

You Can Take Your Fountainhead With You And Swing It

Chapter 2

INT. MASQUERADE BALL, NIGHT

Ann is dressed in a black dress with a small cute black lace eye mask.

She and her date are standing near some tables that have refreshments. Ann's date, wearing a simple black eye mask and tuxedo, takes a tumbler of punch, smells it as if it was a fine wine, takes a gulp of it, swirls it around his mouth before spitting it back into the tumbler and looking dissatisfied throws it back in the bowl.

Ann, horrified, looks from side to side hoping nobody is watching and slowly moves away from her companion.

Peter, dressed in full costume, with a hat, cape and full Venetian mask, comes up behind Ann and whispers something into her ear.

She jumps and turns around to him looking shocked.

He lifts up the mask, smiling. Ann is doubly shocked to see him as it's been a few years since they last saw each other.

ANN

Peter Keating! You clown!

He laughs.

PETER

Who are you here with?

Ann grimaces and inclines her head in the direction of the punch taster. Peter looks over and then looks horrified.

PETER

What is he doing?

Ann shakes her head and shrugs.

Peter puts back on his mask and taking Ann by the hand, hurries away.

EXT. ROOFTOP, NIGHT

The roof is pretty crowded with people and there is a bar at one end. It's a split level roof.

Ann and Peter come to a stop, laughing. Peter takes off his mask.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

Thank you.

PETER

Thank you? I haven't seen you since college and when I do bump into you I save you from ... Typhoid Mary's son? And all you offer me is a thank you?

ANN

Well Mr. Peter Keating, brightest and youngest star of Francon & Associates, what would you like to know?

PETER

Oh, you heard?

ANN

Cant help hearing or rather reading about your latest greatest monument. - It's wonderful Peter.

PETER

But where are the articles about Miss Ann Kirby? Why amn't I reading about her fantastical creations? What are you doing these days?

ANN

Oh this and that... after graduating I spent a few months trying to find work here ... and when that didn't pan out I tried Boston - and eventually I was hired by Bloomfeld and Reiss as an assistant.

PETER

They're a good firm. You can really make a name for yourself there.

Ann shakes her head. She doesn't feel like discussing it right now.

PETER

Come on, you've just got to show them what you've got.

ANN

Peter, you don't know how hard it is. It would be one thing if it was

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANN (cont'd)

just a matter of me pushing my designs but before they are even considered I first of all have to get them to accept the fact they are coming from me. - Oh, let's not talk about this tonight.

PETER

But you're an architectural assistant. They obviously accept that you are good at design.

ANN

Yes. I do bits and pieces on a wide range of projects. In the beginning it was great because I felt it would lead to ... to something ... But while they accept that I can add to projects that is all they will accept that I can do. - To be honest, I'm in New York partly to visit my brother and his new fiance, and partly because a friend of mine is in advertising here and she's doing really well so ... I'm seeing if maybe I could transfer my skills...

PETER

Oh that wont do.

ANN

Well...

PETER

Ann you're too good to just let it go now.

Ann looks around at the rest of the party-goers. She'd rather be talking about fun things.

PETER

Look, I really shouldn't be telling anyone this ... but I'm due to be made partner at Francon's.

ANN

Oh Peter that's marvelous.

PETER

Well, keep it to yourself. It's not confirmed yet. But[]

(CONTINUED)

Peter falls silent, his attention suddenly grabbed by a woman who is standing alone on the upper level of the roof, away from the other party-goers.

Ann, hasn't really been listening to him because, although she's happy for him, she'd rather not be thinking or talking about work tonight.

ANN

Oh, that's so great.

Peter is completely captivated by the woman and Ann, noticing that he's fallen silent, follows his gaze.

ANN

Who is she?

PETER

I've no idea.

Peter just stays staring at her.

ANN

Shouldn't you go find out?

PETER

Mask on or off?

Ann looks at the woman who seems to effortlessly hold a rather uncomfortable and unnatural pose.

ANN

Mask on. Definitely.

PETER

Right.

He doesn't move.

ANN

Peter, are you actually nervous?

PETER

No. Well... after all I'm a mere mortal and she is - a work of art.
- Right.

He puts on the mask and heads away.

A second later he comes back and lifts up the mask. Ann starts laughing.

PETER

Stop laughing. - I just remembered what I was going to say - if I do make partner I'll try and throw some work your way. Real work.

ANN

Oh Peter!

PETER

Now good night my dear Miss Kirby. Wish me luck.

ANN

Good luck! With everything!

PETER

And don't give up on your dreams.

He walks away.

Ann is suddenly brimming with hope. She looks up to the sky smiling.

A handsome man carrying two cups of punch walks over to her.

HANDSOME MAN

Good evening.

ANN

A man who isn't afraid to show his face.

HANDSOME MAN

Punch?

ANN

Oh no. No thank you.

He shrugs and takes a drink from his cup. Ann looks like she might be sick.

INT. BILL KIRBY'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Ann enters the apartment. BILL KIRBY (James Stewart) is sitting up. When he sees Ann he seems slightly disappointed.

ANN

Bill, you didn't need to wait up for me.

