SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS

This is the story of a man who wanted to wash an elephant. The elephant darn-near ruined him.

Preston Sturges, May 3, 1941

A NOTE ON THE MUSICAL

Please note: in the spirit of Preston Sturgess, the screwball comedy, and the era in general, dialog should be quick and snappy, with many lines almost tripping over each other.

Also note that, so as not to distract with anachronisms, I have decided to retain the use of words like "hobo" and "bum" in this adaptation, rather than using modern, humanizing alternatives like "unhoused person".

Harlan Epstein, whenever the heck this gets finished.

PS In this case "valet" is pronounced "val-ut", not "val-ay".

Draft notes:

Pink = For Writer(s?)

Blue = For Dramaturg

Orange = For Reader

The Ensemble

1
M, White
John L Sullivan III

2
F, RACE?
Veronica | The Secretary

3
N/B, White
Gary | The Censor | The Late Mr Kornhauser | Police Deputy

4
M, Non-White
Hadrian | The Butler | Herr Chauffeur | The Thief | The Yardman | The Mister

5
M, Non-White
LeBrand | Valet | Photographer | Sheriff Carson | The Lunch Man | The Trusty

6
F, Non-White
Jones | Zeffie Kornhauser | Police Sergeant | Farmer's Wife | Public Defender

7
F, Non-White
Casalsis | Ursula | Farmer | Judge(Voice Filter?)

(Minor characters to be assigned as convenient.)

(Yes, I've included race. I don't think you can do a show about class in America without acknowledging its intersection with race. With that in mind, I feel strongly that both the man born into money (1) and the embodiment of corporate interests (3) must be played by white people. The rest of the cast, I dunno. I feel like since they are sort of enacting Sully's power fantasy for him, they should be non-white. Is that too on the nose?
(Also, what about Veronica? I don't want her to be like Laurey in that 2019 Oklahoma where a black woman is made effectively responsible for a white man by association with him. But also I dunno if making all the principal characters white is great...)

(Could maybe be cast in a genderfluid way, but then again I haven't written any of the music so maybe not...)

SEQUENCE A - SCENE 1
ENSEMBLE - “A RESTAURANT”

The overture begins as lights come up on a silent slapstick scene.

[A recreation of a slapstick sequence taken from an existing movie of the era, so that the film can be shown later.]

A voice rings out:

SULLIVAN
Cut.

SEQUENCE A - SCENE 2
SULLY, ASSISTANT, ACTORS - A HOLLYWOOD SOUNDSTAGE

A change in lighting reveals that this has all been on a Hollywood set. The actors “break character”, and there is applause and laughter from everyone.

Everyone, that is, but the director, SULLY, who looks miserable, and THE ASSISTANT, who is looking at him expectantly.

SULLIVAN
...S’fine.

ASSISTANT
And that’s a wrap on Sequence A-1! All right, thank you everybody let’s take ten.

Sully walks downstage, away from the happy chatter of the set, and takes out a cigarette. He lights it, and smokes morosely.

LEBRAND and HADRIAN enter, look around for Sully. Hadrian points him out, and they both walk over to him:

MR. LEBRAND
John L Sullivan you magnificent genius you’ve done it again!

SULLIVAN
(not turning to them)
And don’t I know it.

MR. HADRIAN
We just came from a preview of 'The Hunting Party' and let me tell you, Sully, it'll play for years.

SULLIVAN
I hope not, but then I'm an optimist.

MR. LEBRAND
I mean it's a real gas, Sully!

SULLIVAN
Mustard gas.

MR. HADRIAN
I haven't seen a reaction like that since... well, since "Ants in Your Plants of '39"!

SULLIVAN
What kind of reaction? Like a rash?

MR. LEBRAND
What's wrong, Sully? They love you! It's a hit!

SULLIVAN
Yeah well it feels like a hit. An uppercut, to be specific. Oh, come off it Victor. You know I didn't get into this business to make 'Ants in Your Plants' and 'The Hunting Party' and this
(he gestures to the set behind him)
'Untitled Betty Grable Comedy'.

MR. LEBRAND
I was thinking: "The Girl With The Legs".

SULLIVAN
(ignoring him)
I wanted to make movies with a message, movies with a purpose.

MR. HADRIAN
'The Hunting Party' had a purpose.

SULLIVAN
Besides making money.

MR. LEBRAND
Well what about making people happy?

SULLIVAN
People are too happy as it is. And besides, that's not- Do you remember what made you hire me?

MR. LEBRAND
Sure I remember. That short film you wrote and directed fresh out of college, about the rail workers.

SULLIVAN
"The Track to Destiny." That's why you hired me! Because it was dark, real, it had social significance! They weren't just childhood friends driven apart by a petty feud, they stood for something: Capital and Labor fighting for supremacy, and ultimately destroying each other and themselves! That's why I need to make 'For Whom The Night Falls'.

MR. HADRIAN
Oh, not this again.

SULLIVAN
Yes this again. It's the next great American novel, I'm telling you. It's the most honest thing I've read in years! The world's committing suicide, corpses piling up in the street, grim death gargling at you around every corner, people slaughtered like sheep, and this book-

MR. HADRIAN
Maybe people'd like to forget that.

SULLIVAN
That's the problem, all they <u>do</u> is forget that. But they - subconsciously, you see - they want to experience art of real consequence. That's why 'For Whom The Night Falls' is a New York Times bestseller.

MR. HADRIAN
Yeah, sure those snobs like it, but how about Pittsburgh? You think it sold there?

SULLIVAN
Pittsburgh? What do they know in Pittsburgh?

MR. HADRIAN
They know what they like.

SULLIVAN
If they knew what they liked, they wouldn't live in Pittsburgh.

MR. LEBRAND
Sully, baby, we are not in the business of making points, or taking stands, or changing minds...

SULLIVAN
I know, I know, we're in the business of making money, that's all you people think about is-

MR. LEBRAND
No, no, not money, Sully: Movies!

On a "ding", he turns out to the audience and sings:

MR. LEBRAND (CONT'D)
WHO GOES TO THE MOVIES TO SEE SOMETHING REAL?
THERE'S PLENTY OF REAL TO GO ROUND.
WHY SHELL OUT A QUARTER
FOR HEARTBREAK AND SLAUGHTER
THAT YOU CAN SEE GRATIS DOWNTOWN?

MR. HADRIAN
WHO GOES TO THE PICTURES FOR SOMETHING THAT'S "TRUE"?
TO MOVIES THAT EDU-MA-CATE?
TAKE A GIRL TO A SERMON
SHE'LL QUICKLY DETERMINE
THAT THERE WILL BE NO SECOND DATE.

MR. LEBRAND
THEY'VE WORKED 40 HOURS,
FROM MONDAY TO FRI
WITH A HALF HOUR LUNCH BREAK, AT ONE.

MR. LEBRAND (CONT'D)
If they're lucky!

MR. HADRIAN
THE BABY'S AT GRANDMA'S.

MR. LEBRAND
HE'S WEARING A TIE!

MR. LEBRAND AND MR. HADRIAN
DON'T YOU THINK THEY DESERVE TO HAVE FU-U-UN?

SULLIVAN
(despondent)
Jesus Christ.

MR. LEBRAND
LIFE'S HARD ENOUGH

MR. HADRIAN
LIFE ISN'T FAIR

MR. LEBRAND AND MR. HADRIAN
DON'T YOU THINK THE MOVIES SHOULD BE FUN?
MOST DAYS ARE ROUGH,
GOOD DAYS ARE RARE,
DON'T YOU THINK THE MOVIES SHOULD BE FUN?

MR. LEBRAND
OUT THERE THE WORLD'S FULL OF REASONS TO WAIL
YOUR BUTTER TURNS RANCID; YOUR BREAD CAN GO STALE;

MR. HADRIAN
YOU PINCH THE WRONG CHEEK AND YOU WIND UP IN JAIL.

Hadrian pinches the bum of a passing actress, who giggles before turning to the audience with an eye-roll of disgust.

MR. LEBRAND AND MR. HADRIAN
WHY NOT LET THE MOVIES BE FOR FUN?

SULLIVAN
But this kind of movie IS fun! In a different way! It’s engaging.

MR. LEBRAND
(kindly)
It’s depressing.

SULLIVAN
It’s important!

MR. HADRIAN
Sure it is.

SULLIVAN
(picking up a newspaper)
It’s representative! Here, listen to this:
(spoken, rhythmically)
YESTERDAY'S PAPER, RIGHT?
SEVENTH OF APRIL:
A FARMER, UHH, WIFE ‘N THREE GIRLS,
SAVES EVERY LAST DOLLAR
BUT STILL LIVES IN SQUALOR
NOW SHE’S GOT TO PAWN GRANDMA’S PEARLS.

MR. LEBRAND
Well obviously, that’s terrible, Sully, but-

SULLIVAN
Hold on, here's another one:
PAGE TWENTY, A STAFF SERGEANT, LIVES IN A JUNKYARD
HE'S MISSING BOTH LEGS PAST THE KNEE
WHILE YOU FAT CATS GOT YOURS
THIS MAN SERVED IN THREE WARS!
(sings, ostentatiously)
AND THEY CALL THIS THE LAND OF THE FREE?

MR. LEBRAND
WHAT, YOU THINK PEOPLE DON'T KNOW THAT?

MR. HADRIAN
WE ALL GET THE PAPER EACH DAY

MR. LEBRAND
BUT TRY TO CONSIDER:
THEY'VE HIRED A SITTER!
REMEMBER, IT'S CALLED A SCREEN*PLAY* FOR A REASON, SO...
GAS PRICE IS UP

MR. HADRIAN
WAGES ARE DOWN

MR. LEBRAND AND MR. HADRIAN
AT THE MOVIES CAN'T WE JUST HAVE FUN?
WHY BE A SHMUCK WHEN
YOU COULD BE A CLOWN
A NIGHT OUT AT THE MOVIES SHOULD BE FUN!

MR. LEBRAND
SURE, YOU'LL WIN AWARDS WITH YOUR EUGENE O'NEILL

MR. HADRIAN
AND BERGMAN WILL MAKE INTELLECTUALS SQUEAL

MR. LEBRAND AND MR. HADRIAN
BUT WHO CAN BEAT ZIEGFELD FOR RAW SEX APPEAL?

The music slows and modulates as chorus girls enter from either wing, each with a big feather fan.

SULLIVAN
No, no, stop it! No kick-line. Sorry, girls.

The girls walk back off, dejected. ("Aww!" "Phooey" etc. ad lib.)

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
You fellas just don't get it. Don't you see that the world is-

MR. HADRIAN
No, Sully, you're the one who doesn't-

MR. LEBRAND
(cutting him off)
Sully, I know you want your work to make people think. But why can't it make 'em think about something nice, like... Tahiti?

SULLIVAN
Tahi- What's happening in Tahiti? A whole lotta nothing, that's what! Meanwhile there's war, disease, poverty, suffering, right on our doorstep-

MR. HADRIAN
And that's just what I'm saying: What do you know about it?

SULLIVAN
What do I know about it? I know that right now, millions of people-

MR. HADRIAN
(cutting him off)
No!

A sudden and dramatic shift in lighting, a tremulous string fill, and Hadrian is imbued with a melodramatic power – he is the smirking, looming embodiment of Sullivan's every doubt manifest into a grand and imposing form, his voice booming and echoing.

MR. HADRIAN (CONT'D)
(advancing on him)
I mean what do *you* know about it? You - John L Sullivan. The third. What do you know about trouble? Huh? You want to make a picture about garbage cans? What the hell do you know about garbage cans? When'd you eat your last meal out of one?

SULLIVAN
(to Lebrand)
What's that got to do with it?

MR. LEBRAND
(also a little scared)
He's asking you.

MR. HADRIAN
You want to show hungry people, working themselves to the bone? You've never been hungry! I sold newspapers from age seven, then at eighteen I got a job in a paint factory to pay my widowed mother's rent. Where were you at eighteen?

SULLIVAN
Well, I was in college.

MR. HADRIAN
Oh, I went to college. After my mother died of pneumonia, I put myself through law school at night by working in an abattoir. My job was to clean out the hoof pipes when they got jammed. With hooves.

SULLIVAN
Jeez.

MR. LEBRAND
(playing the good cop)
He's got a point, Sully. When I was thirteen I was an orphan, supporting three sisters and two brothers on a shoe-shine's wage. Where were you at thirteen?

SULLIVAN
(backing up)
I was at boarding school, but-

MR. HADRIAN
(still advancing)
You wanna tell a story about pain, don't you? You wanna grind ten thousand feet of hard luck. And all I'm asking is what do you know about hard luck?

An expectant pause.

SULLIVAN
Well- well what do you mean, what do I know about hard luck? Don't you think I've-

Mr Hadrian laughs hard, stopping Sullivan mid-sentence, and keeps laughing as the sound and lighting shifts back to "reality"; we are now in Lebrand's office.

MR. HADRIAN
No.

SULLIVAN
What?

MR. HADRIAN
(adjusting his tie, his back to Sullivan)
No, Mr. Sullivan. I do not.

Mr. Hadrian takes out and lights a cigarette, satisfied, and smokes.

MR. LEBRAND
You don't have to be ashamed of it, Sully. You’ve lived a charmed life. That's why your pictures have been so light, so cheerful. They don't stink with messages.

SULLIVAN
(ruefully, after a pause)
You're perfectly right... I haven't the slightest idea what it is. It's funny I never thought about it from that angle.

Sullivan sits heavily on the divan downstage, clearly shaken.

MR. HADRIAN
People always like what they don't know anything about.

SULLIVAN
I really had a lot of nerve wanting to make a picture about human suffering.

MR. LEBRAND
You're a gentleman to admit it, Sully... but then you are anyway.

An arpeggio. LeBrand steps back into center stage.

MR. LEBRAND (CONT'D)
SOME FOLKS THINK ART SHOULD BE GRIM AND AUSTERE
THEY'LL SPEND YEAR UPON YEAR DOING LEAR UPON LEAR
BUT LUCKY FOR US, NONE OF THOSE FOLKS ARE HERE!

The music slows and modulates again, and the chorus girls re-enter from both wings, this time forming a kick-line around LeBrand.

Hadrian sits next to Sully, failing to be comforting.

LEBRAND AND GIRLS
LA-LA-LA-LA
LA-LA-LA-LA

SULLIVAN
Of course I can't make a movie about real life, I haven't had a real life!

MR. LEBRAND AND THE GIRLS
DON'T YOU THINK THAT MOVIES SHOULD BE FUN?

LEBRAND AND GIRLS
LA-LA-LA-LA
LA-LA-LA-LA

SULLIVAN
So that's what I have to do, go see the world, see life the way most Americans do!

MR. LEBRAND AND THE GIRLS
DON'T YOU THINK THAT MOVIES SHOULD BE FUN?

MR. HADRIAN
(realizing what Sully is saying)
Wait, what?

LEBRAND AND GIRLS
(sotto voce)
LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA
LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA
LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-
LAAAAAA!

SULLIVAN
I'll dress like a bum, and leave town without a nickel to my name. Hell, I won't even have a name! Just a nameless wanderer, taking on odd jobs, relying on the kindness of strangers to survive, hopping from train to train with nothing but a worn out old hat and coat to keep me warm, and I'm not coming back til I <u>do</u> know what trouble is!

The music stops on a drum roll. Lights fade on all but Hadrian and Sullivan.

MR. HADRIAN
Wait a second, I didn't mean-

SULLIVAN
You don't have to worry. You can take me off salary.

MR. HADRIAN
Hey now who's talking about taking you off-

Sully shakes Mr. Hadrian's hand.

SULLIVAN
So long, Dracula, you gave me a great idea.

Sullivan rushes off.

Lights and music return as LeBrand, unaware of this final exchange, finishes the number with the chorus girls.

Hadrian tries to get LeBrand's attention and ends up being caught up in the number and thrown around it like a rag-doll.*

**If Hadrian is played by a less mobile actor, he can simply sit down heavily and smoke, deep in thought and worry.*

MR. LEBRAND AND GIRLS
WHY... NOT... LET... THE... MOO... VIES... BE... FOR...
LAUGHTER, LOVE AND HAPPY ENDINGS,
NOTHING SNIDE OR CONDESCENDING
FEATHER BOAS, SMILING FACES
GIRLS AND GARTERS, LEGS AND LACE AND FUN!
FUN! FUUUUUN!

BLACKOUT

SEQUENCE A - SCENE 3
SULLIVAN, THE VALET - IN THE BEDROOM

Sullivan enters, dressed in rags, bent and with a pronounced limp. He looks at himself in a mirror, and practices looking poor.

Eventually The Valet enters with a less moth-eaten coat than the one Sully is wearing.

THE VALET
I think this one is sufficiently seedy, sir. No use breaking their hearts.

Sully returns to normal.

SULLIVAN
Hmm. You may be right. Why overplay it? I tell you, Fitz, I haven't been this excited for a project in years!

THE VALET
Yes, sir.

SULLIVAN
I mean, this is a new way of making movies. A new way of making art! A new way of living! It's going to blow the whole thing wide open.

THE VALET
Yes, sir. Which hat?

He holds up two hole-filled hats.

Sullivan chooses one, and when he puts it on he transforms into a character.

SULLIVAN
(in a voice)
I wonder if I could only have a piece of bread or two?

THE VALET
(half-smiling uncomfortably)
Mm. Very good, sir.

SULLIVAN
(still in the voice)
Just it's been a long day's walk up from the valley.

THE BUTLER
(entering)
Breakfast is ser- What are you doing in here?

As The Butler puts down the well-laden breakfast tray to deal with this tramp, Sully turns around to reveal himself.

THE BUTLER (CONT'D)
Sir! I- I see.

SULLIVAN
Good morning, Burrows; how do you like it?

THE BUTLER
I don't like it at all, sir. Fancy dress, I take it.

SULLIVAN
What's the matter with it?

THE BUTLER
I have never been sympathetic to the caricaturing of the poor and needy, sir.

SULLIVAN
(indignantly)
Who's caricaturing...

THE VALET
I don’t believe Burrows yet knows about the expedition, sir.

SULLIVAN
Oh, of course! Well, I'm going on the road to find out what it's like to *be* poor and needy.

THE BUTLER
I see.

SULLIVAN
It’s for a film I’m writing, a raw, unflinching drama, adapted from a searing American novel. Absolutely no caricaturing whatsoever.

THE BUTLER
I see.

SULLIVAN
I tell you, Burrows, I feel invigorated again. It’s as if there were a lightbulb in my chest and someone finally found the switch!

THE BUTLER
Yes, sir. I was only going to say-

But Sully is gone, already lost in his own world as the music begins.

SULLIVAN
WHEN I WAS YOUNG, I THOUGHT I’D BE LIKE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS
A PIONEERING SETTLER, AND ARMED WITH JUST A COMPASS
I’D FIND A LAND THAT NO-ONE KNEW
BETWEEN TIBET AND TIMBUKTU
WITH COWS THAT BARK AND DOGS THAT MOO
BUT I WAS YOUNG, AND FOOLISH TOO
I LEARNED THAT I WAS BLIND
THERE’S NOWHERE NEW TO FIND
BUT NOW I SEE
DISCOVERY
IS OVER-GLORIFIED

I’LL REDISCOVER AMERICA
LAND OF THE SO-CALLED-FREE
ONCE SOME COMIC HACK
I’M ON THE ATTACK!
THERE’S NO STOPPING ME.
I’LL REDISCOVER AMERICA
HEAR WHAT IT HAS TO SAY

I'LL BE THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO THE GREAT U.S. OF A.

I'LL TAKE EXACTLY WHAT I'M OWED:
THE SUN, THE AIR, THE OPEN ROAD -
AMERICA.

I'LL TAKE WHATEVER JOB WILL PAY
SO LONG AS I CAN EAT THAT DAY -
AMERICA.

I'LL ACHE AND THIRST AND HUNGER, I'LL BE DEAD UPON MY FEET
SURVIVING ON THE KINDNESS OF THE PEOPLE THAT I MEET
GOOD FOLKS WHO LIFE HAS BEATEN, BUT WHO WON'T ACCEPT DEFEAT
YES!

I'LL SHOW THE PEOPLE AMERICA
SHOW THEM THEIR FELLOW MAN -
BONES AND MUSCLES ACHE
SPIRITS BOUND TO BREAK -
THAT'LL BURST THE DAM.
I'LL SHOW THE PEOPLE AMERICA
ALL THE TRUTH THE NEWS WON'T PRINT
THEY'LL SEE WHAT'S BECOME OF AMERICA
MAYBE THEN THEY'LL TAKE THE HINT!

