

INSIDE THE PRISON

Warden sits frowning at desk, looking out thoughtfully before him. A constable comes in and speaks:

"Sinner is ready to leave now, Sir".

The warden pushes back his chair.

"Bring him in" he orders.

The Police goes out and returns, with a sinister looking individual.

He is grotesquely bent over, and his face is contorted in such a fashion that it seems twisted to one side in an ugly permanent, dangerous sneer; as if in fact he was enjoying a ~~great~~ ghoulish joke on the world.

His head is closely shaven, prison fashion. His jaw is unshaven. He looks like a huge animal. His eyes seem far back in his head, points of sinister, glistening light. There is the look of some maddened untamed thing of the wild, ready to spring, yet guarding every move and step. He is fiddling with his cap with his huge hands, and stands silently by the Warden's desk, his striped prison suit on his arm. (He is dressed in civvies).

A title here conveys the fact that this is:

JAMES SINNER, MASTER MIND OF THE UNDERWORLD

The Warden assumes a friendly manner, though he is palpably ill at ease in the presence of his unprepossessing charge. He tries to speak in the tone he assumes to outgain prisoners. (A Mott Osborne type, this Warden).

"Sinner, you're a free man. "

He waits for the other to say something, but Sinner merely continues to stare at him narrowly, like a rat waiting for his chance to spring. The Warden leans across the desk:

"Can't you go straight?" he asks.

A grin distorts the features of the prisoner. He brings his slightly swinging head on a level with the Warden's, looks him in the eye:

"CAN YOU?" he asks softly. CAN ANYONE GO STRAIGHT?"

The Warden is taken aback. He then says earnestly.

THE STRAIGHTER A MAN GOES THE MORE HE GETS OUT OF LIFE-----"

Sinner gives a gorilla like and sardonic grin. He shuffles along silently toward the door. The Warden stand up, calls to him, and he slightly turns his head, the cynical leer still like a scar across his large mouth. The Warden speaks:

"Don't you know that for every crooked dollar a man makes he can make a hundred honestly -----"

He gives this a chance to sink in and then adds slowly and incisively so that each word smites Sinner in spite of himself:

WITH- YOUR - BRAINS -- you could go as far as you like! You were born to be a LEADER. why are you a crook?"

At the word "Brains", Sinner starts slightly. His breast heaves. It is evident the words have struck home. He assumes however a sardonic expression, and as if nibbling at the idea as if it amused him, he replies softly:

"Mebbe I'll try your idea, if just to prove you're a damned liar".

He shuffles out, and the Warden shakes his head, resumes his seat and tries to concentrate upon his work.

OUTSIDE THE PRISON

Detectives still waiting. Bellairs whispering:

"Here he comes! Get a good look at him! Your job from now on to trail him".

The gates open. Sinner walks out. He blinks in the sunlight. We see him look up at the sun, inhale a deep breath of fresh air. His figure seems straightening out, and the contorted lines on his face smoothing; but he slumps back as he sees out of the corner of an eye, the detectives watching him. Takes a step or two past them; returns and speaks:

"Got a cigarette?"

Bellairs takes out cigarette case, and holding on to it extends it to Sinner, who takes a cigarette. The manner of Bellairs is as if he were holding carefully to his case to make sure Sinner does not take it.

NOTE: In the Furber story, Sinner steals cigarette case and gives it back to detective. This is wrong psychology. Sinner is not a petty thief or pickpocket. He is a MASTER CROOK, who would scorn to stoop to anything little. This should be clear throughout story, so that his actions are contrasted with those of his various tools, who do this kind of thing)

Sinner lights cigarette and ingales a great draught of tobacco, letting it idle out of his mouth. As he smokes his eyes are pinned, with a sort of diabolical smile on the

purpling choleric face of Bellairs.

Sinner makes a mock courtly gesture of goodbye, turns his back upon the detectives and taking his time, he goes shuffling down the road.

The two detectives look at each other. Bellairs explodes:

"That man's more fiend than human. It will take the whole Police force to watch him".

Sinner, out of sight, of the Prison Gates, is a different man. His entire personality seems to acquire strength and vitality. He holds his head erectly. His face is still a stony mask, but it no longer has that assumed look of bestiality.

FARTHER DOWN THE ROAD we see two men standing by the stone ivy covered wall of some country estate. One is watching the road toward the prison. He is a dapper, rather flashily dressed young crook of about twenty five, with an engaging smile and a buoyant friendly manner. His fine fingers are constantly fidgetting at his side. He is a NED SPARKS type. This is:

SLIPPY DUNN, one of Sinner's former pals and henchmen. With him is a curiously looking little nervous East side dip, who makes a comical figure in his derby hat, which is too large for him and his tightly fitting suit which is too small for him. He has jumpy eyes, and a long nose

long nose and he cannot keep still a minute. Jumps and skips around Slippy, much to the latter's ~~irritation~~ profane irritation. This is:

LITTLE ABIE EPSTEIN (A Ray Hatton type)

As soon as they see Sinner these two go out to meet him, and each takes a familiar and yet cautious hold of one of his arms. Slippy, beaming chirpily says:

"'Ello Chief! Gee! ye're lookin' great!"

Sinner's face is a blank. Abie hugs on to his left arm, his little grinning face turned like that of a small dog's toward Sinner.

These Three Musketeers of the Underworld tramping along the road toward New York.

Slippy says:

"Goin' back to New York, Chief?"

Sinner nods shortly.

Abie, who has much ado to keep up with the pace of the other two, says breathlessly:

"Maybe we can bum a ride in".

We see Abie and Slippy putting up hand, hailing passing cars; but they one and all whizz by, no one willin to take aboard the three singular looking tramps. ~~Just~~

~~xxxx~~

One car that passes contains the two detectives.

It slows up, as Abie, jumping in the road hails it. Abie and Slippy are for getting out of the way in a hurry, but Sinner says suavely: mockingly.

" THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW! "

Bellaairs angrily mutters something about getting him later, and Sinner replies:

"You'll hear of me no doubt, Bellaairs---but you'll never get me again".

The detectives drive on.

The three tramping along road, and business of them again trying to stop cars and get a lift.

Suddenly around a bend in road there sweeps a gorgeous Rolls Royce. It is coming at full speed, and at the wheel is a girl. By her side sits a Chauffeur in uniform.

The girl at the wheel almost loses control, and the car skids from side to side. Slippy and Abie have gotten swiftly out of the way, but as the girl fantastically applies the brake, Sinner is knocked down by the fender.

The girl brings the car to a full stop. She gets out, and we have a close up of:

SYLVIA MORTIMER, of the Westchester Mortimers.

She is a beautiful young aristocrat. Everything about her betokens wealth, family and breeding,

She runs over to where Slippy and Abie are bending above the figure on the ground.

Business here of Abie beginning to blubber, and then seeing the twitching eye of Sinner on the ground and realizing that he is faking.

Sylvia pushes her way between Slippy and Abie and kneels on the ground beside Sinner. On the other side the Chauffeur leans over him also.

Sylvia says:

"Oh, what shall we do. I'm afraid we've killed him".

As she speaks, bending over to look at Sinner's face, Slippy snatches the dangling lavalier at her neck. Abie has come up at the back of the bending over chauffeur, and has made a raid upon that individual's pocket. Funny business of his disgust as he discovers that all he has gotten is a wrench or some small automobile tool. Abie makes a silent, contemptuous motion as of a kick toward the uniformed clad "Fanny" of the leaning over chauffeur.

Slippy and Chauffeur, with aid of Sylvia, assist Sinner to his feet, but he slumps heavily against the chauffeur. The girl says:

"Oh James, get him aboard the car! We'll rush him to the hospital".

She ~~gains~~ gets into back seat and indicates that James put the injured Sinner beside her. Sinner feigning half unconsciousness falls over against her, and his head rests a dead weight on her lap. On the other side of Sylvia, Slippy is squeezing in, and we see his eyes fixed

upon a dangling diamond earring. We see his hand twitching and moving up.

Car going along, Sylvia urging the chauffeur to a make full speed.

In front seat, Abie is on the side of the Chauffeur whose pocket he had not picked. We see him cautiously getting his hand into pocket on this side. The Chauffeur disdainfully looking straight ahead. Abie's hand closes over something. It comes out. We see a gleam of surprised delight. It is a bag of chocolates. For the rest of the trip, Abie gorges on the stolen sweets.

At back, Slippy has thoroughly robbed Sylvia. He has her pocket book, a gold bracelet and we see a close up of her right ear which is minus the former dangling earring.

She is looking down somewhat anxiously at the face of Sinner, and suddenly her expression changes to one of discomfort, alarm and distaste and she moves or rather shrinks away from him. Then we see Sinner's face, and the glint of the half veiled eyes pinned upon her. Sylvia recoils, and Sinner slowly raises himself up.

