED's way.

**DRUNK**

Hey, mister, will you autograph my balloon?

**TED**

Sure!

(and breaks balloon)

**TROOPER**

(pushing drunk aside)

Gangway!

Ext.: Park. Med. shot: At Speaker's  
platform. JOHN is in front of the microphone  
trying to make himself heard over thousands  
of voices, all speaking at once.

**JOHN**

Ladies and gentlemen! This is exactly  
what I came down here to tell you about  
tonight. Please, if you'll all just  
be quiet for a few minutes I can explain

this whole thing to you. As you all know, this paper is published by a man by the name of D. B. Norton . . .

Med. shot: Shooting towards audience. Down an aisle stalks D. B., his hand waving in the air.

**D. B.**

(shouting)

Don't listen to that man! He's a fake!

Camera pans with him as he hurries down the aisle to the platform—all eyes turned toward him.

Close-up: Of JOHN. As he stares at D. B. approaching, too flustered to know what to do.

Med. shot: Toward platform. As D. B. runs up the few steps and proceeds to the microphone, troopers clearing the way for him.

**TROOPER**

(drags John from mike)

Stand back!

**D. B.**

Wait a minute! Everybody wait a minute! Wait a minute, ladies and gentlemen! My name is D. B. Norton . . . you all know me! I accuse this man of being a faker! We've been taken for a lot of suckers! And I'm the biggest of the lot!

**? 679 ?**

I spent a fortune backing this man in what I believed to be a sincere and worthy cause, just as you all did! And now I find out it's nothing but a cheap racket! Cooked up by him and two of

my employees for the sole purpose of collecting dues from John Does all over the country!

JOHN breaks away from the troopers and gets to the mike.

**JOHN**

That's a lie!

**D. B.**

It's not a lie! Nickels and dimes! To stuff into their own pockets! You can read all about it in the newspapers there!

**JOHN**

That's a lie! Listen—don't believe what he says . . .

**D. B.**

(overlapping above speech)

Let go of me! This man had no intention of jumping off of the top of a building! He was paid to say so!

(turning to John)

Do you deny that?

**JOHN**

That's got nothing to do with it!

**D. B.**

Were you paid for it—or weren't you?

**JOHN**

Yes! I was paid! But the—

**D. B.**

(over-lapping above speech)

And what about the suicide note? You didn't write that, either!

**JOHN**

What difference does that make?

**D. B.**

Did you write it—or didn't you?

**JOHN**

No, I didn't write it, but—

**D. B.**

Ah, you bet your life you didn't! You look in your papers, ladies and gentlemen, and you'll find Miss Mitchell's signed confession that she was the one that wrote it!

**JOHN**

Listen, folks, it's a fact that I didn't write the letter, but this whole thing started—

**? 680 ?**

**D. B.**

There! You see? He admits it! You're a fake, John Doe! And for what you've done to all these good people—they ought to run you out of the country—and I hope they do it!

He leaves the platform—followed by his troopers.

Several shots: Of groups as they stare at JOHN, silent and stunned, waiting for him to speak.

Full shot: The whole park full of people wait in breathless anticipation. From somewhere in the distance we hear a single voice of a man.

**VOICE**

Speak up, John! We believe you!

Med. shot: Under the platform. We see several of D. B.'s troopers pulling at the cables of the public address system.

Close shot: Of JOHN. He speaks into the microphone.

**JOHN**

Please listen, folks! Now that he's through shooting off his face, I've got a couple of things to tell you about—

Close shot: Under the platform. One of the troopers disconnects the public address system by cutting the cable.

Close-up: Of JOHN. He realizes the loud speaker is dead, and looks around helplessly.

Med. shot: Somewhere in audience TED SHELDON directs troopers.

**TED**

Come on! The rest of you get in here and riot! Break this crowd up! Come on!

Med. shot: Of a group of John Does. They still stare uncertainly. Suddenly, the head of one of SHELDON's troopers appear—and cupping his hands over his mouth, he yells toward platform.

**TROOPER**

John Doe's a fake! Boo! Boooooo!

Long shot: From ANNOUNCER's view. Shooting toward audience. The crowd is all yelling at once now.