I'LL BE THE ONE TO MAKE THEM SEE
THE PRICE OF WEALTH IS POVERTY!
AMERICA.

ENSEMBLE
(in the distance)
AMERICA

SULLIVAN
Can you hear it?
(sings)
AND WHEN THE COUNTRY WAILS IN SHAME
I'LL SAY, "YOU'VE JUST YOURSELF TO
BLAME, AMERICA."

ENSEMBLE
(closer)
AMERICA!

SULLIVAN
Louder!
(sings)
I'LL SEE THE COUNTRY UNREHEARSED
THE SUFFERING, THE GRIEF
I'LL LEARN THAT LIFE'S A GAMBLE
AND A LANDLORD IS A THIEF
I'LL OPEN THAT FORBIDDEN DOOR
THAT SEPARATES THE RICH AND POOR
I'LL GO WHERE NO-ONES GONE BEFORE

AND SEE JUST HOW THEY'VE FIXED THE SCORE
AND THEN RETURN FOR AN ENCORE
AMBASSADOR-IN-CHIEF!

The music slows to a grand march as the ensemble enters with a parade, flags and all.

ENSEMBLE
HE'LL REDISCOVER AMERICA

SULLIVAN
That's right!

ENSEMBLE
SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY

SULLIVAN
FOLKS DESERVE TO KNOW
SOMEONE'S GOT TO GO
MIGHT AS WELL BE ME.

ENSEMBLE
HE!

SULLIVAN
I'LL REDISCOVER AMERICA
I CAN BRAVE IT, COME WHAT MAY

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
CUZ I'M THE AMERICAN
AMBASSADOR
TO THAT GRAND OLD LAND
THE U. DAMN S. OF
A!

ENSEMBLE
CUZ HE'S THE AMERICAN
AMBASSADOR
TO THAT GRAND OLD LAND
THE U. DAMN. S. OF
A!

As quickly as they appeared, the ensemble is gone and we are back in Sully's room with The Butler and The Valet.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
...and then I'm going to make a film about it.

THE BUTLER
If you'll permit me to say so, sir; The subject is not an interesting one. The poor know all about poverty and only the morbid rich would find the topic glamorous.

SULLIVAN
(exasperated)
But I'm doing it <u>for</u> the poor.

THE BUTLER
I doubt very much that they would appreciate it, sir. They rather resent the invasion of their privacy... I believe quite properly, sir.

SULLIVAN
Is that so?

THE BUTLER
(grimly, and finding it more difficult to contain himself as he goes on)
You see, sir... rich people, and theorists - who are usually rich people - think of poverty in the negative, as the lack of riches, as disease might be called the lack of health... but it isn't, sir. Poverty is not the lack of anything, but a positive prison, a plague, virulent in itself, contagious as cholera, with filth, criminality, vice and despair as only a few of its many symptoms. It is to be stayed away from, even for purposes of study... It is to be <u>shunned</u>.

Sully exchanges a look with The Valet, then turns back to look at The Butler.

SULLIVAN
You seem to have made quite the study of it.

THE BUTLER
(returning to his dry self)
Quite unwillingly, sir. Will that be all, sir?

SULLIVAN
Thanks.

Sully watches him exit, then turns to The Valet.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
He gets a little gruesome doesn’t he?

THE VALET
Always reading books, sir.

SULLIVAN
Oh.

THE VALET
As a matter of fact, sir, I don't much like the idea of a gentleman of your inexperience leaving with only ten cents in his pocket. Burrows and I worked for a gentleman once who,
(MORE)

THE VALET (CONT'D)
likewise, with two friends, accoutered himself as you have, sir, and then went out for a lark... They have not been heard from since.

SULLIVAN
That was some time ago?

THE VALET
Years, I should think. So, just as a precaution, I’ve taken the extreme liberty, sir, of having a metal identification tag slid into the sole of each boot...

Sullivan looks indignant.

SULLIVAN
You must think I'm a child or something. The whole purpose of this expedition...

THE BUTLER
(re-entering)
Messers LeBrand, Hadrian, and Casalsis, and a Ms. Jones, to see you sir. They’re waiting in The Blue Room.

SULLIVAN
(to The Valet)
We’ll finish this later.

THE VALET
Very good, sir.

SEQUENCE A - SCENE 4
LEBRAND, HADRIAN, CASALSIS, JONES - THE BLUE ROOM

LeBrand stands behind a large armchair, leaning on it in thought. Hadrian paces behind him, smoking. In the background, Mr Casalsis and Ms Jones sit hunched over papers spread on a coffee table, speaking in hushed, slightly frantic tones.

MR. LEBRAND
(after a moment's silence)
This is all your fault.

MR. HADRIAN
My fault!

MR. LEBRAND
With your widowed mother and your hoof pipes. You’ve never touched a hoof in your life.

MR. HADRIAN
I touched as many hooves as you supported a family at thirteen. “Shoe-shiner’s wage”.

MR. LEBRAND
Well, that part’s true.

MR. HADRIAN
You inherited a citywide network of shoe shine boys from your uncle. At twenty-one.
(then, after a pause)
We'd better insure him for a million.

MR. LEBRAND
He's worth more...

MR. LEBRAND (CONT'D)
the genius.

MR. HADRIAN
The bone-head!

Sully enters.

MR. LEBRAND AND MR. HADRIAN
Sully!

SULLIVAN
Hello.

MR. LEBRAND
I brought Casalsis and Ms. uh...

He looks at Jones.

MS. JONES
Jones.

MR. LEBRAND
... along to tell you...

SULLIVAN
All right, but before you all get started I just want to tell you one thing: my mind is made up.

MR. LEBRAND
Nobody's here to argue with you, Sully. You know that you need only ask-

MR. HADRIAN
We all talked it over and there's something to the idea.

MR. LEBRAND
There's a great deal to it.

MS. JONES
It's a pip!

MR. CASALSIS
It’s stupendous! Just think of the publicity.
(sings)
THIS WILL BE
THE STORY ON EVERYBODY’S LIPS
BIGGER THAN A SURPRISE COMPLETE ECLIPSE
ON THE FOURTH OF JULY!
WAIT AND SEE
EVERY PAPER IN N.Y.C.
WILL HAVE PICTURES OF YOU, PAGE THREE,
WITH THAT GLEAM IN YOUR EYE
WHIZ, BANG, WHEE,
A NEW FILM FROM THE MAN WHO'S BEEN THROUGH HELL
THINK OF ALL OF THE TICKETS THAT WE'LL SELL
YOU COULD PURCHASE VERSAILLES!
IN FIFTY YEARS
FOLKS'LL SAY "I WAS HERE
WHEN SULLIVAN MARCHED BY"

SULLIVAN
Well, I’m glad you’re so enthusiastic about it.

MR. LEBRAND
Oh, we’re crazy about it Sully, crazy about it.

MR. HADRIAN
Crazy.

MR. CASALSIS
Now, Jones here’ll be leading the team going with you.

MS. JONES
That’s right.

SULLIVAN
Team? What team?

MS. JONES
Your team!
(sings)
THEY'RE A-
BOARD THE YACHT AWAITING YOUR COMMAND, MR SULLIVAN
EVERYTHING’S PREPARED
BE A-
SSURED THAT WE HAVE EVERYTHING IN HAND, MR SULLIVAN
NO EXPENSES SPARED

SULLIVAN
Now wait a minute-

MS. JONES
THERE'S CASALSIS AND HIS SECRETARY
DOCUMENTING EVERY PRAIRIE
AND IF ANYTHING GETS HAIRY
GARY'S ALWAYS THERE.

At this, Gary, a silent bodyguard, suddenly appears behind Sully, who jumps in surprise.

MS. JONES (CONT'D)
A PHOTOGRAPHER TO BOOT
SO THAT FOLKS FROM NOME TO BUTTE
SEE SULLIVAN TRAVELLIN' ON.

SULLIVAN
A secretary? A photographer? Did she say "yacht"?

The German chauffeur appears, wheeling a bar cart with something on it, draped in fabric.

HERR CHAUFFEUR
Ja: Ein land yacht.

SULLIVAN
Now just wait a cotton-picking-

HERR CHAUFFEUR
(putting an arm around Sully)
Wait until you see her, Herr Sullivan. She is a sing of great beauty. A mahvel of Cherman enchineerink-

SULLIVAN
That's as may be, but-

HERR CHAUFFEUR
I shall introduce you to her, shall I-

SULLIVAN
Just wait a minute, will you?

Herr Chauffeur removes the fabric from the bar cart to reveal a scale model of the land yacht.

HERR CHAUFFEUR
STARTING AT ZE BACK
A LITTLE BAR ZAT'S FULLY STACKED
VIZ EVERYSING FROM GIN TO JACK AND NEXT TO ZAT

A KIT-CHEN-ETTE, AND BETTER YET,

A LITTLE PORTABLE LAUNDRETTE,
ZIS ONE VILL VASH AND IRON A SHIRT IN NO TIME, FLAT!

HOT AND COLD AIR, AND UP THE STAIRS,
A LITTLE DESK, A LITTLE CHAIR,
A QUIET ROOM TO SIT AND WRESTLE VIZ A PLOT

HANNIBAL HAD HIS ELEPHANTS UND NOW SULLIVAN HAS HIS YACHT.
YAH!

SULLIVAN
(desperately)
Will you all just listen to me?! I'm looking for trouble, and I'm not going to find it with half of vaudeville creeping along behind me in a damned bus!

A moment of stunned silence. The pit continues to play the vamp.

HERR CHAUFFEUR
Land yacht.

SULLIVAN
Well I hope it sinks.

Herr Chauffeur gasps.

MR. LEBRAND
Oh, Sully, come on.

SULLIVAN
No, you come on! My mind is made up, and I won't hear any more about it.

MR. LEBRAND
(sings, half-speed)
SULLY PLEASE BE REASONABLE
IF THERE'S TROUBLE, SAY YOU
GET MAULED BY A BEAR
YOU KNOW YOU'RE VALUABLE
NO PRODUCER HAS A SULLIVAN TO SPARE.

SULLIVAN
Be that as it may, I am not going to go traipsing around America with...

As Sullivan continues to shout (ad lib) about how he won't agree to this, LeBrand, Jones, Casalsis, and Herr Chauffeur all begin to sing their parts together in a fugue, drowning out and circling

an increasingly overwhelmed Sullivan.

[Note: this is the only one I attempted to compose as well, let me know if you want to hear that (if only to figure out how the rhythm is supposed to work lol)]

(You can't make 4-part dialogue in Final Draft so imagine I did that, and that Sully cuts them off at the final word of the final line.]

ALL
...WHEN SULLIVAN WALKED-

SULLIVAN
STOP!

They all stop and look at him.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Enough of this! I've already told you my mind is made up.

MR. LEBRAND
Definitely?

SULLIVAN
Definitely.

Lebrand looks over to Hadrian, who has apparently been there all along, smoking and watching it all quite unimpressed-ly.

MR. HADRIAN
(putting out his cigarette)
In that case there's nothing else to do...

SULLIVAN
You said it...

MR. HADRIAN
(pulling out a document)
... but serve you with this summons to appear and show cause why you should not be restrained from jeopardizing your unique and extraordinary services...

SULLIVAN
Woah, what's the big idea...

MR. HADRIAN
...willfully, recklessly and unnecessarily endangering yourself by acting in a manner...

SULLIVAN
(backing away from the summons)
Now wait a minute, boys-

Lebrand stops Hadrian with a gesture of his hand.

MR. LEBRAND
(gently)
We have all day, Sully. But you must realize that we also have minds... also made up.

MUSICAL BUTTON. BLACKOUT.

SEQUENCE B - SCENE 1
SULLY - A WIDE, RURAL ROAD, MORNING

Early morning. Sullivan “walks” (in place) along the highway, wearing his tramp outfit and carrying a bindle over his shoulder. He is unshaven and seems dejected.

As the ensemble begin to whistle a pizzicato version of the previous song some of them start appearing: Gary leans out from behind a tree, and The Photographer peers through a bush, etc.

Their sneakiness is soon ruined by the appearance of the land yacht behind Sully, inching massively onto the stage as he maintains his distance. Herr Chauffeur, The Reporter, and The Secretary are visible through the front windshield. Once it is established on stage, Sully begins to walk in place again.

SULLIVAN
(turning around, after a few seconds)
Could you at least stop with the whistling? I’m trying to get away from musicals, for God’s sakes.

The whistling stops.

MR. CASALSIS
(dictating to Secretary)
Thus begins this remarkable expedition into the valley of the shadow of adversity.

THE SECRETARY
The shadow of the what?

HERR CHAUFFEUR
Ze valley of ze shadow of adversity... It is vat zey call a paraphrase.

MR. CASALSIS
Alone and unattended...

THE SECRETARY
With six stooges!

MR. CASALSIS
(painting with words)
... prey to passing prowlers, poverty and policemen, with only ten cents in his pocket, John L. Sullivan, the Khalif of Comedy...

Sullivan stops and turns around, and the yacht stops short, lurching the passengers forward.

SULLIVAN
"... departed Hollywood at four o'clock this morning." Jesus, I hope they're not paying you by the word. Now listen.

They begin to step out of the cab.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
I'm going in this diner, and none of you are coming with me. It's bad enough you following me on the street, but a man is entitled to eat breakfast alone, and this man is gonna. OK? OK.

He exits into the diner.

MR. CASALSIS
(to Chauffeur)
How about a little gin rummy, while we wait?

HERR CHAUFFEUR
I don't drink, sank you.

Casalsis sighs. The Secretary takes out a cigarette. Gary appears behind her out of nowhere,

and lights it. She is surprised, but charmed. Gary winks.

We hear a door in the back of the yacht open and slam, and Ms. Jones joins the rest of the group.

MS. JONES
What's the holdup? Why are we stopping?

THE SECRETARY
He's gone in there. We're not to follow, apparently.

HERR CHAUFFEUR
(lighting a cigarette)
Mein gott, zis pace iz depressing.

MS. JONES
You got somewhere to be, Wienershnitzel? Where's that photographer, anyhow? He should be getting some shots while we're here.

She goes off to look for him.

MR. CASALSIS
I mean, why doesn't he read a book if he wants to learn something?

THE SECRETARY
The photographer?

MR. CASALSIS
No, Sullivan.

HERR CHAUFFEUR
Perhaps he does not know how to read.

MR. CASALSIS
But he's a famous writer!

HERR CHAUFFEUR
(stern, surly)
I vas makink a choke.

MS. JONES
(entering, with Photographer)
Now listen, you're not getting paid to sit and fiddle with that thing, you're being paid to use it!

THE SECRETARY
(quietly, to Gary)
Said the housewife to the gigolo.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
It’s a complex piece of equipment, you know, it ain’t just ready to go whenever.

THE SECRETARY
(quietly, to Gary)
“This never usually happens!”

MS. JONES
Well if you’re quite ready, I’ll show you where I think you should stick it.

At this, Gary and The Secretary are in hysterics.

HERR CHAUFFEUR
(gleefully catching on)
It zounds as if you are talkink about sex!

A moment.

MS. JONES
Right. Anyway, just there I think, and...

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
He’s blocked by the wall. I can’t get a good shot.

MS. JONES
Oh, forget it then. Jesus, why the hell did I agree to this?

THE SECRETARY
Money?

MR. CASALSIS
Career advancement?

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
Meeting eligible bachelors?

Ms Jones gives him a look.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
Not me, him! Sully!

MS. JONES
Why would I ever be interested in him?

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
Why would you ever be interested in a man who’s rich, successful, smart, good looking-

MS. JONES
-pretentious, naïve, arrogant, vain...

HERR CHAUFFEUR
I don't sink zat's quite fair! His heart at least is, as you say, placed correctly.

MS. JONES
Anatomically, maybe. Far as I can tell he's just a rich guy who went crazy and started wearing a hobo costume.

Mr Casalsis has found a tattered old hat by the side of the road and put it on.

MR. CASALSIS
(with mock outrage, as "Sully")
Why, Miss Jones, don't you think you're being a little hard? After all...
I'M REDISCOV'RING AMERICA
I'VE GOT A LAND TO SEE
WEALTH JUST MAKES ME TIRED
I'M SO UNINSPIRED
ME ME ME ME ME

IF I REDISCOVER AMERICA
EVEN DADDY WILL AGREE
I'M NOT JUST SOME HOLLYWOOD PANSY
AND HE'LL FINALLY LOVE ME!

They all laugh. The Photographer snatches the hat off of Casalsis's head and becomes Sully himself.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
(with exaggerated drama, as "Sully")
I'LL SPEND A FEW DAYS AS "A POOR"
AND COME BACK LIKE I'VE BEEN TO WAR

THE LAND YACHTERS
AMERICA!

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
No!
SULLIVAN!

AND TALK'LL WHISTLE THROUGH THE TREES:
LIKE SHAKESPEARE MIXED WITH HERCULES -
HE'S SULLIVAN!

THE LAND YACHTERS
SULLIVAN!

The Land Yachters are having so much fun they don't see Sully come out of the diner. For a while, he slyly watches them make fun of him, as if to catch them in the act.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
I COULD'VE STARTED PAINTING, TAKEN UP THE VIOLIN
INSTEAD I'LL PUT MY LIFE AT RISK ON BASICALLY A WHIM
I'LL DRIVE MY WHOLE DAMN TEAM TO DRINK
THEN PACIFY THEM WITH A WINK
AND IF THEY ASK ME WHO I THINK I AM, I'LL SAY... "I'M HIM"

THE LAND YACHTERS
Who?

The Photographer turns to Ms. Jones and removes the hat, offering it to her on bended knee.

The group leans in as she hesitates... She takes it, and puts it on. The group cheers.

Around this point, the real Sully realizes that this is his golden opportunity and, instead of trying to catch them, sneaks away.

MS. JONES
(as "Sully")
THE MAN REDISCOV'RING AMERICA
BRAVING THE COLD AND RAIN
DROPPED BY DELAWARE
MADE SURE IT'S STILL THERE
NOW I'LL CHECK ON MAINE

I'LL REDISCOVER AMERICA
AND BE HOME BY SATURDAY
AND WHEN I RETURN I'LL MEET F.D.R.
AND I KNOW JUST WHAT HE'LL SAY...

Gary has found a wheelbarrow by the side of the road, and pushes it into Herr Chauffeur from behind, scooping him up. He wheels him over to "Sully", then salutes, and stands at ease next to him.

HERR CHAUFFEUR
(catching on, as "FDR")
YOU'VE REDISCOVERED AMERICA
YOU'VE SAVED THE U.S.A.

WHAT A NOBLE GENT
GOING WHERE YOU WENT
HIP, HIP, HIP, HOORAY

THE LAND YACHTERS
Hooray!
NOW YOU'VE REDISCOVERED AMERICA
WE HAVE ONE THING LEFT TO SAY
FROM NOW ON ACROSS THIS GREAT COUNTRY WE
CELEBRATE SAINT SULLY'S DAY!

The orchestra transitions into something like "Stars and Stripes Forever" and the ensemble become a mocking parade for "Sully" and marches off stage.

SEQUENCE B - SCENE 2
SULLY, "GARY" - A WIDE, RURAL ROAD, MIDDAY

Sullivan walks down the road, finally alone. He breathes it in: at last, here is the real America!

Unnoticed by Sully, a mysterious figure in a suit leans against a nearby telephone pole, a hat obscuring their face.

As he passes, the figure sticks out a leg to trip him. Sully tumbles to the ground.

"GARY"
Well well well. I bet you're mighty proud of yourself, ain'tcha? Think just because you've gotten away from your little babysitters you're free and clear, huh?

SULLIVAN
...Gary?

"GARY"
Mm. I often wonder why people are so quick to trust the word of a stranger. Or, in this case, the lack of words.

SULLIVAN
Y-... You can talk?

"GARY"
Another assumption: anybody who doesn't talk, can't! You'd make one lousy spy, I tell ya, thinking everything is the way it seems.

SULLIVAN
Well then-

"GARY"
-who am I? Let's just say I represent some... powerful forces in this world. And your little stunt here's making 'em nervous.

SULLIVAN
Well tell your nervous friends I'm-

"GARY"
Oh, come now Sully. No need for that again. We all heard the song. Nobody's trying to stop you, we just need to set some ground rules.

SULLIVAN
Ground rules?

"GARY"
Dos and Don'ts. A code, if you will.

