

# All About Eve (1950) movie script

by Joseph Mankiewicz.

More info about this movie on IMDb.com

FADE IN:

INT. DINING HALL - SARAH SIDDONS SOCIETY - NIGHT

It is not a large room and jammed with tables, mostly for four but some for six and eight. A long table of honor, for about thirty people, has been placed upon a dais.

Dinner is over. Demi-tasses, cigars and brandy. The overall effect is one of worn elegance and dogged gentility. It is June.

The CAMERA, as it has been throughout the CREDIT TITLES, is on the SARAH SIDDONS AWARD. It is a gold statuette, about a foot high, of Sarah Siddons as The Tragic Muse. Exquisitely framed in a nest of flowers, it rests on a miniature altar in the center of the table of honor.

Over this we hear the crisp, cultured, precise VOICE of ADDISON deWITT:

ADDISON'S VOICE

The Sarah Siddons Award for Distinguished Achievement is perhaps unknown to you. It has been spared the sensational and commercial publicity that attends such questionable "honors" as the Pulitzer Prize and those awards presented annually by the film society...

The CAMERA has EASED BACK to include some of the table of honor and a distinguished gentleman with snow-white hair who is speaking. We do not hear what he says.

ADDISON'S VOICE

The distinguished looking gentleman is an extremely old actor. Being an actor - he will go on speaking for some time. It is not important what you hear what he says.

The CAMERA EASES BACK some more, and CONTINUES until it discloses a fairly COMPREHENSIVE SHOT of the room

ADDISON'S VOICE

However it is important that you know where you are, and why you are here. This is the dining room of

the Sarah Siddons Society.  
The occasion is its annual banquet  
and presentation of the highest  
honor our Theater knows - the Sarah  
Siddons Award for Distinguished  
Achievement.

A GROUP OF WAITERS are clustered near the screen masking the  
entrances of the kitchen. The screens are papered with old  
theatrical programs. The waiters are all aged and venerable.  
They look respectfully toward the speaker.

ADDISON'S VOICE

These hollowed walls, indeed many  
of these faces, have looked upon  
Modjeska, Ada Rehan and Minnie  
Fiske; Mansfield's voice filled the  
room, Booth breathed this air. It  
is unlikely that the windows have  
been opened since his death.

CLOSE - THE AWARD on its altar, it shines proudly above five  
or six smaller altars which surround it and which are now  
empty.

ADDISON'S VOICE

The minor awards, as you can see,  
have already been presented. Minor  
awards are for such as the writer  
and director - since their function  
is merely to construct a tower so  
that the world can applaud a light  
which flashes on top of it and no  
brighter light has ever dazzled the  
eye than Eve Harrington. Eve... but  
more of Eve, later. All about Eve,  
in fact.

THE CAMERA MOVES TO: CLOSE - ADDISON deWITT, not young, not  
unattractive, a fastidious dresser, sharp of eye and  
merciless of tongue. An omnipresent cigarette holder projects  
from his mouth like the sword of D'Artagnan.

He sits back in his chair, musingly, his fingers making  
little cannonballs out of bread crumbs. His narration covers  
the MOVE of the CAMERA to him:

ADDISON'S VOICE

To those of you who do not read,  
attend the Theater, listen to  
uncensored radio programs or know  
anything of the world in which we  
live - it is perhaps necessary to  
introduce myself. My name is  
Addison deWitt.  
My native habitat is the Theater -

in it I toil not, neither do I  
spin. I am a critic and  
commentator. I am essential to the  
Theater - as ants are to a picnic,  
as the ball weevil to a cotton  
field...

He looks to his left. KAREN RICHARDS is lovely and thirtyish in an unprofessional way. She is scraping bread crumbs, spilled sugar, etc., into a pile with a spoon. Addison takes one of her bread crumbs. She smiles absently. Addison rolls the bread crumb into a cannonball.

ADDISON'S VOICE

This is Karen Richards. She is the wife of a playwright, therefore of the Theater by marriage. Nothing in her background or breeding should have brought her any closer the stage than row E, center...

Karen continues her doodling.

ADDISON'S VOICE

... however, during her senior year in Radcliffe, Lloyd Richards lectured on drama. The following year Karen became Mrs. Lloyd Richards. Lloyd is the author of 'Footsteps on the Ceiling' - the play which has won for Eve Harrington the Sarah Siddons Award...

Karen absently pats the top of her little pile of refuse. A hand reaches in to take the spoon away. Karen looks as the CAMERA PANS with IT to MAX FABIAN. He sits at her left. He's a sad-faced man with glasses and a look of constant apprehension. He smiles apologetically and indicated a white powder with he unwraps. He pantomimes that his ulcer is snapping.

Karen smiles back, returns to her doodling. Addison mashes a cigarette stub, pops it out of his holder. He eyes Max.

ADDISON'S VOICE

There are two types of theatrical producers. One has a great many wealthy friends who will risk a tax deductible loss. This type is interested in Art.

Max drops the powder into some water, stirs it, drinks, burps delicately and close his eyes.

ADDISON'S VOICE

The other is one to whom each production mean potential ruin or fortune. This type is out to make a buck. Meet Max Fabian. He is the producer of the play which has won Eve Harrington the Sarah Siddons Award...

Max rests fitfully. He twitches. A hand reaches into the SCENE, removes a bottle of Scotch from before him. The CAMERA follows the bottle to MARGO CHANNING. She sits at Max's left, at deWitt's right. An attractive, strong face. She is childish, adult, reasonable, unreasonable - usually one when she should be the other, but always positive. She pours a stiff drink.

Addison hold out the soda bottle to her. She looks at it, and at him, as if it were a tarantula and he had gone mad. He smiles and pours a glass of soda for himself.

ADDISON'S VOICE  
Margo Channing is the Star of the Theater. She made her first stage appearance, at the age of four, in 'Midsummer Night's Dream'. She played a fairy and entered - quite unexpectedly - stark naked. She has been a Star ever since.

Margo sloshes her drink around moodily, pulls at it.

ADDISON'S VOICE  
Margo is a great Star. A true Star. She never was or will be anything less or anything less...  
(slight pause)  
... the part for which Eve Harrington is receiving the Sarah Siddons Award was intended originally for Margo Channing...

Addison, having sipped his soda water, puts a new cigarette in his holder, leans back, lights it, looks and exhales in the general direction of the table of honor. As he speaks the CAMERA MOVES in the direction of his glance...

ADDISON'S VOICE  
Having covered in tedious detail not only the history of the Sarah Siddons Society, but also the history of acting since Thespis first stepped out of the chorus line - our distinguished chairman has finally arrived at our reason for being here...

At this point Addison's voice FADES OUT and the voice of the aged actor FADES IN. CAMERA is in MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT of him and the podium.

AGED ACTOR

I have been proud and privileged to have spent my life in the Theater - "a poor player ... that struts and frets his hour upon the stage" - and I have been honored to be, for forty years, Chief Promoter of the Sarah Siddons Society...

(he lifts the Sarah Siddons Award from its altar)

Thirty-nine times have I placed in deserving hands this highest honor the Theater knows...

(he grows a bit arch, he uses his eyebrows)

Surely no actor is older than I - I have earned my place out of the sun...

(indulgent laughter)

... and never before has this Award gone to anyone younger than its recipient tonight. How fitting that it should pass from my hands to hers...

EVE HANDS: Lovely, beautifully groomed. In serene repose, they rest between a demi-tasse cup and an exquisite small evening cup.

AGED ACTOR

Such young hands. Such a young lady. Young in years, but whose heart is as old as the Theater...

Addison's eyes narrow quizzically as he listens. Then, slowly, he turns to look at Karen...

AGED ACTOR

Some of us a privileged to know her. We have seen beyond the beauty and artistry-

Karen never ceases her thoughtful pat-a-cake with the crumbs.

AGED ACTOR

-that have made her name resound through the nation. We know her humility. Her devotion, her loyalty to her art.

Addison's glance moves from Karen to Margo.

AGED ACTOR  
Her love, her deep and abiding love  
for us-

Margo's face is a mask. She looks down at the drink which she cradles with both hands.

AGED ACTOR  
-for what we are and what we do.  
The Theater. She has had one wish,  
one prayer, one dream. To belong to  
us.

(he's nearing his curtain  
line)  
Tonight her dream has come true.  
And henceforth we shall dream the  
same of her.

(a slight pause)  
Honored members, ladies and  
gentlemen - for distinguished  
achievement in the Theater - the  
Sarah Siddons Award to Miss Eve  
Harrington.

The entire room is galvanized into sudden and tumultuous  
applause. Some enthusiastic gentlemen rise to her feet...  
Flash bulbs start popping about halfway down the table of the  
Aged Actor's left...

Eve rises - beautiful, radiant, poised, exquisitely gowned.  
She stands in simple and dignified response to the ovation.

A dozen photographers skip, squat, and dart about like water  
bugs. Flash bulbs pop and pop and pop...

THE WAITERS applaud enthusiastically...

AGED ACTOR, Award in hand, he beams at her...

EVE smiles sweetly to her left, then to her right...

MAX has come to. He applauds lustily.

ADDISON's applauding too, more discreetly.

MARGO, not applauding. But you sense no deliberate slight,  
merely an impression that as she looks at Eve her mind is on  
something else...

KAREN, nor is she applauding. But her gaze is similarly fixed  
on Eve in a strange, faraway fashion.

ADDISON, still applauding, his eyes flash first at Margo and  
then at Karen. Then he directs them back to Eve. He smiles  
ever so slightly.

The applause has continued unabated. EVE turns now, and moves gracefully toward the Aged Actor. She moves through applauding ladies and gentlemen; from below the flash bulbs keep popping...

As she nears her goal, the Aged Actor turns to her. He holds out the award. Her hand reaches out for it. At that precise moment - with the award just beyond her fingertips - THE PICTURE HOLDS, THE ACTION STOPS. The SOUND STOPS.

ADDISON'S VOICE

Eve. Eve, the Golden Girl. The cover girl, the girl next door, the girl on the moon... Time has been good to Eve, Life goes where she goes - she's been profiled, covered, revealed, reported, what she eats and when and where, whom she knows and where she was and when and where she's going...

ADDISON has stopped applauding, he's sitting forward, staring intently at Eve... his narration continues unbroken.

ADDISON'S VOICE

... Eve. You all know all about Eve... what can there be to know that you don't know...?

As he leans back, the APPLAUSE FADES IN as tumultuous as before. Addison's look moves slowly from Eve to Karen.

KAREN, she leans forward now, her eyes intently on Eve. Her lovely face FILLS THE SCREEN as the APPLAUSE FADES ONCE MORE - as she thinks back:

KAREN'S VOICE

When was it? How long? It seems a lifetime ago. Lloyd always said that in the Theater a lifetime was a season, and a season a lifetime. It's June now. That was - early October... only last October. It was a drizzly night, I remember I asked the taxi to wait...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK THEATER STREET - NIGHT

Traffic is not heavy, the shows have broken some half-hour before. The rain is just a drizzle.

There are other theaters on the street; display lights are being extinguished. Going out just as Karen's taxi pulls up

is: MARGO CHANNING in 'AGED IN WOOD'. The marquis display below includes "Max Fabian Presents" and "By Lloyd Richards."

The taxi comes to a stop at the alley. Karen can be seen through the closed windows telling the driver to wait. Then she gets out. She takes a step, hesitates, then looks about curiously:

KAREN'S VOICE

Where was she? Strange... I had become so accustomed to seeing her there night after night - I found myself looking for a girl I'd never spoken to, wondering where she was...

She smiles a little at her own romanticism, puts her head down and makes her way into the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - CURRAN THEATER - NIGHT

Karen moves toward the stage door. She passes a recess in the wall - perhaps an exit - about halfway.

EVE'S VOICE

(softly)

Mrs. Richards...

Karen hesitates, looks. Eve is barely distinguishable in the shadow of the recess. Karen smiles, waits. Eve comes out. A gooseneck light above them reveals her...

She wears a cheap trench coat, low-heeled shoes, a rain hat stuck on the back of her head... Her large, luminous eyes seem to glow up at Karen in the strange half-light.

KAREN

So there you are. It seemed odd, suddenly, your not being there...

EVE

Why should you think I wouldn't be?

KAREN

Why should you be? After all, six nights a week - for weeks - of watching even Margo Channing enter and leave a theater-

EVE

I hope you don't mind my speaking to you...

KAREN

Not at all.



EVE

I've seen you so often - it took every bit of courage I could raise-

KAREN

(smiles)

To speak to just a playwright's wife? I'm the lowest form of celebrity...

EVE

You're Margo Channing's best friend. You and your husband are always with her - and Mr. Sampson... what's he like?

KAREN

(grins)

Bill Sampson? He's - he's a director.

EVE

He's the best.

KAREN

He'll agree with you. Tell me, what do you between the time Margo goes in and comes out? Just huddle in that doorway and wait?

EVE

Oh, no. I see the play.

KAREN

(incredulous)

You see the play? You've seen the play every performance?

(Eve nods)

But, don't you find it - I mean apart from everything else - don't you find it expensive?

EVE

Standing room doesn't cost much. I manage.

Karen contemplates Eve. Then she takes her arm.

KAREN

I'm going to take you to Margo...

EVE

(hanging back)

Oh, no...

KAREN

She's got to meet you-

EVE

No, I'd be imposing on her, I'd be  
just another tongue-tied gushing  
fan...

Karen practically propels her toward the stage door.

KAREN

(insisting)

There isn't another like you, there  
couldn't be-

EVE

But if I'd known... maybe some  
other time... I mean, looking like  
this.

KAREN

You look just fine...

(they're at the stage  
door)

... by the way. What's your name?

EVE

Eve. Eve Harrington.

Karen opens the door. They go in.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CURRAN THEATER - NIGHT

Everything, including the doorman, looks fireproof.

Eve enters like a novitiate's first visit to the Vatican.  
Karen, with a "Good evening, Gus -" to the doorman, leads the  
way toward Margo's stage dressing room. Eve, drinking in the  
wonderment of all the surveys, lags behind. Karen waits for  
her to catch up...

EVE

You can breathe it - can't you?  
Like some magic perfume...

Karen smiles, takes Eve's arm. They proceed to Margo's  
dressing room.

EXT. MARGO'S DRESSING ROOM - CURRAN THEATER - NIGHT

No star on the closed door; the paint is peeling. A type  
written chit, thumbtacked, says MISS CHANNING.

As Karen and Eve approach it, an uninhibited guffaw from  
Margo makes them pause.

KAREN

(whispers)  
You wait a minute...  
(smiles)  
... now don't run away-

Eve smiles shakily. At the same moment:

MARGO'S VOICE  
(loudly; through the door)  
"Honey chile," I said, "if the  
South had won the war, you could  
write the same plays about the  
North!"

Karen enters during the line.

INT. MARGO'S DRESSING ROOM - CURRAN THEATER - NIGHT

It is a medium-sized box, lined with hot water pipes and cracked plaster. It is furnished in beat-up wicker. A door leads to an old-fashioned bathroom.

Margo is at the dressing table. She wears an old wrapper, her hair drawn back tightly to fit under the wig which lies before her like a dead poodle. Also before her is an almost finished drink.

LLOYD RICHARDS is stretched out on the wicker chaise. He's in his late thirties, sensitive, literate.

Between them, by the dressing table, is BIRDIE - Margo's maid. Her age is unimportant. She was conceived during a split week in Walla Walla and born in a carnival riot. She is fiercely loyal to Margo.

Karen enters during the line Margo started while she was outside. Lloyd chuckles, Birdie cackles.

KAREN  
Hi.  
(she goes to kiss Lloyd)  
Hello, darling-

MARGO  
Hi.  
(she goes right on - in a  
think "Suth'n" accent)  
"Well, now Mis' Channin', ah don't  
think you can rightly say we lost  
the wah, we was mo' stahved out,  
you might say - an' that's what ah  
don' unnerstand about all these  
plays about love-stahved Suth'n  
women - love is one thing we was  
nevah stahved for the South!"

LLOYD  
How was the concert?

KAREN  
Loud.

BIRDIE  
Lemme fix you a drink.

KAREN  
No thanks, Birdie.

Karen laughs with them.

LLOYD  
Margo's interview with a lady  
reporter from the South-

BIRDIE  
The minute it gets printed they're  
gonna fire on Gettysburg all over  
again...

MARGO  
It was Fort Sumter they fired on-

BIRDIE  
I never played Fort Sumter.

She takes the wig into the bathroom. Margo starts creaming  
the make-up off her face.

MARGO  
Honey chili had a point. You know,  
I can remember plays about women -  
even from the South - where it  
never even occurred to them whether  
they wanted to marry their fathers  
more than their brothers...

LLOYD  
That was way back...

MARGO  
Within your time, buster. Lloyd,  
honey, be a playwright with guts.  
Write me one about a nice, normal  
woman who shoots her husband.

Birdie comes out of the bathroom without the wig.

BIRDIE  
You need new girdles.

MARGO  
Buy some.

BIRDIE  
The same size?

MARGO  
Of course!

BIRDIE  
Well. I guess a real tight girdle  
help when you're playin' a lunatic.

She picks up Lloud empty glass, asks "more"? He shakes his  
head. She pours herself a quick one.

KAREN  
(firmly)  
Margo does not play a lunatic,  
Birdie.

BIRDIE  
I know. She just keeps hearin' her  
dead father play the banjo.

MARGO  
It's the tight girdle that does it.

KAREN  
I find these wisecracks  
increasingly less funny! 'Aged in  
Wood' happens to be a fine and  
distinguished play-

LLOYD  
- 'at's my loyal little woman.

KAREN  
The critics thought so, the  
audiences certainly think so -  
packed houses, tickets for months  
in advance - I can't see that  
either of Lloyd's last two plays  
have hurt you any!

LLOYD  
Easy, now...

MARGO  
(grins)  
Relax, kid. It's only me and my big  
mouth...

KAREN  
(mollified)  
It's just that you get me so mad  
sometimes... of all the women in  
the world with nothing to complain

about-

MARGO  
(dryly)  
Ain't it the truth?

KAREN  
Yes, it is! You're talented,  
famous, wealthy - people waiting  
around night after night just to  
see you, even in the wind and  
rain...

MARGO  
Autograph fiends! They're not  
people - those little beast who run  
in packs like coyotes-

KAREN  
They're your fans, your audience-

MARGO  
They're nobody's fans! They're  
juvenile delinquents, mental  
detectives, they're nobody's  
audience, they never see a play or  
a movie, even - they're never  
indoors long enough!

There is a pause. Lloyd applauds lightly.

KAREN  
Well... there's one indoors now.  
I've brought her back to see you.

MARGO  
You've what?

KAREN  
(in a whisper)  
She's just outside the door.

MARGO  
(to Birdie; also a  
whisper)  
The heave-ho.

Birdie starts. Karen stops her. It's all in whisper, now,  
until Eve comes in.

KAREN  
You can't put her out, I  
promised... Margo, you've got to  
see her, she worships you, it's  
like something out of a book-

LLOYD

That book is out of print, Karen,  
those days are gone.  
Fans no longer pull the carriage  
through the streets - they tear off  
clothes and steal wrist watches...

KAREN

If you'd only see her, you're her  
whole life - you must have spotted  
her by now, she's always there...

MARGO

Kind of mousy trench coat and funny  
hat?

(Karen nods)

How could I miss her? Every night  
and matinee - well...

She looks to Birdie.

BIRDIE

Once George Jessel played my  
hometown. For a girl, gettin' in to  
see him was easy. Gettin' out was  
the problem...

They all laugh. Karen goes to the door, opens it. Eve comes  
in. Karen closes the door behind her. A moment.

EVE

(simply)

I thought you'd forgotten about me.

KAREN

Not at all.

(her arm through Eve's)

Margo, this is Eve Harrington.

Margo changes swiftly into a first-lady-of-the-theater  
manner.

MARGO

(musically)

How do you do, my dear.

BIRDIE

(mutters)

Oh, brother.

EVE

Hello, Miss Channing.

KAREN

My husband...

LLOYD  
(nicely)  
Hello, Miss Harrington.

EVE  
How do you do, Mr. Richards.

MARGO  
(graciously)  
And this is my good friend and  
companion, Miss Birdie Coonan.

BIRDIE  
Oh, brother.

MARGO  
Miss Coonan...

LLOYD  
(to Birdie)  
Oh brother what?

BIRDIE  
When she gets like this... all of a  
sudden she's playin' Hamlet's  
mother...

MARGO  
(quiet menace)  
I'm sure you must have things to do  
in the bathroom, Birdie dear.

BIRDIE  
If I haven't, I'll find something  
till you're normal.

She goes into the bathroom.

MARGO  
Dear Birdie. Won't you sit down,  
Miss Worthington?

KAREN  
Harrington.

MARGO  
I'm so sorry... Harrington. Won't  
you sit down?

