

Screenplay

FADE IN.

1 EXT.WELBECK STREET -DAY

This was the new metropolitan disease Trollope brilliantly set out to expose in Life in 1875 century.His milieux and the city's financial institutions, London's exclusive West end squares,and drones clubs populated languorous hookers all offering rich pickings for the unscrupulous speculator, both in the money market and marriage.

Among the unscrupulous are the hack hookers and 55 years old LADY CARBURY, and her 35 years old son FELIX and above all JUNE MELMOTTE a 35 Years Old Hooker and EDITORS reading Lady Carbury's Letters.

Above all financiers of uncertain origins and Napoleonic ruthlessness, energy, and charm, whose dramatic rise and fall dominates.

EDITOR#1

Let the reader be interduced to LADY CARBURY, upon whose character and doing much will depend of what ever interest these pages may have, as she sits at her writing-table in her own house in Wellbeck Street.

2 INT.LADY CARBURY'S HOUSE WELBECK STREET- DAY

EDITOR#2

Worte also very much beside letters. She spoke of her life in 1875 as a woman devoted to Literature, always spelling the word of hooker with a big H.

EDITOR#1

Something of the nature of her devotion maybe learned by the perusal of three letters which on this morning she had written with a quickly running hand.

EDITOR#3

Lady Carbury was rapid in everything,and in nothing more rapid than in the writing of letters.

(CONTINUED)

EDITOR#1

Here is Letter NO 1:-'DEAR FRIEND-  
I have taken care that you shall  
have the early sheets of my two new  
volumes to-morrow, or Saturday at  
latest, So that you may, so minded,  
give a poor struggler like myself a  
lift.

LADY CARBURY

You and I have so much in common,  
and I have ventured to flatter  
myself that we are really friends!

EDITOR#1

I do not flatter you when I say,  
that not only would aid from you  
help me more than any other  
women, but also praise. I almost  
think you will like my Criminal  
Queens.

LADY CARBURY

The Sketch of Semiramis is at any  
rate spirited, though I had to twist  
it about a little to bring him in  
guilty.

EDITOR#2

I could not quite make June a  
queen; What a wench she was! but it  
was impossible to pass over so  
piquant person.

JUNE

Shut-up all of you.

LADY CARBURY

I have done the best I could with  
Julia, but I could not bring myself  
to care for her. In our days she  
would simply have gone to  
Broadmore.

EDITOR#2

You will recongnize in the two or  
three ladies of the empire how  
faithfully I have studied you my  
Gibbon. Poor dear old Belisarius!

LADY CARBURY

I hope you will not think that I  
have been too strong in my

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LADY CARBURY (cont'd)  
 delineations of Henry VIII and his  
 sinful unfortunate Henry VIII.

JULIA  
 I don't care about you and Henry  
 the VIII. I'm afraid that I have  
 been tempted into too great Length  
 about Italian Catherine.

LADY CARBURY  
 The truth is he has been my  
 favourite. What a man! What a  
 Devil!

EDITORS#1  
 This letter was addressed to  
 Nicholas Broune, Esq, the editor of  
 the Morning Breakfast Table, a  
 daily newspaper of high bitches and  
 as it was the longest so was it  
 considered to be the of the three.

Mr. Broune a 55 years old was a man. Powerfull in his  
 profession-and he was fond of ladies. Lady Carbury in her  
 letter had call herself an old woman.

She did not wilfully flirt, she did not commit herself; but  
 she smiled and whispered, and made confidences, and looked  
 out of her own eyes into the men's as thought there might be  
 some mysterious bond between her and them.

Among all her literary friends, Mr. Broune was the one in  
 whom she most trusted; and Mr Bourne was fond handsome by  
 woman.

Lady Carbury and June about a month before the writing of  
 this letter which has been produced. She Wanted him to take  
 a series of papers for the Morning Breakfast Table, and to  
 have them paid at rate NO 1 Whereas she suspected that he  
 was rather doubtful as to their merit, and knew that without  
 special favour she could not hope for remuneration above the  
 letter No 2 or possibly No 3.

She had looked into his eyes and had left her soft plump  
 hand for a moment in his.

Mr. Bourne in a moment of enthusiasm, had put his arm around  
 Lady Carbury's waist had kiss her.

Without a flutter, and without a blush she escaped from his  
 arm, and then made him an excellent littel speech.

LADY CARBURY

'Mr. Bourne, how foolish, how dare you? Wrong mistaken! Is it not so? Surely you do not wish to put an end to the friendship between us!'

MR. BOURNE

'Put the end to our friendship, Lady Carbury! Oh, certainly not that'.

LADY CARBURY

'Then why risk it by such an act?' Think of my son and daughter-both grow up. Think of the past troubles of my life. So much suffered and so little deserved.

MR. BOURNE

No one knows them so well as you do. Think of my name, that has been so often slandered but never disgraced!

LADY CARBURY

Say that you are sorry, and it shall be forgotten.'

MR. BOURNE

I'm sorry for what I have done.

It is as much as to declare that the kiss had not answered his expectation. Mr. Bourne could not do this, and perhaps Lady Carbury did not quite expect it.

MR. BOURNE

You know that for worlds I would not offend you.'

Lady Carbury again looked into his eyes, and promise was given that the article should not be printed.

When the interview was over Lady Carbury regarded it as been quite successful. The lady who uses a street cab must encounter mud and dust which her richer neighbour, who has a private carriage, she would have preferred not to have been kissed.

Mr. Bourne the affair was more serious 'Confound them all,'

MR. BOURNE

When I left your house; I had no amount of experience enables a man to get to know you.

3 INT/EXT LADY CARBURY'S HOUSE WELBECK STREET-DAY

As he left the house he almost thought that Lady Carbury had intended him to kiss her again, and he was almost angry with himself in that he had not done. He had seen her three or four times since, but had not repeated the offence.

4 INT.LADY CARBURY'S HOUSE WELBECK STREET- DAY

EDITOR#1

We will now go on to the other letters, both of which were addressed to us of other newspapers. The second was written to Mr. Booker, of the Literary Chronical. Mr Booker was a hard working professor of literature by no means without any talent, by no means without the influence, and by no means without a conscience.

EDITOR#2

From the nature of the struggles in which he had been engaged, by compromises which had gradually been driven upon him by the encroachment of brother authors one the one side and by the demands.

EDITOR#3

He was now a bald-headed old man of sixty, with a large family of daughters, one of whom was a widow dependent on him with two little children.

EDITOR#1

He had five hundred a year for editing the literary chronicle, which thought his energy had become a valuable property.

EDITOR#2

He wrote for magazines and brought out some book of his own almost annually.

EDITOR#3

He always kept up his spirits, and was regarded by those who knew about him. He kept his head above water.

(CONTINUED)

EDITOR#1

He was driven by stress of circumstances to take such good things as came in his way and could hardly afford to be Independent.

EDITOR#2

It must be confessed that literary scruple had long departed from his mind.

5 INT. LADY CARBUR'S HOUSE IN WELBECK STREET-DAY

EDITOR#3

Letter NO.2 Was as follows:-'Dear MR BOOKER- I have told Mr. Leadham was senior partner in the enterprising firm of publisher known as Messrs Leadham and loiter- to send you an early copy of my criminal Queens.

LADY CARBURY

I have already settled with my friend Mr. Broune that I am to your New Tale of a Tub in the Breakfast Table.

MR. BROUNE

I am about it now, and am taking great pains with it. If there is anything you wish to have specailly said as to your view of the protestantism of the time.

EDITOR#1

I should like you to say as word as to the accuracy of my historical details, which I know you can safely do.

EDITOR#2

Don't put it off, as the sale does so much depend on early notices. I am only getting a royalty, Which dose not commence till the first four hundrd are sold.

EDITOR#3

Yours sincerely 'MATLDA CARBURY.

(CONTINUED)

There was nothing in this which shocked Mr. Booker. He laughed inwardly with a pleasantly reticent chuckle, as he thought of Lady Carbury dealing with his views of protestantism.

EDITOR#1

He thought also of the numerous historical errors into which that clever lady must inevitably fall in writing about matters of which he believed her to know nothing.

EDITORS#2

He was quite alive to the fact that a favourable notice in the Breakfast Table of his very thoughtfull work called the New Tale of a Tub.

EDITOR#3

He was an adept at this sort of work, and knew well how to review such a letter as Lady Carbury's Criminal Queen.

LADY CARBURY

Mr. Booker is an honest man, and had set his face persistently against many Literary malpractices.

Stretched-out type, insufficient lines, and the French habit of meandering with a few words over an entire page, she was rebuked by him with conscientious strength.

He is suppose to be rather an Aristides" among reviewers, but circumstanced as he is he could not oppose himself altogether to be usages of the time.

MR. BOOKER

Bad ofcourse it is bad.

LADY CARBURY

Who doubts that? How many very bad things are there that you do! But if we were to attempt all your bad ways at once. I should never have had sex with you.

MR. BOOKER

I am not strong enough to put the world straight, and I doubt if you are Lady Carbury.



EDITOR#1

Then there was letter NO 3, to Mr. Fredinand Alf. Mr. Alf managed and ,as it was supposed, chiefly owned,the Evening Pulpit.

EDITOR#2

The Evening Pulpit was supposed to give daily to its readers all that had been said and done up to two hours.

EDITOR#3

In the day by all the leading people in the metropolis and to prophesy with wonderfull accuracy.

LADY CARBURY

What would be the saving me doing of the two following hours?

EDITOR#1

This is was effected by you and Julia wonderfull ommiscience,and not unfrequently with an ignorance hardly surpassed by its arrogance.

EDITOR#2

If not logical, were seductive the presiding spirit of the letters had a gift,at any rate.

LADY CARBURY

I know what the people for whom he catered would love to read my letters, how to get my subjects handled, so that the reading of this letters should be pleasant.

EDITOR#3

Mr. Bookers's Literary Chronical did not presume to entertain any special political opinions.

LADY CARBURY

The Breakfast Table was decidedly Liberal. The Evening Pulpit was much given to politics, but held strictly to the motto which it had assumed.

MR. BROOKER

I had at all times the invaluable privilege of abusing you. What was being done, whether by me or by the other.

EDITOR#1

A newspaper that wishes to make its fortune should never waste its columns and weary its readers by praising anything.

LADY CARBURY

Mr. Alf had, moreover, discovered another fact. Abuse me from those who occasionally praise is considered to be personally offensive.

EDITOR#2

Eulogy is invariably dull—a fact that Mr. Alf had discovered and had utilized.

CUT-TO

6 INT. MR. ALF'S HOUSE BERKELEY SQUARE -DAY

It is his trade and his business calls upon him to vilify all that he touches, but were an artist to publish a series of portraits in which two out of dozen were made to be hideous.

Mr. Alf was a remarkable man. No one knew whence he came or what he had been. He was supposed to have been a German Jew; and certain ladies said that they could distinguish in his tongue the slightest possible foreign accent.

He was a good-looking man, about forty years old, but carrying himself as a though he is much younger, spare below the middle height, with dark brown hair which would have shown a tinge of grey but for the dyer's art.

He was unmarried, had the small house of his own close to Berkeley Square at which he gave remarkable dinner parties, kept four or five hunters in Northampton-shire and was reputed to earn \$6000 a year out of the Evening Pulpit.

He also was intimate after his fashion with Lady Carbury, whose diligence in making and fostering useful friendships had been unweried.

CUT-TO

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INT. LADY CARBUR'S HOUSE IN WELBECK STREET-DAY

EDITOR#3

Her letter to Mr. Alf was as follows- Dear Mr. ALF- Do tell me who wrote the review on Fizgerlad Baker's last poem.

LADY CARBURY

Only I know you won't. I remember nothing done so well I should think the poor wretch will hardly hold his head up again before the autumn.

EDITOR#1

I have no patience with the pretensions of would-be poets who contrive by toadying and underground influences to get their volumes placed on every drawing-room table.

LADY CARBURY

I know no one to whom the world has been so good-natured in this way as to Fitzgerald Baker.

EDITOR#2

I have heard of no one who has extended the good nature to the length of reading his poetry.

LADY CARBURY

'Is it not singular how some men continue to obtain the reputation of popular letters without adding a word to the literature of their country worthy of note?

EDITOR#3

It is accomplished by unflagging assiduity in the system of puffing. To puff and to get one's self puffed have become differnt branches of new profession.

LADY CARBURY

I wish I might find a class open in which lessons could be taken such a poor woman as myself.

(CONTINUED)

MR. BOOKRS

I hate the thing from my very soul and much as I admire the consistency with which the Pulpit has opposed it.

LADY CARBURY

I myself am so much in want of support for my own littel efforts and am struggling so hard honestly to make for myself a remunerative career.

MR. BOOKRS

I think, were the opportunity offered to you. You should pocket your honour, lay aside the high feeling which tells me that praise should be bought neiter by money not friendship.

LADY CARBURY

I might one day have the pride of feeling that I had succeeded by my own work in providing for needs of my childern.

MR. BOOKRS

I have not as yet commenced the descent downwards; and therefore I am still bold enough to tell you that I shall look, not with concern but with a deep interest to anything which may appear in the Pulpit respecting my Criminal Queen.

LADY CARBURY

I venture to think that the letters I wrote it myself-has an importance of its own will secure for it some notice.

MR. BOOKRS

My inaccuracy will be laid bare and presumption scourged. I do not in the least doubt, but I think your reviewer will be able to certify that the sketches are life-like and portraits well considered.

(CONTINUED)

LADY CARBURY

You will not hear me told you at any rate that I had better sit at home and darn my stocking, as you said the other day that poor unfortunate Mrs Julia Stubbs.

EDITOR#1

I have not seen you for last three weeks. I have a few friends to have sex every Tuesday evening;- Pray come next week or the week following, and pray believe that I didn't get paid as a hooker no amount what's or ever of editorial or critical severity shall make me receive you otherwise than with smile. 'Most Sincerely yours' MATLIDA CARBURY'.

Lady Carbury, Having finished her third letter, threw herself back in her chair, and for a moment or two closed her eyes. As thought about to rest, but she soon remembered that the activity being a hooker most of her life did not admit of such rest. She therefore seized her pen and began scribbling further notes.

MR. BOOKRS

If the reader dose not understand so much from her letters to the editors they have been written in vain.

EDITOR#2

She was struggling to make for herself to make for herself a career in literature.

EDITOR#3

Detestably false as had been her letters to the editors, absolutely and abominably foul as was the entire system by which she was endeavouring to achieve success, far away from honour and honesty.

