Bombshell

By LEBBEUS MITCHELL

© 1932 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation
STORY OF THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE "BOMBSHELL" WHICH IS ADAPTED FROM THE PLAY "BOMBSHELL" BY CAROLINE FRANCIS AND MACK CRANE

CHAPTER XII

Enter A La Studio

Lola raised a pathetic face to Gifford M'Gillicuddy. "Are you forgiving all those beautiful things you said to me?"

Gifford read from a headline in the newspaper in his hand. "Lovers Brawl in Burns Home." That's the kind of line that suits you. I guess I'm afraid I've been rather a chump."

"You mean you stand by your mother and father?" asked Lola, beginning to bristle.

"Certainly. I've done very well so far in abiding by their wishes."

Mrs. Middleton looked fondly at her son. "Gifford, you see he's a Middleton."

That speech was rather unfortunate; it aroused Lola's anger to a match of fury. She flung herself in front of Mrs. Middleton.

"Gifford is a sap! That's what Gifford is! I'll give him away with a spray of horseradish. I wouldn't be found dead with him in a duck boat!"

"Please!" said Mrs. Middleton, rising.

"And if you're a lady," continued Lola, beginning to sob with humiliation and anger, and pointing to Gifford and his father, "and they're gentlemen, then I'm Aimee Semple McPherson on a raft! You can take your Bostons and your blood-line and your Bunker Hills and stuff a codfish with them! And then you can stuff the codfish! Come on, Pops."

She went sobbing out of the room. Pops and Brother stood up grandly and followed her out to the car at the entrance of the inn.

Space Hanlon came up to her, put his arm about her and led her a short distance away from Pops and Brother.

"I'm sorry, Screwy—really I am."

"Thanks for standing up for me, Space," she said into her bunker. "Was it funny? I was just trying to make them see daylight."

"They can live in a tub for the rest of their lives for all I care."

"I suppose it would have been all right if your old man and your brother hadn't showed up. After all, they're quite Blue."

"What's wrong with Pops and Brother?" faired Lola, becoming her old self. "They didn't do anything. Just natural straightforward people."

"It's the picture racket, too. Lola. Sort of gets a tag on you with ladies and gentlemen—"

Space had been leading her away from the inn. She stopped short. "What's wrong with the pictures? It's perfectly honest work, isn't it?"

"Well, you're out of it anyway. You can go away and meet other nice people. One consolation, you aren't as miserable as that gang back at the studio. Gillette had it coming to him for mismanaging you. He woke up too late to what you've really got on the ball. And New York will probably make him take it on the nose out of his own pocket for that 75 grand on the unfinished picture."

"They can't do that!" exclaimed Lola again stopping short. "It isn't Mr. Gillette's fault."

"What do you care? It's not your funeral. Let 'em burn your fan mail."

She halted suddenly, at her lawyer's arm and hurried back towards the car.

"Nobody's going to burn my fan mail, and nobody's going to make Mr. Gillette pay for something he didn't do! Get in Pops and Brother, I'm going to pack up and go back to the studio. It's an awful journey and I guess I'm a crystal ball by something to talk about to the rest of the bunch in the sunshine when they finally get the chess."

Space Hanlon walked into the Middleton's room at the Desert Inn. Mr. Middleton was lying on the couch in his stocking feet, Gifford sat in a chair cleaning his nails.

"Well, you Amazon," cried Space, cheerily. "It worked like a Tiffany watch. The little lady's gone back on the roller coaster and is screaming happily on all the turns." He handed them a bunch of money. "There's the final payment and you're my favorite character actors of all time!"

"We wouldn't have considered such undignified proceedings if it hadn't been such a bad season," said Mr. Middleton.

"What we really want," said Mrs. Middleton, "is a chance at Monarch."

"Drop in on me tomorrow and I'll guarantee the three of you two weeks' work. See that those outfits get back to the wardrobe department and if you let Miss Burns catch sight of you on the lot, it's back to pounding the pavement for you."

A big floral wreath was in Lola's dressing room at Monarch Pictures studio: "WELCOME BACK LOLA MONARCH NEEDS AND LOVES YOU." Sandy looked anxiously at his watch as the make up man was busy on her face.

"Mac," called Lola. "Did you call up Palm Springs?"

"Yeah, but they said Mr. Hanlon checked out last night."

"Oh, dear!"

"Can's here, Lola," said Sandy. "Let's go!"

