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FORM MGM 112 10M 10-27 SF1862

Date.....Feb. 9, 1928.....

No24801.....SNAPSHOTS.....

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

STUDIOS

Culver City, Calif.

SNAPSHOTS

by

Byron Morgan

Feb. 9, 1928

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In the midst of the after-theatre crowd which jams the sidewalk, an itinerant street photographer, with his battered camera set up on the edge of the curbstone, is wistfully soliciting business from the passing throng. A sailor pauses, listens to Buster's plea, and agrees to part with ten cents for a photograph of himself. But as Buster gets his camera focused and starts to fill the pan of his flashlight gun, a hurly cop strides forward and bawls at Buster: "Beat it! You're blockin' traffic!" He ignores Buster's effort to argue and bursquely motions for him to move on, emphasizing his command by kicking the tripod legs from under the camera. Making a frantic grab for his camera, Buster catches it before it hits the pavement, then puts it on his shoulder and moves away dejectedly.

Shuffling along the street, Buster notices a large crowd has collected before a theatre, hotel or public building where an International Newsreel photographer is lining up to photograph the arrival of some important personage. The crowd is being held back by several policemen but Buster pushes his way through until he is directly alongside the cameraman. For a moment Buster stands gazing admiringly at the man and his motion picture camera as though looking upon some super-God and mis miracle-working machine. The cameraman steps forward to

push back a group of spectators who have slipped in past the guardian policeman's back, and Buster edges in closer to the motion picture camera. After a second of comparison of his own shabby camera with the newsreel man's outfit, he reaches up and makes-believe he is cranking the camera, but doesn't touch the handle. The cameraman catches him, gives him a bawling out, and pushes him away. Buster promptly edges himself in behind the man. The cameraman twists his cap around backwards and squints into the finder to get his focus. Buster instantly turns his own cap around in the same manner. The cameraman picks up some article from his camera case, and Buster, determined to make friends with the fellow, picks up another article from the case and offers it to him. The cameraman impatiently motions him away and Buster puts the article back in the case and picks up something else and offers it to the fellow. The cameraman impatiently grabs the article, puts it back in the case and gives Buster a good cussing. Buster looks as though he is going to burst into tears but doesn't retreat. Suddenly his expression brightens as he notices the spectators have again crowded forward unnoticed by the policeman. Here is a chance for him to help the God of the Camera. He hurries forward and in a very important manner, tries to push the people away. The policeman turns around, glares at Buster in astonishment, then boots him into the crowd, bawling: "Get on the side streets with that cheese box!"

Buster trudges around the corner into the almost deserted sidestreet. There are few people passing and the prospect of getting business is very dim. After several unsuccessful attempts to interest the passing pedestrians in his

brand of photography, Buster finally gets the attention of a hatchet-faced old spinster who is doubtful whether or not she wants her picture taken. In an effort to please his customer, Buster picks up a small wooden box, dusts it off with his cap, and places it before the glass of an unlighted shop window, the interior of which is not revealed by the dim street lights. After some difficulty, he gets the old lady seated on the box in the proper pose and then sets his camera up on the sidewalk in such a manner that the shop window is directly in the background. He fills the pan of his flashlight gun, holds it above his head, shuts his eyes tightly, counts five, then pulls the trigger. As the flashlight goes off, the old lady jerks bolt upright, her face frightened and tense. Buster takes the negative from his camera, dips it into the can of developing solution, waits a moment, then ~~th~~akes it out and dries it with a piece of blotting paper. He looks at the picture, an expression of blank astonishment on his face, then looks questioningly toward the shop window. Several people, who have stopped to watch Buster, peer at the photograph in his hand and laugh uproariously. The flashlight has brought out every detail of the window display and the old lady appears to be seated in one corner of a bathroom, the strained expression on her face adding to the illusion.

Instantly indignant over the laughter, the old spinster seizes the photograph, GLARES at it a moment in outraged indignation, then swings on Buster with her umbrella. Buster picks up his camera and beats a hasty retreat, leaving the old lady shaking the umbrella after him and vowing to break his head.

Around the corner and safe from the old lady's wrath, Buster again starts soliciting business. His first customer is an extremely black young Negro sport who is dressed in a flashy black and white checked suit. In his haste to get the picture before the dinge changes his mind, Buster doesn't notice that he has set up his camera on the top of a sidewalk elevator which is raised to the sidewalk level. He loads his flashlight with the usual amount of powder, closes his eyes as usual when he pulls the trigger, and takes the picture. But when the photograph comes out of the developing can, it is a picture of a flashy black and white checked suit which looks as though it is suspended in mid air. The Negro's face and hands have failed to pick up.

"I'll have to give you more light," Buster explains, then proceeds to load the flashlight gun until it overflows.

As Buster lifts the gun and closes his eyes tightly, a man in the bootlegger's den in the basement directly below Buster, pushes the control button for the elevator. Unnoticed by the Negro, who has his head in profile to the camera, Buster drops from sight as the flashlight explodes in a terrific blast and the steel safety doors fold over the hole into which Buster has disappeared. Buster opens his eyes to find his camera focused on the half dozen hard-faced gangsters in the basement. Startled by the blast of the flashlight and believing Buster has intentionally photographed them, the gangsters grab their guns and other weapons. One of them hurls a bottle which misses Buster and hits the elevator switch. The elevator starts up as the bullets whistle under Buster.

In the meantime, the Negro, turning to look for the photographer, finds nothing but an empty sidewalk.

The flash of the powder and the smoke has hidden Buster's sudden drop into the basement. Believing that Buster has blown himself up, the Negro, his eyes wide with fright, gazes upward as though searching for Buster's body in the air, and does not see the elevator as it returns to the sidewalk level. As the Negro's gaze shifts from the sky back to the sidewalk, xxx he discovers Buster standing exactly as he was when he touched off the powder. The Negro's eyes pop out and he turns a greyish white, then takes off down the street, trying to make his legs travel twice as fast as they are geared to go. Buster picks up his camera and steps off the elevator just as a taxi stops at the curb and a dapper young Sheik alights, steps nonchalantly on the elevator and reaches in his pocket for change to pay the driver. As the taxi driver bends over the meter, the elevator suddenly drops from sight and the doors fold quickly over the hole. The taxi driver turns to find his passenger has completely vanished. While in the basement, the gangsters leap upon the unsuspecting Sheik as Buster walks around the corner.

Buster trudges down the street and stops in front of the dimly lighted entrance to the notorious night club which is known as "Maggie Muirphy's." On one side of the heavy, iron-studded door which leads into the club, there is a large easel containing four or five photographs of a very pretty little dancing girl. A placard in the center of the easel explains that Sally LaVerne is the star attraction at "Maggie Murphy's." For a long moment, Buster stands gazing lovingly at Sally's pictures, then glancing about to make sure he is not being watched, he cuts one of the photographs from the frame and carefully tucks it away in his pocket.

Turning away from the night club entrance after one last long farewell look at the other pictures of Sally, Buster encounters two Yaps who seem interested in the club.

