

**MR DEEDS GOES TO TOWN**

Written by Robert previous hit Riskin  
based on a story by Clarence Budington Kelland

**FADE IN**

**EXTERIOR - MONTAGE**

1. Quick shots of a car speeding around curves in a mountainous region. The car jumps a bridge, hurtles into space, crashes in a fireball. Followed by newsboys hawking special editions, people on streetcorners buying and reading newspapers with a succession of banner headlines:

**"MARTIN W. SEMPLE, FINANCIER, DIES IN ITALY,"**

**"CIVIC LEADER KILLED IN AUTO ACCIDENT,"**

**"DISCLOSURE OF BANKER'S WILL AWAITED"**  
and finally **"SEMPLER HEIR AS YET UNKNOWN"**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INTERIOR - EDITOR'S OFFICE, DAILY MAIL**

**2. CLOSE SHOT**

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

**MAC**

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

(listens)

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

the Semple dough?

**CUT TO:**

**INTERIOR - CEDAR'S PRIVATE OFFICE**

**3. CLOSE SHOT**

newspaperman,

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

**COBB**

(on the phone)

You're asking the wrong guy, Mac. I'm only a press agent.

**THE CAMERA PULLS BACK GRADUALLY TO REVEAL**

a plush law office, leather chairs and shelves of books. Arthur Cedar, attorney, briskly enters scene and seats himself at his desk. Cedar is in the neighborhood of fifty - grey-templed - dignified - sharp. Cobb is using the phone on his desk. Cedar glances at him.

**CEDAR**

Newspaperman?

**COBB**

(covering mouthpiece - confidentially)

Wants to know who the heir is.

**CEDAR**

(firmly)

Hang up.

**COBB**

(returning to the phone)

Sorry, Mac, I can't. Yeah, Mac. Sure,

but I ain't the attorney—

? 336 ?

**CEDAR**

(more firmly)

Hang up.

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

**COBB**

(continuing)

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

(hangs up the phone)

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

**CEDAR**

(barely glancing up)

I'm not interested in the newspapers.

**COBB**

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

**CEDAR**

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

**COBB**

(resignedly)

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

**THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO A FULL SHOT**

as two men rush in with a flurry of excitement. One of them is Anderson, an obsequious employee of Cedar's. With him is another lawyer, one of the Cedar brothers.

**ANDERSON**

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

**CEDAR**

Good!

**FIRST BROTHER**

Yes, John, we got him.

**ANDERSON**

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

**CEDAR**

(glancing at the report)

Thank heaven.

**FIRST BROTHER**

Better wire him right away, John.

**CEDAR**

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

? 337 ?

He pushes a button on the intercom.

**VOICE**

Yes?

**CEDAR**

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

**VOICE**

(skeptically)

Where?

**CEDAR**

Mandrake Falls.

(begins to spell as scene fades)

**M-A-N-**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. A STATION**

**4. MEDIUM SHOT**

It is a pleasantly rural scene - with  
just a handful of local characters scattered  
about. At one end of the platform -  
some mail - newspapers - and a few pieces  
of freight are being loaded. Cedar,  
Cobb and Anderson stand in front of  
a welcome sign. The three obviously  
are out of their element here - obviously  
"City folks."

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

**COBB'S VOICE**

Welcome to Mandrake Falls -

Where the scenery enthralls -

Where no hardship e'er befalls -

Welcome to Mandrake Falls.

**5. MEDIUM SHOT**

Cobb and Cedar exchange glances.

**COBB**

That's pretty.

**CEDAR**

Are you sure this is the town he lives in?

**ANDERSON**

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

**CEDAR**

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

**ANDERSON**

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

**COBB**

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

CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM as they cross to a small, one-story old brick building, covered with ivy. This is the ticket and freight office combined. In front of it is a very old man, a stoop-

**? 338 ?**

shouldered rail agent with a face of a million wrinkles - pattering around some packages.

**CEDAR**

(as they approach)

Good morning.

**AGENT**

(glances up)

Morning, neighbors. Morning.

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

**COBB**

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

The old man returns to his pile of packages.

**CEDAR**

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

**AGENT**

Deeds?

**CEDAR**

Yes.

**AGENT**

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

**CEDAR**

Yes, I—

He again disappears.

**COBB**

Must be a game he's playing.

The old man shows up again.

**CEDAR**

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

**AGENT**

Who's that?

**CEDAR**

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

**AGENT**

democratic.

Oh, yes - Deeds. Fine fellow. Very

You won't have no trouble at all. Talk to anybody.

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

? 339 ?

**CEDAR**

I guess we'd better try somebody else.

**COBB**

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

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

**AGENT**

Morning, neighbors.

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

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

**COBB**

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

**AGENT**

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

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

**COBB**

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

**AGENT**

(releasing his arm)

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

**COBB**

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

**AGENT**

Who?

Cobb turns away in disgust. Anderson steps forward.

**7. CLOSE SHOT - THE THREE**

**ANDERSON**

Longfellow Deeds - where does he live?

**AGENT**

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

(as he exits scene)

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

He leaves Cobb and Cedar staring after  
him killingly.

? 340 ?

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. LONGFELLOW'S LIVING ROOM**

**8. MEDIUM SHOT**

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

**MRS. MEREDITH**

Oh, will you come in please, gentlemen?

**CEDAR**

Is Mr. Deeds in?

**MRS. MEREDITH**

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

(to old man)

Mal, you shoul'da knowed he was in the  
park.

**AGENT**

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

(mumbling as he exits)

Can't read their minds if they don't

say what they want.

#### **9. GROUP SHOT**

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

#### **MRS. MEREDITH**

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

#### **CEDAR**

No, thanks.

#### **MRS. MEREDITH**

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

#### **CEDAR**

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

#### **MRS. MEREDITH**

No, I'm his housekeeper.

#### **CEDAR**

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

#### **MRS. MEREDITH**

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

#### **10. CLOSE SHOT - THE THREE**

Featuring Cobb.

#### **COBB**

(skeptically)

He writes poetry?

? 341 ?

**MRS. MEREDITH**

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

She reaches over to a desk and picks one up.

**MRS. MEREDITH**

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

**11. CLOSEUP - MRS. MEREDITH**

As she reads - with feeling:

**MRS. MEREDITH**

"When you've nowhere to turn - and you're filled with doubt -

Don't stand in midstream, hesitating,

For you know that your mother's heart cries out -

'I'm waiting, my boy, I'm waiting.'"

(she looks up)

Isn't that beautiful?

**12. CLOSEUP - COBB**

His eyes open unbelievably.

**MRS. MEREDITH'S VOICE**

Isn't it a lovely sentiment?

**COBB**

(flatly)

Yeah.

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

**MRS. MEREDITH**

(as she heads toward the door)

Here he is now.

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

**COBB**

(to Cedar - sotto voce)

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

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

**MRS. MEREDITH**

They've been waiting a long while.

Longfellow Deeds trails behind her.

**LONGFELLOW**

Who are they?

**MRS. MEREDITH**

I don't know.

? 342 ?

**CEDAR**

(standing - formally)

Mr. Longfellow Deeds?

**LONGFELLOW**

Yes.

**CEDAR**

How do you do.

**LONGFELLOW**

(shaking hands)

How do you do.

**CEDAR**

(extending card)

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

### **13. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(reads to himself)

Cedar, Cedar, Cedar and Budington.

(looks up; smiles)

Budington must feel like an awful stranger,  
hmm?

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

**CEDAR**

Mr. Cornelius Cobb and Mr. Anderson.

They exchange greetings. Longfellow  
gestures to chairs.

**LONGFELLOW**

You gentlemen make yourselves comfortable.

**COBB AND ANDERSON**

Thanks.

**14. MEDIUM SHOT**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

(he blows a note)

What can I do for you gentlemen?

**MRS. MEREDITH**

You gentlemen going to stay for lunch?

**CEDAR**

(right to the point; ignoring her)

I'd like to ask you a few questions.

**LONGFELLOW**

All right.

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

**? 343 ?**

**CEDAR**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Yes.

**CEDAR**

Are your parents living?

**LONGFELLOW**

Why, no.

**CEDAR**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Not much. He's an uncle of mine, I think. I never saw him, but my mother's name was Semple, you know.

**CEDAR**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

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

**CEDAR**

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

**15. CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW**

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

**16. GROUP SHOT**

**MRS. MEREDITH**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Of course they're going to stay.

(to the gentlemen)

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

(to Mrs. Meredith)

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

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

? 344 ?

**17. CLOSER SHOT - THE THREE**

**CEDAR**

(over the noise of the tuba)

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**COBB**

Oh, it'll do in a pinch.

**LONGFELLOW**

(impressed)

Yes, indeed. I wonder why he left me

all that money? I don't need it.

He resumes his 'Oom-pahs.'

**18. CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR AND COBB**

Staring, unbelievably.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. AN ALCOVE**

**19. FULL SHOT**

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

**CEDAR**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Buffer?

**COBB**

Yeah. A glorified doormat.

**CEDAR**

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

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

**20. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND COBB**

Favoring Longfellow.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**COBB**

Why should you?

? 345 ?

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**COBB**

Nah.

**LONGFELLOW**

I've got one for Cobb-

**21. CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP**

**LONGFELLOW**

"There once was a man named Cobb,  
Who kept Semple away from the mob.

Came the turn of the tide

And Semple - he died -

And now poor Cobb's out of a job!"

**COBB**

Sounds like a two weeks' notice to me.

**LONGFELLOW**

Huh?

**COBB**

I've gotten the 'sackaroo' in many ways

- but never in rhyme.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**COBB**

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

## **22. WIDER ANGLE**

As Mrs. Meredith enters with coffee which she pours.

**CEDAR**

Are you a married man, Mr. Deeds?

**LONGFELLOW**

Who - me? No.

**MRS. MEREDITH**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Don't pay any attention to her.

**MRS. MEREDITH**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Now you keep out of this!

? 346 ?

**CEDAR**

(diplomatically)

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

(rising)

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

**LONGFELLOW**

What for?

**CEDAR**

You're going to New York with us.

**LONGFELLOW**

When?

**COBB**

This afternoon - at four o'clock.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**MRS. MEREDITH**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**CEDAR**

(all business)

I can understand that.

(rises to go)

We'll take a walk around town, meet

you at the train at four o'clock.

(shakes his hand)

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

(to Mrs. Meredith)

Goodbye and thank you.

**COBB**

See you later, kid.

**ANDERSON'S VOICE**

(as he too exits)

Good day, sir.

They exit.

**23. TWO SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND MRS. MEREDITH**

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**MRS. MEREDITH**

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

**? 347 ?**

Longfellow nibbles at some food, staring into space thoughtfully.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. STATION**

**24. LONG SHOT**

The whole town is out. The band is playing "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" - the crowd

sings. It's a festive occasion. A large, awkwardly painted sign looms over everyone's head. It reads:

**FAREWELL**

**LONGFELLOW DEEDS**

**THE PRIDE OF MANDRAKE FALLS**

**25. MEDIUM SHOT - CEDAR AND ANDERSON**

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

**COBB**

(breathlessly)

I can't find him.

**CEDAR**

You can't?

**COBB**

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

**ANDERSON**

He probably had a change of heart.

**CEDAR**

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

**COBB**

(looking on)

Here comes the train.

Cedar glances off.

**26. LONG SHOT (STOCK)**

Of train approaching.

**27. CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR AND COBB**

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

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

**COBB**

Look!

**CEDAR**

What?

**COBB**

That tuba player!

? 348 ?

**28. MEDIUM SHOT - THE BAND**

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

**CONTINUATION SCENE 27**

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

**COBB**

Well, now I've seen everything.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. STATION**

**29. LONG SHOT**

In the b.g. is the train with Longfellow standing on the observation platform, clutching his tuba. On either side of him is Cedar and Cobb. In the f.g. the crowd yells its farewell. Several of

them stuff baskets of fruit into his hands. The band plays "Auld Lang Syne."

### **30. CLOSE SHOT**

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

#### **LONGFELLOW**

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

(a pause)

Gosh, I've got a lot of friends.

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

#### **DISSOLVE TO:**

#### **INT. TRAIN DRAWING ROOM**

### **31. FULL SHOT**

Longfellow is slumped in his seat, his legs sprawled out, his eyes ceilingward - in deep thought. Cobb sits across from him. Cedar enters, hangs up his coat, hat and cane.

#### **COBB**

(opening a snifter - generously)

Have a drink?

#### **LONGFELLOW**

(distractedly)

No, thanks.

Cobb and Cedar exchange a look.

#### **CEDAR**

Will you have a cigar?

**LONGFELLOW**

No, thank you.

Cedar sits down.

**CEDAR**

(breaking the silence)

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

**? 349 ?**

**LONGFELLOW**

Oh, I wasn't worried about that.

**CEDAR**

No?

**LONGFELLOW**

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

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

**FADE OUT:**

**FADE IN**

**32. LONG SHOT (STOCK)**

The 20th Century crossing the Harlem River.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**33. ANOTHER STOCK SHOT**

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**34. CLOSE SHOT OF OFFICE DOOR**

Upon which we read: "CEDAR, CEDAR & **BUDINGTON - ENTRANCE.**" **CAMERA PULLS BACK** to take in Cedar, who opens the door and walks through.

**INT. GENERAL OFFICE**

**35. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT**

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

**MAN'S VOICE**

(as Cedar passes by)

Hello, John. Where have you been?

**CEDAR**

(as he walks briskly)

I've been fishing.

In the background is typical office hub-bub.

**CEDAR**

(to a secretary as he passes)

Good morning, Celia.

**SECRETARY**

Good morning, Mr. Cedar.

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

**INT. PRIVATE OFFICES**

**36. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT**

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

? 350 ?

**INT. CEDAR'S PRIVATE OFFICES - ANTEROOM**

**37. FULL SHOT**

Cedar breezes in and speaks to a secretary.

**CEDAR**

Good morning. Where are they?

**SECRETARY**

Waiting for you in the other office.

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. CEDAR'S PRIVATE OFFICE**

**38. FULL SHOT**

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

**CEDAR**

(beaming)

Good morning. Hello, boys.

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

**MEN**

(ad lib)

Hello, John.

What happened?

Well, what's he like?

**CEDAR**

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

**BUDINGTON**

John—

**CEDAR**

Close that door.

(into dictograph)

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

**FIRST BROTHER**

Come on, John. What happened?

**CEDAR**

(to associates)

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

**BUDINGTON**

(anxiously)

John, did you get the - uh—

? 351 ?

**39. MED. SHOT - GROUP**

Favoring Cedar.

**CEDAR**

(interrupting)

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

(beaming to his brothers)

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

**THE TWO BROTHERS**

(gathering around him)

What?

I can't imagine.

**CEDAR**

He said he guessed he'd give it away.

**THE TWO BROTHERS**

(laughing)

Give it away!?

The boy must be a nit-wit!

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

**ONE OF THE BROTHERS**

Well, John, you had the right hunch!

**BUDINGTON**

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

**CEDAR**

(irascibly)

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

already.

**BUDINGTON**

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

**CEDAR**

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

**BUDINGTON**

(wailing)

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

**CEDAR**

(exploding)

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

(pause - change of tone)

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

? 352 ?

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. AN APARTMENT**

**40. MEDIUM SHOT**

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

**WIFE**

A yokel! Nothing but a yokel! Your uncle must have been mad to leave all that

money to him! You're as closely related to him as he is, and what did you get?

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

**WIFE**

(slaps the paper George is reading)

I say, what did you get?

**GEORGE**

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

**WIFE**

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

**GEORGE**

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

**WIFE**

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE, DAILY MAIL**

**41. FULL SHOT**

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

**MAC**

(as he blows his nose)

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

**42. CLOSE SHOT - BABE**

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

? 353 ?

**43. MEDIUM SHOT**

Of them all, as Mac continues:

**MAC**

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

**REPORTER'S VOICE**

Yeah, we tried too-

**MAC**

Am I talking too loud? Or annoying anybody?

**REPORTER**

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

**MAC**

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

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

**REPORTER**

(Mumbles.)

