

"THE LOST WEEKEND"

by

CHARLES BRACKETT

&

BILLY WILDER

10/23/44

THE LOST WEEKEND

THE PEOPLE INVOLVED:

DON BIRNAM.....Ray Milland  
WICK BIRNAM.....Phil Terry  
HELEN ST. JAMES.....Jane Wyman  
NAT, behind the bar.....Howard DaSilva  
GLORIA, with the net stockings.....Doris Dowling  
BIM, of the Alcoholic Ward.....  
MRS. FOLEY, who comes twice a week...Anita Bolster  
MRS. DEVERIDGE, from next door.....  
MRS. FRINK, her friend.....  
MR. BROPHY, from the liquor store....  
DAVE, the janitor.....  
CHARLES ST. JAMES.....  
MRS. ST. JAMES.....  
Mrs. Deveridge's dog, SOPHIE

\* \* \*

SEQUENCE "A"

FADE IN:

A-1 THE MAN-MADE MOUNTAIN PEAKS OF MANHATTAN

on a sunny day in October, 1938. THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS the distant ridge of midtown buildings, then slowly FINDS A FOREGROUND: THE REAR OF A SMALL APARTMENT HOUSE on East 55th Street.

It is a 4-story affair of brick, housing some eight apartments, half of them giving on the garden or rather on the routine back yard with a sumac tree, a stone bench, and some mouldy flower boxes in which geraniums are dying.

THE MOVING CAMERA CONCENTRATES on the 4th-floor apartment, which boasts three windows. Two of them give on the living room, one on the bedroom of the brothers Birnam. THE CAMERA NARROWS its interest to THE BEDROOM WINDOW.

It is open, like a million other windows in New York that warm day. What gives it individuality is that from an awning cleat there dangles down the outside wall something which very few people hang from their windows: a bottle of whiskey.

Through the window we can see the brothers Birnam pecking.

A-2 INT. BEDROOM

It is a smallish room with twin beds in opposite corners, both of them unmade. There are books on the night tables, two chests of drawers with some of the drawers open, and the closet is open too. One door leads to the living room, another to the cramped entrance hall.

(Maybe this is the time to describe the apartment. You've seen that living room a hundred times if you know literate, artistically inclined people. On one wall are bookshelves surrounding a marble fireplace, on which stands a tiny plaster bust of Shakespeare. In the shelves, art books and serious works of fiction: Thomas Mann, F. Scott Fitzgerald, James Joyce and the like. There are Picasso, Van Gogh and Utrillo reproductions on the other walls. A comfortable, elderly armchair stands near one of the windows. There is a studio couch, a low, tiled table -- oh, you know.

Off the living room is the familiar kitchenette for the light housekeeping of two bachelors -- i.e. coffee and coffee.

The bathroom, inconveniently enough, is off the entrance hall. A floor plan, authenticated by the author of the book, will be furnished on request).

A-2 (Cont'd)

To get back to the bedroom and the Birnam brothers: a small suitcase lies open on each bed. DON, the brother nearest the window, is bent over one, putting in socks, shirts, etc. He is thirty-three, an extremely attractive guy, but ten pounds underweight, and in his eye there is something rebellious, something sly.

WICK, two years younger, is much sturdier, kindly, sympathetic, solid gold. He wears glasses and is smoking a cigarette. He is on his way from the closet to his suitcase with some stuff. He throws a sweater across to Don.

WICK: Better take this along, Don. It's going to be cold on the farm.

DON: Okay.

WICK: How many shirts are you taking?

DON: Three.

WICK: I'm taking five.

DON: Five?

WICK: I told them at the office I might not be back till Tuesday. We'll get there this afternoon. That'll give us all Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday. We'll make it a long weekend.

DON: Sounds long, all right.

WICK: It'll do you good, Don, after what you've been through.

Don has crossed to the chest of drawers and fished out more shirts and socks.

WICK: Trees and grass and sweet cider and buttermilk and water from that well that's colder than any other water.

DON: Wick, please, why this emphasis on liquids? Noble, upstanding, nauseating liquids.

WICK: Sorry, Don.

DON, his back toward Wick, is bent over the suitcase, packing. His eyes travel to the window.

DON: Think it would be a good idea if we took my typewriter?

A-2 (Cont'd)

WICK: What for?

DON: (Indignantly)  
To write: To write there, I'm  
going to get started on my novel.

WICK: You really feel up to writing?

DON: Why not?

WICK: I mean, after what you've been  
through.

DON: I haven't touched the stuff for  
ten days now,

WICK: I know you haven't. Where's the  
portable?

DON: In the living room closet, kind of  
towards the back.

Bent forward tensely, he watches Wick go into the living room. Left alone, he acts with lightning rapidity. He takes the sweater, goes over to the window, pulls up the whiskey bottle, wraps the sweater around it so that only the top with the string around it shows. He tries to loosen the noose but he's nervous and loses a precious second.

From the living room has been coming the sound of Wick opening the closet door and ransacking. Now comes:

WICK'S VOICE: You sure it's in the closet? I  
can't find it.

DON: (Working desperately)  
Look by the big chair.

WICK'S VOICE: (Approaching fast)  
Isn't it under your bed?

Don sees he can't loosen the string in time. In the last fraction of a second before Wick enters, he manages to lower the bottle back down the wall. With what nonchalance he can muster he bends down and looks under the bed just as Wick enters, a sheaf of white paper in his hand.

DON: Of course. Here it is.

He pulls out a Remington portable, 1930 model.

WICK: Here's some paper.

He puts it in Don's suitcase.

A-2 (Cont'd)

WICK: We'll fix a table on the south porch. Nobody to disturb you -- I'll see to it. Except maybe Saturday night we'll go over to the Country Club.

DON: I'm not going near that Country Club.

WICK: Why not?

DON: Because they're a bunch of hypocrites and I don't like to be whispered about: Look who's here from New York. The Birnam brothers -- or rather the nurse and the invalid.

WICK: Stop that, Don. Nobody there knows about you.

DON: No? We get off the train and the alarm is sounded: The leper is back. Better hide your liquor.

Footsteps have been racing up the stairs outside the flat, and now there is a distinctive ring of the doorbell: short, short, long, short.

DON: Helen.

WICK: I'll take it.

He goes toward the door while the bell resumes short, short, long, short.

From the bedroom we see him open the door. It's HELEN, all right. She is a clean-cut, good looking girl of twenty-six. Her face is brave, gay piquant. She's wearing a three-quarter-length leopard coat. The Indian Summer day is a good ten degrees too warm for the coat, but that doesn't stop Helen from wearing her beloved. In her hand are two books wrapped, and another small package. She enters breathlessly.

HELEN: Hello, Wick. Where's Don?

Seeing him, she crosses to the bedroom.

HELEN: Glad I made it. I was afraid you might be gone. Presents.

She puts the packages in the suitcase.

HELEN: The new Thurber book, with comical jokes and pictures, and a quiet little double murder by Agatha Christie. (Continued)

A-2 (Cont'd)

HELEN: (Cont'd) (Putting in the second package)  
Cigarettes and chewing gum.

DON: Thanks, Helen.

HELEN: Now have a good time, darling. And remember -- lots of sleep, lots of milk --

DON: And sweet cider and some of that nice cold water from the well.

HELEN: Bend down.

It's a running gag between these two. Don bends so that she can kiss him on the cheek.

HELEN: I'd better be going. I've missed ten minutes of the concert already.

DON: What concert?

HELEN: Carnegie Hall. Barbirolli conducting. They gave me two tickets at the office.

DON: Who are you going with?

HELEN: Nobody.

Something flickers in Don's eye.

DON: What are they playing?

HELEN: Brahms' Second Symphony, something by Beethoven, something by Handel, and not one note of Grieg.

DON: Sounds wonderful.

HELEN: Goodbye, boys. See you Monday.

WICK: Tuesday.

DON: (Holding Helen by the arm)  
Just a minute. Wick --

Wick looks up.

DON: I just had a crazy idea.

A-2 (Cont'd)

WICK: As for instance.

DON: Who says we have to take the two-forty-five train? We could go on the six-thirty.

WICK: What are you talking about?

DON: I just thought we could take a later train and Helen wouldn't have to go alone to the concert. She's got two tickets, hasn't she?

HELEN: No. I'm not upsetting any plans. You're going on that two-forty-five.

DON: But Helen, it's so silly! A whale of a concert and an empty seat next you.

WICK: No, Don. Everything's all set. They'll be at the station to meet us. Dinner'll be waiting.

DON: So what? We put in a call that we're taking the late train, have supper at nine o'clock, be in bed by ten.

WICK: Nothing doing. We're going.

HELEN: Wick's right. And don't worry about that empty seat. I'll find myself a very handsome South American millionaire.

DON: There. Did you hear her? And now we'd have to break our necks to catch the train anyway.

HELEN: (Looking at her wrist watch)  
Two-twenty.

DON: See?

WICK: (Giving up)  
All right. Go ahead.

DON: Wait a minute. I'm not going.

WICK: Then what are we talking about?

DON: I want you to go. You and Helen.

WICK: Me and Helen?



A-2 (Cont'd)

DON: Yes, That was the idea, Who likes Brahms, you or I?

WICK: Since when don't you like Brahms?

DON: I'll stay right here and finish packing. Take a little nap maybe.

WICK: Nonsense. If anybody goes ... Helen's your girl.

There is an exchange of suspicious looks between Wick and Helen.

HELEN: There's something in that, Don.

WICK: What's more, I don't think you should be left alone.

DON: I shouldn't?

WICK: No.

HELEN: Really, Don.

DON: Why? I can't be trusted, Is that it?

WICK: What I meant to say --

HELEN: Wick.

WICK: After what Don's been through --

DON: After what I've been through, I couldn't go to a concert, I couldn't face the crowd. I couldn't sit through it with all those people around. I want to be alone for a couple of hours and kind of assemble myself. Is that such an extraordinary thing to want?

WICK: Don't act so outraged, would you mind?

DON: All right, Anything else?

HELEN: Please, boys.

Wick, who has been smoking a cigarette throughout the scene, throws it out the window. None of the three see, but we do, that it doesn't fall out the window but ricochets against the opened casement to the window sill, where it lies smouldering.

WICK: Come on, Helen.

A-2 (Cont'd)

HELEN: You'll stay right here, won't you?

DON: Where would I go?

HELEN: Then you'll be here when we come back?

DON: I told you I'm not leaving this apartment.

WICK: You've told us a good many things, Don.

Furious, Don takes a bunch of keys from his pocket.

DON: All right, if you don't believe me, why don't you take my key and lock me in like a dog.

HELEN: (To Wick)  
We've got to trust Don. That's the only way.

WICK: Sorry, Don.  
(To Helen)  
Here we go.

HELEN: So long, Don.

DON: So long.

HELEN: (Pulling him by the lapel)  
Bend down.

His face is now close to hers. She kisses him. Wick turns away. His eyes fall on the cigarette still smouldering on the sill. He goes toward the window.

Don, held by Helen, watches him tensely. Wick flips the cigarette into the garden and is about to turn back into the room when his eyes fall on the cleat and the string. He leans from the window.

Don lets Helen go, staring at Wick, panic in his eyes. Helen, sensing something amiss, looks from one brother to the other.

WICK: (Hauling up the bottle)  
What's this, Don?

Helen and Wick watch Don. Don's face relaxes into an innocent grin.

A-2 (Cont'd)

DON: That? That's whiskey, isn't it?

WICK: How did it get there?

DON: I don't know.

WICK: I suppose it dropped from some cloud. Or someone was bouncing it against this wall and it got stuck.

DON: I must have put it there.

WICK: Yes, you must.

DON: Only I don't remember when. Probably during my last spell, or maybe the one before.

His eyes meet Helen's. Hers are infinitely distressed.

DON: Don't look at me like that, Helen. Doesn't mean a thing. I didn't know it was there. And if I had, I wouldn't have touched it.

Wick has twisted the string off the bottle.

WICK: Then you won't mind.

DON: Won't mind what?

Wick, the bottle in his hand, goes through the living room toward the kitchenette. Don looks after him, then follows him, a stubborn smile on his lips. Helen trails after them, acutely embarrassed.

A-3

KITCHENETTE

Wick has stepped to the sink. He opens the bottle, turns it upside down and lets the whiskey run out. Don and Helen come to the door from the living room and stand watching. Don has something of the feeling of a man watching the execution of a very good friend, but he senses Helen's eyes upon him and preserves his nonchalant expression. The bottle emptied, Wick puts it in the sink.

WICK: Now you trot along with Helen.

DON: Why? On account of that?  
(Pointing at the bottle)  
You think I wanted you out of the apartment because of that? I resent that like the devil, and if there's one more word of discussion, I don't leave on your blasted weekend.

A-3 (Cont'd)

HELEN: Let's go.

Wick shrugs and goes to the hall for his hat.

HELEN: (To Don)  
Be good, won't you, Don, darling?

She turns to go, but Don holds her back:

DON: Of course, Helen. Just stop watching me all the time, you two. Let me work it out my way. I'm trying, I'm trying.

HELEN: We're both trying, Don. You're trying not to drink, and I'm trying not to love you.

She kisses him on the mouth, a woman hopelessly in love. Then, so that he won't see her moist eyes, she turns and hurries into the entrance hall.

A-4 LITTLE ENTRANCE HALL - BIRNAM APARTMENT

Wick stands, hat in hand, holding the door open. Helen comes out quickly and taking a handkerchief from her bag, hurries past Wick into the hall. Wick turns toward Don, who has followed Helen to the entrance hall.

WICK: You call the farm, Don. Tell them we're taking the six-thirty train.

DON: Sure.

WICK: So long.

He goes out, shutting the door behind him. Don steps quickly to the door, presses his ear against it to hear what the two are saying outside.

A-5 FOURTH FLOOR HALL AND STAIRCASE - APARTMENT HOUSE

It is narrow and simple. There is no elevator. A skylight, somewhat obscured by dirt and dust, lights the fourth floor back. Every so often down the stair there is a light bracket, always burning.

Helen stands at the top of the stairs, blowing her nose. Wick takes her arm quickly.

WICK: Come on, Helen.

HELEN: Oh, Wick, what are we going to do about him ever.

A-5 (Cont'd)

WICK: He'll be all right.

HELEN: What if he goes out and buys another bottle?

WICK: With what? He hasn't a nickel. There isn't a store, there isn't a bar that'd give him five cents' worth of credit.

They descend a few steps.

HELEN: Are you sure he hasn't another bottle hidden somewhere?

WICK: Not any more, he hasn't. I went through the apartment with a fine-toothed comb. The places he can figure out!

They go on down the stairs.

A-6 INT. THE APARTMENT

Don stands at the door, panic in his face. Has his brother discovered the other two bottles? He puts the chain on the door to insure his privacy, then dashes into the bathroom.

A-7 BATHROOM - BIRNAM APARTMENT

It's old-fashioned, with a bathtub on claw feet, a shower curtain above it -- all the plumbing on that scale. Don dashes in, takes a nail file, kneels beside the grille of a register in the side wall, pries it out with the file, looks inside, puts his hand in. The bottle is gone. He looks at the hole wide-eyed, pushes back the grille and runs out.

A-8 Don comes running in, goes to the couch, pulls it away from the wall, throws himself on his belly on the couch and reaches under the side of it which was towards the wall. His hand explores among the springs. There is no bottle there. He sits up. His face is covered with sweat. He takes out his handkerchief and wipes his face.

Just then, from the direction of the entrance door, there is the noise of a key being turned in the lock. Don freezes, his eyes turning towards the door, horrified.

A-9 ENTRANCE DOOR TO THE APARTMENT (FROM DON'S ANGLE)

It opens as far as the chain will allow, stops with a sharp bite of metal on wood. There is another try. Then the doorbell is rung.

A-10 DON

He has not stirred. He rises slowly from the couch, takes a few steps towards the entrance door,

DON: Who is it?

No answer, Just the doorbell being rung again.

DON: WHO IS IT?

A-11 CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BIRNAM APARTMENT

At the door stands MRS. FOLEY, a middle-aged charwoman with a large utility bag over her arm. Her key is in the door, which is open as far as the chain will permit.

MRS. FOLEY: Mrs. Foley. Come to clean up.

A-12 DON

DON: (His nerves on edge)  
Not today. Does it have to be today?

A-13 MRS. FOLEY

MRS. FOLEY: I ought to change the sheets, and today's my day to vacuum.

A-14 DON

DON: You can't come in. I'm not dressed.

A-15 MRS. FOLEY

MRS. FOLEY: Shall I wait, shall I come back, or what?

DON'S VOICE: You come on Monday.

MRS. FOLEY: All right, Mr. Birnam. Is your brother here?

DON'S VOICE: No, he isn't.

MRS. FOLEY: How about my money? Didn't he leave my money?

A-16 DON

He stands galvanized. The word "money" has sent an electric current through his mind.

DON: What money?

A-16 (Cont'd)

MRS. FOLEY: My five dollars. Didn't he leave it?

DON: (Stalking his prey)  
Probably. Where would he leave it?

MRS. FOLEY'S  
VOICE: In the kitchen.

DON: Where in the kitchen?

MRS. FOLEY'S  
VOICE: In the sugar bowl.

Don breathes like one who's found the combination to the safe with the crown jewels.

DON: Just a minute.

He goes to the kitchenette.

A-17 KITCHENETTE

On the counter under the cupboards stands the sugar bowl. Don lifts the lid. There's nothing but sugar in the bowl, but lining the lid is a folded five-dollar bill. Don takes it out, goes into the entrance hall and even though Mrs. Foley can't see him, instinctively holds the five dollars behind his back.

DON: Sorry, Mrs. Foley. It's not there.  
He must have forgotten.

A-18 MRS. FOLEY

MRS. FOLEY: Oh, Putt! I wanted to do some shopping.

DON'S VOICE: You'll get it Monday all right.

MRS. FOLEY: Goodbye, Mr. Birnam.

She closes the door, takes the key and starts down the stairs.

A-19 DON

He brings the five dollars from behind his back. He looks at it, folds it neatly, pockets it, puts on his hat, then, with an afterthought, goes into the living room. He pushes the couch back against the wall with his foot, then goes out.

