

"SHORTHOSE AND FLAXBEARD"

Written by:
Jim Boston

1312 N. 48th Ave., #324
Omaha, NE 68132
402 556-3340
Huskercyclone@netzero.net
3-3-2019

FADE IN:

EXT. LIBERTY THEATER - NIGHT

SUPER: SEATTLE, WA, 2-14-1917

PEOPLE (most of them in thin coats) pass by the theater on this cloudy, not-too-cold day.

A few World War 1-era cars pass by, too.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER STAGE - NIGHT

Tuxedo-clad, top-hat-wearing comic magician ROSEMARY SHORTHOSE (23, dogged, temperamental, impulsive; blonde) performs onstage.

It's Wednesday night at this lavish, ornate theater...an Emerald City jewel.

ROSEMARY

Would any of you in the audience
tonight like to volunteer your help
with my next magical trick?

Total silence from a packed AUDIENCE.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

All right...then you won't get to
see me saw a man in half.

Wild applause comes from the crowd.

Most of the crowd is male...rugged types: Longshoreworkers, loggers, the like...residents of a booming Seattle.

Rosemary's got a sly grin.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

All right, then...let me show you
how smart rabbits are...
(taking off her top hat)
They can...

Rosemary pulls out...a frog!

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

What in the world?

Loud, boisterous crowd laughter fills the Liberty.

Rosemary looks embarrassed.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
 WHAT IN THE WORLD IS A FROG DOING
 IN THIS HAT?

In the front row, heckler GAMALIEL EHLERS (50s) stands up and yells at Rosemary.

GAMALIEL
 Hey, lady, why don'tcha DISAPPEAR?

The audience cracks up...and Rosemary cringes.

ROSEMARY
 Hey, Mister...you could've told me
 to EVAPORATE instead!

The boisterous laughter kicks back in.

EXT. EAST MADISON STREET BOARDINGHOUSE - NIGHT

This rather large, Victorian-styled boardinghouse is close to the downtown area.

INT. BOARDINGHOUSE FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rosemary steams her way down the hallway when a door opens...and reveals derby-hat-wearing ELI PHIPPS (60, crusty, sarcastic; Texas accent), who runs this boardinghouse.

ELI
 Hey, Rosemary, you're makin' up a
 heap o' noise!

ROSEMARY
 And I'm gonna make a HEAP more
 before I'm through!

Rosemary storms farther down the hall, but doesn't get too far: Eli grabs one of Rosemary's arms. She stops.

ELI
 Slow down, gull! Tell me what's
 ailin' you.

ROSEMARY
 Why would you care? After seven
 years, nobody else cares about my
 act.

ELI

Now come on, gull. Ah been puttin'
up too many o' you, uh,
vaudevillians all these here years
to not know how to offer up some
advice.

Eli lets go of Rosemary's arm.

ELI (CONT'D)

Now...tell me what's got your hair
all unraveled.

ROSEMARY

Well, I think it'd help if I had a
partner. I've been trying all this
time to get one...but nobody wants
to work with me.

Eli strokes his chin.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

All the great magicians down
through history have had partners.
EVERY ONE OF THEM!

Eli continues to stroke his chin.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

It's hard to make it as a magician
when you don't have someone to give
you a hand...but I can't get a
hand...maybe if I sawed myself in
half...

Eli shrugs.

ELI

Wail, uh, Rosemary, you gotcha some
kinda problem...don't know what to
tell you.

Rosemary briskly walks down the hallway.

ROSEMARY

It's just as well!

INT. ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rosemary enters her sparsely-furnished apartment, slams the
door, and plops herself into a plush, highbacked chair.

Rosemary gets back up and goes to a bookshelf; she grabs from it a book about magic.

She returns to the chair and reads that book.

THE O.S. STRAINS of a piano lesson ensue.

Rosemary slams the book on the floor.

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

EMILY FLAXBEARD (22, gentle, thoughtful, quite attractive; New York accent) and BECKY JACOBS (12) sit at a 1880-1909 upright piano in the former's well-appointed apartment.

Both wear ankle-length dresses.

EMILY

Becky, why don't you play the D scale for me?

Becky does exactly that; Emily notices something wrong in Becky's technique.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Becky...I'm afraid your third finger's in the wrong position.

Becky stops her music and frowns a little...at Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Not to worry. I had the same problem, too, when I was about your age.

Becky gives Emily a look of surprise.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Why not support your third finger with your thumb and raise your forearm in the air over the B, the note your third finger's gonna play?

Becky nods.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Here...let me show you.

Emily demonstrates that exercise for Becky.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Then drop your finger over the B,
hold it for a short time, then lift
off again.

Becky tries the D scale again a la Emily's instructions.
Success!

Becky grins.

BECKY

Thanks a lot, Miss Flaxbeard!

EMILY

Would you like to learn a song?

BECKY

Sure!

EMILY

How about "When You and I Were
Young, Maggie?"

Becky nods enthusiastically, and Emily plays "When You and I
Were Young, Maggie."

After about twenty-eight bars:

BECKY

I get it, Miss Flaxbeard!

Now it's a duet...but several moments later, Emily and Becky
hear the SOUND of a book thrown against the wall.

That stops the music. Emily gets up and leaves the room.

EMILY

I'll be right back.

BECKY

All right, Miss Flaxbeard.

INT. ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rosemary finds a KNOCK on her door; she puts down the book to
answer the knock...and open the door, exposing Emily.

MAIN TITLES APPEAR OVER ACTION.

ROSEMARY

Yes?

EMILY
Would it be all right to come in?

ROSEMARY
Might as well.

Emily enters Rosemary's apartment.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Move in if you like. Take over!

EMILY
I've got my own apartment...next
door.

Emily points to a second plush, highbacked chair.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Mind if I sit down?

ROSEMARY
All right.

EMILY
(getting seated)
I'm terribly sorry if the piano
lesson I'm giving Becky is
disturbing you.

Rosemary sits back down.

EMILY (CONT'D)
You see, it was the only time she
and I could get together...she has
chores right after school...

Rosemary nods testily.

ROSEMARY
Oh, that's just fine. I've always
enjoyed having my train of thought
broken by piano players whenever
I'm trying to read.

Emily just sits there and studies Rosemary.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Nobody in this world wants me to
succeed as a vaudeville magician.
Nobody...except me.

Rosemary puts her chin on her fists.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
If you've never heard of Rosemary
Shorthose...feel overjoyed.

EMILY
I love magic!

Rosemary stares at Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)
In fact, vaudeville sounds
exciting...even if it's just
hearing all the people who pass by
here talk about their acts...like
the one that makes music with
swords.

ROSEMARY
Yeah. I've seen it. The Dick-Dock
Trio. They use rusty swords. No
wonder their music's so revolting.

EMILY
Oh, I wouldn't say that...it really
has a certain charm. There's also
an act that plays girdles and
corsets.

ROSEMARY
And brassieres. That's Wheaton and
Wells.

Rosemary shakes her head "no."

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
I just don't see how those women
can make music out of lingerie.

EMILY
Why, I met them last year...I asked
the same question you did. And they
showed me how they do it. And
there's this man who makes music
with a catcher's mitt and a
catcher's mask--

ROSEMARY
Yeah. He had only one at-bat with
the Chicago Whales...but he's very
good.

Emily looks around the room, then at Rosemary.

EMILY
So you're a magician.

Rosemary nods.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Pardon me for not introducing
myself when I came in. My name's
Emily Flaxbeard.

Emily and Rosemary get up and shake hands; the two women sit
down again.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Not only do I teach piano next
door, I play the organ and the
piano at the Liberty Theater...they
gave me the night off tonight.

ROSEMARY
I just got back from there. I
bombed.

EMILY
Don't feel so bad, Rosemary. We all
bomb from time to time. Why, my
first night playing the pictures, I
bombed, too.

Rosemary's mouth flies open.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I'd just taken over from a man
named Murtaugh...Henry Murtaugh.

ROSEMARY
At least you bombed for one night.
(looking at the floor)
I've been bombing for seven years!
(looking back up)
And it's lonely...especially since
I've got no partner.

EMILY
I'd love to see your act. How about
tomorrow?

ROSEMARY
No way. You're gonna see it now!
Tonight!

They find a KNOCK on the door.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Come in!

The door opens, and Becky enters.

BECKY

Miss Flaxbeard, are we still going to have the rest of the lesson?

EMILY

Why, sure...first of all, my friend Rosemary's going to do some magic tricks.

Becky looks surprised.

EMILY (CONT'D)

It'll only be a few minutes, Becky.

ROSEMARY

(getting up)

Hi, Becky. I'm Rosemary Shorthose.

BECKY

Nice to meet you, Rosemary. I'm Becky Jacobs.

Becky and Rosemary shake hands.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Goodbye!

Becky leaves Rosemary's apartment to return to Emily's place; seconds later, the women HEAR BECKY'S O.S. PIANO RENDITION of "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie."

Rosemary grabs a deck of playing cards; she shuffles them.

ROSEMARY

Emily, pick a card.

Emily nods and picks a card. Rosemary riffles the rest of the cards.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Tell me when to stop.

Rosemary riffles on for a moment longer.

EMILY

Stop.

Rosemary stops riffling; she pulls off the trick when she reaches down and appears to remove the top portion down to where she stopped riffling.

She replaces the selected card at that point.

Rosemary replaces the top portion of the deck and squares up the deck.

In the end, the selected card supposedly appears at the center of the deck...but actually rests second from the top.

ROSEMARY

Emily, your card's not on the top of the deck...it's someplace in the middle.

Emily looks awestruck.

EMILY

How can you bomb with tricks like that?

Rosemary perks up.

EXT. EAST MADISON STREET BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY

Skies are overcast here on this gloomy, miserable day.

INT. ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rosemary's now in an ankle-length dress; she works on her rabbit-out-of-a-hat routine when she hears a KNOCK on the door.

ROSEMARY

Come in.

The door opens...and Emily comes in.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Don't you have any...pupils yet today?

EMILY

Me.

ROSEMARY

I mean piano pupils.

EMILY

Not this early in the morning...just wanted to see what it'd be like to be your partner.

ROSEMARY

You didn't really...did you?

EMILY

Let me see you do a trick that requires a partner...like a...card trick.

SAME SCENE - A BIT LATER

Rosemary's brought out a small table; on that table, fifteen half-dollar coins rest behind a small metal bucket...all in preparation for a coin trick.

Rosemary grabs the bucket with her left hand and sets her coins against the inside. She pretends to spot something in the air...and "catches" it with her right hand and tosses her "catch" into the bucket.

She produces coins...from Emily's ears.

Rosemary catches the coins with the bucket.

ROSEMARY

How're you feeling, Emily?

EMILY

Woozy...but good.

ROSEMARY

All right...why don't we try another?

Emily nods.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

(grabbing a silk cloth)

My next trick is called "Poof."

Rosemary grabs a small, lidless, transparent pill bottle and stuffs the silk cloth into the bottle. She puts a small piece of paper on the table, places the pill bottle sideways on the paper, and wraps the bottle inside the paper.

Rosemary picks up the paper, and...

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
 Now, ladies and gentlemen, you
 realize we have here...a tube.

To enclose the bottle completely, Rosemary twists the ends of
 the paper.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
 (while twisting the ends)
 Take a look inside, Emily.

Emily does, and...

EMILY
 The bottle and the silk are still
 there.

ROSEMARY
 Right!

With the twisting done, Rosemary hands the wrapped bottle to
 Emily, who unwraps it.

EMILY
 The bottle's empty.

ROSEMARY
 That's right!

NOTE: For the trick to work, Rosemary needs an inner
 shell...into which the silk must slide once the paper is
 tilted to twist the second end.

EMILY
 Rosemary, that's wonderful!

ROSEMARY
 Thank you!

EMILY
 Tell me something, though: How do
 you bring back the silk?

ROSEMARY
 I haven't...figured it out yet.

EXT. HEMMINGSEN'S - DAY

Rosemary and Emily walk into a small building with large,
 ground-floor windows up front.

INT. HEMMINGSEN'S DINING ROOM - DAY

The magician and the piano teacher find the restaurant sparsely filled with CUSTOMERS. Almost immediately, tuxedo-clad JOSHUA (mid-20s), the host here, meets the twosome.

Joshua's surprised to see Emily and Rosemary at Hemmingsen's.

ROSEMARY

Two, please.

JOSHUA

Are you sure it's not four?

ROSEMARY

We're sure it's two.

JOSHUA

Well, we have a rule here against serving unescorted--

ROSEMARY

(pointing to Emily)

Our stomachs have a rule against eating bad boardinghouse food, too.

EMILY

She's right...if only Eli Phipps could cook...

JOSHUA

Eli who?

ROSEMARY

I don't think any of us has three hours for the explanation.

Joshua shrugs and shows Emily and Rosemary to a table in the back of the dining room; the two women reach the table and sit down...and Joshua walks off.

JOSHUA

I hope I don't get in trouble with the maitre d'.

EMILY

Don't worry!

As soon as Joshua's out of sight, Rosemary turns to Emily.

ROSEMARY

Emily, do you realize what you'd have to give up if you hook up with a no-talent like me?

EMILY

Yes.

(touching Rosemary's hand)
And you're not a no-talent.

ROSEMARY

Because you'll be on the road with me, you won't get to play the pictures at the Liberty Theater.

Emily nods.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

How many people in this country can play a pipe organ...let alone while watching...and accompanying...a moving picture show?

EMILY

No problem. I'm training one of my pupils...one of my advanced pupils to take my place.

Rosemary nods.

ROSEMARY

What's gonna happen to your pupils?

EMILY

Another of my advanced pupils wants to follow in my footsteps.

Rosemary screws up her face while she stares into space.

ROSEMARY

Aren't you worried that you might...lose your musical skills?

Emily shakes her head sideways.

EMILY

I can always limber up after the show...I know where every single piano and organ in Seattle is.

Rosemary's mouth flies open.

ROSEMARY

What if you're in...uh, Salt Lake City? Denver? Omaha? Dubuque?

EMILY

I can scout around.

Emily puts a hand on one of Rosemary's hands.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Rosemary...I know what you're trying to do. But don't worry...I can handle it. I'll be all right.

Rosemary gazes toward the kitchen door, toward the work stations...and shows exasperation.

ROSEMARY

This restaurant is slower than the Pony Express.

(looking at Emily)

What're you gonna do when you get pelted with your first rotten banana skin?

Before Emily can answer, a food server named NELL (20s) arrives at the table and gazes testily at Rosemary and Emily.

NELL

Can I interest you two in our banana cream pie?

Emily and Rosemary just stare openmouthed at Nell.