"Have your picture taken in front of the most notorious night club in town," he entreats.

The visitors from points West agree and Buster poses them in front of the entrance and sets his camera near the curb. But as Buster holds the flashlight gun over his head and closes his eyes, a taxi stops at the curb and a man and a woman alight and make a quick dash for the night club entrance, passing in front of Buster's camera at the moment the flashlight goes off. The woman screams, covers her face with her scarf and runs to the door. The man whirls on Buster, lifts his cane threateningly, and demands the picture. Dazed and frightened, Buster promptly obeys and the man tears the picture into tiny pieces and hurls them into Buster's face. With a final menacing gesture of his cane, the man joins his companion at the door. The little lookout window in the door slides open, a face peers out, and the couple is admitted.

After a brief argument, Buster again gets his customers posed, but before he can pull the trigger on his flashlight gun, another taxi skids to a stop and a wild-eyed, disheveled fellow with a revolver in his hand, leaps out and runs over Buster in his haste to reach the entrance door to the nightclub. Fully satisfied with their introduction to the night life of a big city, Buster's customers make a frantic dash down the street. Buster picks himself up and asks the man to have his picture taken. The fellow glares murderously at Buster, waves the gun in his

direction, and Buster picks up his camera and ducks into the alley beside the building.

After a moment's frantic battering at the door, the lookout window slides back, and the man shouts:

"My wife is in there with another man. Let me in!"

Inside the entrance, the lookout man ducks down out of range, shots several extra bolts into the place, then hurries toward the main room of the club.

Within the club, the evening's entertainment has reached it's hottest pace. The place is packed with people. Maggie Murphy, the genial, hard-faced, and loud-mouthed hostess and owner of the place is presiding over the affair in a typical Texas Guinan manner. On the dance floor, the chorus, undressed to the absolute limit, is finishing a number. Maggie leads the applause in her usual rough, boisterous manner. Then she holds up her hands for silence and says:

"And now comes the little gal you've all been waitin' For --- Sally LaVerne. Give the little girl a big hand!"

And Sally, dressed in a chic and considerably abbreviated dancing costume, runs on and takes her bow. Maggie leads the applause, fairly beaming upon Sally. At a ringside table, a man leans nearer his companion and confides: "That's Maggie's daughter."

But before Sally can start her dance, the lookout man hurries up to Maggie and explains there is a man from Chicago at the front door. Maggie growls her disgust, then climbs upon a chair and motions for the orchestra to stop. She explains:

"There's a guy from Chicago outside who says his wife's in here with a chiseler."

At a far table, the man and woman who walked into Buster's picture, sit up and take a keen interest in the announcement. Maggie continues:

"You know the police have been tryin' to close me up for months - and I don't want no lillies carried in here tonight."

She pauses for a moment, then adds: "I'm going to turn out the lights and open the back door. If the guilty couple will leave, we can go on with our social gathering."

As she finishes and motions to a waiter to stand by the light switch, the guilty couple in the far corner make a hasty move to get up. Maggie signals and the lights go out. A few moments' wait in the darkness. The lights flash on. And the room is entirely empty.

In the alley behind the club, the last of the guests are disappearing into the darkness, as Buster picks himself up from the pavement where he has been knocked down and trampled upon by the retreating guests. His clothing bears numerous footprints and there is the imprint of a shoe in the middle of his face. He picks up his camera from a far side of the alley and examines it carefully.

Within the club, Maggie glares in outraged amazement at the deserted room. "Go change your clothes, Sally," she mutters. Then, with her face set in grim, determined lines, she picks up a bottle and marches straight to the front door. Brushing aside the protests of the lookout man, Maggie shoots back the bolts, swings open the door and faces the wild man with the gun. The fellow takes one good look at Maggie's belligerent face, then turns

and runs for safety as Maggie hurls the bottle after him.

Sally enters her dressing room and starts to change her clothes. In the alley, Buster watches her shadow on the window for a moment, then whistles or tosses a pebble against the glass. Sally slips on a dressing robe, raises the window, and looks down. She recognizes Buster, whom she evidently knows and likes very well. Buster places an empty barrel or box against the wall and climbs up. Sally greets him with a warning, explaining:

"You must go before Mother catches you. She **sais** she would murder you if you came here again."

"I'm not afraid," he explains, ignoring the warning. "I've got a surprise for you."

Despite her anxiety for Buster's safety, Sally is interested.

"I'm saving my money to buy a real motion picture camera and be a newsreel photographer," Buster explains.

While Buster is explaining his great dream, Maggie marches belligerently back into the main room of the club. A headwaiter approaches her and timidly explains:

"The Count de Vinna phoned and said he would call for Sally."

Maggie nods. "Tell him to come to the rear door," she orders, as she hurries toward Sally's dressing room.

Buster and Sally are too interested in each other to note Maggie's entrance into the room. For a moment she stands glaring darkly at them, then steps over and bangs the window down in Buster's face. Whirling on Sally, she proceeds to give her a good bawling out for talking to Buster and does not notice she has closed the window on the sleeve of Buster's coat.

Buster wiggles and twists in an effort to free his arm but succeeds only in kicking the barrel from under him.

Maggie finishes her lecture, then turns and discovers Buster's "shadow" against the window.

"My God, is that guy still there! I'll finish/him!" she explodes, picking up a large bottle shaped vase and rushing out of the door. Sally runs to the window, tries to lift it, but finds that Buster's coat sleeve has jammed it tightly. Frantically she tries to signal to Buster, pantomiming that Maggie is after him.

Buster watches Sally's gestures and gets the idea she is flirting with him. But as Maggie enters the alley, advances cautiously to a point directly beneath Buster, and lifts the vase for a knockout blow, Sally succeeds in getting the window up and Buster drops on Maggie, carrying her to the ground with a crash.

Untangling himself quickly, Buster grabs his camera and runs madly toward the street end of the alley. Disheveled and fairly boiling with rage, Maggie scrambles to her feet, picks up the vase, and hurls it at Buster as he rounds the corner. As the vase crashes on the pavement, the Count's impressive-looking limousine turns the corner, runs over the broken glass, and blows out a tire.

The Count, abig, suave, self-satisfied fellow, who looks more like a retired bootlegger than a nobleman, drops on the floor of the car, whips out a gun, and cringes from the supposed attack. The chauffeur, a sour-faced looking yegg, glances back and grins at his employer's fright, explaining what caused the explosion. The County scrambles out to meet Maggie as she hurries up, still sputtering wrathfully. She explains her encounter with Buster, shakes her fist in the direction he has disappeared, and vows to massacre him if she ever gets her hands on him. The Count sympathizes with her, pats her affectionally on the shoulder, and leads her back toward the club.

The next morning, Buster is soliciting business on the street. As he passes an open-air florists's stand, the Count has just finished selected a gorgeous bouquet of flowers. He writes something on a card and hands it to the florist, saying:

"Send them to Mis Sally Laverne at 7920 Riverside Dr."

