

BLUE MOON

by

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Inspired by the Letters of Lorenz Hart and Elizabeth Weiland

Detour Filmproduction



**CONFORMED SCRIPT**  
**JAN. 9, 2025**

"He was alert and dynamic and fun to be around."

--Oscar Hammerstein II

"He was the saddest man I ever knew."

--Mabel Mercer

1 EXT. NEW YORK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

1

SUPER: November 18, 1943

Raining. An alley near Broadway. Silhouetted by a harsh electrical fixture, we see the shadowy figure of the 48-year-old LORENZ HART, wearing his topcoat like a cloak. His cigar glows, and he's talk-singing to himself. While his voice suggests he may have been drinking, he is not remotely incoherent. As he lurches among the garbage cans, he sings a fragment of the 1926 song "Everything Happens to Me" to music heard only in his head.

HART

(talk-singing)

"I telegraphed and phoned. I sent  
an air mail special too. Your  
answer was goodbye and there was  
even postage due. I fell in love  
just once, and it had to be with  
you."

Triple rhyme.

"Everything happens to me."

He stumbles to a stop.

HART (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck!

He's slowly collapsed to the ground, near some trash cans.

OPENING CREDITS SEQUENCE

As we pull slowly away from him in the alley, we HEAR the scratchy recording of an archival radio obituary.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

WQXR notes the passing of one of  
America's foremost songwriters,  
Lorenz Hart, who died last night at  
Doctor's Hospital in Manhattan from  
complications of pneumonia. Mr.  
Hart was 48 years old. For over  
twenty years, Hart and his partner  
Richard Rodgers (Rodgers wrote the  
music; Hart the words) combined  
their respective geniuses to create  
a string of musical-comedy hits...

1

CONTINUED:

1

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
...Often referred to as America's  
Gilbert and Sullivan, Rodgers and  
Hart will be remembered for such  
songs as "My Funny Valentine," "The  
Lady is a Tramp," "Where or When,"  
"With a Song in My Heart," "Isn't  
it Romantic," "My Heart Stood  
Still," "Bewitched," "I Didn't Know  
What Time It Was," "Manhattan," and  
"Blue Moon"....

SUPER: Seven Months Earlier

Wednesday, March 31, 1943--opening night of Oklahoma!

2

INT. ST. JAMES THEATER - NIGHT

2

We are in a box seat with Hart and an elderly woman, his  
mother FRIEDA.

Down below, on stage, largely out of focus, a CHORUS of  
COWBOYS sings an ode to statehood. The song's charms have  
clearly eluded Hart who is cradling his forehead in misery.

COWBOY CHORUS  
(singing)  
We know we belong to the land.

HART  
Here comes grand...

COWBOY CHORUS  
(singing)  
And the land we belong to is grand!  
And when we say:  
Ee-ee-ow!  
A-yip-i-o-ee-ay!  
We're only sayin',  
"You're doin' fine, Oklahoma!"

Hart rises.

HART  
I need a drink.

FRIEDA  
Lorry!

HART  
I'll see you later, Ma.

COWBOY CHORUS  
Oklahoma, O-K-L-A-H-O-M-A,  
Oklahoma. Yeeow!

The cowboys hurl their hats into the air.

3 EXT. 44TH STREET - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT 3  
Moving across the street towards a bar/restaurant.

4A INT. SARDI'S BAR - ENTRANCE/MAIN BAR AREA - NIGHT 4A  
It is about ten thirty on the same evening: Caricatures of theatrical celebrities fill the walls. The bar is still relatively empty; we see EDDIE, the bartender (energetic, humorous, round-framed glasses) and a FEW COUPLES. MORTY RIFKIN, working part-time as a cocktail pianist, is dressed in a military uniform with a Signal Corps lapel pin; he's playing "Manhattan."

For the first time, we get a good look at Lorenz Hart, a diminutive man with thinning hair, now 47 years old, dressed in a perfectly-tailored dark-blue banker's suit with a handkerchief in his pocket which matches his tie. He enters with a rumpled S. Klein's shopping bag under his arm, an unbuttoned topcoat draped over his shoulders. As Hart sits at the bar, the bartender matter-of-factly pulls out a pistol from beneath the bar and aims it at Hart.

EDDIE  
All right. For the last time, put the letters on the table.

HART  
If Lazlo and the Cause mean that much to you, you won't stop at anything. All right, I'll make it easy on you.  
(puts down shopping bag and stands)  
Go ahead, shoot. You'd be doing me a favor.

EDDIE  
Just remember, I got this gun pointed at your dick.

HART  
That's my least vulnerable spot.

The pianist, by this time, has figured out the scene they're parodying; he segues into "As Time Goes By." Hart nods to the pianist as if to say: Good, you got it.

EDDIE  
Jesus Christ, how many times have we seen that picture?

HART  
Worst line in *Casablanca*? "Well, a precedent is being broken."  
(savoring its stupidity)  
A precedent is being broken? How can you break a Goddamn precedent? Do they even speak English over there in Hollywood?  
(MORE)

4A

CONTINUED:

4A

HART (CONT'D)

Still, you have to love Claude Rains. He makes that picture. You know why he's so great? He's a leading man, and he's short. Which proves you can be both. And I love this: He says to Ilsa, "Mademoiselle, he's the kind of man that--if I were a woman and I were not around--I should be in love with Rick." Think about it: Whom does he end up with at the end of the picture? Who's strolling away together arm in arm into the fog?

EDDIE

You're saying Rick and Captain Renault...

HART

What do you think goes on over there at the Free French garrison in Brazzaville? That is a scene they can't show you. OK: best line in *Casablanca*?

EDDIE

(doing Bogart)

"Nobody ever loved me that much."

HART

"Nobody ever loved me that much." Isn't that magnificent? Six words. "Nobody ever loved me that much." And, really, who's ever been loved enough? Who's ever been loved half enough? Would you get me a shot?

EDDIE

Larry, you told me under no circumstances--

HART

I'm just gonna look at it. Take the measure of its amber heft in my hand.

EDDIE

You told me not--

HART

Just give me the drink.

He watches Eddie pour.

HART (CONT'D)

Did I tell you what Elizabeth told me--that's the girl I'm meeting me here tonight?

EDDIE

You mean the one you--

4A

CONTINUED:

4A

HART  
Eddie, Eddie, Eddie.

EDDIE  
What?

HART  
Show some class, all right? Her  
mother is gonna come walking in  
here any second.

EDDIE  
Sorry.

HART  
(studies his hands as he  
lights a cigar)  
Seriously: I adore this girl. And,  
I'm telling you, this is beyond  
sex.

EDDIE  
What's beyond sex?

HART  
I don't understand it. She's  
completely undeserving. But isn't  
that the way it always is?  
Irrational adoration. That's the  
phrase she came up with. She's a  
poet, too. Did I tell you that?  
Oh, and would you give me a shot of  
club soda? I'll drink one and  
admire the other.

EDDIE  
So this girl...  
(lowers voice)  
You really, you know, with a twenty  
year old college girl?

HART  
It is more complicated than you can  
possibly imagine. Leave the  
bottle. It's a visual poem.

EDDIE  
You're not giving me any details  
here.

HART  
You know what my secret goal is for  
the rest of this year? I'm  
serious. Really. My secret goal  
is to: Stop being so scared. I'm  
47....

4B

INT. SARDI'S BAR - MAIN BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

4B

Flower Delivery Guy/Sven (tall, Nordic-looking) enters with a modest-sized vase of carnations.

SVEN  
(checking bill)  
Elizabeth Weiland. For--

HART  
Those are mine! Jesus, that is all you get for five dollars?

SVEN  
Plus delivery, yes.  
(verifying name on bill)  
Lorenz Hart? You know, I kind of think I've heard that name before.

HART  
You just earned yourself a dollar tip, kid! A precedent is being broken.  
(pulling a pencil from his jacket pocket to sign the receipt, speaks to Eddie)  
Hey, she gave this to me.  
(re: pencil)  
Mailed it all the way from New Haven because I said I wanted something she'd actually touched. Christ, it's like I'm seventeen again, except I never was seventeen. I went directly from childhood to washed-up. Eddie, get the kid a drink. Would you?

SVEN  
No thanks. I'm working.

HART  
Christ, that's when you should be drinking. What's your name? Sven, am I right?

SVEN  
Troy.

HART  
Oh, even better. Listen Sven, are you free tonight? Eddie, would you get the kid a Goddamn shot? 'Cause I am throwing an enormous party at my place. All of show business is going to be there. I've booked the Golden Gate Quartet! I'm serious. I want you to show up. Bring a friend. Bring a dozen friends. It's gonna be like nothing you've ever seen before. I'm up at the Ardsley, you know?

(MORE)



4B

CONTINUED:

4B

HART (CONT'D)

Ninety-first, on the Park.  
(scribbles down address  
with his pencil)  
Just tell the desk-clerk that  
you're with Lorenz Hart's party.  
You're gonna need to know the  
password. Are you ready for the  
password? "Nobody ever loved me  
that much."

Sven smiles and downs the shot.

HART (CONT'D)

(re: drinking)  
Slow! Now that is a beautiful  
sight.

Takes the shot glass from Sven and inhales its fumes.

SVEN

You don't drink?

HART

(talk-sings)  
"After one whole quart of brandy,  
Like a daisy I awake."

You know that song?

SVEN

No, no.

Morty Rifkin, the cocktail pianist in uniform, is trying to  
follow along.

HART

(talk-sings)  
"My funny Valentine,  
Sweet comic Valentine..."

SVEN

I really don't listen to the radio  
that much.

HART

You said you know my name! You  
don't know one Rodgers and Hart  
song?

SVEN

I know, I just can't really  
remember...

HART

(talk-sings)  
"I'll take Manhattan,  
The Bronx and Staten..."

Blank look.

4B

CONTINUED:

4B

HART (CONT'D)  
We were on the cover of Time Magazine! My picture is on the wall right...Eddie, where's my picture?

EDDIE  
They move 'em around.

HART  
What do you--

MORTY RIFKIN  
Well, how about this one?

He plays and sings the opening to "Blue Moon."

MORTY RIFKIN (CONT'D)  
(sings)  
"Blue moon."

SVEN  
I know that one!  
(sings)  
"You saw me standing alone."

Sven, Morty Rifkin, and Eddie all sing together.

TOGETHER  
"Without a dream in my heart,  
Without a love of my own."

HART  
Worst Goddamn lyric I ever wrote!

SVEN  
You wrote that?

HART  
Wasn't even supposed to be the title!

SVEN  
I like that song.

HART  
I'll take my tip back.

Sven has left. Hart calls after him.

HART (CONT'D)  
I want you at my party, Sven!

Turns to Eddie.

4B

CONTINUED:

4B

HART (CONT'D)

Doc Bender said to me the other night--after I told him I'd proposed to Vivienne again--she turned me down, again--he said, "Larry, make up your mind. Are you homosexual or heterosexual?" I said: "Doc, I'm 'ambisexual.' He said: "What the hell does that even mean?" I said: "It means I can jerk off equally well with either hand."

EDDIE

Larry! There's a lady present.

HART

Well, women can use either hand, too. But, to be a writer you have to be kind of omni-sexual, don't you? You have to have, inside yourself, you know, everyone on earth. Men, women, horses--how can you give voice to the whole chorus of the world if the whole chorus of the world isn't already inside you? Eddie, what do you call a tireless, relentless homosexual?

EDDIE

(weary)  
Huh?

HART

"Indefagitable."

Eddie doesn't get it.

4C

INT. SARDI'S BAR - MAIN BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

4C

Hart reaches for a shot of Old Grand Dad. But he stops; wags his own warning finger; then raises his glass of club soda.

HART

(toasts the others)  
To the great and glorious past.  
When it all mattered so much.  
(to Rifkin)  
Keep playing. You're good.

MORTY RIFKIN

Oh, thank you. I'm an aspiring composer.

HART

Aspiring? That means you're breathing, right? I better take your name down in case I need a new partner.

4C

CONTINUED:

4C

Hart's reached into his jacket pocket for a piece of paper: he's found a folded Playbill, a wartime issue with a flag printed on the cover.

EDDIE

Hey, did you go to the opening tonight?

HART

(re: Playbill)

Oklahoma! With an exclamation point, no less. FACT: Any title that feels the need for an exclamation point, you want to steer clear of.

(to pianist)

What did you say your name was again?

