The CAPITOL DOME at Washington fades in. It is night, and the dome is flooded in light.

This view dissolves to the exterior of a Newspaper Office WINDOW, seen at night. The letters on the window, illuminated by a street light, are picked out with increasing distinctness. They read: WASHINGTON POST-DISPATCH. This dissolves into the NIGHT CITY EDITOR'S OFFICE, where a lethargic, eyeshaded man behind a desk reaches for the telephone which is ringing.

EDITOR
(mechanically)
Desk--
(Then, perking up)
What?

Inside a PHONE BOOTH in a Hospital Corridor, where a nurse seated at the corridor desk is visible through the glass doors of the booth, a man is telephoning:

REPORTER
Senator Samuel Foley--dead. Died a minute ago--here at St. Vincent's. At the bedside was state political sidekick, Senator Joseph Paine--

And we see the HOSPITAL OFFICE where Senator Joseph Paine, a trim, rather dignified man of fifty-eight, occupying the desk of the nurse who stands by, is talking rapidly and agitatedly into a phone.

PAINE
(into the phone)
Long distance? Senator Joseph Paine speaking. I want the Governor's residence at Jackson City--Governor Hubert Hopper. Hurry--

The scene dissolves into a skimming view of TELEPHONE WIRES strung over a vast distance--and then into the BEDROOM of Governor and Mrs. Hopper, where the Governor and his wife are found in their twin beds, the room darkened. The buzzer is sounding. Mrs. Emma Hopper, wife of the Governor, sits bolt upright in the dark.
EMMA
(a shrew)
I knew it! I knew a night's rest wasn't possible in this house!
(As the buzzer is heard again)
Hubert!

HUBERT
(waking with a start, bewildered)
Wha--? Yes, sweetheart-- Wha--?

EMMA
That infernal phone!

HUBERT
Yes, yes--phone, phone--
(Fumbling for the light)
A--an outrage, pet--an outrage--I'll look into this--
(Seizing the phone)
Hello--Joe!--What!--No! Not really! Terrible!

EMMA
What is it?

In the HOSPITAL ROOM, we see Paine on the phone.

PAINE
It couldn't have come at a worse time. Call Jim Taylor. Tell him I'm taking a plane tonight for home.

In GOVERNOR HOPPER'S BEDROOM:

HUBERT
(on the phone)
Yes, Joe, yes--right away.
(He hangs up--then lifts the receiver again and begins to dial)

EMMA
What is it?

HUBERT
Sam Foley--dead!

EMMA
Great saints!

HUBERT
Of all the times! Of all the times!
Two months to the end of his term--
and Foley has to go and die on us--

EMMA
Whom are you calling--in the dead of
night?

HUBERT
Taylor, my dear.

EMMA
Can't that wait, Hubert?

HUBERT
No, no--believe me, pet--this is
*most* urgent--

(Into the phone)
Hello, hello. Is Taylor there?--
Governor Hopper. Quickly, please--

EMMA
This isn't a home, it's the crossroads
of the world!

HUBERT
Now, now, Emma, dear--you mustn't
forget we have been chosen by the
people of this commonwealth to--

EMMA
(sharply)
Save that for the laying of
cornerstones, Hubert!
(Groaning)
Oh, that morning you looked in the
mirror and saw a statesman!

HUBERT
Now, pet--
(Then, excitedly into
the phone)

Jim!

In political boss TAYLOR'S ROOM, we see JIM TAYLOR, a hard-
bitten, taciturn, impressive man in his fifties. At the
moment, he stands at a phone, in vest and rolled up sleeves,
a cigar between his fingers. Behind him, in a smoke-filled
room, man are seated at a card table from which Taylor
evidently has just risen.

TAYLOR
What's up, Happy?

In HOPPER'S BEDROOM:

HUBERT
Sam Foley--died tonight in Washington. Joe just called. Can you imagine anything more--?

In TAYLOR'S ROOM:

    TAYLOR
    Died, huh? Well, take it easy, Happy. Is Paine coming?--Good. Keep your shirt on--and your mouth shut. No statements.

In HOPPER'S BEDROOM:

    HUBERT
    (into the phone)
    Y-yes, Jim--Yes--

And now flashing on the screen are NEWSPAPER HEADLINES of the following morning--announcing Foley's death--and finally such headlines as:

SUCCESSOR TO FOLEY TO BE NAMED BY GOVERNOR

APPOINTEE WILL FILL OUT UNEXPIRED TERM OF TWO MONTHS

HOPPER'S CHOICE FOR VACANT SENATE CHAIR EAGERLY AWAITED

The scene dissolves into the GOVERNOR'S OUTER OFFICE, in the morning. The office is full of people--newspapermen--dignified citizens--women--all waiting to see the Governor. A group is collected around the male secretary's desk. Two other desks are seen with secretaries at them. There is an undertone of talk.

    REPORTER
    If His Excellency's statement is going to make the noon edition--

    SECRETARY
    Governor Hopper said you would have it any minute--

An austere gent named Edwards pushes toward the desk.

    EDWARDS
    (firmly)
    Will you please remind the Governor again--

    SECRETARY
    He know your committee is waiting, Mr. Edwards.
(Raising his voice
over the room)
The Governor will see *all* committees
at the first opportunity.

In the GOVERNOR’S PRIVATE OFFICE we see Hubert Hopper and
McGann, the former on the dictagraph, while McGann lounges
in a chair.

HUBERT
(into the dictagraph)
Yes, yes--tell them I'll see them
immediately--immediately!
(Snapping up the
dictagraph, turning
wildly on McGann)
I can't hold them off! They want
something to say about this
appointment. Ten to one they've got
a man.

MCGANN
Relax, Happy. Jim said to wait.

HUBERT
I *can't* wait, McGann! You go into
that room and tell Jim Taylor and
Joe Paine that I give them *one more
minute*--

MCGANN
(quietly)
*You* tell Jim Taylor.

HUBERT
(walking--fuming)
Washington! Always discussing the
problems of Washington. Nobody ever
thinks of the State--and my problems!
(With sudden
determination)
I *will* tell Jim Taylor. It's high
*time* I told him a thing or two!
(He pushes the door
to a small ante room)

In the ANTE-ROOM, Joe Paine and Jim Taylor are on their feet,
as Happy insert his head.

HUBERT
(angrily)
Look here, Jim--if you and Joe are
going to gab about this appointment
*any* longer, I'm going ahead and
see those committees!

TAYLOR
(sharply)
You'll see those committees when we're finished!

HUBERT
(meekly)
Yes, Jim.

Hubert retires, closing the door. Jim Taylor turns back to Paine.

TAYLOR
That Happy Hoppe is tougher to handle than a prima-donna.

PAINE
--in other words, Jim--with this Willet Creek Dam on the fire--the man who goes to the Senate now in Sam Foley's place can't ask any questions or talk out of turn. We must be absolutely sure of him.

TAYLOR
That's why I say Miller--Horace Miller. He jumped through hoops for the machine before we moved him up to the bench. He'll take orders.

PAINE
Jim--suppose we didn't try to go through with this Willet Creek Dam--suppose we postpone it until the next session of Congress--or drop it altogether--

TAYLOR
That'd be a crime--after all this work--getting it buried in this Deficiency Bill as nice as you please--approved--all ready to roll--

PAINE
How much does the Willet Dam mean to you, Jim?

TAYLOR
Joe--I've got a lot of people to take care of in this State.

PAINE
I know, but is it worth the risk of a scandal now that a new man is going to the Senate?

TAYLOR
Joe--what's the matter with you--
where you're concerned, I wouldn't take the slightest risk--'specially now after the great reputation you've made in the Senate. Why, look at this campaign I've started for you in all my papers. You're the logical man from the West on the National ticket--at the convention, anything can happen--

There is a pause while Joe looks at a newspaper.

TAYLOR
Joe, that's coming a long way in twenty years since I met you practising law down there in Main Street.

PAINE
Jim--if what you say about the future is remotely possible--why not do as I say--drop things like this dam?

TAYLOR
We can't drop it now, Joe. We bought the land around this Dam and we're holding it in dummy names. If we drop it or delay it--we are going to bring about investigations, and investigations will show that we own that land and are trying to sell it to the State under phoney names. No, Joe, in my judgment the only thing to do is push this Dam through--and get it over with.

PAINE
Well, then appoint Miller--if you're sure he'll take orders.

TAYLOR
Don't worry about Horace--he'll take orders. Come on--

He goes to the door quickly, followed by Paine.

In the GOVERNOR'S PRIVATE OFFICE, as Taylor and Paine barge in, Happy Hubert throws his hands up.

HUBERT
Well! Thank Heaven!

The dictagraph buzzes.

HUBERT
(shouting into it)
One minute! Just one minute!
TAYLOR
Happy, we've got the man. Horace Miller!

HUBERT
Horace Mill--!

MCGANN
(leaping up)
Terrific! A born stooge! Horace'll perform like a trained seal.

HUBERT
Jim—if I fling a party man like Horace in the face of those angry committees--

TAYLOR
Happy, for reasons there isn't time to go into--it's got to be Miller! We've given you the man. Now write the ticket.
(Moving to the door)
Come on, Joe. Come on, Chick.

HUBERT
(following them)
Now, wait fellows--great Heavens. I've got to see those angry committees first--feel them out a little--work for harmony--harmony.

MCGANN
Harmony--and Horace Miller.

The scene dissolves to the GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, full of committee people, arranged in rows of chairs, closely packed together. Hubert, at his desk, is addressing them.

HUBERT
(spreading the old oil)
Gentlemen—in considering the candidates who might answer to the high qualifications of United States Senator—there was one name that shone out like a beacon—one I'm sure you will enthusiastically approve—the Honorable *Horace Miller*.

A minor bedlam breaks loose. Excited men rise and shout.

VOICES
Miller!
Not Horace Miller!
A Taylor Man!
The Veterans will have no part of him!
A party man! One of Taylor's tools!
Give us a clean man for a change!
The New Citizen's Committee won't stand for Miller!

HUBERT
(smiling sickly, wincing)
--please--

The scene dissolves to the GOVERNOR'S LIBRARY in the HOPPER HOME, at night. Hubert stands troubledly while Taylor, hat in hand, is tearing into him and McGann just listens.

TAYLOR
They put up *their* candidate? Who?

HUBERT
(swallowing)
Henry Hill.

TAYLOR
*Henry Hill?* That crackpot? That long-haired--! Why, you should have killed that so fast--!

HUBERT
I--I couldn't, Jim. Those men were--

TAYLOR
We can't help *what* they were! Forget 'em!

HUBERT
Jim, that bunch is out for blood. If I throw Horace in their teeth now--

TAYLOR
I said forget 'em! Horace Miller goes to the Senate--and that settles it!

HUBERT
I *won't* send Horace Miller!

TAYLOR
*You won't?*

HUBERT
I *won't* let you stand there callously and perhaps wreck my whole political future!

TAYLOR
*Your* political future! I bought it
for you and made you a present. And
I can grab it back so fast it'll
make your head spin. You got a nerve
to stand there and worry about just
*your future* when we're in this
spot!

(Starting for the
door)
The man is---*Miller*.

MCGANN
(following Taylor;
adds dryly)
M-i-double l-e-r.

The two are gone, leaving Happy very unhappy. He stands for
a baleful instant. The butler appears.

BUTLER
Mr. Edwards of the Citizen's Committee
on the phone, sir.

HUBERT
(groaning)
No! I'm out. I'm sick. I--I--
(Collapsing)
I'll talk.

He picks up the phone.

HUBERT
(brightening his manner)
*Good* evening, Mr. Edwards... Why,
I have the matter under advisement
this very moment. Now it isn't a
question of my *objecting* to Henry
Hill--

BY A PHONE, Edwards is seen to be in considerable heat.

EDWARDS
(into the phone)
Hill is the man every decent element
wants--and *expects!* It's Henry
Hill, Mr. Governor--or else!

In the GOVERNOR'S LIBRARY, Hubert is seen wincing.

HUBERT
(swallowing)
Yes, Mr. Edwards. Certainly. I shall
bear that in mind. Good night.

He hangs up, a picture of deepening misery, as Emma appears
at the door.

EMMA
Dinner, Hubert.

HUBERT  
(absently) 
I'll bear that in mind... What? Oh. Dinner. Pet--my stomach couldn't hold a bird seed.

EMMA  
(leaving) 
We're waiting, Hubert.

The scene dissolves to the DINING ROOM. The Hopper family is seated at dinner. Six children are around the table--four boys ranging from nine to sixteen, and a couple of in-between girls. The butler is placing the soup before them.

HUBERT  
Really, my dear--I don't feel like a thing.

EMMA  
(over-riding him) 
Nonsense.

PETER  
("Number Two" son) 
What's the matter, Dad? Is it getting you down?

HUBERT  
Is *what* getting me down?

JIMMIE  
("Number One" son) 
You're in a deuce of a pickle, aren't you, Pop?

OTIS  
("Number Three" son) 
Looks like Henry Hill--huh, Pop?

PETER  
Naw--it's Horace Miller--or else!

Hubert chokes on his soup.

JIMMIE  
Gee, I wouldn't appoint an old twerp like Horace Miller--Taylor or no Taylor!

HUBERT  
Taylor! May I ask what *Taylor* has to do with it?

JIMMIE
Well, he's still running the show, ain't he, Dad?

HUBERT
Emma! I will not have conversations of this sort carried on by the children at dinner!

EMMA
Nonsense. Why don't you listen to your children for a change? You might actually learn something?

HUBERT
(with sarcasm)
For instance, how to run the affairs of government? No doubt my children could make this appointment *for* me—with the greatest ease!

JIMMIE

HUBERT
I beg your pardon?

PETER
Jeff Smith. He's the only Senator to have.

OTIS
Sure. He ought to be President.

LITTLE JACKIE
("Number Four" son)
I like Jeff Smith.

HUBERT
You, too! Fine. Fine. That's everybody heard from. Forgive my abysmal ignorance—but I don't know Jefferson Smith from a--

PETER
Gosh, Pop—head of the Boy Rangers!

HUBERT
Oh, a *boy*!

JIMMY
No, *no*, Pop—Jeff's a *man*! Jeff Smith! Biggest expert we got on wild game—and animals—and rocks.

PETER
Yes, and right now he's the greatest hero we ever had. It's all over the
headlines--

JIMMY
Sure. Didn't you see about the terrific forest fire all around Sweetwater?

HUBERT
I did. What about it?

PETER
Well, Jeff put that out himself.

HUBERT
Himself!

JIMMIE
Well--Jeff and the Rangers. He was out camping with 'em--and they saved hundreds of people and millions of dollars--

OTIS
And not one boy even scratched!

JIMMIE
Now, if you really want a Senator--

HUBERT
I do *not* want a Senator. And I do *not* want any more of this nonsense! Emma!

EMMA
Why, I think it's very sweet of the children--

OTIS
He's the greatest *American* we got, too, Dad. Can tell what George Washington said--by heart. An' "Boy Stuff's" got the swellest stuff in it.

HUBERT
What stuff?

PETER
"Boy Stuff." That's the name of Jeff's magazine. He prints it.

(Pulling one out of his pocket excitedly)
Look--here's one--oh, it's great--everybody* reads it--all the kids in the State--a million of 'em. Look, Pop--let me read you a--
HUBERT
Peter, I'm in no mood to hear childish prattle!

JIMMY
Prattle!

PETER
You're all wet, Pop! Listen to this:
(Flipping back to a page)
"What makes a man humane to man--to give and not to take--to serve and not to rule--ideals and not deals--creed and not greed--." How about *that*?

OTIS
No, *sir*! You couldn't do better, Dad.

HUBERT
Than what?

OTIS
Jeff for Senator.

HUBERT
(his anger rising)
Emma! Will you *please*--?

PETER
(leaping in on the attack)
Want to get out of a pickle, don't you?

OTIS
(leaping right in, too)
Always looking out for votes, aren't you?

PETER
Yeah--an' here's fifty thousand kids with two folks apiece--and *they vote*!

JIMMIE
(attacking too)
If you want to do yourself some good in this State, Dad--

OTIS
If you're ever going to stand up like a man some day and tell Taylor to go to--
EMMA

Otis!

HUBERT

(rising frantically)
That settles it! I will not be attacked and belittled by my own children in my own home! My nerves are strained to the breaking point!

He throws his serviette down and rushes from the dining-room.

EMMA

Hubert!

LITTLE JANE

Papa's mad, Mama.

The scene dissolves to Hubert Hopper's STUDY, at night. Hubert is pacing miserably as Emma enters, carrying his dinner on a plate and setting it down on his desk.

HUBERT

(in quiet, heart-breaking appeal)
Emma! I'm a man at the end of his rope.

EMMA

No wonder—without your dinner.

HUBERT

Emma, which is it—Horace Miller or Henry Hill?

EMMA

(starting out)
Well, your children are very bright—and *they* say Jefferson Smith.

And Emma, without pausing, passes on out. Hubert is beside himself, and begins to pace again.

HUBERT

(to himself, distractedly)
Henry Hill—Horace Miller—Henry Miller—Horace Hi—uh—Henry—

Then on a desperate impulse, he takes a coin from his pocket and gets ready to flip.

HUBERT

Heads—Hill. Tails—Miller.

He shuts his eyes and flips. The coin falls on the library
table. He rushes to it. His eyes pop.

The COIN is seen standing on edge, leaned against a small stack of magazines and papers.

HUBERT is at his wit's end. Then his eyes travel over to the paper on top of the pile. We see the NEWSPAPER HEADLINE:

GRATEFUL CITIZENS POUR GRATITUDE
ON HERO JEFF SMITH

Hubert stares at this headline, then suddenly, wildly, dashes for the door.

The scene dissolves to a STREET, at night: a row of simple, white-frame houses with neatly kept front yards and white picket fences. Street lamps illumine the scene. A limousine has come to a stop before one HOUSE, JEFFERSON SMITH'S, and Governor Hubert Hopper is alighting. He pauses to look at the house, is uncertain for an instant as to whether to go in or not; then makes up his mind, pushes through the gate and goes up the walk.

At the DOOR, Hubert pauses again before knocking, but finally does so. As his knuckles rap on the door, a terrific blast of band music, blaring instruments badly played, lets go from inside the house. Hubert, startled out of his wits, turns to run for his life and makes two steps when the door is opened; and there stands a smallish, somewhat gray, sweet-faced little lady (Jeff's Ma). The music goes on, so that both have to raise their voices above it.

MA
I *thought* I heard... Yes?

HUBERT
Uh--Jefferson Smith's residence?

MA
Yes. Come in.

HUBERT
Is--uh--Jefferson Smith at home?

MA
Certainly. Step right in.

In the SITTING ROOM of the Smith Home, a neat, cozy room, there are about twenty kids, ranging from nine to fifteen, imitating a band. An older boy is leading them. They are of all descriptions of dress; some in poor clothes--one with his leg in a brace. Hubert edges into the room dumbfounded.

MA
(loudly above the music)
I'll call Jeff. He's back in the
She starts across the room. Hubert remains, disconcerted by the music. Suddenly, he looks off into the adjoining room with curious interest—and also to escape the music, he moves toward it.

The adjoining room the Hubert enters is an OFFICE. It contains everything from a roll-top desk crammed with mail, to a small power printing press—to short-wave radio equipment. It is a beehive of activity, with some eight or ten boys working like the seven dwarfs—printing cards on the press—tying copies of "Boy Stuff" into bundles—tinkering with the short-wave set. Hubert is set back on his heels by this unexpected sight. He notes the little placards framed on the wall, bearing the words of great men, and such admonitions as: "When there's an edge—give it to the other fellow." "When a man dies he clutches in his hands only that which he has given away during his lifetime—" —Jean Jacques Rousseau. "No man is good enough to govern another." —Abraham Lincoln. "You've got to do your own growing, no matter how tall your grandfather was." He notes the boys working at the radio—others working at the desk—while all the time, the little power press goes on. Suddenly Ma returns, followed by Jefferson Smith—fine looking, rangy, youthful—at the moment wiping some white substance from his right hand.

JEFFERSON
Good evening, sir. I was just making some—
(Then, astoundedly)
Governor Hopper!

MA
Well--I'll go to Halifax!

Suddenly great excitement ensues.

JEFFERSON
Boys! Attention! Governor Hopper!

The little fellows drop what they are doing and come to attention while Jeff dives for a chair and whips it around.

HUBERT
Now--now--please—that's quite all right. Relax, boys—

JEFFERSON
(at attention)
This--this is a great honor, sir. I--
I--

HUBERT
Not at all. I've come to pay you a personal and official--and I might say--a *tardy* tribute, Mr. Smith,
for your recent heroic conduct.

JEFFERSON
Oh, now, I'm afraid that's been exaggerated some--

HUBERT
No. No. A signal service to the State. Yes, indeed. And not only that but--uh--I've heard of your excellent work in leading and guiding our youth--

JEFFERSON
Well--that's not work, sir--that's fun.

HUBERT
No doubt. No doubt. And this fine little paper--"Boy Stuff"--with, I dare say, an *enormous* circulation in the State.

MA
Well--it started with a little mimeograph sheet--and it's just grown out of all sense and reason--

HUBERT
Excellent! Excellent! My boy, I'm convinced our State has a great debt of gratitude to you--

JEFFERSON
Oh, now--

MA
Jefferson--

JEFFERSON
Yes, Ma?

MA
Excuse me for interrupting, Governor, but--
(To Jeff)
--that plaster's gonna harden any second, son.

JEFFERSON
(on edge)
Gosh! You see sir--I was fixing some plaster for a cast on Amos' leg--he's always chewing 'em off. I'll only be a minute--if you'll excuse me, sir--

HUBERT
By all means--by all means.

Jeff exits hurriedly.

MA
Maybe you'd like to come along and watch, Governor? Jefferson's done a wonderful job with that leg.

HUBERT
Why, of course.

Ma starts out after Jeff--Hubert follows. He descends the few steps after her.

The PET SHOP, which Ma and Hubert enter, is a crudely built room, another addition to the house proper. The instant they set foot inside, the damnedest furore breaks loose--dogs bark--parrots scream, until Hubert is about to lose his mind. Jeff is placing his plaster on the center table and is stepping to one of the cages.

JEFFERSON
(calling)
Jerry! Blackie! Queenie! Let's have it quiet, fellows!

MA
(calling)
Now, now, now!
(To Hubert)
It's all right, Governor.

She moves toward the table--Hubert following.

HUBERT
A pet shop?

MA
Well, it sort of got to be--from Jeff just pullin' splinters and things--

Jeff pulls down from a cage Amos, a Siamese monkey, and sets him on the TABLE. Amos is fighting fiercely. The cast on his leg hangs down in shreds. Hubert, approaching, is amazed and startled. Jefferson starts to pull the old cast from Amos' leg.

JEFFERSON
(to Ma)
Here, Skinny, give me a hand. Hold Amos' tail down so he can't get it around my waist.

Ma holds the monkey's tail as directed--or tries to.
(to Amos)
Now, now, now—that isn't going to get you any place. Get a firm grip, Ma!

MA
Satan's in this little fella tonight!

JEFFERSON
(at work)
Sorry about this, Governor. But it won't take a minute. You were saying something in the other room, sir--

HUBERT
Well--yes--I was saying--the State should reward you--

JEFFERSON
Aw--

HUBERT
--And it is in my power to confer a very signal honor upon you. In my official capacity, therefore, I--

JEFFERSON
Ma! Hold him!

MA
I just can't, son--not the head and tail both!

HUBERT
Uh--could--could I help--?

JEFFERSON
Thanks, Governor--*yes*! Do you mind? His head--Ma'll take the tail.

HUBERT
The--head?

JEFFERSON
Just get one hand against each ear there--keep his face straight up.

Hubert timidly does as directed. Amos yells--Hubert almost lets go.

JEFFERSON
Amos!
(To Governor)
Hold 'im, Governor. That's right. Cinch him down. Fine--fine--

Jeff starts to put the plaster on.
JEFFERSON
What were you saying, Governor? Sorry.

HUBERT
(determinedly--once
and for all)
I said, sir--in my official capacity--as an honorary gesture--I appoint
you to the United States Senate!

It does not penetrate to Jeff that instant.

JEFFERSON
Now, Amos, now--
(Then, as Hubert's
words hit)
What?

MA
What?

At this instant, Amos wriggles his head and sinks his teeth
into the soft, white thumb of Governor Hopper.

HUBERT
(yelling)
Ow! He bit me!

He lets go of Amos, who wriggles and is nearly off the table.
Jeff and Ma make a dive for him.

JEFFERSON
(yelling)
Amos! Amos!

And, added to everything else, the pet shop goes up in a
roar.

The scene dissolves to NEWSPAPER HEADLINES, a flaring, eight-
column head reads:

GOVERNOR HOPPER IN SURPRISE APPOINTMENT

And another headline (with picture of Jefferson Smith):

HERO JEFFERSON SMITH
IS GOVERNOR'S SENATE CHOICE

The scene dissolves to the GOVERNOR'S LIBRARY, in the morning.
Taylor, McGann, Hubert and Paine are present.

TAYLOR
(pounding a newspaper
in his hand, yelling
at Happy)
--a *boy ranger* a squirrel chaser--
to the United States Senate!

HUBERT
Jim--the answer to a prayer--manna from heaven--the man *we want*--and the votes *we need*--

MCGANN
He's batty!

HUBERT
Listen--the simpleton of all time--a big-eyed patriot--knows Washington and Lincoln by heart--stood at attention in the Governor's presence--collects stray boys and cats--

TAYLOR
What!

HUBERT
Joe--*you* know what I'm talking about. The perfect man. Never in politics in his life. Wouldn't find out what it's all about in two *years*, let alone two months. But the important thing--and this was the genius of the stroke--*it means votes*!

MCGANN
Oh--oh.

HUBERT
He's the hero of fifty thousand boys and a hundred thousand parents. Look at these congratulations pouring in! I tell you, gentlemen, by this one statesman-like act, I have--

TAYLOR
(deadly)
But you went ahead and made this appointment without asking me--

HUBERT
Jim--when the lightning hit, I--I just--

TAYLOR
*But you never asked me*!

HUBERT
(petulantly)
Oh--Jim!

PAINE
Wait a minute, boys. Happy may have hit on something tremendous here. Rather than let Miller or anyone else in at this stage, we simply put blinders on this simple son of nature--and turn him loose on monuments. He's completely out of the way in Washington, and as Happy says, you make political capital out of it at home.

TAYLOR
Joe--do you mean to say--do you think you can actually *handle* this--this whatever-you-call-it in Washington?

PAINE
(quietly)
A young patriot?--Who recites Jefferson and Lincoln?--turned loose in our nation's capital? I think I can.