**MAC**

(alert)

What was that?

**REPORTER**

(thinking fast - covering up)

Huh? I said you had dirty plaster.

**44. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR**

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

**45. MEDIUM SHOT**

As Mac turns to Babe.

**MAC**

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

He grabs up a handful of papers and starts out.

**BABE**

(flicking the string)

Look, I can do it!

**MAC**

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

? 354 ?

**46. CLOSE TWO SHOT**

**BABE**

Oh, he's not getting away with anything.

**MAC**

(excited)

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

**BABE**

Can I have a month's vacation?

**MAC**

With pay!

**BABE**

With pay!

**MAC**

Uh-huh.

**BABE**

(casually, as she starts away)

Leave four columns open on the front page tomorrow.

**47. MEDIUM SHOT**

As Babe crosses to door.

**MAC**

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

**BABE**

(at door)

Have lunch.

She exits. Mac's face lights up happily.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. RESIDENCE**

**48. LONG SHOT**

Of a large, imposing-looking residence.

**INT. LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM**

**49. MEDIUM SHOT**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

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

**? 355 ?**

**CEDAR**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**CEDAR**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**CEDAR**

Yes. That is to say-

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**CEDAR**

(too quickly)

Oh - nothing. No extra charge.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**CEDAR**

(generously)

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**50. WIDER ANGLE**

As a butler stands in the doorway.

**BUTLER**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

They are? I forgot all about them.

(to Cobb)

What do you think they want?

? 356 ?

**CEDAR**

Well, your uncle was Chairman of the Board of Directors. They probably expect you to carry on.

**COBB**

(rising)

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Thanks

(suddenly)

Oh, did you send that telegram to Jim Mason?

**COBB**

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

(reaches into his pocket and reads)

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**COBB**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**CEDAR**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Huh?

**CEDAR**

I mean, about the Power of Attorney.

**LONGFELLOW**

Oh, yes. Yes, I will.

Cobb has stalled long enough to hear

Longfellow's decision before he goes out of the room.

**LONGFELLOW**

I'll give it a lot of thought. There was a fellow named Winslow here a little while ago, wanted to handle my affairs for nothing too. It puzzles me why these people all want to work for nothing. It isn't natural. So I guess I'd better think about it some more.

**51. MEDIUM SHOT**

Longfellow, Cedar and the two tailors.

**TAILOR**

That's that.

? 357 ?

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**TAILOR**

Yes, sir.

A butler enters again.

**BUTLER**

A Mr. Hallor to see you sir.

**CEDAR**

(quickly)

Did you say Hallor?

**BUTLER**

Yes, sir.

**CEDAR**

Well, don't let him in.

**LONGFELLOW**

Why not? Who is he?

**CEDAR**

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

(to butler)

Tell him to see me at my office.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

(to butler)

Send him in.

The butler disappears.

**CEDAR**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

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

**CEDAR**

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

**52. MED. CLOSE GROUP SHOT**

**HALLOR**

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

(to Longfellow)

Mr. Deeds, I represent Mrs. Semple.

? 358 ?

**LONGFELLOW**

(eyebrows raised)

Mrs. Semple?

**HALLOR**

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

**CEDAR**

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

**HALLOR**

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

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

**HALLOR**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

What kind of wife did you say she was?

**HALLOR**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

A child? My uncle's?

**HALLOR**

Yes, sir.

**LONGFELLOW**

That's awful. The poor woman should be taken care of immediately.

**HALLOR**

(pleased)

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

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

**CEDAR**

Don't make any rash promises—

As the tailors exit, Cobb returns.

**COBB**

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

? 359 ?

**LONGFELLOW**

(to Hallor)

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

(to Cobb)

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

**HALLOR**

Well, what about it, Mr. Deeds?

**LONGFELLOW**

(getting into robe - to Hallor)

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

He exits with Cobb.

**INT. CORRIDOR**

**53. MED. TRUCKING SHOT**

As Longfellow and Cobb come out and  
start down corridor.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**COBB**

Uh-huh.

**LONGFELLOW**

That's funny. Why is that?

**COBB**

(wisely)

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

**INT. BOARD ROOM**

**54. FULL SHOT**

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

**DOUGLAS**

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

**CHORUS OF VOICES**

A drop in the bucket for him.

An excellent idea!

Why not? . . .

**DOUGLAS**

(slyly)

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

(winking)

He plays the tuba in the town band.

**MAN**

(who has been watching at door)

Here he comes.

? 360 ?

**DOUGLAS**

Good.

There is a shuffle of preparation.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. DIRECTOR'S ROOM**

**55. SAME SCENE**

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

**DOUGLAS**

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

**A MAN**

(rising)

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

**A VOICE**

Second.

**DOUGLAS**

All those in favor . . .

**EVERYBODY**

Aye.

**DOUGLAS**

Carried.

(rises)

My congratulations, Mr. Deeds.

**56. CLOSER SHOT**

Featuring Longfellow.

**LONGFELLOW**

(self-consciously)

I'm Chairman?

**DOUGLAS**

(humoring a child)

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(to Cobb)

I'm Chairman.

**COBB**

(dryly)

Happy voyage.

**DOUGLAS**

Right here, Mr. Deeds.

? 361 ?

**57. WIDER ANGLE**

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

**DOUGLAS**

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

. .

**A VOICE**

Move we dispense with it.

**ANOTHER VOICE**

Second.

**DOUGLAS**

All in favor?

**CHORUS OF VOICES**

Aye!

Longfellow looks his surprise.

**DOUGLAS**

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

**A VOICE**

Move we dispense with it.

**ANOTHER VOICE**

Second.

**DOUGLAS**

All in favor?

**CHORUS OF VOICES**

Aye!

**DOUGLAS**

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

**58. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

Featuring Longfellow, as he interrupts:

**LONGFELLOW**

Wait a minute. What does the Chairman  
do?

**DOUGLAS**

Why, the Chairman presides at the meetings.

**LONGFELLOW**

That's what I thought. If you don't  
mind, I'm rather interested in the

Treasurer's

report. I'd like to hear it.

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

? 362 ?

**59. CLOSE SHOT**

Featuring treasurer.

**TREASURER**

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

**60. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW**

He is stunned.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**61. WIDER ANGLE**

To include all at table.

**DOUGLAS**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

It isn't? What is it conducted for?

**DOUGLAS**

Why, it's an artistic institution—

**LONGFELLOW**

We own an opera house, don't we?

**A VOICE**

We do.

**LONGFELLOW**

And we give shows?

**DOUGLAS**

We provide opera.

**LONGFELLOW**

But you charge. I mean, you sell tickets?

**VOICE**

Of course.

**LONGFELLOW**

And it doesn't pay?

**DOUGLAS**

That's impossible. The opera has never paid.

**LONGFELLOW**

(conclusively)

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

Cobb smiles. The directors are stumped.

**62. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

Featuring Douglas and Longfellow.

**DOUGLAS**

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

**? 363 ?**

**LONGFELLOW**

I guess it is. But I personally wouldn't care to be head of a business that kept losing money. That wouldn't be common sense. Incidentally, where is the \$180,000 coming from?

**DOUGLAS**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Me?!

**DOUGLAS**

Naturally.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

He is suddenly startled. His ears prick up.

**63. SHOT OF DIRECTORS**

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

**64. MEDIUM SHOT**

Longfellow jumps up.

**LONGFELLOW**

Hey, a fire engine!

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(admiringly)

Gee, that was a pip![4]

(as he goes back to his seat)

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

There is a pause while he gets seated.

**LONGFELLOW**

Now, where were we?

**65. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT TABLE**

**DOUGLAS**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Why not?

**DOUGLAS**

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

**? 364 ?**

**LONGFELLOW**

Well, maybe it isn't to you, but it certainly is a business to me, if I have to make up a loss of \$180,000. If it's losing that much money, there must be something wrong. Maybe you charge too much. Maybe you're selling bad

merchandise.

Maybe lots of things. I don't know. You see, I expect to do a lot of good with that money. And I can't afford to put it into anything that I don't look into. That's my decision for the time being, gentlemen. Goodbye, and thank you for making me Chairman.

**66. MED. SHOT - DIFFERENT ANGLE**

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

**COBB**

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

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

**WIPE OFF TO:**

**INT. LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM**

**67. MED. SHOT**

As Longfellow enters. Hallor and Cedar rise.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**HALLOR**

What about it, Mr. Deeds?

**LONGFELLOW**

Why, I turned them down, naturally.

**HALLOR**

No, I mean - about my client.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

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

**WALTER**

Tails tonight, sir?

**LONGFELLOW**

What - tails?

(turns and sees it)

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

**WALTER**

Yes, sir.

**? 365 ?**

The tailors are leaving.

**TAILOR**

(shaking hands with Longfellow)

Goodbye, and thank you sir.

**LONGFELLOW**

Goodbye.

(turning to the others)

Wants me to wear a monkey suit.

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

**68. CLOSER SHOT OF GROUP**

As Longfellow starts getting into the trousers.

**HALLOR**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Huh?

**HALLOR**

I say we don't want to appear greedy.

**LONGFELLOW**

Oh. That.

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

**LONGFELLOW**

What do you think you're doing?

**WALTER**

Why, I'm assisting you, sir.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**WALTER**

(rising)

Yes, sir.

**LONGFELLOW**

(to others)

Imagine that - holding the ends of my  
pants!

Hallor smiles feebly - his impatience  
growing.

**HALLOR**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(to Walter)

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

? 366 ?

**WALTER**

No, sir.

**LONGFELLOW**

(to Hallor)

Excuse me. What did you say?

**HALLOR**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**HALLOR**

(quietly)

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

**CEDAR**

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

**HALLOR**

I'll do no such thing—

**LONGFELLOW**

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

Hallor looks up, surprised.

**HALLOR**

You're making a mistake, Mr. Deeds.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**HALLOR**

Now wait a minute, buddy—

**69. MED. SHOT**

Longfellow crosses to bell cord and pulls it.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**HALLOR**

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

(strongly)

You know, we've got letters.

**? 367 ?**

As a butler enters, Longfellow turns to him.

**LONGFELLOW**

Will you show Mr. Hallor to the front door?

**BUTLER**

Yes, sir.

**70. CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR**

As Hallor gets to it. Longfellow grabs

him by the shirt front and half lifts  
him off the floor.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

He shoves Hallor violently and he stumbles  
out of scene. Cobb enters to Longfellow,  
his hand extended.

**COBB**

I can't hold out on you any longer.  
Lamb bites wolf.

(shakes his head)

Beautiful.

**LONGFELLOW**

Only common sense.

**71. MED. SHOT**

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

**CEDAR**

(a forced smile)

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

(holds out his hand)

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**CEDAR**

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

(picks up his hat)

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

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Even his hands are oily.

Walter has entered and holds up a coat for Longfellow.

? 368 ?

**COBB**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Entertainment?

**72. CLOSE TWO SHOT**

**COBB**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

What're you talking about?

**COBB**

Women! Ever heard of 'em?

**LONGFELLOW**

Oh.

**COBB**

Name your poison and I'll supply it.

**LONGFELLOW**

Some other time, Cobb. Some other time.

**COBB**

Okay, you're the boss.

(as he goes)

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

**73. MED. SHOT**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

He talks about women as if they were cattle.

**WALTER**

Every man to his taste, sir.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**WALTER**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Twenty! What did he do with them?

**WALTER**

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

**WIPE OFF TO:**

**? 369 ?**

**EXT. CORRIDOR**

**74. MED. SHOT**

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

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

**FIRST BODYGUARD**

Hey, you going out?

**LONGFELLOW**

Why yes. Isn't that all right?

**2ND BODYGUARD**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Who are you?

**BODYGUARDS**

We're your bodyguards.

**LONGFELLOW**

Oh, yeah.

**2ND BODYGUARD**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**FIRST BODYGUARD**

Sorry, mister. Orders is orders.

**LONGFELLOW**

Is that so?

**2ND BODYGUARD**

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

**FIRST BODYGUARD**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(smiling)

That's going to be fun.

**2ND BODYGUARD**

Some people like it.

thoughtfully,

Longfellow glances around the room

then continues:

**LONGFELLOW**

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

? 370 ?

**FIRST BODYGUARD**

Sure!

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

**2ND BODYGUARD**

(to first bodyguard)

Put that away, slug!

(to Longfellow)

At your service!

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**2ND BODYGUARD**

Certainly.

**FIRST BODYGUARD**

With pleasure.

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

**BODYGUARDS**

(ad-lib)

Hey, hey! We're your bodyguards. You can't do this!

Longfellow whistles as he exits.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE**

**75. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TAXI CAB**

**76. CLOSE SHOT**

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

**BABE**

(pointing)

There he is. Yep, that's him.

**BOB**

That's who?

**BABE**

Get the cameras ready and follow me.

**FRANK**

What are you going to do?

**BABE**

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

**? 371 ?**

**BOB**

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

**FRANK**

I tell you that dame's nuts.

**BOB**

Right.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE**

**77. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

Longfellow is exiting front gate.

**78. MED. SHOT**

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

**79. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

Longfellow's eyes widen in apprehension as he starts forward - CAMERA FOLLOWING HIM. He reaches the girl and bending down, lifts her head. We see it is Babe Bennett. Her eyes are closed, apparently in a dead faint.

**80. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND BABE  
- LOW ANGLE**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

You fainted.

**BABE**

(feebly)

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

She struggles to get to her feet.

**81. WIDER ANGLE**

Longfellow tries to assist her.

**LONGFELLOW**

Can I help you?

**BABE**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**BABE**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

What happened?

**BABE**

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

? 372 ?

(backing away)

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

As she leaves him, Longfellow watches her, full of sympathy. She takes a few steps and, again feigning weakness, falls against the iron fence, clutching it. Longfellow rushes to her assistance.

**82. CLOSE TWO SHOT**

**LONGFELLOW**

(looking around)

Hey, taxi!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TAXI CAB**

**83. CLOSE SHOT**

**BOB**

(to driver)

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

**FRANK**

Come on, come on!

**BOB**

Hurry up!

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INSERT: AN ELECTRIC SIGN:**

**"TULLIO'S - EAT WITH THE LITERATI"**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. TULLIO'S**

**84. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Feel better now?

**BABE**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Tell me more about yourself.

**BABE**

Well, I guess I've told you almost everything

there is to tell. My folks live in a small town near Hartford. I'm down here alone trying to make a living.

(hanging her head)

Oh, I'm really just a nobody.

Longfellow spots a strolling violinist. He furtively beckons the fellow over. The musician leans into them with romantic strains.

? 373 ?

**BABE**

(as the musician finishes and strolls away)

Oh, that was so lovely. Thank you.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**BABE**

(looks up)

What?

**LONGFELLOW**

Oh - uh - nothing.

**85. WIDER ANGLE**

As a waiter enters the scene and begins removing dishes.

**LONGFELLOW**

Waiter! Has anybody come in yet?

**WAITER**

Huh? On, no. Nobody important.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**WAITER**

Uh-huh.

**LONGFELLOW**

I'm a writer myself, you know.

The waiter throws Longfellow a sidelong glance of complete boredom.

**WAITER**

Uh-huh.

**LONGFELLOW**

I write poetry.

**WAITER**

Uh-huh.

He exits.

**86. CLOSE TWO SHOT - BABE AND LONGFELLOW**

**BABE**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

No. That is, I didn't-

(pause - while he looks at her)

Until I met you. I like talking to you, though-

(moodily)

Imagine my finding you right on my doorstep.

? 374 ?

**87. WIDER ANGLE**

The waiter enters again.

**WAITER**

Brookfield just came in.

**LONGFELLOW**

Oh, the poet? Where?

**WAITER**

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

Longfellow stares off scene - his eyes full of worship.

**LONGFELLOW**

(to Babe)

Look - there's Brookfield, the poet.

**BABE**

(looks also)

Really?

**88. MED. SHOT**

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

**89. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

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

**90. MED. SHOT - AUTHOR'S TABLE**

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

**WAITER**

(confidentially - indicating Longfellow)

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

**BROOKFIELD**

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

**HENABERRY**

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

**MORROW**

It's always dull here.