Buster, hearing the name and address, quickly writes it down on the back of the photograph of Sally which he has taken from the display easel the night before. As the Count hurriedly enters his car, Buster stands looking wistfully at the display of flowers, obviously thinking of Sally and wishing he had flowers to send her. He hunts through his pockets and finds the total of five pennies. He drops the pennies back in his pocket, looks very longly at the flowers, then trudges on.

A few minutes later, Buster is walking slowly through the park. He pauses beside a bed of tulips, gets the idea of helping himself, then sees the sign: "\$100. FINE FOR PICKING FLOWERS." As he starts away, he discovers a hoe and several other gardening tools in a hand cart. He conceals his camera under a bush, takes off his coat, picks up the hoe, and starts to cultivate the tulip bed. As he works, he accidently chops off a few tupips which he picks up and holds in his hand. Stooping to pick up one of the flowers, he finds a husky policeman watching him suspiciously. he tosses the flowers aside as though they were so many weeds and goes on hoeing. The cop walks over, picks up the flowers, arranges them in a neat bouquet, then turns to a nursemaid who is passing with a baby buggy and presents the flowers to her. The nurse smiles sweetly and puts the flowers in the buggy, then walks on

with the policeman along the pathway which completely circles the tulip bed. Buster drops his hoe, picks up his coat, and follows, determined to get his flowers. The nurse and the cop stop suddenly and Buster is nearly caught following them. He walks on past, the policeman glaring at him. Then Buster notices several children playing a short distance from the walk. One youngster has a small whistle which resembles a police whistle. Buster walks over, takes a penny from his pocket, and explains:

"I'll show you a new game."

The kid is instantly interested. Buster says: "You go behind that bush, blow your whistle five times, then see if you can find me." He points to a large clump of bushes some little distance away.

The kid agrees, runs to the bushes, and blows lustily on his whistle. The cop hears the signal and runs toward the bushes. While the nursemaid is watching the officer, Buster saunters by, hurriedly picks up the bunch of tulips, and walk away.

Maggie and Sally are having a late breakfast when the Count's huge floral package arrives. Sally unties the box but as she reads the enclosed card, her interest dies and she pushes the box aside. It is plain she is not as much interested in the Count as Maggie would like. Maggie takes the flowers and gushes over them and the Count's thoughtfulness and love for Sally. Sally shurges her shoulders. As far as she is concerned, the Count can take the air anytime without worrying her. Maggie rings for the maid to take the flowers, then picks up the paper which the servant has left. Abruptly, she sputters and chokes. A sensational divorce suit is being tried -- both in the newspapers and the court, and "Maggie Murphy's Club" figures very prominently in the affair. A photograph of defendant with the correspondent in Maggie Murphy's Club has been introduced as evidence.

"That's the fourth time in a month somebody has sneaked a photograph in my club," she explodes.

Maggie's eruption is interrupted by the arrival of the maid with Buster's bunch of tulips. Maggie watches Sally with a suspicious gleam in her eyes. Who can be sending Sally flowers? The Count's regular morning offering has already arrived. Sally unties the package -- the flowers are packed in a shoe box -- and takes out the bunch of tulips. As she starts to examine them, the baby's milk bottle, which has become mixed with the flowers while they were in the baby-buggy, drops out. Sally smiles, tries to conceal the bottle and at the same time get the scribbled card off the bouquet before her mother sees it. The attached note reads: "See you tonight, Love. Buster."

Maggie makes a successful grab for the note. She glares at it, then shifts her eyes to the newspaper account of the divorce suit. A sudden suspicion flashes into her mind.

"I'll bet that's the guy that's been takin' pictures in my place!" she flares hotly. Then she clenches her fist and bangs it down on the table. "Well, I hope he comes around tonight," she remarks grimly. "I'll get him!"

Later that evening, Buster is standing before the show window of a second-hand camera shop, gazing longly at a battered old motion picture camera of an ancient model. The price tag below the camera is marked: "\$100.00", but to Buster that looms as a fortune and an almost impossible dream. He sets up his old snapshot camera and makes believe he is turning the crank.

Across the street from the secondhand store, Maggie's Club is going strong. A taxi pulls up at the curb and a flashy-looking blonde and a little dark complected fellow with a mustache alight. They glance nervously up and down the street, then hurry into the club. A moment later a stylish town-car skids to a stop in front of "Maggie's", and a grey haired, middle-aged man climbs out, followed by a younger man who has the unmistakable bearing of a private detective.

"We've caught them this time," the detective exclaims as they rap sharply on the entrance door.

The lookout window slides back, the guard peers out, and the window bangs shut. After a brief thumping on the door, the

detective realizes they are not going to be admitted. A hurried conference is held, then the detective discovers Buster across the street and gets an idea.

"I've got it!" he exclaims to the other man. "We'll hire that photographer to go in and get a picture of them. that'sll be sure-fire evidence."

The other man nods and the detective calls to Buster. Buster crosses the street. The detective explains:

"We want you to go in there and take a picture." He indicates the night club. Buster looks at him blankly for a moment, then walks away. This is not his regular night to commit suicide.

"We'll give you a hundred dollars," the detective calls.

Buster stops and his gaze travels across the street-- travels to the price tag below the second-hand motion picture camera. The figures on the tag leap at him. "\$100.00." He turns and walks back toward the detective.

"They wouldn't let me in," he explains.

The detective's eyes wander down the street to a sign over a second-story window. "Theatrical Costumes", it reads. The detective takes Buster's hand and leads him down the street.

Eventually, a little fat German of the typical Joe Weber type, and a tall, masculine-looking blonde woman knock " loudly upon the entrance door to "Maggie Murphy's. Buster's camera is concealed in his protruding stomach with his vest

buttoned over the lens. His flashlight gun and a goodly supply of powder are hidden in his pockets. The detective in his disguise looks like a blonde no gentleman could possibly prefer. The grey-haired husband is waiting in his car a short distance down the street.

The lookout man regards them a bit suspiciously but a brief flash of a roll of currency convinces him that "Maggie's" is the right place for them to spend the evening. As they enter the club, Sally is doing her dance number, and Buster's frank admiration of her nearly causes disaster. Buster's companion rescues the expedition by soundly slapping her (his) escort's face and bawling him out for flirting with another girl. Then they are seated too far away from the couple they are following. Once more they drift to the brink of disaster by trying to steal another couple's table which is within shooting distance of their game. And when the affair is settled and they are within range, the couple they want to photograph decide to dance. Buster and his companion follow and Buster's efforts to dance again threaten an abrupt and disastrous ending to the adventure.

Safely back at their table, Sally comes on for her song number, walking among the tables as she sings. As she passes the table, Buster again permits his admiration to lead him in over his head. In order to escape being thrown out of the place, Buster tips Sally to his real identity, and she saves him by openly flirting with him. As she sings her song, she interposes various lines of warning of what is going to happen if Maggie discovers him. Finally, Maggie, angered by Sally's flirtation with a strange

man, calls her back to the dance floor to finish her number.