EXT. EAST MADISON STREET BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY

A 1910 Ford Model T goes down the street.

INT. ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emily (she reads Rosemary's magic book) and Rosemary sit at those plush, highbacked chairs.

EMILY

(looking up from book)

Rosemary...how'd you get to be a magician?

ROSEMARY

My Uncle Stan...he sang, danced, and did magic tricks twenty, thirty years ago. Took him to every saloon out West.

Emily nods.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

He taught me some tricks when I was little. But my mother and father back home in Los Angeles hated him for that.

Rosemary tries to impersonate her father.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

He'd say: "Stanley Macdonald, how dare you teach my daughter that...voodoo!"

Emily's got a smile on her face.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

But by 1910, he thought I was ready for the big time, and he helped me with my act.

EMILY

Was Uncle Stan ever in vaudeville?

ROSEMARY

Yes...at the turn of the century. He wasn't much of a hit...to tell the truth, he wasn't any kind of a hit.

An inspired Rosemary gets up from her chair...

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

My father used to get so mad at him. When he thought Uncle Stan had overstayed his visit...

...and wheels an elaborate box onto the middle of the floor.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

He'd throw orange crates at him...of all the tricks Uncle Stan taught me, my favorite one has to be "Sawing a Person in Half."

Emily nods.

EMILY

You'll need a person.

ROSEMARY

Tell you what: Why don't you be the person? Just get inside the box...through the large hole.

Emily gets up and heads for the box.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Emily, lower your middle, and at the same time, shove that pair of fake feet out.

Emily gets inside the box, feels the fake feet, and...

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Feel them?

...shoves those feet out.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Good!

Rosemary goes into a closet and pulls out a hand saw.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I just can't say enough about this trick.

To make sure the saw works, Rosemary tests it for sharpness. She takes a rod and plays that saw!

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

What a saw!

(puts rod away)

This is my all-time favorite trick. I've always wanted to perform it.

EMILY

Why haven't you used it in your act?

ROSEMARY

Nobody wanted to volunteer to get in the box.

(saws on the box)

Female or male.

While Rosemary saws, Emily nods.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Oh...I didn't tell you to pretend you're asleep.

Emily grins and closes her eyes.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Happens when you haven't done a
trick in so long.

Once she's done with the saw, Rosemary shoves the halves
apart, pretends to acknowledge crowd applause, and shoves the
box halves back together.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Okay, Emily, you can open your eyes
now...and you can get out of the
box now.

Emily follows Rosemary's instructions...and takes a bow.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Very good! Very good!

EMILY
Huh?

ROSEMARY
You didn't flinch. You didn't
panic. You weren't even nervous!

EMILY
Oh, well...

ROSEMARY
I think you've got a future as my
partner.

Emily's mouth flies open.

Her arms hug Rosemary.

EMILY
Thank you very much, Rosemary. I
hope I can be of tremendous service
as your partner.

Emily breaks her hug with Rosemary.

EMILY (CONT'D)
My legs won't fall apart on the way
to playing the pictures tonight,
will they?

Rosemary and Emily have a laugh over that one.

EXT. LIBERTY THEATER - NIGHT

Quiet takes over outside the theater.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER OFFICE - NIGHT

Emily wears a gown as she walks into the fairly-cluttered office of theater manager LYELL COX (40s, good-looking, down-to-Earth), who wears a full suit.

He sits behind his desk.

EMILY

Mr. Cox, I've got something to tell you...and I'd like you to take it any way you want.

LYELL

Okay, Emily.

EMILY

You see, Rosemary Shorthose, one of the acts playing here tonight, has a new partner...

Lyell's mouth drops in surprise.

Emily sits down in the chair across from the desk.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Me.

Lyell's mouth drops even further. He tries to get a word out...and can't get it done.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, this means my association with the Liberty Theater will have to end on the twentieth of this month.

Lyell's still in shock.

LYELL

You...mean...

EMILY

She'll be playing the Alaska Theater the next day.

Lyell shakes in his seat.

LYELL

Remember when you came to work for us two years ago?

EMILY

Certainly. And I'd like to thank you for giving me this chance.

LYELL

(nodding)

After one of his noon-hour concerts, Henry Murtaugh let you take over the console.

EMILY

Yes. The top manual had only thirty-seven keys at first...a hair-raising experience. Hard to get used to.

LYELL

It was hard for Henry to get used to, too. After he heard you play, he ran and left the theater...in tears.

Emily slowly nods.

LYELL (CONT'D)

He came back an hour later and told me: "Lyell...you've got to give that girl a chance! She plays the top manual the way Duffy Lewis plays the left-field embankment at Fenway Park!"

EMILY

I'll never forget the time my father took me and my two sisters to Hilltop Park to see the Highlanders...they're the Yankees now...play the Red Sox--

LYELL

Emily...

EMILY

Hilltop Park was in the Bronx--

LYELL

How in the world could you take up with possibly the worst magician in the history of the world?

EMILY

She needed a partner. And I figured that if she had a full-time partner, a full-time assistant, her career might be salvaged.

(smiling warmly)

Also, I...I just love her act.

Lyell drops his head in his hands, which rest on his desk.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(looking at her watch)

Well, it's time for me to go to the console.

(gently pats Lyell's back)

Don't worry. We'll be fine.

Emily leaves the office...while Lyell's head is still buried in his hands.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER ORCHESTRA PIT - NIGHT

Emily tickles the keys and stomps the pedals of a three-manual Wurlitzer pipe organ while THE AUDIENCE in back of her watches A MOVIE that's about to end.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER STAGE - NIGHT

As soon as the movie ends, THE CURTAIN RISES...and time for the first vaudeville act of the night: Rosemary, who's back in her tuxedo.

Rosemary doesn't get much applause.

ROSEMARY

Good evening!

Rosemary fishes into her coat pockets and, out of one, pulls a deck of playing cards.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, in my hand is an ordinary deck of playing cards...not just any deck of playing cards, mind you...an ordinary deck.

Some halfhearted chuckles come from the crowd.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

(shuffling cards)

I'm now gonna show you the hand is quicker than the eye.

Back in his front-row seat, Gamaliel stands up and yells at Rosemary.

GAMALIEL
OH, YEAH?

ROSEMARY
Yeah!

As Gamaliel sits back down, Rosemary slowly riffles the deck in her left hand.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
(still riffling)
Now, I'd like a member of the audience to come up here and select a card.

No takers.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
It just takes one person.

Nobody comes up as Rosemary continues to riffle.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Are you afraid there's a snake in these cards?

Emily leaves the organ console and makes her move to the stage, where she takes a card from the deck.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
(whispering to Emily)
I was looking for someone from the audience.

Emily nods.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen...my new partner, Emily Flaxbeard.

Instead of applause, stunned surprise from the crowd ensues.

Rosemary riffles on.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Emily...tell me when to stop.

Emily gives Rosemary a few more seconds.

EMILY

Stop.

Rosemary no longer riffles the cards; she reaches down and appears to remove the top portion to where she stopped her riffles.

ROSEMARY

Okay. Now put the card back in.

Emily puts the card she picked back in the deck; it seems to be in the center of the deck...but really rests second from the top.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Emily, your card's not on the top of the deck...it's somewhere in the middle.

It's not really in the middle...it's second from the top.

Some people in the audience don't look fooled.

They throw all sorts of debris (including banana skins) at Rosemary and Emily.

EXT. EAST MADISON STREET BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY

TWO GRADE-SCHOOL-AGE KIDS walk down the street, books in hand, in front of the boardinghouse.

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rosemary and Emily sit on the sofa in the latter's apartment. Rosemary looks puzzled.

EMILY

Are you all right, Rosemary?

ROSEMARY

Yes...I just think we need to work together a little more.

EMILY

Right. The longer we play this theater, the higher our chances of becoming walking fruit salads.

Emily and Rosemary sit silently for a few moments.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Why don't we start with a different trick?

Rosemary nods.

ROSEMARY
Fine...what do we start with?

Emily finds a KNOCK on the door.

She doesn't answer the door or the question.

Another KNOCK takes place.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Emily...shouldn't you get the door?

EMILY
Oh, yes...

She gets the door; the result reveals...LACEY HANSON (17), who's got some music books in her hands.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Lacey...please come in.

Lacey does just that. She goes right to the piano.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Lacey, meet Rosemary Shorthose.
She's a comic magician playing the
vaudeville circuit...I'm her
partner.

Emily nods to Rosemary (who gets up) as Lacey stands up and puts her books on the piano bench.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Rosemary, meet Lacey Hanson. I'm
training her to take my place at
the Liberty Theater organ.

Lacey and Rosemary shake hands.

LACEY
So you're the career wrecker.

Rosemary cringes.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

EXT. DOWNTOWN NEWSSTAND - DAY

Rosemary buys up every single copy of the "Seattle Star" left at the newsstand...much to the surprise of the CLERK.

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

With those newspapers, Rosemary attempts the old hole-in-the-newspaper trick...but once the hole is cut, she can't seem to replace it to end the trick.

SAME SCENE - A BIT LATER

Rosemary and Emily try the act's old opener, the "Say When" card trick.

It works better: Rosemary conceals the cards more easily.

SAME SCENE - STILL LATER

Emily and Rosemary sit on the sofa, where the latter writes some jokes down.

SAME SCENE - EVEN LATER

It's back to magic as Rosemary produces rabbits out of the top hat she holds.

END MONTAGE

EXT. LIBERTY THEATER - DAY

Rain beats down on Seattle.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER ORCHESTRA PIT - DAY

Emily's at the Mighty Wurlitzer, where she plays the final number in her noon-hour concert: "I Love You Truly."

A spellbound AUDIENCE watches Emily give "I Love You Truly" an elaborate finish...in spite of the barely discernible, O.S. SOUND of props being moved backstage.

She wins loads of crowd applause...strong, hearty applause.

Emily gets up from the organ bench and turns to the crowd.

EMILY
 (taking a bow)
 Thank you very much! Please come
 back tomorrow!

INT. LIBERTY THEATER LOWER LEVEL - DAY

As the listeners file out of the theater, some acknowledge Emily's request.

TWO MARRIED COUPLES (one 30s, the other 60s) look back at Emily and wave at her before they turn to each other.

YOUNGER HUSBAND
She's much better than Murtaugh!

YOUNGER WIFE
(to Younger Husband)
Honey, do you think she'd like to play our next rent party?

OLDER WIFE
I love her version of "My Hero."

The younger twosome nod.

OLDER HUSBAND
Emily'll never be as good as Henry Murtaugh.

Older Wife wags a finger at her hubby.

OLDER HUSBAND (CONT'D)
A woman just can't play the organ like a man.

Older Husband receives three dirty looks.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER STAGE - DAY

Rosemary moves her props to center stage; Emily joins her.

With them the only people in sight, the theater sounds dead.

ROSEMARY
Very good playing, Emily.

EMILY
Aw, Rose..what do you want to work on first?

Rosemary looks behind her and at Emily.

ROSEMARY
Wanna get inside the box?

EMILY
Sure!

Emily climbs into that elaborate box, lowers her middle, and pushes those fake feet out.

ROSEMARY

You're really getting the hang of getting in and out of that box!

While Emily nods, Rosemary grabs her hand saw.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Feel free to close your eyes.

Emily closes her eyes; at the same time, Rosemary saws. She studies her partner for a few seconds and looks out at an imaginary audience.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I've been waiting seven years to do this trick...I was on the verge of finding a horse to saw in half...but I couldn't get a box big enough for him.

Emily, eyes still closed, breaks up in laughter.

EMILY

Stop, Rosemary. Keep telling jokes like those and you'll blow the trick.

ROSEMARY

You really liked that one?

INT. LIBERTY THEATER BACKSTAGE - DAY

Lyell Cox and Acme Circuit president CLEMENTINE SEAWELL (50s, suspicious, bespectacled, tall; a sometimes-Americanized British accent) walk toward the stage...and hear ROSEMARY'S O.S. SAWING.

LYELL

Can't be the carpenters, Miss Seawell.

Clementine nods.

CLEMENTINE

I see she's afflicting your town, Lyell.

Lyell shakes his head up and down.

LYELL

What's worse, Miss Seawell, she's got a partner now...my organist!

Clementine lights up a rather huge cigar.

LYELL (CONT'D)
 Uh...Miss Seawell...would you please? Do you remember the Algonquin fire?

Clementine takes a puff.

CLEMENTINE
 My boy, this is my theater. And I'll do whatever I want.
 (pointing at Lyell)
 Remember: Any theater in the Acme Circuit is mine.

Lyell nods heavily.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)
 You and I are going to see just what Rosemary Mae Shorthose has decided to inflict upon the good citizens of Seattle, Washington.

Clementine takes a longer puff from that cigar.

LYELL
 Tell me something, Clementine: If Rosemary's so bad...and she is...why do you still pay her?

CLEMENTINE
 Don't you see, Lyell? We all know that every circuit needs a chaser!

Lyell nods heavily again.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)
 And that's what Rosemary is!

Lyell shakes his head "yes" once more.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER STAGE - DAY

Rosemary has Emily "split in half" and sets out to "put her back together" when Lyell and Clementine reach the stage.

ROSEMARY
 And there, folks, is our act for tonight. We hope you've enjoyed it.

While Rosemary bows, Emily leaves the box and bows, too.

CLEMENTINE

Don't be too sure.

ROSEMARY

Miss Seawell, meet my new assistant, Emily Flaxbeard...the organist and pianist here for the last two years.

Emily walks toward Clementine.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Emily, meet my boss, Miss Clementine Seawell...I mean our boss.

Emily and Clementine shake hands; the latter shows a weak grip.

CLEMENTINE

You poor dear...

EMILY

Oh, my, no...it's all right. I became Rosemary's partner because I felt she could use one. And I think her act is wonderful.

CLEMENTINE

Oh, you poor dear...
(to Rosemary)
Are you managing to get your tricks halfway right?

ROSEMARY

All the way right. I just needed a partner is all.

Lyell and Clementine just look at each other.

LYELL

At least Rosemary has someone to saw in half now.

CLEMENTINE

I cahn't see a woman sawing someone in half.

ROSEMARY

(to herself)
Think what it would be like if I had a gentleman partner...

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

(to Emily)
No offense.

Emily gives Rosemary a knowing smile.

CLEMENTINE

The idea of a lady sawing a gentleman in half is patently absurd.

Clementine points at Rosemary.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

I expect to see your act up to professional standards...posthaste!

Rosemary nods.

ROSEMARY

I thought you just looked at us as a good chaser.

