

Screenplay

- I. Dialogue
- II. Practice: turn this scene into book prose

CAPTAIN

Lucas Jackson.

LUKE

Here, Captain.

CAPTAIN

Maliciously destroyin' municipal property while under the influence. What was that?

LUKE

Cuttin' the heads off parkin' meters. Captain.

CAPTAIN

Well, we ain't never had one of them. Where'd you think that was gonna get you?

LUKE

I guess you could say I wasn't thinkin', Captain.

CAPTAIN

(looking at record)

Says here you done real good in the war: Silver Star, Bronze Star, couple Purple Hearts. Sergeant! Little time in stockades. Come out the same way you went in: Buck Private.

LUKE

That's right, Captain. Just passin' the time.

From *All about Eve*

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
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
Eve, this is an old friend of Mr. DeWitt's mother—Miss Caswell,

Miss Harrington. Addison, I've been wanting you to meet Eve for the longest time.

ADDISON

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

My dear, come closer.

(Miss Caswell does, and he points)

There is Max Fabian. He is a producer. Go do yourself some good.

MISS CASWELL

Why do they always look like unhappy rabbits?

ADDISON

Because that is what they are. Now go and make him happy.

From *His Girl Friday*

HILDY

May I have a cigarette, please?

(Burns reaches into his pocket, extracts a cigarette and tosses it on the desk. Hildy reaches for it.)

HILDY

Thanks. A match?

(Burns delves into pockets again, comes up with matchbox, tosses it to Hildy, who catches it deftly, and strikes the match.)

BURNS

How long is it?

(Hildy finishes lighting her cigarette, takes a puff, and fans out the match.)

HILDY

How long is what?

BURNS

You know what. How long since we've seen each other?

HILDY

Let's see. I was in Reno six weeks—than Bermuda. . . Oh, about four months, I guess. Seems like yesterday to me.

BURNS

Maybe it was yesterday. Been seeing me in your dreams?

HILDY

No—Mama doesn't dream about you any more, Walter. You wouldn't know the old girl now.

BURNS

Oh, yes I would. I'd know you any time—

BURNS AND HILDY

--any place, anywhere—

HILDY

You're repeating yourself! That's the speech you made the night you proposed."—any time—any place—anywhere!"

BURNS

I notice you still remember it.

HILDY

I'll always remember it. If I hadn't remembered it, I wouldn't have divorced you.

BURNS

You know, Hildy, I sort of wish you hadn't done it.

HILDY

Done what?

BURNS

Divorced me. It sort of makes a fellow lose faith in himself. It almost gives him a feeling he wasn't wanted.

HILDY

Holy mackerel? Look, Walter, that's what divorces are for.

BURNS

Nonsense. You've got the old-fashioned idea that divorces are something that last forever—till 'death us do part'. Why, a divorce doesn't mean anything today. It's only a few words mumbled over you by a judge. We've got something between us nothing can change.

HILDY

I suppose that's true in a way. I am fond of you, Walter. I often wish

you weren't such a stinker.

BURNS

Now, that's a nice thing to say.

HILDY

Well, why did you promise me you wouldn't fight the divorce and then try and gum up the whole works?

BURNS

Well, I meant to let you go—but, you know, you never miss the water till the well runs dry.

From *Citizen Kane*

THOMPSON

Well, Mr. Bernstein, you were with Mr. Kane from the very beginning.

BERNSTEIN

From before the beginning, young fellow. And now it's after the end.

(turns to Thompson)

Anything you want to know about him about the paper—

THOMPSON

We thought maybe, if we can find out what he meant by that last word—as he was dying—

BERNSTEIN

That Rosebud? Maybe some girl? There were a lot of them back in the early days, and—

THOMPSON

Not some girl he knew casually and then remembered after fifty years, on his death bed—

BERNSTEIN

You're pretty young, Mr.—Mr. Thompson. A fellow will remember things you wouldn't think he'd remember. You take me. One day, back in 1896, I was crossing over to Jersey on a ferry and as we pulled out, there was another ferry pulling in—

(slowly)

--and on it, there was a girl waiting to get off. A white dress she had on—and she was carrying a white parasol—and I only saw her for one second and she didn't see me at all—but I'll bet a month hasn't gone by since that I haven't thought of that girl.

(triumphantly)

See what I mean?

(smiles)

Well, so what are you doing about this "Rosebud," Mr. Thompson.

From *Double Indemnity*

PHYLLIS

Mr. Neff, why don't you drop by tomorrow evening about eight-thirty. He'll be in then.

NEFF

Who?

PHYLLIS

My husband. You were anxious to talk to him weren't you?

NEFF

Sure, only I'm getting over it a little. If you know what I mean.

PHYLLIS

There's a speed limit in this state, Mr. Neff. Forth-five miles an hour.

NEFF

How fast was I going, officer?

PHYLLIS

I'd say about ninety.

NEFF

Suppose you get down off your motorcycle and give me a ticket.

PHYLLIS

Suppose I let you off with a warning this time.

NEFF

Suppose it doesn't take.

PHYLLIS

Suppose I have to whack you over the knuckles.

NEFF

Suppose I bust out crying and put my head on your shoulder..

PHYLLIS

Suppose you try putting it on my husband's shoulder.

NEFF

That tears it.

Neff takes his hat and briefcase.

NEFF

Eight-thirty tomorrow evening then, Mrs. Dietrichson.

PHYLLIS

That's what I suggested.

NEFF

Will you be here, too?

PHYLLIS

I guess so. I usually am.

NEFF

Same chair, same perfume, same anklet?

PHYLLIS

(opening the door)

I wonder if I know what you mean.

NEFF

I wonder if you wonder.