MORTY RIFKIN

Morty. Rifkin. But I go by the name of Morty Rafferty.

HART

No one could possibly guess you're Jewish.

MORTY RIFKIN

Wha'dja think of Oklahoma?

MOVING IN CLOSER

HART

What did I think of Oklahoma? Well, Knuckles--Knuckles O'Rifkin--that's what I'm gonna call you. I saw the show a couple of times in previews in New Haven, back when they were still calling it Away We Go! Exclamation point. And I felt sure Dick was gonna call me: "Larry, we're in big trouble. I need you to funny up the show. We need some big comedy numbers." And I was all ready to say: "Dick, instead of all this corn-pone Americana, let's do a send-up of corn-pone Americana!" I was already writing lyrics in my head--I couldn't stop.

MORTY RIFKIN

And did he call you?

4C

CONTINUED:

4C

HART

Are you kidding? He was too busy writing more hits...I sat in my box seat tonight, and watched Oklahomo- exclamation-point down there glittering in all it's pink lights, and all those cowboy hats and twirling lassos, and I knew two things with absolute certainty: It was a 14-carat hit, and it was a 14-carat piece of shit.

EDDIE

Friend of mine saw it in previews? Said it was one of the best shows he'd ever seen.

HART

The show is fraudulent on every possible level. And this is not jealousy speaking. OK? I watched that show tonight and I felt this just great...sinking in my heart. And all around me people are roaring. They are roaring at third-rate jokes. I wanted to grab the audience by the shoulders and say: "What are you laughing at? Come on. Demand more." And Rodgers is a genius. I say that without one second's hesitation. You're a piano player; you know that I'm right.

MORTY RIFKIN

Yeah, he's pretty good.

HART

Pretty good! There is no one with his range. His inventiveness. Great, soaring, masculine melodies building like pile-drivers. I mean, Rodgers is a cold-hearted son-of-a-bitch, but he can get a melody to levitate. And that is the hallmark of great art: Levitation.

(talk-sings)

"I've got a beautiful feel-ing..." That's the moment. You hear that? When your spine glows and the whole apparatus of songwriting suddenly breaks free from gravity. There's maybe five people on the planet that can pull that off. And that son-of-a-bitch is one of 'em.

And then, oy, "words by Oscar Hammerstein the second".... What can I say about Oscar? He's gonna come striding in here any second: all seven and a half feet of him.

(MORE)

4C

CONTINUED:

4C

HART (CONT'D)

And you know Dick deliberately went with somebody tall this time. You know that? But what can I say about Oscar? He's so... earthbound. And, let's face it, most of us are earthbound. But there are moments, I swear to God, there are moments in my work when I have made something bigger than myself.

MORTY RIFKIN

I agree. Definitely.

HART

Thank you. The words were bigger than the music; bigger than the characters who sang them--and they approached--for maybe one half-second--something immortal. Excuse my limitless self-regard, but they did, and if nobody else is gonna say it, then I'm going to. I have written a handful of words that are going to cheat death.

EDDIE

Spoken with the modesty of a true lunatic.

HART

Hey, when Shakespeare wrote Not marble nor gilded monuments/of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme, did people say, "My God what an ego?" No. They said "He is a genius, and he knows his work is going to last."

EDDIE

So now you're Shakespeare?

HART

Look, Oklahoma! is gonna win the Goddamn Pulitzer. I know that. High schools are gonna put it on from now til doomsday because it is so inoffensive. But, really, who wants inoffensive art? Knuckles! Are you listening to me! I'm trying to answer your question!

Morty plays "Look For the Silver Lining."

HART (CONT'D)

Is this why God put us on the planet? To not offend people? The problem with Oklahoma! is this--and the problem was right there in the original play, "Green Grow the Fucking Lilacs." And Dick first showed that play to me! All right?

(MORE)

4C

CONTINUED:

4C

HART (CONT'D)

He asked me to adapt it first. And I said no. And I don't mind that it's nostalgic, but Oklahoma!-exclamation-point is nostalgic for a world that never existed. And do you really want to write a show where the main character's name is Curly? Oh, here's an idea for a song: "Hey, Moe! Hey, Larry! I Just Stepped in Cow Shit!"

(does Curly knuckle business)

I mean, am I bitter? We write together for a quarter a century and the first show he writes with someone else is gonna be the biggest hit he ever had? Am I bitter?

EDDIE

Larry...

HART

Fuck yes. But I need to tell you about Elizabeth. I need to cleanse my heart.

EDDIE

Here we go, the twenty-year-old--

HART

She's gonna come in here any second.

MORTY RIFKIN

Rodgers is gonna be here tonight, right?

HART

Don't worry, I'll introduce you.

MORTY RIFKIN

That'd be great. I'm trying to get somebody to listen to my songs.

HART

Listen and learn. I'm telling you about Elizabeth. There's something appealingly...ethereal about her face.

EDDIE

What the fuck does that mean?

HART

Look, I got her all these presents.

He rummages through the rumpled shopping bag he's placed on the bar.

4C

CONTINUED:

4C

EDDIE  
You bought her something from  
Klein's?

HART  
She's gonna love this.

From the bag he removes a sprig of purple flowers, a small,  
battered-looking framed painting and an old novel (Of Human  
Bondage) still in its yellowing dust jacket.

EDDIE  
Yeah, but that's used shit? What  
are you doing?

HART  
This is an authentic first-edition.  
You don't understand the magic and  
the mystery of this girl.

Eddie sighs in agony.

HART (CONT'D)  
I have been waiting for this my  
whole life. It's what Somerset  
Maugham says in that thing, you  
remember?

EDDIE  
Me?

HART  
Yeah. "There's always one who  
loves and one who lets himself be  
loved." ...That's the truth, isn't  
it? Of course, you know you're in  
trouble when you're looking for the  
meaning of life in a book with the  
word "bondage" in the title.

EDDIE  
Larry, she's a girl. Right? OK.  
See, I always thought your  
interests went more towards--

HART  
My interests? So now you're going  
to analyze me? Thank you, Doctor  
Bacardi. Look, I met her at  
rehearsals for By Jupiter. And  
she's not an actress. She's a  
college student. Sophomore. Yale.  
Not the general school; that's for  
guys. This is the School of Fine  
Arts! Bohemian goddesses in gray  
smocks mixing paint in morning  
light. She's all of twenty years  
old.

EDDIE  
And you're--what?



4C

CONTINUED:

4C

HART  
A youthful 47! You know what I  
call her in my letters? My  
irreplaceable Elizabeth! Can you  
believe it? If I could write  
what's in my heart this second I  
would have the entire audience  
levitating. Oklahoma! would close  
in shame if it could hear eight  
bars of what's in my heart. And  
I've been in eight bars tonight so  
I know what I'm talking about.

(Morty plays a little  
vaudeville sting; Eddie  
steals a glance at his  
wristwatch)  
Last summer I found myself awake at  
4:30 in the morning. And all I'd  
done the previous five hours. What  
the hell are you lookin' at your  
watch for?

EDDIE  
Larry, I'm working here.

HART  
What the hell do you think I'm  
doing? And I'm not even getting  
paid. All right.

4D

INT. SARDI'S BAR - MAIN BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

4D

Sven re-enters.

SVEN  
More flowers.

HART  
Eddie, get Sven another drink!

Eddie pours another drink. This time Sven is carrying an  
enormous vase of red carnations bursting with blooms.

SVEN  
For Richard Rodgers.

HART  
Jesus, how much did those cost?

SVEN  
Sixteen dollars. Plus delivery.

HART  
(grabs the gift card and  
reads)  
"Dick: I've got a beautiful  
feeling, everything's going your  
way. Love, Dorothy." She's quoting  
Oscar?

4D

CONTINUED:

4D

As Eddie signs for the flowers, Hart sneaks a shot of whiskey.

HART (CONT'D)  
I write with her husband for 24 years and she's quoting Oscar? Ninety-first, on the Park. The Ardsley. We'll be going late.

SVEN  
All right. Well, thanks again fellas.

Sven exits. Renee enters.

RENEE  
Good evening.

HART  
Indulge me for one second. Let me recreate for you Elizabeth.

EDDIE  
Enough! Did you screw her or not?

HART  
Show some class, Eddie. Knuckles, may I speak with you?

MORTY RIFKIN  
Sure, yeah. So, did you screw her or not?

4E

INT. SARDI'S BAR - MAIN BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

4E

Voices offscreen, and a tall, green-eyed, ethereal-looking YOUNG WOMAN with short, blonde hair enters carrying a garment bag.

HART  
Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH  
Larry!

He's walking toward her.

HART  
My irreplaceable Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH  
I'm so happy to see you.  
Do you like the hair?

HART  
I love it. It's much better than the red.

4E

CONTINUED:

4E

ELIZABETH  
I think so.

HART  
I mean, I liked the red, too. But  
this is much more...other-worldly.

ELIZABETH  
I have to go set up for the party.

HART  
No, no, no - I got you some  
flowers!

ELIZABETH  
Aw, I'm overwhelmed.

HART  
Well, I have that effect on people.

ELIZABETH  
I have so much to tell you.

HART  
Like what?

ELIZABETH  
I've been writing in my journal  
again.

HART  
I hope you let me read it.

She takes the card from the smaller vase.

HART (CONT'D)  
No, no, no, no, the big one.

She looks at the card in the other, tiny flower vase.

ELIZABETH  
And these are what Richard Rodgers  
is getting? Larry, my mother would  
die if she saw this. With your  
permission...

She switches the gift cards, gives Larry a sweet smile.

HART  
Permission granted.

ELIZABETH  
That guy I told you about?

HART  
Cooper.

ELIZABETH  
It finally happened.

4E

CONTINUED:

4E

HART

No!

ELIZABETH

Yes. On my birthday. The night of my 20th birthday. Pretty dramatic actually. You could write a play about it.

HART

A musical.  
(title in lights gesture)  
He Has Risen.

ELIZABETH

Larry!

HART

It's an Easter musical! It's very religious!

ELIZABETH

Let me clarify by saying it almost happened.

HART

Clarify immediately!

ELIZABETH

I'm gonna tell you the whole story later.

HART

No, I demand to know the shorthand version now.

ELIZABETH

The shorthand version? ...OK...  
(picking her words carefully)  
The skin on his back was flawless.... Gotta run. You're going to introduce me to Richard Rodgers, right?

HART

Before the evening is over, you're going to get a huge handful of Dick.

ELIZABETH

Larry! You're so vulgar!

She scoops up the small flower vase as if it were an embarrassment; takes her garment bag and heads upstairs to set up the party.

We notice MORE THEATER-GOERS entering the bar.

4F

INT. SARDI'S BAR - MAIN BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

4F

EDDIE

Handful of Dick, that's funny.  
Hey...

HART

I'm writing an entire musical about her. It's inspired by those Frank Capra war pictures: Why We Fight...This one will be called: (title-in-lights gesture) Why We Fuck. ...And the big ballad at the end will be: "The Skin On His Back Was Flawless."  
(staring where she stood)  
Of course, when you're twenty what other commodity do you have to trade in on except your body? You haven't done anything, right? Can you imagine what Elizabeth would write if she saw my back? "The skin on his back looked like a white bed sheet someone had thrown-up on. His pecker looked like the horn of a retarded unicorn."

Larry picks up shot-glass of Old Grand Dad. Considers it.

HART (CONT'D)

Just one to get me through  
congratulating him.

He moves to drink the shot.

EDDIE

(gently admonishing)  
Larry.

HART

(toasts Eddie)  
To the skin on her back. Like  
every other part of her: flawless.

He drinks it down with the relish of someone who's been missing something he dearly loves.

HART (CONT'D)

How can so much pleasure be  
compressed into so small a  
container? That's it. Absolutely  
no more. Agreed?

Morty plays "It Ain't Necessarily So."

HART (CONT'D)

God I miss Gershwin. I bet I saw  
Porgy and Bess more times than any  
other person in this city. Best  
line in Porgy: "When Gawd made  
cripple, he mean him to be lonely."

4F

CONTINUED:

4F

EDDIE  
Did you ever think your entire  
life is a play and that, you know,  
99 percent of the people in it they  
got no lines, you know? They're  
just like extras. And you, you're  
just an extra in their play?

HART  
Deep. Very deep.

EDDIE  
I got thoughts, too, you know.

HART  
Really? I thought you were just an  
extra.

EDDIE  
Will somebody get these fucking  
flowers off my bar?