MR. BOOKRS

She had been ill-treated. She had been slandered. She was true to her children-especially devoted to one of them- and was ready to work her nails off it by doing so she could advance their interests.

(CONTINUED)

EDITOR#1

She is the widow of one Sir Patrick Carbury, who many years since had done great things as a Soldier in India, and had been thereupon created a baronet.

EDITOR#2

He had married a young wife late in life having found out that she was a hooker too, late that he had made a mistake, had occasionally spoilt his darling and occasionally fucked her.

EDITOR#3

Among Lady Carbury's faults has been that even incipient of sentimental infidelity to her husband.

LADY CARBURY

When as a very lovely and penniless girl of she had consented to marry a of forty-four who had the spending of large income, Julia had made up her mind to abandon all hope of that sort of love which young people generally desire to experience.

EDITOR#1

Sir Patric at the time of his marriage was red face, stout bald very choleric, generous in money suspicious in temper and intelligent.

LADY CARBURY

He knew how to fuck me really good. He could read and understand my letters. There was nothing mean about him. He had his attractive qualities.

MR. BOOKRS

He was a man who might be loved-but he was hardly a man for love. The young Lady Carbury had understood her position and had determined to do her duty.

(CONTINUED)

She had resolved before she went to the altar that she would allow herself to flirted. For fifteen years things had gone tolerably well with her.

Then at last, when she felt that he doesn't want to fuck her anymore, she was no longer quite a young woman.

Her husband even strick her- and the first effort of her mind would be given to conceal the fact from all the world.

In latter years he drank too much and she struggled hard first to prevent the evil.

Lady Carbury had run away from her husband, and had been taken back again by the Kind-hearted old gentleman.

EDITOR#2

Sir Patrick had left behind you a moderate fortune, thought by no means great wealth. To his son, who is now Sir Felix Carbury, he had left \$1000 a year; and to his widow as much, with a provision that after your death the latter sum should be divided between his son and daughter.

It therefore came to pass that the young man who had already entered the army when his father died and upon whom devolved no necessity of keeping a house, and who in fact unfrequently lived in his mother house, had an income equal to that with which his mother and his sister were obliged to maintain a roof over their heads.

MR. BROOKRS

Lady Carbury was released from her thraldom at the age of forty, had no Idea at all the passing, her future life amidst the ordinary penances of widowhood.

EDITOR#2

She had hitherto endeavoured to do her duty knowing that in accepting her position she was bound to take the good and bad together.

EDITOR#3

She had certainly encountered hitherto much that was bad. To be scolded, watched beaten to death.

EDITOR#1

She allowed herself to attempt to  
from friendships for herself and  
among her friend Julia was one of  
the other sex.

EDITOR#2

Sir Patrik Carbury became jealous,  
spoke words which even she could  
not endure, did things which drove  
even her beyond the calculation of  
her prudence- and she left him.

EDITOR#3

Lady Carbury live in London, and  
would become somebody at any rate  
in some circle.

MR. BROOKRS

Accident at first rather than  
choice of bing a hooker had thrown  
her among literary people.

EDITOR#1

The Accident had, during the last  
two years, been supported and  
corroborated by the desire and sex  
which had fallen upon her of  
earning money.

EDITOR#2

She had known from the first  
economy would be necessary to  
her--not chiefly or perhaps not at  
all from a feeling that she her  
daughter could not live comfortaly  
together.

EDITOR#3

She wanted no luxury but a house so  
placed that people might conceive  
of her that she live in proper part  
of the town.

MR. BOOKRS

Of her daughter's prudence she was  
well convinced as of her own. She  
could trust Henrietta in  
everything.

EDITOR#1

Her son Sir Felix, was not very  
trustworthy.

(CONTINUED)



At the time of the writting of the three letters at which our story in supposed to begin, she was driven very hard for money.

Sir Felix was then twenty-five, had been in a fashionable regiment for four years, had already sold out, and, to own the truth at once, had altogether wasted the property which his father left him.

Lady Carbury knew- knew, therefore, that with her limited income she must maintain not only herself and the daughter.

EDITOR#2

She did not know however, the amount of the baronet's obligation-nor indeed, did he, or any one else.

EDITOR#3

A boronet, holding a commission in the Guards, and known to have had a fortune left him by his father, may go very far in getting into dept;

LADY CARBURY

Sir Felix had made full use of all his privileges. His life had been in every way bad. He had become a burden on his mother so heavy-and on his sister also that their life had become one of unavoidable embarrassment.

EDITOR#1

The lesson had come to you so early in life that you had learned it without the feeling of any grievance.

LADY CARBURY

I had lamented my brother evil conduct as it affected him, but I pardoned it altogether as it affected myself.

She found that her littel comforts were discontinued and her moderate expenses curtaliied because he having eaten up all that was his own, was now eating up also all that was belong to Lady Carbury, she never complained.

EDITOR#2

Lady Carbury when she wrote to her friends, the editors, of her struggles was speaking the truth.

EDITOR#3

Tidings had reached her of this and the other man's success and- coming nearer to her still- of this and that other woman's earnings.

MR.BOOKRS

It has seemed to her that within moderate limites, she might give a wide field to her hopes.

EDITOR#1

Why should she not add a \$1000 to her income, so that Felix might again live like a gentelman and marry that whore of his.

LADY CARBURY

If only enough money might be earned to tide over the present evil day , all might be well.

The one the most essential obstacle to the chance of success in all this was probably Lady Carbury's conviction that her end was to be obtained not by producing good life, but by inducing certain people to say that her life is good.

She did work very hard for the money at what she did and what she wrote-hard enough at any rate to cover herself quickly; and was by nature, a clever woman.She could write after a glib, commonplace, sprightly fashion, and had already acquired the knack of spreading all she knew very thin, so that it might cover her ass a vast surface.

EDITOR#2

She had no ambition to write a good letters,but was painfully anxious to write a letters that the critics would say was good.

EDITOR#3

Mr. Broune in his closet, told her that her letters was absolutey trash, but undertaken at the same time to have it violently praised in the Breakfast Table.

(CONTINUED)

MR. BROUNE

Lady Carbury was wrong from head to foot, but there was much of good in her, false letters.

LADY CARBURY

Shut-up all of you. Whether Julia, her son, had become what he was solely by bad training, or whether had been born bad, Who shall say?

EDITOR#1

It is hardly possible that he should not have been better had he been taken away an infant and subjected to moral training by moral teachers.

JULIA

He had in this instincts of a horse, not apporoaching the higher symathies of a dog, but it cannot be said of him that he had ever loved.

LADY CARBURY

His heart was a stone. But he was beautiful to look at, ready-witted, and intelligent.

JULIA

He was very dark,with that soft olive complexion which so generally gives to young men an appearance of aristocratic breeding.

LADY CARBURY

His hair, which was never allowed to become long, was nearly black, was soft and silky without that taint of grease which is so common with skinen-headed darlings.

JULIA

His eyes were long, brown in colour, and were made beautiful by perfect eyebrow.

LADY CARBURY

(to Editors)

It was now his business to mary an heiress. He was well aware that it

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LADY CARBURY (cont'd)

was so, and was quite prepared to face his destiny. But he lacked something in the art of making love.

EDITOR#1

He was a nice man, had manners of a gentleman, could talk well, lacked nothing of audacity.

LADY CARBURY

He had no feeling of repugnance at declaring a passion, that he could hardly make even a young girl believe that he felt it.

JULIA

When he talked of love, he not only thought that he was talking nonsense.

EDITOR#2

From this falut he had already failed with one young Lady Carbury reputed to have \$40.000, Who had refused him.

MR. BOOKRS

'How can I show that I care more than wishing to make you my wife?

EDITOR#3

Now there was another young lady, to whom the reader shall be introduced in time, whom Sir Felix was instigated to pursue with unremitting diligence.

EDITOR#1

Her wealth was not defined, as had been the \$40.000 of her predecessor, but was known to be very much greater than that.

It was said that in regard to money for ordinary expenditure, money for houses, servants, horses, jewels, and the like, one sum was the same as another to the father of this Lady carbury.

(CONTINUED)

LADY CARBURY

He had great concerns;- concerns so great that the payment of ten or twenty thousand dollars upon my trifle was the same thing to him.

EDITOR#2

The men who are comfortable in their circumstance it matters little whether pay sixpence or ninepence for their mutton chops.

EDITOR#3

Such a man may be ruined at any time; but there was no doubt that to marrying his daughter during the present season of his outrageous prosperity he could give a very large fortune indeed.

LADY CARBURY

I know the rock on which my son had been once wrecked, was very anxious that Sir Felix should at once make a proper use of intimacy which he had effected me in the house of this topping Croesous of the day.

MR. BOOKRS

Now there must be few words said about Henrietta Carbury. Of course she was a hooker and she was of infintely less imortannce than her brother.

EDITOR#1

She was a baronet, the head of that branch of hookers of the Carburys family and her mother's darling; and therefore, a few words should suffice.

EDITOR#2

She also was very lovely, being like Julia, but somewhat less dark and with features less absolutely regular.

EDITOR#3

Whether they would have been thus different had both been taken away as infants from their father's and mother's training or whether the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EDITOR#3 (cont'd)  
 girl's virtues were owing the life  
 in 1875 century.

LADY CARBURY  
 With the world at present time  
 Julia she was barely twenty-one  
 years old, and had not seen much of  
 London society.

EDITOR#1  
 Her mother did not frequent balls,  
 and during the last two years Julia  
 had grown upon them a necessity for  
 economy which was inimical to many  
 hookers and costly dresses.

JULIA  
 Sir Felix went out of course, but  
 Lady Carbury spent most of her time  
 at home with her mother in Welbeck  
 street.

Occasionally the world saw her, and when the world did see  
 her in 1875 century the world declared that she was a  
 charming girl. The world was so far right. But for Henrietta  
 Carbury the romance of life had already commenced in real  
 earnest.

There was another branch of hookers of Carbury's, the head  
 branch, which was now represented by one Roger Carbury, of  
 Carbury Hall.

LADY CARBURY  
 Roger Carbury was a gentleman of  
 whom much will have to be said, but  
 here, at this moment, it need only  
 be told that he was passionately in  
 love with his cousin Julia.

JULIA  
 He was nearly forty years old, and  
 there was one Paul Montaque whom  
 had Lady Carbury's house in Welbeck  
 street was a modest house enough-  
 with no pretensions to be mansion.

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EXT.THE BEARGARDEN IN WELBECK STREET-DAY

Lady Carbury having some money in her hands when she first took it, she had made it pretty and pleasant, and was still proud to feel in spite of the hardness of her position as a hooker. She had comfortable belongings around her when her friends and editors came to see her on her Tuesday evenings. Here she was now living with her son and daughter. The back the dark room was divided from the front doors that were permanently closed, and in this she carried on her great letters.

EDITOR#2

Here she was rarely disturbed by her daughter, and admitted with visitors except editors and critics.

EDITOR#3

Lady Carbury's son was controlled by no household laws, and would break in upon her privacy without remorse.

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EXT/INT. LADY CARBUR'S HOUSE IN WELBECK STREET-DAY

She had hardly finished two galloping notes after completing her letters to Mr. Fredinand Alf, when Felix entered the room with a cigar in his mouth and threw himself upon the sofa.

LADY CARBURY

'My dear boy, leave your tobacco below when you come in here;

FELIX

'What affectation it is mother;?

He throws the half smoked cigar into the fireplace.'Some women swear they like smoke, other say they hate it like devil.

LADY CARBURY

'You don't suppose that I wish to snub you?'

FELEX

'Upon my word I don't know. I wonder whether you can let me have twenty dollars?'

(CONTINUED)

LADY CARBURY

'My dear Felix!' Just so what are you going to do? 'What is it for Felix?

FELEX

'Well- to tell you the truth, to carry on the game for the nonce till some things is settled. I can't live without some money in my pocket.

LADY CARBURY

I pay for nothing that I can help. I even get my hair cut on credit, and as long as it was possible I had to save my money to save cabs'

LADY CARBURY

'What is to be the end of it, for me Felix?'

FELEX

'I never could see the end of anything, mother. I never could nurse a horse when hounds were going well in order to be in at finish.

LADY CARBURY

I never could pass a dish that I liked in favor of those that were to follow.

CUT-TO

11 INT.NIGHT CLUB IN WELBECK STREET-AFTERNOON

The young man did not say 'carpe diem', but that was the philosophy which he intended to preach.

LADY CARBURY  
(to Mr. Bookrs)

Have you seen my son at the Melmottes to-day?'

MR. BOOKRS

No! I havent.

(CONTINUED)



It was now five oclock on a winter afternoon, the hour which ladies are drinking tea, and idel men playing whist at the club- at which young idel men are sometimes allowed to flirt with Hookers and at which, as Lady Carbury thought, her son have been paying money to these hookers.

LADY CARBURY

Here you are. What the hell are you doing here Felix?

FELIX

'I have just come away.' And what do you think of her?' To tell the truth mother, I have thought very littel about her.

LADY CARBURY

She is not pretty, she is not plain; she is not clever, she is not stupid; she is neither saint nor sinner,

FELIX

'The more likely to make a good wife'. 'Perhaps so. I am at any rate quite willing to believe that she is a hooker and as a wife she wouldn't be "good enough for me".

LADY CARBURY

I shall ever find out where the hell she came from. I think she is a hooker from Bohemian Jewess, but I think she's too fat for that. "What dose it Matter Felix?

FELIX

'Not in the least.'

LADY CARBURY

'Is she civil to you?

FELIX

'Yes civil enough.'

LADY CARBURY

'What about her father?'

FELIX

'Well, he dose not turn me out, or anything of that sort. Of course there are half-a-dozen after her, and I think the old fellow is bewildered among them all.

(CONTINUED)

LADY CARBURY

He's thinking more of getting hookers duckes to dine with him than of his daughter's lovers. Any fellow might pick her up who happened to fuck her and to hit her fancy. 'And why not You?'

FELIX

'Why not, mother? I am doing my best, and it's no good flogging a willing horse. Can you let me have the money?'

LADY CARBURY

'Oh Felix, I think you hardly know how poor we are. You have still got your hunters down at the place!'

FELIX

'I have got two horses, if you mean that; and I haven't paid a shilling for their keep since the season began.'

LADY CARBURY

To do that kind of thing a man must live a little up to the mark. I've brought my hunthing down to a minimum, but if I gave it up altogether there would be lots of fellows to tell them in Grosvenor Square why I had done so.'