EVE  
Thank you.

She sits. A short lull.

MARGO  
Would you like a drink? It's right



beside you...

KAREN

I was telling Margo and Lloyd about  
how often you'd seen the play...

They start together, and stop in deference to each other.  
They're a little flustered. But not Eve.

EVE

(to Margo)

No, thank you.

(to Lloyd)

Yes. I've seen every performance.

LLOYD

(delighted)

Every performance? Then - am I safe  
in assuming you like it?

EVE

I'd like anything Miss Channing  
played...

MARGO

(beams)

Would you, really? How sweet-

LLOYD

(flatly)

I doubt very much that you'd like  
her in 'The Hairy Ape'.

EVE

Please, don't misunderstand me, Mr.  
Richards. I think that part of Miss  
Channing's greatness lies in her  
ability to choose the best plays...  
your new play is for Miss Channing,  
isn't it, Mr. Richards?

MARGO

Of course it is.

LLOYD

How'd hear about it?

EVE

There was an item in the Times. i  
like the title. 'Footsteps on the  
Ceiling'.

LLOYD

Let's get back to this one. Have  
you really seen every performance?  
(Eve nods)

Why? I'm curious...

Eve looks at Margo, then drops her eyes.

EVE

Well. If I didn't come to see the play, I wouldn't have anywhere else to go.

MARGO

There are other plays...

EVE

Not with you in them. Not by Mr. Richards...

LLOYD

But you must have friends, a family, a home-

Eve pauses. Then shakes her head.

KAREN

Tell us about it - Eve...

Eve looks at her - grateful because Karen called her "Eve."  
Then away, again...

EVE

If I only knew how...

KAREN

Try...

EVE

Well...

Birdie comes out of the bathroom. Everybody looks at her sharply. She realizes she's in on something important. She closes the door quietly, leans against it.

EVE

Well... it started with the play before this one...

LLOYD

'Remembrance'.

MARGO

Did you see it here in New York?

EVE

San Francisco. It was the last week. I went one night... the most important night in my life - until this one. Anyway... I found myself

going the next night - and the next  
and the next. Every performance.  
Then, when the show went East - I  
went East.

BIRDIE

I'll never forget that blizzard the  
night we played Cheyenne. A cold  
night. First time I ever saw a  
brassiere break like a piece of  
matzos...

Eve looks at her unsmilingly, then back to her hands.

KAREN

Eve... why don't you start at the  
beginning?

EVE

It couldn't possibly interest you.

MARGO

Please...

Eve speaks simply and without self-pity.

EVE

I guess it started back home.  
Wisconsin, that is. There was just  
mum, and dad - and me. I was the  
only child, and I made believe a  
lot when I was a kid - I acted out  
all sorts of things... what they  
were isn't important. But somehow  
acting and make-believe began to  
fill up my life more and more, it  
got so that I couldn't tell the  
real from the unreal except that  
the unreal seemed more real to  
me... I'm talking a lot of  
gibberish, aren't I?

LLOYD

Not at all...

EVE

Farmers were poor in those days,  
that's what dad was - a farmer. I  
had to help out. So I quit school  
and I went to Milwaukee. I became a  
secretary. In a brewery.

(she smiles)

When you're a secretary in a  
brewery - it's pretty hard to make  
believe you're anything else.  
Everything is beer. It wasn't much

fun, but it helped at home - and there was a Little Theater Group... like a drop of rain in the desert. That's where I met Eddie. He was a radio technician. We played 'Liliom' for three performances, I was awful - then the war came, and we got married. Eddie was in the air force - and they sent him to the South Pacific. You were with the O.W.I., weren't you Mr. Richards?

(Lloyd nods)

That's what 'Who's Who' says... well, with Eddie gone, my life went back to beer. Except for a letter a week. One week Eddie wrote he had a leave coming up. I'd saved my money and vacation time. I went to San Francisco to meet him.

(a slight pause)

Eddie wasn't there. They forwarded the telegram from Milwaukee - the one that came from Washington to say that Eddie wasn't coming at all. That Eddie was dead...

(Karen puts her hand on Lloyd's)

... so I figured I'd stay in San Francisco. I was alone, but couldn't go back without Eddie. I found a job. And his insurance helped... and there were theaters in San Francisco. And one night Margo Channing came to play in 'Remembrance'... and I went to see it. And - well - here I am...

She finishes dry-eyes and self-composed. Margo squeezes the bridge of her nose, dabs at her eyes.

BIRDIE

(finally)

What a story. Everything but the bloodhounds snappin' at her rear end...

That breaks the spell. Margo turns to her-

MARGO

There are some human experiences, Birdie, that do not take place in a vaudeville house - and that even a fifth-rate vaudevillian should understand and respect!

(to Eve)

I want to apologize for Birdie's-

BIRDIE

(snaps in)

You don't have to apologize for me!

(to Eve)

I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings.

It's just my way of talkin'...

EVE

(nicely)

You didn't hurt my feelings, Miss

Coonan...

BIRDIE

Call me Birdie.

(to Margo)

As for bein' fifth-rate - i closed  
the first half for eleven years an'  
you know it!

She slams into the bathroom again. At that precise instant  
BILL SAMPSON flings open the door to the dressing room. He's  
youngish, vital, undisciplined. He lugs a beat-up suitcase  
which he drops as he crosses to Margo-

BILL

Forty-five minutes from now my  
plane takes off and how do I find  
you? Not ready yet, looking like a  
junk yard-

MARGO

Thank you so much.

BILL

Is it sabotage, does my career mean  
nothing to you? Have you no human  
consideration?

MARGO

Show me a human and I might have!

KAREN

(conscious of Eve)

Bill...

BILL

The air lines have clocks, even if  
you haven't! I start shooting a  
week from Monday - Zanuck is  
impatient, he wants me, he needs  
me!

KAREN

(louder)

Bill-

MARGO  
Zanuck, Zanuck, Zanuck! What are  
you two - lovers?

Bill grins suddenly, drops to one knee beside her.

BILL  
(smiling)  
Only in some ways. You're  
prettier...

MARGO  
I'm a junk yard.

KAREN  
(yells)  
Bill!

BILL  
(vaguely; to Karen)  
Huh?

KAREN  
This is Eve Harrington.

Bill flashes a fleeting look at Eve.

BILL  
Hi.  
(to Margo)  
My wonderful junk yard. The mystery  
and dreams you find in a junk yard-

MARGO  
(kisses him)  
Heaven help me, I love a psychotic.

Bill grins, rises, sees Eve as if for the first time.

BILL  
Hello, what's your name?

EVE  
Eve. Eve Harrington.

KAREN  
You've already met.

BILL  
Where?

KAREN  
Right here. A minute ago.

BILL  
That's nice.

MARGO  
She, too, is a great admirer of  
yours.

BIRDIE  
Imagine. All this admiration in  
just one room.

BILL  
Take your mistress into the  
bathroom and dress her.  
(Birdie opens her mouth)  
Without comment.

Birdie shuts it and goes into the bathroom. In a moment we  
hear a shower start to run. Eve gets up.

KAREN  
You're not going, are you?

EVE  
I think I'd better. It's been -  
well, I can hardly find the words  
to say how it's been...

MARGO  
(rises)  
No, don't go...

EVE  
The four of you must have so much  
to say to each other - with Mr.  
Sampson leaving...

Margo, impulsively crosses to Eve.

MARGO  
Stick around. Please. Tell you what  
- we'll put Stanislavsky on his  
plane, you and I, then go somewhere  
and talk.

EVE  
Well - if I'm not in the way...

MARGO  
I won't be a minute.

She darts into the bathroom. Eve sits down again.

KAREN  
Lloyd, we've got to go-

Lloyd gets up. Karen crosses to pound on the bathroom door. She yells - the shower is going...

KAREN  
Margo, good night! I'll call you  
tomorrow!

Margo's answer is lost in the shower noise. Karen crosses to kiss Bill. She's joined by Lloyd.

KAREN  
Good luck, genius...

BILL  
Geniuses don't need good luck.  
(he grins)  
I do.

LLOYD  
I'm not worried about you.

BILL  
Keep the thought.

They shake hands warmly. Karen and Lloyd move to Eve.

KAREN  
Good night, Eve. I hope I see you  
again soon-

EVE  
I'll be at the old stand, tomorrow  
matinee-

KAREN  
Not just that way. As a friend...

EVE  
I'd like that.

LLOYD  
It's been a real pleasure, Eve.

EVE  
I hope so, Mr. Richards. Good  
night...

Lloyd shakes her hand, crosses to join Karen who waits at the open dressing room door.

EVE  
Mrs. Richards.  
(Karen and Lloyd look  
back)  
... I'll never forget this night as  
long as I live. And I'll never



forget you for making it possible.

Karen smiles warmly. She closes the door. They leave.

KAREN'S VOICE

- and I'll never forget you, Eve.  
Where were we going that night,  
Lloyd and I? Funny the things you  
remember - and the things you  
don't...

INT. MARGO'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Eve sits on the same chair. Bill keeps moving around. Eve never takes her eyes off him. He offers her a cigarette. She shakes her head. He looks at his watch.

EVE

You said forty-seven minutes.  
You'll never make it.

BILL

(grins)

I told you a lie. We'll make it  
easily. Margo's got no more  
conception of time than a halibut.

He goes to the dressing table, picks up Margo's pocketbook, opens it. He finds a letter. He glances at it, puts it back.

BILL

She's been carrying that letter  
around for weeks. I've read it  
three times...

There's a sudden sharp yelp from the bathroom.

MARGO'S VOICE

You're supposed to zip the zipper -  
not me.

BIRDIE'S VOICE

Like tryin' to zip a pretzel -  
stand still!

Bill grins.

BILL

What a documentary those two would  
make... like the mongoose and the  
cobra-

He sprawls on the chaise, closes his eyes. A pause.

EVE

(finally)

So you're going to Hollywood.

Bill grunts in the affirmative. Silence.

BILL  
Why?

EVE  
I just wondered.

BILL  
Just wondered what?

EVE  
Why.

BILL  
Why what?

EVE  
Why you have to go out there.

BILL  
I don't have to. I want to.

EVE  
Is it the money?

BILL  
Eighty percent of it will go for taxes.

EVE  
Then why? Why, if you're the best and most successful young director in the Theater-

BILL  
The Theatuh, the Theatuh-  
(he sits up)  
- what book of rules says the Theater exists only within some ugly buildings crowded into one square mile of New York City? Or London, Paris or Vienna?  
(he gets up)  
Listen, junior. And learn. Want to know what the Theater is? A flea circus. Also opera. Also rodeos, carnivals, ballets, Indian tribal dances, Punch and Judy, a one-man band - all Theater. Wherever there's magic and make-believe and an audience - there's Theater. Donald Duck, Ibsen, and The Lone Ranger, Sarah Bernhardt, Poodles

Hanneford, Lunt and Fontanne, Betty Grable, Rex and Wild, and Eleanora Duse. You don't understand them all, you don't like them all, why should you? The Theater's for everybody - you included, but not exclusively - so don't approve or disapprove. It may not be your Theater, but it's Theater of somebody, somewhere.

EVE  
I just asked a simple question.

BILL  
(grins)  
And I shot my mouth off. Nothing personal, junior, no offense...  
(he sits back down)  
... it's just that there's so much bushwah in this Ivory Green Room they call the Theatuh - sometimes it gets up around my chin...

He lies down again.

EVE  
But Hollywood. You mustn't stay there.

BILL  
(he closes his eyes)  
It's only one picture deal.

EVE  
So few come back...

BILL  
Yeah. They keep you under drugs out there with armed guards...

A pause.

EVE  
I read George Jean Nathan every week.

BILL  
Also Addison deWitt.

EVE  
Every day.

BILL  
You didn't have to tell me.

Margo, putting on an earring, buzzes out of the bathroom followed by Birdie. Bill sits up.

MARGO  
(en route)  
I understand it's the latest thing -  
just one earring. If it isn't, it's  
going to be - I can't find the  
other...

She grabs her pocketbook, starts rummaging. Out comes the letter...

BILL  
Throw that dreary thing away, it  
bores me-

Margo drops it in the wastebasket, keeps rummaging.

EVE  
(concerned)  
Where do you suppose it could be?

BIRDIE  
It'll show up.

MARGO  
(gives up)  
Oh well...  
(to Birdie)  
... look through the wigs, maybe it  
got caught-

BILL  
Real diamonds in a wig. The world  
we live in...

MARGO  
(she's been looking)  
Where's my coat?

BIRDIE  
Right where you left it...

She goes behind the chaise. She comes up with a magnificent mink.

BILL  
(to Margo)  
The seams.

Margo starts to straighten them.

MARGO  
(to Eve)  
Can't keep his eyes off my legs.

BILL  
Like a nylon lemon peel-

MARGO  
(straightens up)  
Byron couldn't have said it more  
graciously... here we go-

By now she's in the coat and has Eve's arm, heading for the door. Bill puts his arms around Birdie.

BILL  
Got any messages? What do you want  
me to tell Tyrone Power?

BIRDIE  
Just give him my phone number, I'll  
tell him myself.

Bill kisses her cheek. She kisses Bill.

BIRDIE  
Kill the people.  
(to Margo)  
Got your key?

MARGO  
(nods)  
See you home...

Margo and Eve precede Bill out of the door...

EXT. LAGUARDIA FIELD - NIGHT

American Airlines baggage counter. The rain has stopped, but it's wet.

Margo, Eve, and Bill are stymied behind two or three couples waiting to be checked in. Margo's arm is through Bill's. They become increasingly aware of their imminent separation. Eve senses her superfluity.

A lull. Bill cranes at the passenger heading the line, in earnest conversation with the dispatcher. He sighs.

MARGO  
They have to time it so everybody  
gets on at the last minute. So they  
can close the doors and let you  
sit.

The man up ahead moves on.

BILL  
Ah...

EVE

I have a suggestion.

(they look at her)

There's really not much time left -  
I mean, you haven't had a minute  
alone yet, and - well, I could take  
care of everything here and meet  
you at the gate with the ticket...  
if you'd like.

BILL

I think we'd like very much. Sure  
you won't mind?

EVE

Of course not.

Bill hands Eve the ticket. Margo smiles gratefully at her.  
Eve smiles back.

EXT. PASSAGE AND GATE - LAGUARDIA - NIGHT

It's covered, with glass windows. Margo's arm is in Bill's.

BILL

She's quite a girl, that what's-her  
name...

MARGO

Eve. I'd forgotten they grew that  
way...

BILL

The lack of pretense, that sort of  
strange directness and  
understanding-

MARGO

Did she tell you about the Theater  
and what it meant?

BILL

(grins)

I told her. I sounded off.

MARGO

All the religions in the world  
rolled into one, and we're Gods and  
Goddesses... isn't it silly,  
suddenly I've developed a big  
protective feeling for her - a lamb  
loose in our big stone jungle...

Bill pauses and pulls her to one side. Some passengers go by.  
A pause.

MARGO  
Take care of yourself out there...

BILL  
I understand they've got the  
Indians pretty well in hand...

MARGO  
Bill...

BILL  
Huh?

MARGO  
Don't get stuck on some glamour  
puss-

BILL  
I'll try.

MARGO  
You're not such a bargain, you  
know, conceited and thoughtless and  
messy-

BILL  
Everybody can't be Gregory Peck.

MARGO  
- you're a setup for some gorgeous  
wide-eyed young babe.

BILL  
How childish are you going to get  
before you quit it?

MARGO  
I don't want to be childish, I'd  
settle for just a few years-

BILL  
(firmly)  
And cut that out right now.

MARGO  
Am I going to lose you, Bill? Am I?

BILL  
As of this moment you're six years  
old...

He starts to kiss her, stops when he becomes aware of Eve  
standing near them. She has his ticket in her hand.

EVE

All ready.

She hands Bill his ticket, they start toward the gate.

INT. BOARDING GATE - LAGUARDIA - NIGHT

The D.C. 6 in the b.g. A few visitors. Bill hands his ticket to the guard, turns to Eve.

BILL  
Thanks for your help... good luck.

EVE  
Goodbye, Mr. Sampson.

Bill puts his arms around Margo.

BILL  
Knit me a muffler.

MARGO  
Call me when you get in...

They kiss. Margo's arms tighten desperately. Bill pulls away, kisses her again lightly, starts for the plane. Margo turns away. Eve puts her arms through Margo's.

Bill pauses en route to the plane.

BILL  
Hey - junior...

Margo turns to look at him with Eve.

BILL  
Keep your eyes on her. Don't let  
her get lonely. She's a loose lamb  
in a jungle...

Eve looks at Margo. Margo smiles.

EVE  
Don't worry...

Bill waves, climbs aboard. The door is closed behind him, the departure routine starts...

Margo and eve turn to go. They walk down the passage. As they walk, Eve gently disengages her arm from Margo's and puts it comfortingly about her...

MARGO'S VOICE  
That same night we sent for Eve's  
things, her few pitiful  
possessions... she moved into the  
little guest room on the top



floor...

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

MARGO slides her fingers reflectively up and down the sides of the almost empty highball glass.

MARGO'S VOICE  
... she cried when she saw it - it  
was so like her little room back  
home in Wisconsin.

ADDISON eyeing her quizzically. He offers her the whiskey.

MARGO shakes her head, absently. She looks down at her glass again. Then, she raises her eyes to look at Eve.

MARGO'S VOICE  
... the next three weeks were out  
of a fairy tale - and I was  
Cinderella in the last act. Eve  
became my sister, lawyer, mother,  
friend, psychiatrist and cop - the  
honeymoon was on...

INT. MARGO'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's one floor above street level. A long narrow room, smartly furnished - including a Sarah Siddons Award.

MARGO'S NARRATIVE overlaps into the scene which is a SILENT ONE.

Eve sits at a smart desk. She is just arranging a stack of letters which she carries to Margo with a pen. Margo sits comfortably by the fire with a play script. She hands the scrips up to Eve, shakes her head and holds her nose. Eve smiles, takes the script, hands Margo the letters to sign.

Birdie comes in with a tea tray which she sets on a low table before the fire.

The phone rings.

Birdie and Eve both go for it. Eve gets there first. By her polite but negative attitude, we know she is giving someone a skillful brush-off.

Birdie glares first at her, then at Margo.

Margo leans her head back, closes her eyes blissfully...

Birdie slams the double door to the landing on her way out...

INT. BACKSTAGE - CURRAN THEATER - DAY

From the wings. The audience is never visible. Eve in the f.g. Margo and company taking a curtain call. Tumultuous applause... the curtain falls. The cast, except for Margo and two male leads, walk off. The curtain rises again...

EVE, watching and listening to the storm of applause. Her eyes shine, she clasps and unclasps her hands...

THE STAGE, Eve again in the f.g., but closer. Again the curtain falls. This time the two men go off. Curtain rises on Margo alone. If anything, the applause builds...

EVE, that same hypnotic look... there are tears in her eyes. The curtain falls offscene, then rises again -

MARGO, the curtain falls again between her and CAMERA...

BACKSTAGE, the curtain just settling on the floor. Margo starts off.

STAGE MANAGER  
One more?

MARGO  
(shakes her head)  
From now on it's not applause -  
just something to do till the  
aisles get less crowded...

She walks as she talks and winds up at Eve - still in the wings. Eve's eyes are wet, she dabs at her nose.

MARGO  
What - again?

EVE  
I could watch you play that last  
scene a thousand times and cry  
every time-

MARGO  
(grins)  
Performance number one thousand of  
this one - if I play it that long -  
will take place in a well-padded  
booby hatch...

She takes Eve's arm, they stroll toward her dressing room.

EVE  
I must say you can certainly tell  
Mr. Sampson's been gone a month.

MARGO  
You certainly can. Especially if  
you're me between now and tomorrow

morning...

EVE

I mean the performance. Except for you, you'd think he'd never even directed it - it's disgraceful the way they change everything around...

MARGO

(smiles)

Well, teacher's away and actors will be actors...

EVE

During your second act scene with your father, Roger Ferraday's supposed to stay way upstage at the arch. He's been coming closer down every night...

MARGO

When he gets too close, I'll spit in his eye.

They're at her dressing room by now. Margo's been unhooking her gown, with Eve's help. They go in.

INT. MARGO'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

It's undergone quite a change. A new carpet, chintz covers for the furniture, new lampshades, dainty curtains across the filthy barred window.

Birdie waits within. She's listening to a fight; she shuts it off as they enter.

MARGO

(entering)

You bought the new girdles a size smaller. I can feel it.

BIRDIE

Something maybe grew a size bigger.

MARGO

When we get home you're going to get into one of those girdles and act for two and half hours.

BIRDIE

I couldn't get into the girdle in two an' a half hours...

Margo's out of her wig and dress by now. She gets into her robe, sits at the dressing table. Eve's on the chaise, by the

discarded costume.