Med. shot:

**ANNOUNCER**

I'm sorry, folks, but we can't hear him any more. Something's gone wrong with the loudspeaker.

Med. shot: Of JOHN. Trying to talk over microphone.

**JOHN**

Say, they can't hear me! The thing's not working!

? 681 ?

(shouts)

Ladies and gentlemen! Look--this thing's bigger than whether I'm a fake--

(turns to BERT)

Look, Bert, you believe me, don't you?

**BERT**

(cynically)

Sure, I believe you. Walking my legs off digging up five thousand signatures for a phoney!

Suddenly, nervously, he begins tearing up the petition in his hand.

**BERT**

Well, there you are, Mr. Doe!

(flinging crumpled petition at him)

Five thousand names asking you not to jump off any roof!

He turns to leave.

Close shot: Of SOURPUSS, who, heartbroken, stops BERT.

**SOURPUSS**

It makes no difference, Bert—the ideas's still good. We don't have to give up our club.

**BERT**

(harshly)

Yeah? Well, you can have it!

He exits.

Long shot: From ANNOUNCER's view. Crowd is yelling wildly.

**ANNOUNCER**

They're starting to throw things!

**2ND ANNOUNCER**

Somebody's going to get hurt!

Close-up: Of JOHN. He looks helplessly down at the hostile crowd.

Int. police station: Full shot: ANN and CONNELL are surrounded by several policemen. A sergeant sits at his desk, on which is a radio. ANN's face is haggard and desperate as she listens to the radio announcer.

**ANNOUNCER**

I'm afraid it'll be John Doe. Listen to that mob!

Unable to stand it any longer, ANN suddenly jumps out of her seat.

**ANN**

I've got to go to him!

**OFFICER**

Sorry, lady—I can't let you out.

? 682 ?

**ANN**

(sobbing)

Oh, let me go! Let me go to him! Oh, please, please let me go! They're crucifying him! I can help him!

**OFFICER**

Sorry, sister. We got orders to hold you.

**ANN**

Orders from who? Can't they see it's a frameup?

She is still desperately struggling to get free—when her mother comes hurrying in.

**MRS. MITCHELL**

Ann, darling!

**ANN**

Oh, Mother! They won't let me go! They won't let me go!

The police release her and she throws herself into her mother's arms.

Ext.: Ball park. Close shot: Of JOHN. He still attempts to get himself heard.

**JOHN**

Listen, folks! You gotta listen to me, everybody!

Med. shot: Of a group of John Does.

**A MAN**

(yelling toward JOHN)

Back to the jungle, you hobo!

**2ND MAN**

(disgustedly)

Just another racket!

**JOHN'S VOICE**

Stick to your clubs!

**MAN**

(shouting)

We've been fed baloney so long we're getting used to it!

Close shot: Of JOHN. He disregards the missiles that fly around his head.

**JOHN**

(supplicatingly)

The idea is still good! Believe me, folks! . . .

Ext.: Ball park. Med. long shot: Toward platform. The crowd pushes menacingly around the platform, with policemen struggling to control them. JOHN still stands there, pathetic and helpless. Missiles of all kinds fly into the scene. The members of the band are scrambling off the platform—as well as the others, until John is left alone.

**? 683 ?**

Long shot: Shooting toward audience. They still boo and yell.

Med. shot: Of the COLONEL. Fearful for JOHN, he starts pushing his way through the crowd toward him.

Med. shot: Of a group of people. Suddenly a woman reaches into a lunch basket she carries and takes out a tomato.

**WOMAN**

(shouting)

You faker!

She reaches back to throw the tomato.

Close-up: Of JOHN. His voice is gone. His eyes are glassy. He is making one last effort to speak.

**JOHN**

(hoarsely)

Listen . . . John Does . . .

(weakly)

You're the hope of the world . . .

As if in challenge to that statement, the tomato flies in and strikes him on the forehead. It seems to stun him. He remains motionless, staring before him with sightless eyes. The red smear of the tomato trickles down his face.

Med. shot: Of the COLONEL, amidst the crowd. He sees JOHN hit and winces. Then, setting his jaw, he pushes people violently aside, trying to reach JOHN.

Med. shot: On platform, JOHN stares futilely before him. The COLONEL reaches his side and glancing sympathetically up at his face, starts to lead him off the platform. A squadron of policemen also rush to his rescue and precede JOHN and the COLONEL.

