

You Can Take Your Fountainhead With You And Swing It

Chapter 4

INT. BILL KIRBY'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Rosie enters. Bill is sitting on the edge of the sofa but still in his hat and coat.

ROSIE
Bill, you know you don't need to wait up for me.

BILL
Oh I wasn't. I wasn't. I was called to the hospital.

Rosie goes over to him, sits on his knee and kisses him.

ROSIE
You just back now?

BILL
Well... no, no I got back two hours ago. Sat down and thought at any moment Rosie's going to come back. Any moment now...

She smiles and they kiss again.

BILL
How was work?

ROSIE
Alright. ... I tried to get Edee an audition. I really want her to get my spot when we go.

BILL
How'd it go?

ROSIE
Oh ... it didn't.

They just sit holding each other for a moment.

ROSIE
Bill?

BILL
Mm?

ROSIE
When are we moving to Tumbleland Falls?

(CONTINUED)

BILL

Oh ... I still have to sort out
some things ... work... things...

ROSIE

Hm. ... Bill?

BILL

Yeah?

ROSIE

When are you going to tell your
family that we're married?

Bill stands up.

BILL

Now Rosie, I told you. Father is a
very particular man. I've just got
to ease him into it, is all.

ROSIE

But why not tell Ann at least? She
wouldn't care.

BILL

Look we're both tired. Let's not
talk about this now.

ROSIE

We are moving to Tumbleland Falls
though, aren't we Bill?

BILL

Course. Course we are. You don't
even need to ask that.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING

Bertie is in bed with an ice pack on his head, drinking some
"cure" Jeeves has fixed for him.

JEEVES (George Sanders) is standing near with a tray.

Bertie takes a sip and lets out a long groan. He is looking
a little brighter already

BERTIE

Thank you Jeeves. The valiant never
taste of death but once.

Jeeves just raises his eyebrows ever so slightly.

(CONTINUED)

BERTIE

You must congratulate me Jeeves.

JEEVES

Sir?

BERTIE

The union of Peter Keating and
Dominique Francon is no more.

Bertie replaces the empty glass on the tray

JEEVES

Alcohol poisoning sir?

BERTIE

No. (gives Jeeves a doubletake
look) No. I deftly handled the dom
da dom DOM until she offered that
we sever relations. And gave me
some commission to build something
or other. Pretty good, don't you
think?

Jeeves says nothing but after a second or two gently clears
his throat.

BERTIE

Well?

JEEVES

Well done sir?

BERTIE

Thank you Jeeves. Yes. Very well
done if I do say so myself. And who
should I run into after only good
old Bunny Huntingdon - or rather
Phelps as she is now - and we hit
this spiffing club in Harlem. It's
really marvelous there Jeeves.

JEEVES

How is Mrs. Phelps, sir?

BERTIE

The Phelps are very happily married
apparently or so old Phelps feels
and there's the rub as Bunny was
hoping it would be more of a
short-lived but highly lucrative
affair so she could finally restore
the old Huntingdon pile to its
former glory.

(CONTINUED)

JEEVES

It is my understanding that Mr. Phelps will happily fund any project his wife would care to undertake.

BERTIE

You have the inside track on the Phelps' household?

JEEVES

My cousin Kitty is in the Phelps employ.

BERTIE

Jeeves is there anywhere that the tendrils of your vast network do not extend? You don't see any rupture up on the cards then?

JEEVES

I would be very surprised. Judging by Kitty's letters home it seems the level of devotion Mr. Phelps has for his wife has made quite an impression on the girl, much to the chagrin of George her young suitor[]

BERTIE

Jeeves! Do not encumber my mind with the goings on of the extended Jeeves clan. I have quite enough to concern me as is.

JEEVES

Sorry sir.

BERTIE

But... if you had any suggestions...

JEEVES

Well sir, as I have said, it is my understanding that were Mrs. Phelps to simply ask Mr. Phelps for the money, he would willingly oblige.

BERTIE

It's not quite that simple Jeeves. You see Bunny is pretty certain that at some point they will end up in the courts. She's a very

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BERTIE (cont'd)
vivacious girl is old Bun. So she
doesn't want old Phelps to have
any sort of financial interest, do
you see?

JEEVES
I doubt she need worry on that
point sir.

BERTIE
No? ... Oh well, in any case I
think she is worrying over nothing.
The old codger is bound to pop his
clogs soon enough.

JEEVES
He is only 43 sir and in, I
believe, rude health.

BERTIE
Ah, no. Been misinformed there
Jeeves. He was just out of a coma
when he and Bunny met.

JEEVES
I don't believe so sir. Prior to
meeting his wife Mr. Phelps had,
for a short time, been engaged to a
- Miss Dominique Francon - and he
did spend some time out of town but
his health has never been anything
but excellent.