EVE

You haven't noticed my latest bit  
of interior decorating...

MARGO

(turns, looks)

Well, you've done so much... what's  
new?

EVE

The curtains. I made them myself.

MARGO

They are lovely. Aren't they  
lovely, Birdie?

BIRDIE

Adorable. We now got everything a  
dressing room needs except a  
basketball hoop.

MARGO

Just because you can't even work a  
zipper. It was very thoughtful,  
Eve, and I appreciate it-

A pause. Eve rises, picking up Margo's costume.

EVE

While you're cleaning up, I'll take  
this to the wardrobe mistress-

MARGO

Don't bother. Mrs. Brown'll be  
along for it in a minute.

EVE

No trouble at all.

And she goes out with the costume. Birdie opens her mouth,  
shuts it, then opens it again.

BIRDIE

If I may so bold as to say  
something - did you ever hear the  
word "union"?

MARGO

Behind in your dues? How much?

BIRDIE

I haven't got a union. I'm slave  
labor.

MARGO  
Well?

BIRDIE  
But the wardrobe women have got  
one. And next to a tenor, a  
wardrobe woman is the touchiest  
thing in show business-

MARGO  
(catching on)  
Oh-oh.

BIRDIE  
She's got two things to do - carry  
clothes an' press 'em wrong - an'  
just let anybody else muscle in...

As she talks, Margo hurries to the door and out after Eve.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CURRAN THEATER - NIGHT

Margo pops out, looks for Eve, then stares in amazement.

EVE, near the wings. She stands before a couple of cheval  
mirrors set up for cast members. She has Margo's dress held  
up against her body. She turns this way and that, bows as if  
to applause - mimicking Margo exactly...

MARGO watches her curiously. Then she smiles.

MARGO  
(calling)  
Eve-

EVE, startled, whips the gown away, turns to Margo.

MARGO smiles understandingly.

MARGO  
(quietly)  
I think we'd better let Mrs. Brown  
pick up the wardrobe...

Wordlessly, Eve brings it toward her...

INT. MARGO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Margo's asleep. A bedside clock with a luminous dial reads 3  
A.M. exactly. The phone rings. Her head comes up out of the  
pillow, she shakes it. She fumbles, switches on a lamp, then  
picks up the phone.

MARGO  
Hello..

OPERATOR'S VOICE  
We are ready with your call to  
Beverly Hills...

MARGO  
Call, what call?

OPERATOR'S VOICE  
It this Templeton 89970? Miss Margo  
Channing?

MARGO  
That's right, but I don't  
understand-

OPERATOR'S VOICE  
We are ready with the call you  
placed for 12 midnight, California  
time, to Mr. William Sampson in  
Beverly Hills...

MARGO  
I placed...?

OPERATOR'S VOICE  
Go ahead, please...

BILL'S VOICE  
(a loud, happy squawk)  
Margo! What a wonderful surprise!

Margo jumps at his vehemence. As she does so, the SCREEN  
WIPES DOWN DIAGONALLY LEFT TO RIGHT, so that Margo remains in  
the lower right-hand diagonal of the screen and Bill is  
disclosed in the upper left. He, too, is in bed, reading. His  
clock says midnight.

BILL  
(continuing)  
What a thoughtful, ever-lovin'  
thing to do-

MARGO  
(dazed)  
Bill? Have I gone crazy, Bill?

BILL  
You're my girl, aren't you?

MARGO  
That I am...

BILL  
Then you're crazy.

MARGO

(nods in agreement)  
When - when are you coming back?

BILL  
I leave in a week - the picture's  
all wrapped up, we previewed last  
night... those previews. Like  
opening out of town, but  
terrifying. There's nothing you can  
do, you're trapped, you're in a tin  
can-

MARGO  
- in a tin can, cellophane or  
wrapped in a Navajo blanket, I want  
you home...

BILL  
You in a hurry?

MARGO  
A big hurry, be quick about it - so  
good night, darling, and sleep  
tight...

BILL  
Wait a minute! You can't hang up,  
you haven't even said it-

MARGO  
Bill, you know how much I do - but  
over the phone, now really, that's  
kid stuff...

BILL  
Kid stuff or not, it doesn't happen  
every day, I want to hear it - and  
if you won't say it, you can sing  
it...

MARGO  
(convinced she's gone mad)  
Sing it?

BILL  
Sure! Like the Western Union boys  
used to do...

Margo's eyes pop. Her jaw and the phone sag.

MARGO  
Bill... Bill, it's your birthday.

BILL  
And who remembered it? Who was  
there on the dot, at twelve

midnight...?

Margo knows damn well it wasn't she.

MARGO  
(miserably)  
Happy birthday, darling...

BILL  
The reading could have been better,  
but you said it - now "many happy  
returns of the day..."

MARGO  
(the same)  
Many happy returns of the day...

BILL  
I get a party, don't I?

MARGO  
Of course, birthday and welcome  
home... who'll I ask?

BILL  
(laughs)  
It's no secret, I know all about  
the party - Eve wrote me...

MARGO  
She did...?

BILL  
She hasn't missed a week since I  
left - but you know all that, you  
probably tell her what to write...  
anyway, I sent her a list of people  
to ask - check with her.

MARGO  
Yeah... I will.

BILL  
How is Eve? Okay?

MARGO  
Okay.

BILL  
I love you...

MARGO  
(mutters)  
I'll check with Eve...

BILL



What?

MARGO

I love you too. Good night, darling-

BILL

See you...

Margo hangs up. Bill hangs up. He replaces the phone, picks up his book... SLOW WIPE until ONLY MARGO is on screen. She puts her phone away. She gets a cigarette. She lights it. She rolls over on her back...

INT. MARGO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Margo is propped up in bed, still reflective. Birdie comes in with her breakfast tray and a "hi" which gets a "hi" from Margo. She starts on some petty chores. Margo takes a sip of orange juice...

MARGO

Birdie-

BIRDIE

Hmm?

MARGO

You don't like Eve, do you?

BIRDIE

Do you want an argument or an answer?

MARGO

An answer.

BIRDIE

No.

MARGO

Why not?

BIRDIE

Now you want an argument.

MARGO

She works hard.

BIRDIE

Night an' day.

MARGO

She's loyal and efficient-

BIRDIE

Like an agent with one client.

MARGO  
She thinks only for me...  
(no answer from Birdie)  
... doesn't she?

BIRDIE  
(finally)  
Well... let's say she thinks only  
about you, anyway...

MARGO  
How do you mean that?

Birdie stops whatever it is she's doing.

BIRDIE  
I'll tell you how. Like - let's see  
- like she was studyin' you, like  
you were a play or a book or a set  
of blueprints. How you walk, talk,  
think, eat, sleep-

MARGO  
(breaks in; sharply)  
I'm sure that's very flattering,  
Birdie, and I'm sure there's  
nothing wrong with that!

There is a sharp, brisk knock. Eve comes in. She's dressed in  
a smart suit. She carries a leather portfolio.

EVE  
Good morning!

Margo says "good morning," Birdie says nothing. Eve shows off  
the suit, proudly.

EVE  
Well - what do you think of my  
elegant new suit?

MARGO  
Very becoming. It looks better on  
you than it did on me.

EVE  
(scoffs)  
I can imagine... you know, all it  
needed was some taking in here and  
letting out there - are you sure  
you won't want it yourself?

MARGO  
Quite sure. I find it just a bit  
too - too "Seventeenish" for me...

EVE

(laughs)

Oh, come now, as though you were an old lady... I'm on my way. Is there anything more you've thought of-?

MARGO

There's the script to go back to the Guild-

EVE

I've got it.

MARGO

- and those checks or whatever it is for the income tax man.

EVE

Right here.

MARGO

It seems I can't think of a thing you haven't thought of...

EVE

(smile)

That's my job.

(she turns to go)

See you at tea time...

MARGO

Eve...

(Eve turns at the door)

... by any chance, did you place a call from me to Bill for midnight California time?

EVE

(gasps)

Oh, golly. And I forgot to tell you-

MARGO

Yes, dear. You forgot all about it.

EVE

Well, I was sure you'd want to, of course, being his birthday, and you've been so busy these past few days, and last night I meant to tell you before you went out with the Richards - and I guess I was asleep when you got home...

MARGO

Yes, I guess you were. It - it was

very thoughtful of you, Eve.

EVE

Mr. Sampson's birthday. I certainly wouldn't forget that. You'd never forgive me.

(she smiles shyly)

As a matter of fact, I sent him a telegram myself...

And she's gone. Margo stares at the closed door. Then at Birdie. Birdie, without comment, goes out. Margo, alone, looks down at her orange juice. Absently, she twirls it in its bed of shaved ice...

INT. DINING HALL - SARAH SIDDON'S SOCIETY - NIGHT

MARGO, reflectively twirling her highball glass. The applause continues. She lifts her glass to drink. Her glance meets Karen's. She raises the glass in a silent toast.

KAREN smiles wanly at Margo's toast. Then the smile fades as she looks reflectively back to Eve...

KAREN'S VOICE

I saw Eve quite often after our first meeting, but we never really talked again - until the party Margo gave for Bill when he returned from Hollywood...

INT. MARGO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's January. The bed is littered with fur coats. Through the open door, from the floor below, the murmur of a party at a late hour. No hilarity.

KAREN'S VOICE

It's always convenient at a party to know the hostess well enough to use her bedroom rather than go where all the others have to go...

Karen is making repairs at Margo's dressing table. Eve enters, carrying a magnificent sable coat which she drops on the bed.

KAREN

Now who's show up at this hour? It's time people went home - hold that coat up...

(Eve holds it up; Karen whistles)

... whose is it?

EVE

Some Hollywood movie star, her  
plane got in late.

KAREN  
Discouraging, isn't it? Women with  
furs like that where it never gets  
cold...

EVE  
Hollywood.

KAREN  
Tell me, Eve - how are things with  
you? Happy?

Eve melts into warmth. She beams, sits on the bed. Karen has  
spun around on the dressing table stool.

EVE  
There should be a new word for  
happiness. Being here with Miss  
Channing has been - I just can't  
say, she's been so wonderful, done  
so much for me-

KAREN  
(smiles)  
Lloyd says Margo compensates for  
underplaying on the stage by  
overplaying reality...  
(she gets up, gets her  
coat)  
... next to that sable, my new mink  
seems like an old bedjacket...  
(throws it over her  
shoulder)  
... you've done your share, Eve.  
You've worked wonders with Margo...

She starts out.

EVE  
(hesitantly)  
Mrs. Richards.

KAREN  
(pauses, smiles)  
Karen.

EVE  
Karen...  
(she picks at the  
coverlet)  
... isn't it awful, I'm about to  
ask you for another favor - after  
all you've already done.

KAREN

(crosses to her)

Nobody's done so much, Eve, you've got to stop thinking of yourself as one of the Hundred Neediest Cases... what is it?

EVE

Well... Miss Channing's affairs are in such good shape... there isn't enough to keep me as busy as I should be, really - not that I've ever considered anything that would take me away from her... but the other day - when I heard Mr. Fabian tell Miss Channing that her understudy was going to have a baby, and they'd have to replace her...

She looks down at the coverlet once more.

KAREN

... you want to be Margo's new understudy.

EVE

I don't let myself think about it, even-

(she looks up, rises as she speaks)

- but I do know the part so well, and every bit of the staging, there'd be no need to break in a new girl-

(suddenly afraid, she sits)

- but suppose I had to go on one night? To an audience that came to see Margo Channing. No, I couldn't possibly...

KAREN

(laughs)

Don't worry too much about that. Margo just doesn't miss performances. If she can walk, crawl or roll - she plays.

EVE

(nods proudly)

The show must go on.

KAREN

No, dear. Margo must go on.

(she sits beside Eve)  
As a matter of fact, I see no  
reason why you shouldn't be Margo's  
understudy...

EVE  
Do you think Miss Channing would  
approve?

KAREN  
I think she would cheer.

EVE  
But Mr. Richards and Mr. Sampson-

KAREN  
They'll do as they're told.

Eve smiles a little. A pause.

EVE  
Then - would you talk to Mr. Fabian  
about it?

KAREN  
Of course.

EVE  
You won't forget it?

KAREN  
I won't forget.

EVE  
I seem to be forever thanking you  
for something, don't I?

She hugs Karen, leaves. She nearly collides with Birdie on  
her way in.

BIRDIE  
The bed looks like a dead animal  
act. Which one is sables?

KAREN  
(pointing)  
But she just got here...

BIRDIE  
She's on her way. With half the men  
in the joint.  
(she hold up the coat)  
It's only a fur coat...

KAREN  
What did you expect - live sables?

BIRDIE

A diamond collar, gold sleeves -  
you know, picture people...

They start out.

KAREN

Bill says actors out there eat just  
as infrequently as here-

BIRDIE

They can always grab oranges off  
trees. This you can't do in Times  
Square...

Through the open door, we see them go down the stairs and out  
of sight.

INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING AND STAIRS - NIGHT

Karen and Birdie come down the stairs to Bill, Max, Addison,  
a blonde young lady named MISS CASWELL (Addison's protegee-of  
the-moment) - and, at the feet of Bill and Addison... Eve.  
They are all seated on the steps.

Birdie goes through and down the stairs to the first floor.  
Karen remains with the others.

Addison is holding forth:

ADDISON

Every now and then, some elder  
statesman of the Theater or cinema  
assures the public that actors and  
actresses are just plain folk.  
Ignoring the fact that their  
greatest attraction to the public  
is their complete lack of  
resemblance to normal human beings.

MISS CASWELL

(as Birdie and the sables  
pass)

Now there's something a girl could  
make sacrifices for.

BILL'S VOICE

And probably has.

MISS CASWELL

Sable.

MAX

(to Miss Caswell)

Did you say sable - or Gable?



MISS CASWELL  
Either one.

ADDISON  
It is senseless to insist that theatrical folk in New York, Hollywood and London are no different from the good people of Des Moines, Chillicothe and Liverpool. By and large, we are concentrated gatherings of neurotics, egomaniacs, emotional misfits, and precocious children-

MAX  
(to Bill)  
Gable. Why a feller like that don't come East to do a play...

BILL  
(nods)  
He must be miserable, the life he lives out there-

ADDISON  
These so-called abnormalities - they're our stock in trade, they make us actors, writers, directors, et cetera in the first place-

MAX  
Answer me this. What makes a man become a producer?

ADDISON  
What makes a man walk into a lion cage with nothing but a chair?

MAX  
This answer satisfies me a hundred percent.

ADDISON  
We all have abnormality in common. We are a breed apart from the rest of the humanity, we Theater folk. We are the original displaced personalities...

BILL  
(laughs; to Eve)  
You don't have to read his column tomorrow - you just heard it. I don't agree, Addison...

ADDISON

That happens to be your particular abnormality.

BILL

Oh, I admit there's a screwball element in the Theater. It sticks out, it's got spotlights on it and a brass band. But it isn't basic, it isn't standard - if it were, the Theater couldn't survive...

MISS CASWELL

(to a passing butler)

Oh, waiter...

The butler goes right by.

ADDISON

That isn't a waiter, my dear.  
That's a butler.

MISS CASWELL

Well, I can't yell "Oh, butler," can I? Maybe somebody's name is Butler...

ADDISON

You have a point. An idiotic one, but a point.

MISS CASWELL

I don't want to make trouble. All I want is a drink.

MAX

(getting up)

Leave me get you one...

MISS CASWELL

(pitching)

Oh, thank you, Mr. Fabian.

Max leaves with her empty glass.

ADDISON

Well done. I see your career rising in the East like the sun...

(to Bill)

... you were saying?

BILL

I was saying that the Theater is nine-tenths hard work. Work done the hard way - by sweat, application and craftsmanship. I'll

agree to this - that to be a good actor, actress, or anything else in the Theater, means wanting to be that more than anything else in the world...

EVE  
(abruptly)  
Yes. Yes, it does.

BILL  
(goes on)  
It means concentration of ambition, desire, and sacrifice such as no other profession demands... And I'll agree that the man or woman who accepts those terms can't be ordinary, can't be - just someone. To give so much for almost always so little...

Eve speaks almost unaware of what she says. She looks at no one in particular, just off...

EVE  
So little. So little, did you say? Why, if there's nothing else - there's applause. It's like - like waves of love coming over the footlights and wrapping you up. Imagine... To know, every night, that different hundreds of people love you... they smile, their eyes shine - you've pleased them, they want you, you belong. Just that alone is worth anything...

She becomes aware of Addison's strange smile, of Bill's looks of warm interest. She's embarrassed, she turns away - then scrambles to her feet as Margo approaches with Lloyd from the direction of the pantry.

Margo's had too much to drink. Her fake smile fades as Eve gets up. She's unpleasant and depressed.

MARGO  
Don't get up. And please stop acting as if I were the queen mother.

EVE  
(hurt)  
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to-

BILL

(sharply)  
Outside of a beehive, Margo, your  
behavior would hardly be considered  
either queenly or motherly!

MARGO  
You're in a beehive, pal, didn't  
you know? We're all busy little  
bees, full of stings, making honey  
day and night-  
(to Eve)  
- aren't we, honey?

KAREN  
Margo, really...

MARGO  
Please don't play governess, Karen,  
I haven't your unyielding good  
taste, I wish I'd gone to Radcliffe  
too but father wouldn't hear of it -  
he needed help at the notions  
counter...  
(to Addison)  
I'm being rude now, aren't I? OR  
should I say "ain't I"?

ADDISON  
You're maudlin and full of self  
pity. You're magnificent.

Max has come up with Miss Caswell's drink.

LLOYD  
How about calling it a night?

MARGO  
And you pose as a playwright. A  
situation pregnant with  
possibilities - and all you can  
think of is everybody to go to  
sleep...

BILL  
It's a good thought.

MARGO  
It won't play.

KAREN  
As a nonprofessional, I think it's  
an excellent idea. Undramatic, but  
practical...

As she speaks, she makes her way to Lloyd's side.

MARGO  
Happy little housewife...

BILL  
Cut it out.

MARGO  
This is my house, not a theater! In  
my house you're a guest, not a  
director-!

KAREN  
Then stop being a star - start  
treating your guests as your  
supporting cast!

ADDISON  
Hear, hear...

LLOYD  
Now let's not get into a big hassle-

KAREN  
It's about time we did! It's about  
time Margo realized that what's  
attractive on stage need not  
necessarily be attractive off.

MARGO  
(suddenly)  
All right! I'm going to bed.  
(to Bill)  
You be the host. It's your party.  
Happy Birthday, welcome home, and  
we-who-are-about-to-die-salute-you.

She starts upstairs.

BILL  
Need any help?

MARGO  
(pauses, smiles)  
To put me to bed? Take my clothes  
off, hold my head, tuck me in, turn  
off the lights, tiptoe out...? eve  
would. Wouldn't you, Eve?

EVE  
If you'd like.

MARGO  
I wouldn't like.

She goes up, exits out of sight. A pause. Miss Caswell  
reaches up to take the drink out of Max's hand.

MAX  
I forgot I had it.

MISS CASWELL  
I didn't.

Bill gets up and goes after Margo...

ADDISON  
Too bad! We'll miss the third act.  
They're going to play it off stage.

Eve turns away abruptly, in sudden tears.

LLOYD  
Coming?

KAREN  
In a minute...

She crosses to Eve, puts an arm around her.

KAREN  
You mustn't mind Margo too much,  
even if I do...

EVE  
But there must be some reason,  
something I've done without  
knowing...

KAREN  
The reason is Margo and don't try  
to figure it out. Einstein  
couldn't.

EVE  
If I thought I'd offended her, of  
all people-

KAREN  
Eve. I'm fond of Margo too. But I  
know Margo. And every now and then  
there is nothing I want to do so  
much as to kick her right square in  
the pants.

EVE  
(smiles)  
Well - if she's got to pick on  
someone, I'd just as soon it was  
me.

Karen smiles back. She joins Lloyd and Max.

LLOYD

Max is going to drop us...

ADDISON

I've often wondered, Max, why you  
bother with a chauffeur and  
limousine in New York City.

MAX

In my case it's necessary. Too many  
taxi drivers write plays.

ADDISON

And too many of them are produced.

MISS CASWELL

Let's go sit by the piano.

ADDISON

You have me confused with Dan  
Dailey. You go sit by the piano.

(to Eve)

And you come sit by me.

(to the others)

Good night.

They laugh, say "good night," and start downstairs. As Eve  
crosses to Addison:

EVE

Karen...

(Karen pauses)

... you won't forget, will you?  
What we talked about before?

KAREN

(smiles)

No, Eve, I won't forget...

She follows the men downstairs. CLOSE UP of an old engraving  
of Mrs. Siddons as 'The Tragic Muse' which hangs among other  
theatrical mementos on the stair wall...

