

H700

A  
12331Adaptation  
Dialogue  
Continuity

by

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~~THE~~ SHANGHAI LADY

( DRIFTING )

1. FADE IN MED. SHOT EXTERIOR SHANGHAI ALLEY: NIGHT

It is a narrow, fearsome-looking, tortuous passage-way between two buildings. Narrow as is the alley-way, fully half of it is taken up with dirty gutter water, which gleams in a repellent fashion. Down this alley comes a cringing figure, always hugging the side of the buildings and keeping in the shadows. As he passes close to the camera, we see the man is white, unshaven and ragged. Plainly a derelict, his manner is furtive. Lanes run off at sharp turns and there are alley-ways everywhere. All of the shops are wide open to the street. Many of the poorer merchants spread their wares right out on the sidewalk, occupying the edge of it, others, leathered-lunged individuals, wheel their merchandise on carts and lustily shout their wares. Everywhere are signs of all sorts and kind; fantastic freak signs, imposing and humble ones. A teeming crowd of pedestrians and rickshas flow through the street in an unending stream. Except the low-class coolie, the Chinese walk with considerable dignity and a certain stately grace. They pass along in a quite orderly way, unperturbed by congested traffic around there, and indifferent to the screaming hawkers and vendors and ricksha coolies.

2. DISSOLVE INTO EXTERIOR SHANGHAI STREET.  
MEDIUM SHOT, NIGHT.

A dimly lit street. A Chinaman passes and turns in at a door-way down two or three steps from the street level. He taps on the door, and as it opens, we get the impression of a smoke-filled, eerie-lighted dive. The light caused by the opening door

(CONTINUED)



2. (CONTINUED).

causes a shadowy figure to pause to avoid the stream of light. The door closes and the figure moves on. We see that the shadowy figure is that same derelict cringing and ever seeking the shadows, and avoiding the lighted places. As he moves on, various low Chinese types pass him.

3. DISSOLVE INTO EXTERIOR SHANGHAI STREET.LONG SHOT, NIGHT.

It is a narrow street, but compared to the foulsome alleys we have just seen, it seems a broad boulevard. In the foreground is a sign in English, which carries the word SHANGHAI in some fashion so that we know, without a title, the locale of our story. In the foreground a ricksha comes up and deposits its passenger, a well-groomed white man dressed in the white duck and pith helmeted garb of the European in the East. He tosses a coin to his ricksha man, who is most subservient. The man continued down the street and a huge Mongolian coolie porter is seen approaching them. The coolie is carrying a load over his shoulder, but he bears it lightly. He is a man of such size and strength. As the white man approaches, the coolie steps off the sidewalk and into the street, to let him pass. Doing it as a matter of course. The coolie resumes his way toward the camera as our derelict enters the scene, traveling in the opposite direction. As he approaches, the coolie the Mongolian's face breaks into a nasty grin and it is quite evident that the yellow man is not going to give way for this white man. For a moment our derelict contests the way and then with a shrug of his shoulders, he steps down into the gutter and lets the coolie porter pass. The coolie grins at him in sardonic triumph and other oriental faces light up at this degradation of a white man. We now follow the derelict as he passes down the street and enters the doorway of the dive.



4.

DISSOLVE INTO INTERIOR DIVE, CLOSE SHOT  
OF DOOR, NIGHT.

A Panel opens in the door and we are confronted with a sinister, slant-eyed Eurasian female face. It is Madame Polly Voo Frances, the famous figure of the half-world of Shanghai. The camera is now drawn back and turned in a sweeping angle so as to catch in a rather panoramic effect the interior of the dive. As it swings by we see various types of low humanity in the foreground, including two very hideous and depraved-looking creatures. One of them speaks to the other:

FIRST BUM

There's old Polly Voo herself.

SECOND BUM

The old witch -- counting heads so the bar-keeps can't cheat her.

The camera continues to pivot so that it now takes in the entire room, giving the effect of a full shot. There is a bar on one side of the room, and on the other side, flanking the wall, a long, low, wooden platform. It is covered with dirty matting. On it low, lousy types of all sorts and kinds are drowsing or sleeping, including our two friends previously introduced. The bartender, realizing her is under the eyes of the owner of the establishment, gets very busy with his towel, shining the bar and the glasses. Our derelict friend has entered the dive and stands hesitating in the doorway. Gaining confidence, he moves forward. He is swaying slightly as he progresses down the side of the room where men are sleeping. One of his hands goes uncertainly to his pocket, comes up empty. He glances wistfully and hungrily toward bar and then, with a shrug of resignation, continues down along the side of the room. As he approaches two of the most disreputable types, who are in the camera foreground, one of them, a depraved, hideous-looking creature, nudges his companion and indicating Badlands, asks:

(CONTINUED)



4. (CONTINUED).

FIRST BUM

Whose that bird?

SECOND BUM

Badlands McKinney.

NOTE: For England, use word  
'Tramp' or 'hobo'  
instead of 'bum'.

The first bum shrugs his shoulders and looks questionly at his obnoxious companion. The name "Badlands McKinney" means nothing to him. In answer to his pantomime questions

SECOND BUM

(Very patronizingly)  
He's just a bum.

The first bum comprehends and nods in understanding. Both turn their backs on Badlands as he approaches and stands there hesitating a moment, then lies down beside one of them. The bum gives him a hard nudge with his elbow. The action is that of the born 'bully'.

BUM

Move on!

We see Badlands cringe. Without a flicker of resentment, he obeys and arising, slinks along the side of the room seeking another place.

CUT TO

5. INTERIOR DIVE, CLOSE SHOT OF DOOR.

Madame Polly Voo Frances, who has been watching things in the dive with snake-like eyes, now shuts the panel of the door and turns away in disgust at the scene she has just witnessed.

CUT TO



6. INTERIOR HALLWAY, MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT.

As Polly Voo Frances snaps the panel shut and turns around in disgust, we get our first full view of her now. She is a prototype of Mother God Dam of the Shanghai Gesture, except that she is younger, about forty I would say. Her dress and head-dress are in the best taste of the Chinese lady of ashion, very rich brocades and luxurious silk. Ropes of pearls and strings of jade hang around her throat. Her concession to the Occident are the silken hose and high-heeled slippers of France. She frowns with distaste at the repellent scene she has just witnessed.

7. INTERIOR HALLWAY CAMERA MOVING.

Polly Voo Frances now walks up the inclined hallway which leads down to the dive and enters the first-class part of her establishment, a very elaborate tea house which is known as Polly Voo Frances' House of a Thousand Joys. She pauses in the doorway and with its tables and booths, its dainty Chinese tea girls, white girl hostesses and mixed clientele of the better class Orientals and Europeans.

8. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE. MEDIUM FULL SHOT.

A European man, who has been talking to one of Polly Voo Frances' hostesses, a girl named Lizzie, who is the proprietor's favorite and chief lieutenant, turns away and exits. Polly Voo Frances comes up to Lizzie with a question in her eye. She does not like to see trade turned away.

LIZZIE

(In explanation)  
Another man asking to drink tea with that Cassie Cook.

(CONTINUED)



8. (CONTINUED).

POLLY VOO FRANCES

Where that one go now?

LIZZIE

She sailed out of here this morning saying it was Spring, and she was going picking flowers at the race track.

POLLY VOO FRANCES

Pick flowers -- running up bills -- that's all she can do.

LIZZIE

She won't be running up many more bills. The Mafus were after her -- they want money or her clothes.

POLLY VOO FRANCES

They came here?

LIZZIE

Yeah -- and they promised to be back.

At this information, Madame Polly Voo Frances shudders in disgust and fumes with rage. However, she quickly gets control of herself as another customer enters and hesitates. Polly Voo Frances is very ingratiating.

POLLY VOO FRANCES

This tip-top, A- Number-One-Tea House --- cater very best people ---

The new customer is a German sailor off one of the ships in port. Polly Voo is a shrewd judge of character, and with a glance out of her eyes, signals one of her girls, who immediately steps forward.

POLLY VOO FRANCES

This is Miss Schmidt.

(CONTINUED)



## 8. (CONTINUED..2).

The sailor stammers out an acknowledgement at the introduction and the girl called 'Miss Schmidt' links her arm through the sailor's and moves off with him. As they pass near the camera we hear her say:

MISS SCHMIDT

Ich hab' eine schwache fur matrosen  
(My weakness is sailors)

The sailor and Miss Schmidt go to a table where two or three little Chinese girls hobble about, attending to their needs. Polly Voo Frances' attention is now attracted to another entrant.

9. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE. MEDIUM SHOT.

Polly Voo Frances immediately becomes most servile as a magnificent and ominous figure enters, accompanied by the lesser dignitary. He is the Mandarin, Dr. Li Shen Kueng. His companion is his counsellor. Madame claps her hands and instantly several of her tea maidens are at her service. They show Dr. Li to a table much like little tug boats bringing a majestic ocean liner into port. The Mandarin carries a single rose which he inhales from time to time when odors of the ordinary offend him. As the Mandarin and his Counsellor are ushered to their table, they pass one at which a lustrous-eyed Spanish girl is sitting with one of her countrymen. He is most ardent, and says to her:

MAN

Yo te amo.

She laughs at him.

GIRL

Oh papero.

Then roguishly she kisses him and his feelings are appeased.



10. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE. MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT.

The Mandarin and his Conseller are seated at a table in one of the outer booths (which are much like the booths on the raised part of the Ambassador Coconut Grove in that the partitions are only waist high. Of course, in this case they are less of a separation than at the Grove as they are of gilded bamboo.) In the next booth one or two Chinese are sitting, but it is only in the one seated nearest to the Mandarin and his Conseller that we are interested.

11. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE CLOSE SHOT OF MANDARIN & CONSELLOR.

The Conseller starts to speak and begins in Chinese:

CONSELLOR

Go ko yan.....

The Mandarin notices that the Chinese in the next booth is listening.

12. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE CLOSE SHOT OF NEXT BOOTH.

The Chinaman seated nearest to the Mandarin and his Conseller turns slightly to hear what the latter is saying.

13. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE CLOSE SHOT.

Without changing expression or even flickering an eyelash, he interrupts his companion:

MANDARIN

The chicken can understand the hawk only when the hawk talks like the chicken.

(CONTINUED)



The Consellor shifts his eyes and takes in the curious Chinese and turns back to the Mandarin. He gets his cue and shifts his conversation to English, glancing to see if the Chinese understands this tongue. It is evident that the Chinese does not.

CONSELLOR

Your Excellency, if the inferior worm you seek is in Shanghai, this is the type of place he would frequent.

The Mandarin makes no comment as the tea girls are now serving them. As the girls retire, he takes his fan from his sash and slowly opens it, and in the following speeches generally speaks to his Consellor from behind his fan. The Mandarin and the Consellor now talk in a guarded fashion.

MANDARIN

You are quite sure that even now -- after two years have passed, you would still recognize this man?

CONSELLOR

The image of that face is seared forever on my memory. Moreover, he is marked from other men by a livid scar upon his forehead above the left eye.

As he speaks, the Mandarin slowly nods and sips his tea and his eyes take in the entire room. After a moment, the Consellor ventures to speak:

CONSELLOR

Your Excellency, will permit me to express an opinion?

MANDARIN

It is permitted.

CONSELLOR

Our search has been so unremitting and diligent that I feel this man is dead. I beseech you to return to the home of your honorable ancestors.

(CONTINUED)



13. (CONTINUED..2).

The Mandarin's face remains impassive, and his eyes flash, but we know he is enraged.

MANDARIN

I must have proof of such death -- not surmise.

(The Consellor bows his head)  
With this rose from the bush that she herself planted, I have made a solemn oath before the shrine of my honorable ancestors...

(He reverently bows his head)  
...to know no rest until I have found and destroyed the serpent who defiled the humblest but purest of my family.

(The Consellor sighs. It is plain he believes the quest is a hopeless one)

Had he a thousand lives to live, I would want them all. May my revenge fall at a time when I may take from him that which he desires most on earth.

14. INTERIOR DIVE. CLOSE SHOT.

Of Badlands McKinney sprawled out on the floor.

15. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE. MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT.

The Mandarin holds his expression of vengeance for a moment and then recovers his composure. He waves his fan and inhales his rose; then he looks up annoyed at the disturbing noise.



16. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE. FULL SHOT.

Yelling and shouting off stage.

The attention of everyone in the room has been arrested by the terrific hubbub outside. Several of the girls rush to a window and look out.

POLLY VOO

What is it - the police?

Two or three of the girls have now reached the window and are crowding about it excited at the sight they see.

GIRL

It's Cassie Cook! The Mafus are chasing her.

The girls look out the window at --

17. EXTERIOR SHANGHAI STREET. LONG SHOT.

Cassie Cook is running pell-mell down the narrow Shanghai street with the Mafus panting and cursing behind her. She is out-stripping them and dashes obliquely across the street and under the camera into the tea house of Polly Voo Frances!

18. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE. FULL SHOT.

The Mandarin, annoyed at such boisterous and undignified noises, rises to go and the Conseller follows suit. The girls turn away from the window as Cassie dashes into the room all out of breath. She heaves a deep sigh and grins at everyone and waves her hand in a sort of salute. She only has a moment of respite, however, for the next instant the Mafus swarm in after her, led by the head Mafu, the same who previously entered the place.

(CONTINUED)



18. (CONTINUED).

MAFUS

Chong ja ki -- (etc.)

Cassie is baffled for just a moment. She spies the dignified and majestic Dr. Li. Of all the people in the room, the Mandarin alone is undisturbed. Cassie sees in his dignity, protection for herself. She dashes to him joyfully and, seizing him around the middle, crouches behind him.

19. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE. MEDIUM SHOT.

His dignity imperiled, Dr. Li seeks to shake off Cassie Cook. However, he finds that it avails him nothing, for she, little devil, clings to him tenaciously. The head Mafu, in a very deliberate fashion, takes out his glasses, puts them on his nose, and unrolls the court order, which, with great deliberation, he starts to read aloud in a sort of sing-song Chinese chant. The other Mafus hesitate to approach such an honorable and august a personage as the Mandarin, and they keep alternately kowtowing to him and reaching for Cassie in a most ludicrous manner. Polly Voo is shaking with wrath as she sees this hoyden, Cassie Cook, displeasing an exalted patron like the Mandarin. The Mandarin never before having been placed in such a situation and resenting the infringement on his dignity, and realizing the futility of shaking off a gnat like Cassie, decides to turn his attention to someone who respects his position. He turns to the head Mafu.

MANDARIN

(Chinese speech to be interpolated)

HEAD MAFU

(Chinese speech to be interpolated)

(CONTINUED)



19. (CONTINUED).

CASSIE

(Impishly)

Don't you believe a word of it.

The Mandarin, realizing the futility of further argument, orders the Mafus to leave. After much kow-towing before the high dignitary of the Mandarin, the Mafus exit. Dr. Li, sputtering with wrath, now turns to Cassie.

MANDARIN

Unhand me, outrageous woman.

CASSIE

Okay, old dea. Thanks so much.

Cassie is perfectly willing, now that her pursuers have been routed. She kisses her hand to the Mandarin, but he ignores her and stalks out in frozen dignity. The Conseller follows him, but not before giving Cassie a devastating look. Cassie can't be bothered by this, however, and is strutting her stuff, when she is swung around by the now highly angered Polly Voo.

POLLY VOO

Shame on you! Always making scenes and shouting -- shiftless mischief-maker! Loose spendthrift -- gad-about!

(Cassie lights a cigarette, smokes.)

No-good -- I've had as much of you as I want! Best-dressed woman in Shanghai, hein? And won't pay for her clothes -- Look at her! A new dress on every time she goes out! A cent in your fist, and off you go. Where you go? Nowhere? What you do? Nothing!

The girls gather around to listen. At This point, out of the corner of her eye, Polly Voo sees another customer enter and she forgets about Cassie at the prospect of business.



20. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE. MEDIUM FULL SHOT.

The new entrant is Repen, a very fastidiously dressed and well-groomed half-caste. In spite of his elegance, however, there is something repulsive about him. Polly Voo hastens over to Lizzie and gives her a shove.

POLLY VOO

The police officer from Peking.  
Be nice to him ---

Lizzie hastens over to greet Repen, but he ignores her, for he has seen Cassie. He crosses quickly towards Cassie. It is quite evident that she is the attraction that brings him to the place. Lizzie glares after him and at Cassie. Polly Voo greets him most warmly and backs away with an ingratiating smile.

21. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE. CLOSE SHOT.

Repen comes up to Cassie and she is not in the least pleased to see him. In fact, it is quite evident that he is very distasteful to her.

REPEN

I want to tell you something --

CASSIE

Don't want to hear it. Don't like you -- never did -- never will. Put that in your pipe and smoke it. On your way! Peddle your papers, I said --

REPEN

I've been watching you every time I come to Shanghai. You have a style, manner.. you could almost pass for a lady. Once I broke you to my bit, you'd do very well. You come with me back to Peking-- I'll give you find house, many nice clothes. I'm very big person there. You come?

(CONTINUED)



21. (CONT INUED).

CASSIE

(Slowly and emphatically)  
On...your...way --

REPEN

Some day I kill you --

CASSIE

Some day he's going to kill me --  
quit it, you're makin' me weak --

REPEN

You devil!

He grabs her arms. She wrenches away,  
slapping his face.