(Off screen)

WAITER  
Ok!

Hart looks to where Elizabeth exited. Gestures to Eddie to  
refill his shot glass; Eddie gestures "Enough."

In the background, "ANDY" WHITE, melancholy-looking, 44 years  
old, in a rumpled suit and wire-rim glasses, has taken a seat  
at a solitary table near the bar. He scribbles something on  
the small memo pad he always keeps with him. Quietly orders.

HART  
You've got to see her as I did.

EDDIE  
I just seen her.

HART  
No, the first time. If you can't  
see that, you can't understand what  
this whole night is about.

EDDIE  
I'm beginning to think you didn't  
screw her.

"Andy" White at his table near the bar has begun to eavesdrop  
on this conversation.

HART  
(takes out a deck of cards)  
I wanna practice this trick on you  
before I do it for her.  
(lowers voice)  
**(MORE)**

4F

CONTINUED:

4F

HART (CONT'D)

And I'm not showing it to her as a trick. I'm showing it to her as an experiment--to prove there's an extra-sensory link between us. She believes in all that horseshit, you know? Talking for twenty minutes about psychokinesis. I don't understand a fucking word she's saying. I'm sitting there nodding, thinking: Is she really wearing a grape-colored brassiere?

He cuts the deck of cards a few times.

HART (CONT'D)

And later I'm going to teach you Boys my own card game.  
Cocksucker's Rummy!

EDDIE

Larry. Language.

HART

You're offended by the word cocksucker? All right, I won't use it. I give you my word as a cocksucker. But let me tell you about the first time I saw her.

EDDIE

I think I'd rather see the card trick.

MORTY RIFKIN

Me, too.

HART

You know what the sexiest thing on the planet earth is? A half-erect penis.

EDDIE

Jesus Christ, Larry, nobody wants to hear this.

HART

I'm not talking to you.

EDDIE

Who you talking to?

HART

Me. I gotta talk to somebody interesting. I mean it though. A half-erect penis is a promise. A fully-erect penis is an exclamation point--as a writer it offends me; it's too loud; it's too adolescent; the story's already over. But a half-erect penis: Is it going?

(MORE)

4F

CONTINUED:

4F

HART (CONT'D)

Or is it coming? But women appeal to me precisely for their absence of penises.

EDDIE

Me too.

HART

They live in a much more interesting emotional landscape than we do. A landscape we can only dream about. But this evening is not about landscapes. It's a portrait of Elizabeth, and only Elizabeth.

EDDIE

Here we fucking go again.

HART

Wait, you saw she was beautiful, right? I mean, if not classically beautiful, then, what's the right word...

Gropes for the perfect adjective.

EDDIE

Nice tits. Small but very inviting.

HART

I wish I could paint her. That seems to me the most intimate way of looking at a person. At the same time, the least sentimental. To accurately reproduce the planes of her face.

(sculpts her face in the air)

The two tiny freckles on her left cheek.

(notices White)

You look familiar. I've seen your picture somewhere...

White shrugs.

HART (CONT'D)

You're a writer?

White raises his pen in acknowledgement.

4G

INT. SARDI'S - WHITE'S TABLE - MAIN BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS 4G

Hart abandons the cards and moves towards White's table.



4G

CONTINUED:

4G

HART  
Then you will appreciate this  
story. Because it concerns the...

ANDY WHITE  
...Ineffable?

HART  
That's the perfect word.  
(snaps fingers)  
Christ! You're E.B. White! You're  
"Andy" White!

White nods in modest acknowledgement.

Hart seats himself at White's table.

INTIMATE: THE TABLE

HART (CONT'D)  
I cannot tell you how much I enjoy  
your essays. Nothing has given me  
more pleasure; I am in love with  
your language.

ANDY WHITE  
Thank you.

HART  
I'm in love with your punctuation.  
You can't move a single comma. Am  
I right? I mean, you're a  
musician, White.

White holds up hands in protest.

ANDY WHITE  
You're the musician.

HART  
You know, you, above all people,  
will appreciate this story. This  
girl. Elizabeth. I can't do my  
act for her.... You know what I  
mean? She wouldn't be interested.  
She never asks me about me. Never.  
And it isn't so much indifference,  
I think, as much as we both  
recognize that she's legitimately  
more interesting than I am. And I  
genuinely mean that. Did you guys  
see her hair? That's what I first  
noticed when she walked into the  
theater last July. It was as if  
she were breathing different air  
than I was.

ANDY WHITE  
I like that.

4G

CONTINUED:

4G

HART

I'm telling you, White, she would make a great musical! And not one Goddamn corn stalk in the whole show! And, fellas, just for the record: "The corn is as high as an elephant's eye" is the stupidest lyric in the history of American songwriting. Yes, it makes perfect sense; and, yes, it scans, but the image of an Oklahoma cornfield with a fucking elephant standing in the middle of it?

EDDIE

I like elephants.

HART

Yeah, we all like elephants, Eddie. Look, Andy, I need you to see this. I'm listening to her talk. But I couldn't tell you a single word she said 'cause all I'm really thinking is:

(sings)

"Wait till you feel the warmth of her glance/Pensive and sweet and wise." I was writing about her when I wrote that lyric. Three perfect words, in the perfect order. And, you tell me, what other lyricist could've gotten away with *pensive*?

ANDY WHITE

What song was that?

HART

Just telling you, when I'm good, I'm *really* good. Just the *sound* of it! That's what a writer does? We wear our vulnerability like a cloak for all the world to witness.

ANDY WHITE

I like the word cloak.

HART

That's 'cause it's an antique. Like us. Can I get you another drink?

ANDY WHITE

Sure. Why not?

HART

I can think of a thousand reasons why not. But they don't compete with the reasons why.

Indicating to Eddie to bring over the alcohol.

4G

CONTINUED:

4G

HART (CONT'D)

Eddie, pass the Lord and praise the house-physician! Another round. Just a little. You know what I loved in that essay you wrote about Florida? That line: "The sea answers all questions, and always the same way... 'So soon?'" Jesus. To take a sound, and transform it into...what?...a sigh of eternity.

ANDY WHITE

My diminutive gift.

Toasting White.

HART

To the poetry that pours down on us from a thousand unexpected sources.

White toasts him back.

ANDY WHITE

To your poetry.

HART

Look, she's twenty; I'm 47. Let's discuss this like two sensible alcoholics. It was, in the beginning everything was exactly as it seemed: I was...

(grandly)

...her mentor. And I suppose I was, you know? The "grand old man" of the theatre. In her eyes. I'm over at the Shubert rehearsing By Jupiter - the show is a holy mess. And I'm having this debate with Johnny Green about the lyrics to "Give My Regards to Broadway." I remember as a kid falling in love with that song.

(talk-sings the last two lines of the song)

"Give my regards to old Broad-way,  
And say that I'll be there 'ere long."

I knew instantly, even as a kid, that what gave that line its speed, its inevitability, was the inner rhyme. And not just the "there/'ere." But the other one. The "way/say." The line should logically be give my regards to old Broadway and tell them that I'll be there, but to change the verb to SAY made all the difference...

(to Morty)

Knuckles, you know any Cohan?

4H INT. SARDI'S - MORTY'S STATION - MAIN BAR AREA -CONTINUOUS 4H

Marty plays the opening of "Over There." The guys join in.

SINGING

"Over there, over there, send the word, send the word over there. That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming, the drums drum-drumming everywhere... We'll be over, we're coming over, And we won't come back till it's over Over there."

HART

You know what the Yanks really sang in the great war? We won't come back, we'll be buried over there!" And they were.

ANDY WHITE

Total number of deaths in the Great War: thirty seven million... I think maybe the adjective "great" should never precede the word "war."

HART

Amen to that. What does God think when he looks down on his creation and sees that under the Noblest of Motives we sent thirty seven million people to their grave?

ANDY WHITE

That's why it's raining all the time. God is weeping.

HART

Well I'm a patriot. I am.  
(to Morty)  
I mean, you're a soldier. God bless you. But how many are going to die this time around?

ANDY WHITE

Will we even be able to put a number on it?

MORTY RIFKIN

I'm on leave. Taking care of my mother.... She's more terrified than I am.

HART

When do you ship out?

4H CONTINUED:

4H

MORTY RIFKIN  
In two weeks they're sending me  
back to that hotbed of enemy  
activity: Bradley Beach, New  
Jersey. I'm teaching Morse code at  
the Hotel Grossman.

HART  
Ah, Bradley Beach, where enemy  
agents stroll the boardwalk  
disguised as elderly Jewish women  
in furs.

Pause.

EDDIE  
I used to play hide the sausage  
with a girl knew a girl from  
Bradley Beach.

MORTY RIFKIN  
Oh yeah?

ANDY WHITE  
Did you read that piece in Life  
about Guadalcanal? That before the  
battle, the soldiers were skipping  
silver dollars in the water?  
Instead of stones. 'Cause they  
knew they were never coming  
back....

Pause.

EDDIE  
I couldn't enlist. My eyes.

HART  
What's the matter? They open?

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a Playbill, and hands  
to White.

HART (CONT'D)  
Speaking of people who are not  
coming back, I would like you to  
read this. It's from the By  
Jupiter playbill.

White begins reading to himself.

HART (CONT'D)  
Out loud!

He reads to everyone as Hart delights over each phrase.

ANDY WHITE  
"Rodgers and Hart: They're as  
different as a dachshund and a  
dromedary.

(MORE)

4H

CONTINUED:

4H

ANDY WHITE (CONT'D)

One likes opera and home life; the other goes for night clubs and people. One is married and has two children; the other is single and supports bartenders.

HART

You're welcome Eddie.

ANDY WHITE

The little fella (that's Larry) smokes cigars, big, black, small, brown--any kind; while Dick (that's Rodgers) only uses cigarettes. One goes to bed about four-thirty every morning; the other never dissipates."

HART

Perfect verb! Right?

ANDY WHITE

"Despite their physical and temperamental differences, however, their intellects complement each other like ham and eggs. Their individual songs number well over a thousand.

EDDIE

A thousand songs?!

ANDY WHITE

They disagree violently, but they never fight, and in the twenty-odd years they've been practicing their craft they have never worked with anyone but each other...

HART

(to Eddie)

Until now...

Andy looks up at Larry, who takes a drink.

ANDY WHITE

Impressive.

HART

I wrote it myself. And not one single mention of Blue Fucking Moon. I sent Elizabeth some of my sheet music. No response...I don't get it.

EDDIE

She's a bitch.

HART

That's what they're gonna put on my tombstone.

4H

CONTINUED:

4H

EDDIE  
She's a bitch?

HART  
Lorenz Milton Hart. He Didn't Get It. And people will come to my gravesite and say, "You know what? I didn't get it either."

MORTY RIFKIN  
I definitely didn't get it.

EDDIE  
Hey, Larr, I get it!

HART  
So listen, Elizabeth and I--had a weekend. We actually did. One passionate, transcendent weekend. End of last summer. Before she went back to Yale. It's the closest I've ever felt in my life to pure selflessness. It was nuanced. It was deep.

EDDIE  
How deep exactly?

HART  
Listen, clown. I met her, and the first thing I said to her was: "Excuse me, but you have the best style of anyone in this theatre." I wish I had a photograph of that moment--I wish I had a photograph of every moment I've spent with her. I'm having trouble getting this right. I'm trying to pin down... Oh Andy, help me. What's the right word?

ANDY WHITE  
...enchantment.

HART  
And you know how hard that is.

Hart gets more intimate. The others lean in to hear.

HART (CONT'D)  
I couldn't believe that it was me she wanted to talk to. I kept looking around the theatre: there must be somebody else she's interested in. But no! She's plunking herself down in the theatre seat right next to me. As close as modesty will allow. And my heart is actually racing. And I don't ever feel this way.  
(MORE)

4H

CONTINUED:

4H

HART (CONT'D)

Not for men or for women. But she's wearing this yellow sundress. And it is hot in the theatre. And she's talking to me for hours! Bare leg draped over the armrest. And I know this sounds like I'm some middle-aged putz with a crush on a pretty co-ed--and maybe that's what it is. But, you know something, maybe that's not what it is. Sometimes I feel--and don't laugh--after a lifetime of blindly colliding into strangers, we've finally found a friend.

ANDY WHITE

Maybe that's the definition of enchantment.

HART

One light-filled weekend! I've gotta finish telling you this before she comes back. Are you listening to me?