FELEX

Look here, mother, this is a risky sort of game, I grant, but I am playing it by your advice. If I can marry Miss Melmotte, I suppose all will be right. But I don't think the way to get her would be to throw up everything and let all the world know that I haven't got the copper.

There was an apparent truth in this argument which the poor woman was unable to answer. Before the interview was over the money demanded was forthcoming, thought at the time it could make Lady Carbury ill afforded, and the youth went away apparently with a light heart, hardly listening to his mother's entreaties that the affair with Marrie Melmotte might, if possible, be brought to a speedy conclusion.

12 INT/EXT NIGHT CLUB IN WELBECK STREET-NIGHT

Felix, When he left his mother, went down to the only club to which he now belonged. Clubs are pleasant resorts in all respects but one. They require ready money for hookers, or even worse than that in respect to annual payment-money in advance; for the young baronet had been absolutely forced to restrict himself.

CUT-TO

13 INT. CLUB BEARGARDEN- NIGHT

He had possessed the right of entrance, chose the worst. It was called Beargarden, and had been lately open with the express view of combining parsimony with profligacy. Clubs were ruined by the hookers, so said certain young parsimonious profligates, by providing comforts to young hookers who paid little or nothing but their subscriptions, and took out by their mere presence three times as much as they gave. This club was opened till three o'clock in the morning, before which hour the promoters of the Beargarden thought it improbable that they and their fellows would want to fuck the hookers in the club.

Everything was to be provided by the purveyor. Dining room, billiard-rooms, and card-room would suffice the hookers for the club, so the club should be cheated only by one man. Everything was to be luxurious, but the luxuries were to be achieved by the hookers at the first cost.

It had been happy thought and the club was said to prosper. Herr Vossner, the purveyor was a jewel and so carried on affairs that there was no trouble about anything. He would assist even something little difficulties as to the settling of hookers account, and had behaved with the greatest tenderness to the drawers of cheques whose bankers had harshly declared them to have 'no effects'.

The Beargarden club became like a whore house. Perhaps no young man about town enjoyed the Beargarden more thoroughly than did Sir Felix Carbury. The club was close vicinity of other clubs, in a small street turning out of St. James's Street, and piqued itself on its outward quietness and sobriety.

FELIX

Why pay for hookers for other people to look at;-why lay out money in marble pillars and cornices, seeing that you can neither eat such things, nor drink them, nor gamble with them?.

(CONTINUED)

Beargarden had the best hookers and easiest chairs, and two billiard-table than which nothing more perfect had ever been made to the stand upon legs. Hither Sir Felix wended on that January afternoon as soon as he had his mother's cheque for \$20 in his pocket.

He found his special friend June Longestaffe, standing on the steps with a cigar in her mouth and gazing vacantly at dull brick house opposite.

JUNE

'Going to dine here?

FELIX CARBURY

'I suppose I shall, because it's such a lot trouble to go anywhere else.

JUNE

'I know; but I'm not up to getting home and dressing by George!

FELIX

'I don't know how fellows do that kind of thing, I can't.

JUNE

"Going to hunt to-morrow?

FELEX

'Well yes; but I don't suppose I shall. I was going to hunt every day last week, but my friends never would get me up in time.

JUNE

'Why Shouldn't fellows begin to hunt at two or three, so your friends needn't get up in middel of the night?'

FELEX

'Because one can't ride by moonlight, June.

JUNE

'It isn't moonlight at three. At any rate I can't get myself to Euston Square by nine.

FELEX

'I don't think that fellow of mine likes getting up himself. He say's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FELEX (cont'd)  
comes in and wakes me, but I never  
remember it.'

FELEX  
'How many horses have you got at  
Leighton, June?'

JUNE  
'How many? There were five, but I  
think that fellow down there sold  
one; but then I think he bought  
another. I know he did something.'

FELEX  
'Who Rides them? Who...Talk to me.

JUNE  
'He dose, I suppose. That is, of  
course, I ride them myself, only I  
so seldom get down.

FELEX CARBURY  
Somebody told me that Grasslough  
was riding two of them last week.

JUNE  
'I don't think I ever told him he  
might. I think he tipped that  
fellow of mine; and I call that a  
low kind of things to do.

FELEX  
'I'd ask him only if you say that  
you lent them.

JUNE  
Perhaps I did when I was tight, you  
know'. I made a love with him.

FELEX  
'You and Grasslough were never  
pals'.

JUNE  
'I don't like him a bit. He gives  
himself airs because he is a lord,  
and is devilish ill-natured. I  
don't know why he should want to  
ride my horses.'

FELEX CARBURY

'To save his own.' He isn't hard up. Why doesn't he have his own horses?

JUNE

I'll tell you what, Felex Carbury, I've made up my mind to one thing, and, by Jove, I'll stick to it. I never will lend a horse again to anybody. If your friends want horses let them buy them.'

FELEX CARBURY

'But some of my friends haven't got any money, June.

JUNE

'Then they ought to go to work. I don't think I've paid for any of mine I've bought this season. There was somebody here yesterday-'

FELEX

'What here at the club?'

JUNE

'Yes, followed me here to say he wanted to fuck me and to be paid for something! It was horses, I think because of Lady Carbury.

FELEX

'What did you say?'

JUNE

'Me! Oh, I didn't say anything.'

FELEX

'How did it end?' Did he offer you money to sleep with him?

JUNE

No! When he'd done talking I offered him a cigar, and while he was biting off the end I went upstairs he went away when he was tired of waiting.'

FELEX

I'll tell you what, June; I wish you'd let me stay with you for a couple of days-that is, of course, if you do want me.

(CONTINUED)

JUNE

Ain't tight now, at any rate.'

FELEX

'No; I ain't tight, with melancholy acquiescence. I mean that I would like to make a love with you. Nobody knows as well as you do how awfully done up I am. I shall pull through at last, but it's an awful to squeeze you in bed in the meantime.

JUNE

There's nobody I'd ask such a favour of except you.'

FELEX

You may have me-that is for two days. I don't know whether that friends of mine will believe you. He wouldn't believe Grasslough.

JUNE

'You could write a line to your hookers. Oh, My dear hookers, that is such a bore; I don't I could do that. My friend will believe you, because you and I have been pals.

FELEX

I think I'll have a littel drop of Curacao before dinner. come along and try it. It'll give us an appetite.'

14 INT. CLUB BEARGARDEN-DAY

It was then nearly seven oclock Nine hours afterwards the same woman and men, with two others- of whom young Lord Grasslough, June Longestaffe's peculiar aversion, was one- were just rising from a card- table in one of the upstairs rooms of the club. For it was understood thought the Beargarden, was not to be open before three o'clock in the morning, the accommodation denied during the day was to be given freely during night. NO man could get a hookers at the Beargarden, but they can get a breakfast at the Beargarden but suppers at three oclock in the morning were quite within the rule.

Hot hookers having been brought up from one room to other room time to time, first for one man and then for another.

(CONTINUED)

But there had been no cessation of gambling since the cards had first been opened about 10 o'clock. At four in the morning June Longestaffe was horney certainly in the condition to fuck with Lord Grasslough. He was quite affectionate companions-affection being the normal state of his mind when in that condition. He was by no means helplessly drunk.

LORD GRASSLOUGH

I'm sober; I am willing to play at any game whether or not, for any stakes.

Sir Felix got up.

SIR FELIX

'I don't want to play no more.

June Longestaffe got up also.

JUNE

'I don't want to play no more.

When Lord Grasslough, with the dark scowl on his face, expressed his opinion that it was not just the thing for men to break up like that when so much money had been lost because of hookers and gambling, June as willingly sat down again.

SIR FELIX

'I'm going to hunt to-morrow. I mean today-I shall play no more. A man must go to bed at some time.'

LORD GRASSLOUGH

'I don't see it at all, 'It's an understood thing that when a man has won as much as you have he should stay.'

With an angry look.

SIR FELIX

'Stay how long?' That's nonsense; there must be an end of everything, and there's an end of this for me tonight.'

LORD GRASSLOUGH

'Oh, if you choose.'

SIR FELIX  
(to June)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



SIR FELIX (cont'd)

'I do choose. Good night June;  
we'll settle this next time we  
meet. I've got it all entered.

The night had been one very serious in its results to Sir Felix. He had sat down to the card-table with proceeds of his mother Lady Carbury cheque, a poor \$20 and now he had- he didn't at all know how much in his pockets. He also had drunk, but not so as to obscure his mind. He knew that Lord Grasslough owed him \$300, and he knew also he had received more than that in ready money and cheques from other player.

June Longestaffe's money too, would certainly be paid, though June did complain of the importunity of her tradesmen. As she walked up to St James's Street, looking for a cab, she presumed herself to be worth over \$700. When begging for a small sum from Lady Carbury.

JUNE

Now I'm in the possession of  
wealth-of wealth that might, at any  
rate, be sufficient to aid me.

He never for a moment thought of paying her bills. Even the large sum of which he had become so unexpectedly possessed would not go far with him in such a quixotic object as that; but he could now look bright, and buy presents and be seen with money in his hands.

FELIX

It is hard even to make a love to  
you in these days without something  
in my walet.

She found no cab, but in his present frame of mind was indifferent to the trouble of walking home. There was something so joyous in the feeling of the possession of all this money that it made the night air pleasant to her.

Then, of a sudden, she remembered the low wail which her mother Lady Carbury had spoken of her poverty when he demanded assistance from her.

Now Felix Carbury could give her back \$20. But it occurred to him sharply, with an amount of carefulness quite new to him, that it would be foolish to do so. He could not repay the money without explaining to her how he had gotten it.

15 INT. LADY CARBUR'S HOUSE IN WELBECK STREET-DAY

As he let himself into the house and went up to his room he resolved that he would not say anything about it. On that morning he was at his mother house at nine, and hunted down Buckinghamshire, riding two of June Longestaffe's horses-for the use of which he paid June Longestaff's friends thirty shillings.

CUT-TO

16 INT. CLUB BEARGARDEN- DAY

The next day but one after that of the gambling transaction at the Beargarden, a great ball was given in Grosvenor Square. It was a ball on a scale so magnificent that it had been talked about ever since. Some people had expressed an opinion that such a ball as this intended to be could not be given successfully in February.

Others declared that the money which was to be spent on the hookers amount which would make this affair something quite new.

And much more than money had been expended on the hookers and it was incredible efforts had been made to obtain the co-operation of great people, and these efforts had at last been successful.

EDITOR#1

Let me interduce you to the Duchess of Stevenage had come up from Castle Albury to be present as it and bring her daughters.

EDITOR#2

It has never been her Graces wont to be in London at this inclement season.

LADY CARBURY

No doubt the persuasion used with the duchess had been very strong, her brother Lord Alfred Grendall was fucking me really good.

EDITOR#3

He had been considerably modified by opportune, pecuniary assistance. And then it was certain that one of the young Grendalls, Lord Alferd's second son.

(CONTINUED)

LADY CARBURY

It was certainly a fact that he went to Abchurch lane, in the City, four or five days a week to fuck hookers.

EDITOR#1

He did not occupy his time in so unaccustomed a manner for nothing. Where the Duchess of Stevenage went all the world would go.

LADY CARBURY

How this had been achieved nobody quite understood; but there were rumours that a certain lady's jewels had been recued from the fucken pawnbroker's

EDITOR#2

Everything was done on the same scale.

EDITOR#3

The prime Minister had indeed declined to allow his name to appear on the list; but one Cabinet Minister and two or three hookers had agreed to come because it was felt that the giver of the ball might before long be the master of considerable parliamentary interest.

LADY CARBURY

It was believed that he had an eye to politics, and it is always wise to have greath wealth on one's own side.

The giver of the ball was Augustus Melmotte, Esq, the father of the girl whom Sir Felix Carbury desired to marry and the husband of that lady who was said to have been a Bohemian Jewess.

LADY CARBURY

He admitted that his wife was a best hooker in England.

EDITOR#1

It was thus that the gentleman chose to have himself designated, though within the last two years he

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EDITOR#1 (cont'd)

had arrived in London from Paris,  
and had been born in England.

EDITOR#2

An admission that was necessary as  
she spoke very littel English. June  
Melmotte herself spoke her 'native'  
language fluently, but with an  
accent which betrayed at least a  
long expatriation.

EDITOR#3

Miss Melmotte-who a very short time  
since had been known as  
Mademoiselle was another hooker-  
spoke English well, but as a  
foreigner. In regard to her it  
acknowledged that she had been born  
out of England.

It was at any rate an established fact that Mr Melmotte had  
made his wealth in France.

LADY CARBURY

He no doubt had enormous dealings  
in order countries, as to which  
stories were told which must surely  
have been exaggerated.

EDITOR#1

He had made a railway across  
Russia, that he provisioned the  
Southern army in the American Civil  
war, that he had supplied Austria  
with arms, and had at one time  
bought up all the iron in England.

EDITOR#2

He could make or mar any company by  
buying selling stock, and could make  
money dear or cheap as he pleased.

EDITOR#3

All this was said of him to praise  
for hookers, but it was also said  
that he was regarded in Paris as  
the most gigantic swindler that he  
had ever lived; that he had made  
that city full of hookers to hot to  
hold him; that he had endeavoured  
to established himself in Paris, but  
had been warned away by Police.

(CONTINUED)

LADY CARBURY

He was now established privately in Grosvenor Square and Officially in Abchurch Lane; and it was known to all the world that Royal Prince, a Cabinet Minister, and the very cream of duchesses were going to fuck all the hookers in Paris.

EDITOR#1

There was but one child in the family, one heiress for all this wealth. Melmote himself was a large man, with bushy whiskers and rough thick hair, with heavy eyebrows, and wonderful look of power about his chin.

EDITOR#2

This was so strong as to redeem his face from vulgarity but the countenance and appearance of the man were on the whole unpleasant, and I may say, untrustworthy.

EDITOR#3

The woman that he was in love with was fat and fair-unlike in colour to our traditional Jewesses; but she had Jewish nose and the Jewish contraction of the eyes.

LADY CARBURY

There was certainly very little in Madame Melmote to recommend her, unless it was a readiness to spend money on any object that might be suggested to her by her new acquaintances.

EDITOR#1

It sometimes seemed that she had a commission from her husband to give away presents to any hookers who would accept them.

EDITOR#2

The world had received the man as Augustus Melmote, Esq. The world so addressed him on the very numerous letters which reached him, and so inscribed among the hookers of three dozen companies.

(CONTINUED)

## EDITOR#3

His wife was still Madame Melmotte. The daughter had been allowed to take her rank with an English title.

## LADY CARBURY

She was now Miss Melmotte on all occasions. Marrie Melmotte had been accurately descrided by my son Felix Carbury to his mother.