**BROOKFIELD**

(rising)

I'll get him.

**HENABERRY**

Good.

? 375 ?

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**91. MED. SHOT - ROUND TABLE**

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

**BROOKFIELD**

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

**THE GROUP**

(ad-lib)

How do!

Hello!

Nice to meet you!

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**BILL**

(calling waiter)

Waiter! A little service here.

**THE GROUP**

(ad-lib)

Yes!

Mr. Deeds is a distinguished poet.

A drink for Mr. Deeds!

**HENABERRY**

He's a poet. Have a drink.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**HENABERRY**

Why, you must drink! All poets drink!

**92. MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP**

**BILL**

Tell us, Mr. Deeds. How do you go about writing your poems? We craftsmen are

very interested in one another's methods.

**HENABERRY**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(self-consciously)

Well, I don't know. I-

**HENABERRY**

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

? 376 ?

**MORROW**

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

They all laugh superficially.

**93. CLOSE SHOT GROUP - BABE AND LONGFELLOW**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(laughing feebly)

Your readers don't complain, Mr. Morrow.

**MORROW'S VOICE**

Oh, thanks. Thanks.

**BROOKFIELD**

How about you, Mr. Deeds?

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**BROOKFIELD**

Amazing! Why, that's true genius!

**HENABERRY**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Well, I play the tuba.

They all laugh.

**MORROW**

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

**94. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP**

**BROOKFIELD**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(smiling)

What? A tuba?

They all laugh.

**BROOKFIELD**

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

Longfellow is beginning to sense he  
is being kidded.

**LONGFELLOW**

(his face sober)

No.

? 377 ?

**HENABERRY**

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

**BROOKFIELD**

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

**HENABERRY**

I was too.

**BILL**

Quite right.

**95. MED. GROUP SHOT**

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

**HENABERRY**

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

**THE OTHER'S VOICES**

(ad-lib)

Yes!

**BROOKFIELD**

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

**ONE OF THE OTHERS**

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

**HENABERRY**

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

**THE GROUP**

(ad-lib)

Yes.

interested.

Babe has been watching Longfellow,

Now, when their voices die down - and they wait expectantly - he speaks quietly.

**LONGFELLOW**

(deeply hurt)

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

**96. MED. SHOT - GROUP**

**SEVERAL VOICES**

(ad-lib)

Oh, come now.

I wouldn't say that.

**HENABERRY**

Look, he's temperamental.

? 378 ?

**LONGFELLOW**

(levelling off at him)

Yeah, what if I am? What about it?

Henaberry's face sobers.

**LONGFELLOW**

(simply)

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

(to Brookfield)

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

**97. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW**

As he rises, continuing:

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**98. MED. SHOT**

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

**99. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(turning to them)

There's just one thing more. If it weren't  
for Miss Dawson being here with me,  
I'd probably bump your heads together.

**BABE**

(quickly)

Oh, I don't mind.

Longfellow stares at her for a moment.

**LONGFELLOW**

Then I guess maybe I will.

He starts back toward the table.

**100. MED. SHOT AT TABLE**

Protectively, Brookfield and Henaberry rise from their chairs. But they are too late, for Longfellow clips Brookfield on the chin first with his left fist - and with his right catches Henaberry on the jaw. The punches are almost

simultaneous.

The surprise attack catches the men off-guard and they fall backward. A waiter rushes forward to escort Longfellow and Babe out.

? 379 ?

**WAITER**

(calling out)

Manager!

Morrow, who never budged from his chair, and who has watched Longfellow with great admiration, now rises to catch up to him.

**MORROW**

(an outcry)

Eureka!

**INT. FOYER OF TULLIO'S**

**101. MED. SHOT**

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

**WAITER**

Step aside, step aside!

Morrow barges forward. Longfellow and Babe turn.

**MORROW**

(obviously groggy with drink)

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

(points to his chin)

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

**102. CLOSE SHOT - THE THREE**

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**MORROW**

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

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

**MORROW**

Oh, what a magnificent deflation of smugness. Pal, you've added ten years to my life! A poet with a straight left

and a right hook - delicious! Delicious!  
You're my guest from now on - forever  
and a day - even unto eternity!

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**MORROW**

Fine, fine. Swell, You just showed me  
a sight lovely to behold, and I'd like  
to reciprocate. Listen, you hop aboard  
my magic carpet-

(Longfellow catches him before he falls  
backward in his enthusiasm)

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

? 380 ?

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**103. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP**

Favoring Morrow.

**MORROW**

Well, you'll not only see those, but  
before the evening's half through, you'll  
be leaning against the Leaning Tower  
of Pisa - you'll mount Mt. Everest.  
I'll show you the Pyramids and all the  
little Pyramiddes, leaping from sphinx  
to sphinx. Pal, how would you like to  
go on a real, old-fashioned binge?

**LONGFELLOW**

(puzzled)

Binge?

**MORROW**

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

Longfellow saves him - once again - from crashing over.

**104. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP**

Featuring Longfellow.

**LONGFELLOW**

(vaguely)

That ought to be fun.

**MORROW**

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

(to someone off)

Boy! Boy! My headpiece!

He exits from the scene. CAMERA FOLLOWING **HIM.**

**MORROW**

(to the world in general)

Oh, Tempora! Oh, Moeraes! Oh, Bacchus![8]

He bumps into a woman, who glares at him.

**WOMAN**

Oh, you're drunk.

**MORROW**

(unmindful)

Oh, you're right.

**105. CLOSEUP - BABE AND LONGFELLOW**

**LONGFELLOW**

(to Babe)

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

? 381 ?

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

**BABE**

Yes, I guess we will.

**FADE OUT:**

**INT. MAC'S OFFICE**

**106. MED. SHOT**

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

**MAC**

(reads)

"I play the tuba to help me think.'  
This is one of the many startling statements made by Longfellow Deeds - New York's new Cinderella Man - who went out last night to prove that his uncle, the late M.W. Semple - from whom he inherited \$20,000,000 - was a rank amateur in the art of 'standing the town on its cauliflower ear' . . . "[9]

He looks up.

**MAC**

Cinderella Man! That's sensational,

Babe! Sensational!

**BABE**

It took some high-powered acting, believe me.

**MAC**

Did it?

**BABE**

I was the world's sweetest ingenue.

**MAC**

Is he really that big a sap?

**107. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO**

Favoring Babe.

**BABE**

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

**MAC**

Cinderella Man! Babe, you stuck a tag on that hick that'll stick to him the rest of his life. Can you imagine Cobb's face when he reads this?

**BABE**

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

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

**MAC**

How'd you get the picture?

? 382 ?

**BABE**

Had the boys follow us.

**MAC**

Marvelous!

(reads again)

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

(laughs)

Beautiful! What happened after that?

**BABE**

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

**MAC**

When're you going to see him again?

**BABE**

Tonight, maybe.

(looks at her watch)

I'll phone him at noon.

(explaining)

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

**108. MED. SHOT - THE TWO**

Favoring Mac.

**MAC**

(laughing)

You're a genius, Babe - a genius!

**BABE**

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

**MAC**

(all excited)

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

(starts for her)

Babe, I could kiss you!

**109. WIDER ANGLE**

**BABE**

(sidestepping)

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

**MAC**

Sure.

? 383 ?

**BABE**

With pay!

She is out the door.

**MAC**

(yelling after her)

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM**

**110. CLOSE SHOT**

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

**WALTER**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(without budging - without opening his eyes)

You're Walter, aren't you?

**WALTER**

Yes, sir.

**LONGFELLOW**

I just wanted to make sure.

**111. CLOSE SHOT - WALTER**

He smiles.

**WALTER**

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

**112. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**113. MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO**

Walter offers him a drink on a tray.

**WALTER**

(humoring him)

Yes, sir.

**LONGFELLOW**

What's that?

**WALTER**

A Prairie Oyster, sir.[10]

**LONGFELLOW**

(slow to comprehend anything)

Prairie? Oysters?

? 384 ?

**WALTER**

Yes, sir. It makes the head feel smaller.

Longfellow takes it and downs it in one swig.

**LONGFELLOW**

(his face finally reacting)

Oh. Oh!

(remembering)

Has Miss Dawson called yet?

**WALTER**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**WALTER**

Oh, I do too, sir.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**WALTER**

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

**114. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO**

Favoring Longfellow.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**WALTER**

You have no pants, sir.

Longfellow looks up slowly. Walter goes on:

**WALTER**

You came home last night - without them.

**LONGFELLOW**

(after a double take)

I did what!

**WALTER**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**WALTER**

That's what the two policemen said, sir.

? 385 ?

**LONGFELLOW**

What two policemen?

**WALTER**

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

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**115. REVERSE ANGLE**

Favoring Walter.

**WALTER**

Yes, sir. By the way, did you-

Longfellow slowly swings out of bed into a sitting position. Walter kneels to put on Longfellow's slippers. Longfellow balks, points, silently reminding Walter that he has broken his promise not to kneel down in front of him.

**LONGFELLOW**

(pointing)

Please!

**WALTER**

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

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

**WALTER**

(continuing)

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Looking for?

**WALTER**

You kept searching me last night, sir. Going through my pockets. You said you were looking for a rhyme for Budington.

**LONGFELLOW**

(flatly)

Better bring me some coffee, Walter.

**WALTER**

Very good, sir.

(remembering)

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

(he hands the telegram to Longfellow)

I'll get you some black coffee, sir.

? 386 ?

**116. MEDIUM SHOT**

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

**COBB**

(wildly)

Did you see all this stuff in the papers?

**LONGFELLOW**

(holding out telegram)

Arthur wants to quit!

**COBB**

Arthur! Who's Arthur?

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**COBB**

(he goes crazy)

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

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

**COBB**

(while Longfellow reads)

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Oh, they insisted on following me.

**117. TWO SHOT**

**COBB**

(wildly)

What do you think bodyguards are for?

**LONGFELLOW**

(glances up)

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

**COBB**

Are those stories true?

**118. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND COBB**

Longfellow has his eyes glued on the  
paper.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**COBB**

They'd call you anything if you gave

them half a chance. They've got you down as a sap.

? 387 ?

**LONGFELLOW**

(calmly)

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

**COBB**

(quickly)

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

**119. TWO SHOT**

**LONGFELLOW**

Sometimes it's the only solution.

**COBB**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**COBB**

(bends over, earnestly)

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(referring to paper)

But what about this "Cinderella Man"?

**COBB**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Yes, I guess I'll have to.

**COBB**

(mopping his brow)

Thank you.

(as he goes)

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

**120. MED. SHOT**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**BUTLER**

(entering)

Miss Dawson on the phone, sir.

? 388 ?

**LONGFELLOW**

(alertly)

Who? Miss Dawson?

**BUTLER**

Yes, sir.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

As the butler scurries around for the phone,

**DISSOLVE TO:**

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

**121. CLOSE SHOT - BABE AND LONGFELLOW**

Longfellow looks around, absorbed. Babe watches him.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**BABE**

I enjoy it.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**BABE**

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

**EXT. STREET**

**122. MED. CLOSE SHOT - A TAXI**

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

**BOB**

(to driver)

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

**DRIVER'S VOICE**

Keep your shirt on!

**INT. THE TAXI - PROCESS**

**123. CLOSE SHOT - BOB AND FRANK**

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

**BOB**

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

**FRANK**

Babe ought to get him drunk again.

? 389 ?

**EXT. TOP OF BUS**

**124. CLOSE SHOT - BABE AND LONGFELLOW**

**BABE**

Got any news—

(catches herself)

I mean, has anything exciting been happening lately?

**LONGFELLOW**

Sure. I met you.

**BABE**

(laughs)

Oh. What's happening about the opera?

**LONGFELLOW**

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

(explaining)

I'm Chairman, you know.

**BABE**

Yes, I know.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**BABE**

What did they say?

**LONGFELLOW**

Gosh, you look pretty tonight.

**BABE**

What did they say?

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**BABE**

What are they going to do?

**LONGFELLOW**

(leans over close to her)

Do you always wear your hair like that?

**125. WIDER SHOT**

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

**FIRST GIRL**

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

**2ND GIRL**

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

? 390 ?

**FIRST GIRL**

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

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(quietly)

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

Babe is silent. Longfellow watches her  
for a moment.

**126. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO**

Favoring Longfellow.

**LONGFELLOW**

Have you seen the papers?

**BABE**

Uh-huh.

**LONGFELLOW**

That's what I like about you. You think

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

**127. MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO**

She looks up, startled.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

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

**BABE**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Yes.

**BABE**

Yeah, let's.

She jumps up from her seat, and Longfellow follows.

**INT. THE TAXI**

**128. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

Favoring the taxi driver.

**DRIVER**

Hey, wise guys. He's getting off.

This sets off a mad scramble.

**BOB AND FRANK**

(ad-lib)

Hey, come on!

? 391 ?

Pull over to the curb!

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE - GRANT'S TOMB**

**129. MED. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND  
BABE**

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

**BABE**

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

**INT. THE TAXI**

**130. MED. SHOT - BOB AND FRANK**

**FRANK**

Feast your eyes. Grant's Tomb!

**BOB**

Is that it?

(to driver)

Hey, beetle-puss! The Tomb!

**131. MED. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND  
BABE**

As they approach the monument.

**BABE**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(throatily)

It's wonderful.

**BABE**

To most people, it's an awful letdown.

**LONGFELLOW**

(in awe)

Huh?

**BABE**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

That depends on what they see.

**BABE**

(looks up at him)

Now, what do you see?

**132. CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW**

**LONGFELLOW**

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

(dreamily)

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

? 392 ?

**133. CLOSEUP - BABE**

To intercut with above speech. During

fascinated.

his recital, she watches his face,

Her impulse is to laugh, but she finds  
that she can't.

**LONGFELLOW**

(overcome - he almost chokes on his  
final words)

Excuse me!

**FADE OUT:**

**INT. PRIVATE OFFICES**

**134. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

A switchboard operator fielding calls.

**SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR**

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

**OFFICE CLERK**

(passing by)

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

**SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR**

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

**INT. CEDAR'S PRIVATE OFFICE**

**135. FULL SHOT**

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

**BUDINGTON**

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

**CEDAR**

(pouncing on him)

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

**BUDINGTON**

Yes, but you said—

**CEDAR**

(walking way from him)

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

**FIRST BROTHER**

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

(crosses to desk)

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

**BUDINGTON**

Exactly what I was saying to my wife when this—

**FIRST BROTHER**

Who cares what you were saying to your wife?

**? 393 ?**

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

**136. CLOSE SHOT AT DESK**

As secretary's voice comes over dictograph:

**CEDAR**

Yes?

**SECRETARY'S VOICE**

Mr. and Mrs. Semple are still waiting.

**CEDAR**

(irritated)

I can't help it. Let them wait!

He snaps the dictograph off.

**137. MED. SHOT GROUP**

**FIRST BROTHER**

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

**2ND BROTHER**

Who are they ?

**CEDAR**

(dismissing it)

Relatives of old man Semple.

**FIRST BROTHER**

They keep insisting they should have some nuisance value.

**CEDAR**

Nuisance value?

**FIRST BROTHER**

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

**CEDAR**

(suddenly)

Nuisance value.

(thinks a minutes - crosses to door)

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

(opens door)

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

The others all stand around - as the Semples enter.

**MRS. SEMPLE**

We've been trying to-

**138. MED. CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR AND THE SEMPLES**

**CEDAR**

(smoothly cutting her off)

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

**? 394 ?**

have been thinking to keep you waiting this long.

(to one of his brothers)

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

**MR. SEMPLE**

Thanks.

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. ROOF OF TALL BUILDING - NIGHT**

**139. MED. SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND BABE**

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

**BABE**

There's Times Square.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**BABE**

Why don't you try?

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

**BABE**

(as she wipes)

Oh! It's breezy up here.

He doesn't say anything right away.

**BABE**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

A guilty look spreads over Babe's face.

**BABE**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

An awkward pause.

**BABE**

Shall we go?

? 395 ?