CASSIE

Don't put your hands on me, you  
half-caste dog!

Repen trembles with rage. Cassie stalks  
past him.

22. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE. MEDIUM SHOT.

Cassie crosses to the door which leads to  
the girl's rest room. Repen follows her.  
As she reaches the door and opens it, he  
tries to follow her into the room. She  
wheels about on him, surveying him with  
blazing eyes.

CASSIE

Say, you big piece of cheese!

With that, she gives him a push which  
propels him back into the tea room. Polly  
Voo and Lizzie rush to Repen's side and  
try to calm him down. Polly Voo glares at  
Cassie.

(CONTINUED)



22. (CONTINUED).

POLLY VOO FRANCES

(Chinese speech to be interpolated)

CASSIE

My foot!

With that, Cassie slams the door.

23. INTERIOR REST ROOM. MEDIUM SHOT.

A room which might be taken for the living room of a cheap American apartment. It is the last thing one would expect to find in such a place as Polly Voo's. It is really an oasis, a bit of their homeland in the midst of a Chinese Joy House for the girls of Polly Voo Frances' establishment. There are three other girls in the room as Cassie enters. One of them is holding a cross-word puzzle book, while the others try to think up words as she announces them. Another girl is seated at an upright piano and is playing an American Blues song of the type that Jeanne Dunn sings so well over K.F.I. She sings in a low voice just as Miss Dunn does, so it would not penetrate into the room outside. Cassie greets them and then struts across the room. She walks up to a French girl sitting on a trunk that reposes in the corner.

CASSIE

Move the body, baby.

The French girl doesn't take the suggestion any too kindly, and grumpily gets off the trunk. Girl exits from room suddenly. Cassie takes out a key which is hung around her neck and opens the trunk. It contains her clothes, and Cassie is some dresser. The girl holding the cross-word puzzle book now looks up. She speaks in a whining voice:

(CONTINUED)



23. (CONTINUED).

GIRL

What do cattle eat out of - in six letters?

Cassie now becomes annoyed at the Blue song that the girl at the piano is singing and shouts at her:

CASSIE

Tie a can to that.

The girl at the piano flares at Cassie for a moment, but she quits singing and just idly fingers the key-board. During all this, Cassie has been taking off the dress she had on while the other two girls are stupidly trying to think up a six letter word for what cattle eat out of. A rather wistful-eyed and pathetic girl, speaks:

ROSE

(Timidly)

Manger?

The other three girls exclaim over this and agree with Rose that "manger" is the word. Cassie snorts with disgust.

FIRST GIRL

Manger --- yeah, that's it.

SECOND GIRL

How'd you guess it, Rose?

CASSIE

Bah! Whoever heard of cattle eating out of a manger? The word is trough!

The girls resent Cassie's belligerent interruption and start to argue with her. But Cassie won't give an inch. She stubbornly and obstinately holds her own. Finally, above the turmoil, Cassie's voice stands out:

(CONTINUED)



24. INTERIOR REST ROOM. CLOSE SHOT.

Cassie hugs the wistful-eyed girl showing a certain amount of tenderness for Rose, but at the same time remaining obstinate where "manger" and "trough" are concerned.

CASSIE

I'm sorry, kid -  
(Then after a pause in which  
Rose looks up at her wistful-  
eyed and smiling wanly)  
- but I'm right on this trough  
business.

In this manner, we put over that there is an attachment between Cassie and Rose; also that Cassie is the most obstinate of human beings at times.

CUT TO

25. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE. MEDIUM SHOT.

Polly Voo and Lizzie are trying to interest Repen, but aren't getting very far with it. Repen is plainly bored, anxious to get away from them, and still smouldering over Cassie Cook's insult.

POLLY VOO

Lizzie, here -- very fine mannered girl -- she appreciate very much man like you.

Repen is very bored and not interested. He gets up and leaves them. He passes the table at which the little French girl is sitting. She is still in a bad humor from her encounter with Cassie, and she takes it out now on her table companion. She gets up, and very scornfully speaks in French:

(CONTINUED)



25. (CONTINUED).

FRENCH GIRL

Est-ce tu va me poser un lapin!  
(You cheap-skate)

Repen passes on to the hallway leading to the dive. Lizzio and Polly Voo look at each other, and Polly Voo shrugs her shoulders.

CUT TO

26. INTERIOR DIVE. MEDIUM SHOT.

Repen enters the dive and with evident disgust he views the various derelict types. His attention is attracted by one of the sprawled-out forms. He starts to walk on and then pauses and turns and regards the inert form of Badlands. He studies him a moment and then walks over and gives him a gentle shove with his foot.

27. INTERIOR DIVE. MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT.

Badlands raises himself on his elbow and looks questioningly up at Repen. Repen continues to study the derelict. We feel that Repen recognizes Badlands, but is not quite certain. Badlands is only mystified and Repen's manner is such that he is not frightened. Repen smiles kindly at him.

REPEN

White, aren't you?

Badlands smiles and nods his head. He is warmed by the apparent friendliness of this well-dress stranger.

(CONTINUED)



CASSIE

Where'dja ever hear of a manger?

ROSE

(Weakly)

In Sunday School. Don't you remember....Bethlehem --

CASSIE

(Derisively)

In Sunday School! I might have known you'd of learned it some place like that. Say, I was born and raised on a Kansas farm -- and I've seen plenty of cattle eat. The word is trough - T-r-o-u-g-h.

The girl who is holding the cross-word puzzle book starts to put the word down, when she becomes aware that the word does not fit.

GIRL

But it don't fit.

Cassie, who has turned back to her undressing, wheels upon the girl.

CASSIE

What of it?

GIRL

Nothin'.

The girl is smoldering at Cassie as she writes down the word in the book, Cassie now notes that she has hurt Rose's feelings and she walks over to the girl.



27. (CONTINUED).

REPEN

Want a drink?

Badland's answer is to come to his feet. Repen motions him to the bar and Badlands eagerly follows him.

28. INTERIOR DIVE. MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT.

Repen and Badlands cross to the bar. The bartender is very polite in his attitude toward Repen. He waits for their order. Badlands is trembling with eagerness. Repen is about to give his order to the bartender when he regards Badlands with a friendly smile.

REPEN

You better have yours straight.  
(Badlands nods eagerly, his mouth waters at the thought.  
To Bartender)

Two whiskeys - one straight, one with soda.

(To Badlands)

If we whites are to stay on top out here we must stick together. Right?

(Badlands nods. He is all too grateful.)

The bartender now serves the drinks, placing the whiskey botton on the bar. He is about to withdraw it when Repen motions for him to let it remain out. Badlands drinks his first drink at a gulp and Repen urges him to have another one.

REPEN

You need it.

(After Badlands has downed his second drink)

I'm going to see you out of this.

(CONTINUED)



28. (CONTINUED).

BADLANDS

I wasn't always a bum ---

REPEN

I can see that.

(After a pause)

How'd you get here?

(Signifying Badlands' condition.

Badlands doesn't reply at once.

Repen does not push the point)

Here -- have another.

Badlands follows the suggestions and downs another drink. Repen smiles at him and Badlands smiles back in gratitude.

REPEN

What was it? Booze -- black smoke --  
Cards -- or women?

Badlands shakes his head. He hesitates for a long time, but finally says sadly:

BADLANDS

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

(Repen assures him he would)

It was a bowl of rice,...

REPEN

What do you mean?

BADLANDS

I told you, you wouldn't believe.  
It was in Peking. I was flat busted and hungry. I lifted a bowl of rice from a hop joint. It was about so big ---

(He pantomimes size of small bowl)

(CONTINUED)



28. (CONTINUED..2).

REPEN

Well?

BADLANDS

Then I found out what they does to a white man out here, when his own race has let him down. A Chink judge give me five years in a stinking prison.

As he spoke, a strange, hard glint comes into Repen's eyes. He is sure now of his man. He smiles reassuring and sympathetically at Badlands.

REPEN

But you got out, hai?

BADLANDS

I had more guts in them days. No Chink prison could hold the likes of me.

(The liquor is causing him to relieve the heroics of his escape)

I climbed their blasted wall and swum their filthy moat.

REPEN

Oh ho - I thought so.

(His teeth are showing in a smile that fills Badlands with a sudden terror)

BADLANDS

What're you grinnin' about? Who are you, anyway?

REPEN

Just a police officer from Peking. I believe I'll pick up that five hundred Mex reward for your safe return.

Badlands recoils with terror. For a moment he is speechless and unable to move, but as Repen reaches out a hand to seize him, like a rat fighting for his life, the fear-crazed cornered derelict makes a frantic effort to escape.



(IH)

29. INTERIOR DIVE FULL SHOT

Badlands has the cunning of the gutters, the savagery bred of the sewers. He manages to evade Repen and dashes frantically out of the room. He is aided at first by his lowly brothers, but Repen ends this when he shouts:

Repen  
Fifty dollars Mex to the man who catches that rat!

Instantly the call is taken up and the dive becomes fighting, clawing, churning, bedlam. But somehow Badlands manages to make the door and reach the street outside.

CUT TO

30. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE MEDIUM SHOT

(To be intercut with preceding scene)  
Polly Voo Frances hears the noise and exits hurriedly and anxious-faced toward the dive.

CUT TO

31. EXTERIOR SHANGHAI STREET FULL SHOT

Badlands rushes out of the dive into the street, pursued by the riff-raff of the drinking place and coolies who now take up the chase outside. Repen is in the background urging them on. Through clever dodging Badlands manages to evade his pursuers.



(IH)

32. EXTERIOR SHANGHAI STREET      MEDIUM FULL SHOT

The chase continues and the pursuers start throwing stones at Badlands. One of the stones hit Badlands on the back of the head and he staggers into a doorway and, strangely enough, eludes the mob as they run right past him.

33. INTERIOR DOORWAY      CLOSE SHOT

Badlands staggers into doorway. It is evident he is completely dazed from the impact of the stone. He collapses, falling against the door, which opens and he sprawls face downward into -

34. INTERIOR GOLDEN ALMOND'S HOME      MEDIUM SHOT

Golden Almond, a beautiful and dainty little Chinese girl, is startled and terrorized with fear as the unkempt derelict falls through the doorway into her home. Badlands is plainly out and lays inert on the floor. Golden Almond is so frightened that she neither screams nor moves, but just stares wide-eyed at the prostrated figure. Badlands has fallen in such a manner that his prostrate form is partially shielded from view of anyone entering the doorway by some articles of furniture in the room. The room is unusual for a Chinese girl's living abode, in that the furniture includes an American phonograph and an American rocking chair. There might also be a man's pipe on one of the tables. Not a Chinese pipe, but an English or an American briar pipe.



(IH)

35. INTERIOR GOLDEN ALMOND'S HOME MEDIUM SHOT

Golden Almond is still numb with fear and Badlands shows no signs of life on the floor when the maid enters. She does not notice Badlands and starts talking to her mistress as soon as she enters the room. She speaks in a musical sing-song fashion.

MAID

Chong Ki - la - Sin - Ki - Ki

GOLDEN ALMOND

(Sharply)

Silly one, how many times I have to tell you Eengleesh only is spoken in this house.

MAID

I see Marriage Broker - he come soon now - but he say white husbands very hard to get now - you should kept one you had -

Golden Almond does not answer and the maid now aware something is wrong, looks at the floor and sees Badlands. The maid lets out a scream and then runs over to her mistress. Both girls hold on to each other, quaking with fear.

36. INTERIOR GOLDEN ALMOND'S HOME CLOSE SHOT

Golden Almond and the maid are embraced in fear with their heads averted. Now Golden Almond regains a little of her confidence. For it is foolish to be afraid when one is hugged so tightly by one's own darling maid, and after all, the household gods look after good little Chinese girls who are respectful to their ancestors. So we see a pair of almond-shaped, but nevertheless roguish, black eyes turn curiously around and steal a glance at the fallen man. The maid now does the same thing. Then they both look at once and catch each other looking and snicker as young girls of any land will do.



(IH)

37.            INTERIOR GOLDEN ALMOND'S HOME      MEDIUM SHOT

Golden Almond has now completely overcome her fear and she and the maid turn around and boldly stare at the man on the floor, Holding each other by the hand they now walk around Badlands and inspect him from every angle with considerable interest. Golden Almond from time to time whispers with the maid. The maid giggles deliciously. Now she sees something which attracts her attention.

INSERT: Badlands arm with shirt torn revealing a bit of white skin.

BACK TO SCENE: Golden Almond inspects this closely and then turns to her maid.

GOLDEN ALMOND

White!

The maid nods in confirmation.

38.            INTERIOR GOLDEN ALMOND'S HOME      CLOSE SHOT

Golden Almond whispers to her maid, indicating Badlands as she does. The maid giggles deliciously. Golden Almond gives an order and the maid exits while Golden Almond regards Badlands, and maybe she kneels down and places his head upon a pillow. Very fastidiously she pushes back his hair and regards his features. The maid returns with a basin of water, some towels and soap, also a safety razor. With considerable giggling and exclamations of fear and delight, the two girls start to wash Badlands' face. From time to time they pause and view their handicraft from every angle, approve and disapprove -- but mainly approve.

CUT TO



(IH)

39. INTERIOR REST ROOM MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Cassie Cook is starting to put a new dress on, and has her hands raised above her head to slip it on when the door opens. Lizzie and the head Mafu stand framed in the doorway. Lizzie points toward Cassie, and with a squawk the Mafu grabs hold of Cassie's dress and starts to pull.

MAFU

Donjo! Donjo!

CASSIE

Hey, lay off. What's the big idea?

LIZZIE

He wants that grand new dress you haven't paid for. They told him not to come back without it.

CASSIE

Let go, old battle-face!

(The Mafu tears Cassie's dress and she becomes furious)

Shouting and hollering the Mafu, assisted now by his two companions, pulls on Cassie's dress, and in so doing pulls her out into the tea room.

40. INTERIOR DIVE MEDIUM SHOT

Polly Voo Frances is bringing order out of the havoc wrought by the struggle to capture Badlands McKinney. She has just about got the dive in order when she hears the commotion created by Cassie and the Mafus. With an oath she lets things be in the dive and hurries off.



(IH)

41. INTERIOR HALLWAY CAMERA MOVING

Polly Voo Frances hurries up the hallway and as she does the sound of commotion in the tea house grows louder and more boisterous. Her anxiety has now been replaced by anger. She has an idea who is responsible for all this commotion. She now reaches the doorway and stands there aghast looking in, but even she is unprepared for the scene that confronts her, She is speechless with rage.

42. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE MEDIUM SHOT

The attention of everybody in the room has been attracted towards Cassie in her struggle with the Mafus, and the sight of a girl with her dress being pulled off above her head is one which evokes gales of laughter. Cassie is furious, and struggles against the combined pulling power of the Mafus. It is an unequal tug-of-war, however, and the Mafus win. The dress comes off, and one of the Mafus falls to the floor holding the garment in his hand. Cassie looks at him, her eyes blazing with cold fury. She is so furious she can't even speak. The Mafu now starts to rise in a cumbersome fashion, turning his rear to Cassie with hands on the floor. The temptation is too great for Cassie. A devilish twinkle comes into her eye, and she kicks the target with unerring precision, and the next minute, with hoydenish glee, plays leap-frog by jumping over him. As she jumps she shouts:

CASSIE

Spring is here -- whoopie!  
Spring is here -- whoopie!

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

42. (CONTINUED)

Everyone in the room is shouting and laughing except the little Chinese tea girls, who are shocked at such undignified conduct. Now everyone, except Cassie, becomes quiet and they all look fearfully towards Polly Voo Frances, who has entered the room. Cassie sees her and quits playing, but holds her ground.

43. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE CLOSE SHOT

Polly Voo advances on Cassie. Her eyes are slits of fury in her face. Her long hands clasp with rage under her sleeves. For a moment she is too angry to speak, then a torrent of vituperation in Chinese bursts from her lips. So foul are her oaths, so terrible her indictments, that those in the place, understanding Chinese hold their ears and run. Cassie is unafraid and holds her ground bravely. She doesn't understand the exact words but she knows their meaning and is waiting for Polly Voo to run out of breath.

POLLY VOO

(Chinese speech to be interpolated)

CASSIE

Say, what's it all about, anyway?

Polly Voo smolders for a moment seeming to bloat with the inward tempest, but she manages to control herself. When she speaks it is in harsh, clipped, metallic phrases.

POLLY VOO

You go! My Tip Top House refined place. I have here only highest class of ladies. You white scum! You no lady! Out in street for you! Go! Go!

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

43. (CONTINUED)

One of Polly Voo's long fingers points to the door. Cassie, thru gritted teeth, speaks:

CASSIE  
I'm no lady, huh?

Polly Voo shakes her head, points to door,

POLLY VOO

Get out of my house!

44. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE MEDIUM SHOT

Cassie is about to go just as she is, clad only in her high-heeled slippers and "teddies" when little Rose rushes to her side sobbing.

ROSE  
Oh, Cassie, you can't go that way.

At this moment the head Mafu passes preceded by two other Mafus carrying Cassie's trunk.

HEAD MAFU  
Me got your tlunk!

Rose now leads Cassie off towards the rest room. The other girls follow, including Lizzie, who, as we know, dislikes Cassie. Cassie keeps muttering to herself.

CASSIE  
I'm no lady, huh?