BERTIE
Really? Well isn't that ... gosh
... wait, are you saying that
Phelps pretended to be in a coma
to avoid a union with the dom da
dom DOM?

JEEVES
I believe so, sir.

BERTIE
But you said Keating should pretend
to be in a coma! You're losing your
touch Jeeves. You can't pull the
same trick on the one show pony
twice ... or however that saying
goes.

JEEVES

If you say so sir.

BERTIE

I do. I do say so. Just as well the
Wooster grey matter was at hand.

JEEVES

Will that be all sir?

EXT. QUARRY, BUILDING SITE - DAY

Dominique is looking down at the workers in the quarry and
sees Howard drilling into some rock. She is immediately
captivated by him.

He sees her staring at him and returns her gaze.

She looks away annoyed by his lack of nervousness.

The quarry foreman comes along.

QUARRY FOREMAN

Why, Miss Francon. How do you do?
What are you doing here?

DOMINIQUE

I'm out here for the summer. Father
let me have his house all to
myself. I thought I'd take a look
at this quarry.

QUARRY FOREMAN

Let me show you around. This is the
best gray granite in Connecticut.
Why, last month, we shipped[]

DOMINIQUE

Who's that man?

QUARRY FOREMAN

What man, Miss Francon?

DOMINIQUE

Never mind.

EXT. OUTSIDE PETER'S LOG CABIN - DAY

Peter is sitting in a sun chair and making drawing on some scraps of paper.

Ann comes walking up the path.

ANN
HEY HO!

Peter gets up and goes over to her.

PETER
Ann! You came!

ANN
Well when you send a telegram
saying DONT SELL YOUR DREAMS STOP
COME BUILD A LIVING PALACE WITH ME
STOP what choice do I have?

PETER
That's my girl.

EXT. QUARRY, BUILDING SITE - DAY

Dominique is lingering near Howard while he's working away.
Howard looks up at her and smiles.

DOMINIQUE
Why do you always stare at me?

HOWARD
For the same reason you've been
staring at me.

DOMINIQUE
I don't know what you're talking
about.

HOWARD
If you didn't Miss Francon, you'd
be more astonished and much less
angry.

DOMINIQUE
So you know my name.

HOWARD
You've been advertising it loudly
enough.

(CONTINUED)

DOMINIQUE

You'd better not be insolent. I can have you fired at a moment's notice.

HOWARD

Shall I call the superintendent?

DOMINIQUE

No, of course not. But since you know who I am, you'd better stop looking at me when I come here. It might be misunderstood.

HOWARD

I don't think so.

EXT. AREA IN THE WOODS WITH CAVES AND A STREAM - DAY

Peter has given Ann the notebook with the drawings he made as a child, and explaining his idea to her.

PETER

This. This is what made me want to build. I wanted to make somewhere that looked like this, somewhere that is as beautiful as it is peaceful and natural. Somewhere that felt like a hideout from the world but that had every modern convenience and then some.

Ann looks charmed by what he's saying but not seriously considering it.

He unfolds a drawing he's been holding and lays it out before Ann.

PETER

This is the sort of thing I had in mind.

Ann looks at it and is blown away.

ANN

Oh ... oh ... I want to build this!

PETER

I knew you would.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

Of course this terrain is completely unsuitable.

PETER

Of course.

ANN

We'd need to be very careful about the materials we use.

PETER

Definitely. It could go terribly wrong. It's never been done before.

ANN

And some changes are needed - the interior would need much more light.

PETER

We can have panels of light in the ceiling.

ANN

I have this idea of positioning panes in such way that they give those on the interior light and views but those on the outside would have no view in.

PETER

Even better!

ANN

Of course we'd still need the ceiling panels for nighttime. Could be like a chessboard or some new board game...

Peter starts laughing. He can see that Ann's head is already popping with ideas for it.

ANN

Oh Peter, I really want to build this.

PETER

Let's.

ANN

But how? ... Can you afford this?

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Well... no. Not yet. But a friend of mine, Ellsworth Toohey, he's the architectural columnist at The Banner, he's says I'm a shoe-in for the Manhattan Security Bank commission. That should pay handsomely and give me access to creditors happy to bankroll my dreams.

ANN

I've read some of his columns. I'm not sure I trust a man whose flattery often sounds kinda insulting.

INT. DOMINIQUE'S BEDROOM, FAMILY HOME - EVENING

Dominique is sitting down but gets up and inspects a small crack in the fireplace. She has the look of someone involved in some intrigue and she is very restless.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

DOMINIQUE

Come in.

Howard enters.

HOWARD

Good evening, Miss Francon. You sent for me?

