

You Can Take Your Fountainhead With You
And Swing It!

Part 1

INT. UNIVERSITY - LARGE HALL, DAY

A group of elderly male professors enter the hall.

Inside the entrance there is a large sign A NEW LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA.

The hall is filled with stands where there are building designs mounted on easels and specs etc on tables besides them.

The professors look around, nodding and generally murmuring in approval at the work on the display.

HOWARD ROARK (Gary Cooper) has been standing at one of the windows looking out contemplatively. He suddenly notices that the professors are nearing his stand. He quickly heads over to meet them.

His design follows a functionalist style. It is very angular, modern, fit for purpose and completely different to all the other designs, which mainly follow a more classical style. It is a very good design.

HOWARD

Professor Munroe, this is my design[]

PROF MUNROE

Evidently...

HOWARD

I believe it is my best attempt yet to marry function and form.

PROF MUNROE

I'm sure, Mr Roark, that your design works well as a library. But what about it says Alexandria?

As Howard starts to speak to the professor motions to the others and they move to the next stand. One lingers at the table looking at the cost sheet that Howard has laid out. He seems rather impressed by what he sees and he takes another look at the design.

PROFESSOR

Add a few Grecian motifs and you could have a winning design there.

HOWARD

Never!

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR

What was that?

HOWARD

I will not pollute my designs with
needless aesthetic affectations.

PROFESSOR

Very well.

The professor moves on to the next stand.

The other professors are now a couple of stands ahead of him. They stop at one where Professor Munroe is really taken with the design. He picks up the design from the easel and scrutinizes it. The building has a modernist structure but a neo-classical look and plants hang off its flat roof and at various points giving it a hanging garden feel.

PROF MUNROE

Oh yes, this is very good.

ANN KIRBY (Jean Arthur) steps forward.

ANN

Thank you Professor.

The professor is clearly disappointed to see who it is.

PROF MUNROE

Oh. Oh yes... Well, nice design you
made there. Good girl.

He places the design back on the easel.

ANN

Thank you.

PROF MUNROE

You know Miss Kirby you should find
yourself one of these modernist
architects. He might well
appreciate you adding your little
feminine touches.

The professor laughs and Ann confusedly laughs a little too, not sure if he's telling her to partner up with an architect who has a modernist style or if he's telling her to marry one. In any case it's clear he's saying that her talent isn't enough by itself.

INT. UNIVERSITY - LARGE HALL, LATER THAT DAY

Prof Munroe is standing on a stage at the head of the hall, giving out awards. Two students with ribbons on their designs are standing on stage also, off to the right.

Prof Munroe is holding up a design that looks like a cross between the Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève and the Woodbury County Courthouse in Iowa.

PROF MUNROE

So without further ado - Mr Peter Keating - come up and collect your well deserved first place ribbon.

The crowd start clapping. PETER KEATING (Douglas Fairbanks) is sitting beside Ann Kirby. He looks at her, smiling but slightly ashamed knowing that her design is a better version of the same idea that he has used. She may be disappointed but she's a good sport and smiles back encouragingly.

ANN

It's a great design.

PETER

Yes. Still it's a good thing I decided not to wear the dress today.

Ann covers a laugh. Peter winks back at her as he heads up onto the stage.

Peter goes on stage, the crowd start clapping again as he takes his design with the ribbon on it. Prof Munroe is saying some words of praise about the design and Peter is replying with "Oh gosh. I'm just glad you like it." sort of remarks.

While this is going on Ann moves over to one of the side tables where there are refreshments. Howard is standing looking at the stage with a slightly sour look on his face. It's clear from the way Ann is looking at him that she admires him. She moves over towards him.

ANN

It should be you up there. Your design is marvelous.

HOWARD

Thank you.

Howard continues watching the awards ceremony.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

I'm not a fan of functionalism really. I think it's too bare, too cold, too plain. But then I see one of your designs and - it changes my mind. Your designs look real and honest and strong.

Howard stares at her a moment considering if perhaps she is worthwhile.

HOWARD

I'm afraid I didn't see your design...

ANN

Oh. Oh let me show you.

She unfurls her design and shows it too him.

HOWARD

Why? Why would you put plants in a library? Why all that unnecessary fuss and clutter?

ANN

Oh don't you see? I wanted to say that just as plants can be cultivated to grow 'most anywhere so too can libraries cultivate the minds of 'most anyone who cares to use them.

HOWARD

Yes. I see now. It's quite poetic.

ANN

Thank you.

HOWARD

You should have studied English.

Howard walks off. Ann stares after him a little forlornly and then shrugs.

ANN

Well, that's what mother says too.

The awards ceremony is over and people are starting to leave.

Peter, coming down off the stage, calls to her.

(CONTINUED)

PETER
Ann! Hey Ann!

He catches up to her and grabs her by the arm.

PETER
A gang of us are going out to
celebrate. And you're coming too.

ANN
I'm being kidnapped?

PETER
Yes. You'll be bigger than the
Lindbergh baby.

ANN
I'm not sure I want to be that big.
- Is Howard coming?

PETER
(groans)
Oh Ann!

He rushes her out the door with him.

EXT. BALCONY WITH VIEWS OVER MANHATTAN, NIGHT

Howard is standing looking at the city, face lit with
ambitious dreams.

PARTY NOISES can be heard from the inside the adjoining
apartment. One of the doors to the balcony bursts open and
Ann stumbles through giggling. She's holding a glass of
champagne.

Howard doesn't even turn to look.

She sees Howard and straightens up but then lapses into
giggles again. She walks over to him.

ANN
I think I've had too much of this
sparkling burgundy brew.

Howard just throws her a small smile, in a good mood, but
still focused on the world outside.

ANN
(singing)
You go to my head...

She laughs again.

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD

Who needs champagne when there's this.

Ann looks out at the view searching for what he's looking at.

ANN

What do see there?

HOWARD

A world of possibilities...

ANN

Oh where? I'd like to see that world!

HOWARD

Just look. It's there. For anyone with vision.

ANN

Ha! That's easy for you to say.

Howard infers from this that others do not share his ability to envision a new future and simply continues to gaze at the buildings, considering the possibilities.

Ann watches him for a moment half in admiration half in the awareness of the huge gulf the separates them.

ANN

Do you know how I got into Havel College?

HOWARD

Your father and Professor Munroe are good friends.

ANN

Well ... (starts laughing) yes. I suppose that is one way to put it. My father brought Professor Munroe's son home from France. And in return for saving his boy's life he felt he had a duty to father which meant granting his request even if crazy old Captain Kirby's request was that his daughter be allowed study architecture. I was allowed attend the course and if I managed to stick it out to the end I'd be guaranteed a passing grade even if my designs were terrible...

(CONTINUED)

She goes silent a moment thinking back on her time in college.

ANN

But they weren't terrible. They're good. I know they're good. ... But it didn't matter no one would give them any proper consideration because they were ... mine.

Howard looks at her for a moment.

HOWARD

Your designs aren't terrible.

ANN

I know it.

He turns back to the view.

HOWARD

Just look at it Ann. Really look.

ANN

(quietly, breathlessly)
He knows my name...

HOWARD

What?

ANN

Nothing.

HOWARD

This world is just beginning. It is something new and fresh ideas can and will conquer it just as much as tanks can and will trample over it. It's there. The future can and will be ours.

ANN

What?

Peter stumbles through the door.

PETER

Why it's Howard and little Miss Kirby... so that's where you got to.

He gives her a "you little minx" look while Ann makes silent gestures trying to get him to go away again which he completely fails to pick up on.

(CONTINUED)

He walks over to stand between them and puts an arm around them both, so the three are now looking out at the view. Ann is rolling her eyes, a little vexed.

PETER

What are we looking at?

HOWARD

The future.

PETER

Ah. Yes. The future is ours.

Both Ann and Howard look at him dubiously.

PETER

Yours Howard because you know what you want it be and you're going to make it so. Yours Ann because you'll enchant everyone with the touch of mythology and magic that you bring to life. And mine because I know exactly what this world wants and I'm going to give it to it!

Howard shakes his head and backs out of Peter's grasp. Ann laughs, charmed in spite of herself.