They exit into the rest room.

45. INTERIOR REST ROOM MEDIUM SHOT

Once in the rest room Rose digs out a nice little dress of her own.

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

45. (CONTINUED)

ROSE

You'd look awfully nice in this dress, Cassie.

Rose tries to give Cassie the dress.

CASSIE

What's the big idea?

ROSE

But, Cassie, you've got to wear something and I'll be awfully hurt, really, if you borrow a dress from one of the other girls and not me.

CASSIE

I don't want it, kid.

ROSE

But, Cassie, you must take it. Please!

So Cassie takes the dress and has both hands raised over head when Lizzie speaks very caustically.

LIZZIE

(Sarcastically)

And what will you do now, Cassie dear?

Cassie hesitates and still holding the dress above her head she recognizes the challenge in Lizzie's question and glares back at her.

OTHERS

Yeh, what will you do now, Cassie?

46. INTERIOR REST ROOM CLOSE SHOT

Cassie continues to glare at them. Finally she reaches some sort of a decision. We see the stubborn lines form around her mouth.

CASSIE

Me? I guess I'll be a lady for a change!

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

46. (CONTINUED)

LIZZIE  
(Witheringly)  
A lady?

ALL  
A lady?

CASSIE  
Yes.....a lady!

Lizzie leads the derisive laughter which greets this announcement. Cassie is at her throat in a flash.

CASSIE  
Say I'm a lady!

She sinks her fingers into Lizzie's throat.

LIZZIE  
(Gasping)  
You're a lady.

Cassie lets Lizzie go.

47. INTERIOR REST ROOM MEDIUM SHOT

Cassie now slips Rose's dress on over her head. It is a modest little dress, and changes her appearance considerably. In contrast to the gentility of the dress are her words and actions as she paces the room.

CASSIE  
You bet! I'm goin' to be a lady!  
And what a great joke it will be on the men -- the saps! Me, Cassie Cook, not good enough for Polly Voo's Tea House - a lady!

ONE OF THE GIRLS  
You won't get away with that in this burg.

(CONTINUED)



47. (CONTINUED)

CASSIE

Who said anything about stayin' here?  
I'm goin' to Hong Kong. Nobody  
knows me there; I'll pretend to be  
a lady and I'll be taken for one.  
I'll let some guy get nutty about me--  
and I'll treat him just like a lady--  
I'll let him spend all his money --  
and I'll give him nothin'!

LIZZIE

You got a fat chance of getting to  
Hong Kong!

This stumps Cassie for a moment. Then she  
suddenly strips a ring off her finger.  
She holds it up and calls to the girls:

CASSIE

Here -- what am I bid for this  
genuine ruby and platinum ring?

GIRL

(Contemptuously)

Did he say it was a ruby?

ANOTHER GIRL

Give you twenty Mex for it?

CASSIE

Sold! That's a first-class ticket  
for Hong Kong!

ANOTHER GIRL

How you gonna eat?

CASSIE

Ladies alwuz eat -- they ain't dumb  
like you clucks.

This almost precipitates another fight,  
but Lizzie marshalls all the girls out of  
the room except Cassie and Rose.

ROSE

Cassie -- you ain't actually goin'  
to do that?

CASSIE

Why?



(IH)

48. INTERIOR REST ROOM MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

ROSE

It wouldn't be exactly fair -- to the man, I mean.

CASSIE

(Laughs derisively)  
You're funny!

ROSE

You've never been in love, Cassie, or you wouldn't say that.

CASSIE

Never been in love, is right. Never been -- never will -- and never could be in love.

Rose taken aback by this, and looks at Cassie reproachfully.

ROSE

(Slowly)  
I'd be awfully afraid of life without love.

Cassie pays no attention. She is getting ready to leave.

CASSIE

(Trying to be gay)  
Well, goodbye, Rose -- you've been a regular.

ROSE

Goodbye, Cassie dear. You won't mind if I say a prayer for you now and then, will you?

CASSIE

Say! ---  
(After a pause, she finds it hard to speak, she kisses Rose goodbye.)  
No ---

Cassie exits to the ---



(IH)

49. INTERIOR TEA HOUSE MEDIUM SHOT

Cassie starts across the large room of the tea house, the scene of her former triumphs, and Polly Voo Frances sees her.

POLLY VOO  
Hey, you -- get out!

CASSIE  
I'm on my way.

Cassie crosses the room and reaching the street door, turns. She calls to the girls.

CASSIE  
So long, girls.

GIRLS  
Goodbye, Cassie.

CASSIE  
I bid you good-day, Mrs. Polly Voo.  
My hat to you -- my foot to you --  
my nose to you!

Cassie lifts her hat to the girls and some of the assembled gentlemen -- lifts her foot as if to be kissed to some of the others -- and to Mrs. Polly Voo, Lizzie and the men she dislikes, she lifts her thumb to her nose and moves her extended fingers in that gesture.....so satisfying to self, so insulting to others -- which originated no one knows where, but is understood by peoples of every tongue, and which has become known to us of the Occident as the "Shanghai Gesture." And with that, she leaves forever the House of Madame Polly Voo Frances'.

FADE OUT

50. FADE IN - INT. GOLDEN ALMOND'S HOUSE A MEDIUM SHOT

Golden Almond and her maid have Badlands all washed up and shaved. He looks pretty good and they are quite pleased with their handicraft. They laugh and giggle with each other, Now Golden Almond gets an

(CONTINUED)



50. (CONTINUED)

idea. She goes to a closet and pushing aside the bamboo hangings we see that it is filled with a white man's clothing. She selects a white duck suit, a pith helmet and the maid brings out a pair of shoes and a shirt. They now return to Badlands' side. They set down the clothes and go into a whispered conference as to how to wake him.

51. INTERIOR GOLDEN ALMOND'S HOUSE CLOSE SHOT OF CLOSET  
(To be inter-cut with preceding scene)

Just a flash of the interior of the closet, revealing the clothes hanging there.

52. INTERIOR GOLDEN ALMOND'S HOUSE MEDIUM SHOT

The two girls now do their best to wake up Badlands. Golden Almond tickles his nose with a feather, while the maid hits him gently, at first, and then a little harder with a long-handled spoon. Finally Badlands shows signs of consciousness and both girls omit a little squeak and jump to their feet and move away from the man.

53. INTERIOR GOLDEN ALMOND'S HOUSE MEDIUM SHOT

Badlands now returns to consciousness, sits up and rubs his head where he was hit with a stone and also where the maid has been pounding him with a spoon. He looks around at his surroundings rather questioningly and then becomes aware of his cleansed and shavened condition. He is wondering about that when Golden Almond regains her courage and points to the clothes.

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

53. (CONTINUED)

GOLDEN ALMOND

White man, please put on clothes.  
Make you look pretty for Golden  
Almond.

Badlands looks at her, scratches his head  
a moment, then ever following the path of  
least resistance, he shrugs his shoulders  
in that familiar way of his.

BADLANDS

It's all right with me.

He reaches for the clothing as we

DISSOLVE INTO

The same scene a half hour later. Badlands  
is sitting on the floor with a table  
before him and the two girls are feeding  
him. He is now dressed in the white duck  
clothes the girls gave him, and it must  
be said he looks first-rate. Golden  
Almond puts the pith helmet on his head.  
He takes it off and she puts it back on  
again. She likes it. There is a knock  
at the door and the maid goes and returns  
and whispers to Golden Almond.

GOLDEN ALMOND

Please, you excuse me - Mr. white  
man?

It is quite evident that Golden Almond is  
proud of her English. Badlands nods and  
Golden Almond gets up and goes to the door.

54. INTERIOR DOORWAY MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Golden Almond confronts a very pompous-  
looking, middle-aged Chinaman. Golden  
Almond bows and speaks:

GOLDEN ALMOND

Honorable Marriage Broker?

(CONTINUED)



54. (CONTINUED)

The marriage broker bows most politely and then drawing himself up very importantly, he starts to speak very gravely.

MARRIAGE BROKER

On account of the wars and the bandits, and prohibition in the United States, white husbands are hard to catch these days. But I have very good Chinese man, nice, fine merchant, who willing to give plenty to Chinese girl who speak so good Eengleesh as you.

Golden Almond laughs at the pompous Marriage Broker.

GOLDEN ALMOND

Your feet are heavy. They come too slow for Golden Almond. Already she has white man.

The Marriage Broker is quite taken aback and provoked at losing his fee. However, he manages to bow most politely to Golden Almond. She smiles at him most sweetly as she closes the door behind him. He pauses for a moment in the doorway brooding over the circumstances; then he exits to the street.

55. EXTERIOR SHANGHAI STREET FULL SHOT

Repen and his crowd of dive riff-raff are returning from their luckless search for Badlands. Several coolies have also joined them. Repen now turns to the crowd and speaks.

REPEN

I will give fifty dollars Mex to anyone who catches him.

The Marriage Broker cannot help overhearing this, and he asks one of the men on the fringe of the search party.

(CONTINUED)



55. (CONTINUED)

MARRIAGE BROKER

Who do they look for?

MAN

A white man. We chase him and lose him 'round here.

The Marriage Broker mulls this over in his mind. Then a shrewd, knowing look comes into his eyes. He looks back at Golden Almond's doorway and smiles. Repen has now approached to a point directly opposite him and the Marriage Broker touches his arm. Repen sees the man has something to tell him and the Marriage Broker whispers to Repen. We see Repen nod and a hard gleam comes into his eyes. He and the Marriage Broker turn back to Golden Almond's doorway. The searching party pauses and follows them deferently. Repen knocks sternly on the door.

Knocking.

56. INTERIOR GOLDEN ALMOND'S HOUSE MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Angry voices  
outside  
Knocking

Badlands and Golden Almond are enjoying their meal when the imperative knock comes at the door. Badlands recognizes Repen's voice and we see fear take possession of his features. The maid starts for the door and Badlands turns in panic to Golden Almond.

BADLANDS

They're after me.

There is a world of pleading in the eyes he turns towards the Chinese girl. And she, little sportsman, understands and while she quickly shouts something in Chinese to the maid which causes the maid to hesitate at the door.

MAID

Who there? What you want?

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

56. (CONTINUED)

From outside we can hear Repen and the Marriage Broker making a great hubbub in which both Chinese and English mingle so that it is scarcely distinguishable.

57. INTERIOR GOLDEN ALMOND'S HOUSE MEDIUM SHOT

Little Golden Almond crosses the room quickly and reveals a back exit to Badlands and motions for him to use it, and Badlands wastes no time in taking her advice. She just closes the panel and faces about with a sweet, innocent smile on her face as Repen and the Marriage Broker storm into the room. They push the maid aside, roughly, and look around the room.

GOLDEN ALMOND

What you want here?

REPEN

Where's the white man?

Golden Almond looks at him saucer-eyed and innocent and shakes her head.

GOLDEN ALMOND

What white man?

Repen then turns to the Marriage Broker very angrily, and they start harranguing each other in Chinese as we

CUT TO

58. EXTERIOR SHANGHAI STREET A FULL SHOT

The searching party are crowded around Golden Almond's door, peering in at, and listening to Repen and the Marriage

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

58. (CONTINUED)

Broker inside. Now we see Badlands come out a doorway or narrow passageway just a few feet beyond them, look furtively at them, and then continue up the street.

59. EXTERIOR SHANGHAI STREET MEDIUM SHOT

Badlands hurries up the street. Every second afraid he will hear the sound of the chase ringing in his ears. He turns a corner.

60. EXTERIOR SHANGHAI STREET MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Badlands feels safe for a moment and pauses to sigh with relief. He unconsciously lifts his hand to his heart and feels something inside his coat. He inserts his hand to his coat, and from the inner pocket draws forth a wallet. He is surprised at the discovery. He opens it up and from the expression on his face we see that it contains a great deal of money. He is the subject of various impulses - he doesn't know exactly what to do with it - he would return it to the Chinese girl but realizes he can't because it would imperil himself. So he shrugs his shoulders in that familiar way of his. Puts the wallet back in his pocket and once more, following the path of least resistance, exits out of scene as we -

FADE OUT



61. FADE IN EXTERIOR R. R. PLATFORM - FULL SHOT.

Station  
noises.

Shouts  
Chatter  
Clatter, Etc.

There is an iron grill railing about ten feet high with a gate through which the passengers pass onto the platform. A Chinaman in uniform, but with pig-tail inspects the tickets as they pass through. Outside of the railing, we see the crowd of people looking through. They are all types of Chinese and from time to time they shout and thrust their hands through the railing to friends on the inside. Inside the railing on the platform, the hawkers ply their trades. They carry baskets slung from the shoulder with straps. The Baskets contain edibles and other goods that might tempt the travelers. Chestnut and sweet-potato men with their portable ovens do a thriving business with the Chinese. A dried fishman with his stick of fish balanced neatly over his shoulders waddles up and down the platform, beating his little drum. A large Chinese family with little tots graduating up in size from one foot to five pass on down the platform toward the second-class compartments. A high-caste Chinese woman is carried through the gate in her curtained sedan-chair. She does not step her foot on the ground. An elderly Chinaman stops to have his back scratched by the professional back-scratcher, who wields a long stick with an ivory hand on the end of it.

Through this motly crowd in picturesque phase of Oriental life, Badlands McKinney makes his way. He is wearing the clothes which he procured in such a unique fashion from the little Chinese girl. But as he makes his way through the crowd it is quite evident that he is nervous and apprehensive. A guide comes up to him and he gives a nervous start. He is reassured when he sees the man is only one of the R. R. employees.



62. FADE IN EXTERIOR R. R. PLATFORM - FULL SHOT.

The guard shows Badlands to one of the Compartments on the train.

GUARD

This volly fine comfortable compartment.

Badlands doesn't reply, only gives a quick nod. He steps into the compartment and closes the door after him. The guard hesitates a minute then turns away.

63. INTERIOR COMPARTMENT - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT.

Badlands takes off his pith helmet and wipes the perspiration from his brow. He is greatly relieved to have reached this place of sanctuary and will be only too glad when he has left Shanghai behind. He takes a flask out of his back pocket and takes a swig out of it - he feels much better for having done so. Then as faces are continually parading by and every new face is a menace to his security, he decides to pull down the curtain on the compartment windows. Having done this, he feels a little better.

64. EXTERIOR R. R. PLATFORM - MEDIUM FULL SHOT.

There is more than the usual amount of commotion around the gate when Cassie Cook enters. The ticket inspector looks at her ticket and waves her to pass on, but Cassie is doing things in a big way these days and needs must say something.

CASSIE

I want the best you got on this train, sabe? The best is none too good for me.

(CONTINUED)



64. (CONTINUED).

The crowd outside the railing don't understand just what Cassie has said, but they cheer anyway. And Cassie acknowledges their plaudits with a cheery wave of her hand. She is putting over this lady stuff in a big way. She now struts down the platform behind the guard. He is the same guard who previously ushered Badlands to his compartment and as he escorts Cassie, he keeps eyeing her and sizing her up shrewdly.

65. EXTERIOR R. R. PLATFORM. MEDIUM SHOT.

The guard stops Cassie before the compartment occupied by Badlands. There is a humorous twinkle in his eye as he opens the door with a flourish and bows to Cassie signifying she is to enter. Inside the compartment, we see Badlands crouched in the far corner, his attitude is furtive and nervous. He does not see Cassie at first, only the guard, who has given him such a start. Cassie, however, has seen him and she hurriedly does a bit of primping before she enters the compartment. Badlands is quite nervous and anxious for the train to leave.

BADLANDS

Say, when does this train leave?

GUARD

Thlee o'clock, suh.

BADLANDS

It's long past three now.

GUARD

Him leave velly soon ---velly soon.

(CONTINUED)



65. (CONTINUED).

Cassie now moves into compartment,  
nonchalantly.

CASSIE

I said I must have a private com-  
partment. I'm used to private  
things.

66. INTERIOR COMPARTMENT - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT.

Badlands half-starts up. He does not know  
quite what to do. Cassie looks at him.  
She is now acting the lady and enjoying  
herself.

CASSIE

I beg your pardon. Is this your  
private compartment? I didn't  
mean to horn in.

BADLANDS

You ain't intrudin' --er-- there's  
plenty of room.

Cassie gives him a flirtatious admiring  
look.

GUARD

Is velly nice compartment. Velly  
private. Only one gentleman.

CASSIE

(Softly)  
Gentleman is right.

The guard now reluctantly closes the door  
and the two are left alone in the com-  
partment. Badlands cannot help but be  
flattered by Cassie's attitude. Cassie  
settles herself in the seat opposite him  
and the first thing she does is to pull

(CONTINUED)



66. (CONTINUED).

up the shades on the window. Badlands flinches and makes a half-movement toward pulling them down, but catches himself. He slinks back in his seat as far from the window as possible. Cassie is unaware of all this as she is rearranging her rings. They are the usual investments of a woman of her class, canary diamonds and clustered stones. She wishes to impress him, he is alternately intrigued by her and apprehensive about anyone seeing him through the window.

CASSIE

It's such a relief to find a gentleman like you aboard. I'm so afraid to travel alone.

Badlands is more and more intrigued. He says:

BADLANDS

There's nothin' to be afraid of.

CASSIE

Oh, yes, there is. You see I'm not used to travelin' alone, but my maid ran off at the last moment. I always travel with my maid.