TAYLOR
(after a pause)
Chick--turn the ballyhoo boys loose on this right away. Greatest appointment ever made. A banquet--declare a holiday.

MCGANN
Wow! A star-spangled banquet--and one of Happy's windy spiels--music--little kids--the flag--a tear-jerker from way back--!

The scene dissolves to a MONTAGE, a series of headlines screaming approval of Happy's choice--pictures of Happy with Smith--of Happy shaking hands with person after person in his office--of Jeff Smith surrounded by boys in his home, cheering him, clustered around--and adults shaking his hand--of telegrams coming to him in stacks--of, finally at night, the Boy's Club band in the street, marching to a martial air, banners at their head reading: "OUR OWN SENATOR JEFFERSON SMITH."

This dissolves to a BANQUET HALL, in which HOPPER, seen at close range, in white tie--beaming--on his feet at the banquet table--is addressing an assemblage.

HUBERT
--in the hands of your Governor lay the power to confer a great honor--to raise a man to the high office of United States Senator. And how did your Governor confer that honor?
The scene then reveals a great, horseshoe banquet table, crowded with leading citizens. At Hubert's left and right sit Jefferson and Ma, Mrs. Hopper and Paine. MA is seen beaming, while JEFFERSON looks dazed and nervous.

HUBERT'S VOICE
Did he give it to some wealthy or influential citizen merely to curry favor? No!
(As Paine is seen looking down at Jeff)
Did he give it to some unworthy political hireling? No!

TAYLOR AND MCGANN are seen seated at one of the wing tables--to be out of sight. McGann raised his eyes to heaven for relief.

HUBERT'S VOICE
What *did* he do? True to our party's tradition--

EDWARDS is seen listening skeptically.

HUBERT'S VOICE
--he went down among the people--
(warming to a climax, the banquet now in full view)
--and there found--a nugget! A hero!! That was the spirit your Governor acted in. And in that spirit we have come together tonight to acclaim and bid Godspeed to--Senator Jefferson Smith.

Strong applause--people get to their feet--a band blares a salute. Hubert motions Jeff to get to his feet. Dry-mouthed, Jeff rises. The noise dies out. They wait.

JEFFERSON
(simply--slowly)
Well--uh--thank you. I--I sort of have a feeling there's been a big mistake--I mean--
(as gentle laughter greets him)
--I--I can't think of a greater honor. It isn't just mine. It belongs to all my boys.
(Turning to Paine)
Sitting with a man like Senator Paine--I can't tell you how much greater that makes the honor. He and my father were very dear friends.

PAINE, startled, is seen looking up at Jeff.
JEFFERSON’S VOICE
My father used to tell me that Joseph Paine was the finest man he ever knew.

The applause startles Paine. He looks down, two places removed, to MA, who is leaning over, smiling at him. Her mouth forms the words: "Hello, Joseph."

We again see the banquet hall in full view, as the applause stops.

JEFFERSON
I don’t think I’ll be much help to you, Senator Paine.

(Laughter from the audience)

But I *can* promise you this—I’ll uphold the honor with all my might—I’ll do nothing to disgrace the name of—Senator of the United States.

(He sits down amid a storm of applause)

TAYLOR AND MCGANN are seen applauding mechanically.

MCGANN
Who’d ever think I’d be back in Sunday School?

The applause continues in the banquet hall. Then, suddenly, a band starts to play off scene. All heads turn to the rear of the hall. The BIG DOORS are pushed open and the Boy’s Club Band—followed by more of Jeff’s boys—comes marching in. The boys range in size from tiny fellows in front—building back up, row by row, to the larger fellows in rear. They march into the middle of the table formation. The band plays a march. The banqueters cheer. JEFFERSON’S eyes are alight. The boys come to a stop, marking time, until the band stops. A little fellow—Jackie Hopper—steps to the front. He is carrying something wrapped up. HUBERT AND EMMA are seen watching this.

EMMA
(proudly)
Jackie!

TAYLOR AND MCGANN are also watching.

MCGANN
So help me—it’s Snow White and a thousand dwarfs!

There is a silence in the hall as Jackie wets his lips and addresses Jeff.
JACKIE
(stumbling and nervous
with a memorized
speech)
Senator Jefferson Smith--we are very
proud on this great occas--the Boy
Rangers take this oppor--uh--
(lifts the package)
--in token of their--uh--in token of
this--
(breaking off, ad
libbing)
--It's a briefcase, Jeff! All the
kids pitched in! It's for to carry
your laws when you get there!

He rushes forward and pushes the gift into Jeff's hands. The
banqueters then applaud vigorously. Jeff, speechless and
touched, stands holding the briefcase. The band strikes up
"Auld Lang Syne." Everyone stands up, and joins the song.
Paine moves from his place over to Ma.

Ma is seen singing--as Paine comes to her side. She stops
singing. They shake hands warmly. Then Paine, looking at
Jeff, pantomimes: "Is that the little shaver I knew when he
was this high?" Ma nods. She starts to sign again, and we
get another full view of the hall. The song is sung earnestly
by the boys, the banqueters joining it.

JEFFERSON has opened the BRIEFCASE and is staring at it. It
is seen to be inscribed:

SENATOR JEFFERSON SMITH
OUR BEST RANGER--OUR BEST PAL

JEFF is looking off at the boys--his eyes a little dim; this
is the most wonderful moment of his life.

This dissolves to a Washington-bound TRAIN, on which we see
Jefferson and Senator Paine. Jefferson is fishing out of his
briefcase a copy of "Boy Stuff."

JEFFERSON
Well, it isn't much, but if you
insist, here's this week's.
(He hands it over)

PAINE
(examining it)
"Boy Stuff." Why, printer's ink runs
in your veins, Jeff. You're just
like your father.

JEFFERSON
Thank you, sir.

PAINE
Even to the hat. Same old dreamer, too. One look at you and I can see him, back of his old roll top desk, hat and all, getting out his paper. Always kept his hat on his head so as to be ready to do battle. Clayton Smith, editor and publisher, and champion of lost causes.

JEFFERSON
Yeah, Dad always used to say the only causes worth fighting for were lost causes.

PAINE
You don't have to tell me Jeff. We were a team, the two of us, a struggling editor and a struggling lawyer. The twin champions of lost causes, they used to call us.

JEFFERSON
Ma's told me about it a thousand times.

PAINE
His last fight was his best, Jeff. He and his little four-page paper against that mining syndicate and all to defend the right of one small miner who stuck to his claim. You know, they tried everything, bribery, intimidation, then--well--

JEFFERSON
Yes, Ma found him slumped over his desk that morning...

PAINE
Shot in the back. I was there. I can see him at that old roll top desk, still with his hat on... still with his hat on...

JEFFERSON
I know. I suppose, Mr. Paine, when a fellow bucks up against a big organization like that, one man by himself can't get very far, can he?

PAINE
No.

The scene fades out.

In the TRAIN SHED (Washington D.C.), we see McGann, Paine, Jefferson, Porters and bags.
JEFFERSON
Washington!

MCGANN
Yeah, for the fifth time, Senator--Washington.

JEFFERSON
My pigeons--I better see about my pigeons.

MCGANN
The porter's got them. They're coming.

JEFFERSON
(running out)
Just a minute, I better make sure.

MCGANN
(to Paine)
Boy! My head's like a balloon--for two whole days. I never knew there was so much American history.

PAINE
(kidding)
You can't find it in racing forms, Chick.

MCGANN
Fine thing Jim Taylor wished on me--show him the monuments--I need this job like I need ten pounds.

Jeff comes back carrying the pigeons.

JEFFERSON
Here they are--I got them. They are all right.

MCGANN
Well, that ends that crisis. This way, Senator.

They exit.

At the STATION: Jeff, McGann, Paine and Porters walk in. Susan Paine and three other girls rush in and kiss Paine and Jeff. The girls carry little cans or boxes with milk fund ribbons on them--in which they collect money.

GIRLS
Hello, Father.
I saw him first.
He's mine---
Jeff is utterly confused by the four girls trying to kiss him.

PAINE
Here, here, Susan--this is Jeff Smith--our new Senator.

SUSAN
I don't care to meet anybody until I get paid--come on--come on. One dollar each, please, for the Milk Fund.

ANOTHER GIRL
If you don't pay quickly you'll get kissed again.

JEFFERSON
(confused and searching in his pockets)
A dollar--four dollars. Gosh! You wouldn't settle for some keys, would you?

PAINE
Here, Jeff, I'll advance it for you.--Fine introduction to the nation's capital!

MCGANN
(pulling out a roll)
Here, I'll take a dozen of those things. Miss Paine.

SUSAN
(taking money)
Thank you, Mister McGann, you have a very kind heart.

McGann "burns" at not being kissed.

PAINE
This is my daughter, Susan, and her friends--Senator Jefferson Smith.

GIRLS
How do you do?
Meet the new Senator.
I thought he'd be a Ranger with a big hat.

SUSAN
(pointing at the pigeons)
What have you got there, Senator?

MCGANN
Pigeons--to carry messages back to
Ma.

JEFFERSON
Just for the fun of it. -- You see the one that makes it back home in the fastest time, I am going to enter in the nationals.

SUSAN
 Wonderful!

ANOTHER GIRL
There's romance in him.

SUSAN
Imagine having love notes delivered to you by a pigeon.

At this instant two middle-aged men, slightly hard-faced, named Cook and Griffith, descend on the party.

COOK
Joe!

GRIFFITH
Hello, Chick.

MCGANN
H'ya, Carl--h'ya, Bill!

PAINE
Jeff--meet Mr. Cook and Mr. Griffith--members of our State headquarters here.

Cook and Griffiths fall on Jeff, wringing his hand and again Jeff can't get a word in. He has put his pigeons down.

COOK
Great pleasure, Senator! Yes *sir*. Great appointment! You'll do the old State proud!

GRIFFITH
Welcome, Senator. This wild life around here is a little different from what you're used to. They wear high heels! Hah! Hah!

PAINE
Well, let's get started. Bill--you've made reservations at the hotel for the Senator and Chick--

COOK
All fixed. Same floor with you, Joe.
SUSAN
(with lifted eyebrows)
How nice.

PAINE
All right, we'll take Jeff with us--

SUSAN
I'm afraid we won't have room in the car, Father. Senator Smith can follow with Mr. McGann and the pigeons.

JEFFERSON
Sure.

SUSAN
Well, we *must* see a lot of you, Senator. Come, Father.

Paine is being pulled away by Susan. The girls, waving good-bye to Jeff, follow. Griffith walks along a bit with Paine.

PAINE
(calling back--cautioning)
Chick--

MCGANN
I've got 'im, Joe. Be right along.

PAINE AND GRIFFITH are now seen together.

PAINE
Are you ready for him, Bill?

GRIFFITH
All set. Foley's rooms in the Senate office building--nice, big clean desk--lot of Senator stationery to write his little boys on--and Foley's secretary, Saunders, to make it look like the real thing--

PAINE
Good. Are the newspaper men at the hotel?

GRIFFITH
Yup--Sweeney, Flood, Farrell--waiting for you--

PAINE
Fine. The first thing to do is--present Mr. Smith to the press--in the *right* way. Hurry him along, Bill.
How do you feel, champ?

All right, why?

Your name's spreading like wild-fire out here—you are the winterbook favorite to get on the National ticket.

Oh! Go away.

Newsmen come up with cameras to photograph Paine.

JEFFERSON, MCGANN AND COOK are seen together.

All right, Senator—let's get these bags and the livestock together—

(suddenly pointing)

Look! There it is!

What? Who?

We see what Jeff is pointing at—the CAPITOL DOME, up on "The Hill"—framed in one of the station portals.

The Capitol Dome!

The GROUP looks at Jeff dryly.

Yes, sir—big as life. Been there some time now.

Yes, sir.

(Busily, to porters)

All right, boys—let's go.

Jeff has taken a few steps in the direction of the Dome. Griffith joins them, and McGann, Cook and Griffith start off with porters.

This way, Senator.

McGann, Cook and Griffith are seen moving on, not conscious that Jeff isn't following.
GRiffith
Say, we thought--maybe we ought to meet him in short pants--you know--with hatchets.

Cook points to the pigeons a porter carriers.

Cook
What's he bringing pigeons for?

MCGANN
(sour and sore)
What for? Why, suppose there's a storm--all lines are down--how you gonna get a message to Ma?

Cook and Griffith give McGann alarmed looks.

JEFF is seen, with his eyes fixed ahead, through the portals, on the Dome; he is drawn unconsciously in that directions.

MCGANN, COOK AND GRIFFITH are approaching the door to the outside.

MCGANN
(looks back)
Okay, Senator--right through here--

They all stop dead.

MCGANN
Where is he? Hey, Senator! What's the matter with that cookie? I *told* him to--. Come on, let's find him. Hey, Smith!

The three start back into the station.

The scene dissolves to the STATION, where McGann, Cook and Griffith are coming together.

Cook
Positively not in the station! Gone!

MCGANN
I'll brain that guy! Well--call Paine--call Saunders--

Carl rushes off.

MCGANN
(yelling through cupped hands)
Hey--*ranger*!

The scene dissolves to a PHONE BOOTH, in which Carl Cook is telephoning.
COOK
--Saunders! Smith hasn't showed up
at his office there, has he?... No?...
What do you mean 'the slip'?... What's
so funny?

In JEFF SMITH'S OUTER OFFICE (SENATE OFFICE BUILDING) SAUNDERS
is on the phone. She is a girl in her late twenties--pretty--
and a shrewd, keen, abrupt creature--who, at the moment laughs
mirthlessly.

SAUNDERS
Nothing. Have you tried a butterfly
net?

In the PHONE BOOTH:

CARL
Lay off, Saunders. If your feet felt
like mine... Listen--if he shows up
there--Paine's waiting at the hotel
with newspaper men--let him know
right away--understand?

In JEFF'S OUTER OFFICE, Saunders, on the phone, is regarding
Diz Moore--a fairly young, disheveled, freckle-faced Irishman,
at the moment stretched out on the sofa.

SAUNDERS
Sure. Sure. I'll hang a light in the
steeple. One if by land--two if by
sea!... Okay!
   (Hanging up)
Diz--you won't believe it. Daniel
Boone's *lost*!

DIZ
No!

The door bursts open and a reporter called Nosey sticks his
head in.

NOSEY
(a fast talker)
Is this new guy Smith here yet? I
want a little interview. How about
it? Arrived yet--?

SAUNDERS AND DIZ
(together)
No! Scram! Blow!

Nosey slams out.

SAUNDERS
How do you *like* this! You don't
suppose that ranger met up with some kids—and took 'em for a hike!

DIZ
That—or he's out blazing trails. He'll show up.

SAUNDERS
Sure—sure. He must have a compass with him.

The scene dissolves to the STATION, where McGann, Cook and Griffith are very tired men.

MCGANN
(mopping his brow)
—that dummy wandered off and got hit by a taxi! Bill—call the hospitals—hurry up—!

Bill runs off, McGann yelling after him.

MCGANN
And while you're at it, get me a bed!

COOK
Let's send out a pigeon!

MCGANN
Blow a bugle!

The exterior of the CAPITOL BUILDING is seen, in the view from the Library of Congress side, showing both wings of House and Senate with the steps leading up to the massive columns.

SPIELER'S VOICE
--and there you have it, folks--the Capitol of the United States--the home of Congress--

IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL, people in a bus are craning their necks out—and we find Jeff among them! A spieler is standing in front near the driver, speaking through a small megaphone.

SPIELER
Yes, *sir*! You are looking at the building where your law-makers have sat since the time of Washington--

In the BUS, Jeff looks at the Spieler suddenly.

JEFFERSON
Since the time of Adams—not Washington.
SPIELER
How's that, buddy?

JEFFERSON
I said--I mean--Washington didn't live to see it finished. Congress didn't move here from Philadelphia till eighteen hundred.

SPIELER
(trying to scare him out of his facts)
Oh--you're *sure* of that now?

JEFFERSON
Yes. Washington laid the cornerstone though--wearing an apron for the ceremony that was embroidered by Madame Lafayette--

SPIELER
(interrupting)
Yes, *sir*.
(Quickly to driver)
Let's *go* Henry.

The driver throws the bus into gear as the spieler gives Jefferson a dirty look.

SPIELER
Now, on your right, folks--you see the Library of Congress--

All heads turn to look out of the right side of the bus, and the exterior of the CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY is seen as the bus moves along.

SPIELER'S VOICE
--greatest library in the world.
Five million books and two and a half-million maps, charts, and musical compositions--

In the BUS, JEFFERSON, seen closely, is looking at the building in an awed manner.

JEFFERSON
You left out the most important thing!
That's where you see the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence!

The SPIELER is seen getting pretty sore at this kind of thing.

SPIELER
As the gentleman says--without anybody asking him--that's where you see
those original, priceless documents--the Constitution and Declaration of Independence.

(To Jeff, sarcastically)
Much obliged, my friend. You're a great help to me. Let's *go*, Henry!

The scene dissolves to a series of views (a TRAVEL MONTAGE) of the Washington monuments as Jeff sees them--his amazement and reverence on seeing the Supreme Court Building, the White House, the Washington Monuments, Constitution Avenue, and so on.

Then the LINCOLN MEMORIAL comes to view and JEFF is seen walking up the steps--eyes fixed ahead wonderingly. Soon he approaches the top steps and now his is on the floor of the shrine. Suddenly he stops dead, and the full figure of LINCOLN comes to view--the huge, overpowering figure, seated in that great armchair. It is an almost breathing sculpture of the great, humane man, looking out.

JEFFERSON, seen closely, is over-awed and reverent, looking up at the face. With mechanical steps he comes forward, against a background of enormous columns which shed a powerful solemnity upon the scene. He comes forward slowly and stops, and the words on the statue appear:

IN THIS TEMPLE
AS IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE
FOR WHOM HE SAVED THE UNION
THE MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
IS ENSHRINED FOREVER

JEFFERSON has his heart in his mouth. His head turns slowly to the left.

On the LEFT WALL, the Second Inaugural Address of Lincoln, carved in the stone, appears, and JEFFERSON'S head turns back to Lincoln. He quotes in a half-voice--looking up as though he heard Lincoln say it:

JEFFERSON
(softly)
'--with malice toward none, with charity for all--with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right...'

He breaks off and turns his head to the right.

Then at the RIGHT WALL, the Gettysburg Address, carved in stone, appears, and JEFFERSON, turning back to the figure of Lincoln, again recites:

JEFFERSON
(softly)
‘--that these dead shall not have
died in vain--that this nation, under
God, shall--'

LINCOLN'S FIGURE is seen at close range as Jefferson's voice comes over.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE
'--have a new birth of freedom--and
that Government of the people, by
the people, for the people--shall
not perish from the earth...'

While Jefferson says these words and while we hold on the face of the man who uttered them the scene dissolves slowly.

JEFF'S SENATE OUTER OFFICE is seen at dusk; the light is murky. Saunders is pacing a groove in the carpet; Diz Moore is still reclining on the sofa.

DIZ
Getting on to dinner, isn't it, pal?

SAUNDERS
(grimly)
I give that Trail Blazer five more minutes to show up--
(turning on the desk lamp viciously)
--+five more minutes*!

The phone rings.

SAUNDERS
(indicating the ringing phone)
Well--who d'you take this time--Paine,
Bill, Carl--or McGann?

DIZ
Hey--you're into me for a buck
already. I say--McGann. Shoot the whole dollar.

SAUNDERS
Okay. For the dollar, I give you McGann *and* Bill and Carl. I got Paine.
(Picking up the phone)
Hello... Oh, yes.

Saunders does a 'gimme' gesture at Diz.

SAUNDERS
No, not yet, Senator Paine--not hide
nor hair of the man. You mean to say
the boys haven't--?
DIZ
Eight to five Little Boy Blue is plastered.

SAUNDERS
(into the phone)
Well, why don't they try the police-- get some blood hounds--or Indian guides--

In a CORNER OF THE PAINE HOTEL APARTMENT, Paine is on the telephone, and is smiling.

PAINE
As a last resort, maybe... Now wait, Saunders--you *can't* leave there! The one place he knows in this city-- is the Senate office--and you stay there and wait... it isn't *that* late--

In JEFF'S OUTER OFFICE:

SAUNDERS
(into the phone)
All right--then another half hour. Just *one* half hour, Senator. Goodbye.

She hangs up angrily and storms away.

SAUNDERS
Why don't I quit? Why don't I pick up and walk out of here?

She passes Diz, grabbing the dollar bill which he holds up like a torch--and goes right on talking.

SAUNDERS
Tell me why!

DIZ
(looking at his empty hand) Well, because you're doing all right at the minute.

SAUNDERS
When Foley died, why didn't I clear out? How many times, did you hear me say I was fed up on politics and--? But *no*--I let 'em talk me into staying. Secretary to a leader of little squirts. Why? Because I need the job and a new suit of clothes.
DIZ
Would you settle for a husband?

SAUNDERS
(absently--walking)
What's this, Diz?

DIZ
That old standing offer from Diz
Moore--Poet of Washington
Correspondents.

SAUNDERS
(absently)
Huh?

DIZ
You know--Mrs. Diz Moore.

She is walking furiously, her mind only half on what Diz is saying.

SAUNDERS
Oh--that again. Yeah.

DIZ
(flately)
I would cherish you--and stay sober.

SAUNDERS
Diz, you're a swell playmate--but--. Maybe if I saw you once with your
hair combed, or something--or--no, no--I don't think even that would do
it--

DIZ
(resigned)
Well, if you're sure it wouldn't--no
use combing my hair for nothing.

SAUNDERS
No--don't do it. I'm sure. The truth
is, Diz--there's no man I've seen
yet or--must be something wrong with
me. I've been feeling low for weeks.

DIZ
You got worms.

SAUNDERS
What! Who?

DIZ
You know--little worms--ambition.

SAUNDERS
Yeah. Should have seen me seven years ago--when I came to this town. *Now* what am I?--chambermaid to the Pied Piper of Jackson City; *Honorary* appointment! Scratch this thing an you'll find they wanted a dope here for two months.

There is a knock on the door.

SAUNDERS
(yelling angrily)
Yes!

The door doesn't open at once.

SAUNDERS
Yes!

The door opens slowly and Jefferson's head pokes in.

SAUNDERS
What is it?

JEFFERSON
Office of--Senator Smith?

SAUNDERS
*No*!

JEFFERSON
(looks at number on door)
The man downstairs said number--

SAUNDERS
No!

Startled and scared, Jeff backs out, closing the door.

SAUNDERS
(to Diz, picking up where she left off)
Yup--they must have picked the prize dummy--
(Then, struck by lightning--pointing at the door)
*Wait* a minute! That wouldn't be--
*Daniel Boone*!

She makes a beeline for the door, yanking it open.

In the CORRIDOR, Jeff is gazing around at the door numbers bewilderedly--when Saunders appears.

SAUNDERS
What's your name?

JEFFERSON
J-Jefferson Smith.

She makes a run and a grab for him.

SAUNDERS
Oh--oh! Come right in! Yes, indeed.
Right this way--

She pulls him into the office, Jeff alarmed and speechless.

In the OFFICE, Saunders is seen dragging him in, her movements very excited.

SAUNDERS
Now, hold it, Senator. Stay right where you are. Don't go 'way--

And she rushes for the phone. Diz' feet come off the sofa with a thud.

SAUNDERS
(into the phone, excitedly)
Hello--hello. Helen! Get the Shoreham--Paine's apartment. Hurry, will you!

She holds the phone.

JEFFERSON
Is--is something the matter?

SAUNDERS
Oh, no--no!
(Then with heavy sarcasm)
My dear *Senator*--it may be customary out on the prairie to take French leave of people and not be heard of again for five hours--

JEFFERSON
Gee--I'm sorry about that, Miss--you *are* Miss Saunders, aren't you?

SAUNDERS
Yes, I'm Saunders--and this is Mr. Moore--a member of the press. Meet the *Senator*, Mr. Moore.

JEFFERSON
(seizing Diz' hand)
Pleased to meet you, sir.
DIZ
(wincing under the handshake)
How do you do, Senator? I see you made it.

JEFFERSON
Made it? Oh! Yes. Silly of me--you see, what happened was--

SAUNDERS
(suddenly into the phone, with heavy sarcasm)
Hello... Yes, Senator Paine. Yes. Right here. Just came in--under his own power... Yes--he's sober--that's the very next thing on the schedule... Yes, sir, I'll have him right over.

She hangs up, and comes forward to Jefferson.

JEFFERSON
Gee, I'm sorry. You see, it wasn't until I was fairly well along in the bus that I realized--

SAUNDERS
Did you say--bus?

JEFFERSON
One of those sightseers--you know. You see, I--gosh, I've never been called absent-minded or... but there it was all of a sudden--looking right at me through one of the station doors--

SAUNDERS
There *what* was?

JEFFERSON
The Dome--the Capitol Dome--

Saunders just looks at Diz with wide eyes.

JEFFERSON
--big as life--sparkling away there under the sun. I--I started walking toward it--and there was a bus outside--and--well--I--I just naturally got aboard--

SAUNDERS
Most natural thing in the world!

JEFFERSON
I don't believe I've been so thrilled in my--oh, and that Lincoln Memorial! Gee! There he is--Mr. Lincoln--looking right at you as you come up the steps--sitting there like he was waiting for someone to come along--

SAUNDERS
Well--he's got nothing on me.

She turns away and starts for her hat and coat.

SAUNDERS
Now, if you're ready, Senator, we can start for the hotel. I'll *see* that you get there.

JEFFERSON
(with a laugh)
Yes--I think maybe you'd better.

The scene dissolves to the interior of the TAXICAB with JEFFERSON AND SAUNDERS, Jefferson looking out of the windows, seeing what he can see, even though it's night; Saunders giving him an impatient, martyred look.

JEFFERSON
(pointing out)
Whose statue is that?

SAUNDERS
I wouldn't know in the *day time*.

Suddenly he leans over Saunders and points excitedly out her side of the cab.

JEFFERSON
The Capitol Dome! Lighted up!

SAUNDERS
(gently pushing him off)
You--uh--you better relax, Senator. You'll be plumb wore out.

JEFFERSON
Tell me, Miss Saunders--what time does the Senate--uh--what do they call it?

SAUNDERS
Convene?

JEFFERSON
Convene--that's it--yes. I got to pick up some of those parliamentary words. I imagine a fellow can get
pretty lost in the Senate without 'em--

SAUNDERS
(more or less under her breath)
With or without 'em.
(Quickly)
Twelve--noon. The Senate convenes at twelve o'clock.

JEFFERSON
(breaking in--full of the idea)
Gosh--that'll be something! You know what I better do in the morning?