Peter takes Ann's champagne glass off her, moves forward and raises the glass.

PETER

To a splendid night and a splendid future!

SEVERAL SILENT SCENES PLAYED OVER BEGIN THE BEGUINE

#1 An older man, HENRY CAMERON, is standing behind a desk apparently lecturing or admonishing Howard. There are models of buildings in the modernist style on cabinets against the wall behind him. He shakes his head as Howard stands looking at him resolutely with eyes gleaming. Then he looks down at Howard's design he has stretched out below him. He shakes his head again but this time it's obvious he is really delighted and impressed by what he sees. He looks up at Howard trying to look discouraging but Howard can see that he has won him over and a smile starts to spread over his face. The man reaches out his hand which Howard takes and shakes it firmly.

(CONTINUED)

#2 A man in a large office is holding up a design outstretched. He looks impressed. He rolls back up the design and presses the buzzer on his desk. A second later Ann enters the room smiling. He smiles at her, a little confused and then looks behind her to see who the architect is. Ann gestures that it's her and he laughs and gently bats her on the nose with the design. She shakes her head and more insistently says IT'S MINE. The man laughs again and gently bats her on the bum with the design. He then goes to the door looks out, still searching for the real architect. The man starts to tire of the joke and looks at the Ann crossly for wasting his time. Ann is still pleading that the design is hers. He points for her to go. She looks to get the design back but he just shoves her out the door, closes it behind her and bins the design.

#3 Peter steps out of an office with an older successful architect, GUY FRANCON, laughing and clapping him on the shoulder. Peter walks off confidently as the business man says "FINE BOY" and the secretaries watch him leave in admiration.

#4 Henry & Howard are standing behind a functionalist building model. They exchange a brief anxious glance. A business man is walking around the model contemplating it. He looks at the costing page he has also. Eventually he nods at the Henry and Howard and they smile at each other shake each others hand first before reaching out to shake the business man's hand. The business man is at first looking hesitant but their jubilant spirits lift his also and he keeps nodding.

#5 Ann standing holding up a design, stretched out. She's smiling hopefully. There is a business man sitting behind a desk looking at Ann as if this is the most ridiculous thing he's seen in a while.

#6 Ann being shoved out the door as she is trying to plead with whoever is behind her.

#7 Peter is smiling and standing behind a model in the neo-classical style. A business man is beside him looking delighted and nodding enthusiastically.

#8 Howard alone standing behind an impressive very modern stark looking model. Another business man is standing contemplating it. Eventually he looks up at Howard and just shakes his head. Howard nods briefly in acknowledgment.

#9 Ann being shoved out a door.

#10 Ann being shoved out another door.

#11 Ann running out a door and a business man running out after with a wild "the chase is on!" look on his face, looking right and left to see where she went.

#12 A secretary talking on a phone in the same office from #1. Howard and Henry are anxiously watching her. She puts down the receiver and turns to them and shakes her head sadly. Henry fires the pencil he's holding on to the ground.

#13 The same secretary on the phone again. This time only Howard is watching her hopefully, Henry is busying himself with something and already looks resigned to rejections. The secretary puts down the receiver and bites her lip a moment before turning to Howard, shaking her head.

#14 Now it is Howard talking on the phone, hopeful at first but slowly becoming more glum looking. Henry is working on something in the background. He looks up for a moment when Howard puts down the receiver. Howard just looks to the side and shakes his head briefly. Henry looks as if he expected as much.

#15 Peter standing shaking hands with two beaming business men beside a model for a Gothic style tower block.

#16 Peter striding through an office hallway confidently greeting the business people he passes and winking at the secretaries. Every seems delighted at any attention he pays them.

#17 Peter smiling broadly and standing confidently, towering behind an impressive looking model for a large development in the neo-classical style blended with some modernistic forms. There are a group of business men behind him nodding their heads and smiling at the wonderful model.

#18 Ann nervously holding up a design in front of a man behind the desk. He's looking at the design and gestures to her to put it on the desk. She does so hurriedly. He looks at it looks quietly pleased with what he sees, nodding he looks up at Ann who is delighted and practically hugs him.

#19 Ann putting a nameplate on her desk ANN KIRBY ASST.

INT. HOWARD'S OFFICE, DAY

Howard alone in the office, staring at the phone. He looks fed up. He walks over to the wireless and turns it off.
BEGIN THE BEGUINE stops.

Howard goes over to the stand to get his hat and coat.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD

Enter.

Henry enters. He doesn't look well, harassed. He's holding a newspaper scrunched up in his hand.

HOWARD

Henry! How are you?

HENRY

I - I was in the area, thought I'd drop by see how things are going.

HOWARD

You can see for yourself.

HENRY

Howard. I did you a great disservice hiring you... It's no use. Why don't you give up?

HOWARD

Henry please...

HENRY

It's no use. You... You took over when I gave it up. My... My heir, eh? And look at it. You haven't got any further than I did... ...and you won't.

HOWARD

We'll see.

HENRY

How many years have you been on your own now? And what have you got to show for it? You've done four buildings in all these years.

HOWARD

That's quite a good deal to show for it.

HENRY

After the kind of struggle you've had?

HOWARD

I didn't expect it to be easy, but those who want me will come to me.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

They don't want you, son. Don't you understand? This is what they want.

Henry holds up a newspaper, THE BANNER. The screaming headline, above a photo of crime bosses in cuffs being marched into a police station, reads RISE LIKE KINGS FALL LIKE DOMINOES.

HENRY

This is what they want. Gail Wynand's Banner the foulest newspaper on earth. You hold to your own ideas and you'll starve. Gail Wynand gives people what they ask for: The common, the vulgar, and the trite. And he's maybe the most powerful man living. - Can you fight that?

HOWARD

I never notice it.

HENRY

The people who read this... You know what they think of architecture?

HOWARD

I don't care what they think of architecture or anything else.

Henry is starting to look a little ill, beads of sweat are forming on his forehead and he's getting more worked up.

HENRY

l... I don't want to see what they'll do to you. Me, I am... I'm through. I've had enough. I don't want any part of Gail Wynand's city!

Henry collapses and Howard rushes over to him.

HENRY

Get me an ambulance, will you?

INT. AMBULANCE, DAY

Henry is lying on a trolley in the ambulance that is beside a window. Howard is sitting beside him. There isn't any partition between the driver/operator and the passengers.

HENRY

Howard, look at those buildings. Skyscrapers, the greatest structural invention of man. Yet they made them look like Greek temples... Gothic cathedrals and mongrels of every ancient style they could borrow... just because others had done it. - I told them. I told them that the form of a building must follow its function. That new materials demand new forms. That one building can't borrow pieces of another's shape... just as one man can't borrow another's soul. Howard, every new idea in the world comes from the mind of some one man... and you know the price he has to pay for it?

Henry sees a building and a look of delight passes over his features.

HENRY

I built that... - Howard, you do me a favor. All my things that you're keeping for me, I want you to burn them. All my... My papers, my drawings, my contracts. Everything. Burn them, will you?

AMBULANCE OPERATOR

Mister, try to relax.

Howard and Henry ignore the operator completely.

HOWARD

Yes.

HENRY

I don't want to leave anything to the world. How sorry I am leaving you to face them. Howard, it's no use! Give in. Compromise. Compromise now. You'll have to later, anyway.

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD

Why are you saying this to me?
That's not what you did.

HENRY

That's why I'm saying it.
Because it's not what I did.
Do you want to end up this way?
It's your future. Do you want this?

HOWARD

Yes.

The ambulance operator scratches his head.

HENRY

Then may God bless you, Howard.
You're on your way into hell.

EXT. FRONT OF HOSPITAL, DAY

Howard is watching Henry being wheeled into the hospital.
The ambulance operator is standing near him.

AMBULANCE OPERATOR

It's not true you know.

HOWARD

What?

AMBULANCE OPERATOR

Every idea coming from just one
guy. It's not true. Not always
anyhow. - My pops in Vermont had
all these beer crates left over
after that whole business dried up
and so did my uncle down in
Tennessee. They both keep chickens
right? And you know how foxes is
always a problem right? Well my
pops suddenly realized one day that
the crates would work great you
know as walls for the chicken coup.
And he calls my Uncle Joe. And
guess what? That very same day, the
very same day Joe had built up his
chicken coup with his empty crates.
Would you credit it?