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT**

**140. MED. TRUCKING SHOT**

As Babe and Longfellow walk.

**BABE**

(spotting a park bench)

Here's a nice place.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**EXT. PARK - BEHIND SOME BUSHES**

**141. MEDIUM SHOT**

Bob and Frank, sneaking around in the  
bushes.

**142. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND BABE**

**BABE**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

What's that?

**BABE**

You said I was a lady in distress.

**LONGFELLOW**

Oh, that—

**BABE**

What did you mean by that?

**LONGFELLOW**

Nothing—

There is a pause.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**143. CLOSEUP - BABE**

The corners of her mouth go up in sympathetic amusement.

**BABE**

No. Are you?

**LONGFELLOW'S VOICE**

No.

**BABE**

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

**LONGFELLOW'S VOICE**

I haven't.

**BABE**

Why not?

? 396 ?

**144. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO**

Favoring Longfellow.

**LONGFELLOW**

Oh, I don't know.

**BABE**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

(awkwardly)

Except you, of course.

(a pause)

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

(thoughtfully; leans back)

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

**145. REVERSE ANGLE**

Favoring Babe. She stares at him curiously.

**LONGFELLOW**

I'd rather have Mandrake Falls.

**BABE**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(interested)

Really?

**BABE**

Probably as small as Mandrake Falls.

**LONGFELLOW**

(finding a kindred soul)

Gosh! What do you know about that!

Babe leans her head back in a reminiscent mood. We get a feeling that, for the moment, she has forgotten she is Babe Bennett, out on a story.

**BABE**

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

**146. MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO**

Longfellow watches her face intently.

**BABE**

I've often thought about going back.

? 397 ?

**LONGFELLOW**

You have?

**BABE**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

He sounds like a person worth while knowing.

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

**BABE**

(continuing)

He played in the town band, too.

**LONGFELLOW**

He did? I play the tuba-

**BABE**

Yeah, I know.

**LONGFELLOW**

What did he play?

**BABE**

The drums. He taught me to play some.

**LONGFELLOW**

He did?

**BABE**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(enthusiastically)

Sure!

**147. MEDIUM SHOT**

She picks up a couple of branches. With the two sticks she drums on the bench seat - and sings "Swanee River."

When she is finished, though clearly delighted, he shows her a long face of mock-disappointment.

**BABE**

Oh, I suppose you could do better.

**LONGFELLOW**

Sure. I can sing "Humoresque."

? 398 ?

**BABE**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**BABE**

It had better be good.

She starts again, and he sings "Humoresque"

in counterpoint to her drumming.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PARK - BEHIND SOME BUSHES**

**148. CLOSE SHOT - BOB AND FRANK**

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

**BOB**

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

**FRANK**

Shhh!

**149. MEDIUM SHOT**

Longfellow and Babe. They are having a grand time with their singing. A policeman saunters into the scene and stands watching them for a few seconds, without their being conscious of his presence. He smiles, shakes his head and passes on out of scene. Over the shot we hear the low moan of a siren in the distance.

**150. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(as he runs off)

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

**151. CLOSE SHOT - BOB AND FRANK BEHIND**

**BUSHES**

Frank grabs the camera.

**FRANK**

Looks like the evening is not going to be wasted!

**152. MEDIUM SHOT**

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

**153. LONG SHOT**

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

**154. MED. SHOT AT FIRE TRUCK**

As Longfellow jumps on.

? 399 ?

**FRANK**

Hello - what do you want?

**LONGFELLOW**

(short salute)

Captain Deeds - fire volunteer - Mandrake Falls.

**FIREMAN**

(amused)

Hi, Cap! Boys, meet the Captain!

**155. LONG SHOT - REVERSE ANGLE**

Bob and Frank running with their cameras toward Longfellow.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. LIVING ROOM OF MABEL DAWSON'S STUDIO**

**156. CLOSEUP**

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

**"CINDERELLA MAN FIRE-EATING DEMON"**

"Longfellow Deeds, 'The Cinderella Man,' last night threw a 'defy' into the teeth of the New York Fire Department, that when it comes to extinguishing conflagrations - they had better look to their laurels--"

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

**157. FULL SHOT**

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

**MABEL**

(softly)

What's the matter, hon?

**BABE**

(quickly)

Nothing.

Babe is too much absorbed to hear this. Getting no response, Mabel turns and studies her for a few seconds.

**MABEL**

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

**BABE**

No. It's nothing.

**MABEL**

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

**BABE**

(murmuring)

Don't be ridiculous.

**? 400 ?**

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

**MABEL**

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

**BABE**

(jumping up)

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

Babe lights a cigarette. Mabel studies her.

**MABEL**

(quietly)

Uh-huh. I think I can tell you.

The phone bell rings. Mabel picks it up.

**158. CLOSE SHOT AT PHONE**

**MABEL**

(into phone)

Hello . . .

(listens)

Yes, she's here. Who wants her?

(listens)

Who?

(listens)

Oh, yes. Yes, just a moment.

(her hand over the mouthpiece)

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

Babe grabs the phone.

**BABE**

Hello.

**INT. LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM**

**159. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW**

Who lies dressed in bed, phone in hand.

**LONGFELLOW**

(into phone)

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

**INT. MABEL'S LIVING ROOM**

**160. CLOSE SHOT - BABE AT PHONE**

**BABE**

(sincerely)

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

**INT. LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM**

**161. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW**

At phone.

**? 401 ?**

**LONGFELLOW**

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

(listens)

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

**CONTINUATION SCENE 160**

**BABE**

Well, that's very nice. Thank you.

**CONTINUATION SCENE 161**

**LONGFELLOW**

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

(listens)

It's about you.

(listens)

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

**CONTINUATION SCENE 160**

**BABE**

(touched)

I'd like to read it some time.

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

**CONTINUATION SCENE 161**

**LONGFELLOW**

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

(listens)

Will I see you soon?

(listens)

Gosh, that's swell, Mary.

(listens)

Good night.

He hangs up, and lies back - enthralled.

**CONTINUATION SCENE 160**

**BABE**

Good night.

**INT. APT. LIVING ROOM**

**162. MED. CLOSE SHOT - AT PHONE**

**BABE**

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

**163. MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO**

**MABEL**

(knowingly)

Uh-huh.

? 402 ?

**BABE**

I'm crucifying him.

**MABEL**

People have been crucified before.

**BABE**

Why? Why do we have to do it?

**MABEL**

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

**BABE**

Yeah, then what?

**MABEL**

(shrugging)

Search me. Ask the Gypsies.

**BABE**

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

**MABEL**

The guy's balmy.

**BABE**

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

**MABEL**

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

**BABE**

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

**MABEL**

Huh?

**BABE**

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

(sits at her typewriter)

Too busy in a crazy competition for  
nothing.

**FADE OUT:**

**FADE IN**

**SERIES OF INSERTS:**

"Cinderella Man Fire-Eating Demon-

Punches Photographer."

**DISSOLVE TO:**

"Cinderella Man to Reform Opera-

**? 403 ?**

Must be put on paying basis - or else  
- says post-card poet."

**DISSOLVE TO:**

"Madame Pomponi, Famous Opera Singer,

To Launch Deeds on Social Career"

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM**

**164. MEDIUM SHOT**

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

**WALTER**

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

Longfellow stops, looking daggers at  
him.

**WALTER**

Madame Pomponi is on the telephone,  
sir.

**LONGFELLOW**

Who?

**WALTER**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**WALTER**

But she's on the telephone—

**LONGFELLOW**

Get out.

(pointing)

The evil finger's on you. Get out!

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

**INT. GRAND STAIRCASE**

**165. WIDE ANGLE**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Stop!

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Hey, did you hear that?

**WALTER**

What, sir?

**? 404 ?**

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

**WALTER**

(pleased)

Why, that's an echo, sir!

**LONGFELLOW**

You try it.

**WALTER**

(timidly)

Me, sir?

**LONGFELLOW**

(an order)

Yeah.

Walter gives a bird-like hoot. There

is an echo.

**LONGFELLOW**

(firmly)

Louder.

Walter gives a louder hoot. And louder.  
Each time, an echo.

A butler in a bathrobe emerges to see  
what all the hullabaloo is about. Longfellow  
spots him.

**LONGFELLOW**

(to butler)

You try it.

**BUTLER**

Me, sir?

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Louder!

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

**LONGFELLOW**

You try it!

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(waving like a conductor)

All together!

A symphony of hoots, shrieks, barks  
and echoes.

**LONGFELLOW**

Again!

The household staff do it again.

? 405 ?

**LONGFELLOW**

(surveying the scene - then, dramatically)

Let that be a lesson to you.

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

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

**BUTLER**

(gesturing imperiously)

Go back to your room, both of you!

Walter and the man-servant hasten to exit.

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. LONGFELLOW'S HOME - NIGHT**

**166. LONG SHOT**

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

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT**

**167. MED. SHOT AT DOOR**

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

music emanates.

**AD-LIB CHATTER**

Oh, hello darling.

So good of you to come.

Sweet of you to ask me.

Where is he?

I'm just dying to see the "Cinderella Man."

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

A husband and a wife whispering:

**A HUSBAND**

Shh! - he may hear you.

**A WIFE**

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

A man and a woman gossiping:

**A MAN**

I hear he still believes in Santa Claus.

**A WOMAN**

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

dressed

Another man holding forth to two elegantly-women:

**ANOTHER MAN**

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

? 406 ?

**WOMEN**

(ad-lib)

Yes, I have.

Everybody laughs.

**FIRST WOMAN**

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

**2ND WOMAN**

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

Two women in evening dress twittering like birds:

**FIRST WOMAN**

(to other woman)

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. MABEL'S BEDROOM**

**168. FULL SHOT**

Babe is listlessly packing her few things in a small handbag. She slowly and meticulously

folds a silken undergarment, wrapping it in tissue. Her eyes have a distant look. Mabel watches her, concerned. There is a long pause before either of them speaks.

**MABEL**

(breaking the silence)

You're a fool, Babe.

**BABE**

I just couldn't stand seeing him again.

**MABEL**

Running away is no solution.

**169. MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO**

Babe is unresponsive.

**MABEL**

(after a pause)

What'll I tell him if he calls up?

**BABE**

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

**MABEL**

You're acting like a school girl.

**BABE**

(suddenly - tensely)

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

(softly)

At least I can save him that .

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

**? 407 ?**

**170. MEDIUM SHOT**

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

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

**171. MED. FULL SHOT**

The boys cross to a table and drop their cameras.

**BOB AND FRANK**

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

Mabel enters. Babe stands in doorway.

**MABEL**

(by way of greeting)

It's those two sore spots again.

**BOB**

You shoul'da been down to the office today, Babe.

**FRANK**

Yeah. Mac threw Cobb out again.

**BOB**

Boy, was he burning.

**FRANK**

(reaching for a bottle)

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

**MABEL**

(grabbing it away)

Just a minute. No, you don't.

**BABE**

We're not going out tonight.

**BOB**

Thought you had a date with him.

**172. CLOSE SHOT - BABE**

**BABE**

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

**173. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

Frank, Bob and Mabel.

**FRANK**

Say, what's the matter with her now  
!

**MABEL**

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

**BOB**

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

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

? 408 ?

**174. CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Is Mary Dawson here? I'm Longfellow  
Deeds.

**175. CLOSE SHOT - BOB AND FRANK**

They stand - stupefied.

**176. CLOSE SHOT - MABEL**

She waves her hand back of her, for

them to hide.

**MABEL**

(loud - for the boys)

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

**177. CLOSE SHOT - BOB AND FRANK**

They duck behind the sofa, CAMERA PANNING  
**WITH THEM.**

**178. FULL SHOT**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**MABEL**

(flustered)

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Is she home?

**MABEL**

Yeah. What?

**LONGFELLOW**

Is Mary home?

They look at each other stupidly - smiling  
feebly.

**179. CLOSE SHOT ON TABLE**

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

out of sight.

**180. MEDIUM SHOT**

Mabel and Longfellow still standing,  
looking at each other.

**MABEL**

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

As she turns, Babe appears in doorway.

**MABEL**

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

(feebly)

Stupid of me . . .

? 409 ?

**BABE**

Hello.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**181. MED. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND  
BABE**

Mabel in b.g.

**BABE**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**BABE**

You threw them out!

**182. CLOSER SHOT**

**MABEL**

You mean—

(gesturing with hands)

—by the neck or something?

**LONGFELLOW**

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

Mabel raises her eyebrows.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**183. CLOSEUP - BABE**

Her face clouds - miserably.

**LONGFELLOW'S VOICE**

(lightly)

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

**BABE**

(quickly)

Would you like to go for a walk?

**184. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

**LONGFELLOW**

Yes, if it isn't too late.

**BABE**

consciously.

(going to bedroom)

I'll get my hat.

She disappears, leaving Mabel and Longfellow again staring at each other, self-

Mabel smiles, ill-at-ease.

? 410 ?

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**MABEL**

(tremulously)

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(after a pause)

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

**MABEL**

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

**185. CLOSE SHOT - BEHIND SOFA**

Bob and Frank, holding their breaths.

**186. MEDIUM SHOT**

Babe comes out of bedroom.

**BABE**

Ready?

**LONGFELLOW**

Gosh, she looks better every time I

see her.

**BABE**

(vaguely)

Thank you.

She crosses to the door.

**LONGFELLOW**

(to Mabel)

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

**MABEL**

Thank you so much. Good night.

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

**FRANK**

(wobbling forward)

Ow! My foot's asleep!

**BOB**

(grabbing camera)

Come on - let's go!

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

**MABEL**

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

? 411 ?

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. FRONT OF BABE'S HOME**

**187. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT**

As they walk slowly down the front steps.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**BABE**

Let's just walk, okay?

**LONGFELLOW**

All right.

**188. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Mary, I'm going home.

**BABE**

Are you? When?

**LONGFELLOW**

In a day or so, I think.

**BABE**

I don't blame you.

**189. CLOSE TWO SHOT**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

A man ought to know where he fits in. I just don't fit in around here. I once had an idea I could do something with the money, but they kept me so busy

here, I haven't had time to figure it out. I guess I'll wait till I get back home.

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**BABE**

No, I don't mind.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**BABE**

A girl?

**LONGFELLOW**

Oh, an imaginary one. I used to hike a lot through the woods and I'd always take this girl

**? 412 ?**

with me so I could talk to her. I'd show her my pet trees and things. Sounds kind of silly but we had a lot of fun doing it.

(smiling)

She was beautiful.

(then moodily)

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

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Well, here we are again.

**BABE**

Yes, here we are again.

(after a pause)

Good night.

**LONGFELLOW**

(then, quickly - his voice faltering)

Mary - I - excuse me-

**190. CLOSE TWO SHOT**

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

**BABE**

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

**191. WIDER ANGLE**

She runs up the steps.

**LONGFELLOW**

Mary-

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

**192. CLOSER SHOT - THE TWO**

**LONGFELLOW**

You know the poem I told you about?

It's finished.

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**BABE**

(scarcely audible)

Yes, of course.

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

? 413 ?

**LONGFELLOW**

(a little frightened)

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

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

**193. CLOSEUP - BABE**

Reading softly:

**BABE**

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

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

**194. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO**

Babe continues reading:

**BABE**

"My dream has been answered, but my  
life's just as bleak,

I'm handcuffed and speechless in your  
presence divine -

For my heart longs to cry out, if it  
only would speak,

'I love you, my angel - be mine, be  
mine.' "

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

**BABE**

Oh, darling!

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(huskily)

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

**195. CLOSEUP - BABE**

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

**196. MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO**

As Babe, weeping softly, frees herself from his embrace.

Longfellow gives a yelp of joy and leaps down the steps. He trips over a garbage pail and bumps into passersby, making a racket as he zigzags down the street and out of scene.

**? 414 ?**

**A VOICE**

(shouting)

Hey, what's the big idea?

**FADE OUT:**

**FADE IN**

**INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY**

**197. CLOSE SHOT - MAC**

Behind his desk.

**MAC**

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

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

**MAC**

What's bothering you, huh?

**BABE**

(after a pause)

Last night he proposed to me.

