Film script - "The Auction"

What a terrible, terrible, terrible price of nothing -
Eeesh - Gods
S. H. Russell
14 Oct 1976
Comments regarding the George Eastman movie

The original money for the Company came from England. The commentary isn't clear as to how Lord Kelvin became director. (Dr. Moes)

Durand Eastman Park scene came in quickly. A little more should be said about the donation of the park for the welfare of people generally, site of it on Lake Ontario. Get more scenery. (Mr. Farrow)

Nothing in commentary said about Mr. Eastman's donation of the Chamber of Commerce to the city. (Mr. Hutchison)

Too much of Kodak Park at beginning. Should have shots of foreign branches, stores, etc., bringing in sales side. Sales folks will be offended. Mr. Eastman paid attention to selling as well as manufacturing. (Dr. Moes)

At lion's scene, commentary isn't quite clear. Mr. Eastman actually shot the lion. (Just a question.) (Mr. Wilcox)

Pronunciation of Mr. Scalfatti's first name, Cesare, should be as following: Shes' aree. (Dr. Moes)

Something should be in commentary when Eastman House is being shown, mentioning housewarming for Eastman employees. (Mr. Hutchison)

Regarding Mr. Eastman's talk before Genesee Dinner guests, his voice is not good. However, it is a remarkably historical thing to have his voice recorded in the picture. People who never knew Mr. Eastman will appreciate it. (General discussion)
June 30, 1943

Mr. Ellis:

We are enclosing herewith a continuity of the film, “Life of George Eastman” in which we have added the amount of footage and frames in each sequence.

This is in accordance with your request made some time previous.

If you would like a list of the scenes and the footage of each, we can supply it however we felt that the footage of each sequence would be of more value to you in making up the commentary.

VDA: NEC

[Handwritten notes]
## Film script - "The Auction"

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sequence #</th>
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<td>90</td>
<td>CO Motion shots of Kodak Park</td>
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<td>7 Still shots Kodak Bldgs, and depts.</td>
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<td>52</td>
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<td>Newspaper reproduction - stock</td>
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<tr>
<td>53</td>
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*This material is provided for reference purposes only. Original now in the George Eastman Legacy Collection.*
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End Work Print Reel #1

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50 10 School Bands
51 23 Mr. Eastman's Office
52 26 Chamber of Commerce
53 35 Mr. Eastman in Japan
54 35 Will Hayes visit
55 156 Oak Lodge scenes
56 1 Kimball Bldg.
57 31 Univ. of Rochester
58 42 Hampton & Tuskegee
59 62 City Manager Flan Skit
60 423 Africa sequence

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61 54 Mr. Eastman on train
62 117 New reel shots - Mr. Eastman on boat
63 21 Mr. Eastman in stern of boat
64 80 Mr. Percival's visit
65 20 Commander Byrd visit
66 120 Galander sequence
67 233 Second African trip
68 28 Kodakolor Party
69 81 Dental Clinics 1st part
70 46 42nd part
71 30 Alaska trip 12 scenes
72 17 Mr. Eastman and Tony Babb
73 31 Dinner Society of Genesee
74 235 Aeroplane sequence
75 270 Birthday Party
76 23 Mr. Eastman beside fireplace
77 (not dedication monument - end photographed)

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* - Reel II ends with 34 ft. - 5 frame of Mr. Eastman in Japan sequence.
** - Reel III ends with 34 ft. - 8 frame of new reel shots of Mr.
Reel IV starts with 82 ft. - 10 frame of same sequence.

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Watson dup Neg.
Enlargement
Watson dup Neg.
Enlargement
Watson dup Neg.
Enlargement
Neg. use as is
Watson dup Neg.
Enlargement
Enlargement
Watson dup Neg.

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University of Rochester
River Campus Libraries
Rare Books, Special Collections & Preservation
General Oscar N. Solbert, Director
George Eastman House, Inc.
900 East Avenue
Rochester 7, New York

June 7, 1927

Dear Oscar:

Since we do not seem to be making any headway in getting an original feature picture story written on a theme laid in Eastman House, it occurs to me that you may wish to glance at this proposed feature film treatment that some of us here at Kodak attempted to get the Company to sponsor a year or so ago.

The attempt fell through, because we could not get unanimous agreement on the part of the Interdepartmental Films Committee, and there was also a budget problem.

It occurs to me that there is still considerable merit in this story idea, and that an adroit revision of the script might make it something which could be produced on a fairly nominal budget via the type of cooperative production unit that you and Jim Card and I have been discussing for several years in connection with the studio barn at Eastman House.

Please let Jim look at this manuscript also. I'll be interested to hear your reactions.

Cordially,

[Signature]

John Flory; NH
Advisor on Non-Theatrical Films

cc: Mr. Card
Enc.
Film script - "The Auction"
Film script - "The Auction"
Film script - "The Auction"
THE AUCTION

COVERAGE:

This film, The Auction, demonstrates the all-pervading influence of photography upon our society: how it figures in our individual lives from birth (chronicling all our major achievements), how it sets our taste and lets us really see foreign countries about which previously we had only fanciful artists' concepts, and how it lets our population understand more about war. This film also demonstrates how photography has become an important scientific and industrial tool, both in research and production, and how it saves us hours of tedious labor by becoming a memory for millions of details.

In the audience, various people will have various reactions. A doctor may say to himself, "We just bought a new X-ray layout, but I got the feeling from this film that there may be some developments I haven't seen yet." An advertising executive might say, "I must find out whether we're doing as much imaginative work with photography as we should be doing." A plant superintendent will ask himself, "Why couldn't I use that pipe trick to show our distributors and maintenance people how to assemble our X-4 model?"

We believe that specialists who would never otherwise be subject to any kind of presentation will get their first revealing look at photography......and by the millions. Also, in the audience, new ideas for the uses of photography will generate which haven't been foreseen.

Beyond that, the millions of plain snapshot photographers will be reminded they have three rolls of unexposed film on the shelf, and that there's no time like the present! Directly, the film touches on:
- Portrait photography
- Snapshot photography
- Photography as a drafting tool
- Motion Pictures - high speed and time lapse
- Microscopy
- 2a -

Stereo-photography
Graphite arts
Microfilms
Commercial and industrial uses
Amateur and advanced amateur photography
Radiography
Use of photography in astronomy
Photography in materials testing, and

by projection, it touches on the entire industry.
The Auction is the story of two critical days in the life of a man, a craftsman. The crisis is neither economic nor physical. It's one of those turning points in any man's life when the world is about to demonstrate to him whether his life's cumulative contribution to this earth has come to anything or not.

It is the story largely of Hans Johnson, a Norwegian immigrant, who comes to America with his ideals showing, and with a devotion to his craft, through which he expects to merit a place among us and to earn his living.

Now, no man goes around every day expecting the world to tell him how he's doing, but whether we expect it or not, there comes to each of us certain crucial occasions when our worth is being judged in sharp focus.

Such an occasion comes suddenly to Hans Johnson.

And this verdict comes directly from the two people in whom he has the biggest investment of devotion...his son and the woman he loves.

Indirectly, the verdict also comes from his community -- because The Auction is also the story of a town, which might even be called the lead character in the story. The town, which could be your town or mine, also finds itself brought to test and self-evaluation by the same incident.

It is a story which can and does happen to every member of the audience. The particular arena or physical setting is different for each man, but the issues are the same, and so we believe the audience will live this picture with the cast.
Film script - "The Auction"

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PRINCIPALS IN THE CAST

Hans Johnson

Johnson is one of those fine, dedicated craftsmen whom you immediately recognize as such wherever you find them. We'll not name his trade here, but reveal it to you. It will be uncovered to the audience watching the film. Each of you, from your own experience, will know a few such men. They come in all crafts and professions. For example, perhaps you know a garage mechanic who is apt to scowl and look at you as though you had abused your car, and then say, "You need a new fuel pump." Without any question, you'll say, "Thanks. Will you put one in?"

Such men assume a personal responsibility for your car, your home, your health. They have little regard for your opinion where it touches their field, and they take over, confident of their ability, and that they know what's best for you. We can always place great trust in them............and such a man is Hans Johnson.

In his own profession, he is an expert, and will not stand for any interference. He knows that when people come for his particular service, there is some important personal event in their lives. He considers it his business to understand this event, and to make the most of it in order to give full measure.

Now, coupled with this professional tyranny and confidence, is that odd humility you usually find in such men. You see, he gives to you -- in your field -- the very same respect and trust which he demands and merits for himself in his field. If you are a professor of history, he is apt to assume you know all history. If you are a barber, he would hesitate to make any suggestion about how you cut his hair.
Johanson, being in a new and fine country, gives his neighbors and associates even more credit than they deserve, accepting them at their own published estimate of themselves. For example, upon passing the shopplace of EMBRIS SAN, THE USED CAR MAN, he is not to comment to his son, Michael, that it must be a great satisfaction to a man to be able to put up such a sign!

We, the audience, are not always certain that Hans is this naive, because as a matter of fact, people in contact with Hans try to live up to his estimate of them.

You will probably find no single act of Johanson's heroic. As to the sum total of his contribution............well, we'll get to that in the film.

Miss Snow

......is a girl who, in some ways, is afraid to let go and live. Living in the middle of this most liberty-conscious nation, she erects restrictions of her own making, ideological walls which limit her life, and Johanson's too.

She is librarian at the small university here. Intellectually inclined and extremely competent, she yet has a much narrower view of this country than Hans, whom she instructs in American history.

Though she was reared (she would say reared rather than brought up) in this town, the postmaster, the chief of police, and students at the school, etc., would be hard put to think of her first name. She is known as Miss Snow.
Miss Shaw (cont'd)

She has great admiration for Dr. Cabot, widowed president of the small university. If you asked her about this - which you wouldn't - she would tell you of her respect for his academic accomplishment and leadership. But, you would not be listening closely because you would perceive that Dr. Cabot was in some ways a kind of father to her and, at the same time, a kind of romantic ideal.

Dr. Cabot

...is a tall, handsome college president. He is friendly, but with a certain amount of reserve. He bears himself every inch the college president, and he's big enough to do it. Ideologically, he's of that school of college presidents who stand for education with a capital "E". A college under his leadership would not be well known for its new buildings nor its football, but it would be mentioned in a special tone of voice in learned circles. To say that this or that professor once served on Dr. Cabot's faculty is all you have to say to establish a man in academic circles.

Michael Johnson

...is the son of Hans Johnson. If you noticed the difference in the spelling of the names - well, that shows you a little about the problems facing Mike in this adopted country of his father's.

There are other prominent characters in the film, but it is as well to meet them as we go along.
We'll not take your time to set the stage. The set will reveal itself as we progress. Laughton is an out-of-town auctioneer. He is wading hurriedly through Hans Johanson's shop with a large loose-leaf notebook in his hand and a handful of small blank tags with strings on them.

LAUGHTON: (POINTING PENCIL AT AN OBJECT) How much should we get for that?

HANS JOHANSON: Uh...about twenty-five dollars.

LAUGHTON: (AFTER MARKING BOOK AND TAG AND HANGING TAG ON THE ITEM, POINTING TO ANOTHER) And how much for that?

HANS: Thirty.

LAUGHTON: Too much. Make it twenty.

HANS: But ...

LAUGHTON: Twenty. How about that antique there? (POINTING TO AN ANTIQUE, BUT WELL POLISHED WOODEN FRONT, LIGHT RED WOOD CAMERA) I'll put five dollars.