In the ante room Lola stopped to speak to Miss Mae. "You try calling up the steamship lines at San Pedro. Monty says boats sail for Tahiti from there. Find out if Space is on the passenger list. I can't let him go off like that. I've got to . . ." She stopped at sight of Space Hanlon in the doorway of the porch. "Oh, Space, you're here," she said softly.

"Well, I'll be darned," said Space, after a pause as if to himself. He took Lola's arm, led her back into her dressing room and shut the door.

"What . . . what is it, Space?" asked Lola, half timidly.

"Didn't you really want me to go to Tahiti?"

"Well, I . . . I at least wanted to say good-bye."

"Do you want to say it now?"

"Space . . ."

"Well?"

"Oh I don't know." She began to sob.

"Then I never thought we'd come to this . . . and Space would be the wiser."

"Is what, Space?"

"This . . ." He leaned down and gently took her in his arms and kissed her lips. It was a long kiss and when they looked into each other's eyes. Then Lola suddenly turned to her dressing table and dabbed her cheek where his lips had touched.

"Oh, Space!" said Lola, excitedly. "Maybe there's one reason we should—"

They kissed again and stood apart at the sound of a voice in the office of Mr. Gaspard McHorton, Best . . . Grade the window of Lola's dressing room.

"I wish we can't do it." It was the voice of Mac. "They're fair game. I've played all the capitals in Europe and I've never . . ."

Gifford Middleton's voice interposed: "He's boxing up, Screwy. Don't get excited."

Space listened to the voice apprehensively not daring to comment. Lola dashed out of the door on the porch to the second assistant.

"Who are those people in there?" she demanded.

"Those legit actors that Mr. Gillette just sent from Paris! The Barlitts in the corn belt."

Space winced unfortunately. Lola flew into the room and confronted him, eyes blazing. "Why you stuffy, rotten, double crossing . . ."

Sandy rushed in and clutched her by the arm. "Come on, Lola. We've two minutes even at early!"

"I'm coming!" She stood glaring at Space. "And I never want to speak to you as long as I live!" She darted out of the dressing room, Sandy clinging to her hand.

"Hey, Screwy!" called Space. "Wait a minute, I've, honey!" He laughed in spite of his efforts not to. Gillette was standing between the "Good luck!" he called, "and good night!" and detained him. "I've got a surprise for Lola. Now that she's back I want to make her happy so I'm pulling wires for that orphanage to give her that baby after all. Good idea, eh?"

"It's terrible. I don't need any orphanage to turn it into me with his lies!"

He sprinted away from the puzzled Gillette towards the car in which Lola was seated and which was gathering speed. He jumped on the running board, stuck his head through the window where Lola and Loretta and the four dogs occupied the rear seat. Lola reached out and tried to shove him off.

"Stop it, Screwy! I love you!"

"Lola gave up prying his hands and pulled down the chain. Space pulled it up.

"Wait till I get it and I can pull 'em all down!"

He leaned far into the crowded seat and looked at her. The glare in his eyes faded and a tender spell in their place. She smiled radiantly.

"Aw, Space . . ." She reached out and threw her arms about him and kissed him while the excited dogs fell to licking their chops.

THE END

Then Lola hugged him to her, her cheek against his.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

On Monday, April 2, 1934 at eleven o'clock A. M. at the court house door in the town of Waynesville, Haywood county, North Carolina, the undersigned trustee will sell at public outcry to the highest bidder for cash, the following lands and premises, lying and being in the town of Hazelwood, and more particularly described as follows:

BEGINNING on a stake in the Northerly margin of Main Street and stake being the [illegible] from the Easterly margin of an alley and P. S. Ivey's corner, also runs with the margin of the said Main Street, N. 72 E. 45 feet to a stake in the margin of said street; thence N. 18 E. 62.5 feet to a stake; thence S. 72 W. 45 feet to a stake; thence S. 18 E. 62.5 feet to the BEGINNING containing 2812.5 square feet, as per survey and plat of J. W. Seaver, made September 21, 1929.

Subject to a power of sale conferred upon the undersigned by a deed of trust executed by T. L. Bradley and wife Ora M. Bradley, dated July 16, 1928 and recorded in Book 26 page 171 Records of Deeds of Haywood county.

This 20 day of February, 1934.

M. G. STAMEY,
Trustee.

No. 160 Mar. 1-22-29.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Emma Lou Middleton, deceased, late of Haywood county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Waynesville, N. C., on or before February 21, 1935, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned.

This February 21, 1934.

N. W. CAMPBELL,
Administrator of Emma Lou Middleton, deceased.

No. 163 Mar. 1-8-15-22-29 Apr.