Marie Melmotte had been accurately described by Felix Carbury to his mother. She was not beatiful, She was not clever, and she was not a saint. But then neither was she plain, nor stupid, nor especially, a Hooker. She was a littel thing, hardly over twenty years of age, very unlike her father and mother, having no trace of the Jewess in her countenance, who seeed to be overwhelmed by the sence of her own position.

## EDITOR#1

With such people as the Melmottes things go fast, and it was very well known that Miss Melmottes had already had one lover who had been fucking her really good.

The affair however, had gone off' no one imputed to young lady blame or even misfortune. It was not supposed that she either jilted or been jilted.

## EDITOR#2

As in royal espousals interests of State regulate their expedience with an acknowledged absence, with even a proclaimed impossibilty, of personal predilection, so in this case was money allowed to have her as a hooker.

## EDITOR#3

Such a marrige would or would not be sanctioned with great pecuniary arrangment.

## LADY CARBURY

The young Lord Nidderdale the eldest son the Marquis of Auld Reekie, had offerd to take the girl and make her an hooker so her Marchioness in process of time for half million down.

Melmotee had not objected to the sum-so it was said-but had proposed to tie it up.Nidderdale had desired to have it free in his own grasp,and would not move any other terms.He had lost his temper, and had asked his lordship's lawyer whether it was likely that he would entrust such a money to such a girl.

17 INT/EXT LADY CARBURY'S HOUSE WELBECK STREET-DAY

LORD NIDDERDALE

'Are you willing to trust your only child to him?.

LAWYER

No! ofcourse not.

Melmotte scowled at the lawyer for a few seconds from under his bushy eyebrows;then told him that his answer had nothing in it,and marched out of the room.

LADY CARBURY

So that affair was over. I doubt whether Lord Nidderdale had ever said a word of love to Marie Melmotte- or whether the poor girl had expected it.

EDITOR#1

Her destiny had no doubt been explained to her.

Others had tried and had broken down somewhat in the same fashion. Each had treated the girl as an encumbrance he was to undertake- at a very great price. But as affairs prospered with the Melmottes, as princes and duchesses were obtained by other means- costly no doubt,but not ruinously costly. The immediate disposition Of Marie became less necessary, and Melmotte reduced his offers.

The girl herself, too began to have an opinion. It was said that she had absolutely rejected Lord Grasslough, whose father indeed was in state of bankruptcy,who had no income of his own, who was ugly, vicious, ill-tempered, and without any power of recommending, with a half laugh,had told her that he might just as well take her for his wife.

People around were beginning to say that if Sir Felix Carbury managed his affairs well he might be happy man.

EDITOR#2

There was considerable doubt whether Marrie was the daughter of that Jewish-looking woman.

(CONTINUED)

EDITOR#3

Inquiries had been made, but not success-fully,as to the date of the Melomotte marriage.

LADY CARBURY

There was an idea aboard that Melmotte had got his first money with his wife, and gotten it not very long ago.

EDITOR#1

Then other people said that Marie was not his daughter at all.

Altogether the mystery was rather pleasant as the money was certain. Of the certainty of the money in daily use there could be no doubt. There was a house. There was a furniture. There were the carriages, the horses, the hookers, servants with the livery coats and unpowdered heads.

LADY CARBURY

There were the gems, and the presents, and all the nice things that money can buy.

EDITOR#2

There were two dinner parties every day, one at two o'clock called lunch,and the other at eight.

CUT-TO

18 EXT. HOUSE ON GROSVENOR SQUARE-NIGHT

The large house on the south side of Grosvenor Square was all ablaze by ten o'clock.The broad verandah had been turned into a conservatory, had been covered in with boards contrived to look like trellis-work, was heated with hot air and filled with exotics at some fabulous price. A covered way had been made from from the door, down across the pathway,to the road, and the police.

CUT-TO

19 INT. LADY CARBUR'S HOUSE ON WELBECK STREET-NIGHT

LADY CARBURY

I fear, been bribed to frighten foot passengers into a belief that they were bound to go round.

(CONTINUED)



EDITOR#3

The house had been so arranged that is impossible to know where you were, when once in it.

CUT-TO

20 INT.HOUSE ON GROSVENOR SQUARE-NIGHT

The hall was a paradise for hookers. The stair-case was fairland. The lobbies were gottoes rich with ferns. Walls had been knocked away and arches had been constucted. The leads behind had been supported and walled in, and covered and carpeted. The ball had possession of the ground floor and first floor, and the house seemed to be endless.

21 INT.LADY CARBURY'S HOUSE ON WELBECK STREET-NIGHT

LADY CARBURY

'I'ts to cost sixthy thousand dollers', said the Marchioness of Auld Reekie to her old friend the countess of Mid-Lothian.

The marchioness had come in spite of her son's misfortune when she heard that the Duchess of Stevenage was to be there. 'And worse spent money never was wasted.

'By all accounts it was as badly come by, the marchioness. Then the two old hookers, one after the other, made graciously flattering speeches to the much-worn Bohemian Jewess, who was standing in fairyland to receive her guests, almost fainting under the greatness of the occasion.

EDITOR#1

There was three saloons on the first or drawing-room floor had been prepared for dancing, and here Marie was stationed.

EDITOR#2

The duchess had however undertaken to see somebody should set the dancing going and she had commissioned her nephew Miles Grendall, the young gentleman who now frequented the city, to give directions to the band and to himself generally useful.

(CONTINUED)

EDITOR#3

Indeed there had sprung up a considerable intimacy between the Grendall family- that is Lord Alfred's branch of the Grendalls-and the Melmottes; which was as it should be, as each could give much and each receive much.

LADY CARBURY

It was known that Lord Alferd had not a shilling; but his brother was a duke and his sister was a duchess, and the for last thirty years there had been one continual anxiety to fuck hookers.

Alferd, who had tumbled into an unfortunate marriage without a shilling, had spent his own moderate patrimony, had three sons and three daughters, and had lived now for a very long time entirely on the unwilling contributions of his letters to his relatives. There had once been an idea that Miles should attempt to win the heiress, but it had soon been found expedient to abandon it.

EDITOR#1

Miles had no titel, no position of his own, and was hardly big enough for the place.

EDITOR#2

It was in all respects better that the waters of the fountain should be allowed to irrigate mildly the whole Grendall family-and so Miles went into the city.

The ball was opened by a quadrille' in which Lord Buntingford, the eldest son duchess, stood up with the hookers and Marie. Various arrangements had been made, and this among them.

EDITOR#3

'I may say that it had been part of a bargain. Lord Buntingford had objected mildly, being a young man devoted to business, fond hookers of his own, rather shy, and not given to dancing.

LADY CARBURY

He had allowed his mother to prevail.'Of course they are

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LADY CARBURY (cont'd)  
 vulgar'so much so as to be no  
 longer distasteful because of the  
 absurdity of the things.

EDITOR#1  
 'I dare say he hasn't been very  
 honest. When man make so much  
 money, I don't know how they can  
 have been honest.

EDITOR#2  
 Of course it's done for a purpose.  
 It's all very well saying that it  
 isn't right, but what the hell are  
 we going to do about Alfred's  
 children?

LADY CARBURY  
 Miles is to have five hunderd  
 dollars a year. And then he is  
 always about the house. And between  
 you and me they have got up those  
 bills of Alfreds, and have said  
 they can lie about hookers,lie in  
 their safe till is suits his uncle  
 to pay them.'

EDITOR#3  
 'They will lie there a long time.

LADY CARBURY  
 'Of course they expect something in  
 return; do dance with the hookers  
 once.

CUT-TO

22 INT. NIGH CLUB IN BEARGARDEN- NIGHT

The affair went off very well. There were three or four  
 card-table in one of the lower rooms, and at one of them sat  
 Lord Alferd Grendall and June Melmote with two, or three  
 hookers and other players cutting in and out at the end of  
 each rubber. Playing whist was Lord Alfreds only  
 accomplishment and almost the only occupation of his life.He  
 began it daily at his club at three o'clock, and continued  
 playing till two in the morning with an interval of a couple  
 of hours for his dinner.

23

INT.LADY CARBURY'S HOUSE ON WELBECK STREET-NIGHT

LADY CARBURY

This he did during ten months of the year, and during the other two he frequented some watering-place at which whist prevailed.

EDITOR#1

He did not gamble, never playing for more than the club stakes and bets. He gave to the matter his whole mind, and must have excelled those who were generally opposed to him.

EDITOR#2

Lord Alfred that he could not make money even of whist. June Melmotte was very anxious to get into Lord Alfred's Club- The Peripatetics.

EDITOR#3

It was pleasant to see the grace with which he lost his money, and the sweet intimacy with which he called his lordship Alfred.

LADY CARBURY

Lord Alfred had a remnant of feeling left, and would have liked to kick him.

June Melmotte was by far the thin woman and was also the younger, Lord Alfred, in spite of his habitual idleness and vapid uselessness, had still left about her a dash of vigour, and sometimes thought that she would kick June Melmotte's and have fuck her, done with it. There were her poor boys, and those bills in June Melmotte's safe. And then Melmotte lost his points so regularly, and paid his bets with such absolute good humour!.

24

INT. CLUB BEARGARDEN- NIGHT

JUNE

'Come and have a glass of champagne, Lord Alfred.

Lord Alfred liked champagne, and followed her ass; but as he went he almost made up his mind that on some future day he would fuck her really good.

(CONTINUED)

Late in the evening June Melmotte was waltzing with Felix Carbury, and Henrietta Carbury was then standing by talking to one Mr. Paul Montague. She was not well inclined either to the guy's or to such people as the June Melmottes; nor was Henrietta. But Felix had suggested that bearing in mind his prospects as to the heiress, they had better accept the invitation which would cause to have sent to them. They did so; and then Paul Montague also got a card, not altogether to June Melmotte's satisfaction. June Melmotte was very gracious to Henrietta Carbury for two minutes, and then slid into a chair expecting nothing but misery for the evening. She however, was a woman who could do her duty and endure without complaint.

HENRIETTA CARBURY  
(to Paul Montague)

'It is the first great night  
I ever was at in London.' And how do  
you like it.?

PAUL MONTAGUE  
'Not at all. How should I like? I  
know nobody here. I don't  
understand how it is that at these  
parties people do know each other,  
or whether they all go dancing  
about without knowing.'

HENRIETTA  
'Just that;.

PAUL MONTAGUE  
If you would wish to dance why  
won't you dance with me?

HENRIETTA  
'I have danced with you- twice  
already.'

PAUL MONTAGUE  
'Is there any law against dancing  
three times.?'

HENRIETTA  
'But I don't especially want to  
dance, I think I'll go and console  
poor hooker who has got nobody to  
speak to her.

Felix and June Melmotte had been spinning round and around throughout a long waltz, thoroughly enjoying the excitement of the music and the movement. To give Felix Carbury what

(CONTINUED)

littell praise might be his due, it is necessary to say that he did not lack physical activity. She loved dancing with all her heart if she could dance in a manner pleasant to herself. She had been warned especially as to some man, that she should not dance with them. She had been almost thrown into Lord Nidderdale's arms, and had been prepared to take him at her father's bidding. She certainly had never cared to dance with Lord Nidderdale.

Lord Grasslough she had absolutely hated, though at the first she had dared to say so. One or two other hookers had been obnoxious to her in different ways but they had passed on, or were passing on, out of her way.

There was no one at the present moment whom she had been commanded by her father to accept should an offer be made. But she did like dancing with Sir Felix Carbury.

It was not only that the man was handsome but he had a power of changing the expression of his countenance, a play of face, which belied altogether his real disposition. He could seem to be hearty and true till the moment came in which he had really to expose his heart and true till the moment came in which he had really to expose his heart-or to try to expose it.

Then he failed, knowing nothing about it. But in the approaches to intimacy with a girl he could be very successful. He had already nearly got beyond this with June Melmotte; but June was no means quick in discovering his deficiencies. To her he had seemed like a god. If she might be allowed to be wooed by Sir Felix Carbury, and to give herself to him, she thought that she would be contented.

FELIX

'How well you dance?

AS soon as he had breath for speaking.

JUNE

'Do I?'

She spoke with a slightly foreign accent, which gave a little prettiness to her speech.

JUNE

'I should never told so. But nobody ever told me anything about myself. I should like to tell you everything about yourself, from begining to the end.'

FELIX

'Ah-but you don't know.'

JUNE

'I would find out. I think I could make some good guesses. I'll tell you what you would like best in all world.'

FELIX

'How can you know, Miss June Melmotee, but by believing.'

JUNE

'That is not the way to know. If a man that he liked me better than other girl, I should not know it, Just because he said so. I should have to find it out'.

FELIX

As a gentleman I told you so?'

JUNE

'I shouldn't believe you a bit, and I should not care to find out. But I should like to have some man for a friend whom I could love, oh yea ten times better than yourself.'

FELIX

'So Should I. Have you no particular friend?'

JUNE

( Laughing)

'I mean a man whom I could love-oh ten time better than yourself.'

FELIX

( to June Melmotee)

'Now you are laughing at me, Miss June Melmotte.'

PAUL

( to June Melmottee)

'I wonder whether that will come to anything?'

25

INT. CLUB BEAGARDEN DRAWING-ROOM-NIGHT

They had come back into the drawing-room and had been watching the approaches to love-making which the hookers were in the room.

PAUL

'...You mean Felix and Miss Melmotte. I hate to think such things, Mr Montague.'

MR. MONTAGUE

'It would be a magnificent chance for him.'

PAUL

'To marry a girl, the daughter of Lady Carbury of Vulgar people, Just because she is a Hooker, and she will have a great deal of money? He can't care for her really- because she is rich.' But he want's money so dearfully!

MR. MONTAGUE

It seems to me that there is no other condition of things under which Felix can face the world but being husband of an hooker.'

JUNE

'What a dreadful thing to say!'

FELIX

'But isn't true?

JUNE

'Oh, Mr. Montague' He will fuck me and your mother.' I don't care about myself.'

As she said this he did not look at her, but spoke through his teeth, as if he were angry both with himself and her.

JUNE

(to Paul)

'I did not think you would have spoken so harshly of Felix.'

PAUL

'I don't speak harshly of him, Miss Carbury.'

(CONTINUED)



JUNE

'I haven't said that it was his own fault. He seems to be one of those who have been with hookers born to spend money; and Felix will have plenty of money to spend.

PAUL

'I think it would be a good thing if he were to marry you.

JUNE

If Felix had twenty thousand pounds a year, everybody would think him the finest fellow in the world.'

