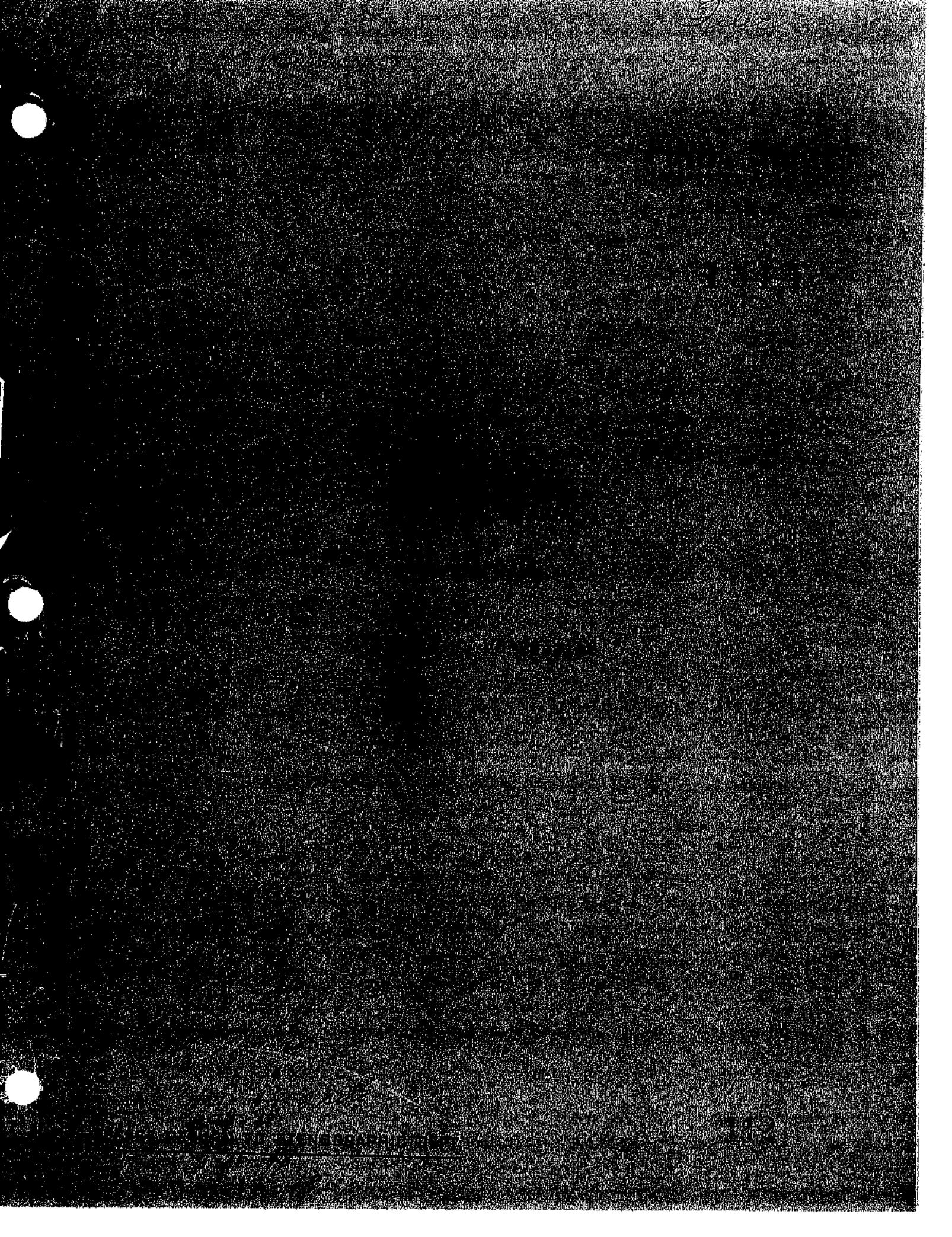


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R K O RADIO PICTURES, Inc
INTER-DEPARTMENT COMMUNICATION

ALL CONCERNED

Date January 23, 1948

STENOGRAPHIC DEPT.

NAME CHANGES
Subject THE LONG DENIAL
Rev. Final 1/22/48

Please note the following name changes have
been made in above script:

MARGARET LINDEN is now MARIAN WASHEURN

BETTY CALDWELL " " SUSAN CALDWELL

DR. FLEMING " " DR. FERRIS

REVISED FINAL

1/22/48

112

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RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.

THE LONG DENIAL
(MORTGAGE ON LIFE)
(TOO NEAR MY HEART)

REVISED FINAL

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Please return promptly to

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when you have finished with it.

THE LONG DENIAL
(MORTGAGE ON LIFE)
(TOO NEAR MY HEART)

REVISED FINAL

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RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.

THE LONG DENIAL
(MORTGAGE ON LIFE)
(TOO NEAR MY HEART)

REVISED FINAL

THE LONG DENIAL

3/16/48
1-12.incl.

Screen Play

by

Herman J. Mankiewicz

FADE IN

LARGE STUDIO CLOCK - BROADCASTING STATION - NIGHT

1 It reads 9:59:10. The clock TICKS for 5 seconds.

PAN TO director of the broadcast, standing beneath the clock, his eyes on it. For ten seconds, as the second-hand keeps going, he accompanies each tick with a bending inward of each of his fingers, one by one, his hands in the air. With the tenth finger, he drops his right hand vigorously and turns his head as a signal to

2 A radio announcer - in front of a microphone on the stage. Susan Caldwell is in front of another, next to him.

ANNOUNCER

(at the signal
from the director)

And so, until next week, at the
same time, on the same station,
remember --

(pauses)

Hear Estrellita tonight and go to
sleep with love in your heart.

A second later, Susan begins to sing "Estrellita" into her microphone.

DISSOLVE

FADE IN

1 OMITTED

2 EXT. ENORMOUS PARK AVENUE APARTMENT HOUSE (STOCK SHOT) -
NIGHTINT. LIVING ROOM OF AN OBVIOUSLY EXPENSIVE, DUPLEX
APARTMENT - NIGHT

3 The decor must definitely not be vulgar but, on the other hand, it has not been established by a direct descendent of John Adams out of nothing but family heirlooms; yet, on still a third hand, the New York equivalents of Tommy Douglas, Billy Haines and Elsie Mendl have not been set loose, within its walls, with signed blank checks in every pocket.

It is, in simple, the apartment of two people who have been in the chips for several years and who have furnished it themselves, in pleasant taste. (The single essential, in re furniture, is a large grand piano.) The lights appropriate to a quiet evening at home are lit.

Marian, in lounging pajamas, is contentedly relaxed on a sofa, listening with a pleased expression to a radio, on an end table alongside the sofa.

RADIO

And so, until next week, at the same time, on the same station. And remember -- "Hear Estrellita tonight and go to sleep with love in your heart!"

There is silence for a moment and then Susan's voice, rich and beautiful, concludes the program, clearly as part of the program's regular signature song, with the last sixteen bars of "Estrellita." (The McCoy Estrellita, that is.)

RADIO (cont'd)

It is now exactly nine-fifteen p.m., Eastern standard time.

Marian shuts the radio off, looks idly at her wrist watch to check, is satisfied, then walks to a writing desk a few feet away. She adjusts a dainty clock of Dresden porcelain on the desk -- it is four minutes fast -- to the correct time.

(CONTINUED)

Then she continues on to an easy chair a few further feet distant and settles down into it, reaching into a magazine rack alongside the chair and coming up with three or four magazines, selected at random. She looks at them idly, opens one, leafs through it, finds an article that seems to interest her and settles for that.

The CAMERA LEAVES her and RETURNS to the clock: 9:17, it says. The CAMERA REMAINS on the clock.

DISSOLVE

INT. MARGARET'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

4 The clock -- which now reads ten-ten. The CAMERA RETURNS TO Margaret, now daintily, unsnoringly asleep in the chair. She wakens at a SOUND that attracts her attention, first subconsciously, then consciously.

It is the SOUND of a key opening the door to the apartment -- the entrance hall, out of sight, is off the living room -- and, then, of the door being closed.

5 Betty - as she enters the living room, slowly. Her disposition has not improved since last we saw her; the extra-sullen and irritated expression on her face are evidence that her burdensome grievance is still heavy upon her.

MARGARET (66)

Hi.

BETTY (67)

(pausing just
an instant)

Hello.

MARGARET

The show was great tonight, Betty.

Betty is definitely miles away, not hearing her.

MARGARET (cont'd) (68)

That new introduction really pays off now. Nobody could ever guess it's going to be a commercial.

BETTY (69)

(angrily)

Sure. My having to knock myself
out later rushing through "Estrellita"
to finish on time doesn't matter,
just as long as --

(interrupts
herself)

Oh, what difference does it make!

She turns away nervously.

MARGARET (70)

Hungry? Mollie's been waiting up.

BETTY (71)

I'm not hungry.

MARGARET (72)

(smiling, ignoring
how difficult
Betty is being)

I was just asking.

Betty, who seems to be trying to figure something out,
hasn't paid much attention to this answer. Finally,
she comes to a decision.

BETTY (73)

There's something I want to talk
over with you. Only I don't mean
talk over.

(aggressively)

I mean tell you.

MARGARET

I've noticed there's been something
on your mind -- ever since you got
back from New Orleans.

Margaret doesn't get the quick apprehensive look that
comes into Betty's eyes at this remark.

MARGARET (cont'd) (74)

And I'm glad you feel like talking
about it, Betty, It may help you.

BETTY

I don't want any help. And I don't
intend to talk about it. It's just
something I decided to tell you.
And I'm going to tell you.

(CONTINUED)

Margaret says nothing, waiting for her to continue.

BETTY (cont'd) (75)
I'm tired. I'm tired of everything
and everybody and --
(pauses)
I'm through. I'm through for good.

MARGARET (76)
I think you're very smart to decide
to take a rest. You've been working
much too hard. Just get off somewhere
by yourself and --

BETTY (77)
(there's almost
hatred in her
expression)
Do you want to know something?
You're the biggest fool I've ever
met. You've got no idea what I'm
talking about and yet you're
trying to tell me --
(she can't
continue)

MARGARET (78)
(understandingly)
You'd better get some sleep, Betty.
Then, maybe, tomorrow morning --

BETTY (79)
Tomorrow morning! If you had any
idea what tomorrow morning --

She stops herself. Her eyes become shifty. She
realizes she's almost given herself away -- on
something she doesn't intend to reveal.

MARGARET (80)
You're terribly tired, Betty, and --

BETTY (81)
What makes you think you know
everything better than anybody
else?

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET (82)

(bewildered)
I don't think I know anything
better than --

BETTY (83)

Because you don't. Just because
you and Mr. Luke Jordan --

She stops herself.

MARGARET (84)

Is that what's bothering you?
Betty! I don't mean anything at
all to Luke --
(slowly)
And there's no reason why I
should. He doesn't owe me a
single thing. Not anything at all.

BETTY (85)

But I do, don't I? You made me
what I am today, didn't you?
Well, I don't think you did. I'd
have been Estrellita -- or something
else, probably something a whole
lot greater -- if I'd never met you.

MARGARET (86)

(genuinely)
I'm sure you would.

BETTY (87)

And suppose you did make me
Estrellita! Only keep right on
supposing. Suppose tomorrow
morning -- that's what you said,
wasn't it, tomorrow morning? --
Suppose tomorrow morning there
wasn't any Estrellita. Suppose I
finally decided to do something all
by myself? Suppose --

(interrupts
herself)
Oh, what's the use?

Without a further word, she turns and goes on her way.
This way, with only her defiant back to be seen from
Margaret's angle, is across the room toward a
staircase, along the far side of the living room, that
leads to an upper landing, off which is her bedroom.

MARGARET (88)

Betty!

- 6 Betty, at the head of the stairs, going on to the landing.

MARGARET'S VOICE (89)

Betty!

Betty pays no attention to her, opens the door and is out of sight, slamming the door behind her.

- 7 Margaret - she's watched Betty go with a look of great concern. She picks up the pen but she can't keep on with her letter. She rises and makes her way across the room and up the stairs to the door through which Betty has passed. She opens it.

INT. SMALL HALLWAY - NIGHT

- 8 It's cozily lit. Margaret walks the few feet that take her through the hall, to a door immediately facing her. She's about to open it when with a faint smile and a slight shrug of the shoulders, a "well, I might just as well humor her as not" notion comes to her. Still smiling, she raps gently on the door. There is no answer. She raps a shade more vigorously, then without waiting for an answer, she opens the door and enters, closing it behind her.

(There can be a brief glimpse, through the door, of Betty, in a robe, sitting at her dressing table, her back to Margaret.)

The door closes behind Margaret. The CAMERA REMAINS BRIEFLY on the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

- 9 Mollie, an elderly maid, carrying a tray with cold cuts including the aforesaid roast beef, a pot of coffee, dishes, silverware, napkins, etc., is entering the room. She is so intent on the burden she's carrying that she's practically in the middle of the room before she becomes aware that it's empty. Then, realizing that her customers have moved, she sets the tray down on the table and begins to arrange things for what she thinks will be Betty's and Margaret's midnight snack.

(CONTINUED)

She has set two places, with the appropriate silverware and napkins, when suddenly she stiffens as she hears the SOUND of a revolver shot from Betty's room. But she is frightened, startled, bewildered, whatever she is, for only an instant. Then she starts rapidly toward the staircase.

INT. BETTY'S SITTING ROOM-BOUDOIR - NIGHT

10 Margaret. She seems, so frozen in her face, so far away is the look in her eyes, almost as if she were hypnotized. Then, the instant of whatever shock she's had over, she looks slowly down, not without having to summon a certain amount of courage. Betty lies at her feet, completely still. A revolver, a German Luger, is on the floor, a few feet away. Suddenly, there is a KNOCK on the door.

MOLLIE'S VOICE (90)

(excitedly)

Miss Betty! Miss Betty!

MARGARET (91)

Come in, Mollie.

She doesn't even look at the door, but continues to gaze down at Betty.

11 Mollie enters the room.

MOLLIE

I thought I heard a shot. I --

For the first time, Mollie becomes aware of Betty, on the rug.

MOLLIE (cont'd)

I -- what's happened?

Margaret looks at her impassively.

MOLLIE (cont'd) (92)

That revolver.

(excited)

Miss Caldwell didn't -- didn't try --?

Marian, picking up a phone on the dressing table, ignores the question completely.

MARIAN
This is Miss Washburn. Is Doctor Ferris in?....Please.

MOLLIE
Shouldn't we be doing something, Miss Marian?

MARIAN
I'll take care of everything, Mollie....Hello...Dr. Ferris? This is Marian Washburn. There's been --
(she seems a bit hesitant about phrasing it, then comes out with it)
Miss Caldwell has just been shot and -- Can you come right up? We're on the eighteenth floor, you know... I won't touch a thing, I promise... Thank you.
(she hangs up -- then, to Mollie)
Dr. Ferris will be up in a couple of minutes.

MOLLIE
Yes, Miss Marian. But how did it happen? How --

MARIAN
(cutting in on her, definitely dismissing her)
Have Dr. Ferris come right up as soon as he gets here.

(CONTINUED)

HJM
11 (CONTINUED)

1/23/48
21

If the tone hadn't been enough, her look now would make sure that Mollie gets the idea. She does, leaving the door open behind her as she goes.

INT. MARGARET'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

11A Mollie, confused, with a look on her face that indicates she wishes she had some idea of the explanation of what she has just seen, hurries through the hall toward the main living room.

INT. MARGARET'S APARTMENT .- STAIRWAY - NIGHT

11B Mollie. She is almost at the bottom of the stairs as the SOUND of the doorbell is heard in the outer hallway. She continues to hurry.

INT. BETTY'S SITTING ROOM-BOUDOIR - NIGHT

11C Margaret has heard the sound of the doorbell, too, and there is a reflective look on her face as she very collectedly walks through the room into the:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

12 She passes through the hall and its entrance door, leaving it open behind her and on to the landing the head of the stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ANGLING PAST Margaret.

13 With Mollie fluttering about him, Dr. Fleming is entering the living room from the entrance hall. He's a middle-aged gent, in his pajamas, with a robe over them, carrying his bag in his hands.

14 Margaret.

MARGARET (98)
Up here, Dr. Fleming.

15 Dr. Fleming - as he looks up.

(CONTINUED)

DR. FLEMING (99)

Thank you.

He crosses the room hurriedly and goes up the staircase, Mollie immediately behind. Margaret waits for him on the landing.

MARGARET (100)

This way, Doctor.

She gestures for him to precede her into the:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

16 Mollie and Margaret enter behind him and cross through it to Betty's sitting room boudoir.

INT. BETTY'S SITTING ROOM BOUDOIR, - NIGHT

17 After one quick look as he enters, Dr. Fleming crosses to Betty, drops to his knees and takes hold of her wrist. Then, still on his knees, he addresses Margaret, who has been standing in the doorway, watching him.

DR. FLEMING (101)

My bag, please.

Margaret hands him the bag, which he had placed on the dressing table, before dropping to his knees. He takes out a stethoscope, which he applies to Betty's chest, taking great pains, however, not to move her or disturb her position. His examination over, he looks up.

MARGARET (102)

Well?

DR. FLEMING

She's still alive --

(slowly)

But --

(he gets to his feet without finishing his sentence)

We'll have to get her to a hospital. At once.

(CONTINUED)

He picks up the phone.

DR. FERRIS (cont'd)
Eldorado 59098.....What happened?

Marion looks straight at him, but doesn't answer.

DR. FERRIS (cont'd)
As you wish, Miss Washburn.
This is an emergency and I'm
warranted in getting her to a
hospital at once -- but there
will have to be some official
report.

There is a note in his voice of a suggestion that maybe
she'd like to tell him about it. He's mistaken. She's
silent and intends to remain silent. He shrugs his
shoulders and talks into the phone.

DR. FERRIS (cont'd)
Hello. Receiving, please...This
is Dr. Ferris. Will you send an
ambulance at once to eight eight
o Park Avenue, Miss Washburn's
apartment...Thank you.

(he hangs up.)

After a pause)

I heard her on the radio tonight.

MARIAN
(uninterested in
personal chit-chat)
Isn't there anything you can do
right away?

DR. FERRIS
I'm not sure that even at the
hospital --
(pauses)
The bullet is very close to the
heart.

MARIAN
Oh!

(CONTINUED)

2/13/48
24

HJM
17 (CONTINUED)

There is a reflective look on Marian's face for a moment, then she crosses to Dr. Ferris.

MARIAN

Excuse me, please.

(she picks up
the phone)

This is Miss Washburn, Operator.
Will you get me Police Headquarters,
please?

18- OMITTED
19- "
20 "

DISSOLVE

INT. MARIAN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

21 The room is lit exactly as it was before, but there is no one in it. After an instance of silence, the front doorbell is HEARD. Almost immediately, Marian appears, through a door beyond the foot of the staircase that leads to Susan's suite. She has changed clothes and is wearing a street suit with a blouse. As she crosses the room in answer to the RING, she does a final adjustment to the zipper on her hip.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

22 Marian crosses the entrance hall and opens the door, just as a second ring is heard. Revealed are two plainclothes detectives -- (Harry and Fitz) -- and a uniformed policeman.