He nods understandingly. He is reacting to the flattering idea that he is a gentleman. He pushes far down in the seat behind him the bottle of whiskey he has had in his pocket.

67. INTERIOR COMPARTMENT.

Cassie now decides she wants a drink of water. She gets up and moves past him to the water cooler. Badlands watches her with approval as she moves past him and her fack is to him. However, he doesn't make any effort to assist her as a gentleman would. Cassie struggles with the faucet of the water cooler for a moment.

(CONTINUED)



67. (CONTINUED).

CASSIE

Can you beat that? There ain't no water in the blooming thing.

(She catches herself and repeats ---)

----er----there ain't no water in the cooler.

Badlands gets up awkwardly and comes over to the water cooler to try and help her. Outside their window a hawker passes by shouting 'Ice cream clones'.

BADLANDS

I'll ask the guard for some water next time he comes by.

Cassie favors him with her sweetest smile, but she is hearing the call of the ice-cream hawker.

CASSIE

Thanks -- but do you know I believe I'd rather have one of them Chink ice-cream cones. They ain't half bad.

(As he hesitates, she adds:)

CASSIE

Of course, I wouldn't think of letting an ordinary stranger do such a thing for me, but you're such a gentleman, I'm sure you wouldn't mind ---

Badlands rises to this, and with alacrity starts for door. Then he suddenly remembers. He opens the door -- looks out fearfully, then turns back -- sees Cassie's expectant smile -- and bolts out. It takes considerable courage for him to do this. Cassie holds her sweet expression until Badlands exits. Then a cynical smile takes possession of her lips and she laughs harshly.

CASSIE

Fell like a ton of lead.



68. EXTERIOR PLATFORM. FULL SHOT.

Badlands stands for a moment on the platform just outside the compartment door. He is plainly a little frightened and fearful of his own security. He pulls his helmet down low so that it partially masks his face and then starts after the ice-cream hawker who is up at the end of the platform, near the gate. However, the Chinese family with all the little children have seen the hawker first and they are now gathered around the hawker getting cones. Badlands joins them and it is quite evident that it will be some time before the hawker is able to wait upon him. (The little Chinese children buying ice-cream cones will make a cute touch for the picture for any foreign children generally register well, especially Indian papooses or Chinese.)

69. INTERIOR COMPARTMENT. CLOSE SHOT.

Cassie Cook has opened her purse for a cigarette - she lights it and inhales deeply. She crosses her legs and leans back in the seat. She has reverted to the Cassie Cook of the Polly Voo Frances tea house. As she puts her matches back into her bag, she notices her railroad ticket. She takes it out and regards it with a speculative eye.

INSERT:

Railroad ticket - Shanghai to  
Hongkong - first class.

BACK TO: She gets an idea. We see the shrewd gleam in her eyes - she leans her head out of the window and regards the motly throng on the platform. A shrewd judge of character, she picks out the most prosperous looking of the vendors and calls to him.

CASSIE

Hi you -- come here -- Naw -- I don't  
want none of your hot chestnuts.

(CONTINUED)



69. (CONTINUED).

We hear the wheedling sing-song voice of the Chinese vendor, naming his special wares.

CASSIE.

No. No -- I don't want to buy -- I want to sell -- sabe? Now look-a-here --- here's a first class ticket to Hongkong. It's worth twenty Mex. Me sell to you for ten Mex. You sell back to ticket office for twenty Mex, sabe?

There's some exchange of words, and then a hand shows at window, with money in it, and Cassie takes the money and passes out the ticket. The door of the compartment has been left open by Badlands. As Cassie settles back in her seat, her legs crossed, and cigarette in mouth, we see various passengers going by door, and presently a man looks in, turns back, and stands lounging in the doorway. He is plainly a voluptuary, and somewhat drunk. His passion plowed pupils are fixed delightedly on Cassie, whose type he only too well knows. He takes his grip from guard behind him and indicates he will share Cassie's compartment. He comes in, smiling broadly at Cassie.

70. INTERIOR COMPARTMENT. MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT.

The man instead of sitting opposite Cassie sits down alongside of her.

MAN

Hello, baby!

CASSIE

Say -- who do you think you're talkin' to? This compartment's taken -- see?

(CONTINUED)



The man is not to be snubbed, however, and moves his leg over so that it contracts with her calf. Cassie gives him a sharp kick and in the best lingo of the Polly Voo Frances resort, tells him where to head in.

CASSIE

Say, you moist ape - if you value your health - you better clear out of here before a real gentleman gets his hands on you.

MAN

'Atta baby! I like 'em with spunk.

Badlands returns to the compartment. He is carrying a cone in his hand, which he gives to Cassie.

BADLANDS

(Half apologetically)  
It's the best he had, lady.

Then Bablands sees the other man. He is taken aback at the sight of him and breaks off in his speech to an almost mumble. Badlands reverts to his old cringing fearful self and sinks back on the seat opposite Cassie. The man gives him a sizing up look and thinking he has nothing to fear, he turns his attention to Cassie. Cassie looks oddly at Badlands. We see dawning in her eyes the suspicion that he may be a coward. The man starts his familiarities with Cassie again and Cassie speaks in a very Ritzy manner.

CASSIE

I'll have this gentleman put you out.

Badlands quakes with fear at the suggestion but the word 'gentleman' has a peculiar effect on him. He realizes that she is trusting him and relying upon him. He gets to his feet.

(CONTINUED)



70. (CONTINUED).

BADLANDS

What d' you mean by annoying this lady?

The man gets up, laughing sardonically.

MAN

Lady?

Badlands sees red. Though frightened and trembling, he gives the man a push. Cassie puts her leg out behind the man so that Badlands' push sends him sprawling over it, out the door and onto the platform. Cassie pulls the door closed after the man and sticks her head out the window.

CASSIE

How'd you like that, you big stiff?

Now Cassie's action in sticking out her leg to trip the man and shouting out the window at him after he had fallen, could hardly be called lady-like, but Badlands notices nothing out of the way in her conduct. He is really quite frightened and shaken up by this encounter and sinks back on his seat.

71. INTERIOR COMPARTMENT. MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT.

Badlands feels very badly in need of a drink and fingers the bottle hid in the seat behind him, but he overcomes temptation when his fascinating companion begins to talk.

CASSIE

You certainly are a swell gent -- I guess you ain't afraid of any big piece of cheese. I'll tell my father about it -- and he'll reward you. My father's one of them big nob's in -- in -- the government -- representing America -- a Consular Ambassador.

(CONTINUED)



Badlands is impressed. He had suspected that Cassie was of some swell family. Now he is sure of it.

BADLANDS

That was nothing. I could a handled him with one hand.

His chest is swelling by this time.

CASSIE

(Licking her cone with great gusto)

Anyone could see that with half an eye. You always can tell refined people when you meet them. If there's one thing I like it's refinement. My people are all refined. When one refined person meets another refined person, it's just natural for them to become friends like you and me.

BADLANDS

(Nods)

Uh-hah.

The conductor now comes in.

CONDUCTOR

Please --- ticket.

BADLANDS

(Giving him ticket)

Say, when do we start going anyway?

CONDUCTOR

Velly soon. This is excellent train, always move velly near time.

BADLANDS

It must be all of four or later, and the train was due to go at three.

CONDUCTOR

(Imperturbably)

Him move -- velly soon.

Cassie has been searching through her pocketbook, and appears to be in a sad plight. Badlands tries to look away so as not to embarrass her, but he is anxious for her nevertheless, for the conductor is again demanding her ticket.

CONDUCTOR

Ticket!

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

71. (CONTINUED..2)

CASSIE

Well, can you beat that? My ticket's gone -- and my cash, too. that da--- dumb maid must've stole it.

BADLANDS

(Pulling out his wallet)

Don't let a little thing like that worry you. Here -- how much?

Badlands pays for her ticket, while Cassie pretends to protest. The smart Chinese conductor gives her a sharp look, and then behind Badlands' back, a quite definite flicker of a wink. He goes out, smiling.

CASSIE

Gee -- I don't know how to thank you, but you can depend upon my father settling with you soon's we reach Hong Kong. You goin' there, too?

(Badlands nods)

That's swell. Ain't servants terrible in a heathen country? You'd never have suspected the one that stole from me. That's what one gets for trustin' people. I'm like that.

Outside can be heard the noise and shouting. The train is about to pull out. The grinning conductor puts in head.

CONDUCTOR

This is excellent train -- he's always on time.

Cassie is looking out of window, and we see that something outside has especially attracted her.



(IH)

72. INTERIOR COMPARTMENT CLOSE SHOT

Taking in Cassie and part of the platform outside of the window. We now see what Cassie is looking at. A vendor has lifted a very fine Chinese shawl up for her inspection. Cassie darts a speculative glance at Badlands and then turns towards the window and the shawl she covets.

CASSIE

How much you want for that shawl?

The vendor now comes close to the window displaying the shawl seductively.

VENDOR

Me sell him cheap. Only forty dollars Mex for this Empress shawl.

CASSIE

O.K. I'll take it.

(She digs into pocketbook, and then acts as if just remembering that her purse is empty)

I forgot.

(Her eyes fall)

I been wantin' a shawl like that for ages, and there it is and just when I can get it for a song, of course, I got to have my money all stolen.

Badlands, of course, rises to this bait, and moves into scene. He acts like a man of unlimited means.

BADLANDS

Didn't I tell you not to worry.  
You let me take care of this. Here---

From the window he pays for shawl. He gives it with a proud air to Cassie. The train is now moving and people outside are waving and shouting "Hoi!" All the platform characters are to be seen through

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

72. (CONTINUED)

the window as the train moves off.  
Cassie is refusing the shawl.

CASSIE

I couldn't think of taking it.  
Thank you just the same, but I  
couldn't take presents from a  
gentleman.

BADLANDS

Please -- now I bought it --

CASSIE

Well, I s'pose I shouldn'ta let  
you buy it. And a gentleman  
couldn't very well use a shawl  
himself. But just as soon as we get  
to Hong Kong my father'll pay  
you back.

She takes the shawl, smiling her sweetest  
at Badlands.

LAP DISSOLVE INTO:

73. INTERIOR COMPARTMENT CLOSE SHOT

The train is moving along and the  
landscape of China flies by outside of  
the window.

CASSIE

You are an American, ain't ju?

BADLANDS

You betchu.

CASSIE

So'm I.

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

73.      (CONTINUED)

BADLANDS

Ain't that strange. Both of us  
from the U.S.A. and here we are  
here.

CASSIE

What part of the States did you  
come from?

BADLANDS

Me? Oh, I was born back in --  
my folks live 'round Chicago way.

CASSIE

I been there. Ain't that strange?

BADLANDS

Yeah - it's a small world, ain't it?

BADLANDS

What did you do in the States?

(He instantly would like to  
withdraw his words. He mis-  
takes Cassie's silence and  
feels he has offended her.  
In reality she is trying to  
think up a story.

CASSIE

I was in school -- you know, a  
private one.

(Then seeing he is swallowing  
it she enlarges upon her theme)

It was a very refined school. There  
was such a refined bunch of girls  
there. They did such refined things  
-- played swell games -- refined  
kind.

BADLANDS

Ye-ah ---- I guess I was a kid --  
once.

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

73. (CONTINUED...2)

He takes out pack of cigarettes. Cassie sits up watching him greedily. She is famished for a smoke. He starts to offer her one and her hand is ready to take it, when he remembers her refinement and hastily withdraws pack. She could die, but has to go through with it.

BADLANDS

Of course, you don't smoke.

CASSIE

No --- I never done it yet.

He smokes his cigarette. They smile at each other from time to time. The passing landscape whirls by outside. Badlands is feeling very proud of himself, very contented and happy.

CASSIE

You been in China long?

BADLANDS

Few years.

CASSIE

What do you do? Or are you just a gentleman?

74. INTERIOR COMPARTMENT CLOSE SHOT

Badlands as he talks takes out a penknife and starts cleaning his nails. Cassie sees nothing ungentlemanly in this. With her chin cupped on hand, she listens to him admiringly.

BADLANDS

Well -- I don't know as you'd call it just gentlemaning exactly. I been travelin' around, secin' the sights and so forth.

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

74. (CONTINUED)

CASSIE

It takes a lot of dough to do that.

BADLANDS

(Carelessly)

A bit -- yes -- but what's money  
for if you can't spend it.

CASSIE

I think it swell to talk like that.  
If there's one thing I hate it is  
a tightwad.

Badlands jingles the money in his pocket.  
They have succeeded in fooling each other.  
Such is fate that of all the people in  
that part of China he is the only man  
she could have fooled into taking her for  
a lady, and she the only woman who would  
have accepted him as a gentleman. The  
train moves slowly and they sway gently  
with the movement of the train.

DISSOLVE INTO:

Same compartment. Lights are on now.  
Cassie and Badlands are sitting in the  
same position except that Cassie's head  
has fallen forward a little. She is half  
dead fro sleep and is having difficulty  
in keeping awake. It is dark outside  
now and the distant lights whirl by in the  
darkness. They are both tired out but  
each hesitates to make the first move  
toward retiring. However, as Cassie's  
head droops again Badlands decides to take  
matters into his own hands.

BADLANDS

Say, you're just about all in,  
ain't ja?

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

74. (CONTINUED...2)

CASSIE

Me? No-o -- I'm O.K.

BADLANDS

You're dead tired. Now you sit on this side, and I'll make up your berth.

75. INTERIOR COMPARTMENT MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

After a pause Cassie arises and suddenly crosses to the opposite seat. As he pulls out the cushions, making up a fairly comfortable berth, Cassie becomes quite wide-awake, and we see by her cynical expression that she is beginning to expect the "gentleman" to do the usual thing with her. She feels the game is up, and with a slight shrug, she reverts to type. Her legs are crossed or spread wide apart, displaying more of thigh than a lady would. She watches him silent, suspiciously.

BADLANDS

You and me are practically all alone on this Chink train.

Cassie's eyes narrow. She thinks she knows what he is leading up to.

CASSIE

Yeah? I thought there was quite a load of passengers aboard?

BADLANDS

(Tucking in blankets he has pulled out from under seat)

Well, there is a gang aboard, but you and me is alone. It's like - like each one of these compartments is a world all by itself.

(CONTINUED)



75. (CONTINUED)

CASSIE

That so?

She is reading a double and significant meaning to his words.

BADLANDS

And nobody knows what's goin' on in any one of them.

Her attitude has become a bit grim. She is sneering at herself. So this gentleman is just like the rest of them. She has no doubt as to his intentions. And to think she had fooled herself that she'd taken him in -- got him to buy her that Chinese shawl -- paid for her ticket. Now he was going to exact his price. The joke was on her, and there was a bitter feeling that she cannot quite comprehend at the thought. Badlands has finished making up the berth. He looms up in front of her. Cassie feels suddenly belligerent. She rises and glares at him.

CASSIE

Well -- why don't you make up your own berth? There's an upper one, too.

BADLANDS

There's no hurry.

Now Cassie is dead sure of his intentions. She is sore too about it, but brazening it out. She sits down on the edge of her berth, facing him on the opposite side. An uncomfortable and embarrassing pause, and then he begins again stumbly, stupidly:

BADLANDS

As I said, there ain't nothin' to worry about. Nobody's likely to disturb us here. We're safe and snug as if we was in a private home -- see -- so don't you go to worryin' --

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

75. (CONTINUED...2)

CASSIE

Don't worry yourself. I'm wise to you.

BADLANDS

Well, I was just worryin' about you maybe worryin'.

76. INTERIOR COMPARTMENT MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Cassie snorts, withdraws farther into the berth. From the interior of berth she watches him warily. When he stands up, swaying with the moving train, she is expecting him any moment to join her in the berth. Cassie slowly removes her coat. She stands up, to throw it on the opposite seat. The train comes to a sudden stop. The sudden stoppage throws her almost into his arms. For a moment he holds her. Then, without a word, he lifts and places her in the berth. The suggestion should be very significant, and we see by Cassie's face that she is expecting the worst. Then Badlands rises. He speaks a bit huskily, for he is naturally not unaffected by that close contact.

BADLANDS

You see -- that's why I been worrying --- things like that. So if you don't mind, I'll not be far off, and look in at every station to see that you're all right.



(IH)

76. (CONTINUED)

Cassie is too flabbergasted to speak.  
Badlands makes an awkward little bow  
to her.

BADLANDS

Goodnight.

CASSIE

(Huskily)

Goodnight yourself.

He steps out. Cassie's face is a study.  
She starts to laugh, but it is hysterical,  
ironical laughter. The laugh is on him.  
Also on her. Hereally took her for a lady  
-- and is treating her as such! She breaks  
off laughing suddenly, almost savagely,  
pulls out a cigarette and starts to smoke.  
Alone by herself she slouches back in the  
manner of Cassie Cook of the Polly Voo  
Frances menage. Her legs spread wide apart,  
her elbows on her knees, a cynical droop to  
her mouth.

FADE OUT



The train is not swaying and apparently is at a standstill. The shades on the windows have been pulled and Cassie is sitting on edge of her berth, with elbows on spread knees, smoking. As she inhales and exhales she thinks over the events of the day. There comes a knock on the door and her eyes narrow with annoyance and suspicion. The knock which was a timid one at first is repeated a little more forceful this time.

CASSIE

Well -- who is it?