HANS: Uh...No. Perhaps I will keep that, I...
LAUGHTON: Johanson, do you want to sell out or don't you? Look, I've been through this before. Tell you what you've got to do. Look at everything as though it's somebody else's second hand stuff. Then put a price on it. That's the only way we'll get done. Now ... five bucks?

HANS: No. You see, one cannot decide the value of such a camera so quick.

(LAUGHTON COMPOSES HIMSELF RELUCTANTLY TO LISTEN. YOU CAN TELL HE'S BEEN THROUGH THIS BEFORE).

HESITATE BACK TO: Hans Johanson 20 years earlier, bewildered, about 30 years old, just off the boat at Ellis Island. An official is looking over his papers. Hans stands at nearly military attention, waiting. Standing beside him in imitation of him and holding his hand is a two-year-old boy. Another official is inspecting Johanson's baggage, a wooden box. Amid a few articles of clothing is another box, this one polished and carefully kept. The officer beckons to Hans who opens the box with a key. In it we see an old cherry-red wooden-front camera...a fine piece of workmanship, obviously much cherished and pampered. The brass fittings are highly shined. There is trouble about taking the camera through customs. Hans makes a plea. His English is difficult.
HANS: I come to your country not
with hands empty. I bring something
to it. I have work to do for it ...
and my son with me. Good work we do.
We keep the record. Without this
camera you should not let me in. It
is really our only passport. It
brings truth, beauty, memory, knowl-
dge. I make pictures. It is im-
portant this should be done in your
country. (HANS PATS HIS SON'S
SHOULDER). And, also, it will take
care of us. If the camera comes, too,
you will not need to worry about us.

Behind Hans, a distinguished gentleman has heard the conversation.
He introduces himself as Dr. George Cabot, President of Canterbury
University. He fixes things with the officials, then invites Hans
to call on him at the college, explaining that he, too, appreciates
the importance of making pictures.

Hans Johanson and son arrive at the College. Through the help of
Dr. Cabot, Johanson sets up a tiny little shop (which is still the
very back part of his new shop). One of his first acts is to hang
up a small daguerreotype of Louis J. M. Daguerre. Nearly his second
is to take a portrait photograph of Dr. Cabot. This, too, he hangs
up.
Dr. George Cabot takes Johnson to the college library, introduces him to Miss Snow there, who is about 20. He explains that Hans would like a book on learning English language and American history, and would she help him, and in general guide him toward citizenship.

Miss Snow is polite, but even on short acquaintance we get the notion that she feels that the library of a higher-learning institution is not the place for such elementary-type assignments, and that as immigrants go, she's more partial to the Mayflower type than to the modern ones.

However, Hans does not yet understand the nuances of the language well enough to perceive this beneath her correct civility.

As he works towards his citizenship over the next few years under her rather cool guidance, he regards her with a combination of gratitude and respect...and a little more. He is not aware that to answer many of his questions she is forced into extensive private research. He thinks she just knows these things. Pride forces her to maintain this impression.

She is an intellectually-inclined young lady who does not have many dates. But on one occasion just as her young man is calling for her, Hans arrives needing some assistance he considers to be in direct preparation for a citizenship examination. She explains that she's just leaving. But Hans' plea is persistent. She takes off her coat and for two hours seeks out the information he needs, though it's way beyond citizenship requirements. In this scene, you can see the
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suspicion growing on Miss Snow, and her escort that Hans' visit was deliberately timed this way. And indeed you can see this same suspicion grow upon Johanson himself.

As time passes Hans' son grows, and at a very young age, Hans introduces him to the camera, feeling that the boy should know the instrument which is already feeding him in this new country. He is genuinely concerned for the boy's future; wants him to be a fine craftsman for his own security. "Besides," he says, "I promised the man at the gates to the United States that we will keep the record." But his starting the boy so early has an old country tang, and the son has a new country attitude.

Miss Snow continues to work with Hans, though there is a touch of dutiful condescension about it. However, it must be said that she is thorough and definitely in earnest about his passing his citizenship hurdles ... in the sense that once you have an investment in something, you inherit concern for its success. And Miss Snow admires Dr. Cabot, whom she knows to be interested in Johanson's welfare and progress, though she can't quite see why.

Hans accepts this efficient help at face value, though. And he has planned a big surprise for Miss Snow.

We have a scene where Hans goes down to the court house to be sworn in. His boy is there. Dr. Cabot is there. Miss Snow is there.

Coming back from the court house afterwards Hans is walking with Miss Snow:
HANS: Now I can ask you. I waited so long for this moment.

MISS SNOW: Ask me? What?

HANS: Now that you have made me the citizen, I can ask you ... to be Mrs. Johanson.

Miss Snow stares at him in complete amazement. Then she runs up the street away from him, leaving Hans standing with his nine year old boy who has caught up. Hans turns to the boy.

HANS: What did I say wrong?

The boy is quietly perceptive.

MIKE: What did you expect, Poppe?

HANS: What?

MIKE: Didn't you know we are not for Miss Snow? Too new here.

HANS: No! We are the same as her. It is official now. (SLAPS CITIZENSHIP PAPERS WITH BACK OF HAND).

MIKE: You thought it was so simple? You should be in the third grade.

HANS: (DROPS TO HIS KNEES AND GRABS THE BOY'S ARMS) What's wrong at the
third grade?

MIKE: (SHRUGS) Oh, the name. The shoes.

HANS: The shoes? What is the matter with the shoes, Michael? (HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE HIGH TOPPED SHOES ON MIKE) Never mind what is the matter with them. We will get new ones. Come. Democracy shoes we will get. (THEY WALK RAPIDLY UP THE STREET. THEN HANS STOPS SUDDENLY, LOOKS DOWN AT THE SHOES) No! The shoes are good.

Mike shrugs. The boy is some disappointed in his father's second reaction, but we get the feeling he's faced this kind of thing before. We begin to see that there's a streak of stubborn Dutchman in Johnson, which, though admirable, is nevertheless hard on the boy. That same day we see Johnson throwing himself into his photographic work with renewed vigor. He is teaching the boy photography, and more besides. He pats the camera fondly.

HANS: This is what makes a man a citizen, Michael. Like I told the customs officer, our work is recording the pictures. We will do this work better than it is ever done anywhere. This camera is our future, boy.
Suddenly Hans looks at the camera as he has not looked at it for quite awhile.

HANS: No! It is not good. It is already old. We will not get new shoes, Michael. We will get the new camera lens. Always keep the camera the best we can buy, boy. And the new shoes will come later.

The boy accepts this with great maturity, but naturally without the enthusiasm Hans had hoped for. Hans pleads:

HANS: Well, all right. You choose, boy. Which would be the best? The lens or the shoes? You say.

MICHAEL: The lens.

We see Hans detach the lens from the camera and set it aside while he reaches for a catalogue. The boy goes off to bed. Waiting out in the front of the shop we see Miss Snow. She has overheard the conversation. When Hans finds her there is awkwardness as they confront each other. She has come to say she is sorry. But she does not quite get it said, fully.

When she is about ready to leave she says,

MISS SNOW: Hans, the boy is right.

The shoes are wrong.
HANS: You heard?

MISS SNOW: Yes. (PAUSE) The stores are open late tonight.

HANS: But what kind is the right kind?

MISS SNOW: I could show you.

Hans and Miss Snow go down the street shopping. At the shoe store she guides him to a good pair of low-cut oxfords. She talks him into a higher priced pair than he favors. And then he leans all the way over backwards ... by way of making it up ... and gets the most expensive pair in the place. But when it comes to size, he doesn't know the size.

MISS SNOW: But no doubt you would have known the specifications of the lens quick enough.

HANS: I see the point.

MISS SNOW: The size is 6 3/4 B.

HANS: How ... ?

MISS SNOW: Very simple. I looked.

Hans visits a boy's clothing store and buys Michael a complete outfit. They return to the shop with the packages. They unwrap them and place them in the boy's room where he'll see them first thing he wakes up.
Hans rearranges the covers on the boy, closes the window a little. To Miss Snow, he says:

HANS: I am going to wake him up to see, Michael.

MISS SNOW: No. Let him find them all by himself. The thrill will be better alone. Also he will want to put them on right away as soon as he finds them. He would hate to go back to sleep.

HANS: (TO MISS SNOW) You are so ... so fine. I wish that ... (HE SHRUGS) I wish too much.

They leave the boy's room and go through the shop. As they pass the camera, Hans replaces the lens on his camera.

From the camera dissolve back to the present day scene with auctioneer Laughton in Hans' shop. Laughton taps the old camera with the eraser end of his pencil.

LAUGHTON: Uh-huh. Inner's ting. But like I said, five bucks, huh?

Hans wipes off the eraser marks on the finish with the end of his necktie. Laughton is by now tagging in quick succession several boxes of standard, current photographic laboratory supplies to which he
assigns values. Last in the sequence he comes to a special type camera stand. It is obviously handmade by Hans, and well made. Built more solidly than necessary.

LAUGHTON: And what should we get for this lash-up here?

HANS: Oh, that is very important. Let me tell you the....

LAUGHTON: (FLAT OF HIS HAND) Just the price.

HANS: You speak only of prices, never of values.

LAUGHTON: There's a difference?

HANS: The value of a thing is what it does for the most people. This is perhaps the most valuable in the whole shop.

LAUGHTON: Looks to me like about a dollar and a half.

HANS: No-o-o. More like a thousand ... ten thousand ... it is impossible to say. You see, it caught Doctor Ellenger's bacteria. You know about him?

LAUGHTON: No. But look, I don't need
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the bacteria, just the price.

DISOLVE TO: Dr. Ellenger, several years back. He has a slide under the microscope which he suspects to be of great importance. It represents the end product of a long trail of work to isolate a kind of bacteria. He is not sure he will be able to reproduce the same result again. In some excitement he sends for Johanson, with a brief explanation that he needs a picture taken of bacteria.

Johanson does not know how you do this. But he is impressed with the importance of the assignment. He sends his son, Mike, to the library to get some books on this subject. The boy, who is in the seventh grade, explains that he cannot do it because he needs a few minutes extra this morning. This is the morning he is supposed to pick up his new bicycle at the store on the way to school. And he can't afford to be late to school again. Johanson explains to his son this is more important than school to have a part in so important a thing as Dr. Ellenger's bacteria. And it would be better if the boy went to the library because it is hard for Hans to deal with Miss Snow lately.

The boy goes to the library and gets from Miss Snow some books which help. This is a difficult interview because the lad understands the rejection of his father by Miss Snow better than his father does. She is uncomfortable and short with him partly because she senses the boy's understanding and partly because she tells him he should be in school by now instead of on this errand. Johanson's participation in an advanced scientific experiment is not easy for
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her to believe or understand. But the books, coupled with advice from photographic suppliers, show Hans how this picture must be taken, and how he must build a stand to support the camera in an odd position; but especially they show him that he needs new camera equipment. He buys the new equipment, which is expensive, and he takes the picture for Dr. Ellenger.

But the purchase of the new equipment costs Michael Johanson his new bicycle. To Hans Johanson it is more than justified because Dr. Cabot later comes into the shop late one night to explain to Hans that the picture appeared in a learned journal, bringing to Dr. Ellenger correspondence from other scholars in remote places, leading to a new line of research and the important discovery which now bears Ellenger's name and makes him a strong candidate for the Nobel Prize.