HOWARD

Hm.

(CONTINUED)

AMBULANCE OPERATOR

I had this teacher Miss Montgomery and she used to say "Necessity is the mother of invention children". She was real clever Miss Montgomery. Uglier than an outhouse but real smart. And when something is really needed lotsa people gets the idea for it. - But what I can't figure is what happened to all that dough they must have made... I sure ain't seen any sign of it.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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 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.

(CONTINUED)

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[]

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PETER (cont'd)
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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR TOOHEY (cont'd)
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?

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
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR TOOHEY (cont'd)
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.

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.

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.

INT. DOMINIQUE'S APARTMENT, DAY

DOMINIQUE FRANCON is standing holding a statuette. The statuette is of a naked man with his arms crossed at the wrists over his head, like a torture victim. She has an almost anguished look on her face as she looks at it. Her breath quickens. She looks like she cant take it any more. She holds it close as she tries to regain control.

EXT. SQUARE OUTSIDE DOMINIQUE'S APARTMENT, DAY

GROUCHO, CHICO AND HARPO MARX are below on the square.

Chico has a peanut cart and is explaining to Groucho that no he can not get free samples.

Chico is turning back to Harpo saying "Can you believe this guy?" after every exchange Harpo always nods his head solemnly in agreement, and every time Chico turns away Harpo sticks his hand into the cart and grabs a fistful of popcorn and shoves it in his mouth.

Chico only notices what's going on when Harpo's mouth is full to bursting. Harpo then spits the popcorn at Chico before jumping up and running around the back of the cart.

Chico is running around the cart after him.

Harpo stops abruptly and somehow Chico ends up holding his leg. Exasperated, Chico lets go of his leg and shouts at him.

CHICO
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND!?! NOTHING
COMES FOR FREE IN THIS WORLD.
THINGS DON'T JUST DROP OUT OF THE
SKY YOU KNOW!?!

EXT. DOMINIQUE'S APARTMENT, DAY

Dominique is now standing at an open window holding the statuette. She throws it down to the ground.

EXT. SQUARE OUTSIDE DOMINIQUE'S APARTMENT, DAY

The statuette hits Harpo on his hat, causing him to fall back on his bum while the statuette bounces off and Groucho catches it.

(CONTINUED)

Chico rushes over to Harpo whose upper body circles back and forth a couple of times before he falls back flat, like in a cartoon.

Chico is trying to wake him up by slapping him. Harpo doesn't react the first couple of times. And Chico is getting very concerned looking up to the sky saying "Why?" and things like that. While he is looking up to the sky Harpo opens his eyes looking at him curiously but always closing his eyes shut as Chico looks back at him.

Chico tries slapping him again and this time Harpo slaps him back. Chico starts to get mad but then is overcome by happiness that Harpo is OK.

Harpo sits back up takes off his tall hat under that is a bushy head of curls and Chico touches it.

CHICO
Strong hair.

Harpo nods smiling.

Groucho meanwhile is contemplating the statuette, while eating peanuts from the cart.

Still holding the statuette Groucho wanders over to them.

Chico looks at the statuette.

CHICO
Iz dizgusting!

GROUCHO
People pay good money for
disgusting these days.

Groucho looks up at the sky.

GROUCHO
AND MONEY DOESN'T COME FOR FREE IN
THIS WORLD. MONEY DOESN'T JUST DROP
OUT OF THE SKY YOU KNOW!?!

All three look up hopefully for a moment or two.

GROUCHO
(to Chico)
You try.

CHICO
Hey! Money don't drop out of the
sky, you know!?!

They wait a moment.

GROUCHO
No that's no good.

Chico looks to Harpo who shakes his head.

INT. DOMINIQUE'S APARTMENT, DAY

Dominique is reclining elegantly on a chair, looking grieved and bored.

Gail Wynand enters.

DOMINIQUE
How did you come in?

GAIL WYNAND
Your maid let me in.

DOMINIQUE
Without an announcement?

GAIL WYNAND
You can't expect her to share your attitude. You're the only person in New York who'd refuse me admittance.

DOMINIQUE
Why did you come here?

GAIL WYNAND
I needed you at the office. I found you absent.

DOMINIQUE
Isn't it unprecedented for you to come in person after one of your employees?

GAIL WYNAND
I hoped you'd take note of that. I wanted to ask your advice about a matter which will be of great interest to you. I must pick an architect for the Security Bank building. Whom would you recommend?

DOMINIQUE
No one. I don't know a single architect of ability. And you're
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOMINIQUE (cont'd)
not looking for ability, Mr.
Wynand.

GAIL WYNAND
And if I left the choice up to you?

DOMINIQUE
I wouldn't care to make it.

GAIL WYNAND
No?

He looks at her curiously a moment.

GAIL WYNAND
Ellsworth Toohey is very anxious to
get the commission for Peter
Keating.

DOMINIQUE
Peter Keating is a third-rate
architect.

GAIL WYNAND
Is he? He's your father's partner.

DOMINIQUE
Not officially. Yet.

GAIL WYNAND
And aren't you engaged to Peter
Keating?

DOMINIQUE
Yes.

GAIL WYNAND
Officially?

DOMINIQUE
Yes. - We'll have the party once
father is back from Europe.

DOMINIQUE
If you found it amusing to tempt me
by offering to help Peter's career
you miscalculated. I have no desire
to help his career.

GAIL WYNAND
I was trying to tempt you, but I
didn't find it amusing. I should

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GAIL WYNAND (cont'd)
like to meet Peter Keating. Will
you have dinner with me this
evening? We'll discuss the
commission.

DOMINIQUE
If you wish.

GAIL WYNAND
Incidentally, I'd have fired anyone
else for being absent from the
office.

DOMINIQUE
I know it. - Shall I consider
myself fired?

GAIL WYNAND
You want to be?

Dominique stretches back, arching her back and pouting just
a little.

DOMINIQUE
Don't really care one way or
another.

Gail takes in her perfect pose.

GAIL WYNAND
You know, you could do much more
than write a small column about
buildings. You could make a
brilliant career on the Banner if
you asked me for it.

DOMINIQUE
I never wanted a career on the
Banner.

GAIL WYNAND
Tell me, what would you consider as
tempting? I'd like to find
something you could want.

DOMINIQUE
Don't try to, Mr. Wynand. I'll
never want anything. Do you know
what I was doing when you came in?
I had a statue which I found in
Europe, the statue of a god. I
think I was in love with it - but I
broke it.

(CONTINUED)

GAIL WYNAND

What do you mean?

DOMINIQUE

I threw it out the window.

GAIL WYNAND

You did what!?

Gail rushes over and opens the window leaning out to check all's well.

CHICO (O.S.)

HEY! SKY! GIMME SOME MONEY! HEY!?!

Gail, very relieved, closes the window and turns back to Dominique.

GAIL WYNAND

Why would you do that?

DOMINIQUE

So that I wouldn't have to love it.
I didn't wanna be tied to anything.
I wanted to destroy it rather than
let it be part of a world where
beauty and genius and greatness
have no chance. The world of the
mob and of the Banner. - Do you
still want me to have dinner with
you tonight?

GAIL WYNAND

More than ever.

INT. DINING ROOM OF GAIL'S APARTMENT, EVENING

Gail is seated at the head of a long dining table. Halfway down the table on the right is seated DOMINIQUE and directly across from her is seated BERTIE WOOSTER (David Niven).

GAIL WYNAND

Mr Keating, I have heard so much
about you. They say you're the
architect to deliver an instantly
recognizable building.

BERTIE

Do they? Do they indeed. Gosh...

(CONTINUED)

GAIL WYNAND

So what drew you to architecture?

BERTIE

Oh. Um. Good question that. - -
Lord knows...

GAIL WYNAND

I take it you want this commission?

BERTIE

Oh... Want it? Ah...

DOMINIQUE

It's the sort of project you'd sell
you're soul for Peter.

BERTIE

Oh is it? Fair enough. Yes. I would
sell my soul for it Mr Wynand.