She says with relief:

"You seem all right. Are you hurt?"

He shakes his head.

They are passing through the Bronx, and Sylvia says that anyway he had better be examined at the hospital.

Lap dissolve from the road, to the gates of Forth Fordham Hospital in the Bronx. Show Dlipply and Abie

helping Sinner out. Sylvia takes out a card, extends it to Sinner, says:

~~xxxxix~~

"Here is my card. I'll be responsible for any damage and hurt to you."

The car moving off. Sinner looking after it, and we get the strange expression in his eyes---a new sort of looking---a sort of hungry, longing look. We see his rough hand holding the little engraved card and his gaze slowly shift to this, registering the name upon his mind.

Cut to the Westchester home of Phillip Barrington Morton, Sylvia's father. This should be done swiftly, and is meant merely to register her people and Jay Vanderhoof.

Sylvia, in car driving up the hydrangea laned path. On verandah her father and mother, being served tea by a maid. Jay Vanderhoof is with them. He leaves them to go across to meet Sylvia, calling out:

"You're late! Where have you been?"

Sylvia coming up steps.

She pantomimes what has delayed her. Her mother shakes her head. Declares she does'nt know what to do with Sylvia. She does not at all approve of her latest "fad". Sylvia declares it is far from being a fad. Its the first serious and worthwhile accomplishment of her life. She is serving on Thomas Mott Osborne's committee of women who aid prisoners ~~xxxxix~~ ~~xxxxix~~ ~~xxxxix~~ upon their release from prison.

We must get in here a closeup of ~~xxxx~~

JAY VANDERHOOF, fiancee of Sylvia. He is a good looking man of about twenty eight or thirty. Of her own class; rather disipated looking, and with something shift about his inability to lock one in the face. However, Sylvia likes him and he makes an admirable and attentive fiancee.

As she has her tea Sylvia in animated pantomime tells them of her experiences and she says:

"I'm so sorry I missed that man--Sinner. I wen out especially to see him. They say he's most extraodinar~~y~~."

~~xxx~~

Her mother suddenly says:

"Why Sylvia, have you lost one of your earrings!"

She puts up her hand. It is gone. Then half unconsciously her hand goes to her throat. She discovers the loss of her lavalier and a moment later her bracelet abd her pocketbook. At first she shows amazement, and she bliaks rapidly trying to visualize the theft.

"I hope that teaches you a lesson" her mother says. "What can you expect if you go within even a foot of such terrible wretches. No douut the men you brought to town were escaped prisoners".

Sylvia is berated by her parents snd reproved by her fiancee. Suddenly she gets up, and says spiritedl:

"All right. Have it your way. I've been robe robbed! But that does'nt alter my faithx or hope in the reformation of --er --- men who have a false step".

We fade out on Sylvia spiritedly defending the humanitarian work she has undertaken.

BACK TO HIS OLD HAUNTS

A Back room in a low type of Dive on East side. (Sinner has been born literally in the gutter.----- in the East side slums--the old slums that joined on to the Bowery and were within a stones throw of the dirty water front, with its warehouses and tenements &c. Mention this for later use as background)

By a table in a corner are Sinner, Slippy and Abie. At other tables typical denizens of a place such as this. A half doped pianist bangs on keys of an old piano.

Slippy

Abie says huskily:

"Was'nt that Jane a ~~parade~~ beaut!"

Sinner, who is staring out before him in gloomy concentration pays no attention to the remark, but Slippy says:

"I'll way she was---lookut this!"

A flash of the swinging levaliers. We see Sinner's face become contorted. His great hand reaches out, wrenches it from the astonished Slippy's hand. He looks at it and then puts it into his pocket.

Amazement of Slippy and Abie.

We get in some big acting here by Sinner--that is through his face. He is a prey to conflicting emotions.

Slippy whines c ingingly:

"Chief I was'nt goin' to hold the swag back on you. I was goin' to hand it over to you".

Sinner says, with a brooding look:

"And I'm agoin' to give it back to her !" "

Slippy is terrified. He does'nt know whether Sinner has taken leave of his senses or is actually going back on him.

"Chief you would'nt ~~xxxxxxx~~ squeel on a pal, would'ya? Gee the perlice is just itchin' to get somethin on us all. I bet they're ~~wxxxxxx~~ mugging us now".

Sinner says furiously:

"I'm gowin' where the bull's 'll touch their caps when they see me comin'!"

Slippy and Abie f ankly worried. Abie asked anxiously:

"You'aint feelin' funny in the bean are you Chief?"

Sinner replies:

"Never felt better in my life. Strong enough to ~~xxxxxx~~ commit murder or GO STRAIGHT! "

His last words more than e ver convince his pal pals that he has gone dippy, but with increasing fury Sinner goes on, ~~xxxxxxx~~ and as he speaks we see the immense animal strength and powerful mentality that is held in abeyance behind all this force: His glance goes around the room. He laughs harshly; makes a sweep with his handx.

Substitute Titles

SINNER

"I'm through with all this! I'm going to
MAKE millions; not STEAL 'Em! "

~~*Grt*~~"

"Gor!" exclaims Slippy. "Yer don't mean it
 Chief. You ain't achully thinkin' of GOIN STRAIGHT!"

He stares open mouthed at Sinner, and then
 almost cries:

"BUT THERE AINT NO FUN in makin' money honest"

Sinner is not listening to him. His face is
 alight, glowing, hungry and he seems to be envisioning
 something, as he huskily whispers, his fingers, clutched
 around the Levaliere:

"I GOT TO BE STRAIGHT TO GET THAT GIRL!
 I WANT HER & I'm a-goinn to have her".

This time it is Abie. He squeals excitedly:

"Skirt's is doublecrossers Chief. Leave em
 be !"

Sinner has heard Abie's words, and he slowly shaks
 shakes her head. His eyes are still alive with his hopeless
 dream and he says:

"Not her kind! She's---thoroughbred!"

A lapse of about two years.

A very strong, clear title to the effect that two years later saw the sudden spectacular rise of a new Financial Wizard on Wall Street.

The Amazing career of the man, known as THE WOLF OF WALL STREET was the sensation and talk of the country. A Ponzi career.

From the title, we fade into the ugly, twisted, distorted face of SINNER, as he had looked across at the Warden, with the shaven head and stubble beard of a jail bird.

This ~~face~~ sinister face fades out and into the NEW SINNER. His face is clean shaven, the hair slicked back. A white collar and flashy tie. At first sight the face affable and almost harmless, till we concentrate upon the eyes, and then we see its freezing hardness.

The Face of Sinner fades out and into a closeup of the entire figure of the man. Now we see him in all his flashy glory of ornate overdress.

He is dressed in the loudest and richest of clothes that money can buy. Detailed description of velour hat, huge loose angora sports ~~sweater~~ overcoat, pearl buttoned spats. Great hands hidden by light gloves. Ivory toppe cane. The immense personality seems to emanate affluence.

Disclose Sinner stepping out of an elevator. Servile elevator boy letting him pass out before other passengers, all of whom watch him curiously, with an element of

distaste and yet respect. As his back turns to elevator boy, we get a glimpse of change of expressions on faces of boy and passengers.

We follow Sinner to the main doors of a suite of offices, and we see the name of the firm on the glass. Concentrate upon the main name:

JAMES SAINT AND COMPANY

Sinner pauses just a moment to look at the name with a sort of grim humor and pride, and then he goes in.

INTERIOR OF THE JAMES SAINT OFFICES

Disclose a large waiting room, with a dozen or more well dressed business men, broker type, sitting or walking about impatiently. They are waiting for Sinner. As he passes through room, some of them try to intercept him, their manner very conciliating and deferential, but Sinner (Saint), his elbows out moves through the throng of besieged clients, as if they were so many flies buzzing around him.

One man in waiting room makes expressive motion. When door is closed on Sinner, he says to the man next to him with a sardonic smile:

"Well I've been waiting an hour and a half in the royal antechamber. When do you suppose I'll get into the Presence?" (Better title than this needed. Over-writing on purpose to get idea across.

Sinner is discussed by his clients. We bring out that he is feared and hated, marvelled at and respected. Conjecture as to where he came from &c. What are his

antecedents and so forth.

GENERAL OFFICES OF SAINT & COMPANY.

This is of the high class brokerage type, furnished in mahogany, with glass and railed in enclosures for various departments and clerks.

A typical brokerage office scene. General Manager clerks, employes &c. Dictophones and typewriters clicking; a telephone switchboard.

Several tickers prominently displayed.

A huge blackboard on wall, with Marker recording stock quotations.

Clients watching Board.

(Note)

The scenes in the Brokerage office of Sinner; also scene on the curb should be gotten across swiftly. Everything should snap through, and yet be absolutely clear as to what is happening, but on no account become technical or deviate from the main plot.)

Cashier sitting in enclosed cage. He is running hand through hair and working over figures. Troubled about something.

