

Mystery of the Wax Museum

FADE IN ON
TITLE: PROLOGUE LONDON, 1920.

DISSOLVE TO:

1 INT. MUSEUM OF IVAN IGOR
where he exhibits groups and individuals done in wax. The figures are of historic characters and events. The place is almost in darkness as the steel blinds are drawn on the windows facing the street. Through the back and side windows we see and hear a pouring rain. At the fade in we hear the distant rumbling of thunder, and shortly thereafter there is a blinding flash of lightning through the unshuttered windows showing in clear relief a brutal, sinister face, the black hood and cowl suggesting a medieval monk. We see, lying at the foot of the monkish figure, a seminude figure of a woman whose back is sadly lacerated. She is lying face down. In the monk's hand is a knout or cat-o'-nine-tails, as though he had been punishing her.

In the background of this shot we see a workbench and a work light. The vague figure of Igor is seen, at work on a nearly completed bust. DOLLY UP TO A CLOSE-UP of Igor's hands. We see that they are the sensitive, fine hands of an artist, dexterous in their delicate occupation.

CUT TO:

2 FULL FIGURE OF IGOR as he steps back from the bench. Evidently satisfied, he goes to a basin of water and puts his hands in it and stands as though resting them.

3 EXT. STREET LONG SHOT MUSEUM IN BACKGROUND
It is raining and we see an occasional flash of lightning. The figure of Worth on the opposite side of street from museum, walking rapidly AWAY FROM CAMERA, comes to a point diagonally opposite museum and glances furtively about, starts toward the entrance. When a policeman appears, he darts quickly to a doorway, concealing himself. The officer crosses the street and disappears along an intersecting street. Worth makes a second endeavor to approach the museum, when a hansom cab draws up to the curb and Dr. Rasmussen and Golatily alight and cross the sidewalk toward door. Worth slinks back to his hiding place. The cab draws away.

4 CLOSE SHOT GOLATILY AND RASMUSSEN ON STEPS

GOLATILY
(glancing at watch)
A beastly hour to disturb the fellow.

RASMUSSEN
Not at all. He works late and he'll be
delighted.

They knock at door.

5 INT. MUSEUM CLOSE SHOT OF IGOR
washing hands. He straightens up and glances toward
door, showing annoyance, then starts toward door.
The knock is repeated.

6 EXT. MUSEUM
Rasmussen is pressing his face to glass, looks
through, and we see, through the glass panel of the
door, Igor approaching. When he glimpses his
visitors, his expression changes from annoyance to
one of extreme pleasure, and hastening his stride he
opens the door quickly.

IGOR
(with slight foreign accent)
Well, well, my friend, this is an
unexpected pleasure.

RASMUSSEN
(shaking hands with Igor)
I shouldn't have thought of disturbing
you but it happens the friend I told you
of is leaving tomorrow to supervise some
new excavations in Egypt, and he was
anxious to look at your collection
before going away. May I present Mr.
Golatily?

IGOR
It is a great pleasure. I have heard so
much about you.

7 INT. MUSEUM
The three men enter museum, Igor closing the door and
locking it. Igor laughs.

IGOR
My children will become conceited that so
distinguished a critic has thought them
interesting enough to review.

8 EXT. MUSEUM FROM OPPOSITE SIDE OF STREET
Worth, standing in doorway opposite museum, waiting impatiently.

8A INT. MUSEUM
Igor throws light switches, one at a time, each circuit illuminating a different group. He names them as he throws each switch.

IGOR
Sidney Carton on the Guillotine.

9 CLOSE SHOT
of the figure. We hear Golatily's voice.

GOLATILY'S VOICE
Very interestingly done.

CAMERA PANS TO figure of Sir Walter Raleigh as the lights are thrown on this figure. We hear Igor's voice.

IGOR'S VOICE
Sir Walter Raleigh.

RASMUSSEN'S VOICE
I was particularly interested in this one. See the fineness with which he has mounted that beard.

CAMERA PANS TO figure of Joan d'Arc, as lights are thrown on it and we hear Igor's voice.

IGOR'S VOICE
Joan d'Arc.

GOLATILY'S VOICE
It's a pity to race through such an exhibition. One should have time to really study them.

CAMERA PANS TO figure of Voltaire. The lights are thrown on and we hear Igor's voice.

IGOR'S VOICE
Voltaire.

The two visitors are standing at the moment beside the figure of Voltaire. Golatily backs away from it, half closing his eyes and studying it critically.

GOLATILY
You could almost expect him to speak. I

wonder what he'd say after all these years.

Igor joins them, laughing.

IGOR

You would be astonished. He is more difficult now, to those in authority, than even the records show. He was a very stubborn person, I assure you.

RASMUSSEN

Stubborn?

IGOR

Unbelievably. For days I argued with this fellow before I could get him as I wanted him. But always I triumphed ...

(he laughs)

... and few people triumphed over Voltaire. And here ...

(he throws light switch on a peasant mother and child)

... we have something that pleases me, though of no historic importance. It was done because I love to model children.

The group is a peasant mother, two children playing at her feet and a nursing babe at her breast.

9A EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MUSEUM

Worth, as he throws away cigarette impatiently and takes new place of concealment.

10 INT. MUSEUM

The three men are strolling toward the figure of Marie Antoinette.

GOLATILY

But you have no right to hide such genius in a side street museum.

IGOR

(goes to light switch)

You are too gracious. These things have some merit, I suspect ... but this--

(throws switch)

... I am convinced, is fine.

(Joining the group.)

GOLATILY

(leaning close to figure)

Even those delicate veins, the texture of this flesh -- I have never seen anything more exquisite.

IGOR

(laughing)

My partner believes that I should build a horror chamber, immortalizing the hideous crimes and criminals of London. At such times Marie Antoinette has reassured me, she has promised me recognition for the devotion I gave to her.

GOLATILY

She will undoubtedly keep her promise. If you'll grant me the privilege, I'd like to submit this work to the Royal Academy when I get back.

IGOR

(delighted)

You will have won the undying gratitude of us all.

(Glancing over his shoulder.)

Is that not so, Marie Antoinette?

GOLATILY

(as they cross to door)

I regret I can't spend the time I'd like with your exhibition, but I'm going to worry the life out of you when I come back.

(The three laugh.)

IGOR

It will always afford me great pleasure to see you.

(They shake hands.)

GOLATILY

Good night, sir.

IGOR

Good night.

(To Rasmussen.)

And I am very grateful to you.

11

EXT. MUSEUM MAIN ENTRANCE

Door opens. Golatily and Rasmussen come through door. Igor is speaking.

IGOR

Thank you so much for your visit and encouragement.

They bid each other good night cordially and the two stroll away, as Igor closes the door and pulls the blind.

12

EXT. MUSEUM

The two men pass the spot where Worth has concealed himself. He peers after them from the shadows, then crosses street toward museum and walks toward door of entrance.

13

INT. MUSEUM

Igor, with the exuberance of a delighted child, runs to the figure of Marie Antoinette and caresses her.

IGOR

You heard what he said. You heard this man who is very celebrated, what he said of you?

(He backs away from the figure, laughing.)

Ho-ho-ho, of course, you would say that. You always told me so, of course.

(Then extending arms to include all the figures in the gallery.)

And you, my friends -- Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Maximilian, Savonarola, all of you, how will you feel to be famous again?

These figures, whom he has addressed individually in the last speech, are all on a raised platform or balcony, and he has turned and gestured toward each one as he named them. He now turns to Voltaire. Walking toward the figure and shaking his finger at it.

IGOR

And even you, who scoffed at immortality, who wrote so eloquently against the thought of immortality, you are experiencing it in spite of yourself.

We hear the door open and Igor turns.

IGOR

(surprised, questioningly)

Hello! What are you doing here so late?

We hear footsteps of someone approaching him as the CAMERA SWINGS and Worth walks into picture.

WORTH

(brusquely)

I came back for some of the books. I am trying to straighten out the accounts. I don't hope to impress you, but I may as well tell you: We haven't a farthing!

IGOR

(mildly, with no great concern)

That is unfortunate.

14 CLOSE-UP WORTH
He is furious.

WORTH
You're right it's unfortunate! Fifteen thousand pounds it's cost me! And you say it's unfortunate, as though I'd spilled a spot of grog on my waistcoat.

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS TO A

15 CLOSE SHOT OF THE TWO

IGOR
(returning to workbench,
followed by Worth; Igor
shrugs)
Your money may have been well invested,
my friend. Something important may come
of all this.

WORTH
Something important has got to come of
it! Do you know that the rent on this
place isn't paid?

IGOR
(sits at bench and
starts to work)
Is that a fact?

WORTH
(angrily)
No -- I'm lying to amuse myself!
(Leaning over bench
confidentially.)
Now look here, I've an idea that will get
us out of all this. We haven't twopence
between us, but we've got these.
(Draws papers from pocket,
slaps them on desk before
Igor. Igor glances at them,
then up at Worth in surprise.)

IGOR
Fire insurance!

WORTH
Yes, there's our way out. A fire in this
place would give us ten thousand pounds.

Igor rises slowly, unable to believe what he hears.

IGOR

A fire! Is this your idea of humor, my friend?

WORTH

(grimly)

I want the money back I've thrown into this rubbish heap.

IGOR

You are asking to burn these people ... you are asking? ...

(Growing excited, takes a few steps away from bench.)

16

INT. MUSEUM MED.SHOT

Igor makes a sweeping gesture that takes in the entire room.

IGOR

... to destroy all this?

WORTH

I'm not asking you anything. I'm telling you what I'm going to do!

IGOR

And you think I will permit this, my friend?

WORTH

You've got to permit it! Whose fault is it that no one comes here? The museum at Walston Lane does well enough, and why? They've got Jack the Ripper, Burke and Hare, the Mad Butcher, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street and things people pay to see.

IGOR

And they are welcome to them. To perpetuate such creatures is to celebrate their crimes.

WORTH

Well, what do you think I'm in this for?

(Indicating figures, changing tone and attempting to cajole Igor.)

Think of it, man, a match -- a cigar stub -- and ten thousand pounds to divide between us!

IGOR

You're insane.

WORTH

Not at all -- let me show you how easily
it can be done.

(He strikes match and starts
toward one of the figures.)

Igor springs and whirls him about. Worth strikes Igor viciously and they have a terrific struggle, in the course of which Worth seizes a spirit lamp used for warming wax and hurls it at Igor. He misses his mark, but the lighted lamp falls into the folds of the draperies of one of the figures standing next to that of Marie Antoinette. Igor screams his terror as he dashes to extinguish the flames, and Worth, springing on his back, overpowers him. By this time the fire is spreading to one of the other groups. Worth quickly snatches some of the flaming cloth from this group and tosses it at the feet of other figures. The figures are shown to be melting, gradually losing form, and finally the liquid wax itself ignites with a flash that is almost an explosion. Igor is seen to stir, and Worth, seizing a heavy staff from the hands of one of the figures, strikes him several times. Apparently satisfied that Igor is helpless, Worth now hurries to a rear door and makes his exit.

17 EXT. AREAWAY BACK OF MUSEUM

We see Worth come through door, panting and disheveled. He starts away and then returns and locks door, after which he runs from scene.

18 INT. MUSEUM

Igor, dazed and weak, is struggling to his feet. He looks toward the figure of Marie Antoinette, its draperies now a mass of flame. He dashes toward it, catching it up in his arms, attempting to beat out the fire. The whole room now resembles the inside of a furnace, and as Igor, carrying the flaming figure, struggles toward the door, a portion of the ceiling collapses, barring his progress. He turns and staggers toward the rear. His clothes are blazing. He runs to a small iron trap in floor, near which is a group tableau of Sidney Carton on the Guillotine. Lifting the cover, he discloses an empty drain barely large enough to permit the passage of his body. As he disappears through trap, the rope suspending the blade of the guillotine burns through and the knife falls, decapitating the figure, and the head rolls across the floor."

FADE OUT

FADE IN ON

19 SKYLINE OF NEW YORK (miniature)

On a building in the foreground is an electric sign, the full width of the building, which reads New York Express. There is a huge illuminated clock dial someplace beneath the sign. The clock shows one minute of twelve. As the picture fades in and the minute hand jumps abruptly to exactly twelve, another electric sign showing the numerals 1932 in red appears immediately beneath the sign New York Express. Simultaneous with this we hear the shrieks of sirens, the honking of automobile horns, the screech of boat whistles in the harbor, the ringing of bells, the rapid firing of a pistol somewhere in the distance, the shouting of the crowd, indicating the passing of the old year. These sounds, in varying degrees, continue all through the following scenes. As this shot dissolves, the tone dissolves with it to the single scream of a siren as we see

20 STREET CORNER A CROWD OF PEOPLE
An ambulance driving around the corner.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 EXT. OF APARTMENT BUILDING
with all the windows lighted. Some windows still have Christmas ornaments in them. The CAMERA ON CRANE MOVES UP TO various windows. As the screaming of the siren and arrival of ambulance evidently attract the attention of the dwellers, several people open their windows and look out curiously. Some of them are holding cocktail glasses, and as the windows are opened we hear the strains of radio music and other sounds of joyous celebrating. In the last window we see Igor in his legitimate make-up -- not as a horror person -- looking at something across the street.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. OF OTHER APARTMENT HOUSE AT CORNER
The ambulance parked in front of it and a number of curious people standing about. The door of the apartment house is opened by a man in uniform, and we see a doctor carrying a medical case coming out of the house. A newspaper reporter runs up the steps to meet him and says:

REPORTER
Anything new, Doc?

DOCTOR
Nothing we didn't tell you this afternoon. The coroner confirmed our opinion -- it was suicide.

During this dialogue, two internes carrying a stretcher descend the steps, pass the doctor and place stretcher in ambulance, close door of ambulance, get on ambulance, drive away, and again we hear the noise of the siren.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT

Of newspaper heading:

THE NEW YORK EXPRESS
WISHES ITS READERS
A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Single column article:

BEAUTIFUL JOAN GALE
A SUICIDE

(then in smaller type)

Show Girl Found Dead
On Eve of New Year.

(then the story)

While the Broadway she loved prepared to celebrate the New Year, Joan Gale, beautiful show girl, lay dead by her own hand, it was discovered late yesterday afternoon. A maid at the Denton Hotel, where the butterfly girl occupied an expensive suite, entered her apartment at noon and found her clad in pajamas, etc., etc.

