

ELLIE

(seen with Peter)

I just had the unpleasant sensation
of hearing you referred to as my
husband.

PETER

(carelessly)

Oh, I forgot to tell you. I
registered as Mr. and Mrs.

(the matter-of-fact
way in which he
says this causes
her eyebrows to
lift)

ELLIE

Oh, you did? What am I expected to
do—leap for joy?

PETER

I kind of half expected you to
thank me.

ELLIE

Your ego is colossal.

PETER

(blithely)

Yeah. Yeah, not bad. How's your's?

There is silence for a moment, and Peter proceeds with the
unpacking of his suitcase. As she watches him, Ellie's
mood changes from one of anger to that of sarcasm.

ELLIE

(appearing in a
CLOSE-UP, her face
disdainful)

Compared to you, my friend,
Shapeley's an amateur.

(sharply)

Whatever gave you an idea you can
get away with this! You're
positively the most conceited—

PETER'S VOICE

(interrupting)

Hey, wait a minute!
(appearing beside
her)

Let's get something straightened
out right now. If you've any
peculiar ideas that I'm interested
in you, forget it. You're just a
headline to me.

ELLIE
(frightened)
A headline? You're not a newspaper
man, are you?

PETER
Chalk up one for your side. Now
listen, you want to get to King
Westley, don't you? All right,
I'm here to help you. What I want
is your story, exclusive. A day-to-
day account. All about your mad
flight to happiness. I need that
story. Just between you and me
I've got to have it.

ELLIE
Now isn't that just too cute?
There's a brain behind that face
of yours, isn't there? You've got
everything nicely figured out, for
yourself, including this.

PETER
This? Oh, that's a matter of simple
mathematics. These cabins cost two
bucks a night and I'm very sorry
to inform you, wifey dear, but the
family purse won't stand for our
having separate establishments.
(he goes back to
the business of
laying out his
things)

ELLIE
(starting to leave)
Well, thank you. Thank you very
much, but— you've been very kind.

(but the rain outside
causes her to
hesitate)

PETER

Oh, yeah? It's all right with me.
Go on out in the storm, but I'm
going to follow you, see? Yeah.
And if you get tough I'll just
have to turn you over to your old
man right now. Savvy? Now that's
my whole plot in a nutshell. A
simple story for simple people.
Now if you behave yourself, I'll
see that you get to King Westley;
if not, I'll just have to spill
the beans to papa. Now which of
these beds do you prefer? This
one? All right.

While he speaks he has taken the extra blanket from the
cot and hung it over the clothes line. This manages to
divide the room in half.

A CLOSE VIEW at the door shows Ellie watching him with
interest.

ELLIE

(sarcastically)

That, I suppose, makes
everything—uh—quite all right.

PETER

(the previous scene
returning)

Oh, this?—I like privacy when I
retire. I'm very delicate in that
respect. Prying eyes annoy me.

(he has the blanket
spread out now)

Behold the walls of Jericho![4]
Maybe not as thick as the ones
that Joshua blew down with his
trumpet, but a lot safer. You see,
I have no trumpet.

(taking out pajamas)

Now just to show you my heart's in
the right place, I'll give you my

best pair of pajamas.

He flings them over to her, and she catches them and throws them on her cot. Throughout the scene she hasn't budged from the door, but Peter now prepares to undress.

PETER

Do you mind joining the Israelites?

ELLIE

You're not really serious about this, are you?

PETER

(seen at close range,
going about the
job of undressing
very diffidently)

All right, don't join the Israelites. Perhaps you're interested in how a man undresses.

(and he hangs his
coat over the chair)

Funny thing about that. Quite a study in psychology. No two men do it alike.

(now his shirt is
coming off)

A CLOSE VIEW of ELLIE shows her standing stubbornly.

PETER'S VOICE

I once knew a chap who kept his hat on until he was completely undressed.

(chuckling)

Made a comical picture . . .

As the scene includes both of them, Peter spreads his shirt over his coat.

PETER

Years later his secret came out.
He wore a toupee.

He lights a cigarette diffidently while she remains brazenly watching him, her eyes flashing defiantly.

PETER

I have an idiosyncrasy all my own.
You'll notice my coat came
first—then the tie—then the
shirt—now, according to Hoyle,[5]
the pants should come next. But
that's where I'm different.
(he bends over)
go for the shoes first. After that
I—

ELLIE

(unable to stand it
any longer)
Smart aleck!

And thoroughly exasperated, she goes behind the blanket, and plops on the cot. She sits on the edge, debating what to do, feeling herself trapped. Her impulse is to leave, if only to show this smart aleck he's not dealing with a child, and she rises impetuously and moves to the window.