Gail laughs a cold steely laugh.

GAIL WYNAND

That may be the right phrase.
Everything in life has its price.
In this instance, the price is that
you break your engagement to Miss
Francon.

BERTIE

You want me to break my engagement
to ah... (he gestures over in
Dominique's direction) ...

GAIL WYNAND

You may think what you wish about
my motives but that is the
condition I demand.

BERTIE

Right... yes ... ah - Dominique?

DOMINIQUE

I'm not going to help you. I'd like
to see it decided between Mr.
Wynand and yourself.

BERTIE

Right. Right. But ... ah ... you
wouldn't have a problem with it ah
- in theory ... as it were?

(CONTINUED)

DOMINIQUE

The choice is yours. Our engagement helped you to become my father's partner...

BERTIE

Did it? Did it, really? Good Lord. The fascinating world of business intrigues, what!

DOMINIQUE

Of course Mr. Wynand's patronage will help you much more.

BERTIE

Will it? Ah... OK... But just to be clear, you're happy to end the engagement? No hard feelings and all that? - Wait, this isn't some joke is it? Pretend to be cold-hearted giants of the business world for the clueless Woos[] - architect?

Bertie starts acting like a groaning big menacing giant in his chair for a moment.

BERTIE

Aarrgh!

GAIL WYNAND

Mr. Keating, I never joke. I grant you that I'm behaving abominably. It's extremely cruel to be honest.

Bertie looks at him blankly for a moment.

BERTIE

Ah... right ... well, ... not sure if there's anything else I need say or do here...

GAIL WYNAND

It's simple. You're supposed to slap my face. You were supposed to do that several minutes ago.

BERTIE

Ah...

GAIL WYNAND

No? You don't wanna do that? Of course, you don't have to and you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GAIL WYNAND (cont'd)
don't have to accept. Would you
rather refuse the commission?

BERTIE
Oh, um... no? Should I? I don't
know? Probably not if I'd sell my
soul for it. What do you think
Dominique?

Dominique just glowers at him.

GAIL WYNAND
Fine Mr. Keating. Now I think it
would be best if you left. Call up
my office in the morning, and we'll
sign the contract.

Bertie looks down at his drink a moment but then shrugs.

BERTIE
Righto!

He stands up and looks around awkwardly for a minute.

BERTIE
Well... the course of true love
never did run smooth and all that.
Right, well, toodlepips then.

A servant is standing by the door with Bertie's hat, walking
stick and coat ready.

Bertie leaves.

DOMINIQUE gets up and poses by the wall looking, as ever,
slightly anguished.

Gail goes over and stands behind her.

DOMINIQUE
Why did you do this? Did you
believe I'd agree like Peter? Did
you expect to win me by your usual
methods?

GAIL WYNAND
Of course not. I merely wanted to
show you that all men are corrupt,
anyone can be bought. And that
you're wrong in your contempt for
me. There is no honest way to deal
with people. We have no choice

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GAIL WYNAND (cont'd)
except to submit or to rule them. I
chose to rule.

She turns to him.

DOMINIQUE
A man of integrity would do
neither.

GAIL WYNAND
There are no men of integrity. I
have many years behind me to prove
it. I was born in Hell's Kitchen.
I rose out of the gutter by
creating the Banner. It's a
contemptible paper, isn't it? But
it has achieved my purpose.

DOMINIQUE
What was your purpose?

GAIL WYNAND
Power.

DOMINIQUE
Why are you trying to justify
yourself to me?

GAIL WYNAND
I wasn't trying to jus... Yes.
That is what I was doing.

DOMINIQUE
Why?

GAIL WYNAND
I think you know it.

He leans in and kisses her and she stays still like ice.

DOMINIQUE
You see? I suppose I'm one of those
freaks you hear about. A woman
completely incapable of feeling. I
got engaged to Peter Keating
because he was the most safely,
unimportant person I could find.
And I knew I'd never be in love.

GAIL WYNAND
Haven't you ever loved anyone?

DOMINIQUE

No, and I never will. If I fell in love, it'd be like the statue of the Greek god again.

GAIL WYNAND

I know it. I accept it. I want you to marry me.

DOMINIQUE

If I ever decide to punish myself for some terrible guilt I'll marry you.

GAIL WYNAND

I'll wait. No matter what reason you choose for it. Will you let me see you again?

DOMINIQUE

I'm leaving the city in a few days.

GAIL WYNAND

Where are you going?

DOMINIQUE

To Father's place in Connecticut. I'm going there so I won't have to see anyone.

GAIL WYNAND

What are you really seeking?

DOMINIQUE

Freedom: to want nothing, to expect nothing, to depend on nothing.

Gail moves in to kiss her again but she breaks free of his embrace and runs out of the apartment.

EXT. CITY STREET, NIGHT

Bertie is sauntering down street look very dapper and not in the least concerned by the broken engagement.

BUNNY PHELPS (Margaret Lockwood) recognizes him.

BUNNY

Bertie! Bertie Wooster!

(CONTINUED)

BERTIE

Bunny! Bunny Huntingdon! Well,
well, well... As I live and
breathe. What are you doing here?

BUNNY

It's Bunny Phelps now dear and I
live here. What's your excuse?

Domnique comes running out of the apartment building and stands there a moment looking anguished. Bunny is momentarily distracted by her. Bertie follows her gaze and visibly starts when he spots Dominique.

BUNNY

Bertie?

BERTIE

Ah... TAXI!

A taxi comes to a halt beside them.

DOMINIQUE who is striding up the street, but still a few feet away notices them.

DOMINIQUE

Peter?

Bertie visibly starts again. Without turning around he bundles himself and Bunny into the taxi.

BUNNY

Bertie, why is that woman calling
you Peter?

BERTIE

Harlem. And drive as if Peter's
life depended it.

TAXI DRIVER

(turning around)

Who's Peter?

BERTIE

JUST DRIVE!!!

INT. HARLEM NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Bertie and Bunny walk in and are shown to a table as the band strike up.

CAB CALLOWAY is singing Jumping Jive.

(CONTINUED)

BUNNY

Bertie, tell me what's going on.
Who was that woman?

BERTIE

Peter's fiance ... or she was but
she is no longer thanks to one
Bertram Wooster.

BUNNY

But... Who is Peter?

BERTIE

Peter Keating. You met him in
Monaco a couple of years ago. Some
sort of distant relation of the
Woosters.

BUNNY

Oh, that dish... Yes. - But how
could his fiance think you're him?

BERTIE

Never saw his face apparently.

BUNNY

What?

THE NICOLAS BROTHERS have joined in and are just after
hopping up on a table.

BERTIE

Oh, look - marvelous stuff, eh?

Bunny is about to needle him further but when she sees the
dancing she is entranced.

BUNNY

Why yes.

INT. LOG CABIN IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

Peter is sitting by the fire, stoking it occasionally, but
mostly staring into nothing and contemplating things.

The sound of AN OWL SHRIEKING stirs Peter and he listens
attentively for a moment.

He looks around the room. There is a cigarette case over on
a bookshelf.

(CONTINUED)

He goes over to the bookshelf and lights himself a cigarette. As he is doing so he notices a notebook. He picks it up and starts looking through it. It is clearly something Peter owned as a child. It is filled with notes and drawings. He is delighted to have rediscovered it.

He lights himself a cigarette, sits back down by the fire and starts reading through it.

There is some SCREECHING SOUND outside but Peter is far too absorbed by the notebook and memories to hear it.

INT. DOMINIQUE'S BEDROOM, FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Dominique enters her room. Closes the door behind her as if she's closing it against the world. She breathes deeply. Goes over to the bed, lies back and stretches out on it in an almost feline way.

INT. HARLEM NIGHT CLUB - LATE NIGHT

It's the end of the night. Only a few people are left in the club.

Bertie and Bunny have had a little to drink and Bunny is speaking very animatedly to Bertie about something. An usher is trying to move them up and out.

BUNNY

And now, now he's talking about some ranch or something. Honestly can you see me among a bunch of cowboys?

BERTIE

Yes. - I mean... no?

INT. HARLEM NIGHT CLUB, BACKSTAGE - LATE NIGHT

EDEE DUBRAY (Billie Holliday) is over at the side with her cigarette tray and totting up the take.