(single column picture of Joan Gale)

All through reading paper we hear New York celebration noises.

DISSOLVE TO:

23 NARROW DOWNTOWN STREET (probably West Broadway) NIGHT
With elevated road extending full width of street. An old-fashioned, disreputable brick building, with an iron grating along the edge of walk, beyond which is an areaway and a flight of stone steps, leading to basement door. There is also a door on the street level. The figure of a man approaches the house. The CAMERA SEES only his back. We hear the distant sound of the New York celebration, and two girls, passing the man who is walking AWAY FROM CAMERA, blow horns at him and throw confetti on him. He does not answer. He passes

them and admits himself to house with latchkey.

24 INT. WORTH HOUSE

CAMERA FOLLOWS him through a corridor into a room as dilapidated and forbidding as the exterior of the house. The room, evidently used as an office, is furnished with an ancient, battered desk and chairs. The walls are bare, and in places the paper, and even bits of plaster, have been torn away.

The figure of the man enters and throws on the lights. He goes to the desk, picks up a phone and dials a number, sitting in swivel chair with his back to CAMERA. He gets his number.

MAN

Hello, is that you, Tim? ... Tim, I'm sorry but I've got to have that tonight ... I've got to have it.

CAMERA TRAVELS TOWARD him as he slowly turns to face it.

MAN

No, I need it right away.

By this time we get a

25 CLOSE-UP OF WORTH'S FACE

and we see that it is the man who burned the museum. All through the phone conversation we hear the muffled shouts, the horns, etc. of the New Year celebration.

MAN

Who's on at the gate? ... you say Joe? ... Well, then you can get it out all right. I'll have the truck right down there. The harness bull down there is oke. I fixed that this afternoon.

DISSOLVE TO:

26 STREET OUTSIDE THE MORGUE

A policeman walking leisurely along his beat reaches the iron gate and glances up at the sign above the arch, which reads Morgue. We hear the distant shouting, singing, trumpeting. After the officer has disappeared, an upper window of the building opens and the hideous face of the Monster appears as he leans out of the window following the progress of the policeman along the street.

27 INT. MORGUE FULL SHOT

(It is necessary to give this business in detail, but it will be played quickly as the Monster moves with

astonishing rapidity.)

The room is almost in darkness, the only light coming from a window well upstage and at one side. We see dimly a row of slabs mounted on wheels. They are all occupied, the bodies being covered with sheets. The Monster glides quickly among them with a flashlight, turning down the sheets and inspecting the faces, finally locating the one he seems to have been in search of. CAMERA COMES TO A

28 CLOSE SHOT OF MONSTER
bending over slab as he examines figure illuminated by flashlight. We do not see the features of the corpse. As the Monster straightens up, he utters a horrible gurgling, retching murmur of joy, and we see him clearly for the first time.

29 CLOSE-UP MONSTER
A black-cloaked figure, disproportionate and grotesque, the face a horrible formless mass of scarred tissue. He has practically no forehead. His face is a shriveled bald pate of seared skin and bone, which recedes to a pointed cranium of unnatural contour. His eyes are alight with fanaticism and insanity. The face is a blot of drawn, unwholesomely colored, hairless skin. He is lipless, noseless, and what traces of human features remain are frightfully distorted. CAMERA RECEDES TO

30 MED. SHOT
and TRAVELS WITH him as he pushes the carriage quickly to the back window and places it against the sill, feet first.

31 CLOSE SHOT AT WINDOW
He opens the window, which has a single bar from top to bottom dividing its center. He leans out and whistles. During all of this we have been hearing the joyous shouts of the merry-makers. In answer to his signal there is a single whistle from someplace below. He throws the sheet aside and fastens a rope around and under the arms of the corpse, which he pushes slowly across the sill into space. After lowering the body, there is a whistle from below. He throws the remainder of the coil of rope out the window, but on the opposite side of the upright bar, so that the rope forms a double strand outside, permitting him to slide to ground level. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS and we PAN WITH the Monster as he returns the slab to its original position. He hears someone approaching and stretches out at length on the slab, covering himself with the sheet. The voices grow louder and

the CAMERA SWINGS, PICKING UP TWO attendants and FOLLOWING them as they enter. One of them throws on the lights, and they wheel another body into place beside the slab on which the Monster is concealed.

FIRST ATTENDANT

New Year's Eve ain't what it used to be.
This is only the second one tonight.

SECOND ATTENDANT

Yeah, times are sure tough.

FIRST ATTENDANT

What happened to this one?

SECOND ATTENDANT

Husband slapped her full of lumps ... said she talked too much.

The men turn and start out of the scene. The body, having just been embalmed, has a muscular reflex and rises to a rigid semisitting posture.

FIRST ATTENDANT

(frightened)

What's that?

SECOND ATTENDANT

Embalming fluid makes 'em jump.

He returns coolly and pushes the body into its proper position. The action causes a horrible rasping sound, peculiar to corpses.

SECOND ATTENDANT

(coldly)

Ain't that just like a woman ... always has to have the last word.

CAMERA FOLLOWS the two men as they exit in the direction from which they came, throwing off the lights and shutting the door after them. CAMERA PANS BACK to the Monster as he springs from the slab, and FOLLOWS him as he crosses to the window, climbs through and lowers himself over the sill.

INSERT

Showing base of upright bar of window with rope looped over. Evidently safe on the ground, the Monster pulls one end of rope, and we see it running around bar until the end disappears.

During this insert, we hear a crescendo of horns, shouts, etc., finally dominated by the clack of a wooden noisemaker, that blends gradually with the myriad clicking of a number of typewriters, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

- 32 CLOSE-UP OF TYPEWRITER AND HANDS OPERATING MACHINE
CAMERA PULLS BACK:
- 33 COMPOSING ROOM OF THE NEW YORK EXPRESS NIGHT
CAMERA PICKS UP a door at the end of a line of tables,
with typewriters, where rewrite men are busy on copy,
copy boys bringing them assignments, carrying away
completed stories, etc. Sign on door reads Managing
Editor. CAMERA SWINGS the length of the lane, PICKS
UP door at opposite end of room, and with a sudden,
terrific blast of steam whistles, etc., the door
opens and the girl, Florence (Glenda Farrell),
appears through door, obviously squiffy, leading a
nondescript mongrel dog. She carries a long, cheap
tin horn. The man nearest the door glances up from
his work.

FLORENCE

Gentlemen of the Daily Grind: 1932
salutes you with a fanfare of golden
brass!

(Takes hand from behind her
and blows on rubber "Bronx
cheer" rattler.)

The men laugh. Florence produces a bottle of Scotch.

FIRST MAN

(pointing significantly toward
managing editor's door)
Save your breath. Hard-Tack wants to see you.

FLORENCE

I don't want to see him -- he hurts my eyes.

FIRST MAN

No kiddin', he's sore as a dog.

FLORENCE

(to dog)
Move over Kelly. I'm in the dog house!

MAN

(laughs)
Where'd you get the stag hound?

FLORENCE

He's not a stag hound. His name is Kelly
and he's a police dog.

MAN

(patting the pup; others gather
around also stroking him)

What do you mean police dog?

FLORENCE

Plain-clothes man.

(Addressing room.)

Come on, slaves, drink and be merry for tomorrow you might be appointed correspondent to Washington ... a fate worse than death.

MAN

Listen, Flo, cut it out. Hard-Tack is pretty sore.

FLORENCE

(laughs)

Ain't that something. The mad monk of Manhattan. Here goes nothing.

(Crosses to door lettered Managing Editor and, as she exits through it, shouts over shoulder.)

Listen to the animal cracker roar like a lion.

34

INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE

The managing editor (Frank McHugh), a man of about thirty-five, not physically unattractive, but rather grim, is seated at his desk -- an intense worker, plainly impatient with anyone who loafes on the job.

(In the following scene we establish that, while he quarrels continually throughout the picture with the girl, there is an underlying and very strong bond of friendship and respect between the two.)

The door opens and, as Florence appears, we hear the last few words of her preceding speech. She closes the door, leaning against it.

FLORENCE

As I live and breathe and wear spats ... the prince.

EDITOR

(looking up angrily)

Been doing experiments with Scotch and soda again?

FLORENCE

(disheveled and obviously with an "edge")

Where did you get the news item?

(Sarcastically.)

From a little bird?

EDITOR

Yeah.

(Discards sheaf of papers
and looks up.)

Have a pleasant vacation?

FLORENCE

Charming. More delightful people crippled.

EDITOR

Great. Consider yourself crippled --
financially. See if you can jar your
charming friends loose from enough to eat
on.

FLORENCE

Meaning what?

EDITOR

That you're a sure bet to place in the
bread line. There's no room on this rag
for the purely ornamental. You're easy on
the eyes and pretty conceited about it.

He returns to his work. CAMERA FOLLOWS Florence and
comes to a

35

CLOSE SHOT OF FLORENCE
as she walks down and puts her arm over editor's
shoulder.

FLORENCE

Is mama's dumpling getting tough?

He pushes her away from him.

EDITOR

I'm through clowning. You're all washed
up. Get out!

FLORENCE

(straightening up)

What do you mean, you poor ham! This is
New Year's!

EDITOR

All right, what about it? We get out a
paper just the same. Did you ever stop to
think of that?

FLORENCE

Well, is it my fault if nothing happens?

He rises and, taking Florence angrily by the arm,
almost drags her to the window. He points to the
street below. There is an alternating red and green

light through the window, as though it came from an electric sign across the street.

EDITOR

Look down there! Nothing happening! Out of that insane mob you say there's nothing happening? There's a story in every person down there.

Florence giggles.

FLORENCE

(With elaborate sarcasm)
And how does one go about getting these human documents, may I inquire?

EDITOR

(caustically)
That is none of our business.
(Pushing her suddenly so that she stumbles to door.)
But you bring me something for the next edition if it's only a recipe for spaghetti!
(Turns quickly and sneers at her.)

FLORENCE

(turning to door, shouts)
Quick, Watson, the cookbook!

She exits and slams door. He looks after her angrily, as he returns to his desk.

36. INT. COMPOSING ROOM FULL SHOT
as Florence reenters. Sits on desk of last man she spoke to.

FLORENCE

What a sense of humor that guy has. Thinks a hangover is a Jewish holiday. I'm fired!

MAN

I told you he was a sore.

FLORENCE

Stories scarcer than caviar at a street cleaner's banquet, and he says, bring me a yarn. All I have to do is get a story.

MAN

Here's a wow.

He whispers to her. She straightens up and looks at him contemptuously. She crosses to door. Turning back, she sees the mongrel she brought in and calls.

FLORENCE

Hey, come here, Kelly. I don't want you hanging around with that guy. He's been reading naughty stories.

She and the dog exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT: CLOSE-UP OF COVER OF MAGAZINE entitled "Naughty Stories." Shows scantily attired figure of a girl dancer.

CAMERA DRAWS BACK TO

37 CLOSE-UP OF DESK SERGEANT ABSORBED IN MAGAZINE at 47th Street Police Station.

38 FULL SHOT POLICE STATION RECEPTION ROOM
Several uniformed men seated, reading late editions, etc. Florence enters with gay, almost rowdy camaraderie and thumps one of the officers on the back.

FLORENCE

Happy New Year, Ambrose!

He straightens and looks up.

OFFICER

Hello, Mrs. Dempsey. I don't see how they're ever going to settle that heavyweight argument while you're around.
(Rubbing shoulder.)

39 CLOSE SHOT DESK
Florence crosses to desk and, reaching over, pulls the magazine out of the sergeant's hand.

FLORENCE

Happy New Year, sweetheart. How's your sex life?

(Glances at magazine.)

Oh-oh!

(Hands it back to him.)

SERGEANT

(shouts)

Call the Homicide Squad!

FLORENCE

How's every little thing?

SERGEANT

Fine. You're the first reporter in here for two hours. You people seeing the old year out?

FLORENCE

I'm people which the old year saw out. I'm canned, fired!

SERGEANT

No kiddin'.

FLORENCE

I've got to make news, if I have to bite a dog.

(Looks around suddenly.)

Hey, Kelly! Oh, mi gosh, even he walked out on me.

SERGEANT

I've got a story for you. You know the Joan Gale girl?

FLORENCE

(unenthusiastically)

Yes, she committed suicide yesterday. That's not news. I heard about it last year.

SERGEANT

(mimicking her)

Oh, yeah? Maybe she didn't commit suicide. She may have been murdered!

FLORENCE

(startled)

No foolin' -- any suspect?

SERGEANT

Do you know George Winton?

FLORENCE

Old Howard Winton's cub?

SERGEANT

That's the one.

FLORENCE

(aghast)

They don't suspect *him*?

SERGEANT

Don't they? He's down at The Tombs right now.

FLORENCE

(threateningly)
Say, if you're stringin' me, Old-Timer ...

SERGEANT

(snaps)
Why would I string y'? They were sweeties
until a month ago.

FLORENCE

What does that prove?

SERGEANT

Nothing. Only she may have tried to
blackmail him. You know such things have
happened. Anyway, he was at her apartment
a few hours before she was found dead.

FLORENCE

(enthusiastically)
Hotcha! Saved, one job!

She reaches for the telephone on the sergeant's desk.
He snatches it away from her.

SERGEANT

Press room for yours.

40 FULL SHOT POLICE STATION RECEPTION ROOM
as Florence starts to door.

SERGEANT

But hold everything. Let me give you the
rest of the dirt.

She turns in door.

FLORENCE

Make it snappy, Colonel.

SERGEANT

There's an autopsy ordered at Bellevue
immediately. You better skip over there.

FLORENCE

(starting through door)
Don't give this to anybody else, will you?

SERGEANT

It's all yours.

FLORENCE

Thanks.

As she exits, she throws switch, leaving the entire
room in darkness. There is a shout of protest from the
men, which blends with the sound of an elevated train

as we

DISSOLVE TO:

41 EXT. WORTH HOUSE
A small covered truck drives up and stops. A man riding beside the driver jumps down and, glancing quickly up and down the street, runs down the basement steps and rings bell.

42 CLOSE SHOT BASEMENT DOOR
Lattice is drawn aside and a man peers out.

DOOR TENDER
Get it all right?

DRIVER'S COMPANION
Yes ... let's get it off the truck. Lend us a hand.

