

Torrents of Spring

(A screen treatment of Ernest Hemingway's first novel)

Adapted from the original
by Kenneth Lifshitz
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(*scene i*-- The French countryside toward the end of WWII. Two men are lying prone on their backs while another sits on a pile of debris. He is holding his head in his hands and muttering indistinguishably). They are near the crest of a hill that is afforded some protection by a hedge. It is late in the afternoon and the sun sits low on the horizon, throwing shadows across the ravaged countryside.

Yogi's rubs his left shoulder. Scripps O'Neill lies a bit further back. He is exhausted. David Talltrees sits up straighter to survey the scene. Yogi Johnson is about 22 with a slight moustache. He is tan and good looking but his features betray a classical weakness of character. Scripps O'Neill—about 23, slightly heavy set with the exaggerated features of an aesthete. David (Obviously) Talltrees (Indian)—black, hair deep set eyes, sharp features.

Yogi

It won't take much more—not much more.

Dave

His nerve shot.

Yogi

The shells, they're like hammer blows—I think I'm gonna be sick.

Scripps

Hold on a little while longer Yogi and tonight we can try to get back to the unit.

Dave

Yeah, then they take you out of combat and put you in hospital with cute nurses.

(Yogi is holding his head with trembling hands.
Howitzer fires shell
It explodes nearby.)

Yogi

(Whimpering)

Stop,—for chrisakes please stop!

Scripps

Pull out of it.

(He slaps Yogi. Loud scream which can be identified as coming from a female on in its last moment.)

(Over crest of the hill, we see a ramshackle farmhouse about 300 yards away. Two Germans are manhandling and fondling a distraught young French girl).
Yogi stands up clenching his fists.)

Yogi

I'll kill those creeps!

Davie

Him not lost nerve, him just crazy.

Scripps

Yogi get down you idiot or they'll see you!

(French Girl is screaming again.

Yogi runs down the hillside with his gun, cursing.

He stops and shoulders gun. One of the Germans is trying to kiss the French girl while the other holds his knees in laughter. Yogi shoots the laughing one and the other throws the girl to the ground and grabs for his rifle. Yogi shoots him too.

MS Another German soldier comes to the door of the house holding an open bottle of wine. He is frightened but too drunk to figure out immediately what is going on. When he sees Yogi and his two friends he sobers up quickly and drops the bottle to the ground. It lands with a crash and shatters. He raises his hands above his head. Half second closeup shot of Yogi's face tensing at the sound of the bottle which falls in slow motion again. Regular frame speed resumes. Yogi advancing slowly from screen left . Girl lies on ground sobbing. German on right with farmhouse directly in back. German laughs nervously. A shell explode nearby and Yogi drops his gun and clutches his head.)

Yogi

Stop it!

(Drunk German soldier holding a bottle of wine seeing his opportunity quietly reaches for a rifle several feet away. He reaches and shoulders it. A shot is fired but it is the German who is shot. He falls dead and the gun goes off in the air.

Scripps emerges from behind a blackened tree stump, rifle at the ready. He walks over and kicks the Germans to make sure they are dead.

Davie emerges from behind the door now.

Davie

No more in there.

(Yogi falls to one knee. Girl has head in her hands, sobbing.)

Girl

Merci monsieur comprendevous Merci?

(Yogi does not move. She reaches out tentatively to touch his cheek.)

Scripps

Let's get inside before we get picked off. Davie throw some hay on those bodies
(Scripps picks up Yogi to drag him.

Come on in here, you can sleep for a while before we start back.

(Girl looks up and smiles at him)

Girl

Votre ami est bravent très.

Scripps

You can make him some supper.

(Yogi slips off Scripps and begins walking toward the house)

(scene ii-)

(It is night and all the lights are out except one candle which is shaded. The windows are covered with clothes and blankets. Scripps and Davie sit at a low table the area that serves as a dining room. There is a bookshelf near the kitchen and to the right of it a doorway covered by a curtain with a flower print. The girl is standing next to the bookshelf.

Scripps

(Speaking High School French)

Que diriez-vous de votre mari?

Girl

Je vis avec mon père.

Scripps

N'êtes pas mariée ?

Girl

No.

(Scripps puts down the bottle he is drinking from on the table and walks toward the girl.

Girl bites her lip and blood oozes.

Scripps reaches toward her and instead takes a book from the shelf behind her and goes back to the table.)

Davie

What is that?

Scripps

Les Miserables, Victor Hugo.

Davie

That suits us fine.

(Scripps takes a drink from the bottle)

Scripps

One day I would like to be so miserable that I could write something as beautiful as this.

Davie

You keep drinking wine maybe you not be miserable—you be dead like stupid Germans.

Scripps

There's no Germans for miles

Davie

There plenty,—maybe four hundred yards away. Me smell 'em. We leave before sunrise or it curtains for us. You get drunk I leave you here.

Scripps

(girl is putting plates on table)

What about her

Davie

She not in danger. Only when two-three alone act lie animal.)

(Subjective shot through draped window. We hear only crickets and an occasional explosion in the distance.)

She like Indians. Have no place to go.

(Girl goes back to stand near doorway. Scripps puts down the book and starts to eat.)

Scripps

What do you suppose you'll do if you live through this.

(Shot of girl disappearing into bedroom.)

Davie

Don't want to think about it. Too depressing.

Scripps

You shouldn't do badly, with your record here.

Davie

Nobody like Indian hero. Make nervous. Too much movies. Father like me, get silver cross WWI. He die in gutter, drunk. Me never touch whiskey.

(Scripps picks at this food.)

You sleep now and me wake you when time to go.

Scripps

I can't sleep.

Davie

You know Indian game?

Scripps

What is that. Wait! It-- it's something with sticks,- something like that?

Davie

No, is ancient Indian game from before white
man come America

Scripps

Oh yeah-- really?

Davie

It very simple
Anything you say, after you say it, you say—'in bed'.
Make everything you say heap funny.

Scripps

Really?

Davie

Yeahh.

Scripps

That's it?

Davie

Yeah,—it very funny game
White man many moons ago come to America
White chief standing on rock. He take flag and stick in groun. White
Chief say "I claim this land for the Queen of England. All Indian's yell
out 'IN BED' —only not in English. In Indian language
so White Chief not understand what so funny.
All Indian laughing.
Then they kill us and take land.

Scripps

Really! Can you beat that?

Davie

In bed.---

(both laughing)

(The girl and Yogi have disappeared). Giggles heard from bedroom.

Cut to Scripps and Indian . They smile at each other. Cut to doorway. Louder laugh and girl
comes running out and buttoning her blouse.)

(Speaking rapidly)

Scripps

(Translating) She said she wanted to sleep with American hero but he is not a hero,

(Dave shoots him a look)

Both

--- in bed.

(They both start laughin)

(Girl giggles)

(Yogi comes out from the bedroom slowly. He is disheveled. Suddenly he runs awkwardly toward the door and knocks over the table.)

(Food spilling and bottles breaking).

(Yogi yells as he swings the door open.)

Yogi

See what you've done to me! I'm a jellyfish! A jellyfish.

(He runs outside, hand held camera follows)

(Shots ring out)

That's right! Finish the job up!

(Davie runs out and tackles him and tries to stifle his yells.

Another shot rings out and Davie falls to his side clutching his arm. Yogi looks at him alarmed
The light goes out in the house and Scripps runs out to drag Dave in.

Scripps

You can stay out here and get shot if you want to.

(Yogi gets up and slowly walks back in the house. Inside —Scripps props Davie up in a chair and rips down one of the sheets from the window to staunch his wound in his arm.

We gotta get outta here!—and fast.

Yogi

It's my fault he got hit.

Scripps

Shuttup and grab the gear.

(Yogi obeys Scripps command like a child.)

Davie

Indian get shot. Just like in movies.

Scripps

We'll go out the back door. Come on Yogi, we're going for a breath of fresh air (To himself).

I just hope it's not too chilly out.

(They go out the doorway.)

Scripps

Au revoir mademoiselle.

(He is about to leave and he goes back and gets the book. She is standing disconsolate and vaguely guilty.)

Yogi

We'll come back for you. Don't worry.

Scripps

Bien, avancez avec nous alors. Alors! Alors!

What a crew!

(She grabs a thin coat and follows Scripps out the back. The room goes totally black.)