A-20 FOURTH FLOOR HALL AND STAIRS

Don goes to the balustrade, looks down.

A-21 STEEP SHOT OF THE STAIRS

Don's head in the foreground. The coast is clear of Mrs. Foley. Like a convict escaping, Don slips down the stairs.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

A-22 BROPHY'S LIQUOR STORE - (TRANSP.) - CLOSE SHOT OF LIQUOR BOTTLES

A rackful of them, filling the screen. THE CAMERA IS BEHIND the rack of liquor in a store on Third Avenue. THE CAMERA MOVES slowly toward them so that only about eight bottles fill the screen and we can see, between them, the shop, its window on Third Avenue, its entrance door. No one is visible in the shop.

Through the glass door we see Don Birnam hurrying up. He gives a quick glance in each direction, to see that he's not observed. He peers into the shop to make sure there are no other customers, then quickly steps inside and stands breathing heavily.

A salesman rises in the foreground, his back to the CAMERA. Don points to two bottles in the foreground.

DON: (With all the nonchalance  
he can scrape together)  
Two bottles of rye.

SALESMAN: I'm sorry, Mr. Birnam.

DON: What are you sorry about?

SALESMAN: Your brother was in here. He said  
he's not going to pay for you any  
more. That was the last time.

DON: He won't, huh?

He takes the five dollars from his pocket and unfurls it, like a card trickster.

DON: Two bottles of rye.

SALESMAN: What brand?

DON: You know what brand, Mr. Brophy.  
The cheapest.

SALESMAN: All right.

DON: None of that twelve-year-old, aged-  
in-the-wood chichi. Not for me.  
Liquor is all one, anyway.



A-22 (Cont'd)

The salesman has taken two bottles from the rack in the foreground and put them on the counter. Don gives him the money and picks up the bottles like a miser grabbing gold.

SALESMAN: Don't you want a bag?

DON: Yes, I want a bag.

The salesman hands him a bag and steps out of the shot towards the cash register. We hear the ping of its bell, the opening of its drawer. Meanwhile, Don thrusts the bottles in the bag. It is a little short and the necks of the bottles protrude. The salesman hands him his change. Don pockets it.

SALESMAN: You know, your brother asked me not to sell you anything even if you had money, but I can't stop nobody, can I, not unless you're a minor.

DON: I'm not a minor, Mr. Brophy, and just to quiet your conscience, I'm buying this as a refill for my cigarette lighter.

Another customer enters the shop. Don takes the package and walks past the newcomer towards the door, hiding it from him gracefully, like a football in a sneak play.

A-23 THIRD AVENUE, OUTSIDE BROPHY'S LIQUOR SHOP

Don comes out with the bottles in the paper bag. He wants to start down the street but about twenty-five feet away stand two middle-aged Hokinson ladies, one of them kerbing her dog on a leash. They are chatting.

Don stops. He'll have to pass them if he goes down the street and he doesn't want to, not with these bottles peeking out of that bag. He turns back and approaches the grocery store next door to Brophy's. In front of it is a fruit stand. Screening his gesture from the ladies with his back, he picks up three apples and puts them in the top of the bag, to camouflage the bottles. He puts down a coin, then walks down the street toward the ladies, flaunting a paper bag which is obviously full of apples.

The lady with the dog sees him. Don removes his hat in a courtly bow, very much at ease with the apples.

DON: Good afternoon, Mrs. Deveridge.

MRS.  
DEVERIDGE: Hello, Mr. Birnam.

Don passes the ladies.

A-23 (Cont'd)

MRS. DEVERIDGE: (Confidentially, to  
her companion)  
That's that nice young man that  
drinks.

The other lady tsk-tsk. They both look after Don.

Don is about ten feet beyond them. Perhaps he has overheard the remark. In any case, he is looking back. His look meets theirs. Embarrassed, they turn. Mrs. Deveridge jerks on the leash.

MRS. DEVERIDGE: Come on, Sophie. Let's go.

They walk down the street in the opposite direction from Don.

A-24 DON

He looks after them. He is just in front of NAT'S BAR. He steps hurriedly into the bar.

A-25 INT. NAT'S BAR

A typical dingy Third Avenue bar. The sun slants dustily into the walnut-brown room. There is a long bar with a mirror behind it, some marble-topped tables and bentwood chairs. The woodwork, the furniture, the plaster of the place have absorbed and give forth a sour breath of hard liquor, a stale smell of flat beer.

As Don enters with the two bottles and the apples, there are three people in the bar. Nat, the bartender, a broad-shouldered, no-nonsense type of guy, squeezing lemons in preparation for the evening trade; and, sitting at a table in the corner, a girl named GLORIA, with an out-of-towner who hasn't bothered to take off his hat. He's about fifty and the manager of a hardware store in Elizabeth, New Jersey. Gloria is a shopworn twenty-three. She's brunette, wears net stockings and a small patent leather hat, and is a little below the standards of the St. Moritz lobby trade.

Don crosses to the bar.

DON: And how is my very good friend  
Nat today?

NAT: (On guard)  
Yes, Mr. Birnam.

Don sits on a bar stool, putting down the paper bag.

DON: This being an especially fine  
afternoon, I have decided to ask  
for your hand in marriage.

(Continued)

A-25 (Cont'd)

NAT: (Wiping his hands)  
Look, Mr. Birnam --

DON: If that is your attitude, Nat, I shall have to drown my sorrows in a jigger of rye. Just one, that's all.

NAT: Can't be done, Mr. Birnam.

DON: Can't? Let me guess why. My brother was here, undermining my financial structure.

NAT: I didn't tell him nothing about the wrist watch you left here, or your cuff links.

DON: Thank you, Nat. Today, you'll be glad to know, we can barter on a cash basis.

He takes the bills and change from his pocket, puts it on the bar.

NAT: (Reaching for the  
bottle and the jigger)  
One straight rye.

DON: That was the idea.

Nat pours the drink, then returns to squeezing lemons. Don picks up the glass, is suddenly acutely aware of the people at the table, of Nat's eyes. The glass freezes halfway to his mouth. He puts it down and starts playing the nonchalant, casual drinker -- the man who can take it or leave it. He fingers the glass, turning it round and round. He takes a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and shakes one out, lights it. As he puts the match in the ashtray, his eyes fall on that jigger of whiskey. It's hard to resist it any longer. He takes a handkerchief from his pocket, wipes his forehead, then his parched mouth. The time has come now. He puts the handkerchief back in his pocket, lifts the glass and drains it in one gulp. Actually, Don doesn't like the taste of liquor, actively hates it indeed, as a one-legged man might hate the sight of his crutches but need them in order to walk.

Now that he has the drink in him, a kind of relieved grin comes back to Don's face. He holds the empty jigger in his hand. Nat has come up with the bar towel to wipe off the wet ring left by the glass.

A-25 (Cont'd)

DON: Don't wipe it away, Nat. Let me have my little vicious circle. The circle is the perfect geometric figure. No end, no beginning ... What time is it?

NAT: Quarter of four.

DON: Good. That gives us the whole afternoon together.

(He holds out his glass for another drink)

Only tell me when it's a quarter of six. Very important. We're going to the country for a weekend, my brother and I.

From the table in the background comes Gloria, headed for the powder room. Passing Don, she runs her finger through the neckline of his hair.

GLORIA: Hello, Mr. Birnam. Glad to have you back with the organization.

DON: Hello, Gloria.

She goes on. Don turns back to Nat.

DON: Not just a Saturday-Sunday weekend. A very long weekend. I wish I could take you along, Nat. You --  
(With a gesture towards the liquor shelves)  
and all that goes with you.

Without a change of expression, Nat pours the second drink.

DON: Not that I'm cutting myself off from civilization altogether.

He points at the bag with the apples showing. Nat looks, but doesn't get it. Like a magician, Don takes two apples out, revealing the necks of the bottles.

DON: (Gulping down the whiskey)

Now of course there arises the problem of transportation into the country. How to smuggle these two time bombs past the royal guard. I shall tell you how, Nat, because I'm so fond of you. Only give me another drink.

Nat pours one.

A-25 (Cont'd)

DON: I'm going to roll one bottle in a copy of the Saturday Evening Post, so my brother can discover it like that.  
(He snaps his fingers)  
And I want him to discover it, because that'll set his mind at rest. The other bottle --  
(Confidentially to Nat)  
Come here.

Nat leans over the bar towards -

DON: That one I'm tucking into my dear brother's suitcase. He'll transport it himself, without knowing it, of course. While he's greeting the caretaker, I'll slide it out and hide it in a hollow of the old apple tree.

NAT: Aw, Mr. Birnam, why don't you lay off the stuff for a while.

DON: I may never touch it while I'm there. Not a drop. What you don't understand, all of you, is that I've got to know it's around. That I can have it if I need it. I can't be cut off completely. That's the devil. That's what drives you crazy.

NAT: Yeah. I know a lot of guys like that. They take a bottle and put it on the shelf. All they want is just to look at it. They won't even carry a corkscrew along, just to be sure. Only all of a sudden they grab the bottle and bite off the neck.

DON: Nat, one more reproving word and I shall consult our lawyer about a divorce.

He points to the empty glass for Nat to fill it. Nat pours another jigger.

DON: Quarter of six. Don't forget. My brother must find me at home, ready and packed.

Gloria is back from the powder room. On her way to her gentleman friend at the table, she runs her finger through the neckline of Don's hair. She is almost past him when he catches her hand and pulls her towards him.

A-25 (Cont'd)

DON: Shall we dance?

GLORIA: You're awfully pretty, Mr. Birnam.

DON: You say that to all the boys.

GLORIA: Why, natch. Only with you it's on the level.

DON: Is it? Whatever became of your manicurist job?

GLORIA: I've still got it. Only I find I can't work more than four hours a day, three days a week. It's too tough on your eyes, all those little hangnails.

DON: Sit down.

GLORIA: No thanks. Thanks a lot, but no thanks. There's somebody waiting.

Don looks off toward the table.

DON: Him? I bet he wears arch supporters.

GLORIA: He's just an old friend of the folks. Lovely gentleman. Buys me dimpled Scotch.

DON: He should buy you Indian rubies, and a villa in Calcutta overlooking the Ganges.

GLORIA: Don't be ridic.

DON: Gloria, please, why imperil our friendship with these loathsome abbreviations.

GLORIA: I could make myself free for later on if you want.

DON: I'm leaving for the weekend, Gloria. Maybe another time.

GLORIA: Any time.

And as she leans over, she runs her forefinger again through the neckline of his hair.

GLORIA: Just crazy about the back of your hair.

She returns to the table.

DON: (To Nat)  
Nat, weave me another.

NAT: You'd better take it easy.

DON: Don't worry about me. Just let me know when it's a quarter of six.

(Continued)

A-25 (Cont'd)

NAT: Okay.

He pours.

DON: And have one yourself, Nat.

NAT: Not me, Mr. Birnam.

DON: I often wonder what the barman buys, one-half so precious as the stuff he sells.

Nat has poured the drink. Don points at it.

DON: Come on, Nat. One little jigger of dreams.

NAT: Nope.

DON: You don't approve of drinking?

NAT: Not the way you drink.

DON: It shrinks my liver, doesn't it, Nat? It pickles my kidneys. Yes. But what does it do to my mind? It tosses the sandbags overboard so the balloon can soar. Suddenly I'm above the ordinary. I'm competent, supremely competent. I'm walking a tightrope over Niagara Falls. I'm one of the great ones. I'm Michelangelo moulding the beard of Moses. I'm Van Gogh, painting pure sunlight. I'm Horowitz playing the Emperor Concerto. I'm John Barrymore before the movies got him by the throat. I'm a holdup man -- I'm Jesse James and his two brothers, all three of them. I'm W. Shakespeare. And out there it's not Third Avenue any longer. It's the Nile. The Nile, Nat, and down it moves the barge of Cleopatra. Listen:

Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
 The winds were love-sick with them;  
     the oars were silver,  
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke,  
     and made  
 The water which they beat to follow  
     faster,  
 As amorous of their strokes. For her  
     own person,  
 It beggar'd all description.

(Continued)

A-25 (Cont'd)

During the last two lines he has picked up the jigger of rye. THE CAMERA is on the wet rings which the wet glass has left on the bar.

Gradually the music swells under the Shakespearean quotation and drowns it out. In two QUICK DISSOLVES we see the five rings, then six, then nine. Over the last, the light has changed.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-26 THE BAR AGAIN

It is dusk. The electric lights are on. The place is about half filled -- eight customers at the bar, five tables occupied. Gloria and her friend are still there.

Don, an empty jigger in his hand, stands at the same spot, only now leaning with his back against the bar. He is doggedly quoting Shakespeare, more to himself than to the others at the bar, who are ignoring him.

DON:                   The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous  
                          palaces,  
                          The solemn temples, the great globe  
                          itself --

Nat puts drinks before some other customers, then goes over to Don, taps him on the shoulder.

NAT:                   Mr. Birnam, you ought to go home.  
                          You're late.

DON:                   Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve --

Nat leans forward as tactfully as possible.

NAT:                   You ought to be home, on account of  
                          your brother.

Don half turns to him.

DON:                   Who says so?

NAT:                   You said so yourself. On account of  
                          you're going away somewheres.

DON:                   Huh?

NAT:                   Don't you remember?

He pushes the bag with the bottles and the apples towards Don. Don looks at them. Suddenly it penetrates. He is seized by alarm.



A-26 (Cont'd)

DON: What time is it?  
 NAT: Ten past six.  
 DON: Why didn't you tell me?  
 NAT: What do you think I've been doing for half an hour?

Don snatches up the bag, the apples spilling out as he does so. He turns to go. Nat points at what's left of Don's money on the bar.

NAT: Take your change.

Don scoops up the money, a few dollar bills and some silver, and hurries out.

A-27 THIRD AVENUE, CORNER OF 55TH STREET - (EVENING)

Don comes from Nat's bar, runs around the corner to his house.

A-28 APARTMENT HOUSE WHERE THE BIRNAMS LIVE

Don, clutching the bag with the bottles, runs into the house.

A-29 FIRST FLOOR HALL, APARTMENT HOUSE

Don dashes in and starts upstairs. After a few steps he stops. What if his brother is up there already? He stands undecided, then sneaks down the steps and walks to the rear of the entrance hall, where there's a glass door leading into the shabby garden.

A-30 GARDEN IN BACK OF APARTMENT HOUSE - (DARK)

Don comes out, walks far enough to be able to look up at the back of the building. Are the lights on in their apartment on the fourth floor? There is a light on the second floor, nothing on the third, and on the fourth the lights are on in the living room and the bedroom windows, all of which are open.

Don stands looking up. What shall he do? Go up and face the music? Run away? Weakly he walks over to the stone bench and sits down, putting the bottles on the bench next him. He takes out his handkerchief, mops his forehead. His eyes go up to the lighted windows again.

A-31 THE LIGHTED WINDOWS, FROM DOWN BELOW

Someone has stepped to the bedroom window. It's Helen. He can recognize her, silhouetted against the light of the room.

A-32 DON, SITTING ON THE BENCH

His eyes fixed on the window above. Instinctively, he draws back into the shadow of the sumac tree, as though Helen could see him through the darkness.

A-33 EXT. BEDROOM WINDOW, FROM DON'S POINT OF VIEW

Helen disappears from the window into the room.

A-34 INT. BEDROOM

Helen is moving away from the window. Wick stands before his suitcase, which is open and all packed save for slippers and bathrobe, which he is rolling together.

HELEN: Do you suppose he's at Morandi's, or Nat's bar, or that place on Forty-second Street?

WICK: What difference does it make?

HELEN: You're not really going, Wick.

WICK: I certainly am.

He puts the robe with the slippers inside it into the case.

HELEN: You can't leave him alone. Not for four days.

Wick slams shut the suitcase, snaps the lock.

HELEN: Wick, for heaven's sake, if he's left alone anything can happen! I'll be tied up at the office every minute, All Saturday. All Sunday. I can't look out for him. You know how he gets. He'll be run over by a car. He'll be arrested. He doesn't know what he's doing. A cigarette will fall out of his mouth and he'll burn in his bed --

WICK: Oh Helen, if it happens, it happens. And I hope it does. I've had six years of this. I've had my bellyful.

HELEN: You can't mean that.

Wick takes his suitcase, goes into the living room.

WICK: Yes, I do. It's terrible, I know, but I mean it.

Helen follows him.

A-35 LIVING ROOM

Wick comes into the living room, sets down the suitcase and during the ensuing scene takes a topcoat from the closet.

HELEN: For heaven's sake, Wick --

WICK: Who are we fooling? We've tried everything, haven't we? We've reasoned with him, we've babied him. We've watched him like a hawk. We've tried trusting him. How often have you cried? How often have I beaten him up? We scrape him out of the gutter and pump some kind of self-respect into him, and back he falls, back in, every time.

HELEN: He's a sick person. It's as though he had something wrong with his lungs or his heart. You wouldn't walk out on him because he had an attack. He needs our help.

WICK: He won't accept our help. Not Don. He hates us. He wants to be alone with that bottle of his. It's the only thing he gives a hang about.

Helen turns away from Wick, leans against the wall, hoping he won't see that she's crying.

WICK: Why kid ourselves? He's one of the lost ones.  
(OR, ALTERNATE LINE: )  
Why kid ourselves? He's a hopeless alcoholic.

Wick leans into the bedroom, snaps off the light. He picks up the suitcase, puts the topcoat over his arm, takes her very gently by the arm.

WICK: Come, Helen.

He leads her towards the entrance door.

A-36 DON, ON THE BENCH IN THE DARK GARDEN

He stares towards the windows.

A-37 THE WINDOWS, FROM BELOW

The bedroom window is dark. In the next second the lights in the living room go off.

A-38 DON, IN THE GARDEN

He picks up the bottles, rises, walks across the garden towards the glass door to the hall, peers through it cautiously.

A-39 STAIRCASE AND HALL, FIRST FLOOR OF THE APARTMENT HOUSE (FROM DON'S POINT OF VIEW)

Wick and Helen come down the stairs, Wick carrying the suitcase and topcoat. They go out the front door.

A-40 EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE

Wick and Helen have come out. Wick is hailing a taxi.