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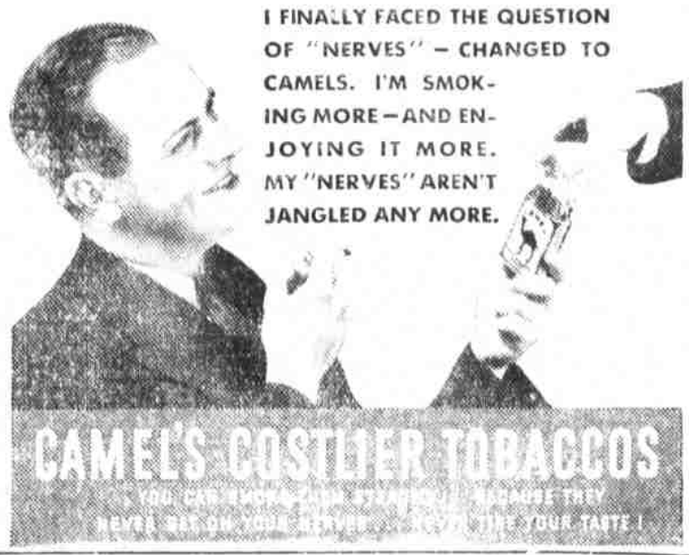

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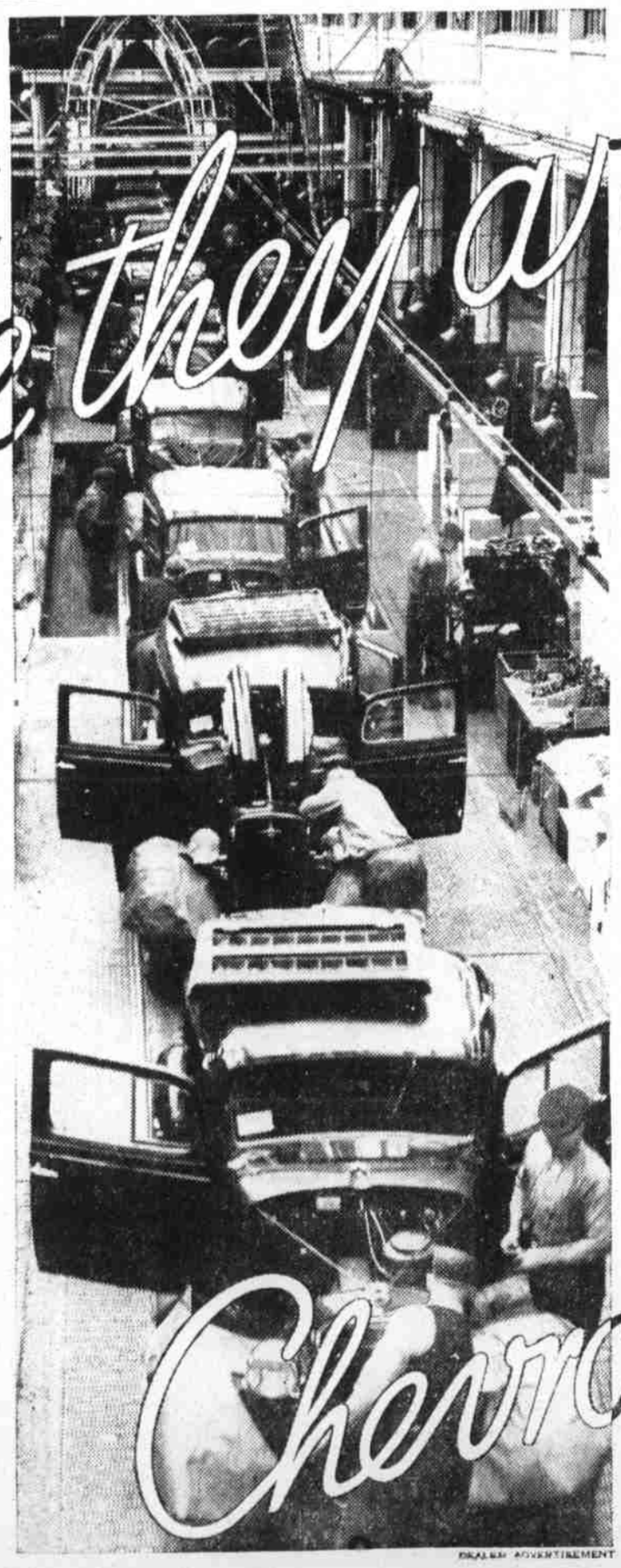

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