CLEMENTINE

Never mind, young lady!
(waving her cigar)
They should've bean up there years ago!
(takes a puff)
Run through your act again.

Rosemary nods at Clementine, then at Emily (who gives Rosemary a nod of her own).

ROSEMARY

(to Emily)
Right from the very top.

Emily returns to the organ console while Rosemary goes to a small table onstage; the latter grabs a small bucket and a small stack of half-dollar coins from the table.

As before, Rosemary grips the bucket with her left hand and sets the coins against the inside of the bucket.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here to tell you that this job doesn't pay enough.

Clementine's mouth flies open.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Oh, no...just not enough.

Rosemary pretends to see something in the air.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
But tonight, I think that's gonna
change.

Lyell gets off a good laugh...but Clementine stares him down.

At the same time, Rosemary "catches" that something which was in the air with her right hand; it goes into the bucket with a CLANG. (Really, she lets one coin from the stack hit the bucket bottom as she tosses her "catch" into it.)

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Anyone else want to help a poor
little woman like me?

Clementine looks mortified.

EXT. LIBERTY THEATER - NIGHT

PEOPLE file into the theater as the rain has stopped.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER STAGE - NIGHT

Rosemary's back in her tuxedo and top hat as she addresses the AUDIENCE.

ROSEMARY
Nobody?

Nobody responds...but some spectators jeer Rosemary.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
And they call this the greatest
country in the world...you oughta
be...

Emily looks up from her spot at the organ.

EMILY
Hold it, Rosemary, before you
resort to something drastic...

Emily leaves the organ for the stage.

ROSEMARY
Ladies and gentlemen, meet my
partner, Emily Flaxbeard.

Result: A bit of crowd applause...which Emily acknowledges.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Emily, would you like to help a
poor...

Before Rosemary can finish the sentence, Emily produces (by magic, of course) coins from her ears...coins that fall into the basket.

The action gains a good round of applause.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Thank you very, very much!

EMILY
Anything for a friend.

Rosemary isn't through "collecting" coins: She reaches behind her own ears for two more coins, in the air for another piece, etc.

Actually, she thumbs the same coin and lets another fall from the stack at the right time. She continues this way until all the coins are gone.

That all leads to more applause.

ROSEMARY
Thank you very much!

Emily brings out a small pillow, on which rests a small ring.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
(picking up the ring)
My old high school ring!

That one brings some chuckles out of the audience.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
I've been looking for this ring
ever since 1910...thank you, Emily.

Rosemary holds the ring between her left thumb and left forefinger; she brings her right hand (thumb down, fingers up) over the ring.

She slowly transfers the ring to her right hand and slowly opens that hand to reveal the ring.

Rosemary looks at her right hand in surprise and turns to the audience.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I still get the jitters after seven years.

Some goodnatured laughter from the crowd ensues.

Rosemary, hands cupped around the ring, transfers it back to her left hand (between thumb and index finger, as before), closes her right hand around it, and, with the right hand closing in on the ring, drops the ring into her left palm.

She holds the right hand as if it actually had the ring...and brings the hand out and to her right.

Finally, she turns the hand over, gently grinds the fingers together, and slowly opens that hand.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Well, folks, I've done it again.
I've lost the ring.

Surprise grips the crowd.

Rosemary doesn't look fazed; instead, she goes back to the table, where she finds a copy of today's "Seattle Star."

EMILY

Rosemary, aren't you going to try to find the ring you lost?

ROSEMARY

Nah.

Rosemary picks up the newspaper.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna read about the heat William Jennings Bryan is taking because he doesn't think our country should send our boys to Europe.

Rosemary opens the paper up.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

That's more important than any old ring, don't you think, Emily?

The audience sounds surprised...until Rosemary tears the newspaper in half, longitudinally, and places the left half in front.

EMILY

Rosemary...I thought you wanted to read about William Jennings Bryan!

ROSEMARY

Nah...there's an advertisement with Anna Pavlova endorsing Black Jack chewing gum.

EMILY

Very well.

Rosemary tears the "Star" in half again, latitudinally, and places the left pieces in front of the right.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What are you doing now?

ROSEMARY

You remember when I said: "If I see another advertisement for Murad cigarettes in this paper, I'll tear it up, right in the middle of the advertisement."

A puzzled Emily just studies Rosemary.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

It happened.

Rosemary, through crowd laughter, folds the torn edges neatly. She folds the top edge even with the whole setup and folds the bottom edge even with the entire setup.

EMILY

What a waste of two cents.

ROSEMARY

(folding both packets)

I don't think so.

EMILY

Well, you don't own a birdcage!

As the crowd laughs, Rosemary folds both packets in reverse...so that the whole setup faces the audience and the torn setup faces her.

Rosemary unfolds the unfettered setup...and finds that the paper is restored, all right.

But it's incorrectly restored!

This embarrasses her...as does the ensuing audience laughter.

ROSEMARY

Why are you women out there laughing? I remember some of you beat up the first newsgirl Seattle's ever had!

More crowd laughter erupts.

EMILY

Rosemary has better luck with the "Los Angeles Times," anyway.

That laughter increases here.

Rosemary breaks out that deck of fifty two.

ROSEMARY

Ladies and gentlemen, in my hand is an ordinary deck of playing cards...not just any deck of playing cards, mind you...

AUDIENCE, ROSEMARY

An ordinary deck.

ROSEMARY

I was hoping for a different crowd tonight.

Some of tonight's crowd laughs.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

(shuffling cards)

I'm now gonna show you the hand is quicker than the eye.

Rosemary slowly riffles the deck in her left hand.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

No hecklers tonight.

Result: Rosemary looks confident.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Can I trust one of you to come up here and...

But Emily rushes over and selects a card.

A grateful Rosemary looks over at Emily; the former speeds up her riffling and...drops the cards to the floor.

The crowd roars with laughter...and a banana skin lands on the stage.

EMILY
(to Rosemary)
Stop.

The laughter continues.

SAME SCENE - A BIT LATER

In "Poof," Rosemary grabs a small, lidless, transparent pill bottle and stuffs a cloth into the bottle. She puts a small piece of paper on the table, places the bottle sideways on the paper, and wraps the bottle inside the paper.

She picks up the paper.

ROSEMARY
Now, ladies and gentlemen, you
realize we have here...a tube.

Rosemary twists the first end to try to enclose the bottle.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Take a look inside, Emily.

Emily looks inside.

EMILY
The bottle and silk are still
there.

Both Emily and Rosemary look disappointed.

SAME SCENE - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Emily and Rosemary come down to the final trick. Behind them: An elaborate box.

ROSEMARY
Emily, if you would get inside the
box behind us...

Emily does exactly that; Rosemary grabs a hand saw.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Before I met Emily, it'd been seven
years...I'd waited seven years to
do this trick.

Rosemary saws away at the box.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

It got so I started looking for a horse to saw in half...but I couldn't find a box big enough.

Rosemary waits for crowd laughter...to no avail.

Instead, a steady stream of banana skins, apple cores, orange rinds, etc., etc. hits the stage.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Run for it, Emily!

EMILY

I will...soon as you get me out of this box.

The projectiles continue to fly onto the stage.

EXT. EAST MADISON STREET BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY

Rain threatens to morph into snow.

INT. ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rosemary and Emily sit on the sofa...and share a box of chocolates.

EMILY

Next time I see Becky, I've got to thank her for this consolation prize...er, chocolates.

(taking a piece)

These chocolates. Plural.

ROSEMARY

I can't believe she turned down a box of candy.

Rosemary takes a piece of candy herself.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Her mother and father have got to be some strange animals for refusing a box of candy for their daughter...for her mastery of the piano!

Emily and Rosemary eat their candy pieces.

EMILY

This was supposed to be Becky's present for successfully playing "The Beautiful Blue Danube."

Emily and Rosemary take another piece of candy simultaneously.

ROSEMARY

At least she's winning. There's no consolation for us...maybe there is: A case of the jitters.

Emily does a doubletake.

EMILY

You mean you still get the jitters after seven years on the road?

ROSEMARY

If you've played the towns I've played, you'd get the jitters every day, too.

EMILY

Perhaps you should tell me about some of those towns, Rosemary.

Rosemary downs her piece of candy.

ROSEMARY

You don't know the meaning of...well, Hades, until you've worked the Orpheum Theater in South Bend, Indiana.

Emily nods as she eats her own piece of candy.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

There, the manager never converses with the acts. You don't know what he's got on his mind...he's got enough...he's enough to make coffee nervous.

Emily reaches for another piece of candy.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

In Chicago, the audiences are friendly and wonderful...I'd like to go back there. But the el runs by the Grant Hotel.

While Emily eats her piece of candy, Rosemary grabs another chocolate. She quickly downs it.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

And it shakes the beds every which ways. And the Saratoga Hotel is so rundown not even the bums want to stay there.

Emily goes after another piece of candy...but refrains.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Al Clinton...he's a vaudeville performer who took me under his wing...used to play the South.

EMILY

By the way...

ROSEMARY

He says that, in the South, if you do badly, you get treated to sticks, bricks, cigar butts, spit--

EMILY

By the way, aren't you...a little bit nervous about the act?

ROSEMARY

Not nervous enough to change it.

EMILY

Aren't you just a little tiny bit nervous?

ROSEMARY

Nope.

EMILY

A teensy weensy bit nervous?

ROSEMARY

Nah.

EMILY

An infinitesimal bit?

ROSEMARY

Well...

Emily nods in understanding as she takes another chocolate.

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emily's seated at her own piano while a stunned Rosemary stands next to her.

EMILY

That's right, Rosemary: We give some of our magical tricks a musical background.

Rosemary looks even more stunned.

EMILY (CONT'D)

We can use it on your solo tricks.

ROSEMARY

You got something that'll fit in?

EMILY

That's what I'm about to find out.

Emily fishes through stacks of sheet music atop the piano.

ROSEMARY

What do you think'll fit? Ragtime? Waltz music? Grand opera? What?

EMILY

(still searching)

I don't know. That's what I'm about to find out.

It's a long search.

The result doesn't please Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'm going to have to make up something.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emily tries to write music to fit Rosemary's solo tricks.

Most of Emily's efforts end up in (and around) a wastebasket.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER STAGE - NIGHT

The act finally gets some lusty, heartfelt applause...but it's not because of Rosemary's magic.

It's because of Emily's piano playing.

Result: Rosemary looks flummoxed.

INT. ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rosemary reads that book on magic in search of new tricks.

SAME SCENE - A BIT LATER

Rosemary tries out one of her new tricks on Emily...it seems to work.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER STAGE - NIGHT

It doesn't work here, though...and it's Debris Time.

SAME SCENE - NIGHT

The next night, Rosemary goes back to the old rabbits-out-of-a-hat trick...but gets...a dead fish!

At the same time, another dead fish flies onto the stage!

END MONTAGE

EXT. HEMMINGSEN'S - DAY

SEVERAL COUPLES walk by the restaurant; one couple change their mind and stroll inside the eatery.

INT. HEMMINGSEN'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Seated in the back of the dining room, Rosemary and Emily eat steak dinners.

ROSEMARY

How's your steak?

EMILY

After last night, when Puget Sound seemed to empty into the Liberty Theater instead of the Pacific Ocean...I don't know if we deserve eating like this.

ROSEMARY

Enjoy it while you can, Emily. If it was left up to Seawell, we'd be eating bread crumbs...month-old bread crumbs.

EMILY

I mean...you're supposed to be the star of the act and I'm just your assistant.

ROSEMARY

What do you mean just? Even though I enjoy doing this, if you hadn't come around, I'd've considered doing something else.

EMILY

Rosemary...lately, I seem to be getting all the applause...over the music I'm providing for your solo tricks.

Emily takes a bite of steak.

EMILY (CONT'D)

When the assistant gets more applause than the star, something's wrong with the act...are you sure the props aren't defective?

ROSEMARY

I bought all-new props the night I came to town.

(takes a bite of potatoes)

Maybe it's time to learn some new tricks.

Rosemary carves her steak...and finds the job rough, although she eventually gets the job done.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

And just use them.

EMILY

Are you sure we can afford to do that, what with another show tonight? I don't think we have enough time.

Rosemary gives Emily a knowing smile.

ROSEMARY

No problem at all. When you've been doing this for years, you learn how to...well, you can learn a seventeen-minute act twelve hours before going on with it.

Emily looks worried.

EMILY
(barely audible)
That's the problem.

ROSEMARY
Did you say something, Emily?

EMILY
There's a problem...with the food
here.

Rosemary nods.

ROSEMARY
Yeah...the steak I got feels like
rubber.
(takes a bite)
I wonder if the peach pie will
taste like rubber.

EXT. EAST MADISON STREET BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY

Seattle gets a heavy dose of rain.

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emily and Rosemary finish up the sawing-a-person-in-half
trick; done "cutting" Emily, Rosemary pulls the two pieces
apart, pretends the crowd's applauding her, and shoves the
pieces back together.

ROSEMARY
All right, Emily, you may get out
of the box now.

Emily gets out of the box. She and Rosemary bow and bow.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
That's it...now let's try those new
tricks.

Emily looks surprised.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
It's only twenty minutes.

EMILY
Seventeen.

ROSEMARY

Well, we need three to chew each other out.

(moving fancy box aside)

Point is, we can take the two shows, compare 'em, and decide which one to go with.

EMILY

I see.

(going to the piano)

What reason do we...can we...have to chew each other out?

Rosemary draws a blank look.

EXT. LIBERTY THEATER - NIGHT

PEOPLE scurry for the safety of the indoors due to All That Rain.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER ORCHESTRA PIT - NIGHT

As tonight's FILM flickers in front of the AUDIENCE, Emily performs a spirited accompaniment on that three-manual Wurlitzer organ.

Emily puts on one heck of a show for an appreciative crowd.

When the movie ends, Emily rises from the organ, looks out at the crowd, and takes a bow.

EMILY

Thank you very much for letting me spend these last two years with you!

Emily receives vigorous applause from the throng.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna miss this old organ...and especially you!

Emily throws the patrons a kiss as they applaud like gangbusters.

She heads backstage...but:

CUSTOMERS' VOICES

MORE!! MORE!!

Emily goes back to the organ...to play "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen."

Once she's done with that number, Emily heads for the back of the theater.

CUSTOMERS' VOICES (CONT'D)

ENCORE!!

SAME SCENE - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Emily's back at the manuals, where she wraps up Liszt's "Second Hungarian Rhapsody."

Her masterful rendition brings the crowd to its feet...to the point where the audience applauds as if it's life vs. death.

Emily throws the customers another kiss.

EMILY

I know what you're trying to do,
but the manager wants me to make
way for vaudeville...I know you've
got your banana skins poised.