WICK: Taxi! Taxi!  
(To Helen)  
I'll give you a lift as far as Grand Central.

HELEN: No thanks, Wick. I'm going to wait here.

WICK: You're crazy.

HELEN: Because I won't give up? Maybe I am.

A taxi drives up.

WICK: Oh Helen, give yourself a chance. Let go of him.

HELEN: Goodbye, Wick.

Wick opens the door of the taxi.

A-41 DON, AT THE GLASS DOOR TO THE GARDEN

He stands with the bag of bottles in his hand, peering through the entrance hall out to the street.

A-42 STREET (SHOT FROM BEHIND DON)

Wick gets in the taxi, it drives off. Helen paces up and down in front of the house.

Don opens the glass door, steps cautiously into the entrance hall.

A-43 ENTRANCE HALL

Squeezing close to the staircase wall so that Helen won't see him, Don gets to the staircase, then leaps up the stairs as though pursued.

A-44 EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE

Helen waits outside the house. A couple of kids chasing each other on roller skates almost run into her. She steps back and stands in the doorway, looking up and down the street.

A-45 STAIRS BETWEEN THE THIRD AND FOURTH FLOORS

Don is hurrying up on tiptoe, two steps at a time. Suddenly the door of a third-floor apartment toward the street is opened. Don flattens himself against the wall, not to be seen by Mrs. Deveridge, who is coming out with her dog, Sophie, to give Sophie her evening airing. Sophie gives one bark in the direction of Don, but Mrs. Deveridge pays no attention and descends the stairs. Don starts up the stairs again, as silently and as fast as he can.

A-46 FOURTH-FLOOR LANDING

Don gets to his door, opens it cautiously, slips inside.

A-47 INT. LITTLE ENTRANCE HALL OF BIRNAM APARTMENT

The only light is the light from outside, coming from living room and bedroom. Don steps inside, closes the door. He doesn't turn on the light but very carefully adjusts the chain on the door, puts his hat away.

A-48 LIVING ROOM

Dim but for the light outside. As Don enters, he slips the bottles from the paper bag and puts them on a table next the armchair. He crumples the bag and throws it in the fireplace. He takes one bottle, starts towards a bookcase and is about to hide it behind the books when he changes his mind. He looks around the room. His eyes fall on the ceiling. He goes to the table next the couch, pulls it into the middle of the room, brushes some magazines to the floor, takes a small chair, puts it on the table, climbs to the table, from the table to the chair. He is now directly below the ceiling lighting fixture, an inverted metal bowl about two and a half feet in diameter. Don reaches over the edge and deposits the bottle inside the bowl so it can't be seen from the room. He climbs down, readjusts the table, the chair, and puts the magazines back. Don picks up a glass which is over a carafe on the mantelpiece. He puts it next the bottle by the wing chair. He opens the bottle, pours a glass about three quarters full, puts the glass down. He loosens his tie and lets himself fall into the easy chair. He looks through the open window on the lights of New York. His eyes slowly wander to the glass. He smiles. It's a smile of relief, of contentment at being alone with his vice. There's a little pain in his smile, too.

A-49 THE GLASS OF WHISKEY

THE CAMERA MOVES TOWARD IT until the glass isn't visible any more -- just a smooth sea of alcohol, with a little light playing on it. THE CAMERA plunges deep into that sea.

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "A"

10-24-44

SEQUENCE "B"

FADE IN:

B-1 STAIRCASE AND LANDING, FOURTH FLOOR - DAY

Through the skylight streams a dazzling shaft of sunlight, falling square on the door to the Birnams' apartment.

On the threshold lies a copy of the New York Times, and beside it stands a quart of milk. Pinned to the door is a piece of paper from a notebook.

From inside there is the sound of the chain being detached, and the door opens slowly. Don emerges. He is dressed exactly as he was the day before -- same suit, same shirt, same tie. He has slept in them and they are wrinkled. He hasn't shaved. As he comes out and the sun hits his face, he squints in agony. As he carefully closes the door, his eyes fall on the note. He reads it.

Don dear:

I waited for you to come home.  
Please be careful. Get some  
sleep. Eat. And call me, call  
me, call me.

Helen

There's a sly expression on Don's face as he closes the door, leaving everything just where it is -- note, milk bottle, paper. Peering down, he assures himself that the coast is clear, slips down the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-2 EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY, SUNNY - LIGHT TRAFFIC

The entrance door is half open and Dave, the janitor, an Italian-looking man about fifty-five, is sweeping the sidewalk in front of the house. Don comes to the doorway, waits until Dave's back is turned, then hurries out and slips down the street, CAMERA WITH HIM.

Two houses down, in a semi-basement, is MRS. WERTHEIM'S HAND LAUNDRY. Don goes down the steps into it.

B-3 INT. MRS. WERTHEIM'S LAUNDRY

The outer room is a kind of office, with a counter and shelves of clean laundry in boxes and paper packages. Steam issues from the actual laundry at the rear.

B-3 (Cont'd)

MRS. WERTHEIM, a gray-haired, stocky woman, is sorting laundry. The shop's bell rings as Don comes in. His nerves are on edge but he manages to work up a little nonchalance.

DON: Guten Tag, Mrs. Wertheim. How's business?

MRS. WERTHEIM: Business he is good, thank you. There isn't a fortune in it, but you know: small fish, good fish. And I keep young and healthy. Why shouldn't I, sitting in a Turkish bath all day for free?

She has picked a package from the shelf, puts it on the counter.

MRS. WERTHEIM: Three dollars and ninety.

DON: I wonder if you could do me a favor, gnaedige Frau?

MRS. WERTHEIM: Always glad, Mr. Birnam.

DON: My brother's gone away for the week-end and he took the checkbook along...

MRS. WERTHEIM: Oh, you want a blank check?

DON: It's not that. It's just that I'm a little short.

MRS. WERTHEIM: (Sizing up his stature) What do you mean, you're short?

DON: I wonder if you could let me have a little cash, bitte schoen?

MRS. WERTHEIM: A little cash?

DON: I thought about twenty dollars, maybe. Only till Monday, when my brother comes back.

MRS. WERTHEIM: You thought ... No, Mr. Birnam. I cannot. Not that I don't want to, because I want to, but I cannot. And when I say not, I mean absolutely not.

Her eyes fall on his tortured face. It's too much for her. She rings open the cash register.

MRS. WERTHEIM: I'll let you have five dollars.



B-3 (Cont'd)

DON: That's all right.

She hands him the five dollars.

DON: Danke schoen, Mrs. Wertheim.

He turns and leaves, doesn't even hear:

MRS.                   Your laundry, Mr. Birnam! How about  
WERTHEIM:            your laundry?

She looks after him but there's only the ringing of the shop bell as he leaves.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-4 NAT'S BAR - BRILLIANT SUNSHINE OUTSIDE

No one is in the bar but Nat: he is cooking some ham and eggs for himself on an electric plate behind the bar. The floor has been mopped and is still shiny. The chairs are piled on the tables.

Into the bar comes Don. He is walking rather slowly but it's a tremendous effort not to race in and yell for what he needs so desperately.

NAT: Hi.

Don goes to the bar and sits. He takes the five dollars from his pocket, puts it on the bar.

NAT: Thought you were going away for the weekend.

No answer from Don. He sits holding his head in his hands. The bar is silent except for the sizzling noise of the eggs and ham. Suddenly Don pounds the bar and explodes.

DON: For the love of Pete, what are you doing, Nat. Give me a drink!

NAT: Right with you, Mr. Birnam. Just fixing my lunch.

DON: Well, stop it and come on and give me a drink, for heaven's sake.  
(Banging the bar)

Come on, come on!

NAT: Okay.

He stirs the food once more and takes the skillet off the stove, snaps off the electricity with a slowness agonizing to Don.

B-4 (Cont'd)

DON: (Quietly, though his  
nerves are cracking)  
Can't you hurry it up a little, Nat?

Nat pours a jiggerful.

NAT: Here you are, Mr. Birnam.

DON: Thank you, Nat.

Don chokes it down and holds out the jigger for another.  
Nat pours it.

NAT: That young lady stopped in last night,  
looking for you.

DON: What young lady?

NAT: The one with the leopard coat.

DON: Yeah?

NAT: She was acting like she just happened  
to drop in, but I know she was making  
the rounds after you.

DON: (Panicky)  
What did you say to her?

NAT: I said you hadn't been in for two  
weeks.

DON: Good. I can't let her see me. Not  
now while I'm "off" like this.

NAT: Then why in the name of --- Why don't  
you cut it short?

DON: You're talking like a child. You can't  
cut it short! You're on that merry-go-  
round and you've got to ride it all the  
way, round and round, till the blasted  
music wears itself out and the thing  
dies down and clunks to a stop.

Nat brings over the plate of ham and eggs.

NAT: How about you eating this?

DON: Take it away.

NAT: You got to eat something sometime.

B-4 (Cont'd)

DON: Give me another drink.

NAT: Look, Mr. Birnam, this is still morning.

He pours another drink. Don downs it.

DON: That's when you need it most, in the morning. Haven't you learned that, Nat? At night this stuff's a drink. In the morning it's medicine.

NAT: Okay if I eat?

DON: Move it a little to one side.

Don taps with the jigger. Nat fills it, then sits down to his ham and eggs.

DON: Nat, are you ever scared when you wake up? So scared the sweat starts out of you? No, not you. With you it's simple. Your alarm clock goes off and you open your eyes and brush your teeth and read the Daily Mirror. That's all. Do you ever lie in your bed looking at the window? A little daylight's coming through, and you start wondering: is it getting lighter, is it getting darker? Is it dawn or dusk? That's a terrifying problem, Nat. You hold your breath and you pray that it's dusk, so you can go out and get yourself some more liquor. Because if it's dawn, you're dead. The bars are closed and the liquor stores don't open till nine. You can't last till nine. Or it might be Sunday. That's the worst. No liquor stores at all, and you guys wouldn't open a bar, not until one o'clock. Why? Why, Nat?

NAT: Because we got to go to church once in a while. That's why.

DON: Yes, when a guy needs it most.

He drinks his jiggerful.

NAT: How about those two quarts? Did you polish them off last night?

B-4 (Cont'd)

DON: What two quarts?

NAT: The two bottles you had.

An electric current runs through Don.

DON: That's right, I did have two bottles, didn't I? I hid one of them. I've still got it. I'm a capitalist, Nat! I've got untapped reserves. I'm rich!

He taps the glass on the bar.

NAT: (Pouring another drink)  
Mr. Birnam, if you had enough money you'd kill yourself in a month.

From the street enters Gloria, wearing a shirtwaist and skirt, another foolish little hat, and high-heeled shoes with bows.

GLORIA: Say, Nat, was there a gentleman --  
(She sees Don)  
Hello, Mr. Birnam. Didn't you go away for the weekend?

DON: Apparently not, Gloria.

GLORIA: (Back to Nat)  
Was there a gentleman in here asking for me?

NAT: Not to my knowledge there wasn't.

He is drinking his coffee.

GLORIA: He was supposed to come around twelve o'clock. He's from Albany.

DON: Another friend of the folks?

GLORIA: More a friend of a friend of the folks type. A fellow telephoned me about him. Wants me to show him the town.

NAT: Like Grant's Tomb for instance?

GLORIA: But def.

NAT: Amazing, ain't it, how many guys run down from Albany just to see Grant's Tomb.

B-4 (Cont'd)

GLORIA: (To Don)  
Sometimes I wish you came from Albany.

DON: Where would you take me?

GLORIA: Oh, lots of places. The Music Hall,  
and then the New Yorker Roof maybe.

DON: There is now being presented at a theatre  
on Forty-fourth Street the uncut version  
of Hamlet. I see us as setting out for  
that. Do you know Hamlet?

GLORIA: I know Forty-fourth Street.

DON: I'd like to get your interpretation of  
Hamlet's character.

GLORIA: And I'd like to give it to you.

DON: Dinner afterwards, I think. Nothing  
before. Always see Shakespeare on an  
empty stomach.

GLORIA: Not even a pretzel?

Don shakes his head.

DON: But afterwards, dozens of bluepoints  
in the Rainbow Room. And a very light  
wine. Vouvray perhaps. Do you care  
for Vouvray?

GLORIA: (Mystified)  
Why, natch.

DON: We may blindfold the orchestra so  
that I can dance with abandon.

GLORIA: Aren't you going to dance with me?

DON: Of course, little Gloria.

A man has entered the bar, a round-faced, middle-aged man  
with pince-nez. There is a Guide of New York sticking from  
his pocket. He's the guy from Albany, all right.

ALBANY: (Rather loud)  
Could I have a glass of water?

NAT: Why, sure. And what shall it be  
for a chaser?

B-4 (Cont'd)

ALBANY: (Confidentially)  
Tell me, this is Nat's Bar, isn't it?

NAT: That's what the man said.

ALBANY: I'm looking for a young lady name  
of Gloria.

With his thumb, Nat indicates Gloria.

ALBANY: (Beaming)  
Are you Miss Gloria?

GLORIA: Who, me? No, I'm not. I just live  
with Gloria. She's not here.

ALBANY: She isn't?

GLORIA: And she won't be. She's down to  
the Aquarium.

ALBANY: Aquarium?

GLORIA: Feeding bubble-gum to the jelly fish.

ALBANY: Beg pardon?

GLORIA: Ruptured appendix. Middle of last  
night. Went like that!  
(She lets out her breath  
with an exploding noise)  
Scared the life out of me.

ALBANY: That's terrible.

GLORIA: Goodbye.

ALBANY: Goodbye.

He takes a couple of steps towards the door, turns.

ALBANY: Could I have a word with you?

GLORIA: No thanks. Thanks a lot, but no  
thanks.

ALBANY: You're welcome, I'm sure.

He walks out, bewildered.

DON: Wasn't that rather rude, Gloria,  
to send that nice man all alone to  
Grant's Tomb?

B-4 (Cont'd)

GLORIA: When I have a chance to go out with you? Don't be ridic.

DON: Oh, is our engagement definite?

GLORIA: You meant it, didn't you?

DON: Surely, surely.

He downs the jigger of rye.

GLORIA: I'm going to get a facial, a finger-wave, a manicure. The works. Right now.

(With a sudden thought)  
You're going to call for me, aren't you? If you are, what time?

DON: What time do you suggest?

GLORIA: How about eight?

DON: Eight's fine.

GLORIA: I live right in the corner house. You know where the antique shop is, the one with the wooden Indian outside? They've got the Indian sign on me, I always say.

DON: I'll be there.

GLORIA: Second floor. Oh, Mr. Birnam, all I've got is a semi-formal. Will that be all right?

DON: That'll be fine.

GLORIA: (Happily)  
Goodbye, Nat.

She starts for the door, turns.

GLORIA: You know, this show you're taking me to. If it's too highbrow, I can just lean back and look at the back of your neck, can't I? Eight o'clock.

She exits.

DON: One last one, Nat. Pour it softly, pour it gently, and pour it to the brim.

B-4 (Cont'd)

NAT: Look, Mr. Birnam, there's a lot of bars on Third Avenue. Do me a favor -- get out of here and buy it someplace else.

DON: What's the matter?

NAT: I don't like you much. What was the idea of pulling her leg? You know you're never going to take her out.

DON: Who says I'm not?

NAT: I say so. You're drunk and you're just making with your mouth.

DON: Give me a drink, Nat.

NAT: And that other dame -- I mean the lady. I don't like what you're doing to her either.

DON: Shut up.

NAT: You should've seen her last night, coming in here looking for you, with her eyes all rainy and the mascara all washed away.

DON: Give me a drink!

NAT: That's an awful high class young lady.

DON: You bet she is.

NAT: How the heck did she ever get mixed up with a guy that sops it up like you do?

DON: It's a problem, isn't it. That nice young man that drinks, and the high-class young lady, and how did she ever get mixed up with him, and why does he drink and why doesn't he stop. That's my novel, Nat. I wanted to start writing it out in the country. Morbid stuff. Nothing for the Book-of-the Month Club. A horror story. The confessions of a booze addict, the log book of an alcoholic.  
(Holding out the jigger)  
Come on, Nat, break down.



B-4 (Cont'd)

Nat does break down and pours a drink.

DON: Do you know what I'm going to call my novel? The Bottle -- that's all. Very simply, The Bottle. I've got it all in my mind. Let me tell you the first chapter. It all starts one wet afternoon about three years ago. There was a matinee of La Traviata at the Metropolitan --

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

B-5 EXT. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON, HEAVY RAIN

HIGH CAMERA, SHOOTING DOWN past the glass-and-iron marquee towards the entrance, beside which is a billboard announcing Verdi's LA TRAVIATA. A crowd of people is streaming into the building. They are wearing raincoats, carrying umbrellas.

B-6 THE VESTIBULE AND CLOAKROOM WINDOW AT THE METROPOLITAN

It is doing a land-office business, checking dripping umbrellas and apparel. Among the crowd is Don Birnam. He is alone and wears a bowler and a straight raincoat. He takes off his hat and shakes the rain from it, then peels off his raincoat. In the side pocket of his suit is a pint of liquor. It bulges and the nose projects. For a second Don considers whether it'll pass muster, but it's a little too prominent. With a quick gesture he transfers the bottle to the pocket of the raincoat, rolls the raincoat up like swaddling clothes around a precious infant. Seeing an opening in the line at the cloak room counter, he steps into it.

There is a great confusion of hands, coats, coat checks, customers and overworked attendants. Don hands his coat to an attendant. His eyes linger on its pocket with a certain tenderness, then he turns and starts towards the door of the auditorium.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-7 A SECTION OF SEATS AT THE METROPOLITAN

Don sits about five seats from the aisle. He is under the pleasant spell of the overture of La Traviata.

B-8 DON

He sits between an elderly daughter and her age-old mother, and a middle-aged man and wife. He is glancing through the program as the curtain rises (changing the light on our group). Don looks up.

B-9 THE STAGE

The set is a Louis XIVth salon, in the year 1700. It's Violetta's supper. The guests are singing "Libiamo, libiamo," which is a drinking song in waltz time.

## B-10 DON

He loves music and especially Italian opera, but maybe he'd have come late if he'd remembered the content of the first scene.