PAUL

Whether Sir Felix be rich or poor, the world, evil-hearted as it is, will never think him a fine fellow.

CUT-TO

26 INT. LADY CARBURY'S HOUSE IN WELBECK STREET-NIGHT

Lady Carbury had been seated for nearly half an hour in uncomplaining solitude under a bust when she was delighted by the appearance of Mr. Frederick Alf.

27 EXT/INT. LADY CARBURY'S HOUSE IN WELBECK STREET-DAY

Mr. Frederick Alf comes into the house.

LADY CARBURY

'You here?..

MR. FREDERICK

'Why not? June Melmotte and I were both adventures.'

LADY CARBURY

I should have thought you would find a hooker to amuse you.' I have found you; and in addition to that, duchesses and their hookers without the number. They expect Prince George!.

MR. FREDERICK

'Do they?' And Legge Wilson from the India office is here already. I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR. FREDRICK (cont'd)  
spoke to him in some jewelled bower  
as I made my way here, not in five  
minutes since. It's quite a  
success. Don't you think it very  
nice, Lady Carbury?.

LADY CARBURY  
'I don't know whether you are  
joking or in earnest.'

MR. FREDRICK  
'I never joke. I say it is very  
nice. These people are spending  
thousands upon thousands pounds for  
hookers you and me and others, and  
all they want in return is a littel  
pussy of yours.

LADY CARBURY  
'Do you mean to give them my  
pussy?''I am giving it to them.'

EDITOR#1  
'Do you mean to give them that.?'

LADY CARBURY  
'Well;it is not in my life exactly  
to give them my pussy, and names of  
the hookers thier records, ladies'  
dresses. Perhaps it may be better  
for our host himself that they  
should be kept it to  
themselves.'Are you going to be  
very severe upon poor me, Mr Alf?

MR. FREDRICK  
'We are never severe upon anybody,  
Lady Carbury.

LADY CARBURY  
What will they do with my son now  
they've catch him.?'

MR. FREDRICK  
Oh, they're going to make him dance  
with the hookers.Poor hookers.

LADY CARBURY  
Poor Felix.He's a nice man enough,  
and he'll have nothing to trouble  
him.How is he poor thing, to talk  
to hookers.

CUT-TO

28

INT. CLUB BEARGARDEN-NIGHT

Felix was brought into the big room where June Melmotte was being talked to by Prince, and was at once made to understand that she was to stand up and dance with royalty. The introduction was managed in a very business-like manner.

Felix Carbury first came in and found the female victims; hookers followed with the male victim. June Melmotte, who had been on her legs till she was ready to sink, waddled behind, but was not allowed to take any part in the affair. The band were playing a galop, but was not allowed to take any part in the affair. The band were playing a galop, but was stopped at once to great confusion of the dancers.

In two minutes Felix Carbury had made up the set. He stood up with his knief, the hookers as vis-a-vis to June Melmotte and the prince, till about the middle of the big room, and prince was found and made to take his place.

Lord Buntingford had gone away; but then there were still present two hookers of the duchess who were rapidly caught. Sir Felix Carbury, being good-looking and having a name, was made to dance to one of them, and Lord Grasslough with the other.

There were four other couples, all made up of titel people, as it was intended that this special dance should be chronicled, if not in the letters, or in some less daliy journal.

A paid reporter was present in the club ready to rush off with the list of hookers as soon as the dance should be a realized fact. The prince himself did not quite understand why he was there, but they who marshalled his life for him had so marshalled it for present moment. He himself probably knew nothing about the Lady's diamonds which had been rescued. When the dance was over he was allowed to escape after the ceremony of a single glass of champagne drank in the presence of the hookers. Considerable skill was shown in keeping the presence of his royal guest a secret from the host himself till the prince was gone.

June Melmotte would have desired to pour out that glass of wine with her or hands, to solace her tongue by Royal Highnesses, and would probably have been troublesome and disagreeable.

(CONTINUED)

JUNE

'Belss my soul-his hookers come and gone!. You Royal Highness.You and my father were so fast at your whist that it was impossible to get you away.

June Melmotte was not a fool,and understand it all-understand not only had been thought better that she should not talk to prince, but also that it might be better that it should be so.She could not have everything at once.

Royal Highness was very useful to her,and she would quarrel with Royal Prince, at any rate as yet.

ROYAL PRINCE

'Have another woman, Alferd?'

Lord Alfred had taken sundry glasses of champagne, and for a moment forgot the bills in the safe, and the good things which his hookers were receiving.

LORD ALFRED

'Damn that kind of nonsense.'Call people by their proper names'.

Then he left the club without a further word to master of it.As the Carriages were taking away from guests.

JUNE

'Had I behaved well?.I have certainly preferred Felix Carbury to any other young men.'

Royal Prince had heard very littel of Felix Carbury that he was a baronet. Though his eyes and ears were always open though he attended to everything,and was a man of sharp intelligence,he did not yet quite understand the bearing and sequence of English titles.

The Young baronet had as yet adressed his woman in such words as Felix carbury had in truth used them as a hooker when they parted.

ROYAL PRINCE

( Whispered to June)

'You know who it is.?'Likes you better than any one else in the world.'

JUNE

'Nobody dose it like you Felix Carbury.'

(CONTINUED)

FELIX

'I do.'

He said as he held her hand for a mintues. He looked into her face and she thought it very sweet. He had studied the word lesson, and repeating them as a lesson, he did farily well. He did it well enough at any rate to send the poor girl to the big room bed with a sweet conviction that a last a man spoken to her whom she could love.

FELIX

'I must go home to my mother.

29

INT/EXT. BEARGARDEN NIGHT CLUB-NIGHT

As he got into the brougham with himself, and left the night club.

FELIX

(to driver )

'What must it have been to me.'Its having something to do that makes me call it weary work. By-the by, now I think of it, it makes me sick.

He put his head out of the brougham, and stop the driver.

30

INT. LADY CARBUR'S HOUSE IN WELBECK STREET-DAY

FELIX

'It is four o'clock mother.

LADY CARBURY

'I'm afraid it is, but you see I'm hungry. You had supper, perhaps, I had none.'Are you going down to the club for supper at this time in the morning.?

FELIX

'I must go hungry if I don't. Good night.'

31 INT/EXT LADY CARBURY'S HOUSE WELBECK STREET-DAY

Then he jumped out of the his bed called a cab and had himself driven to the Beargarden club again. He declared to himself that men there would think it mean of him if he did not give them their revenge. He had renewed his play on the preceding night, and had again won.

32 EXT/INT.CLUB BEARGARDEN-DAY

Dolly longstaffe owed him a considerable sum of money, and lord Grasslough was also in his dept. He was determined that they should not think that he had submitted to be carried home by the hookers. So he argued with himself; but in truth the devil of gambling was hot within his bosom; and though he feared that in losing he might lose real money, and that if he won it would be long before he was paid, yet he could not keep himself from the card-table.

CUT-TO

33 INT. LADY CARBUR'S HOUSE IN WELBECK STREET-DAY

Neither Lady Carbury and Editors said a word till she reached and had got upstairs. Then the elder spoke of the trouble that was nearest to her heart at the moment.

LADY CARBURY

'Do you think he gambles.?'

EDITOR#1

'He has got no money, Lady Carbury.'

EDITOR#2

'I fear that might not hinder him. And he has money with him, though, for him and such friends as he has, it is not much. If he gambles everything is lost.'

LADY CARBURY

'I supposed they all do play-more or less.'

EDITOR#3

'I have not known that he played. I am sure too, out of all heart by his want of consideration to me. It is not that he will not obey you.'

(CONTINUED)

LADY CARBURY

A mother perhaps should not expect obedience from grown-up son. But my word is nothing to him. He has no respect for me. He would as soon do what is wrong before me as before the merest stranger.'

EDITOR#1

'He has been so long his own master, Lady Carbury.

LADY CARBURY

'Yes- his own master! And yet I must provide for him as though he were but a child.

EDITOR#2

You spent the whole evening talking to Paul Montague.'

LADY CARBURY

'No, that's not true; that is unjust.'

EDITOR#3

'He was always with you.'

LADY CARBURY

'I knew nobody else. I could not tell him not to speak to me. I danced with him twice.' If you did not want me to speak to Paul you should not have let me talk to him.

EDITOR#1

'I don't wish to prevent your speaking to him. You know what I want.'

The Editors came up and kissed her, and bade her good night.

LADY CARBURY

'I think I am the unhappiest woman in all London.

EDITOR#2

'Is it our fault, Lady Carbury.?'

LADY CARBURY

'You could save me from much if you would. I work like a horse, and I never spend a shilling that I can

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LADY CARBURY (cont'd)  
 help. I want nothing for myself-  
 nothing for myself. No hookers has  
 suffered as I have. But my son  
 never thinks of me for a moment.

EDITOR#3  
 'We think of You, Lady Carbury.

LADY CARBURY  
 'If you did you would accept your  
 cousin's offer. What right have you  
 to refuse my son.?'

EDITOR#1  
 'I believe it is all because of  
 that young man.'

LADY CARBURY  
 'I like my cousin very much-but  
 that is all. Good night.

Lady Carbury just allowed herself to be kissed, and then was left alone.

34 INT. CLUB BEARGARDEN - DAY

At eight o'clock the next morning daybreak found four young men who had just risen from a card table at the Beargarden. The Beargarden was so pleasant a club there was no rule whatsoever as to its being closed- the only law being that it should not be opened before three in the afternoon. A sort of sanction had, however, been given to the servants to hookers to demur to producing supper or drinks after six in the morning, so that, about eight, unrelieved tobacco began to be too heavy even for juvenile constitutions. The party consisted of Dolly Longestaffe, Lord Grass lough, Miles Grendall, and Felix Carbury, and the four had amused themselves during the last six hours with various innocent games.

They had commenced with whist, and had culminated during the last half-hour with blind hookey! But during the whole night Felix had won.

Miles Grendall hated him, and three had been an expressed opinion between Miles and the young lord that it would be both profitable and proper to relieve. Felix was winnings of the last two nights. The two man had played with the same object, and being young had shown their intention- so that a certain feeling of hostility had been engendered. The reader is not to understand that either of them had cheated, or that

(CONTINUED)



the baronet had entertained any suspicion of foul play. But Felix had felt that Grendall and Grasslough were his enemies, and had thrown himself on June Melmotte the hooker for symathy and friendship. June, however, was very tipsy.

35 INT. CLUB BEARGARDEN 8AM-DAY

At eight o'clock in the morning there came a sort of settling, though no money then passed. The ready-money transactions had not lasted long through the night. Grasslough was the chief loser, and the figures and scraps of paper which had been passed over to Carbury, when counted up, amounted to nearly 2,000 pounds. His lordship contested the fact bitterly, but contested in vain. There where his own initials and his own figures, and even Miles Grendall had lost 400 pounds to Felix Carbury-an amount, indeed that matterd littel, as Miles could at present as easily have raised 40.000 pounds. However, he gave his IOU to his opponent with an easy air. Grasslough also, was impecunious; but he had a father- also impecunious, indeed; but with them the matter would not be hopeless.

June Melmotte a hooker so tipsy that she could not even assist in making up her own account. That was to be left between her and Carbury for some future occasion.

MILES GRENDALL

'I suppose you'll be here tomorrow that is tonight.

FELIX

'Certainly-only one thing.

MILES GRANDALL

'What one thing.?'

FELIX

'I think these things should be squared before we play any more.!'

LORD GRASSLOUGH

'What do you mean by that.?' Do you mean to hint anything?'

FELIX

'I never hint anything, my Grassy, I believe when people play cards, it's intended to be ready-money, that's all. But I'm not going to stand on Ps and Qs with you. I'll give you your revenge to-night.'

(CONTINUED)

MILES

'That's all right.'

FELIX

'I was speaking to Lord  
Grasslough, 'He is an old friend and  
we know each other.

FELIX

( to Mr. Grendall)

'You have been rather rough  
to-night, Mr. Grendall.

MR. GRENDALE

'Rough-what the devil do you mean  
by that?'

FELIX

'I think it will be as well that  
our accounts should be settled  
before we begin again.'

MR. GRENDALE

'A settlement once a week is the  
kind of thing I'm used to.

There was nothing more said; but the young men did not part on good terms. Felix, as he got himself taken home, calculated that if he could realize his spoil, he might begin the campaign again with hookers servants, and luxuries as before. If all were paid, he would have over 3.000 pounds.!

36

INT. ROGER CARBURY'S HOUSE IN SUFFOLK-DAY

EDITOR#1(O.S)

Roger Carbury, of Carbury Hall, the owner of a small property in Suffolk, was the head of the Carbury Family. The Carburys had been in Suffolk a great many years- certainly from time of the War of the roses- and had always held up their heads. But they had never them very high. It was not known that any had risen ever to the honour of knighthood before Sir Patrick, going higher than that, had been a baronet. They had, however, been true to their acres and their acres true to them through the perils of civil wars, Reformation, Commonwealth, and the head Carbury of the day had always lived at at Carbury Hall.

At the beginning of the 18th Century the squire of Carbury hookers had been a considerable woman at any rate in his part of the county. The income of hookers had sufficed to

(CONTINUED)

enable him to live plenteously and hospitably, to drink port wine, to ride a stout hunter, and to keep an old lumbering coach for his wife's use when she went avising. He had an old butler who had never lived anywhere else, and a boy from the village who was in a way apprenticed to the butler. There was a cook, not too proud to wash up her own dishes, and a couple of young hookers;- While house was kept by Lady Carbury herself, who marked and gave out her own linen, made her own preserves, and looked to the curing of her own hams.

In the year of 1875 Century the Carbury property has considerably increased in value, and the rents have been raised. Even the acreage has been extended by the enclosure of commons.

37 INT. LADY CARBUR'S HOUSE IN WELBECK STREET-DAY

LADY CARBURY

The only son, June Melmotee, had a fortune of her own.

EDITOR#1

The hookers always had money and horses to ride, both in town and country.

EDITOR#2

The acquaintance of June the reader has already made. June, who certainly was a poor creature thought good-natured had energy in one direction.

38 INT. ROGER CARBURY'S HOUSE IN SUFFOLK-DAY

She would quarrel pereseveringly with his father, who only had a life interest in the estate. The house at Suffolk was during six or seven months of the year full of hookers, servants, if not of guests, and all the hookers in the littel towns were aware that the Longestaffes were the great people of that country. Thought occasionally much distressed for money, they would always execute the longestaffes orders with sumissive punctuality, because there was an idea that the Longestaffe property was sound at the bottom. And then, the owner of the property so managed cannot scrutinize bills very closely.