(scene iii– At night in Mancelona in front of the elementary school, the snow is falling on a schoolyard. It looks deserted but there are light on in the top floor. A figure, hardly noticeable is standing under the lighted windows. He is covered with snow. It is Scripps O’Neill. He is several years older. One little girl looks out from the third floor window and with the golden incandescence of a candle behind her, she looks like an angel. She waves to Scripps. We can see her mouth the words “Daddy, Daddy” Scripps doesn’t wave back, he just smiles and turns to retrace his footsteps through the snow. He disappears into the darkness. Cut to total black, then a match flares up. Scripps is inside a small shanty. He lights a kerosene lamp and the heater. It is badly furnished. (Music, slightly out of tune violin plays. Scripps warms his hands. He walks to the table. He takes a bottle that is opened on the table and is about to take a swig when he realizes it’s empty.

Scripps

Not a drop.

(He puts down the bottle and picks up a Valentine that is on the rickety table (Cut to note–scrawled ‘Screw you Scripps O’Neill–your loving wife. He drops the card on the floor and walks outside the shack and continues walking. (Split screen as he walks: in hazy crystal ball. In the ball is Scripps getting drunk with his wife on the train tracks in spring–laughing and rollicking. Playback of his daughter in the schoolhouse. Cut to Sunday picnic, all three together. Cut to Scripps walking the railroad tracks in the snow. Larger Scripps disappears and zoom in on smaller Scripps. He is singing a little ditty. He stops dead.) (At his feet we see a tiny figure. It is a frozen bird. He bends down and picks it up

Scripps

You must feel cold too.

(He puts it close to his chest.)

Drat that wind!

(He continues.)

(Scripps is walking up a hill and we see a train approaching him in the distance. It whistles.)

(Scripps talking to the bird)

What is it that writing fellow H.L. Mencken says? Why that Chicago is the literary capitol of America. But there’s a fortune to be made in The furniture business in Grand Rapids. Oh you like that idea too huhh–yes, it is a lot closer.

(The train whistles again loudly, approaching. Camera shifts to the front of Scripps and we see the yellow eye of the train not far in the distance. Scripps laughs loudly.

There’s a fortune to be made in Grand Rapids.

(The train whistles frantically. We see the dark form of Scripps trudging beside the train as he just steps off the track in time. White out over the train whistle which fades into a factory whistle and fades out of snow bank. It is daylight.

We see snow banked under a kindling platform. The blue factory in the distance bears the name “Petoskey Pump Works.” The white snow under the kindling storage rack begins to tremble and Scripps emerges with a plastic wrapping around him.

(Pump factory with workers just going in. There are a high percentage of Indians and various degrees of native garb.)

Scripps

Man, what a hangover.

(He stands up and stretches. It is an early spring day and last night's snow is already beginning to melt.

' (To bird) Im surprised I'm not froze to death. Walking to Grand Rapids. Shoot!
Now I got myself messed up good. Well maybe I can make a day's pay at that factory.

(Sign on outside of factory door says "Manager-Keep Out- Than Means You!")
Scripps timidly opens the door.

Scripps

I wonder if that means me? Knock knock.

(Door swings open. There is a man inside. The camera is on the back of Scripps. The room we see through the half open door is a typical manager's office. Pin-ups, papers and drafts lying about. A disheveled file cabinet. Overflowing 'In' box, dart board, cigarette butts. Man growls.)

Yogi

Whatever you want the answer is no. If you come back later it'll be the same

(Scripps sidles into the room and takes his hat into his hands. He looks like a schoolboy in the principal's office. He begins a stiff speech.)

Scripps

I am Scripps O'Neill. I have two strong arms and a willing back to offer to an honest employer. I'll render you good service and never carp unless the provisions of the Federal Labor-Management relations act are violated or if I get kicked in the ass for no damn good reason.

Bird

(Chirps)

(Yog stands at a file cabinet his back still towards Scripps)

Yogi

(He is shaving in a cracked mirror that he picked up from the top drawer.)

Well Mr. Whatever your name is. Personnel is around the back.

-but I think I'll override them in this case if you can meet one qualification.

(He looks up at a Scripps)

He turns around and it's Yogi Johnson smiling.

Can you do an Irish jog with bullets flyin' all about your head

Scripps, you Irish fuck?

(They run up and embrace and pat each other on the back.

You son of a bitch.

Scripps

(Angry chirping)

Careful! Careful!

(He takes the bird out of his jacket breast pocket and pets its reassuringly.)

Yogi

So what brings you to this part of crooked wood, ya old coot.

Scripps

I could ask you the same.

Yogi

Well they just transferred me in from Waukeshaw works to manage this place last month. Yeah I'm the goddam manager of the famous Petoskey Pump Works. I'm like a smelly shit.

Buried in paper, you can see.

I heard you was in the area but you're a hard man to pin down.

Take a load off your feet. Have a drink.

(Cut to Scripps who sits down and puts his feet up on the desk. Yogi pours him a drink.)

Scripps

Thanks, Yogi, but.

(Yogi pulls up a stool to set opposite him and pulls cork out of bottle with his teeth. Hands Scripps a glass of whiskey).

I'm off this stuff now.

Yogi

Last I heard about you, you got hitched to some farmer's daughter in Mancelona.

Scripps

(He looks down at the drink in his hands and downs it.)

Yeah well, what's past is past.

Yogi

Ohh—I see—too bad, well drink up. Nothing like something to warm up your insides on a cool morning.

But what have you been up to?

(Side shot of both of them)

(Scripps takes a swallow of the booze and sets his glass down)

Scripps

Well the truth is that I became a short story writer after The war. Got published in a few little pissant magazines. The Mercury French edition, some other rags. Finally I got Vanity Fair to publish one of my pieces.

Yogi

That's great. We're not too creative here. We just make the best damn pumps west of Chicago. But that's beautiful.

Scripps

Yeah it was beautiful. And it was ugly.

You see the New York Times reviewed that piece.

(Takes a worn piece of scrap newspaper out of his pocket. Wipes off a piece of bird shit. Reading)

Scripp's O'Neill who published his story. "The Passing of a Great Race"

Could be said to be the greatest writer of his generation. It could

Be said but it would be a lie. Judging by this story

Mr. O'Neill has not had a single original idea in his life

It is a collection of cliches and shop worn anecdotes that

were probably better in the original inscriptions found on

the bathroom walls at the Market diner.

That was when I moved out to Mancelona.

Yogi

Well,—you know those pinheads. Couldn't tell

a writer from a mule with three dicks.

Scripps

That review destroyed me. I was never the same man after that,—might as well have died in that field at Folembay.

Haven't written a word or held a job since.

But this is sure a surprise. Looks like

you're a big man around here. Doin' well for yerself.

Yogi

Yep. Took me six years collaring pistons to get this job.

Let's take a walk around so I can show the place off.

(They go out the back door of Yogi's office which leads into the plant. We immediately hear the hum and clangor of machinery when he opens the door. Cut to inside of plant. The camera follows them, Scripps in the foreground on the right of Yogi. Over the roar of machinery we hear.)

Yogi

Of course! You can start tomorrow. I'll put you on

collaring pistons. Ever collar a piston before? Great fun!

Lots of laughs. Don't worry they'll train ya'. I get

Davie to train you personally.

Scripps

David Talltrees' working here? Well I'll be a Ford Falcon
(Yogi motions him off to the left and they proceed up a spiral staircase.
As the top is a door with a paper sign that says 'Special Projects'.)
(Yogi cups his mouth and speaks into Scripp's ear.

Here's where they dump the owner's lame brain uncles.
(He knocks and opens the door a crack)
Alright if we visit a minute Henry?

(Off camera)

Henry

Sho-nuff! Skedaddle in here and close the door.
(Inside it is a typical bench workroom. Metal shavings, vise grips, tools line the walls. The air
of an experimental, charts laying open on drafting tables, specifications, memos, water cooler.
They step in and shut the door. The noise is immediately shut off as the room is as we see,
soundproofed. Inside are two elderly gentlemen with bench work-aprons, One is at work with a
file and the other at a drawing bench.
(Without turning)

Jake

Heyy Yogi, -you impudent pup! You spyin' on us again.

Yogi

I been told to keep you boys out of trouble. Scripps O'Neill
meet Henry Dawson and Jake Bonnard. They do specialties for the
high payers. They're big names in the pump field.