DOMINIQUE

Yes. Would you like to make some extra money?

HOWARD

Certainly, Miss Francon.

DOMINIQUE

That marble piece is broken and has to be replaced. I want you to take it out.

HOWARD

Yes, Miss Francon.

He kneels down at the fireplace and looks at the small blemish. He strikes the stone with a chisel causing it to become completely cracked.

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD

Now it's broken and has to be replaced.

DOMINIQUE

Would you know what kind of marble this is and where to order a piece?

HOWARD

Yes, Miss Francon.

DOMINIQUE

Go ahead, then. Take it out.

HOWARD

Yes, Miss Francon.

Dominique starts giggling.

DOMINIQUE

Oh, I'm sorry. You might have thought that I was laughing at you, but I wasn't, of course. I didn't want to disturb you. I'm sure you're anxious to finish and get out of here. I mean, because you must be tired. There must be things you'd like to talk about.

HOWARD

Oh, well, yes, Miss Francon.

DOMINIQUE

Well?

HOWARD

I think this is an atrocious fireplace.

DOMINIQUE

Really? This house was designed by my father. There's no point in your discussing architecture. None at all. Shall we choose some other subject?

HOWARD

Yes, Miss Francon. Generally, there are three kinds of marble: The white, the onyx and the green. This last must not be considered a true marble. True marble is the metamorphic form of limestone

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD (cont'd)
produced by heat and pressure.
Pressure is a powerful factor. It
leads to consequences which, once
started, cannot be controlled. What
consequences? The infiltration of
foreign elements from the
surrounding soil. They form the
colored streaks found in most
marbles. This is pure white marble.
You should be very careful, Miss
Francon. To accept nothing but a
stone of the same quality. This is
Alabama marble, very high grade,
very hard to find. What shall I do
with the stone?

DOMINIQUE
Leave it here. I'll have it
removed.

HOWARD
All right. I'll order a new piece
cut to measure and have it
delivered to you. Do you wish me to
set it?

DOMINIQUE
Yes, certainly. I'll let you know
when it comes. How much do I owe
you?

She hands him some money before he can answer.

DOMINIQUE
Keep the change.

HOWARD
Thank you, Miss Francon.

DOMINIQUE
Good night.

HOWARD
Good night, Miss Francon.

EXT. OUTSIDE PETER'S LOG CABIN - DAY

Peter is picking up post from the letter box.

Ann is sitting on a blanket, sketching out some ideas
roughly.

(CONTINUED)

Peter starts reading a telegram.

PETER

Time to return to Manhattan. - Oh
no...

ANN

Peter?

Peter is suddenly looking very worried.

Ann gets up and goes over to him.

ANN

What's the matter?

PETER

Bertie Wooster has landed the
commission for the Security Bank of
Manhattan.

ANN

Oh Peter. Is that all? There'll be
other jobs.

PETER

No. No, you don't understand. He
landed the job posing as Peter
Keating ... I'm ruined. - I told
the dolt to only meet the dom[]

ANN

The what?

PETER

Never mind.

ANN

I don't understand...

PETER

No one will.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT, ENTRANCE - DAY

Peter opens up the door and storms in.

Jeeves appears.

JEEVES

Good afternoon Mr. Keating.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Jeeves.

Peter is on the warpath and heads for the sitting room.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT, SITTING ROOM - DAY

Bertie is sitting down having a high ball.

Peter storms in.

BERTIE

Perfect timing old sport. Care for
a high ball?

PETER

WOOSTER!

BERTIE

KEATING!

Bertie starts laughing but stops as Peter advances
menacingly.

BERTIE

I say, is anything the matter?

PETER

You were only supposed to meet with
Dominique Francon and no one else!
You dolt. You've ruined me!

Jeeves appears behind him.

JEEVES

With respect sir, Mr. Wooster had
no choice in the matter. Miss
Francon invited him to dinner at Mr
Gail Wynand's apartment and he was
unable to refuse.

BERTIE

She's terrifying.

Peter plonks down on a chair, deflated.

PETER

That she is.

Jeeves goes over to the drinks cabinet and starts fixing a
drink for Peter.

(CONTINUED)

PETER
I'm ruined.

JEEVES
Perhaps not, sir.

BERTIE
Jee[]

PETER
Can it Wooster!

Peter sighs deeply.

PETER
Sorry Jeeves, you were saying.

Jeeves hands a drink to Peter.

JEEVES
Well sir, who is to say that your
cousin hasn't been pretending to be
you along, starting at the
masquerade ball?

PETER
Well, ... no one who would be any
trouble ... It might work at that.

BERTIE
Why am I always painted as the
villain of the piece or mad man?
Why can't I be the hero[]

PETER
Oh do shut up Bertie.