The door opens.

DOOR TENDER
(calling over his shoulder)
Hey, Sparrow -- come on!

Another figure appears, a furtive little man who occasionally, throughout the picture, rubs hand across nose as cocaine fiends are known to do. He seems to be in a very nervous state. Together, the four men remove a large oblong case from the truck and carry it downstairs into the basement.

43 INT. A LARGE, SPARSELY FURNISHED BASEMENT ROOM
There are a number of crates and boxes piled in one corner, and on a plain kitchen table, center, there are a number of bottles, glasses, etc. The four men enter and deposit the case, which is marked Fragile -- Handle with Care, on the floor.

DOOR TENDER
How about a little shot?

As the men approach the table, CAMERA MOVES UP and we get a CLOSE-UP, separately, of each of the four men as they drink. They are all of the urban criminal type. As CAMERA PULLS BACK, the truck driver and his companion start toward door.

TRUCK DRIVER
Happy New Year!

DRIVER'S COMPANION
See you some more!

The two exit.

44 FULL SHOT OF BASEMENT ROOM
as the two men exit. Door tender turns toward Sparrow
and CAMERA MOVES UP TO A

45 CLOSE SHOT OF THE TWO

DOOR TENDER
No use of your hangin' around here. He
told me not to give you anything tonight.

SPARROW
(obviously in highly
nervous state)
Where is he? Call him down, willya? I've
got to talk to him.

A door upstage opens. The two turn and CAMERA PULLS
BACK as Worth enters.

WORTH
(to Sparrow)
I thought I told you to stay out of here!

Sparrow crosses eagerly toward Worth.

SPARROW
Hello, Joe. I wouldn't bother you, but
I'm all in. My nerves are all shot.

WORTH
(contemptuously)
Your nerves are not all that are going to
be shot, you sneaky rat -- you've been
talking again!

Worth hits Sparrow and knocks him down.

WORTH
(to door tender)
Give him a deck.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO

46 FULL SHOT OF BASEMENT ROOM
as door tender extracts a small parcel from drawer in
table and tosses it to Sparrow, who grabs it eagerly
and struggles to his feet.

WORTH
(threateningly)
And understand this, you get nothing more

from me until you show me something! And
the next time you speak out of turn,
you're going to have bad luck.

As Worth finishes speech, he slaps Sparrow's face.

SPARROW
(conscious only of
the package given him)
Thanks ... thanks.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

47 TOP OF TABLE PITCHER OF ICE WATER, GLASSES NIGHT
Florence approaches table, pours a glass of ice water
and, before drinking it, presses it to her forehead
and temple. CAMERA SWINGS showing rest of room, which
is evidently a morgue surgery. There are several
officials, internes, a nurse, two doctors, two or
three plain-clothes men and a policeman in uniform
who is standing guard at the door. One of the plain-
clothes men, who evidently knows Florence, crosses and
speaks to her.

DETECTIVE
Feelin' tough?

FLORENCE
I've got a case of jitters that will cop
the Pulitzer prize. If they drag this out
too long, they'll have another corpse on
their hands.

CAMERA SWINGS TO:

48 CLOSE SHOT OF TWO DOCTORS

FIRST DOCTOR
When I was called, doctor, the girl had
been dead for possibly three or four
hours. My examination showed clearly
that she died of laudanum poisoning. I
thought at first it might have been an
accident, an overdose. Her eyes indicated
that she used narcotics frequently.

SECOND DOCTOR
What was the police theory?

FIRST DOCTOR
Suicide.

SECOND DOCTOR

Leave any message?

FIRST DOCTOR

No. That's why I thought death might have been accidental.

One of the plain-clothes men joins the two doctors.

FIRST DOCTOR

Who got the information about Winton, Flannery?

DETECTIVE

Everyone knows they was livin' together. But the way they fought you'd of thought they was married.

FIRST DOCTOR

Been separated quite some time, hadn't they?

DETECTIVE

Yeah. He was playin' up to some other twist. Winton's in bad because he left there just before she folded up.

SECOND DOCTOR

Well, if she committed suicide, with laudanum, she probably took it in its crude form, and we'll find it in that or very close to that state. If someone gave it to her, it would be diluted.

DETECTIVE

How could he give it to her?

FIRST DOCTOR

In a cup of coffee or a glass of whiskey.

The door bursts open and one of the attendants rushes in and, going directly to the two doctors, speaks.

ATTENDANT

The Gale body is gone!

FIRST DOCTOR

Gone? What are you talking about?

SECOND DOCTOR

(speaking almost simultaneous with the first)

The body gone! Absurd!

DETECTIVE

Wait a minute.

(To the attendant.)

What happened? What do you mean the

body's gone?

ATTENDANT

Just that. It's gone -- vanished -- disappeared!

DETECTIVE

You mean somebody stole the body!

FLORENCE

No. It got up and walked down to the cemetery to dig up a date.

Detectives give Florence a dirty glance.

ATTENDANT

(excitedly)

We went for the body and found the slab empty and the window to the alley open.

FLORENCE

Hot dog, death on a holiday!

DETECTIVE

(calling to other
plain-clothes man)

Come on, Flannery!

They leave the room hurriedly, followed by the attendant. Florence, her hand to her head, sways.

FLORENCE

Boy, oh boy! And he asked for a story. Is his face red! She looks around, sees phone, grabs it up and calls for a number.

FLORENCE

Bryant two six two six.

She waits a moment and then jiggles the receiver impatiently.

FLORENCE

(shouting)

Operator!

(Operator answers.

Florence, sarcastically.)

My, my, how you have grown.

(Quickly.)

Will you get that number, Mrs. Van Winkle!

Hello!

50 CLOSE-UP FLORENCE IN PHONE BOOTH

FLORENCE

(into phone)

Hello, Slug ... kill that Winton story for this! Joan Gale's body, not John Brown's ... Joan Gale's body was snatched from the morgue two minutes ago! I'm here now! Yeah, there were nine or ten witnesses! Nope, they didn't talk! They're pretty stiff. No, dope, not drunk, they're dead!

51 EDITOR'S DESK CLOSE SHOT EDITOR INTO PHONE

EDITOR

Can the clowning! Great! Great! Tear down to The Tombs and get to Winton! I'll have Harry write the first flash!

(Something she says evidently angers him to the point that he holds the telephone away from him. Half angry, as though it were responsible, he barks.)

A cow does that ... and gives milk besides.
(He slams up receiver.)

DISSOLVE TO:

52 CLOSE-UP PRINTING PRESSES IN LARGE NEWSPAPER PLANT
The papers being pushed out on rack as they are delivered from press. CAMERA PULLS BACK as foreman picks up a copy to examine it for type.

INSERT: CLOSE-UP OF NEWSPAPER

showing scare headline describing arrest of George Winton who is held in jail and an autopsy ordered. On front page is a photograph of Winton. CAMERA HOLDS for a moment on photograph, which DISSOLVES TO:

53 CLOSE SHOT OF WINTON BEHIND BARS

54 INT. CELL IN THE TOMBS

Winton seated on the edge of his cot. CAMERA SWINGS AROUND to reveal the cell door being opened by a guard. Florence enters and goes to boy. He is a rather handsome, but weak, dissipated type, who arouses our sympathy without winning our respect.

FLORENCE

How do you do. I'm from the Express.

Winton looks up. When he speaks, his sentences are halting and broken. He's badly frightened.

WINTON

Yeah. I suppose you people will crucify me for something I didn't do.

(His voice rising almost to falsetto.)

I didn't! You understand that! ... I didn't do it! She -- tried before --

(Buries his face in hands, choking sob.)

FLORENCE

(Sits on cot beside him, pats his shoulder)

Come on, old man, that won't do. You know you're innocent until proven guilty.

WINTON

(springing to feet and pacing back and forth)

Yes, sure, that's fine. While I'm proving my innocence, you people are going to uncover every petty kid trick I ever did ... you're going to write editorials about every cocktail I ever drank. Anything that any sane, normal person might have done will have a sinister meaning, if I did it.

(He is almost crying at this point, sitting on cot.)

Go on! Get out! I don't want to talk to you!

(He rises and crosses quickly as though to open door, then, realizing that he is locked in, leans, face against the bars, fighting to control tears.)

Florence follows him and places her hand on his shoulder.

FLORENCE

Listen, kid. You're in a tough spot, and you can make it a whole lot easier for yourself if you cut out the cry-baby stuff --

WINTON

(whirling, faces her)

Cry-baby?

FLORENCE

That's what I said.

WINTON

(angrily)

My lawyers will be on the job in a little while, and I warn you people anything you print about me you've got to prove. Dad won't stand for--

FLORENCE

Your dad has stood for plenty. Now let's get down to cases. When did you see the Dale girl last?

WINTON

For a few minutes the afternoon before -- before --

FLORENCE

Hmmm. Why didn't you tell that to the police?

WINTON

(hysterically)

They didn't give me a chance. We had a couple of drinks and she was all right then. She seemed happy.

FLORENCE

Uh-huh. Do you remember what she said? What did you talk about?

WINTON

She laughed and told me that we were being silly, that we didn't care for each other any more but we needn't hate each other ...

(He sobs through the finish of this speech.)

... She said she wanted to be friends.

FLORENCE

I see. Was that all she said?

WINTON

(recovering self-control to some degree)

We planned a trip for her. I was going to send her to Bermuda.

FLORENCE

You weren't going with her?

WINTON

No.

(Paces floor, pounding palm of hand with fist desperately.)

Why didn't I take her out somewhere? But she was laughing and seemed so happy.

FLORENCE

Well, let's get back to the case in hand.
They ordered an autopsy and discovered
her body had been stolen from the morgue.

WINTON

(his nerves quite shattered)
Stolen! What are you trying to do to me?
... You're working with the police! ...
You're trying to make me say something
that can be used against me! You're
trying ...

FLORENCE

Hold on, hold on. I'm trying to help you,
if you're on the square, and I think you
are.

WINTON

Then why are you telling me a crazy lie? ...

FLORENCE

That happens to be the truth.

WINTON

Who'd steal her body?

FLORENCE

That's what they're going to ask you.

Winton seems stunned. Guard appears in door.

GUARD

Time's up.

FLORENCE

Be right with you.
(Turning, pats Winton
on shoulder.)
Keep a stiff upper lip, kid. I
think you'll come out okay.

The guard opens the door and as she exits, we

DISSOLVE TO:

55

CLOSE SHOT OF EDITOR AT HIS DESK
He is leaning back in swivel chair, listening
attentively. We hear Florence's voice, but do not see
her.

FLORENCE'S VOICE

The whole thing sounded on the up and up
to me. The poor kid is too scared to lie.
He's getting a raw deal.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Florence, seated in chair close to editor's desk.

EDITOR

(sarcastically)

Well, ain't that a shame. Nice little chappie that wouldn't harm a fly ... everybody picking on the little fellow.

FLORENCE

If this kid was some unknown soda jerker, they wouldn't have pinched him. But he's George Winton and they're playing him up. It's a Roman holiday for every paper hat editor in New York.

EDITOR

(glancing from desk where he has been idly scratching with a pencil)

Why the goose pimples? If he wasn't social register -- if it was somebody like me, you'd be trying to hang him.

FLORENCE

I wouldn't be trying, beloved. I would hang him! And another thing, all this gaga about the body disappearing. Eight bodies have been stolen in New York within the last eighteen months. Doesn't it seem more reasonable to hook this up from that angle?

EDITOR

(laughs)

And ruin a perfectly good story? Don't be silly.

FLORENCE

No, I mean it. I think this kid's entitled to a break.

EDITOR

He's getting a break, ain't he? He's front page.

FLORENCE

You give me a pain!

EDITOR

I'm glad to hear it. When did you go in for crusading in the cause of justice? This lousy mug, with all the money in the world, has had two or three nasty affairs. He's kept out o' print because his great-grandfather was smarter than the Indians.

FLORENCE

Well, anyway, he couldn't have copped
that body -- he was in jail.

EDITOR

You don't think he'd be sap enough to do
the job himself. I hope they give him the
works. Even if he didn't kill the kid,
he's responsible for her death, and
they can fry him any time without
making me sore.

FLORENCE

(rising angrily)

Well, I won't work on it from that angle.

EDITOR

Oh, you won't -- you were pretty tough
about Judge Ramsey -- a little while ago --

FLORENCE

And they never proved anything against
him.

EDITOR

Except that he disappeared when things
got too hot.

FLORENCE

Or was bumped off by someone who was
afraid of him.

EDITOR

Whooley -- he took a run-out powder.

FLORENCE

Well, that's got nothing to do with this
case. Can I handle this my way?

EDITOR

You cannot. I'm still editor of this sheet.

FLORENCE

All right, you said I was fired. Well, I
quit! Give the assignment to somebody
else.

(Starts toward door.)

EDITOR

(laughs)

Hey, come here, Sob-sister!

FLORENCE

Nope, I'm through!

Her hand is on the knob. CAMERA FOLLOWS editor who

risers and, following, embraces her roughly and pats her on shoulder as he releases her.

EDITOR

Go ahead, screwy! Do it your own way.

As he returns to desk, she takes a step after him.

FLORENCE

On the square, Jimmy, if you'd seen Winton down there -- I'm not holding a brief for him -- maybe he's a dirty pup, but he's scared and hysterical -- and so kinda dumb and worthless ...

EDITOR

Great! ... If he's worthless we'll give him away as a bridge prize. Come on -- beat it. It's five o'clock. You need some sleep.

FLORENCE

(going through door)

No, there's another point I want to iron out.

EDITOR

Sleep on it ... we'll get it tomorrow.

Holds picture that he drew away from him, looking at it critically. Florence moves back of him to glance at it. He hands it to her.

EDITOR

Your portrait.

INSERT: OF PICTURE

which is a crude sketch of Mickey Mouse on horseback, charging a windmill with a long lance.

FLORENCE

Which one is me? The horse?

EDITOR

(throws tobacco pouch at her)

Get out of here.

Florence dodges it, and exits laughing.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

DAY

night before. CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing three street-sweepers. In the background we see the sign:

LONDON WAX MUSEUM -- GRAND OPENING
TONIGHT
FIRST TIME IN AMERICA

and in front of the place, as CAMERA MOVES UP AGAIN TO the entrance, we see a janitor sweeping off the sidewalk. He is a strange, unwholesome-looking character. He has swept most of the sidewalk, pushing the collected debris into a pile in the gutter, when his attention is caught by the protruding end of a whiskey bottle which shows in the pile. He picks up the bottle and sees that there is a little bit of liquid left in it, and he drains it, drop by drop, into his mouth. He stoops to examine the pile further.