SAUNDERS
(wearily)
No. What had you better--?

JEFFERSON
Go out to Mount Vernon. It'd be a sort of fine thing to do--see Washington's home just before walking into the Senate for the first time--don't you think?

SAUNDERS
(hollowly)
Oh--a wonderful thing--yes. Get you right in the mood--yes--yes.

Just then, the cab pulls over toward the curb and Saunders perks up.

SAUNDERS
Oh--and *here* we are, Senator! Well, well, well! At last!

The cab stops and a uniformed doorman opens the cab door on Jefferson's side.

Now we see the HOTEL CURB, THE CAB, THE FOOTMAN, and JEFF looking out of the cab. Coming out of the hotel is a party in evening dress--white mufflered, top-hatted man--and women in furs.

SAUNDERS
(impatiently)
After you. Do you mind?

Jeff stares at the party, at the footman--then up at the fifteen-story hotel.

SAUNDERS
(very impatiently)
This is *it*, Senator!

In the CAB:

JEFFERSON
No, gee--I couldn't stay here--

SAUNDERS
(amazed)
You *couldn't*? 

JEFFERSON
I mean--gosh--I wouldn't be comfortable in a--I--I haven't got clothes and things like that--and--I couldn't keep pigeons *there*--No--I--I just--just wouldn't be--

And he pulls the cab door closed.

DRIVER
Where to, Mister?

JEFFERSON
Where to, Miss Saunders?

SAUNDERS
(at the end of her patience)
Where? Why, the wide open spaces!

The scene dissolves to a PHONE BOOTH, with SAUNDERS telephoning.

SAUNDERS
(with emphasis)
--all I know is, he refused to go into your hotel, Senator Paine--and not having my lasso with me, I didn't know how to *make* him.

In PAINE'S HOTEL APARTMENT, Paine is on the phone, with McGann in the background.

PAINE
What did you do? Where did he go?

In the PHONE BOOTH:

SAUNDERS
Well--finally--after a substantial tour of the city, he saw a sort of boarding house, built nice and close to the ground. That's what he wanted--and that's where you're to send his bags--Eleven B Street, Northeast. Oh--and don't forget the pigeons!
In PAINE'S HOTEL APARTMENT:

PAINE
And that's where you *left* him?

In the PHONE BOOTH:

SAUNDERS
(with weary sarcasm)
...Oh, he's perfectly all right.
Going to stay in and write to Ma tonight... Ma. Ma. Don't you know Ma? And then he'll take his swig of Castoria and go to sleep... I'd rather not think about the morning right now, if you don't mind. Goodnight, Senator!
(She hangs up)

In PAINE'S HOTEL APARTMENT, Paine hangs up the phone.

PAINE
Eleven B Street, Northeast. Take his bags and your own right over--and get yourself a room in the same place--

MCGANN
Listen, Joe--at least--after a day like this--I got one good bust coming before I start showing him monuments--

He is interrupted by Susan, who comes dashing in excitedly, all dressed to go out.

SUSAN
For heaven's sake--will someone please get those pigeons out of this apartment! They're smelling up the place something--

MCGANN
Pigeons!

The scene dissolves to a RESTAURANT BAR, with Saunders and Diz hopped up on stools. Saunders is grimly and angrily holding forth.

SAUNDERS
I'm still asking myself--what is he--animal, vegetable, or mineral? A Senator! A United States Senator! I thought I'd seen everything but--why, he doesn't know what time it is, Diz! When I think of myself sitting around--playing straight for all that phoney, patriotic chatter--
*me*, carrying bibs for an infant
with little flags in his fists--no,
I can't take it, Diz--I'm through--I
quit!

DIZ
Sure--sure--wait a minute now--simmer
down--

NOSEY, at this point, saunters up to the bar, his back to
Saunders.

SAUNDERS
(breaking out again)
Why--do you know what he's going to
do before taking that Senate seat
tomorrow? He's going to Mount Vernon--
to get into the mood--a *warm up*!

Nosey swings around in a flash and pushes his face right in.

NOSEY
Who? Who? Your boss! A nut, huh? A
nut! Wow! There's a *story* in this
guy--! I smelled it!

SAUNDERS
(impatient)
Go away, Nosey.

NOSEY
Saunders--it's meat and drink--lemme
at 'im! Five minutes--! I'll make it
right with you!

DIZ
Will you go chase an ambulance!

SAUNDERS
Whadaya mean--*right*?

NOSEY
What do I *mean*, huh? Uh--*I'll*
tell ya--World's Series--a pass! In
a month it's worth fifteen bucks!

SAUNDERS
Well, well!

DIZ
(to Saunders)
Hey--you're not *talking* to this
guy!

NOSEY
Whadaya say?
DIZ
Nothin'! Beat it!

SAUNDERS
Look, Nosey--your pals would like to get in on this, wouldn't they?

NOSEY
Hey--I wanna *scoop*!

SAUNDERS
Well, that's out. Either it's *lots* of reporters and *lots* of tickets or--. Now will you go and call 'em before I change my mind about the whole thing!

NOSEY
Okay. See you here.

He charges off. Saunders clambers down off the stool. Diz grabs her arm.

DIZ
Kid--wait--what do you think you're going to do?

SAUNDERS
Get my *whole* fall outfit--and quit this job in style!

DIZ
Now, you've got more sense than to put Nosey onto this guy--!

SAUNDERS
(thinking hard)
Wait--wait. Let's see--watchdog McGann--he's bound to move right in--get him out of the way first--
(Then)
Pardon me, friend--I've got some telephoning to do--!
(And she rushes off)

The scene dissolves to a PHONE BOOTH, with SAUNDERS on the phone.

SAUNDERS
(laying on a Southern accent)
Mr. McGann?... This is Miss Lulu Love.

In MCGANN'S ROOM, MCGANN is on the phone; behind him, his suitcases are open.
MCGANN

Who?

In the PHONE BOOTH:

SAUNDERS
Oh, you don't know *me*, Mr. McGann-- but I've seen *you* in Washington before--and I think you're awfully cute. Mr. Griffith told me you got in and maybe you were a little lonely--

In MCGANN'S ROOM:

MCGANN
(taking it big)
Did, huh? Well, now, he's not wrong at all... Tonight? Sister, that's just what the doctor ordered... Whoa, wait a minute--

He looks off, and through a partly opened door leading into Jeff's room. Jeff appears standing at the window with one of his pigeons, while McGann is heard on the phone.

MCGANN'S VOICE
I'm not sure I can make that, Lulu. Hold on a second, will you?
(He puts his hand over the mouthpiece, and calls out)
Say--Senator! How're you fixed--I mean--uh--you're gonna stay in and write to Ma and the boys, like you said, huh?

In JEFF'S ROOM, JEFF is inserting a small roll of paper in a little metal container on the pigeon's leg.

JEFFERSON
(without turning)
Uh-huh.

MCGANN'S VOICE
Not going out or anything?

JEFFERSON
No. Why?

In MCGANN'S ROOM:

MCGANN
(yelling to Jeff)
Atta boy. Right into bed for a nice long sleep. Me, too.
(Then--softly, into phone)
Okay, Toots! When and where?

In the PHONE BOOTH, Saunders is still speaking.

    SAUNDERS
    (into the phone)
    Now isn't that nice! Let's say the
    Mayflower lobby, Mr. McGann--in a
    half hour... What I *look* like?
    Well, I got red hair and--oh, that's
    all right--I know what *you* look
    like--you cute thing. Goodbye.
    (She hangs up)

In MCGANN'S ROOM, McGann hangs up, tiptoes over quickly and
    closes the door to Jeff's room, then makes a dash for his
    coat.

    MCGANN
    Boy, oh, boy! Red Hair! McGann--you
    fell into something!

The scene dissolves to the HOTEL LOBBY at night, and MCGANN
    is seen watching for his date, but in JEFFERSON'S BOARDING
    HOUSE SITTING ROOM there is a startling tableau: Jeff is
    standing in the center of this rather homely, anciently
    appointed sitting room, surrounded by ten or a dozen newspaper
    men, three or four of whom have cameras. A woman reporter is
    present. Nosey is leading the circus as the main interrogator
    and master of ceremonies. Cameras are flashing, while
    Jefferson is posing, pleased and happy and proud.

    VOICES
    That's it. Right like that. Chin up
    a little, Senator--please. Hold it!

Then the cameras relax and questions pop.

    VOICES
    Tell us about yourself, Senator!
    Hear you got a Boy's Club back home!
    Any ideas? Going to make things hum
    in the Senate, huh?

    JEFFERSON
    (holding his hands
    up, laughing)
    Hold on, fellows--I'm not used to
    more then one question at a time--

    NOSEY
    One moment, friends, let's give the
    Senator a break.
    (To Jeff)
    Now, where'd you say you studied
    law?
JEFFERSON
Well--I haven't needed much law so far--what I'd like to get first is a little common sense--

NOSEY
Swell!

REPORTER
What did he say?

NOSEY
(calling back)
You don't need law--you need *common* sense!

Reporters make rapid notes.

REPORTER
What are you going to do while you're here, Senator?

NOSEY
Any special ax to grind?

JEFFERSON
Ax?

NOSEY
A pet idea--you know--pension bill--save the buffalo--you've got *one* notion you think would be good for this country, haven't you?

JEFFERSON
Well--I have got *one* idea--

VOICES
Ah! That's more like it! What?

JEFFERSON
Well--for a couple of years now--I--I've thought it would be a wonderful thing to have a National Boys' Camp out in our State--

VOICES
A camp! Well!

JEFFERSON
You see--if we could take the poor kids off the streets--out of cities--a few months in the summer--learn something about Nature and American ideals--

NOSEY
Marvelous! And what would this camp set the Government back?

JEFFERSON
Oh--nothing--nothing. My idea is--for the Government to lend us the money--and the boys'll pay it back--sending in a penny or a nickel--no more than a dime--no, gosh--the Government's got enough on its hands without--

NOSEY
Great!
(Calls back)
The Government's putting dough in too many places *now*!

VOICES
(as they make notes)
You don't say! Well, well!

WOMAN REPORTER
What do you think of the girls in our town, Senator?

JEFFERSON
Well--I haven't seen many--oh--well--Miss Susan Paine--she's about the prettiest girl I--I *ever* saw--

REPORTER
How about some more pictures, Senator?

NOSEY
Yeah! How about it? You're a nature lover. Do you handle any of that sign language?

JEFFERSON
Well--I can *manage*--

ANOTHER REPORTER
What about bird calls! Know any?

JEFFERSON
Well--a few--

VOICES
Swell! Well! Come right ahead! Let 'em fly, Senator!

As Jeff laughs, preparing to do his stuff--and as the cameras are made ready--

The scene dissolves to the HOTEL LOBBY. McGann, looking at his watch, is sore as a boil by this time. Glaring off, his
attention is arrested. He starts forward. At the SWINGING
DOOR, a cute little girl has just come through and stands.
McGann marches up to her.

    MCGANN
    Well! About time, toots! Redhead or
no readhead--keeping a guy waiting
two hours is no--
    (Looking her over,
    relaxing, and grabbing
    her arm)
    Good thing you're as cute as you
are, or I'd--

    THE GIRL
    (struggling)
    Wally!

A big six-footer, with football shoulders, comes swinging
in. The girl leaps to his side. McGann at once realizes a
hideous mistake has been made somewhere--and it's too late.
Wally fixes him with a deadly stare and advances to do murder.
McGann starts backing away in alarm as the scene dissolves
amid a dash of music.

A NEWSPAPER FRONT PAGE come to view. It reveals a full-length
picture of Jeff, and then the caption:

    SENATOR (RANGER) SMITH
    Demands More Common Sense--
Less Law In Government

This dissolves to ANOTHER HEADLINE:

    SMITH ATTACKS
    GOVERNMENT SPENDING
    No Money Left for Boy's Camp

In SAUNDER'S ROOM, Saunders is drinking her morning coffee--
looking at the morning papers. She nearly chokes as she stares
at the paper.

This scene dissolves to MCGANN'S ROOM, with McGann, half-
dressed, one eye bandaged, staring at a paper. A NEWS PICTURE
comes to view, showing Jeff kneeling over a little fire of
sticks. The caption reads:

    MAKES CAMP FIRE--SHOWS HOW
    HE'LL PUT THE HEAT ON CONGRESS

McGANN, shirt-tails flying, tears for the door to Jeff's
room. It is empty.

    MCGANN
    Senator! Hey--ranger!
    (Clapping a hand to
    his forehead)
Gone again!

The scene dissolves to a NEWSPAPER PICTURE of Jefferson imitating a bird-call eyes bulging--while his two hands appear to be gripping his nose as if warding off a bad odor. The caption reads:

RANGER SENATOR GETS FIRST "WHIFF" OF OFFICIAL WASHINGTON

In the DINING ROOM OF PAINE'S HOTEL APARTMENT, Paine and Susan are at breakfast, Paine's eyes glued wildly to the paper; Susan also holds a paper and laughs.

PAINE
His first 'whiff'!

SUSAN
Such pretty knees for a big boy!

PAINE
Do I actually *see* this--?

SUSAN
Listen, Father! "Young Lochinvar smitten with Susan Paine"!

The scene dissolves to PAINE'S PRIVATE OFFICE as Saunders enters and Paine rises from behind his desk.

SAUNDERS
(belligerently)
You want to see me, Senator?

PAINE
Yes. Good morning, Saunders.
(Picking up the newspaper; genially)
Have you--uh--any idea how this happened?

SAUNDERS
The ranger's notices? No idea at all.

PAINE
(with good humor)
No?

SAUNDERS
No--I'm sorry. I merely saw him home. I'm not supposed to tuck him in and give him his bottle. That's McGann's job.

PAINE
By the way, Mr. McGann just phoned--
in a high fever. Smith's gone again. Have you any idea where?

SAUNDERS
Yes. He went to Mount Vernon to give himself a patriotic address.

PAINE
(smiling)
Well--that's very fine.
(Then)
Saunders, some person in your office says you've quit--

SAUNDERS
That's right.

PAINE
Oh, now--that won't do--

SAUNDERS
Look, Senator--I wasn't given a brain just to tell a Boy Ranger what time it is. What do you need me for? Get somebody else--get a registered nurse--

PAINE
You're the best nurse I can think of--

SAUNDERS
Nice *compliment*!

PAINE
I meant it for one. I meant--Sam Foley couldn't get along without you--and neither can I at the moment--

SAUNDERS
No?

PAINE
You see--Governor Hopper made an appointment in this case that--well, Jeff isn't exactly fitted to the work, let's say. He's here to see monuments--and pass the time. That's important to--to my work--and everybody concerned. So, someone who can be trusted has to occupy him and keep him out of trouble--

SAUNDERS
And I'm an old hand at following instructions--

PAINE
You're more than that. I've had
example of the fact that wild horses couldn't pull confidential matter in these two offices out of you. That's why I tell you what I do--about Smith and this situation. So, you see--

SAUNDERS
Yeah--I see I'm right where I've been for seven years--

PAINE
You deserve a lot better. And I'll tell you what we'll do. Stay and play nurse, as you say--and if certain things happen I'm taking everybody up with me, and you'll get one of the biggest jobs in Washington.

SAUNDERS
Yeah?
(A pause)
And what else?

PAINE
What do you mean?

SAUNDERS
Well, when I first came to Washington, my eyes were big, blue question marks--now they're big, green dollar marks--

PAINE
I see. All right. You finish this job properly--and you get a handsome bonus besides--

Saunders's face lights up with interest.

PAINE'S VOICE
And by *properly* I mean--stay away with Smith every minute--keep him away from anything that smacks of politics--see that there's no recurrence of things like these newspapers--

The scene dissolves to the SENATE LOBBY, an elevator corridor leading to the Senate chamber. A CLOCK shows 11:45. Then, Saunders and Jefferson are seen as they emerge from the elevator and start forward. People crowd the corridor--there is surging activity--an air of excitement. Jeff, baffled, looking around, suddenly looks ahead and stops dead.

JEFFERSON
Saunders! That's it! We're here!

In the SENATE CHAMBER, seen through the entrance doors, people
are seated in and entering galleries; Senators are walking, standing in groups, talking; some are at their desks.

On the FLOOR OF THE SENATE CHAMBER, a Page is leading Jefferson to his desk. Jeff is more agape now than before. All around him are Senators—in groups or seated. Most of them are at their desks now. The Page brings him a desk, on a minority side and way at the rear. Heads turn to follow Jeff curiously.

BOY
Here you are, Senator. Not a bad desk, either. Daniel Webster used to use it.

JEFFERSON
Daniel Webster? Sat here? Say—that man was a great orator.

BOY
Give you something to shoot at, Senator—if you figure on doing any talking.

JEFFERSON
Not me, sonny. I'm just going to sit around and listen.

(Picking up calendar)
What's this?

BOY
Calendar for the day. You'll find the Senate Manual in the drawer. Anything else you want, just snap for a page.

JEFFERSON
Where's the Majority Leader?

BOY
The Majority Leader? Right over there. And that's [ ] the Minority Leader. They're both pretty good in the clinches.

JEFFERSON
Uh-huh. And where's the Press Galery?

BOY
Right up there over the Vice-President's chair—the four in the front row represent the four big news services. You've met the press bunch, haven't you?

JEFFERSON
Oh, yes—they're fine people—regular
people.

BOY
Look out for those fellows--they
tell the truth about you--sometimes.
That corner over there is reserved
for guides and sightseers who come
in for five minutes to rest their
feet. That section over there is
reserved for Senator's friends. The
front row--the empty one--is for the
President and White House guests--
see that old couple over there--
they've attended every session for
the last twenty years. Over the clock
back here is the Diplomatic section.
They and the page boys are the only
real class we have in this place.
The rest are mostly people who come
here like they go to the zoo--

JEFFERSON
Those busts up there--all around the
wall--who are they, sonny?

BOY
All the ex-vice-Presidents. You can
get ten-to-one around here if you
think you can remember their names.
The Vice-President presides over the
Senate--you know that. It's how he
earns his pay. Oh--over there, Senator--
on the east side of the Chair we
still have the old snuff boxes with
real snuff in them if you like snuff.

JEFFERSON
Thanks very much, sonny--

BOY
I'll take your hat into the cloak
room.

JEFFERSON
Here--let me give you a Boy Ranger
button.

BOY
Swell. Thanks very much.
(He takes Jeff's hand)
Good luck, Senator. Keep your left
up.

Jeff, looking up toward the Press Gallery, sees Saunders and
waves to her.

PAINE comes to Jeff.
PAINE
Hello, Jeff--sorry, I've been on a committee all morning. Got your credentials--when the Vice-President calls you, you go down that center aisle and I'll meet you there--he's about ready to come in now, Jeff. Good luck--

Paine pats Jeff's shoulder and moves away. Senators are separating and making for their seats. Jeff excitedly sits down again.

After a full view of the CHAMBER, showing people subsiding into their seats all over the gallery, we see the gray, small PRESIDENT of the Senate. He has a mild, humorful face. Everything is in order in front of him as he looks out over the body of the Senate and picks up the small ivory gavel-head. His eyes look off intently at something. He raises his gavel a the long hand of the CLOCK that comes to view jumps to twelve o'clock exactly. Two gavel pounds are heard.

PRESIDENT (pounding twice again)
The Senate will come to order!

The body is lulled, though a few members are walking to their desks. Then the Senator occupying the desk traditionally used by the majority leader (front and center and on the right side of the aisle) rises.

MAJORITY LEADER
Mr. President.

PRESIDENT
Senator Agnew.

MAJORITY LEADER
I ask unanimous consent that the reading of the journal of the previous calendar day be dispensed with and the journal stand approved.
(He sits)

PRESIDENT (bored, mechanically)
Is there objection?
(A pause)
The journal stands approved.

JEFFERSON is seen in close view, his attention darting from one point to the other.

SENATOR'S VOICE
Mr. President...
PRESIDENT'S VOICE
Senator Brownell.

SENATOR'S VOICE
I suggest the absence of a quorum.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
The clerk will call the roll.

At the ROSTRUM, the Chief Clerk proceeds to call the roll and Senator's voices answer to their names--"here" or "present."

The Clerk is next seen passing up the roll sheet to the President, who looks at it.

PRESIDENT
Eighty Senators have answered to their names. A quorum is present.

Paine rises.

PAINE
Mr. President...

PRESIDENT
Senator Paine.

PAINE
I present the credentials of Honorable Jefferson Smith who has just been appointed Senator by the Governor of my state.

A page takes the credentials from Paine's hand and takes them to the desk.

PAINE
The Senator-designate is present--

JEFFERSON looks startled.

PAINE'S VOICE
...and I ask that the oath of office be administered to him at this time.

The PRESIDENT is picking up what are evidently Jefferson's credentials.

PRESIDENT
If the Senator-designate will present himself at the desk, the oath will be administered.

JEFFERSON, swallowing, frightened, is glued to his seat for an instant. People in the Gallery and the Senate turn to look for him; among them are Saunders and, in the Press
Section, Diz. A few of the Senators consult the newspapers on their desks, significantly.

PAINE rises, motioning to Jefferson to get to his feet, and JEFFERSON, on seeing him, gets up unsteadily. Paine starting to the back, indicating that he is to follow him, Jefferson advances to the rear of the center aisle where Paine is now waiting for him. Then both of them start down the aisle toward the Rostrum—while the people (including Saunders, the Press, and groups of Senators) watch them advance, some of the Senators appearing tight-lipped and disapproving. Aware of the eyes on him, JEFFERSON, in the company of PAINE, arrives at the lower level of the Rostrum, while the people of the press rise to look over their desks at the ceremony. Then Paine indicates to Jefferson to mount one more step to the level just below the President's desk. But as Jefferson makes the designated step up, and the President is about to rise, a voice cracks out from somewhere out in the Chamber.

SENATOR'S VOICE
Mr. President! I rise to a question of order!

All turn to the Senator who has risen. Jefferson, standing before the President, turns to look back.

PRESIDENT
The gentleman will state it.

SENATOR
(who is now seen in close view)
I seek to ascertain, Mr. President, if the gentleman about to be sworn in is fully aware of the responsibilities of his high office—and that the members of this body strive to conduct themselves at all times—

We see JEFFERSON, his puzzlement deepening as he hears the Senator.

SENATOR'S VOICE
—with dignity and sincerity.

The SENATOR is seen gesturing with a newspaper.

SENATOR
I refer to his astounding and shameless performance for the newspapers this morning.

PAINE is seen wincing (he knew this was coming) as he listens.

SENATOR'S VOICE
A *versatile* performance, I grant
There are titters from all over the house. The PRESIDENT brings the gavel down, and looks up at the gallery.

PRESIDENT
Order in the chamber.

SENATOR
(while the entire chamber is visible)
--but one that brings his rank down to the level of a side-show entertainer--and reflects on the sincerity, if not the *sanity*, of the highest body of lawmakers in the land!
   (Waving the paper)
I seek to learn if this is the gentleman's conception of the nature of his office!

JEFF turns impulsively to the PRESIDENT.

JEFFERSON
I don't understand, sir! I don't know what the gentleman--

PRESIDENT
(banging gavel)
The Senator has no voice in this chamber until the oath of office has been administered!

PAINE
Mr. President! I will answer the gentleman! My colleague was innocent in the matter referred to. He was completely misquoted. I *know* Jefferson Smith--and I will *vouch* for it--he has the greatest possible respect for his office and for these gentlemen.

A SENATOR'S VOICE
Mr. President!

PRESIDENT
(eyes on Jefferson with sympathy; bangs gavel)
The swearing in of the Senator-designate is the order of business! (He rises. The chamber is in full view)
The gentleman will raise his right hand and repeat after me the following
Jefferson does as bid. The President recites the oath, and Jefferson repeats after him:

PRESIDENT
"I do solemnly swear--that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States--against all enemies, foreign and domestic--that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same--that I take this obligation freely--without and mental reservation and purpose of evasion--and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God."

JEFFERSON
(finishing)
"So help me God."

PRESIDENT
Senator, you can talk all you want to, now.

The President shakes hands with Jefferson. Paine shakes his hand, then, guides him down one step to the clerk where Jefferson, dazed, understands that he is to sign the register. Then Jefferson and Paine start back up the center aisle, all eyes following them, and ripples of laughter breaking out from all over the Chamber.

JEFFERSON is seen making his way back up the aisle. Suddenly he snatches up a paper from a desk he passes, and his eyes fasten on the headlines. He continues to walk, reading--his jaw muscles tightening--then he looks up into the Press gallery.

The scene now dissolves to a MONTAGE, first the headlines appearing over Jeff's incredulous expression as he reads. He starts walking--hands clenched, murder in his eye--he meets a reporter of the night before, grabs him, socks him and marches on. He meets another one in a different place--socko again! Finally he smacks Nosey--and marches on--. Next we see a pair of DOORS, on which is printed "Press Club," and when these doors are pushed aside violently the PRESS CLUB BAR is visible as Jeff stands glaring. Newspaper men are at the bar and at tables ranged along the wall. Conversation--smoke. Sweeney, Farrell, Flood, Summers and Diz are there--and Nosey.

NOSEY appears with Diz and Sweeney, at one of the tables.

NOSEY
He's on a rampage. The streets aren't
safe. I came up here to--
(Looking toward door
suddenly)
Oh-oh. Tarzan!

Heads turn in that direction, as Jeff starts toward Nosey. When he gets within five steps, he suddenly lunges forward and grabs him. He draws his right hand back to hit--the boys leap in--and a free-for-all is on. Chairs and tables go over. Finally, Jeff is swarmed under--down on his back on the long seat against the wall while Nosey is under a table.

VOICES
Whoa, now...
Wait a minute...
Take it easy, Senator...
We don't go in for slugging around here...
If you can behave yourself now...

Jeff stop struggling.

NOSEY
(from under a table)
Meet Senator Smith, boys.

They pile off Jeff—who sits up slowly, looking the worse for wear. His pugnacity is gone, and he is calm, hurt and bitter.

SWEENEY
You act like a man with something on your mind--

FLOOD
What's the idea--charging in like that on the gentlemen of the Press--?

JEFFERSON
(bitterly)
*Gentlemen*! Gentlemen are supposed to believe in something decent. Instead of twisting facts and making a joke of everything—why don't you tell the people the *truth* for a change?

VOICES
The truth!
Well, the man wants the truth!
"What *is* truth?" asked so-and-so, and turned away!

JEFFERSON
That's what I said--the *truth*!
How'll you have it--dished out--or in a bottle?

Well, if that's what you want, Senator--sit down--. We'll see what we can do.

There isn't a chance I'd find it here!

No?

Why--*truth* is the *business* of a few of us correspondents, Senator--

Leaving out the Noseys, of course--

Yes? And the people of this country pick up their papers--and what do they read?