Jake

(Clearly slightly senile) It beats being a big lump in the cow field. (Which
cracks both of them up.

Henry

Jake, you're a caution A real caution.

Yogi

(Shooting Scripps a look of helplessness
Well just showing a new man around the plant and didn't want him
to miss the high-brow section.

Henry

Yeah, workin on a new model. A pump without a handle.
Called the Peerless Pounder. They want it for
They want something they can lower down a mine
shaft without the handle gettin' stuck on the rocks.

Jake

Self contained and self priming.

Yogi

Brilliant. Yeah.
Remember you guys, just stay out
of the ladies john. They got laws now about that. And
keep workin' on that Peerless Pounder design. It's supposed to
go out Friday.

Both

Ohh.! We will. Don't worry
(Yogi and Scripps exit)

Henry

What a jerk!
(Jake nods agreement)

(Yogi and Scripps descend the spiral ladder to the bottom of the stairs we hear a yell and two
Indians are fighting each other with jagged pieces of metal. They are circling each
other while others look on and egg them on. Yogi runs up and shouts at one and kicks the other
in the nuts doubling him up.

Yogi

(To one of the onlookers)
Throw them in the showers and send them home for the day.

(As they drag off the doubled up Indian Yogi turns to the other participant in the fight)

Yogi

Lucas, you should be ashamed of yourself,—actin' like a woods Indian.
(Lucas lowers his head)

Alright, everybody get back to work.
(Standing shot from in back of Scripps. Walks back to him and shrugs. They start walking the
factory floor and the camera follows.
(Apologetically)

It's the weather. They smell the Chinook Wind blowin' in and then the
Madness sets in. We have to close up shop altogether the day the Chinook
starts blowin' for real every year,—either that or end up with a couple
of dead men on the factory floor. That's what the last foreman told me
before he left.
(They are approaching Yogi's office)

Scripps

Must be dangerous around here this time of year.

Yogi

Not bad. The bars and the cat houses take the brunt of the damage,—
and their pay. Apparently lasts to or three days and its gone. Well
if we don't close down by tomorrow, see you at seven, sharp.

(Offers his hand.)

Scripps

Thanks Yogi see you then.

Yogi

Sure buddy.

(Scripps leaves.)

(scene iv-- Wind is stirring up leaves and newspapers then telephone wires singing in a stiff breeze. Buds opening on tress in accelerated motion. Factory whistle. Indians whooping.)
(Workers are filing out of the plant kicking and punching each other and shouting, running around in circles crazily. We spot Scripps cradling the bird shoulders hunched against the wind. He see's the neon light of Browns Diner in the distance. The flickering sign says, 'Browns Beans, Best-by-Test')

(A shot of the "Lazy Acorn Bar" bartender half falling asleep, tables all dusty and disused. Cut to filled bar men and girls rollicking, jumping up on the counter and spilling drinks. There is a fist fight on darkening street which is in front of a line of men in apparent discomfort. The camera scans the anxious faces of the line from end to beginning. When at the head of the line, a husky female voice bellows out "Next!")

(Outside the restaurant. The neon sign in the window flashes "Brown's Beans-Best By--- Test" Through the window and can see Scripps now perched at the counter talking earnestly to an aging waitress,-. She looks very prim and English. She is in fact English and wears glasses and has her hair in a bun. She is holding a copy of the Manchester Guardian. The only sound we can hear is the buzzing of the sign. Further down the counter is a drummer, a scrawny looking fellow reading the Detroit Times with sunglasses on and a pork pie hat. The diner itself is typical, half empty ketchup bottles, Worcester Sauce, stale rolls under glass with a glass of water to moisten them. The kitchen is in the background behind swinging doors adjacent to the end of the counter space. The black cook is doing some kind of dance in front of the grill. Scripps slips his hand slowly past his empty dishes and his bird who is perched eating the left over beans. He reaches out and clasps the waitress' hand in his. Diner sounds come up.)

(Waitress puts down paper and is blushing).

Scripps

Diana?

Diana

Yes my Scripps.

(Bird flits to their entwined hands. Diana is crossing over to the age where the last vestiges of attractiveness are disappearing from he face but her body is still attractive. She is English and wears glasses. (Scripps eyes moving down and then changing to a look of slight disgust. He wipes the bird crap off his and Diana's hand after shoing the bird. He immediately returns to holding her hand.)

Scripps

Diana, -let's do it again.

Diana

But that'll be four times tonight Scripps dear.

Scripps

Yes, I know.

But I want it. You know what I want Diana.

Diana

Yes I know.

(In the street outside we hear bottles breaking)

Suddenly—The drummer begins a fantastic drum solo with his knife and fork on the ketchup and sugar bottles and his plate.

Drummer

Used to play that riff in 'Louie's' in Pittsburgh. Fell off their barstools when they heard that. Never heard nothin' like it. Had to pick 'em up off the floor after the set. But Philly, that is really a drummer's town.

Willie Randolph "Cozy Cole", Gene Krupa, Zutty Singleton, Chickie Webb,

They can pick the champs alright but

if you're off the first set it's water in the booze for the rest of the night.

(Swigs coffee. Makes a disgusted face)

(Diana—she looks at Scripps)

Diana

These drummers. They are really in the know.

Scripps

They've been through a thing or two.

(urgently)

I want it now. Don't stall me Diana.

Diana

Okay. Scripps. For you and your little bird.

(Shouting to kitchen)

Order of loud ones and one for the bird.

(The Chef sticks his head out from the wicker swinging door.

Chef

Man that Chinook Wind sure gwine have some competition tonight.

Scripps

Thanks Diana. Now tell me more about Wordsworth country.

Diana

(Hesitates then decidedly proceeds)

No Scripps. —I can't.

(She is exasperated and in her exasperation she knocks over a sugar cannister, which starts to spill on the floor.)

(Focus on cannister and pan down stream of sugar to the floor. One ant comes up to the sugar pile.)

(Next dialog is over the shot)

Scripps

Is it,—is it —something?!

Diana

Yes —it is. Somehow it reminds me of the that thing in Paris.

You know, the thing I cannot bear to remember.

(Both now holding each others hands on the counter. Diana is grasping the ketchup with her free hand.)

Scripps

Diana,—it's time for us to—.

Diana

to,—.

Scripps

Tell me once more about

Wordsworth country. I love the way your eyes sparkle when you talk about England, where you were born, —you sound so educated.

Diana

Yes,—but I am not broadly read as Mandy.

Mandy

(Buxom second waitress, has been lounging behind the counter. Unlike Diana whose uniform is stained and wrinkled her uniform is crisp white.)

You mean broadly read or some broad reading.

Scripps

Yes that.

Diana

I have no formal education.

Scripps

Never mind about that. You are my woman.

(A Glen Miller tune comes on the jukebox and they start dancing and the drummer is drumming)
(Scripps looks at the cook who is leering at them)

Cook

Gwine off into de night. Don't worry, I'll
cover dis shift.

Diana

Ohh,,- yesss!

(They embrace awkwardly).

(Drummer is air drumming to a jazz number he has put on the juke box)

(Dialog over the music)

Shot of Scottish Highlands, montage, with fields of yellow flowers, a couple running through the idyllic scene, close up on a book of Wordsworth the girl holds, —a bird, an eagle or an osprey, swoops down and takes the book in his beak and flies off,—)

(They walk outside. There is still chaos going on but they seem oblivious.)

Scripps

Tell me how you came here to Petoskey.

(The door slams behind them. The drummer, not paying attention believes he magically created the rim shot of the door slamming and attempts futilely to recreate it.)

Drummer

How'd I do that?

(Outside the two of them are walking in the snow.)

Diana

Then you don't want to hear about Wordsworth country again?

Scripps

There'll be time for that.

(*scene v*– Inside of Henry and Jake’s workshop. Obviously they have finished working on the Pounder.

(Outside to the factory)–factory foreman standing outside holding his finger up the wind.

Foreman

Well it’s a regular Chinook boys.

(Factory whistle blowing).

(Indians and workers rushing out of the plant.)

(It is a mad scene in the street. Men chasing women. Men chasing men. Shots & screams, interspersed with Whoops a single shot of Spiderman talking to himself in an alley (“But if I tell her the truth about my identity it may be too much for my poor aunt’s weak heart.)