EDDIE

Yeah, she got her legs draped over the thing.

HART

It was as if all the love lyrics I had ever written had, like some sort of verbal ectoplasm, suddenly taken human form.

EDDIE

Ecto what?

A group of people enter noisily. Hart looks around with apprehension. The play has clearly let out; the after-party is beginning.

HART

(to White)

That might be her mother. She cannot hear this.

EDDIE

What about me?

HART

You're just an extra.

EDDIE

OK, but I still get paid, right?

5

INT. SARDI'S BAR - MAIN BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

5

PT 1:



5

CONTINUED:

5

Hart leans forward to pull White more intimately into his story.

HART

Absolutely. It's important to me that I nail this down. It was a boiling hot summer weekend, and I asked, with all the casualness I could counterfeit, if she'd like to, you know, escape the heat of the city? Spend the weekend with me on Lake Dunmore in Vermont! And without a moment's hesitation she said, "I'd love to, Larry." Oh, I'm telling you, Andy, this is my type of girl. I'm sorry, excuse me, I'm babbling; but how else do you describe the actual present tense of falling in love?

ANDY WHITE

(gently)

Is that what this is?

HART

Maybe. I mean, I haven't done anything wrong, OK? I haven't violated the Mann Act or even the Middle-Aged Man Act. I bought her this painting of Lake Dunmore. Bought it off this old salt Vermonter. I bought it so that she might remember.

ANDY WHITE

I once did a little canoeing up around there.

LAWRENCE LANGNER, theatrical producer, passes by. We hear the RISING SOUND of the first-nighters entering the bar.

LANGNER

Hey, Larry.

ANDY WHITE

...And then?

HART

Act Three. Later that day. She's in the warmth of the cabin there's a pennant from Fort Ticonderoga pinned to the wall. She's wearing this blue men's work shirt with the sleeves rolled up: all of her suddenly available to me: this gift of youth and brain and clavicle...I touched her shoulder.... And as some hack once scribbled: "My heart stood still."

(MORE)

5

CONTINUED:

5

HART (CONT'D)

She took my hand and said, "Larry,  
let's save this for another day."  
And all I can tell you, my friend,  
is there is a real possibility that  
tonight is "another day."

PT 2:

The NOISE of the first-nighters has crescendoed with the  
appearance of the writers of Oklahoma!

WEEGEE

Clearing back a little bit.  
Ladies, beautiful, beautiful!  
Rodgers! Yeah, beautiful!

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

(to fans)

I appreciate that. Thank you so  
much.

HART

Now time for the real performance  
of the evening.

HART (CONT'D)

(re: his whiskey bottle)

Eddie, Eddie. Eddie, get rid of  
this!

6

INT. SARDI'S BAR - MAIN BAR AREA / LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

6

Hart moves off to adjust his appearance in the bar mirror.

EDDIE

Hey, so did he fuck her or not?

ANDY WHITE

...He thinks tonight might be the  
night.

EDDIE

(sympathetically  
frustrated)

Awwwwwww... Larry, Larry, Larry...

ANDY WHITE

(quietly, compassionately)

What do you think she sees in him?

EDDIE

I think she sees a rich and famous  
guy who can help her career.

ANDY WHITE

...I think she recognizes she's  
being adored by one of the great  
appreciators of beauty.

6

CONTINUED:

6

EDDIE  
You know what else I think?

ANDY WHITE  
Yeah?

EDDIE  
I think she is wearing a grape-colored brassiere.

WEEGEE  
All right, Rodgers. Gentlemen, please let's get one. Beautiful. Come on. All right, big smile! Beautiful.

HART  
(walking back into scene)  
Dick! Dick! My God!

RICHARD RODGERS, youngish-looking 40, enters. With him are OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 48, and a 12 year-old boy, STEVIE. Hart hugs Rodgers warmly, immediately.

HART (CONT'D)  
The show is going to run twenty years! It's going to be bigger than Abie's Irish Rose!

RODGERS  
We'll see.

HART  
And much more goyish, so it can tour.

RODGERS  
Well, thanks for coming, Larry.

HART  
Oh, Oscar!

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II  
(shaking hands)  
Larry.

HART  
You get taller every time I see you. What can I say: the lyrics are brilliant. Poetic when they need to be poetic; funny when they need to be funny. Not a rhyme out of place, easy on the ear. "I'm just a fool when lights are low." Perfect. Did you hear me applauding?

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II  
I think you were the loudest person in the entire theater!

6

CONTINUED:

6

HART  
That's because I loved it more than  
anyone else in the entire theater!

Elizabeth is walking breathlessly through the scene, carrying  
some trays upstairs.

She's gone.

Rodgers is shaking a surrounding circle of congratulatory  
hands.

HART (CONT'D)  
Let me get you boys a drink.

He grabs two drinks from passing waiter and offers them.

RODGERS  
Oh, no thank you.

Larry realizes Elizabeth is passing by with a waiter.

RODGERS (CONT'D)  
Hey, Larry, you got a few minutes?  
Give us a minute. Excuse us,  
Oscar.

7

INT. SARDI'S BAR - SMALL TABLE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 7

**PT 1:**

Rodgers is pulling Hart towards a small table in the  
dining room.

RODGERS  
So, Dwight Wiman and I have been  
talking about bringing back A  
Connecticut Yankee.

HART  
Terrific!

RODGERS  
Yeah, I'm thinking of asking  
Vivienne Segal.

HART  
Mein Gott! It's gonna run longer  
than Oklahoma! I'll buy fifty  
seats myself. I've got a new  
title: "Ohhhhhhh, Camelot!"

RODGERS  
Well I think we're gonna stick with  
A Connecticut Yankee.

HART  
Camelot Exclamation Point?

7

CONTINUED:

7

RODGERS  
OK, come on, I'm being serious  
here.

HART  
I'm always serious. That's why  
people find me so funny.

RODGERS  
So I was thinking, if you feel--up  
to working, then maybe...

HART  
I've never felt better in my life,  
Dick.

GLADYS  
Congratulations Dick. I don't want  
to bother you, I just, we all just  
loved it.

RODGERS  
Oh, you did.

GLADYS  
It's going to be a big hit.

HART  
It is.

RODGERS  
Thank you. Thank you. It's  
Gladys, right?

GLADYS  
Yes! Yeah.

RODGERS  
Yes, nice to see you.  
(to Larry)  
Yeah, I was--I was thinking, not  
just a revival, I was thinking a  
whole new book. We were thinking  
four or five new numbers.

HART  
That I write?

RODGERS  
Of course that you write - that we  
write together. It's been 16  
years, you know that, since we did  
that show - it needs updating.  
Don't you think?

HART  
1927! The Vanderbilt!

7

CONTINUED:

7

RODGERS

Yeah, it can be the new Rodgers and Hart show for the fall. New gags. New songs.

HART

New references. We'll satirize the whole war. Rationing, rubber drives, nylon drives... A new number for Vivienne.

RODGERS

Go easy with the satire, Larry.

FAN #2

Very nice job. Very nice piece.

RODGERS

Appreciate it. Thank you.

HART

(rubs hands, improvising)  
There came a lull,  
then Cordell Hull  
sent orders from above:  
"I'm sorry, girls,  
Put down your pearls.  
'Cause now we're rationing love!"

RODGERS

And how do we get Cordell Hull into Camelot?

HART

Who cares! It's funny!

Langner, who's been on the phone getting information, interrupts.

LANGNER

Dick! From the New York Journal American: "as enchanting to the eye as Richard Rodgers's music is to the ear."

HART

Nice.

RODGERS

OK. That's good. Good start.  
(back to Larry)  
So, are you up for that? Are you feeling healthy, is that something you could take seriously...

HART

I'm on the wagon, Dick. I'm serious. Been drinking ginger ale all night. Well, except for this second. 'Cause this second we have to celebrate.

(MORE)

7

CONTINUED:

7

HART (CONT'D)

This is the greatest musical in the history of American theatre.

RODGERS

No, no. I'm not drinking with you Larry.

He snatches a bagel off a passing tray, at the same time calling over to the news photographer, WEEGEE.

HART

OK, OK, all right. Weegee! Weegee! Shoot this!

RODGERS

What? Oh, no. Larry I gotta...

HART

Rodgers and Hart: together again!

Larry puts his arm around Rodgers.

WEEGEE

All right, closer! C'mon, closer!

Weegee fires the flashbulb.

HART

I want ten copies of that.

WEEGEE

Great. Write me a check.

Weegee exits upstairs.

RODGERS

So, you think you're up to that?

HART

It's the best idea I've heard in 16 years. At the same time, I think we should be dreaming about something completely new. Don't you agree? New Rodgers and Hart! Something people haven't seen before. Something big!

RODGERS

Let's start with the revival first.

HART

Absolutely.

RODGERS

We'll take it one step at a time.

HART

But, hear me out.

7

CONTINUED:

7

RODGERS  
Because I really think we can have  
a future together.

HART  
Who doesn't think that?

RODGERS  
But I want to be one of those  
composers who works with, you know,  
other lyricists.

HART  
Like Arlen. Kern. You love Kern.

RODGERS  
I love Kern. I wanted to be Kern.  
But we have to work like  
professionals, Larry.

HART  
Since when haven't I worked like a  
professional?

RODGERS  
I want to work at specific times in  
the morning, in my office. I want  
to adhere to a schedule.

HART  
That's what we do.

RODGERS  
I don't want to spend anymore time  
looking for you, Larry.

HART  
Well, I'm right here! Small as  
life! Look!

RODGERS  
You know what I mean. I don't want  
to be calling up your mother at  
nine o'clock in the morning, so  
that, maybe, you might roll out of  
bed at noon.

HART  
Dick--

RODGERS  
I just don't want to do what we  
did. That's all I'm saying. It's  
a business, that's all. Maybe I  
shouldn't bring it up tonight, but  
I don't know, I wanted--I wanted  
to...

HART  
All I want is to--



7

CONTINUED:

7

FAN #3

That was your best one yet. Really.

RODGERS

All right, thank you.

(back to Larry)

Who is that?

HART

All I want is to write a show we both love.

RODGERS

Yeah, I feel the same way.

LANGNER

Dick! Burns Mantle just called it "the most thoroughly and attractively American musical comedy since Show Boat."

Rodgers takes this in, while still listening to Larry.

RODGERS

Since Show Boat? Wow. That's good.

FAN #4

Truly spectacular.

RODGERS

Thank you, nice to see you.

HART

I have to fall in love with a show, Dick. I have to want to right that show more than anything in the world, to be in that audience, sitting there not missing a single word.

RODGERS

All right, well we start with A Connecticut Yankee; four or five numbers, and we go from there--

Rogers starts to drift away. Hart follows.

HART

OK, Look. Here's what I'm thinking: The Adventures of Marco Polo.

FAN #5

Dick, Dick! Wonderful show.

RODGERS

Oh, thank you so much. Nice to see you.

7

CONTINUED:

7

HART

Just big. Bigger than Jumbo.  
Epic. A three-ring musical circus.  
The show lasts four hours with a  
dinner break! It's grand comic  
opera.

He guides him a little way through the dining room, just  
around the corner where Larry sits down on a bench and  
Rodgers stands in the divide between rooms.

HART (CONT'D)

And the stage set is the world! We  
satirize everybody. And you get to  
satirize them musically--we send up  
every national musical cliché there  
is. The France number, the Italian  
number; when they get to the Heart  
of Darkness, the cannibals are  
doing Porgy and Bess.

(talk-sings)

"Bess, you is my dinner now!"

RODGERS

Jesus, Larry. Come on.

HART

This show is going to have the  
scope of a novel. It will be the  
greatest challenge you've ever had  
as a composer. And what grounds it  
all, what lets the audience enter  
this story is the girl.

RODGERS

(interested, despite  
himself)

A girl?

HART

This ethereal girl whom Marco Polo  
has left behind. She's half his  
age, but it's the first time he's  
felt that inkling of love in years.  
Maybe ever. He swears in the first  
scene--we set this up like Benedick  
in Much Ado--he swears that he's  
beyond the reach of any woman. He  
scorns love; and we do a whole  
number satirizing love songs!

RODGERS

Larry, I want to write shows that  
have some emotional core to them,  
that's what I want...

FAN #6

Dick, great music, great show!

7

CONTINUED:

7

RODGERS

Hello! How are you? Thank you,  
I'll take that. You're a tough  
critic.