IGOR'S VOICE
(off scene)
Otto! Otto! Get in here!

CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he turns and goes into the museum.

- 57 INT. MUSEUM MED. SHOT OF IGOR
In background we see a veritable beehive of activity. A number of workmen, including painters, carpenters, are busy building and designing screenlike backgrounds for the various exhibits, placing figures on platforms, etc. In the center of the room, watching them, is Ivan Igor. CAMERA MOVES TO A
- 58 CLOSE SHOT OF IGOR
He is much changed, but still recognizable as the man we knew before the fire. His beard and hair are almost white and have been permitted to grow to far greater length, but the features are essentially the same, except that when he speaks or moves his face is strangely immobile. He is seated in a wheelchair, which is propelled by sprocket wheels on the arms of the chair. In order to manage this, there is a special cup or basket attached to the handles, as his hands are hideously deformed and practically useless for the purpose. He is impatient and angry with the workers, venting his anger immediately the janitor appears. Igor propels the chair forward.
- 59 MED. SHOT IGOR AND JANITOR
Igor, stopping, points angrily at floor immediately surrounding some of the groups, where shavings, excelsior and other packing material and debris are scattered.

IGOR

(to janitor)
Does it take you all morning to sweep that patch of sidewalk? Come, clean up this mess, and don't try to sweep this trash behind those screens. I want it removed.

JANITOR

Yes, sir.

Starts to clean up around nearest group. Igor wheels toward another group, FOLLOWED BY CAMERA, and addresses workmen angrily.

IGOR

Come, look, you fellows. You spend two days on something that should have taken two hours.

One of the workmen turns angrily.

WORKMAN

Say, listen, Old-Timer, they abolished slavery in this country a long time ago.

IGOR

Is it slavery to do what you're being paid for? I have announced the opening of this museum tonight.

Wheels angrily away. The workman laughs. CAMERA FOLLOWS Igor as he wheels to end of museum where Hugo and Ralph are at work putting the finishing touches on two individual figures. Hugo is a man of middle age, with an insane, crafty face, unkempt hair and several days growth of beard. He smiles continually to himself as though some secret of his own amused him. He is deaf and dumb and when excited or angry emits strange terrifying growls similar to the noises we heard the Monster utter. Ralph is rather a nice-looking youngster and seems engrossed in what he is doing.

CLOSE SHOT Igor comes to a stop near Ralph and sits inspecting his work.

IGOR

(bitingly)

If my curiosity is not too great, would you mind telling me what manner of animal this is you are designing?

RALPH

One of the maids-in-waiting for that Elizabethan group.

IGOR

(raising his hands to heaven)

And he isn't struck dead! This man, he lives! It would be interesting to know, young man, where and when you studied anatomy.

RALPH

(steps back a little and looks critically at the figure)

That doesn't seem so bad to me. What is wrong with it?

IGOR

Everything, my friend. And you hope to be a great sculptor --

(laugh)

A great sculptor. Look -- this forearm is at least two inches too long.

RALPH

But the composition as a whole -- I've tried to keep a sketchy freedom.

IGOR

If it is freedom to represent people with limbs that don't match -- cripples -- you have achieved your purpose. Anatomy! Heaven forgive you. You must have studied with a sideshow of freaks!

CAMERA SWINGS as Igor whirls chair and sees Hugo's piece.

IGOR

And this fellow! Look, I ask you ... look what this cobbler is doing!

Ralph grins. Igor takes one of the crutches that ride beside him on chair and, reaching out, pokes Hugo's shoulder. Hugo turns with a startled growl.

IGOR

(pointing with crutch to figure which looks not unlike Hugo himself -- shouts)

What is this? Are you so beautiful that you make everything in your own likeness?

Hugo utters an uncanny sound identified with deaf-mutes. Igor, realizing that Hugo doesn't hear him, just waves him back to work.

IGOR

It's a great mercy of Providence that this fellow cannot hear.

(Turning back to Ralph, suddenly extends two horribly

maimed, clawlike hands toward
Ralph.)

Look! Look at those claws! If I had those
hands of yours, I would show you the
meaning of what you are trying to do. All
those beautiful things that were destroyed
I could restore. It is a great irony that
you people without souls should have hands.

61 EXT. ALLEY ENTRANCE REAR OF MUSEUM

We see a truck backing in, and Sparrow, whom we first
saw at Worth's house, climbs down from the driver's
seat and enters museum.

62 INT. MUSEUM

Igor is still speaking.

IGOR

But go on, go back to work. It is hopeless
to talk to such people.

He suddenly stops and turns his head. CAMERA SWINGS TO
FOLLOW his line of vision and PICKS UP rear entrance
as door opens and Sparrow enters. Igor wheels chair
rapidly toward Sparrow, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

IGOR

(eagerly)

Have you got it? Is it completed?

SPARROW

Yes, sir, it's here on the truck, but it's
pretty heavy -- I'll need help.

IGOR

(turns and shouts)

Otto! You and one of those other fellows!
Come help Professor Darcey.

Janitor comes forward, followed by two workmen.

JANITOR

Yes, sir.

IGOR

And hurry, please. This figure has still
to be mounted and dressed.

Sparrow exits with three men, leaving door open. Igor
wheels back toward Ralph and Hugo. He laughs
delightedly, addressing Ralph.

IGOR

And now, my friend, you are to see
something that one can in truth describe

as art. Professor Darcey doesn't try to keep freedom and sketchiness in his figures. He is an artist. He works at home, hours, when such people as you are loafing. He is an artist.

The four men carry in a long, narrow box similar to the one that was delivered to Worth.

SPARROW

Shall we unpack it?

IGOR

Yes.

One of the workmen takes a claw hammer from strap in overalls and starts removing the lid as Igor wheels himself quickly toward Sparrow and the workers. CAMERA FOLLOWS and, as the lid of the box is removed, some burlap and other packing materials lifted out, and the box raised on end, we see the head, shoulders and one arm of a beautiful, lifelike figure of a girl. We identify the face immediately as that of Joan Gale. As the workers go about removing the rest of the packing, Igor whirls and addresses the other workers who have advanced and stand admiring the figure.

IGOR

Get back to work! You will have plenty of time to look at this.

As the workers return to their various jobs, one of them grins.

WORKER

Some mama!

(Note: The museum is, in all essentials, identical with the institution in London, the one figure missing from the restored ensemble being that of Marie Antoinette.)

63

CLOSE SHOT OF IGOR AND SPARROW

close to wall on which hangs a photo of Igor as a young man standing beside statue of Marie Antoinette.

IGOR

It is exquisite -- almost as beautiful as the original.

(points to picture on wall.)

I hope one day to have you restore Marie Antoinette.

(Sparrow is in a highly nervous state, which Igor detects.)

SPARROW

I'd be glad to, Mr. Igor.
(Leaning close to Igor --
in subdued tone.)
I think I'll have somethin' to tell you
soon.

IGOR
You have done well, and now I, too, have
something for you. Come.

64 TELEPHONE BOOTH NEAR ENTRANCE OF MUSEUM
Ralph approaches and enters it. We see him dial for a
number.

65 CLOSE SHOT OF HALL PHONE
which rings and Charlotte Duncan (Fay Wray) enters
scene and answers it. We see that in stature and face
she is almost identical with the lost figure of Marie
Antoinette.

CHARLOTTE
(into phone)
Hello.
(Laughs.)
Oh, hello, dear. I was just thinking of
you. ... I was, too ... no, I haven't
forgotten.

CUT TO:

66 RALPH AT PHONE

RALPH
(laughs)
You better not forget or I'll cut you out
of my will. But listen, we'll have to go
somewhere close. I'll only have a few
minutes.

67 CHARLOTTE At PHONE

CHARLOTTE
We'll go to that Little Bohemian place... .
Yes, I like the food there.... All right,
then, at twelve.

She hangs up receiver. CAMERA TRUCKS RACK TO

68 INT. LIVING ROOM OF SMALL APARTMENT
A modestly furnished room. There is a studio couch,
right, on which Florence has been sleeping. She
straightens up, rubs her eyes, yawning, as Charlotte
turns away from phone.

FLORENCE
(as Charlotte turns
away from phone)
Who was it? Penny ante?

CHARLOTTE
Yes, why?

FLORENCE
I wondered. Did he invite you to lunch,
or did you invite him?

CHARLOTTE
I wish you wouldn't be so sarcastic about
Ralph. He's the sweetest kid I know.

Florence throws herself on bed, full-length, laughing.

CHARLOTTE
What are you laughing at?

FLORENCE
I just had a picture of you telling a
landlady some day that you didn't have
the rent, but Ralph is awful sweet.

CHARLOTTE
I don't see any big-moneyed boys running
after you.

FLORENCE
I met one last night ... all the money
this side of Peoria.

CHARLOTTE
Did you? Where?

FLORENCE
In the can.
(Charlotte starts.)
The hoosegow! Mrs. Winton's little boy.
The Pawk Avenue Wintons, you know ...
and plenty of do-re-mi.
(Goes smoothly into melody
of "Jail-house Blues." Singing.)
He's in the jail-house now ...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

69 CLOSE SHOT AT HALL DOOR AT TOMBS OPENING
Young Winton comes through and is led away by turnkey.

TURNNKEY
(addressing Winton)
Come on. Bring your stuff, you're goin'

out.

70

INT. OFFICE OF THE TOMBS

Two prosperous middle-aged lawyers are seated near a desk talking to the official in charge. One of them is presenting a court order for Winton's release to the official.

The door opens and a turnkey leads young Winton into the room. Winton crosses quickly to the attorneys, both of whom rise, and, shaking hands with one, he laughs weakly.

WINTON

Mister, when I say I'm happier to see you than I ever was to see anybody in my life, you know that it comes from the heart.

(Nodding to other man.)

How are you, Mr. Gates?

SECOND ATTORNEY

(shaking hands with Winton)

Splendid, my boy, splendid. What do you think you've been up to?

WINTON

Not a thing.

FIRST ATTORNEY

(laughs)

I hope your father accepts that statement.

WINTON

Is Dad here?

SECOND ATTORNEY

No. I talked to him long distance this morning.

WINTON

Was he pretty sore?

FIRST ATTORNEY

Well, he wasn't exactly overjoyed.

WINTON

What did he say?

SECOND ATTORNEY

He said to get you out of trouble and then hire someone to punch your head off.
(All three laugh.)

FIRST ATTORNEY

Have you had lunch?

WINTON

No.

FIRST ATTORNEY

Well, come on, we'll get something to eat.

They cross toward door.

WINTON

(to official behind desk)

Good morning.

OFFICIAL

Hope to see you again soon.

WINTON

I hope you don't.

They exit, laughing. The guard who brought Winton in looks after the departing men.

GUARD

(as door closes behind them)

I'd give a year's pay to work on that puppy!

OFFICIAL

But you don't shellac a guy when he can put up a hundred thousand dollar bail.

DISSOLVE TO:

71

INT. OF TAXI CAB

Florence and Charlotte occupy the cab. Charlotte seems indignant but Florence is amused.

CHARLOTTE

Well, I don't want to offend you, but, frankly, it's none of your business. I don't interfere in your affairs.

FLORENCE

I don't have any affairs. What do you mean?

CHARLOTTE

I don't think you could have a real affair. You couldn't care for anyone.

FLORENCE

I've been in love so many times my heart is calloused ... but I've never hit one with dough. This love-in-an-attic isn't my idea of a way to spend a pleasant afternoon.

CHARLOTTE

I don't agree with you.

FLORENCE

All right, you raise the kids -- I'll raise the roof. I'd rather die with an athletic heart from shaking cocktails and bankers, than expire in a pan of dirty dish water.

CHARLOTTE

You would.

FLORENCE

He can look like a chimpanzee and act like an igorot but he must have dough -- plenty of dough.

CHARLOTTE

You think money is the only requisite. It happens that the poor people are happier.

FLORENCE

Then marry Ralph ... you'll be the happiest couple in the world.

DISSOLVE TO:

72. INT. MUSEUM A SHOT AT WINDOW
as Ralph, consulting his watch, approaches window and looks out. Through window we see a cab arriving. The two girls emerge from cab. Florence stops to pay driver. As Ralph turns from window and starts for his hat and coat, CAMERA PULLS BACK TO A FULL SHOT. Ralph gets hat and coat and starts toward door. Igor, who has been near the front of museum, wheels out in front of Ralph.

IGOR

And where do you think you are going, my good friend?

RALPH

To lunch.

IGOR

To lunch, you say. I am having coffee and sandwiches sent in. We are not leaving until we have everything ready for the opening.

RALPH

But I have some friends waiting.

IGOR

That is unfortunate. They will have to

wait.

RALPH

I will only be gone about half an hour.

IGOR

If you leave before the work is done, you will be gone for a much longer period ... you will be gone for good.

RALPH

All right, I'll tell them. They're right here in front.

Ralph exits and CAMERA FOLLOWS him through the door.

73

EXT. MUSEUM ENTRANCE CLOSE THREE SHOT
as Ralph enters to Charlotte and, taking both her hands, kisses her lightly on cheek. He speaks to Florence, who is standing beside Charlotte.

RALPH

Hello, Florence. How are you?

FLORENCE

Fine, thanks.

RALPH

Gee, honey-bunch, I'm sorry -- I'm going to have to disappoint you.

FLORENCE

Don't worry -- she'll get used to it.

She strolls up toward museum door, looking through it at interior.

CHARLOTTE

Disappoint me? Why, what do you mean, dear?

RALPH

Well, you see, the old chap is pretty anxious to open on schedule. All of his advertising announced the opening tonight.

As Ralph continues his explanation to Charlotte, CAMERA TRUCKS UP BEHIND Florence, and OVER HER SHOULDER THROUGH glass panel we see interior of museum with the various figures. Close to door we see the janitor carrying on his shoulder the Joan Gale figure which he places on a pedestal in foreground. He carries the figure in such a position that we see the back of it first, and as he places it on the pedestal he turns it around so that we see the face. CAMERA CONCENTRATES for several minutes on this figure.