INT. DINING HALL - SARAH SIDDONS SOCIETY - NIGHT

The applause continues. Margo sits back in her chair now,  
picking at a bit of fingernail polish...

MARGO'S VOICE

Bill's welcoming-home-birthday  
party... a night to go down in  
history. Like the Chicago Fire - or  
the Massacre of the Huguenots. Even  
before the party started, I could  
smell disaster in the air...

INT. MARGO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The same night as the previous sequence, but before the party has started. Margo is all dressed except for jewelry. She stands before her dressing table putting it on. She sips at an enormous Martini...

MARGO'S VOICE

I knew it, I sensed it even as I finished dressing for that blasted party...

Birdie comes in.

BIRDIE

You all put together?

MARGO

My back's open.

(Birdie goes to work on it)

Did the extra help get here?

BIRDIE

There's some loose characters dressed like maids and butlers. Who'd you call - the William Morris Agency?

MARGO

You're not being funny, I could get actors for less. What about the food?

BIRDIE

The caterer had to back for hors d'oeuvres-

(she zips Margo)

Voila.

MARGO

(laughs)

That French ventriloquist taught you a lot, didn't he?

BIRDIE

There was nothing he didn't know.

(she starts tidying the room)

There's a message from the bartender. Does Miss Channing know we ordered domestic gin by mistake?

MARGO

The only thing I ordered by mistake is the guests.



(Birdie cackles)  
They're domestic, too, and they  
don't care what they drink as long  
as it burns... where's Bill? He's  
late.

BIRDIE  
Late for what?

MARGO  
Don't be dense. The party.

BIRDIE  
I ain't dense. And he's been here  
twenty minutes.

MARGO  
Well, I certainly think it's odd he  
hasn't even come up...

Her glance meets Birdie's. She turns and strolls out.

INT. THIRD FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

Margo speeds up going down the stairs.

INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

Margo shows up again deliberately as she reaches the landing.  
Sound of Bill and Eve laughing together from the living room.  
Margo strolls toward it casually.

We see Eve seated, looking up fascinated at Bill as he talks -  
out of the laughter...

BILL  
"Don't let it worry you," said the  
cameraman, "Even DeMille couldn't  
see anything looking through the  
wrong end-"  
(Eve chuckles)  
So that was the first and last time-

Eve sees Margo approach. She gets up. Bill turns.

INT. MARGO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As Margo strolls up, very off-hand.

MARGO  
Don't let me kill the point. Or  
isn't it a story for grownups?

BILL  
You've heard it. About when I  
looked through the wrong end of a

camera finder.

MARGO

(to Eve)

Remind me to tell you about when I  
looked into the heart of an  
artichoke.

EVE

I'd like to hear it.

MARGO

Some snowy night in front of the  
fire... in the meantime, while  
we're on the subject, will you  
check about the hors d'oeuvres? The  
caterer forgot them, the varnish  
wasn't dry or something...

EVE

Of course.

She leaves. A short lull. Margo looks into cigarette boxes.  
Bill eyes her curiosity, crosses to the fire.

BILL

Looks like I'm going to have a very  
fancy party...

MARGO

I thought you were going to be late-

BILL

When I'm guest of honor?

MARGO

I had no idea you were even here.

BILL

I ran into Eve on my way upstairs;  
she told me you were dressing.

MARGO

That never stopped you before.

BILL

Well, we started talking, she  
wanted to know all about Hollywood,  
she seemed so interested...

MARGO

She's a girl of so many interests.

BILL

It's a pretty rare quality these  
days.

MARGO  
She's a girl of so many rare  
qualities.

BILL  
So she seems.

MARGO  
(the steel begins to  
flash)  
So you've pointed out, so often. So  
many qualities, so often. Her  
loyalty, efficiency, devotion,  
warmth, affection - and so young.  
So young and so fair...

Bill catches the drift. Incredulously.

BILL  
I can't believe you're making this  
up - it sounds like something out  
of an old Clyde Fitch play...

MARGO  
Clyde Fitch, thought you may not  
think so, was well before my time!

BILL  
(laughs)  
I've always denied the legend that  
you were in 'Our American Cousin'  
the night Lincoln was shot...

MARGO  
I don't think that's funny!

BILL  
Of course it's funny - this is all  
too laughable to be anything else.  
You know what I think about this -  
this age obsession of yours - and  
now this ridiculous attempt to whip  
yourself up into a jealous froth  
because I spent ten minutes with a  
stage-struck kid-

MARGO  
Twenty minutes!

BILL  
Thirty minutes, forty minutes! What  
of it?

MARGO  
Stage-struck kid... she's a young

lady - of qualities. And I'll have you know I'm fed up with both the young lady and her qualities! Studying me as if - as if I were a play or a set of blueprints! How I walk, talk, think, eat, sleep!

BILL

Now how can you take offense at a kid trying in every way to be as much like her ideal as possible!

MARGO

Stop calling her a kid! It so happens there are particular aspects of my life to which I would like to maintain sole and exclusive rights and privileges!

BILL

For instance what?

MARGO

For instance - you!

BILL

This is my cue to take you in my arms and reassure you - but I'm not going to. I'm too mad-

MARGO

- guilty.

BILL

Mad! Darling, there are certain characteristics for which you are famous - on stage and off. I love you for some of them - and in spite of others. I haven't let those become too important to me. They're part of your equipment for getting along in what is laughably called out environment - you've got to keep your teeth sharp. All right. But you will not sharpen them on me - or on Eve...

MARGO

What about her teeth? What about her fangs?

BILL

She hasn't cut them yet, and you know it! So when you start judging an idealistic dreamy-eyed kid by the barroom, Benzedrine standards

of this megalomaniac society - I won't have it! Eve Harrington has never by word, look, thought or suggestion indicated anything to me but her adoration for you and her happiness at our being in love! And to intimate anything else doesn't spell jealousy to me - it spells a paranoid insecurity that you should be ashamed of!

MARGO

Cut! Print it! What happens in the next reel? Do I get dragged off screaming to the snake pit?

EVE'S VOICE

(quietly)

Miss Channing?

Bill and Margo look off. Eve is in the room. They have no way of knowing how long she's been there.

EVE

The hors d'oeuvres are here. Is there anything else I can do?

MARGO

Thank you, Eve. I'd like a Martini - very dry.

BILL

I'll get it.

(he crosses to Eve)

What'll you have?

Eve, involuntarily, looks to Margo.

MARGO

A milkshake?

Eve smiles, turns to Bill.

EVE

A Martini. Very dry, please...

Bill smiles back and starts across the landing toward the pantry. As he crosses the stairs, Karen, Lloyd and Max come up from the street level below. General greetings. Bill continues up to pantry. Eve and then Margo come up to add their welcome...

EVE

(to Karen)

May I have your coat?

KAREN  
Don't bother, I can take it up  
myself...

EVE  
Please...

Karen yields with a "thank you, Eve-." Eve goes up with the  
coat. Lloyd looks after her approvingly.

LLOYD  
I like that girl. That quality of  
quiet graciousness...

MARGO  
... Among so many quiet qualities.

They start for the living room.

KAREN  
Margo, nothing you've ever done has  
made me as happy as your taking Eve  
in...

MARGO  
I'm so happy you're happy.

MAX  
Look, you haven't been running a  
settlement house exactly - the  
kid's earned her way. You had a  
pretty mixed-up inventory when she  
took over - merchandise laying all  
over the shop...

LLOYD  
You've got Margo mixed up with a  
five-and-ten-cent store...

MARGO  
Make it Bergdorf Goodman... and now  
everything is on its proper shelf,  
eh, Max? Done up in little ribbons.  
I could die right now and nobody'd  
be confused. How about you, Max?

MAX  
How about me what?

They've come to a halt near the fireplace.

MARGO  
Supposed you dropped dead. What  
about your inventory?

MAX

I ain't gonna die. Not with a hit.

KAREN  
This is the most ghoulish  
conversation...

Bill brings two Martinis. He hands one to Margo.

MARGO  
(it drips ice)  
Thank you.

BILL  
Nothing, really...

MARGO  
The kid - junior, that is - will be  
right down. Unless you'd like to  
take her drink up to her...

BILL  
(smiles)  
I can always get a fresh one. Karen  
- you're a Gibson girl...

He hands Eve's drink to Karen. Max has wandered off. Other  
guests are arriving. Margo gulps her drink, hands Bill the  
empty glass. He puts it on a passing tray. Margo takes a  
fresh one at the same time.

LLOYD  
The general atmosphere is very  
Macbethish. What has or is about to  
happen?

MARGO  
(to Bill)  
What is he talking about?

BILL  
Macbeth.

KAREN  
(to Margo)  
We know you, we've seen you before  
like this. Is it over - or just  
beginning?

Margo surveys them all.

MARGO  
Fasten your seat belts. It's going  
to be a bumpy night.

She downs the drink, hands the empty glass to Bill, and  
leaves them. She passes two women, gabbing by the piano. As

they see her:

WOMAN #1  
Margo, darling!

WOMAN #2  
Darling!

MARGO  
(passing)  
Darlings...

She arrives at the landing just as Addison comes up with Miss Caswell. Margo takes a drink from a passing tray.

MARGO  
(to Addison)  
I distinctly remember striking your name from the guest list. What are you doing here?

ADDISON  
Dear Margo. You were an unforgettable Peter Pan - you must play it again, soon. You remember Miss Caswell?

MARGO  
I do not. How do you do?

MISS CASWELL  
We never met. That's why.

ADDISON  
Miss Caswell is an actress. A graduate of Copacabana School of Dramatic Arts.  
(his glance is attracted by Eve coming downstairs)  
Ah... Eve.

EVE  
(deferentially)  
Good evening, Mr. deWitt.

MARGO  
I had no idea you knew each other.

ADDISON  
This must be, at long last, our formal introduction. Until now we have met only in passing...

MISS CASWELL  
That's how you met me. In passing.



MARGO  
(smiles)  
Eve, this is an old friend of Mr.  
deWitt's mother - Miss Caswell,  
Miss Harrington...  
(the two girls say hello)  
Addison, I've been wanting you to  
meet Eve for the longest time-

ADDISON  
(murmurs)  
It could only have been your  
natural timidity that kept you from  
mentioning it...

MARGO  
You've heard of her great interest  
in the Theater-

ADDISON  
We have that in common.

MARGO  
Then you two must have a long talk-

EVE  
I'm afraid Mr. deWitt would find me  
boring before too long.

MISS CASWELL  
You won't bore him, honey. You  
won't even get to talk.

ADDISON  
(icily)  
Claudia dear, come closer.  
(she does, and he points)  
This is Max Fabian. He is a  
producer. Go do yourself some good.

MISS CASWELL  
(sighs)  
Why do they always look like  
unhappy rabbits?

ADDISON  
Because that is what they are. Go  
make him happy.

Miss Caswell drapes her coat over the rail, heads for Max.  
Addison puts Eve's arm in his.

ADDISON  
(to Margo)  
You mustn't worry about your little  
charge. She is in safe hands.

MARGO

Amen.

Eve smiles uncertainly at Margo as he leads her away. Margo looks after them. She downs her drink...

INT. MARGO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's many Martinis later. Most of the guests have gone. The party has reached that static state - everyone's assumed more or less permanent places.

Birdie passes, carrying a cup of coffee. CAMERA FOLLOWS her to the piano where Margo sits on the bench beside the pianist. He is just finishing "Liebestraum" and she stares moodily into a Martini. Birdie halts beside her with the coffee. Margo looks up. Birdie holds out the coffee. Margo takes the onion out of the Martini, drops it into the coffee and waves Birdie away. Birdie goes. "Liebestraum" comes to an end. The pianist tries to ease into a more sophisticated rhythm. Margo stops him.

MARGO

(quietly)

"Liebestraum."

PIANIST

I just played it.

MARGO

Play it again.

PIANIST

But that was the fourth straight time.

MARGO

Then this will be five. I suppose you think I'm too drunk to count.

PIANIST

No. You're just crazy about "Liebestraum."

MARGO

"Liebestraum."

PIANIST

Look, Miss Channing... it's kind of depressing. If you don't mind my saying so, everybody's kind of dying on the vine...

MARGO

My dear Horowitz. In the first

place, I'm paying you union scale.  
Second, it's my piano. Third, if  
everybody doesn't like kind of  
dying on the vine, they can get off  
the vine and go home.  
"Liebestraum."

Unhappily, he plays "Liebestraum." Margo sips her Martini,  
stares down into it again. Bill tiptoes up.

BILL  
(whispers)  
Many of your guests have been  
wondering when they may be  
permitted to view the body. Where  
has it been laid out?

MARGO  
(somberly)  
It hasn't been laid out, we haven't  
finished with the embalming. As a  
matter of fact, you're looking at  
it. The remains of Margo Channing.  
Sitting up. It is my last wish to  
be buried sitting up.

BILL  
(trying to kid her out of  
it)  
Wouldn't you feel more natural  
taking a bow?

MARGO  
You know nothing about feelings,  
natural or unnatural.

BILL  
Then without feeling, your guests  
were also wondering whether the  
music couldn't be a shade more on  
the - shall we say, happier side?

MARGO  
If my guests do not like it here, I  
suggest they accompany you to the  
nursery where I'm sure you will all  
feel more at home.

Bill is about to get mad - when Max bustles up.

MAX  
Margo. You by any chance got  
bicarbonate of soda in the house?

MARGO  
(sympathetic)

Poor Max. Heartburn?

(Max nods)

It's that Miss Caswell. I don't know why she doesn't give Addison heartburn.

BILL

No heart to burn.

MARGO

Everybody has a heart - except some people.

(she finishes her drink,  
stands up)

Of course I've got bicarb. There's a box in the pantry. We'll put your name on it. Max Fabian. It'll say there. Always. Just for you.

MAX

(touched)

Let the rest of the world beat their brains out for a buck. It's friends that count. And I got friends.

MARGO

I love you, Max. I really mean it.  
I love you. Come to the pantry.

She takes off. Max waits to set Bill straight.

MAX

She loves me like a father. Also,  
she's loaded.

He starts off after Margo. As the CAMERA PANS with Bill we see Margo going into the pantry with Max following her. Bill joins Addison and Miss Caswell on the stairs.

INT. PANTRY - NIGHT

It's a good sized one. In the b.g., the caterers are packing dishes, glassware, etc. Margo crosses to a cupboard. She finds the bicarb.

MARGO

Here you are, Maxie dear. One good burp and you'll be rid of that Miss Caswell...

MAX

The situation I'm in ain't the kind you can belch your way out. I made a promise...

MARGO  
Miss Caswell?  
(Max nods)  
What?

MAX  
An audition for the part we're  
replacing. What's-her-name, your  
sister...

He adds water to the bicarb.

MARGO  
Well, if she can act, she might not  
be bad. She looks like she might  
burn down a plantation...

MAX  
(mixing)  
I feel right now like there's one  
burning in me.

MARGO  
When's the audition?

MAX  
A couple of weeks.

MARGO  
I tell you what. Why don't I read  
with her?

MAX  
Would you?

MARGO  
Anything to help you out, Max.

MAX  
This is real cooperation. I  
appreciate it.

MARGO  
Not at all. And you could do me a  
big favor, if you would-

MAX  
All you got to do is name it.

MARGO  
Give Eve Harrington job in you  
office.

Max burps.

MARGO

You get quick action, don't you?

MAX

Margo, I wouldn't think of taking that girl away from you...

MARGO

You said yourself my inventory was in good shape - all of my merchandise put away. To keep her here with nothing to do - I'd be standing in her way... and you need her, Max.

MAX

But what could she do?

MARGO

She'd be a great help - read scripts, interview people you have to see, get rid of the ones you don't have to... you'd be a man of leisure-

MAX

Well...

MARGO

Think of your health, Max - more time to relax out in the fresh air at a race track...

MAX

I don't know if this would be a wise move...

MARGO

Promise.

MAX

I promise.

MARGO

(happily)

That's my Max.

Lloyd enters, looking for her.

LLOYD

There you are, both of you. Max, Karen has decided it's time to go.

MARGO

Where is she?

LLOYD

Up in the room.

MAX  
If you'll excuse me-  
(to Margo)  
I'll tell Miss Caswell...

He goes out. A pause.

MARGO  
Who's left out there?

LLOYD  
Too many. And you've got a new  
guest. A movie star from Hollywood.

MARGO  
Shucks. And my autograph book is at  
the cleaners.

Another pause.

MARGO  
You disapprove of me when I'm like  
this, don't you?

LLOYD  
Not exactly. Sometimes, though, I  
wish I understood you better.

MARGO  
When you do, let me in on it.

LLOYD  
I will.

Another pause.

MARGO  
How's the new one coming?

LLOYD  
The play? All right, I guess...

MARGO  
"Cora." She's - still a girl of  
twenty?

LLOYD  
Twentyish. It isn't important.

MARGO  
Don't you think it's about time it  
became important?

LLOYD

How do you mean?

MARGO  
Don't be evasive.

LLOYD  
Margo, you haven't got any age.

MARGO  
Miss Channing is ageless. Spoken  
like a press agent.

LLOYD  
I know what I'm talking about,  
after all they're my plays...

MARGO  
Spoken like an author.  
(abruptly)  
Lloyd, I'm not twentyish. I am not  
thirtyish. Three months ago, I was  
forty years old. Forty. Four oh.  
(smiles)  
That slipped out, I hadn't quite  
made up my mind to admit it. Now I  
feel as if I'd suddenly taken all  
my clothes off...

LLOYD  
Week after week, to thousands of  
people, you're as young as you  
want...

MARGO  
... as young as they want, you  
mean. And I'm not interested in  
whether thousands of people think  
I'm six or six hundred-

LLOYD  
Just one person. Isn't that so?  
(Margo doesn't answer)  
You know what this is all about,  
don't you? It has very little to do  
with whether you should play "Cora"  
- it has everything to do with the  
fact that you've had another fight  
with Bill.

A pause. Margo closes the box of bicarb.

MARGO  
Bill's thirty-two. He looks thirty  
two. He looked it five years ago,  
he'll look it twenty years from  
now. I hate men.



(she puts the box down)  
Don't worry, Lloyd. I'll play your  
play. I'll wear rompers and come in  
rolling a hoop if you like... let's  
go say good night.

They exit into the dining room. As they open the swinging  
door, the CAMERA REMAINS in the doorway. Margo and Lloyd walk  
toward the stairs. In the b.g., Eve is talking to the group.  
How much she says is dependent on how long it takes Margo and  
Lloyd to reach her.

EVE  
(in the b.g.)  
Imagine... to know, every night,  
that different hundreds of people  
love you... They smile, their eyes  
shine - you've pleased them, they  
want you, you belong. Anything's  
worth that.

Just as before, she becomes aware of Margo's approach with  
Lloyd. She scrambles to her feet...

MARGO  
Don't get up. And please stop  
acting as if I were the queen  
mother.

And as Margo speaks - or before - we

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. N.Y. THEATER STREET - DAY

Margo gets out of a cab in front of the theater and goes in.  
It's Friday afternoon - no performance.

MARGO'S VOICE  
What was it the wise man said -  
"This, too, will pass away"? Two  
weeks later - the day of the  
audition - all was well with Bill  
and me, the world and me-

INT. LOBBY AND FOYER - CURRAN THEATER - DAY

Margo comes from the street through the lobby ( a few people  
buying tickets) and into the deserted foyer. She spots  
Addison sprawled on one of the sofas.

MARGO  
Why so remote, Addison? I should  
think you'd be at the side of your

protegee, lending her moral support...

ADDISON  
Miss Caswell, at the moment, is where I can lend no support - moral or otherwise.

MARGO  
The ladies' - shall we say - lounge?

ADDISON  
Being violently ill to her tummy.

MARGO  
It's good luck before an audition. She'll be all right once it starts.

She heads for the auditorium.

ADDISON  
Miss Caswell got lucky too late. The audition is over.

MARGO  
(stops)  
Over? It can't be. I've come to read with her. I promised Max.

ADDISON  
The audition was called for 2:30. It is now nearly four.

MARGO  
(lightly)  
Is it really? I must start wearing a watch, I never do, you know... who read with Miss Caswell? Bill?  
(he shakes his head)  
Lloyd?  
(he shakes his head)  
Well, it couldn't have been Max! Who?

ADDISON  
Naturally enough, your understudy.

MARGO  
I consider it highly unnatural to allow a girl in an advanced state of pregnancy-

ADDISON  
I refer to your new and unpregnant understudy. Eve Harrington.

MARGO  
Eve! My understudy...

ADDISON  
(keenly)  
Didn't you know?

MARGO  
(quickly)  
Of course I knew.

ADDISON  
It just slipped your mind.

A moment of silence.

MARGO  
How... how was Miss Caswell?

ADDISON  
Frankly, I don't remember.

MARGO  
Just slipped your mind.