(throwing another kiss!)

Thank you again!

At last, Emily makes it backstage.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Emily heads straight for Lyell (he looks some kind of sad); the two of them embrace.

LYELL

I had a hard time replacing Hank
Murtaugh...now I'm gonna have a
hard time replacing you.

Lyell and Emily break their embrace.

LYELL (CONT'D)

Maybe I should buy this place a
player piano.

EMILY

Wait 'til you hear Lacey Hanson.

LYELL

Lacey who?

EMILY

Used to be one of my students.
She's coming tomorrow to audition
for the organist's job.

LYELL

Oh.

Rosemary approaches the area.

LYELL (CONT'D)

Be careful out there with
that...that...

EMILY

Not to worry, Mr. Cox.

Rosemary joins Emily and Lyell.

ROSEMARY

Congratulations, Emily. If I had
your talent, they'd never let me
leave the stage.

LYELL

You can say that again...hello,
Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

Hello, Mr. Cox...wanted to tell
both of you that, since this is the
last night of this one-week stand,
I thought...we'd try some new
tricks.

Emily nods.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

And the best of the old ones.

Emily breaks out in a smile.

EMILY

Well, Mr. Cox, we'd better get out
there.

As Emily and Rosemary head for the stage, Clementine comes
backstage.

LYELL

Clementine, there goes a fine young
woman...I'm gonna miss her.

Clementine cringes.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER STAGE - NIGHT

This crowd is so different from previous Liberty audiences that it applauds Emily and Rosemary once the two women make it onstage.

ROSEMARY

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.

Rosemary goes into her suit coat pockets; out of one, she produces a deck of playing cards.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

In my hand, ladies and gentlemen, is an ordinary deck of cards. Now this is not just any deck of playing cards...this is an ordinary deck.

Some good crowd laughter results. After it, Rosemary shuffles the cards.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Now, I'm gonna show you the hand is quicker than the eye.

Emily's partner riffles the cards.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

By now, I've come to realize nobody wants to come up from the audience to help me out with this trick...so I'm going to ask Emily here to select a card.

Rosemary's confession draws crowd laughter on her "OUT."

Rosemary riffles for several moments more.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Why don't you tell me when to stop, Emily?

Emily waits a few more moments.

EMILY

Stop.

Rosemary stops riffling, Emily picks a card, shows it to the crowd, and sticks the card back in. The trick works!

ROSEMARY
Emily, that card of yours isn't on
the top of the deck...

It's second from the top.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
It's somewhere in the middle.

The crowd gives out with friendly applause.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

With nerves on edge, Lyell and Clementine watch.

LYELL
Thank merciful Providence that this
is Rosemary's last night at this
theater. Now--

CLEMENTINE
And it looks as if she's making it
count!

INT. LIBERTY THEATER STAGE - NIGHT

Rosemary's out there alone.

ROSEMARY
Emily will be right back...but
first...

Rosemary reaches into a coat pocket and pulls out a small
dictionary.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Would...nah...would...
(shaking her head "no")
Nah...would one of you from the
audience like to come up?

Becky works her way up to the stage...a surprise to Rosemary.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Well, good evening.

BECKY
Hello.

ROSEMARY
I'd like you to give me a number
between one and four hundred.

BECKY
Two hundred seventeen.

ROSEMARY
Now give me a number between one
and fifty.

BECKY
Ten.

ROSEMARY
And now I want you to take this
dictionary.

Rosemary hands the dictionary to Becky, who takes it.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Please turn to page two hundred
seventeen.

Becky opens the book and turns to page two hundred seventeen.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Now count down ten words and
remember the word you find there.

Rosemary goes back to the table, grabs a pencil and a slip of
paper, and hands both items to Becky.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Got your word?

BECKY
Yes, I do.

ROSEMARY
Write that word on that piece of
paper I gave you.

While Rosemary slips off to one of the wings, Becky writes
the word "DO" on her piece of paper.

Ten to twenty seconds later, Rosemary comes back to pick up
said slip of paper from Becky.

Rosemary doesn't read the word; instead, she pretends to
strain for the answer.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Let me see...the word is "do."
(reads the slip of paper)
That's right. "Do."

Becky hands Rosemary the pencil.

BECKY
Do I get a prize?

ROSEMARY
Well...I'm afraid not.

Becky shrugs.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
But thank you for coming up here
just the same.

Becky goes back into an applauding audience.

In a different outfit than before, Emily teams up with A STAGEHAND to drag a pre-1917 upright piano across the stage.

Result: Some light applause from the same crowd.

Rosemary reaches underneath her shirt and pulls out...a silk cloth.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
How about some knot tricks?

Despite a mixed crowd reaction, Rosemary commences with her "Vanishing Knot" trick.

Rosemary twirls the cloth into a loose rope...Emily's cue to beat out a self-written piano accompaniment.

Rosemary grabs the silk's left end between her left index and left middle fingers about six inches from the end. She grabs the right end between her right index and right middle fingers about six inches from that end.

She tosses the silk's right end over her left hand, then grabs that end with her left thumb and left index finger.

Rosemary reaches through the resulting loop with her right index and right middle fingers...to grasp the left end of the silk.

Next, Rosemary puts her left middle finger under the left end and over the right end; she pulls that left end through the loop with her right index and middle fingers.

She keeps her left middle finger over the right end of the silk, draws the loop fairly tight, and removes the left middle finger.

With her left hand, Rosemary holds the now-knotted silk.

Finally, Rosemary grabs the knot with her right hand, sweeps that hand down the length of the silk, and appears to pull the knot off the silk. She shows the result to the audience.

The crowd likes it!

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Now I'm gonna put the knot back in!

Rosemary twirls the silk back into a rope...this time, a fairly tight one. She drapes the silk over her right hand with the right end of the silk about four inches below the silk's left end.

She swings the arm forward and catches the right end between her right index and right middle fingers, then lets the cloth fall off her hand while she holds onto the right end and pulls it through the loop.

She snaps the knot tight, tosses the cloth into the air, catches the cloth, and shows the knot to the audience.

The audience likes it.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Now I'm going to try it with a rope.

(to Emily)

How about some rope music?

EMILY

Gladly!

Emily changes the music to "Little Annie Rooney" while Rosemary grabs a rope from that little table.

"Rosemary's Rope Trick" goes like this: First, Rosemary dangles the rope from her left hand, runs her right hand along the rope, and...

ROSEMARY

May I have a member of the aud--

EMILY

Stop!

ROSEMARY

Thank you, Emily!

Rosemary's reached the middle of the rope. She pinches a selected spot with the right thumb and right forefinger...and cuts the rope.

She allows the cut to dangle, then (scissors or knife in her grip) loosely coils the rope around her left hand.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Oops...better get a new rope.

Rosemary starts the trick over. She dangles the rope from her left hand and runs her right index finger along the rope.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Folks, when I reach the middle...

Rosemary's right forefinger reaches the middle, all right.

EMILY
Stop!

On Emily's "STOP," Rosemary pinches a certain spot on the rope with her right thumb and right index finger.

The thumb goes back toward her left hand, where her right index and right middle fingers clip the rope about three inches below the end and pull it under that certain spot.

Rosemary cuts the rope.

She allows the cut end to dangle, knots the ends together, and trims the surplus rope.

Next, she dangles the knotted rope from her left hand, then (she still holds her cutting tool) loosely coils the rope around her left hand. She palms the knot in her right hand and secretly slides it to the end of (and off) the rope.

Rosemary puts her scissors (or knife) and the knot in her pocket (where the knot can't be seen). She grabs the end of the rope, then stretches the rope out to show it's restored.

The music ends, the applause starts up, Emily leaves the ivories, and...

ROSEMARY
Emily, if you would get inside the box behind me...I mean us...

As Rosemary grabs a hand saw, Emily climbs inside that elaborate box.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Lyell and Clementine (with a slight grin on her face) watch.

CLEMENTINE
This is it, Lyell.

LYELL
You mean...don't tell me...you?

Clementine nods.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER STAGE - NIGHT

When Emily gets in the box, the fake feet she shoves out fall to the floor!

Gales of laughter come from the crowd. And that means a ton of embarrassment for Emily and Rosemary.

GAMALIEL
THEY AIN'T CHANGED A BIT!

Torrents of banana skins, apple cores, rotten apples, and other debris find their way to the stage.

EMILY
I'm sorry, Rosemary.

ROSEMARY
Never mind! Let's get out of here!

Emily and Rosemary run.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Rosemary and Emily sprint toward their dressing room under Lyell's and Clementine's gaze.

LYELL
Well, I'll talk to you later,
Clementine.

Clementine nods, then gestures Rosemary and Emily into a halt.

CLEMENTINE
Wait a minute, young ladies.

EMILY
Miss Seawell, isn't getting pelted
with yesterday's fruits penance
enough?

CLEMENTINE

NO! I told you to get your act up to professional standards! Didn't I?

ROSEMARY

Well, yeah--

CLEMENTINE

And you still haven't succeeded!

ROSEMARY

Look, that box was in great shape until we did the "Sawing a Person" trick. I checked that box before we hit the theater tonight! As usual!

CLEMENTINE

I don't care one iota!

EMILY

Miss Seawell, be reasona--

CLEMENTINE

This act is pathetic! Utterly pathetic!

Clementine points at Emily and Rosemary.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Don't you realize you're not supposed to botch up the finale? We have never, ever had an act botch up the finale the way this one does! With such consistency, yet!

Clementine grabs Rosemary and shakes her as the former talks.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Your problem is you don't think! You always leave something out!

EMILY

Would you please stop shaking Rose--

CLEMENTINE

(to Emily)

I'll deal with you later!

(to Rosemary)

No wonder you're not effective! You had to do the rope trick over because you lost your place!

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

You had to do the ring trick over
lahst night!

ROSEMARY

FOUR NIGHTS AGO!

Rosemary breaks out of Clementine's grip.

CLEMENTINE

Haven't you learned anything in
seven years?

Clementine walks away, only to stop several steps later to
look at Emily...while Rosemary seethes.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

How could you hook up with her,
Emily Flaxbeard?

EMILY

I like her act, that's how!

CLEMENTINE

You had a wonderful job, playing
the pictures and making people
happy with your music! Now you're
giving it up...over this magician
with no magic! I question your
judgment!

Emily's mouth flies open.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Both of you...do us a favor...do
the WORLD a favor...get out of show
business and stay out of show
business!

Clementine leaves the backstage area.

Rosemary and Emily stare at each other.

ROSEMARY

Somehow, somehow, I knew this
wouldn't work!

While Rosemary steams, Emily looks stunned.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I WAS STUPID TO TAKE YOU ON AS A
PARTNER!

A shaken Emily watches Rosemary stomp out of the place.

EXT. LIBERTY THEATER - NIGHT

Coat on, umbrella in hand, Emily slowly walks outside the theater as Seattle's rain lets up.

She opens her umbrella...only to quickly close it.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER OFFICE - NIGHT

Cigar in hand, Clementine (she's on the phone) sits at the desk in Lyell's office.

CLEMENTINE

Yes, Mr. Engebretsen, we're working your theater tomorrow night. The Alahska. Watch out, though, for this so-called comic magician.

The office door SLAMS OPEN...and reveals Rosemary, who's in her own coat as well as that top hat.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Never in my twenty-six years of American vaudeville have I ever seen such a pathetic offering.

Rosemary walks over to Clementine...

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

She has a partner--

...and snatches the phone out of Clementine's grasp.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

(dropping her cigar)
What in the world are--

ROSEMARY

I WANT A
(throws phone at a wall)
WORD WITH YOU, YOU OLD SHREW!

CLEMENTINE

Young woman, YOU ARE--

ROSEMARY

Let me tell you something, BITCH!
SHOW BUSINESS IS MY LIFE!

Clementine picks her stogie back up.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
And you had no business telling me
to get out and stay out!

CLEMENTINE
Young woman, do you realize--

ROSEMARY
(pounding on the desk)
I'VE GOT THE FLOOR! SHUT UP!

Clementine's too stunned to react.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Maybe I'm not the best magician in
the world...or even a good
one...but--

CLEMENTINE
You're not even adequate!

ROSEMARY
You've got several acts worse than
mine...you never ride them! Do you?

The Acme Circuit's boss still looks stunned.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
I've got pride, that's for DAMN
sure!

Rosemary grabs Clementine by the armpits.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
And I'm gonna make it in this
business...WHETHER YOU THINK I CAN
OR NOT!!

Rosemary throws Clementine back into the chair, stomps out of
the room, and slams its door while a still-shaken Clementine
looks on.

CLEMENTINE
Not in this...circuit!

Clementine picks the telephone up off the floor; she puts the
receiver to her ear...but doesn't hear a sound.

EXT. CENTRAL AVENUE, NORTH - NIGHT

Emily's slow walk continues.

She's on the verge of tears that flat-out refuse to come out.

EXT. AXUM AND SONS - NIGHT

This men's clothing store, still open this late at night, features a handpainted sign: "HUGE SALE!"

Emily stares at the salesfloor from outside for a few moments; she shrugs and walks in.

INT. AXUM AND SONS SALESFLOOR - NIGHT

Emily wanders inside the store's sales area...and draws the attention of a clerk named JOSIAH (40s).

JOSIAH
Well, uh, well, uh, Miss...

EMILY
I'd like to buy a suit.

JOSIAH
Well, uh...a present for your husband?

Emily shakes her head "no."

JOSIAH (CONT'D)
Fiance?

EMILY
No.

JOSIAH
Your father?

EMILY
No, sir.

An uneasy look invades Josiah's face.

JOSIAH
Surely...surely it must be for your grandfather.

EMILY
It's for me.

JOSIAH
This must be some kind of joke. Are you sure--

EMILY

Please? I feel bad enough...in fact, I feel just like hiding...and I think a new suit would do it.

A stunned Josiah stares at Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What've you got in my size?

Josiah's jaw drops.

EMILY (CONT'D)

The least you could do, sir, is to get out your tape measure and measure me.

EXT. LIBERTY THEATER - NIGHT

Rosemary, still in her top hat and overcoat, hurries out of the theater.

A pre-1917 sedan tools down the street; ITS OCCUPANTS stare at Rosemary and laugh.

Rosemary finds a beer bottle...and throws it at the car.

INT. AXUM AND SONS SALESFLOOR - NIGHT

At last, Josiah measures Emily for a suit.

EMILY

I understand you're having a sale here. Fifty percent off everything!

Josiah's too busy to respond.

EMILY (CONT'D)

It's in all the newspapers here.

JOSIAH

What kind of woman would wear a suit?