MARIAN

Good evening. I'm Marian
Washburn.

(CONTINUED)

The troupe enters, Margaret closing the door behind them.

HARRY (110)
I'm Lieutenant Benson and this is Detective Fitzsimmons. This officer is from a patrol car.

MARGARET (111)
Please come in.

She leads the way back into the -

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

23

MARGARET (112)
(pointing)
You'll find --
(hesitates)
Miss Caldwell in her room -- up there.
(she points to the head of the stairs)
There's a doctor with her.

HARRY (113)
Go take a look, Fitz.
(to the officer)
You, too.

FITZ (114)
Right.

Fitz and the officer leave the scene.

HARRY (115)
What happened?

MARGARET (116)
(slowly and deliberately)
I shot a friend of mine a few minutes ago. Betty Caldwell. It was right after she came home from her broadcast.

HARRY (117)
Who?

(CONTINUED)

MARIAN
Miss Susan Caldwell.
(pauses)
Estrellita.

HARRY
Huh? The Estrellita? This
Miss Caldwell's the Estrellita?
Well!

MARIAN
That's her stage name. Her real
name's Susan Caldwell.
(pauses)
Tonight, when she came home --

HARRY
Look, lady, I gotta warn and
advise you. Anything you may
say can be held against you.

MARIAN
I have nothing to conceal.

HARRY
I never knew it to fail. Right
after it happens, you can't shut
'em up. Three days later, they
get a lawyer and you can't get a
word out of 'em without a ten-ton
truck and a bench warrant.

A VOICE
(o.s.)
Oh, Harry.

They turn. The officer is standing on the landing at
the head of the stairs.

OFFICER
Fitz says we better let the doc
take her to the hospital as soon
as they get here. Matter of life
and death. Probably death.

This is completely objective and factual. He might be
announcing the loss of a flat pack of matches.

Marian, on the other hand, is shocked into the loss of
her calculated disinterestness. She recovers her
composure in a moment, however.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY (126)

Okay.

(to Margaret, as the
officer returns to
Betty's room)

We'll have to take you to the
police station, Miss Linden.

MARGARET (127)

I'm ready.

(she starts
towards her
room)

I just have to get my jacket.

HARRY (128)

All right. Only about that jacket.
Sometimes they got a bathroom where
they go for the jacket -- and they
get an idea, some kind of poison
or a razor, maybe -- mind if I go
with you to get the jacket?

MARGARET (129)

Not at all.

They don't go, because the doorbell RINGS at this
moment. Mollie is seen in the b.g., hastening toward
the entrance hall to answer the bell. As they turn to
look at the entrance hall, Fowler, two orderlies with
a stretcher, and an interne enter the room from a
hallway.

HARRY (130)

Hello, Inspector.

(to the orderlies,
pointing)

It's up there, boys.

ORDERLIES (131)

Right.

They continue on with the stretcher and the interne.

FOWLER (132)

Are you Miss Linden?

MARGARET (133)

Yes. Will you get me my jacket,
please, Mollie?

Mollie leaves for the bedroom, to get the jacket.

(CONTINUED)

FOWLER

I'm Inspector Fowler. What's the dope, Harry?

HARRY

She was just starting to tell me. Says she shot a woman -- up there -- name of Miss Caldwell. She's really Estrellita, the radio singer. There's a doctor with her now. She's still breathing -- but it's pretty serious.

FOWLER

Oh!

HARRY

You being here, I might as well go up and give Fitz a hand, huh?

FOWLER

Right.

Harry leaves the scene.

MARIAN

Am I under arrest?

FOWLER

You'll have to come to the police station and you'll be booked, probably, on a charge of felonious assault.

(pauses)

But if Miss Caldwell should die --

(slowly)

The charge is Homicide.

Marian is stony-faced. They become aware of a slight NOISE o.s., at the head of the staircase, and turn in its direction.

A procession, so to speak, appears at the head of the stairs. The interne is first, with Dr. Ferris just behind him, then the stretcher, held by the two orderlies, with Susan, unconscious and faintly breathing on it. Behind them walks the officer and Fitz. Nothing is said as this parade makes its way down the stairs to a point right opposite Marian and Fowler. Marian has not taken her eyes off the stretcher or Fowler his off Marian.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET (141)
Inspector/ Could I -- could I
look at her? Please?

FOWLER (142)
Sure.

Margaret comes to the side of the stretcher and looks at Betty, whose face alone is visible. Her own face is expressionless.

MARGARET
May I?

The Inspector, puzzled for an instant, nods. Slowly and reverently, Margaret bends over and kisses Betty on the forehead. She straightens up, tightens her lips for an instant, then takes the jacket from Mollie.

MARGARET (cont'd) (143)
I'm ready, Inspector.

FOWLER (144)
Good. You know, perhaps, that you'll be allowed to make three calls from the station house. The officer in charge -- or myself -- will make them for you. One of them will be to your lawyer, of course. You can start making up your mind about who you want to call for the other two.

MARGARET (145)
I don't want a lawyer.

Fowler gestures his indifference. It's up to her.

FOWLER (146)
I think we'd better be getting along.

MARGARET (147)
You're the doctor.

FOWLER (148)
No. The Inspector.

MARGARET (149)
(a bit testily)
That's not funny.

(CONTINUED)

FOWLER (150)

(coldly)

Never is, to my mind. When there's been a shooting. The way I figure, if the Lord wanted you to have a bullet in you, you'd have been born with one.

He gestures for her to start. As they get under way, Margaret slightly in front of him.

DISSOLVE

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

24 Margaret, a policewoman, and Fowler are standing in front of the desk. The Lieutenant on duty finishes writing something, then looks up.

MARGARET (151)

You'll make that call right away, Inspector?

FOWLER (152)

You're sure you don't want to call you lawyer?

MARGARET (153)

Just the one call.

Margaret and the policewoman leave the scene, past the desk, towards the rear of the police station. Fowler watches them go, then turns to the Lieutenant.

FOWLER (154)

I always turn philosophical about this time of night.

(pauses)

How do you decide whether people are telling the truth or not, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT (155)

It's very simple, the way I look at it. To me, the minute anybody's arrested, from then on he's a liar. Unless he's pleading guilty, I mean.

FOWLER (156)

Well, she's pleading guilty.

(CONTINUED)

Fowler picks up the phone on the Lieutenant's desk and puts the receiver to his ear.

DISSOLVE

INT. HALL IMMEDIATELY OUTSIDE STUDIO 3 - GENERAL
BROADCASTING STUDIOS - NIGHT

- 25 It is richly carpeted. There is a pane of glass in the doorway, through which the broadcast, to be seen but not heard directly, will be revealed. It is, however, also being heard indirectly at the moment, through an outlet over the doorway. The SOUND coming through the outlet is a generally unfamiliar passage from Wagner's "Walkure", played on a piano. A uniformed messenger boy, in not too great a hurry, is proceeding along the hall, and stops in front of the door. (There is a sign over the door: "SILENCE! AND DON'T OPEN THIS DOOR. BROADCAST GOING ON.") He looks through the window.
- 26 Four men, as seen by the boy through the glass window - each with a microphone in front of him. A few feet away, another man, at a piano, is repeating the "Walkure" passage. The other men are watching him. The SOUND is, of course, not being heard directly in the hall as from him, but comes as an o.s. SOUND from the outlet.
- 27 Uniformed boy, on his side of the sound-proof door. ANGLE SHOOTING THROUGH the glass window PAST the boy's head, IN TO the group around the table. Here, too, the group will be seen moving lips but not heard directly. What they are saying, too, is an o.s. SOUND through the outlet.

MODERATOR (157)

(in pantomime, his
voice o.s.)

Come, come now, Mr. Jordon. You don't really mean to tell us you can't identify the passage.

Mr. Jordon is Luke.

LUKE (158)

I can identify it, but I've decided to wait. Because I've found out, anything I identify right away, Mr. Harris and Mr. Pierson here say that's just what they were about to identify themselves. Pretty easy identifying, I call it.

(CONTINUED)

There is laughter from an unseen studio audience.

MODERATOR (159)

We can get that straightened out very easily, Luke. You have no idea what that music is, have you, Mr. Pierson -- and Mr. Harris. Gentlemen?

MR. PIERSON (160)

That's exactly what I was going to say. No idea.

MR. HARRIS (161)

Me, too.

LUKE (162)

That's better. It's right before the curtain of the second act of Wagner's "Walkure."

(whistles a few
bars through
his teeth)

It's where Sigmund says goodbye to Sieglinde.

MODERATOR (163)

Correct.

(his admiration
is not
completely mock)

How do you do it, Mr. Jordon?

Luke (164)

I don't know. Genius, would you say?

MODERATOR (165)

I might not, but you would, wouldn't you?

LUKE (166)

Just to throw people off the track, perhaps.

MODERATOR (167)

Word's getting arround, all the same, Mr. Jordon, despite your modesty.

(looks up at an
o.s. clock) (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

MODERATOR (cont'd)

And now I see our time is about up. Tonight our board of experts has held our losses to two Snapalens cameras and two Medalgo projectors. Next week, at the same time, in addition to our regular experts -- Mr. Harris and Mr. Pierson -- we will again have the privilege, in addition to Governor Morgan, of Arkansas, of having as our guest Mr. Luke Jordon, celebrated composer, concert pianist, wit, and all around gadfly. And thank you, on behalf of Snapalens and its dealers everywhere, for listening in.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (168)

(instantly)

Watch the birdie, folks, watch the birdie! Snapalens. No matter what kind of picture you want to take, no matter where, no matter when, you'll always do better with Snapalens.

Watch --

(slowly)

-- the birdie! Watch --

(even more slowly)

the birdie!

ANOTHER ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (169)

This is Station WPAL, the General Broadcasting Company. You have just heard "You Ask the Questions," prepared for your entertainment by the Snapalens Photo Company, transcribed for re-broadcasting at a more favorable time. Listen in and consult your local papers for that correct time and station. This is the General Broadcasting Company.

At these final words -- let it be repeated, all the dialogue of the broadcast has been heard only through the outlet, whereas the speakers have been seen in complete pantomime as and whenever the director wished it -- the uniformed boy turns the handle, opens the door and walks through it onto:

HJM

INT. BROADCASTING STAGE PROPER - NIGHT

28 Several of the men in b.g. -- the broadcast participants -- remain at the table, but Luke has already started toward the door through which the boy has come. The boy stops him a few feet from the door.

BOY (170)

Oh, Mr. Jordan.

LUKE (171)

Hello, Tommy.

BOY

(handing him a
slip of paper)You're to call this number, Mr.
Jordan. Very important, they said.

Luke looks at the paper. The phone number means nothing to him.

BOY (cont'd) (172)

It's a police station, the fellow
said.

LUKE (173)

(smiling)

Joe Mahoney must have collected
himself a package again. Only
one of these days I'm not going
to bail him out.

DISSOLVE

INT. STATION HOUSE - NIGHT

29 Luke is standing in front of the lieutenant's desk. The lieutenant is trying to be very patient, but that's difficult, because Luke has just finished pounding, six times with his clenched fist, almost in perfect rhythm, on the desk. He stares belligerently at the lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT (174)

Mister, it's not going to get
you anywhere at all, carrying on
like this. You can't see Miss Linden --
and that's all there is to it.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

Then what's the idea of letting me know where she is and not letting me see her? Answer me that?

The lieutenant smiles irritatingly.

LUKE (cont'd) (175-6)

What would you say to coming out in the alley and talking it over man to man?

(goes to
the phone)

LIEUTENANT (177)

If I didn't know you were out of your mind, I'd lock you up.

LUKE (178)

(quickly)

That's an idea. Lock me up.

LIEUTENANT (179)

(grinning)

You're way off base, smarty pants. There's a whole different tier and a whole different wing for the women prisoners.

LUKE

(into the phone)

Port Washington 8271.

Luke looks at him sharply, then drops some coins into the pay slot.

LUKE (cont'd)

Hello. Matthews?...I'd like to talk to Mr. Matthews, please... I don't care whether he's retired. This is Luke Jordan and I've got to talk to Mr. Matthews...Never mind about your orders, you wake him up. He'll talk to me...I tell you, I've got to talk to Mr. Matthews.

A look of almost incredulity comes over his face as he stops talking. The party at the other end has hung up. Slowly, he hangs up, too.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE (cont'd) (180)
(almost to
himself)
They hung up.

LIEUTENANT (181)
Well, what do you know? You
don't seem to be in charge of
everything tonight, do you?

He's very satisfied with himself.

LUKE (182)
Where can I pick up a cab?

LIEUTENANT (183)
Out in the street pretty likely.
We used to have quite a collection
right in here, **all ready for**
passengers, but we cut it out.
Got in the way of business.

Luke gives him a withering look for his sarcasm, but
the lieutenant simply smiles benignly.

DISSOLVE

30 OMITTED

INT. LARGE ENTRANCE HALL OF MATTHEWS' HOME - NIGHT

31 The overhead light, which the butler has just turned
on, is lit. The butler has made a slight attempt to
keep Luke out, but to no avail.

BUTLER (184)
I warn you, Mr. Jordan, I shall be
obliged to send for the police. Mr.
Matthews is not to be disturbed. He
left strict orders no exceptions are
to be made and that --

LUKE (185)
An exception has just been made --
and I'm it.

BUTLER (186)
I'm an old man, Mr. Jordan, but
I intend to do my best --

(CONTINUED)

Changes
THE LONG DENIAL

HJM
31 (CONTINUED)

3/22/48
37

VOICE

(from above)

It's all right, Harold. I'm
coming down.

They both turn to look at Matthews, who is descending
the wide staircase. He is in his bathrobe, over his
pajamas and he is very sleepy.

LUKE

Sorry I'm disturbing you, Brook,
but it's terribly important.

MATTHEWS

(who has reached
the bottom of
the stairs)

It better be. You can go to bed,
Harold.

HAROLD

Thank you, Mr. Matthews.

He leaves the scene. Matthews leads the way toward an
arched entrance to the left to the living room, Luke
following him. Matthews reaches along the wall for a
light switch. As he and Luke walk into the:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

32 It's an extremely attractive room. The only important
item of decor is a studio portrait of Mrs. Matthews --
Brook Matthews' mother, deceased, as will turn out.

MATTHEWS

What's this all about, Luke?

Matthews, as aforesaid, is tired. He sinks wearily onto
a sofa.

LUKE

(studying him
for a moment)

I wish I could tell you this
some other way -- but I can't.
Susan was shot tonight.

MATTHEWS

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

I went over to the police station -- but there wasn't much I could find out. They'd locked Marian up.

MATTHEWS

Marian?

LUKE

She says she tried to kill Susan. I tried to call you right away, but that bird-brain of a butler you've got --

MATTHEWS

What about Susan? You're not trying to break it gently, are you? She's not dead?

LUKE

No. . But there's no telling -- Nobody's allowed to see her -- and it wouldn't do any good if they were. She's unconscious.

MATTHEWS

Hmmmm.

LUKE

Marian's being very stubborn. Says she doesn't want a lawyer. That's why I came out here. You're going to be her lawyer.

Matthews shakes his head.

LUKE

First thing in the morning, you'll let the District Attorney's office know you're handling the case.

MATTHEWS

(slowly)

I see no reason for me any longer to be involved with Susan -- or with anything that happens to her.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

In my book, when a man asks a woman to marry him, that kind of gets him mixed up with things that happen to her.

(nastily)

No?

MATTHEWS

Since you seem determined to argue the matter, suppose I tell you that Susan let me know -- it was the day after she got back from New Orleans -- that she had decided not to marry me. That would be about -- ten days ago.

LUKE

I know all about that. I can't figure it out any more than you can.

(pauses)

But that has nothing to do with what we're talking about. You're one of the best lawyers in New York -- and you're going to represent Marian.

MATTHEWS

As long as my mother was alive, it was impossible for me to marry Susan. You know that.

(bitterly)

I'm beginning to think now that she might not have been willing to marry me, even if my mother had not --

(he interrupts himself)

It's completely out of the question for me to allow myself to be mixed up with this matter in any manner.

LUKE

You're going to be mixed up in it, but you still have a choice --

(slowly)

..as to whether you want to appear as Marian's lawyer, which is natural enough, since you've been her friend and Susan's for so long -- or whether you prefer to be summoned by the prosecution as a witness.

(CONTINUED)

The men look at each other fixedly. Matthews is the first to break. He realizes he has no choice.

MATTHEWS

I still can't believe it. They always seemed to be such close friends.

LUKE

I was always surprised you didn't recognize what an odd friendship it was. Marian's regular and genuine and -- well, a lot of things Susan isn't. That's all right to say, isn't it? You did tell me you were through with her, didn't you? And vice versa.

MATTHEWS

That's no reason for being so -- so realistic about Susan.

LUKE

Realistic is the word for Susan, all right.

MATTHEWS

I had an idea you were in love with her, yourself.

(slowly)

I even thought she couldn't make up her mind about me because -- Well, she wasn't sure she didn't like you more.

LUKE

It's not against the law yet to try to help a friend make a desirable marriage, is it? And your thinking I had top priority did make you a little more anxious, didn't it?

Matthews just looks at him.

LUKE (cont'd)

That's all I was trying to do. What Marian and I have always tried to do. What we thought was best for Susan. In this case -- marriage --

(a bit sarcastic)

-- to you.

(CONTINUED)

Matthews has continued to listen to this unemotionally,
as if it were a simple exercise in mathematics.

LUKE (cont'd)

Only it just messed everything
up for me, that's all. With
Marian. She didn't understand --
as completely as I thought.

(suddenly
looking around)

Any witnesses? No.

(in a genuine
cold fury)

Well, if you ever let Marian hear
one word of what I just said --
I'll kill you.

There is a silence.

MATTHEWS

(rubbing his eyes,
then his hand
across his forehead)

It's being quite a night, isn't
it, Luke?

LUKE

Just so I've persuaded you to
represent Marian --

He looks at Matthews searchingly.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE (219)

Thanks a lot.
(starts out)
I'm going to get me some
sleep. You'd better, too.

MATTHEWS

I'll let you out.

They start for the door.

MATTHEWS (cont'd) (220)

Why do you imagine Betty
finally decided not to marry
me, Luke?

LUKE (221)

I'll be delighted to give you a
direct answer to that direct
question, Brook. It's - I don't know.
(pauses)

Coming out in the cab, I started
to think of a lot of things I don't
know -- but that I'm going to find
out about. Between us, we ought to
be able to get at the truth. Why
should Margaret tell the police she
tried to kill Betty?

MATTHEWS (222)

Well, for one thing --
(in the form
of a question)
maybe, because she did try to
kill Betty.

LUKE (223)

Could be. Except for one
other thing.
(pause)
Couldn't be. Not a chance in
the world.

MATTHEWS (224)

You know, I wish I had the faith
you have in anything -- that
you've got in Margaret.

LUKE (225)

I haven't got it in anything.
Just in Margaret.