Leaning negligently against the desk, we disclose SLIPPY DUNN, now Chief Clerk of the James Saint Company. Slippy has one hand carelessly in his trousers pocket, where it is closed about a handful of coin. He is watching the troubled cashier.

Slippy is dressed in the peak of fashion and has a white flower in his buttonhole. During the scenes that follow, he is always admiringly regarded by the girls in the office and is evidently popular also with the men.

Cashier says:

"Doggone it! I can't get my petty cash to balance. Short again!"

Slippy diverts cashier's attention toward pretty girl in office, and while cashier glances back, we see Slippy drop a hand full of cash into box. When cashier turns back he says cheerfully:

"Maybe you added wrong. Try it again".

Cashier's pencil going up column of figures. Pleased surprised on Cashier's face.

"Well I'll be darned!" he says.

Slippy his itching hand going toward box again starts when the door of general office opens and he sees Sinner pass through. Instantly Slippy is the alert, wide awake clerk, rubbing his hands together, beaming on everyone, and strolling out into the waiting room, where Saint's clients are waiting.

We get across the electrical, almost psychic effect of the passing through the office of Sinner. Quick startled glances of a stenographer, stopped midway in a flirtation with a brokerage clerk; sharp intentness of General Manager's fixed gaze; scared office boy up to some characteristically kid stuff ducking out of sight; concentration of the telephone girls.

Without a word to anyone or a glance to either side Saint strides into his office.

Back to the waiting room, and we see Slippy

affably friendly and jolly with the clients, and making considerable haul snatching watches, pocket books &c. He is uncannily adroit at this. His engaging and sunny personality makes him highly popular. The rogue in fact smoothes everyone's feelings even while he steals from them. Tells each man:

"Yeh, Mr. Sain't'll see you probably first of all".
I'll take care of you" &c.

Now we concentrate upon one man standing somewhat aloof from the other men in waiting room. He is studying a framed picture of a splendid ~~xxxxxx~~ racehorse. ~~It~~ Under the horse appears the pedigree and in large letters that ~~it is owned by Lady Blueblood~~ LADY BLUEBLOOD is owned by JAMES SAINT.

We get a closeup of this man's face, as with the longing eyes of a connoisseur he looks at the picture of the marvelous mare. He is:

JAY VANDERHOOF, fiancee of SYLVIA MORTON.

Now we come back to Sinner in his office. It is richly furnished, almost like the parlor of a hotel. Detail.

We see Sinner divest himself of hat and coat and strip his hands of gloves. The big rough fingers are gnarled over with great diamond rings. There is a huge diamond in his tie and even his ~~ux~~ cuff links shine with the glistening gems.

One of his big thumbs punches a button. Outside in the waiting room it rings at Slippy's desk. He says with one of his wide smiles:

"Just a moment now gentlemen Mr. Saint is calling for one of you".

BACK TO SINNER'S OFFICE.

He is looking out of window. Across his back from window, we show on the street below, the curb, with the multitude of curb brokers ^{and clerks} minnowing this way and that, shouting, gesticulating, signalling.

Swift detail here of curb operations of stock transactions. Signalling of brokers' clerks. Each clerk marked with peculiar identification, such as large cross on a hat; hat upside down; special type of duster coats. These are to make the clerks picked out of crowd by brokers or their clerks in window signalling whether to buy or sell.

We get a close up now of the curb, and among the broker's clerks we pick out lit~~aa~~ ABIE EPSTEIN, the former East side dip.

Abie has on a yellow slicker, much too large for him, in fact almost trailing on ground and a sailor's hat turned down. He darts in and out the throng, ever and anon looking up for the signals from the Saint office windows.

He sees Sinner himself at window.

Slippy has come up ~~back~~ beside Sinner and receives Abie's signal. He turns to Saint.

In a title we should get from Abie:

FIVE HUNDRED WHEAT AT PAR

Saint orders:

BUY IT

Slippy signalling to Abey by nodding head vigorously and down and up motion of hands. Sign language to Abie.

The scene on street should be one of almost exaggerated animation. In fact the buying of stock on the curb is the wildest kind of stuff anyway. About five hundred nondescript men on curb shouting, signalling &c. to their employers in windows of offices above.

Sinner and Slippy turning from window. Slippy smiling ingratiatingly. Suddenly Sinner's eye becomes pinned on the end of a watch chain that shows from Slippy's pockets, both of which are bulging with loot. Instantly we see the furious change in the man. All of a sudden he becomes again the powerful brute of the gutter. His great hand reaches out, grasps ~~Slippy~~ the now cowering Slippy by the wrist and forces him to knees.

"Did'nt I tell you to cut out the stealing!" he hisses.

Slippy, cowering whines:

"I c-could'nt help m'self. You know me Chief. I gotta steal. Thats me Chief".

He has managed to get to his feet for Sinner has thrown him like a dog from him and Slippy is backing toward the door. Sinner says:

"Did'nt I tell you no to call me CHIEF!"

"I fergot Ch----"

Slippy chokes on the word; then regaining something of his debonair poise he says:

"Mister Saint".

~~Get out of here~~

"Put that stuff back --do you hear me"

Slippy nods.

He now stands at attention at Sinner's desk as the latter seats himself in chair.

"What are you waiting for".

Slippy has resumed his deferential clerk manner.

~~Get~~

"J.P. Morgan's Man is here" he says.

Sinner says:

"Won't see him".

"Theres a man from Kuhn Loeb---"

"Don't want to see him --don't want to see anyone-- except-----Mr. Vanderhoof. Show him in".

Slippy is surprised, but as Sinner half arises in his feet he goes out expeditiously.

In waiting room comedy business when Slippy tells men that he's awfully sorry but Mr. Saint has a littl headache and is 'nt seeing anyone today. He says this to e each man in turn, at the same time he slips back into the man's pocket stolen stuff, but we get across that theres a great mixup in articles returned. Slippy has obeyed

his Chief but with a ludicrous mixup. (This business can be done before or after he approaches Vanderhoof and tellshii that Mr. Saint can spare him a moment of his time.

We see the departing men puzzled and looking at Vanderhoof with a touch of new respect. Previously they had rather despised him. His impecunious financial condition is well known; but its a different proposition when he's able to get in to see the great James Daint.

Back to Sinner's office and Vanderhoof coming in.

For contrast and conflict, we might show a bit of awkwardness and uneasiness in Sinner's manner as he looks at the society man, and studies the difference between him and himself.

Vanderhoof declines the big cigar proffered him by Sinner, who hesitating a moment, finally chucks it into his own mouth. We see him regain his assured poise and bull dog manner. He speaks:

"What can I do for you, Mr. Vanderhoof?"

Vanderhoof looks surprised.

"Why, you sent for me, Mr. Saint".

Sinner chortles almost triumphantly. This to show the feeling of his power in Wall Street.

"CAME ON THE JUMP DID'NT YOU?" he laughs.

Vanderhoof replies with gravity :

"Any man on Wall Street would come if James Saint sent for him".

Sinner takes this in with vast satisfaction and pride, and then his eyes narrow and his chin comes out: Leans across desk, his great fistson blotter before him.

"WHY WAS I BLACKBALLED BY YOUR COUNTRY CLUB?"

Vanderhoof is palpably taken aback, and blurts out a reply ~~without~~

"For social reasons"

Like an enraged bull Sinner snarls:

"Money'll buy social reasons. Money'll buy anything!"

Vanderhoof, in a last stand replies:

"Breeding is something Money won't buy".

To this Sinner replies:

"It 'll buy a damed good immitation"

There is a long ~~pause~~ pause as the wyes of the two men meet in conflict and Sinner's face comes steadily nearer and he says:

"IT'LL BUY YOU ? "

We see the flinching of Vanderhoof. If we can do a way with a title very good, but we must get across the Sinner holds paper of Vanderhoof's and has it in his power to ruin him. The Society man stares at him and we see gradually the eager, greedy look in his eyes, as across the desk Sinner tells him what he is willing to pay for certain favors.*

Then a title in which Vanderhoof says that he'll introduce Sinner into "society" &c. but he cannot resist

A title in which Vanderhoof says: "You want to get into society---is that the idea, Mr. Saint".

Sinner makes a large almost contemptuous motion. Then his big hand makes a sweeping gesture toward a framed picture on his desk, and we concentrate upon this picture. We see it is cut from some Sunday newspaper, and is a picture of SYLVIA MORTON. ~~It is framed in~~ The frame is of gold and stones. As Vanderhoof looks at it, we get his expression of amazement and horror. Then back to ~~Sinner's~~ Sinner's face, now strangely softened.

THAT'S WHAT I WANT ! ' HER !"

Under his breath Vanderhoof gasps.

"Good God!

"That's what I'm using you for. You know her .

I seen you with her".

We fade out here and into a Scene at the annual NEW YORK HORSESHOW at Madison garden.