(CONTINUED)

BILL
How was the ball?

ANN
It was fun. No thanks to my date...
How on earth do you know him?

BILL
From work.

ANN
Is he one of the patients?

BILL
No. ... But he does have some odd
notions.

ANN
I'll say.

SOUND OF SOMEONE OPENING THE DOOR. Rosie enters. She looks quite tired after a night's work. Bill gets to his feet, flustered.

ANN
Rosie!

BILL
Oh yes. I meant to tell you Ann ...
ah ... Rosie is staying here for a
while. Her apartment is ... ah ...
flooded.

ANN
Flooded?

ROSIE
(wearily)
Yeah. That's right. I had hoped to
catch Noah's sailing. But then Bill
offered I could stay ... on the
couch.

ANN
Oh Rosie dear you shouldn't be on
the couch! You take my room.

ROSIE
Ann, I was joking. I'm not sleeping
on the couch. Bill is.

Rosie walks off to the bedroom and SLAMS the door behind her.

(CONTINUED)

Bill looks glumly at the closed door for a moment and then to Ann.

BILL

She's very upset. She ... ah ...
really loves her apartment.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR, MORNING

Peter comes out from one of the rooms.

He looks disheveled, he is wearing the same costume but there are tears in it and part of his chest can be seen and it is visibly scraped.

He appears to be in a state of mild shock as he stumbles down the corridor.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY, MORNING

Peter emerges from the elevator which faces the phone booths and as he looks at them he suddenly gets an idea.

He rushes over to a booth, searches for some coins and hurriedly makes a call.

PETER

Hello, London, England ...
Belgravia 225. - Thank you.

He clears his throat and straightens up while he's waiting for a response.

PETER

Bertie? ... oh Jeeves, of course
... Can you tell me, the old boy,
is he free to take a trip? ... Hmm?
... Oh sorry this is Peter Keating.
... (laughs) That's right. ... So
Jeeves you think you can get him
here sharpish? ... What? ... oh no
this is definitely not a long
distance problem ... What? ... Yes.
... Yes. ... Next boat? ... Jeeves
you're the very thing. The very
thing indeed.

Peter hangs up and breathes a sigh of relief.

He walks out of the hotel still looking a mess but with confidence regained.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PAWN SHOP, DAY

Howard takes off his watch and looks at it a moment before heading into the shop.

He comes back out a moment later putting the ticket into his pocket and counting the few notes he's been handed.

He heads off.

INT. BOARD ROOM, DAY

Some businessmen are sitting around a boardroom table and Howard is standing at the head of the table beside his model for the bank.

ELLSWORTH TOOHEY, a well dressed man, enters and sits down at the back of the room.

BUSINESS MAN

Mr. Roark, the commission is yours. The Board of Directors of the Security Bank of Manhattan has chosen you as the architect for our building. My congratulations. You've done a beautiful job. The board was quite impressed by the project. It's a tremendous assignment, an unusual opportunity for an architect. You're unknown but you'll be famous when this is erected. It's a chance you've wanted for years.

HOWARD

(smiling and looking relieved)
Yes.

BUSINESS MAN

It's yours.

Howard laughs and so do the rest of the men.

BUSINESS MAN

On one minor condition.

The ease leaves Howard's face again.

BUSINESS MAN

Oh, it's just a small compromise and when you agree to it, we can sign the contract.

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD

What is it?

BUSINESS MAN

Well, of course we wouldn't alter your plans in any way. It's the ingenuity of your plans that sold us on the building. But its appearance is not of any known style. The public wouldn't like it. It'd shock people. It's too different, too original. Originality is fine, but why go to extremes? There's always the middle course. So we want to preserve your beautiful design but just soften it with a touch of classical dignity.

He adds the neo-classical style add-ons to the building.

BUSINESS MAN

Here. We've had this made to show you our general idea. It's very simple. All you do is copy it. We want you to adapt your building like this. Now there's a touch of the new and a touch of the old so it's sure to please everybody. It doesn't spoil anything, does it? And we must always compromise with the general taste. You understand that.

HOWARD

No. If you want my work, you take it as it is or not at all.

BUSINESS MAN

But why?

HOWARD

A building has integrity, just like a man. And just as seldom. It must be true to its own idea, have its own form and serve its own purpose.

DIFFERENT BUSINESS MAN

But we can't depart from the popular forms of architecture.

HOWARD

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

DIFFERENT BUSINESS MAN
Because everybody's accepted them.

HOWARD
I haven't.

DIFFERENT BUSINESS MAN
But why not give people your
functional design wrapped in a
style they are used to?

HOWARD
The point of my designs are that
they do not add anything that is
unnecessary. They are functional
and cost effective and there is
beauty in their purity of purpose.
The sort of wrapping of style you
describe adds to the costs and
dilutes the purity of the
building's purpose. It is
unnecessary and frivolous and I
think that makes a building ugly.

BUSINESS MAN
But all we are asking is for you to
adapt the building to the common
standards of our time.

HOWARD
I set my own standards.

BUSINESS MAN
But after all, we are your clients,
and it's your job to serve us.

HOWARD
I don't build in order to have
clients. I have clients in order to
build.