B-11 ON THE STAGE

Powdered footmen are pouring wine into the glasses of the over-vivacious guests.

## B-12 DON

Thirst in his eyes, he looks away from the stage, tries to concentrate on the ceiling of the Metropolitan. No go. His eyes wander back to:

B-13 THE STAGE

Alfred and Violetta are battling the drinking song back and forth, as the chorus, glasses in hand, stands slowly swaying, echoing each couplet.

## B-14 DON

That thirst is coming up again. The first drops of sweat are gathering on his forehead. As he looks at the stage, his imagination is working at top speed.

B-15 STAGE

The swaying echelon of choristers SLOWLY DISSOLVES to a row of raincoats, exactly like the one Don wore. They hang from hangers and sway slowly to Verdi's rhythm.

## B-16 DON'S FACE

His eyes glued to what he sees on the stage. He takes the handkerchief from his pocket and wipes his forehead.

B-17 THE STAGE

The raincoats swaying slowly. THE CAMERA APPROACHES one of them. From the pocket projects a bottle of whiskey.

## B-18 DON

He is wiping his parched mouth. He puts the handkerchief back. He fishes the coat check from his pocket, buries it in his fist, fighting the foolish impulse. It's a short struggle, which he loses. He rises and, to the irritation of his neighbors, leaves his seat amid some disapproving shushings from the row behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-19 CLOAK ROOM AND VESTIBULE

It is completely empty save for the elderly attendant, who is dozing over his paper. From inside comes Verdi's music and Don Birnam. He puts the check on the counter. The attendant looks up from a newspaper.

ATTENDANT: Did you forget something?

DON: No. Going home, if it's all right with you.

The attendant takes the check and leaves. Don rolls his program and sticks it into the sand of the cuspidor. He is filled with a nervous anticipation of the drink which is on its way. The attendant returns.

ATTENDANT: Say, this isn't yours.

Don looks. The attendant holds a short leopard coat and a lady's small umbrella.

DON: No, it certainly isn't.

ATTENDANT: (Comparing the check with  
the number on the hanger)  
That's what it says though -- 417.

DON: I don't care what it says.

ATTENDANT: The checks must have got mixed up.

DON: Maybe they did. Find me my coat. It's a plain man's raincoat and a derby.

ATTENDANT: Are you kidding? Do you know how many plain men's raincoats we have on a day like this? About a thousand.

DON: Let me get back there. I can find it.

ATTENDANT: That's against regulations, sir.

DON: I'm not going to wait till the end of the performance.

ATTENDANT: You can get your coat tomorrow.

Don's nervousness is mounting. He is searching his pockets.

DON: Look, man, there's something in the pocket of that coat I -- It so happens I find myself without any money and I need that coat. And I need it now.

B-19 (Cont'd)

ATTENDANT: Listen, if everybody went in there digging through those coats ... There's regulations. There's got to be regulations.

DON: What do you suggest?

ATTENDANT: You just wait till the other party comes and then you can swap.

DON: I want my coat.

ATTENDANT: As far as I'm concerned, that's your coat.

He shoves the leopard coat and umbrella close to Don.

DON: You're a great help.

He is biting his lips, unable to find another argument. The attendant has returned to the other end of the counter and resumed his doze. Don gets out a cigarette. Without opening his eyes, the attendant calls it.

ATTENDANT: No smoking.

DON: (Sourly)  
I thought so.

He puts the cigarette away, leans back on the counter, arms folded.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-20 VESTIBULE, NEAR CLOAK ROOM

Empty, save for Don, who paces up and down nervously, carrying the leopard coat and the umbrella. He glances over the coat a little, at the initials inside, at the label. Over the scene comes a muted aria from the second act.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-21 A STAIRCASE LEADING TO THE GALLERY

Empty, save for Don, who sits on a step, the coat next him. With the umbrella he is nervously tracing the pattern in the carpet. Inside, the music rises to a finale and the first people start streaming down from the gallery. Don grabs up the coat and hurries towards the cloak room.

B-22 VESTIBULE AND CLOAK ROOM

People are streaming up from all sides to get their belongings. Don comes into the shot and, standing on his toes, tries to locate the claimant of his coat and hat.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-23 VESTIBULE AND CLOAK ROOM

It is almost empty. Don still stands with the coat, looking. As the last few people leave, at the far end of the counter he sees Helen, in a little leopard hat, his coat over her arm, his derby in her hand. She sees him with her coat and her umbrella and the two approach slowly.

DON: (Trying to control  
his irritation)  
That's my coat you've got.

HELEN: And that's mine, thank heaven. They  
mixed up the checks.

DON: They certainly did. I thought you'd  
never come.

He takes his coat rather brusquely, thrusts the leopard  
coat at her.

HELEN: You can't have been waiting so long.

DON: Only since the first aria of the  
first act. That's all.

HELEN: Do you always just drop in for the  
overture?

Don takes the coat, feels it hurriedly to make sure the  
bottle is still there, and starts away.

DON: Goodbye.

Helen is left with the leopard coat and his bowler.

HELEN: (Waving the hat toward Don)  
Hey, wait a minute!

Don comes back, takes the hat, starts away again.

HELEN: My umbrella, if you don't mind.

His patience exhausted, Don stops again, takes the umbrel-  
la and tosses it in Helen's direction. Helen, who is  
getting into her coat, can't catch it. It falls right  
next to her.

HELEN: Thank you very much.

Don stands abashed. He goes back, picks up the umbrella.

DON: I'm terribly sorry.

HELEN: You're the rudest person I ever  
saw. What's the matter with you?

DON: Just rude, I guess.

(Continued)

B-23 (Cont'd)

HELEN: Really, somebody should talk to your mother.

DON: They tried, Miss St. John.

HELEN: My name's not St. John.

DON: St. Joseph, then.

HELEN: St. James.

DON: First name Hilda or Helen, or Harriet maybe?

HELEN: Helen.

DON: You come from Toledo, Ohio.

HELEN: How do you know?

DON: I've had three long acts to work you out from that coat of yours. Initials, label -- Alfred Spitzer, Fine Furs, Toledo, Ohio.

HELEN: Maybe I should have explored your coat.

DON: But you didn't.

HELEN: Didn't have time.

DON: Good. My name is Don Birnam.

As they go on talking, they walk from the cloak room, through the vestibule, to the street, Don carrying his coat over his arm.

DON: How do you like New York?

HELEN: Love it.

DON: How long are you going to stay?

HELEN: Oh, sixty years, perhaps.

Don doesn't get it.

HELEN: I live here now. I've got a job.

DON: Doing what?

HELEN: I'm on Time Magazine.

DON: Time Magazine? In that case perhaps you could do something for me.

B-23 (Cont'd)

HELEN: Yes.

DON: Could you help me to become Man of the Year?

HELEN: Delighted. What do you do?

DON: Yes, what do I do? I'm a writer. I've just started a novel. I've started quite a few novels. I never seem to finish one.

HELEN: In that case, why not write short stories.

DON: I have some of those. The first paragraph. Then there's one-half of the opening scene of a play. It all takes place in the leaning tower of Pisa and explains why it leans. And why all sensible buildings should lean.

HELEN: They'll love that in Toledo.

DON: Are you by any chance coming here to Lohengrin next week?

HELEN: I don't know.

DON: Because if you are, I'm not going to let this coat out of my hands.

HELEN: Don't worry.

DON: I do, though. To be really safe, maybe we should go together.

HELEN: We could.

DON: Are you in the telephone book?

HELEN: Yes, but I'm not home very much.

DON: Then I'll call you at the office.

HELEN: Editorial Research. If Henry Luce answers the phone, hang up.

They have reached the curb outside the Metropolitan. It is dark and the rain has settled to a drizzle.

DON: Taxi?

HELEN: No, thank you. I'm taking the subway.

DON: Very sensible.

B-23 (Cont'd)

HELEN: As a matter of fact, I'm going to an extremely crazy party on Washington Square. If you want, I'll take you along.

There is a split second of indecision but it is ended by Don's awareness of the bottle in his raincoat.

DON: Thank you very much, Miss St. James, but I have to see a friend uptown.

HELEN: Goodbye, Mr. Birnam.

DON: Goodbye.

He is unfurling his raincoat in order to put it on before he steps from under the marquee. Helen is about a step and a half away when there is a crash. She stops and looks down, as does Don. On the sidewalk lies the pint of whiskey, broken.

HELEN: Who threw that?

DON: (Casually)  
It fell out of my pocket.

HELEN: Do you always carry those things?

DON: You see ... that friend, the one uptown, he has a cold. I thought I'd take this along and make him a hot toddy.

HELEN: Now he gets hot lemonade and some aspirin.

DON: I shall.

HELEN: Goodbye.

She goes. Don looks at the broken bottle, then after Helen. With sudden decision he calls after her.

DON: Miss St. James!

HELEN: (Turning)  
Yes?

DON: What kind of a party was that you asked me to?

HELEN: A cocktail party.

DON: Invitation still stand?

HELEN: Of course. Come on.

He joins her, takes the umbrella out of her hand and holds it over them both as they go down the street.

DISSOLVE TO:



B-24 NAT'S BAR

As we have left it, empty save for Nat and Don. Sunlight outside. Nat is now taking the chairs from the tables and arranging the bar for the afternoon and evening trade, while Don leans back against the bar, the jigger of whiskey in his hand, and goes on talking.

DON: How's that for a first meeting, Nat? Cute, full of laughs. A charming girl, an extra special girl. Her coat-check might just as well have been mixed up with the coat-check of a solid citizen, the son of the chairman of some insurance company, highly eligible, no vices except that sometimes he plays the cello. But oh no, that would have made everything too simple. It had to be that young man with the bottle.

NAT: Listen, once that bottle smashes, doesn't she catch on?

DON: No, she doesn't.

NAT: Okay. So they go to that cocktail party and he gets stinko and falls flat on his face.

DON: He doesn't. He's crazy about that girl by then. He drinks tomato juice. Doesn't touch liquor for that whole week -- for two weeks, for six weeks.

NAT: He's in love, huh?

DON: That's what's going to be hard to write. Love's the hardest thing in the world to write about. So simple. You've got to catch it through details, like the early morning sunlight hitting the gray tin of the ashcans in front of house. A ringing telephone that sounds like Beethoven's Pastoral. A letter scribbled on her office stationery that you carry in your pocket because it smells of all the lilacs in Ohio.

NAT: And no drinking?

DON: He thinks he's cured. If he can get a job now, they can be married and that's that. Only it's not, Nat. Not quite. Because one day, one terrible day --  
(He taps the jigger)  
Pour it, Nat.

Nat does.

B-24 (Cont'd)

NAT: Yeah?

Don drinks.

NAT: Well, go on.

DON: You see, that girl's been writing to her family in Toledo. They want to meet this young man. So they come to New York. They stay at the Hotel Manhattan. Their very first day, she's to introduce him to her parents. One o'clock. Lobby of the hotel. . .

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

B-25 INT. LOBBY OF THE MANHATTAN HOTEL - (MIDDAY)

It is filled with the routine activity of a big commercial hotel on a hot summer day.

Don Birnam, in a light summer suit, paces up and down the lobby. Under his arm is a florist's box. He keeps eyeing the doors to the elevators. He walks toward one of those circular plush settees common to hotels, sits down, puts the flower box next to him and adjusts the knot of his tie, his eye still on the elevator doors.

On the other side of the settee are a middle-aged couple. Don can't see them, they can't see him, as he overhears their conversation, and it takes him a little time to realize that they are Helen's parents.

MR. ST. JAMES is wearing a linen suit and a good but yellowing panama hat, the brim turned up. MRS. ST. JAMES is a cheerful little woman with glasses pinned to her dress, the kind that pull. Mr. St. James is fuming a little.

MR. ST. JAMES: Just walked in for a simple haircut.  
No, that wasn't enough, not for New York. They gave me a shampoo, a scalp massage, a manicure. Thought they'd tear my shoes off and paint my toenails.

Mrs. St. James laughs comfortably.

MRS. ST. JAMES: I had a lovely morning. Just did a little window shopping. I didn't want to get all tired out.

MR. ST. JAMES: On account of meeting that young man?  
Now, Mother.

MRS. ST. JAMES: Who did you get a haircut for?

B-25 (Cont'd)

MR. ST. JAMES: Wonder what's keeping Helen.

MRS. ST. JAMES: She'll be here.

MR. ST. JAMES: This Birnam fellow went to Cornell, didn't he?

MRS. ST. JAMES: I believe so, but Helen says he never graduated.

MR. ST. JAMES: I wonder why. How old is he?

MRS. ST. JAMES: Thirty-three.

MR. ST. JAMES: He has no job. As far as I can find out, he never had one. I wish Helen wasn't so vague.

By now Don knows only too well that he is the subject of their discussion. He leans his head against the back of the settee, acutely uncomfortable.

MRS. ST. JAMES: Maybe he has a little money. Some people do, you know, Father.

MR. ST. JAMES: He ought to have a job anyway.

MRS. ST. JAMES: He's a writer.

MR. ST. JAMES: A writer? What does he write? I never heard of his name.

MRS. ST. JAMES: Now Father, relax. You always expect the worst. I've made up my mind he's a well-brought-up young man who wipes his feet before he enters a house and doesn't even smoke.

MR. ST. JAMES: I hope he realizes Helen's our only daughter and we ought to know a few things about him.

MRS. ST. JAMES: Those'll all come out -- his background, his prospects, his church affiliations.

Don can't take any more of this. He picks up the florist's box, rises and moves away from the settee. When he has reached the security of some potted palms, he looks back. Through one of the revolving doors comes Helen, in a new spring suit. She looks around, sees her parents, goes up to them. There is a greeting, some conversation apparently about Don and the fact that he'll get there any minute. She sits on the settee between her parents, all three of them waiting for Don.

B-25 (Cont'd)

Don stands undecided, then looks around, locates the public telephone booths, steps into one of them.

B-26 INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH

Don deposits a nickel and dials the number of the Hotel Manhattan, which is above the mouthpiece of the phone.

DON:                   Manhattan Hotel? ... Will you page Miss St. James? She must be in the lobby.

He holds the phone and looks through the glass door of the telephone booth.

B-27 LOBBY, FROM DON'S POINT OF VIEW - (SILENT, AS IT IS SHOT THROUGH THE GLASS OF THE PHONE BOOTH)

A bell-hop crosses the lobby, paging Miss St. James. Helen rises and follows him over to the line of house phones on a shelf. She picks up the phone, speaks.

B-28 DON, AT THE PHONE

DON:                   Helen? ... Don. I'm terribly sorry but I can't get there for a while. Please go ahead with your lunch and apologize to your parents ... No, nothing serious. I'll be there. Goodbye.

B-29 LOBBY, FROM DON'S ANGLE, THROUGH THE GLASS OF THE PHONE BOOTH

Helen has hung up too. She goes towards her parents, her face a little crestfallen. As she joins them she evidently starts to explain.

B-30 EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH

Don emerges with the florist's box, careful not to be seen. He leaves through one of the side doors.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-31 LIVING ROOM, BIRNAM BROTHERS' APARTMENT - TWILIGHT

SHOOTING TOWARDS hall and entrance door. In the dim foreground stands a small table, beyond it the vague contours of Don lying on the couch. On the floor beside him an empty bottle, in his hand a half-filled glass. There are footsteps from the stairs. A key is turned in the lock, and Wick enters. He wears a hat and carries a brief-case. He switches on the light in the little entrance hall, flips his hat jauntily to a hook on the coat-rack and comes into the living room. As he crosses the threshold he becomes aware of Don's presence.

(Continued)

B-31 (Cont'd)

WICK: Don?

He snaps on the light, sees Don on the couch, drunk. Don doesn't move an inch, only his eyes close.

DON: Turn off that light.

WICK: For heaven's sake, Don.

DON: Turn it off!

Wick snaps off the light. From now on the scene plays in dimness, save for the shaft of light from the entrance hall. Wick throws the briefcase into a chair.

WICK: I thought you were with Helen and her father and mother.

No answer.

WICK: What happened?

Still no answer. Wick goes and sits beside Don, takes the glass from his hand.

WICK: (Gently)  
Come on, Don.

DON: I couldn't face it.

WICK: You couldn't face what? Didn't you go to see them?

DON: Certainly I went. One o'clock sharp. And I saw them, all right. Only they didn't see me.

WICK: How was that?

DON: Such nice, respectable people. I couldn't face them, Wick, and all the questions they'd ask me. I couldn't face them. Not cold. I had to have a drink first. Just one. Only the one didn't do anything to me.

WICK: So you had another and another. You poor idiot, Don. Won't you ever learn with you it's like stepping off a roof and expecting to fall just one floor?

Don puts his arm over his face.

B-31 (Cont'd)

DON: You're right, you're right.  
There's nothing I can say.

There is a long second of silence, Wick looking at Don.

DON: Go ahead. Bawl me out, Wick, let me  
have it. Why don't you take that bottle  
and smash it over my face.

There is another pause. Wick speaks very quietly.

WICK: It's a quarter of eight. I suppose they're  
still in that hotel, waiting for you.

DON: Call her up, Wick, will you? Tell  
her something. Tell her I'm sick.  
Tell her I'm dead.

Wick has bent over Don and loosened his tie.

DON: Will you call her?

WICK: Yes, I'll call her.

DON: She must have written them a lot of  
nice things about me. What a gentle-  
man I am. A prince.

WICK: Which hotel is it?

DON: The Manhattan. Mr. and Mrs. Charles  
St. James from Toledo, Ohio.

Paying no attention to the sound of steps which has been coming from the staircase, Wick rises, puts the glass of whiskey on the table and is about to cross towards the telephone when the doorbell rings -- short, short, long, short. Wick freezes. Don sits up on the couch. They know that ring. There is a helpless look in Don's eyes.

WICK: (Whispering)  
Get up, Don.

Don, clinging to Wick's arm, pulls himself up. Wick pushes him through the doorway to the dark bedroom, closing the door after him. The bell rings again, that same ring.

WICK: Just a minute, Helen.

He snaps on the lights in the living room, rolls the empty bottle under the couch; takes the glass of whiskey, puts it behind the pile of records. As he is starting towards the door, the bottle rolls from under the couch. Wick stops and rolls it back again, then goes into the hall and opens the door. Helen, in a great hurry, stands outside, nervous.