DISSOLVE

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

- 33 Susan is sound asleep -- she's still unconscious -- on a hospital bed. In a corner, a nurse, half-asleep, is sprawled in a large chair. Except for the moonlight coming in through the windows, the only illumination is a shaded light, next to the nurse's chair. Susan is breathing regularly -- but faintly. Her face is expressionless.

DISSOLVE

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

- 34 Light from the same moon is coming in through the bars. Marian, dressed as before, is stretched out on a wall cot, the bottom bed of a double decker. (She is the only occupant of the cell.) She is wide awake, her eyes open, staring at the ceiling.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. HOUSE OF DETENTION FOR WOMEN - VISITORS' ROOM - DAY

- 35 Present are Marian, Luke, Inspector Fowler, Matthews, Assistant District Attorney Roberts, a male stenographer and a uniformed policeman. There is silence for a moment, all the people present, except Marian, who is disinterested, looking at Roberts. He's a kindly, middle-aged gent.

ROBERTS

I'm sure you realize, Mr. Matthews, that the District Attorney's office will be obliged to oppose bail for Miss Washburn in every possible way.

MATTHEWS

She's not going to run away. You know that.

ROBERTS

I also know that at any moment there's apt to be a phone call -- that can change this charge to homicide. It's only because we're holding her on a short affidavit that I've consented to the presence of Mr. Jordan at this meeting.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

I recognize your courtesy, believe me. I daresay if it weren't for me you'd be applying lighted cigarettes to the bottom of her feet right now.

Roberts keeps his temper at this insult and gestures slightly, in token of his helplessness as the public official in charge of the case.

MATTHEWS

Take it easy, Luke.

Luke continues to glare at Roberts. Marian is still without any reaction.

ROBERTS

Mr. Matthews says you have decided to give us your version of what happened, Miss Washburn?

MATTHEWS

That's not exactly correct. I have advised Miss Washburn to make no statement of any kind. It is decidedly not in her interests --

Her cold look makes him cut his sentence short. She turns to Roberts.

MARIAN

Shall I go ahead, Mr. Roberts?

ROBERTS

(a little pleased at his triumph over Matthews)

Please.

Marian takes an instant to organize her story.

MARIAN

Susan -- Miss Caldwell -- got back to the apartment about the same time as usual last night after her broadcast and -- well, we had a bit of an argument.
(pauses)

ROBERTS

What about?

(CONTINUED)

HJM
35 (CONTINUED)

2/23/48
44A

MATTHEWS

I advise you again, Marian, you're
under no obligations of any kind
to answer any of Mr. Roberts'
questions.

Marian looks straight at Matthews for a moment, then
turns to Roberts.

MARIAN

She said she was going to quit.
For good.

(pauses)

Then she went into her room.

(with a hard smile)

It didn't take me long to make
up my mind to let her know exactly
how things stood. I saw no reason
to put up with anymore of her nonsense.

On Marian's last speech, there is a slow

DISSOLVE

INT. HALLWAY - MARIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

36 Marian, in the hallway, outside Susan's door. She raps vigorously, then without waiting for an answer, she opens the door and enters, closing it behind her.

INT. SUSAN'S SITTING-ROOM BOUDOIR - NIGHT

37 Susan, her back to Marian, is at her dressing table. She turns around. Marian closes the door behind her.

MARIAN

I want to talk to you.

SUSAN

Marian, I'm sorry if I upset you.
We can talk things over tomorrow and
maybe --

MARIAN

We're going to talk things over
right now. I want you once and for
all to get this straight. You're
not giving up your career.

SUSAN

(trying to
humor her)

I'm not important enough for anybody
to talk about my "giving up my career."
I'm just tired and I want to quit and --

MARIAN

Well, you're not going to quit.
(pauses)

You don't seem to understand.
You're not just yourself. You're
me, too.

SUSAN

Marian! I've never forgotten for one
minute that if it hadn't been for you
and Luke -- that's why it's been so
hard for me to -- why, I'd have given
up being Estrellita long ago, gotten
married, maybe --

(smiles)

or, I guess, more likely gone back
to selling perfumes at Norman's --
It's because I am so obligated to you --

37 (CONTINUED)

MARIAN

Everything I've got, or ever had, or ever could have had -- has gone into creating you. You're myself, the way I wanted to be -- the way I could have been. I've worked and planned and struggled for you -- as if it were for myself.

(harshly)

Well, what do you imagine is going to happen to me -- if you quit? Because you're talking about giving up my life. It is mine, just as much as it's yours. And I'm not going to let you give it up.

SUSAN

I'm sorry, Marian. I've made up my mind. I'm through with singing. I'm quitting. I really am.

MARIAN

I say you're not.

SUSAN

I can't begin to tell you how much it bothers me to feel I'm hurting you, but there's nothing else I can do. You see, you're right about your life being my life. That's exactly it. I've never had a life of my own and it's time I started one. Before it's too late.

MARIAN

I'm warning you, Susan. For the last time.

SUSAN

(shaking her head)

I'm sorry, Marian.

MARIAN

I think maybe I can make you change your mind.

Susan looks at her, puzzled, but the look changes to one of horror when she sees Marian pull a revolver from her pocket and aim it at her.

SUSAN

Marian!

(CONTINUED)

MARIAN

You think now you might change your mind?

Susan shakes her head.

MARIAN (cont'd)

You'd better decide quick.

They look at each other. Susan, level-eyed, clear and unafraid, Marian with almost maniacal eyes. Finally, Marian fires. Susan, an amazed look in her eyes for an instant, falls to the floor. Marian, holding the revolver, stares at Susan, at her feet.

DISSOLVE

INT. HOUSE OF DETENTION FOR WOMEN - VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

38

MARIAN

After a while, Mollie came in -- and then I called Dr. Ferris -- and then I called the police.

Marian has finished her story, at least as far as she is concerned. Her recital has been unexcited and dispassionate.

ROBERTS

Thank you very much, Miss Washburn.

MARIAN

(earnestly)

You see, she was -- she was me. I couldn't let her quit.

ROBERTS

(on the level)

That's a very straightforward story.

LUKE

Except that it's complete nonsense, from beginning to end.

(very belligerently)

If I'm allowed to express an opinion, Mr. Roberts, begging your Highness' pardon, Mr. Roberts.

(CONTINUED)

He glares at Roberts, who looks back at him reflectively, then decides that the best course of action is to ignore him.

ROBERTS
(turning to Marian)
Tell me, Miss Washburn, do you have
a permit to carry a revolver?

MARIAN
No.

ROBERTS
Where did you get the revolver?

MARIAN
It's a German Luger. When I was in
France, in 1944, with Susan -- on a
U.S.O. tour -- a soldier insisted on
giving it to me as a souvenir.

ROBERTS
This soldier -- he had a name, of
course?

MARIAN
I never knew it. It was at a canteen
and I played gin rummy with him --
and that's the last I ever saw of
him.

There is a silence.

ROBERTS
(rising)
You've been very cooperative, Miss
Washburn.
(to Matthews)
As I understand it, this is Miss
Washburn's story, Mr. Matthews. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

ROBERTS (cont'd)
(as if reciting
the facts to
himself)

Miss Washburn -- it's a matter of record and general knowledge that she had a voice of considerable quality herself at one time and was becoming very successful when she lost that voice -- Miss Washburn met Miss Caldwell and helped her, helped her a great deal. But when it turned out that Miss Caldwell was ungrateful ---

MARIAN
(interrupting)
I didn't say she was ungrateful. It was just that -- she wanted to stop being a singer.

ROBERTS
And all you wanted was to stop her from stopping?

MARIAN
I wouldn't let her. I couldn't. It would have been suicide.

ROBERTS
She proposed to stop being a singer -- and this led you to fear she might commit suicide?

MARIAN
It would have meant my suicide, don't you understand?

Roberts looks at her as if his failure to answer means chiefly that he doesn't want to hurt her more than is necessary. Then he glances at his wristwatch.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERTS

I'll arrange for you to get a copy of these notes as soon as they're typed, Mr. Matthews.
(to Marian)

I'll be here again tomorrow morning, Miss Washburn.

LUKE

(suddenly)

Marian, what are you trying to hide? Why don't you tell the truth -- whatever it is?

MARIAN

I am telling the truth.

They look at each other steadily.

ROBERTS

I'm on my way downtown. Can I drop you somewhere, Mr. Matthews?

MATTHEWS

I haven't finished talking to Miss Washburn.

ROBERTS

(with a gesture)

By all means.

He leaves with the stenographer.

LUKE

Marian, won't you please --?

MARIAN

(annoyed)

I wish you'd drop it, Luke.

FOWLER

We'd better go, Mr. Jordan.

He opens the door.

LUKE

All right. But if it's the last thing I do in this world --

His sentence unfinished, he walks through the door, followed by Fowler, who closes it behind them. The uniformed policeman leaves with them.

HJM

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE VISITORS' ROOM - DAY

2/13/48
52

38A

FOWLER

(to policeman)

When they come out, turn Miss Washburn over to the policewoman, and take Mr. Matthews to the desk.

UNIFORMED POLICEMAN

Yes, Inspector.

As Fowler and Luke start off:

LUKE

Do you mind if I ask you a question, Inspector?

Fowler doesn't answer.

LUKE (cont'd)

You don't know any of the people involved, but can't you just sense that that story wasn't on the level?

FOWLER

(a bit
embarrassedly)

Well -- I did think it was a little pat. But you'd be surprised how often the truth is -- pat. Outside of that, when you've been on the police force as long as I have -- you don't do much --

(he smiles)

-- sensing.

LUKE

I'm not talking about intuition. But I was watching you while she was telling her story -- and I could tell you were a little bewildered. The person and the story don't fit together. You can feel that, can't you?

FOWLER

She did lose me every now and then. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

FOWLER (cont'd)

(reciting it
very quickly,
with a bit
of a smile)

Estrellita wasn't leading her
own life, she was leading Miss
Washburn's too, so the way Miss
Washburn was going to stop her
from committing suicide --
taking her own life, Miss
Washburn, I mean, was by
shooting her -- not herself, but
Estrellita, in this case,
because --

(he smiles
broadly)

Mind you, I must admit I've
heard a lot of stories that
make even less sense than
that -- and yet they happened
to be true.

Luke looks at him searchingly for a moment, then
decides to gamble.

LUKE

Hmm. What are you doing for
lunch, Inspector?

FOWLER

Eating.

LUKE

Well, how about having lunch
at the direct expense of a tax-
payer? I want to talk.

(slowly)

I'd like to have a chance to
show someone -- that she just
couldn't have done it.

FOWLER

I promise to eat slow.

DISSOLVE

HJM

INT. MIDDLE-CLASS RESTAURANT - A BOOTH - DAY

2/13/48
53A

39 Fowler and Luke are facing each other across the table,
the last part of their meal still in front of them.
Luke is looking very intently at Fowler.

FOWLER

I'm afraid a jury would have to
believe Roberts when he tells
them she tried to kill Miss
Caldwell -- because she was
afraid she might lose her meal
ticket. That's a fear most
people recognize -- because
they've got it themselves.

(CONTINUED)

Changes
THE LONG DENIAL

3/1/48
54

HJM

INT. MIDDLE CLASS RESTAURANT -- BOOTH - DAY

39 Fowler and Luke are facing each other across the table,
the last part of their meal still in front of them.

FOWLER

I'm afraid I'll have to be a
little honest with you, Jordan.
The way things are, it's not
going to be very hard for
Roberts to show that there was
every reason why Miss Washburn --
He'll just point out she was
afraid of losing her meal ticket.
That's a fear most people
recognize -- because they've
got it themselves.

LUKE

(hotly)

Marian never looked on Susan
as her meal ticket!

FOWLER

Could be. But a meal ticket --
(slowly)
doesn't have to be looked on as
a meal ticket --
(even more slowly)
to be a meal ticket.

Luke is about to answer this, changes his mind, bites
his lower lip silently for a moment.

LUKE

(after deliberating
on how to begin)

You see, I've known Marian a
long time. We kind of started
together. I mean, I was a
piano-player and a song plugger --
and there was this little place
down in the Village where I
used to play for my meals and
a room back of the kitchen.
And she used to sing at this
place.

(A DISSOLVE has begun toward the close of Luke's
speech.)

DISSOLVE

HJM

INT. CORNER GREENWICH VILLAGE TEAROOM - NIGHT

2/13/48
55

39A Marian, to Luke's accompaniment on a second-rate upright piano, is singing a verse and chorus of her song. The song finishes, to scattered applause. (There must definitely be no great enthusiasm.)

LUKE

Eat?

MARIAN

That's why I was singing.

LUKE

That's why I was playing.

They walk to a nearby table and sit down.

LUKE (cont'd)

One of these days you're going to be singing that song on Broadway -- and I'm going to be walking up and down outside the theatre.

MARIAN

Picketing?

LUKE

Just won't have the dough to buy a ticket.

MARIAN

That'll be easy to fix. I'll let you sit and wait in my dressing room -- and then -- well, then I may let you get rid of all the people who'll be trying to get my autograph outside the stage door.

(pauses)

And then maybe I'll let you pinch me so I can wake up.

Luke pinches her.

MARIAN

Ouch!

(CONTINUED)

HJM
39A (CONTINUED)

2/13/48
55A

LUKE

Never hurts to have a rehearsal.

MARIAN

(taking a menu
from a passing
waiter)

I guess I'm pretty lucky I
didn't suggest your kicking me.

(she looks at
the menu)

And why do I bother to look at
this menu? It's Wednesday night
and that means pot roast.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

Never hurts to have a rehearsal.

MARIAN

(taking a menu from
a passing waiter)

I guess I'm pretty lucky I didn't
suggest your kicking me.

(she looks at the
menu)

And why do I bother to look at
this menu? It's Wednesday night
and that means pot roast.

LUKE

There's worse things than pot roast.

(pauses)

For instance, no pot roast.

They smile at each other.

DISSOLVE

INT. RESTAURANT BOOTH - DAY

39B Luke is looking very earnestly at Fowler.

FOWLER

(to waiter, off scene)

Psst! Coffee!

LUKE

Marian never got to be a star --
but she was going to be one.
No question of it. She'd been
featured in a couple of musicals
and she wasn't more than a year
or two away when suddenly, one
night -- well, it just happened.

FOWLER

What happened?

LUKE

Oh, I forgot you didn't know.
Well, I was in her dressing room.
I had stopped by to pick her up
and take her to a party somebody
was giving.

DISSOLVE

HJM

2-17-48

56A

INT. MARIAN'S DRESSING ROOM

39C Luke, relaxed, at peace with the world, is smoking and idly glancing at a magazine. The door is open.

He looks up, without any particular concern, at the SOUND of voices in the corridor. A moment later, Marian comes into the room, half leaning on and half carried by the stage manager in his shirt sleeves. Another young actress in makeup is with them.

ACTRESS

Sit down, Marian.

(CONTINUED)

As Luke, bewildered, rises, Marian, helped by the stage manager and the actress, sinks into the chair he vacates.

LUKE

What's the matter?

STAGE MANAGER

I'll get a doctor.

ACTRESS

Try to get Doc Calvin.

STAGE MANAGER

Right.

(he leaves)

MARIAN

(who is very pale)

Hello, Luke.

LUKE

What's the matter? What happened?

MARIAN

I was almost finished with my number and --

ACTRESS

(interrupting her)

You're not to talk.

(to Luke)

She suddenly lost her voice --
in the middle of the second
chorus.

MARIAN

I didn't really lose my voice. I --

ACTRESS

(cautioning her)

Marian.

(to Luke)

It just suddenly didn't sound like
her voice. It's hard to explain.
She probably just needs a little rest.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET (317)

I've got the queerest feeling. I --

ACTRESS (318)

Margaret!
(to Luke)
She mustn't talk.

LUKE (319)

You keep quiet. That means don't say a word. Understand? As soon as you get your voice back, you can tell me all about it.

MARGARET

I understand.

Margaret tries to smile at him but she's really frightened. Suddenly she closes her eyes, her head against the back of the chair. Then she opens her eyes again.

MARGARET (cont'd) (320)

I'm being very silly, huh?

LUKE (321)

You say another word -- I'll slug you.

MARGARET (322)

You're sweet.

She closes her eyes. Luke looks at the actress, who shrugs her shoulders. There is a look of great concern on her face.

LUKE (323)

Five'll get you ten you don't even miss tomorrow night's show.

Without opening her eyes, Margaret smiles at him again, pursing her lips as if to blow him a kiss.

DISSOLVE

INT. RESTAURANT BOOTH - DAY

39D Fowler is looking attentively at Luke now.

LUKE

For a while, everybody thought it was plain laryngitis. Only then it turned into some rare type of laryngitis. (cont'd)

HJM

3/1/48
58A

INT. RESTAURANT BOOTH - DAY

39D Fowler is looking attentively at Luke now.

LUKE

But she did miss the next night's show. Oh, they stalled around a while with an understudy, but they had to close before long. That's how good she was.

FOWLER

What was the matter?

LUKE

Well, to begin with, they thought all she had was just plain laryngitis -- but then it turned into some rare type of laryngitis that none of the doctors knew anything about. It was pretty grim, believe me.

FOWLER

Good coffee.

LUKE

It was months before they let her use her voice at all, but then -- I guess it was about a year later -- she started singing again. Privately. Then one day she went around to Paul Camilli's studio for a professional opinion. He was the best there was. And she knew he'd tell it to her straight.

DISSOLVE

INT. PROFESSOR CAMILLI'S STUDIO - DAY - RAIN

40 Luke at a grand piano. Within a few feet, and at the proper time, it will be revealed that the scene is Professor Camilli's large studio room, elegantly furnished, and that Luke has just finished the piano accompaniment to a number sung by Marian who is standing next to him. (MARIAN IS NOT HEARD SINGING THIS NUMBER TO LUKE'S ACCOMPANIMENT.)

There is a considerable silence. Marian is desperately anxious to know the verdict but she does her best to pretend indifference. She doesn't even look at Camilli. Camilli, who dare not be a comic character, walks up and down, trying to assemble his thoughts and -- most of all -- a manner of expressing them.

(CONTINUED)

MARIAN

(finally)

Well, what about it?

(after an instant,
sharply)

Paul! What about it?

Camilli continues his silence.

LUKE

Come on, Marian, let's go.

MARIAN

What about it, Paul?

The Professor looks at her, can't quite phrase it,
then gets an idea.

CAMILLI (328)

You tell me.

He walks to a victrola, looks hastily at a shelf of records, some albums, some single records, takes one out, puts it on the victrola and starts it. After some introductory phrases it begins the song that Margaret has just sung, starting with the chorus as she did in this scene.

41 There are CUTS to Margaret and Luke throughout the chorus, as the song continues. Luke pretends to be defiant, but not successfully. Margaret doesn't even pretend. Camilli's expression indicates the obvious fact that her voice of today can't hold a candle to her own voice on the record.

42 Margaret, Luke, Professor Camilli.

MARGARET
(before the chorus
is finished)
Okay, Paul. Okay.

Paul doesn't answer.

MARGARET (cont'd) (329)
(more sharply)
Turn it off!

Camilli reaches over to turn it off.