SULLIVAN
A code...? Wait. That voice! I know you! You're that censor LeBrand's always arguing with!

THE CENSOR
Guilty as charged.

SULLIVAN
But you can't censor real life!

THE CENSOR
Oh, but Sully, darling; you're not real.

A pregnant pause.

THE CENSOR (CONT'D)
You're famous! And that means you're being watched. And *that* means you have influence. So it's *our* job to make sure that influence is not used... immorally.

SULLIVAN
Now listen here, I am an <u>Artist</u>, not some hack-for-hire you can—

Gary/The Censor snaps his fingers, and Sullivan's mouth snaps shut. The orchestra begins to play a tango.

THE CENSOR
Powerful forces, Sully. It wasn’t a request.
(sings)
THE FILMS YOU’VE MADE SO FAR HAVE BEEN SO LIGHT
THAT’S WHY TIL NOW WE’VE KEPT THE GAME POLITE
BUT NOW YOU'VE BECOME AN “ARTIST”
WE'VE DECIDED THAT IT'S SMARTEST
TO MAKE SURE WE KEEP YOU ALWAYS IN OUR SIGHTS.

You see,

A FILM, A JOURNEY, ANY WORK OF ART
WILL ALWAYS HAVE A LESSON TO IMPART:
BUT IF THAT MORAL IS IMMORAL
AND WE JUST SIT ON OUR LAURELS
WE'VE AS GOOD AS GIVEN UP THE COUNTRY'S HEART!

So listen closely:

The orchestra begins to play a tango vamp.

THE CENSOR (CONT'D)
RIGHT OFF THE BAT:
THERE'LL BE NO SEX!
A COUNTRY'S ART IS WHERE ITS MORALS MOST REFLECT.
SO IF SHE KNEELS IT BETTER BE TO GENUFLECT!
IN ALL RESPECTS
THERE'LL BE NO SEX!

Don’t try to change my mind!

Sully rolls his eyes; he still can’t talk.

THE CENSOR (CONT'D)
AND TO THAT END
WE'LL HAVE NO SMUT!
NO TOPLESS HUSSIES SWINGING 'ROUND THEIR YOU-KNOW-WHATS.
LET EUROPEANS TEACH THEIR WOMEN TO BE SLUTS!
NO IFS – NO BUTTS!
WE'LL HAVE NO SMUT!

MOVIES ARE SO MUCH MORE THAN MERE RECREATION
WHAT ELSE CAN, ALL AT ONCE, MAKE A NATION FEEL?
I'D NEVER DREAM OF STIFLING A MAN’S CREATION
AND I WON'T HAVE TO, LONG AS YOU TAKE THIS DEAL.

Capisce? Good.

NOW GOING ON:
NOTHING PERVERSE.
NO PAINTED PANSY WITH A LIPSTICK IN HIS PURSE.
AND IF THERE’S PROSTITUTES, THEY’D BETTER WIND UP DESTITUTE

AND RIDING IN A HEARSE!
NOTHING PERVERSE.

THE CENSOR (CONT'D)
We know you want to make art, Sully, we do. And we want to help you to make that art as... accessible as possible. You want people to watch the movies you make, don't you? And the last thing any of us want is for you to be blacklisted. So I'm here as... think of me as an advisor, a mentor if you will, on your new journey into "serious filmmaking".

FOLKS LOOK TO STARS FOR GLAMOUR BUT ALSO VIRTUE
THEY WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S FASH'NABLE AND WHAT'S RIGHT
I'D FEEL JUST AWFUL IF I SHOULD HAVE TO HURT YOU
STICK WITH THE PROGRAM, I'D SAY YOUR FUTURE'S BRIGHT

SO SUMMING UP,
TAKE CARE WITH SIN
THE LINE DIVIDING CROOK FROM IDOL ISN'T THIN
DON'T LET YOUR DRAMATIZING STRAY TOO CLOSE TO GLAMORIZING,
THEN THE BASTARDS WIN:
GOOD GUYS DON'T SIN. [UNFINISHED, NOT SURE...]

Throughout the final verse of the song, The Censor forcibly tangoes with Sully.

On a button, he pulls Sully in close, so they're almost kissing, then:

THE CENSOR (CONT'D)
Now, remember: your line is, "That ain't the way I found it."

On the final button, and with a sudden light change, he drops Sully onto a chair and is gone.

In a stupor, Sully looks up to see a friendly-looking man in the chair next to him, holding a steering wheel.
[They're in a car.]

MR. CARSON
(sympathetically, as if continuing a conversation)
Is that a fact? Tsk-tsk. Thought Roosevelt had that all fixed up, with them airplane factories and all. I thought work was the one thing there weren't nothin' but.

Sully, still dazed, takes a moment to realize it’s his line.

SULLIVAN
Oh! Uh... That ain't the way I found it.

MR. CARSON
Hm... Hm! Just goes to show you can't believe nothin' you read in the papers...

A silence.

MR. CARSON (CONT'D)
You sure you wasn't too choosy? I mean about what you'd do?

SULLIVAN
(his composure regained)
Feller can't be choosy with only ten cents in his pocket.

MR. CARSON
Ain't it the truth.

A silence.

MR. CARSON (CONT'D)
(innocently)
Ain't it against the law to have only ten cents in your pocket?

SULLIVAN
I wouldn't know about that. All I know is I'm tryin’ to get east... there might be some work around the Great Lakes... Very kind of you to give me a lift.

MR. CARSON
Sure, sure. By the way, what do you do? When you do work?

SULLIVAN
Who, me?

MR. CARSON
Yeah. Yer hands look kinda soft for a worker, so I was just kinda figurin'... you wouldn't be a professional bum, would you?

SULLIVAN
(chuckling)
No, no - see it’s just that I haven't worked in so long... conditions are so terrible.

MR. CARSON
(innocently)
Sure.

SULLIVAN
(after a pause)
What do you do?

MR. CARSON
Who, me?

SULLIVAN
Yes.

MR. CARSON
I’m the sheriff of this county.

SULLIVAN
Oh.

MR. CARSON
(amiably)
That's right. That's how I come to know about the law aginst havin' only ten cents in your pocket. That's what you call vagrancy. Calls fer sixty days.

SULLIVAN
Oh.

MR. CARSON
But in hard times like you talk about we try to be as lenient as possible, and when we find a man is on the level about looking for work... we don't lock him up...

SULLIVAN
I see.

MR. CARSON
Anyhow, it's just up here on the right.

SULLIVAN
What is?

MR. CARSON
This job I'm takin you to!

SULLIVAN
(startled, reaching for the door)
But, I'm not lookin’ for a-

MR. CARSON
(coldly)
You're not lookin' for a what?

SULLIVAN
I- I uh, I think I forgot to tell you that the one kind of work I'm absolutely unfamiliar with is any kind of agricultural work. I wouldn't know a- a combine from a cowpat, I wouldn't know...

MR. CARSON
(coldly)
Willing to learn, ain't you?

SULLIVAN
W- Well certainly I'm willing to learn, but do you- don't you think it's an imposition on these poor people to wish such an incompetent clunk, such an untalented oaf, with-

MR. CARSON
You're quite a talker, ain't you?

SULLIVAN
Well, I just mean, you know, let's be fair about it. I'm not thinking of me, I'm thinking of them-

MR. CARSON
I ain't goin' to force you, brother, she's a free country. If you'd rather spend the next few months in the hoosegow...

SULLIVAN
Woah, who's talking about hoosegows? I'm just- I- My point is that I am - by trade - a, um...

A train horn is heard.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
... a train conductor. Yes! And what possible good is a train conductor to these simple rural people?

MR. CARSON
Tell me, what's a conductor do, take tickets? Keep the peace?

SULLIVAN
I think- I mean, yes, yessir that's about the sum of it.

MR. CARSON
Well, now how’s about that for serendipity? That's what they're looking for, Miz Zeffie and her sister down at The Odeon, a ticket taker and bouncer!

SULLIVAN
(dying)

[Note: That line with no words just the parenthetical is from the original script! It feels so like something from, like, a Tumblr story. Anyway...]

MR. CARSON
Good woman, Miz Zeffie. But ever since her husband died, place just can't seem to keep a man for more’n a week.

Lights up on a farmhouse, with a sign that says ‘The Odeon, Glendale’s Premiere Cinema”. Miz Zeffie, mutton dressed as lamb, stands on the porch.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Yoo-hoo!

MR. CARSON
(getting out of the car)
Howdy Miz Z.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Caught me a fresh one, Fred?

She laughs at her own joke a little too hard. Sully gets out of the car, cautiously.

MR. CARSON
Now, see, when you talk like that I start to think as maybe I shouldn’t be helping you out.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Aw, Freddie-bear, you couldn’t stop helping if you tried. You’re much too sweet!

MR. CARSON
Perhaps with you. But you don’t become sheriff without a little whip-cracker in you, know what I mean?

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Oh! Well I think I do, but I'd sure like to find out for certain.

A moment. Miz Zeffie begins to slowly advance on Mr Carson.

MR. CARSON
Well, uh, I'd better be getting back to the station.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Oh no, Sheriff, stay! Just for a nightcap.

MR. CARSON
A nightcap? Miz Zeffie, it's one in the afternoon.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Well all right, a baseball cap, then.

Mr. Carson starts to back up towards his car.

MR. CARSON
Oh, thank you, I- It's just-
(to Sully)
So! John, isn't it? Well, here we are: she's all yours! Or rather, you're all h- Well, just- don't you let me find out you're giving them any trouble, all right? Remember: Hoosegow!

He stacks the chairs that were his car and rushes off with them.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
So? Alone at last.

She laughs at her own joke again. Sully smiles politely.

MIZ. ZEFFIE (CONT'D)
You needn't look so terrified, sweet. I won't bite. 'Less you want me to, of course.

She laughs, he doesn't.

MIZ. ZEFFIE (CONT'D)
Oh, we'll loosen you up soon enough. Anyhoo, you come on inside and I'll show you around.

Sully gingerly follows her into the house.

MIZ. ZEFFIE (CONT'D)
Now, this here's my Dear Sweet Joseph, rest his darling soul.

She points to a portrait on the wall: to Sully's terror, the man in the painting is clearly "Gary", looking stern.

SULLIVAN
So, uh... where's the cinema?

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Why, you're standing in it!

Looking around, Sully inadvertently snorts.

MIZ. ZEFFIE (CONT'D)
And what's so funny?

SULLIVAN
Oh, no, I just-

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Spit it out, John. There'll be no secrets under this roof.

SULLIVAN
Well, it's just that I've been - with the last fellow I worked for, you understand - he worked in movies, and...

Ursula enters, carrying a broom.

URSULA
And this place ain't up to your high, high standards, that right?

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Ah! There you are, Ursie. John, this is my sister, Ursula. Ursula, this is-

URSULA
Your latest victim, I take it.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Don't be so bitter, sweetness. Your dear little face can't support many more wrinkles.

Before Ursula can respond, Miz Zeffie continues.

MIZ. ZEFFIE (CONT'D)
Now, John, darling, let me explain to you how it works around here. I'm in charge of selling the tickets and popcorn. Ursula's in charge of the projector, general maintenance; And you, in theory, are in charge of the rest.

SULLIVAN
The rest?

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Oh, setting up chairs, taking tickets, cleaning, chopping wood, odd jobs like that-

URSULA
And dealin' with any folks who get outta line.

SULLIVAN
Well now, I-

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Oop! We've scared him, Ursie.

She punctuates this with a forcedly-girlish giggle.

URSULA
Now, then: you'll be paid 50 cents a day, along with full room and board.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
I'll show you to your room later.

URSULA
First, let's go through yer main job here: takin' tickets. Whadya say you were, by trade?

SULLIVAN
A, uh, a chauffeur. Which is why, as I was telling the sheriff, I really don't think-

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Oh, sweetest, you mustn't fret so. Nobody's perfect their first day: It's the doing that makes experience, I always say!

A moment. Ursula gives her a look.

MIZ. ZEFFIE (CONT'D)
Ooh, now, before I forget: you can't possibly work here in those horrid old rags. Ursie, do you think he'd fit into one of Dear Sweet Joseph's old suits?

She goes off to get one.

URSULA
(to Sully)
That depends: You wouldn't happen to be two men standin' on top of each other, wouldja?

MIZ. ZEFFIE
(returning, with a suit)
Try this on.

SULLIVAN
I-

Zeffie hangs up the suit pants and jacket, and throws the button-down at Sully. Uncomfortably, he takes his ragged shirt off and tries the clearly-too-small one on as Ursula continues and Zeffie... watches.

URSULA
Now, safety: regulars'll know we don't abide any kinda tomfoolery 'round here, but if some out-of-towner comes in tryna start somethin' there's a shotgun under the counter.

She takes out the shotgun.

SULLIVAN
Woah!

Sully has put on the shirt, and instinctively puts his hands up. The shirt rips.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Oh, gee, sorry. Only I don't think I wanna-

Zeffie rushes over to unbutton his now-ripped shirt.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Oh sweet boy, I'm sure you could never use the beastly thing - I can tell you're not a fighter. You're a lover... Just like me.

She looks up at him, her hands grasping the lapels of the ripped shirt. Sully is stunned; Ursula is not phased.

URSULA
It's only to scare 'em. Folks are a heckuva lot more amenable when they're staring down two barrels.

Sully and Zeffie are now staring into each other's eyes with very different emotions.

SULLIVAN
I bet.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
(breaking away)
Anyhoo, that's the long and short of it. I do believe we'll have a splendid time together! And who knows, perhaps you'll find something more than simply employment...

She turns over her shoulder at Sully, and winks.

URSULA
(leaning on her broom)
Like, say, a lump.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
(again, ignoring her)
Oh, what fun to have a man around the place again. I'll show you to your room now, shall I?

SULLIVAN
(panicked)
Uh, no!

MIZ. ZEFFIE
No?

SULLIVAN
I- I'd rather get right to work. That's uh, why I'm here, after all!

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Well! Such industry, such... discipline.

She fixes her eyes on Sully, who in turn looks to Ursula pleadingly. She chuckles, then relents:

URSULA
Choppin' block's in the back. Ya split the logs into quarters, throw 'em into the firewood bin.

SULLIVAN
(already halfway out the back door)
Yes ma'am.

Ursula watches him run off, amused, then returns to her unenthusiastic cleaning.

(The scene continues with Sully working in the background, visible through the open window.)

MIZ. ZEFFIE
(calling after him)
And don't get too tired.
(she turns back)
What a hard-working young man. I do hope he'll like everything here...

She primps the back of her hair.

MIZ. ZEFFIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
'D'you know what I need?

URSULA
(dryly)
Yes.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
I need a permanent.

URSULA
A permanent what?

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Did you notice his torso?

URSULA
I noticed that you noticed it.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Don't be vulgar, dear. Some people are just naturally more sensitive to some things in life than some people are. Some are blind to beauty, while others... Why, even as a little girl you were more of the acid type, dear, whereas I, if you will remember...

URSULA
I remember better than you do.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Well, forget it... and regarding your tone: I have never in my life done anything that I was ashamed of, Ursula.

URSULA
Neither have I.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
(charmingly)
Yes, but nobody ever asked you to, dear.

URSULA
(burning)
Why, Zeffie Kornhauser...

MIZ. ZEFFIE
(all sweetness and light)
And now that you have had your attack for the day, let us endeavor to re-capture our good humor and remember our breeding.

Ursula is frozen with rage. Zeffie exits innocently, humming. Ursula steams, pulling a bent cigarette from her apron pocket.

MIZ. ZEFFIE (CONT'D)
(from off-stage)
Don’t forget to use an ashtray, dearest!

Ursula growls, and exits in the other direction.

TRANSITION TO:

SEQUENCE B - SCENE 3
SULLY, URSULA - THE ODEON, AFTER CLOSING

Sully is stacking chairs. Ursula enters, holding a broom.

URSULA
Good job today. You finish up with those chairs and get up to bed: we’ll do the rest in the mornin’.

SULLIVAN
Yes ma’am.

URSULA
Zeffie gone to bed?

SULLIVAN
I think so, yes.

URSULA
Well, guess she ain't showing you to your room no more. Not like this place is so big, anyhow: upstairs, first door on the right.

SULLIVAN
All righty.

URSULA
G'night, John.

SULLIVAN
G'night, ma'am.

Ursula begins to leave, then turns back sharply.

URSULA
And you better not hog the bathroom in the morning. "Dear Sweet Joseph" used to use up all the hot water before I even woke up, the little dead bastard.

SULLIVAN
I'll make sure.

URSULA
(grunts)

Ursula exits. Sully finishes stacking the chairs, sighs a little, then turns out the light and heads to bed.

He opens the door and is taken aback to find Miz. Zeffie, lying in wait for him on his bed.

Above the bed is a different picture of Gary, looking disapprovingly down at them over his pince-nez glasses.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
(standing to greet him)
Oh, there you are!

SULLIVAN
Uhh...

MIZ. ZEFFIE
I just wanted to make sure you were all comfy: you have everything you want?

SULLIVAN
Yes, Ma'am.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Absolutely sure?

SULLIVAN
Positive.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Would you like a hot water bottle?

SULLIVAN
No ma’am.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
And you haven't any PJs!

SULLIVAN
Never use ‘em.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Oh!

She ponders this a moment.

MIZ. ZEFFIE (CONT'D)
Joseph wore a nightgown.

SULLIVAN
Is that a fact?

An awkward pause.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Well, good night.

Zeffie is, rather unwillingly, corralled to the door by Sully. She sighs seductively.

[See Appendix A for Zeffie’s cut seduction song]

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Good night, John.

SULLIVAN
G’night.

She closes the door.

Ursula, now in a bathrobe and curlers, is leaving the bathroom.

URSULA
Do you think he'll stay?

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Oh, I do hope so.

She turns the key in Sullivan's door, pulls it out and shows Ursula before slipping it into her pocket.

SEQUENCE B - SCENE 4
SULLY - SULLY'S ROOM AT THE ODEON, PREDAWN

Somewhere in the house, a clock strikes "two".

Sullivan turns on a bedside lamp. Getting up, he reaches under the bed and pulls out his poverty shoes and bindle. He puts on the shoes, puts the bindle on his shoulder, and tiptoes to the bedroom door. He tries to open it.

It is locked.

Now he crosses to the other door and opens it cautiously and peeks through. The door opens to Miz Zeffie's room.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
(sleepily)
Who is it?

Sully closes the door hastily. After a moment he gives the window a long look, then crosses to it cautiously. He opens the window, looks back once over his shoulder, then looks out, and down.

He drops his bindle out of the window, clearly about to climb down after it, and turns the lamp off.

From this point on, the action takes place in total darkness, a slapstick radio play.

The sound of Sully straining to pull himself out of the window. Then, a short ripping sound. Sully curses quietly. We hear a longer ripping, more cursing, and then finally, a thud.

As Sully breathes heavily on the ground outside the window, we hear a shuffling, then a knocking.

URSULA
Zeffie. Zeffie!

MIZ. ZEFFIE
(tired)
What?

URSULA
There's someone here! In the house!

MIZ. ZEFFIE
A burglar? Should we wake John?

URSULA
This is no time for men - Get your gun.

The sound of rummaging, then footsteps coming down the stairs.

SULLIVAN
(quietly)
Oh boy.

The crunch of leaves underfoot: Sully is creeping across the yard. Then, a thud, followed by a great deal of squawking.

URSULA
He's at the chicken coop! Outside!

SULLIVAN
(quietly, beset by chickens)
Gah! Get off! Ow! Quit it!

MIZ. ZEFFIE
I'll get the porch light.

A gunshot, and the chickens can be heard scattering. We hear Sully push himself to his feet and stumble away.

Lights up on Ursula, in her curlers and bathrobe, standing on the porch holding a shotgun, scanning the horizon and panting.

URSULA
Damn. Lost ‘em.

She takes out a cigarette and sits on the steps before lighting it. Zeffie soon joins her, a revolver in her hand.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
No luck?

URSULA
None.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
Damn. Still, it’ll be a funny story to tell John in the morning. Can you believe he slept through all that racket?

URSULA
(with disgust)
Men.

MIZ. ZEFFIE
(with fondness)
Men.

A quiet moment: Zeffie reaches towards Ursula to take her cigarette, which she allows. Zeffie takes a drag, and they sit together in the porch light.

TRANSITION TO:

SEQUENCE C - SCENE 1
SULLY - A RURAL ROAD, NIGHT

Sully is walking along a road, having escaped from The Odeon. He stops, tired and demoralized, and sits at a bus stop, considering his misery. He sighs.

