"THE BOB CUMMINGS SHOW"

CAST:

BOB CUMMINGS  (BOB COLLINS)
ANN B. DAVIS  (SCHULTZY)

(GERTRUDE - The roommate)
(PATTI - Model)
(CYNTHIA - Attractive cynic)
(LINDA - Model)
(3 EXTRAS - Girls)

SETS:

PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO AND RECEPTION OFFICE
SCHULTZY'S APARTMENT
WILD DOOR - DR. CULLEN - PSYCHIATRIST

PRODUCED BY: PAUL HENNING
WRITTEN BY: PAUL HENNING  BILL MANHOF
JACKIE ELINSON
DIRECTED BY: ROD AMATEAU
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER: AL SIMON
FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE DAY

Schultzy is dusting the desk. She opens drawer to put away the dust cloth and takes out a large portrait picture of Bob and looks at it adoringly.

SCHULTZY
Good morning, Boss.
(she sighs)
What? ... Oh no really, I shouldn't. Well ---
(she looks around)
Just this once.

She kisses the picture.

No, no -- that's enough. Now behave. Well - if you're gonna put...

She kisses the picture as PATTI, a very lovely model who is also a helluva'n actress, enters carrying hat box. She is smartly dressed. At the sound of the door Schultzy looks up embarrassed and pretends to be examining the picture near-sightedly as Patti comes to desk.

SCHULTZY
I've got to get glasses.

She puts picture down and looks up at Patti.

What can I do for you, sir?

PATTI
(laughs)
I don't blame you, Schultzy.

Patti picks up Bob's picture and sits on the desk looking at it.

He's a swell guy. And isn't he fun on a date!

SCHULTZY
I wouldn't know.
Patti

Now come on Schultzy. You can
level with me. What goes with
you and that good looking boss
of yours?

Schultzy

You really want me to let my
hair down?

Patti

Sure.

Schultzy

You won't blab this around?

Patti

No.

Schultzy

(looks around to
make sure they're alone -
then confidentially)
I don't think he knows I'm a
girl.

Patti

(laughs)
Always clowning.

Schultzy

I wish I were. To the boss I'm
just a friend. A boyfriend!

Bob enters carrying leather camera bag with shoulder strap.
He puts it down as he speaks to Patti and goes to her taking
her hands in his. He never looks at Schultzy.

Bob

Well. What a lovely sight to
start the day. Hello again.

Hello Bob.

Patti

Morning boss.

Schultzy

Morning Schultzy.

Bob

(to Patti)
Have fun last night?
I sure did.

How about that orchestra?

FATTI

I could have danced all night.

Bob starts dancing with her as he says:

Me too.

Schultzzy watches them dance for a few moments.

SCHULTZY
(clears her throat)

Boss, we have pictures to take.

Bob and Patti continue dancing, ignoring Schultzzy.

Remember photography?
Watch the birds?

They continue to dance. Schultzzy picks up phone.

Good morning, Arthur Murray's.

She hangs up. Bob, without stopping, looks at his wrist watch on inside of wrist.

The business day begins promptly at nine. We have thirty-two seconds.

PATTI

Bob, maybe Schultzzy would like the last dance.

SCHULTZY
(eagerly)

Yeah, can I cut in?

Okay.

As Bob starts to take Schultzzy to dance with her he sees his wrist watch.

(all business)

Nine o'clock. Let's go to work! Get dressed Patti.
Patti exits to studio. Bob picks up the mail as he looks after her. He nudges Schultzy.

BOB
How about her Schultzy?

SCHULTZY
(returning the nudge)
Not bad, pal?

BOB
Intelligent, too. And you know how few of those you find.

SCHULTZY
Yeah, pal.

BOB
Usually when the house is that well furnished the attic is vacant. Right?

SCHULTZY
Right, pal!

BOB
Now you take Doris. Beautiful girl...sensational figure, but you just can't have an intelligent conversation with her. I finally gave up.

SCHULTZY
Stopped taking her out, eh?

BOB
No, I take her out. I gave up talking.

They both laugh.

Women, women -- you can't live with 'em -- you can't live without 'em.

(nudges her)
Right, Schultzy?