CLOSE-UP FLORENCE

Florence stares at it, puzzled. Then recognition dawns. Ralph enters PAST CAMERA and goes to door. He is about to hurry into museum, when Florence detains him by a hand on his arm. As she turns, we get the two in profile. Her expression is one of excitement.

FLORENCE

Listen, Genius, what're the chances for me to slip in and give this place the once over?

IGOR'S VOICE

(heard through partly opened door)
Ralph! Burton! Are you going to stay out there all day?

RALPH

(drawing door to quietly
and lowering his tone)
I don't know ... the old man's pretty peppery right now. Why don't you look in tonight?

FLORENCE

He might get some publicity out of it.

RALPH

No use. He's a crab, I tell you.

FLORENCE

(looks through glass
panel to Igor)
Who? Old Santa Claus there? That's easy for anyone with my sex appeal. He's a pushover. Watch me stand that old dodo on his ear.

She pushes past Ralph and enters museum, followed by Ralph.

RALPH

Nix, Flo -- he won't let you in and you'll only get me in Dutch.

FLORENCE

Horsefeathers!

INT. MUSEUM

Igor sees a stranger entering with Ralph and wheels chair rapidly toward them, speaking as he goes.

IGOR

No visitors allowed! You people will have to get out!

FLORENCE

Aw, listen, Beaver, I'm from--

IGOR

(interrupting curtly)

I don't care where you're from, young woman. I have said no visitors!

He suddenly looks up and sees Charlotte, who enters museum a bit hesitatingly. Igor stops speaking abruptly and sits, staring.

76 CLOSE-UP CHARLOTTE FROM IGOR'S ANGLE

We see Charlotte, smiling slightly. Then DOUBLE-EXPOSED over her figure comes the costume worn by Igor's Marie Antoinette in the London museum. This FADES IMMEDIATELY and we see Charlotte as she is, smiling at Igor.

77 CLOSE-UP IGOR

staring, fascinated. CAMERA DRAWS BACK to include the group again and Ralph notices something strange in Igor's manner.

RALPH

What's the matter, Mr. Igor?

IGOR

(as though coming out of a trance)

Nothing -- nothing at all, my boy. I should like to meet your friend.

Florence, taking advantage of the introduction, slips away, as CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS, and, to avoid suspicion, looks carefully at several figures during the following conversation, finally arriving before the Joan Gale figure, where she stops and studies the figure carefully.

RALPH

Why, certainly, sir. My fiancée. Charlotte, may I present Mr. Igor.

CHARLOTTE

Delighted, I'm sure.

(Igor extends hand to her.)

IGOR

If you will forgive this poor, crippled stump, my dear, I am very happy to know you.

CHARLOTTE

Thank you.

IGOR

(laughs whimsically)

Although you would be amused if I were to tell you that I knew you before you were born. Before this terrible thing happened to me ...

(His voice quavers.)

... I made a very beautiful statue. Even if I had not met with this disaster, I could never have hoped to do anything finer, probably nothing quite so fine. And, my child, you are that figure come to life. I wonder, some time, would you pose for one of my sculptors who does very excellent work?

CHARLOTTE

I'd love to, at any time.

Florence, who seems to have satisfied herself as to the identity of the figure, turns abruptly and comes toward them.

FLORENCE

Well, I'm a woman who craves nourishment. Let's ankle out of here and find a beanery. Come on, Moon-struck.

(Takes Charlotte by the arm.)

Let's get going.

Sparrow, who has been hovering in the background, approaches the group and stands just behind Igor's chair. As Florence and Charlotte cross to door, Charlotte smiles back at Igor.

CHARLOTTE

We'll be coming to the opening.

IGOR

At any time. You will always be welcome.

FLORENCE

(to Igor)

So long, Pop, see you in jail.

Sparrow starts perceptibly.

RALPH

Until this evening.

The two girls exit.

swings in to curb.

FLORENCE

Listen, Kid, I'm going to leave you flat.
I just thought of something and I've got
to get to the office.

CHARLOTTE

(running a few steps after her
as Florence approaches cab)
But what about lunch?

FLORENCE

I'll have it for supper.
(Climbs into cab.)
So long.

Cab swings away from curb. Charlotte stands looking
after it, bewildered.

79

INT. MUSEUM

Hugo and Ralph return to work. Sparrow stands beside
Igor, who is addressing Ralph.

IGOR

And you, young man, it is a matter to
astonish one. You are engaged to that
beautiful girl, who was just here. You
have lived close to that beautiful
creature, and yet you produce such
caricatures as this.

(Indicating Ralph's work.)

RALPH

Charlotte is lovely, isn't she?

Igor, who seems to be in much better temper than we
have seen him for some time, laughs.

IGOR

Exquisite! But I am going to rechristen
her for you, my friend. She is not to be
Charlotte any more, she is Marie
Antoinette.

Igor points to picture of himself and the figure of
Marie Antoinette.

Sparrow, who has been standing near them, comes closer
to Igor, as CAMERA MOVES UP TO CLOSE SHOT. A look of
extreme cunning appears on his face.

SPARROW

She is exactly like that statue?

Picture clearly shown on wall.

IGOR
She is the soul of that statue.

SPARROW
I wonder if I could have her pose for me.

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as Hugo laughs knowingly. Sparrow turns quickly and looks at him suspiciously.

SPARROW
What are you laughing at?

IGOR
He can't hear you.

Tapping himself on forehead, Igor indicates that Hugo is a little balmy.

DISSOLVE TO:

80 EDITOR'S OFFICE
Florence enters.

FLORENCE
Hello, Light-o'-my-life!

EDITOR
(looking up)
Come in, Prussic Acid. What's on your mind?

FLORENCE
I want to see the original pictures of Joan Gale.

EDITOR
(into Dictaphone)
Hey, Mattie, dig into the morgue and send up all the art you have on Joan Gale.

A VOICE
(answering through Dictaphone)
Right, Chief.

81 A LONG METAL FILING CABINET
A girl opens compartment marked Ga. Running through files, she extracts a number of photographs and walks out of scene.

82 EDITOR'S OFFICE

EDITOR
(to Florence, who is sitting on edge of his desk)

Well, why so mysterious! Come on, spill it.

FLORENCE

So you can give me an argument and tell me I'm wrong. Don't be sil, Kid.

The girl filing clerk enters and deposits pictures on desk.

EDITOR

Thanks, Mattie.

MATTIE

Yes, sir.

Florence has snatched the pictures from the desk and examines them carefully. Suddenly drops them on desk.

FLORENCE

(getting to her feet)

I am right! I know I'm right!

EDITOR

Well, no one would ever suspect it. You don't sound right.

Florence draws chair beside desk, drops into it and leans over, talking excitedly.

FLORENCE

Listen, Jim -- and if you wisecrack while I'm talking I'll crown you with the inkwell.

EDITOR

All right, wise guy. Go ahead. Spill it.

FLORENCE

Jim, there's a little hokey-pokey wax museum opening up down on 14th Street.

EDITOR

Now don't that call for an extra!

FLORENCE

I asked you to keep your trap shut!

EDITOR

Well, you can't blame a guy for getting a little breathless with a scoop like that.

FLORENCE

(rises indignantly)

All right, you poor baboon, you can guess the rest of it!

EDITOR

No kiddin'. What's your idea?

FLORENCE

Just this -- I got a look at that dump a little while ago and if they haven't got a wax figure of Joan Gale in that line-up, then I'm crazy.

EDITOR

We'll grant that.

FLORENCE

What!

EDITOR

(impatiently)

About the Gale girl, I mean. Where do we go from there? What of it?

FLORENCE

Listen, Jo-jo. Does this mean anything to you? Joan Gale's body swiped from the morgue -- Did you ever hear of such a thing as a death mask?

EDITOR

I used to be married to one.

FLORENCE

And it came to life and divorced you. I know all about that. Now my idea is this: Somebody swipes the girl's body, takes impression, makes a mold, produces wax figure ... Bingo! ... Peddles it to this old skate down there!

EDITOR

Work that up into a comic strip and syndicate it.

FLORENCE

Let it go.

EDITOR

Come down to earth. Do you think they would dare do anything like that? Don't you think they'd know that figure would be recognized? Shake your head real hard -- you'll be all right.

FLORENCE

All right, Master Mind.

(Starts toward door.)

But there's something cockeyed about that joint and I'm going to find out what it is.

(She gets to the door.)

EDITOR

Oh, by the way, another pet theory of yours just blew up.

FLORENCE

What do you mean?

EDITOR

That dear, innocent Judge Ramsey that you were so sure got bumped off for knowing too much has been located in South America.

FLORENCE

(With hand on knob)

No kiddin'?

EDITOR

Almost certain.

FLORENCE

(laughs -- opens door)

Almost! I'll still bet I'm right, and let you write your own ticket.

She exits.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

83

EXT. STREET IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

Charlotte turns a corner and walks briskly TOWARD CAMERA, finally turning into an apartment about a quarter of the way down the block. As she disappears into the building, Sparrow appears around the corner and, walking past the building she entered, stops and lights a cigarette, inspecting the building immediately adjoining the apartment house. There is a large For Sale or Rent sign on the front of the building, giving the name and address of the agent handling the property. Sparrow goes to a basement door and tries it, finding it locked. He is investigating one of the windows when he sees that he is observed by a passer-by, and, taking a notebook from his pocket, apparently copies the name and address of the realty firm from the sign, and walks back in the direction from which he came, whistling.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

84

INT. LIVING ROOM WINTON'S BACHELOR SUITE

Worth is standing near door. Winton, crossing to him, hands him a sum of money.

WINTON

(as he counts money
into Worth's hand)

Well, that squares everything.

WORTH
Yep. Everything settled.

WINTON
Good. Well, I'll be seeing you.

WORTH
(as he crosses to door)
I'm glad they didn't hold you downtown.

WINTON
They didn't have a leg to stand on.
There's no case against me. It's a
clumsy thing to have happen, but
nothing to worry about.

WORTH
Well, any time I can do anything for
you --

WINTON
Thanks.

We hear the telephone ring and Winton crosses to answer
it.

WORTH
See you later. Good-by.

Worth exits.

WINTON
So long.
(Into phone.)
Hello.

85 CLOSE SHOT TELEPHONE BOOTH

FLORENCE
(into phone)
Hello. Is this Convict 87 thousand 412
-- and a half? -- Ho-ho, don't swoon. --
This is the voice of the New York Express
broadcasting.

86 A SHOT OF WINTON AT TELEPHONE

WINTON
Oh, hello there. Say, I'm awfully glad
you phoned. I wanted to thank you for
trying to cheer me up last night.

87 A SHOT OF FLORENCE IN PHONE BOOTH

FLORENCE

How do you feel by now? ... Yeh ... Well, listen, if you're grateful, you can prove it and maybe do yourself a good turn at the same time ... Righto. Now at about 8:30 tonight you be in your car at--

DISSOLVE TO:

88 EXT. VACANT BUILDING (WIND) NIGHT
we saw Sparrow inspecting. Florence passes in front of building and enters the apartment house adjoining. CAMERA TRAVELS UP the front of the vacant building to the roof.

89 EXT. ROOF OF VACANT BUILDING
We see a skylight forced open, the Monster clambers out onto the roof and creeps stealthily to edge, peering into lighted window of apartment house. CAMERA FOLLOWS him. SHOOTING PAST him into room beyond, we see Charlotte just putting the final touches to her toilette, preparing to put on dress. The Monster, gauging the distance carefully, springs across space separating buildings and clings to fire escape ladder like a huge monkey. He leans out from ladder and is about to raise window sash when the door of the room opens and Florence enters.

90 INT. APARTMENT HOUSE ROOM
Charlotte is dressing.

FLORENCE

Come on, beautiful, leap into that loin cloth.

CHARLOTTE

There's no hurry. It's early.

FLORENCE

(patting stomach)

I can't convince the inner woman that we can wait. She's howling for a bit of ground beef before we drop in on Santa Claus and the other dummies. I've only had a cup of coffee since last night.

CHARLOTTE

Why didn't you eat last night?

FLORENCE

Ouch! Eat? You can do a solo if you don't step on it. I'm going to bow out on you.

CHARLOTTE

What's the rush? There's no first act.
They'll all be there and we don't have to
appear at any particular time.

FLORENCE

I'm hungry. I'll eat the first child I
see. And I've an appointment with young
Winton at 8:30.

CHARLOTTE

(seriously)

You wouldn't get mixed up with that
little rotter, would you?

FLORENCE

No? Give me a chance, baby. Money is
music in my ears, and when his old man
kicks off there'll be a million dollar
tune.

CHARLOTTE

(disgusted)

If you're going to be indiscreet, I wish
you'd be a little more discreet about it.
Rich men, like Winton, love you and leave
you.

FLORENCE

Yeah, but they leave you plenty.

91 EXT. ROOF OF VACANT BUILDING

The Monster has returned to the roof of vacant
building. He shows a blind fury at the chance lost,
and finally descends through skylight.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

92 EXT. MUSEUM

Standing beside the door is what appears to be a wax
doorman in uniform. There are a number of curious people
looking at the lobby display.

ONE OF THE VISITORS

Look at him now. Isn't that as real as life?

Now the figure suddenly moves his fingers, jerkily, as
if he were a wax figure, then speaks.

SPIELER

(walking up and down)

Step right up, ladies and gentlemen. You
can't afford to miss this exhibition that
has thrilled the monarchs of the world.
For the first time, America is privileged

to see the collection pronounced by art
lovers to be the finest in the world!

During this speech Florence and Charlotte enter the
picture and start toward museum door.

93

INT. MUSEUM

We hear music coming from a modern victrola that changes
records by itself. Igor, in wheelchair, is in front of
statue of Sir Walter Raleigh, kneeling on a spreading
velvet cloak on ground before the figure of Queen
Elizabeth, who is smiling at him graciously.

IGOR

The history of these figures, my friends,
is more interesting, perhaps, when I tell
you that the originals were destroyed
twelve years ago in a fire in London, and
restored only after years of arduous toil.
To reproduce the figures destroyed I spent
years training men to do the work that I
can no longer do. Some of my workmen have
trained for years before I would let them
undertake a single figure of these groups
that you have been looking at tonight.

This has been a close shot of Igor and we assume that
he has been addressing a rather large gathering, but as
CAMERA SWINGS we see a pitifully small audience of not
more than ten people.