B-31 (Cont'd)

HELEN: Hello, Wick. Is Don here?

WICK: Don? No.

Helen comes into the living room.

HELEN: Any idea where he could be?

WICK: Wasn't he meeting you?

B-32 DON, IN THE DARK BEDROOM

He stands leaning against the wall, breathing heavily. His eyes gleam with anxiety. Coming from the living room, stabbing him deep, is:

HELEN'S VOICE: He was supposed to meet us for lunch, then he telephoned he'd be late. Mother's beginning to think I just made him up.

B-33 LIVING ROOM

HELEN: Do you suppose something's happened to him?

WICK: Nonsense.

HELEN: But surely he'd have called back if he were all right.

WICK: Where did he call you from?

HELEN: I don't know.

WICK: I think I've got an idea. He called from out of town.

HELEN: Out of town? Where?

WICK: Philadelphia.

HELEN: What's he doing in Philadelphia?

WICK: There's an opening on the Philadelphia Inquirer. The Book Section. Don wrote them. He wired. I think this morning early he just took a train.

HELEN: He never told me a word about it.

WICK: I'm not supposed to tell you either. He wanted it to be a surprise.

HELEN: He did!

B-34 DON, IN THE DARK BEDROOM

He suffers like a dog as he hears what's being said in the living room.

WICK'S VOICE: He probably couldn't get to the right people right away, missed a train. You know how it is.

HELEN'S VOICE: Oh, it would be just wonderful if he got the job and started working. Or would it, Wick, with him in Philadelphia and me in New York?

B-35 LIVING ROOM - WICK AND HELEN

HELEN: Don't ever tell him I said that though, will you?

WICK: Of course not.

Suddenly his eyes are transfixed. From under the couch has rolled the bottle. As Helen speaks, he tries to get near it without her noticing.

HELEN: I could never understand why somebody like Don, a person with so much talent, such flashes of real brilliance ... Maybe I'm a little prejudiced.

Suddenly she sees Wick trying to kick the bottle back under the couch.

HELEN: What are you doing, Wick?

WICK: Nothing, Helen.

HELEN: Where'd that bottle come from?

WICK: It just rolled out.

HELEN: From under the couch?

WICK: Yes, Helen.  
(With an attempt at casualness)  
It's my guess that Don caught an early train.

HELEN: (A wild guess)  
Is that Don's bottle?

WICK: What makes you think that?

HELEN: There was a bottle the first time we met.



B-35 (Cont'd)

WICK:                   There was?

HELEN:                  It fell out of Don's pocket.

WICK:                   It was for me, Helen.

B-36 DON, IN THE DARK BEDROOM

He stands with his head against the door post, listening, harassed.

WICK'S                   This one is mine, too. You might  
VOICE:                  as well hear the family scandal.  
I drink.

B-37 WICK AND HELEN IN THE LIVING ROOM

WICK:                   Don thinks I drink too much.

He walks over to the records and picks up the glass.

WICK:                   I had to promise I'd go on the wagon.  
That's why I hid the bottle; so he  
wouldn't see it.

He takes a drink.

HELEN:                  I'm so sorry, Wick. I shouldn't have  
started asking questions. It was none  
of my business.

WICK:                   Forget it.

B-38 DON, IN THE DARK BEDROOM

His brother's gesture has shaken him.

HELEN'S                  I'd better be getting back to the  
VOICE:                  hotel. Don may be there already.  
And don't worry, Wick, I won't  
mention this to him.

WICK'S                   Thank you, Helen.  
VOICE:

HELEN'S                  Goodbye, Wick.  
VOICE:

WICK'S                   Goodbye.  
VOICE:

She must be on her way to the front door. With sudden decision Don opens the door to the living room and walks slowly out.

DON:                   Helen!

B-39 LIVING ROOM & ENTRANCE HALL

Almost at the door to the entrance hall, Helen turns back. Wick stands, the glass of whiskey in his hand, startled taut at the sight of Don who comes in, not too steady on his feet.

DON: I'm sorry, Helen. I can't let you go. Not like that.

HELEN: Don!

WICK: Shut your mouth, Don.  
(To Helen)  
I'll take you downstairs.

DON: Thank you very much for your Philadelphia Story, Wick. Nice try.

Helen comes back into the room, staring at Don. She is beginning to realize that he's drunk. Don looks at the glass in Wick's hand.

DON: That looks so silly on you.

He takes the glass out of Wick's hand.

WICK: (To Helen)  
Don't listen to him.

DON: You don't have to. Just look at the two of us.

HELEN: Yes. What's all this covering up?

WICK: All that happened is that Don was nervous at the idea of meeting your parents and so he took a couple of drinks.

DON: Come on, Wick, she'd have found out sooner or later.

HELEN: Stop it, both of you. Don's a little tight. Most people drink a little. A lot of them get tight once in a while.

DON: Sure. The lucky ones who can take it or leave it. But then there are the ones who can't take it, but can't leave it either. What I'm trying to say is I'm not a drinker. I'm a drunk. They had to put me away once.

(Continued)

B-39 (Cont'd)

WICK: He went to a cure.

DON: Which didn't take. That first day we met, you see, the dirty trick was I should have had the decency to get drunk, just for your sake.

HELEN: For my sake? We're talking about you.  
(Turning to Wick)  
Is it really that bad, Wick?

DON: Yes, it is.

WICK: Can't we go over this tomorrow, Don when you're feeling more like yourself?

DON: Helen's heard the facts. That's all there is to it.

HELEN: I've heard them and they're not very pleasant. But they could be worse. After all, you're not an embezzler or a murderer. You drink too much. That's not fatal. One cure didn't take. There are others.

WICK: Of course there are.

DON: This has a familiar ring.

HELEN: There must be a reason why you drink. The right doctor can find it.

DON: I'm way ahead of the right doctor. I know the reason. The reason is me. What I am. Or, rather, what I'm not.

HELEN: What aren't you that you want to be, Don?

DON: A writer. Silly, isn't it? You see, in college I passed for a genius. They couldn't get out the college magazine without one of my stories. Boy, was I hot. Hemingway stuff. I reached my peak when I was nineteen. Sold a piece to the Atlantic Monthly. It was reprinted in the Readers' Digest. Who wants to stay in college when he's Hemingway? My mother bought me a brand new typewriter, and I moved right in on New York. Well, the first thing I wrote, that didn't quite come off. And the second I dropped. The public wasn't ready for that one.

(Continued)

B-39 (Cont'd)

DON:  
(Cont'd)

I started a third, a fourth, only about then somebody began to look over my shoulder and whisper, in a thin, clear voice like the E-string on a violin. Don Birnam, he'd whisper, it's not good enough. Not that way. How about a couple of drinks just to put it on its feet? So I had a couple. Oh, that was a great idea. That made all the difference. Suddenly I could see the whole thing -- the tragic sweep of the great novel, beautifully proportioned. But before I could really grab it and throw it down on paper, the drink would wear off and everything be gone like a mirage. Then there was despair, and a drink to counterbalance despair, and one to counterbalance the counterbalance. I'd be sitting in front of that typewriter, trying to squeeze out a page that was halfway decent, and that guy would pop up again.

HELEN: What guy? Who are you talking about?

DON: The other Don Birnam. There are two of us, you know: Don the drunk and Don the writer. And the drunk will say to the writer, Come on, you idiot. Let's get some good out of that portable. Let's hock it. We'll take it to that pawn shop over on Third Avenue. Always good for ten dollars, for another drink, another binge, another bender, another spree. Such humorous words. I tried to break away from that guy a lot of ways. No good. Once I even bought myself a gun and some bullets.  
(He goes to the desk)  
I meant to do it on my thirtieth birthday.

He opens the drawer, takes out two bullets, holds them in the palm of his hand.

DON: Here are the bullets. The gun went for three quarts of whiskey. That other Don wanted us to have a drink first. He always wants us to have a drink first. The flop suicide of a flop writer.

WICK: All right, maybe you're not a writer. Why don't you do something else?

DON: Yes, take a nice job. Public accountant, real estate salesman. I haven't the guts, Helen. Most men lead lives of quiet desperation. I can't take quiet desperation.

HELEN: But you are a writer. You have every quality for it. Imagination, wit, pity --

(Continued)

B-39 (Cont'd)

DON:  
(Cont'd)

few. Yes, go on, do. Then you'll be caught. Caught in a trap, to be scrutinized and criticized and laughed at and thrown in the wastepaper basket because you're no good. No good.

HELEN:

Nobody thinks that.

WICK:

Or if they do ... Why not face reality,

B-39 (Cont'd)

DON: Come on, let's face reality. I'm thirty-three and I'm living on the charity of my brother. Room and board free, and fifty cents a week for cigarettes. An occasional ticket for a concert or a show, out of the bigness of his heart. And it is a big heart, a patient heart.

WICK: Now, Don, I'm just carrying you along for the time being.

DON: Shut up, Wick. I've never done anything, I'm not doing anything, I never will do anything. Zero, zero, zero.

HELEN: Now you shut up. We'll straighten it out.

DON: Look. Wick has the misfortune to be my brother. You just walked in on this, and if you know what's good for you, you'll turn around and walk out again. Walk fast and don't turn back.

Helen looks at him for a second, then takes off her hat and throws it into a nearby chair.

HELEN: (To Wick)  
Why don't you make some coffee, Wick? Strong. Three cups.

Wick goes into the kitchenette.

DON: Do yourself a favor, Helen. Go on, clear out.

HELEN: Because I've got a rival? Because you're in love with this?  
(She points at the bottle)  
You don't know me, Don. I'm going to fight and fight and fight. Bend down.

He doesn't bend. She raises herself to her tiptoes and kisses him warmly.

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

B-40 NAT'S BAR - LATER IN THE DAY

Nat and Don alone. Nat is behind the bar, putting toothpicks into olives which he takes from a bowl and arranges in a row on a plate. Don, about ten wet rings in front of him and what's left of Mrs. Wertheim's five dollars, is playing with a full figger of rye.

(Continued)

B-40 (Cont'd)

DON: That was three years ago, Nat. That's a long time to keep fighting, to keep believing. They'd try a health farm, a psychiatrist, a sanatorium in New Jersey. No go. She'd be patient. She'd be gay. She'd encourage him. She'd buy a new ribbon for his typewriter -- a two-color job, black and red. Just write, Don. Keep writing. That first paragraph came off so well ... There was no second paragraph. There were drinks. Drinks sneaked in secret. In the bathroom, here, in Harlem. Promises again, lies again. But she holds on. She knows she's clutching a razor blade but she won't let go. Three years of it.

NAT: And what? How does it come out?

DON: I don't know. Haven't figured that far.

NAT: Want me to tell you? One day your guy gets wise to himself and gets back that gun. Or, if he's only got a dollar ten, he goes up to the Empire State Building, way up on top, and then --  
(he snaps his fingers)  
Or he can do it for a nickel, in a subway under a train.

DON: Think so, Nat? What if Helen is right, after all, and he sits down and turns out something good -- but good -- and that pulls him up and snaps him out of it?

NAT: This guy? Not from where I sit.

Don jumps up.

DON: Shut up, Nat. I'm going to do it. I'm going to do it now. It's all there. You heard it.

NAT: Yes, Mr. Birnam.

DON: That's why I didn't go on that weekend, see, so I can be alone up there and sit down at my typewriter. This time I'm going to do it, Nat. I'm going to do it.

NAT: By gosh, maybe you will.

DON: Thank you, Nat.  
(he's up on his feet)  
Am I all paid up?

(Continued)

B-40 (Cont'd)

NAT: Yes, Mr. Birnam.

DON: Goodbye, Nat. I'm going home. This time I've got it. I'm going to write.

NAT: Good luck, Mr. Birnam.

DISSOLVE:

B-41 INT. BIRNAM APARTMENT - (DAY)

Don enters, the fire of real purpose in his eye. He hangs his hat on the hatrack, goes to the bedroom, picks up the typewriter, grabs the sheaf of typewriter paper Wick has laid on top of his suitcase and carries them into the living room. He puts the typewriter on the desk. Sitting down, he inserts a sheet of paper in the roller and begins to type:

THE BOTTLE  
A Novel by Don Birnam

He pauses, then types underneath:

For Helen - With All My Love

He rolls the sheet of paper up, studies what he has typed as though it were a painting. Then he begins to try and formulate that first sentence of his book. To do so is absolute agony for him. He gets up, puts a cigarette in his mouth, takes a match from a folder, lights the cigarette, throws the folder on the small table next to the big chair. As he does so his eyes fall on the empty bottle and glass. He looks at them for a minute, then goes over to the bookcase, puts his arm in back of the books and runs his hand along the rear of the shelf, looking for that bottle. It's not there.

He runs into the bedroom, hurries to his bed, where his suitcase lies packed but not closed. He wipes the suitcase from the bed, the contents spilling over the floor. He pulls up one end of the mattress, looks under it. Nothing.

He goes back into the living room, pulls the couch from the wall and, lying on his stomach, probes among the springs. Nothing there. He lies on the couch, breathing heavily.

DON: You had another bottle, you know you did. Where did you put it? You're not crazy. Where did you put it?

He jumps up, runs back to the bookcase, starts pulling out books, row by row. He goes to the closet, opens it wide, pulls out all its contents, throwing them on the floor. Nothing there.



B-41 (Cont'd)

He goes back to the big chair, throws himself down, exhausted. His eyes fall again on the empty bottle and the empty glass. Behind the glass lies the folder of matches. Something is written on it but it is distorted by the glass. However, it attracts Don's attention enough to make him push the glass to one side. The folder reads:

HARRY'S & JOE'S  
Where Good Liquor Flows  
13 W. 52nd St.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-42 INT. HARRY'S & JOE'S ON 52ND ST.

You know how those places look: the lower floor of a brownstone house, narrow, intimate, smoky. One side is a bar. Along the other wall there is a long, built-in bench with individual tables in front of it. At a miniature piano a guy is playing and singing "It Was So Beautiful."

Don Birnam sits on the bench at one of the small tables. In front of him is an empty cocktail glass. It is about his fourth. At the next table on the bench sits a couple -- a show girl type, about twenty-four, and a man about thirty-five. They are nuts about each other and are holding hands as they listen to the hoarse pianist. However, to Don the music means little. He is very much the man of the world, holding his alcohol superbly, smoking a cigarette. He snaps his finger at a waiter, who is passing with a tray of drinks. The waiter stops.

DON: Where is my check.

WAITER: Right here, sir.

The waiter takes the check which is thrust between his vest and his stiff shirt and puts it face down in front of Don, then hurries on with the tray of drinks. Don turns the check over. It's for four dollars. Suddenly his financial situation dawns on Don. He puts his hand in his pocket and pulls out what cash he has. He does it very cautiously, under the table, so that no one else can see it. He hasn't enough - only two one-dollar bills and some small change. Panic seizes him. At that moment the waiter returns, expecting to be paid.

WAITER: Yes, sir.

DON: (A little stiffly)  
One more gin vermouth.

WAITER: Yes, sir.

B-42 (Cont'd)

Taking the check, the waiter leaves. Don has gained a little time, but what shall he do with it? He considers the situation. The door is some thirty feet away, and the check-room girl stands in front of it. Don looks around. Nobody in the bar he knows. Next him the couple is cooing away like Spring, -- but on the bench between him and the girl lies her bag. It's a handsome leather bag with gold initials, M.M. It's about a foot and a half away from him, but it seems like a mile and a half to Don. There must be some money in that bag. Don looks around the room, his plan forming. No one is looking at him. As though inadvertently, he drops his hand on the bench beside the bag.

The man is whispering something into the girl's ear. She is shaking her head. Don pulls the purse imperceptibly closer to himself. Guests and waiters are passing by. Very calmly Don smokes his cigarette, a great gentleman. The bag moves very close to his coat. Now, switching his cigarette, Don crosses his other arm so he can pull the bag up under his coat. He pulls it to his armpit and holds it there, tucked close to his ribs. Nothing in his face betrays him.

The lovers are still at it. The waiter comes back with the drink.

DON: (The young Duke)  
Thank you. Where is your wash room?

WAITER: Over there, sir.

He points to a door at the other end of the room. On its panel is the stylized profile of a gentleman with a top hat.

Don starts to rise. The waiter pulls the table away for him. Don carries the bag under his open coat by the pressure of his upper arm. Between his fingers is a cigarette, so that the whole thing looks fairly natural. There is a tiny puzzled look from the waiter as Don walks slowly towards the wash room.

B-43 INT. WASHROOM

It's a two-wash-basin affair, with a colored attendant who, as Don enters, is brushing a customer.

ATTENDANT: How's about a carnation, sir?

CUSTOMER: What for?

ATTENDANT: (Chuckling)  
For your buttonhole, sir.

CUSTOMER: Okay.

B-43 (Cont'd)

On the shelf above the washstand between talcum powder, nail files and brushes, there stands a tumbler with carnations. The attendant takes one, puts it into the customer's lapel. The customer tips him and walks out.

Don is left alone with the attendant, who points to the other bowl, runs fresh water in it.

ATTENDANT: Right here, sir.

Don steps to the wash bowl. His brain is functioning perfectly.

DON: Wipe my shoes, will you?

ATTENDANT: Yes, sir.

As Don picks up the cake of soap, he watches the attendant get a polishing rag and bend down to dust off his shoes. Now Don doesn't lose a split second. He plays his cards like a master. He puts down the cake of soap, pulls out the bag, opens it. There, between a compact, lipstick and keyes, are some bills. He fishes out a ten-dollar bill, thrusts it in his pocket and is about to close the purse when he sees the carnations. He can't help smiling at the idea which flashes into his mind. He takes one of the carnations, puts it into the purse, closes the purse and thrusts it back under his coat. Just as the attendant straightens up, Don puts both hands into the water. The attendant holds out a towel, Don wipes his hands.

ATTENDANT: How's about a carnation?

DON: (Raffles by now)  
I took one.

ATTENDANT: You did, sir?

He looks at Don's lapel, mystified.

DON: Yes, for a very kind lady.