Cut to whiskey bottle breaking against the wall of Yogi Johnson’s room where he has just hurled it from a position lying prone on his bed. He is in a hotel and the bed is a metal frame. He is bleary eyed. It is night. He suddenly sits up and yells.

Yogi

What the hell is the matter with me. It’s been six years since the war.

(Softer) Every year when the wind comes up I say, this time Yogi boy, this time and when it goes all wrong... I’ve got to grit my teeth and grin like the rest of ‘em.
–What a night–(Bitter)–What a night.

(Stands up and walks over to the mirror and picks up the straight razor.

Talking to the mirror, waving the razor.)

There’s something wrong with you. Admit it.

(Shouts come in the window from the street. He walks over to the table and open the other bottle there and drinks a swig. Walking back to the mirror). He affects a ludicrous grin and in a falsely fast voice).

Sure did burn out the old crankcase last night.

(Puts down the bottle and goes out the door and down the steps.)

This time we’ll bury some ghosts.

(Stationary shot from hotel entrance as he walks out. Cut to him walking up to the cathouse. He looks up and there’s a girl leaning out one of the third floor windows. She is backlit with a candle. At first it looks like the girl in the elementary school but as the camera pans in we see the coarsened features and the overdone makeup.

Hooker

(Chewing gum)

Hey Lois. Look over there. There’s Yogi Johnson.

(Other hooker comes to the window)

2nd Hooker

Hey Yogi,–if you can’t get it for free you can get it from me.

(Both laugh)

(The second hooker's face transforms into that of the French girl from the war. Cut to Yogi grimacing and then taking off at a run.

(Cut back to window)

Hooker

Hey, whadidya leave the gas on?

(Yogi is running down the street hard now. A plant worker grabs him by the arm. He is drunk. It is Lucas, the worker Yogi helped in the fight at the plant)

Lucas

(holding a shovel)

Hey Yogi!

(Yogi turns punches him in the gut and runs off.

(Flash collage of town in grips of fever, mixed with a formal dinner party with cocktails in Spain, 1925 shots of seductive women. The French girl's face. A train whistle.---

and he falls to the ground near the rail tracks. Slowly and we can make out a dark shape in the left background. We hear David Talltree's voice.

He is standing over Yogi who has passed out on the train tracks)

Davie

Whaddaya tryin' out for the track team?

Yogi

(Muffled)

Yeah.

Davie

Which race.

Yogi

The human race.

Dave

White man pretty funny for having mud on face.

(Yogi lifts his head. The lights come up slightly. Dave is sitting under a tree, whittling.

Yogi

Dave Talltrees, is that you.? What are you doing down here.

Dave

Me whittling new artificial arm (holds it up). To expensive to buy.

VA won't pay for Indian for artificial limb.

This one get warped. Left outside in the rain last night.

Yogi

How come you ain't out with your old lady. The whole town's celebratin'.

Dave

Old lady go crazy. Take off all clothes go like this. WHOOP! WHOOP! And run off into night with papoose strapped to back. (In quieter tones) Her woods Indian. No scruples.

Yogi

(Commiserating)

No scruples.

(Train whistles)

Dave

For what you come down here? Want to kill yourself?

Yogi

(Grabs Dave angrily by the collar then ashamed , drops him.)

(Flatly) Yeah.

(He goes and sits on the other side of the tree.)

And you know why too, don't ya. Huhh,-Daviee?

Davie

How it look tomorrow in paper. Ex-marine sergeant Yogi Johnson, Silver Cross holder, Distinguished Service Medal. Kill himself on Railroad tracks. How look for not you. How look for Marines. Everyone think, ohh-Marines pretty stupid. Kill themselves over woman.

Yogi

(fiercely)

How would they know that?

Davie

They know if somebody tell 'em

Yogi

You wouldn't do that? Sell me down the river like that,-we've been buddies too long.

Davie

Wanna bet? Me married woods Indian. No scruples,- it wear off on me.

Yogi

(Menacing)

Maybe I should make sure you won't. (Picking up another log from the woodpile).

(Train whistle closer)

Dave

Go ahead big white chief. Nobody miss one lame Indian.

Yogi

(Stands up—train is bearing down)

I don't care if you tell them. I don't care if they know.
What's the big secret anyhow. It was a long time ago and in Paris.

Davie

What is problem with you white people
Everybody in this town have heap big secret about France. You got secret. Waitress in diner got secret. Boo hoo everybody so friggin' sensitive. Only Indian got no secret.

(Back at the diner. Scripps and Diana have returned and are sitting at a booth.)

Diana

I'll tell you what is the big secret, but first you must tell me about yourself Scripps.

Scripps

Nothing much to tell. My wife left me.

Cook

A pig and the noisy ones up and one for the bird!

Diana

Let me get it for you. After all you are my man

Scripps

But you are off duty.

Diana

I'll be right back my dear. I promise. And then I'll tell you.

(Diana goes into the kitchen).

Mandy

(she is a buxom waitress in starch white uniform
Oh is she giving you the mysterious act.

Scripps

What do you mean?

Mandy

The mysterious incident in Paris she can't talk about?

Scripps

Yes. That sounds vaguely familiar.

Mandy

Every, pump jockey that comes in that door she gives
that same story to.

Scripps

I don't believe you.

Mandy

Just you ask around. Her and her Wordsworth and her
big secret about Paris.

(Diana reenters with plates)

Diana

So you were saying my dear.

Scripps

(Depressed and anxious now)

Yeah, nothing much.

(He plays with the food and, –not eating it.

(The bird hops down and begins to peck at its small plate of beans)

Diana

How old is your bird?

Scripps

I don't know, I never saw him before last night.

I was walking on the railroad track from Mancelona.

As I said, my wife left me.

Mandy

(Mandy comes over and pours a little ketchup on her finger and the bird pecks at it gratefully)

Poor little chap, how did your wife leave you?

Scripps

We'd been out drinking on the railroad track.

We used to go out evenings and watch the trains pass.

I used to write stories. Watching the trains helped me think.

I had a story published in the Post and two in the Dial.

One in Vanity Fair.

H.L. Mencken was trying to get ahold of me but I'm too wise for that sort of thing.

No Polizei for me. They give me the Katzenjammer!

Diana

What is he saying?

Mandy

It's literary talk. American literary talk.

You wouldn't understand dear.

Diana

It just sounds like wild crazy talk to me.

Scripps.

Scofield Thayer was my best man, he said. 'I'm a Harvard man.

All I want is for them to give me and my bird a square deal

No more Weltpolitick Take Dr Coolidge away.'

(He has been getting progressively more and more worked up as he is speaking.
Finally he faints on the floor. The bird looks on quizzically.)

Drummer

What you doin' brother.

Diana

(Cradling him)

Scripps! Scripps! Why he must have fainted with hunger. He's

A rail. Give me those beans.

(Mandy hands her the beans)

Here you go. (Feeding him the beans one at a time).

(The bird flies down and puts a bean in her hand on at a time).

Scripps

Please Diana. Tell me. Tell me the story of what happened to

You in Paris.

Diana

I cannot, it is too painful.

Scripps

But you are my woman now.

Diana

Alright then,--

It was the year of the Paris exposition. I was a jeune fille, a young girl. I had come over the channel with my mother and we were staying in a hotel in the Gare du Nord. We had stopped at a coiffure shop in the lobby for perfume and I remember my mother wanted an additional bottle of smelling salts. She sent me up to my room and asked me to lay out her walking clothes in her room on her bed as well. I went to my room and lay down for a nap. Are you sure you don't want another order of beans?

Scripps

Yeah, OK. But go on Diana my darling.

Diana

But here you just eat.

Scripps

I will.

Drummer

(Drumming at the empty seat accidentally knocks over the plate of beans onto the floor)

Diana

(Yelling)

Another order of the loud ones!

Cook

Loud ones on the fire.

Diana

Well it had been a rough crossing and I was tired after the journey so I fell asleep for what must have been several hours. It was dark and I was a little frightened so I went to Mom's room. Instead of Mom there was a French General lying in the bed..

Scripps

General Joffre?

Diana

You could call him that. Anyway,
I was terribly scared and ran down to fetch the concierge.
But mademoiselle checked in with the general yesterday the
concierge told me. I demanded he bring me to the shop in the lobby.
The clerk was there. I was glad because he could verify my story
but instead he told me, but of course I remember mademoiselle. You came
in here yesterday with the general. I can find the receipts for you if you wish.