As Rosie is walking to her dressing room the manager, MR LLOYD, is walking past.

MR LLOYD

Great set Red.

(CONTINUED)

ROSIE
Thanks Mr. Lloyd.

He continues on walking. Rosie spots Edee.

ROSIE
HEY MR. LLOYD!

MR LLOYD
What honey? Did something catch
fire?

ROSIE
Mr Lloyd you gotta hear Edee sing.

MR LLOYD
Well, the line-up's pretty full as
is ... but a friend of yours - sure
honey send her down to me Monday.

ROSIE
No Mr. Lloyd. Edee.

She points over to Edee, who has taken off her tray and hat,
mussed up her hair and fixed herself up with a large smile.

EDEE
I'd really love to sing for you Mr.
Lloyd.

MR LLOYD
Well...

He looks at his watch, then at Rosie, then back at Edee.

MR LLOYD
Alright. But I've a very pressing
engagement so make it quick, OK
girls?

Edee and Rosie both rush off to get some of the band back on
the stage. Some guys are still sitting there having a drink
and chatting but most have left.

They are rushing back and forth and to begin with Mr. Lloyd
is amused but he keeps checking his watch and he's growing
impatient.

INT. HARLEM NIGHT CLUB - LATE NIGHT

The band's assembled.

ROSIE

OK. Do Nothing Till You Hear From
Me.

BAND MEMBER

No. My Man. No one does it better.

INT. HARLEM NIGHT CLUB, BACKSTAGE - LATE NIGHT

Mr Lloyd sees them arguing over what song to do, and grows too impatient to wait. He walks off.

INT. HARLEM NIGHT CLUB - LATE NIGHT

Edee singing My Man.

EDEE

It's cost me a lot
But there's one thing that I've got
It's my man
Cold and wet, tired you bet
But all this I soon forget
With my man

He's not much for looks
And no hero out of books
Is my man
Two or three girls has he
That he likes as well as me
But I love him!

I don't know why I should
He isn't good, he isn't true
He beats me too
What can I do?

Oh, my man I love him so
He'll never know
All my life is just despair
But I don't care
When he takes me in his arms
The world is bright, all right
What's the difference if I say I'll
go away,
When I know I'll come back on my
knees some day?
For whatever my man is I am his
forever more.

INT. HARLEM NIGHT CLUB, BACKSTAGE - LATE NIGHT

Edee and Rosie rush back to see what Mr Lloyd thought.

No one is there.

ROSIE

Oh honey I'm sorry.

Edee just shrugs.

The rest of the band are coming back in dribs and drabs.

ANOTHER BAND MEMBER

You were real good Edee.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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?

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.

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 severe 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?

(CONTINUED)

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 Phelpsy 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.

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[]

(CONTINUED)

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 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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JEEVES (cont'd)
 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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOMINIQUE (cont'd)
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?

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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?

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?

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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[]

(CONTINUED)

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.

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!

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

INT. DOMINIQUE'S BEDROOM, FAMILY HOME - EVENING

Dominique is dressed in a dressing gown, reclining on a chaise-long reading.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

Dominique waits a moment.

DOMINIQUE
Come in.

A short middle aged man, PASQUALE ORSINI, enters.

DOMINIQUE
Who are you!?

PASQUALE
Pasquale Orsini.

DOMINIQUE
What do you want?

PASQUALE
The tall guy down at the quarry told me you got a fireplace you wanted me to fix.

DOMINIQUE
Yes. Yes, of course. I forgot. Go ahead.

INT. HARLEM NIGHT CLUB, BACKSTAGE - LATE NIGHT

Rosie is coming off stage. Sound of DYING APPLAUSE.

Edee is over at the side totting up her cigarette sales.

EDEE
Hey Rosie, you sounded great.

ROSIE
Thanks. - Edee, I was thinking...

Cab Calloway emerges from one of the dressing rooms and is looking through a box of props.

(CONTINUED)

EDEE

Yeah? What about?

ROSIE

Why don't I tell Mr Lloyd I have a friend he should hear on Monday. And then when he's nice and rested, no appointments, you show up Monday, dressed like a doll with flowers in your hair and sing him something that'll make him happy. None of your sad songs.

EDEE

Honey did you ever think maybe it's just as well you haven't got yourself a replacement?

Rosie looks a bit stung by this.

Cab notices and intervenes.

CAB

Kid you should listen to Red. You wont find sharper.

He finds what he was looking for in the box - a large feather - and waves it across the faces of the girls, who giggle, as he walks off.

EDEE

O.K. Sure. Thanks Rosie.

EXT. QUARRY, BUILDING SITE - DAY

Dominique is riding on horseback near the building site. Howard is talking with a couple of men. She stops by them.

DOMINIQUE

Why didn't you come set the marble?

HOWARD

I didn't think it would make any difference to you who came, or did it, Miss Francon?

Dominique swipes at him with her whip, cutting his face.

INT. DOMINIQUE'S BEDROOM, FAMILY HOME - EVENING

Howard enters via the veranda.

Dominique is dressed in a lacy dressing gown. She gets up half delighted half terrified to see him.

She starts to go for the door.

He pulls her back throwing her on the ground.

She gets up, angry and starts thumping him, he holds her in his arms until she comes to rest and then he kisses her.

She stares up at him for a moment, anguished, before breaking free and running out on to the veranda.

There she trips and falls.

Howard walks out on to the veranda and looks down at her, a smile slowly appearing on his face.

INT. HOWARD'S FLAT - DAWN

Howard enters and sees a telegram on the table for him. He picks it up it's by ROGER ENRIGHT.

DEAR MR ROARK:

I HAVE BEEN ENDEAVORING TO FIND YOU, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS. PLEASE COMMUNICATE WITH ME AT YOUR EARLIEST CONVENIENCE. I BELIEVE YOU ARE THE ARCHITECT I NEED FOR A SPECIAL PROJECT I HAVE IN MIND.

SINCERELY YOURS,

ROGER ENRIGHT

P.S. I HAVE SEEN YOUR BUILDINGS.

Howard is fired up by the prospect of real work but then he lovingly caresses the deep scratches on his forearm - before deciding work is more important.

INT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK, STAIRWELL - DAY

The interior of the apartment block looks very shabby. It's dirty, in a state of disrepair - seems unsafe in lots of ways.

Rosie is walking up the stairs. She seems both disgusted and ashamed of her surroundings.

(CONTINUED)

She goes up to a door and knocks on it.

MRS MITCHELL (Spring Byington) opens the door.

INT. MITCHELL'S APARTMENT - DAY

ROSIE

Hi Mama.

MRS MITCHELL

Rosie!

They hug.

MRS MITCHELL

Look who it is Pop.

She brings Rosie inside. The Mitchell's flat though small is perfectly kept and clean, in contrast to the communal area.

MR. MITCHELL (Lionel Barrymore), Pop - Rosie's father, is in a wheelchair.

MR MITCHELL

Rosie! Come here girl till I get a good look at you! I was just saying to Mother how you never visit us anymore. And where's Bill?

Rosie goes over and kisses him.

MRS MITCHELL

Don't be silly Pop. He's working, of course.

ROSIE

That's right, Mama.

MR MITCHELL

I don't think we've had him over once. He must think we're so rude. You have to bring him over for lunch Sunday. No excuses.

MRS MITCHELL

Now Pop we've been through this before. Bill is on call most evenings and weekends and he has to be in his apartment so they can reach him.

(CONTINUED)

MR MITCHELL

Well ... they could call McGinty's
and Windy Pete would let us know...

ROSIE

Pop, Bill's just more comfortable
going from his apartment.

MRS DUBRAY (Louise Beavers, made up to look middle-aged) is
sitting at a table sorting through some papers.

MRS DUBRAY

Don't you mean your apartment? It
belongs to both of you now doesn't
it?

ROSIE

Mrs Dubray! I didn't see you there.

Rosie goes over to Mrs Dubray, who stands up laughing, they
hug. Rosie looks down at the papers on the table.

ROSIE

What are you *camplaigning* about now
Mrs Dubray? Want them to repaper
the stairwell?