FAN #6

Oh, thank you.

RODGERS

Thank you.

HART

Remember, we established in the  
first scene that he's anti-love?  
Then he meets the girl. She's this  
sort of free-spirit, Scandinavian-  
looking with two freckles on her  
left cheek. It's absurd--

RODGERS

Don't do that.

HART

She lives, socially,  
psychologically, sexually, in  
another universe than he does--but  
he is slain. He stands there  
paralyzed in the light of her pale  
green eyes. This is the greatest  
explorer in the history of the  
world--and none of it means  
anything to him--unless it's a way  
to make her see him. That is the  
emotional core of the story. We  
take this legendary, larger-than-  
life man, and we make him bleed.

A couple approaches.

MAYOR

Mr. Rodgers. My name is Robert  
Hefner; I'm the mayor of Oklahoma  
City. Eve and I travelled all the  
way to New York just to see the  
show.

RODGERS

That's terrific.

Larry's not having it.

HART

Welcome to New York. We're  
finishing a conversation, he'll be  
with you in two minutes. Does that  
sound good?

RODGERS

Two minutes, I'll be right with  
you. Thank you. I hope it was  
worth it.

7

CONTINUED:

7

MAYER

It certainly was.

RODGERS

Good to see you. Thank you.

They walk away awkwardly.

RODGERS (CONT'D)

All right, so come on, come on,  
come on, come on. And they end up  
together? Come on.

HART

That's what the audience is waiting  
around to find out! That's the  
engine that's driving the whole  
story.

RODGERS

All right, well look, Larry, if  
you're willing to write it, really  
write it, and rewrite it, and  
rewrite it again, then, you know,  
it could work. But I'm not gonna  
beg you for this, Larry. You know?  
We work for fifteen minutes--you're  
out the door looking for a cigar  
store. It drives me--it drives me  
really crazy. I don't like it. I  
don't want to do it anymore.

HART

We've worked like that for 24  
years.

RODGERS

That's exactly what we've done for  
24 years.

INVESTOR WELL-WISHER

Congratulations Dick!

RODGERS

Thank you.

INVESTOR WELL-WISHER

It's about time the Guild had a  
Goddamned hit.

RODGERS

Yeah. You're absolutely,  
absolutely right.

(to Larry)

Anyway, I'm not gonna--I'm not  
gonna fight with you, Larry.

HART

Who's fighting?

7

CONTINUED:

7

RODGERS

I don't know...with a war on...do audiences really wants to watch cannibals singing Porgy and Bess.

HART

And what do audiences want to watch? Cowboys a-whoopin'-it-up at the box social?

RODGERS

Well, yes. Apparently.

HART

Oh, that's right, I forgot: Oklahoma Exclamation Point addresses the urgency of a nation at war.

RODGERS

I think every serviceman in that audience tonight thought about what we're fighting for, even for a second or two, he thought about it.

HART

And what is it we're fighting for, exactly - feisty little girls in gingham dresses who cain't say no?

RODGERS

OK, all right...

HART

Dick, Dick, Dick, come on, just between you and me, those characters are unrecognizable as human beings.

RODGERS

I think plenty of people recognized them. They recognized love.

PRODUCER

He needs rescuing, big time.

RODGERS

They recognized family. They recognized pride in their country.

HART

You're starting to sound like Yankee Doodle Dandy.

RODGERS

I think there's significantly more there to recognize, Larry, than a bunch of singing cannibals.

7

CONTINUED:

7

HART  
But, cannibals are much funnier,  
admit it.

OSCAR (O.S.)  
Dick, you want to come and read  
these!

RODGERS  
Yeah, hang on! Hang on, be right  
there.

HART  
OK, OK, OK, OK. I know exactly  
what you mean. Just tell me...what  
do you really want to write?  
What's your dream show?

RODGERS  
My dream show? Oklahoma.

HART  
I mean, next.

RODGERS  
We're talking about getting the  
rights to Liliom.

HART  
The Molnar play?

RODGERS  
Yeah.

HART  
That was cornball in 1909! You  
really want to write a musical  
about a carnival barker who beats  
up his girlfriend dies...

RODGERS  
I think it'll work.

HART  
Comes back. Yeah, and, at the end,  
all the dead people could take off  
their halos and go: "Ohhhhhhh--  
Purgatory!"

Look, I will do it if you force me  
to; it's just in my heart of--

RODGERS  
I'm not forcing you to - Oscar's  
gonna do it.

Pause. A cheer, off-screen, from the well-wishers as they  
hear another review.

7

**CONTINUED:**

7

HART

And what does Oscar know about turn-of-the-century Budapest?

RODGERS

He's gonna Americanize it. He's gonna modernize it. We're going to set it in Maine.

HART

Maine! Right, with all due respect, modernizing Molnar is a deeply misgui--

LANGNER

You gotta read this!

RODGERS

Is it the Times?

LANGNER

Burton Rascoe's World Telegram review - it's a rave.

RODGERS

Good.

LANGNER

We'll have the Times any moment.

RODGERS

OK. Larry, I've gotta go.  
(exiting)  
The Times is coming. Wish me luck.

HART

Mazel tov! As they say in Maine.

**PT 2:**

Hart wanders back to the bar.

8

INT. SARDI'S BAR - MAIN BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

8

**PT 1:**

HART

(to White)

What does Dick Rodgers know of Maine? He was bar-mitzvahed for Chrissake! How long are they gonna keep selling that fairy tale? Have faith, have hope, the dead will arise to comfort us! Like fuck they will. Give me another shot, Eddle. A real one. Join me for a shot, Andy? Please.

Eddie pours him a drink.

8

CONTINUED:

8

EDDIE  
How ya holding up?

Hart is silent, then turns to White.

HART  
...You know how in a marriage they  
say "for better or for worse"? I  
think in terms of my life, I've  
entered the "for worse" part, and  
it happened so quietly I didn't  
even recognize it.  
(moves towards White)  
Have you ever felt that way?

ANDY WHITE  
Every day of my life.

HART  
Sometimes I think: "Even God is  
finished with me" I've had my  
hits; I've loved a small, dear  
collection of people. And now he's  
turned the page. I  
feel...superannuated.

EDDIE  
Superannuated...that's a good  
thing, isn't it?

HART  
(turns towards him)  
It means your dick doesn't work.

EDDIE  
Must be why I don't know that word.

White raises an index finger.

ANDY WHITE  
Put me on the list.

Beat.

ANDY WHITE (CONT'D)  
You notice the birds are back in  
Central Park?

HART  
What are you working on these days?

ANDY WHITE  
...Children's book. Must have  
burned myself out writing those  
essays.... It's not going well. I  
think, as far as my writing goes,  
I've also entered the "for worse"  
part.



8

CONTINUED:

8

HART

What's your story about?

ANDY WHITE

I wish I knew...The journey  
everybody takes? Searching for  
what's perfect and unattainable?

HART

The ineffable!

ANDY WHITE

Probably too elusive an idea to put  
into a children's book.

HART

I have a line for you: "He chased  
her around the bed all night before  
concluding she was ineffable."

ANDY WHITE

Sure you don't mean "uneffable"?

HART

Better. You know, I'm in the park  
every morning, liberating this  
mouse I keep catching in my  
kitchen.

ANDY WHITE

Yeah?

HART

I have this little glass box that  
captures the mouse but doesn't kill  
him. And every morning I walk into  
my kitchen, and there he is, at the  
bottom of the refrigerator, my  
little brown mouse--happily eating  
the cracker I left for him. And  
every morning I carry him down to  
the park--open the box, he leaps  
out ten feet, scurries into the  
underbrush. And then the next  
morning, I'll be damned, he is back  
in the box!

ANDY WHITE

How do you know it's the same  
mouse?

HART

Well, he certainly looks the same.  
He has that same New-York look of  
doomed hopefulness. But how does  
he get up the 19 floors?

ANDY WHITE

Maybe he's tipping the doorman.

8

CONTINUED:

8

HART  
You know, this morning he wasn't there? Just the cracker lying in the box. I actually missed the little fella. I really did. I think I've started to identify with him.

ANDY WHITE  
Does he have a name?

HART  
I'm calling him Stuart.

ANDY WHITE  
...With a "w" or a "u"?

HART  
A "u." Nothing fancy. Just a regular middle-class mouse.

More cheers from the dining room.

HART (CONT'D)  
I think you'll have to excuse me. All this jubilation has gone to my bladder.

LANGNER (O.S.)  
(reads)  
Oscar Hamerstein the second brings dramatic and imaginative--  
(continues reading)  
devising original dances that fit the story. Oklahoma is fresh, life, colorful, and enormous--

Hart moves towards the men's room.

White scribbles a note on his memo pad.

**PT 2:**

BACK AT BAR

The CIGARETTE GIRL has been flirting with Eddie.

LANGNER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(reads)  
Richard Rodgers has written a show with the finest musical scores any musical play ever had.

EDDIE  
OK, I got something funny. What do you call a tired homosexual?

CIGARETTE GIRL  
I don't know.

8

CONTINUED:

8

Painful pause.

EDDIE  
Fuck, I forgot.

CIGARETTE GIRL  
That's really funny.

LANGNER (O.S.)  
(reads)  
The play's spine tingling, out of  
this world!

9

INT. SARDI'S BAR - MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

9

PT 1

Morty Rifkin is washing his hands. Hart can't stop talking.

HART  
You know, when Atkinson wrote that  
review for Pal Joey--you remember  
that? "Drab and mirthless" "Can  
one draw sweet water from a foul  
well?" I cried. That's how hurt I  
was. I cried in Vivienne Segal's  
arms. She hugged me and said,  
"History is going to prove him  
wrong, darling." Wasn't that the  
sweetest thing in the world for  
somebody to say? And she actually  
calls me darling.

Hart stands at the urinal and continues talking.

MORTY RIFKIN  
Wow.

HART  
Time magazine wrote, "For those who  
can park their morals in the lobby,  
Pal Joey is a wow." What kind of  
piece-of-shit praise is that? I'm  
talking about Pal Joey.

MORTY RIFKIN  
Right. I didn't see that one.

Marty's trapped, not sure if he can leave the bathroom.

HART  
Wolcott Gibbs--he loved the show.  
He said it was "a song and dance  
production with living three-  
dimensional figures, talking and  
behaving like human beings."

9

CONTINUED:

9

MORTY RIFKIN

See? There you go. You're still going to introduce me to Rodgers tonight, right?

We hear a flush. Larry emerges.

HART

Urination for me has turned into a two-act play. With a brief intermission. I love Vivienne. God help me. Her compassion. Did I tell you she calls me darling? We were up at the Starlight Roof; I turned to her and I said "Vivienne, will you please marry me." That's what I told her. Right to her face. Can you imagine having the courage to say that to a woman?

MORTY RIFKIN

...I've never had the courage to even dream of saying that.

HART

It was a moment. Let me tell you. Two AM the band was playing "I've Heard That Song Before." She said: "I love you, darling, just not that way." ...Not. That. Way. Three little words. Ten little letters. That mean: Game over, schmuck.

Rifkin moves to leave the men's room. Hart follows, still talking.

HART (CONT'D)

"Think it over," I told her. I took her hand in mine. Her nail polish was pale gray....

**PT 2:**

A cheer is heard from outside.

Hart and Rifkin reenter the main dining area.

10

INT. SARDI'S BAR - MAIN DINING AREA/LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

10

Rodgers is standing there with a drink; holding a scribbled piece of paper. Surrounding him stand Oscar Hammerstein, little Stevie, and a throng of FRIENDS.

RODGERS

Now I can drink.  
(playing to the crowd)  
May I remind everybody what Mike Todd said about Oklahoma!  
(MORE)

10

CONTINUED:

10

RODGERS (CONT'D)

in New Haven: "No laughs, no tits,  
no chance"? We have a change now.  
All right read that out. OK, wow.

LANGNER

Wonderful. This is what Nichols  
said in the Times:

(reads)

"Wonderful is the nearest  
adjective, for this excursion of  
the Guild combines a fresh and  
infectious gayety, a charm of  
manner, beautiful acting, dancing  
and singing, and a score by Richard  
Rodgers which doesn't do any harm  
either, since it is one of his  
best."

Langner continues. Various friends have drifted even closer  
to Rodgers and Hammerstein. Everyone's face is beaming.