Trucking shot: Down the aisle—as police disperse the crowd who boo and threaten JOHN from the sidelines.

Close shot: Of JOHN. He is oblivious

of the jeering, shouting mob—and of the wet newspapers flung in his direction.

Med. shot: At dug-out exit—as the police finally manage to get him safely out of the park.

Med. shot: ANNOUNCER's booth.

**JOHN B. HUGHES**

The police finally manage to get him out of the park! If that boy isn't hurt, it'll be a miracle!

Int.: Police station. Med. shot: ANN and her mother sit on a bench. A policeman is in the background. ANN stares into space. Her mother has an arm around her.

**ANNOUNCER'S VOICE**

Ladies and gentlemen, this certainly looks like the end of the John Doe movement.

A policeman snaps the radio off.

? 684 ?

**CONNELL**

(lifts glass of milk)

Well, boys, you can chalk up another one to the Pontius Pilates.

Two shot: ANN and her mother.

**ANN**

(sobbing)

I should have been there. I could have helped him.

(desolately)

He was so all alone!

Her MOTHER draws ANN consolingly to her, and lays her head on her breast.

Dissolve to:

Ext.: A highway. Med. shot: Of BERT's car on the way home.

Int.: Car. Close shot: BERT and SOURPUSS. They both look depressed. After a silence, SOURPUSS speaks.

**SOURPUSS**

(throatily)

A lot of us are going to be mighty ashamed of ourselves after tonight. We certainly didn't give that man much of a chance.

They lapse again into silence. BERT stares grimly at the road.

Dissolve to: Ext.: Clearing under the bridge. Close-up: Of JOHN. He sits on a rock, his head bent low, tears streaming shamelessly down his cheeks. Camera draws back and we find the COLONEL before the fire, boiling water in a small tin pan.

**COLONEL'S VOICE**

Have some more coffee, Long John?

**JOHN**

No, thanks, Colonel.

JOHN lifts his eyes skyward, stares profoundly, a curious expression over his face.

Dissolve to: A Montage. Long shot: Of JOHN, a lonely figure, walking dejectedly. As he walks, faces begin to appear one by one, to taunt him. Their accusing voices are heard.

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

Faker!

**MAN'S VOICE**

Racketeer!

**2ND VOICE**

Liar!

**3RD VOICE**

Cheat!

? 685 ?

**4TH VOICE**

Imposter!

**5TH VOICE**

Why don't you jump!

**GIRL'S VOICE**

Christmas Eve at midnight!

(she laughs, sneeringly)

Dissolve to: Another shot: Of JOHN walking, his expression immobile. Over the shot appear several scenes through which JOHN has lived:

1. BERT shaking hands with him, saying:

**BERT**

You're a wonderful man, Mr. Doe.

2. MRS. DELANEY kissing his hand and saying:

**MRS. DELANEY**

May God bless you, my boy.

3. ANN in Broadcasting Station, kissing him:

**ANN**

Now, get in there and pitch!

4. D. B. issuing his tirade at JOHN:

**D. B.**

You're a fake, John Doe, and I can prove it! You're the big hero that's supposed to jump off tall buildings and things. You remember? What do you suppose your precious John Does will say when they find out that you never had any intention of doing it—that you were being paid to say so?

5. Again the girl who laughed appears:

**GIRL**

Christmas Eve at midnight?

And again she laughs sneeringly.

Dissolve to: Ext.: City Hall tower—night. Long shot: It is a picturesque scene of the City Hall outlined in silhouette against the sky. A peaceful mantle of snow silently descends upon it. Over the shot we hear the plaintive voices of children singing "Holy Night."

Dissolve to: Ext.: Outside of D. B.'s house: Med. shot: Outside D. B.'s Study—

through

window. A group of eight young carolers sing "Holy Night." It is a continuation of the music from previous scene.

Cut to: Int. D. B.'s study. Med. shot: In the dimly lit room, we see the lonely figure of D. B., as he stands near a window staring out, meditatively. The voices of the children singing Christmas carols are faintly heard.

? 686 ?