Johanson turns to his son with great pride:

HANS: Think of that, Michael. Besides everything else, we have been also in the bacteria business! Im-ag-i-ne that!

Dr. Cabot leaves, and Johanson suddenly notices his son's fatigue. Contrite, he says,

HANS: Ah, Michael. I am sorry. This week end, you will do no work in the shop. None.

Michael explains that he wouldn't mind about the bicycle so much, as
such. But he thinks his father does wrong to tear up their normal business routine to such an extent for so many people. He does not think the people realize what they are asking, nor does he believe they would reciprocate. And he somewhat resents their willingness to accept Johnson's great efforts, without really taking him into the college circle. The boy does not think this is completely a two-way street. And in fact he is right. The boy knows that while his father feels a great proprietorship in the college and the town, this feeling is somewhat presumptuous and not fully returned. They are really suppliers to a transient populace of students and professors for whom this is a way stop to bigger things. The father is right that you should make a contribution to your fellow man. But we can't help seeing the justice of the boy's attitude. Hans for an instant sees this, too.

HANS: I work you too hard. Already like a man you are. Half man, half boy. This weekend, you will play, like a boy should play. Starting right now.

However, just as they are turning out the lights in the front part of the store a man named Flynn rattles the locked door. He is distraught. Hans says:

HANS: Michael, let him in.

FLYNN: Thanks for opening up. Here.

This film. Four days I forgot to leave it. My wife will be ... well, it's pictures of the kids she wants to take
tomorrow night to the grandparents.

HANS: But Mr. Flynn, my photo
finishing service could not get them
back so quick.

FLYNN: Got to. I had plenty of time.
Every day I forgot. Got to have these
pictures, Johanson!

HANS: But Mr. Flynn, they are closed
tonight. And tomorrow is Sunday, and
... uh ...

Out to CU of the pained face of Flynn.

HANS: ... we will have them for you.

Flynn leaves with out-of-proportion gratitude. Michael protests,
asking if 8 amateur photos can possibly be important enough for the
special processing they'll have to do.

HANS: No. What is important is when
an expensive draftsman like Mr. Flynn
thinks it is life and death to get
8 pictures before Sunday. It is
important that for four nights Mr.
Flynn's light is on late working so
hard he forgets the pictures. That
makes 8 pictures important. (STILL
KEEPING HIS EYES ON THE DOOR HE HANDS
THE ROLL OF FILM TO MIKE) Besides 
some practice in the darkroom you should 
get.

Next we see Mike developing snapshots. Hans watches over his 
shoulders. At the instant when the image is just becoming visible 
Mike grumbles ...

MIKE: (GRUMBLING) Better be something  
pretty darn momentous in these photos.  
(AS HE GETS THE WORDS OUT A BABY PIC-  
TURE MATERIALIZES ON THE PAPER IN A  
PARTICULARLY HAPPY AND UNMOMENTOUS  
TYPICAL BABY SNAPSHOT) Oh ... great!

HANS: Carefully now, the idea is to 
get out of it every bit of quality 
the photographer put into it.

MIKE: (LOOKS AT HANS ARIDLY AS  
THOUGH THE OLD MASTER IS LOSING HIS  
GRIP).

We follow that baby picture through all processing, then we see 
Hans, plopping it down on the desk of Charles Flynn who is working 
on Sunday in his office. Flynn's desk and two tables are oppress- 
sively covered with blueprints. There is an overwhelming mass. 
But instead of leaving abruptly, Hans goes into an explanation on 
each picture which to the harassed Mr. Flynn, is very tedious 
coming at this busy moment. If you didn't know Hans better you 
would think he was obtuse. He explains how on one picture the
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camera should have been set at f/4 at 1/50th.

FLYNN: (COLDLY) Very good to know.
Thank you. Now you must excuse me.

HANS: No, hear me, Mr. Flynn. The
same principle maybe applies to your
work. If you focus sharp on the
background, the main object in the
foreground will come out fuzzy.

FLYNN: (RISES) Just what do you
know about my work, Mr. Johanson?

HANS: (SHERIOUS) Five nights, Mr.
Flynn, your light is on two ... three
... four o'clock in the morning. Can
any trouble be so bad if the focus is
right?

Flynn sags into his chair and explains his overwhelming problem.

This mass of drawings which he is working on must be brought up to
date by 9:30 a.m. Friday. They are plans for the very complex
piping system of the chemical division of his company ... as it
was laid out back in 1930. Since then hundreds of variations in
the flow routing have been made. But the plans were not brought up
to date as they went along. The pipes for air, gas, steam, liquids
of various kinds, are a complex maze through valves, elbows, glass
lined tanks, etc. Now suddenly diagrams must be all brought up to
date by Friday morning when a group of skilled workers will arrive
to relocate the entire system in a new building two miles down the road. Hence the need for the corrected drawings.

FLYNN: (RESUMES WORK) Now if you'll excuse me.

HANS: No. It is as I said. You focus too sharp on the background. It makes the object fuzzy. Nobody cares about the drawings, right? The only importance is to have a memory of exactly how the pipes are now. Yes?

FLYNN: Of course, but how else....

HANS: (BOTH HANDS TO CHEST) Well, I am in the memory business. Could I see the chemical pipes?

At the plant Hans studies the layout in awe. Then, framing his conversation all in questions, rather reticently, he suggests how the piping could be photographed from various angles to create a chart for the construction people which would be even better than a drawing; and it could be done quickly. Flynn sees this—takes the ball from Hans with enthusiastic relief. Hans sees the spark return to the engineer and gets great pleasure from it.

At the end of this sequence we see Flynn enthusiastically explaining his new photographic drafting room tool to some of his company.
executives. He projects it out to other uses the company could make of it. Then...

FLYNN: You see, the secret of it is this ... (He reaches into his pocket for some paper to sketch on. In- stead of paper, though, he comes up with the bad snapshot of his smiling baby. He studies it. His voice trails off)... uh ... the secret is ... if you focus too much on the background, it makes the main object ... fuzzy.

We could wish that Hans might be present to take some satisfaction from this scene. But on the contrary we now go across the street to Hans' shop where he is busily cleaning a lens, trying to ignore a very legitimate complaint from his son, Michael. Young Mike is working on the shop's account book:

MIKE: Poppa, this check from Mr. Flynn's company is only half the amount.

HANS: No. It is correct.

MIKE: No it isn't. I sent them an invoice which ...

HANS: It was too much. I changed it.

MIKE: You changed it!
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Poppa, let me show you why you can't do things like that ... 

HANS: Photography is not bookkeeping. Photography is ... you should spend more time with the camera, less time with the book.

Hans is only giving Mike half an ear. He is listening to a conversation between a couple of young instructors who are in the shop picking up some snapshots.

MIKE: If you'd just sit down ten minutes and let me show you why ...

HANS: Later. Later, boy ... 

Hans listens to the two young instructors. One is complaining to the other that the students don't relate one study subject to another. For example they don't grasp the philosophy lessons implicit in the study of sophomore botany. The other instructor says his trouble is the reverse. His botany students don't relate the natural laws to what they learned in freshman philosophy.

Hans has been eaves-dropping with rapt attention to this fine problem of these two brilliant young instructors. An idea strikes him so forcefully that he breaks into their conversation with a suggestion. He is shocked at his own brashness, but they urge him to continue.

Hans had seen a time lapse picture of a climbing vine-type flower
on which a humming bird is feeding -- which he believed taught both botany and philosophy at once. We film this stop-motion sequence for our show. The instructors are impressed to the point that this leads to the creating at the college of an embryonic motion picture film library, and photography becomes an educational tool here. In addition to the spectacular stop-motion sequence we see an example of the use of high speed photography and one of slow motion photography ... not only as tools for teaching, but as tools for research.

Even though Mike points out that the two young instructors are taking the bows for it Hans is pleased with his part in it, but it is slightly spoiled for him in one way.

Namely, that after the motion picture film library is established at the college, it is decided that it shall be in the custody and added to the duties of the lady in charge of the south wing of the university library. Miss Snow has advanced to this job. She is extremely dedicated to her work and efficient at it. But as is often the case with such wonderful people, she is very narrow in her views of it. To her, the ancient and honorable source of learning in books ... while movies are a kind of upstart which should be confined to gaudy theatres. She sees Johansson's hand behind this and blames Hans for the intrusion of this celluloid and projection machinery into her sacred archives. Also the idea that an immigrant shopkeeper's voice should be reaching into college affairs like this jars her ivy-covered concept of higher education.

She protests to the head librarian that this equipment takes up too much room in the south wing. The head librarian counters with the
observation that Miss Snow has been vigorously campaigning for an appropriation for building an addition to the south wing of the library. The chief necessity for this addition seems to be to house the overwhelming mass of old newspapers which the library collects at Miss Snow's request. Her special interest is in preserving regional historical materials. The head librarian considers this a dubious project, but Miss Snow has the backing of Dr. George Cabot plus the local historical society whose board of directors interlock with the Canterbury college. So Miss Snow's activity is tolerated. But the head librarian points out that if she wants the appropriation, the way to get it is to make her wing of the library perform greater service ... that means not only accommodating the motion picture section, but actively promoting it, and understanding it.

Back in the Johanson photography shop, Hans is truly upset that Miss Snow is so upset, but he is also personally wounded at her affront to photography.

His son Mike points out, with some justification, that if Hans would mind his own business, he would not cause troubles like this, and also he would have a more profitable enterprise. Hans, in hurt anger says:

HANS: You do not seem to have the feel for photography. The least you can do then is see to it that we make the profit. That is why I put you in charge of the account book. I gave you the profit part.
MIKE: Yes, you gave me the profit part, but then you don't listen to me, Poppa.

In proving his point, the boy matches up two invoices over which he had no control, and which drained the shop's profit. One is the invoice for the rental on the projector which Hans rented to show the two young professors, the second is the invoice for the photographs for Mr. Flynn which Hans cut in half, and third he points to the camera stand Hans made for taking the picture for Dr. Ellenger.

From this last item, the camera stand, dissolve back to the present day auction taking place in Hans' shop. Laughton writes some auctioneer's mystic symbols on the tag which he attaches to the stand, and then in his notebook he writes: $1.50.

We proceed with Hans and the auctioneer pricing the items in the shop, in the course of which the auctioneer stops abruptly and turns to Hans.

LAUGHTON: Johanson, I don't know how you're going to make out on this auction. All specialty items. You can back out of this if you want.

HANS: No.

LAUGHTON: Y'know we get ours off the top, whether there's much left for you or not.
-2h-

HANS: Yah, I know. (The money is not important).

LAUGHTON: Why you want cut? The kid of yours could run it.

HANS: Huh, Mike? (SHAKES HEAD)

LAUGHTON: Why you want to close down?

HANS: It is not important why.

Laughton reverts quickly to his work.

LAUGHTON: You're right. None of my business. Hope it doesn't rain during the auction. You better, too.

At one point Laughton double checks to see that Hans understands the type of auction it is ... the kind where items are auctioned individually. Then, the whole as a package. If the package bids exceed the sum of the parts, that's the way it's sold.

Hans and the auctioneer proceed with the pricing, but the auctioneer cannot leave the question alone.

LAUGHTON: Must be somethin' eatin' you awful bad to close down a place like this. Somethin' mighty unusual.