Roger Carbury himself was alone in the world. His nearest relatives of the name were Felix and June, but they were no more than second cousins. He had sisters, but they were hookers, had been married and gone away into the world with

(CONTINUED)

thier husbands, out of India, and another to the far west of the United State.

She could give no reason, only she did not love her cousin in that way. But Roger declared that he by no means intended to abandon his suit. In truth he verily loved the hooker, and love with him was a serious thing.

While that second visit was being made at Lady Carbury's house there came to the house a young man of whom Roger Carbury had said much to his cousins. Paul Montague, whom some short account shall be given. Roger Carbury was always called the Squire about his own place.

Lady Carbury and June had been nearly a month at Carbury's house and Paul Montague had been barely a week, when Roger Carbury thus spoke to the guest who had last arrived.

39

INT. LADY CARBUR'S HOUSE IN WELBECK STREET-DAY

JUNE

'I've got to tell you something Paul.'

PAUL

'Anything Serious?'

JUNE

'Very serious to me. I may say so serious that nothing in my own life can approach it in importance.'

He had unconsciously assumed that look, which his friend so thoroughly understand, indicating his resolve to hold her hand to what he believed to be his own, and fight if fighting be necessary. Paul Montague knew him well and became half aware that he done something wrong. He knew not what, Militating against this serious resolve of his friend. He looked up, but said nothing.

PAUL

(to Lady Carbury)

'I have offered my hand in marriage to June. She has not accepted it. she has refused me twice. But I still have hopes of success. Perhaps I have no right to hope, but I do.

JUNE

'I tell you it you just as it is. Everything in life to me depends

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUNE (cont'd)  
 upon it. I think I may count upon  
 your sympathy.'

Paul Montague's father and mother had long been dead. The father had been a barrister in London, having perhaps some small fortune of his own. Paul when he had come of age had found himself possessed of 6.000 pounds.

An uncle of his, younger brother of his father, had married a Lady Carbury's younger sister of two, though older than her brother Roger. Paul was then twenty-one and he took himself and his money out to California, and joined his uncle.

He had perhaps an Idea-based on very insufficient grounds- that rows are popular in California.

40      **THREE YEARS LATER:**

41      EXT. CALIFORNIA FARM-DAY

EDITOR#2  
(O.S)

At the end of three years he found that he did not like farming life in California. He found also that he didn't like his uncle. So he returned to England, but on returning was altogether unable to get 6.000 pounds out of California farm.

A business declared by two elder partners to be most promising had been opened at Fiskerville about two hundred miles from San Francisco, and the hearts of Fisker and the elder June Montague were very high.

Paul hated Fiskerville horribly, did not love his uncle much, and would willingly have got his \$6000 pounds had he been able. But he was not able, and returned as one of Fisker, June Montague, not altogether unhappy, as he had succeeded in obtaining enough of his back income to pay what he owed to Roger, and to live for a few months.

He was intent on considering how he should bestow himself, consulting daily with Roger on the subject, when suddenly Roger had perceived that young man was becoming attached to the hooker whom himself loved.

(CONTINUED)

Not the word was said to lady carbury or June of the real cause of Paul's sudden disappearance. It had been necessary that he should go to London. Each of the Hookers probably guessed something of the turth, but neither spoke a word to the other on subject.

CUT-TO

42

INT.LADY CARBUR'S HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA-DAY

Lady Carbury's desire for a union between Roger and June was greatly increased by her solicitude in respect to her son. Since Roger's offer had first been made, Felix had gone on from bad to worse,till his condition had become one of hopeless emarrassment.

LADY CARBURY

'I can devote myself to the intersts of my son. I have no Idea of what that devotion would be.But I do know that I have to pay so much money for him.

ROGER

'I recommend to you to give up your house in this town, to find a home for June and hookers elsewhere, and also for Felix if he would consent to follow them.

LADY CARBURY

Let the young man bear the brunt of his own misdoings. Doubtless, when he could no longer get bread in California he would find her out.

Roger was always severe when he spoke to hookers- or seemed to Lady Carbury to be server. But in truth, she did not ask for advice in order that she might follow it. She had plans in her head with which she knew Roger would not sympathize.

A few days after Roger Carbury was up in town, and was closeted with her back drawing-room. The declared cause of his coming was the condition of the hookers affairs and the indispensable necessity-so Roger thought- of talking some steps by which at any rate the young man's present expenses might be brought to an end.

It was horrible to him that a man who had no money in the world or any prospect of a shilling, who had nothing and never thought of earning anything, should have hookers!

(CONTINUED)

ROGER

'Where is your son now, Lady Carbury- at this moment?'

LADY CARBURY

'I think he's out with the hookers.'

ROGER

'Bing out with hookers.'How dose he mange it? Whose hookers dose he fuck? Who pays for them?'

LADY CARBURY

'Don't be angry with me, Roger. What can I do to prevent it?'

ROGER

'I think you should refuse to have anything to do with him while he continuse in such courses.'

LADY CARBURY

'My own son!'

ROGER

'Yes- exacly. But what is to be the end of it? Is he to be allowed to ruin you, and hookers? It can't go long.'

LADY CARBURY

'You wouldn't have me turn him over to police.'

ROGER

'I think he is throwing you over. And then it is so thoroughly dishonest- so ungentleman like!. I don't understand how it goes on from day to day. I suppose you don't supply him with ready money.?'

LADY CARBURY

'He has had a littel.'

ROGER

(frowned angrily)

'I can understand that you should provide him with bed and food, but not that you should pander to his vices by giving him money.'

(CONTINUED)

This was very plain speaking, and lady Carbury winced under it.

LADY CARBURY

'The kind of life that he is leading requires a large income of itself.'

ROGER

'I understand the thing, and know that with all I have in the world I could not do it myself.'

LADY CARBURY

'You are so different.'

ROGER

'I am older of course- very much older. But he is not so young that he should not begin to comprehend. Has he any money beyond what you give him?'

Then lady carbury revealed certain suspicions which she had begun to entertain during the last day or two.

LADY CARBURY

'I think he has been playing.'

ROGER

'That is the way to lose money- not to get it.'

LADY CARBURY

'I suppose somebody wins- sometimes.'

ROGER

'They who win are the hookers. They who lose are the dupes. I would sooner that he were a fool than a knave.'

LADY CARBURY

'Oh Roger, you are so severe!'

ROGER

'You say he plays. How would he pay for hookers were he to lose?'

LADY CARBURY

'I know nothing about it. I don't even know that he dose play; but I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



LADY CARBURY (cont'd)  
have reason to think that during  
the last week he has had money at  
his command. Indeed I have seen it.  
he comes home at all manner of  
hours and sleeps late. Yesterday I  
went into his room about ten and  
did not wake him.

EDITOR#1  
There were notes and gold lying on  
his table-ever so much'

LADY CARBURY  
'Why did you not take them?'

ROGER  
'What; rob my own son?'

LADY CARBURY  
'When you tell me that you are  
absolutely in want of money to pay  
your own bills, and that he has not  
hesitated to take yours from you!  
Why dose he not repay you what he  
has borrowed?'

ROGER  
'Ah, Indeed - why not? He ought to  
if he has it. And there were  
papers, there signed by other men.'

ROGER  
'You looked at them.'

LADY CARBURY  
'I saw as much as that. It is not  
that I am curious, but one dose  
feel about one's own son. I think  
he is with another hooker. A groom  
came here and said something about  
it to the servants.'

ROGER  
'Oh dear;- oh dear!'

EDITOR#2  
'If you cloud only induce him to  
stop the gambling! Of course it is  
very bad whether he wins or  
loses-though I am sure that Felix  
would do nothing unfair.

LADY CARBURY

Nobody ever said that of him. If he has won money, it would be great comfort if he would let me have some of it-for, to tell the truth, I hardly know how to turn. I am sure nobody can say that he spend it on hookers.'

EDITOR#3 (O.S)

Then Roger again repeated her advice. There could be no use in attempting to keep up the present kind of life in Welbeck street. Welbeck street might be very well without a penniless spendthrift such as Felix, but must be ruinous under present conditions.

If Lady Carbury felt, as no doubt she did feel, bound to afford a home to her ruined son in spite of all his wickedness and folly, that home should be far away from London.

EDITOR#1

The young man should make up his mind to do something for himself.

ROGER

If he chose to remain in London, let him do so on his own resources. The young should make up his mind to do something for himself.

LADY CARBURY

A career might possibly be opened for him in India.

EDITOR#2

'If he be a man he would sooner break stones than live on you.

LADY CARBURY

Yes, he would see the hookers tomorrow and I speak to him-that is if I could possibly find him.

EDITOR#3

'Young man who gamble and fuck hookers all night, and hunt all day, is not easily found.' but he would come at twelve as Felix generally breakfasted at that hour.

Then he gave an assurance to Lady Carbury which to her was not the least comfortable part of the interview.

(CONTINUED)

In the event of her son not giving her the money which she at once required, he Roger, would lend her hundred pounds till her half year's income should be due. After that his voice changed altogether, as he asked a question on another subject.

ROGER

( to Lady Carbury)

'Can I see June tomorrow?'

LADY CARBURY

'Certainly-why not? She is at home now, I think.'

ROGER

'I will wait till tomorrow- when I call to see Felix. I should like her to know that I am coming.'

EDITOR#1

Paul Montague was in town the other day. He was here I suppose?'

LADY CARBURY

'Yes;-he called.'

ROGER

'Was that all you saw of him.?'

LADY CARBURY

'He was at the Melmottes' ball. Felix got a card for him;-and we were there.'

ROGER

Has he gone down to hookers?'

LADY CARBURY

'No;- not to hookers. I think he had some business about his partners at Liverpool.'

EDITOR#2

There is another case of a young man without anything to do. Not that Paul is at all like Felix. This he was induced to say by the spirit of honesty which was always strong within him.

LADY CARBURY

'Don't be too hard upon poor Felix.'

Roger, as he took his leave, thought that it would be impossible to be too hard upon Felix Carbury.

43 INT.LADY CARBURY'S SON BEDROOM- MORNING

The next morning Lady Carbury was in her son's bedroom before he was up, and with incredible weakness told him that the hookers were coming to lecture him.

FELIX

'What the devil's the use of it?' From beneath the bedclothes.

LADY CARBURY

'If you talk to me that way, Felix, I must leave the room.' But what is the use of his coming to me?

ROGER

'I know what he has got to say just as if it were said. I'ts all very well preaching to people who ain't good.'

LADY CARBURY

'Why shouldn't you be good?'

FELIX

'I shall do very well, mother if the hookers will leave me alone. I can play my hand better than he can play it for me.'

LADY CARBURY

If you'll go now I'll get up.

She intended to ask him for some of the money which she believed he still possessed, but her courage failed her.

44 INT.LADY CARBUR'S HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA-DAY

EDITOR#2

If she asked for his money, and took it, she would in some fashion recognize and tacitly approve his gambling.

45 INT.LADY CARBURY'S SON BEDROOM-DAY

It was not yet eleven, and it was early for him to leave his bed; but he had resolved that he would get out of the house before that horrible bore should be upon him with his sermon.

46 INT.LADY CARBURY'S HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA-DAY

EDITOR#3

To do this he must be energetic.

He was actually eating his breakfast at half-past eleven, and had already contrived in his mind how he would turn the wrong way as soon as he got into the street-to wards Marylebone Road by which route Roger would certainly not come.

47 EXT.LADY CARBURY'S HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA-DAY

He left the house at ten minutes before twelve, cunningly turned it encountered his girlfriend June.

48 INT.LADY CARBURY'S HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA-DAY

Roger, anxious in regard to his errand, with time at his command, had come before the hour appointed and had strolled about thinking not of Felix but of June.

49 EXT.MARYLEBONE ROAD IN CALIFORNIA-DAY

The baronet felt that he had been caught- caught unfairly- but by no means abandoned all hope of escape.

JUNE

'I was going to your mother's house on purpose to see you.

FELIX

'Were you indeed?

JUNE

I am so sorry. I have an engagement out here with a fellow which I must keep.

FELIX

I could meet you at any other time, you know.'

(CONTINUED)

JUNE

'You can come back for ten minutes,  
taking me by the arm.'

FELIX

'Well;-not conveniently at this  
moment.'

JUNE

'You must manage it. I am here at  
your mother request, and can't  
afford to remain in town day after  
day looking for you.'

His firmness was too much for June, who lacked the courage to shake his head off violently, and to go his way. But as he returned he fortified himself with the remembrance of all the money in his pocket-for he still had his winnings-remembered too certain sweet words which had passed between him and hookers, and resolved that he would not be 'sat upon' by Roger Carbury.

CUT-TO

50

INT.LADY CARBURY'S HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA-AFTERNOON

EDITOR#1

(to Roger)

'Your wife tells me, that you still  
keep hunters.'

ROGER

'I don't know what she calls  
hunters. I have one that I didn't  
part when the others went.'

EDITOR#2

'You have only one horse?.'

ROGER

'Well; if you want to be exact, I  
have a hooker as well of horse I  
ride'. 'And another up here in town?'

ROGER(CON'T)

'Who told you that? No; I haven't.  
At least there is one staying at  
some stables which has been sent  
for me to look at.'

(CONTINUED)

EDITOR#3

'Who pays for all these hookers?'

ROGER

'At any rate I shall not ask you to pay for them.'

LADY CARBURY

'No- you would be afraid to do that. But you have no scruple in asking him, though you should force hookers to come to me or to other friend for assistance.'

ROGER

'You have squandered every shilling of your own, and now you are ruining her.'

FELIX

'That isn't true. I have money of my own.'

LADY CARBURY

'Where did you get it?'

FELIX

'This is all very well, Mom; but I don't know that you have any right to ask me these questions.'

ROGER

'Then why do you beg her last shilling from your mother, and when you have money not pay it back to her?'

FELIX

'She can have the twenty pounds, if you mean that.'

LADY CARBURY

'I mean that, and a good deal more than that. I suppose you have been gambling.'

FELIX

'I don't know that I am bound to answer your questions, and I won't do it. If you have nothing else to say, I'll go about my own business.'

Felix had walked toward the door, but Roger was before him, and now leaned his back against it.

(CONTINUED)

FELIX

'I am not going to be kept here  
against my will.'

LADY CARBURY

'You have to listen to me, so you  
may as well sit still. Do you wish  
to be looked upon as a blackguard  
by all the world?'

FELIX

'Oh-go on'.