ADDISON  
Completely. Nor, I am sure, could anyone else present tell you how Miss Caswell read or whether Miss Caswell read or rode a pogo stick.

MARGO  
Was she that bad?

As Addison speaks, he rises with excitement.

ADDISON  
Margo, as you know, i have lived in the Theater as a Trappist monk lives in his faith. I have no other world, no other life - and once in a great while I experience that moment of Revelation for which all true believers wait and pray. You were one. Jeanne Eagels another... Paula Wessely... Hayes - there are others, three or four. Eve Harrington will be among them...

MARGO  
(flatly)  
I take it she read well.

ADDISON  
It wasn't reading, it was a

performance. Brilliant, vivid,  
something made of music and fire...

MARGO  
How nice.

ADDISON  
In time she'll be what you are.

MARGO  
A mass of music and fire. That's  
me. An old kazoo and some sparkles.  
Tell me - was Bill swept away, too,  
or were you too full of Revelation  
to notice?

ADDISON  
Bill didn't say - but Lloyd was  
beside himself. He listened to his  
play as if someone else had written  
it, he said, it sounded so fresh,  
so new, so full of meaning...

MARGO  
How nice for Lloyd. And how nice  
for Eve. How nice for everybody.

Addison, of course, knows exactly what she's doing. He senses  
the approaching typhoon, he whips it up...

ADDISON  
Eve was incredibly modest. She  
insisted that no credit was due  
her, that Lloyd felt as he did only  
because she read lines exactly as  
he had written them.

MARGO  
The implication being that I have  
not been reading them as written.

ADDISON  
To the best of my recollection,  
neither your name nor your  
performance entered the  
conversation.

Miss Caswell appears, uncertain, in the b.g.

ADDISON  
Feeling better, my dear?

MISS CASWELL  
Like I just swam the English  
Channel. Now what?

ADDISON

You next move, it seems to me,  
should be toward television.

Margo, abruptly, starts for the auditorium. Addison smiles.  
He takes Miss Caswell's arm.

MISS CASWELL

Tell me this. Do they have  
auditions for television?

ADDISON

That's all television is, my dear.  
Nothing but auditions.

He takes her toward the street.

INT. THEATER - CURRAN THEATER - DAY

The curtain is up; the set, covered, is a bedroom in a  
deteriorating Southern mansion.

There is no one in the theater but Max, seated on the aisle  
about two-thirds down, and Eve with Lloyd and Bill on the  
stage. She is seated; they stand between her and auditorium.  
There is some ad lib talk among the three which we cannot  
make out. Margo marches down the aisle with a steady pace.

She passes Max smiles a sickly, hopeful smile. She ignores  
him as if he were a used paper cup. She disappears through  
the door which leads backstage.

Max whistles. Lloyd turns. Max indicated the door and puts  
his hands to his head in despair.

Margo walks out of the wings on stage. Bill and Lloyd turn to  
her. Eve rises.

MARGO

(cheerily)

Terribly sorry I'm late, lunch was  
long and I couldn't find a cab -  
where's Miss Caswell, shall we  
start? Oh, hello, Eve...

EVE

Hello, Miss Channing.

MARGO

How are you making out in Mr.  
Fabian's office?

(over the footlights to  
Max)

I don't want you working the child  
too hard, Max - just because you  
promised. As you see, I kept my

promise, too...

Max slumps in his seat. By the time Margo turns back to them, the others have exchanged swift looks.

BILL  
It's all over.

MARGO  
What's all over?

BILL  
The audition.

MARGO  
(pleased astonishment)  
Eve?  
(she turns to her)  
How enchanting...  
(to Lloyd and Bill)  
Wherever did you get the idea of  
having Eve read with Miss Caswell?

LLOYD  
She's your understudy.

MARGO  
Eve? Eve, my understudy? But I had  
no idea...

LLOYD  
I thought you knew... She was put  
on over a week ago-

MARGO  
It seems almost inconceivable that  
I haven't seen her backstage, but  
with so many people loitering  
around... well, well. So Eve is not  
working for Max after all-  
(out to Max again)  
- Max you sly puss.

Max submerges further in his seat.

EVE  
Miss Channing, I can't tell you how  
glad I am that you arrived so late.

MARGO  
Really, Eve? Why?

EVE  
Well, if you'd been here to begin  
with, I wouldn't have dared to read  
at all...

MARGO  
Why not?

EVE  
... and if you'd come in the  
middle, I'd have stopped, I  
couldn't have gone on-

MARGO  
(murmurs)  
What a pity, all that fire and  
music being turned off...

BILL  
What fire and music?

MARGO  
You wouldn't understand.  
(to Lloyd)  
How was Miss Caswell?

LLOYD  
Back to Copacabana. But Eve. Margo,  
let me tell you about Eve-

EVE  
(breaking in)  
I was dreadful, Miss Channing,  
believe me - I have no right to be  
anyone's understudy, much less  
yours...

MARGO  
I'm sure you underestimate  
yourself, Eve. You always do.  
(to Lloyd)  
You were about to tell me about  
Eve...

LLOYD  
You'd have been proud of her.

MARGO  
I'm sure.

LLOYD  
She was a revelation...

MARGO  
To you, too?

LLOYD  
What do you mean?

MARGO

(the ice begins to form)  
I mean, among other things, that it must have been a revelation to have your twenty-four-year-old character played by twenty-four-year-old actress...

LLOYD  
That's beside the point.

MARGO  
It's right to the point. Also that it must have sounded so new and fresh to you - so exciting to have the lines read as you wrote them!

BILL  
Addison-!

MARGO  
So full of meaning, fire and music!

LLOYD  
You've been talking to that venomous fishwife, Addison deWitt-

MARGO  
- in this case, apparently, as trustworthy as the World Almanac!

LLOYD  
You knew when you came in that the audition was over, that Eve was your understudy! Playing that childish game of cat and mouse...

MARGO  
Not mouse, never mouse! If anything - rat!

LLOYD  
You have a genius for making barroom brawl out of a perfectly innocent misunderstanding at most!

MARGO  
Perfectly innocent! Man have been hanged for less! I'm lied to, attacked behind my back, accused of reading your silly dialogue inaccurately - as if it were Holy Gospel!

LLOYD  
I never said it was!



MARGO

Then you listened as if someone  
else had written you play - whom  
did you have in mind? Sherwood?  
Arthur Miller? Beaumont and  
Fletcher?

Max has edged his way to the stage.

MAX

(from below)

May I say a word?

LLOYD

No!

(to Margo)

What makes you think that either  
Miller or Sherwood would stand for  
the nonsense I take from you -  
you'd better stick to Beaumont and  
Fletcher! They've been dead for  
three hundred years!

He stalks into the wings. Bill's reaction to the fight is  
typical. He lights a cigarette, stretches out on the covered  
bed. Eve stands frozen with fear. Margo yells after Lloyd  
into the wings.

MARGO

And they're getting better  
performances today than they ever  
got! All playwrights should be dead  
for three hundred years!

Lloyd comes out of the door leading to the auditorium. The  
battle goes on without a pause. As he yells back, he crosses  
to Max at row A, center.

LLOYD

That would solve none of their  
problems - because actresses never  
die! The stars never die and never  
change!

He starts up the aisle with Max.

MARGO

You can change this star any time  
you want! For a new, fresh,  
exciting one fully equipped with  
fire and music! Any time you want -  
starting with tonight's  
performance!

Now it's Max who stops and shouts back at her.

MAX

This is for lawyers to talk about,  
this concerns a run-of-the-play  
contract, and this you can't  
rewrite or ad lib!

MARGO

(from the stage)

Are you threatening me with legal  
action, Mr. Fabian?

MAX

Are you breaking the contract?

MARGO

Answer my question!

MAX

Who am I to threaten? I'm a dying  
man.

MARGO

I didn't hear you.

MAX

(yelling)

I said I'm a dying man!

MARGO

Not until the last drugstore has  
sold its last pill!

LLOYD

(from the top of the  
aisle)

I shall never understand the weird  
process by which a body with a  
voice suddenly fancies itself a  
mind! Just when exactly does an  
actress decide they're her words  
she's saying and her thoughts she's  
expressing?

MARGO

Usually at the point when she's got  
to rewrite and rethink them to keep  
the audience from leaving the  
theater!

LLOYD

It's about time the piano realized  
it has not written the concerto!

Max has already walked out unhappily. Lloyd now slams out.  
Margo glares after him, then turns to Bill who smokes his  
cigarette peacefully on the bed.

MARGO  
(quiet menace)  
And you, I take it, are the  
Paderewski who plays his concerto  
on me, the piano?  
(Bill waves his cigarette;  
he's noncommittal)  
Where is Princess Fire-and-Music?

BILL  
Who?

MARGO  
The kid. Junior.

BILL  
(looks lazily)  
Gone.

MARGO  
I must have frightened her away.

BILL  
I wouldn't be surprised. Sometimes  
you frighten me.

MARGO  
(paces up and down)  
Poor little flower. Just dropped  
her petals and folded her tent...

BILL  
Don't mix your metaphors.

MARGO  
I mix what I like.

BILL  
Okay. Mix.

MARGO  
I'm nothing but a body with a  
voice. No mind.

BILL  
What a body, what a voice.

MARGO  
The ex-ship news' reporter. No  
body, no voice, all mind!

BILL  
The gong rang. The fight's over.  
Calm down.

MARGO  
I will not calm down!

BILL  
Don't calm down.

MARGO  
You're being terribly tolerant,  
aren't you?

BILL  
I'm trying terribly hard.

MARGO  
Well, you needn't. I will not be  
tolerated. And I will not be  
plotted against!

BILL  
Here we go...

MARGO  
Such nonsense, what do you all take  
me for - little Nell from the  
country? Been my understudy for  
over a week without my knowing,  
carefully hidden no doubt-

BILL  
(sits up)  
Now don't get carried away-

MARGO  
(going right on)  
- shows up for an audition when  
everyone knew I'd be here... and  
gives a performance! Out of nowhere  
- gives a performance!

BILL  
You've been all through that with  
Lloyd-

MARGO  
The playwright doesn't make the  
performance - and it doesn't just  
happen! And this one didn't - full  
of fire and music and whatnot, it  
was carefully rehearsed I have no  
doubt, over and over, full of those  
Bill Sampson touches!

BILL  
I am sick and tired of these  
paranoiac outbursts!

MARGO  
Paranoiac!

BILL  
I didn't know Eve Harrington was  
your understudy until half past two  
this afternoon!

MARGO  
Tell that to Dr. Freud! Along with  
the rest of it...

She turns away. Bill grabs her, pulls her down on the bed. He holds her down.

BILL  
No, I'll tell it to you! For the  
last time, I'll tell it to you.  
Because you've got to stop hurting  
yourself, and me, and the two of us  
by these paranoiac tantrums!

MARGO  
(struggling)  
That word again! I don't even know  
what it means...

BILL  
(firmly)  
It's time you found out. I love  
you.

(Margo says "Ha!")  
I love you. You're a beautiful and  
intelligent woman-  
(Margo says "A body with a  
voice")  
- a beautiful and intelligent woman  
and a great actress-  
(he waits; Margo says  
nothing)  
- at the peak of her career. You  
have every reason for happiness-  
(Margo says "Except  
happiness")  
- every reason, but due to some  
strange, uncontrollable,  
unconscious drive you permit the  
slightest action of a kid-  
(Margo sneers "Kid!")  
- kid like Eve to turn you into a  
hysterical, screaming harpy! Now  
once and for all, stop it!

Margo seems quiet. He gets up. She sits up.

MARGO

It's obvious you're not a woman.

BILL  
I've been aware of that for some time.

MARGO  
Well, I am.

BILL  
I'll say.

MARGO  
Don't be condescending.

BILL  
Come on, get up. I'll buy you a drink.

MARGO  
(with dignity)  
I admit I may have seen better days, but I am still not to be had for the price of a cocktail - like a salted peanut.

BILL  
(laughs)  
Margo, let's make peace.

MARGO  
The terms are too high.  
Unconditional surrender.

BILL  
Just being happy? Just stopping all this nonsense about Eve - and Eve and me?

MARGO  
It's not nonsense.

BILL  
But if I tell you it is - as I just did. Were you listening to me?  
(Margo nods)  
Isn't that enough?

MARGO  
I wish it were.

BILL  
Then what would be enough?  
(Margo doesn't answer)  
If we were married?

MARGO

I wouldn't want you to marry me  
just to prove something.

BILL

You've had so many reasons for not  
wanting to marry me... Margo, tell  
me what's behind all this.

MARGO

I - I don't know, Bill. Just a  
feeling, I don't know...

BILL

I think you do know but you won't  
or can't tell me.

(Margo doesn't say)

I said before it was going to be my  
last try, and I meant it. I can't  
think of anything else to do. I  
wish I could.

(a pause)

We usually wind up screaming and  
throwing things as the curtain  
comes down. Then it comes up again  
and everything's fine. But not this  
time.

(he takes a breath)

You know there isn't a playwright  
in the world who could make me  
believe this would happen between  
two adult people. Goodbye, Margo.

No word from her. He starts away.

MARGO

Bill...

(he stops)

... where are you going? To find  
Eve?

BILL

(smiles grimly)

That suddenly makes the whole thing  
believable.

He goes out. Margo, alone, sit for a moment sadly. Then she  
begins to cry...

INT. RICHARDS' STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

One large room, a small foyer with a door to the corridor. A  
stair up one wall to a narrow balcony from which a couple of  
bedroom open.

Karen is painting. Earnestly but badly. A still life of an

orange, an avocado, an eggplant and three bananas.

KAREN'S VOICE

On the day of the audition, my  
biggest worry was to keep a banana  
looking part of an eggplant... then  
Lloyd came home.

(in the b.g., Lloyd lets  
himself in)

It was right after his brawl with  
Margo...

Lloyd slams the door, flings his hat away, strides in,  
peeling off muffler and overcoat.

KAREN

Lloyd, what happened...?

LLOYD

Up to here! That's where I've got  
it - up to here! Of all the star  
ridden, presumptuous, hysterical-

KAREN

Margo, again...

LLOYD

And again and again! Two hours late  
for the audition, to begin with-

KAREN

That's on time for Margo.

LLOYD

Then a childish, heavy-handed  
routine about not knowing Eve was  
her understudy-

KAREN

It's just possible she didn't...

LLOYD

Of course she knew! For one thing,  
Addison told her how superbly Eve  
had read the part-!

(suddenly softening)

Karen, let me tell you about Eve.  
She's got everything - a born  
actress. Sensitive, understanding,  
young, exciting, vibrant-

KAREN

- don't run out of adjectives,  
dear.

LLOYD



- everything a playwright first  
thinks of wanting to write about...  
until his play becomes a vehicle  
for Miss Channing...

KAREN  
Margo hasn't done badly by it.

LLOYD  
Margo. Margo's great. She knows it.  
That's the trouble.  
She can play Peck's Bad Boy all she  
wants, and who's to stop her? Who's  
to give her that boot in the rear  
she needs and deserves?

He starts up the stairs to the bedroom.

KAREN  
(murmurs)  
It's going to be a cozy weekend.

LLOYD  
(pauses)  
What is?

KAREN  
We're driving out to the country  
tomorrow night. Just the four of  
us. Bill, Margo, you and I...

LLOYD  
Well. We've spent weekends before  
with nobody talking...  
(continues up stairs)  
... just be sure to lock up all  
blunt instruments and throwable  
objects...

As he goes into one of the bedrooms, Karen sits thoughtfully  
on a couch. She muses...

KAREN'S VOICE  
Newton - they say, thought of  
gravity by getting hit on the head  
by an apple. And the man who  
invented the steam engine, he was  
watching a tea-kettle... but not  
me. My Big Idea came to me just  
sitting on a couch...

She lies down, folds her hands behind her head.

KAREN'S VOICE  
That boot in the rear to Margo.  
Heaven knows she had one coming.

From me, from Lloyd, from Eve,  
Bill, Max, and so on - we'd all  
felt those size fives of hers often  
enough... but how? The answer was  
buzzing around me like a fly...

She sits up. She smiles. The smile fades...

KAREN'S VOICE  
I had it. But I let it go.  
Screaming and calling names is one  
thing - but this could mean...

She shakes her head, crosses to her easel, resumes work on  
the bananas. She slows down, then stops.

KAREN'S VOICE  
Why not? Why, I said to myself,  
not? It would all seem perfectly  
legitimate. And there were only two  
people in the world who would know.  
Also, the boot would land where it  
would do the most good for all  
concerned-

She puts the brush away and crosses to the phone which is by  
Lloyd's work chair. As she crosses:

KAREN'S VOICE  
And after all, it was not more than  
a perfectly harmless joke which  
Margo, herself, would be the first  
to enjoy...

She looks in a leather phone book, pick up the phone and  
dials.

KAREN'S VOICE  
... and no reason why she shouldn't  
be told about it - in time.

There's an answer at the other end.

KAREN  
(into phone)  
Hello... will you call Miss Eve  
Harrington to the phone, please?  
Not at all... thank you.

And as she waits we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Open country. Preferably no houses in sight. Plenty of snow.

Lloyd's car drives along.

KAREN'S VOICE

It was a cold weekend - outside and in. Bill didn't come at all. Margo didn't know where he was and didn't care - she kept saying. Somehow we staggered through Sunday - and by the time we drive Margo to the station late Monday afternoon, she and Lloyd had thawed out to the extent of being civil to each other...

INT. COUPE - NIGHT

Lloyd driving. All three in the front seat.

KAREN

What time is it?

LLOYD

When you asked a minute ago it was five-forty-two. It is now five forty-three. When you ask a minute from now, it will be-

KAREN

I just don't want Margo to miss her train. As it is, she'll barely make the theater...

LLOYD

Five-fifty-five. We'll be at the station in plenty of time...

MARGO

That little place just two hours from New York. It's on my list of things-I'll-never-understand. Like collecting shrunken Indian heads...

KAREN

Of all people you should know what it means to want some peace and quiet-

MARGO

Peace and quiet is for libraries.

The car swerves - suddenly and slightly.

KAREN

Lloyd, be careful...

LLOYD

Just a little skid, that's all.  
This road's like glass.

MARGO  
Karen and I just don't want an  
accident-

LLOYD  
I have no intention of having an  
accident!

MARGO  
It's not important whether you do.  
We are wearing long underwear.

They all laugh. Suddenly the car slows and stops - with that  
hissing sound that can mean only one thing - no gas.

LLOYD  
Now what's this...?

He tries to start it again. No luck. He turns on the  
dashboard lights. The gas gauge reads empty.

LLOYD  
But it can't be! We can't be out of  
gas! I filled it myself yesterday!  
(to Karen)  
Wasn't it full when you drove to  
Brewster this morning?

KAREN  
(very low)  
I guess I didn't look. You know I  
don't pay attention to those  
things...

LLOYD  
Incredible.

Futilely, he runs the started again.

MARGO  
(crisply)  
How much time have we?

KAREN  
Roughly ten minutes.

MARGO  
How far to the station?

KAREN  
Three or four miles...

MARGO

Any houses or farms around where we  
can borrow gas?

KAREN  
(looking)  
None in sight, there aren't many  
along this back road...

MARGO  
Not many car either, not much  
chance of a lift...

A moment of silence.

LLOYD  
Well. No sense my just sitting  
here. I'm going to walk up about  
half a mile, just in case.

He starts out of the car. The cold comes in like a knife, the  
women react.

KAREN  
You'll break your neck on that ice.

LLOYD  
(grins)  
What a way to die - trying to get  
an actress to the theater in time.  
Tell Max I want to be buried with  
royalties...

KAREN  
Don't joke about such things.

MARGO  
(quietly)  
How fortunate that I have an  
understudy so ready, so willing and  
so able to go on.

LLOYD  
The audience will want its money  
refunded, believe me.

MARGO  
Thank you, Lloyd. Godspeed.

Lloyd starts down the road. He slips once, recovers, waves  
and keeps going.

KAREN  
He always looks so pathetic  
whenever he does anything physical-

MARGO

It seems to me that walking, for most people, is not very dangerous.

KAREN  
(smiles)  
I just never think of Lloyd as anywhere but indoors and anything but sitting down.

MARGO  
Be brave. He'll come back - with or without gas.

They tuck the fur car robe around them. A pause. Margo turns on the radio... it's "Liebestraum."

MARGO  
Do you want it on?

KAREN  
It doesn't matter.

MARGO  
I detest cheap sentiment.

She turns it off. Another pause.

MARGO  
Karen.  
(Karen says "hm?")  
I haven't been pleasant this weekend.

KAREN  
We've all seemed a little tense lately...

MARGO  
Come to think of it, I haven't been very pleasant for weeks. For that, I'm truly sorry. More than any two people I know, I don't want you and Lloyd to be angry with me...

KAREN  
We're never deeply angry, we just get sore. The way you do. We know you too well...