Scripps

Mon dieu, une mystere veritable!

Diana

In the meantime the police who the concierge had called had rounded
up the cabdriver who had brought us to the hotel. He swore
that I had arrived with the general and not with my mother. I never
saw her again.

Scripps

And what about the General.

Diana

Well I had no money and they let felt sorry for me and let me
stay at the hotel for a few days. The General disappeared and I
resolved to look for him. Finally I tracked him down to a mansion in
the suburbs of Paris. It was very hard to find but finally I found it. I knocked
the door, there was a party going on, the General finally loaned me a
hundred francs for a boat passage to New York and shooed me away.
Somehow I ended up here in Petoskey.

Scripps

That's a wonderful story. Worthy of the New York Mercury.

Diana

I communicated with the embassy when I arrived in New York and
they were able to establish that I had crossed the channel with my
mother but nothing beyond that. Yes it is a wonderful story I suppose.
But it has no point.

Mandy

I don't know what's so wonderful about it.

Diana

Mandy why must you be so negative.

(Mandy shrugs)

Scripps

Diana, you are my woman now. Don't worry.

(Stands up and embraces Diana)

(She takes off her apron and they go out into the night.)

(Cut to swinging doors of kitchen which are making a rhythmic chatter in time with the juke that the drummer imitates. (Music finishes and drummer subsides to his usual position).

Cook

(Sticks his head out the doors with the beans).

I'll be darned. They done gwine off into de night,—again.

(Drummer loudly farts and two window fans switch on automatically.)

(Cut back to Dave and Yogi at the train tracks).

Dave

(Stops whittling for the first time and looks up at Yogi who is standing above him now)

(Yogi looks at the train)

Train passes—Yogi is frozen and shaking again. Head in hands.

Yogi

(Through broken sobs)

You don't despise me,—you don't, but does Scripps.

I know he does. Does O'Neill secretly hate me? You can tell me.

Davie.

(As train recedes in the distance, crickets can be heard again)

Scripps never hate nobody.

Yogi

You sure,—are you sure!

Davie

(He pauses then he gets up and goes over to Yogi.

Come on. I take you to Indian casino. We get plenty snookered. Have good time

They both start to walk.)

Yogi

How come you talk with such a heavy accent now. Back in the war you never used to talk so,—Injun.

Davie.

Have to practice it. Or White man think me snooty Indian.

Likes red man to be dumb savage better than Michigan State grad.

Yogi

So that's what you did after the war? I thought you went to prison.

Davie

GI Bill pay for degree.

Got PhD in German Mediaeval Lit.

'Got Mittuns?'

Yogi

Huhh?

(An owl hoots.) Dave hoots back.

(It is all quiet again.)

They approach what appears to be a barn. No lights are visible.

Yogi

Got a bottle stashed here.

Davie

Dave no drink.

Yogi

I forgot

(Cut to barn on the outskirts of town. All the windows are blacked out.

(Yells out) Scrawnee Pawnee!

(We hear a latch open and the door from the loft swings down from above. A ladder comes down which they climb up.)

(Inside of Scrawny Pawnee casino. It is a lively but refined scene Dave's head emerges from the floor. He clambers up then Yogi follows. Subjective shot scanning the room. The customers are Indians dressed in tuxedos, playing Baccarat and Billiards. Reading in overstuffed chairs, smoking cigars. There is a big wooden Indian with a box of cigars. Dave takes one. Smells it. Remarks with satisfaction.)

Cubans.

(Trophies line the walls. The bartender serving up drinks is black. The club emblem, a golden globe perched on a tomahawk is above the bar. A tall well dressed Indian man approaches and in an affected English accent. MS-)

Jake

Dave old chap. Haven't seen you in a racoon's age.

Was your monograph on mediaeval German poetry ever published?

Dave

(Speaking perfect English)

Ahh the von Eschenbach piece. Not yet but
HÖRSPIEL IN DEUTSCHLAND has their eye on it.
I've got my fingers crossed.
Say have you seen my wife?

Jake

Has she run off again. Didn't I warn you about marrying
a woods Indian.

(Cut to Beanery)

(Mandy is talking to Yogi. It is clear he is interested in her. She is on duty)

Mandy leans forward

Mandy

. Say, did I ever tell you about the last words of Henry James?

Diana

Really, dear Mandy, Mrs Scripps said, 'you've told that story
rather often.

Scripps

I'd like to hear it, I'm very interested in Henry James.

Diana

(Rapidly)

Henry James, Henry James. That chap who had gone away from his own
land to live in England among Englishmen- Why had he done it?
For what had he left America? Weren't his roots here? His brother,
William. Boston. Pragmatism. Harvard University. Old John Harvard
with silver buckles on his shoes. Charley Brickley. Eddie Mahan.
Where were they now?

Mandy

'WELL! Anyway , Henry James became a British subject on his death-bed.
As soon as the king heard Henry James had become a British subject he sent
around the highest decoration in his power to bestow - the Order of Merit.'

Diana

(Nodding)

The OM

Mandy

Professors Gosse and Saintsbury came with the man who brought the decoration. Henry James was lying on his bed, and his eyes were shut. There was a single candle on a table beside the bed. The nurse allowed them to come near the bed, and they put the ribbon of the decoration around James's neck, and the decoration lay on the sheet cover. Professors Gosse and Saintsbury leaned forward and smoothed the ribbon of the decoration. Henry James never opened his eyes. The nurse told them they all must go out of the room, and they all went from the room.

When they were all gone, Henry James spoke to the nurse.

He never opened his eyes.

"Nurse," Henry James said "put out the candle, nurse, and spare my blushes." Those were the last words he ever spoke.'

Scripps

Only a writer would have said that.

Diana

You don't always tell it the same way, dear.

(There are tears in Mandy's eyes

Mandy

I—

Scripps

Why you are crying my dear.

Mandy

I just feel very strongly about Henry James.

Drummer

'What was the matter with James ?

'Wasn't America good enough for him?

(To Scripps.)

What do you call your little bird.

Scripps

I haven't named him yet. What would you call him.

Drummer

Well, what is he, an osprey, an egret a tufted titmouse?

Scripps

I don't know,—I don't even know if he is a boy or a girl..

Mandy

(Interjects)

Why not call him Ariel?

Drummer

What does that mean.

Mandy

(Superior)

It's a character of from Shakespeare.

Drummer

Oh give me a break. Not that cat.

Scripps

What would you call him?

Drummer

He ain't a parrot is he? If he was a parrot you could call him Polly.

(Cut back to the club)

Jake

(Taking Davie aside In perceptibly colder and confidential tones)

Who's the light chap with you?

Dave

Oh, Jake, sorry,— meet an old army buddy of mine—Yogi Johnson.

Jake

Yogi, hmmm— sounds like an Indian name..

Dave

Meet Jake Red Dog—Oxford, class of 52 etc..

Jake

(Raises palm)

How!

Yogi

(Imitates)

How!

(Bartender in background trying to control his laughter.)

Jake

Let me show you around old chap.

(They pass through a door

Our committee room

(On the wall are framed autographed photographs of Chief Bender, Francis Parkman, D. H. Lawrence, Chief Meyers, Stewart Edward White, Mary Austin, Jim Thorpe, General Custer, Glenn Warner, Mabel Dodge, and a full-length oil painting of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Beyond the committee room was a locker room with a small plunge bath or swimming-pool.)

It's really ridic- ulously small for a dub, but it makes a comfortable little hole to pop into when the evenings are chilly. We call it the wigwam, you know. That's a little conceit of my own.'

Yogi

(Enthusiastically)

It's a damned nice dub,

Jake

Fix you up if you like,'any friend of Dave Talltrees you know. What's your tribe?-

Yogi

What do you mean?

Jake

Your tribe What are you - Sioux, Fox Ojibway? Cree, I imagine.

Dave

Oh he's from Canada. Okanagan Riesling.

Jake

Jake Red Dog looks at him more closely. CS eyes narrowed
You're not having me on are you?

Bruce

Would I do that my good man.
He know 'how' now.

(They walk out to bar
Bartender overhears and breaks out laughing).

Bartender

Or I is a brown cow.

(Laughing uncontrollably)

Jake

Ohh, shuttup Bruce

Bruce

(fake groveling)

Ohh yes sir, massa Red Dog.

Jake

You'll have to excuse Bruce. He can be a bit rash in his judgement.
He is s a dashing good bartender though,—I'd hate to lose him.