VERONICA
Oughta be careful with that. You're liable to deflate entirely.

SULLIVAN
Oh, I'm plenty deflated, sister. Sighing won't change that.

Sully suddenly realizes he's talking to someone and looks around, surprised, to see a mysterious young woman, half in shadow, with a cigarette holder in one hand and a silver cigarette case in the other, open and extended towards Sully.

VERONICA
How about a smoke?

SULLIVAN
(taking one)
Thanks. Say, what's a young girl doing out at this hour? And talking to strange men, no less.

VERONICA
(lighting his cigarette)
Not for local color, that's for sure... They locked me out of my room.

SULLIVAN
Oh, that's too bad... Things are tough every place. The war in Europe, strikes over here, there's no work, there's no food—

VERONICA
Huh, really puts my problems into perspective.

SULLIVAN
Doesn't it?

VERONICA
No.

SULLIVAN
Oh.
(then, after a drag)
Say, what did they lock you outta your room for?

VERONICA
Did I ask you any questions?

SULLIVAN
I'm sorry.

VERONICA
(relenting)
That's all right. Are you hungry? There’s a hot dog stand a few blocks over.

Sullivan thinks about it, and realizes how long it’s been since he’s eaten.

SULLIVAN
Uh... yeah, actually. Really hungry. But-
(he feels in his pocket)
I’ve only got a dime.

VERONICA
Eh, don’t worry about it. Way I’m fixed, 25 cents isn’t gonna make much of a difference.

A quick transition: They are walking now, Sully eating a hot dog, Veronica still smoking through her cigarette holder.

SULLIVAN
You been in L.A. long?

VERONICA
Long enough.

SULLIVAN
Trying to make it in movies or something?

VERONICA
Something like that.

SULLIVAN
I guess that must be pretty hard to do, huh?

VERONICA
I guess... Never got close enough to find out.

SULLIVAN
I'm sorry.

VERONICA
Say, who's being sorry for who? Are you buying me a hot dog or am I buying one for you?

SULLIVAN
I’d like to repay you for it.

VERONICA
All right, give me a letter of introduction to Ernst Lubitsch.

Sully chuckles.

SULLIVAN
Oh- I, uh... Who is - Earnest Le what?

VERONICA
Eat your hot dog.

He does. A moment.

SULLIVAN
(his mouth full)
Are you any good?

VERONICA
What did you say?

SULLIVAN
(swallowing)
I said, are you any good? Can you act? Sing? Dance?

VERONICA
I can do all those things... What do you want, an audition?

SULLIVAN
(mouth full again)
Go ahead.

VERONICA
Fine. My next act will be an impersonation of a young lady giving up on her dreams.

She makes a gesture as if to say "Voila". Another moment.

SULLIVAN
You got somewhere to stay?

VERONICA
Nope. Not staying. I'm going home, just like they said I would. Back to I-Told-You-So, Oklahoma. I'll go back to Daddy's ranch, be a farmer's wife, pump out a baby or four, live out my days in a rocking chair boring my great-grandchildren with stories about the time I was nearly a star in Hollywood.

SULLIVAN
(after a moment)
How?

VERONICA
...With my mouth.

SULLIVAN
No, how are you gettin' home? You got a car?

VERONICA
No, have you?

SULLIVAN
Well... no, but...

VERONICA
Then don't get Ritzie on me. I'll tell you some other things I haven't got, too: I haven't got a yacht, or a diamond necklace, or a fur coat-

SULLIVAN
(seriously)
Look: I'm just saying, since you don't have a way to get home right now, if you wanted to stay in town a little longer-

VERONICA
(suddenly petulant)
Well I don't want to stay in town a little longer!

[I'm unsure about this. Is it too weird to have an intro with no song after it? Can easily be cut out with nothing really lost...]

MUSICAL BEAT.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
And I don't want to make it in Hollywood.

ANOTHER MUSICAL BEAT.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
And I don't- I don't want to want anything anymore!

ALL THOSE STUPID HICKS IN THAT OLD THEATER IN THE STICKS, WHY DID I EVER LET THEM TRICK ME INTO LETTING MYSELF HOPE?

ALL I EVER WANTED WAS TO WORK FOR WHAT I WANTED, NOW I WISH I'D DEBUTANTED AND GOT MARRIED TO THAT DOPE.

WISHING, ALWAYS WISHING, I'D BE BETTER GOING FISHING WITH A BREADKNIFE FOR A FISHING ROD AND BUTTERED BREAD FOR BAIT

TURNS OUT I DON'T HAVE IT. I'M NOT MARBLE, I'M JUST GRANITE. JUST ANOTHER PLAIN JANE...

She trails off...

SULLIVAN
"...Janet?"

VERONICA
It's Veronica.

SULLIVAN
Now wait-

VERONICA
No! No you wait! Or don't! I don't care. The point is, I am not taking any more advice from any more men.

SULLIVAN
Hey, now. I'm not just some man.

VERONICA
Yes you are! And you're worse than some man, you're some bum!
(she dries her eyes)
Now, I'm gonna do what I shoulda done a long time ago and listen to my mama: I'm goin' home.

She sits down, as if to punctuate the conversation, and lights another cigarette.

A moment.

SULLIVAN
(staring into the distance)
Y'know, home's a place you leave. To follow your dreams.

Another pause. Sullivan looks pleased with himself. Veronica slowly turns to look at him.

VERONICA
What kinda mystical hobo bullsh-

SULLIVAN
Woah!

VERONICA
Don’t talk to me about dreams, you don’t know-

SULLIVAN
Okay, okay, take it easy.

VERONICA
(advancing on him)
What’s so easy about it? Huh? I *did* leave home. I *DID* follow my dreams. I followed them all the way here from Oklahoma, and when I got here I found out they weren’t my dreams, they were second-hand! Third! Fourth! The tattered old dreams of every almost-good-enough-ingenue from Hicksville with more hope than sense. God I’m an idiot.

Sully, sensing the end of her rant, comes over to comfort her.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
(suddenly turning on him)
And for what? For some washed up old- stinky old... hobo man to lecture me about- about what? About commitment? You think I’m not committed?

SULLIVAN
I’m starting to think you should be.

VERONICA
I’ll have you know, mister, that I have done the work. I have been to the auditions.

SULLIVAN
I’m sure you have, I never meant to imply-

VERONICA
I have acted and sung and danced my way across every casting room in this town and here I god-damn am, locked out of my room, yelling at a homeless, tired, broke, and going <u>home</u>.

She turns away from him. A moment.

SULLIVAN
I was only going to say I've got a friend who's got a little place here in Calabasas. You could use it for a couple of weeks and maybe by then things would break a little better. Or he might even be able to help you a little.

VERONICA
No thanks.

SULLIVAN
There’s no strings to this, kid. You don't know who I am but I- well, I used to know a few people around here. And this guy’s place is just a few blocks-

VERONICA
- yeah, and you know the way in through a window or something. No thanks. The guy always comes back unexpectedly, or his wife drops in, or they take away the furniture or something.

SULLIVAN
(chuckling)
I'm pretty sure that in this case...

VERONICA
Gee, but you’re stubborn.

SULLIVAN
Well, I just want to repay you for the hot dog.

She stops, oddly touched.

VERONICA
Oh, now that isn't necessary, big boy... Some day, when your ship comes in, you buy a hot dog for somebody who's hungry, and we'll be all square.
(seriously)
I'm going home, big boy. I'll get a ride out of here in the morning.

They sit in silence a moment.

SULLIVAN
I don't like to think of your asking a bunch of thugs for lifts along the highway.

VERONICA
Then don't think of it.

SULLIVAN
You’ll just get in any car that comes along?

VERONICA
Anything but a Stanley Steamer... my uncle blew up in one.

SULLIVAN
But that's terrible.

VERONICA
I know. Poor Aunt Marie was never the same.

SULLIVAN
No, you! You can't just be getting into cars all willy-nilly. There's no telling what kind of heel you'll find yourself traveling with.

VERONICA
I find all heels pretty similar.

SULLIVAN
I'm serious! Look, just- At least you could get some sleep before you leave. If you're really gonna hitch your way across the country, you'll need your wits about you.

VERONICA
(chuckling)
I-

SULLIVAN
And this friend of mine really is out of town. And he really is a friend of mine. And it's not a way in the window, he leaves a spare key under a flowerpot, we'll go right through the front door, and there's nothing funny to this, you can have your pick of guest rooms, and-

VERONICA
I don't even know your name!

SULLIVAN
(holding out his hand)
John. John L S-Smearkase.

She smiles at the hesitation.

VERONICA
Veronica. Dupont.

They shake hands.

SULLIVAN
A pleasure, Miss Dupont.

VERONICA
Charmed, Mr... Smearkase.

A moment.

SULLIVAN
I just- I wouldn't feel right leaving you out here alone all night like this. 'Specially after you've been so kind to me. That's all.

Another moment.

VERONICA
Oh, hell. Mama always said if I went to Los Angeles I'd wind up in jail.

SULLIVAN
Nobody's going to jail, I'm telling you he's a good friend and he's out of town and he-

He stops. For the first time we see him break into a boyish grin.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
That's a yes, isn't it?

She nods, chuckling. He grabs her hand and they run off together.

SEQUENCE C - SCENE 2
THE LAND YACHTERS - IN FRONT OF THE PARKED LAND YACHT

The Land Yachters (Casalsis, Jones, Herr Chauffeur, The Photographer, and Gary) are sitting around.

The Photographer is fiddling with his equipment. Gary, Jones and Casalsis are idly playing cards. Herr Chauffeur is watching, trying to learn the game.

Suddenly, The Photographer explodes with frustration.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
Oh for crying out loud, isn't somebody going to say something?!

He goes to throw the camera in anger, then softly places it down.

MR. CASALSIS
Camera troubles?

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
Camera troubles?! CAMERA- Why is everybody so calm?! We've lost the company's golden goose somewhere in the goddamned San Fernando Valley, and you're sitting around like we're not all in for the hiding of the century if we don't find him!

HERR CHAUFFEUR
Mein Gott, he is right.

Gary looks worried, then nods vociferously.

MS. JONES
(trying to keep everyone calm)
Well, as Mr Casalsis has said, if we stay here then he'll know where to find us, so-

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
(interrupting)
And what if he's dead?

HERR CHAUFFEUR
I should add-

THE SECRETARY
(entering from the yacht)
He's dead? Oh my god he's dead!

MR. CASALSIS
Everybody calm down! He's not dead! Let's all just take a big deep breath together, OK?
(they all do)
In 2, 3, 4. Hold. And ou-

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
(singing/speaking rhythmically)
WE'LL NEVER WORK IN THIS CITY AGAIN!

MR. CASALSIS
OKAY-

MS. JONES
WE'RE TOAST.

THE SECRETARY
I'M CALLING MY MOTHER.

MR. CASALSIS
YOU'RE WHAT?

HERR CHAUFFEUR
MUST BE NICE.

MS. JONES
YEAH, IF THIS HITS THE PAPERS MY PARENTS'LL MOVE AND LEAVE NO NEW ADDRESS.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
WHAT THE HELL WERE WE THINKING?

HERR CHAUFFEUR
VEE JUST VEREN'T SINKING.

MR. CASALSIS
DON’T LAY THIS ON US, IT WAS HIM! HE’S THE CRAZY ONE!

MS. JONES
OBVIOUSLY, BUT WHAT GOOD DOES THAT DO US WHEN WE WERE IN CHARGE OF HIS HEALTH-

THE SECRETARY
AND HE’S DEAD!

MR. CASALSIS
OK, come on now, Missy. Pull yourself together. HE’S NOT DEAD.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
WELL, HE MIGHT BE!

MS. JONES
I DON’T THINK THAT’S LIKELY.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
YEAH? HOW DO YOU FIGURE?

MS. JONES
WELL, LOOK, HE’S INTELLIGENT, CAPABLE-

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
YOU CALLED HIM FOOLHARDY, VAIN, AS NAIVE AS HE’S HASTY

MR. CASALSIS
EXACTLY! HE’LL QUIT JUST AS SUDDENLY AS HE BEGAN.

HERR CHAUFFEUR
SO YOUR PLAN-

MR. CASALSIS
IS TO STAY AND GET PAID FOR A FEW DAY’S VACATION: HIS INTEREST WILL WANE ONCE HE’S BORED OF THE GAME AND HE’LL WHINE AND COMPLAIN TIL-

THE SECRETARY
TIL THEY SPLATTER HIS BRAINS!
(sobbing)
Oh God, he’s dead! He’s dead!

MR. CASALSIS
...No, ‘til-

MS. JONES
You have to admit, Cas, it does fit the meter.

MR. CASALSIS
Well, except that I was going to rhyme with 'vacation', from the line before, so no, it doesn't really...

ALL OVERLAPPING (additions can be made ad lib to create a din):

HERR CHAUFFEUR
(to Casalsis)
Vell, you know, art can be collaborative...

MR. CASALSIS
Something about a "standing ovation".

MS. JONES
(to Gary)
I actually rather liked the four in a row, I thought it was a nice surprise.

Gary agrees with Jones.

THE SECRETARY
Oh God, he's dead, and now we're turning on each other! This is how it starts!

MR. CASALSIS
(finally shouting over them)
All right, all right, forget the rhyme scheme!

Silence.

MR. CASALSIS (CONT'D)
Thank you. Now will you all please just think for a second?
HAVE YOU ALL FORGOTTEN THE PERSON WE'RE WORKING WITH? THIS IS THE MAN WHO WILL TALK BOTH YOUR EARS OFF DESCRIBING "THE PERILS INHERENT IN NOT BEING RICH IN THIS COUNTRY", IT'S NOT LIKE HE ISN'T AWARE OF THE RISKS-

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
BUT HE'S COCKY. I'D SAY ODDS ARE EVEN HE THINKS HE'S TOO SMART TO FEEL ANY EFFECTS.

HERR CHAUFFEUR
ZAT MAKES SENSE.

MS. JONES
TOO MUCH SENSE.

THE SECRETARY
SO HE'S DEAD!

MR. CASALSIS
HE'S NOT DEAD!

THE SECRETARY
YOU KEEP SAYING THAT BUT YOU CAN'T KNOW THAT FOR SUUURE!

MS. JONES
That's true, Cas. We don't know for sure.

MR. CASALSIS
Well we don't know anything <u>for sure</u>, do we?

A beat.

HERR CHAUFFEUR
Oh, he's good.

MR. CASALSIS
NOW LISTEN, THERE ISN'T MUCH MORE WE CAN DO.

HERR CHAUFFEUR
WE COULD TELL HIM.

MS. JONES
LEBRAND? NOT A CHANCE! WE'LL GET FIRED.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
WE ALL WILL!

THE SECRETARY
WELL MAYBE THAT'S WHAT WE DESERVE.
WE DID GET A MAN KILLED.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
I HAVE KIDS!

MR. CASALSIS
NO WE DIDN'T!

THE SECRETARY
WE MIGHT HAVE, AND IF WE DON'T CALL THE POLICE WE'RE NO BETTER THAN MURDERERS.

MR. CASALSIS
STOP WITH THE DRAMA! HOW ANGRY WILL SULLY BE IF WE DISTURB HIM?

THE SECRETARY
(operatically)
NOT NEARLY AS ANGRY AS EVERYONE ELSE IF HE DIIIEES!

MR. CASALSIS
All right! All right! Point taken.

THE SECRETARY
(on the same note, rather more meekly)
THANK YOU.

MR. CASALSIS
So then what should we do? Hm? Anyone?

A moment. Nobody answers. Casalsis chuckles to himself.

MR. CASALSIS (CONT'D)
SEE, THAT'S WHAT I MEAN, YOU'RE ALL SO FULL OF PRINCIPLES, ETHICAL, DECENT, AND WHOLLY IMPRACTICAL. WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE US DO, CALL UP THE COPS AND SAY "PLEASE KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THIS CERTAIN HOBO - HE'S PROBABLY SOMEWHERE BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND KANSAS"?

MS. JONES
SO WHAT <u>SHOULD</u> WE DO?

MR. CASALSIS
WE SHOULD WAIT!

HERR CHAUFFEUR
FOR HOW LONG?

MR. CASALSIS
WELL AT LEAST A FEW DAYS!

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
NO BUT REALLY I CAN'T LOSE THIS PAY(CHECK.)

MR CASALSIS
(overlapping)
(HAS) IT EVEN BEEN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS?

HERR CHAUFFEUR
A DAY AND A HALF

MR CASALSIS
SEE? EXACTLY! HOW FAR DO YOU THINK HE CAN GET IN THAT TIME JUST BY WALK(ING)

HERR CHAUFFEUR
(BUT) YOU SAID-

MR CASALSIS
HE'S NOT FEEBLE, OR DUMB, HE'S AN ADULT. THE MAN WENT TO HARVARD! THEY DON'T LET JUST ANYONE IN.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
SO THAT'S REALLY YOUR PLAN? WE JUST SIT ON OUR HANDS IN THIS GLORIFIED VAN WITH OUR JOBS ON THE LINE AND ASSUME HE'LL BE FINE AND GET TIRED AND SORT OF TURN UP?

The Photographer and Mr Casalsis are facing off. Casalsis holds a moment staring at him. Then:

MR. CASALSIS

YUP.

That's the plan. Got a better one? Anybody?

There is no answer.

MR. CASALSIS (CONT'D)

Right. Now I'm gonna go inside, pour myself a strong drink, and put on a record. You're all welcome to join me.

The remaining Land Yachters share a worried look as he storms inside the yacht. On a musical button, he slams the door.

BLACKOUT.

SEQUENCE C - SCENE 3
SULLY, VERONICA - SULLY'S HOUSE

The living room. Veronica is looking around in wonder while Sully does his best to hide any pictures of himself.

VERONICA

My, this is quite a pad. Who does it belong to?

SULLIVAN

Did I ask you any questions?
(then, after a moment of triumph)
Like I said, it belongs to a friend of mine. Picture director - a fellow called Sullivan.

He gives her a quick look.

VERONICA

Oh.

SULLIVAN

You never heard of him?

VERONICA

No.

SULLIVAN
(airily)

He's done a few things: "Ants In Your Plants"...

VERONICA
(mildly interested)
Oh, did he do that?

SULLIVAN
You saw it?

VERONICA
Yes.

SULLIVAN
Hm! Did you like it?

VERONICA
Not much.

SULLIVAN
Ah. Some people thought it was pretty good.

VERONICA
Mm.

SULLIVAN
I see.
(then after a pause)
Did you like uh..."The Hunting Party"?

VERONICA
(brightly)
Oh, I was crazy about that.

SULLIVAN
Yeah, I thought that would just about fit.

VERONICA
Do you remember that scene where the two are up in the hayloft...

SULLIVAN
Perfectly.

VERONICA
...and she made him close his eyes and count to three before kissing her...
(she starts to laugh violently)
...and the pig came out and he kissed the pig instead...
(she goes into a gale of laughter)

SULLIVAN
Yes, that was on a very high plane.

VERONICA
(through her laughter)
...and then he fell through the hole and sneezed at the horse?

SULLIVAN
(dismally)
And the horse sneezed back at him, yes. A satire for the ages.

VERONICA
(happily)
That was a wonderful scene. Of course it was stupid, but it was wonderful.

Sullivan looks at her sternly for a moment before speaking.

SULLIVAN
Don't you think with the world in its present condition... with death snarling at you from every street corner... people are a little tired of comedies?

VERONICA
No.

SULLIVAN
(taking a deep breath)
Perhaps I didn't make myself clear...

VERONICA
(suddenly suspiciously)
Say! How come you know a Hollywood director well enough to know where his spare key is?

SULLIVAN
What about it?

VERONICA
And you never even heard of Ernst Lubitsch?

SULLIVAN
Oh... I thought you said, uh... Earl, uh...

VERONICA
Say, what is this?

SULLIVAN
Well, as a matter of fact, I used to know... most of those boys. Naturally, you don't like to mention it in a suit like this. As a matter of fact, I used to be a film-maker.

VERONICA
(honestly sympathetic)
Oh, you poor kid.

SULLIVAN
Don't get emotional, it'll be all right.

VERONICA
What kind of films did you make?

SULLIVAN
Oh, dramas, slice of life pieces. More along educational lines.

VERONICA
(almost to the audience)
No wonder. There's nothing like a deep-dish film to send you out to the lobby.