JOHANSON: I guess it is not so unusual.
We dissolve back to a few years ago to a slightly triumphant scene in the Johanson shop. Mike is now a senior in high school. Nature for his age, strong and handsome. There are muscles in his face and along his jaw which show him to be purposeful after the manner of his father, and competent after a manner of his own. But at this moment, he has just finished painting a strip of molding in the shop, which has obviously just been remodeled. There is a nice rapport between Mike and Hans.

HANS: It is beautiful, Mike. I wish my boyhood friend Lars Iverson could see it. To think we should have such a shop!

MIKE: Why not? You spent your life building it. And it was for my benefit you worked so hard, Dad.

HANS: Dad? You call me Dad?

MIKE: Well, Poppa. It's used more. Just a word.

HANS: Oh. Well, anyway, Mike. This fine shop ... it is your good work with the books. You did it. I forget to tell you this much. So I have got you a present.
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Hans produces a large suitcase. Mike unwraps it. It is a new suit for starting to college next year. But Hans detects something lacking in the lad's expressed thanks. It turns out Mike has bought his own suit with his own money. Hans says it is all right. He will send back the suit he bought. But what is the difference in the suit, he wants to know? Mike shows him the suit he bought for himself. It's a good suit, but there's no mistaking a certain calculation behind it. It's a kind of Boston-Philadelphia suit, with an Ivy-league flavor to it. It's O.K. with Hans. In fact, he's intrigued with the change pocket, and to learn that they write your name over the inside sheet pocket. But he spots the flaw. The name over the pocket is "M. Johnson."

HANS: Michael! You got the wrong suit! This belongs to an M. Johnson.

MIKE: Uh ... no, Dad, it's ... it's my suit.

HANS: But the name?

MIKE: My name, too, Dad.

(HANS STARES AT HIS SON).

They stand there looking at each other for a second. But the moment is broken by the phone ringing. Hans slowly moves to answer it. We find that the telephone call is from a pair of engineers over at the college. It develops that the Jackson Fabricating Company in town came to the university with a problem of stress analysis in a steel bracket they were going to manufacture.
The engineers are in the midst of a stress analysis by the photoelastic method. They are all set up, but they need some simple piece of photographic apparatus which Hans can furnish. Without spirit Hans agrees to bring it over. But before he does so he goes over to his son.

HANS: It is all right, Michael. And you earned the money yourself. Like I said, too, you are the one made our bookkeeping so good that we have this remodelling and you arranged with the bank about the loan. You maybe have a little to learn yet about taking the picture, but you will have in photography a great career.

MIKE: Career? Dad ... poppa, you don't still think I ... 

HANS: No—? Not you and me?

MIKE: Not for me, Poppa. There's not enough future in the arts.

HANS: Arts? Who said photography is an art only?

MIKE: What else?

HANS: I thought you knew by now. Come.
MIKE: Dad, I've got to go...

HANS: Come.

Hans takes Mike with him to the lab where the men are doing the stress analysis.

In this sequence Hans is only an awestruck bystander. But he stays to watch and to marvel. He sees how you make a plastic model of the object you wish to test, apply load to it, freeze it, slice it to photograph the stress patterns visible like the grains in wood. Though the plastic model will snap back to its original shape, your photograph remembers the effect of the stress.

At the end Hans turns to Mike:

HANS: Hah! So it is an art only...
huh?

* * * * * * *

In the next sequence we see that Hans' shop has become unofficial headquarters for the advanced amateur photographers in and around the college. Informally he runs what might be called a photography seminar. One of the girls who is interested in this is a freshman named Elizabeth Lufkin. Hans kind of likes the idea of his son going with this girl, Elizabeth. But she is troubled about something. Which is what leads Hans into this situation:

The county agent for this area has succeeded in instigating a strong farm conservation program. The farmers have all taken well to
contour plowing, except for Walter S. Lufrin, who is a large farmer and an adamant hold-out against contour plowing. This wouldn't matter except that his farm is on the high ground, and his failure to contour partly undoes the good work of the surrounding farmers on the lower ground. The water run-off from Lufrin's place runs down and gullies out the lower places.

His daughter, Elizabeth, in Hans' informal seminar, is subjected to criticism from Mike ... whose whole experience and status in this town lead him to favor the small, lower farmers. He feels a kinship to them. The girl and boy argue bitterly as she defends her father's right to farm the way he wants to.

But the girl actually believes in contour plowing. She can't convince her father, who doesn't believe he has any washouts or low, wet spots where the corn rots out.

HANS: H-e-m-m-m. I see. Yah, to see a dry spot in a field a man needs a high hill to stand on, and look down from. But your farm is already on the top of the hill so there's no place to stand to look.

ELIZABETH: Maybe that's Dad's trouble. No place from which to get a look at ... at himself.

HANS: Hah! But that is what photography is ... a way to look at yourself.
ELIZABETH: I didn't mean it that literally, Hans.

HANS: But I did. Come! Get Mike!

Next we see a very nervous Hans climbing into a small plane, assisting Mike to load a cumbersome aerial camera aboard. The county agent arranged to borrow the plane. Hans arranged to borrow the camera.

From the resulting stereo-photos Mr. Lufkin is amazed to see the low spots in his fields, and the outlines of neophyte gullies, and the light areas indicating dry nobs of land due to water run-off.

We stay with the sequence long enough to see the disk harrow breaking into the autumn field... on the contour.

HANS TO ELIZABETH: See... the camera is a hill to stand on. (TURNS TO MIKE) For those who understand it.

* * * * * * * * *

Another episode involves history professor, Mr. Millay, who has devoted a great segment of his life to the preparation of a scholarly contemporary history... like Frederick Lewis Allen's "Only Yesterday"... in which he details our recent current history... the prohibition era, soft collars come in, the jazz age, miniature golf, the airflow Chrysler. The publishers all tell him that he has done an important work, but that the 25-30 year old market would not recognize all the things he has written about... these events would have no recognition value to them... which is the main charm of the book. This is a sickening blow to the history professor.
In a round-about way Hans Johanson changes all this. You see, for years Hans has been chronicling his times by photographing through the years the interurbans, the changing automobiles, the changing fashions, miniature golf courses, the baby Austins. He had no place to use these pictures, just took them ... because as he told the customs official ... "it is important that this be done in your country." But wise selection from these old pictures now add up to a pictorial history of the growth of a town ... in fact ... of a country. Added to the text of the publisher's book they make all the difference as far as the publisher is concerned.

Hans never dreamed his pictures would end up in such a scholarly display case as the professor's book. So it is a kind of fulfillment for Hans as well as for the professor.

* * * * * *

Several months later the book comes off the presses in a limited edition. At a meeting of the small, wealthy, dilettante Canterbury Historical Society, of which Miss Snow is a member, it is decided that it would be a nice thing to do to have Professor Millay as next guest speaker because of his book. He, being also a member, rises to say he would be delighted, but he would suggest that the main address be by Miss Snow, describing the preparation of the book, because this kind of a book is principally research. And the research was done for him by Miss Snow, who worked many nights until midnight assembling material for him.

Miss Snow is genuinely pleased. Do not burlesque this part. She is...
touched, because of all the books she has helped research, never has she gotten such whole-hearted and complete credit.

However, she demurs at making this address. But Professor Millay says there is a hard-boiled reason for it.

MILLAY: We all know that Miss Snow has for many years been campaigning for an addition to the library. I believe we should have her address mimeographed... no, printed... and distributed to the board of governors and others to influence them to build the addition. I now move $50 from the treasury for printing Miss Snow's address.

CHAIRMAN: (A LADY) Uh... Professor Millay, appropriations of over $30 are not moved from the floor. We must get three bids. But I assure you the finance committee will approve, if you will restate the motion, leaving out the amount of money.

It is a fine moment for Miss Snow. She is enjoying it with becoming modesty.

But suddenly the chairman of the meeting has a surprise of her own. She says:
CHAIRMAN: I would like to add a suggestion. We are all aware that the excellent photographs of Hans Johanson have enhanced Professor Millay's book. And we are all aware that Miss Snow and Mr. Johanson ... uh ... that is some of us are aware that Miss Snow and Mr. Johanson ... well, anyway, I propose that we invite Mr. Johanson to be present ... and perhaps say a few words. Miss Snow, would you like that?

Miss Snow is taken off guard. She colors, hesitates, swallows.

MISS SNOW: Well ... well, I don't think Mr. Johanson would ... well, he's never been to ... I don't believe he'd be available.

CHAIRMAN: I see. Very well.

For the next week, Miss Snow lives with this act of hers. She becomes ashamed of herself for being ashamed of Hans. Then she goes to Hans and personally extends the invitation to him. He is delighted.

Now we see Miss Snow start to prepare Hans for the meeting. She handles it very nicely. But she explains to him about renting a new tuxedo, and buying a pair of patent leather shoes, etc. Michael
understands that Miss Snow is a little ashamed of bringing his father into this circle, but Hans seems not to notice.

There's trouble at the last minute because Miss Snow withheld the invitation so long that the arrangements committee doesn't have room for Hans. But that gets fixed. And Hans attends "the affair." He takes great pains with his dressing to Mike's somewhat disgust, and at the dinner before the meeting Hans is very careful to conduct himself as a credit to Miss Snow ... who is a little flabbergasted at the sincere interest the guests have in the few things Hans has to say. Some of the men ask Hans questions about some fine points of photography and are keenly interested in his earnest, knowledgeable explanations, urging him on to the point that, frankly Miss Snow's greatest achievement of the evening is the fact that she brought Hans.

Now while Hans is at dinner we cut back to the photography shop. In the door comes a rather old man. He is a nice looking man, but he has great difficulty with the language, and he is not dressed well. He needs a shave. He has in his hand a slip of paper with Hans' name and address on it.

Mike greets him, discovers with difficulty that he is Hans' old friend from the old country. Mike makes him welcome and explains that Hans is appearing before the County Historical Society. The newcomer, Lars Iverson, says he will wait until Hans gets back.

MIKE: No, he would want to see you right now.
LARS: You think?

Mike takes Lars over to the meeting which is in full progress. Mike goes in, whispers to his father. Hans looks out into the lobby, sees Lars. The contrast in the bedraggled appearance of Lars Iverson and the shiny dinner crowd here is sharp.

HANS: Mike, take him back to the shop. I will be back soon. Make him welcome. Get him something to eat.

MIKE: But, Peppa, you wanted to see him so badly! He is your old friend.

We watch Hans' discomfort for a few moments. Miss Snow also observes it, understands it.

Mike does not leave. Hans makes a covert but imperious gesture with his hand to get Mike out. But Mike doesn't leave. Lars, though, from the lobby has seen it. The old man turns around and leaves. His shoulders seem to sag a little.

We follow the old man back to the station, and intercut scenes of Hans' discomfort as he sits at the fine meeting. Hans is a turmoil inside. He starts to get up from the table, annoying the speaker. Then he sits back down.

Miss Snow watches him. She is studying Hans, wondering what he will do. Miss Snow gets up to make her speech. Hans sits through some
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of it. Then bolts for the door. Before he gets out of the room, Miss Snow says from the rostrum,

MISS SNOW: Mr. Johanson. When you find your friend, won't you bring him back to join us?

HANS: You mean bring ... ? (POINT OUT THE DOOR)

MISS SNOW: Yes. Please.

HANS: (GRINS) Thank you. Thank you.

Hans rushes after Lars, and brings him back to the meeting where he is received with great cordiality and interest. We close the sequence with a scene between Hans and Miss Snow... both a lot wiser than before the meeting, and understanding each other better.