SCHULTZY
(nudges him)
Right, pal. Let's face it -- they're fun, but they're not as bright as us fellows.
BOB
No, they just don't...
(stops)
What do you mean, "us fellows"?
You're a girl!

SCHULTZY
Who squealed?

BOB
Now Schultzy ---

SCHULTZY
You know, for a while, I was
thinking of getting myself a
badge that says "Girl".

Bob laughs and puts his arm around her shoulder.

BOB
Schultzy, I know you're a
girl. And what a girl. Smart,
efficient, loyal and I couldn't
get along without you. So come
on and cheer up, fellas.

SCHULTZY
Okay, pal.

BOB
That's better. Now let's go
to work.

Bob hitches up his trousers and strides into studio.
Schultzy imitates him and exits after him.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO DAY
Bob enters from office followed by Schultzy. He goes to
camera as they talk.

SCHULTZY
What are we shooting
first, boss?

BOB
Illustration for an adventure
story... "Manakoora, Queen of
the Jungle".
SCHULTZY

Now that's the kind of picture I'd like to pose for instead of those moon robot things.

BOB

(stops)

Didn't I tell you? You're gonna be Manakoora.

Me?

BOB

Beautiful, dangerous Manakoora. The natives worship you but the white men fear you because you're the tigress no man can tame.

SCHULTZY

Oh boy! You'll find your costume in the dressing room.

Bob walks out of picture. Stay with Schultzy.

SCHULTZY

(elated)

The tigress no man can tame!

(she gives a sexy snarl)

Dissolve to:

INT. STUDIO DAY

Open on close shot of the model tied to a native hut by her wrists. She is wearing white riding habit like women hunters wear.

BOB

Look terrified, Patti. You're being sacrificed to Manakoora.

(calls) Okay, Manakoora, slink in.
Schultzzy enters picture wearing tiger skin.

BOB
Now pounce on your victim.

Schultzzy stands on hind legs as though to grab Patti as Bob takes picture.

Good. Okay -- relax a minute.

Bob prepares the camera for another shot as the tiger stands with paw on hip, bored.

PATTI
Does the tiger kill the girl in the story, Bob?

BOB
Oh no. Just in the nick of time a wealthy Maharajah comes along on a tiger hunt and rescues her.

PATTI
Why don't we shoot that scene?

BOB
Maharajas don't sell as many magazines as pretty girls. Okay, here we go -- snarl, Schultzzy.

The tiger lunges at the girl -- Bob takes picture.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICE DAY

Open on insert shot of still picture which Bob just took. Pull back to show picture propped up on desk. Schultzzy is seated at desk just finishing cutting her head out of a picture of herself. Her head is same size as model's head in picture. She puts paste on the back of it and pastes it over head of model. Looks at result.

CUT TO:

INSERT SHOT

Picture with Schultzzy's head pasted over model's head.

(CONTINUED)
SCHULTZY
(over insert)
Don't be frightened, little
Schultzy.

CUT TO:

LONGER SHOT

Schultzy looking at picture.

SCHULTZY
Help is on the way. Help and
romance.

Schultzy sighs and looks at the picture dreamily.

DREAM DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STUDIO ... DAY.

Open on Schultzy tied to native hut. She is wearing riding
habit. She is shrinking from the tiger which is about to
ger her. A shot rings out and the tiger falls. Schultzy
glances off.

SCHULTZY
The Maharajah! The handsome,
wealthy Maharajah!

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

Bob, dressed as wealthy maharajah, is standing at edge of
jungle holding a small pistol. He breaks it and blows
through the barrel. His fingers are covered with rings.

BOB
(calls)
Gun bearer!

A beautiful girl in oriental dancing girl costume comes
out of the jungle holding a little pillow. Bob puts
pistol on pillow.

I shot her through the left
nostril so I wouldn't spoil
the pelt.

(CONTINUED)
He claps his hands and three more beautiful girls dressed as the first file out of the jungle. The first carries a silver or gold bowl on a pillow. The second a towel. The third a cigarette case and lighter on a pillow. Bob holds his hands in front of him, fingers down, and the girl with the bowl raises it and moves it around to wash his fingers. The girl with the towel dries his hands. The girl who was gun bearer then opens the cigarette case, takes out a cigarette, puts it in Bob's mouth, lights it. Bob takes a drag.