No need to give much of this. The idea is to get a swift shot (or stock shots) of the horse show and arena ~~and a~~ a pan shot of the boxes and rotunda and concentrate on two boxes side by side.

In one we disclose Sylvia. She is looking through glasses at a magnificent team pacing the arena. In her enthusiasm she passes the glasses to Vanderhoof who is beside her, dressed very fashionably and correctly. As he takes the glasses, Sylvia's program drops down over the railing.

We concentrate on the adjoining box. There we see Sinner, Slippy and Abie. Abie is between Sinner and Sl

"&

Slippy, who is at the other end of the box, picking the pocket of the man or woman in adjoining box.

Sinner is sitting directly next to Sylvia, in the next box, and he has not taken his eyes once off her. As she drops her program, we see him proffer her his. She is surprised, and her brows knit, but she takes it with a brief "Thank you" and studies it. Glancing up she sees him looking at her, and with her chin slightly raised, Sylvia looks at horses, whereupon Sinner speaks to her. He says:

~~"Thank you very much"~~

"Them horses are mine!"

Sylvia raises her eyebrows. She is half irritated half amused by the man's impertinence in addressing her. She says:

"Oh yes" and turns to speak to Vanderhoof. Evidently she asks him to take her below, and we see them move away and down to the arena rail. Now we see Vanderhoof asking her something eagerly:

"Sylvia, do you know that man?"

"No---he spoke to me"?

"Why do you know who he is?"

Sylvia shakes her head. She is not interested.

Vanderhoof says with a measure almost of awe.

"He's JAMES SAINT!"

"Saint!" Sylvia repeats the name and then

"Oh-hi You mean Wall Street Wolf"

She laughs.

"Did you know they blackballed him at the Pocahontas Club? Fancy his trying to break in to society. Isn't it the funniest thing you ever heard".

A much better title needed here.

As Vanderhoof and Sylvia talk, we come back to Sinner in the box and we see him with his field glasses.

They are turned not on the horses, but on Sylvia.

Through the binoculars we get a closeup of the lovely girl, ~~in her fur~~ wrapped, about in her rich furs. She is the last word in distinction and beauty and the hands that grip the glasses are expressive of longing and hungry desire.

From this close up of Sinner we fade out and back into his office, with Vanderhoof sitting across the desk from him and by the droop of his head we know that he has consented to the thing that the Wolf of Wall Street is demanding.

THE MORTON COUNTRY ESTATE

This is at Orienta Point, Mamaroneck ---or Larchmont, Rye or some place in Westchester County.

A charming, rather sedate, old place, with an air of distinction and good taste.

INSIDE HOUSE

In the library or a study, we see Mr. Morton, Sylvia's father. He is a courtly looking, rather scholarly type. Very much of a gentleman. He is reading but when the butler announces that there is a caller, he goes

into the pleasant living room. This room opens upon a large sunparlor or conservatory at back, which in turn is directly above a terrace and looks down over a tennis court, where a number of young people are playing and others are watching them.

If necessary to show the arrival of Vanderhoof with ~~Morton~~^{Sinner}--this scene may open with the car driving into porte cochere.

Morton comes out into living room.

There Vanderhoof is walking about rather thoughtfully, and at the same time with evident anxiety, while Sinner sits on a small horsehair chair, his smouldering brooding gaze slowly travelling from one detail and furnishing in the room to the other.

The introduction. Morton very evidently surprised and almost shocked by Vanderhoof bringing the objectionable millionaire to Idle Acres as the Morton Estate is called.

Vanderhoof however draws him slightly to one side and they move along, with Sinner watching them toward the Sunroom. Vanderhoof is saying something to Morton to makes the latter look up anxiously. The information conveyed in a title is to the effect that Sinner is the man who holds the ~~xxxxx~~ mortgage on Idle Acres. Morton is agitated. He shakes his head and turns back toward where Sinner is.

He is terribly uncomfortable under Sinner's

lock, but tries to entertain him.

Vanderhoof goes through sunroom and down the terrace to the court.

Inside the house Morton gives up hopelessly the attempt to entertain Sinner and the latter has moved across into the sun-room. He stands by the French windows, and suddenly we see the eagerness of his face, as he looks down at the court below. To Morton's amazement he deliberately takes out opera glasses, and manipulating them he concentrates upon Sylvia.

She is playing a set of tennis, running lithely across the court, laughing as she slaps the ball and calls out ~~some~~ the score.

Vanderhoof goes to edge of court and signals to her. She waves to him with her racquet. He signals to her that he wants to speak to her and she calls back with her hand at mouth:

"Through in a minute! Almost got em beaten now".

A few minutes later Sylvia comes to Vanderhoof and he tells her he has brought a visitor to call upon her. They are close by a group of players and visitors, all young fresh faced people, typical sons and daughters of the well to do residents of Westchester County. Sylvia asks Vanderhoof who the man is. She'll not stop tennis for any ordinary person. Vanderhoof replies: "He's not ordinary. He's SAINT -- JAMES SAINT".

We see Sylvia amazement and then amusement and

then she calls across to her friends:

"Who do you suppose Jay has had the nerve to bring here?"

They crowd around her and when she tells them a there are squeals and exclamations of amazement, laughter, derisive comments &c.

"I'd shoot him if I were you"

Remarks somewhat in this order should be conveyed in titles. They come from the gay and heartless youngsters.

"Let's go to the house and mob him!"

"Turn the dogs on him"

"It'd be fun to meet the animal"

"I heard he ate with his fingers".

"Like fun he does? Saw him at the Ritz. Uses Bats with his knife".

Bursts of laughter. Sylvia has become somewhat grave, and Vanderhoof is palpably unnerved and is trying to do something to offset this derision.

Mrs. Morton, a charming and young looking matron comes across, with a parcel on shoulders. Someone has told her of the caller at the house, and she is quite indignant. She says:

"What does this mean Jay. Can it be possible that you have brought that awful creature to our home?"

Vanderhoof speaking to her in an aside, and by Mrs. Morton's face we see the change in her. The words: "Millions" occur, and we know that she is affected.

They are all moving now toward house.

The introduction of Sinner.

young people

The ~~girls~~ are in a mocking fun loving mood.

They pretend to be impressed by Sinner. One or two are surveying him with wide eyes of amazement; others register ~~disgust~~ something like disdain. They look at him in fact as one would a huge animal in the zoo.

A maid wheels in a tea wagon and one of the girls pours tea.

Sylvia is rather quiet. Her mocking mood has passed and she feels a sense of pity and even shame as she sees her friends making game of Sinner.

She herself has gone straight up to him and shaken hands, but she was unprepared for the crushing grip, and stares at the man half fascinated, half repulsed.

Mrs. Morton has also received him with dignity, but she does not know what to say when in reply to her "How do you do" Mr. ~~Maxxxxx~~ Saint, he returns:

"How do you do yourself".

Sinner's face is one wide beam now. He likes the entire atmosphere, though he blinks once or twice and gradually becomes conscious of the fact that some of the laughter and snickering around him may be directed at him. ~~Howxxxxxxx~~

Scene of the tea passing.

Sinner watching the careless and negligent way everyone handles his cup & Tries to immitate. The scalding tea flows over his leg, and the girl next to him

who has saucily jerked his elbow, deliberately says:

"Too bad . Got your nice grey panties all stained"

(Get better title. I want to get in the general derision of the man. Heartless, yet not malicious)

Sylvia intervenes. Wesse her in an aside tell her girl friend to cut it out. Leave the poor old dog alone. She tries to be polite and nice to Sinner, and he beams upon her. He says:

"Nice little place you got here"

Sylvia nods.

"It is a dear old place. I was born here; so was my dad and grandad."

Sinner says:

"I could put it in a corner of my place. I bought Golden Castles off Rye way".

The company who already know this pretend great interest and Sinner expands. Says:

"Tell you what I'll do. I'll throw a party for you all. What do you say".

They all declare it would be lovely--a larkxxx jolly lark &c. Binner says he will invite the whole country---everyone he says, who's in the 4 00.

This brings a gale of laughter, suppressed in some quarters, and Sylvia's guests are ~~fix~~ almost forced out. They wave good bye and all go off laughing. ~~Thaxxixix~~

~~ixixixgraxixixixixix~~

~~Syxiixaysxiixixixixundertionsxafterx~~

One girl who offers a tiny hand to Sinner ~~xx~~ before going squeels:

"Wheel are'nt you strong? Have you ever been a prizefighter, Mr . Saint".

~~xxxxxx~~

Sinner by this time has become ~~wisaxtothefact~~ ~~thatxhx~~ suspicious and he says:

"Yep--and I could crush you all--if I wanted to".

This remark brings instant gravity and the party go out silently now, oppressed by something menacing about the man. ~~xxxxxx~~

Sylvia and Vanderhoof at one side. He is frightfully uneasy. Says:

"For heaven's sakes Sylvia, do something. ~~xx~~ We've got to have his friendship".