CAMILLI (330)
There's really nothing wrong with
your voice. It just --

MARGARET (331)
It just isn't my voice, huh?

CAMILLI (332)
Look at it this way. Suppose
you haven't got precisely every
quality you had before, you
could still --

MARGARET (333)
Come on, Luke.

(CONTINUED)

CAMILLI (334)

If you'd like to keep on working,
I could clear a little time on
Tuesdays and Fridays --

MARGARET (335)

(shaking her head)

Uh-huh!

They are at the door.

LUKE (336)

Just a minute.

MARGARET

What is it?

Without waiting for an answer, Margaret watching him
in some bewilderment, Luke, his hands behind his back,
slowly, exaggeratedly, as if stalking something, walks
over to the victrola, takes off the record, looks at
it for a moment, then breaks it in half.

MARGARET (cont'd) (337)

(amused more than
anything else)

What did you do that for?

LUKE (338)

(dusting off
his hands)

I thought I'd feel better. I
do, too.

(he pats Camilli
airily on the
shoulder)

Be seeing you, Professor. And
don't take any fake grace notes.

He puts his left hand under Margaret's elbow and steers
her out. Paul watches them go. At the door, Margaret
stops and turns around.

MARGARET (339)

Thanks for everything, Paul.

Camilli blows a kiss to Margaret. She smiles at him.

DISSOLVE

EXT. DOORWAY OF A RATHER GOOD-CLASS APARTMENT HOUSE-DAY
(RAIN)

43 Immediately outside the door are Marian and Luke, dressed as they were in Camilli's studio. The rain that was seen pouring against Camilli's studio window has continued unabated. Protected by the doorway and a marquee, Luke and Marian are looking for a cab on the otherwise deserted street.

LUKE

You can still get a lot of parts.

MARIAN

Not the kind of parts I want.
I want to sing.

Luke looks at her, but at the same time puts two fingers to his mouth and whistles, but it does no good. A cab races by, paying no attention to them.

MARIAN (cont'd)

And if I can't sing the way I'd like to - the way I used to - I just don't want to sing at all. There are other things.

LUKE

Like what?

MARIAN

Opening a book store. Or a hat shop. Or I could get married.

LUKE

(trying to make
it comic)

You sure could. Remind me to talk to you about that very subject any day now.

MARIAN

(suddenly)

Are you proposing to me, Luke?

Luke takes on a serious expression.

LUKE

No.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET (347)
Afraid I'll accept, huh?

LUKE (348)
No. Afraid you won't.

MARGARET (349)
I wouldn't be too sure. But
how's about you having dinner
with me? At my place? Now
that we both know we're safe.

LUKE
Glad to. Only --

He interrupts himself to whistle at a passing cab,
which again ignores him.

LUKE (cont'd) (350)
I've got to stop in at a rehearsal
hall for about half an hour.
To try out some people. Want
to come along?

MARGARET (351)
Sure.

LUKE
(smiles)
Annual Employees Follies and
Frolic, Mirth, Melody and Melange.
Norman's Department Store.

He whistles again. This time the cab pulls up in
front of the marquee.

LUKE (cont'd) (352)
Service?

MARGARET (353)
(gravely)
More than you know, Luke. For
a couple of minutes there I
really forgot --

LUKE (354)
What you're going to forget the
rest of your life. Why, a year
from now, you'll have trouble
even remembering --
(opens door)
In you go.

DISSOLVE

EXT. NEW YORK BROWNSTONE - DAY - (RAIN)

- 44 A brass plate reading: "VALHALLA CASINO," set alongside the iron-gate-type front, basement door of an old-fashioned New York brownstone, once a home. A flight of steps leads from the basement to the first floor proper. The rain keeps pouring down on this SHOT, which is held for the duration of Luke's following speech, o.s. One sorry pedestrian, head down, making his way against the torrent of rain, comes between the camera and the SHOT for an instant.

LUKE'S VOICE

I've always wondered what would have happened if I hadn't persuaded Marian to drop in at that rehearsal for a few minutes. Maybe everything would have been different. You can't ever tell, can you?

(pauses)

Anyway, there was no way of knowing what we were going to run into when we left after about half an hour of me helping to try out a lot of talent that didn't have any.

INT. A DIMLY LIT FLIGHT OF STAIRS - DAY

- 45 Marian and Luke on their way down, Marian ahead of Luke. From above them, o.s., comes the MUSIC of a baritone singing a ballad to piano accompaniment, fighting against a chorus of sixteen female voices, in a fast number, also to piano accompaniment, both these offerings fighting against still a third SOUND of poorly rehearsed chorus of twelve girls, also to piano accompaniment. (The theory of this is that these sounds come from three separate rooms, with open doors, on an upper floor.)

MARIAN

(suddenly
without
turning back)

Luke!

She starts to hurry down the remaining stairs, Luke following her after an instant of observation.

INT. LANDING (AT FOOT OF STAIRS) - DAY

46 The iron gate door, leading to the area and the rain-swept street, is in the immediate b.g. A pretty girl -- Betty Caldwell, to wit - coming down the stairs and reaching the landing ahead of them, puts her hand to the wall to steady herself, sways and falls to the floor. Margaret and Luke come into the scene. It is still theoretically daylight without, but the hall light has been turned on in this gloomy passage and hallway, what with the pouring rain.

MARGARET (357)

(bending over
the girl)

She's fainted, Luke.

LUKE (358)

Looks like.

As Margaret puts her arm under Betty's shoulder and raises her slightly, Betty opens her eyes. She isn't surprised or embarrassed or self-conscious or anything at all. She takes life in its stride, does Betty.

BETTY (359)

Hello.

LUKE (360)

I win a bet. They don't say
'Where am I?'

MARGARET (361)

(annoyed)

Luke!

BETTY (362)

You think maybe I fainted?

She tries to get up.

MARGARET (363)

Let me help you.

(she puts her
arm around her)

You'd better sit down and rest a bit.

BETTY (364)

(allowing herself
to be assisted
to the stairs)

Maribelle, over in hand-bags, she
told me this would happen. (cont'd)

SUSAN (cont'd)

(completely
matter-of-
factly)

A person not eating for weeks,
only a cup of coffee in the
morning.

MARIAN

What?

SUSAN

And then just now I did a tap
dance for Mr. Archer, and -- I
guess that did it. No strenth --
(a wry smile)
And he said I couldn't dance good
enough, too.

LUKE

Trying out for the show, were you?

SUSAN

I work at Norman's. Perfumes.

MARIAN

Get a cab, will you, Luke?

LUKE

Don't I always?

He opens the door, steps through it and closes it
behind him. Throughout the rest of the scene, he can
be seen, looking out into the street for a cab,
occasionally looking back at the girls inside in the
passageway.

MARIAN

You'd better get right to bed.
We'll drop you. Where do you
live?

SUSAN

I got a room. On St. Mark's Place.

MARIAN

You live alone?

SUSAN

(bridling)
I beg your pardon?

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET (375)

I mean, I think you ought to have somebody take care of you. Get you a cup of soup, see that you're warm --

(suddenly)

Why don't you come and have dinner with us? My name's Margaret Linden --

(points)

He's Luke Jordan -- and we're going to have dinner at my place. I'd be very glad --

BETTY (376)

Thanks. My name's Betty Caldwell. I do feel a little dizzy and --

(not at all
impertinent,
just asking
a question).

What kind of soup? I can't stand all kinds. Sometimes I get a rash.

MARGARET (377)

(smiling)

Chicken soup. Canned.

BETTY (378)

That's the best there is. They can it where I come from. One thing, you know what you're eating.

Just then, Luke raps on the door. He gestures toward the street.

MARGARET (379)

He's got a cab.

She opens the door. The cab can be seen pulling up in front.

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

47 Betty, Margaret and Luke race for the cab, which the driver has opened by reaching out his hand and turning the handle. Betty gets there first and piles right in, followed by Margaret and Luke.

DISSOLVE

INT. SMALL LIVING ROOM OF MARIAN'S APARTMENT -
NIGHT

48 Luke, in his shirtsleeves, is stretched out on a couch. Susan, her jacket off, is finishing a bowl of soup, in front of the imitation fireplace. Marian, in a robe, enters with coffee.

SUSAN

I can't remember ever eating two plates of soup before.

(pauses)

I mean, at the same meal, of course.

MARIAN

You can still change your mind, if you'd rather have a glass of milk.

SUSAN

No, thanks. This is what I'd like if I had an apartment. A real fireplace -- only an imitation log. Makes things homey.

LUKE

(raising himself
on an elbow and
turning to her)

I wonder if you'd mind my asking you a question, Susan?

SUSAN

Go right ahead.

LUKE

What you said back at the rehearsal hall about not eating for weeks. Just a cup of coffee in the morning. What was the idea? Diet? An election hat?

SUSAN

No money.

LUKE

Don't they pay pretty well at Normen's?

(CONTINUED)

changes
THE LONG DENIAL

HJM
49 (CONTINUED)

2-14-48
68A

SUSAN

I think so.

MARIAN

It's none of your business,
Luke. Maybe she's been sending
money home.

SUSAN

It's not that. Ever since I came
to New York I've been fixing to
go to a fortune teller I heard
about. One of the best. A
hundred dollars a visit.

LUKE

What?

SUSAN

So I saved up --
(ruefully)

How was I to know they really can't
tell much in less than three visits.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

You're on your feet all day
at a perfume counter, and go
without food for weeks -- to
pay a fortune teller a hundred
dollars?

SUSAN

There's no sense going unless
you go to the best.

LUKE

You said something about ever
since you came to New York.
Where do you come from?

SUSAN

Azusa. Azusa, California.

LUKE

Azusa?

SUSAN

It's kind of a made-up word.
Different letters, they put
them together, that's how they
got the name. Everything from
A to Z, U.S.A. --

(as if it were
very simple)

Azusa.

LUKE

I still don't get it. What
does the USA stand for?

SUSAN

(amused at
his ignorance)

United States of America.
Everybody knows that.

LUKE

Oh! Why did you come to New York?

MARIAN

Luke, you're heckling her as
if you were a District Attorney.
After all, Susan --

SUSAN

I thought, maybe I could get a
job in a show, but -- (cant'd)

(CONTINUED)

BETTY (cont'd)
(glibly, completely
unaware that she
is not just making
a report on the
weather)

Well, to tell you the truth, I
got into a kind of a little scandal
back in Azusa and so when Mrs.
Burgell offered me this money to
come to New York, I grabbed it.

LUKE (401)
(delighted)
A little scandal, eh?
(he rubs
his hands)
Let's hear all about it, Betty.

MARGARET (402)
Luke!

BETTY (403)
There wasn't much to it.
Naturally, all Mrs. Burgell
wanted was to get me out of
Azusa and away from that crazy
husband of hers.

LUKE (404)
That was all, eh?

BETTY (405)
I figured she was out of her
mind, but it was her money --
as if I'd have anything to do
with a man twice my age. He
must be thirty-six if he's a
day. I thought she was just
joking when she said he'd asked
her for a divorce. Wouldn't you?

MARGARET (406)
(taken aback)
Well, I -- I --

BETTY (407)
You see, when you're working in
a cafe, you always have some
regular customers who drop in
for laughs -- (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

BETTY (cont'd)

(interrupts
herself)

How was I to know Mr. Burgell
would turn around and tell Mrs.
Burgell he wanted a divorce?

(reminiscent
smile)

You should have heard the noise
it made in Azusa. Mr. Burgell's
about the richest man there, you
know. Smudge pots and pest control.

LUKE (408)

It's got to be true. Nobody
could invent that. Smudge pots
and pest control!

Margaret is genuinely annoyed at Luke's enjoyment of
this simple-minded young woman.

MARGARET (409)

You're not being the least bit
funny, Luke.

BETTY (410)

He don't bother me.

(to Luke)

You think you're so smart and I
bet you don't even understand.
There wasn't ever a thing in the
world between me and Mr. Burgell.

LUKE (411)

I apologize.

BETTY (412)

Apology accepted and no offense
taken, I'm sure.

LUKE (413)

Thank you very much.

BETTY (414)

I don't want to be selling
perfume all my life, but now I
don't see what else --

(smiles) (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

BETTY (cont'd)
I didn't even ask Mr. Archer to
listen to me sing. For the
chorus, you know. Because if I
could be that wrong about my
dancing --

Luke, who has been slightly disinterested, whirls
around.

LUKE (415)
You sing, too?

BETTY (416)
I just told you. Probably awful.

LUKE (417)
Don't you know?

BETTY (418)
I thought I knew. But they
don't seem to look at things in
New York the same way they do
in Azusa.

LUKE (419)
What about singing us a song?
I happen to be able to play
the piano pretty well. I'll
accompany you.

MARGARET (420)
(very annoyed)
Luke, I'm not going to have
you keep on making fun --

LUKE (421)
I'm not making fun.
(he's on the
piano bench
facing them)
Anything popular you'd like to
sing, I probably know it.

BETTY (422)
Do you know "Say It Isn't So?"

LUKE (423)
It just happens, I do.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

I think I'll take a little water first. Clears your throat, you know.

She drinks a glass of water, slowly and deliberately.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Whenever you're ready.

Luke glances at Susan, then vamps into "Say It Isn't So" Susan starts to sing. At the beginning, Luke plays with his eyes on Susan's face, prepared to enjoy himself. After the first few notes, the smile leaves him and a puzzled look comes over his face.

49- Susan's song - one full chorus -- It is INTERCUT with
52 SHOTS of Susan, Luke and Marian. Susan sings very expressionlessly, intent on nothing. Luke and Marian exchange looks, wide-eyed. This is really something.

DISSOLVE

53 OMITTED

INT. RESTAURANT BOOTH - DAY

54 The number of people and the noise in b.g. have appreciably decreased. Fowler is really interested this time.

LUKE

She just happened to have one of those voices. The range wasn't more than four notes, of course, give or take a note, but they were the sort that go down your spine and up your neck and into your heart and your stomach and your bloodstream all at the same time. It was --

(pauses)

Well, she just had a voice with hormones.

FOWLER

Oh.

Luke is paying the check, leaving change on the coin plate.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

(getting back to
his real worry)

And Marian could no more resist
doing everything she could to
get that voice a hearing than --
well, to tell the truth, than I
could. But that's all it meant
to her -- or to me. And that's
why it just doesn't fit -- Marian
ever caring enough about money or
being jealous of Susan's success,
or --

(he rises)

FOWLER

(rising with him)

She might have been jealous of
something else besides Susan's
success.

LUKE

You mean jealous of me? I think
maybe she was--once or twice.
But she was wrong.

(CONTINUED)

They start to walk. Luke's face is grim, his lips set.
Fowler sneaks a look at him and smiles compassionately.

DISSOLVE

INT. A HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

55 Luke walks along slowly.

56 A uniformed policeman seated in a straight-backed chair,
alongside a door.

LUKE (431)
This Miss Caldwell's room?

POLICEMAN (432)
(That's right.

LUKE (433)
My name's Luke Jordan. I'm a
friend of Miss Caldwell's.
They told me at the desk that
nobody's allowed --
(interrupts
himself)

But I thought, maybe if I talked
to you and explained how
important it is, I could look
in for just a second and --

POLICEMAN (434)
(impassively)
Not a chance.

LUKE (435)
Hmm. What's her condition?

POLICEMAN (436)
She's been shot.

LUKE (437)
I know that, but --

POLICEMAN
So that's her condition.

The door opens and a uniformed nurse comes out of
Betty's room.

POLICEMAN (cont'd) (438)

And there's nobody allowed to
hang around here.

(he points)

The visitor's room's down there.
There's another friend of hers
waiting.

Luke thinks of giving him an argument, then changes his
mind.

LUKE (439)

Thanks.

He starts off.

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE WAITING ROOM - DAY

57 Luke stops at the doorway -- there is no door -- and
looks in.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

58 Lee Crenshaw. The only person in the room, looking idly
at a movie magazine, he looks up briefly as Luke enters,
then looks back at his magazine.

LUKE

I beg your pardon.

Lee looks up.

LUKE (cont'd)

My name's Luke Jordan.

Unseen by Luke, Lee's eyes shift.

LUKE (cont'd) (440)

They told me a friend of Miss
Caldwell's was waiting. Do you
know her?

LEE (441)

(truculently)

I know her. What about it?

LUKE (442)

I thought I knew most of the people
she knew.

LEE (443)

Seems like you don't know all
of them, huh?

He has a distinct Southern accent. Luke is a bit
bewildered at his gratuitous hostility.

LUKE (444)

Have they told you anything about
her condition?

LEE (445)

I'm waiting to see the doctor
myself.

(with great
excitement)

And if anything should happen
to her, I'm going to make it
my own personal business to
stay right here in New York
until they send that Miss
Margaret Linden to the
electric chair.

LUKE (446)

What makes you so sure she did
it?

LEE (447)

Are you crazy? Don't you read
the papers? She confessed,
didn't she? Who else could've
done it?

LUKE (448)

Do you know Margaret -- Miss
Linden?

LEE (449)

Met her in France, same time I
met Betty -- at a canteen.
Then, a couple of weeks ago,
Betty came down to New Orleans
to entertain at a Third Army
reunion -- and I saw her again.

LUKE (450)

So you're the soldier she met at
the canteen.

LEE (451)

Any objections?

(CONTINUED)

LUKE (452)

The guy that goes around giving
away Lugers as souvenirs.

LEE (453)

I liberated that Luger -- and if
I wanted to give it to her, that's
my business.

LUKE (454)

You're getting yourself all worked
up for no reason at all, Mr. --
What did you say your name was?

LEE (455)

Lee Crenshaw.

LUKE (456)

What have you got against Margaret?

LEE (457)

Ain't shooting Betty enough?
So answering your question --
all I got against Miss Margaret
Linden is I hope they hang her.

There is a silence.

LUKE (458)

I got a notion, Mr. Crenshaw,
before you leave New York I'm
going to poke you in the nose.

LEE (459)

Any time, any time.

NURSE'S VOICE (460)

A little less noise, please.
This is a hospital, you know.

59 Nurse in doorway.

60 Luke and Lee.

LUKE (461)

I'm sorry, nurse. I'll be seeing
you, Mr. Crenshaw.

He walks out.

LEE
(repeating)
Any time, any time.

The nurse and Luke have left the room. Lee, exasperated, hits his left palm with his right fist as hard as he can, his lips set.

DISSOLVE

INT. FOWLER LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

61 It's a very modestly furnished room. Fowler, in shirtsleeves, relaxed in an easy chair, is listening-- with half an ear, is his pretense -- to a short wave radio on an end table next to him, from which radio police calls emerge, as low as they can sound and yet be heard at all. His wife looks at the radio in annoyance, and then at Fowler. He is unaware of her look. Determinedly, she rises and turns off the radio. She is back at her work basket before he becomes aware, through the silence, that the calls are no longer on. He turns to look at the radio, then at his wife.

MRS. FOWLER
(pleasantly)
Not on your day off.

FOWLER
When you're a police inspector,
you don't have a day off.

MRS. FOWLER
Your wife ought to.
(suddenly)
Got your shoes off, huh?