Close-up: Of D. B. He peers into the night, enveloped by disturbing thoughts. After a moment, he takes out his watch and glances at it. Then, as if annoyed by his own apprehension, he shoves it violently back into his pocket.

Camera retreats in front of him as he crosses, determinedly, to a humidor, takes a cigar and shoves it into his mouth. Just as he is about to light it, he becomes aware of the signing, and cocks his head, listening.

Wider shot: As he drops the match and the unlighted cigar—and starts toward door. Just then the BUTLER comes through.

**BUTLER**

Merry Christmas, sir.

**D. B.**

Oh. Merry Christmas.

D. B. hands him a bill and nods toward the children. The BUTLER exits.

Close-up: Of D. B. Staring out into space moodily. We hear the voices of the children saying, "Thank you, sir! Merry Christmas!" D. B.'s mouth screws up, unhappily. It is far from a "merry" Christmas. It is a very lonely, conscience-

stricken

one.

Dissolve to: Int.: Police station. Med. shot: A SERGEANT sits in front of his desk. Opposite him is a POLICEMAN. Their rummy game has been interrupted by a phone call which the SERGEANT is now answering.

**SERGEANT**

Who? John Doe? Is that screwball still around?

(laughing)

**POLICEMAN**

(with disgust)

Aw, that dame's been callin' all day.

**DESK SERGEANT**

Sure, sure, I know. Yeah. At midnight, huh? Okay, lady. We'll have the place surrounded with nets.

He hangs up the phone—twirls his finger at his temple, shrugs—and reaches for a card.

Cut to: Int.: ANN's bedroom. Close shot: ANN is in bed. She looks wan. Her hand still rests on the phone.

Camera pulls back to reveal a doctor by her side and her mother at the foot of the bed. They watch her—concerned.

**ANN**

Oh—they're laughing at me!

Impulsively, ANN picks up the receiver and starts dialing again.

**DOCTOR'S VOICE**

You're a sick girl, Ann. You'd better take it easy.

? 687 ?

**MRS. MITCHELL**

Whom are you calling now? You called that number not ten minutes ago!

**ANN**

(into phone)

Hello. Mr. Connell? Have you seen him yet? Have you—

Cut to: Int: Corridor of City Hall.  
Med. shot: Toward a telephone booth.  
CONNELL speaks into the phone.

**CONNELL**

Now listen, Ann—he can't possibly get in without our seeing him. I'm watching the side door and the Colonel's out front, so stop worrying.

Int.: ANN's bedroom. Close shot:

**ANN**

Thank you.

She hangs up the receiver, despairingly. Then, suddenly, she jumps out of bed and runs to a clothes closet—grabbing a coat and scarf.

**MRS. MITCHELL**

Why, Ann! . . .

**DOCTOR**

Ann, don't be foolish!

Dissolve to: Insert: The City Hall tower clock registers 11:45.

Cut to: Ext.: Highway. Med. shot: BERT's car driving in the snow.

Int.: Car. Full shot: BERT HANSEN drives. In the car with him are his wife, SOURPUSS and several others.

**BERT**

(complainingly)

If this isn't the craziest, the battiest, the looniest wild goose chase I ever heard of?

**MRS. HANSEN**

Oh, shut up. Bert. Sourpuss is right.

**BERT**

Yeah? Well, if he is, I'm a banana split!

**SOURPUSS**

That man is gonna be on that roof. Don't ask me how I know. I just know. And you know it as well as I do.

**BERT**

Sure, sure. I'd like to believe in fairy tales, but a guy that's fake isn't gonna jump off any roof.

**MRS. HANSEN**

I don't think he was any fake—not with that face. And, anyway, what he stood for wasn't a fake.

? 688 ?

**BERT**

Okay, honey, okay.

Cut to: Int: Main floor corridor, City Hall. Full shot: It is vast and empty, except for a colored porter, scrubbing.

Med. shot: At entrance. As ANN enters from outside. Determinedly, she starts toward elevators.

Close shot: At elevator. ANN pushes button impatiently. She feels weak, and has to brace herself to stay on her feet. Suddenly, she is startled by the COLONEL'S voice.

**COLONEL**

Elevators ain't running.

Camera pans over to the COLONEL, who sits on the stairs, next to the elevator.