SULLIVAN
What are you talking about? Film is one of the greatest educational media in the history of world. You take Capra's *Meet John Doe* -

VERONICA
I'd rather meet Boris Karloff. See, that's the nice thing about buying food for a man is you don't have to pretend to listen to him go on... Just think, if you were some big shot casting director or something, I'd be staring into your bridgeworks...

She demonstrates, chin on her hand, staring into his eyes.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
...hanging on your every word, and giggling like an idiot if you came within 10 feet of a joke. Here, say something funny.

SULLIVAN
Uh...

Immediately she bursts into an over-long giggle, then starts playing with her hair as she stares directly into his eyes.

VERONICA
(overdoing it)
Oh, you really are a card, Mr Smearkase. I've never laughed so much, Mr Smearkase.

She grabs his hand and places it onto her knee, then does a double-take as if surprised to find it there.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Oh, Mr Smearkase! That's my knee!

Veronica slips out of this persona just as quickly as she slipped into it.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Like that.

SULLIVAN
Impressive.

VERONICA
Thank you.

Veronica resumes nosing around Sully's house. She picks up a sheet of music from the piano and hums the first few bars.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Oh! Speak of the devil. It's that lovely silly duet from "The Hunting Party"! The one at the ball, after they've fought but before they make up. Here, accompany me, will you?

SULLIVAN
Will I?

VERONICA
You will!

SULLIVAN
(with a sigh)
I guess I will.

He heaves himself to the piano and sits down with another sigh.

VERONICA
Oh, lighten up, will you? It's only a musical.

As if in response, he plays the opening arpeggio of the song. Veronica looks rather smug, then begins, in a posh accent.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
(sings)
ONE THING I'VE KNOWN ALL ALONG
LOVE'S FOR THE WEAK, AND I'M STRONG
AND TIL TODAY I'VE FOUND NO WAY OF PROVING THAT WRONG.
WHY WOULD A GIRL TAKE THE CHANCE
CHAIN HERSELF TO A ROMANCE
JUST FOR A BEAU SHE CAN SHOW AT THE ANNUAL DANCE?
ONE THING I DIDN'T KNOW: LOVE DOESN'T PHONE IN ADVANCE.

I WAS QUITE HAPPY ALONE, NOW I'M LONELY WITHOUT YOU
OUT ON MY OWN WITH NO CHAPERONE SAVE FOR THE BIRDS
I HAD NO FEELING FOR FEELINGS
NOW I COULD BURST THROUGH THE CEILING
HOW LONG HAVE ALL OF THESE SONGS I'VE BEEN HUMMING HAD WORDS?
I WAS JUST FINE, THANK YOU KINDLY, WITH NO-ONE TO CARE FOR
NOW I FILL WITH TENSION IF SOMEBODY MENTIONS YOUR NAME
I WAS QUITE HAPPY ALONE, NOW I'M LONELY WITHOUT YOU
AND AFRAID TO FIND OUT YOU
ARE NOT FEELING THE SAME

SULLIVAN
(getting up)
Wonderful, and now-

VERONICA
Oh, no you don't. It's a duet.

He sits back down, with a sigh and an eye roll and just generally a lot of attitude. He vamps on the piano while:

SULLIVAN
(monotone)
Why Miss Witherbottom. Fancy seeing you-

VERONICA
No, no, do the voice. Come on!

Sullivan rolls his eyes.

SULLIVAN
(in an over-the-top posh accent)
Why, Miss Witherbottom! Fancy seeing you here at the annual... donkey charity dance, or whatever the hell I- it is.

Veronica giggles a bit.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
(overacting a 4th wall break, in rhythm)
Oh! My! Her? Here? But! I! Oh!

Veronica laughs. Sully smiles in spite of himself.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
(sings, still in the accent)
I'VE BEEN IN HIDING FOR YEARS
HOPING TO OUTLIVE MY FEARS
MOSTLY SURVIVING ON BISCUITS, AND TWININGS', AND BEERS.
SOME NIGHTS I'D SLINK TO A SHOW
OTHERS I'D DROWN IN MERLOT
ONE THING WAS CERTAIN, THAT WOOING WOULD WORSEN MY WOE...
SEEMS LIKE FOR SUPPER TONIGHT, I'LL BE DINING ON CROW.

I WAS QUITE HAPPY ALONE, NOW I'M LONELY WITHOUT YOU
(he points to her part, and sings it in falsetto:)
AAAAAH-AAAAAH-AAAAH
EASILY PLEASED BY THE BIRDS AND THE BREEZE ON THE PIER

VERONICA
AAAAAH-AAAAAH-AAAAH

SULLIVAN
(speaks)
Good.
(sings)
I THOUGHT THAT CUPID WAS GENTLE
FIGURED THE BOW ORNAMENTAL
SEEMS HE'S GOT A MEAN STREAK THAT NO PIMP ON DEAN STREET
COULD NEAR.
ONCE I WAS COOL AS A CUCUMBER DROPPED IN THE ARCTIC
(speaks)
I hate that line.
(sings)
NOW I FEEL MORE FRANTIC EACH MOMENT YOUR HAND SITS IN MINE
I WAS QUITE HAPPY ALONE, NOW I'M LONELY WITHOUT YOU
AND I CAN'T HELP BUT DOUBT YOU
WILL QUITE SHARE MY DESIGNS

Sully gets up from the piano. The music, of course, continues.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
(with performative nervousness)
Ah, Miss Witherbottom, may I- ah- have this dance?"

VERONICA
(with performative grace)
Why, Lord- uh...

She giggles: she's forgotten his character's name.

SULLIVAN
(stage whispering)
"Assingham".

VERONICA
Lord Assingham! I would be delighted!

They dance a waltz, first in mock-politeness, then with more and more abandon and silliness.

SULLIVAN AND VERONICA
I THOUGHT I LIKED IT ALONE, NOW I KNOW I WAS WASTING:
WASTING MY YEARS ON MY OWN, TIL I WASTED AWAY!
I WOULDN'T MIND IT EXCEPT THAT I'M LONELY WITHOUT YOU
AND WITH MY ARMS ABOUT YOU
I'M DECIDEDLY GAY!

On this final held note, they grab hands and spin around together before falling down laughing, one on top of the other.

Suddenly nose to nose, there is an awkward moment where they consider kissing each other. Instead-

SULLIVAN
I believe the carriage is waiting.

VERONICA
What?

SULLIVAN
It's... his next line. Lord-

VERONICA
Assingham. Right.

She gets up. There is another awkward moment.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Say, did you ever meet Irving Berlin?

SULLIVAN
Yes.

VERONICA
Fancy that! Bet he wouldn't even speak to you now, huh?

SULLIVAN
He spoke to me the day before yesterday.

VERONICA
Gee, isn't that swell.

A moment. Then, a pronounced knock at the door.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Who do you suppose that is?

THE COP
(from behind the door)
Police!

SULLIVAN
Well, it’s not Irving Berlin...

More knocking.

THE COP
(from behind the door)
Open up!

SULLIVAN
Just remember: there's absolutely nothing they can do to us... remember that!

Light change, the sound of a car door closing, handcuffs clinking.

SEQUENCE C - SCENE 4
SULLIVAN AND VERONICA - THE BACK SEAT OF A POLICE CAR

Veronica and Sullivan sit next to each other in handcuffs.

VERONICA
What was it you said?

SULLIVAN
I said there's absolutely nothing they can do.

The Cop opens the door and sticks his head into the car.

THE COP
All right, you.

SULLIVAN
(to Veronica)
Don't give it a thought.

He gets out of the car, and The Cop closes the door behind him

before escorting him to the commanding officer.

The Sergeant is standing by his own car, along with Sullivan's butler and valet.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
(seeing his servants)
Well!

THE VALET
Oh! Good morning, sir. I'm so terribly sorry.

THE BUTLER
(sternly)
Good morning, sir.

THE SERGEANT
You ever seen this man before?

THE BUTLER
That is Mr. Sullivan, sir, the owner of the home in question.

THE SERGEANT
Then what's all the hullabaloo?

SULLIVAN
That's what I'd like to know.

THE SERGEANT
You John L. Sullivan?

SULLIVAN
Yes.

THE SERGEANT
You the owner of this house?

SULLIVAN
That’s right. It’s my summer cottage.

The Sergeant cranes his neck to look up at the house.

THE SERGEANT
Some cottage. Occupation?

SULLIVAN
Writer and director.

THE SERGEANT
(to the valet)
That right?

THE VALET
Yes, sir.

THE SERGEANT
Sullivan... Say, ain't you the fella who wrote that "Hunting Party" business?

SULLIVAN
Now there's a crime I'll confess to.

THE SERGEANT
(laughing)
"Don't shoot, Doctor Abernathy!" What a gas!

SULLIVAN
(muttering)
Mustard gas...

THE SERGEANT
(not hearing him)
Say, if you're some big time director, what are you doing in those clothes?

SULLIVAN
I just paid my income tax. We done here?

THE SERGEANT
Alright, fine, case closed. Take those off him.

The Cop removes Sully's handcuffs.

SULLIVAN
And let the girl out too, will you? She's getting bored in there.

THE SERGEANT
Wait a second. How exactly does the girl fit into this picture?

SULLIVAN
Haven't you ever been to the movies? There's always a girl in the picture!

TRANSITION TO:

SEQUENCE C - SCENE 5
SULLY AND VERONICA - SULLY'S HOUSE

Lights up on Veronica, unmoved but no longer in handcuffs. The chairs

that were the backseat of the cop car are now a couch in Sully's house.

Veronica nervously looks around the huge house like she still might have to make a run for it at any time.

VERONICA
So the cops are just... gone?

SULLIVAN
Uh-huh. All sorted out.

VERONICA
And we can just... stay here?

SULLIVAN
That's right. But we're not.

VERONICA
We're not?

SULLIVAN
We're not. We are going down to the depot to buy you a ticket home and stop fooling around.

VERONICA
Who's buying me a ticket?

SULLIVAN
Same guy who's place this is: Sullivan.

VERONICA
What did I ever do for him?

SULLIVAN
You bought him a hot dog.

She turns slowly to look at him.

VERONICA
Oh.
(then, after a pause)
So you're the washed-up director.

SULLIVAN
I exaggerated that part a little.

VERONICA
What are you doing in those clothes?

SULLIVAN
I just pulled that one with the sergeant.

VERONICA
Huh?

SULLIVAN
I made a tax joke- Look: I'm researching for a film I'm writing, and I was- I never meant- Hm. You're a very nice girl, and a talented one at that; you know, as a matter of fact, I very much enjoyed meeting you and I really do want to help you out. So, here: If you want to stay you can take your pick of the guest rooms and I'll write you that letter to Lubitsch; if you want to go I'll buy your ticket. No hard feelings either way. Honestly.

VERONICA
You mean that?

SULLIVAN
Sincerely.

VERONICA
Hm. Well, either way you owe me breakfast.

Sully smirks.

SULLIVAN
(calling out)
Burrows!

A multitude of servants enter with a long dining table and two chairs, which they then pile with a massive spread of everything from fruit to pie to pastries and cakes to a whole chicken. Veronica sits at one end, and Sully at the other.

THE BUTLER
Breakfast is served.

SULLIVAN
Thank you, Burrows.
(to Veronica)
After breakfast, I'll show you the swimming pools.

VERONICA
Pools? Plural?

SULLIVAN
Indoor and outdoor. You just can’t depend on the weather here the way you can in San Diego.

VERONICA
I bet.

SULLIVAN
Not hungry? Go on, try the quiche, it’s good.

Veronica scowls.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Of course, it’s not as good as Cookie’s, but he works for Lubitsch now, the bastard.

Veronica stands up, and begins walking towards Sully.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
(his mouth full)
Not that I really blame Cookie: I mean, I don’t have *Shop Around the Corner* money.
(noticing her approach)
What’s wrong? Did I take the piece you wanted? You’re welcome to have it, I’ve barely touched-

Without warning, Veronica picks up a pie and pushes it into Sullivan’s face.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
(reeling)
What in the-

VERONICA
(highly emotional)
That’s for your swimming pools! And your summer house and your tennis courts and your limousines and your barbecues. That's for making fun of a poor girl who only tried to help you, ya big faker!

SULLIVAN
(wiping his face)
Who made fun of you?

VERONICA
You did, you big clunk!

VERONICA (CONT'D)
With your stories of being a washed-up director, and pretending not to know who Lubitsch was. What, were you going to seduce me, make me some trophy for your rich friends, have them laugh at me when I didn't know what a keech was...

SULLIVAN
I wasn't making fun of you! I was doing an experiment, to learn about the poor, and then I met you and I decided- You're not listening, I- Veronica! VERONICA!

As she continues to rant at him (ad lib), Sullivan, realizing she won't stop of her own volition, looks at the table, then back at her, then picks up a cream puff and pushes it into her face.

She stops in shock.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
You- You buzzard!

She grabs his head and pushes it into a cake.

SULLIVAN
Oh, you will, will you!

FOOD FIGHT! The Butler and The Valet come to try to break it up and get caught in the crossfire, all ending up in a giggling, messy heap. (Except for The Butler who is in the heap, but not giggling.)

CURTAIN

END OF ACT ONE

SEQUENCE C - SCENE 6
THE BUTLER AND THE VALET - AT THE TELEPHONE

Downstage stand The Valet, The Butler, and a small table with a rotary phone on it. Both men are in dressing gowns and The Valet is drying his hair with a towel while The Butler dials.

THE BUTLER
(into the telephone)
Union Depot? Information, please. Hello, information? Have you any freight trains going west this afternoon or early this evening? Five forty-eight? Thank you very much indeed, sir... Oh, and could you tell me: does that train carry tramps and if so where do they get on?

The voice on the other side of the phone suddenly erupts with anger, then goes quiet.

THE BUTLER (CONT'D)
He hung up.

The Valet takes the telephone, dials again.

THE VALET
(into the telephone)
Hello, freight department, please. Yes, I wonder if you'd be kind enough to settle a bet for us... Just a few of us down here at the club... Yes, if a tramp were going to board your western five forty-eight this afternoon, from where would he board it?

He holds up his finger for silence.

THE VALET (CONT'D)
I see, I see... but not within the yard limits... I think that gives me the complete picture. Thank you very much for your trouble and, by the way - I win! Ha ha, yes, good day.

He hangs up. Now he looks to the Butler.

THE VALET (CONT'D)
Different approach to the same problem.

BLACKOUT.

SEQUENCE C - SCENE 7
THE LAND YACHTERS - OUTSIDE THE LAND YACHT

Herr Chauffeur and The Photographer are playing cards on some crates. Casalsis emerges from the yacht with a bottle and some glasses, to which the other two cheer.

[Secretary is not there. Don’t think about it. Or do: it’s because it’s a play. (Gary?)]

Ms Jones, sitting alone away from the men, seems to be the only one worried. After a while, she suddenly gets up and marches over to Casalsis in rhythm: 1-2-3-and:

MS. JONES
(speaking)
YOU DID THIS.

MR. CASALSIS
I DIDN'T! I WOULDN'T! DID WHAT?

MS. JONES
YOU TOLD US TO STAY WHERE WE WERE AND WE DID.
THAT WAS, WHAT, THREE-

HERR CHAUFFEUR
FOUR DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS A(GO)

MR. CASALSIS
(overlapping)
(AL)READY?
GOSH, DOESN'T TIME FLY WHEN YOU'RE OUT WITH YOUR FRIENDS?

MS. JONES
GOD DAMN IT THIS ISN'T THE TIME TO MAKE JOKES NOW,
A PERSON IS MISSING AND POSSIBLY DEAD.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
(morbidly)
NOT TO MENTION OUR JOBS, WHICH HAVE BEEN DEAD FOR DAYS NOW

MS. JONES
EXACTLY! FOR GOD'S SAKE WAKE UP, CAS, THIS ISN'T A GAAAAAAME!

She suddenly realizes she's yelling at her boss. There is a moment of silence, then all three burst out laughing at her.

MR. CASALSIS
Oh, Jonesy. I've really taught you nothing at all, have I?
(singing a new song)
YOU REALLY THINK IT'S NOT A GAME?
WELL SURE IT'S NOT- FOR US:
WE ALL MISSED THE BUS.
EVER WAS IT THUS:
MOST FOLKS ARE S'POSED TO THINK IT'S NOT A GAME
THAT'S HOW THINGS GET DONE
BUT THE ELITES
IN THEIR BOX SEATS
THEY'VE GOT THE WHOLE THING WON.

SEE, JONESY: EVERYTHING'S A GAME WHEN YOU CAN'T LOSE.
MONEY'S NOT AN ARGUMENT IT'S EASY TO REFUSE:
SO YOU GOT ARRESTED SUNDAY? WHY, NO NEED TO HAVE THE BLUES.
CUZ BY MONDAY MORNING YOU'LL BE ON A CRUISE!

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
NO QUESTION: EVERYTHING'S A GAME WHEN YOU CAN'T LOSE.
IT'S EASY TO GET JUSTICE WHEN SOME SHMENDRICK STEALS YOUR SHOES
NOT SO SIMPLE TRYNA PIN HIM ON "FINANCIAL SUBTERFUGE".

HERR CHAUFFEUR
EVEN HARDER VEN HE OWNS ZE DAILY NEWS!

MR. CASALSIS
I TELL YA, EVERYTHING'S A GAME WHEN YOU CAN'T LOSE.

MR. CASALSIS (CONT'D)
I really oughta've told you this years ago, Jonesy, only you seemed so sincere. I just couldn't stand seeing your little face fall like this. But it's like I've been telling my drinking buddies here: it's been rigged from the start! You could spend all day worrying about some rich idiot losing you your job for all the good it'd do you, or him. If he's fine, we'll be fine. And otherwise? Well. It's up to fate, that's all.

HERR CHAUFFEUR
BELIEF US: EVERYSING'S A GAME VEN YOU CAN'T LOOSE.
FATTEN UP YOUR VALLET, ZEY VON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR VIEWS:

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
(as an elite)
"YES I KNOW THAT HE'S A FASCIST, BUT HE SURE KNOWS HOW TO SHMOOZE"

Casalsis links arms with The Photographer.

MR CASALSIS
(as the elite’s wife)
“PLUS WE’RE STAYING AT HIS GUEST HOUSE IN TOULOUSE!”

HERR CHAUFFEUR
YOU BETCHA, EVERYSING’S A GAME VEN YOU CAN’T LOOSE.

[needs another verse/a bridge]

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
SO THAT’S THE SECRET TO SUCCESS
BE BORN WITH MORE, GIVE AWAY LESS!

HERR CHAUFFEUR
CUZ EEF YOU’VE MEELLIONS EEN YOUR TRUST,
WHO CARES EEF YOU BOOM OR YOU BUST?

MR. CASALSIS
AND IF YOU’RE NOT AS RICH AS CROESUS?

A pause.

MR. CASALSIS (CONT'D)
(conspiratorially)
YOU’RE NOT PLAYING: WE’RE THE PIECES!

MR. CASALSIS (CONT'D)	CHAUFFEUR AND PHOTOGRAPHER
EV	WHEN YOU CAN SET YOUR LIFE AFLAME
RY	AND ONE WEEK LATER, TRY AGAIN!
THING'S	WHEN YOU KNOW YOU CAN SIMPLY BLAME
A	SOME SHMO WITHOUT A FAMOUS NAME;
GAME	WHEN, WITHOUT EVEN TAKING AIM
WHEN	YOU HIT THE TARGET ALL THE SAME;
YOU	I MEAN IT, EVERYTHING'S A GAME
CAN’T	WHEN YOU CAN'T-

The music suddenly stops. A phone is ringing. A hand sticks out from the wings, holding a receiver.

Everyone on stage stops in place.

Finally, Casalsis walks over and takes the phone from the hand:

MR. CASALSIS (CONT'D)
Hello? - Yes, speaking. ... He's WHAT?!

Musical button.

BLACKOUT.

SEQUENCE C - SCENE 8
SULLY - THE SITTING ROOM

Sully, freshly showered and back into his poverty costume, sits in a large armchair reading a newspaper. The headline on the front reads “No End In Sight: War Rages On In Europe”.

Veronica enters. Sully looks up at her, then does a double take when he sees that she is wearing a poverty costume of her own.

SULLIVAN
What the-

VERONICA
(with a little twirl)
So? What do you think?

SULLIVAN
Well, I-

VERONICA
You don’t like it?

SULLIVAN
Whether I like it or not is- Fitzsimmons!