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Throughout the film, in passing, we see Hans taking portrait photographs, merely because it's so much a part of his daily work. We see the amazing number of turning point type situations at which his service touches the lives of the townspeople... engagements, promotions, graduation. A portrait photo is never routine. There's always some kind of personal triumph or tragedy or personal phase line involved when a person comes in for portrait. Hans knows this, and considers it his job to understand and further the cause involved. Sometimes he takes unto himself more authority than he's paid for.

Example: a family comes in for a family portrait on occasion of one of the younger daughter's marriage. The older daughter in
the family has obviously been big-sister to the younger ones at her own expense. Hans' feel for justice senses this. His family portrait favors this older sister. He's always doing things like that.

* * * * * *

But now we come to a portrait which is more critical than most.

A girl, age about 26, comes into Hans' shop. She does not have a pretty face, and she is a stranger to Hans. She is with the traveling gypsy dancers now in town at the county fair. Her manner is hard, her language tends to be toward the flip. Chews gum vehemently. But Hans Johanson has the chivalrous attitude toward women ... all women. They are something to be protected, honored. He says, "Oh-h, an actress!"

Not knowing Hans she thinks his formal treatment of her is sarcasm. Then she decides he means it the way it sounds. Then she's not so sure, etc.

Anyway, she argues with him about the price of a portrait photo. Says she doesn't expect photo to do much good, but this traveling show is obviously going to close up soon like the others, and she had better get some glossy prints into the hands of an agent. Wishes she could get a better show, but she'll be lucky enough to land another job like this one. And could he take a full length portrait so it won't be a facial close-up. "My face isn't exactly my fortune, the agent tells me."
Hans begins to take the portrait. She has never seen such elaborate preparations, and she gets a little impatient with it. But Hans sets out to make this portrait as though he had a special commission from Greta Garbo. He tries back light, direct light, combinations. He changes the background.

THE GIRL: Hey, look, Pop, I got a show for the after school crowd at three.

(LOOKS AT HER WATCH)

Hans does not reply, but exasperatingly tears down everything he has set up, and starts all over again.

THE GIRL: Hey, is this your first picture or something?

Hans doesn't even hear her in his concentration on the job at hand. He puts a plain drape over her shoulder and looks in the ground glass.

THE GIRL: This? (RISING OUT OF THE POSE)

Look, this don't go with this gypsy skirt!

Hans sits her back down. She's so flabbergasted that she complies. Then she perceives that he's concentrating on a facial profile.

THE GIRL: Hey, I said, not the face!

Hans ignores this. Takes the pictures. Tells her to return for her pictures Wednesday.
When she comes back for her pictures she is the only customer in the place. Hans hands her one picture in a cardboard frame with cover. She is slightly miffed to see she gets a finished portrait rather than the privilege of selecting from proofs.

  THE GIRL: I got to pick from twenty to get one half-decent.

  HANS: I selected from the proofs.

  GIRL: You selected?

But Hans retires to back of studio to finish some work. The girl is alone in the store. She opens the folder. Music rises. The portrait is a facial profile, and it is so classically simple and beautiful that the girl cannot believe it. She sits down, studies it.

Hans comes back, sees her crying, retires again. By the time he comes back again she has safely replaced her hard boiled mask.

  GIRL: How much?

Business concluded, she opens the portrait once more, stares at it.

  GIRL: I suppose this is supposed to be a picture of what I might have been.

  HANS: At your age you have not been anything yet. It is a picture of what you are going to be.

We follow the girl back to her quarters with the county fair. We see
her now begin to live up to that picture. Begins by brushing her hair, moves then to more basic changes ... characterwise.

She attends a performance of a play at the college theatre. After the play when the college community is lined up to congratulate the director with polite, dignified remarks, the girl gets on the end of the line. When she reaches the director she sticks out her hand to shake with him and says, "Mister, you've really got the touch."

He is surprised and a little upstage with her, is disengaging his hand from her grip, but she drops one remark that alerts him.

GIRL: Too bad that male lead leaned on his second act curtain so hard or it would have been perfect.

They get to talking. He recognizes in her an understanding of stage. Tells her about a book on drama in the library. She goes there. But since she's not a student or a resident, Miss Snow can't let the book out.

Later the girl returns to Hans' shop bringing some more money for more prints of the portrait. It turns out her show left town. She didn't go with it. Hans feels somewhat responsible. He arranges for a job for her through Mr. Flynn; then he offers to go get the book from the library. Miss Snow recognizes the title he asks for is the same one the girl asked for. Her curiosity is aroused.

It's further aroused when she meets Hans and the girl in the college president's anteroom. Miss Snow is there with some sketches of how the addition to the library should be constructed for maximum shelf
space. Hans is there to ask Dr. Cabot if this young lady could sit in on the drama course at the college.

Dr. Cabot says he would have to think it over because of the precedent it would set. If she could be accepted the tuition would be $150. It's more than the girl can afford. Hans says he will pay it by doing the commencement pictures free.

Miss Snow shows some faint signs which could be jealousy.

Later Dr. Cabot stops into Hans' shop to announce that it will be possible for the dancer to attend Mr. Pendleton's drama classes.

He adds,

Cabot: But I have some still better news for you, Hans. Your boy, Mike has been accepted by admissions with flying colors, and at my recommendation he is being very favorably considered for the Ellenger freshman scholarship. Dr. Ellenger used his Nobel Prize money for that purpose, you know. Very appropriate that your boy should win it. Get Mike. I want to tell him myself.

Hans: (Residing himself, calls to the back room) Michael! Bring yourself in here!

Mike enters sheepishly. Dr. Cabot composes himself to make the announcement with a flare. Not because he's pompous, but because he knows Hans Johanson will get a thrill out of it. But before he
gets started Mike says respectfully and with true regret:

MIKE: Dr. Cabot, I heard. I ... I appreciate it very much. But ... uh ...
I've enrolled at Barton School of Finance. I ... well, I guess there's no use explaining.

Mans is speechless. So is Dr. Cabot. But Dr. Cabot, a man of keen understanding, recovers, wishes the boy well with good grace and sincerity. Mike is left to face his father. He takes the initiative.

MIKE: Dad, I tell you I've got to do it. You see what a favor they think it is to let me in there.
Well, it isn't a favor. Barton has already given me a scholarship. Poppa, you spend your life out for this town and this college, and ...

MANS: And it gives back to us good.

MIKE: Yes, yes ... but there's something in the giving ... it's not quite ... when they need pictures, yes, we are part of it. But, other times ... ?
HANS: Where did you find out about this Barton?

MIKE: The library. They looked it up for me ...

HANS: The library? Who at the library?

MIKE: Miss Snow.

HANS: (REFLECTIVE) Miss Snow? She did this? To me?

MIKE: No, Poppa. Not to you. For me!

* * * * * *

The next episode concerns a 13-year old boy. Hans always places in a frame in his window the best picture taken that week by a town youngster. He affixes a small often-used blue ribbon to the picture.

This week the winner is Tommy Zane. But this picture will not fill the frame. Too small. Hans says he will enlarge the picture. Tommy says, "Gee, that's nice of you, Mr. Johanson. But that picture is the first thing I really did all by myself. I'd like to enlarge it myself."

Hans unwraps a new enlarger, shows the boy how to use it, and tells him to go ahead. But the boy is slow, the shop is busy, so Hans ...
frankly to hurry things up ... puts in an impatient hand. The boy
objects. Finally Hans says,

HANS: Look, you take with you home the
enlarger, Tommy.

TOMMY: Gee, that's nice. But my
father wouldn't lend me the money.
He doesn't think photography ... well,
what I mean, he wouldn't give me the
money.

HANS: You don't pay now. I'll make a
slip. (HE WRITES OUT A SLIP AND STICKS
IT ON THE SPINDLE.) When you get
money, you come. Take this note off
the spike.

TOMMY: Gee, thank you, Mr. Johanson.

But that evening Mr. Zane, Sr. arrives at Hans' shop with the en-
larger under his arm.

ZANE: Johanson, that's a heck of a
way to sell merchandise! Putting kids
in hook!

Hans is surprised. But Zane continues to reprimand him in sharp
terms. Finally Hans says,
HANS: Look, Mr. Zane. On this enlarger, I make $7.00. That is nothing. But your boy ... he is something. You got a boy that understands about a picture and wants to do something important with pictures. For such a boy I would give a thousand times sev- ... hush, but what do I know about it? Give me back the enlarger.

Hans grabs the box vigorously, but the father, who has been listening with surprise and enlightenment, pulls it back.

ZANE: No. We keep the enlarger. And ... uh ... he said something about a close-up attachment. How much is one of those?

* * * * *

We move now to a sequence which begins with the promotion of Miss Snow to head librarian, the announcement made to her in person by Dr. Cabot, along with reassurance of his faith in her library expansion program. The sequence moves swiftly to the surprise death of Dr. Cabot.

The evening after Cabot's funeral at 9:16 pm. Hans is pacing the floor in the front of his shop, looking at his watch, and then out the window. Mike is trying to draw his attention to the account books. Hans isn't having any of it.
MIKE: Dad, it's important. This tax form has to be postmarked no later than midnight tonight.

HANS: Always she closes the library at nine on Monday. Never does she go by here later than nine minutes after nine. Already it's 16 after.

MIKE: Dad, you think she'll lose a minute's sleep if we don't get our taxes in on time. You think she ever even thinks we pay taxes. If she thinks of you at all, she still sees you as fresh in from Ellis Island.

HANS: (GRABBING HIS HAT) You go to the library first, then go to her house. See if she is there.

MIKE: Dad. The taxes.

HANS: Mike ... go.

MIKE: I've got to do the taxes ... you go.

HANS: I look another place.

We pick up Hans at the cemetery. He finds Miss Snow there. Hans has been aware vaguely that Miss Snow had a kind of worshipful regard
for Dr. Cabot. His urbane, academic strength made him a half fatherly, half romantic ideal to her. Half of Miss Snow's courage was based vaguely on the presence of Dr. Cabot, the knowledge that occasionally he observed her work and existence. The fact that she has not married is partly because none of the men in her life measure up to Dr. Cabot.

Also, as is often the case with people who have few people in their lives, it must be admitted Miss Snow is literally in love with the college, not the people in it, but the institution. "What will happen to it now?" she wonders.

Hans finds her thus distraught. He puts his arm around her and allows her to tell him her grief. Hans, too, is upset. But he's one of those not unusual types of men, who combine a sentimental nature side-by-side with a realistic understanding -- even expectation that grief is part of this world. He's tough in that sense. So he just listens.

She gains strength from him. In fact, she kisses him. At that point Hans makes one of his not uncommon blunders. He tightens his arm around her to the point that she's aware of him, not as a sympathizer, but as Hans Johnson. And he says:

HANS: He is gone ... but anyway, always you have me.

She looks up at him, snaps awake so to speak, apparently sees the sharp comparison, and leaves him abruptly.
Now the film takes a blatant, jarring change of pace as Dr. Cabot’s name is replaced on the college stationery and elsewhere by the name, Frank J. Ekblaw. A freshening wind of efficiency replaces the ivy-covered graciousness of Cabot’s regime. And it strikes many places on campus. Ekblaw is an effective forceful man who knows himself well and his mission which he even states candidly.

EKBLAW: I am the builder. Dr. Cabot was a spiritual and scholarly developer and leader. I cannot hope to match him in that. I am sent to build, to construct, to expand.