Well--*this morning* they read that an incompetent clown arrived in Washington parading like a member of the Senate--

Jeff makes a leap for Diz.

Why, you--!

The men are on him and push him back.

Whoa! Hold it! Pipe down! Come on, now--that's enough of that.

If you thought as much of being honest--as you do of being smart--!

Honest! Why, we're the only ones who can *afford* to be honest about what *we* tell the voters. We don't have to be re-elected, like politicians--
VOICES
Hear! Hear!

SWEENEY
For instance, we tell 'em when the phonies, crackpots and hillbillies come here to make their laws--

FARRELL
And if it's the *truth* you want--what are *you* doing in the Senate?

FLOOD
What do *you* know about laws--and making laws--and what the people need?

JEFFERSON
(tormentedly blurting)
I--I don't *pretend* to know!

DIZ
Then what are you doing in the Senate?

SWEENEY
What's he *doing*? Why--*honorary* appointment!

SUMMERS
Sure! *I* see! When the country needs men up there who *know* and have courage--like it never did before--he's just going to decorate a chair and get himself *honored*--!

FARRELL
Oh, but he'll *vote*! Sure. Like his colleague tells him--

DIZ
*Yes, *sir*--like a Christmas tiger. He'll nod his head and vote 'yes'. You're not a Senator! You're an honorary *stooge*! And should be showed up!

FLOOD
Have a drink, Senator!

As the last crack hits, Jeff gets to his feet like a shot, as if ready to kill. The men stand firm and Jeff stops dead. He glares around; they stare back in contempt. Jeff's anger flows away. He finally says quietly:

JEFFERSON
(after a pause)
Good day—gentlemen.

And he starts grimly for the door—the men falling aside quietly to let him through.

The scene dissolves to PAINE'S LIVING ROOM, with JEFFERSON speaking tensely to PAINE.

JEFFERSON
I mean, sir—if I'm going to stay in the Senate— I ought to know what I'm doing—at least, I ought to try to study the Bills that are coming up—

PAINE
The *Bills*? Jeff--let me advise you— as your father would—politics is a business—sometimes a cruel business. In your time here, you couldn't even start on those Bills. They're put together by legal minds—after a long study. Why, after twenty years, I can't understand half of them myself. No, really, Jeff—in your own interests—

JEFFERSON
(downcast, turning away)
Well, then—I—I don't feel I can stay, sir.

PAINE
Jeff, look—didn't you say something to the papers about wanting to create a National Boys' camp? Were you in earnest about that?

JEFFERSON
Yes, I was—

PAINE
Well, why not do it? There's a job for you. Get a Bill started to accomplish it—present it to Congress— it would be a great experience—

JEFFERSON
Senator Paine, if I could do just that one thing while I'm here, I-- I'd feel that I--

PAINE
What's to stop you? Saunders will help you with it—

JEFFERSON
(elatedly)
I will, sir! I will!
(Taking Paine's hand)
I--I don't know how to thank you. I knew, if any man could help me--

PAINE
Nonsense, Jeff.

JEFFERSON
Thank you, sir. Thank you for your time.

PAINE
Here--where are you running off to?

JEFFERSON
Well, I'm sort of anxious to get back to the office--

Susan, looking quite ravishing, appears suddenly.

SUSAN
Father--oh.

PAINE
Jefferson dropped in for a minute, Susan.

SUSAN
(with a distinct lack of emotion)
How nice. How do you do, Senator?

JEFFERSON
(dry-mouthed; his eyes fastened on the lovely creature)
How--how do you do, Miss Paine? (With reference to his clothes)
I--I apologize for looking like this--
I--I have to be going now--

SUSAN
How are the pigeons?

JEFFERSON
Fine--they're fine. (Then suddenly)
Oh, Miss Paine, I--I want to apologize--what the papers said I said about you--that wasn't true. I--I would never say a thing like that.

SUSAN
(with tongue in cheek)
Did you hear, Father? He didn't mean it when he said I was beautiful.

JEFFERSON
Oh--you are!

SUSAN
Then you *did* say it.

JEFFERSON
No--I mean--yes--that is--

In a great perspiring fuss, he drops the subject like a hot coal, comes to Paine quickly and seizes his hand.

JEFFERSON
Well, goodbye, sir--and thank you again.
(Starting to back toward the foyer as he speaks to Susan)
Well--it--it was nice seeing you, Miss Paine--

SUSAN
Goodnight, Senator--

Jeff is still backing.

JEFFERSON
Goo-goodnight, Miss Paine.
(To Paine again)
Goodnight, sir--goodnight.

And at this point he backs right into a delicate side-table with a lamp on it. Table and lamp go down with a crash.

JEFFERSON
Gosh! Darn!

He scrambles to pick up the table and lamp. There's been no damage.

JEFFERSON
(as he picks things up)
I'm sorry! Gee! I hope--

PAINE
That's all right, my boy--don't bother--

JEFFERSON
Gosh!
(Straightens lamp on table)
Well--looks good as new. If there *is* any damage, I'll--
PAINE
(laughing)
Good as new! It's quite all right--

Jeff starts backing into the foyer again.

JEFFERSON
Well--goodnight.

PAINE
Goodnight, Jeff.

JEFFERSON
Goodnight, Miss Paine.

SUSAN
*Goodnight*!

Jeff turns like a rabbit and heads for the hall door. We hear it slam. Susan laughs loudly. Paine looks toward the foyer thoughtfully.

PAINE
(reflectively)
Well, at the expense of some of the furniture, Susan--you've made another conquest.

SUSAN
What! Not Ol' Honest Abe!

PAINE
And Honest Abe's ideals. A rare man--these days.

The scene dissolves to JEFF'S OUTER OFFICE, at night, with Saunders at her desk, as McGann comes charging in, perspired and bothered.

MCGANN
Well! Hear anything? Any sign of him?

SAUNDERS
How'd you like a punch in the nose?

MCGANN
(startled)
What! Who?

SAUNDERS
That's what he's been doing since last heard from.

MCGANN
Whaddaya mean! What did *I* have to
do with it? I don't blame the guy.
   (Sinking into chair, 
    exhausted)
Wow! Twenty-four hours in this town 
and nothing but dog-fights! And things 
aren't bad enough--last night I have 
to get a run-around from some wise 
dame--

SAUNDERS
   (innocently, slipping 
    over a southern accent)
My, my--you sho' are pahwerfully 
upset, Mister McGann--but you' awfully 
cute.

MCGANN
Yeah? Well, when I get my hands on a 
red-headed doll with a southern lingo, 
I'll--

He breaks off--her southern accent just sinking through. The 
look he throws is quietly terrific. At this instant, a lively, 
whistled rendition of "Dixie"--out in the corridor--breaks 
in on them.

As the door is swung open, JEFF bursts in, marching in step 
to his spirited whistle. He marches right up to the astounded 
Saunders and McGann--and finishes his whistle with a flourish.

JEFFERSON
   (in high spirits)
You should hear our Ranger Band rattle 
that off--if you want to *hear* 
something! Good evening, Miss 

MCGANN
   (finding his voice)
H'ya, Senator. I--I've sorta been 
looking for you--

JEFFERSON
You have?
   (Then--quickly)
Will you come in a minute, Miss 
Saunders.

He starts for the private office.

MCGANN
Uh--Senator--I thought you and me 
might go out to dinner together--and 
grab off a few monuments.

JEFFERSON
Oh, I couldn't tonight. Thanks a
lot.

Saunders follows Jeff.

In JEFF'S PRIVATE OFFICE: he enters, marching to his desk. Saunders comes slowly toward him, after closing the door.

SAUNDERS
Go ahead--punch.

JEFFERSON
Punch?

SAUNDERS
I had a lot to do with that little press conference last night--

JEFFERSON
(excitedly)
Well, then, I--I *thank* you, Miss Saunders! Nothing better could have happened--. Yes *sir*, Miss Saunders, we're going right ahead with it!

SAUNDERS
We're going right ahead with---*what*?

JEFFERSON
Why, the Bill--the Bill--to make a National Boys' Camp...

SAUNDERS
One moment, Senator. Do I understand you're going to present a *Bill*?

JEFFERSON
Sure! A Bill. Senator Paine and I decided it was the one way in the world I could make myself--

SAUNDERS
Pardon me. Senator Paine decided this *with* you?

JEFFERSON
Yes. Sure. It was his idea. *I* should have been the one to think of it--

SAUNDERS
My dear Senator, have you the faintest idea of what it takes to get a Bill passed?

JEFFERSON
I know--but you--you're going to help.
SAUNDERS
If I were *triplets*, I couldn't--.
Look, Senator--let me give you a
rough idea. A member has a Bill in
mind--like you--a camp. Right?

JEFFERSON
Right.

SAUNDERS
Fine. Now, what does he do? He's got
to sit down first and write it up.
The where, when, why, how--and
everything else. That takes time--

JEFFERSON
Oh, but this one is so simple.

SAUNDERS
I see. *This* one is so simple--

JEFFERSON
And with your help--

SAUNDERS
Oh, yes. And *I'm* helping. Simple--
and I'm helping. So we knock this
off in record-breaking time of--let's
say three or four days--

JEFFERSON
Oh, just a day--

A *day*!

JEFFERSON
Tonight.

SAUNDERS
Tonight.
(Controlling herself
in a quiet burn)
Look--uh--I don't want to seem to be
complaining, Senator--but in all
civilized countries, there's an
institution called *dinner*!!

JEFFERSON
(laughing a little)
Oh--dinner. Yes. Well, I'm hungry,
too. I thought--maybe--we could have
something brought in--you know, like
big executives who eat off trays.
You see, we've got to light into
this and get it going--
SAUNDERS
Uh-huh. Well, dinner comes in on trays. We're executives. And we light into this. It is dawn. Your Bill is ready. You go over there and introduce it--

JEFFERSON
How?

SAUNDERS
You get to your feet in the Senate and present it. Then you take the Bill and put it in a little box--like a letter box--on the side of the rostrum. Just hold it between thumb and forefinger and drop it in. Clerks read it and refer it to the right committee--

JEFFERSON
Committee, huh?

SAUNDERS
Committee.

JEFFERSON
Why?

SAUNDERS
That's how Congress--or any large body--is run. All work has to be done by committee.

JEFFERSON
Why?

SAUNDERS
Look--committees--small groups of Senators--have to sift a Bill down--look into it--study it--and report to the whole Senate. You can't take a Bill no one knows anything about and discuss it among ninety-six men. Where would you get?

JEFFERSON
Yes, I see that.

SAUNDERS
Good. Where are we?

JEFFERSON
Some committee's got it.

SAUNDERS
Yes. They give it to a *sub*--
committee, where they really give it a going over—hold hearings—call in people and ask questions—then report back to the bigger committee—where it's considered some more, changed, amended, or whatever. Days are going by, Senator. Days—weeks. Finally, they think it's quite a Bill. It goes over to the House of Representatives for debate and a vote. *But* it's got to wait its turn on the calendar--

JEFFERSON
Calendar?

SAUNDERS
That's the order of business. Your Bill has to stand *way* back there in line unless the Steering Committee decides it is important enough to be--

JEFFERSON
What's that?

SAUNDERS
What?

JEFFERSON
The Steering Committee.

SAUNDERS
(depressed)
Do you really think we're getting anywhere.

JEFFERSON
Yes. Sure. What's a Steering Committee?

SAUNDERS
A committee of the majority party leaders. They decide when a Bill is important enough to be moved up toward the head of the list--

JEFFERSON
*This* is.

SAUNDERS
Pardon me--*this* is. Where are we now?

JEFFERSON
We're over in the House.

SAUNDERS
Yes. House. More amendments--more changes--and the Bill goes back to the Senate--and *waits its turn on the calendar again*. The Senate doesn't like what the house did to the Bill. They make more changes. The House doesn't like *those* changes. Stymie. So they appoint men from each house to go into a huddle called a conference and battle it out. Besides that, all the lobbyists interested give cocktail parties for and against--government departments get in their two cents' worth--cabinet members--budget bureaus--embassies. Finally, if the Bill is alive after all this vivisection, it comes to a vote. Yes, sir--the big day finally arrives. And--nine times out of ten, they vote it down.

(Taking a deep breath)
Are you catching on, Senator?

JEFFERSON
Yes. Shall we start on it right now-- or order dinner first?

SAUNDERS
(mouth drops open)
Pardon?

JEFFERSON
I said--shall we get started *now* or--

SAUNDERS
(weakly)
Yes--sure. Why not?
(Then, very tired)
You don't mind if I take the time to get a pencil?

She turns mechanically and heads for the outer office.

JEFFERSON
(calling after her-- laughing in high spirits)
No! Go right ahead, Miss Saunders.

SAUNDERS
Thanks very much.

JEFFERSON
And a *lot* of paper!

As Jefferson starts picking up the telegrams and reading
them avidly, Saunders goes out. In the OUTER OFFICE, McGann jumps up as Saunders goes to her desk to pick up paper and pencils, which she does mechanically.

**SAUNDERS**
I wouldn't wait if I were you.

**MCGANN**
What do you mean? What's going on?

**SAUNDERS**
The Head Man's writing a Bill.

**MCGANN**
A Bill! Not *him*!

Saunders silently gathers pencils and paper. She starts back toward the Private Office.

**MCGANN**
(calling after her)
What does he want to--? What's *he* doing writing a Bill?

**SAUNDERS**
(without stopping--
giving it the Southern accent again)
Why, he's a Senator, isn't he? I'm surprised at you, Mister McGann--
(and she passes into the Private Office)

McGann is a man fit to be tied. Suddenly he lunges for his hat and starts out quickly into the corridor.

The scene dissolves to the exterior of PAINE'S HOTEL as Paine and Susan, dressed for the evening--and in the company of three other people (an elderly gentleman, a second man and a middle-aged woman), are entering a limousine waiting at the curb. A newsman, with camera, is running alongside Paine.

**NEWSMAN**
Do you mind, Senator? I'd like a picture.

Paine stops before the limousine, as the others get inside. The photographer gets set. Before he can snap it, McGann rushes up.

**MCGANN**
(in a breathless whisper)
Joe--drop everything and come with me!

**PAINE**
What's the matter?

NEWSMAN
(motioning McGann aside)
Do you mind?

MCGANN
(to Paine)
Smith--do you know what he's doing?--writing Bills!

PAINE
Yes, I know. I told him to.
(Putting McGann aside)
Pardon me, Charles. We're late to an Embassy dinner--

The photographer gets his shot, and Chick leaps back to Paine.

MCGANN
Joe! You *told* him to!

PAINE
Yes--a camp bill that will never get beyond a first reading. So calm down, Chick--and--goodnight.

Paine gets into the limousine--and the door closes.

MCGANN
Joe! Jim said--*monuments*!

The car pulls out--and McGann is left on the curb.

The scene dissolves to JEFF'S PRIVATE OFFICE at night, revealing SAUNDERS AND JEFFERSON. Saunders is against one end of the desk with papers before her; Jefferson, his coat off, is walking in circles--in the throes of creating his bill.

(Dinner trays, with empty dinner dishes on them, are in evidence.)

JEFFERSON
(in a brown study)
--that's the main idea, Miss Saunders. The United States Government isn't going to buy or build this camp--just lend us the money. You've made a note of that, huh?

SAUNDERS
Yes, Senator--*twice*.

JEFFERSON
(walking circles)
Uh--have you?
(Running his hand
through his hair)
Did you ever have so much to say
about something--you couldn't say
it?

SAUNDERS
(dryly)
Try sitting down.

JEFFERSON
I did--and--and I got right up.

SAUNDERS
Now, let's get down to particulars.
How big is this thing? Where is it
to be? How many boys will it take
care of? If they're going to buy it--
how do they make their contributions?
Your Bill has to have all that in it--

JEFFERSON
And something else, too, Miss Saunders--
the spirit of it--the idea--the--

In his walk, he has come to the window. He points out
suddenly.

JEFFERSON
That's what's got to be in it.

She looks in that direction, and sees the lighted CAPITOL
DOME, as seen through the window--with JEFFERSON in the
foreground.

JEFFERSON
(pointing)
That.

SAUNDERS indicates that she sees the Dome, her eyebrows
lifting a little.

SAUNDERS
(quietly--with only a
touch of sarcasm)
On paper?

JEFFERSON
 stil looking out of
the window, not
conscious of her
cynical question)
I want to make that come to life--
yes, and lighted up like that, too--
for every boy in the land. Boys forget
what their country means--just reading
"land of the free" in history books. And they get to be men--and forget even more. Liberty is too precious to get buried in books, Miss Saunders. Men ought to hold it up in front of them--every day of their lives and say: "I am free--to think--to speak. My ancestors couldn't. I can. My children will."

And we see SAUNDERS looking at Jefferson with a new expression--listening rather raptly--then starting to make rapid notes.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE
The boys ought to grow up *remembering* that.

He breaks off--turns from the window--collecting himself out of a daze--and a little embarrassed.

JEFFERSON
Well--gosh--that--that isn't "particulars," is it?

SAUNDERS
But you've just taken care of the spirit all right.

JEFFERSON
Well, anyway, it's *something* like that--

(Then--impulsively)
And it *is* important. That--that Steering Committee has *got* to see it that way. And I'm sure Senator Paine will do all he can--

(Breaking off)
He's a fine man, Miss Saunders, isn't he? He knew my father, you know.

SAUNDERS
He did?

JEFFERSON
We need a lot like him--his kind of character--ideals.

SAUNDERS
(dropping her head to the paper)
Uh--getting back to this, Senator--

JEFFERSON
Yes, yes--

SAUNDERS
Now, this camp is going to be out in your state, of course--

JEFFERSON
(with enthusiasm)
About two hundred of the most beautiful acres that ever were! Mountains, prairie land, trees, streams! A paradise for boys who live in stuffy cities--
(Breaking off)
You don't know that country out there, do you, Miss Saunders?

SAUNDERS
No.

JEFFERSON
I've been over every foot of it. You couldn't have any idea. You'd have to see for yourself--
(gazing off, enraptured)
--the prairies--the wind leaning on the tall grass--

SAUNDERS is seen again, raptly watching him.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE
--lazy streams down in the meadows--and angry little midgets of water up in the mountains--
(again seen, together with SAUNDERS)
--cattle moving down a slope against the sun--camp-fires--snowdrifts...
(Breaking off)
Everybody ought to have *some* of that--*some* time in his life. My father taught me to see those things. He grew up with our state--an' he used to say to me, "Son, don't miss the wonders that surround you. Every tree, every sunset, every ant-hill and star is filled with the wonders of nature." He used to say, "Haven't you ever noticed how grateful you are to see daylight again after going through a dark tunnel?" "Well," he'd say, "open your eyes and always see life around you as if you'd just come out of a long tunnel."
(Then)
Where did *you* come from. Miss Saunders?

SAUNDERS
(quietly)
Well--I guess I've been in that tunnel all my life.

JEFFERSON
You mean--here?

SAUNDERS
Baltimore. Pure city-dweller.

JEFFERSON
But you've had beautiful country all around you. You've just had to life up your eyes!

SAUNDERS
City-dwellers never do that--for fear of what might drop *in* 'em.

JEFFERSON
(observing her a second)
Have you always had to--work?

SAUNDERS
Since sixteen or so.

JEFFERSON
I take it your--your parents couldn't--uh--

SAUNDERS
No, they couldn't. Father was a doctor. The kind who placed ethics above collections. That speaks well for Father but it always left us kind of--
(Then)
Could we get on with this, Senator?

JEFFERSON
It hasn't been easy, has it?

SAUNDERS
No complaints.

JEFFERSON
But--I mean--for a woman--And--you've done awfully well--

SAUNDERS
Have I?

JEFFERSON
I never met anyone more--more intelligent--or capable. I--I don't know where I'd be on this bill of mine without your help--
SAUNDERS
I don't see where we are *with* it.

JEFFERSON
(jumping)
No! Gosh! I better get moving here, Miss Saunders--
(Suddenly)
Everybody else calls you just plain "Saunders." Why can't I?

SAUNDERS
Go right ahead.

JEFFERSON
Saunders. That's better.
(Practicing)
Good morning, Saunders. Hello, Saunders. How's the bill coming, Saunders--?

SAUNDERS
(permitting herself a laugh)
Terrible, thank you.

JEFFERSON
Yeah. Yeah. Well, anyway, we've got "Saunders" settled. Maybe that was my trouble all along.
(Rubbing his hands)
YES, *sir*. I'm all ready to go now--
(Then--suddenly)
What's your *first* name?

SAUNDERS
Why?

JEFFERSON
Well--nobody calls you anything but Saunders.

SAUNDERS
I also answer to whistles.

JEFFERSON
You--you've *got* a first name, haven't you?

SAUNDERS
Look--I think we ought to skip it.

JEFFERSON
All right. Sure. Just curious. The picture popped into my mind all of a sudden of a pump without a handle-- or something--
SAUNDERS
Well, if it's all the same to you--

JEFFERSON
(kidding her)
I know. It's--Violet.

SAUNDERS
It *is* not!

JEFFERSON
Abigail.

SAUNDERS
No!

JEFFERSON
Letitia.

SAUNDERS
No!

JEFFERSON
Lena.

SAUNDERS
(laughing)
No! Stop it!

JEFFERSON
I've got more. You better tell me.

SAUNDERS
You win. It's--Clarissa.

JEFFERSON
(dashed down a little)
Clarissa. Oh. Uh-huh.
(Then)
Well, Saunders--let's go--

SAUNDERS
Now, *Susan*--that's really a *pretty* name--

JEFFERSON
(rising to the bait)
Susan! Susan Paine--that's beautiful--

SAUNDERS
And a beautiful woman, too--don't you think?

JEFFERSON
Yes. The most beautiful I think I ever--gee--
(Catching himself--
leaping into action)
Say--we're *never* going to finish
this thing! Now, here we go, Saunders.
I'm going to talk faster'n you can
write--

Jefferson walks around rapidly. He is off at great speed
now.

JEFFERSON
The location of the camp. About two
hundred acres situated in Ambrose
County--Terry Canyon--

SAUNDERS is seen busily writing down the facts.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE
--running about a quarter of a mile
on either side of Willet Creek--

SAUNDERS
(suddenly--sharply)
On either side of--*what*?

Jefferson pauses--a little astonished at her sharp question.

JEFFERSON
(seen with SAUNDERS
again)
Uh--Willet Creek. It's just a little
stream--

SAUNDERS
In Terry Canyon?

JEFFERSON
You--don't know it, do you?

SAUNDERS
(quickly)
No--

JEFFERSON
You couldn't. You've never been out
there, you said.

SAUNDERS
(quickly again)
No, I haven't. I guess I thought the
name was familiar.
(Then)
By the way, you discussed with Senator
Paine where the camp was to be
situated and everything?

JEFFERSON
Well--no. I didn't. Why?

SAUNDERS
Nothing. I just wondered. No *reason* to take it up with him.
(Reading from pad)
"--about a quarter of a mile on either side of Willet Creek--"

JEFFERSON
(picking up again)
Yeah. This land to be bought by contributions from the boys. You have that. Money to be--

Saunders, writing, looks up at Jefferson from under her brows with growing interest.

The scene dissolves to the SENATE CHAMBER, with the Senate in session and the President speaking:

PRESIDENT
--the chair lays before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of State, in response to Senate resolution 343.

The communication is handed to the clerk, who begins to read.

In the PRESS GALLERY we see SAUNDERS with DIZ, Saunders smiling down on the floor as the clerk's voice is heard.

SAUNDERS
Sit tight, Diz. The show commences in just a minute.

DIZ
What show? Would you mind telling me what's coming off here?

SAUNDERS
Certainly.
(Pointing down to the floor)
Now there's the principal actor in our little play.

In the SENATE CHAMBER, JEFFERSON is grasping the bill tightly in his hand--nervously, perspiringly waiting. He smiles up at Saunders and waves the bill. The Clerk's voice is heard.

In the PRESS GALLERY, Saunders smiles back at Jeff.

SAUNDERS
(to Diz)
Don Quixote--with bill.
Diz doesn't make anything of this. Saunders glances off—and points.

SAUNDERS
Ah. One of the supporting characters.

DIZ
Who?

In the VISITOR'S GALLERY MCGANN is seen listening to the proceedings.

In the PRESS GALLERY:

SAUNDERS
That gorilla in Man's clothing--McGann.

DIZ
Oh, you mean--Puss in Boots.

SAUNDERS
Yes. Mostly "Puss."
(Pointing to the floor again)
Oh, the *other* prominent character in the play.

In the CHAMBER, PAINE is seen listening to the clerk.

In the PRESS GALLERY:

SAUNDERS
The Silver Knight. Soul of Honor--on a tight-roupe.

DIZ
What do I play?

SAUNDERS
You play--left field.

DIZ
Frankly, kid—are you goofy?

SAUNDERS
Diz--Don Quixote with bill is going to get to his feet in a minute and speak two important words--"Willet Creek". When that happens—if my hunch is right—the Silver Knight will fall off his tightrope and Puss will jump out of his boots.

In the CHAMBER, the Clerk finishes what he has been reading.

A SENATOR
Mr. President--I ask that the communication be referred to Committee on Foreign Relations and printed.

PRESIDENT
It is so ordered.  
(Then)
Introduction of bills--

JEFFERSON is seen in close view, his head jerking up.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
--and joint resolutions.

JEFFERSON
(leaping to his feet, and yelling loudly)
Mr. President!

The PRESIDENT is startled by the yell and a GROUP OF SENATORS is seen turning around, also startled. In a portion of the VISITOR'S GALLERY, people begin to titter--then laugh. The gavel raps for order.

JEFFERSON, aware that he has caused a stir by his shout, is embarrassed as the gavel continues rapping. PAINE is mildly amused. But in the VISITOR'S GALLERY, MCGANN, tight-lipped, is shaking his head. He doesn't like this.

PRESIDENT
(with a smile)
The chair recognizes the rather strong-lunged junior Senator, Mr. Smith.

JEFFERSON
(almost in a whisper)
I--I'm sorry, sir. I--I have a bill--

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
You may speak a little louder, Senator, but not too loud.

JEFFERSON
I have a bill to propose, sir.

PRESIDENT
Order, gentlemen. Our junior Senator is about to make a speech. You may proceed, Senator.

With trembling, fumbling hands, Jefferson gets his paper up before him.