**MAC**

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

**BABE**

Yes.

**MAC**

(alert)

Why, Babe - that's terrific!

(sees it in print)

"Cinderella Man Woos Mystery Girl! Who is the Mysterious Girl That—"

**BABE**

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

**198. MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO**

**MAC**

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

(intrigued)

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

**BABE**

(bitterly)

Yeah. Funny twist, isn't it?

**MAC**

(suddenly)

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

**? 415 ?**

Babe's silence is eloquent.

**MAC**

Well, I'll be-

He places an arm tenderly around her shoulder.

**MAC**

That's tough, Babe.

Babe smiles wryly.

**MAC**

(interested)

What're you going to do?

**BABE**

(walking away)

I'm going to tell him the truth.

**MAC**

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

**BABE**

I'm having lunch with him today. He expects an answer. It's going to be pretty.

**MAC**

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

**199. MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO**

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

**BABE**

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

**MAC**

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

**BABE**

That's the rub.

**MAC**

Oh, as bad as that, huh?

**BABE**

(far-away)

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

He watches her sympathetically. Babe sighs resignedly.

**BABE**

(looking around)

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

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

? 416 ?

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. GRAND STAIRCASE**

**200. WIDE SHOT**

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

**INT. INTIMATE DINING ROOM**

**201. MEDIUM SHOT**

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

preparations.

**LONGFELLOW**

How's it going? Okay?

**BUTLER**

Yes, quite all right. Thank you, sir.

**LONGFELLOW**

(picking up a salt shaker and examining it)

Gold, eh?

**BUTLER**

(as he continues his puttering)

Yes, sir.

**LONGFELLOW**

Fourteen carat?

**BUTLER**

Yes, sir.

**LONGFELLOW**

Is that the best you've got?

**BUTLER**

Oh, yes sir.

**LONGFELLOW**

(seizing on another detail)

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

(lifts a bowl of flowers off)

Get a smaller bowl, will you?

**BUTLER**

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

A smaller bowl of flowers.

**2ND BUTLER**

(exiting with flowers)

Yes, sir. A smaller bowl of flowers.

**LONGFELLOW**

(to butler)

Did you get that stuff I was telling you about?

**BUTLER**

Stuff, sir?

? 417 ?

**LONGFELLOW**

That goo. That stuff that tastes like soap.

**BUTLER**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**BUTLER**

Yes, sir.

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Now you got the idea. Fine.

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(motions to butler)

Sit over there, will you?

**BUTLER**

Me sir?

**LONGFELLOW**

Yes.

The butler sits.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

The butler does it.

**LONGFELLOW**

More. Now forward.

They are practically nose to nose over the flowers.

**BUTLER**

(seriously)

How is this, sir?

**LONGFELLOW**

(rising)

Perfect! Perfect!

**BUTLER**

I wish you luck, sir.

**LONGFELLOW**

Thank you. Now don't touch a thing.  
Leave everything as it is.

He hurries toward his bedroom.

? 418 ?

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM**

**202. FULL SHOT**

Longfellow enters.

**LONGFELLOW**

(yelling)

Walter! Walter! Walter, where are you?

Walter enters, panic-stricken.

**WALTER**

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

**203. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**WALTER**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**WALTER**

Yes, sir. Very good, sir. Here it is

right here, sir. There, sir.

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

**204. MEDIUM SHOT**

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

**COBB**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(to Walter - merrily)

Will you tell the gentleman I'm not in?

**COBB**

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

crossing-

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

**205. CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(between clenched teeth)

What are you talking about?

? 419 ?

**206. MEDIUM SHOT**

Longfellow has started out toward him.

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

**COBB**

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

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

**207. CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW**

As he looks at the picture.

**INSERT: PICTURE OF BABE BENNETT**

Under which is the following:

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

**BACK TO SCENE**

Longfellow stares long and unbelievably at the picture.

**208. MED. CLOSE SHOT - COBB AND LONGFELLOW**

**COBB**

(adjusting his clothes)

She's the star reporter on The Mail. Every time you opened your kisser, you gave her another story. She's the dame who slapped that monicker on you -

"Cinderella

Man." You've been making love to a double dose of cyanide!

**LONGFELLOW**

(an outcry)

Shut up!

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

**209. MEDIUM SHOT**

Cobb crosses to phone and picks up receiver.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NEWSPAPER OUTER OFFICE**

**210. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

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

**BABE**

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

**MAC**

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

**? 420 ?**

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

**MAC**

(picking up receiver)

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

(into phone)

Hello . . . Yes. Just a minute.

He holds the receiver out to her.

**MAC**

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

**BABE**

(into phone)

Hello . . .

**INT. LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM**

**211. MEDIUM SHOT**

Cobb is at the phone.

**COBB**

Babe Bennett? Just a minute.

He listens and hands phone to Longfellow.

**LONGFELLOW**

(into phone)

Hello, Mary?

**INT. NEWSPAPER OUTER OFFICE**

**212. CLOSE SHOT - BABE**

**BABE**

(at phone)

Oh, hello darling.

Her face goes dead as she realizes she is speaking to Longfellow.

**INT. LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM**

**213. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW**

**LONGFELLOW**

(at phone; strained)

Is it you who's been writing those articles about me?

**INT. NEWSPAPER OUTER OFFICE**

**214. CLOSE SHOT - BABE**

At phone.

**BABE**

Why - uh - I was just leaving - I'll be up there in a minute-

(listens)

Look - uh, yes, I did - but I was just coming up to explain-

The words die in her throat. She looks dully at the receiver.

? 421 ?

**INT. LONGFELLOW'S BEDROOM**

**215. CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW**

**BABE'S VOICE**

(coming over phone)

Oh listen, darling, wait a minute! Please! Listen-

He hangs up. His face is a dead mask, every illusion shattered. Slowly, a wry smile appears on his face and, rising, he wanders around the room in deep

abstraction.

Cobb and Walter watch him sympathetically.

Longfellow is silent a long time.

**216. MEDIUM SHOT**

As a butler enters.

**BUTLER**

I beg pardon, sir. Shall I serve the wine with the squab, sir?

Longfellow doesn't hear him.

**BUTLER**

(tries again)

I beg pardon, sir.

**217. CLOSEUP - COBB**

His face softens.

**COBB**

If I knew you were going to take it so hard, I woulda kept my mouth shut. Sorry.

**218. MEDIUM SHOT**

As finally Longfellow speaks, without turning.

**LONGFELLOW**

(quietly)

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

**WALTER**

Yes, sir.

He immediately busies himself.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. CORRIDOR**

**219. WIDE SHOT**

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

Longfellow is wearing coat and hat.

**COBB**

(trying to keep up with Longfellow)

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

**LONGFELLOW**

They can have the Estate.

**? 422 ?**

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

**INT. GRAND FOYER**

**220. MEDIUM SHOT**

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

**BUTLERS**

(simultaneously)

**FARMER**

You can't come up here!

Let me go! I wanna see him!

He's not home, I tell you!

I wanna see that guy!

We'll send for the police!

Let me go!

They continue to struggle as Cobb reaches them.

**COBB**

What's going on here?

The man yanks himself free.

**FARMER**

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

He sees Longfellow over Cobb's shoulder.

**FARMER**

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

He struggles to thrust Cobb aside.

**221. FULL SHOT**

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

**FARMER**

(wildly)

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

Cobb forcibly restrains the man.

**COBB**

Come on! Take him out of here!

**FARMER**

Let me go!

**LONGFELLOW**

(an order)

Let him alone.

**FARMER**

Let me alone!

(threateningly)

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

**? 423 ?**

(to Longfellow)

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

(sarcastically)

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

Longfellow stares at him.

**WALTER**

(quietly)

Shall I call the police, sir?

**LONGFELLOW**

No!

(to man)

What do you want!!

**FARMER**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

A farmer, eh! You're a moocher, that's

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

**FARMER**

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

**COBB**

(starting to push him towards the door)

This won't do you any good—

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

**FARMER**

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

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

**FARMER**

(tensely)

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

(voice rises)

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

(his voice wavers)

-standing in the bread lines-

(huskily)

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

(voice breaks)

Not able to-

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

**FARMER**

(scarcely audible)

Oh!

**222. MED. SHOT - THE GROUP**

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

**FARMER**

(dead voice - staring into space)

I'm glad I didn't hurt nobody. Excuse me.

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

**FARMER**

(muffled)

Crazy. You get all kinds of crazy ideas.

Longfellow watches him pityingly.

**FARMER**

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

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

**FARMER**

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

(stridently)

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

(pathetically)

I ain't used to it.

(resigned)

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

(scarcely audible)

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

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. INTIMATE DINING ROOM**

**223. CLOSE SHOT**

At the table that was all set for Babe. The man sits, eating. He seriously bends

over his food. Longfellow sits opposite him - his eyes glued on the man, absorbed in profound thought.

? 425 ?

**MAN**

(tentatively)

Can I take some of this home with me?

Longfellow nods.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INSERT: NEWSPAPER HEADLINES**

**"LONGFELLOW DEEDS TO GIVE FORTUNE AWAY**  
Huge farming district to be divided  
into ten acre farms - fully equipped  
- at a cost of eighteen million dollars."

**WIPE OFF TO:**

**INSERT: SECOND NEWSPAPER HEADLINE**

**"DEEDS' PLAN STARTLES FINANCIAL WORLD"**

**WIPE OFF TO:**

**INSERT: THIRD NEWSPAPER HEADLINE**

**"STAFF OF WORKERS INVESTIGATE APPLICANTS"**

**WIPE OFF TO:**

**INSERT: FOURTH NEWSPAPER HEADLINE**

**"THOUSANDS OF UNEMPLOYED STORM DEEDS**  
**HOME FOR FARM DONATIONS"**

**WIPE OFF TO:**

**EXT. LONGFELLOW DEEDS' HOME**

**224. LONG SHOT**

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

**INT. LONGFELLOW'S DRAWING ROOM**

**225. FULL SHOT**

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

**VOICE**

Go on. Step lively.

**226. MED. SHOT**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(as the camera moves in on him)

Are you married?

**APPLICANT**

Yes, sir.

**LONGFELLOW**

Any children?

? 426 ?

**APPLICANT**

No, no children.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

(he hands him a form)

Take this to that desk over there for further instructions.

**APPLICANT**

(gratefully - exiting)

Thank you very much.

**LONGFELLOW**

Next, please.

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

**227. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT DESK**

Longfellow, clerk and applicant.

**LONGFELLOW**

(to clerk)

How many does that make?

**CLERK**

You've okayed 819.

**LONGFELLOW**

(wearily)

Is that all?

**CLERK**

That's all.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

(phone rings)

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

He hangs up.

**228. WIDER ANGLE**

As the farmer in previous sequence approaches.

**FARMER**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**FARMER**

Oh, Mr. Deeds—

Longfellow looks up. Farmer goes on:

? 427 ?

**FARMER**

—my wife wanted me to tell you she—

(hesitates)

—she prays for you every night.

**LONGFELLOW**

(embarrassed)

Well, thanks, I - uh—

(to applicant in front of him)

How do you do? What is your name?

**RANKIN**

George Rankin, sir.

While Longfellow writes—

**229. CLOSE SHOT AT A DESK**

Cobb is on the phone.

**COBB**

(into phone)

No! No! We're not buying any bulls.  
What's that?

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

He slams down the receiver.

**INT. CEDAR'S OFFICE**

**230. MEDIUM SHOT**

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

**CEDAR**

We have very little time. He's ordered  
me to turn everything over to him

immediately.

We have to work fast before he disposes  
of every penny.

**WIFE**

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

**SEMPL**

(hesitating)

We may get into trouble.

**WIFE**

Oh, don't be so squeamish.

**CEDAR**

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

**231. CLOSE SHOT AT DESK**

As Semple picks up the paper.

**SEMPL**

What's it say?

**WIFE**

That's your agreement with Mr. Cedar, if we win.

? 428 ?

**CEDAR**

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

**WIFE**

Sign it!

**SEMPL**

Oh, all right.

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

**CEDAR**

(into dictagraph)

Charlie, we're off! Papers all set?

**VOICE**

All set.

**CEDAR**

Okay, then. Go to it.

(afterthought)

And, Charlie-

**VOICE**

Yeah?

**CEDAR**

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

**VOICE**

Okay.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. LONGFELLOW'S DRAWING ROOM**

**232. MEDIUM SHOT**

A large, raw-boned Swede stands before  
Longfellow.

**LONGFELLOW**

What is your name?

**SVENSON**

Christian Svenson.

**LONGFELLOW**

Farmer?

**SVENSON**

Yes, ma'am.

**LONGFELLOW**

Where is your farm?

**SVENSON**

South Dakota north.

? 429 ?

**LONGFELLOW**

South Dakota - north?

**SVENSON**

South Dakota - but on the top.

**LONGFELLOW**

Oh. Oh!

**233. WIDER ANGLE**

Cobb enters, very businesslike.

**COBB**

What about your knocking off for lunch?

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**COBB**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(tired)

Well, maybe I will have a sandwich.

(to Swede)

Do you mind waiting a few minutes?

**SVENSON**

(undoing paper package)

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

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(smiling)

Thanks. Thank you. Never mind, Cobb.

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

**LONGFELLOW**

Good.

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

**234. LONG SHOT**

Of the long line of applicants waiting for an audience.

**235. MEDIUM SHOT**

**LONGFELLOW**

(calls to Cobb)

Cobb! Get lunch for the rest of them.

? 430 ?

**COBB**

(entering)

What? There must be 2000 of them out

there.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

**COBB**

Okay, Santa Claus. 2000 lunches.

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

**236. FULL SHOT**

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

**GROUP**

(ad-lib)

Go on, say something. Say something!

**237. CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW**

He looks up inquiringly.

**238. MED. CLOSE SHOT - MEN IN LINE**

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

**MAN**

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

(clears his throat)

Well, they wanted me to say that—

(quickly gets it out)

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

**MAN'S VOICE**

Say something more!

**239. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW**

He smiles self-consciously.

**240. MED. CLOSE SHOT OF MEN**

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

**MAN**

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

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

**ONE OF THE SHERIFFS**

(ad-lib)

Break it up.

**241. MED. SHOT AT DESK**

**FIRST DEPUTY SHERIFF**

(pointing to Longfellow)

That's him.

? 431 ?

**2ND DEPUTY SHERIFF**

Are you Longfellow Deeds?

**LONGFELLOW**

(looks up)

Yes?

**FIRST DEPUTY SHERIFF**

Sheriff's office.

(shows paper)

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(without moving)

A what?

**FIRST DEPUTY SHERIFF**

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

Cobb enters.

**COBB**

What's up? What do you mugs want?

**FIRST DEPUTY SHERIFF**

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

**COBB**

Insanity! Who's says he's insane?

They all turn to Charlie, who comes forward.

**CHARLIE**

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

**COBB**

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

(to sheriff)

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

**FIRST DEPUTY SHERIFF**

To the County Hospital.

**CHARLIE**

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

**242. CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW**

As he speaks quietly.

**LONGFELLOW**

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

(cynically)

That's marvelous. That makes everything complete.

**? 432 ?**

**243. WIDER ANGLE**

To include group.

**FIRST DEPUTY SHERIFF**

Let's get going!

**COBB**

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(thoroughly disillusioned)

No, don't bother.

**CHARLIE**

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

**COBB**

Oh.

Longfellow glances up at him and smiles bitterly.

**FIRST DEPUTY SHERIFF**

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

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

**LONGFELLOW**

(calmly rising)

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

**244. MEDIUM SHOT**

accompanied

Longfellow starts to walk forward,

by Cobb - and the two deputies and Charlie fall in behind them.

**THE SHERIFFS**

(ad-lib)

Make way! Make way!

**245. CLOSE SHOTS OF CLERKS**

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

**246. MEDIUM SHOT**

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

**247. CLOSEUP OF THE FARMER**

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

**FADE OUT:**

**FADE IN**

INSERT: SIGN reading: "COUNTY HOSPITAL"

? 433 ?

