

Ping Pong 1

Tea is being served in the afternoon lounge. Two young men are seated at a table in the foreground. In the background, a couple are playing ping pong—the man dressed in flannels, the woman in a bathing suit. Camera moves up on the two young men.

1: That was a peach of a girl you were dancing with last night. What was her name?

2: She wouldn't tell me.

1: Oh, come on now!

2: But I found out from the purser she's the one's been below all the voyage.

2

Ping Pong 2

1 Oh, so that's where the flowers went to this morning.  
Have you had any results?

2: You mind your business.

1: If you were a fast worker, you'd invite her for tea.

2: Don't worry. It's all taken care of.

1: Is she coming?

2: Maybe. I haven't had an answer yet.

It's four twenty. I'm afraid you're out on a limb, buddy.

3

Ping Pong 3

2: Don't be too sure.

1: Oh! Oh! This looks like it. (Servant enters with note.  
While 2 opens it, 1 continues)

1: Awfully sorry. I can't come as I have other engagements.

2: Do you think so, er.

1: What does she say?

2: You'll be surprised.

1: And quit your [xxx]

2: I'm invited for tea in her cabin.

1: Honest?

2: Look for yourself.

4

Ping Pong 4

2: (Reading note) "Thank you for your beautiful flowers. Everyone is surprisingly sweet to me. I truly don't understand it."

1: Modest little thing.

2: "Unfortunately, I am not well enough to go on deck. Won't you come to my cabin for tea?"

1: Honest!

2: Well, look!! (showing letter)

1: You're a lucky dog.

2: Well, I'll be seeing you.

Dissolve in entrance of cabin.

The next day, ~~xxx~~ he enquires of the Purser the number of her cabin and each day he visits her and sends her flowers. She has a sister who shares the cabin with her, but she has never left the cabin throughout the voyage. She tells Harvey this the first day she meets him.

5

Woman's Cabin 1

Lapse to corridor of Suite B. Tom enters, adjusts himself, then knocks at the door. Voice from within.

Woman: Come in. Come in.

Tom enters an elaborate suite. An over middle-aged woman is propped up in a rather studied fashion upon a sofa. She is a fat, rich, pampered woman with loose flesh and white skin. Her voice is hysterical, her mind superficial and her manner affected. It is easy to see she is a hypochondriac and that she enjoys it.

Tom looking bewildered.

Woman's Cabin 6

Woman: This is incredibly benevolent of you to come. I'm so thrilled with these flowers and attentions. You really can't imagine how touching it is. The boat simply reeks with sympathy and kindness. Really, you must not think I am an valetudinarian all the time, but I've an absolute phobia about the sea, so I never leave my cabin. Nothing mal de mere, but a neurosis, as it were. (Another rap at the door.)

Come in! Come in!

(A young man enters, followed immediately, one on the other, by two more young men, who are pushed forward by a steward entering with a tray.

Woman's Cabin 7

Woman: How nice of you. Do come in. Tilda! You'd better fetch more chairs. Dear gracious people, do sit down. I'm sure you kindred souls must know one another. You see I had so many invitations, I thought I'd kill all you charming birds with one stone, as it were.

(Enter the Captain with a box of chocolates)

Woman: Oh! Captain! Do come in. Your flowers were ravishing and that charming little billet du malade made me forget my ailments.



Woman's Cabin 8

Woman: If only the world had such altruism as exists on this boat, I'm sure we'd have no horrid Bolsheviks or Revolution.

Fade