JEFFERSON
(reading)
"Be it enacted by the Senate and the House of Representatives that there
be appointed as a loan--"

In the PRESS GALLERY, Saunders nudges Diz to watch McGann and Paine.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE
"--a sum sufficient to create a National Boys' Camp--"

JEFFERSON
(again visible)
"--to be paid back to the United States Treasury by contributions from the boys of America. This Camp to be situated on the land at and adjacent to the head waters of the stream known as Willet Creek in Terry Canyon--"

Paine is seen to be hit by lightning, and his eyes go startledly to McGann in the gallery.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE
"--for the purpose of bringing greater education, mutual understanding--"

McGann rises in the GALLERY, signals to Paine, and starts to go out.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE
"--and the healthful life to the boys of this great and beautiful land!"

As Jeff finishes applause breaks out in the gallery. It is caught up and grows. Paine is seen hurriedly leaving the chamber, while the applause continues.

PRESIDENT
Our young Senator will make a good orator when his voice stops changing.

In the PRESS GALLERY, Saunders is nudging Diz.

SAUNDERS
Did you like the first act?

DIZ
Yeah. What about the second act?

SAUNDERS
That's taking place outside now.

We hear the gavel rapping for order.

In the CAPITOL VESTIBULE, Paine and McGann come together quickly. They talk in undertones.
MCGANN
(in a controlled lather)
Did I hear right? Did he say *Willet Creek*?

PAINE
Let's get away from here.
(He starts to pull McGann along)

MCGANN
That's dynamite, Joe!

The scene dissolves to PAINE'S AUTOMOBILE.

PAINE
--amazing coincidence! Of all places in the world--to choose Willet Creek for his boys' camp!

MCGANN
Joe--I'm getting leery of this guy. We keep calling him dumb--and he keeps winding up in our hair! I'm telling you--when he finds out there's a dam going up where he wants his camp, he's gonna start asking questions six ways from Sunday--

PAINE
Be quiet, Chick--I'm trying to think--
(Then)
This Deficiency Bill is going to be read in the Senate tomorrow.

MCGANN
Tomorrow! Joe--he'll hear the section on Willet Dam. He can't be there!

PAINE
I know that.

MCGANN
Listen--tomorrow I take him to see monuments--if I have to hit him over the head with a couple!

PAINE
That won't work, Chick. This boy's honest, not stupid.

MCGANN
Susan!

PAINE
My daughter isn't here to carry out
assignments like that for *anybody*.

**MCGANN**
Well, then--this is too much for *my* lame brain. I'm calling Jim Taylor.

**Paine**
Jim's methods won't do in Washington.

**MCGANN**
Joe--listen--all Susan has to do is turn those big eyes on him--he'll fall all over himself--just keep him out of there *one afternoon*--while they read that bill--

The scene dissolves to the SENATE OFFICE BUILDING, in the late afternoon, and JEFFERSON is seen marching along down the corridor, in high spirits--whistling "Dixie." He turns into his OUTER OFFICE, which is full of people. As he strides in, the people leap up and make a dive for him.

**People**
Can I see you, Senator--?
I'm from Jackson City--
Senator, just one minute of your time--
I'm from the old home state, Senator--

Saunders, who has been sitting at her desk, leaps up and comes to the rescue as the people begin to claw and pull Jeff.

**SAUNDERS**
Whoa! Here--here--just a minute!
Keep your seats.
(Taking Jeff's arm)
This way, Senator--

She leads the dazed Jeff into his PRIVATE OFFICE.

**JEFFERSON**
(entering with Saunders)
What do they--? Who are all those--?

**SAUNDERS**
One of the plagues on members of Congress--office-seekers, cranks, people with pet bills. Get my son into West Point--or *outta* West Point. I've got a scheme to put people to work. How do I get rid of cockroaches? Some woman's composed a hymn to replace the Star Spangled Banner. Want to hear it?
JEFFERSON

(laughing)
No--not today! Boy, I feel like a house afire! Saunders--how did I do?

SAUNDERS

Great.

JEFFERSON

I--I don't know how I got it out. My heart was right up here all the time--

(Then--excitedly)
I wonder what Senator Paine thought of it?

SAUNDERS

Must have been tickled pink.

JEFFERSON

Gee--I hope so. What's all this?

SAUNDERS

Contributions from boys who read about your camp.

JEFFERSON

Already? All these letters?

SAUNDERS

Oh, those are only local. Wait'll they start pouring in from all over the country.

JEFFERSON

Do you mean all--look--look we'd better open them up--see what they say here--look at the money--what does it say--"Dear Senator Smith, I would like to come to your boy's camp and I shine shoes at the station and here's nine cents." Oh, isn't that wonderful. Look and he signs it. "Yours truly, Stinky Moore." Isn't that marvelous?

(Breaking off--looking in desk drawer)
Say--have I got some paper here?

SAUNDERS

Second drawer.

JEFFERSON

Good! I'm going to be pretty busy tonight--

SAUNDERS

Not another bill?
JEFFERSON
No! Letters. I've got to write to the Rangers and Ma--and--I'm bustin' with news! Why, I've introduced a bill! Me--Jeff Smith. I got up and talked in the Senate!
(He sits down excitedly at his desk)

SAUNDERS
Do you want to dictate them?

JEFFERSON
The letters? Gosh--no. I couldn't talk letters. I've gotta scratch 'em out. And say--I'm going to tell Ma all about you. If I tell it right--the first thing you know you're going to get the best jar of preserves you ever tasted.

SAUNDERS
(starting for the door)
Thanks a lot.

JEFFERSON
Oh--*Saunders*!

He comes leaping around from behind the desk--grabbing her hand.

JEFFERSON
I--I--gee whiz--I didn't thank you!

SAUNDERS
Don't mention it--

JEFFERSON
I mean it. I--without you, I could't've--

The phone rings. Saunders takes a step to the desk to get the phone. Jefferson goes back behind his desk.

SAUNDERS
Hello.
(Rather startled)
Who? Who?

In the PAINE LIVING ROOM:

SUSAN
(on the phone)
Susan Paine.
In JEFFERSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE, Jeff sits at his desk, prepared to write—indifferent to Saunders's conversation. Saunders casts a quick look at Jeff.

SAUNDERS
(into phone)
How do you do?... Yes, go ahead.

In the PAINE LIVING ROOM:

SUSAN
I'm sorry to bother you, Saunders--but you've got to help me. I'm elected to snatch Mr. Jefferson Smith from the Senate tomorrow--

In JEFFERSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE, while Jeff is still busy over his papers:

SAUNDERS
You're--what?

In the PAINE LIVING ROOM:

SUSAN
There's trouble brewing some place and I'm to turn on my glamour for him. I've got to take him out. You sympathize, don't you, Saunders?

In JEFFERSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE:

SAUNDERS
(with a glance at the occupied Jeff)
Awkward, isn't it?

In the PAINE LIVING ROOM:

SUSAN
Here's what you've got to do for me. Take him out and buy him a suit of clothes that fits--and a hat. A manicure and haircut wouldn't do any harm--and if you can get in a little practice with a fork and a teacup--. As one woman to another, Saunders--that is, I hate to ask you to do it, but--

In JEFFERSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE:

SAUNDERS
(into the phone)
But as one woman to another, of course.
In the PAINE LIVING ROOM:

SUSAN
Thanks, Saunders. And now--is--uh--young Lochinvar around?

In JEFFERSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE:

SAUNDERS
Yes--right here. Just a second--
(Extending phone to Jeff)
Miss Paine.

JEFFERSON
(looking up as if he had been kicked)
*Who*! Miss--! Is that--? Why didn't you--? Holy smoke;
(Grabbing the phone--breathlessly)
H-hello... Yes, Miss Paine... How-- how are you, Miss Paine...? What?... Escort *you* Gee--I mean--*sure*-- *yes*! I'd be--. Reception for a *princess*! Gosh!... Thanks, Miss Paine. Yes. I--I'll be there! Goodbye, Miss Paine.
(Hanging up, and getting up excitedly)
Did you hear that?--Escort Susan Paine--reception for a princess! I Imagine her calling me--asking *me*--!

SAUNDERS
Get your hat, Senator. We've got a lot to do between now and tomorrow--

JEFFERSON
Wow!

As he makes a dive for his hat, the scene dissolves to glimpses of the shopping tour of Jefferson Smith:

He has the Prince Albert coat of a new suit on--standing before a mirror--the sleeves too short--looking *really* like a scarecrow--and being frightened of his own image in the mirror. Saunders is standing by, supervising.

He is trying to walk in a pair of pointed black shoes. His feet hurt terribly.

He is trying on hats. We catch one that sits on his head like a peanut. He looks to Saunders, who shakes her head.

In a barber's chair--his hair being cut--his nails are being
manicured. He stares unbelievingly down at the manicurist's work.

Jeff, in his rooms, is getting all tricked out in his new clothes. Saunders ties his tie and puts a flower in his buttonhole.

Finally the scene dissolves into the PAINE LIMOUSINE, and we see, at last, the full result of the dressing of Jefferson Smith--toggled out from top to toe, and very uncomfortable. Susan snatches glances at the effect, out of the corner of her eyes.

JEFFERSON
(with a struggle)
I--I'm awfully glad to be--that is, it was nice of you to--
(Giving up, he makes an attempt at conversation)
Uh--how's your father?

SUSAN
Splendid.

JEFFERSON
Uh--that's good. And--uh--you?

SUSAN
I'm splendid, too.

JEFFERSON
That's--that's splendid.

SUSAN
And how's your bill, Senator?

JEFFERSON
Oh, the bill. Oh--splendid--I mean--
(With a disarming smile)
I--I just can't seem to talk in this suit.
(Her eyebrows lift)
I'll tell you a secret. It's brand new.

SUSAN
Well! You don't say!

JEFFERSON
(intimately--boyishly)
It's just as well to tell you--because if we're going to get off on the right foot--I mean--in case I act sort of strange--it's the suit.
SUSAN
(at a loss)
Well--I--

JEFFERSON
(laughing)
Funnier things have happened. Ma says when Pa was courting her, he acted strange for months. Didn't make sense—or anything. And one day, on a hunch, Ma said: "Clayton, so help me, you talk like a man whose collar is too tight to bear." "Not the collar, Mary," he said, "my shoes." "Well, for land's sake," Ma said, "Take the pesky things off!" Which Pa did, an' they were engaged within a week.

SUSAN
You're not going to take your *suit* off!

JEFFERSON
(alarmed)
No! No! Gosh. See, there you are! I'm not making sense!

The scene dissolves to the LIVING ROOM OF DIZ'S APARTMENT, at dinner time. Diz is mixing a drink. Saunders, her hat on as though she hasn't been there long, is restless.

DIZ
Well--I stuck my foot in it again at the President's press conference today--
(Casually)
How come so early? Get the day off?

SAUNDERS
They decoyed the little General off to a tea party to keep him out of the Senate.

DIZ
Well, well--
(Then--picking up)
Yeah--I got smart and thought I'd slip one over on the old man in the press meeting. I said, "Mr. President, about the monopoly investigation--"
And he jumps right in and says, "Diz, if you were sitting in my chair, would you answer the question you're about to ask?" He had me.

SAUNDERS
I don't mind *who* gets licked in a *fair* fight, Diz. It's these clouts below the belt I can't take. Sicking that horrible dame on him--when he's goofy about her--

DIZ

What dame?

SAUNDERS

Paine.

DIZ

Oh--yeah--

SAUNDERS

He isn't going to hurt enough as it is. *She* has to twist a knife in him, too--the regal jackass! "I'll turn my glamour on him," she says--

DIZ

Forget it, kid. What's it *to* you?

SAUNDERS

Nothing. I'm just saying--I might be able to lie, cheat, steal--and I'd still tear into a guy I saw kicking a dog. Not that *he* is, by a long shot--

DIZ

Okay. So what? Stop worrying. I've told you--the dopes are gonna inherit the earth anyway--

SAUNDERS

I've wondered, Diz--maybe this Don Quixote's got the jump on all of us. I've wondered--maybe it's a curse to go through life wised up like you and me--

DIZ

Now, look, kid--if we're gonna wonder, let's go down and do it over a hunk of steak.

(Handing her a drink)

Come on, snap out of it. Diz Moore--that rarest of companions--is here at your side.

(Lifting his glass)

To genteel crime, kid.

SAUNDERS

(lifting hers)
And to Don Quixote!

The scene dissolves to a RESTAURANT at night, with SAUNDERS AND DIZ at a corner table--drinks in front of them--both feeling pretty high and loose-tongued. Saunders is alternating lightness with grimness. (Music from someplace off). Diz is finishing a story.

DIZ
--and the guy sees a drunk, lookin' around under the street lamp, see--and he says--whatsa matter?--lose somethin'? Yeah--my cigarette case--dropped it in the next block.
(Pointing way over)
Next block!--the guy says to the drunk--whaddaya lookin' for it here for?... 'Cause there's more light here, the drunk says--

They laugh.

SAUNDERS
Why do I always laugh at that?

DIZ
"There's more light here," he says--

SAUNDERS
Drunks are funny--

DIZ
Yeah. Funny--

SAUNDERS
(reflectively--sober suddenly)
Yeah.

DIZ
Yeah. Some of my best friends are funny.

SAUNDERS
Every time I think of it, I get a laugh, Diz.

DIZ
My friends?

SAUNDERS
Old Don Quixote--man of the people
Smith--

DIZ
(calling)
Waiter!
SAUNDERS
--followin' Miss Susan Pass-Pass
around--his little heart poundin'
away--the sound of angels' wings in
his ears.

The waiter comes over.

DIZ
Now, you've gone and let Don Quixote
in here again. I told you to keep
him out!

SAUNDERS
Shut up, Diz.

DIZ
(to waiter)
Mind, now! Keep Don Quixote out of
here!

The waiter backs away--shaking his head.

SAUNDERS
And I got him all dressed up, too--
to go way up in a balloon--so they
can drop him a long way--make sure
they break his heart. Why, not all
the Boy Rangers in the world, working
night shifts, 'll be able to put
Humpty-Dumpty together again--

DIZ
Now--how'd Humpty-Dumpty get in here?

SAUNDERS
Do you know how I felt, Diz?

DIZ
No. How'd you feel? Quick.

SAUNDERS
Like a mother sending her kid off to
school for the first time--watchin'
the little fella toddling off--in
his best bib and tucker--and you
sink in the middle--hoping he can
stand up to the other kids--won't
get his feeling hurt--and--if you
could only spare him the knocks he's
gotta take--
(Catching herself)
Say--who started this?

DIZ
*I'm* just waiting for a street car--
SAUNDERS
Well--cut it out. See? Who *cares* anyway?

DIZ
I apologize.

SAUNDERS
*All right*, then. After all, what's it to me? So they *drop* him out of a balloon. All I care is--I don't want to be around. See? Squeamish. See? That's what I am. No, sir. I don't have to take it. Won't be a party to no murder. I'm gonna quit. I'm through.

DIZ
Again? Good idea.

Diz--

DIZ
Yeah.

SAUNDERS
How about getting married?

DIZ
(same tone)
Good idea. When?

SAUNDERS
Any time.

DIZ
Tonight?

SAUNDERS
Okay. You don't mind?

DIZ
I'll cherish ya.

SAUNDERS
You--you've been a good egg, Diz. Maybe we could clear out of this town--get to feel like *people*--get the habit of lifting up our eyes--live like we just got out of a tunnel.

DIZ
(startled)
Tunnel?
SAUNDERS
You've never seen prairie grass with
the wind leaning on it, have you,
Diz?

DIZ
Is the wind tired out there?

SAUNDERS
Or angry little mountain streams—
and cattle moving against the sun.
You haven't seen any of that, have
you, Diz?

DIZ
Have *you*?

SAUNDERS
No.

DIZ
Do we *have* to?

SAUNDERS
(flinging the mood
off)
No! I can't think of anything more
sappy!)

DIZ
Well, let's get going.

SAUNDERS
Where?

DIZ
We're gonna get married.

SAUNDERS
(getting her purse
and hat together)
Yeah—that's right. Diz—

DIZ
What?

SAUNDERS
I case you don't know—I want to
give ya a chance to back out if you
don't like it—

DIZ
What?

SAUNDERS
My first name's—Clarissa.
DIZ
Yeah, I know. That's okay.

SAUNDERS
Don't say "okay," Diz. Say you think it's beautiful.

DIZ
Okay--I mean--

SAUNDERS
You don't know a name off-hand you like better, do you, Diz?

DIZ
(thinking)
No--not offhand--

SAUNDERS
Nothing like--uh--Susan--or anything like that, huh?

DIZ
Susan? Nah!

SAUNDERS
(breaking into Diz violently)
I won't take it! See? I won't be party to murder. See? Steering a poor dope up blind alleys for that grafting Taylor mob is low enough. But helping that dame cut him up in little pieces besides--nobody's gonna make me do that. No, sir.

DIZ
You said it!

SAUNDERS
I'm getting out of there. Right now, Diz. Right now. Bonus or no bonus. I'm gonna clear out that office--everything I own--my extra hat--everything--

She starts to scramble out from behind the table. Diz is startled by her sudden, furious movements.

DIZ
Hey! We're gettin' married--!

SAUNDERS
(without pausing)
Right now--everything I own--!

She is on her way. Diz, with a great effort, scrambles out
from behind the table after her.

The scene dissolves to JEFF'S PRIVATE OFFICE, where JEFFERSON, his collar undone, is writing with great eagerness, his eyes alight. Suddenly a desk drawer slams off scene. He looks up.

JEFFERSON
(calling)
Saunders?

No reply. Another desk drawer slams.

JEFFERSON
Saunders!

SAUNDERS' VOICE
Whadaya want?

Jeff, puzzled at the tone of her voice, rises. He starts slowly around from his desk.

JEFFERSON
Saunders--I looked for you--

She appears in the doorway, pugnaciously.

SAUNDERS
Yeah? What for?

She heads for the coat-rack to get her extra hat.

SAUNDERS
I know. Don't tell me. It was a wonderful party. Your suit went over big. And she looked beautiful, and she gave her hand when you left her--and said--"Thank you, Mr. Smith."
Oh, but it was the way she *said* it. You like to fell through the floor--Horseradish!

JEFFERSON
(fairly speechless under this violent attack)
Saunders--!

SAUNDERS
And you're writing Ma all about it. And your pigeons will carry the message of love. And the first thing you know--Susan Paine'll get the best jar of preserves she ever tasted!

JEFFERSON
Are you drunk?
She returns to the OUTER OFFICE--Jeff following.

There Diz is collapsed in a chair, and Saunders is collecting her things.

SAUNDERS
Certainly. You didn't think I was a lady, did you? You don't think a *lady* would be working for this outfit. Even *I* can't take it anymore. I quit. Can't take a lot of things. *You*. I can't watch a simple guy like you--
(Breaking off--in a burst)

Why don't you go back home? Take my advice. Go on back to your prairies--roust your rangers around--tell your little streams about your camp and the land of the free! This isn't any place for you. You're half-way decent. You don't belong here. Go home. That's all I'll tell you. That's all. I owe my conscience that much. I owe it a lot more, but--
(Suddenly--indicating Diz)

Meet the man I'm going to marry!

DIZ is seen forcing a smile and feeble wave at Jeff.

DIZ
Tha's me.

Saunders turns viciously on Jeff, who is stunned and silent.

SAUNDERS
Well--why don't you say something--what are you standing there for--?
(Then--on a wild impulse)

Wait a minute!

She tears for the files--dives into one section of them.

SAUNDERS
Why don't I get out of this place clean?
(Lifting a printed bill out)
Want to be a Senator, huh? Gonna build a camp on Willet Creek! See this? Appropriations Bill. A little section--number forty. A *dam's* going up where you think you're gonna have a camp. Ever hear of it? No. They read all about it in the Senate
today--but you weren't supposed to hear it. That's why that ritzy dame took you in tow. That's why they sent you here in the first place--because you wouldn't know a dam from a bathtub!

(Flinging it on a desk)
Go ahead--*try* to build your camp--*try* to mess up Mr. Taylor's little graft! Go ahead--be a Senator! But if you *can't* be--and you can't in nine million years--go on home--don't hang around here making people feel sorry for you! Come on, Diz.

She grabs Diz by the hand and pulls him to the door, while Jeff stares blankly at the bill on the desk.

In the CORRIDOR, DIZ and SAUNDERS come through. She stops, looking ahead dazedly.

DIZ
Well--let's dig up the preacher, kid.

SAUNDERS
(in a suddenly sobered trance)
Huh?

DIZ
You know, we're getting married.

SAUNDERS
(suddenly cracking up, sobbing)
Take me home, Diz.

The scene dissolves to PAINE'S LIVING ROOM at night. Jeff is on his feet, in the midst of a dramatic delivery. Paine is trying to sit calmly and judicially. McGann, tipped back in a chair, is whittling his nails, trying to seem disinterested.

JEFFERSON
(emphatically)
--I may not know much about a lot of things, sir--but I know that Willet Creek country like a book--and--and I tell you, Senator Paine--there's something *wrong* about this dam--why, there isn't a foot of water in that creek--it's dry four months out of the--

PAINE
Jeff--listen--this was all taken up
in the State Legislature and approved--
they're going to divert waters from
up above--

JEFFERSON
But--there are a hundred other places
in the state that *need* the water.
Besides--I talked to Kenneth Allen,
who owns some of that land--and he
didn't say anything about a dam. No--
I'm sure, sir--there's something
wrong--and I--I won't vote on this
thing until I get a lot of questions
answered--

PAINE
(strongly)
Jeff! You're trying to understand in
a moment everything about a project
that took two years to set up--the
reasons--the benefits--

JEFFERSON
Yes--the *benefits*! What's a man
called Taylor got to do with this?

McGann's tipped-back chair comes forward with a thud and he
gets up.

JEFFERSON
He's a newspaper publisher I know--
and--

MCGANN
What makes you think he's got
*anything* to do with it?

JEFFERSON
Saunders said--this whole thing was
*his* idea to get graft--!

PAINE
(forcefully)
One minute, Jeff!

McGann starts quickly in the direction of the foyer.

PAINE
You're accusing *me* of helping to
frame a bill for the benefit of *one*
individual--

McGann enters a TELEPHONE CLOSET in the foyer and picks up
the phone.

PAINE'S VOICE
--of helping to put through a scheme
McGann kicks the door closed.

MCGANN
(grimly--into the
phone)
Long distance. Get me James Taylor--
Jackson City--Main 3100--

The scene dissolves to the GOVERNOR'S LIBRARY at night. Hubert is in his dressing gown and nightshirt--fearful. Taylor paces furiously. Kenneth Allen, middle-aged, sits by quietly.

TAYLOR
Boy Ranger! The answer to a prayer.
Manna from heaven! Didn't know the
time of day--!

HUBERT
Will you please tell me *exactly* what he's done?

TAYLOR
Yes! He's about to blow the whole
machine to smithereens--and *you
with it*, Mr. Governor!

HUBERT
Me! Jim--how--?

TAYLOR
You couldn't understand! Listen, Ten
Thumbs, I'll be on my way to
Washington in half an hour. Whatever
happens, I'm all ready for this Ranger
of yours. Never mind how. You'll get
your instructions from Ken Allen
here. It isn't anything you have to
do. I wouldn't trust you to lick a
stamp. Allen'll do it himself. You
just use your *high office* to help
him get it done. Understand?

HUBERT
Y--yes, Jim.

TAYLOR
I doubt it! Come on, Ken.

Taylor starts for the door--Allen following.

HUBERT
Jim--wait--will you please tell me--

Taylor and Allen have slammed out.
HUBERT
(protesting frantically--to himself)
Blow *me* to smithereens! My record is *clean*!

The scene dissolves to TAYLOR'S HOTEL SUITE in Washington, with Taylor seen at his breakfast--calm, quiet. Around him are Paine, McGann and three men--Congressmen Radner, Schultz and Diggs.

PAINE
(nervously)
--I've used every argument in the world to try to turn him off. He just keeps coming back to the dam--and what he knows--

MCGANN
Saunders! I'd like to tie her in a sack and drop her from the Brooklyn Bridge--

PAINE
(waving at the three men)
--now he wants to talk to the Congressmen from the Willet Creek districts--he's run their names down--

There is a knock on the door.

TAYLOR
That's him. Let him in.

PAINE
(suddenly--alarmed)
Wait a minute--Jim--you didn't ask *Smith* over here!

TAYLOR
What do you think?

PAINE
Jim, you can't come here and pull that steamroller stuff. Your methods won't do here. This boy is a Senator, however it happened, he's a Senator. This is Washington.

TAYLOR
Steamroller stuff, Joe? My methods don't go in Washington? They've done pretty well by now, haven't they?

PAINE
Oh, Jim, that's beside the point. This boy's different. He's honest and beside he thinks the world of me. We can't do this to him.

TAYLOR
Well, what do you want me to do? Stand around like you chump and let that drooling infant wrap that Willet Creek Dam appropriation around my neck. Either he falls in line with us and behaves himself or I'll break him so wide open they'll never be able to find the pieces.

PAINE
Jim, I won't stand for it.

TAYLOR
You won't stand for it?

PAINE
I don't want any part of crucifying this boy.

TAYLOR
Oh, I see. Out steamroller methods are getting too hard to your sensitive soul, is that it, Joe? The Silver Knight is getting to big for us. My methods have been all right for the past twenty years, Joe, since I picked you out of a fly-specked hole in the wall and blew you up to look like a Senator, and now you can't stand it. Well, maybe you won't have to stand it, Joe. Maybe we can fix it so you and your Boy Ranger can go home together.

PAINE
Jim, you don't have to--

TAYLOR
Oh, it's all right--it's all right. It seems a shame, though, to part company like this after all these years, especially now with a national convention coming up. Joe, I've put everything I have behind you. And so did all of our friends, but I guess we'll survive. We'll just have to find somebody else that's got a little more sense, that's all. In the meantime, you explain to Mr. Smith about Willet Dam. It's your bill--it's your reputation, and if he can't
find enough facts to break you with, you just send him to me and I'll give him a couple of good ones. I'm taking the next plane home.

PAINE
Jim, it's just that I like the kid--I don't want to see you get too rough on him.

TAYLOR
I'm glad to see you come to your senses. You had me scared there for a minute, thought.

(To McGann)
Let him in.

McGann opens the door, and Jeff stands in the doorway.

TAYLOR
Come in.

Jeff enters, looking around at the faces he has never seen before.

PAINE
Jeff--this is Mr. Taylor.

TAYLOR
(taking his hand)
Glad to know you, Senator. Meet the boys--

PAINE
(quickly)
Congressmen, Radner, Schultz, Diggs--

VOICES OF CONGRESSMEN
How are you, Senator?
Glad to know you.
How do you do?

TAYLOR
I happened to be passing through, Senator. I wanted to meet you. Thanks for coming. Sit down.

Jeff hesitates, looks at the men, his eyes resting on Paine a moment. More and more puzzled, he takes a chair just a step away.