VERONICA
Oh, please take me with you. You don't know anything about... Well, anything! You don't know how to get a meal, you don't know how to keep a secret, you can’t even hold down a job for more than a day.

SULLIVAN
Thanks.

The Valet enters, once again properly dressed.

THE VALET
Yes, sir?

SULLIVAN
This your doing?

THE VALET
Is what, sir?

SULLIVAN
This, man! This new outfit of hers.

THE VALET
Ah. Yes, sir! The young lady informed me of your rather wonderful idea to have her join you on this next leg of your odyssey.

VERONICA
See? Fitz agrees!

SULLIVAN
(ignoring her)
What, and you believed her? You've been my valet for years, Fitzsimmons, don't you know me better than that by now?

THE VALET
I admit, sir, that what meager assurances the young lady offered of your acquiescence may have been somewhat bolstered by my personal conviction that the young lady's accompanying you presents the most prudent approach to the forthcoming leg of your journey.

Sullivan and Veronica take a second to process this sentence.

SULLIVAN
You think she should come with me?

THE VALET
I do think it would be advisable, sir, yes.

SULLIVAN
Why, that's out of the question!

THE VALET
I believe the young lady has proven herself an invaluable asset to your continued success.

VERONICA
See? I know fifty times as much about trouble as you ever will!

SULLIVAN
Piffle.

VERONICA
And besides, you owe it to me. You sort of... belong to me. I mean, I found you! When you were a bum...

SULLIVAN
What?

VERONICA
Please.

SULLIVAN
I tell you it's absolutely out of the-

VERONICA
It'll be just like a book!

SULLIVAN
A crummy book, one for girls with heads full of romantic notions. You'd take my mind off my work.

VERONICA
Ho, ho, the big serious director mustn't be disturbed while he valiantly sits at bus stops and runs out on jobs!

SULLIVAN
I tell you...

VERONICA
(suddenly inspired)
I'll follow you and tell everybody who you are... Like a kid sister.

SULLIVAN
You'll follow me?

VERONICA
Yes I'll follow you, and I'll holler: this guy is a phoney, ladies and gentlemen... this is Sullivan, the Hollywood big-shot, a phonus balonus, a faker, a heel who's just trying to-

The Butler enters, carrying a tray with a tea set on it.

THE BUTLER
If I may join in the controversy, sir, I believe the young lady's suggestion is an excellent-

SULLIVAN
Yes, well you may not join in the controversy, Burrows.

VERONICA
(bouncing up and down)
See! You're outvoted! I'm going with you! I'm going with you!

SULLIVAN
You are not going to do anything of the kind. Burrows, you go down to the station and....

Veronica puts her hand over his mouth.

VERONICA
Will you make me a bindle, Mr. Burrows? Red, if you have it, to bring out my cheeks.

THE BUTLER
Certainly, Miss.

He leaves.

SULLIVAN
(shouting, still struggling with Veronica)
No, Burrows. You go down to the station and get me a ticket to...
(to Veronica:)
Where are you from again?

A moment. Veronica's eyes widen with excitement. She locks her lips, and throws away the key, then folds her arms, looking like the cat who got the cream.

Sully looks to the Valet, who looks away. He sighs angrily.

BLACKOUT

SEQUENCE C - SCENE 9
SULLY, VERONICA, BUTLER, VALET - THE RAILYARD

In the darkness, the sound of a car, and The Valet talking over the engine.

THE VALET
Now, after this morning's... coming together, I was forced to wash your rags, but I made sure to only use water so as not to give the game
(MORE)

THE VALET (CONT'D)
away completely. And I've been in touch with the land yacht, who were greatly relieved to hear you were all right. Apparently they had been rather worried sick about losing you. Anyhow, I've told them you'll meet them back at the house once your expedition is over.

Lights up on The Butler opening the car door. Behind them is a freight train.

Sully and Veronica exit the car. Veronica has a red bindle, just like she asked for.

THE BUTLER
Here we are, sir.

SULLIVAN
(shaking hands)
Well, so long, Burrows, I'll see you in a little while.

THE BUTLER
Goodbye, sir. Goodbye, Miss.

THE VALET
(joining them)
Goodbye, sir. Goodbye, Miss.

VERONICA
Goodbye.

SULLIVAN
G'bye, Fitz.

THE BUTLER
May I close, sir, by reiterating the fervent wish that you might abandon the entire expedition, which I envision with deep apprehension and gloomy foreboding.

A moment.

SULLIVAN
Thanks.

We hear a whistle.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
(to Veronica)
Come on.

He takes her hand and they run off.

The Butler removes his derby, as for the passing of a funeral.

The Butler and The Valet share a look. The Valet smirks with a melancholy surrender and shakes his head. The Butler exhales sharply out of his nose, but does not smile.

BLACKOUT.

SEQUENCE D - SCENE 1
HOBOS- A CATTLE CAR, DAY

Lights up on a number of hobos sitting against the wall of the open train compartment. A mysterious man sits in the corner, his hat over his eyes. All are jiggling slightly, to signify that the train is in motion.

Sully, running alongside the train, pulls himself up into the compartment, then reaches out a hand to pull Veronica in with him. After some work, they both fall back onto the floor of the compartment, panting.

SULLIVAN
(standing, seeing hobos)
How do you do.

One of the hobos grunts in reply.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Say, how do you fellows feel about the labor situation?

The hobos look at him, then at each other. They start to get up.

VERONICA
(leaning into her drawl)
Oh, no, please, don’t. Sorry ‘bout my friend, he’s a talker. We won’t disturb you no more.

The hobos hesitate, then sit down once more.

SULLIVAN
What? I just-

VERONICA
Shh! This ain't- This isn't "the club", you know. You don't just start a conversation like that, all "Morning, chums!" and "Pip-pip, guv'na".

SULLIVAN
I don't sound- Fine. Then what am I supposed to do then?

VERONICA
Just wait! Listen for a change.

He pulls a face at her, which she returns in kind.

A silence.

Then, just as Sully is about to complain to Veronica that she's wrong, and that nobody is going to talk at all...

HOBO 1
You eat today?

HOBO 2
Not today, no. Yesserday.

HOBO 1
Yeah, me too. Gotta save fer a pair'a boots without so many holes.

HOBO 3
Makes you miss prison, huh?

HOBO 2
Hm. Ain't eaten more'n once daily since I got out, that's for sure.

HOBO 4
Still, freedom.

HOBO 2
Ha. Free. To do what?

HOBO 4
Go anywhere, do anything...

HOBO 3
Anywhere you can get to. Anything that don't cost too much. Prison, least you don't have to hope.

HOBOS
Mm.

MYSTERY MAN
(not moving)
You're thinkin' poor, fellas.

All look over to him.

HOBO 4
Whadyoo say?

He pitches up his hat: It's Gary / The Censor in a mustache.

THE CENSOR
(with sudden energy)
You heard me. That's poor thinking! Let me tell you a little something. I was just like you once, penniless and afraid. But then one day I happened to meet a man named Andrew Carnegie, and I asked him: How did he ever get so darn lucky? And why couldn't I catch a break? Well, he looked at me, he smiled, and he said, "Son. I'll tell you your problem: you're thinking poor. When'd I get rich?" he says, "The day I decided not to be poor any longer! And not a moment sooner!

(sings)
"POOR FOLKS THINK RICH FOLKS ARE ALL BORN TO MEANS
AND THE DOUGH NEVER STOPS ROLLING IN.
POOR FOLKS THINK, 'RICH FOLKS? THEIR BLOOD RUNS CASH-GREEN,
IT'S HARDER TO LOSE THAN TO WIN.'
YOU ALL THINK THAT WEALTH'S ONLY BLACK LIMOUSINES
AND CAVIAR RIGHT OUT THE TIN.
SO SURE YOU WON'T GET TO THE END THAT YOU NEVER BEGIN!"

He picks up his briefcase and puts it on a crate.

HE

He clicks the fastener.

TOLD

He opens the briefcase.

ME

He turns the briefcase around to reveal a bunch of copies of his book, “Think and Grow Rich!”.

THINK AND GROW RICH!
THROW THE FIRST PITCH!
WEALTH IS A STATE OF MIND.

PLENTY OF FISH:
JUST THINK AND GROW RICH!
YOU'LL BE AMAZED WHAT YOU FIND.

FOLKS WASTE THEIR DAYS TRYING TO "MAKE IT" IN LIFE
MAKE MONEY, MAKE HAPPY, MAKE TIME.
BUT WHY BOTHER MAKING
WHAT'S THERE FOR THE TAKING
IS HAPPINESS SUCH A GREAT CRIME?

NO! SO:

THINK AND GROW RICH!
GRANT YOUR OWN WISH!
DON'T LET THEM CALL IT GREED.

JUST FLICK THE SWITCH,
THINK, AND GROW RICH!
MAKE WHAT YOU WANT WHAT YOU NEED.

SOME FOLKS SPEND LIFE IN "THE TERRIBLE TOOS":
TOO RISKY, TOO HARD, TOO MUCH WORK!
BUT HOW WILL YOU KNOW TIL YOU GIVE IT A GO?
WHO DREAMS OF BECOMING A CLERK?
NO-ONE!

SULLIVAN
This whole thing just sounds to me like a scam. You can't magically get rich by wanting it, or else everyone would be rich. And then nobody would be. No, you see, the problem is baked into the system, the labor of the proletariat being purposely undervalued in order-

THE CENSOR
Careful! That sounds dangerously like Communism... John.

Sully gulps, and shuts up.

THE CENSOR (CONT'D)
Now listen, folks, I know you don’t have a lot of money. But I’m not asking you for money, I’m
(MORE)

THE CENSOR (CONT'D)
asking you to trust me. You buy this book, my book, and you read it, cover to cover, and resolve to make a change in your life, and well – just you watch!

IF IT WORKED FOR ANDREW CARNEGIE
WHY CAN'T IT WORK FOR YOU?
YOU ONLY NEED TO CHANGE YOUR POINT OF VIEW!

EVERYBODY!

A cheer erupts from all but Sullivan, who gives Veronica a sour look for joining in. She looks sheepish.

The hobos rummage in their pockets and inside their shoes for all the money they have, and all line up to buy a copy of the book.

HOBOS
THINK AND GROW RICH
THROW THE FIRST PITCH
WEALTH IS A STATE OF MIND!

THE CENSOR
That's right!

HOBOS
PLENTY OF FISH
JUST THINK AND GROW RICH!
YOU'LL BE AMAZED WHAT YOU FIND.

THE CENSOR
Yes sir!
IT MAY SOUND LIKE A PLATITUDE
TO SAY YOUR PROBLEM'S ATTITUDE
BUT IF YOU PRACTICE GRATITUDE
YOU'RE SURE TO SEE RESULTS

NO NEED FOR INTERROGATIVES
JUST KEEP YOUR THINKING POSITIVE
YOUR STATE OF MIND IS CAUSATIVE-

SULLIVAN
(finally exploding)
HOW IS THIS NOT A CULT?!

The Censor turns to face him, and smiles. Sullivan immediately realizes his mistake.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
I... I mean... I don’t...

THE CENSOR
Say, you look familiar. Where do I know you from?

SULLIVAN
No- nowhere. I’m not-

THE CENSOR
Hey, yeah, you're that Hollywood director! I seen your face in the papers. What’s your- Sullivan! You're the fella going round pretending to be poor. Ain'tcha?

SULLIVAN
Uhh...

THE CENSOR
Yeah, you are! That's why you don't want these good people to know the truth about making money! You want it all to yourself!

The Censor turns out to the audience, and mouths this next line along with Hobo 2:

HOBO 2
Say, the train's slowing down for a turn, let's throw this slimeball off!

THE CENSOR
Huh. Now that is a capital idea.

With a *ding*, The Censor winks ostentatiously at the audience.

All the hobos grab Sully and pick him up. They move him towards the open door of the train car.

VERONICA
No!

Without looking at her, The Censor snaps his fingers, and Veronica freezes in place.

CENSOR AND HOBOS
THINK!

They swing him towards and then away from the opening, as if to build momentum.

CENSOR AND HOBOS (CONT'D)
AND!

Again, they swing him towards then away from the door.

CENSOR AND HOBOS (CONT'D)
GROW!

Once more.

HOBOS
RIIICH!

THE CENSOR
RIIII-CHA!

This time, they let go, and Sully is flung headfirst out of the train. (Slide-whistle encouraged.)

Veronica unfreezes and runs to the door. In the background of the rest of the song, she and Sully have their own little dumbshow, in which he runs along next to the train trying to get her to jump off into his arms, and getting more and more tired as she tries to get up the nerve to jump.

All the while...

THE CENSOR (CONT'D)
Ha-ha! C'mon fellows!

CENSOR + HOBOS
(half-speed, in a kick-line)
YOU CAN'T BLAME IT ALL ON
THE BANKS OR THE FATES
WHEN YOU WERE THE MORON
WHO THOUGHT CHECK MEANT MATE
JUST:

BASS HOBO
THINK AND GO

BARITONE HOBO
THINK AND GO

TENOR HOBO
THINK AND GO

THE CENSOR
THINK AND GO

HIGH-VOICED HOBO
THINK AND GO

CENSOR + HOBOS
RICH!
(all shout)
YOW!

Veronica jumps!

BLACKOUT.

SEQUENCE D - SCENE 2
SULLY, VERONICA - NOWHERE, USA

Lights up on Veronica and Sully, untangling from each other like a pair of wrestlers.

VERONICA
Did I hurt you?

SULLIVAN
Well, you didn’t do me any good. Now then, where ah- ahh- ahh-

He sneezes.

VERONICA
Uh-oh! The Great Adventurer has the sniffles.

SULLIVAN
Look, I didn't want to bring you in the first place, so now that you're here...
(he sneezes)
... don’t start baking wise cracks.

VERONICA
Doe, sir.

SULLIVAN
Bad enough that damned... with his hogswaddle about willing yourself rich, what a load of hokub.

VERONICA
Mm-mm, hokub.

SULLIVAN
Here, are you hugry? There’s a wagon over there, let’s get some-

Sully works up to a big sneeze. Veronica tenses in expectation.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Breakfast. Cub od.

She relaxes, and he immediately sneezes violently. She clutches her heart. He grabs her hand and together they walk over to the lunch stand.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
(to the lunch man)
Coffee and dodut for wud.

Veronica looks at him quickly.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
I dever eat before dood; it gives be idigestiod
(frustrated)
Id.Duh.Jest-

VERONICA
(to the counterman)
Just make that two coffees.

THE LUNCH MAN
That'll be ten cents...

SULLIVAN
Perfect, that’s just what I’ve...

He starts looking in his pockets. The lunch man picks up two cups and pauses as he sees Sullivan feeling in another pocket. Now Veronica looks uneasily at Sullivan.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
It's right here sub place.

He keeps looking, then lets his hands fall at his side.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
It’s dot there. Did I spend it?

Veronica looks down, dejected and hungry. Sully looks embarrassed. The lunch man looks at them sourly with the empty cups in his hands...

Now with a furious look, he fills the coffee cups and bangs them down in front of Sullivan and the girl. Looking still more angry he slaps a plate down in front of each, lifts the dome from the donuts and gives them each one.

THE LUNCH MAN
(shaking his head)
I'll never get rich.

VERONICA
Oh, gee.

She begins eating, hungrily.

SULLIVAN
Well, you're a little richer than you were. Hudreds of biles frub everythig... cut off frub the world... a taste of hubad kideness. Sir, I'll dever forget this as log as I live.

THE LUNCH MAN
Yeah, yeah, eat your donut.

The lights change and the music swells. Sully and Veronica mutely thank him once again, waving as the lunch stand exits.

SEQUENCE D - SCENE 3
SULLY, VERONICA - A RURAL HIGHWAY

Sully and Veronica are alone again, walking down a quiet rural highway. As they walk, Sully gets more and more sick, until he is barely being kept on his feet by Veronica.

VERONICA
We really need to get you to bed, big boy. Not least because you're heavier than you look.

SULLIVAN
(slurring his words, clearly feverish)
It's dot be, see, it's the world that's heavy, everywhere you look there's poberty, there's death, disease, poberty... disease...

VERONICA
Uh-huh. Look, there: a farmhouse! Maybe they'll let us stay the night so you can get some rest.

SULLIVAN
Rest?! Why should I rest? The coal bider gets doe rest; the factory worker gets doe...

He stops, his eyes get wide, and Veronica looks at him, worriedly. He sneezes, then declaims:

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
There can be doe rest in the war agaidst hubad greed!

VERONICA
I couldn’t agree more. And you know, I think that’s a great thing to think about while you lean against this fence here. Okay? And meanwhile I’ll go ring the doorbell.

SULLIVAN
As you say, Madam President.

VERONICA
Oh boy.

She walks downstage to the farmhouse door and rings the bell. An old farmer comes to the door.

THE FARMER
What’s the meaning of all this now? And at this time of night!

VERONICA
I’m awful sorry to bother you but my friend and I are-

THE FARMER
Oh, for the love- Look, I’m afraid we’ve not got any money to spare...

VERONICA
Oh, no, or, rather, that’s very kind, but- My friend, over there, he’s very sick, and it’s so cold tonight, and I just- Wondered if you had a barn or someplace where he could rest up.

The farmer looks suspiciously at Sully, who is leaning against a fence-post, mumbling incoherently to himself.

THE FARMER
Sick, huh? Looks steamed to me.

VERONICA
Oh, no, really sir, he's quite ill.

THE FARMER
I'm sure he is, looks like he's drunk half a barrel of shine. But I ain't lettin' you sober him up on my private property.

THE FARMER'S WIFE
(from offstage)
Clarence? Who is it?

THE FARMER
Some 'bos, honey. Go back to bed.

The farmer's wife appears at the door in curlers.

THE FARMER'S WIFE
Oh! Hello, dear.

VERONICA
Evenin' ma'am. I was just telling your husband how-

THE FARMER
How her "friend" over there is high as a peach orchard sow.

THE FARMER'S WIFE
Oh. Got yourself a drinker, hmm?

VERONICA
No, honestly-

SULLIVAN
(suddenly shouting)
For too log has the proletariate labored in the shadow of abacus, freds! We bust rise up, ad rage agaidst the tyraddy of the fried octopus!

He suddenly vomits.

THE FARMER
Yes, she has.

THE FARMER'S WIFE
Oh, now, nothing to be ashamed of, dear, just one more job the good Lord left for woman! Why, when I met my Clarence-

THE FARMER
Eleanor-

THE FARMER'S WIFE
I like to say when I met Clarence he was besotted, just not with me.

She giggles.

VERONICA
(not getting it)
Who- Who was he besotted with?

THE FARMER'S WIFE
Oh. No, dear it's- Not "who", it's- It's a pun. "Sot" as in "drinker", and "besotted" as in-

THE FARMER
She's saying I was a drunk when she met me. She likes to tell people. Lord it over me.

THE FARMER'S WIFE
Oh, I do not! In this case, though, I figured it was relevant, since you seem so keen to make yourself out as some paragon of virtue. N'how long ago's that you lying back against a fencepost, hm? Shouting at the stars. An' me, tryna fine you somewhere to sleep it off. Hm?

A moment.

THE FARMER
Fine. I'll go unlock the barn.

He walks past Veronica and then turns back to her.

THE FARMER (CONT'D)
One night.

He exits. The Farmer's Wife winks at Veronica, who smiles and mimes her gratitude.

TRANSITION TO

SEQUENCE D - SCENE 4
SULLY, VERONICA - A HAYLOFT

Veronica leads Sullivan to lie against a bale of hay. She dips a cloth in a bucket of water, wrings it out, then places it gently on his forehead. He sighs.

VERONICA
There you go, big boy. Just try to get some sleep, okay?

SULLIVAN
Sleep is for the bourgeoisie. If you’ve got tibe to sleep, you’ve got tibe to... Sheep. Beep. Steep. Peep? What was I saying?

VERONICA
We were talking about sleep.

SULLIVAN
(suddenly animated again)
Sleep?! I’ll sleep when I’m dead!

Veronica gently pushes him back down, stroking his forehead.

VERONICA
Careful what you wish for. Hey, look!

She has spotted a guitar leaning against the wall of the barn. She goes over to pick it up.

SULLIVAN
(not noticing this)
There's nothig the matter with me except a little fever... and even if I did get sick I could have gone to some free hospital or- or-
(he works up to a sneeze, then sneezes)
Or somethig... wherever they take you... It would have been educational.

VERONICA
(gently, sitting again)
Ooh, bet they give you a nice free burial, too!