FOWLER
Well, I kind of had an idea --

MRS. FOWLER
Let's have it. Why are we not
going to the movies tonight?

(CONTINUED)

FOWLER

Well, there's a man by the name of Luke Jordan -- they called me from headquarters a little while ago and said he'd like to come up to see me. So I thought maybe you'd like to ask him to stay to dinner. It's about Estrellita. The one on the radio. Pretty nearly got herself killed last night.

MRS. FOWLER

I read the papers. Even if I have got a husband who's a police inspector and doesn't tell me anything about what's going on, I can still read the papers.

FOWLER

Got it all solved?

MRS. FOWLER

(placidly)

I have. It's your Mr. Luke Jordan.

FOWLER

Really? Why?

MRS. FOWLER

Well, it couldn't have been Marian Washburn.

FOWLER

Why not?

MRS. FOWLER

Jim!

FOWLER

(rising)

Oh, I forgot. She confessed, didn't she? So that automatically eliminates her, according to those detective stories you read. Only what makes you think the butler didn't do it?

MRS. FOWLER

They had no butler.

(CONTINUED)

61 (CONTINUED)

FOWLER
(patting her cheek)
Bright girl!

The doorbell rings.

FOWLER (cont'd) (478)
It's the doorbell.

MRS. FOWLER (479)
(rising)
I know it's the doorbell.

She makes a face at him as she leaves the room. He watches her, smiling affectionately. Mrs. Fowler's and Luke's voices are heard o.s. as she opens the door to let Luke in.

LUKE'S VOICE (480)
I'm Luke Jordan.

MRS. FOWLER'S VOICE (481)
Come in. I'm Mrs. Fowler.

62 Luke and Mrs. Fowler enter the room.

FOWLER (482)
Hello, Jordan.

LUKE (483)
Hello, Inspector.
(to Mrs. Fowler)
I'm sorry to be interfering with a quiet afternoon at home, Mrs. Fowler, but when I called Inspector Fowler's office, they told me --

MRS. FOWLER (484)
That's quite all right. This is simply an extra office for the Inspector, but with all the comforts of home. They don't let him walk around Headquarters in his stocking-feet, you know.

FOWLER (485)
(smiling)
Mrs. Fowler never seems to understand that crime goes on twenty-four hours a day.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FOWLER

When I was a little girl, that's what my mother told me about marriage. Only I found out it wasn't so. Won't you sit down, Mr. Jordan?

LUKE

(sitting down)

Thank you.

FOWLER

(picking up a piece of note paper from the table next to the radio)

And oh! About Mr. Lee Crenshaw!

LUKE

(startled)

How did you know about Lee Crenshaw?

FOWLER

Why do you think we have an officer outside her door? Anybody inquiring -- we check.

(consulting the note)

Born in a little place about sixty miles from New Orleans -- La Fitte Parish. Met Miss Caldwell and Miss Washburn when they were on their U.S.O. tour in France. Never stops talking about it. Attended a reception for Miss Caldwell not so long ago -- when she went to New Orleans to sing at a GI reunion. Been working in a sporting goods shop since he got back from the war.

MRS. FOWLER

That's what the Inspector found out on his day off. Without leaving home.

FOWLER

Great invention, the telephone.

(pauses)

By the way, you're staying for dinner, if you'd like.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

I'd like very much. I told you,
I want to keep on talking about
this thing -- till we stumble on
something or other that will
clear it up.

MRS. FOWLER

I've known for a long time that
detective work was just stumbling.
That's because I'm married to --
no, I won't say it. But how you
come to catch on?

She shakes her head admiringly.

LUKE

Only I don't quite know where
to begin.

FOWLER

Start in where you left off,
at lunch.

MRS. FOWLER

At lunch?

FOWLER

(defensively)

We had lunch together. He was
telling me about how he and
Miss Washburn met Estrellita.

MRS. FOWLER

Oh, he was, was he? All I know,
when you came home, you ran out
of small talk awful quick.
Probably didn't even have lunch,
for all you said to the contrary.
And nothing at all to discuss
with me. Just -- how hot it was
downtown and --

(tries to
remember)

and how hot it was downtown.

She glares at Fowler, who puts his arms up in front
of his face as if to protect himself from a blow.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

I've never known anybody that worked as hard as Marian did -- trying to make a star out of Susan. For one thing, she had to have all the ambition for both of them. Oh, Susan was kind of -- willing, and it wasn't hard for her to take, the notion that she was going to be successful and famous -- but she never tied it up with anything she had to do for it.

(pause)

That's how I got to be a little more involved than I might have been.

MRS. FOWLER

I can see already this is going to be very interesting. Susan -- Estrellita -- she fell in love with you. Is that it?

LUKE

Oh, no. Susan never really fell in love with anybody. Except Susan. What I meant was that right from the beginning, Susan had to be -- well, she had to be kind of courted. You had to remind her every second she was going to be a great star. She'd keep on complaining, there she was working hard all day at Norman's -- she used to sell perfumes there, you know --

MRS. FOWLER

I didn't know.

FOWLER

It was in the papers.

MRS. FOWLER

Thank you very much.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

It got so it was my assignment to spend pretty nearly every minute of her spare time with her. Mind you, I'm not making out it was cruel and inhuman punishment. She was good to look at. It was just that if I didn't -- well, she'd start making friends on her own that took up so much of her time, there was a pretty good chance she wouldn't show up for the lessons Marian arranged. Not just voice -- Marian had to teach her how to walk and what to wear and what to say and what not to say --

He interrupts himself. It's partly comic, but mostly pretty sad, to his memory.

FOWLER

That can be pretty important. Knowing what not to say.

MRS. FOWLER

I'll say.

LUKE

That's why it didn't really break my heart when Marian decided to take Susan to Paris.

FOWLER

What for?

MRS. FOWLER

There don't have to be a what for to go to Paris.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

Thought it would give her a kind
of a veneer she needed.

(pauses)

I heard from Marian every now
and then -- and then I didn't
hear - and then I got a letter.
She didn't say anything about my
coming to Paris, but I thought I
ought to, as quickly as I could.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TRAMP STEAMER - IN MID-OCEAN - DAY

63 It's rolling and dipping in great waves, which are
sea-sick-making just to look at, so things must be
much worse on board.

LUKE'S VOICE (o.s.)

$\frac{1}{2}$

I left as soon as I could find a
way to work my way across. It was a
big tourist year and somebody fixed
up a tramp steamer with accommodations
for twelve people and felt they ought
to have some entertainment. So they
got themselves what Ring Lardner used
to call a three-piece orchestra.
Piano, piano stool, and piano player,
I was the piano player.

DISSOLVE

64 OMITTED

INT. OUTSIDE OF A CHEAP WOODEN DOOR - DAY

65 This is in the corridor of the second floor Paris
pension in which Marian lives. It is good and shabby.

Luke is revealed knocking at the door. (Atmospherically
a feller with a beret walks past him and never takes
his eyes off him until he walks out of sight.) Luke
smiles, then knocks again after a moment. The door is
opened by Marian in a robe.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE (513)

May I come in?

MARGARET (514)

Luke!

Margaret throws her arms around him, happily. Luke walks into the room, closing the door behind him.

INT. SHABBY PENSION - PARIS - DAY

65A

LUKE (515)

So this is Pairis. Pairis, France.

MARGARET (516)

When did you get here? How'd
you get here?

LUKE (517)

Walked. Got here an hour ago.

MARGARET (518)

I'm so glad to see you, Luke,
but why -- what --

LUKE (519)

I came as soon as I got your letter.

MARGARET (520)

What letter?

LUKE (521)

The one that said you were very
worried about Betty -- and you
needed me. That I'd better come
right over.

MARGARET (522)

(genuinely
bewildered)

I never wrote you I was worried
about Betty. Or that I wanted
you to come over.

LUKE

I know you didn't. You wrote me
two long letters in a row about
how beautiful the chestnut trees
were on the Champs Elysees, (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

LUKE (cont'd)

and the Punch and Judy shows,
and the kids in the Luxemburg
Gardens, and the lights on the
bridges at night -- and you
never said one word about Susan.
So I knew!

They look at each other, Marian amazed. Luke smiling
brightly at his own brilliance. Suddenly, Marian
breaks into tears. The crying spell doesn't last long,
however. Luke just keeps looking at her, letting her
continue as long as she wants to.

LUKE (cont'd)

Well, whatever it is, it can't be
your fault.

MARIAN

It is. Don't you realize what
we've done --

(corrects herself)

What I've done? I've changed the
whole course of her life. She
would have been happy the way
things were. She might have
gone back home --

LUKE

To Azusa?

MARIAN

(emotionally)

Oh, you mustn't ever take people
and try to make them something
they're not -- something to suit
yourself, something you wanted to
be -- pretend they're marionettes,
control them by wires! Then they
stop having a life of their own--.
I'm responsible for her, Luke, as
long as she lives.

LUKE

(after a pause)

I could argue that. But in the
meantime -- what's really happened?

MARIAN

Well, I haven't seen her for --
oh, it'll be six weeks tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

Did you have a fight?

MARIAN

Not at all. It's just that one day she met a man -- This one sold Bata shoes to the Arabs in Marrakesh. And his eyes looked like cherry pit stains on a wet sidewalk. But he put ideas in her head.

LUKE

For instance?

MARIAN

He recommended her to the manager of a little opera company who was just about to leave for North Africa. She wanted to go. Didn't believe in all this study. So she left.

LUKE

Where is she now?

MARIAN

Some little place in Algiers. It's on the postcard I got yesterday.

(almost wailing)

Oh, Luke, all these beautiful clothes I bought for her. She left them all behind. And they were so right for her. Just took what she was wearing and a red chiffon she bought for herself the second day we were here.

LUKE

That's what you really mind, isn't it? The red chiffon? Her following her own taste?

MARIAN

(ignoring this jibe)

If you want to know, I think she's been resenting me -- and paying so little attention to what I've said -- because she missed you. She feels you quit her -- because you didn't come along.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

I've told you over and over again,
I don't mean anything to Susan
at all.

(almost screaming)

And she doesn't mean anything to me.

MARIAN

You don't have to yell.

LUKE

(continuing to yell)

I do have to yell. You don't
hear what I'm saying when I don't
yell.

There is a pause.

MARIAN

Correct me if I'm wrong, Luke --
but you quit whatever you were
doing in New York and came here
at once, didn't you? Because
you thought she was in some kind
of trouble?

They look at each other level-eyed. There is a long
silence.

LUKE

All right. I dropped everything
and came as soon as I figured out --

(slowly and with
mock emphasis)

-- she was in trouble.

(pauses)

You got that card? I'll go bring
her back.

Marian starts toward the desk.

MARIAN

I didn't mean to holler at you, Luke.

LUKE

I hollered at you.

MARIAN

(completely restored)

You did, didn't you?

(she hands him
a postcard from
the desk)

MARIAN (cont'd)
Here it is. I imagine the sooner
you leave the better.

LUKE
Can't I even stay in Paris long
enough to get into a fight with
a waiter?

MARIAN
Luke, you have the cutest way of
asking a girl to have dinner with
you.

LUKE
I have, haven't I?

MARIAN
I've just got to put on my jacket
and my hat.

She starts for the wardrobe.

LUKE
You want to know something? I
like Paris. You never have any
trouble finding somebody to eat
with.

MARIAN
(getting her jacket and
hat out of the closet)
You have no idea the kind of people
Susan can dig up.

LUKE
I've got an idea. We're a couple
of pretty good examples, to my mind.
(with some irritation)
And I've got another idea, too. Let's
not talk about Susan for a change, huh?

MARIAN
Whatever you say, sir. I never
argue with a gent that's taking
me out to dinner.

LUKE
A noble sentiment, which should be
more widely understood and practiced
by young women of all countries.

(CONTINUED)

Marian smiles at him.

MARIAN

Have I got time to powder my nose?

LUKE

Sure. Luke the Tolerant, that's what they call me.

(emphasizing the italicized word even more than is necessary)

Whenever you're ready.

After an instant, a look comes into Marian's eyes.

MARIAN

Whenever you're ready? That's what Susan said the first time she sang for us. Remember?

LUKE

(genuinely irritated)
We weren't going to talk about Susan.

MARIAN

I'm sorry. We'll start now, not talking about Susan. All right?

Luke, who has been scowling, smiles. Marian smiles back at him.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - PARIS - NIGHT

66 Marian and Luke are silent as they look contentedly and relaxedly at the passers-by. They've finished dinner. Luke has a glass of beer in front of him. Marian a cup of coffee.

LUKE

If I ever get rich, I'm going to build me a place like this right in my own front yard.

Marian looks at him and smiles.

MARIAN

Will you let me and Susan come and sit there every now and then?

(CONTINUED)

He opens the door and gestures that she is to precede him.

LUKE (cont'd)
(with a stiff
bow)
Apres vous, Madame.

MARIAN
(slowly)
Comment?

LUKE
(bowing again)
Apres vous, Madame.

MARIAN
Oh!
(suddenly, unexpectedly,
with the full vitality
of a musical comedy
French maid)
Oo-la-la-la-la!

As they share each other's laughter.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - PARIS - NIGHT.

66 Marian and Luke are silent as they look contentedly and relaxedly at the passers-by. They've finished dinner. Luke has a glass of beer in front of him. Marian a cup of coffee.

LUKE
If I ever get rich, I'm going
to build me a place like this
right in my own front yard.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

Look. When we left your place, we weren't going to mention Susan any more at all today. Then we decided to limit ourselves to talking about her once every ten minutes. Then we thought we'd really go in for self-control and make it every five minutes, at the most. Well, it's been less than twenty seconds since --

MARIAN

I'm sorry. But there doesn't seem to be any way not to mention her.

(hopeless gesture)

LUKE

There certainly doesn't.

He raises his hand.

LUKE (cont'd)

Oh, garcon!

MARIAN

They answer to "waiter," too. The first day Susan and I were here --

LUKE

It was exactly eleven seconds this time.

(there is a
silence)

I've got to hurry if I'm going to make that train.

The waiter has added up some figures on a pad, torn off a page and handed it to Luke.

LUKE (cont'd)

(he hands the
paper to Marian)

How much should I tip?

MARIAN

(looking at it)

About six francs.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE (557)

(taking some coins
out of his pocket)

That makes it an even nine -
the way I figure.

MARGARET (558)

There's no reason for you to be
one of these extravagant American
tourists. Six francs for just
two people is more than enough --

LUKE

(counting out
the money)

Three people. Betty's been with
us all the time, almost as completely
as if -- come on, I'll take you
home first.

They rise.

LUKE (cont'd)(559)

(as they start off)

Could we have made a mistake in
ever meeting up with Betty?

Margaret stops and he stops with her.

MARGARET (560)

(defiantly)

No.

LUKE (561)

(sighing)

If you say so -- but I almost believe
I could think up a different answer.
A better one, too.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SIDE STREET IN ALGIERS - DAY

67

Except that it is in Algiers, there wouldn't be anything
particularly glamorous about this street. It wouldn't
even seem to have much local color to anyone who had
been in Algiers more than three or four days. It is
dimly, though adequately, lit, and there are a few
pedestrians in sight. Luke is walking along the
street, genuinely interested, till he comes to what he
is looking for.

EXT. SMALL CAFE - DAY

68 It has a shabby exterior, a little more brightly lit than the rest of the street. On a dirty, fly-specked window, there has been printed in chalk: AMERICAN BARR. Luke grins and enters the cafe.

INT. CAFE - DAY

69 This place -- with a tiny space in the center cleared for dancing and about ten tables, round and square -- isn't much bigger than an ordinary American lunchroom. There are about six apathetic revelers present. A Frenchman - one of the help clearly - is playing a battered upright in a corner of the room. The waiters - there are two of them - are identifiable by boleros around the waists of their cheap business suits. As Luke enters and closes the door behind him, a waiter approaches him. Nobody else pays any attention to him.

WAITER

Bonjour, Monsieur.

LUKE

Bonjour.

WAITER

Oh, Amerikan Mister!

(indicating a
nearby table)

A table for you?

LUKE

Thanks.

WAITER

We got an Amerikan Barr --

(he pronounces
the two Rs)-- out in back. All kinds of
cocktails. Whiskey. Scotch-
type -- like Americans like.

LUKE

(at the table)

I'll take a beer now.

WAITER

Sure, sure.

(he is about to
start toward
back room)

(CONTINUED)

LUKE (569)

Oh, by the way, I'm looking
for a friend I thought I
might find here.

(very casually)

A girl. Name of Betty Caldwell.

The waiter recognizes the name instantly.

WAITER (570)

Oh, sure! Crazy Amerikan! Kills
all the people. I go get her.

He leaves. Luke looks idly around the room. His eyes
rest for a moment on the piano player, who is finding
wrong notes that no one ever found before. Luke
winces at several chords that are even too weird to be
dischord. His face lights up as he looks away. Coming
out of a hallway that leads to the back room, he sees:

70 Betty entering this main room. Immediately behind her
is the waiter, carrying a glass of beer sloppily on a
tray. Betty pauses for a moment to see who called for
her, then, genuinely happy to see Luke, rushes across
the room to him. Luke is on his feet as she gets to
the table.

BETTY (571)

Luke!

They throw their arms around each other and kiss.

71 Next table. Two very fat, very bald, middle-aged
gents, with no ladies, look up and see the embrace.
They look at each other, then shudder.

72 Betty and Luke.

BETTY (572)

I'm sure glad to see you, Luke.

Betty is, as always, beautiful, but her clothes have
undergone a bit of wear and tear.

LUKE (573)

And I'm so glad to see you.

(smiles)

Red chiffon, all right.

(CONTINUED)

BETTY (574)

What?

LUKE

Nothing.

Luke and Betty sit down, as the waiter sets the beer on the table, then leaves. Through the following scene, there is a faint buzz of conversation o.s., of course, but it is particularly important that the PIANO continue to be heard, though not sufficiently to interfere with the elegant dialogue.

LUKE (cont'd) (575)

Margaret got your card.

BETTY (576)

I was wondering.

LUKE (577)

What happened to the opera company?

BETTY (578)

That was the funniest thing. After everything this fellow told me -- there was no opera company. He was an awful liar.

LUKE (579)

You don't say. And no opera company. Well, well!

BETTY (580)

This Mr. La Salle -- he was the one gave me the recommend to the opera company --

LUKE (581)

He's the same one that sold shoes, too?

BETTY (582)

(nods)

He won't be selling anything for a long time. I nearly scratched his eyes out.

(she smiles happily)

And a couple of the others, they tried to talk to me -- I nearly broke one of their arms. I mean, one of them I nearly broke his arm.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE (583)

What are you doing here?

BETTY (584)

Well, I knew if I wrote Margaret, she'd get me back to Paris right away, so I didn't write right away, because I thought first I'd have a vacation --

LUKE (585)

A vacation from Paris?

BETTY (586)

That Margaret, Luke. You've got no idea.

LUKE (587)

What about that Margaret?

BETTY (588)

She never let me alone for a minute. It was bad enough when she had me studying French, but when she started talking about me studying English -- You know, Luke, a person can take just so much.

LUKE (589)

A person certainly can.