MRS DUBRAY

No. I'm through asking them to
paper over the cracks. The only
thing to do with this building is
tear it down. We're gonna get new
housing.

ROSIE

Really?

MR MITCHELL

Well, there's money for it, we've
been told... we just have to make
a good case for Devitt Towers being
top of the demolition list.

ROSIE

Really?

MRS DUBRAY

Yes we'll soon be living somewhere
so fine we'll be happy to give the
President himself a tour.

Rosie looks down, embarrassed that it's obvious she's
ashamed of where's she's from. Mrs. Dubray picks up her
chin.

(CONTINUED)

MRS DUBRAY

Still such a pretty child. ...
Well, I'm going downstairs see how
Ethel's doing. You come see me
before you go, OK?

ROSIE

I'm not staying long Mrs Dubray. -
Mama I came to borrow your hair
clip, you know the mother of pearl
one? I got Edee an audition next
Monday. It'll be lovely surrounded
with some white flowers.

Mrs Dubray starts carefully gathering up the papers on the
table in a particular order.

MRS MITCHELL

Oh that will be gorgeous. ... Now
where did I put it...

Mrs Mitchell goes off in search of the hair-pin.

MR MITCHELL

But can't you stay for a bit?

ROSIE

They're changing the set at work. I
have to be in at 3 to go over
everything.

MR MITCHELL

But you'll be leaving them soon.
Can't they leave your bit the same
till then?

ROSIE

Oh ... I don't know Pop.

Mrs Mitchell comes back with the hair clip.

MRS MITCHELL

Here you go sweetheart.

ROSIE

Thanks Mama.

MRS MITCHELL

You can't stay?

ROSIE

I'll come back soon. Stay for
longer.

(CONTINUED)

MRS DUBRAY

Well, I think I've everything with me.

MR MITCHELL

If not you know where to find it.

MRS DUBRAY

True. ... Wait and walk down with me Rosie.

ROSIE

Sure.

Rosie kisses her mother and father. Mrs Dubray and she leave.

INT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT, STAIRWELL - DAY

Mrs Dubray and Rosie are walking down the steps slowly.

MRS DUBRAY

I wanted to say thank you for all you're doing for Edee. She loves it at the club. Even as a cigarette girl. She's very grateful Rosie.

ROSIE

Mrs Dubray, you know you don't need to thank me. We look out for each other. Always have. Always will.

MRS DUBRAY

Well I'm glad you said that child because - I don't want you to get angry now - but Edee's very worried about you.

ROSIE

(laughing)

Worried about me? Why?

MRS DUBRAY

She seems to think Bill hasn't told his family you got married. Is that true Rosie?

ROSIE

Well ... it's ... he ... He's going to.

(CONTINUED)

MRS DUBRAY

When?

ROSIE

I - I don't know.

MRS DUBRAY

Do you really love this boy?

ROSIE

Yes and he loves me. I'm sure of it.

MRS DUBRAY

O.K. - You need to leave him.

ROSIE

I'm not going to leave him. He's my husband.

MRS DUBRAY

Child a marriage certificate is ripped up just as easy as any other piece of paper. You're not married til he's prepared to tell everybody you are.

Rosie goes to argue but can't think of what to say.

ROSIE

I can't leave him. I love him.

MRS DUBRAY

And he loves you?

ROSIE

Yes. He really does.

MRS DUBRAY

Then you need to leave him. You calmly tell him that you cant stay if he cant say you're married. Then let him know where to find you when he's ready.

ROSIE

What if he's never ready?

MRS DUBRAY

Then it's not really love.

INT. HARLEM NIGHT CLUB - EVENING

There are no customers in the club. The floor staff are setting everything up.

Rosie walks over to Edee.

ROSIE

Edee, can you put me up for a few days?

Edee is so disappointed for her and goes to hug her.

ROSIE

Don't! - I'll start crying.

EDEE

What happened?

ROSIE

Nothing. Can you put me up?

EDEE

Sure Rosie. Of course.

EXT. QUARRY, BUILDING SITE - DAY

Dominique is looking down into the quarry searching for Howard.

QUARRY FOREMAN

Good afternoon, Miss Francon. How are you?

DOMINIQUE

There was a man you had here. A tall, gaunt man who worked a drill. Where is he?

QUARRY FOREMAN

Yes, that one, he's gone.

DOMINIQUE

Gone?

QUARRY FOREMAN

Quit, left for New York, I think.

DOMINIQUE

When?

(CONTINUED)

QUARRY FOREMAN

Two days ago.

DOMINIQUE

What was his...? No. No, I don't want to know his name.

QUARRY FOREMAN

If you want me to find him for you...

DOMINIQUE

No.

INT. DOMINIQUE'S APARTMENT IN NEW YORK, DAY

Dominique is in bed. Her breakfast is on a tray in front of her and the tray has a little pocket on the side for newspaper.

Dominique takes out The Banner and unfolds it. On the front page is a picture of a building site with large scaffolding that seems to almost float in the air. The headline reads EXPENSIVE, UGLY AND UNSAFE!

Dominique shakes her head as she reads it.

INT. GAIL WYNAND'S OFFICE, DAY

Dominique walks into the office.

GAIL WYNAND

What a surprise and what a lovely contrast to my usual visitors. Please sit down.

Dominique comes around to his side of the desk.

DOMINIQUE

You approved a campaign against the Enright House?

GAIL WYNAND

Yes. Of course.

DOMINIQUE

Have you seen drawings of the Enright House?

(CONTINUED)

GAIL WYNAND

No.

DOMINIQUE

Please send for them. It is neither ugly nor unsafe. It is a magnificent architectural achievement.

Gail remains silent.

DOMINIQUE

Is that of no importance?

GAIL WYNAND

None.

DOMINIQUE

You're willing to destroy it to amuse the mob... to give them something to scream about?

GAIL WYNAND

That is the policy which has made the Banner the newspaper of largest circulation. Don't expect me to change it.

DOMINIQUE

You asked me once to tell you of something I wanted. I've tried never to ask favors of anyone... ..but I'm going to now. Please call off this campaign.

GAIL WYNAND

Is the architect a friend of yours?

DOMINIQUE

I don't know who he is nor care.

GAIL WYNAND

Why should you plead for that building?

DOMINIQUE

Because it's great. There's so little in life that's noble or beautiful. I'm pleading for a man's achievement. I'm pleading for greatness.

(CONTINUED)

GAIL WYNAND

Dominique, I would give you anything I owned ...except the Banner. My whole life and an unspeakable struggle have gone to make it. I will not sacrifice it for anyone on earth.

DOMINIQUE

It's your right to do as you wish. It's mine to take no part in what you're doing. Please accept my resignation from the Banner.

GAIL WYNAND

I'm sorry. - But you can't fight me. You have no chance.

DOMINIQUE

I know it.

INT. HARLEM NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Couples are dancing on the floor.

Ann is sitting at a table, chatting with two business men looking types. She is entertaining them with some anecdote which they find funny.

The music is coming to an end.

Peter comes back to the table with LAURA (Gene Tierney) Ann's advertising executive friend.

LAURA

Now gentlemen I hate to tear you away from Miss Kirby's delightful company but I'm just after spotting Mr Kendall - of Kendall Investments - ...come on, I told you this is where business is really done in this city.

BUSINESS MAN TYPE 1

We'll be back soon for more tales of this Wooster character.

They leave, while Peter throws Ann a look and sits down.

PETER

Been telling tales?

(CONTINUED)

ANN

Nothing you wouldn't tell.

PETER

I'm glad we have a moment alone there's something I wanted to talk to you about. - But before I do, dear girl, are you really serious about this advertising business?

ANN

Well it's seems to work well for Laura. And no one questions her ability to do it.

PETER

But darling this is what most of her job is.

ANN

There's more to it than this - and this is perfectly pleasant.

PETER

Well heaven preserve us from a pleasant life or we shall all become Bertie Woosters. - Surely you would rather be an assistant working on what you love than - than doing this.

ANN

Maybe... It's just I have very little money Peter - and I thought if I could make some then I could use it to build something magnificent... It doesn't look like you'll be made partner anytime soon and []

PETER

Yes, about that, I finally had it out with Francon today. Told him that I was still the same architect that he was going to make partner a year ago and he is crazy to overlook me now, not letting me pitch for commissions, and all of it...

