

**ALL ABOUT EVE**

A: May I come in?

E: Certainly, Mr. deWitt...

A: I expected to find this little room overcrowded, with a theater full of people at your feet...

E: I consider myself lucky they didn't throw things.

A: Of course your performance was no surprise to me. After the other day I regarded it as no more than - a promised fulfilled.

E: You're more than kind. But it's still Miss Channing's performance. I'm just a carbon copy you read when you can't find the original...

A: You're more than modest.

E: It's not modesty. I just don't try to kid myself.

A: A revolutionary approach to the Theater. However, if I may a suggestion...

E: Please do.

A: I think the time has come for you to shed some of your humility. It is just as false not to blow your horn at all as it is to blow it too loudly...

E: I don't think I've done anything to sound off about.

A: We all come into this world with our little egos equipped with individual horns. If we don't blow them - who will?

E: Even so. One isolated pretty good performance by an understudy. It'll be forgotten tomorrow.

A: It needn't be.

E: Even if I wanted to - as you say - be less humble, blow my own horn...how would I do it? I'm less than nobody.

A: I am somebody.

E: You certainly are.

A: Leave the door open a bit, so we can talk. After you change, if you're not busy elsewhere, we can have supper.

E: I'd love to! Or should I pretend I'm busy?

A: Let's have a minimum of pretending. I'll want to do a column about you-

E: I'm not enough for a paragraph.

A: - perhaps more than one. There's so much I want to know. I've heard your story in bits and pieces... your home in Wisconsin, your tragic marriage, your financial attachment to Margo - it started in San Francisco, didn't it? (no answer) I say - your idolatry of Margo started in San Francisco, didn't it?

E: That's right.

A: San Francisco. An oasis of civilization in the California desert. Tell me, do you share my high opinion of San Francisco?

E: Yes. I do.

A: And that memorable night when Margo first dazzled you from the stage - which theater was it in San Francisco? Was it - the Shubert?

E: Yes. The Shubert.

A: A fine old theater, the Shubert. Full of tradition, untouched by the earthquake - so sorry - fire... by the way, what was your husband's name?

E: Eddie...

A: Eddie what?

E: I'm about to go into the shower, I won't be able to hear you...

A: I can wait. Where would you like to go? We'll make this a special night...

E: You take charge.

A: I believe I will.

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E: What time?

A: Almost four.

E: Plenty of time for a nice long nap - we rehearsed most of last night...

A: You could sleep, too, couldn't you?

E: Why not?

A: The mark of a true killer. Sleep tight, rest easy - and come out fighting...

E: Why'd call me a killer?

A: Did I say killer? I meant champion. I get my boxing terms mixed.

E: Addison- come on in for just a minute, won't you? There's... I've got something to tell you.

A: Suites are for expense accounts. Aren't you being extravagant?

E: Max is paying for it. He and Lloyd had a terrific row but Lloyd insisted... well. Can I fix you a drink?

A: Also with the reluctant compliments of Max Fabian.

E: Lloyd. I never have any, and he likes a couple of drinks after we finish - so he sent it up...

A: Some plain soda. Lloyd must be expecting a record run in New Haven...

E: That's for tonight. You're invited. We're having everyone up after the performance.

A: We're?

E: Lloyd and I.

A: I find it odd that Karen isn't here for the opening, don't you?

E: Addison...

A: She's always been so fantastically devoted to Lloyd. I would imagine that only death or destruction could keep her-

E: Addison, just a few minutes ago. When I told you this would be a night to remember - that it would bring me everything I wanted-

A: - something about an old road ending and a new one starting - paved with stars...

E: I didn't mean just the Theater.

A: What else?

E: Lloyd Richards. He's going to leave Karen. We're going to be married.

A: So that's it. Lloyd. Still just the Theater, after all...

E: It's nothing of the kind! Lloyd loves me, I love him!

A: I know nothing about Lloyd and his loves - I leave those to Louisa May Alcott. But I do know you.

E: I'm in love with Lloyd!

A: Lloyd Richards is commercially the most successful playwright in America-

E: You have no right to say such things!

A: - and artistically, the most promising! Eve dear, this is Addison.

E: Addison, won't it be just perfect? Lloyd and I - there's no telling how far we can go... he'll write great plays for me, I'll make them be great! You're the only one I've told, the only one that knows except Lloyd and me...

A:... and Karen.

E: She doesn't know.

A: She knows enough not to be here.

E: But not all of it - not that Lloyd and I are going to be married.

A: I see. And when was this unholy alliance joined?

E: We decided the night before last, before we came up here...

A: Was the setting properly romantic - the lights on dimmers, gypsy violins off stage?

E: The setting wasn't romantic, but Lloyd was. He woke me up at three in the morning, banging on my door - he couldn't sleep, he told me - he's left Karen, he couldn't go on with the play or anything else until I promised to marry him... we sat and talked until it was light. He never went home...

A: You sat and talked until it was light...

E: We sat and talked, Addison. I want a run of the play contract.

A: There never was, there'll never be another like you.

E: Well, say something - anything! Congratulations, good work, Eve!

A: What do you take me for?

E: I don't know what I take you for anything...

A: It is possible - even conceivable - that you've confused me with that gang of backward children you've been playing tricks on - that you have the same contempt for me that you have for them?

E: I'm sure you mean something by that, Addison, but I don't know what...

A: Look closely, Eve, it's time you did. I am Addison deWitt. I'm nobody's fool. Least of all yours.

E: I never intended you to be.

A: Yes, you did. You still do.

E: I still don't know what you're getting at. Right now I want to take my nap. It's important that I-

A: - it's important right now that we talk. Killer to killer.