His program includes a great new modernistic student union, football stadium lights, steam cleaning some of the old brick buildings, new class rooms. This affects Miss Snow because his attitude toward her library expansion is cool.

EKBLAW: Maybe ... but there’ll be plenty of people following me to look out for libraries. I’ve got to think in terms of immediate needs. We’ll see, Miss Snow.

It affects Hans, too, because now Frank Ekblaw’s first architect’s conception of the new student union blasts into the film. A hand marks a large "X" through a photo of the comfortably old business block where Hans’ shop is, and next thing you know Hans looks out the
window to find himself looking right into the end of a surveyor's
glass, and suddenly there's a red tag in the sidewalk in front of
Hans' place. This red tag worries him.

He goes to call on the new president, Ekblaw. This is an ice water
experience. This new president's office routine is not set up to
accommodate any local merchant who might want to drop in to chat.
Hans finally gets in to see him:

HANS: Mr. Ekblaw, I see on the
drawings for the new student union
a space marked for the barber shop,
one for the book store, one for the
tailor shop, too, but I don't see ...

EKBLAW: (SIGNING LETTERS) Yes, well,
Johanson, we felt yours is a service
which encompasses both town and gown
customers (CHUCKLES AT HIS OWN APT
PHRASE BUT IT'S NOT REFLECTED SO HE
WIPES OFF SMILE). There's no reason
you can't get another spot like any
other merchant in town, say a grocery
store. We had to draw the line some-
where. Notice there's no spot for the
real estate agency or the flower shop,
either.

HANS: But I always felt that ... that
is, Dr. Cabot, when he brought me here
-50-

said that a photographer was an important part of...

ERIK LAW: Yes. Well, Dr. Cabot was an outstanding educator. But understand, Johanson, we're talking about a $7 million dollar expansion program. That's big business. (PHONE RINGS) Would you excuse me? (HANS EXITS).

We pick him up in his shop. Michael has just heard some fragment about the latest part of Ekblaw's spectacular program. He admires Ekblaw's efficient business like and bold approach, and the boy's enthusiasm runs head on into Hans' distaste for it.

MIKE: Look how sharp the guy is, Dad...as a businessman! He's having the college buy two power shovels. Institutions get special privileges on depreciation and taxes. So he'll lease out the shovels to contractors who are working on college projects. That way revenue comes in to...

HANS: Huh. Power shovels! What has this to do with Shakespeare, Zola, Rembrandt?

MIKE: What does Rembrandt have to do with anything?
HANS: He made pictures ... I make pictures. There is no place allotted in the new building for Johanson's picture making. Now, how you think?

MIKE: Well ... I think maybe ... uh ... maybe there isn't room for it, Dad.

HANS: You're talking about our future!

MIKE: Not mine, Dad.

There now spills out a monumental rage, releasing all the bitterness Hans has stored up and endured because of Mike's lack of real interest in photography. At the end of the outburst:

MIKE: You seem to be forgetting your father wanted you to be a painter.

HANS: I am. I am one!

MIKE: Not as he wanted.

HANS: Only because he could not see my kind of pictures. How important.

MIKE: I don't either, Dad.
-52-

HANS: At last that's what you think of your father, eh, Michael?

MIKE: I didn't say you ... I said,

HANS: You said too much. Get out!

Cut to facial CU of Mike showing the dangerous, purposeful injury
there. We leave Hans alone with Dr. Cabot's portrait photograph on
the wall.

HANS: (TO PORTRAIT) What is happening, Dr. George? What? (HANS STRAIGHTENS
THE PORTRAIT ON THE WALL CAREFULLY,
JUST A FRACTION.)

In a rough-handed transition to the present, we see Laughton, the
auctioneer, tossing the same portrait carelessly on top of a pile of
flat objects. Taps frame with pencil.

LAUGHTON: We'll be able to unload that. Somebody from the college will
buy it.

HANS: I want Miss Snow to get that. Will you see to it?

LAUGHTON: Why not you?

HANS: I can't very well.

LAUGHTON: (SHUGS) She can bid, like anybody else.
The bell that rings when the front door opens announces the arrival of Higgins, the realtor next door. For a next door neighbor he’s not quite as much at home as you’d expect with Hans. But he’s sincere.

HIGGINS: Hans, what I got to say... you’ll think it’s because I’m in the real estate business. But I lined up a nice shop you could move into over on Second Street.

HANS: Second Street. Huh. All my life I guess I’ve been on Second Street.

HIGGINS: We never had much conversation between us, Hans. But... be like old times. That’s where I’m moving my office. Why not move over there with me. You ought to stay in business.

HANS: Why?

HIGGINS: Well... your boy. Graduates this year. Won’t he be coming back?

HANS: Yes.

Hans hands to Higgins a finger-printed letter from Mike, the closing paragraph of which is...
"My final oral exam is on June 19th. If I make honors, the job starts on the 21st. So I'll be home June 20th --- to pick up my trunk.

Yours,

Mike."

HUGHES: Well ... the college will still need pictures.

HANS: Will they? They offer me if it will help me move faster ... to release me from delivering the commencement photographs. This is how bad they need pictures!

As they look out the shop window a self-propelled motor crane moves into position fitted out with a demolition skull cracker. The carefree crew get out their lunch boxes and eat. The men and the machine seem vulture-like, and impatient for Hans' departure.

Laughton, the auctioneer, is tabulating more items. One of these is a very new looking history book, entitled "The American Revolutionary Army."

From this book we dissolve back to just two years ago.

A graduate student of history is specializing in the American Revolutionary Army. He chose this particular college because the Canterbury library contains the best collection of letters and especially, the famous missing volume IV of the U. S. Doomsday Book, being the record
in which were pasted the land warrants assigned to veterans of the Rebellion. Now unknown to the student, these materials and particularly this volume are here by the special initiative of Miss Snow ... who feels a great proprietorship in them. Miss Snow has kept that volume out of use because it had become badly singed and embrittled in the fire when the British burned Washington in the War of 1812. Miss Snow acquired that volume with such difficulty and she has protected it so long that she confines the mere possession of valuable research material with actual scholarship itself. But this advanced graduate student has discovered this volume in the library ... and its presence gives him exclusive access to a rich vein of unexplored history. However, Miss Snow caught him turning the pages of it and making notes from it. She promptly looked it up. This young man doesn't look like a great historian to her, even if he is a graduate student.

On a plea from the head of the history department she agrees that the young man may take notes from it in a limited fashion in her presence, and she, Miss Snow, will turn every page herself, in person. She feels safe in this stand because the insurance company requires it.

They try this a few times. But it simply does not work out. When the student wishes to refer back to a previous page the number of which he cannot remember, Miss Snow gives him a bad time, etc. There's gossip about this in the customer half of Hans' shop. He overhears it, and it worries him. He respects Miss Snow's energetic protection of the ancient volume. But he knows that such books should be used.
He sees that she has adopted an untenable position which is apt seriously to embarrass her, and almost certainly could cause the college to look unfavorably upon her 8 year old request for a new wing on the library. He would like to save her from this.

At one of these research sessions Miss Snow steps away from the volume for a moment. The student sneak a look at a previous page. To his dismay it comes loose in his hand. Before Miss Snow returns, he jams it in his notebook. Back in his room we see him studying this page. We also see an accident occur which tears, stains, or obliterates the page.

Next we see the student walk into Hans' shop and ask if there's anything that can be done photographically to restore this page.

Hans applies some high photographic skill and comes up with a pretty good photographic repair job of the page. The student cuts loose with a condemnation of Miss Snow's strict policy on this book. Says she just got it so she can look up her ancestors, which in fact did enter Miss Snow's thinking. Impulsively he (Hans) butts into the conversation.

HANS: You are mistaken about Miss Snow. She has made special arrangements so you can use the material.

JDM: What arrangements?

HANS: She is having all the pages photographed so that you can use it all you want.
-57-

JIM: Oh, I can't believe that.

Having made this serious commitment on behalf of Miss Snow, Hans must go and try to sell her on microfilming that book. She considers this an intrusion.

Ultimately, though, we see a sequence in which Hans is the means of bringing in a camera to photograph the entire volume. Hans does not own the equipment; only arranges for it. Miss Snow has imposed some awkward conditions. So we have a frosty scene in which a great spider of a camera is poised over the precious volume. An outside expert operates the camera. He is as much of a prima donna as Miss Snow who insists no one but herself shall turn the pages. She turns each with elaborate, laboratory-like preparations. Suddenly the scene ceases to be funny, though, for Miss Snow feels that something is being stolen from her ... which in fact in one sense it is ... a measure of importance, of stature ... unless, as with any improvement -- she learns to use this new tool to extend her contribution and her influence. Can she do this?

(Our next episode concerns the local realtor with whom Hans has never enjoyed completely cordial relations. But the realtor's office is adjacent to Hans' shop; and he is faced with seriously declining sales. Now Hans is the kind of man who doesn't like to see anyone go under ... even a man like Higgins, the real estate man. Hans comes up with an ingenious photographic idea which enables Higgins to take a lead in the real estate business, establishing superior customer confidence and a real preference for his agency as the up-and-coming place with which to do business).
Hans has again lost money on this transaction, which leads to a violent quarrel between Hans and Mike, home on one of his very infrequent visits from college. We follow Mike back to college, and witness one scene of Mike Johanson, now Johnson, in class. He has been a rather confident lad, and rightfully so. Much of this confidence has stemmed from his extreme at-homeness with numbers, profit and loss statements, invoices. These he understands better than refraction of light, relative speeds of emulsions and shutters. Numbers to him are comfortable, dependable and important. And he's good at it. But at college we see the lad ... to his credit ... having his first doubts. A Professor Case at Barton School of Finance, teaching a class in "Principles of Profit" upsets Mike with one lecture where he says:

CASE: Gentlemen, I have some shocking news for you. You will get over it. But if you understand me ... really understand me, deep down, you will be surprised.

Your very presence here indicates an understanding of and an appreciation for and desire to pursue profit.

You have been taught that the object of every management action is profit.

Now I must tell you something surprising. Profit is nothing ... (HE PAUSES)
FOR A MOMENT, STUDYING THEM) ... but
an index of how well we are serving
mankind. If we serve well ... there
is profit. If we do not, there is
none. Which is why you will meet
many businessmen who cannot add two
and two ... who do not understand
what is profit ... but who profit
despite their ignorance. This is
because they instinctively grasp the
more basic principal of serving.

The sentence "Profit is nothing but an index of how well we are
serving others" ... from time to time rolls into Mike's mind. He
consults it in the printed form in the professor's book. The reason
it disturbs him is it makes Hans a good businessman. And if Hans is a
good businessman, then Mike is not sure that Mike is ... for he has
disagreed all his life with Hans' methods.

We make no more of it until later, except that the sequence ends
with Professor Case saying to his class:

CASE: I would go so far as to say,
gentlemen, that, given an even
moderately competent administration
and competitive pricing, the man who
understands the rule of service will
outlast all his competitors.

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Film script - "The Auction"
An abrupt transition now: back to the exterior of Hans' shop. Lined up in front of it are several pick-up trucks of various colors. The signs on the sides of them read "Ace Photo Supply," "Brown's Portrait Studio," "Photographs by Lamar ... Portrait, Industrial, Commercial." They bear out-of-town designations.