BADLANDS

(Outside)

It's just me. I gotta speak to you.

CASSIE

Ye-ah.

Cassie is inclined to be suspicious again. To her way of thinking men don't act as Badlands has acted and there must be a catch in it some place

CASSIE

Just a shake -- while I slip something on.

BADLANDS

Sure.

Cassie douses her cigarette and taking her time she strolls to door. Opens it. Badlands stands framed in doorway. In the dimly lighted passage behind him the shadows of passing forms. There is a murmur and stir all through the train. **Down** below the flares of torches are seen, as well as the lights from lantern bearers.

BADLANDS

I'm sorr y, but I had to see you bout something.

CASSIE

Well, what's on your chest. Why ain't the train movin?

(CONTINUED)



77 (CONTINUED)

BADLANDS

The tracks are torn up a few miles ahead. It seems this is bandit country, and they're waitin' for the train.

CASSIE

(Getting a bit frightened)  
What we goin' to do?

BADLANDS

Now don't you worry. I'll take care of you.

CASSIE

Ain't we all right on the train?

BADLANDS

No, it's not safe. When they find the train don't come through, they'll be tearin' down on us.

CASSIE

Well, what'll we do? Where'll we go? Where are we, anyway.

BADLANDS

We're parked just outside a Chink tank town. Now don't you be worrying. I got it all fixed up. I ain't takin' no chances with a lady like you. There's a high mucky muck Mandarin aboard this train, and they're takin' his baggage off now. You just stay here a moment and me and him will have a little talk. They say he owns half the country round here. Guess he can fix us up O. K.

CASSIE

I hate to stay alone ---

BADLANDS

Don't worry. I'll be right back.  
(He exits)



Dimly seen by a number of torches and the lights of lantern bearers. There is the sound of movement and stir. Coolies are apparently unloading certain things from train. We get the dim outline of a Palanquin. Strolling up and down by the train, quietly inhaling at times his over crescent rose, and apparently unperturbed by the commotion around him, the large form of the Mandarin Li Shen Kueng is seen. Out from the compartment steps Badlands. He looks up and down and describes the Mandarin. He hurries across to him. The Mandarin sees him coming, pauses in his stroll, and awaits him, his attitude one of courtesy and politeness. Not till Badlands is quite close to him, and he is able to see him clearly by the torch light is he aware of the type of man who is appealing to him for help. The Mandarin bows. Badlands, with some awkwardness returns the bow.

BADLANDS

Excuse me, Mr. Mandarin, but I gotta ask a favor of you.

The Mandarin's inclined head signifies he is listening.

BADLANDS

It's like this! I got a lady along with me on this train, and I got to get her away before them bandits show up.

As he speaks the Mandarin's gaze travels from his face and makes a complete survey and appraisal of his man. It is an understanding look, not without its large sense of humor, hidden beneath the outer imperturbable calm of expression. He has recognized the status of Badlands. Yet his manner remains unchanged. Indeed, it savors of tolerant kindly humor. He is amused and curious.

MANDARIN

My friend, are you not rather a strange custodian for lady?

(Badlands realizes that the Mandarin has seen through him but he is not going to give way where his lady is concerned.)

(CONTINUED)



(140)

78 CONTINUED

BADLANDS

I guess you got my number. Well all right -- I ain't nothing, but I got a lady with me that's the real thing, you understand --

(Looking Mandarin in eye)

Man to man, I'm asking you to help me out.

The bland smile on the Mandarin's face becomes one of sympathy, and even a bit of liking for the crude but sincere fellow before him.

79 INT. COMPARTMENT

78 CONTINUED

Cassie is nervously pacing up and down. She doesn't like this idea of being shut up and is scared something may have happened to Redlands.

I guess you got my number. Well She puts out her cigarette, gathers up a few scattery articles, taking care not to omit the shawl or her vanity case, and steps out.

(Looking Mandarin in eye)

Man to man, I'm asking you to help me out.

The bland smile on the Mandarin's face becomes one of sympathy, and even a bit of liking for the crude but sincere fellow before him.

79 INT. COMPARTMENT

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(Looking Mandarin in eye)

Man to man, I'm asking you to help me out.



80. EXTERIOR COUNTRY PLATFORM.

At first Cassie does not recognize the Mandarin, as she can only see his bulk in the semi-darkness of the place. She hurries across to the two men, calling:

CASSIE

Heh! What about me?

She comes alongside of Badlands. She shrinks back behind him, and is overtaken with panic as she recognizes the Mandarin who had come to Polly Voo's, and whom she had affronted. Badlands very proudly tries to draw her forward, meanwhile reassuring her.

BADLANDS

(To Mandarin)

This is the lady I was tellin' you about.

The Mandarin is not sure at first that this is actually a girl from the Polly Voo place, but there is no mistaking Cassie. Badlands, anxious to show her off, continues to reassure her.

BADLANDS

(Lowered voice to Cassie)

There ain't nothin' to be afraid of. I'm right here. He ain't goin' to bite you even if he is a Chink. He's high-class stuff -- see.

(CONTINUED)



80. (CONTINUED).

The Mandarin has taken the torch from one of the coolies, and now deliberately holds it before Cassie's face. Behind Badland's back she is making all kinds of signs to him, tapping her lips, shaking her head, trying to convey that she wants to speak to him alone and to get rid of Badlands. The torchbearers stand stolidly by, their lanterns and torches illuminating the little scene. The Mandarin's expression is one of ironic amusement. The situation edifies him. He opens his fan and quietly fans himself. Then, as if decided to accede to Cassie's request, he calls to one of the coolies.

MANDARIN

(Giving an order in Chinese,  
then turning to Badlands)

I have instructed my servant to secure a suitable conveyance for you and your lady. Go with him. The lady will wait here.

Badlands hesitates. Cassie interposes.

CASSIE

Go along. Don't worry about me. Him and me has met before. We'll chin over old times while waiting.

BADLANDS

Well, what do you know about that? You and him has met before! What a break for you, fellow. Ain't this a small world?

(CONTINUED)



80. (CONTINUED...2).

He is immensely proud of her and beams all over as he turns and moves off with the coolie, carrying big, lighted torch. As soon as Badlands is gone, Cassie speaks hurriedly. The Mandarin is staring at her thoughtfully now.

CASSIE

Say, be a sport. Don't spill the beans to him. He thinks I'm a lady. Don't gimme away.

The Mandarin does not reply. Cassie is getting a bit peevish.

CASSIE

Well, how about it? Why don't you open your face? Say, listen -- I'll make a bargain with you. You keep your face shut about me and I'll keep mum about you being at Polly Voo's joint.

She waits for her words to sink in. Apparently the Mandarin is unmoved. His thoughts appear to be on other matters. Cassie is worried. Perhaps she shouldn't have tried to blackmail him? The Mandarin fixes a steady serious gaze at Cassie. In a slow, deliberate fashion he speaks:

MANDARIN

You were a long time at Madame Polly Voo's?

CASSIE

What of it?

MANDARIN

You met many men while there -- all types?

CASSIE

Say, what's the big idea?

MANDARIN

Did you ever meet a half caste ---

(CONTINUED)



80.        (CONTINUED...3).

CASSIE

Hundreds of 'em. I hate their guts.

MANDARIN

One in particular. Tall, stoop a little side ways, lean, hair smoothed with shellac, shifty eyes with a slight squint, loose mouth, long nose, wears American style clothes - very smart kind --

CASSIE

Say - - that sounds like a dead ringer for a half caste ape who was tryin' to hang around me at Polly Voo's. He had an ugly scar on his forehead. Used to cover it up with a lock of his greasy hair.

The Mandarin remains absolutely impassive, except for his gleaming eyes. His self control is remarkable. When he speaks it is in a quiet, unexcited even voice. There is, however, an ominous, deadly quality to it which was not present before.

MANDARIN

What was his name?

CASSIE

Repen - he calls himself. He's some sort of police officer in Pekin. Comes to Shanghai for his fun.

If the name Cassie mentions means anything to him, the Mandarin does not show it. Badlands comes hustling back, with coolie.

BADLANDS

Come on -- we better be movin' along.

CASSIE

But where are we goin'?

(CONTINUED)



80. (CONTINUED..4).

BADLANDS

You leave everything to me. Thanks to his nibs, here, I got a trick cart that ain't anything to rave about, but'll keep you from puttin' your little feet on the ground.

A coolie comes running up to Mandarin. He gesticulates and jabbers. Interpolate Chinese.

MANDARIN

Our friends, the bandits, are quite near at hand. What direction are you going?

BADLANDS

South.

MANDARIN

You will make a mistake to travel South. The country is infested with bandits, and in a state of uprising.

BADLANDS

But I got to get her to some place of safety.

MANDARIN

Your only chance is back to the sea. If you would save this lady, it is the only way.

BADLANDS

You mean back to Shanghai?

(The Mandarin nods)

BADLANDS

There's reasons why I can't go back to Shanghai --

(CONTINUED)



80. (CONTINUED..5).

Carriers have brought the Palanquin alongside the Mandarin. He is about to step into it.

MANDARIN

Shanghai is your only hope, sir.

He steps into Palanquin. It is lifted to shoulders of the carriers. Cassie and Badlands stand hesitating a moment. Badlands is wavering. Shanghai means prison to him -- recapture. Cassie isn't smitten on returning there either, but she realizes it's their only hope.

CASSIE

(To Mandarin in palanquin)

Bye-bye, old thing. You're a great guy. I'll send you a post card some time.

A word of command from the Mandarin and the Palanquin disappears in the darkness.

CASSIE

Shanghai ain't such a bad town ---  
(She stops, grasping his arm)  
What was that? Did you hear something? It's the bandits! The bandits!

The sounds of the pounding hoofs of the horses of the bandits are heard, mingled with their raucous shouting and the blast of a trumpet. We get the idea that the bandits have arrived at the train. Before, however, they have seen Cassie or Badlands, the latter has grasped her by the hand, and the two are running pell mell off in the vague direction from which Badlands had recently come.

FADE OUT.



(KH)

81           FADE IN EXT. CAMP SITE. FULL SHOT

The scene is a camp site at the foot of the Cantze mountains. Here Cassie and Badlands have spent the night. The first time, perhaps, that they have really paused since their desperate escape from the Bandit three or four nights before. In the foreground a fresh, clear mountain stream babbles its way along amidst moss encrusted boulders. Their camp site is carpetted with thick luxuriant grass, through which wildflowers lift their sunny heads. A plum tree in full blossom stands sentry over them, the petals falling with the first breeze which precedes the dawn. Behind them on ox-cart stands, its tongue resting on the ground. The oxen are tethered nearby. The world of nature stirs with the coming of the dawn. A thrush sends out its limpid notes of inquiry and is answered by its kind.

DISSOLVE INTO

82           EXT. CAMP SITE. MED. CLOSE SHOT.

The girl, Cassie, is sitting by the water's edge, arranging her hair by her reflection in the water. Both the man and the girl though their clothes are somewhat rumpled and a bit soiled, have managed to retain a certain amount of neatness and cleanliness. There has been no letting down on the part of either of them. Cassie, as she turns from the stream runs a small pocket comb through her hair. She then smilingly extends it to Badlands, who takes it and solemnly runs it through his hair. Cassie watches him admiringly. They look at each other with approval. Then Badlands relapses into an abstraction that is not without its element of moodiness - a vague melancholy that is resistlessly stealing over him. Cassie watches him anxiously for a moment, then with assumed gaiety, she speaks:

Cassie

Well, Mr. Jarvis, what's on your mind?

Badlands

I was jus' thinkin', that's all.  
Jus' thinkin'.

(CONTINUED)



Cassie

'Bout what?

Badlands

Oh, (his glance wavers from her) about that old ox cart there. It sure was a life saver to us, wasn't it?

Cassie

I'll say it was. I wouldn't of got very far with these.

She pokes out a foot, showing an absurdly high-heeled shoe. Badlands smiles gently.

Badlands

I'd of carried you, of course.

Cassie

Like fun you would. Think I'd let a gentleman like you carry me, when I've got a pair of feet of my own?

Something in his glance makes a lump raise in her throat, and with forced gaiety she changes the subject.

Cassie

Anyway, that old cart was sure good luck, wasn't it?

Badlands

Yeh. It sure was. All the time them bandits was scourin' them Hills, there we was - you hidden away easy like under the hay in the cart, and me ...

Cassie

(Breaking in). Easy like? You must think that thing's got springs.

Her companion winces at the thought of her discomfort, and Cassie quickly adds:

(CONTINUED)



Cassie

Aw, I didn't mean that as no crack. You done better by me than any man could. ....And I'd rather be ridin' in that old cart with you than in a Pullman with any other guy.

Her words warm Badlands. He looks at her, then pulls his glance away. He is getting in deeper and deeper.

Badlands

Four days and nights of it ..... kinda gets ya ..

Cassie

Ye-ah... the nights. You can't see what's comin' at you in the nights.

Badlands

Well, we'll be movin' along soon as the sun comes up. We're through the worst of it now. Guess we'll make the grade okay.

Cassie

Sure we will. It'll be great to see old Shanghai again - to sleep in a real bed - eat real food, and - and - have all the rest of the refined works.

There is a pathetic quality of reverence and respect in Badlands' look at Cassie.

Badlands

Ain't it queer to think of me and you, alone in China, startin' out to go through only the devil knew what, from the Cantze Mountains to the Sea?

Cassie

Ye-ah-it's queer all right. Me and you -- two pinches of dust in the wind.

Badlands

Why, a few days ago, I didn't know there was such a person in the world as you -- didn't even know your name Miss Preston -- It's a - a pretty name.

(CONTINUED)



Cassie

(Breathlessly)

I like yours better - Mr. Jarvis.  
That's a swell name. I useter know  
some folks back home named Jarvis.  
They was swells too -- just like you  
are ---

Her voice breaks. Badlands grits his  
teeth. His voice is husky.

Badlands

I'm not ---swell -- as you think,  
Miss Preston. I -- I -- only wish  
I was ----

He cannot go on. Cassie's eyes beseech  
him to continue, for in her heart she  
realizes that he was on the verge of say-  
ing something she is dying to hear. Bad-  
lands has lapsed into silence.

Cassie

Mr. Jarvis--

Badlands

Yes, Miss Preston

Cassie

What're you thinkin' about now?  
Your face looks kinda -- solemn-like.

Badlands

(Giving her a deep look)

I was just thinkin' that I'd learned  
something about women ---I never  
knowed was possible.

Cassie

What?

Badlands

Well -- I wouldn't of believed a  
woman could look death square in the  
eye ---and laugh at it-- as you did.  
And I never had a pal that stuck so  
close. Believe, me, you're one  
brave lady.

(CONTINUED)



Cassie

(Her voice breaks. A long look  
in her eyes)

Lady -- Me!

Badlands

I'd almost forgotten there was  
women like you in the world.

Cassie

Like me?

Badlands

Like you -- good women, I mean.

Cassie

Good women ---Why ---sure - sure!

She is fighting to keep back the encroaching tears. She is nearly beside herself. Badlands, too, is affected. Neither quite comprehends what has befallen them. Neither realizes that they are in the grip of an over-whelming passion, against which it is well nigh futile to contend. Love is a relentless taskmaster, which sweeps down all barriers and demands its due of tenderness, ecstasy, passion. These two torn souls, come from the most sordid depths, cannot realize the quicksands into which they have drifted. Badlands, in his nervousness, is feeling about in his pockets - seeking the comfort of a cigarette. He brings out a package. It is empty. Cassie watches him with the brooding tenderness of a mother.



83

EXT. CAMP SITE. CLOSE UP OF CASSIE.

We see her dip into her own little bag,  
till she finds a stub of a cigarette.  
We get across that maybe she has been  
smoking on the sly, and is reduced to  
these few precious stubs. Hesitantly,  
she holds it out toward him.

Cassie

I picked this stub up one day  
when you was through smoking.  
Maybe you could get a little  
whiff out of it.



Cassie is making a real sacrifice here, for she is dying for that precious whiff herself. Badlands reaches across to take the cigarette. His fingers come in contact with Cassie's trembling ones, and the cigarette stub drops on the ground between them. We see his hand close over Cassie's. They are looking into each other's eyes, mutely telling the story of their aching hearts.

BADLANDS

If I had the nerve to tell you -----

CASSIE

Oh ----It's me -- who need to tell you something. Something -- I haven't the nerve to tell.

BADLANDS

You could tell me anything.

CASSIE

You see ---I -- I oh, I done lots of things I shouldn't of done. Maybe if I told you -- you wouldn't feel the same to me.

BADLANDS

Nothing would change my opinion of you. You're the finest lady I ever met -- or ever will meet.

At the word "LADY" we see Cassie flinch.

CASSIE

A gentleman like you wouldn't understand my kind.

BADLANDS

Maybe I'm not such a gentleman as you think I am.

(CONTINUED)



CASSIE  
(Fervently)

I know the real article when I see it.

Her faith in him disconcerts him. He had been almost on the verge of telling her the truth. Now, he looks at her searchingly, then turns away. We see Cassie's hands go out toward his back in a trembling motion and then come back to clasp almost at her heart.

There is a deep silence, and in the utter stillness of the morning, the sun seems to burst over the hills in a glorious oriflame. Cassie gazes as if entranced at the miracle of the sunrise, and then stands up and spreads out her arms. This should not be done in a theatrical gesture, but as an almost instinctive, primitive motion as of one drawn up.