MARGO  
So many people - know me. I wish I did. I wish someone would tell me about me...

KAREN  
You're Margo. Just - Margo.

MARGO

And what is that? Besides something spelled out in light bulbs, I mean. Besides something called temperament, which consists mostly of swooping about on a broomstick creaming at the top of my voice... infants behave the way I do, you know. They carry on and misbehave - they'd get drunk if they knew how - when they can't have what they want. When they feel unwanted and insecure - or unloved.

There's a pause.

KAREN

What about Bill?

MARGO

What about Bill?

KAREN

He's in love with you.

MARGO

More than anything in this world, I love Bill. And I want Bill. I want him to want me. But me. Not Margo Channing. And if I can't tell they apart - how can he?

KAREN

Why should he - and why should you?

MARGO

Bill's in love with Margo Channing. He's fought with her, worked with her, loved her... but ten years from now - Margo Channing will have ceased to exist. And what's left will be... what?

KAREN

Margo. Bill is all of eight years younger than you.

MARGO

Those years stretch as the years go on. I've seen it happen too often.

KAREN

Not to you. Not to Bill.

MARGO

Isn't that what they always say?

She turns the radio on again. A piano nocturne...

MARGO

I don't suppose the heater runs  
when the motor doesn't?

KAREN

Silly, isn't it? You'd think they'd  
fix it so people could just sit in  
a car and keep warm...

Margo nods, get some cigarettes out of her bag. She offers  
one to Karen. They light up.

MARGO

About Eve. I've acted pretty  
disgracefully toward her, too.

KAREN

Well...

MARGO

Let's not fumble for excuses, not  
here and now with my hair down. At  
best, let's say I've been  
oversensitive to... well, to the  
fact that she's so young - so  
feminine and helpless. To so many  
things I want to be for Bill...  
funny business, a woman's career.  
The things you drop on your way up  
the ladder, so you can move faster.  
You forget you'll need them again  
when you go back to being a woman.  
That's one career all females have  
in common - whether we like it or  
not - being a woman.  
Sooner or later we've all got to  
work at it, no matter what other  
careers we've had or wanted... and,  
in the last analysis, nothing is  
any good unless you can look up  
just before dinner or turns around  
in bed - and there he is. Without  
that, you're not woman. You're  
something with a French provincial  
office or a book full of clippings -  
but you're not a woman...

(she smiles at Karen)

... slow curtain. The end.

A pause. There are tears in Karen's eyes.

KAREN



Margo.

(she hesitates)

Margo, I want you to know how sorry  
I am about this...

MARGO

About what?

KAREN

(indicating their  
predicament)

This. I can't tell you how sorry I  
am!

MARGO

Don't give it another thought, one  
of destiny's many pranks. After  
all, you didn't personally drain  
the gasoline out of the tank...

She snuggles down into her furs. Karen flashes an unhappy  
look at her. She, too, snuggles down...

EXT. THEATER ALLEY - CURRAN THEATER - NIGHT

The snow has been shoveled to either side of the alley,  
making a lane. The performance is just over.

Addison, his back to us, stands looking toward the stage  
door. A few actors, on their way out.

ADDISON'S VOICE

Eve, of course, was superb. Many of  
the audience understandably  
preferred to return another time to  
see Margo.

But those who remained cheered  
loudly, lustily and long for Eve...  
how thoughtful of her to call and  
invite me - that afternoon...

He starts to walk toward the stage door.

ADDISON'S VOICE

... and what a happy coincidence  
that several representatives of  
other newspapers happened to be  
present. All of us - invited that  
afternoon to attend an understudy's  
performance...

He goes in the stage door.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CURRAN THEATER - NIGHT

More activity than last time, the performance being just

over. Addison comes through the door, picks his way toward Margo's dressing room.

ADDISON'S VOICE  
... about which the management knew  
nothing until they were forced to  
ring up the curtain at nine  
o'clock. Coincidence. Also every  
indication of intrigue, skulduggery  
and fraud...

The door to the dressing room is open just a bit. Addison pauses beside the door to listen.

BILL  
(from within)  
... you were better than all right,  
kid, you gave a performance, you  
rang a bell-

Addison uses his cane to swing the door open farther, so that both he and WE can see as well as hear.

INT. MARGO'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill faces Eve, who wears Margo's costume. She is a ravishing sight. Her eyes shine up to his radiantly:

BILL  
(continuing)  
- little things here and there, it  
doesn't matter. You can be proud of  
yourself, you've got a right to be.

EVE  
(quietly)  
Are you proud of me, Bill?

BILL  
I'll admit I was worried when Max  
called. I had my doubts.

EVE  
You shouldn't have had any doubts.

BILL  
- after all, the other day was one  
scene, the woods are full of one  
scene sensations. But you did it.  
With work and patience, you'll be a  
fine actress. If that's what you  
want to be.

EVE  
Is that what you want me to be?

BILL  
I'm talking about you. And what you  
want.

EVE  
So am I.

BILL  
What have I got to do with it?

EVE  
Everything.

BILL  
(lightly)  
The names I've been called. But  
never Svengali.  
(he pats her shoulder)  
Good luck.

He starts out. Addison ducks.

EVE  
Don't run away, Bill.

BILL  
(stops)  
From what would I be running?

EVE  
You're always after truth - on the  
stage. What about off?

BILL  
(curiously)  
I'm for it.

EVE  
Then face it. I have. Since that  
first night - here - in the  
dressing room.

BILL  
(smiles)  
When I told you what every young  
actress should know.

EVE  
When you told me that whatever I  
became, it would be because of you-

BILL  
Your make-up's a little heavy.

EVE  
- and for you.

BILL  
(slowly)  
You're quite a girl.

EVE  
You think?

BILL  
I'm in love with Margo. Hadn't you heard?

EVE  
You hear all kinds of things.

BILL  
I'm only human, rumors to the contrary. And I'm as curious as the next man...

EVE  
Find out.

BILL  
(deliberately)  
Only thing, what I go after, I want to go after. I don't want it to come after me.

Tears come to Eve's eyes. She turns away slowly.

BILL  
Don't cry. Just score it as an incomplete forward pass.

He walks out. Addison ducks to avoid being seen. Eve glares after Bill, tears the wig from her head, throws it on the dressing table. Her glance is caught by a pair of scissors. Swiftly, she snatches them up and in a sharp, vicious gesture she slashes the wig. Addison knocks politely at the door. Eve turns.

ADDISON  
May I come in?

EVE  
Certainly, Mr. deWitt...

ADDISON  
(entering)  
I expected to find this little room overcrowded, with a theater full of people at your feet...

EVE  
I consider myself lucky they didn't

throw things.

She starts creaming her face, removing make-up.

ADDISON

Of course your performance was no surprise to me. After the other day I regarded it as no more than - a promised fulfilled.

EVE

You're more than kind. But it's still Miss Channing's performance. I'm just a carbon copy you read when you can't find the original...

ADDISON

You're more than modest.

EVE

It's not modesty. I just don't try to kid myself.

ADDISON

A revolutionary approach to the Theater. However, if I may a suggestion...

EVE

Please do.

ADDISON

I think the time has come for you to shed some of your humility. It is just as false not to blow your horn at all as it is to blow it too loudly...

EVE

I don't think I've done anything to sound off about.

ADDISON

We all come into this world with our little egos equipped with individual horns. If we don't blow them - who will?

EVE

Even so. One isolated pretty good performance by an understudy. It'll be forgotten tomorrow.

ADDISON

It needn't be.

EVE

Even if I wanted to - as you say -  
be less humble, blow my own horn...  
how would I do it? I'm less than  
nobody.

ADDISON

I am somebody.

Eve rises. She eyes him steadily.

EVE

You certainly are.

She goes into the bathroom.

ADDISON

Leave the door open a bit, so we  
can talk.

Eve does so.

ADDISON

After you change, if you're not  
busy elsewhere, we can have supper.

EVE

(from the bathroom)

I'd love to! Or should I pretend  
I'm busy?

ADDISON

(smiling)

Let's have a minimum of pretending.  
I'll want to do a column about you-

EVE

I'm not enough for a paragraph.

ADDISON

- perhaps more than one. There's so  
much I want to know. I've heard  
your story in bits and pieces...  
your home in Wisconsin, your tragic  
marriage, your financial attachment  
to Margo - it started in San  
Francisco, didn't it?

(no answer; Addison

smiles)

I say - your idolatry of Margo  
started in San Francisco, didn't  
it?

EVE

That's right.

ADDISON

San Francisco. An oasis of civilization in the California desert. Tell me, do you share my high opinion of San Francisco?

EVE

Yes. I do.

ADDISON

And that memorable night when Margo first dazzled you from the stage - which theater was it in San Francisco? Was it - the Shubert?

EVE

(a slight pause)

Yes. The Shubert.

ADDISON

(grins happily)

A fine old theater, the Shubert. Full of tradition, untouched by the earthquake - so sorry - fire... by the way, what was your husband's name?

EVE

Eddie...

ADDISON

Eddie what?

Eve sticks her head and naked shoulder around the door.

EVE

I'm about to go into the shower, I won't be able to hear you...

ADDISON

I can wait. Where would you like to go? We'll make this a special night...

EVE

(trustingly)

You take charge.

ADDISON

I believe I will.

She closes the door. He leans back, lights a cigarette.

EXT. 52ND STREET - NEW YORK - NIGHT

A cab drives up to "21."

KAREN'S VOICE

Some of the morning papers carried a little squib about Eve's performance. Not much, but full praise...

I couldn't imagine how they found out about it - but Lloyd said Max's publicity man probably sent out the story...

Karen gets out of the cab, pays and goes in.

KAREN'S VOICE

... at any rate, I feel terribly guilty and ashamed of myself - and wanted nothing so much as to forget the whole thing. Margo and I were having lunch at "21" - just like girlfriends - with hats on...

INT. LOBBY - "21" - DAY

Karen consults her watch and the doorman as she enters.

KAREN

Has Miss Channing come in?

DOORMAN

Not yet, Mrs. Richards...

Karen sees Eve who waits as Addison hands his hat, coat, and cane to an attendant. She smiles, crosses to her.

KAREN

Eve. I've heard the most wonderful things about your performance-

EVE

Mostly relief that I managed to stagger through it at all...

ADDISON

She was magnificent.

KAREN

(pleased)

Then you've heard too.

ADDISON

I was there. An eyewitness.

KAREN

(staggered)

You were there? At the play - last night?



ADDISON  
(smiles)  
A happy coincidence.

EVE  
(quickly)  
We're having lunch with a movie  
talent scout.

KAREN  
They certainly don't waste much  
time.

EVE  
Nothing definite yet - it's just to  
have lunch.

ADDISON  
They'll be wasting this much of  
their time at any rate. Eve has no  
intention of going to Hollywood.

He turns to Karen, changing the subject.

ADDISON  
From the smartness of your dress, I  
take it your luncheon companion is  
a lady?

KAREN  
(smiles)  
Margo.

ADDISON  
Margo? Lunching in public?

KAREN  
It's new Margo. But she's just as  
late as the old one.

ADDISON  
She may be later than you think...

As he speaks, he crosses to pick up an evening paper, opens  
it as he comes back.

ADDISON  
(handing it to her)  
Why not read my column to pass the  
time? The minutes will fly like  
hours...  
(he takes Eve's arm)  
... and now we must join our  
sunburned eager beaver.

He goes up the stairs with Eve. Karen glances after them curiously, then at the column. It is headed: "Things I Promised Not To Tell" by Addison deWitt. His expression becomes increasingly horrified. She drops the paper and rushes out...

INT. MARGO'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Addison's column quivers in Margo's hand as she strides about reading it. Karen sits miserably.

MARGO

(declaiming)

"... my hat which has, lo, these many seasons become more firmly rooted about my ears, is lifted to Miss Harrington. I am once more available for dancing in the streets and shouting from the housetops." ... I thought that one went out with Woollcott...

(she skips part of the column)

Down here... here, listen to this-  
"... Miss Harrington had much to tell - and these columns shall report her faithfully - about the lamentable practice in our Theater of permitting, shall we say - mature - actresses to continue playing roles requiring a youth and vigor of which they retain but a dim memory-"

KAREN

I just can't believe it.

MARGO

It get better! "- About the understandable reluctance on the part of our entrenched First Ladies of the Stage to encourage, shall we say - younger - actresses; about Miss Harrington's own long and unsupported struggle for opportunity-"

KAREN

I can't believe Eve said those things!

Margo crumples the paper as if it were Eve's neck.

MARGO

(pacing)

In this rat race, everybody's

guilty till they're proved  
innocent! One of the differences  
between the Theater and  
civilization...

(she hurls the paper away)  
... what gets me is how all of  
those papers in town happened to  
catch that particular performance!

KAREN  
(weakly)  
Lloyd says it's a publicity  
release...

MARGO  
The little witch must have had  
Indians runners out snatching  
critics out of bars, steam rooms  
and museums or wherever they hole  
up... well, she won't get away with  
it! Nor will Addison deWitt and his  
poison pen! If Equity or my lawyer  
can't or won't do anything about  
it, I will personally stuff that  
pathetic little lost lamb down Mr.  
deWitt's ugly throat...

She pauses in midair to look at... Bill. He has come up the  
stairs tow at a time, stands at the landing.

BILL  
(quietly)  
I came as soon as I read that piece  
of filth. I ran all the way...

Margo suddenly starts to cry. She turns from him. Bill takes  
her in his arms. He holds her...

BILL  
Bill's here, baby. Everything's all  
right, now...

Margo says nothing, just hides in his embrace. He soothes  
her, pets her... he looks over at Karen.

KAREN  
I guess at this point I'm what the  
French call 'de trop'...

BILL  
(smiles)  
Maybe just a little around the  
edges.

Karen smiles back, waves, and goes out.

INT. RICHARDS' APARTMENT - DAY

Karen's having some lunch. Lloyd, still in his robe, sits opposite her having some coffee and a cigarette. A copy of the interview before him.

LLOYD

(is saying)

- it's Addison, from start to finish, it drips with his brand of venom... taking advantage of a kid like that, twisting her words, making her say what he wanted her to say-

KAREN

Where'd you get all that information?

LLOYD

(put out his cigarette)

Eve.

KAREN

Eve?

LLOYD

She's been to see me, as a matter of fact she left just before you came in - you just missed her...

KAREN

That was a pity...

LLOYD

(gets up)

She wanted to explain about her interview, wanted to apologize to someone - and didn't dare face Margo...

KAREN

I wonder why.

Lloyd wanders about - he seems to be searching for words, for a position to maintain...

LLOYD

She started to tell me all about it - and she couldn't finish, she cried so...

He's over by a window, his back to her. Karen eyes him curiously, waiting for the payoff...

LLOYD

(finally)  
You know, I've been going over our financial condition - if you'll pardon the expression...

KAREN  
That's quite a change of subject.

LLOYD  
(walks again)  
What with taxes coming up - and since I'm a playwright and not an oil well operator - well, I've been thinking...

KAREN  
I'm trying hard to follow you.

LLOYD  
If - instead of waiting until next season to do 'Footsteps on the Ceiling', which is in pretty good shape - and if Margo can be talked into going on tour with 'Aged in Wood' - we could put 'Footsteps...' into production right away...

KAREN  
I'm beginning to catch up.

LLOYD  
If we could cast it properly, that is...

KAREN  
(carefully)  
Maybe get some younger actress for the part? Someone who'd look the part as well as play it?

LLOYD  
(smiles)  
You've got to admit it would be a novelty.

KAREN  
Now you're quoting Addison. Or Eve.

A pause.

LLOYD  
Eve did mention the play, you know. But just in passing - she's never ask to play a part like "Cora," she'd never have the nerve...

KAREN  
Eve would ask Abbott to give her  
Costello.

LLOYD  
No, I got the idea myself - while  
she was talking to me...

KAREN  
With gestures, of course.

LLOYD  
(wistfully)  
For once, to write something and  
have it realized completely. For  
once, not to compromise-

Now Karen explodes. She rises.

KAREN  
Lloyd Richards, you are not to  
consider giving that contemptible  
little worm the part of "Cora."

LLOYD  
Now just a minute-

KAREN  
Margo Channing has not been exactly  
a compromise all these years, half  
the playwrights in the world would  
give their shirts for that  
particular compromise!

LLOYD  
(angry)  
Now just a minute!

KAREN  
It strikes me that Eve's disloyalty  
and ingratitude must be contagious!

Lloyd's full of anger and guilt. He snaps back.

LLOYD  
All this fuss and hysteria because  
an impulsive kid got carried away  
by excitement and the conniving of  
a professional manure slinger named  
deWitt! She apologized, didn't she?

KAREN  
On her knees, I have no doubt! Very  
touching, very Academy-of-Dramatic  
Arts!

LLOYD

That bitter cynicism of yours is something you've acquired since you left Radcliffe!

KAREN

The cynicism you refer to, I acquired the day I discovered I was different from little boys!

The phone has been ringing. Lloyd snarls into it.

LLOYD

Hello!

(he quiets down)

... hi, Margo... no, not at all, Karen and I were just chatting...  
hmm?... why - why, yes, I'm sure we can and I'm sure we'd love to...  
right... 11:45ish. See you then...

He hangs up. He smiles - suddenly, there's peace.

LLOYD

Margo - and Bill - want us to meet them at the Cub Room tonight, after theater. For a bottle of wine.

KAREN

(smiles)

Margo in the Cub Room. I couldn't be more surprised if she'd said Grant's Tomb.

LLOYD

I'm glad Bill's back.

KAREN

They'd die without each other.

A pause.

LLOYD

Darling, I didn't promise Eve anything. Just said I thought she'd be fine for the part, but there were some practical difficulties...

KAREN

Such as?

LLOYD

(grins)

You - for one. I told her you were set on Margo playing the part - and I certainly wouldn't make a change

without your approval.

Karen smiles happily.

KAREN

That's fine. Fine and dandy. I'd  
enjoy nothing more. Just refer all  
of Miss Harrington's future  
requests to me...

INT. CUB ROOM - STORK CLUB - NIGHT

Margo, Karen, Bill and Lloyd are ensconced happily at a table  
in the rear of the room. A bottle of fine wine is being  
poured. Their mood is equally bubbly.

BILL

The so-called art of acting is not  
one for which I have a particularly  
high regard...

MARGO

Hear, hear...

BILL

But you may quote me as follows.  
Quote. Tonight Miss Margo Channing  
gave a performance in your  
cockamamie play, the like of which  
I have never seen before and expect  
rarely to see again. Unquote.

MARGO

He does not exaggerate. I was good.

BILL

You were great.

As they look at each other, they reflect the understanding  
that has hit them both at last.

LLOYD

It's been quite a night. I  
understand that your understudy -  
Miss Harrington - has given her  
notice.

MARGO

(eyes still on Bill)  
Too bad.

BILL

(eyes still on Margo)  
I'm broken up about it...

The wine has been poured by now.



LLOYD

For some reason you can't just pick  
up champagne and drink it.  
Somebody's got to be very witty  
about a toast.

(he lifts his glass)

For instance...

BILL

(abruptly)

I'm going to propose the toast.  
Without wit. With all my heart.

Lloyd lowers his glass. There's a little pause.

BILL

To Margo. To my bride-to-be.

MARGO

Glory Hallelujah.

LLOYD

Well of all-

KAREN

Margo!

BILL

Drink.

They drink, then burst into a flurry of questions.

KAREN

When? When are you going to do it?

BILL

Tomorrow we meet at City Hall at  
ten-

(to Margo)

- and you're going to be on time.

MARGO

Yes, sir.

LLOYD

City Hall, that's for prize  
fighters, and reporters - I see a  
cathedral, a bishop, banks of  
flowers...

BILL

It's only for the license. There's  
a three-day wait - blood tests,  
things like that...

MARGO

I'll marry you if it turns out you  
have no blood at all.

LLOYD

Three days, that's for the  
bourgeois - I see a midnight  
elopement, waking up a village  
person...

KAREN

(to Margo)

What are you going to wear?

MARGO

Something simple. A fur coat over a  
nightgown...

BILL

The point is - in the cathedral, a  
ball park or a penny arcade - we  
want to have you two beside us our  
nearest and dearest friends.

Lloyd fills all the glasses.

LLOYD

There are very few moments in life  
as good as this. Let's remember it.  
(he lifts his glass)  
To each of us and all of us...  
never have we been more close - may  
we never be farther apart.

They drink. A waiter approaches with a note.

WAITER

Mrs. Richards?

KAREN

Yes?

WAITER

For you.

Karen stares at it curiously, then opens it.

LLOYD

Very discreet. A note right out in  
the open like that. Next time tell  
your lover to blow smoke rings - or  
tap a glass...

MARGO

Lloyd, I want you to be big about  
this... the world is full of love

tonight, no woman is safe...