GUN BEARER
Are you ready to exhale, master?

Bob nods. One girl takes the cigarette from his lips and another pushes on his diaphragm causing him to exhale the smoke.

BOB
Now the Maharajah will gaze upon the face of the woman he has saved.

He approaches Schultz as she averts her face.

Come come, do not be shy.

He takes her by the chin and turns her face toward him. At the sight of her face he gasps and starts back.

BOB
Never have the Maharajah's eyes looked upon such a face! What is your name, little one?

SCHULTZY
Men call me Schultz.

BOB
The Maharajah must have you for his harem.

SCHULTZY
Your harem? How many wives have you?

BOB
Oh -- two hundred in round figures. And then there are another seventy or eighty slender ones.

He indicates the four girls.

These are rather in between.

(CONTINUED)
SCHULTZY
These four girls are your wives?

BOB
I started out with twelve but
the tigers like a little sport
too. I was educated in
England, you see.
(claps his hands)
Until her.

SCHULTZY
Just a moment, Maharanjâh —

BOB
You may address my illustrious
being as "Raj".

SCHULTZY
I'm sorry, Raj, I'm not joining
any harem.

BOB
What! You refuse the Maharanjâh?
But the Maharanjâh loves you —
he pants for you. See for
yourself.

He claps his hands. One of the girls hurries up and
squeezes his diaphragm, causing him to pant.

SCHULTZY
The answer is still "no".

BOB
The Maharanjâh will give you one
million greenbacks.

No.

SCHULTZY
Ten million.

BOB
No.

SCHULTZY
One hundred million greenbacks.

(Continued)
SCHULTZY
No.

BOB
I'll double it. Three American dollars!

SCHULTZY
You're wasting your time. The man who takes Schultzy to wife, can have no others.

BOB
What makes you think that you alone can take the place of many wives?

SCHULTZY
(meaningfully)
Untie me.

He claps his hands. The girls untie Schultzy. She kisses him. Dazed, he claps his hands.

BOB
Gun bearer!

The gunbearer brings him the pistol on the pillow. He takes it and shoots all four girls. Then he takes Schultzy's arm and leads her into the jungle.

DREAM DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICE DAY
Schultzy at desk looking dreamy. Bob enters from studio.

BOB
Schultzy, let's break for dinner.

SCHULTZY
 stil dreaming)
Yes, Maharajah.

(CONTINUED)
What?

SCHULTZY
(still dreaming)
But first let's knock off a few wives.

BOB

Schultzzy!

Schultzzy snaps out of it. She stands up.

BOB

Oh - boss! Uh - what'd you say?

SCHULTZY

(concerned)
Maybe we'd better not work tonight. I think you've been overdoing it.

BOB

Oh no, I'm fine, boss. I'll work tonight. I need the greebles...Er - money.

SCHULTZY

(feels her head)
Are you sure you're all right?
SCHEUTZ
Sure, sure.

BOB
Okay - see you at seven.

Bob exits. Schultzy looks at picture.

SCHULTZY
A little re-photographing and re-touching and you'll be ready for my collection.

Schultzy opens desk drawer and takes out two pictures and compares them.

CUT TO:

INSERT OF PICTURE
It is Bob with a beautiful model.

SCHULTZY  
(over insert)
Before Doctor Schultzy's magic treatment -- and after.

PAN TO:

INSERT SHOT OF OTHER PICTURE
The model's head has been replaced by Schultzy's head.

CUT TO:

LONGER SHOT
Schultzy looking at pictures. She puts them back in drawer, picks up picture which she pasted her head on and heads for studio as Bob enters.

BOB
Schultzy, as long as we're working tonight why don't you come home to dinner with me?

Schultzy quickly hides picture behind her as she says:
SCHULTZY
Thanks, boss, but my roommate is
expecting me.

BOB
What's that?

SCHULTZY
What's what?

BOB
That picture you're hiding behind
you.

Schultzzy backs around desk as Bob follows her.

SCHULTZY
Now boss, do you think I could
hide a picture behind me?

BOB
In cinemascopic...Let's see it.