Sylvia replies:

"I think it was kind of rotten taste the way they chaffed him. It was'nt sporty".

Vanderhoof tells her if she feels that way to do her best to offset the harm done. In a lowered voice he tells her something of the obligation her father is under to Sinner, and as he speaks her face becomes more and more grave. She nods her head. ~~xxxx~~

Sylvia crossing the room toward Sinner. The uneasy Morton trying to ~~xx~~ say something friendly and not knowing what in the world will interest a creature like this. Sinner, impatient with Morton, sees Sylvia coming, and Vanderhoof pantomimes to her parents to come with him. They manage to go from room unnoticed.

Now just a brief close up of the two faces

opposite each other. Sylvia's has a ~~stare~~ strained slightly troubled look. ~~His~~ Sinner's is gloating. He is literally drinking in the ~~girl's~~ girl's beauty, and all that may be named as Soul within the man-brute of longing and reaching after something higher and better than himself shows in his concentrated look.

Sylvia is divided between pity and repulsion, but she is also the victim of a strange fascination that she finds it impossible to analyse. We see her lips moving. She speaks:

"You know your face is so strangely familiar! Where have I seen you before?"

He moistens his lips. ~~Sylvia~~ eyes. ~~She~~ says:

"It's ~~just~~ a little ~~bit~~"

Huskily suggests "the Horse Show. She shakes her head. No --somewhere else---BEFORE THAT.

Again she studies his face and suddenly her own lightens and she says, with a very lovely smile:

"Perhaps it was in another life, Mr. Saint. Maybe--you were 'a King in Babylon. I was a Christian Slave!"

She quotes the words lightly, but he takes the in---- inhales them almost. ~~He~~ says ~~hearsely~~:

"~~Maybe~~ it's ~~that~~"

"Ye'd never be a slave of mine" he says

Sylvia replies :

"A --friend then . Lets be friends, Mr. Saint"

We see Sinner's fingers twitching and the awkward raising of his large rough hand.

"Shake!" he says.

A close up of the two hands clasped. The big one almost covers the little.

Then a close up again of the two faces; the blind adoration in the man's; the look of dawning fright, yet uncanny fascination and an element of pity in the girl's.

Fade out.

THE PARTY

A magnificent country Estate.

The entire grounds are bedecked as for a great party or carnival. Lanterns and strings of electric lights everywhere. The house itself decorated with flower flowers&c.

Servants in livery. Caterers &c.

Everything resplendant for a great party.

We get also a view of Sinner's yacht lying off in the sound, and it too is festooned with strings of light, as though expecting a party aboard.

INSIDE BRIGHTLY LIGHTED HOUSE

Sinner coming down wide stairway. He is dressed in evening clothes. His hair is slicked tight back, in imitation of the style of the young men he has seen. His dress suit is the last word in style and the shirt front blazes with diamonds. He wears white gloves.

Sinner looks about the place with pride, and as the servants see him we get the effect of his powerful personality upon them. Their sniggering and gossiping and whispering stops. They jump or move at a look from him.

Sinner has a toothpick in his mouth. ~~and is filing~~
Takes off his white gloves and files his nails. Walks around through the rooms, into the flower bedecked drawing room

ablaze with lights and festooned with flowers.

Presently we see him look at his watch.

It is nine o'clock.

Throughout the scene that follows, we show gradually his uneasiness alternating with his pride. He looks not only at his watch, but at the different clocks, and once we see his head inclined as he counts the strokes of a clock. It strikes ten times.

Not a guest!

Sinner stops to ask a butler the time. The butler is English. He replies with his eyes over Sinner's head.

"Ten o'clock, sir".

Sinner asks:

"What time do parties usually begin?"

Butler says:

"Fashionable in Hamerica think its smart to come late, sir".

The reply gratifies Sinner, but he does not see the wink the butler gives to another servant who stick his tongue in his cheek.

(If not too much footage taken, could get in some business of the whispering servants, and some of them craxk their sides laughing &c.) They know of the unanimous snub that has been voted to be given to this Upstart.

We cut to ak smoorh piece of road, and we see

the Morton car travelling along at an easy gait.

In the car, Mrs. Morton, Vanderhoof and Sylvia. Sylvia speaks:

"We really are dreadfully late".

Vanderhoof replies:

"Well, he'll have his hands full with the crowd. He sent invitations to everybody 'in the 400'".

Laughs.

Mrs. Morton sighs.

"Impossible person" she says. "It's dreadful to be indebted to him".

Sylvia pats her hand.

Mrs. Morton continues:

"Did you ever see anything like those invitation"

Sylvia holds hers up, smiling.

It is an illuminated invitation to a grand party and the lettering is in gilt.

Sylvia's eyes soften. She says:

"Poor thing!"

Vanderhoof says.

"Anyway, we've got to go through with this. Sylvia, it's really up to you. We look to you to play the Delilah to our crude Sampson, such as he is. It's your patriotic duty to your family and country".

Laughs again, and Sylvia says crossly.

"Really I don't see anything funny about it".

At the gates of Golden Castles.

Morton car passing through the estate,
Sylvia puts her head out to look at the lights.

She says:

"Looks like Coney Island".

They all laugh, but Sylvia stops midway.

INSIDE HOUSE

The sound of the bell ringing has an electrical effect. Sinner spins around. He can barely restrain his patience as a footman moves loftily and very slowly toward door.

Sinner receiving the Morton's.

Sylvia looks around and she says:

"Where's everyone. We're awfully late".

There's a pause, and she adds:

"Are they out on the yacht".

Then she sees Sinner's face. He is suddenly becoming aware of the fact that he is the victim of a cruel hoax. No one is coming to his party.

He is seized with a surge of overwhelming fury. Forgetting that Sylvia is there he ~~clutches his fist~~ raises his two fists in the air:

"God damn them! I'll break every one of 'em for this!"

Vanderhoof whispering excitedly to Sylvia, literally pushing her toward Sinner; and then drawing Mrs. Morton out on to the great verandah. Sylvia moves toward the furious man. She is really concerned and frightfully sorry for him.

Sinner makes a violent motion to the servants
 "Get out o' here! Clear em all out! There aint
 goin' to be no party tonight".

The servants disappear expeditiously.

He looks about him, almost oblivious to Sylvia
 till as his glance sweeps the room, she comes up in
 fairly in front of him.

"I'm terribly sorry" she says. "And anyway,
 Mr. Saint--this was my party, and they've hurt me too!"

A close up of Sylvia's face and her eyes
 brimming with tears. Then Sinner's face as he looks
 at her? His own is ablaze with overwhelming tenderness.
 He says hoarsely, crudely ;

"Hurt--you! "

She nods. Her lips quiver, she adds:

"I do 't blame you for being angrg. If I wese
 you I'd --I'd teach 'em a lesson. I'd----"

~~What would you do?~~

He watches her eagerly and she continues:

"Give them a good scare Mr. Sinner. Is'nt
 there some way---~~some way~~ Are'nt there things you can
 do down on Wall Street---- buy their stock up or something-----"

Sinner says hoarsely.

"I'll crush them! "

~~Next literally~~

Suddenly as he looks at hjer he mursts out:

"God! but ye're beautiful! "

She says: smiling straight up at him.

~~Like like~~

"I'm so glad you like me Mr. Saint"

He replies:

"Like aint the word. I -----"

We see his great arms swinging. He can contain himself no longer, and as he says:

"I LOVE YOU GIRL ! "

His arms reach out. Sylvia recoils but is caught in the maelstrom of the man's stupendous passion. She finds herself enmeshed in his powerful embrace. She struggles, vainly and then lies inert in his arms, as almost with the force of a blow, his distorted mouth crashes down on hers.

Fade out.

SAINT'S OFFICE

Everyone astir. Excitable animation. Clerks moving around. Score of clients, watching Markers and blackboards recording soaring quotations in wheat. Clients clamoring for what, but not a share is to be had for love or money.

Clients rushing to tickers, commenting excitedly to each other that quotations on wheat is BALOONING.

SINNER'S PRIVATE OFFICE

Sinner standing, or rather bending over window, his back is to the camera, but it must be expressive to some extent of what he is doing. We see his arms moving, and presently we discover that he is PERSONALLY SIGNALLING.

Shot over his shoulder and down to the curb, where among the seething mob of curb brokers and clerks, we concentrate on both Slippy and Abey. Both are in yellow slickers. They are looking up and the camera now turns up to the face above and we get a closeup of Sinner's. It is intent and there is a deadly purpose in it. We see his arms as he signals. His head nodding:

BUY ! BUY WHEAT! BUY IT UP!

The foregoing scene and the ones that follow that have to do with the stock operations should be done as swiftly as possible. We get across the rapid work of Sinner and its terrible effect upon the Stock Market.