KAREN  
(angrily)  
This beats all world's records for  
running, standing and jumping gall!

She whips the note to Margo, who reads it aloud.

MARGO  
(reading)  
"Please forgive me for butting into  
what seems such a happy occasion -  
but it's most important that I  
speak with you. Please" - it's  
underlined - "meet me in the  
Ladies' Room. Eve."

BILL  
I understand she is now the  
understudy in there.

MARGO  
(looking about)  
Pass me the empty bottle. I may  
find her... why, look. There's  
Rasputin.

Addison sits near the entrance, at a banquette table for two.  
A crumpled napkin and a wine glass indicate Eve's place. He  
nibbles daintily at some blini.

Margo hails a passing captain.

MARGO  
Encore du champagne.

CAPTAIN  
More champagne, Miss Channing?

MARGO  
That's what I said, bub.

LLOYD  
(to Karen)  
After all, maybe she just wants to  
apologize...

KAREN  
I have no possible interest in  
anything she'd have to say.

BILL  
But what could she say? That's what  
fascinates me...

LLOYD  
Go on - find out...

MARGO  
Karen, in all the years of our  
friendship, I have never let you go  
to the Ladies' Room alone. But now  
I must. I am busting to know what  
goes on in that feverish little  
brain waiting there...

KAREN  
Well... all right.

She gets up and goes. The CAMERA takes her past Addison's  
table. He rises in polite surprise.

ADDISON  
Karen! How nice...

She walks past him without a word. He smiles, looks toward  
the group. He raises his glass in a toast.

Margo responds to the toast by waving an onion with a grand  
flourish, then eating it.

BILL  
Very effective. But why take it out  
on me?

He eats one in self-defense.

INT. LADIES' ROOM - STORK CLUB - NIGHT

Never having been, I can't say what it looks like. It is to  
be hoped that there is an outer and inner room. We are  
concerned with the outer.

There is an attendant in charge, and a constantly changing  
flow of ladies who pause to make various repairs. All cafe  
society - including one young drunk stretched out under a  
mink coat and a wet towel.

There are two chairs - or a banquette - in a corner. Eve  
waits there. She rises as Karen approaches.

EVE  
I was wondering whether you'd come  
at all..

KAREN  
Don't get up.  
(she smiles grimly)  
And don't act as if I were the  
queen mother.

EVE

I don't expect you to be pleasant.

KAREN

I don't intend to be.

EVE

Can't we sit down? Just for a minute...

She sits down. Karen remains standing.

EVE

I've got a lot to say. And none of it is easy.

KAREN

There can't be very much-

EVE

Oh, but there is-

KAREN

- and easy or not, I won't believe a word.

EVE

Why shouldn't you?

(a pause)

Please sit down.

Karen sits, reluctantly and rigidly.

EVE

You know, I've always considered myself a very clever girl. Smart. Good head on my shoulders, that sort of thing, never the wrong word at the wrong time... but then, I'd never met Addison deWitt.

(another pause)

I remember once I had a tooth pulled. They gave me some anaesthetic - I don't remember the name - and it affected me in a strange way. I heard myself saying things I wasn't even thinking... as if my mind were someplace outside of my body, and couldn't control what I did or said-

KAREN

(leading her on)

- and you felt just like that talking to Addison.

EVE

(nods)

In a way. You find yourself trying to say what you mean, but somehow the words change - and they become his words - and suddenly you're not saying what you mean, but what he means-

KAREN

(sharply)

Do you expect me to believe that you didn't say any of those things - that they were all Addison?

EVE

No! I don't expect you to believe anything. Except that the responsibility is mine. And the disgrace.

KAREN

Let's not get over-dramatic.

EVE

(smiles grimly)

You've really got a low opinion of me, haven't you? Well I'll give you some pleasant news. I've been told off in no uncertain terms all over town. Miss Channing should be happy to hear that. To know how loyal her friends are - how much more loyal they are than she had a right to expect me to be...

She turns away from Karen. Karen's embarrassed.

KAREN

Eve... don't cry.

EVE

(turned away)

I'm not crying.

KAREN

Tell me. How did your lunch turn out - with the man from Hollywood?

EVE

Some vague promises of a test, that's all - if a particular part should come along, one of those things-

KAREN

But the raves about your  
performance-

EVE  
- an understudy's performance.

KAREN  
Well. I think you're painting the  
picture a little darker than it is,  
really. If nothing else - and don't  
underestimate him - you have a  
powerful friend in Addison.

EVE  
He's not my friend. You were my  
friends...

KAREN  
He can help you.

EVE  
I wish I'd never met him, I'd like  
him to be dead... I want my friends  
back.

This time she does cry. Softly, miserably. Karen looks about.  
A pause. She puts an arm around Eve.

KAREN  
Eve. I - I don't think you meant to  
cause unhappiness. But you did.  
More to yourself, perhaps - as it  
turned out - than to anyone else...

EVE  
I'll never get over it.

KAREN  
(smiles)  
Yes, you will. You Theater people  
always do. Nothing is forever in  
the Theater. Love or hate, success  
or failure - whatever it is, it's  
here, it flares up and burns hot -  
and then it's gone.

EVE  
I wish I could believe that.

KAREN  
Give yourself time. Don't worry too  
much about what people think,  
you're very young and very  
talented...  
(she gets up, her hand  
still on Eve's shoulder)

... and, believe it or not, if  
there's anything I can do-

Eve has reached up to take Karen's hand. She holds it now, as she turns slowly to face her.

EVE  
There is something.

Karen stares down at her. Eve's eyes burn into tears. Karen is caught, fascinated by them.

KAREN  
I think I know...

EVE  
Something most important you can  
do.

KAREN  
You want to play "Cora." You want  
me to tell Lloyd I think you should  
play it.

EVE  
If you told him so, he'd give me  
the part. He said he would.

KAREN  
After all you've said... don't you  
know the part was written for  
Margo?

EVE  
It could have been - fifteen years  
ago. It's my part now.

KAREN  
You talk just as Addison said you  
did.

EVE  
"Cora" is my part. You've got to  
tell Lloyd it's for me.

KAREN  
I don't think anything in the world  
could make me say that.

She turns away again, but Eve's grip is like a vise.

EVE  
Addison wants me to play it.

KAREN  
Over my dead body...



EVE

(cold, relentless)

That won't be necessary. Addison knows how Margo happen to miss that performance - how I happened to know she'd miss it in time to call him and notify every paper in town...

(Karen stops struggling)

... it's quite a story. Addison could make quite a thing of it - imagine how snide and vicious he could get and still write nothing but the truth. I had a time persuading him...

(she smiles, now)

... you'd better sit down. You look a bit wobbly.

(Karen sits)

If I play "Cora," Addison will never tell what happened - in or out of print. A simple exchange of favors. And I'm so happy I can do something for you - at long last...

(Karen covers her face  
with her hands)

Your friendship with Margo - your deep, close friendship - what would happen to it, do you think, if she knew the chap trick you'd played on her - for my benefit? And you and Lloyd - how long, even in the Theater, before people forgot what happened - and trusted you again?

(now Eve gets up)

No... it would be so much easier on everyone concerned, if I were to play "Cora." And so much better theater, too...

Karen looks up slowly.

KAREN

A part in a play. You'd do all that - just for a part in a play.

EVE

(smiles)

I'd do much more - for a part that good.

She leaves. Karen is alone.

INT. CUB ROOM - NIGHT

Eve enters and slides in beside Addison.

ADDISON  
Hungry?

EVE  
Just some coffee.

ADDISON  
(pours)  
I'm not surprised. After all that  
humble pie...

EVE  
Nothing of the kind. Karen and I  
had a nice talk.

ADDISON  
Heart to heart? Woman to woman?  
Including a casual reference to the  
part of "Cora" - and your hopes of  
playing it.

EVE  
I discussed it very openly. I told  
her that I had spoken to Lloyd -  
and that he was interested.

ADDISON  
She mentioned, of course, that  
Margo expects to play the part?

EVE  
Oddly enough - she didn't say a  
word about Margo. Just that she'll  
be happy to do what she can to see  
that I play the part.

Addison puffs at his cigarette, bemused.

ADDISON  
Just like that, eh?

EVE  
Just like that.

ADDISON  
(thoughtfully)  
Do you know, Eve - sometimes I  
think you keep things from me.

Eve's feelings are hurt.

EVE  
I don't think that's funny.

ADDISON  
It wasn't meant to be.

EVE  
I confide in you and rely on you  
more than anyone I've ever known!  
To say a thing like that now -  
without any reason - when I need  
you more than ever...

ADDISON  
(breaks in)  
I hope you mean what you say, Eve.  
I intend to hold you to it.

Their eyes meet.

ADDISON  
We have a great deal in common, it  
seems to me...

They both look as Karen passes them on her way back to her  
table.

GROUP, as Karen joins them. Another bottle of champagne has  
come and almost gone - there's a fine, cheery feeling among  
them. Margo, in particular, is cheery. A pause. Karen downs a  
glass of champagne.

LLOYD  
- well? What happened?

KAREN  
Nothing much. She apologized.

MARGO  
With tears?

KAREN  
With tears.

MARGO  
But not right away? First the  
business of fighting them off, chin  
up, stout fella...

KAREN  
Check.

MARGO  
Very classy stuff, lots of  
technique-

LLOYD  
You mean - all this time - she'd  
done nothing but apologize? What'd

you say?

KAREN  
Not much.

MARGO  
Groom-  
(Bill says "huh?")  
- may I have a wedding present?

BILL  
What would you like? Texas?

MARGO  
I want everybody to shut up about  
Eve. Just shut up about Eve, that's  
all I want. Give Karen more wine...  
(blissfully)  
... never have I been so happy.  
Isn't this a lovely room? The Cub  
Room. What a lovely, clever name.  
Where the elite meet. Never have I  
seen so much elite - and all with  
their eyes on me. Waiting for me to  
crack that little gnome over the  
noggin with a bottle. But not  
tonight. Even Eve. I forgive Eve...  
there they go.

They all look.

ADDISON AND EVE, they get up and go without looking back.

GROUP, they watch for an instant.

MARGO  
There goes Eve. Eve evil, Little  
Miss Evil. But the evil that men do  
- how does it go, groom? Something  
about the good they leave behind -  
I played it once in rep in Wilkes  
Barre...

BILL  
You've got it backwards. Even for  
Wilkes-Barre.

MARGO  
You know why I forgive Eve? Because  
she's left good behind - the four  
of us, together like this, it's  
Eve's fault - I forgive her...

Karen's reactions are, of course, most important. Knowing  
what she's done to Margo - wondering how to do what she must.

MARGO  
... and Bill. Especially Bill. Eve  
did that, too.

LLOYD  
You know, she probably means well,  
after all...

MARGO  
She is a louse.

BILL  
(to Lloyd)  
Never try to outguess Margo.

MARGO  
Groom.

BILL  
Yes, dear.

MARGO  
You know what I'm going to be?

BILL  
A cowboy.

MARGO  
A married lady.

BILL  
With the paper to prove it.

MARGO  
I'm going to have a home. Not just  
a house I'm afraid to stay in...  
and a man to go with it. I'll look  
up at six o'clock - and there he'll  
be... remember, Karen?

KAREN  
(quietly)  
I remember.

MARGO  
(to Bill)  
You'll be there, won't you.

BILL  
(grins)  
Often enough to keep the franchise.

MARGO  
A foursquare, upright, downright,  
forthright married lady... that's  
for me. And no more make believe!

Off stage or on... remember, Lloyd.  
(Lloyd nods)

I mean it, now. Grown-up women  
only, I might even play a mother -  
only one child, of course, not over  
eight...

(they all smile)

Lloyd, will you promise not to be  
angry with me?

LLOYD

(smiles)

That depends.

MARGO

I mean really, deeply angry...

LLOYD

I don't think I could be.

MARGO

Well. I don't want to play "Cora."

KAREN

(explodes)

What?

Margo misinterprets her vehemence.

MARGO

(hastily)

Now wait a minute, you're always so  
touchy about his plays, it isn't  
the part - it's a great part. And a  
fine play. But not for me anymore -  
not a foursquare, upright,  
downright, forthright married lady.

LLOYD

What's your being married got to do  
with it?

MARGO

It means I've finally got a life to  
live! I don't have to play parts  
I'm too old for - just because I've  
got nothing to do with my nights!

(then quietly)

I know you've made plans. I'll make  
it up to you, believe me. I'll tour  
a year with this one, anything -  
only you do understand - don't you,  
Lloyd?

Lloyd never gets to answer. Because Karen, before anyone can  
stop her, bursts into hysterical laughter...

LLOYD  
What's so funny?

KAREN  
Nothing...

BILL  
Nothing?

KAREN  
Everything... everything's so  
funny...

Margo removes the champagne glass from in front of Karen...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. THEATER - CURRAN THEATER - DAY

Karen is seated unobtrusively in a rear lower box. Lloyd sits beside Max up front.

On stage, the play is "on its feet." Eve plays a dramatic scene with a young man. They carry "sides" but do not consult them.

As she speaks, Eve moves upstage, turns to face the young man who is forced to turn his back to the auditorium.

Bill calls a halt. He indicates to Eve that she was to have remained downstage.

Eve seems to be at a loss. She looks at Lloyd.

Lloyd rises, says that he told her to make the change.

Bill comes down to the footlights to tell him to stick to writing, he'll do the directing. It mounts swiftly to a screaming fight. Bill throws the script out into the auditorium, takes his coat and stalks off.

Eve runs after him. Max retrieves the script. Lloyd remains adamant. Karen has risen in dismay.

Eve drags Bill back. Without looking at Lloyd, he takes the script from Max, tells the actors to pick up where they left off.

Eve whispers to Lloyd from the stage. Lloyd smiles, mollified, sits down again with Max.

Karen walks up the side aisle, out of the theater...

KAREN'S VOICE

Lloyd never got around, somehow -  
to asking me whether it was all  
right with me for Eve to play  
"Cora"... Bill, oddly enough,  
refused to direct the play at first  
- with Eve in it. Lloyd and Max  
finally won him over... Margo never  
came to a rehearsal, too much to do  
around the house, she said. I'd  
never known Bill and Lloyd to fight  
as bitterly and as often... and  
always over some business for Eve,  
or a move or the way she read a  
speech... but then I'd never known  
Lloyd to meddle as much with Bill's  
directing - as far as it affected  
Eve, that is... somehow, Eve kept  
them going. Bill stuck it out - and  
Lloyd seemed happy - and I thought  
it might be best if I skipped  
rehearsals from then on...

INT. RICHARDS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is a lovely, large room. Two double beds, not alongside  
each other and each with an extension phone beside it. In  
addition to the door to the living room, there are two more -  
to separate dressing rooms and baths. Lloyd is asleep. But  
not Karen. She turns restlessly, finally sits up, lights a  
cigarette.

KAREN'S VOICE

It seemed to me I had known always  
that it would happen - and here it  
was.  
It felt helpless, that helplessness  
you feel when you have no talent to  
offer - outside of loving your  
husband. How could I compete?  
Everything Lloyd loved about me, he  
had gotten used to long ago...

The phone jangles suddenly, startling her. It wakes Lloyd up.  
Karen answers.

KAREN

Hello... who?... who's calling Mr.  
Richards?

INT. ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

A girl, in a wrapper, at a wall phone. Her hair's in curlers.  
She's frightened.

GIRL



My name wouldn't mean anything. I  
room across the hall from Eve  
Harrington, and she isn't well.  
She's been crying all night and  
hysterical, and she doesn't want a  
doctor...

RICHARDS' BEDROOM, Lloyd is sitting on the edge of the bed,  
looking over...

LLOYD  
Who is it? What's it all about?

KAREN  
(into phone)  
Did Miss Harrington tell you to  
call Mr. Richards?

Lloyd picks up his phone.

ROOMING HOUSE

GIRL  
No, Eve didn't say to call him, but  
I remembered I saw Mr. Richards  
with her a couple of times - and I  
thought they being such good  
friends...

RICHARDS' BEDROOM

LLOYD  
(into phone)  
Hello...hello, this is Lloyd  
Richards. Where is Eve? Let me talk  
to her-

ROOMING HOUSE

GIRL  
She's up in her room, Mr. Richards.  
I really hate to bother you like  
this, but the way Eve's been  
feeling - I'm just worried sick  
what with her leaving for New Haven  
tomorrow, and everything...

RICHARDS' BEDROOM

LLOYD  
Tell her not to worry - tell her  
I'll be right over.

ROOMING HOUSE

GIRL

I'll tell her, Mr. Richards.

She hangs up. As she moves from the phone, the ANGLE WIDENS to disclose Eve at the foot of the stairs. The girls smile at each other. They go upstairs, arm in arm.

RICHARDS' BEDROOM, Karen is still in bed, phone still in her hand. She hangs up, swings her legs out, puts out her cigarette, gets into a robe. The open door and light of the dressing room tell us where Lloyd is.

Karen walks to the door, starts to say something, changes her mind. She crosses to a table, lights a fresh cigarette, comes back to the door.

KAREN  
(finally)  
Aren't you... broadening the duties  
of a playwright just a bit? Rushing  
off in the middle of the night  
like a country doctor?

No answer except the opening and closing of drawers.

KAREN  
What would you do if, instead of  
Eve, the leading man had called up  
to say her was hysterical?

Still no answer. Her tension increasing, Karen goes back to the table, snubs out the fresh cigarette, then strides swiftly back to the open door.

KAREN  
Lloyd, I don't want you to go!

Now Lloyd appears. He's in flannels, and a sport shirt with no tie. He's confused and guilty and tortured.

LLOYD  
I didn't think you would! It seems  
to me, Karen, that for some time,  
now, you've been developing a deep  
unconcern for the feeling of human  
being in general-

KAREN  
I'm a human being, I've got some!

LLOYD  
(goes right on)  
- and for my feelings in  
particular! For my play, my career -  
and now for a frightened,  
hysterical girl on the eve of her  
first night in the Theater!

He goes back into his room.

KAREN

Have you forgotten about Eve? What she is, what she's done?

LLOYD

Old wives' tales, born of envy and jealousy! And a phobia against truth!

KAREN

Then tell me this isn't true! That your concern for your play and career is one thing - and that poor frightened hysterical girl another - and that your concern for her has nothing to do with either your play or your career!

Lloyd comes out wearing a jacket. He crosses to the door, Karen after him.

KAREN

That first, last, and foremost - your reason for going now is that you want to be with Eve! Three in the morning or high noon - play or no play - wife or no wife!

(Lloyd stops at the door)

Isn't it true, Lloyd?

Lloyd goes out. Karen looks after him, despairing.

EXT. SHUBERT THEATER - NEW HAVEN - DAY

The theater is but a few doors from the TAFT HOTEL. The marquee announces a new play by Lloyd Richards, presented by Max Fabian, opening tonight.

Addison and Eve stand before the theater admiring her photo on a lobby display. None of the actors are starred.

ADDISON'S VOICE

To the Theater world - New Haven, Connecticut, is a short stretch of sidewalk between the Shubert Theater and the Taft Hotel, surrounded by what looks very much like a small city. It is here that managers have what are called out of-town openings - which are openings for New Yorkers who want to go out of town...

They start for the hotel - Eve's arm through Addison's.

EVE

What a day - what a heavenly day...

ADDISON

D-day.

EVE

Just like it.

ADDISON

And tomorrow morning you will have  
won your beachhead on the shores of  
Immortality...

EVE

(grins)

Stop rehearsing your column...  
Isn't it strange, Addison?  
I thought I'd be panic-stricken,  
want to run away or something.  
Instead, I can't wait for tonight  
to come. To come and go...

ADDISON

Are you that sure of tomorrow?

EVE

Aren't you?

ADDISON

Frankly - yes.

They've arrived in front of the hotel.

EVE

It'll be a night to remember. It'll  
bring to me everything I've ever  
wanted. The end of an old road -  
and the beginning of a new one...

ADDISON

All paved with diamonds and gold?

EVE

You know me better than that.

ADDISON

Paved with what, then?

EVE

Stars.

She goes in. Addison follows her.

INT. CORRIDOR - TAFT HOTEL - DAY

Addison accompanies Eve along the corridor to her door.

EVE  
What time?

ADDISON  
Almost four.

EVE  
Plenty of time for a nice long nap -  
we rehearsed most of last night...

ADDISON  
You could sleep, too, couldn't you?

EVE  
Why not?

They've arrived at her door. She opens it.

ADDISON  
The mark of a true killer.  
(he holds out his hand)  
Sleep tight, rest easy - and come  
out fighting...

EVE  
Why'd call me a killer?

ADDISON  
Did I say killer? I meant champion.  
I get my boxing terms mixed.

He turns to go. After a few steps-

EVE  
(calling)  
Addison-  
(he pauses)  
- come on in for just a minute,  
won't you? There's... I've got  
something to tell you.