LANGNER (CONT'D)

"Mr. Rodgers's scores never lack  
grace, but seldom have they been so  
well integrated as this for  
'Oklahoma!' He has turned out  
waltzes, love songs, comic songs  
and a title number which the State  
in question would do well to adopt  
as its anthem forthwith."

Friends applaud.

Larry moves towards the bar, unsure what to feel.

LANGNER (CONT'D)

"'Oh, What a Beautiful Morning,'  
and 'People Will Say We're in Love'  
are headed for countless juke-boxes  
across the land."

Friends applaud and offer bravos.

LANGNER (CONT'D)

"--and a dirge called 'Pore Jud'--  
in which the hero of the fable  
tries to persuade his rival to hang  
himself--is amazingly comic. 'The  
Farmer and the Cowman' and 'The  
Surrey with the Fringe on the Top'  
also deserve mention only because  
they quite clearly approach  
perfection. "

HART

(suddenly turning back  
towards Rodgers)  
Read that part again.

10

CONTINUED:

10

LANGNER  
"...because they quite clearly  
approach perfection."

HART  
Put that on the marquee! "Quite  
clearly approaches perfection."

LANGNER  
Come on, everybody! Party  
upstairs! Cake and champagne.

HART  
Oh, Oscar! Bravo, bravo.  
(to Rodgers)  
Can I speak with you for a moment?

RODGERS  
Can we talk later--

HART  
No, no, no, it's just a second. I  
have something important to say.  
Just a moment with the musical  
genius. I just have one thing I  
want to tell you, Dick. Just one  
second, Dick. It's important.

Hart steers Rodgers a few feet towards the staircase where  
they can speak a little more intimately.

11

INT. SARDI'S BAR - STAIRCASE LANDING - CONTINUOUS

11

HART  
I remember when I first heard about  
you, you were just Morty Rodgers's  
little brother; what, were you  
seventeen?

RODGERS  
Sixteen!

HART  
Yeah, I was 23.

FAN #7  
Swell job.

RODGERS  
Yeah, you were the wise old man of  
the mountain.

HART  
But when I first heard you play  
your stuff, I knew you had it. I  
wasn't entirely convinced that I  
had it, but I heard something that  
afternoon: originality, melody,  
grace...

11

CONTINUED:

11

He can't go on.

RODGERS

Come on. Come on, Larry. Stop it.  
Come on, what's the matter with  
you?

HART

You worked your whole life for this  
night, Dick. Nobody's worked  
harder.

(hugs Rodgers awkwardly)  
And nobody deserves it more.

RODGERS

All right, thanks. Thanks, Larry.  
Thank you.

HART

All right, that's what I wanted--  
just go enjoy your party.

RODGERS

Hey, look at me. Look at me - we're  
going to do a Connecticut Yankee,  
all new. We're gonna write four or  
five new songs.

HART

I have ideas already. And if I get  
some pages down for Marco Polo, can  
I send them over?

RODGERS

You have to ask me that? Larry, I  
owe my professional life to you.

HART

(talk-sings)  
"Summer journeys to Niagara,  
And to other places aggravate all  
our cares--"

RODGERS

You remember we heard that on the  
radio for the first time?

HART

In your parents' living room. Our  
first hit.

RODGERS

That was one of the most  
astonishing moments of my life,  
Larry. I was 22.

HART

And, I'm telling you, I swear to  
God, our best work is still ahead  
of us.

11

CONTINUED:

11

RODGERS  
Yes, the new Connecticut Yankee!

HART  
Yeah, yeah. And bigger stuff.

FRIENDS (O.S.)  
Dick, get up here.

RODGERS  
All right. I'm coming!

HART  
I mean, Marco Polo is gonna be a show about joy--but a hard-earned joy. An unsentimental joy.

RODGERS  
Something wrong with sentimental?

HART  
What? It's too easy.

RODGERS  
Oklahoma! is too easy? The guy actually getting the girl at the end is too easy? You've just eliminated every successful musical comedy ever written, Larry--

HART  
Then it's too easy for me.

RODGERS  
Did you hear the audience tonight?

HART  
Yes.

RODGERS  
Sixteen hundred people didn't think it was too easy. You're telling me sixteen hundred people are wrong?

HART  
I'm just saying that you and I can do something so much more emotionally complicated. We don't have to pander to what audiences--

RODGERS  
Oscar and I are pandering?

HART  
I didn't say that.

RODGERS  
Irving Berlin is pandering?



11

CONTINUED:

11

HART  
I love Berlin.

RODGERS  
"White Christmas" is pandering?

HART  
Well, I don't believe "White Christmas."

RODGERS  
OK. Well, maybe audiences have changed.

HART  
Well, they still want to laugh.

RODGERS  
They want to laugh, but not in that way.

The words catch Hart.

HART  
Not in what way?

RODGERS  
In your way. They want to laugh, but they also want to cry a little. They want to--they want to feel... You're my oldest friend and, you're unique.

HART  
Sounds like you're writing my obituary.

RODGERS  
I'm just saying.

HART  
I'm right here, right now. Ready to work.

RODGERS  
Yeah? And you're willing to go back to Doctor's Hospital?

HART  
I don't need to go back to Doctor's Hospital. And I don't need a psychiatrist either, thank you very much.

RODGERS  
We were just trying to help you, Larry.

HART  
Who's we? You and Oscar? Help me?

11

CONTINUED:

11

RODGERS  
Oscar? You think Oscar had  
anything to do with it?

HART  
Oklahoma! is going to be the  
biggest hit of your career.

RODGERS  
You don't know that. You don't  
know that.

HART  
You got that asshole Kron to manage  
my money. Now I'm incapable of--

RODGERS  
I did that at the insistence of  
your brother, Larry. Teddy  
literally begged me--

HART  
Well, maybe you and Teddy  
should write the lyrics--

RODGERS  
I did write the lyrics.

HART  
What is that supposed to mean?

RODGERS  
For By Jupiter? Have you  
conveniently blocked that out?

HART  
Blocked what out?

RODGERS  
How Logan and I begged you for  
extra choruses, extra verses, and  
you were so drunk that you didn't  
even show up, so yes, I had to  
write the lyrics. I wrote the  
lyrics, absolutely.

HART  
You didn't write one fucking word  
of that show.

RODGERS  
How would you know? How would you  
know, Larry? You weren't around to  
even--you know what, I'm actually  
not gonna argue with you tonight,  
if that's all right with you.

HART  
I like to argue.

11

CONTINUED:

11

RODGERS  
Well I don't. I don't

Rodgers moves to leave.

HART  
Look, I am sorry. I don't care if  
somebody attacks me. It doesn't  
mean anything to me. But nobody can  
attack my work. It is all I've got.

RODGERS  
Your work is brilliant. That's not  
the problem. Your work has been  
brilliant since the day I met you.

HART  
Do you still remember that?

RODGERS  
You, standing there in your carpet  
slippers and your stripy bathrobe,  
with the five o'clock shadow at  
eleven AM. I'll remember that till  
the last day of my life. Larry, I  
got to go upstairs--the whole  
company's waiting.

HART  
I know, of course. Of course.

Rodgers smiles as he moves to exit.

RODGERS  
Four or five songs, yes.

HART  
(calling up after him)  
I'm telling you, I'm having ideas  
already! A big comedy solo for  
Vivienne about how she's killed off  
every single one of her previous  
husbands!

RODGERS  
Might be funny.

Rodgers disappears upstairs.

HART  
We can call it: "To Keep Our Love  
Alive!"

Rodgers has gone.

RENEE  
You OK, Larry?

HART  
Mmm-hmm.

12 INT. SARDI'S - MAIN BAR AREA/WHITE'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS 12

Hart drifts back to main bar.

The crowd has largely moved upstairs to the party room.

MAIN BAR AREA

HART  
What happened to White?

EDDIE  
Left.

HART  
"So soon?"

HART (CONT'D)  
There was so much more I wanted to  
say to him.

EDDIE  
Maybe he was an extra, too.

HART  
(re: his shot glass)  
One more.

EDDIE  
Last one, Larry.

Hart sits back at bar.

HART  
(to Morty)  
Do you know the ineffectual  
blues?... That's because I haven't  
written it yet.  
(to Eddie)  
They should put my picture on that  
bottle. "The Whiskey That Made  
Lorenz Hart Unemployable. Buy War  
Bonds."

(to Morty)  
You know, I've started to hear  
things wrong. The other night I  
was listening to this singer go on  
about "her cigarette heart." And I  
thought: now that is an original  
metaphor: my cigarette heart. Then  
I realized she was singing "my  
secret heart."

(back to Eddie)  
I can't remember anything anymore  
either. That should be the title  
of my autobiography: Stop Me If  
I've Told You This Already. And  
we'll print the entire text twice.

Elizabeth's laughter is heard as she descends the stairs.  
Larry looks over to see her in a beautiful evening gown.

12

CONTINUED:

12

She's breathless, exhilarated, holding a glass of red wine, laughing and talking with a GEORGE ROY HILL.

ELIZABETH

No, I'm serious. I've seen her do it before.

GEORGE ROY HILL

As long as there's no dancing later on in the night.

ELIZABETH

You better watch yourself--

13A

INT. SARDI'S BAR - MAIN BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

13A

Hart instinctually gets up and moves toward her.

HART

My irreplaceable Elizabeth!

He hugs her.

ELIZABETH

Larry!

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(re: her dress)

Do you like it? Oscar Hammerstein just said I was a gem!

HART

He has such a way with words.

ELIZABETH

(to suitor)

George, this is Lorenz Hart.

GEORGE ROY HILL

(ambitious ass-kisser)

I am legitimately honored to meet you.

HART

Would you mind if I spoke to Elizabeth alone for two minutes? And then she's all yours.

GEORGE ROY HILL

It would be perfectly all right as long as you promise me your autograph before I go.

He hands him his playbill.

ELIZABETH

George is a senior at Yale. He's studying music, but he wants to be a director.

13A

CONTINUED:

13A

HART  
A director. Well what's your name?

GEORGE ROY HILL  
George Hill.

They shake hands. Hart signs the suitor's Playbill.

HART  
Here's my advice to you, future  
director, George Hill. Do you want  
my advice?

GEORGE ROY HILL  
I'd be honored.

HART  
Be careful of love stories. Think  
about friendship stories.

HART (CONT'D)  
That's where the really enduring  
stuff lives.

GEORGE ROY HILL  
Thank you. I'll remember that.

ELIZABETH  
Catch up with you later, George.

George nods, heads into the restaurant area, weighing what  
he's just heard.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
(to Larry)  
My mother just gave me this.

She indicates her necklace.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
I was really touched she gave it to  
me.

Hart touches the delicate bone at the base of her neck.

HART  
...my well-tempered clavicle.

ELIZABETH  
Careful. My mother...

HART  
Sorry. Now I know your birthday  
isn't until November 19th.

ELIZABETH  
I'm a scorpion!

13A

CONTINUED:

13A

HART

I never doubted that for a second.  
Did you get the sheet music I sent  
you?

ELIZABETH

I was so busy with exams, I put  
them away; honestly, and then I  
kind of forgot about them. But now  
I've got the time. I promise you.  
I'm going to get a friend of mine  
to play every single one of those  
songs for me.

HART

Take your time. That's the  
wonderful thing about art, isn't  
it? It waits for you.

ELIZABETH

(sips her wine)

Thank you for all the letters you  
wrote me. I really enjoyed reading  
them. My roommate couldn't believe  
I was actually corresponding with  
Lorenz Hart.

HART

I remember in Vermont you were  
drinking red wine.

ELIZABETH

Malbec. It's a big Yale drink.  
You ask for the French malbec, and  
then you act as if you can actually  
tell which vineyard it came from.  
Oh, don't mention Vermont around my  
mother, OK? She doesn't know  
anything about our little getaway.  
Actually, thank goodness she  
doesn't know about 90% of what's  
going on in my life.

HART

Well, I feel privileged that I do.  
Or that I did, back in August.

ELIZABETH

I've got much more stuff to report  
on since then.

HART

Well, tell me about the guys.  
That's what I'm interested in.

ELIZABETH

Honestly, I'm much smarter than  
most of them. So I sort of sit  
back and watch them trying to  
impress me. It's pretty  
entertaining.

13A CONTINUED:

13A

HART

If I were a college guy, I think I would be afraid of you. This intelligent, mercilessly observant, wickedly unsentimental beauty sitting there evaluating me from somewhere behind those green eyes-- annotating all my gaucheries. My God, I would be terrified.