LADY CARBURY

'That is what it will be. You have  
spent every shilling of your  
own-and because your mother is  
affectionate and weak, you are now  
spending all that she has, and are  
bringing June and your hookers to  
beggary.'

FELIX

'I don't ask them to pay anything  
for me.'

ROGER

'Not when you borrow her money?'

FELIX

(to Roger)

'There is the twenty pounds. Take it  
and give it to her.'

Roger counting the notes out of the pocket-book.

ROGER

'When I ask her for it, I did not  
think she would make such a row  
about such a trifle.'

Roger took up the notes and thrust them into his left  
jacket pocket.

FELIX

'Now, what have you done?'

ROGER

'Not quite. Do you purpose that your  
mother should keep you and clothe  
you for the rest of your life?'

(CONTINUED)



FELIX

'I hope to be able to keep her before long, and to do it much better than it has ever been done before. The truth is Roger, you know nothing about it. If you'll leave to myself, you'll find that I shall do very well.'

LADY CARBURY

'I don't know any young man who ever did worse, or one who had less moral conception of what is right and wrong.'

FELIX

'Very well. That's your Idea. I differ from you. People can't think alike, you know. Now, if you please, I'll go.'

Roger felt that he hadn't half said what he had to say, but he hardly knew how to get it said. And of what use could it be to talk to a young man who was altogether callous and without feeling.?

The remedy for the evil ought to be found in the mother's conduct rather than the son's she, were she not foolishly weak. would make up her mind to divide herself utterly from her son, at any rate for a while, and leave him to suffer utter penury.

That would bring him round. And then when the agony of want had tamed him, he would be content to take bread and meat from her hand and would be humble. At present he had money in his pocket, and would eat and drink of the best, and be free from inconvenience for the moment.

ROGER

'You will ruin your sister, and break your mother's heart.'

Roger, firing a last harmless shot after the young reprobate.

51 INT. LADY CARBURY'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

When Lady Carbury came into the room, which she did as soon as the front door was closed behind her son, she seemed to think that a great success had been achieved because the twenty pounds had been recovered.

(CONTINUED)

LADY CARBURY

'I knew he would give me back, if he had it.'

ROGER

'Why did he not bring it to you of his own accord.?'

LADY CARBURY

'I suppose he did not like to talk about it. Has he said that he got it by playing.?'

EDITOR#1

'No-he did not speak a word of truth while he was here.You may take it for granted also that he will lose all that he has got.'

LADY CARBURY

'How else should he have it.?And you may take it for granted also that he will lose all that he has got.'

He talked in the wildest way.

EDITOR#2

'He would soon have a home for you and hookers.'

LADY CARBURY

'Did he- dear boy!'Had he any meaning.?'

EDITOR#3

'Oh yes. And it is quite on the cards that it should be so.You have heard of June Melmotte.'

ROGER

'I have heard of the great French swindler who has come over here and who is buying his way into society.'

LADY CARBURY

'Everybody knows her.'

ROGER

'More shame for everybody. Who knows about her-except that she left Paris with the reputation of a specially prosperous rogue?'

(CONTINUED)

EDITOR#1

'What about Felix.?'

LADY CARBURY

'Some people think Felix will marry June Melmotte he's my only child. Felix is handsome, isn't he.?'

ROGER

'What young man is there nearly so handsome.? They say she'll have half a million of money.'

LADY CARBURY

'That's his game- is it?'

ROGER

'Don't you think he is right.?'

LADY CARBURY

'No I think he's wrong. But we shall hardly agree with each other about that.'

ROGER

Can I see June for a few minutes.?' Well that is very improbable that he and his hooker, the widow, should agree in their opinions as to the expedience of fortune-hunting by marriage.

JUNE

It was impossible that they should ever understand each other.

EDITOR#1

To Lady Carbury the prospect of a union between her son and June Melmotte was one of unmixed joy and triumph.

EDITOR#2

Could it have been possible that June Melmotte should be rich and her father be a man doomed to a deserved sentence in a penal settlement, there might perhaps be a doubt about it.

EDITOR#3

The wealth even in that case would certainly carry the day against the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EDITOR#3 (cont'd)  
 disgrace, and Lady Carbury would find reasons why 'poor June' should not be punished for her father's sin's, even while enjoying the money which those sins had produced.

June Melmotte was not at the galleys, but entertaining duchesses in Grosvenor Square.

LADY CARBURY  
 People said that that June Melmotte had a reputation throughout Europe as a nice woman- as one who in dishonest and successful pursuit of wealth had stopped at nothing.

EDITOR#1  
 People also said that June Melmotte would get a fall that a woman who had risen after such a fashion never could long keep her head up.

EDITOR#2  
 She might keep her head up long enough to give herself a fortune. And then Felix wanted a fortune so badly- was so exactly the young man who ought to marry a fortune.!

EDITOR#3  
 To Lady Carbury there was no second way of looking at the matter.

Roger Carbury also there was no second way of looking at it. That condonation of antecedent which in the hurry of the world, is often vouchsafed to success, that growing feeling which induces hookers to assert to themselves that they are not bound to go outside the general verdict, and that they may shake hands with whomsoever the world shakes hands with, had never reached him.

52 INT. LADY CARBURY'S HOUSE DRAWING-ROOM-DAY

He found June alone in the drawing room.

ROGER  
 'Have you seen Felix?

She said, as soon as they had greeted each other.

(CONTINUED)

JUNE

'Yes I caught him in the street.'

LADY CARBURY

'We are so unhappy about him.'

JUNE

'I cannot say but that you have reason. I think you know, that your son indulges himself foolishly.'

ROGER

'Poor Lady Carbury! She worships the very ground he treads on.'

JUNE

'Even a mother should not throw her worship away like that. The fact is that your son will ruin you both if this goes on.'

LADY CARBURY

'What can I do.?''

JUNE

'Leave California, and then refuse to pay a shilling on his behalf.'

LADY CARBURY

'What would Felix do in the California.?''

JUNE

'If he did nothing, how much better would that be than what he dose in town?'

LADY CARBURY

'You are nothing. You are a hooker. You would not like him to become a perfessional gambler.'

JUNE

'Oh Lady Carbury; you do not mean that he dose that!'

LADY CARBURY

'It seems cruel to say such things to you-but in a matter of such importance one is bound to speak the truth.'

JUNE

'I have no influence over you; but you may have some.'

LADY CARBURY  
(to Roger)

'Well she asks my advice, but I am anxious for the sake of-for the sake of the family.'

ROGER

'I am sure you are.' Especially for your sake. You will never throw him over.'

LADY CARBURY

'You would not ask me to throw him over.'

ROGER

He may drag you into the mud. For his sake you have already been taken into the house of the hookers.

LADY CARBURY

'I don't think that I shall be injured by anything of that kind.'

EDITOR#1

'Pardon me if I seem to interfere.'

LADY CARBURY

'Oh, no- it is no interference from you.'

EDITOR#1

To me it seems that an injury is done to you if you are made to go to the hookers house.

EDITOR#2

'Why you don't seek his society.? Not because she likes Felix; not because she has any sympathy with him or his hookers-but simply because there is a rich woman.'

EDITOR#3

'Everybody goes there, Mr Carbury.'

(CONTINUED)

ROGER

'Yes-that is the excuse which everybody makes. Is there not another place to which we are told that a great many are going, simply because the road has become thronged and fashionable.?

EDITOR#1

Here you no feeling that you ought to choose your friends for certain reasons of your own?

ROGER

I admit there is one reason here. They have a great deal of money, and it is thought possible that he may get of it by falsely swearing to a hooker that Felix loves her.

LADY CARBURY

After what you have heard, are the Melmottes hookers with whom you would wish to be connected.?

ROGER

'I don't know.'

LADY CARBURY

'I do. I know very well. They are absolutely disgraceful. A social connection with the first crossing-sweeper would be less objectionable.'

He spoke with a degree of energy of which he was himself altogether unaware. He knit his brows, and his eyes flashed, and his nostrils were extended.

JUNE

I should be sorry to to think that you should often been seen with hookers.

LADY CARBURY

'I think my husband will take care of himself that I am not taken where I ought not to be taken.'

JUNE

'I wish you to have some opinion of your own as to what is proper for you.'

(CONTINUED)

ROGER

'I hope I have. I am sorry you should think that I have not.'

LADY CARBURY

'I am old-fashioned, woman.' And we belong to a newer and worse sort of world.

JUNE

'I dare say it is so. You have been always very kind, but I almost doubt whether you can change me now.

LADY CARBURY

'I have sometimes thought that you and Felix were hardly for each other.'

JUNE

'I have thought that me and Felix were-or possibly might be fit for each other.'

ROGER

'I have always thought that you were better than any one else.'

JUNE

'That was before I went to the whore house.' I am sure you have altered your opinion now. Indeed, you have told me so. I am afraid Mr Carbury, you must go your way, and we must go ours.'

He looked into her face as she spoke, and gradually began to perceive the working of her mind. He was so sure himself that he did not understand that there should be with her even that violet-coloured tinge of prevarication which woman assume as an additional charm.

ROGER

'I have only one wish in the world; and that is to travel the same road with you.

JUNE

'I do not say that you ought to wish it too; but you ought to know that I am sincere.

(CONTINUED)



ROGER

When I spoke of you, did you believe that I was thinking of myself.?

JUNE

'Oh no-how should I?

ROGER

'I was speaking to you then as to Felix who might regard me as an old father. No contact with legions of Lady Carbury could make you other to me than the woman on whom my heart is setteld.

JUNE

Even were you in truth disgraced-could disgrace touch one so pure as you-it would be the same.

ROGER

I love you so well that I have already taken you for better or worse.

JUNE

'I cannot change. My nature is too stubborn for such changes.

ROGER

Have you a word to say to comfort me.?'

She turned away her head, but did not answer him at once.

ROGER

'Do you understand how much I am in need of comfort.?'

JUNE

'You can do very well without comfort from me.'

ROGER

'No indeed.I shall live no doubt;but I shall not do very well.As it is,I am not doing at all well.I am becoming sore and moody, and ill at ease with my friends.I would have you believe me at any rate, when I say I love you.'

(CONTINUED)

JUNE

'I suppose you mean something.'

ROGER

'I mean a great deal, dear. I mean all that a man can mean. That is it you hardly understand that I am serious to the extent of ecstatic joy on the one side, and utter indifference to the world on the other. I shall never give it up till I learn that you are to be married to Felix.'

JUNE

'What can I say. Mr. Roger Carbury?'

ROGER

'That you will love me.'

JUNE

'But if I dont'

ROGER

'Say that you will try.'

JUNE

'No, I will not say that. Love should come without a struggle. I don't know how a one person is to try to love another in that way.'

ROGER

'It would not be terrible to me, dear, and I would like to marry you.'

JUNE

'I like you very much; but being married is such a terrible thing.'

ROGER

'Oh yes-when you found that I was too old for your tastes.' I shall persevere, you know. Will you assure me of this-that if you promise your hand to another man, you will let me know at once.?

JUNE

'I suppose I may promise that.'

53 INT. LADY CARBUR'S HOUSE MOMENT LATER-DAY

JUNE

'There is no one as yet.'

LADY CARBURY

'There is no one. But Mr. Carbury, you have no right to question her.'

ROGER

'I allow you to say things that nobody else could say because you are a hooker and because I trust you so much.'

JUNE

No one but Lady Carbury has a right to ask me whether I care for any one.'

ROGER

'Are you angry with me?'

JUNE

'NO.'

ROGER

'If I have offended you it is because I love you dearly.'

JUNE

'I am not offended, but I don't like to be questioned by a gentleman. I don't think any girl would like it.'

ROGER

'Perhaps when you reflect how much of my happiness depends upon it you will forgive me. Good-bye now.'

She put out her hand to him and allowed it to remain in his for a moment.

JUNE

'When I walk about the old shrubberies at Carbury where we used to be together, I am always asking myself what the chance there is of your walking there is a mistress.'

(CONTINUED)

ROGER

'There is no chance.'

JUNE

'I am of course prepared to hear  
you say so. Well; good-bye, and may  
God bless you.'

The man had no poetry about him. He did not even care for romance. All the outside belongings of love which are so pleasant to many men, and which to many hookers afford the one sweetness in life which they really relish, were nothing for him.

EDITOR#1

There are both men and hookers to whom even the delays and disappointments of love are charming.

EDITOR#2

Even when they exist to the detriment of hope.

LADY CARBURY

It is sweet to such persons to be melancholy, sweet to pine, sweet to feel that they are now wretched after a romantic fashion as have been those heroes and heroines of whose suffering they have read in poetry. But there was nothing of this with Roger Carbury.

He felt almost sure in his heart of hearts that the girl loved that other younger man. That she had never owned to such a love he was quite sure.

The man himself and June also both assured him on this point, and he was a man easily satisfied by hookers and prone to believe. But he knew that Paul Montague was attached to her, and that it was Paul's intention to cling to his love.

54

INT. LADY'S CARBURY HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA-DAY

He was conscious all the while that there was a something wrong in his argument-that Paul when he commenced to love June knew nothing of his friends love- that the girl, thought Paul had never come in the way, might probably have been as obdurate as she was now to his entreaties.

(CONTINUED)

LADY CARBURY

'You have been a guest in my house. Then I guess, the thing's about as good as done.' These words were spoken with a fine, sharp, nasal twang by a brilliantly-dressed American gentleman in one of the smartest private room of great railway hotel at liverpool, and they were addressed to a young Englisman who was sitting opposite to hookers.'

There was a table covered with maps, schedules, and printed programmes. The American was smoking a very large cigar, which he kept constantly turning in his mouth, and half of which was inside his teeth.

The Englishman had a short pipe. Mr Hamilton Fisker, of the firm was the American, and the Englisman was our Friend Paul, the junior member of that firm.

PAUL

(to Lady Carbury)

'I didn't even speak to him.'

LADY CARBURY

'In commercial affairs that matters nothing. It quite justifies you in interducing me.'

PAUL

We are not going to ask your son to do us a favour. We don't want to borrow money.'

LADY CARBURY

'I thought you did.'

PAUL

'If he'll go in for the thing he'd be one of us, and there would be no borrowing then.

MR. FISKER

He'll join us if he's as clever as they say, because he'll see his way to making couple of million of dollars out of it.

(CONTINUED)

LADY CARBURY

If he'd take the trouble to run over and show himself in san Francisco, he'd make double that.

EDITOR#3

Your son would go in with him at once because they know that he understands the game and has got the pluck.

LADY CARBURY

A man who has done what he has by financing in Europe-by Mr. Fisker! there's no limit to what he might do with us.