When the opportune moment arrives to get the picture, Buster starts to haul out his flashlight gun but the detective stops him.

"We'll both be killed if you use that thing," the detective warns.

"But I can't get a picture without a flashlight," Buster argues.

For a moment the expedition is stalled. Then the detective gets an idea. A number of small balloons are being tossed about the room. The detective catches one, deflates it, and tells Buster to load it with flashlight powder. Buster proceeds to do so but as he blows it up and attempts to tie a string around the end, as oscillating electric fan in the corner behind the table blows the balloon out of Buster's hands as he finishes tying the string. The detective's attention is on the chorus number, which is in progress and he does not see Buster's slip. Buster catches another balloon, deflates it, fills it with powder, blows it up, and again loses it as he completes the job. A third, fourth and fifth balloon are deflated, loaded, retied, and lost in the same manner. Unconcerned over the fact that five very live bombs are being tossed about the room, Buster loads a sixth balloon. As he is pouring the flashlight powder into it, Sally's entrance to lead the chorus distracts Buster's attention and he loads the balloon with a God-awful charge of powder. And this one he manages to retain.

Buster tells the detective he is ready to shoot. The zero hour has arrived. Buster stands up facing the couple at the nearby table, holds the balloon at arms' length, tells the detective to touch his cigarette to it, then suddenly jerks his vest away from the lens of the camera. At that exact instant, Maggie sees the camera lens sticking out of Buster's fat stomach, and her piercing war yell echoes through the room.

"Shoot!" yells the detective. "Shoot!" And he touches his cigarette to the balloon.

Results are immediate - and ifnal. The balloon-bomb explodes with a mighty flash and a roar. the lights go out. And in the darkness the other balloon-bombs which are drifting about the room, let go, one by one. It is disaster - grim and final.

Down on the street, a man smashes the glass of a fire alarm box and pulls down the lever. A short distance away a policeman frantically jerks open a police call-box and madly yells for the reserves. From nearby firehouses, the fire equipment dashes through the streets. A load of police careen wildly through the traffic. And behind the fire and police cars and trucks, race the ambulances.

Maggie Murphy's place is a hopeless wreck. Tables and chairs are piled in broken heaps, covered with the plaster which has been blown from the walls and ceiling. And Maggie, an electric searching in one hand a huge club

in the other, is stamping revengefully through the wreckage. She has only one ambition left at the moment. It is to find that photographer. But Buster and his blonde companion are among the missing. As the firemen and policemen burst into the room, Maggie abruptly conceals the real purpose of the husky club and appears to be using it as a cane.

Finally, a fireman discovers a foot sticking out of a huge pile of debris. He traces the foot to a leg and then uncovers Buster who is sitting under the wreckage, tearfully trying to fit the hopelessly broken pieces of his camera back together. His disguise is a total wreck.

"That's the fellow who threw the bomb!" Maggie howls as she recognizes Buster and makes a lunge for him.

Four husky cops catch and hold Maggie while other policemen haul Buster to his feet. But as they start to snap the handcuffs on Buster, a nearby mass of tables and chairs is thrust aside and the detective, his dress torn and disheveled and his face almost black, scrambles to his feet.

"Stop!" he yells, "Stop!"

He reaches up and starts to strip the dress from his shoulders. Nearby officers, believing a woman is about to disrobe, try to stop him. But the detective rips the dress off and reveals a detective badge pinned to his undershirt as a dancer would wear a breast plate. A hurried explanation follows and Buster is released. Maggie is a raving maniac. A policeman turns to her and takes her by

the arm.

"You'll have to come with us," he commands,
"This place is closed."

Maggie's eyes wander aimlessly about the wreckage.

"CLOSED!" she howls, "HELL! IT'S RUINED!"

As Maggie is loaded into the patrol wagon, she
shakes her fist at Buster and vows eternal vengeance.
The gray-haired man hands Buster the hundred dollars he
has promised. Maggie sees the money passed - the blood
money for wrecking her club, and it takes two policemen
to hold her in the wagon. The detective and the gray-haired
man enter their ar and drive away, leaving Buster standing
alone on the sidewalk. He looks at the money in his hand,
then sets a very wobbly course for the secondhand camera
store across the street.

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Some time later, Buster, dressed in a very baggy pair of golf knickers which droop down over an old pair of leather puttees, and with the ancient motion picture camera on his shoulder, walks into the offices of the International Newsreel. Approaching the editor's desk in a business like manner, he announces very simply:

"I'm here."

The editor looks up in surprise, then as his gaze wanders from Buster to the ancient camera, he suppresses a smile.

"For what?" he asks.

"Work," Buster replies with child-like simplicity.

The editor shakes his head emphatically, waves his hand toward the doorway of an anteroom in which a dozen or more cameramen are lounging about, and explains:

"I have all the cameramen I need."

Buster tips his cap very politely, turns and walks into the anteroom. Several of the cameramen glance up curiously.

"Any of you fellows want to quit?" he inquires, naively.

The cameramen look at Buster in amazement, then as they get the details of his costume and the obsolete camera on his shoulder, they crowd around him and start to kid him unmercifully. Pretending to be interested in Buster's old camera, they take it apart piece by piece, then walk away, leaving Buster staring helplessly at the pile without the faintest idea of how he is going to put it back together. As he tries various arrangements of the parts without the slightest conception of how he is going to solve the puzzle, one of the cameramen who has not

taken an active part in the kidding, steps over and assembles the camera. Buster thanks him very seriously.

The editor calls to one of the men, gives him an assignment, and the man hurries out with his camera and equipment. Buster picks up his camera and follows. In front of the building, the cameraman stops off the curb to cross the street as a car whirls around the corner, hitting the man. Without a backward glance to see the final outcome of the accident, Buster turns and re-enters the building. He walks up to the editor's desk.

"When do I go to work?" he inquires.

The editor looks up and scowls as much as to say: "What! Are you here again?" Buster explains the accident in pantomime, finishing with the gesture of an angel soaring upward. But as Buster completes the explanation, the cameraman, his clothing mused and torn, walks in, steps behind a door, tilts his head back as though taking a drink, then walks out as though nothing unusual has happened. The editor waves Buster aside.

"That's nothing," he explains. "Yesterday he fell five thousand feet in an aeroplane."

Buster gazes upward, counts off five thousand imaginary feet, shakes his head sadly, then asks dumbly:

"Was he killed?"

The editor stares at Buster incredulously, decides he is serious, then makes a gesture of utter futility. Annoyed to the utmost, he motions brusquely for Buster to get out. As Buster moves toward the door, the sympathetic cameraman who has helped him re-assemble his camera, walks over to him and says

confidentially:

"Buddy, go shoot something the Boss wants and he'll buy it."

Buster is deeply gratefull, thanks the fellow sincerely, and marches out with a do or die expression in his eyes.