BETTY (590)

If it wasn't for you -- Luke, you'll never leave me, will you? Even if I get to be successful? Promise?

LUKE (591)

I promise. But Margaret's all alone in Paris and it seems to me just simple decency --

BETTY (592)

I'll go back to Paris. If you say so. Because around here, if I never get to eat another raw sheep again -- Oh, Luke, I'm glad you came.

LUKE

I got a feeling you mean that as a compliment and so -- thank you. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

It's such a funny thing. The minute the ship leaves New York, every place you get to is full of strangers.

LUKE

It's a great hardship, all right, but it's been going on for years and I can't quite see --
(suddenly, putting his hand on hers)
Wait a minute!

SUSAN

What's the matter?

LUKE

That fellow. That piano player. If you'll pardon the expression.

73 The piano player. Utterly defeated and disinterested, he is playing an almost unrecognizable tune.

74 Luke and Susan.

LUKE

Ten'll get you five he's trying to play Estrellita.

SUSAN

What's that?

LUKE

Huh? What's Estrellita?
(smiles)

Oh, I forgot about you.
(rising)

Maybe if you hear it right you'll recognize it. Excuse me.

Susan watches him, confused, as he crosses the room to the piano player.

75 Piano player, who shows no sense of knowing that Luke has arrived at his side. He is still playing in his sad fashion.

LUKE

Pardon me.

The piano player turns his head slowly, continues to play.

(CONTINUED)

Changes
THE LONG DENIAL

3/16/48
99

HJM
75 (CONTINUED)

LUKE (cont'd)
What you're playing happens to
be a great favorite of mine,
if you're playing what I think
you're playing.
(points to
keyboard)
Would you mind?

PIANO PLAYER
(smiles happily)
You mean, you want you should
play the piano? But please,
but please!

He is up like a shot.

LUKE
Thank you.

Luke sits down, turns to wave to Susan, who smiles
back at him, then turns to the piano and, after a few
fancy flourishes, plays ESTRELLITA.

DISSOLVE

76 EXT. LARGE, FASHIONABLE OCEAN LINE - IN MID-OCEAN-NIGHT

INT. THE GRAND SALON OF THE SHIP - EARLY NIGHT

77 Susan, elegantly and expensively gowned, sings
"Estrellita" on a raised platform. (This is supposed
to be the conclusion of the ship's concert.) There is
a small orchestra.

The audience is on separate chairs and little tables
that have been placed to face the raised platform.
This audience includes Luke and Marian, together,
nervous but trying not to show it, and -- but at a
separate table -- Matthews and his mother, a grande
dame, along with an aristocratic-looking older gent.
There is hearty applause as Susan finishes. (It is not
only not necessary but a good deal more serviceable
if Susan is picked up, in the Dissolve, well into the
song and does not here sing it in its entirety.)(cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

Along with the applause, there is the immediate break-up that comes to an audience when its formal entertainment is finished. Several of the guests go to other tables, others leave the salon for the deck, etc., etc.

SUSAN
(to the audience)
Thank you very much.

She blows a kiss to Luke and Marian and starts toward their table.

77A Matthews, who keeps his eye on her as she makes her way to Luke and Marian. Mrs. Matthews is aware of his interest.

77B A youngish gent, the M.C., who has been standing to one side of the platform, raises his hand.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES
And that winds up as good a ship's concert as I've ever heard. Don't you agree, ladies and gentlemen?

There is a second ripple of applause, even perfunctorily from people who are wandering around. (The orchestra plays light salon music, throughout the rest of the scene.)

77C Susan, joining Luke and Marian. Luke makes a ceremony of seating her.

SUSAN
How'd I do?

MARIAN
You were wonderful.

LUKE
You reminded me of Adelina Patti.

SUSAN
Baby talk?

She is half aware that she's making a joke and they all laugh.

77D Matthews, Mrs. Matthews and the other gent.

MATTHEWS

Would you excuse me a moment, Mother?

MRS. MATTHEWS

By all means, Brook.

Matthews and his mother smile at each other rather nicely. The smile is slightly self-conscious, with just a bit of an awareness that maybe he's not being treated like a grown man, on his part. Matthews starts toward Luke's table.

MRS. MATTHEWS (cont'd)

(watching him go)

Even on board ship, it's a habit Brook can't get rid of. He has to go backstage.

77E Luke, Marian and Susan.

MATTHEW'S VOICE

I beg your pardon.

(after a pause)

Miss Washburn.

They turn. Matthews is standing at the table.

MATTHEWS (cont'd)

(to Marian)

I'm not sure if you remember me. A few years ago I represented a client who had invested in a show in which you were appearing and I had the pleasure --

MARIAN

Of course. You're Mr. Matthews. This is Miss Caldwell -- and Mr. Jordan. Mr. Matthews.

The introductions are acknowledged all around.

MARIAN (cont'd)

Won't you sit down, Mr. Matthews?

MATTHEWS

Thank you.

(to Susan)

I can't begin to tell you how much I enjoyed your singing just now.

SUSAN

(demurely)

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

There is an awkward pause.

LUKE

(suddenly)

They say that confession is good
for the soul, Mr. Matthews -- and I
think I might as well confess.

MARIAN

(alarmed)

Luke, are you sure that --

LUKE

(interrupting her)

The fact is, Mr. Matthews, we've been
expecting you. I mean, we've been
hoping we could expect you.

Matthews is clearly puzzled.

MARIAN

I don't blame you for being puzzled,
Mr. Matthews. You see, we're a group
of conspirators -- and you're our
intended victim. Though really we
think we'll be doing you a favor.

SUSAN

I had no idea you were so young,
Mr. Matthews. You being a distinguished
lawyer and a scion of an old family and
everything like that.

Matthews, even more bewildered, gulps a bit.

LUKE

Miss Caldwell is a singer and our
protege and -- well, it's pretty
nearly a hundred percent true that
we chose this boat because we thought,
if you had a chance to hear Susan sing at
the ship's concert --

MARIAN

(interrupting)

The plot's been a little changed now,
of course. I was supposed to go over
to your table in a little while and
say "I'm not sure if you remember me,
Mr. Matthews, but I was in a show some
years ago that was backed by one of
your clients -- "

(CONTINUED)

MATTHEWS

(laughing)
I can't imagine any happier
auspices under which I could
have been chosen to be the --
what is the word I'm looking for?

SUSAN

Sucker?

They all roar, Matthews loudest of all.

MATTHEWS

Frankly, this is one ruse I
heartily approve of. Of course,
I don't know why it was necessary --

MARIAN

You try being one of a thousand
ambitious singers attempting to
get an appointment with anybody
that's important.

MATTHEWS

I don't think I'm as important
as all that.

SUSAN

Your firm just handles the estate
that owns Hallaway's Hillside Inn,
that's all.

LUKE

You'll find Susan just an artist,
pure and simple, Mr. Matthews.
Absolutely no eye for business.

MARIAN

We thought that maybe, if you liked
her, she might have a chance to get
her professional start singing there.

MATTHEWS

We do happen to represent them.

Matthews and Susan are looking at each other, Matthews
scarcely hearing Marian.

LUKE

(to Marian)
The only question still open is
whose name will be in bigger
lights. Hallaway's or Estrellita's.

They smile at each other.

DISSOLVE

HJM

3/16/48
99E

THE GRAND SALON OF THE SHIP -- NIGHT

77F

A few minutes after the previous scene. Mrs. Matthews and the elderly gent are still at their table. The furniture, in general, is arranged pretty much as it was before. With Matthews guiding Susan by her arm, the troupe -- Matthews, Susan, Marian and Luke -- approach the table.

MATTHEWS

Mother. I wonder if I might present Miss Caldwell.

MRS. MATTHEWS

Please do, Brook.

MATTHEWS

Miss Caldwell. My mother.

MRS. MATTHEWS

How do you do, Miss Caldwell?

SUSAN

Hello.

MATTHEWS

Miss Washburn. Mr. Jordan. My mother. Mr. Emery.

Greetings are acknowledged.

MATTHEWS (cont'd)

If you'd care to join us.

He indicates that they are to sit down.

SUSAN

Thank you.

She sits down next to Mrs. Matthews. The others take their places.

MRS. MATTHEWS

Don't I remember seeing you in musical shows, Miss Washburn?

MATTHEWS

Indeed you do, Mother. Miss Caldwell has been studying in Paris and intends to sing in New York this fall.

MRS. MATTHEWS

Opera?

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

I've got a good hundred pounds
to gain before I even think of
that.

MARIAN

Susan has a lighter type of singing
in mind, to start with.

77G Matthews and his mother. There's a long, intense look
between the two of them. There is pleading in Matthews'
eyes and a look of thinking something over in
Mrs. Matthews'. Mrs. Matthews smiles slightly at
Matthews, then turns to Marian.

MRS. MATTHEWS

I think that can probably be
arranged. My son has considerable
influence with a number of clients
who seem to find it amusing to lose
their money in theatrical ventures.

MATTHEWS

(gently)
Thank you, Mother.
(he looks at Susan)

SUSAN

(to Luke)
I guess there's no question of
it. It certainly was the luckiest
day of my life, the day I met you.
(she turns
to Matthews)
Thank you, Mr. Matthews. And you,
too, Mrs. Matthews.
(then to Luke,
her eyes brimming)
You've done it all, Luke.

Luke looks at Marian, who returns his gaze happily, but
with just a shade of wonder. Matthews' expression, as
he gazes at Susan, is somewhat clouded by her open regard
for Luke.

DISSOLVE

HJM

3/16/48
99G

INT. GRAND SALON OF THE SHIP - NIGHT

77H

This is much later at night and all the furniture has been restored to the position it occupied before it was gathered together for the ship's concert. It involves, among other things, the emergence of a cleared space for dancing.

77J

Mrs. Matthews, Luke and Marian at a booth. (This is not the same location in which they were seen before.)

MARIAN

I'm so glad you like Susan, Mrs. Matthews.

MRS. MATTHEWS

I must confess I can't remember ever meeting anybody quite like her before. She's -- I hope you don't mind my saying this -- she's somewhat of a diamond in the rough. Wouldn't you say?

MARIAN

(loyally)

She's really wonderful. If you had any idea of how hard she's worked. You know, even a natural voice like hers needs hours and days and weeks and months of simple drudgery to perfect.

77K

Matthews and Susan on the dance floor. He's looking at her, greatly enamored. Susan, looking past him, sees Luke and winks at him.

77L

Luke, winking back at her.

77M

Marian. She observes this by-play and isn't too pleased.

MRS. MATTHEWS

My son truly seems to have a genuine gift for recognizing theatrical talent. Actually, there are already quite a few people whom he has -- well, discovered in a sense, and helped along. I try to encourage him in this activity. It gives him an interest that I like --

(she looks directly
at Marian)

when it doesn't become too serious.

HJM
77N

Susan and Matthews from Mrs. Matthews' ANGLE.

3/16/48
99H

77P

Mrs. Matthews. Her expression indicates that she doesn't like what she's seeing.

LUKE

(interrupting)

Susan won't be a problem of any kind, Mrs. Matthews. I'll see to that.

Mrs. Matthews looks at him inquiringly. Marian, despite herself, reacts with annoyance.

LUKE (cont'd)

I don't see how it could hurt the most important song-writer of tomorrow -- that's me -- any, if he were to get married to an important musical comedy star. Do you?

MRS. MATTHEWS

I think it would be an ideal arrangement.

MARIAN

It certainly would.

Luke looks at her in surprise. She is genuinely sore. Mrs. Matthews, of course, doesn't know that there is anything wrong. If she thought there were, she'd suspect it was about her implied reflection on Susan, which doesn't bother her any. The music has stopped and Matthews and Susan have come back to the table.

MATTHEWS

(to Susan)

Thank you very much.

Susan gives him her little jerky nod of acknowledgement.

MRS. MATTHEWS

I think I'll go to bed, Brook.
(she rises)

MATTHEWS

Of course, Mother.

MRS. MATTHEWS

Goodnight.

MATTHEWS

Goodnight.

(to Susan)

See you in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

Fine. Goodnight.

Matthews and his mother leave. The Master of Ceremonies of before shows up, just as the music starts again.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Could I have the next dance, Miss Caldwell?

(without pausing,
to Luke and Marian)
Do you mind?

SUSAN

Sure.

LUKE

Not at all.

Susan and the Master of Ceremonies get to the floor. The music starts and they dance, as the scene continues. There is a brief silence.

LUKE (cont'd)

Well, we put it across.

His head is a little turned as his eyes seek out Susan on the floor. (Susan and the Master of Ceremonies need not be shown dancing except as part of the general background).

MARIAN

You did.

(pauses)
I didn't know you intended to marry Susan.

LUKE

Who said I did?

MARIAN

You did.

LUKE

Huh?

(pauses)
That's right. I did, didn't I?
(suddenly, to Marian)
What's the matter with you?

MARIAN

Nothing. Nothing at all.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

There is something, all right,
but I honestly have no idea --
(tries to think)
It certainly can't be that silly
crack about my intending to marry
Susan.

MARIAN

It certainly can't.

LUKE

(continuing)
That was just for Mrs. Matthews'
benefit.
(suddenly)
I know. It's been this long
strain of not being sure -- and
now all at once, there's no
question that Susan is going to
make the grade. You're tired,
that's all.

MARIAN

I am. Indeed I am.
(she gets up,
abruptly)
Goodnight, Luke.

She's off before Luke can do anything about it. He
shrugs his shoulders and turns to watching the floor
again.

DISSOLVE

78 MONTAGE -- whose first shot must be one of a rustic inn,
with a Neon light that reads:

HALLAWAY'S HILLSIDE INN -- ESTRELLITA

The words "Hallaway's" and "Estrellita" are in the same
size lights.

A series of electric signs in quick succession. To
begin with, there are several theater marquees.
"BUT NOT FOR LOVE," with Martin Trevor and Estrellita;
"I'LL ALWAYS CARE," with Estrellita and Tony Fortune;
Estrellita in "TOO NEAR MY HEART," with Martin Trevor
and Tony Fortune. And then two or three exquisite
signs over fashionable cafe doorways, reading only
"Estrellita."

(CONTINUED)

LUKE'S VOICE

There's been quite a few cases
of singers getting successful
overnight -- but it isn't often
you hit the jackpot as quickly
as Susan did.

79 The b.g. MUSIC through the marquee DISSOLVES in a
mingling of "Too Near My Heart" and "Estrellita."

DISSOLVE

INT. MATTHEWS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (The time is about
a week before Scene 2, Page 13.)

80

DISSOLVE

INT. FOWLER'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK

81 It's quite dark.

LUKE

I haven't seen Susan since
that night.

There is a moment's silence.

FOWLER

You're sitting right next to
the switch, Mary. Why don't
you just reach out and turn
it on and that way we can --

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FOWLER

(interrupting)

Jim Fowler, if you're going to say
"that way we can throw a little
light on the subject," I'll leave
you. This very minute.

(she turns on
the switch)

Everybody's got some remark he
remembers his father used to make,
Mr. Jordan, so he makes it too.
Well, Jim's father used to say,
"Let's turn on the switch and that
way we can throw a little light
on the subject." Outside of that,
mind you, he was a wonderful man.

LUKE

(still intent on
his story)

I'm sure I repeated myself, Inspector.
I know I told you part of the
story at lunch, but --

MRS. FOWLER

Indeed!

(to Luke)

You know, we saw Estrellita -- Miss
Caldwell -- in "Too Near My Heart"
on our honeymoon. I had no idea
then I had married a man who liked
to keep secrets from his wife.

She rises.

FOWLER

You wouldn't want a husband who
talked shop all the while he was
home, would you?

MRS. FOWLER

People shooting other people isn't
shop. And if you'll excuse me, Mr.
Jordan, I'll start that dinner I
promised you.

She leaves.

LUKE

(who has never for
a moment forgotten
his single problem)

What do you think now? Knowing
Marian and Susan a little better?

(CONTINUED)

HJM
81 (CONTINUED)

5/4/48
100a

FOWLER

(after reflection)

Well, you're going to have to do more than just prove Miss Washburn is a pretty nice person. And as to Estrellita -- nice people now and then shoot other people who aren't so nice. They really do -- and go to jail for it, too.

81A Luke. His somber face indicates he realizes the truth of Fowler's statement.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. CENTRAL SOUTH HOSPITAL - DAY

81B

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

82 This room is a good deal like the one previously shown, but it is not the same room. (For sticklers, let it be explained that this is on the surgery floor.) Present are a newspaper reporter (Whitey), a photographer (with flash bulbs), Lee, Fowler, Roberts, Matthews and Luke. Lee and the reporter sit apart, Lee obviously hostile. An electric clock shows it is nearly ten in the morning.

83 Luke, Fowler and Matthews. They're not particularly elated.

MATTHEWS

(finally)

To my mind, this whole thing's too much like a --

(he doesn't finish what he started to say)

(CONTINUED)

LUKE (605)

Go ahead, say it. Like a
death watch.

The words depress him more than he had thought they
would. He wishes he hadn't said them.

84 Lee and Whitey. Whitey is looking at Lee with
considerable distaste.

LEE (606)

Funny how I met Betty that first
time, in France. We were resting
in back of a little town near Metz --

WHITEY (607)

(rising)

You told me all about it yesterday.
Remember? I didn't think it was
interesting then.

LEE (608)

You ain't the only guy wasn't in
the war, don't like to hear people
that were talk about it.

He is pleased with this.

WHITEY (609)

You can't be in them all. Some
day, maybe I'll tell you about
Valley Forge.

A uniformed policeman has entered the room.

POLICEMAN (610)

I've been trying to make that call,
Inspector, but -- there's no answer.

FOWLER (611)

Then she isn't home. The phone Mary
don't answer don't live.

(to Luke)

Mary. I promised I'd keep in touch
with her. Let her know what's
happening.

DISSOLVE

INT. HALL LEADING TO SUSAN'S ROOM - MARIAN'S APARTMENT -
DAY

85 Her back to the closed door to Susan's room, is Mrs. Fowler, biting her lip, deep in thought. She has a large shopping bag on her arm. Mollie is standing by, wide-eyed with deference and admiration.

MRS. FOWLER

(suddenly)

Wait a minute, Mollie.

Without waiting for an answer, she crosses to the large mirror in the hallway, shoves it aside with her left hand and, holding it with her left hand, raps on the wall with the knuckles of her right hand, listening intently for hollow sounds. There are none, and she turns around to face Mollie, letting the mirror slip back into place.

MRS. FOWLER (cont'd)

You wouldn't know where there
might be a secret passage in
the apartment, Mollie?

MOLLIE

No, I don't, Mrs. Fowler.

MRS. FOWLER

Well, I guess I've cased about all
you can case -- on a first visit.

She takes a handkerchief from her bag and starts polishing the knob to Susan's room.

MRS. FOWLER (cont'd)

That's to eliminate fingerprints.

MOLLIE

Is that a fact?

MRS. FOWLER

Nobody's to know I've been here.
I may tell myself, but only at
the proper time -- my time.