ANN

What did he say?

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Goodbye Mr. Keating and good luck.

ANN

Oh Peter.

PETER

No. No, it's a good thing. I have a great portfolio of projects under my belt and I still have some very good connections.

ANN

Why did you have to treat that poor girl that way?

PETER

She is not a poor girl and she is not even aware that I have done anything.

ANN

You shudda just said "Listen old girl this will never work, will it?" Women are much better at handling the truth than men think. In fact, now that I think of it, why on earth are men so scared of being honest - in general?

PETER

Ann, I'm trying to ask you something very important and you're making it very difficult for me.

ANN

Oh no Peter...

PETER

Ann, would you []

ANN

Peter it would never work.

PETER

Why not? Your drawings perfectly complement my style and together we would be offering something new, something different from another, very beautiful world.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

What are you asking me exactly?

PETER

How about you and I set up in
business together?

ANN

Oh ... as partners?

PETER

You're every bit as good as me. Of
course as partners.

ANN

Oh yes Peter. Yes.

PETER

Fantastic. Everything happens for a
reason... What did you think I was
asking you?

Laura appears beside them.

LAURA

What did I miss?

PETER

Oh a very important business deal.
It will shake up the city like
nothing before it.

LAURA

Very well. Don't tell me.

A man comes out on stage.

LAURA

Oh great the show's starting.

ANNOUNCER

Good evening ladies and gentlemen.
Please welcome to the stage - Miss
Edee Darling.

Edee walks out on stage in a shimmering gold evening dress
and flowers in her hair.

The crowd APPLAUDS as the band strike up.

EDEE

I've flown around the world in a
plane

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EDEE (cont'd)
Settled revolutions in Spain
The North Pole I have charted,
but can't get started with you.

Rosie walks out singing, the audience APPLAUDS.

ROSIE
And at the golf course I'm under
par
Metro Goldwyn want me to star
I've got a house, a show place,
but I get no place with you.

Edee and Rosie then start singing together.

Ann is looking at Rosie.

ANN
Why that's Rosie Mitchell! My
brother Bill's fiance. Or she was.
He wont admit it but he's
devastated. Poor lamb. All he does
is work. And now she's a nightclub
singer...

LAURA
You know Rose Red?

ANN
Rosie? Yes.

LAURA
Could you get her to sing at a
party I'm organizing? Mr. Enright
is simply crazy about her. But she
refuses to do private functions.

ANN
Well, I can try.

INT. SMALL BARE OFFICE - DAY

Ann and Peter are looking around at the space. A man has shown them in.

MAN 1
Take a look around. I'll be
downstairs if you need me.

Man 1 leaves.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

It's half the size of the last one
and twice the price.

PETER

The address is much better.

ANN

Does the address really matter?

Peter shrugs and the two of them continue looking around at things.

There's a copy of THE BANNER on one of the desks. Ann sees a photo of the Enright building site and starts reading it - she starts laughing and then starts reading it aloud.

ANN

(in mock-serious tone)

While so many are in need of
shelter, effort is being wasted to
erect a structural monstrosity
known as the Enright House. It is
designed by one Howard Roark, an
... *incompetent amateur*?

Ann ceases to find it funny and her tone changes to one of anger. She looks over at Peter who doesn't really care.

ANN

An incompetent amateur who has the
arrogance to hold his own ideas
above all rules. Readers, those of
you who are architects or want to
be, should realize that a man like
Howard Roark is a threat to all of
you. The conflict of forms is too
great. Can your buildings stand
by the side of his? I believe you
understand me, gentlemen. Send us
your letters of protest against the
Enright House and The Banner will
be glad to publish them and
we shall win because there are
thousands of us, thousands against
one.

Ann looks again at Peter who just shrugs.

ANN

Know who wrote this hateful tirade?

PETER
Ellsworth Toohey?

ANN
Well - - Yes. - How can you call that man a friend? And how can he call himself an architectural columnist when he evidently knows nothing about architecture.

PETER
Oh Ann, don't be so naive. It's all just the huff n' puff of ... well, modern life I suppose.

ANN
You never take anything seriously.

PETER
Don't you see? The Enright House is a very exclusive development. Its intended occupants are not likely to be swayed by the opinions of Toohey, much less by his audience. The more the masses scream it's ugly, it's a horror, the more the so-called *right* people will say it's beautiful, it's everything that is noble in man... It's all just huff n' puff. They say it about everything new. It may be something that really is an ugly horror, or it may be the very best that man can produce, or not much of either - but the huff n' puff is always the same.

ANN
Well... - I still don't see why you're friends with Toohey...

PETER
Oh Toohey's not a bad sort. He's got me plenty of work over the years and hopefully will be useful again.

ANN
But Peter do you really want someone who is such a poor critic of architecture to be championing your designs?

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Work is work. Ann, Toohey is alright. Read that back carefully. He clearly esteems Roark's work. I suspect he's really just eager for Roark to notice him.

ANN

If that is the case, he's going about it all wrong.

PETER

He generally does.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE ENRIGHT HOUSE - DAY

Howard is standing looking at the building. It's a very tall building with a functional design.

MR. ROGER ENRIGHT walks over to Howard with hand extended to congratulate him.

MR ENRIGHT

Roark.

HOWARD

Mr. Enright. Thanks.

MR ENRIGHT

Don't pay attention to that public howling.

HOWARD

I don't.

MR ENRIGHT

I've been denounced so much, it doesn't bother me anymore. I started out in life as a coal miner. Got where I am by acting on my own honest judgment whether others liked it or not. When you grow older, you'll see that's the only way to succeed.

HOWARD

I know it.

MR ENRIGHT

They're tough. They're gonna get tougher, don't worry. You'll win.

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD

I have.

Howard looks proudly at the building.

MR ENRIGHT

That's the only defense you need.

HOWARD

I'll rest on the evidence.

MR ENRIGHT

That's exactly what I'm going to do. I'll be the first tenant to move in. I'm giving a party to celebrate the opening of Enright House. I'll invite them: The press, the architects, the critics. Let them see. Everybody who is anybody will be there. They think we're gonna apologize. We'll celebrate instead.

INT. ENRIGHT HOUSE, PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The living room is a large split-level area with a suspension staircase gracefully curving to the upper level. The decor is minimalist and the room is a mixture of stark straight lines and stark edges which make the staircase stand out more.

Dominique is dressed very elegantly and is wearing her usual slightly anguished/bored look. She takes a drink from a server while some man is trying to engage her in conversation.

DOMINIQUE

I have nothing to say about this building. God gave you eyes and a mind to use. If you fail to do so, the loss is yours not mine.

SOME MAN

Don't you want to convince me?

DOMINIQUE

Is there any reason why that should be my concern? I dread to think of the fate of Howard Roark, whoever he is.

She starts to walk away.

(CONTINUED)

SOME MAN
Why? You don't think he's good?

DOMINIQUE
He's too good.

Dominique walks out to the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY OF ENRIGHT HOUSE PENTHOUSE - EVENING

Peter is standing there looking out at the view. He starts when he sees Dominique. She notices and it pleases her a little.

PETER
Miss Francon, or should I call you Dominique?

DOMINIQUE
We were engaged, Peter. Dominique is fine.

PETER
You were actually engaged to Bertie Wooster, my cousin...

DOMINIQUE
I don't think so.

Peter pauses for a moment trying to think of the right thing to say.

PETER
Ah - you look very beautiful this evening... - So what do you think of this building? I'm taking a poll of the guests.

DOMINIQUE
A what?

PETER
A poll of opinion about it.

DOMINIQUE
What for? In order to find out what you think of it yourself?

PETER
Well, we have to consider public opinion, don't we? - And it's a good ice-breaker, wouldn't you say?

(CONTINUED)

He laughs nervously. She looks at him contemptuously and walks back inside.

Ann walks out onto the balcony and over to him.

ANN

So how did that go?

PETER

Could have been worse. I suppose.

ANN

Well, then let's join the party.
We've got to get everybody talking
about Kirby & Keating.