E: Champion to champion.

A: Not with me, you're no champion. You're stepping way up in class.

E: Addison, will you please say what you have to say plainly and distinctly - and then get out so I can take my nap!

A: Very well, plainly and distinctly. Although I consider it unnecessary - because you know as well as I, what I am about to say. Lloyd may leave Karen, but he will not leave Karen for you.

E: What do you mean by that?

A: More plainly and more distinctly? I Have not come to New Haven to see the play, discuss your dreams, or to pull the ivy from the walls of Yale! I have come to tell you that you will not marry Lloyd - or anyone else - because I will not permit it.

E: What have you got to do with it?

A: Everything. Because after tonight, you will belong to me.

E: I can't believe my ears...

A: A dull cliché.

E: Belong - to you? That sound medieval - something out of an old melodrama...

A: So does the history of the world for the past twenty years. I don't enjoy putting it as bluntly as this, frankly I had hoped that you would, somehow, have known - have taken it for granted that you and I...

E:... taken it for granted? That you and I...

A: Remember as long as you live, never to laugh at me. At anything or anyone else - but never at me.

E: Get out!

A: You're too short for that gesture. Besides, it went out with Mrs. Fiske.

E: Then if you won't get out, I'll have you thrown out.

A: Don't pick it up! Don't even put your hand on it... Something told you to do as I say, didn't it? That instinct is worth millions, you can't buy it, cherish it, Eve. When that alarm goes off, go to your battle stations... Your name is not Eve Harrington. It is Gertrude Slescynski.

E: What of it?

A: It is true that your parents were poor. They still are. And they would like to know how you are - and where. They haven't heard from you for three years...

E: What of it?

A: A matter of opinion. Granted. It is also true that you worked in a brewery. But life in the brewery was apparently not as dull as you pictured it. As a matter of fact, it got less and less dull - until your boss's wife had your boss followed by detectives!

E: She never proved anything, not a thing!

A: But the \$500 you got to get out of town brought you straight to New York - didn't it? That \$500 brought you straight to New York - didn't it?

E: She was a liar, she was a liar!

A: Answer my question! Weren't you paid to get out of town? Fourth. There was no Eddie - no pilot - and you've never been married! That was not only a lie, but an insult to dead heroes and to the women who loved them ... Fifth. San Francisco has no Shubert Theater and North Shore, you've never been to San Francisco! That was a stupid lie, easy to expose, not worthy of you...

E: I had to get in, to meet Margo! I had to say something, be somebody, make her like me!

A: She did like you, she helped and trusted you! You paid her back by trying to take Bill away!

E: That's not true!

A: I was there, I saw you and heard you through the dressing room door! You used my name and my column to blackmail Karen into getting you the part of "Cora" - and you lied to me about it!

E: No-no-no...

A: I had lunch with Karen not three hours ago. As always with women who want to find out things, she told more than she learned...do you want to change your story about Lloyd beating at your door the other night?

E: Please... please...

A: That I should want you at all suddenly strikes me as the height of improbability. But that, in itself, is probably the reason. You're an improbable person, Eve, and so am I. We have that in common. Also a contempt for humanity, an inability to love or be loved, insatiable ambition - and talent. We deserve each other. Are you listening to me? Then say so.

E: Yes, Addison.

A: And you realize - you agree how completely you belong to me?

E: Yes, Addison.

A: Take your nap, now. And good luck for tonight.

E: I won't play tonight. I couldn't. Not possibly. I couldn't go on...

A: Couldn't go on? You'll give the performance of your life.

**ALL ABOUT EVE**

BILL

(from within)  
... you were better than all right,  
kid, you gave a performance, you  
rang a bell-

Addison uses his cane to swing the door open farther, so that both he and WE can see as well as hear.

INT. MARGO'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill faces Eve, who wears Margo's costume. She is a ravishing sight. Her eyes shine up to his radiantly:

BILL

(continuing)  
- little things here and there, it  
doesn't matter. You can be proud of  
yourself, you've got a right to be.

EVE

(quietly)  
Are you proud of me, Bill?

BILL

I'll admit I was worried when Max  
called. I had my doubts.

EVE

You shouldn't have had any doubts.

BILL

- after all, the other day was one  
scene, the woods are full of one  
scene sensations. But you did it.  
With work and patience, you'll be a  
fine actress. If that's what you  
want to be.

EVE

Is that what you want me to be?

BILL

I'm talking about you. And what you  
want.

EVE

So am I.

BILL

What have I got to do with it?

EVE

Everything.

BILL

(lightly)

The names I've been called. But  
never Svengali.  
(he pats her shoulder)  
Good luck.

He starts out. Addison ducks.

EVE  
Don't run away, Bill.

BILL  
(stops)  
From what would I be running?

EVE  
You're always after truth - on the  
stage. What about off?

BILL  
(curiously)  
I'm for it.

EVE  
Then face it. I have. Since that  
first night - here - in the  
dressing room.

BILL  
(smiles)  
When I told you what every young  
actress should know.

EVE  
When you told me that whatever I  
became, it would be because of you-

BILL  
Your make-up's a little heavy.

EVE  
- and for you.

BILL  
(slowly)  
You're quite a girl.

EVE  
You think?

BILL  
I'm in love with Margo. Hadn't you  
heard?

EVE  
You hear all kinds of things.

BILL  
I'm only human, rumors to the  
contrary. And I'm as curious as the



next man...

EVE

Find out.

BILL

(deliberately)

Only thing, what I go after, I want  
to go after. I don't want it to  
come after me.

Tears come to Eve's eyes. She turns away slowly.

BILL

Don't cry. Just score it as an  
incomplete forward pass.