TAYLOR
Well. I hear you've been right on your toes since you got here. Pitching right in. Lots of people took you for dumb--but they're wrong. You're smart. In fact, *I* think you're
smart enough to understand a situation when it's explained to you--

JEFFERSON
Like what, Mr. Taylor?

TAYLOR
Well now--just to take an example--putting up a dam--on Willet Creek. As I look at it--that dam's going to do the people of our state a lot of good--

JEFFERSON
Yes, so I was told, Mr. Taylor, but--

TAYLOR
(interrupting)
But you have some objections here and there. And maybe right, for all I know. But the point is--there's no sense stopping the whole works now--specially after some men have worked hard for a long time to put this through--

JEFFERSON
What is your interest in this, Mr. Taylor?

TAYLOR
Mine? Why--naturally--whatever benefits the state is mighty important to me--owning a lot of its industry--newspapers and other odds and ends. And if I thought you had the welfare of the state at heart, like myself--for instance, if you were to turn around and help a project like this along instead of standing in the way--why, I'd say you were a man to watch. For a fellow your age, you'd be in a spot to make a great start in life. If you liked business--you could pick any job in the state and go right to the top. Or politics. If you like being a Senator. No reason why you couldn't come back to that Senate for the rest of your life.

PAINE
Jim!

TAYLOR
(sharply)
Just a minute, Joe!
PAINE
(fighting)
You can't say *that* to--

TAYLOR
*I* know what I'm doing! I'll say what I *want*!

Paine rushes to the door and is gone. There is silence for an instant. Jeff rises.

TAYLOR
Sit down, Smith. I'm not through.

Jeff remains standing.

TAYLOR
As I was saying--the state *needs* men like you---*smart* men.
(Indicating the boys)
Now, these boys are. And they've been doing all right. They don't worry about being re-elected--or anything else. They take my advice--and they'll go a lot farther yet. So, you see, you've got a pretty important question to settle for yourself, Smith. But you're smart. You can decide that right now, can't you?

Jeff looks from Taylor to the other boys.

TAYLOR
(after a pause)
Can't you?

JEFFERSON
(quietly)
You mean--you tell these men--and Senator Paine what to do?

TAYLOR
Yes! I've told Senator Paine for twenty years--

JEFFERSON
You're a liar!

Jeff turns and starts for the door. Taylor rushes after him.

TAYLOR
Smith!
(Stopping him at the door)
You heard what I said. And I've *got* to have your answer---*now*!
(As Jeff starts to go)
Listen. To put it another way--if you've got any fool notion of bucking this thing--if you open your mouth when that bill is read in the Senate tomorrow--if you so much as lift a finger to stop it--you're through--like no man *ever* was! I'm all ready for you. Understand? I give you my word on that. You're finished!

Jeff grabs violently for the door and barges out.

TAYLOR
I give you my word!

The scene dissolves to PAINE'S PRIVATE SENATE OFFICE, as Jeff enters, closing the door behind him. Paine, standing near his desk--strained and miserable--cannot meet Jeff's accusing, damning gaze.

PAINE
(faltering)
Jeff--I want to talk to you--sit down--

Jeff remains standing--his eyes fixed on Paine.

PAINE
Listen, Jeff--you--you don't understand these things--you mustn't condemn me for my part in this without--you've had no experience--you see things as black or white--and a man as angel or devil. That's the young idealist in you. And that isn't how the world runs, Jeff--certainly not Government and politics. It's a question of give and take--you have to play the rules--compromise--you have to leave your ideals outside the door, with your rubbers. I feel I'm the right man for the Senate. And there are certain powers--influence. To stay there, I must respect them. And now and then--for the sake of that power--a dam has to be built--and one must shut his eyes. It's--it's a small compromise. The *best* men have had to make them. Do you understand?

(Desperately and with greater emotion as Jeff is silent)
I know how you feel, Jeff. Thirty years ago--I had those ideals, too. I was *you*. I had to make the
decision you were asked to make today.

(Breaking out)
And I compromised--yes! So that all these years I could stay in that Senate--and serve the people in a thousand honest ways! You've got to face facts, Jeff. I've served our State well, haven't I? We have the lowest unemployment and the highest Federal grants. But, well, I've had to compromise, had to play ball. You can't count on people voting, half the time they don't vote, anyway. That's how states and empires have been built since time began. Don't you understand? Well, Jeff, you can take my word for it, that's how things are. Now I've told you all this because--well, I've grown very fond of you--about like a son--in fact, and I don't want to see you get hurt. Now, when that Deficiency Bill comes up in the Senate tomorrow you stay away from it. Don't say a word. Great powers are behind it, and they'll destroy you before you can even get started. For your own sake, Jeff, and for the sake of my friendship with your father, please, don't say a word.

Jeff goes out quickly--as Paine stops dead, staring after him.

The scene dissolves to the VISITOR'S ROOM adjacent to the Senate Chamber, with TAYLOR and PAINE huddled together, talking in low tones and rapidly--people occasionally passing in the background.

TAYLOR
It's in your lap, Joe. Keep an eye on him. If he gets to his feet and says anything--

PAINE
It's crucifying him--!

TAYLOR
Anything *better* to offer?

PAINE
Maybe he won't get up.

TAYLOR
But--if he *does*, Joe--

The bell sounds--Paine walks away quickly.
TAYLOR
(calling after in low
voice—cautioning)
Joe! If he *does*--!

The scene dissolves to the SENATE CHAMBER, which first reveals the PRESIDENT of the Senate speaking.

PRESIDENT
--during the consideration of the Deficiency Bill, there is a unanimous consent agreement--

JEFFERSON is seen keeping his head up, his expression revealing nothing about what he intends to do.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
--that no Senator shall speak more than once, or longer than five minutes--

PAINE is seen looking over at Jefferson.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
--on any section of the bill. The clerk will begin the reading.

Now the CLERK rises with a copy of the bill in his hands.

CLERK
(reading)
"A bill providing for deficiency appropriations for the fiscal year. Section One. For emergency relief--"

In the VISITOR'S GALLERY, TAYLOR AND MCGANN are sitting tensely, looking down on the Senate floor.

CLERK'S VOICE
"--to create and erect public improvements on rivers, harbors and roadways in the states of--"

In the SENATE, the CLERK in now half-way through the bill, held plainly in his hands.

CLERK
(reading)
"Section Forty: An appropriation for diverting and impounding the headwaters of Willet Creek--"

JEFFERSON is seen alert and anxious and determined.

CLERK'S VOICE
"--in the natural basin of Terry Canyon. Five million dollars--"
Jeff leaps up. His hands are clenched. His face is white.

JEFFERSON
Mr. President!

TAYLOR AND MCGANN, in the Visitor's Gallery, come forward in their seats.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
Does the Senator desire to be heard on Section Forty?

JEFFERSON
(on his feet now)
I do, sir.

PRESIDENT
The Senator understands he is limited to five minutes?

JEFFERSON
(tense and pale)
Yes, sir--

In the VISITOR'S GALLERY, Taylor's eyes are darting fire in the direction of Paine.

TAYLOR
(viciously--under his breath)
Joe!

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
You may proceed.

In the CHAMBER, Paine is seen holding the corners of his desk tensely.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE
Mr. President--this section of the bill--this dam on Willet Creek is nothing but a--

PAINE
Mr. President!

Paine is on his feet. Jeff, puzzled, looks toward Paine and stops.

PRESIDENT
(to Jeff)
Does Senator Smith yield to his colleague Senator Paine?

JEFFERSON, his eyes wonderingly on Paine, doesn't know what to do for an instant.
JEFFERSON  
(hesitantly)  
Y-yes.

PAINE  
(with difficulty--  
while Jeff remains  
standing)  
Mr. President--gentlemen--I--I have  
risen to a painful duty--to say that,  
out of evidence that has come to my  
attention, I consider Senator Smith  
unworthy to address this body!

Senators turn around to look at Paine--on such an amazing  
statement. A hum from the gallery. The gavel pounds.

JEFFERSON, seen closely, has his head turned to Paine in  
frank wonderment.

PAINE'S VOICE  
I--I have hesitated to speak--but,  
in all conscience--

TAYLOR AND MCGANN are now tense but relieved.

PAINE'S VOICE  
--I must.

PAINE, seen at close view, is under great strain, looking  
away from Jeff and toward the chair.

PAINE  
It is a charge as grave and--and as  
infamous--as has ever been made from  
the floor against a fellow member--

In the PRESS GALLERY, the Press Men are leaning forward  
alertly--mouths open to catch the next word.

PAINE'S VOICE  
I refer to the bill he has introduced  
in this chamber to create a National  
Boy's Camp. He named a portion of  
land to be dedicated for that purpose--  
(Hurling his charge  
with desperate  
strength)  
and to be bought by contributions  
from boys all over America.  
(Gritting his teeth  
to go on)  
Senators--I have conclusive evidence  
to prove that my colleague *owns*  
the very land he described in his  
bill! He bought it the day following
his appointment to the Senate! And is holding it--using this body and his privileged office--to legalize an outrageous profit for himself-- out of the purchase of that land through the nickels and dimes scraped together by the boys of this country--!

A close view reveals JEFFERSON, struck dumb and cold--as an uproar goes up around him. And a close view shows TAYLOR AND MCGANN satisfied, relieved, amid the shouting.

In the PRESS GALLERY, the reporters pile up the narrow aisle stairs to the press room behind them, as the uproar in the Senate is heard. In the SENATE PRESS ROOM (behind the Press Gallery), the press boys come rushing in and dive for the telegraphic services of the various newspaper men shouting:

--a near riot! Ranger Smith branded from the floor by--

--Paine hurls sensational graft charge at--

--nothing like it in fifty years! Paine charges Smith using office to--

Senate orders immediate hearings--before committee on Privileges and Elections--! Most terrific accusation in the history of--

The scene dissolves to the SMITH SITTING ROOM in Jackson City. It is evening and Ma is surrounded by kids--all staring at headlines.

A BOY
Jeff--doing anything like that!

ANOTHER
They--they're crazy!

Thereupon, in the HOPPER STUDY at night, Hubert, stricken numb, is being attacked by his children who have papers in their hands.

PETER
*Jeff*--take money from *kids*!

JIMMIE
It's a *frame*!

OTIS
A dirty frame!

HUBERT
(calling for help)
Emma!
The scene dissolves to DOORS in the Senate Building on which are printed the words COMMITTEE ON PRIVILEGES AND ELECTIONS; and to the COMMITTEE ROOM, with the Committee in session—a closed hearing. Kenneth Allen is on the stand.

CHAIRMAN
How long have you known Senator Smith, Mr. Allen?

ALLEN
Oh—a good many years. He used to use my land up around Willet Creek every summer for his scout camps. Seemed like a mighty nice fellow. And when he came to me with this proposition—

CHAIRMAN
What proposition?

ALLEN
Why—a deal for those two hundred acres. 'Course, at the time, I didn't know about his appointment to the Senate—or anything like that—

A SENATOR
Did he say what he wanted those two hundred acres for?

ALLEN
No. He wouldn't tell me at the time. He just made me this proposition. Said he had a great chance to sell that land for about five hundred an acre. If I'd deed it to him for six months, he'd try to turn it over and split what he got for it. I had nothing to lose. I'd be glad to sell for twenty-five an acre. So we set it up like this. I deeded him the land—and *he gave me* a contract guaranteeing me half what he got if he made the sale. Sounded kinda fishy at the time—and when I heard about his camp bill I knew there was some dirty business going on and I went right to Governor Hopper with the whole story—

CHAIRMAN
Have you got that contract, Mr. Allen?

ALLEN
(going into his pocket)
You don't think that land would be in his name if I didn't have, do
Now Hubert Hopper is on the stand--perspired and anxious.

HUBERT
--frankly, gentlemen--the morning
Mr. Kenneth Allen burst into my office
bringing proof that Jefferson Smith
had bought that land--well, frankly,
I--I was dumbfounded! Jefferson Smith--
of all people! *Never* was a chief
executive so--so *betrayed* in his
child like trust in man! To think
that--

CHAIRMAN
(interrupting wearily)
Pardon me, Governor. We're interested
in certain facts at the moment. What
did you do when Mr. Allen brought
this matter to your attention?

HUBERT
I consulted at once with the Head of
the Department of Records--Arthur
Kim.

Now Arthur Kim is on the witness stand--a smooth, shifty,
careful guy.

CHAIRMAN
Mr. Kim--do you remember recording
this deed?

KIM
(with copy of the
deed in his hands)
Yes, on the date set forth here, Mr.
Kenneth Allen came before me to record
this deed--setting over these two
hundred acres in the name of Jefferson
Smith--

A SENATOR
Let me understand. Mr. Smith did
*not* appear before you?

KIM
No, sir. That is not required by our
state law--

Now Senator Paine is talking to the Committee with apparent
difficulty--and reluctance.

PAINE
This is a very painful duty for me.
This boy is the son of my very best...
friend. I sponsored him in the Senate. I helped him frame his Bill and the day he presented it I went over to congratulate him but I pointed out that a dam was already going up on the very site he had chosen for his camp. There are hundreds of equally good camp sites nearby and so I suggested he choose another. He became furious. He said, "Move the dam." I was amazed at his violent reaction. I couldn't understand it, until the evidence came to me that he owned those very two hundred acres and, as you have heard, had carefully made plans to make an enormous profit out of the nickels and dimes scraped together by the boys of this country. Faced with that and regardless of my personal feelings for the boy, my sense of duty told me that his expulsion from the Senate was the only possible answer.

Then Jeff is on the stand--grim, determined, while the chairman holds the deed and contract.

CHAIRMAN
(strongly)
--what possible explanation can you offer for this charge being--as you say--"trumped up" against you!

JEFFERSON
(firmly)
It was done to stop me from talking about a section of the Appropriations Bill!

CHAIRMAN
It was?

JEFFERSON
Yes! This was how I could be put out of the Senate and out of the way! They even *promised* me that if I--

A SENATOR
Wait a minute. Three days ago this bill was read in detail before the body. Why didn't you object then?

JEFFERSON
I wasn't *in* the Senate that day.

SENATOR
Where were you?
JEFFERSON
To--to a reception--uh--for a princess--
I forget her name--

After an instant's pause, a quick look passes between the Chairman and the Committee.

CHAIRMAN
And you say you never signed this contract with Mr. Allen?

JEFFERSON
I did not--

CHAIRMAN
You've never *seen* this contract.

JEFFERSON
Never.

CHAIRMAN
But you did *talk* to Mr. Allen about that and--?

JEFFERSON
I--I discussed it with him--yes-- because I--you see, I've always had this camp in mind--but I made no contract with him!

CHAIRMAN
(shoving contract at Jeff)
Then--this is *not* you signature, Senator?

JEFFERSON
Looks like it, but--

CHAIRMAN
But it *isn't*?

JEFFERSON
It couldn't be.

CHAIRMAN
You are saying, in effect, that this is a forgery?

JEFFERSON
I'm saying I didn't sign it!

We see JEFFERSON'S HAND writing his name--the eighth signature in a row. Then a MAN on the stand is comparing papers in his hands.
MAN
In my professional opinion as an
expert on handwriting, I'd say that
the name of Jefferson Smith on this
contract has been forged--

Then ANOTHER MAN stands before a large screen, with Jeff's
signature blown up on it.

SECOND MAN
--after a long study of this signature
it is my professional opinion that
it is definitely in Jefferson Smith's
own handwriting--!

Then a THIRD MAN is on the stand--with papers spread before
him--comparing as he talks.

THIRD MAN
It is extremely difficult to tell a
clever forgery from the real thing.
You can always get divided opinions
from experts. But I would stake my
whole twenty-year professional career
on the fact that this is not a
forgery, but is Mr. Smith's own
signature--

The scene dissolves to TAYLOR'S HOTEL SUITE, at night, Taylor
eagerly on the phone--McGann excitedly standing by--Paine
standing in the background thoughtfully. Hubert ("Happy")
Hopper is also there and looks nervous.

TAYLOR
(excitedly)
Hello! I said *Sam Hendricks*--the
editor! Can't you hear? This is Jim
Taylor--in Washington. Put him on!
(A slight wait)
Hendricks! Jim. It's all over. Smith's
hearing's closed--Joe's canvassed
the committee--privately. First thing
tomorrow in the Senate, they'll bring
in a resolution to *expel* him--to
throw him out!

MCGANN
(exultantly)
A dead goose!

TAYLOR
(into the phone)
It'll be voted unanimously! Get our
papers ready--smear it all over. And
the second he's out--the Deficiency
Bill passes the Senate--and we're
home! Stick close to the office,
Hendricks--I'll be calling!

He hangs up. McGann is out of his mind with joy.

MCGANN
(to Hopper)
Your Ranger's on the garbage pile,
Happy! He's done for!

PAINE
(breaking out wildly
at McGann)
Shut up! You've *got* the man
pilloried! Do you have to dance around
him like a cannibal--!

TAYLOR
(to Hopper)
By the skin of your teeth you got
out of this one, Happy--by the skin
of your--!

Paine is going for the door.

TAYLOR
Hey--Joe! Where you going? We've got
to celebrate tonight!

PAINE
No--I--I'll take a walk--
(He continues out)

The scene dissolves to SAUNDERS’ ROOM at night where Saunders
is standing at her window, looking out absently as Diz walks
around furiously.

DIZ
He's cooked! They'll drum the poor
lug out of that chamber tomorrow as
sure as I'm--! And now they're all
down on him. Yeah--my press pals,
too--he's a bad egg--still water
running deep. Boloney! It's the frame
of all time! When I see a phoney
like this--my journalist blood boils--
I wanna *fight*!
(Then)
Look, kid--rack your brains, will
you? Haven't you got any confidential
stuff on that mob? I'll write my arm
off--I'll blow Taylor and his--

SAUNDERS
(whirling away from
window)
I've told you ten times--if I had
anything they couldn't bat down in a
second, don't you suppose I'd've been up in that hearing yelling murder! Sure--he was cooked the night I sounded off like a fool and spilled thewhole works!

DIZ
Then--in the name of kindness to dumb animals--we can't let him walk into that Senate tomorrow and take a terrible punch in a nose! A couple of us went up there--told him all he could do was beat it--resign--clear out. But--he's in a daze--he's been hit by a ton of bricks. Just says, "I haven't done anything. Why should I resign?" He might *listen* to *you*--

SAUNDERS
Why me?

DIZ
Come on--don't pull that. You know you'd give your right--. What are you staying away from him for?

SAUNDERS
You don't think he'd want *me* within fifty miles, do you?--after the exhibition he saw me give! Did you see his *face*--?

DIZ
All I know is--he said to me tonight--"What does your wife think?" My wife. Thinks we're married--

SAUNDERS
Well, then, that's great! And that's a great place to leave it! It's no use *my* barging into this now and--

A knock on the door stops her.

SAUNDERS
(calling)
Yes!

The door is opened by Paine. He looks from Saunders to Diz--then back to Saunders. Diz glares at Paine with pretty bold contempt.

PAINE
I--wanted to see you, Saunders--

Diz grabs up his hat angrily.
DIZ

Go ahead.

(Bitterly--as he passes
Paine)
Well, we certainly hunted that bad
Ranger down, didn't we? Good work,
*Senator*!

And Diz slams out. Paine and Saunders stare at each other an
instant. Then:

SAUNDERS
(with brutal coldness)
What do you want, Senator?

PAINE
Saunders--it's going to go pretty
bad for Jeff tomorrow. There's only
one thing that can be done for him
now--

(Taking a folded paper
from his pocket)
I--I've written his resignation. He
resigns under protest--denying all
charges. No one will ever be sure if
he was guilty or not. It leaves him
with at least a shred of honor. The
other way--branded openly in the
Senate--expelled--he'll never live
it down. Rather a simple compromise
than utter ruin. In a year--the whole
thing might be forgotten--

SAUNDERS
What are you driving at? You want
*me* to get him to sign that?

PAINE
Yes--

SAUNDERS
Why don't you do it yourself?

PAINE
He's lost complete faith in me--

SAUNDERS
Well--me, too!

PAINE
But--you love him, don't you,
Saunders?

SAUNDERS
What are you talking about? What
difference--?
PAINE
Do you?

SAUNDERS
All right--*yes*!! And what does that make me to him? *Nothing*!! I've got to go about my own business--and forget it!

PAINE
I thought I could, too.
(With mocking lightness for an instant)
*My* business--this fine future! I have no future I *care* about, if this boy is broken! I--I can't sleep. The only important thing in my life now is to save what I can for him. I want him to get a start again--I'll see that he's taken care of as long as he lives--!
(Then)
Saunders--whether you ever mean anything to him or not--

SAUNDERS
*Me! Me*!! I *still* don't see why I should--! If you love him so much, why don't you go to him yourself and--? Or better still--get up in that Senate and *fight* for him!

PAINE
It's too late now--it's *impossible*!!

SAUNDERS
So I go right back where I was--carrying compromises--covering up--back to political tricks--this time for--!! No! I was just getting rid of all that. If I did *anything*, I ought to go and tell him to stand up and--. No! I don't want any part of it! Smith or anything else! I'm all through. I want to be left alone!

She turns her back to Paine, and goes to the window. He hesitates a moment--then moves to leave, dropping the folded paper on the table. He goes. Saunders turns and sees the paper. She clamps her jaws and turns away again.

The scene dissolves to JEFF'S PRIVATE OFFICE at night. Jeff is behind his desk--only the desk lamp lighted in the room--sitting numbly, staring ahead blankly. The phone rings--startling him. He picks it up slowly.

JEFFERSON
Hello... Who?  
   (Hesitating, making a 
    difficult decision)  
Yes--all right--I--I'll take it.  
   (Brightening his voice)  
Hello, Ma.

The SMITH SITTING ROOM, Ma is on the phone.

   MA  
   (with a bright, 
         cheerful manner)  
   Hello, Jefferson. How are you, son?

In JEFF'S PRIVATE OFFICE:

   JEFFERSON  
   Just fine, Ma, fine... No--really, 
         Ma--everything's fine. Uh--how're 
         all the boys?

In the SMITH SITTING ROOM:

   MA  
   (tears in her eyes)  
   They're wonderful, son. They miss 
         you a lot--

In JEFF'S PRIVATE OFFICE:

   JEFFERSON  
   (his chin quivering)  
   Do, huh? Well, gee, that's--that's 
         great. How's Amos?... Is, huh? Good 
         for him--

In the SMITH SITTING ROOM:

   MA  
   (getting pretty shaky-- 
         swallowing hard)  
   Well--I just got a fool notion to 
         call, that's all. Oh--Jefferson--you 
         know, when a man's right--he don't 
         have to worry none--he'll just 
         naturally come *out* right. We know 
         that, don't we, son?

In JEFF'S PRIVATE OFFICE, we see that Ma has nearly broken 
Jeff down. He hangs on with all he's got.

   JEFFERSON  
   Why, sure, Ma, sure.  
   (Quickly--to avoid 
       crying outright)  
   Well--so long, skinny.
He hangs up quickly--and rises from his chair. He appears to have been pushed to the breaking point. In terrible torment, he looks out the window. Then, on an impulse, he seizes his hat from off the corner of his desk and starts out.

The scene dissolves to the LINCOLN MEMORIAL: Jeff is walking up the steps, his eyes lifted up intently to something ahead. THE MEMORIAL stands magnificent and breathtaking--lighted up--in the background, as he mounts the steps. Jeff gains the top level and proceeds toward the Lincoln figure, and the stone Lincoln comes into view in the background--dramatically lighted. He approaches to within fifteen feet of the figure and pauses. Now JEFF is scanning the face of Lincoln with a tortured expression. Then, he turns away--as if not being able to face the spirit of the man--and moves quickly to the steps. Then Jeff, nearly blind, stumbling out of the interior of the Memorial, comes to a stop at a column--then breaks down completely, slipping to the steps at the base of the column and burying his face in his hands.

SAUNDERS is standing near another column close by, her eyes on Jeff, and is swallowing back her tears. When she hears Jeff's sobs, she starts toward him. She comes to him and sits down beside him. It is an instant before he realizes that anyone is there.

SAUNDERS
(quietly)
Hello.

JEFFERSON
Saunders--

He turns away, and tries to recover himself. She waits--watching him. At last, Jeff can trust himself to talk.

JEFFERSON
(attempting lightness)
Well gee--how--how've you been, Saunders? I--I haven't seen you in--. I suppose--now that you're married--

SAUNDERS
I'm not.

He stares at her.

SAUNDERS
No. That night--I--well, *you* know--I was pretty--. No--Diz is a--a sort of brother, that's all--

JEFFERSON
(tries to laugh a little)
That's funny. I thought all along--(Then earnestly)
Gee—I—I'm glad to see you. I *thought* of you—I mean—I wanted to talk to someone and—well—
(With toss of head at statue)
--Mr. Lincoln hasn't much to say--
(Breaking down--blurting)
Saunders--I'm not fit to sit up in the Senate—haven't you heard?—I robbed boys of their pennies and dimes!

He turns away again, to get control of himself, Saunders watching him.

SAUNDERS
(after a pause)
What are you going to do?

JEFFERSON
I—I don't know. I—I'm afraid they've got me licked.

She takes the resignation from her pocket.

SAUNDERS
Jeff—Paine asked me to give you this—your resignation—he wrote it out--

He takes it from her incredulously and begins to read.

SAUNDERS
(as she watches him—quietly)
It might save some of the pieces, Jeff. It would leave a doubt about the whole thing—about you. Might blow over, this way.

JEFFERSON
(avidly—finishes reading)
Yeah. I see. Well—that's about the only thing to do. Don't you think?

SAUNDERS
(non-committally)
Well, I guess it's a chance.

JEFFERSON
Yeah. I guess—sometimes—Senator Paine must be right. Sometimes you—you got to compromise a little—
(Breaking off)
And if you say so too, Saunders—if
*you* think that's the thing to do--

SAUNDERS
(snatching the paper out of his hand)
I *don't* think that's the thing to do! No! I think what you ought to do is--*fight*!
(She tears up the paper)

JEFFERSON
Wait--

SAUNDERS
What you *have* to do is fight!

JEFFERSON
But--I've done everything I--

SAUNDERS
I don't care *what* you've done! Don't quit. Don't grab a measly chance like this to save a few pieces--other men could--but not you. As long as you lived, you'd remember you ran out and threw this country of yours to the jackals--!