CASSIE

Look! The sun's up now! Ain't it grand? It kinda makes you feel things -- don't it? -- Just as if -- God were lookin' down on us ----

Badlands grits his teeth. Cassie does not see this. He remains thus only for a moment. Then almost savagely he shakes himself out of it.

BADLANDS

We better be movin' along.

This breaks the spell. Cassie turns. Badlands moves toward the ox cart.



86      EXT. CAMP SITE      MED. CLOSE SHOT AT OX CART

Badlands takes a water skin from the cart.  
Turning toward Cassie, he speaks:

BADLANDS

I'll go up stream a bit after water.  
He starts up stream, and on out of scene.

87      EXT. CAMP SITE      MED. CLOSE SHOT OF CASSIE

Her eyes follow the man. She rises and  
starts slowly toward the ox cart.

88      EXT. CAMP SITE      CLOSE SHOT AT OX CART

Cassie enters slowly and begins to adjust  
things in the cart, in preparation for the  
journey. A tear slips down her cheek, and  
suddenly Cassie, the tough girl of the Polly  
Voo Frances dive, puts up her arm with the  
motion of a child and buries her face against  
it. Just for a moment. Then she jerks  
her arm back. She feels tear with her  
finger - makes her sore as hell. We see  
her frantically searching in her bag for a  
cigarette stub. She has given her last one  
to Badlands. She recollects that it had  
fallen to the ground. She looks toward the  
spot where they had sat, then exits from  
scene toward it.

89      EXT. CAMP SITE      MED. CLOSE SHOT

The spot where Cassie and Badlands had sat.  
She enters and starts to look on the ground  
for the cigarette stub. She finds it, and  
casting a quick glance in the direction the  
man has taken, exits toward the ox cart.



90            CLOSE SHOT OF OX CART

Cassie enters scene, climbs into cart, and crouching low, lights the cigarette stub and takes a deep inhale of its smoke.

91            EXT. STREAM    MEDIUM SHOT

Badlands enters scene coming around curve behind which the ox cart is visible. He takes out his water skin and is about to fill it in a dark deep pool, when he sees something in the water which causes him to hesitate.

92            EXT. STREAM    CLOSE UP OF REFLECTION IN WATER

Badlands' own reflection in the still pool looks up at him, just as he is. Then it slowly changes to a haggard, soul-worn image of himself, and slowly over the features comes the shadows of prison bars.

93            EXT. STREAM    CLOSE SHOT OF BADLANDS

Badlands draws back in fear at the reflection in the water. It clearly mirrors his thoughts. He looks about harried. He sees (LONG SHOT of inviting forest tanglewood) - an opportunity for escape in a bit of wild country. He lets the water skin fall from his fingers, and with it falls his sense of duty and he is about to make a wild crazed dive for the security of the brush when floating on the morning air comes the sound of a woman's voice raised in contented song.



94           EXT. CAMP SITE   CLOSE SHOT

Cassie is lying back on the grass with her hands making a pillow for her behind her head. As she looks at the sky, she sings the same song that the other girl sang at Polly Voo's ---- Tea House and which, at that time, Cassie couldn't understand anyone singing.

95           EXT. STREAM   CLOSE SHOT BADLANDS

Badlands stops, hesitates. Then his shoulders square. He bends down and picks up the abandoned water skin. A sort of fury takes possession of him and he fills the water bag hurriedly and then turns about and strides back down the stream.

96           EXT. CAMP SITE   MED. SHOT

Cassie is waiting and as he comes up, her song dies on her lips and she smiles at him. He at first endeavors to avoid her gaze. He feels guilty for that thought and impulse to desert her. She watches him as he starts to back the oxen into the wagon yoke. Without looking directly at her, he speaks.

BADLANDS

Tomorrow we'll be in Shanghai. You can get the boat from there for Hong Kong.

(Apause)

I guess you'll be glad to be back with your swell friends.

CASSIE

(Slowly)

My -- swell -- friends! Ye-ah!

For a moment it looks as though she is going to break, but she gets control of herself. He doesn't notice. He is afraid to look at her as he yokes the oxen.

FADE OUT



97

FADE IN EXTERIOR SHANGHAI STREET; FULL SHOT

This can be the same set as used in the first sequence except that the signs on the stores are changed and the dive entrance is not visible. Down the street comes a jinrikisha bearing Cassie and Badlands. The ricksha man slows down and pulls to the curb in front of a building carrying a sign PALMER HOUSE AMERICAN HOTEL and in smaller letters English Only Spoken Here. A number of people are passing on the sidewalk. Up the street there appears a Chinese girl toddling on the arm of a French sailor. It is Golden Almond. The jinrikisha is now and Badlands assists Cassie to alight.

98

EXT. SHANGHAI STREET MEDIUM SHOT

He does not notice Golden Almond approaching and so is unaware of the danger he is in. Badlands' manner toward Cassie is most solicitous and tender, a touch of natural courtesy even in his manner.

BADLANDS

Wait on the steps while I settle with the runner.

99

CLOSEUP OF BADLANDS

As he steadily sees Golden Almond and the smile freezes on his face. He is the prey of panic and encroaching fear. He glances towards the Chinese girl.

100

EXTERIOR SHANGHAI STREET. MEDIUM SHOT.

The Chinese girl looks at him. Her eyes slightly dilate and then narrow. She draws herself up with childlike dignity and then with a toss of her head, she looks up at her companion. Very proudly and in a proprietary manner she links her hand tighter through his arm.

CONTINUED



100      CONTINUED

Without looking back at Badlands and spurning him as less than dirt beneath her feet, she walks out of scene with the sailor. Badlands sighs with relief and mops his brow. He rejoins Cassie on the steps. Then ushers her through the doorway into the hotel.

101      INTERIOR HOTEL MEDIUM FULL SHOT

It is a second class China-American Hotel, with a rather shabby combination lobby and parlor. Booths for tea are along left side of room. These have bamboo hangings, insuring privacy within. At left back is a door, opening into a private dining-room. At right side, in a little alcove under the stairs, is the small hotel desk, presided over by a sleepy-eyed Chinese clerk in American clothes, horn-rimmed glasses and a pig-tail. At back of him on wall are tacked Chinese signs of solemnly humorous Chinese-American origin -- something after the fashion of the Hashi-ura Togo writings. The clerk is a very drowsy individual, possibly an opium addict. At back of lobby, adjoining the private dining room, the alcove on that side of the stairs forms a sort of sitting room, with a few dingy chairs, and a horse-hair couch. Outside the dining room is a service table. On this a bowl of flowers, a jug of water and finger bowls. Cassie and Badlands, though they show signs of being travel-worn, have by no means reverted to their former state. Each has maintained his cleanliness and poise. Badlands approaches the clerk, and taps on desk to awaken him.

BADLANDS

Want a room, please.

The clerk nods

BADLANDS

For a lady.



(JI)

102. INTERIOR HOTEL - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT.

The clerk, more alert, glances toward Cassie, and then gravely nods.

CLERK

Yes, sir. We have velly nice room on this hotel.

BADLANDS

Good. (Lowering voice)  
Want the best in the place.  
This Lady very high-up -- number one family. You sabe?

CLERK

Me sabe.

(Turning to register and pushing it toward Badlands.)

Name Sir?

BADLANDS

(Balks at writing)

Preston is the name -- Miss Preston.

CLERK

Miss Pleston. We have room with lunning water for Miss Pleston.

(Turns to seek keey on key-board back of desk on wall.)

Badlands turns back to Cassie. He assumes an air of great cheer, but his heart is quaking.

BADLANDS

There you are. All set. Room with running water! How's that?

CASSIE

(With whimsical smile, to cover deeper feeling)

Fine.

(She hesitates, looking at him)  
Well -- I suppose this is the end of our journey, eh?

(CONTINUED)



(JI)

102. (CONTINUED) ~~Page #3.~~

BADLANDS

(Moved as she is)

Yes. Tired -- ain't you?

CASSIE

A little --- ain't you?

(She is anxious about him)

BADLANDS

I don't count -- but you -- go on up now and sleep a bit.

CASSIE

I'll do that after you do -- Some water will feel nice, though ---.

She turns to go and then turns back again.

You leavin' soon, Mr. Jarvis?

BADLANDS

Yess, Miss Preston. I'll be on my way.

(Hesitates)

I'll -- order a little tea and something. Couldn't we have it together?

CASSIE

Wy yes -- sure!

She puts her hand to her head.

BADLANDS

Our last meal together. Then -- you go on to Hong Kong and back to the U. S. and I --

CASSIE

Yes -- and you?

Badlands evades reply. Dreamily --- looking at her steadily.

BADLANDS

We've had some times together ---  
pew!

(CONTINUED)



(JI)

102. (CONTINUED) 2

CASSIE

Some times is right! Five days. . .  
on the trail.....hidin' any old  
place --bullock stalls, beggars caves  
-- snatching food where we could get  
it . . . Ho! Some food we ate! Will  
you ever forget them raw turnips?

BADLANDS

Never! Nor the Birds Nest soup and  
rice we got from them jugglers.  
Tasted pretty good at the time,  
though.

CASSIE

Yeh -----,

BADLANDS

Remember the breakfast of wild  
strawberries -----?

CASSIE

(Kindling)

We ate 'em just as the sun come  
up! Gee! It was grand!

BADLANDS

I'll never forget one minute of that  
trip. But --- you're tired. Go and  
rest up a bit?

CASSIE

Lots of time to rest up.

(she runs her hand absently  
through hair)

I got to telephone to some friends.

BADLANDS

Biggest swells in town, I bet,  
they'd sure burn up if they knew  
you was lettin' 'em down to have  
tea with me.

Cassie can only smile in a wry wat at  
this.

CLERK

Me show room. Lunning water --  
also telephone.



103. INTERIOR HOTEL - MEDIUM SHOT.

He comes out from behind desk, sliding along drowsily. Picks up Cassie's bundle, exits upstairs followed by Cassie. Just as they are going up Badlands calls to the clerk.

BADLANDS

Heh!

CLERK

(Looking back)

Yes Sir?

BADLANDS

Where can we have tea?

Clerk points toward door at back.

CLERK

Velly nice plivate room for gentlemen and ladies.

As Cassie and Clerk exit upstairs, Badlands crosses toward private dining room.

CUT TO -

104. INTERIOR CORNER OF POLLY VOO FRANCES' TEA HOUSE.  
MEDIUM SHOT.

Girls dance by with a mixed lot of partners, Chinese, American -- men of all nationalities. Other girls sit at tables drinking with men. There is music, chatter, laughter and the general noise of such a place. The telephone starts ringing. Polly Voo motions to Lizzie to answer. A number of the girls are near the telephone. One of them is Rose.

105. CLOSE SHOT OF LIZZIE AT PHONE

LIZZIE

(at telephone)

(CONTINUED)



105. (CONTINUED)

Hello.

.....  
Ye-ah, this is the Tip Top

.....  
Who?

.....  
What?.....

Who?

.....  
Who's speaking?

There is a considerable pause and Lizzie's face shows her unmasked amazement. She puts her hand over receiver.

LIZZIE

It's Cassie Cook. She wants to talk to Rose.

106. MED. CLOSE SHOT

Repen is sitting at a table with two girls who are endeavoring to hold his attention and entertain him but are having little success doing it. Repen has heard Cassie's name mentioned over the phone and is now all interest.

107. MED. CLOSE SHOT OF POLLY VOO

She frowns when she hears that it is Cassie who is on the phone. Little Rose is standing alongside of her and eagerly starts for the phone when Polly Voo grabs her by the arm and says:

POLLY VOO

Go back to your table!

Poor little Rose did start to plead but realizing the uselessness of it all, ends her speech and dejectedly exits from scene. Polly Voo moves over so she is standing alongside of Lizzie at the phone. At a nod from Polly Voo, Lizzie speaks into the phone.

LIZZIE

Where are you, Cassie?



(JI)

108. INT. HOTEL ROOM CLOSE SHOT

Just show a wall telephone, old-fashioned type. No need of showing room. Cassie is at the telephone.

CASSIE

I'm at the Palmer House - 12 Sunbeam Road - and I want to talk to Rose -- see.

109. INT. POLLY VOO FRANCES' TEA HOUSE CLOSE SHOT

Polly Voo has come across the room, seized the telephone from Lizzie's hand.

LIZZIE

(Lowered voice)

She's at the Palmer House on Sunbeam Road.

Polly Voo shoves her aside with elbow, and begins to bellow into the phone. A stream of insults in Chinese pour from her lips. This is done not so vehemently, as sibilantly.

POLLY VOO

(Chinese speech to be interpolated)

110. INT. HOTEL ROOM CLOSE SHOT

CASSIE

The same to you, you yellow snake. Say-ay --- take a tip from me. Go sit on a tack.

Then Cassie remembers that she is a Lady.

CASSIE

After all, Madame, I didn't call for you.

(CONTINUED)



(JI)

110. (CONTINUED)

Cassie hangs up the telephone. She is quite pleased at herself for remembering that she is a lady in time.

111. INT. TEA HOUSE MED. SHOT

Polly Voo bangs receiver back on hook. This is as if the act were simultaneous with Cassie's over at the hotel. A baleful look is in Polly Voo's glance as she turns around and her vicious glance rests on Rose, shrinking back. Rose, flinches before that look.

POLLY VOO

On your job. If I ketch you have somethings to do with that Cassie Cook I --

Her glance pinions Rose, who is shaking her head swiftly in denial of any intention of disobeying Polly Voo.

POLLY VOO

I -- string you up by your thumb!

Polly Voo turns her thumbs up, to signify how Rose will be punished. She now strolls back across the room. Repen who had been lounging against wall, as if idly and amusedly watching the scene leaves his place and strolls after her. Polly Voo is still in a rage.

112. INT. TEA HOUSE MED. CLOSE SHOT

REPEN

(Coming up behind Polly)

What's the matter, Polly?

POLLY VOO

(Grumbling to herself)

A buzzard like that. She makes rows at my house and insult me. Now she have nerve to telephone to speak to one of my girls.

(CONTINUED)



(JI)

112. (CONTINUED)

Polly makes a nasty motion of contempt,  
as if spitting at the mere thought of  
Cassie.....

113. INT. TEA HOUSE MED. SHOT AT ANOTHER TABLE

Rose is all excitement and nervousness.  
She tries to laugh at something a man  
says. He scowls at her. The laugh is at  
the wrong time. Rose's glance follows  
Lizzie. She is dying to hear more  
about Cassie.

114. INT. TEA HOUSE MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

REPEN

(To Polly)

Ah! So she is back in Shanghai!  
Where is she?

POLLY

At the Occident on Sunbeam --O  
(She breaks off, scowling)  
Still stuck on her, hai?

Repen shrugs, smiles, makes gesture  
with his hands.

REPEN

Why not?

Polly Voo laughs disgustedly, and with  
an irritated motion she moves away.

115. INT. TEA HOUSE MED. SHOT

Polly Voo exits in direction of the dive  
part of her place. Repen, as soon as she  
is gone moves swiftly to door and exits.  
Rose has managed to reach Lizzie's side, and  
to pluck at her sleeve. Lizzie turns from  
the entertainment of a customer, showing  
irritation.

(CONTINUED)



(JI)

115.      (CONTINUED)

LIZZIE

What's the idea? What d' you want?

ROSE

Sh! Just want to speak to you a minute.

With a shrug Lizzie draws to one side with Rose.

116.      CLOSE SHOT

ROSE

Lizzie, where's Cassie?

LIZZIE

What d'you want to know for?

ROSE

Oh Lizzie, please tell me. Cassie and I was close as sisters, and I been so worried about her. She wants me or she wouldn't have phoned. Won't you tell me -- where she is?

LIZZIE

Polly Voo would never stand for your seeing her.

ROSE

But I might slip out at tiffin time --

LIZZIE

(Staring at the little slim thing)

And take a chance on Polly catching you? You would have your nerve. She'd skin you alive if she found out.

(CONTINUED)



(JI)

116. (CONTINUED)

ROSE

I'll take the chance on it. Lizzie -- please --

LIZZIE

(her eyes go covetously to Rose's pretty necklace. Fingers it)

Say, why should I get in trouble with Polly Voo for nothin'.

Rose takes her necklace off, and also a ring, thrusts them at Lizzie.

ROSE

Lizzie -- take these. You always liked them. They're yours now. Tell me -- will you -- where's Cassie?

LIZZIE

(Low voice)

Palmer House -- 12 Sunbeam. You know the place ----Chinese-American.

As Rose starts to move off, Lizzie holds her a moment.

LIZZIE

Say, listen -- if you squeal to Polly Voo that I told you, I'll wring your neck -- understand?

ROSE

I'll not say a word. You know me, Lizzie.

Lizzie nods. Rose edges along back of room, eyes furtively going toward door. We get the impression she will slip out at her first opportunity.

117. INT. HOTEL MEDIUM SHOT

The desk, and the half doped clerk, looking sleepily across at Repen. The latter elbow on desk is speaking in Chinese.

(CONTINUED)



117. (CONTINUED)

REPEN

(Chinese speech except for  
words - Cassie Cook)

The clerk shakes his drowsy head. Repen persists, and his persistence arouses the clerk, who jerks into a semblance of wakefulness. He jerks his thumb toward signs at back.