SCHULTZY
I'm not hiding anything? See?

Schultzzy holds up one hand at a time, holding picture with
the other hand as they continue to circle desk.

BOB
Schultzzy, you've been acting very
strange lately.

SCHULTZY
Me? Strange?

BOB
Maybe you oughta get your hair cut.
I think that bun is beginning
to press on your brain.

SCHULTZY
(laughs it up)
Boss, you come up with the
greatest lines. You oughta be
on television. Why don't you
go over and audition right now?
(laughing)
Bun on the brain?
BOB (chuckling)
You liked that, huh?

SCHULTZY
Terrific.

BOB
I've got another one.

SCHULTZY
Let's hear it.

BOB (laughing)
This'll kill you.

SCHULTZY (laughing)
Tell me.

BOB (laughing)
If you don't give me the picture you're fired!

Bob laughs it up. Schultzy's laugh dies. She hands him picture. He looks at it.

CUT TO:

INSERT SHOT
Picture is of Patti with Schultzy's head pasted on it.

CUT TO:

BOB AND SCHULTZY

BOB
Schultzy, I've heard of one girl borrowing another's clothes, but you even take what's in them. You're a body snatcher!

SCHULTZY
I just wanted to see how I'd look with curves instead of corners.
BOB
So this is where all those pictures have been disappearing to? You've probably beheaded more women than Bluebeard.

SCHULTZY
Oh no, Boss, I was just experimenting on this one. I wouldn't take perfectly good pictures and ---

Schultzy is interrupted by sound of phone ringing. Bob answers.

BOB
Bob Collins Photography...Hello - hello ---
(to Schultzy)
Some girl just sighing and giggling.

SCHULTZY
Oh that's my new roommate. She's man crazy. A fellow with your looks sends her into a spin.

BOB
How does she know what I look like?

SCHULTZY
Well, you --- I --- she --- we --

BOB
You left out "he" and "it".

Schultzy takes the phone...speaks into it.

SCHULTZY
Just a moment, Gertrude.
(to Bob)
See you here at seven o'clock, huh, Boss?

BOB
Right. Goodnight.

Schultzy turns her back to the door and Bob exits. Immediately he quietly reopens the door and eavesdrops.

SCHULTZY
Hello Gertrude.
INT. SCHULTZY’S APT.  DAY

This is a one-room apartment (the cllllllld Anderson place) with two beds that swing out from a large closet (the cllllllld Anderson alcove). At the moment the beds are down. The wall on Schultzy’s side of the room are covered with pictures of Bob and Schultzy. They surround a large portrait picture of Bob. (We do not see pictures in opening shot.)

Open on close shot of GERTRUDE, Schultzy’s roommate. She is rather attractive, but a dumb man-crazy type.

GERTRUDE (thrilled)
Oh Schultzy - he sounds just as romantic as he looks.

She takes a couple of steps with the phone to Schultzy’s side of room and looks at the pictures of Bob and Schultzy.

I suppose he tried to make love to you today as usual, huh?

SCHULTZY (on filter)
He just got through chasing me around the desk.

GERTRUDE (giggles)
Ooooooh Schultzy!

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE  DAY

Schultzy on phone. Bob watching from door, unseen by Schultzy.

SCHULTZY
I tell you it’s a constant battle to --- Now stop that!

She slaps behind her at an imaginary fellow.

(to phone)
He’s at it again!
(to fellow)
Of course you can live without me, silly boy.

She kicks behind her.

I said, stop it!
Bob looks curiously to see who she's slapping and kicking. He continues to watch, fascinated. Schultzy holds phone at arm's length.

**SCHULTZY**
Give me back that phone!
(to phone)
Excuse me Gertrude, I need both hands.

She puts the phone down on the desk and puts on an act for Gertrude on other end of phone. We hear Gertrude giggling and reacting on filter.

**SCHULTZY**
Oooh! ... I warned you!

She slaps one hand with the other.

Now behave yourself!

She hugs herself.

Please, you're squeezing the breath out of me.

She struggles loose from her own embrace with appropriate sounds of kissing and struggling. Bob watches her, fascinated but worried. She picks up the phone and talks, panting:

I'll be right home, Gertrude. As soon as I can get away from the love-crazed man!