Don tips the attendant with a fifty-cent piece. The attendant doesn't get the joke but chuckles automatically and opens the door into the bar.

B-44

THE BAR

The piano isn't being played and the place is strangely quiet. Don walks from the wash room, slowly towards his table. Suddenly he stops. The space where the lovers sat is empty now. That's the storm signal. Don looks around. Near the little piano stands Don's waiter, the head waiter, the piano player and the lovers. They're staring at Don. In fact, he's suddenly aware that he is the focus of every eye in the room. In the next second the storm breaks.

(Continued)

B-44 (Cont'd)

WAITER: That's him. That's the man.

HEADWAITER: You were sitting here, sir?

DON: I beg your pardon.

He doesn't play it very well now. M.M.'s escort is right at him, grabbing him by the coat.

M.M.'S ESCORT: You took this lady's bag, didntcha?  
Come on, give it back.

DON: (With very little hesi-  
tation and a wan smile)  
Of course.

He takes the bag out from under his coat and hands it to the lady.

M.M.'S ESCORT: Somebody call a cop.

M.M.: No, George, no. It doesn't matter  
as long as I have the bag.

M.M.'S ESCORT: Well, look in it. Maybe he's taken  
something.

DON: Ten dollars, to be exact.

Don holds out the bill. M.M.'s escort snatches it from his hand.

M.M.'S ESCORT: I ought to kick your teeth in.

M.M.: George, George! He's drunk.

HEADWAITER: (Grabbing Don)  
Get out of here.

WAITER: How about the check?

DON: Exactly. That's why I had to borrow  
from the lady. I didn't have enough.

He fishes what money he has left from his pocket. The waiter snaps it up.

DON: I'll come back and pay the rest.

HEADWAITER: Don't you show your face here again  
ever.

(Shouting towards  
the entrance door)

B-44 (Cont'd)

HEADWAITER (Continued)  
 Mike! Mike!  
 (To waiter)  
 Come on, Charlie.

He and the waiter grab Don, start him towards the door. From the street comes Mike, the huge doorman-bouncer. He helps with the ejection.

DON: (To the entire bar)  
 I assure you I'm not a thief.  
 I'm not a thief!

As they drag him toward the entrance door, the pianist, in an access of delicate humor, begins to pound the piano and sing, "Somebody stole my purse, Somebody stole my purse."

By this time they've got Don to the door. The headwaiter gets Don's hat from the checkroom girl's hand. He puts it on Don's head, the bouncer pulls him through the door.

B-45 EXT. FIFTY-SECOND STREET (NIGHT)

A line of waiting taxis along the brilliantly lighted night club street. The bouncer, dragging Don from Harry's and Joe's, gives him one last shove down the street.

Don comes to a stop and leans heavily against an iron railing, wiping his face with his hand. He straightens his hat, looks back. The doorman and the taxi drivers are staring after him. Don turns, straightens himself as best he can and starts for home, shame weighing down every limb.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-46 STAIRCASE & FOURTH FLOOR LANDING, BIRNAM APT. HOUSE (NIGHT)

It is meanly lighted by the wall brackets. The newspaper, the bottle of milk, Helen's note -- are all as they were.

Don drags himself up the last few steps, unlocks the door and goes in, leaving paper, bottle and note untouched.

B-47 INT. BIRNAM APARTMENT - DARK

Don has entered. Automatically he switches on the light in the corridor. In a stupor of shame and misery he stumbles over to the living room couch, flings himself down on it and lies covering his face with his arms. After a time he brushes the tears from his eyes with his sleeve and as he does so, catches sight of something which rivets his attention, brings a half-crazed smile to his lips.

On the ceiling is the shadow of the bottle which he hid in the light fixture.

B-47 (Cont'd)

With new strength Don gets to his feet, nervous laughter shaking him. He pulls the coffee table under the light fixture, puts the chair on it, climbs up and retrieves his bottle. He climbs down again, opening the bottle fiercely. He goes to the table where his empty glass stands, pours it half full. Over his face as he looks at the glass of whiskey comes the uplifted peace of a worshipper at the high altar. There the glass stands, gleaming in the light from above. Again the CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES TOWARD IT, immerses in its depths. Oblivion again.

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "B"

SEQUENCE "C"

FADE IN:

C-1 THE BIRNAM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

About 9:30 the next morning. The living room is in the same wild disorder -- books on the floor, a table on the chair under the ceiling fixture, the couch moved from the wall, clothes and shoes spilled from the closet. Two empty bottles and a sticky glass stand about, and the portable, with its almost virgin sheet of white paper in the roller.

It's a nasty sight, and its nastiness is emphasized by the sunlight streaming in and mixing with the yellow pallor of the electric light, forgotten and burning on.

Don is not in sight. Only the telephone, which stands on the desk next the open portable, is alive. It is ringing at the top of its bell.

C-2 BIRNAM APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Here reigns the same confusion: the suitcase flung on the floor, the window shade flapping, and on the unmade bed, not in it, fully dressed -- shoes, suit, tie -- lies Don, the comforter and bedspread pulled up over him.

The telephone rings remorselessly. Don opens his eyes slowly. The brightness of the day stabs them, he shuts them. Again the telephone.

Don gets up. He is weaker than he thought. Steadying himself on the bedpost and holding the door frame, he slowly moves out of the bedroom.

C-3 LIVING ROOM

Don enters. He seems to be going straight to the ringing telephone, only he isn't. He passes it and goes to the open window. He puts his arm against the window frame, presses his forehead against it, stands there, every vibration of the telephone bell shaking his nerves.

DON: Stop it, Helen, stop it, stop it.  
I'm all right. I just can't talk.  
Stop it.

There is another ring and another, then the phone stops. Don's eyes fall on the bottle and the glass by the big chair. He moves slowly towards it, picks up the bottle, holds it upside down over the glass. One slow drop is all it yields. Don puts down the bottle, goes to the other bottle on the mantel shelf, picks it up, goes to the kitchen.

C-4 KITCHEN - BIRNAM APARTMENT

In the sink is the bottle Wick emptied that first afternoon. Don picks it up, goes back into the living room.

C-5 LIVING ROOM - BIRNAM APARTMENT

Don goes to the glass, holds the two bottles upside down over it. Two more meagre drops emerge, like thick syrup. They barely stain the bottom of the glass.

Don puts down the two bottles, picks up the glass, empties the pitiable three drops into the parched desert of his throat. For a second it seems that he has found some relief. That's not true. His need for alcohol has been multiplied tenfold by that mockery of a drink. He's got to get another bottle, another drink.

What are his finances? Quickly he goes through his pockets. In the palm of his hand there are exactly two cents. He looks around the apartment. There on the desk stands the typewriter. Don walks towards it, rips the sheet of paper from the roller, slams the lid of the cover shut, picks up the typewriter. It is heavy, terribly heavy. He drags it to the little hall, picks up his hat and puts it on.

At the door, weakness overcomes him. Dragging his hand with it, the typewriter sinks to the floor.

DON:                   You'll never make it. You'll never  
                          make that hock shop. It's a block  
                          and a half away.

He is crouched helplessly against the door. At that moment the telephone shrills again. Once more Don straightens himself, opens the door and leaves.

C-6 OUTER DOOR - BIRNAM APARTMENT

The note from Helen is still pinned to the door. There are now two newspapers, two bottles of milk. Don steps over them carefully, closes the door and starts down the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-7 EXT. BIRNAM APARTMENT - (SUNNY MORNING)

Mrs. Deveridge and her dog Sophie are outside the apartment house. Mrs. Deveridge is talking to Dave, the janitor, who leans on his broom.

Don comes from the house with the typewriter. He stops to make sure the two are absorbed in conversation, then steps quickly past them down the street toward Third Avenue. Looking back to see whether they have seen him, he turns into Third Avenue and starts uptown.



C-8

THIRD AVENUE

This is to be Don's Via Dolorosa, this black, roaring, perilous street up which he drags the hellish weight of that portable -- that portable which grows heavier with every step -- in quest of a pawn shop which will give him a few dollars for it. A few dollars which will mean drink, drink which he needs to live.

Setting his jaw and whipping on his will, he reaches the first hock shop. A steel gate is drawn across its entrance. Don stares at the obstruction, completely mystified. There is a woman standing nearby, wheeling a baby in a baby carriage. Don turns to her.

DON: This isn't Sunday, is it, lady?

WOMAN: Huh?

DON: I asked is this Sunday.

WOMAN: No, Sattaday. Why?

DON: Because it's closed.  
(Looking around)  
Nothing else is closed.

WOMAN: Well, somebody passed away, most likely.

Don stands helpless for a moment, then, feeling the woman's intrusive stare, straightens up. In the next block, miles and miles away for the way he feels, is another pawn shop. He starts for it.

Again every step is agony. Overhead the elevated thunders excruciatingly. Sweat pours from his forehead. He changes the typewriter from one hand to another.

At last he makes the second pawn shop. It too is closed. He peers through the iron gate into the dark shop, turns around.

Across the street, in the same block, is the third pawn shop. He must make it, but to get there he must cross the raging torrent of Third Avenue.

He makes a pillar of the el, leans against it, shaking. When a trolley car gets out of his way, he continues to cross the street.

That pawn shop is closed too. Don takes a bar and shakes it.

DON: What's going on? What is it? Did you all go to a funeral, all of you? Maybe it's you that died, Don Birnam. Maybe it's your funeral.

C-8 (Cont'd)

He pulls himself away and recrosses the street.

Reason has entirely deserted him, but blind instinct drives him on.

Sixty-first Street, Seventy-first Street. Four more pawn shops, all of them closed. Seventy-ninth Street. He's almost struck by a car. The typewriter falls from his hand. A truck runs over it but straddles it. Don gets it again.

Up the street, up the street, up the street. One pawn shop closed after another. His feet are burning, as if the sidewalk were hot lava. His ears are bursting.

Eighty-ninth Street, Ninety-fifth Street. Past bars, funeral parlors, children on roller skates, and always the recurrent torture of the elevated overhead. On and on, unable to stop.

Finally, half dead, he reaches a pawn shop on 120th St., and finds the answer to his crucifixion. Two men in dark suits with black bowlers and prayer books under their arms watch him as he rattles the closed gate of the pawn shop, almost out of his mind.

1ST MAN: What's the matter with you?

DON: Why are they all closed? They're all closed, every one of them.

1ST MAN: Sure they are. It's Yom Kippur.

DON: It's what?

1ST MAN: It's Yom Kippur, a Jewish holiday.

DON: It is.

That makes sense to him. Or does it?

DON: What are you talking about? How about Kelly's? How about Gallagher's?

1ST MAN: They're closed too. We've got an agreement. They keep closed on Yom Kippur and we don't open on St. Patrick's.

The two men stand grinning.

DON: (Almost weeping)  
That's a good joke. That's funny,  
that's very funny.

C-8 (Cont'd)

He picks up the typewriter, turns and starts walking back. THE CAMERA goes slowly up to a sidewalk clock with a diadem of three balls, which stands outside the hock shop. The time is twenty minutes of one.

VERY SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

C-9 THE CLOCK IN NAT'S BAR

It says five minutes of four. THE CAMERA PANS DOWN. Nat is at the bar. He and two or three customers are listening to race results on a little radio. Don drags himself in, drenched in sweat, his breath as short and agonized as that of a dying man. He goes to the end of the bar closest the door, hoists the typewriter on it with a final awful effort, leans his head on it.

DON: Nat --

Nat comes to him.

NAT: What's the matter, Mr. Birnam?

DON: Let me have one, Nat. I'm dying.  
Just one.

NAT: I thought you were home writing that book.

DON: They're playing a trick on me. A dirty  
trick. Give me one, Nat. I'll pay you  
when I can. Just don't let me die here.

NAT: No credit, and you know it.

DON: All right, so it's charity. I'm beg-  
ging you for one. Give me one.NAT: Yeah, one.  
(Pouring a drink)  
One's too many and a hundred's not  
enough.

He shoves the drink at Don.

Don is shaking so that he can't pick up the glass. He bends down, sucks half of it, then lifts the glass, drains the rest. He holds out the empty glass to Nat, his eyes imploring.

NAT: That's all.

DON: Come on, Nat, come on. I'll let you  
have my typewriter.

NAT:

C-9 (Cont'd)

NAT: I'm no writer. You're the writer.  
Now go. Go away.

DON: Nat --

NAT: I mean it. Get out.

Don takes the typewriter, drags himself out of Nat's place.

C-10 THIRD AVENUE, OUTSIDE NAT'S

Don emerges, starts dragging himself up the street towards home. As he passes the antique shop, suddenly he stops. There stands the wooden Indian Gloria spoke about, pointing up. That's where Gloria lives. Second floor, this same house. Don walks into the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-11 STAIRS AND HALLWAY OUTSIDE GLORIA'S DOOR

This is a really crummy Third Avenue house -- dark woodwork, paint peeling from the walls. Beside the door at the head of the stairs there are about three bells, for the several occupants of the apartment within. Don drags himself up the stairs, puts down the typewriter and inspects the name tags by the bells. One of them says: GLORIA DE VRIES. Don rings the bell beside it. From inside comes:

GLORIA'S  
VOICE: Who is it?

Don rings again.

GLORIA'S  
VOICE: Who is it?

DON: It's me.

The door is opened by Gloria. She is wearing a dressing gown and bedroom slippers. Her hair is the ruined elaborate hairdress of yesterday, and her eyes are blazing with anger.

GLORIA: Why, Mr. Birnam, as I live and breathe! Only if you're coming for our date, you're a little late, aren't you, Mr. Birnam? And if you're coming to apologize -- no thanks. Thanks a lot, but no thanks.

C-11 (Cont'd)

DON: Gloria --

GLORIA: Save your saliva. I've had enough of you. Def, but def. What do you think I am? I break a business date, I buy an evening purse, a facial, a new hair-do. Well, maybe you can do that to your ritzy friends. You can't to me, understand?

DON: Gloria.

GLORIA: Okay, what do you want, Mr. Don Birnam Esquire?

DON: I need some money.

GLORIA: You what?

DON: Could you let me have some money?

GLORIA: Say, you out of your mind? Don't be ridic. Get out of here. Make with those stairs. Go on!

She starts back into the apartment, but Don gets her by the hand, pulls her towards him and kisses her. At first she resists, then her hand creeps up to the back of his neck, clutches it hungrily.

GLORIA: I was waiting half the night, like it was the first date I ever had. And the other half I was crying.  
(She looks at him)  
How much money?

DON: Could you let me have ten or five, or something?

GLORIA: I'll see.

She slips into the apartment, leaving the door about three inches ajar. Don leans against the door jamb, breathing heavily.

After a couple of seconds Gloria reappears with a wallet. She takes five dollars out, gives it to him. Don takes it with a shaking hand.

GLORIA: (noticing)  
You look awful sick, honey. You got a fever or something?

She brushes his forehead with the back of her hand.

DON: I'm all right now.

C-11 (Cont'd)

He takes her hand and kisses it. Gloria looks at him, then at her hand.

GLORIA: Thank you a lot. You do really like me a little, don't you, honey?

DON: Why, natch, Gloria. Natch.

He bends, picks up the typewriter and starts downstairs. Gloria looks after him. From inside the apartment comes:

A NAGGING

WOMAN'S VOICE: Gloria, where are you?

GLORIA: Coming.

She reenters the apartment, closing the door.

C-12 STAIRCASE - GLORIA'S HOUSE

Don is coming down, holding the banister with his left hand, the typewriter in his right. Up the staircase comes a little girl about seven, running a stick along the spindles of the banister and singing the Hut Sut Song. The sound makes Don wince, and as the child gives no sign of yielding precedence to him, he switches the typewriter to his other hand and leans against the stair wall.

The child passes him. As Don goes on, he slips, starts falling, clutches a light bracket trying to check his fall. It pulls from the wall under his weight and he falls, clutching the typewriter, down the long flight of stairs. A terrible, back-breaking fall.

The little girl stands horrified, then starts crying and runs up the stairs. For an instant Don lies at the foot of the stairs, still clutching the typewriter. His hat has fallen off. He struck his head. It is in wild pain. He gets to his knees, to his feet, lunges towards the door to the street, taking the five dollars from his pocket.

C-13 THIRD AVENUE

Don comes out of Gloria's house, staggers towards Nat's bar, the typewriter in one hand, the five dollars in the other.

DON: Nat! I've got money now, Nat, I've got money!

The fall has been too much for him. He sinks to his knees, drags himself a few feet.

DON: I need a straight one, Nat! Quick, quick!

C-13 (Cont'd)

He collapses. People become aware of him -- one, two, four. A crowd closes in.

Don lies on the sidewalk, looking up helplessly. His eyes are dim. He tries to hold the money up but is too weak. His hand drops back. The ring of faces looks down at him, among them the familiar face of Nat.

DON: Nat. I got the money, Nat.

There is the clang of an ambulance, the shriek of brakes. The faces part to let two stretcher-bearers bend over Don and take him on a stretcher.

Don is carried to the ambulance as the crowd watches.

The doors of the ambulance are closed. The ambulance starts off, bell ringing like mad.

Nat has picked up the typewriter and looks after the ambulance, his eyes full of pity.

C-14 INT. MOVING AMBULANCE

Don lies half-conscious, his eyes staring through the ambulance window.

C-15 OUT OF THE AMBULANCE WINDOW - (TRANSPARENCIES)

to

C-25

Fleeting impressions of a wild 'U' turn on Third Avenue -- the elevated, the Chrysler Building, the tall midtown structures, the lower houses of downtown, a high iron fence, the entrance of Bellevue Hospital.

C-26 DON - IN THE AMBULANCE

His eyes close. He loses consciousness.

FADE OUT.

END OF SEQUENCE "C"

SEQUENCE "D"

FADE IN:

D-1 A WIRE BASKET WITH FOUR MILK BOTTLES IN IT

moving away from the CAMERA. Gradually we see that it is in the hand of a milkman ascending the stairs of the Birnam apartment house. He leaves a bottle by the door of the rear apartment on the third floor, one in front of Mrs. Deveridge's, then starts up to the fourth floor.

As he gets halfway up, he stops momentarily in surprise.