PETER

Keating & Kirby.

INT. ENRIGHT HOUSE, PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Ann goes off towards a different group of people.

Ellsworth Toohey is talking loudly in a group near the front of the staircase. Peter heads over towards him.

Toohey is talking to GERTRUDE, a well off woman in her 40s or 50s, and a mature business man.

MR TOOHEY

No, don't ever hire an architect
who's a genius. I don't like
geniuses. They're dangerous.

PETER

How's that Toohey?

MR TOOHEY

A man abler than his brothers
insults them by implication. He
must not aspire to any virtue which
cannot be shared.

MATURE BUSINESS MAN

I wouldn't know about that
intellectual stuff. I play the
stock market.

MR TOOHEY

I play the stock market of the
spirit ... and I sell short.

(CONTINUED)

GERTRUDE

It's amazing the number of men who sell underwear these days...

PETER

Dear Gertrude. What do you think of this building?

GERTRUDE

It's stunning, perfectly stunning - but I wouldn't want to live in a house like this. One could never relax and feel homey. You know what I mean. Comfortable and sloppy and, well, homey.

Dominique who is in ear shot walks past her.

DOMINIQUE

No, one couldn't.

Guy Francon is talking with another group of people nearby. He calls her as she walks past.

GUY FRANCON

Dominique.

DOMINIQUE

Yes, Father.

GUY FRANCON

I can't understand how my own daughter can approve of this mess. This is such uncivilized taste. Are you going to defend it?

DOMINIQUE

No, I won't try to defend it.

PETER

Mr. Francon, you must admit that stairway, it's not bad. The engineering idea is brilliant. The way it appears to float up to the next level, as it were a stairway to heaven itself.

GUY FRANCON

And instead it leads to what could be the floor of a warehouse.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Well, I suspect similar stairways
will feature in some future *Keating*
& *Kirby* projects.

Howard ascends the stairs from the lower level.

Dominique sees him and freezes.

Mr Enright appears and greets him.

MR ENRIGHT

Hello. I've been waiting for you.
You're the guest of honor tonight,
in more than just the social sense.
Whom do you want to meet first?
There's Dominique Francon looking
at us. Come on.

He brings him over to Dominique.

MR ENRIGHT

Miss Francon, may I present Howard
Roark?

DOMINIQUE

You're...Howard Roark?

HOWARD

Yes, Miss Francon.

MR ENRIGHT

You don't know it, but Miss Francon
has a connection with you. She
resigned from the Banner to protest
their attack on your building.

DOMINIQUE

How did you know that?

MR ENRIGHT

I heard about it.

DOMINIQUE

I didn't want Mr. Roark to know it.

HOWARD

Why not, Miss Francon?

DOMINIQUE

It was a perfectly futile gesture
on my part.

(CONTINUED)

MR ENRIGHT

Dominique won't admit it, but she admires your buildings. She understands them.

HOWARD

I expected her to understand them.

DOMINIQUE

Did you? But you didn't know me.

Groucho, dressed as CAPTAIN SPAULDING from Animal Crackers wanders over, listening to their conversation, followed after a moment by Chico and Harpo.

HOWARD

I used to read your column, Miss Francon.

DOMINIQUE

I admire your work more than anything I've ever seen. You may realize that this is not a tie, but a gulf between us if you remember what you read in my column.

HOWARD

I remember every line of it.

GROUCHO

(to Enright)

What sort of column does she write?

MR ENRIGHT

About architecture.

DOMINIQUE

I wish I had never seen your building. It's the things that we admire or want that enslave us, I'm not easy to bring into submission.

HOWARD

That depends upon the strength of your adversary, Miss Francon.

CHICO

Wow, I had totally the wrong meaning for architecture before...

DOMINIQUE

Roger why did you bring him here? Why did you deliver him to these

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOMINIQUE (cont'd)
people? Don't you see he doesn't
have a chance against them.

MR ENRIGHT
Well, how about we give these
people a chance first and see if
they'll give him one? Howard Roark
allow me to introduce you to the
great explorer and adventurer
Captain Geoffrey T. Spaulding.

HOWARD
Pleased to meet you, Captain.

GROUCHO
Of course you are.

Harpo sidles up to Dominique and raises up her thigh. She
stares him down like a hungry hawk to a bunny rabbit. He
changes his mind and walks away silently whistling and
looking up at the ceiling.

MR ENRIGHT
Well, Captain what do think of the
Enright House?

GROUCHO
What?

MR ENRIGHT
What do you think of this building?

GROUCHO
What are you saying?

MR ENRIGHT
Would you live in a building like
this one?

GROUCHO
Like this one or this one?

MR ENRIGHT
This one. Would you live in Enright
House?

GROUCHO
Well ... I had intended staying at
the Plaza but ... very well. Boys
get the bags.

(CONTINUED)

CHICO

Right.

Groucho strides off while Chico WHISTLES at Harpo and they both head off.

MR ENRIGHT

But - but - I've no keys yet.

CHICO

Notta key? Notta problem.

Enright goes to follow them but runs straight into Laura who is descending the stairs with Rosie.

MR ENRIGHT

Oh Laura, I didn't see you there.
Captain Spaulding is moving in.

LAURA

*The Captain Spaulding? Why that's
marvelous. However did you swing
it?*

MR ENRIGHT

(whispering)
He expects it to be free.

LAURA

Oh darling his sort always do. He
lives the adventure, we pay for it.

Enright suddenly notices Rosie.

MR ENRIGHT

Miss Red?

ROSIE

Good evening Mr. Enright. This
really is a magnificent building
you've built.

MR ENRIGHT

Yes? ... You know if I seen you
sing once I've seen you sing a
thousand times. And each time is
better than the last.

ROSIE

Thank you Mr. Enright.

(CONTINUED)

MR ENRIGHT

Roger. - Will you sing for us this evening Miss Red?

ROSIE

Rosie. - That's why I'm here, Roger.

INT. ENRIGHT HOUSE, PENTHOUSE, NEAR GRAND PIANO - NIGHT

Rosie is standing beside the piano singing.

ROSIE

But don't change a hair for me
Not if you care for me
Stay little valentine stay
Each day is valentines day.

Howard is standing against a wall, some distance from the crowd gathered around the piano. He is exchanging looks with Dominique who is posing, anguished, against the far wall.

Ann wanders over to him as the song is coming to an end.

ANN

It's marvelous Howard.

Howard glances down at her and she gets the sinking feeling he has no idea who she is. The piano player starts playing AM I BLUE.

ANN

Ann, Ann Ki[]

HOWARD

Is it real and honest and strong?

Ann beams up at him. As she talks he glances down at her but his gaze keeps returning to Dominique.

ANN

Yes. And defiant too, I'd say.

HOWARD

Miss Kirby is still reading bricks and mortar like verse and prose.

Laura sees Ann talking to Howard and heads over to them. Laura, while perfectly pleasant to Howard, clearly does not like him.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

Well, I just say what I see.

LAURA

Rosie is about to finish up. If you want to make any requests now is the time...

ANN

It's a wonderful party Laura.

Laura kisses Ann on the cheek.

LAURA

Mr. Roark, champion of the modern, do you like jazz?

HOWARD

(shrugs)

I prefer when it's instrumental.

LAURA

Of course you do. Why adorn music with pointless sentimentality.

Howard flashes her an adversarial look but she just looks serenely back at him.

ANN

Sometimes leaving things unadorned lets their true beauty shine through. Take this building. It's strength is its beauty.

LAURA

Oh yes, it's very strong. Some might say oppressively so... But I think it's just marvelous. - Come along Ann, Gertrude wants to talk to you about her beach house.

She takes Ann by the hand, who reluctantly leaves with her.

Howard gives Dominique a look and walks out onto the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY OF ENRIGHT HOUSE PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Howard is looking out at the view.

Sound of STEPS approaching him.

(CONTINUED)

He turns around. It's Peter with a drink in hand. He turns back towards the view.

PETER

Still looking at the future Howard?

HOWARD

This is the future.

PETER

And isn't it splendid...

Howard looks back at him, unsure of his tone. Peter raises his glass and takes a drink.

PETER

Cheers.