Addison turns curiously, and enters behind her.

INT. EVE'S SUITE - TAFT HOTEL - DAY

Old-fashioned, dreary and small. The action starts in the  
living room and continues to the bedroom.

Addison closes the door, crosses to a comfortable chair.

ADDISON  
Suites are for expense accounts.

Aren't you being extravagant?

EVE

Max is paying for it. He and Lloyd had a terrific row but Lloyd insisted... well. Can I fix you a drink?

She indicates a table elaborately stocked with liquor, glasses, etc. Addison's eyebrows lift.

ADDISON

Also with the reluctant compliments of Max Fabian.

EVE

Lloyd. I never have any, and he likes a couple of drinks after we finish - so he sent it up...

ADDISON

Some plain soda.

(Eve starts to fix it)

Lloyd must be expecting a record run in New Haven...

EVE

That's for tonight. You're invited. We're having everyone up after the performance.

ADDISON

We're?

EVE

Lloyd and I.

She carries the soda to him, sits on an ottoman at his feet.

ADDISON

I find it odd that Karen isn't here for the opening, don't you?

He sips his soda and puts away, carefully avoiding a look at Eve. As he looks back-

EVE

Addison...

ADDISON

(blandly)

She's always been so fantastically devoted to Lloyd. I would imagine that only death or destruction could keep her-

EVE

(breaks in)

Addison, just a few minutes ago.  
When I told you this would be a  
night to remember - that it would  
bring me everything I wanted-

ADDISON

(nods)

- something about an old road  
ending and a new one starting -  
paved with stars...

EVE

I didn't mean just the Theater.

ADDISON

What else?

Eve gets up, crosses to look out over the Common.

EVE

(her back to him)

Lloyd Richards. He's going to leave  
Karen. We're going to be married.

For just a flash, Addison's eyes narrow coldly, viciously.  
Then they crinkle into a bland smile.

ADDISON

So that's it. Lloyd. Still just the  
Theater, after all...

EVE

(turns; shocked)

It's nothing of the kind! Lloyd  
loves me, I love him!

ADDISON

I know nothing about Lloyd and his  
loves - I leave those to Louisa May  
Alcott. But I do know you.

EVE

I'm in love with Lloyd!

ADDISON

Lloyd Richards is commercially the  
most successful playwright in  
America-

EVE

You have no right to say such  
things!

ADDISON

- and artistically, the most promising! Eve dear, this is Addison.

Eve drops her shocked manner like a cape. Her face lights up - she crosses back to the ottoman.

EVE  
Addison, won't it be just perfect?  
Lloyd and I - there's no telling  
how far we can go... he'll write  
great plays for me, I'll make them  
be great!

(as she sits)  
You're the only one I've told, the  
only one that knows except Lloyd  
and me...

ADDISON  
... and Karen.

EVE  
She doesn't know.

KAREN  
She knows enough not to be here.

EVE  
But not all of it - not that Lloyd  
and I are going to be married.

ADDISON  
(thoughtfully)  
I see. And when was this unholy  
alliance joined?

EVE  
We decided the night before last,  
before we came up here...

ADDISON  
(increasingly tense)  
Was the setting properly romantic -  
the lights on dimmers, gypsy  
violins off stage?

EVE  
The setting wasn't romantic, but  
Lloyd was. He woke me up at three  
in the morning, banging on my door -  
he couldn't sleep, he told me -  
he's left Karen, he couldn't go on  
with the play or anything else  
until I promised to marry him... we  
sat and talked until it was light.  
He never went home...



ADDISON  
You sat and talked until it was  
light...

EVE  
(meaningly)  
We sat and talked, Addison. I want  
a run of the play contract.

ADDISON  
(quietly)  
There never was, there'll never be  
another like you.

EVE  
(happily)  
Well, say something - anything!  
Congratulations, skol - good work,  
Eve!

Addison rises slowly, to his full height. As Eve watches him,  
as her eyes go up to his, her smile fades-

ADDISON  
What do you take me for?

EVE  
(cautiously)  
I don't know what I take you for  
anything...

ADDISON  
(moving away)  
It is possible - even conceivable -  
that you've confused me with that  
gang of backward children you've  
been playing tricks on - that you  
have the same contempt for me that  
you have for them?

EVE  
I'm sure you mean something by  
that, Addison, but I don't know  
what...

ADDISON  
Look closely, Eve, it's time you  
did. I am Addison deWitt. I'm  
nobody's fool. Least of all -  
yours.

EVE  
I never intended you to be.

ADDISON

Yes, you did. You still do.

Eve gets up, now.

EVE

I still don't know what you're getting at. Right now I want to take my nap. It's important that I-

ADDISON

(breaks in)

- it's important right now that we talk. Killer to killer.

EVE

(wisely)

Champion to champion.

ADDISON

Not with me, you're no champion. You're stepping way up in class.

EVE

Addison, will you please say what you have to say plainly and distinctly - and then get out so I can take my nap!

ADDISON

Very well, plainly and distinctly. Although I consider it unnecessary - because you know as well as I, what I am about to say.

(they are now facing each other)

Lloyd may leave Karen, but he will not leave Karen for you.

EVE

What do you mean by that?

ADDISON

More plainly and more distinctly? I have not come to New Haven to see the play, discuss your dreams, or to pull the ivy from the walls of Yale! I have come to tell you that you will not marry Lloyd - or anyone else - because I will not permit it.

EVE

What have you got to do with it?

ADDISON

Everything. Because after tonight,

you will belong to me.

EVE  
I can't believe my ears...

ADDISON  
A dull cliché.

EVE  
Belong - to you? That sound  
medieval - something out of an old  
melodrama...

ADDISON  
So does the history of the world  
for the past twenty years. I don't  
enjoy putting it as bluntly as  
this, frankly I had hoped that you  
would, somehow, have known - have  
taken it for granted that you and  
I...

EVE  
... taken it for granted? That you  
and I...

She smiles. Then she chuckles, then laughs. A mistake.  
Addison slaps her sharply across the face.

ADDISON  
(quietly)  
Remember as long as you live, never  
to laugh at me. At anything or  
anyone else - but never at me.

Eve eyes him coldly, goes to the door, throws it open.

EVE  
Get out!

Addison walks to the door, closes it.

ADDISON  
You're too short for that gesture.  
Besides, it went out with Mrs.  
Fiske.

EVE  
Then if you won't get out, I'll  
have you thrown out.

She goes to the phone.

ADDISON  
Don't pick it up! Don't even put  
your hand on it...

She doesn't. Her back is to him. Addison smiles.

ADDISON

Something told you to do as I say,  
didn't it? That instinct is worth  
millions, you can't buy it, cherish  
it, Eve. When that alarm goes off,  
go to your battle stations...

He comes up behind her. Eve is tense and wary.

ADDISON

Your name is not Eve Harrington. It  
is Gertrude Slescyński.

EVE

What of it?

ADDISON

It is true that your parents were  
poor. They still are. And they  
would like to know how you are -  
and where. They haven't heard from  
you for three years...

EVE

(curtly)

What of it?

She walks away. Addison eyes her keenly.

ADDISON

A matter of opinion. Granted. It is  
also true that you worked in a  
brewery. But life in the brewery  
was apparently not as dull as you  
pictured it. As a matter of fact,  
it got less and less dull - until  
your boss's wife had your boss  
followed by detectives!

EVE

(whirls on him)

She never proved anything, not a  
thing!

ADDISON

But the \$500 you got to get out of  
town brought you straight to New  
York - didn't it?

Eve turns and runs into the bedroom, slamming the door.  
Addison opens it, follows close after her... he can be seen  
in the bedroom, shouting at Eve who is offscene.

ADDISON  
That \$500 brought you straight to  
New York - didn't it?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Eve, trapped, in a corner of the room.

EVE  
She was a liar, she was a liar!

ADDISON  
Answer my question! Weren't you  
paid to get out of town?

Eve throws herself on the bed, face down, bursts in tears.  
Addison, merciless, moves closer.

ADDISON  
Fourth. There was no Eddie - no  
pilot - and you've never been  
married! That was not only a lie,  
but an insult to dead heroes and to  
the women who loved them...  
(Eve, sobbing, puts her  
hands over her ears;  
Addison, closer, pulls  
them away)  
... Fifth. San Francisco has no  
Shubert Theater and North Shore,  
you've never been to San Francisco!  
That was a stupid lie, easy to  
expose, not worthy of you...

Eve twists to look up at him, her eyes streaming.

EVE  
I had to get in, to meet Margo! I  
had to say something, be somebody,  
make her like me!

ADDISON  
She did like you, she helped and  
trusted you! You paid her back by  
trying to take Bill away!

EVE  
That's not true!

ADDISON  
I was there, I saw you and heard  
you through the dressing room door!

Eve turns face down again, sobbing miserably.

ADDISON

You used my name and my column to  
blackmail Karen into getting you  
the part of "Cora" - and you lied  
to me about it!

EVE  
(into the bed)  
No-no-no...

ADDISON  
I had lunch with Karen not three  
hours ago. As always with women who  
want to find out things, she told  
more than she learned...  
(he lets go of her hands)  
... do you want to change your  
story about Lloyd beating at your  
door the other night?

Eve covers her face with her hands.

EVE  
Please... please...

Addison get off the bed, looks down at her.

ADDISON  
That I should want you at all  
suddenly strikes me as the height  
of improbability. But that, in  
itself, is probably the reason.  
You're an improbable person, Eve,  
and so am I. We have that in  
common. Also a contempt for  
humanity, an inability to love or  
be loved, insatiable ambition - and  
talent. We deserve each other. Are  
you listening to me?

Eve lies listlessly now, her tear-stained cheek against the  
coverlet. She nods.

ADDISON  
Then say so.

EVE  
Yes, Addison.

ADDISON  
And you realize - you agree how  
completely you belong to me?

EVE  
Yes, Addison.

ADDISON

Take your nap, now. And good luck  
for tonight.

He starts out.

EVE  
(tonelessly)  
I won't play tonight.  
(Addison pauses)  
I couldn't. Not possibly. I  
couldn't go on...

ADDISON  
(smiles)  
Couldn't go on? You'll give the  
performance of your life.

He goes out. The CAMERA REMAINS on Eve's forlorn, tear  
stained face. Her eyes close... she goes to sleep.

INT. DINING HALL - SARAH SIDDONS SOCIETY - NIGHT

THE STOPPED ACTION of Eve reaching out for the award. The  
applause and bulb-popping still going on.

ADDISON'S VOICE  
And she gave the performance of her  
life. And it was a night to  
remember, that night...

THE ACTION picks up where it left off. Eve accepts the award  
from the Aged Actor, kisses him tenderly, folds the award to  
her bosom and waits for quiet.

She speaks with assurance, yet modestly and humbly.

EVE  
Honored members of Sarah Siddons  
Society, distinguished guests,  
ladies and gentlemen: What is there  
for me to say? Everything wise and  
witty has long since been said - by  
minds more mature and talents far  
greater than mine. For me to thank  
you as equals would be presumptuous  
- I am an apprentice in the Theater  
and have much to learn from you  
all. I can say only that I am proud  
and happy and that I regard this  
great honor not so much as an award  
for what I have achieved, but as a  
standard to hold against what I  
have yet to accomplish.  
(applause)  
And further, I regard it as  
bestowed upon me only in part. The

larger share belongs to my friends  
in the Theater - and to the Theater  
itself, which has given me all I  
have. In good conscience, I must  
give credit where credit is due. To  
Max Fabian-

MAX sits erect, beaming proudly.

EVE'S VOICE  
- dear Max. Dear, sentimental,  
generous, courageous Max Fabian -  
who took a chance on an unknown,  
untried, amateur...

EVE, after applause greets Max.

EVE  
And to my first friend in the  
Theater - whose kindness and  
graciousness I shall never  
forget... Karen - Mrs. Lloyd  
Richards...

KAREN resumes her doodling as applause breaks out for her...

EVE'S VOICE  
... and it was Karen who first  
brought me to one whom I had always  
idolized - and who was to become my  
benefactor and champion. A great  
actress and a great woman - Margo  
Channing.

MARGO, part of Eve's tribute has been over her CLOSE-UP. She  
smiles grimly in reaction to the applause.

EVE looks to her right, waits for the applause to die.

EVE  
My director - who demanded always a  
little more than my talent could  
provide-

BILL, seated at the speakers' table. He has his award before  
him - a smaller one. He puts out a cigarette expressionlessly  
as the applause breaks out.

EVE  
- but who taught me patiently and  
well... Bill Sampson.

LLOYD sits beside Bill. He, too, has a smaller award. As Eve  
speaks, he throws her a brief glance.

EVE'S VOICE



And one, without whose great play  
and faith in me, this night would  
never have been. How can I repay  
Lloyd Richards?

EVE waits for the applause to die.

EVE  
How can I repay the many others? So  
many, that I couldn't possibly name  
them all...

ADDISON smiles approvingly.

EVE'S VOICE  
... whose help, guidance and advice  
have made this, the happiest night  
of my life, possible.

EVE stares at the award for an instant, as if fighting for  
self-control.

EVE  
Although I am going to Hollywood  
next week to make a film - do not  
think for a moment that I am  
leaving you. How could I? For my  
heart is here in the Theater - and  
three thousand miles are too far to  
be away from one's heart.  
I'll be back to claim it - and  
soon. That is, if you want me back.

Another storm of applause. Much ad lib shouting as Bill and  
Lloyd are summoned to pose beside her for more pictures.  
People are thronging out. The Aged Actor shouts above the  
hubbub...

AGED ACTOR  
A good night to all - and to all a  
good night!

Eve disengages herself from the photographers, makes her way  
toward Addison's table... Bill and Lloyd follow. CAMERA  
FOLLOWS Lloyd to Karen. They kiss. He gives her the award.

LLOYD  
For services rendered - beyond the  
whatever-it-is-of-duty, darling.

Max bustles into the SHOT.

MAX  
Come on! I'm the host, I gotta get  
home before the guests start  
stealing the liquor...

She and Lloyd follow Max. Addison and Eve are on their way. Lloyd goes right by. Karen pauses at Eve.

KAREN  
Congratulations, Eve.

EVE  
Thank you, Karen.

Karen goes. Eve is being constantly congratulated. Some ad lib about seeing her at Max's party...

MAX  
(to Addison)  
I'm giving her a very high-class party. It ain't like a rehearsal, she don't have to be late.

ADDISON  
As soon as the peasants stop pawing her.

Max hurries out. Margo and Bill step into the SHOT. Eve turns from a well-wisher to face her.

MARGO  
... nice speech, Eve. But I wouldn't worry too much about your heart. You can always put that award where your heart ought to be.

Eve looks at her wordlessly. Margo and Bill leave. Addison and Eve are alone. The tables about them are empty. Suddenly, her face becomes expressionless, her eyes dull... she glances at the table.

EVE  
I don't suppose there's a drink left...

ADDISON  
You can have one at Max's.

EVE  
(sits)  
I don't think I'm going.

ADDISON  
(sighs)  
Why not?

EVE  
Because I don't want to.

ADDISON

(patiently)  
Max has gone to a great deal of  
trouble, it's going to be an  
elaborate party, and it's for you.

EVE  
No, it's not.  
(she holds up the award)  
It's for this.

ADDISON  
It's the same thing, isn't it?

EVE  
Exactly.  
(she gives him the award)  
Here. Take it to the party instead  
of me.

ADDISON  
You're being childish.

A well-wisher rushes up to Eve with an "Eve, darling, I'm so  
happy!" Eve rises, thanks her graciously. Then she pulls her  
wrap over her shoulder.

EVE  
I'm tired. I want to go home.

ADDISON  
(curtly)  
Very well. I shall drop you and go  
on to the party. I have no  
intention of missing it...

They exit from the room, now empty of everything but tables,  
waiters, and the usual banquet debris.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - NIGHT

Eve gets out of taxi in front of a fashionable apartment  
hotel. She doesn't say good night to Addison, she enters the  
hotel as the cab drives off. She hasn't the award with her.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Smart, but not gaudy. Eve crosses from the elevator to her  
apartment. She lets herself in.

INT. EVE'S HOTEL APARTMENT - NIGHT

A small foyer, from which one door leads to the leaving room,  
another to the bedroom. The bedroom and living room do not  
connect except through the foyer.

All the lights are out. Eve turns them on in the foyer, the

same as she enters the bedroom. There are some new trunks, in various stages of being packed. Eve tosses her wrap on the bed, goes through the foyer to the living room.

She turns on the light in the living room. CAMERA FOLLOWS her to a smart small bar where she fixes a stiff drink. As she turns from the bar, she stares - starts in fright - and drops the drink.

A young girl, asleep in a chair, wakes with a jump. She stares at Eve, horror-stricken.

EVE  
Who are you?

GIRL  
Miss Harrington...

EVE  
What are you doing here?

GIRL  
I - I guess I fell asleep.

Eve starts for the phone. The girl rises in panic.

GIRL  
Please don't have me arrested,  
please! I didn't steal anything -  
you can search me!

EVE  
(pauses)  
How did you get in here?

GIRL  
I hid outside in the hall till the  
maid came to turn down your bed.  
She must've forgot something and  
when she went to get it, she left  
the door open. I sneaked in and hid  
till she finished. Then I just  
looked around - and pretty soon I  
was afraid somebody'd notice the  
lights were on so I turned them off  
- and then I guess, I fell asleep.

EVE  
You were just looking around...

GIRL  
That's all.

EVE  
What for?

GIRL  
You probably won't believe me.

EVE  
Probably not.

GIRL  
It was for my report.

EVE  
What report? To whom?

GIRL  
About how you live, what kind of clothes you wear - what kind of perfume and books - things like that. You know the Eve Harrington clubs - that they've got in most of the girls' high schools?

EVE  
I've heard of them.

GIRL  
Ours was one of the first. Erasmus Hall. I'm the president.

EVE  
Erasmus Hall. That's in Brooklyn, isn't it?

GIRL  
Lots of actresses come from Brooklyn. Barbara Stanwyck, Susan Hayward - of course, they're just movie stars.

Eve makes no comment. She lies wearily on the couch.

GIRL  
You're going to Hollywood - aren't you?  
(Eve murmurs "uh-huh")  
From the trunks you're packing, you must be going to stay a long time.

EVE  
I might.

GIRL  
That spilled drink is going to ruin your carper.

She crosses to it.

EVE

The maid'll fix it in the morning.

GIRL  
I'll just pick up the broken glass.

EVE  
Don't bother.

The girl puts the broken glass on the bar. She starts to mix  
Eve a fresh drink.

EVE  
How'd you get all the way up here  
from Brooklyn?

GIRL  
Subway.

EVE  
How long does it take?

GIRL  
With changing and everything, a  
little over an hour.

She carries the drink over to Eve.

EVE  
It's after one now. You won't get  
home till all hours.

GIRL  
(smiles)  
I don't care if I never get home.

The door buzzer sounds.

EVE  
That's the door.

GIRL  
You rest. I'll get it...

She goes to the door, opens it. Addison stands there, the  
Sarah Siddons Award in his hands.

ADDISON  
Hello, there. Who are you?

GIRL  
(shyly)  
Miss Harrington's resting, Mr.  
deWitt. She asked me to see who it  
is...

ADDISON

We won't disturb her rest. It seems  
she left her award in the taxicab.  
Will you give it to her?

She holds it as if it were the Promised Land. Addison smiles  
faintly. He knows the look.

ADDISON  
How do you know my name?

GIRL  
It's a very famous name, Mr.  
deWitt.

ADDISON  
And what is your name?

GIRL  
Phoebe.

ADDISON  
Phoebe?

GIRL  
(stubbornly)  
I call myself Phoebe.

ADDISON  
Why not? Tell me, Phoebe, do you  
want some day to have an award like  
that of your own?

Phoebe lifts her eyes to him.

PHOEBE  
More than anything else in the  
world.

Addison pats her shoulder lightly.

ADDISON  
Then you must Miss Harrington how  
to get one. Miss Harrington knows  
all about it...

Phoebe smiles shyly. Addison closes the door. Phoebe stares  
down at the award for an instant.

EVE'S VOICE  
(sleepy; from the living  
room)  
Who was it?

PHOEBE  
Just a taxi driver, Miss  
Harrington. You left the award in

his cab and he brought it back...

EVE'S VOICE

Oh. Put it on one of the trunks,  
will you? I want to pack it...

PHOEBE

Sure, Miss Harrington...

She takes the award into the bedroom, sets it on a trunk. As she starts out, she sees Eve's fabulous wrap on the bed. She listens. Then, quietly, she puts on the wrap and picks up the award.

Slowly, she walks to a large three-mirrored cheval. With grace and infinite dignity she holds the award to her, and bows again and again... as if to the applause of a multitude.

FADE OUT.

THE END