As Buster walks down the street, he meets Sally as she hurries from a store to a waiting taxi. Sally is very cool, tips her nose in the air, and tries to drive away without talking to Buster. He makes an effort to explain the affair which led to the wrecking of Maggie's club, but Sally refuses to accept his excuses. She makes it plain she holds him responsible. Buster tells her with great seriousness that he is going to make good -- just for her. As she drives away, Sally steals a look back at Buster, a little bit sorry she has been so frigid.

Note: This sequence is being developed more fully.

Walking down the street, Buster comes to a street intersection where a vast amount of traffic is battling for the right-of-way. Motor cars and trucks are dodging and twisting, threatening every instant to crash. Buster eagerly sets up his camera and focuses on the swirl of vehicles. A fast-traveling taxi skids, almost collides with a truck, then dashes on. Buster, who has grabbed the camera crank expectantly, relaxes into a pose of watchful waiting. Gradually the traffic thins until there is not a single car passing. But as Buster picks up his camera and walks down a side street, and turns the corner. A Ford and a heavy truck collide with terrific force at the intersection Buster has just left.

Nearing the next corner, Buster hears the wail of a fire siren and a hood-and-ladder truck aways around the corner on two wheels. Staggering under the weight of his camera, Buster makes a frantic dash after the fire equipment. Two firemen grasp his clothing and haul him to a perilous position on the truck. Buster hangs on grimly, a set look of determination in his eyes. The truck swerves sharply and turns into the fire-house. Buster releases his grip and looks about in bewilderment as the firemen give him the raspberry.

During the jolting ride on the fire truck, the magazine of Buster's camera has come open. And as Buster climbs down from the truck, the end of the film catches on something on the truck and unwinds behind Buster as he walks away down the street.

The end of the film slides out of the camera but Buster marches on down the street. Suddenly he stops and listens as he hears revolver shots in the distance. He takes a firmer

grip on his camera and gallops madly in the direction of the fracas. He runs down an alley into a court. Before him a real honest-to-God gangster battle is in progress. Machine guns are rattling and bullets whistling through the air. Buster hurriedly sets up his camera and starts grinding frantically as the battle rages about him. A bullet clips his cap from his head and he reaches for it as it flies off, but he continues to crank. Another bullet whistling across the left nips off his bow tie. Behind him a window is shattered by a stream of machine gun fire. A tripod leg is shot away. Buster braces the camera against his body and grinds away.

A man leaps from a second-story window and lands on Buster, carrying him to the ground. Before he can get up, a band of the gangsters charge over him in pursuit. Buster tilts the camera on his arm and continues cranking as the gangsters turn and come back in full flight before a squad of police. Both the gangsters and the police surge over his body. Battered and dazed, Buster struggles to his feet, props up his camera on the wobbly tripod, and goes on grinding as the police subdue the gangsters.

As the battle ends, a motorcar load of newsreel men arrive too late to film the affair. They regard Buster with astonishment, believing he has scooped them. A man who has arrived in the car with the newsreel men, dashes up to Buster and presses a card into his hands. It reads: "Atlas Newsreel Corporation".

"I'll give you a thousand dollars for your film," he offers.

But before Buster can catch his breath, another man shoves a card into his hand.

"The Continental Newsreel Company will double that offer," he yells.

A third man grabs Buster. "The Ajax Company will double anybody's offer," he promises.

For a minute, Buster is pulled and dhauled about as the rival newsreel companies fight for the supposedly precious film. Finally one of the men writes out a check for five thousand dollars and shoves it into Buster's hand. Buster stands looking at the check in a blussful daze. He can vvisualize himself walking down the church aisle with Sally. Then his dream fades into a blissful honeymoon and later he can see himself in a cozy cottage iwth children playing on the floor. But as Buster drifts on in his daydream, the lucky bidder for the film unfastens the ;magazine from the camera, weight it in his hand suspiciously, then shields it under his coat and peeks in. Unable to credit his vision, the man jerks the magazine open. It is entirely empty, Buster having cranked on the battle without an inch of film.

The man throws the empty magazine down, grabs the check from Buster's hand, and tears it into tiny fragments. As the men hurry away, several of the cameramen look back and razz Buster. With an effort, Buster pulls himself back to earth. He hunts for "his cap, finds it, and examine the bullet hole. It looks real enough, he decides. Then he locates the remnants of his bow tie,

tries to put it on, but gives up; in disgust. He finds the small case in which he has an extra magazine of film, takes it out, and starts to thread the camera. In a few moments, he has the film tangles around his neck, his arms, and his feet. And the more he struggles, the more tangles becomes the film.

[pencil note: Mr. Thalberg

a

Snapshots]

29.

While Buster is wrestling with the film, the sympathetic newsreel cameraman, Danny, comes along and stops and watches Buster with an amused grin.

"Buddy, you're surely all wrapped up in your job," he laughs. Then as he gets Buster untangled, he adds:

"You've got nerve -- and that's what makes a good newsreel man. I'm going to give you some pointers." And he starts to show Buster how to thread the film through the camera.

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NOTE: In order to motivate the latter part of the story and tie the characters together so as to get better suspense, we have decided to make the character which is now known as the "Count", an American millionaire sportsman and amateur aviator of the swaggering, bluffing type. During the second night club sequence, Maggie will introduce the aviator, whom we will call J. Signey Van Fossen, to the guests as the world-famous millionaire aviator who will shortly make a non-stop flight to France.

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In her apartment, Maggie is in conference with several of her financial backers in the night club project. Sally and J. Sidney Van Flossen are present, but are not/taking an active part in the conference, which is between Maggie and the financial men.

"We will build you a new and finer night club, but you must get some real publicity - something that will make people want to see you," one of the men is explaining to Maggie.

After a discussion of various publicity schemes, none of which they consider, J. Sidney has an idea.

"I have it!" he exclaims with great enthusiasm. "Maggie will fly to France with me. She will be the first woman to cross the ocean in an aeroplane."

While the others greet the suggestion with enthusiastic approval, Maggie shakes her head stubbornly. "You're not goin' to make fish food out of me," she argues.

The others try to reason with her, one of the financial men explaining: "you'll be a hero! Everybody will want to see you."

"And they'll drive the hearse up Broadway to the morgue," retorts Maggie.

But where the others fail, J. Sidney Van Fossen succeeds. "We will send Sally to France on a boat," he explains, "And when we land, Sally and I can be married."

Maggie is instantly all smiles. An alliance between Sally and the wealthy J. Sidney has been her ambitious dream for months. She throws her arms around Sidney and kisses him.

Oh, Sidney, darling," she gushes, "I never dreamed "that you loved Sally."

Behind J. Sidney's back, Sally makes a gesture of violent protest, but Maggie silences her with a threatening look.

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Some time later, the newsreel cameraman, Danny, with Buster in tow, arrives at the fort to film the testing of a huge new disappearing rifle. While Danny is getting set up some distance behind the pit in which the gun is mounted, Buster

wanders away looking for a location to plant his camera. Unnoticed, he climbs up the outside of the parapet and sets up his camera at almost the exact point where gun will fire over the embankment. Imagine Buster's embarrassment when the giant gun sticks its muzzle over the parapet and fires directly over his head.