Med. shot: ANN walks over to him, her face lighting up hopefully.

**ANN**

Colonel!

**COLONEL**

You shouldn't have gotten out of bed, Miss.

**ANN**

Has he been here?

**COLONEL**

No.

**ANN**

Have you seen him?

**COLONEL**

(sadly)

I ain't seen him for a week.

**ANN**

Where's Connell?

**COLONEL**

He's watching the other door.

**ANN**

Oh. Gee, you're swell! Oh.

ANN stares at him a moment, then,

impulsively,

she starts to pass him to go up the stairs.

**COLONEL**

(grabs her)

No sense in going up there! I been here for hours. He ain't here!

**ANN**

(pulls away from him)

Oh, let me go, will you!

? 689 ?

**COLONEL**

(calling after her)

Now, that's crazy. It's fourteen floors!

But ANN vanishes. The COLONEL shakes his head and resumes his post.

Med. shot: At entrance. As the MAYOR, followed by D. B., HAMMETT, and the others, enters. Camera pans with them as they go toward the elevator.

Med. shot: They arrive at the elevator. The MAYOR takes out his keys and unlocks the elevator door.

Close shot: Of the COLONEL. He watches them, puzzled. Can't figure out what they are doing here.

Cut to: Insert: Of elevator dial—as the light flicks on to number 14, indicating 14th floor. Camera pans down to elevator door, which opens and the men come out.

**MAYOR**

This is as far as the elevator goes. We've got to walk up to the tower.

He indicates the stairway.

Cut to: Wider shot: As they cross to

stairway, silently.

Dissolve to: Ext.: City Hall roof. Full shot: The men enter. They glance around searchingly—and then slowly move toward the edge of the parapet.

Closer shot: The men look obviously self-conscious. No one speaks for a while.

**BENNETT**

(breaking the silence)

That tramp is probably full of Christmas cheer and asleep in some flop house.

There is again silence. After a few minutes, the MAYOR speaks.

**MAYOR**

Let's go. I've got to decorate my tree.

Cut to: Int.: Corridor—14th floor. Med. shot: Outside Men's Washroom. JOHN comes out, and as camera pans with him he proceeds to letter chute next to elevator. We see that it is the top of the chute, and from the elevator being there, we know it is the 14th floor. JOHN drops the letter into the chute.

Ext.: City Hall roof. Full shot: The place is silent except for occasional scraping of feet as several of the men move around. They continually refer to their watches. Finally, D. B. gives up impatiently.

**D. B.**

Well, I give up. I don't know what gave us the idea that he—he'd attempt anything like this.

**WESTON**

I guess you're right. I'm afraid the

joke's on us. Let's go.

? 690 ?

**D. B.**

I hope nobody finds out we've been here.

They all start to exit, when suddenly D. B. stops. He puts his hand out, and they all stop to listen. They hear footsteps, and back into the shadows.

Med. shot: Shooting toward stairs. JOHN appears around the bend and mounts the last few steps.

Med. shot: Of the huddled group. They watch breathlessly. In the darkness, their eyes dominate the scene.

Med. shot: Over their shoulders. As JOHN, expressionless, his cigarette in his hand, crosses to the parapet, and looks out. He takes a puff of his cigarette and exhales the smoke.

Med. shot: Of the huddled group. The MAYOR is for stepping forward, but D. B. with an extended hand stops him, indicating for them to wait and see what happens.

Close-up: Of JOHN. He takes the envelope out of his pocket and examines it.

Close shot: Of the group. Their eyes glued on him tensely.

Close shot: Of JOHN. He stares at the envelope.

Insert: Of envelope. On it is written: **"TO JOHN DOES EVERYWHERE"**.

Close-up: Of JOHN. He replaces the envelope in his pocket.

Int.: Tower. Close shot: The group. Their eyes riveted on JOHN. They feel

the moment has come. Several of them glance toward D. B.

Wider shot: To include them all, and JOHN. He drops his cigarette on the ground, and bending over, crushes it with his foot. Just as he straightens out again, D. B. speaks.

**D. B.**

(restrained voice)

I wouldn't do that if I were you, John.

Close-up: Of JOHN. As he turns sharply, startled. He stares blankly at the five people.

Med. shot: Of the group. They move slightly forward and stop.