MOLLIE

Yes, Mrs. Fowler. Oh! Here's
your microscope -- and your
fingerprint dust --

(she hands her
the items)

and -- and --

MRS. FOWLER
(taking a third
item from her)
My melted wax. Thank you.

She puts them in her bag as they start down the steps.

MRS. FOWLER (cont'd)
In all the years I've been on
the police force --
(she returns to
the mirror to
remove the
fingerprints)
I mean Inspector Fowler, if you
want to get technical --
(suddenly)
Haven't you any theory of your
own, Mollie?

MOLLIE
I got a theory. Sure. Miss Susan
didn't do it and Miss Marian
didn't do it --
(unhappily)
and nobody else didn't do it either.

They start down the steps again.

MRS. FOWLER
Somebody did it. So it's narrowed
down now to just the one question.
Who? Who did it?

MOLLIE
That's what I keep thinking, too.
You'll let me hear, won't you, as
soon as you hear about Miss Susan's
condition?

MRS. FOWLER
Certainly.

MOLLIE
(suddenly digs
into her pocket)
Oh! I wonder if you'd mail this
for me?

She pulls a hotel key, with a printed address on it, out
of her pocket.

MOLLIE (cont'd)
It don't need a stamp. They pay
when they get it back. The hotel
does.

MRS. FOWLER
Sure

Change
THE LONG DENIAL

3/1/48
103A

HJM
85 (CONTINUED)

She puts the key in her bag.

MOLLIE
Miss Susan gave it to me to mail
when she came back from New Orleans.

MRS. FOWLER
-- And don't forget.
(as if repeating
to a dumb child)
The Inspector isn't to know about
these -- these different tests I
made.

MOLLIE
He won't. Not from me, he won't.

MRS. FOWLER
(indignantly
at the door)
And they aren't even the last
word in scientific tests. Why,
in Paris and London --
(she interrupts herself)
You mark my words, Mollie, when
we get to the bottom of this thing,
we're going to find somebody
incredibly clever at the head of it.

DISSOLVE

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

86 It is now 10:45. (Neither of the times given need be
shown actually; the sense of the scenes can well
indicate the time.) Lee is now sitting by himself,
glaring at the others present.

NURSE'S VOICE
Inspector Fowler'.

87 To include Nurse standing in doorway.

FOWLER
Yes?

NURSE
They'll be taking Miss Caldwell
back to her room shortly.

LUKE
(excitedly)
How is she?

(CONTINUED)

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when she came back from New Orleans.

MRS. FOWLER

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87 To include Nurse standing in doorway.

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NURSE

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back to her room shortly.

LUKE

(excitedly)

How is she?

(CONTINUED)

She holds the door open as a procession emerges. An orderly holds the second door open, so that the whole entourage becomes visible. First there is another nurse, then another interne, the stretcher, Betty, unconscious, covered up to her chin on it, an orderly at each side, another nurse behind her, and then the doctor. The Doctor has just taken off his robe, which he hands to the orderly at the second door.

FOWLER (635)

Hello, doctor. What's the word?

DOCTOR (636)

I think it'll probably be all right for you to talk to Miss Caldwell a little later today. Around six o'clock, probably.

ROBERTS (637)

That will be fine.

As the stretcher is wheeled down the hall, in the opposite direction from the visitors' room, Lee and Luke walk on either side of it. Neither of them can truly be said to be wearing a very reverent expression in view of Betty's unconscious condition. Mostly they are busy staring at each other with barely controllable hostility.

DISSOLVE

INT. INSPECTOR FOWLER'S OFFICE AT HEADQUARTERS - DAY

89

Fowler is at a long table, studying a collection of photographs -- they have nothing to do with this story, by the way -- when there is a light knock on the door. Again there is no response from Fowler. The door opens and Mrs. Fowler enters, closes the door, leaning against it like an over-cute ingenue. Fowler is completely unaware that anybody is there.

MRS. FOWLER (638)

Reach for the sky, pardner!

Fowler turns amusedly to face her.

FOWLER (639)

Hello.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FOWLER (640)

You see, I happened to be in the neighborhood --

FOWLER (641)

Nobody happens to be in this neighborhood -- unless he's a bondsman.

MRS. FOWLER (642)

What happened with Estrellita?

FOWLER (643)

Looks good, but you can't tell yet.

MRS. FOWLER (644)

Fine. Well, as I said --

(walks toward him)

I happened to be in this neighborhood -- and I thought I'd like you to take me out to lunch

FOWLER (645)

I was figuring on not having any lunch.

MRS. FOWLER (646)

What were you figuring on not having? I'll order it for you. That way, you can still take me to lunch -- and you won't have wasted any time with your figuring.

There is a loud knock on the door.

FOWLER (647)

Come in.

Mrs. Fowler turns to see Fred entering. He is a pimply-faced office boy, carrying a tray on which there is an elaborate meal -- soup, meat, potatoes, salad, pie and coffee.

FRED

Sorry about taking so long, Inspector, but I had to wait. They had to send out for the ice cream to make the apple pie apple pie a la mode.

Mrs. Fowler looks fixedly at Fowler, who grins a sickly grin back at her.

(CONTINUED)

FRED (cont'd) (648)
(looking at a piece
of paper in his hand)
And Mabel just gave me a message
for you.

He is finding it awkward to balance the tray and read
the paper.

MRS. FOWLER (649)
You can set the tray down, young
man.

Fred looks at Fowler.

FOWLER (650)
Set it down. You're getting your
orders direct from the front office
now.

MRS. FOWLER (651)
(examining the tray)
Hm! Figuring on no clam chowder --
and no corned beef and cabbage --
and no apple pie a la mode -- and
no saltines -- eight of them --
Pretty good no figuring, I call it.

FOWLER (652)
What's the message?

FRED (653)
A fella called --
(he keeps looking
at the memorandum)
Name of Luke Jordan. Had to hang
right up but said it was terribly
important. Says for you to come
to the furnace room at the Central
South Hospital right away.

FOWLER (654)
The furnace room?

MRS. FOWLER (655)
(starting
for the door)
What are we waiting for?

FOWLER (656)
(with a
helpless gesture)
I've decided to go, have I?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FOWLER (657)

Of course.

FOWLER (658)

(sighing)

I make more decisions.
(as he starts out)

MRS. FOWLER (659)

You can finish that lunch, Fred.
If you're ever going to become an
Inspector, you can't start working
on a paunch too soon.
(to Fowler)
Come along, dear.

DISSOLVE

90 OMITTED.

INT. FURNACE ROOM - DAY

91 It's quite dark. After a moment, the door opens making it only a tiny bit lighter and a figure enters, closing the door behind him. As he crosses the room gingerly, it becomes clear that it is Luke. He's in very bad shape. His clothes are in dreadful condition -- he's without a necktie -- and he has a clenched handkerchief to his bloody nose. One eye won't look well in a little while.

As he walks, he reaches Lee, a few feet away, lying on the floor, his hands tied behind his back with Luke's necktie, his feet tied at the ankles with his own necktie. He, too, has clearly been in a fight. In fact, he has done much worse than Luke.

LUKE

(sarcastically)

I hope you don't think I was rude,
but I had to make a call. All
right with you, isn't it?

There is no answer from Lee. Luke walks over and bends down.

LUKE (cont'd) (660)

I guess it won't hurt to make
this knot a little tighter, if
you don't mind.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, without warning, Lee hits him square on the jaw with his clenched fist, and Luke, who is bending over, almost catapults back onto the floor.

LEE (661)

(rising)

I had that tie off the minute
after you got out of here --
and mine too. Can't even make
a knot!

Luke has gotten up and rushed at him. They fight. It is quite a fight, with both of them taking a beating, but Luke finally is the winner. It ends with him standing alongside the prostrate Lee, his foot on Lee's stomach.

LUKE

If you're thinking of getting
up again, forget about it.

Lee glares at him and tries to raise his shoulder off the floor. Luke draws back his foot, genuinely prepared to kick him in the jaw.

LUKE (cont'd)

You get only the one warning.
Get your head back on the floor!

Grudgingly Lee lets his head sink back on the floor.

LUKE (cont'd)

That's a nice boy. I hope I
don't choke on that lie.

He sits down on the edge of the coal bin and looks at his watch.

LUKE (cont'd) (662)

It won't be long now.

DISSOLVE

INT. FURNACE ROOM

92

As the door opens -- Inspector and Mrs. Fowler enter. They look around uncertainly in the dim light.

LUKE'S VOICE (663)

Hello, Inspector.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FOWLER (664)
Hello, Mr. Jordan.

FOWLER (665)
What's been going on here?

LEE (666)
I got a mind to have you arrest
this fellow.

FOWLER (667)
What for?

LEE (668)
Well, after you left this morning,
both of us went along to see that
Betty got to her room all right --

MRS. FOWLER (669)
(running her finger
along the wall)
For a hospital, they keep their
furnace room awful dusty, don't
they?

LEE (670)
So we got to talking. He wouldn't
let me alone, kept asking questions.

LUKE (671)
And he kept answering them, the
dope.
(to Lee)
Tell him what you told me.

LEE (672)
(irritated)
I didn't say anything I didn't
say before.

LUKE (673)
About that revolver!

LEE (674)
He asked me again if I gave it to
her, and I said -- sure, I gave it
to her. How did I know he meant
Margaret Linden - by her? When I
said her, I meant Betty. She's
her, too.

(CONTINUED)

FOWLER (675)

You gave Miss Caldwell the revolver?

LEE (676)

I must be going nuts. It's been in the papers, I tell you. And what difference does it make who I gave it to? I liberated it. If you're going to do anything about G.I.'s that gave away things they liberated --

FOWLER (677)

That's not the point.

LEE (678)

Then what is the point?

LUKE (679)

He doesn't even see it yet.

FOWLER (680)

It isn't as important as you think, Luke. It does point up a contradiction in Miss Linden's story, but --

LEE (681)

That's what I've been trying to tell him. As long as she shot her -- and she did shoot her --

MRS. FOWLER (682)

Which her?

FOWLER (683)

And, of course, it makes it even clearer that something is being concealed, but --

(shakes his
head unhappily)

But just by itself, it isn't going to do her case any particular good.

LEE (684)

Nothing's going to do her case any good, particular or unparticular. She's going to jail for sure.

(to Fowler)

Do you think they'll know at six?

(CONTINUED)

FOWLER (685)

I hope so. And you'd better go to the dispensary and get that nose treated, and that eye, Luke. You too, Crenshaw.

MRS. FOWLER (686)

Can I make a suggestion, Jim?

FOWLER (687)

What is it?

MRS. FOWLER (688)

There must be at least two dispensaries in a city the size of New York. But if you let them both go to the same dispensary --

FOWLER (689)

I get the idea. You go to the one upstairs, Crenshaw. If you want, come on down to headquarters with us, Luke. They'll fix you up there.

LEE (690)

(as he walks out)

We're going to do this again, Mr. Jordan.

LUKE (691)

Any time, any time.

DISSOLVE

INT. BETTY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (SIX O'CLOCK)

93 Betty, wide-eyed, is slowly looking around the beautiful room. A nurse is sitting alongside the bed.

NURSE

Take it easy, Miss Caldwell.

Betty turns her eyes on her.

NURSE (cont'd) (692)

Everything's going to be all right.

A reflective look comes into Betty's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

Changes
THE LONG DENIAL

HJM
93 (CONTINUED)

2/25/48
113

SUSAN

What happened?

NURSE

Why did she shoot you, Miss Caldwell?

SUSAN

Huh?

NURSE

Your friend, Marian Washburn.
It's been in all the papers. I
saved them.

She opens a bureau drawer, takes out several papers,
looks through them hurriedly and selects one.

NURSE (cont'd)

There's a wonderful picture of
you in this one. Later, when you're
better, will you autograph it
for me?

SUSAN

(shifty-eyed)

What does it say?

The nurse looks at the paper.

(NOTE: This is the lead story, with a two-column head
and a photograph, on the first page of the second
section of some paper with a makeup similar to the
World Telegram's. (The paper will, of course, have
some other acceptable name). UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES
IS THERE TO BE AN INSERT OF THIS PAPER.)

The caption under the photograph reads:

SUSAN CALDWELL, CELEBRATED RADIO LUMINARY,
PROFESSIONALLY KNOWN AS ESTRELLITA, WHO
WAS RUSHED TO CENTRAL SOUTH HOSPITAL AFTER
MYSTERY SHOOTING LATE LAST NIGHT.

NURSE

(reading)

STAGE AND RADIO STAR IN MYSTERY
SHOOTING.

(Pauses)

MARIAN WASHBURN, ESTRELLITA'S
DISCOVERER AND MANAGER, HELD AS
POLICE PROBE CONFESSION.

(CONTINUED)

HJM
93 (CONTINUED)

2/25/48
113A

SUSAN
(very slowly)
Probe -- confession?

NURSE
(ignoring this
and continuing
to read)

Miss Susan Caldwell, radio star professionally known as Estrellita, was rushed to Central South Hospital early this morning as the aftermath of a shooting that immediately caused a wide stir in entertainment circles throughout the country. Her friend and manager, Miss Marian Washburn, herself a brilliant musical comedy luminary of a few years ago, promptly surrendered and confessed to the shooting, according to police officials.

(CONTINUED)

BETTY (701)

Oh!

NURSE (702)

(anxiously)

You're sure you're not too tired?

Betty shakes her head.

94 Betty. A contented smile comes over her face as she listens. (This can be cut -- to the great improvement of the picture -- just as long as enough remains to make it clear that Betty is being acquainted with the story that Margaret tells.)

NURSE'S VOICE (703)

According to Miss Linden's purported confession, a short but bitter quarrel following upon Miss Caldwell's return from her broadcast last night to the Park Avenue duplex apartment in which they both lived, led to the shooting. In this statement, allegedly made by Miss Linden to police authorities and Assistant District Attorney Bartholemew H. Roberts, Miss Linden, who was Miss Caldwell's manager and agent, became enraged at Miss Caldwell's sudden announcement of her decision to abandon her career.

(there is a pause)

There's a whole lot more. About how you started -- and Miss Linden, how she used to be a big singer, too -- and about Mr. Luke Jordan -- but I think maybe you better rest now.

BETTY (704)

(such a thin voice)

Whatever you say, nurse.

95 There is a SHOT of the nurse, looking with admiration at this great star and brave little girl, and a

96 SHOT of Betty, bravely unaware that she's anything but a poor unfortunate who was shot, practically without provocation and certainly without a legitimate reason, by her best friend.

DISSOLVE

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR OPPOSITE BETTY'S ROOM - NIGHT

97 The uniformed policeman is in his tilted chair. Roberts and Matthews are pacing up and down in front of the door, not looking directly at each other but sneaking glances every now and then. They are both quite apprehensive as to the story they're going to hear. The door to Betty's room opens and the doctor's head appears.

DOCTOR (705)

You can come in now, gentlemen.

They enter.

INT. BETTY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

98 The nurse is standing alongside the bed. Betty opens her eyes, turns her head and looks at them as they enter.

BETTY (706)

(weakly)

Hello, Brook.

DOCTOR

This gentleman is Mr. Roberts. He's the assistant district attorney.

Betty smiles at him.

DOCTOR (cont'd) (707)

Miss Caldwell's condition is happily quite good, gentlemen, but nevertheless -- if you'd make it as quick as you could, please?

ROBERTS (708)

Just a general statement will do for the moment, Miss Caldwell.

(ponders)

What really happened on the night of the twenty-second? I mean -- do you remember at all how you came to wake up to find yourself here in the hospital?

There is a very long pause.

(CONTINUED)

BETTY (709)

(in a weak voice)

You're the only one here I know
well, Brook. You tell me. Do
I have to -- I mean, should I
really tell -- ?

MATTHEWS (710)

(stiffly)

Go right ahead, Betty.

BETTY

Well --

It takes an effort, though not a dangerous one, for
her to get each sentence out.

BETTY (cont'd) (711)

I came home after the broadcast --
and I finally managed to --

(smiles bravely)

to tell Margaret --

(helpfully

to Roberts)

That's Margaret Linden, you know --

ROBERTS (712)

Yes, Miss Caldwell.

BETTY (713)

I told Margaret that I -- that
I wasn't continuing with my
career --

(suddenly)

Oh, Brook, do I have to tell?

MATTHEWS (714)

(dry-lipped)

Yes.

BETTY (715)

Well, Margaret went into a rage --
and then she tried to kill me.

(very quickly,

closing her eyes)

Oh, I'm so tired.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR

I'm afraid that will have to be
all, gentlemen.

ROBERTS

We can return later. For the
details.

Throughout this entire scene, Matthews' reaction,
though he tries to behave correctly as Marian's
lawyer, is one of a greatly over-exaggerated concern
for poor Susan.

Matthews still hasn't taken his eyes off Susan.

SUSAN

(her eyes
fluttering)

It's almost like a dream, your
being here, Brook -- of all people.

(after a moment)

And I haven't said anything I
shouldn't, have I?

DOCTOR

(to the nurse)

See that she gets to sleep right
away, Nurse.

NURSE

Yes, Doctor.

Only the nurse remaining, the three men leave the room.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SUSAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

99 As they emerge from the room.

MATTHEWS

I'd like to ask the doctor a question,
if you don't mind, Mr. Roberts.

ROBERTS

Go right ahead.

(CONTINUED)

MATTHEWS

You haven't talked to Miss Caldwell
about this thing at all, have you?

DOCTOR

Certainly not.

MATTHEWS

Has anyone else?

DOCTOR

Nobody else has been in or out
of that room. Isn't that right,
Officer?

POLICEMAN

Nobody at all.

DOCTOR

So if you'll excuse me, gentlemen --

Without waiting for an answer he goes back into the
room.

MATTHEWS

Mmm.

ROBERTS

I really have to be on my way now,
Mr. Matthews. Goodnight.

He is off down the hall, Matthews watching him go
gloomily.

FOWLER'S VOICE

Oh, Mr. Matthews.

Matthews turns toward the rear of the corridor. Fowler
and Luke are approaching him from the Visitors' Room.

FOWLER

(as he comes into scene)

Did Miss Caldwell have anything to say?

LUKE

(right on his heels)

Did Susan tell the truth?

MATTHEWS

She told the same story Marian did.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

That's impossible.

MATTHEWS

(irritated)

I wish you'd start facing the facts, Luke.

LUKE

(not giving up)

You know she didn't do it.

MATTHEWS

(a bit wearily)

I guess so. But if you'd heard Susan just now --

LUKE

I've heard Susan. A lot of times.

Luke and Matthews face each other angrily.

MATTHEWS

I've got to get back to my office.
Goodnight, Luke. Inspector.

FOWLER

Goodnight.

Luke doesn't answer Matthews. Matthews walks out of scene. There is a moment's silence.

FOWLER (cont'd)

What do you say, Luke? Want to come up to my house with me?

LUKE

Thanks.

(dispiritedly)

Only I wish I knew where that Crenshaw's staying. If I could just punch him in the nose once more!

FOWLER

That wouldn't help.

LUKE

You're so wrong, Inspector!