ELIZABETH

Hey, I'm not that intimidating!

HART

Tell me more about this Cooper.

ELIZABETH

This is embarrassing.

HART

I love it when you're embarrassed; you get this scarlet blush that washes up over you; and a second later it's gone.

ELIZABETH

This one might last considerably longer.

HART

I'd love to--

13B INT. SARDI'S BAR - ENTRANCE AREA - CONTINUOUS

13B

Voices. Oscar Hammerstein and his 12-year-old protege pass by the coat-room area.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Elizabeth, Larry...  
I hope I'm not interrupting anything too weighty.

HART

Well, weighty affairs will have to wait!

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

(re: Elizabeth)  
She's a gem, isn't she?

ELIZABETH

Please, Mr. Hammerstein.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

I'll only bother you for a moment.  
(to Larry)  
Larry, I just wanted to say...well, firstly, I recognize this must be a difficult night for you.



13B

CONTINUED:

13B

Some singing now from upstairs: "People Will Say We're in Love."

HART

No, I'm a professional, Oscar.  
We're both professionals, we  
understand the nature of our  
business.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Larry, did you really like the  
show? I don't think I do the  
comedy numbers half as well as you  
do. They're not my strength.

HART

I laughed my ass off. I had to  
have it re-attached.

The little kid, STEVIE, snorts derisively at this brave  
attempt at humor.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Larry, we're the same age, but you  
were always the teacher.

HART

Oh, Oscar--

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

No, your whole career, you showed  
us the way.

HART

Well I doubt--

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

You liberated us all; you made  
American songs finally sound like  
American speech.

HART

Stop. I dislike eulogies,  
especially my own. Oscar, tonight  
is your night. A hit for you and  
Dick is a hit for all of us.  
People finally want to go see shows  
again! Real shows. Dick and I  
were just tossing around a few  
ideas.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Wonderful.

HART

Yeah, we have this idea for a  
big...Marco Polo show...huge...a  
kind of musical circus. Dick's  
excited about it. He said you're  
adapting Liliom.

13B

CONTINUED:

13B

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II  
Well, if we can finagle the rights.

ELIZABETH  
Sounds exciting.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II  
Elizabeth told me she's your  
protege!

ELIZABETH  
Stop!

HART  
(recites grandly)  
"...she's the promised kiss of  
springtime/that makes the lonely  
winter/seem long."

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II  
Oh, please!

HART  
You wrote a great lyric!

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II  
For a show that didn't run three  
months!

HART  
I saw it twice.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II  
(to Stevie)  
You know what we're talking about  
here, Stevie?

The boy is unpleasantly precocious.

STEVIE  
Very Warm for May. Produced by Max  
Gordon. Music by Jerome Kern.  
Alvin Theatre. 59 performances.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II  
(re: Stevie)  
This is my neighbor. He's a kind  
of a walking encyclopedia of  
musical theater.

HART  
(shakes Stevie's hand)  
Well I'm a kind of walking  
pneumonia of musical theater. Nice  
to meet you.

STEVIE  
Pleasure to meet you.

13B

CONTINUED:

13B

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II  
He wants to write musicals when he grows up.

HART  
Who's your favorite lyricist?

STEVIE  
Oscar.

HART  
Of course. And what do you think of my work?

STEVIE  
I like it. It's funny.

HART  
Thank you.

STEVIE  
Can be a little sloppy at times.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II  
(desperately covering for  
Stevie's tactlessness)  
He's very tired! It's been a long day. Come on, Stevie! It's a long ride back to Doylestown. You want to go to the bathroom.

Hammerstein leads him away.

STEVIE  
(exiting)  
I'm not tired. He asked me what I thought of his work...

As they walk away.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
(scornfully)  
"Weighty affairs will just have to wait"?

They've gone.

13C

INT. SARDI'S BAR - COAT ROOM AREA - CONTINUOUS

13C

HART  
(to Elizabeth)  
I so regret not having children. Cooper.

ELIZABETH  
I can't believe I'm telling you this.

13C

CONTINUED:

13C

HART

Tell me.

ELIZABETH

You have to remember I've had a  
hopeless crush on this guy for over  
a year.

HART

Hold this. Come here.

They scurry over to coat check.

HART (CONT'D)

Renee, may I buy five minutes of  
privacy, please?

He slips her a big tip.

RENEE

Anything for you, Larry.

HART

Thank you.

Renee closes up and leaves.

Hart and Elizabeth move deeper into the coat-room area.

COAT ROOM AREA (position #1 - they're standing near the  
entrance.

HART (CONT'D)

Tell me what he looks like; I'm  
trying to visualize him.

ELIZABETH

Apollo? Blue eyes. Tall.

HART

So, basically, the skin on his back  
was flawless--

ELIZABETH

Stop!

HART

It's the night of your birthday.  
Tell me everything.

ELIZABETH

A group of my friends are taking--

HART

Boyfriends, girlfriends?

ELIZABETH

Mixed. C'mon, Larry, I'm a college  
lady.

((MORE))

13C

CONTINUED:

13C

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

So they're taking me to Mory's, which is technically no women allowed, but they smuggle us up the backstairs like so much heavily-scented contraband, and, of course, one of the girls has brought along her date.

HART

Cooper.

ELIZABETH

Which is both destroying me and exhilarating me. I mean, he's there. Near me. The evening is getting late; empty wine bottles are filling up the table. Half of us are underage, but we're flirting so shamelessly with the waiter that nobody seems to care.

HART

Drinking your French malbec.

ELIZABETH

Exactly.

HART

I'm nothing if not a good student.

ELIZABETH

That's why everybody loves you, Larry. You're the best listener I ever met.

HART

That's because I have absolutely no interest in myself whatsoever. Back to your tale of natal debauchery! Empty wine bottles filling the table.

ELIZABETH

So it's late. And Marjorie--

HART

The girl who came with Cooper?

Elizabeth goes into the room a little bit and sits (position #2)

ELIZABETH

She's left to go home and study; people are staggering out one by one; it's midnight, and I find myself sitting right next to him.

Hart moves closer by sitting on Renee's chair (joining position #2)

13C

CONTINUED:

13C

HART

Take your time. You know, there's no place else on earth I'd rather be than sitting right here with you. Oh, did you get my letter: there's a party at my place tonight.

ELIZABETH

I think I've got to stay here and help my mother...

HART

It's not getting started till late. You'll have plenty of time to work the room here. I've got the Golden Gate Quartet showing up! Promise me you'll come. 320 Central Park West. You said you wanted to design sets and costumes, everybody in New York theater is gonna be there. OK, back to Cooper.

ELIZABETH

OK. We leave Mory's together. It's a perfect November night.

(closes her eyes to remember)

A fingernail clipping of a moon. He's got his arm around me. We're both a little drunk; stumbling in and out of each other's arms. He's wearing this red and green flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up.

HART

Not that you noticed.

ELIZABETH

He's looking good!

HART

And you?

ELIZABETH

It's my birthday, right? I'm supposed to be looking good.

HART

Tasty.

ELIZABETH

So I'm leaning against that flannel workshirt, and, I'm telling you, I can smell the maleness coming off of him. I remember thinking that huge purple letters should have lit up the sky: Desire.

13C

CONTINUED:

13C

HART

OK. Hold on one second, I have to go find some ice-water and pour it down my trousers.

ELIZABETH

You may need some extra ice. We end up in the basement of his fraternity: in this tawdry sort of derelict bar. God only knows how many acts of depravity have taken place down there.

HART

And here comes one more.

ELIZABETH

Oh, yeah. So I've been watching this guy for a year, dreaming about him, and now, here it is: the night of my birthday; the only light is coming from this dim little lamp with horses and jockeys printed on the shade; I mean, really, Larry, what's a girl to do?

HART

Happy birthday!

ELIZABETH

He begins to take off his clothes. You really want to hear this?

HART

...I'm mildly interested.

ELIZABETH

It's humiliating.  
'Cause...basically... Nothing happened.

Pause.

HART

Nothing? Like you and me at the lake house...

ELIZABETH

No. That was a deliberate decision we made. Right? Based on--what--rationality? I mean, as rational as you and I ever get. But this--this was based on the fact that he couldn't get the rubber on.

HART

No.

ELIZABETH

He tried. He tried again. I tried.

13C

CONTINUED:

13C

HART

Stop.

ELIZABETH

It was the worst 10 minutes of my life. It felt like 10 hours.

HART

I'm sorry.

ELIZABETH

And you know what the worst part was? He just wasn't there, you know? He kept mumbling that it was the wine. That the rubber was too small, if you can believe that. And this whole time what's clear to me is that he just hasn't sufficiently, I don't know what the right word is. Maybe "he-just-doesn't-love-you-enough" is the right word. I mean, there's no way around that one, is there? When the girl loves the guy with all of her heart, and he just doesn't return her feeling? Do you have any idea what that feels like?

HART

"Nobody ever loved me that much."

ELIZABETH

I brought into that basement a year's worth of adoration; studying his photograph; memorizing his phone number; and there he was: this half-drunk junior who couldn't even pretend to love me.... And, I wouldn't have minded if there'd been some passion underneath. Or even empathy. There was nothing. Just that lamp with the horses on it.

Hart moves to the floor beneath her (position #3).

HART

You deserve so much better.

ELIZABETH

I asked my roommate about it the next morning; you know, girl to girl. She said that men, sometimes can't perform because they're too nervous. I wish I could believe that, to feel a little bit better about myself. But he was not nervous. Not in the least. He had his eyes shut. As if he were trying to dream me into somebody he really wanted.



13C

CONTINUED:

13C

The line appears to resonate with Hart's own romantic confusion.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I felt stupid. I felt debased. I felt furious at myself that I could allow him to make me feel so worthless. We tried a few creative alternatives.

HART

Oh, no.

ELIZABETH

It got uglier and uglier. Finally, he said, "Elizabeth, I owe you a rain-check." ...And that--that was my 20th birthday. Ta-da.

HART

Jesus wept.

ELIZABETH

But it gets worse.

HART

I don't think I can take it.

She gives him a look.

HART (CONT'D)

OK, I can take it. But just tell me in a way that doesn't make me ashamed to be a human being.

Elizabeth joins him on the floor (position #3)

ELIZABETH

That's going to be difficult. About a week later. Everybody's leaving for Thanksgiving. He gives me a call. Would I like to have dinner with him? You know me: no pride. I say sure and make my way over to his fraternity again, which sits under this huge ginkgo tree; the leaves have turned yellow; the trunk of the tree is black from the rain--I'm thinking: This is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. I remember saying to myself, "God is giving you a second chance." We go up to his room; his roommate has already left for the holiday. The door clicks shut, and suddenly there's no more discussion about dinner.

HART

Rain-check cashed!

13C

CONTINUED:

13C

ELIZABETH

In spades. I mean, it's suddenly pouring. We're practically tearing each other's clothes off. There is no conversation. And this time there is no difficulty. Not the first time. Not the second time.

HART

Stop.

ELIZABETH

He says to me, "Happy belated birthday, Elizabeth," and, you want to hear the unbelievable ending to this sordid little story? That was the last time I saw him. That was November - over four months ago. I was absolutely sure he'd call. If only to have sex again, right? No. Never. I thought he'd write. No. So I call him, of course. He couldn't get off the phone fast enough. So I wrote to him a four-page typed letter. Single-spaced. No response....

I tell myself it was like a fever dream, you know? And, maybe, the fever finally broke. And it all sounds sane and sensible, but, you know something, if he called me right now, right this very second, I'd drop everything in my life and drive three hours, drive thirty hours just to spend one more night with him. What is the matter with me, Larry?

HART

Why would you drive thirty hours to see someone who treated you like that?

ELIZABETH

Because I'm in love with him?

HART

...You are?

ELIZABETH

It's illogical. Obsessional. Pathetic. And this is not the first time this has happened to me. It keeps happening to me. I feel like I can't see people clearly.

She struggles to take a deep breath. He takes out his pocket handkerchief and hands it to her.

13C

CONTINUED:

13C

HART

I wrote a song once, years ago,  
called "The Heart is Quicker Than  
the Eye." It's not a great song,  
but it's a good title. And it's  
true, I think? The head has  
nothing to do with the madness of  
love. It doesn't matter at all  
about worthiness, does it?. We  
invest our hearts in worthless  
stocks. And we know they're  
worthless. But we cling to them  
like little children clutching  
their little stuffed bears.