Bob quickly ducks out the door.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OFFICE DAY**

Bob standing at door...looking concerned. He turns and walks down hall and turns the corner.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WILD DOOR DAY**

This is an office door. Printed on the frosted glass top half is: R.J. CULLEN, M.D. Practice limited to PSYCHIATRY. Bob walks up and enters.

**FADE OUT:**

**MIDDLE COMMERCIAL**
FADE IN:

INT. SCHULTZY'S APT. DAY

Four girls (three extras and CYNTHIA) are seated on and about Schultzy's bed looking at the pictures of Bob and Schultzy. These are single girls who live in neighboring apartments. They are in various stages of dress and undress. One in housecoat... one in lounging pajamas... one completely dressed... one in robe. They are average working girls. Cynthia is prettier than the others and slightly bitty. Gertrude, holding Schultzy's evening gown on hanger, raps on bathroom door.

GERTRUDE
Hurry up, Schultzy. The girls are waiting to hear what happened today.

SCHULTZY
(OS)
Be there in a minute.

Gertrude comes back and hangs evening gown on something as she says:

GERTRUDE
Isn't he a doll! She's meeting him at the studio again tonight.

The extras sigh
To think we used to tease Schultzy about never having dates, and all the time she had him stashed away.

CYNTHIA
I still don't believe it.

GERTRUDE
Pictures don't lie, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA
But why would a handsome guy like Collins go for Schultzy?

GERTRUDE
Who can explain love? She does something to him, that's all.

CYNTHIA
And I know what - she hides his glasses.
GERTRUDE
You're just jealous.

CYNTHIA
Well, how come we never see him? He never comes by for her.

GERTRUDE
Schultzsy says she doesn't want to encourage him. She has trouble enough controlling him at the office. He even sneaks up on her when she's talking on the phone.

CYNTHIA
If he's so mad about her, why don't they get married?

GERTRUDE
He's dying to! He's out of his mind to marry her!

CYNTHIA
I think so, too!

GERTRUDE
Schultzsy's the one who's holding out. She's not sure this is the real thing.

CYNTHIA
I'm a little doubtful myself.

Schultzsy enters wearing robe. SCHULTZY
Hi girls.

Gertrude goes to Schultzsy eagerly.

GERTRUDE
Come on now, Schultzsy... tell us everything that happened today.

The extras ad lib eagerly urging Schultzsy to tell.

Right from the moment you got to work this morning.
Schultz sits down and the girls gather round to listen.

SCHULTZY
Well, it was just an average run-of-the-mill day. This model named Patti came in a few minutes before nine and we were talking....

DREAM DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICE DAY

Schultz and Patti are in same position they were when Bob entered in opening scene. Patti is looking at Bob's picture. Bob enters. This time he plays the scene to Schultz -- never looking at Patti.

BOB
Well! What a lovely sight to start the day. Hello again.

SCHULTZY
Hello, Boss.

He goes to her and takes her hands.

PATTI
Good morning, Bob.

BOB
(looking at Schultz)
Good morning. Who is it?

PATTI
Patti.

BOB
Good morning, Patti.
(to Schultz)
Comme ci, comme ça.

BOB
I could have danced all night.

Bob starts dancing with Schultz. Patti watches them dance for a few moments.

PATTI
(clearing her throat)
Bob, we have pictures to take.
BOB
(to Schultz)
Who's that?

SCHULTZ
Patti.

Bob and Schultz continue to dance ignoring Patti.

PATTI
Remember photography?
Watch the birdie?
We have work to do.

SCHULTZ
She's right, Boss.

BOB
Let me hear you say it again.

What?

SCHULTZ
My name.

BOB
Boss.

SCHULTZ
Again.

BOB
Boss, boss, boss.

SCHULTZ
Schultz, Schultz, Schultz!

Bob hugs Schultz impulsively. She struggles gently to free herself.

SCHULTZ
Boss, what is it about me that does this to you? I'm not beautiful, like your models... I'm not even pretty.

BOB
I don't know how to explain it, Schultz--but, you get into my blood like a virus! Come here, you fascinating bacteria!
Bob kisses Schultzy.