**DISSOLVE THRU TO:**

**INT. CORRIDOR OF HOSPITAL**

**248. MEDIUM SHOT**

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

**GUARD**

(on phone)

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

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

**GUARD**

Sorry, lady-

(recognizes her)

Oh, it's you again.

**BABE**

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

**GUARD**

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

**BABE**

(pleading)

Will you just give him my name?

**GUARD**

(confidentially)

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

Babe winces under the blow.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM**

**249. MEDIUM SHOT**

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

**COBB**

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

Longfellow pays no attention to him.

**250. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

As Cobb continues.

**COBB**

(raises his voice)

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

**? 434 ?**

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

**COBB**

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

Longfellow is still unresponsive.

**COBB**

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

Longfellow disregards him and Cobb sighs, resignedly.

**INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DOOR**

**251. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

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

**GUARD**

Go on, sit down, won't you?

**252. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR**

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

**GUARD**

So long, Mr. Cobb.

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

**BABE**

Corny!

Cobb doesn't stop. Babe grabs his arm:

**BABE**

Corny!

Cobb stops.

**253. CLOSE TWO SHOT**

Cobb glares at Babe belligerently.

**BABE**

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

**COBB**

Haven't you done enough damage already?

**BABE**

(ignoring his attack)

Somebody's got to help him! He hasn't got a chance against Cedar. Look, I've been all over town talking to everybody.

I've got Mac all lined up - and the paper's behind him. And I can get him Livingston, too. With a lawyer like Livingston, he's got a fighting chance.

**? 435 ?**

**COBB**

(coldly)

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

(bitterly)

You can take a bow for that.

(huskily)

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

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

**FADE OUT:**

**FADE IN**

**INSERT: NEWSPAPER HEADLINES**

**"DEEDS SANITY HEARING TODAY!**

Simple Heir Charged With Incompetency!  
'Should Be Confined To An Institution,'  
Declares Cedar.

"Longfellow Deeds Refuses Counsel; Remains  
Incommunicado."

"Farmers Aroused At Efforts to Balk  
Their Benefactor."

"Police Surround Courthouse In Anticipation

Of Outbreak."

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. COURTHOUSE**

**254. LONG SHOT**

Of an unruly mob - being jostled by the police.

**INT. CORRIDOR OF COURTHOUSE**

**255. LONG SHOT**

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

**INT. COURTROOM**

**256. FULL SHOT**

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

**257. MED. SHOT - FRONT OF COURTROOM**

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

**258. MED. SHOT**

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

**? 436 ?**

**259. SHOT INSIDE RAILING**

psychiatrists,  
Cedar and his assistants arrange their papers. Two dignified gentlemen, await action, arms folded. Near them

is Henry Semple, the complainant, his nose twitching nervously. By his side is his wife, sparkling expectantly.

**260. SHOT AT LONG TABLE**

At which sit a dozen newspaper reporters.

**261. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

From a side door Longfellow enters, accompanied by his guard. Immediately the place is astir. As he advances to a chair in front of a table-

**262. MED. FULL SHOT - COURTROOM**

Necks crane for a glimpse. Whispered conversations take place.

**263. CLOSE SHOT - HENRY SEMPLE**

He looks guilty, nose twitching more violently than ever.

**SEMPLE**

(to Cedar)

Here he is!

**264. CLOSE SHOT - BABE AND MAC**

Babe sits up, her eyes riveted on Longfellow. Impulsively she starts to rise, but Mac puts a restraining hand on her.

**265. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

Longfellow turns neither to left nor right. He is slumped low in his chair, staring solemnly into space. Cobb breaks into scene and sits down beside him.

**COBB**

(full of excitement)

Cedar just sent for me. Wants to make a settlement. Here's your chance to get out of the whole mess. What do you say?

He gets no response from Longfellow.

There is a stir in the courtroom.

**266. MED. LONG SHOT**

The bailiff calls out as the Judge proceeds to his bench.

**BAILIFF**

Quiet, please! The Supreme Court of the State of New York, County of New York, is now in session, the Honorable John May, Judge, presiding. Be seated.

**267. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

To include Judge and Longfellow.

**JUDGE**

The court wishes to warn those present that it will tolerate no disturbances.

(to Longfellow)

Regarding the sanity hearing of Longfellow Deeds, are you represented by counsel, Mr. Deeds?

**? 437 ?**

Almost imperceptibly, Longfellow shakes his head no. The Judge looks troubled. There is a stir in the courtroom.

**JUDGE**

I understand that you have no counsel, Mr. Deeds. In fact, that you have no intention of defending any of these charges. Now, if you wish to change

your mind, the hearing can be postponed.

Getting no response from Longfellow,  
the Judge shrugs his shoulders.

**JUDGE**

Proceed.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. COURTROOM**

**268. MEDIUM SHOT**

Cedar is on his feet.

**CEDAR**

(addressing the court)

-and in the interests of my client,  
the only other living relative of the  
late Martin W. Semple, we cannot permit  
a fortune so huge to be dissipated by  
a person whose incompetency and abnormality  
we shall prove beyond any reasonable  
doubt.

**269. PANNING SHOT OF SPECTATORS**

**CEDAR'S VOICE**

I have before me a series of articles  
written by a newspaper woman who was  
an eye-witness to his conduct ever since  
he came to New York.

CAMERA STOPS on Babe and Mac. Cedar's  
voice goes on:

**CEDAR**

She tells how, in the midst of a normal  
conversation, he would suddenly begin  
playing his tuba. She tells of his attacks  
upon several of our eminent writers  
- for no apparent reason. In fact, there  
are many instances not recorded in these  
articles in which Mr. Deeds satisfied  
an unnatural desire to smash people

up without provocation.

**270. MED. SHOT - FRONT OF COURTROOM**

**CEDAR**

I, myself, unable to keep pace with his mental quirks, and constantly fearful of assault, turned down an opportunity to represent him as his attorney. This newspaper woman, whom we have subpoenaed to testify, tells how he tied up traffic for an hour feeding doughnuts to a poor horse. And by his own statement, waiting for that horse to ask for a cup of coffee.

**? 438 ?**

There is laughter in the courtroom - which quickly subsides when the Judge pounds his gavel.

**CEDAR**

We have photographs to substantiate this little episode, and other photographs showing Mr. Deeds jumping upon a fire engine. This scarcely sounds like the action of a man in whom the disposition of twenty million dollars may safely be entrusted. This writer of these articles - a woman whose intelligence and integrity in the newspaper world is unquestioned - held him in such contempt that she quite aptly named him "The Cinderella Man."

**271. CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW**

**CEDAR'S VOICE**

We have witnesses here from Mandrake Falls, his own home town, who will tell of his conduct throughout his lifetime, proving that his derangement is neither recent nor a temporary one.

Longfellow's interest is only slightly aroused. He lifts his eyes in a casual glance around him.

**272. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

Featuring Cedar.

**CEDAR**

We have others who will tell of his unusual behavior when he invited the great leaders of the musical world to his home, and then proceeded to forcibly eject them. Only recently when he was in the County Hospital for observation, he not only refused to be examined by these gentlemen, the state psychiatrists, but he actually made a violent attack upon them.

**273. CLOSE SHOT - THE JUDGE**

As Cedar continues talking, CAMERA PULLS BACK to WIDER SHOT.

**CEDAR**

incapacitated

In these times, with the country by economic ailments, and endangered with an undercurrent of social unrest, the promulgation of such a weird, fantastic and impractical plan as contemplated by the defendant, is capable of fomenting a disturbance from which the country may not soon recover. It is our duty to stop it! Our government is fully aware of its difficulties and can pull itself out of its economic rut without the assistance of Mr. Deeds, or any other crackpot.

**274. MED. PANNING SHOT**

Of farmers, the Swede and others.

**CEDAR'S VOICE**

His attempted action must therefore be attributed to a diseased mind afflicted with hallucinations of grandeur, and obsessed with an insane desire to become a public benefactor.

? 439 ?

**275. CLOSE SHOT AT FRONT OF COURTROOM**

Featuring Cedar.

**CEDAR**

(suddenly)

Your Honor, at this time, we would like to call our first witness: Miss Louise - Babe - Bennett.

**276. FULL SHOT**

expectantly

There is a mild stir, and all wait for Babe to appear.

**CLERK**

Miss Bennett, please.

Babe, eyes on Longfellow, slowly walks to the stand.

**277. CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW**

He has his face averted and doesn't look at her.

**278. MEDIUM SHOT**

Babe continues to rivet her eyes on Longfellow, as she is sworn in.

**CLERK**

Raise your right hand, please.

She does so.

**CLERK**

Do you solemnly swear the testimony you may give before this court to be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

**BABE**

I do.

**CLERK**

State your right name, please.

**BABE**

Louise Bennett.

**CLERK**

Take the stand.

**279. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT WITNESS STAND**

As Cedar steps up to question Babe.  
Judge in f.g.

**CEDAR**

Miss Bennett, are you employed by the  
Morning Mail?

There is no answer. Babe continues to  
stare off at Longfellow, hoping he will  
look up. Cedar speaks to her again:

**CEDAR**

I must ask you to direct your attention  
to me.

But Babe's attention remains focused  
on Longfellow.

**BABE**

(appealing to Judge)

Your Honor, this is ridiculous!

**? 440 ?**

**JUDGE**

Please answer the questions.

**BABE**

(wildly)

The whole hearing's ridiculous! That man's no more insane than you are.

The suddenness of her outbreak is startling. The Judge pounds his gavel.

**280. WIDER ANGLE - FRONT OF COURTROOM**

The Judge pounding his gavel.

**JUDGE**

Miss Bennett please!

**CEDAR**

This is outrageous!

**BABE**

(rising to stand)

It's obviously a frameup! They're trying to railroad this man for the money they can get out of him!

**CEDAR**

Your Honor!

The Judge pounds his gavel throughout her speech.

**JUDGE**

(highly)

Young lady, another outburst like that and I shall hold you in contempt! We're not interested in your opinion of the merits of this case. You're here to testify. Sit down and answer the questions. Proceed.

Cedar beams victoriously.

**CEDAR**

Thank you, Your Honor. Are you employed by the Morning Mail?

**BABE**

(sharply)

No!

Cedar's eyes widen in surprise. There is a light stir.

**CEDAR**

(threateningly)

You are under oath, Miss Bennett. I ask you again - are you employed by the Morning Mail?

**BABE**

(irritably)

No! I resigned last week!

**281. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW**

As Cedar proceeds without interruption.

**? 441 ?**

**CEDAR'S VOICE**

Well, prior to that time - were you employed by the Morning Mail?

**BABE'S VOICE**

(laconically)

Yes.

**282. CLOSE SHOT AT WITNESS STAND - BABE AND CEDAR**

**CEDAR**

Were you given an assignment to follow the activities of Longfellow Deeds?

**BABE**

Yes.

**CEDAR**

Did you subsequently write a series of articles about him?

**BABE**

Yes!

**CEDAR**

(holding them up)

Are these the articles?

**BABE**

Yes!

**CEDAR**

Were you present when all these things took place?

**BABE**

Yes!

**CEDAR**

Are they true!

**BABE**

**NO!!**

**CEDAR**

But they did take place?

**BABE**

They're colored! Just to make him look silly!

**CEDAR**

And you saw them happen?

**BABE**

Yes, but I-

**CEDAR**

(preemptorily)

That's all, Miss Bennett.

**BABE**

(half shrieking)

It isn't all! I'd like to explain-

? 442 ?

**CEDAR**

(brusquely)

That's all, Miss Bennett. That's all.

**283. MEDIUM SHOT**

A bailiff takes Babe by the arm.

**BAILIFF**

Come on, miss - come on!

**CEDAR**

(simultaneously, to Judge)

Your Honor, I'd like to submit these articles as evidence.

Babe struggles away from the bailiff.

**BABE**

(frantically)

Let go of me!

(steps up to Judge; wildly)

What kind of hearing is this? What are you trying to do - persecute the man? He's not defending himself. Somebody's got to do it!

Throughout her tirade, the Judge has been angrily pounding his gavel.

**JUDGE**

Miss Bennett, please!

**284. CLOSER SHOT**

Featuring Babe and Judge.

**BABE**

I've got a right to be heard! I've attended dozens of cases like this. They're usually conducted without any formality at all. Anybody can be heard! My opinion is as good as these quack psychiatrists. I know him better than they do.

**JUDGE**

Miss Bennett, if you have quite finished, I should like to inform you that one more utterance from you and I shall place you under arrest.

(leans back)

I'm willing to hear anything anyone has to say - but I insist on it being done in an orderly fashion. When you have learned to show some respect for this court, you may return.

(dismissing her)

Until then, you'd better go back to your seat and calm down.

**BAILIFF**

This way, miss.

**285. WIDER ANGLE**

As Babe is led away, there is another courtroom stir.

**BAILIFF'S VOICE**

Order in the court!

? 443 ?

When Babe is out of sight, the Judge turns to Longfellow.

**JUDGE**

Mr. Deeds, have you anything to say in defense of these articles?

**286. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND COBB**

Longfellow shakes his head. Cobb glances to him helplessly.

**287. CLOSE SHOT - JUDGE**

He shrugs.

**JUDGE**

Mr. Deeds?

(again no reply)

Mark these Exhibit A for the plaintiff.

**CLERK**

Yes, Your Honor.

**JUDGE**

Proceed.

**288. CLOSE SHOT - BABE**

As she sits down beside Mac - who places an affectionate arm around her shoulders.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**289. MED. SHOT - FRONT OF COURTROOM**

Two old ladies are being led to the witness stand. Their eyelids flutter excitedly as they go.

**290. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW**

He looks up, sees the old ladies and smiles at them friendly.

**291. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT JUDGE'S BENCH**

Against the drone of the clerk, who swears witnesses in:

**CEDAR**

The Falkner sisters are rather timid, Your Honor, and wish to be together. If the court pleases, I will only have one of them testify.

**JUDGE**

(impatiently)

Yes! Yes! Let's get on with it.

Cedar turns to them.

**292. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT WITNESS STAND**

As Cedar addresses one of the old ladies.

**CEDAR**

What is your name, please?

**JANE**

Jane Falkner. This is my sister, Amy.

**AMY**

(agreeing)

Yes - Amy.

**? 444 ?**

**CEDAR**

I'll direct my questions to you, Miss Jane. You can answer for both. Do you know the defendant, Mr. Longfellow Deeds?

The two old ladies look at each other, then in the direction in which Cedar points.

**JANE**

Oh yes, yes - of course we know him.

**CEDAR**

(a little nervously)

How long have you known him?

Jane turns to her sister, and they whisper to each other.

**JANE**

(turns to Cedar)

Since he was born.

**AMY**

Yes. Elsie Taggart was the midwife.

**JANE**

He was a seven-months baby.

**CEDAR**

Thank you, that's fine. Do you see him very often?

The two old ladies have their whispered

conference again.

**JANE**

Most every day.

**AMY**

Sometimes twice.

**JUDGE**

(irascibly)

Must we have the echo?

**CEDAR**

Suppose you just answer, Miss Jane.  
Now, will you tell the Court what everybody  
at home thinks of Longfellow Deeds?

The two old ladies consult each other  
once more.

**JANE**

They think he's pixilated.

**AMY**

Oh yes, pixilated.

**JUDGE**

(leaning forward)

He's what?

**CEDAR**

(concerned)

What was that you said he was?

? 445 ?

**JANE**

Pixilated.

**AMY**

Uh-huh.

**CEDAR**

(patiently)

Now, that's a rather strange word to use, Miss Jane. Can you tell the court exactly what it means?

While the two ladies go into a huddle:

**293. CLOSE SHOT - PSYCHIATRISTS**

As one of them speaks up.

**PSYCHIATRIST**

Perhaps I can explain, Your Honor. The word pixilated is an early American expression - derived from the word 'pixies,' meaning elves. They would say, 'The pixies had got him,' as we nowadays would say a man is 'balmy.'

**294. MEDIUM SHOT**

The Judge nods his understanding. The Falkner sisters nod in pleasant agreement. Cedar sighs victoriously.

**CEDAR**

Is that correct?