(With a warning look at Bruce.)

Would you gentlemen care for a cocktail.

Yogi

Scotch and water. On the rocks.

Dave

Not me thanks.

Jake

Oh that's right, I forgot,—firewater and all that.

(To Yogi)

Well feel free to enjoy yourself.

(Walks off)

Dave

This is the one place we can relax and not have to talk funny.

(Yogi nods.)

(A short fat Indian approached and he is holding something in his hand. He stands next to Yogi and Dave at the bar without saying a word.)

Running Skunk Backwards. Family sold the entire island of Manhattan
for a few wampum.

RSB

(Smiles deprecatingly.)

Would you like to see it?

Yogi

See what.

RSB

The actual Wampum beads we got,—would you like to see it?
The value is really entirely sentimental. No intrinsic value.

(He hands a bunch of beads to Yogi who admires them.)

Bruce

(Now breaking into laughter again).

Jake

(Shoots him a nasty look from down the bar)

I say Bruce. Your mirth is rather extravagant.

Bruce

(Starts drying glasses to distract himself. Mimicking)

I can't help it massa Red Dog.---

When I see Mr. Skunk Backwards passing around dem old wampum. Well, I couldn't stand it no longer. Whad he wanna go and sell a big town like New York foh dem wampums foh! Take away youah wampums!

RSB

(Sniffing) Rather rude fellow. Actually I'm quite use to be laughed at,--not just here, -- my whole family is ridiculed fairly widely.

(Pause. Dave is looking toward the Billiard table.)

By the way, (to Yogi) what tribe is your family from.

Yogi

Tribe--uhhn, no tribe. I'm Swedish. Originally Johanson, we changed it to Johnson.

RSB

(Gasps and runs over to Jake. He whispers something in his ear and points at Dave and Yogi. Four mean looking fellows begin to move out from the shadows.)

(Dave and Yogi are strong-armed up in front of Jake.)

Jake

I thought he looked rather pale.

(Yells)

You have disgraced the club bringing this man here. You are expelled..

(He plucks a blue feather from Dave's hair and breaks it.

I will expect an apology in the mail. Certified.

And you had better notify your barrister. I never. (Takes out a gun)

(He motions and the bouncers throw Yogi and Dave down the loft hatch. Cut to two forms brushing hay off themselves as the loft door is latched and locked.)

Dave

Blast!--that fall broke my arm.

Yogi

(Alarmed)

Come on,—I'll help you get to a doctor.

Dave

No. No,—not my real arm. My new artificial arm. Don't worry.
I have a spare stashed over here for emergencies.

(Goes behind wagon and pulls out wooden arm. Clicks it in.)

Doesn't bend at the elbow but it'll do in a pinch.

Dave

Well it looks like I'll be drinking alone from now on.

Yogi

You don't drink.

Dave

Yeah, —and there's that too. Thanks.

(Yogi finishes brushing himself off).

Yogi

Sorry Dave. Should have know to keep my mouth shut.

Dave

(Camera cuts to outside)

Kinda thought that might happen. I was gettin' tired of that
place anyway—too stuck up.

Comeon. I'll spot you to breakfast. It's almost morning anyhow.
Wind is dyin' down.

Yogi

Good. I need something in my stomach besides booze.

(They walk toward the diner which is only about 200 yards away.)

Hey,—how about if I buy you a new arm.

Dave

(Mocking English accent)

Wouldn't hear of it old chap.

Yogi

(Camera pans town and then focuses on the two pair of feet walking).

(Joining in—making fun of the club Indians)

But my dear chap. I simply must insist. Please don't be
an obstinate fellow.

(Both laughing now.)

(scene vi-)

(Cut to diner. Chef is as usual hanging over the swinging door. Drummer is fake drumming).

(Enter Yogi and Dave)

Cook

Yo drummer.

(Startles him.)

Day been gone the whole night long. Lordy, Lordy. What can they been doin'. (Laughs knowingly.)

(MCU of drummer- he is resting his head on this hand mumbling and he goes to sleep.)

Cook

Well it's time for me to lay dis ole head to res.

(Takes off apron and, ties it up on a peg. Flicks off neon sign and leaves out to the street locking the front door behind him. Diana and Scripps run in laughing and embracing. (Wide shot) She unlocks the door again and they go in. Cut back to inside of diner. Scripps is pulling twigs and leaves out of his hair.)

(Scripps sees Mandy and begins brushing himself off)

Diana

(Suddenly, dramatically)

Somehow I feel you don't want me anymore. I have gotten a subscription to the New York Mercury and am attempting to be more widely read. But I feel somehow I cannot hold on to you.

Scripps

Diana,-Diana-you know better than anyone what I want.

Diana

(Flirting close up) Yes Scripps I know.

Scripps

You are still my woman Diana.

Diana

And you are my man. And more than my man.

(They enter the diner where the d, now in a cage above the counter begins to chirps but it is not a happy song.)

(Close up on Scripps face.)

Scripps

You know what I want.

(Close up Diana's face.)

Diana

Yes, my Scripps.

Scripps

Overlight,—burn the toast.

Diana

(Yells)

Two one eyed chickens, side of crumbs.

(Diana goes to the kitchen. Scripps takes the bird out from his breast pocket and sits near the sleeping drummer. Camera to back of drummer's hand as Scripps approaches and leans over. Bird flies over and lands on the back of his hand.)

Scripps

You drummer fellows know a thing or two. I know a man of the world.

(Drummer snorts and faces the other way.)

It's really like the poets say. The birds sing and one feels gay.

(Bird chirps dismally. Scripps tries to fix himself up in the mirror to look gay. Cut to swinging doors. Mandy comes through the door.)

Mandy

(To both)

Going off shift? Can I get you anything?

Diana

A bowl of warm milk and a side of crackers.

(Mandy goes into the kitchen)

(Diana goes over and picks up the Manchester Guardian putting on her apron.

(She is waiting for Scripps order near the swinging doors.)

(Scripps is looking at her suspiciously now. Mandy comes over to where Scripps is sitting. Eying his wedding ring.)

(Diana eating the warm milk and crackers in a booth and is dozing off). So tired.

Mandy

So I hear you got a job collaring pistons at the pump works.

Scripps

Yeah,—.

Mandy

So your wife left you huhh?

Scripps

I had a wife in Mancelona.

Diana

(Sleepily—rousing herself momentarily)

Ohh dear Scripps, don't tell that story again. You've told it so many times.

Scripps

Yes. I guess I have. I shouldn't be repetitious.

(He eyes Mandy).

Mandy

Well foreshadowing and repetitiousness are not the same.
What are you reading?

(Diana snoring)

Scripps

(Takes out a book from the breast pocket the bird used to occupy.)

It is the essay of Henry James on the rules of writing.

(Mandy give him a knowing look).

Enter Yogi and Davie

(Diana's dream, her eyes,—darting back and forth).

(In the dream, young Yogi is peeking through the keyhole at the ball at the mansion in Paris. It is a false wall and collapses exposing the embarrassed Yogi.)

General

(Angrily)

Arrest that man he is a spy. He is trying to spread a rumor of an epidemic, to get everyone to leave Paris. Mon dieu. And the exposition starts tomorrow. We will all be ruined

Yogi

—I'm not a spy! What epidemic?

Young girl

Wait! I know him from somewhere.

If I could only remember where.

No,—don't take him away, please. (She grabs his coat sleeve as they drag him off) I can't hold on. I can't hold him.!

(In the confusion Yogi breaks free, he tries to get her.

Young girl

Run,—run!

(Yogi runs for the fence and attempts to scale it but it catches him in the groin on the way over. He escapes but is obviously badly hurt.)

(Female voice over—‘Don’t take him away)

Cut to picture of Mandy. She is in Diana’s apartment.

Mandy, you are pathetic, you think you can hold on to him

pretending you are broadly read, ordering all these magazines, The Mentor,

Scribner’s, Saturday Review, New York Times Book Review. (Throwing them all on the floor.)

Who are you kidding? Do you think you can hold him? You can’t hold him. You can’t.

Cut to bird cage with a page from the NY Times book review on the cage floor. A giant piece of bird crap lands on it.) Voice over,—you can’t hold him. You can’t

(Cut to Yogi and Dave walking in the doorway. Door slamming.

Diana wakes up and knocks her glasses askew.)