**D. B.**

It'll do you no good.

Close-up: Of JOHN. He continues to stare at them, strangely.

Wider shot: To include them all.

**D. B.**

The Mayor has policemen downstairs with instructions to remove all marks of identification you may have on your person. You'll be buried in Potter's Field[12] and you will have accomplished nothing.

Close shot: Of JOHN. After a moment, he speaks.

**? 691 ?**

**JOHN**

(in a sepulchral voice)

I've taken care of that. I've already mailed a copy of this letter to Mr.

Connell.

Med. shot: Of the group. Amazed that he thought of this. They feel themselves helpless. D. B. tries taking an authoritative tone.

**D. B.**

(his throat is dry)

John, why don't you forget this foolishness?

He steps forward as he speaks.

**JOHN**

(quickly--threateningly)

Stop right where you are, Mr. Norton, if you don't want to go overboard with me.

Close-up: Of JOHN's face. His eyes have a wild, maniacal look in them.

Close-up: Of D. B. He stares into JOHN's eyes and a terrified expression covers his face.

Wider shot: As D. B. instinctively backs up.

**JOHN**

(throatily)

I'm glad you gentlemen are here. You've killed the John Doe movement, all right, but you're going to see it born all over again. Now, take a good look, Mr. Norton.

Int.: Landing to tower. Med. shot: As ANN practically has to pull herself up to the last step. Her face is wet from fever and exhaustion.

**ANN**

(an outcry)

John!

Int.: Tower. Full shot: As everyone, startled by the outcry, turns. ANN staggers into scene.

**ANN**

(crying)

John!

She rushes and throws her arms around him.

**ANN**

(muffled sobs)

Oh, John, darling. No! No!

Close shot: JOHN and ANN. He stares down at her, blankly. ANN clutches him, her head buried in his shoulder.

**ANN**

(muffled sobs)

I won't let you. I love you, darling.

**? 692 ?**

Med. shot: Of the group. They remain motionless, watching.

Close shot: JOHN and ANN. She emits wracking sobs, then lifts her eyes up to him.

**ANN**

(in a desperate plea)

John. Please, John, listen to me. We'll start all over again, just you and I. It isn't too late. The John Doe movement isn't dead yet.

Suddenly she becomes conscious of the

others present, and she turns her head.

Camera pans over to what she sees. The group of men watching, silently.

Camera pans back to ANN. Her eyes widen slowly. She looks from them to JOHN and back again, and her face takes on an excited, breathless look, as the reason for their being there becomes comprehensible to her.

**ANN**

(excitedly)

See, John! It isn't dead, or they wouldn't be here! It's alive in them. They kept it alive. By being afraid of it. That's why they came up here.

Close shot: ANN and JOHN. He continues to stand with his hands at his sides, looking at her, while she clings to him desperately. While she speaks, he turns his face from her and stares at the men.

**ANN**

Oh, darling. Sure, it should have been killed before. It was dishonest.

Close-up: Of JOHN. He is staring strangely at the group of men—as slowly, gradually, the curtain is being lifted from his clouded brain.

**ANN'S VOICE**

But we can start clean now. Just you and I. It'll grow again, John. It'll grow big. And it'll be strong, because it'll be honest!

Close-up: Of ANN. Her strength is fast ebbing away. She clings to JOHN more tenaciously.

**ANN**

(last bit of effort)

Oh, darling, if it's worth dying for,  
it's worth living for. Oh, please, John  
. . . .

She looks up at his face, seeking some  
sign of his relenting—but she finds  
none.

Close-up: Of ANN, who still clinging  
to him, lays her cheek on his chest—and  
lifts her eyes heavenward.

**ANN**

(a murmured prayer)

Oh, please, God—help me!

**? 693 ?**

Flash: Of the men—as they stare transfixed,  
waiting breathlessly.

Med. shot: At entrance. BERT, SOURPUSS  
and others appear—having run up the  
stairs breathlessly. Their eyes are  
filled with apprehension. CONNELL and  
the COLONEL are with them. When they  
see the scene before them, they stop,  
awed.

Close-up: Of ANN. Suddenly she stares  
before her—as a divine inspiration comes  
to her. Her eyes light up with a wide,  
ecstatic fire.