In the embrasure by the banister at the top of the stairs, wrapped in her leopard coat, is Helen St. James, dozing wearily. Beyond her is the door to the Birnam apartment, Helen's note still pinned to the panel, two milk bottles and the newspapers of the last two days on the threshold.

The milkman resumes his walk, careful not to wake up the young lady. He deposits a milk bottle beside the others and descends carefully. As he reaches the third floor, Mrs. Deveridge, in a kimono, has just opened her door and is taking in her milk bottle.

MRS. DEVERIDGE: (Briskly)  
Good morning.

The milkman gestures to her not to speak so loudly, then makes a mysterious gesture of the thumb indicating the upper hall. Mrs. Deveridge looks up. The milkman proceeds down the stairs. Mrs. Deveridge sets down the milk bottle and goes up the stairs. As she goes, she calls sharply.

MRS. DEVERIDGE: Anything wrong up there? Anything wrong?

Helen wakens at the first syllable, orientates herself as to where she is, and gets up.

MRS. DEVERIDGE: Are you all right?

HELEN: I'm fine, thank you.

MRS. DEVERIDGE: Have you been here all night?

HELEN: I've been waiting for Mr. Birnam.

MRS. DEVERIDGE: Mr. Don Birnam?

HELEN: Yes. I suppose he must have stayed overnight with - some friends. He has some friends on Long Island.



D-1 (Cont'd)

MRS. DEVERIDGE: Now, now, what kind of story is that?

HELEN: I beg your pardon?

MRS. DEVERIDGE: Look, I'm his landlady. I know what goes on in this house. I know Mr. Don Birnam. I knew all about him the first week they moved here, three years ago. Heard those bottles rattle in their garbage can. I know all about you. You're Don Birnam's girl. I also know he's not staying with any friends in Long Island. He's off on another toot and you know I'm darned right. Now come on down and I'll make you some breakfast.

HELEN: I don't care for any breakfast, nor do I care for that kind of talk, even supposing you were right.

MRS. DEVERIDGE: Which I am. Now you're going to have some coffee.

They start downstairs, Mrs. Deveridge talking as they descend.

MRS. DEVERIDGE: I could have kicked him out fifty times. The last when two taxi drivers dumped him into the entrance hall, out cold on the floor, with all my tenants going in and out, and children leaving for school.

HELEN: Oh please, please!

MRS. DEVERIDGE: Well, I didn't put him out, not as long as his brother could pay the rent. You couldn't help liking him anyway. He was so good-looking, he had such nice manners. He always had a little joke.

HELEN: Stop talking about him as if he were dead.

MRS. DEVERIDGE: Did I? I didn't mean to. Hope it wasn't bad luck.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-2 THE ALCOHOLIC WARD

We start on Don Birnam's face. He is lying on a cot, his eyes closed. He has a three-day growth of beard. His face has the pallor and immobility of death.

D-2 (Cont'd)

Over the shot come curious sounds of moaning, of incoherent mumbling, of slippered feet shuffling along a concrete floor, of a mysterious metallic chattering.

Don isn't dead. The sounds reach his ears at last. His eyes open for a second. Then his gaze is directed emptily upward.

D-3 THE BILE-COLORED CEILING OF A LARGE ROOM

Over it the same strange noises. Don's eyes (i.e. THE CAMERA) slowly descend the bile-colored walls, broken by opaque leaded-glass windows and the large glassed swinging door leading to an outer room. At last the nature of the room itself is revealed. It is filled with rows of strangely low cots, about thirty of them, standing on dwarf legs. Eight of them are occupied by men whose ages range from 20 to 60. Six of them are white, two of them colored. All are unshaven and dressed in shabby flannel hospital pajamas.

Don's dull eyes don't quite comprehend. His head aches furiously. In the cot next him is a man about 50, burrowing into the mattress in drunken sleep, his mouth fallen open. In the cot opposite him, a very thin young fellow lies shaking and sweating profusely. His entire frame, all of it, trembles as if a fine motor operated somewhere beneath the mattress itself.

On the other side of Don's cot, a huge negro lies babbling incoherently. No words are audible, save now and then a number. His voice has the sound of infinite worry.

Against the wall, not far from Don, stands a man about 30, in a faded terry-cloth bathrobe. He has an incredibly sensitive face. One ear is bandaged. He looks as though he wanted to crawl into the wall from shame. The rest of the men in the cots are sleeping lumps.

Don addresses the man standing against the wall.

DON:                   What's this place?

The man looks at Don but doesn't answer.

DON:                   Hey, you, what's this place?

The man stands staring at him, terrified.

DON:                   I'm talking to you.

The man drifts away eerily.

From the opposite direction comes a male nurse. He is a robust guy with a sarcastic mouth. He makes constantly with the jokes, all of them at the listener's expense. His name is BIM.

D-3 (Cont'd)

BIM: Good morning, merry sunshine.  
How's your head?

DON: Where am I? What is this?

BIM: This? This is the Hangover Plaza.

DON: What hospital is this?

BIM: Alcoholic Ward. How's the head?

DON: It aches.

BIM: We thought you'd fractured her till  
we seen the X-rays. All in one piece.  
Just a concussion.

DON: Why did they put me in the Alcoholic  
Ward?

BIM: Are you kidding? We took a peek  
at your blood. Straight applejack.  
Ninety-six proof.

DON: What day is this?

BIM: Sunday.  
(He holds out the key-ring)  
These yours? They fell out of some-  
body's pocket. You and the colored  
fellow was being undressed at the  
same time.

DON: They're mine.

Bim throws them at him.

DON: Are you a doctor?

BIM: Nope. I'm a nurse. Name of Dolan.  
They call me Bim. You can call me  
Bim.

He gets a pad and pencil from his pocket.

BIM: What's your name?

DON: Birnam.

BIM: What kind of Birnam?

DON: Don Birnam.

(Continued)

D-3 (Cont'd)

BIM: Where do you live?

DON: Two hundred and nine East Fif---  
Say, what do you need that for?

BIM: For the post card.

DON: What post card?

BIM: To your folks, so's they'll know  
where honey-boy is and where they  
can pick him up when he's feeling  
better.

DON: No address.

BIM: Okay. We'll get it out of the tele-  
phone book, or the directory, or  
maybe you've got it in your wallet.

DON: (On his feet)  
No post card. Understand? No-  
body's going to pick me up.

BIM: The management insists. If we let  
you guys go home alone a lot of you  
don't go home. You hit the nearest  
bar and bounce right back. What we  
call the Quick Ricochet.

DON: Listen, I'm as well as you are.  
I can leave right now.

BIM: You think so?

DON: Where are my clothes?

(Continued)

D-3 (Cont'd)

BIM: Downstairs.

DON: How do I get out of this place?

BIM: (Pointing to the glass doors)  
Right through here.

Don has risen. He is wearing flannel pajamas like all the rest of the patients. There are canvas slippers on his feet. He is not quite as steady on his pins as he thought. However he manages to make the swinging glass door.

Bim stands quietly watching him, a great big grin on his face.

D-4 THE ANTE-ROOM

It is L-shaped, about fourteen feet wide. Along the walls are benches and a collection of wheel-chairs. Sitting on them and milling aimlessly around, are some thirty alcoholics. They wear terry-cloth bathrobes over their pajamas, canvas slippers on their feet. They are well on their way to normality, but they are still not a pretty sight -- unshaven, bunged-up, shame-faced.

In the listless, burned-out collection, Don is the only person who moves with purpose. He scarcely notices the men as he passes them, intent on finding the door. He goes around the bend of the ell and there is the door, a heavy wooden one with a grated peep-hole and beside it a uniformed guard. Don goes to the door, tries to open it.

GUARD: Where do you think you're going?

DON: To get my clothes.

GUARD: You got your discharge?

DON: My what?

GUARD: Your release?

DON: I'm all right. Let me out.

At this moment the door is opened by another male nurse, carrying a pile of clean sheets and pillow cases. Don tries to take advantage of the opening of the door to get out, but the guard pulls him by the arm, while the entering nurse locks the door with his own key.

GUARD: Go on, get back.

DON: Keep your hands off me.

D-4 (Cont'd)

Over the shot comes:

BIM'S VOICE: Birnam!

Don turns. At the bend of the corridor stands Bim, with a tumbler of medicine in his hand.

BIM: Come here, Birnam.

Don approaches him slowly.

DON: Is this a jail?

BIM: Well, this department -- it's kind of halfway hospital, halfway jail, but we run it more like a flophouse.

He guides Don back toward the ward, CAMERA AHEAD OF THEM.

DON: Listen, Bim, in my clothes there's five dollars. That's for you if only you won't send that post card.

BIM: Nothing doing.

DON: I don't want anybody to know.

BIM: Listen, your folks might as well get used to our little post cards.

DON: What are you talking about?

BIM: There'll be more of them. You'll be back.

DON: Shut your face.

BIM: Listen, I can pick an alky with one eye shut. You're one and you'll come back. They all do.

He points at a man in a wheel-chair.

BIM: Him, for instance. He turns up every month, just as sure as the gas bill.  
(He points at another man)  
And him there. That's another repeater. This is his forty-fifth time. Big executive in the advertising business. A lovely fellow. Been coming here ever since 1927.

(Continued)

D-4 (Cont'd)

BIM:

(Cont'd)

Good old prohibition days. You should have seen the place then. Say, this is nothing. Back then we had really a turnover. Standing room only. Prohibition! That's what started half these guys off. Whoopee!

They have reached the ward by now.

D-5 THE WARD

Bim seats Don on his bed.

BIM: Now lie down like a good boy and drink this.

DON: What is it?

BIM: Doctor's orders. It'll calm you down.

DON: I don't want it.

BIM: You better take it. Come the night there's apt to be a little floor show around here. Might get on your nerves.

DON: Floor show?

BIM: Didn't you ever have the D.T.'s?

DON: No.

BIM: You will, brother.

DON: Not me.

BIM: Want to make a small bet? You're just a freshman. Wait till you're a sophomore. That's when you start seeing the little animals.

(He holds out the drink)

Drink it.

DON: I don't want it.

BIM: That stuff about pink elephants, that's the bunk. It's little animals. Little tiny turkeys in straw hats. Midget monkeys that come through the key-holes. See that guy in the corner?

He points to the man with the sensitive face, who stands against the wall.

(Continued)

D-5 (Cont'd)

BIM: With him it's beetles. Comes  
(Cont'd) the night, he sees beetles crawling  
all over him. Has to be dark,  
though. It's like the doctor was  
saying to me, "Delirium is a disease  
of the night." Well, good night.

And on the grinning face of Bim,

DISSOLVE TO:

D-6 THE WARD - (NIGHT)

It is lighted by a faint blue light, but the lights are on in the anteroom and some light comes through the glass doors. There are the sounds of a ward full of drunken men - sighs, heavy breathing, snoring, babbling, moaning. On his cot lies Don, his eyes wide open. Suddenly there comes a sharper sound -- a violent slapping of a bed. Don pivots in the direction of the sound.

On a cot in the corner is the man with the sensitive face and the addiction to beetles. He is slapping wildly at his bed, moaning. He rises and begins to slap the wall and scream.

Don stares at him through the dimness.

Through the glass doors come two male nurses with flashlights. They run to the cot of the D.T. victim. There is a wild scrabble as he fights them off. One of the nurses races back to the door and calls:

NURSE: Straitjacket! And the doctor!

By now, from several other beds in the ward comes demented screaming. A third nurse races in, throws a straitjacket to the first nurse, hurries to one of the other beds.

Seen through the glass doors, a doctor comes running down the ante-room, followed by another male nurse with a cart on which are hypodermic syringes, etc. The doctor must have been in another building, because over his shoulders is flung a dark blue overcoat. He enters the ward and dashes in the direction of the beetle patient. As he goes, he tosses the overcoat on the empty cot next Don.

Don looks after the doctor, then is fascinated by the coat lying beside him. In the corner the three nurses and the doctor are working over the beetle patient, the doctor giving him a hypo, the nurses getting him into the straitjacket. The ward is now really going off like a bunch of fire-crackers.



D-6 (Cont'd)

DOCTOR: (To the nurses)  
Get him up to the violent ward.

From the cot on the other side of the ward, the third male nurse calls:

3RD MALE NURSE: Help me with this one, will you, Doc?

The doctor goes to him while the nurses drag the beetle patient through the swing door into the ante-room.

Don slips from his bed and, crouching on the floor, pulls the doctor's coat from the cot and, holding it tight, crawls to the swinging glass doors and slides through them.

D-7 THE LIGHTED ANTE-ROOM

It is empty save for the two nurses, who are leading the beetle patient around the bend of the ell. In a crouching position, Don makes his way down the ante-room, holding the coat close. At the bend he locks.

The two nurses with the beetle patient have reached the outer door, beside which stands a night guard.

1ST NURSE: Violent ward. Get the elevator.

The guard opens the door and leads the way. The nurses drag the patient out.

Don makes his way to the door, glances through the peep-hole, then sneaks out.

D-8 CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE WARD

The guard, the two nurses and the patient are at the elevator. Don sneaks behind them, through the door to the fire stairs.

D-9 FIRE STAIRS

Don runs cautiously down, putting the coat on as he goes. He feels something in the pocket, takes out a package of cigarettes, matches, a couple of nickels. He hurries down the stairs.

D-10 GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR OF HOSPITAL

A guard stands at the steps leading from the main entrance to the psychiatric hospital. He is talking with three female nurses. Don slides behind them and out the entrance, which is by now grey with the cold dawn.

D-11 EXT. ENTRANCE TO PSYCHIATRIC WARD

Don comes out, orientates himself quickly, runs through the gate and up the deserted street.

D-12 A STREET IN THE 20's

Deserted except for a water wagon. Don runs up it toward the entrance of the elevated.

D-13 THE STAIRS OF THE ELEVATED

Don runs up them just as a train rattles in. THE PANNING CAMERA catches the train as it leaves for uptown.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-14 DON - IN THE ELEVATED (PROCESS)

He sits watching the first rays of sunlight strike the tall buildings in the East 40's. The train comes to a stop and Don gets up.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-15 43RD STREET - ABOUT 6:30 IN THE MORNING

Don comes from the elevated, hurries down the street. CAMERA PANS with him. Don stops in front of a shop. On its window is painted LIQUOR AND WINES, and a couple of bottles are in the foreground. It is closed. Don crosses the street and stations himself in front of the building opposite, leaning against an iron railing.

Elderly people pass him and go up some steps. Slowly Don becomes aware that he is standing in front of a church and the people are going to morning mass.

THE CAMERA PANS up the church to the cross on its gable, then SWINGS ACROSS to the Chrysler Building opposite, now bathed in bright sunlight. As the CAMERA PANS along the clear sky,

DISSOLVE:

D-16 THE CAMERA CONTINES DOWN to the one-story building which houses the liquor shop. It is 9 o'clock by now and the

D-16 (Cont'd)

owner, a middle-aged man in hat, coat and muffler, is just unlocking the door.

Don, tormented by the long wait, sees him open it and starts to cross the street.

D-17 INT. THE LIQUOR STORE

The proprietor enters, hangs up his hat, takes off his muffler and is about to take off his coat when Don comes in. The scene between the two is played very quietly.

DON: I want a quart of rye. Quick.

PROPRIETOR: All right if I take off my coat first?

DON: No.

The proprietor senses that there is something wrong. He looks at Don. As his gaze reaches Don's pajama trousers and canvas slippers. Don speaks.

DON: No cracks, no questions. Just a quart of rye.

The proprietor grasps that this is no joking matter. He picks up a bottle.

PROPRIETOR: That'll be two fifteen.

DON: Give it to me.

PROPRIETOR: Two fifteen.

DON: Come on. I need that liquor, I want it, I'm going to get it. I'm going to walk out of here with that quart of rye, understand. One way or another.

There is murder in his eyes. The proprietor is completely under the spell of that terrible glance. He hands over the bottle. Don takes it and walks out. The proprietor takes a few steps toward the door as if he were about to summon help and catch Don, then he thinks better of it. With a what-the-hell gesture, he starts taking off his coat.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-18 EXT. THE BIRNAM APARTMENT HOUSE

Don, holding the bottle under his blue coat, slips quietly past Mrs. Wertheim's laundry and into the entranceway. He

D-18 (Cont'd)

looks inside, to be sure he is not observed, then fishes the keys from his pajama pocket, where Bim dropped them, and opens his mail box. The post card is there. He takes it out, crumples it and, putting it in the pocket of his overcoat, goes inside the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-19 INT. THE BIRNAM APARTMENT

Don enters, looks around the apartment, which is still in utter disorder. The electric lights, burning on heedlessly, offend him and he snaps off the light switch. Automatically he takes the chain to hook it into its socket, but misses the socket. The chain slips down and dangles.

Don, not noticing, walks to his big chair. On the small table next it stand the three empty bottles. He sweeps them to the floor. He takes the new bottle from his pocket and, sinking into the big chair, starts opening it.

On the desk behind him, the telephone starts ringing. He doesn't seem to hear it. Without winking an eyelash, he pours his glass half full, lifts it so that glass and hand obscure his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-20 THE APARTMENT (NIGHT)

In the dark sits Don, passed out. The bottle next him is four-fifths empty. He opens his eyes, still in a half-stupor, stares straight before him. Out of the corner of one eye he sees something and slowly and with difficulty turns his head.

In the wall above the couch, close to the door, there is a hole in the plaster, as if left by a large nail carelessly withdrawn so that some of the plaster went with it. Out of the hole peers a small mouse.

At first Don draws back, repelled, but the mouse is such a friendly, harmless creature that after a moment his face relaxes and he half smiles at it.

Just as he does so, from the direction of the window there whirs past him a strange winged thing. It is a bat, swooping in slow loops around the room. Don crouches into the back of his chair, staring in wild distaste. The top of the bat's hooked wing nicks his forehead as it speeds in swift but fluttering flight straight at the mouse.

Don stiffens against the back of his chair.

## D-20 (Cont'd)

The bat has made another swoop and spread its wings over the mouse. Beneath those black wings some hideous pygmy struggle is going on. Apparently the bat has seized the mouse in its claws.

Don gives a cry of horror.

Now from behind the struggling wings comes a spurt of blood.

Don cries out so hard his throat seems to burst apart, buries his horrified eyes in the back of his chair.