Yogi

This is the end,—I swear, another night like this and I am done for.

Ho! Scripps. What are you doing up so early. Factory’ll be closed again today.

(They sit next to Scripps

Pancakes for me, Diana darling.

(Diana is doesn’t move.)

Mandy

Don’t worry I’ll get that table.

Diana

Don’t bother Mandy, I will take care of Yogi.

Dave

Just coffee for me.

(Front shot of all four. Scripps moves to Yogi’s table)

Scripps

Yogi, you are my buddy,— but you should not call Diana, ‘darling’ any more— She is my woman now. And besides she is off duty.

Mandy

Ohh,—it’s no bother.

Diana

No really! I’m fine. (To Yogi). The usual.

(Yogi nods)

Yogi

(Apparently not really interested to Scripps)

That a fact. Alright. I won’t.—Easy on the syrup sweetheart.

Just sit on ‘em for a minute with your sweet ass.)

(The cook erupts in laughter

(To Scripps)

That better?

(Scripps is angered and starts to stand).

Dave

Take it easy. Yogi have a little too much to drink last night. Mebbe him have hard time for long while now.

Drummer

(Listening over Scripps' shoulder.)

Poor guy. Poor fellow!

Yogi

Shuttup you!-- or you'll be eating your drumsticks before Thanksgiving. Asshole drummers.

(Drummer moves away.)

Drummer

Hey man!

(Camera remains stationary.)

Strung out or something,--wow.

(He picks up the copy of the Detroit news from the floor.

Cut to the backs of the three left angle. Diana enters with a tray of food. Scripps is sitting raptly listening to Mandy. (Close up of her cleavage).

Diana

Rotten luck about the Chinook huhh?

Yogi

Yeh.. False Alarm.

Drummer

(Nodding)

I hear you brother.

Davie

(To Yogi)

Nice little club. Huhh.

Yogi

Yeah, right up to the time they pitched me out on my ass.

Davie

Yeah, well Jake can be a little testy about white men.
You know you poisoned the buffalo and all that.

Yogi

I'm Swedish!

Davie

Damned nice club. They'll never let me back in for sure now.

Yogi

I can't help thinking. Was this what we fought the war for.
To be treated like a second class citizen in our own country.
Scripps. Is that what we fought the war for?

Scripps

Sometimes I wonder if I was even in the war.

Davie

We can vouch for that.

Yogi

Remember that leave we had in Paris

(Scripps looking at Diana)

Scripps

Shhh—!

Yogi

What's the matter?

Scripps

I don't want to upset Diana. She's been through a lot.
She's a little sensitive about Paris.

Yogi

Ahh bull. What'd she give you the story about the mysterious hotel and the
disappearing mother..

Scripps

Yeahh,--

Yogi

I think ole' Henry is the only one in town who ain't heard that story.

Davie

(Snickering)

Him too busy with Peerless Pounder.

You got any money.

Yogi

Yeah, yeah,—the feed's on me.

Davie

(Sarcastically)

White chief, nature's nobleman.

Drummer

Yeahh, a real diamond in the rough.

(scene vii-)

(Cut to the Pump Works. The workers are encasing pumps in ice to preserve them in the yard. Spraying them with a hose. Then they are put on pallets and stacked next to the rail siding. They are lowering a large custom made pump out from a second story window with a winch. It is the Peerless Pounder Henry has been working on. Suddenly a chain snaps. Workman yells out. 'I can't holder 'er. David looks up, he sees the pump and it is about to fall on him. He is frozen in place as the water from the pump sprayers has encased his artificial arm in ice and it is frozen to the winch chain. Dave tries to disengage the arm but the latch has frozen. Yogi sees David is stuck, the other cable holding the Pounder is breaking, he rushes toward Dave. He crashes into Dave and the arm breaks free and the both of them go sliding down the spill way toward a pump that has just been encased in ice. Just before they collide with the pump Dave rolls free just before they hit. Yogi slams looks like he is going to clear it but the pump had a handle which catches him in the groin.)

Yogi

Ohh,—that hurt.

Dave

Yeah, some pump have handles some not.

(Cut back to the diner)

A squaw silently enters the diner. She is naked except for moccasins and a papoose strapped to her back.)

(Mandy drops her copy of Vanity Fair. Follow shot to the ground with perfume ad. Drummer stands up, squelching perfume sample with his foot which sprays out in a suggestive stream.

Cut to Yogi's face on which is an expression of supreme satisfaction.)

Cover your eyes! (It is not clear if the warning is in reference to the squaw or the contents of the perfume sachet squirting everywhere.)

(The women quickly cover their eyes with napkins).

Yogi

Is that your wife Davie?

Davie

No more. Me divorce her. Her woods Indian.
Like walking with no clothes.

Yogi

(Goes up to her)

You ain't goin' to introduce me?
How! I am white
chief from Sweden. Big chief at pump works.

Scripps

What are you doin' Yogi.

Yogi

I want to tell you about a very beautiful thing that happened to me in Paris. Or what I thought was a very beautiful thing. Actually it turned out to be the ugliest thing that happened to me.

Drummer

You got the floor man. Go. Go!

Yogi

It was the first day of my leave, after we got back from our mission. Davie and Scripps here took off to see the sights and I was strolling along the boulevard Malesherbes.

(Mise en scene fade to Paris.

A car slows down and a beautiful young girl leans out and beckons to him. He gets in the car and off they go. They arrive at a beautiful mansion and a French General opens the door and they go in. There is a ball in progress. They are dancing. Cut to back door where there is a taxi waiting.

(Dialogue)

Girl

You know, I can never ever see you again. The truth is, if I did see you again, I would not remember you. I have a rare affliction and I cannot remember the face of anyone I love for more than one day.

Once I fall asleep I forget that I knew them.

It is like a defense of my mind. The intensity of emotion causes my brain just to blot out that person's entire existence.

(With the last sentence she sweeps her arm and knocks over a sugar bowl. The sugar starts spilling to the floor in a steady stream. Close up on the sugar.)

Young Yogi

What a waste. But I love you.

Girl

And precisely because I love you too,
If I saw you tomorrow, you would be a stranger to me.

Young Yogi

Surely you would remember me. I must see you again!

Girl

No!. C'est impossible.

(He gets in the taxi and goes away.

(Fade back to diner).

Yogi

But I wouldn't believe what she had told me. I couldn't.
The next day I engaged a guide and he took me to all the mansions
of Paris but none of them were the place I had been to that evening.
Finally after several days of this he said, –there is one place
I have not brought you to, –but it will cost extra it is outside the city
limits. We got into cab and he brought me to the gates of an old mansion.
It was the most beautiful house I ever saw. The gates were locked so
I decided to climb over.

Scripps

Ohh my godd!

Yogi

Yes, it's true.

Scripps

No, I was just reading here where Henry James injured his testicles climbing
over a fence.

Mandy

Yes, that was the supposed cause of his legendary asexuality.
It was an accident on a fence.

Yogi

Anyway. It was the last night of my leave.
I managed to climb over the fence. The guide got over too and he
warned me.

(Fade again to Paris)

(Yogi is holding his crotch in pain)

Guide

No, you cannot go in there, it is the house of a very important
man. He could have you shot. Mon Dieu, he would have us both
shot. No, monsieur come with me.

(Voiceover)

Yogi

He took me around the back and through a basement entrance.
He lit a match and pointed to a slit in the wall. I pressed my
face against the wall, eager for another glimpse of the beauty
who had captured my heart. She was there. Another ball was
in progress and she was dancing with another man. A young
British officer. She seemed as in love with him as she had been
with me just a few days before. I couldn't tear my eyes away. Finally I felt
something tugging at my sleeve. It
Was the guide. Monsieur, we must go. We must go now.
I never saw her again. One time on another leave I thought
I glimpsed here outside the Opera but she quickly disappeared.

(He looks down at his plate of beans.

Since then, I have never wanted another woman. That is til
tonight.

(Looking over at the squaw who stood near the door.

(Enter RSB

RSB

(To squaw)

You crazy woods Indian. Him divorce you.
I buy you for rest of Manhattan wampum.

Yogi

How I suffered. I blamed it on the war. How I've suffered boys.
I blamed it on France. I blamed it on the decay of morality in general.
I blamed it on the younger generation. I blamed it here. I blamed it there.
Now I am cured. Here's five dollars. Beans for everyone.