CLERK

(In English)

This is American Hotel. Speak only American language here. No Sabe Chinese.

REPEN

You sabe very well. I want to see -- Cassie Cook. She is staying here. You sabe -- Cassie Cook -- very notorious peron -- long time at Polly Voo Tip Top House.

The clerk permits himself to show a look of injury and price.

CLERK

Only ladies reside this hotel. No persons from those Tip Top House.

REPEN

Any new arrivals?

CLERK

One lady -- one gendlemans. He inside -- make tiffin for lady.

(Indicates private room)

Repen crosses to door, and after hesitating a moment, he opens it and looks in.

118. INT. DINING ROOM MED. SHOT

It is small room, with American dining table and chairs in center. Badland's back is toward door. He is arranging some knives and forks on table with painstaking care. He places some flowers in center and straightens up to admire his work. Repen does not recognize him from his back. We get a moment of suspense. Repen is about to reclose the

(CONTINUED)



118. (CONTINUED)

door, when Badlands moves to the opposite side of the table to arrange the plate there and chances to look up. Across the table they stare at each other. -- Repen by the door -- Badlands at the far side of table. Repen's face is a study, as gradually he recognizes his prey. Badland's face becomes a mask of frozen despair. Repen's amazement is replaced by an expression of gloating joy.

REPEN

How you do Mister Badlands  
McKinney ----?

Badlands regards Repen warily. He realizes he is trapped, but he is not groveling as before.

BADLANDS

Go easy on that name!

REPEN

(Startled)

Heh? You make big talk for escaped convict. Tonight you go back with me to Pekin. There you rot for rest of life in Chinese Prison.

Repen's hand unconsciously touches his scar.

BADLANDS

Is that so? Who says I'm going back with you?

Repen makes a start of alarm.

REPEN

If you think you give me slip this time ---

BADLANDS

Listen -- you. There's one-hundred Mox in it for you if you bring me back alive -- right?

(Repen nods and shrugs, as if to say he'll get that one-hundred anyway.)

(CONTINUED)



(JI)

118. (CONTINUED) - Page 2.

BADLANDS

Well, you'll never collect that dough unless you do as I say?

REPEN

Yes?

BADLANDS

Yes. All I'm asking is to be left alone for half an hour -- and you not to tell who I am -- to anyone

REPEN

Ho! That's very nice bargain. I give you chance to make a slip on me again -- heh?

BADLANDS

I'll not slip on you -- this time. I was two hundred miles from Shanghai and I cam back

REPEN

And now you ask thirty minutes, and I am not to tell anyone you are Badlands McKinney - heh?

BADLANDS

Soft pedal on that name.



(IH)

119.        INT. DINING ROOM        MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Repen laughs. Badlands has drawn close to Repen. It is Repen who backs nervously away, but Badlands follows and Repen holds his ground then.

REPEN

What you take me for - some fool?

BADLANDS

You'd be a fool to turn me down. Give me thirty minutes - and I go with you - peaceably. Try to take me - and I'll croak either ---

He advances toward Repen. The latter's hand goes to his back pocket, but before he can withdraw it Badlands speaks.

BADLANDS

O.K. Pull your gun. Go ahead --- Shoot -- but don't forget - I ain't worth a penny - dead.

Repen is taken aback - bluffed. His eyes narrow.

REPEN

What are you after?

BADLANDS

Just this. I want thirty minutes alone -- I got a date -- I got -- to -- keep. It's something means more to me than life or anything in life -- and I'm going to keep it -- if I have to croak you or me.

REPEN

Oh ho! So it was a girl brought you back to Shanghai.

BADLANDS

Easy there! She's not a girl -- she's a lady!

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

119. (CONTINUED)

Repen starts to scoff jeeringly, but stops, at the menacing look of Badlands. He looks at the latter rather speculatively. Takes note of the fact that he is dressed as a white man; then considers the dining room and the table set for two. Apparently Badlands has struck it rich somewhere, and is not lying about his having a date with a lady.

REPEN

You ask one-half hour?

BADLANDS

One-half hour. Then -- I'll go with you -- and you can pick up your one hundred dollars Mex.

REPEN

It's worth more than that. I'm taking a chance on you. Now about extra hundred.

Badlands measures him. After all what money is left will soon be of no use to him. Without a word he takes out his roll, hands across one hundred dollars.

BADLANDS

There you are. You'll be getting twice the reward money.

Repen counts the money and chucks it into folder and puts it in his pocket.

REPEN

Very good. I give you half hour, but I take no chance. I will be outside hotel. You will not get away.

BADLANDS

I won't try. Now beat it -- I can't be seen with the likes of you.

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

119. (CONTINUED 2)

Repen measures him a moment, and then exits. There is a considerable pause, during which we see the agony of mind of Badlands. His hands are clinched. He stares out before him. Then he begins to pace the floor, distractedly. He straightens up at the tapping on his door. Cassie comes in. She looks very lovely for she has prettied up her hair and powdered her face. She is wearing the Oriental shawl Badlands had bought for her. Badlands can hardly take his eyes from her. They feast upon her, like those of a condemned soul. He is in purgatory now. He knows beyond a doubt that he loves Cassie. He is going to prison for life, for just this half hour with her. Cassie, too, in spite of her freshened up appearance, is in a chastened mood, almost at the point of hysteria. She tries to smile gaily, as she looks at the table.

CASSIE

Say - this looks grand! Just like home.

She pauses a bit confusedly, looking at Badlands. They smile at each other. It is a heartbreaking smile that irradiates their faces. Cassie to cover her emotion, takes a pose to show off her shawl.

CASSIE

Well, how do you like my get-up?

BADLANDS

Swell! --- you always looked good to me.

A boy comes in with whiskey, tea, cakes, etc.

BADLANDS

(To boy)  
I told you -- tea.

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

119. (CONTINUED 3)

The boy looks askance at this strange white man and then exits with the whiskey. Badlands and Cassie look at each other. There is a sense of confusion. They are almost tongue-tied for a moment.

BADLANDS

Won't you sit down?

120. EXTERIOR HOTEL MEDIUM SHOT

Repen is standing outside hotel smoking a cigarette and waiting. He takes out his watch and notes the time. Rose enters the scene, looks at sign of the hotel to see if it is right, and then passes hurriedly in through door. She has not seen Repen. The latter's expression conveys that he thinks the little fool is on the wrong track. Cassie Cook is not at this hotel.

121. INTERIOR HOTEL MEDIUM SHOT

We follow Rose inside as she goes to desk. No clerk is there. She knocks with her knuckles on the desk. The clerk is back of it, now quite sound asleep. Rose does not know what to do, but she sees the boy re-entering the dining room with tray, and she timidly goes toward him. Perhaps he knows where she can find Cassie. She hesitates outside door a moment. Inside she hears voices -- perhaps she recognizes Cassie's.

122. INTERIOR DINING ROOM MEDIUM SHOT

The boy serves tea and cakes and exits. Cassie and Badlands look at each other. They continue dialogue.

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

122. (CONTINUED)

BADLANDS

You been a swell pal to me,  
girlie -- Miss Preston.

CASSIE

Was I? And you was the swellest  
gent I ever met -- honest to G --  
Injun you was!

BADLANDS

(Hastily)  
Let's feed.

CASSIE

(Dreamily)  
Ain't them flowers sweet?

BADLANDS

Saw prettier ones in the hills,  
didn't we?

(Leaning forward touching  
flowers)

Wouldn't it be nice if instead of  
these Chinky smelling lotuses and  
jossy jessamines, we had a bunch of  
real United States dandelions and  
daisies between us -- the kind they  
grow back home?

CASSIE

Ye - eh -- it would be swell.

BADLANDS

When you get there -- back to the  
U.S.A. -- back among your swell  
friends -- give the land my best  
will ya?

As he says "Swell Friends", the door opens  
and Rose's anxious little face is thrust  
in. She comes in softly, timidly. Rose  
is about to exclaim at sight of Cassie.



(IH)

123. CLOSE UP OF CASSIE

She sees Rose and is panic-stricken.

124. CLOSE SHOT INTERIOR DINING ROOM

Cassie makes a motion to Rose with her finger at lip -- as if unconsciously. (PAN TO AND FROM ROSE TO CASSIE) But Rose gets the meaning. Cassie wishes to silence her. She taken aback a bit.

125. INTERIOR DINING ROOM MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Badlands has not seen Rose as his back is turned toward door. He reaches for something on table.

CASSIE

(Her eye on the retreating Rose)

Wait for me!

Rose exits, softly closing door behind her. At Cassie's words, Badlands looks up apologetically.

BADLANDS

I wouldn't start eatin' without you.

CASSIE

(Confusedly)

It's -- it's bad luck you know.

She pours the tea shakily. Then sets the pot down. Her lip is trembling, and she can barely keep back the tears.

CASSIE

I can't believe this is -- goodbye. Seems as if them eight days was a whole lifetime -- and then again they seem like a minute.

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

125. (CONTINUED)

BADLANDS

A lifetime -- and a minute. I suppose when we finally check outa life, we only remember the minutes. Well --

(Trying to be cheerful)

You'll soon be with your friends. You can tell them how you rode an ox cart from Tun Kow to Tsin Sein--

CASSIE

I'll tell them I'd be dead if it hadn't been for a real gent -- a swell guy :---

She drops knife with clatter on plate. She is beginning to catch her break in impending sobs.

BADLANDS

You're shakin' all over! Ain't you feelin' well?

Cassie lifts a trembling glass to her mouth.

CASSIE

I'm all right.

BADLANDS

Eat something then.

CASSIE

I am eating -- see. Why don't you eat yourself?

(Note of hysteria)

This is our last meal together..... then I'll be with my friends --- my swell friends, as you say.

BADLANDS

No matter how swell they are, none o' them could compare with you.

(XONTINUED)



(IH)

125. (CONTINUED 2)

CASSIE

Compare with me! You don't know what you're talkin' about. You don't know the kind of friends I have!

(She is now nearly beside herself)

Oh, if you only knew -- if you only knew!

126. INTERIOR DINING ROOM MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

BADLANDS

I only know I -----

(His clenched hand unclasps. He wants to speak, and is holding himself back only by a superhuman effort.)

CASSIE

I'm goin' to tell you somethin' --- somethin' you're not expectin' to hear. No --- I'm not goin' to tell you --- I haven't the nerve. Oh! I don't know whatever's the matter with me. I don't know what I'm talkin' about -----

She begins to cry, laughing, sobbing, trembling piteously. Badlands rises, comes beside her, hovers above her.

BADLANDS

Don't! Don't! I can't bear to see you cry! I know you been through enough to kill ten women, and you been so brave ---



(IH)

127. INTERIOR DINING ROOM CLOSE SHOT

Cassie tries to regain her composure, but feeling the nearness of Badlands, and fairly longs to lean back against him.

CASSIE

I - I --- I guess I lost my nerve.

(She comes tremulously to her feet.)

It's no use --- I--I ---can't.  
we better get it over with. Let's  
say goodbye now. You got to be on  
your way -- and I ---

BADLANDS

(Huskily)

Before I go -- I got -- to tell you  
somethin' -- I got to tell you  
that I -- I -----

Cassie realizes that he is about to tell  
her of his love. She is filled with  
ecstasy and yet torn with fear. Her mind  
is in agonized ferment.

CASSIE

No! No! Don't! Don't tell me ---  
you mustn't---!

BADLANDS

It's somethin' don't need to be  
told. You know it. A woman knows  
a thing like that....

CASSIE

Oh -- no! It ain't real -- there's  
a reason why it mustn't be real.

BADLANDS

It's the realest thing in life.  
The only thing in life. It has been  
since that first day when I seen  
you on the train. It got into my  
heart then -- and it'll stick in my  
heart 'till I die ... maybe after  
that. Guess -- it's the best thing  
in me -- mebbe you'd call it..my  
soul.

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

127.      (CONTINUED)

CASSIE  
(Distracted)

Oh please.

Cassie is overcome with her feelings for Badlands and is on the point of surrendering completely. There is a moment, a wondrous moment, when he could have taken her in his arms and the world would have begun or ended for both of them. But in that moment he remembers that he has an appointment to begin a life of servitude in a Peking prison. He hardens, laughs a little bitterly. Then gathers control of himself and presents a brave front. In a bantering fashion he speaks:

BADLANDS

Seems to me, we're makin' a big fuss 'bout saying goodbye.

Cassie is sobbing inwardly but at his change in manner, she gathers control of herself. She too is brave and can play the game.

CASSIE

Yeah -- you'd think -- it was a funeral or somethin'.

Cassie knows she must leave or she will lose control of herself despite the brave front she is putting up.

CASSIE

Well, I guess, I'll have to be movin'.

(After a pause)

You?

BADLANDS

I got a date.

(She looks at him sharply)

With an official. High-up government guy. I think I'll wait for him here.

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

127. (CONTINUED 2)

Cassie nods. Their hands have met and now Cassie with a sob, pulls hers away.

CASSIE

Goodbye --- good ---

She runs to the door and blindly exits. For a moment Badlands' impulse is to go after her. Then he recalls that he has given his promise to Repen and that he has no right in her life. He'd just take his punishment like a man. He sinks down in his chair.

128. INTERIOR HOTEL LOBBY MEDIUM SHOT

Rose is waiting outside, walking up and down uncertainly, when Cassie comes out. Cassie in her distraction has almost forgotten her.

ROSE

You told me to wait -- and I been waitin' but I can't stay but a minute .....

Cassie is trying to regain command of herself.

CASSIE

Hello, Rose.

(Kisses her, and gives her a little squeeze. Her mind, however, is still with Badlands)

ROSE

When you phoned, Polly Voo ----

CASSIE

(Nervously)

Careful!

(Glances toward door)

(CONTINUED)



(IH)

128. (CONTINUED)

ROSE

I get you. Guess you got someone  
you don't want to know nothin'  
about Polly Voo, and I'd be the last  
in the world to give you away.

CUT TO

129. EXTERIOR HOTEL MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Repen outside has been wondering why  
Rose hasn't come out. He is debating  
whether there is any possibility that she  
has found Cassie. Looks at doorway that  
she has passed through. Can't make up  
his mind whether to follow her or not.

CUT TO

130. INTERIOR DINING ROOM CLOSE SHOT

Badlands alone, sits at table, his hands  
clinched together. He is staring out  
before him, with a look of concentrated  
anguish and resignation.



Rose and Cassie

ROSE

Gee! It's good to see you, Cassie.  
I thought you'd left Shanghai.

CASSIE

I did.

ROSE

(Trying to force Cassie's confidence)

Did you get to Hong Kong?

CASSIE

No.

ROSE

(Puzzled by this new Cassie)

Then you didn't carry out your  
scheme, did you?

CASSIE

What scheme?

ROSE

Why? you said you was going to make  
some gentleman fall for you --- did  
it work, Cassie?

CASSIE

Ye-ah- Oh yes, it worked -- fine.  
(Suddenly she breaks. All the  
furies are let loose)

It worked so fine -- I'd give my  
life if it hadn't.

Rose is startled. Cassie struts the floor  
distractedly. She points to dining room.

CASSIE

In there -- in that private tearoom --  
is the finest guy -- the swellest  
gentleman that ever walked. And he's  
eatin' his heart out -- for the like  
of me! .. He'd go through walls

(CONTINUED)



CASSIE (continuing)

Of fire and stone for me -- Oh --  
he's done it already, and now -- now--

She bursts into hysterical laughter, gibing,  
bitter laughter, suppressed by her hands,  
beating upon her mouth, so that Badlands  
may not hear inside.

ROSE

Cassie -- Cassie, dear! What's the  
matter?

CASSIE

(Like one in a trance)

I love him!

Rose stares at her. Cassie continues to  
look out before her with that exalted look.

ROSE

(Softly)

Everyone has a right to love. Why  
shouldn't you?

CASSIE

Ye-ah -- why shouldn't I? Feature  
it -- ME --daring to love a guy like  
him!

ROSE

Why not? Love is something we can't  
help. It swells up in us like --  
like -- (she feels for phrase) -  
waves of the ocean. You can't hold  
it down.

CASSIE

You don't need to tell me. I know.

Her voice is hoarse with pain and despair.

CASSIE

A moment back -- I almost told him.  
I almost told him, if he'd take me --  
I'd be anything he wanted me to be.  
I wanted to grovel at his feet --- I  
wanted to cry out that I loved him --  
I loved him --

(CONTINUED)



131 (CONTINUED) 2-

Gets a little grip on self, and with a pathetic touch of pride.

CASSIE

But I caught myself in time, Rose.  
I shut myself up.

ROSE

Buy why? You should've told him.  
Mebbe he'd have understood.

Cassie looks at her little friend with a touch of contempt.

CASSIE

You don't understand. The woman  
he loves and me are different persons.  
She's a lady -- always will be to him--  
while me -- from now on 'till they fish  
me out of the Yellow River -- I'm just  
Cassie Cook, of the Polly Voo Tip Top  
house.

She turns away from Rose, pacing up and down nervously.

CUT TO

132 EXT. HOTEL - MEDIUM SHOT

Repen is looking at his watch. He mounts  
the two steps and exits into hotel.

133 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MEDIUM SHOT

Repen has entered. He stops, as he sees  
Rose and Cassie. Cassie is speaking.  
Repen listens.