JEFFERSON
(burying his head--hopelessly)
Oh--Saunders--

SAUNDERS
Jeff--listen--remember the day you got here?--what you said about Mr. Lincoln?--that he was sitting up there--watching--waiting for someone to come along? Well--that was *you*. Someone with a little plain, decent, uncompromising *rightness*--to root out the Taylors--yeah, and really light up that dome for once. This country could use some of that--so could the whole drunken, cockeyed world right now--a *lot* of it! And when the right man comes along--no matter *what* the odds--he can't *ever* quit! A little fellow called David walked out with only a sling-shot--but he had the *truth* on his side--

JEFFERSON
(still hopelessly)
Saunders--if there was *any* way--
SAUNDERS
We'll *find* one! Only throw compromise out of the window--stick to Jeff Smith, the man who first came to this town--get up and *fight*--and we'll find *some* way. I don't know where we'll wind up--but the flag'll be flying--!

Jeff has been coming to life. Now he suddenly leaps to his feet!

JEFFERSON
Yay!

SAUNDERS
(getting up, too)
Hurray!

JEFFERSON
Where do we go from here?

SAUNDERS
To a hard night's work, son. Come on!

(She seizes his hand and pulls him down the steps)

The scene dissolves to the SENATE CHAMBER, as the PRESIDENT pounds the gavel.

PRESIDENT
The Clerk will call the roll.

The clerk's voice begins to call the names--and the voices of Senators answer. The President looks out to JEFFERSON'S EMPTY DESK. Then PAINE is seen, also looking at Jeff's desk--as Paine answers to his own name.

In the packed VISITOR'S GALLERY, as the roll is heard, an OLD LADY, who is knitting, and an OLD MAN look down.

OLD MAN
Nope. Not here. They never show up to face the music.

OLD LADY
Too bad. Might've been a little excitement.

TAYLOR and MCGANN are seen smiling down with satisfaction.

MCGANN
Well--wasn't in his room last night. Ten to one he's on a train--headin'
home to Ma.

In the PRESS GALLERY SWEENEY and FARRELL are looking at Jeff's empty seat.

SWEENEY
Well, that's good. Never *could* stand executions--

In the SENATE CHAMBER, the CLERK reads a few names, then:

CLERK
Jefferson Smith!

JEFFERSON'S VOICE
(ringing out)
Here!

JEFFERSON enters the Chamber with a brisk step, his head held high. The only thing peculiar about him is the bumpy appearance of his jacket pockets. In his hands are books and papers. Everywhere there are reactions to his appearance. At the ROSTRUM, the Clerk, in amazement, has stopped reading, and watches Jeff's progress to his desk. The SAUNDERS AND DIZ enter the PRESS GALLERY, she carrying a Senate Manual, and JEFF takes his seat in the CHAMBER.

Then a hum grows over the packed chamber seen in full view.

PRESIDENT
(banging)
The Clerk will proceed with the roll!

The startled Clerk, proceeds, as JEFF smiles around at the chamber, and then looks up at the Gallery, where Saunders is waving to him--smiling.

The scene dissolves into the SENATE CHAMBER.

PRESIDENT
--proceeding now to the order of business--

SENATOR'S VOICE
Mr. President!

The Senator, who was chairman of the Committee on Privileges (Dearborn) is on his feet.

DEARBORN
In pursuance of the notice I gave yesterday, I desire to call up the report of the Committee on Privileges and Elections on the expulsion of Jefferson Smith.

We see JEFFERSON, smiling a shade sickly, looking up at
Saunders.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
The Clerk will read the report.

The Clerk rises. Senator Dearborn remains standing as the report is read, while in the PRESS GALLERY, SAUNDERS is seen indicating "sit tight" to Jeff.

CLERK
(reading)
The Committee on Privileges and Elections report: that it appears to the satisfaction of the Committee, after hearing a number of witnesses, that justice to the Senate requires that Jefferson Smith no longer continue a member of this Body.

There is dead silence in the chamber.

CLERK'S VOICE
(as we see JEFF smiling courageously)
They therefore respectfully report this resolution with the unanimous recommendation that the same do pass.

CLERK
(seen in the full chamber)
Resolved: That Jefferson Smith be expelled from his seat in the Senate.

There is continued dead silence in the chamber, then a Senator rises.

SENATOR
Mr. President, I move for the immediate adoption of the Resolution.

In the PRESS GALLERY, SAUNDERS is now signaling frantically to Jeff, and then Jefferson and another Senator leap to their feet--calling out almost simultaneously:

JEFFERSON
Mr. President!

SENATOR
Mr. President!

JEFFERSON
I addressed the Chair first, sir!

SENATOR
I am about to ask for a roll call on the passage of the Resolution--without
further delay. The Senator can have nothing to say at this time that would not be either in bad grace or--

PRESIDENT
However, Senator Smith is still a member of this Body and as such has equal claim on the attention of the Chair--

JEFFERSON
You were about to recognize me, sir--

PRESIDENT
That is merely your *impression*, Senator. The Chair has yet to settle the question to its own satisfaction!

In the PRESS GALLERY, on a nudge from Saunders, Diz applauds and yells:

DIZ
Let him speak!

SWEENEY AND FLOOD also applaud Diz's cry.

In the VISITOR'S GALLERY, the Old Lady and Old Man are leaning forward interestedly--eyes bright. This is fireworks. They applaud, too, and immediately the sound grows all around them from people in the gallery.

In the SENATE CHAMBER, the PRESIDENT bangs his gavel and looks up at the gallery.

PRESIDENT
(sharply)
Before proceeding, I should like to remind visitors that they are here as our guests--and ought to behave as such. I might add that their sentiment will certainly in no wise affect the judgment of this Chair.

He pauses and glares out over the Senate.

JEFFERSON is seen waiting for the chair's ruling--holding his breath. There is a dead pause, during which Jeff and the contending Senator are on their feet. Suddenly, the President whips his gavel up and out, like a referee saying "In that corner--!")

PRESIDENT
(barking)
The chair recognizes Senator--Smith!

A wave of excited relief sweeps the chamber, while in the PRESS GALLERY, SAUNDERS' tense face is thawing out fast.
JEFFERSON
(a smile breaking
over his face)
I thank you, sir.

He glances up at Saunders, who smiles back at him.

JEFFERSON
(addressing the chair)
Well--seems like some of the gentlemen
are in a pretty tall hurry to have
me out of here. The way the evidence
stacks up against me, I can't say I
blame 'em. But, hurry or no hurry,
sir--I've got a few things to say
before I leave. I tried saying 'em
in here the other day and was stopped
colder'n a mackerel. Well, I'm going
to get them said now--in fact, you
might as well know, I'm not letting
myself be expelled from this Chamber
until I do.

There is a hum in the Chamber and the gavel pounds. Paine is
on his feet.

PAINE
(above the noise)
Mr. President! Will the Senator yield?

PRESIDENT
(to Jeff)
Will Senator Smith yield to--?

JEFFERSON
(breaking in--loudly
and positively)
*No*, sir! I'm afraid not!

A sudden, astounded quiet.

JEFFERSON
I yielded the floor the other day,
if you remember--and was practically
never heard of again.

A ripple from the gallery. The President pounds his gavel.

JEFFERSON
*No*, sir! And we might as well get
together on this "yielding" right
off the bat. I had some pretty good
coaching last night and I find that
if I yield only for a question, a
point of order, or a personal
privilege, I can hold this floor a
little short of doomsday. In other words, I've got a *piece* to speak--and blow hot or cold, I'm going to speak it.

(Then--plunging on)
Mr. President--up on your desk there is a final conference report on a Deficiency Bill--waiting to be passed. Well, I'm here to tell you that one section of it is nothing but a barefaced thievery--a piece of graft--!

A hum goes up; the gavel pounds--and Paine has leaped to his feet.

PAINE
(strongly)
Will the Senator yield?

PRESIDENT
(pounding again)
Order!
(To Jeff)
Will Senator Smith yield to--?

JEFFERSON
(breaking in)
Yield *how*, sir?

PAINE
Will he yield for a question?

JEFFERSON
Ah, now, that's better.

PAINE
(angrily)
Will he *yield*?

JEFFERSON
For a *question*.

PAINE
Does my colleague's piece concern Section Forty of the bill--a dam on Willet Creek?

JEFFERSON
It does!

PAINE
Every *aspect* of this matter--the gentleman's attack on that section--everything--was dealt with in the committee hearing--
JEFFERSON  
(trying to break in)  
Mr. President--

PAINE  
(continuing)  
I wish to ask the gentleman--has he  
one shred of evidence to add now to  
the defense he did not give--and  
*could* not give at that same hearing?

JEFFERSON  
(sharply)  
I have no defense against forged  
papers and--

PAINE  
(breaking in)  
The committee ruled otherwise! The  
gentleman stands guilty as charged.  
And I believe I speak for all the  
members when I say that no one cares  
to hear what a man of his condemned  
character has to say about *any*  
section of *any* legislation before  
this house!

Some applause breaks out over the floor--and a commotion in  
the gallery.

PRESIDENT  
(pounds)  
Order, gentlemen!

JEFFERSON  
Mr. President--I stand guilty as  
*framed*! Because Section Forty is  
graft, and I was ready to say so. I  
was ready to tell you that one man  
in my state--Mister James Taylor--  
was putting that dam through for his  
own profit!

A hum of excitement, and the gavel pounds. We get glimpses  
of Taylor's reaction and Paine's growing dread of this  
outburst.

JEFFERSON  
(raising his voice)  
A man who controls a political machine--  
and everything else worth controlling  
in that state--powerful enough to  
buy men and put them in this Congress  
to legislate his graft! I saw three  
of those men--when Mister Taylor  
came here to see me.
Paine is up again.

PAINE
Will the Senator--

JEFFERSON
I will not yield, sir! This same man--Mister Taylor--came here to offer me a place in this Senate for twenty years, if I would vote for a dam that he knew and *I* knew was a *fraud*! But if I opened my mouth against it, he promised to break me in two! And I stood here one day and tried--I *started* to open my mouth--and it all came to pass. The long, powerful arm of Mister James Taylor reached right into this sacred chamber and took me by the scruff of the neck--

Paine is on his feet desperately.

PAINE
Mr. President! A point of order!

JEFFERSON
(trying to proceed)
Mr. President--

PRESIDENT
(rasping)
Senator Paine will state it!

PAINE
It was *I* who rose in this Chamber to accuse him. He is saying that I was carrying out criminal orders on falsified evidence--

JEFFERSON
Mr. President--

PAINE
He has imputed to me conduct unworthy a Senator--and I demand he be made to yield the floor--!

JEFFERSON
Mr. President--I did not say that Senator Paine was one of those Congressmen I saw. If the chair please, I will deny that Senator Paine *saw* Taylor or even knows him--

PAINE
I *did* see Taylor! And I was in
that room!

An uproar all over the house. Gavel pounds.

PAINE
(raising his voice above noise)
I accuse this man--by his tone--by his careful denials--he is deliberately trying to plant damaging impressions of my conduct--! *I'll*
tell you why we were in that room. Because Mr. Taylor, a respected citizen of our State, had brought with him the evidence against this man, later presented from this floor, and *we were urging him to resign*--!

PRESIDENT
(banging)
Order!

PAINE
--to avoid bringing disgrace upon a clean and honorable State!

Jeff now listens in amazement--stunned by the desperate, fighting lies of Paine.

PAINE
(pitching on)
But he refused. He threatened to bring that very disgrace down upon the State and all of us--if we did not let him go through with his contemptible scheme!

More commotion.

PRESIDENT
Order!

PAINE
(shouting)
Finally, there was only one answer to a man like him--the truth--which I rose and gave to this body!
(Rising to emphatic, desperate strength)
Mr. President--he has told lie upon lie--every lie a desperate attempt to conceal his own guilt. And now, he is trying to blackmail this Senate--as he tried to blackmail me! To prevent his expulsion, he would probably even try to hold up this
Deficiency Bill—vital to the whole country—which must be passed immediately—*today*! *Anything*—to force you to clear his bad name and save his hide!

(Then)

Gentlemen—I have no more patience with this—this *rascally* character. I apologize to this body for his appointment—I regret I had ever known him. I—I'm sick and tired of this contemptible young man and I refuse to listen to him any longer! I hope every member of this body feels as I do!

With that, Paine walks quickly to the cloakroom door—and out. Applause breaks out. The President does not try to compel order for a second. Cries break out—from gallery and floor.

**CRIES**
Get off the floor!
Yield!
Yield!

Boos commence, and we get glimpses of Saunders and the newsmen--

watching Jeff in this tight spot—and of Taylor and McGann, with hope in their eyes. Then Senators pop up.

**SENATOR**
Give up this disgraceful stand—and quit the floor!

**ANOTHER SENATOR**
The resolution to expel!

**ANOTHER ONE**
Yield the floor!

**PRESIDENT**
(pounding)
Please address the Chair--

Cries of "yield" as the gavel raps.

**JEFFERSON**
(above the tumult)
Mr. President—the gentlemen want me to yield! Well—I *would*, sir—on one condition. These gentlemen won't believe me—but the people of my State will. I want to go back and tell *them* this story. I want one week—and until I get back here and tell you what *they* say—and bring you proof that I'm right—I want the
Senate's word that I won't be expelled and that Deficiency Bill will not be passed!

An uprising of men and gavel pounds.

SENATOR
Will the Senator yield?

JEFFERSON
(staunchly)
For a question!

SENATOR
Has the gentleman the effrontery--standing there convicted and in disgrace--to try to force the postponement of that bill--?

JEFFERSON
For one week!

SENATOR
Is he fully aware that this bill has been months in both Houses--delayed and delayed--millions will be without food and shelter until its passage--public works to relieve unemployment will be at a standstill--government agencies will be forced to suspend--?

ANOTHER
This is unthinkable and an outrage!

PRESIDENT
Order!

JEFFERSON
The outrage is Section Forty!

A SENATOR
Mr. President! If the Senate yields to this form of blackmail--from *this* man--and *this* time--it will become a laughing stock--

ANOTHER SENATOR
Mr. President! It's an insult to this body to be asked to listen. An insult to our colleague, Senator Paine. I, for one, will follow the Senator's example and refuse to remain in this Chamber as long as this man holds the floor!

The Senator starts for the exit--many members, with cries of
agreement, rise and start to move with him. The gavel pounds.

PRESIDENT
Gentlemen!

JEFFERSON is seen watching the member's progress toward the exits. His attitude is grim and steadfast. After a moment, he starts deliberately and calmly to pull small packages and a thermos bottle out of his bulging pockets.

JEFFERSON
(raising his voice)
Well then, sir--I guess I'll just have to talk to the people of my State from here.

In the Senate, the members continue out--and the gallery leans over to see Jeff calmly continuing to take his packages out.

JEFFERSON
And I know *one* thing--wild horses aren't going to drag me off this floor till those people've heard everything I've got to say. Not if it takes all winter.

There is some applause in portions of the gallery, while we get glimpses of departing Senators--of gallery characters--of Saunders, thrilled, and excited--of Taylor and McGann, who rise and start out. In the PRESS GALLERY, men go tumbling up the stairs, and then break into the PRESS ROOM, shouting.

REPORTERS
Filibuster!
Wow!
Filibuster!

In the CHAMBER, emptying of Senators, Jeff is finishing arranging his desk and the President is pounding for order.

JEFFERSON
Yes, sir. I'll go right on blasting from here--and if I know those people--when I'm through--they'll rear up and kick Mister Taylor's machine to kingdom come.

He looks up to SAUNDERS. She indicates the departing Senators, and holds up the Senate Manual.

JEFFERSON, catching her signal, picks up the manual, and looks at the empty chamber.

JEFFERSON
Uh--Mr. President--you and I are about to be alone in here, sir. I'm
not complaining for social reasons, but it'd be a pity if the gentlemen missed any of this.
(Then, referring to his manual--in a business-like tone)
Mr. President--I call the chair's attention to Rule Five of the Standing Rules of the Senate Section Three. "If it shall be found that a quorum is not present, a majority of the Senators present--," and that begins to look like me--"may direct the Sergeant-at-arms to request, and if necessary *compel* the attendance of the absent Senators."
(Then-stoutly)
Mr. President--"I so direct*.

PRESIDENT
(to the Secretary of the Minority)
Ring the call to quorum.

The quorum bell is sounded. Jeff remains standing.

JEFFERSON
No hurry, sir--I've got plenty of time--

The quorum bell sounds again.

The scene dissolves to the SENATE PRESS ROOM, as SAUNDERS tears up to Diz and grabs him. (In the background, is an unholy chatter of typewriters and the jabber of men telephoning their stories to the papers, with snatches heard like: "--sensational story of graft--"; "--hang on all winter--won't let bill pass till Taylor machine is blasted--.")

SAUNDERS
The war's on!

DIZ
He's a house-afire!

SAUNDERS
Diz--get what he says to the people back in that State. It's up to you and the boys. Keep those wires hot. Fire away, pal!

And impulsively she kisses him a smack on the cheek and runs off. Diz looks after her in a foolish daze. The background of boys phoning their stories in, rises to a pitch--as we dissolve to newspaper headlines, and then again to HOPPER'S EXECUTIVE OFFICE, with Happy Hopper at his desk, on the phone,
as three of his boys come charging in, waving newspapers.

HUBERT
(into phone)
Amazing! Fantastic!

THE BOYS
Pop!
Jeff's after 'em!
Filibuster!

HUBERT
(to boys)
Silence!

JIMMIE
When Jeff gets through with Taylor, Pop--

HUBERT
(into the phone; by mistake)
When Jeff gets through with Taylor--
(Breaking off, turning viciously on boys)
Quiet! What do you mean by breaking in here--? Get out! Get *out* of here!

He has risen and is driving the boys out.

At the PET SHOP, REAR OF SMITH HOME, Ma is mixing pet food at the center table--surrounded by boys waving papers excitedly. The pets are in an uproar.

BOYS
Whee!
Ma, Jeff's tellin' 'em, Ma!
Jeff's gonna talk till doomsday--!
He's fightin' 'em, Ma--Jeff won't quit!

MA
(calmly going about her business)
Well, well. Kinda *thought* Jeff wouldn't be comin' home so soon.

VOICES
Comin' home--!
Look, Ma--look!
Read it!

The scene dissolves to TAYLOR'S HOTEL SUITE, with Taylor, Paine, Cook, Griffith and three Congressmen under great nervous strain. Desks have been moved into the suite, telephones are teletype are being installed.
TAYLOR
(yelling)
Where's that Jackson City long distance?

COOK
(placatingly)
Wait now--Hendricks stepped out--

TAYLOR
(furiously)
Why isn't an editor at his desk where he belongs?

PAINE
Jim--the boy's talking to that State--the story is out--!

TAYLOR
(viciously)
Sure! The fight's in the open now--to a finish--!

PAINE
And if he can raise public opinion against us--if any *part* of this sticks--

TAYLOR
He won't get started! I'll *make* public opinion out there in five hours. I've done it all my life! I'll blacken this punk until--
(Breaking off)
Joe--your job is back in the Senate--keep those men fighting him *there*.

PAINE
I hit him from the floor with everything I knew!

TAYLOR
Keep doing it! This is the whole works, Joe--we're out of business of bigger than we then we ever were. We can't miss a trick--we can't stop at *anything*--till this yokel's smashed up and buried so deep he'll never--!

The phone rings, and Griffith picks it up.

GRiffith
(into phone)
Yes---*yes*!
(To Taylor)
Jackson City--Hendricks!
TAYLOR

Joe! Will you go back to that Senate!

Paine turns abruptly and hurries out. Taylor grabs for the phone.

TAYLOR

Hendricks! Line up all the papers in the State! Don't print a word of what Smith says—not a word of any news story coming out of Washington! Understand? Defend the machine. *Hit* this guy! A criminal—convicted by Senate—blocking relief bill—starving the people. Start protests coming. Wires. Buy up every minute you can on every two-watt radio station in the State. Keep 'em spouting against Smith! McGann's flying out—be there in five hours. Stop your presses—yank out the stories you got in 'em now—and get going—*get that whole State moving*—!

In HENDRICK'S OFFICE:

HENDRICKS

Okay, Jim. Goodbye.

(He hangs up the phone, then flips a dictograph key)

Stop the presses!

The scene dissolves to the JACKSON CITY PRESS—a huge printing press—slowing down—and men leaping on it and beginning to tear out sheets being printed; then to a RADIO STATION where a man is broadcasting.

MAN

—Jefferson Smith is guilty! This filibuster is a cowardly attempt to turn your attention from the true facts—!

We see ANOTHER MICROPHONE, at which another man is thundering:

MAN

(foaming)

—it's an open-and-shut case!

Jefferson Smith was—

In MA SMITH'S SITTING ROOM, Ma is seen in a rocking chair, surrounded by kids—some of whom hold papers. All are listening to the radio—the voice of the preceding scene:

RADIO VOICE
(continuing from above)
--caught red-handed--stealing from
boys!

A yowl goes up.

BOYS
(wildly)
They're lying!
A bunch of lies!

RADIO VOICE
(continuing--but lost
in uproar)
A Committee of the United States
Senate found him guilty! Like the
blackguard he is! He is trying to
save what's left of his name--by
attacking Joseph Paine, Willet Dam!
He doesn't care what it may cost the
people of this country--!

BOYS
(continuing unbrokenly;
waving paper)
Why don't they tell us what Jeff's
saying!
Yeah! What about Jeff?
They can't say that!
What's *Jeff* saying?

We see ANOTHER MICROPHONE and a man broadcasting.

MAN
--to gain his own contemptible ends,
this man is blocking a bill--

Then a ROOM, with a group of people--a family--listening.

RADIO VOICE
(continuing from above)
--vital to you and this entire nation.
Relief will be stopped! Men will be
thrown out of jobs--!

Through the last line of the above, the man of the family
yells:

MAN
I always knew that Smith was a phoney!

Then the HOPPER DINING ROOM, with the family at dinner. Four
of the boys are crowded around Happy Hopper, at the head of
the table, where a portable radio is blasting away.

RADIO VOICE
--and to save his own hide, this is
what Jefferson Smith is going to do! He's going to destroy everything Joseph Paine and his political party have done for this State. Joe Paine has brought us great Federal grants, prosperity—and now the Willet Dam. But Smith will destroy that, too—!

KIDS
It's a lie!
It's a dirty lie!
Jeff never destroyed nothin'.
What do you mean—'destroy'?
How do you get that way?

HAPPY
(yelling)
Quiet!

EMMA
(distracted)
*Will you please sit down to dinner*!

RADIO VOICE
(continuing)
Yes! Jefferson Smith will keep money out of this State, and work for thousands—with a deed and a signed contract against him.

KIDS
(wildly)
It's a frame!... Why don't somebody *do* something?... You *know* it's a frame, Pop!... When ya gonna be a man and stop this dirty Taylor from—?

HAPPY
Silence! I *am* a man!

The butler has entered while the Radio voice has continued with the following:

RADIO VOICE
In other words, this man who couldn't get away with stealing money for himself, is going to take money away from you, but he will not get away with it. Citizens of this State know the facts. They will brand Jefferson Smith as he deserves!

BUTLER
(raising his voice)
Mr. Taylor, calling from Washington, sir!
HAPPY
(above the clamor)
What? Who?

KIDS
Taylor, Pop!
From Washington!
Now is your chance, Pop!

Happy switches off the radio and leaps up from the table, rushing out of the dining room. The kids, with yells of "Zowie," "Wow," and "Taylor, huh?"--rush out of the room after Happy.

EMMA
(calling after them)
Hubert! Boys!

Now in TAYLOR'S HOTEL SUITE in Washington, Taylor is on the phone, his coat off; in the background a battery of men, phones, teletype machine, desks.

TAYLOR
(into the phone)
Happy? What's the matter with you?
*Collapsed*? McGann says you're sitting home! I want some action!
Get into this!

In TAYLOR'S HOTEL SUITE:

TAYLOR
What's the racket?--You heard me,
Happy--stop stalling--*move*!

He slams the receiver. Cook is waving a phone at him.

COOK
Clark, Jim--
TAYLOR
(grabbing the phone)
Clark?... Jim Taylor--in Washington.
This Smith filibuster--your chain of
papers in the Southwest must know
that this bill he's blocking affects
your section as well as any--it's
the patriotic duty of every newspaper
in the country to--

In a SENATE CHAMBER, Paine, the Vice-President, and several
Senators are seen talking.

FIRST SENATOR
I've seen filibustering, but this is--

SECOND SENATOR
Gentlemen, this can't go on, it's
ridiculous!

THIRD SENATOR
Henry, we've got to get this man off
the floor.

PRESIDENT
Boys, as long as Mr. Smith holds
that floor legitimately, he's going
to continue to hold it. If you ask
me, that young fellow's making a
whole lot of sense.

PAINE
Sense. Do you call blackmail sense,
Henry?

FOURTH SENATOR
Now look, Joe, I didn't like this
boy from the beginning, but most of
us feel that no man who wasn't sincere
could stage a fight like this against
those impossible odds.

PAINE
Well, I'm very glad to know that,
Martin. After twenty years of working
with you fellows, I'm very glad to
know you're ready to take his word
against mine. That's fine.

SENATORS
Ridiculous!
Nothing of the sort!

PAINE
Oh, yes, that's what it means. If
he's just that much right, I'm wrong.
THIRD SENATOR
Joe, listen, can't we work out some deal to pull that Willet Dam out and let the Deficiency Bill go through?

PAINE
It isn't a question of Willet Dam. It's a question of my honor and reputation and the integrity of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, the integrity of the Senate itself. Well, if you want to throw out Section forty, go ahead. I'll resign and we'll have the whole thing over with.

SENATORS
Now, wait a minute, Joe. Wait, wait, wait.

SECOND SENATOR
Wait a minute. This is a lot of nonsense. Joe's right. A deal's impossible. We've got to go on just as we've been doing and break him, keep him talking, no relief, maintain a quorum in relays. Is that how you feel, John?

FIRST SENATOR
For once I agree with him. Gentlemen, it's time to relieve the men on the floor.

FOURTH SENATOR
How can a man as green as that know as much as he does? He can't go on much longer.

The scene dissolves to the SENATE CHAMBER at night, a crowded chamber—the gallery full and attentive. Of the Senators, some are at their desks, some with backs turned to Jefferson and reading, a couple of them dozing, one with his head thrown back and a newspaper over his face.

Jeff is standing as his desk reading from the Senate Manual in strong, positive tones.

The Senators of the previous scene are entering the Chamber. The Vice-President walks to his chair to relieve the Pro Tem. As the Majority Leader walks to his desk, he signals to several men who are to be relieved. These men rise and saunter out. Some forty men, consequently, are in motion.

JEFFERSON
(reading)
"--We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created
equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights--"

(He breaks off, remarking the Senators relieving each other--dryly)

Well--looks like the night shift's comin' on.

PRESIDENT
The Senator will please suspend until order is restored in the chamber.

A close view of JEFFERSON shows a slight strain after these seven or eight hours of continuous talk. His collar is undone, his beard has started to sprout. His eyes go back to his book, and he continues his reading.