Scripps

Diana, this is a wonderful thing. A catharsis.
I am glad you are still my woman.

Diana

I beg yore pardon sir. Have we met?

(Goes to the cage)

Ohh-what a cute little birdie.

RSB

White chief heap nice fella. Me have hankerin'
for some beans for a long time.

Yogi

This is the happiest day of my life.

RSB

Me too!

(To Davie)

You think him really in war.
Paleface heap big liar.

Davie

Sometimes, me wonder.

(His arm falls off with a clatter.)

Yogi

(Puts down another five in front of Dave)

Here ya' go. Get yerself a new one of them. With one
of those titanium hinges so it won't rust. That Goddam squeaky
arm was driving me crazy.

RSB

You listen Running Skunk Backwards.
Hold out for ten dollars. Can get ten dollars easy.
White chief be very happy.

Davie

Me wonder.

(Yogi walks out into the night)

Scripps

Diana, you know what I want.

Diana

I really don't

Scripps

You always know.

Diana

(Yells)

Hold one loud one and slide in
Eggs over and a side of crumbs.

Cook

On the fire.

(Finally speaks.)
Squaw
Chinook Wind comin' for sure now.

Mandy
Well that was certainly something.
You know what this reminds me of? The story of the Marquis du Buque

Scripps
Tell it. Do tell it Mandy.

(Scripps takes his fork and knife and accidentally spears Diana's hand as she puts down the plate of eggs which is still on the plate with his fork. She drops the plate .)

Diana
Don't worry I'll get you another order.

Scripps
Ohh,— I am so sorry Diana. I thought your finger was a sausage.
(Diana wraps her finger in a napkin. Looks over at Mandy who giggles.)

Diana
How do you know my name. No look.
No,—it's all my fault. I—you look so familiar to me.
And (turning to the bird) that bird looks familiar
to me. And what is that on the bottom of her cage,
The London Mercury. I used to read the London Mercury.
(She opens the cage to retrieve the magazine and the bird flits out).
(The bird flits to the shoulder of the naked squaw.
The squaw goes out into the night.)

Mandy
You used to wonder about what sort of
bird that was.—.

Scripps
That's right.

Mandy.
Well, that reminds me of a story about Gosse and the Marquis
of Buque.

Scripps
Tell it, Mandy. Tell it!.

Diana

Yes, do tell it Mandy so we
may all be bored to tears.

Mandy

It seems a great friend of mine, Ford, you've heard me speak
of him before, was in the marquis's castle during the war.
His regiment was billeted there
The marquis was one of the richest if not the richest man in England,
And was serving in Ford's regiment as a private.
Ford was sitting in the library one evening.
The library was a most extraordinary place.
The wall were made of bricks of gold set into tiles or
something. I forget exactly what it was but it involved gold,—or tile.

Scripps

Go on, it doesn't matter.

Mandy

Anyhow, in the middle of the wall of the library was a
stuffed flamingo in a glass case.

Scripps

They understood interior decorating, these English,

Mandy

(Slyly)

Your wife was English, wasn't she?

Scripps

From the Lake Country, Wordsworth country.

Diana

Why that's where I am from.

Scripps

(Winking at Mandy)

What a coincidence!
Do go on with the story.

Mandy

Well, anyway, Ford was sitting in the library one evening after mess when the butler came in and said-
The Marquis of Buque's compliments and might he show the library to a group of friends with whom he has been dining? They used to let him dine out and sometimes they let him sleep in the castle. Ford said, "Quite", and in came the marquis in his private's uniform followed by Sir Edmund Gosse, and Professor Whatsismme, I forget it for the moment, from Oxford. Anyway, Gosse stopped in front of the stuffed flamingo in the glass case and said, "What have we here, Buque?" "It's a flamingo, Sir Edmund" the marquis answered. "That's not my idea of a flamingo," Gosse remarked. "No, Gosse. That's God's idea of a flamingo," Professor Whatsisname said. I wish I could remember his name.' It would be far more entertaining.

Scripps

Don't worry about that
(His eyes are bright and he is leaning forward)
I love you, Mandy,
'I love you. You are my woman.

Mandy.

That's right, I've known you
were my man for a long time.
Would you like to hear another story?

Scripps

You must never stop, Mandy.
You are my woman now.

Mandy

Sure, this story is about when Knut
Hamsun was a street-car conductor in Chicago.'

Scripps

Go on, You are my woman now.

(Drummer who has been put to sleep by the story wakes up suddenly with a start and stands up.
Plays solo all over the restaurant using forks and knives)
(He stops and sits down in the booth with Diana)

Drummer

I was in Cincinnati and the whole building blew away
except for the saxophone player who was warming up in the 'John.)
And then he coolly locks the John door which is the only part of the
building left standing. Tell me!
Now that's a solo. He says.
Tell me,—what does it mean.

(Exit Diana crying)

Gimme a cup a java, quick.

Scripps

And I thought you drummers were in the know. Well I guess the
morning reveals everything in it's true light.

(Drummer sits, dejected)

Drummer

Another disillusioned admirer.
Ah well, life does have it's ups and downs.

Scripps

I misjudged you. You do know a thing or two.

Drummer

Well I ain't drummed all these years for nothin'.

(scene viii-- Night in Petoskey.)

Long past midnight. inside the beanery a light is burning.

(Camera Pans)

The town is asleep under the crisp northern moon. To the north the tracks Of the GR '&' I Railroad running far into the north. The cold tracks gleam in the moonlight

(Cut to a siding a little

North of the frozen town.)

Beside the tracks there are two figures. It is Yogi Johnson walking with the squaw. They walk along the tracks. As they walk Yogi Johnson silently strips off his garments. One by one he strips off his garments, and casts them beside the track. in the end he is dad only in a worn pair of steel toe shoes. Beside him is the squaw and a husky dog. She carries the papoose on her back in his bark cradle. Yogi attempts to take the papoose from her. He wants to carry the papoose.

The husky dog whines and licks at Yogi Johnson's ankles. Behind them come two figures sharply etched in the moonlight. It is Davie and Running Skunk backwards. They stoop to gather up the garments Yogi Johnson has cast away. occasionally, they comment to one -another. Striding softly along in the moonlight their keen eyes miss not a single cast-off garment.

When the last garment has been cast Yogi issues so Whoop!

The two Indians straighten up. They examine the garments.

Davie

White chief snappy dresser.

(Close shot of monogrammed shirt "YJ".)

RSB

White chief going get pretty cold.

He hands a vest to Davie who rolls all the clothing into a bundle, and they start back along the tracks to the town.

Better keep clothes for white chief or sellem Salvation Army?

Davie

Better sellem Salvation Army, __

White chief maybe never come back.

(After a pause)

Davie

White chief come back all right.

RSB

Better sellem Salvation Army, anyway,

Davie.

White chief need new clothes, anyhow, when spring comes.

(As they walk down the tracks towards town, the light seems to soften. The two Indians walk uneasily now. Through the cedars beside the railway tracks a warm wind is blowing. The snowdrifts are melting now beside the tracks. Davie stops, moistens his finger and holds it up in the air.)

RSB

Chinook?

Davie.

Heap Chinook,--

(They hurry on towards town. Cut to the moon blurred now by clouds carried by the warm chinook wind that is blowing.

Cut to railroad tracks. Squaw and yogi are walking. A train is approaching.

As it gets closer they step off the tracks onto the snow. In the moonlight the cars pass.

The dining car is a well appointed club car. The Indians from the club are celebrating the Chinook in fine style. A banner reads 'Welcome Chinook'. As the car passes we see the next car which is a flatcar. On it is loaded a big crate. The camera pans in and on the side we see stencilled the words. 'Peerless Pounder' Dissolve to Paris.

General

(The same general as in Diana's story in Bed. He is reading Les Miserable.)

Vous pouvez venir hors maintenant de mon cher.

(Unkempt woman in bedclothes comes out from the closet.)

Woman

Whew! That was a close call. We wouldn't want to scar my daughter for life after all. Do we mon cheri? (She climbs back into bed with him.)

After all, I do have a husband back in Scotland.

General

Non! Assurément pas!

(Knock on the door. Enter the busboy.)

General

Ahh you English, with your tea!

(The waiter knocks over the sugar.)

(Close up on sugar as it spills to the floor. Pan to a pair of curious eyes framed in the doorway.)