94

MAIN ENTRANCE OF MUSEUM

where Ralph is standing near door to receive visitors.
CAMERA MOVES UP TO A

95

CLOSE SHOT OF RALPH

as Charlotte and Florence enter, he takes a step forward
to meet them.

RALPH

Hello, hello. You're late.

(Takes a step back from
Charlotte and looks at
her admiringly.)

Gee, that's a pretty dress. Have I
ever seen that before?

CHARLOTTE

I think so.

FLORENCE

Well, thank goodness, that's settled.

She walks directly to the figure she suspects, CAMERA

TRUCKING after her.

96 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF
about four or five buildings removed from entrance.
Winton, in roadster, pulls up to curb and looks up and
down street expectantly. The barker is continuing his
announcement through megaphone.

97 INT. MUSEUM
Igor has ended his lecture, and Ralph is escorting a
group of visitors to the door.

RALPH

We hope you have enjoyed seeing these
things tonight. I hope you will tell your
friends for we believe we have something
here of genuine public interest.

(As the last of the visitors
file through the door.)

Good night. Thank you. Call again.

98 CLOSE SHOT OF FLORENCE
as she inspects the Joan Gale figure. We see that all
doubt has been dispelled and that she is absolutely
sure of her ground. Glancing about quickly, to be sure
she is not observed, she stealthily sticks a pin into
the arm of the figure as if convincing herself it is
made of wax.

99 SHOT OF IGOR
As the last of the visitors are leaving, Sparrow comes
down behind him and, leaning over back of his chair,
whispers something to him. Igor turns sharply.

IGOR

(in intense, hushed tone)

Are you sure of that? Are you sure?

SPARROW

I'd know him anywhere.

IGOR

Don't lose sight of him. This is the
most important thing in my life.

Sparrow sees Charlotte and Ralph approaching and signals
Igor to silence. As Sparrow walks away, Ralph and
Charlotte walk toward Igor smiling.

RALPH

(in a rather encouraging tone)

I wouldn't feel too disappointed at the
slimness of your audience tonight, Mr.
Igor. The weather was against you, and

the people are tired and getting over their celebration and preparing to go to work tomorrow.

IGOR

Quite so. Quite so.

(Extending hand to Charlotte who has been close beside Ralph.)

And you, my little friend, my little Marie Antoinette. It is kind of you to be present.

CHARLOTTE

But I think these things are beautiful.

IGOR

They are.

(To Ralph.)

My boy, I think you are right. Everyone is tired out today and now that we have seen my doors open in a new country, I am beginning to realize that I am a little tired myself. You can call that fellow in from the front. I think we'll close for the night.

RALPH

Yes, sir.

Ralph walks away toward the front door and CAMERA MOVES UP TO

100 A CLOSE SHOT OF IGOR AND CHARLOTTE

IGOR

I think I should have felt a little discouraged tonight but now everything seems quite as it should be. You know, to find just one person who appreciates my beautiful children here changes everything for me.

(He glances about to see that he is not observed, and continues.)

You must come some time in the morning when there are no crowds about and I can give you more of my time.

Florence enters and breaks up the conversation.

FLORENCE

Good evening, Mr. Igor. I've been admiring your works. Properly illuminated, they are more impressive than they were this morning.

IGOR

Yes, for a time I despaired of ever
achieving the same effects I had abroad.
And then lighting came to my rescue.

FLORENCE

I was particularly interested in that
group over there.

She points and CAMERA SWINGS TO

101 CLOSE SHOT OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY BENDING OVER FIGURE OF MARAT

IGOR'S VOICE

Yes, that one is very fine. Its drama
seems to interest people.

FLORENCE'S VOICE

And this one, this single figure of
Joan of Arc.

CAMERA SWINGS TO

102 CLOSE SHOT OF THE JOAN GALE FIGURE

IGOR'S VOICE

That? Yes, that was the most recently
completed. It only arrived this morning.

103 OTHER CORNER OF SET

Ralph crosses in front of Sparrow.

104 SHOT OF IGOR, FLORENCE AND CHARLOTTE

Showing length of museum and front entrance.

FLORENCE

You did this yourself?

IGOR

No, no, my friend. Never since these
hands were burned have I created
anything. I have only been able to
direct the work of others.

FLORENCE

But who did it?

Sparrow, who has been standing in background during
the preceding dialogue, listening nervously, now shows
extreme uneasiness as Igor replies.

IGOR

(pointing)

Professor Darcey. He has been my

hands for years.

105 CLOSE-UP SPARROW
He shifts nervously and laughs self-consciously.

106 INT. CLOAKROOM REAR OF MUSEUM
The deaf and dumb man on scene as Ralph enters. Ralph, slipping into overcoat, scarf, etc., slaps him on the back.

RALPH
(yelling)
Good night!

The mute chuckles inanely as Ralph makes his exit. After Ralph is gone, Hugo takes a black, loose ulster -- a couple of sizes too large -- and hat from the hook, his clothes resembling those worn by the Monster. Slipping into them, he exits from cloakroom and disappears through a rear door.

110 INT. MUSEUM
The janitor comes up the steps from Igor's private workroom. He looks to the entrance to the street and we see

108 IGOR
just bidding good night to Florence, Charlotte and Ralph.

109 THE JANITOR
glancing about and feeling that he is unobserved, crosses quickly to the statue of Joan Gale and raises his hand as though to caress it, when Sparrow appears from behind another figure, grinning evilly.

SPARROW
Good night.

The janitor starts guiltily and slinks quickly out through rear door.

110 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MUSEUM
Sparrow comes from museum and turns to the right out of picture, but calls to the others who are still standing in doorway.

SPARROW
Good night.

Florence shows agitated concern in looking after the retreating figure of Sparrow.

111 EXT. STREET NEAR MUSEUM

Winton, seated in roadster. He catches sight of Florence and sounds the auto horn. She sees him and waves.

112 EXT. ENTRANCE OF MUSEUM

FLORENCE
(to Ralph and Charlotte)
You people will have to struggle along without me. There's my heavy date. No fouling in the clinches!

She runs toward car.

113 EXT. STREET WINTON'S CAR
Florence getting into roadster.

FLORENCE
(breathlessly)
Hurry up! Tail that little runt down the street!

In extreme background we see Sparrow turning a corner, then we see the car follow quickly and turn the corner after him.

114 EXT. STREET NEAR MUSEUM CHARLOTTE AND RALPH
CAMERA FOLLOWS them as they walk down the street.

RALPH
I wish you'd cut her out and get a place by yourself.
(Looking after Florence.)

CHARLOTTE
But why? She's the best friend I've got.

RALPH
She isn't anybody's friend, and I don't like you living with her. She's a bad influence.

CHARLOTTE
Nonsense. She's one of the nicest girls I know.

RALPH
What's nice about her? ... a hard-boiled little gold digger.

CHARLOTTE
(heatedly)
I won't let you say that!

RALPH

Well, I do say it.

CHARLOTTE
She thinks it's funny to talk the way she does, but--

RALPH
(interrupting)
Don't kid yourself -- she means it.

CHARLOTTE
Are we going to have the same quarrel over again?

RALPH
I'm not quarreling, only ...

DISSOLVE TO:

115 EXT. STREET THAT SPARROW IS TRAVERSING
The car, with Winton and Florence, loafing a block in the rear.

116 CLOSE SHOT WINTON'S CAR

FLORENCE
Don't ask any questions right now. I think we're on the trail of hot news.

DISSOLVE TO:

117 EXT. STREET CHARLOTTE AND RALPH
Their argument has grown rather heated.

CHARLOTTE
Yes, certainly I would. And I'd be terribly disappointed if you were stupid enough to object to it.

RALPH
You wouldn't have said that before you met her.

CHARLOTTE
I'd call it stupid at any time.

RALPH
Well, that's just how stupid I am. When you go riding, it will be with me. And if it's with someone else, you can make it a permanent arrangement.

CHARLOTTE
(stops and draws her

arm away from him)
So that's the way it is?

RALPH
That's the way I feel about it.

CHARLOTTE
I'm glad you told me. Good night, Mr.
Burton.

Turning, she walks rapidly away. Ralph stands, looking
after her.

DISSOLVE TO:

118 EXT. WORTH'S HOME
where we saw the mysterious box delivered. Sparrow walks
into picture and rings bell beside door on street level.
After a short pause, the door is opened and he disappears
through it. The car carrying Winton and Florence passes
the house and, going to the next corner, stops.

WINTON
Don't you think this would be as good a
time as any to break the news to me?
What's it all about?

FLORENCE
Well, as one of the interested parties, I
suppose I might as well tell you the glad
tidings. I think the fellow we've been
following had something to do with the
robbery at the morgue.

Winton shows nervousness and distaste.

WINTON
Now look here. It's not up to us to do
our own detective work. I've had enough
trouble over this matter. I don't want
anything more to do with it.

FLORENCE
Not even if it gives you a clean bill of
health?

WINTON
Not even then. The police are the proper
people to conduct this affair. Now if
you've got any suspicions I'll drive you
to the nearest police station.

FLORENCE
What! And let every rag in town grab a
red-hot story? Not so you could notice it!
Now, look, I want you to drive me around

the corner and wait for me.

WINTON

I told you I didn't want to mix in it.

FLORENCE

(jumping from car)

All right, brother. Then you can go to some nice warm place, and I don't mean California.

She starts back toward Worth's house. Winton overtakes her.

WINTON

Please. I'm sorry. I'll see it through. What do you want me to do?

FLORENCE

I told you what to do. Drive around the corner out of sight of the house. I want to get a closer look at the place.

He starts back toward car.

119

INT. WORTH'S OFFICE IN HOUSE

Worth is seated at the desk and Sparrow is standing in front of him. Worth is speaking.

WORTH

You're yellow to the core -- just yellow.

SPARROW

(whimpering)

No, I'm not. But I've had the uncanniest feelin' that someone's been watchin' me.

WORTH

(laughs)

Nobody's watching you. You're yellow and your nerves are gone. And let me tell you, I'll do nothing to help your nerves until it's delivered, and you might as well get that through your head.

SPARROW

All right, then, I'll phone.

He reaches for the phone on Worth's desk. Worth snatches it away from him.

WORTH

Not over this phone, you fool! Get outside to make the call.

SPARROW

Okay, Boss.

Sparrow turns, walks TOWARD CAMERA.

120 EXT. FRONT OF WORTH'S HOUSE

Florence comes in and pauses and, glancing quickly up and down the street, runs down steps to basement door, which she tries cautiously. Finding it locked, she tries to peer through window, and finally tries lower sash, which opens. She climbs through window to basement.

121 EXT. CORNER OF STREET

where Winton is waiting. The street door of house opens and Sparrow appears, starting away in opposite direction from corner where Winton waits.

122 INT. BASEMENT ROOM IN WORTH'S HOUSE

Florence is feeling her way about. She passes in front of mirror, sees her own reflection, jumps back, startled, trips and sits down heavily on a pine box that might contain a coffin. She gasps and springs to her feet, terrified.

123 EXT. CORNER OF STREET

Two plain-clothes men approach Winton and address him.

FIRST DETECTIVE

Well, buddy, what's the stall?

WINTON

I'm waiting for someone.

FIRST DETECTIVE

Yeah, for who?

WINTON

I don't think it concerns you.

SECOND DETECTIVE

Come on, Winton. Cut out the bluffing. We've been watching you ever since you left The Tombs and you've done some pretty suspicious things. Now what are you doing here!

WINTON

What have I done that's suspicious?

FIRST DETECTIVE

For one thing, you had a visitor at your apartment today, not exactly the kind of a person I'd expect you to entertain ... a person who lives in this block.

124 INT. BASEMENT IN WORTH'S HOUSE
Florence is raising up from inspection of box when she sees the reflection of the Monster in mirror and drops down behind the box. The figure of the Monster glides into the room, stands as though listening for a moment and then disappears in shadows. We hear someone ascending a flight of rickety stairs.

125 EXT. CORNER OF STREET WINTON AND TWO DETECTIVES

WINTON

(pointing down the street excitedly)

I've got to follow that fellow, I tell you. I've reason to believe he knows what became of Joan Gale's body. You've no right to stop me.

FIRST DETECTIVE

Hang onto him, Paul. I'll get the other bird.

He starts off in the direction Winton had pointed. In extreme background we see Sparrow occasionally as he passes under an arc lamp. The detective follows him, walking rapidly. As detective passes Worth's house,

CUT TO:

126 CLOSE SHOT OF BASEMENT WINDOW
Florence clambering through and hurrying up the stairs. She is chattering with fright. She gets to the top of the stairs, stands and sways, almost falls.

127 EXT. CORNER OF STREET LONG SHOT
Florence running toward Winton and detective. CAMERA FOLLOWS her to a

128 CLOSE SHOT OF THE THREE
Florence grabs Winton by the shoulders and speaks hysterically.

FLORENCE

I found it! I found the body!

DETECTIVE

What! What are you talking about?

FLORENCE

The body of Joan Gale!

DETECTIVE
(getting a look at Florence)
Hello, Express. What's the idea, trying
to outsmart the police?

FLORENCE
(seriously)
I'm not kidding. Joan Gale's body is
packed in the box in the basement, and
I saw the most horrible thing down there.

DETECTIVE
Are you giving me this straight?

FLORENCE
Don't take my word for it. Get down there
yourself and give a look.

The officer blows police whistle.

129 CLOSE SHOT OF SPARROW
just coming under street lamp. We hear a police whistle
back of him. He turns, looks back, terrified, and darts
away at a quick run.

130 CLOSE SHOT OF OFFICER
back of him, also breaking into a run. We hear the sound
of night stick being struck against the sidewalk and
police whistles from different directions and at various
distances.

131 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF WORTH'S HOUSE
The detective, Winton and Florence are approaching.
Several uniformed policemen are running toward them
from both intersecting streets. There is an ad lib
confused babble of voices as a number of curious
people approach the house from several directions.

FIRST DETECTIVE
(to Winton)
Get this skirt out of here! We don't need
hysterics. This thing has to be handled
smoothly.

Winton tries to take Florence away. She tears loose.

FLORENCE
Listen, copper, get a load of this. While
you're chinning yourself on a bar rail, I
run down this story ... my story. Consider
yourself my assistant.

DETECTIVE
What do you think I am?