**JANE**

Uh-huh.

**AMY**

Uh-huh.

**JUDGE**

Now tell me, why does everyone think he's - uh - pixilated? Does he do peculiar things?

**295. MED. SHOT TOWARD WITNESS STAND**

**JANE**

(after conferring with Amy)

He walks in the rain, without his hat,  
and talks to himself.

**AMY**

Sometimes he whistles.

**JANE**

And sings.

**CEDAR**

Anything else?

**JANE**

Recently he gave Chuck Dillon a thumping.

**AMY**

Blacked his eye.

**? 446 ?**

**CEDAR**

And why?

**JANE**

For no reason, I guess. He always does  
it. We always run into the house when  
we see him coming.

**AMY**

Never can tell what he's going to do.

**JANE**

He sure is pixilated.

**AMY**

Oh, yes - he's pixilated all right.

**CEDAR**

Thank you, ladies. That's all.

Cedar beams. The old ladies leave to resume their seats.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**296. CLOSE SHOT IN WITNESS STAND**

A policeman in uniform.

**POLICEMAN**

They kept hollering: "Back to Nature! Back to Nature!" I thought they looked harmless enough so I took them home. I never thought he was cracked.

**WIPE OFF TO:**

**297. CLOSE SHOT IN WITNESS STAND**

The waiter at "Tullio's."

**WAITER**

I'm a waiter. He kept pressing me to point out the celebrities, and so help me Hannah I'm coming out of the kitchen a coupla minutes later and there he is moppin' up the floors with them. I never figured he was a guy looking for trouble.

**WIPE OFF TO:**

**298. CLOSE SHOT IN WITNESS STAND**

Mme. Pomponi.

**MME. POMPONI**

(expostulating)

He threw us out bodily! But bodily!

**WIPE OFF TO:**

**299. MED. CLOSE SHOT IN WITNESS STAND**

Of one of the bodyguards on witness stand.

**BODYGUARD**

We was hired as his bodyguard, see? Well, the first crack out of the box, he throws us in a room and locks the door, see? Now, if a thing like that gets around in our profession, we'd get the bird - see? So I says to my partner, "Let's quit this guy, he's nuts!"

**? 447 ?**

**WIPE OFF TO:**

**300. CLOSE SHOT IN WITNESS STAND**

A Cockney cabman.

**CABMAN**

I'm very fond of Clara, sir. She's a nice 'orse. And when this bloke 'ere started feedin' 'er doughnuts, I yelled down to him, "Mind what you're doin' down there! Mind what you're doing'!" Of course I wouldn't mind, sir, but Clara won't eat nothin' but doughnuts, now.

**WIPE OFF TO:**

**301. WIDE SHOT[13]**

Of one of the photographers (Bob) and enlarged photographs of Longfellow's antics.

**BAILIFF'S VOICE**

Come to order.

**CEDAR**

Your Honor, I wish to call your attention to these exhibits. Mr. Davis, do you recognize these reproductions?

**BOB**

Sure, they're good enlargements. Where'd you have them made?

**CEDAR**

Did you make the originals of them?

**BOB**

Sure. I took the originals. Taking pictures is my business. I photograph a lot of nuts.

**WIPE OFF TO:**

As Cedar speaks.

**CEDAR**

And now, Your Honor, if the court pleases, I shall call upon Dr. Emil Von Holler, if he will be good enough to give us his opinion. Dr. Von Holler, as you know, is the eminent Austrian psychiatrist - probably the greatest authority on the subject in the world. At present he is in this country on a lecture tour, and has graciously volunteered his services. Dr. Von Holler?

While he is still speaking,

**VOICE OF BAILIFF**

Dr. Von Holler!

**? 448 ?**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**302. WIDER ANGLE**

As the clerk finishes swearing Dr. Von

Holler in.

**CLERK**

Do you solemnly swear the testimony you are about to give in the cause now pending before this court shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God? State your right name, please.

**VON HOLLER**

(a slight Austrian accent)

Emil Von Holler.

**CLERK**

Take the stand.

**303. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT WITNESS STAND**

On Von Holler and Cedar.

**CEDAR**

Now Dr. Von Holler, will you kindly tell the court what your opinion is on this case?

**VON HOLLER**

This is purely a case of manic depression. In cases of this kind, patients sometimes go on for years before being detected.

He turns to one of the psychiatrists, sitting with the Judge.

**VON HOLLER**

You remember, Dr. Fosdick, in my last book there are some very fine examples.

**DR. FOSDICK**

(nodding)

Uh-huh.

**VON HOLLER**

Especially, the one of the young nobleman,  
you remember?

**DR. FOSDICK**

Oh, yes. Yes, of course Dr. Von Holler.  
Very interesting.

**VON HOLLER**

It reminds me very much of this one.  
Nicht wahr?

**DR. FOSDICK**

Ja.

**VON HOLLER**

It takes so long to detect them-

(to Judge)

-because their mood changes so often  
and so quickly. Now, Your Honor, may  
I show you? May I use the chart?

? 449 ?

**JUDGE**

By all means.

He moves to a blackboard. There are  
chalk marks on it. A straight line runs  
diagonally across the center. Other  
lines run zig-zag over and below this  
center line.

**VON HOLLER**

(indicating chart)

Below here, they are extremely depressed,  
melancholy, impossible to live with,  
and often become violent.

(running a line up)

From this mood the manic depressive might gradually change until they reach this state.

(he reaches the center line)

Here is lucidity. Here they are perfectly normal. As normal as you or I—

(smiling)

—assuming, of course, that we are normal.

(he starts up with chalk)

Then, the mood changes again until—

(chalk reaches top)

—they reach this state, a state of highest exaltation. Here everything is fine. Here the world is beautiful. Here they are so elated — how do you express it?

(quickly, as it comes to him)

—they would give you the shirt off their backs!

**CEDAR**

Dr. Von Holler, how would you say that applied to Mr. Deeds's case?

**VON HOLLER**

The symptoms are obvious.

(points to top line)

When he was here, on top of the wave, he felt nothing but kindness and warmth toward his fellow-men. He wanted them around him. So he decided he would give a big reception. But in the meantime, his mood has changed.

(chalk goes down)

He is now at the bottom of the wave  
- depressed - melancholy. So, when his  
guests arrive, he throws them out. They  
are now his imaginary enemies.

**304. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW**

As Von Holler's voice continues:

**VON HOLLER'S VOICE**

Other instances of high elation are  
when he plays his tuba, when he writes  
his poetry, when he chases fire engines  
in his desire to help humanity. This  
is contrasted with his present mood,  
which is so low that even the instinct  
for self-preservation is lacking.

**305. MED. SHOT FRONT OF COURTROOM**

Von Holler still continues:

**VON HOLLER**

Oh, the man is verrukt. Your Honor,  
this is decidedly a case of a manic  
depressive.

? 450 ?

**CEDAR**

Thank you, Dr. Von Holler.

Dr. Von Holler returns to his seat.

**CEDAR**

Your Honor, we rest.

**306. FULL SHOT - COURTROOM**

There is a shifting of bodies, and a  
renewed interest, as they wait for the  
next move. The Judge and his own two  
experts go into an inaudible huddle.

**307. CLOSE SHOT - COBB AND LONGFELLOW**

Longfellow is slumped in his seat, head down.

**COBB**

Come on, what're you going to do? Let them get away with it? They got you cooked.

Longfellow does not budge.

There is an expectant stir in the courtroom among the spectators and rows of reporters.

**308. MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE JUDGE AND HIS EXHIBITS**

Judge comes out of his huddle and glances at Longfellow.

**JUDGE**

(leaning forward)

Mr. Deeds, before the court arrives at a decision, isn't there anything you wish to say?

**309. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW AND COBB**

Longfellow shakes his head slightly.

**COBB**

(whispering)

Come on - don't be a sap!

**CONTINUATION SCENE 308**

The Judge watches him a few moments, hesitatingly, and then turns to his experts.

**310. MED. SHOT - NEWSPAPER REPORTERS**

**A REPORTER**

He's sunk.

**311. CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR AND HIS CLIENTS,  
ASSISTANTS ETC.**

They smirk confidently.

**312. CLOSE SHOT - BABE AND MAC**

She stares, panic-stricken.

**313. MED. SHOT**

Of the Swede, the farmer, and others.  
Their faces show their resentment.

**314. MED. SHOT FRONT OF COURTROOM**

**JUDGE**

(to the two experts)

You both concur?

? 451 ?

**EXPERTS**

(ad-lib)

Oh, positively.

The Judge emerges from his consultation  
with his experts and addresses Longfellow.

**JUDGE**

Mr. Deeds, in view of the extensive  
testimony and your continued silence  
and upon recommendation of the doctors,  
the Court considers it advisable for  
your own safety that you be committed  
to an institution as prescribed by law.  
You need medical attention, Mr. Deeds.

(shrugs)

Perhaps in a little while—

Suddenly the air is rent with the shrill voice of Babe.

**BABE**

No! No! No! Wait a minute!

All are startled and look up. Babe runs right to the Judge.

**BABE**

You can't do it! You've got to make him talk.

**CEDAR'S VOICE**

Your Honor, I object!

She turns directly to Longfellow - leaning over close to him.

**315. CLOSE SHOT - BABE AND LONGFELLOW**

**BABE**

(pleading softly)

Oh, darling, please. I know everything I've done. I know how horrible I've been. No matter what happens, if you never see me again, do this for me.

**JUDGE'S VOICE**

Miss Bennett, please!

**BABE**

(frantically)

You said I could speak! You said I could have my say if I were rational. I'm rational. Please, let me take the witness chair.

**316. WIDER ANGLE**

**BABE**

He must be made to defend himself before you arrive at a decision.

**JUDGE**

Very well. Take the stand.

Babe goes up to the witness stand and sits down.

**BABE**

Oh, thank you!

? 452 ?

**CEDAR**

(shouting)

Your Honor, what she is saying has no bearing on the case. I object.

**JUDGE**

Let her speak.

**BABE**

I know why he won't defend himself! That has a bearing on the case, hasn't it? He's been hurt! He's been hurt by everybody's he met since he came here, principally by me. He's been the victim of every conniving crook in town. The newspapers pounced on him - made him a target for their feeble humor.

**317. CLOSE SHOT - BABE**

**BABE**

I was smarter than the rest of them! I got closer to him so I could laugh louder. Why shouldn't he keep quiet? Every time he said anything it was twisted around to sound imbecilic.

**318. CLOSEUP - BABE**

As she continues.

**BABE**

He can thank me for it! I handed the gang a grand laugh. This is a fitting climax to my sense of humor.

**319. WIDER ANGLE**

As Cedar protests.

**CEDAR**

But Your Honor - this is preposterous!

The Judge waves him down with a dismissing gesture of his hand.

**BABE**

Certainly I wrote those articles. I was going to get a raise - and a month's vacation! But I stopped writing them when I found out what he was all about! When I realized how real he was.

**320. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW**

As Babe's voice continues:

**BABE'S VOICE**

He could never fit in with our distorted viewpoint because he's honest and sincere - and good. If that man is crazy, Your Honor, the rest of us belong in straight-

jackets.

**321. MED. SHOT**

Cedar jumps up.

**CEDAR**

Your Honor, this is absurd. The woman's obviously in love with him.

? 453 ?

**BABE**

What's that got to do with it?

**CEDAR**

(shouting)

Well, you are in love with him, aren't you?

**BABE**

(shouting back)

What's that got to do with it?

**CEDAR**

(louder)

You are , aren't you?

**BABE**

(just as loud)

Yes!!!

**322. CLOSEUP - LONGFELLOW**

To be intercut during her speech. At first he merely glances up at her

speculatively.

Finally, he begins to show some interest.

**323. MED. SHOT FRONT OF COURTROOM**

Cedar turns to the Judge.

**CEDAR**

Your Honor, her testimony is of no value. Why shouldn't she defend him? It's a tribute to American womanhood - the instinct to protect the weak. I'm not saying that nobody likes the boy. I cherish a fond affection for him myself. But that doesn't mean to say-

In the middle of his speech, Mac - the editor - appears at his elbow.

**MAC**

When the windbag here gets through, Your Honor, I'd like to verify what Miss Bennett said. I'm her editor. When she quit her job, she told me what a swell fellow this man was. And anything Babe Bennett says is okay with me.

**JUDGE**

If you have anything to say, you will take the stand.

**MAC**

I've already said it, Your Honor. I just thought I'd like to get my two cents in.

As he starts to go, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM, he passes Longfellow. He nudges him.

**MAC**

Don't be a sucker, pal. Stand up and speak your piece.

He disappears to his seat.

**COBB**

Your Honor, I've got a couple of cents I'd like to put in-

? 454 ?

**JUDGE**

Sit down!

**COBB**

I've been with this man ever since he came to New York-

**324. MED. SHOT**

Shooting toward the Judge. He pounds his gavel, interrupting Cobb.

**JUDGE**

Sit down! There will be no further interruptions.

Almost simultaneously with the Judge's speech, the farmer, somewhere in the audience, rises to his feet.

**FARMER**

How about us, Mr. Deeds!

**325. MED. SHOT**

Shooting toward audience. As the farmer finishes, a dozen others are on their feet.

**CROWD**

(ad-lib)

Yes! What about us, Mr. Deeds!

You're not going to leave us out in the cold!

They're trying to frame you, Mr. Deeds!

The turmoil is general, with bailiffs running to quiet them. The Judge pounding his gavel, incensed.

**BAILIFF'S VOICE**

Order! Order!

**JUDGE**

(when quiet reigns)

In the interest of Mr. Deeds, I have tolerated a great deal of informality. But if there is one more outburst, I shall have the courtroom cleared.

**LONGFELLOW**

Your Honor—

**JUDGE**

(surprised)

Yes?

**LONGFELLOW**

I'd like to get in my two cents' worth.

**JUDGE**

Take the stand!

There is a general stir of excitement  
- and whispering.

**326. CLOSE SHOT - BABE**

Her eyes sparkle happily.

? 455 ?

**327. CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR AND CLIENTS**

The clients look up at Cedar, concerned.  
Cedar comforts them with a confident  
grimace.

**328. MED. SHOT**

To include Longfellow, Judge, and others  
around them. Longfellow hesitates.

**JUDGE**

Proceed.

**LONGFELLOW**

Well, I don't know where to begin. There's  
been so many things said about me that  
**I—**

### **329. CLOSE SHOT AT WITNESS STAND**

Longfellow continues:

#### **LONGFELLOW**

About my playing the tuba. Seems like a lot of fuss has been made about that. If a man's crazy just 'cause he plays the tuba, then somebody better look into it, 'cause there are a lot of tuba players running around loose. Of course, I don't see any harm in it. I play mine whenever I want to concentrate. That may sound funny to some people - but everybody does something silly when they're thinking. For instance, the Judge here is an O-filler . . .

### **330. WIDER ANGLE**

Front of courtroom.

#### **JUDGE**

A what?

#### **LONGFELLOW**

An O-filler. You fill in all the spaces in the O's, with your pencil.

(points to desk)

I was watching you.

The Judge looks down at a paper in front of him.

#### **INSERT: OF A PRINTED DOCUMENT**

Of some sort. All the O's and P's and R's have the white spaces pencilled in.

### **331. CLOSEUP - JUDGE**

As he looks up from the document. He is a trifle self-conscious. Laughter comes from the courtroom.

**LONGFELLOW'S VOICE**

That may make you look a little crazy,  
Your Honor, just sitting around filling  
in O's - but I don't see anything wrong  
'cause that helps you to think. Other  
people are doodlers.

**JUDGE**

Doodlers?

? 456 ?

**332. MED. SHOT - FRONT OF COURTROOM**

**LONGFELLOW**

That's a name we made up back home for  
people who make foolish designs on paper  
when they're thinking. It's called doodling.  
Almost everybody's a doodler. Did you  
ever see a scratch pad in a telephone  
booth? People draw the most idiotic  
pictures when they're thinking. Dr.  
Von Holler, here, could probably think  
up a long name for it, because he doodles  
all the time.