DISSOLVE

101- OMITTED
104

INT. FOWLER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

105 Luke is walking up and down, Fowler watching him sympathetically. Mrs. Fowler's eyes shift from Luke to Fowler and then back again. She opens her bag to take out a compact, with which she's powdering her nose.

LUKE

You can't tell me they can send
an innocent person to jail

FOWLER

You're not innocent if a jury
says you're guilty.

MRS. FOWLER

He always says that. It's enough
to drive you crazy.

LUKE

(suddenly)

I'm going down to see Marian and
I'm going to make her tell the truth.

MRS. FOWLER

That's the spirit.

She has restored the compact to the bag and her hand
has touched the key in it.

MRS. FOWLER (cont'd)

And while you're out, I wonder
if you'd mail this key for me.
(she produces it)

LUKE

Sure.

Without looking at it, he takes it and puts it in his
pocket.

FOWLER

What's that?

MRS. FOWLER

It's a hotel key. You just drop
it in a letter box. They pay when
they get it back.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

I'll call you as soon as I've seen her.

He leaves the room.

FOWLER

(idly)

What was that key?

MRS. FOWLER

Where's La Fitte, Parish, Louisiana, Jim?

FOWLER

Louisiana, Why?

(suddenly)

What about La Fitte Parish?

MRS. FOWLER

Isn't that where Crenshaw comes from?

FOWLER

Yes.

(emphatically)

What about La Fitte Parish?

MRS. FOWLER

Miss Washburn's maid, Mollie -- she's Miss Caldwell's maid, too -- she gave it to me to mail.

FOWLER

Gave you what to mail?

MRS. FOWLER

(almost humoring him)

The key, Jim, the key. That's what we were talking about, remember?

There was this singer, Marian Washburn, only she lost her voice, but then she met this girl from Azusa, Susan Caldwell, that is, she and Luke Jordan met this girl -- I'll tell you who Luke Jordan is later -- and then --

(CONTINUED)

FOWLER

How did this maid happen to have the key?

MRS. FOWLER

Miss Caldwell gave it to her to mail when she came back from New Orleans. Only Miss Caldwell isn't the one who lost her voice. She's the one who --

FOWLER

That'll do.

(to himself)

La Fitte Parish is fifty miles from New Orleans and --

(interrupts himself)

I wonder, Mrs. Fowler --

(with elaborate
courtesy) (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

FOWLER (cont'd)

I wonder if I could get your
permission to use my own phone?
Completely business, I assure
you. My office. My down-town
office, I mean.

He's at the phone.

FOWLER (cont'd) (771)

(into phone)

Inspector Fowler, please.

MRS. FOWLER (772)

I could get you committed. You
are Inspector Fowler.

DISSOLVE

INT. FOWLER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

106

Fowler is looking at the phone intently.

MRS. FOWLER (773)

Didn't anybody ever tell you?
A watched phone never rings.

Fowler picks up the phone and dials.

FOWLER (774)

I don't understand it. They
said they'd call right back.
And it's been over twenty minutes.

MRS. FOWLER (775)

Maybe they've been calling the
wrong number.

Fowler looks at her sharply.

FOWLER (776)

(into phone)

Hello? Inspector Fowler...How's
about that Louisiana call, Morgan?...
What? It can't be busy that long..
All right, keep on trying.

(hangs up. To

Mrs. Fowler)

They got a busy number in La
Fitte.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FOWLER
How can there be a busy number
in La Fitte?

The SOUND of the doorbell is heard.

MRS. FOWLER (cont'd)
I'll go. Promise me you won't
call until I get back.

Mrs. Fowler leaves. Fowler rises and walks up and
down, very puzzled.

MRS. FOWLER'S VOICE (cont'd)
Well! Come in! (777)

Fowler turns in the direction of her voice. The door
is heard to close. Luke enters the room with Mrs.
Fowler.

LUKE (778)
I've got it! I've got it!
I've got it!

He is exuberant.

MRS. FOWLER (779)
Don't tell me you've seen
Margaret and been able to get
back this quick?

LUKE (780)
You know that key of yours?

MRS. FOWLER (781)
Oh!

LUKE (782)
Well, I was about to drop it
in the mail box at the corner
and then I looked at it, and
that gave me an idea --

FOWLER (783)
I got the same idea, I think.

LUKE (784)
I went into the drug store and
phoned. Used up every quarter
in the place pretty near.

(CONTINUED)

FOWLER

So that's why the line's been busy.

MRS. FOWLER

Silly. You weren't calling the drug store.

FOWLER

I was calling the police station in La Fitte -- and so was he, weren't you, Luke? Well?

LUKE

You and I have a little visit to make, I think, Inspector.

FOWLER

We certainly have.

MRS. FOWLER

Me, too.

FOWLER

(glaring at her)

I'll phone Mr. Matthews to meet us there, too.

(sarcastic)

You don't mind, do you, Mary?

MRS. FOWLER

Not at all. Have all your friends, if you like.

DISSOLVE

INT. SUSAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

107

Present are Susan, in bed, the nurse, the doctor, Fowler, Mrs. Fowler, Luke and Matthews. There is complete silence as all eyes are turned on Mrs. Fowler who is across the room, opening the bureau drawers, one by one. As she comes to the bottom drawer -- the one the nurse took the newspaper out of -- she comes up with a handful of newspapers which, after a quick glance, she throws into the air.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FOWLER

I know it! Somebody read her the papers. That's how she know what story to tell.

Betty and the nurse are a bit apprehensive as Mrs. Fowler turns and comes slowly back to the group around the bed.

MRS. FOWLER (cont'd) (793)

(dramatically)

And in this case -- that somebody --
I repeat, that somebody --
(an accusing finger)
that somebody is the nurse.

NURSE (794)

I never thought for a minute --

MRS. FOWLER (795)

You can say that again.

FOWLER (796)

(firmly)

I'll take over now, Mary. If you don't mind.

MRS. FOWLER (797)

(triumphantly)

Now that I've broken the case.

FOWLER (798)

We can have a few minutes more with Miss Caldwell, can't we, doctor?

DOCTOR (799)

Well, if helping to get at the real facts would make her feel better, it would probably be very sound therapy --

BETTY (800)

(quickly)

Of course. You see, Brook, they gave me all these pills to sleep and so when I woke -- and the nurse told me -- I guess I just must have taken it for granted -- I didn't know what I was doing --

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FOWLER (801)

(snorting)

Hmmm.

MATTHEWS (802)

Please, Mrs. Fowler.

FOWLER (803)

About this report we got from
La Fitte Parish?

LUKE (804)

I know you won't tell us anything
but the truth, Betty, but -- just
in case -- the Justice of the Peace
is sending us a sworn statement.

MATTHEWS (805)

Go ahead, Betty.

BETTY

(softly)

Thank you, Brook.

Her eyes, full of love and regard, are on his face.

BETTY (cont'd) (806)

(gently)

Where was I?

LUKE (807)

In La Fitte Parish, Louisiana.
Getting married to Mr. Lee Crenshaw.

BETTY (808)

(miserably)

Oh!

MATTHEWS (809)

She's explained that, Luke.

BETTY (810)

I know what Luke means, Brook. I
have explained it. But even I
will never understand it. Never.
(pauses)

If you'd only been there, Brook,
the way you are now. Those two
Sazaracs before dinner. And that
rum they make -- right there in
La Fitte.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

What really happened between you
and Margaret?

Betty is silent.

LUKE (cont'd) (811)

(almost
aggressively)

What happened?

Betty is still silent, her eyes never off Matthews.

MATTHEWS (812)

Go ahead, Betty.

BETTY (813)

(her eyes
still on
Matthews)

You're right, Brook. I've got
to tell. I -- I owe it --
(pointedly) ~
to someone.

LUKE (814)

That's right. To Margaret.

Betty isn't the least bit fazed by Luke. It's as
if he weren't there.

BETTY (815)

(after quite
a pause)

Well, I guess I was kind of --
kind of out of control, after I
left Margaret in the living room.
No matter how hard I tried, I
simply couldn't get my being
married to Lee out of my mind.
How I could have ever -- and I
was so much in love with you,
Brook. I couldn't think of
anything else. Particularly
once I got to my room.

DISSOLVE

INT. BETTY'S SITTING ROOM-BOUDOIR - NIGHT

108

Betty is standing in the middle of the room, her lips
tightened, her whole face tense. (The last few words
of Betty's speech have been OVER SCENE.)

(CONTINUED)

Slowly she walks over to a full length mirror at the end of the room and looks at herself. Her mood and her exasperation are still excited and desperate. Angrily, she throws her purse onto a large chair. After a moment, she walks over to her purse, opens it, takes out a telegram. It reads:

INSERT NEW ORLEANS, LA.

BETTY CALDWELL
ESTRELLITA BROADCAST
429 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

HARD TO TELL WHETHER YOU THINK YOU'RE
BEING FUNNY BUT BELIEVE ME I'M COMPLETELY
SERIOUS. ARRIVING TOMORROW MORNING. HOPE
YOU DECIDE TO BE SENSIBLE.

LEE

BETTY'S VOICE (816)

(over the telegram)

You see, they'd given me this
telegram from Lee, just when I'd
finished my broadcast.

109 Betty. Her mood becomes even blacker as she finishes reading the telegram. Then, in a sudden temper, she tears the telegram up into tiny bits, walks over to the open window with the pieces and throws them out. She remains at the window a few seconds, watching the pieces float away. Then, still with a great weight on her shoulders, she turns back into the room. Slowly she takes off her jacket, dropping it on the chair, and then starts to take off her blouse.

The blouse still not completely off, she disappears from the scene for an instant. When she returns, her blouse is off and she is in her skirt and brassiere. She's irresolute again, but only for a moment. Then, her lips tightened, her eyes narrowed, a decision made, she goes to the dressing table, opens a drawer and takes out the luger. The luger in her hand, she sits down at the dressing table. Her face, in the mirror, shows a really great unhappiness.

(CONTINUED)

There is a KNOCK on the door. Betty is startled, then collects herself and drops the luger into the open drawer. The rap is heard again, a shade more vigorously. Then, promptly, Margaret enters, having opened the door without having waited for an answer.

Still at her dressing table, her back to Margaret Betty continues to look at herself intently in the dressing table mirror. Margaret closes the door behind her. For a moment, Betty gives no indication of her presence, then turns her head and talks over her shoulder.

BETTY (817)

I'm tired.

MARGARET (818)

(sympathetically)

I know.

BETTY (819)

And I've said everything I want to say. Leave me alone.

Margaret comes further into the room.

MARGARET

What's wrong, Betty?

Betty turns her head to look at her defiantly, her lips tightening.

MARGARET (cont'd) (820)

If we talked it over, whatever it is, you'd probably see it wasn't as important as you think -- you'd probably be able to just laugh it off and --

BETTY (821)

There's some things you can't laugh off.

MARGARET (822)

Is it anything I've done?

BETTY (823)

I don't want to talk about it any more.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET (824)

(recognizing
she's not
going to get
anywhere)

All right, we're not going to
talk about it any more. I'm
going to get me a glass of
milk. Would you like one?

BETTY (825)

No, thanks.

(like a malicious
little child)

All I want is for you to get out
of here.

Margaret, who has risen, walks over idly towards the
dressing table.

MARGARET (826)

I could do with a little sleep
myself. I must look terrible.
This heat --

Idly, she looks at herself in the mirror, wrinkling her
nose in slight protest of the tiredness she thinks
she sees. Then, just as idly, as she turns away, her
glance takes in the dressing table.

Suddenly, a shocked look comes over her face at what
she sees in the -

DRAWER OF THE DRESSING TABLE

110 In an open drawer, about half pulled out, is the German
luger.

MARGARET AND BETTY

111 Betty, who has been looking at Margaret, has noticed
her reaction and is aware of what Margaret is seeing.
As Margaret turns and looks at Betty, partly
unbelieving, partly frightened, Betty returns her
look squarely.

(CONTINUED)

BETTY (827)

Get out of here!

MARGARET (828)

(fumbling)

But that revolver -- I don't
understand --

BETTY (829)

You don't have to understand.

The two women look at each other, Margaret with a full realization now of what the revolver means, Betty full of hostility.

MARGARET (830)

Let me have it, Betty.

BETTY

(starting
forward)

Get out of here!

Margaret stands in her way.

BETTY (cont'd) (831)

You've been running my life as
long as I can remember. Well,
this is one thing -- Get out of
my way.

MARGARET (832)

(shaking her head
gently, reaching
behind her for
the revolver)

No.

Betty tries to shove her aside. Margaret has her hand on the revolver, as Betty reaches for it. Margaret keeps backing away, trying to keep the revolver out of her reach, but Betty gets her fingers around Margaret's wrist.

BETTY (833)

Give it to me! It's mine.

It becomes a real fight. With her free hand, Betty clutches at Margaret's hair.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET (834)
(involuntarily)

Oh!

Still holding on to the revolver, Margaret doubles up a bit from the pain. Betty gets her hand on the revolver with Margaret's. They struggle for the revolver's possession -- and then, the revolver goes off.

DISSOLVE

INT. BETTY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

112 FULL SHOT of Betty, looking at Brook appealingly, her lips half opened, her eyes warm.

113 GROUP SHOT.

FOWLER (835)
(after a moment)
I've heard all I need. I'll get hold of Roberts at once and see that the charge is withdrawn and Miss Linden is released.

MRS. FOWLER (836)
I don't want to seem immodest, but all I can say is you're all very lucky I took an interest in the case.
(to the nurse)
Next time you feel like reading to a patient, try the encyclopedia.

NURSE (837)
I'm sorry, Inspector, I really am.

LUKE (838)
Why didn't you tell this earlier?
Didn't it occur to you that Margaret --

MATTHEWS
(genuinely
irritated)
She's explained that, too, Luke --
and you know it. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

MATTHEWS (cont'd) (839)

When the nurse read her the papers,
she thought Margaret must have some
reason for the story she told -- and
she was waiting until she got a
chance to see Margaret --

LUKE (840)

I apologize, Betty. Please
forgive me.

FOWLER (841)

Come on, Mary.

LUKE (842)

(on his way)

And don't worry, Betty, please
don't worry. The worst that'll
happen -- they'll pay you a
thousand a week more next season.

Luke and Fowler start out.

MRS. FOWLER (843)

Nice to have met you --

(pause)

Mrs. Crenshaw.

She leaves, with Luke and Fowler.

DOCTOR (844)

I'll tell them at the desk to
send you in some medicine, Miss
Caldwell. A sound sleep -- and
you'll be perfectly all right
in the morning.

BETTY (845)

Thank you. So much,

MATTHEWS (846)

Well, then, I guess --

BETTY (847)

Don't go. For a moment, Brook.
Please.

MATTHEWS (848)

Well -- I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

He looks at the doctor.

DOCTOR (849)

A few minutes won't matter.

He and the nurse walk out.

BETTY

I've really been dreadful,
haven't I, Brook?

Matthews doesn't answer.

BETTY (cont'd) (850)

And what makes it so terrible --
everything I did, I did because
I -- because I -- don't make me
say it, Brook.

MATTHEWS (851)

(gently)

Say what?

BETTY (852)

That one silly evening at La Fitte
Parish -- and everything I had
dreamed of -- everything I had
hoped for -- for you and for me --
it was all over.

(a literary
allusion)

Gone with the wind.

MATTHEWS (853)

I must admit I had no idea, Betty,
that you really -- you really
meant to marry me.

BETTY (854)

There wasn't any way I could tell
you -- until it was too late.
That's why I couldn't marry you
because --

(a sudden shiver)

Ugh! That dreadful woman! Mrs.
Crenshaw!

MATTHEWS (855)

Don't get so upset, Betty. You've
got to hold on to your strength. You --
(CONTINUED)

BETTY (856)

It doesn't matter. I tried to
kill myself once -- you know
that now -- on account of you.
Oh, it's so fine of all of you
to agree that the revolver went
off accidentally -- and that
Margaret said what she did because
she was wanted to protect my
career, my reputation -- but
nothing means anything to me now.
I tried to kill myself once, and
there's no reason why --

(her eyes close)

Oh, Brook!

Matthews walks over to the bed.

MATTHEWS (857)

You're a wonderful person, Betty.

BETTY (858)

(opening her
eyes suddenly)

Do you really think I am, Brook?

MATTHEWS (859)

I do. Truly I do.

Betty takes his hand and kisses it gently on the back,
then holds it close to her. Betty smiles up at him.

BETTY (860)

I don't have to be married to
him any more, do I, Brook?
To Lee?

(hastily)

I mean Mr. Crenshaw.

MATTHEWS (861)

Of course not. I'll take care
of everything myself.

(continues to
stroke her hair)

You poor, poor child.

DISSOLVE

INT. STATION HOUSE - NIGHT

114 The same Lieutenant is at the desk who was there when Margaret was first brought in. She is ripping open an envelope and taking out her valuables, such as money, a wrist watch, etc. She is dressed as she was when she arrived at the station house. Luke is standing alongside of her.

MARGARET (862)

Everything's all right, Lieutenant.
Thank you very much.

LIEUTENANT

Thank you.

As they start out:

LIEUTENANT (cont'd) (863)

Good luck. I don't mean you,
Mr. Jordan. You've been a
headache right from the beginning.

LUKE

You make me feel very happy,
Lieutenant. Come on, Margaret.

They walk toward the door, which Luke opens for Margaret to pass through.

LUKE (cont'd) (864)

(pointing)

Well! This is where we came in!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

115 There is a very heavy downpour. Margaret and Luke, pressed against the building, have protection against the rain.

LUKE

I have just one thing to say
about your behavior, Miss Linden
-- and then I'm through.

Margaret looks at him.

LUKE (cont'd) (865)

You know you're crazy, don't you?

MARGARET (866)

Shall I tell you something?

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

I've been asking you to, for days.
Just a second.

This is to stop her, because he is now putting two fingers into his mouth and whistling at a cab. It doesn't stop.

LUKE (cont'd)

Go ahead.

MARIAN

Well -- I'm not sure I'm the heroine I was trying to make myself out. That's what you mean about my being crazy, isn't it?

Luke says nothing.

MARIAN (cont'd)

Because something tells me that in a week or two weeks or three -- I might have told the truth. A jail can be very unattractive.

LUKE

So more and more of my best friends are beginning to tell me.

(pauses)

What do you say we don't try to get a cab? We'll walk in the rain.

MARIAN

Now you're being crazy.

LUKE

Good girl. It was just a test question. There's a fiction that it's romantic to walk in the rain. Well, it's not. Just gets you pneumonia.

Again he whistles.

116 A cab, a few feet down the street, stopping suddenly, with a slight skid, in answer to Luke's whistle, then heading for the curb in front of the police station.

LUKE

To get back to what I was saying.
There's no law against being
romantic in the rain -- but it's
got to be in a cab. Windows
closed.

(he points to
the cab)

Get it?

Margaret nods, smiling.

LUKE (cont'd) (872)

And one thing for sure.
We're not going to stop anywhere
for any rehearsal -- and if we
see anybody faint --

MARGARET (873)

She stays fainted.

Luke takes her by the hand. The CAMERA is on their
backs as they run across the sidewalk to the cab.

FADE OUT

THE END