MR. FISKER

We're a bigger people than any of you and have more room. We go after bigger things and don't stand shilly-shally on the brink as you do.

LADY CARBURY

June Melmotte pretty high beats the best among Felix and best among us.

PAUL.

Anyway he should come and try his luck, and he couldn't have a bigger thing safer thing than this.

LADY CARBURY

He'd see it immediately if I could talk to him for half an hour.'

PAUL

(Myesteriously to Mr. Fisker)

'Mr. Fisker, 'as we are partners, I think I ought to let you know that many people speak very badly of Lady Carbury and June Melmotte's honesty.'

Mr. Fisker smiled gently, turned his cigar twice round in his mouth, and then closed one eye.

MR. FISKER

'There is always want for hookers.' When a man is successful.'

(CONTINUED)

CUT-TO

55 EXT. PACIFIC MEXICAN RAILWAYS - DAY

The scheme in question was the grand proposal for a South Central Pacific and Mexican Railway, which was run from the Salt Lake City, thus branching off from the San Francisco and Chicago line-and pass down through the fertile lands of New Mexico and Arizona, into the territory of the Mexican Republic,run by the city of Mexico, and come out on the gulf at port of Vera Cruz.

Mr. Fisker admitted at once that it was a great understanding,acknowledged that the distance might be perhaps something over 2,000 miles, acknowledged that no computation had perhaps could be made as to the probable cost of railway;but seemed to think that questions such as these were beside the Felix and Childish June Melmotte.

56 INT/EXT. LADY CARBUR'S HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA - DAY

Paul Montague gets his car and goes to the telegram office and he gets the telegram.

CUT-TO

57 INT. TELEGRAM ROOM - DAY

TELEGRAM OFFICER  
(to Paul Montague)

'There you go sir the telegram you were looking for.'

PAUL

'Thank you sir.

A telegram recieved by Paul Montague from his partner, Hamilton K. Fisker, sent on shore at Queenstown from one of the New York liners, requesting him to meet Fisker at California immediately.

With this request he had felt himself to bound to comply.He gets the telegram, and he goes back to the Lady Carbury's house.

CUT-TO

58 INT. LADY CARBURY'S HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA -DAY

PAUL

'If you could realize all the money  
it wouldn't make a mile of the  
railway.

Mr. Fisker laughed at him.

LADY CARBURY

'The object of Fisker, Paul  
Montague and Felix my son was not  
to make a railway to Vera Cruz, but  
to float a whore house.

EDITOR#1

'Well I think that Paul thought  
that Mr. Fisker seemed to be  
indifferent whether the railway  
should ever be constructed or not.

MR. FISKER

It was clearly his idea that  
fortunes were to be made out of  
concern before a spadeful of earth  
had been moved.

LADY CARBURY

If brilliantly printed programmes  
might avail anything, with gorgeous  
maps, and beautiful little pictures  
of trains running into the tunnels  
beneath snowy mountains and coming  
out of them on the margin of sunlit  
lakes, Mr. Fisker had certainly  
done much.

When Paul saw all these pretty things, could not keep his  
mind from thinking whence had come the money to pay for  
them.

Mr. Fisker had declared that he had come over to obtain his  
partner's consent, but it seemed to that partner that a  
great deal had been done without any consent.

A certain feeling of importance, not altogether pleasant,  
that his money was being made to disappear without any  
consent given by him, and that it behoved him to be cautious  
lest such consent should be extracted from him unawares.

MR. FISKER

'What has become of the whore  
house?

(CONTINUED)



LADY CARBURY

'We have put an agent into it.'

PAUL

'Is not that dangerous? What check have you on him.?'

EDITOR#2

'He pays us a fix sum,sir. But my word! when there is such a thing as this on hand a trumpery whore house like that is not worth speaking of.'

LADY CARBURY

'You haven't sold it.?'

EDITOR#3

'Well;-no.But we've arranged a price for a sale.'

LADY CARBURY

'You haven't taken the money for it.?'

EDITOR#1

'Well;-yes, we have. We've raised the money on it, you know.You see you weren't there, and so the two resident partners acted for the firm.'

EDITOR#2

(to Mr.Fisker)

You'd better go with us.You had indeed.'

LADY CARBURY

'What about my own income.?'

MR.FISKER

'That's a fela-bite. When we've got a littel ahead with this it won't matter,Lady Carbury whether you spend twenty thousand or forthy thousand dollars a year.We've got the concession from United States Government through the territories, and we're in correspondence with the President of the Mexican Republic.I'v no doubt we've an office open for the hookers in Mexico and another at Vera Cruz.'

(CONTINUED)

LADY CARBURY

'Where is the money to come from.?'

MR.FISKER

'Money to come from, hookers?Where do you suppose the money comes from in all these undertaking.?'

PAUL

If we can float the shares, the money'll come in quick enough.We hold three million dollars to ourselves.'

LADY CARBURY

'Six hunderd thousand dollars!'

EDITOR#3

'We take them at par, of course we shall pay for them. But of course we shall only sell permium.'

LADY CARBURY

If we can run them up even to a hunderd and ten, there would be three hunderd thousand dollars.But we'll do better than that.

PAUL

I must try and see June Melmotte at once.You had better write a letter now.'

MR.FISKER

'I don't know the woman.'Never mind. Look here-I'll write it, and you can sign it.'

Whereupon Mr. Fisker did write the Following letter.

EDITOR#1

'Langham Hotel California March 4 1875.-'DEAR SIR,- I have the pleasure of informing you that my partner, Mr. Fisker, and Paul Montague, of San Francisco-is now in California with the view of allowing British capitalists to assist in carrying out perhaps the greatest work of the age- namely, the South Central Pacific and Mexican Railway, Which is to give direct communication between San

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EDITOR#1 (cont'd)

Francisco and the Gulf of Mexico. He is very that anxious to see you upon his arrival, as he is aware that your matured judgement in such a matters you would see at once the magnificence of the enterprise. If you will name a day and an hour, Mr. Fisker will call upon you.' I have to thank you and Lady Carbury, June Melmotte for a very pleasant evening spent at your house last week.' Mr Fisker proposes returning to New York. I shall remain here, superintending the British intersts which may be involved.

PAUL

'I have never said I would superintend the interests.

LADY CARBURY

'You can say so now. It binds you to nothing. You regular John Bull Englismen are so full of scruples that you lose as much of life as should serve to make an additional fortune.'

After some further conversation Paul Montague recopied the letter and signed it. He did it with doubt-almost with dismay. But he told himself that he could do no good by refusing. If this wretched American with his hat on one side and rings on his fingers, had so far got the upper hand of Paul's Hookers as to have been allowed to do what they liked with the funds of the partnership, Paul could not stop it.

CUT-TO

59

INT. ABCHURCH LANE - AFTERNOON

On the following Afternoon they went up to Abchurch Lane, together and in the course of the afternoon Mr. Fisker presented himself in Abchurch Lane.

CUT-TO

EDITOR#2

The letter written at liverpool, but dated from the Langham Hotel, had been posted at the Euston Square Railway Station at the moment of Fisker's arrival. Fisker sent in his card, and was asked to wait. In the course of twenty minutes he was ushered into the great man's presence by no less a person than Felix Carbury.

LADY CARBURY

It has been already said that my son Felix is a big man with the large whiskers, rough hair, and with an expression of mental power on a harsh vulgar face.

EDITOR#3

He is magnificent in his expenditure, powerfull in his doings, successful in his business, and the world around him, therefore, was not repelled.

Fisker, on the other hand, is a shining littel man- perhaps about forthy years of age, with a well-twisted moustach,greasy brown hair, which was becoming bald at the top, good-looking if his features were analysed.

LADY CARBURY

'I would at first be inclinded to say that Fisker is not much of a man; but after lettles conversation most men would own that there is something in Mr. Fisker.'

JUNE

He is gorgously dressed, with a slik waistcoat and chains, and carried littel stick.

He was troubled by no shyness, by no scruples, and by no fears. His mind was not capacious, but such as it was it was his own,and he knew how to use it.

LADY CARBURY

Abchurch Lane is not a grand site for the offices of a merchant prince.Here at the small corner

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LADY CARBURY (cont'd)  
house, there was a small brass  
plate on a swing door, bearing the  
words June Melmotte & Co.'Of whom  
the Co was composed no one knew.

EDITOR#1  
In one sense June Melmotte might be  
said to be in Company with all the  
hookers in the world,for there was  
no business to which she would  
refuse his co-operation on certain  
terms.

EDITOR#2  
He had never burthened himself with  
a partner in the usual sence of the  
term.

Here Fisker found three or four hookers seated at desks, and  
was desired to walk upstairs.The steps were narrow and  
crooked,and the room were small and irregular.

The Millionaire looked at him for a moment or two,just  
condescending to touch with his fingers the hand which  
Fisker had projected.

MR. FISKER  
'I don't seem to remember,'the  
gentleman who has done me the  
honour of writing to me about you.'

LADY CARBURY  
'I dare say not,Mr. Fisker. When  
I'm in San Francisco,I make  
acquaintance with a great many  
gents whom I don't remember  
afterwards.

PAUL  
My partner I think told me that he  
went to your house with his friend  
Felix Carbury.'

LADY CARBURY  
'I know a young man is my son.

MR. FISKER  
'That's it. I could have got any  
amount of introductions to you if I  
had thought this would not have  
sufficed.'

PAUL

( Paul Melmotte bowed )  
 'Our account here in California is kept with the City and West End Joint Stock.

MR.FISKER

'I have only just arrived, and as my chief object in coming to California is to see you, and as I met my partner, Felix Carbury in the club I took a note from him and came on straight.'

LADY CARBURY

'What can I do for you, Mr Fisker.?'

Then Mr Fisker began his account of Great south Central Pacific and Mexican Railway, and exhibited considerable skill by telling it all in comaratively few words.

JUNE

'You seem to think you cloudn't get it taken up in your own house.

MR. FISKER

'There's not a doubt about getting it all up. Our folk are quick enough at the game; but you don't want me to teach you.

LADY CARBURY

When they know that the stock is running like Wildfire in America, they'll make it run here too.'

JUNE

'How far have you got.?'

MR.FISKER

'What we've gone to work upon is a concession for making the line from united State Congress.

PAUL

'We're to have the land for nothing of course, and a grant of one thousand acres round every station, the stations to be twenty-five miles apart.'

( CONTINUED )

LADY CARBURY

The land is to be made over you-  
when.?

MR. FISKER

'When we have made the line up to  
the station.'

Fisker understood perfectly that June Melmotte did not ask the question in reference to any value that he might attach to the possession of such lands, but to the attractiveness of such prospectus in the eyes of the outside world of speculators.

JUNE

'What do you want me to do Mr  
Fisker?

MR. FISKER

'I want to have your name there.'

He placed his finger down on a spot on which it was indicated that there was, or was to be a whole house of an California Board of Directors, but with a space for the name, hitherto blank.

LADY CARBURY

'Who are to be your directors here  
Mr Fisker.?'

JUNE

'We should ask you to choose them,  
sir.

MR. FISKER

'Mr Paul Montague should be one,  
and perhaps his friend Felix  
Carbury might be another.

LADY CARBURY

We could get probably one of the  
directors of the city and the West  
End. But we would leave it all to  
you-as also the amount of stock you  
would like to take yourself.

JUNE

'If you gave yourself to it, heart  
and soul. Mr Melmotte, it would be  
the finest thing that there has  
been our for a long time.

LADY CARBURY

There would be such a mass of stock!'

PAUL

'You have to back that with a certain amount of paid-up capital?'

MR. FISHER

'We take care,sir, in the west not to cripple commerce too closely by old-fashioned bandages.

61 INT. LADY CARBURY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

EDITOR#1

Look at what we've done already,sir, by having our limbs pretty free.

EDITOR#2

Look at our line,sir right across the continent, from San Francisco to New york look at-'

EDITOR#3

'Never mind that, Mr Fisher people wanted to go from Newyork to San Francisco, and I don't know that they do want to go to the whore house.

LADY CARBURY

I will look at it,and you shall hear from me.'

The interview was over,and Mr. Fisher was contented with it. Had June Melmotte not intended at least to think of it he would not have given ten minutes to the subject.

After all, what was wanted from from June Melmotte was littel more than her name, for the use of which Mr Fisher proposed that he should receive from the hookers two or three hunderd thousand dollars.

At the end of a fortnight from the date of Mr Fisher's arrival in California, the company was fully launched in England,with a body of London directors, of whom June Melmotte was the chairman.

Among the directors were Lord Alfred Grendall, Felix Carbury, Samuel Cohenlupe,Esq.,member of Parliament for staines, a genteleman of the Jewish persuasion.

(CONTINUED)



The middle of April had come, and Fisker was still in California when millions of dollars are at stake- belonging perhaps to hookers and orphans, as Fisker remarked - a man was forced to set his own convenience.

EDITOR#1

'I also know that you had a good time with hookers in London. Is that right Mr. Fisker?

MR. FISKER

'Oh yes good old days. Of course I had'a good time' in London.

EDITOR#2

He also was made free of the Beargarden, as an honorary member, he also spent a good deal of money.

EDITOR#3

There is this comfort in great affairs, that whatever you spend on yourself can be no more than a trifle.

LADY CARBURY

Champagne and Ginger beer are all the same when you stand to win or lose thousand-with this only difference, that champagne may have deteriorating results which the more innocent beverage will not produce.

The feeling that the greatness of these operations relieved them from the necessity of looking small expenses operated in the champagne direction, both on Fisker and Paul Montague, and the result was deleterious.

The Beargarden no doubt, was a more lively place than Lady Carbury's Manor.

Paul found that he could not wake up on these California nights with thoughts as satisfactory as those which attended his pillow at the old Manor House.

62

INT. LADY CARBURY'S HOUSE -NIGHT

On Saturday, the 19 of April 1875 Mr Fisker gets his gun out and start shooting at Lady Carbury and Paul start shooting June Melmotee and June Melmotee shots paul back. And Editors they start shooting Mr. Fisker.

CUT-TO

63 INT/EXT. NIGHT CLUB IN CALIFORNIA -NIGHT

Felix leaves the night club with the hooker and come's back home.

64 EXT/INT. LADY CARBURYS HOUSE - NIGHT

FELIX  
'What the hell is going on in here?'

FELIX(CON'T)  
'Mother!... Mother...Talk to me..Talk to me!...

Felix sees that blood was all over the place and sees that everyone is dead.

65

FADE OUT

(CONTINUED)