STOCK EXCHANGE

In striking contrast to the wild excitement on the Curb, we show a Dead Calm over the traders, as with stunned amazement and despair, they watch on blackboard the steady and phenomenal rise of wheat.

The balconies are crowded with surging people, both men and women. Expressions of question, consternation, surprise, fear, despair---all of the emotions shown. A man collapses against a post, his eyes distended, staring open mouthed at the board. Tense, watchful, waiting. In spite of the crowded Stock Exchange, there should be the effect of almost ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ stunned silence.

Messengers hurry back and forth between the Stock Exchange and the Board of Governor's room, where a special meeting has been hurriedly called to analyse this extraordinary and mysterious rise in wheat.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS OF N.Y. STOCK EXCHANGE

Conservative looking business men, bankers and brokers. An air of solemnity and gravity.

Titles here should get across what different of the Governor~~s~~ ~~we~~ saying, as for instance:

HOW CAN WE STOP THIS?

WHO IS BEHIND IT?

A RUN ON THE BANKS

PXIX

WIDE SPREAD PANIC OVER COUNTRY

NOT A CAR OF WHEAT MOVING

And so forth.

The idea is to show the effect of the tie up
of all wheat over the United States.

SAINT'S OFFICE

Saint still at window. He is still signalling.

BUY WHEAT! BUY WHEAT BUY WHEAT!

Suddenly he stops signalling and we get
the impression just from his back tyat either he is throug
or he has paused for some special purpose.

He tuans about and we see his face, agloat with
triumph and power. Almost he is ready to shout with joy.
We see his clinched fists go up as they had when he had sworn
to c ush his foes. He crosses to his desk. Picks up
telephone.

CODEX

IDLE ACRES --MORTON ESTATE

A telephone ringing. Maid answering. We get
her answer in a title:

MISS MORTON IS AT LUNCH

She listens and then says:

VERY WELL SIR I'LL TELL HER.

If this can be done without titles all right.

THE DINING ROOM

OUTDOOR DINING ROOM

This is a charming room that is practically outdoors. It is built over a pergola, and the furniture is green wicker and striped upholstery.

Mortons having lunch. Vanderhoof lunching with them. Maid comes in and tells Sylvia ~~Sinner~~ Mr. Sinner wishes to speak to her at once. Sylvia goes out.

Sylvia at telephone.

SINNER'S OFFICE

He is speaking into telephone. We get his face, with at first its almost madly triumphant expression, but as he hears Sylvia's voice, his face softens, and we see his glance turn to her picture on his desk. Now a title:

I'VE RUINED 'EM LIKE I PROMISED

Back to Sylvia. Her face shows amazement. She is puzzled and troubled. Her lips form words asking what h means and we come back to Sinner, and the title:

I'VE CORNERED THE MARKET ON WHEAT!

Back to Sylvia. It is evident that she has grasped the full meaning and import of Sinner's words. She hangs up the Receiver and returns to the dining room. Just as she takes her seat she says:

HE HAS CORNERED THE MARKET ON WHEAT!

Her words have an electrical effect on the two men. Vanderhood leaps to his feet excitedly, the glass in

his hand dropping to the floor. Her father sets down his napkin. He too comes to his feet. He is aroused out of his usual calm. He shouts at Vanderhoof:

THANK GOD ! WE'VE GOT HIM !

Vanderhoof is almost incoherent with excitement. He hurries Sylvia out of the room, talking swiftly as they move along.

We see them putting on their coats, even while they hurry out to waiting automobile, and we lap dissolve ~~swiftly~~ to facade of STOCK EXCHANGE.

This can be a stock shot.

BRIEF FLASH OF BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Blazing concentration of Governor's upon the Probe Problem. They are absolutely stumped to know what to do to prevent the impending financial cataclysm.

MAIN TRADING ROOM OF STOCK EXCHANGE

Tension more pronounced. Almost to breaking point. Verge of hysteria. All eyes are turned upon the Blackboard, and we show that WHEAT HAS REACHED THE PEAK.

At this juncture, a disturbance at the door, caused by the arrival of Sylvia and Vanderhoof. They push past the police, who demand passes, and run across at back of floor and into the Board Meeting, startling the members as soon as they enter with the words;

SAINT HAS CORNERED WHEAT

Sensational effect of this announcement. The Governors almost to a man are gasping in amazement. Some of them half start to their feet. Others are standing; others too stunned to move. They are all leaning forward staring at the two.

A title here from one of the Governor's. It comes in a sort of burst of rage:

SO ITS THAT DAMNED WOLFXXXXXXXXX !

A hubub breaks loose, and one of the men raises himself gets the floor and shouts:

HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS?

Sylvia steps forward. She looks gravely around around at the faces and then she says;

HE TOLD ME SO !

A dead pause, and then we see the President at the head of the table, arising. He speaks, putting up his hand for silence. All turn toward him, though they are all tense with excitement.

GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE HEARD THE ACCUSATION. WHAT ACTION DO YOU PROPOSE THAT WE SHALL TAKE?

The meeting now becomes wildly chaotic, the members leaping up, gesticulating, raving, shouting, furiously denouncing:

THE YELLOW DOG

THE DIRTY WOLF

THE DAMNED SHARK

And such type of titles.

One man gets the floor. He leaps on the table. Shouts
Shouts hparsely:

I RECOMMEND THAT WE RULE OFF EVERY SHARE OF WHEAT

This recommendation is not even put to the vote.

A frenzied acclaim makes it unanimous.

We now see the President and Board of Governors
file out of the Board room and into the Stock Exchange.

There every face turns toward them, in anticipation
of some vital announcement.

PRESIDENT MOUNTS THE CALLER'S BENCH

He raps the gavel. Instantly every hat is
respectfully removed and every man and woman is on his feet.
The President speaks:

EVERY SHARE OF WHEAT IS UNANIMOUSLY VOTED BY THE
BOARD OF GOVERNORS RULED OFF THE EXCHANGE

The instant these words are spoken the wildest
kind of pandemonium breaks loose. Frantic cheering.~~xxxx~~
Hats are tossed in the air. We see the surging, seething
mobs in the Exchange. The reaction is tremendous.

Messengers tear back and forth to tickers. They
make their way through a maelstrom of a moving mass. Everyo
body surrounding the Governor's and learni g who it is
that had cornered the market and an every ones tongue is
the one word:

THE WOLF!

BRIEF FLASH ON TICKER SENDING MACHINE

The Operator sits before the machine broadcastin
the news to newspapers, brokerage offices, banks &c.

Lap dissolve from this and into a Ticker ~~apex~~
receiver in a newspaper office, with City desk man
reading:

BOTTOM DROPS OUT OF WHEAT MARKET

WOLF OF WALL STREET RUINED

Fade into Singer's office. We see him casu-
ally turning from window, crossing to ticker, pick up the
tape and read the same message:

BOTTOM DROPS OUT OF WHEAT

WOLF OF WALL STREET RUINED

He staggers back, as if mortally struck. Amazement
and encroaching terror in face. Conflicting emotions.
He collapses into chair at desk.

Close up of his face. Bulging eyes, lips apart.
Then follow his distended eyes, and we see them pinned on the
photograph of Sylvia.

Now his face revealing a realization that Sylvia
has betrayed him. He is shaken to the very foundations of his
being.

We must realize that in Sylvia he has for the first
time pinned his faith in a human being. Now she has failed
him. To him, she ~~is~~ has become a common squeeler. His ga
face ~~is~~ a horrible mask of hatred and violence, and we see his
huge fist come out as he smites the photograph with full

to the floor.

TE: It will be recalled that Allah Ryan actually cornered the market on Stutz Motors and all shares were ruled off the Stock Exchange. For the purpose of a picture play, we must have a commodity, such as wheat, so that its cornering would be of world wide devastating effect)

~~THE~~

IDLE ACRES (MORTON ESTATE)

This can be a beauty shot. It is about nine o'clock at night and the moonlight gilds the peaceful old ~~house~~ Morton Estate and casts its quicksilver shimmering reflection upon the Sound.

~~xxpathxxoutsidexxthexxhouse,~~

A clump of bush or foliage on the edge of the drive outside the house.

Something white ~~xxxx~~ flashed for a moment in the bush, and a xcloseup--just a flash --- of a terrible face. Sinner---watching the house.

INSIDE HOUSE

The Music room.

Sylvia at the piano. Standing beside her looking down into her face, Vanderhoof. Ashaded light throws an illuminated reflection on Sylvia's face. She is not thinking of the man watching her so sentimentally. Her

expression in cast is slightly troubled. She is turning absent
the music on the rack. Vanderhoof speaks:

PLAY THE ARIS FROM SAMSON AND DELILAH

Sylvia turns the pages of the music, and begins
to play. The impassioned music of Samson and Delilah floats
from under her fingers.