FLORENCE
(shrugging)
Whatever you are, you're the only one of
it.

DETECTIVE
(producing police card)
It happens that I'm the law.

FLORENCE
How quaint. But I can go any place you
can.
(Shows her credentials.)

132 INT. OFFICE IN WORTH'S HOUSE
We see Worth cross the room and go through a door into
an adjoining room. Then we hear a doorbell ring rapidly.
The Monster appears through the door Worth just made an
exit through, comes to the center of the room and stands
listening. Evidently they become tired of ringing, with
no response, for we hear them start to batter in the
door. The Monster turns and vanishes quickly the way he
came. We hear the door shattered and, after a moment's
pause, an officer appears stealthily, with drawn
revolver, around the hall door of the room.

OFFICER
Nobody here, Chief.

FIRST DETECTIVE
(peering through door)
Well, take it easy. Let's get some light
on here.
(Officer flashes flashlight
in search of switch.)

FIRST DETECTIVE
(calls into hallway)
A couple of you fellows get upstairs!

VOICES
(Off scene)
Yes, sir.

We hear them ascending the stairs. Officer crosses and
gingerly opens door of room that the Monster disappeared
through, flashes light about and enters.

133 INT. ROOM ADJOINING WORTH'S OFFICE
There is only the one entrance door, and the window
of the room, when the officer examines it with flashlight,
appears to be flat against the brick wall of the
adjoining house. The room is empty.

134

INT. WORTH'S OFFICE

The detective, evidently finding switch, has thrown on lights. He is talking to Florence and Winton.

DETECTIVE

Can you give me a description of the person you saw?

FLORENCE

Not a very good one, I guess. He wasn't like anything human. He hobbled and swayed like a monkey, and the face, from the glimpse I got of it in the light from the street, was like an African war mask.

DETECTIVE

You mean he was colored?

FLORENCE

I don't know what he was, but he made Frankenstein look like a lily!

The officer comes in from the adjoining room.

OFFICER

Well, there's nothing on this floor.

We hear the men descending stairs from floor above. The detective steps to the door.

DETECTIVE

(calling)

Did you find anything up there?

A VOICE

(off scene -- as of someone approaching)

No -- not even any furniture up there -- a lot of old papers and junk.

The two uniformed policemen enter from hall.

DETECTIVE

Is there any rear entrance to this place?

POLICEMAN

I couldn't find any.

DETECTIVE

Well, let's give the basement a look.

135

INT. HALL IN WORTH'S HOUSE

The officers and detective, with Florence and Winton, approach basement door and cautiously start to descend steps to basement.

136 INT. BASEMENT OF WORTH'S HOUSE
Two uniformed men enter and flash lights everywhere. One of them tries door to rear room. It opens. They turn back and shout.

POLICEMAN

No one here.

Lights come on as though switch were thrown on other side of partition. Florence, Winton and two detectives enter, followed by the two uniformed policemen.

FLORENCE

(points to the box)

There she is! You'll find Joan Gale in that box.

WINTON

(sinks back against wall and gasps)

No -- No -- I -- I -- I don't want to see it.
(Starts toward door.)

DETECTIVE

Wait a minute! You stay right where you are.

(To one of the policemen as he sees a small hatchet on a table.)

Get that hatchet and open this up.

One officer gets the hatchet and the others drag the box a little nearer the center of the room and they start to pry off the lid. As they pull one nail, it comes out with a mournful shriek. Florence almost falls over a smaller box in her effort to get away.

FLORENCE

Oh, what wouldn't I give for a slug of gin!

With a terrific ripping sound, they finally succeed in removing the lid. Everybody crowds forward to peer at what they believe to be a corpse, as CAMERA COMES TO A

137 CLOSE-UP OF THE BOX
its contents revealed to be row on row of bottles of Scotch whiskey. An officer's hand comes in and lifts out a bottle. CAMERA DRAWS BACK TO

138 MED. SHOT OF THE ROOM

FLORENCE

(sinking back onto box, extending hands and

wiggling fingers)
Oh, gimme, gimme!

There is a general shout of laughter and the basement door opens and the second detective enters, driving Sparrow ahead of him.

SPARROW
(blubbering)
I ain't done nothin' -- you ain't got no right to arrest me! What's the charge against me?

The detective slaps his face.

DETECTIVE
Now, who owns this layout? Come on, spill it.

SPARROW
I don't know. I was never here before tonight.

DETECTIVE
(slaps him again)
You don't know, oh ... You don't know anything about it.

SPARROW
No. All I know is there was a fellow named Worth--

WINTON
Worth!

SPARROW
Yes, sir, that was his name.

WINTON
That's my bootlegger's name! Was he a heavysset fellow, with a stubby moustache?

SPARROW
Yes, sir, that's the bird.

WINTON
(laughs)
I hope he delivered the stuff I paid him for this afternoon.
(Then, remembering --
to detective.)
I told you it was a bootlegger you saw at my place.

DETECTIVE
(to one of the
uniformed policemen)

Here, take this fellow in.

One of the policemen leads Sparrow out roughly.

SPARROW

(as he goes)

I ain't done nothin'. I wouldn't even
deliver some stuff for him.

Florence starts piling bottles of whiskey on her arm
like an armload of cordwood.

DETECTIVE

Hey, what do you think you're doing? Put
that stuff back!

FLORENCE

Nothing doing. This is my percentage. You
birds are going to get yours. And anyhow,
I found this dump.

She exits, followed by Winton. There is a general laugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

139 LARGE WHITE BULB AT ENTRANCE OF POLICE STATION
 SHOWING PRECINCT NUMERALS
 CAMERA PULLS BACK showing Winton seated in car near
 entrance. A policeman is taking Sparrow up the steps.
 CAMERA FOLLOWS them in.

140 INT. POLICE SERGEANT'S OFFICE
 Sergeant looks up as policeman and Sparrow enter.

SERGEANT

Junky, eh.

POLICEMAN

Yeh -- peddling.
 (To Sparrow.)
Put up your hands!

Sparrow holds up his hands. The policeman searches him,
laying articles from his pocket on desk before sergeant.
Among the articles is a very handsome watch. The
sergeant looks at it.

SERGEANT

A classy turnip. Must have dipped it.

Lays it on desk with a pile of other things.

141 INT. POLICE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE
 Captain is seated at desk. He is laughing heartily at

Florence.

FLORENCE

Imagine my embarrassment. The razzing I'm going to get is nobody's business. I tail a corpse and stumble on a box full of spirits and not a dead one in the layout.

CAPTAIN

They tell me your managing editor is poison.

FLORENCE

Poison! It takes a sturdy person to look at him!

They are both laughing as the door opens and the policeman enters, leading Sparrow.

POLICEMAN

You want to talk to this fellow, Captain?

CAPTAIN

(glancing at Sparrow
contemptuously)

No, that's all right, Denny. He's a junky. He'll talk in a little while. Just lock him up.

POLICEMAN

Yes, sir.
(To Sparrow.)
Come on.

He leads Sparrow out.

DISSOLVE TO:

142

INT. HORROR CHAMBER

We have not seen, up to this point, anything that would give us a clue as to the location of this room, which we now see for the first time. It is a stone room, with apparently but one opening through a trap in the ceiling, which is approached by a spiral stairway. There are several huge vats of some steaming liquid, a few pieces of dilapidated furniture and an embalming table in the center of the room.

The Monster descends steps, carrying the body of a man, wrapped in burlap. He places it on table.

DISSOLVE TO:

143

INT. POLICE STATION CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

FLORENCE

(rising)

Well, the season's best catch is out there waiting in his Rolls-Royce. I guess I'll breeze.

CAPTAIN

Well, you ought to get a good laugh story out of it, anyhow.

The door opens. A man in uniform, but hatless, enters quickly and, coming to desk, lays the watch taken from Sparrow before the captain.

OFFICER

What do you think this is?

CAPTAIN

(grinning)

Looks like a watch.

OFFICER

Yeh, but do you know whose watch?

FLORENCE

Let's break down and confess -- we don't know anything about it.

Officer opens the back of the watch and holds it so that she can read the inscription on inner case.

OFFICER

Judge Ramsey's! That's all!

CAPTAIN

(reaching out for it quickly)

What!

FLORENCE

You're not kiddin'?

CAPTAIN

Where did this come from?

OFFICER

Just took it off that junky.

CAPTAIN

Great! Get him down here.

FLORENCE

Now you're talking.

DISSOLVE TO:

Winton seated in car. Florence runs down steps and climbs into car.

FLORENCE

The office! There's not much traffic --
you can step on it!

WINTON

(as car pulls away from curb)
You like taking chances, don't you!

145 INT. CAR RACING UP BROADWAY CLOSE SHOT

FLORENCE

Why?

WINTON

You go in for dangerous things.

FLORENCE

Darned if I don't!
(Reaches over quickly with
left hand and pulls
steering wheel.)

146 REVERSE ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD
Showing narrowly averted collision.

FLORENCE'S VOICE

Slow down to ninety. I said the office,
not the cemetery.

147 INT. OF CAR CLOSE SHOT

WINTON

No, really. I mean what I'm saying. I
never believed there were women like you
in the world. You're game and decent.

They narrowly miss striking another car.

FLORENCE

--and so determined to live that I'm
going to get out and take a taxi if you
don't watch where you're going.

WINTON

I suppose this is going to sound absurd.
I've only known you twenty-four hours, but
I'm in love with you.

FLORENCE

It doesn't usually take that long, but
I'll forgive you -- you were in a tough

spot when I met you.

WINTON

No, really -- I'm crazy about you.

FLORENCE

Oh, is that what caused it?

WINTON

You don't believe me. You think I'm just talking. Will you marry me?

FLORENCE

How much money have you got?

WINTON

Heaven knows. A lot.

FLORENCE

Well, that being the case, I'll take it up with the board of directors. Hey, listen, aviator, here we are!

The car swings into the reporter's entrance of the Express Building.

FLORENCE

Hold everything. I'll be right back.

148

INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE

The editor is just finishing phone conversation.

EDITOR

All right. Give that a four-point head. No, that's all it's worth ... All right, you can play it up later if ...

Door opens and Florence comes in, breathless, extends hand.

FLORENCE

Mit me, kid. I've got a classic.

EDITOR

(looking at her with a melancholy expression)
You here again like an evil spirit to mar my happiness?

FLORENCE

This one's a story, but I'm not going to tell you what it is. Every time I tell you anything it goes haywire.

EDITOR

(laughs)

What do you mean -- haywire? You start out after murderers and come back with three-for-a-dime bootleggers. You start to solve murder mysteries and break up crap games. You're grand! I'm for you! Stupendous!

FLORENCE
(steps toward his desk
belligerently)
Say, you're always razzing everything I do, but this is one time I'm in.

EDITOR
Go on, little girl, take your troubles somewhere else. I don't feel like talking to you.

FLORENCE
Was there any art on Judge Ramsey?

EDITOR
(laughs)
What goofy idea have you got now? Don't tell me you suspect Judge Ramsey of stealing the body.

FLORENCE
(goes to door)
I'm going to make you eat dirt, you soap bubble! I'm going to make you beg for somebody to help you let go!

FADE OUT

149 FADE IN
INT. POLICE STATION CAPTAIN'S OFFICE
Sparrow is seated in the center of the room, quivering for want of the drug. A number of detectives, in shirt-sleeves, evidently worn and tired themselves, are circling about the room.

FIRST DETECTIVE
So you found the watch in a taxi cab three months ago. Is that right?

SPARROW
Yes, sir. I got in the cab and it was layin' there on the floor.

FIRST DETECTIVE
Where were you going when you got in that cab?

SPARROW
I don't remember. Not so very far--

FIRST DETECTIVE
Don't remember what day that was, do you?

SPARROW
No, sir. About three months ago.

SECOND DETECTIVE
Remember what kind of a cab it was?

SPARROW
No, sir. Just a cab.

FIRST DETECTIVE
You didn't happen to be going to Worth's
place, did you?

SPARROW
No, sir, I'm sure it wasn't there.

FIRST DETECTIVE
You used to go to Worth's place a whole
lot. What makes you sure it wasn't there?

SPARROW
Well, maybe it was. I don't remember.
(Sparrow slips from chair
to knees, sobbing.)
You got to do something for me, I can't
stand it any longer -- I can't!

150 NEAR WINDOW TWO DETECTIVES STANDING CLOSE SHOT

ONE OF THE DETECTIVES
He's beginning to break now -- he'll talk
pretty soon.

OTHER DETECTIVE
I don't know about that -- he's been
begging all night.

Looks out of window and we see that it is almost daylight.

OTHER DETECTIVE
Nearly half past eight. I never saw a
junky hold out like this before.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

151 EXT. MUSEUM THE NEXT MORNING

The people passing are of the type who would be hurrying
to report for some office or clerical job around nine
o'clock. Charlotte walks into picture, glances up and
down street as though looking for someone, then glances

at watch and goes to museum door, peering through panel.
She tries the door and finds it open and enters.

152 INT. WAX MUSEUM LONG SHOT
Nobody is in scene. Charlotte enters, looks about.

CHARLOTTE
(calling)
Ralph! Are you here?

There is no answer and she starts down the length of the museum, occasionally calling "Ralph." As she passes a niche in the wall that contains a half figure of Dante on the platform, the CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSE-UP of that figure. The artificial lids are raised and we see the eyes of a living person peering through and watching her progress. Over this we hear her calling "Ralph" again, but the call is growing fainter. The lids drop back into place.

CUT TO:

153 CLOSE SHOT NEAR PORTIERES
Charlotte is near portieres which conceal door to workshop at rear. She draws curtains aside and steps into workshop.

CUT TO:

154 INT. WORKROOM AT REAR
Hugo is at work. Charlotte has advanced several steps into the room before she becomes aware of his presence. She stops, startled.

CHARLOTTE
I beg your pardon -- Is Ralph here?

There is no response as Hugo does not hear her. She advances a step farther, when he turns and grins at her.

CHARLOTTE
I'm looking for Ralph.

Hugo, still grinning, takes a step toward her and makes the hideous sound identified with deaf-mutes. She starts to back away from him, terrified. Backing toward portieres, followed by Hugo, she suddenly turns and darts through the curtains. Her momentum carries her almost to Igor, who is approaching in wheelchair. She extends both her hands to him delightedly. He starts to respond, then, catching sight of his crippled claws, drops them into his lap.