BUSINESS MAN
Mr. Roark, we can't argue about
this. The decision of our board was
final. We want these changes. Will
you accept the commission on our
terms, or not?

Howard shakes his head.

BUSINESS MAN
You realize, of course, your whole
future is at stake. This may be
your last chance.

(CONTINUED)

Howard looks at his bare wrist, briefly reconsidering, then he looks at the adjusted model.

BUSINESS MAN

Well? Yes or no, Mr. Roark?

HOWARD

No.

BUSINESS MAN

You realize what you're doing?

HOWARD

Quite.

BUSINESS MAN

Roark, this is sheer insanity.
Can't you give in just once? After
all, you have to live.

HOWARD

Not that way.

BUSINESS MAN

How else? Don't you have to work?

HOWARD

I'd rather work as a day laborer,
if necessary.

Howard leaves.

BUSINESS MAN

Well, can you beat that?

MR TOOHEY

No.

BUSINESS MAN

It was you who recommended Roark in
the first place. You chose him. You
said he would be good.

MR TOOHEY

Wasn't he?

BUSINESS MAN

You suggested those changes. You
said he'd accept them.

MR TOOHEY

Oh, yes, so I did. I told you, Mr.
Gail Wynand wants buildings that
show a classical influence.

(CONTINUED)

DIFFERENT BUSINESS MAN
Then why did you pick this man?

MR TOOHEY
An experiment, gentlemen. A very
interesting experiment.

BUSINESS MAN
But what are we going to do?

MR TOOHEY
Pick another architect, of course.

INT. GAIL WYNAND'S OFFICE, DAY

It is a large office with great view.

Mr Toohey is sitting in a comfortable chair while GAIL WYNAND (Raymond Massey) is leaning against the front of his large desk, leafing through a copy of his paper, not terribly interested in either Toohey or the paper.

MR TOOHEY
I'm sure you know that I seek
nothing for myself, Mr. Wynand. My
only motive is a selfless concern
for my fellow men. The new building
of the Security Bank is such an
important undertaking and you hold
the controlling interest, Mr.
Wynand. The board of directors has
attempted to pick an architect
quite unsuccessfully. They will
accept anyone you choose. And I
felt it my duty to offer you my
advice.

GAIL WYNAND
Whom do you recommend?

MR TOOHEY
The rising star of the profession
Peter Keating. No other architect
can equal his ability. That, Mr.
Wynand, is my sincere opinion.

GAIL WYNAND
I quite believe you.

MR TOOHEY
You do?

(CONTINUED)

GAIL WYNAND

Of course, but, Mr. Toohey why should I consider your opinion?

MR TOOHEY

Well, after all, I am the architectural critic of the Banner.

GAIL WYNAND

My dear Toohey, don't confuse me with my readers.

MR TOOHEY

I... I took the liberty of bringing you some samples of Peter Keating's best work. You may judge for yourself. If you have seen any of these buildings[]

GAIL WYNAND

I have. They were excellent 2000 years ago when they were built for the first time.

MR TOOHEY

But surely you're not in favor of so-called modern architecture? It's merely the work of a few unbridled individualists. Artistic value is achieved collectively by each man subordinating himself to the standards of the majority.

GAIL WYNAND

I read that in your column yesterday.

MR TOOHEY

You did? Thank you. The greatness in Peter Keating's personality lies in the fact that there's no personality stamped upon his buildings.

GAIL WYNAND

(laughing)

Quite true. Thus he represents not himself but the multitude of all men together. And produces great big marble bromides.

(CONTINUED)

MR TOOHEY

I believe I am failing to sell you Peter Keating.

GAIL WYNAND

Why, no. You're succeeding. Your Keating is worthless so he's probably the right choice for that building. He's sure to be popular. You wouldn't expect me to pick a man of merit, would you? I've never hired a good architect for any of the banks, hotels or other commercial structures I've built. I give the public what it wants, including your column, Mr. Toohey.

MR TOOHEY

Am I to understand you will choose Peter Keating?

GAIL WYNAND

I really don't care. One of those fashionable architects is just as inept as another. I think you have a good idea, however. I think I will decide according to the advice of the Banner's "Architectural Experts."

MR TOOHEY

Yes, indeed, Mr. Wynand.

GAIL WYNAND

But you're not my only expert, Mr. Toohey. You have a rival. I should consult Dominique Francon, as well.

Gail leans back and presses the intercom.

INTERCOM

Yes Sir?

GAIL WYNAND

Ask Miss Francon to come in.

MR TOOHEY

Miss Francon and I do not always agree.

GAIL WYNAND

I'm sure of it.

(CONTINUED)

There is a BUZZER sound. Gail leans back to the intercom and presses the button again.

GAIL WYNAND

Yes?

INTERCOM

Mr. Wynand, I know it's inexcusable but Miss Francon is not in the building. Shall I telephone her home and ask her to come here at once?

Gail smiles and picks up his hat.

GAIL WYNAND

No. That's alright.

MR TOOHEY

You're not going in person...

GAIL WYNAND

You know, Toohey? One of these days, you'll bore me.

MR TOOHEY

I shall endeavor not to do so until the right time.