A bit later, Buster and Danny are set up on a perilous perch on top of a very high tower to photograph several firemen who are practicing jumps into the life-nets. Buster, unaccustomed to height, is getting dizzy and finds it difficult to look down. As one of the firemen jumps, Buster, cranking on the leap, gets dizzy, sways for a moment, then goes overboard, camera and all, and lands in an inglorious heap in the lift-net below.

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As Sally, accompanied by Maggie and J. Sidney Van Fossen, who have come down to see her off, boards the ship which is to carry her to France, Buster and Danny have their cameras set up on deck near the gangplank where they are photographing the departure of several important personages. Maggie sees the cameras but not one certain cameraman, and not to be denied her publicity, she pulls Sally closer to her, walks in front of the other people, and proceeds to pose. Buster, trying to avoid the scene which is sure to follow Maggie's recognition of him, shields his face with his hand and holds his head down over the camera. After Maggie has done all her best camera tricks, she moves to one side as a newspaper reporter approaches her. While the

reporter makes his notes, Maggie explains:

"Miss Sally LaVerne, the famous cabaret artist, is sailing to France to marry Mr. J. Sidney Van Fossen, when he completes his trans-Atlantic flight."

Buster hears the remarks and forgets to crank on the people he is photographing. As Maggie, Sally and J. Sidney walk away, he leaves his camera and follows them, determined to find an opportunity to talk to Sally.

The final shore whistle blows and the visitors on the ship hurry toward the gangplank. Maggie notices Sally's tears and tells her: "Cheer up. After you and J. Sidney are married, you'll realize how lucky you are." She embraces Sally, then releases her to J. Sidney. But when he tries to embrace her Sally gives him a dig with her elbow and turns away.

Danny misses Buster, looks around for him, then picks up both cameras and carries them ashore.

Reaching the dock, Maggie and J. Sidney stand looking for Sally who is standing with Buster behind a stateroom door which is swung outward.

Buster is pleading with Sally not to leave him. A hand from within the cabin reaches out and pulls the door closed, leaving Sally and Buster revealed to all the world.

Maggie stares at Buster and Sally as though unable to credit her eyes, then lets out a war yell and runs toward the gangplank which has been pulled away from the side of the ship. Finding it impossible to get aboard, she runs along the dock, trying to attract the attention of an officer on board. Sally and Buster continue their farewell scene, unaware of Maggie's

excitement. Maggie reaches the end of the ship where a last minute load of freight has been deposited on the cargo net which is spread out flat on the dock, with the boxes piled in the middle. On deck, an officer signals to the winchman to hoist away. At that instant, Maggie climbs upon the boxes of freight to get a better view of the deck. And before Maggie realizes what is happening, the cargo net, lifted from the corners, envelops her and she is swung high in the air. Then Maggie finds her power of speech. But it is too late. Kicking and yelling, she is hoisted over the ship and dropped into the cargo hole.

Sputtering with incoherent anger and promising herself a sweet revenge upon Buster, Maggie, considerably mussed by her ride aboard with the freight, starts for the upper deck. With but one second left between himself and disaster, Buster sees Maggie bearing down upon him, and flees at top speed for the gangplank. He hits the spot where the gangplank should be, realizes it is too late to check his speed, and makes a wild leap for the codk, establishing what is undoubtedly the longest hop man has ever made over water, unaided by mechanical power or wings.

But Maggie is not so fortunate. Reaching the break in the rail where the sailors are replacing the barrier, she tries to check her speed, totters on the edge, then as hands reach out to grab her, she goes overboard.

On the dock, Buster grabs a life preserver and throws it to Maggie. The coil of rope tangles about his feet and the weight of the life preserver yanks him overboard. As Buster lands beside Maggie, she lets out a yell of triumph and grabs him by the neck as they both go down. A moment later, willing hands

on the end of grappling hooks drag the water-logged pair to safety upon the dock. Thoroughly hot, despite her cold plunge, Maggie is led away vowing eternal revenge upon Buster. While Buster sneaks out to the end of the dock and stands gazing wistfully at the ship as it backs into the river, its steel nose pointed toward the outer bay -- and France.

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For several days, Buster follows Sally's progress to France, marking the route upon a map which tacked to the wall of his cheaply furnished room. On the morning of the sixth day he moves the little paper ship from the point at sea into a French port, gazes at Sally's picture longingly, then shoulders his camera and starts out looking for work.

A little later, he is waiting outside the office of the International Newsreel. Danny, the friendly news photographer, comes by and motions for Buster to come inside. Buster shakes his head.

"I think that editor is made at me," he replies.

The cameraman grins and shakes his head. Buster timidly follows him inside. He moves cautiously past the editor's desk and sits down on the edge of a chair.

The editor's phone rings and he answers it. The voice at the other end of the wire explains: "That dame who is going to hop off to Europe today wants us to send a cameraman on the flight."

The editor shakes his head. "Don't be silly," he retorts. "It's a thousand to one chance that plane will never

reach Paris. I haven't any cameramen I want to drown."

He hangs up the phone and turns to find Buster standing before his desk, an expression of intense seriousness in his eyes.

"I'll go," Buster offers.

The editor looks at him, laughs, then turns away. But Buster follows him, pleading earnestly. The editor stops and looks at him a moment as though impressed by his determination.

"All right," he agrees, "If you want to go to France badly enough to drown yourself, I'll let you go."

While the editor is arranging the necessary identification cards, several of the other cameramen who have heard the argument, gather around Buster, a little impressed by his bravery or foolishness, but kidding him nevertheless. The editor gives him the cards.

"The plane is at the aviation field," he explains.

Buster shakes hands with everybody with great seriousness, shoulders his camera, and hurries away.

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A considerable crowd has gathered at the aviation field to see the start of the trans-Atlantic flight, and the big amphibian plane which is to carry Maggie and J. Sidney Van Fossen to France is the center of everybody's attention. Popcorn vendors, toy balloon peddlers, and hotdog sandwich men are shouting their wares. On the outskirts of the crowd, an Italian organ grinder with his monkey, is amusing some of the crowd.

Bundled up in an oversize flying suit and with a leather helmet buttoned over his head and huge goggles over his

eyes, Buster walks across the field, his camera on his shoulder. Nearing the spot where a number of bystanders are amusing themselves by tossing coins to the organ grinder's monkey, Buster stops, shows a man a card, and asks his way to the plane. The man looks at Buster in astonishment, decides he is just dumb, then points toward the ship. As Buster is getting his directions, a drunk in the crowd has been heating a penny over the flame of a cigar lighter. He throws the penny to the monkey. The monkey snatches up the redhot coin, screams, and drops it. Falming with anger, the Italian drops his organ to which the monkey is chained, and starts for the drunk.

"I teacha you to burn da monk," he yells, diving after the drunk who ducks and runs.