SULLIVAN
Oh don’t be so drabatic. Free burial! For a little cold? That’s why I’m here, you doe, education. It’s for a play. Did I tell you I’b a playwright?

VERONICA
You did.

SULLIVAN
S’true. I wrote “Brigadood”.
(sings, slurringly)
“...what a swell bood I’b id, what a... albost like beig id lo-.”

He yawns.

VERONICA
Wasn’t that Lerner and Loewe?

A moment.

SULLIVAN
So it was. Dab. Thought it sounded better than my other stuff. You’re really very beautiful, you doe that?

VERONICA
(chuckling)
I think I knew for sure around the eighth time you told me, but it’s still nice to hear.

Sullivan laughs, and it becomes a rasping cough.

SULLIVAN
Woah. I don’t sound so good.

VERONICA
Right. That’s why I think you should get some sleep. Here, I’ll play a little lullaby my nanny used to sing me back in Oklahoma.

She begins to play a simple folk progression on the guitar.

SULLIVAN
I- Well... All right. Baybe a little. Wake me up id ad hour, and we’ll get goig again.

He barely makes it to the end of this sentence before he is asleep. Veronica smiles.

VERONICA
Mm-hmm.
(sings)
THEY CAN TAKE THE STARS, I'VE SEEN THEM PLEN’Y;
THEY CAN PLUCK THE MOON RIGHT FROM THE SKIES;
KEEP SUNSETS, I’D NOT BUY ‘EM FOR A PENNY
I ONLY NEED TO SEE MY BABY’S EYES.

SULLIVAN
(barely stirring)
S’pretty...

This could be a lovely quiet moment, but ALSO MAYBE:

Some of the ensemble appear in terrible cow costumes and begin to “moo” as her backing vocalists.

VERONICA
I’VE NO NEED FOR THE BIRDS AND THEIR SWEET BIRDSONG
I NEED NO DRESSES IN THE LATEST STYLE
I KNOW THE TUNE, SO WHO CARES IF A WORD’S WRONG?
LONG AS I'VE GOT MY PRETTY BABY'S SMILE.

SULLIVAN
(his eyes still closed)
By the way, Burrows, have you seed by purple slippers?

Veronica keeps playing, but reacts to this with amusement. Still, she’s quick on her feet:

VERONICA
(as Burrows)
Yes, sir, I’ll be sure to leave them by your bed for the morning.

SULLIVAN
Right-o, Burrows. ‘Dight.

VERONICA
(as Burrows)
Good night, sir.

She smiles at him lovingly.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
I KNOW I COULD SURVIVE ON HIS KISSES ALONE
HIS KISSES ALONE FILL MY HEART
WERE I EVER DEPRIVED OF THIS LOVE I HAVE KNOWN
MY MIS’RY WOULD NEVER DEPART.

SO THEY CAN HAVE THEIR BOOKS OF MYTHS AND POEMS
FOR LIFE WITH HIM’S ITS OWN SWEET FAIRY TALE
I’M HAPPY HERE AS IN MADRID OR RO-UM
TO WALK WITH HIM ALONG THIS LOVERS’ TRAIL.

YES THEY CAN TAKE THE STARS AND MOON
AND POP THEM LIKE A TOY BALLOON
AS LONG AS I CAN SEE MY BABY’S-

SULLIVAN
Burrows. Burrows?

VERONICA
(as Burrows)
Yes, sir?

SULLIVAN
Turn off the gramophone before you go, would you?

VERONICA
(as Burrows)
Very good, sir.

She smiles, playing a final chord.

FADE TO BLACKOUT.

SEQUENCE D - SCENE 5
SULLY, VERONICA, FARMER, FARMER'S WIFE - A RURAL HIGHWAY

The farmer and his wife stand at their door, waving off Veronica and Sully. He is feeling better, and clearly coming to the end of a grand speech:

SULLIVAN
...But this? This is the real America, and you the real Americans, to whom greed and self-interest are terms without meaning, who love so much their country, their God, their fellow man, that they will, without a second thought, take a stranger into their home as they would a brother, and nurse him back to health. You kind, good people are the past this country has forgotten, the present it does not deserve, and the future it desperately needs. My friends, I salute you.

He literally does so, then exits.

VERONICA
...Thank you again!

She hurries after him.

THE FARMER'S WIFE
Were we ever so young?

THE FARMER
Possibly. But never so annoying.

TRANSITION TO

SEQUENCE E
SULLY, VERONICA, ENSMEBLE - THE POVERTY BALLET

Sullivan and Veronica silently walk through a world of poverty,

with sickness, hunger, and death lurking around every corner: This section must be full of very earnest pathos, the romantically tragic portrayal of the lives of the needy that Sullivan had expected, and was looking for. The music is silky and string-filled.

This 3-5 minute sequence could be done in any number of ways: Think of its bare-bones structure as an invitation to devise in whatever style you wish. Please remember, however, that it must feel deeply earnest with no hint of irony or humor in its execution.

1. A tent city, all ragged clothes and sunken eyes. Gaunt faces carved out by campfire light stare up at Sully and Veronica as they walk by. The ringing of a bell.

2. The Salvation Army: the kitchen is serving food that disgusts our duo. Still, they sit down to eat. Sully gives his bowl to the man next to him, who eats it up hungrily. Veronica picks at hers.

3a. The Salvation Army, Showers: Sully and Veronica are separated with the other poor. Each person takes off their shoes and places them in front of a curtain, before stepping behind the curtain to remove the rest of their clothes and shower.

3b. We see The Thief steal Sully's boots, and replace them with his own. Returning in only his socks, Sully picks up the hole-filled pair left by The Thief. Sighing, he puts them on.

4. The Salvation Army, night: they settle on the hall floor uncomfortably to try to sleep, crammed in with their bodies pressed up against the hundreds of others sleeping there.

5. The next day: The cook comes in with a pot and wooden spoon and bangs them together to wake everyone up. Veronica and Sully walk back out onto the street, cold and dejected.

6. Veronica is hungry, but the Salvation Army only feeds people once per day: our heroes must scrounge through a trash can. They begin to, but can't bring themselves to go through with it. Veronica looks up at Sullivan pleadingly, and he seems to agree:

SULLIVAN
Enough!

SEQUENCE F - SCENE 1
SULLY, VERONICA, CASALSIS, JONES, LEBRAND, HADRIAN

All those around them, who have been playing inhabitants of this world of poverty, suddenly fling off their rags to reveal the costumes of their characters from Sullivan's world at the start of the play, all talking ad lib about how relieved they are to stop the charade.

Still talking about how glad they are that's over with, they go to the sides of the stage and pick up cameras and microphones, at which point they immediately turn into reporters, hungry for information.

Veronica and Sullivan pose and answer their questions in silence as we hear a newsreader:

THE NEWSREADER
(v.o.)
And so, today, another chapter of this Great American Story comes to an end. John L Sullivan, already considered by many to be a leading comic connoisseur in Hollywood, has, by completing this journey into the heart of America's dark underbelly and returning not unscathed yet undeterred, has made himself not only a central figure in the vanguard of the American motion picture, but an indelible piece
(MORE)

THE NEWSREADER (CONT'D)
of America's folklore. America salutes you, Mr. Sullivan.

SEQUENCE F - SCENE 2
CASALSIS - AT A TELEPHONE

MR CASALSIS
Yes, sir, Mr. LeBrand, it's all finished...The greatest expedition of modern times...almost the greatest sacrifice ever made by human man... Yes sir, Mr. LeBrand, I agree with you. He's all cleaned up except tonight he's just going through for a quick tour, and do you know what for? It'll tear your heart out. He calls it "The Payoff"...

Lights up on Sully. As Casalsis continues, Sully walks down a street with a pile of bills, handing them out to each poor person he sees, each of whom react with awe at an amount of money many of them have never held in their hands before.

MR CASALSIS (CONT'D)
He's taking a thousand dollars in five-dollar bills and he's going to hand them out to these bums, in gratitude for what they did for him... Now is that a story, huh? Does that give you a lump in your throat or does that give you a lump in your throat?

Light fades on Casalsis as Sully gives a $5 bill to a man the audience recognizes as The Thief, who stole his shoes during The Poverty Ballet. Seeing an opportunity, he begins to stalk Sully through the streets.

Sully rounds a corner, and is tripped up by... The Censor, leaning against a lamppost.

THE CENSOR
Well, well. Didn't you do... well.

SULLIVAN
(picking up any loose bills)
Oh, just give up already. You're not going to stop me. I'll fight you all the way to the Supreme Court if I have to, America must see
(MORE)

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
itself as it truly is! You're not going to stop me from making the picture I want to make!

THE CENSOR
Oh, but I am.

We hear the jaunty first bars of a new villain song.

THE CENSOR (CONT'D)
Sully. Sully-baby. Can't you see? It's not about you. This is simply what America-

Suddenly he is struck over the head, and falls to the floor, limp. The music stops.

Behind him, holding a bloody pipe, is The Thief.

SULLIVAN
(half-laughing)
You- Gee, I can't thank you enough, pal. You really saved my bacon on that-

The Thief hits Sully over the head with the pipe, and he, too, falls to the floor.

With this, The Thief drops the pipe, grabs the cash, and runs.

The Thief is overwhelmed, so wildly excited that he does not notice himself running onto train tracks; A light at his back draws closer. He sees it, but then sees he has dropped some of the $5 bills, and scrambles to pick them up. The light draws closer still, and is now too bright for him to see where to run.

He shields his eyes. A horn, a screech of breaks. Blackout.

In a spotlight, $5 bills rain from the rafters, punctuated by a falling boot.

A NEWSBOY
(in another spotlight, or v.o.)
Extra, extra! Death of Hollywood director John L Sullivan shocks nation! Read all about it!

SEQUENCE F - SCENE 3
VERONICA, THE VALET - SULLY'S HOUSE

Veronica is pacing, biting her nails. The Valet stands to the side, with sympathy.

VERONICA
Why didn’t he wake me up before... I would have told him it was a terrible... Oh, John!

The phone rings. The Valet picks it up.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Who is it? Did they find him? Is he all right?

THE VALET
(down the phone)
Yes, Mr. Casalsis. She’ll be right here when Mr. LeBrand arrives. Mister Burrows is awaiting him by the door. Thank you, sir.

He hangs up, then sits next to Veronica.

THE VALET (CONT'D)
My dear, they found him hours ago.

VERONICA
Yes, but-

THE VALET
They identified the body by the metal tag I placed in his boot.

VERONICA
Yes, but what if-

THE VALET
Miss Veronica. He’s gone.

A moment.

VERONICA
I never- Can- Is there any leftover... keech?

The Valet smiles kindly.

THE VALET
I shall check the icebox, Miss Veronica.

He puts his hand on hers sympathetically, then exits. Veronica is left alone.

(THIS SONG JUST PLAIN SUCKS. BUT THERE SHOULD BE SOMETHING LIKE IT HERE, SO I'M LEAVING IT FOR NOW.)

VERONICA
I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE;
WALLS WHERE ONCE WERE DOORS.
HOW CAN I BE JUST MINE AGAIN
NOW THAT I HAVE BEEN YOURS?
WALLS WHERE ONCE WERE DOORS;
I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.

I WAS SUCH A FOOL,
TRYING TO PLAY IT COOL.
NOW I'M LIKE AN ENGAGEMENT RING
THAT'S LOST ITS SHINY JEWEL.
TRYING TO PLAY IT COOL;
I WAS SUCH A FOOL.

I SHOULD HATE YOU
BUT I MISS YOU
AND IT'S TAKING ALL MY WILL TO
KEEP ME FROM REMEM'BRING HOW I FEEL AND BURSTING INTO TEARS.
...
BUT THE MOMENT I FIND SOMETHING REAL IT UP AND DISAPPEARS.

The music grows quiet.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
THIS WAS LOVE, IT WAS:
NO WHYS, ALL BECAUSE.
THE MUSIC'S JUST BEGUN AND NOW
ALREADY THERE'S APPLAUSE.
NO WHYS, ALL BECAUSE.
THIS WAS LOVE. IT WAS.

Veronica ends the song seated, and lights fade up to show she is sitting with LeBrand and Hadrian. LeBrand has clearly been talking to her for some time, but she is looking away, lost in thought.

MR. LEBRAND
(very gently)
...and so I'd like you to come with us, my dear... Casalsis has explained it to me: You were his last discovery... his final gift to the world. We'll take care of you always.

MR. HADRIAN
(after a pause)
She didn't hear you.

After a second, Veronica sobs, and buries her head in LeBrand's chest. The music swells one last time, as the lights fade to black.

From now on, there is no music.

SEQUENCE G
SULLIVAN - A SPOTLIGHT

Sullivan is lying in a sharp-edged, narrow spotlight. Unless otherwise specified, he should be entirely alone for the duration of this sequence, with all other characters only as voices.

Where the physical presence of other actors is specified (a kicking foot, a helping hand), <u>WE MUST NEVER SEE THEIR FACES</u>.

Sullivan lies there for some time, not moving. Eventually...

THE YARDMAN
Hey!

Sullivan stirs, and begins to get up before clutching his head where The Thief hit him.

THE YARDMAN (CONT'D)
What's the idea of riding into the yards, 'bo?

Sullivan turns his head in the direction of the voice.

SULLIVAN
Huh?

THE YARDMAN
I said, what's the idea of riding into the freight yard, ya drunken scum?

SULLIVAN
Lay off, willya? I dunno where-

THE YARDMAN
I got a good mind to run you in for trespass.

SULLIVAN
Go soak your head, you dumb cluck; can't you see I'm sick?

He puts his head back down on the ground. We hear laughter from the other rail workers.

A RAIL WORKER
That's tellin' him, 'bo!

THE YARDMAN
(furiously)
Get goin', you dirty fuckin' rat!

A foot enters the pool of light and kicks Sullivan in the back. He reels in pain. The workers cheer.

THE YARDMAN (CONT'D)
C'mon, git, ya damn fuckin' bum!

As he struggles to get up, Sullivan's hand settles on the pipe that he was hit with. He grasps it tightly.

THE YARDMAN (CONT'D)
C'mon!

He kicks him again. Angry, Sullivan slowly straightens to his feet, holding the pipe.

THE YARDMAN (CONT'D)
That's it, on yer feet.

Sullivan hits The Yardman with the pipe. The Yardman yells out in pain, and we hear a thump as his body falls.

Dropping the pipe, Sullivan looks down at his hand: it is now stained with blood.

The aftermath - The Yardman's screaming and his colleagues' efforts to help him - sounds as if it's under water. Sully clutches

the back of his head again, falls to his knees, then onto his face.

The soundscape shifts and changes strangely: we hear an ambulance, police, shouting voices, groans.

The sound of a gavel brings us back into focus and awakens Sully, who is pulled back to his knees by arms on either side of him, hands behind his back as if cuffed.

He looks up, as if The Judge is 10 feet above him. The sound begins to muddle together and layer onto itself.

THE JUDGE
Trespass, resisting arrest, atrocious assault and battery with intent to kill [...]

THE PUBLIC DEFENDER
We object, your honor, my client had been injured and denies all knowledge [...]

THE JUDGE
Objection over-ruled [...] Trespass, resisting arrest [...]

THE PUBLIC DEFENDER
Objection, your honor, the man was a railroad employee and not an officer of the law [...]

THE JUDGE
Sustained [...] trespass and atrocious assault...

THE PUBLIC DEFENDER
Objection, your honor...

THE JUDGE
Objection over-ruled, get down to business... prisoner at the bar!

THE DEPUTY
(clearly)
PRISONER AT THE BAR!

The two pairs of hands reach into the pool of light and pull Sully to his feet, where they hold him.

THE DEPUTY (CONT'D)
(quietly, as if in Sully’s ear)
Just answer when you're spoken to.

SULLIVAN
(vaguely)
Huh?

THE JUDGE
Do you plead guilty or not guilty?

SULLIVAN
Huh?

THE JUDGE
Guilty or not guilty to trespass and atrocious assault with a steel pipe upon the person of the employee of the railroads.

SULLIVAN
(vaguely)
I guess I... I do remember... m’all mixed up...
(he looks at his hand)
...I'm very sorry... I’ll be glad to give you any damages you-

THE JUDGE
So you still refuse to give your name?

SULLIVAN
It’ll come to me in a minute... I’ve got such a headache... I’m just all... mixed up...

THE PUBLIC DEFENDER
We plead guilty, Your Honor, with extenuating circumstances due to temporary insanity and throw ourselves upon the mercy of the Court.

SULLIVAN
(turning to the deputy)
What'd he say?

The Judge’s voice begins to echo in and out:

THE JUDGE
These are perilous times and we have no desire to be severe. Vagrancy is rampant, and [...] of municipalities [...] more than indulgent [...] present conditions.

Sullivan is squinting at the judge, trying to focus his eyes.

THE JUDGE (CONT'D)
On the other hand, lines must be drawn [...] property must be protected [...]

SULLIVAN
Just a minute.

There is a rap of the gavel.

THE JUDGE
(suddenly clear)
Silence! When confronted with violence and hoodlumism this court has no alternative. Since you still refuse to remember your name, and having heard the arguments of your counsel...
(beginning to fade in and out again)
...including temporary insanity... mindful also of the fact... the mercy of this court... as lenient as my conscience permits...
(clear again)
Richard Roe: I sentence you to six years at hard labor.

He bangs the gavel.

SULLIVAN
(to the Deputy)
What's he talking about?

THE DEPUTY
You got off easy.

Sully is dragged backwards upstage. The light does not follow him.

SULLIVAN
(with mounting panic)
But wait a minute... get me a telephone... I want to send a, a... Wait a minute... I'm all mixed up here!

The spot light fades, and a new one appears upstage, where Sully sits on a chair. We hear the car door close, and the car start to drive. Sully jiggles as if in a car as he drops in and out of consciousness. After a moment, the car stops.

THE SHERIFF
All right, out you come.

As Sullivan stands up, a hand takes the chair away.

SULLIVAN
(remembering)
Wait a minute, boys; I want-

Without warning, a hand reaches into the pool of light and hits him across the face.

THE MISTER
You speak when you're god-damned spoken to. And not before, see? You raise your arm and wait.

SULLIVAN
Listen, you...

The hand hits him again, hard. Sully falls to the ground.

THE MISTER
"Listen"? Who the fuck d'you think yer talkin' to? And you say "Mister". Or "Sir".
(to his assistant)
You take him to the can, then find him a bunk.

The Trusty reaches in and helps him up. He has a kind voice.

THE TRUSTY
Come on.

SULLIVAN
But...

THE TRUSTY
Mm-mm. C'mon now.

As Sully follows The Trusty downstage, the pool of light behind him slowly fades, and the downstage pool reappears.

THE MISTER
How's everything up at the house, Charlie?

THE SHERIFF
Fine, Jake, fine.

THE MISTER
(getting farther away)
Give my regards to the Mrs.

SULLIVAN
(to The Trusty)
I got to get outta here.

THE SHERIFF
(farther still)
I'll do that little thing... so long now.

THE TRUSTY
(close by)
Take it easy, boy.

We hear the Sheriff get in his car and drive off.

SULLIVAN
Listen: I'm John L. Sullivan, a Hollywood director. Somebody slugged me, I've got to get out of here.

THE TRUSTY
(lowering his voice)
Take it easy, will you... you're going to lose your privilege... no letters, no writin', no smokes. You don’t want that.

SULLIVAN
(excitedly)
I’ll tell you what I want: I want a lawyer... I want a telephone... you can't do things like this to people! I have a right-

THE TRUSTY
Will you pipe down before he hears!

SULLIVAN
(loudly)
I want a lawyer... I demand my right to have a lawyer... you take me to a telephone, or-

THE MISTER
You startin’ in again? You're goin’ to be here a long damn time, see? You better learn, and learn quick.

Sullivan turns around to “The Mister” coming up behind him.

SULLIVAN
I want a lawyer and I want him quick. I want to get to a telephone, and-

“The Mister” hits him again. This time, with the thump of a body hitting the floor, everything goes black. Now we hear two more hits, the dragging of a body, followed by it being chucked onto a cot.

THE MISTER
(echoing)
All right, chain him in.

We hear chains jingling, and the murmuring chuckles of the other inmates.

THE MISTER (CONT'D)
(echoing)
No privilege... fresh guy.

The soundscape churns again - sounds of a mess hall, of walking, of shouted orders - then refocuses on the sounds of men working: they are shoveling a canal.