**SCHULTZY**
Now, that's quota for today. let's get to work.

Schultzy exits to studio. Stay with Bob who looks ecstatic.

**BOB**
Schultzy tastes good, like a woman should.

**PATTI**
You can kiss me, Bob.

**BOB**
(doesn't look at her)
What's that?

**PATTI**
Patti.

**BOB**
Sorry. I only kiss girls.

**PATTI**
I'm a girl.

**BOB**
Really?

He looks at her critically.

Yes, I would have thought so too -- before I met Schultzy.

**PATTI**
But, I'm prettier than Schultzy.

**BOB**
It isn't her beauty -- it's the little things about her. The squish of her tennis shoes across the darkroom floor... the soft rustle of her rubber apron... the scent of developing fluid in her hair... the cute way her nose turns up... then down, then up again... the way her head comes to a bun... the glimmer of sunlight through her pierced ears... put them all together they spell... my Schultzy.
PATTI
It's not fair for one girl to
have you all to herself.

BOB
I know. But what can I do?
I'm her slave. A prisoner of
love.

PATTI
Maybe I can set you free. Make
you forget Schultz.

BOB
(takes her in his arms)
Oh Patti, if only you could!
End this bittersweet agony of
unrequited love! Free me with
a kiss!

He bends her back to kiss her as Schultz walks by wearing
her rubber apron, gloves and visor. Bob looks up and sniffs.

Someone lovely just passed by!
(sniffs)
That scent - what is it?

Schultz comes back.

SCHULTZY
It's a new silver nitrate developer
with hydrochloric acid.

Bob tries to kiss Patti. He can't. He drops her to the floor
and grabs Schultz.

Go ahead Boss -- kiss her!

BOB
I can't. It's too late! I've
got you under my skin. I've got
you deep in the heart of me.
So deep in my heart, you're
really a part of me. I've got
you under my skin.

PATTI
(rising from the floor)
He tried so not to give in.
He said to himself, this
affair never will go so
well...
BOB
But why should I try to resist
when darling I know so well...

SCHULTZY
You've got me under your skin?

BOB
(nods)
I'd sacrifice anything, come
what might for the sake of
having you near, in spite of
a warning voice that comes in
the night and repeats and repeats
in my ear...

SCHULTZY
(in Bob's ear)
Don't you know little fool, you
never can win? Use your mentality,
wake up to reality....

BOB
But each time I do, just the
thought of you makes me stop
before I begin....
'Cause I've got you under my
skin.

He pulls up his sleeve and shows a tattoo on the inside of
his forearm. Go to close shot of tattoo. It is a bleeding
heart pierced with a dagger and below it the name "Schultzzy".

DREAM DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHULTZY'S APT. DAY

The girls gathered around Schultzzy listening to
her story.

SCHULTZY
Like I said, it was just an
average, run-of-the-mill day.

Gertrude and the three extras sigh. Schultzzy gets up and
takes her evening gown.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I
must dress for my date.

Schultzzy exits to bathroom with evening gown. The girls
start to leave. Gertrude takes her coat from the closet
and puts it on.
CYNNTHIA
What are you doing?

GERTRUDE
Down to the studio to give that poor tortured love starved boss of hers some advice.

CYNNTHIA
Like what?

GERTRUDE
Like grabbing Schultz and eloping with her to Las Vegas.

CYNNTHIA
Oh Gertrude, how can you be so dumb?

GERTRUDE
Well, somebody's gotta help the poor guy. Do you realize Schultz's had him on the string for two years? He'll go crazy.

CYNNTHIA
He needs help like you need a hole in your other head.

GERTRUDE
(with compassion)
I feel sorry for you, Cynthia. You just don't understand love.

She exits.

INT. STUDIO NIGHT

Bob is posing LINDA, a lovely model, in a mink coat for a fashion shot. He is moving lights into place.

BOB
I appreciate your working tonight, Linda. I'm sorry Schultz is late.

LINDA
That's not like Schultz.
BOB
I know. She hasn't been herself lately. In fact, I talked to Dr. Cullen about her.

LINDA
What's she been doing?

BOB
Well, for one thing, whenever we work at night she comes in wearing an evening gown.