Noticing that the monkey is holding its burned foot and crying, Buster takes a first-aid kit from his flying suit and bandages up the monkey's paw. When the job is finished, the monkey puts its arms around Buster's neck and hugs him, then tries to kiss him. Buster pets the monk, then hurries on toward the plane. The monkey looks after him, then tugs and pulls on its chain until it slips out of the collar. As the monkey disappears into the crowd on Buster's trail, the organ-grinder returns from his chase after the drunk, discovers the monkey is gone, and starts searching for him.

On his way to the plane, Buster stops, buys several hotdog sandwiches, and stuffs them into the pockets of his flying suit. He adds several bags of peanuts to the collection, passes up the purchase of a toy balloon, then makes his way to the side of the plane.

Maggie, dressed in leather helmet, goggles and a flying suit, is standing with her back to the ship as she talks with reporters and friends. J. Sidney, hardly recognizable in a similar outfit is making a last-minute adjustment to the motor. Unnoticed by either, Maggie or J. Sidney, Buster edges up to the ship and shows his card of introduction to a mechanic.

"Here's your photographer," the mechanic calls to J. Sidney.

"Put him aboard," J. Sidney orders, without looking up from his inspection of the motor.

Buster promptly climbs inside the cabin, takes a seat in the rear, adjusts his helmet and pulls the goggles down over his eyes. He is ready to start.

The moment of departure has arrived. J. Sidney signals the engine is working fine, pulls his goggles over his eyes, climbs into the cabin, and takes his place at the controls without more than a casual glance at Buster. Maggie bids her friends farewell, pulls her goggles over her eyes, and climbs into the cabin. It is evident Buster has not recognized either Maggie or J. Sidney and they have not identified Buster. The cabin door is fastened.

Amid the cheers of the crowd, the plane taxis down the field. And just as it gains speed for the take-off, the monkey, who has been dodging through the crowd, runs under the ship and swings onto the landing gear. The Italian who has been pursuing the animal, sees it and yells:

"Looka! Da Monk gono nuts!"

As the plane lifts from the ground, Buster pulls a pair of water-wings from his pocket and clamly starts to inflate them.

The editor thought he was going out to drown himself, did he?

Well, he wasn't as dumb as they thought he was, Buster congratulates himself.

While the plane gains altitude and soars out over the ocean, Maggie twists around in her seat, reaches for her large vanity bag, and lifts her goggles to powder her nose. Buster stares at her in panicky unbelief, then cringes back in his seat and pulls his goggles omore tightly over his eyes. Like a man who has walked into a lion's den and locked the door behind him, Buster pers nervously out of the window. The shore line is fading rapidly into the distance and the ocean below looks cold and forbidding. Deciding that any fate is preferable to remaining locked up in teh plane with the blood-thirstly Maggie, Buster tucks the inflated water-wings carefully under his arms, lowers the window, and bgalances himself for the plunge overboard.

"Hey, shut that window!" Maggie bellows. "You'll catch cold." And she goes on which her powdering without realizing that her sworn enemy is hers for the taking.

Buster nods meekly, but closes the window only part way. At any rate, he will have that much of a start over Maggie. But the next moment Buster gives himself up for lost. The pilot lifts his goggles to adjust his helmet and Buster recognizes J. Sidney Van Fossen. Buster sinks back in his seat. It won't be long now, hedecides. Realizing that his goggles are his temporary means of safety, he presses them/more tightly over his eyes.

Meanwhile, the monkey has been exploring the upper part of the wings and the cabin. He comes to the window beside Buster and leans over and peers in. Buster's head is within

easy reach, and the white elastic band on the goggles interests the monkey. He reaches in, grasps the elastic, pulls it back a ways, then lets it snap. Buster jumps like a jack-in-a-box and makes a frantic grab for the goggles. Greatly relieved to find they are still in place, he looks cautiously about, then gives up the effort to solve the mystery of what jerked the goggles. As he leans back in his seat, the monkey again snaps the elastic. Buster's body stiffens with fright and he stares straight ahead as though fearful if he looks sideways he will see a ghost. At that moment, the monkey again grasps the elastic, pulls it far back and upward, and lets go. The elastic flies over Buster's head and the goggles are jerked away and land beneath Maggie's chair. Buster stares at the goggles, a hopeless, panicky expression in his eyes, then makes a cautious move to recover them. As his fingers are about to close upon the goggles, the ship takes a sudden lurch, and Buster is thrown heavily against Maggie. She twists around, glares at him in speechless recognition, then with a belligerent yell, makes a dive for Buster, as he throws himself toward the window with the evident intention of jumping overboard.

At that instant, the monkey on top of the plane takes a firmer grip on one of the control wires and swings back and forth. The ship plunges abruptly, and Maggie is thrown on top of J. Sidney Van Fossen.

"Stop it!" he yells. "You'll wreck the ship!" He pushes Maggie back into her seat.

With a sullen, menacing glare at Buster, Maggie sits down, confident Buster can't escape her this time.

Delighted with his new plaything, the monkey begins shinning himself on the control wire. The plane immediately starts to pitch and toss like a chip in a whirlpool. Von Fossen hangs onto the control-wheel, and after a struggle, gets the ship on an even keel.

"Too much weight," he yells. "We'll have to throw something overboard." And he turns and looks directly at Buster who is back in his seat at the rear of the cabin.

Maggie follows Van Fossen's gaze, and with a triumphant grin, makes a motion to get up and carry out Van Fossen's suggestion. The pilot gestures for her to sit down.

"Not just now," he explains.

Buster begins to wiggle nervously in his seat. He takes out his handkerchief and starts to polish the glass windows and woodwork in the cabin. Perhaps he can win the favor of the pilot, he reasons.

After another desperate plunge of the plane, which has been caused by the monkey's renewed exercises, Van Fossen shakes his head.

"I'm afraid we'll have to throw something overboard," he explains, again turning in his seat and staring at Buster. Maggie's face lights up with renewed hope as she makes a quick move toward Buster. But again the pilot motions her back to her seat.

"Not just now," he requests.

With an impatient gesture of chagrin, Maggie resumes her seat. Buster hauls out one of his hotdog sandwiches and offers it to Van Fossen. When the pilot fails to show enthusiasm

for the hotdog, Buster substitutes a bag of peanuts and is deeply concerned over the pilot's refusal of both.

After the plane has been righted from a third series of dizzy maneuvers, Buster beats the pilot to the observation that something must be thrown overboard. Before the pilot can speak, Buster picks up the basket which contains the thermos bottle of coffee and the food for the trip, and quickly drops it over the side. With a yell of dismay, Maggie makes a grab for the basket and nearly follows it into the ocean below as the ship again begins to rock and roll. Buster reaches out to give her an unobtrusive but nevertheless violent boost overboard but the pilot grabs her and hauls her back into her seat. And as he again gains control of the plane, he remarks:

"It's no use. We'll have to throw something overboard." And he looks squarely at Buster.