From downstairs comes the barking of Mrs. Deveridge's dog.

D-21 STAIRCASE TO THE FOURTH FLOOR AND THIRD FLOOR LANDING

Mrs. Deveridge stands about four steps up, looking at the door to the Birnam apartment. She must have been listening from Don's first scream. Sophie, standing beside her, is barking wildly. Beyond her, the door to her apartment is open.

MRS. DEVERIDGE: Shut up, Sophie! Shut up!

Dragging Sophie after her, she hurries into her apartment.

D-22 LITTLE ENTRANCE HALL OF MRS. DEVERIDGE'S APARTMENT

The telephone is on the table by the door, a memorandum pad beside it. Mrs. Deveridge picks up the phone and, glancing at the pad, dials a number.

MRS. DEVERIDGE: (Into phone)  
Miss St. James? ... He's back. He's upstairs ... This is Mrs. Deveridge. He's back! In the apartment. I heard him yelling. He's just got to remember that there are other tenants ... Miss St. James? Miss St. James?

Helen has obviously hung up. Mrs. Deveridge, a little indignant, does the same.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-23 INT. BIRNAM APARTMENT

Don still cowers in his chair, his face hidden in his arms, his breathing heavy with terror. From outside comes the sound of footsteps racing upstairs toward his door, then the doorbell: short, short, long short.

Don's eyes turn slowly toward the door. His brain is still functioning, for there is new terror in those eyes.

D-24 EXT. DOOR OF BIRNAM APARTMENT

Helen stands outside, ringing the bell. No answer.

HELEN: Don, open the door. Open it, please.

Still no answer and she raps on the door.

D-25 DON, INT. APARTMENT

He sits staring at the door, holding his breath not to betray his presence.

HELEN'S VOICE: Don, won't you let me in? I know you're there. Please open the door.

Don doesn't move, doesn't answer.

D-26 HELEN, AT THE DOOR

HELEN: Don, don't you hear me? I want to help you.

She bangs on the door, rattling the doorknob helplessly.

D-27 DON

staring at the door.

HELEN'S VOICE: I won't go away, Don. Do I have to get the janitor with the pass key to let me in?

Don sits bathed in sweat, tears of terror in his eyes.

D-28 HELEN AT THE DOOR

She turns and runs down the stairs. Mrs. Deveridge stands in her door, peering up. She hurries to the stairwell and calls down it.

MRS. DEVERIDGE: Dave! Dave!

DAVE'S VOICE: Yes, Mrs. Deveridge?

MRS. DEVERIDGE: Come on up with the pass key.

D-29 DON, INT. APARTMENT

His eyes are on the door. Now they focus ON THE DOOR CHAIN. It is not hooked in place but hangs limply. Don realizes he's forgotten to put it up, but it's not too late, is it? With a desperate effort he flings himself to the floor and starts inching his way to the door.

D-30 STAIRS LEADING TO THE FOURTH FLOOR

Dave, the janitor, a ring with labelled keys on it in his hand, leads Helen and Mrs. Deveridge up the stairs.

D-31 INT. BIRNAM APARTMENT

Don is almost at the door. There is the sound of ascending footsteps. With his last strength Don raises himself against the door, stretches out his hand, gets the door chain, tries to slip it in its notch, but misses. The footsteps have stopped by now. There is the noise of a key being pushed into the key-hole. Don tries again, but by this time the door is open. Don throws all his weight against the door but it is no use.

D-32 OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Dave has opened the door and holds it open as far as he can. Helen slips into Dave's place in the doorway. From behind the door comes the sound of Don's agonized breathing.

HELEN: (Holding the doorknob)  
Thank you very much.

MRS. DEVERIDGE: You'd better let us come too. You can't go in there alone.

HELEN: I'll be fine, thank you.

She stands waiting until Dave and Mrs. Deveridge start downstairs.

D-33 INT. THE APARTMENT

Don crouches behind the door. A shaft of light comes from the corridor. Helen enters, closing the door behind her. She kneels down beside Don.

HELEN: Don, darling --

DON: Go away, Helen.

HELEN: I'm here to help you, Don.

DON: No, no.

HELEN: Look at you. How long is it since you've had anything to eat?

Don doesn't answer.

HELEN: You want to get up, Don. Put your hand on my shoulder.

Don blindly does as she says.

HELEN: You'll have a bath. I'll help you shave. You'll eat and sleep, and when Wick comes back everything will be all right.

D-33 (Cont'd)

They are beside the light switch. Helen snaps it on.

DON: No, Helen, no!

HELEN: What's the matter, Don?

DON: The wall. Don't look.

HELEN: What wall?

Don gestures toward the spot where the bat and the mouse were.

DON: The mouse and the bat.

HELEN: What mouse? What bat?

DON: That hole in the wall --

HELEN: There isn't any hole in the wall. Look.

She leads Don toward it. He stares at the smooth, unstained wall.

HELEN: See?

Don runs his hand over the wall.

HELEN: You had some kind of a nightmare.

She leads him into the bedroom, talking as they go.

HELEN: Stop shaking, Don. Everything will be all right. I'll stay right with you.

She seats him on the bed. Don is panting hard, completely oblivious of the fact that Helen is in the room.

DON: Little animals. It's always little animals. That's what Bim said.

HELEN: You're not making much sense.

She turns on the bed lamp.

DON: And do you know what Nat said about the ending? Like this.

(He snaps his fingers  
vertically)

Or like that.

(He snaps them  
horizontally)

He goes on repeating the gesture, growing despair in his eyes.

FADE OUT.

END OF SEQUENCE "D"



SEQUENCE "E"

FADE IN:

E-1 A WINDOW IN THE BIRNAM APARTMENT - TUESDAY MORNING

It is raining outside and from the eaves comes a steady drip in the exact rhythm in which Don snapped his fingers - "like this, or like that, like this or like that."

THE CAMERA PANS to include the whole living room. Helen lies asleep on the couch, using the pillow and the comforter from Wick's bed. She is wearing Wick's foulard dressing gown. The room is all tidy now. On the armchair near the kitchen door lies Helen's leopard coat.

In the door to the bedroom stands Don. Now that he is shaved, we can see how pale his face is. He wears the dark suit (the one he wore to the opera) and as his eyes shift from Helen to the coat, he is just tying his tie. He has not yet buttoned the buttons on the points of his soft collar. Very cautiously he begins to tiptoe toward the chair. He picks up the leopard coat and starts towards the entrance door. He opens it carefully but it does creak a little.

Just as he is slipping out, comes -

HELEN'S  
VOICE: Don! Don!

Don shuts the door behind him. In the next second Helen hurries into the shot. She is barefooted, just wearing the foulard dressing gown. She flings open the door and runs out.

E-2 FOURTH FLOOR LANDING AND STAIRS

Helen runs to the banister and looks down. Don has already reached the second floor and is hurrying down the stairs, the fur coat over his arm, not paying any attention to Helen.

HELEN: Where are you going, Don?

DISSOLVE TO:

E-3 EXT. PAWN SHOP, THIRD AVENUE • LIGHT RAIN

Don is just coming from it. He walks down the street about ten steps when Helen comes up to him. She wears the dress she wore last night. No hat, no coat.

HELEN: All right, Don. Give me the pawn ticket.

Don disregards her, tries to go on. Helen overtakes him and blocks his way.

(Continued)

E-3 (Cont'd)

DON: No scene, please.

HELEN: No scene. Just give me the pawn ticket.

DON: I don't want you to go in there now claiming it. It would look queer.

HELEN: You're ashamed of what the pawn broker may think, is that it? It doesn't matter what I think.

DON: Wick'll get you back your coat.

HELEN: You couldn't have taken my bracelet or my pay check? It had to be that coat?

DON: You mean the one that brought us together? Stop being sentimental.

HELEN: I have, Don, I assure you. It's finished. It's dead. For three years they couldn't talk me out of you. I was the only one who really understood you. I knew there was a core of something ... And there was a core, and now I know what it is. A sponge. And to soak it full you'll do anything ruthless, selfish, dishonest.

DON: I asked you not to make a scene.

HELEN: Then give me the ticket.

DON: No, Helen, not now I told you. Cut it out.

HELEN: I don't want the money. You can get as drunk as you like for all I care.

DON: Thank you.

He goes on. Helen stands looking after him for a moment, then turns angrily and proceeds toward the pawn shop.

E-4 INTERIOR PAWN SHOP #1

The pawn broker has put Helen's coat on a hanger and is brushing it. Helen enters, very matter-of-fact.

E-4 (Cont'd)

HELEN: A gentleman was here a while ago. How much did you give him for that coat?

PAWN BROKER: Huh?

HELEN: I want it back. It's my coat.

PAWN BROKER: It's your coat?

HELEN: It's all right. He had my permission. How much did you give him?

PAWN BROKER: He didn't want any money. He wanted to swap it.

HELEN: For what?

PAWN BROKER: Something he hocked here a long while back.

HELEN: What?

PAWN BROKER: A gun. Now if you want that coat I can ---

Helen is already out of the shop and running down the rainy street.

DISSOLVE;

E-5 DON'S DESK

On it lies a revolver and the second page of a letter on which Don is writing:

....But amid all the grimness  
can we share one little joke,  
dear Wick: I did finish something,  
didn't I? Goodbye.

Don

E-6 THE BIRNAM APARTMENT

Don is seated at the desk. As he has been out in the rain, his hair is still a little damp. He puts down the pen, gets up, stands the letter conspicuously on the desk, picks up the revolver, gets the cartridges from the drawer and loads the gun. With a last look at the room, he walks into the bathroom.

Don stands and looks at himself in the mirror, the gun in his hand. He notices the unbuttoned points of his collar

E-6 (Cont'd)

and with a rueful smile at the funny timing of his urge for tidiness, buttons one. As he is buttoning the second, there is a sound from outside. Startled, Don puts the gun into the empty wash bowl.

The door is being opened. Dave, the janitor, is letting Helen in. She looks around wildly. She is breathing hard from her race to get there. There is rain on her hair and her face, and her dress is wet.

Don comes from the bathroom. Helen stands staring at him, wiping the rain from her face, and maybe some tears too.

DON:                   What is it, Helen?

HELEN:   (To the janitor)  
Thank you very much.

DAVE:                   That's all right, Miss.

He leaves, closing the door. Don and Helen are alone. During the following scene, Helen's eyes are constantly on the lookout for the gun.

DON:                   What's the matter? Come on.

HELEN:   Nothing's the matter, except the rain's worse and I can't get a taxi. Perhaps you can lend me a coat under the circumstances.

DON:                   Sure. How about my raincoat?

He takes it from the hook.

HELEN:   Funny, after all these years we should wind up just as we met -- I with your raincoat --

DON:                   And I with your leopard coat. I always got the best of the bargain. Goodbye, Helen.

HELEN:                   Goodbye.

She stands looking about.

DON:                   What are you looking for?

HELEN:   I just thought if you had anything for my head --

E-6 (Cont'd)

DON: Would you care to wear my black bowler?

HELEN: Some old scarf or something.

DON: All right.

He steps to the chest of drawers in the bedroom.

Helen, looking around desperately, sees something reflected in the shaving mirror: THE GUN IN THE WASH BOWL.

Before she can step toward it, Don is back with the scarf.

DON: Here you are.

HELEN: Thanks.

DON: Well, goodbye.

HELEN: Oh, Don, there was still some whiskey left in the bottle when I cleaned up last night.

DON: Was there?

HELEN: Would you like to know where I put the bottle?

DON: No.

HELEN: Don't you want a drink, Don?

DON: No.

Helen goes to the umbrella stand, takes out the bottle.

HELEN: Just one. Look, it's right here.

She puts down the raincoat and the scarf and goes to the kitchen for a glass.

DON: What are you up to?

HELEN: Nothing. I'm just ashamed of the way I talked to you, like a narrow-minded, insensitive, dried-up, small-town teetotaller.

DON: I don't feel like a drink. Not now, I told you.

E-6 (Cont'd)

HELEN: Come on, Don. Just one. I'll have one with you. I'm in no hurry. This is my easy day at the office.

DON: Helen, there are a few things I want to put in order before Wick comes.

HELEN: Let me stay.

DON: No.

He picks up the raincoat and the scarf.

DON: I'm sorry. You'll have to run along.

He bends down for a kiss. Helen stands looking at him.

DON: Don't let me bend for nothing.

Helen holds out the glass.

HELEN: You need this, Don. Drink it. I want you to drink it. I'll get you some more. I'll get you all you want.

DON: What kind of talk is that?

HELEN: It's just that I'd rather have you drunk than dead.

DON: Who wants to be dead?

HELEN: Stop lying to me.

She turns and runs into the bathroom and picks up the gun. Don follows her.

DON: Give it to me.

Helen holds it behind her.

DON: Helen!

Helen turns toward the window, lifting her arm to throw the gun out. Don catches her arm and twists it.

DON: Let go!

Helen drops the gun.

E-6 (Cont'd)

Don picks up the gun.

DON: Go on now.

He half pushes, half leads her into the entrance hall.

DON: And no fuss, please. Don't call in the neighbors. It won't do any good, I promise you.

HELEN: I won't. You've made up your mind. Could you tell me exactly why?

DON: Because it's best all around, for everybody. For you, for Wick, for me.

HELEN: That's not true. We love you, Wick and I.

DON: All right. Just for me, then. Selfish again.

HELEN: That's a sad final word, Don.

DON: Look at it this way, Helen. This business is just a formality. Don Birnam is dead already. He died over this weekend.

HELEN: Did he? What did he die of?

DON: Of a lot of things. Of alcohol, of moral anemia, of fear, of shame, of D.T.'s.

HELEN: Oh, that Don Birnam. And now you want to kill the other one.

DON: What other?

HELEN: There were two Dons. You told me so yourself. Don Birnam, the drunk, and Don Birnam, the writer. Who died of fear and shame and D.T.'s? The drunk, not the writer.

DON: You're just wasting your time.

HELEN: So now that Don the writer is free, now that he's cured, you want to blow out his brains and his talent and his ambition.

(Continued)

E-6 (Cont'd)

DON: Talent! Ambition! That's way back somewhere.

HELEN: It's not. It's ahead. You can write now. You can finish something, I promise you. He can't whisper to you any more. He can't interfere. He's dead.

DON: Stop trying to stall me, Helen. It's too late. I've lost the will to write. It's all gone. What do you expect, a miracle?

HELEN: Yes, yes, yes. If I could only make you --

The doorbell rings.

DON: Who is it?

NAT'S VOICE: It's me, Mr. Birnam.

DON: What is it, Nat?

NAT: I got something for you.

Don goes to the door and opens it. Nat stands outside holding something under his wet raincoat.

NAT: You know when you had your accident? Well, afterwards I found this floating around on the Nile.

He pulls out Don's typewriter.

DON: Thank you, Nat.

NAT: She writes real good. I oiled her up a little. And I didn't oil her up so you can hock her.

Helen comes up.

HELEN: I'll take it, Nat.

NAT: Hello, Miss.

Helen takes the typewriter, carries it toward the desk.

NAT: Goodbye, everybody.  
(Discreetly, to Don)  
How's all them lilacs in Ohio?



E-6 (Cont'd)

Don goes into the living room. Helen sits at the desk, opening the typewriter.

HELEN: Come on, Don, let's get to work.  
What are we waiting for?

DON: You're not serious about this,  
Helen.

HELEN: Somebody is. Somebody somewhere  
sent this typewriter to you. Why?  
Because he means you're to write.  
I didn't ask for a big miracle.

DON: Write what? A brisk little serial,  
blending love, humor and success?  
Something in four installments, for  
a slick-paper magazine?

HELEN: Just what you started to write.  
Where's that page I found?  
(She picks it up)  
"The Bottle. A novel by Don Birnam."  
What was that to be?

DON: About a drunk. About a messed-up  
life filled with a lot of weekends  
like this last one. The suitcases  
he packed, the trains he missed.  
Lost weekends.

HELEN: Good. I'll say this for Don, the  
drunk: he left you a wealth of  
material.

DON: You'll notice there isn't even the  
first word of the first line. No  
pattern, no anything.

HELEN: But your pattern is the weekend.  
You just said the beginning: you  
packing your suitcase. There's no  
need to be afraid of this white sheet.  
I'll do the typing. Come on. Light  
a cigarette, walk up and down. You're  
going to dictate one page before I leave  
this chair.

Don lights a cigarette, thinks.

HELEN: I'm waiting.

DON: He stood in the bedroom, packing  
his suitcase.

Helen types it.

(Continued)

E-6 (Cont'd)

DON: He was a highly unremarkable young man, comma, that is, in most respects.

As Helen is typing it, the door is opened and Wick comes in, carrying his suitcase and wearing his camel's-hair overcoat, wet from the rain. He stops in the door, surprised to find such a peaceful picture.

WICK: Why, hello.

HELEN: Quiet, Wick. We're working.

WICK: You are?

HELEN: Just fix us some breakfast.

WICK: All right.

He is still wide-eyed from surprise as he puts down the suitcase.

DON: You'll find quite a supply of milk.

With the words, he thrusts his cigarette into the full jigger of whiskey.

Wick's eyes goggle incredulously as he moves into the kitchen.

DON: Where was I? Oh, yes.  
(Starting to dictate)  
It was a long weekend his brother had prescribed for him, on the family farm upstate. He loved the farm, but his mind wasn't on the farm, nor was it on the weekend...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

E-7 FIRST SHOT OF THE PICTURE

Only this time in reverse: We start with Don standing on that sunny day in the bedroom, packing. THE CAMERA MOVES AWAY, GOES DOWN THE WALL to the bottle hanging there, and MOVES ON ALONG THE BACK OF THE FACADE OF THE APARTMENT to the splendid panorama of New York.

FADE OUT:

DON'S VOICE

(Continuing)

...Nor was it on the shirts he was placing in his suitcase. His mind was hanging outside the window. It was suspended just about eighteen inches below. Out beyond it, in the warm October day, stood New York, incredibly beautiful. And its beauty did not escape our young man. To him it looked like the display counter in some gigantic liquor store: tall bottles, squat bottles, pints, quarts, magnums, piled up majestically in the sunshine...

THE END