Two shot: ANN and JOHN. ANN turns and  
glances up at JOHN's face.

**ANN**

(tensely)

John!

She takes his face in her two hands  
and turns it to her.

**ANN**

John, look at me. You want to be honest, don't you? Well, you don't have to die to keep the John Doe idea alive! Someone already died for that once! The first John Doe. And He's kept that idea alive for nearly two thousand years.

Close shot: BERT, his WIFE and SOURPUSS. The cynical expression on BERT's face begins to soften.

**ANN'S VOICE**

(with sincere conviction)

It was He who kept it alive in them—and He'll go on keeping it alive for ever and always! For every John Doe movement these men kill, a new one will be born!

Two shot: ANN and JOHN. JOHN remains grimly unmoved. ANN continues.

**ANN**

(ecstatically)

That's why those bells are ringing, John! They're calling to us—not to give up—but to keep on fighting! To keep on pitching! Oh, don't you see, darling? This is no time to give up!

Several flashes: To intercut with ANN's speech—one of BERT; his WIFE; CONNELL;

**D. B.**

Med. shot: Toward ANN and JOHN. ANN's strength is slowly waning.

**ANN**

You and I, John, we can—

(suddenly)

No, John, if you die, I want to die, too!

(weakly)

Oh, I love you so—

Her strength leaves her—and as her eyelids slowly shut, she collapses limply in his arms.

Med. shot: Of BERT's group, as they react to this. BERT stares, profoundly moved.

**? 694 ?**

Med. shot: JOHN and ANN—as he stares bewildered, at ANN at his feet. Mechanically, he reaches down and lifts her in his arms.

**BERT'S VOICE**

Mr. Doe . . .

JOHN vaguely becomes aware of BERT's presence and glances toward him.

Med. shot: BERT, his WIFE and SOURPUSS.

**BERT**

(his voice choked—haltingly)

You don't have to—Why, we're with you, Mr. Doe. We just lost our heads and acted like a mob. Why, we . . .

**BERT'S WIFE**

(jumping in)

What Bert's trying to say is—well—we need you, Mr. Doe. There were a lot of us didn't believe what that man said.

Close-up: Of JOHN—as he listens to her, expressionless.

**WIFE'S VOICE**

We were going to start up our John Doe Club again whether we saw you or not.

Med. shot: BERT, his WIFE and SOURPUSS.

**WIFE**

Weren't we, Bert?

BERT nods.

**WIFE**

And there were a lot of others that were going to do the same thing. Why, Mr. Sourpuss even got a letter from his cousin in Toledo, and . . .

**SOURPUSS**

(joining-eagerly)

Yeah, I got it right here, Mr. Doe!

Close-up: Of JOHN. The bewildered look in his eyes has vanished. It is now replaced by an expression of softness and understanding.

**WIFE'S VOICE**

(choked)

Only-only it'll be a lot easier with you. Please-please come with us, Mr. Doe!

JOHN remains standing, thoughtful.

Med. shot: Of BERT's group. They all look supplicatingly at him.

Close-up: Of JOHN. He stares at BERT's group and, shifting his gaze, looks at D. B. and his crowd. Then, turning back to BERT, his eyes light up and something of a warm smile appears on his face.

Full shot: As JOHN, having decided on his course, starts forward with ANN

in his arms. The church bells chime  
loud and victoriously.

? 695 ?

Med. shot: Around BERT. Their eyes brighten  
ecstatically as JOHN walks toward them.  
They all speak at once.

**BERT'S GROUP**

(ad-lib)

Mr. Doe!

She'll be all right!

We've got a car downstairs . . .

They follow JOHN out, chattering excitedly.  
Only CONNELL and the COLONEL remain.

**COLONEL**

Long John!

Close-up: Of CONNELL. He glares at D.  
B. defiantly.

Close-up: Of D. B. awe-stricken by the  
scene he has witnessed.

Med. shot: CONNELL and the COLONEL.

**CONNELL**

(to D. B.-defiantly)

There you are, Norton! The people! Try  
and lick that! Come on, Colonel.

They exit, arm in arm, as the music  
swells—suggesting emergence from darkness  
and confusion to light and understanding.

Fade out.

**THE END**