A BROADCASTING STUDIO appears, revealing H. V. KALTENBORN at the microphone.

KALTENBORN
This is H. V. Kaltenborn speaking--half of official Washington is here to see democracy's finest show--Washington's uncontrolled filibuster. The right to talk your head off... The American privilege of free speech in it's most dramatic form... the least man in that chamber, once he gets and holds the floor by the rules, can hold it and talk as long as he can stand on his feet--providing always first, that he does not sit down, second that he does not leave the chamber or stop talking. The galleries are packed, and in the diplomatic gallery are the envoys of two dictator powers. They have come to see what they can't see at home--democracy in action.

The floor of the SENATE is seen again.

JEFFERSON
"--certain Unalienable Rights--that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government,
laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness—"

(Finishing with a flourish and putting the book down)

Now, that's pretty swell, isn't it? I always get a great kick out of those parts of the Declaration—especially when I can read 'em out loud to somebody.

He picks up the book and starts to walk with it—stretching his legs to get the stiffness out.

JEFFERSON

(waving the book)

You see, that's what I had in mind about camp—except those men said it a little better than I can. Now, you're not gonna have a country that makes these kinds of rules *work*, if you haven't got men who've learned to tell human rights from a punch in the nose. And funny thing about men—they start life being boys. That's why it seemed like a pretty good idea to take kids out of crowded cities and stuffy basements for a few months a year—and build their bodies and minds for a man-sized job. Those boys' will be sitting at these desks some day. Yes—it seemed a pretty good idea—boys coming together—all nationalities and ways of living—finding out what makes different people tick the way they do. 'Cause I wouldn't give you a red cent for *all* your fine rules, without there was some plain everyday, common kindness under 'em—and a little looking-out for the next fella. Yes—pretty important, all that. Just happens to be blood and bone and sinew of this democracy that some great man handed down to the human race!!! That's all! But, of course, if you need to build a dam where a camp like that ought to be—to make some graft and pay off your political army or something—why, that's different!

(Suddenly—with strength)

No sir! If anybody here thinks I'm
going back to those boys and say to 'em: "Forget it, fellas. Everything I've told you about the land you live in is a lotta hooey. It isn't your country—it belongs to the James Taylors—!" No, sir, anybody that thinks that has got another think coming!

(He breaks off, and starts a different tune, apologetically)

I--I'm sorry to be coming back to that and--I'm sorry I have to stand here—it's pretty disrespectful to this honorable body. When I think--this was where Clay and Calhoun and Webster spoke--Webster stood right here by this desk--why, in the first place--an' I hate to go on trying your patience like this--but--well, I'm either dead right or I'm *crazy*!

A SENATOR
(looking back and calling out dryly)

You wouldn't care to put that to a vote, Senator?

A ripple of laughter. The gavel pounds. Another Senator is up.

SENATOR
Will the Senator yield for a question?

JEFFERSON
I yield.

SENATOR
In view of the gentleman's touching concern for the Senators, would he permit a motion to recess until the morning--at which time he could continue to educate this august body with his profound babblings?

Jeff pauses. He looks up. Senators come up from under their newspapers on the alert. Maybe this is the trick that dislodges him.

We see SAUNDERS, shaking her head, pointing Jeff's attention to the Chair; then JEFF looking down from Saunders, then around him suspiciously.

JEFFERSON
(addressing the Chair)
Well, now--I wouldn't know about that. Mr. President--what happens to
me in the morning--I mean about my having this floor to go on babbling?

PRESIDENT
(seen if a full view of the Chamber)
If the Senator permits this motion to recess he will not have the floor in the morning to babble or anything else, unless he is recognized first by the Chair.

With a wise expression, Jeff picks up where he left off way back. (Saunders and Diz leave the Press Gallery in this scene.)

JEFFERSON
I see, well, as I was saying, gentlemen--I'm either right or crazy. And I feel fine.

The Senators go back under their newspapers. The ruse didn't work.

JEFFERSON
The people of my State have got both ears full by this time. They're probably rising up and starting here in droves just about now--so I think I'll go on talking until I hear from them.

PAGE BOY
Here you are, Senator, from Miss Saunders.
(Hands Jeff the Constitution)

JEFFERSON
Oh! Thanks.
(The Page Boy shows he still has on his ranger button)
Well, the Constitution of the United States--
(Reading)
Article one--section one.

The scene dissolves to a STREET in JACKSON CITY, at night; to a parade of which we see the torchlights and hear the noise of bands and shouts. A huge banner is seen extended across the marchers, reading:

MASS MEETING
Jackson City Hall

This banner passes and another comes forward which reads:
PROTEST SMITH FILIBUSTER. Then we see the PUBLIC AUDITORIUM at night, people jamming the entrance and milling around outside. AT THE ENTRANCE, groups are seen being told that the place is "full up," with no seats. Then we are in the AUDITORIUM, where several prominent citizens are seated on the platform, among them Happy Hopper. Happy mops his brow in extreme discomfort. Kenneth Allen is addressing the assembly, rabble-rousing.

KENNETH ALLEN
He's a red-handed criminal, that Jefferson Smith, going to block that dam--keep money and employment out of your State--stop relief to starving millions! Are we going to let a scoundrel like that throw mud at a man like Joe Paine?

A shout of "no!" is thrown back at him.

KENNETH ALLEN
Are you for Joe Paine?

A yell goes up.

KENNETH ALLEN
Then *tell* him you are!

Another cheer, and at this point, somewhere in the AUDITORIUM, a youngster yells down with all his might:

KID
Hurray for Jeff Smith!

But simultaneously with his yelling, and right at the end of the cheer, the band strikes up "Stars and Stripes Forever." The kids are drowned out and almost immediately are seized by the scruff of the neck, hands clasped over their mouths, and dragged out. The scene dissolves to HEADLINES flying up to screen, capping Allen's request:

WIRE
CONGRESS! STOP SMITH!

This dissolves to the JACKSON CITY PRESS OFFICE, with MCGANN at a desk, surrounded by a few other men.

MCGANN
(talking excitedly into the phone)
We're burnin' 'em up, Jim! Got every paper in the state tied up except the Clarkville Courier up near Sweetwater.

In TAYLOR'S HOTEL SUITE in Washington:
TAYLOR
Well, buy it—or *wreck* it!

In the SENATE UPPER CORRIDOR, SAUNDERS AND DIZ are pushing out of one of the gallery doors and through the crowd; Diz has Saunders by the hand.

SAUNDERS
(in alarm)
What is it, Diz?

He stops with her in a relatively uncrowded spot.

SAUNDERS
(again)
Diz!

DIZ
(excitedly)
Kid—he thinks he's talking to that mob at home, but not a line we've written—not a word he's said from that floor has gotten into that home State.

SAUNDERS
What!

DIZ
Not a word! Taylor's sewed up every paper. They're tossing out everything that comes in over the wires!

SAUNDERS
(exploding)
Freedom of the press! Mr. James Taylor blindfolding a whole State—
(Then suddenly)
Wait a minute! If that's how he wants to play *I'll* get through to that bunch—I'll get plenty of words into that, State--!
(Grabbing Diz)
Come on, Diz, get that stuff you've written—let me have it--

She pulls him along quickly.

The scene dissolves to JEFFERSON'S OFFICE at night, with Saunders on the phone—a sheaf of papers in her hand, Diz alongside.

SAUNDERS
(eagerly)
Hello! Hello! Mrs. Smith? This is Saunders, in Washington... Yes-- Saunders—that's right. Listen...oh,
he's fine--great. Don't you worry. Ma--look--Jeff has a paper there--"Boy Stuff," that's right. Well, look--they aren't letting what Jeff says into the State. If I give you a raft of it over the phone now, will you print it up and spread a billion copies of it?--Swell! Take this down, Ma, will you?

In MA SMITH'S SITTING ROOM, Ma is on the phone, several boys around her. (A clock here shows the hour to be about 10:21.)

MA
(turning from the phone)
Boys--everything about Jeff--get pencils and paper!

With a yowl the boys scramble around.

MA
(into the phone--with a smile)
One second---*Clarissa*!

The boys pile around with pads and pencils.

BOYS
Okay, Ma!

MA
(into the phone)
Shoot, Clarissa!

And little Bobby, with a bugle, raises it and blows a tremendous, exultant blast!

The scene dissolves to a MONTAGE presentation of the conflict between the Taylor-McGann press and the youngsters' press: First Saunders is on the phone, reading material to Ma.

SAUNDERS
--the Willet Dam is a graft to line the pockets of the Taylor machine. Taylor has bought off Congressmen for years and has systematically robbed the people. He offered Jeff a seat in the Senate for life if he would vote as he was told.

This is contrasted with Taylor, with a sheaf of papers in his hand, reading over the phone:

TAYLOR
--Chick--I want the whole morning edition a blast to push him off the
floor! Campaign for protests--wires!
Here's your front page editorial: "A convicted thief, representing you, holds the floor of the United States Senate--"

From the above starts by Saunders and Taylor there follow the words of Saunders being taken down on a broken little portable typewriter, by one of the kids, with other kids bringing him sheets of paper in longhand.

Contrasted is McGann listening in, while beside him a couple of men with earphones pound professionally at typewriters. The sheets are grabbed out of their rollers by runners who tear out of the office with them.

We see the kids setting type laboriously.

Contrasted are linotypists of the Jackson City Press.

The kids cut their paper to size on a little hand apparatus.

Contrasted, we see the huge rolls of paper being set in the giant presses.

We see the kids composing and locking their type in little flats.

Contrasted are the moulds being put into place on the Jackson City Press rollers.

We see the little press starting up, hand fed, and pumping out one little circular at a time.

Contrasted is the whirling giant press rattling out at trip-hammer speed.

Back to the little press, pumping out boldly printed circulars; with headlines that read:

    PEOPLE OF THIS STATE!
    READ JEFF'S STORY
    JEFF SMITH SPEAKS TO YOU!
    SMASH THE TAYLOR MACHINE!
    JEFF SMITH IS FIGHTING GRAFT

Contrasted is the whirling Jackson City Press. Over it headlines flash up:

    SMITH FORCING NATION TO CRISIS!
    STOP SMITH!
    PROTEST!
Then a CARTOON is seen depicting Jeff with a little whiskbroom sweeping back an ocean labelled "PUBLIC CONDEMNATION."

Then another cartoon showing a line of haggard people at a window marked "RELIEF FUNDS." A man at the window holds up his hand, palm out, and says: "Sorry, Jefferson Smith is still talking."

Back to kids who are stacking and tying bundles of circulars.

Contrasted, we see the professional stacking and tying of an army of workers in the Jackson City Press rooms. (Perhaps showing a change of shifts--fresh men coming in, as the gong sounds and shows that it is five o'clock in the morning.)

Back in the Smith home, with the kids still active and the press still going. Ma is giving the kids coffee. One kid is bobbing at a desk. A big boy is putting a little fellow, sound asleep, down on a bed.

The scene dissolves to bobbing Senators at their desks in the United States Senate. JEFF is seen still talking. His hair is disheveled, he is weary in the joint, with black circles under his eyes, collar open. Jeff is saying:

JEFFERSON
--there just can't be any compromise with inalienable rights like life and liberty. That's about the only thing I know for sure--and that's about all I got up on this floor to say--when was it? A year ago, it seems like--

Further impressionistic views of the Chamber: the clock, more sleeping attitudes of the Senators, a weary Vice-President Pro Tem, the sprinkling of people in the gallery, made up of the night or early morning birds such as a fellow in top hat and muffler, a milkman, a street car conductor.

Back to all sorts of little vehicles--play wagons, bicycles, scooters, etc.--collected in Jeff's back yard as piles of circulars are carried out and loaded on these contraptions. Some of the kids are starting away with their bundles. The bugle note sounds over the scene.

Contrasted, at the Jackson City Press, the morning extra is being loaded on big, handsome trucks which roar away.

Then the distribution of the reading matter by both Taylor's press and the kids'. We see Taylor's trucks dumping bundles at street corners to newsboys.

Jeff's kids race down residence blocks throwing circulars on lawns, passing them out on business streets, shoving them into people's hands--at crowded street corners, at factory
Taylor's newspaper boys are interspersed, hawking their papers. (End of the montage.)

In the JACKSON CITY PRESS OFFICE, McGann is on the phone, with men rushing into him with copy.

   MCGANN
   (shouting)
   That's right, get out every piece of loud speaker equipment on wheels--!

He is interrupted by a man who rushes in with some leaflets in his hand.

   MAN
   Chick, Chick, look--"Boy Stuff"
circulars--peddled by nine million kids--

   MCGANN
   (grabbing the leaflets,
yelling)
   Well, what are you standin' for? Get the boys out! Kill it!

The scene dissolves to RESIDENCE BLOCKS, three episodes, showing a couple of kids rushing along with a wagon full of circulars and other kids taking from it to distribute them. A big open truck swerves up to the curb. A couple of men rush out, push the kids away from the little wagon, grab the circulars, and toss them into the truck. The kids raise a hue and cry and pile on. A quick free-for-all in which the kids are sent sprawling--a smack to the jaw, a kick.

This dissolves to A SLUM LOCATION: A large truck is loaded with signs, is surrounded by shabbily-dressed men. McGann is on hand, with a fist full of money. Signs are being passed down to the waiting men and, as each takes one, McGann slips a bill into his hand and he hurries off with a sign. The signs carry these appeals: "STOP SMITH!" "WIRE CONGRESS!"
"STOP SMITH--WE WANT TO EAT." "CRIMINAL SMITH TALKS AND AMERICANS STARVE!" "HERO JOSEPH PAINE." "JOE PAINE SAVED YOUR STATE."

Then we see an overlapping series of posters going up--a banner being hoisted over a street. Men pasting up huge twenty-four sheets and three sheets--and little cards tacked to telegraph poles and sides of buildings. They read: "STOP SMITH! WIRE CONGRESS." A piece of bunting, folded up, suddenly is pulled open to reveal STOP SMITH! Now we are in a STREET at the front end of a small but boisterous parade, composed principally of adults with a sprinkling of kids. Both adults and a few children, flanking the marchers, play instruments. There are banners at the end of the parade which read: "DOWN
WITH GRAFT--AND TAYLOR!

"SMASH THE TAYLOR MACHINE!"--"SMITH IS FIGHTING YOUR BATTLE!"
"JEFF SMITH WAS FRAMED!" "HAVE JEFF SMITH AND A CLEAN STATE!"

Suddenly, those in the forefront look off in horror as almost simultaneously they are hit by a mighty stream of water. We see a fire truck and hoses pouring water, held by a couple of firemen, with the aid of a plug-ugly. There are glimpses of people as they are swept off their feet and whirled violently on the ground. Simultaneously a calliope is heard. Down the street comes the truck pulling a tremendous poster on which is printed; "STOP JEFF (JUDAS) SMITH!" This truck, with calliope playing, moves through what remains of the parade. A loud speaker attached, bawls out:

LOUD SPEAKER VOICE
Stop Smith! Remove this scoundrel from the Senate! Wire Congress!

This dissolves to a CORNER. A soap box is surrounded by a small group which is in the act of forming.

SOAP BOXER
(yelling)
Smith was framed! Don't believe the papers! James Taylor owns them.
(Waves a circular)
If you want the truth, read--

The small group is rushed by some professional hoodlums. They charge through the group and the soap boxer is dragged from his perch. At this instant a screaming siren is overheard. People pause to look up. Then a MOVING AIRPLANE is seen, with siren screaming, pulling a streamer on which are the the letters: "STOP SMITH! WIRE CONGRESS!"

LOUD SPEAKER VOICE
Stop Smith! It's the duty of every citizen--

Various groups of people in the streets are looking up--people raising their windows to look out, people rushing out of doors from factories and public building as the loud speaker continues:

LOUD SPEAKER VOICE
--to wire Congress! Put Smith out of the Senate! Pass the Deficiency Bill.
Wire Congress--in the name of the needy and hungry Americans!

But in a STREET, there appears the car of the Governor's children, and it is pulling a trailer on which small hand-painted posters lean against each other. These posters bear the words: "STAND BEHIND JEFF" and "READ WHAT TAYLOR'S PAPERS WON'T PRINT." The Governor's kids are recognized in this car
and also the little boy with the bugle who is playing one continuous blast. The kids are throwing circulars to the left and right as they move down the street. Suddenly a big touring car with some plug ugliests in it bears down with a roar on this little trailer. They run into it—gasoline is either poured on it or the gasoline tank is drilled with a bullet and a match is set to the whole works. The trailer and the car go up in a blaze as the kids scramble out to save their lives.

The scene dissolves to the HOPPER EXECUTIVE OFFICE, in which Hubert is on the phone, raging:

HUBERT
Are you Commissioner of Safety or--?
*Hoodlums*! Taylor's hoodlums are running riot in the streets! Even children are not safe—hospitals are filled! I won't stand for this violence--

And in the SMITH HOME, the place is still whirling. The kids are working away. One of them is speaking into an amateur radio excitedly—with a circular in his hands.

KID
(on radio)
Fellas—tell your folks—the Taylor machine is framing Jeff Smith! Here's Jeff's story—put it down--!

He breaks off as shouts are heard outside. About three gorillas are pushing their way into the office. A group of kids has evidently been fighting them from the time they entered the house. The kids are yelling: "What do you want in here?" "Who are you?" "Get out of here!" The men throw off the kids and advance to both the press and the amateur radio. One of them takes a small object that looks like a hand grenade out of his pocket and hurls it at the press. There is an explosion. The men duck and run. A couple of kids clutch their faces and scream. The press stops. Simultaneously one of the other gorillas has thrown himself at the amateur radio. He starts pulling it apart.

Next MA is on the phone.

MA
(frantically)
Saunders! Is that you, Saunders?

And we see SAUNDERS on the phone.

SAUNDERS
Yes, Ma!
(She listens)
What!
In the SMITH HOME:

MA
(wildly)
Yes! Bombs--acid! Children hurt! All over the city! Tell Jeff to stop! It's no use. They--they'll just kill *him* if he goes on--and everybody else! It isn't worth it, Saunders--

SAUNDERS is seen paralyzed, holding the receiver as Ma's voice screeches through.

MA'S VOICE
*Tell him to stop*!

V. KALTENBORN is seen again, broadcasting.

KALTENBORN
Senator Smith has now talked for twenty-three hours and sixteen minutes. It is the most unusual and spectacular thing in the Senate annals. One lone and simple American holding the greatest floor in the land. What he lacked in experience he's made up in fight. But those tired Boy Ranger legs are buckling; bleary eyes, voice gone, he can't go on much longer and all official Washington is here to be in on the kill.

In the SENATE PRESS GALLERY, Saunders and Diz are seen.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE
No, sir, there's no compromise with truth. That's all I got up on this floor to say--when was it--a year ago, it seems like.

SAUNDERS
Diz, I'm afraid. Terrible things are happening. I've got to stop him.

DIZ
They're listening to him. Anything might happen now.

JEFFERSON
Just get up off the ground, that's all I ask. Get up there with that lady that is up on top of this Capitol dome--that lady that stands for liberty, take a look at this country through her eyes if you really want to see something and you won't just
see scenery—you'll see the whole parade of what man's carved out for himself after centuries of fighting and fighting for something better than just jungle law, fighting so's he can stand on his own two feet—free and decent, like he was created—no matter what his race, color or creed. That's what you'll see. There's no place out there for graft or greed or lies or compromise with human liberties. And if that's what the grown-ups have done to this world that was given to them we'd better get those boy's camps started fast and see what the kids can do and it is not too late because this country is bigger than the Taylors, or you or me, or anything else. Great principles don't get lost once they come to light. They're right here. You just have to see them.

PAINE
(rising at his desk)
Mr. President, will the Senator yield for a question?

PRESIDENT
Will Senator Smith yield to his colleague?

JEFFERSON
Yes, sir, I yield for a question.

PAINE
The gentleman has said repeatedly that he is speaking to the people of his State. He has been waiting, as he so fancifully puts it, for them to come marching here in droves. Would the gentleman be interested in knowing what those people have to say?

In the PRESS GALLERY:

SAUNDERS
Here it comes, Diz.

On the FLOOR again:

JEFFERSON
Yes, sir, you bet I would.

PAINE
Mr. President, have I permission to
bring into this Chamber evidence of the response from my State?

PRESIDENT
Is there objection?
(There is none)
You may proceed, Senator.

PAINE
Page boys!

Now a number of page boys enter, carrying down and placing before the President's ROSTRUM many WIRE BASKETS, filled with telegrams. The view picks out SAUNDERS.

SAUNDERS
I can't stand it, Diz. I can't stand to see him hurt like this.

A MAN
Public opinion made to order.

DIZ
Yeah, Taylor made.

SENATOR PAINE walks down and points to the baskets.

There it is, there's the gentleman's answer. Telegrams, five thousand of them, demanding that he yield the floor. I invite the Senate to read them. I invite my colleague to read them. The people's answer to Mr. Jefferson Smith.

SAUNDERS
(seen getting up and screaming)
Stop, Jeff, stop!
(Her voice is lost in the tumult)

JEFFERSON has gone wearily to the baskets. He seizes handfuls of telegrams at random and glances at them. He sags in despair, almost falling.

JEFFERSON
(with effort)
I guess this is just another lost cause, Mr. Paine. All you people don't know about lost causes. Mr. Paine does. He said once they were the only causes worth fighting for, and he fought for them once, for the only reason that any man ever fights for them. Because of just one plain, simple rule, "Love thy neighbor," and in this world today, full of hatred, a man who knows that one rule has a great trust. You knew
that rule, Mr. Paine, and I loved you for it, just as my father did. And you know that you fight for the lost causes harder than for any others. Yes, you'd even die for them, like a man we both know, Mr. Paine. You think I'm licked. You all think I'm licked. Well, I'm not licked and I'm going to stay right here and fight for this lost cause even if this room gets filled with lies like these, and the Taylors and all their armies come marching into this place. Somebody'll listen to me--some--

The chamber whirls in front of Jeff's eyes--and he pitches forward to the floor. People get to their feet automatically all over the house--and there is dead silence except for SAUNDERS, who utters one shriek as she gets to her feet--then stands unable to move.

Then Paine rises stiffly--his face a complete blank--and starts toward the cloak room, several feet away.

The tense, silent shock of the Senate floor is broken and men start for Jeff's inert form. A tumult goes up, and JEFFERSON is seen inert--completely gone--as men surround him. And then--suddenly--off-scene--a pistol shot is heard. Heads turn violently in the direction of the cloak room. Women scream.

In the CLOAK ROOM, near the door to the Chamber, Paine is now struggling with three or four men, who wrest a revolver out of Paine's hand. In violent desperation, Paine tears himself loose and rushes for the chamber.

In THE CHAMBER Paine comes toward the center aisle. (Jefferson still lying face down on the floor.)

PAINE
(crying out to the Chair)
Expel *me*! Not him. *Me*!

He continues toward the chair as he talks--a man distracted--the whole house on its feet.

PAINE
Willet Dam is a fraud! It's a crime against the people who sent me here--and *I* committed it!

PAINE walks mechanically toward the chair.

PAINE
(shouting)
Every word that boy said is the truth!
I'm not fit for office! I'm not fit for any place of honor or trust in this land! Expel me--!

SAUNDERS
(wildly, clutching Diz)
He did it.

DIZ
Wait a minute. I've got to write this story.

PRESIDENT
(pounding vainly with his gavel)
Order, gentlemen, please.

DIZ
(to Saunders)
Will you please let go of me.

SAUNDERS
(screaming)
He did it! Yippee!

The scene dissolves to the HOPPER KIDS, a newspaper between them--and just yelling at the tops of their lungs:

BOYS
Yeow!

And this is followed by a BONFIRE SCENE, with Boy Rangers leaping and yelling; and then we see the WINDOW of the offices of the JACKSON CITY PRESS at night, where a rock goes crashing through the window, smashing it to smithereens.

This dissolves to HOPPER'S EXECUTIVE OFFICE, in which HOPPER is surrounded by Edwards and the other members of the Citizen's Committee. Happy is a lion at bay.

HUBERT
(yelling into their teeth--in violent indignation)
Resign! Resign! Who found this magnificent young American? Who went down alone--in the dead of night--and sought out this Lincoln--this--Resign! Why, I've just begun! I'll find *more* Jefferson Smiths! I'll clean out of our glorious state every *vestige* of James Taylor--I'll--

Now we are in a STREET, in daylight, with the BOY RANGER BAND marching--playing a martial air--confetti falling on them. JEFFERSON AND SAUNDERS are in the back of an open car--
band—cheers—confetti! They are both rather dazed. A huge placard, carried by a Boy Ranger, reads:

JEFFERSON TO THE SENATE

FOR LIFE!

There is a BAND, and there is much cheering. Then the GOVERNOR AND MRS. HOPPER are seen in the back of an open car. (Band and cheers and confetti.) Happy is bowing to left and right—all smiles. He pauses to say:

HUBERT
Emma--it's the White House--no less!

JEFFERSON AND SAUNDERS are in the open car; Jeff looks off, and is suddenly at attention.

In a GROUP ON THE SIDEWALK, Joseph Paine is watching the parade. Suddenly Jeff leaps out of the car and heads for the curb. Saunders tries to stop him. JEFF is pushing through the crowd—and grabbing for PAINE, who has fearfully started to move off.

JEFFERSON
Please, sir!--come with me!

PAINE
No, Jeff--please--!

JEFFERSON
I say it's *your* parade, sir! You've *got* to come!

He pulls Paine with him—back toward the automobile. The people mill around them.

The scene dissolves to the SMITH LIVING ROOM, as Jeff and Saunders and Paine enter to Ma, who is waiting. (Outside we still hear the band and cheers.)

MA
(kissing Jeff's cheek)
Hello, Jefferson.

JEFFERSON
Hello, Ma.
(Indicating Saunders)
Clarissa, Ma. She'll be stayin' a while--

MA
(takes Saunders’ hands)
Fine--

JEFFERSON
And Senator Paine too, Ma--we'd like
to have him--

MA
(warmly)
Certainly would, Joseph.

JEFFERSON
How's Amos, Ma?

MA
Just fine.

JEFFERSON
(taking Saunders' hand)
We'd better see.

SAUNDERS
Jeff--wait--they want you to speak!

JEFFERSON
Not *me*! Joseph Paine is the man
they ought to be listening to! Come
on!

He drags her off toward pet shop--Paine calling after him, protesting.

And in the PET SHOP: Saunders and Jeff are seen entering. On seeing Jeff, the animals go berserk. And in a comparative lull Jeff says to them:

JEFFERSON
Meet Clarissa, fellas.

And the scene fades out.

THE END