CASSIE

Remember how I boasted I'd never been  
in love -- never would be -- never  
could be! I dared life to do it's  
worst? Well -- it has -- it has! Its  
smashed me, crushed me --- beaten me.

(CONTINUED)



She tosses back head, runs her hand wildly through hair.

ROSE

Don't feel that way, dear.  
(She looks at Cassie wistfully)

I guess we all got to go through it.  
Love comes like -- like -- a tempest--  
tears all through us. I know what it  
means, Cassie dear -----And you got  
one thing to be thankful for ---  
(She pats Cassie's arm)

Anyway, the man you love is worthy,  
isn't he?

Cassie nods violently, smiling through her  
tears, almost proudly.

CASSIE

Yes -- Oh he is, Rose! You can't  
imagine how fine he is. Why -- I  
never knew that there were guys like  
him in the world.

She catches breath. By now she has regained  
some of her composure. She tries to smile  
down at little Rose, who has been crying in  
sympathy.

CASSIE

You're a sweet kid, Rose. You're  
takin' a chance comin' to see me.  
Maybe you better be goin' back -----  
before Polly Voo finds you out. I  
just wanted to say "Hello and goodbye!"

ROSE

You're going away? Where?

CASSIE

That's a secret.

She puts her arm around Rose and gives her  
a little hug.

ROSE

I'll sure miss you, Cassie.

CASSIE

You're sweet. Now run along kid -  
before old Polly Voo skins you alive.



Rose runs past Repen and exits through door. Cassie, pacing thoughtfully, pauses a moment by the door to tea room, as if hesitating about going in. Then with a sigh she moves away, and starts toward the stairs. Repen has anticipated her leaving, and stands before her, leering and smiling.

REPEN

How you do, Miss Cassie Cook!  
So you come back to Shanghai?

CASSIE

(Sullenly)

Well, what of it? Is it any affair of yours?

REPEN

It is always my affair and interest to see you, Miss Cassie Cook.  
(She tries to get by him)

CASSIE

You lay off me, you half yellow ape!  
There's a man in there, who'd kill you if he saw you so much as touching me.

It dawns on Repen that Cassie's friend, of whom he has heard her speak to Rose, is none other than Badlands, inside the tea room. This information fills him with renewed and unholy joy.

REPEN

(He points to tea room)  
In there? Hee! Hee! That is very great joke!

CASSIE

You wouldn't think it a joke, once he got his hands on you.

(CONTINUED)



Repen continues to laugh. Cassie turns to move away.

REPEN

Why you not call him then? Please do so.

Cassie glares. Repen has read her mind. She does not dare to call Badlands.

REPEN

Well -- why not call? I tell you why. You do not want this - gentleman -- hee - hee! -- to know that you are not fine lady -- hee-hee! You not want him to know you are Miss Cassie Cook of the Polly Voo ---

CASSIE

Shut up!

REPEN

Maybe you like me call him for you -- yes?

CASSIE

No -- no -- no -- Don't!

She springs before him almost imploringly.

REPEN

I have compartment reserved tonight on Peking Express. You will come with me, and occupy fine house in Pekin -- yes?

She doesn't answer. Her glance unconsciously goes to the door. Repen exerts pressure.

REPEN

Well? You come with me or --- shall I tell -- your friend -- that you are Cassie Cook ----

Cassie grasping desperately after any straw of hope.

CONTINUED)



CASSIE

He'd kill you before you said three words. He's a gentleman and gentlemen don't let the scum of the earth like you dirty the name of the woman they love.

REPEN

So ho! He loves you -- so much, hai? And you --- you -- Hee -- hee -- you --- Cassie Cook -- you also love him? It is a big joke.

CASSIE

Laugh, if you want to. Yet it's the truth. I do love him -- in a way the likes of you wouldn't understand. So much I'd rather die than let him know the sort I am.

REPEN

It's extremely touching. I weep -- big tears. What would you say if I told you your fine gentleman has fooled you too? Suppose I tell you he is no gentleman -- but a white man -- who went native. Mebbe you have heard the name -- Badlands McKinney.

CASSIE

You're crazy with the heat. Badlands McKinney a bum -- a poor low-down derelict I heard about him at Polly Voo's

Repen laughs nastily.

REPEN

Not only is your friend Mr. Badlands, McKinney -- he is an escaped convict.

CASSIE

You lie! You lie!

(CONTINUED)



135                    (CONTINUED) 3

REPEN

Oh no -- I do not lie. In fact, I reserved railroad compartment for purpose of taking your friend back with me to Pekin, where he will be locked up the rest of his life ---

He smiles ingratiatingly -- his teeth showing ----

-----unless you decide to use the ticket I reserved for him.

Cassie looks at him intently. Then she laughs unbelievably.

CASSIE

You think you're smart -- don't you. But you're not smart enough. You look-a-here -- If he's an escaped convict -- then I'll go back to Pekin with you. See?

REPEN

Call him. Ask him.

CASSIE

That's just what I'll do -- and if you start any double-crossing or funny business -- well, believe me, there won't be much left of you by the time he gets through with you.

136                    INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MED. SHOT

She moves to dining room door, raps hard, calls.

CASSIE

Mr. Jarvis! Mr. Jarvis!



137

INT. DINING ROOM - MED. CLOSE SHOT

We see Badlands start up, as he hears Cassie's voice. He pauses a moment, and then strides over to door and flings it open.

138

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Badlands enters. He starts as he sees Repen. He looks hastily from Repen to Cassie. There is a dangerous questioning gleam in his eyes for Repen, but it changes as he moves quickly to Cassie, now his sole concern. Cassie's eyes are wide. She feels as if she has put her life at stake for him. Her eyes search his, almost imploringly.

BADLANDS

What is it, dear?

We see Cassie react to that little word of endearment. It has gone like balm to her soul.

CASSIE

I got to ask you something.

BADLANDS

(He has premonition of what she is about to ask. He darts a furious glance at Repen. Then faces her bravely.)

Yes -- what is it?

CASSIE

Are you - are you -- Badlands McKinney?  
(She catches her breath hysterically. Then she goes on)

It's a crazy question. I know you're not. Forgive me.



There is a profound silence. Badlands looks at her steadily. There is certainly something splendid and even heroic in his grave look. He slightly bows. It is the motion of one innately a gentleman -- by the grace of God.

BADLANDS

Yes -- I am Badlands McKinney.

Cassie stares up at him. Badlands believes this revelation has thoroughly shocked her, and she is lost to him forever. But Cassie is only concerned with the hideous fact that Badlands McKinney is an escaped convict -- that Repen is to take back with him to Pekin. Her next question comes in an almost breathless whisper:

CASSIE

And is it true -- is it true -- you are -- an -- escaped -- convict?

Again Badlands inclines his head.

BADLANDS

Yes -- that is true also.

Cassie crushes her hands against her mouth to suffocate the cry that she can barely hold back. Badlands regards her like a lost soul.

CASSIE

Why didn't you tell me?

BADLANDS

Because I loved you. I wanted you to think the best you could of me -- even if we never met again. You was to never know that I was Badlands.



Suddenly he realizes that Ripen has broken his word -- has betrayed him, and a cold fury seizes him, as he turns about and fixes Ripen with a deep dangerous look.

BADLANDS

So you told her!

Ripen flinches a moment and then assumes an air of bravado.

RIPEN

Ye-ah--sure I have told her.  
Why not?

BADLANDS

I'll go to Pekin Prison for life all right -- but it won't be you who takes me back.

He advances toward Ripen, who backs before him, but suddenly whips out a gun. Cassie realizes that she must do something quickly. Badlands is all too evidently unafraid of that gun. His one thought is to get his hands on Ripen. Cassie springs between them. She shoves Badlands with her elbow. Her voice is raucous, brazen. She is talking to Ripen.

CASSIE

Say you! I thought you asked me to go to Peking with you and now your're flirting with this lousy convict!

Badlands, though revolted by her manner and voice, nevertheless is not as yet wholly deceived. He is quite puzzled. However, Ripen is smiling with relief. He has not wish to mix up in battle with Badlands. The prize he has long desired is dropping into his lap like a ripe plum. He can attend to Badlands another time.

RIPEN

You are mistaken -- I go with you.

(CONTINUED)



140 . (CONTINUED)

CASSIE

That's better - I thought you wuz tryin' to give me the shake.

RIPEN

You know I never do that.

CASSIE

You'd better not (she laughs)  
Say, give me that gun -- I'll handle this jail-bird!

She takes the gun from Ripen before he can object and covers Badlands.  
(Badlands watches her a bit dazedly)

BADLANDS

(Falteringly)

M - M - Miss Preston!

Ripen begins to laugh.

REPEN

Preston. Hee-hee! Cassie---

CASSIE

Hold on, I'll put him wise who I am. I'll tell him.

141. INT. HOTEL LOBBY CLOSE SHOT

She stands beligerantly before Badlands. It is killing her but she has got to make him believe. She has got to disillusionize him.

CASSIE

You thought you put one over on me, eh, convict? Ho! The joke's on you! Thought you was kiddin' me into thinkin' you was a gentleman, heh! All the time the shoe was on the other foot. Oh Gee! The fun I had.

(CONTINUED)



(JI)

141. (CONTINUED)

She breaks into hysterical laughter, swaying and rocking from side to side, and wiping her eyes. She points at him, as if asking Repen to share in her derision of the poor sap who had believed in her.

CASSIE

D'you know what I made him believe? Ha-ha-ha! Me? (Mock solemn) Made him believe I was a lady -- very swell high up -- my dad-- a high mucky muck bug -- and he fell for it. Oh dear -- it was rich! He fell for it.

Badland's grave eyes never waver. Cassie flings her name at him now, as though she thinks it had the power of dynamite.

CASSIE

Guess who I am-- Mr. Convict? Maybe you've heard o' me before -- just as I've heard of you. I'm Cassie Cook-- of the Polly Voo Frances Tip Top House. Cassie Cook--of the Yellow Sea. Every man in Shanghai's heard of me.

(He continues to stare at her)

CASSIE

So you see -- the laugh's on you. And now -- get a wiggle on you -- clear out -- clear out -- before something happens to you!

She is terrified by the thought that Repen might change his mind and arrest Badlands after all.

142. INT. HOTEL LOBBY MED. SHOT

Badlands has scarcely moved. Something about that look -- the look almost of a dog, who cannot be swerved, terrifies Cassie. She thrusts her arm through Repen's.

(CONTINUED)



142. (CONTINUED)

CASSIE

Come on -- let's go, baby!

She cannot resist looking back, and there is Badlands, unmoving. She cries hysterically:

CASSIE

Well -- you fool! Why don't you go! Go! Go! -- while the going's good! You're free -- Go I say!

Repen is gloating. He draws Cassie along. As he swings around to move toward the door, Dr. Li enters.

Repen has stopped in his tracks at the sight of the Mandarin. A Metamorphosis takes place in him, and we see that he is shaken by some uncanny fear.

The Mandarin advances with cool dignity, unhurried and calm. Although we see the terror of Repen, we also see that the Mandarin carries no weapon more terrible than a rose, on which he sniffs, as an epicure might.

His glance however, pinions the quaking Repen, whose eyes are shifting in every direction for the quickest means of escape. The Mandarin comes up before him.

Repen has dropped his clutch on Cassie's arm, and the latter is watching the scene bewilderedly.

MANDARIN

I would speak with you.

REPEN

(His teeth chattering)

W-with me, your excellency?

MANDARIN

With you.

REPEN

Bb-b-b-bbut I have not the extreme honor of an acquaintance with your

(CONTINUED)



(JI)

142. (CONTINUED)

Excellency. It may be you mistake me for some other man.

The Mandarin has been quietly moving the rose in his hand. His face is without expression -- sphinx like and frozen.

MANDARIN

There is no mistake --- I know you!

Repen starts to retreat, but trips, and his head going back, the lock of hair on his forehead is dislodged revealing the livid scar. The Mandarin quietly indicates the little dining room.

MANDARIN

IN-----there!

Repen would refuse, but he is now almost under an hypnotic spell, and retreats step by step before the slow advance of the Mandarin. The latter follows him into the room.

143. INT. DINING ROOM CLOSE SHOT

Repen as soon as he gets in dining room darts like a terrified rat to a far corner and huddles against the wall.

The Mandarin takes his time. Quietly, very aesthetically he chooses a place on table to lay his rose. He then locks the door, and we see him suddenly appear to grow to a terrifying height. The outline of his shadow falls upon the abject Repen. Very calmly and collectedly the Mandarin speaks:

MANDARIN

By dint of watching, the King Fisher seizes his prey even though it be hidden at the bottom of the pool.

Repen gasps in terror. We see his wide opened mouth.

CUT TO



(JI)

144. INT. HOTEL LOBBY MED. CLOSE SHOT

Cassie, nerve torn, sinks down on chair. Covers her face with her hands. Badlands stands quietly regarding her. We sense the immense change that is sweeping over the man--a sort of warm upheaval -- a comprehension of the girl, Cassie Cook. Then we get just a pinch of comedy here. Cassie parts her fingers, which are before her face just long enough to peep. Her action is just what Badlands needed to confirm the thoughts which have been racing madly through his mind.

BADLANDS

Cassie -- Cassie --

Cassie shakes her head, presses her hands tighter before her face.

BADLANDS

Cassie -- that's your name --  
ain't it -- Miss Preston?

Cassie uncovers one eye. Then she nods.

145. INT. HOTEL LOBBY MED. CLOSE SHOT

The door of the dining room opens. The Mandarin comes out. There is a quiet, bland smile on his face. He pauses by the little serving table. Pours some water into a finger bowl. Takes a rose from vase and breaks the blossoms into the water. Then drips his fingers delicately into the rose pettaled water. Dries them with a napkin. Takes out his fan, and quietly fans himself, as he looks at Cassie and Badlands, who pays no attention to him.

146. INT. HOTEL LOBBY CLOSE SHOT

(BADLANDS)

(in a slightly shaky voice)

(CONTINUED)



(JI)

146. (CONTINUED)

Cassie -- you and me -- we're two  
of the same kind.

Cassie looks up. Her eyes are brimming.  
She can scarcely bear this new Badlands,  
so tender is his look, so wonderfully  
gently his touch. For he has taken one  
of Cassie's little hands and is holding  
it.

BADLANDS

(Softly)

Cassie -- I love you!

CASSIE

(Breathlessly)

You don't know all the things I  
done.

BADLANDS

You don't know all I done. (Pause)  
Cassie -- I Love you!

CASSIE

But -- just now -- that man --

BADLANDS

Ye-ah-- I know. You did that for  
me -- so's I could get away. (Pause)  
Cassie -- I Love you!

CASSIE

You can't really know who I am --  
I was foolin' you -- just pretendin'  
to be a lady. I didn't mean it in  
the beginnin' -- just wanted to  
ketch you like a fly --

BADLANDS

But you did mean it in the end --  
didn't you?

She nods, and begins softly to cry. Bad-  
lands is drawing her to him gradually.  
She holds back a moment.

(CONTINUED)



(JI)

146. (CONTINUED)

CASSIE

Oh--- if only I could be what I was actin' I was. If only I really was -- a lady -- Miss Preston.

BADLANDS

We can be whatever we want to be, Cassie. I love you. I'll be the man you thought I was, just as you'll be Miss Preston all of my life.

They are now in each other's arms.

147. INT. HOTEL LOBBY MED CLOSE SHOT

The Mandarin has come up behind them. his face is impassive, the benign sphinx like countenance on a Buddha. Cassie jerks back her head suddenly.

CASSIE

(frightened)

Where's Reven?

Clings to Badlands.

MANDARIN

My friend --

Cassie and Badlands, turn, look at him apprehensively.

CASSIE

Oh -- don't let -- him take --

MANDARIN

He who is dead is impotent to harm the living!

CASSIE AND BADLANDS

(in breathless whisper)

(CONTINUED)



147. (CONTINUED)

Dead!

They glance fearfully toward the dining room. They do not know whether to be relieved or horrified.

MANDARIN

Hai! Our actions are followed by their consequences as surely as a body by its shadow.

He furls his fan closed -- turns slightly toward window or door.

MANDARIN

Brief is the time of pleasure and quickly to pain, and whatsoever lives, must necessarily die.

Badlands and Cassie are watching him with some uncertainty. There is a long pause-- during which Badlands arms again enfold Cassie.

MANDARIN

The air is soft -- full of the essence of life!

The Mandarin turns toward them, with a very benevolent smile.

MANDARIN

Come - my children. You will permit me to be your host -- and arrange for your safe return to your honorable country.

Badlands, hesitates but not Cassie.

CASSIE

If you feel that way about it -- we ain't turnin' anything down --

The Mandarin makes a graceful gesture and they move close together.



(JI)

148.      INT. HOTEL LOBBY      CLOSE SHOT

MANDARIN

After the storm comes the calm!  
Good fortune delights to accompany  
Youth. Your life is before you.

CASSIE

You ain't so old yourself. Mebbe  
there's someone in the world who'll  
be crazy about you!

The Mandarin smiles gently. Then he  
shakes his head.

MANDARIN

Though the magnet attract iron, it  
cannot attract -- stone!

FADE OUT

(NOTE: If you desired it could be  
the Mandarin's young wife who Repen  
betrayed rather than his daughter.)

\*\*      THE END      \*\*