OUTSIDE ON THE VERANDAH

A silhouetted shadow moving stealthily along.
We see it come to the glass French doors, and then we
see Sinner's face, as he listens to the music, and we get
across the fact that he knows the opera. Cautiously
he opens the French doors, and steps inside, leaving one
of the doors slightly opened.

The two at the piano are turned from him. Sylvia
Sylvia has finished the aria, and Vanderhoof is speaking:
Get across that Sinner hears every word: Vanderhoof
is smiling, and as he speaks he puts his arm around Sylvia's
shoulders possessively and his cheek upon her head.

Vanderhoof speaks:

WELL DEAREST YOU DID A NEAT JOB ON OUR SAMSON FROM
THE GUTTER &

As he speaks the words, and as Sinner sees his
arm about Sylvia, we get the effect upon him. He is the
victim of a vast brain storm. He has reverted suddenly
to type---to a throw back to primitive days. At the strange
strange animal like sound he makes the lovers start apart.
They turn; see Sinner.

His arms swinging on either side of him like those of a gorilla, his big head wobbling from side to side, he steps toward them. They are so taken a back that they are almost hypnotized in their tracks. An encroaching cowardly fear besets Vanderhoof, while Sylvia is too dazed to move.

SINNER SPEAKS:

I KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT BIRD ~~SAMSON~~ SAMSON. ~~XREXPNER~~
HE PULLED DOWN THE WALLS AND CRUSHED EVERYONE !

(If desired a flashback to Samson pulling down the walls of the temple, but this though spectacular and effective might make for too much expense and footage, and might detract from the drama of this present scene)

Sinner is moving, or shuffling nearer and nearer to the two. Vanderhoof, in terror has gotten behind Sylvia. Sinner points at him:

~~UP WITH YOUR MITTS~~

STAND OUT!

Vanderhoof obeys. His knees are knocking together with terror.

UP WITH YOUR MITTS

Vanderhoof's trembling hands arise.

GET INTO THAT HOLE YOU RAT !

Vanderhoof backs precipitatedly into the indicate closet. As Sinner locks him in, we see Sylvia make a dart for liberty, but Sinner is too quick for her. He grasps her by the arm, till the pain of his grip almost causes her to faint. He swings her around till she faces him:

TAKE OFF THEM PEARLS! They're MINE!

I GAVE EM TO YOU: NOW I TAKE EM BACK

Sylvia her eyes fixed on his, almost as if she were under an hypnotic spell, takes off the rope of pearls and lays them on the table.

STRIPS OFF THEM RINGS

She does so; also the earrings.

Sinner sweeps ~~them~~ the jewelery into his pocket. As he does so, we see Sylvia beginning to back slowly toward the opened door. Sinner feigning not to notice, lets her get as far as door, which is open, and then follows. As he she goes through and on to the verandah, he chortles;

THATS THE WAY !

Sylvia on verandah running down steps, along the path; Sinner, almost taking his time following?

At back of clump of bush an automobile parked.

A close up of Sinner's face. He is letting out a long sibilant whistle. We see the car come out into the roadway. It blocks the further progress of Sylvia. Slippy and Abie get out of car.

We see Sylvia, realizing she is trapped, looking about her desperately.

A closeup of Sylvia's face, and her mouth as she screams shrilly. Then a large hand clapped over her mouth.

Slippy back on driver's seat, bending over wheel. Abie, beside him. In back Sylvia being lifted in, struggling, by Sinner.

The effect of Sylvia's scream.

The pounding on closet door of Vanderhoof.

Household aroused. Flashes here of the Morton's running down stairs. Servants hurrying from this direction from that, and then we see a chauffeur or gardener dash out of garage, and we use the gag of the Furber script, where the ~~garage~~ the detectives got the number of the car. The gardener runs after the car; gets the number, and before it is out of the gates, we see that number drop off and learn it is a fake license number.

Back to the racing car, and into the interior. And we see ~~that~~ Sylvia collapsing in a dead swoon. The car jolting along at a great speed. Moonlight on the face of Sinner. He is looking at Sylvia. His expression is almost illuminated with the strength of his yearning passion and tenderness, and we see his arms come out, and closely ~~embrace~~ clasp to his bosom the only thing on earth he has ever loved.

If desired at this juncture to get sympathy for Sinner; then a title:

THE ONLY THING HE HAS EVER LOVED

Fade out.

FOLLOWING MORNINGTIMES SQUARE

Newsboys on all sides, calling vigorously and doing a rushing business:

WUXTRY! WUXTRY! ALL ABOUT THE WOLF OF
WALL STREET

From another boy

ALL ABOUT THE KIDNAEPING OF SOCIETY GIRL

People buying papers &c.

This can be a stock shot of Times square.

Fade out and into the front page of one of the Extras, and we see in double eight column spread, paralleling each other in importance as news, the stories of the collapse of the wheat market, and of the outrageous hold up and kidnapping of Sylvia Morton. Both stories carry in leaded type the words: WOLF OF WALL STREET

A STREET ON THE EAST SIDE IN THE HEART OF THE
SLUMS

This can be a stock shot, showing the seething, moving throngs.

It is about five o'clock in the afternoon.

Medium Shot of Police Station.

Close up of Sergeant at desk. He is reading an ~~extra~~ Extra. Leaning against his desk young Detective

Crane. Sergeant and Crane discuss Saint and the kidnapping. Sergeant says he has all his men on the job. They have not a clue however as yet.

Medium shot of a tenement house directly across the way from the Police station. This should be of the flat house type and is about five stories. The entire block is known ~~xxxParesis~~ by the unlovely title of PARESIS ROW

There was actually such a place on old Fourteenth St. New York.

We go into the interior of this building, and get a few shots of the tenants. They are a strange combination of slum folk, artists and freak people who like to live among the slums, with the notion of doing work among the poor there. We go to the top flat, and we see, ~~standing outside xxx doors~~ SINNER in the dingy hall outside a door, inserting a key in lock SINNER.

Interior of flat.

We disclose Sylvia Morton. She is standing up and watching the door as it opens and Sinner comes in. She shows no fear --- just a sort of expectant waiting. She is in the same clothes in which she was kidnapped, but a man's rough coat is over her dress. It is Sinner's coat. We should recognize that.

As Sinner comes in, he does not even look at her. ~~Walk~~ Having locked the door, he strolls across the

room and looks out of the window. Sylvia goes toward him. He makes no sign that he knows she is coming until she is almost at his side. She speaks:

MR SAINT: WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH ME?

He ignores her, continuing to look down at the Police station across the way. ~~xxxxxxx~~ A sardonic smile wreaths his face as he indicates: Speaks:

POLICE STATION & IF YOU WANT TO HIDE FROM YOUR ENEMY LIVE NEXT DOOR TO HIM&

He laughs, and there is an element of madness in his laughter. Sylvia recoils, blanching. Unobserved by her, his eyes furtively follow her. She goes back to the table. Sinner sits in low chair. We see him take out book from pocket, and concentrate upon it. Sylvia watches him, puzzled and somewhat troubled.

She begins to move about, restlessly, Faces as if not knowing what to do--which way to turn. Suddenly she goes back toward Sinner. Stands before him.

MR SAINT, I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING

~~xxxxxxxthebookxdrop~~

Sinner sets the book down on the table beside him. He looks up, with an ugly, distorted expression at Sylvia, and we see Sylvia, almost unconsciously lean against table her hand resting on the book.

SINNER SAYS:

"YOU SQUEELED ON ME AND I WAS TRYIN' TO GO STRAIGHT ON YOUR ACCOUNT"

Sylvia stammers:

"Really I didn't realize what it meant to you. I--
I --- Oh won't you give me a chance to explain".

Sinner gets up, moves away from her. The idea is that his roughness is a mask to hide his encroaching hopeless and mad love for Sylvia. He jeers at her:

NAW! T'WON'T DO NO GOOD NOW! I AIN'T GOIN'
STRAIGHT NO MORE. A LEOPARD CAN'T CHANGE HIS SPOTS? AND
I BEEN A CROOK ALL MY LIFE! I WAS BORN A CROOK! See!

Sylvia's hand on book. She looks down and we see her slightly puzzled and then troubled expression as she sees what it is. It is a Second grade School ~~grammar~~ grammar.

All of sudden there flashes across the woman a realization that this man has been trying to teach himself--- he has been trying in his clumsy way blindly to take the trail that may raise him up to her level.

SYLVIA SPEAKING:

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE A BORN CROOK! Its not your fault that you've never had a chance.

As she speaks, we see Sinner stealthily listening to her, literally drinking in her words.

"IN OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES I BELIEVE YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN A LEADER AMONG MEN!"

Sinner says furiously:

CUT IT! I AIN'T FALLIN' FOR YOUR KIDDIN'.

Sylvia has come across the room till she is directly before him. She speaks breathlessly:

"I mean every word I say!"

