

111  
REVISED

THE GENTLEMAN  
(flushing)  
It's not heather, Miss Fanny.

FANNY  
Not "heather"? It looks like  
heather, it smells like heather -  
it MUST be heather!

THE GENTLEMAN  
(somewhat nettled)  
It's a birch switch! The very same  
as was used on me in my boyhood.

FANNY  
Really?  
(examining it)  
Stood up remarkably well, hasn't  
it?

THE GENTLEMAN  
This ISN'T the same one. I....  
(diffidently)  
I had it made up especially to  
SHOW you.

FANNY  
Why should I want to be shown?

THE GENTLEMAN  
So...you could...understand what  
I've been through. Oh, they were  
so CRUEL, Miss Fanny. Cruel beasts  
(looking at her tenderly)  
On the other hand, had they been  
but such as yourself - a tender,  
virginal maiden - what a difference  
it would have MADE!

194. Fanny looks at him a bit blankly as he kisses  
her hand.

THE GENTLEMAN  
Indeed, had THIS tender hand administered  
the punishment - it would have been  
the most heavenly of PLEASURES, I  
feel CONFIDENT!



FANNY

(primly)  
I'm sure, Mr. Norbert, you've  
done nothing to be punished for!

THE GENTLEMAN

(hastily)  
But I had, I HAD, I swear I HAD,  
Miss Fanny. I wasaa VERY, NAUGHTY BOY!

He gets on one knee to her.

THE GENTLEMAN

I NEEDED punishment. I'm - that  
sort. You understand, Miss Fanny?

Fanny looks at him uncomfortably.

FANNY

Mr. Norbert, you're going to  
soil those lovely trousers.  
Do get up.

THE GENTLEMAN

Miss, Fanny, I've a confession  
to make.

FANNY

Mr. Norbert...We hardly know one  
another.

THE GENTLEMAN

(persevering)  
No, no - you must hear me! I am  
STILL very...naughty.  
(gathering his courage)  
I..I still....require....punishment...  
(looking at her half  
afraid)  
....FEARFULLY.

FANNY

Mr. Norbert...you're a grown MAN!

THE GENTLEMAN

I KNOW...but I do the most DREADFUL  
things...and all my life I've thought  
the most IMPURE thoughts CONSTANTLY...  
(with emotion)  
...If I'm not punished, how can I  
be forgiven? How can I forgive  
MYSELF?



Fanny rises but Mr. Norbert, now on both knees, throws his arms around her legs.

THE GENTLEMAN

Og, Miss Fanny! If only a gentle pure creature such as yourself would PUNISH me as I DESERVE to be punished, why THEN, Miss Fanny, my conscience would be CLEAR and I could emerge from this slough of despond in which I exist and truly LIVE...Oh, Miss Fanny, I beg you have pity on me...PUNISH me!

196. A thoroughly frightened and indeed repelled Fanny endeavours to flee Mr. Norbert. She dodges behind the hats standing on their stands in serried rows.

FANNY

Mr. NORBERT! I don't believe in punishment.

THE GENTLEMAN

(throwing caution to the winds, following her)  
Make me your SLAVE, divine child!  
Take everything I have....only through being chastised by a pure MAID can I be FORGIVEN!

197. He is pounding around through the hats in pursuit of Fanny and waving the birch switch eloquently at the same time.

FANNY

(fleeing distractedly)  
Mrs. Brown..! Dear Mrs. Brown....!

THE GENTLEMAN

(passionately)  
You must be cruel, my dear, in order to be kind!

198. In hot pursuit, Mr. Norbert attempts to thrust the birch switch into Fanny's unwilling hands.



THE GENTLEMAN  
REMOVE my SINS, dear young lady!  
Beat the DEVIL OUT of me! I beg you!

FANNY  
(dodging behind the hats)  
Mr. Norbert - I must ask YOU to  
get the mestopheles out of HERE!

THE GENTLEMAN  
Nay...nay...NAY, Miss Fanny!

FANNY  
(with determination)  
Yes...YEA....MR. NORBERT!

199. And grabbing up a huge picture hat, replete with ostrich feathers, she plunges it right over his head and down on his neck. However, though blinded and suffocated by the ostrich plumes waving in all directions, Mr. Norbert has managed to grab hold of Fanny. Struggling with him, in a sudden tempest of fright and rage, she tears the birch switch from his hand and beats him to ward him off.

200. CLOSER SHOT

Mr. Norbert, at the blows, suddenly assumes the most beatific smile believable, uttering cries of unalloyed delight.

Fanny lays into him with a will, truly angry now, her anger overcoming her previous fright.

MR NORBERT  
(in Heaven)  
Again..again...oh, LOVELY,  
Miss Fanny! Harder! HARDER! Oh,  
what BLISS! what ECSTASY! Oh,  
divine girl, this is HEAVEN!



201. CLOSE SHOT

Fanny, beating with all her might, suddenly realises she is doing exactly what Mr. Norbert had WANTED HER TO DO... with a last involuntary swing of the birch she suddenly stops...

202. CAREMA FRAME FREEZES as she registers horrified if belated recognition.

FANNY'S VOICE (o.s.)

"Suddenly I realised, this was what he WANTED me to do...I was doing JUST what he had requested....!  
My head in a spin, I flew into the night."

203. WIDER ANGLE

ACTION begins again as, with a cry, Fanny throws the birch switch to the opposite end of the room and runs with all her might for the door, as the ecstatic Mr. Norbert sways happily among the wreck of the hats, the dummies and the ostrich plumes...

FANNY'S VOICE (o.s.)

"...my one thought, to regain the safety of Mrs. Brown's protecting arms.."

FLAP OVER

204. INT MRS BROWN'S PARLOUR - NIGHT  
CLOSE SHOT

Mrs. Brown is in the arms of James, the footman, who, while ostensibly making love to her and kissing her bosom, is actually taking a very close appraising look at a large jeweled brooch Mrs. Brown wears on her décolletage. James has a small magnifying glass in one eye.

FANNY'S VOICE (o.s.)

"Unfortunately, they were already occupied."