(trying to keep himself  
together)

Oh, Elizabeth. Tell me truthfully.  
How do you feel about me?

ELIZABETH

...How do you mean?

HART

I mean, at the lake house, with the  
light burning off; we talked half  
the night, and I touched your  
shoulder.... Did you actually love  
me a little bit that night?

ELIZABETH

You know I love you, Larry.

HART

You do?

ELIZABETH

Just not that way.

HART

You said you'd drive thirty hours  
to see Cooper. How many hours  
would you drive to see me? Look.  
My hands are shaking.

ELIZABETH

...I feel something wiser and  
deeper for you. Respect.

HART

Thank you.

ELIZABETH

Gratitude for the generosity and  
the selflessness you've shown me.  
No one has ever been more  
interested in my life than you  
have. I don't deserve a friendship  
like yours. I am so grateful for  
you. I will be grateful forever.

Pause.

13C

CONTINUED:

13C

HART  
I'm grateful to you, too, for  
resurrecting me--

ELIZABETH  
Stop.

We hear a knock on the door.

RENEE  
Larry! There's people out here.

HART  
One second!

She stares at him a moment.

ELIZABETH  
Can I ask you something? Something  
that's probably too personal for me  
to ask?

HART  
Too personal is the only thing that  
I'm interested in.

ELIZABETH  
My mother.... You know, she works  
for the Guild.... She knows  
everybody.... So she saw us  
spending time together last  
summer....

HART  
I see where this is headed.

ELIZABETH  
She said to me...  
(playing with her necklace)  
I don't--I don't know how to say  
this...

HART  
Just say it.

ELIZABETH  
OK. She said to me, more than  
once: "Elizabeth, not only is he  
twice your age, but...I don't think  
his...primary interest...is women."

HART  
What did you say?

ELIZABETH  
I said, "Look, mother, I know what  
I know. And I know what we're both  
feeling."

13C

CONTINUED:

13C

HART

What are we both feeling?

She stares at her ring.

ELIZABETH

"Irrational adoration?"

HART

And what may I ask does your mother think she knows of my primary interest?

ELIZABETH

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said anything. Please forgive me.

HART

(raises an imaginary toast)  
To all our mothers! May they remain mercifully silent.

ELIZABETH

I apologize. That was stupid of me to have asked. And I do know what I know. And what I feel.

HART

Here's what you tell that mother of yours, as she sits by the fire, wistfully counting up her royalties from Oklahoma! You tell her that: Larry Hart is drunk with beauty. And italicize the word drunk. Drunk with beauty--wherever he finds it. In men; in women. In the smell of cigar stores. In the impossible beauty of a twenty-year-old poet with pale green eyes and two tiny freckles on her left cheek.

His hand has moved to his chest.

ELIZABETH

Are you all right?

HART

...my cigarette heart.

Renee comes busting in the coat room.

RENEE

Larry, Dick Rodgers is looking for his coat.

HART

Coming.

13C

**CONTINUED:**

13C

Elizabeth looks at Larry and smiles as they get up to go.  
After Renee leaves with the coat, Elizabeth looks to Hart on  
their way out the door.

ELIZABETH  
Introduce me?

13D

INT. SARDI'S BAR - COAT ROOM AREA - CONTINUOUS

13D

Rodgers moves to retrieve his topcoat.

RODGERS  
Thank you, Renee.

RENEE  
You're very welcome.

RODGERS  
Wonderful, thank you so much.

RENEE  
Thank you.

HART  
Dick! I want to introduce you to  
my protege! Elizabeth Weiland.

RODGERS  
Your protege?

ELIZABETH  
Hello.

RODGERS  
Hello. Well, you've got yourself a  
damn good role model there if you  
can stay away from the bourbon.

HART  
She's interested in writing and set  
design and costumes.

RODGERS  
OK, really?

ELIZABETH  
Mr. Rodgers? The show tonight? I  
thought it was magnificent.

RODGERS  
Well, thank you--

ELIZABETH  
It was as perfect a musical show as  
I've ever seen.

13D

CONTINUED:

13D

RODGERS

Well, that's a lovely compliment.  
Your mother's with the Guild, am I  
right?

ELIZABETH

Yes, Theresa Weiland.

RODGERS

Yeah, Theresa, yeah. Right, so  
you've seen a lot of shows.

ELIZABETH

Too many shows.

RODGERS

I know what you mean.

ELIZABETH

But tonight what I saw was what I'd  
always hoped a show might be.  
Uplifting. Smart. Magical.

RODGERS

Larry, this is the most perceptive  
young woman you've ever introduced  
me to.

ELIZABETH

(re: Larry)

I've had a good teacher.

RODGERS

So what do you write?

ELIZABETH

At this point, poetry mostly.

HART

It's very strong.

RODGERS

And you do set design, too?

ELIZABETH

I'm studying.

RODGERS

Well, I'd love to read some of your  
poems. See your sketches. This is  
my--this is my private number.

ELIZABETH

I'm flattered.

HART

I haven't seen Dorothy around. Is  
your wife here?

13D

CONTINUED:

13D

RODGERS  
No, she's headed back to the apartment--we're all gonna meet up there to look at the late reviews, Larry. Yeah, so I'd love for you to join us, Elizabeth. It'll be refreshing to have someone of the younger generation amongst us. And, maybe, you can explain to me, Elizabeth, why exactly the young girls scream over Sinatra.

ELIZABETH  
I don't scream over Sinatra.

HART  
No, she screams under Sinatra.

ELIZABETH  
OK, Larry!

RODGERS  
Larry, of course, you're welcome to come.

HART  
I'm gonna try to make it, I'm just throwing a little soiree over at my place; I've got the Golden Gate Quart coming--

RODGERS  
(to Elizabeth)  
I can't compete with Larry in the soiree department.

ELIZABETH  
I'd love to stop over.

RODGERS  
You would?

The group that's been around Rodgers has gotten their coats and are at the door.

RODGERS' FRIENDS  
Dick, you coming?

RODGERS  
Yep, yep.  
(to Elizabeth)  
Do you have a ride?

HART  
You know what, I can take her in a cab later.

RODGERS  
We're going right now if you want to come with us?



13D

CONTINUED:

13D

ELIZABETH  
I'd love to.

RODGERS  
Great.

ELIZABETH  
Just let me inform my mom. The dutiful daughter!

She heads upstairs.

RODGERS  
She is--she is so lovely, right? She's really striking. Are you--are you and she...?

HART  
Oh, no, no. I mean, I'm in love with her; but everybody's in love with her. Just not that way.

RODGERS  
OK. So we'll see you later on tonight?

HART  
Absolutely.

Elizabeth re-enters, dressed to leave.

ELIZABETH  
Thank you for everything.

Elizabeth gives Larry a quick kiss.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
Mr. Rodgers?

Rodgers extends his arm for her to take.

RODGERS  
Miss Weiland?

They move towards the door.

RODGERS (CONT'D)  
Thank you.  
(to Larry)  
And we'll see you later, Larry, right?

Hart opens his arms theatrically. Quotes his own lyric.

HART  
"With a song in my heart,  
I behold your adorable face!"

14

INT. SARDI'S BAR - MAIN BAR AREA/LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

14

Rodgers and Elizabeth have left through the front door. The friends and well-wishers are leaving, too. Hart moves back into the main bar. He's still got the bag of presents he never gave her; he's staring at the vanished Rodgers and Elizabeth.

HART  
(to Eddie)  
You ever meet someone, and you know, instantly, that both your lives are going to be irretrievably altered?

EDDIE  
(doing *Casablanca*)  
Just as I suspected! You are a sentimentalist!

HART  
When do you get off work?

EDDIE  
I got to lock this joint up.

HART  
What about you, Knuckles, you're done here, right?

MORTY RIFKIN  
Not yet.

HART  
'Cause, I am throwing an enormous party at my place tonight. I forgot to give her the presents....

Goes to pick up bag of presents, coat, and hat, but fumbles it all, spilling his deck of cards on the floor. He slowly goes to the floor and slowly starts picking up all the cards.

HART (CONT'D)  
I'm having such trouble with sleeves recently. I have arthritis in this shoulder. I'm going to have to start wearing a cloak. I mean it. Single-handedly, I'm going to bring back the cloak. You're going to see me on opening nights with a top hat and a cloak, flitting through the fog with a silver-tipped cane. You boys are coming tonight, right? She's going to be there. I'm telling you. She will.

He is largely talking to himself now as he continues to pick up the cards.

14

CONTINUED:

14

HART (CONT'D)  
She'll arrive late. And--get this,  
'cause this is the remarkable part--  
sometime late, maybe, around five  
AM, after a little too much malbec,  
she's going to turn to me and say,  
"Hey, Larry, what are you reading?"  
"Hey, Larry, when's your birthday?"  
For the first time in her life  
she's going to be interested in me.  
It has to happen sometime, right?  
All the other guys have  
disappointed her. But I never  
will.

He's now on his feet, about to leave.

HART (CONT'D)  
I'm just...  
(conjures a Shakespearean  
pun out of thin air)  
...a little touch of Larry in the  
night!  
Knuckles! Some travellin' music!

Morty plays and sings "Blue Moon."

MORTY RIFKIN  
"Blue moon,  
You saw me standing alone."

HART  
Wise guy.

MORTY RIFKIN  
"Without a dream in my heart,  
Without a love of my own."

Hart shakes his head in amused exasperation.

HART  
Well, it's a helluva lot better  
than "The Surrey With the Fucking  
Fringe On Top."

People are still leaving Sardi's in little groups. Langner  
and a few friends are walking by.

LANGNER  
Larry, you coming uptown to Dick's  
with us?

HART  
You go on ahead - I'll be up there  
later.

He hears Morty singing another verse, joined in by Renee from  
the coat room, as he stands there, deciding if he will leave  
for Rodgers' party or stay and continue his drinking.

14

CONTINUED:

14

MORTY RIFKIN

(sings)

"Blue Moon,  
You knew just what I was there  
for."

MORTY RIFKIN/RENEE CARROLL

(sings)

"You heard me saying a prayer for,  
Someone I really could care for."

Takes a step towards the bar.

HART

That's not bad. Triple feminine  
rhymes. And they all make sense.

He takes one last glance towards the exiting last few. It's a decisive moment. He turns and sees Eddie at the bar, singing along with Morty. As he walks towards him, Eddie, resigned to Larry's decision, pulls out two bigger glasses and pours them drinks.

MORTY RIFKIN/CIGARETTE GIRL

(sings)

"And then there suddenly appeared  
before me,  
The only one my arms will ever  
hold,  
And I heard somebody whisper,  
'Please adore me.'"

MORTY RIFKIN

(sings)

"And when I looked, the moon had  
turned to gold.  
Blue moon."

EDDIE

Larry, I think this is the  
beginning of a beautiful  
friendship.

Hart looks at him with sad amusement.

HART

"Isn't it romantic?"

EDDIE

Not really, no.

They share their drink in friendship. As the camera slowly drifts away from them, Larry starts telling a story to both Morty and Eddie.

HART

You know, it wasn't even supposed  
to be called "Blue Moon." I called  
it "The Bad in Every Man." We wrote  
it for this movie Manhattan  
Melodrama.

(MORE)

14

CONTINUED:

14

**HART (CONT'D)**

Jack Robbins, formerly Rabinowitz-- he had his name circumcised-- over at MGM, he hears the song; he calls us into his office, he lowers his pastrami, says: "Dick, I love the melody. Strong as anything you've ever written. But Larry those words! They're too artsy-fartsy! They're not too artsy-fartsy for me. I know how brilliant you guys are. But you have to write for the schmucks in the dark... Nobody's gonna sing that lyric." So I said what's wrong with it? He said "I can't even remember the fucking title! Boys, give me something I can promote." So I say, what do you want me to call it, Blue Moon? Punchline, biggest hit we ever wrote.

Closing song, "This Funny World" begins.

The camera pans across a row of caricatures on the wall, eventually finding Rodgers and Hammerstein.

SUPER: Rodgers and Hammerstein went on to become the most successful songwriting team in American musical theater history.

The camera pans, in another part of the room, slowly coming to rest on Hart's image.

Lorenz Hart did, in fact, contribute five new songs to the revival of A Connecticut Yankee before being found paralyzed in a drunken stupor, sitting in the rain on a curb near 8th avenue. He died four days later at Doctor's Hospital during an air-raid blackout.

Closing credits begin...