He makes a motion of disgust and disbelief. But he is hanging upon her words nevertheless--drinking them in.

"Mr. Saint---I was to blame for what happened. I didn't realize what it would mean. I'm sorry---Oh! terribly sorry!"

Saint's eyes are points of light, moving furtively to her and from her. Suddenly they become fixed upon hers which are tear filled. He stares at her entranced and they sway slightly toward each other.

Suddenly we see Sinner spring to the door. He thrusts the key in. Unlocks it, throws it open. He turns back to the girl. Shouts:

GET OUT! I DON'T WANT YOU NO MORE!

Sylvia does not move. She is breathing heavily and half sobbing, and wrenching her hands together, and we see gradually a resolve crystalize in her gaze as she looks at Sinner.

~~I DON'T WANT TO GO~~

He has turned his back on her and moved toward the window. As he does not hear her go, he turns his head and he asks:

WHAT'RE YOU WAITIN' FOR?

Sylvia replies:

I DON'T WANT TO GO! I WANT TO STAY HERE ---

WITH YOU!

Her words have a tremendous effect on Sinner. He moves around in front of her, his eyes fixed upon her. His lips move in the question: "What do you mean?"

Sylvia replies:

"I want to stay and help you. I believe in you!
~~There is more good in you than had~~ I ---I ----"

As she speaks, we see the invigoration of Sinner's body and the light transfiguring his face. Their faces are on a level. We see Sylvia's with its beautiful expression as she says:

~~Oh, I believe that in another life~~

"Your men call you: 'CHIEF' ! " She nods head as if to say that it is the right appellation, and then with a trancelike look on her face she says:

"Ah, I believe that in another life you were some Savage King --a King of Babylon and I was a Christian Slave!

~~(These)~~

(This is from a famous quotation)

Sinner's hands almost reach out as if to seize her, and the light of the conquered woman shines in her eyes, when we see Sinner draw back. He says huskily:

ITS TOO LATE FOR ME!

Sylvia insists it is never too late. ~~Hecks~~
 His head shakes. His hand indicates the open door; but she will not go. ~~Then he says~~ ~~Waxsecexsuddax~~

A new resolve takes possession of Sinner. We see him write--or rather print--in crude misspelled words

a note (Title here) to Jay Vanderhoof conveyng the informt
mation that Sylvia Morton is at a certain number on R
Street.

Sylvia sees him call Abie from the hall and hand
him the note. Abie takes it. Darts down the stairs.

(It is not necessary to show Abie delivering the
note, though we could get in a scene where
Vanderhoof calls the Mortons--Mrs. Morton prostrated
in bed and then Inspector Bellairs. At all events
we should show later a squad of police starting out)

Sinner is now at the window. He is looking at
Police station and a sardonic smile writhes his lips.

In Police station. Sergeant at desk, and
young Crane at door. He is standing thoughtfully
considering some metter. When he sees something at
a window on the top floor that ~~makesxxxx~~ attracts his
attention. We get a close up of his face, and then we
see him go in and speak to Sergeaant.

"Look up there. Someone seems to be signallin"

Inside ~~thax~~ Sinner's room. He has a lighted
candle in his hand, and he is signalling. If there were
some way in which he could spell out that Saint was up
there, it would be fine.

Sylvia asks him what he is doing. He smiles.

Says:

BULL
THERES A YOUNG ~~EEEE~~ DOWN THERE LOOKING FOR A
JAIL BIRD ---NAME OF JIM SINNER

Sylvia's expression reveals the fact that she knows that Saint is Sinner. She cries out:

"Oh don't! Don't! Oh they have seen you--- They are coming! Oh please get away. Don't let them get you!"

A great look of tenderness in Sinner's face.

He says:

WHAT DOES IT MATTER TO YOU WHETHER THEY TAKE ME OR NOT

Sylvia cries:

"Oh it matters everything---everything. I ---I ----"

She must not say that she loves him. Sinner must not take her in his arms or soil her at this juncture with an embrace, but we should get across the passionate yearning of each. The uncontrollable fascination--or hypnotic attraction of the man for Sylvia--her realization that she is the cause of his downfall at a time when he had tried to go straight; and on the man's part a wild elation at the realization that Sylvia is his true mate even though he may never touch her again.

He says:

"Do not worry! The bulls shall never get me!"

The patrol wagon, with Bellairs and his men aboard. On its way.

Young Crane crossing street and going up the stairs of the tenement house. A policeman or two go into the house and at his request wait below.

Crane at Sinner's door, which is slightly opened. He listens a moment and then goes in. Sinner, as the door opens gets behind it and his hands are in his pocket. Sylvia, in great agitation and terror at the appearance of the young plain clothes man. He looks at her questioningly, and then he asks her who she is? Sylvia almost ready to faint replies:

"I AM SYLVIA MORTON"

The amazement and incredulous joy on Crane's face as he realizes he has captured the prize for which a tremendous reward has been offered. He asks:

"Where's Saint?"

Sylvia's eyes almost unconsciously go to the figure behind the door. Very swiftly Sinner steps out and while the young detective is gasping at the discovery that the man is SINNER, Sinner claps a pair of handcuffs on his wrists and knocks him into a closet. ~~Wak~~

~~The patrol~~

~~The police~~

Crane however has a hidden whistle in his mouth and before the door is closed on it he blows on it shrilly. We see the two detectives ~~coming~~ running up the steps, and then from behind a corner in hall out steps Slippy. He kneels. As the first police ~~man~~ reaches the top, Slippy closes with him, ~~shoots~~ and at the same moment the other one fires and we see Slippy collapse and his body roll down the stairs.

Outside the patrol wagon has arrived?

Bellaire and his men are pouring into the house and up

the stairs.

Inside the room, Sinner is taking a last long hunr hungry look at Sylvia who is frantic with fear that he will be taken.

We then see Sinner kick open a little pannel on t he wall near floor. He gets into this, the ~~door~~ door slaps back, ~~xxxxxx~~ and Sinner slips down the hidden chute. just as Bellairs and his detectives burst into room. Vanderhood is with them. He as followed the patrol wagon in his car, and now he rushes to Sylvia, but she will not let him touch her.

There is a pounding on the closet door. Bellairs opens it and Crane falls out. He is manacled. He cries:

"Sergeant Bellairs: Saint and Sinner are one and the same man".

This registers and then the question arises, where is he? Sylvia is mute. She will not speak.

Meanwhile, we get a closeup on the patrol wagon waiting below. The driver stops to fiddle about for a match to light his cigarette.

As he does so, we see what looks like a shadow crawl out of the basement, It goes under the wheels of the patrol wagon, to the right side, and suddenly, with watlike speed Sinner is aboard.

The startled driver falls over with the impact of the crash upon his head. Sinner knocks him off the wagon.

■ NOW SINNER IS AT THE WHEEL

The race that follows is absolutely original and never been done in a picture before. It offers tremendous thrilling possibilities.

We are to see a Police Patrol, Wagon going full speed through streets, the siren screeching; all vehicles getting out of the way and scattering to either side to give it the the right of way.

The hour is now about six o'clock and the home going crowds stop to watch the Patrol wagon go by.

Out pour from the tenement house Bellairs and his men. The patrol has gone. ~~xxxxxx~~ Saint or Sinner has escaped. They rush ~~across the street~~ and thither and Bellairs leaps for the Police station. We see him at the telephone. The Alarm is spread.

Almost impossible to take the fugitive, but from gradually from every direction, we see coming through the streets motorcycle police.

~~Sinnerx~~

Cut to a Police Desk. Bellairs at Phone. He is Phoning Brooklyn. precinct.

~~Cutxxxxxxxflash~~

Cut to brief flash of Brooklyn desk sergeant getting message.

Message:

STOP RUNAWAY PATROL. HEADED FOR BROOKLYN
BRIDGE. SAINT ABOARD.

Order given for Brooklyn Motorcycle squad.
Show the starting of this squad, twenty strong.
Cut to Sinner driving patrol, with motorcycles
chasing him, and vehicles getting out of his way.
(Stock shots can be used of the milling crowds of Fifth
Broadway, Newspaper Square and Brooklyn Bridge)

As Sinner ~~approaches~~ drives over Bridge approach
close up of him blowing so eaming siren. Everything o
Roadway pulling to one side for Police Patrol.

Now show the Brooklyn end of Bridge, and twenty
motorcycles, with police aboard spreading out fan shape
across the end.

SINNER IS TRAPPED.

As the motorcycles bear down upon him, we see
the Patrol Wagon come to a dead stop.

SINNER LEAPS OUT. With amazing agility he
climbers up handrail to cable, and shinnies up to footpath
to main top cable.

Below the Police are jumping off. Some are
getting ready to follow, but he has gone up and up with
lightning speed. toward the tower. Show contrast of
his speed to the laborious climbing of the Police.