The spotlight fades back up on Sullivan in shackles, his shirt over his bare shoulder, shoveling.

For a long, long while, he just shovels, stopping occasionally to wipe his brow or look around. It is hard work.

A *long* while.

Eventually, The Trusty's voice can be faintly heard, getting closer:

THE TRUSTY
We're goin't see a picture Sunday. Here y'are.

He repeats this news (ad lib) as he walks down the line of workers. When he reaches Sullivan, we hear water pouring, then a hand holding a metal cup reaches into his spotlight.

THE TRUSTY (CONT'D)
(in a low, excited voice)
Gonna see a picture show Sunday.

Sullivan grabs the cup and gulps down its contents greedily.

SULLIVAN
(sourly)
When can I write a letter?

THE TRUSTY
When you get yer privilege back.

SULLIVAN
How long is that going to take?

THE TRUSTY
That all depends on The Mister. He's all right long as you take it nice and quiet.

SULLIVAN
(raucously)
Well how long does it take him to make up his mind?

THE TRUSTY
Take it easy, will you, or you'll never get it.

Sullivan resumes his work, as does The Trusty. As The Trusty leans down to give a cup of water to the prisoner next to him, the newspaper in his hip pocket enters Sully's spotlight.

Unthinking, Sully grabs the paper. The Trusty doesn't notice as he straightens.

SULLIVAN
(reading)
"Strange death of Hollywood director". Death? They think I'm dead?!

He begins to read more closely. An imposing shadow soon appears behind him.

THE MISTER
Who the fuck give you leave to read the paper... you just won't learn, huh?

SULLIVAN
(desperately)
No, just- it's about me! I- I just happened to see it and...

THE MISTER
(interrupting)
Shut up. Turn around.

Sullivan turns towards the audience.

THE MISTER (CONT'D)
Hands behind your back.

Sullivan obeys. The Mister puts handcuffs on him.

THE MISTER (CONT'D)
Put him in the sweatbox.

THE TRUSTY
For how long, Mister?

THE MISTER
Till I damn well tell you to take him out...
You gonna start now?

THE TRUSTY
No, sir... I mean yes, sir; I mean no, sir.

THE MISTER
Well get to movin'.

Sully is led out of his light. The spotlight fades slowly as we hear the hissing of steam, and the closing and locking of a door.

A low red light begins to illuminate Sully, who is now in a tiny wooden shack - smaller than an outhouse, bigger than a coffin - and breathing heavily.

It is hot, and getting hotter. The red light builds in intensity, and Sully squirms and writhes in discomfort.

Hotter still. The light builds further. Sully is beginning to dip lose consciousness when...

THE TRUSTY
Psst.

Sully’s lolling head perks up slightly.

A rectangle of not-red light grows across his face with a scraping of wood on wood to imply the opening of a small door within the door to the sweatbox.

The ladle from earlier is pushed through the opening, pouring water onto Sully’s face and into his mouth.

THE TRUSTY (CONT'D)
Tastes good, don't it? I'll try to get him to let you off early.

The rectangle of light on Sully’s face disappears, and we hear the Trusty hurry away.

Newly awake, Sully writhes in pain, but his shouts of agony only come out as whimpers. Dehydrated, defeated, he slumps: if there weren’t walls in every direction, he would fall over.

A pause. It should feel endless.

Finally, we hear running-shuffling footsteps and a fumbling at the door. The door is yanked open, and the light loses its red tint just as Sullivan falls forward to his knees, barely able to keep his head up. He tries to speak but just mutters gibberish.

Now he falls onto his face, but is caught by The Trusty’s arms. The Trusty props him up against the shack, then begins to dab his face with a wet cloth.

THE TRUSTY (CONT'D)
(almost tenderly)
OK... It’s OK... You'll be all right... you got to learn, that's all... It ain't so easy at first... but after a while you don't mind... We ain't so bad off... He ain't bad... has to deal with some pretty tough hombres... But he got us chicken last Thanksgivin'... and some turkey once, for Christmas... and there ain't another Mister takes his gang to a picture show.

As The Trusty continues, we begin to hear footsteps on tarmac, and the singing of a hymn by a congregation in the distance.

The Trusty hands Sully a metal cup of water, which he drinks greedily.

THE TRUSTY (CONT'D)
That's right, drink up... You'll be all right. Y'know, maybe- Maybe if I ask him, he'll let you go to the show on Sunday... huh? How'd that be? All right, now let's get you to bed.

The Trusty helps Sullivan to his feet. The hymn gets louder, and Sully begins to walk in place, his head bent, in time with the footsteps.

(Until the prisoners enter, the sound of the church should be getting progressively louder.)

Around when the prisoners stop walking, the hymn ends. Now we hear the preacher:

THE OLD PREACHER
Now, brothers and sisters, we are once again goin' to have some entertainment. I don't have to tell you what it is.

The congregation laughs.

THE OLD PREACHER (CONT'D)
This sheet hangin' here kinda gives it away.

There is a little more laughter.

THE OLD PREACHER (CONT'D)
And once again, brothers and sisters, we are goin' to share our pleasure with some neighbors less fortunate than ourselves... and I am goin' to ask you once more, neither by word, nor by action, nor by look to make our guests feel unwelcome... nor to draw away from them or get high-tone.
(now he thunders)
For we is all equal in the sight of God. And He said: Let him who is without sin cast the first stone. And their chains shall be struck from them! And the lame shall leap! And the blind shall see! AND GLORY IN THE COMING OF THE LORD!

THE CONGREGATION
(ad lib)
Amen! Hallelujah! Praise him!

For just a moment, Sully looks up at the sky. Then he bends his head low once more.

THE OLD PREACHER
Now let's rise and give them a little welcome.

The harmonium starts up once more. We hear the sound of the congregation standing, the pews scratching against the stone floor, and the door swinging open as they begin to sing a reprise.

The prisoners begin shuffling in, their chains dragging along the ground. We hear both The Mister and The Trusty quietly telling them to get a move on, directing them where to sit.

The hymn’s reprise ends.

THE OLD PREACHER (CONT'D)
Please be seated.

They are. Sully sits uncomfortably onto a bench, squeezed in on either side by the bodies of two other convicts.

THE OLD PREACHER (CONT'D)
Will those of you nearest the lights kindly turn them low.

The spotlight dims.

THE OLD PREACHER (CONT'D)
Let ‘er go, Charlie.

We hear the sound of an old projector reel spinning. A white light appears on Sully and the convicts. We hear [/and see on the wall behind them?] the film they are watching. It soon becomes clear that this is the scene he was directing at the top of the show. [See Sequence A]

At the first joke, there is a yell of laughter from everybody except Sullivan. He looks to his left, out at the screen, then to his

right and glumly back up at the screen. This continues: with each new laugh, Sullivan looks more alone.

The soundscape churns again, the sounds of the film and the laughter echoing and burbling as Sullivan stares blankly ahead, resigned to his misery.

Then, almost imperceptibly, at the next joke, his expression softens and he very faintly chuckles along with the crowd.

Now the next joke: he snorts a couple of times, and shakes his head.

Another joke: this time he laughs out loud, almost as if it hurts him. He sort of can’t believe it. He’s laughing. He’s laughing!

Now there is a roar from the audience; Sullivan throws back his head and roars with them, in a kind of ecstasy. Another, and he’s laughing with his whole body, almost shouting, almost weeping, slapping his thigh and leaning onto the convicts next to him.

The sound of the film and the laughter around him starts to fade, but Sullivan keeps laughing and laughing, wiping the tears from his eyes.

As the sound around him totally fades, he begins to calm down. He pants, smiles, and leans back, totally spent. After a while, we shift back to the sounds of the prisoners at the canal, on a lunch break.

The Trusty, now sitting next to Sullivan, passes him a sandwich and a cup of water.

SULLIVAN
(as if continuing a conversation)
So, you see, they think I'm dead but I'm not.

THE TRUSTY
Well, that's fine, just think what a nice surprise they'll have when you get out.

SULLIVAN
You don't seem to understand: I haven't got the time to spend six years here.

The Trusty starts to laugh, then realizes Sully isn't joking.

THE TRUSTY
But you were sentenced.

SULLIVAN
(patiently)
I know that but I still haven't got the time.

THE TRUSTY
Suppose you'll have to find the time.

SULLIVAN
Don't you understand? They don't sentence people like me to places like this for a little... disagreement with a Yard Bull.

THE TRUSTY
Don't they?

SULLIVAN
They do not.

THE TRUSTY
(tactfully)
Then maybe you ain't a Hollywood director... maybe that idea just come to you when you took that hit to the head.

Sullivan feels his head and thinks about this.

THE TRUSTY (CONT'D)
(apologetically)
Maybe.
(then, after a pause)
We used to have a fellow here thought he was Lindbergh... used to fly away every night. But he was always back in the morning.

SULLIVAN
(scowling)
Don’t I look like a Hollywood director?

THE TRUSTY
‘Course I never seen one... to me you look more like a soda jerk... or maybe a plasterer.

SULLIVAN
(after a pause)
If ever a plot needed a twist, this one does.

THE TRUSTY
Huh?

SULLIVAN
I’ve got to get my picture in the paper.

THE TRUSTY
(amiably)
That would be swell... you could paste it over your bunk.

SULLIVAN
What kind of people get their pictures in the papers?

THE TRUSTY
Ball players?

Sullivan shakes his head in the negative.

THE TRUSTY (CONT'D)
Girls? They take ‘em with their legs crossed. I cut one out; she was sittin’-

Sullivan shakes his head.

THE TRUSTY (CONT'D)
Well, uh, when you die... if you was important enough...

SULLIVAN
I’ve had that.

THE TRUSTY
Murderers?

Sullivan starts to shrug his shoulder, then becomes rigid.

THE TRUSTY (CONT'D)
There was a swell pitcher of a friend of mine... he was a lodge brother... they called him “The Blowtorch Killer”.

SULLIVAN
(forcefully)
That’s it! You tell The Mister I’m ready to make a full confession.

THE TRUSTY
(standing up)
Now- Now wait just a minute!

SULLIVAN
There isn’t a minute to lose... my- my conscience has got me! I’m ready to confess! I want to confess! I want to confess to the murder of John L Sullivan!

SEQUENCE H
SULLIVAN - THE END

He stands up, and the stage is suddenly fully and brightly lit, totally empty save for the bench he was sitting on. He runs around the stage, shouting to the world:

SULLIVAN
I killed John L Sullivan! I killed John L Sullivan!

He continues ad lib as, from all entrances, the ensemble pours in shouting and chattering. Bulbs flash, music swells, everyone swarms around him.

As he is swarmed by reporters, Sully looks around for Veronica, but can’t find her. Finally he spots her, standing off to the side watching. He breaks through the ring of people and rushes to her embrace. They kiss, and bulbs flash around them some more.

As close to each other as they are, they still have to yell to be heard.

VERONICA
I'm so happy.

SULLIVAN
What did you say?

VERONICA
I said: ”I'm so happy."

SULLIVAN
So am I.

SULLIVAN AND VERONICA
I WAS QUITE HAPPY ALONE NOW I’M LONELY WITHOUT YOU
AND WITH MY ARMS ABOUT YOU
I’M DECIDEDLY...

They kiss once more.

The reporters have been replaced by Lebrand, Hadrian, Jones, and Casalsis, who wait for this kiss to finish.

MR. LEBRAND
Sully! Baby! You were right!

SULLIVAN
Well, I always like to hear that. What was I right about this time?

MR. LEBRAND
The book! “For Whom The Night Falls”! I read it, and... Oh, Sully it’s fabulous. I bought copies for the whole studio, we all read it.

Everyone starts nodding and saying things like, “Oh, yes, really moving,” and “I read it twice!”

MR. CASALSIS
And then think of the publicity! I tell you this is the most dynamic tragedy in the history of pictures.

MS. JONES
...in the history of history! We got more free publicity than Hitler's funeral.

MR. LEBRAND
(like a 40s voiceover)
No man in history has gone to such lengths, overcome such obstacles, run such risks, made such sacrifices...

They all start to talk over each other.

MS. JONES
If he'd a done it on purpose he couldn't a done it as good.

MR. HADRIAN
It will be sensational.

MR. CASALSIS
It'll be monumental.

MS. JONES
'The greatest drama since the Johnstown flood'...

MR. CASALSIS
Furthermore, with a hookup of the syndicates, a forty-nine cent edition of a million copies, and-

MS. JONES
Hookup with every brotherhood, every lodge, every benevolent association, a club in every city over ten thousand...

MR. LEBRAND
(clapping for silence)
Just a moment, gentlemen. The point is, "For Whom the Night Falls" is going to be the greatest tragedy ever made! The world will weep! Humanity will sob when you-

MR. CASALSIS
It'll put Shakespeare back with the shipping news.

MR. LEBRAND
Quiet!
(then again to Sullivan)
Your personal courage... your sacrifice... the lengths to which you went to sample the bitter dregs of vicissitude will make "For Whom the Night Falls" positively and beyond dispute the greatest-

Sullivan, who has watched all this with some amusement, pipes up.

SULLIVAN
I'm sorry to disappoint you.

Mr. Lebrand stops in his tracks.

MR. LEBRAND
(stunned)
You're sorry to disappoint me...

SULLIVAN
Yes, I... I say this with some embarrassment, but... I don't want to make “For Whom the Night Falls”.

MR. LEBRAND
(dully)
You don't want to make “For Whom the Night Falls”

SULLIVAN
And I say it with some embarrassment. I want to make another comedy.

MR. LEBRAND
You... with some embarrassment...
(monotonously, to Hadrian)
He doesn't want to make “For Whom the Night Falls", he wants to make another comedy.

MS. JONES
He don't mean that, Boss, he's just still a little stir-crazy.

SULLIVAN
Oh, yes I do- oh no, I'm not.

MR. LEBRAND
(smiling a sickly smile)
You're joking, aren't you, Sully? It's in bad taste, but it's a joke.

SULLIVAN
(firmly)
No.

MS. JONES
But what are we going to do with all this publicity?

MR. HADRIAN
Why don't you want to make “For Whom the Night Falls", Sully?

SULLIVAN
Well, in the first place I'm too happy to make "For Whom the Night Falls".
(he takes Veronica’s hand in his)
In the second place, I haven't suffered enough to make "For Whom the Night Falls".

MR. CASALSIS
You haven't suffered enough?

MR. LEBRAND
He hasn't suffered enough.

SULLIVAN
In the third place, I never will have suffered enough to make “For Whom the Night Falls". And besides, the adaptation’s never as good as the original.

His listeners look at each other goggle-eyed.

MR. LEBRAND
But Sully!

SULLIVAN
You were right, Victor.

MR. LEBRAND
I was?

SULLIVAN
Uh-huh. There's a lot to be said for making people laugh... Did you know that's all some people have? It isn't much, but it's better than nothing in this cockeyed caravan. Boy!

He shakes his head reminiscently.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
(standing)
SURE YOU’LL WIN AWARDS WITH YOUR EUGENE O’NEILL

VERONICA
AND BERGMAN WILL MAKE INTELLECTUALS SQUEAL

SULLIVAN AND VERONICA
BUT WHO CAN BEAT ZIEGFELD FOR RAW SEX APPEAL?

SULLIVAN
Everybody!

All join in to sing the final reprise. This includes Gary, who appears with a cartoonish bandage on his head. He feigns anger with Sully, then smiles and holds out his arms; they embrace.

ENSEMBLE
LIFE’S HARD ENOUGH!
LIFE ISN'T FAIR
DON'T YOU THINK THE MOVIES SHOULD BE FUN?
MOST DAYS ARE ROUGH,
GOOD DAYS ARE RARE,
DON'T YOU THINK THE MOVIES SHOULD BE FUN?

GARY
OUT THERE’S A WORLD FULL OF PAIN AND REGRET

SULLIVAN
YOU’D BETTER BE READY TO LOSE WHAT YOU BET

GARY AND SULLIVAN
THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS TO STAND BACK AND LET...

GARY AND SULLIVAN (CONT'D) ENSEMBLE
THE MOVIES... WHY... NOT... LET... THE...
THE MOVIES... BE... FOR... MOO... VIES... BE... FOR...

ENSEMBLE (CONT'D)
LAUGHTER, LOVE AND HAPPY ENDINGS,
NOTHING SNIDE OR CONDESCENDING
FEATHER BOAS, SMILING FACES
GIRLS AND GARTERS, LEGS AND LACE AND FUN!
FUN! FUUUUUN!

They finish in a big pose, and hold for applause. “THE END” is projected onto the back wall.

After the applause, they all leave the stage together, presumably for some sort of afterparty. Their chattering fades as they exit, leaving two people on stage: The Butler and The Valet. (Note that the actors were in the previous number, playing other parts.)

In silence, they begin to clean up, sweeping up feathers and confetti, the detritus of the bombastic finale.

Time passes.

Eventually, The Valet begins to quietly hum the final song. The Butler looks up. Their eyes meet.

The Butler shrugs. The Valet chuckles and looks away, shaking

his head. The Butler exhales sharply out of his nose, but does not smile.

They share another look.

...

BLACKOUT

CURTAIN

APPENDIX A

PUTTIN' THE YEARS TO GOOD USE - MIZ ZEFFIE

MIZ. ZEFFIE
I'M NOT THE AGE I USED TO BE
BUT I DON'T FEEL ASHAMED
JUST MEANS I'VE HAD MORE TIME TO LEARN
THE SECRETS OF THE GAME
I MAY BE NO SPRING CHICKEN
BUT HONEY I'LL COOK YOUR GOOSE.
NO-ONE MAKES IT QUITE LIKE MAMA
I PUT THE YEARS TO GOOD USE.

I LIKE A LITTLE GAMBLE
PLAY POKER, STUD, OR GIN,
AND IF THE HANDS ARE GOOD OR BAD,
WELL, EITHER WAY, I WIN.
MAY SEEM LIKE I'M ALL ACES NOW BUT
I'VE SEEN MY SHARE OF DEUCE.
NOW THIS QUEEN MAKES SURE HER DECKS ARE STACKED
I'VE PUT THE YEARS TO GOOD USE.

I'VE DONE A LOT OF LIVING
AND LIVING ISN'T FREE
I'VE PLAYED A HUNDRED ROLES
BUT EVERY ONE OF THEM WAS ME.
I'VE BEEN A SPY, A SEAMSTRESS,
I MADE A MEAN MASSEUSE
LET MAMA GET THE KINKS OUT
I'LL PUT THE YEARS TO GOOD USE.

IT'S EASY TO BE LUCKY WHEN YOU'RE WEALTHY
IT'S NOT HARD TO BE PRETTY WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG
BUT WHY SHOULD LIFE BEGIN AND END AT TWENTY?
I'M STILL HERE AND I'M GONNA HAVE MY FUN!

SURE, NEW THINGS TEND TO GLITTER
BUT GLITTER ISN'T GOLD
YOU CAN'T HELP GETTING OLDER,
BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO GET OLD.
NOT SAYING I'M THE FRESHEST PLUM BUT I STILL GOT THE JUICE.
YOU THIRSTY? LET ME QUENCH YA.
I PUT THE YEARS TO GOOD USE.

[STRIP/DANCE BREAK ends on a sudden silence, then softer, slower, post-coital]

MIZ. ZEFFIE (CONT'D)
WE'LL KEEP IT, AS THE FRENCH SAY, ABSOLUTELY "ENTRAY NOOSE"
(GIGGLE)
WHY NOT LET ME SHOW YOU HOW...
I PUT THE YEARS TO GOOD USE

Good night, John.

She blows a kiss and switches off the light before closing the door.

Sully, lit only by his bedside lamp, is stunned.

MUSICAL BUTTON, BLACKOUT.

To-Do

Decide if Veronica's white or not. Does it matter? (Yes.)

A-1: Find a slapstick movie to steal from/write (and film?) a comedy scene?

B-2: Finish *The Censor's Tango*

C-1: Veronica's half-song?

C-7: Bridge/Another Verse for *The Game*? It feels short.

D-1: I had this idea that The Censor would take Sully's dime and flip three heads in a row (on "HE...TOLD...ME..." at the song's start) and then pocket the dime. This way there's a reason for Sully not to have it in the next scene. Is it worth trying to fit this in somewhere?

D-4: Cows sing along? Also is this song kinda too boring/ unthematic? **NEW SONG HERE?**

F-3: This song sucks. **NEW SONG HERE!** (I do like the way it segues into LeBrand and Hadrian, though.)

G: (See A-1)

H: What should The Valet hum?