Dr. Von Holler, who is in the middle  
of some doodling, flinches. A roar of  
laughter comes from the spectators.  
Longfellow reaches over to where Dr.  
Von Holler sits and picks up a piece  
of paper.

**LONGFELLOW**

(to Dr. Von Holler)

Thank you.

(returning to the stand)

This is a piece of paper he was scribbling  
on.

(scrutinizes it)

I can't figure it out. One minute it  
looks like a chimpanzee - and the next

minute it looks like a picture of Mr. Cedar.

(hands it to him)

You look at it, Judge.

The Judge, with a serious mien, takes the paper.

**INSERT: OF PAPER**

It is a doodle face.

**BACK TO SCENE:**

Dr. Von Holler is somewhat uncomfortable.

**LONGFELLOW**

Exhibit A - for the defense.

(after a pause)

Looks kind of stupid, doesn't it, Your Honor? But I guess that's all right if Dr. Von Holler has to doodle to help him think. That's his business. Everybody does something different. Some people are-

(demonstrates)

ear-pullers - some are nail-biters-

(pointing)

That Mr. Semple over there is a nose-twitcher.

**333. CLOSE SHOT - SEMPLE AND HIS WIFE**

He looks up, startled, his nose twitching more violently than ever. The courtroom rocks with laughter.

His wife, in her nervousness, pulls at her fingers.

**LONGFELLOW'S VOICE**

cracker.  
And the lady next to him is a knuckle-

Mrs. Semple quickly drops her hands  
in her lap, as the courtroom again fills  
with laughter.

? 457 ?

**334. CLOSE SHOT - COBB**

He swings a key-ring around his forefinger.  
Suddenly he realizes Longfellow might  
get to him, and he hastily palms the  
keys and shoves them in his pocket.

**335. MED. CLOSE SHOT - NEWSPAPER REPORTERS**

One is leaning forward, listening intently  
- biting the end of his pencil. The  
one next to him nudges him and silently  
points to the pencil in his mouth. The  
reporter gets the idea and, smiling  
sheepishly, yanks it out of his mouth.

**336. MED. CLOSE SHOT - FRONT OF COURTROOM**

**LONGFELLOW**

So you see, everybody does silly things  
to help them think.

(in conclusion)

Well, I play the tuba.

**337. CLOSE SHOT - MAC**

As he bursts forth.

**MAC**

Nice work, toots!

The crowd echoes him with shouts and laughter.

**338. CLOSE SHOT - JUDGE**

He glares off scene at Mac, reprimandingly.

**339. CLOSE SHOT - BABE**

She is amused at the embarrassment Longfellow has caused them all.

**340. CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR AND HIS CLIENTS**

They squirm uncomfortably.

**341. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT WITNESS STAND**

Longfellow in chair - Judge at bench,  
b.g.

**JUDGE**

Mr. Deeds, do you recall forcibly ejecting people from your home?

**LONGFELLOW**

Oh, yes. Yes. About my throwing those people out of my house. Mrs. Pomponi told the truth. I did throw them out because I didn't want the party in the first place. I didn't invite anybody. Mrs. Pomponi did all that. They just came to see what kind of a freak the "Cinderella Man" was. I don't know how people like that are supposed to act, Your Honor, but if that Pomponi woman is an example, I'll stick to simple folks. She just came in, talked my ear off, and took charge of everything. If I were a friend of hers, I'd have her examined.

**342. MED. SHOT OF COURTROOM**

Featuring Longfellow. Cedar, who cannot stand it any longer, jumps to his feet.

? 458 ?

**CEDAR**

Your Honor, this is becoming farcical. I demand that Mr. Deeds dispense with side remarks and confine himself to facts! Let him explain his wanderings around the streets in underclothes, his feeding doughnuts to horses!

**JUDGE'S VOICE**

Proceed.

**LONGFELLOW**

Mr. Cedar's right. Those things do look kind of bad, don't they? But to tell the truth, Your Honor, I don't remember them. I guess they happened, all right, because I don't think a policeman would lie about a thing like that, but I was drunk. It was the first time I was ever drunk in my life. It's probably happened to you, some time. I mean, when you were younger, of course.

The Judge clears his throat in embarrassment. Several women giggle. The Judge sternly pounds his gavel.

**343. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW**

**LONGFELLOW**

It's likely to happen to anybody. Just the other morning I read in the paper about Mr. Cedar's own son - about how he got drunk and insisted on driving a taxi-cab, while the driver sat inside. Isn't that so, Mr. Cedar? Isn't that so, Mr. Cedar?

**344. MED. SHOT OF COURTROOM**

All eyes have turned to Cedar.

**345. CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR**

His eyes are beginning to blaze angrily.

**CEDAR**

Your Honor, I object.

**JUDGE**

Proceed.

**346. MEDIUM SHOT**

**LONGFELLOW**

Now about the Falkner sisters. That's kind of funny. I mean about Mr. Cedar going all the way to Mandrake Falls to bring them here. Do you mind if I talk to them?

**JUDGE**

Not at all.

Longfellow turns. Everybody stretches to get a better look at them.

**LONGFELLOW**

Jane, who owns the house you live in?

? 459 ?

**347. CLOSE SHOT - THE SISTERS**

The girls consult with each other.

**JANE**

Why, you own it, Longfellow.

**AMY**

Yes, you own it.

**LONGFELLOW'S VOICE**

Do you pay any rent?

**JANE**

(after conferring with Amy)

No, we don't pay any rent.

**AMY**

Good heavens, no! We never pay rent.

**348. WIDER ANGLE**

As Longfellow continues questioning:

**LONGFELLOW**

Are you happy there?

**JANE**

Oh, yes.

**AMY**

Yes, indeed.

**LONGFELLOW**

Now, Jane, a little while ago you said I was pixilated. Do you still think so?

**JANE**

(after the usual conference)

Why, you've always been pixilated,

Longfellow.

**AMY**

Always.

**LONGFELLOW**

(smiling)

That's fine. I guess maybe I am.

(seriously)

Now tell me something, Jane. Who else in Mandrake Falls is pixilated?

Jane turns to her sister and this time they go into a prolonged huddle. It is apparently a difficult thing to figure out. Finally they come out of it.

**JANE**

Why, everybody in Mandrake Falls in pixilated - except us.

**AMY**

Uh-huh.

**349. MED. SHOT OF SPECTATORS**

There is an outburst of laughter which the Judge quickly quells with his gavel.

? 460 ?

**350. MED. SHOT - DIFFERENT ANGLE**

**LONGFELLOW**

Now, just one more question. Do you see the Judge here? He's a nice man, isn't he?

**JANE & AMY**

Uh-huh.

**LONGFELLOW**

Do you think he's pixilated?

**JANE**

(quickly)

Oh, yes.

**AMY**

Yes, indeedy.

There is more laughter. More pounding of the judiciary gavel.

**351. CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR**

He feels his case slowly crumbling.

**352. CLOSE SHOT - BABE**

She can scarcely conceal her elation.

**353. MED. SHOT - FRONT OF COURTROOM**

**JUDGE**

Mr. Deeds, you haven't yet touched upon a most important thing. This rather fantastic idea of yours to want to give away your entire fortune. It is, to say the least, most uncommon.

**LONGFELLOW**

Oh yes, I was getting to that, Your Honor.

CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSER SHOT, featuring Longfellow and Judge, as former continues:

**LONGFELLOW**

Suppose you were living in a small town and getting along fine, and suddenly somebody dropped \$20,000,000 in your lap. Supposing you discovered that all that money was messing up your life, was bringing a lot of vultures around your neck, and making you lose faith in everybody. You'd be a little worried, wouldn't you? You'd feel that you had a hot potato in your hand, and you'd want to drop it. I guess Dr. Von Holler would say you were riding on-

(points to chart)

-those bottom waves, 'cause you wanted

to drop something that was burning your fingers.

**354. MEDIUM SHOT**

Cedar springs to his feet.

**CEDAR**

(shouting)

If this man is permitted to carry out his plan, repercussions will be felt that will rock the foundations of our entire governmental system!

**? 461 ?**

The Judge has pounded him into silence.

**JUDGE**

Please, Mr. Cedar!

(to Longfellow)

Proceed.

**355. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT WITNESS STAND**

**LONGFELLOW**

Personally, I don't know what Mr. Cedar's raving about. From what I can see, no matter what system of government we have, there will always be leaders and always be followers.

**356. MED. CLOSE SHOT**

Farmers in audience, as Longfellow's voice continues:

**LONGFELLOW'S VOICE**

It's like the road out in front of my house. It's on a steep hill. Every day I watch the cars climbing up. Some go lickety-split up that hill on high-

**357. FULL SHOT**

**LONGFELLOW**

-some have to shift into second - and some sputter and shake and slip back to the bottom again. Same cars - same gasoline - yet some make it and some don't. And I say the fellows who can make the hill on high should stop once in a while and help those who can't.

**358. MEDIUM SHOT**

**LONGFELLOW**

(making his point)

That's all I'm trying to do with this money. Help the fellows who can't make the hill on high.

**359. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW**

**LONGFELLOW**

(hotly)

What does Mr. Cedar expect me to do with it? Give it to him - and a lot of other people who don't need it?

(rising; sarcastically)

If you don't mind, Your Honor, I'll ride on those top waves for a minute.

(calls out)

Hey, all you fellows out there! All those who applied for a farm, stand up!

**360. REVERSE ANGLE**

Showing most of the audience struggling to their feet.

? 462 ?

**361. MED. CLOSE SHOT - WITNESS CHAIR**

**LONGFELLOW**

See all those fellows? They're the ones I'm trying to help. They need it!

(pointing)

Mr. Cedar and that Mr. Semple don't need anything. They've got plenty! It's like I'm out in a big boat and I see one fellow in a rowboat who's tired of rowing and wants a free ride - and another fellow who's drowning. Who would you expect me to rescue? Mr. Cedar, who just got tired of rowing and wants a free ride? Or those men out there who are drowning? Any ten-year-old child will give you the answer to that.

(to farmers etc. in courtroom)

All right, fellows. Thank you. Sit down.

**362. MEDIUM SHOT - FRONT OF COURTROOM**

**LONGFELLOW**

Now, my plan is very simple. I was going to give each family ten acres - a horse, a cow and some seed. And if they work the farm for three years, it's theirs. Now, if that's crazy, maybe I ought to be sent to an institution. But I don't think it is. And what's more, Mr. Cedar doesn't either.

(vehemently)

Just before the hearing started, he offered to call the whole thing off if I made a settlement with him. So you see, he wouldn't think I was crazy if he got paid off.

**363. CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR**

He jumps to his feet, highly incensed.

**CEDAR**

It's a lie!

**JUDGE**

Mr. Cedar!

**CEDAR**

Mr. Deeds is drawing on his warped  
imagination!

**364. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW**

As he listens to Cedar, watching him  
antagonistically.

**CEDAR'S VOICE**

I've never heard anything so colossally  
stupid in my life!

Longfellow's eyes narrow resentfully.

**365. WIDER ANGLE**

To include Longfellow, Cedar and Judge.

**CEDAR**

It's an insult to our intelligence to  
sit here and listen to his childish  
ravings.

**? 463 ?**

Throughout his speech the Judge has  
been pounding his gavel. Longfellow  
has his eyes levelled off on Cedar.

**JUDGE**

(when quiet reigns)

You will please permit Mr. Deeds to finish.

**CEDAR**

But Your Honor—

**JUDGE**

Mr. Cedar!

Cedar, grumblingly, remains standing.  
Judge asks Longfellow:

**JUDGE**

Anything else, Mr. Deeds?

**LONGFELLOW**

(eyes still on Cedar)

No.

(changes his mind; turns to Judge)

Yes. There's just one more thing I'd like to get off my chest before I finish.

**JUDGE**

Proceed.

**LONGFELLOW**

Thank you, Your Honor.

He rises to his feet, takes one step forward, and clouts Cedar flush on the jaw. As Cedar falls into the arms of an associate, pandemonium breaks loose.

**BAILIFF'S VOICE**

Order! Order! Order in the court!

**366. FULL SHOT OF COURTROOM**

The Judge pounds his gavel. There are cries of approval from the spectators. In the midst of the commotion-

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. COURTROOM**

**367. MED. PANNING SHOT**

Showing spectators, waiting breathlessly for a decision. All eyes are on the Judge.

**368. CLOSE SHOT AT BENCH**

The Judge holds a whispered conversation with his experts.

**369. CLOSE SHOT - BABE**

She is apprehensive.

**370. CLOSE SHOT - LONGFELLOW**

He glances furtively at Babe, off scene.

**371. MED. SHOT OF FARMERS**

Leaning forward. Their entire future hangs in the balance.

**372. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT BENCH**

The Judge comes out of the huddle; his face is very stern.

**? 464 ?**

**BAILIFF'S VOICE**

Remain seated and come to order. The Court is again in session.

**JUDGE**

Before the Court announces its decision, I want to warn all who are here that the police have orders to arrest anyone

creating a disturbance.

**373. QUICK FLASHES**

Of Babe - Cobb - Longfellow - Mac -  
the farmers.

**374. INSERT: CLOSE SHOT - JUDGE**

The Judge's preface augurs ill.

**375. CLOSEUP - CEDAR**

His mouth curls up in a contented grimace.

**376. FULL SHOT - COURTROOM**

All eyes are upon the Judge, who clears  
his throat.

**JUDGE**

(serious mien)

Mr. Deeds, there has been a great deal  
of damaging testimony against you. Your  
behavior, to say the least, has been  
most strange.

An audible gasp is heard from audience.  
Judge goes on:

**JUDGE**

But in the opinion of the Court, you  
are not only sane, but you are the sanest  
man that ever walked into this courtroom.  
Case dismissed!

The shout that greets this is tumultuous.  
The Judge smiles warmly, and clasps  
Longfellow's hand. Immediately, Longfellow  
is surrounded by a crowd of people who  
come running down the aisles.

**377. CLOSE SHOT - CEDAR AND GROUP**

They sit, stunned, disappointed. Mrs.  
Semple turns to her husband and slaps  
him.

**MRS. SEMPLE**

You nose-twitcher!

Budington rises to confront Cedar.

**BUDINGTON**

Oh, I knew it! I knew it! You, you—

Cedar disgustedly pushes him in the face, aside.

**378. CLOSE SHOT - BABE**

She smiles ecstatically, too excited to move. Suddenly she rises.

**379. MEDIUM SHOT**

As Babe tries to get to Longfellow, but finds herself on the fringe of a jubilant crowd in the center of which is Longfellow. She tries to break through, but finds it impossible. Desperately, she jumps on a chair and tries frantically to get a glimpse of him. At that moment, several farmers have lifted Longfellow on their shoulders.

**380. FULL SHOT - COURTROOM**

As jubilantly, Longfellow is carried out on the shoulders of the excited crowd.

? 465 ?

**381. MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT**

Longfellow,

As Babe frantically tries to reach but is jostled aside. The parade envelops her.

**382. LONG SHOT FROM REAR**

The shouting mob is heading for the door at end of courtroom. Everyone crowds forward.

**383. CLOSE SHOT IN REAR**

Babe is left helplessly out.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**384. FULL SHOT OF COURTROOM**

Empty - except for the Falkner sisters, still whispering to each other, and Babe, sitting helpless and forlorn.

**385. CLOSE SHOT - BABE**

Her eyes are filled. Dismally she starts forward. We hear a rising commotion from the outside, at this moment.

**386. WIDER ANGLE**

Longfellow running toward camera with the mob, shouting, back of him. He reaches courtroom, slams the doors shut behind him. Babe, attracted by the noise, looks up. He runs toward her, and swoops her up in his arms.

**387. CLOSE SHOT - JANE & AMY**

**JANE**

He's still pixilated.

**AMY**

He sure is.

**388. CLOSE SHOT - BABE AND LONGFELLOW**

She kisses him over and over again. He looks around and over his shoulder at the mob, a little dazed. Finally, he notices her effort, and gives her one passionately back.

All that is heard is the cheering of the crowd outside and the Columbia music.

**FADE OUT .**

**THE END**