Inside, Hans' shop is jammed with bidders. Laughton, the auctioneer, is hard at work. On the block at this moment is a set of microfilm filing cases. In the buying audience sits Miss Snow. She is trying not to be seen. But the auctioneer singles her out. "Miss Snow, you can use these in the library. I understand you're the lady in charge there."

MISS SNOW: No. I couldn't.

We dissolve back to a year and a half ago.

We see Miss Snow waiting anxiously outside a closed door where the board of governors of the college is meeting. Her interest is intense because at this meeting they will vote for the 9th year straight-running on ... the addition to the south wing of the library.

We soon learn that the board of governors approved the lights for the football stadium, but the new wing for the library was rejected for the ninth time. In the presence of the boisterous rejoicing over the decision for new stadium lights, no one observes Miss Snow walk away, alone and deeply hurt. No one, that is, except Hans. It is late at night. Miss Snow goes back to close up the library. She is alone in her cold white marble palace of books. We see how badly she needs more space.
In her loneliness there comes to her one friendly hand ... Hans Johanson. And from this most unlikely of sources she receives new courage, new faith in the college and in education, and most of all she receives concrete assistance.

For Hans shows her how the bank downtown gains extra space, how the druggist files thousands of inactive prescription cards in a small space. She is aware of micro-filming, of course, but not its full potential, nor how to sell the idea to college executives through a horse trade offer by which other departments benefit.

These things Hans outlines to her late at night in the library. He rolls up his sleeves, goes down in the basement where she has bales of old newspapers stored. He allows her to explain to him the value of them, point out references to him. He is nodding his head, but he is not much interested in what she is saying; but very much interested in her ... and the way she comes to life when talking about her work. He brings in some sandwiches and coffee and they continue planning. It is the best night she has had in many years.

They arrive at the bookshelf which contains the books she used to teach him citizenship when he first arrived. They can now refer without anger or embarrassment to that first time he proposed to her. He goes on to say,

HANS: It has never worked yet in all these years, but I never stop hoping.

He does in fact then take her in his arms.
As a result of this meeting there comes a scene where we see Miss Snow happily watching six students looking at a bank of micro-filming projectors. They're using a lot of material she never before had the manpower to drag out of remote corners of the place. She got her new wing after all... through micro-filming, and through Hans.

The second day after the installation is another occasion for Hans to join her in the library as she closes up. They are happy together until a shadow comes between them...Hans' son, and Miss Snow's part in directing him to another college. Hans becomes cool.

Cut abruptly back to the auction, where the micro-film filing case is being knocked down. The auctioneer again directly asks Miss Snow if she doesn't want to bid on this equipment for the library.

MISS SNOW: Oh no. Please. No.

When the hammer hits the table for the third time she rises and flies from the shop. People turn to look at her.

We pick her up at her library desk, writing a letter to Hans. We're close-up on the latter. She writes "Hans..."

Takes a new sheet of paper "Hans Dear,"

Takes a new sheet, "Dear Hans...I suddenly want so desperately to do something to show you how I feel. Something important...to you...that would show you my l... (SHE CHANGES THE l TO AN f) feeling
and admiration for ... how you have lived ... 
what you have been ... how I wish I had ... 
not wasted the years. I want to give you 
some great gift. I can only think of one 
that would make up ...."

She wrinkles up the letter. We see her put through a phone call to 
Mike Johanson's college. We hear only her end of the conversation. 
We hear her tell him to come home and see what is going on at the 
photography shop. Then:

MISS SNOW: Yes, it is odd that I 
should be the one. Though not so odd 
as you think.

(SHE LISTENS)

But perhaps you have made the same 
mistake.

(SHE LISTENS)

You are entitled to think that. I only 
ask that you come, and look.

(SHE LISTENS)

Examinations can be made up. You are 
young.

(SHE LISTENS)
-6- 

To explain would not be enough. You have to see it with your own eyes ... the sum total of the years (WHILE TALKING SHE LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW, HOLDING PHONE LIMPly) ... with price tags on them ...

Continuing to stare out the window she gently replaces phone in cradle.

Now we see Mike Johnson talking to Professor Case at his college.

Professor Case is saying:

CASE: Mike, if it were just one of the course examinations you were going to miss, I could give you a make-up, with your fine record. But you are asking to be absent from the oral examination in your honors course. The honors board of examiners in Money and Banking are important men, flying in from all over the financial community. They will not stay over until you get back.

MIKE: How about getting all the men in that honors course to take their oral a week later?

CASE: They have conflicts. Remember? Tomorrow was the only day we could work it out. What you have at stake is your
honors degree and a one-in-a-thousand career with Chase International. I wouldn't miss it if I were you. But it's your decision.

MIKE: Huh.

We leave Mike in his indecision. Move back to the auction in Hans' shop. In the back of the shop we see no people except Hans. Then the camera pans right. We see Mike.

HANS: (POINTING TO LETTER FROM MIKE)
I thought you had the big examination today.

MIKE: I do. I missed it.

HANS: What brings you, Michael?

MIKE: (GESTURES TO AUCTION OUT FRONT)
This.

HANS: I did not think it would disturb you. How did you find out?

MIKE: Somebody called me.

HANS: Why?

MIKE: I don't know. She said I'd see for myself.

HANS: She?
MIKE: That's right .... she.

Mike enters the auction. The item under the hammer brings to Mike remembrance of the following episode in his father's life. We see a square, rugged, truculent man named John Cavanaugh, age 50, laying out Hans Johanson in bitter terms.

John Cavanaugh was foreman at the local foundry. He had a feel for bronze. Castings made under his direction required less brasing and grinding. He was the best of the old school bronze workers. But one day they brought in a new machine for inspecting castings by radiography. John Cavanaugh didn't understand it. He resigned. This machine was a personal insult to his good judgment. Also he knew it was a form of photography. And to him, Hans Johanson was photography. Therefore it was Hans' fault. Now Hans, of course, has nothing to do with radiography. But he understands that the old school foreman operated under the theory that the foreman must know more than anybody else about everything in the shop. Here was a thing in which Old John Cavanaugh was not the expert. Therefore by his code he could not command the foundrymen. Hans accepts Cavanaugh's abuse stoically. Then, working through a young engineering instructor Hans arranges a clever plan to educate John privately. Hans' part in it is unknown to the foundryman. At close of sequence we hear old John Cavanaugh advising Hans.

JOHN: Y'know, Hans, we old timers have got to stay up to snuff on these new things. Mind you don't get behind the times.
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HANS: Yah. I will remember that, John.

* * * * * * * * *

Next item to be auctioned off by Laughton cues us to another story in the life of Hans Johanson.

Scene in Hans' photography shop.

DR. TIMOTHY (THE ASTRONOMER): Son, I left some film in here to be developed just the other day. Ready yet?

MIKE: The other day! I don't remember you in here, Dr. Timothy. When was it?

TIMOTHY: Recently.

MIKE: Recently?

The doctor has become absorbed in some items on display. But Hans has been watching this. He now motions impatiently for Mike to start looking for the pictures.

HANS: Yes, Mike, recently. Recently.

MIKE: But he hasn't been in ....

HANS: Recently, son. Get the Doctor's pictures.

MIKE: Yes, sir.
Film script - "The Auction"

Bewildered, the boy flips back through the current "ready" files. He goes back farther and farther, then turns up his palms to Hans.

HANS: Back a little further.

By insert CU we see that Mike is now back five years in the file. He pulls out the pictures. His face registers amusement. He hands them to Dr. Timothy. Timothy forgets to pay. Then remembers, then leaves.

MIKE: Five years ago ... those pictures were left here. And he calls it recently!

HANS: Dean of astronomy. Thinks in millions of years.

MIKE: Sure. But five years is a big piece of any man's life.

HANS: (very serious) Yah. Especially of his.

MIKE: What do you mean?

HANS: They say the dean has only 8 months left.

MIKE: (sighed) Oh, I thought he looked bad. What's the matter with him?

HANS: Hypertension.
MIKE: My-per-tension! But that only happens to men that work a tight schedule, racing with time.

HANS: Dr. Timothy is on the tightest schedule of anyone in this town.

MIKE: Huh? With a million years to work with?

HANS: Yes, he's working on a problem ... been on it 7 years now ... concerning color analysis of two stars. The big scope here is not big enough to do his final observations. So he needs to use the big one at California.

MIKE: You mean Mt. Palomar?

HANS: Yes. It is the ... the big ... the big league, you would say.

MIKE: And how. So then he's got no problem, has he?

HANS: Yah. You see those big telescopes are scheduled up for years in advance. Dr. Timothy is waiting 7 years now for his turn. And his turn comes next December.

MIKE COUNTS UP ON HIS FINGERS TO EIGHT.
MIKE: I s-a-e-o. He'll just make it.

HANS: Yah. But if anything goes wrong ... no chance to wait for a second turn. So Dr. Timothy he works nights and days and Sundays to get his preparatory work exactly right. Otherwise ... seven years ... for nothing. His whole life even.

MIKE: This is important? The color of the stars and all that?

HANS: Huh! Important enough that Mt. Palomar gives Dr. Timothy two whole nights on the big spy glass. That's how important they think Dr. Timothy's work is. You don't know it ... but Dr. Timothy is a big man ... in the stars.

Our film takes us near the time for Doc Timothy to leave for Mt. Palomar. We see how much it means to him by various manifestations. He makes his train reservations early. Then he makes reservations on another train in case the first one doesn't run ... due to an act of God or something. The secretary of the astronomy department also makes reservations because everybody knows Doc Timothy never gets a thing straight that has to do with earth times. Dr. Timothy is working overtime getting his previous observations in perfect
shape for usability at Mt. Palomar. Hans, by now, has become a
devotee of Doc Timothy ... though a quiet and respectful one. Dr.
Timothy allows him to assist him around the college observatory
telescope some nights ... strictly as ashoreboy. Yet Hans has
obviously absorbed some fundamentals --- enough to be as humble as
everyone is when they are first introduced to the universe. On one
such evening the phone rings in the observatory. Normally they
wouldn't disturb the astronomer at work ... but this is "long dis-
tance from Mt. Palomar"

DR. TIMOTHY (ON PHONE) What? No, I
am not holding the photographic plates
here. They were to be shipped direct
to you. (HE REACHES FOR A SLIP OF PAPER
FROM WHICH HE READS) There were supposed
to be 2h spectrographic plates, type 103A-0,
sensitive to blue light. And 2h red sensi-
tive plates, type 103A-E. Eight by tens.
(PAUSE) Lost or delayed? But that cannot
be. Cannot be. It is impossible. In four
days I begin. (PAUSE WHILE VOICE ON OTHER
END TALKS) I say it cannot be. It is imp ...
(DR. TIMOTHY SLAMPS OVER HIS DESK)

Two students who were working quietly nearby rush over to carry Dr.
Timothy out of the scene. Hans, who has been stupified by the import
of the call, is left in the set alone. His eye rises to a wall
calendar on which Dr. Timothy has circled his Mt. Palomar appointment
in bright red crayon. Hans picks up the slip of paper from which the doctor was reading, the specifications for the glass plates. Music sneaks over so that we don't hear any sound, but we see Hans move deliberately into the astronomer's chair. He picks up the receiver which lies where it fell. He talks urgently into it and then he vigorously pumps cradle. Ultimately he hangs up. We see disappointment on his face. He gets up out of the chair, walks back and forth, studies the slip of paper; he looks at the calendar again, walks back to the desk. He makes elaborate preparations for a phone call. He sits on the forward edge of the chair ... straight and rigid. He props the slip of paper up against a model of Saturn so that he will be able to read it. You can tell it's going to be long distance.