EMILY

Sir, you should be happy to have this opportunity to make some money. You are having a sale, aren't you?

JOSIAH

Yes, but...this is a men's clothing store. Men's.

Emily nods.

JOSIAH (CONT'D)

If you just go up the street,
you'll find Tunnicliffe and
Bayes...where they sell women's
clothes.

EMILY

I know. I go there often.

A FEW MORE CUSTOMERS enter the store and head for the
clothing racks while Josiah continues to measure Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)

When I went to the University of
Washington, I belonged to a music
sorority. I had three really,
really good friends in it, and we
did some really outlandish things.

SOME MORE SHOPPERS come inside Axum and Sons...only to gaze
at Emily and Josiah.

EMILY (CONT'D)

And one of them was dressing up in
men's clothes once in a while.

Now all of Emily's fellow customers surround her and Josiah.

JOSIAH

(looks up at other buyers)
Be right with you folks.

EMILY

Every year, we'd do an entire show,
all four of us, in men's suits.

A still-bewildered Josiah finishes measuring Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What fun!

While the glow comes back to Emily's face, the other shoppers
(some also in bewilderment) disperse around the salesfloor.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Do you realize it's much easier to
play the organ in a pair of slacks
than in a gown? Why, if your gown's
too long, you could get it stuck in
the pedals.

Josiah goes to a desk, where he writes his findings down on a piece of paper (and shakes his head).

JOSIAH

Well, they did say college is fun.
 (walks toward Emily)
 Of course, I never went.

EMILY

Most of the time, I play the organ
 in a dress or a gown.

Josiah nods with a "that's more like it" grin.

EMILY (CONT'D)

But once a week, I'd dress up in
 top hat, tie, and tails to play the
 pictures at the Liberty Theater.

Josiah's mouth flies open.

JOSIAH

Was that you playing the organ over
 there?

EMILY

Why, yes. I did that for two
 years...until tonight.

JOSIAH

Miss...I've got something in a
 black tweed.

Emily nods in glee.

EXT. CENTRAL AVENUE, NORTH - NIGHT

Rosemary's still in a huff as she strides down the street,
 same direction as Emily.

Rosemary walks toward...

EXT. WICKWIRE'S SALOON - NIGHT

...a frame building with two large windows out front.

Rosemary doesn't break her stride as she walks right in.

INT. WICKWIRE'S BARROOM - NIGHT

Once inside, Rosemary goes right to a seat at the bar...a
 surprise to bartender JILL SKANSI (19), who wears a shirt-
 vest-slacks-string tie combination.

THE OTHER PATRONS in this packed saloon look surprised, too.

JILL
Miss, you know we don't serve
unescorted ladies.

ROSEMARY
I don't drink unescorted ladies.
Shut up and pour me a drink!

Jill stares at Rosemary for a moment.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Whiskey!

Jill's mouth drops.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Rye whiskey!

Jill grabs a bottle of rye whiskey from a shelf behind her,
grabs a shot glass, and pours the whiskey into the glass.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Just give me the whole bottle and
I'll do the pouring!

JILL
All right...

Jill gives Rosemary a full bottle of rye whiskey to work with
and sets the other bottle aside. In addition, Rosemary drinks
out of the shot glass.

JILL (CONT'D)
Now what, besides this continuous
rain, has got you all riled up?

ROSEMARY
Well, my boss chewed me out.
(downs contents of glass)
She thinks I'm not worth one cent
as a magician.

JILL
Well, I have seen your act.

Jill shakes her head sideways...the act that shoots
Rosemary's hopeful look down.

JILL (CONT'D)

What's a nice girl like you doing
snatching coins out of the air or
sawing people in half or riffling
cards?

The bartender looks at the magician's clothes.

JILL (CONT'D)

And what's a nice girl like you
doing wearing men's clothes?

ROSEMARY

Speak for yourself!

Jill looks flummoxed.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I've been trying to follow
in the footsteps of my Uncle Stan.
(drinks from the bottle!)
He was doing stuff like this
twenty, thirty years ago.

Rosemary uses the same bottle to fill her shot glass back up.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

He taught me my first
tricks...right down to the letter.

Jill nods in understanding.

JILL

No wonder...

ROSEMARY

I followed him into
vaudeville...and then he left.
(drinks from bottle again)
And then Al Clinton came along.
He's a larger version of Bert
Williams. He was my mentor...

Rosemary takes yet another drink from the bottle!

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

He gave me some more tricks.
(downs contents of glass)
He didn't teach me how to make
Seawell's glasses disappear.

JILL

No wonder you've been bombing.

ROSEMARY
 He never taught me how to make
 other people's banana peels and
 rotten apples disappear.

JILL
 Who's Seawell?

ROSEMARY
 A tall, ugly...barnacle from
 London.

Rosemary takes another, longer swig from that bottle.

INT. AXUM AND SONS SALESFLOOR - NIGHT

Emily now wears a full tweed suit that includes a vest and a
 bow tie. What's more, she's in a new pair of men's shoes.

JOSIAH
 Fits you just right, uh--

EMILY
 Emily. Emily Flaxbeard.

Emily goes to a mirror. Man, she likes what she sees!

EMILY (CONT'D)
 Is it all right to wear this suit
 home?

JOSIAH
 Sure. Certainly.

Emily continues to look in the mirror.

EMILY
 You know, I wouldn't mind wearing a
 derby hat.
 (fussing with her hair)
 And do you have a straight pin?
 It's time for a new hairstyle.

Josiah's grin turns into a chuckle...one he can't stifle.

EXT. WICKWIRE'S SALOON - NIGHT

Some cars and bicycles pass by the saloon.

INT. WICKWIRE'S BARROOM - NIGHT

Rosemary's about to get drunk...and she continues to imbibe.

JILL
So...seven years you've been doing
this, huh?

ROSEMARY
Seven years...give or take a few
months.

JILL
Seven years and you ain't broke
into the big time yet...

Rosemary drinks out of the shot glass this time.

JILL (CONT'D)
Ain't it ever occurred to you, in
some way, shape, or form, that
maybe a girl just wasn't meant to
be a magician?

Rosemary's mouth flies open.

JILL (CONT'D)
I mean--

ROSEMARY
You take it back! This is America!

JILL
I mean, maybe, she was meant--

ROSEMARY
America! The land of the freeze and
the...the home of the Braves!

Rosemary stands up and faces the other drinkers.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
The Miracle Braves! Three years
ago! On July fourth, they were in
last place in the American League!

One of those other patrons, CHARLIE (30s), stands up from his
seat in the middle of the barroom.

CHARLIE
NATIONAL!

ROSEMARY
RIGHT! National League! But they
shot to the top in three
months...no, two...no, three!

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

(to Jill)
 Didn't they?

JILL
 How do I know? I don't follow
 baseball!

EXT. WICKWIRE'S SALOON - NIGHT

With her new suit on, her umbrella in tow, and her hair up
 under her hat, Emily walks into Wickwire's.

INT. WICKWIRE'S BARROOM - NIGHT

Rosemary continues to preach as Emily saunters inside the
 watering hole.

ROSEMARY
 At any rate, they shot to the
 top...and then won the World's
 Serious!
 (to anyone next to her)
 Didn't they?

JILL
 SERIES!

ROSEMARY
 I thought you didn't follow
 baseball!

As Rosemary continues her soused show, Emily heads right for
 the bar...

JILL
 I read the "Star." From first page
 to last. Only decent paper in
 Seattle. A real working-class--

ROSEMARY
 You know how you play baseball,
 Miss?

...and addresses Jill in a mannish, husky voice.

EMILY
 Miss...

ROSEMARY
 (to Jill)
 You take eleven men on a side--

EMILY
Miss...is it all right to use your
piano?

JILL
(to Emily)
Piano?

EMILY
Yes. The one next to the bar.

JILL
Oh, yes. Nobody comes in and plays
it anymore. I forgot it was still
there.

Emily nods Jill into an answer.

JILL (CONT'D)
Sure, Mister. Be my guest.

ZACH, ZEBULON, ZEKE, and ABROM (four middle-aged men) sit at
a table across from the bar as they watch Rosemary speechify.

ZEBULON
Nine! NINE!

ZEKE
SIDDOWN, WOMAN!

Emily goes over to a closed 1870-99 upright piano next to the
bar. She sits at the piano's stool, then gets up to adjust
the stool to a higher, more comfortable position.

ZACH
YEAH! Ain't no reason on God's
Green Earth for a woman to be in a
bar!

While Rosemary waves Zach, Zebulon, and Zeke off, Jill's
mouth flies open...and Zach covers his own mouth.

Emily seats herself on that piano stool, opens the piano,
flexes her arms, and plays "Down among the Sheltering Palms."

Six bars into the song, the bar quiets down: Everybody stops
to watch someone they believe is a male.

Before long, customers turn to each other and make AD LIBBED
comments on the piano player and her (his?) music.

Twenty-four bars into the tune, Emily opens her mouth as if
to sing...only to quickly shut it.

Rosemary looks impressed as she watches Emily tum those keys.

ROSEMARY
(to Jill)
That man's really goood!

Jill nods briskly.

With the song's sixteen-bar chorus out of the way, Emily turns to look at the patrons as she plays Verse Number Two.

EMILY
(in that husky voice)
Would anybody like to sing?

No takers.

Toward the middle of the second verse, Rosemary turns to Jill once again.

ROSEMARY
Isn't he goood?

JILL
Yes.

Emily finds real fun with the chorus on its second go-'round before she gives the tune an elaborate ending.

As the crowd wildly applauds, Emily turns around in surprise to eyeball the patrons.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER OFFICE - NIGHT

A befuddled, bewildered Clementine sits in the chair behind the desk when Lyell walks in.

LYELL
Clementine, the rest of the show
was a...Clementine?

He looks at her for a few seconds, then shakes her.

LYELL (CONT'D)
Clementine? Are you all right?

Lyell lets go of Clementine. He picks up the broken telephone that's now on the desk.

LYELL (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello? Hello? Hello?

Lyell slams the phone down on the desk...and arouses Clementine in the process.

CLEMENTINE

Lyell? What are you doing here?

LYELL

I work here.

(pointing to the phone)

The phone's dead. And there's a hole in the wall.

Lyell watches as Clementine notices the hole in the wall.

LYELL (CONT'D)

I know Shorthose and Flaxbeard make you mad, but you didn't have to do all that.

Clementine's mouth flies open as she shakes her head "no."

INT. WICKWIRE'S BARROOM - NIGHT

Emily's music changes to "By the Beautiful Sea." Here, some drinkers clap in rhythm.

EMILY

(still in mannish voice)

Would anybody like to sing this one?

No takers.

Two more customers jump atop a table to dance to "By the Beautiful Sea," though!

ABROM

(to Emily)

HEY, MISTER! WHY DON'T YOU SING?

Emily shakes her head sideways while she watches the tabletop dancers...and tries to hold back a laugh.

INT. LIBERTY THEATER OFFICE - NIGHT

Lyell now sits in the chair across from where Clementine continues to sit.

LYELL

You mean to tell me you didn't do this?

CLEMENTINE

That's what I've been trying to tell you...that...blonde tornado was responsible for all this damage.

Lyell's mouth drops.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

In addition to that, she grabbed me by my armpits, picked me up, and threw me into this chair! And she stomped out of here!

LYELL

I...never knew...I didn't know she had it in her.

Lyell gets up and walks over to Clementine.

LYELL (CONT'D)

You...you just don't do something like that to somebody who's been on Earth for fifty years.

Lyell extends a hand to Clementine.

LYELL (CONT'D)

You gonna be all right?

Clementine nods.

CLEMENTINE

As soon as I get over this.

LYELL

This will get her kicked out of the Acme Circuit, no doubt about it.

CLEMENTINE

On the contrary, Lyell!

Lyell looks stupefied.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

The only way an act can get canceled is by uttering the phrases "slob," "son of a gun," or "holy gee."

Lyell sits back down. He's fit to be tied.

INT. WICKWIRE'S BARROOM - NIGHT

Emily's next song is "Just A-Wearyin' for You." She wrings more mush out of it than its authors intended.

In fact...Abrom, Zebulon, Zach, and Zeke cry in their beer.

While Charlie sobs in his suds, Rosemary takes one more swig of rye whiskey.

JILL

Miss, you've had much too much to drink.

ROSEMARY

Oh, yeah?

Jill nods...and that earns her a nudge from Rosemary.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

See how he's taking the shong and makin' it his own?

JILL

It ain't his own.

ROSEMARY

Yeash, but--

JILL

It was written by Frank Stanton and Carrie Jacobs Bond...his words, her music.

ROSEMARY

Thieves!

Rosemary wraps her lips around that whiskey bottle...only to find it's now empty.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

You're not sup...supposed to know nothin' like that.

JILL

You've definitely had much too much.

ROSEMARY

You're just a bartender!

Jill shakes her head from side to side, then watches Emily finish up "Just A-Wearyin' for You."

JILL

Well, he is making the song his own.

When the song ends, Emily gets a rousing round of applause...and Rosemary walks over to her.

ROSEMARY

(leaning on the piano)
Mishter, I just wanted to tell you how...

Rosemary stares a bit at the piano player in the new suit.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I have to shay you're good...real good.
(nodding)
Very good.
(backing off from piano)
Exce...gooooood.

Emily nods, smiles, and...goes back to her real voice.

EMILY

Why, thank you.

Emily takes her derby off, removes the pin from her hair, and shakes her coiffure back into its normal style.

She gives Rosemary the sweetest of smiles.

Rosemary looks so shaken over seeing Emily (in a men's suit, yet!) that the Californian staggers out of the saloon.

Emily catches Rosemary's drunken exodus.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Rosemary...wait!

Rosemary stops right in her tracks.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You liked my playing before we broke up the act...and before I took my hat off. What happened?

Rosemary stares at Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Go ahead...sit down.

Rosemary doesn't move a muscle.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Please...sit down.

Rosemary staggers back to her seat at the bar.

EMILY (CONT'D)
You ain't heard nothin' yet.

Jill and most of her customers look stunned to find out that the piano player is of the other gender.

Emily bats out the first few bars of another tune...only to stop. She smiles as she turns away from the keyboard.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Wait a minute...you're not musical,
are you...by any chance?

ROSEMARY
I can play the...p-p-piano.

EMILY
Let's hear you play.

Rosemary's mouth flies open.

ROSEMARY
Are you kidding?
(looks around the saloon)
In a p-p-place like this?

EMILY
Why, yes!

Emily gestures Rosemary into going over to the piano, then abandons the piano stool for a seat at one of the tables next to the piano.

Rosemary staggers into a seat on the piano stool.