This time Maggie is more determined than ever to carry out the suggestion but Van Fossen gestures for her to hold the control wheel. She grips the wheel and grins with fiendish glee as the pilot moves toward Buster.

Van Fossen grabs Buster by the shoulder, pushes him aside, and takes hold of a control lever which is set in the wall of the cabin directly behind Buster. He swings the lever down, dumps one of the tanks of gasoline, then goes back to his seat without further notice of Buster. Maggie sinks back in her chair, a picture of outraged disappointment.

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Later that evening, the cameramen in the newsreel office are eagerly reading the latest newspaper bulletin. It states: "VAN FOSSEN PLANE BELIEVED LOST AT SEA." The body of the article explains: "Since taking off from the airport early this morning, Van Fossen's plane has not been sighted and it is feared that grave trouble has developed aboard the ship."

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On board the plane, which is battling fog and darkness, Von Fossen admits he has lost his course. The broken compass is swinging dizzily and the pilot is getting panicky.

"We are lost," he explains, "I haven't the faintest idea where we are."

At the moment, the monkey, who has been curled up on the wing outside the cabin, starts to get cold and begins to look for a warmer berth. Buster sees the monkey as it moves about outside the cabin, and pointing to it, says very seriously:

"I think we are flying over Africa."

Maggie is too frightened to do more than glare at him, and his asinine statement goes unchallenged.

Then the motor begins to show signs of stopping. The oil gauge needle drops to zero and the tachometer which registered the revolutions of the engine, drops steadily until the hand points to around 1000.

"The motor is stopping!" Van Fossen yells. He hauls out three parachute packs and tosses two of them to Maggie and Buster.

"We'll have to jump. I can't land the plane in this fog," he orders as he climbs into the parachute harness and buckles the straps.

Maggie looks at the parachute in holy horror and flatly refuses to put it on.

"Put it on -- or I'll throw you over without it!" Van Fossen orders. And Maggie, impressed by the command, proceeds to wiggle into the harness.

In the excitement, Buster is having a God-awful time trying to get the parachute harness around his body. After a struggle in which he manages to get the parachute on in every conceivably wrong way, he finally gets it fastened correctly.

But no amount of argument on Van Fossen's part can persuade either Maggie or Buster to jump. Finally, Van Fossen lashes the control wheel and attempts to forcibly throw Maggie overboard. And that is how the fight starts. Buster goes to the pilot's aid but even their combined efforts cannot get Maggie out of the cabin. Then the pilot turns on Buster and tries to force him to jump. Maggie immediately joins forces with Van Fossen and a merry time is had by all - especially Buster. But despite all efforts to the contrary, Buster remains on board the plane.

Van Fossen is completely disgusted! "There is no reason why I should commit suicide with you two saps," he growls. And before Maggie guesses what is going to happen, Van Fossen takes a good grip on the release ring in his chute and dives overboard.

"Hey! Don't leave a poor, defenseless woman up here all alone!" she screams. But the pilot is gone. She shakes her fist after Van Fossen. "You dirty coward!" she howls.

Buster grabs the wheels of the careening plane and makes a frantic effort to keep the ship in the air. Then the motor comes to a dead stop and the plane dives. Gliding downward at terrific speed, the plane is headed for a nose dive into the sea when the monkey suddenly grabs a control wire and levels the ship off just before it hits. The plane lands with a mighty splash but stays afloat and right side up.

Taking command, Buster immediately proceeds to launch the collapsible rubber life boat. He cuts the lashings away with his knife, then in the excitement puts the knife in his pocket without closing the blade. He inflates the boat, helps Maggie aboard, gathers up his camera and the monkey, and leaps in. The open knife in his pocket rips a hole in the boat and it starts to sink. With considerable difficulty, he gets Maggie back on the plane and rescues the monkey and camera as the life boat goes to the bottom. Maggie glares at him and blesses him out for his blundering stupidity.

But with the first grey streaks of dawn, the fog lifts and Buster sights the faint outline of land ahead. He starts to work on the motor.

"Maybe I can get this thing to run enough to pull us in to land," he explains.

But Maggie is too hungry to be interested in anything but food. "God, I'm hungry!" she groans, staring at the monkey as though debating if it is eatable. The monkey, sensing her

designs on its flesh, climbs on Buster's shoulder, chattering and spitting at Maggie.

After a fruitless effort to start the motor, Buster gives up and starts to climb back into the cabin. But as he crawls over the engine, he notices a loose wire, casually picks it up and hooks it over the nearest object. The engine starts with a roar and as the plane lunges ahead in the water, Buster loses his balance and goes overboard. He grabs the tail of the plane as it passes and hangs on. Slowly, he manages to crawl back to the cabin. Grabbing the wheel, he makes an effort to hold the plane on the water and prevent it from taking off. But as the ship gathers speed, it slowly rises, climbing higher and higher.

At last land is below. Gradually, the shore line disappears behind the plane. Ahead, Buster sights a landing field. But he hasn't the remotest idea of how he is going to get the ship down on the ground.

And neight erhas the personnel of the airport. As the plane comes roaring down at terrific speed, hits the ground, bounces high in the air, and goes on, the crowd on the field scatters for places of safety. Ambulances are hurriedly drawn up, the fire company is called out and everything is made ready for the inevitable crash.

On Buster's fifth wild attempt, he hits the ground directly in front of a building, bounces over it and roars away. And to add to the complications, Maggie faints.

"If I had less weight aboard, maybe I could land," Buster explains to the monkey.

He lashes the wheel, ties a light cord to the release ring of Maggie's parachute so that he can jerk the chute open, then attempts to drag Maggie to the cabin door. But Maggie's weight is too great for him to handle. At last, Buster gets an idea. He gets Maggie's prostrate body headed toward the cabin doorway, ties the door open, then makes a rough measurement with his hands to see if Maggie will go through the opening. Deciding there is an inch to spare, Buster twists the wheel hard over. As the plane tilts sharply sideways, Maggie slides through the doorway and dives overboard.

Revived by the rush of air in her face, Maggie comes to as she hurtles downward. She lets out one terrific scream before the opening of the parachute jerks her breath away.

In the plane, Buster lashes his camera to his body, take sthe monkey in his arms, and prepares to follow Maggie. But when the moment to jump arrives, Buster's nerve fails completely. As he turns to close the cabin door, a sudden lurch of the plane throws him off his feet. He shoots across the floor, hits the open doorway and flies overboard. He fumbles for the release ring and after a long, dizzy drop, the chute snaps open.

Looking around, Buster finds himself floating earthward a few feet from Maggie. He swings the camera around and starts to crank on Maggie.

And as Maggie and Buster land in France, Sally rushes across the field.

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Some time later, Buster and Sally are standing before a minister. As the minister starts the wedding ceremony, Buster stops him, steps back to a highly-polished, nickel-plated motion picture camera which is equipped with an electric motor, presses the starting switch, then takes his place beside Sally as the camera continues to grind.

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THE END.