LINDA
Maybe she's got a boyfriend.

BOB
Oh, she has. He hugs and kisses her while she's talking on the phone.

LINDA
Good for Schulty. What does he look like?

BOB
That's just it. He's invisible! When I told Dr. Cullen about it he said --

The buzzer sounds from the office.

LINDA
There's Schulty.

BOB
She wouldn't buzz. Excuse me a moment.

Bob exits to the office.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE NIGHT

Gertrude has just entered the office. Bob comes in from studio.

BOB
Yes?

Gertrude goes to him and studies his face sympathetically.

(CONTINUED)
GERTRUDE
You poor man! You poor tortured man!

BOB
I beg your pardon?

GERTRUDE
(indicating pictures on walls)
All these beautiful girls denied you because you're chained to one woman!

BOB
Oh, you've got the wrong man. I'm not married!

GERTRUDE
I know. But you want to be more than anything.

BOB
Me?

GERTRUDE
May I see your tattoo?

BOB
Tattoo?

GERTRUDE
The bleeding heart with the dagger.

BOB
Uh - my name is Collins. I think you want Cullen -- Dr. Cullen the psychiatrist. His office is down the hall.

He starts to show her to the door. She holds back.

GERTRUDE
Oh, no, you're the man.

BOB
But, you can see for yourself. I have a very short couch.

Bob takes building directory card from desk drawer, and picks up telephone.

Let me call Dr. Cullen. He's probably in there waiting for you.
GERTRUDE
(stops him)
Mr. Collins, I'm here to see you. I want to help you.

BOB
I need help?

GERTRUDE
You can't go on indefinitely being starved for romance.

BOB
Oh, lady, have you got the wrong man! I'll just call Dr. Cullen and tell him you're here, Miss - er - Miss - er...

GERTRUDE
Oh that's right, you don't know who I am.

BOB
Do you.

GERTRUDE
I'm Gertrude, Schultzy's roommate.

BOB
Oh, you're the one who giggles on the phone?

GERTRUDE
Schultzy doesn't know I'm here. I slipped out while she was getting dressed.

BOB
I see. You sort of - escaped.

GERTRUDE
She never would let me come down here, but I figured the time has come for action! You can't keep a person on a string for two years!

BOB
You're right. I don't blame you for chewing through.
GERTRUDE
Chewing through what?

BOB
Nothing. Uh - look - I know you didn't come down here to see Dr. Cullen, but let's call him anyway. He's a nice fellow. You'll like him.

Bob dials phone, but doesn't get answer as they continue talking.

GERTRUDE
Why should I want to see him?

BOB
Oh he's a million laughs. And very generous, too. Do you like new clothes?

GERTRUDE
Clothes?

BOB
He has a jacket you'll love. Very chic with long wrap-around sleeves that tie in back.

GERTRUDE
Mr. Collins, do you feel all right?

BOB
I feel fine.

Gertrude nervously toys with letter opener on desk. Bob gently takes it from her and puts it in his pocket. Better not have anything sharp.

GERTRUDE
Mr. Collins, do you want my advice?

BOB
(humoring her)
Sure - r - r - e I do.

GERTRUDE
Grab Schultzy, tie her up. Throw her in your car and take her to Las Vegas.
BOB
Good idea! What number shall I
play her on?

Gertrude looks at Bob. She now thinks his mind has snapped.
She looks up at the ceiling as she says:

GERTRUDE
What's that?

Bob looks up. As he does, Gertrude slips the letter opener
out of his pocket and puts it in her pocket.

BOB
You see something up there?

GERTRUDE
Don't you?

BOB
Oh sure. Schultzy's boyfriend.

Schultzy enters. She is wearing evening gown.

SCHULTZY
Boss, I'm sorry, I fell asleep
and --- (sees Gertrude)
Gertrude! What are you doing
here?

GERTRUDE
Trying to help this poor
tortured man, but I'm afraid
I'm too late. He's started
to crack up.

Schultzy tries to hustle Gertrude out. Gertrude holds back.

SCHULTZY
Go home, Gertrude, I'll take
care of him.

Bob tries to usher them both out.