ROSEMARY
Don't you customers be shurprised
if you hear a...noticeable change
in quality.

EMILY
Rosemary?

In an attempt to raise her courage, Rosemary flexes her arms, then her hands, and...finally...her fingers.

ZEKE
C'MON, WOMAN! PLAY!!

ROSEMARY
SHUT UP!!

Rosemary uncorks a slow, halting version of "Down by the Old Mill Stream." She botches up the first six bars.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Sor..sorry, folks.

Rosemary starts over...and now finds trouble with the first three bars.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
(blinking her eyes)
Don't worry! I know this song!

Rosemary tries "Down by the Old Mill Stream" one more time; this time, she's got the hang of the song.

In her state, she can barely comprehend the keyboard.

After she pounds out the first verse, Rosemary offers a lefthanded tremolo.

Rosemary's piano playing surprises quite a few drinkers.

And while Emily listens intently, Rosemary gains confidence.

SAME SCENE - A WHILE LATER

Still at the piano, Rosemary plays "No Wedding Bells for Me."

Emily continues to carefully listen...and the whole thing puts a smile on her face.

By the second chorus, Rosemary has the patrons in the palm of her hand.

At the third and final verse, Rosemary improvises.

Fun takes over for this vaudeville veteran.

Rosemary ends the song with a somewhat awkward flourish. She turns away from the keyboard to find...most of the customers in wild, honest applause!

Rosemary stands up and takes a bow.

When the applause dies, Rosemary walks away from the piano...but Emily brings her bar-table chair with her to the 88s while she gestures Rosemary back to the ivories.

EMILY

Rosemary, do you know "In the Good
Old Summertime?"

ROSEMARY

That's the first song I ever taught
myself on the piano.

Rosemary and Emily take seats at the old upright, where they
bang out "In the Good Old Summertime."

Right from the first verse, Rosemary manages to keep up with
her fellow boardinghouse tenant.

EMILY

(to the customers)

Anybody who wants to sing may feel
free to do so.

No takers.

ROSEMARY

(addressing the customers)

We want to warn you there's no
bouncing ball...or slides.

Rosemary continues to keep pace with Emily on the keys as the
song churns on.

As the two women reach the last chorus, their music
transforms Wickwire's Saloon into the King County Carnival.

The applause heats back up when Emily and Rosemary finish "In
the Good Old Summertime."

EMILY

Rosemary, you sound good for
someone who's had a few drinks.

Rosemary looks surprised.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You really do!

Rosemary shrugs.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Just think how you'd sound sober.

ROSEMARY

You sound like you're serious.

Emily nods.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Hey, Emily...how come you're not mad at me for yelling at you tonight?

EMILY

Simple: I learned to do something...well, I learned a little trick that helps me release my pent-up feelings.

Rosemary looks stunned.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You see, when I went to the University of Washington, any time I felt angry or sad, I'd run right to the nearest piano or organ I could find and just play for hours.

Charlie waves at Emily and Rosemary, who both wave back, as he leaves the saloon.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I must've gotten every minister in the vicinity of the campus angry with me for breaking into "Peg o' My Heart" instead of "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

ROSEMARY

(laughing loudly)
That's a good one!

EMILY

Not that good...but ever since we did the duet, I've been thinking...I think we can succeed as a duo.

ROSEMARY

You really think we can be partners again?

Emily's nod is some kind of enthusiastic.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Really?

EMILY

On one condition.

ROSEMARY
One condition...what condition?

EMILY
As long as we change from magic to
music.

Rosemary studies Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)
And I'll be with you every step of
the way to make sure you don't
stumble.

Abrom, Zach, Zebulon, and Zeke wave at Emily and Rosemary as
the four men file out of the place; the two women wave back.

EMILY (CONT'D)
And, since you've been in
vaudeville seven more years than I,
I hope you'll be by my side to make
sure I don't stumble.

ROSEMARY
You'd do that for me?

Emily nods in enthusiasm.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Me?

EMILY
Why, yes.

Jill watches Rosemary and Emily gab.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Even if Miss Seawell and Mr. Cox
don't believe in you...I certainly
do.

Rosemary slowly nods.

ROSEMARY
Deal.
(touching Emily's lap)
And I'm sorry I yelled at you at
the theater...very sorry.

EMILY
Deal.

Emily and Rosemary embrace each other in the warmest of hugs.

EXT. EAST MADISON STREET BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY

Rain continues its grip on America's Emerald City.

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A sober Rosemary accompanies her own singing on the piano. In her best (and loudest) soprano, she reaches for "Peg o' My Heart's" high notes...and falls short.

ROSEMARY

*Oh! My heart's in a whirl over one
little girl./I love her, I love
her, yes, I do./Although her heart
is far away,/I hope to make her
mine someday.*

Emily comes into the room and sits on the sofa.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

*Every beautiful rose, every violet
knows/I love her, I love her fond
and true./And her heart fondly
sighs as I sing to her eyes,/Her
eyes of blue,/Sweet eyes of blue,
my darling!*

Rosemary's piano playing outdistances her own singing.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

*Peg o' my heart, I love you./We'll
never part./I love you, dear little
girl,/Sweet little girl,/Sweeter
than the rose of Erin are your
winning smiles endearin'.*

Emily smiles as she watches Rosemary tickle the ivories.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

*Peg o' my heart, your glances with
Irish art entrance us./Come, be my
own./Come, make your home in my
heart.*

Rosemary ends the song right there and breathes relief as Emily walks over to that 1880-1909 upright.

EMILY

*I really love your playing,
Rosemary, but...it's only a
suggestion: I was wondering if you
could sing softer.*

ROSEMARY

WHAT?

(standing up)

What do you mean--

EMILY

Wait a minute! Calm down!

Rosemary sits back down.

EMILY (CONT'D)

First of all, this is a song we both can do.

ROSEMARY

Yes...you did say that.

EMILY

Second...maybe you shouldn't sing soprano.

ROSEMARY

(standing up again)

WHAT?

EMILY

Rosemary, it's not a disgrace to sing contralto or alto.

Rosemary gets seated again.

EMILY (CONT'D)

And besides, if you sang, say, contralto, it'd balance out the act.

Rosemary gives Emily a look of surprise.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(sits down at the piano)

Let me show you what I mean.

Rosemary nods.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Let's both do "Peg o' My Heart."

Emily fishes through the sheet music on the piano and pulls out a copy of "Peg o' My Heart."

EMILY (CONT'D)

We should sing "his," not "hers."

Emily turns to "Peg's" first page; she and Rosemary play from the sheet music...but:

EMILY (CONT'D)
 (during the intro)
 Rose, you sing the lower notes and
 I'll sing the higher notes.

ROSEMARY
 All right.

From the first verse on, Rosemary sings the lower notes on the middle staff while Emily warbles the higher notes (or the notes on the top staff).

EMILY, ROSEMARY
*Oh! My heart jumps for joy over one
 little boy./I love him, I love him,
 yes, I do./Although his heart is
 far away,/I hope to make him mine
 someday.*

Rosemary stamps her feet to the beat.

EMILY, ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
*Every beautiful rose, every violet
 knows/I love him, I love him fond
 and true./And his heart fondly
 sighs as I sing to his eyes,/His
 eyes of blue,/Sweet eyes of blue,
 my darling!*

Rosemary looks relieved (if not overjoyed).

EMILY, ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
*Peg o' my heart, I love you./We'll
 never part./I love you, dear little
 boy,/Sweet little boy,/Sweeter than
 the rose of Erin are your winning
 smiles endearin'.*

Emily nods in approval.

EMILY, ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
*Peg o' my heart, your glances with
 Irish art entrance us./Come, be my
 own./Come, make your home in my
 heart.*

Now Emily and Rosemary trade places at the piano.

EMILY, ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
*When your heart's full of fears and
 your eyes full of tears,/I'll kiss
 them, I'll kiss them all away,/For,
 like the gold that's in your
 hair,/Is all the love for you I
 bear.*

Rosemary and Emily look at each other...and grin.

EMILY, ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
*Oh, believe in me, do. I'm as
 lonesome as you./I miss you, I miss
 you all the day./Let the light of
 love shine from your eyes into
 mine,/And shine for aye,/Sweetheart
 for aye, my darling!*

ROSEMARY
 Emily, wouldn't you feel funny
 singing this to a man?

Emily gives Rosemary a look of bewilderment before they
 finish their tune.

EMILY, ROSEMARY
*Peg o' my heart, I love you./We'll
 never part./I love you, dear little
 boy,/Sweet little boy,/Sweeter than
 the rose of Erin are your winning
 smiles endearin'.*

The duo's keyboard work takes an improvisational turn.

EMILY, ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
*Peg o' my heart, your glances with
 Irish art entrance us./Come, be my
 own./Come, make your home in my
 heart.*

The ex-magician and the ex-piano teacher-theater organist
 elaborate on the song's ending.

ROSEMARY
 You know, Emily, you're quite
 right.

EMILY
 Well...thank you.

ROSEMARY
 Another thing: I love your voice.

EMILY

Thank you.

ROSEMARY

I wish I was half the singer you are. You sound like you're opera-trained.

A nodding Emily blushes.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

One more thing: I've never met anybody who seems to love music the way you do...at least enough to want to share it with a no-talent like me.

EMILY

Rose, you're not a no-talent.

Emily leans on the piano.

EMILY (CONT'D)

But I've felt the same way about my music all these years that you felt about your magic...or about vaudeville.

ROSEMARY

Huh?

EMILY

I felt so strongly about having a career in music that I ran away from home the day after I graduated from high school back home in Brooklyn.

Rosemary's mouth drops.

EMILY (CONT'D)

My parents wouldn't let me go to music school there...let alone the one in Manhattan. Let alone pay my way.

ROSEMARY

You almost went to Juilliard?

EMILY

Out of the question. I almost went to Rabinowitz School of Music. But my parents wouldn't pay my way.

Now Rosemary leans on the piano.

EMILY (CONT'D)

That's how I ended up here...I spent all the money I saved up on a train ticket that brought me all the way here to Seattle. And I enrolled at the University of Washington.

ROSEMARY

And you paid your way with music lessons and playing the pictures.

EMILY

And all because my parents hated the idea of my turning my love of music into a career.

Emily noodles around with a few piano keys.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Oh, they didn't mind as long as it was merely a hobby...

ROSEMARY

That's how my parents felt about my performing magic. And they never forgave Uncle Stan for taking me under his wing.

Rosemary joins her partner in fooling around on the keys.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

In a way, he felt their pressure...he relieved it by giving me the worst of his tricks to learn.

EMILY

I thought you liked doing "Sawing a Person in Half."

ROSEMARY

I did...but I guess my trouble was my enthusiasm to perform magical tricks outstripped my ability to perform them.

The twosome stop playing.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
 Uncle Stan's dilemma...do you know
 "While Strolling through the Park
 One Day?"

EMILY
 Is there a bridge in Brooklyn?

Sans sheet music, Emily and Rosemary bang out an instrumental version of "While Strolling through the Park One Day."

Sixteen bars into the tune:

ROSEMARY
 Emmy...some humorous lyrics are
 rolling in the back of my mind.

Emily gives one of her sweet smiles.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

INT. SALESFLOOR AT STEFFENSON MUSIC CO. - DAY

Emily and Rosemary are about to pay for a couple of stacks of sheet music.

THE CLERK offers to help them out with it...to no avail.

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emily gives Rosemary a voice lesson.

EXT. 23RD AVENUE, EAST - DAY

As they wait to catch the trolley, Rosemary and Emily study their sheet music...

INT. TROLLEY CAR - DAY

...and continue at it once they get on.

EXT. MEANY HALL AT UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON - DAY

Meany Hall, the school's auditorium and fine arts building, is marked by its Greek-influenced, six-column entrance.

INT. MEANY HALL AUDITORIUM - DAY

The two partners find it rough going with a four-hand, one-piano (a grand) treatment of a prospective song.

SAME SCENE - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Emily and Rosemary wrestle a pre-1917 upright into position next to the Meany Hall grand, then go back to work.

With each woman at her own keyboard, things work just fine.

To top it all off, Rosemary gets a flash of inspiration...and writes humorous dialog into Gilbert and Sullivan's "Love Is a Plaintive Song."

END MONTAGE

EXT. EAST MADISON STREET BOARDINGHOUSE - NIGHT

Emily and Rosemary enter the boardinghouse.

INT. BOARDINGHOUSE FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Once inside, Rosemary and Emily pass Eli, who heads out the door...but stops to notice the duo, who look elated.

ELI

Looks like you two gulls got hold of the ol' joy juice.

ROSEMARY

(shaking her head "no")
Emily and I are gonna give show business one more try.

Eli looks confused.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

We're switching from magic to music.

ELI

Ah still thank you got into the joy juice.

EMILY

No, no, no, Eli! We are going to try again...but as a musical-comedy duo.

Eli looks even more confused.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Why, you should hear Rosemary play the piano. She's quite good!

ELI

(pointing at Rosemary)
You...you?

ROSEMARY

Taught myself to play...I had to.
With all the hostile crowds I've
been facing all these years, I had
to teach myself to play an
instrument in order to survive.

Emily nods at Rosemary.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

But I never expected the day I had
to depend on my playing.

Emily nods at Eli.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Emily and I are so confident about
this act that tomorrow, we're gonna
see about letting Clementine
Seawell take a look at it.

Emily nods again...and Eli's face turns into a blank.

ELI

Ah was wonderin' if that was you
two goin' to town on "Peg o' Mah
Heart" and "Strollin' through the
Park One Day."

EMILY

We're gonna try to put them in our
act.

ELI

You shore you two wasn't drankin'
that ol' joy juice?

EXT. EAST MADISON STREET BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY

Snow fills in for rain as Seattle's watering agent.

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rosemary sits in a lounge chair; Emily sits at the piano.

EMILY

We'll have less to do in this
format than we did under the old
one.

ROSEMARY

Don't worry. It'll last as long as
the magic act we used to do.

Emily looks at the stack of sheet music on the piano, then at Rosemary.

EMILY
Hopefully longer than one week.

ROSEMARY
I mean we'll have seventeen
minutes' worth of material.

A smiling Emily nods.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
What're we gonna open with?

EMILY
I've got it right here.

Emily pulls out a copy of "Yankee Doodle" and puts it on her piano's music rack, then pulls out a copy of "Dixie" and gives it to Rosemary.

Looks like a pair of Emily's self-written arrangements.

ROSEMARY
We're opening with "Dixie?"

EMILY
You are. Me, I'm opening with
"Yankee Doodle."

Rosemary looks confused.