MUSIC: FADES UNDER

SOUND: DIALING

HANS: This is the long distance call lady? I want to call a man in Rochester City in New York State. I do not know his telephone number but I know what he does, which is more important. He is in charge of special emulsions at the laboratory. Get him right away please. (HANS REMAKES A FRACTION IN THE MANNER OF A MAN WHO HAS ISSUED A GOOD CRISP ORDER) His name? Oh, that I do not know either. But he is the man who knows all about spectrographic
photographic plates. Right away
please, I need him.

Flip-over effect to telephone company switchboard. Nice lady, age
45 or so on the board, Mrs. Drunkenbrod.

MRS. DRUKENBROD: Now, Hans, suppose you
tell me everything you know about the
man. Maybe we can figure a way to handle
it.

HANS' VOICE COMES THROUGH: (BELIEF) Ah.
Mrs. Drunkenbrod! I am so glad it is you on
duty tonight. The stars are in big trouble
about getting their pictures taken because
of what happens to Dr. Timothy's special
plates. You see ...
fast. Who are you again, and what
exactly is the trouble with the stars?

HANS: It is not important who I am.
But Dr. Timothy is important, and he
was going to find out next week on
the big Mt. Palomar telescope what is
the universe made of. Isn't that
important?

BOYD: (RUBBING HIS FACE) Well, I
guess so. Oh ... Timothy ... Dr.
Timothy ... fellow who's collaborating
on that color analysis problem. I
think I remember he ... 

HANS: He needs two boxes of spectro-
scopic plates type 1034-0, sensitive
to blue, and also the same number of
...

BOYD: Yeah, I remember the Doctor
talking about it, but he ordered it
for December of next year. I'm afraid
the Doctor is out of luck. That's a
special emulsion. Little call for it.
We won't be making anymore till next
year. That's why Mt. Palomar couldn't
take care of it. Very sorry. We'll
notify you if we ever have reason to
make it sooner. Good night ... I mean
good morning. (HANGS UP)

Boyd is going back to sleep. We see an insert CU of the frustrated
Hans with a dead phone. Then cut back to Boyd. He just turns out
the light when the phone rings again. It's Hans. We see Hans
talking.

HANS: But Mr. Boyd, this Dr. Timothy
waits seven years for this turn. He's
got the hypertension, and he could
wait for another turn, but he only
has eight months to ...

We flip over to see Boyd on the other end of the phone. He is not
happy about what he hears. Into the telephone he is saying such
things as "absolutely impossible" ... "I can't work a miracle," etc.
But, as we watch, we see that as he talks he is putting on his socks
awkwardly with one hand, then his shoes, then his shirt.

BOYD: All right. Well, you ought to
be a salesman. I can't promise any-
thing for sure. But I'll get a few
of the men up tonight and we'll try
to make up the emulsion special and
ship plates by air to Mt. Palomar.

HANS: Mr. Boyd, you just did a big
favor for ... uh ... the universe.
Later we see young Mike in Hans' shop, inspecting the long distance telephone bills pertinent to this affair, shaking his head. He makes a remark about where the profit in this shop goes.

We cut back to the auction and to Mike watching. Through his head goes the professor's axiom: "Profit is an index of how well we are serving others." The auctioneer is about to auction off a pile of miscellany which includes a pile of flat signs, of the kind that are merchantable ... such as "Exit," "Customer Parking in the Rear," "Please Inspect Your Prints Before you Leave," etc. But Hans and the auctioneer are in a hushed argument. Hans wants to withdraw the bottom sign from auction. It is brand new and never used. It's a large outdoor type sign, useful and attractive to any merchant. Hans wins the argument. But as the sign is withdrawn from auction, Mike from his position in the room gets a look at it. It is brand new, never used. It says:

Johanson & Son, Inc.

We cut to a CU reaction shot of Mike's face. He swallows. Contrasted sharply on screen now is the life-long ambition represented by that sign ... against the scrambled heap of life-long possessions at auction ... which, though they represent a large cash value, have not been able to accomplish the dream which is here breaking up. Even a prejudiced, hard man would want to reach out and put it back together.

Cut back to the auctioneer. Laughton puts up on the block the last item. It's the small wooden polished camera that we first met at
Ellis Island. Laughton says that after this item the auction is complete, except for the receiving of package bids for the entire contents of the store as a unit, which will be done tomorrow. If the package bid exceeds the sum of the parts, it will be knocked down to the package bidder.

LAUGHTON: Meanwhile, here's the little camera that started the whole thing. What am I offered? Mean anything to anybody? I'm told that it brought a man to America, raised a son ... built a shop. Guess it built a lot of other things around this town, too.

Dissolve to facial close-ups of the people in the audience who have been involved in the story.

MUSIC UNDER. The audience sees for itself that this camera also ...

... made an actress ...
... a historian ...
... a bacteriologist ...
... a farmer ...
... a foundry foreman ...
... an engineer.

Cut to Timothy Hall

... built a hall ...
... built a library ...
... etc.
Out to auctioneer.

I don't claim that for it. But I claim it's worth at least a dollar and a half for your local museum.

Am I offered a dollar and a half?

Mike rises up out of his chair and leaves the shop through the front door. He goes around back to his luggage. He pulls out a number of his college textbooks so we have occasion to see the titles. All economics and business titles. He selects one. Studies several sections of it.

We see him go now to the bank. He is talking to one of the executives. As he talks his hand gestures from the banker to himself. Then the fingers of his right hand span a very short term of, say, seven days on the calendar. Then his hand gestures from himself back to the banker. The bank official purses his lips and cocks his head, not in great doubt, but demonstrating some reservation.

The bank official then beckons to another officer of the bank, who approaches. The conversation is obviously being repeated to him.

This banker scratches his chin, walks to the office door and closes it in the audience's face, excluding us.

Shortly the two men come out of the office with Mike. The second banker says they wouldn't consider the loan a great risk ... except
for one factor. The location. Any shop run by Hans ... not in close juxtaposition to the college would be a little risky. And the new plans are all drawn with no photography shop in them.

MIKE: But the final contract is not signed....is it?

BANKER: The signing is this afternoon. I happen to know they're just up there waiting in the board room until Ellenger's plane gets in from Chicago. He seems to be the dominant member lately. Our president is up there; he's on the board, you know.

Dissolve to interior, the board room. Board is assembled. Eeblaw, who is the kind of administrator who leads the board, rather than following it ... is looking at his watch.

EEBLAW: Well, gentlemen, I guess Mr. Ellenger is going to be very late. I won't detain you later. We're all agreed on the major points. Let's proceed to the signing and I'll report our action to Mr. Ellenger.

He passes out the papers, but the members look at each other with some hesitation. Finally one of them says:
I just don't think I'd go ahead too fast before Ellenger gets here. You know he raised a million and a half from the western alumni, and he's kind of a funny fellow about some things.

Edslow presses for continuance, but we now see Ellenger arriving in town. He moves briskly. By the manner in which he is cleared before him by the cab starter, one traffic officer, an elevator operator, and a secretary, we get an impression of the stature of Ellenger.

He sweeps right up to the board room. Mike has tried to intercept him at the front door. But Ellenger doesn't understand what he wants. Mike trots along beside him as he hurries to the board room. Just before he opens the door, Ellenger says to Mike a little testily:

ELLenger: All right. Wait here while I dump my briefcase and coat inside.

Ellenger enters the board room. Edslow rises and extends hand.

ELLenger: Just a minute, Frank. Got to find out what this kid wants.

Edslow is left up in the air as Ellenger returns to talk impatiently to Mike. Leaves door ajar.
ELLENGER: Now what's this all about?

MIKE: Dr. Ellenger, my name is Michael Johanson, I'm ...

ELLENGER: (POINTING SEVERELY) Oh, yeah! You're the kid that turned down the Ellenger Scholarship, aren't you?

MIKE: (HANGS HEAD) Yes, sir. I ... uh ... I did.

ELLENGER: Why?

MIKE: I wanted to study something else, sir.

ELLENGER: (SUDDENLY BREAKS INTO A BIG GRIN, POUTS HIS ARM AROUND MIKE): Well, by gosh, that's a good reason and you've got spunk. Come on in here and tell me what this is all about. Won't take long, will it? (TO THE FLABBERGASTED ELLENGER) SAYS:)

Excuse me, Frank. I want to hear this.

Mike goes into the board room with Ellenger. We won't hear detail the rest of this scene.

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Film script - "The Auction"
We describe now our last scene.

In Hans' shop the auctioneer is announcing that he is now ready to accept bids on all the property in the shop as one package. Down in the front row grouped around Ellenger, are the townsmen we've met so far. They sit as a body. Ellenger seems to be a kind of center of gravity for the group, and he is leaning first toward one, then towards another in whispered conference which we see, but do not hear.

Hans is not present. He's out in the back room packing his suitcase. The only one he can find ... simply because he's had no use for one ... is the wooden box he brought to this country.

As he does this, Miss Snow enters through the back door. She just stands there watching him for a moment in silence. Nor does he make any conversation. There is no unfriendliness, but at this stage, there are no words that will change anything.

Finally she starts to assist him by folding some socks so they will fit in the box. But the futility of such small help causes her to drop them where they were.

MISS SNOW: Where will you go?

HANS: Oh, my friend, Mr. Higgins, has got me a nice little place to stay, upstairs from Mrs. Druzenbrod.
MISS SNOW: Oh. And what will you do?

HANS: Oh, I will ... uh ... say, I have a present for you!

Hans reaches behind the door and pulls out a flat object wrapped in brown paper. Hands it to her. She opens it. Sees it's the portrait of Dr. Cabot. She looks at it. Then she moves impulsively to him, puts her arms around him.

MISS SNOW: Oh, Hans, bless you, but this is not such a great gift to me as you thought. But I have a gift for you ... a great gift ... a lifetime kind of gift ... your boy, Mike. I think he will be back with you now.

Hans lets her go.

HANS: Mike? Back? No. Even so ... what would I have for him now? Nothing. It is just as well. (HE TAKES HIMSELF IN TO THIS) Every man must live his own life. Mike is a man. He has been a man since only this high. Poor kid. With me for a father he had to grow up quick.

She puts her arm around his waist and guides him to the doorway from which he can look out into the auction. On the way she says:
MISS SNOW: I think today will be the
day he grows up. And maybe me, too.
Perhaps in this same day you could
have a son and also a ... a real woman.

Out front, the auctioneer announces that necessarily and obviously
the bidding will begin at the total amount already bid for the
individual parts. He announces this figure, and entertains bids.
He is somewhat startled at the complete silence. No one bids. The
auctioneer ralls at the crowd a little for this, calling on certain
ones who have a good reason to bid on the package ... a college
official, a couple of professional photographers.

Then Mike Johnson raises his hand. Bids the existing figure plus
one dollar, or the minimum increment established.

There is some conversation about this. But chief outcome is that
Hans from the doorway witnesses the bid. Sees his boy standing there
in the crowd.

Cut away from Hans to the auctioneer who is about to knock down the
package to Mike.

LAUGHTON: What name is that, sir?
Private individual or a business firm?
And may I see your credit references?

MIKE: My credit references are sitting
right there in the front row. And I
am bidding for a firm, not a private
individual.
LAUGHTON: And the name of that firm?

MIKE: Uh ... the name? Johnson & Son, Incorporated.

THE END