BOB
Both of you go home. Get a
good night's rest and first
thing tomorrow I'll take you
to Dr. Cullen. Maybe I can
get you two a group rate.
GERTRUDE
Schultzy, maybe it’s not too late to save him. Tell him you’ll marry him.

BOB
Sure she’ll marry me. We’ll have a big wedding banquet. You can be the fruit cake... Now run along.

Linda enters from studio.

LINDA
Bob, if you’re going to take me dancing tonight we’d better get to work.

BOB
Be right with you, honey.

SCHULTZY
Let’s go, Gertrude.

Schultzy tries to pull Gertrude to the door. Gertrude holds back.

GERTRUDE
Wait a minute! (to Linda)
Mr. Collins has a date with you tonight?

LINDA
Yes.

SCHULTZY
Let’s go, Gertrude.

GERTRUDE
(to Bob)
And you called her "honey".

BOB
I call lots of girls "honey".

GERTRUDE
(to Schultzy)
Cynthia was right! You’re a phony! And those pictures must be phonies.

(CONTINUED)
BOB

What pictures?

SCHULTZY

Let's go, Gertrude.

GERTRUDE

(to Bob)

Those pictures of you that are all over Schultzy's wall.

BOB

Schultzy.

SCHULTZY

Goodbye, Gertrude.

Schultzy starts for door. Bob grabs her.

GERTRUDE

Oh, wait till the girls hear about this!

Gertrude exits.

BOB

(quietly menacing)

All right, Schultzy. Start talking.

SCHULTZY

(confessing)

Well -- I just got tired of the girls kidding me about not having a boyfriend, so I made one up.

BOB

Why did you pick me? What possible reason could you have?

SCHULTZY

(can't tell the truth)

Your pictures were handy and -- when we worked nights I could put on an evening gown and say it was a date.

BOB

Oh fine! If pictures of Roy Rogers had been handy I suppose you'd have come to work on a horse!

(Continued)
SCHULTZY
I'm sorry, boss. Can I go home now and pack?

BOB
Pack?

SCHULTZY
The sooner I move out of that apartment house, the less ribbing I'll have to take.

BOB
Okay. But remember you brought this on yourself!

SCHULTZY
I know, boss. Goodnight.

Schultzy exits.

LINDA
Poor Schultzy.

BOB
What do you mean - "poor Schultzy"? She's getting exactly what she deserves! Maybe this'll teach her a lesson! Now let's go to work!

LINDA
Yes, Bob.

Linda exits to studio. Bob starts to follow her... stops at the door and looks after Schultzy thoughtfully, then exits to studio.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHULTZY'S APT. ... NIGHT

Schultzy is silently packing. She still has on evening gown. The three extras are watching Gertrude and Cynthia as they put on an act.

CYNTHIA
(to Gertrude)
I'm mad about you, Schultzy.

(CONTINUED)
GERTRUDE
What is it about me that gets you, boss?

CYNNTHIA
I don't know, but it's bigger than both of us.

The girls all laugh.

(out of act)
I told you she was a fake.

GERTRUDE
Ch, she didn't have me fooled. Not for a minute.
There is sound of door knock.

CYNTHIA
That must be Marge and Rose
from upstairs.

She opens the door. Bob enters wearing tuxedo and carrying corsage.

BOB
Good evening, is Miss Schultz --

He sees Schultz packing. He rushes across the room, dramatically tossing aside the corsage.

Schultz! No! You're not leaving just because of one silly little lovers' quarrel! Darling, I only pretended to have that date with Linda to make you jealous! Come - let me apologize over candlelight and wine. Our usual table is waiting for us at Ciro's.

He pulls her across the room. Schultz is dumbfounded.

I won't take no for an answer. You must let me explain.

He pulls her out and closes the door. The girls look at one another stunned.

GERTRUDE
See? I told you all along. It was the real thing.

There is O.S. sound of body falling. Bob opens the door.

BOB
Excuse me, would one of you girls have some smelling salts?

FADE OUT:

FINIS
INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE APT. NIGHT

Bob and Schultzy.

SCHULTZY

Boss, I don't know how to thank you. You really saved my neck.

BOB

(pats her on shoulder)

That's okay. Glad to do it, fellas.

They walk toward camera.

FADE OUT:

THE END