EMILY (CONT'D)
We're playing both of these at the
same time.

ROSEMARY
I see what you're doing...but
didn't Jay Roberts have the same
thing in mind with "The
Entertainer's Rag?"

EMILY
Well...I only wanted to elaborate
on what he was doing.

Rosemary goes to the piano.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Don't worry...it'll be a real show-
stopper.

ROSEMARY
 You mean show-starter.
 (gets seated at piano)
 This I've got to hear.

Rosemary notices that her music and Emily's share a common intro.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
 At least we'll be starting on equal footing.

EMILY
 (nodding)
 Ready?

Rosemary nods, and she and Emily get going on their "Yankee Doodle/Dixie."

After twelve bars, Rosemary no longer looks confused...and looks all caught up in the spirit.

EXT. ALASKA THEATER - DAY

A larger, older theater than the Liberty, the Alaska is in another area of downtown Seattle.

A YOUNG COUPLE ride a two-seat bicycle down the street.

INT. ALASKA THEATER ORCHESTRA PIT - DAY

Rosemary tries her luck on this theater's pipe organ...a three-manual Skinner, where she plays and attempts to sing "The Band Played On."

ROSEMARY
*Casey would waltz with a strawberry
 blonde,/And the band played
 on./He'd glide across the floor
 with the girl he adored,/And the
 band played on.*

Emily looks impressed as she watches Rosemary perform.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
*But his brain was so loaded it
 nearly exploded;/The poor girl
 would shake with alarm./He'd never
 leave the girl with the strawberry
 curls,/And the band played on.*

Rosemary pulls out additional stops as she goes instrumental for thirty-one bars.

Now that all twenty-nine of the Skinner's stops are out (and all the expression pedals are completely open), Rosemary tries some more adventurous pedaling...but it doesn't work.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
 (back to singing)
*Casey would waltz with a strawberry
 blonde,/And the band played on.*

Rosemary now can't hear herself sing...but she doesn't care.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
*He'd glide across the floor with
 the girl he adored,/And the band
 played on./But his brain was so
 loaded it nearly exploded;/The poor
 girl would shake with alarm.*

Rosemary slows down the tempo.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
*He'd never leave the girl...with
 the strawberry curls.../And the
 band played on.*

Rosemary gives her rendition an elaborate finale...one that makes Emily applaud.

EMILY
 Wonderful!

ROSEMARY
 It better be. I was born and raised
 not far from the Los Angeles Art
 Organ Company.
 (playing a few pedals)
 And I still can't quite get used to
 making music with my feet.

EMILY
 Not to worry, Rose. It'll come in
 time. Just takes time.

Emily's face brightens up.

EMILY (CONT'D)
 Rosemary, why don't we use this for
 the finale?

ROSEMARY
 You mean "The Band Played On?"

EMILY

Right!

Emily sits down at the organ.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Rose, it's just a suggestion,
but...so that you can hear yourself
sing, perhaps you should use a
different registration.

Rosemary looks bewildered.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Different stops.

Emily leaves the flute, oboe, cornepean, and clarinet stops
pulled out, then pushes the remaining stops in. She marks the
pulled-out stops with lipstick (or rouge).

EMILY (CONT'D)

With you working the stops, I think
we could do a comedy routine with
this song.

ROSEMARY

How?

EMILY

Since the use of strings makes an
orchestra different from a band,
string stops would be very
unbecoming...use those in the
middle of the song.

ROSEMARY

Fair enough!

Emily goes over to a 1910-17 upright piano in the middle of
the pit.

EMILY

(getting seated)

Ready?

ROSEMARY

I'm ready!

With a thirty-one-bar intro, Rosemary and Emily launch "The
Band Played On." During it, Rosemary closes all of the
organ's expression pedals...and now, both women can hear each
other play.

EMILY

(singing)

*Casey would waltz with a strawberry
blonde--*

ROSEMARY

(on "WALTZ;" doubletime)

*Casey, he would waltz; oh, yes, how
he would waltz--*

EMILY, ROSEMARY

And the band played on.

EMILY

*He'd glide across the floor with
the girl he adored--*

ROSEMARY

(on "FLOOR;" doubletime)

*Gliding, striding, sliding,
tripping, stumbling, falling,
crawling--*

EMILY, ROSEMARY

And the band played on.

Emily tries to keep from laughing.

EMILY

But his brain was so loaded--

ROSEMARY

(right after "LOADED")

Stashed!

EMILY

--it nearly exploded--

ROSEMARY

(right after "EXPLODED")

Crashed!

Clementine enters the orchestra pit.

EMILY, ROSEMARY

*The poor girl would shake with
alarm.*

EMILY

*He'd never leave the girl with the
strawberry curls--*

ROSEMARY
 (in doubletime; on "GIRL")
*No, he'd never leave; yes, you know
 he'd never leave--*

EMILY, ROSEMARY
And the band played on.

For the next thirty-one bars, Rosemary and Emily concentrate on playing...while Clementine stands there, dumbfounded.

CLEMENTINE
 I don't believe this...

ROSEMARY
 You still want us out of show
 business, Miss Seawell?

CLEMENTINE
 You two are doing something more
 daring than sawing a...
 (running off)
 I beg your pardon...

An astounded Clementine sprints out of the orchestra pit.

EXT. HOTEL WILHARD - DAY

A few cars stop in front of this seven-story concrete building in the downtown area.

INT. HOTEL WILLARD SUITE 701 - DAY

Clementine sits at a desk, where she puts her unlit cigar in an ashtray and picks up the phone.

CLEMENTINE
 Operator, please connect me with
 the Alahska Theater...Greetings,
 Mr. Engebretsen. This is Clementine
 Seawell of the Acme Circuit...

Clementine leaves the desk and, phone in hands, sits on the bed.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)
 You've been doing such a good job
 here, as have the rest of the
 acts...I say you must be
 rewarded...I want you to take the
 night off...

Now Clementine, phone still in hands, reclines on the bed.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Yes! I insist...if you don't take the night off, I'll fire all of you...I know I said that. It's my rule in the first place...

Clementine gets back up and stands at the desk.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

No, the magician and her partner don't know about this...I saw them rehearse, and they've changed their fare...

Clementine sets the phone on the desk as she seats herself at that desk.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

They're now a musical-comedy act...never mind.

With her free hand, Clementine grabs her cigar.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

Just take the night off...send the balance of the bill home, also...I'll be in charge. Go ahead. Take the night off...never mind. G'day.

Clementine hangs up the phone, then lights up that stogie.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)

We'll just see how good those two are now!

Clementine tries to lean back in her seat.

EXT. EAST MADISON STREET BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY

Rosemary and Emily, each with a clothing box, walk toward the boardinghouse.

INT. BOARDINGHOUSE FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

The two women stop just short of Emily's apartment when they meet up with Eli, who stands in the hallway.

ELI

Whatcha doin' with them boxes?

ROSEMARY

C'mon in and you'll see.

The threesome trek over to Rosemary's place.

INT. ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rosemary gestures Eli into sitting down.

ELI

Awraht.

He chooses a seat on the sofa.

Emily and Rosemary open their clothing boxes, which have a silk gown in each box.

ELI (CONT'D)

What'd you two young'uns do...rob a clothing store?

EMILY

No.

ELI

A bank?

EMILY

Why, no...we paid cash. But, really, we wanted to celebrate our transition from a magic act to a musical-comedy act. Hence, a change of wardrobe.

Emily takes a small card out of her box and hands the card to Eli.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Please, Eli...read the card.

Eli nods.

ELI

(reading the card)

"Rosemary Mae Shorthose and Emily Henryetta Flaxbeard RE-quest the honor of your presence as they DEE-but they musical-comedy vaudeville act Thursday, February twenty two, nineteen and seventeen, seven thirty in the evening, at the Alaska THEE-ater."

Rosemary and Emily are all smiles.

ELI (CONT'D)
 (finishes reading card)
 "Come as you are."

Eli looks at that blushing, smiling twosome.

ELI (CONT'D)
 Doggone right Ah'm a-goin'!

Emily and Rosemary hug Eli.

ELI (CONT'D)
 Now let me change into somethin'
 REE-spectable...

The two musicians chuckle.

EXT. ALASKA THEATER - NIGHT

SEVERAL PEOPLE file into the theater at a time when the snow has stopped.

INT. ALASKA THEATER STAGE - NIGHT

THE CURTAIN GOES UP and reveals a stage where an 1890s upright piano joins the theater's 1910-17 upright front and center. (The hammers are exposed on both pianos.)

Emily and Rosemary, both in their new gowns, strut to the middle of the stage.

Rosemary heads for the 1890-99 piano, Emily goes to the 1910-17 piano...

EMILY, ROSEMARY
 Good evening!

...and they sit down and wallop out "Yankee Doodle/Dixie."

After the common introduction, Emily (with her rendition of "Yankee Doodle") takes the lead; Rosemary's piano playing serves as background for sixteen bars...two verses.

Rosemary and Emily play to a sizable CROWD...one that includes Clementine, who sits in the front row, next to an empty chair.

The duo's performance blows Clementine's mind.

Now it's Rosemary's turn to lead...in her case, with "Dixie." This goes on (with Emily's playing in the background) for sixteen bars, including "Dixie's" refrain.

Lyell takes the empty front-row seat next to Clementine...and looks dumbfounded by what he sees and hears onstage.

Emily spends the next sixteen bars ragging up "Yankee Doodle," with Rosemary giving her partner an almost percussive piano background.

Rosemary comes in with some more "Dixie;" here, she displays a crude keyboard flash that even leaves her surprised.

In the back of the audience, Eli already applauds.

Here it is: Emily plays "Yankee Doodle" straight while Rosemary does "Dixie" straight...but, in the latter case, without the chorus.

This goes on for eight bars; in the next sixteen (increasingly raucous) bars, the twosome rag up their songs.

In the middle of the audience, Becky turns to Lacey.

BECKY

I didn't know Miss Shorthose could play like that.

LACEY

That...makes two of us.

Rosemary and Emily slow down the tempo and move their music into a common ending.

For that, they receive, to their surprise...rousing applause.

Eli applauds like a man possessed; Lyell claps, too.

Emily and Rosemary eyeball the crowd, then each other...and the two performers look elated.

SAME SCENE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Rosemary moves over to the newer upright while Emily, tube of lipstick in hand, moves over to a placard which says: "SHORTHOSE AND FLAXBEARD- MAGIC AND COMEDY."

Emily crosses out "MAGIC AND COMEDY" and writes in "MUSICAL COMEDY."

And then Emily picks up an accordion and puts it on.

EMILY

Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen...we'd like to do for you a song from the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta "Patience...or Bunthorne's Bride."

Clementine looks skeptical.

With that accordion on, Emily moves to front center...but:

ROSEMARY

Hate to tell you this, Emily, but...you're blocking my view.

EMILY

Oops...sorry.

Under audience laughter, Emily moves to her left before she pumps out, in waltz time, the first two bars of "Love Is a Plaintive Song."

When Emily adds her singing to her accordion playing, Rosemary comes in on piano.

EMILY (CONT'D)

*Love is a plaintive song,/Sung by a
suff'ring maid,/Telling a tale of
wrong,/Telling of hope
betrayed;/Tuned to each changing
note,/Sorry when he is sad,/Blind
to his every mote,/Merry when he is
glad!/Merry when he is glad!*

ROSEMARY

That's love?

Some crowd laughter ensues.

EMILY

*Love that no wrong can cure,/Love
that is always new,/That is the
love, the love that's pure,/That is
the love, the love that's true!*

Clementine breathes a sigh of relief.

EMILY (CONT'D)

*Love that no wrong can cure,/Love
that is always new,/That is the
love, the love that's pure,/That is
the love, the love that's true!*

Emily squeezes out eight more bars of waltz tempo while Rosemary tickles out an arpeggio before the former goes back to the song's two-bar intro (which the latter sits out).

Through this passage:

ROSEMARY
Emily, are you sure that's love?

Emily nods.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
You and Patience must've gotten
into the same opium, then.

Rosemary's quip brings stronger laughs out of the audience.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Love's supposed to make people
happy, isn't it?

EMILY
*Rendering good for ill,/Smiling at
every frown,/Yielding your own self-
will,/Laughing your teardrops
down;/Never a selfish
whim,/Trouble, or pain to
stir;/Everything for him,/Nothing
at all for her!/Nothing at all for
her!*

ROSEMARY
Carrie Chapman Catt, where are you
when we need you?

The crowd explodes with laughter.

EMILY
*Love that will aye endure,/Though
the rewards be few,/That is the
love, the love that's pure,/That is
the love, the love that's
true!/Love that will aye
endure,/Though the rewards be
few...*

The music stops for a moment.

ROSEMARY
That's not love! That's slavery!

More crowd laughter results.

Before the laughter ends, Emily and Rosemary resume playing (and Emily finishes singing).

EMILY
*That is the love, the love that's
 pure,/That is the love, the love
 that's true!*

The Los Angeleno and the New Yorker end the song in three arpeggio-filled bars.

ROSEMARY
 Emily...dump him.

Rosemary and Emily add on a pair of notes through the crowd laughter...and ensuing applause.

After the clapping, Emily puts down her accordion and joins Rosemary at the newer piano.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
 (to the audience)
 Thank you!

Those audience members who wield bananas and apples (presumably to throw) eat them instead.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
 Our next song should make much more sense than the last one.

EMILY
 Rosemary...

Their next song, a four-hand, one-keyboard "While Strolling through the Park One Day," begins with three strong bars before Emily and Rosemary add their own vocals.

EMILY, ROSEMARY
*While strolling through the park
 one day,/In the merry month of
 May,/I was taken by surprise by a
 pair of roguish eyes./In a moment,
 my poor heart was stole away.*

EMILY
A smile was all he gave to me.

ROSEMARY
 He had to have something up his sleeve.

The crowd laughs.

EMILY

Of course, we were as happy as could be.

ROSEMARY

Until he stole all her money.

Result: More laughter.

EMILY

I immediately raised my hat./Finally, he remarked; I never shall forget that lovely afternoon/I met him at the fountain in the park.

Rosemary and Emily go back to the three-bar intro.

ROSEMARY

(through the intro)

That's because he stole the money she needed to pay for the first semester of classes--

Rosemary can't finish her explanation in time.

EMILY, ROSEMARY

While strolling through the park one day,/In the not-so-merry month of May--

EMILY

I was taken by surprise by a thief with hands for eyes.

ROSEMARY

And summer school had to wait another May.

As the crowd roars, Rosemary and Emily end their number with an elaborate glissando and two notes.