CHARLOTTE
Oh! Mr. Igor! -- I'm so glad you're here
-- I don't know why I should be, but I was

a little bit afraid.

IGOR

Oh! So, my little friend, you have honored me by accepting my invitation of last night.

CHARLOTTE

No -- I -- wanted to speak to Ralph. We had a silly argument last night and I said something unkind.

IGOR

(laughs in a tender,
fatherly way)

Oh, you children, you happy children. You've quarreled and now you're going to be friends again. And that is as it should be. Never let any stupid misunderstandings come between you.

CHARLOTTE

But it was really my fault.

IGOR

(laughs)

And he will probably demand the life of anyone who agrees with you. Let him think it was his fault ... He should be along very shortly . . . But be very stern before you forgive him, especially if it is your fault ... While you're waiting for your friend, would you like to see some new figures I have downstairs?

CHARLOTTE

I'd love to.

CAMERA FOLLOWS them as Igor wheels to top of stairs leading to studio and workshop below. He takes crutches and struggles painfully to his feet.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, please, Mr. Igor, I'm terribly ashamed. I shouldn't have put you to so much trouble.

IGOR

(chuckles gently)

It is no trouble at all, my child. This is the strange, vicarious pleasure that remains for me -- to see others enjoy the beauty I used to create.

(He attempts to descend
first step, then says,
good-naturedly.)

My footing is not too secure.

Charlotte rushes to his assistance.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, let me help you, please.

Charlotte helps him descend stairs.

155 SHOT PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH OPEN DOOR OF BASEMENT
WORKSHOP TOWARD STAIRS
We see Charlotte and Igor finish descending steps.

IGOR

Thank you -- thank you, my dear.

Charlotte precedes Igor into room and stands glancing about. Igor enters, closes the door quickly and locks it.

156 INT. WORKROOM
Igor instantly drops his crutches and sweeps Charlotte into his arms, lifting her clear off the floor.

IGOR

Marie Antoinette.

Charlotte screams and struggles.

CHARLOTTE

Let me go! Let me go!

IGOR

We have found immortality, you and I.
You must not be afraid.

CHARLOTTE

(screams)

Ralph! Ralph!

She tears at Igor's face and rips away the mask and beard, which bring with them the skillfully designed wig that is attached to them, revealing the horribly mutilated face of the Monster. Charlotte screams and faints. Igor deposits her tenderly on a couch and kneels beside her.

157 INT. WORKROOM CLOSE SHOT
Igor, kneeling beside the girl, speaks.

IGOR

Poor, frightened child. The only common objective of all living things is death ... and she is afraid.

158 EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE OF MUSEUM
Janitor is sweeping walk. Ralph comes into picture,

glances into museum and, assuming that he is the first to arrive, takes a last puff on a cigarette before entering. He throws it away and starts to enter when we hear Florence's voice off scene.

FLORENCE

Hey -- Ralph!

He looks up and we see that he recognizes someone approaching, as Winton's car whirls up to the curb and Florence jumps out, followed by Winton.

RALPH

What are you people doing out in the middle of the night?

FLORENCE

(crossing to him)

I'm after news, as usual. I wonder if it would be all right for me to slip in and look around your factory?

RALPH

I guess so. But wouldn't it be better for you to wait until the old man's here?

159 CLOSE SHOT RALPH AND FLORENCE

FLORENCE

Well, I'll tell you a secret. I kinda like the old gent and I'm trying to build a special Sunday Magazine story out of him. It might help him a whole lot. But that's a side issue -- something I do on my own time.

RALPH

(boyishly)

Gee, that's great. After the bad opening that night the old boy was pretty blue. This will pep him up. Have you told him about it?

FLORENCE

No. I wanted to do it without saying anything. I think he's worth it.

160 EXT. MUSEUM A SHOT OF WINTON'S CAR
A policeman walks up to car and calls over to group.

POLICEMAN

Whose car is this?

WINTON

Mine.

POLICEMAN

Well -- You can't park there. You'll
have to take it down the street.

WINTON

(going to car and
climbing back to wheel)

Okay, brother.

(Shouts to Florence.)

Flo, I've got to find a place to park.
I'll be right back.

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS taking in Ralph and Florence at
museum door.

FLORENCE

(waves to Winton -- calls)

Don't deceive me or I'll come back and
haunt you.

Winton's car moves away. Ralph unlocks the door, and
he and Florence enter the museum. Ralph throws away
cigarette. Janitor picks it up and stands leaning on
broom, puffing it.

161

INT. MUSEUM

Florence takes from her bag a photograph of Judge Ramsey.

INSERT: CLOSE-UP OF PHOTOGRAPH

Showing bust picture of man whose features are strikingly
like those of Voltaire, although he has a moustache,
wears glasses and is dressed in modern clothes.

CAMERA TRUCKS AFTER her as she goes from one figure to
another, finally stopping in front of the figure of
Voltaire. This she studies, in profile, full-face
three-quarter view, etc., and finds by comparison
that the two are identical. (We CUT back and forth
several times from the photograph to the statue.)

FLORENCE

(studying the photo and
wax figure; she is
nervously biting her
fingernails)

Ralph, come here a minute, will you?

RALPH

(crossing to her and
notices her biting nails)

Better cut that out.

(Points to figure of
Venus de Milo.)

That's what happens to girls who bite
their nails.

(Florence ignores the remark.)

What's wrong?

Hugo passes them at this moment. Florence watches Hugo suspiciously as if she did not want him to know what she is referring to. She waits until he has passed into the cloakroom.

FLORENCE

Look at this photograph, will you?
(Handing Ralph photograph.)

162

INT. POLICE STATION CAPTAIN'S OFFICE
Sparrow suddenly springs to his feet, screaming.

SPARROW

All right -- I'll talk! I'll tell you what I know!

(He is a madman.)

Ramsey was murdered because he looked like Voltaire!

(He laughs wildly.)

Because he looked like Voltaire! You want to know what became of him! He's a statue -- a silly wax statue!

(Laughs.)

CAPTAIN

You killed him!

(Catches Sparrow roughly, wheels him around, slaps his face.)

Come on with the rest of it. You killed him!

SPARROW

No -- I didn't. It was Igor at the waxworks.

CAPTAIN

(slapping him again)

But you were in on it -- you worked for him.

SPARROW

No -- the only thing I did for him was to keep track of the man named Worth that runs the place where you arrested me tonight.

CAPTAIN

You lie!

SPARROW

It's Igor at the Wax Museum! You'll find your judge embalmed in wax! He's a statue of Voltaire, with all the other corpses! The whole place is a morgue -- do you hear? -- a morgue!

(Laughs.)

163 INT. HORROR CHAMBER
Charlotte is crouched, terrified, in a corner, while Igor, now a raving maniac, tries to calm her.

IGOR
My child, why are you crouched there?
So pitifully afraid. Immortality has been
the dream, the inspiration of our kind,
and I am going to give you the only
guarantee of immortality you have ever
had.

Charlotte shrinks further into the corner.

CHARLOTTE
(gasping)
Please, oh, please, I haven't done
anything to hurt you.

IGOR
(in bewildered,
plaintive tone)
And I have no desire to hurt you. You
will always be beautiful. Think, my
child, in a thousand years you will
be as lovely as you are now.

164 INT. MUSEUM
Ralph is holding the photograph, and he and Florence stand looking at the figure. We see that the features of the two are identical. Then we hear a muffled scream. Florence and Ralph look at each other inquiringly and stand waiting for the scream to be repeated.

165 INT. HORROR CHAMBER
The Monster is pleading with Charlotte.

IGOR
My child, my child, if you will just
listen to me, then you will not be
afraid. Don't you understand, dear,
that I love you? Don't you know that
at times when I have wanted to die --
I could not die because I had not
saved you. And now you are here, to
be given, a thing of delight, to all
the world. I am trying to grant you
immortality.

Charlotte is just a terrified, half-hypnotized, crumpled mass.

CHARLOTTE
(almost whispering)
You fiend! You fiend!

Igor backs away from her, gesturing with his arms as if to ward off a blow.

IGOR
Oh, my Marie Antoinette, you must not say that to me. There was a fiend, of that you may be sure. There was a fiend --
(suddenly extends hands toward her)
and this is what that monstrous person did to me.

166 CLOSE SHOT OF CHARLOTTE
as she drops her head on her knees, sobbing.

167 EXT. POLICE STATION
Officers pour out and climb into two cars. They commandeer a couple of taxis and all race down the street, with sirens screaming.

168 INT. HORROR CHAMBER FULL SHOT
Igor standing over Charlotte pityingly, wringing his hands. Then he whirls toward curtained cabinet in rear.

IGOR
(screaming)
You! ... You did this!
(To Charlotte, as he crosses toward cabinet.)
These terrible broken hands -- this terrible living dead man -- for twelve years, twelve awful years, has hunted for the fiend, the fiend who brought us here tonight! But the account is closed.
(He sweeps aside curtain covering cabinet.)
He is here!

In the cabinet, full length, erect, is the wax-embalmed figure of Worth, which falls forward stiffly, landing with a thud. Charlotte gives a piercing, terrified scream.

169 INT. MUSEUM
Florence and Ralph hear scream repeated and rush to stairs. CAMERA FOLLOWS them as they run to stairs and start down. They find door locked. Ralph throws his

full weight against the door several times. When the door shatters he stumbles into room.

170 INT. WORKSHOP
They look around, startled. It is apparently untenanted. As they stand looking at each other in bewilderment, the scream is repeated. Ralph gestures, "Wait a minute," then, with emphasis:

RALPH

It did come from under our feet!

Searching about, he finds a trap door, which he opens and looks down, and sees:

171 SHOT FROM RALPH'S ANGLE
We see Charlotte on operating table. The Monster is stirring a huge vat of boiling wax. Hearing the trap door open, he looks up, sees Ralph and screams his rage. Ralph passes CAMERA and starts downstairs toward him.

172 INT. WORKSHOP CLOSE SHOT OF FLORENCE
Standing at trap, looking down, horrified. She whirls and dashes, screaming, upstairs toward the museum.

173 INT. HORROR CHAMBER
Ralph and the Monster having a furious struggle, the Monster attempting to force the boy backward into one of the vats of boiling wax.

174 INT. MUSEUM
Florence appears at head of stairs from below, just as Winton enters door. She runs to him.

FLORENCE

(screaming)

Come on! Quick! Help!

As they descend the stairs.

WINTON

What is it? What happened?

FLORENCE

Don't ask any questions. Come on!

175 INT. HORROR CHAMBER
The Monster succeeds in striking Ralph over the head with some heavy object. As Ralph sinks, stunned, to the floor, the Monster dashes up the steps.

176 SHOT FROM HORROR CHAMBER CAMERA TIPPED UP SHARPLY
Showing trap at head of stairs. When the Monster has negotiated three-quarters of the ascent, we see Winton appear in the trap door above, blocking his escape. Now we hear the screaming of the sirens of approaching police cars. Seeing his passage barred, the Monster, no longer coherent, stands jabbering like an infuriated ape at the man above him.

177 INT. WORKSHOP
Winton at edge of trap, looking down, horrified.

FLORENCE
Do something! Can't you? Do something!

Winton draws back. Florence turns, runs back toward museum, screaming. We hear the tramping of feet on the floor above and then see the feet and legs of first officer descending stairs.

178 SHOT UPWARD FROM HORROR CHAMBER
As Winton draws from trap, the Monster starts to advance. A policeman in uniform appears above him, with drawn revolver.

POLICEMAN
Get 'em up! Don't move!

He commences a cautious descent of the stairs. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO

179 FULL SHOT
We see Ralph, who has recovered, gather Charlotte in his arms and whirl her so that his body would shield her from a possible stray bullet. The Monster, who is backing, still defiant, before the policeman, misses his footing and, with an agonizing scream, whirls downward into a vat of boiling wax.

180 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MUSEUM
A great crowd is collecting. The police are holding them back. They lead the janitor and Hugo from the building.

CAPTAIN OF DETECTIVES
I don't think these mugs mean anything,
but take them around and get a statement
from them.

An officer leads them away. Florence runs through crowd with Winton.

181 EXT. STREET WINTON'S CAR
as Florence and Winton scramble in.

FLORENCE
Come on, pal, get me uptown!
(Breathlessly.)
Don't stop for lights -- don't stop for--

182 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MUSEUM
Ralph is leading Charlotte, still hysterical, through
door.

DISSOLVE TO:

183 INT. COMPOSING ROOM NEW YORK EXPRESS
Before the room is clearly discernible, we hear the
clatter of typewriters. A scene of feverish activity.
Copy boys are dashing back and forth. The place is
seething with excitement. Florence, seated at machine
nearest CAMERA, is typing frantically. She evidently
just completes the last line of story, jerks sheet
from machine and hands it to a copy boy.

FLORENCE
Take it away, Hennessy.
(Springs to her feet.)

She is bedraggled, hair hanging in her eyes, evidently
exhausted. She reels toward the editor's room. Several
desk workers spring up and surround her, traveling a
part of the distance with her. They are thumping her
playfully on the back and talking.

FIRST MAN
My hat's off to you, kid. What a scoop!

SECOND MAN
This story makes history.

THIRD MAN
Congratulations, Flo. You've got the
other papers bleeding.

FLORENCE
(laughing)
Now I'm going to scramble this egg.

Points toward door marked Managing Editor.

184 INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE
He looks up as Florence enters room. She is gloating.

FLORENCE

Well, Poison Ivy, how about it? Was that a story?

He looks up sourly.

EDITOR

Lousy! You had a million dollars worth of luck.

She looks at him indignantly.

FLORENCE

Listen, stupid, could I do anything that would possibly meet with your approval?

EDITOR

Yes, you could. Cut out this rotten business and act like a lady. Marry me.

She hears the honking of an automobile in the street below and walks to the window, looks down for a moment.

185 SHOT FROM FLORENCE'S ANGLE WINTON IN CAR
in front of the Express Building, honking impatiently.

186 INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE
Florence turns back from window, grins at editor.

FLORENCE

Marry you?

EDITOR

That's what I said.

FLORENCE

I'm going to get even with you, you dirty stiff! I'll do it!

He rises and catches her in his arms. As they embrace, we hear the raucous "honk-honk" of the car in the street below.

FADE OUT

THE END