A CLOSE VIEW at the WINDOW shows her looking out. The downpour has not abated one bit, and the heavy raindrops clatter against the window pane in a sort of challenge to Ellie, whose jaw drops. She turns slowly back to the room, and as she does so her eyes light on the cot. It looks most inviting; after all, she hasn't had any rest for two nights. She falls on the cot again, her shoulders sagging wearily. Following this, the VIEW reveals both sides of the blanket. Peter is already in his pajamas.

PETER

Still with me, Brat?
(there is no answer
from Ellie)
Don't be a sucker. A night's rest'll
do you a lot of good. Besides,
you've got nothing to worry about.
The Walls of Jericho will protect
you from the big bad wolf.

A CLOSE VIEW shows ELLIE glancing over at the blanket. Despite herself, the suggestion of a smile flits across her face.

ELLIE

You haven't got a trumpet by any

chance, have you?

PETER gets the idea and smiles broadly.

PETER

Not even a mouth organ.

Pulling the covers back, he prepares to get into bed, humming as he does so.

PETER

(humming to himself)

Who's afraid of the big bad wolf—

The big bad wolf, the big bad wolf.

(louder)

She's afraid of the big bad wolf,

Tra-la-la-la-la—

(he springs into

bed)

Ellie smiles, and wearily she pulls her hat off her head. She sits this way a moment, thoughtfully; then, determined, she looks up.

ELLIE

Do you mind putting out the light?

PETER

Not at all.

(He leans over and

snaps it off)

The room is thrown into darkness except for a stream of light coming in the window from the night-light outside the camp. Visible are Peter's face and arms as he stares ceilingward, while on Ellie's side all we can see of her is her silhouette, except for such times as she gets in direct line with the window. There are glimpses of her as she moves around in the process of undressing, and we see, or rather sense, her dress dropping to the floor. She now stands in her chemise; this being white silk, it stands out more prominently against the darkness. She picks up the pajamas and backs into a corner, following which a CLOSE-UP of her head and shoulders shows her glancing apprehensively toward Peter's side of the room; and holding the pajamas in front of her with one hand, with the other she slips the strap off her shoulders. She flings her "slip" over the blanket.

PETER, on his side of the room, looks toward the blanket, and reacts to the "slip" coming into sight. Then other undergarments join the "slip" on the blanket.

PETER
(hoarsely)
Do you mind taking those things
off the Walls of Jericho?
(a pause)
It's tough enough as it is.

ELLIE'S VOICE
Oh, excuse me.
(and we see the
underthings flipped
off the blanket.)

Ellie's side of the room appears, showing her crawling quickly into bed, pulling the covers over her and glancing apprehensively in Peter's direction—following which a CLOSE VIEW shows PETER being very conscious of her proximity. The situation is delicate and dangerous; the room is a tangle with sex. He turns his gaze toward the blanket. The VIEW moves to the BLANKET, remaining on it a moment. It is a frail barrier. The VIEW then moves back to Peter, whose eyes are still on the blanket, his face expressionless. A CLOSE VIEW of ELLIE, next shows that she, too, has her eyes glued on the blanket, a little fearfully. She turns her head and gazes at the ceiling for a moment. Then suddenly her eyes widen—and she sits up abruptly.

ELLIE'S VOICE
(seriously)
Oh, by the way—what's your name?

PETER
(seen close; turning
his head toward
her)
What's that?

ELLIE
(both sides of the
blanket coming
into VIEW)
Who are you?

PETER

Who, me? Why, I'm the whippoorwill
that cries in the night. I'm the
soft morning breeze that caresses
your lovely face.

ELLIE

(interrupting)

You've got a name, haven't you?

PETER

Yeah. I got a name. Peter Warne.

ELLIE

Peter Warne? I don't like it.

PETER

Don't let it bother you. You're
giving it back to me in the morning.

ELLIE

(flopping back on
her pillow as she
mumbles)

Pleased to meet you, Mr. Warne ...

PETER

The pleasure is all mine.

There is silence between them for a few seconds.

PETER

I've been thinking about you.

ELLIE'S VOICE

Yes?

PETER

You've had a pretty tough break at
that. Twice a Missus and still
unkissed.

Ellie doesn't like the implication, and glares in his
direction as Peter's voice continues:

PETER'S VOICE

(meaningly)

I'll bet you're in an awful hurry

to get back to New York, aren't
you?

ELLIE
(hard)
Goodnight, Mr. Warne.
(she turns over)

PETER
Goodnight.

He also turns his head toward the wall, and the scene FADES
OUT.