SAME SCENE - SIX MINUTES LATER

Emily's now on the 1890s piano (Rosemary's still on the 1910-17 one) as they start the second verse of "Peg o' My Heart."

EMILY, ROSEMARY

*When your heart's full of fears and
your eyes full of tears,/I'll kiss
them, I'll kiss them all away,/For,
like the gold that's in your
hair,/Is all the love for you I
bear.*

Many in the crowd (especially Lacey, Eli, and Becky) look enraptured.

EMILY, ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

*Oh, believe in me, do. I'm as
lonesome as you./I miss you, I miss
you all the day./Let the light of
love shine from your eyes into
mine,/And shine for aye,/Sweetheart
for aye, my darling!*

EMILY

(to the crowd)

Please feel free to sing along.

Some patrons do SING ALONG.

EMILY, ROSEMARY, AUDIENCE

*Peg o' my heart, I love you./We'll
never part./I love you, dear little
boy,/Sweet little boy,/Sweeter than
the rose of Erin are your winning
smiles endearin'.*

Gamaliel sits in the front row...and he's ecstatic.

EMILY, ROSEMARY, AUDIENCE (CONT'D)

*Peg o' my heart, your glances with
Irish art entrance us./Come, be my
own./Come, make your home in my
heart.*

Rosemary and Emily cap it off with their elaborate ending.

While the crowd applauds, Rosemary runs down to the orchestra pit and goes right to the Skinner pipe organ.

In the audience, Lyell and Clementine look dumbfounded as they watch Rosemary pull out some stops.

LYELL

(to Clementine)

She's actually...gonna play the
King of Instruments?

CLEMENTINE

Perhaps this King is abject.

Still at the 1890s piano, Emily watches Rosemary pull out the flute, oboe, corneopan, and clarinet stops.

Rosemary signals when she's ready; afterwards:

EMILY

Here's our finale..."The Band Played On." We couldn't get a band, so...Rose will fill in for the band.

Some crowd laughter erupts before Emily and Rosemary play the song's thirty-one-bar intro.

During the intro, Becky and Lacey converse.

BECKY

Lacey...did you ever get the organist job at the Liberty?

LACEY

Are you kidding? They gave it back to Henry Murtaugh.

Rosemary and Emily sing.

EMILY

Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde--

ROSEMARY

*(on "WALTZ;" doubletime)
Casey, he would waltz; oh, yes, how he would waltz--*

EMILY, ROSEMARY

And the band played on.

EMILY

He'd glide across the floor with the girl he adored--

ROSEMARY

*(on "FLOOR;" doubletime)
Gliding, striding, sliding, tripping, stumbling, crawling, falling--*

The crowd gets off some more laughs.

EMILY, ROSEMARY
And the band played on.

EMILY
But his brain was so loaded--

ROSEMARY
 (right after "LOADED")
No room!

EMILY
--it nearly exploded--

ROSEMARY
 (right after "EXPLODED")
KABOOM!

Result: More audience laughter.

EMILY, ROSEMARY
*The poor girl would shake with
 alarm.*

EMILY
*He'd never leave the girl with the
 strawberry curls--*

ROSEMARY
 (in doubletime; on "GIRL")
*No, he'd never leave; yes, you know
 he'd never leave--*

EMILY, ROSEMARY
And the band played on.

The two young vaudevillians go into their thirty-one-bar instrumental with dialog.

In it, Rosemary pulls out string stops and other non-band ones...while Emily AD LIBS her comic disapproval.

When the instrumental's all over:

EMILY
*Casey would waltz with a strawberry
 blonde--*

ROSEMARY
 (on "WALTZ;" doubletime)
*Casey, he would waltz with Miss
 Strawberry Curls--*

EMILY, ROSEMARY
And the band played on.

EMILY
*He'd glide across the floor with
 the girl he adored--*

ROSEMARY
 (on "FLOOR;" doubletime)
*'Til he fell to the floor on a
 banana peel--*

The customers break out in laughs.

EMILY, ROSEMARY
And the band played on.

EMILY
But his brain was so loaded--

ROSEMARY
 (right after "LOADED")
No room!

EMILY
--it nearly exploded--

ROSEMARY
 (right after "EXPLODED")
KABOOOM!!

The laughter starts back up.

EMILY, ROSEMARY
*The poor girl would shake with
 alarm.*

EMILY
He'd never leave the girl--

The music slows down.

ROSEMARY
--that scarecrow of a girl--

The audience cracks up once more while an openmouthed Emily
 stares at Rosemary.

EMILY, ROSEMARY
And the band played on.

Emily and Rosemary vamp the last eight bars and use the vamp
 for the song's ending.

In the audience, an ecstatic Eli claps his hands sore.

Lacey and Becky look delighted as they clap away.

Lyell looks won over; a second later, Clementine joins him in applauding.

GAMALIEL
(to Emily and Rosemary)
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!

Rosemary and Emily take bows.

EMILY, ROSEMARY
Thank you very much!

On the way off the stage, Emily and Rosemary blow kisses as the audience still applauds.

INT. ALASKA THEATER BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Rosemary and Emily arrive backstage...an empty backstage.

They hear applause that CONTINUES STRONG O.S.

ROSEMARY
Emily...we've gotta go back out there.

EMILY
We're good, but not that good. Nora Bayes is that good--

ROSEMARY
Yeah, but look around you.

Emily looks around the space...and looks surprised.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
We're the bill tonight.

Emily and Rosemary stand there and stare into space.

INT. ALASKA THEATER STAGE - NIGHT

The two musicians go back out there; they find a marimba placed on one corner of the stage.

ROSEMARY
To the Deagan!

Rosemary and Emily head for the marimba.

EMILY

We'd like to play a number I found
the time to write and the fortune
to complete.

Some light crowd laughter develops before Rosemary and Emily
play "Marimba Waltz."

SAME SCENE - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

The orchestra pit and the stage are now on the same level.

Rosemary remains at the marimba, Emily plays accordion, Lacey
plays the organ, Becky impresses as she plays the 1890s
piano, and Nell two-fingers it at the 1910s piano as they all
play the final thirty-two bars of a ragged-up "Chopsticks."

As the applause rings, Nell, Lacey, and Becky rise up from
their keyboards and bow and bow.

Emily and Rosemary join the crowd in the applause.

ROSEMARY

Everybody, let's hear it for Becky
and Lacey and Nell!

EMILY

Thank you three for coming up!

Becky, Nell, and Lacey head back to a still-applauding crowd.

SAME SCENE - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

At the organ, Emily and Rosemary finish up "Down by the Old
Mill Stream," where both women play the pedals as the two
women's fingers fly over all three manuals.

All stops are out and all expression pedals are floored.

Rosemary and Emily end their rendition with a bang...and
trigger some impressive applause.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(to Rosemary)

That's it. We've run out of
material for the act.

Rosemary nods.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You've been in vaudeville longer
than I...what would you do in a
situation such as this one?

ROSEMARY

Tell you what: Go backstage and take a rest.

Emily's mouth drops.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

And while you're there, think of everything you had to play in college and over at the Liberty.

Emily nods in surprise.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Leave everything to me.

Emily leaves the organ and goes front center, where she addresses the audience.

EMILY

Ladies and gentlemen, Rosemary Shorthose is going to perform for you.

As Emily goes backstage, the audience buzzes.

Up front, Clementine leans over to Lyell's side.

CLEMENTINE

This should prove interesting, Lyell.

Lyell looks enthused. But that gets him a severe look from Clementine.

LYELL

Clementine, relax. She'll do fine.

Clementine's stare at Lyell grows more severe.

SAME SCENE - SEVENTEEN MINUTES LATER

Rosemary removes the fallboard from the 1890-99 upright; once the part is off, she sets it in back of the piano.

ROSEMARY

(heading offstage)

I'll be back. As Emily told me one day: "You ain't heard nothin' yet."

That earns Rosemary some laughter.

When Rosemary comes back, she returns with a bedsheet, a harmonica, and a neckworn harmonica holder.

She sits down at the piano, puts the bedsheet on the floor, the harmonica in the holder, and the holder on her neck.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
How about a bit of "In the Shade of
the Old Apple Tree?"

The audience gives a mixed reaction...but Rosemary gives out with a ragtime version of "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" anyway.

In the first verse and chorus, Rosemary's harmonica playing provides the melody, while her piano playing provides a strong background.

For the second verse, Rosemary concentrates on tickling the keys.

The crowd's pleasantly surprised...especially Clementine.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
I dare anyone in the audience to
sing along.

As Rosemary goes into the third verse, she finds no takers.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Can't sing that fast, huh?

The crowd yields strong laughter.

Rosemary takes the chorus around one last time, with harmonica the main instrument. She ends the song with a piano glissando and a single, crashing note.

Result: Strong applause from the crowd.

Rosemary goes back to one of the wings and comes back onstage with a hammer and some nails.

The ex-magician sits down again at the 1890s piano. She sets the hammer and nails down, rips the bedsheet, and nails the bedsheet to the keyboard.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen...this number
is dedicated to the company that
made this bedsheet.

Rosemary plays "Brahms' Lullaby" on a sheet-covered keyboard.

SAME SCENE - SEVENTEEN MINUTES LATER

A jubilant Emily finds fun at the Skinner pipe organ, where she finishes up "I Love You Truly."

She turns to the audience once the applause dies down.

EMILY

This number I'd like to do for you happens to be my favorite, and I'd like to close with it.

Some customers applaud already.

EMILY (CONT'D)

It's by Straus...Oscar, not Johann. He's lacking an S.

A bit of audience laughter kicks in; after it, Emily goes into "My Hero."

Lyell turns to Clementine.

LYELL

Now that's the old Emily.

Lyell watches Clementine get out of her seat to leave the auditorium.

LYELL (CONT'D)

Where're you going?

Clementine gestures at Lyell.

LYELL (CONT'D)

Oh...that.

Onstage, Emily adds vocals to her organ work.

EMILY

How handsome is this hero mine./The tears within my eyes are burning;/How true and brave that face divine, my heart for him is ever yearning./That forehead so high, the chin firm and strong--

In the audience, Older Husband receives told-you-so looks from Older Wife, Younger Husband, and Younger Wife.

EMILY (CONT'D)

*The eagle-like eye: For him, how I
long./How graceful his
carriage,/How noble and free;/The
day of our marriage, happy be.*

Lyell looks entranced as he watches Emily.

INT. ALASKA THEATER BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Rosemary comes out of the ladies' room when Clementine heads for that same room.

ROSEMARY

(blocks Clementine's path)

I want a word with you, Seawell!

CLEMENTINE

My body will not permit it.

Clementine pushes Rosemary out of the way...but the latter stands her ground.

ROSEMARY

Tell it to HOLD ON!

Clementine continues to fight to reach the ladies' room as Rosemary continues to make it a chess game of sorts.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Tonight, Emily and I are not only
the first act...we're the only act!
WHY?

CLEMENTINE

I don't have to answer that. After
all, this is my circuit!

ROSEMARY

Let me refresh your memory, Miss
Seawell: Ever since Emily and I got
together, you've been trying to
embarrass us!

O.S., "MY HERO" CONTINUES STRONG.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

And ever since I became the
circuit's first woman magician in
1910, you've been trying to get me
to quit!

Clementine feigns shock.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

You put me through twice as much
he...Hades as the
others...expecting twice as much
from me as other, worse acts!

CLEMENTINE

Young lady, I've had enough of your
impertinent--

ROSEMARY

And when you found out I was on the
same level as the other acts, you
still wouldn't believe in me! And
you tried to tar Emily with the
SAME BRUSH! THAT'S why you...

With a mighty shove, Clementine pushes Rosemary aside...but
to no avail.

Nature's already done its thing on Clementine.

Rosemary and Clementine move to another spot backstage.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Gave all those other acts the day
off! THE DAY OFF!
(shaking Clementine)
ADMIT IT!

EMILY'S "MY HERO" CONTINUES STRONG O.S.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

You were just waiting and hoping
we'd slip up! So you could prove
your so-called point! WEREN'T YOU?

A seething Clementine grabs Rosemary and shoves her against a
wall...and pins her against it.

After a few seconds of struggle, Rosemary steps on
Clementine's feet and breaks the older woman's grip.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

(grimacing)
You wouldn't be treating us this
way if we were merely singers like
Eva Tanguay or dancers like Irene
Castle--

CLEMENTINE

(with a grimace)
Mrs. VERNON Castle--

ROSEMARY
SAME DIFFERENCE!

STRONG O.S. APPLAUSE kicks in.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
We're gonna get this straightened
out once and for all time...or else
I'M GONNA START MY OWN CIRCUIT!

While the applause CONTINUES STRONG O.S., Rosemary and
Clementine fall silent.

CLEMENTINE
I will admit to giving the other
acts the day off.

Emily comes backstage...and gives Clementine and Rosemary a
surprised look.

EMILY
What happened to you two?

CLEMENTINE
And I will admit to sabotaging the
box you used in the sawing trick.

Emily's mouth flies open.

CLEMENTINE (CONT'D)
And to expecting too much from
you...and to sabotaging other
tricks.

ROSEMARY
Right!

CLEMENTINE
Happily, you both entertained us
all...I say you two have found your
calling.

EMILY
Miss Seawell...have you been
drinking joy juice?

In dead earnest, Clementine shakes her head "no."

CLEMENTINE
Keep working as hard as you
apparently have today and you'll
see a long career.

As Clementine leaves the space, Rosemary and Emily stare at each other before they gaze at the Acme Circuit boss.

ROSEMARY
Miss Seawell, I've got a
confession...

Clementine stops in her tracks.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
I wasn't as good a magician as I am
a musician.

CLEMENTINE
That's nothing to be ashamed of!

EMILY
Rosemary...is Miss Seawell feeling
all right?

ROSEMARY
Yes...and so am I. How about you?

Emily nods enthusiastically while she and Rosemary walk back to the stage.

INT. ALASKA THEATER STAGE - NIGHT

When Emily and Rosemary come back, the applause erupts again.

ROSEMARY
I'm glad you're my partner, Emmy.

EMILY
Are you sure this is the place to
tell me this?

ROSEMARY
Certainly.

Emily looks surprised.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
In fact, you're more than a
partner...you're a friend.
(hugging Emily)
Thank you for walking into my
apartment.

A flattered Emily completes the embrace while the crowd cheers itself hoarse.

EMILY

Rose...let's take this show out in style.

ROSEMARY

I'm all for that!

Rosemary struts to the 1890s piano (now devoid of a bedsheet) while Emily walks to the 1910s one. Once seated, both vaudevillians glissando their way into another tune.

FREEZE FRAME at the end of their glissando.

FADE OUT.

THE END